

COMPLETE

25 CENTS.

SONGS

ROBERT OF BURNS



GENTENARY

EDITION

WITH

MUSIC

WOOD NOT'S WILD



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GLASGOW

DAVID JACK, 174, ARGYLE ST.

*My Mother's Son*  
*of* *Armstrong* *S. R.*  
*con*

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THE  
SONGS OF ROBERT BURNS,  
WITH MUSIC.

Centenary Edition.

GLASGOW:  
DAVID JACK, FOR THE PROPRIETORS;  
LONDON: HOULSTON & WRIGHT.

1859.

SCB  
14257

## P R E F A C E.

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THE present volume gives to the Public, for the first time, a Complete Collection of the SONGS OF ROBERT BURNS set to the Melodies for which they were written, or to Standard Compositions with which they have become associated. In projecting this work the Publishers were actuated by a desire to supply a want very generally expressed—namely, a popular edition of Burns's Songs with Music, at a price that, in keeping with the spirit of the age, will bring those splendid contributions to our National Minstrelsy within the reach of the humblest. The Centenary of the birth of the great Scottish Bard seems a befitting time for the appearance of such a work; and it is therefore with peculiar feelings of satisfaction that the Publishers submit this volume, which they would present as a humble tribute of respect on an occasion so interesting, when the countrymen and admirers of Burns, resident in many lands, have united to do honour to his genius and memory. While the Poems of Robert Burns are esteemed as the contributions of a gifted writer in the cause of independence and truth, and as containing the most felicitous illustrations of Scottish humble life, expressed in a language that gives to them peculiar force and character, it is, however, most probably in his Songs that the remarkable powers of the Poet are best displayed, and by them that he will be found to have done the greatest and most lasting service to his country. Burns has not only added the richest gems to our lyric regalia, but he has brought into the light, and skilfully set and polished many antique jewels of rare beauty that, but for him, would have lain despised and neglected.

*January, 1859.*



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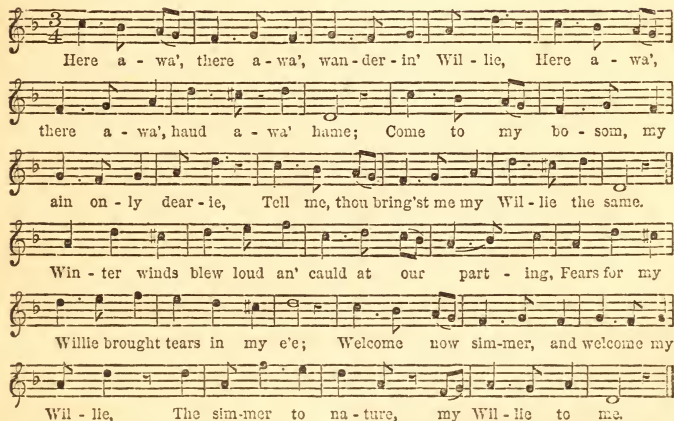
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THE  
SONGS OF ROBERT BURNS.

---

WANDERING WILLIE.



Here a - wa', there a - wa', wan - der - in' Wil - lie, Here a - wa',  
there a - wa', haud a - wa' hame; Come to my bo - som, my  
ain on - ly dear - ie, Tell me, thou bring'st me my Wil - lie the same.  
Win - ter winds blew loud an' cauld at our part - ing, Fears for my  
Willie brought tears in my e'e; Welcome now sim - mer, and welcome 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 nae his Nannie,  
Flow still between us thou wide roaring main!  
May I never see it, may I never trow it,  
But dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

## O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

AIR ADAPTED FROM "THE LASS O' LIVINGSTONE."

*Slow and with expression,*

O wert thou in the cauld blast, On yonder lea, on yon-der lea, My  
 plaid - ie to the an - gry airt, I'd shelter thee, I'd shel - ter thee.  
 Or did mis - for-tune's bit-ter storms Around thee blaw, around thee blaw, Thy  
 bield should be my bo - som, To share it a', to share it a'.

O were I in the wildest waste,  
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,  
 The desert were a paradise  
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there.  
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,  
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,  
 The brightest jewel in my crown  
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

## WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY?

AIR, "THE EWE-BUGHTS."

*Slow and plaintive.*

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary? And leave auld Sco-tia's shore? Will ye  
 go to the Indies, my Ma-ry, A - cross the At - lan - tic's roar? Will ye  
 go to the Indies, my Ma-ry, A - cross the At - lan - tic's roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,  
And the apple on the pine;  
But a' the charms o' the Indies  
Can never equal thine.

O plight me your faith, my Mary,  
And plight me your lily-white hand;  
O plight me your faith, my Mary,  
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

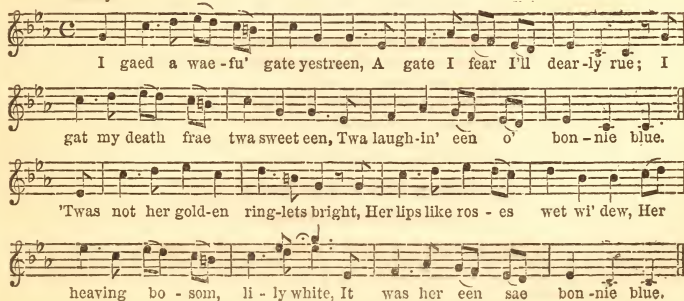
I ha'e sworn by the heav'ns to my Mary,  
I ha'e sworn by the heav'ns to be true;  
And sae may the heav'ns forget me,  
When I forget my vow.

We ha'e plighted our troth, my Mary,  
In mutual affection to join;  
And curst be the cause that shall part us,  
The hour and the moment o' time.

### I GAED A WAUFU' GATE YESTREEN.

AIR, "MY ONLY JO AND DEARY, O."

*Tenderly.*



I gaed a wae-fu' gate yestreen, A gate I fear I'll dear-ly rue; I  
gat my death frae twa sweet een, Twa laugh-in' een o' bon-nie blue.  
'Twas not her gold-en ring-lets bright, Her lips like ros-es wet wi' dew, Her  
heaving bo-som, li-ly white, It was her een sae bon-nie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she w'il'd,  
She charmed my heart, I wist na how;  
But aye the stound, the deadly wound,  
Cam' frae her een sae bonnie blue.  
But spare to speak, and spare to speed,  
She'll aiblins listen to my vow;  
Should she refuse I'll lay my dead  
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.



# YOUNG JOCKIE WAS THE BLYTHEST LAD.

*Tenderly.*

Young Jock - ie was the blyth-est lad, In a' our town or here a-wa'; Fu'  
 blythe he whist-led at the gaud, Fu' light - ly danc'd he in the ha'.  
 He roos'd my een, sae bon-nie blue, He roos'd my waist, sae gen - ty sma'; An'  
 aye my heart cam' to my mou', When ne'er a bo-dy heard or saw.

My Jockie toils upon the plain,  
 Thro' wind an' weet, thro' frost an' snaw;  
 An' o'er the lea I look fu' fain,  
 When Jockie's owsen hameward ca'.  
 An' aye the night comes round again,  
 When in his arms he tak's me a';  
 An' aye he vows he'll be my ain,  
 As lang's he has a breath to draw.

# I MARRIED WI' A SCOLDING WIFE.

AIR, "MAGGIE LAUDER."

*Lively.*

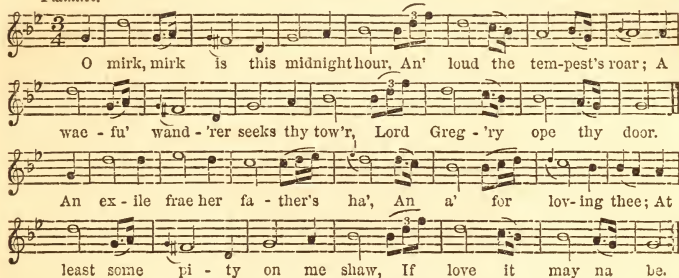
I mar-ried wi' a scold-ing wife, The fourteenth of Nov - em - ber; She  
 made me wear-y of my life, By one un - ru - ly mem-ber. Long  
 did I bear the hea - vy yoke, And man-y griefs at - ten - ded; But  
 to my com-fort be it spoke, Now, now her life is end - ed.

We lived full one and twenty years  
 As man and wife together;  
 At length from me her course she steer'd,  
 And gone I know not whither.  
 Would I could guess, I do profess,  
 I speak, and do not flatter;  
 Of all the women in the world,  
 I never could come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,  
 A handsome grave does hide her;  
 But sure her soul is not in hell,  
 The de'il would ne'er abide her.  
 I rather think she is aloft,  
 And imitating thunder;  
 For why? methinks I hear her voice,  
 Tearing the clouds asunder.

### LORD GREGORY.

*Plaintive.*

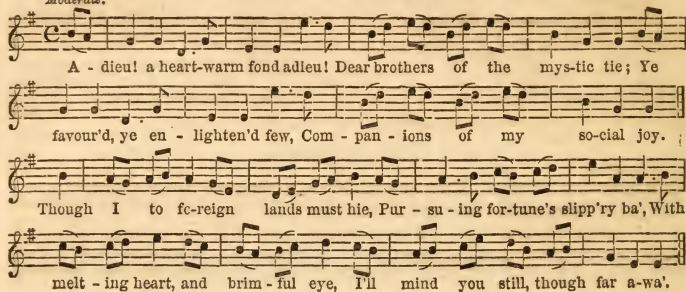


Lord Greg'ry, mind'st thou not the grove,  
 By bonnie Irvine-side,  
 When first I owned that virgin love,  
 I lang, lang had denied?  
 How aften didst thou pledge the vow,  
 Thou wad for aye be mine?  
 An' my fond heart, itsel' sae true,  
 It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,  
 An' flinty is thy breast;  
 Thou dart of heav'n that flashest by,  
 O wilt thou give me rest!  
 Ye must'ring thunders from above,  
 Your willing victim see;  
 But spare and pardon my fause love  
 Ilis wrangs to Heav'n an' me.

## FAREWELL TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON.

AIR, "GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'."

*Moderate.*


A - dieu! a heart-warm fond adieu! Dear brothers of the mys-tic tie; Ye  
favour'd, ye en - lighten'd few, Com - pan - ions of my so-cial joy.  
Though I to so-reign lands must hie, Pur - su - ing for-tune's slipp'ry ba', With  
melt - ing heart, and brim - ful eye, I'll mind you still, though far a-wa'.

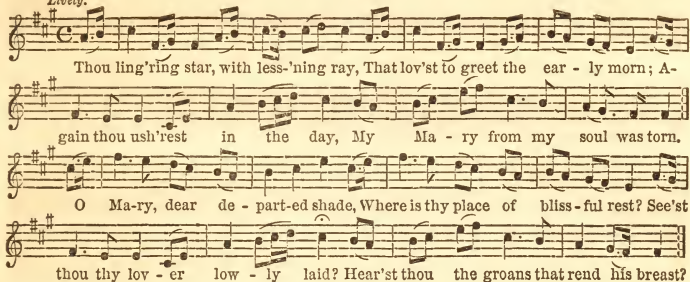
Oft have I met your social band,  
And spent the cheerful, festive night;  
Oft, honoured with supreme command,  
Presided o'er the sons of light.  
And by that hieroglyphic bright,  
Which none but craftsmen ever saw;  
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write  
Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May freedom, harmony, and love,  
Unite you in the grand design;  
Beneath th' omniscient eye above,  
The glorious Architect divine.  
That you may keep th' unerring line,  
Still rising by the plummet's law,  
Till order bright completely shine—  
Shall be my prayer when far awa'.

And you, farewell! whose merits claim,  
Justly, that highest badge to wear;  
Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,  
To masonry and Scotia dear.  
A last request permit me here,  
When yearly ye assemble a',  
One round, I ask it with a tear,  
To him, the bard that's far awa'.

## TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

AIR, "MARY'S DREAM"—Old Set.

*Lively.*

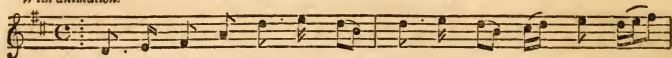
The sacred hour can I forget,  
Can I forget the hallow'd grove  
Where by the winding Ayre we met,  
To live one day of parting love!  
Eternity can not efface  
Those records dear of transports past;  
Thy image at our last embrace,—  
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last.

Ayre, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green:  
The fragrant birch, the hawthorn hoar,  
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.  
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray;  
Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

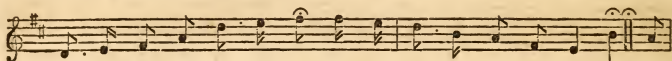
Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care;  
Time but th' impression stronger makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.  
My Mary, dear departed shade,  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

# THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

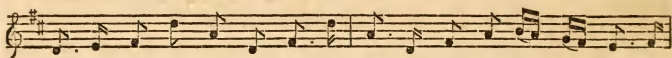
*With animation.*



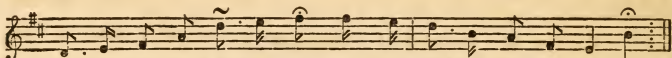
Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go, Will ye go, will ye go?



Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go To the birks of A - ber - fel - dy? Now



sim - mer blinks on flow' - ry braes, And o'er the crys - tal streamlet plays: Come



let us spend the light - some days In the birks of A - ber - fel - dy.

The little birdies blythely sing,  
While o'er their heads the hazels hing;  
Or lightly flit on wanton wing  
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

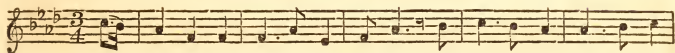
The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,  
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,  
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Thy hoary cliffs are crowned wi' flowers,  
While o'er the linns the burnie pours,  
And, rising, weets wi' misty showers  
The birks of Aberfeldy.

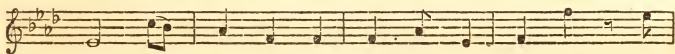
Let fortune's gifts at random flee,  
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me;  
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,  
In the birks of Aberfeldy.



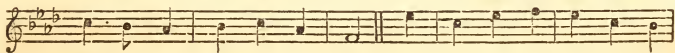
## TAM GLEN.



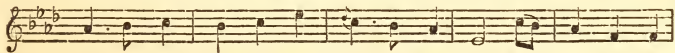
My heart is a - breaking, dear tit-tie! Some coun-sel un - to me come



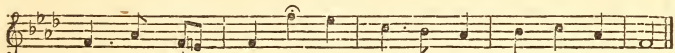
len'; To an - ger them a' is a pi - ty, But



what will I do wi' Tam Glen? I'm think-in' wi' sic' a brow



fal - low, In poor-tith I might mak' a fen'; What care I in



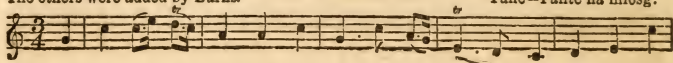
rich - es to wal - low, If I maun-na mar - ry Tam Glen.

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller, My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,  
 "Gude day to you," coof, he comes ben; He'll gie me gude hunder merks ten;  
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller, But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him,  
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen? O wha will I get but Tam Glen?  
 My minnie does constantly deave me, Yestreen, at the valentines dealin',  
 And bids me beware o' young men; My heart to my mou' gied a sten';  
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me— For thrice I drew ane without failin',  
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen? And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

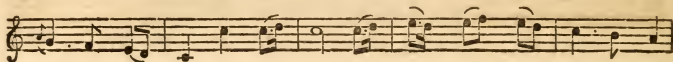
The last Halloween I was waukin'  
 My drookit sark sleeve, as ye ken;  
 His likeness cam' up the house staukin',  
 And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen.  
 Come, counsel, dear tittie, dont tarry;  
 I'll gie ye my bonnie black hen,  
 Gif ye will advise me to marry  
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

# MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

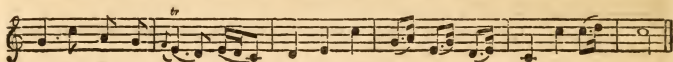
The first four lines of this song belong to an old ballad, called the "Strong Walls of Derry." The others were added by Burns. Tune—Fàilte na mìosg.



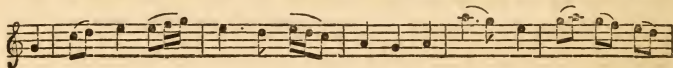
My heart's in the High-lands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the



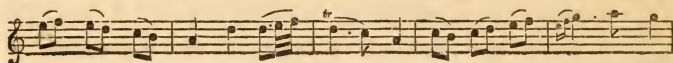
High-lands a chas-ing the deer: A chas-ing the wild deer, and



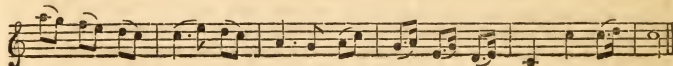
fol-low-ing the roe; My heart's in the High-lands wher-ev-er I go.



Fare-well to the Highlands, fare-well to the north, The birth-place of



val-our, the coun-try of worth, Wher-ev-er I wan-der, wher-



ev-er I rove, The hills of the Highlands for ev-er I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;  
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;  
Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods;  
Farewell to the torrents and loud pouring floods.  
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;  
A chasing the wild deer, and following the roe;  
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

## DUET:—O GIN MY LOVE.

Arranged as a Duet by Alexander Hume. The first verse is from Herd's MS., the other was written by Burns.

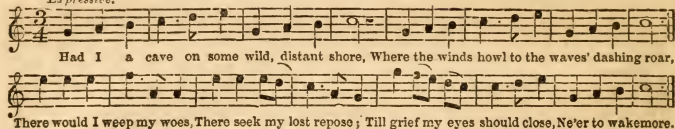
1st *Allegretto.* 2d

O gin my love were yon red rose, That grows up - on yon cas - tle  
 wa', An' I my - sel' a drap o' dew, In - to her bon - nie breast to fa'.  
 O there be - yond ex - pres - sion blest, I'd feast on beau - ties a' the night; Seal'd  
 on her silk soft faulds to rest, Till fle'y'd a - wa' by Phœ - bus' light.

O were my love yon lilac fair,  
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring,  
 And I a bird to shelter there,  
 When wearied on my little wing—  
 How would I mourn when it was torn,  
 By autumn wild and winter rude;  
 But I wad sing on wanton wing,  
 When youthfu' May its bloom renewed.

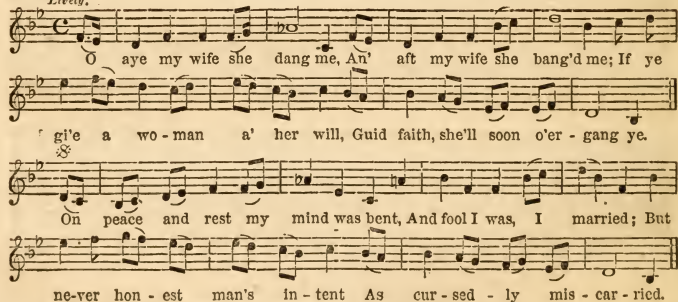
## HAD I A CAVE.

AIR, "ROBIN ADAIR."

*Expressive.*

Fallest of womankind, canst thou declare,  
All thy fond, plighted vows, fleeting as air?  
To thy new lover hie,  
Laugh o'er thy perjury,  
Then in thy bosom try  
What peace is there.

## O AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

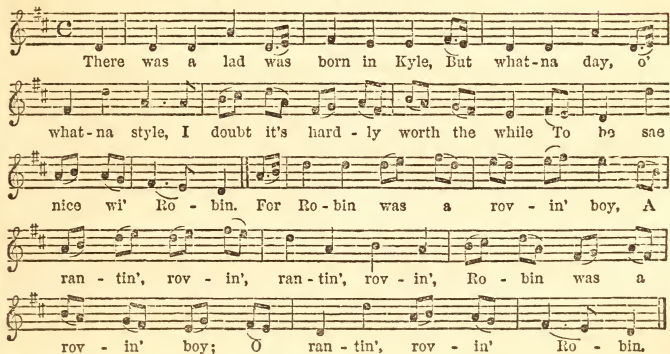
*Lively.*

Some share o' comfort still at last,  
When a' thir days are dune, man—  
My pains o' hell on earth are past,  
I'm sure o' heaven aboon, man.  
O aye my wife, &c.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,  
 Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;  
 But though fell fortune should fate us to sever,  
 Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,  
 And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest;  
 And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,  
 Sooner the sun in his motion shall falter.

### THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLE.



There was a lad was born in Kyle, But what-na day, o'  
 what-na style, I doubt it's hard-ly worth the while To be sae  
 nice wi' Ro-bin. For Ro-bin was a rovin' boy, A  
 ran-tin', rovin', ran-tin', rovin', Ro-bin was a  
 rovin' boy; O ran-tin', rovin' Ro-bin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane  
 Was five-and-twenty days begun,  
 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'  
 Blew hansel in on Robin.  
 For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',  
 But aye a heart aboon them a';  
 He'll be a credit till us a',  
 We'll a' be prond o' Robin.  
 For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

The gossip keekit in his loof,  
 Quo' scho, wha lives will see the proof,  
 This waly boy will be nae coof,  
 I think we'll ca' him Robin.  
 For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

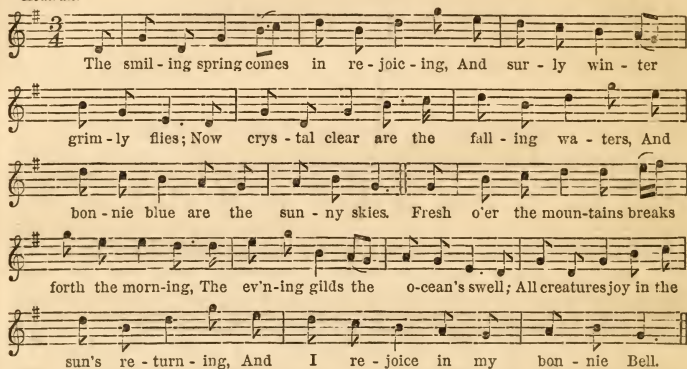
But sure as three times three mak' nine,  
 I see by ilka score and line,  
 This chap will dearly like our kin',  
 So leeze me on thee, Robin.  
 For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.



### THE SMILING SPRING.

"Bonnie Bell" was written for "Johnson's Museum;" Burns likewise contributed the fine air to which the verses are adapted. "Bonnie Bell" is not, by any means, a first-class production (for Burns), but we may remark, that in a number of his contributions to the "Museum," he was less careful than in those intended for Mr. Thomson's collection. However, let us take Burns as we find him, and be thankful.

*Moderate.*



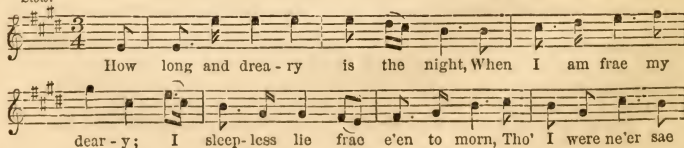
The smil - ing spring comes in re - joice - ing, And sur - ly win - ter  
grim - ly flies; Now crys - tal clear are the fall - ing wa - ters, And  
bon - nie blue are the sun - ny skies. Fresh o'er the moun - tains breaks  
forth the morn - ing, The ev'n - ing gilds the o - cean's swell; All creatures joy in the  
sun's re - turn - ing, And I re - joice in my bon - nie Bell.

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

### HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

GAELIC AIR.

*Slow.*



How long and drea - ry is the night, When I am frae my  
dear - y; I sleep - less lie frae e'en to morn, Tho' I were ne'er sae

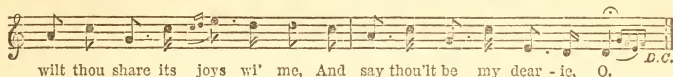
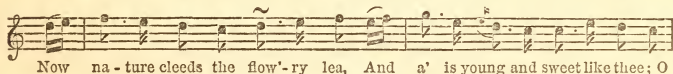
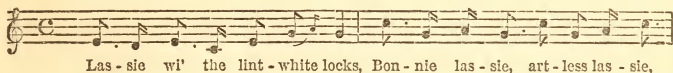


When I think on the happy days  
I spent wi' you, my deary;  
And now what lands between us lie,  
How can I be but eerie?  
And now what lands, &c.

How slow ye move, ye winged hours,  
As ye were wae and weary;  
It was na sae ye glinted by  
When I was wi' my deary.  
It was na sae, &c.

### LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Air—Rothiemurchus' Rant.



And when the welcome simmer shower  
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,  
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower  
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.  
Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,  
The weary shearer's hameward way,  
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,  
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.  
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast  
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,  
Enclasped to my faithful breast,  
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.  
Lassie wi', &c.

## THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

*Moderate.*

The wea-ry pund, the wea-ry pund, The wea-ry pund o'  
 tow; I think my wife will end her life Be-fore she spin her tow.  
 I bought my wife a stane o' lint, As guid as e'er did  
 grow: And a' that she has made o' that Is ae puir pund o' tow.  
 The wea-ry pund, the wea-ry pund, The wea-ry pund o'  
 tow; I think my wife will end her life Be-fore she spin her tow.

Begin the succeeding verses at the mark &amp;

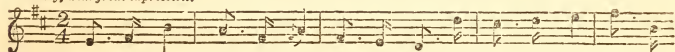
There sat a bottle in a bole,  
 Beyond the ingle low;  
 And aye she took the tither souk,  
 To drouk the stourie tow.  
 The weary pund, &c.

Quoth I, "For shame, ye dirty dame,  
 Gae spin your tap o' tow;"  
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock,  
 She brak' it o'er my pow.  
 The weary pund, &c.

