

SCOTISH MINSTREL

A SELECTION

from the

VOCAL MELODIES OF SCOTLAND

ANCIENT & MODERN

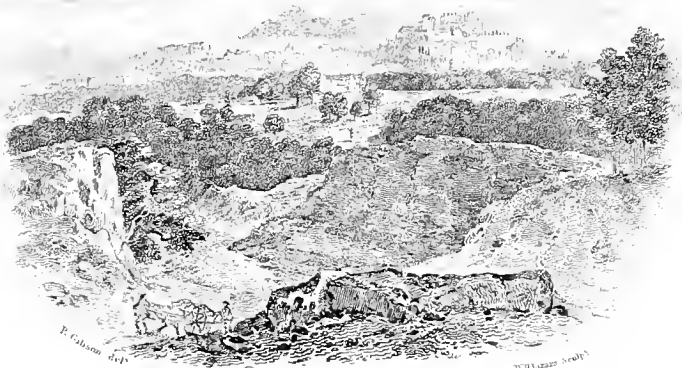
ARRANGED FOR THE

PIANO FORTE

—BY—

R. A. SMITH.

VOL. 6



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EDINBURGH

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ADVERTISEMENT TO VOLUME SIXTH.

THE Editors of the SCOTISH MINSTREL intimated, in an Advertisement prefixed to the Fifth Volume, that their collected materials were far from being exhausted, and, at the same time, announced their intention to add another Volume to the Work. This they have now accomplished, and they flatter themselves, that, in point of interest and in value, it will lose nothing by a comparison with those which have preceded it. They have no longer to contend with many of the disadvantages which they experienced at the commencement of their labours; the distance of Mr Smith from Edinburgh, for instance, which rendered the necessary communication with him at once difficult and troublesome, having been obviated since his continued residence on the spot. Had they in like manner enjoyed the same advantage throughout the whole of the previous Volumes, they are confident they would not now have occasion to apologize for some occasional, although trivial, errors which had escaped their notice during the course of the publication. Should they, however, be called upon, at any after period, to send forth an improved edition of the Scottish Minstrel, they trust they will be enabled not merely to free it from being liable to such a charge, but, in many other respects, to render it still more deserving of the favourable regard which it has so liberally experienced, and to put it in competition with any existing Collection of the Melodies of Scotland.

As it seems as natural for Editors to say something for themselves, when about to take leave of the Public, as it is customary to bespeak its favour, they will avail themselves of this opportunity to say a few words in behalf of *their* favourite MINSTREL. Like all his brethren, he is delighted with the *layes* of former times,—of which, among other *ferly things*,

“ Some be of war and some of wo,
Some of joy and mirth also,
And some of treachery and of guile,
And old adventures that *fell the while*,
And many there are of *fuyrie*,
But most of love forsooth there be.”*

* See the introductory lines to the curious old legend, entitled *Lai le Freine*, composed by *Marie de France*, about the year 1240, of which there is an English translation of nearly a coeval date, familiar to the lovers of old metrical romance.

But fond as the Minstrel is of *auld sangs*, and ballads, and lilt, and rants of every description, he is, in an especial manner, partial to the legends of his native land, which are dear to every Scottish heart. In this Volume, the Reader will perceive, that *he* has been again gleaning from the same mountain-wilds, and musing “at the grey-stone of the martyr:”

“Sequestered haunts! so still, so fair,
That holy faith might worship there—
The shaggy gerse and brown heath wave
O’er many a nameless warrior’s grave.”

Yet, though the lyre of the Minstrel has often “thrilled the deepest notes of woe,” when singing of a broken covenant, and the cruel persecution of his fathers, not less ardent has been his admiration of the firm and devoted conduct of the supporters of *hereditary right*, or his sympathy with loyalty in misfortune and exile. If, at times, *he* has been led astray by his feelings, whilst listening to the heart-stirring *pibroch*, and catching the wild notes of *the Gathering*, he can only reply, in the words of the “Shepherd of the Forest,”

“Somehow my heart, with its covenant-tie,
Was knit to the Hielands, I cou’dna tell why.”

Of these very interesting remains the Minstrel has been fortunate in being able to preserve many which otherwise might have been suffered to perish. *He* has been equally assiduous in searching after fragments which relate to either the one party or the other,—whether they be such as concern those who, in the times of the fiery persecution, displayed as much resignation under suffering as boldness in the hour of danger, or of those who, nearer our own days, actuated by feelings which no generous heart will condemn, evinced the like heroic firmness and resolution, although called forth in a cause less fortunate and less holy, but over which integrity of principle, unshaken loyalty, and attachment to a hopeless cause in the midst of adversity, have contributed to shed so much lustre.

In concluding their labours, the Editors feel it as a duty binding on them, in a public manner to express the obligations they are under to the various contributors who have taken an interest in the publication. To many of them they are prevented from acknowledging the favours they have conferred, in consequence of their being ignorant of the quarters from whence they came, whilst others of their friends have thought fit to impose on them injunctions to silence. In such cases they can merely express, in general terms, how much they are indebted to their kindness; and if, in any instance, they have not availed themselves of such con-

tributions, they are not the less grateful for their gratuitous assistance.* In particular, the Editors would have felt happy in being permitted to enumerate the many original and beautiful verses that adorn their pages, for which they are indebted to the author of the much-admired song, "The Land of the Leal" (vol. 3),—but they fear to wound a delicacy which shrinks from all observation. Such reserve, however, they apprehend, does not apply in every instance; and they beg to return their best acknowledgments to the Ettrick Shepherd for his kind services, in

* We cannot forbear noticing *one lilt*, sent us anonymously, for the old tune of "Brose and Butter," as, whatever may be thought of the song, the melody is, we believe, nearly as great a favourite with some of our friends as it was with Charles II.; and we are sure our readers will readily excuse our insertion of an anecdote which has been brought to our remembrance, wishing, as we do, that, when they are in any difficulties, they may know how to use the power of musical association to as good purpose as the laird of Cockpen.

CHARLES II. AND THE LAIRD OF COCKPEN.*

During the time of Oliver Cromwell's Protectorship, the principal residence of Charles II. was at the court of his sister in Holland. The laird of Cockpen, a staunch adherent to the House of Stuart, followed the prince thither, and attached himself to Charles' household. Cockpen, from his skill and proficiency in music, very much contributed to divert his royal master, by the impressive manner in which he played the favourite airs of his native country; but none pleased Charles so well as the tune of "Brose and Butter." So partial was he to this air, that with "Brose and Butter" sounding in his ears he was lulled asleep at night, and with "Brose and Butter" awaked from his morning slumber. At the Restoration, Cockpen returned to Scotland, where he found that, in consequence of his attachment to the royal cause, his estate had been attainted. Many were the applications he made to have it put again in his possession, but all to no purpose. He at length went to London, but was coldly received by the courtiers, put off with fair promises, and in all his attempts to gain an audience of the king, he was baffled and thwarted. Having formed an intimacy, as a musician, with the organist of the kings' chapel, he solicited, and obtained, as a special favour, permission to perform on the organ before his majesty, at the royal chapel. Cockpen exerted his talents to the utmost, thinking to attract the attention of Charles, but all his efforts were unavailing. On the conclusion of the service, instead of a common voluntary, in a fit of despair he struck up "Brose and Butter," which no sooner caught the ear of the king than he flew to the organ-gallery. The regular organist perceiving the vivid flashes of Charles' eye, was seized with such a panic, that he fell on his knees and protested his innocence. "It was not me, please your majesty, it was not me!"—"You! you!" exclaimed the enraptured monarch, as he hastily passed him,—"*You* never could play any thing like it in your life."—Then addressing his old associate in exile,—"*Odds fish*, Cockpen! I thought you would have made me dance."—"I could have danced to 'Brose and Butter' once with a light heart too," replied the performer,—"*but my adherence to your majesty's interest has bereft me of the lands of Cockpen.*"—"You *shall* dance," said Charles,—"*you shall* dance, and be laird of Cockpen yet."—Accordingly the laird was immediately put in possession of his inheritance.

* Baron Cockburn's hereditary property.

having furnished them with many of the wild flowers gathered from the hills and valleys of his pastoral district,—and they assure him, that they prize his thymy sweets more highly than the cultured plants of a regular parterre. To several of Mr Smith's personal friends the Minstrel is likewise under no inconsiderable obligations; and the Editors have much pleasure in offering their best thanks to Mr Motherwell of Paisley, for the permission he has so obligingly granted them, of publishing several choice pieces from his scarce and valuable MSS., amongst which they beg particularly to notice the fine Jacobite song, "Ye bonnie Haughs" (page 77, vol. 5), and the interesting ballad of the Mermayden (page 80 of the present Volume), with their original melodies. They have also to present thanks to Mr Robert Allan of Kilbarchan, who favoured them with many excellent original songs, as well as old fragments recovered by him from among the peasantry in the West of Scotland; and, in like manner, to Mr Daniel Weir of Greenock, and Mr William Chalmers of Paisley, from both of whom they have received several songs of considerable merit.

The Editors must now take leave of the SCOTISH MINSTREL, having used their best endeavours to render the volumes worthy of a place in the library, as well as to appear in the drawing-room. In attempting to form an extensive collection of the national airs of their country, the task has been a source to them of no inconsiderable degree of pleasure; and they have the satisfaction of considering, that the principles upon which they have uniformly proceeded, and in conformity with which the work was originally projected, are such as entitle them, at least, to the approbation of those who join a regard to morality and virtuous enjoyment with the desire to encourage the exertions of native genius.

EDINBURGH, JANUARY 1824.

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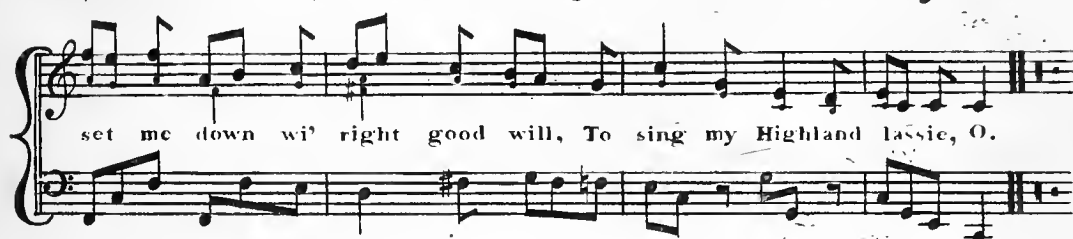
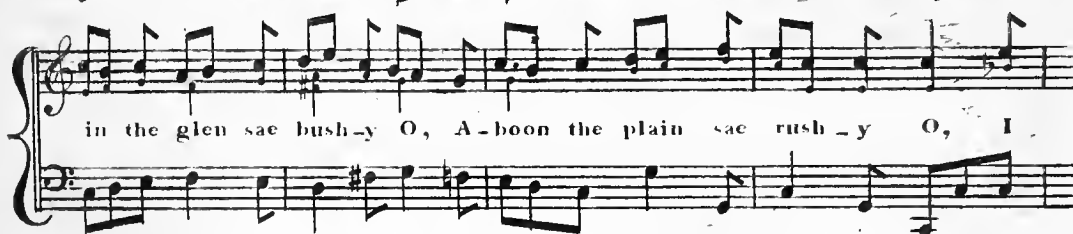
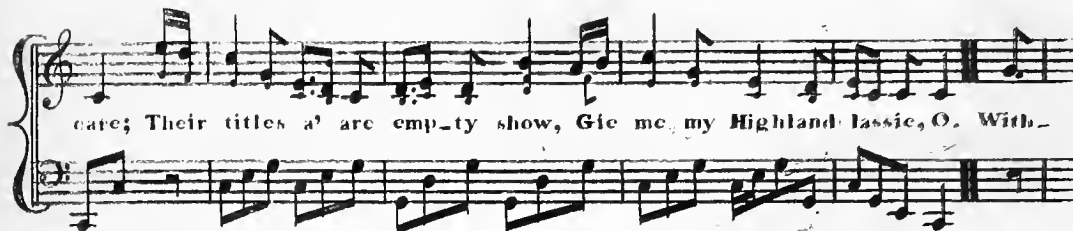
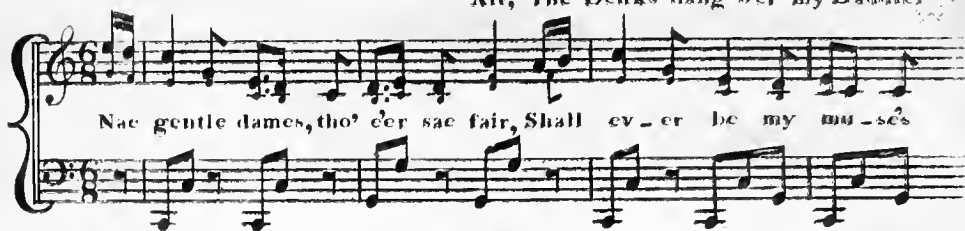
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NAE GENTEE DAMES, THO' E'ER SAE FAIR.

Air, The Deuks dang o'er my Daddie.



O were yon hills and vallies mine,
 You palace, and yon gardens fine!
 The world then the love should know
 I bear my Highland lassie, O.
 Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
 I know her heart will never change;
 For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
 My faithful Highland lassie, O.
 Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
 And I maun cross the raging sea;
 But while my crimson currents flow,
 I'll love my Highland lassie, O.
 Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
 For her I'll trace a distant shore,
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw
 Around my Highland lassie, O.
 Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
 By sacred truth and honor's band!
 'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
 I'm thine my highland lassie, O.
 Farewell, the glen sae bushy, O,
 Farewell, the plain sae rashy, O;
 To other lands I now must go
 To sing my Highland lassie, O.

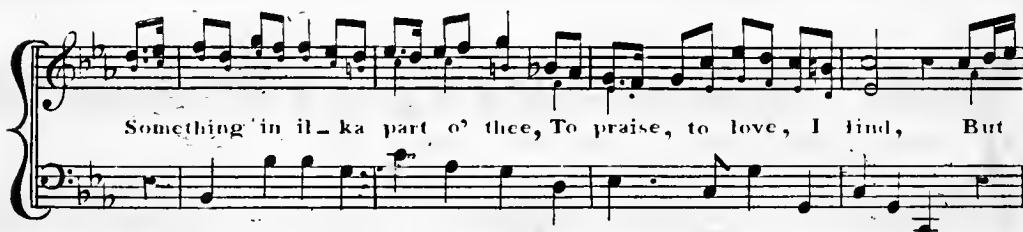
IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.




It is na, Jean, thy bo-nie face, Nor shape that I ad-



mire, Al-tho' thy beauty and thy grace Might weel a-wauk de-sire.



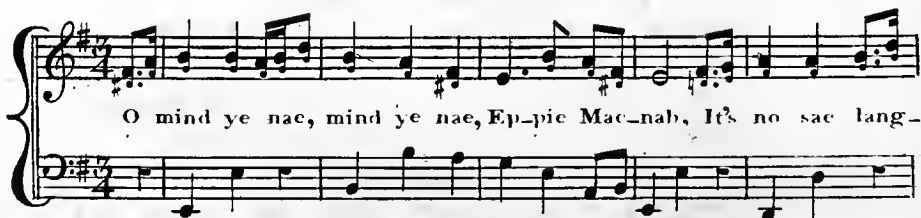
Something 'in il-ka part o' thee, To praise, to love, I find, But



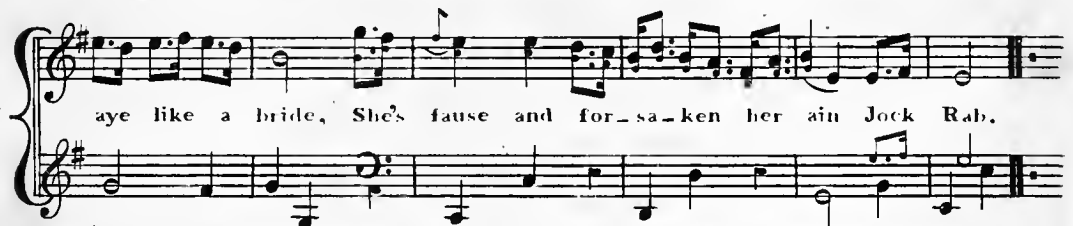
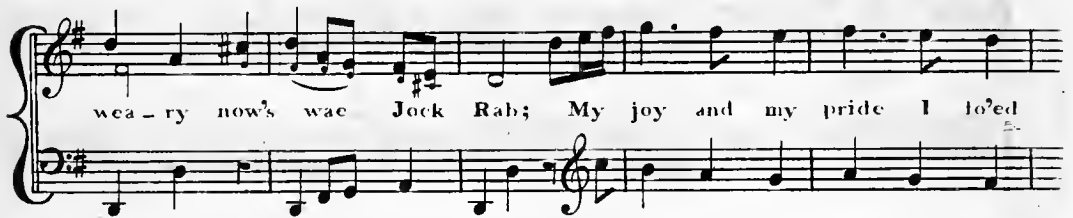
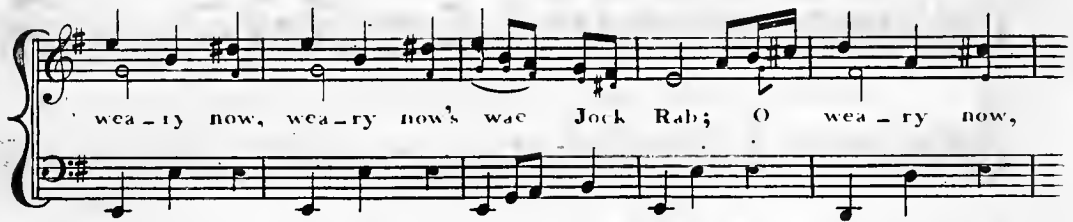
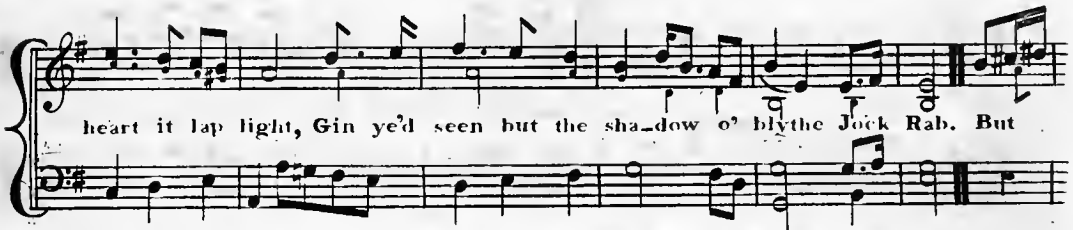
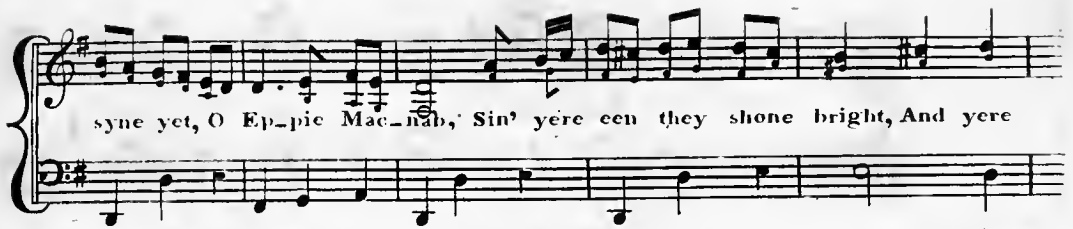
dear as is thy form to me, Still dear-er is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than if I canna mak thee sae,
At least to see thee blest.
Content am I, if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee;
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.

EPPIE MACNAB.



O mind ye nae, mind ye nae, Ep-pie Mac-nab, It's no sae lang-



O wae worth the lordling, my Eppie Macnab!

O wae worth the lordling, my Eppie Macnab!

His fancy ye'll tyne,

Ye maun nae mair be mine,

And the world's a waste to your ain Jock Rab.

O weary now, &c.

An' ye saw your wee bairnies now, Eppie Macnab,

Your mitherless bairnies now, Eppie Macnab,

They greet, and think shame,

Gin they hear but your name,

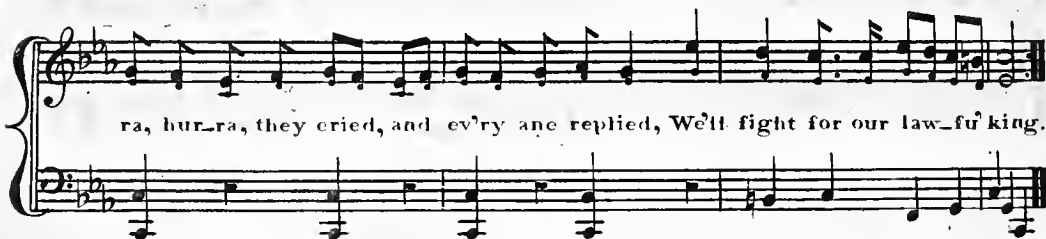
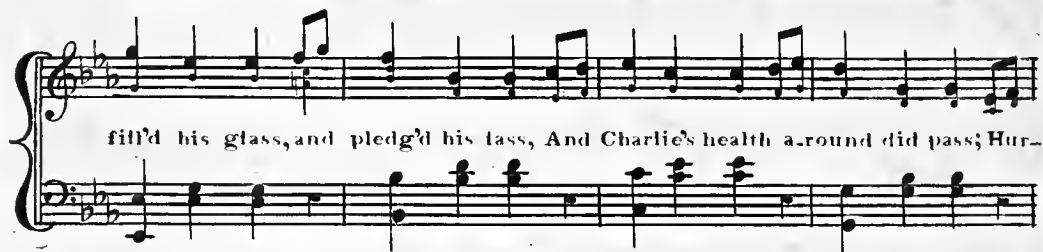
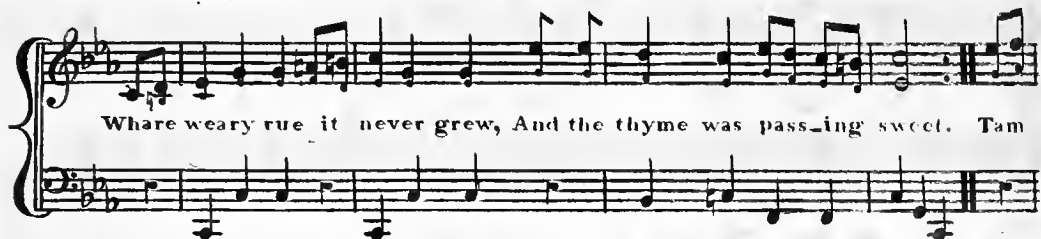
And they wring the heart's blude frae your ain Jock Rab.

O weary now, &c.

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

Jacobite.

Lively.



New-fangled lads, in their black cockaids,

Cast a gloom, like the darkness o' night,

True-hearted lads, wi' their white cockaids,

Cheer up like the morning light!

Then fill your glass, and pledge your lass,

That Charlie's health around may pass;

Hurra, hurra, they cried, and ev'ry ane replied,

We'll fight for our lawfu' king.

THE WIDOW'S LULLABY.

Slow



Rest, lovely babe, on mother's knee, Rest, lovely babe, on mother's knee, And
 cry nae to fill wi' wae The heart that on-ly beats for thee. Thou
 hast, my babe, nae fa-ther now, To care for thee when I am gone; And
 I ha'e ne'er a friend sae true, As would my bonnie ba-by own.

Rest, lovely babe, &c.

Oh! ance, and I could little think
 A lot sae hard would e'er be thine,
 As thus a mother's tears to drink!
 For, baby, thou hast drunk o' mine.

Rest, lovely babe, &c.

O smile, my babe; for sic a smile
 Thy father aye put on to me;
 O smile, my babe; and look the while,
 For thou look'st wi' thy father's e'e.

Rest, lovely babe, &c.

O that this widow'd heart would beat
 'Till thou in years badst upward grown!
 That I might learn thy future fate,
 Nor leave thee in the world alone.

FAREWELL TO FUNERY.

The wind is fair, the day is fine, And swift-ly swift-ly runs the
time; I see the boat, I know her sign, That waits me far from Funery.

A thousand, thousand tender ties,
Unite my country and my sighs;
My heart within me almost dies,
To think of leaving Funery.

Oft with infant steps I've rold,
Where Fingal's castle stood of old,
And listen'd, while the shepherds told
An ancient tale of Funery.

Oft have I sat at close of day,
Where Ossian sung his martial lay,
And view'd the sun's last setting ray,
Wandering on Dununery.

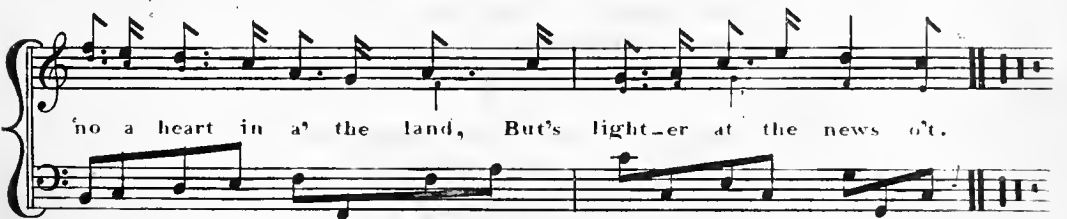
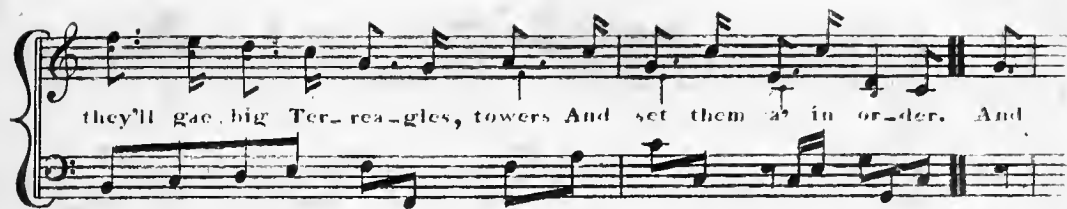
Alt-na-Caillach, gentle stream!
That murmurs softly by the green;
What happy, joyous days, I've seen
Beside the stream of Funery.

And must I leave those happy scenes!
Oh! see them spread the swelling sail;
Adieu! a while, my native plains,
I must depart from Funery.

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.

Air, Maxwells' Strathspey.

The noble Maxwells, and their powers, Are coming o'er the border, And



Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
 And angry tempests gather;
 The happy hour may soon be near
 That brings us pleasant weather:
 The weary night o' care and grief
 May hae a joyfu' morrow,
 So dawning day has brought relief,
 Fareweel our night o' sorrow.

I'LL DRINK A HEALTH TO CHARLIE.

Air, John Blunt.

Lively

I'll drink a health to Char-lie, O, I'll drink a health to

Charlie, An' a' the lads wi' white cockauds, That are a-wa' wi' Charlie.

The day is come for Charlie, O,
 The day is come for Charlie;
 He's taen the field, an' a' maun yield
 To Scotland and to Charlie.

Here's heart an' han' for Charlie, O,
 Here's heart an' han' for Charlie;
 There's no a whig, tho' e'er sae big,
 Will draw fornent prince Charlie.

Cope's run awa frae Charlie, O,
 Cope's run awa frae Charlie;
 He's run awa by morning's daw,
 He durst na' meet prince Charlie.

My blessing be on Charlie, O,
 My blessing be on Charlie,
 An' may nae loon e'er wear the crown
 That but belongs to Charlie.

I'll drink a health to Charlie, O,
 I'll drink a health to Charlie,
 An' a' the lads wi' white cockauds,
 That are awa wi' Charlie.

THE UNCO GRAVE.

9

Gaelic Air.

Slow.

Bo-nie Clou-den, as ye wan-der, Hills, an' heughs, an' muirs a -

mang, Il-ka knowe an' green me-an-der, Learn my sad, my dulefu' sang!

Braes o' breckan, hills o' heather, Howms where rows the gowden wave; Blissfu'

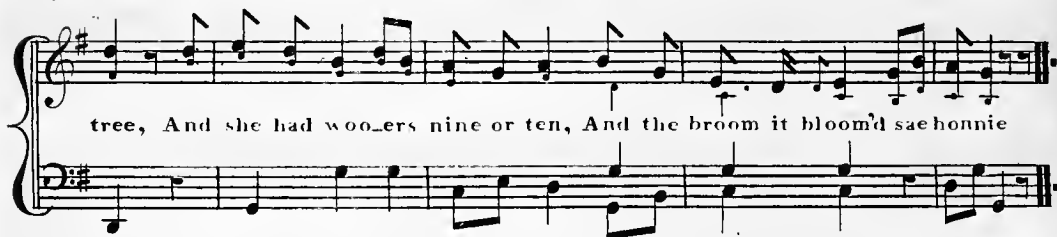
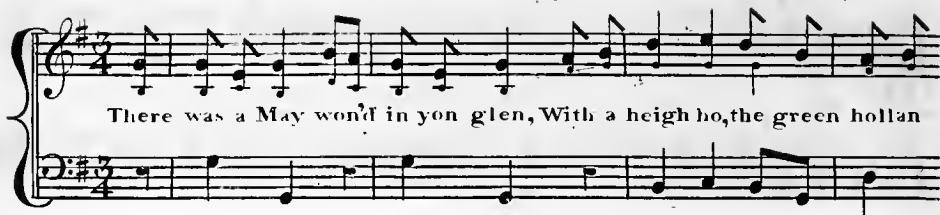
scenes! fare-weel for ev-er! I maun seek an un-co grave.

Sair I pled, tho' late, unfriendly,
 Stang'd my heart wi' waes and dules,
 That some faithfu' hand might kindly
 Lay't amang my native mools.
 Cronies dear, wha late an' early,
 Ay to soothe my sorrows strave,
 Think on ane wha lo'es you dearly,
 Doom'd to seek an unco grave.

