

Twenty Four

ORIGINAL

Scots Songs.

for the

PIANO FORTE AND VOICE.

viz^d

Pinkie House

Tibby Fowler

Annie

Donald

O say Bonny Lass

Take your Auld Cloak about ye

Lord Gregory

The Goddess Woman

The Shepherds Wife

Green grow the rushes O

Auld Robin Gray

My Boy Tammy

The Wae fu' heart

The Soger Laddie

John Anderson

Barbara Allen

Duncan Gray

The Tears I shed

The White Cockade

The Miller

Now westlin Winds

The Blaithrie o't

Cauld blows the Wind

Lass gin ye loe me

Selected & dedicated to

MRS JOHN GLADSTONE,

By
Samuel Webb Jun^r

Ent^d at Stat^e Hall

Price Six Shillings

LIVERPOOL.

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Pinkie House

1

Andante

(2)

O come my love, and bring anew
That gentle turn of mind,
That gracefulness of air, in you
By nature's hand, design'd.
That beauty, like, the blushing rose
First lighted up this flame
Which, like the Sun, for ever glows,
Within my breast, the same.

(3)

Ye light Coquets! ye airy things!
How vain is all your art!
How seldom it a lover brings!
How rarely keeps a heart!
O gather from my Nelly's charms,
That sweet, that graceful ease;
That blushing modesty that warms,
That native art to please.

(4)

Come then, my love! O come along, A flame like mine can never die,
And feed me with thy charms; While charms, so bright as thine
Come, fair inspirer of my song, So heav'nly fair — both please the eye,
O fill my longing arms! And fill the soul divine!

Donald

Andante

When first you courted me I own I fondly favor'd
 you, Ap- - pa- - rent worth and high re - nown, made me be - lieve you
 true, - - - - Donald. Each vir - tue then seem'd to a - - dorn the
 man es - teem'd by me. But now the mask's thrown
 off, I scorn to waste one thought on thee - - - - Donald.

(2)

Oh! then, for ever haste away
 Away from love and me
 My heart, tho' once an easy prey,
 Yet now is wean'd from thee, Donald.
 Hence, I'll reserve myself for one
 Whose honor knows no stain,
 Whose heart shall beat to mine alone;
 Nor think on thee again, Donald.

Lord Gregory

3

Andante

Oh! o - - pen the door, Lord GRE - - GO - - RY Oh!

o - - pen and let me in; The rain rains on my

scar - - - let robes The dew drops o'er my chin. If

you are the lass that I lov'd once, as I trow you

are not she, Come give me some of the to - - -

-kens That past between you and me.

Green grow the Rushes O

Vivace

The musical score is written in a two-staff system (treble and bass clefs) with a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Vivace'. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

There's nought but care on ev'-ry han' in ev'-ry hour that passes, What
 sig-ni-fies the life of man, an'twere not for the lasses. Green grow the
 rushes O! green grow the rushes, O! The sweetest hours that e'er I spend are
 spent a-mong the lass-es, O!

(2)

The warldly they may riches chase
 An' riches still may fly them
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them.
 Green grow the rushes, O! &c

(4)

For you sae douse! ye sneer at this
 Ye're nought but senseless asses
 The wisest man the world e'er saw
 He dearly lo'ed the lasses
 Green grow the rushes, O! &c

(3)

Gie me a canny hour at e'en
 My arms about my dearie
 And warlike cares and warldly men
 May a' gae tapsalteerie
 Green grow the rushes, O! &c

(5)

Auld nature swears the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes
 Her 'prentice hand she tried on man
 And syne she made the lasses.
 Green grow the rushes, O! &c

The Wæfu Heart

Andante

Gin liv - ing worth cou'd win my heart you wou'd na speak in vain But

in the darksome grave 'tis laid ne - ver to rise a - - - gain! My

wæ - fu' heart lies low wi' his Whose heart was on - - ly mine; And

Ah! what a heart was that to lose; But I maun' no re - - pine.

(2)

(3)

Yet Oh! gin heav'n in mercy soon
Wou'd 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 show 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 deadly pale
Her faded cheeks possest
Her wæfu' heart forgot to beat
Her sorrows sunk to rest.

Barbara Allen

Affettuoso

It was in and a-bout the Martinmas time when the green leaves were a

fall - - ing That SIR IOHN GRAH'AM in the west coun - try fell in

love with BAR - BA - RA AL - - LEN.