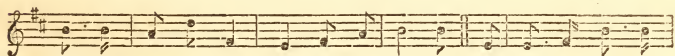
At last her feet, I sang to see't,  
 Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;  
 And or I wad anither jad  
 I'll wallop in a tow.  
 The weary pund, &c.

### CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

*Slowly, with great expression.*



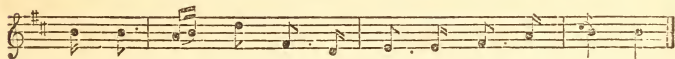
Ca' the ewes to the knowes, Ca' them whaur the heath - er grows, Ca' them



whaur the burn - ie rows, My bon - nie dear - ie. 'Twas in the bon - nie



month o' June, When the woods a - bout us hung; When a' the



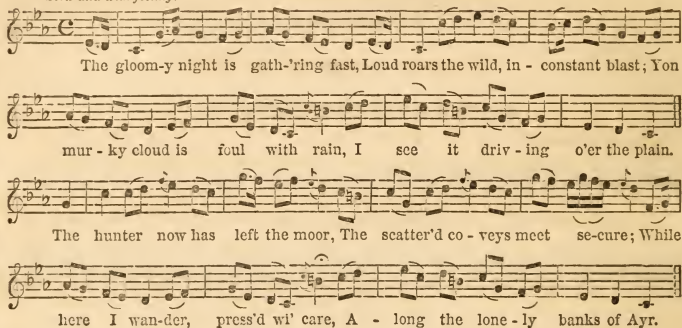
flow'rs were in their bloom, The night - in - gale sang clear - ly.

Will ye gang down the water side,  
 And see the waves sae sweetly glide?  
 Beneath the hazels spreading wide,  
 The moon it shines fu' clearly.  
 Ca' the ewes, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea;  
 While day blinks in the lift sae hie;  
 Till clay-cauld death shall blind my e'e,  
 Ye shall be my dearie.  
 Ca' the ewes, &c.

## THE GLOOMY NIGHT IS GATH'RING FAST.

AIR, "ROSLIN CASTLE."

*Slow and with feeling.*


The gloom-y night is gath'-ring fast, Loud roars the wild, in - constant blast; Yon  
mur - ky cloud is foul with rain, I see it driv - ing o'er the plain.  
The hunter now has left the moor, The scatter'd co - veys meet se-cure; While  
here I wan-der, press'd wi' care, A - long the lone - ly banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her ripening corn  
By early winter's ravage torn;  
Across her placid azure sky,  
She sees the scowling tempest fly.  
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,  
I think upon the stormy wave,  
Where many a danger I must dare,  
Far frae the bonnie banks of Ayr.

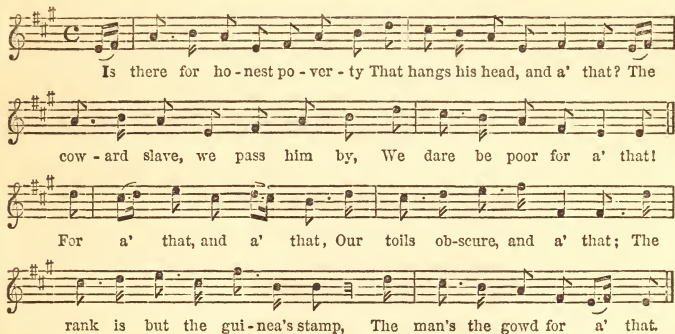
'Tis not the surging billows roar,  
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore;  
Though death in every shape appear,  
The wretched have no more to fear!  
But round my heart the ties are bound,  
That heart transpierced with many a wound;  
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,  
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,  
Her heathy moors and winding vales;  
The scene where wretched fancy roves,  
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!



Farewell, my friends, farewell, my foes,  
 My peace with these, my love with those:  
 The bursting tears my heart declare;  
 Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr.

### A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.



Is there for ho-nest po-ver-ty That hangs his head, and a' that? The  
 cow-ard slave, we pass him by, We dare be poor for a' that!  
 For a' that, and a' that, Our toils ob-scure, and a' that; The  
 rank is but the gui-neas stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hoddin grey, and a' that;  
 Giefools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
 A man's a man for a' that:  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;  
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that:  
 Though hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a coof for a' that:  
 For a' that, and a' that;  
 His riband, star, and a' that,  
 The man of independent mind  
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
 But an honest man's aboon his might,  
 Guid faith! he maunna fa' that!  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their dignities, and a' that;  
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
 As come it will, for a' that,  
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
 May bear the gree, and a' that:  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 It's coming yet, for a' that,  
 That man to man, the warl' o'er,  
 Shall brithers be for a' that.

# HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNIE LASS.

AIR, "LAGGAN BURN."

*With feeling.*

Here's to thy health, my bonnie lass, Guid night, and joy be wi' thee; I'll  
come nae mair to thy bow'r door, To tell thee that I lo'e thee. O  
din - na think, my pret - ty pink, But I can live with - out thee; I  
vow and swear I din - na care How lang ye look a - bout ye.

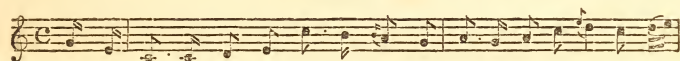
Thou'rt aye sae free informing me  
Thou hast nae mind to marry;  
I'll be as free informing thee  
Nae time ha'e I to tarry.  
I ken thy friends try ilka means  
Frae wedlock to detain thee;  
Depending on some higher chance,  
But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,  
But that does never grieve me;  
For I'm as free as ony he,  
Since siller will relieve me.  
I'll count my health my greatest wealth,  
Sae lang's I can enjoy it;  
I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,  
As lang's I get employment.

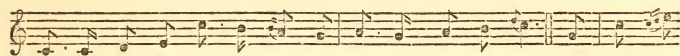
But far-aff fowls ha'e feathers fair,  
And aye until ye try them;  
Though they seem fair, still ha'e a care,  
They may prove bad as I am.  
But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright,  
My dear, I'll come and see thee;  
For the man that lo'es his mistress weel,  
Nae travel makes him weary.

# MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

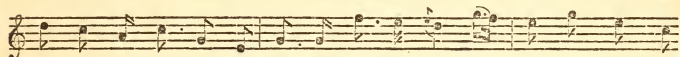
Air—Low down in the Broom.



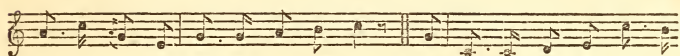
O my love is like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June! O my



love is like a mel - o - dy, That's sweet-ly play'd in tune! As fair art



thou, my bon - nie lass, So deep in love am I; And I will love thee



still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry. Till a' the seas gang dry, my



dear, Till a' the seas gang dry. And I will love thee



still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry. 'twere ten thous-and mile.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,

And the rocks melt wi' the sun;

And I will love thee, still, my dear,

While the sands of life shall run.

But, fare-thee-weel, my only love!

O fare-thee-weel awhile!

And I will come again, my love,

Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile, my love,

'Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile;

And I will come again, my love,

Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

# IT WAS UPON A LAMMAS NIGHT.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "CORN RIGGS."

"The rigs o' barley" is one of Burns's earliest productions, and written to the old tune of "Corn rigs." Of the history of this air little is known. It appears in Adam Craig's collection, 1730, but it must then have been a well known tune, for in Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," published in 1725, the song "My Patie is a lover gay," is directed to be sung to "Corn riggs." Of the original song to this tune, the following lines form the chorus:—

O corn riggs and rye riggs.  
And corn riggs are bonnie,  
And gin you meet a bonnie lass,  
Prin up her cockernony.

*Cheerfully.*

It was upon a Lam-mas night, When corn rigs are bon-nie, O: Be-  
neath the moon's un - cloud - ed light, I held a - wa' to. An - nie, O.  
The time flew by wi' tent - less heed, Till 'tween the late and  
ear - ly, O, Wi' sma' per-sua-sion she a - greed To see me through the  
*Chorus.*  
bar - ley, O. Corn rigs and bar - ley rigs, Corn rigs are bon-nie, O; I'll  
ne'er forget that hap - py night A - mang the rigs wi' An - nie, O.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,  
The moon was shining clearly, O;  
I set her down wi' right guid-will,  
Among the rigs o' barley, O.

I ken't her heart was a' my ain;  
I lov'd her most sincerely, O;  
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,  
Among the rigs o' barley, O.  
Corn rigs, &c.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;  
 Her heart was beating rarely, O;  
 My blessings on that happy place,  
 Amang the rigs o' barley, O.  
 But by the moon and stars sae bright,  
 That shone that hour sae clearly, O,  
 She aye shall bless that happy night,  
 Amang the rigs o' barley, O.  
 Corn rigs, &c.

I ha'e been blythe wi' comrades dear;  
 I ha'e been merry drinkin', O;  
 I ha'e been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;  
 I ha'e been happy thinkin', O.  
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,  
 Though three times doubled fairly, O,  
 That happy night was worth them a',  
 Amang the rigs o' barley, O.  
 Corn rigs, &c.

### THE BRAES O' KILLIECRANKIE.

OLD SONG, ALTERED BY BURNS.

The battle of Killiecrankie, between the forces of King William the Third, under General Mackay, and the clans, commanded by Dundee (Graham of Claverhouse), was fought on the 27th of July, 1689. The Highlanders were victorious, but the death of Claverhouse, who fell early in the action, prevented them following up their advantage. Killiecrankie is a mountain pass in Athole, near the junction of the Tummel and Garry.

*With spirit.*

Where ha'e ye been sae braw, lad, Where ha'e ye been sae brankie, O; Where  
 ha'e ye been sae braw, lad, Cam' ye by Kil-lie-crank-ie, O? An'  
 ye had been where I had been, Ye wad na be sae cantie, O; An'  
 ye had seen what I ha'e seen On the braes o' Kil-lie-crank-ie, O.

I've faught on land, I've faught at sea,  
 At hame I faught my aunty, O;  
 But I met the deevil and Dundee  
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.  
 An' ye had been, &c.

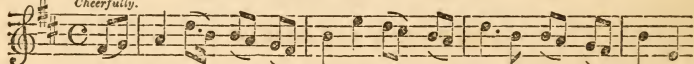
The bauld Pitcur fell in a fur,  
 And Claver's got a clankie, O;  
 Or I had fed an Athole gled  
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.  
 An' ye had been, &c.



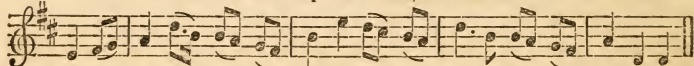
## O WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

ARRANGED FOR THIS WORK BY A. HUME.

This well known convivial song was written by Burns, and set to music by Allan Masterton, in 1789. William Nicol of the High School of Edinburgh, Allan Masterton, writing master, and a very fair musician, and the poet himself, were the three worthies alluded to in the verses. Nicol, by the advice of Burns, had purchased the small farm of Laggan, in Nithsdale, where he spent the vacation of 1789. Masterton, who was then on a visit to Dalswinton, and Burns, went to pay him a visit, and *warm his new house*. "We had such a joyous meeting," says the bard, "that Mr. Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, to celebrate the business. The air is Masterton's, the song is mine." William Nicol died in 1797, and Allan Masterton, the last of the "three good fellows," in or about 1800. A sequel to this song, in every way worthy of the original, written by John Struthers, author of "The Poor Man's Sabbath," and published in "The Harp of Caledonia," Glasgow, 1819, is here appended.

*Cheerfully.*

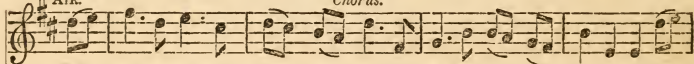
O Wil-lie brew'd a peck o' maut, And Rab and Al-lan cam' to



prece, Three blyth-er hearts that lee-langnight Ye wad na find in Chris-tendie.

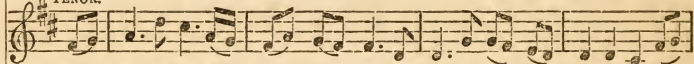
AIR.

Chorus.



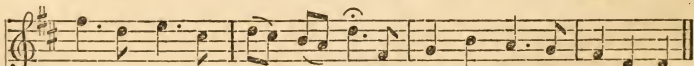
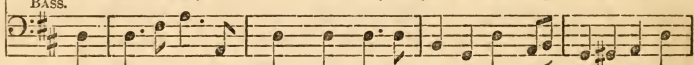
We are nae fou, we're no that fou, But just a wee drap in our'e'e; The

TENOR.

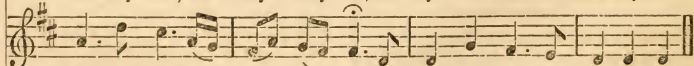


BASS.

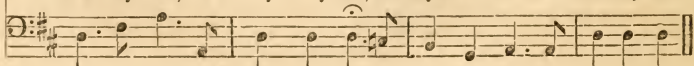
We are nae fou, we're no that fou, But just a wee drap in our'e'e; The



cock may craw, the day may daw, But aye we'll taste the bar-ley-bree.



cock may craw, the day may daw, But aye we'll taste the bar-ley-bree.



Here are we met three merry boys,  
 Three merry boys I trow are we;  
 And mony a nicht we've merry been,  
 And mony mae we hope to be.  
 We are nae fou, &c.

It is the moon—I ken her horn,  
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hi'e:

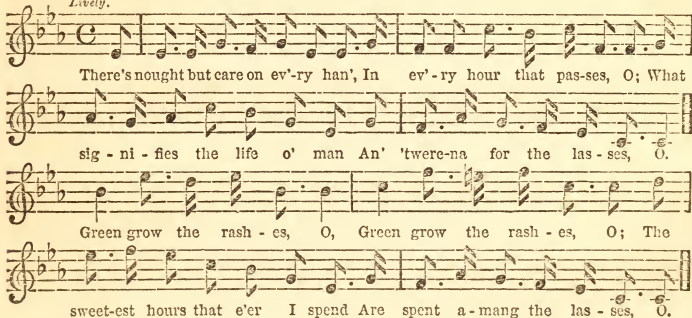
She shines sae bricht to wile us hame,  
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee.  
 We are nae fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',  
 A cuckold, coward loon is he;  
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',  
 He is the king amang us three.  
 We are nae fou, &c.

### GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.

There is an old song to this tune beginning, "We're a' dry wi' drinkin' o't." It is not, however, quite fit for "ears polite."

*Lively.*



The worldly race may riches chase,  
 And riches still may fly them, O;  
 An' though at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.  
 Green grow, &c.

Gi'e me a cannie hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie, O;  
 An' worldly cares an' worldly men  
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.  
 Green grow, &c.

For you sae douce, wha sneer at this,  
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;  
 The wisest man the wairld e'er saw  
 He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.  
 Green grow, &c.

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears,  
 Her noblest work she classes, O;  
 Her prentice han' she tried on man,  
 An' then she made the lasses, O.  
 Green grow, &c.

# LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER CAM' DOWN THE LANG GLEN.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE QUEEN O' THE LOTHIAN'S CAM' CRUISING TO FIFE."

This lively song was written by Burns for the second volume of Johnson's "Museum." It was not, however, inserted there. In the meantime the poet revised it, and sent it to Mr. George Thomson's collection, in the second volume of which it appears, and soon became very popular. Though the alterations are by no means improvements, we give the second edition, as it is the one most generally sung. The tune called "The Queen of the Lothians" is very old, and adapted to a ballad beginning,—

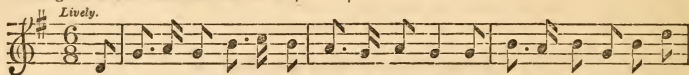
The queen o' the Lothians cam' cruising to Fife,

Fal de ral, lal de ral, lairo;

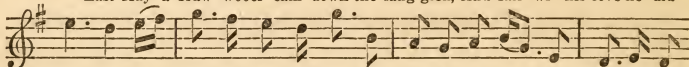
To see gin a wooer would tak' her for life,

Sing hey, fal lal de ral, fal de ral, lal de ral,

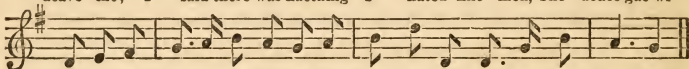
Hey, fal lal de ral, lairo.



Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen, And sair wi' his love he did



deave me; I said there was naething I hated like men, The deuce gae wi'



him to be - lieve me, be-lieve me, The deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me.

He spak' o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,

And vow'd for my love he was deen';

I said he micht dee when he liked for Jean,

The guid forgi'e me for leein', for leein',

The guid forgi'e me for leein'.

A weel stockit mailin', himsel' o't the laird,

And marriage aff hand, was his proffer;

I never loot on that I kenn'd it or cared,

But thocht I micht ha'e a waur offer, waur offer,

But thocht I micht ha'e a waur offer.

But what do you think? in a fortnight or less,

The de'il's in his taste to gang near her;

He's up the Gateslack to my black cousin Bess,

Guess ye how, the jaud, I could bear her, could bear her,

Guess ye how, the jaud, I could bear her.

But a' the next week, as I fretted wi' care,

I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock;

And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there?

Wha glower'd as if he'd seen a warlock, a warlock,

Wha glower'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

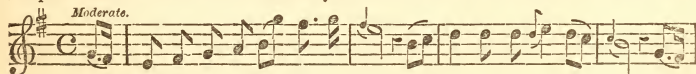
Out owre my left shouther I gi'ed him a blink,  
 Lest neighbours might say I was saucy;  
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
 And vow'd that I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,  
 And vow'd that I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie and sweet,  
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin';  
 And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchled feet,  
 Guid sauf us, how he fell a swearin', a swearin',  
 Guid sauf us, how he fell a swearin'.

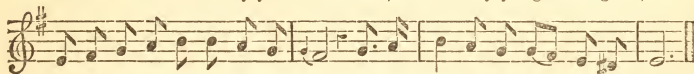
He begged for guid-sake I wad be his wife,  
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;  
 Sae, e'en to preserve the puir body in life,  
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,  
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

### AS I CAM' DOWN BY YON CASTLE WA'.

Burns furnished the words and music of this song for Johnson's "Museum." Though he says in his "Reliques" that this is a very popular song in Ayrshire, it does not appear in any collection prior to the "Museum." The air is very fine.



As I cam' down by yon castle wa', And in by yon gar-den green, O



there I spied a bon-nie bon-nie lass, But the flow'r borders were us be-tween.

A bonnie, bonnie lassie she was,  
 As ever mine eyes did see;  
 O five hundred pounds wad I gi'e,  
 To ha'e sic a bonnie bride as thee.

To ha'e sic a bonnie bride as me,  
 Young man ye are sairly mista'en;  
 Though ye were king o' fair Scotland,  
 I wad disdain to be your queen.

Talk not so very high, bonnie lass,  
 O talk not so very, very high;  
 The man at the fair that wad sell, [buy.  
 He maun learn at the man that wad

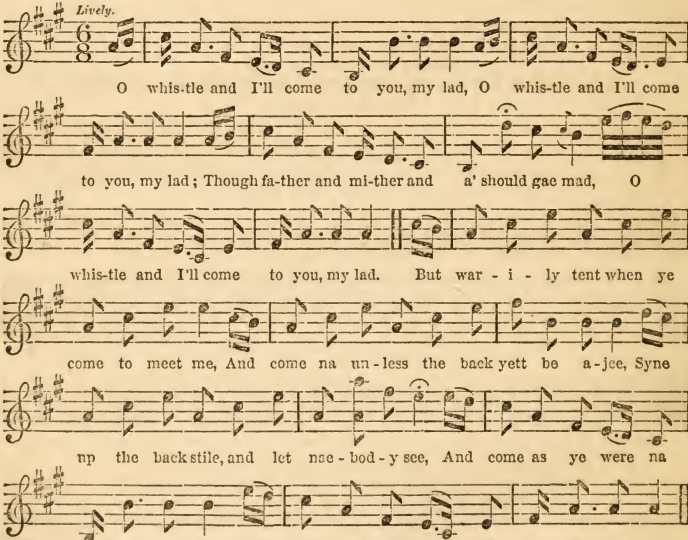
I trust to climb a far higher tree,  
 And herry a far richer nest;  
 Tak' this advice o' me, bonnie lass,  
 Humility wad set thee best.

## O WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

WRITTEN BY BURNS.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Ireland has claimed this tune as exclusively her own,—indeed, it has long been known in the sister isle under the name of "Noble Sir Arthur," and R. A. Smith (no mean authority) seems to have allowed the claim, by giving it a place in "The Irish Minstrel," a selection from the vocal melodies of Ireland, published by Purdie of Edinburgh. Again, the tune is said to have been composed by John Bruce, a fiddle player in Dumfries. In proof of this Burns says, "This I know, Bruce, who was an honest man, though a red wud Highlander, constantly claimed it, and by all the old musical people here (viz., Dumfries), he is believed to be the author of it." Burns, with whom the tune was a great favourite, wrote two sets of verses for it, the first consisting of two stanzas only, written in 1787, for the "Museum," and the second, written in August, 1793, for George Thomson's collection. We insert the latter.

*Lively.*



O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad, O whistle and I'll come  
to you, my lad; Though fa-ther and mi-ther and a' should gae mad, O  
whistle and I'll come to you, my lad. But war-i-ly tent when ye  
come to meet me, And come na un-less the back yett be a-jee, Syne  
up the backstie, and let nse-bod-y see, And come as ye were na  
com-in' to me. And come as ye were na com-in' to me.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,  
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;  
Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,  
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.



At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,  
 Gang by me as though that ye cared na a fie;  
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,  
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,  
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,  
 O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;  
 Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,  
 O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,  
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;  
 But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,  
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me,  
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.

### I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOW'RS WERE SPRINGING.

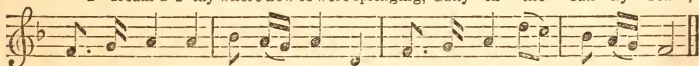
WRITTEN BY BURNS.

Burns composed this song when he was about seventeen. It is adapted to a fine air, harmonized by Stephen Clarke. Stephen Clarke, an intimate friend of Burns, was organist of the Episcopal Chapel, Cowgate, Edinburgh (now St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Chapel). He harmonized and arranged the greater part of the airs in the first five volumes of Johnson's "Museum." He died on the 6th of August, 1797.

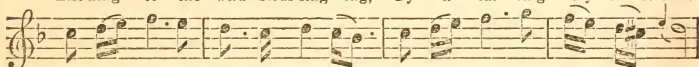
*Moderate.*



I dream'd I lay where flow'rs were springing, Gaily in the sun - ny beam;



List'n'ing to the wild birds sing - ing, By a fal - ling cry - stal stream.



Straight the sky grew black and dar - ing, Through the woods the whirl - winds rave;



Trees with a - ged arms were war - ring, O'er the swel - ling drun - lie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,  
 Such the pleasures I enjoy'd; [ing.  
 But lang or noon, loud tempests storm-  
 A' my flow'ry bliss destroyed.

Though fickle fortune has deceived me,  
 She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;  
 Of many a joy and hope bereav'd me,  
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

## OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "MISS ADMIRAL GORDON'S STRATHSPEY."

Burns, it is believed, wrote no more than the first sixteen lines of this song. (In "Johnson's Museum," for which it was written, we find only the first two stanzas.) William Reid, bookseller, Glasgow, and John Hamilton, musicseller, Edinburgh, are said to have been, respectively, the authors of the third and fourth, and the two concluding stanzas. As the additional verses are now in a manner incorporated with Burns's, we insert them. We may remark that though Mr. Reid's verses have little to recommend them, the additions by Mr. Hamilton are a worthy appendix to the original. The air, by William Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon, is adapted from an old tune called "The Lowlands o' Holland."

*Tenderly.*

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dear-ly lo'e the west; For  
there the bon-nie las-sie lives, The lass that I lo'e best; Though wild woods grow, an'  
ri-vers row, Wi' mo-ny a lill be-tween; Baith day and night my  
fan-cy's flight is e-ver with my Jean. I see her in the dew-y flow'r, Sae  
love-ly, sweet, an' fair; I hear her voice in il-ka bird, Wi' mu-sic charm the  
air; There's not a bon-nie flow'r that springs By foun-tain, shaw, or  
green, Nor yet a bon-nie bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean.

[Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde  
The lasses busk them brow;  
But when their best they ha'e put on,  
My Jeanie dings them a'.  
In hamely weeds she far exceeds  
The fairest o' the town;  
Baith sage and gay confess it sae,  
Though drest in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb that sucks its dam,  
Mair harmless canna be;  
She has nae faut, if sic ye ca't,  
Except her love for me.  
The sparklin' dew, o' clearest hue,  
Is like her shining e'en;  
In shape an' air, wha can compare  
Wi' my sweet lovely Jean?]

O blaw, ye westlin' winds, blaw saft  
Among the leafy trees;  
Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,  
Bring hame the laden bees;  
An' bring the lassie back to me  
That's aye sae neat an' clean;  
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,  
Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs an' vows among the knowes  
Ha'e past atween us twa;  
How fain to meet, how wae to part,  
That day she gaed awa'.  
The powers aboon can only ken,  
To whom this heart is seen,  
That nane can be sae dear to me  
As my sweet lovely Jean.

The verses between brackets are generally omitted in singing.

### EPPIE ADAIR.

Burns contributed the words of this song to "Johnson's Museum," but whether they are his own composition or not is uncertain. The lively air to which they are adapted appears in the "Caledonian Pocket Companion," vol. 12.