Torn awa frae Scotia's mountains,
 Far frae a' that's dear to dwell,
 Maks my een twa gushin' fountains,
 Dings a dirk in my puir saul,
 Braes o' breckan, hills o' heather,
 Howms where rows the gowden wave,
 Blissfu' scenes, fareweel for ever,
 I maun seek an unco grave!

THE MAY OF THE GLEN.

Old.

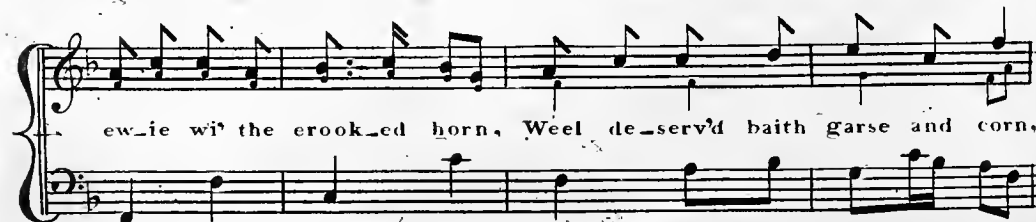
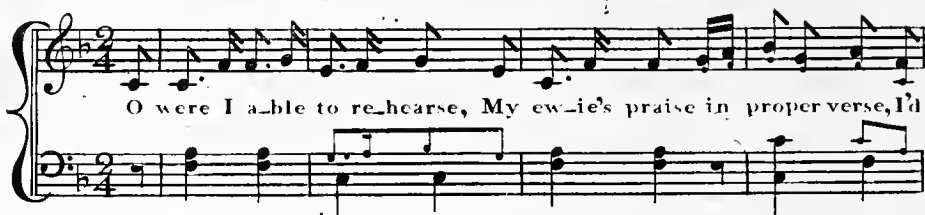


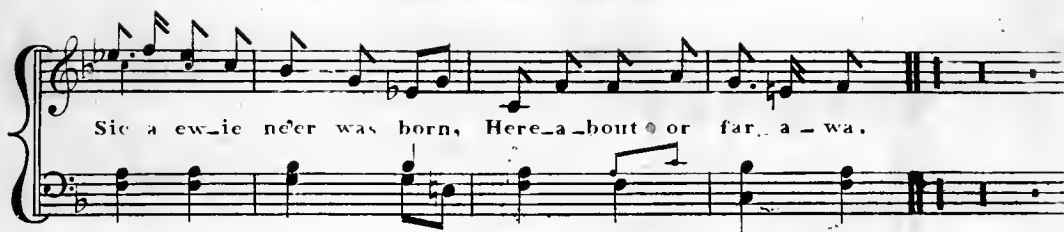
* * * * *

But him she lo'ed did prove untrue,
 With a heigh ho, the green hollan tree,
 Whilk caus'd the May fu' sair to rue,
 And the broom nae mair bloom'd bonnie.

* * * * *

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.





I neither needed tar nor keil,
To mark her upo' hip or heel;
Her crooked horn it did as weel,
To ken her by amang them a'
The ewie, &c.

Could or hunger never dang her,
Wind or rain could never wrang her;
Ane she lay a owk, an' langer,
Out aneath a wreath o' snaw.
The ewie, &c.

When other ewies lap the dyke,
And ate the kail for a' the tyke,
My ewie never play'd the like,
But teas'd about the barnyard wa'.
The ewie, &c.

A better, nor a thriftier beast,
Nae honest man could weel hae wist;
For, silly thing, she never mist
To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.
The ewie, &c.

The first she had I gae to Jock,
To be to him a kind o' stock,
And now the laddie has a flock
Of mair than thirty head to ca'.
The ewie, &c.

The neest I gae to Jean, and now
The bairn's sae braw, has lauld sae fu',
That lads sae thick come her to woo,
They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.
The ewie, &c.

I looked ay at even for her,
For fear the fumart might devour her,
Or some mishanter had come o'er her,
Gin the beastie bade awa'.
The ewie, &c.

Yet monday last, for a' my keeping,
I canna speak it without greeting,
A villain came when I was sleeping,
And staw my ewie, horn, and a'.
The ewie, &c.

I sought her sair upo' the morn,
And down beneath a buss o' thorn
I got my ewie's crooked horn,
But ah! my ewie was awa!
The ewie, &c.

But an I had the loon that did it,
I hae sworn as weel as said it,
Tho' a' the world should forbid it,
I wad gie his neck a throw.
The ewie, &c.

I never met wi' sic a turn
As this, since ever I was born,
My ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Puir silly ewie, stown awa.
The ewie, &c.

O had she died of crook or cauld,
As ewies die when they are auld,
It wadna been, by mony fauld,
Sae sair a heart to ane o's a'.
The ewie, &c.

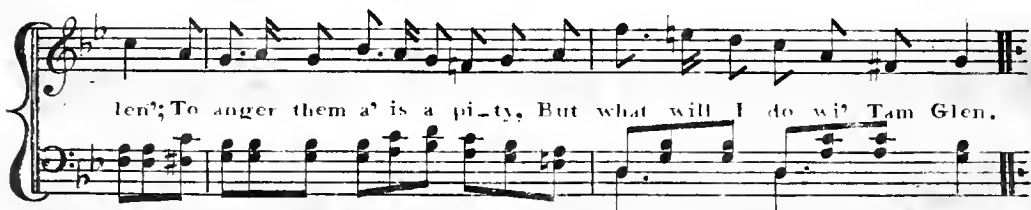
For a' the claith that we hae worn,
Frac her and her's sae aften shorn;
The loss of her we cou'd hae borne,
Had fair strae death tane her awa.
The ewie, &c.

But, silly thing, to lose her life,
Aneath a greedy villain's knife.
I'm really fear'd that our goodwife
Sall never win aboon't awa.
The ewie, &c.

O, a' ye hards beneath Kinghorn,
Call up your muses, let them mourn,
Our ewie, wi' the crooked horn,
Is stown frae us, and fell'd, and a'
The ewie, &c.

TAM GLEN.

Lively



I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
 In poortith I might mak a ten;
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen!

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,
 "Gude day to you, brute," he comes ben;
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen.

My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen.

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten;
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
 O, wha will I get but Tam Glen!

Yestreen, at the valentines' dealing,
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten,
 For thrice I drew aye without failing,
 And thrice it was written Tam Glen.

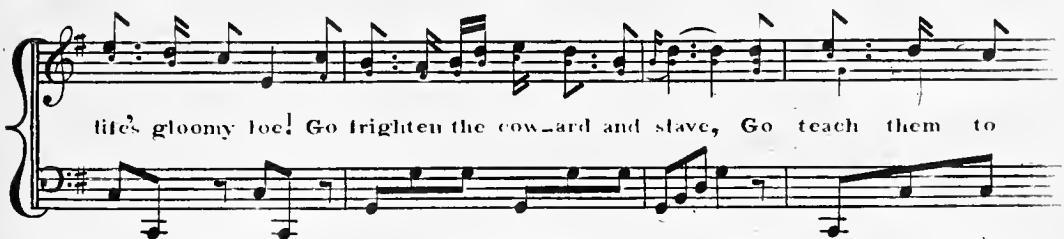
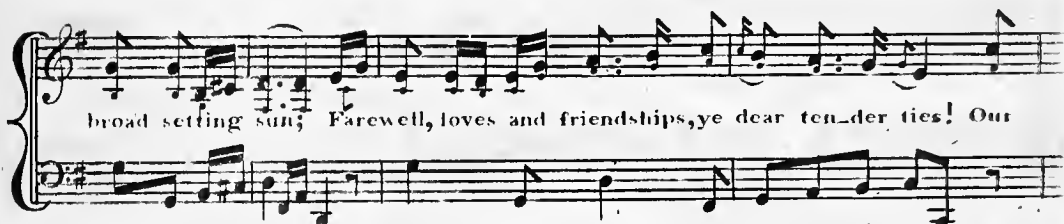
The last Halloween I was waukin
 My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken,
 His likeness cam up the house staukin,
 And the very grey brecks o' Tam Glen.

Come counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry,
 I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

ORAN-AN-AOIG, or THE SONG OF DEATH.

13

Gaelic Air.



Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves ev'n the wreck of a name!
 Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!
 He falls in the blaze of his fame.
 In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands
 Our king and our country to save;
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
 O, who would not die with the brave!

MY LOVE, COME LET US WANDER.

Gaelic Air.

Cheerful

My Love come let us wan-der, Where Ra-ven's streams* me-

an-der, And where, in sim-ple gran-deur, The dai-sy decks the plain.

Peace and joy our hours will measure; Come, oh come, my soul's best treasure!

Then how sweet, and then how cheer-ic, Ra-ven's braes will be, my dear-ic.

The silver moon is beaming,
On Clyde her light is streaming,
And, while the world is dreaming,
We'll talk of love, my dear.
None, my Jean, will share this bosom,
Where thine image loves to blossom,
And no storm will ever sever
That dear flower, or part us ever.

*Raven's stream, in the neighbourhood of Greenock.

THE BLACK HAIR'D LADDIE.

Air, An gilleadh dùth ciar dùth.

A-lack, my sad heart! how it throbs wi' its sor-row; I'



ne'er can a-wa wi' the thoughts o' to-mor-row; My fa-ther he
 bar-gain'd to part wi' his Flo-ra, My black-hair'd dear lad-die, O
 tak me a-wa! My black-hair'd dear lad-die, O tak me a-wa!

I flee frae the grey-headed laird an' my father,
 I flee to my shepherd, wha trips owre the heather;
 We aye were lu' glad when at e'en we'd forgather;
 My black-hair'd dear laddie, O tak me awa.
 My black-hair'd, &c.

The story is tauld, an' her father's confounded;
 The ha' wi' his rage an' rampagin' resounded;
 The horn, an' the shout's spreadin' clamour, far sounded,
 To tell wha the shepherd had carried awa.
 To tell, &c.

Owre hill, stream, an' valley, through bramble an' brecken,
 They flew till the fugitives were overtaken;
 They've torn them asinder, their tender hearts breakin';
 The black-hair'd poor shepherd they drave him awa.
 The black-hair'd, &c.

The shepherd he look'd in a sad sort o' languish,
 An' Flora, owre-come, in a heart breakin' anguish,
 Exclaim'd "frosty-headed laird ne'er shall extinguish
 My love for the laddie they've driven awa"
 My love, &c.

Then Flora, my life's saul, refrain thy sad sorrow,
 Nor heed ye the purposed plan o' tomorrow,
 The dotard is doited, the shepherds dear Flora,
 Ere morning's grey dawnin' will hae thee awa.
 Ere morning's, &c.

The alterations in the words of this copy by the Author D. Tough.

ALTON WATER.



Flow gently, sweet Al-ton, among thy green braes; Flow gently, I'll

sing thee a song in thy praise: My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy murmuring

stream; Flow gent-ly, sweet Al-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen;
 Ye wild-whistling blackbirds, in yon thorny den;
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming lorbear;
 I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lolly, sweet Alton, thy neighbouring hills,
 Fair mark'd with the courses of clear-winding rills;
 There daily I wander, as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

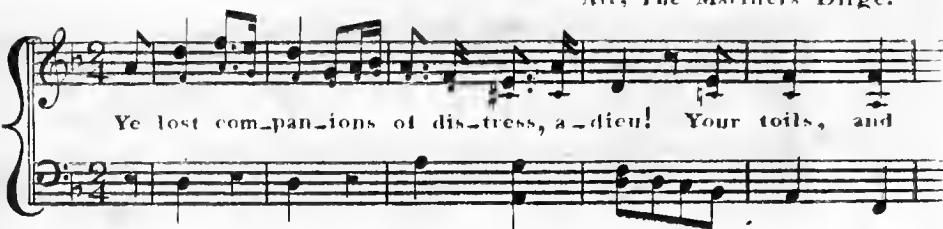
How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
 There oft, as mild evening weeps over the lea,
 The sweet-scented hirk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Alton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

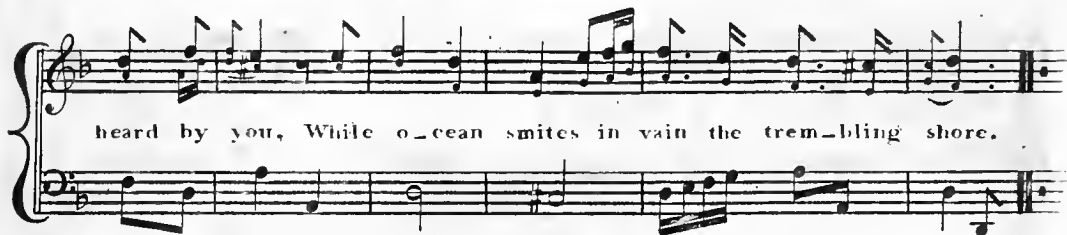
Flow gently, sweet Alton, among thy green braes;
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Alton, disturb not her dream.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Air, The Mariners Dirge.

Slow,  Ye lost companions of distress, a-dieu! Your toils, and

 pains, and dangers are no more; The tem-pest now shall howl un-

 heard by you, While ocean smites in vain the trem-bling shore.

On you the blast, surcharged with rain and snow,
In winter's dismal nights no more shall beat;
Unfelt by you the vertic sun may glow,
And scorch the panting earth with baneful heat.

The thundering drum, the trumpet's swelling strain
Unheard, shall form the long embattled line;
Unheard, the deep foundations of the main
Shall tumble, when the hostile squadrons join.

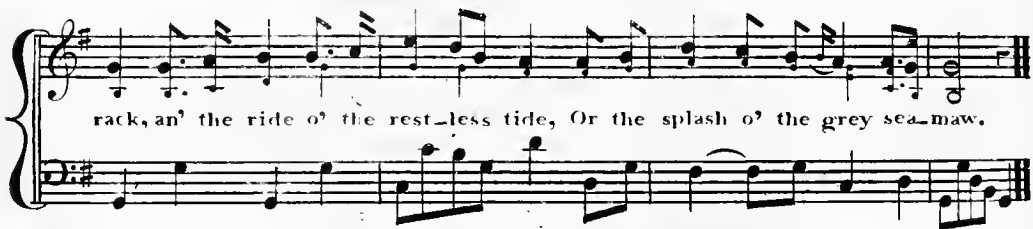
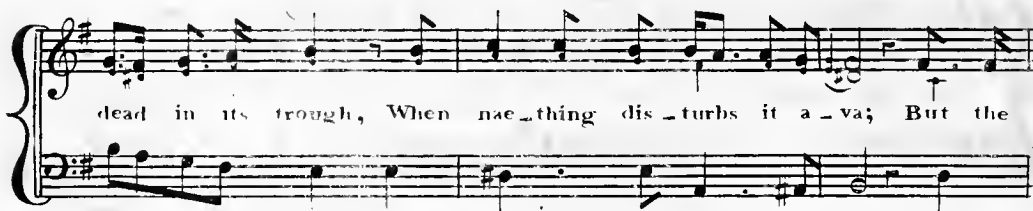
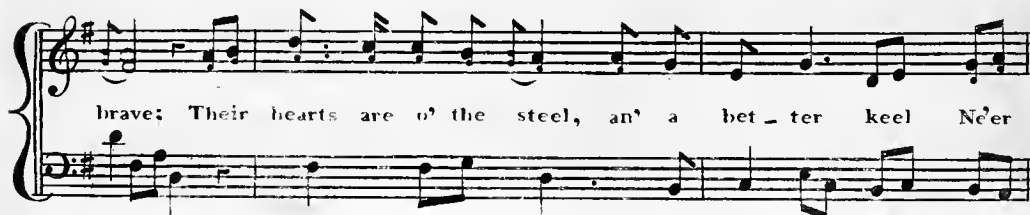
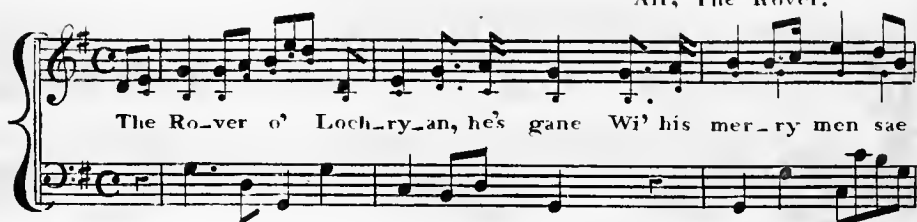
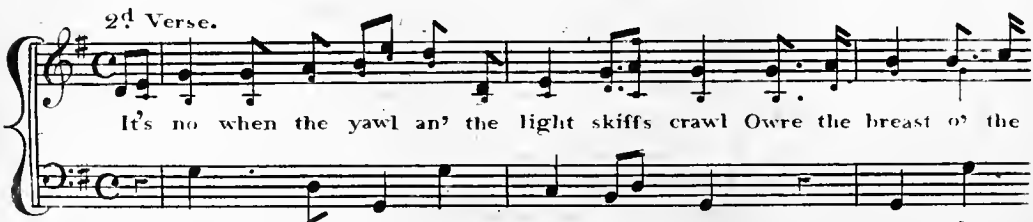
What though no funeral pomp, no borrowed tear,
Your hour of death to gazing crowds shall tell,
Nor weeping friends attend your sable bier,
Who sadly listen to the passing bell!

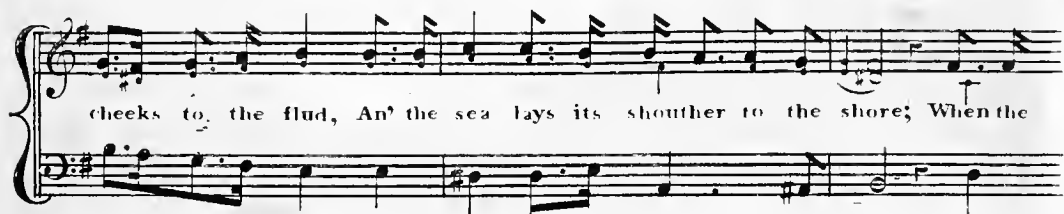
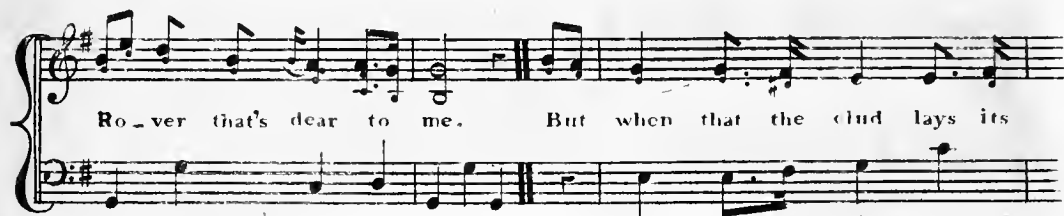
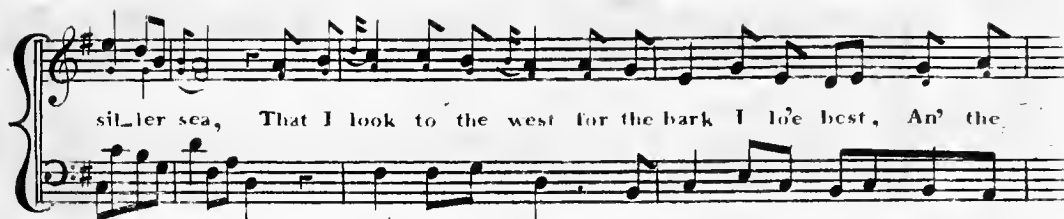
What though no sculptur'd pile your name displays,
Like those who perish in their country's cause!
What though no epic muse in living lays,
Records your dreadful daring with applause!

Yet shall remembrance from Oblivion's veil
Relieve your scene, and sigh with grief sincere,
And soft Compassion, at your tragic tale,
In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

THE ROVER O' LOCHRYAN.

Air, The Rover.

With
Spirit.2^d Verse.

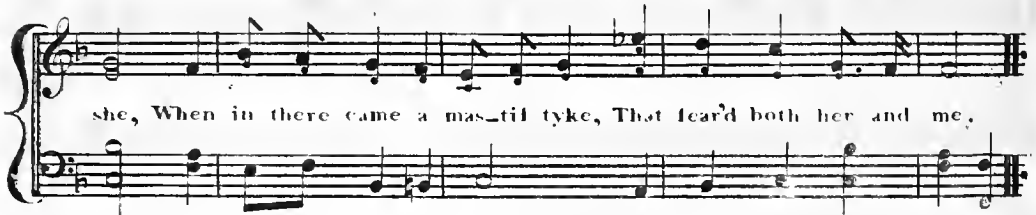
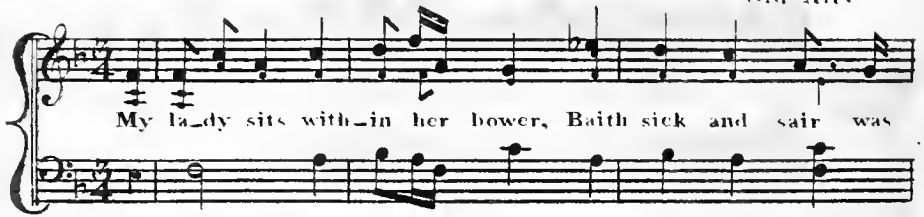


It's then that I look to the thickening rook,
 An' watch by the midnight tide;
 I ken the wind brings my rover hame,
 An' the sea that he glories to ride.
 O merry he sits 'mang his jovial crew,
 Wi' the helm-heft in his hand,
 An' he sings aloud to his boys in blue—
 As his e'es' upon Galloway's land—

“Unstent an' slack each reef and tack,
 Gie her sail, boys, while it may sit;
 She has roar'd thro' a heavier sea afore,
 An' she'll roar thro' a heavier yet.
 When landsmen sleep, or wake an' creep,
 In the tempest's angry moan,
 We dash thro' the drift, an' sing to the lilt
 O' the wave, that heaves us on!”

MY LADY SITS WITHIN HER BOWER.*

Old Air.



A bloody battle soon began
Between this dog and me;
When I then fled below the bed,
And thought he'd worried me.

O had I here my master dear!
A gallant young squire is he;
He would soon pepper your black sides,
And rid the house of thee.

O Nero is thy name I said,
And weel nam'd may ye be,
Or ye'd ne'er hae bitten my lady's finger,
Or foughten sae sore wi' me.

O, Betty, call to me my page,
Make haste and gar him flee,
That he may force this surly tyke
Out owre the Earn to flee.

O hold your peace, you little pug,
For what use can ye be,
But to lie in a lady's lap,
Or catch a mouse or flee.

The little page, he came, he ran,
A great big besom had he,
And soon he forc'd this surly tyke
Out owre the Earn to flee.

I know I am of little stature,
And far far less than thee;
But had I strength to my goodwill
A dead dog ye should be.

Come all ye mickle mastif tykes,
A warning take by me!
Ne'er meddle wi' little gentle dogs
That's born of high degree.

My father was an Earl's dog,
My mother a Knight's was she,
And it ill becomes a mastif tyke,
To bite or snarl at me.

For I hae liv'd in this castle
These seven years and near three.
But such misfortunes ne'er befel
Since Prim they called me.

*This song, with its melody, was written from the singing of Mr. Maxwell Sen! of Brediland.

MY NATIVE ISLE.

Air, General Robertson of Lawar.

Moderately
Slow.

And must I leave my native Isle; Fair friendship's eye, affection's smile; The
mountain sport, the angler's wile, The birch and weeping willow. The
highland glen, the healthy gale, The gloaming glee, the evening tale; And
must I leave my native vale, And brave the boisterous billow.

How sweet to climb the mountain high,
While dawning gilds the eastern sky;
Or in the shade at noon to lie
Upon the fell so airy.
And, when the sun is sinking low,
Thro' woodland walks to wander slow;
Or kindly in my plaid to rowe
My gentle rosy Mary.

My native Isle! I love thee well;
I love thee more than I can tell;
Accept my last, my sad farewell!
In thee I may not tarry.
What makes my bosom heave so high?
What makes the dew-drop gild mine eye?
Alas! that dew would quickly dry,
It 'twere not for my Mary.

O youth! thou season light and gay,
How soon thy pleasures melt away!
Like dream dispell'd by dawning day,
Or waking wild vagary.
The thrush shall quit the woodland dale,
The lav'rock cease the dawn to hail,
Ere I forget my native vale,
Or my sweet lovely Mary.

SAW YE NE'ER A LANE'LY LASSIE.

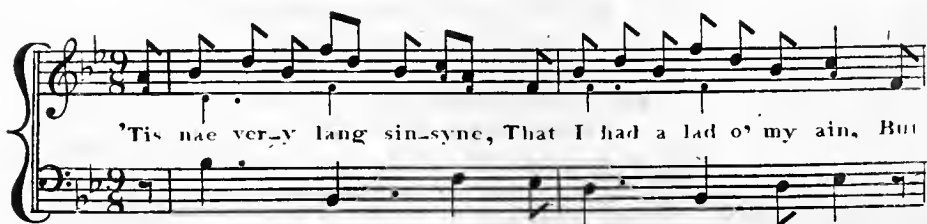


Saw ye ne'er a lane'ly las-sie, Thinkin', gin she were a wife, The
sun o' joy wad ne'er gae down, But warm and cheer her a' her life.

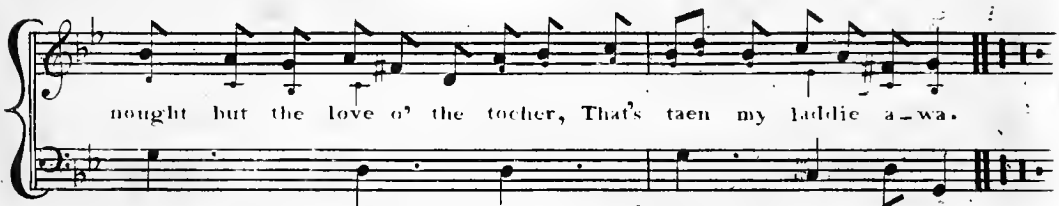
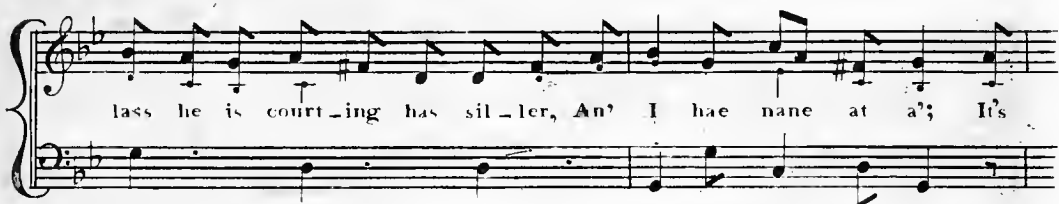
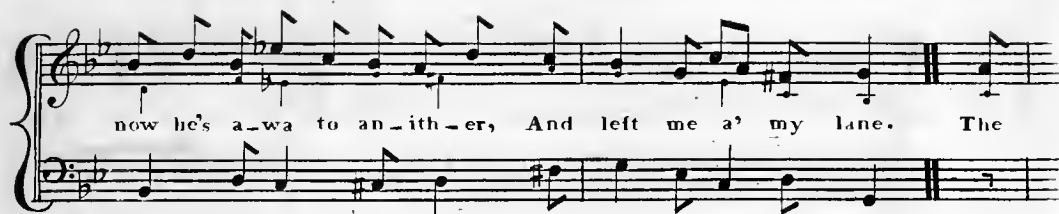
Saw ye ne'er a wea-ry wi-fy, Think-in, gin she were a lass,
She wad aye be blythe and hear-ty, Light-ly as the day wad pass.

Wives and lasses, young and aged,
Think na on each ither's fate;
Ilka ane it has its crosses;
Mortal joy was ne'er complete.
Ilka ane it has its blessings;
Peevish dinna pass them bye;
Seek them out like bonny berries,
Tho' among the thorns they lie.

'TIS NAE VERY LANG SIN-SYNE.



'Tis nae ver-y lang sin-syne, That I had a lad o' my ain, But



But I'm blyth that my heart's my ain,
 And I'll keep it a' my life,
 Untill that I meet wi' a lad
 Wha has sense to wale a good wife.
 For though I say't mysel',
 That shoud' nae say't, tis true,
 The lad that gets me for a wife
 Hell' n'er hae occasion to rue.

I gang ay fou clean and fou tosh,
 As a' the neighbours can tell,
 Though I've seldom a gown on my back
 But sic as I spin mysel':
 And when I am clad in my kourtsey,
 I think mysel' as hraw
 As Susie, wi' a' her pearling,
 That's tane my laddie awa'.

But I wish they were buckled together,
 And may they live happy for life;
 Tho' Willie does slight me, and's left me,
 The chield he deserves a good wife.
 But O! I'm blyth that I've miss'd him,
 As blyth as I weel can be;
 For ane that's, sae keen o' the siller
 Will never agree wi' me.

But, as the truth is, I'm hearty,
 I hate to be scrimpit or scant;
 The wee thing I hae I'll mak use o',
 And nae ane about me shall want.
 For I'm a good guide o' the warld,
 I ken when to hand and to gie;
 For whinging and cringing for siller
 Will never agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
 An' he wha has that has enough;
 The master is seldom sae happy
 As Robin, that drives the plough.
 But if a young lad wou'd cast up,
 To mak me his partner for life;
 If the chield has the sense to be happy,
 Hell' fa' on his feet for a wife.

PAISLEY LASSES.

Air, Ayrshire Lasses.

Lively.

O hae ye seen our lass-es yet, Our lasses trig and bonnie, O, Sae
 blythe, sae neat, sae smiling sweet, They're nev-er match'd by o-ny, O. The
 heart sae free, the piercing e'e, The smile that a' sur-pass-es, O; The
 nymphs a-roun' maun a' look down Com-par'd wi' Pais-ley Lass-es, O.