(2)

He sent his man down thro' the town
To the place where she was dwelling
O! haste and come to my Master dear
Gin ye be BARBARA ALLEN.

(4)

O! I am sick and very sick
And tis a' for BARBARA ALLEN.
O! the better for me ye's never be
Tho' your heart's blood were spilling.

(6)

He turn'd his face unto the wa'
And Death was wi' him dealing
Adieu! adieu! my dear friends a'
Be kind to BARBARA ALLEN.

(8)

She had nae gane a mile but twa
When she heard the dead bell knelling
And ev'ry jow the dead bell gied
Cry'd woe to BARBARA ALLEN.

(3)

O! hooly, hooly, rose she up
To the place where he was lying
And when she drew the curtain by
Young man I think you're dying.

(5)

O! dinna ye mind young man, she said
When ye the cups was filling
That ye made the healths gae round & round
And slighted BARBARA ALLEN.

(7)

And slowly, slowly rose she up
And slowly, slowly left him
And sighing said she could na stay
Since death of life had reft him.

(9)

O! Mither, Mither, mak my bed,
O! mak it soft and narrow
Since my love died for me to day
I'll die for him Tomorrow.

The White Cockade

7

Vivace

My love was born in A - ber - deen the bonniest lad that

e'er was seen But now he makes our hearts fu' sad, he takes the

field wi' his white Cockade Oh! he's a rant - ing rov - ing lad, He

is a brisk and bon - nie lad, Be - - tide what may I

will be wed and fol - low the boy wi' the white Cock - ade.

(2)

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,
My gude grey Mare, and hawkit Cow
To buy mysel' a tartan plaid
To follow the boy wi' the white Cockade.
Oh! he's &c

The Blaithrie o't

Andante

When I think o' this world's pelf, And the

lit-tle wee share I have o't to my-self And how the lass that wants it is

by the lads for-got, may the shame fa' the gear and the blaithrie o't.

(2)

Jockey was the laddie that held the plough
 But now he's got gowd and gear eneugh
 He thinks nae mair of me that weirs the plaiden coat
 May the shame fa' the gear, and the blaithrie o't.

(3)

Jenny was the lassie that macks the byre
 But now she is clad in her silken attire
 And Jockey says he loes her, & swears he's me forgot
 May the shame fa' the gear, and the blaithrie o't.

(4)

But all this shall never danton me
 Sae long as I keep my fancy free
 For the lad that's sae inconstant he is na worth a goat
 May the shame fa' the gear, and the blaithrie o't.

Tibby Fowler

9

Andante

Tibby Fowler o' the glen, there's o'er mony wooing at her

Tibby Fowler o' the glen, there's o'er mony wooing at her. Courting at her, wooing at her,

seeking at her, canna' get her, filthy elf, it's for her pelf, that a' the lads are wooing at her.

(2)

(3)

Ten came east and ten came west,
And ten came rowing o'er the water,
Twa gaed down the lang dyke side,
There's twa & thirty wooing at her.

Courting at her &c

(4)

Be a lassie ne'er sae fine,
Gin she want the penny siller,
She may live 'till ninety nine
Ere she get a lover till her.

Courting at her &c

(6)

She's got pendels to her lugs,
Cockle shells wad set her better,
High heel'd shoon an' siller studs,
And a' the lads are courting at her.

Courting at her &c.

Fye upon the filthy snort,
There's o'er mony wooing at her,
Fifteen came frae Aberdeen,
There's seven & forty wooing at her.

Courting at her &c

(5)

Be a lassie ne'er sae black,
Gi'r the name o' mickle siller,
And set her on a hill tap
The wind will bla' a lover till her.

Courting at her &c

(7)

In came Frank wi' his lang legs,
Gaid a' the stairs play clitter clatter,
Had awa young men, he begs
For, by my sooth I will be at her.

Courting at her &c

O! Say bonny Lass

Andante

O! say bon - ny lass, will you lie in a bar - rack, And

mar - ry a Sol - dier, and car - ry his wal - let. O! say wou'd you

leave baith your Mi - ther and Dad - dy, and fol - low the camp, with your

Sol - - - dier lad - dy. O! say wou'd you leave baith your Mither and

Dad - dy, and fol - low the Camp, with your Sol - - dier lad - die?