*Tenderly.*

An' O, my Ep-pie, my jew-el, my Ep-pie, Wha wadna be hap-py wi'  
Ep-pie A - dair? By love and by beau-ty, By law and by du - ty, I  
swear to be true to my Ep-pie A - dair. By love and by beau - ty, By  
law and by du - ty, I swear to be true to my Ep-pie A - dair.

An' O, my Eppie, my jewel, my Eppie,  
Wha wadna be happy wi' Eppie Adair.  
A' pleasure exile me,  
Dishonour befile me,

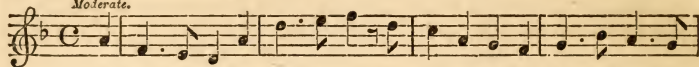
If e'er I beguile thee,  
My Eppie Adair.  
A' pleasure, &c.

# O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET?

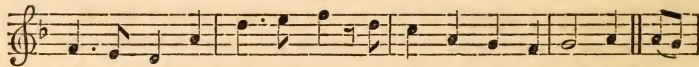
WRITTEN BY BURNS.

This song, with the exception of the first four lines, which form the first stanza of the original, was written for Thomson's collection, February, 1795. The tune, which is very old, was formerly called "The new gowne made."

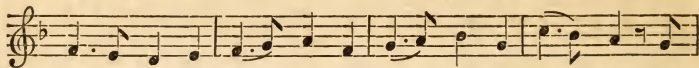
*Moderate.*



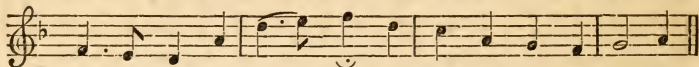
O las - sie, art thou sleeping yet? Or art thou waukin' I would wit? For



love has bound me hand and fit, And I would fain be in, jo. O



let me in this ae night, This ae night, this ae night; For



pi - ty's sake, this ae night; O rise and let me in, jo.

Out owre the moss, out owre the muir,  
I cam' this dark and dreary hour;  
And here I stand without the door,  
Amid the pourin' storm, jo.  
O, let me in, &c.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weat;  
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet,  
Tak' pity on my weary feet,  
And shield me frae the rain, jo.  
O, let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blows,  
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;  
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause  
O' a' my grief and pain, jo.  
O, let me in, &c.

## HER ANSWER.

O tell me na o' wind and rain;  
Upbraid na me wi' could disdain;  
Gae back the gate ye cam' again,  
I winna let you in, jo.

I tell you now, this ae night,  
This ae night, this ae night,  
And, ance for a', this ae night,  
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,  
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,  
Is nought to what poor she endures,  
That's trusted faithless man, jo.  
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flow'r that deck'd the mead,  
Now trodden like the vilest weed ;

Let simple maid the lesson read,  
The weird may be her ain, jo.  
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charin'd his summer day,  
Is now the cruel fowler's prey ;  
Let witless, trusting woman say,  
How aft her fate's the same, jo.  
I tell you now, &c.

### THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THERE'S FEW GUID FELLOWS WHEN JAMIE'S AWA'."

*Mournfully.*

By yon cas - tle wa', at the close o' the day, I heard a man  
sing, though his head it was gray; And as he was sing - ing the  
tears down came, There'll ne-ver be peace till Ja - mie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,  
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars:  
We daurna weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame,—  
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,  
And now I greet round their green beds in the yird;  
It brak' the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame,—  
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,  
Since I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;  
But till my last moments my words are the same,—  
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

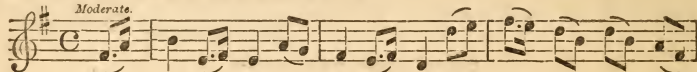


# THE BLUDE-RED ROSE AT YULE MAY BLAW.

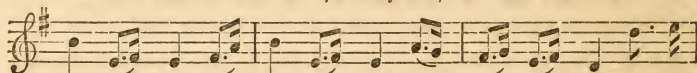
WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "TO DAUNTON ME."

"The blude-red rose at yule may blaw" was, with the exception of the chorus, written for Johnson's "Museum" in 1787. The air, which is much older, appears in Oswald's "Pocket Companion," 1740, also in M'Gibbon's "Collection of Scots Tunes," edited by Bremner, 1762. William M'Gibbon was a good composer, an excellent performer on the violin, and an industrious collector and editor of Scots music. He was for many years leader of the Gentlemen's Concerts in Edinburgh. He died on the 3d of October, 1756.

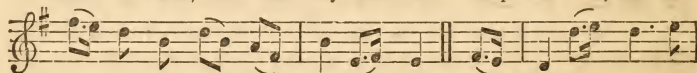
*Moderate.*



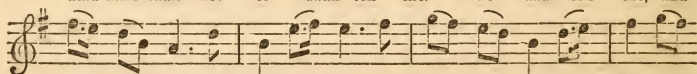
The blude-red rose at yule may blaw, The sim-mer li-lies



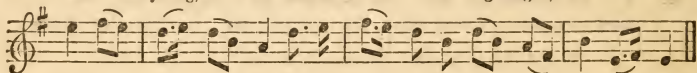
bloom in snaw, The frost may freeze the deep-est sea, But an



auld man shall nev-er daun-ton me. To daun-ton me, and



me sae young, Wi' his fause heart and flatt'-ring tongue, That is the



thing you ne'er shall see, For an auld man shall nev-er daun-ton me.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,  
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,  
For a' his gowd and white monie,  
An' auld man shall never daunton me.  
To daunton me, &c.

His gear may buy him kye and ewes,  
His gear may buy him glens and knowes,  
But me he shall not buy nor fee,  
For an auld man shall never daunton me.  
To daunton me, &c.

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,  
 Wi' his toothless gab, and his auld beld pow,  
 And the rain rins down frae his red blear'd e'e,  
 But an auld man shall never daunt on me.  
 To daunt on me, &c

## WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN?

WRITTEN BY BURNS.

This lively ditty was written by Burns for the third volume of Johnson's "Museum," 1790. Dr. Blacklock (the blind poet) had previously written verses for the same tune, but they were considered too long for insertion. In Tom D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1703, there is a song entitled "What shall a young woman do with an old man." However much we may sympathize with a young lassie tied to "an auld man," we can barely approve of her resolution to "cross him and wrack him until she heart-break him."

*Lively.*

What can a young las-sie, what shall a young las-sie, What can a young  
 las-sie do wi' an auld man? Bad luck to the pen-ny that tempted my  
 minnie To sell her puir Jenny for sil-ler an' lan'; Bad luck to the  
 penny that tempted my minnie To sell her puir Jenny for sil-ler an' lan'.

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',  
 He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang;  
 He's doy'lt and he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,  
 O dreary's the nicht wi' a crazy auld man.

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,  
 I never can please him, do' a' that I can;  
 He's peevish and jealous o' a' the young fellows,  
 O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man.

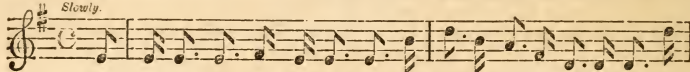
My auld auntie Katie upon me tak's pity,  
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;  
 I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,  
 And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

# MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

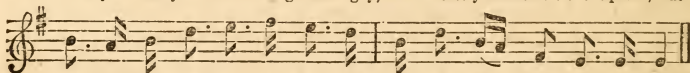
WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE HIGHLANDER'S LAMENT."

Burns, in the "Reliques," says, "The oldest title I ever heard to this tune was 'The Highland watch's farewell to Ireland.' The chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dunblane, the rest of the song is mine." In this note Burns alludes to the three first stanzas only; the other two were added by a Mr. Sutherland. "Highland Harry," according to Mr. Peter Buchan, was a Harry Lumsdale, who made love to a daughter of the Laird of Knockhaspie. Burns and Sutherland have made the song a Jacobite one. In some versions "Ronald" is substituted for "Harry."

*Slowly.*



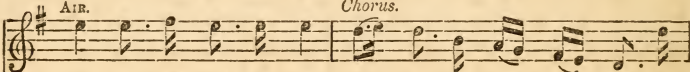
My Harry was a gallant gay, Fu' stately strode he o'er the plain; But



now he's banish'd far a-way, I'll ne-ver see him back a-gain.

*Air.*

*Chorus.*



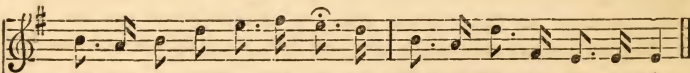
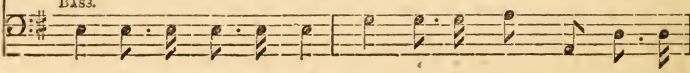
Oh, for him back a-gain, Oh, for him back a-gain; I

*2D VOICE.*

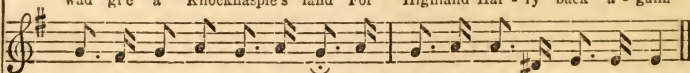


Oh, for him back a-gain, Oh, for him back a-gain; I

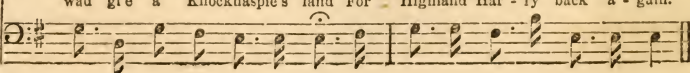
*Bass.*



wad gi'e a' Knockhaspie's land For Highland Har-ry back a-gain.



wad gi'e a' Knockhaspie's land For Highland Har-ry back a-gain.



When a' the lave gae to their bed,  
 I wander dowie up the glen;  
 I sit me down and greet my fill,  
 And aye I wish him back again.  
 Oh, for him back again, &c.  
 O were some villains hangit high,  
 And ilka bodie had their ain;  
 Then I might see the joyful sight,  
 My Highland Harry back again.  
 Oh, for him back again, &c.

Sad was the day, and sad the hour,  
 He left me in his native plain, [join;  
 And rush'd his much wrong'd prince to  
 But, oh, he'll ne'er come back again.  
 Oh, for him back again, &c.  
 Strong was my Harry's arm in war,  
 Unmatched on a' Culloden's plain;  
 But vengeance marks him for her ain,  
 I'll never see him back again.  
 Oh, for him back again, &c.

### O THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "O THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE."

This song was written in 1795 for Mr. Thomson's collection.

*Lively.* 

O this is no my ain las-sie, Fair though the las-sie be; O



weel I ken my ain las-sie, Kind love is in her e'e.



I see a form, I see a face, Ye weel may wi' the fair-est place; It



wants to me the witchin' grace, The kind love that's in her e'e.

Begin the succeeding verses with the second part of the Air, and end with the first part.

She's bonnie, bloomin', straight, and tall,  
 An' long has had my heart in thrall;  
 An' aye it charms my very saul,  
 The kind blink that's in her e'e.  
 O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean;  
 She'll steal a glance by a' unseen;

But gleg as light are lovers' e'en,  
 When kind love is in the e'e.  
 O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,  
 It may escape the learned clerks;  
 But weel the watchin' lover marks  
 The kind love that's in her e'e.  
 O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

# BESSIE AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "SWEET'S THE LASS THAT LO'ES ME."

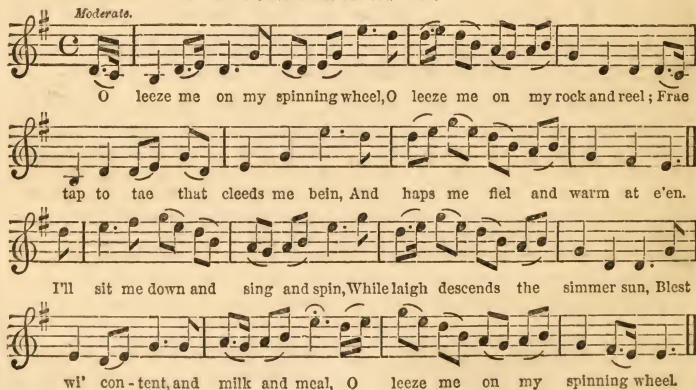
This delightful picture of rural contentment was written by Burns for Johnson's "Museum," vol. iv., p. 371. The air, by James Oswald, though of considerable compass, flows melodiously, and is certainly more befitting the words than "The Bottom of the Punch Bowl," to which, in some collections, the song is directed to be sung. James Oswald, a respectable composer and collector of Scottish melodies, was, it appears, originally a dancing master in Dunfermline. He removed to Edinburgh about 1736, where he was employed as a teacher of music and dancing. After a few years spent in the Scottish metropolis, he was induced to proceed to London, where he entered into business as a music-seller and publisher. We cannot give the date of his death, but we know he was alive in 1761. From an epistle to Oswald, written probably by Allan Ramsay, we extract a few lines to show the respect in which Oswald was held by his countrymen.

"But wha can sing that feels wi' sae great pain,  
The loss for which Edina sighs in vain?  
Our concerts now nae mair the ladies mind,  
They've a' forgot the gate to "Niddery's Wynd."

\* \* \* \* \*  
London, alas! which aye has been our bane,  
To which our very loss is certain gain;  
\* \* \* \* \*

Still envious of the little we had left,  
Of Jamie Oswald last our town bereft.

*Moderato.*



O leeze me on my spinning wheel, O leeze me on my rock and reel; Frae  
tap to tae that cleeds me bein, And haps me fiel and warm at e'en.  
I'll sit me down and sing and spin, While laigh descends the simmer sun, Blest  
wi' con-tent, and milk and meal, O leeze me on my spinning wheel.

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 in the biel,  
Where blythe I turn my spinning wheel.



On lofty aiks the cushats wail,  
And echo cons the dolefu' tale;  
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,  
Delighted, rival ither's lays.  
The craik amang the clover hay,  
The pairtrick whirring o'er the lea;  
The swallow jinking round my shiel  
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 flaring, idle toys;  
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys;  
Can they the peace and pleasure feel  
Of Bessy at her spinning wheel?

### BLYTHE, BLYTHE AND MERRY WAS SHE.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "ANDRO AND HIS CUTTY GUN."

*Lively.*

Blythe, blythe and mer-ry was she, Blythe was she but and ben; Blythe by the  
banks of Earn, And blythe in Glen-tur-it glen. By Och-ter-tyre there grows the  
aik, On Yar-row braes the bir-ken shaw; But Phem-ie was a bon-nier  
lass Than braes o' Yar-row e-ver saw. Blythe, blythe and merry was she, Blythe was she  
but and ben; Blythe by the banks of Earn, And blythe in Glen-tur-it glen.

Begin the succeeding verses at the mark .

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,  
Her smile was like a simmer morn;  
She tripped by the banks o' Earn,  
As light's a bird upon a thorn.  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her bonnie face it was as meek,  
As only lamb upon a lea;

The ev'ning sun was ne'er sae sweet  
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

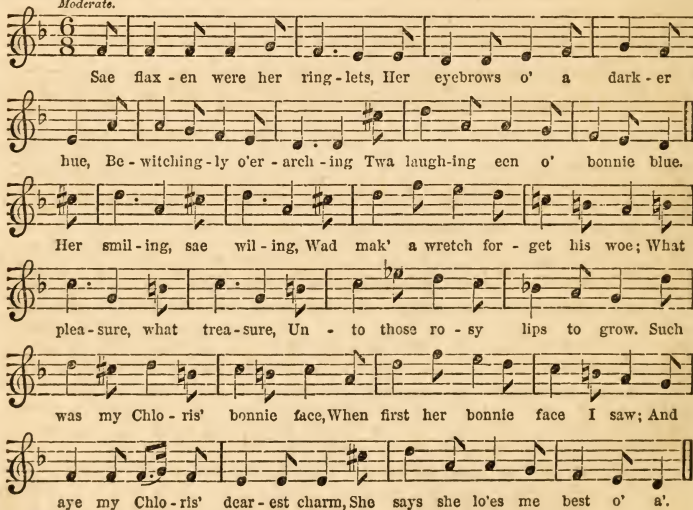
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,  
And o'er the Lawlands I ha'e been;  
But Phemie was the blythest lass  
That ever trod the dewy green.  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

# SAE FLAXEN WERE HER RINGLETS.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—IRISH AIR, "ONAGH."

This song was written by Burns for Johnson's "Museum," vol. v., and adapted to the favourite Irish air, "Onagh." In a letter to Mr. Thomson, dated Sept., 1794, he says, "The air is charming, and I have often regretted the want of decent verses to it. It is too much, at least for my humble rustic muse, to expect that every effort of hers shall have merit; still, I think that it is better to have *mediocre* verses to a favourite air than none at all. On this principle I have all along proceeded in the 'Scots Musical Museum,' and as that publication is at its last volume, I intend the following song to the air above mentioned, for that work." Before the fifth volume of the "Museum" was published, poor Burns was no more. The Chloris of the song is said to have been a Jean Lorimer of Craigieburn, Dumfriesshire.

*Moderate.*



Sae flax - en were her ring - lets, Her eyebrows o' a dark - er  
hue, Be - witching - ly o'er - arch - ing Twa laugh - ing een o' bonnie blue.  
Her smil - ing, sae wil - ing, Wad mak' a wretch for - get his woe; What  
plea - sure, what trea - sure, Un - to those ro - sy lips to grow. Such  
was my Chlo - ris' bonnie face, When first her bonnie face I saw; And  
aye my Chlo - ris' dear - est charm, She says she lo'es me best o' a'.

Like harmony her motion;  
Her pretty ankle is a spy,  
Betraying fair proportion,  
Wad mak' a saint forget the sky.  
Sae warming, sae charming,  
Her faultless form and gracefu' air;

Ilk feature—auld nature  
Declared that she could do nae mair.  
Hers are the willing chains of love,  
By conquering beauty's sov' reign law;  
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,  
She says she lo'es me best o' a'.

Let others love the city,  
And gaudy show at sunny noon;  
Gi'e me the lonely valley,  
The dewy eve, and rising moon:  
Fair beaming, and streaming  
Her silver light the boughs amang;

While falling, recalling, [sang;  
The amorous thrush concludes his  
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove,  
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,  
And hear my vows o' truth and love,  
And say thou lo'es me best o' a'.

### I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—OLD AIR, "I'LL GANG NAE MAIR TO YON TOWN."

This favourite song, as well as "O wat ye wha's in yon town," was written by Burns in honour of his Jean. The air, which is very fine, takes its name from the first line of an old song, beginning, "I'll gang nae mair to yon town." It appears in Oswald's "Caledonian Pocket Companion," 1759.

*Lively.*

I'll aye ca' in by yon town, And by yon garden green again; I'll  
aye ca' in by yon town, And see my bon-nie Jean a-gain. There's  
nane shall ken, there's nane shall guess, What brings me back the gate a-gain; But  
she, my fairest, faith-fu' lass, And stow'lins we shall meet a-gain. I'll  
aye ca' in by yon town, And by yon gar-den green a-gain; I'll  
aye ca' in by yon town, And see my bon-nie Jean a-gain.

Begin the succeeding verse at the mark ;S:

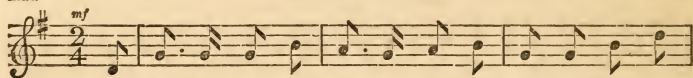
She'll wander by the aiken tree,  
When trystin' time draws near again;

And when her lovely form I see,  
O haith she's doubly dear again.  
I'll aye ca', &c.

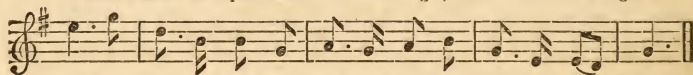
## AULD LANGSYNE.

OLD AIR, "I FEE'D A LAD AT MICHAELMAS." THE CHORUS ARRANGED BY A. HUME.

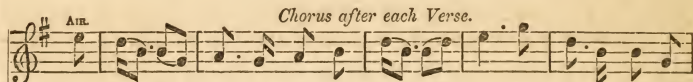
In "Johnson's Museum," vol. i., No. 26, there is a song written by Ramsay, beginning, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot, Though they return with scars?" Both words and music, however, are below mediocrity. The second and third verses only of the world-famed "Auld Langsyne" were written by Burns. The poet himself admitted to Johnson that such was the fact. In the "Reliques," Burns, alluding to Ramsay's song of "Auld Langsyne," says, "Ramsay, as usual with him, has taken the idea of 'Auld Langsyne' from the old fragment, which may be seen in the "Museum" (Johnson's), vol. v. And in a letter to Mr. Thomson, September, 1793, he says, "One song more, and I am done—'Auld Langsyne.' The air is but *mediocre*; but the following song, the old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing, is enough to recommend any air." Mr. Thomson afterwards got the words arranged to an old Lowland melody entitled, "I fee'd a lad at Michaelmas."



Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And ne-ver brought to

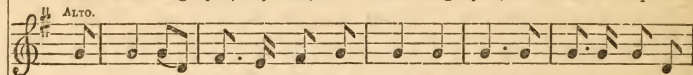


mind; Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And days o' lang-syne?

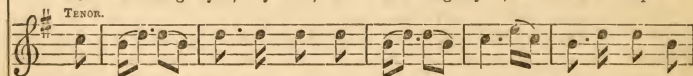


*Chorus after each Verse.*

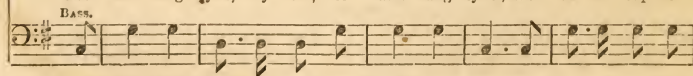
For auld lang-syne, my dear, For auld lang-syne; We'll tak' a cup o'



For auld lang-syne, my dear, For auld lang-syne; We'll tak' a cup o'

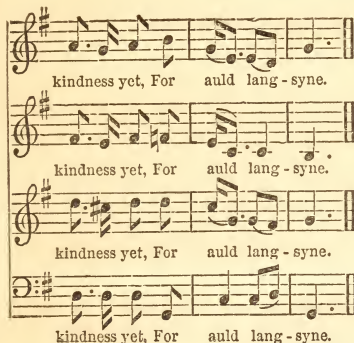


For auld lang-syne, my dear, For auld lang-syne; We'll tak' a cup o'



For auld lang-syne, my dear, For auld lang-syne; We'll tak' a cup o'





We twa ha'e ran about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,  
Sin' auld langsyne. For auld, &c.

We twa ha'e paidl'd in the burn  
Frae morning sun till dine;  
But seas between us broad ha'e roar'd  
Sin' auld langsyne. For auld, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty friend,  
And gi'e's a hand o' thine;  
And we'll tak' a richt guid-willie waught,  
For auld langsyne. For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,  
And surely I'll be mine;  
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld langsyne. For auld, &c.

### THE GALLANT WEAVER.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE WEAVER'S MARCH,"

Written by Burns for Johnson's "Museum." The beautiful air to which it is adapted was selected by the poet himself, from "Aird's Selection of Scots Airs, adapted to the Fife, Violin, or German Flute," Glasgow, 1784. The Cart, a small river in Renfrewshire, takes its rise in the parish of Eaglesham, and flowing through the busy manufacturing town of Paisley, falls into the Clyde a little below Renfrew.

*Cheerful.*

Where Cart rins row-ing to the sea, By mony a flow'r and spreading tree; There  
lives a lad, the lad for me, He is a gal-lant weav-er.

Oh, I had woo-ers aught or nine, They gi'd me rings and ribbons fine, And  
I was fear'd my heart would tine, And I gi'd it to the weav-er.

My daddy signed my tocher-band,  
To gi'e the lad that has the land,  
But to my heart I'll add my hand,  
And gi'e it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs,  
While bees delight in op'ning flow'rs,  
While corn grows green in summer show'rs,  
I'll love my gallant weaver.

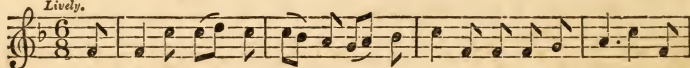


# THE DE'IL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE HEMP DRESSER."

These verses are said to have been composed extempore by Burns at a meeting of his brother excisemen at Dumfries. The original is written on a piece of excise paper. Lockhart, however, says it was composed on the shores of the Solway, while engaged in watching a smuggling brig which had put in there. Some of the party had been despatched to Dumfries and Ecclefechan to obtain the assistance of the military quartered there, leaving the poet with a few men under his orders to watch the brig. "Burns," says Lockhart, "manifested considerable impatience while thus occupied, being left for many hours in a wet salt marsh, with a force which he knew to be inadequate for the purpose it was meant to fulfil. One of his friends hearing him abuse his friend Lewars, in particular, for being slow about his journey, the man answered that he also wished the devil had him for his pains, and that Burns in the meantime would do well to indite a song upon the sluggard. Burns said nothing, but after taking a few strides by himself among the reeds and shingles, rejoined the party, and chanted to them this well-known ditty." The tune dates from the middle of the seventeenth century.

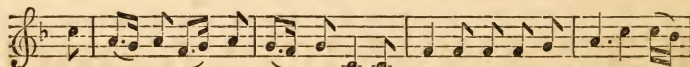
*Lively.*



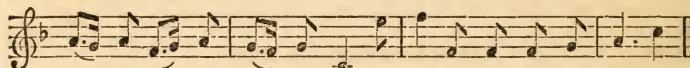
The de'il cam' fid-dlin' through the town, And danc'd a-wa' wi' th' ex-ciseman; And



il - ka auld wife cried, "Auld ma - houn, I wish you luck o' your prize, man."



The de'il's a - wa', the de'il's a - wa', The de'il's a - wa' wi' th' ex-cise-man; He's



danc'd a - wa', he's danc'd a - wa', He's danc'd a - wa' wi' th' ex-cise-man.

We'll mak' our maut, we'll brew our drink,  
We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man;  
And mony braw thanks to the muckle black de'il  
That danc'd awa' wi' th' exciseman.