When Love had fix'd his throne on earth,
 Midst beauty's fond caresses, O,
 His hours below mov'd dull and slow
 Unless 'mang Paisley Lasses, O.
 The witching face, in ev'ry place,
 Like ghaists, our peace harasses, O;
 But still we chace the lovely race
 O' bonnie Paisley Lasses, O.

I see the belle, wi' silk and lace,
 Wi' scornfu' e'e she passes, O;
 But studied grace maun aye gie place
 To bonnie Paisley Lasses, O.
 Then, while in friendship's social ha'
 We push aroun' the glasses, O;
 Let's drink to them that charm us a';
 The bonnie Paisley Lasses, O.

WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN.

25

Air, Scots Recluse.



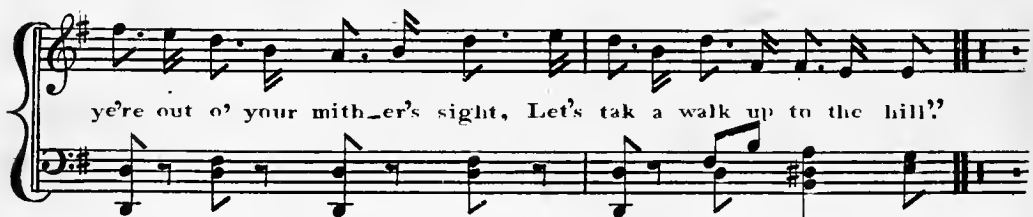
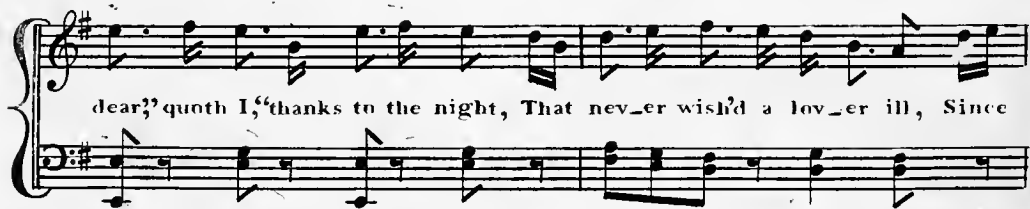
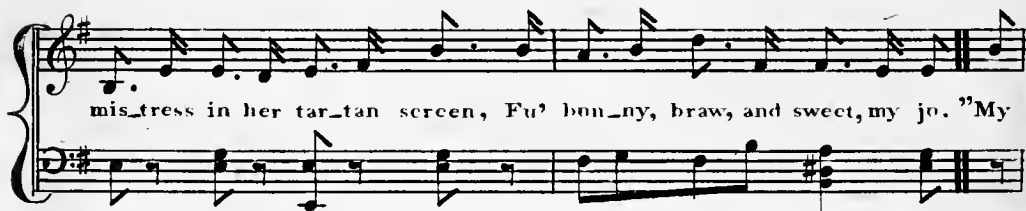
When I up-on thy bo-som lean, And fond-ly clasp thee a' my
 ain, I glo-ry in the sa-cred ties That made us ane, wha ane were twain. A
 mu-tual flame in-spires us baith, The ten-der look, the melting kiss; Ev'n
 years shall ne'er de-stroy our love, But on-ly gie us change o' bliss.

Hae I a wish? it's a' for thee;
 I ken thy wish is me to please;
 Our moments pass sae smooth away,
 That numbers on us look and gaze.
 Weel pleas'd they see our happy days,
 Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;
 And aye when weary cares arise
 Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there, and take my rest,
 And if that aught disturb my dear,
 I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
 And beg her not to drap a tear.
 Hae I a joy? it's a' her ain;
 United still her heart and mine,
 They're like the woodbine round the tree,
 That's twin'd till death shall them disjoin.

THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATIE.

Air, Edinburgh Kate.



"O Katie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
 And leave the dinsome town awhile?
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
 And a' the simmer's gaun to smile:
 The mavis, lintie, and the lark,
 The bleating lambs, and whistling hind,
 In ilka dale, green shaw, and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad your mind?"

"Soon as the clear goodman of day
 Bends down this morning draught o' dew,
 We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
 And gather flowers to busk your brow:
 We'll pou the daisies on the green,
 The lucken gowans frae the bog;
 Between hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upon the velvet log?"

"There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tower,
 A canny, saft, and flowery den,
 Where circling birks have form'd a bower.
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to that cauler shade remove,
 There sit, secure from ev'ry harm,
 And breathe our constant vows o' love?"

KATIE'S ANSWER.

Air, My mither's aye glowrin o'er me.

Lively.

My mith-er's aye glowr-in o'er me, Tho' she did the same be-

fore me; I can-na get leave to look to my love, Or else she is

like to de-vour me. Right fain wad I tak yere of-fer, Sweet

Sir, but I'll tine my tock-er; Then, San-dy, ye'll fret, And

wyte yere poor Kate, When-e'er ye keek in your toom col-fer.

For tho' my father has plenty
 Of siller, and plenishing dainty,
 Yet he's unco sweer
 To twin wi' his gear,
 And sae we had need to be tenty.
 Tutor my parents wi' caution,
 Be wylie in ilka motion;
 Brag weel o yere land,
 And there's my leal hand,
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

T'WAS ON A CAULD, CAULD WINTRY MORN.

Air, Clavers' Visit.

Slow.

'Twas on a cauld, cauld wintry morn, When heaps o' driltin'
snaw Lay roun' our hour-och, and raise up A-gainst our hal-lan wa?

My father sat wi' a thought' e'e,
His years fourscore and twa;
But he had sworn to the covenant,
The solemn league, and a'.

"Lassie?" quo' he, "your brethren three
Are in the camp, whare nane
But wha for the haly covenant
Their solemn aith hae ta'en?"

"Lassie?" quo' he, "their travail's sair,
An' we sit lowne an' calm;
Bring down, bring down the haly beuk,
We'll sing the mornin' psalm?"

An' we sang the mornin' psalm, until
The tears drapt frae our e'e;
My father pray'd for the camp o' God,
I for my brethren three.

My father raise, wi' a wistfu' e'e,
An' look'd o'er dale an' down,
"Lassie?" quo' he, "the cruel gledd
Unto our nest hath flown?"

* * * * *

Clavers, an' a' his wicked men,
Our bouroch pranc'd it roun';
Wi' awfu' aiths they drew their swords,
* * * * *

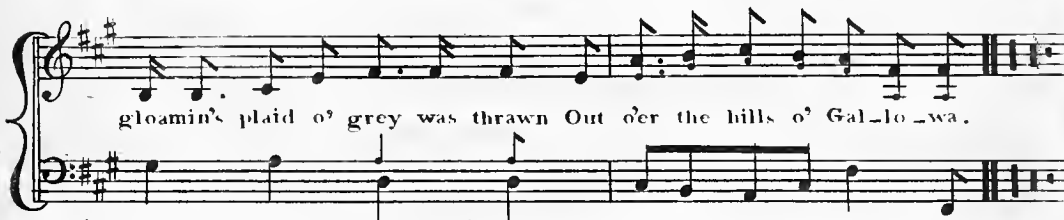
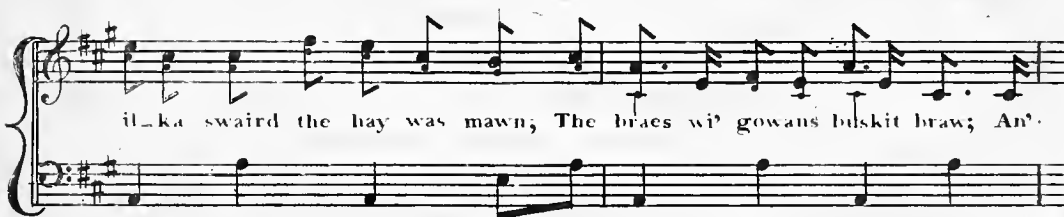
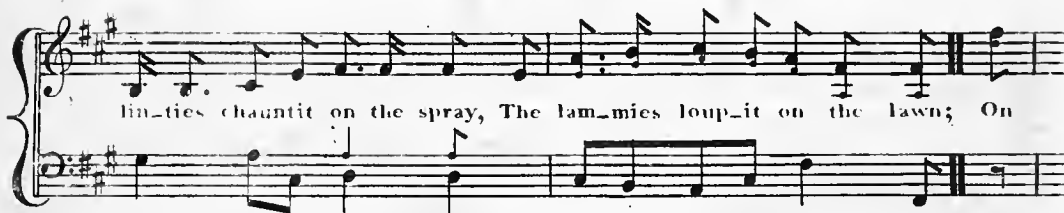
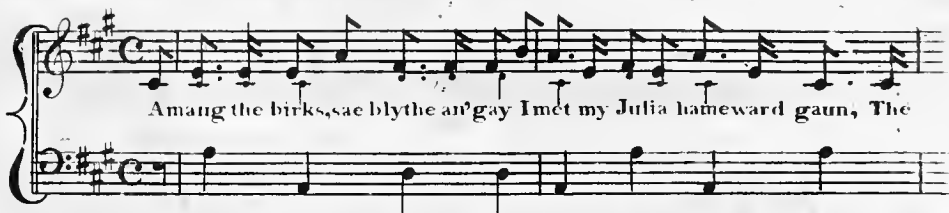
"My father, could na thy grey hairs
Their bluidy hands restrain?
Na, na, their hearts too harden'd were,
* * * * *

But their is ane in heaven aboon,
That sic ill deeds can see.
* * * * *

The memory of Claverhouse is universally detested in Scotland, from the cruelties he inflicted on the persecuted Presbyterians.

THE HILLS O' GALLOWA.

Air, The Lass among the Breckan.



Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,
And fragrance wing'd along the lee,
When down we sat, the flowers among,
Upon the banks o' stately Dee:
My Julia's arms encircled me;
Then sweetly glade the hours awa,
Till dawning coost a glimmerin' ee
Upon the hills o' Gallowa.

"It isna owsen, sheep, an' kye,
It isna gowd, it isna gear,
This lifted c'e wad hae, quo' I,
"This world's drumlie gloom to cheer;
But gie to me my Julia dear,
Ye powers, wha rowe this earthen ha';
An' O sae blythe through life I'll steer
Among the hills o' Gallowa.

"When gloamin' daunders up the hill,
An' our gudeman ca's hame the cows,
Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill
That through the rushes dimpled rows;
Or tint among the scroggy knowes,
My birken pipe I'll sweetly blaw,
An' sing the streams, the straths, an' howes,
The hills an' dales, o' Gallowa.

"An' when auld Scotland's heathy hills,
Her rural nymphs an' jovial swains,
Her flow'ry wilds an' wimplin' rills,
Awake nae mair my canty strains.
Where friendship dwells an' freedom reigns.
Where heather blooms an' moor-cocks craw.
O dig my grave, an' lay my bones
Among the hills o' Gallowa!"

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

Lively.

Altho' his back be at the wa', An-oth-er was the fay't-or; Al-

tho' his back be at the wa', Yet here's his health in wa-ter. He

gat the skaith, he gat the scorn, I lo'e him still the bet-ter; Tho'

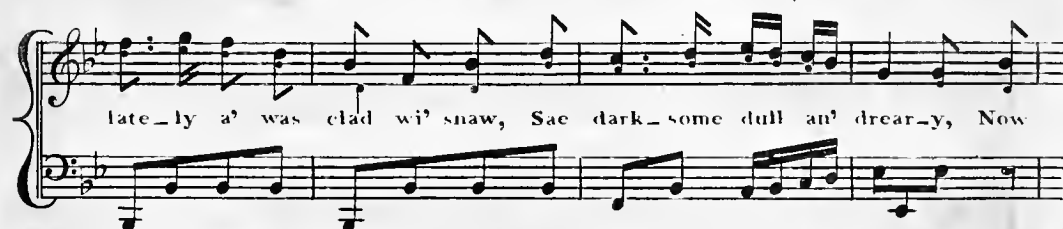
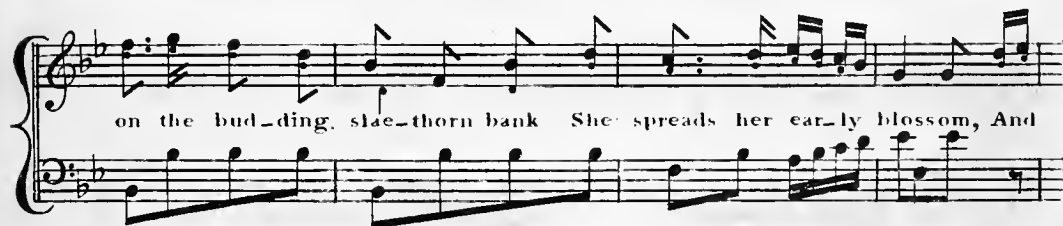
in a muir I hide for-lorn, I'll drink his health in wa-ter; Al-

tho' his back be at the wa', Yet here's his health in wa-ter.

NOW WINTER, WI' HIS CLOUDY BROW.

Air, Forneth House.

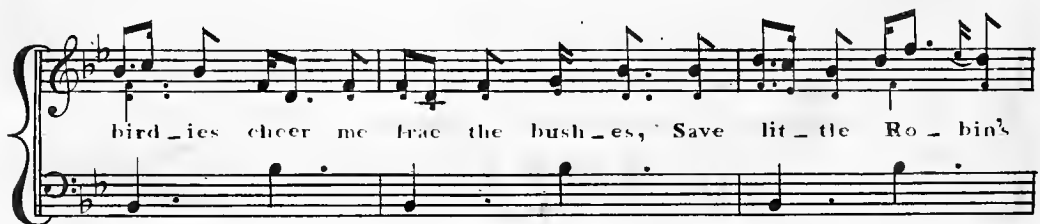
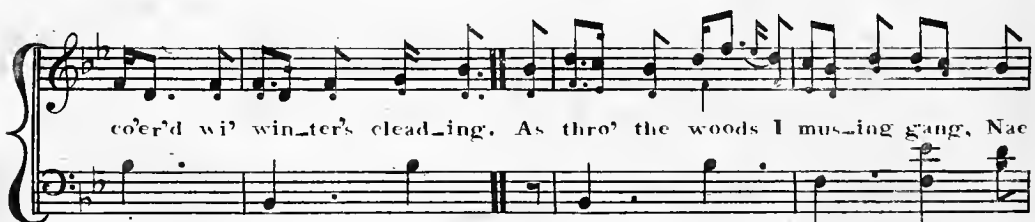
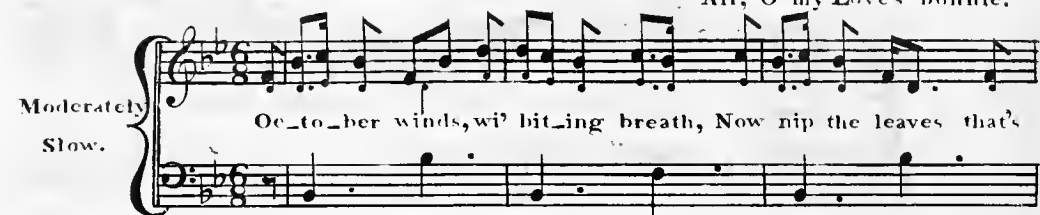
Now winter, wi' his cloud-y brow, Is far ayont yon mountains, And



Then let us leave the town, my love,
 An' seek our country dwelling,
 Where waving woods, and spreading How'rs
 On ev'ry side are smiling.
 We'll tread again the daisied green,
 Where first your beauty mov'd me;
 We'll trace again the woodland scene,
 Where first ye own'd ye lov'd me:
 We soon will view the roses blaw,
 In a' the charms o' lancy;
 For doubly dear these pleasures a',
 When shar'd with you, my Nancy.

OCTOBER WINDS WI' BITING BREATH.

Air, O my Love's bonnie.

Moderately
Slow.

The sun is jogging down the brae,
 Dimly through the mist he's shining;
 And cranreugh hoar creeps o'er the grass,
 As day resigns his throne to e'en-ing.
 Oft let me walk at twilight grey,
 To view the face of dying nature,
 Till spring again, wi' mantle green,
 Delights the heart o' ilka creature.

MARY'S SMILES.

Air, Return my heart again.



Sweet are the fair maids that adorn The pleasant banks of Clutha's
stream, Sweet as the smile of infant morn, Fair as the day's unclouded beam.

Yet still their glowing charms I view'd, An' aye my heart frae love was free, 'Till
Ma-ry's smiles, an' win-ning wyles, At length has won that heart frae me.

The rosy cheek may charm an hour,
But short's the pleasure it can gie;
For beauty fades like ony flower,
Or palls upo' the lover's e'e.
But virtue smiles aye sweet an' young,
Her beauties neither fade nor flee;
Thus Mary's charms my breast aye warms,
An' keeps the heart she's won frae me.

O! what is wealth, an' what is fame?
Like beauty they may fade away;
An' what is friendship but a dream,
A vision aft that leads astray?
Sae then let fortune smile or frown,
Friends prove unkind, or faithfu' be,
Still Mary's smiles, an' winning wyles,
Will cheer the heart she's won frae me.

I'LL O'ER THE MUIR TO MAGGY O.

Brisk.

I'll o'er the muir to Mag-gy, O, I'll o'er the muir to Mag-gy, O, When
done wi' wark, tho' e'er sac dark, I'll o'er the muir to Mag-gy, O. When the
sun sinks down the western sky, When daun'rin' hameward comes the kye, When the
vail of e'en be-dims the eye, I'll o'er the muir to Mag-gy, O.

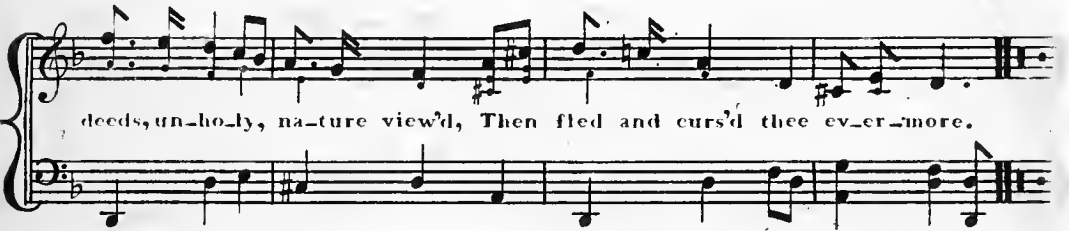
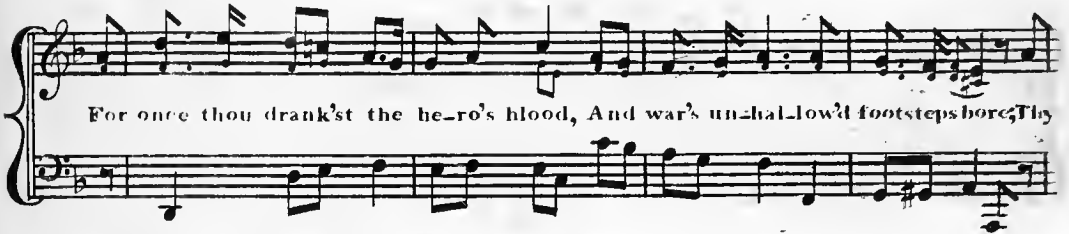
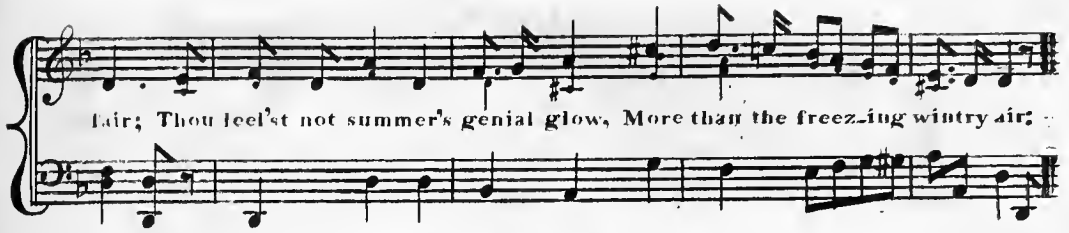
I'll o'er the muir to Maggy, O,
I'll o'er the muir to Maggy, O;
I'll pass the den, and thro' the glen,
Sync o'er the muir to Maggy, O.
When day is past I tak my kent,
And lie me o'er the heather bent;
I feel sic joy, and blythe content,
While o'er the muir wi' Maggy, O.

CULLODEN, or LOCHIEL'S FAREWELL.

Air, Fingal's Lament.

Slowly.

Cul-loden, on thy swarthy brow Spring no wild flow'rs nor verdure



From Beauty's wild and woodland glens,
How proudly Lovat's banners soar!
How fierce the plaided Highland clans
Rush onward with the broad claymore!
Those hearts that high with honour heaves,
The volleying thunder there laid low!
Or scatter'd like the forest leaves,
When wintry winds begin to blow!

To his blue hills, that rose in view,
As o'er the deep his galley bore,
He often look'd, and cried, "Adieu!
I'll never see Lochaber more!
Though now thy wounds I cannot heal,
My dear, my injur'd native land!
In other climes thy foe shall feel
The weight of Cam'ron's deadly brand.

Where now thy honours, brave Lochiel!
The braided plume's torn from thy brow!
What must thy haughty spirit feel,
When skulking like the mountain roe!
While wild-birds chant from Lochy's bow'rs,
On April eve, their loves and joys,
The Lord of Lochy's loftiest tow'rs
To foreign lands an exile flies.

"Land of proud hearts and mountains grey!
Where Fingal fought and Ossian sung!
Mourn dark Culloden's fateful day,
That from thy chiefs the laurel wrung.
Where once they rul'd, and roam'd at will,
Free as their own dark mountain game,
Their sons are slaves, yet keenly feel
A longing for their fathers' fame.

"Shades of the mighty and the brave!
Who, faithful to your Stuart, fell!
No trophies mark your common grave,
Nor dirges to your mem'ry swell.
But generous hearts will weep your fate,
When far has roll'd the tide of time;
And bards unborn shall renovate
Your fading fame in loftiest rhyme."

MARY.

Highland Air.

Slow

It's dowie in the hint o' hairst, At the wa-gang o' the swallow, When the
win's grow cauld, when the burns grow bauld, And the wuds are hingin' yellow.

But, O! its dowie, far, to see The wa-gang o' her the heart gangs wi', The
deadset o' a shining e'e, That darkens the weary warl on thee!

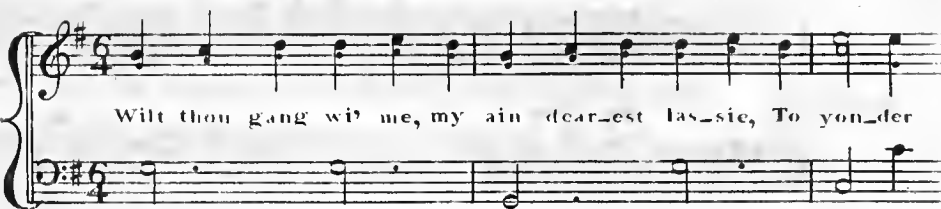
There was mickle love atween us twa —
O! twa could ne'er be fonder;
An' the thing on yird was never made
That could hae gart us sunder.
But the way o' Heaven's aboon a' ken —
An' we maun bear what it likes to sen —
It's comfort tho' to weary men,
That the warst o' this warl's waes maun en.

There's mony things that come an' gae —
Just kent and just forgotten, —
An' the flowers that busk a bonnie brae,
Gin anither year lie rotten.
But the last look o' that lovely e'e —
An' the dying grip she gae to me —
They're settled like eternity —
O, Mary! that I were wi' thee!

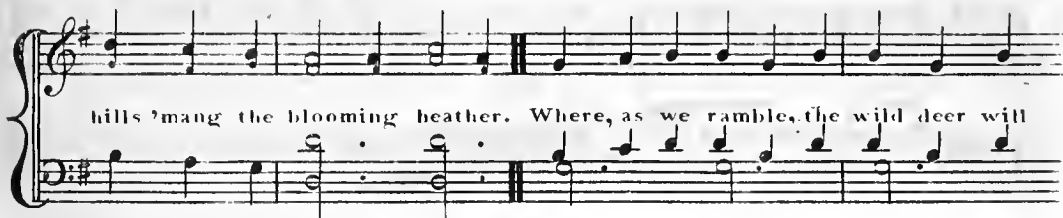
WILT THOU GANG WI' ME.

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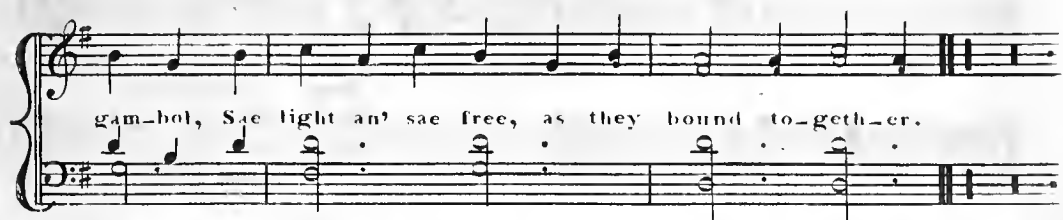
Air, Barm, Barm.

Mod: 

Wilt thou gang wi' me, my ain dear-est las-sie, To yon-der



hills 'mang the blooming heather. Where, as we ramble, the wild deer will



gam-hol, Sae light an' sae free, as they bound to-geth-er.

Bright beams the sun in the glow o' the morning,
As softly murmurs the clear wimplin fountain;
The featherie breckan the green wood is deckin';
O, sweet is the shade on the side o' the mountain.

The warm purple haze comes up the strath glowing,
Leaving the dew sparkling clear on ilk blossom;
The Lark warbles cheerie, nae fear maks it eerie,
As gaily it spreads to the breeze its fair bosom.

The bonnie wee gowan adorns the green loanin';
The sweet yellow primrose blooms fair i' the valley;
A' roun' us looks smiling; but naething sae wiling,
As the blythe look o' my ain bonny Aillie.

Now surly winter's fled o'er the black ocean,
Come, my dear lassie, tak share o' my plaidie;
The heather-bells blooming, the breeze sweet perfuming,
Will cheer, as ye sit, by your ain Hielan laddie!

LOCH-NA-GARR.



A-way, ye gay land-scapes, ye gar-dens of ros-es, In



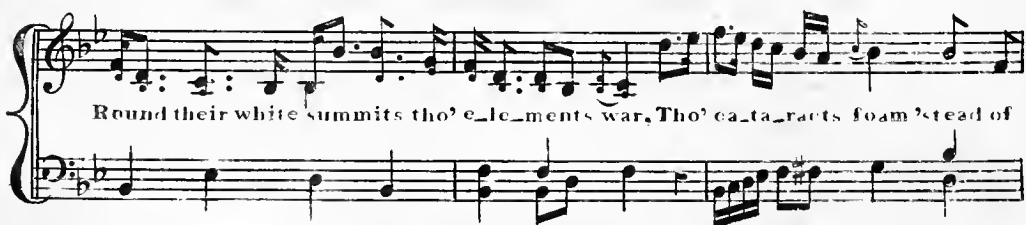
you let the min-ions of lux-u-ry rove; Re-store me the



rocks where the snow-flake re-pos-es, If still they are sac-red to



free-dom and love. Yet, Ca-le-do-nia, dear are thy moun-tains,

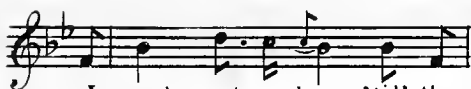


Round their white sum-mits tho' e-le-ments war, Tho' cas-ca-ds foam 'stead of



Lento. *Adagio.*
smooth-flowing fountains, I sigh for the val-ley of dark Loch-na-garr.

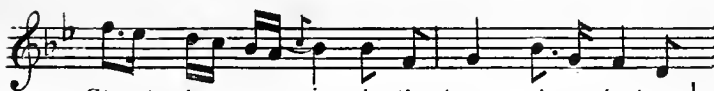
Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
 On chieftains departed my memory ponder'd,
 As daily I stray'd thro' the pine-cover'd glade.



I sought not my home 'till the day's dying glory
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star,
 For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story
 Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch-na-garr.



Shades of the dead, have I not heard your voices
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
 And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale.
 Round Loch-na-garr while the stormy mist gathers,
 Winter presides in his cold icy ear;



Clouds there en-cir-cle the forms of my fathers!
 They dwell mid the tempests of dark Loch-na-garr.

Ill starr'd, tho' brave, did no vision foreboding
 Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?
 Ah! were ye then destined to die at Culloden,
 Tho' victory crown'd not your fall with applause?
 Still were ye happy in death's earthy slumbers;
 You rest with your clan in the caves of Brae-mar;
 The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud numbers,
 Your deeds to the echoes of wild Loch-na-garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch-na-garr, since I left you!
 Years must elapse ere I see you again;
 Tho' nature of verdure and flowers ha' heret' you,
 Yet still thou art dearer than Albion's plain.
 England, thy beauties are tame and domestic
 To one who has rovd on the mountains afar!
 Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
 The steep-frowning glories of dark Loch-na-garr!

O GIE MY LOVE BROSE, BROSE.

Air, Brose and Butter.

Chorus.

Lively.

O gie my love brose, brose, O gie my love brose and butter; O

gie my love brose, brose, Yes-treen he wan-ted his supper. There's

some got parritch an' milk, And some got sowans and succar, And

some got ta-toes an' sa't, But he got naething for supper. Repeat the Cho'

For Charlie he drew the braid sword,
 For Charlie he lost house and haddin',
 For Charlie he fought on the sward,
 For Charlie he bled at Culloden.
 O gie my love brose, brose, &c.