(2)

(3)

O! yes bonny lad, I could lie in a barrack,
And marry a Soldier and carry his wallet,
I'd neither ask leave of my Mither or Daddy,
But follow my dearest, my Soldier laddy.

(4)

O! yes bonny lad, I'll think naething of it,
But follow my Henry, & carry his wallet,
Nor dangers, nor famine, nor wars can alarm me,
My Soldier is near me & naething can harm me.

O! say bonny lass, would you go a campaigning,
And bear all the hardships of battle & famine,
When wounded & bleeding then would'st thou draw ^{me} near
And kindly support me, & tenderly chear me?

(5)

But say bonny lass, when I go into battle,
Where dying men groan, & loud cannons rattle,
O! then bonny lad, I will share a' thy harms,
And, shouldst thou be kill'd, I will die in thy arms.

The Goddess Woman

Andante

O' mighty Na - ture's handy works, the common or un - com - mon, there's
 nocht thro' a her limits wide, can be com - par'd to Wo - man. The
 Farmer toils the Merchant trokes, frae down to the gloam - in; the
 Farmer's pains the Merchants cares are baith to please a Wo - man.

(2)

The Sailor spreads the daring sail
 Thro' angry seas a foaming;
 The jewels, gems o' foreign shores
 He gi'es, to please a WOMAN.
 The Soger fights o'er crimson fields
 In distant climates roaming
 Yet lays, wi' pride, his laurels down
 Before all-conquering WOMAN.

(3)

A Monarch leaves his lofty throne
 Wi' other men in common;
 He flings aside his Crown, and kneels
 A subject to a WOMAN.
 Tho' I had a' e'er man possess'd,
 Barbarian, Greek or Roman.
 It wad nae a' be worth a straw,
 Without my Goddess WOMAN.

Auld Robin Gray

Affettuoso

Young JAMIE loo'd me weel, and sought me for his Bride, but

sav-ing a Crown he had nae thing else be-side, To mak' his crown a poun' my

JAMIE went to Sea, and the crown and the poun' were baith for me. He

had nae been gane but a Year and a day, when my Father brak' his Arm & our

Cow was stoun a-wa' my Mither she fell sick and JAMIE at the Sea, and

Auld ROBIN GRAY came a courting to me.

(2)

My Father coudna' work, and my Mither coudna' spin,
 I toiled day and night, but their bread I coudna' win,
 Auld Robin fed them baith, and wi' tears in his ee
 Said, JENNY, for their sakes, Oh! marry me.
 My heart it said na, and I look'd for JAMIE back,
 But the wind it blew high, and the Ship it was a wreck,
 The Ship it was a wreck, why didna' JAMIE die?
 And why do I live to say, Ah! wae's me.

(3)

My Father urg'd me sair; my Mither didna' speak,
 But she look'd in my face, till my heart was like to break,
 So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was on the Sea,
 And Auld ROBIN GRAY is gude man to me.
 I hadna' been wife a week but only four
 When, sitting sae mournfully at mine ain door,
 I saw my JAMIE'S Ghaist; for I coudna' think it he,
 Till he said, I'm come back, love, to marry thee.

(4)

Sair sair did we greet, and little could we say,
 We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away,
 I wish I wene dead; but I'm nae like to die
 And why do I live to say, Ah! wae's me?
 I gang like a Gaist, and I care na' to spin,
 I darena' think on JAMIE, for that wou'd be a sin,
 But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
 For Auld ROBIN GRAY, is sae kind to me.

The Soger Laddie

Andante

My So - ger lad - die is o - ver the Sea, and he will bring gold &

mo - ney to me, and when he comes home he'll make me a la - dy my blessings gang

wi' my So - ger lad - die. My dough - ty lad - die is handsome and brave, and

can as a So - ger and lov - er be - - have true to his coun - try, to

love he is stea - dy, there's few to compare with my So - ger lad - die.

Shield him ye Angels, frae Death in alarms
 Return him with Laurels to my longing arms
 Syne frae all my care ye'll pleasantly free me
 When back to my wishes my Soger ye gie me.
 O! soon may his honors bloom fair on his brow
 As quickly they must, if he get his due
 For in noble actions his courage is ready
 Which makes me delight in my Soger laddie.

