

## SONG XLV.

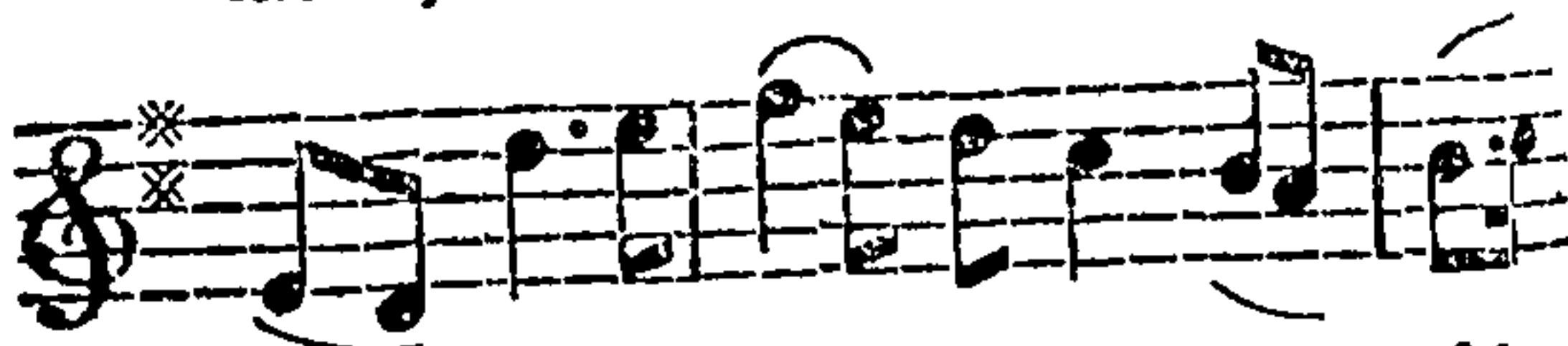
THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.



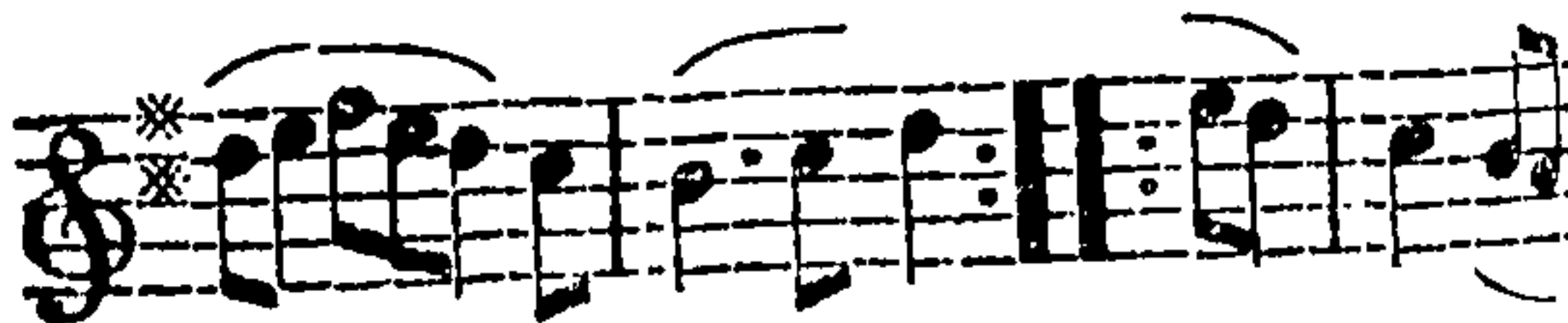
The last time I came o'er the muir, I



left my love be--hind me: Ye pow-



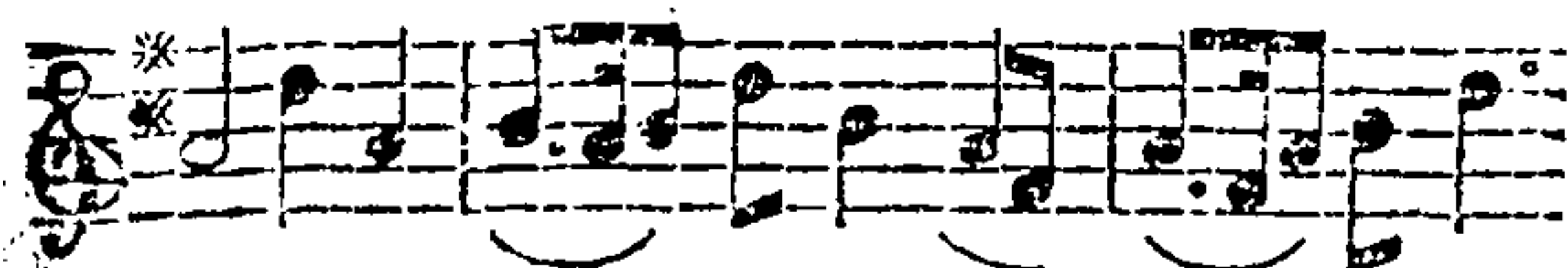
what pain do I endure, When soft



i--de---as mind me. Soon as the



ruddy morn display'd, the beaming day en-



Sing, I met betimes my love - - - ly maid



In fit re - - - treats for woo - ing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,  
 Gazing and chasteely sporting;  
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,  
 'Till night spread her black curtain.  
 I pitied all beneath the skies,  
 Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me;  
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,  
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,  
 Where mortal steel may wound me;  
 Or call upon some foreign shore,  
 Where dangers may surround me;  
 Yet hopes again to see my love,  
 To feast on glowing kisses,  
 Shall make my care at distance move,  
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place  
 To let a rival enter;  
 Since she excels in every grace,  
 In her my love shall centre.

Q. 2

Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,  
 Their waves the Alps shall cover;  
 On Greenland's ice shall roses grow,  
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,  
 She shall a lover find me;  
 And that my faith is firm and pure,  
 Though I left her behind me.  
 Then Hymen's sacred bands shall chain  
 My heart to her fair bosom;  
 There, while my being does remain,  
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

## SONG XLVI.

O SAY, BONNY LASS



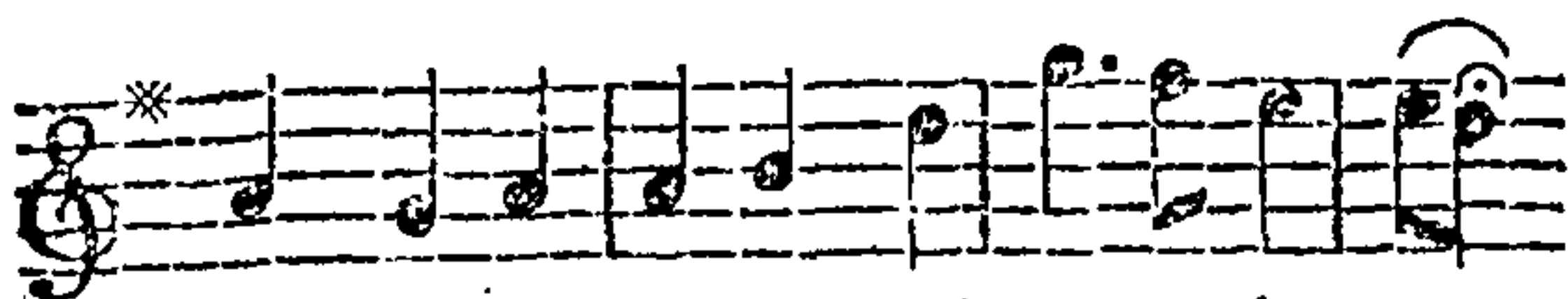
O say, bonny lass, will you ly in a



barrack? And marry a fodge, and ear-ry his



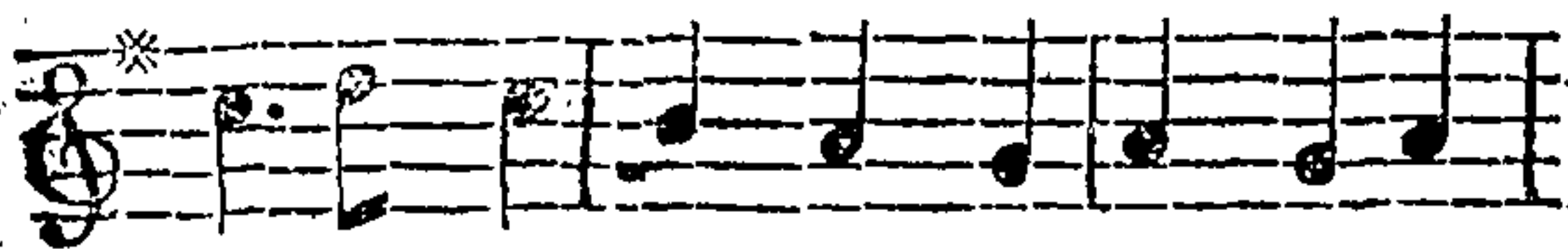
wallet? O say, will you leave baith your



mammy and daddy, And go to the wars



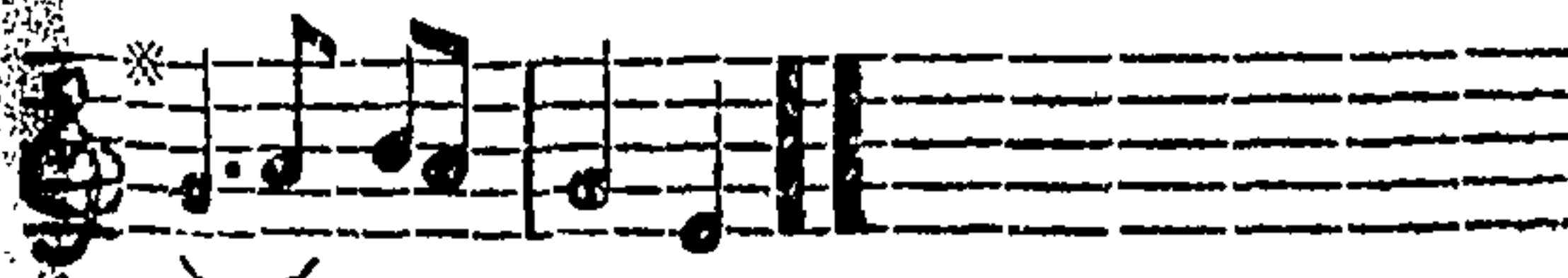
with your fodge - - - er lad - - die? O



say, will you leave baith your mammy and



daddy, And go to the wars with your



fodge - - - er laddie?

O yes, bonny lad, I will ly in a barrack;  
And marry a fodger, and carry his wallet;  
I'll neither ask leave of my mammy nor daddy,  
But aff and away with my dear fodger laddie.

O say, bonny lass, will you go a campaigning?  
And bear all the hardships of battle and famine?  
When wounded and bleeding, then wilt thou draw near me?  
And kindly support me, and tenderly cheer me?

O yes, I will brave all these perils you mention,  
And twenty times more, if you had the invention;  
Neither hunger, nor cold, nor dangers alarm me,  
While I have my Harry, my dearest to charm me.

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## SONG XLVII.

INKLE AND YARICO.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

INKLE.

O-SAY, simple maid, have you form'd any notion  
Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean?  
When winds whistle shrilly, ah! won't they remind you  
To sigh with regret for the grot left behind you?

YARICO.

Ah! no, I could follow, and sail the world over,  
Nor think of my grot, when I look at my lover!  
'The winds which blow round us, your arms for my pillow,  
Will lull us to sleep, whilst we're rock'd by each billow.

INKLE.

Then say, lovely lass, what if haply espying  
A rich gallant vessel with gay colours flying?

YARICO.

I'll journey with thee, love, to where the land narrows,  
And sling all my cares at my back with my arrows."

BOTH.

O say then, my true love, we never will sunder,  
Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the loud thunder;  
Whilst constant, we'll laugh at all changes of weather,  
And journey all over the world both together.

## SONG XLVIII.

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.



One day I heard Mary say, How shall I



leave thee? Stay, dearest A - - - donis, stay,



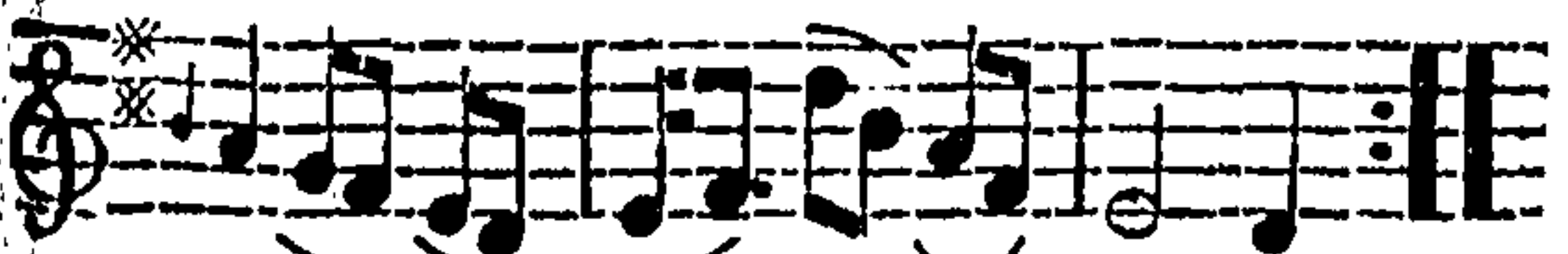
Why wilt thou grieve me? A-



las, my fond heart will break, If thou



should leave me! I'll live and die



for thy sake, Yet ne - - ver leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,  
 Has Mary deceiv'd thee?  
 Did e'er her young heart betray,  
 New love to grieve thee?  
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray,  
 Thou mayst 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, lad, 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 I should leave thee.



## SONG XLIX.

TWEED-SIDE.



What beauties does Flora dis - - close! How



sweet are her smiles up - - on Tweed! Yet



Mary's still sweet - er than those, Both



Nature and Fancy ex - - - ceed. No

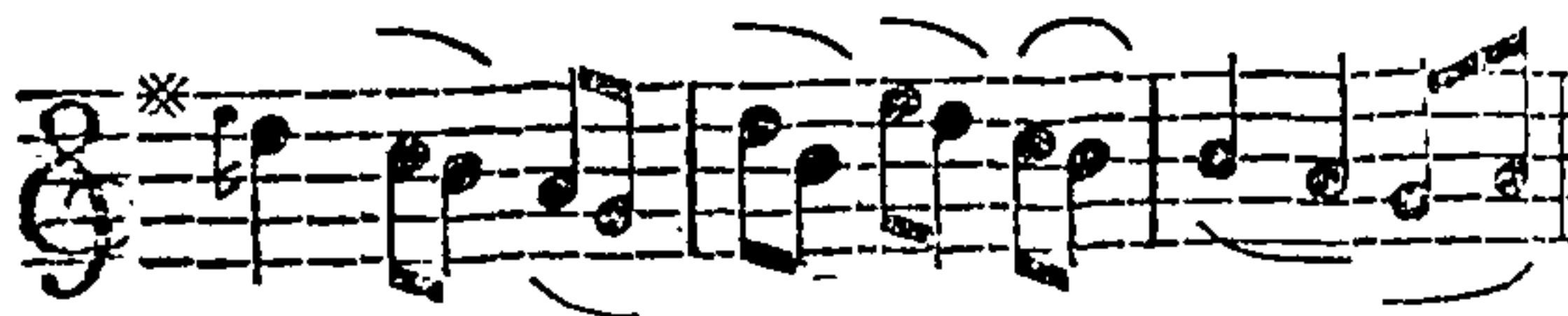


dai - ly, nor sweet blush - ing rose, Nor





all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor



'Tweed glid -- ing gent - ly thro' those, Such



beau - ty and plea - sure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,  
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,  
 The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,  
 With music enchant every 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 lang 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 fast pains of my breast,  
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,  
No beauty with her may 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 pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

## SONG I.

## JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.



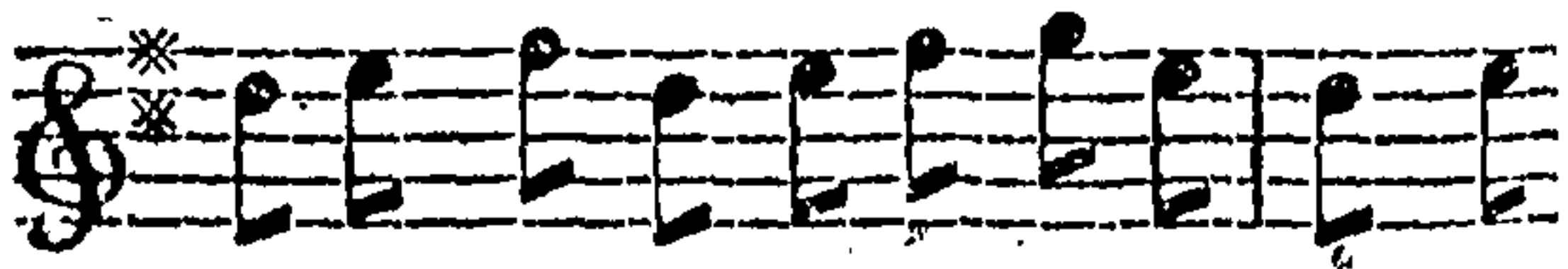
At Wil-ly's wed-ding on the green,



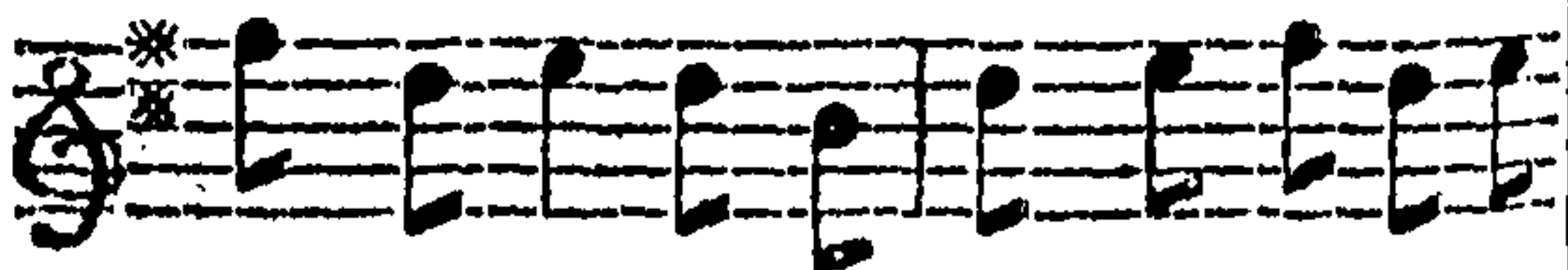
The laf--fs, bonny witches, Were a' drest a'



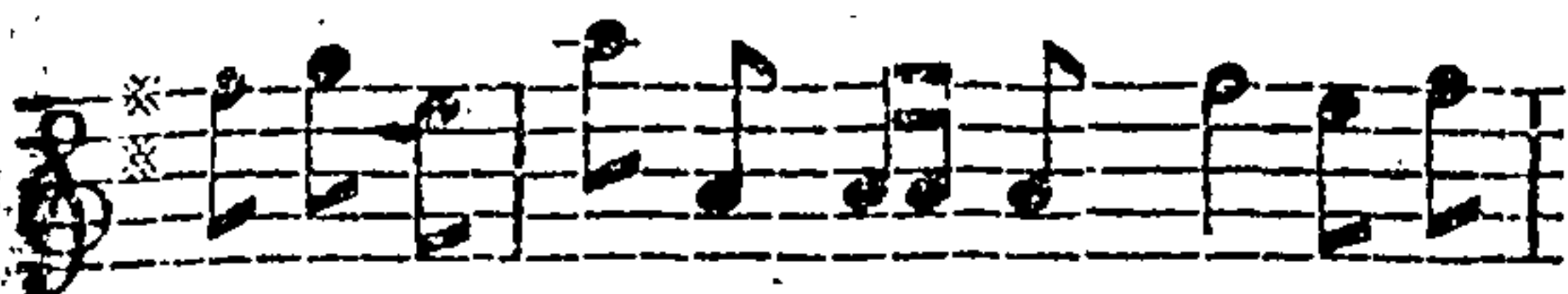
in aprons clean, And braw white Sunday mitches:



Auld Mag-gy bade the lads tak' tent, But Jock



would not believe her; But soon the fool his



fol-ly kent, Fer Jen--ny dang the weaver.

CHORUS.



Jenny dang, dang, dang, Jen-ny dang the



weaver; But soon the fool his fol-ly kent,



For Jenny dang the weaver.

At ilka country dance or reel,  
 Wi' her he wou'd be bobbing;  
 When she fat down, he fat down,  
 And to her would be gabbing;  
 Where'er she gade, baith but and ben,  
 The coof wou'd never leave her,  
 Ay keckling like a clocking hen,  
 But Jenny dang the weaver,  
 Jenny dang, &c.

Quo' he, " My lads, to speak my mind,  
 " In troth I needna fwithther,  
 " You've bonny een, and if ye're kind,  
 " I'll never seek anither?"  
 He humm'd and haw'd; the lads cried peugh!  
 And bade the coof no deave her;  
 Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,  
 And dang the silly weaver.  
 And Jenny dang, dang, dang,  
 Jenny dang the weaver;  
 Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,  
 And dang the silly weaver.

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## SONG LI.

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?



How stands the glass around? For shame ye



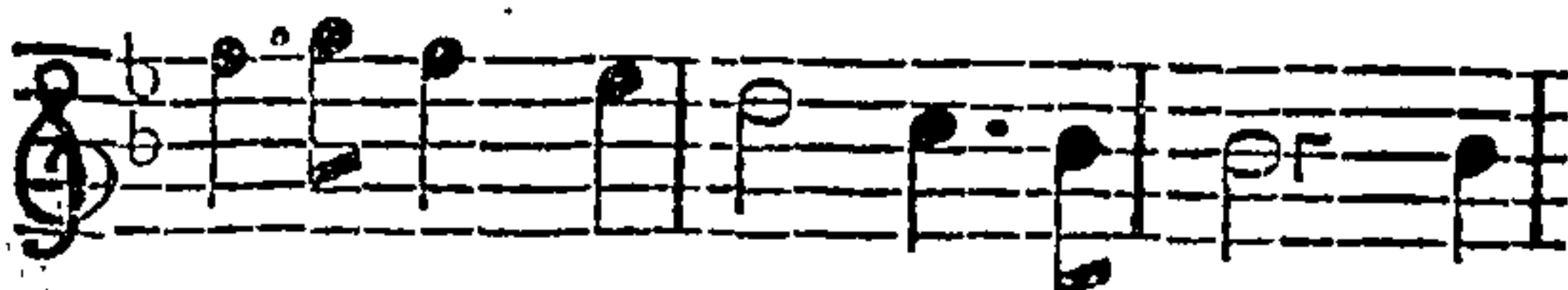
take no care, my boys, How stands the glass



round? Let mirth and wine a - - bound. The



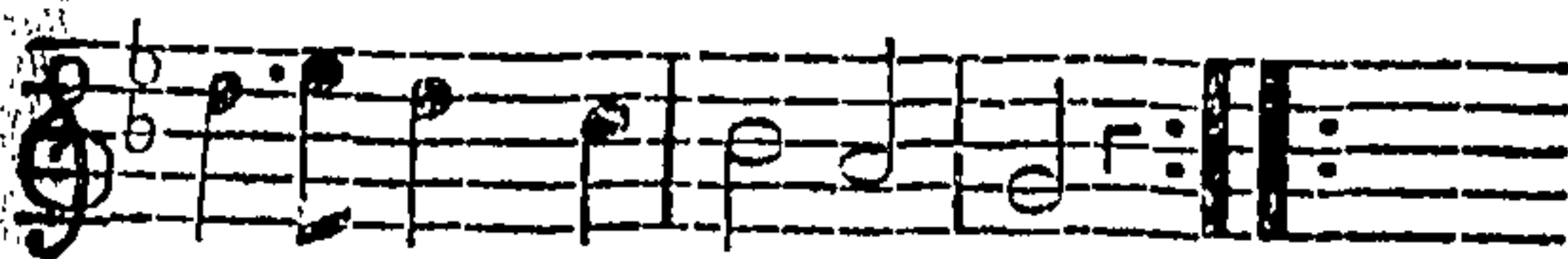
trum - - pets found, The co - lours they are



flying, boys, To fight, kill, or wound, May



we still be found Content with our hard



fate, my boys, On the cold ground.

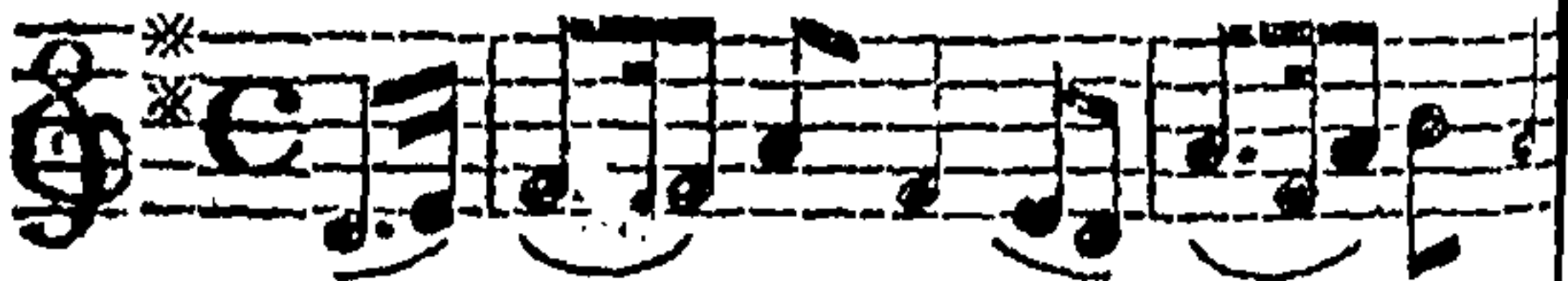
Why, foldiers, why,  
Should we be melancholy, boys?  
Why, foldiers, why?  
Whose business 'tis to die!

What, fighting? fie!  
 Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!  
 'Tis he, you, or I!  
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,  
 We're always bound to follow, boys,  
 And scorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain,—  
 I mean not to upbraid you, boys,—  
 'Tis but in vain,  
 For soldiers to complain:  
 Should next campaign  
 Send us to him who made us, boys,  
 We're free from pain!  
 But if we remain,  
 A bottle and kind landlady  
 Cure all again.

## SONG LII.

PINKIE HOUSE.



By Pin - - kie House oft let me wa





While en - - cled in my arms, I hear



my Nel - ly sweet - - ly talk, And gaze o'er



all her charms. O let me e - ver



fond behold Those gra - - ces void of



art! Those cheer - ful smiles that sweet - - ly



hold In will - - - ing chains my heart.

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.

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!

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

## SONG LIII.

ANNA'S URN.



Encompas'd in an angel's frame, An



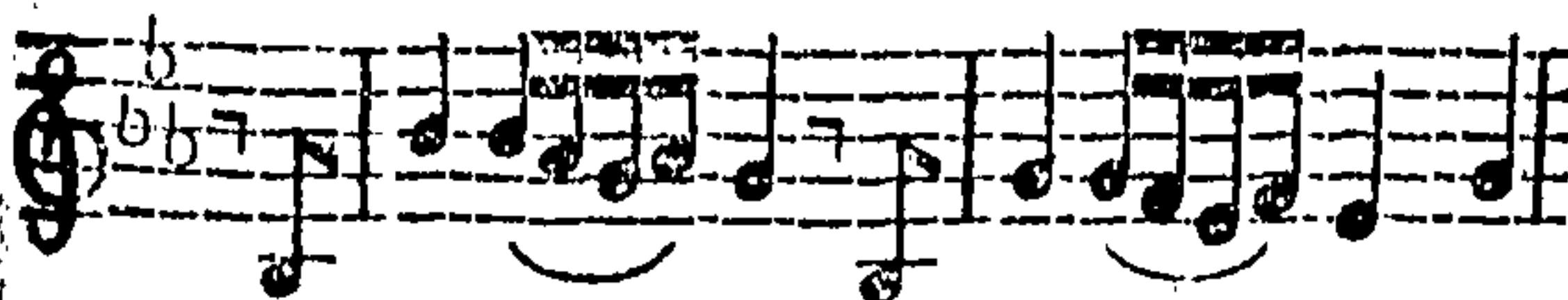
an - gel's vir - tues lay: Too soon did heav'n



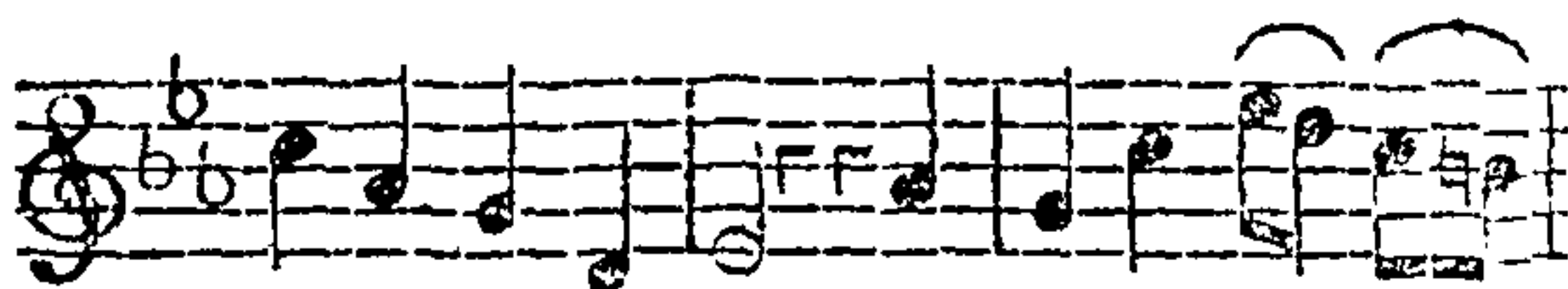
as - sert its claim, And call'd its own a -



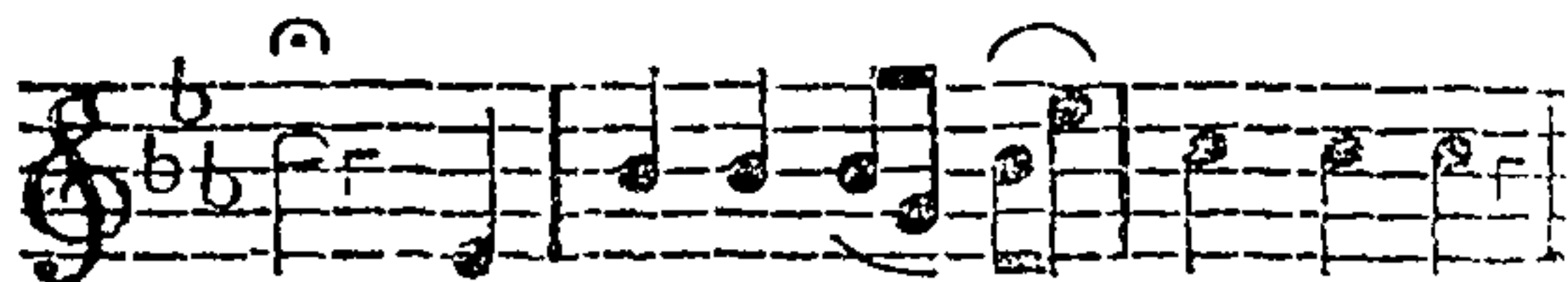
way, and call'd its own a - way.



My An - na's worth, my An - na's charms Can



never more return, Can never more re-



turn! What then shall fill these widow'd arms



Ah ----- me! Ah me! Ah me



my An-na's Urn!

Can I forget that bliss refin'd,  
Which, blest with her, I knew?  
Our hearts, in sacred bonds entwin'd,  
Were bound by love too true.  
That rural train, which once were us'd  
In festive dance to turn,  
So pleas'd, when Anna they amus'd,  
Now weeping deck her Urn.

'The soul escaping from its chain,  
She clasp'd me to her breast,  
"To part with thee is all my pain!"  
She cried, then sunk to rest!

While mem'ry shall her feat retain,  
From beauteous Anna torn,  
My heart shall breathe its ceaseless strain  
Of sorrow o'er her Urn.

There, with the earliest dawn, a dove  
Laments her murder'd mate:  
There Philomela, lost to love,  
Tells the pale moon her fate.  
With yew and ivy round me spread,  
My Anna there I'll mourn;  
For all my soul, now she is dead,  
Concentres in her Urn.

## SONG LIV.

## THE BROOM OF THE COWDENKNOWS.



How blyth was I each morn to see, My



fwain come o'er the hill! He leap'd to



brook, and flew to me; I met him with



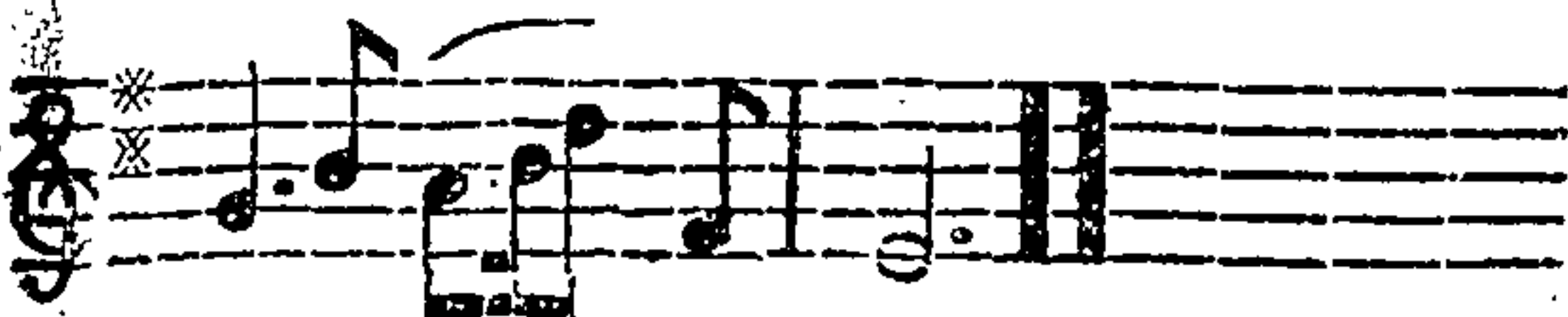
good will. O, the broom, the bonny bonny



broom, The broom of the Cow - denknows: I



wish I were with my dear swain, With



his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,  
 When his flocks round me lay :  
 He gather'd in the sheep at night,  
 And cheer'd me all the day.  
 O, the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,  
 The birds sat list'ning by ;  
 The fleecy sheep stood still and gaz'd,  
 Charm'd with his melody.  
 O, the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns,  
 Betwixt our flocks and play ;  
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,  
 Though e'er so rich and gay.  
 O, the broom, &c.