The chief that was true to his Prince
 May yet ha'e a bame and a steadin',
 But the whigums that had little mense,
 Will dree the weird o' their reidin.
 O gie my love brose, brose, &c.

WHEN SILENT TIME Wİ' LIGHTLY FOOT.

Air, The Traveller's Return.

When si-lent time, wi' light-ly foot, Had trode on thirty years, My
na-tive land I sought a-gain, Wi' mo-ny hopes and fears: "Wha
kens gin the dear friends I left Will still con-tin-ue mine; Or
gin I e'er a-gain shall meet The joys I left lang-syne?"

As I drew near my ancient pile.

My heart beat a' the way,

Ilk place I pass'd seem'd yet to speak

Of some dear former day;

Those days that follow'd me afar,

Those happy days o' mine,

Which made me think the joys at hand

Were naething to lang syne.

Myiv'd tow'rs now met my een,

Where minstrels us'd to blaw;

Nae friend stept forth wi' open arms,

Nae weel-ken'd face I saw;

Till Donald totter'd to the door,

Whom I left in his prime,

And grat to see the lad come back,

He bore about lang syne.

A new-sprung race o' motley kind,

Would now their welcome pay;

Wha shudder'd at my gothic wa's,

And wish'd my groves away;

"Cut, cut," they cry'd, "yon gloomy trees,

Lay low yon mournfu' pine!"

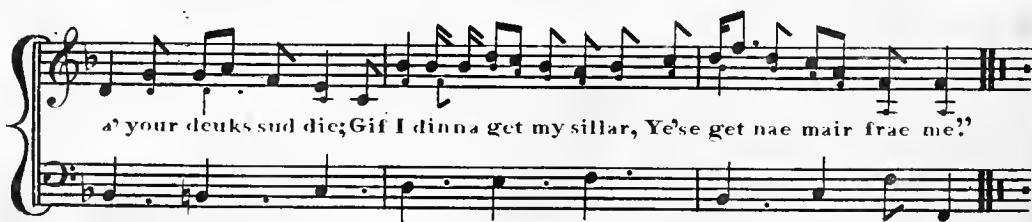
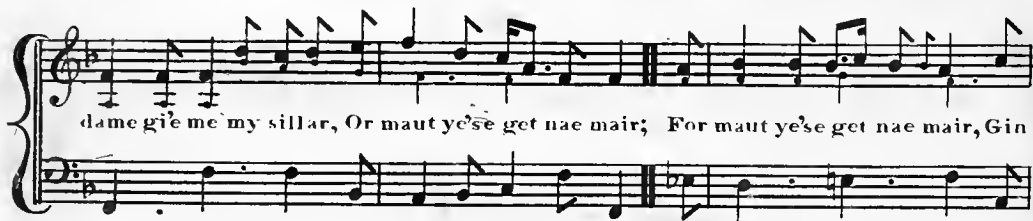
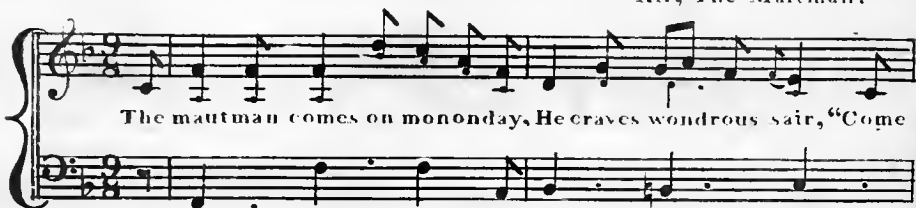
"Ah no! your fathers' names grow there—

Memorials o' lang syne."

THE MAUTMAN COMES ON MONONDAY.

Air, The Maltman.

Lively.

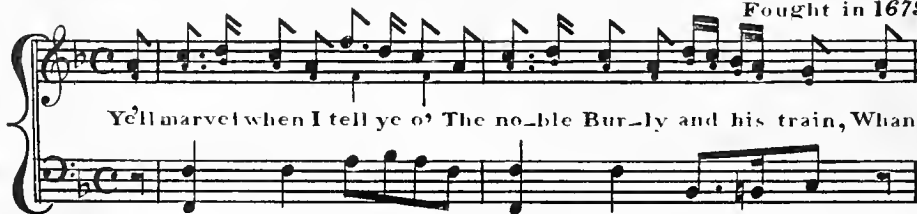


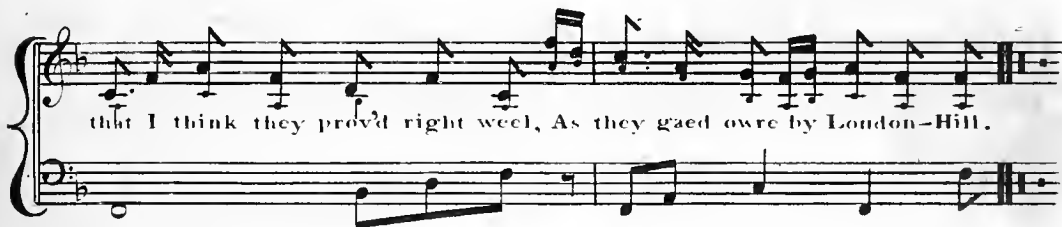
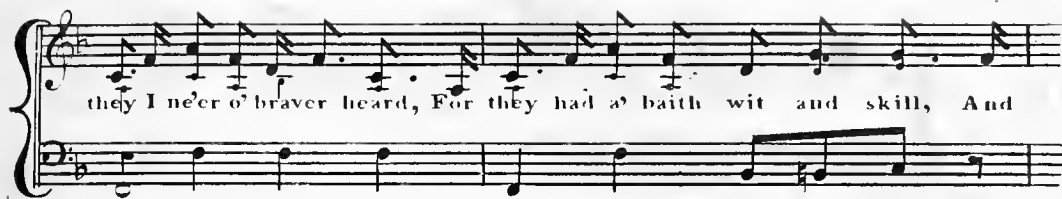
"Gudeman, O dinna be vaunty,
The times no far, I trow,
That we'll be blyth an' canty,
An' we'll get maut enew;
For Charlie he's on the sea,
An' soon will be on shore,
An' there's some may fear an' dree,
For we'll get maut galore.



BATTLE OF LOUDONHILL.

Fought in 1679.





We'll prosper a' the gospel lads,
That are unto the west countrie,
Ay wicked Clavers to demean,
And aye an ill dead may he die.
For he's drawn up i' battle rank,
And that baith soon and hostile,
But they wha live till simmer cum,
Some bludie days for this will see.

But up spak cruel Clavers then,
Wi' hastie wit, and wicked skill,
"Gie fire on yon westlan men,
I think it is my sovereign's will?"
But up bespake his Cornet then,
"Its he wi' nae consent o' me,
I ken I'll ne'er come back again,
And mony mae as weal as me.

"There is not ane o' a' yon men,
But wha is worthy ither three,
There is nae ane among them a'
That in his cause will stap to die.
And as for Burly, him I know,
He's ane o' honor, birth, and fame,
Gie him a sword unto his hand,
He'll fight thysel and ither ten."

Up spak wicked Clavers then,
I wat his heart it raise lu' hie,
And he has cryed that a' may hear,
"Man, ye hae sair deceived me!
I never kend the like afore,
Na never since I cam frae hame,
That ye sae cowardly here should prove,
And yet cum o' a noble Graeme?"

But up bespak his Cornet then,
"Since that it is your honour's will,
Myself shall be the foremost man,
That will gie fire on London Hill.
At your command I'll lead them on,
But yet wi' nae consent o' me,
For weel I ken I'll ne'er return,
And mony mair as weel as me."

Then up he drew in battle rank,
I wat he had a bonny train;
But the first time that bullets flew,
Aye, he lost twenty o' his men.
Then back he cam the way he gaed,
I wat right soon and suddenlie;
He gae command among his men,
And sent them back and bade them flee.

Then up cam Burly bauld and stout,
Wi' little train o' westland men,
Wha, mair than either ance or twice,
In Edinborough confin'd had been.
They hae been up to London sent,
And yet they're a' cum safely down;
Sax troop o' horsemen they hae beat,
And chased them into Glasgow toun.

WHEN GLOAMIN SPREADS HER MANTLE GREY.

Air, Gordon Castle.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system has a 'hr' (half rest) above the final note. The third system ends with a repeat sign. The fourth system has a 'hr' above the final note.

When gloamin spreads her mantle grey, And salt the dew's o' e'enin ta; I
 wend my so-li-ta-ry way, By Auch-inames' auld cas-tle wa;* 'Twas
 there I spent life's youth-fu' day; But ah! how soon that day has past; Like
 flow'rs that bloom but to de-cay, And with-er in the chil-ling blast.

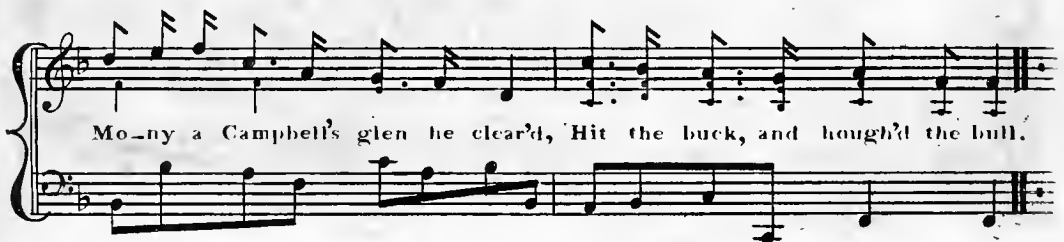
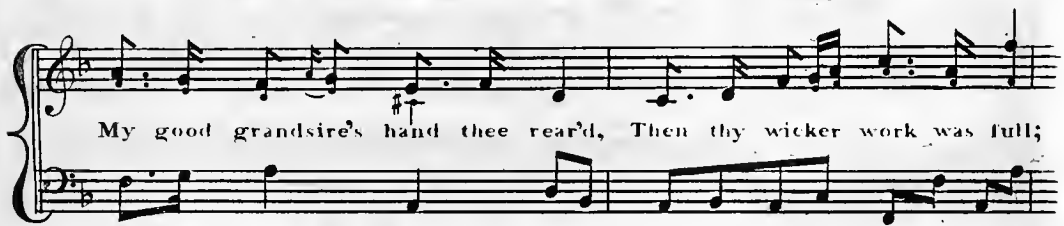
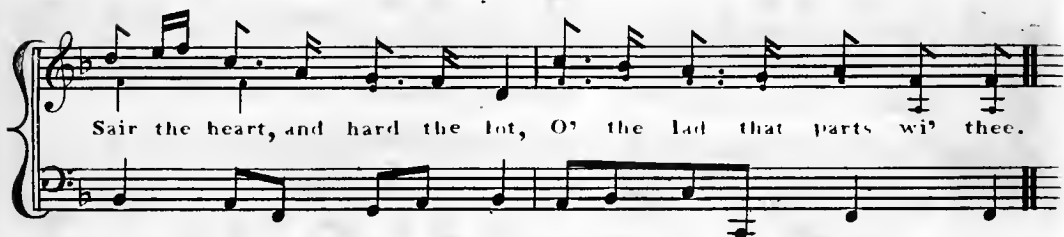
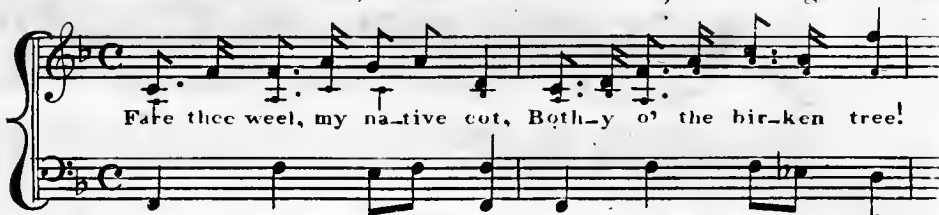
O happy days! what joy was mine,
 While straying o'er thy beauteous wild,
 Or on yon sedgy bank reclined,
 When morning dawn'd serenely mild.
 The charm has fled! fond fancy's dream
 And youth's fantastic days are o'er,
 Shot-like the meteor's transient gleam,
 That just appears, and is no more.

*The Barony of Auchinames lies on the south side of the village of Kilbar-
 chan, in the County of Renfrew. The Crawford family, some of whom are well
 known in the history of Scotland, still hold the superiority. The old Castle,
 the walls of which were about nine feet in thickness, stood for many years a
 fine ruin; but it has lately been demolished for the purpose of building fences,
 and a farm-house, which now stands upon its site. It was on one of the in-
 mates, Nelly, that Robert Semple of Beltrees wrote the beautiful Scots song
 "She rose and let me in."

LENACHAN'S FAREWELL.

45

Air, "Ho cha neil mulad oirn;" or The Emigrant's adieu



In thy green and grassy crook
Mair lies hid than crusted stanes;
In thy bien and weirdly nook
Lie some stout Clan-Gillian banes.
Thou wast aye the kinsman's hame,
Routh and welcome was his fare;
But if serf or Saxon came,
He cross'd Murich's hirst nae mair.

Never hand in thee yet bred
Kendna how the sword to wield;
Never heart of thine had dread
Of the foray or the field:
Ne'er on straw, mat, bulk, or bed,
Son of thine lay down to die;
Every lad within thee bred
Died beneath heaven's open ee.

Charlie Stuart he cam here,
For our king, as right became;
Wha could shun the Bruce's heir?
Wha could tyne our royal name?
Firm to stand, and free to fa',
Forth we march'd right valiantlie,
Gane is Scotland's king and law!
Woe to the Highlands and to me!

Freeman, yet I'll scorn to fret,
Here nae langer I maun stay;
But, when I my hame forget,
May my heart forget to play!
Fare thee weel, my father's cot,
Both-y o' the birken tree!
Sair the heart, and hard the lot,
O' the lad that parts wi' thee.

FLY WE TO SOME DESART ISLE.

Gaelic Air.

Slow.

Fly we to some de_sart Isle, There we'll pass our days together,
 Shun the world's de_lu_sive smile, Wand'ring ten_ants of the heath_er.
 Shelter'd in some lone_ly glen, Far re_mov'd from mor_tal ken, For_
 get the sel_fish ways of men, Nor feel a wish be_yond each oth_er.

Tho' my friends deride me still,
 Jamie, I'll disown thee never;
 Let them scorn me as they will,
 I'll be thine — and thine for ever!
 What are a' my kin to me,
 A' their pride of pedigree?
 What were life, if wanting thee?
 And what were death, if we maun sever?

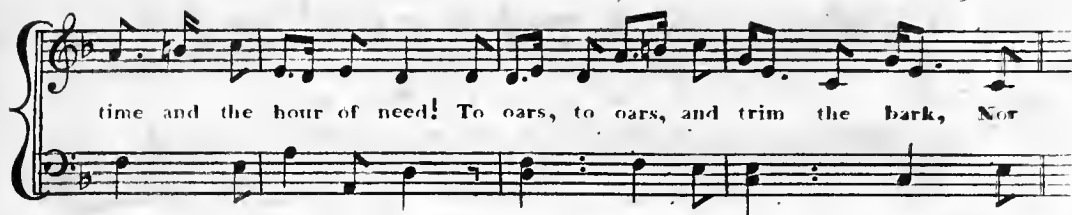
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 QUEEN MARY'S ESCAPE FROM LOCH-LEVEN CASTLE.

Highland Boat Air.

Put off, put off, and row with speed, For now is the





Those pond'rous keys shall the kelpies keep,  
 And lodge in their caverns dark and deep;  
 Nor shall Loch-Leven's towers or hall,  
 Hold thee, our lovely lady, in thrall;  
 Or be the haunt of traitors, sold,  
 While Scotland has hands and hearts so bold;  
 Then steersman, steersman, on with speed,  
 For now is the time and the hour of need!

Hark! the alarm bell hath rung,  
 And the warder's voice hath treason sung!  
 The echoes to the falconets' roar,  
 Chime sweetly to the dashing oar:  
 Let tower, and hall, and battlements gleam,  
 We steer by the light of the taper's beam;  
 For Scotland and Mary, on with speed,  
 Now, now is the time and the hour of need!

## O WHAT CAN MAK MY ANNIE SIGH.

Air, O where wad bonnie Annie lye.

Mod:

O! what can mak my An-nie sigh? O! what can mak my Annie cry? Why  
 does the big tear dim thine eye, My life, my love, my dea-rie? What  
 tho' I sail a-cross the sea! What tho' I bid fare-well to thee! With-  
 in my breast thou still shall be, My life, my love, my dear-ie.

"But when thou'rt far out-öer the sea,  
 A fairer face, and pawkie öe,  
 May steal that love ye've pledged to me,  
 An' thou forget thy dearie?"  
 'O never doubt, my Annie fair,  
 O never doubt my truth sincere;  
 I'll never fill that breast wi' care,  
 My life, my love, my dearie."

"When lightnings dart frae every cloud,  
 And pealing thunders roar aloud,  
 And rushing pours the rainy flood,  
 Thy Annie will be eerie?"  
 'When tempests rend the darkning sky,  
 When rolling billows burst and fly,  
 When death an' horror meet ilk eye,  
 I'll think upon my dearie."

Modern Set.

Here a-wa, there a-wa, wandering Willie. Here a-wa, there a-wa,  
 haud a-wa hame; Come to my bo-som, my ain on-ly dea-rie, Tell me, thou  
 bring'st me my Wil-lie the same. Winter winds blew loud an' cauld at our part-ing,  
 Fears for my Wil-lie brought tears in my e'e; Wel-come now sim-mer, and  
 wel-come my Wil-lie, The sim-mer, to na-ture, my Wil-lie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers!  
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!  
 Wauken, ye breezes; row gently, ye billows,  
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.  
 But, oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,  
 Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring mains  
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,  
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

# MY BARK IS NOW UPON THE WAVE.

Air, O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet.

My bark is now up-on the wave That bears me from thy dwelling; I  
reckless hear the loud winds rave, And see the white foam swell-ing; Tho'  
Fate has forc'd me from thy arms, My truth shall ne-ver va-ry; I'll  
think-on thee and all the charms, O' bon-nie green Glen-ga-ry.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff for the voice and a bass clef staff for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support with chords and moving lines in the bass.

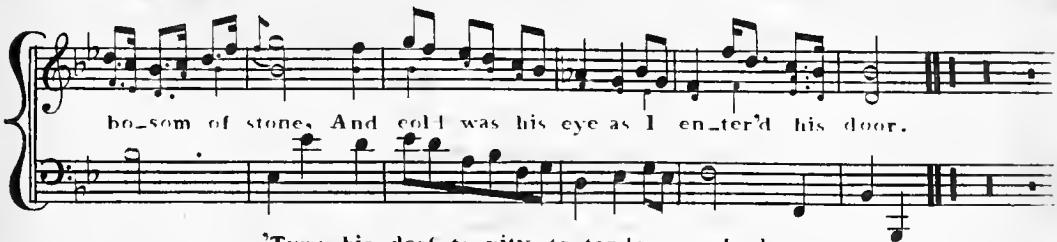
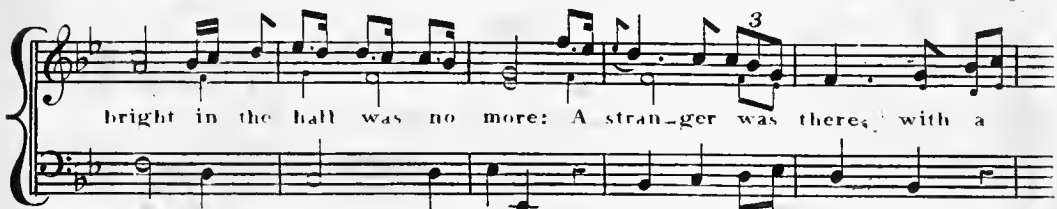
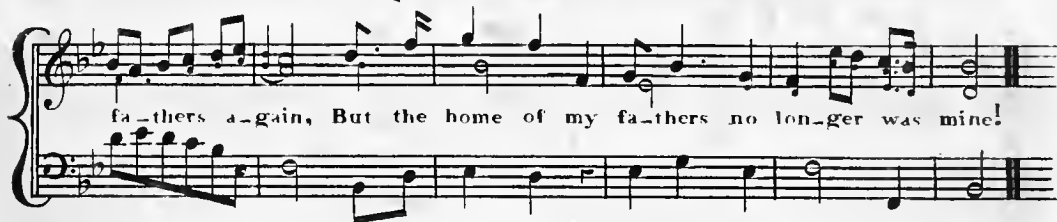
Let Lowland maids, in silken sheen,  
Outshine the blooming Flora,  
Give me, in tartan plaid, at e'en,  
My bonnie Highland Nora:  
For her I've climb'd the mountain's height,  
And roam'd the summits airy,  
For aye her smile could cheer the night  
In bonnie green Glengary.

## THE HOME OF MY FATHERS.

Air, Highland Lamentation.

Sub-dued by mis-ortunes, and bow'd down with pain, I sought on the

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff for the voice and a bass clef staff for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is two flats (Bb and Eb), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support with chords and moving lines in the bass.

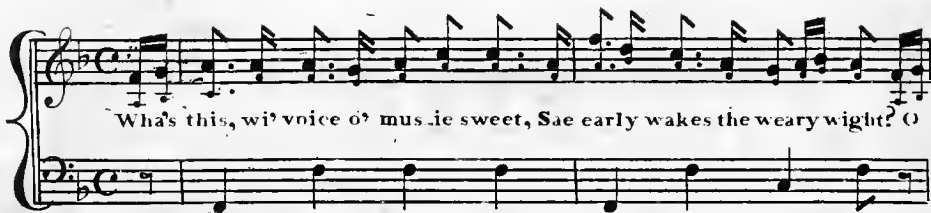


'Twas his, deaf to pity, to tenderness dead,  
 The fallen to crush, and the humble to spurn;  
 But I staid not his scorn, - from his mansion I fled,  
 And my beating heart vow'd never more to return.  
 When home shall receive me, one home yet I know,  
 O'er its gloomy recess see the pine branches wave;  
 'Tis the tomb of my fathers! - The world is my foe,  
 And all my inheritance now is a grave.

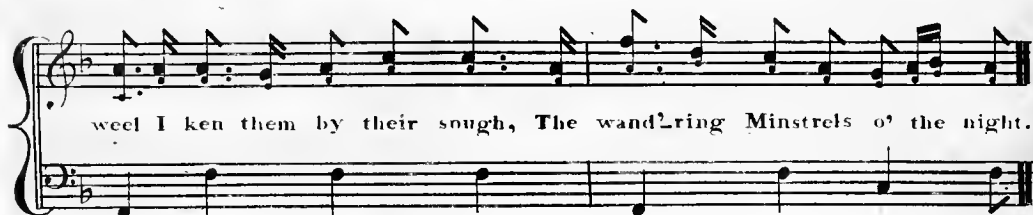
'Tis the tomb of my fathers, the grey-moist'nd walls  
 Declining to earth, speak, emphatic, decay;  
 The gate off its hinges, and half-opening, calls  
 "Approach, most unhappy, thy dwelling of clay!"  
 Alas! thou sole dwelling of all I hold dear,  
 How little this meeting once augur'd my breast!  
 From a wanderer accept, oh, my fathers! this tear;  
 Receive him, the last of your race, to your rest!

## THE WAITS.

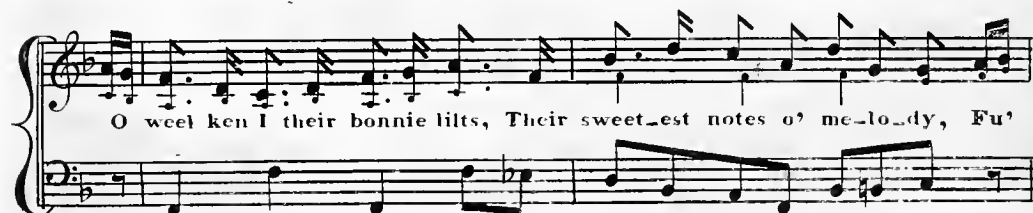
Slowly



Wha's this, wi' voice o' mus'ic sweet, Sae early wakes the weary wight? O



weel I ken them by their sough, The wand'ring Minstrels o' the night.



O weel ken I their bonnie lilt, Their sweetest notes o' me-lo-dy, Fu'



alt they've thrill'd out thro' my saul, And gart the tear fill il-ka ee.

O, sweetest minstrels! weel your pipe, Your fremit lilt I downa bide,  
 A tender soothin' note to blow; They never yield a charm for me;  
 Synce souf the "Broom o' Cnwdenknowes," Unlike our ain, by nature made,  
 Or "Roslin Castle's" ruined wa. Unlike the salt delight they gie;  
 They bring to mind the happy days, For weel I ween they warm the breast,  
 Fu' aft I've spent wi' Jenny dear, Though sair oppressed wi' poortith cauld;  
 Ah! now ye touch the very note, An' sae an auld man's heart they cheer,  
 That gars me sigh, and drap a tear. He tines the thought that he is auld.

O, sweetest minstrels! halt a wee,  
 Anither lilt afore ye gang;  
 An' syne I'll close my waukrile ee,  
 Enraptured wi' your bonny sang.  
 They're gane! the moon begins to dawn;  
 They're weary paidlin through the weel;  
 They're gane! but on my ravished ear,  
 The dying sounds yet thrill fu' sweet.

# THE AGED CHIEFTAIN'S LAMENT.

53

Gaelic Air.

Chorus.

Slow.

It's wae wi' me when the sun gaes down! It's wae wi' me when the

sun gaes down! They burnt my ha' on a bonnie simmer een, And it's

wae wi' me when the sun gaes down! Where is my clan? and where is my

kin, When I was thret-ty years and twa? I look owre frith, and I

look owre faul', But my clan and kin are a' a-wa.

It's wae wi' me, &c.

Where is my clan? and where is my kin,  
That drew their swords at Charlie's ca?  
Frac the southland came a deadlie blast,  
And my clan and kin are a' awa.

It's wae wi' me, &c.

Where is my clan? and where is my kin?  
And, Cumberland, whare is my bonnie ha?  
O wae be aye upon thee and thine!  
My clan and kin are a' awa.

## A STately SHIP IS ON THE SEA.

Jacobite.

Lively.

A state-ly ship is on the sea, Wi' the bon-iest lad-die in  
 Chris-ten-die. The lad-die is gude, the lad-die is fair, To Scot-land's  
 crown he is the heir, An' he's wel-come, the bon-nie lad-die.

There's no a lady but likes him weel; He's a sapling rare o' royaltye,  
 There's no a heart but he can steal; The purest stem in Christendie,  
 He may na speak but a word or twa, An' Scotland's heart is aye the same,  
 An' the bravest clan will up an' draw An' to his ha' an' ancient hame  
 To fight for the bonnie laddie. She'll welcome the bonnie laddie.


## BARROCHAN JEAN.

Air, Gallowa Tam.

Lively.

'Tis hin-na ye heard man o' Bar-roch-an Jean? And hin-na ye  
 heard man o' Bar-roch-an Jean? How death and star-va-tion cam  
 o'er the hale na-tion, She wrought sic mis-chief wi' her twa pawky e'en?





The lads and the lass-es were dy-ing in diz-ens, The tane kill'd wi'

love, and the tith-er wi' spleen; The plough-ing, the saw-ing, the

shear-ing, the maw-ing; A' wark was for-got-ten for Bar-roch-an Jean.

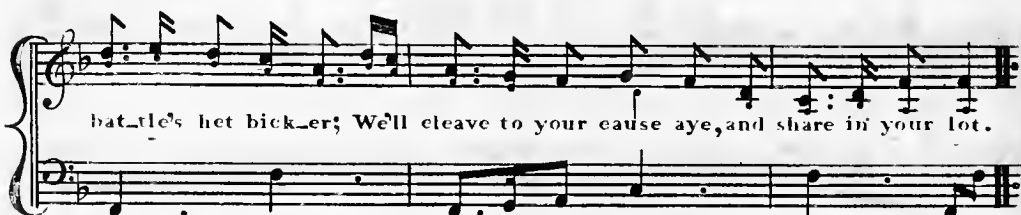
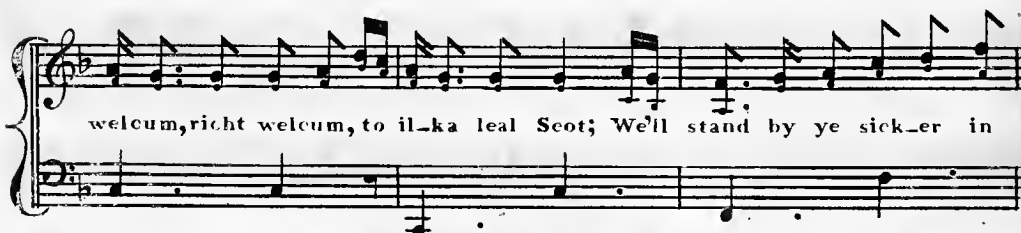
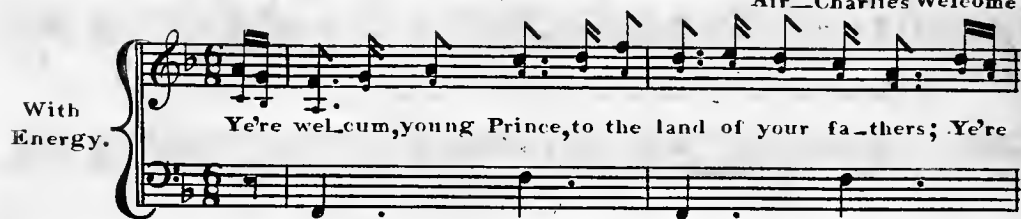
Frae the south and the north, o'er the Tweed and the Forth,  
 Sic coming and ganging there never was seen;  
 The comers were cheery, the gangers were bleary,  
 Despairing, or hoping for Barrochan Jean.  
 The earlins at home were a' giuning and grainig,  
 The bairns were a' greetin' frae morning till e'en;  
 They gat nought for crowdy but runts boil'd to sowdie,  
 For naething gat growing for Barrochan Jean.