Duncan Gray

15

Vivace

Duncan Gray cam here to woo, Ha, ha, the wooing o't; On

blithe yule night when we were fu' Ha, ha, the wooing o't. Maggie coost her head fu' high,

look'd asklent & unco skeich, Gart poor Duncan stand a-beigh, Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

(2)

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd

Ha, ha, &c

Meg was deaf as ailsa craig

Ha, ha, &c

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in

Grat his een baith bleer't and blin'

Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn

Ha, ha, &c

(4)

How it comes let Doctors tell

Ha, ha, &c

Meg grew sik — as he grew heal

Ha, ha, &c

Something in her bosom rings

For relief a sigh she brings

And, O! her een they spak sic things

Ha, ha, &c

(3)

Time and chance are but a tide

Ha, ha, &c

Slighted love is sair to bide

Ha, ha, &c

Shall I like a fool, quoth he

For a haughty hizzie die

She may gae to France for me

Ha, ha, &c

(5)

Duncan was a lad o' grace

Ha, ha, &c

Maggies was a piteous case

Ha, ha, &c

Duncan could na be her death

Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath

Now they're crouse and canty baith

Ha, ha, &c

Andante

The Miller

O mer-ry may the Maid be that mar- - ries the Mill-er, For
 foul day or fair day, he's ay bringing till her. He's
 ay a pen-ny in his purse for din-ner and for sup- - per; And
 gin she please, a gude fat cheese, and lumps of yel-low but- - ter.

(2)

When Jamie first did woo me
 I speird what was his calling
 Fair Maid, says he, O come and see
 Ye're welcome to my dwelling
 Tho' I was shy, yet I cou'd spy
 The truth of what he told me
 And that his house was warm & couth
 And room in it to hold me.

(3)

Behind the door a bag of meal
 And in the kist was plenty
 Of gude hard cakes his Mither bakes
 And bannacks were nae scanty
 A gude fat Sow, a sleeky Cow
 Was standing in the byre
 Whilst lazy puss, & mealy mouse
 Were playing at the fire.

(4)

Gude signs are these my Mither says
 And bids me tak' the Miller
 For foul day & fair day
 He's ay bringing till her
 For meal nor malt she does nae want
 Nor any thing that's dainty
 And now & then a keckling hen
 To lay her eggs in plenty.

(5)

In winter when the wind and rain
 Blaws o'er the house and byre
 He sits beside a clean hearth-stane
 Before a rousing fire
 With nut-brown Ale he tells his tale
 Which rows him o'er fou nappy
 Who'd be a King, a petty thing
 When a Miller is sae happy.

Cauld blaws the Wind

17

Allegretto

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west the drift is driv-ing

sair - - ly Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast I'm sure it's win - ter

fair - - ly Up in the morning's nae for me up in the morn-ing

ear - - - ly When a the hills are co-ver'd wi' Snaw, I'm

sure it is win - - - ter fair, - - - ly.

(2)

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

Annie

Slow

When in - no - cent pas - time our plea - sure did crown up -

- on a green meadow or un - der a tree, e'er AN - NIE be - came a fine

La - dy in town how love - ly how lov - ing an bon - ny was she.

Rouse up your rea - son my beau - ti - ful AN - NIE let no new whim

ding thy fan - cy a jee, Oh! as thou art bon - ny be

faithful and can - ny and fa - vour thy JAMMIE wha dotes up - on thee.

(2)

Does the death of a lintwhite give ANNIE the spleen?
 Can tyning of trifles be uneasy to thee?
 Can lap-dogs or monkies draw tears from those een?
 That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me.
 Rouse up your reason, my beautiful ANNIE
 And dinna prefer a paroquet to me
 O! as thou art bonny be prudent and canny
 And think upon JAMIE wha doats upon thee.

(3)

Ah! should a new mantua or flanders-lace head
 Or yet a new coatie, though never so fine
 Gar thee grow forgetful, or let his heart bleed
 That ance had some hope of purchasing thine
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful ANNIE
 And dinna prefer ye'r fleegaries to me
 O! as thou art bonny be solid & cannie
 And tent a true lover wha doats upon thee.

(4)

Shall a Paris edition of new-fangled sany
 Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be
 By adoring himself be admir'd by fair ANNIE
 And aim at those benisons promis'd to me
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful ANNIE
 And never prefer a light dancer to me
 O! as thou art bonny, be constant and canny
 Love only thy JAMIE, wha doats upon thee.

