

ADVERTISEMENT.

G. THOMSON respectfully informs the Public, that each Volume contains FIFTY AIRS; that the Symphonies and Accompaniments of PLEYEL, KOZELUCH, and HAYDN in Vol. I. and II. are distinguished in the Index to the AIRS; and that the Symphonies and Accompaniments in Vol. III. and IV. are wholly by HAYDN.

Those of HAYDN, now introduced into the First and Second Volumes, never were before published, but are given instead of such Symphonies and Accompaniments of the former edition as appeared the least happy productions of the other Composers; it being the anxious wish of the Publisher to render this Work as perfect as possible, throughout. And he will venture to say with confidence, that every one of the Symphonies and Accompaniments, now in these Volumes, will be found worthy of a permanent union with the AIRS, and such as the national Songs of no other Country in Europe can boast of.

If any of PLEYEL'S admirers should wish to have the first twenty-five AIRS, *wholly* harmonized by him, instead of having them partly by HAYDN, they will of course be supplied, as formerly.

A number of publications of Scottish Songs having issued from the press, in imitation of this Work, but resembling it in nothing, except the title, it becomes necessary that those who commission this Work should direct their Correspondents to ask particularly for the Collection published by G. THOMSON, Edinburgh, each Volume of which bears his own written signature, at the foot of the title page.

The Work will comprise ALL the Scottish AIRS and Songs that seem deserving of the public attention, besides a Selection of the best Irish ones. The Fourth Volume is now in preparation.

The Publisher, having already had occasion to check several Piracies from the SONGS of BURNS, annexes, for the information of all whom it concerns, the following Certificate, from the Original in the Poet's hand-writing.

" I DO hereby certify, that all the Songs of my writing, published, and to be published, by MR GEORGE THOMSON of Edinburgh, are so published by my authority. And moreover, that *I never empowered any other person to publish any of the Songs written by me for his Work.* And I authorise him to prosecute any person or persons who shall publish or vend ANY of those Songs without his consent. In testimony whereof, &c.

" ROBERT BURNS."

The Publisher has the same exclusive right to all the other Songs which are marked as *written for this Work*, as well as to all the Symphonies and Accompaniments; which having cost him a heavy expence and incredible pains to procure, he gives this public notice, that if any person shall unwarrantably publish any one of those Songs, or of the Symphonies or Accompaniments, he may depend on being prosecuted.

Lately published by G. THOMSON, and to be had at his house in *York-Place, Edinburgh*; or at T. PRESTON'S, No. 97, *Strand, London*; the following Works:

SIX GRAND SONATAS for the PIANO-FORTE, in Two Books;—the middle and last movements of which are founded upon Scottish subjects, with Accompaniments, composed by PLEYEL.—ALSO,

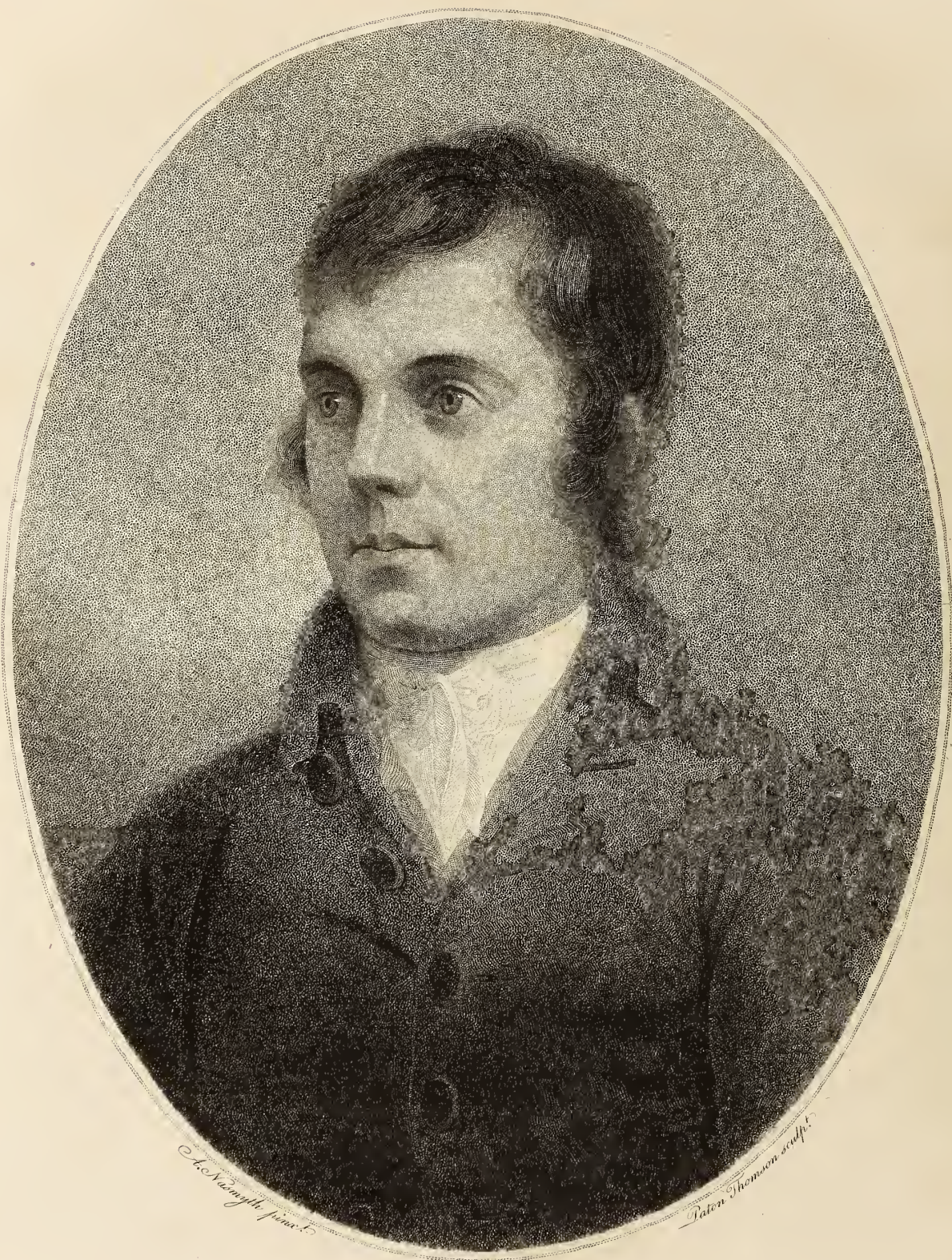
SIX GRAND SONATAS for the PIANO-FORTE, upon a similar plan, with Accompaniments, composed by KOZELUCH.

In these Works, the first movement of each Sonata, (the subject of the Composer's own fancy), forms a delightful variety, contrasted with the familiar subjects of the middle and last Movements. And the Publisher flatters himself they will be found the most interesting Works for the Piano-Forte which these Composers have ever produced. But as some spurious Sonatas have been published in London, in imitation of these Works, and bearing the names of the same Composers, it is to be observed that each book of the genuine Sonatas is subscribed on the *Title-page* in the same manner with each Book of these Songs, in the hand-writing of

G. THOMSON.

To face the Title of

VOL. I.



ROBERT BURNS.

Published as the Act directs June 1805, by T. Preston, Strand - London, & G. Thomson, Edinburgh.

Select Collection of
ORIGINAL SCOTTISH AIRS
(For the Voice.)
With Introductory & Concluding Symphonies
& Accompaniments for the
PIANO FORTE, VIOLIN & VIOLONCELLO

By
Meyer Kozeluch & Haydn

With
Select & Characteristic Verses both Scottish and English
adapted to the Airs, including upwards of
One Hundred New Songs by

BURNS

Price of each Volume the Voice & Piano Forte, One Guinea
The Violin & Viol^o parts separate 6 sh.



Now see where Caledonia's Genius mourns,
And plants the holly round the tomb of Burns.

Volume *L* Ent^d at Stationers Hall.

London. Printed & Sold by T. Preston, 97, Strand.
Sold also by G. Thomson, the Editor & Proprietor, Edinburgh.

G. Thomson

P R E F A C E.

THE Scottish Melodies have ever been admired for their originality, sweetness, and pathos; and many of them for their exhilarating gaiety and spirit. Various Collections of these have been offered to the Public, but all of them more or less defective and exceptionable. Formed with very little care or research, they are in general filled with whatever could most easily be gathered. In none of the Collections do we meet with many fine *Airs*, without a large intermixture of trifling and inferior tunes, nor in any Collection do we find Accompaniments to the *Airs*, which can be pronounced both masterly and well adapted for general performance. And, with respect to the Verses joined to the *Airs*, there are in all the Collections too many that debase the Music.

To furnish a Collection of all the fine *Airs*, both of the plaintive and lively kind, unmixed with trifling and inferior ones:—to obtain the most suitable and finished Accompaniments, with the addition of characteristic Symphonies to introduce and conclude each *Air*:—and to substitute congenial and interesting Songs, every way worthy of the Music, in the room of insipid or exceptionable Verses, were the great objects of the present Publication.

THE first object was to procure the *Airs* in their best form. What their precise *original* form may have been, cannot now be ascertained. Although we go back to the earliest printed Collection, it is far from certain that the *Airs* are there presented to us as they came from the Composers; for they had been preserved, we know not how long, by oral tradition, and thus were liable to changes before being collected. Nor is it at all certain that the earliest Collectors had industry to seek, opportunity to find, and musical taste to select and hand down the *Airs* in their most approved form. It is certain, however, that, in the progress of the *Airs* to modern times, they have in some parts been delicately moulded by judicious Singers, into a more simple and pleasing form than that given to them by the early Publishers. If any one doubts it, let him compare the *Airs* in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, with the same *Airs* in this work. In selecting the *Airs*, the Editor not only consulted every Collection, old and new, comparing the same *Airs* in each, but availed himself of the communications of such intelligent friends as he knew to have been much conversant with their native music; and he invariably chose that set or copy of every *Air*, whether printed or manuscript, which seemed the most simple and beautiful, freed, he trusts, from vulgar errors on the one hand, and redundant graces on the other.

The Symphonies and Accompaniments next engaged his solicitude. For the composition of these, he entered into terms with Mr PLEYEL, who fulfilled part of his engagement satisfac-

torily; but having then stopt short, the Editor found it necessary to turn his eyes elsewhere. He was so fortunate, however, as to engage Mr KOZELUCH, and afterwards Dr HAYDN, to proceed with the Work, which they have finished in such a manner as to leave him nothing to regret on Mr PLEYEL's breach of engagement. The Symphonies and Accompaniments of the first and second volumes, as presented to the Public in the first edition, were wholly by PLEYEL and KOZELUCH; but this new Edition of these two volumes contains a very considerable number by HAYDN, which are now introduced for the first time, in the room of such Symphonies and Accompaniments in the former edition, as appeared less happily executed than the rest. The third volume, and the fourth now in preparation, were wholly allotted to HAYDN, who, to the inexpressible satisfaction of the Editor, has all along wrought *con amore*. He says in a letter to the Editor, "*Mi vanto di questo lavoro, e per ciò mi lusingo di vivere in Scozia molti anni dopo la mia morte* *." It certainly would alone perpetuate his celebrity, had he not by his many other wonderful compositions rendered his name immortal.—There are some critics, whose partiality to a favourite Composer is such, that they will scarce vouchsafe a hearing to any other. Should any of these ask, why HAYDN was not employed to do the *whole* work, the Editor would say, that though he himself idolizes HAYDN, yet the Public have long admired the other two Composers also, whose style unquestionably possesses great sweetness, elegance, and taste; and that a greater variety is obtained from all, than could have been expected from one of the Composers. Where different productions please highly, it seems useless to argue which is the best. "No purpose is answered," says a beautiful writer, "by disputing whether the grape, the nectarine, or the pine-apple, be the most delicious fruit."

THE SYMPHONIES form an Introduction and Conclusion to each *Air*, so characteristic, so elegant, and so delightful, and comprise such a rich Collection of new and original Pieces, that they must be regarded by every Musical Amateur as an invaluable appendage to the *Airs*.

THE ACCOMPANIMENTS are admirably calculated to support the Voice, and to beautify the *Airs*, without any tendency to overpower the Singer. Instead of a Thorough-bass denoted by *figures*, which very few can play with any propriety, the harmony is plainly expressed in musical Notes, which every young Lady may execute correctly †. Here, therefore, the Piano-Forte will alone be found a most satisfactory Accompaniment in Chamber singing. At the same time, when the Violin and Violoncello are joined to the Piano-Forte, they certainly enrich the effect highly.

* "*I boast of this Work, and by it I flatter myself my name will live in Scotland many years after my death*."—HAYDN formerly composed Accompaniments to part of another Collection of Scottish Songs, but without any Symphonies, which have afforded him a happy opportunity of drawing from his inexhaustible fancy, those exquisite combinations and inimitable touches that render his compositions more and more enchanting the oftener they are heard. These Symphonies are to be found in this Work only. The *Airs* also which were allotted to HAYDN for this Work, are of a class very far superior to the generality of those which he harmonized for the Collection alluded to. And, in lieu of a figured bass for the Piano-Forte, he has here given a delicate Accompaniment in Notes for both hands.

† ROUSSEAU, in his Musical Dictionary, under the article *Accompaniment*, has shewn the disadvantage and the difficulty of playing the harmony from *figures*. Those signs, he observes, are equivocal, obscure, and insufficient, as they seldom determine with any exactness the na-

BESIDES the Symphonies and Accompaniments, SECOND-VOICE parts have been composed by those great Masters, for such of the *Airs* as seemed best fitted to be sung as *DUETTS*, while the *Airs* themselves remain without any alteration whatever, and may still be sung by a single voice, as formerly. They have also added second-voice parts to each of the *Chorusses* of the *Songs*, *never before harmonized*, but hitherto sung either by one voice, or by different voices in unison.

ALTHOUGH the Music will probably be deemed the principal attraction in a work of this kind, yet the Poetical Part seems no less deserving of attention. Dr CURRIE, in his truly elegant and interesting life of BURNS, observes, that “there is no species of Poetry, the productions of the drama not excepted, so much calculated to influence the morals, as well as the happiness of a people, as those popular verses which are associated with national airs, and which, being learnt in the years of infancy, make a deep impression on the heart, before the evolution of the powers of the understanding.” Upon the Poetry, however, the Publishers of former Collections appear to have bestowed very little consideration.—Whatever Verses were attached to the *Airs* by their predecessors, they have generally retained, whether proper or improper; and when they picked up *Airs* unprovided with Verses, they seem to have contented themselves with any that chance threw in their way. It was necessary, therefore, to review the whole of the Poetry with a critical eye. But, in considering what Songs should be retained, or excluded, the Editor has not allowed himself to be guided by the desire of needless innovation: on the contrary, he has been scrupulously careful to remove those doggerel rhymes only by which the Music has been debased; giving place to none inconsistent with that delicacy of the Sex, which in too many publications of this sort has been shamefully disregarded.

MR BURNS, whose enthusiasm for Caledonian Music and Song was only equalled by his poetical talents, no sooner heard of the Editor’s plan, than he signified his warm approbation of

it, and in the most liberal and cordial manner undertook to contribute every aid in his power for rendering the Collection as complete as possible. He has performed what he promised in a manner that transcends the most sanguine expectations formed by the Editor, having enriched the Work with the most exquisite Songs, both Scottish and English, that exist in any language; they exhibit all the charms of the Poet’s genius in the utmost variety both of serious and humorous composition; and every intelligent reader will contemplate his luxuriant fancy, his ardent feeling, and manly sentiment, and the impressive energy and simplicity of his style, with equal wonder and delight. All his tender and impassioned Songs breathe the genuine, glowing, unaffected language of the heart; while the scenes, the manners, the innocence, and the pleasures of rural life, are portrayed with a pencil so true to Nature, as to engage our warmest sympathies and admiration. Above ONE HUNDRED Songs from his pen alone appear in these volumes! A few of these have been united to *Airs* different from the tunes which the Poet had first in view; but the Editor hopes it will be found, that, in each of those particular cases, a match more suitable and congenial has been formed. Beside the Songs of BURNS, the best of the anonymous old Songs are all here included, together with the most select ones of RAMSAY, CRAWFORD, HAMILTON, THOMSON, MALLET, SMOLLETT, SKINNER, MACNEILL, and other Scottish Writers*.

The Editor being aware, however, that every ENGLISH Singer will not take the trouble to understand some of the Songs written in the Scottish dialect, though a complete Glossary will accompany the concluding Volume; and it being his wish, from the beginning, to render the Scottish *Airs* equally interesting in England as in Scotland, he has, therefore, along with each Scottish Song, (with a very few exceptions,) given one purely English, which may be sung to the Scottish Air; and even where the Verses attached to the Air are English, a second Song is frequently given, for the choice of the Singer. This addition to the Poetry must be acceptable to every person of taste; as it will be found to include the most admired Songs

ture of the intervals which they mean to indicate, but leave much to be understood and guessed at, consequently, abundant room for error. He shews, that Accompanying by what is called *the rule of the octave*, is also attended with great difficulty and embarrassment, and requires a continual effort of thought. “No sooner (says he) have we formed an idea of one accord, but another presents itself to our consideration, and the moment of reflection is precisely that of execution!”—But why perplex the Amateurs of Music with unnecessary difficulties, that can only render the performance imperfect? Why use signs which require a long course of study and practice to comprehend, and, after all, are continually puzzling the player, when there is a general language, perfectly intelligible to every performer? Let the Composer express his Accompaniment by Musical Notation, as in this Work; there is then no ambiguity, and the correct performance of the harmony follows of course.

There are many persons, who, never having cultivated Music, have little relish for Accompaniments. The Editor well knows, that, when a Scottish Song is sung by a fine voice, and the words distinctly and feelingly expressed, it gives very great pleasure without any Accompaniment—But every one conversant with Music knows, that the voice needs the support and guidance of an Accompaniment, otherwise, that it insensibly falls from the pitch in which it set out; and that the Italians, who have numberless charming airs equally simple with the Scottish, always set Accompaniments to them, not only for the purpose of supporting the voice, but of giving variety and effect to the Song. Mr PRICE, in his admirable Essay on the Picturesque, very justly remarks, that “the ear tires of a repetition of the same flowing strain, and by degrees acquires a relish for more and more intricate combinations of harmony, and opposition of parts, which it takes in, not only without confusion, but with that delight (the only lasting one) which is produced both from the effect of the whole, and the detail of the parts. At the same time, the acquired relish for such artful combinations, so far from excluding (except in narrow and pedantic minds) a taste for simple Melodies, heightens the enjoyment of them.”

* Mr BURNS had collected anecdotes respecting the origin of a number of these Songs, and the fair names to which they relate; but his lamented death prevented a communication of them.

in the English language, besides many new ones written on purpose, a number of which come from the elegant and humorous pen of Dr WOLCOT, better known by the whimsical appellation of PETER PINDAR. The Editor will venture to say, therefore, that a Collection of Lyric Poetry, Scottish and English, so truly excellent, never was before presented to the Public †.

In the foregoing account, the Editor is not conscious of any thing like exaggeration, well knowing that if the Work could not stand the test of a critical examination, panegyric would not save it from falling into oblivion, along with the flimsy productions of the day. But he flatters himself that, by the correctness and purity of the Melodies, joined to the Poetry of BURNS alone, this Work will ever remain the standard of Scottish Music, and Scottish Song, independently of the other truly valuable matter superadded to it. The Public, indeed, are so grossly imposed on by the quackery with which the most paltry works are ushered into notice, as to justify some incredulity with respect to the merit of every new collection of this kind. But, if the names of PLEYEL, of KOZELUCH, of HAYDN, and of BURNS, were insufficient to vouch for the present Work, the sale of a large edition has already stamped it with general approbation. The Editor projected the Work as the amusement of his leisure hours; but, of the labour, the difficulty, and the expence of bringing it into its present shape, he might, with truth, say much more than perhaps would be believed.—Altho' it has been his endeavour to include all the Scottish Airs and Songs worth preserving, he may have omitted some which have their admirers; at the same time, he conceives that the Collection is extensive enough to satisfy the greatest enthusiast. It will consist of Eight Books, or Four Volumes, containing at least 200 Airs, and nearly double that number of Songs; and each Volume will be embellished with a beautiful Engraving.

Some fine Airs, of which it is uncertain whether the origin be Scottish or Irish, are included, and a selection of the best ones known to be Irish will be found interspersed in the different volumes. With respect to those of doubtful origin, it may have happened, that, by means of the Harpers or Pipers who used to wander through the two countries, some favourite Airs might become so common to both, as to make it questionable which of the two gave them birth.

It yet remains a question, at what period, or by what description of persons, the ancient and favourite Scottish Airs were composed. Dr Franklin, in a letter to Lord Kaimes, in-

serted in the treatise on Music in the Scottish Encyclopedia, takes it for granted that those Melodies are the productions of the Minstrels of former times. Mr Tytler, in his dissertation on Scottish Music, printed at the end of Mr Arnot's history of Edinburgh, 1779, after combating the idea of any of the Airs being composed by David Rizzio, endeavours, from an examination of the Airs themselves, to fix the different æras of their production: Several are particularized, which he thinks were composed in the reign of James I., probably, he says, by that Monarch himself; and others are mentioned, which he supposes still more ancient. Mr Ritson, however, in his Essay on this subject, shews that Mr Tytler's ideas are more fanciful than correct, and he expresses the same opinion before delivered by Dr Beattie and others, that the Music took its rise among real Shepherds, probably those who inhabited the pastoral country adjoining to the Tweed, and the rivulets in that district, from which many of the Songs took their names. But none of those ingenious Writers have produced any decisive evidence in support of their opinions. Dr Burney, in the first volume of his history of Music, says, that "the Melody of Scotland will hereafter be proved of a much higher antiquity than has been generally imagined." But it is to be regretted that the Doctor concludes his Work without touching on the subject again; as, from his penetration and judgment in every thing relating to Music, he would probably have given the most satisfactory solution of which the question is capable. Some have doubted whether the Airs be older than the 17th century; because, in a very curious book, published at St Andrews in 1549, intitled "Vedderburn's Complainte of Scotlande," &c. in which the names of a great number of Airs or Songs of the time are enumerated; as well as in a kind of music-book published at Aberdeen in 1666, entitled, "CANTUS; Songs and Fancies," &c. none of the Airs (nor Songs), now so popular, are to be found: but this, though somewhat surprizing, is no proof that they did not then exist. In the Preface to a small volume of Spiritual Songs, called "The Saints Recreation," published at Edinburgh in 1683, compiled by Mr William Geddes, Minister of the Gospel, we are told, that "grave and zealous Divines in the kingdom have composed godly Songs to the tunes of such old Songs as these,—*The bonny broom,—I'll never leave thee,—We'll all go pull the hadder;* and such like." The bare mention of these as *old tunes* in 1683, must be deemed no slight evidence of their antiquity. Mr Geddes proceeds to speak of the tunes as *angelical*, and, after reprobating the *diabolical amorous sonnets* to which they were sung, suggests the *probability* of

† Mr RITSON, in his Historical Essay on Scottish Song, prefixed to a Collection of the Songs, in 12mo, printed in London in 1794, is pleased, in a sarcastic note, to consider the Editor of the present Work as totally insensible of the merit of the original Songs, because of Peter Pindar being engaged to write new Songs for the Work!—and accordingly, the reader of that note will doubtless infer that the original Scottish Songs are all banished, to make room for those of the English Poet. It has been well observed, that he who condemns a work without reading it, is more his own enemy than that of the work. That Mr Ritson, who in this very Essay has investigated his subject with so much diligence and acuteness, should have ventured to censure a Work which he had not at all examined, is somewhat singular. If he had looked into the first book, (which was published a year before the appearance of his Essay), he would have found, that the original Songs of real merit, suited to the Airs, are all retained; and that not a single Song is displaced, to make room for one by the English Poet; but that *every first Song*, or the one attached to each Air, whether in the Scottish dialect or English language, is the production of a Scottish Author:—and this (with a solitary exception or two) will be found uniformly the case throughout the Work. With respect to the Songs which the Editor has removed, he claims the merit of rooting out weeds, and of planting the sweetest flowers in their room.

their having formerly been connected with spiritual hymns and songs. There is a singular little Work, which first appeared before the end of the 16th century, a *new* edition of which was published by Andro Hart, Edinburgh, in 1621, and re-published by A. Constable, Edinburgh, in 1801, entitled, “*Anc compendious Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs, collectit out of sundrie Partes of the Scripture, with sundrie of other Ballates, changed out of prophaine Sanges, for avoyding of Sin and Harlotrie,*” &c. In this we find a number of puritanical rhapsodies, several of which, from the first lines, and from the measure in which they are written, *seem* applicable to particular Scottish tunes. One of these Godly Songs *begins* in the very words of a well known Scottish tune; viz.

<i>Johne cum kis me now,</i>	<i>The Lord thy God I am,</i>
<i>Johne cum kis me now,</i>	<i>That Johne dois thee call.</i>
<i>Johne cum kis me now,</i>	<i>Johne represents man</i>
<i>And make no more adow.</i>	<i>By grace celestiall.</i>

Another of the Godly Songs begins thus:

<i>Hey now the day dallis,</i>	<i>Now welth on our wallis,</i>
<i>Now Christ on us callis,</i>	<i>Appeiris anone, &c.</i>

This exactly suits the tune, *Hey tutti taiti*, which is still sung to words beginning, “*Landlady count the lawin, The day is near the dawin.*” And there is every probability of its being the same with *The jolly day now dawis*, mentioned by Gawin Douglass in the last prologue to his Translation of Virgil, written in 1513, and by the poet Dunbar also, who, addressing the merchants of Edinburgh, says,—

Your common Menstrals hes no tone

But Now the day dawis—and Into Joun.

Thus, without regarding the improbable tradition, that *Hey tutti taiti* was Robert Bruce’s march at the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314, it appears to be one of the oldest Scottish tunes concerning which we have any thing like evidence. There is a third godly Song in the same publication, beginning—

*Till our Gudeman, till our Gudeman,
Keep faith and love till our Gudeman,
For our Gudeman in hevin does reigne,
In glorie and blisse without ending,” &c.*

This is perfectly adapted to the well known tune, called *Our gudeman*, or, *The auld gudeman*; it is probable, therefore, that the latter was another of the popular Scottish tunes when the *Compendious Booke* was published. Of the other still popular tunes, those which have been incidentally alluded to, and most frequently noticed as old ones, are, *Tak’ your auld cloak about ye*; *Waly waly*; *John Anderson my jo*; and *Maggy Lauder*; though perhaps *many* of the other favourite airs, not particularized at all, are fully as ancient.

THERE is a tradition, that “*John, come kiss me now*; “*John Anderson, my jo,*” and some other favourite Scottish airs, were originally attached to hymns in the *Latin* service. But Mr Ritson shews the absurdity of this idea: “*No vestige,*” (says he) of any Scottish melody ever was, or ever will be found in the old Scottish Church-service, which did not, (for one of their service-books is preserved) and could not

possibly, differ from that of other Catholic Countries, and “*must therefore have consisted entirely of chant and counter-point.*” We may therefore safely conclude, that the Scottish Song owes nothing to the Church-Music of the Cathedrals and Abbeys before the Reformation,” &c. To what period, or to what description of persons, however, the Public is indebted for the Scottish Music, the Editor has in vain endeavoured to ascertain; it is a question still reserved for the Antiquary, who, with whatever diligence he may enquire, will now perhaps find it impossible to throw much light upon it.