He did oblige me ev'ry hour,  
 Cou'd I but faithful be?  
 He stole my heart, cou'd I refuse  
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?  
 O, the broom, &c.

Hard fate that I must banish'd be,  
 Gang heavily and mourn,  
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain  
 That ever yet was born.  
 O, the broom, the bonny bonny broom,  
 Where last was my repose:  
 I wish I were with my dear swain,  
 With his pipe and my ewes,

## SONG LV.

## GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Andante.



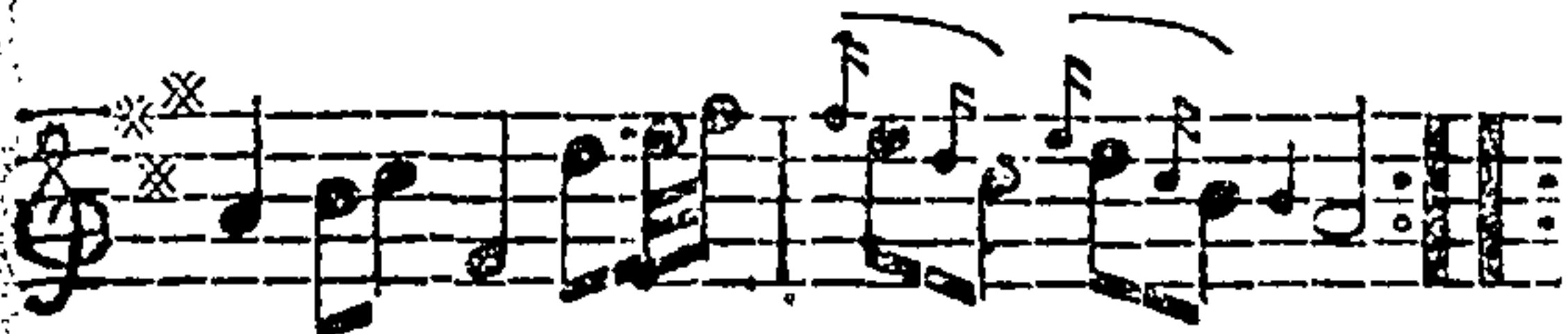
Guardian an - gels, now pro - tect me,



Send, ah! send, the youth I love,



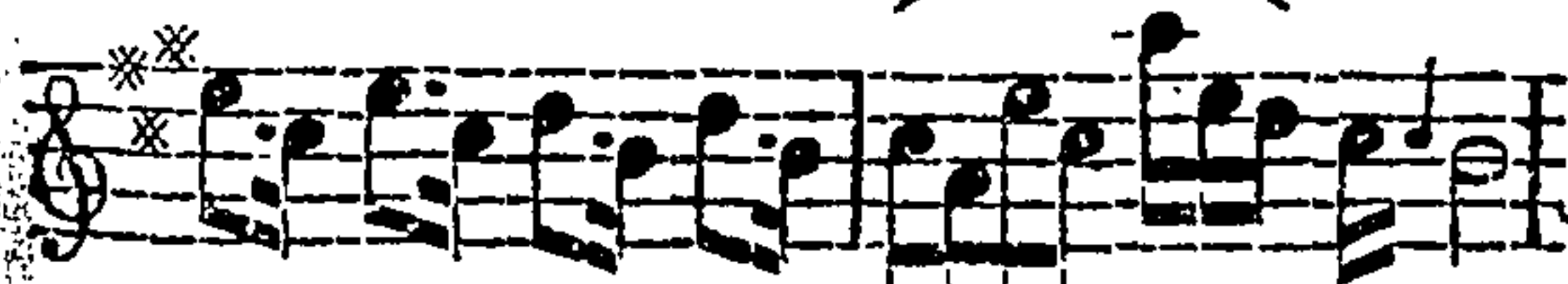
Deign, O Cu - - pid, to di - - - rect me,



Lead me thro' the myr - - - - - tle grove.



Bear my sighs, soft float - - - ing air,



Say I love him to - - - - - despair;



'Tell him 'tis for him I grieve, For



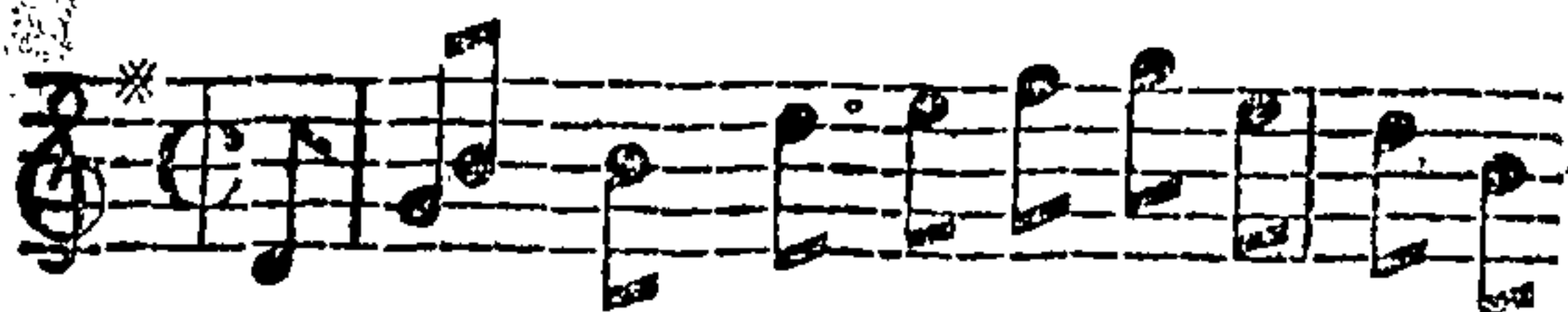
him a - - lone I wish to live.

'Mid secluded dales I'll wander,  
Silent as the shades of night,  
Near some bubbling rill's meander,  
Where he erst has blest my sight:  
There to weep the night away,  
There to waste in sighs the day,  
Think, fond youth, what vows you swore,  
And must I never see thee more?

Then recluse shall be my dwelling,  
Deep in some sequester'd vale;  
There, with mournful cadence swelling,  
Oft repeat my love-sick tale.  
And the Lark and Philomel  
Oft shall hear a virgin tell,  
What the pain to bid adieu  
To joy, to happiness, and you.

## SONG LVI.

## JOCKEY'S RETURN.



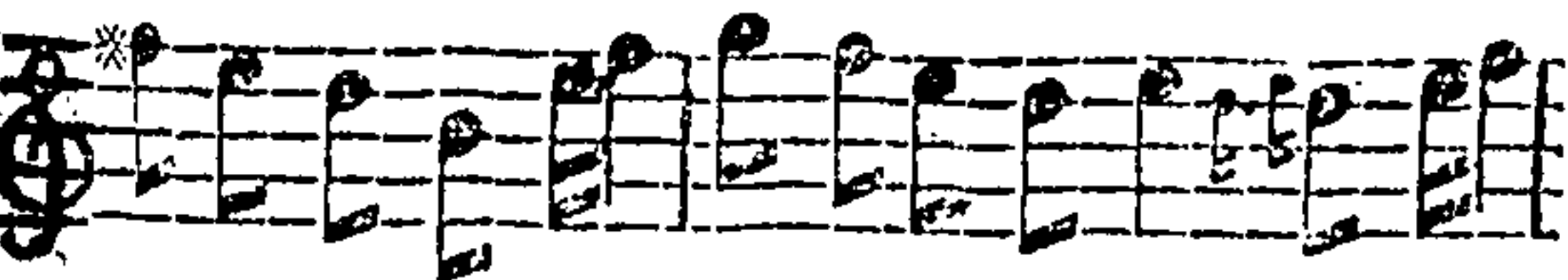
The ither morn, when I forlorn; Aneath an



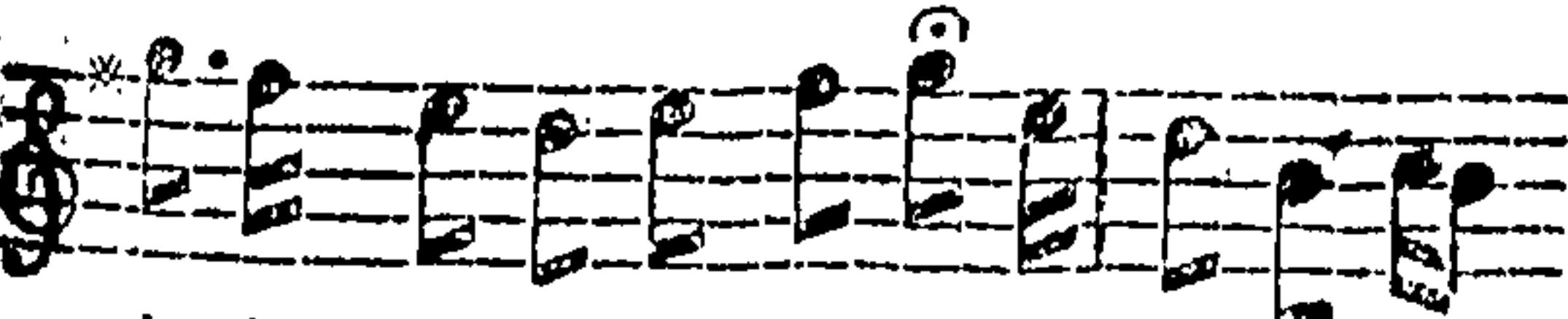
aik fat moaning, I didnz trow I'd see my jo Be-



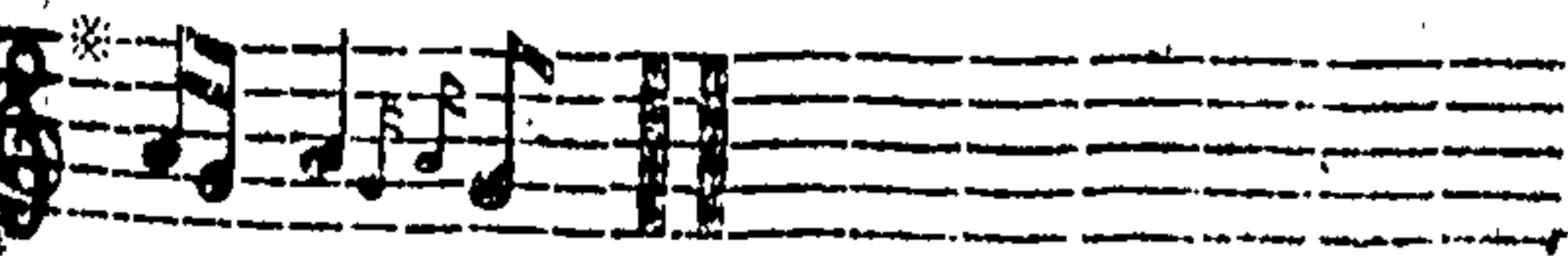
side me gin the glowming; But he fu' trig,



lap o'er the rig, And dawtingly did cheer me, When



I, whatreck! did least expect To see my lad-



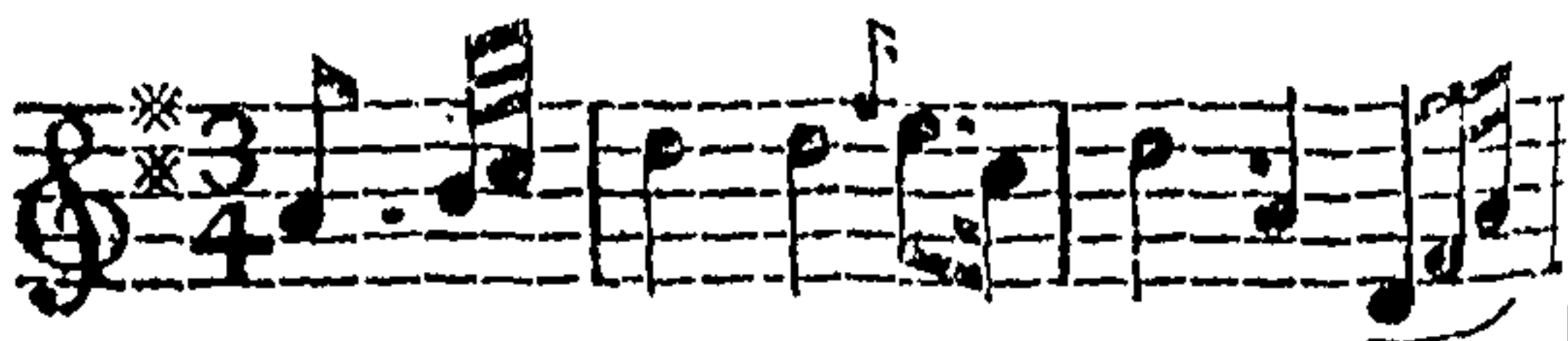
die near me.

His bonnet he, a thought a-jee,  
 Cock'd spruce, when first he clasp'd me;  
 And I, I wat, wi' fainness grat,  
 While in his grips he press'd me.  
 Deil tak' the war! I late and air  
 Have wish'd, since Jock departed,  
 But now as glad I'm wi' my lad,  
 As shortsyne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en, wi' dancing keen,  
 When a' were blyth and merry,  
 I car'd na by, fae fad was I,  
 In absence of my deary.  
 But praise be blest'd! my mind's at rest,  
 I'm happy wi' my Johnny;  
 At kirk and fair I'll be ay be there,  
 And be as canty's ony.

## SONG LVII.

COOLUN.



O the hours I have pass'd in the



arms of my dear, Can ne - - ver



be thought of but with a sad tear!



Oh! for - - - bear, Oh! for - - - - - bear then

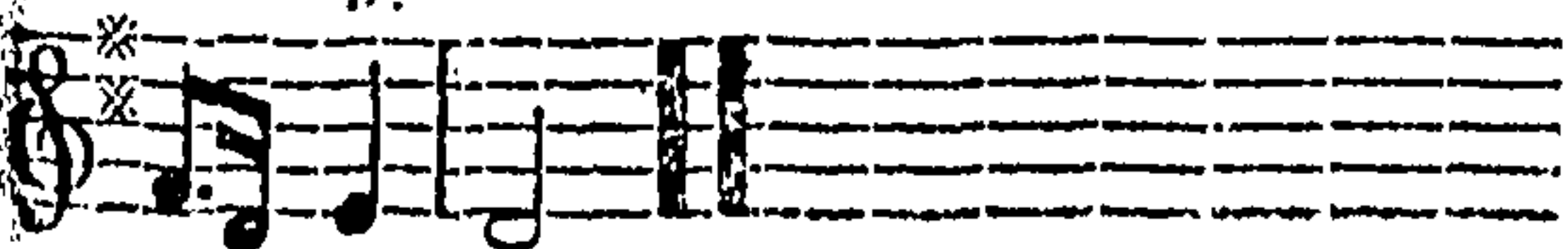


to men - - - tion her name, It re-



calls, to my mem' - ry the cause

*tr.*



of my pain.

How often to love me she fondly has sworn,  
And when parted from me would ne'er cease to mourn;  
All hardships for me she would cheerfully bear,  
And at night on my bosom forget all her care.

To some distant climate together we'll roam,  
And forget all the hardships we meet with at home;  
Fate, now be propitious, and grant me thine aid,  
Give me my Pastora, and I'm more than repaid.

## SONG LVIII.

## FAIR SALLY.

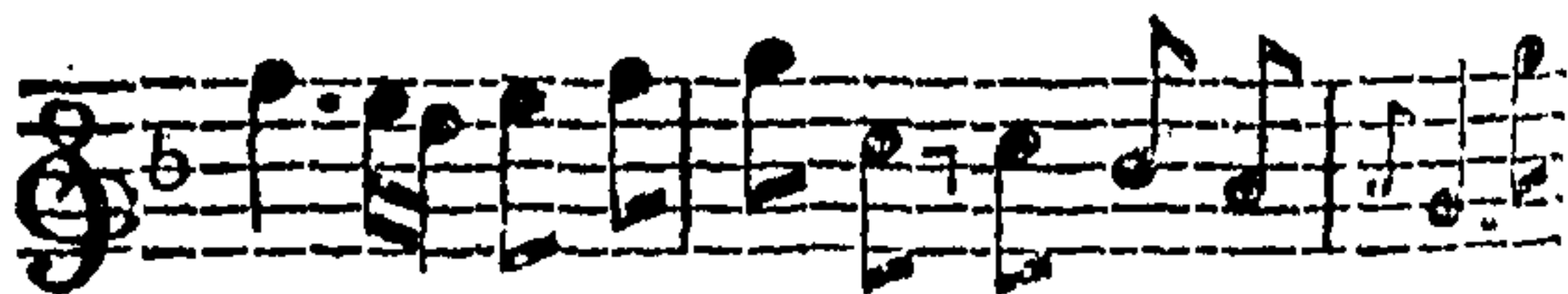
Hearty.



Fair Sal-ly lov'd a bonny seaman, With



tears she sent him out to roam, Young Thomas

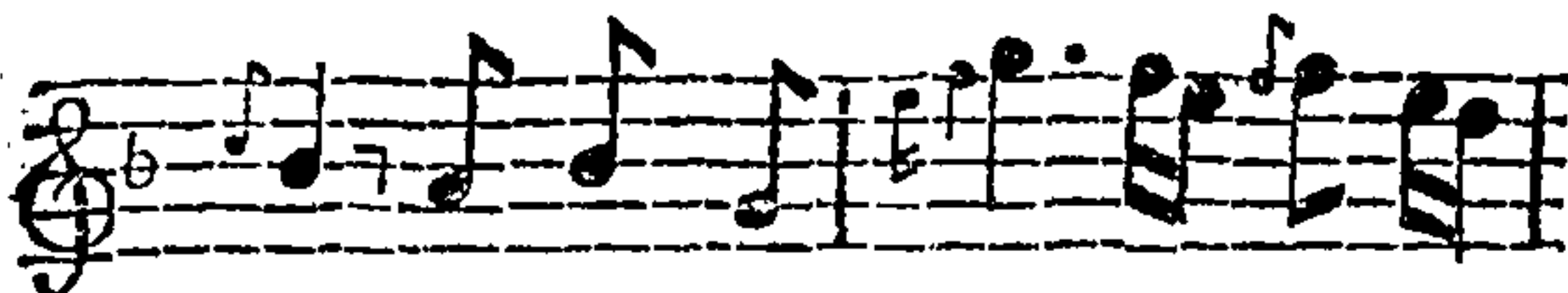


lov'd no other woman, But left his heart with





her at home. She view'd the sea from off the



hill, And while she turn'd the spinning



wheel, Sung of her bonny seaman.

The winds blew loud, and she grew paler,  
 To see the weather-cock turn round,  
 When lo! she spied her bonny sailor  
 Come singing o'er the fallow ground:  
 With nimble haste he leap'd the stile,  
 And Sally met him with a smile,  
 And hugg'd her bonny sailor.

Fast round the waste he took his Sally,  
 But first around his mouth wip'd he,  
 Like home-bred spark he could not dally,  
 But kiss'd and press'd her with a glee:  
 'Thro' winds and waves and dashing rain,  
 Cry'd he, thy Tom's return'd again,  
 And brings a heart for Sally.

Welcome! she cried, my constant Thomas,  
Tho' out of sight, ne'er out of mind;  
Our hearts tho' seas have parted from us,  
Yet they my thoughts did leave behind:  
So much my thoughts took Tommy's part,  
That time nor absence from my heart  
Could drive my constant Thomas.

This knife, the gift of lovely Sally,  
I still have kept for her dear sake;  
A thousand times, in am'rous folly,  
Thy name I've carv'd upon the deck.  
Again this happy pledge returns,  
To tell how truly Thomas burns,  
How truly burns for Sally.

This thimble didst thou give to Sally,  
Whilst this I see I think of you;  
Then why does Tom stand shilly shally,  
While yonder steeple's in our view?  
Tom, never to occasion blind,  
Now took her in the coming mind,  
And went to church with Sally.

## SONG LIX.

SWEET ANNIE.



Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came,



Where Jock-ey speel'd the ves-sel's side, Ah!



wha can keep their heart at hame, When



Jockey's tost a---boon the tide. Far



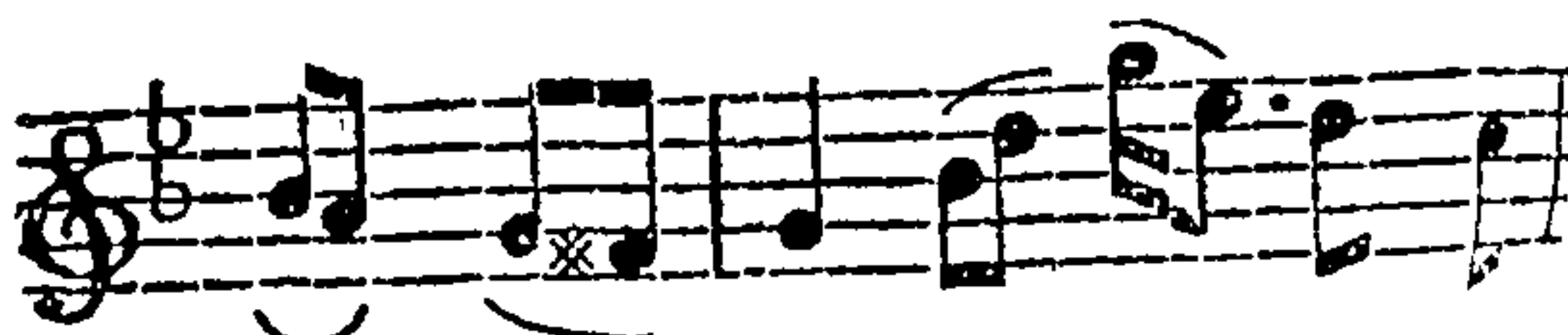
aff to dis---tant realms he gangs,



Yet I'll <sup>now</sup> prove true as he has



been; And when ilk lass a----bout him



thrangs, He'll think on An----nie, his



faith----ful ane.

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

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

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

“

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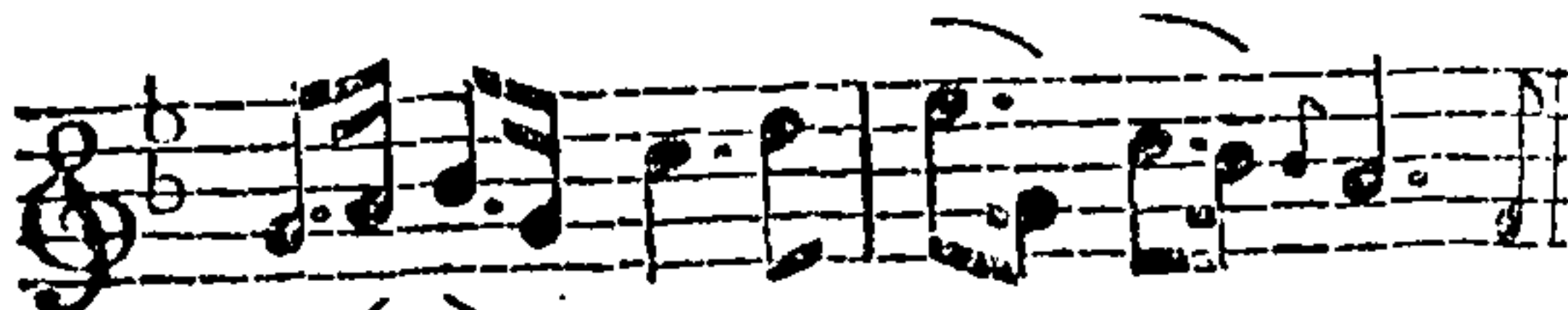
## SONG LX.

KATE OF DOVER.

Pompopo.



Ned Flint was lov'd by all the ship, Was



ten - - - der hearted, bold and true, He'd



work his way, or drink his flip, With e'er a



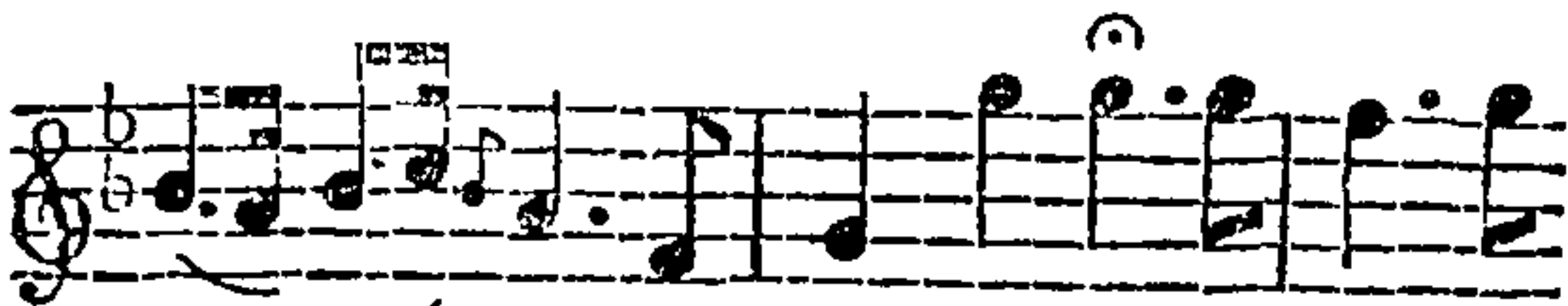
fea - - man in the crew; Tho' Ned had



fac'd his country's foe, And twice had sail'd the



world all o - ver, Had seen his messmates



oft laid low, Yet would he sigh, yet would he



sigh for Kate of Dover.

Fair was the morn', when on the shore,  
Ned flew to take of Kate his leave,  
Says he, My love your grief give o'er,  
For Ned can ne'er his Kate deceive.  
Let Fortune smile, or let her frown,  
To you I ne'er will prove a rover,  
All cares in generous slip I'll drown,  
And still be true to Kate of Dover.

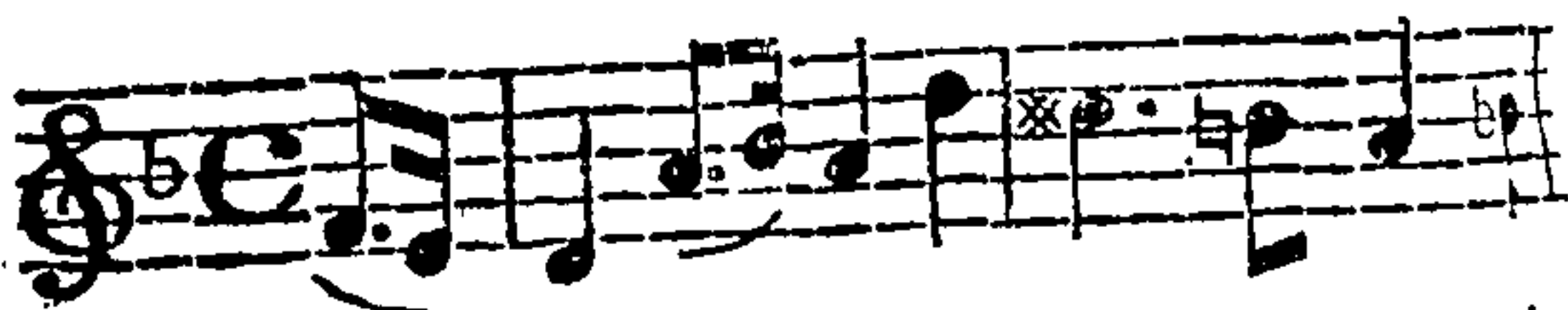
The tow'ring cliffs they bade adieu,  
To brave all dangers on the main,  
When lo! a sail appear'd in view,  
And Ned with many a tar was slain.



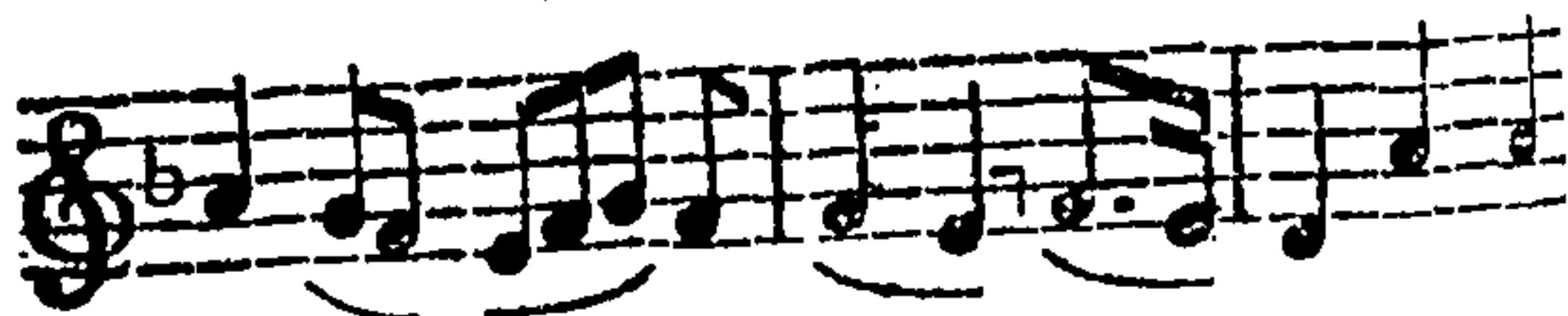
Thus death, who lays each sorrow low,  
 Robb'd Kitty of her faithful lover,  
 The tars oft tell the tale of woe,  
 And heave a sigh for Kate of Dover.

## SONG LXI.

SHE 'ROSE AND LET ME IN.



The night her silent fa---ble wore, And



gloo-my were the skies; Of glitt'ring stars



appear'd no more than those in. Nel---ly's



eyes. When to her fa - ther's door



I came, Where I had of - - - ten been, I



begg'd my fair, my love - - - ly 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.

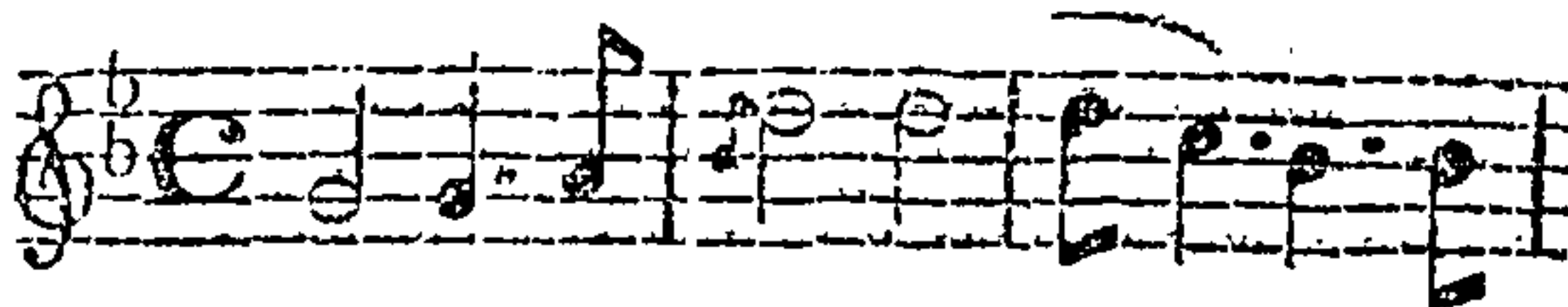
Then who would cruelly deceive,  
Or from such beauty part?  
I lov'd her so, I could not leave  
The charmer of my heart.  
My eager fondness I obey'd,  
Resolv'd she should be mine,  
Till Hymen to my arms convey'd  
My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,  
Transporting is my joy:  
No greater blessing can I prove,  
So blest'd 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.

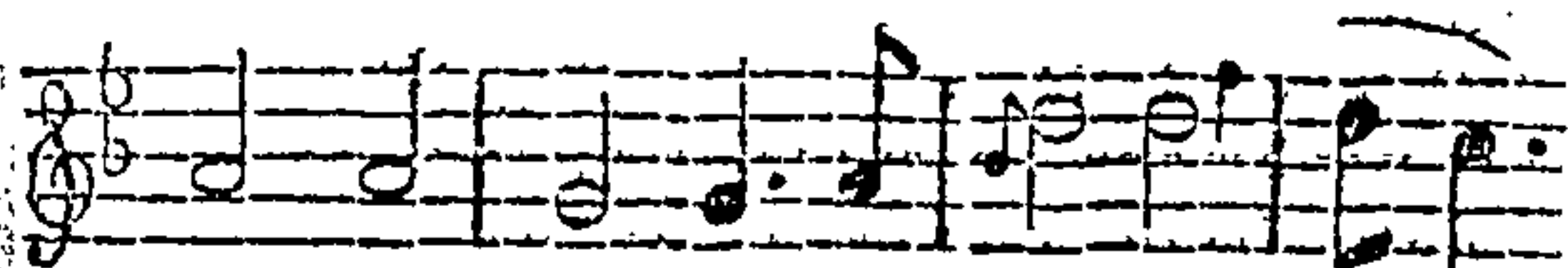
## SONG LXII.

MARY OF CASTLE-CARY.

Plaintive.