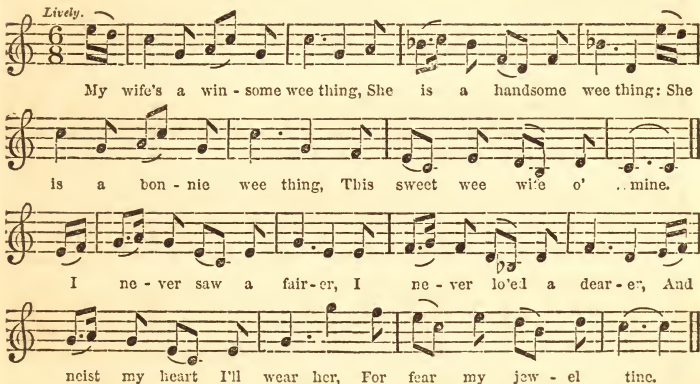
There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,  
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;  
But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the land,  
Was, "The de'il's awa' wi' th' exciseman."

# MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "MY WIFE'S A WANTON WEE THING."

This lively old air was first published in Oswald's "Caledonian Pocket Companion." In a letter to Mr. Thomson, 8th November, 1792, Burns says, "There is a peculiar rhythmus in many of our airs, and a necessity of adapting syllables to the emphasis, or what I call the feature notes of the tune, that cramp the poet, and lay him under almost insuperable difficulties. For instance, in the air 'My wife's a wanton wee thing,' if a few lines smooth and pretty can be adapted to it, it is all you can expect. The following were made extempore to it; and though, on further study, I might give you something more profound, yet it might not suit the light horse gallop of the air so well as this random clink." As the poet himself was pleased to call Mr. Thomson's alteration of the second stanza "a positive improvement," we insert it, together with the stanza as originally written.

*Lively.*



My wife's a win - some wee thing, She is a handsome wee thing: She  
is a bon - nie wee thing, This sweet wee wife o' mine.  
I ne - ver saw a fair - er, I ne - ver lo'ed a dear - er, And  
neist my heart I'll wear her, For fear my jew - el tinc.

## Second Stanza as originally written.

She is a winsome wee thing,  
She is a handsome wee thing,  
She is a bonnie wee thing,  
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack we share o't,  
The warstle and the care o't,  
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,  
And think my lot divine.

## Second Stanza as altered by Mr. Thomson.

O leeze me on my wee thing,  
My bonnie, blythesome wee thing,  
Sae lang's I ha'e my wee thing,  
I'll think my lot divine.

Though world's care we share o't,  
And may sae meikle mair o't,  
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,  
And ne'er a word repine.

# Duet—THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE MILL, MILL O."

ARRANGED AS A DUET FOR THIS WORK BY A. HUME.

The air of "The Mill, Mill O" is of considerable antiquity, and is found in the "Crockat M.S.," written in the beginning of the last century. The original verses being considered by Ramsay to be rather indelicate, he wrote the song beginning, "Beneath a green shade," as a substitute; but even his verses would scarcely pass muster now-a-days. "The soldier's return" has always been considered one of Burns's finest songs, and in every respect worthy of himself.

**TREBLE.**

*Moderate.* When wild war's deadly blast was blawn, And gentle peace re-

**TENOR.**

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn, And gentle peace re-

turn - ing; Wi' mo - ny a sweet babe fa - ther - less, And

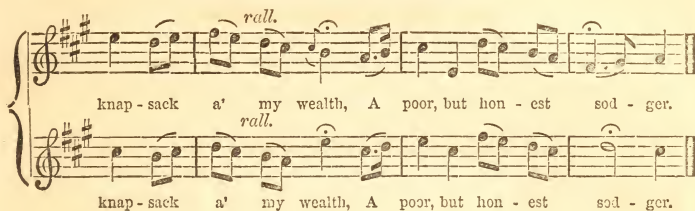
turn - ing; Wi' mo - ny a sweet babe fa - ther - less, And

mo - ny a wi - dow mourn - ing. I left the lines and

mo - ny a wi - dow mourn - ing. I left the lines and

tent - ed field, Where lang I'd been a lod - ger; My hum - ble

tent - ed field, Where lang I'd been a lod - ger; My hum - ble



A leal light heart beat in my breast,  
 My hands unstain'd wi' plunder;  
 And for fair Scotia hame again,  
 I cheery on did wander.  
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,  
 I thought upon my Nancy;  
 I thought upon the witchin' smile  
 That caught my youthfu' fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,  
 Where early life I sported;  
 I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,  
 Where Nancy oft I courted.  
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,  
 Down by her mother's dwelling?  
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood  
 That in my e'e was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quo' I, Sweet lass,  
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom;  
 O happy, happy may he be  
 That's dearest to thy bosom.  
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
 And fain wad be thy lodger;  
 I've serv'd my king and country lang,  
 Tak' pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,  
 And lovelier grew than ever;  
 Quo' she, A sodger ance I lo'd,  
 Forget him will I never.

Our humble cot and hamely fare  
 Ye freely shall partake o't;  
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,  
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she reddened like a rose,  
 Syne pale as ony lily;  
 She sank within my arms, and cried,  
 Art thou my ain dear Willie?  
 By him wha made yon sun and sky,  
 By whom true love's regarded;  
 I am the man—and thus may still  
 True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,  
 And find thee still true hearted;  
 Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,  
 And mair we're ne'er be parted.  
 Quo' she, My grandsire left me gowd,  
 A mailin' plenish'd fairly;  
 Then come, my faithfu' sodger lad,  
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

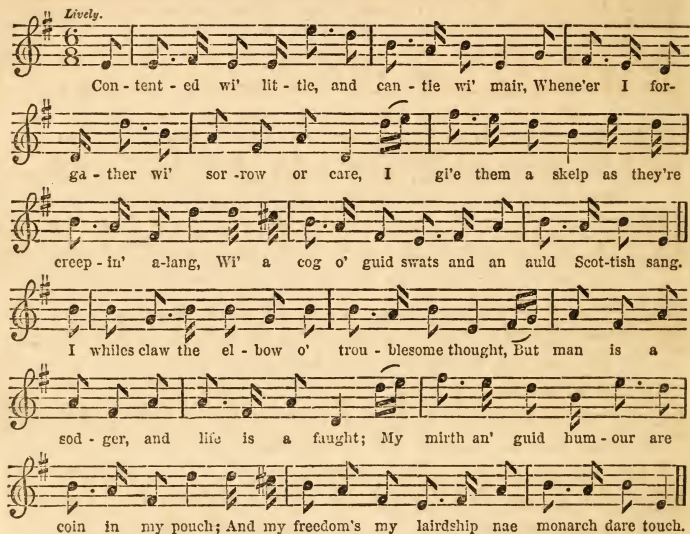
For gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
 The farmer ploughs the manor;  
 But glory is the sodger's prize,  
 The sodger's wealth is honour.  
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,  
 Nor count him as a stranger;  
 Remember he's his country's stay,  
 In day and hour o' danger.

# CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "LUMPS O' PUDDING."

This homely song was written for Mr. Thomson's collection, 1794. In the letter accompanying the song, dated 19th November, 1794, Burns says, "Scottish bacchanalians we certainly want, though the few we have are excellent. . . . Apropos to bacchanalian songs in Scottish, I composed one yesterday, for an air I like much, —'Lumps o' Pudding.'"

*Lively.*



Con - tent - ed wi' lit - tle, and can - tie wi' mair, Whene'er I for -  
ga - ther wi' sor - row or care, I gi'e them a skelp as they're  
creep - in' a-lang, Wi' a cog o' guid swats and an auld Scot-tish sang.  
I whiles claw the el - bow o' trou - blesome thought, But man is a  
sod - ger, and life is a faught; My mirth an' guid hum - our are  
coin in my pouch; And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',  
A night of guid fellowship southers it a';  
When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,  
Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;  
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae;  
Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain,  
My warst word is—Welcome! and welcome again.



## AN' O FOR ANE AN' TWENTY, TAM.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE MOUDIOWART."

The following is said to be the origin of this song:—A young girl being entitled to some property on attaining her majority, was urged by her relations to marry a wealthy old suitor. Her affections, however, having been previously engaged by one, whose years, at least, were more in accordance with her own, she refused, and the song represents her as assuring her lover of her constancy and affection. She is determined to "learn her kin a ratlin' sang" on arriving at the desired age of "ane an' twenty."

*Cheerfully.*

An' O for ane an' twen-ty, Tam, An' hey for ane an'  
 twen-ty, Tam; I'll learn my kin a rat-tlin' sang, Gin 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. An' O for ane an'  
 twenty, Tam, An' hey for ane an' twen-ty, Tam; I'll learn my  
 kin a rat-tlin' sang Gin I were ane an' twenty, Tam.

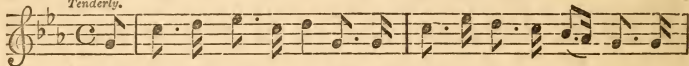
A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,  
 Were left me by my auntie, Tam;  
 At kith an' kin I needna speir,  
 Gin I saw ane an' twenty, Tam.  
 An' O for ane an' twenty, &c.

They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,  
 Though I mysel' ha'e plenty, Tam;  
 But hear'st thou, laddie? there's my loof,  
 I'm thine at ane an' twenty, Tam.  
 An' O for ane an' twenty, &c.

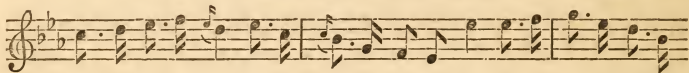
## O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME?

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "MORAG."

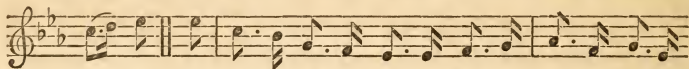
The air of "Morag," (Marion), seems to have been a great favourite of Burns's, as he has no fewer than three songs to that tune. "Of the air of 'Morag,'" says Allan Cunningham, "Burns was passionately fond; yet it cannot be said that he was more than commonly successful in wedding it to words. The measure which the tune requires is cramp and difficult, and the sentiment is interrupted before it has well begun to flow. This song was found among the papers of Burns; the exact period of its composition is not known, nor has the heroine been named."

*Tenderly.*

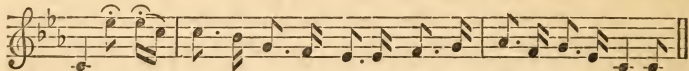
O wha is she that lo'es me, And has my heart in keeping? O



sweet is she that lo'es me, As dew's o' simmer weeping, In tears the rose-buds



steeping. O that's the las-sie o' my heart, My las-sie e-ver



dearer; O that's the queen o' woman-kind, And ne'er had ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,  
In grace and beauty charming,  
That e'en thy chosen lassie,  
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,  
Had ne'er sic powers alarming.  
O that's, &c.

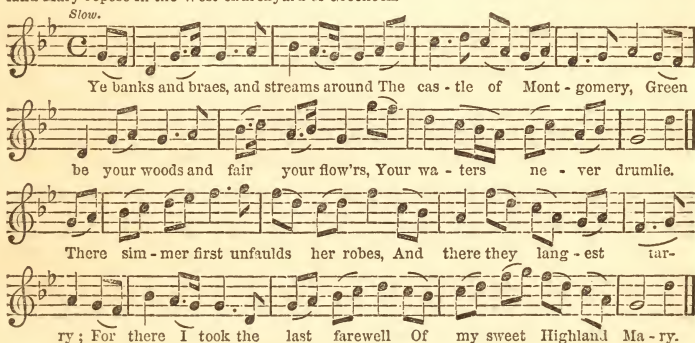
If thou had'st heard her talking,  
And thy attentions plighted,  
That ilka body talking,  
But her by thee is slighted,  
An' thou art all delighted.  
O that's, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,  
When frae her thou hast parted,  
If every other fair one,  
But her, thou hast deserted,  
An' thou art broken-hearted.  
O that's, &c.

## HIGHLAND MARY.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "KATHERINE ÖGIE."

Mary Campbell, the subject of this beautiful effusion, was servant in a gentleman's family, near Mauchline. Though not a beauty, she possessed a sweet temper and an obliging disposition, while her mental qualifications were of a high order. "After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment," says Burns, "we met, by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot, by the banks of Ayr, where we spent a day in taking a farewell before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed, when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness." Mr. Cromeke in his "Reliques" gives the following particulars respecting the parting of Burns with his Mary:—"This adieu," says he, "was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonies which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions, and to inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook; they laved their hands in its limpid stream, and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other." The remains of Highland Mary repose in the West churchyard of Greenock.



How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
As underneath their fragrant shade  
I clasped her to my bosom!  
The golden hours, on angel-wings,  
Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
For dear to me as light and life  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.  
Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,  
Our parting was fu' tender;  
And, pledging aft to meet again,  
We tore ourselves asunder;

But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,  
That nipt my flower sae early!  
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay  
That wraps my Highland Mary!  
O pale, pale now, those rosy lips  
I aft ha'e kissed sae fondly!  
And closed for aye the sparkling glance  
That dwelt on me sae kindly!  
And mouldering now in silent dust  
The heart that lo'ed me dearly!  
But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Mary!

# THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—GAELIC AIR, "THE BROWN DAIRY MAID."

This sweet song was composed on Miss Charlotte Hamilton, the sister of the poet's friend, Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline. She married Dr. James M'Kittrick Adair. "She was born," says Burns, "on the banks of Ayr, but was, at the time I wrote these lines, residing at Harveyston, in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon." The air, which was noted down from the singing of a lady in Inverness, is called "Bhannerach dhon na chri," or "The Brown Dairy Maid."

*Tenderly.*

How plea-sant the banks of the clear wind-ing De-von, With greenspreading  
bush-es, and flow'rs bloom-ing fair; But the bon-ni-est flow'r on the  
banks of the De-von, Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.  
Mild le the sun on this sweet blush-ing flow-er, In the gay ro-sy  
morn, as it bathes in the dew, And gen-tle the fall of the soft ver-nal  
show-er, That steals on the ev'n-ing each leaf to re-new.

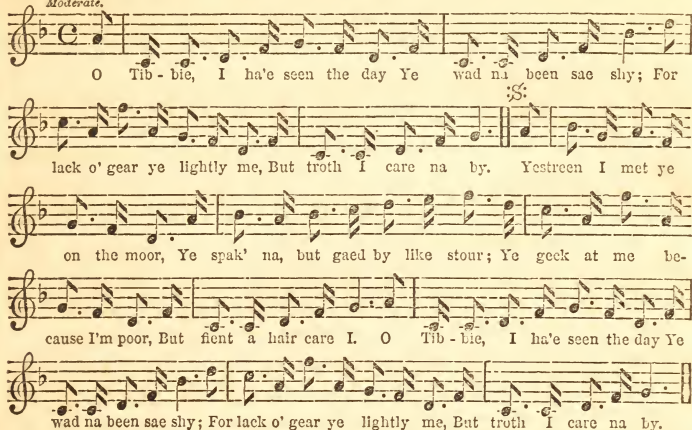
O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,  
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn;  
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes  
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn:  
Let Bourbon exult in her gay gilded lilies,  
And England triumphant display her proud rose;  
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys,  
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

# Ô TIBBIE, I HA'E SEEN THE DAY.

WRITTEN BY BURNS--AIR, "INVERCAULD'S REEL."

This is one of Burns's early productions. It is an excellent song, and carries its own moral along with it. The poet has evidently taken Tibbie Fowler for his model.

*Moderate.*



O Tib - bie, I ha'e seen the day Ye wad na been sae shy; For  
 lack o' gear ye lightly me, But troth I care na by. Yestreen I met ye  
 on the moor, Ye spak' na, but gaed by like stour; Ye geck at me be-  
 cause I'm poor, But fient a hair care I. O Tib - bie, I ha'e seen the day Ye  
 wad na been sae shy; For lack o' gear ye lightly me, But troth I care na by.

Begin the succeeding verses at the mark ∴

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,  
 Because ye ha'e the name o' clink,  
 That ye can please me at a wink,  
 Whene'er ye like to try.

O Tibbie, &c.

But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean,  
 Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean;  
 Wha follows ony saucy quean  
 That looks sae proud and high.

O Tibbie, &c.

Although a lad were e'er sae smart,  
 Gin he but want the yellow dirt,  
 Ye'll cast your head anither airt,  
 And answer him fu' shy.

O Tibbie, &c.

But if he ha'e the name o' gear,  
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier;  
 Tho' hardly he for sense or lear  
 Be better than the kye.

O Tibbie, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice,  
 Your daddie's gear mak's you sae nice,  
 The de'il a ane wad spier your price,

Were ye as puir as I.

O Tibbie, &c.

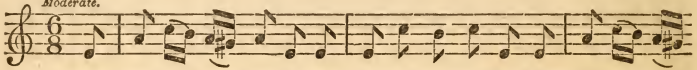


# THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

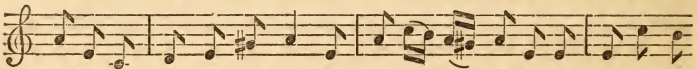
WRITTEN BY BURNS—IRISH AIR, "THE HUMOURS OF GLEN."

"A beautiful strain," says Dr. Currie, "which, it may be confidently predicted, will be sung with equal or superior interest on the banks of the Ganges or of the Mississippi, as on those of the Tay or the Tweed. The melody is one of the finest in the whole range of Irish minstrelsy."

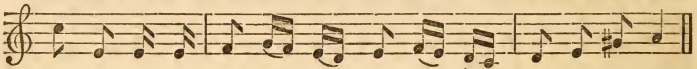
*Moderate.*



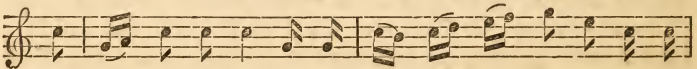
Their groves o' sweet myrtle let for-eign lands reckon, Where bright beaming



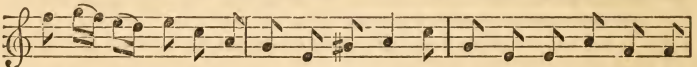
summers exhale the perfume; Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green



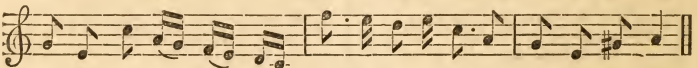
bracken, With the burn stealing under the lang yelow broom.



Far dearer to me are yon humble brown bowers, Where the



blue bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen; For there lightly tripping a-



mong the wild flowers, A-list'ning the linnets, after wanders my Jean.

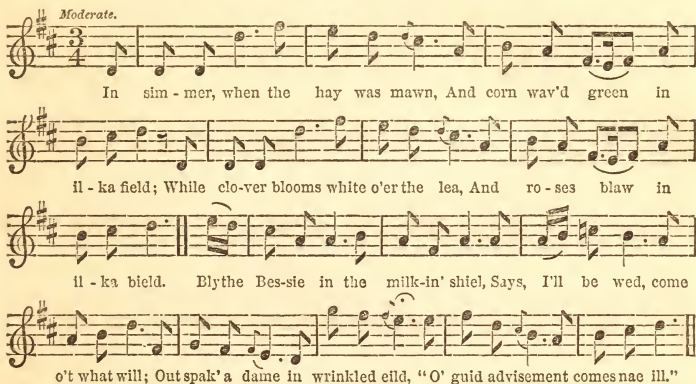
Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,  
 And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;  
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,—  
 What are they?—the haunt of the tyrant and slave!  
 The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,  
 The brave Caledonian views with disdain;  
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,  
 Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

# IN SIMMER, WHEN THE HAY WAS MAWN.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE COUNTRY LASS."

This charming dialogue was written by Burns for Johnson's "Museum," 1792. The argument is ably sustained on both sides, but, as might be expected, "guid advisement" kicks the beam. The air of "The country lass" appears in the "Orpheus Caledonius," 1725.

*Moderate.*



In sim-mer, when the hay was mawn, And corn wav'd green in  
 il-ka field; While clo-ver blooms white o'er the lea, And ro-ses blaw in  
 il-ka bield. Blythe Bes-sie in the milk-in' shiel, Says, I'll be wed, come  
 o't what will; Outspak' a dame in wrinkled eild, "O' guid advisement comes nae ill."

It's ye ha'e woovers mony a ane,  
 And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;  
 Then wait a wee, and canny wale  
 A routhie but, a routhie ben.  
 There's Johnnie o' the Buskie glen,  
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;  
 Tak' this frae me, my bonnie hen,  
 'Tis plenty beets the lover's fire.

For Johnnie o' the Buskie glen  
 I dinna care a single flee;  
 He lo'es sae weel his craps an' kye,  
 He has nae love to spare for me:  
 But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,  
 An' weel I wat he lo'es me dear;  
 Ae blink o' him I wad na gie  
 For Buskie glen an' a' his gear.

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught,  
 The canniest gate the strife is sair;  
 But aye fu' han't is fechtin' best,  
 A hungry care's an unco care:  
 But some will spend, an' some will spare,  
 An' wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will;  
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,  
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O gear will buy me rigs o' land,  
 An' gear will buy me sheep an' kye;  
 But the tender heart o' leesome love,  
 The gowd an' siller winna buy;  
 We may be puir, Robie an' I;  
 Light is the burden love lays on;  
 Content an' love brings peace and joy;  
 What mair ha'e queens upon a throne?

## Trio—AULD ROB MORRIS.

WRITTEN BY BURNS. ARRANGED FOR THIS WORK BY A. HUME.

BURNS, in these beautiful verses, has retained only the first two lines of the old song. We append the original dialogue, as given by Ramsay in the "Tea Table Miscellany," 1724, where it is marked with the letter Q, denoting that it was even then an old song, which Ramsay considerably improved. The air is found in Mr. Blaikie's M.S., 1692, also in Craig's selection, 1725.

AIR. *Rather slow.*

*mf* There's auld Rob Mor-ris that wons in yon glen, He's the king o' guld

*mf* There's auld Rob Mor-ris that wons in yon glen, He's the king o' guld

fel-lows, and wale o' auld men. He has gowd in his cof-fers, he has

fel-lows, and wale o' auld men. He has gowd in his cof-fers, he has

ow - sen and kine, And ae bon-nie las-sie, his dar-ling and mine.

ow - sen and kine, And ae bon-nie las-sie, his dar-ling and mine.

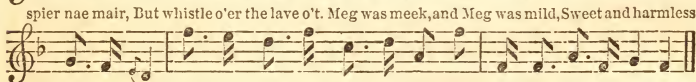
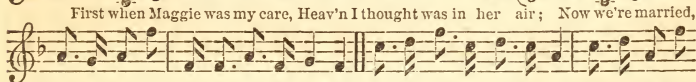
She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;  
 She's sweet as the ev'ning among the new hay;  
 As blythe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,  
 And dear to my heart as the light to the e'e.  
 But oh! she's an heiress—auld Robin's a laird,  
 And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;  
 A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed;  
 The wounds I maun hide that will soon be my dead.  
 The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;  
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;  
 I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,  
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.  
 Oh, had she but been of a lower degree,  
 I then might ha'e hoped she wad smil'd upon me;  
 Oh! how past describing had then been my bliss,  
 As now my distraction no words can express.

### WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

WRITTEN BY BURNS.

This humorous song was written by Burns for Johnson's "Museum," as a substitute for the old words, which are unfit for publication. John Bruce, of Dumfries, is said to have been the composer of the beautiful air of "Whistle o'er the lave o't." On the other hand it is alleged that Bruce, though an excellent performer, was never known as a composer of music, and that the air was composed long before Bruce was in existence.\*

*Moderate.*



How we live, my Meg and me,  
 How we love and how we gree,  
 I care na by how few may see,  
 Sae whistle o'er the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggot's meat,  
 Dish'd up in her windin' sheet,  
 I could write, but Meg maun see't,  
 Sae whistle o'er the lave o't.

## OUT OVER THE FORTH.

AIR, "CHARLES GORDON'S WELCOME HAME."

The first stanza of this song was written by Burns for the "Museum." The second and third are from Blackie's "Scottish Songs," where they appear anonymously.

*Slowly.*

Out o - ver the Forth I look to the north, But what is the north and its  
 Highlands to me? The south nor the east gi'e ease to my breast, The  
 far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea. But I look to the west when I  
 gae to my rest, That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be; For far in the  
 west lives he I lo'e best, The lad that is dear to my bairnie and me.

His father he frown'd on the love of his boyhood,

And oh, his proud mother looked cauld upon me;

But he follow'd me aye to my hame in the shieling,

And the hills o' Breadalbane rang wild wi' our glee.

A' the lang simmer day, 'mid the heather and bracken,

I joy'd in the light o' his bonnie blue e'e;

I little then thought that the wide Western Ocean,

Would be rolling the day 'tween my laddie and me.

When we plighted our faith by the cairn on the mountain,

The deer and the roe stood bridemaids to me;

And my bride's trying-glass was the clear crystal fountain,

What then was the world to my laddie and me?

Sae I look to the west, when I gae to my rest,

That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;

For far in the west is the lad I lo'e best,

He's seeking a hame for my bairnie and me.



# THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDIE.

The first two stanzas of this humorous old ditty were re-written by Burns for the "Museum." The other two were added by Dr. Graham, of Glasgow. The lively air to which they are set had found its way into England before the middle of the seventeenth century. It is published in Playford's "Dancing Master," 1657, under the title of the "Buff Coat."

*Moderate.*

The bairns gat out wi' an un - co shout, The deuks dang o'er my  
dad - die, O; Quo' our guid - wife, e'en let him lie there, For he's  
just a pair paid - lin' bo - dy, O. He paid - les out, and he  
paid - les in, And he paid - les late and ear - ly, O; This thretty lang  
years I ha'e been his guid - wife, And com-fort comes but spare - ly, O.