THE *Orpheus Caledonius* seems to have been the earliest Collection in which the favourite Scottish AIRS appeared in conjunction with the Songs. It was published about the year 1725, by W. Thomson, London, who re-published it, and added a second volume in 1733. The *Tea-table Miscellany*, published by the celebrated Allan Ramsay, in 1724, was the first general Collection in which the admired Scottish SONGS appeared without the Airs, though the Poet had brought forward a *smaller* publication of the Songs some years before. In a separate Work, consisting of six very small books, he also published about 70 of the Airs, with a Bass to each, but whether at the same time with his *Miscellany*, or after the appearance of the *Orpheus Caledonius*, is uncertain. To the *Miscellany*, however, the publisher of the *Orpheus Caledonius*, as well as every succeeding Publisher, has been particularly obliged,—most of the Songs which have so long been favourites, being found in the *Miscellany*. These were chiefly written by Ramsay and his friends, for such Scottish Airs as they thought ill-suited with the words,—Airs which must have been popular long before 1724, as Ramsay, in his preface, says, “*What further adds to the esteem we have for them, is, their antiquity, and their being universally known.*” Some of the best Songs in the *Miscellany*, such as, *The Gaberlunzie Man*; *Muirland Willie*; *Nancy’s to the greenwood gane*; *My Jo, Janet*; *Tak’ your auld cloak about ye*; *Waly Waly*, &c. were collected by Ramsay; and, but for him, it is probable that these admirable specimens of the native Song of Scotland would have been irretrievable. When, or by whom, these were written, was not known even in 1724, from which a considerable antiquity may fairly be inferred; and it is to be presumed that the Airs were at least coeval with the Songs. The much admired Song, set to the Flowers of the Forest, beginning, “*I’ve heard o’ lilting,*” written on the battle of Flodden, though it has been supposed a production of that remote period, is said to have been written about the year 1755, by a sister of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto.

For the satisfaction of the curious, all the *Airs* in this Work, which were considered to be old in 1724, are distinguished by this mark § in the Index to each volume. Those marked thus || are known to be modern. Those without any mark are presumed to be modern, though some of them may perhaps be old. And those with this mark * are understood to be Irish.

York-Place, Edinburgh, }
September 1803. }

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IN THE

FIRST VOLUME,

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THEIR NAMES.

The *Airs* distinguished by this mark § are probably the oldest, as they are known to have been popular before the year 1724.
Those marked thus || are known to be modern. And those with this mark * are said to be Irish.

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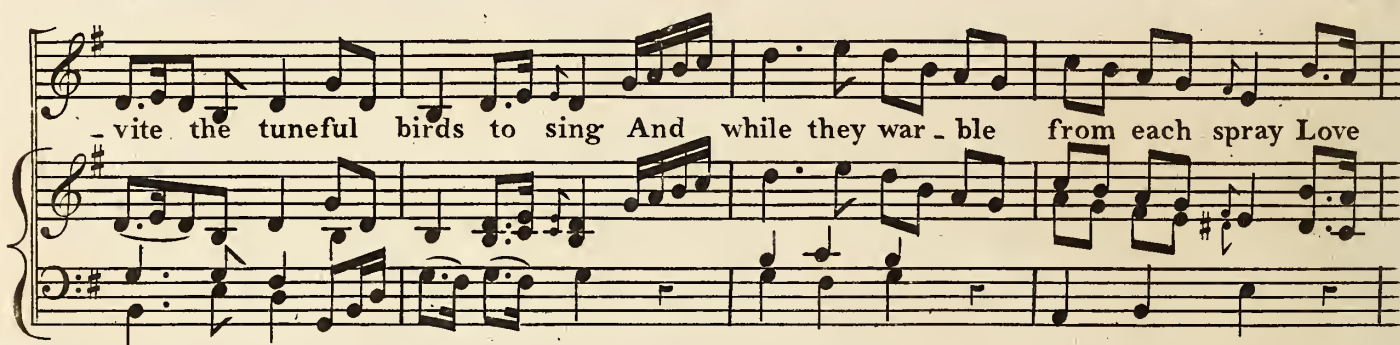
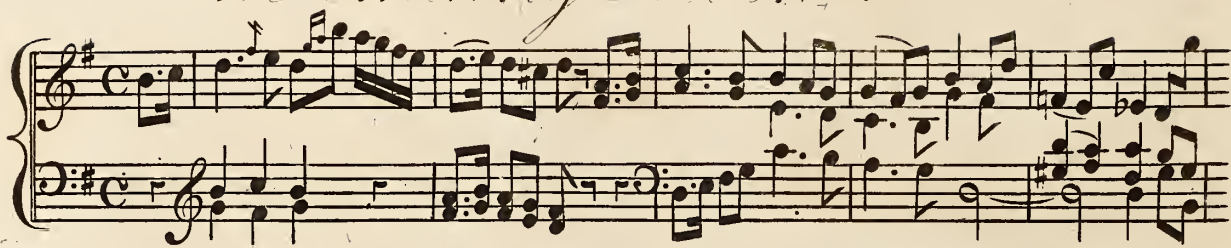
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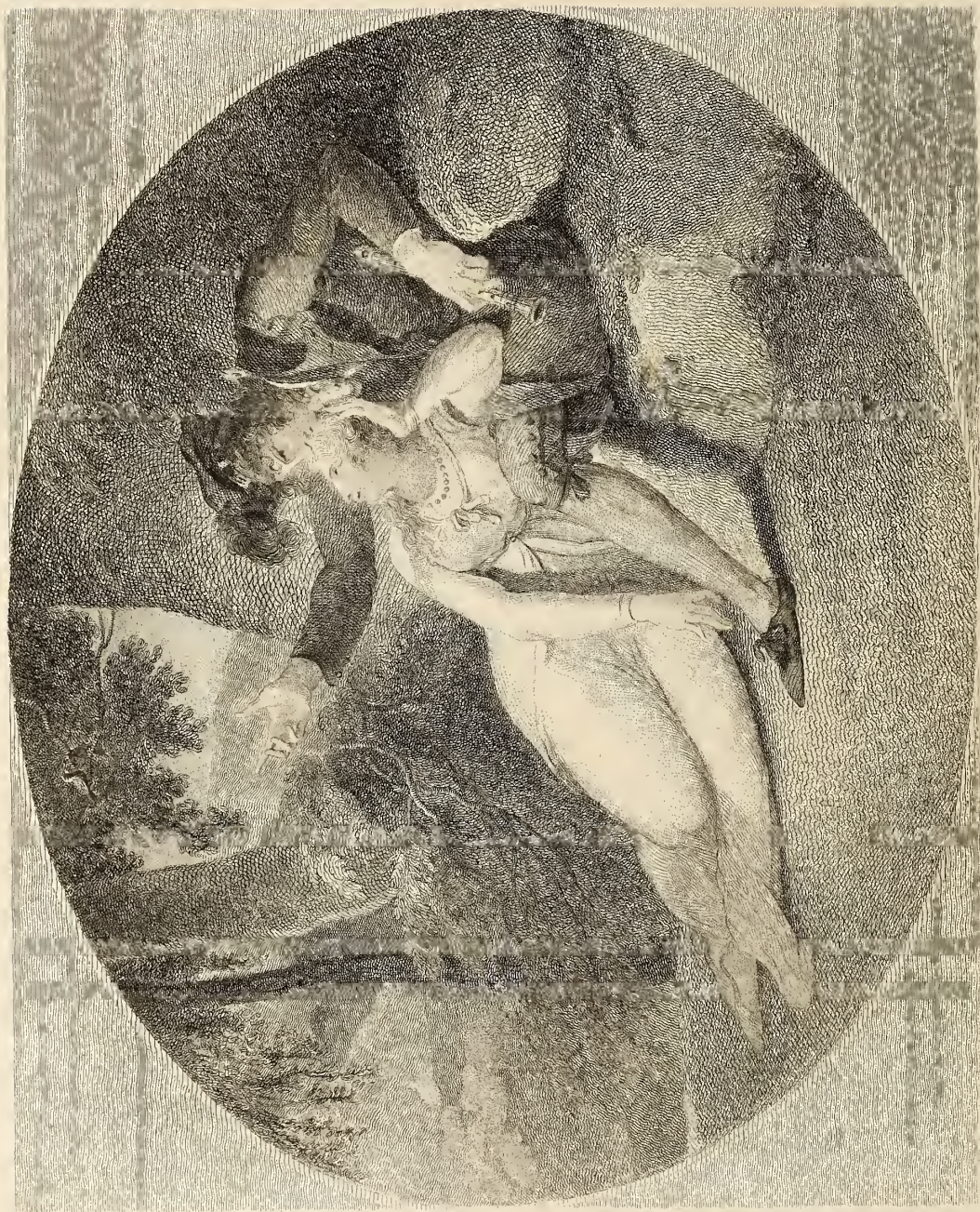
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The smiling Morn!

Andante



* The above Sym^s. & Accom^t composed by Haydn. & first pub^d in 1803.



Designed by W. Hamilton R.A.

Engraved by John Thomson.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

*Let us, Ananda, timely woe
 Like them improve the hour that flies
 And in soft rapture waste the day
 Among the birks of Invermay.*

Published as the Act directs, March 1840, by T. Brown, Strand, London, & by the Promoter at Thomson, Edinburgh.

THE SMILING MORN.

WRITTEN

By MALLET.

AIR—THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing ;
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay :
Let us, AMANDA, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the birks of Invermay.

VOL. I.

A

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear :
At this thy lively bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade :
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters please no more :
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay !

HERE AWA, THERE AWA.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br BURNS.

AIR.—HERE AWA, THERE AWA'

HERE awa', there awa', wandering WILLIE,
Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;
Come to my bosom, my ain only deary,
Tell me thou bring'st me my WILLIE the same.

Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting,
Fears for my WILLIE brought tears in my e'e;
Welcome now Simmer, and welcome my WILLIE;
The Simmer to Nature, my WILLIE to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his NANIE,
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!

WHERE IS THE SMILE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br PETER PINDAR.

THE SAME AIR.

WHERE is the smile that was heav'n to our eye?
Where is the voice that enchanted our ear?
Nought now around us is heard but the sigh?
Nought in the valley is seen but the tear!

Blest is the cottage thy charms shall adorn;
There will the moments be wing'd with delight;
Pleasure with thee shall arise at the morn;
Rapture retire with thy beauties at night.

MARIAN, thy form was a sun to our shade,
Chac'd were the glooms when it beam'd on our plain.
Leave not, O leave not the verdures to fade;
Let not chill darkness surround us again.

Tell us what tempts thee to fly from our grove?
What is our crime that our valley should pine?
Say, dost thou pant for the conquests of love?
The hearts of our shepherds already are thine.

Here awa there awa.

Larghetto

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, marked *Larghetto*. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a melodic line in the right hand, marked *pia*, and a supporting line in the left hand. The bass staff features a continuous eighth-note accompaniment, also marked *pia*. The piece concludes with a final chord marked *for* and a fermata.

Her a - wa, there a - wa, wand - er - ing WIL - - LIE, Here a - - wa,

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble staff and piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics are: "Her a - wa, there a - wa, wand - er - ing WIL - - LIE, Here a - - wa,". The piano part includes a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting line in the left hand, marked *pia*.

there a - wa, haud a - wa hame, Come to my bo - som, my ain on - ly

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "there a - wa, haud a - wa hame, Come to my bo - som, my ain on - ly". The piano part includes a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting line in the left hand, marked *pia*.

Dea - - rie, Tell me thou bring'st me my WIL - LIE the same.

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Dea - - rie, Tell me thou bring'st me my WIL - LIE the same." The piano part includes a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting line in the left hand, marked *pia*.

The final line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble staff and piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The piano part includes a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting line in the left hand, marked *pia*. The piece concludes with a final chord marked *for* and a fermata.

What beauties does Flora disclose.

Duet
Larghetto

What beauties does Flora dis - close. How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed. Yet MARY's still

What beauties does Flora dis - close. How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed. Yet MARY's still

sweeter than those; Both nature and fancy ex - ceed. No dai - sy nor sweet blushing rose, Nor

sweeter than those; Both nature and fancy ex - ceed. No dai - sy nor sweet blushing rose, Nor

all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor Tweed gliding gent - ly thro' those, Such beau - ty and

all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor Tweed gliding gent - ly thro' those, Such beau - ty and

pleasure does yield

pleasure does yield

WHAT BEAUTIES DOES FLORA DISCLOSE.

WRITTEN

By MR CRAWFORD,

OF THE AUCHNAMES FAMILY.

AIR—TWEEDSIDE.

WHAT beauties does FLORA disclose ?
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed ?
 Yet MARY's still sweeter than those ;
 Both Nature and Fancy exceed.
 No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Not all the gay flowers of the field,
 Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure can yield.

The warblers are heard in each grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The black-bird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring ;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?
 Does MARY not tend a few sheep ?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep ?
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
 Kind Nature indulging my bliss ;
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her can compare ;
 Love's graces around her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
 Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed :
 Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay ?
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?

BEYOND YON HILLS.

WRITTEN

Br BURNS.

AIR—MY NANIE, O.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
 'Mang muirs, and mosses many, O,
 The wint'ry sun the day has clos'd;
 And I'll awa to NANIE, O.

Tho' westlin winds blaw loud and shill;
 And its baith mirk and rainy, O;
 I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
 And o'er the hill to NANIE, O.

My NANIE's charming, sweet, and young;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my NANIE, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonie, O;
 The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than NANIE, 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 ay to NANIE, O.

My riches a's my penny fee,
 And I maun guide it cannie, O;
 But world's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a', my NANIE, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
 His sheep and kye thrive bonie, O;
 But I'm as blythe that lauds his pleugh,
 And has nae care but NANIE, O.

Come well, come woe, I carena by,
 I'll tak' what Heav'n will send me, O;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, and love my NANIE, O.

O NANCY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME.

WRITTEN

Br DR PERCY.

THE SAME AIR.

O NANCY, wilt thou go with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot and russet gown?

No longer drest in silken sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare;
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O NANCY, when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
 Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wint'ry wind?

O can that soft and gentle mien
 Extremes of hardship learn to bear;
 Nor sad, regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O NANCY, canst thou love so true,
 Through perils keen with me to go?
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pangs of woe?

Say, shou'd disease, or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?
 Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recal,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?

And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear
 Nor *then* regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Behind yon hills.

4

Adagio non troppo

for *pia*

S. Be_hind yon hills where Lu_gar flows, 'Mang'

for *pia*

muirs and mosses ma_ny, O, The wintry sun the day has clos'd, And I'll a_wa to

for *pia*

NAN_NIE, O. Tho' west_lin winds blaw loud and shill; And its baith mirk and

for *pia*

rai_ny, O. I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal, And o'er the hill to

for *pia*

NANNIE, O.

S.

Hear me ye Nymphs.

*Adagio
ma non
troppo*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with notes marked *for* and *pia*, and a dynamic marking of *rf* (ritardando forte) at the end. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with notes also marked *for* and *pia*.

The vocal entry begins with a single note marked *s.* (soprano). The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern. The vocal line then enters with the lyrics "Hear me, ye Nymphs, and".

The vocal line continues with the lyrics "ev'ry Swain, I'll tell how PEGGY grieves me; Tho' thus I languish and complain, A". The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the eighth-note pattern.

The vocal line continues with the lyrics "las! she ne'er believes me. My vows, and sighs, like si-lent air, Un-heed-ed ne-ver". The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern.

The vocal line continues with the lyrics "move - - her, The bon-ny bush a - boon Traquair, 'Twas there I first did love her." The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern.

The vocal line concludes with a final note marked *s.* The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern until the end of the piece.

HEAR ME, YE NYMPHS.

WRITTEN

By MR CRAWFORD.

AIR—THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
 I'll tell how PEGGY grieves me;
 Though thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded, never move her;
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
 The fields we then frequented:
 If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny bush bloomed fair in May,
 Its sweets I'll ay remember:
 But now her frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in December.

That day she smiled, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder:
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I tried to soothe my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender:
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should PEGGY grieve me?
 Oh! make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me.
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender;
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander!

O HAD MY LOVE NE'ER SMILED ON ME.

WRITTEN

By R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

O HAD my love ne'er smiled on me,
 I ne'er had known such anguish;
 But think how false, how cruel she,
 To bid me cease to languish!
 To bid me hope her hand to gain,
 Breathe on a flame half perish'd;
 And then, with cold and fix'd disdain,
 To kill the hope she cherish'd!

Not worse his fate, who on a wreck
 That drove as winds did blow it,
 Silent had left the shatter'd deck,
 To find a grave below it:—
 Then land was cried, no more resign'd,
 He glow'd with joy to hear it:
 Not worse his fate his woe to find,
 The wreck must sink eer near it!

ONE DAY I HEARD MARY SAY.

WRITTEN

By MR CRAWFORD.

AIR—I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

ONE day I heard MARY say,
How shall I leave thee?
Stay, dearest ADONIS, stay,
Why wilt thou grieve me?
Alas! my fond heart will break,
If thou shou'dst leave me;
I'll live and die for thy sake,
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely ADONIS, say,
Has MARY deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love that's griev'd thee?
My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
Thou may'st believe me,
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
And never leave thee.

ADONIS, my charming youth,
What can relieve thee?
Can MARY thy anguish soothe!
This breast shall receive thee.
My passion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee:
Delight shall drive pain away,
Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
How shall I leave thee!
O! that thought makes me sad,
I'll never leave thee.
Where would my ADONIS fly?
Why does he grieve me!
Alas! my poor heart will die,
If he should leave me!

One day I heard Mary say

Adagio *f* *for* *rf* *pia*

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of D major. It features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *for* (forzando), *rf* (rassordito forte), and *pia* (pianissimo).

S. One day I heard MA--RY say

The vocal entry begins with a half rest followed by the lyrics 'One day I heard MA--RY say'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line.

h. How shall I leave thee. Stay, dearest A--DO--NIS, stay Why wilt thou

The vocal line continues with 'How shall I leave thee. Stay, dearest A--DO--NIS, stay Why wilt thou'. The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand and a harmonic support in the left hand.

h. grieve me. A--las! my fond heart will break, If thou shouldst

The vocal line continues with 'grieve me. A--las! my fond heart will break, If thou shouldst'. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic and harmonic structure.

h. leave me I'll live and die for thy sake; Yet ne--ver leave thee.

The vocal line concludes with 'leave me I'll live and die for thy sake; Yet ne--ver leave thee.'. The piano accompaniment provides a steady accompaniment throughout.

S.

The piece concludes with a piano solo section marked *S.* (Sotto voce). The melody in the right hand is more active, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

My Patie is a lover gay.

Duet
Allegretto

My PA-TIE is a lo-ver gay, His mind is ne-ver mud-dy, His breath is sweet-er

My PATIE'S a lo-ver gay, His mind's ne'er mud-dy, His breath's sweeter

pia

than new hay, His face is fair and rud-dy. His shape is hand-some, mid-dle size, He's stately in his

than new hay, His face is fair and rud-dy. His shape's handsome, middle size, He's stately

waw-king; The shining of his een surprise, 'Tis heav'n to hear him taw-king.

waw-king; The shining of his een surprise, 'Tis heav'n to hear him taw-king.

7

MY PATIE IS A LOVER GAY.

WRITTEN

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR—CORN RIGGS.

MY PATIE is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy :

His shape is handsome, middle size,
He's stately in his walking :
The shining of his e'en surprise :
'Tis heav'n to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a-glowing.

He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony :
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
" O corn riggs are bonny."

COME, DEAR AMANDA, QUIT THE TOWN.

THE SAME AIR.

COME, dear AMANDA, quit the town,
And to the rural hamlets fly ; *
Behold, the wintry storms are gone,
A gentle radiance glads the sky :
The birds awake, the flow'rs appear ;
Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee ;
'Tis joy and music all we hear !
'Tis love and beauty all we see !

Come, let us mark the gradual spring,
How peep the buds, the blossom blows,
'Till Philomel begins to sing,
And perfect May to spread the rose.
Let us secure the short delight,
And wisely crop the blooming day :
For soon, too soon, it will be night !
Arise, my love, and come away !

* It may be imagined, by the READER of this song, that it will not suit the Air, because in the second and fourth lines of each verse the measure is a little different from the corresponding lines of the Scottish verses ; but it is to be observed, that the Air requires these lines to have eight syllables, although it happens that there are but seven in the Scottish verses.

WILL YE GO TO THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION?

AIR—THE EWE-BUGHTS.

WILL ye go to the ewe-bughts, MARION,
 And wear in the sheep wi' me?
 The sun shines sweet, my MARION,
 But nae half so sweet as thee.
 The sun, &c.

I've nine milk-ewes, my MARION,
 A cow and a brawny quey;
 I'll gi'e them a' to my MARION
 Upon her bridal-day.
 I'll gi'e, &c.

O MARION's a bonny lass,
 And the blythe blinks in her e'e;
 And fain wad I marry MARION,
 Gin MARION wad marry me.
 And fain, &c.

And ye's get a green say apron,
 And waistcoat o' London brown;
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.
 And wow, &c.

I'm young and stout, my MARION,
 Nane dances like me on the green:
 And gin ye forsake me, MARION,
 I'll e'en draw up wi' JEAN.
 And gin, &c.

O MARIAN, SO SWEET ARE THY KISSES.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br PETER PINDAR.

THE SAME AIR.

O MARIAN, so sweet are thy kisess,
 Thou shouldst not thy shepherd refuse,
 Behold! they are so many blisses,
 And nought, my dear girl, wilt thou lose.

Those lips were created for pleasure,
 Then, wherefore deny thy poor swain?
 Say, thou feelest the loss of the treasure,
 I'll give thee thy kisses again.

Then, MARION, most cheerfully deal 'em,
 By such presents thou can'st not be poor;
 So fruitful thy lips when I steal 'em,
 They quickly are cluster'd with more.

Will ye go to the Ewe-bughts Marion^s

Duet

Andante

Will ye go to the ewe bughts Marion And wear in the

Will ye go to the ewe bughts Marion And wear in the

hr

sheep wi' me? The sun shines sweet my Marion But nae half sae sweet as thee The sun shines

sheep wi' me? The sun shines sweet my Marion But nae half sae sweet as thee The sun shines

hr

sweet my Marion But nae half sae sweet as thee.

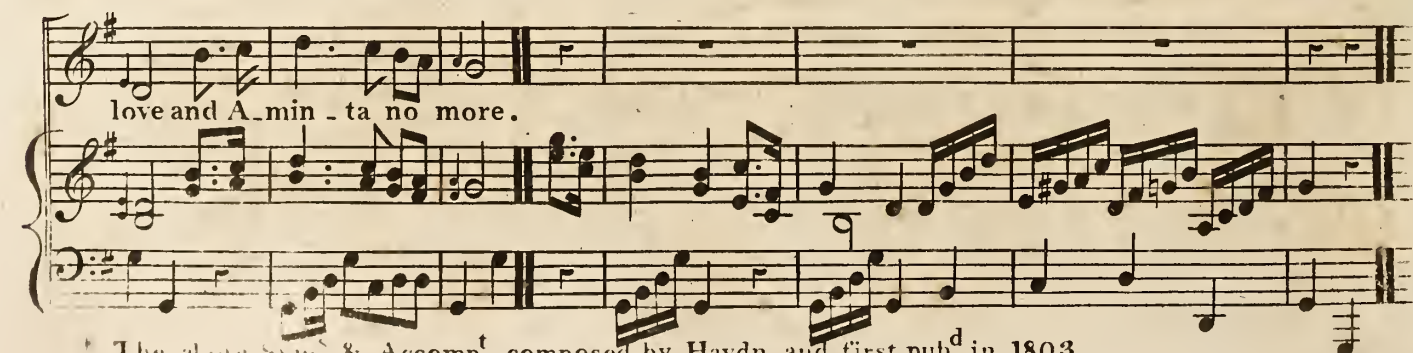
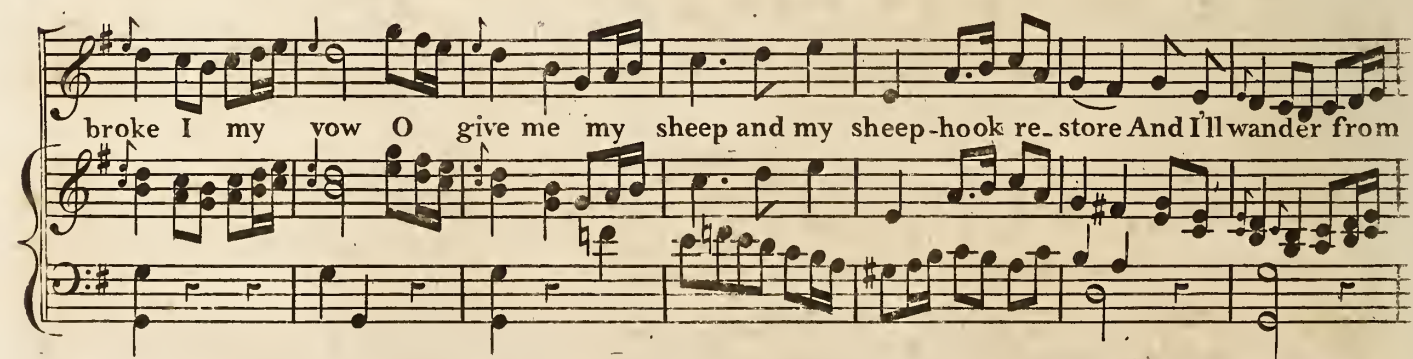
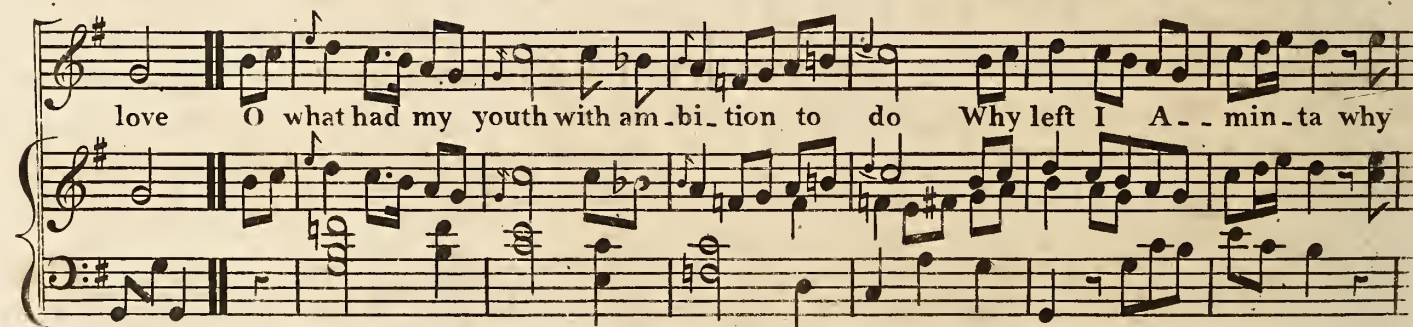
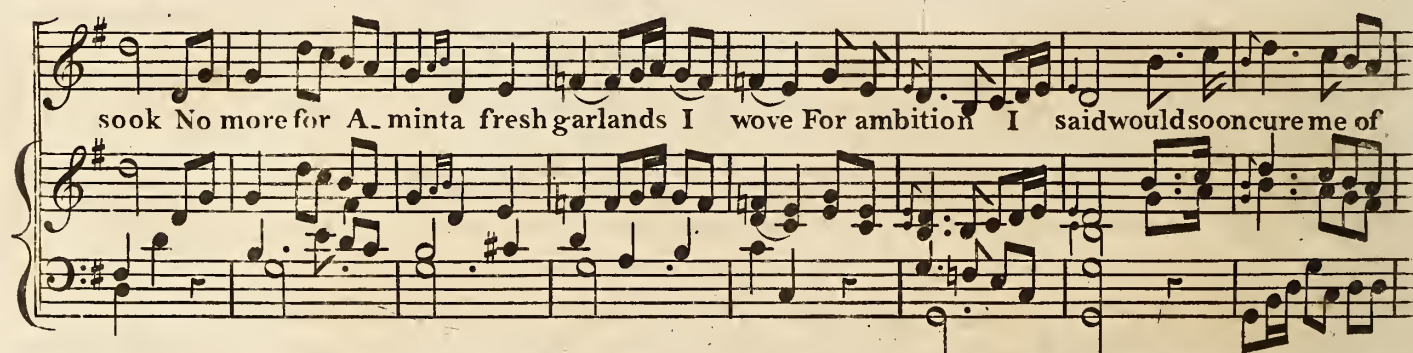
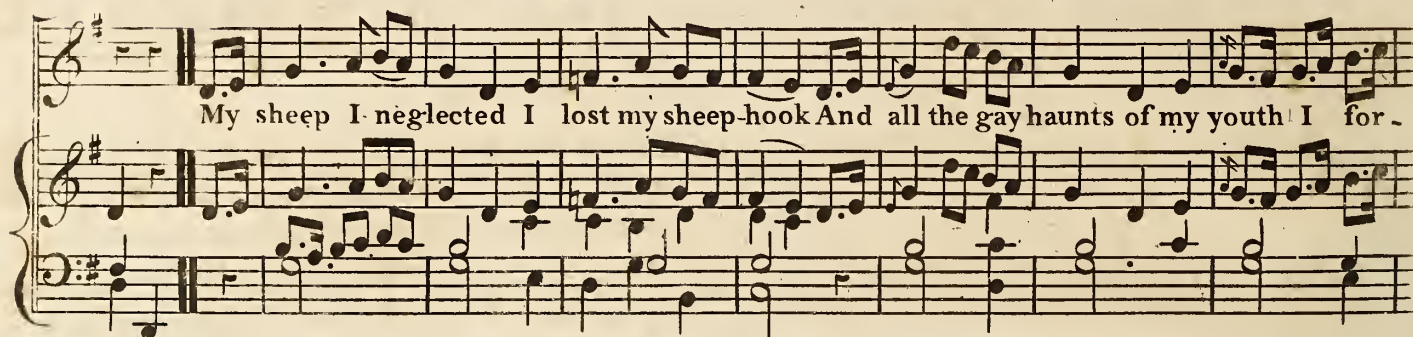
sweet my Marion But nae half sae sweet as thee.

sf

* The above Sym^s and Accomp^s composed by Haydn & first pub^d in 1803.