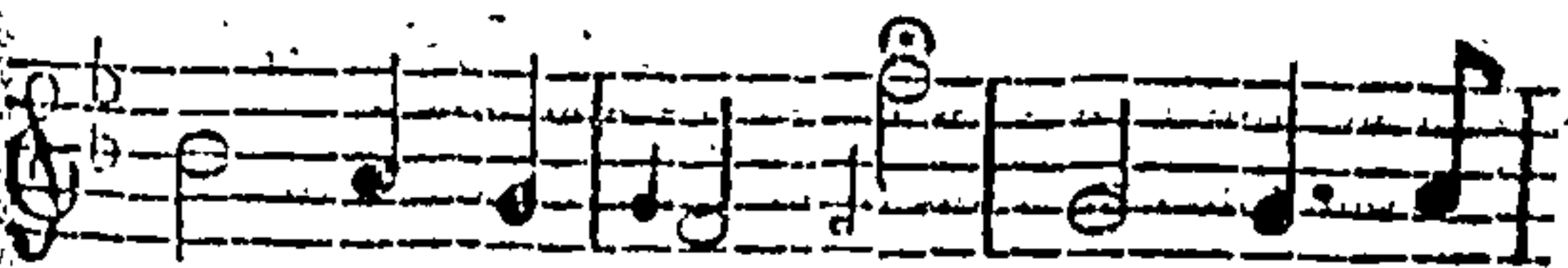
Saw ye my wee thing? saw ye mine



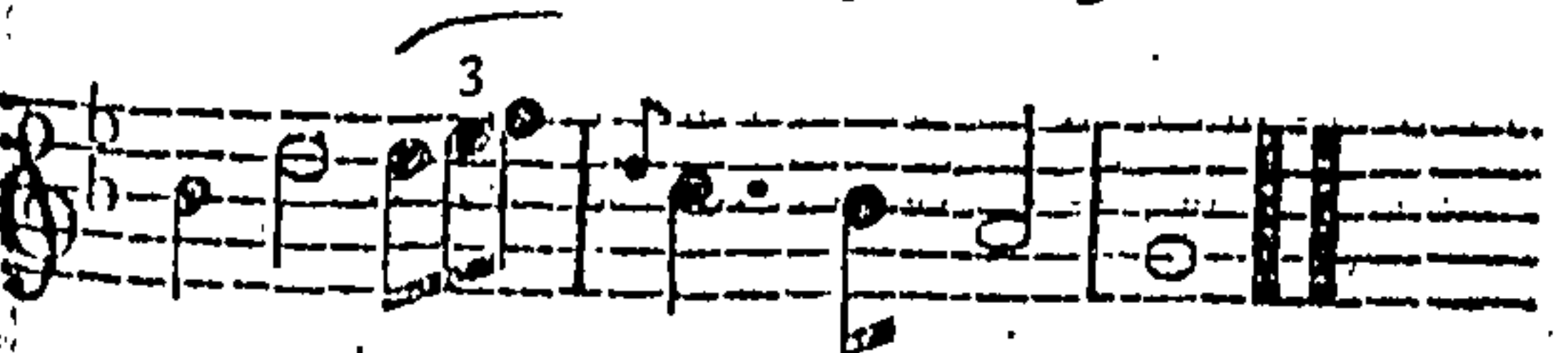
ain thing? Saw ye my true love down



by you lee? Cross'd she the meadow, yes-



treen 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 of her fast rolling e’e!

“ Red, red her ripe lip is, and sweeter than roses!

“ Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?”

“ I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,

“ Nor saw I your true love down by yon lee;

“ 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 fast rolling e’e!

“ Red war her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;

“ Sweet war the kisses that she gae 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 liel heart, and modest her nature,

“ She never loo’d Le-man till ance 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, war’t fifty times fairer,

“ Young braggart, she ne’er wad 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 war the kisses that she gae to me!

Sair gloom’d his dark brow, blood-red h’s cheek grew,

Wild flash’d the fire frae his red rolling e’e;

“ Ye’s rue fair this morning, your boàsting and scorning;  
“ Defend, ye fause traitor, for loudly ye lie!”

• Awa wi’ beguiling,’ then cried the youth smiling;  
Aff gaed the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;  
The belted plaid sa’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?”

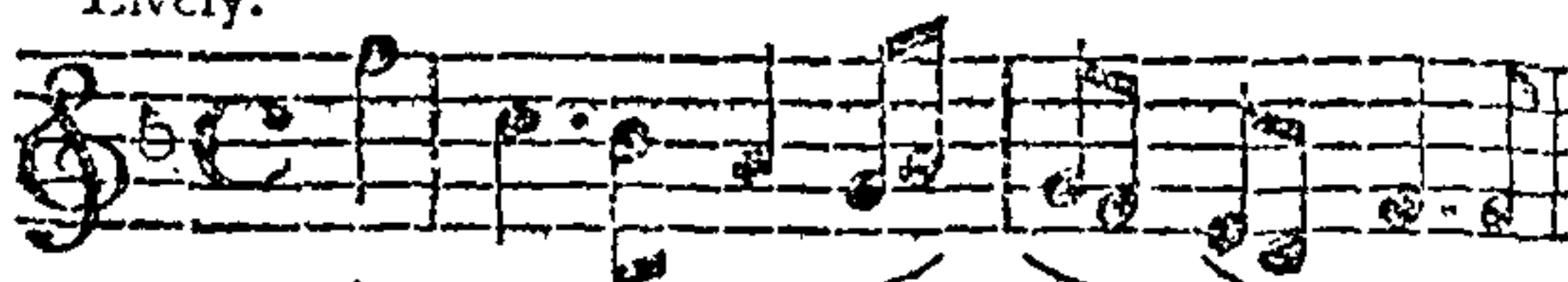
• O Jamie! forgi’e me, your heart’s constant to me;

• I’ll never mair wander, my true love, frae thee.”

## SONG LXIII.

DAINTIE DAVIE.

Lively.



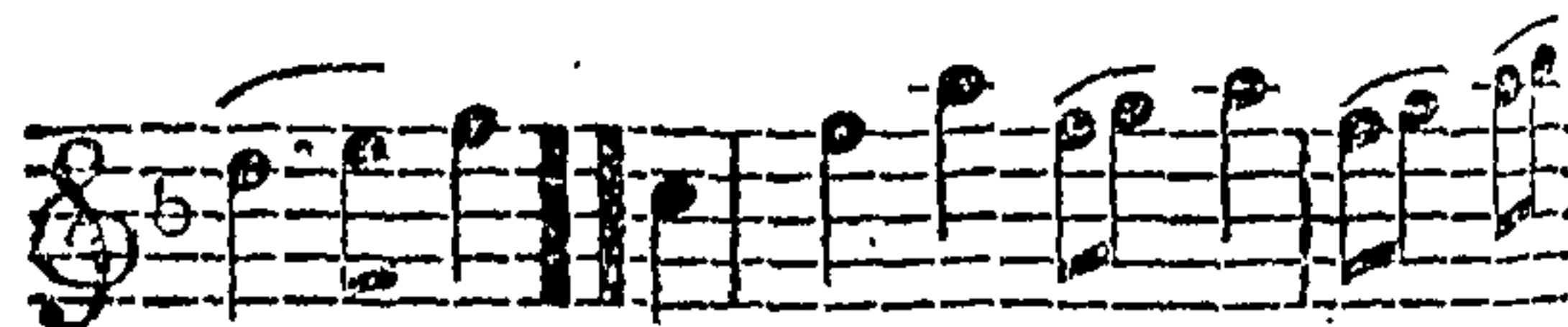
The lasses fain wad ha'e frae me, A



sang to keep them a' in glee, While ne'er a



ane I ha'e to gi'e, But on-ly Dain-tie



Da - - vie. I learn'd it ear - - ly in my



youth, When barley bannocks caus'd a drouth, Wha





cronies met to weet their mouth, Our

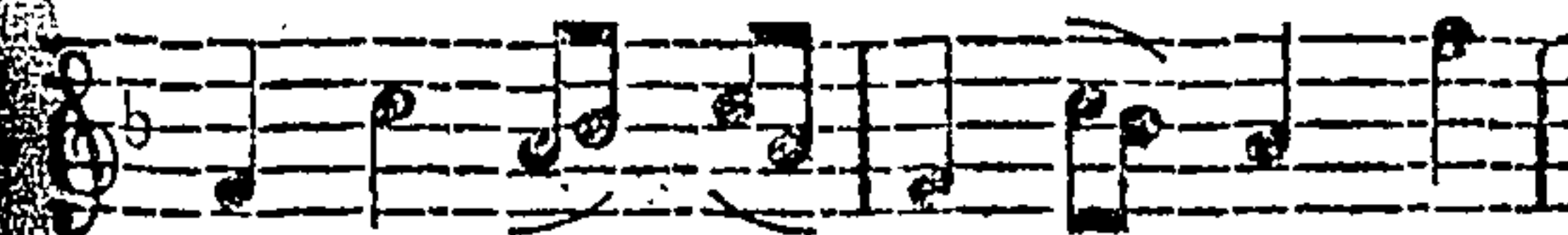


fang was Dain - - - tie Da - - - vic.

CHORUS.



O, Dain - tie Da - - vic is the thing, I



ne - - ver kent a can - - ty spring, That



e'er de - serv'd the high - - - lan' sing, Sae



weel as Dain - - tie Da - - vic,

When friends an' fouk at bridals meet,  
 Their drouthy mou's and craigs to weat,  
 The story canna be complete

Without they've Dainty Davie.  
 Sae ladies tune your spinnets weel,  
 An' lilt it up wi' a' your skill,  
 There's nae strathspey nor highlan' reel,  
 Comes up to Daintie Davie.

O, Daintie Davie, &c.

Tho' bardies a', in former times,  
 Ha'e stain'd my fang, wae-worth their rhymes,  
 They had but little mense wi' crimes,

To blast my Daintie Davie.  
 The rankest weeds the garden spoil,  
 When labour tak's the play a while,  
 The lamp gaes out for want o' oil,  
 And fae it far'd wi' Davie.

O, Daintie Davie, &c.

There's ne'er a bar but what's complete,  
 While ilka note is ay fae sweet,  
 That auld an' young get to their feet,

When they hear Daintie Davie.  
 Until the latest hour of time,  
 When music a' her pow'r shall tane,  
 Each hill, an' dale, an' grove shall ring.

Wi' bonny Dainty Davie.

O, Daintie Davie, &c.

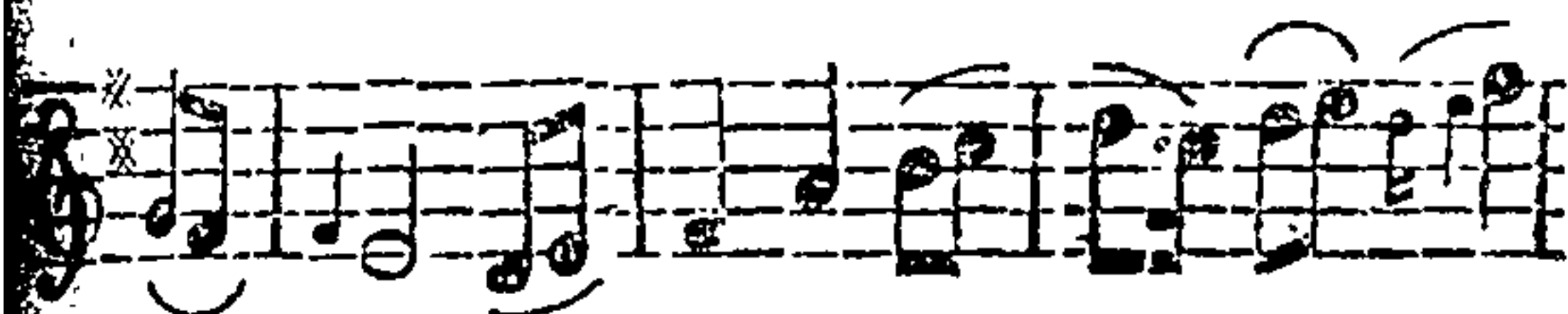
## SONG LXIV.

## THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

Slow.



In April, when Primros-es paint the



sweet plain, And summer ap - - proach - ing re-



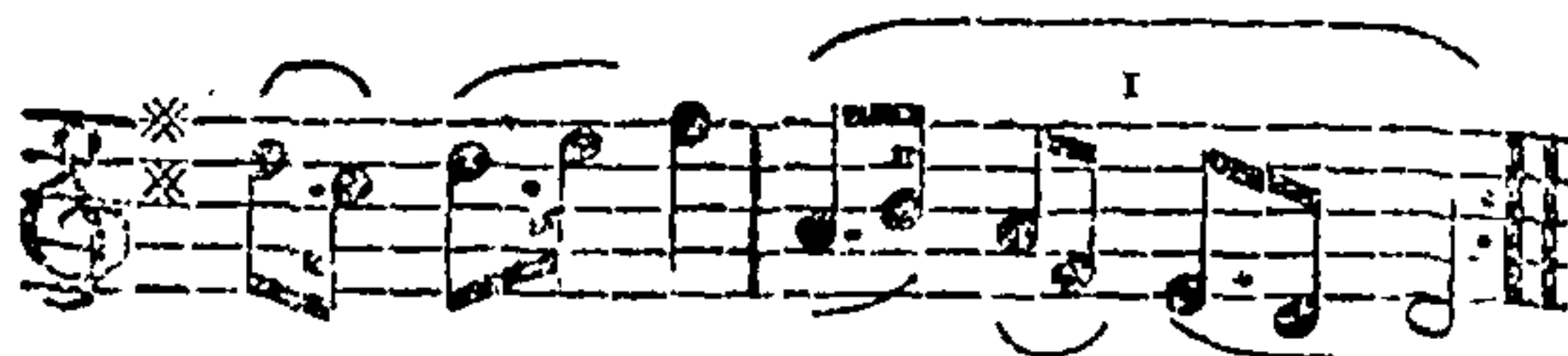
joic - - eth the fwain, joic - eth the fwain,



The yel - - - low - hair'd lad - die would



el - - ten - times go, To wilds and deep



glens, where the haw - thorn trees grow,



hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,  
With freedom he sung his loves evening and morn,  
He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,  
That Sylvens and Fairies unseen danced around.

The shepherd thus sung: Tho' young Maddie be fair,  
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air:  
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing;  
Her breath, like the breezes, perfum'd in the spring.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,  
Like the moon, was inconstant, and never spoke truth:  
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,  
And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

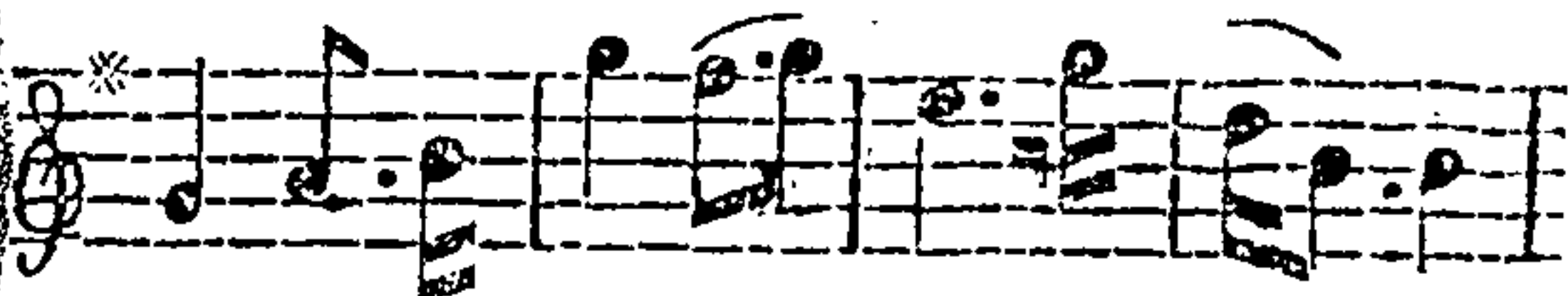
That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,  
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour:  
Then, sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,  
The witty, sweet Susan, his mistress might be.

## SONG LXV.

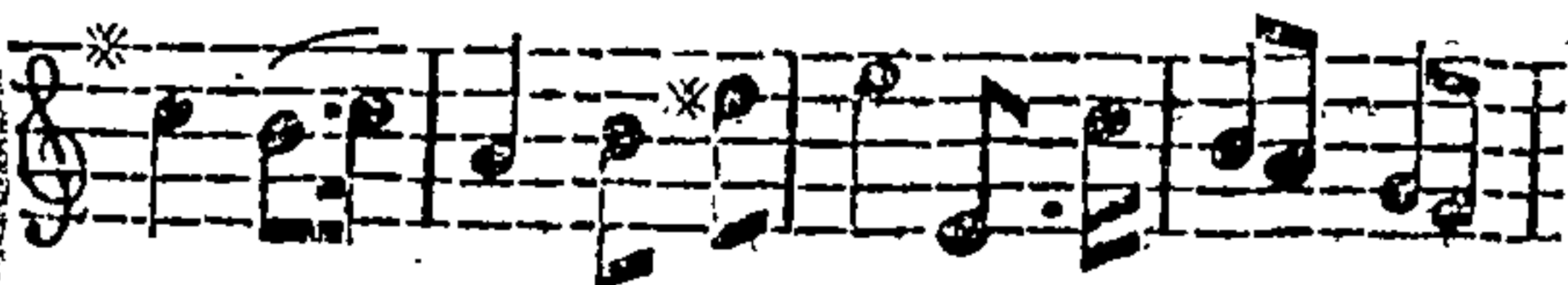
EWE-BUGHTS, MARION.



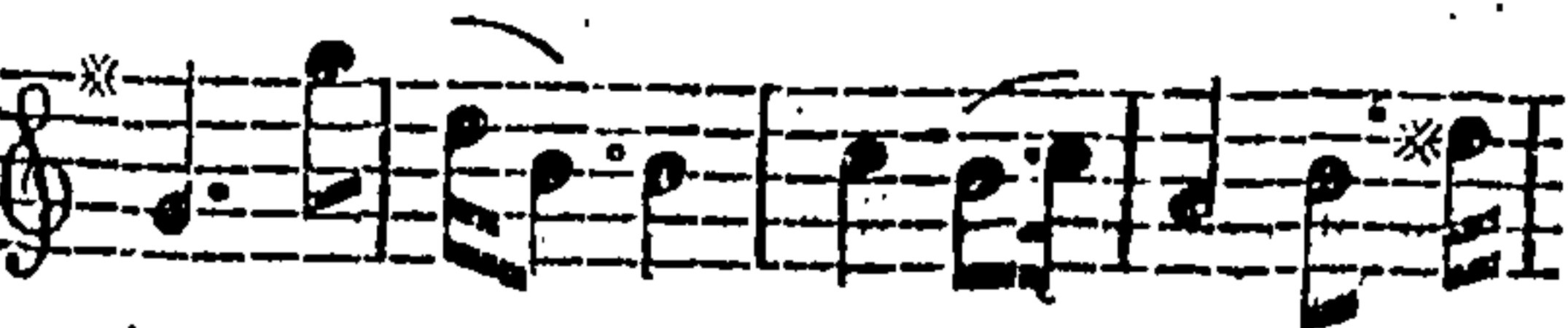
Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion, And



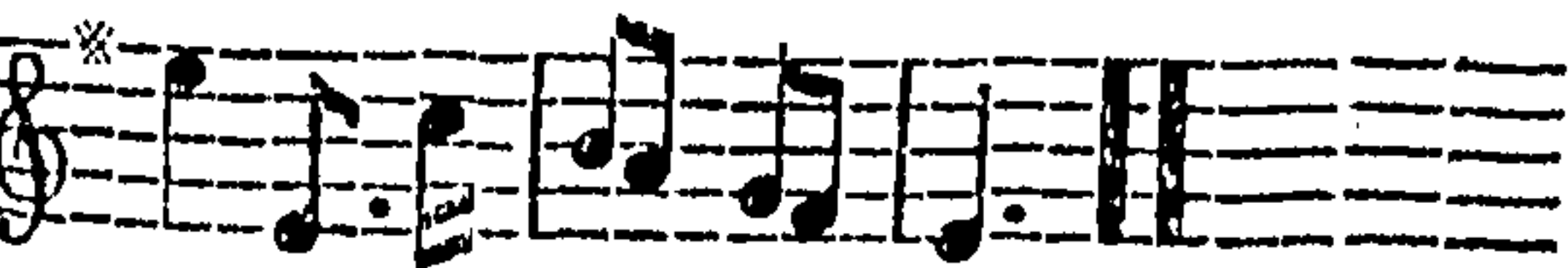
wear in the sheep wi' me? The sun shines



sweet, my Marion, But nae half sae sweet as



thee. The sun shines sweet, my Marion, But



nae half sae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny lass,  
And the blyth blink's in her e'e;  
And fain wad I marry Marion,  
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's goud in your garters, Marion,  
And silk on your white haufe-bane;  
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,  
At e'en when I come hame.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,  
A cow and a brawny quey,  
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,  
Just on her bridal day.

And ye's get a green fey apron,  
And waistcoat of the London brown,  
And vow but ye will be vap'ring,  
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

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.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,  
And kyrtle of the cramasie!  
And soon as my chin has nae hair on,  
I shall come west, and see thee.

## SONG LXVI.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

HOW blyth have I been with my Sandy,  
As we sat in the how o' the glen!  
But nae mair can I meet wi' my Sandy,  
To the banks o' the Rhine he has gane!

Alas! that the trumpet's loud clarion,  
Thus draws a' our shepherds afar,  
O could not the ewe-bughts and Marion,  
Please mair than the horrors of war?

Not a plough in our land has been ganging,  
The ousen ha'e stood in their sta':  
Nae flails in our barns ha'e been banging,  
For mair than this towmond or twa.

Wae's me, that the trumpet's shrill clarion,  
Thus draws a' our shepherds afar!  
O I wish that the ewe-bughts and Marion  
Could charm from the horrors of war.



## SONG LXVII.

SWIFT ELLEN.

Andante.



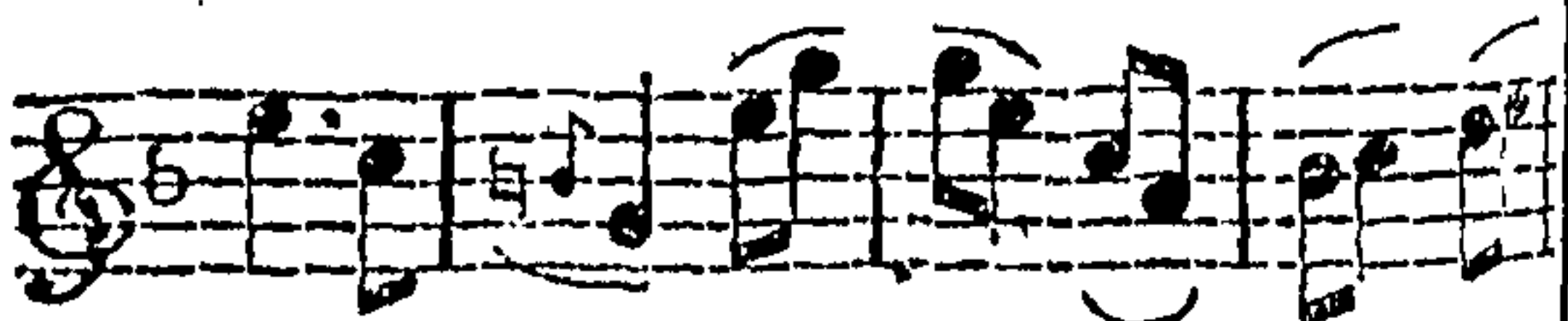
Cold blew the wind, no gleam of light, When



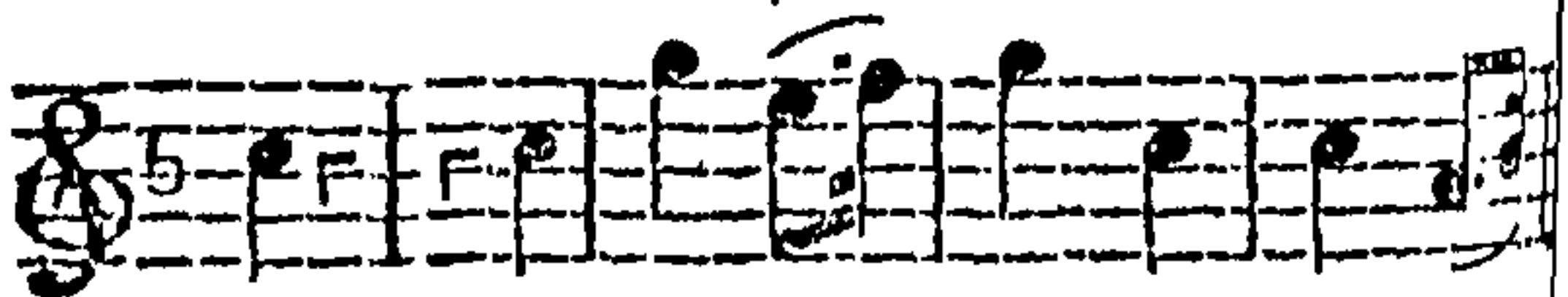
El - - - len left her home, And



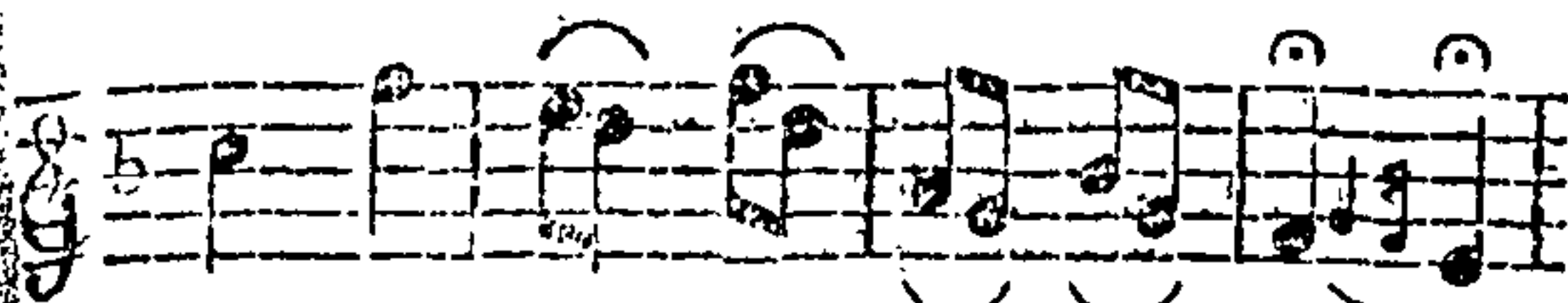
brav'd the horrors of the night, o'er dreary



wilds to roam, O'er dreary wilds to



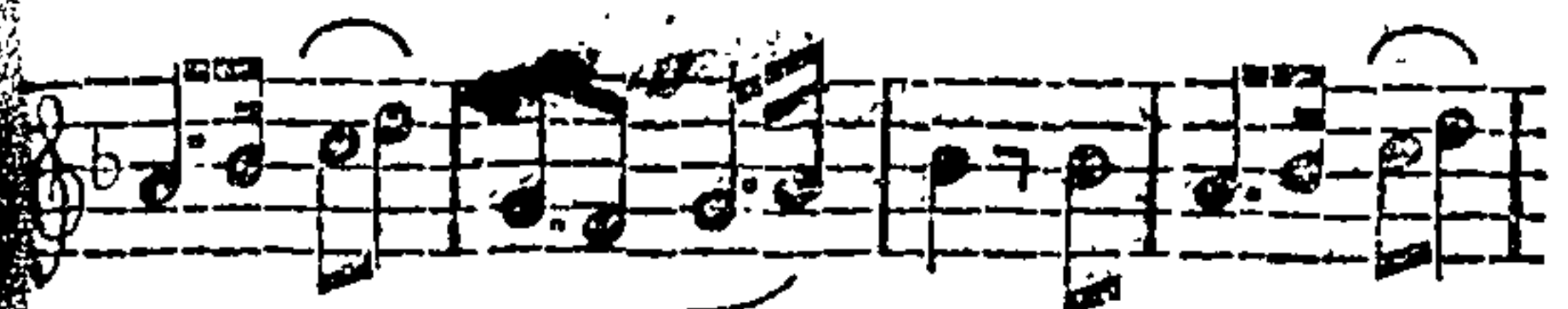
roam. The love - ly maid had late been



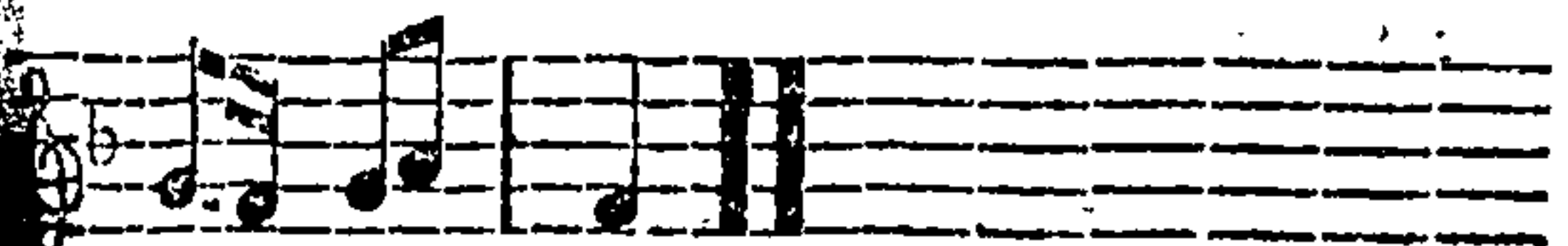
gay, When hope and plea - - sure smil'd,



But now a - - las! to grief a prey, Was



El - - len, for - - row's child, Was El - len,



for - - row's child.

She long was William's promis'd bride,

But ah! how sad her doom!

The gentle youth, in beauty's pride,

Was summon'd to the tomb.

No more those joys shall Ellen prove,

Which many an hour beguil'd;

From morn to eve she mourns her love,

Sweet Ellen, sorrow's child.

With salt'ring step away she flies,

O'er William's grave to weep;

For Ellen there, with tears and sighs,  
 Her watch would often keep.  
 The pitying angel saw her woe,  
 And came with aspect mild;  
 Thy tears shall now no longer flow,  
 Sweet Ellen, sorrow's child.

Thy plaintive notes were heard above,  
 Where thou shalt soon find rest;  
 Again thou shalt behold thy love,  
 And be for ever blest.  
 Ah! can such bliss be mine! she cried,  
 With voice and looks so wild;  
 Then sunk upon the earth and died,  
 Sweet Ellen, sorrow's child.

## SONG LXVIII.

MARIA.



'Twas near a thicket's calm re--treat,



Under a pop--lar tree, Ma-ri--a



chose her lone - - ly feat, To mourn her



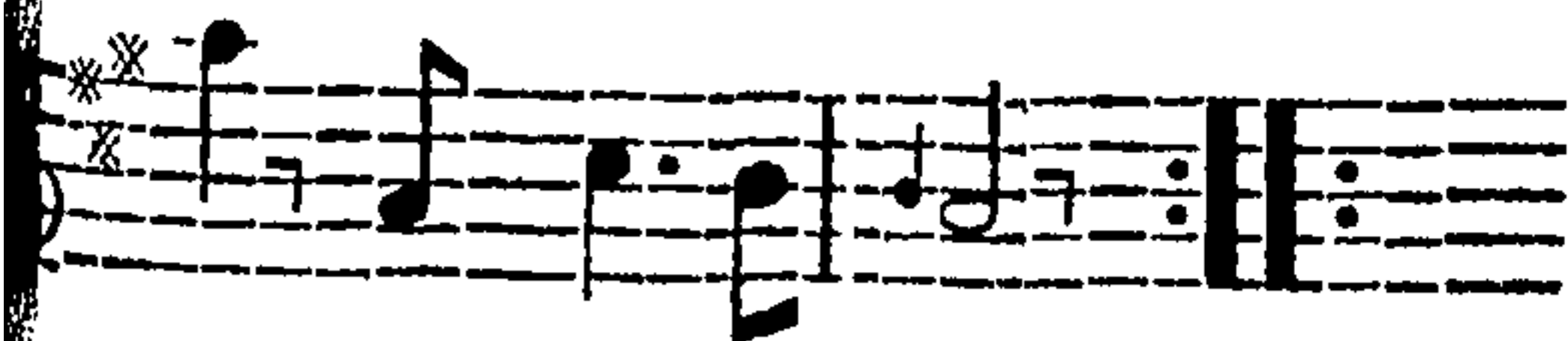
forrows free. Her love - - ly form was



sweet to view, As dawn at op'ning day;



But ah! she mourn'd her love not true, And



wept her cares a - - way.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,  
In murmurs smooth along;  
Her pipe, which once she tun'd so sweet,  
Had now forgot its song.

No more to charm the vale she tries,  
 For grief has fill'd her breast;  
 Fled are the joys she us'd to prize,  
 And fled with them her rest.

Poor hapless maid! who can behold  
 Thy anguish so severe,  
 Or hear thy love-lorn story told,  
 Without a pitying tear!  
 Maria, hapless maid, adieu!  
 Thy sorrows soon must cease;  
 Soon heaven will take a maid so true  
 To everlasting peace.

## SONG LXIX.

ERAE'S OF BALLENDINE.

Be - - -neath a green shade a  
 lovely young swain, One ev'ning re-  
 clin'd to dis - - - to - - - ver his



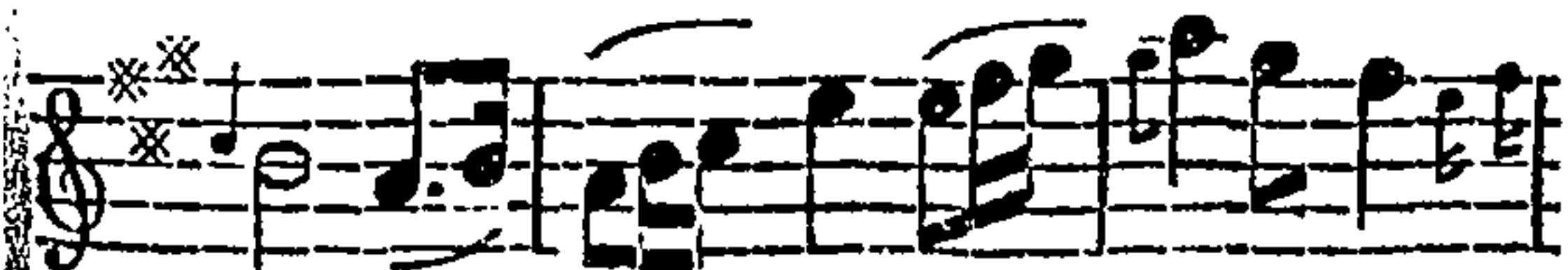
" pain : So sad, yet so sweetly, he



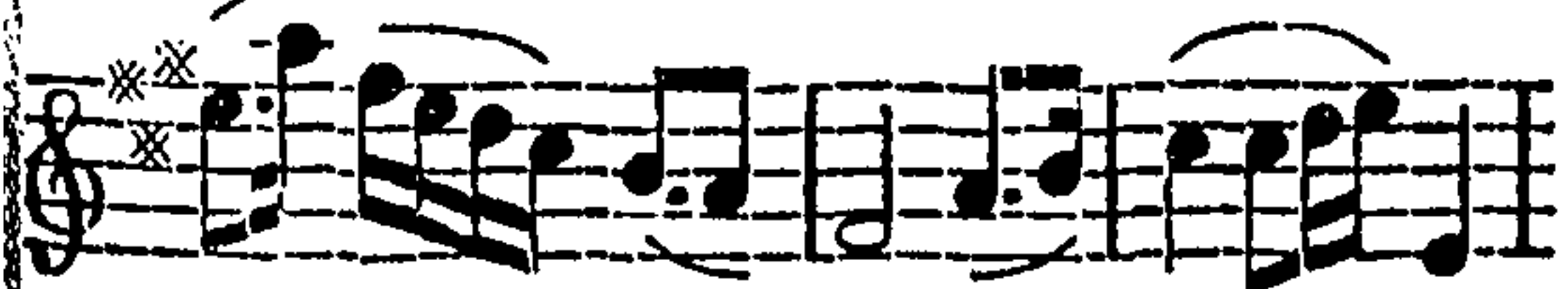
warbled his woe, The wind ceas'd to



breathe, And the foun - - tains to



flow; Rude winds with com - - passion could



hear him com - plain, Yet Chloe less



gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,  
E'er Chloe's bright charms first flash'd on my view !  
'Those eyes, then, with pleasure, the dawn could survey;  
Nor smil'd the fair morning more cheerful than they;  
Now scenes of distress please only my sight,  
I sicken in pleasure, and languish in light.