Now haud your tongue, quo' our guidman,  
And dinna be sae saucy, O;  
I've seen the day, and sae ha'e ye,  
I was baith proud and gaucy, O.  
I've seen the day ye buttered my brose,  
And cuitered me late and early, O;  
But auld age is on me now,  
And wow but I find it richt sairly, O.

I care na though ye were i' the mools,  
Or dookit in a bogie, O;  
I ken na the use o' the crazy auld fool,  
But just to toom a cogie, O.

Gin the wind were out o' your whaisling  
I'd marry again, and be vogie, O; [hause,  
Some bonnie young lad wad be my lot,  
Some rosy cheekit rogie, O.

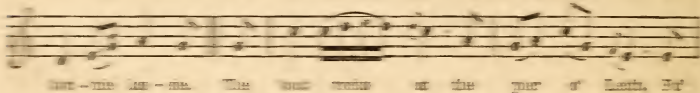
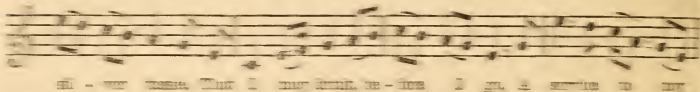
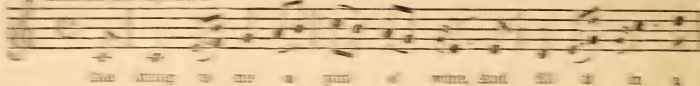
Quo' our guidman, gi'e me that rung  
That's hinging at the ingle, O;  
I'se gar ye haud that sorrowfu' tongue,  
Or else your lugs will tingle, O.  
Gang to your bed this blessed nicht,  
Or I'll be your undoing, O.  
The cannie auld wife crap out o' sicht,—  
What think ye o' sic wooing, O?

# CAN BRING TO ME A PINT O' WINE.

VERSION BY DUNN—OLD, "MR. BUCKLE MAN."

DUNN wrote this song after seeing a young soldier pass leave at his sweetheart at the port of Louth, and embark for foreign service.

*Moderato, with expression.*



The gunners' sound, the banners fly,  
 The glancing spears are raised high;  
 The shouts of war are heard afar,  
 The battle closes they and bloody;  
 No more the war of sea or shore  
 Had such are longer wish to carry,  
 For shouts of war that's heard afar,  
 No leaving thee, my bonnie Ma - ma.

## AS I GOE TIL THE CARMEN MOOTE

Rev. "The Highland Lassie"

An excellent old song, of which Burns wrote the second stanza. In Scotland, "The Carmen" is associated with the later 2. It is a song that is sung with some variations. The air runs as follows: "The Carmen" is a song that is sung with some variations.

*Verse*

As I am out the Carmen moote, and sing among the bonnie lassies,  
Kindly greet the milking maids, to gather them the summer weather,  
I am out - ye Highland maids, ye wassailers, ye Highland maids,  
Was that time the wassailers were wassailing, the carmen said - a'.

Now Phoebe blinks over the lea,

And e'er the mowers in lands were met -

But in vain my heart's consent

To be as true as the best of men.

I am home Highland maids,

By wassailers, wassailers, Highland maids,

Was that time the wind and rain

Has well wassailers in the carmen said.

## THE NEW WOMAN'S COMPLAINT

Let not woman ever complain

Of constancy in love.

Let not woman ever complain

Of a man's heart of stone.

Look abroad through nature's ring

Nature's mighty law is change.

Ladies, would it not be strange

That should then a man's heart change?

Let not woman ever complain

Of constancy in love.

Let not woman ever complain

Of a man's heart of stone.

Let not woman ever complain

Of a man's heart of stone.

Let not woman ever complain

Of a man's heart of stone.

# THERE WAS A LASS AND SHE WAS FAIR.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "BONNIE JEAN OF ABERDEEN."

In a letter to Mr. Thomson, dated 2d July, 1793, Burns says, "I have just finished the following ballad, and as I think it in my best style, I send it to you." It is certainly one of the poet's finest effusions. From some unexplained cause Mr. Thomson published the verses to the tune of "Willie was a wanton wag." We prefer giving the tune to which the poet meant his song to be sung. In Craig's collection of "Old Scottish Melodies," published in 1730, we find the beautiful air of "Bonnie Jean," which shows that even then it was considered an old tune.

*Cheerfully.*

There was a lass and she was fair, At kirk and mar - ket  
to be seen, When a' the fairest maids were met The fair - est  
maid was bon - nie Jean. And aye she wrought her mam - my's  
wark, And aye she sang sae mer - ri - lie; The blyth - est  
bird up - on the bush Had ne'er a light - er heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys  
That bless the little lintwhite's nest,  
And frost will blight the fairest flow'rs,  
And love will break the soundest rest.  
Young Robbie was the bravest lad,  
The flow'r and pride o' a' the glen;  
And he had ousen, sheep, and kye,  
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryst,  
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;  
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,  
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.  
As in the bosom o' the stream,  
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en;  
So trembling, pure, was tender love,  
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammy's wark,  
 And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;  
 Yet wist na what her ail might be,  
 Or what wad mak' her weel again.  
 But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,  
 And did na joy blink in her e'e,  
 As Robbie tauld a tale o' love,  
 Ae e'enin' on the lily lea.

The sun was sinkin' in the west,  
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;  
 His cheek to hers he fondly prest,  
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love—

O Jeanie fair, I love thee dear,  
 O canst thou think to fancy mee;  
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammy's cot,  
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,  
 Or naething else to trouble thee;  
 But stray among the heather bells,  
 And tent the wavin' corn wi' me.  
 Now what could artless Jeanie do?  
 She had na will to say him na;  
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent,  
 And love was aye between them twa.

### SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

WRITTEN BY BURNS.

Burns, it is said, picked up this fine air from a country musician, and sent it with the verses to the "Museum." The tune, however, had been previously published by Oswald, in the "Caledonian Pocket Companion," under the title of "The Lads of Leith."

*Slowly.*

She's fair and fause that causes my smart, I lo'ed her meikle and  
 lang; She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart, And I may e'en gae  
 hang. A . toof cam' in wi' routh o' gear, And I ha'e tint my dear-est  
 dear: But woman is but world's gear, Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Wha e'er ye be that woman love,  
 To this be never blind;  
 Nae ferlie 'tis though fickle she prove,  
 A woman has't by kind.

O woman, lovely woman fair,  
 An angel form's fa'n to thy share,  
 'Twad been o'er meikle to gi'en thee mair,  
 I mean an angel mind.



## MY NANNIE, O.

WORDS BY BURNS—AIR, "MY NANNIE, O."

The heroine of this song was Miss Agnes Fleming, daughter of a farmer at Calceothill, near Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton, Ayrshire. Burns wrote this song when very young. It appears in the 6th vol. of Johnson's "Museum," adapted to a different air, but the verses having been composed expressly for the air "My Nannie, O," evidently unite more happily with it than any other melody to which it can possibly be adapted. Burns subsequently gave his original song a few masterly touches, which have considerably heightened its effect. This fine old air appears in the "Orpheus Caledonius," 1725, with the song written by Ramsay, beginning "While some for pleasure pawn their health." The Lugar is a river in Ayrshire, which takes its rise in the Cumnock lakes, and discharges itself into the river Ayr, at Barskimming.

Be - hind yon hills where Lu - gar flows, 'Mang moors and mos - ses  
mo - ny, O, The win - try sun the day has clos'd, And  
I'll a - wa' to Nan - nie, O. The west - lin' wind blows  
loud and shrill, The night's baith mirk and rain - y, O, But I'll get my  
plaid, and out I'll steal, And owre the hills to Nan - nie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young,  
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;  
May ill befa' the flattering tongue  
That wad beguile my Nannie, O!  
Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;  
The opening gowan, wat wi' dew,  
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

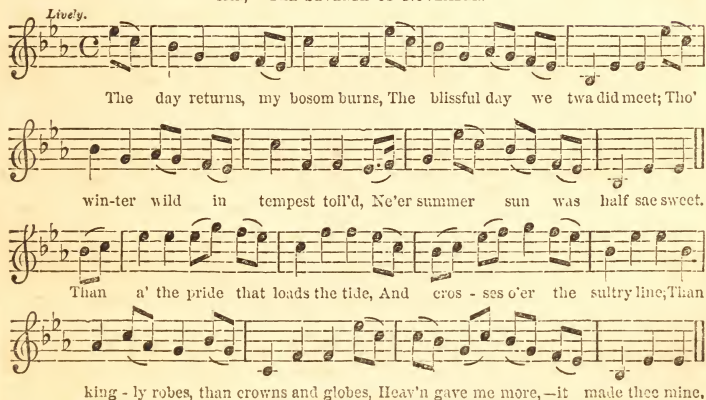
A country lad is my degree,  
And few there be that ken me, O;  
But what care I how few they be?  
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.  
My riches a' 's my penny-fee,  
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;  
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,  
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view  
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;  
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his plough,  
 An' has nae care but Nannie, O.  
 Come weel, come wae, I care na by,  
 I'll tak' what heav'n will sen' me, O;  
 Nae ither care in life ha'e I  
 But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

### THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

AIR, "THE SEVENTH OF NOVEMBER."

*Lively.*



The day returns, my bosom burns, The blissful day we twa did meet; Tho'  
 win-ter wild in tempest toll'd, Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.  
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide, And cros-ses o'er the sultry line; Than  
 king-ly robes, than crowns and globes, Heav'n gave me more,—it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,  
 Or nature aught of pleasure give;  
 While joys above my mind can move,  
 For thee, and thee alone I'll live.  
 When that grim foe of life below,  
 Comes in between to make us part;  
 The iron hand that breaks our band,  
 It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

## DOES HAUGHTY GAUL INVASION THREAT?

AIR, "RISE UP AND BAR THE DOOR."

*With spirit.*

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo/mood is indicated as 'With spirit.' The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes. The time signature changes from 2/4 to 6/8 in the second measure of each staff.

Does haugh-ty Gaul in - va-sion threat? Then let the loons be - ware, sir,  
 There's wooden walls up - on our seas, And vo - lun-teers on shore, sir.  
 The Nith shall run to Cor-sin-con, And Crif-fel sink in Sol-way,  
 Ere we per - mit a for-eign foe On Bri-tish ground to ral - ly.

O let us not, like snarling curs,  
 In wrangling be divided;  
 Till, slap, come in a foreign loon,  
 And by a rung decide it.  
 Be Britain still to Britain true,  
 Amang oursel's united;  
 For never but by British hands  
 Maun British wrangs be righted.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,  
 Perhaps a clout may fail in't;  
 But de'il a foreign tinkler loon  
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't.  
 Our fathers' blood the kettle bought,  
 And wha wad dare to spoil it?  
 By heav'n! the sacrilegious dog  
 Shall fuel be to boil it.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,  
 And the wretch, his true sworn brother,  
 Wha'd set the mob aboon the throne,  
 May they be damn'd together.

Wha will not sing, "God save the King,"  
 Shall hang as high's the steeple;  
 But while we sing, "God save the King,"  
 We'll ne'er forget the people.

# O SAW YE BONNIE LESLIE

AIR, "THE COLLIER'S BONNIE LASSIE."

*Live'y.*



O saw ye bonnie Les-lie, As she gaed o'er the bor-der? She's  
 gane, like A-lex-an-der, To spread her con-quests far-ther;  
 To see her is to love her, And love but her for ev-er; For  
 na-ture made her what she is, And ne'er made sic an-ith-er.

Thou art a queen, fair Leslie,  
 Thy subjects we, before thee;  
 Thou art divine, fair Leslie,  
 'The hearts o' men adore thee.  
 The de'il he couldna scaith thee,  
 Or aught that wad belong thee;  
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,  
 And say, "I canna wrang thee."

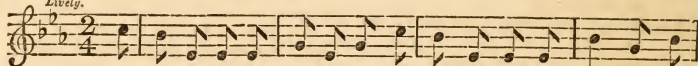
The powers aboon will tent thee,  
 Misfortunes shanna steer thee;  
 Thou'rt like themsel's sae lovely,  
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.  
 Return again, fair Leslie,  
 Return to Caledonie;  
 That we may brag we ha'e a lass  
 There's nane again sae bonnie.

# THE BATTLE OF SHERIFFMUIR.

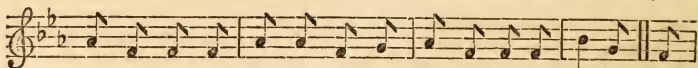
WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE CAMERONIAN RANT."

The battle of Sheriffmuir has been commemorated in several songs. Among the earliest is "A dialogue between Will Lickladle and Tam Cleanogue, twa shepherds, wha were feeding their sheep on the Ochil Hills on the day the battle of Sheriffmuir was fought." The author was the Rev. John Barclay, founder of the sect called Bercans. Burns's song, though only an imitation, is decidedly the best of the two. The air, sometimes called "The Cameron's march," is a good old Highland reel tune. The chorus may be omitted at the pleasure of the singer. "The Drygate brig" crosses the Molindinar burn in the north-east district of Glasgow.

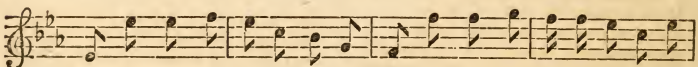
*Lively.*



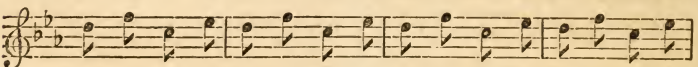
O cam' you here the fight to shun, Or herd the sheep wi' me, man; Or



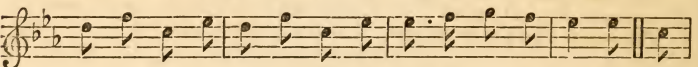
was ye at the Sher - ra - muir, And did the bat - tle see, man? I



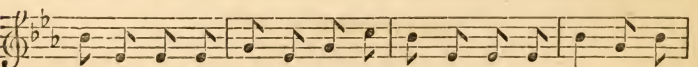
saw the bat - tle, sair and teuch, And reck-in' red ran mony a sheuch, My



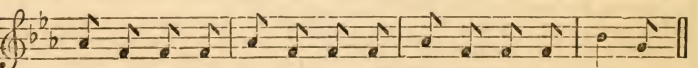
heart, for fear, ga'e sough for sough, To hear the thuds, and see the cluds, O'



clans frae wuds, in tar - tan duds, Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man. Huh!



hey dum dir - rum, hey dum dan, Huh! hey dum dir - rum dey dan; Huh!



hey dum dir - rum, hey dum dan, Huh! hey dum dir - rum dey dan.



The red-coat lads wi' black cockades,  
To meet them were na slaw, man,  
They rush'd, and push'd, and bluid out  
gush'd,

And mony a bouk did fa', man.  
The great Argyle led on his files,  
I wat they glanced twenty miles,  
They hough'd the clans like nine-p in kyles;  
They hack'd and bash'd, while broad-  
swords clash'd,  
And through they dash'd, and hew'd and  
smash'd,

Til feymen died awa', man.  
Huh! hey, &c.

But had you seen the philabegs,  
And skyrin' tartan trews, man,  
When in the teeth they daur'd our Whigs,  
And covenant true-blues, man.  
In lines extended lang and large,  
When bayonets opposed the targe,  
And thousands hastened to the charge;  
Wi' Highland wrath, they frae the sheath  
Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath,  
They fled like frighted do'es, man.  
Huh! hey, &c.

O, how de'il, Tam, can that be true?  
The chase gaed frae the north, man;  
I saw mysel' they did pursue  
The horsemen back to Forth, man.

And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,  
They took the brig wi' a' their might,  
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight,  
But, cursed lot, the gates were shut,  
And mony a huntit puir red-coat,  
For fear amaisid did swarf, man.  
Huh! hey, &c.

My sister Kate cam' up the gate  
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;  
She swore she saw some rebels run  
To Perth and to Dundee, man.  
Their left-hand general had nae skill,  
The Angus lads had nae guid-will  
That day their neighbours' bluid to spill;  
For fear, by foes, that they should lose  
Their cogs o' brose, they scared at blows,  
And hameward fast did flee, man.  
Huh! hey, &c.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen  
Among the Highland clans, man;  
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,  
Or in his enemies' hands, man.  
Now wad ye sing this double fight,  
Some fell for wrang, and some for right;  
And mony bade the world guid night.  
Say pell and mell, wi' musket knell,  
How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell  
Flew aff in frightened bands, man.  
Huh! hey, &c.

### MONTGOMERY'S PEGGY.

AIR, "GALA WATER."

Although my bed were in yon muir  
Among the heather, in my plaidie,  
Yet happy, happy would I be,  
Had I my dear Montgomery's Peggy.  
When o'er the hill beat surly storms,  
And winter nights were dark and rainy;

I'd seek some dell and in my arms  
I'd shelter dear Montgomery's Peggy.  
Were I a baron proud and high,  
And horse and servants waiting ready.  
Then a' 'twad gi'e o' joy to me,  
The sharin't with Montgomery's Peggy

## O LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

AIR, "YOU'RE WELCOME, CHARLIE STUART."

*With feeling.*

O love-ly Pol-ly Stew-art, O charm-ing Pol-ly Stewart; There's  
ne'er a flow'r that blooms in May, That's half so fair as thou art.  
The flow'r it blows, it fades, it fa's, And art can ne'er re - new it; But  
worth and truth, e - ter - nal youth Will gi'e to Pol - ly Stew - art.  
O love - ly Pol - ly Stew-art, O charm-ing Pol-ly Stewart; There's  
ne'er a flow'r that blooms in May, That's half so fair as thou art.

Begin the next verse at the mark *§*:

May he, whase arms shall fauld thy charms,  
Possess a leal and true heart;  
To him be giv'n to ken the heav'n  
He grasps in Polly Stewart.

## FAREWELL, THOU STREAM THAT WINDING FLOWS.

AIR, "NANCY'S TO THE GREENWOOD GANE."

*With Expression.*

Fare-well, thou stream that wind - ing flows A-round E - liz - a's dwelling; O



mem' - ry spare the cru - el throes With-in this bo - som swell-ing.



Con-demn'd to drag a hope - less chain, And yet in se - cret lan-guish; To



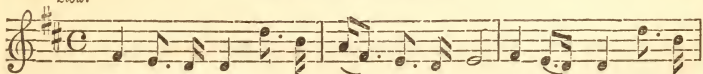
feel a fire in ev' - ry vein, Nor dare dis - close my an-guish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,  
I fain my griefs wad cover;  
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,  
Betray the hapless lover.  
I know thou doom'st me to despair,  
Nor wilt, nor can'st relieve me;  
But, oh! Eliza, hear my prayer,  
For pity's sake forgive me.

The music of thy voice I heard,  
Nor wist while it enslaved me;  
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing feared,  
Till fears no more had saved me.  
Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,  
The wheeling torrent viewing;  
Mid circling horrors sinks at last,  
In overwhelming ruin.

### WAE IS MY HEART.

*Slow.*



Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e, Lang, lang, joy's been a



stran-ger to me; For - sak - en and friend-less, my bur - den I



bear, And the sweet voice o' pi - ty ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep ha'e I lo'ed,  
 Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair ha'e I prov'd;  
 But this bruised heart, that now bleeds in my breast,  
 I can feel by its throbbings, will soon be at rest.  
 O if I were, where happy I ha'e been,  
 Down by yon stream and yon bonnie castle green;  
 For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,  
 Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e.

### FROM THEE, ELIZA, I MUST GO.

AIR, "GILDEROX."

*Sow, and with feeling.*

From thee, E - liz - a, I must go, And from my na - tive shore; The  
 cru - el fates be - tween us throw A bound - less o - cean's roar.  
 But bound - less o - ceans roar - ing wide, Be - tween my love and me; They  
 nev - er, nev - er can di - vide My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,  
 The maid that I adore;  
 A boding voice is in mine ear,  
 We part to meet no more.  
 The latest throb that leaves my heart,  
 While death stands victor by;  
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,  
 And thine that latest sigh.

## O SAW YE MY DEARY.

*Moderate.*


O saw ye my dear-y, my Ep - pie Mac - nab? O  
 saw ye my dear - y, my Ep - pie Mac - nab? She's  
 down in the yard, she's kiss - in' the laird, She win - na come  
 hame to her ain Jock Rab. O come thy ways to me, my  
 Ep - pie Mac - nab; O come thy ways to me, my Ep - pie Mac -  
 nab; What - e'er thou hast done, be it late, be it  
 soon, Thou's wel - come a - gain to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my deary, my Eppie Macnab?

What says she, my deary, my Eppie Macnab?

She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,

And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie Macnab;

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie Macnab;

As light as the air, and as fause as thou's fair,

Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.



## CAULD BLAWS THE WIND.

*Moderate.*

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west, The drift is driv - ing  
 sair - ly; Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast, I'm sure it's win - ter fair - ly.  
 Up in the morning's no for me, Up in the morn - ing ear - ly; When  
 a' the hills are cov - er'd wi' snaw, I'm sure it's win - ter fairly.

The birds sit chittering on the thorn,  
 A' day they fare but sparely;  
 And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,  
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.—Up in the morning, &c.

## THE TITHER MORN.

*Lively.*

The tither morn, When I forlorn, A - neath an oak sat moaning, I  
 did na trow I'd see my joy Be - side me ere the gloaming.  
 But he sae trig, Lap o'er the rig, And can - ti - ly did cheer me; When  
 I, what reck, Did least ex - pect To see my love sae near me.

His bonnet he,  
A thought a-jee,  
Like sodger, sprush and bonnie,  
And I, I wat,  
Wi' pleasure grat,  
To meet my true love Johnnie.  
De'il tak' the war,  
I late and ear'  
Ha'e cried, since Jock departed;  
But now as glad  
I'm wi' my lad,  
As short syne broken hearted.

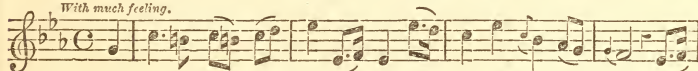
Fu aft at e'en,  
Upon the green  
When a' were blythe an' merry,  
I cared na by,  
Sae sad was I  
In absence o' my deary.  
But praise be blest,  
My mind's at rest,  
I'm happy wi' my Johnnie.  
At kirk and fair,  
I'se aye be there,  
And be as canty's ony.

### IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE MAID'S COMPLAINT."

This charmingly tender song was contributed by Burns to Johnson's "Museum." In the "Reliques" he says, "The verses were originally English, but I gave them their Scotch dress." The air was composed by James Oswald, and published in the "Caledonian Pocket Companion" in 1742. Though of rather extensive compass, it is a fine specimen of his musical genius.

*With much feeling.*



It is na, Jean, thy bon-nie face, Nor shape that I ad-mire; Al-



though thy beau-ty and thy grace Might weel a-wauk de-sire.



Some-thing 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 ha'e,  
Nor stronger in my breast,  
Than if I canna mak' thee sae,  
At least to see thee blest.

Content am I, if heav'n shall give  
But happiness to thee;  
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,  
For thee I'd bear to die.

## ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

*Moderate.*

On a bank of flow'rs, in a summer day, For summer light - ly  
 dress'd; The youthfu' blooming Nel - ly lay, With love and sleep op - press'd.  
 When Wil-lie wand'ring thro' the wood, Who for her fa-vour oft had sued; He  
 gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd he blush'd, And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheathed,  
 Were sealed in soft repose;  
 Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,  
 It richer dy'd the rose.  
 The springing lilies, sweetly prest,  
 Wild, wanton, kiss'd her rival breast;  
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,  
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light, waving in the breeze,  
 Her tender limbs embrace;  
 Her lovely form, her native ease,  
 All harmony and grace.  
 Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,  
 A faltering, ardent kiss he stole;  
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,  
 And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,  
 On fear inspired wings,  
 So Nelly starting, half awake,  
 Away affrighted springs;

But Willie follow'd,—as he should—  
 He overtook her in the wood;  
 He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid  
 Forgiving all and good.

### THERE'S THREE GOOD FELLOWS AYONT YON GLEN.

The chorus is all that remains of this old song. The tune appears in M'Gibbon's "Collection of Scots Tunes," 1740. The words here given are partly by Burns, with some modern additions.

*Lively.*

There's three true good fel - lows, There's three brave loy - al fel - lows, There's  
 three true good fel - lows, Down a - yont yon glen. It's now the day is daw'ing, But  
 ere the night be fa' - ing, Whase cock is best at craw - ing  
 Wil - lie thou shalt ken. There's three true good fel-lows, There's three brave loy -  
 al fel - lows, There's three true good fel - lows Down a - yont yon glen.

Begin the succeeding verse at the mark ;S:

There's Graham and noble Gordon,  
 And Lindsay brave is coming;  
 Wi' Cameron, Macgregor, and Logan,  
 And a' their Highlandmen.

There's three true, &c.

'Tis they that are aye the foremost  
 Whene'er the battle is warmest;  
 The bravest and the kindest  
 Of a' Highlandmen.

There's three true, &c.

O now there's no retreating,  
 The clans are a' a-waiting,  
 And every heart is beating  
 For honour and for fame.  
 There's three true good fellows,  
 There's three brave loyal fellows,  
 There's thrice three good fellows  
 Down ayont yon glen.

## MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

AIR, "MACPHERSON'S RANT."

*Slowlv.*

Fare - well ye dungeons dark and strong, The wretch's des - tin - ie; Mac -  
 pher-son's time will not be long, On yon - der gal - lows tree.  
 Sae rant-ing - ly, sae wan-ton - ly, Sae dan-ton - ly gaed he; He  
 play'd a spring, and danc'd it round, Be - neath the gal - lows tree.