(5)

O think, my dear charmer! on ilka sweet hour
 That slade away softly between thee and me
 E'er squirrels or beaus or fopp'ry had pow'r
 To rival my love, or impose upon thee
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful ANNIE
 And let thy desires be a' center'd in me
 O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny
 And love him, whose life is nae worth without thee.

*Tak' your Auld Cloak about ye***Slow**

In win - ter when the rain rain'd cauld and

frost and snaw on il - ka hill and Bo - reas with his

blasts sae bauld was threat'ning a' our kye to kill

Then Bell my wife, wha loves na strife, she said to me right

has - ti - - ly, get up gude man save Cromie's life, and

tak' your auld cloak a - - bout ye.

(2)

My Cromie is an useful cow
 And she is come of a good kyne
 Aft has she wet the bairnie's mou'
 And I am laith that she should tyne;
 Get up gudeman it is fu' time
 The sun shines in the lift sae hie
 Sloth never made a gracious end
 Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye .

(3)

My Cloak was anes a good grey cloak
 When it was fitting for my wear
 But now it's scantly worth a groat
 For I have worn't this thirty year
 Let's spend the gear that we have won
 We little ken the day we'll die
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To have a new cloak about me .

(4)

In days when our King Robert rang
 His trews they cost but half a crown
 He said they were a groat o'er dear
 And call'd the tailor thief and loun .
 He was the King that wore the crown
 And thou a man of laigh degree
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down
 Sae tak' thy auld cloak about thee .

(5)

Every land has it's ain laigh
 Ilk' kind of corn it has its hool
 I think the warld is a' run wrang
 When Ilka wife her man wad rule
 Do you not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantly
 While I sit hurkling in the aire;
 I'll have a new cloak about me .

(6)

Gudeman, I wat 'tis thirty years
 Since we did ane anither ken
 And we have had between us twa
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten
 Now they are women grown and men
 I wish and pray well may they be
 And if you'd prove a good husband
 E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye .

(7)

O Bell my wife she loves na strife
 But she wad guide me, if she can
 And to maintain an easy life
 I aft mann yield, tho' I'm gudeman
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand
 Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea
 Then I'll leave off where I began
 And 'tak' my auld cloak about me .

The Shepherd's Wife

Lively

The Shepherd's wife cries o'er the lee will ye come hame! will ye come hame the

Shepherd's wife cries o'er the lee, will ye come hame a-gain' e'en; Jo! O!

what will ye gie me to my supper, gin I come hame gin I come hame,

what will ye gie me to my supper gin I come hame a-gain e'en, Jo!

(2)

(3)

Ye's gat a panfu' o' plumpin parrige
 And butter in them & butter in them
 Ye's get a panfu' o' plumpin parrige
 Gin ye will come hame again e'en, Jo.
 Na, na, na, na, that's na for me
 I winna come hame I canna come hame
 Na, na, na, na, that's na for me
 I winna come hame again e'en, Jo.

Ye's get a hen well-boild i' the pat
 An ye'll come hame an ye'll come hame
 Ye's get a hen well-boild i' the pat
 An ye'll come hame again e'en, Jo.
 Na, na, na, na, that's na for me
 I winna come hame I canna come hame
 Na, na, na, na, that's na for me
 I winna come hame again e'en, Jo.

(4)

A weel made bed, and a pair o' clean sheets
 An ye'll come hame an ye'll come hame
 A weel made bed, and a pair o' clean sheets
 An ye'll come hame again e'en, Jo.
 I, I, I, I, O that's for me
 I will come hame I will come hame
 I, I, I, I, O that's for me
 I'll haste me hame again e'en, Jo.

My boy Tammy

23

Slow

Whar hae ye been a' day my boy Tammy; whar hae ye been a' day
my boy Tam - my? I've been by burn & flow'ry brae meadow green & mountain grey,
courting o' this young thing just come frae her Mam - my.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system is marked 'Slow' and contains the first line of lyrics. The second system contains the second line of lyrics. The third system contains the third line of lyrics. The music is in a common time signature (C) and a key signature of one flat (Bb).

(2)

And whar gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy?
I gat her down in yonder how
Smiling on a broomy know
Herding ae wee lamb and Ewe
For her poor MAMMY.

(4)

I held her to my beating heart, my young, my ^{lammie,} smiling
I hae a house it cost me dear
I've wealth o' plenishan and geer
Ye'se get it a' war't ten times mair;
Gin ye will leave your MAMMY.