'Thro' changes, in vain, relief I pursue :  
All, all but conspire my griefs to renew :  
From sunshine, to zephyrs and shades we repair ;  
'To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air :  
But love's ardent fever burns always the same !  
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But, see ! the pale moon, all clouded, retires !  
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires !  
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,  
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.  
Ah, wretch ! how can life be worthy thy care,  
Since length'ning its moments but lengthens despair



## SONG LXX.

## THE GRACEFUL MOVE.

Moderato.



When first I saw thee graceful move,



Ah! me, what meant my throb - bing.



breast; Say, soft con - - - fu - - - sion,



art thou love? If love thou



art, then fare - - - well rest.

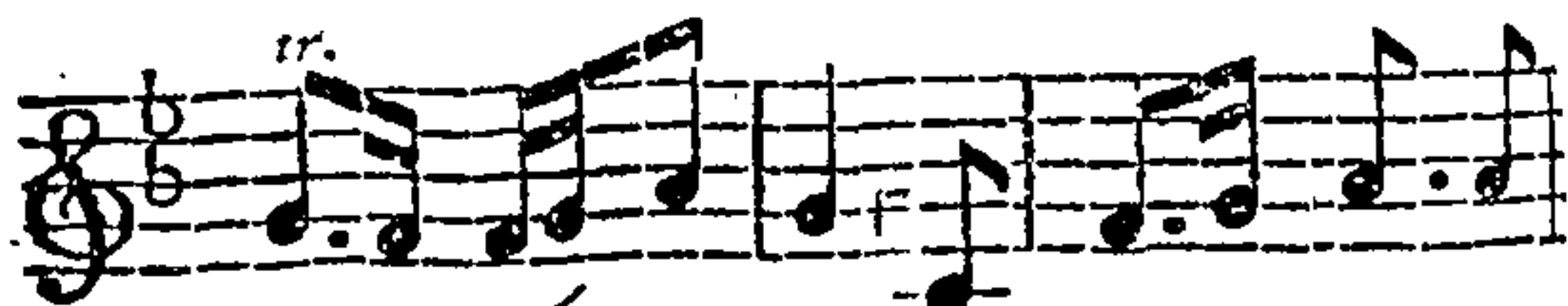
With gentle smiles assuage the pain,  
 Those gentle smiles did first create,  
 And though you cannot love again,  
 In pity, ah! forbear to hate.

## SONG LXXI.

'Twas when the seas were roaring.



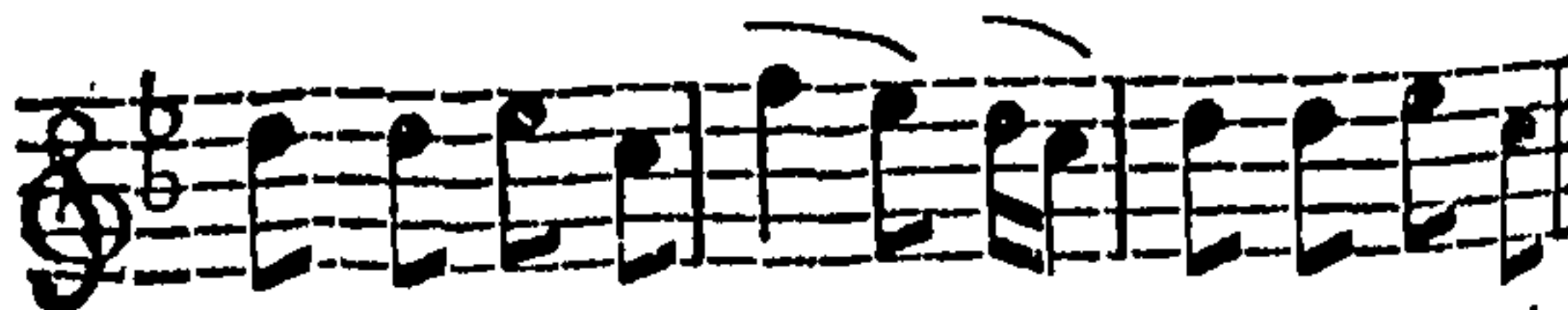
'Twas when the seas were roar-ing With



hollow blasts of wind, A damsel lay de-



plor-ing, All on a rock reclin'd. Wide



o'er the rolling billows, She cast a wishful



look; Her head was crown'd with wil-



lows, That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,  
 And nine long tedious days;  
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,  
 Why didst thou trust the seas?  
 Cease, cease, thou troubled ocean,  
 And let my lover rest;  
 Ah! what's thy troubled motion  
 To that within my breast?

The merchant, robb'd of treasure,  
 Views tempests with despair;  
 But what's the loss of treasure,  
 To losing of my dear?  
 Should you some coast be laid on,  
 Where gold and diamonds grow,  
 You'd find a richer maiden,  
 But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature  
 Has nothing made in vain?  
 Why then, beneath the water  
 Do hideous rocks remain?

No eyes the rocks discover  
 That lurk beneath the deep,  
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,  
 And leave the maid to weep.

Thus melancholy lying,  
 Thus wail'd she for her dear;  
 Repaid each blast with sighing,  
 Each billow with a tear:  
 When o'er the white waves stooping,  
 His floating corpse she spied;  
 Then, like a lily drooping,  
 She bow'd her head,—and died.

## SONG LXXII.

BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.



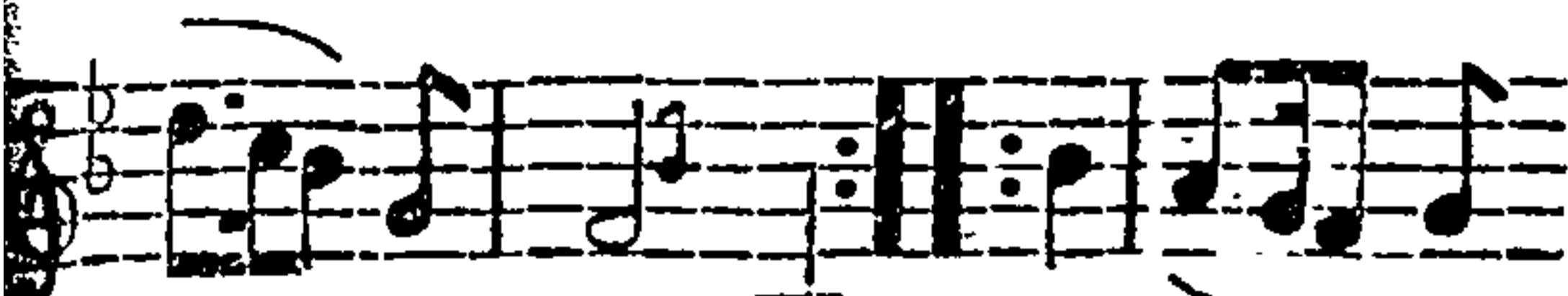
Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev' - - - ry



swain, I'll tell how Peg - - gy grieves me: Tho'



thus I languish and com - plain, A - - las she



ne'er be - lieves me: My vows and



sighs, like si - - lent air, Un - - heed - - ed



ne - - - ver move her, The bon - - ny



bush a - - - - boon Tra - quair, Was where I



first did love her.

That day she smil'd and made me glad;  
No maid seem'd ever kinder;  
I thought myself the luckiest lad,  
So sweetly there to find her.  
I try'd 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.

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

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,  
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?  
Oh, make her partner in my pains!  
And 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.

## SONG LXXIII.

## THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.



The lawland lads think they are fine, But



oh they're vain and id - - - ly gawdy; How



much un - - like the grace - fu' mcin, And



man - ly looks of my Highland lad - die.



O my bonny Highland laddie, my handsome

A a

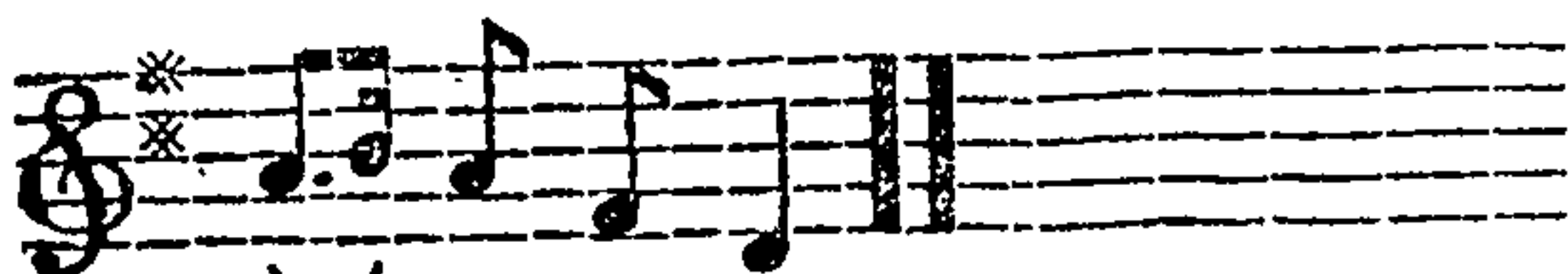




smiling Highland laddie, May heav'n still guard,



and love reward, The lawland lass and her



Highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse,  
 To be the wealthiest lawland lady,  
 I'd take young Donald without trews,  
 With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.  
 O my bonny, &c.

The bravest beau in burrow's town,  
 In a' his airs, with art made ready;  
 Compar'd to him he's but a clown;  
 He's finer far in's tartan plaidie.  
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,  
 And leave my lawland kin and daddy,  
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's fun,  
 He'll skreen me with his Highland plaidy.  
 O my bonny, &c.

A painted room and filken bed,  
May please a lawland laird and lady ;  
But I can kiss and be as glad,  
Behind a bush in's Highland plaidy,  
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,  
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,  
And he ca's me his lawland lass,  
Synce rows me in beneath his plaidy.  
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,  
Than that his love prove true and steady,  
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,  
While heav'n preserves my Highland laddie.  
O my bonny, &c.

## SONG LXXIV.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,  
 But aft they're four and unco faucy;  
 Sae proud, they never can be kind,  
 Like my good-humour'd Highland lassie.  
 O my bonny Highland lassie,  
 My hearty, smiling Highland lassie,  
 May never care make thee less fair,  
 But bloom of youth still blebs my lassie.

'Than ony lass in burrow's-town,  
 Wha mak' their cheeks with patches mottie,  
 I'd tak' my Katty butt a gown,  
 Bare-footed in her little coatie

O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,  
 Whene'er I kiss and court my dawtie,  
 Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,  
 My slichterin' heart gangs pittie pattie.

O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll stee,  
 With cockit gun and ratches tenty,  
 To drive the deer out of their den,  
 To feast my lass on dishes dainty.

O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare, by deed or word,  
 'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,  
 While I can weild my trusty sword,  
 Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.  
 O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,  
 And berries ripe, invite my treasure  
 To range with me; let great fowk gloom,  
 While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.  
 O my bonny, &c.

## SONG LXXV.

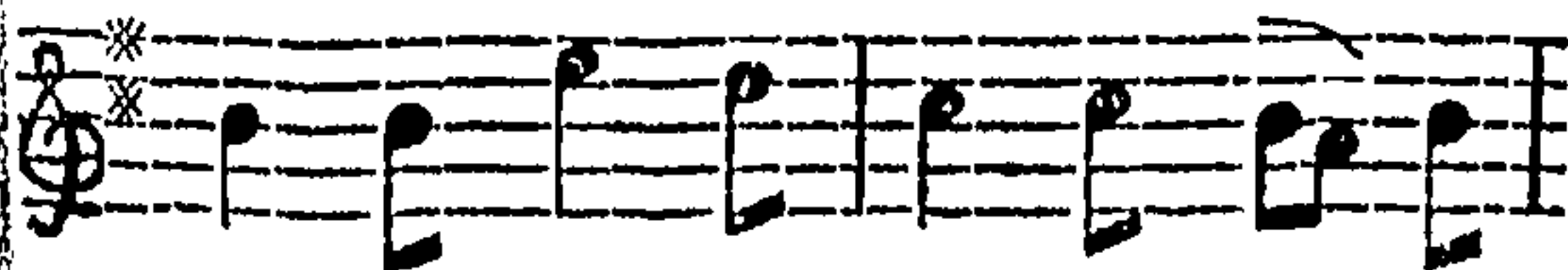
OLD TOWLER.



Bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn, And



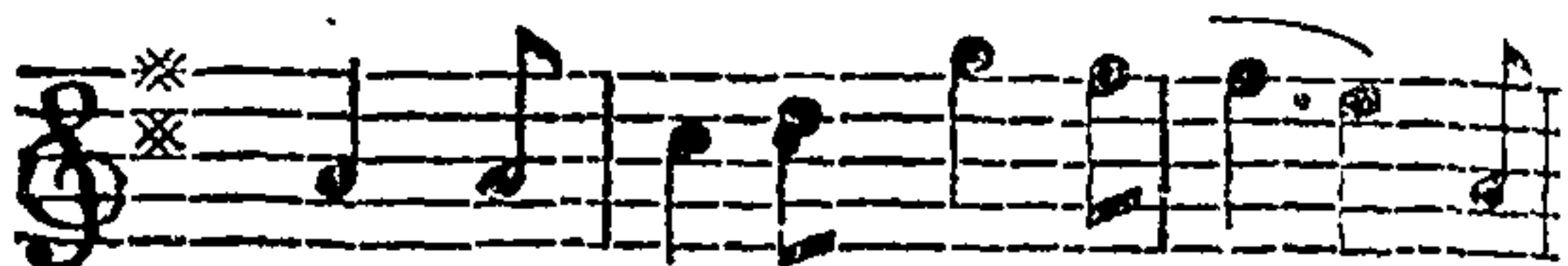
spangles deck the thorn; The lowing herd now



quits the lawn, The lark springs from the



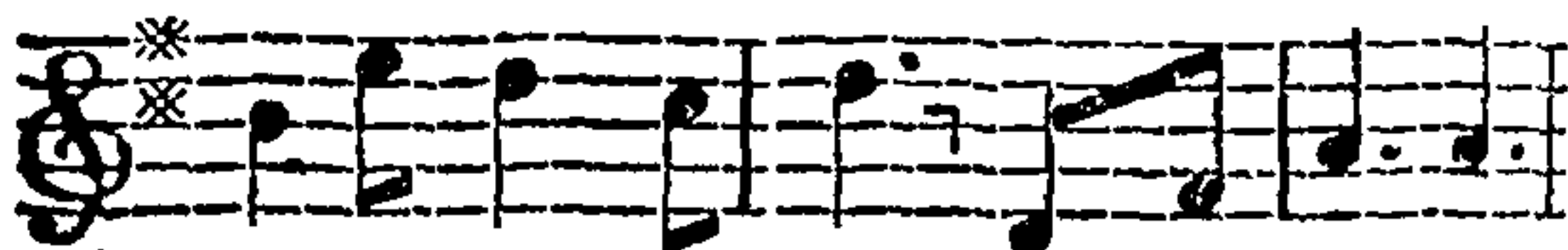
corn: Dogs, huntsmen, round the window



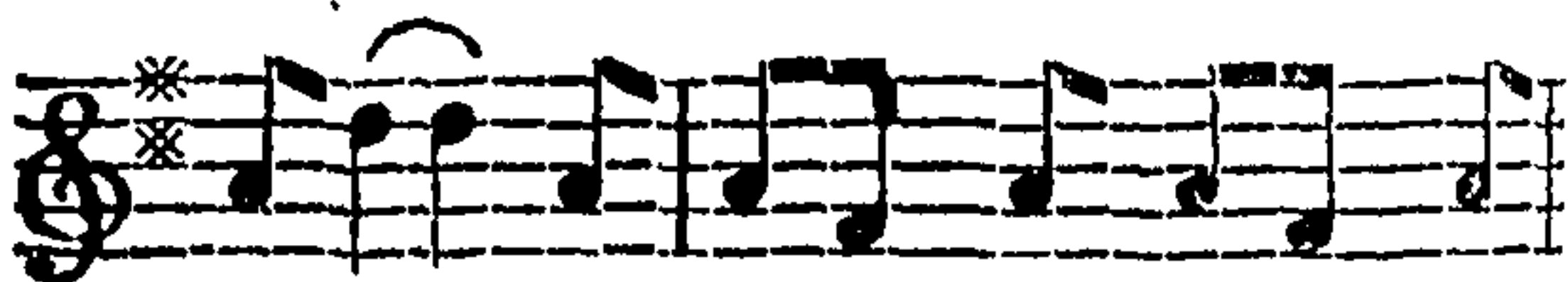
throng, Fleet Towler leads the cry; A-



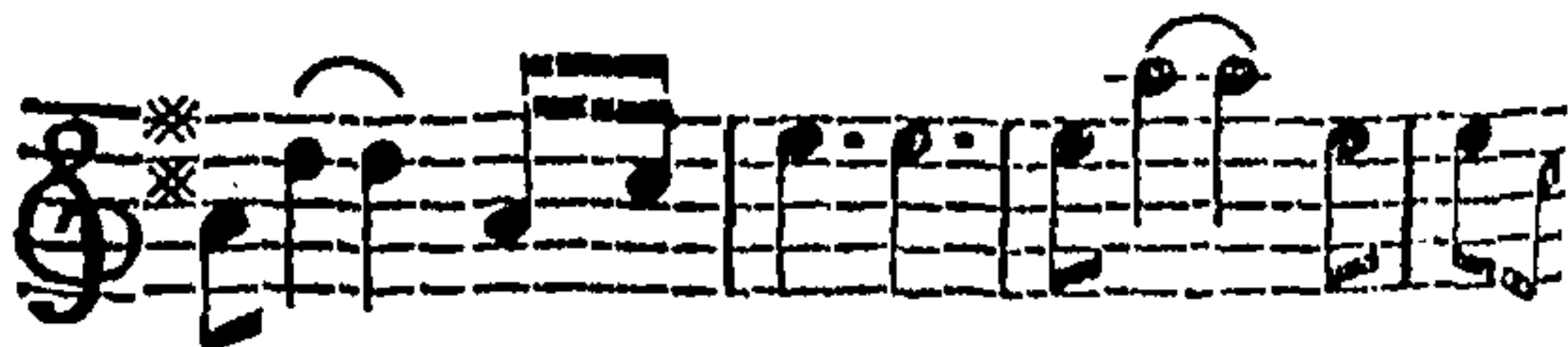
rise the bur-den of their song, This



day a stag must die: With a hey ho



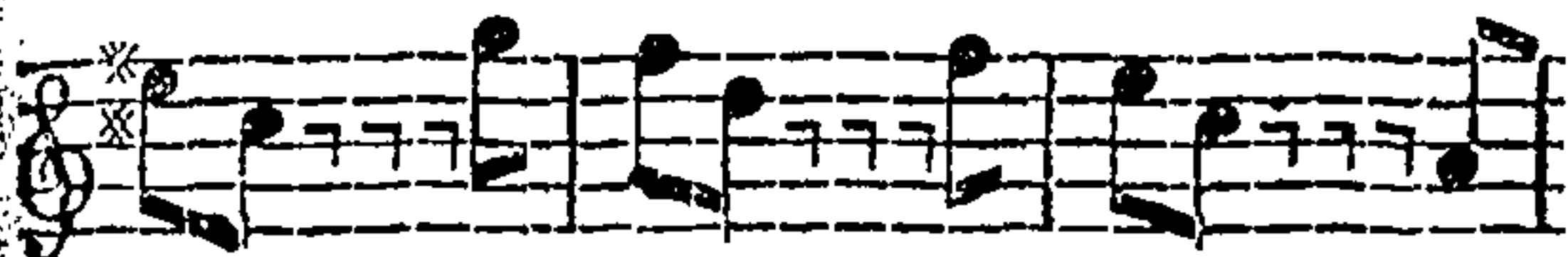
chi--vy, Hark forward, hark forward tan-



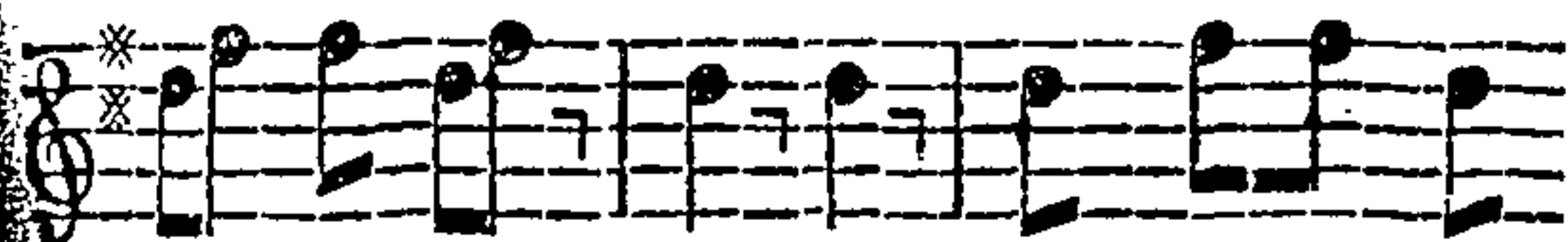
ti-vy, With a hey ho chi-vy, Hark forward,



hark forward tanti-vy, Hark forward, hark



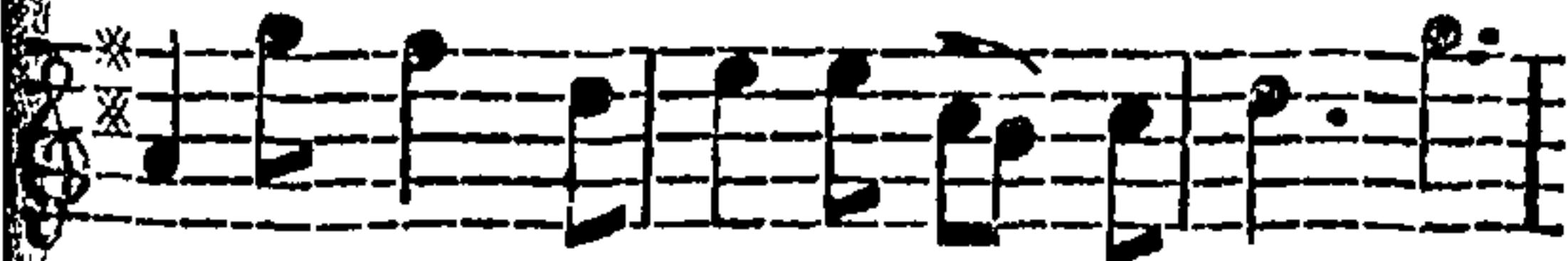
forward, hark forward, hark forward tan-



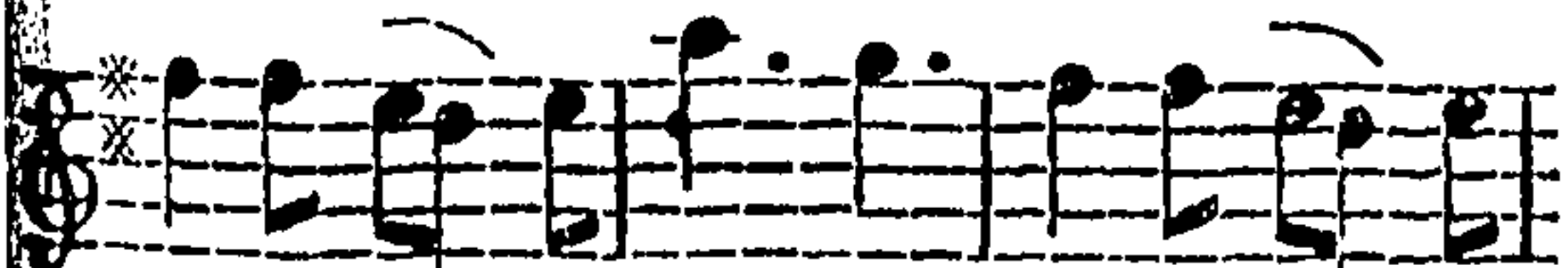
tivy, tantivy, Hark, hark, hark forward, hark



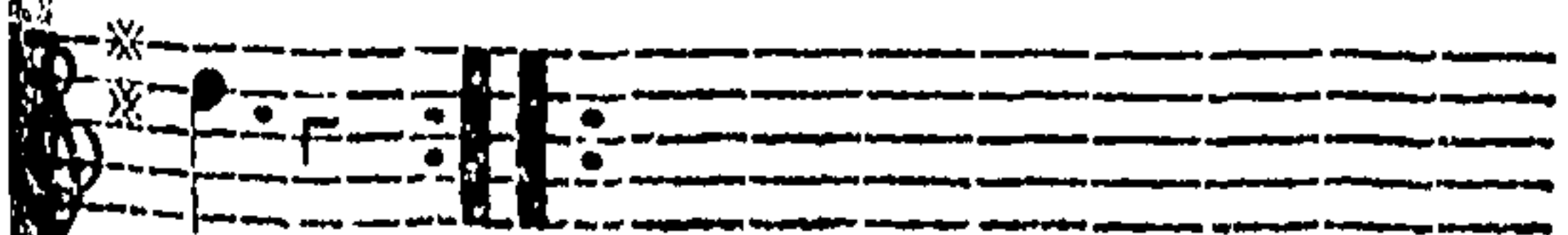
forward tantivy. A---rise the burden



of their song, This day a stag must die; This



day a stag must die, This day a stag must



die.

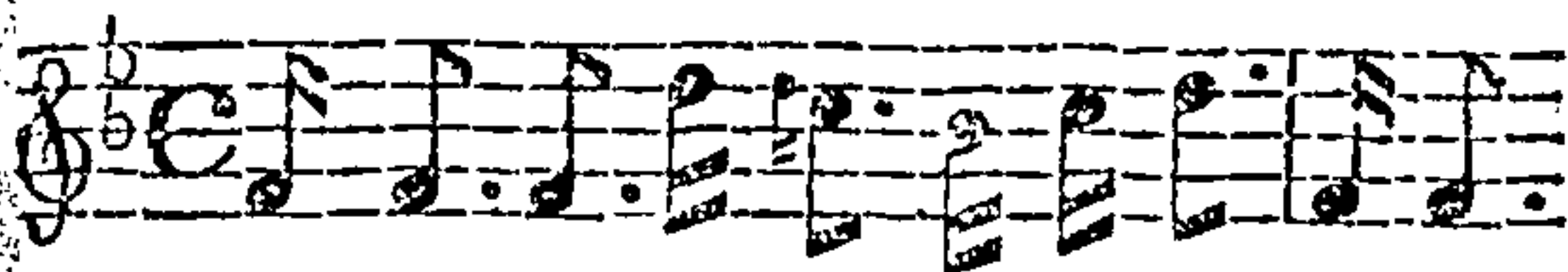
The cordial takes its merry round,  
The laugh and joke prevail,  
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,  
The dogs snuff up the gale :  
The upland winds they sweep along,  
O'er fields through brakes they fly ;  
The game is rous'd, too true the song,  
This day a stag must die,  
With a hey ho chivy, &c.

Poor stag, the dogs thy haunches gore,  
The tears run down thy face ;  
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,  
His joys were in the chase :  
Alike the sportsmen of the town,  
The virgin game in view,  
Are full content to run them down,  
Then they in turn pursue.  
With a hey ho chivy, &c.

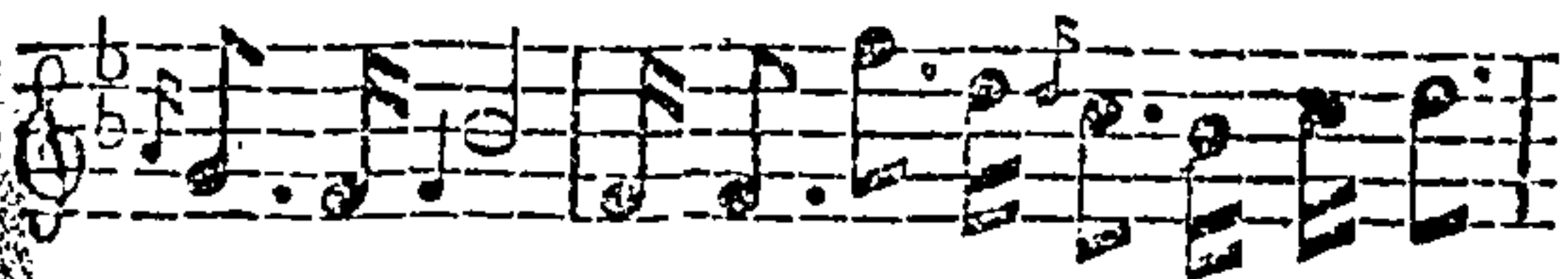


## SONG LXXVI.

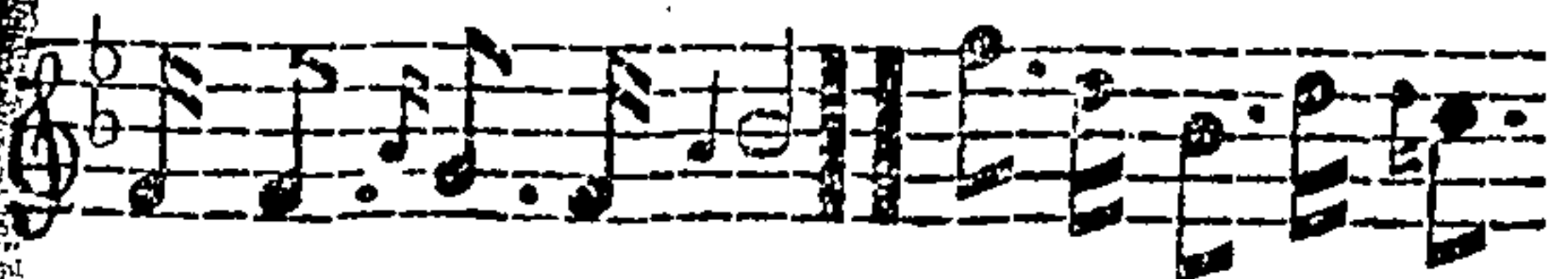
GIN A BODY MEET A BODY.



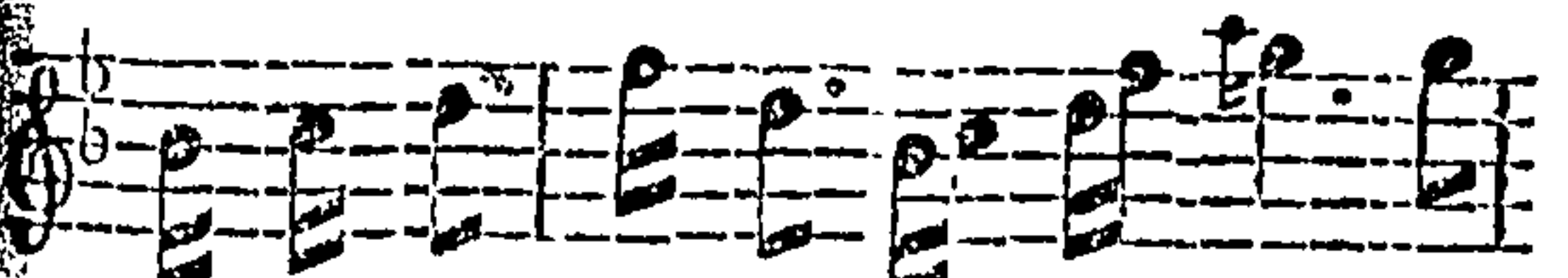
Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy Comin



thro' the rye, Gin a bo-dy kifs a bo-dy,



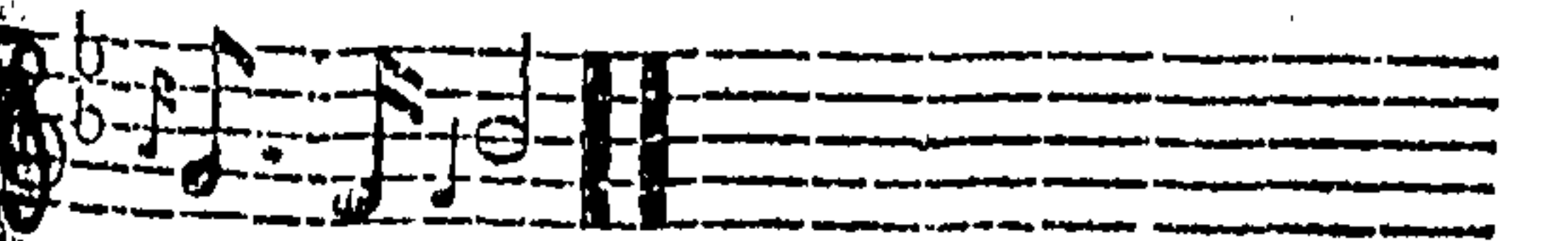
Need a bo--dy cry? Il-ka bo-dy has



a bo-dy, Ne'er a ane ha'e I; But



a' the lads they lo'e me weel, And what the



wer am I?

B b

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin frae the well,  
Gin a body kifs a body,  
Need a body tell?  
Ilka body has a body,  
Ne'er a ane hae I;  
But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,  
And what the war am I?

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin frae the town,  
Gin a body kifs a body,  
Need a body gloom?  
Ilka Jenny has her Jockey,  
Ne'er a ane hae I;  
But a the lads they lo'e me weel,  
And what the war am I?

---

## SONG LXXVII.

*Original words of the foregoing Tune.*

COMIN through the rye, poor body,  
Comin through the rye,  
She draigl't a' her petticoat,  
Comin through the rye.  
Oh Jenny's a' weel, poor body,  
Jenny's seldom dry,  
She draigl't a her petticoat,  
Comin through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin through the rye,  
Gin a body kifs a body,  
Need a body cry?  
O Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin through the glen;  
Gin a body kifs a body,  
Need the warld ken?  
Oh Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Kissin is the key of love,  
And clappin is the lock,  
And makin o's the best thing  
That e'er a young thing got.  
Oh Jenny's a' weet, &c.

## SONG LXXVIII.

CAROLINE OF LITCHFIELD.