The doctors declared, it was past their describing;  
 The ministers said, 'twas a judgment for sin;  
 But they lookit sae blac, and their hearts were sae wae,  
 I was sure they were dying for Barrochan Jean.  
 The burns on road-sides were a' dry wi' their drinking,  
 Yet a' wadna sloken the drouth i' their skin;  
 A' around the peat-stacks, and against the dyke-backs,  
 E'en the winds were a' sighing, sweet Barrochan Jean.

The timmer ran done wi' the making o' coffins,  
 Kirk-yards o' their swaird were a' howkit fu' clean;  
 Dead lovers were packit like herring in barrels,  
 Sic thousands were dying for Barrochan Jean.  
 But mony braw thanks to the laird o' Glen-brodie,  
 The grass owre their grafts is now bonny and green,  
 He staw the proud heart of our wanton young lady,  
 And spoil'd a' the charms o' her twa pawky e'en.

## YE'RE WELCUM YOUNG PRINCE.

Air—Charlie's Welcome

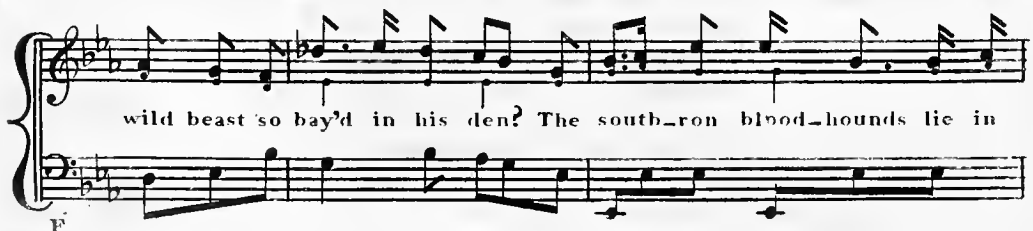
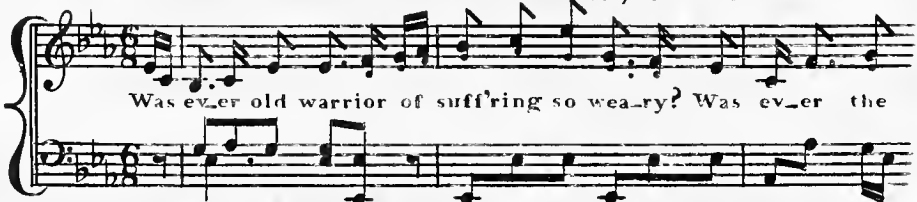
With  
Energy.

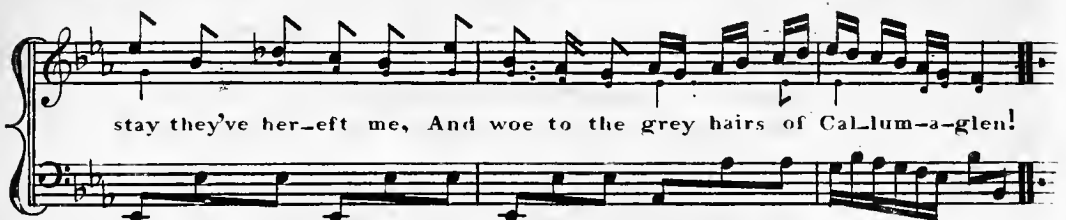
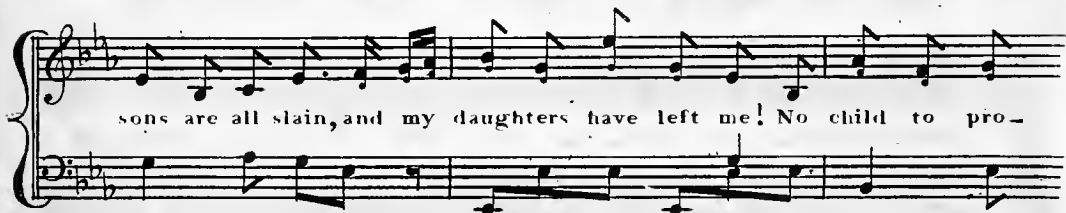
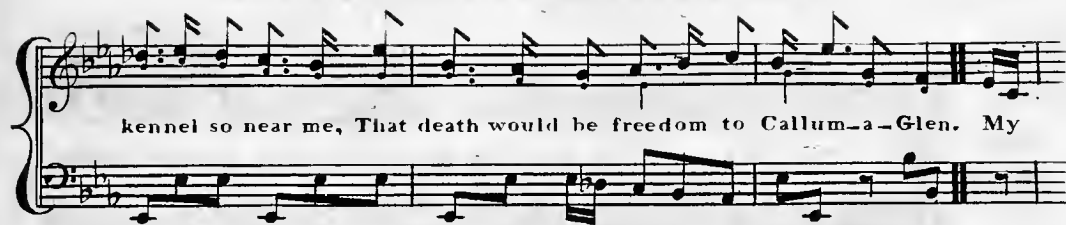
Sing, waly! ye whigs, wha devour Charlie's bigging;  
The Hiellands are up, and the Lawlands are steering;  
And hetty, I ween, they'll be at ye bedeen,  
Wi' fire, gun, and braid sword, some sma' things a-speering.

Blaw up our bagpipes, the slogan o' terror!  
Schaw to the blue skies the banner o' Charlie;  
Guid faith, wi' our claymores we'll pay them some auld scores,  
And ga' for acquittance some morning fu' early.

## CALLUM-A-GLEN.

Air, Malcolm of the Glen.

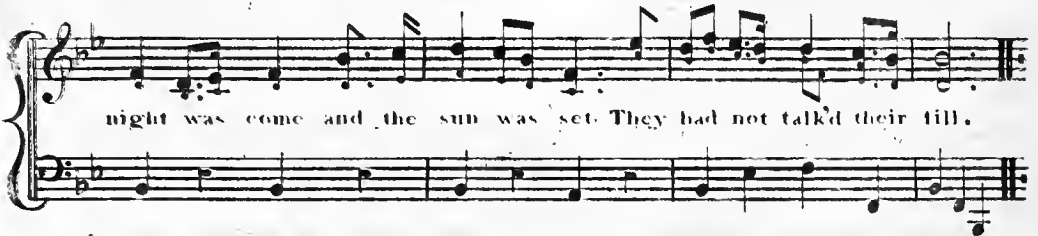
Slow  
and with  
Feeling.



The homes of my kinsmen are blazing to heaven,  
 The bright sun of morning has blush'd at the view!  
 The moon has stood still on the verge of the even;  
 To wipe from her pale cheek the tint of the dew!  
 For the dew it lies red on the vales of Lochaber,  
 It sprinkles the cot, and it flows in the pen!  
 The pride of my country is fallen for ever!  
 Death, hast thou no shaft for old Callum-a-Glen?

The sun in his glory has look'd on our sorrow!  
 The stars have wept blood over hamlet and lea!  
 O, is there no day-spring for Scotland? no morrow  
 Of bright renovation for souls of the free?  
 Yes; one above all has beheld our devotion,  
 Our valour and faith are not hid from his ken;  
 The day is abiding of stern retribution  
 On all the proud foes of old Callum-a-Glen!

## LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.



Lord Thomas said a word in jest,  
 Fair Annet took it ill;  
 Ah! I will never wed a wife  
 Against my ain friends' will.

Her oxen may die i' the house, billy,  
 And her kye into the byre.  
 And I sall hae naething to mysell  
 But a fat fadge by the fire.

Gif ye will never wed a wife,  
 A wife will ne'er wed ye.  
 Sae he is hame to tell his mother,  
 And kneel'd down on his knee.

And he has till his sister gane:  
 Now, sister, rede ye me,  
 O sall I marrie the nut-browne-bride,  
 And set fair Annet free?

O rede, O rede, mither, he says,  
 A gude rede gie to me;  
 O sall I tak the nut-browne maid,  
 And let fair Annet be?

Ise rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,  
 And let the browne bride alane,  
 Lest ye should sigh, and say, alas!  
 What is this we brought hame?

The nut-browne bride has gowd and gear,  
 Fair Annet she's gat nane,  
 And the little bewtie fair Annet has,  
 O it will soon be gane.

No, I will tak my mither's counsel,  
 And marrie me out o' hand,  
 And I will tak the nut-browne bride,  
 Fair Annet may leave the land.

And he has to his brither gang:  
 Now, brither, rede ye me,  
 Ah! sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,  
 And let fair Annet be?

Up then rose fair Annet's father,  
 Twa hours or it were day,  
 And he is gane into the bower  
 Wherein fair Annet lay.

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,  
 The nut-browne bride has kye;  
 I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,  
 And cast fair Annet by.

Rise up, rise, up fair Annet, he says,  
 Put on your silken sheen;  
 Let us gae to St. Marie's kirk,  
 And see that rich wedden.

My maids gae to my dressing-room,  
And dress to me my hair;  
Whare e'er ye laid a plait before,  
See ye lay ten times mair.

My maids gae to my dressing-room,  
And dress to me my smock,  
The one half is o' the holland fine,  
The other o' needle work.

The horse fair Annet rode upon,  
He amblit like the wind,  
Wi' siller he was shod before,  
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four-and-twenty siller bells  
Were a' tied till his mane,  
Wi' ae tift o' the norland wind.  
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four-and-twenty gay gude knights  
Rade by fair Annet's side,  
And four-and-twenty fair ladies,  
As gin she had bin a bride.

And when she cam to Marie's kirk,  
She sat on Marie's stean;  
The cleading that fair Annet had on  
It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirke,  
She skimmer'd like the sun;  
The belt that was aboute her waist  
Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,  
And her een they were sae clear,  
Lord Thomas he clear forgot the bride,  
When fair Annet drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,  
He gae it kisses three,  
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,  
Laid it on fair Annet's knee.

Up then spak the nut-browne bride,  
She spak wi' meikle spite,  
And whair gat ye that rose-water  
That does mak ye sae white?

That rose-water was made for me —  
Was made for me my lane,  
And I did get that rose-water  
Whare ye wull neir get nane.

The bride she drew a long bodkin  
Frac out her gay head gear,  
And strake fair Annet to the heart,  
That word spak never mair.

Lord Thomas saw fair Annet wax pale,  
And marvelit what mote he;  
But whan he saw her dear heart's blude,  
A' wood wroth waxed he.

He drew his dagger that was sae sharp,  
That was sae sharp and meet,  
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,  
That fell deid at his feet.

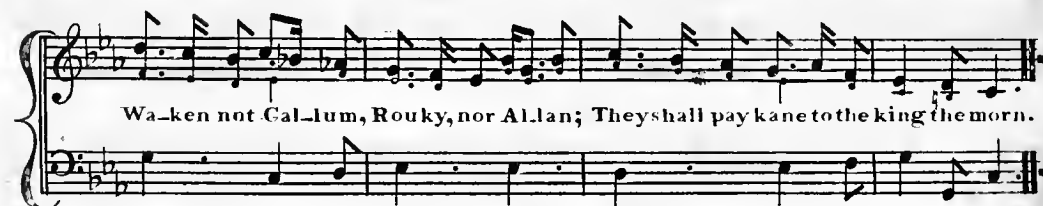
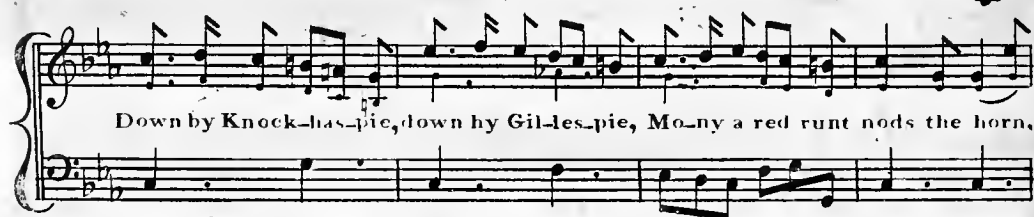
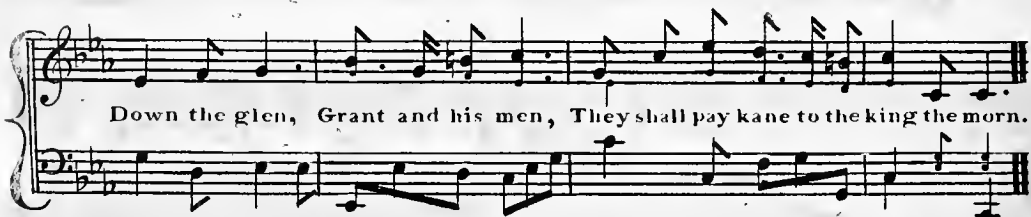
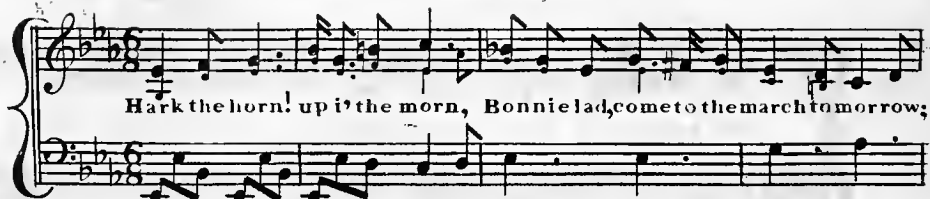
Now stay for me, dear Annet, he said,  
Now stay, my dear, he cried,  
Then strake the dagger until his heart,  
And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk wa',  
Fair Annet within the quiere,  
And o' the tane their grew a birk,  
The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,  
As they wad fain be neare,  
And by this ye may ken right weil,  
They wer twa lovers deare.

## KANE TO THE KING.

Air, Brigus mhic ruaridh.

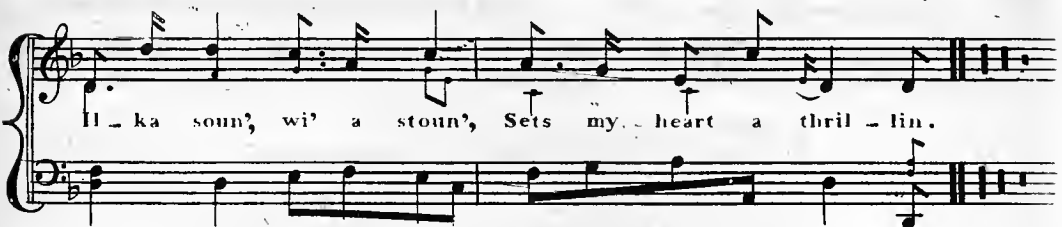
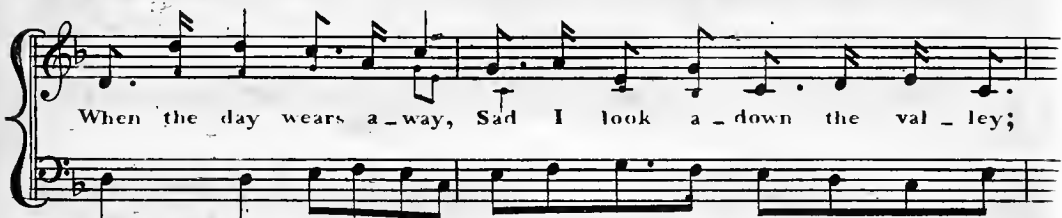
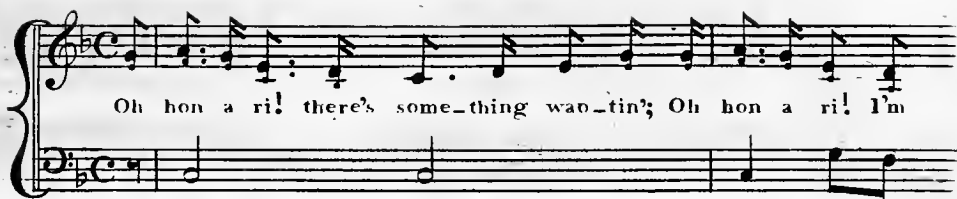


Round the rock, down by the knock,  
 Monnaughty, Tannachty, Moy, and Glentrive,  
 Brodie, and Balloch, and Ballindalloch,  
 They shall pay kane to the king belyve.  
 Let bark and brevin blaze o'er Strathaven,  
 When the red hullok is over the hourn;  
 Then shall the maiden dread, low on her pillow laid,  
 Who's to pay kane to the king the morn.

Down the glen, true Highlandmen,  
 Ronald, and Donald, and rantin Roy,  
 Gather and drive, spare not Glentrive,  
 But gently deal with the lady of Moy.  
 Appin can carry through, so can Glengary too,  
 And fairly they'll part to the hoof and the horn;  
 But Keppoch and Duinain too, they must be look'd unto,  
 Ere they pay kane to the king the morn.

Rouse the steer, out of his lair,  
 Keep his red nose to the west away;  
 Mark for the seven, or sword of heaven;  
 And loud is the midnight sough o' the Spey.  
 When the brown cock crows day upon the mottled brac,  
 Then shall our gallant prince hail the horn  
 That tells both to wood and clench, over all Badenoch,  
 Who's to pay kane to the king the morn.

Gaelic Air.



When I see the plover rising,  
 Or the curlew wheeling,  
 Then I trow some bonnie lad  
 Is coming to my sheeling.  
 Why should I sit an' sigh,  
 While the green wood blooms sae bonnie?  
 Laverocks sing, flowrets spring,  
 A' but me are cheery.

My wee cot is blest and happy;  
 Oh 'tis neat an' cleanly!  
 Sweet the briar that blooms beside it;  
 Kind the heart that's lanely.  
 Come away, come away,  
 - Herd, or hind, or boatman laddie,  
 I hae cow, kid, and ewe,  
 Gowd and gear, to gain ye.

# THE CORBIE AND THE CRAW.



The Corbie wi' his roun-ry throat, Cried frae the leaf-less tree, "Come o'er the loch, come o'er the loch, Come o'er the loch to me?"

The Crow put up his sooty head,  
And look'd owre the nest whare he 'lay,  
And gied a flaff wi' his rousty wings,  
And cried 'whare te? whare te?'

Corbie. "Te pike a dead man that's lying  
Ahint yon meikle stane?"

Crow. 'Is he fat, is he fat, is he fat, is he fat?  
If no, we may let him alane?

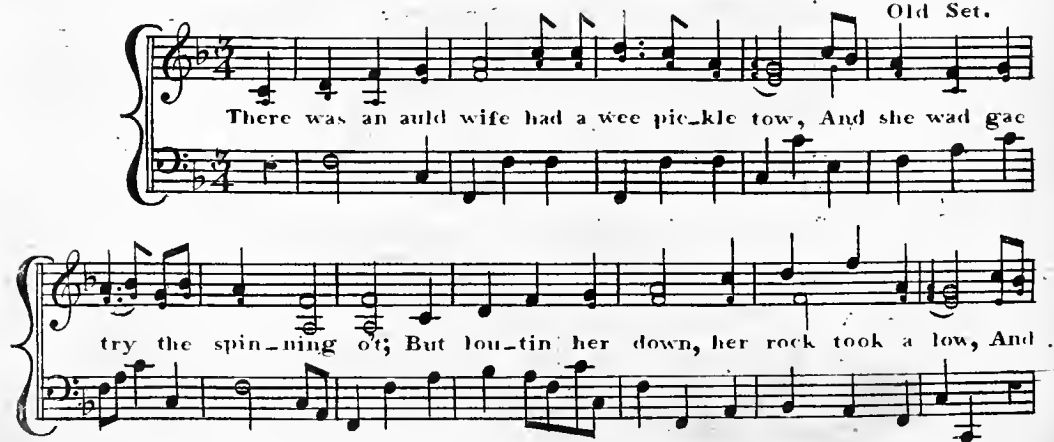
Corbie. "He cam frae merry England, to steal  
The sheep, and kill the deer?"

Crow. 'I'll come, I'll come, for an Englishman  
Is aye the best to cheer?

Corbie. "O we may breakfast on his breast,  
And on his back may dine;  
For the Jave a' fled to their ain countrie,  
And they've ne'er been back sinsyne?"

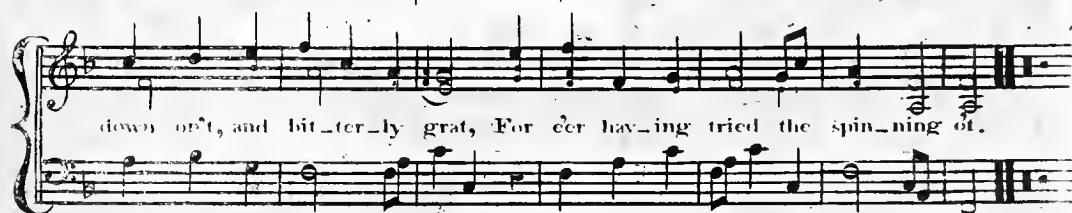
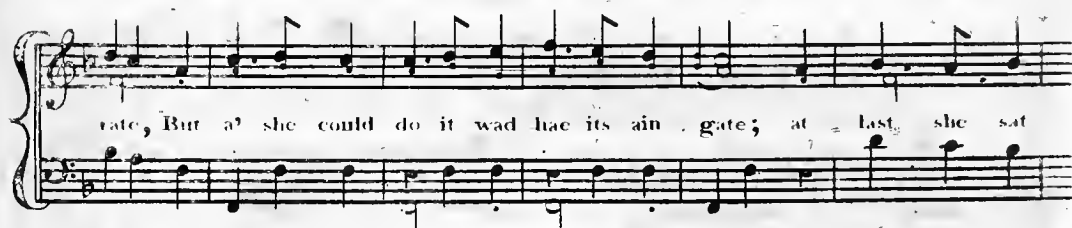
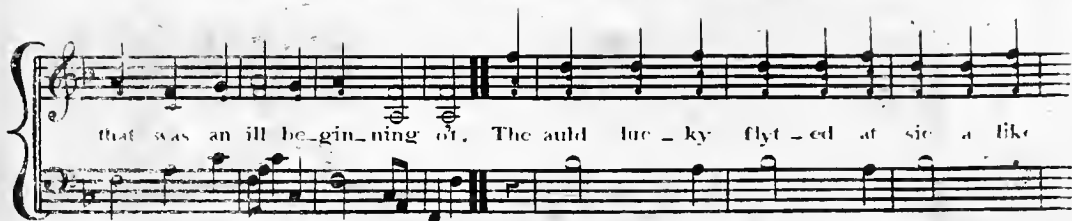
## ROCK AND A WEE PICKLE TOW.

Old Set.



There was an auld wife had a wee pic-kle tow, And she wad gae try the spin-ning o'; But lou-tin' her down, her rock took a low, And





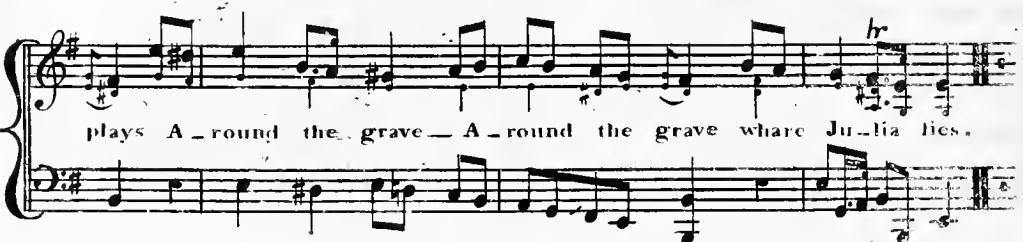
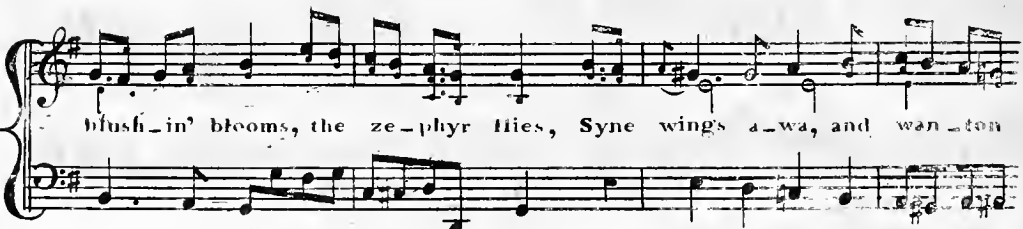
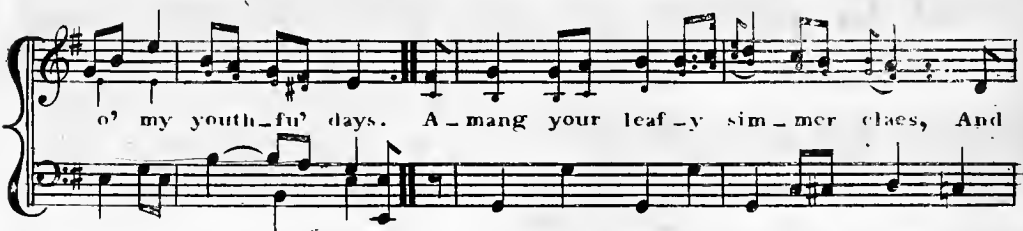
I hae been a wife these three-score o' years,  
 And never did try the spinning o't;  
 But how I was sarked, foul fa' them that spiers,  
 To mind me o' the beginning o't.  
 The women are now a days turned sae braw,  
 That ilk ane maun hae a sark, some maun hae twa;  
 But better the world was when feint ane ava  
 To hinder the first beginning o't.

Foul fa' them that ever advis'd me to spin!  
 It minds me o' the beginnig o't;  
 I wad might have ended as I had begun  
 And never have try'd the spinning o't.  
 But she's a wise wife wha kens her ain waird,  
 I thought anes a day it wad never be spier'd,  
 How let you the low tack the rock by the beard,  
 When you gaed to try the spinning o't.

The spinning, the spinning, it gars my heart sab,  
 To think on the ill beginning o't!  
 I took't in my head to make me a wab,  
 And this was the first beginning o't.  
 But had I nine daughters as I hae but three,  
 The safest and soundest advice I wad gie,  
 That they wad trac spinning still keep their hands free,  
 For fear of an ill beginning o't.

But if they, in spite of my counsel, wad run  
 The dreary sad task o' the spinning o't,  
 Let them find a loun seat light up by the sun,  
 Syne venture on the beginning o't:  
 For wha's done as I've done, alake and awow!  
 To busk up a rock at the check of a low;  
 They'll say that I had little wit in my pow;  
 The meikle deil tak the spinning o't!

## JULIA'S GRAVE.

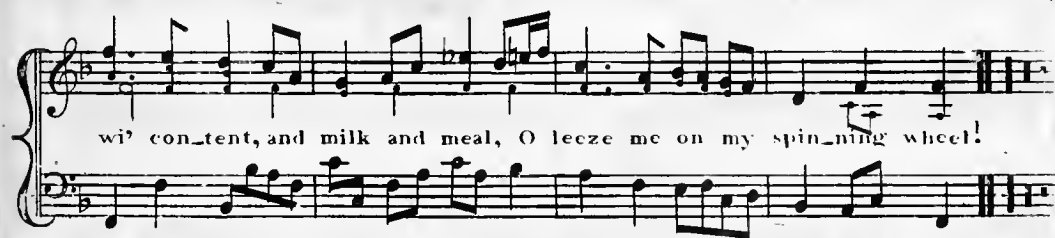
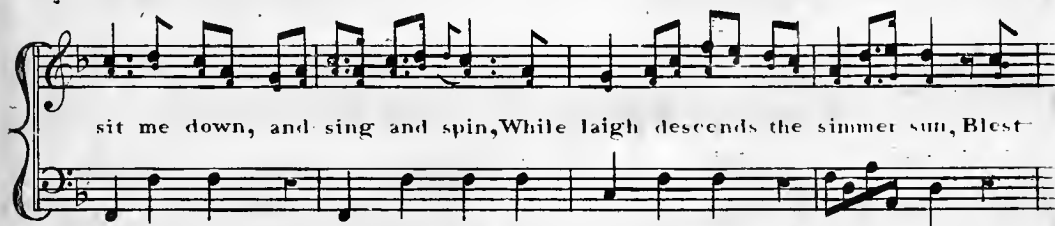
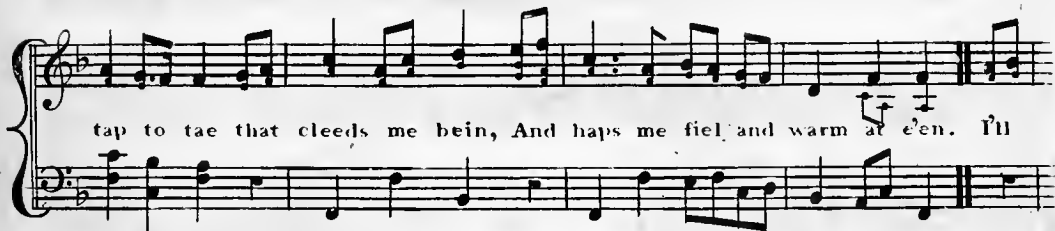


Nae mair your bonnie birken bowers,  
Your streamlets fair, and woodlands gay,  
Can cheer the weary winged hours  
As up the glen I joyless stray:  
For a' my hopes hae flown away,  
And, when they reach'd their native skies,  
Left me amid the world o' wae,  
To weet the grave whare Julia lies.

It is na beauty's fairest bloom,  
It is na maiden charms consoling,  
And hurried to an early tomb,  
That wrings my heart and clouds my mind;  
But sparkling wit, and sense refin'd,  
And spotless truth without disguise,  
Makes me with sighs enrich the wind  
That fans the grave whare Julia lies.