O! what is death, but parting breath?  
 On mony a bloody plain  
 I've daur'd his face, and in this place  
 I scorn him yet again.  
 Sae rantingly, &c.

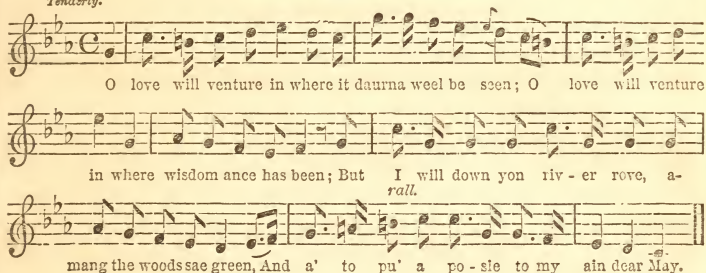
Untie these bands frae aff my hands,  
 And bring to me my sword;  
 And there's no a man in a' Scotland,  
 But I'll brave him at a word.  
 Sae rantingly, &c.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife,  
 I die by treacherie;  
 It burns my heart I must depart,  
 And not avenged be.  
 Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,  
 And all beneath the sky;  
 May coward shame disdain his name,  
 The wretch that dares not die.  
 Sae rantingly, &c.



## O LOVE WILL VENTURE IN.

*Tenderly.*

The primrose I will pu', the firstlin' o' the year;  
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;  
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer;  
And a' to be a posie for my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the buddin' rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,  
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet, bonnie mou';  
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue;  
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,  
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;  
The daisy's for simplicity, of unaffected air;  
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller-gray,  
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;  
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take away;  
And a' to be a posie for my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,  
And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her e'en sae clear;  
The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear;  
And a' to be a posie for my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love,  
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,  
That to the latest breath o' life the band shall ne'er remove,  
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

# HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E DEAR.

WRITTEN BY BURNS.

This beautiful song, among the last Burns ever wrote, was addressed to Miss Jessie Lewars of Dumfries, who so affectionately tended the poet on his deathbed.

*Tenderly.*

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, Here's a health to ane I lo'e  
 dear; Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lov-ers meet, And  
 soft as their part-ing tear, Jes-sie. Al-though thou maun ne-ver be  
 mine, Although e-ven hope is de-nied, 'Tis sweet-er for  
 thee de-spair-ing, Than aught in the world be-side, Jes-sie.

I mourn through the gay gaudy day,  
 As hopeless I muse on thy charms;  
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,  
 For then I am lock'd in thy arms, Jessie.  
 I guess by the dear angel smile,  
 I guess by the love-rolling e'e;  
 But why urge the tender confession,  
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree, Jessie.

## THOUGH CRUEL FATE.

Though cruel fate should bid us part,  
 As far's the pole and line,  
 Her dear idea round my heart  
 Should tenderly entwine.

Though mountains frown and deserts howl  
 And oceans roar between;  
 Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,  
 I still would love my Jean.

## NOW ROSY MAY COMES IN WI' FLOWERS.

AIR, "DAINTY DAVIE".

*Lively.*

Now ro - sy May comes in wi' flow'rs, To deck her gay, green  
 birk - enbow'rs; And now come in my hap-py hours, To wan-der wi' my  
 Dav - ie. The crys-tal wa - ters round us fa', The mer-ry birds are  
 lov - ers a'; The scent-ed breez - es round us blaw, A -  
 wand - 'ring wi' my Dav - ie. Meet me on the  
 war-lock knowe, Dain-ty Dav - ie, dain - ty Dav - ie;  
 There I'll spend the day wi' you, My ain dear dain - ty Dav - ie.

When purple morning starts the hare,  
 To steal upon her early fare;  
 Then through the dews I will repair,  
 To meet my faithfu' Davie.  
 When day, expiring in the west,  
 The curtain draws o' nature's rest;  
 I'll flee to his arms I lo'e best,  
 And that's my dainty Davie.  
 Meet me, &c.

# O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE CORDWAINER'S MARCH."

This song was written for Johnson's "Museum." "The Cordwainer's March" may be called the "gathering tune" of the ancient and honourable fraternity of sutors, and was usually played at their annual procession on St. Crispin's day. The last great procession of the craft took place in Edinburgh, about forty years ago. Mr. Sawers, bootmaker, of that city, swayed the regal sceptre on the occasion.

*Moderate.*

O lay thy loof in mine, lass, In mine, lass, in mine, lass, And  
 swear on thy white hand, lass, That thou wilt be my ain. A slave to love's un-  
 bounded sway, He aft has wrought me meik - le wae; But now he is my  
 dead - ly fae, Un - less thou'lt be my ain. O lay thy loof in mine, lass, In  
 mine, lass, in mine, lass, And swear on thy white hand, lass, That thou wilt be my ain.

Begin the second verse at the sign

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,  
 That for a blink I ha'e lo'ed best;  
 But thou art queen within my breast,  
 For ever to remain.

O lay thy loof in mine, lass,  
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass,  
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,  
 That thou wilt be my ain.

## LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE.

Louis, what reck I by thee,  
 Or Geordie on his ocean?  
 Dyvor, beggar loons to me,  
 I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,  
 And in her breast enthrone me,  
 Kings and nations, swith awa'!  
 Reif randies, I disown ye.

## THE LOVELY LASS O' INVERNESS.

Burns has very successfully imitated the old ballad style in this pathetic song. (The first half stanza is old.) The fatal battle of Culloden, or Drummossie muir, was fought on the 16th of April, 1746. The air, composed by James Oswald, was published in the "Caledonian Pocket Companion," 1759.

*Slow and plaintive.*



The love-ly lass o' In-ver-ness, Nae joy nor pleasure can she



see; For e'en and morn she cries, A - las! And aye the saut tear blinds her e'e.



Drummos - sie muir, Drum - mos - sie day, A wae - fu' day it was to me, For



there I lost my fa - ther dear, My fa - ther dear and breth - ren three.

Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,  
 Their graves are growing green to see;  
 And by them lies the dearest lad  
 That ever blest a woman's e'e.  
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,  
 A bluidy man I trow thou be,  
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair  
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

---

## HER FLOWING LOCKS.

Her flowing locks, the raven's wing,  
 Adown her neck and bosom hing;  
 How sweet unto that breast to cling,  
 And round that neck entwine her!

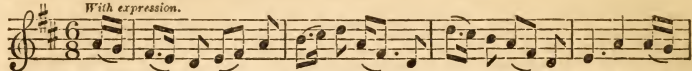
Her lips are roses wet wi' dew,  
 Oh! what a feast her bonnie mou'!  
 Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,  
 A crimson still diviner.



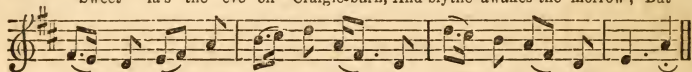
### CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.

"Craigie-burn wood is situated on the banks of the river Moffat, about three miles from the village of that name. The woods of Craigie-burn and Duncrueff were at one time favourite haunts of Burns. It was there he met the 'Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,' and there he conceived several of his beautiful lyrics."—Dr. Currie.

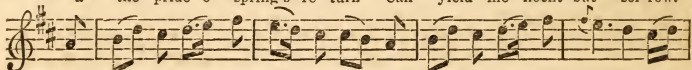
*With expression.*



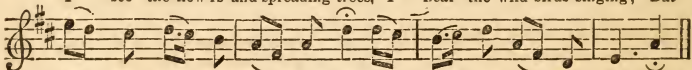
Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-burn, And blythe awakes the morrow; But



a' the pride o' spring's re-turn Can yield me nocht but sor-row.



I see the flow'rs and spreading trees, I hear the wild birds singing; But



what a wea-ry wight can please, And care his bo-som wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,  
Yet darena for your anger;  
But secret love will break my heart,  
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,  
If thou shalt love anither;  
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,  
Around my grave they'll wither.

### DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE.

AIR, "THE COLLIER'S BONNIE LASSIE."

Deluded swain, the pleasure  
The fickle fair can give thee,  
Is but a fairy treasure;  
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,  
The breezes idly roaming,  
The clouds' uncertain motion,  
They are but types of woman.

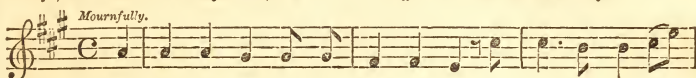
Oh! art thou not ashamed  
To doat upon a feature?  
If man thou would'st be named,  
Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow!  
Good claret set before thee:  
Hold on till thou art mellow,  
And then to bed in glory.

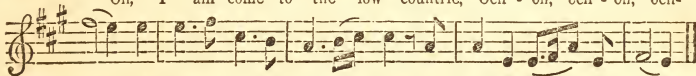
## THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—GAELIC AIR.

This pathetic lamentation was written for the "Museum," and appeared in the fifth volume of that work. Allan Cunningham and Hogg wrote additional verses, but we prefer giving the song as it came from the pen of Burns. The fine tune to which it is adapted, Burns obtained from a lady in the north of Scotland. "The unrelenting cruelties of the Duke of Cumberland spared neither age, sex, nor condition; and Scotland for a while realized the prophecy of Peden, which foretold that the time was nigh when her people might ride fifty miles among her hills and valleys, and not find a *reeking* house, nor hear a crawling cock."—*Jacobite Minstrelsy*.



Oh, I am come to the low countrie, Och - on, och - on, och-



rie; \* Without a penny in my purse, To buy a meal to me.

It was na sae in the Hieland hills,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie;  
Nae woman in the country wide  
Sae happy was as me.

For there I had a score o' kye,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie;  
Feeding on yon hill sae high,  
And bringing milk to me.

And there I had threescore o' yowes,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie;  
Skippin' on yon bonnie knowes,  
And casting woo to me.

I was the happiest o' a' the clan,  
Sair, sair may I repine;  
For Donald was the brawest man,  
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stuart cam' at last,  
Sae far, to set us free;  
My Donald's arm was wanting then,  
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell,  
Right to the wrang did yield;  
My Donald and his country fell  
Upon Culloden field.

Ochon, ochon, oh, Donald, oh,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie;  
Nae woman in the warld wide  
Sae wretched now as me.

\* Oh, my heart.

## SWEETEST MAY.

Sweetest May, let love inspire thee;  
Take a heart which he desires thee;  
As thy constant slave regard it;  
For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money  
Not the wealthy, but the bonnie;  
Not high-born, but noble-minded,  
In love's silken band can bind it.

## THE PLOUGHMAN.

*Lively.*

The ploughman he's a bon-nie lad, His mind is ev - er true, jo; His  
gar - ters knit be - low his knee, His bon - net it is blue, jo.  
Then up wi't now, my ploughman lad, And hey my mer - ry ploughman; O'  
a' the trades that I do ken, Com - mend me to the plough - man.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,  
He's aften wat and weary;  
Cast off the wat, put on the dry,  
And gae to bed, my deary.  
Then up, &c.

(O) I will wash my ploughman's hose,  
And I will dress his o'erlay,  
(And) I will make my ploughman's bed,  
And cheer him late and early.  
Then up, &c.

I ha'e been east, I ha'e been west,  
I ha'e been at St. Johnston;  
But the bonniest sight that e'er I saw,  
Was the ploughman laddie dancing.  
Then up, &c.

(Wi') Snaw-white stockings on his legs,  
And siller buckles glancin',  
A guid blue bonnet on his head,  
And O but he was handsome.  
Then up, &c.

Commend me to the barn-yard,  
 And the corn-mou', man;  
 I never gat my coggie fu',  
 Till I met wi' the ploughman.  
 Then up, &c.

# YESTREEN I HAD A PINT O' WINE.

AIR, "BANKS OF BANNA."

*Moderate.*

Yes-treen I had a pint o' wine, A place where bod-y saw na; Yes-  
 treen lay on this breast o' mine The gow - den locks o' An - na.  
 The hun-gry Jew in wil - der-ness, Re - jole-ing o'er his man - na, Was  
 nae-thing to the hin - ny bliss, Up - on the lips o' An - na.

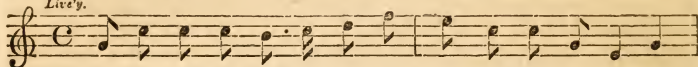
Ye monarchs, tak' the east and west,  
 Frae Indus to Savannah;  
 Gi'e me within my straining grasp  
 The melting form of Anna.  
 Then I'll despise imperial charms,  
 An empress or sultana;  
 While dying raptures in her arms  
 I give and take from Anna.

Awa', thou flaunting god o' day,  
 Awa', thou pale Diana;  
 Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,  
 When I'm to meet my Anna.  
 Come, in thy raven plumage, night,  
 Sun, moon, and stars, withdrawn a';  
 And bring an angel pen to write  
 My transports wi' my Anna.

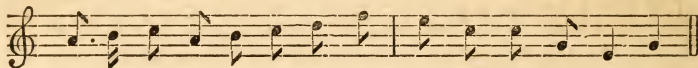
# HUSBAND, HUSBAND, CEASE YOUR STRIFE.

AIR, "MY JO JANET."

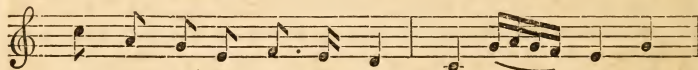
*Live'y.*



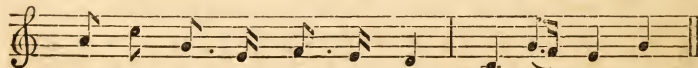
"Husband, hus-band, cease your strife, Nor long - er id - ly rave, sir;



Though I am your wed - ded wife, Yet I am not your slave, sir."



"One of two must still o - bey, Nan - cy, Nan - cy;



Is it man or wo - man, say, My spouse Nan - cy?"

"If 'tis still the lordly word,  
Service and obedience;  
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,  
And so, good-bye allegiance."  
"Sad will I be, so bereft,  
Nancy, Nancy;  
Yet I'll try to make a shift,  
My spouse Nancy."

"My poor heart then break it must,  
My last hour I'm near it;  
When you lay me in the dust,  
Think, think how I'll bear it."  
"I will hope and trust in Heaven,  
Nancy, Nancy;  
Strength to bear it will be given,  
My spouse Nancy."

"Well, sir, from the silent dead,  
Still I'll try to daunt you;  
Ever round your midnight bed  
Horrid sprites shall haunt you."  
"I'll wed anither like my dear,  
Nancy, Nancy;  
Then all hell will fly for fear,  
My spouse Nancy."

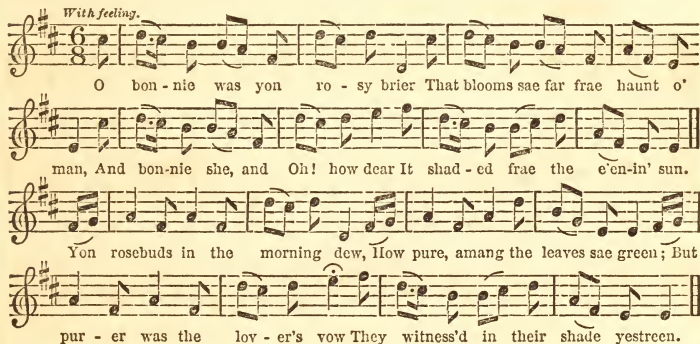


# O BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE WEE, WEE MAN."

Burns sent this song to Mr. Thomson in 1795. In a letter, he says, "I do not know whether I am right, but that song pleases me. . . . If you like the song, it may go as Scottish verses to the air of 'I wish my love were in the mire.'" Mr. Thomson published the song in the third volume of his collection, to the air of "The wee, wee man." This air, which greatly resembles "Garry Owen," had previously appeared in Johnson's "Museum," with the original words, which we give entire. We are indebted to old David Herd for the recovery of this singular fragment.

*With feeling.*



O bon-nie was yon ro-sy brier That blooms sae far frae haunt o'  
man, And bon-nie she, and Oh! how dear It shad-ed frae the e'en-in' sun.  
Yon rosebuds in the morning dew, How pure, among the leaves sae green; But  
pur-er was the lov-er's vow They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,  
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair;  
But love is far a sweeter flow'r,  
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,  
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;  
And I the world, nor wish nor scorn,  
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

## THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,  
The snaws the mountains cover;  
Like winter on me seizes,  
Since my young Highland Rover  
Far wanders nations over.  
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,  
May Heaven be his warden,  
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,  
And bonnie Castle-Gordon.


The trees now naked groaning,  
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,  
The birdies dowie moaning,  
Shall a' be blythely singing,  
And every flower be springing.  
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,  
When by his mighty warden,  
My youth's returned to fair Strathspey,  
And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

## BANNOCKS O' BEAR MEAL.

AIR, "THE KILLOGIE."

*Lively.*

Ban-nocks o' bear meal, and ban-nocks o' bar - ley; Here's to the  
High-land-man's ban-nocks o' bar - ley. Wha in a brul - zie will  
first cry a par - ley? Ne - ver the lads wi' the  
ban-nocks o' bar - ley. Ban-nocks o' bear meal, and ban-nocks o'  
bar - ley; Here's to the High-land-man's ban-nocks o' bar - ley.

Begin the second verse at the sign .

Wha in his wae days were loyal to Charlie?  
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.  
 Bannocks o' bear meal, and bannocks o' barley,  
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley.

## HERE'S A BOTTLE AND AN HONEST FRIEND.

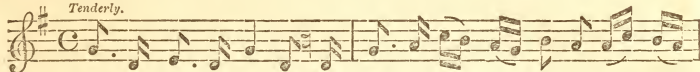
Here's a bottle and an honest friend!  
 What wad ye wish for mair, man?  
 Wha kens, before his life may end,  
 What his share may be o' care, man?  
 Then catch the moments as they fly,  
 And use them as ye ought, man:  
 Believe me, happiness is shy,  
 And comes na aye when sought, man.

# WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

WORDS BY BURNS.

This fine song was written in honour of Miss Janet Miller of Dalswinton. The air to which it is adapted is the first part of a strathspey, called "The Souter's dochter," printed in Bremner's collection, 1764.

*Tenderly.*



Wilt thou be my dearie? When sor-row wrings thy gentle heart, O



wilt thou let me cheer thee? By the treasures of my soul, That's the love I



bear thee; I swear and vow that on-ly thou Shall ever be my dearie.



On-ly thou, I swear and vow Shall e-ver be my dear-ie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;  
Or, if thou wilt not be my ain,  
Say na thou'lt refuse me;  
If it winna, canna be,  
Thou for thine may choose me,

Let me lassie, quickly dee,  
Trusting that thou lo'es me.  
Lassie, let me quickly dee,  
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

## ANNA, THY CHARMS.

Anna, thy charms my bosom fire,  
And waste my soul with care;  
But, ah! how bootless to admire,  
When fated to despair!  
Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,  
To hope may be forgiven;  
For sure 'twere impious to despair,  
So much in sight of Heaven.

## O POORTITH CAULD.

*Slowly.*

O poor - tith cauld, an' rest - less love, Ye wreck my peace be-  
 tween ye; Yet poortith a' I could for - gi'e, And 'twere na for my  
 Jeanie. O, why should fate sic pleasure ha'e Life's dearest bands en-twin'g? Or  
 why sae sweet a flow'r as love De - pend on for - tune's shin'g?

This world's wealth, when I think on  
 The pride an' a' the lave o't;  
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,  
 That he should be the slave o't.  
 O, why, &c.

Her een sae bonnie blue, betray  
 How she repays my passion;  
 But prudence is her o'erword aye,  
 She talks of rank and fashion.  
 O, why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,  
 An' sic a lassie by him?  
 O wha can prudence think upon,  
 An sae in love as I am?  
 O, why, &c.

How blest the humble cottar's fate,  
 He wooes his simple dearie;  
 The silly bogles, wealth and state,  
 Can never mak' him eerie.  
 O, why, &c.

## TIBBIE DUNBAR.

AIR, "JOHNNIE M'GILL;" OR, "COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE."

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 on a car,  
 Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I carena thy daddie, his lands and his money,  
 I carena thy kin, sae high and sae lordly:  
 But say thou wilt ha'e me, for better for waur,  
 And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

## DUET:—BEHOLD THE HOUR THE BOAT ARRIVE.

Arranged for this work by A. Hume.

Gaelic Air,—Oran gaoil.

1st Voice. *Slow and with great feeling.*

*mf* Be - hold the hour, the boat ar - rive, Thou go - est, thou dar - ling of my

2d Voice.

Be - hold the hour, the boat ar - rive, Thou go - est, thou darling of my

*p* heart; Ah! sever'd from thee can I sur - vive? But fate has will'd, and we must part.

heart; Ah! sever'd from thee can I survive? But fate has will'd, and we must part.

I'll oft - en greet this surg - ing swell, Yon dis - tant isle will oft - en hail; E'en

I'll oft - en greet this surg - ing swell, Yon dis - tant isle will oft - en hail; E'en

here I took the last fare - well, There la - test mark'd her van - ish'd sail.

here I took the last fare - well, There la - test mark'd her van - ish'd sail.

Along the solitary shore,  
While fitting sea-fowl round me cry,  
Across the rolling, dashing roar,  
I'll westward turn my wistful eye.

Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,  
Where now my Nancy's path may be?  
While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,  
O tell me, does she muse on me?



# DUET—YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON.

Composed by James Miller.

Arranged for this work by A. Hume.

1st Voice. *With feeling.*

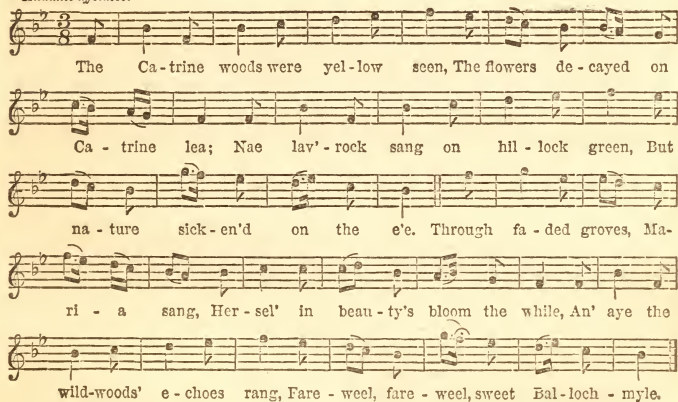
2d Voice.

Ye banks and braes o' bon-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae  
 fresh and fair? How can ye chant, ye lit-tle birds, And  
 I sae wea-ry fu' o' care. Thou'lt break my heart, thou  
 war-bling bird, That wan-tons through the flow'-ry thorn; Thou  
 minds me o' de-part-ed joys, De-part-ed ne-ver to re-turn.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,  
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;  
 And my fause lover stole my rose,  
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

### THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

*Andante affetuoso.*

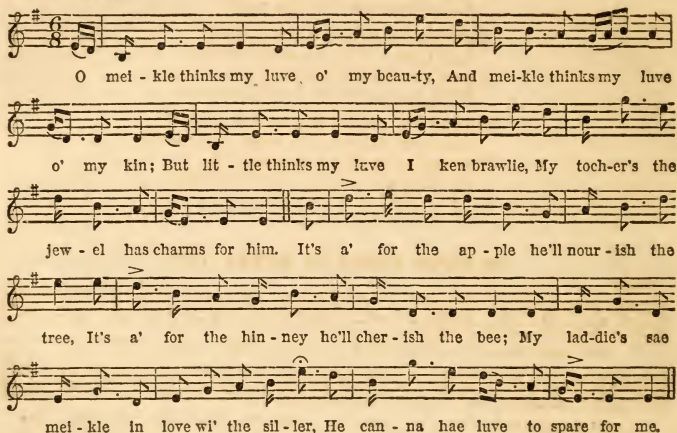


The Ca-trine woods were yel-low seen, The flowers de-cayed on  
 Ca - trine lea; Nae lav'-rock sang on hll - lock green, But  
 na - ture sick-en'd on the e'e. Through fa - ded groves, Ma-  
 ri - a sang, Her-sel' in beau-ty's bloom the while, An' aye the  
 wild-woods' e - choes rang, Fare - weel, fare - weel, sweet Bal-loch - myle.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,  
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;  
 Ye birdies dumb, in withering bowers,  
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air;  
 But here, alas! for me nae mair  
 Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile;  
 Fareweel the bonnie banks o' Ayr,  
 Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

# MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

*In moderate time.*

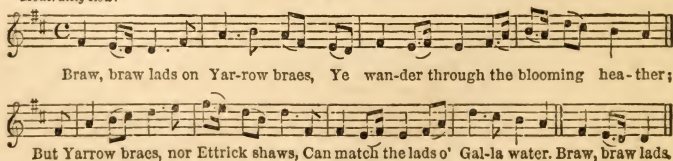


O mei - kle thinks my luv, o' my beau-ty, And mei-kle thinks my luv  
o' my kin; But lit - tle thinks my luv I ken brawlie, My tocher's the  
jew - el has charms for him. It's a' for the ap - ple he'll nour - ish the  
tree, It's a' for the hin - ney he'll cher - ish the bee; My lad-die's sae  
mei - kle in love wi' the sil - ler, He can - na hae luv to spare for me.

Your profler o' luv's an arle-penny,      Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,  
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;      Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,  
But an' ye be crafty, I am cunnin',      Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,  
Sae ye wi' anither your fortunemaun try.      And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

## BRAW, BRAW LADS.

*Moderately slow.*



Braw, braw lads on Yar-row braes, Ye wan-der through the blooming hea-ther;  
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws, Can match the lads o' Gal-la water. Braw, braw lads.