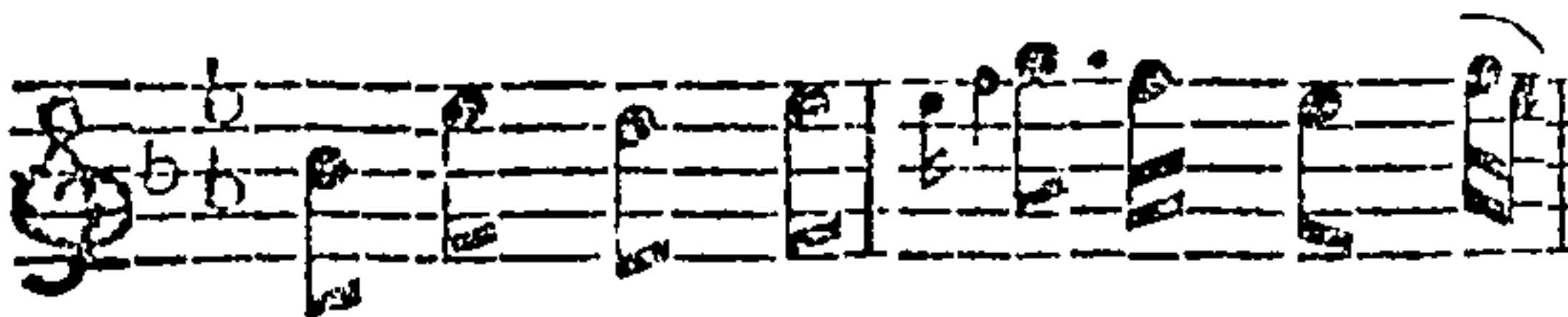
Affettuoso.



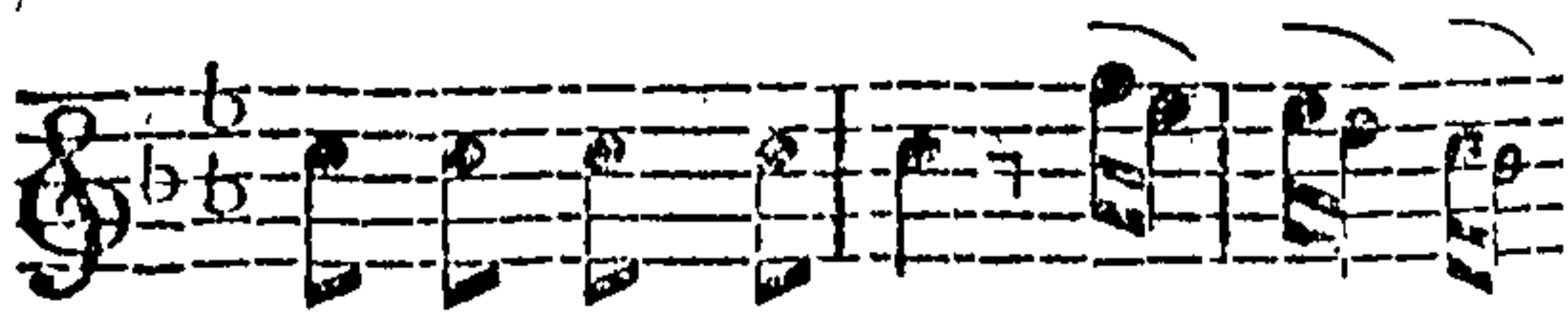
The village hind, with toil had done, And



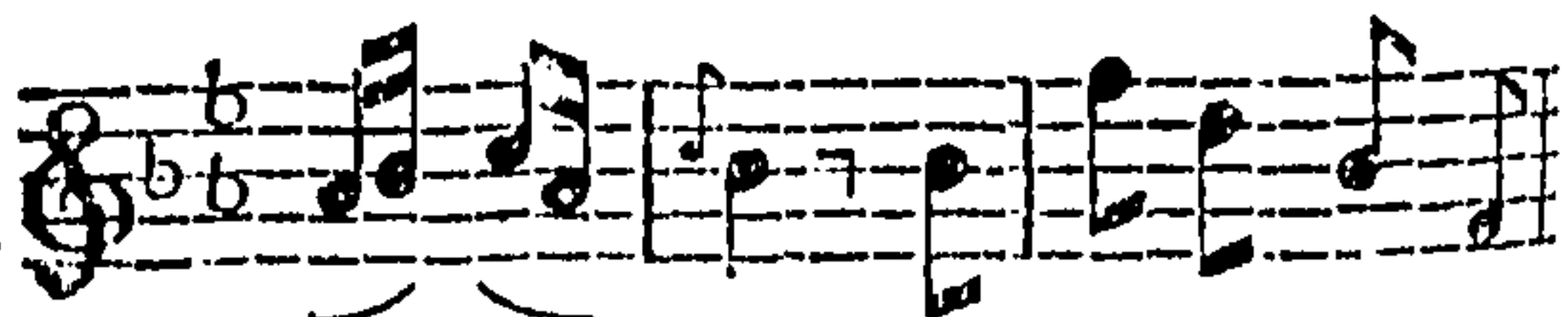
homewards bent his way, While



on the wave the setting sun Clos'd



the de - part - ing day, Clos'd the de-



part - - ing day; When Ca - ro - line of



Litchfield strove all seem - ing - - ly to



borrow The plaintive wail - ings of the



dove, To aid a while her for - row, The



plain - tive wail - ings of the dove, To



aid a while her for - - row.

As dews distilling on the rose,  
In brightness oft appear;  
So Caroline, amid her woes,  
Seem'd lovelier with a tear.

“ Ah me!” she cried, “ life has no charms,  
 “ For, ’neath the drooping willow,  
 “ My lover sleeps in death’s cold arms,  
 “ Upon a moisten’d pillow.

“ For me he brav’d the dang’rous part,  
 “ And found a watery tomb,  
 “ Can silence reign then in the heart,  
 “ Or gratitude be dumb?  
 “ Ah, no! affection’s tear shall flow,  
 “ Pure as the crystal fountain,  
 “ Till death shall end this life of woe,  
 “ Which now’s beyond surmounting.”

Then sighing with a wishful look,  
 A loose to grief she gave,  
 And headlong plung’d into the brook,  
 There sunk beneath the wave.  
 The village maids the tale relate,  
 At eve and early morning,  
 How love was nipt by adverse fate,  
 Ere scarcely it was dawning.

## SONG LXXIX.

BONNY DUNDEE.





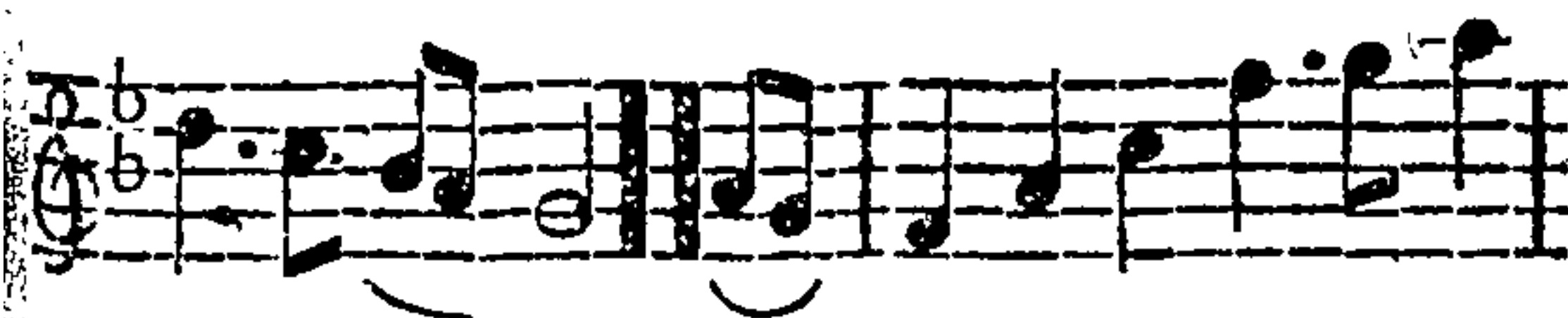
bonnet? O fil-ly blind bo-dy, can-na



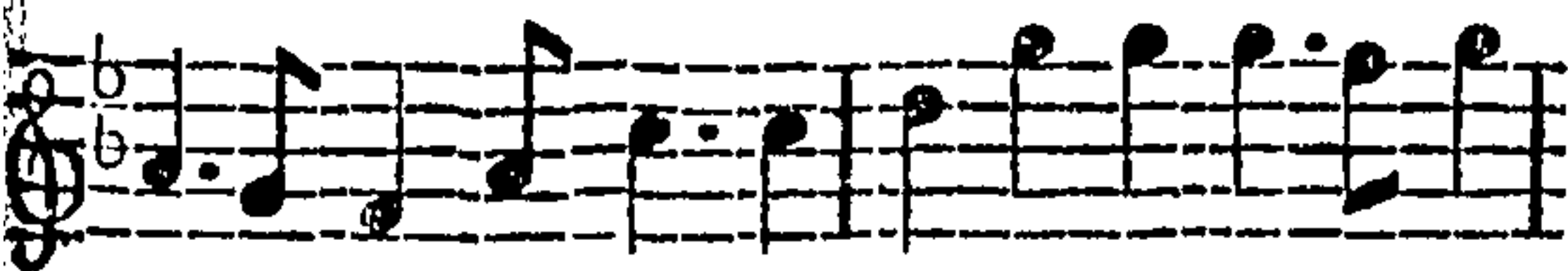
ye fee? I gat it frae a



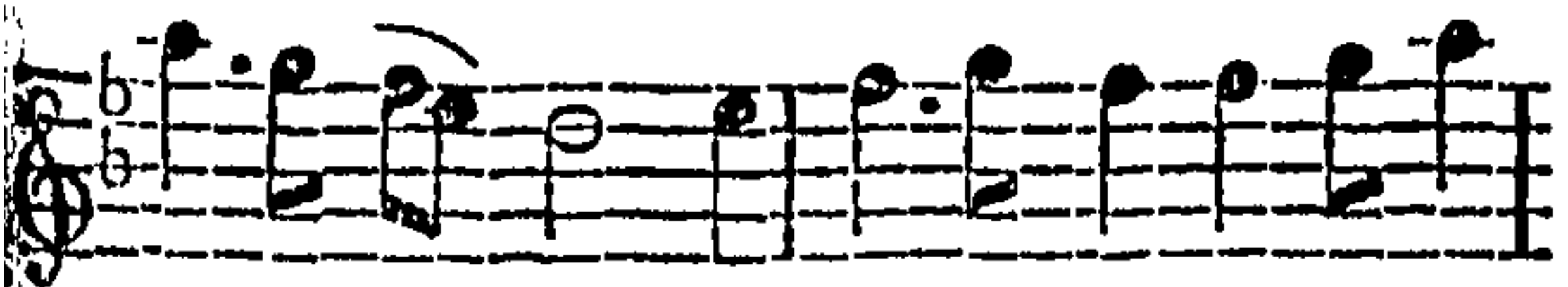
bon-ny Scots Callan, Atween St. Johnston and



bonny Dundee. And O! gin I saw but the



laddie that gae me't, Fu' aft has he doudled me



on o' his knee; But now he's a-wa, and I





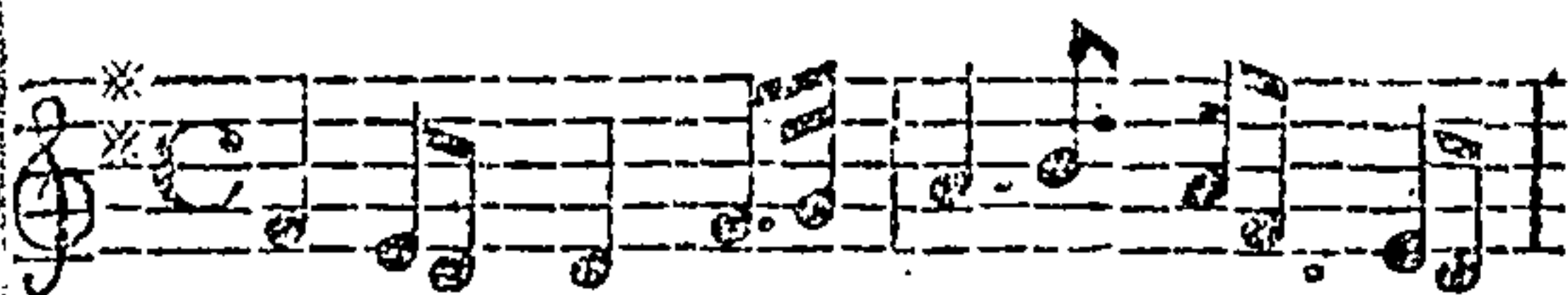
dinna ken whar he's; O! gin he war back



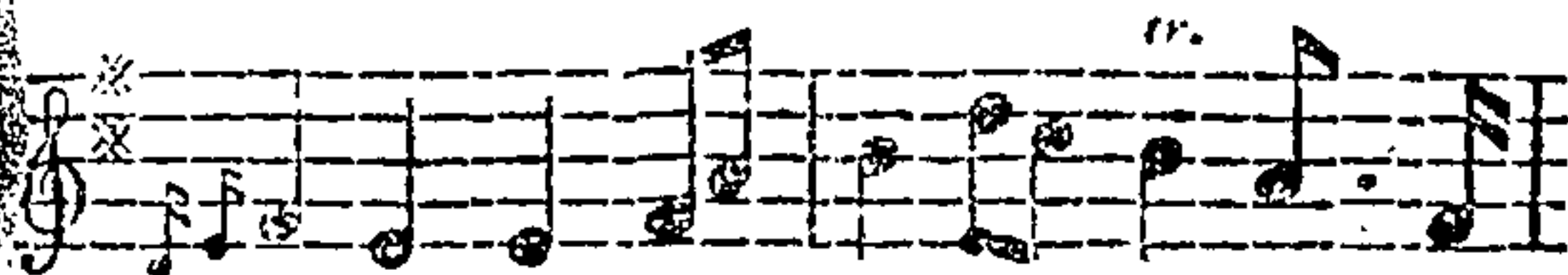
to his Minny and me.

My heart has nae room when I think on my dawty,  
 His dear rosy haffets bring tears in my e'e;  
 But now he's awa, and I dinna ken whar he's,  
 Gin we cou'd anse meet, we's ne'er part till we die.  
 And O! gin I saw but my bonny Scots Callan,  
 Fu' aft has he doudled me on his knee;  
 But now he's away, and I dinna ken whar he's,  
 O! gin he was back to his Minny and me.

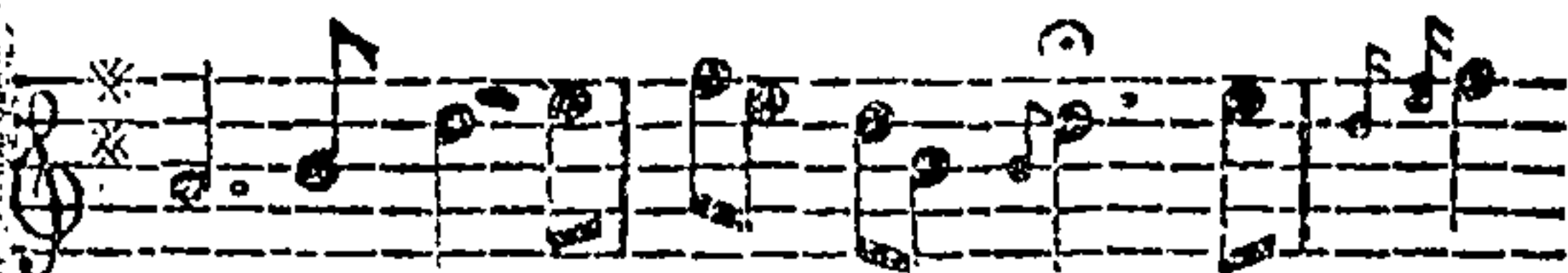
## SONG LXXX.

Tune—*Draw lads o' Galla water.*

Ma-ry's charms sub-du'd my breast, Her



glowing youth, her manner winning, My



faithful vows I fond - - - ly press'd, And mark'd



the sweet re - - turn be - - ginning.

Fancy kindly on my mind,

Yet paints that ev'ning'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,  
 With infant smiles dispel each gloom,  
 Around our hut so gaily sporting.

### SONG LXXXI.

BRAW, BRAW LADS ON YARROW BRAES.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

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

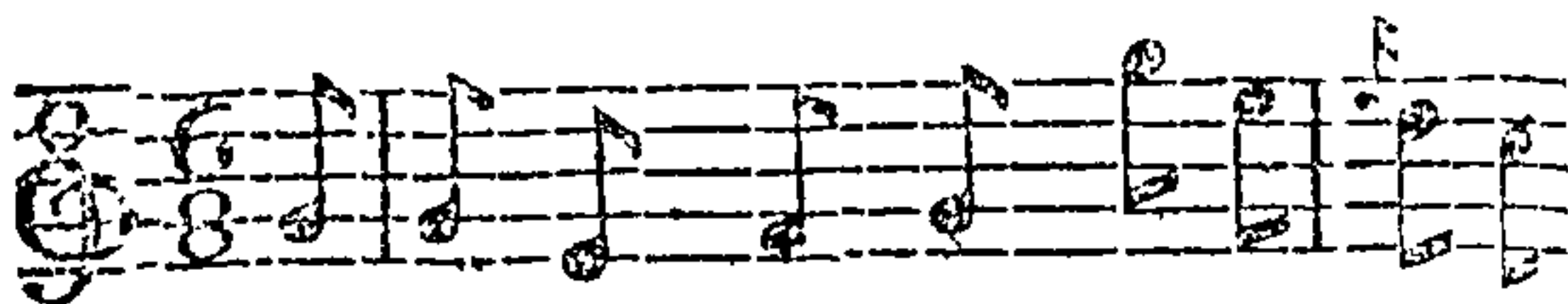
But there is aye, a secret aye,  
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better,  
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,  
 The bonny lad o' Galla water.

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

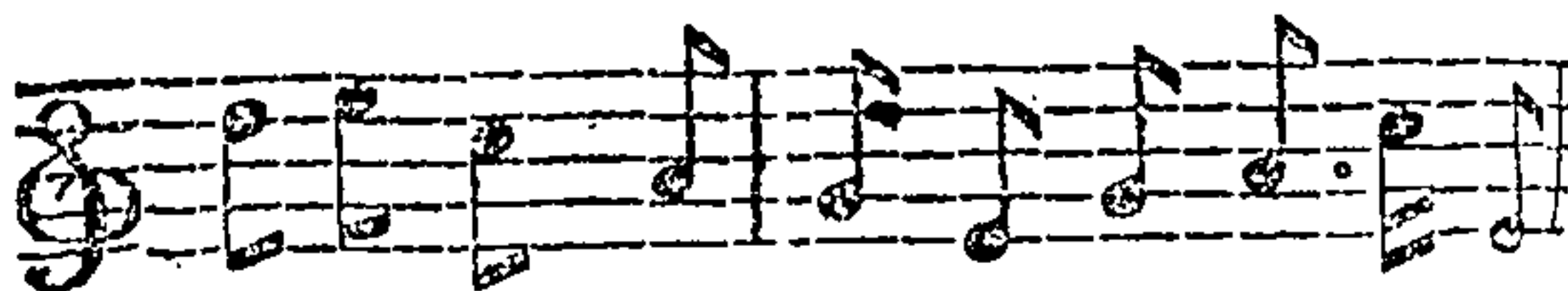
It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,  
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;  
The bands and blifs o' mutual love,  
O that's the chiefest world's treasure,

## SONG LXXXII.

THE SONS OF THE CLYDE.

Tune—*Rural Felicity.*

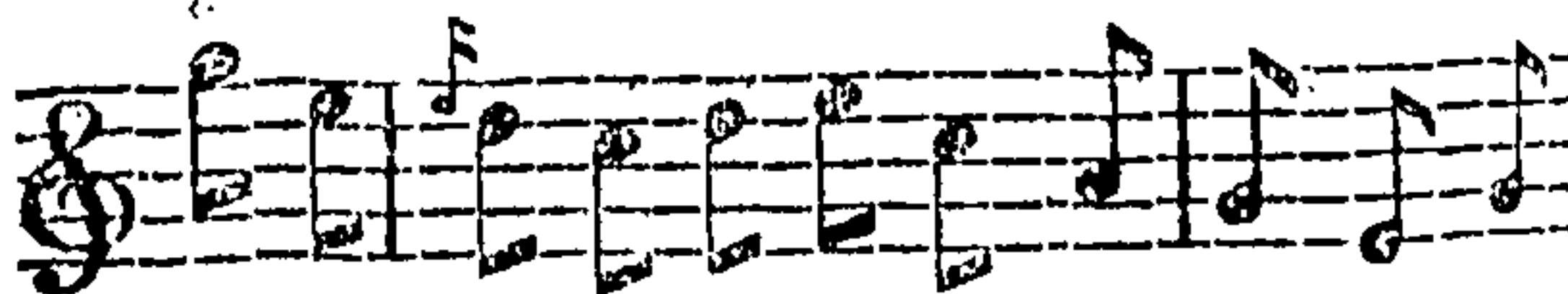
A - way with proud France and her tyrant



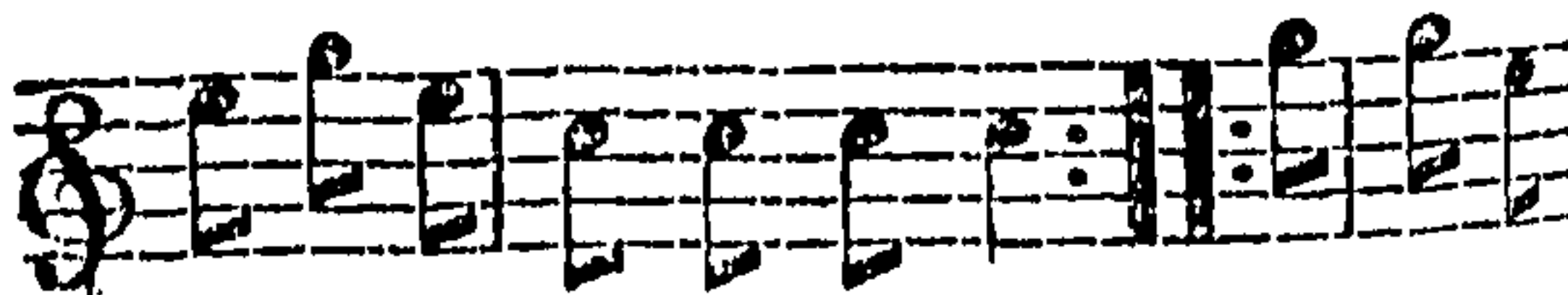
Di - rec - tors, Who make both Re - - ligion and

*tr.*

Vir - tue their sport, Their threats are de - spis'd



by Bri - tannia's protectors, 'Tis Freedom that

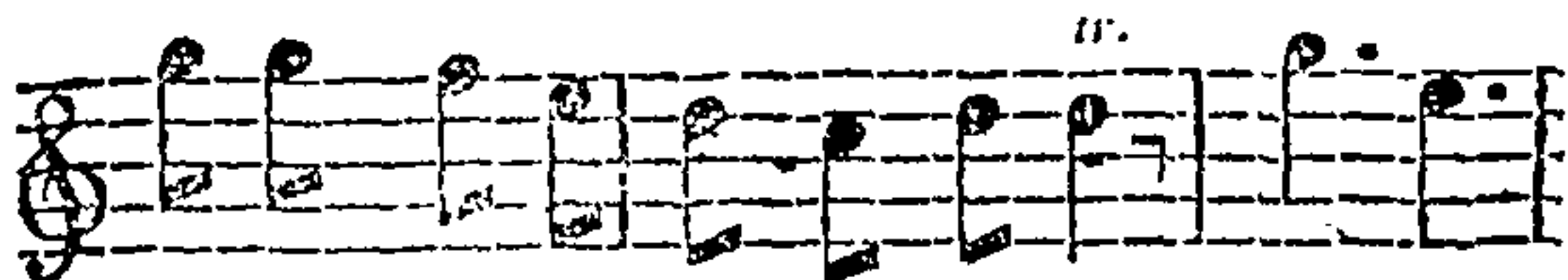


calls to her aid and support.

Bri - tannia



demands our hearts and our hands, A-way, let



us conquer or fall by her side: Come, see



Courage and Li-berty no-bly in-spir-ing the



sons of the Clyde.

'Twas Liberty gave us our commerce and treasure,

She taught us to cultivate science and mirth,

To patronize learning and social pleasure,

To lighten the heart, and give jollity birth:

Come, come Britons all, it is Liberty's call,

Let's haste to her shrine, let us garlands provide;

Come, see

Courage and Liberty,

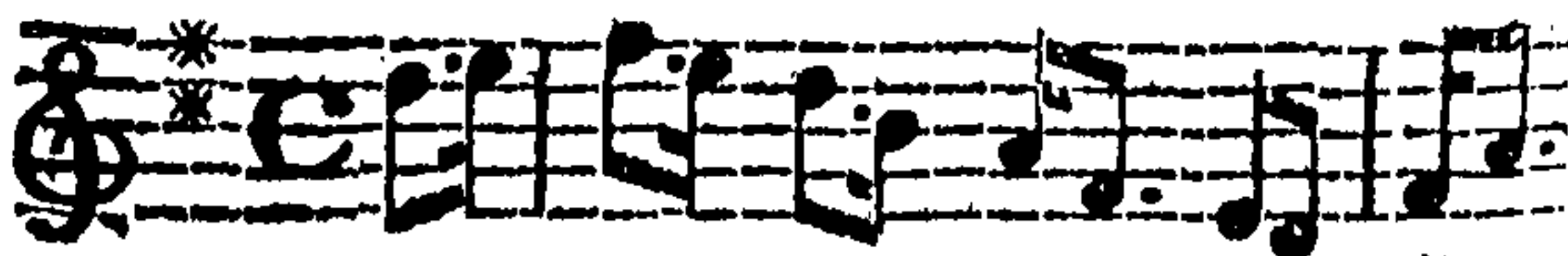
Nobly inspiring the sons of the Clyde.

By Freedom we hold all our foes in defiance,  
 The banner of Britain o'er earth she's unfurl'd,  
 And sovereigns of nations now court her alliance,  
 The terror of states, and the pride of the world.  
 Long, long o'er our isle may Liberty smile,  
 And bless her with monarchs us wisely to guide:  
     Come, see  
     Courage and Liberty,  
 Nobly inspiring the sons of the Clyde.

Make happy, ye fair ones, those heroes of spirit,  
 Who've courage and freedom the land to defend;  
 Be partial to valour, to worth, and to merit,  
 For who well deserves you but Liberty's friend?  
 To guard love and beauty we make it our duty,  
 To aid their felicity still be our pride:  
     Come, see  
     Daughters of Liberty  
 Greeting, with rapture, the sons of the Clyde.

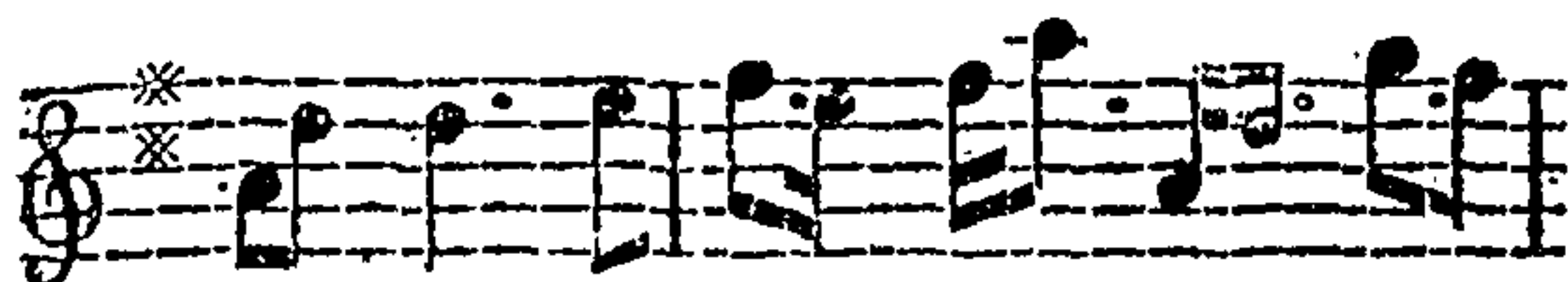
## SONG LXXXIII.

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.



When trees did bud, and fields

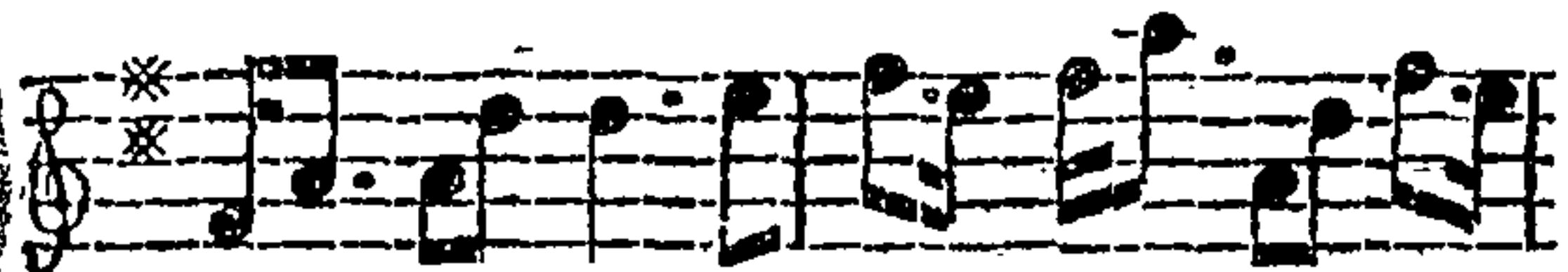




were green, And broom bloom'd fair to



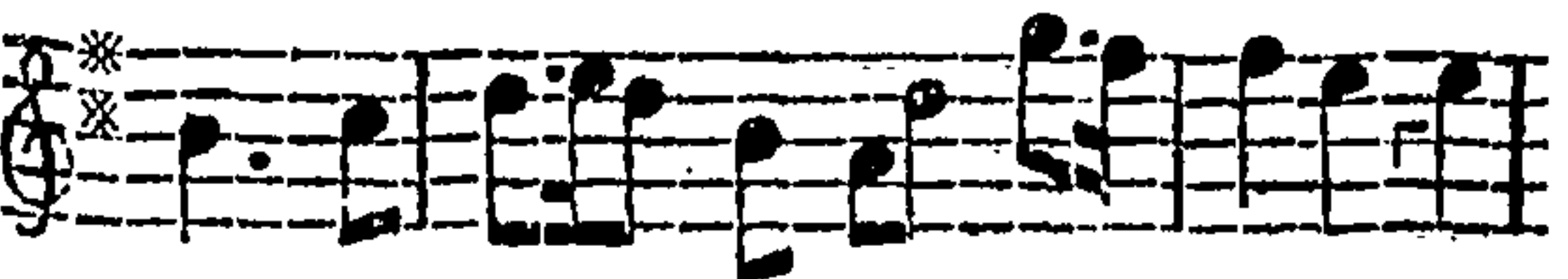
fee, When Ma - - - ry was com-



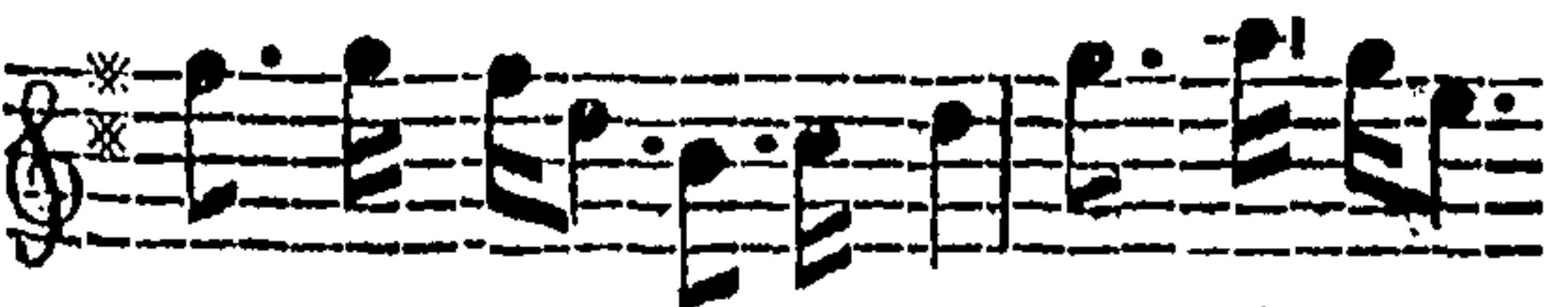
plete fifteen, And love laugh'd in her



e'e, Blyth Da - - vie's blinks her heart did



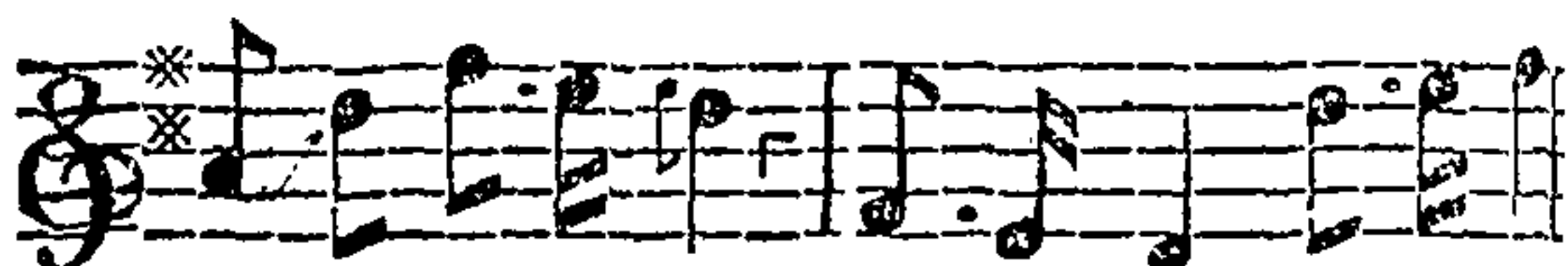
move, To speak her mind thus free, Gang



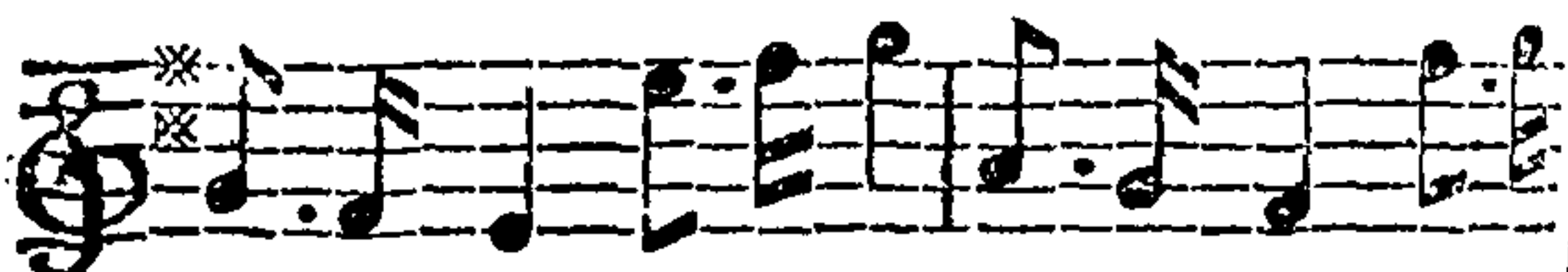
down the burn, Davie, love, down the burn



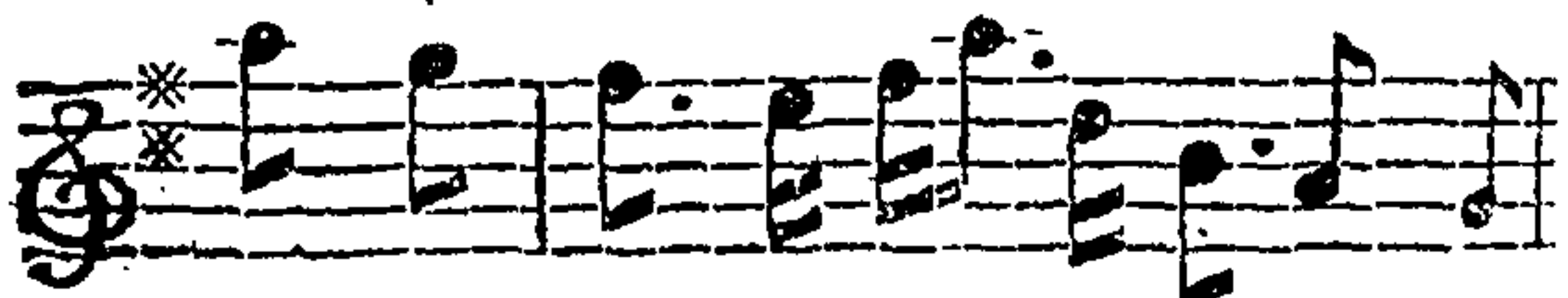
Davie, love, down the burn, Davie, love, and



I will follow thee, down the burn, Davie, love,



down the burn, Davie, love, down the burn, Davie,



love, Gang down the burn, Davie, love, And



I will follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass  
That dwelt on this burn side;  
And Mary was the bonniest lass,  
Just meet to be his bride.

Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,  
Her e'en were bonny blue,  
Her looks were like Aurora bright,  
Her lips like dropping dew.

Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,  
And nothing sure unmeet;  
For, ganging hame, I heard them say,  
They lik'd a walk so sweet.

Blyth Davies blinks, &c.

His cheeks to hers he fondly laid;  
She cry'd, "Sweet love, be true;  
" And when a wife, as now a maid,  
" To death I'll follow you."

Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

As fate had dealt to him a routh,  
Straight to the kirk he led her,  
There plighted her his faith and truth,  
And a bonny bride he made her.  
No more asham'd to own her love,  
Or speak her mind thus free;  
"Gang down the burn, Davie, love,  
" And I will follow thee."

## SONG LXXXIV.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.



I've heard of a lilt - - - ing at



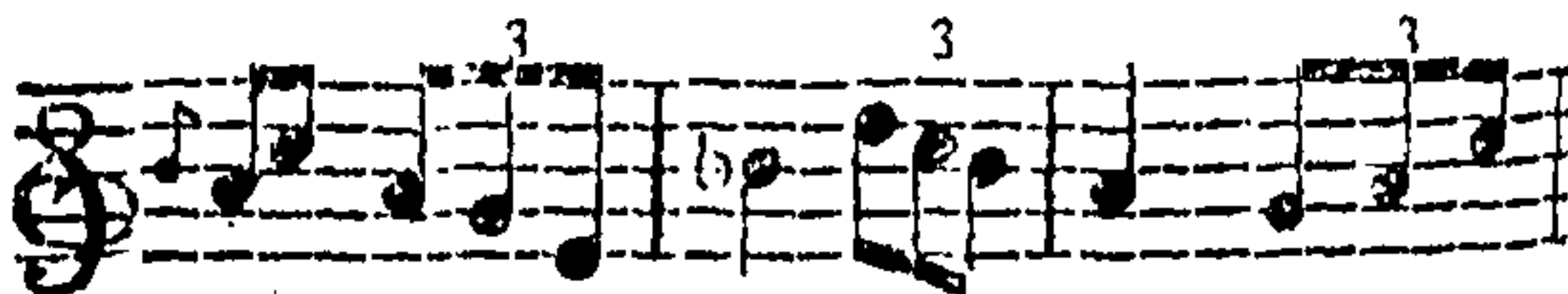
our ewes milk - - - ing, Laf - - fes a'



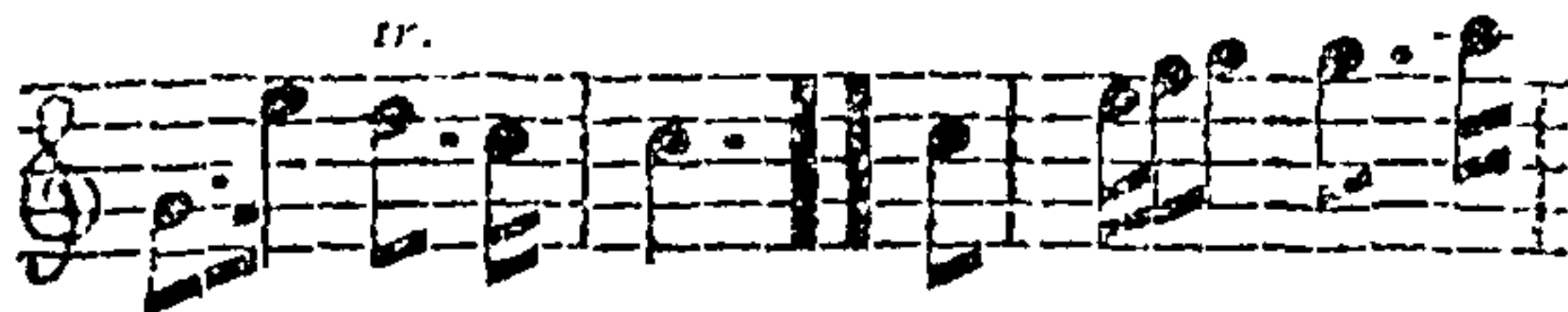
lilt - - ing before the break of day; But



now there's a moan - ing on il - - ka green



loaning, That our braw fo - - ref - ters are

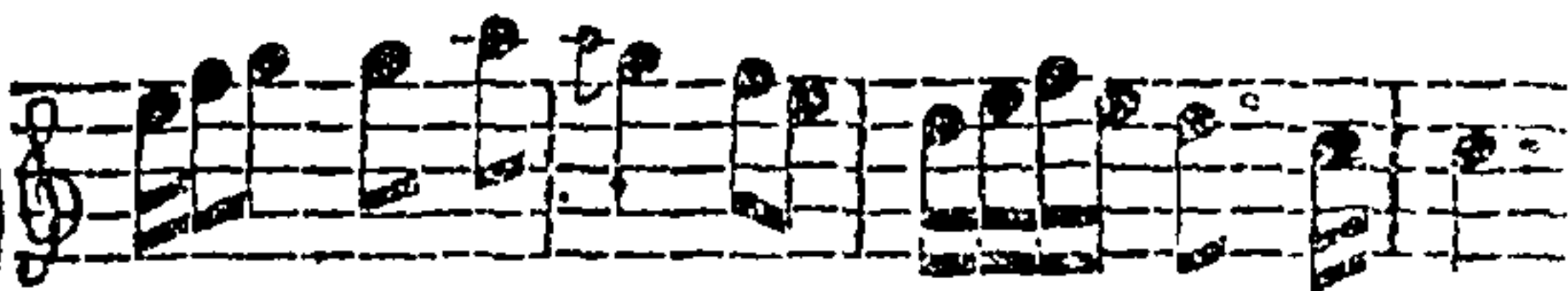
*tr.*

a' wede a-way.

At bughts, in the



morning, nae blyth lads are scorn-ing, The



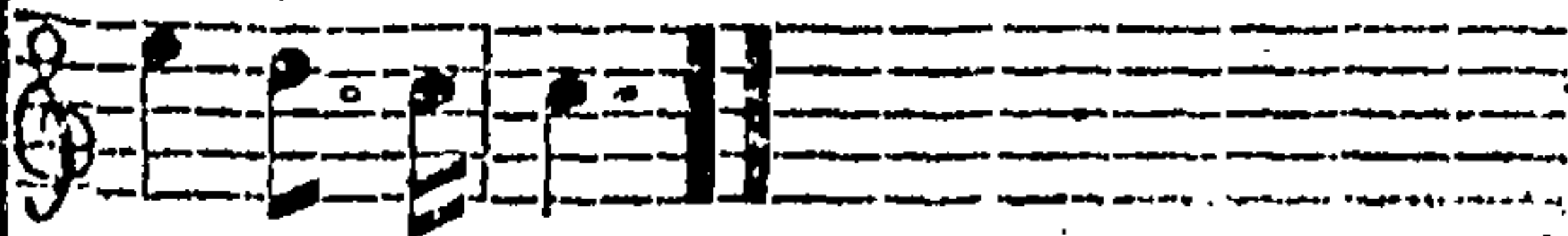
laf---fes are lone-ly, dow---ie, and wae;



Nae daf---fin, nae gabbin, but sigh-ing and



fab-bing, ilk ane lifts her leg--lin, and

*tr.*

hies her a-way..

At e'en at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming  
 'Mangst stacks, with the lasses at bogle to play,  
 But ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her deary,  
 The flowers of the forest that are wede away.  
 At har't, at the sheering, nae younkens are jeering,  
 The ban'sters are runkled, lyart, and grey;  
 At a fair or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,  
 Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

O dool for the order sent our lads to the border!  
 The English, for ance, by guile gat the day;  
 The flowers of the forest, that ay shone the foremost,  
 The prime of our land lies cauld in the clay.  
 We'll hear nae mair liltin' at our ewes milking,  
 The women and bairns are dowie and wae,  
 Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,  
 Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

### SONG LXXXV.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

I'VE seen the smiling of fortune beguiling;  
 I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;  
 Sweet was its blessing, kind its caressing,  
 But now it is fled—fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost

With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;

Nae bonny was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming,

But now they are withered, and weeded away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,

And loud tempest storming before the mid-day;

I've seen Tweed's silver streams shining in the sunny beams,

Grow drumly and dark as they roll'd on their way.

O fickle fortune! why this cruel sporting?

O why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?

Nae mair your smiles can cheer me, nae mair your frowns  
can fear me,

For the flowers of the forest are withered away.



## SONG LXXXVI.

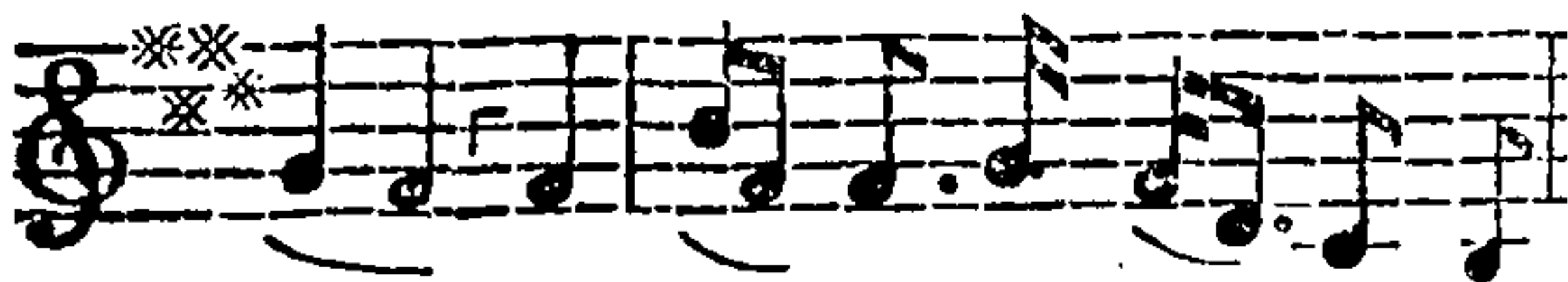
ALONE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.



The day is de - parted, and round from



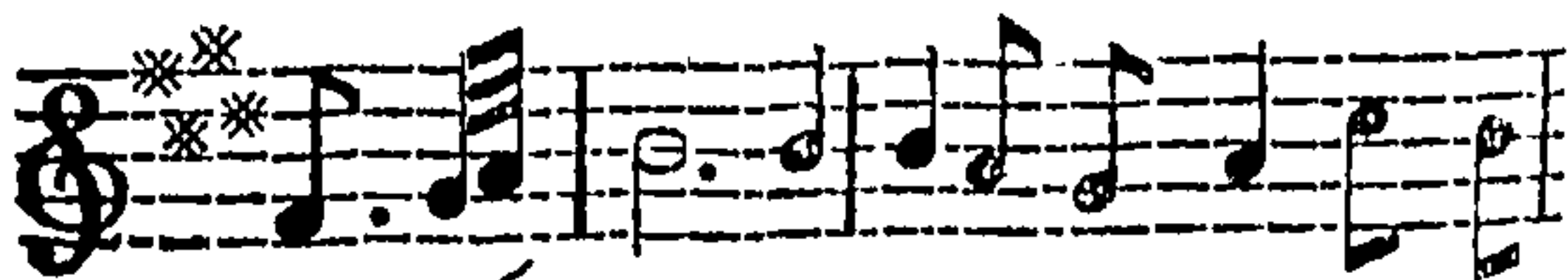
the cloud The moon in her beau - ty ap -



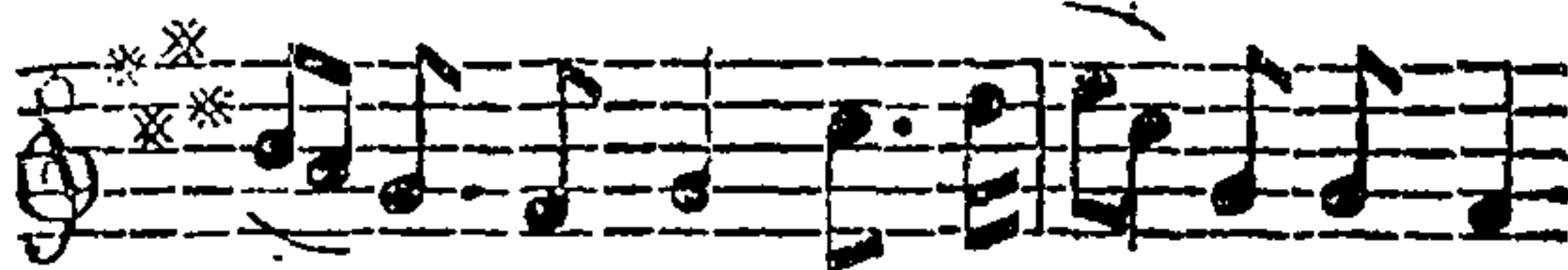
pears; The voice of the night - - ingale



warbles a - loud, The mu - - sic of love



in our ears, Ma - ri - a appear! now the



fea - son so sweet With the beat of the heart



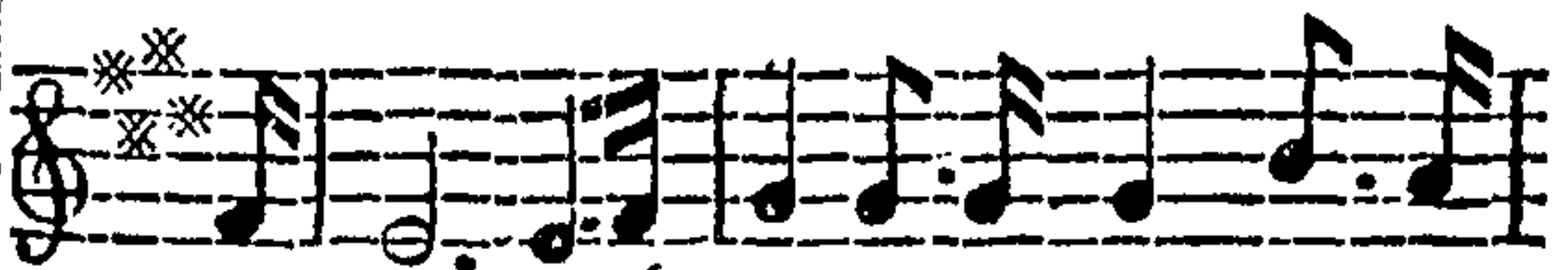
is in tune; The time is so ten - der



for lovers to meet A - lone by the light



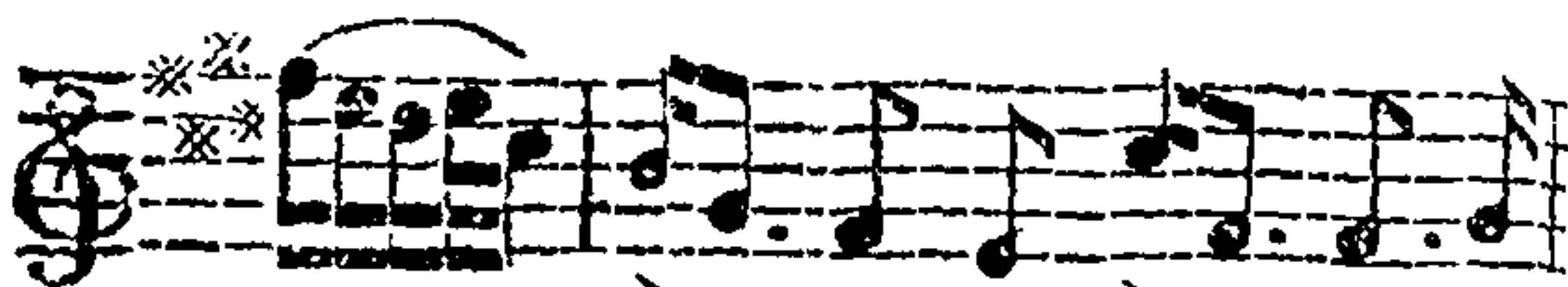
of the moon, A - lone by the light of



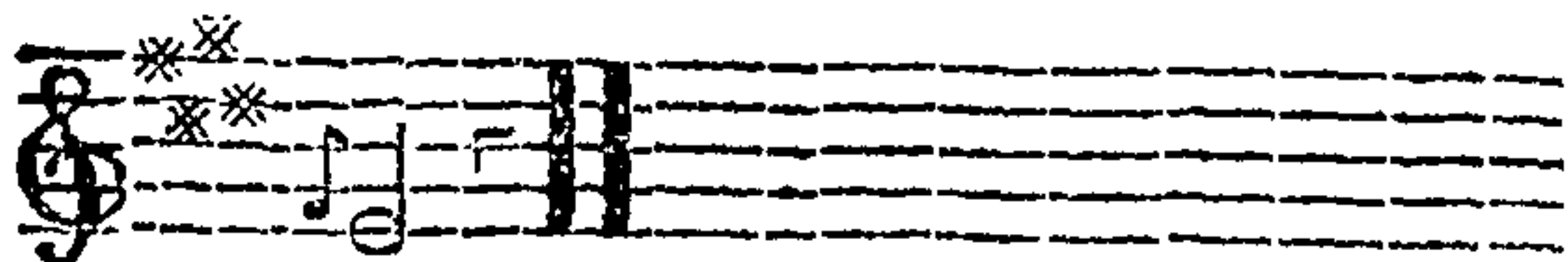
the moon, A - - lone by the light of the



moon, A - lone by the light of the moon,



A - - - - lone by the light of the



moon.

I cannot, when present, unfold what I feel;  
 I sigh—can a lover do more?  
 Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,  
 Yet I think of her all the day o'er.  
 Maria, my love! do you long for the grove,  
 Do you sigh for an interview soon;  
 Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove,  
 Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the shepherds, whenever I hear,  
 My bosom is all in a glow;  
 Your voice, when it vibrates so sweet thro' mine ear,  
 My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.  
 Ye pow'rs of the sky! will your bounty divine  
 Indulge a fond lover his boon;  
 Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,  
 Alone by the light of the moon?

## SONG LXXXVII.

AMANDA.



Un - less with my A - - man - da blest, In



vain I twine the woodbine bow'r; Un-



less to deck her sweet - er breast, In vain



I rear the breath - ing flow'r. A-

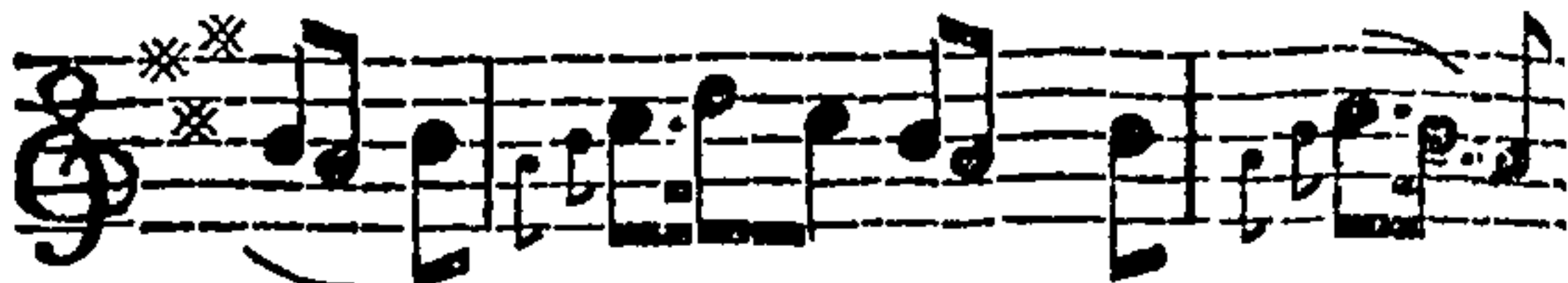


waken'd by the genial year, In vain the

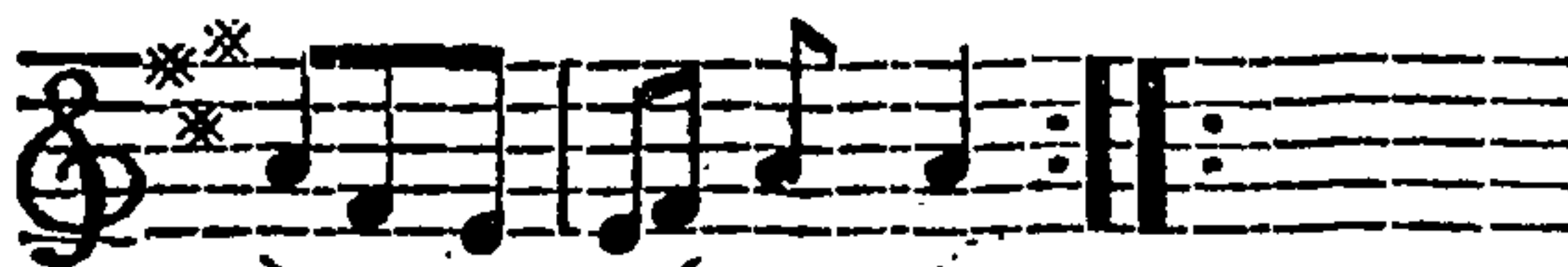
E c



birds a-round me sing, In vain the



fresh'ning fields ap-pear; With - - - out my



love there is no spring.

### SONG LXXXVIII.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

YE banks and braes of bonny Down,  
 How can ye bloom so fresh and fair?  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
 While I'm so wae and fu' o' care?  
 Ye'll break my heart ye little birds,  
 That wanton through the flowering thorn,  
 Ye mind me of departed joys,  
 Departed, never to return.

Oft have I roam'd by bonny Doun,  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,  
 Where ilka bird sung o'er its note,  
 And cheerfully I join'd with mine.  
 Wi' heartsome glee I pull'd a rose,  
 A rose out of yon thorny tree;  
 But my false love has stoln the rose,

~~And left the thorn behind to me.~~

*And left the thorn behind to me.*

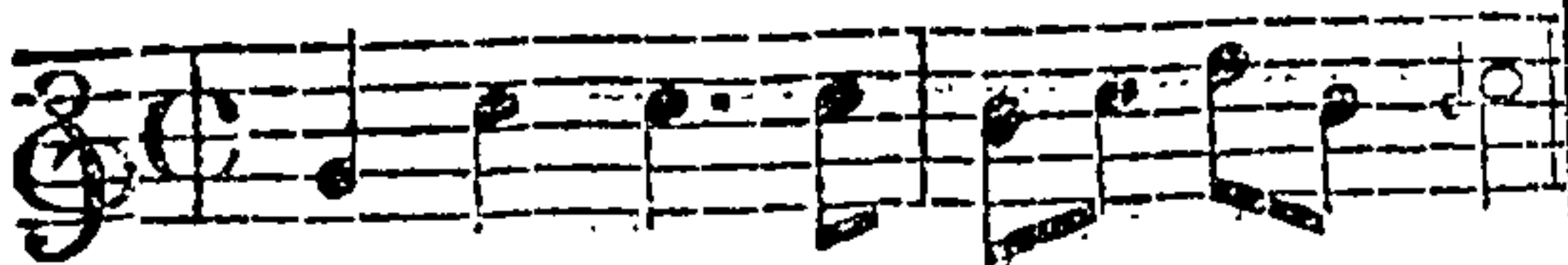
~~Ye roses blaw your bonny blooms,  
 And draw the wild birds by the burn;  
 For Luman promis'd me a ring,  
 And ye maun aid me should I mourn.  
 Ah! na, na, na, ye needna mourn,  
 My een are dim and drowsy worn;  
 Ye bonny birds ye needna sing,  
 For Luman never can return.~~

~~My Luman's love, in broken sighs,  
 At dawn of day by Doun ye'll hear,  
 And mid-day, by the willow green,  
 For him I'll shed a silent tear.~~

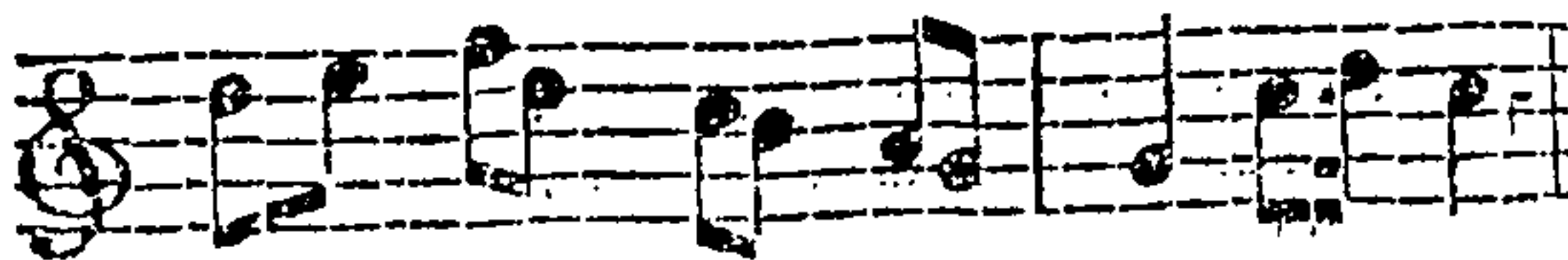
~~Sweet birds, I ken ye'll pity me,  
 And join me wi' a plaintive sang,  
 While echo wakes, and joins the mane  
 I mak' for him I loe'd see lang.~~

## SONG LXXXIX.

LITTLE THINKS THE TOWNSMAN'S WIFE.



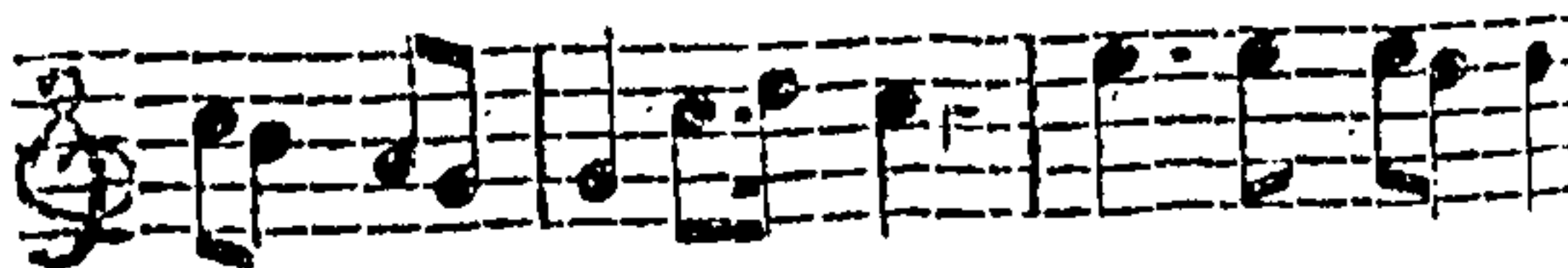
Lit - tle thinks the towns - mans wife,



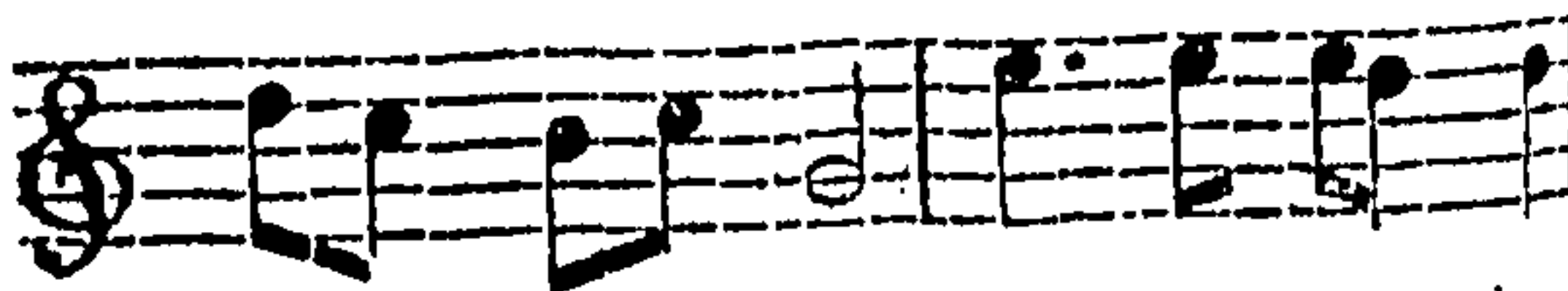
While at home she tar - - - - - ries,



What must be the las - - - sic's life, Who a



fol - - - dier mar - - - ries; Now with wea - ry



march - - - ing spent, Dancing now be-

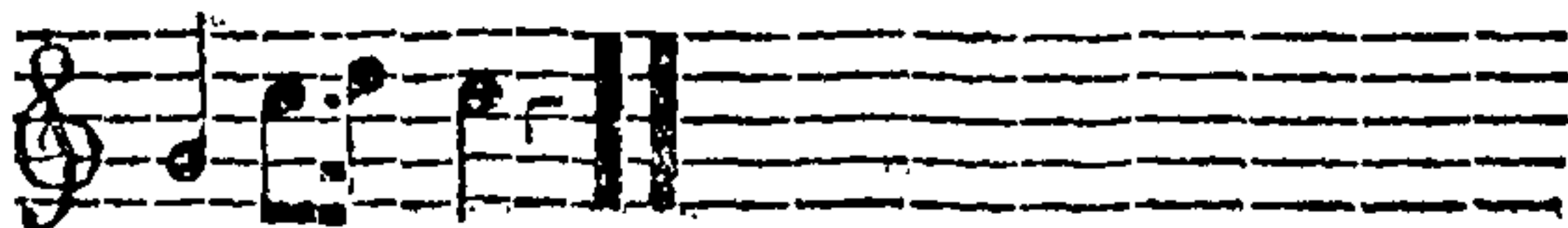




fore the tent; Li - - - ra li - - ra la,



li - - ra li - - ra la, With her jol - - - ly



fol - - - dier.

In the camp at night she lies,  
Wind, and weather scorning,  
Only griev'd her love must rise,  
And quit her in the morning;  
But the doubtful skirmish done,  
Blyth she sings at set of sun,  
Lira lira la, lira lira la,  
With her jolly soldier.

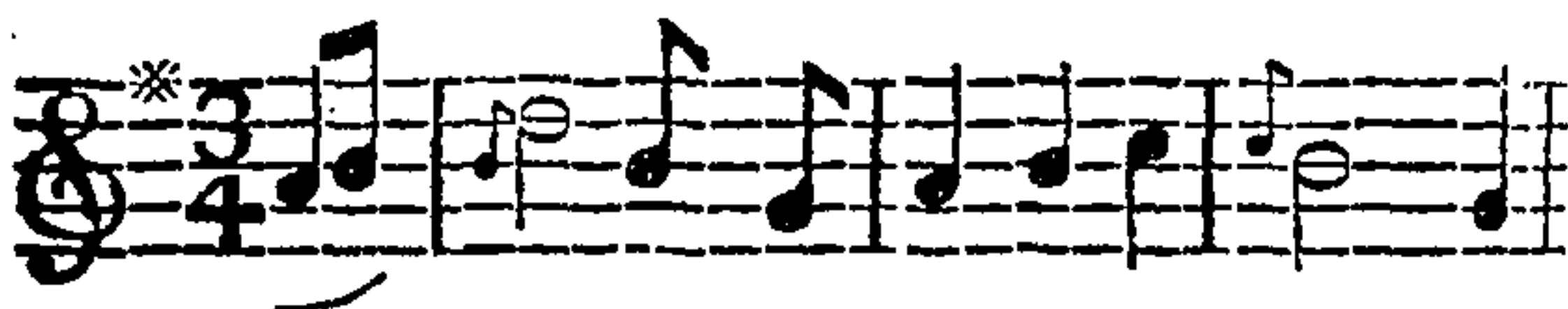
Should the captain of her dear  
Use his vain endeavour,  
Whisp'ring nonsense in her ear,  
Two fond hearts to sever;



At his passion she will scoff;  
 Laughing she will put him off,  
 Lira lira la, lira lira la,  
 For her jolly soldier.