## BESSY AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

Air, Stirling Valse.



On ilka hand the burnies trot,  
And meet below my theekit cot;  
The scented birk and hawthorn white,  
Across the pool their arms unite.  
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,  
And little fishes' caller rest;  
The sun blinks kindly on the biel'  
Where blythe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,  
And echo cons the dolefu' tale;  
The lintwhite in the hazel braes,  
Delighted, rival ither's lays;  
The craik amang the claver grey,  
The paitrick whirring o'er the ley,  
The swallow jinkin' roun my shield,  
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,  
Aboon distress, below envy,  
O wha wad leave this humble state,  
For a' the pride o' a' the great!  
Amid their flairing idle toys,  
Amid their cumbrous dinsome joys,  
Can they the peace and pleasure feel  
Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?

## COULD AUGHT OF SONG.

Could aught of song de-clare my pains, Could artful numbers move thee,

The muse should tell in labour'd strains, O Ma-ry, how I love thee! They

who but feign a woun-ded heart, May teach the lyre to lan-guish; But

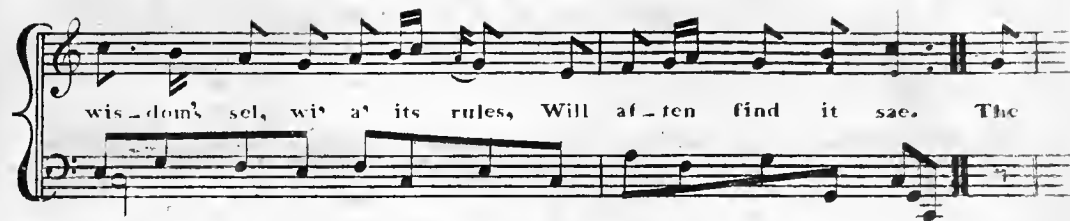
what a\_vails the pride of arts When wastes the soul with an-guish.

Then let the sudden bursting sighs,  
 The heart-felt pang discover;  
 And in the keen, yet tender eye,  
 O read th' imploring lover!  
 For well I know thy gentle mind  
 Disdains art's gay disguising,  
 Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd  
 The voice of nature prizing.

## LIFE'S A FAUGHT.

Air, The Glancing of her Apron.

That life's a faught there is nae doubt, A steep and slipp'ry brae, And



When poortith looks wi' sour disdain,  
It frights a body sair,  
And gars them think they neer will meet  
Delight or pleasure mair.  
But tho' the heart be e'er sae sad,  
And prest wi' joyless care,  
Hope lightly steps in-at the last,  
To fley awa' despair.

For love o' wealth let misers toil,  
And fret baith late and air,  
A cheerfu' heart has aye enough,  
And whiles a mite to spare;  
A leal true heart's a gift frae heav'n,  
A gift that is maist rare;  
It is a treasure o' itsel',  
And lightens ilka care.

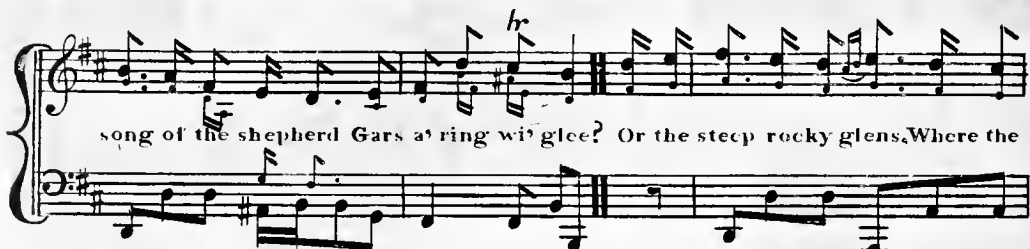
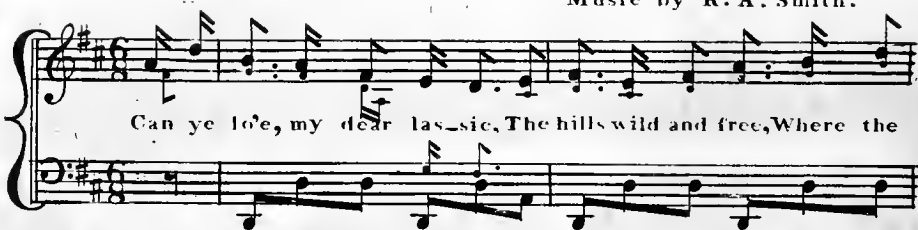
Let wealth and pride exalt themsel's,  
And boast o' what they hae;  
Compar'd wi' truth and honesty,  
They are na worth a strae.  
The honest heart keeps aye aboon,  
Whate'er the world may say,  
And laughs, and turns its shafts to scorn,  
That ithers would dismay.

Sae let us mak' life's burden light,  
And drive ilk care awa';  
Contentment is a dainty feast,  
Altho' in hamely ha';  
It gies a charm to ilka thing,  
And mak's it look fu' braw,  
The spendthrift, and the miser herd,  
It soars aboon them a'.

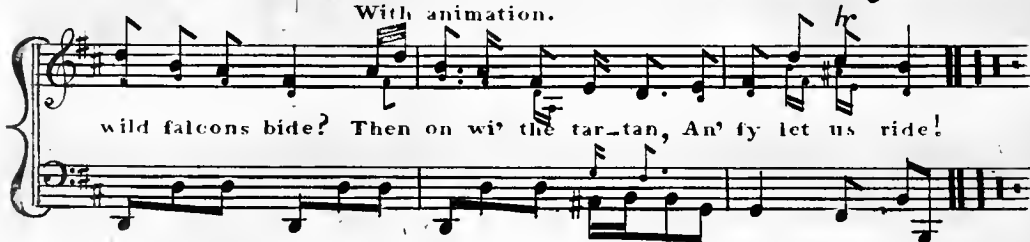
But there's ae thing amang the lave,  
To keep the heart in tune,  
And but for that the weary spleen  
Wad plague us late and soon;  
A bonnie lass, a canty wife,  
For sic is nature's law;  
Without that charmer o' our lives,  
There's scarce a charm ava.

## ON WI' THE TARTAN.

Music by R. A. Smith.

With  
Feeling.

With animation.



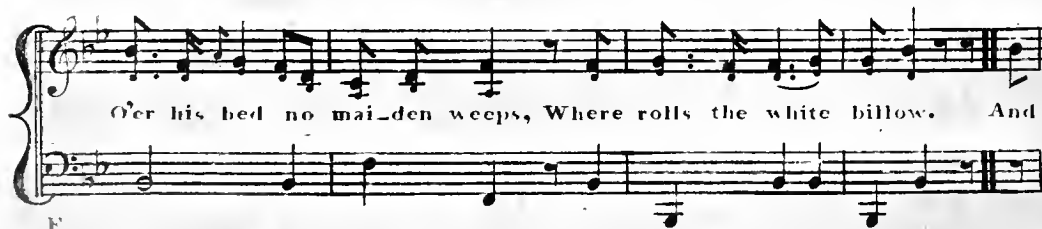
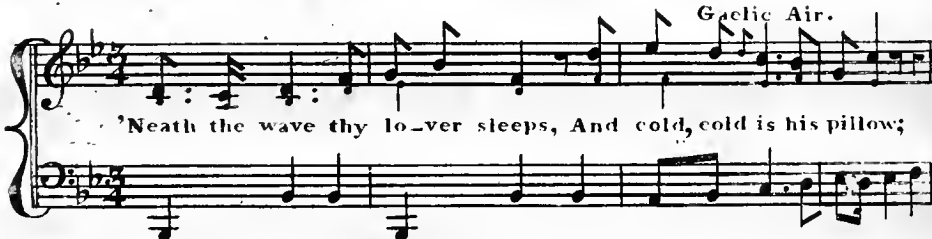
Can ye lo'e the knowes, lassie,  
That ne'er war in riggs?  
Or the bonnie lowne knowes,  
Where the sweet Robin biggs?  
Or the sang o' the Lintie,  
When wooing his bride?  
Then on wi' the tartan,  
An' fy let us ride!

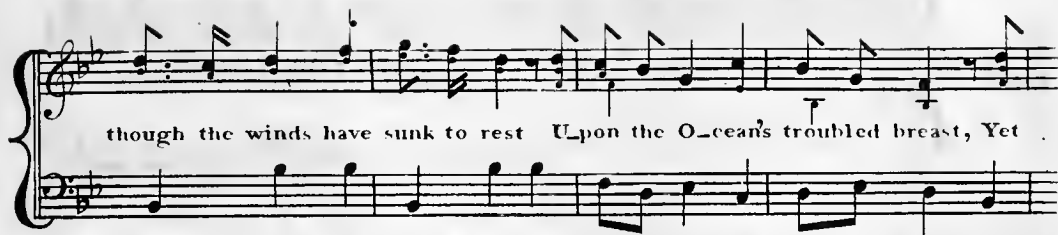
Can ye lo'e the burn, lassie,  
That louns amang louns?  
Or the bonnie green holms,  
Where it cannily rins?  
Wi' a cantie bit housie,  
Sae snug by its side?  
Then on wi' the tartan,  
An' fy let us ride!

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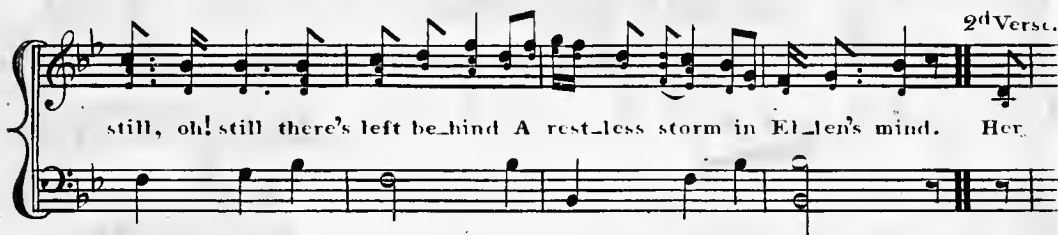
'NEATH THE WAVE THY LOVER SLEEPS.

Gaelic Air.

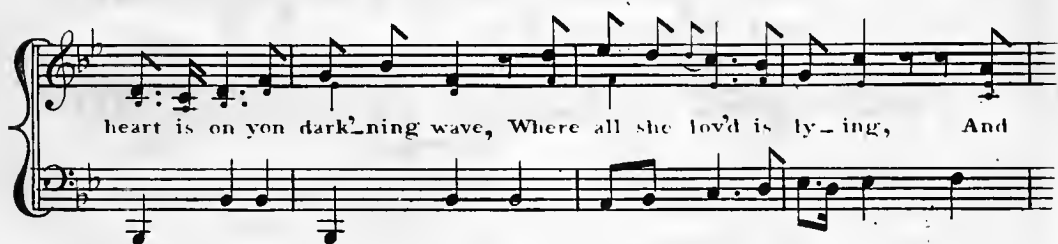




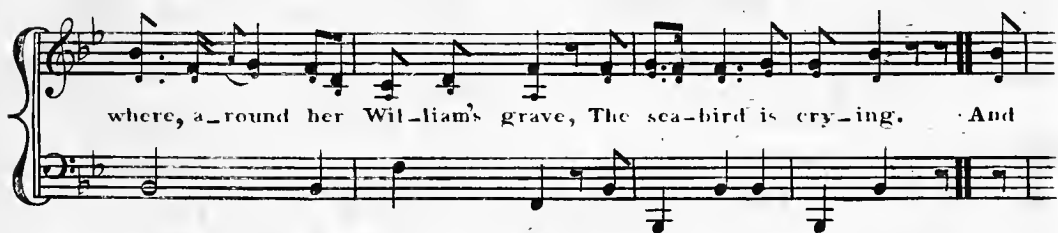
though the winds have sunk to rest U_pon the O_c_ean's troubled breast, Yet



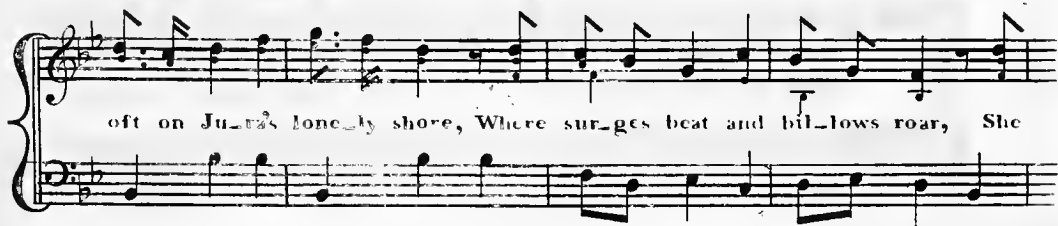
still, oh! still there's left be_hind A rest-less storm in El-len's mind. Her



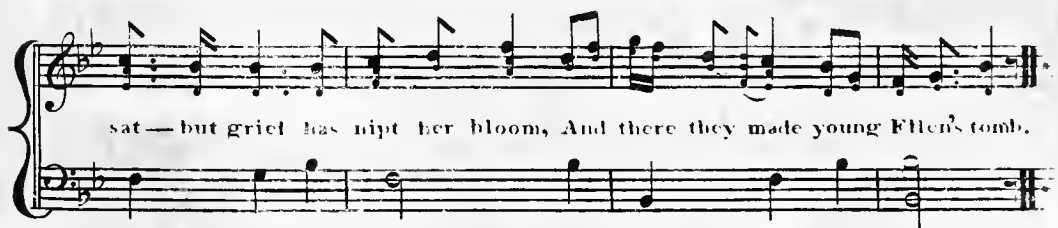
heart is on yon dark_ning wave, Where all she lov'd is ly-ing, And



where, a_round her Wil-liam's grave, The sea-bird is cry-ing. And



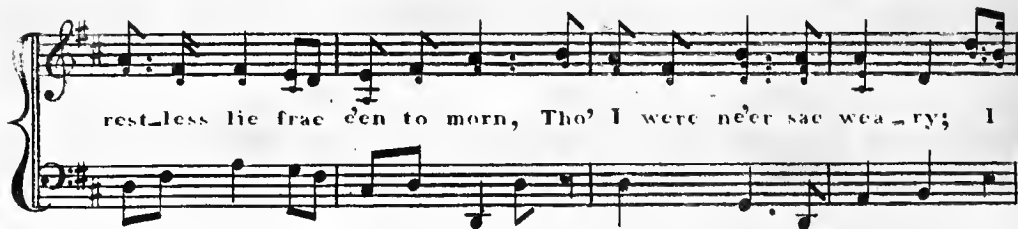
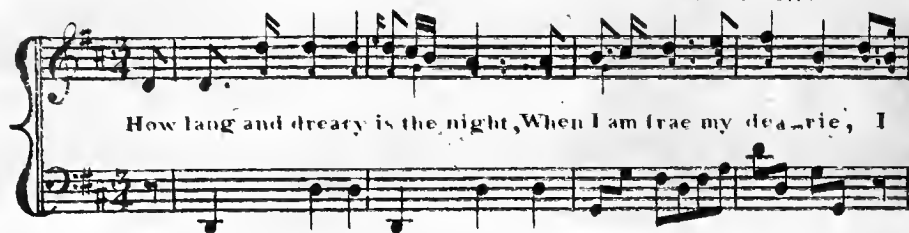
oft on Ju-va's lone-ly shore, Where sur-ges beat and bil-lows roar, She



sat—but grief has nipt her bloom, And there they made young Ellen's tomb.

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

Gaelic Air.

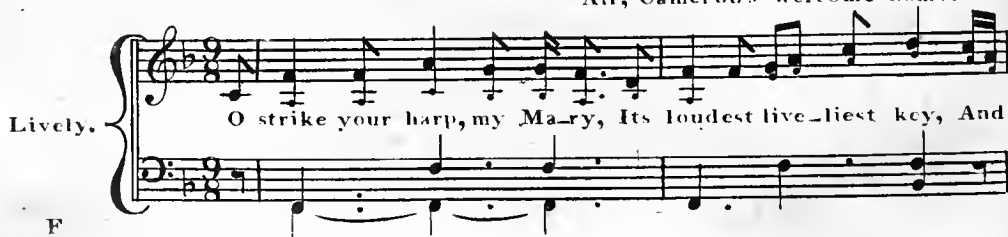


When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
And now what seas between us roar,
How can I be but eerie,
And now what seas, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
The joyless day how dreary!
It was nae sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie.
It was nae sae, &c.

O STRIKE YOUR HARP, MY MARY.

Air, Cameron's welcome hame.



Join the sound-ing Cor-rei In its wild me-lo-die. For

burn, and breeze, and bil-low, Their sang are a' the same, And

ev'-ry wav-ing wil-low Sounds, "Cam-er-on's wel-come hame.

O list yon thrush, my Mary,
That warbles on the pine!
Its strain so light and airy,
Accords in joy with thine:
The lark that soars to heaven,
The sea-bird on the faem,
Are singing from morn 'till even,
Brave Cameron's welcome hame.

D'ye mind, my ain dear Mary,
When we hid in the tree,
And saw our Auchnacary,
All flaming fearfully?
The fire was red, red glaring,
And ruefu' was the pine
And aye you cried despairing,
My father's ha's are gane!

I said, my ain wee Mary,
D'ye see yon clond sae dun,
That sails aboon the carry,
And hides the weary sun?
Behind yon cloud sae dreary,
Beyond and far within,
There's ane, my dear wee Mary,
That views this deadly sin.

He sees this ruefu' reavery,
The rage of dastard knave;
He saw our deeds of bravery,
And he'll reward the brave.
Though a' we had was given
For loyalty and faith,
I still had hopes that heaven
Would right the heroes' scaith.

The day is dawned in heaven,
For which we a' thought lang;
The good, the just, is given
To right our nation's wrang;
My ain dear Auchnacary,
I hae thought lang for thee,
O sing to your harp, my Mary,
And sound its bonniest key.

WHEN CHARLIE TO THE HIGHLANDS CAME.

Air, The bonnie mill dams o' Balgonie.

Slow.



When Char_lie to the High-lands came It was a' joy and
gladness, We trow'd-na that our hearts sae soon Wad bro-ken be wi' sadness.

O why did heaven sae on us frown,
And break our hearts wi' sorrow!
O it will never smile again,
And bring a gladsome morrow!

Our hame is now the barren rock,
As if by heaven forsaken;
Our shelter, and our canopy,
The heather and the braken.

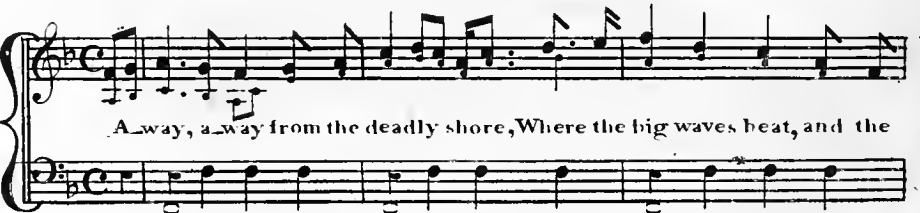
Our dwellings, and our outlay gear,
Lie smoking, and in ruin!
Our bravest youths, like mountain deer,
The foe is oft pursuing.

Oh! we maun wander far and near,
And foreign lands maun bide in;
Our bonnie glens, we loed sae dear,
We daur nae langer bide in.

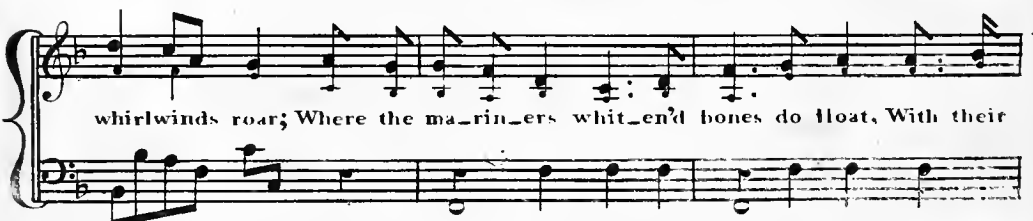
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## AWAY, AWAY FROM THE DEADLY SHORE.

Mod:



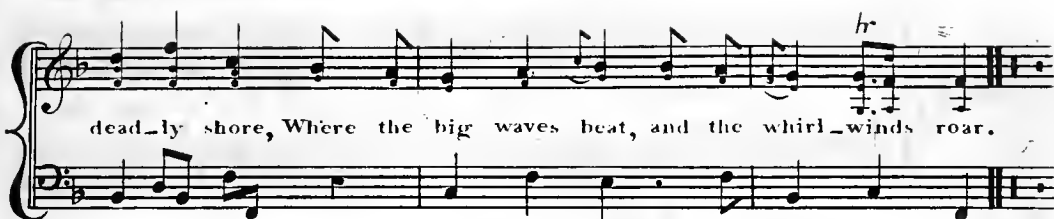
A-way, a-way from the deadly shore, Where the big waves beat, and the



whirlwinds roar; Where the ma-rin-ers whit-en'd bones do float, With their



bro-ken oar, and their bro-ken boat. A-way, a-way from the



The Mermaid sits on the sea-girt rock,  
 And smiling she woos the tempest's shock;  
 The breakers heave, and the surge it sweeps,  
 And with dreeping locks her watch she keeps:  
 Away, away from the deadly shore,  
 Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

She braids her hair with wreck and with weed,  
 And bids the mariner's bark to speed,  
 As high it is tost, or dips in the wave,  
 She beckons them to her sea-weed cave:  
 Away, away from the deadly shore,  
 Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

Her cave was ne'er lighted by moonlight beam,  
 Nor cheer'd by the morning's rudy leam;  
 Her light is the monsters' eyes which glare,  
 And the dead man's lamp that's lighted there:  
 Away, away from the deadly shore,  
 Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

The darkening mist is around her hung,  
 And the dead sea-bell hath the kelpies rung;  
 'Tis hollow and wild, 'tis a sound so sad,  
 As would wake the dead from their oozy bed:  
 Away, away from the deadly shore,  
 Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

Her evening chime is that deep-ton'd bell,  
 That rings the struggling mariners' knell,  
 And sounds in their ears so loud and long,  
 Like the lullaby of a deathless song:  
 Away, away from the deadly shore,  
 Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

The lightnings flash from the ebon cloud,  
 And the clunders' peal is deep and loud;  
 Nor an earthly voice, nor an earthly sound  
 Is heard, but the spirits that sing around;  
 Away, away from the deadly shore,  
 Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

On the brow of the wave to the vault of heaven,  
 The bark is tost, it is onward driven!  
 By the dim dead-lights to the wide sea keep,  
 It is death it is wreck ere the Mermaid sleep!  
 Away, away from the deadly shore,  
 Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

## IN FAR DISTANT CLIMES.

Air, Good morrow fair Mistress.

With  
Feeling.

In far distant climes, when the tear gushes o'er For home, love, and  
friendship, that charm us no more; Oh! what on the exile's dark  
sorrows can shine, Like the rap-ture that glows at the songs of lang-syne.

The music of Scotia is sweet midst the scene;  
But, ah! could you hear it when seas roll between;  
'Tis then, and then only, the soul can divine —  
The music that dwells in the songs of langsyne.

The spirit, when torn from earth's objects of love,  
Loses all its regrets in the chorus above;  
So in exile we cannot but cease to repine,  
When it hallows with extacy songs of langsyne.

## THE QUEEN O' THE LOTHIANS.

The Queen o' the Lothians cam cruisin to Fife, Fal de ral, lal de ral,  
lai-ro, To see gin a woo-er wad tak her for life, Sing hey fal lal,



She had na been lang at the brow o' the hill, — Fal, &c.  
Till Jockie cam down for to visit Lochnell, — Sing hey, &c.

He took the aunt to the neuk o' the ha', — Fal, &c.  
Whare naebody heard, and whare naebody saw, — Sing hey, &c.

Madam, he says, I've thought on your advice — Fal, &c.  
I wad marry your niece, but I'm fley'd she'll be nice, — Sing hey, &c.

Jockie, she says, the wark's done to your hand, — Fal, &c.  
I've spoke to my niece, and she's at your command, — Sing hey, &c.

But troth, Madam, I canna woo, — Fal, &c.  
For aft I hae tried it, and aye I fa' thro', — Sing hey, &c.

But, O dear Madam, and ye wad begin, — Fal, &c.  
For I'm as fley'd to do it, as it were a sin, — Sing hey, &c.

Jenny cam in, and Jockie ran out, — Fal, &c.  
Madam, she says, what hae ye been about, — Sing hey, &c.

Jenny, she says, I've been workin for you, — Fal, &c.  
For what do ye think, Jockie's come here to woo, — Sing hey, &c.

Now Jenny tak care, and dash na the lad, — Fal, &c.  
For offers like him are na ay to be had, — Sing hey, &c.

Madam, I'll tak the advice o' the wise, — Fal, &c.  
I ken the lad's worth, and I own he's a prize, — Sing hey, &c.

Then she cries butt the house, Jockie come here, — Fal, &c.  
Ye've naething to do but the question to spier, — Sing hey, &c.

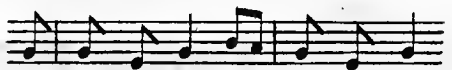
The question was spier'd, and the bargain was struck, — Fal, &c.  
The neebors cam in, and wish'd them gude luck, — Sing hey, &c.

## WILLIE'S RARE.

Old melody.\*

Willie's rare, and Willie's fair, And Willie's wond'rous bonnie, And

Willie hecht to mar-ry me, Gin'er he mar-ried o-ny.



Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,  
The night I'll make it narrow;  
For a' the live-lang winter's night  
I lie twin'd o' my marrow.

O! cam you by yon water side?  
Pu'd you the rose or lily?  
Or, cam you by yon meadow green?  
Or, saw you my sweet Willie?

She sought him east, she sought him west,  
She sought him braid and narrow,  
And in the clifing o' a craig,  
She fand him drown'd in Yarrow.

\* Written from the singing of Mr Wm Chalmers, Paisley.

## CONNEL AND FLORA.

Gaelic Air.

Slow  
and  
Expressive

Dark lours the night o'er the wide stormy main, But mild rosy

morn will rise cheer-ful a-gain. Yes, morn will re-turn and re-

F



vis\_it our shore, But Con\_nel re\_turns to his Flo-ra no more.

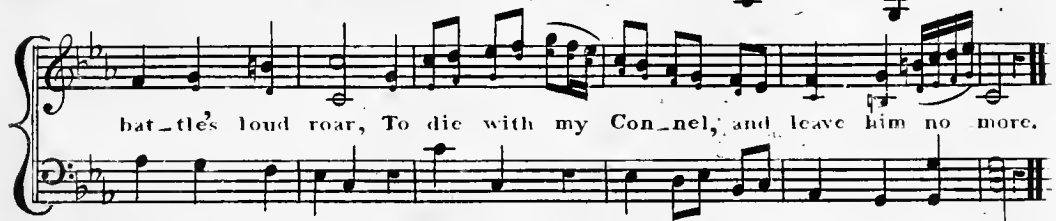
## 2d Verse.



Ye light fleeting spi\_rits, that glide o'er, the steep, O would you but

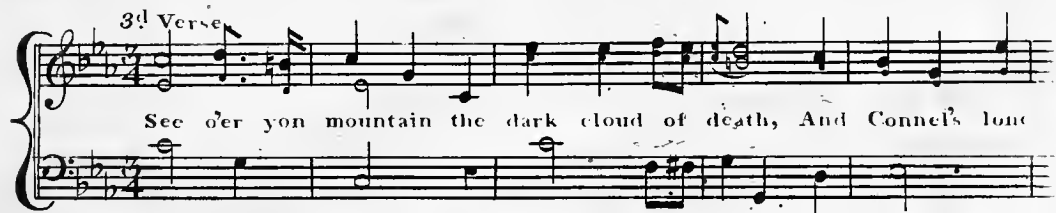


walt me a\_cross the wide deep! There fear-less I'd mix in the

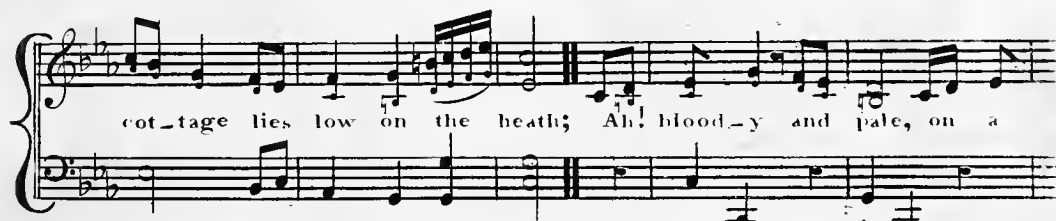


bat\_tles loud roar, To die with my Con\_nel, and leave him no more.

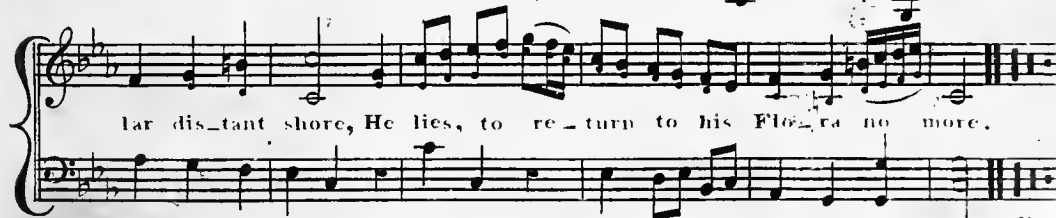
## 3d Verse.



See o'er yon mountain the dark cloud of death, And Connell's lone



cot\_tage lies low on the heath; Ah! blood-y and pale, on a



lar dis\_tant shore, He lies, to re\_turn to his Flo-ra no more.

## ON THEE, ELIZA, DWELL MY THOUGHTS.

Air, In yon garden fine &amp; gay.

Slow.