But there is ane, a secret ane,  
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;  
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,  
 The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,  
 And though I hae na meikle tocher,  
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,  
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,  
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;  
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,  
 O, that's the chiefest world's treasure!

### I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

*Lively.*

I'm owre young, I'm owre young, I'm owre young to mar - ry yet; I'm  
 sae young, 'twad be a sin To tak' me frae my mam-my yet.  
 I am my mam-my's ae bairn, Nor of my hame I'm wea - ry yet; And  
 I will have you learn, lads, That ye for me maun tar - ry yet. For I'm, *D.C.*

For I have had my ain way,  
 Nane daur to contradict me yet;  
 Sae soon to say I wad obey,  
 In truth, I daurna venture yet.  
 For I'm, &c.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind  
 Blaws through the leafless timmer, Sir;  
 But if ye come this gate again,  
 I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.  
 For I'm, &c.

## DUET—THOU ART GANE AWA' FRAE ME, MARY!

Arranged by A. Hume.

Treble. *With feeling.*

Thou art gane a - wa', thou art gane a - wa', Thou art

gane a - wa' frae me, Ma - ry! Nor friends nor I

could make thee stay, Thou hast cheat - ed them and me,

Ma - ry. Un - til this hour I nev - er thought That aught

could al - ter thee, Ma - ry; Thou'rt still the mis-tress of

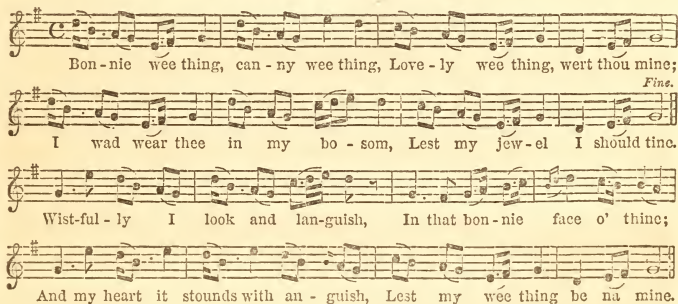




Whate'er he said or might pretend,  
 Wha stole that heart o' thine, Mary;  
 True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,  
 Nor nae sic love as mine, Mary.  
 I spake sincere, ne'er flatter'd much,  
 Nor lightly thought of thee, Mary;  
 Ambition, wealth, nor naething such,  
 No, I lov'd only thee, Mary.

Tho' you've been false, yet while I live  
 Nae maid I'll woo like thee, Mary;  
 Let friends forget, as I forgive,  
 Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary  
 So then farewell! of this be sure,  
 Since you've been false to me, Mary,  
 For all the world I'd not endure  
 Half what I've done for thee, Mary!

### BONNIE WEE THING.



[Here repeat the first part of the music, and commence the following stanzas with the second part:—]

Wit and grace, and love and beauty,  
 In ae constellation shine!  
 To adore thee is my duty,  
 Goddess of this soul o' mine.  
 Bonnie wee thing, canny wee thing,  
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,  
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
 Lest my jewel I should tine.

## DUET:—AE FOND KISS, AND THEN WE SEVER.

Arranged by A. Hume.

1st Voice. *Adagio.*

Ae fond kiss, and then we sev - er; Ae fare-well, a - las! for

Ae fond kiss, and then we sev - er; Ae fare-well, a - las! for

ev - er; Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, War-ring sighs

ev - er; Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, War-ring sighs

and groans I'll wage thee. Who shall say that for-tune grieves him,

and groans I'll wage thee. Who shall say that for-tune grieves him,

While the star of hope she leaves him? Me, nae cheer - fu' twin - kle

While the star of hope she leaves him? Me, nae cheer - fu' twin - kle

lights me; Dark despair a-round be-nights me. Ae fond kiss.

lights me; Dark despair a-round be-nights me. Ae fond kiss.

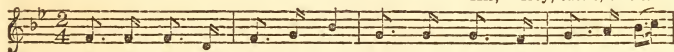
I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,  
 Naething could resist my Nancy;  
 But to see her, was to love her;  
 Love but her, and love for ever.  
 [Had we never loved sae kindly,  
 Had we never loved sae blindly,  
 Never met—or never parted,  
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.]

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!  
 Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!  
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!  
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;  
 Ae farewell, alas! for ever!  
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

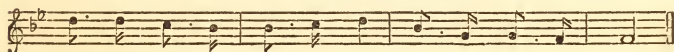
Note.—Sir Walter Scott says of the lines thus marked [ ], "This exquisitely affecting stanza contains the essence of a thousand love-tales."

### SCOTS WHA HA'E WI' WALLACE BLED.

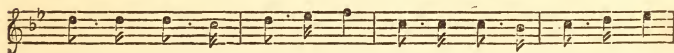
Air, "Hey, tuttie, tattie."



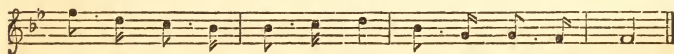
Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has af - ten led!



Wel - come to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - rie!



Now's the day an' now's the hour; See the front of bat - tle lour—



See ap - proach proud Ed-ward's power, Chains and sla - ve - rie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
 Wha will fill a coward's grave?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave?  
 Let him turn and flee!  
 Wha, for Scotland's king and law,  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,  
 By your sons in servile chains,  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be free.  
 Lay the proud usurpers low!  
 Tyrants fall in every foe!  
 Liberty's in every blow!  
 Let us do or die!

## MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

*Andante.*

Now in her green man-tle blythe Na-ture ar-rays, And lis-tens the  
 lambkins that bleat ower the braes, While birds war-ble wel-come in  
 il-ka green shaw; But to me it's de-light-less, my Nannie's a-wa'.  
 But to me it's de-light-less, my Nannie's a-wa'.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,  
 And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn;  
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw!  
 They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'.

Thou laverock, that springs frae the dew's of the lawn,  
 The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn,  
 And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa';  
 Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,  
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay:  
 The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,  
 Alane can delight me—my Nannie's awa'.

## RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

*Lively.*

O rat-tlin', roar-in' Wil-lie, O he held to the fair, An' for to sell  
 his fid-dle And buy some i-ther ware; But part-ing wi' his fid-dle, The  
 saut tear blin't his e'e; And rat-tlin', roar-in' Wil-lie, Ye're welcome hame to me.

O, Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
 O, sell your fiddle sae fine;  
 O, Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
 And buy a pint o' wine.  
 If I should sell my fiddle,  
 The warl' would think I was mad,  
 For mony a rantin' day  
 My fiddle and I hae had.

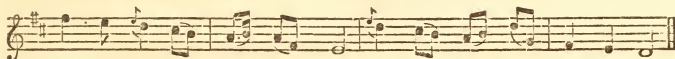
As I cam' by Crochallan  
 I cannily keekit ben,  
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie  
 Was sittin' at yon boord-en'—  
 Sittin' at yon boord-en',  
 And amang guid companie;  
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie,  
 Ye're welcome hame to me.

### JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PAIRTIN' KISS.

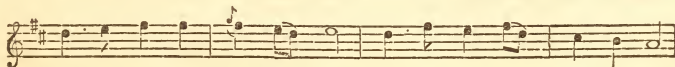
*A little lively.*



Jock-ey's ta'en the part - in' kiss, O'er the moun-tains he is gane;



And with him is a' my bliss, Nought but griefs with me re-main.



Spare my love, ye winds that blaw, Plash-y sleet and beat-ing rain;



Spare my love, thou feath'-ry snaw, Drift-ing o'er the fro-zen plain.

When the shades of ev'ning creep  
 O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,  
 Sound and safely may he sleep,  
 Sweetly blythe his wauk'ning be.  
 He will think on her he loves,  
 Fondly he'll repeat her name;  
 For where'er he distant roves  
 Jockey's heart is still at hame.



## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

First and last Stanzas by Burns.

*Slow, with feeling.*

John An - der - son, my jo, John, When we were first ac-  
 quent, Your locks were like the ra - ven, Your bon - nie brow was  
 brent; But now your brow is beld, John, Your locks are like the  
 snaw, But bless - ings on your fros - ty pow, John An - der - son, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 When Nature first began  
 To try her canny hand, John,  
 Her master-wark was man;  
 And you, amang the lave, John,  
 Sae trig frae tap to toe—  
 She prov'd hersel' nae journey-wark,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill tgether,  
 And mony a canty day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither;  
 Now we maun totter down, John,  
 But hand in hand we'll go,  
 And we'll sleep tgether at the foot,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

## THERE WAS A LASS THEY CA'D HER MEG.

AIR, "YOU'LL AYE BE WELCOME BACK AGAIN."

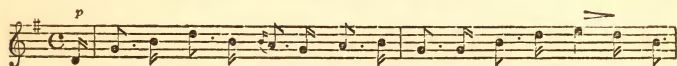
*Lively.*

There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg, And she held owre the moor to spin; There  
 was a lad that fol - low'd her, They ca'd him Dun - can Da - vid - son.  
 The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh, Her favour Duncan could na win; For  
 wi' the rock she wad him knock, And aye she shook the tem - per pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,  
 A burn was clear, a glen was green;  
 Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,  
 And aye she set the wheel atween.  
 But Duncan swore a haly aith,  
 That Meg should be a bride the morn;  
 Then Meg took up her spinning-graith  
 And flang them a' out owre the burn.

O we will big a wee, wee house,  
 And we will live like king and queen;  
 Sae blythe and merry's we will be,  
 When ye set by the wheel at e'en.  
 A man may drink and no be drunk,  
 A man may fight and no be slain;  
 A man may kiss a bonnie lass,  
 And aye be welcome back again.

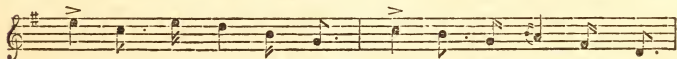
### FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY.



My heart is sair, I daur-na tell, My heart is sair for some-bo-dy;



I could wake a win-ter night, For the sake o' some-bo-dy.



Oh hon, for some-bo-dy! Oh hey, for some-bo-dy!



I could range the world a-round, For the sake o' some-bo-dy!

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,  
 O sweetly smile on somebody!  
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,  
 And send me safe my somebody.  
 Oh hon, for somebody!  
 Oh hey, for somebody!  
 I wad do—what wad I not?—  
 For the sake o' somebody.

# THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

Old song, altered by Burns.

There grows a bon - nie brier bush in our kail-yard; And white are the  
blossoms o't in our kail-yard; Like wee bit white cock - ades for our  
loy - al Hieland lads; And the las-ses lo'e the brier bush in our kail-yard.

But were they a' true that are far awa'?  
Oh! were they a' true that are far awa'?  
They drew up wi' glaiket Englishers at Carlisle ha',  
And forgot auld frien's when far awa'.

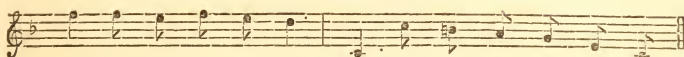
Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye hae been;  
Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye hae been;  
Ye lo'ed owre weel the dancin' at Carlisle ha',  
And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa'.

He's comin' frae the North that's to fancy me,  
He's comin' frae the North that's to fancy me,  
A feather in his bonnet, and a ribbon at his knee;  
He's a bonnie Hieland laddie, and you be na he.

# I HA'E A WIFE O' MY AIN.

Lively.

I ha'e a wife o' my ain, I'll par - take wi' nae - bo - dy;  
I'll tak' cuck - old frae nane, I'll gi'e cuck - old to nae - bo - dy.  
I ha'e a pen - ny to spend, There, thanks to nae - bo - dy;



I ha'e nae-thing to lend, I'll bor-row frae nae-bo-dy.

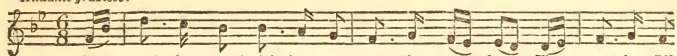
I'm naebody's lord,  
I'll be slave to naebody;  
I ha'e a guid braidsword,  
I'll tak' dunts frae naebody.

I'll be merry and free,  
I'll be sad for naebody;  
Naebody cares for me,  
I care for naebody.

### AFTON WATER.

Music by A. Hume.

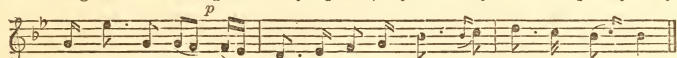
*Andante grazioso.*



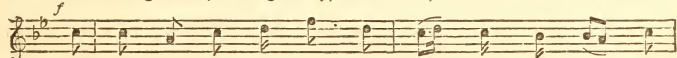
Flow gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, a-mong thy green braes, Flow gent-ly, I'll



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



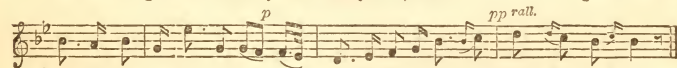
mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.



Thou stock-dove whose ec-ho re-sounds thro' the glen, Ye



wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorn-y den, Thou - - - green crested

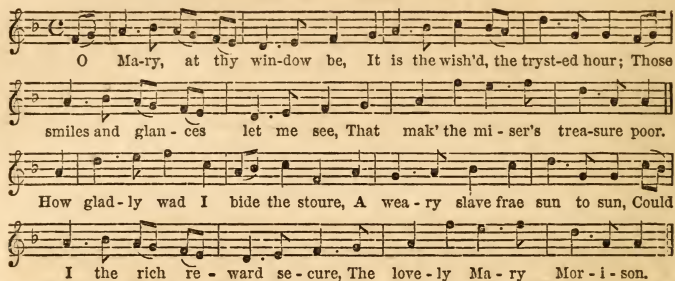


lapwing thy screaming forbear, I charge you disturb not my slum-ber-ing fair.

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

## MARY MORISON.

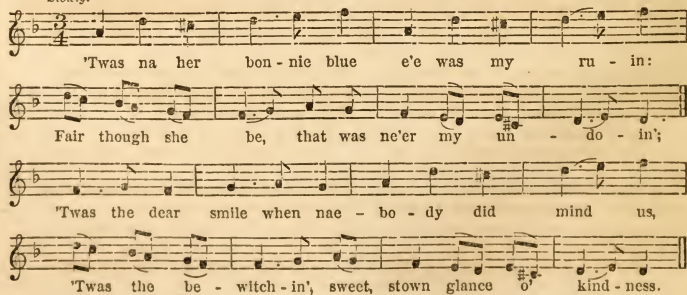


Yestreen when to the trembling string  
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',  
To thee my fancy took its wing,  
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:  
Though this was fair, and that was braw,  
And yon the toast of a' the town,  
I sigh'd, and said, among them a',  
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary! canst thou wreck his peace,  
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?  
Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
Whase only faut is loving thee?  
If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
At least be pity to me shown:  
A thought ungentle canna be  
The thought of Mary Morison.

## 'T WAS NA HER BONNIE BLUE E'E WAS MY RUIN.

AIR, "LADDIE, LIE NEAR ME."

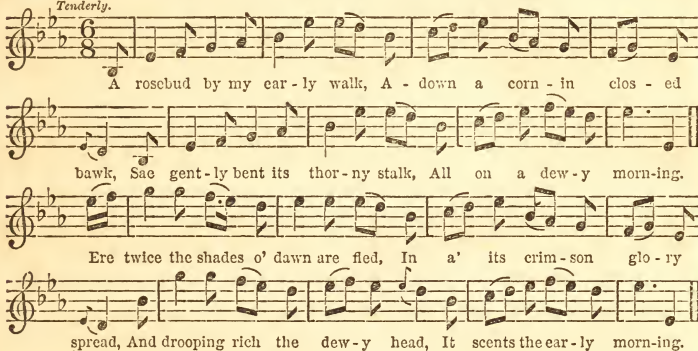
*Slowly.*



## A ROSEBUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

WRITTEN BY BURNS.

The beautiful melody to which these verses are set, seems to be merely a modern version of an old air called "The Shepherd's Wife." This song was written in compliment to Miss Jeanie Cruickshanks, daughter of Mr. William Cruickshanks, one of the masters of the High School, Edinburgh, an intimate friend of the poet.

*Tenderly.*

Within the bush, her covert nest,  
 A little linnet fondly press'd,  
 The dew sat chilly on her breast,  
 Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,  
 The pride, the pleasure of the wood;  
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,  
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeanie fair,  
 On trembling string, or vocal air,  
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care  
 That tends thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rosebud, young and gay,  
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,  
 And bless the parents' ev'ning ray  
 That watch'd thy early morning.

## FRAGMENT.

AIR, "THE CALEDONIAN HUNT'S DELIGHT."

Why, why tell thy lover,  
 Bliss he never must enjoy?  
 Why, why undeceive him,  
 And give all his hopes the lie?

Oh why, while fancy, raptured, slumbers,  
 Chloris, Chloris all the theme,  
 Why, why would'st thou cruel  
 Wake thy lover from his dream?

## SLEEP'ST THOU, OR WAK'ST THOU, FAIREST CREATURE?

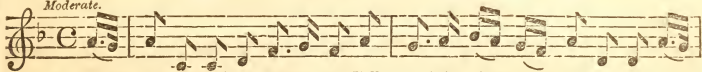
AIR ADAPTED FROM "DE'IL TAK' THE WARS."

*Tenderly.*

Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fair - est crea - ture? Ro - sy  
 morn now lifts his eye, Numb - 'ring il - ka bud which  
 na - ture Wa - ters wi' the tears o' joy. Now through the leafy  
 woods, And by the reeking floods, Wild na-ture's tenants freely, glad - ly  
*p* stray. The lintwhite in his bow'r, Chants o'er the breathing flow'r; The lav'rock to the  
*rall.* sky, As-cends wi' songs o' joy, While the sun and thou a - rise and bless the day.

Phœbus gilding the brow o' morning,  
 Banishes ilk darksome shade;  
 Nature gladd'ning and adorning,  
 Such to me, my lovely maid.  
 When absent from my fair,  
 The murky shades o' care  
 With starless gloom, o'er cast the sullen sky,  
 But when in beauty's light,  
 She meets my ravish'd sight,  
 When through my very heart  
 Her beaming glories dart,  
 'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

*Moderate.*



In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,  
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O;  
If through that glen I gaed to thee,  
My ain kind dearie, O.  
Although the night were ne'er sae wild,  
And I were ne'er sae weary, O;  
I'd meet thee on the lea rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,  
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo ;  
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,  
Along the burn to steer, my jo.  
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin' gray,  
It mak's my heart sae cheery, O ;  
To meet me, on the lea rig,  
My ain kind deary, O.

## LOGAN WATER.

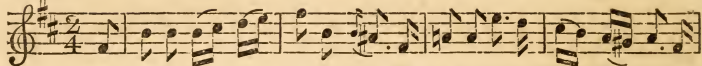
O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide,  
That day I was my Willie's bride:  
And years sinsyne ha'e o'er us run,  
Like Logan to the setting sun :  
But now thy flow'ry banks appear,  
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,  
While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month of May  
Has made our hills and valleys gay ;  
The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs,  
The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs ;  
Blythe morning lifts his rosy e'e,  
And ev'ning tears are tears of joy ;  
My soul, delightful, a' surveys,  
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

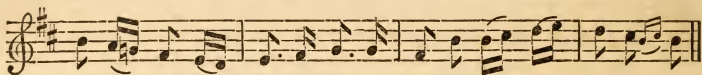
Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,  
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush ;  
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,  
Or wi' his sang her cares beguile :  
But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,  
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,  
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,  
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O, wae upon you, men of state,  
That breth'ren rouse to deadly hate ;  
As ye mak' mony a fond heart mourn,  
Sae may it on yowr heads return ;  
How can your flinty hearts enjoy  
The widow's tear, the orphan's cry ?  
But soon may peace bring happy days,  
And Willie hame to Logan braes.

## WHEN JANUAR' WIND WAS BLAWIN' CAULD.

*Moderate.*

When Januar' wind was blawin' cauld, As to the north I took my way; The



mirk-some night did me en-fauld, I knew na' where to lodge till day.

A charming girl I chanc'd to meet,  
 Just in the middle o' my care;  
 And kindly she did me invite,  
 Her father's humble cot to share.

Her hair was like the gowd so fine,  
 Her teeth were like the ivorie;  
 Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,  
 The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the drifted snaw,  
 Her limbs like marble fair to see;  
 A finer form nane ever saw,  
 Than hers that made the bed to me.

She made the bed baith lang and braid,  
 Wi' twa white hands she spread it down;  
 She bade guid night, and smiling said,  
 "I hope ye'll sleep baith saft and soun'."

Upon the morrow when I raise,  
 I thank'd her for her courtesie:  
 A blush cam' o'er the comely face  
 O' her that made the bed to me.

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,  
 The tear stood twinklin' in her e'e;  
 O dearest maid, gin ye'll be mine,  
 Ye aye sall mak' the bed to me.

## NO CHURCHMAN AM I.

AIR, "THE LAZY MIST."

*Lively.*

No churchman am I for to rail and to write, No statesman nor soldier to  
plot or to fight; No sly man of bus'ness con - triv - ing a snare, For a  
big - bellied bottle's the whole of my care. The peer I dont en-vy, I  
give him his bow; I scorn not the peasant, tho' e - ver so low, But a  
club of good fellows, like those that are here, And a bottle like this are my glory and care.

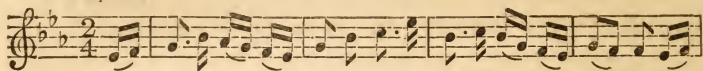
Here passes the squire, on his brother—his horse,  
There centum per centum, the cit with his purse;  
But see you "The Crown," how it waves in the air,  
There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care.  
The wife of my bosom, alas she did die;  
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;  
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,  
That a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make,  
A letter informed me that all was to wreck;  
But the pursy old landlord just waddled up stairs  
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.  
"Life's cares they are comforts,"—a maxim laid down  
By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown?  
And, faith, I agree with th' old prig to a hair,  
For a big-bellied bottle's a heaven of care.

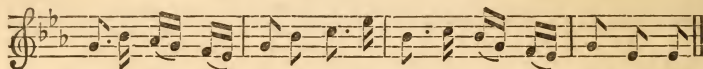


## THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

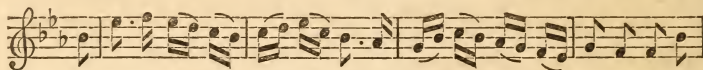
AIR, "MISS FORBES'S FAREWELL TO BANFF."

*With expression.*

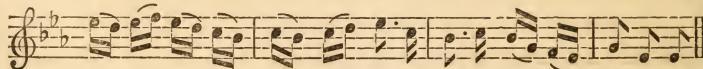
'Twas even, the dew - y fields were green, On ev'ry blade the pearls hung; The



zephyr wan - ton'd round the bean, And bore its fra - grant sweets a - lang.



In ev'ry glen the ma - vis sang, All na - ture list'ning seemed the while, Ex-



cept where green-wood e - choes rang, A-mang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward strayed,  
 My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,  
 When musing in a lonely glade,  
 A maiden fair I chanced to spy;  
 Her look was like the morning's eye,  
 Her air like nature's vernal smile;  
 Perfection whisper'd, passing by,  
 Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,  
 And sweet is night in autumn mild:  
 When roving thro' the garden gay,  
 Or wand'ring in a lonely wild:  
 But woman, nature's darling child,  
 There all her charms she does compile,  
 Ev'n there her other works are foil'd  
 By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,  
 And I the happy country swain;  
 Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed  
 That ever rose in Scotland's plain;  
 Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,  
 With joy, with rapture I would toil,  
 And nightly to my bosom strain  
 'The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,  
 Where fame and honours lofty shine;  
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,  
 Or downward seek the Indian mine;  
 Give me the cot below the pine,  
 To tend the flocks or till the soil;  
 And ev'ry day have joys divine,  
 With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

*The following Songs have either not been arranged to appropriate Melodies, or the Music will be found adapted to other Songs in this collection :—*

### BONNIE PEGGY ALISON.

I'LL kiss thee yet, yet,  
And I'll kiss thee o'er again;  
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,  
My bonnie Peggy Alison!

Ilk care and fear, when thou art near,  
I ever mair defy them, O;  
Young kings upon their hansel thrones,  
Are no sae blessed as I am, O!

When in my arms wi' a' thy charms,  
I clasp my countless treasure, O,  
I seek nae mair o' heaven to share  
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!

And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,  
I swear I'm thine for ever, O,  
And on thy lips I seal my vow;  
And break it shall I never, O!

### THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves re-  
turning, [the vale;  
The murmuring streamlet winds clear through  
The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the  
morning, [dale;  
And wild scattered cowslips bedeck the green  
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem  
fair, [care?  
While the lingering moments are numbered by  
No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly  
singing,  
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their ma-  
lice,  
A king and a father to place on his throne?  
His right are these hills, and his right are these  
valleys, [find none.  
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can  
But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn,  
My brave gallant friends! 'tis your ruin I mourn;  
Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial;  
Alas! can I make you no sweeter return?

### SONG COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune—"O Poortith Could?" Page 112.

Now westlin' winds and slaughtering guns  
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;  
The moorcock springs on whirring wings,  
Among the blooming heather:  
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,  
Delights the weary farmer;  
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at  
night  
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;  
The plover loves the mountains;  
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;  
The soaring hern the fountains:  
Through lofty groves the cushat roves,  
The path of man to shun it;  
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thorn,  
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasure find,  
The savage and the tender;  
Some social join, and leagues combine;  
Some solitary wander:  
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,  
Tyrannic man's dominion;  
The sportsman's joy, the murdering cry,  
The fluttering gory pinion.