My sheep I neglected

Larghetto



The above Sym. & Accompt. composed by Haydn and first pub'd in 1803.

MY SHEEP I NEGLECTED.

WRITTEN

By SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

AIR—MY APRON DEARY.

My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook,
No more for AMINTA fresh garlands I wove;
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
O! what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I AMINTA, why broke I my vow?
O! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
I'll wander from love and AMINTA no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love;
O fool! to imagine that aught can subdue,
A love so well founded, a passion so true.
O! what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I AMINTA, why broke I my vow?
O! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
I'll wander from love and AMINTA no more.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine:—
Poor shepherd, AMINTA no more can be thine:
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again!
O! what had my youth, &c.

VOL. I. C.

FAREWEL TO LOCHABER.

WRITTEN

Br ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR—LOCHABER.

<p>FAREWEL to Lochaber, farewel to my JEAN, Where heartsome with thee I have many day been ; For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more, We'll may-be return to Lochaber no more. These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear, And not for the dangers attending on weir ; Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore, May-be to return to Lochaber no more.</p>	<p>Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise every wind, They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind ; Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar, That's naething like leaving my love on the shore. To leave thee behind me, my heart is sair pain'd ; But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd ; And beauty and love's the reward of the brave, And I maun deserve it before I can crave.</p>
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Then glory, my JEANY, maun plead my excuse ;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?
 Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should chance to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

YE SHEPHERDS AND NYMPHS.

WRITTEN

Br WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq.
OF BANGOUR.

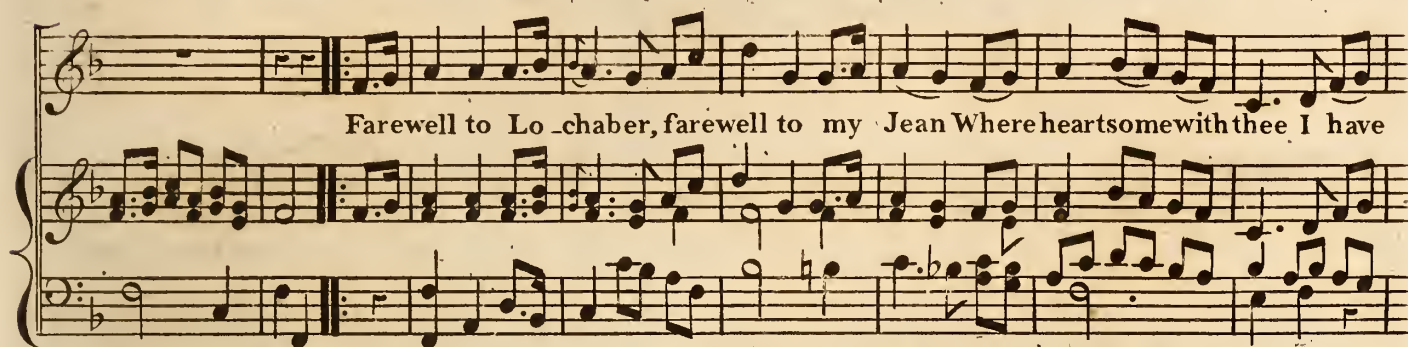
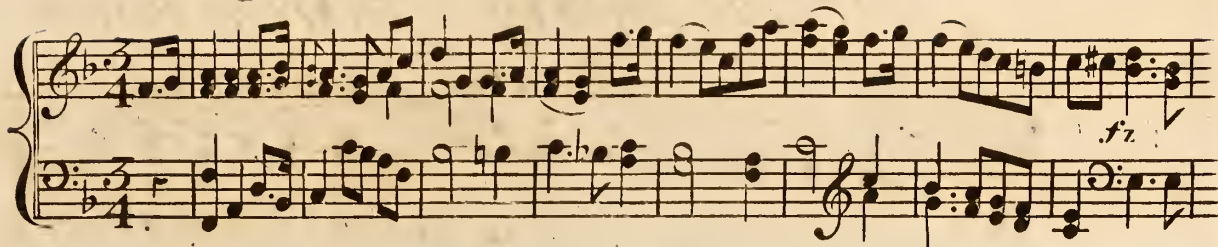
THE SAME AIR.

<p>YE shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain, Approach from your sports, and attend to my strain ; Amongst all your number a lover so true, Was ne'er so undone with such bliss in his view. Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine ! She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine : She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath ; But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.</p> <p>She calls me her friend, but her lover denies ; She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my sighs. A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air, Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair.</p>	<p>I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears ; Her answer confounds, while her manner endears ; When softly she tells me to hope no relief, My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.</p> <p>By night while I slumber, still haunted with care, I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair : The fair sleeps in peace ; may she ever do so ! And only when dreaming imagine my woe.</p> <p>Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire, Nor think she should love whom she cannot admire : Hush all thy complaining ; and, dying her slave, Commend her to heav'n, and thyself to the grave.</p>
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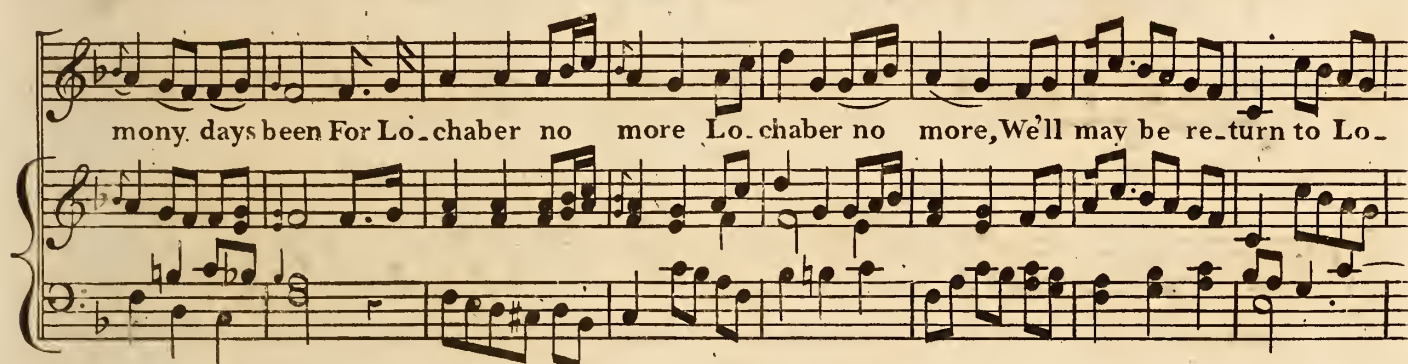
Farewell to Lochaber.

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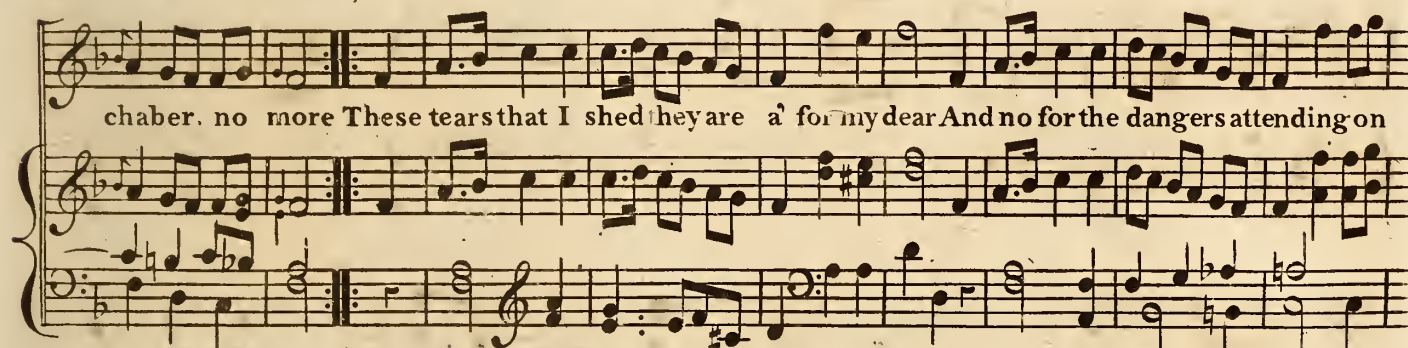
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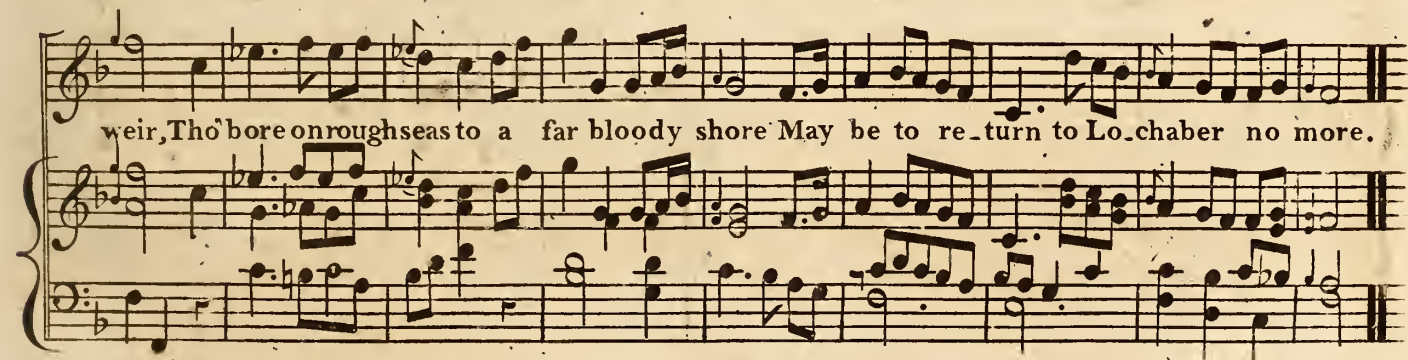
Farewell to Lo_chaber, farewell to my Jean Where heartsomewith thee I have



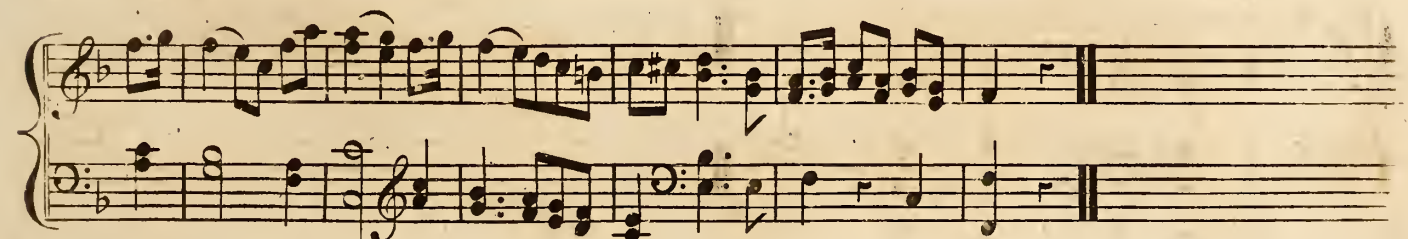
mony. days been For Lo_chaber no more Lo_chaber no more, We'll may be re_turn to Lo-



chaber. no more These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear And no for the dangers attending on



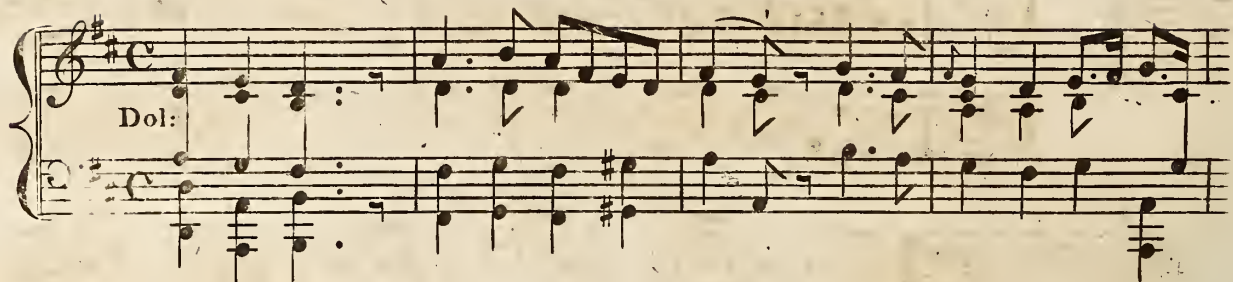
weir, Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore May be to re_turn to Lo_chaber no more.



* The above Sym^s & Accomp^t composed by Haydn and first pub^d in 1803.

Braw lads on Yarrow braes.

Andante



Braw braw lads on Yar - row braes, Ye

rf *pia*

The first vocal line is marked *rf* (ritardando) and *pia* (piano). The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line.

wan - der thro' the bloo - ming heather; But Yar - - row braes, nor

The second vocal line continues the melody, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support.

Et - - trick shaws, Can match the lads of Gal - - la wa - ter

The third vocal line concludes the phrase, with the piano accompaniment ending on a sustained chord.

The final section of the page shows the continuation of the piano accompaniment, ending with a sustained chord.

BRAW LADS ON YARROW BRAES.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br BURNS.

AIR—GALLA WATER.

BRAW, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
Ye wander thro' the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla water,

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

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' 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!

MARY'S CHARMS SUBDUED MY BREAST.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br THE HON. ANDREW ERSKINE
OF KELLIE.

THE SAME AIR.

MARY's charms subdued my breast,
Her glowing youth, her manner winning,
My faithful vows I fondly press'd,
And mark'd the sweet return beginning.

Fancy warmly on my mind,
Yet paints that evening's dear declining;
When raptur'd first I found her kind,
Her melting soul to love resigning.

Years of nuptial bliss have roll'd,
And still I've found her more endearing;
Each wayward passion she controul'd,
Each anxious care, each sorrow cheering.

Children now in ruddy bloom,
With artless look attention courting;
Their infant smiles dispel each gloom,
Around our hut so gaily sporting.

BUSK YE, BUSK YE, MY BONNY BONNY BRIDE.

WRITTEN

By WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq.

AIR.—THE BRAES OF YARROW.

A. **B**usk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.
B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
 Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
A. I gat her where I dare nae weil be seen,
 Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.
 Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride;
 Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
 Nor let thy heart lament to leave
 Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow:
B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
 Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
 And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen,
 Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?
A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep;
 Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;
 And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
 Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow;
 For she has tint hir luvèr luvèr dear,
 Hir luvèr dear, the cause of sorrow;
 And I hae slain the comeliest swain
 That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.
 Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
 Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
 And why yon melancholeous weeds,
 Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?
 What yonder floats on the rueful, rueful stream?
 What yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
 'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
 Upon the doleful braes of Yarrow!
 Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
 His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow;
 And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
 And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.
 Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters sad,
 Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
 And weep around in wae'ful wise
 His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow.
 Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
 My arm that wrought the deid of sorrow,
 The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
 His comely breast on the braes of Yarrow.
 Did I not warn thee not to lue,
 And warn from fight? But to my sorrow,
 O'er rashly bald, a stronger arm
 Thou met'st and fell on the braes of Yarrow.
 Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
 Yellow on Yarrow's banks the gowan,
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
 Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.
 Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
 As green its grass, its gowan yellow,
 As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
 The apple frae the rock as mellow.
 Fair was thy luvè, fair fair indeed thy luvè,
 In flow'ry bands thou him didst fetter;
 Tho' he was fair and well belov'd again,
 Than me he never lued thee better.
 Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
 Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
 And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.
C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride?
 How can I busk a winsome marrow?
 How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
 That slew my luvè on the braes of Yarrow?
 O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
 No dew thy tender blossoms cover;
 For there was basely slain my luvè,
 My luvè, as he had not been a luvè.
 The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
 His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing!
 Ah! wretched me! I little little kend
 He was in these to meet his ruin.
 The boy took out his milk-white milk-white steed,
 Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
 But ere the toofal of the night,
 He lay a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.
 Much I rejoic'd that wae'ful wae'ful day;
 I sang, my voice the woods returning;
 But lang ere night the spear was flown
 That slew my love and left me mourning.
 What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
 But with his cruel rage pursue me?
 My luvè's blood is on thy spear,
 How can'st thou, barbarous man, then woo me?
 My happy sisters may be, may be proud;
 With cruel and ungentle scoffing,
 May bid me seek on Yarrow braes
 My luvè nailed in his coffin.
 My brother DOUGLAS may upbraid,
 And strive with threat'ning words to move me.
 My luvè's blood is on thy spear,
 How can'st thou ever bid me luvè thee?
 Yes, yes, prepare the hed, the bed of luvè?
 With bridal sheets my body cover;
 Unbar, ye bridal maids the door,
 Let in the expected husband luvè.
 But who the expected husband husband is?
 His hands, methinks are bath'd in slaughter;
 Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon
 Comes in his pale shroud bleeding after?
 Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
 O! lay his cold head on my pillow;
 Tak' aff, tak' aff, these bridal weids,
 And crown my careful head with willow.
 Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best belov'd,
 O could my warmth to life restore thee!
 Yet lie all night between my breasts,
 No youth lay ever there before thee.
 Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
 Forgive, forgive, so foul a slaughter!
 And lie all night between my breasts;
 No youth shall ever lie there after.
A. Return, return, O mournful mournful bride,
 Return, and dry thy useless sorrow;
 Thy luvèr heeds nought of thy sighs,
 He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

THY BRAES WERE BONNY, O YARROW STREAM!

WRITTEN

By THE REV. MR. LOGAN.

THE SAME AIR.

Thy braes were bonny, O * Yarrow stream!
 When first on them I met my lover;
 Thy braes how dreary, O Yarrow stream!
 When now thy waves his body cover.
 For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
 Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
 For never on thy banks shall I
 Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.
 He promis'd me a milk-white steed,
 To bear me to his father's bowers;
 He promis'd me a little page,
 To squire me to his father's towers;
 He promis'd me a wedding-ring,—
 The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow:—
 Now he is wedded to his grave,
 Alas! his watery grave in Yarrow.
 Sweet were his words when last we met;
 My passion I as freely told him:
 Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
 That I should never more behold him.
 Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
 It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow:
 Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
 'And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.
 His mother from the window look'd,
 With all the longing of a mother;
 His little sister weeping walk'd
 The green-wood path to meet her brother;
 They sought him east, they sought him west,
 They sought him all the forest thorough;
 They only saw the cloud of night,
 They only heard the roar of Yarrow!
 No longer from thy window look,
 Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
 No longer walk, thou lovely maid,
 Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
 No longer seek him east or west,
 And search no more the forest thorough:
 For wandering in the night so dark,
 He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.
 The tear shall never leave my cheek,
 No other youth shall be my marrow;
 I'll seek thy body in the stream,
 And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.
 The tear did never leave her cheek,
 No other youth became her marrow;
 She found his body in the stream,
 And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

* The critical Reader will observe, that in the first and third lines of the first verse, the interjection O is added, to suit the measure of the Air;—but in general that liberties of this kind are taken only when found absolutely necessary.

It is here to be observed also, with respect to this as well as other Songs, that where the Air requires the *first* word of the line to be emphatic, and the Poet sometimes inadvertently throws his emphasis upon the *second* word or syllable,—the Singer has only in such a case to supply a Quaver for the unemphatic first word.

Busk ye, busk ye.

12

Allegretto

The piano introduction is in D major, 2/4 time. It features a lively melody in the right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The tempo marking 'Allegretto' is written to the left of the first staff.

f
f

Busk ye, busk ye my bonny bonny bride, Busk ye, busk ye, my win - some marrow,

The first system of the song. The vocal line (treble clef) has a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

Busk ye, busk ye my bonny bonny bride, And think nae mair on the braes of Yar - row.

The second system of the song. The vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment includes some chords with repeat dots, indicating a sustained harmonic texture.

Where got ye that bonny bonny bride? Where got ye that win - some mar - row?

The third system of the song. The vocal line has a more active melody. The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support.

I got her where I dare na well be seen, Pu - ing the birks on the braes of Yar - row.

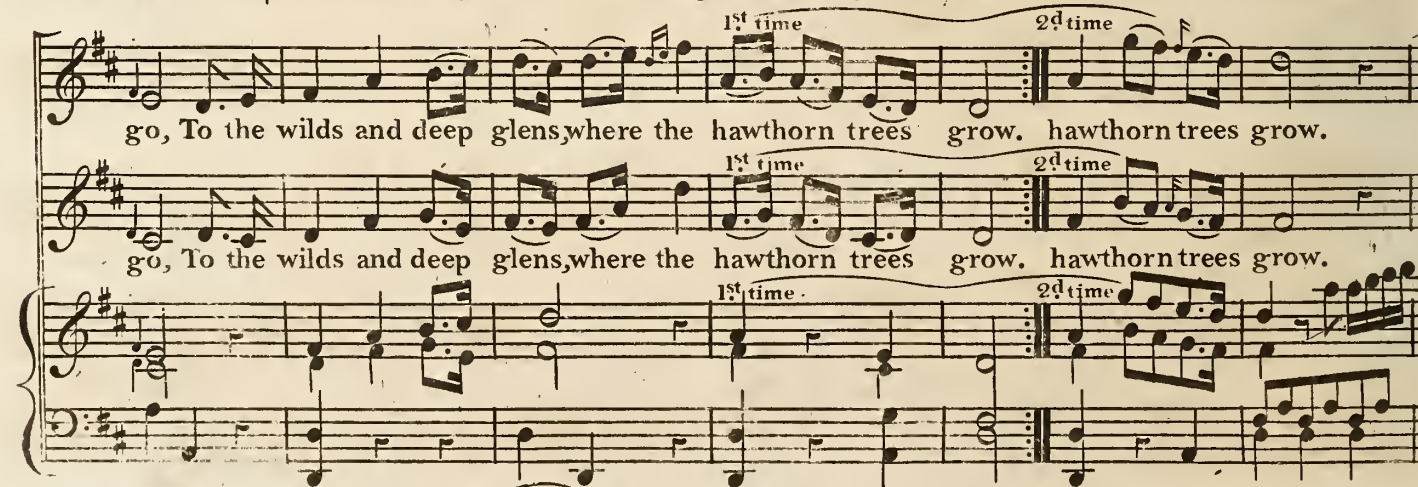
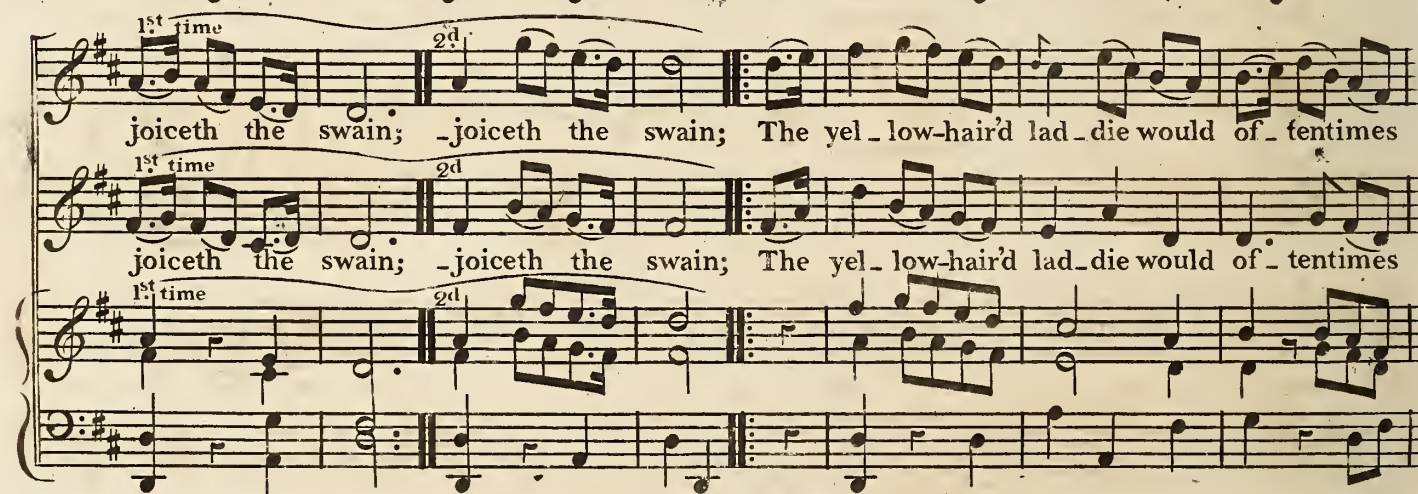
The fourth system of the song. The vocal line concludes the main melody. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic background.

f
f

The piano conclusion. It features a final chord in the right hand and a descending bass line in the left hand, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots. The dynamic marking 'f' is present in both staves.

In April when Primroses.

Duet
Andante



IN APRIL, WHEN PRIMROSES.

WRITTEN

Br ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR—THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn;
He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That Sylvens and Faries unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung:—Tho' young MADIE be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;

But SUSIE is handsome, and sweetly can sing,
Her breath 's like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That MADIE, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon is inconstant, and never spoke truth;
But SUSIE is faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;
Then, sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
The witty sweet SUSIE his mistress might be.

BE STILL, O YE WINDS, AND ATTENTIVE, YE SWAINS.

WRITTEN

Br MR EDWARD MOORE.

THE SAME AIR.

COL. BE still, O ye winds, and attentive ye swains,
'Tis PHEBE invites, and replies to my strains;
The sun never rose on, search all the world through,
A shepherd so blest, or a fair one so true.

PH. Glidesoftly, yestreams; yenympsrroundmethrong;
'Tis COLIN commands, and enlivens my song:
Search all the world over, you never can find
A maiden so blest, or a shepherd so kind.

COL. When PHEBE is with me, the seasons are gay,
And winter's bleak months are as pleasant as May;
The summer's gay verdure still springs as she treads,
And linnets and nightingales sing through the meads.

PH. When COLIN is absent, 'tis winter all round;
How faint is the sunshine, how barren the ground?
Instead of the linnet or nightingale's song,
I hear the hoarse raven croak all the day long.

COL. O'er hill, dale, and valley, my PHEBE and I
Together shall wander, and love will be by:
Her COLIN shall guard her safe all the day long,
Which PHEBE at night will repay with a song.

PH. By moon-light, when shadows glide over the plain,
His kisses shall cheer me, his arms shall sustain;
The dark haunted grove I can trace without fear,
Or sleep in a church-yard if COLIN is near.

COL. Ye shepherds that wanton it over the plain,
How fleeting your transports, how lasting your pain!
Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind she,
And learn to be happy from PHEBE and me.

PH. Ye nymphs, who the pleasures of love never tried,
Attend to my strains, and let me be your guide:
Your hearts keep from pride and inconstancy free,
And learn to be happy from COLIN and me.

BOTH. 'Tis love, like the sun, that gives light to the year,
The sweetest of blessings that life can endear;
Our pleasure it brightens, drives sorrow away,
Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

'T WAS IN THAT SEASON OF THE YEAR.

WRITTEN

By RICHARD HEWIT.

AIR—ROSLIN CASTLE.