On thee, E-li-za, dwell my thoughts, While stray-ing 'neath the moon's pale  
beam; At midnight, in my wand'ring sleep, I see thy form in fan-cy's dream.

I see thee in the rosy morn,  
Approach as loose-rob'd beauty's queen;  
The morning smiles, but thou art lost;  
Too soon is fled the sylvan scene!

Still fancy fondly dwells on thee,  
And adds another day of care;  
What bliss were mine could fancy paint  
Thee true, as she can paint thee fair!

O fly, ye dear deceitful dreams!  
Ye silken cords that bind the heart; —  
Canst thou, Eliza, these intwine,  
And smile and triumph in the smart?

## O, SAW YE MY FATHER?

"O, saw ye my Fa-ther? or, saw ye my Mo-ther? or,  
saw ye my true love, John? I saw na your Fa-ther, I  
saw na your Mo-ther, But I saw your true love, John."



"It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light,  
And the bells they ring, ding dong;  
He's met wi' some delay, that causeth him to stay,  
But he will be here ere lang?"

The surly auld carl did naething but snarl,  
And Johnny's face it grew red;  
Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word replied  
Till all were asleep in bed.

Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,  
And gently he tirl'd the pin;  
The lassie, taking tent, unto the door she went,  
And she open'd, and let him in.

"And are you come at last? and do I hold you fast?  
And is my Johnny true?"  
'I hae nae time to tell, but sae lang's I lo'e mysel,  
Sae lang shall I lo'e you'.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

WHERE ARE THE JOYS?

Where are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening, the wild woods among.

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets sae fair;
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

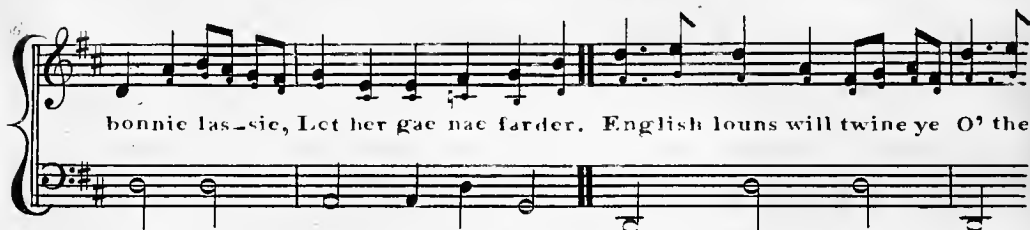
Is it that simmer's forsaking our vallies,
And grim surly winter is near?
No, no, the bees, humming' around their gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

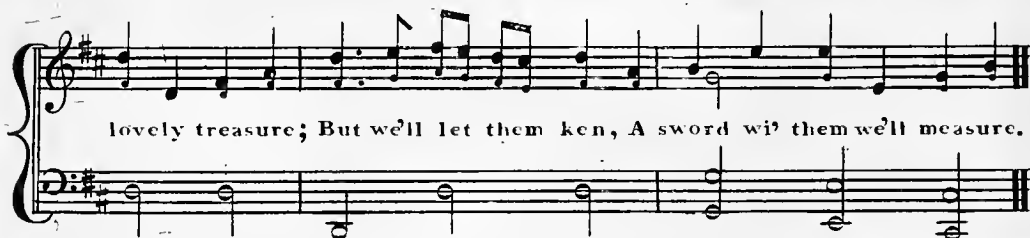
Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well, have I known,
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom
Is Jeanie, fair Jeanie, alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow,
Come then, enamour'd, and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

GO TO BERWICK, JOHNNIE.

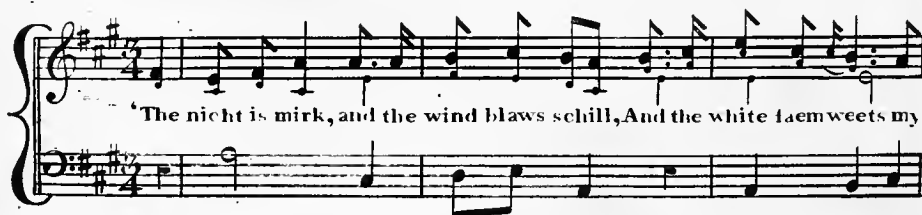
Lively.  Go to Ber-wick, John-nie, Bring her frae the border; Yon sweet

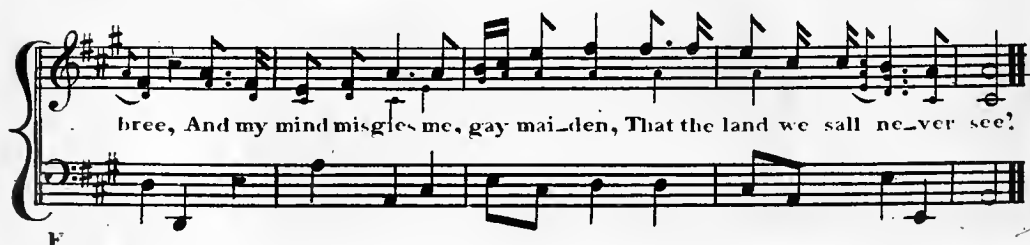
 bonnie las-sie, Let her gae nae farder. English louns will twine ye O' the

 lovely treasure; But we'll let them ken, A sword wi' them we'll measure.

Go to Berwick, Johnnie,
And regain your honour;
Drive them o'er the Tweed,
And shaw our Scottish banner.
I am Rab the King,
And ye are Jock my brither;
But, before we lose her,
We'll a' there thegither.

—*—
THE MERMAIDEN.

 'The night is mirk, and the wind blaws schill, And the white faemweets my

 bree, And my mind misgles me, gay mai-den, That the land we sall ne-ver see?



Then up and spak the mer-may-den, And she spak blythe and free, "I ne-ver



said to my bon-nie bryd-groom, That on land we suld wed-dit be.

"Oh! I never said that ane erthlie preest
Our bridal blessing should gie,
And I never said that a landwart bouir
Should hald my luv and me?"

"And whare is that preest, my bonnie maiden,
If ane erthlie wicht is na he?"

"Oh! the wind will sough, and the sea will rair,
When weddit we twa sall be?"

"And whare is that bouir, my bonnie maiden,
If on land it suld na be?"

"Oh! my blythe bouir is low," said the mermayden,
"In the bonnie green hoo's o' the sea:

My gay bouir is biggit o' the gude ships' keels,
And the banes o' the drown'd at sea;
The fisch are the deer that fill my parks,
And the water waste my drurie.

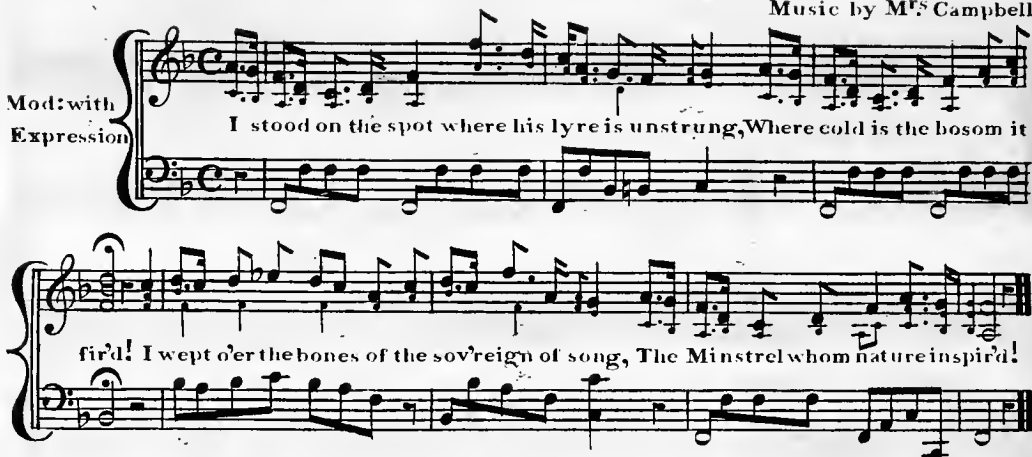
And my bouir is sklaitit wi' the big blue wave,
And paved wi' the yellow sand,
And in my chalmers grow bonnie white flowers
That never grew on land.
And have ye e'er seen, my bonnie brydgroom,
A leman on earth that wuld gie
Aiker for aiker o' the red plough'd land;
As I'll gie to thee o' the sea?

The mune will rise in half ane hour,
And the wee bricht sterns will shine;
Then we'll sink to my bouir 'neath the wan water
Full fifty fathom and nine."
A wild, wild skreich, gied the fey brydgroom,
And a loud, loud lauch, the bryde;
For the mune rase up, and the twa sank down
Under the silver'd tide.

*THE WREATH.**

Music by M^{rs} Campbell.

**Mod:with
Expression**



I pluck'd a green wreath from the Bard's hallow'd tomb,
But it was not the wreath of his fame;
No, the wreath of his fame shall unfadingly bloom
In the glory that circles his name!

Yes, Burns, while the children of Scotia shall heave
A sigh o'er the grave of the bard!
To thee, native minstrel, affection shall weave
A wreath of eternal regard!

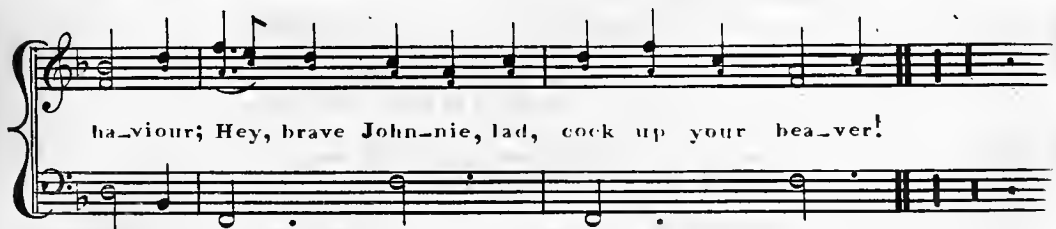
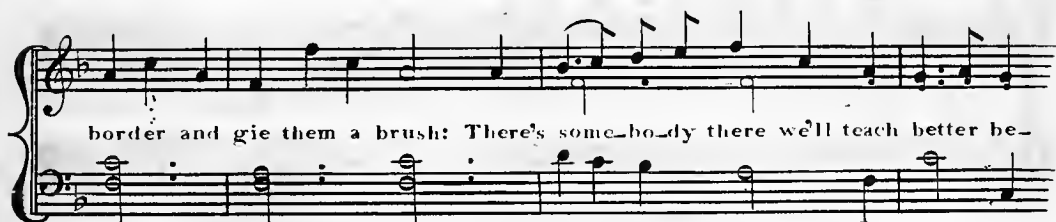
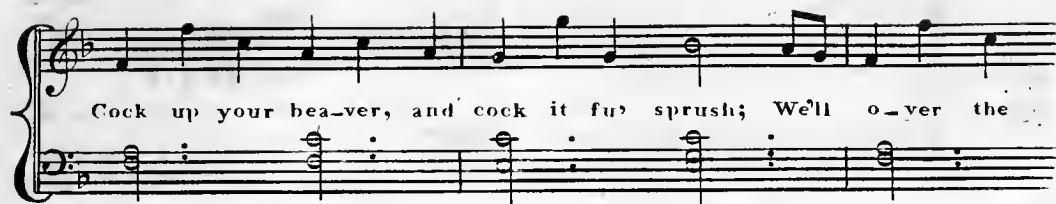
* Written at the suggestion of a Lady, who had visited the grave of Burns, and gathered some wild flowers from the turf which covered his mortal remains.



COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

Lively





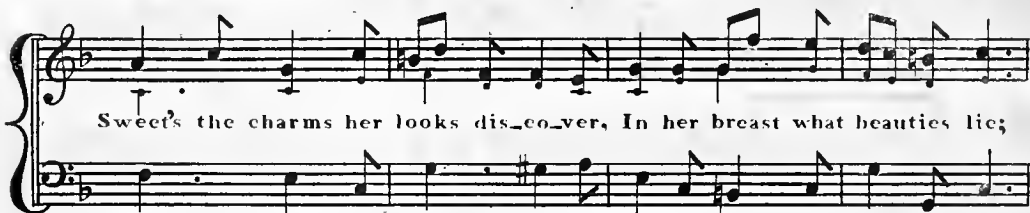
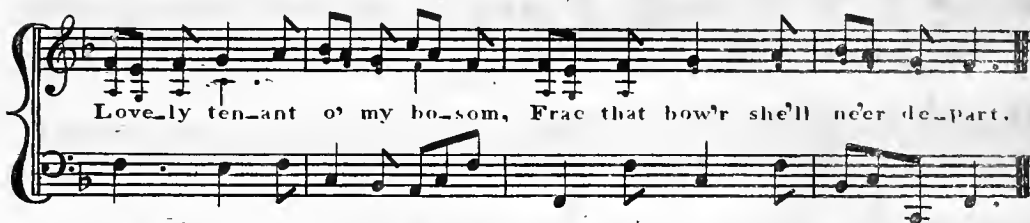
Cock it up right, and fauld it nae down,
 And cock the white rose on the band o' the crown;
 Cock it on the right side, no on the wrang,
 And yese be at Carlisle or it be lang.
 There's somebody there that likes slinking and slav'ry;
 Somebody there that likes knapping and knav'ry;
 But somebody's coming will make them to waver;
 Hey, brave Johnnie, lad, cock up your beaver!

Sawney was bred wi' a broker o' wigs;
 But now he's gaun southward to lather the whigs;
 And he's to set up as their shopman and shaver;
 Hey, brave Johnnie, lad, cock up your beaver!
 Jockie was bred for a tanner, ye ken,
 But now he's gaun southward to curry goodmen,
 With Andrew Ferrara for barker and cleaver;
 Hey, brave Johnnie, lad, cock up your beaver!

Donald was bred for a lifter o' kye,
 A stealer o' deer, and a drover forbye;
 But now he's gaun over the border a blink,
 And he's to get red gowd to bundle and clink.
 There's Donald the drover, and Duncan the caird,
 And Sawney the shaver, and Logie the laird;
 These are lads that will flinch frae you never;
 Hey, brave Johnnie, lad, cock up your beaver!

SURE MY JEAN IS BEAUTY'S BLOSSOM.

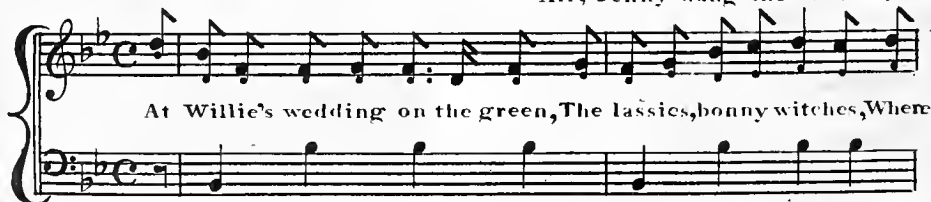
Air, Peerless Jeanie.

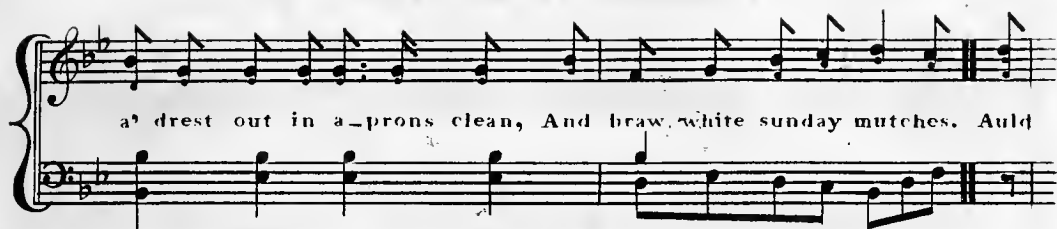


I ha'e seen the floweret springin',
 Gaily on the sunny lea;
 I ha'e heard the mavis singin'
 Sweetly on the hawthorn tree;
 But, my Jeanie, peerless dearie!
 She's the flower attracts mine ee;
 Whan she tunes her voice sae cheerie,
 She's the mavis dear to me!

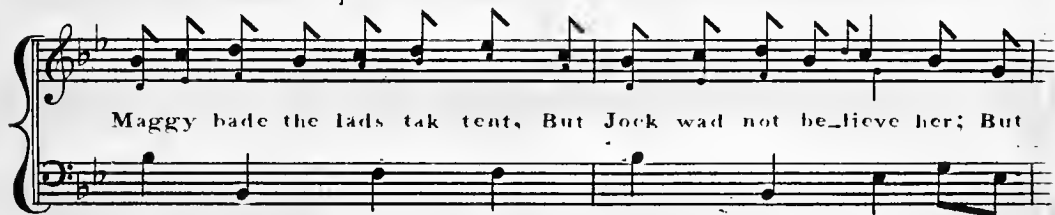
AT WILLIE'S WEDDING ON THE GREEN.

Air, Jenny dang the Weaver.

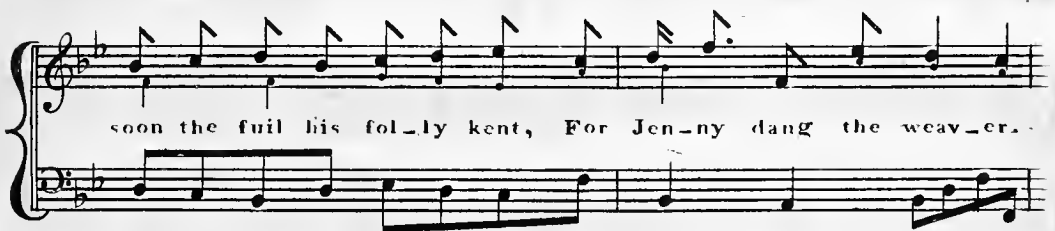




a' drest out in a-prons clean, And braw white sunday mutches. Auld

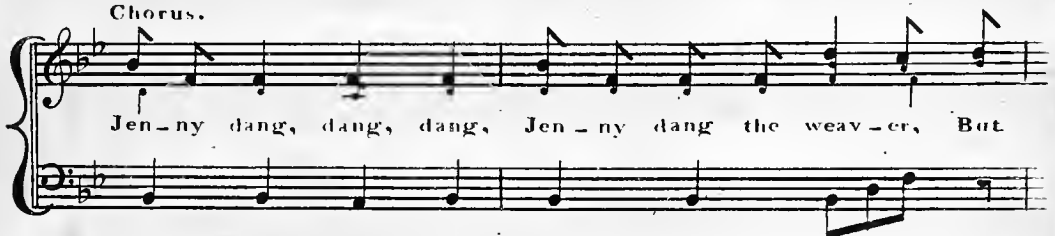


Maggy bade the lads tak tent, But Jock wad not be-lieve her; But



soon the fuil his fol-ly kent, For Jen-ny dang the weav-er.

Chorus.



Jen-ny dang, dang, dang, Jen-ny dang the weav-er, But



soon the fuil his fol-ly kent, For Jen-ny dang the wea-ver.

At ilka country dance or reel,

Wi' her he wad be babbin';

When she sat down, he sat down,

And to her wad be gabbin';

Where e'er she gade, baith butt and ben, He hum'd and haw'd, the lass cried fough!

The cuil wou'd never leave her,

Ay keekling like a clockin' hen,

But Jenny dang the weaver.

Jenny dang, &c.

Quo' he, "my lass to speak my mind,

In troth I need na swither,

Ye've bonny een, and if ye're kind,

I needna seek anither?"

And bade the cuil no deave her;

Syne snapt her fingers, lap and lough

And dang the silly weaver.

And Jenny dang, &c.

BESS IS YOUNG AND BESS IS FAIR.

Air, Bess the Gawkie.

Bess is young, and Bess is fair, Wi' light blue een and bonnie yellow
 hair; And few there be that can compare Wi' Bess, tho' she's a gaw-kie. When
 first o' Bess I got a keek, Wi' smiles and dimples on her cheek, I
 lang'd to hear the las-sie speak; But, waes me! what a gaw-kie.

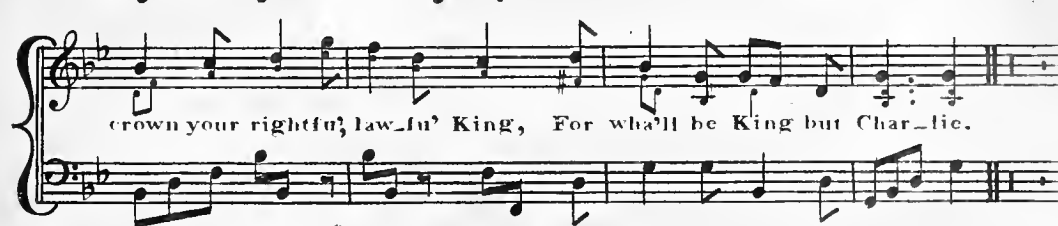
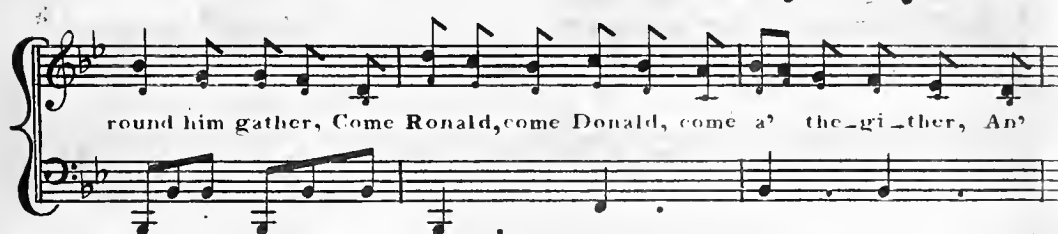
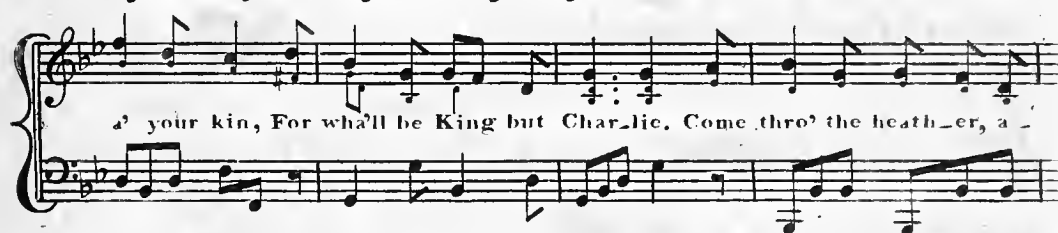
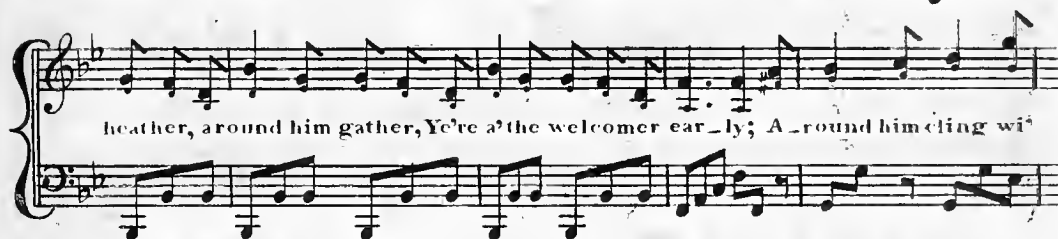
Bess should like a picture be,
 Nailed to a wa' whar a' might see,
 And muckle thought o' she wad be
 And no kent for a gawkie.
 Oh, steek your mouth then, cousin dear,
 And nae mair havers let us hear;
 Oh steek your mouth, and never fear,
 Yese no be ca'd a gawkie.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

WH'ALL BE KING BUT CHARLIE.

The news frae Moidart, cam' yestreen, Will soon gar mo-n'y fer-lic; For





The Highland clans wi' sword in hand,  
 Frae John o' Groat's to Airly,  
 Ha'e to a man declar'd to stand,  
 Or fa', wi' royal Charlie.  
 Come thro' the heather, &c.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,  
 But vows baith late an' early,  
 To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand,  
 Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.  
 Come thro' the heather, &c.

The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma',  
 Wi' mony a Lord an' Laird, ha'e  
 Declar'd for Scotia's King an' law,  
 An' speir ye, wha but Charlie.  
 Come thro' the heather, &c.

Then, here's a health to Charlie's cause,  
 An' be't compleat an' early,  
 His very name our heart's blood warms,  
 To arms for royal Charlie.  
 Come thro' the heather, &c.

## WILT' THOU GO WI' ME.

Air, Tibbie Dunbar.

Slowly.

O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar; O wilt thou go

wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar. Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be

drawn in a Car, Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

*2d Verse.*

I carena thy daddie, his lands and his mon-ey, I care-na thy

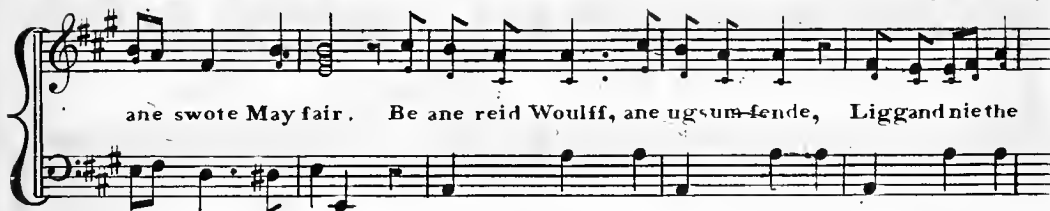
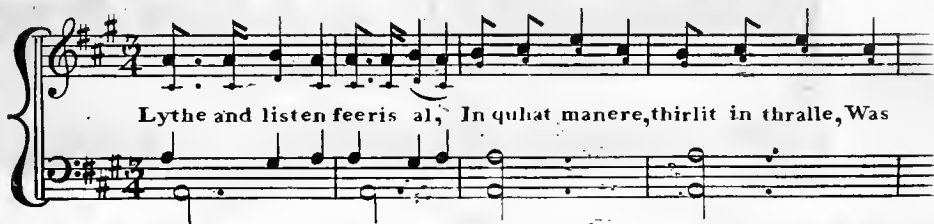
kin, sae high and sae lord-ly. But say thou wilt ha'e me for

better for waur, And come in thy coat-ie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

# SCHIR GORMALYN AND THE REID WOULFF.

89

Air, The reid Woulff at the warldis end.



Then this hurde bricht to bring

Frae the Woulffishalde indigne,

Did himsel boune;

His aventuris, grit to tell,

Dois mi weake witt precell,

Quhairfoir me rede you well,

His laude to rounne.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gude Gormalyn bene pricken onne,

Ane Squyer be him ronne,

Stalwarth and fre.

Ouir forthis, holtis, and how,

Quhyll thay prochen till a lowe,

Brennand bauld on ane knowe,

Meruailous till see.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Quhair wonnis thow knight,

In amour clere dight?"

Spak furth ane man.

'I gang; quod Gormalyn,

'Sum straunge aventur in,

Sua betide me hap and gyn,

Do quhat I can.

Quhat cace has happit the,

Sith sic dolore I see

Thorow this land gude?

Quhat bene this fyrie flare,

Trubland the mokie aire,

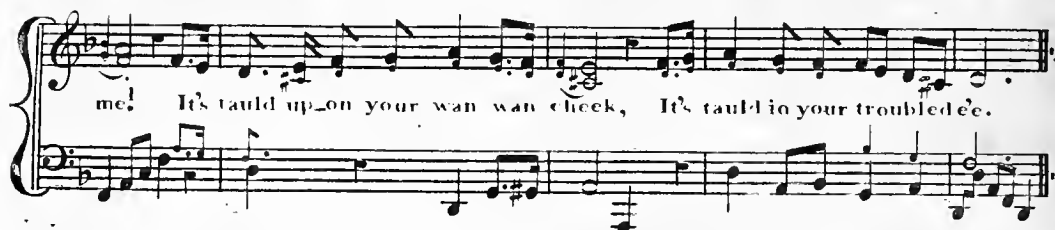
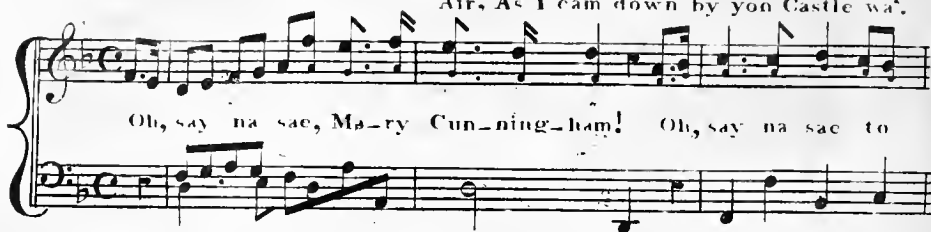
And sua moche of dispaire,

With teiris afflude?"

\*Deciphered, and put into modern Notation, from an old vellum MS in possession of W<sup>m</sup> Motherwell Esq<sup>r</sup> a Gentleman whose indefatigable researches have rescued many a "Gem of the kind" from oblivion. Those who feel any inclination to see the remaining stanzas of this "marrow-bone for the tooth of the antiquary" may consult the pages of the "Harp of Renfrewshire" a work of considerable merit, published by Mr John Lawrence Jun<sup>r</sup> of Paisley, where they will find a very interesting and ingenious account of the MS. in question.

## MARY CUNNINGHAM.

Air, As I cam down by yon Castle wa'.



Gie owre, gie owre wi' thy words o' mirth,

There's nae mirth in your heart;

To hide the deadlie thraws o' the breast,

Ye hae na yet the art.

Wild is your e'e, Mary Cunningham!

Look na sae wild on me!

I cam to tell that your ance fause luv,

Is fause nae mair to ye.

I ken ye lo'd him wi' that luv,

That maidens aften rue;

Oh hard, hard was the heart, I wat,

That could be fause to you!