But Peggy, dear, the evening's clear,  
Thick flies the skimming swallow;  
The sky is blue, the fields in view,  
All fading green and yellow:  
Come, let us stray our gladsome way,  
And view the charms of nature:  
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,  
And every happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,  
Till the silent moon shine clearly;  
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly pressed,  
Swear how I love thee dearly:  
Not vernal showers to budding flowers,  
Not autumn to the farmer,  
So dear can be as thou to me,  
My fair, my lovely charmer!

## POWERS CELESTIAL!

POWERS celestial! whose protection  
 Ever guards the virtuous fair,  
 While in distant climes I wander,  
 Let my Mary be your care:  
 Let her form, sae fair and faultless,  
 Fair and faultless as your own,  
 Let my Mary's kindred spirit  
 Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her  
 Soft and peaceful as her breast;  
 Breathing in the breeze that fans her,  
 Soothe her bosom into rest:  
 Guardian angels! oh protect her,  
 When in distant lands I roam;  
 To realms unknown while fate exiles me,  
 Make her bosom still my home.

## LOVELY DAVIES.

O how shall I, unskilfu', try  
 The poet's occupation,  
 The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,  
 That whisper inspiration?  
 Even they maun dare an effort m  
 Than aught they ever gave us,  
 Or they rehearse, in equal verse,  
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers when she appears,  
 Like Phœbus in the morning,  
 When passed the shower, and every flower  
 The garden is adorning.  
 As he wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,  
 When winter-bound the wave is,  
 Sae droops our heart when we maun part  
 Frae charming, lovely Davies.

Her smiles a gift frae boon the lift,  
 That mak's us mair than princes;  
 A sceptred hand, a king's command  
 Is in her darting glances:  
 The man in arms 'gainst female charms,  
 Even he her willing slave is;  
 He hugs his chain and owns the reign  
 Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My muse to dream of such a theme,  
 Her feeble powers surrender;  
 The eagle's gaze alone surveys  
 The sun's meridian splendour:  
 I wad in vain essay the strain,  
 The deed too daring brave is;  
 I'll drop the lyre, and mute admire  
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

## MENIE.

Tune—"Johnny's grey brecks."

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees  
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,  
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,  
 All freshly steeped in morning dew.

And maun I still on Menie doat,  
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?  
 For it's jet, jet black, and like a hawk,  
 And winna let a body be.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,  
 In vain to me the violets spring;  
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,  
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,  
 Wi' joy the tentie seed-man stalks;  
 But life to me's a weary dream,  
 A dream of aye that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims,  
 Among the reeds the ducklings cry,  
 The stately swan majestic swims,  
 And every thing is blest but I.

The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,  
 And owre the moorland whistles shrill;  
 Wi' wild, unequal, wandering step,  
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,  
 Blithe waukens by the daisy's side,  
 And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,  
 A wae-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

Come, winter, with thine angry howl,  
 And raging bend the naked tree;  
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,  
 When nature all is sad like me!

## YOUNG JESSIE.

TRUE-HEARTED was he, the sad swain o' the Yar-  
 row, [Ayr  
 And fair are the maids on the banks o' the  
 But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,  
 Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair:  
 To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over;  
 To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain;  
 Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,  
 And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

Oh, fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,  
 And sweet is the lily at evening close;  
 But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,  
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.  
 Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;  
 Enthroned in her cen he delivers his law:  
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger  
 Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'!

## STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

THICKFST night, o'erhang my dwelling!  
Howling tempests, o'er me rave!  
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,  
Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets, gently flowing,  
Busy haunts of base mankind,  
Western breezes, softly blowing,  
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,  
Wrongs injurious to redress,  
Honour's war we strongly waged,  
But the heavens denied success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,  
Not a hope that dare attend.  
The wide world is all before us,  
But a world without a friend.

## WILLIE WASTLE.

WILLIE WASTLE dwelt on Tweed,  
The spot they called it Linkum-doddie;  
Willie was a wabster guid,  
Could stown a clue wi' ony bodie.  
He had a wife was dour and din,  
Oh Tinkler Madgie was her mither;  
Sic a wife as Willie had,  
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,  
The cat has twa the very colour;  
Five rusty teeth forbye a stump,  
A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller:  
A whiskin' beard about her mou,  
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;  
Sic a wife as Willie had,  
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

She's bough-houghed, she's hein-shinned,  
Ae limpin' leg a hand-breed shorter;  
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,  
To balance fair in ilka quarter;  
She has a hump upon her breast,  
The twin o' that upon her shoulder;  
Sic a wife as Willie had,  
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,  
And wi' her loof her face a-washin';  
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,  
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion:  
Her wallee nieves like midden-creels,  
Her face wad fyle the Logan Water;  
Sic a wife as Willie had,  
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

## FAIR ELIZA.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,  
Ae kind blink before we part,  
Rue on thy despairing lover!  
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?  
TURN again, thou fair Eliza;  
If to love thy heart denies,  
For pity hide the cruel sentence  
Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, ha'e I offended?  
The offence is loving thee;  
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,  
Wha for thine wad gladly dee?  
While the life beats in my bosom  
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe:  
TURN again, thou lovely maiden,  
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,  
In the pride o' sunny noon;  
Not the little sporting fairy,  
All beneath the simmer moon;  
Not the poet in the moment  
Fancy lightens in his e'e,  
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture  
That thy presence gi'es to me.

## OH, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

Tune—"My love is lost to me."

OH, were I on Parnassus' hill!  
Or had of Helicon my fill;  
That I might catch poetic skill,  
To sing how dear I love thee.  
But Nith maun be my muse's well,  
My muse maun be thy bonnie sel';  
On Corsincon I'll glower and spell,  
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay!  
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day  
I couldna sing, I couldna say  
How much, how dear I love thee.  
I see thee dancing o'er the green,  
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,  
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish cen;  
By heaven and earth, I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,  
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;  
And aye I muse and sing thy name;  
I only live to love thee.  
Though I were doomed to wander on  
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,  
Till my last weary sand was run—  
Till then, and then I love thee.



## BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

Tune—"Neil Gow's lament for Abercairney."

WHERE braving angry winter's storms,  
 The lofty Ochills rise,  
 Far in their shade my Peggy's charms  
 First blessed my wondering eyes;  
 As one who by some savage stream,  
 A lonely gem surveys,  
 Astonished, doubly marks its beam,  
 With art's most polished blaze.  
 Blessed be the wild, sequestered shade,  
 And blessed the day and hour,  
 Where Peggy's charms I first surveyed,  
 When first I felt their power!  
 The tyrant death, with grim control,  
 May seize my fleeting breath;  
 But tearing Peggy from my soul  
 Must be a stronger death.

## MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

Tune—"Druimion Dubh."

MUSING on the roaring ocean,  
 Which divides my love and me;  
 Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,  
 For his weal where'er he be.  
 Hope and fear's alternate billow  
 Yielding late to nature's law,  
 Whispering spirits round my pillow  
 Talk of him that's far awa'.  
 Ye whom sorrow never wounded,  
 Ye who never shed a tear,  
 Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,  
 Gaudy day to you is dear.  
 Gentle night, do thou befriend me;  
 Downy sleep thy curtain draw;  
 Spirits kind, again attend me,  
 Talk of him that's far awa'.

## BONNIE CASTLE-GORDON.

Tune—"Morag." Page 70.

STREAMS that glide in orient plains,  
 Never bound by winter's chains;  
 Glowing here on golden sands,  
 There commixed with foulest stains  
 From tyranny's emurpled bands;  
 These, their richly gleaming waves,  
 I leave to tyrants and their slaves;  
 Give me the stream that sweetly laves  
 The banks by Castle-Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,  
 Shading from the burning ray  
 Hapless wretches sold to toll,  
 Or the ruthless native's way,  
 Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil;  
 Woods that ever verdant wave,  
 I leave the tyrant and the slave:  
 Give me the groves that lofty brave  
 The storms by Castle-Gordon.

Wildly here without control,  
 Nature reigns and rules the whole;  
 In that sober, pensive mood,  
 Dearest to the feeling soul,  
 She plants the forest, pours the flood:  
 Life's poor day I'll musing rave,  
 And find at night a sheltering cave,  
 Where waters flow and wild woods wave,  
 By Bonnie Castle-Gordon.

## BUT LATELY SEEN.

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,  
 The woods rejoiced the day;  
 Through gentle showers the laughing flowers,  
 In double pride were gay;  
 But now our joys are fled  
 On winter blasts awa'!  
 Yet maiden May in rich array,  
 Again shall bring them a'.  
 But my white pow, nae kindly thow  
 Shall melt the snaws of age:  
 My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,  
 Sinks in time's wintry rage.  
 Oh! age has weary days,  
 And nights o' sleepless pain!  
 Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,  
 Why comes thou not again?

## I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

I do confess thou art sae fair,  
 I had been owre the lugs in love,  
 Had I not found the slightest prayer  
 That lips could speak thy heart could move.  
 I do confess thee sweet, but find  
 Thou art sae thrifless o' thy sweets,  
 Thy favours are the silly wind,  
 That kisses ilka thing it meets.  
 See yonder rosebud, rich in dew,  
 Among its native briars sae coy;  
 How soon it tines its scent and hue  
 When pu'd and worn a common toy!  
 Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide,  
 Though thou may gaily bloom awhile;  
 Yet soon thou shalt be thrown aside  
 Like any common weed and vile.



## BONNIE ANN.

Ye gallants bright, I red ye right,  
Beware o' bonnie Ann;  
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,  
Your heart she will trepan.

Her een sae bright, like stars by night,  
Her skin is like the swan;  
Sae jimpily laced her genty waist,  
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love attendant move,  
And pleasure leads the van;  
In a' their charms and conquering arms  
They wait on bonnie Ann.

The captive bands may chain the hands,  
But love enslaves the man;  
Ye gallants braw, I red ye a',  
Beware o' Mary Ann!

## THE LAZY MIST.

Tune—"No Churchman am I." Page 117.

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,  
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;  
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear!  
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year.  
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,  
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown;  
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,  
How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues!

How long I have lived, but how much lived in  
vain!

How little of life's scanty span may remain!  
What aspects old Time in his progress has worn!  
What ties cruel fate in my bosom has torn!  
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gained!  
And downward, how weakened, how darkened,  
how pained!

This life's not worth having with all it can give;  
For something beyond it poor man sure must  
live.

MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE'S GAIRS  
UPON'T.

Tune—"Gregg's pipes."

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't,  
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;  
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,  
My lord thinks meikle mair upon't.

My lord a-hunting he is gane,  
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;  
By Colin's cottage lies his game,  
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady's white, my lady's red,  
And kith and kin o' Cassillis bluid;  
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid  
Were a' the charms his lordship loved.

Out owre yon muir, out owre yon moss,  
Whar gor-cocks through the heather pass,  
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,  
A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her gentle limbs,  
Like music notes o' lovers' hymns:  
The diamond dew's her een sae blue,  
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's dink, my lady's dressed,  
The flower and fancy o' the west;  
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,  
Oh that's the lass to make him blest.

## THE BANKS OF NITH.

Tune—"Robie donna Gorach."

The Thames flows proudly to the sea,  
Where royal cities stately stand;  
But sweeter flows the Nith, to me,  
Where Cummins ance had high command.  
When shall I see that honoured land,  
That winding stream I love so dear!  
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand  
For ever, ever keep me here?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,  
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom!  
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,  
Where lambkins wanton through the broom!  
Though wandering, now, must be my doom,  
Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,  
May there my latest hours consume  
Among the friends of early days!

## COULD AUGHT OF SONG.

COULD aught of song declare my pains,  
Could artful numbers move thee,  
The muse should tell in laboured strains,  
Oh Mary, how I love thee!  
They who but feign a wounded heart  
May teach the lyre to languish;  
But what avails the pride of art,  
When wastes the soul with anguish?

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

## GLOOMY DECEMBER.

Tune—"Wandering Willie." Page 5.

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December,  
 Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;  
 Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,  
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.  
 Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure,  
 Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;  
 But the dire feeling, oh farewell for ever,  
 Is anguish unmingled, and agony pure.  
 Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,  
 Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,  
 Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,  
 Since my last hope and last comfort is gone.  
 Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,  
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care; o'er,  
 For sad was the parting thou makes me remem-  
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

## OH MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

OH Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,  
 Mally's modest and discreet,  
 Mally's rare, Mally's fair,  
 Mally's every way complete.

As I was walking up the street,  
 A barefit maid I chanced to meet;  
 But oh the road was very hard  
 For that fair maiden's tender feet.

It were mair meet that those fine feet  
 Werc weel laced up in silken shoon,  
 And 'twere more fit that she should sit  
 Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Her yellow hair beyond compare,  
 Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck;  
 And her two eyes, like stars in skies,  
 Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

## CASSILLIS' BANKS.

Now bank and brae are claihted in green,  
 And scattered cowslips sweetly spring;  
 By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream  
 The birdies flit on wanton wing.  
 To Cassillis' banks when e'ning fa's  
 There wi' my Mary let me flee,  
 There catch her ilka glance of love,  
 The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

The cheild wha boasts o' world's walth  
 Is aften laird o' meikle care;  
 But Mary she is a' my ain,  
 Ah! fortune canna gi'e me mair.  
 Then let me range by Cassillis' banks,  
 Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,  
 And catch her ilka glance o' love,  
 The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

## MEG O' THE MILL.

Tune—"Oh bonnie lass, will you lie in a barrack?"

Or ken ye wha Meg o' the mill has gotten?  
 And ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten?  
 She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller  
 And broken the heart o' the barley miller.

The miller was strappin', the miller was ruddy,  
 A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady:  
 The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl;  
 She's left the guid fellow and ta'en the churl.

The miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving,  
 The laird did address her wi' matter more mov-  
 ing,

A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chained bridle,  
 A whip by her side and a bonnie side saddle.

Oh wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing!  
 And wae on the love that is fixed on a mailen!  
 A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,  
 But gi'e me my love, and a gif for the warl!

## ADOWN WINDING NITH I DID WANDER.

Tune—"Tam Glen." Page 13.

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,  
 To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;  
 Adown winding Nith I did wander,  
 Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

## CHORTS.

Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,  
 They never wi' her can compare:  
 Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,  
 Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amused my fond fancy,  
 So artless, so simple, so wild;  
 Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis!  
 For she is simplicity's child.

The rosebud's the blush o' my charmer,  
 Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis pressed:  
 How fair and how pure is the lily,  
 But fairer and purer her breast.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,  
 They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:  
 Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,  
 It's dew-drop o' diamond her eye.

Her voice is the song of the morning, [grove,  
 That wakes through the green-spreading  
 When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,  
 On music, and pleasure and love.

But beauty, how frail and how fleeting!  
 The bloom of a fine summer's day;  
 While worth in the mind of my Phillis  
 Will flourish without a decay.

## RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

Tune—"Macgregor of Ruara's lament."

RAVING winds around her blowing,  
 Yellow leaves the woodlands strewing!  
 By a river hoarsely roaring,  
 Isabella strayed deploring:  
 "Farewell hours that late did measure  
 Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;  
 Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,  
 Cheerless night that knows no morrow!  
 "O'er the past too fondly wandering,  
 On the hopeless future pondering:  
 Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,  
 Fell despair my fancy seizes.  
 Life, thou soul of every blessing,  
 Load to misery most distressing,  
 Gladly, Oh! how I'd resign thee,  
 And to dark oblivion join thee!"

## BLYTHE HA'E I BEEN ON YON HILL.

Tune—"Banks of Banna."

BLYTHE ha'e I been on yon hill,  
 As the lambs before me;  
 Careless ilka thought and free,  
 As the breeze flew o'er me:  
 Now nae longer sport and play,  
 Mirth or song can please me;  
 Lesley is sae fair and coy,  
 Care and anguish seize me.  
 Heavy, heavy is the task,  
 Hopeless love declaring:  
 Trembling, I do nought but glower,  
 Sighing, dumb, despairing!  
 If she winna ease the thraws  
 In my bosom swelling,  
 Underneath the grass-green sod,  
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

## PHILLIS THE FAIR.

Tune—"Had I a cave." Page 16.

WHILE larks with little wing,  
 Fanned the pure air,  
 Tasting the breathing spring,  
 Forth I did fare:  
 Gay the sun's golden eye,  
 Peeped o'er the mountains high;  
 Such thy morn! did I cry,  
 Phillis the fair.  
 In each bird's careless song,  
 Glad did I share;  
 While yon wild flowers among,  
 Chance led me there:

Sweet to the opening day,  
 Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;  
 Such thy bloom! did I say,  
 Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,  
 Doves cooing were:  
 I marked the cruel hawk  
 Caught in a snare;

So kind may fortune be,  
 Such make his destiny,  
 He who would injure thee,  
 Phillis the fair.

## COME, LET ME TAKE THEE TO MY BREAST.

Tune—"Cauld kail," or "How long and dreary is the night." Page 34.

COME, let me take thee to my breast,  
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;  
 And I shall spurn as vilest dust  
 The world's wealth and grandeur:  
 And do I hear my Jeanie own  
 That equal transports move her?  
 I ask for dearest life alone  
 That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,  
 I clasp my countless treasure;  
 I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,  
 Than sic a moment's pleasure;  
 And by thy een so bonnie blue,  
 I swear I'm thine for ever!  
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,  
 And break it shall I never!

## ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

Tune—"Aye waukin' O."

Long, long the night,  
 Heavy comes the morrow,  
 While my soul's delight  
 Is on her bed of sorrow.

Can I cease to care,  
 Can I cease to languish,  
 While my darling fair  
 Is on the couch of anguish?

Every hope is fled,  
 Every fear is terror;  
 Slumber even I dread,  
 Every dream is horror.

Hear me, powers divine!  
 Oh! in pity hear me!  
 Take aught else of mine,  
 But my Chloris spare me!

# MY CHLORIS, MARK HOW GREEN THE GROVES.

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,  
The primrose banks how fair;  
The balmy gales awake the flowers  
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,  
And o'er the cottage sings;  
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,  
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the kilnfu' string  
In lordly lighted ha';  
The shepherd stops his simple reed,  
Blythe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey  
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;  
But are their hearts as light as ours  
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd, in the flow'ry glen,  
In shepherd's phrase will woo;  
The courtier tells a finer tale,  
But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck  
That spotless breast o' thine:  
The courtier's gems may witness love,  
But 'tis na love like mine.

## BY ALLAN STREAM I CHANCED TO ROVE.

Tune—"Allan Water."

By Allan stream I chanced to rove,  
While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi;  
The winds were whispering through the grove,  
The yellow corn was waving ready:  
I listened to a lover's sang,  
And thought on youthfu' pleasures mony;  
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,  
Oh, dearly do I love thee, Annie!

Oh, happy be the woodbine bower,  
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie:  
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,  
The place and time I met my deary!  
Her head upon my throbbing breast,  
She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!"  
While mony a kiss the seal impressed,  
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae,  
The simmer joys the flocks to follow;  
How cheery through her shortening day,  
Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow!  
But can they melt the glowing heart,  
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure?  
Or through each nerve the rapture dart,  
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

# HUNTING-SONG.

Tune—"I red you beware at the hunting."

THE heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,  
Our lads gaed a-hunting ae day at the dawn,  
Owre moors and owre mosses and mony a glen,  
At length they discovered a bonnie moor-hen.  
I red you beware at the hunting, young men;  
I red you beware at the hunting, young men;  
Tak' some on the wing, and some as they spring,  
But cannily steal on a bonnie moor-hen.

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,  
Her colours betrayed her on yon mossy fells;  
Her plumage outlusted the pride o' the spring,  
And oh! as she waltzed gay on the wing.  
I red you beware, &c.

Auld Phœbus himsel', as he peeped o'er the hill,  
In spite at her plumage he tried his skill;  
He levelled his rays where she basked on the brae,  
His rays were outshone, and but marked where she lay.  
I red you beware, &c.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill,  
The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill;  
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,  
Then, whirr! she was over a mile at a flight.  
I red you beware, &c.

## ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK.

Tune—"Where will bonnie Ann lie?" or, "Loch-Erroch side."

Oh stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay!  
Nor quit for me the trembling spray;  
A hapless lover courts thy lay,  
Thy soothing, soft complaining.

Again, again that tender part,  
That I may catch thy melting art;  
For surely that wad touch her heart  
Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,  
And heard thee as the careless wind?  
Oh! nought but love and sorrow joined  
Sic notes o' woe could waken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care,  
O' speechless grief, and dark despair;  
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nee mair,  
Or my poor heart is broken!



## THINE AM I, MY FAITHFUL FAIR.

Tune—"Liggeram Cosh."

THINE am I, my faithful fair,  
Thine, my lovely Nancy;  
Every pulse within my veins,  
Every roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,  
There to throb and languish:  
Though despair had wrung its core,  
That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,  
Rich with balmy treasure:  
Turn away thine eyes of love,  
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?  
Night without a morning:  
Love's the cloudless summer sun,  
Nature gay adorning.

## THE BANKS OF CREE.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,  
All underneath the birchen shade;  
The village bell has told the hour,  
Oh, what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;  
'Tis but the balmy breathing gale,  
Mixed with some warbler's dying fall,  
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!  
So calls the woodlark in the grove,  
His little faithful mate to cheer;  
At once 'tis music and 'tis love.

And art thou come? and art thou true?  
Oh welcome, dear to love and me!  
And let us all our vows renew,  
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

## HANDSOME NELL.\*

Tune—"I am a man unmarried."

Oh once I loved a bonnie lass,  
Ay, and I love her still;  
And whilst that honour warms my breast  
I'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonnie lasses I ha'e seen,  
And mony full as braw;  
But for a modest, gracefu' mien,  
The like I never saw.

\* This is the first production of the muse of Burns, which is remarkable for its unaffected simplicity and natural truth,

A bonnie lass, I will confess,  
Is pleasant to the e'e;  
But without some better qualities,  
She's no the lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet,  
And, what is best of a',  
Her reputation is complete,  
And fair without a flaw.

She dresses aye so clean and neat,  
Both decent and genteel;  
And then there's something in her gait  
Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air  
May slightly touch the heart;  
But it's innocence and modesty  
That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,  
'Tis this enchants my soul;  
For absolutely in my breast  
She reigns without control.

## FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

Tune—"Lassie wi' the lint-white locks." P. 35.  
CHORUS.

FAIREST maid on Devon banks,  
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,  
Wilt thou lay that frown aside  
And smile as thou were wont to do?

Full well thou know'st I love thee dear;  
Could'st thou to malice lend an ear?  
Oh did not love exclaim, "Forbear!  
Nor use a faithful lover so."

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,  
Those wonted smiles, oh let me share!  
And by thy beauteous self I swear  
No love but thine my heart shall know.

## THE SONS OF OLD KILLIE.

Tune—"Shawnboy."

YE sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,  
To follow the noble vocation;  
Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another  
To sit in that honoured station.

I've little to say, but only to pray,  
As praying's the tone of your fashion;  
A prayer from the muse you well may excuse,  
'Tis seldom her favourite passion.

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,  
Who marked each element's border;  
Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,  
Whose sovereign statute is order;      Attention  
Within this dear mansion may wayward con-  
Or withered envy ne'er enter;  
May secrecy round be the mystical bound,  
And brotherly love be the centre.



## HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

Tune—"Balinamona ora."

AWA' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,  
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms:  
Oh, gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms.  
Oh, gi'e me the lass wi' the weel stocked farms.

## CHORUS.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,  
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,  
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,  
The nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that  
blows,  
And withers the faster, the faster it grows:  
But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green  
knows, [yowes]  
Ilk spring they're new decked wi' bonnie white  
And e'en when this beauty your bosom has  
blessed, [sessed]  
The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when pos-  
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie  
impressed, [caressed]  
The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're

## MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

Tune—"Lady Badinscoth's reel."

My love she's but a lassie yet,  
My love she's but a lassie yet,  
We'll let her stand a year or twa,  
She'll no be half sae saucy yet.  
I rue the day I sought her O;  
I rue the day I sought her, O;  
Wha gets her needs na say she's wooed,  
But he may say he's bought her, O!  
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,  
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;  
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,  
But here I never missed it yet.  
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,  
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;  
The minister kissed the fiddler's wife,  
And could na preach for thinking o't.

## NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HOME.

The noble Maxwells and their powers  
Are coming o'er the border,  
And they'll gae bigg Terreagles' towers,  
And set them a' in order.

And they declare Terreagles fair,  
For their abode they choose it;  
There's no a heart in a' the land  
But's lighter at the news o't.

Though 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 ha'e a joyful morrow;  
So dawning day has brought relief—  
Farewell our night o' sorrow!

## O LEAVE NOVELS.

O LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles,  
Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel;  
Such witching books are baited hooks  
For rakish rooks, like Rob Moss-giel.  
Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,  
They make your youthful fancies reel,  
They heat your brains, and fire your veins,  
And then you're prey for Rob Moss-giel.  
Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung;  
A heart that warmly seems to feel;  
That feeling heart but acts a part,  
'Tis rakish art in Rob Moss-giel.  
The frank address, the soft caress,  
Are worse than poison'd darts of steel;  
The frank address and politesse,  
Are all finesse in Rob Moss-giel.

## FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

FRAE the friends and land I love,  
Driven by fortune's felly spite,  
Frae my best beloved I rove,  
Never mair to taste delight;  
Never mair maun hope to find  
Ease frae toil, relief frae care;  
When remembrance wrecks the mind,  
Pleasures but unveil despair.  
Brightest climes shall mirk appear,  
Desert ilka blooming shore,  
Till the fates, nae mair severe,  
Friendship, love, and peace restore.  
Till revenge, wi' laurel'd head,  
Bring our banish'd hame again;  
And ilk loyal bonnie lad  
Cross the seas and win his ain.



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