'T WAS in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That COLIN, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay :
Of NANNY's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with NANNY rung,
While Roslin castle heard the swain,
And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring
With rapture warms, awake and sing ;
Awake and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a song :
To NANNY raise the cheerful lay,
O bid her haste and come away ;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on every spray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song :
Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from NANNY's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy COLIN's lay
With rapture calls, O come away ;
Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine,
Around that modest brow of thine ;
O hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

WHEN DELIA ON THE PLAIN APPEARS.

WRITTEN

By LORD LYTTLETON.

THE SAME AIR.

WHEN DELIA on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear ;
No other wit but her's approve ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

If she some other swain commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, or shady grove ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for ev'ry swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

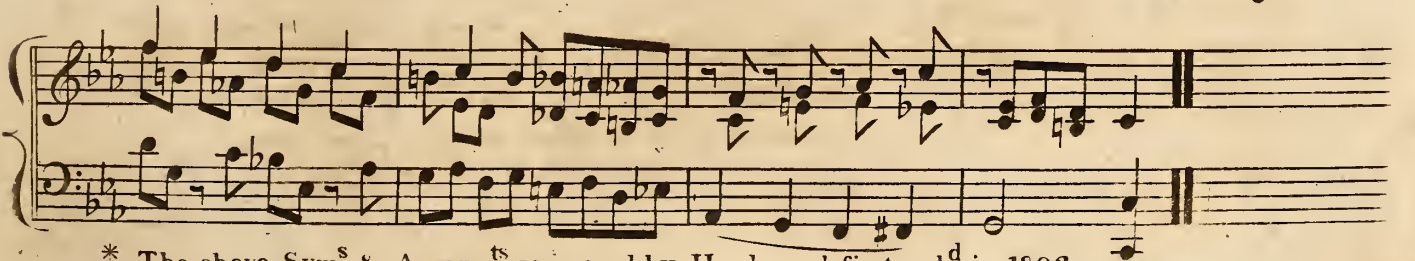
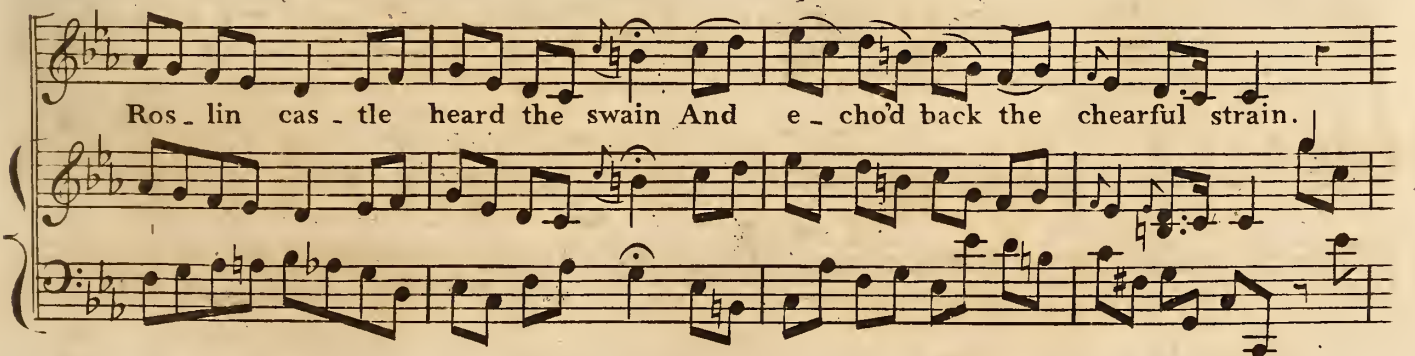
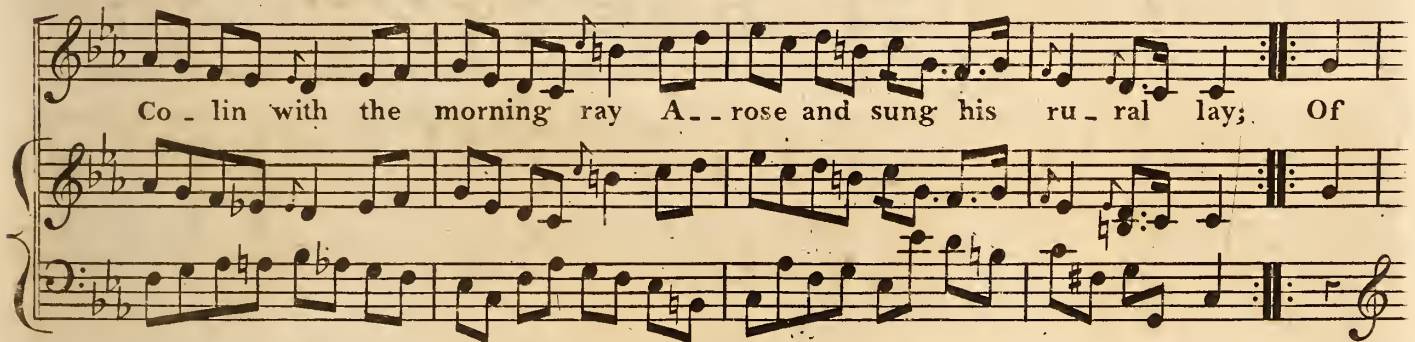
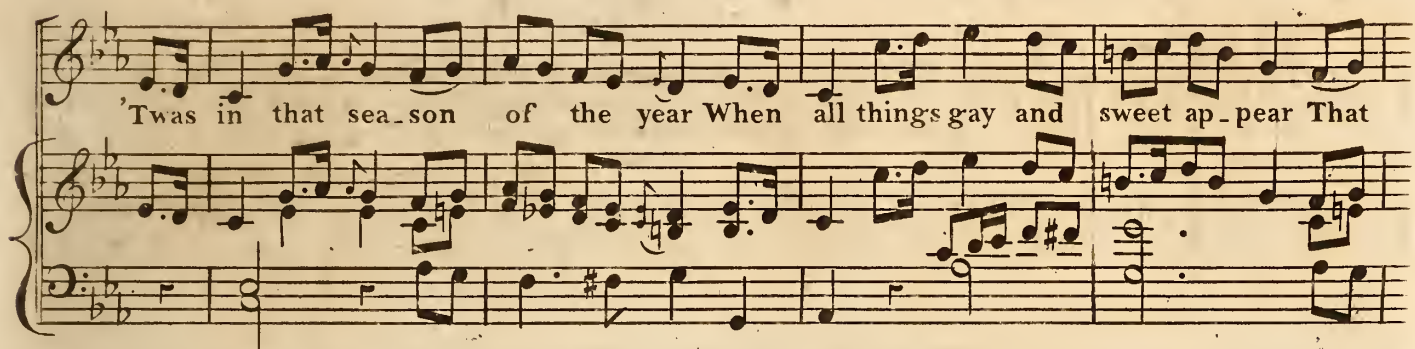
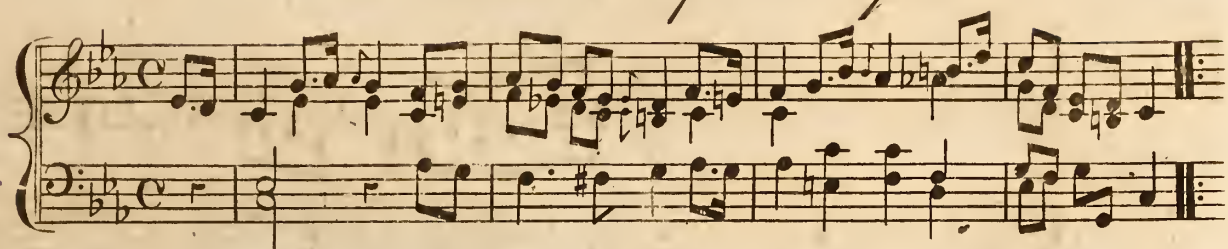
'Twas in that Season of the Year

14

Andante

con

Espressione



* The above Sym.^s & Accom^{ts} composed by Haydn and first pub^d in 1803.

From thee Eliza I must go.

arghetto

From thee E - LI - ZA I must go, And from my native shore: The cru - el fates be -

- tween us throw A boundless o - cean's roar: But boundless o - cean's, roaring wide, Be

- tween my Love and me, They never never can di - vide, My heart and soul from thee.

FROM THEE, ELIZA, I MUST GO.

WRITTEN

Br BURNS.

AIR—DONALD.

FROM thee, ELIZA, I must go,
And from my native shore :
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar :
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my Love and me,
They never never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.

Farewel, farewel, ELIZA dear,
The maid that I adore !
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more !
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While Death stands victor by,
That throb, ELIZA, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh !

TO SLEEP.

WRITTEN

Br MRS BARBAULD.

THE SAME AIR.

COME, gentle God of soft repose,
Come, soothe this tortur'd breast ;
Shed kind oblivion o'er my woes,
And lull my cares to rest.
Come, gentle God, without thy aid
I sink in dark despair ;
O wrap me in thy silent shade,
For peace is only there.

Let hope, in some propitious dream,
Her bright illusions spread ;
Once more let rays of comfort beam
Around my drooping head.
O quickly send thy kind relief,
These heart-felt pangs remove ;
Let me forget myself, my grief,
And every care—but love !

GIN LIVING WORTH COULD WIN MY HEART.

AIR—THE WAEFU' HEART.

GIN living worth could win my heart,
 You wou'd na speak in vain ;
 But in the darksome grave it's laid,
 Ne'er, ne'er to rise again.
 My waefu' heart lies low wi' his,
 Whose heart was only mine ;
 And oh ! what a heart was that to lose !
 But I maun no repine.

Yet oh ! gin heav'n in mercy soon
 Would grant the boon I crave,
 And tak' this life, now naething worth,
 Sin JAMIE's in his grave.
 And see his gentle spirit comes
 To shew me on my way,
 Surpris'd, nae doubt, I still am here,
 Sair wond'ring at my stay !

I come, I come, my JAMIE dear,
 And oh ! wi' what gude will !
 I follow, wheresoe'er ye lead,
 Ye canna lead to ill.
 She said, and soon a deadlie pale
 Her faded cheek possest ;
 Her waefu' heart forgot to beat,
 Her sorrows sunk to rest !

O CEASE TO MOURN, UNHAPPY YOUTH !

THE SAME AIR.

O CEASE to mourn, unhappy youth !
 Or think this bosom hard :
 My tears, alas ! must own your truth,
 And wish it could reward.

Th' excess of unabating woe,
 This tortur'd breast endures,
 Too well, alas ! must make me know
 The pain that dwells in your's.

Condemn'd like you to weep in vain,
 I seek the darkest grove,
 And fondly bear the sharpest pain
 Of never-hoping love.

My wasted day, in endless sighs,
 No sound of comfort hears ;
 And morn but breaks on DELIA's eyes
 To wake her into tears.

If sleep should lend her friendly aid,
 In fancy I complain,
 And hear some sad, some wretched maid,
 Or see some perjur'd swain.

Then cease thy suit, fond youth, O cease !
 Or blame the Fates alone ;
 For how can I restore your peace,
 Who quite have lost my own ?

Gin living worth.

16

lady
na non
troppo

p

S. Gin li - ving worth could

win my heart, You wou'd na. speak in vain - - -; But in the dark - some

hr

grave its laid, Ne'er, ne'er to rise a - - gain. My wae - fu' heart lies

low wi' his, Whose heart was on - - ly mine - - - And oh! what a heart was

that to lose; But I maun no re - pine.

dol.

S.

There's auld Rob Morris

Duet

Andante

There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen He's the king o' gude

There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen He's the king o' gude

fel-lows and wale of auld men He has gowd in his coffers he has sheep he has

fel-lows and wale of auld men He has gowd in his coffers he has sheep he has

kine And ae bon-ny las-sie his dar-ling and mine.

kine And ae bon-ny las-sie his dar-ling and mine.

* The above Sym.^s & Accomp.^s composed by Haydn and first pub.^d in 1803.

THERE'S AULD ROB MORRIS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br BURNS.

AIR—AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE'S auld ROB MORRIS that wons in yon glen,
He's the king of gude fellows, and wale of auld men ;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kine,
And ae bonny lassie, his darling and mine.

She 's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,
She 's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay ;
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my 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 which 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.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me !
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express !

THE NYMPH THAT UNDOES ME.

THE SAME AIR.

THE nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
No less than a wonder by Nature design'd ;
She's the grief of my heart, and the joy of my eye,
And the cause of a flame that never can die.

Her mouth, from whence wit obligingly flows,
Has the beautiful blush, and the smell of the rose :
Love and destiny both attend on her will ;
She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill.

The desperate lover can hope no redress,
Where beauty and rigour are both in excess ;
In SYLVIA they meet ; so unhappy am I,
Who sees her must love her, who loves her must die.

ONE MORNING VERY EARLY.

SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN BEDLAM

Br A NEGRO.

AIR—GRAMACHREE.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the spring,
 I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing;
 Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus sung she:
 I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

O! cruel were his parents, who sent my Love to sea,
 And cruel, cruel was the ship, that bore my Love from me;
 Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho' they've ruin'd me;
 And I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

O! should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me to the sky,
 I'd claim a guardian-angel's charge around my Love to fly;
 To guard him from all dangers how happy should I be;
 For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wond'rous fine;
 With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine;
 And I'll present it to my Love when he returns from sea;
 For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

Oh, if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast!
 Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my love to rest!
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward should be;
 For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

Oh, if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky!
 I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my Love might spy;
 But ah, unhappy maiden! that Love you ne'er shall see!
 Yet I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAM'D.

WRITTEN

Br R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd, I ne'er could injure you;
 For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd, your charms would make me true;
 To you no soul shall bear deceit, no stranger offer wrong;
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet, and lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest, and act a brother's part:
 Then, lady, dread not their deceit, nor fear to suffer wrong;
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet, and brothers in the young.

One morning very early,

Adagio ma non tanto

One morning very ear...ly one morning in the spring I

heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing Her chains she rattled on her hands while

sweetly thus sung she I love my Love because I know - - my Love loves me.

* The above Sym^s & Accomp^{ts} composed by Haydn and first pub^d in 1803.

O waly waly.

Allegretto

dol: *for*

rf *p* *S.*

O Wa - ly Wa - ly, up the bank, And

wa - ly, wa - ly, down the brae, And wa - ly by yon burn - side, Where I and my love

wont to gae. I leant my back, un - to an aik, I thought it was a

trusty tree, But first it bow'd and syne it brake, And sae did my true love to me.

S.

O WALY WALY UP THE BANK.

AIR—WALY WALY.

O WALY waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly waly yon burn-side;
Where I and my Love wont to gae.
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trustie tree;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brake,
Sae my true Love did lightly me.

O waly waly love is bonny,
A little time, while it is new;
But when it's auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning dew.
O wherefore should I busk my head?
O wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true Love has me forsook
And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed,
The sheets sall ne'er be warm'd by me;
Saint ANTON's well sall be my drink,
Since my true Love's forsaken me.
O Mart'mas wind! when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle death! when wilt thou come,
And tak' a life that wearies me.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.
Whan we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My Love was i' the black velvet,
And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lock'd my heart in a case of gowd,
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, Oh! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysell were dead and gone,
For a maid again I'll never be!

HARD IS THE FATE OF HIM WHO LOVES.

WRITTEN

Br THOMSON.

THE SAME AIR.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely list'ning plain.

Oh! when she blesses next your shade,
Oh! when her footsteps next are seen,
In flow'ry tracks along the mead,
In fresher mazes o'er the green.

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

O! tell her what she cannot blame,
Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind;
O! tell her that my virtuous flame
Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian-angel, eyes
With chaster tenderness his care,
Nor purer her own wishes rise,
Not holier her own sighs in pray'r.

But if, at first, her virgin fear
Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship sooth her ear—
True love and friendship are the same.

AH! CHLORIS, COULD I NOW BUT SIT.

AIR.—GILDEROY.

AH! CHLORIS, could I now but sit,
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire,
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
As metals in a mine;
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest;
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid, at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a beauty, she
Employ'd the utmost of her art;
To make a lover, he.

THE OLD SONG OF GILDEROY.

[The HERO of this elegant Lamentation was a celebrated HIGHLAND FREEBOOTER, who was executed at Edinburgh.]

THE SAME AIR.

GILDEROY was a bonny boy,
Had roses till his shoon;
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi' garters hanging down.
It was, I ween, a comelie sight
To see sae trim a boy:
He was my joy and heart's delight,
My handsome GILDEROY.

O sic twa charming een he had!
Breath sweet as ony rose:
He never wore a Highland plaid,
But costly silken clothes.
He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,
Nane e'er to him was coy:
Ah, wae is me! I mourn the day
For my dear GILDEROY.

My GILDEROY and I were born
Baith in ae toun thegither;
We scant were seven years befor
We gan to luve ilk ither:
Our daddies and our mammies they
Were fill'd wi' mikle joy,
To think upon the bridal day
Of me and GILDEROY.

For GILDEROY, that luve of mine,
Gude faith I freely bought
A wedding sark of Holland fine,
Wi' dainty ruffles wrought:
And he gied me a wedding-ring,
Which I receiv'd wi' joy:
Nae lad nor lassie e'er could sing
Like me and GILDEROY.

Wi' mikle joy we spent our prime,
Till we were baith sixteen;
And aft we past the langsame time
Amang the leaves sae green:
Aft on the banks we'd sit us there,
And sweetly kiss and toy;
While he wi' garlands deck'd my hair,
My handsome GILDEROY.

Oh that he still had been content
Wi' me to lead his life!
But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent
To stir in feats of strife.
And he in many a vent'rous deed
His courage bauld wad try;
And this now gars my heart to bleed
For my dear GILDEROY!

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wat my e'e;
I gied him sic a parting luik!
' My benison gang wi' thee!
' God speed thee weil mine ain dear heart,
' For gane is all my joy;
' My heart is rent sith we maun part,
' My handsome GILDEROY!

My GILDEROY, baith far and near,
Was fear'd in cv'ry toun;
And bauldly bare awa' the geir
Of mony a lawland loun.
For man to man durst meet him nane,
He was sae brave a boy;
At length wi' numbers he was tane,
My winsome GILDEROY.

Wae worth the louns that made the laws
To hang a man for gear;
To reave of life for sic a cause
As stealing horse or mare!
Had not their laws been made sae strick,
I ne'er had lost my joy;
Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my check
For my dear GILDEROY!

Gif GILDEROY had done amiss,
He might hae banisht been;—
Ah, what sair cruelty is this,
To hang sic handsome men!
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy:—
Nae lady had sae white a hand
As thee, my GILDEROY.

Of GILDEROY sae fear'd they were,
Wi' irons his limbs they strung;
To Edinborow led him there,
And on a gallows hung.
They hung him high aboon the rest,
He was sae bauld a boy;
There died the youth whom I lued best,
My handsome GILDEROY!

Sune as he yielded up his breath
I bare his corse away,
Wi' tears that trickled for his death
I wash'd his comelie clay;
And sicker in a grave right deep
I laid the dear lued boy;
And now for ever I maun weep
My winsome GILDEROY!

Ah! Chloris could I now but sit.

20

Duet
Andante

for *for* *for*

Ah! CHLORIS cou'd I now but sit, As un - concern'd as when Your

Ah! CHLORIS cou'd I now but sit, As un - concern'd as when

pia *pia*

in - fant beau - ty could beget No hap - piness nor pain. When I this dawning

Your infant beauty could beget No hap - piness nor pain. When I this dawning

h

did admire, And prais'd the coming day, I lit - tle thought that ri - sing fire Would

did admire, And prais'd the coming day, I little thought that ri - sing fire Would

h

take my rest a - way.

take my rest a - way.

S. *S.*

Oh! open the door.

ff *alluc.* *p* *for* *s.*

Oh!, o - pen the door, some pi - ty to shew Oh!,

piu

o - pen the door to me, Oh!: Tho' thou hast been false, I'll

h. e - ver prove true; Oh! o - pen the door to me, — Oh!

rf *rf* *p* *s.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction marked *ff* and *alluc.* (allucinando), featuring a rapid sixteenth-note pattern in the right hand and a slower, more rhythmic pattern in the left hand. The tempo and mood then shift to a more lyrical style. The vocal line is written in a soprano or alto clef, and the piano accompaniment is in a grand staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: "Oh!, o - pen the door, some pi - ty to shew Oh!, o - pen the door to me, Oh!: Tho' thou hast been false, I'll e - ver prove true; Oh! o - pen the door to me, — Oh!". The score includes various dynamic markings such as *p* (piano), *ff* (fortissimo), *h.* (forzando), *rf* (ritardando), and *p* (piano). It also features performance instructions like *alluc.* and *s.* (sostenuto). The piece concludes with a final cadence marked *s.* and a repeat sign.

OH, OPEN THE DOOR, SOME PITY TO SHEW.

AS ALTERED FOR THIS WORK

Br BURNS.

AIR,—OPEN THE DOOR.

Oh, open the door, some pity to shew,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh ;
 Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh !

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
 And time is setting with me, Oh !
 False friends, false Love, farewell ! for more
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh !

Oh, cold is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But-colder thy love for me, Oh !
 The frost that freezes the life at my breast,
 Is nought to my pains from thee, Oh !

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh !
 "My true love!" she cried,—and sunk down by his side,
 Never to rise again, Oh !

VOL. I. F.

WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST WAS BLAWN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br BURNS.

AIR—THE MILL MILL, O!

WHEN wild War's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle Peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning.
I left the lines, and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest soldier.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand 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 witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy:

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
Where NANCY aft 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 een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth 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,
Take pity on a soldier!

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, a soldier ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like only lily,
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear WILLIE?—
By Him who 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;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair,—we'se ne'er be parted!
Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
A mailin plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithful soldier lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

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

AT SETTING DAY AND RISING MORN.

WRITTEN

Br ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE SAME AIR.

AT setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit oft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood-shaw or fountain;
Or where the summer day I'd share
With thee, upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine,—by love is your's
A heart that cannot wander.



Painted by W. Hamilton R.A.

Eng'd by Joseph Thomson.

(THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.)

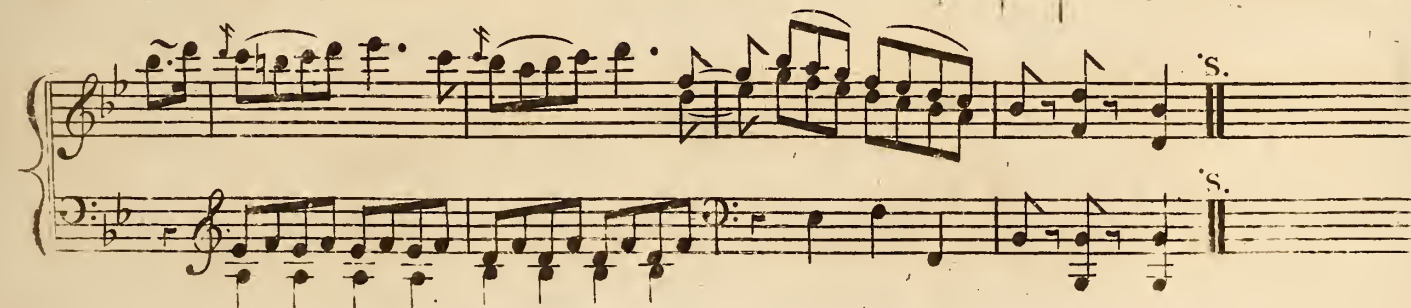
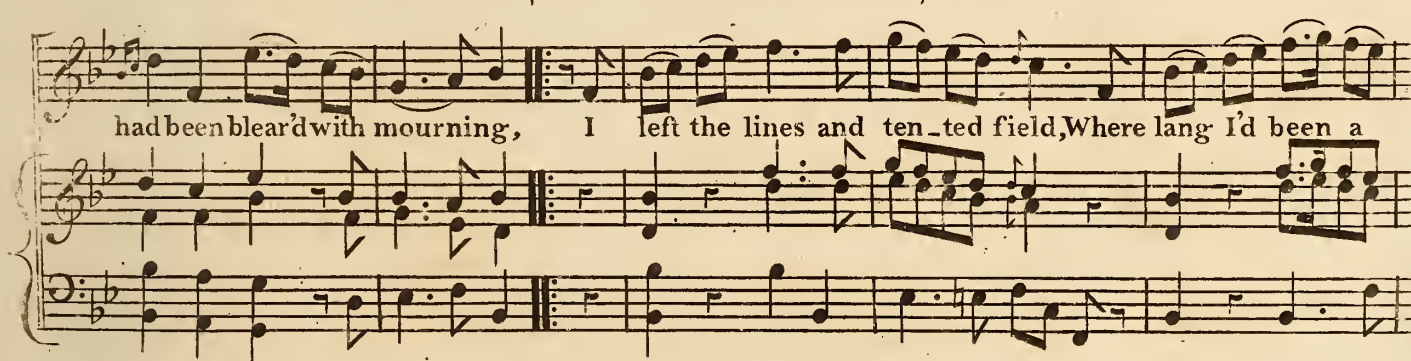
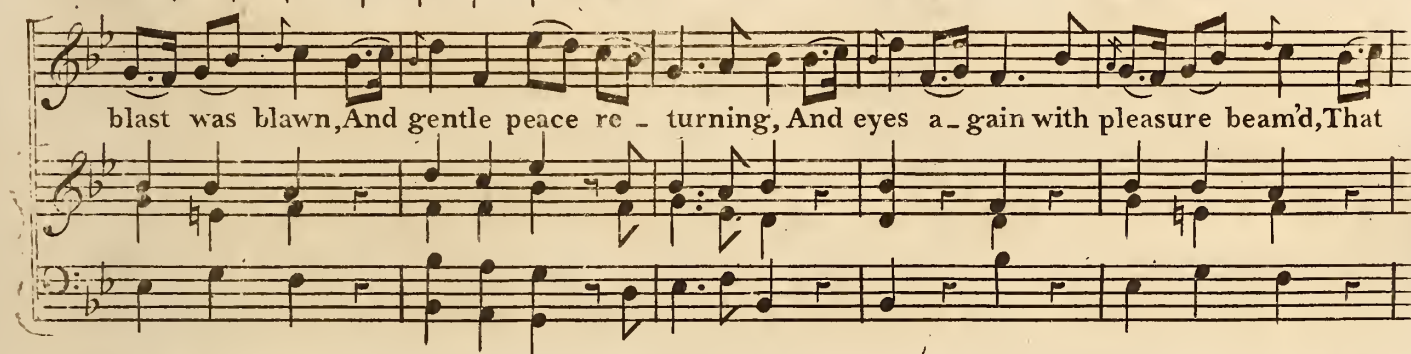
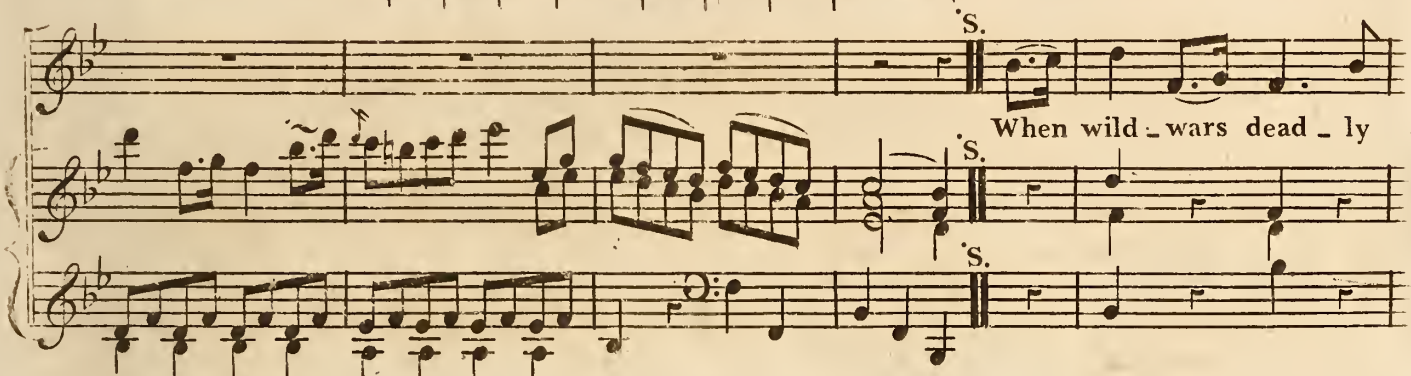
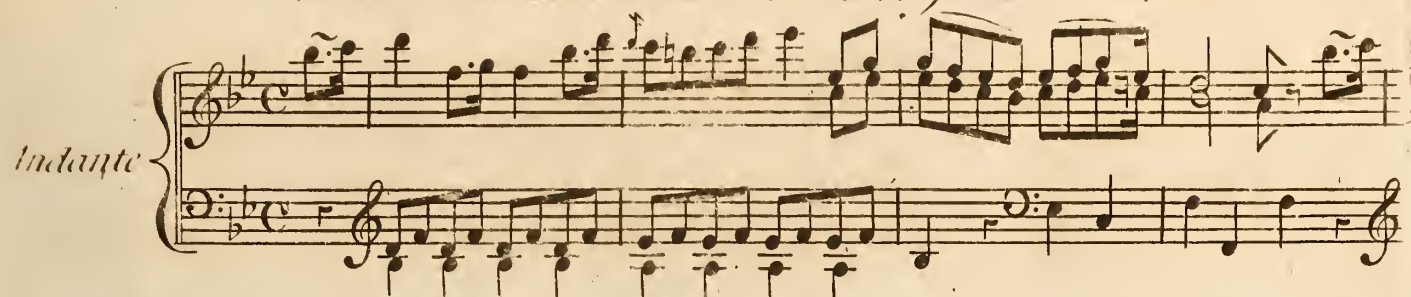
*She wistfully she gaz'd on me, Our humble cot, & homely fare,
 And lovelier was than ever;
 Quoth she, a soldier's niece I wot, Ye freely shall partake it,
 Forget him shall I never;
 That gallant badge the dear cockade,
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.
 She gaz'd—she reddened like a rose — See p. 22. Vol. I.*

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When wild wars deadly blast?