## SONG XC.

## QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.



I sigh and lament me in vain, These



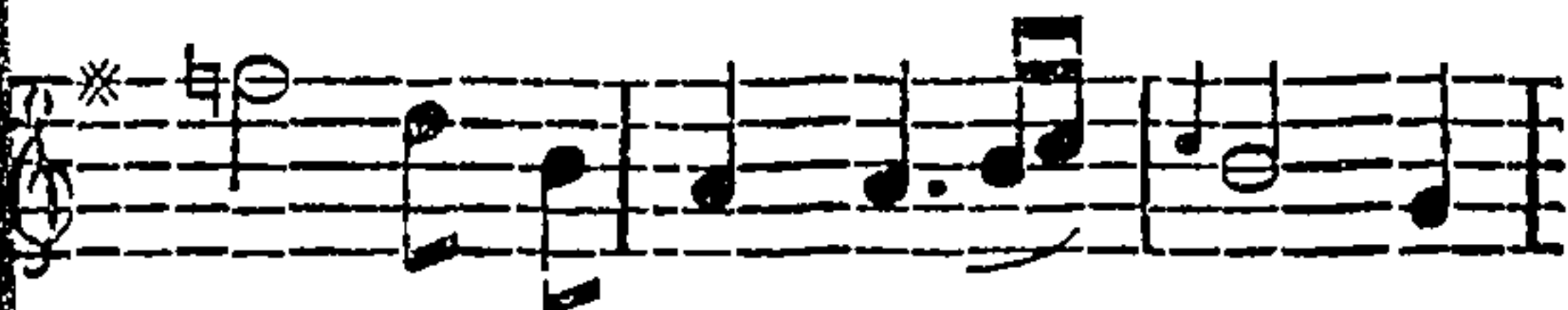
walls can but e - - - cho my moan, A-



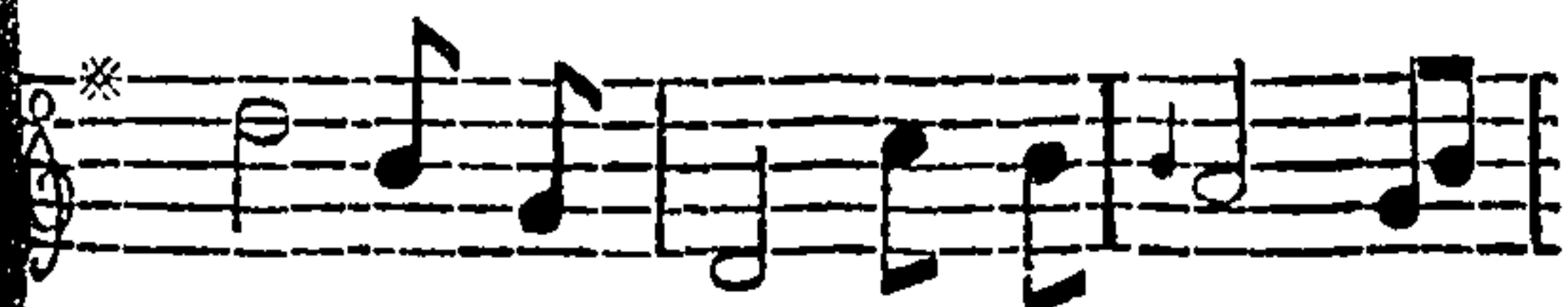
las, it in - - - creases my pain, When I



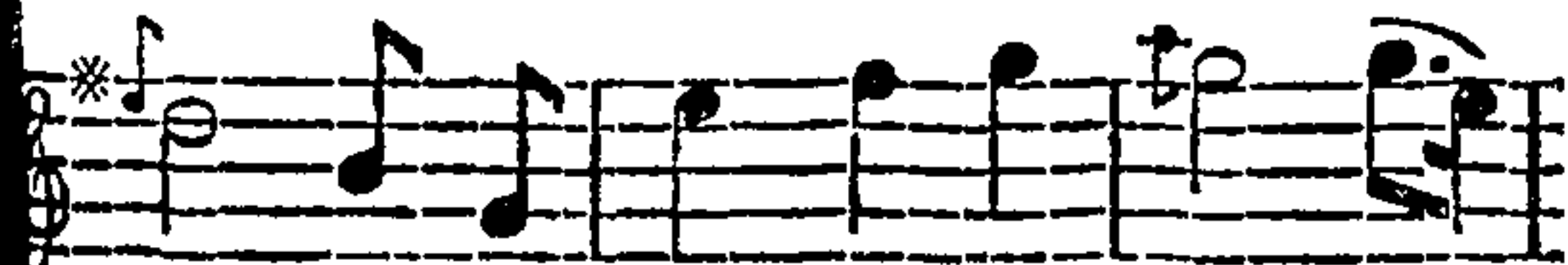
think of the days that are gone: Thro' the



grate of my pri - - son, I see The



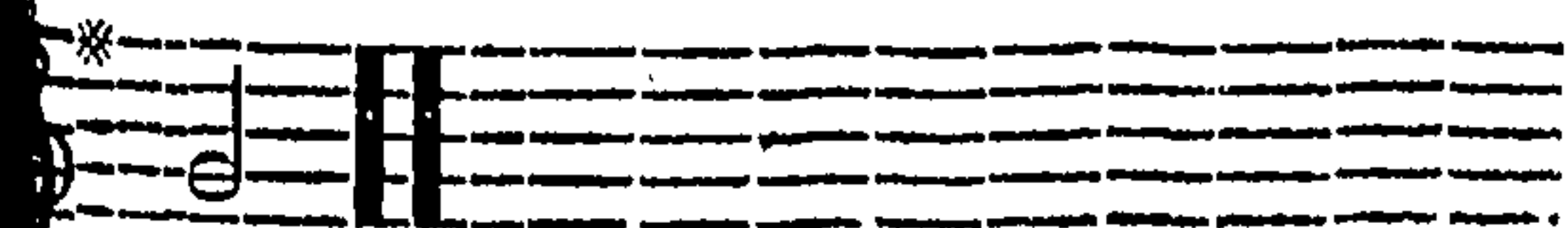
birds as they wan - ton in air, My



heart how it pants to be free! My



looks they are wild with de-



spair.

Above, tho' oppress'd by my fate,  
I burn with contempt for my foes,  
Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,  
She ne'er can subdue me to those.  
False woman! in ages to come  
Thy malice detested shall be;  
And when we are cold in the tomb,  
Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,  
With silence and solitude dwell,  
How comfortless passes the day,  
How sad tolls the evening bell;  
The owls from the battlements cry,  
Hollow wind seems to murmur around,  
"O Mary, prepare thee to die,"  
My blood it runs cold at the sound.

## SONG XCI.

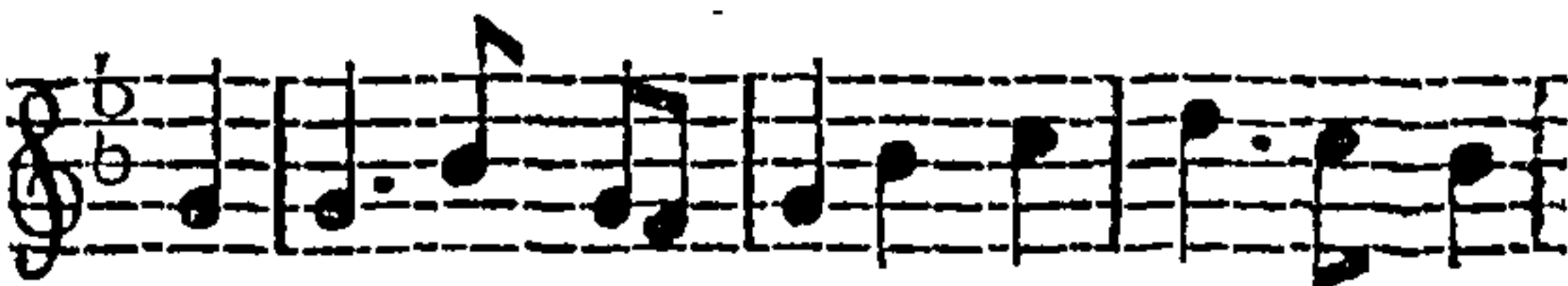
TAM GLEN.



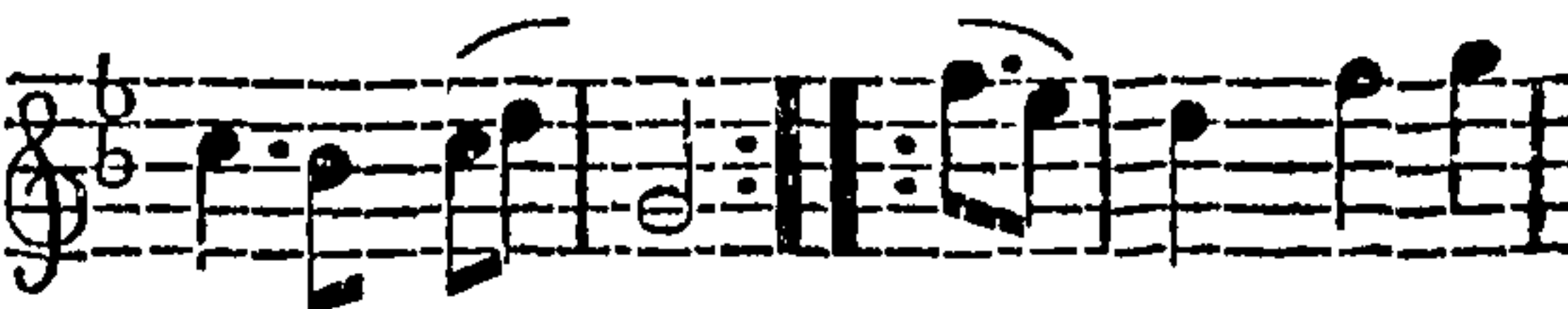
My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie, Some



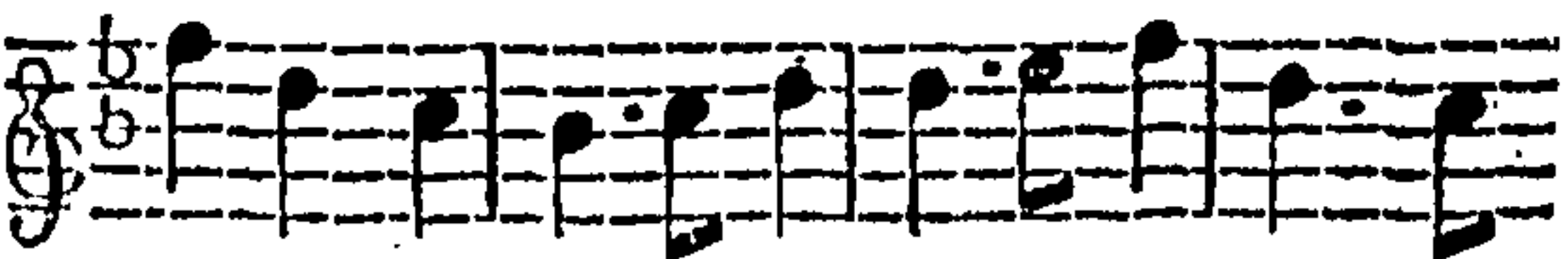
counsel un-to me come len', To an-ger



them a' were a pi-ty, But what will I



do wi' Tam Glen? I'm thinking wi'

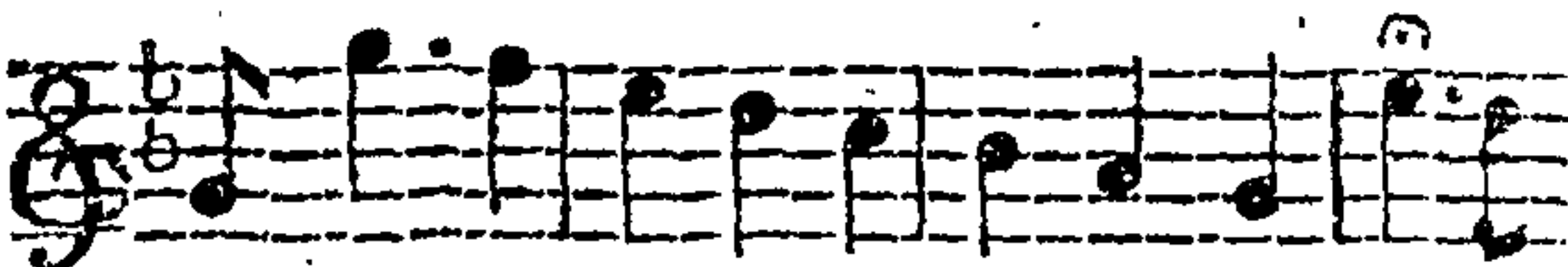


hie a braw fallow, In poortith I might mak'

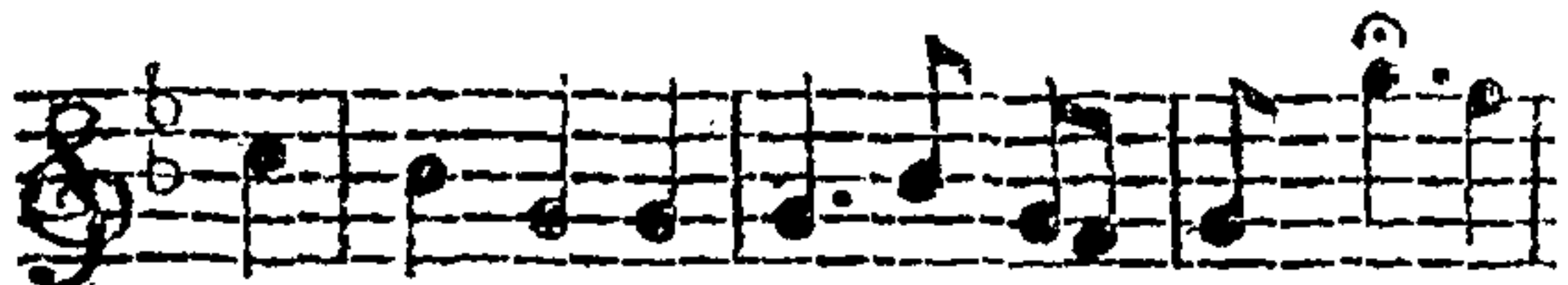
F f



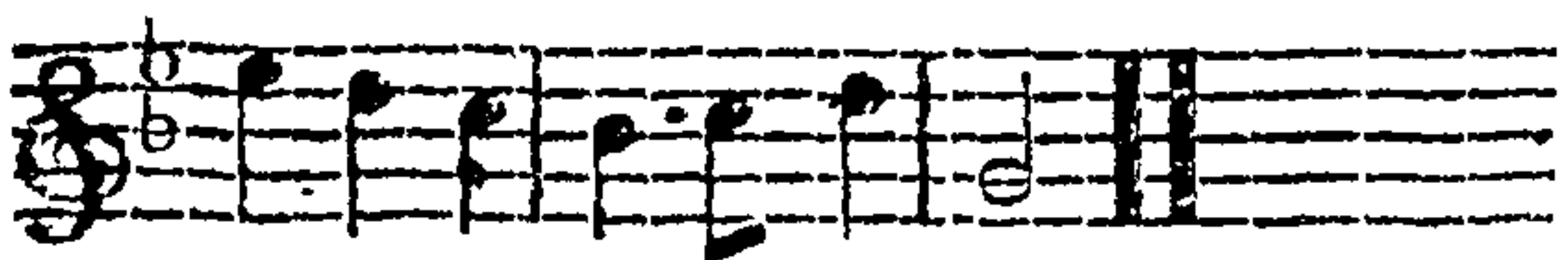
a fen; What care I in rich-es to



wallow, If I manna mar-ry Tam Glen?



What care I in rich-es to wallow, If



I manna marry Tam Glen.

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller

'Gude day to you brute,' he comes ben,  
He brags and he blaws o' his filler,

But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My Minnie does constantly deave me,

And bids me beware o' young men;

They flatter, she says, to deceive me,

But wha can think fae o' Tam Glen?

They flatter, &c.

My Daddie says gin I'll forsake him,  
He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten,  
But if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him,  
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?  
Yestreen, at the valentines dealing,  
My heart to my mou' gaed a stien,  
For thrice I drew ane without failing,  
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.  
For thrice I drew, &c.

The last hallowe'en I was wauking  
My drouket fark-sleeve, as ye ken,  
His likeness cam' up the house stauking,  
And the very grey brecks o' Tam Glen.  
Come counsel, deat Tittie, don't tarry;  
I'll gi'e you my bonnie black hen,  
Gif ye will advise me to marry,  
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.  
Gif ye will, &c.

## SONG XCII.

TOPSAILS SHIVER IN THE WIND.



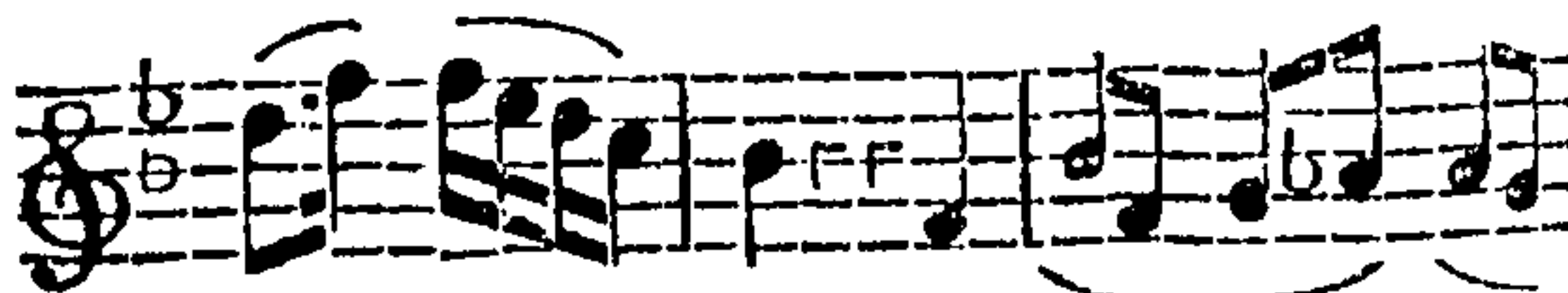
The topsails shi - - - ver in the wind, The



ship she casts to sea; But yet my



soul, my heart, my mind, are, Ma - - - ry,



moor'd with thee. For tho' thy fai-



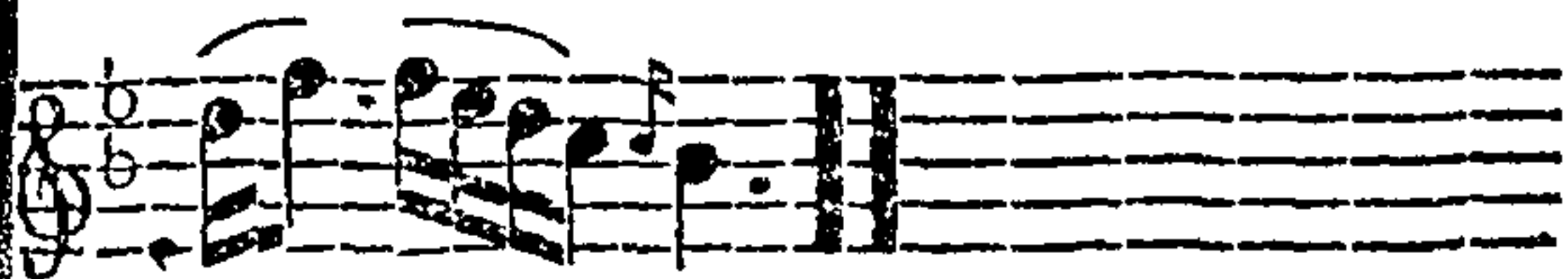
lor's bound a - - far, Still love shall be his



lead - ing star; For though thy fai - lor's



hound a - - far, Still love shall be his



lead - - - ing star.

Should landmen flatter when we're fail'd,  
O doubt their artful tales;  
No gallant failor ever fail'd,  
If love breath'd constant gales;  
Thou art the compass of my soul,  
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

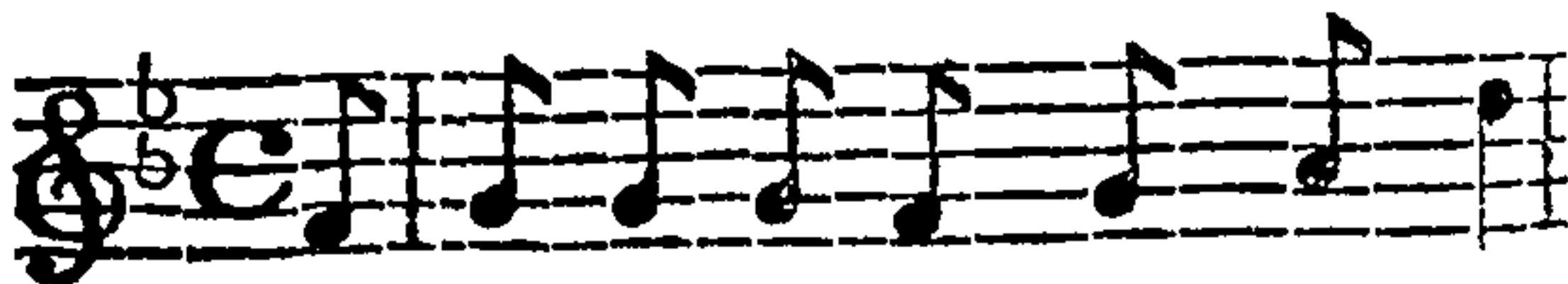
Shens in every port we meet,  
More fell than rocks or waves;  
But such as grace the British fleet,  
Are lovers and not slaves:  
No foes our courage shall subdue,  
Altho' we've left our hearts with you.



These are our cares,—but if you're kind,  
 We'll scorn the dashing main,  
 The rocks, the billows, and the wind,  
 The power of France and Spain:  
 Now England's glory rests with you,  
 Our sails are full, sweet girls, Adieu!

## SONG XCIII.

THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATY.



Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,



Coming down the street, my joe? My mistress



in her tãr-tan screen, Fu' bonnie, braw and



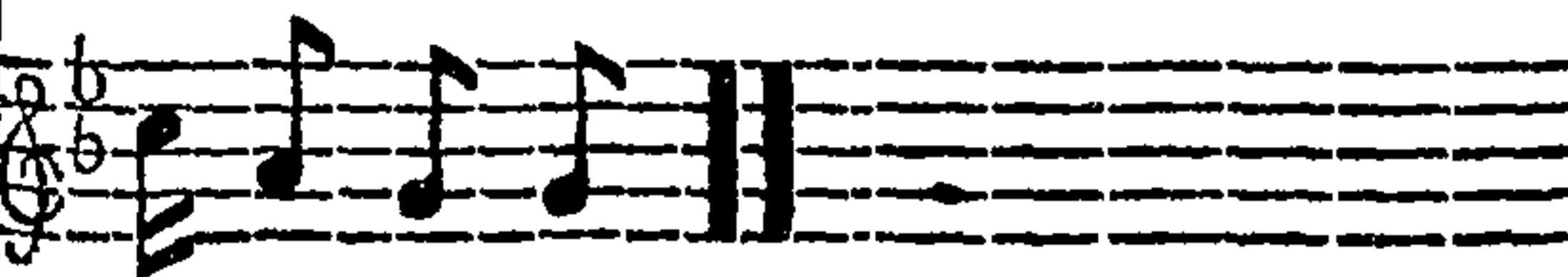
sweet, my joe. My dear, quoth I, thanks to



the night, That never wish'd a lover ill, Since



ye're out of your mither's sight, Let's tak' a wauk



up to the hill.

O Katy, wiltu' gang wi' me,  
 And leave the dunsome town a while,  
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,  
 And a' the summer's gawn to smile:  
 The mavis, nightingale, and lark,  
 The bleating lambs and whistling hind,  
 In ilka dale, green shaw, and park,  
 Will nourish health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear gudeman of day  
Inhales his morning draught of dew,  
We'll gae to some burn-side and play,  
And gather flow'rs to busk ye'r brow :  
We'll pu' the daistics on the green,  
The lucken gowans frae the bog;  
Between hands, now and then we'll lean  
And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,  
A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,  
A canny, fast, and flow'ry den,  
Where circling birks have form'd a bower ;  
Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,  
We'll to that cauler shade remove,  
There will I lock thee in my arms,  
And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

## SONG XCIV.

KATH'INE OGIE.

Slow.





thin'd though it was fo - - - gie, I



ask'd her name: Sweet Sir, she said, My



name is Kath'rine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,  
 To see a nymph so stately;  
 So brisk an air there did appear  
 In this dear maid so neatly.  
 Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,  
 Like lillies in a bogie;  
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd  
 Like this same Kath'rine Ogie.

'Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,  
 Who sees thee, sure must prize thee;  
 Tho' thou art dress'd in robes but mean,  
 Yet these cannot disguise thee;

Thy handsome air and graceful look,  
Excels a clownish dogie ;  
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,  
My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

O were I but some shepherd twain ;  
To feed my flock beside thee,  
At bughting-time to leave the plain,  
In milking to abide thee ;  
I'd think myself a happier man,  
With Kate, my club, and dogie,  
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,  
Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,  
And statesmen's dang'rous stations :  
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,  
I'd smile at conqu'ring nations ;  
Might I caress and still possess  
This lass of whom I'm vogie ;  
For these are toys, and still look less,  
Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

I fear the gods have not decreed  
For me so fine a creature,  
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed  
All other works in nature.  
Clouds of despair surround my love,  
That are both dark and fogie :  
Pity my case, ye pow'rs above,  
I die for Kath'rine Ogie.

## SONG XCV.

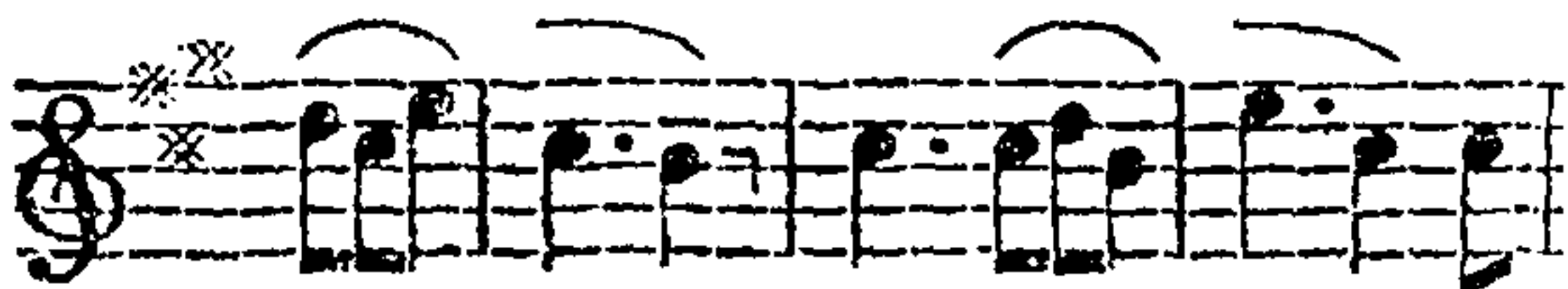
HENRY'S COTTAGE MAID.



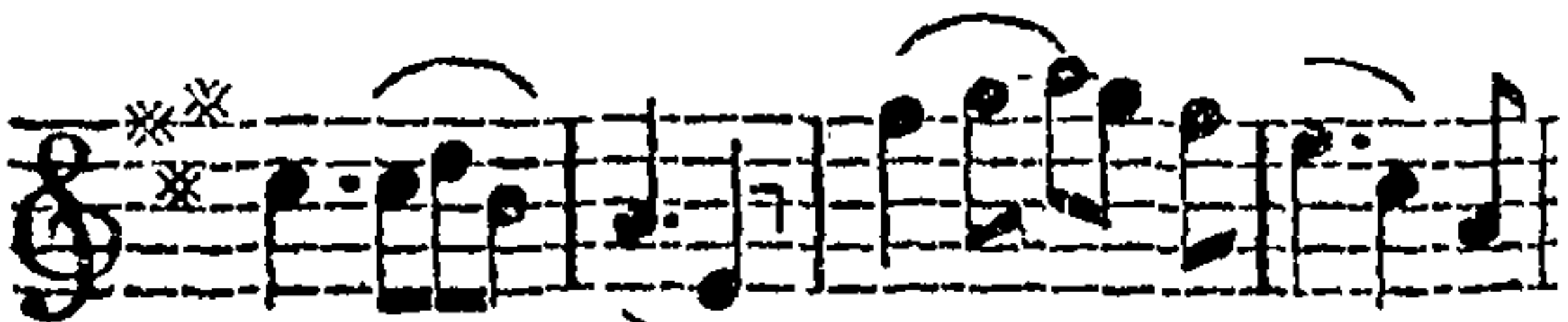
Ah, where can fly my soul's true



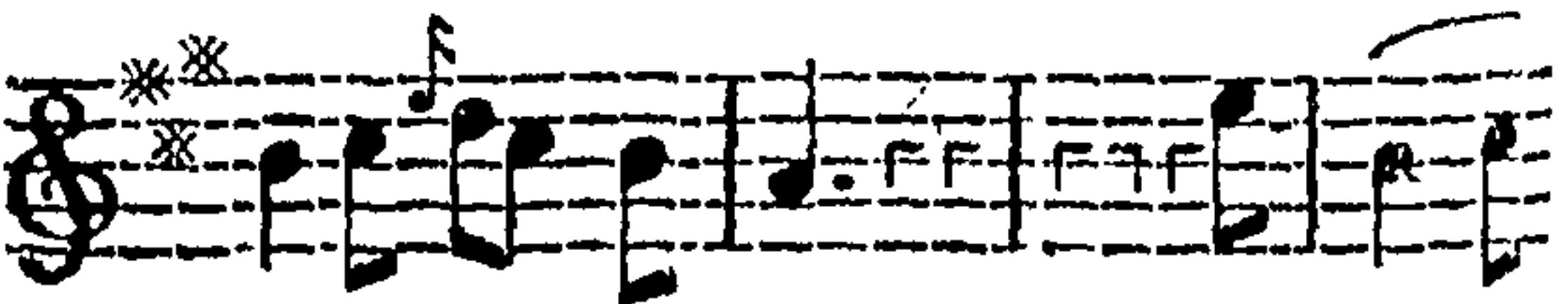
love? Sad I wan - - der this



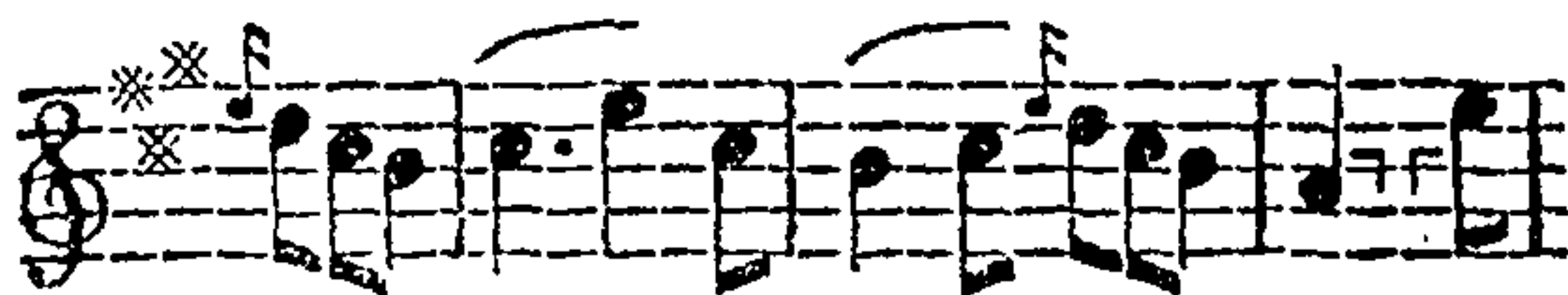
lone grove; Sighs and tears for



him I fled, Hen - - - ry is from



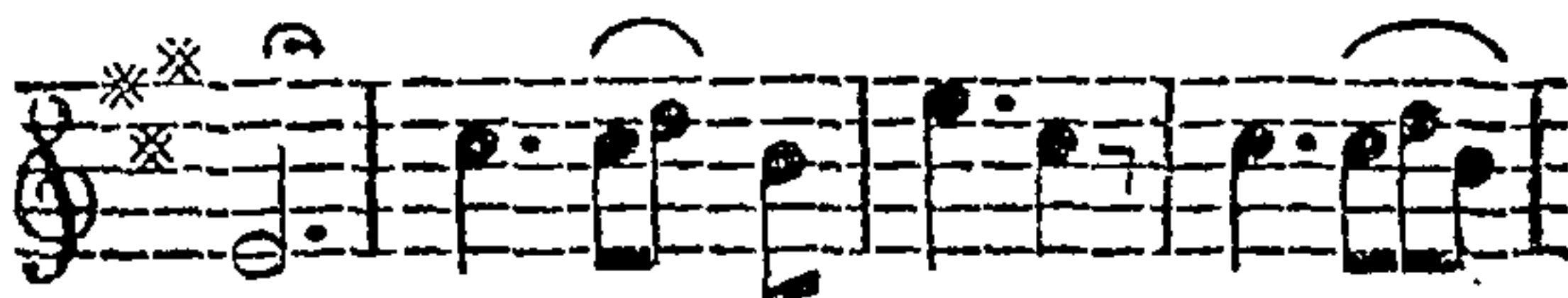
Lau - - - ra fled. Thy love



to me thou didst in - - part, Thy



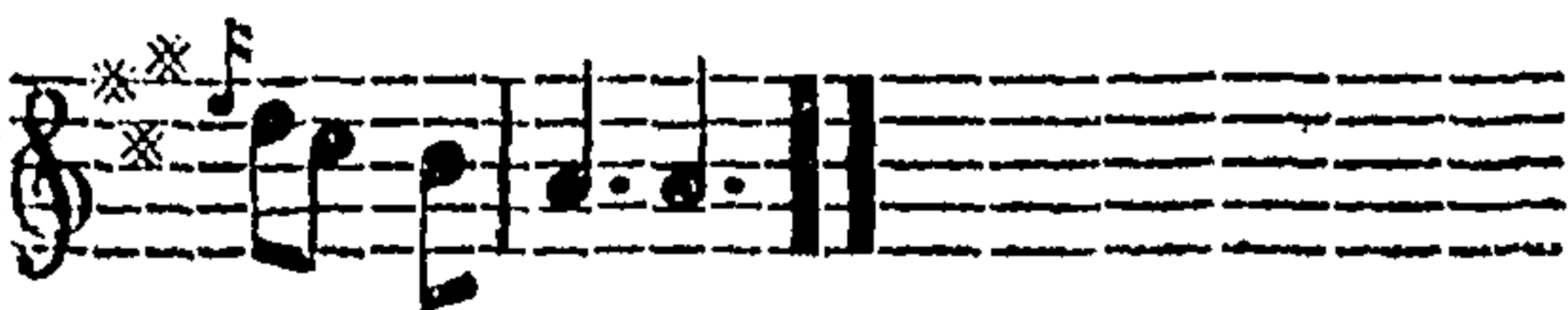
love soon won my vir - - - - gin



heart: But, dear - est Henry, thou'lt be-



tray'd Thy - - - - love with thy poor



cot - tage maid.