Does he lo'e me yet? owre late, owre late,

Ye tell the blisstu' tale!

For the deadlie drug that burns my frame

Maun sune o'er life prevail.

Forgie, forgie, Mary Cunningham!

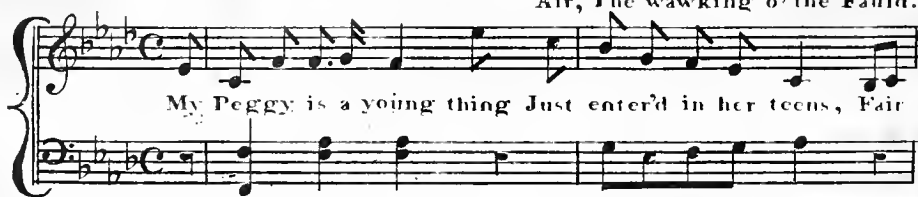
Heav'n sair has punish'd my sin!

We'll part nae mair, but like bridegroom and bride

We'll sleep the cauld yird within.


## MY PEGGY IS A YOUNG THING.

Air, The wawking o' the Fauld.





Peg-gy is a young thing, An' I'm not ve-ry auld, Yet will I like to



meet her At the wawking o' the fauld. My Peggy speaks sae sweetly. When-



e'er we meet a-lane, I wish nae mair to lay my care, I wish nae mair of



a' that's rare; My Peggy speaks sae sweetly, To a' the lave I'm cauld; But



she gars a' my spi-rits glow At wawking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
 When'er I whisper love,  
 That I look down on a' the town,  
 That I look down upon a crown;  
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
 It makes me blyth and bauld,  
 And naething gies me sic delight  
 As wawking o' the fauld.

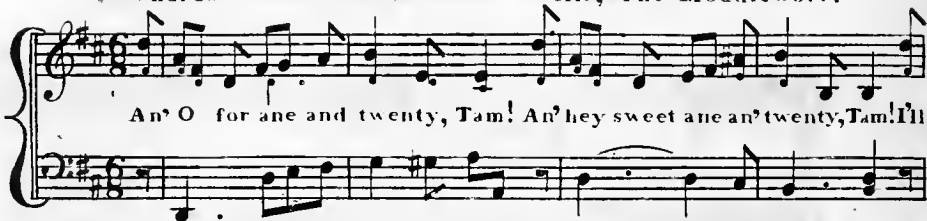
My Peggy sings sae saftly  
 When on my pipe I play;  
 By a' the rest it is contest,  
 By a' the rest, that she sings best:  
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
 And in her sangs are fauld,  
 With innocence, the wale o' sense,  
 At wawking o' the fauld.

## O FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!

Chorus.

Air, The Moudiewort.

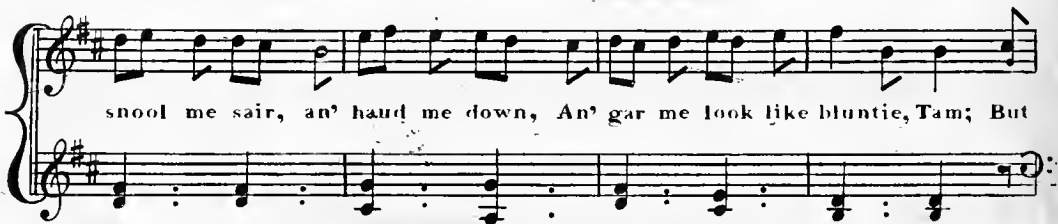
Lively.



An' O for ane and twenty, Tam! An' hey sweet ane an' twenty, Tam! I'll



learn my kin a rat-tlin sang, An I saw ane an' twenty, Tam. They



snool me sair, an' haud me down, An' gar me look like bluntie, Tam; But



three short years will soon wheel round, An' then comes ane an' twenty, Tam.

Repeat the Chorus

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,

Was left me by my auntie, Tam;

At kith or kin I need-na spier,

An I saw ane an' twenty, Tam.

An' O for, &amp;c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy cool,

Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam;

But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,

I'm thine at ane an' twenty, Tam.

An' O for, &amp;c.

## BALOO, BALOO, MY WEE WEE THING.

Air, The Scottish Lullaby.\*

Slowly. Ba-loo, baloo, my wee wee thing, O saftly close thy blinkin' ee! Ba

loo, ba-loo, my wee wee thing, For thou art doubly dear to me. Thy

dad-die now is far a-wa, A sai-lor lad-die o'er the sea; But

hope aye hechts his safe re-turn To you, my bonnie lamb, an' me.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing.

O saftly close thy blinkin' ee!

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,

For thou art doubly dear to me.

Thy face is simple, sweet, and mild,

Like any simmer e'enin' fa';

Thy sparkling ee is bonnie black;

Thy neck is like the mountain snaw.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,

O saftly close thy blinkin' ee!

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,

For thou art doubly dear to me.

O but thy daddie's absence lang,

Might break my dowie heart in twa,

Wert thou na left a dawtit pledge,

To steal the eerie hours awa!

\*This air is generally sung in Scotland by nurses when lulling children to sleep.

## THE TOD.



"Eh" quo the Tod; "its a braw light night, The win's i' the wast, and the mune shines  
bricht; The win's i' the wast, an' the mune shines bricht, An' I'll a-wa to the toun, O.

"I was down amang yon shepherd's scroggs,  
I'd like to been worried by his dogs,  
But, by my sooth! I minded his hogs  
The night I cam to the toun, O?"

He's taen the grey goose by the green sleeve,  
"Eh, ye auld witch! nae langer shall ye live;  
Your flesh it is tender, your hanes I maun prieve,  
For that I cam to the toun, O?"

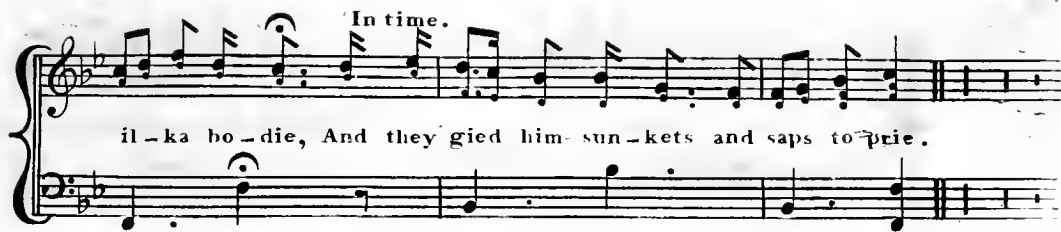
Up gat the auld wife out o' her bed,  
And out o' the window she shot her auld head,  
'Eh, gudeman! the grey goose is dead,  
An' the tod has been i' the toun, O?"

## THE HUMBLE BEGGAR.



Recitative. In time, very slow  
In Scot-land there liv'd a hum-ble beg-gar, Nae  
house, nae hald, nor hame had he; But he was weel lik-ed by





A nivelfu' o' meal, and handfu' o' groats,  
 A daud o' a bannock, or herring bree,  
 Cauld parritch, or the lickings o' plates,  
 Wad mak him blythe as a beggar could be.

This beggar he was a humble beggar,  
 The feint a bit o' pride had he,  
 He wad a ta'en his awms in a bicker  
 Frae gentleman or puir bodie.

His wallets ahint and afore did hang,  
 In as good order as wallets could be;  
 A lang kail-gully hung down by his side,  
 And a meikle nowt-horn to rout on had he.

It happen'd ill, it happen'd waur,  
 It happen'd sae that he did die,  
 And wha do ye think was at his late-wake,  
 But lads and lasses of a high degree.

Some were blythe, and some were sad,  
 And some they play'd at Blind Harrie;  
 But suddenly up-started the auld carle,  
 "I rede you! good folks, tak tent o' me."

Up gat Kate that sat i' the nook,  
 "Vow kimmer, and how do ye?"  
 Up he gat, and ca'd her limmer,  
 And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.

They houkit his grave in Duket's kirk-yard,  
 E'en fair fa' the companie;  
 But whan they were gaun to lay him i' the yird,  
 The feint a dead nor dead was he.

And when they brought him to Duket's kirk-yard,  
 He dunted on the kist, the boards did flee;  
 And when they were gaun to lay him i' the yird,  
 In fell the kist and out lap he.

He cry'd "I'm cauld, I'm unco cauld,"  
 Fu' fast ran the folk, and fu' fast ran he;  
 But he was first hame at his ain ingle-side,  
 And he helped to drink his ain dregie.

## WILLIE WI' HIS WIG A-JEE.

Cantily.

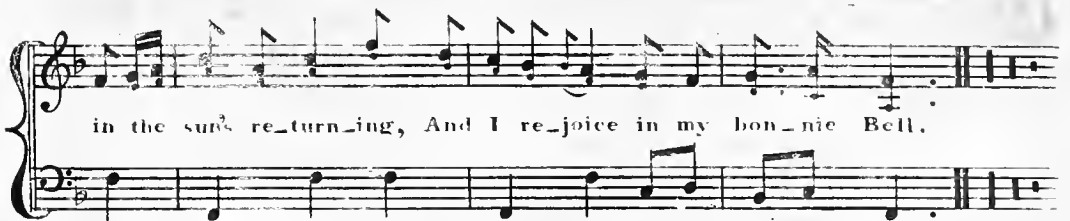
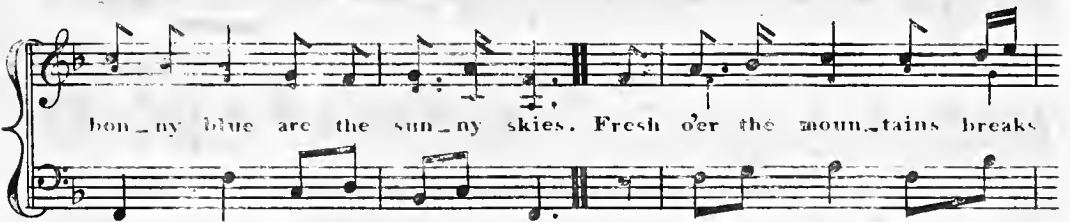
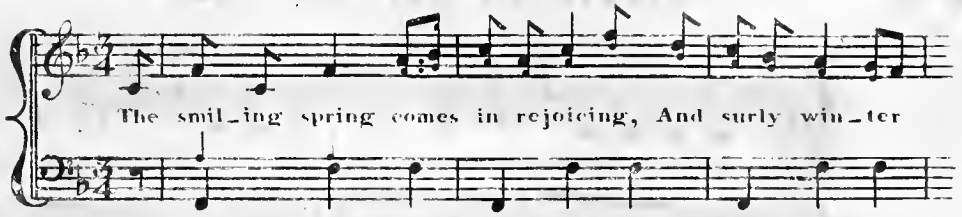
O saw ye Willie frae the west! O saw ye Willie in his glee! O

saw ye Wil-lie frae the west, When he had got his wig a-jee! There's

“Scots wha hae wi’ Wal-lace bled,” He tow’rs it up in sic a key; O

saw ye Wil-lie, hear-ty lad, When he had got his wig a-jee.

To hear him sing a canty air,  
 He lilt it o'er sae charmingly,  
 That in a moment all flies care  
 When Willie gets his wig a-jee.  
 Let drones croon o'er a winter night,  
 A fig for them whae'er they be,  
 For I could sit till morning light,  
 Wi' Willie and his wig a-jee.



The flowery spring leads sunny summer,  
 And yellow autumn presses near;  
 Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,  
 - Till smiling spring again appear.  
 Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,  
 Old time and nature their changes tell;  
 But never ranging, still unchanging,  
 I adore my bonnie Bell.

*I'LL LAY ME ON THE WINTRY LEA.*

Air, Waly, Waly. Old Set.

Slow.

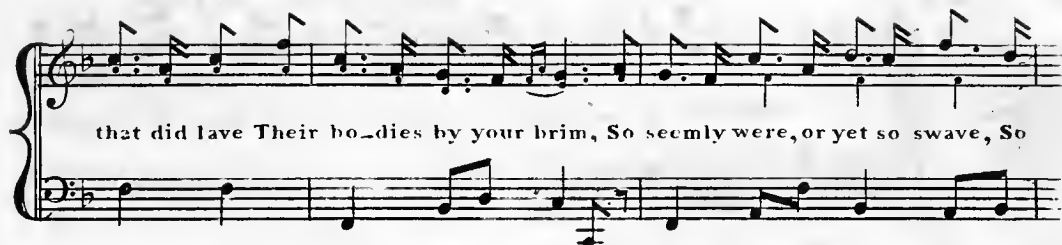
*I'll lay me on the win-try lea, And sleep a-midst the wind and  
weat, And ere an-o-ther's bride I'll be, O bring to me my winding sheet!*

What can a hapless lassie do,  
When ilka friend wad prove a foe,  
Wad gar her break her dearest vow,  
To wed wi' ane she canna lo'e!

\* \* \* \* \*

*THE BANKS OF HELICON.*

*De-clare, ye banks of He-li-con, Par-nas-sus' hills and  
dales ilk one, And foun-tain Cab-al-lein, If o-ny of your Mus-es all, or  
Nymphis, may be per-e-gal Un-to my la-dy sheen. Or if the la-dies*



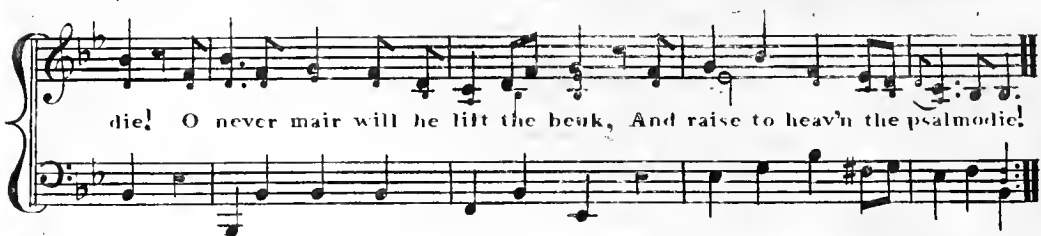
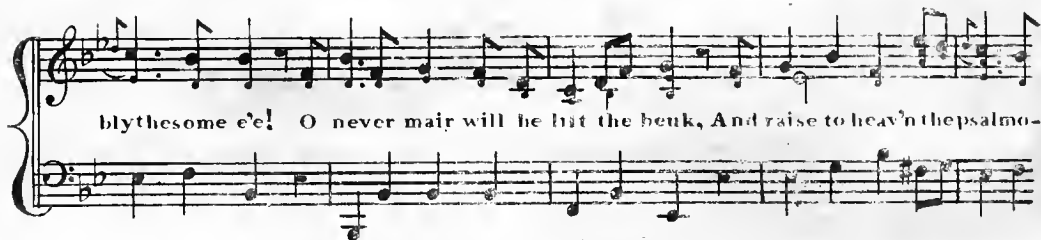
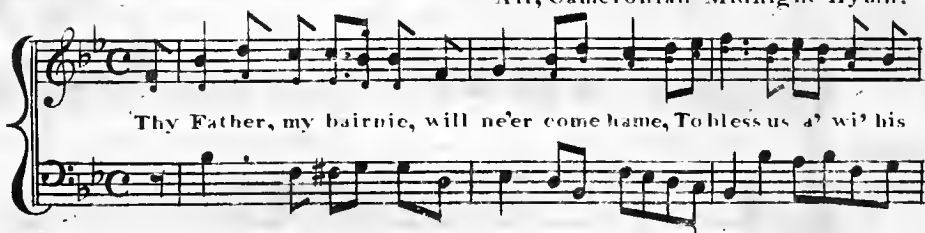
No, no, Forsooth was never none,  
 That with this perfect paragon  
     In beauty might compare;  
 The Muses would have given the gree  
 To her as to the A per se,  
     And peerless pearl preclare;  
 With qualities and form divine,  
     By nature so decored;  
 As Goddess of all feminine,  
     Of men to be adored;  
 So blessed, that wished  
     She is in all men's thought,  
 As rarest and fairest  
     That ever nature wrought.

"It would exceed our limits to give the rest of the words: the original is in the Pepys Collection in the University of Cambridge. The melody must have been a favourite with our ancestors; for the stanza is a very common one in the works of our early poets. Many compositions, to the tune of The Banks of Helicon, are to be found in the Bannatyne MS preserved in the library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh, compiled 1568. It is, probably, the most ancient Scots tune of which the original words remain." *Edinburgh Vocal Magazine*, 1797.

# THY FATHER, MY BAIRNIE.

Air, Cameronian Midnight Hymn.

Slow



They've slain thy Father, my dear lo'ed bairn!

They've slain him down in yon bonnie lea,  
While he was lifting his voice to heaven,

For Scotland's weal, and for thee and me!

I listen'd lang, and I listen'd late,

For the voice sae sweet and sae dear to me!

While thou my bairn, like an Angel slept,

And the tear stood glistening in my e'e.

I listen'd lang, and I listen'd late,

For the voice sae sweet and sae dear to me!

But sair my heart foreboded, and said,

Thy Father, my bairnie, thou'lt never see.

For weel I ken'd o' puir Scotland's wrang,

An' a' the guilt and the treacherie!

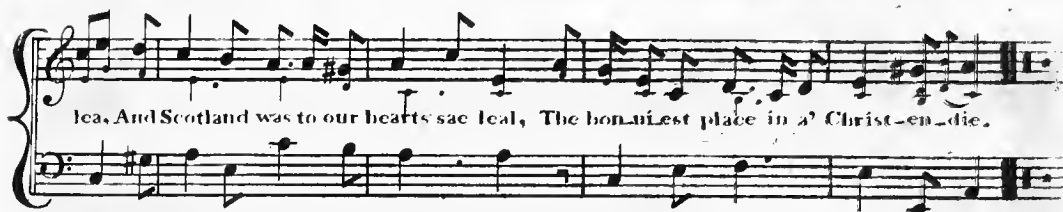
And the han' and the sword that was lifted up,

Dooming the righteous a' to die!

\* \* \* \* \*

# WE A' WERE BLYTHE AND MERRY SHORT SYNE.

Air, The bonnie Laddie ayont the sea.



A white, white rose, grew on yon hill tap,  
The fairest flower in a' Christendie;  
It was a' for a laddie wha was to come  
In a bonnie boat trac' yont the sea.

O lang I look'd trac' yon hill tap,  
For the bonnie laddie ayont the sea;  
I tented the leaves o' the white, white rose,  
To twine a wreath for the laddie's bree.

The wind blew south, and the wind blew north,  
It brought the laddie trac' yont the sea;  
But the white, white rose, it has wither'd syne,  
Its leaves lie scatter'd upon the lea.

The bonnie white rose has wither'd syne,  
It's leaves lye scatter'd upon the lea,  
And the bonnie laddie, wha cam to wear't,  
Daur na bide in his ain countrie.

I'll gather the leaves o' the bonnie white rose,  
And dew the buds wi' my watery ee,  
I'll keep them a' for the laddie's sake,  
The bonnie laddie ayont the sea.

A bonnie bird sits on yon hill tap,  
It sings a' the simmers day to me,  
I care na for the bonnie bird's sang,  
For I think on the laddie ayont the sea.

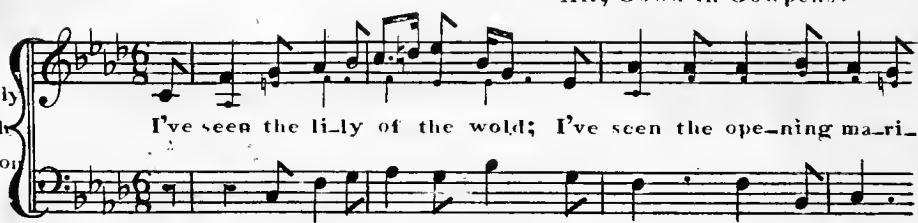
A bonnie bird sits on yon hill tap,  
It sings a' the simmers day to me,  
But oh, gin its sang could wyle him back,  
The bonnie laddie ayont the sea.

At den I sit on yon hill tap,  
And aye I look out o'er the sea,  
For oh, gin I saw the bonnie boat,

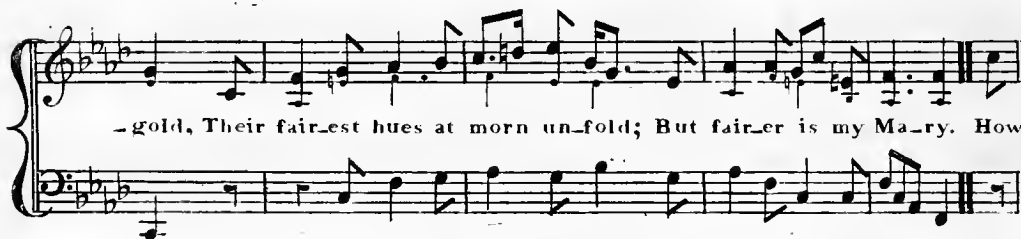
\* \* \* \* \*

## LOVELY MARY.

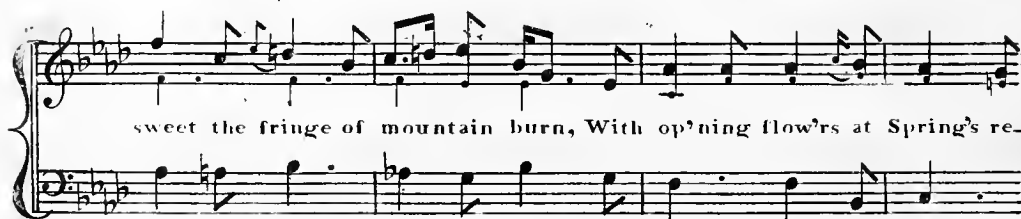
Air, Gowd in Gowpens.

Moderately  
Slow, with  
Expression

I've seen the lily of the wold; I've seen the ope-ning ma-ri-



-gold, Their fair-est hues at morn un-fold; But fair-er is my Ma-ry. How



sweet the fringe of mountain burn, With op'ning flow'rs at Spring's re-



turn! How sweet the scent of flow'ry thorn! But sweeter is my Ma-ry.

Her heart is gentle, warm, and kind;

Her form's not fairer than her mind;

Two sister beauties rarely join'd,

But join'd in lovely Mary.

As music from the distant steep,

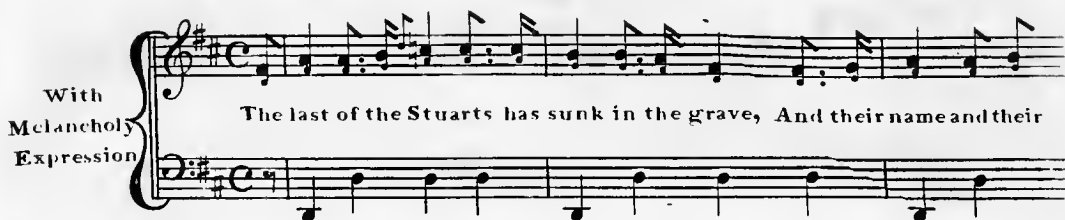
As starlight on the silent deep,

So are my passions lull'd asleep

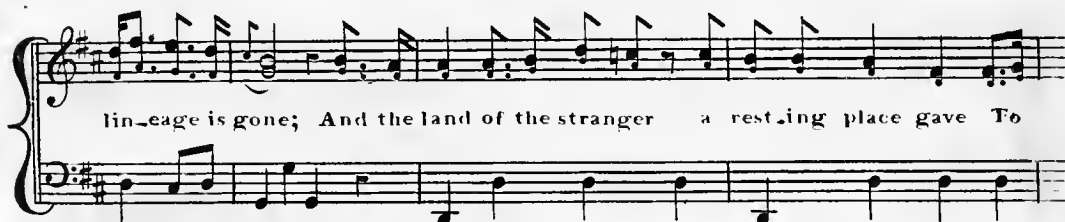
By love for bonnie Mary.



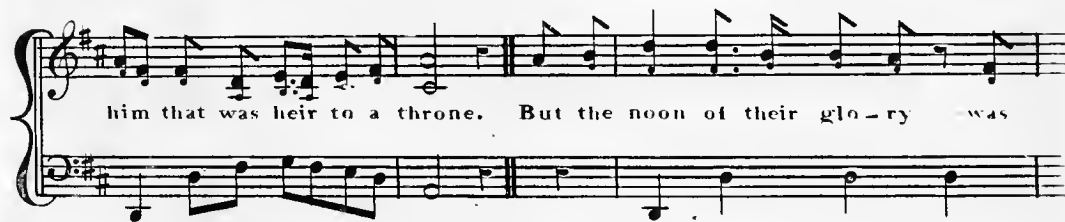
With  
Melancholy  
Expression



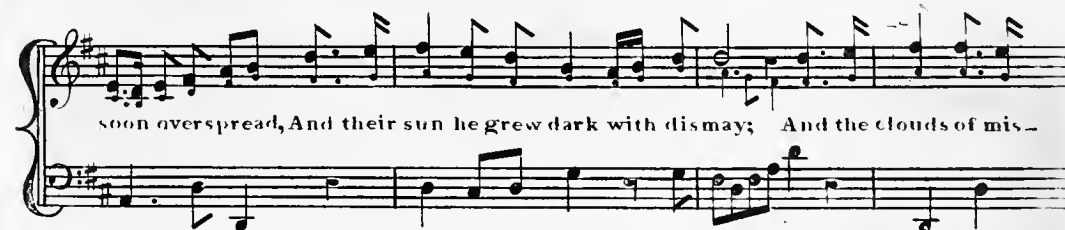
The last of the Stuarts has sunk in the grave, And their name and their



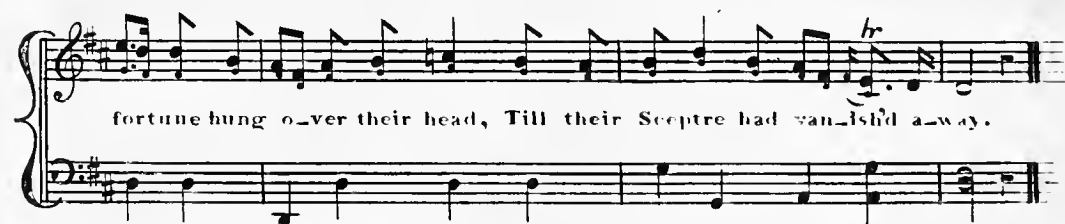
lin-age is gone; And the land of the stranger a resting place gave To



him that was heir to a throne. But the noon of their glo-ry was



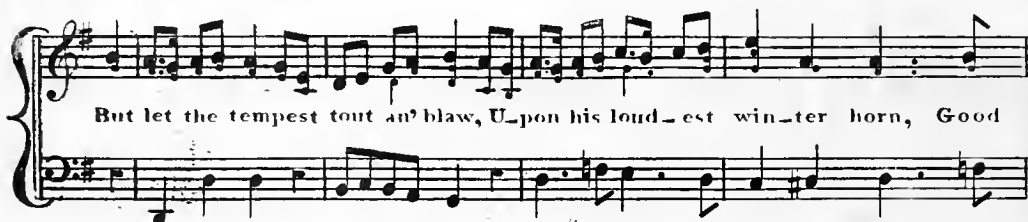
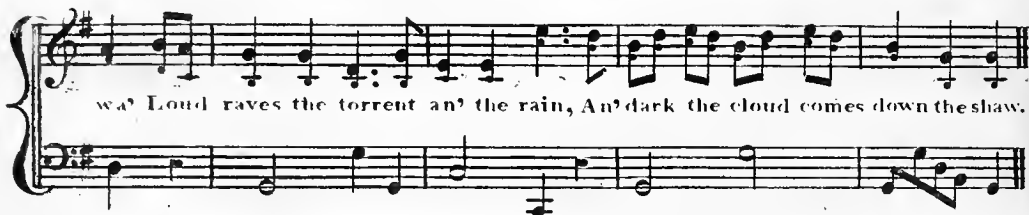
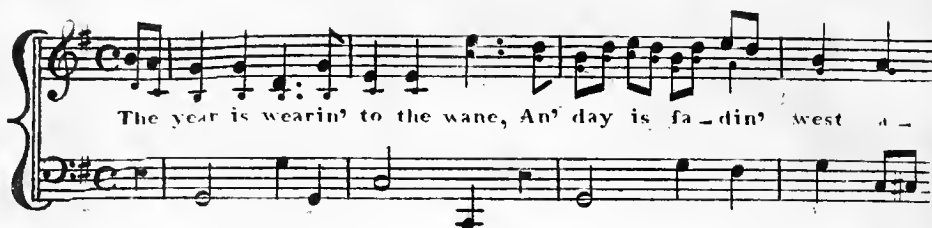
soon overspread, And their sun he grew dark with dismay; And the clouds of mis-



fortune hung o-ver their head, Till their Sceptre had van-ish'd a-way.

No more for their cause, shall the trumpet be blown,  
Nor their followers crowd to the field;  
Their hopes were all wreck'd when Culloden was won,  
And the fate of their destiny seal'd.  
Cold, cold is that heart which could stand o'er his grave,  
Nor think of their fate with a sigh,  
That the glory of kings, like a wreck from the waves,  
Here lone and deserted must lie.

## GOOD NIGHT AN' JOY BE WI' YOU A'.



O we hae wander'd far an' wide,  
 O'er Scotia's land of firth an' fell,  
 An' mony a simple flower we've cull'd,  
 An' twined them wi' the heather-bell:  
 We've ranged the dingle an' the dell,  
 The hamlet an' the baron's ha',  
 Now let us tak a kind farewell,  
 Good night an' joy be wi' you a'.

Ye hae been kind as I was keen,  
 And follow'd where I led the way,  
 Till ilka poet's lore we've seen  
 Of this an' mony a former day.  
 If e'er I led your steps astray  
 Forgie your minstrel ance for a'  
 A tear fa's wi' his parting lay  
 Good night an' joy be wi' you a'.