22

Andante



The night her silent sable wore.

Adagio

for *p* *for* *pia*

The night her si - lent sa - ble wore, And

p *pia* *pp mo*

gloomy were the skies; Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more, Than those in NELLY'S

eyes. When to her fa - ther's door I came, Where I had of - ten

p *pia*

been, I beg'd my fair, my love - ly dame, To rise and let me in.

p *pia*

rf *s.* *s.*

THE NIGHT HER SILENT SABLE WORE.

AIR—SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

THE night her silent sable wore,
And gloomy were the skies,
Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
Than those in NELLY's eyes.
When to her father's door I came,
Where I had often been,
I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,
To rise and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,
Did my fond suit reprove ;
And while she chid my rash design,
She but inflam'd my love.
Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
While her bright eyes did roll ;
But virtue only had the pow'r
To charm my very soul.

Then who would cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part !
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart.
My eager fondness I obey'd,
Resolv'd she should be mine,
'Till HYMEN to my arms convey'd
My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my NELLY's love,
Transporting is my joy :
No greater blessing can I prove ;
So blest a man am I.
For beauty may a while retain
The conquer'd flutt'ring heart,
But virtue only is the chain
Holds never to depart.

THE HEAVY HOURS ARE ALMOST PAST.

WRITTEN

By LORD LYTTLETON.

THE SAME AIR.

THE heavy hours are almost past,
That part my Love and me ;
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.
But how, my DELIA, will you meet
The man you've lost so long ?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue ?
Will you, in every look, declare
Your heart is still the same ?
And heal each idle anxious care
Our fears in absence frame ?

Thus, DELIA, thus I paint the scene
When shortly we shall meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that soothes my mind,
Shall false and groundless prove ;
If I am doom'd, at length, to find
You have forgot to love ;
All I of VENUS ask is this,
No more to let us join ;
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
To die, and *think* you mine.

SWEET ANNIE FRAE THE SEA-BEACH CAME.

AIR—SWEET ANNIE.

SWEET ANNIE frae the sea-beach came,
 Where JOCKY speel'd the vessel's side ;
 Ah ! wha can keep their heart at hame,
 When JOCKY's tost aboon the tide ;
 Far aff to distant realms he gangs,
 Yet I'll be true as he has been ;
 And when ilk lass about him thrangs,
 He'll think on ANNIE, his faithful ain.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,
 Wi' gowd in hand he tempted me,
 He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
 And made a brag of what he'd gi'e :
 What though my JOCKY 's far away,
 Tost up and down the awsome main,
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since JOCKY may return again.

Nae mair, false JAMIE, sing nae mair,
 And fairly cast your pipe away ;
 My JOCKY wad be troubled sair,
 To see his friend his love betray ;
 For a' your songs and verse are vain,
 While JOCKY's notes do faithful flow,
 My heart to him shall true remain,
 I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Blaw saft, ye gales, round JOCKY's head,
 And gar your waves be calm and still ;
 His hameward sail with breezes speed,
 And dinna all my pleasure spill :
 What though my JOCKY's far away,
 Yet he will braw in siller shine ;
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since JOCKY may again be mine.

TO FAIR FIDELE'S GRASSY TOMB.

WRITTEN

Br COLLINS.

THE SAME AIR.

TO fair FIDELE's grassy tomb,
 Soft maids and village-hinds shall bring
 Each op'ning sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
 But female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours,
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 With hoary moss and gather'd flow'rs,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;
 Or, midst the chace upon the plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the tear be duly shed ;
 Belov'd till life can charm no more,
 And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

Sweet Annie frae the sea beach came. 24

*Adagio
non tanto*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a flowing melody with grace notes and slurs, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *for* (forzando).

The first vocal entry is on a single staff, with the piano accompaniment on two staves below. The lyrics are "Sweet AN_NIE frae the sea_beach came, Where". The piano part includes markings for *rf* (ritardando), *pia* (pianissimo), and *for* (forzando).

The second vocal entry continues the melody, with lyrics "JOC_KY speed'd the vessels' side; Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame When JOCKY's tost, a_". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment.

The third vocal entry continues the melody, with lyrics "boon the tide; Far aff to distant realms he gangs, Yet I'll be true as he has been; And". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment.

The fourth vocal entry continues the melody, with lyrics "when ilk lass a_bout him thrangs, Hell think on ANNIE, his faithful ain.". The piano accompaniment includes markings for *ad lib.* (ad libitum) and *for* (forzando).

The piano conclusion consists of two staves. The right hand features a flowing melody with grace notes and slurs, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *rf* (ritardando), *f* (forte), and *for* (forzando).

Shepherds I have lost my Love?

Duet
Andante
es. p. q. e.

pia *fôr* *s.* *s.*

Shepherds, I have lost my Love; Have you seen my AN - NA? Pride of ev'ry sha - dy grove up -

Shepherds, I have lost my Love; Have you seen my AN - NA? Pride of ev'ry sha - dy grove up -

pia *pia*

- on the banks of Ban - na! I for her my home forsook, Near yon mis - ty

- on the banks of Ban - na! I for her my home forsook, Near yon mis - ty

moun - tain; Left my flock, my pipe, my crook, Green-wood shade, - and foun - tain.

moun - tain; Left my flock, my pipe, my crook, Green-wood shade, - and foun - tain.

rf

fôr *fôr* *s.* *s.*

SHEPHERDS I HAVE LOST MY LOVE.

AIR—THE BANKS OF BANNA.

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my Love ;
Have you seen my ANNA ?
Pride of ev'ry shady grove,
Upon the banks of Banna !

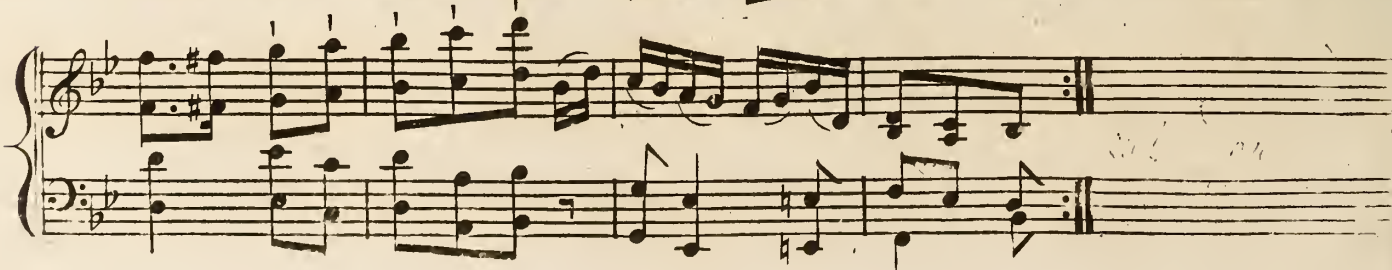
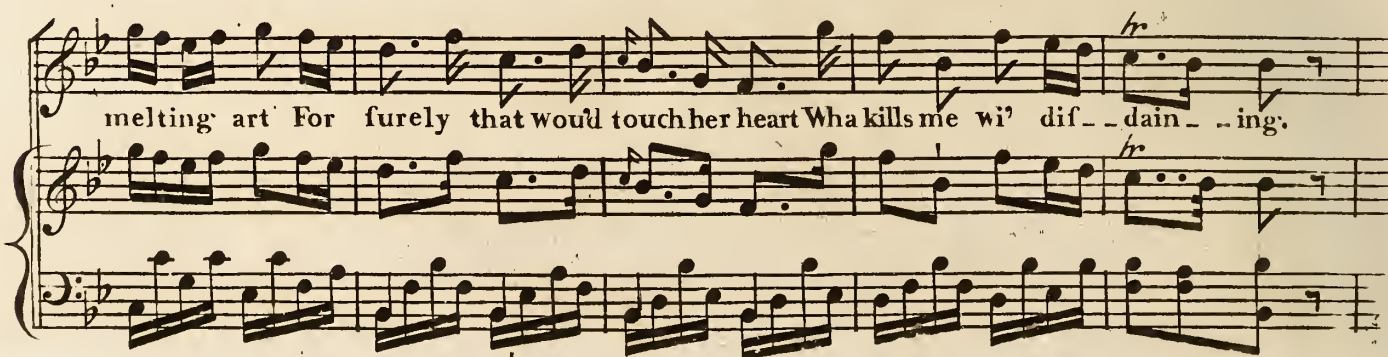
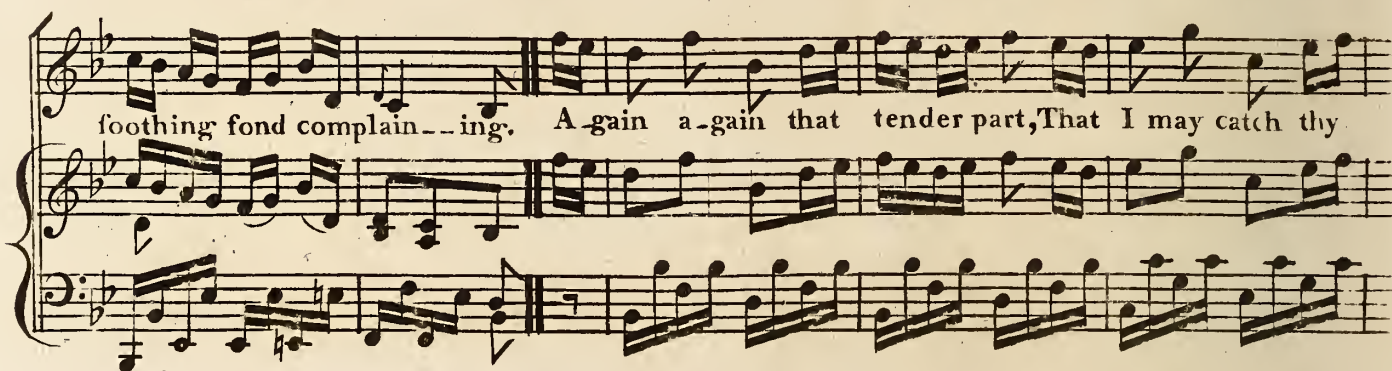
I for her my home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain ;
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood shade and fountain.

Never shall I see them more
Until her returning :
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness chang'd to mourning.

Whither is my charmer flown ?
Shepherds tell me whither ?
Ah, woe for me, perhaps she's gone
For ever and for ever !

Stay sweet warbling Wood-lark.

Grave



O STAY, SWEET WARBLING WOOD-LARK, STAY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br BURNS.

AIR—LOCHERROCH SIDE.

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing fond complaining.
Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that would touch her heart
Wha kills me wi' disdain.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes of woe could wauken!
Thou tells of never-ending care,
Of speechless grief, and dark despair:—
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair,
Or my poor heart is broken!

VOL. I. H. . . PART II.

HERE IS THE GLEN, AND HERE THE BOWER.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village bell has told the hour,
O what can stay my lovely maid!
'Tis not MARIA's whispering call;—
'Tis but the balmy, breathing gale,
Mixt 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!
O welcome dear to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew,
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

THE SUN IN VIRGIN LUSTRE SHONE.

THE SAME AIR.

THE sun in virgin lustre shone,
May-morning put its beauties on:
The warblers sung in livelier strains,
And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plains:
When Love, a soft intruding guest,
That long had dwelt in DAMON's breast,
Now whisper'd, "To the nymph away!
"For this is Nature's holiday."

The tender impulse wing'd his haste;
The painted mead he instant pass'd:
And soon the happy cot he gain'd
Where beauty slept, and silence reign'd:
Awake, my fair! (the shepherd cries),
To new-born pleasures ope thine eyes;
Arise, my SYLVIA! hail the May,
For this is Nature's holiday!

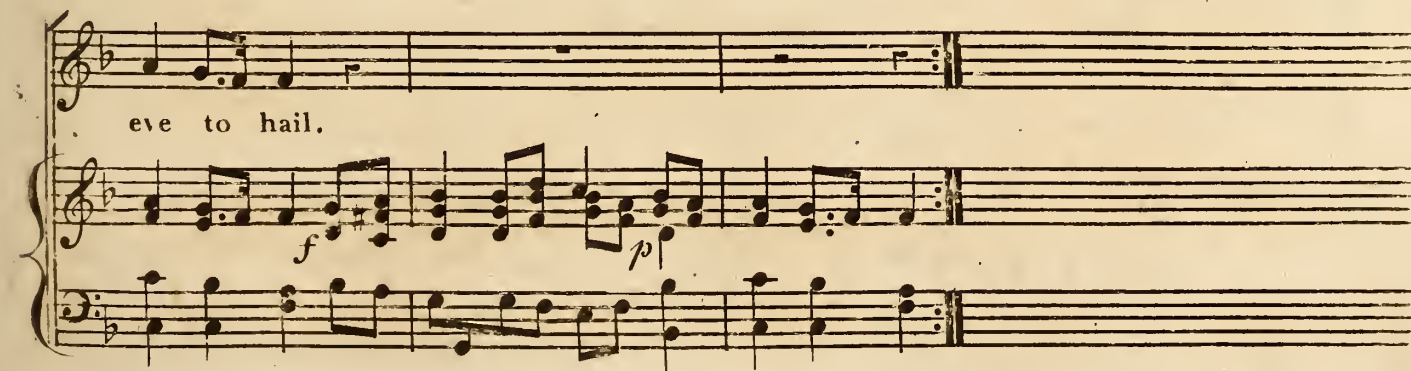
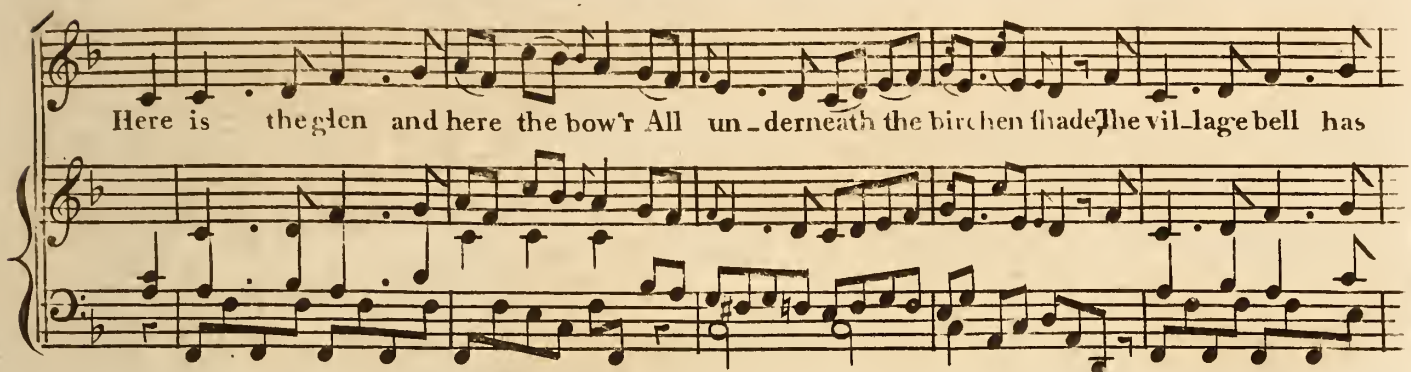
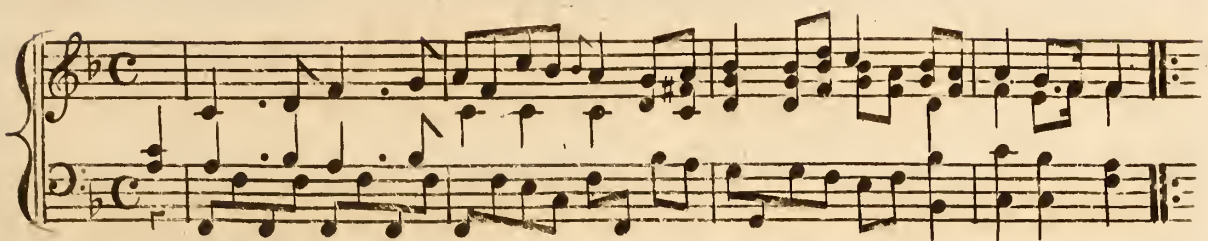
Forth came the maid, in beauty bright,
As Phœbus in meridian light;
Entranc'd in rapture, all confest,
The shepherd clasp'd her to his breast;
Then gazing with a speaking eye,
He snatch'd a kiss and heav'd a sigh,
A melting sigh, and seem'd to say,
Consider youth's our holiday.

Ah soft, (she said) for pity's sake!
What! kiss one e'er I'm well awake?
For this so early came you here?
And hail you thus the rising year?
Sweet innocence! forbear to chide,
We'll haste to joy, (the swain replied);
In pleasure's flow'ry fields we'll stray,
And this shall be love's holiday.

A crimson glow warm'd o'er her cheek,
She look'd the thing she dar'd not speak;
Consent own'd Nature's soft command,
And DAMON seiz'd her trembling hand:
His dancing heart in transports play'd,
To church he led the blushing maid;
Then bless'd the happy morn of May;
And now their life's all holiday!

Here is the glen, Sir?

Andante



The day returns, &c!

Duet
Andantino



The day returns my bosom burns The blifsful day we twa did meet Tho'

The day returns my bosom burns The blifsful day we twa did meet Tho'

winter wild in tempest toil'd, Ne'er summer fun was half fae sweet. Than a' the pride that

win-ter wild in tempest toil'd, Ne'er summer fun was half fae sweet. Than a' the pride that

loads the tide And crosses o'er the ful-try line; Than kingly robes than crowns & globes, Heav'n

loads the tide And crosses o'er the ful-try line; Than kingly robes than crowns & globes, Heav'n

gave me more, it made thee mine.

gave me more, it made thee mine.

Cres.

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—THE SEVENTH OF NOVEMBER.

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet,
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line ;
Than kingly 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 live :
When that grim foe of life below,
Comes in between to bid us part ;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss,—it breaks my heart !

O WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

WRITTEN

Br BURNS.

AIR—O JEAN, I LOVE THEE.

O 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 bonie sell;
 On Corsincon * I'll glowr 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 cou'dna sing, I cou'dna 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 glancing e'en,—
 By heaven and earth I love thee !

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

* *A high hill near the source of the river NITH.*

IF WINE AND MUSIC HAVE THE POW'R.

WRITTEN

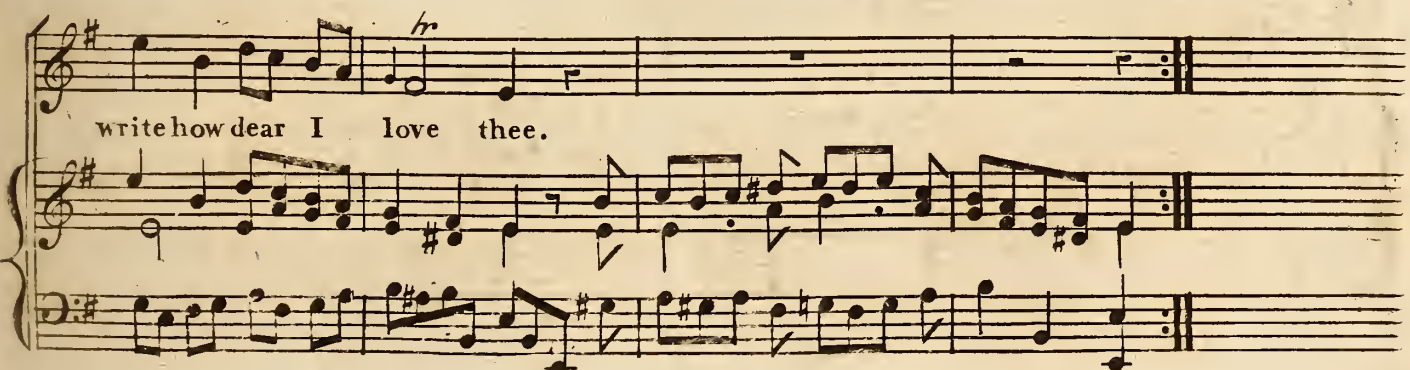
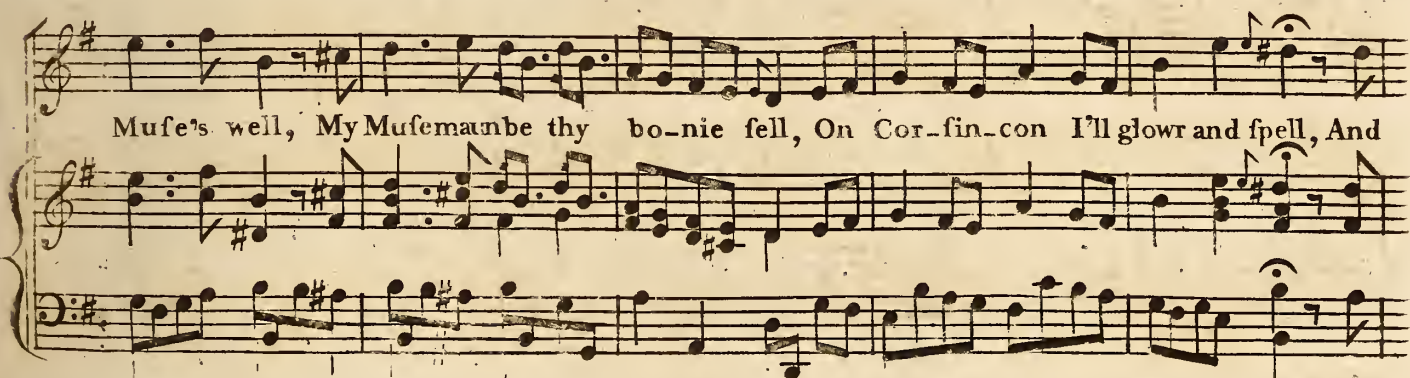
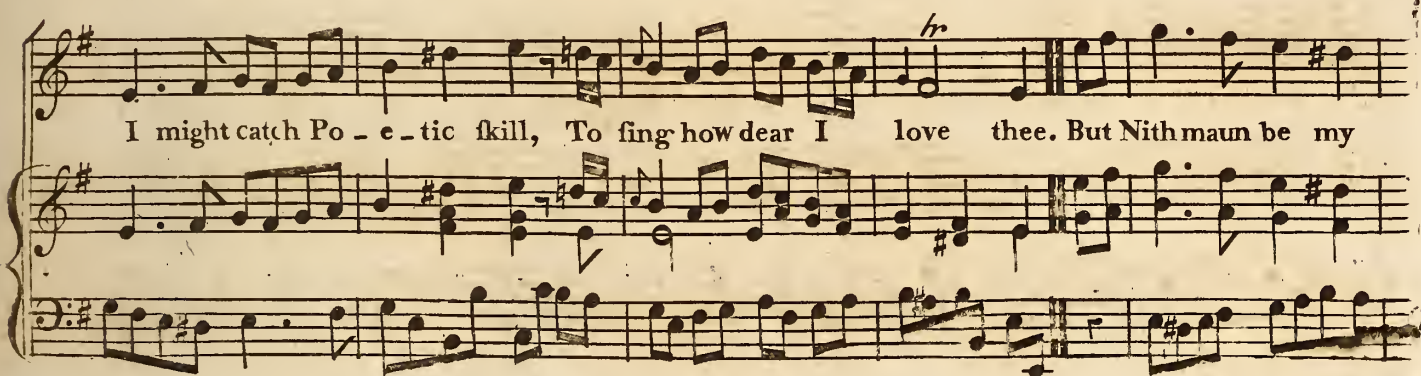
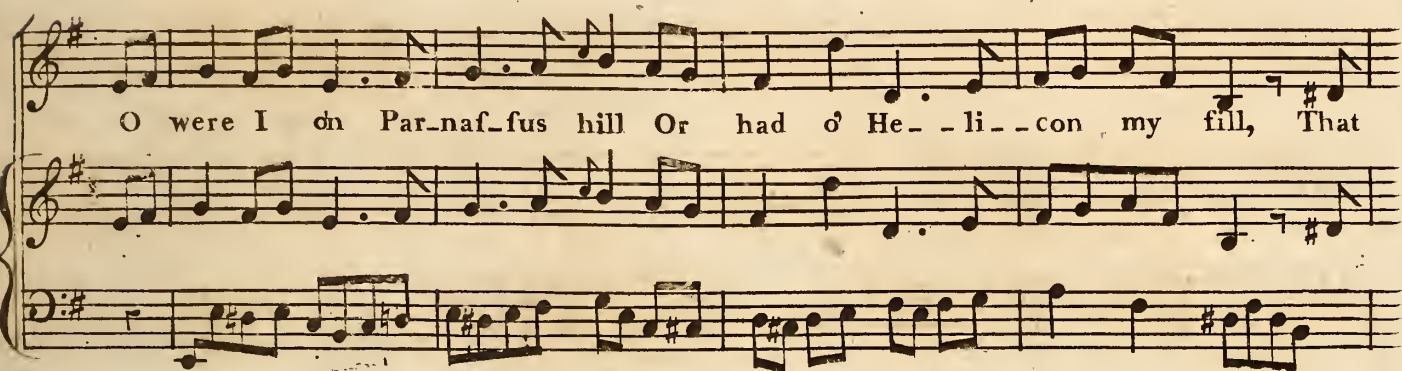
Br PRIOR.

THE SAME AIR.

IF wine and music have the pow'r
 To ease the sickness of the soul,
 Let PHŒBUS ev'ry string explore,
 And BACCHUS fill the sprightly bowl.
 Let them their friendly aid employ
 To make my CHLOE's absence light ;
 And seek for pleasure, to destroy
 The sorrows of this live-long night.

But she to-morrow will return :—
 VENUS, be thou to-morrow great ;
 Thy myrtles strew, thy odours burn,
 And meet thy favourite nymph in state.
 Kind goddess ! to no other pow'rs
 Let us to-morrow's blessings own :
 The darling loves shall guide the hours,
 And all the day be thine alone.

O were I on Parnassus hill?



When merry hearts were gay.

Larghetto

for.

When mer-ry heartswere gay, Careless of

aught but play, Poor Flo-ra flit a-way, Sad'ning to Mo - - ra: Loofeflow'd her

golden hair, Quickheav'd her bo--sombare As thus to the troubled air She vented her

for - - row.

fz

WHEN MERRY HEARTS WERE GAY.

Br H. MACNEILL,

AS ALTERED AND CORRECTED BY HIM FOR THIS WORK.

AIR—DONALD AND FLORA.

WHEN merry hearts were gay,
 Careless of aught but play,
 Poor FLORA slipt away,
 Sad'ning to Mora;
 Loose flow'd her yellow hair,
 Quick heav'd her bosom bare,
 As thus to the troubled air,
 She vented her sorrow.