(6)

We'll tak her hame & make her fain; my ain ^{lammie,} kind hearted
We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise
We'll be her comfort a' her days
The wee thing gies her hand and says
There, gang and ask my MAMMY.

(3)

What said ye to the bonny bairn, my boy Tammy?
I prais'd her een sae lovely blue
Her dimpled cheek, her cherry mou'
I preed it aft as ye may trou;
She said she'd tell her MAMMY.

(5)

The smile gaed off her bonny face, I maun nae leave my ^{Mammy,}
She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claise
She's been my comfort a' my days
My father's death brought mony waes
I canna leave my MAMMY.

(7)

Has she been to the Kirk wi' thee, my boy Tammy?
She has been to the Kirk wi' me
And the tear was in her ee;
But oh! she's but a young thing
Just come frae her MAMMY.

John Anderson my Jo

Andante

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. There are several accents and slurs in the piano part. The score ends with a double bar line.

John An - der - son, my Jo, Iohn, when we were first ac -
 - quaint, Your locks were like the ra - - - ven your
 bon - - ny brow was brent; But now your brow is
 bald, Iohn, your locks are like the snaw; but blessings on your
 fros - ty pow Iohn An - - der - son my Jo.

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

Plaintive

The Tears I Shed

25

The tears I shed must e - ver fall I mourn not for an ab - sent swain for

thought may past de - light re - call and part - ed lov - ers meet a - - gain I

weep not for the si - lent dead their toils are past their sorrows o'er, & those they lov'd their

steps shall tread, and Death shall join and Death shall join to part no more.

(2)

(3)

Tho' boundless Oceans roll between
 If certain that his heart is near
 A conscious transport glads each scene
 Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.
 E'en when by death's cold hand remov'd
 We mourn the tenant of the tomb
 To think that ev'n in death he lov'd
 Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

(4)

E'en conscious virtue cannot cure
 The pangs to every feeling due
 Ungen'rous youth! thy boast, how poor
 To steal a heart, and break it too!
 In vain does memory renew
 The hours once ting'd in transport's dye
 The sad reverse soon starts to view
 And turns the thought to agony.

But bitter — bitter are the tears
 Of her, who slighted love bewails
 No hope her dreary prospect cheers
 No pleasing melancholy hails
 Her's are the pangs of wounded pride
 Of blasted hope, of wither'd joy
 The prop she lean'd on pierc'd her side
 The flame she fed burns to destroy.

(5)

No cold approach, no alter'd mien
 Just what would make suspicion start
 No pause the dire extremes between
 He made me blest, and broke my heart
 From hope (the wretched's anchor) torn
 Neglected, and neglecting all
 Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn
 The tears I shed must ever fall.

Andante

Now Westlin Winds

Now westlin winds and slaughterin guns, bring Autumn's pleasant wea-ther the
gor-cock springs on whirring wings a-mong the blooming hea-ther Now
wav-ing grain, wide o'er the plain de-lights the wea-ry farm-er the
moon shines bright, as I rove by night, to muse up-on my charm-er.

(2)

The pairtrick lo'es the fruitfu' fells
The plover lo'es the mountains
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells
The soaring hern, the fountains
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves
The path o' man to shun it
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush
The spreading thorn, the linnet.

(4)

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

(3)

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

(5)

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk
While the silent moon shines clearly
I'll clasp thy waist, and, fondly prest
Swear how I lo'e thee dearly
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs
Not Autumn to the farmer
So dear can be as thou to me
My fair, my lovely charmer.

Lass gin ye lo'e me

Lively

I ha'e laid a herring in sa't, lass gin ye lo'e me tell me know

I ha'e brew'd a forpet o' ma't an' I canna come il - ka day to woo

I ha'e a calf will soon be a Cow, lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now

I ha'e a pig will soon be a Sow, an' I canna come il - ka day to woo.

(2)

I have a house on yonder muir
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
Three sparrows may dance upon the floor
An' I canna come ilka day to woo
I ha'e a butt, an' I ha'e a benn
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tak' me now
I ha'e three chickins & a fat hen
An' I canna come ony mair to woo.

(3)

I've a hen wi' a happity leg
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tak' me now
Which ilka day lays me an egg
An' I canna come ilka day to woo
I ha'e a kebbock upon my shelf
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tak' me now
I downa eat it a' myself
An' I winna come ony mair to woo.