" Loud howls the stormy west,
 " Cold, cold, is winter's blast;
 " Haste then, O DONALD, haste,
 " Haste to thy FLORA!
 " Twice twelve long months are o'er,
 " Since on a foreign shore
 " You promis'd to fight no more,
 " But meet me in Mora.

" Where now is DONALD dear?"
 " Maids cry with taunting sneer;
 " Say, Is he still sincere
 " To his lov'd FLORA?
 " Parents upbraid my moan;
 " Each heart is turn'd to stone,—
 " Ah! FLORA, thou'rt now alone
 " Friendless, in Mora!

" Come then, O come away!
 " DONALD, no longer stay!
 " Where can my rover stray
 " From his lov'd FLORA?
 " Ah, sure he ne'er can be
 " False to his vows and me:
 " Oh heav'n!—is not yonder he
 " Bounding o'er Mora!

' Never, ah wretched fair!
 (Sigh'd the sad messenger)
 ' Never shall DONALD mair
 ' Meet his lov'd FLORA!
 ' Cold as yon mountain snow,
 ' DONALD, thy love, lies lōw,
 ' He sent me to soothe thy woe,
 ' Weeping in Mora.

' Well fought our gallant slain,
 ' On *Saratoga's* plain:
 ' Thrice fled the hostile train
 ' From British glory.
 ' But, ah! tho' our foes did flee,
 ' Sad was each victory:
 ' Youth, Love, and Loyalty,
 ' Fell far from Mora!

' Here, take this love-wrought plaid,
 ' (DONALD expiring said)
 ' Give it to yon dear Maid,
 ' Drooping in Mora.
 ' Tell her, Oh ALLAN! tell,
 ' DONALD thus bravely fell,
 ' And that in his last farewell
 ' He thought on his FLORA.'

Mute stood the trembling fair,
 Speechless with wild despair;
 Then, striking her bosom bare,
 Sigh'd out—" Poor FLORA!
 " Ah, DONALD! ah, well-a-day!"
 Was all the fond heart could say:
 At length the sound died away
 Feebly in Mora.

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br BURNS.

AIR—CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

How lang and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie ;
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.
For oh, her lanely nights are lang ;
And oh, her dreams are eerie ;
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her dearie !

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee my dearie ;
And now what seas between us roar,
How can I be but eerie. *For oh, &c.*
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
The joyless day how dreary :
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie. *For oh, &c.*

YE DEAR DELIGHTS OF LOVE, ADIEU.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br PETER PINDAR.

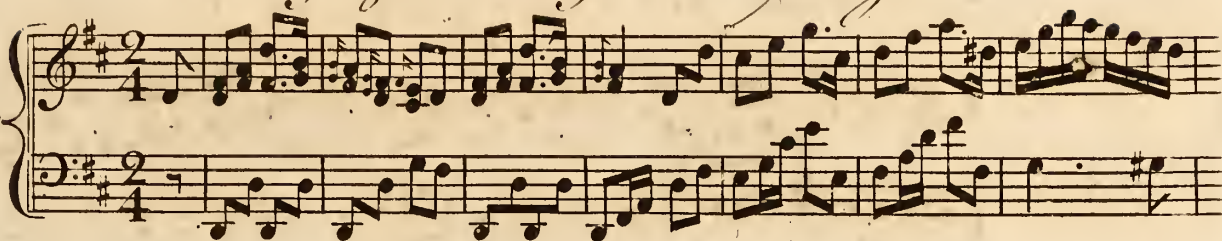
THE SAME AIR.

Ye dear delights of Love, adieu ;
From me, ah, fled for ever !
Ah ! how could fate our bliss pursue,
And souls so constant sever ?
While LOVE his precious gifts did pour,
We ask'd not FORTUNE's treasure !
The flight of every panting hour
Was wing'd by HOPE and PLEASURE.

Now lost in solitude I sigh,
And swell with tears the fountain ;
Now seek the scenes of former joy,
The grove, the vale, the mountain.
Since SANDY's gone, no wish is mine
To see another morrow ;
For what is *life* ? if doom'd to pine
One lengthen'd sigh of sorrow !

How lang & dreary is the night

Duet
Andantino



How lang and dreary is the night When I am frae my Dearie I

How lang and dreary is the night When I am frae my Dearie I

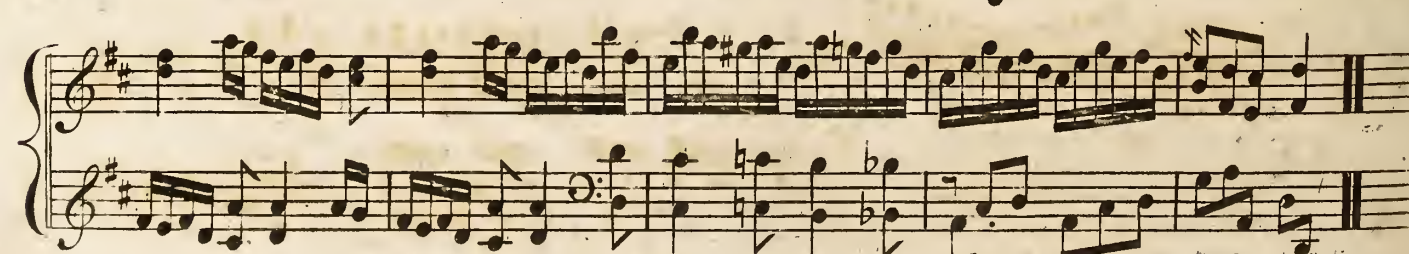
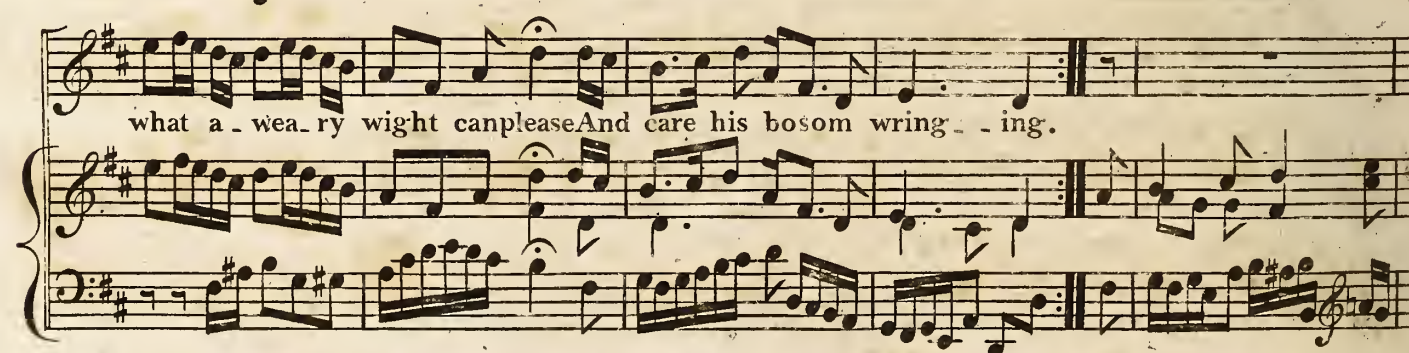
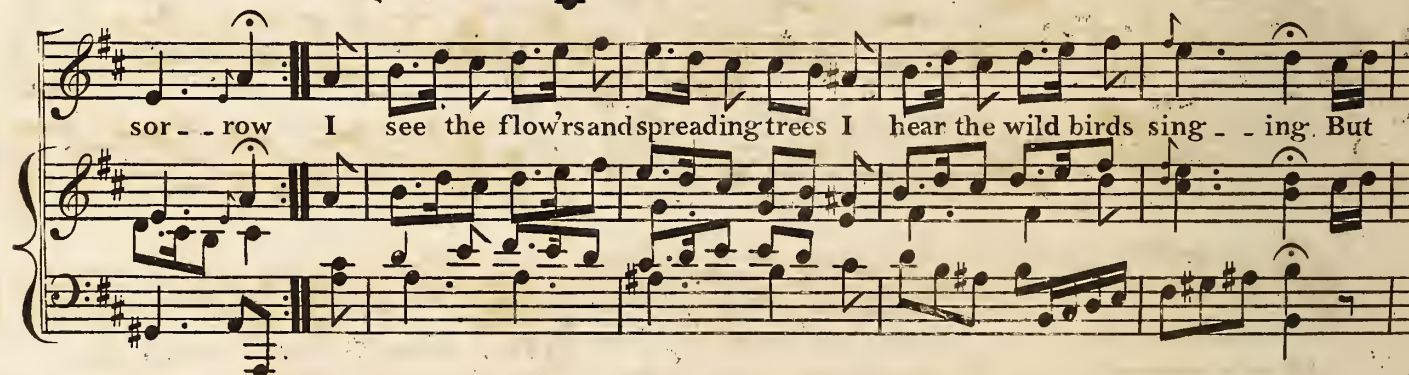
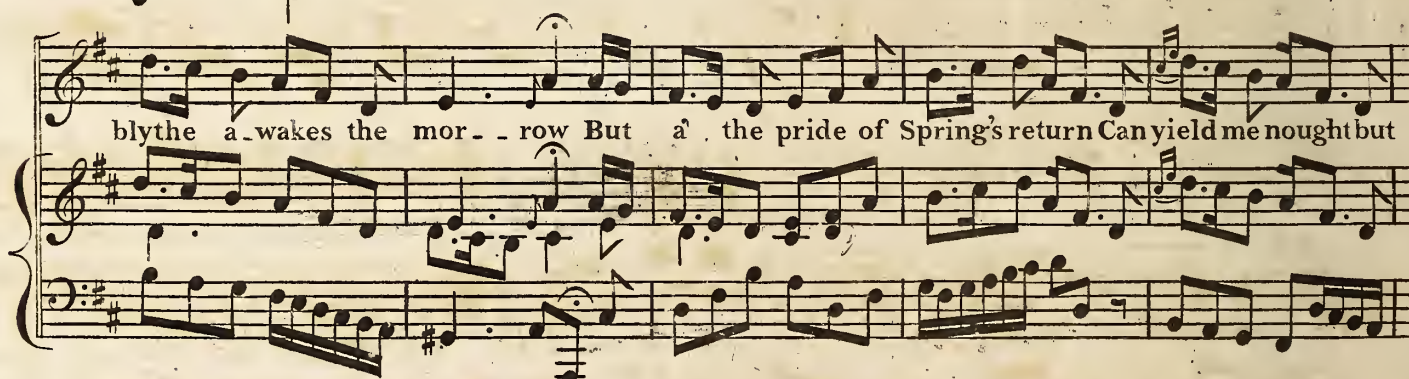
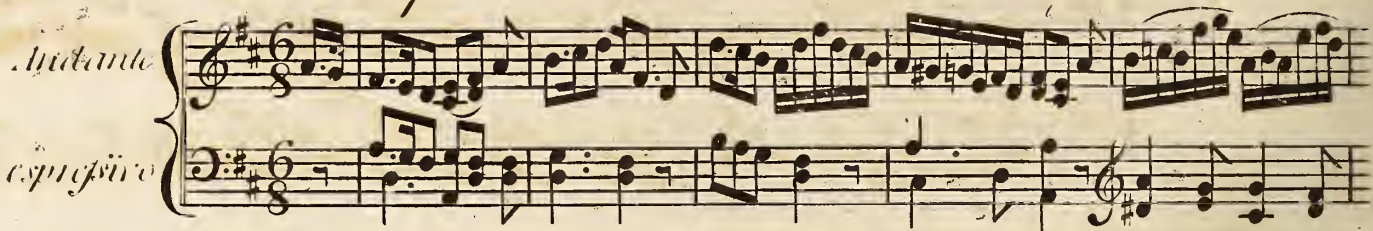
restless lie frae e'en to morn Tho' I were ne'er sae wea - ry. For oh! her lanely nights are lang And

restless lie frae e'en to morn Tho' I were ne'er sae wea - ry. For oh! her lanely nights are lang And

oh! her dreams are eerie And oh! her widow'd heart is sair That's absent frae her Dea - rie.

oh! her dreams are eerie And oh! her widow'd heart is sair That's absent frae her Dea - rie.

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn



* The above Sym^s and Accomp^{ts} composed by Haydn, & first pub^d in 1803.

SWEET FA'S THE EVE ON CRAIGIEBURN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br BURNS.

AIR—CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
And blythe awakes the morrow,
But a' the pride of Spring's return
Can yield me nought but sorrow.
I see the flow'rs and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing ;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing !

Fain, fain, would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na 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 another,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

COULD AUGHT OF SONG DECLARE MY PAIN.

WRITTEN

Br DR BEATTIE.

THE SAME AIR.

COULD aught of song declare my pain,
Could artful numbers move thee ;
The muse should tell in mournful strain,
O, DELIA, 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 pines the soul in anguish ?

Then, DELIA, let the sudden sigh,
The heartfelt pang discover ;
And in the keen, but tender eye,
O read th' imploring lover.
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising ;—
Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd,
The voice of Nature prizing.

O SAW YE BONIE LESLEY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br BURNS.

AIR—THE COLLIER'S BONIE LASSIE.

O SAW ye bonie LESLEY,
 As she gaed o'er the border ?*
 She's gane, like ALEXANDER,
 To spread her conquests farther.
 To see her, is to love her,
 And love but her for ever ;
 For Nature made her what she is,
 And ne'er made sic anither !

Thou art a queen, fair LESLEY,
 Thy subjects we before thee :
 Thou art divine, fair LESLEY,
 The hearts of men adore thee.
 The De'il he cou'dna skaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee ;
 He'd look into thy bonie face,
 And say, " I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee,
 Misfortune sha' na steer thee ;
 Thou'rt like themsels sae lovely,
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.
 Return again, fair LESLEY,
 Return to Caledonie !
 That we may brag we hae a lass,
 There's nane again sae bonie.

* *That part of SCOTLAND bordering on ENGLAND.*

DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE.

THE SAME AIR.

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 !

Heav'ns ! 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.

O saw ye bonie Lesley.

Allarghetto

fz

O saw ye bo_nie

Les - - ley, As she gaed o'er the border? She's gane lil e A_lex - an - - der, To

fz

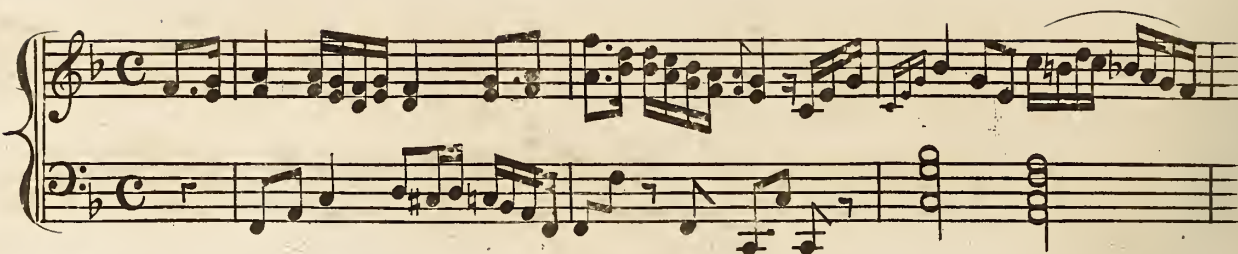
spreadher conquests farther. To see her is to love her, And love but her for

e - ver For Nature made her what she is, And ne'er made fic a - - nother.

fz

Adieu ye streams.

Duet
Expressive
Andante



A dieu ye streams that smoothly glide Through ma - zy wind - ings

A dieu ye streams that smoothly glide Through ma - zy wind - ings

o'er the plain I'll in some lone - ly cave re - fide And e - ver mourn my

o'er the plain I'll in some lone - ly cave re - fide And e - ver mourn my

faith - ful swain.

faith - ful swain.

ADIEU YE STREAMS THAT SMOOTHLY GLIDE.

WRITTEN

Br Miss HOME,—NOW Mrs HUNTER,

AIR—ADIEU YE STREAMS.

ADIEU ye streams that smoothly glide
Thro' mazy windings o'er the plain;
I'll in some lonely cave reside,
And ever mourn my faithful swain.
Flower of the forest was my love,
Soft as the sighing summer's gale,
Gentle and constant as the dove,
Blooming as roses in the vale.

Alas! by Tweed my love did stray,
For me he search'd the banks around;
But ah! the sad and fatal day,
My love, the pride of swains was drown'd!
Now droops the willow o'er the stream,
Pale stalks his ghost in yonder grove.
Dire fancy paints him in my dream,—
Awake, I mourn my hopeless love!

VOL. I...PART II. K.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

THE TWO LAST STANZAS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br H. MACNEILL.

AIR—MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

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 he's woo'd,
 But he may say he's bought her, O.

The deil 's got in our lasses now;
 The deil 's got in our lasses now;
 When ane wad trow they scarce ken what,
 Gude faith! they make us asses now.—
 She was sae sour and dorty, O,
 She was sae sour and dorty, O,
 Whane'er I spake, she turn'd her back,
 And sneer'd—"Ye're mair than forty, O.

Sae slee she look'd and pawky too!
 Sae slee she look'd and pawky too!
 Tho' crouse a-field I gaed to woo,
 I'm hame come back a gawky now!
 I rue the day I sought her, O;
 I rue the day I sought her, O;
 Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd,
 But he may *swear* he's bought her, O.

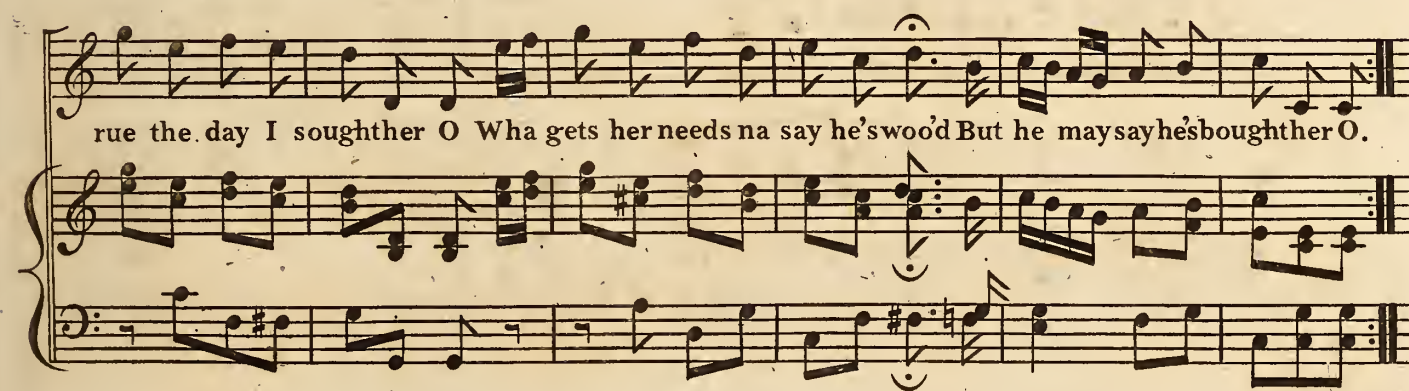
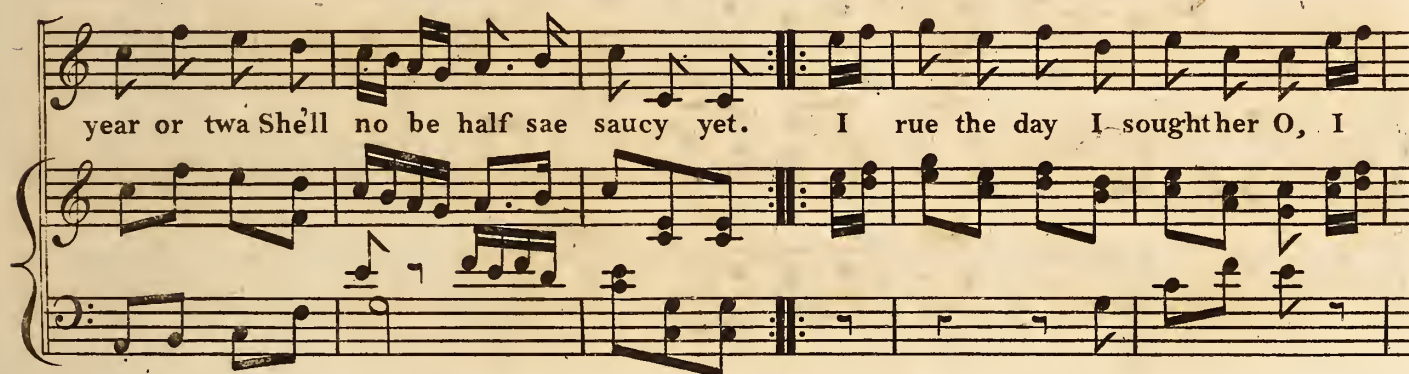
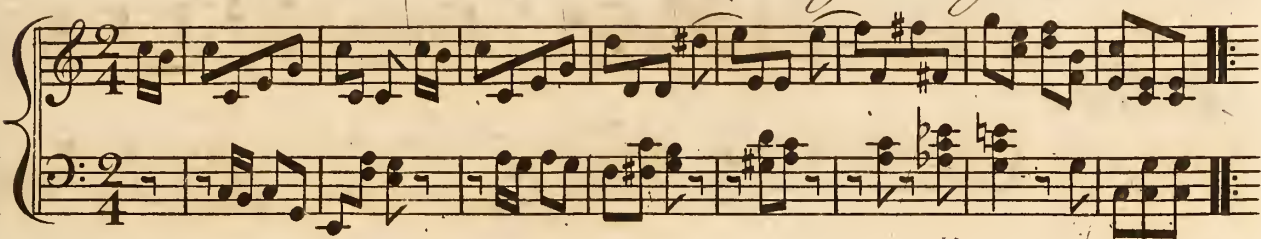
YE LITTLE LOVES THAT ROUND HER WAIT.

THE SAME AIR.

YE little Loves that round her wait
 To bring me tidings of my fate,
 As CELIA on her pillow lies,
 Ah! gently whisper,—Strephon dies!
 If this will not her pity move,
 And the proud Fair disdains to love,
 Then smile and say, 'tis all a lie,
 And haughty STREPHON scorns to die.

My Love she's but a lassie yet

Vivace



* The above Sym^s and Accomp^{ts} composed by Haydn, & first pub^d in 1803.

Love will venture in &c.

Allegretto

The image shows a page from a musical score for the song "The Rose Tree." The title is written in a decorative, calligraphic font at the top left. The music is arranged in two systems. The first system features a piano introduction with a treble and bass staff, marked "Allegretto" and "fz" (forzando). The second system includes the vocal melody in the treble staff and piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics "O love will venture in where it" are written below the vocal line. The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The piano part includes dynamic markings like "p" (piano) and "fz" (forzando).

dare na weel be seen O love will venture in where wisdom ance has been But

The image shows a musical score for the song "The Water of the Woods." It consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, featuring a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below this staff. The bottom two staves are a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs), also in two flats. The music includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings like "p" (piano) and "f" (forte). The lyrics are: "I will down yon river rove among the woodsae green And a' to pu' a posie to my".

I will down yon river rove among the woodsae green And a' to pu' a posie to my

ain dear May.

* *The Syn. & Accomp.^t simplified as above by M. K. 1801.*

O LOVE WILL VENTURE IN.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—THE POSIE.

O LOVE will venture in, where it dare na weel be seen :
 O Love will venture in, where wisdom ance has been :
 But I will down yon river rove amang the wood sae green,
 And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear MAY.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling 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 to my ain dear MAY.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when PHŒBUS peeps in view,
 For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonie mou' :
 The hyacinth 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 for simplicity and unaffected air,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear MAY.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
 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 to my ain dear MAY.

The woodbine I will pu', when the ev'ning star is near,
 And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear :
 The violet for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear,
 And a' to be a posie to 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 my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,
 And this will be a posie to my ain dear MAY.

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

WRITTEN

Br BURNS.

AIR—THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDY.

NAE gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care :
Their titles a' are empty show ;
Gie me my Highland Lassie, O.
Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rashy, O,
I set me down wi' right good will,
To sing my Highland Lassie, O.

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

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

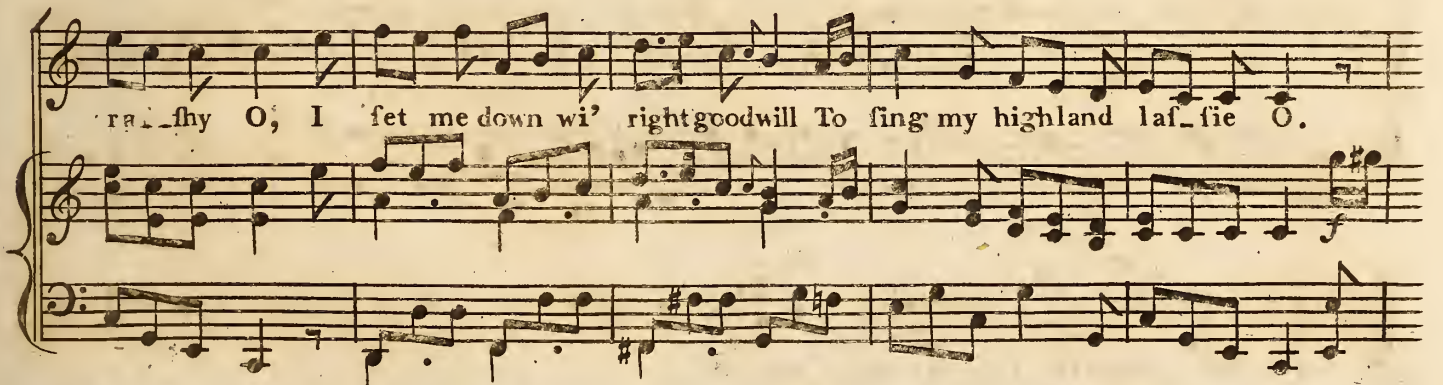
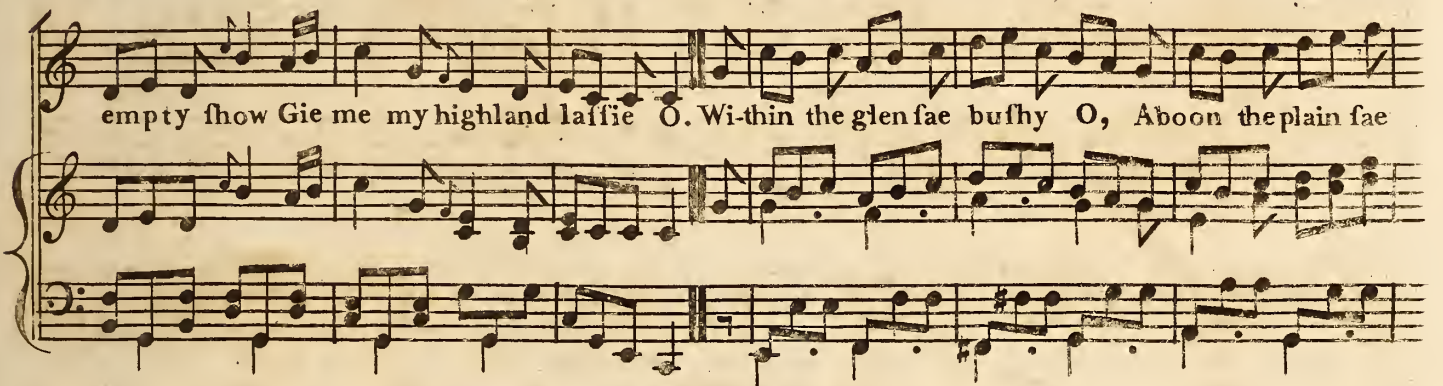
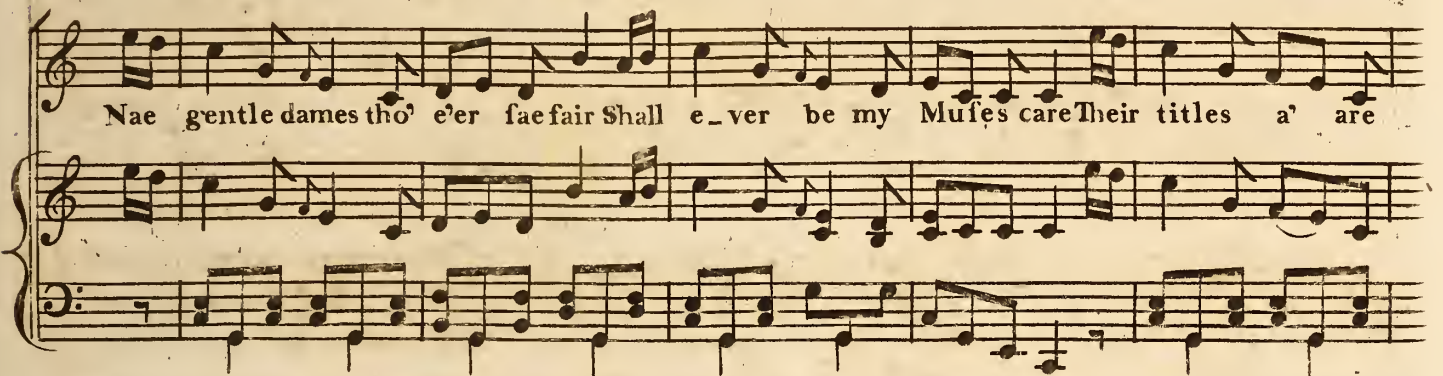
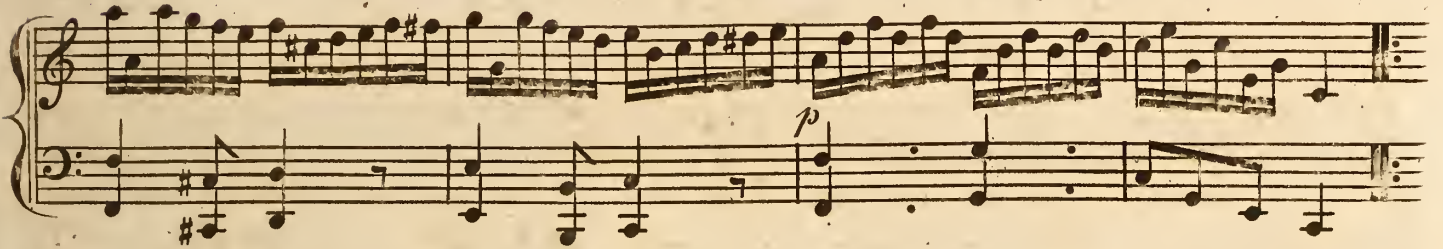
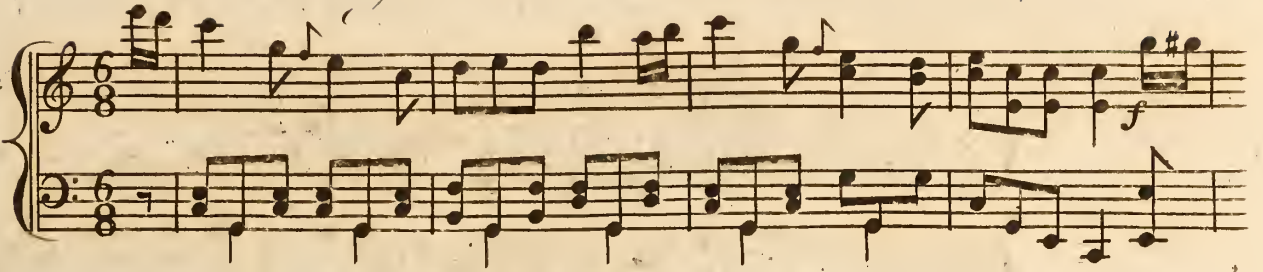
Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow ;
My faithful Highland Lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

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

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

Nae gentle dames, &c.

Vivace



O mirk, mirk is the midnight hour.

Larghetto

O mirk mirk is this mid- night hour And loud the tem--pests roar: A
 wae - fu' wand'r'er seeks thy tower Lord Gre-gory ope thy door An ex - - ile
 from her fa - - ther's ha' And a' for lov-ing thee. At least some pi - - ty
 on me shaw If love it may - na be

O MIRK, MIRK, IS THIS MIDNIGHT HOUR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br BURNS.

AIR—LORD GREGORY.

O MIRK, mirk, is this midnight hour,
 And loud the tempests roar ;
 A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
 Lord GREGORY ope thy door !
 An exile frae her father's ha',
 And a' for loving thee ;
 At least some pity on me shaw,
 If *love* it mayna be !

Lord GREGORY, mind'st thou not the grove,
 By bonie Irvine-side,
 Where first I own'd that virgin-love
 I lang, lang had denied.
 How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
 Thou would'st for ay be mine ;
 And my fond heart itsel' sae true,
 It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord GREGORY,
 And flinty is thy breast ;
 Thou dart of Heav'n that flashest by
 O wilt thou give me rest !
 Ye mustering thunders from above
 Your willing victim see !
 But spare and pardon my false Love,
 His wrongs to Heav'n and me !

AH OPE, LORD GREGORY, THY DOOR*.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br PETER PINDAR.

THE SAME AIR.

AH ope, Lord GREGORY, thy door,
 A midnight wanderer sighs !
 Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar,
 And lightnings cleave the skies !

Who comes with woe in this drear night,
 A pilgrim of the gloom ?
 If she whose love did once delight,
 My cot shall yield her room.

Alas ! thou hear'st a pilgrim mourn,
 That once was priz'd by thee :
 Think of the ring by yonder burn
 Thou gav'st to love and me.

But shou'dst thou not poor MARIAN know,
 I'll turn my feet and part ;
 And think the storms that round me blow,
 Far kinder than thy heart.

* *It is but doing justice to the Author of the latter Song to mention, that it is the Original. Mr BURNS saw it, liked it, and immediately wrote the other on the same subject.*

WHERE CART RINS ROWING TO THE SEA.

WRITTEN

Br BURNS.

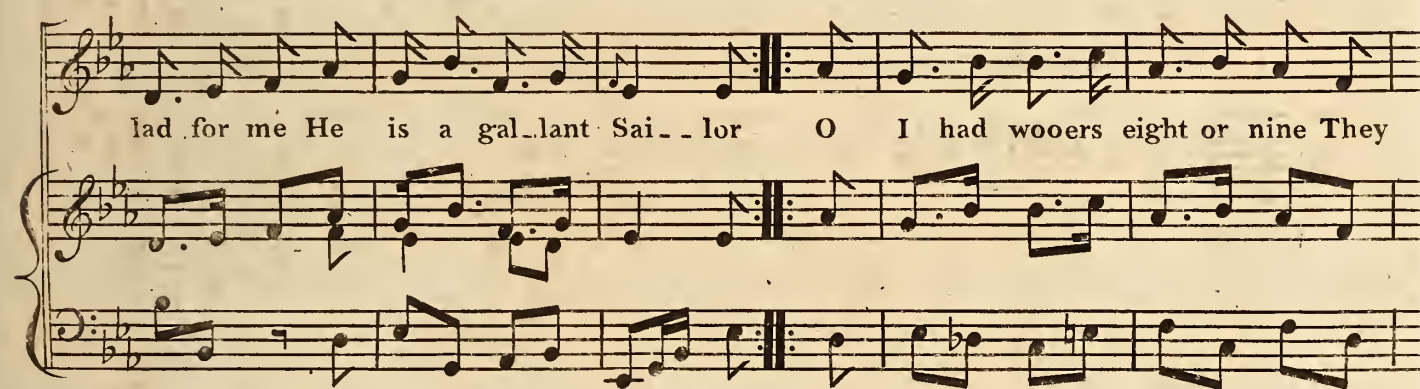
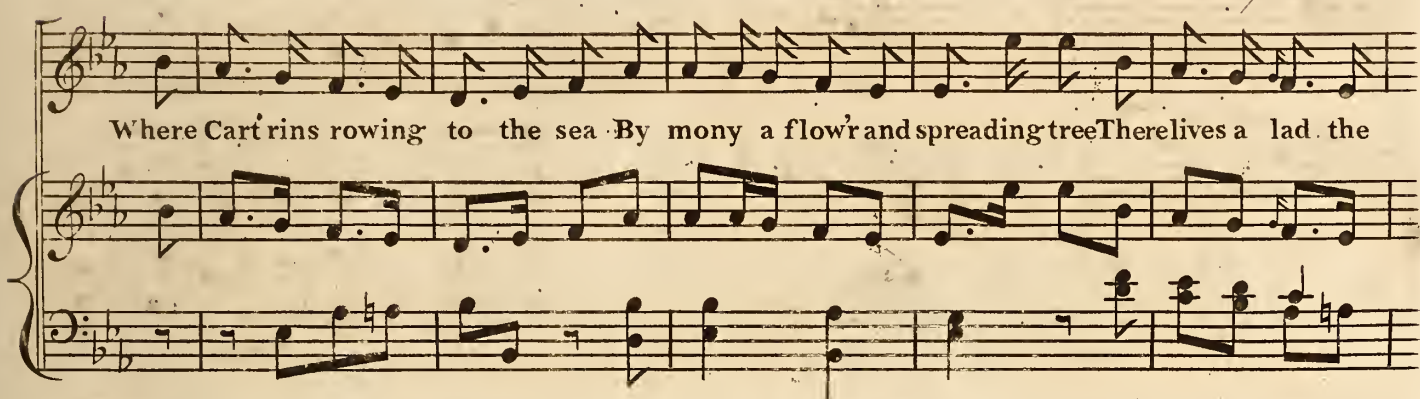
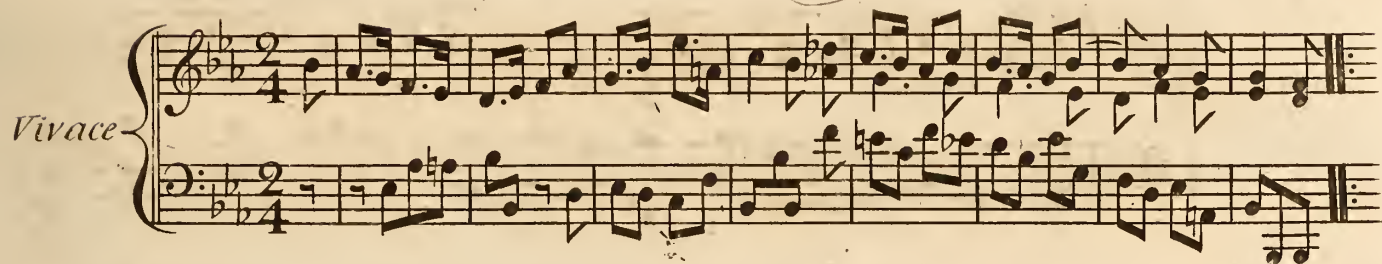
AIR—THE AULD WIFE AYONT THE FIRE.

WHERE Cart rins rowing to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant sailor.
Oh I had wooers eight or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine ;
And I was fear'd my heart wou'd tine,
And I gied it to the sailor.

My daddie sign'd 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 sailor.
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers ;
While bees delight in opening flowers ;
While corn grows green in summer showers,
I love my gallant sailor !

Where Cart-rins rowing to the sea.

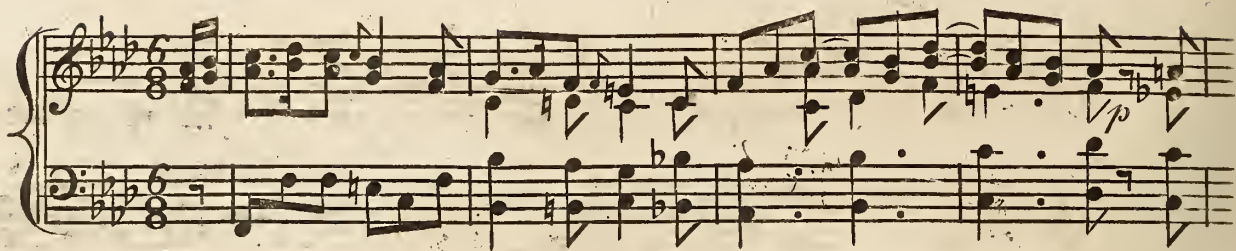
39



* The above Sym.^s and Accomp.^{ts} composed by Haydn & first pub.^d in 1803.

She's fair and fause, &c.

Andante
Espressivo



She's fair and fause that causes my smart, I lo'ed her meikle and

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The melody is in a 6/8 time signature with a key signature of three flats. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines.

lang - She's broken her vow she's broken my heart And I may e'en gae hang - - A

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are spread across the line, with a long dash indicating a pause or a long note. The piano part includes some triplet figures.

coof came in wi' routh o' gear And I hae tint my dearest dear, But woman is but

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a consistent eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand.

warld's gear Sae let the bonie lads gang.

The fourth line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings like *f* (forte) and *p* (piano) towards the end of the line.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE THAT CAUSES MY SMART.

WRITTEN

Br BURNS.

AIR—SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

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 coof came in wi' rowth o' gear,
 And I hae tint my dearest dear;
 But Woman is but warld's gear,
 Sae let the bonie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that Woman love,
 To this be never blind;
 Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
 A woman has't by kind.
 O woman, lovely woman fair,
 An angel form's faun to thy share!
 'Twou'd been o'er meikle to've gi'en thee mair,
 I mean an angel mind.—

WHY WILL FLORELLA, WHEN I GAZE.

THE SAME AIR.

WHY will FLORELLA, when I gaze,
 My ravish'd eyes reprove,
 And chide them from the only face
 I can behold with love?
 To shun your scorn, and ease my care,
 I seek a nymph more kind:
 And as I range from fair to fair,
 Still gentler usage find.

But O! how faint is ev'ry joy,
 Where nature has no part?
 New beauties may my eyes employ,
 But you engage my heart.
 So restless exiles, as they roam,
 Meet soothing pity everywhere;
 Yet languish for their native home,
 Though death attends them there.

OH! I HAE LOST MY SILKEN SNOOD.

AIR—THE SILKEN SNOOD.

OH! I hae lost my silken snood,
 That tied my hair sae yellow:
 I've gi'en my heart to the lad I loo'd;
 He was a gallant fellow.
 And twine it weel, my bonie dow,
 And twine it weel, the plaiden;
 The lassie lost her silken snood,
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

He prais'd my een sae bonny blue,
 Sae lily-white my skin, O;
 And syne he pried my bonny mou',
 And swore it was nae sin, O! *And twine, &c.*
 But he has left the lass he loo'd,
 His ain true love forsaken,
 Which gars me sair to greet the snood
 I lost amang the bracken. *And twine, &c.*

GONE IS MY HEART, FOR EVER GONE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br PETER PINDAR.

THE SAME AIR.

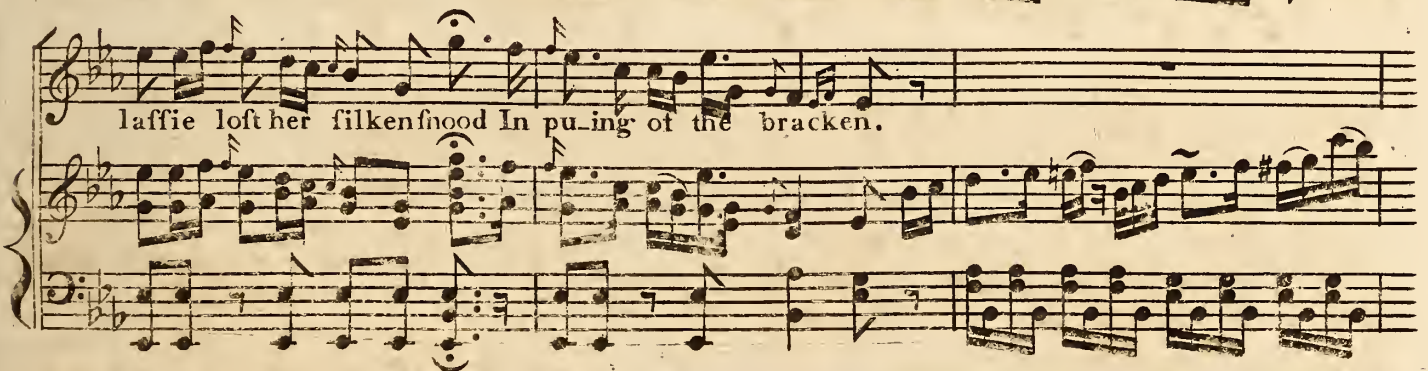
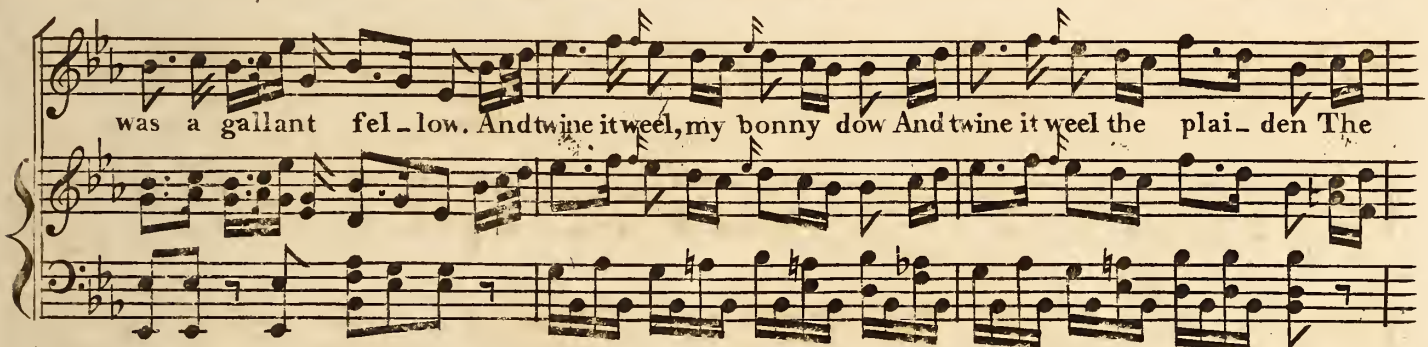
GONE is my heart, for ever gone,
 And thou the cause, believe me:
 Yes, thou the mischief, JANE, hast done,
 And gloriest to deceive me.
 O cheer once more our drooping scenes,
 And chace the cloud of sorrow:
 O bring those eyes where summer reigns,
 And cheek, the rose would borrow.

Bring back that form which once was mine,
 The fount of ev'ry pleasure;
 Where beauty with a skill divine
 Has lavish'd all her treasure.
 Thine art too fatal have I found,
 Too deeply, nymph, I feel it;
 Sure if thine eyes have giv'n a wound,
 'Tis fair thy lips should heal it.

O! I hae lost my silken snood.

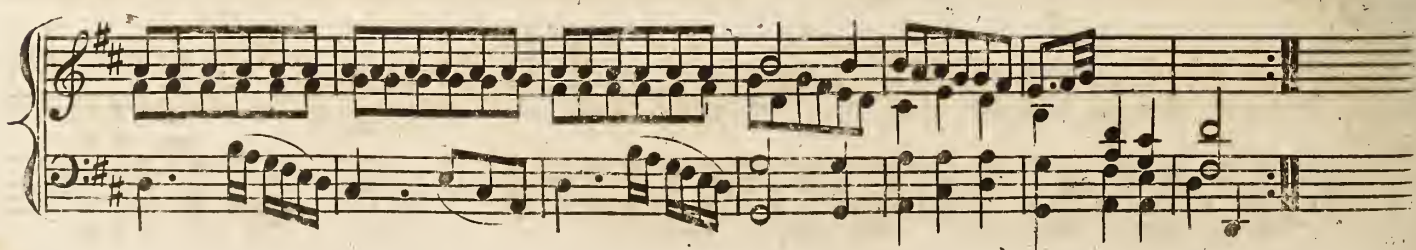
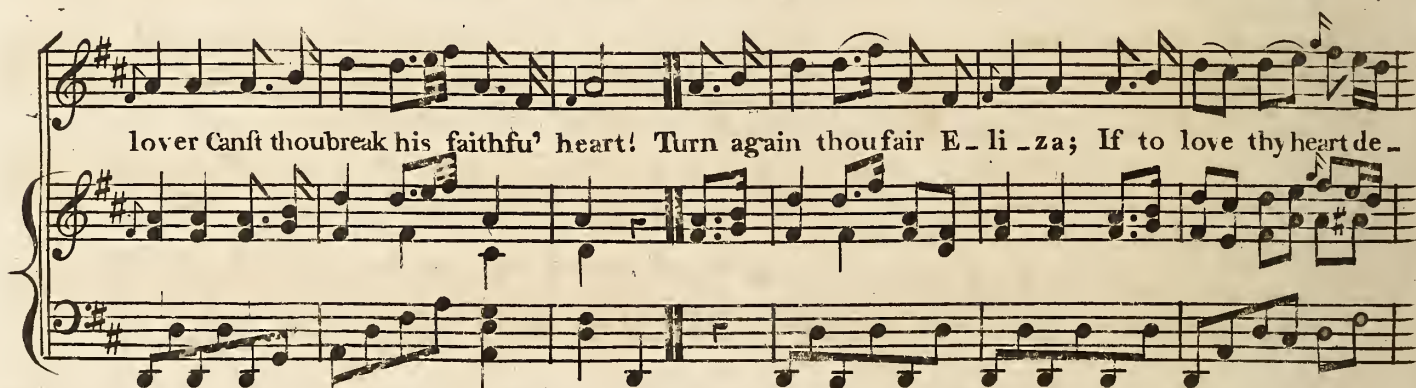
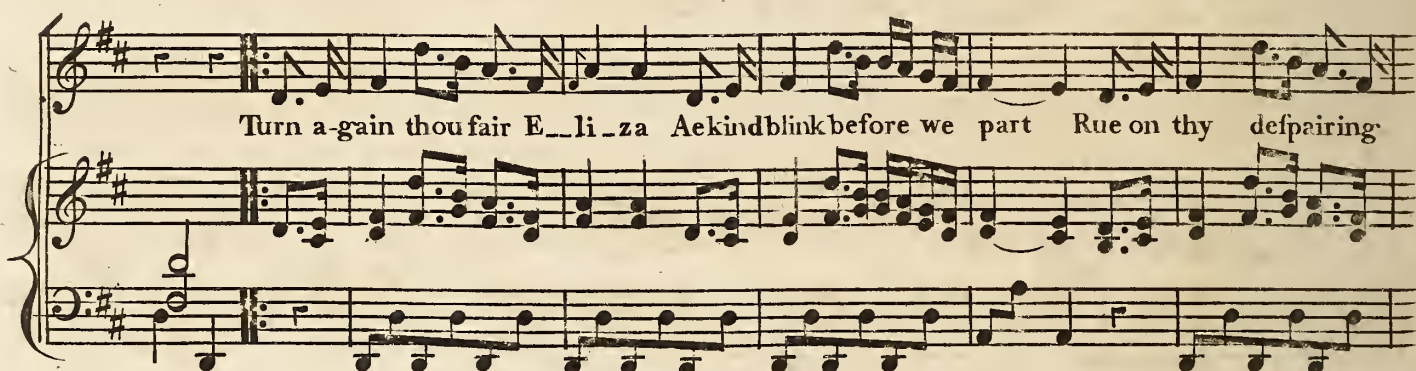
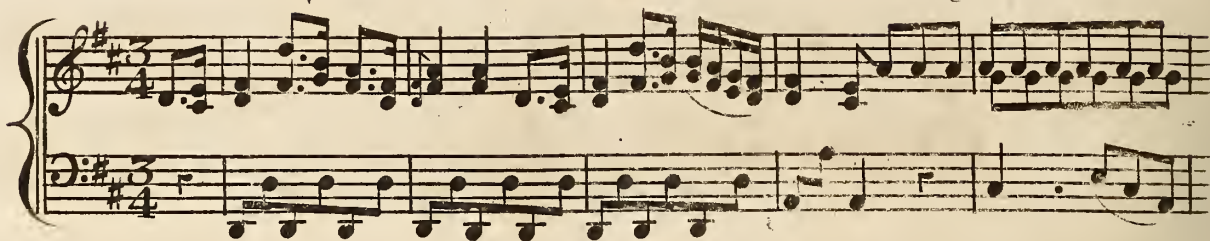
41

*Andante
Espressivo*



Turn again thou fair Eliza.

Andante
Espressivo



TURN AGAIN, THOU FAIR ELIZA.

WRITTEN
By BURNS.

AIR—THE BONNY BRUCKET LASSIE.

TURN again, thou fair ELIZA,
Ae kind blink before we part ;
Rue on thy despairing lover,
Canst thou break his faithful 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, have I offended !
The offence is loving thee :
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine would gladly die !

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 of sunny noon ;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the summer 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.

TELL ME, TELL ME, CHARMING CREATURE.

THE SAME AIR.

TELL me, tell me, charming creature,
Will you never ease my pain ?
Must I die for ev'ry feature ?
Must I always love in vain ?
The desire of admiration
Is the pleasure you pursue ;
Pray thee, try a lasting passion,
Such a love as mine for you.

Tears and sighing could not move you,
For a lover ought to dare ;
When I plainly told I lov'd you,
Then you said I went too far.

Are such giddy ways beseeeming ?
Will my dear be fickle still ?
Conquest is the joy of women,
Let their slaves be what they will.

Your neglect with torment fills me,
And my desperate thoughts increase ;
Pray consider, if you kill me,
You will have a lover less.
If your wand'ring heart is beating
For new lovers, let it be ;
But when you have done coquetting,
Name a day, and fix on me.

THE REPLY.

IN vain, fond youth, thy tears give o'er ;
What more, alas, can FLAVIA do ?
Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore ;
All are not happy that are true.

Suppress those sighs, and weep no more ;
Should heaven and earth with thee combine,
'Twere all in vain ; since any pow'r,
To crown thy love, must alter mine.

But if revenge can ease thy pain,
I'll soothe the ills I cannot cure :
Tell that I drag a hopeless chain,
And all that I inflict, endure !

YE BANKS AND BRAES OF BONNY DOON.

WRITTEN

Br BURNS.

AIR—THE CALEDONIAN HUNT'S DELIGHT.

COMPOSED

By Mr James Miller, Edinburgh.

YE banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' of care?
Thoul't break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowery thorn;
Thou mind'st me of departed joys,
Departed, never to return!

Oft have I rov'd by bonie 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 staw my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

UNLESS WITH MY AMANDA BLEST.

WRITTEN

Br THOMSON.

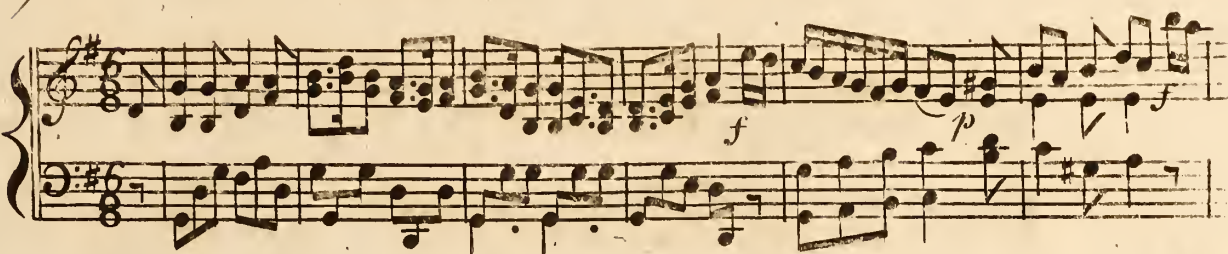
THE SAME AIR.

UNLESS with my AMANDA blest,
In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
In vain I rear the breathing flower.
Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me sing;
In vain the fresh'ning fields appear;
Without my Love, there is no spring.

Ye banks & braes o' bonie Doon.

43

Duet
con espressione
Andante



Ye banks and braes of bonie Doon, How can ye bloom fae fresh and fair How

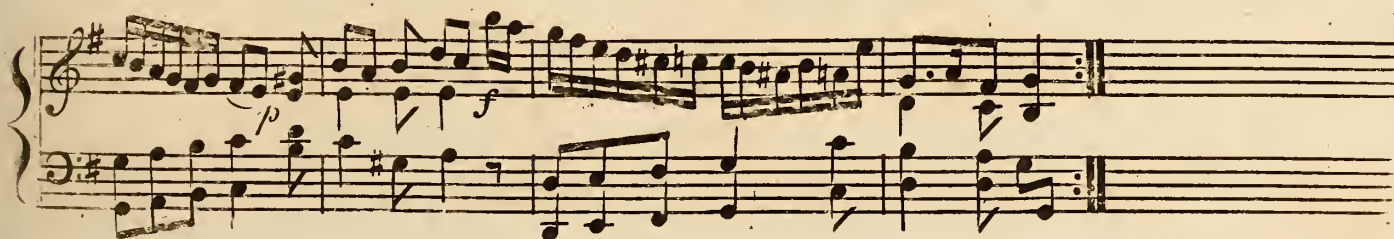
Ye banks and braes of bonie Doon, How can ye bloom fae fresh and fair How

can ye chant ye lit_tle birds And I fae wea_ry fu' of care Thou'lt break my heart thou

can ye chant ye lit_tle birds And I fae wea_ry fu' of care Thou'lt break my heart thou

warbling bird That wantons thro' the flow'ring thorn I'll think me of departed joys, departed never to return.

warbling bird That wantons thro' the flow'ring thorn I'll think me of departed joys, departed never to return.



And ye shall walk, &c.

Andante

And ye shall walk in filk at-tire And fil-ler hae to
 spare - - Gin ye'll consent to be his bride Nor think o' Do-nald
 mair. Oh! wha wou'd buy a fil-ken gown Wi' a poor bro--ken
 heart - - or what's to me a fil-ler crown Gin frae my love I -
 part - -

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

AIR—THE SILLER CROWN.

AND ye shall walk in silk attire,
 And siller hae to spaie,
 Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
 Nor think o' DONALD mair.
 Oh ! wha wad buy a silken gown,
 Wi' a poor broken heart ?
 Or what's to me a siller crown,
 Gin frae my love I part.

The mind whose every wish is pure,
 Far dearer is to me,
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith,
 I'll lay me down and die :
 For I hae pledg'd my virgin troth,
 Brave DONALD's fate to share ;
 And he has gi'en to me his heart,
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners won my heart,
 He, gratefu', took the gift ;
 Cou'd I but think to seek it back,
 It wou'd be war' than theft.
 For langest life can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me ;
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my troth,
 I'll lay me down and die.

TOO PLAIN, DEAR YOUTH, THESE TELL-TALE EYES.

WRITTEN

Br SOAME JENYNS.

THE SAME AIR.

TOO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
 My heart your own declare ;
 But, for Heaven's sake, let it suffice,
 You reign triumphant there.
 Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
 Nor farther urge your sway :
 Press not for what I must deny,
 For fear I should obey.
 Could all your arts successful prove,
 Wou'd you a maid undo ?
 Whose greatest failing is her love,
 And that her love for you.

Say, wou'd you use that very pow'r,
 You from her fondness claim,
 To ruin, in one fatal hour,
 A life of spotless fame ?
 Resolve not, then, to do an ill,
 Because perhaps you may ;
 But rather use your utmost skill
 To save me, than betray.
 Be you yourself my virtue's guard ;
 Defend, and not pursue :
 Since 'tis a task for me too hard,
 To combat love and you.

FATE GAVE THE WORD, THE ARROW SPED.

A MOTHER'S LAMENTATION FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

Br BURNS.

AIR—GIL MORRIS.

This appears to the Editor a far better Air for singing, and much more suited to these admirable Verses, than FINLAYSTON HOUSE, the Tune which the Poet had in view for them ; and therefore the one is here substituted for the other.

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart :
And with him all the joys are fled,
Life can to me impart.
And with him, &c.

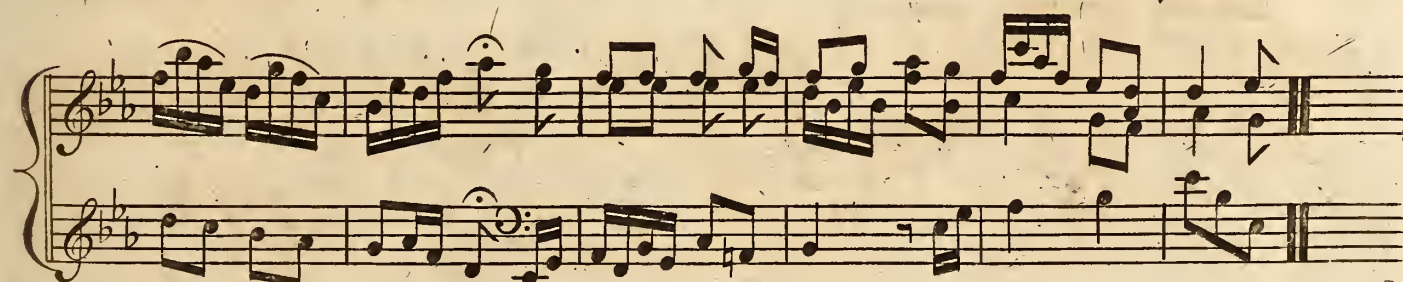
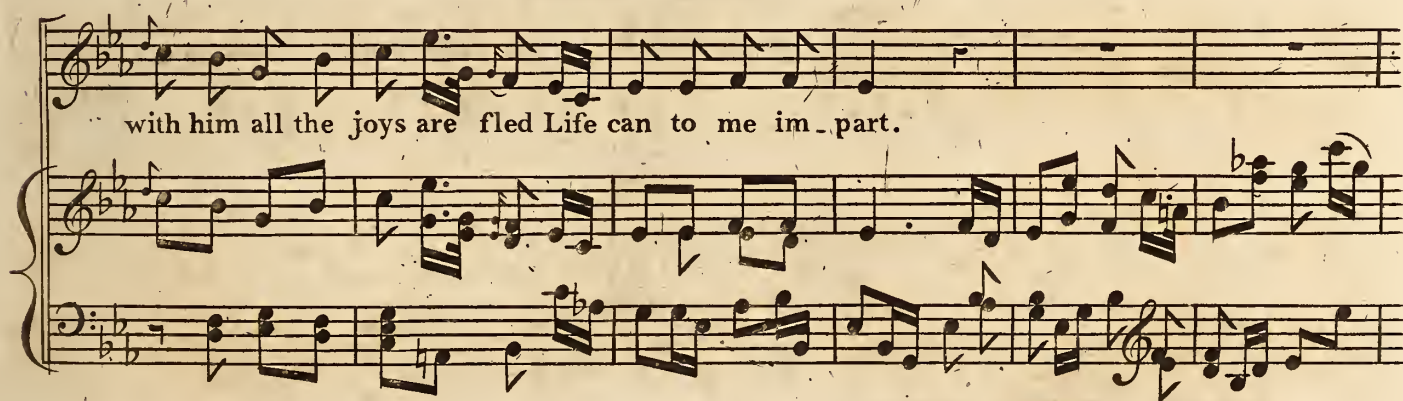
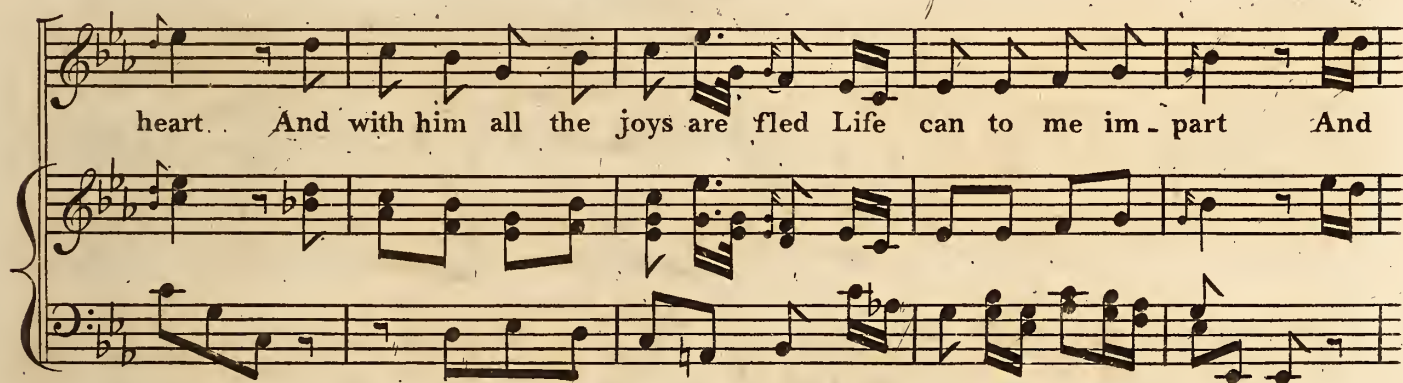
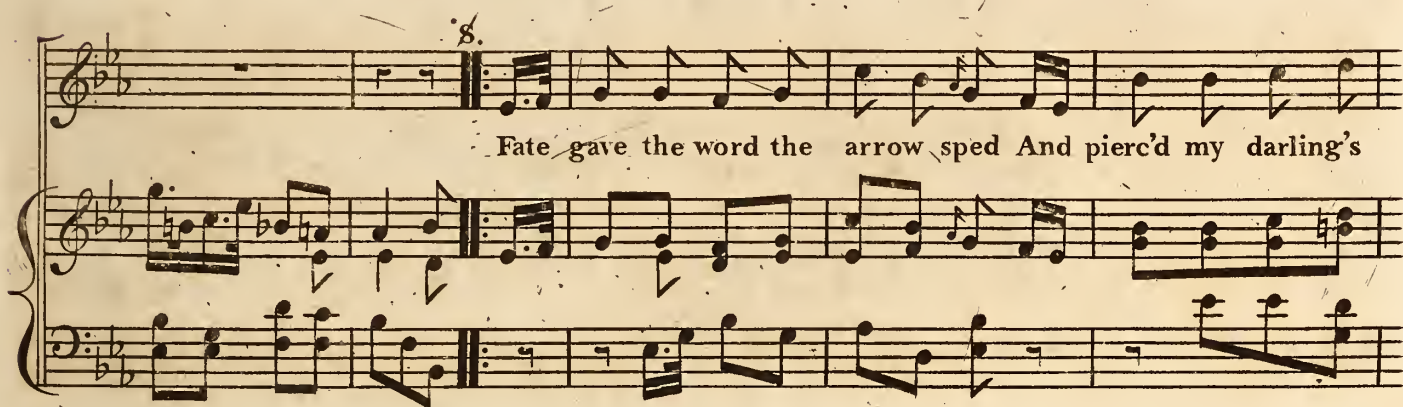
By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonour'd laid ;
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.
So fell, &c.

The mother linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young ;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
So I, &c.

Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
Now, fond, I bare my breast ;
O, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest !
O, do thou, &c.

Fate gave the word

Larghetto



* The above Sym.^s and Accomp.^{ts} composed by Haydn & first pub.^d in 1803.

*True hearted was he &c.**Andante*
Espressivo

True hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr, But

by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river are lovers as faithful, And maidens as fair. To

equal young Jessie seek Scotland all o-ver To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain Grace,

beauty and e-legance fetter her Lover And maiden-ly mo-desty fix-es the chain.

* The Sym. & Accomp! simplified as above by M^r K 1801.

TRUE HEARTED WAS HE THE SAD SWAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br BURNS.

AIR—BONNY DUNDEE.

TRUE hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr;
But by the sweet side of 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 of lovely young JESSIE,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizzard ensnaring;
Enthron'd in her eyes he delivers his law;
And still to her charms SHE alone is a stranger!
Her modest demeanor 's the jewel of a'.

SAW YE MY WEE THING.

WRITTEN

Br H. MACNEIL.

In the former Edition, the Editor joined the following Song to the Air, "Could frosty Morning;" but now, thinking that Air rather meagre, he has expunged it, to make room for one introduced on the next page, and has transferred the Wee Thing here, as the Air of Bonny Dundee suits it perfectly.

"SAW ye my wee thing? saw ye mine ain thing?
"Saw ye my true love down on yon lea!
"Cross'd she the meadow, yestreen at the gloaming?
"Sought she the burnie, whar flow'rs the haw-tree?
"Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white?
"Dark is the blue o' her saft-rolling e'e!
"Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses!
"Whar could my wee thing wandêr frae me?"

"I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
"Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
"But I met *my* bonny thing, late in the gloaming,
"Down by the burnie, whar flow'rs the haw-tree.
"Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
"Dark was the blue o' her saft-rolling e'e!
"Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses!
"Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me!

"It was na my wee thing! it was na mine ain thing!
"It was na my true love ye met by the tree!
"Proud is her leal heart, modest her nature;
"She never loo'd ony, till anee she loo'd me.
"Her name it is MARY, she's frae Castle Cary,
"Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee!
"Fair as your face is, were 't fifty times fairer,
"Young bragger! she ne'er would gi'e kisses to thee!"

"It was then your MARY, she's frae Castle Cary;
"It was then your true love I met by the tree!
"Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
"Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me!
Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling e'e;
"Ye's rue sair this morning, your boasts and your scorning,
"Defend, ye fause traitor; fu' loudly ye lie!"

'Awa' wi' beguiling,' cried the youth, smiling:
Aff went the bonnet,—the lint-white locks flee—
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark-rolling e'e!
"Is it my wee thing? is it mine ain thing?
"Is it my true love here that I see?"
'Oh JAMIE! forgi'e me, your heart's constant to me:
'I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!'

DOES HAUGHTY GAUL INVASION THREAT.

WRITTEN IN 1795.

By BURNS.

AIR.—RISE UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

Introduced in place of the 47th Song of the former Edition, for the reason given in the Note on the preceding page. The Editor trusts he shall be excused for taking the liberty of altering some of the Scottish words in the following admirable Song, in order it may at the present crisis be perfectly understood on both sides of the Tweed. Indeed the alterations are extremely slight, but it may be satisfactory to some readers to know, that the two chief ones are foreign instead of uneo, and sword substituted for rung.

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat ?

Then let the loons beware, sir,
There 's wooden walls upon our seas,
And Volunteers on shore, sir.
The Nith shall run to Corsincon *,
And Criffel † sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally.

O let us not like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided,
'Till slap come in a foreign loon,
And wi' his sword decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Among ourselves united ;
For never but by British hands
Must British wrongs be righted.

The kettle of the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in 't ;
But de'il a foreign tinker loon
Shall ever drive a nail in 't.
Our fathers blood the kettle bought,
And who wou'd dare to spoil it ?
By heav'n, the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it !
The wretch that wou'd a tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true-born brother,
Who'd set the mob above the throne,
May they be damn'd together.
Who 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.

* *A high Hill at the source of the river Nith.*

† *A Mountain at the mouth of the same river, on the Solway Firth*

THE OLD SONG TO THE SAME AIR.

In the following Song the interjection O is commonly put to the end of the second and fourth lines of each verse by the Singer, as the Air requires the addition of a monosyllable to those lines.

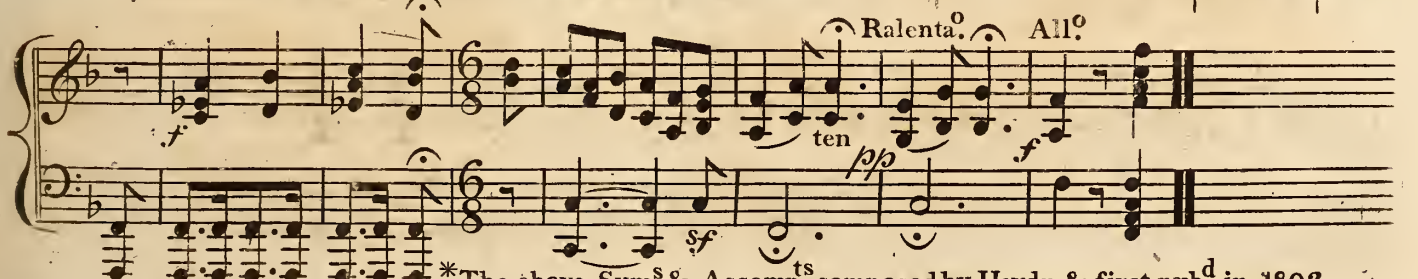
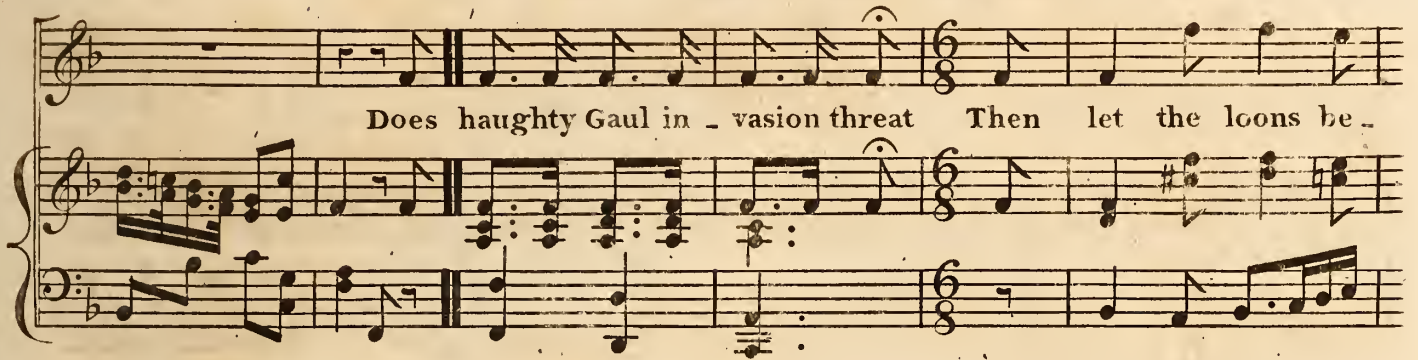
IT was about the Martimas time ;
And a gude time it was than,
When our gude-wife had puddings to make,
And she boil'd them in the pan
The wind it blew baith cauld and raw,
And it blew into the floor ;
Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
" Get up and bar the door."
" My hand is in my hussy'f-skap,
" Gudeman, as ye may see ;
" An' it should nae be barr'd this hunder year,
" It's nae be barr'd for me."
They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure,
That the first of them that spake a word,
Shou'd rise and bar the door.
Then by there came twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night,
And they could see nor house nor ha',
Nor coal nor candle light.

" Now, Whether is this a rich man's house,
" Or whether is 't a poor ?—
But never a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barring of the door.
Then first they ate the white puddings,
And syne they ate the black ;
Tho' muckle thought the gudewife to hersel',
Yet ne'er a word she spake.
Then said the one unto the other,
" Here, man, tak' ye my knife ;
" Do you tak' aff the auld man's beard,
" And I'll kiss the gudewife."
" But there 's nae water in the house,
" And what shall we do than ?"
" What ails you at the pudding-bree,
" That boils into the pan ?"
O up then started our gudeman,
An angry man was he ;
" Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
" And scald me wi' pudding-bree ?"

O up then started our gudewife,
Gied three skips on the floor ;
" Gudeman you have spak the first word,
" Get up and bar the door !"

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat 47

*Spiritoso ma
non troppo
Allegro*



*The above Sym^s & Accomp^{ts} composed by Haydn, & first pub^d in 1803.

Duncan Gray came here to woo.

Allegretto

Duncan Gray came

here to woo, Ha ha the wooing o't On new year's night when we were fou,

Ha ha the wooing o't. Maggie coost her head fu' high, Look'd asklent and

un-co skiegh Gart poor Duncan stand a-biegh Ha ha the wooing o't.

DUNCAN GRAY CAME HERE TO WOO.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br BURNS.

AIR—DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY came here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
 On new-year's night, when we were fou,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 MAGGIE coost her head fu' heigh,
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor DUNCAN stand abeigh;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

DUNCAN fleech'd, and DUNCAN pray'd,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
 MEG was deaf as Ailsa Craig*,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 DUNCAN sigh'd, baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
 Spake o' loup'ing o'er a linn,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
 Slighted love is sair to bide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
 For a haughty hizzie die?
 She may gae to—France for me!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes, let Doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 MEG grew sick,—as he grew heal,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings;
 And oh! her een they spake sic things!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

DUNCAN was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 MAGGIE's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 DUNCAN cou'dna be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath:
 Now they're crouse and canty baith!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

* *A great insulated Rock to the south of the Island of Arran.*

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

LET not woman e'er complain
 Of inconstancy in love;
 Let not woman e'er complain,
 Fickle man is apt to rove:
 Look abroad through Nature's range,
 Nature's mighty law is change;
 Ladies, would it not be strange
 Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies;
 Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow;
 Sun and moon but set to rise;
 Round and round the seasons go:
 Why then ask of silly Man,
 To oppose great Nature's plan?
 We'll be constant while we can—
 You can be no more, you know.

O POORTITH CAULD AND RESTLESS LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br BURNS.

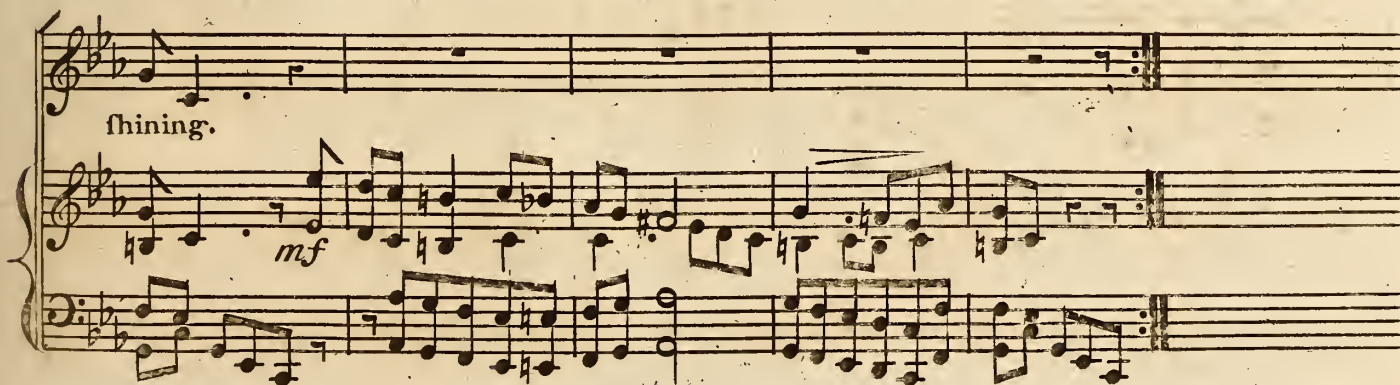
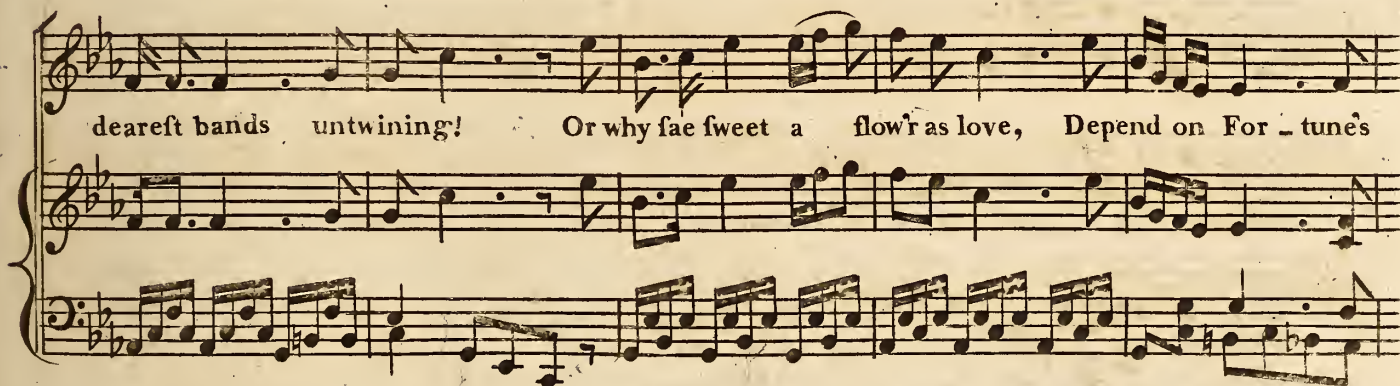
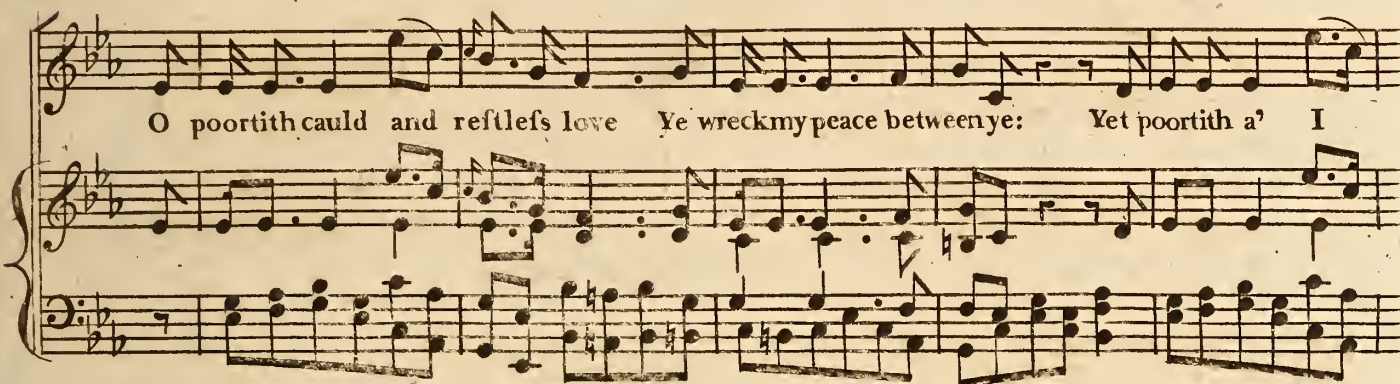
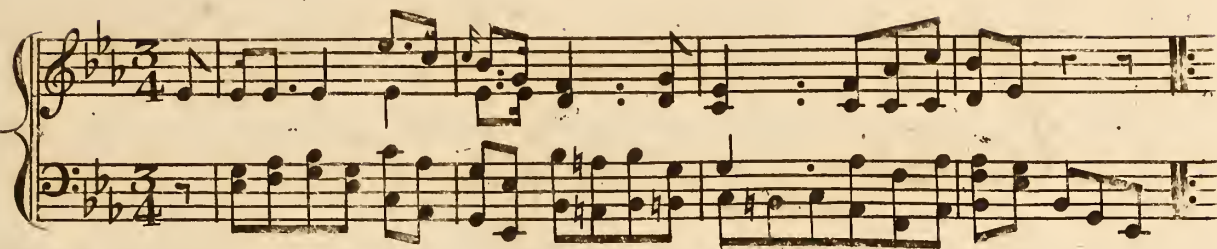
AIR—I HAD A HORSE, AND I HAD NAE MAIR.

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
 Ye wreck my peace between ye;
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
 An' 'twere na for my JEANIE.
 O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
 Depend on Fortune's shining?
 This world's wealth when I think on,
 Its pride, and 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 bonny blue betray
 How she repays my passion;
 But prudence is her o'erword ay,
 She talks of rank and fashion. *O why, &c.*
 O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him;
 O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am? *O why, &c.*
 How blest the humble cotter's fate,
 He wooes his simple dearie;
 The silly bogles, Wealth and State,
 Can never make them eerie. *O why, &c.*

O poortith cauld, &c.

Andantino



The lazy mist hangs, &c.

Andante

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The tempo is marked *Andante*. Dynamics include *p* and *f*.

The la-zy-mist hangs from the brow of the hill, Con-ceal-ing the

The la-zy-mist hangs from the brow of the hill, Con-ceal-ing the

The first system of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a soprano or alto range, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. The lyrics are: "The la-zy-mist hangs from the brow of the hill, Con-ceal-ing the".

course of the dark winding rill; How lan-guid the scenes, late so

course of the dark winding rill; How lan-guid the scenes, late so

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "course of the dark winding rill; How lan-guid the scenes, late so".

sprightly, ap-pear, As au-tumn to winter re-signs the pale year.

sprightly, ap-pear, As au-tumn to winter re-signs the pale year.

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sprightly, ap-pear, As au-tumn to winter re-signs the pale year.".

The piano conclusion is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The tempo is marked *Andante*. Dynamics include *f* and *p*.

THE LAZY MIST HANGS, &c.

WRITTEN

By *BURNS*.

AIR—HERE'S A HEALTH TO MY TRUE LOVE.

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 liv'd,—but how much liv'd 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 gain'd !
And downward, how weaken'd how darken'd, how pain'd !
Life is not worth having with all it can give,
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

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