Through the vale my grief appears,  
Sighing sad, with pearly tears:  
Oft thy image is my theme,  
As I wander on the green:

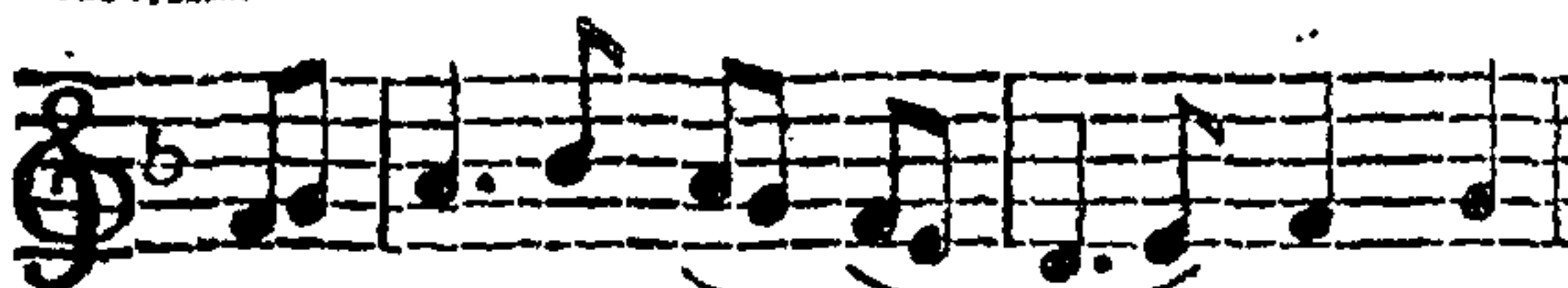


See, from my cheek the colour flies,  
 And love's sweet hope within me dies;  
 For oh! dear Henry, thou'lt betray'd  
 Thy love, with thy dear village maid.

## SONG KCVI.

THE MILLER.

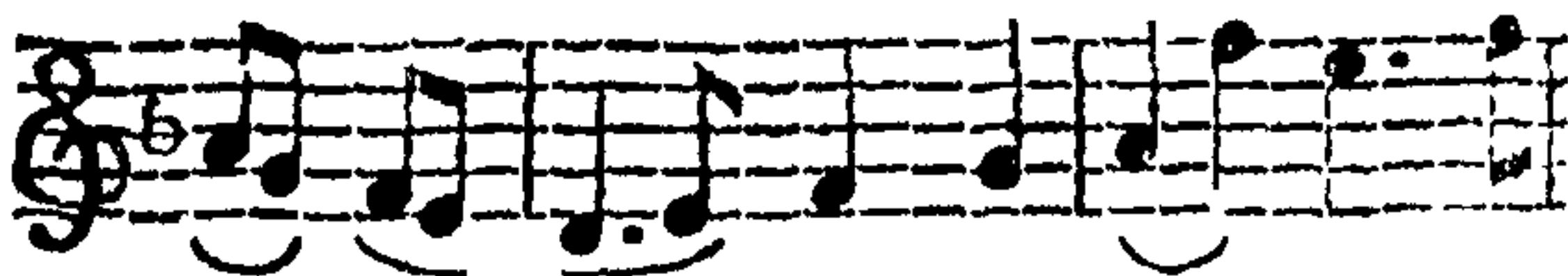
Slowish.



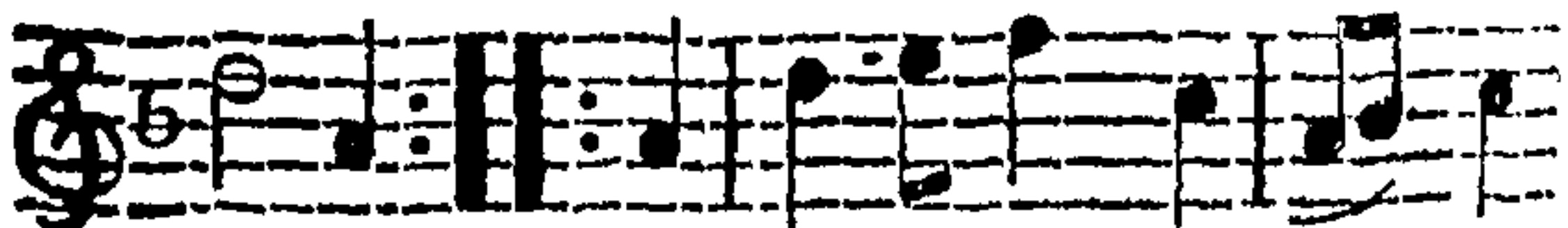
O mer - ry may the maid be That



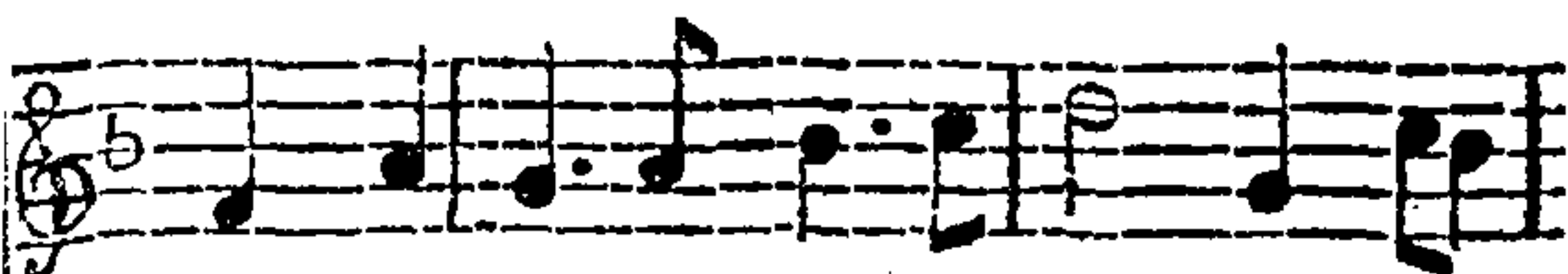
marries with the mil - ler, For foul



day and fair day, He's ay bringing



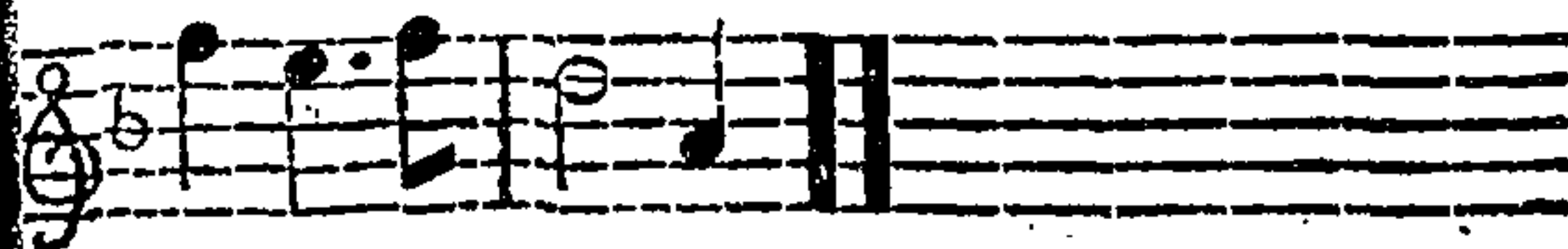
till her. Has ay a pen - ny in his



purse, For dinner and for sup - per; And,



gin she please, a good fat cheese, And lumps



of yellow butter.

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

Behind the door a bag of meal,  
 And in the kist was plenty  
 Of good hard cakes his mither bakes,  
 And bannocks were na scanty;  
 A good fat sow, a sleeky cow  
 Was standing in the byre;  
 Whilst lazy puss with mealy mouse  
 Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,  
And bids me tak' the miller;  
For foul day and fair day  
He's ay bringing till her;  
For meal and malt she does na want,  
Nor ony thing that's dainty;  
And now and then a keckling hen,  
To lay her eggs in plenty.

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 fu' nappy;  
Who'd be a king!—a petty thing,  
When a miller lives so happy.

## SONG XCVII.

KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

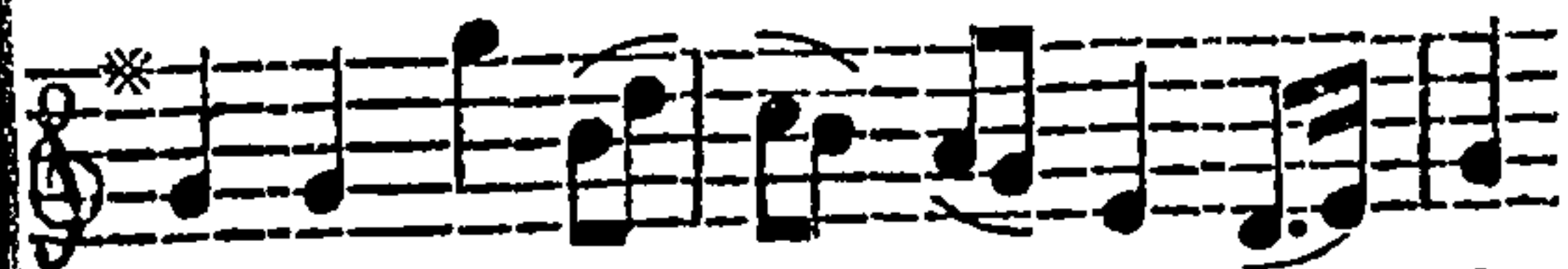
Andantino.



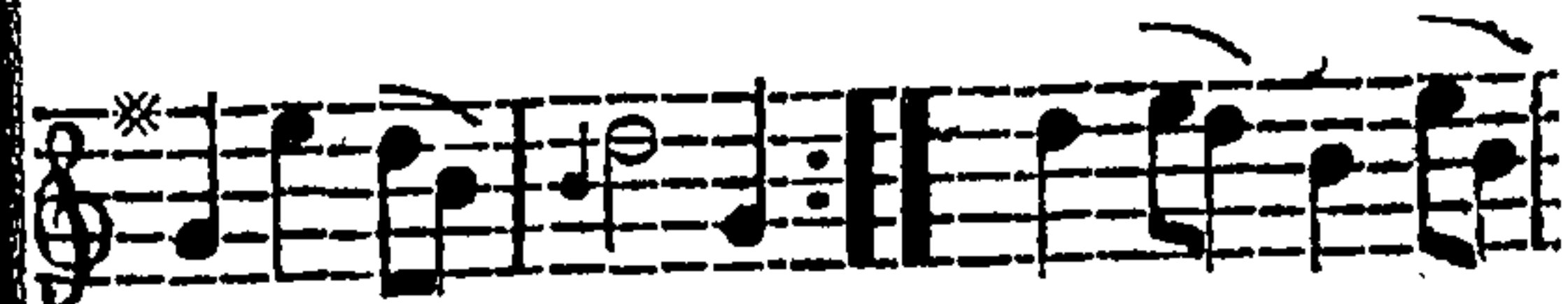
Ro - - bin is my on - - - ly jo, For



Ro - - bin has the art to lo'e, So

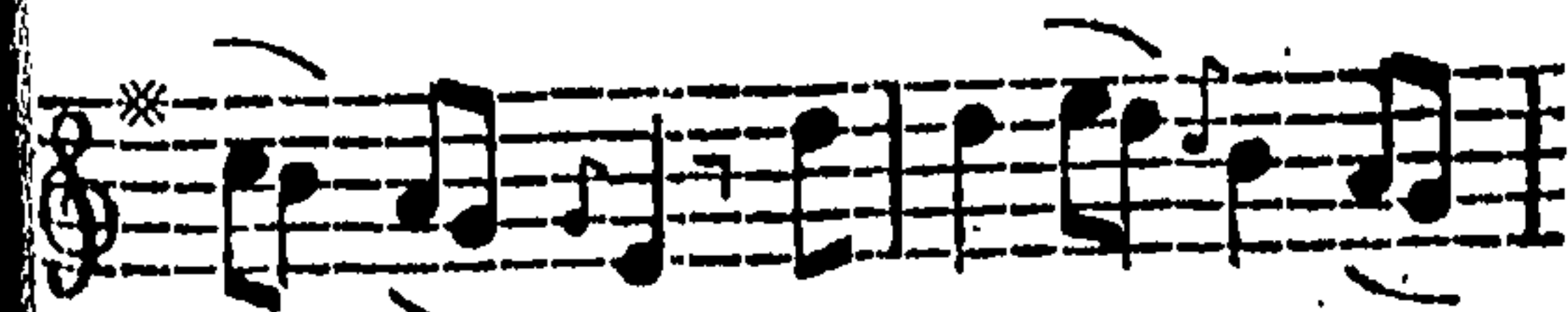


to his suit I mean to bow, Be - cause



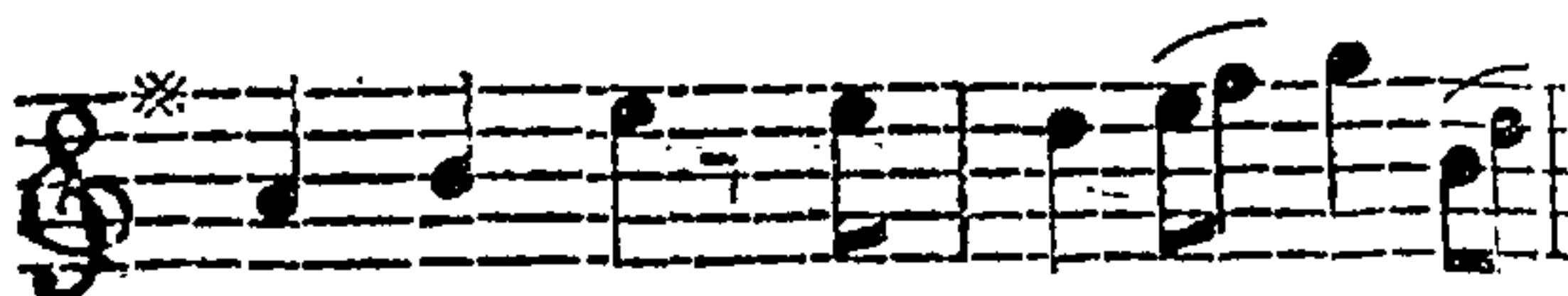
I ken he lo'es me.

Hap - py, hap - py



was the show'r, That led me to his

H h



bird - en bow'r, Where first of love I



found the pow'r, And kend that Ro - bin



lo'e'd me.

They speak of napkins, speak of rings,  
 Speak of gloves and kissing-strings,  
 And name a thousand bonny things,  
 And ca' them signs he lo'es me:  
 But I'd prefer a smack of Rob,  
 Seated on the velvet fog,  
 To gifts as lang's a plaiden wab,  
 Because I ken he lo'es me.

He's tall and sonsy, frank and free,  
 Loe'd by a' and dear to me,  
 Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,  
 Because my Robin lo'es me.

My Titty Mary said to me,  
Our courtship but a joke wad be,  
And I, ere lang, be made to see,  
That Robin did nae lo'e me.

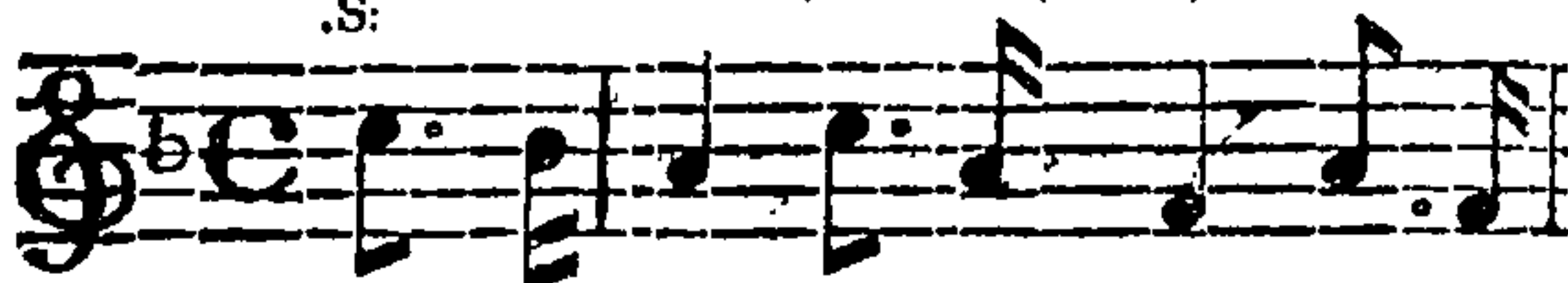
But little kens she what has been  
Me and my honest Rob between,  
And in his wooing, O sae keen  
Kind Robin is that lo'es me.  
Then fly ye lazy hours away,  
And hasten on the happy day,  
When 'join your hands,' Mefs John shall say,  
And mak' him mine that lo'es me.

Till then, let ev'ry chance unite,  
To weigh our love and fix delight,  
And I'll look on a' such wi' spite,  
Wha doubt that Robin lo'es me.  
O hey, Robin, quo' she,  
O hey, Robin, quo' she,  
O hey, Robin, quo' she.  
Kind Robin lo'es me.

## SONG XCVIII.

THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

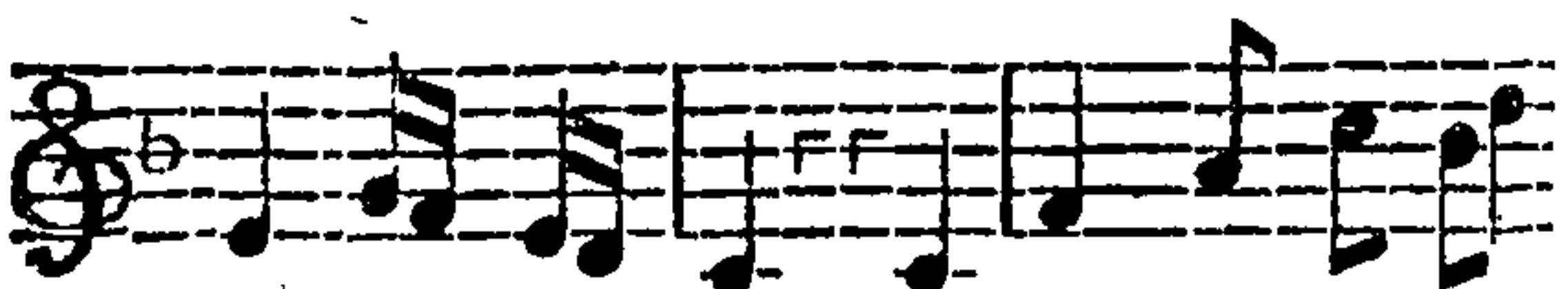
.S:



When my mo - ney was gone, that I



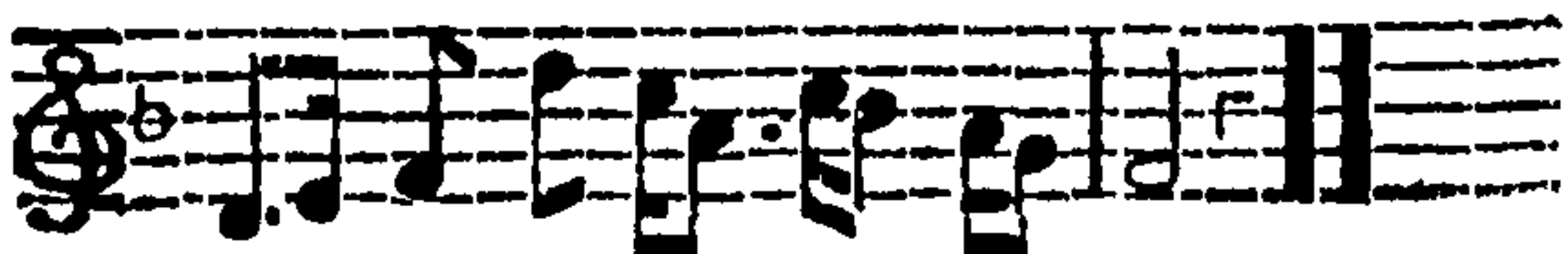
gain'd in the wars, And the world 'gan to



frown on my fate, What matter'd my zeal,



or my ho - - nour - - ed fears, When in-



dif - - ference stood at each gate.

The face that would smile when my purse was well lin'd,  
Shew'd a different aspect to me;  
And when I could nought but ingratitude find,  
I hied once again to the sea.

I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,  
Or to bear with cold looks on the shore,  
So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,  
And a trifle, alas! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,  
Which over my shoulder I threw,  
Away then I trudg'd, with a heart rather sad,  
To join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubled by far than my mind,  
For when the wide main I survey'd,  
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,  
And Fortune a slippery jade:

And vow'd, if once more I could take her in tow,  
I'd let the ungrateful ones see,  
That the turbulent winds and the billows could show  
More kindness than they did to me.



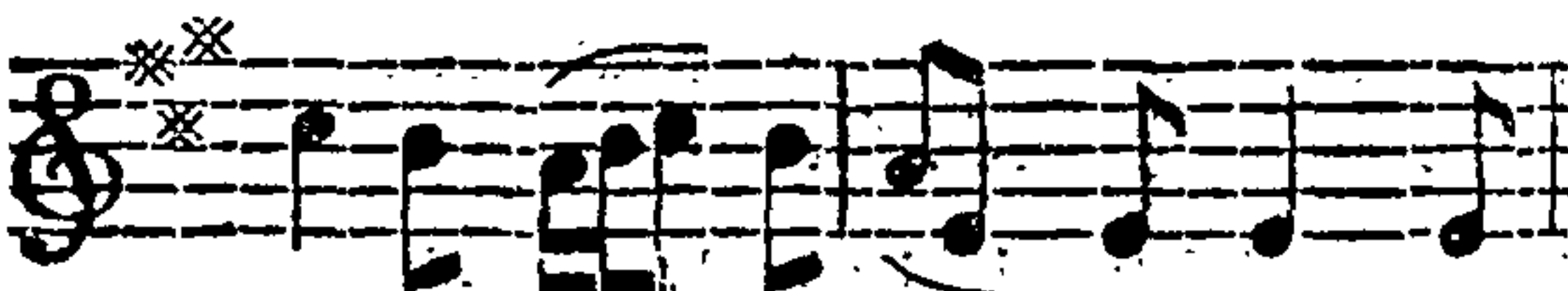
## SONG XCIX.

## UNGRATEFUL NANNY.

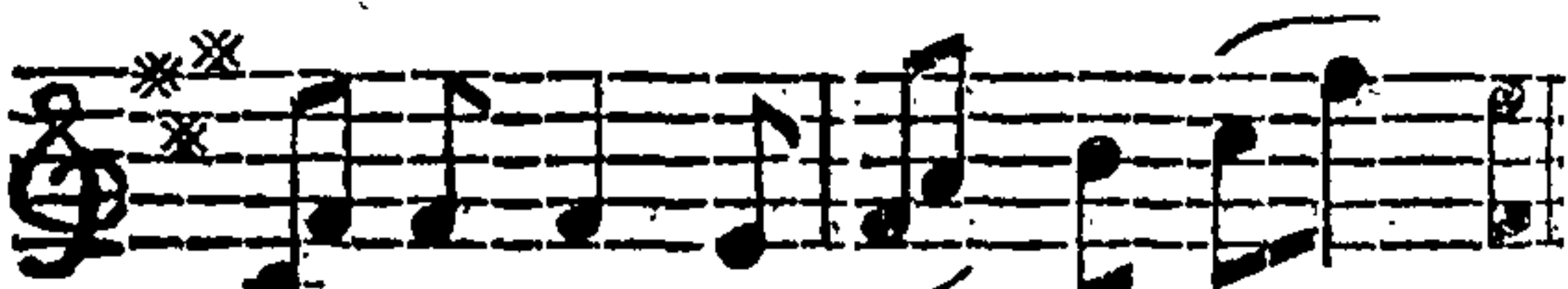
Allegretto.



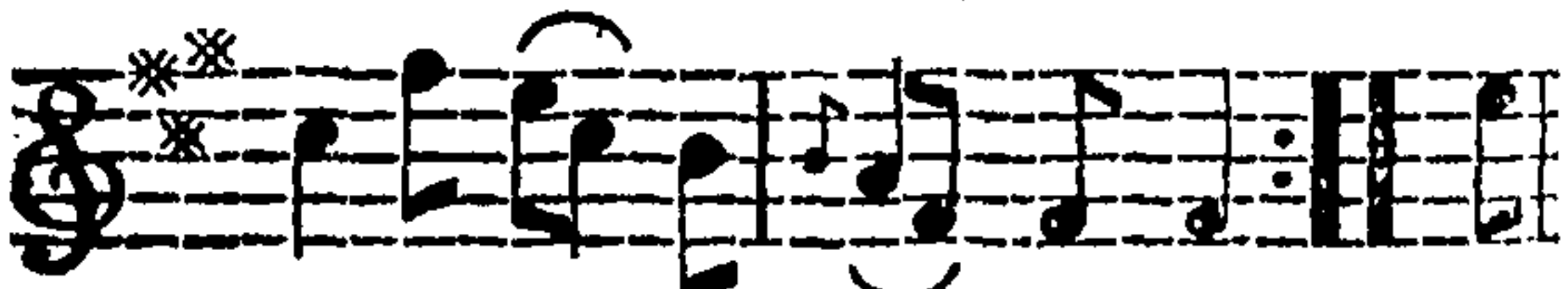
Did e - - - ver swain a nymph a - dore, As



I un - - grate - ful Nan - - ny do? Was



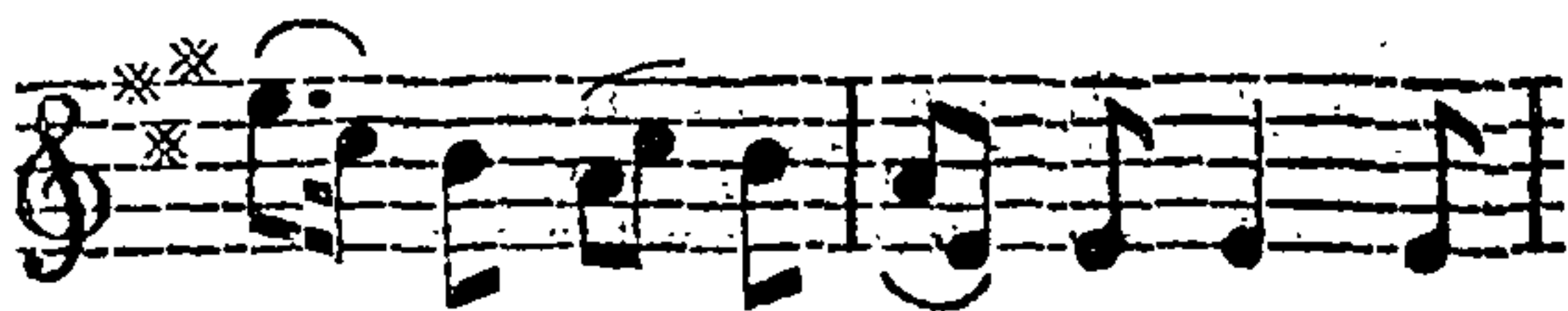
e - - ver shepherd's heart so fore, Was



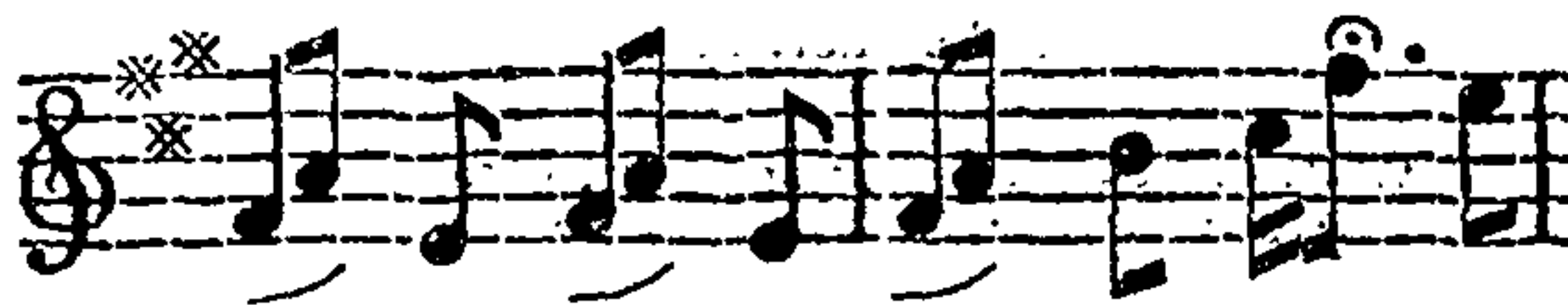
e - ver bro - ken heart so true? My



cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she has



ne - - ver shed a tear for me; My



cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she Has



never shed a tear for me.

If Nanny call'd, did Robin stay,  
 Or linger when she bid me run?  
 She only had the word to say,  
 And all she ask'd was quickly done:  
 I always thought on her, but she  
 Would ne'er bestow a thought on me.  
 I always thought, &c.

To let her cows my clover taste,  
 Have I not rose by break of day?  
 When did her heifers ever fast,  
 If Robin in his yard had hay?  
 Tho' to my fields they welcome were,  
 I never welcome was to her.  
 Tho' to my, &c.

If Nanny ever lost a sheep,  
I cheerfully did give her two:  
Did not her lambs in safety sleep  
Within my folds in frost and snow?  
Have they not there from cold been free?  
But Nanny still is cold to me.  
Have they not, &c.

Whene'er I climb'd our orchard trees,  
The ripest fruit was kept for Nan;  
Oh how those hands that drown'd her bees  
Were stung! I'll ne'er forget the pain:  
Sweet were the combs as sweet could be,  
But Nanny ne'er look'd sweet on me.  
Sweet were, &c.

If Nanny to the well did come,  
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;  
Full as they were I brought them home,  
Her corn I carry'd to the mill:  
My back did bear her sacks, but she  
Would never bear the sight of me.  
My back did bear, &c.

Must Robin always Nanny woo?  
And Nanny still on Robin frown?  
Alas! poor wretch! what shall I do,  
If Nanny does not love me soon?  
If no relief to me she'll bring,  
I'll hang me in her apron string.  
If no relief, &c.

## SONG C.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.



Of all the girls that are so



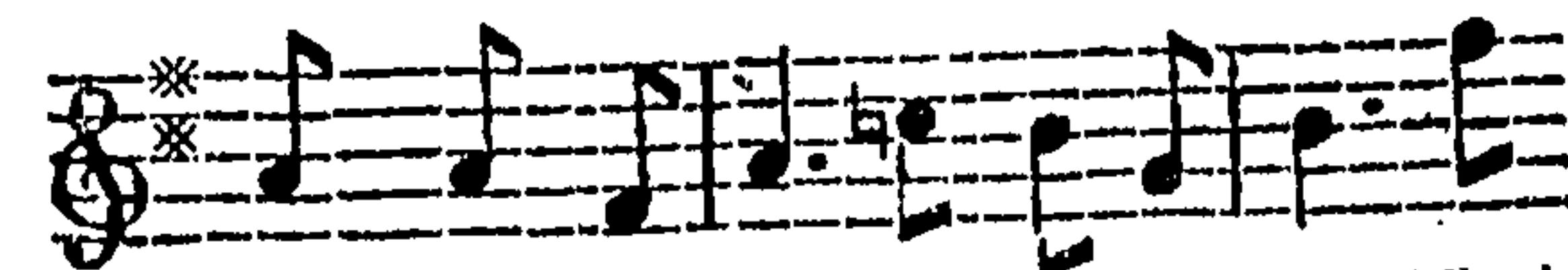
smart, There's none like pret - - ty Sal - - - ly;



She is the dar - - ling of my heart,



And she lives in our - - - - - al - - - - - ley;



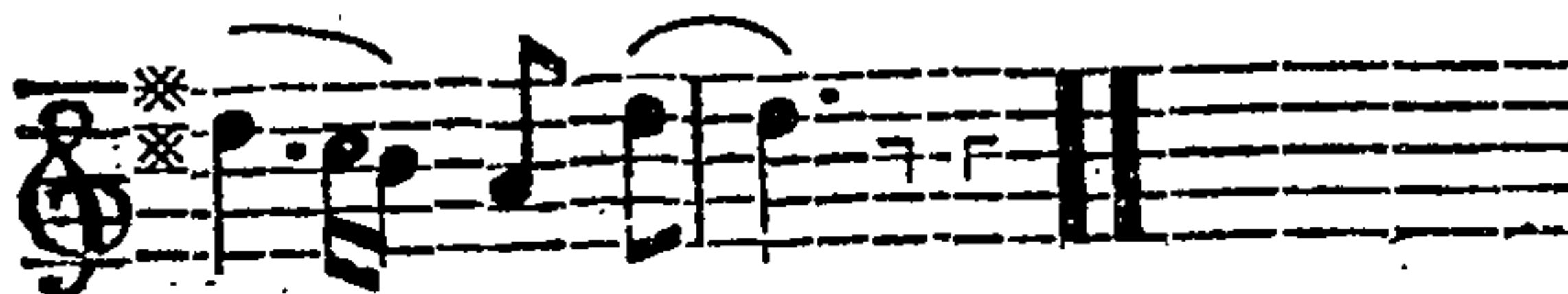
There's ne'er a la - - dy in the land That's



half so sweet as Sal - - - ly, For she's the



darling of my heart, And she lives in



our al - - - ley,

Her father he makes cabbage nets  
 For those that want to buy 'em,  
 Her mother she makes laces long,  
 And thro' the streets does cry 'em:  
 But sure such folks cou'd ne'er beget  
 So sweet a girl as Sally,  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

When she is by I leave my work,  
 I love her so sincerely,  
 My master comes like any Turk,  
 And bangs me most severely:  
 But let him bang his belly full,  
 I'll bear it all for Sally,

For she's the darling of my soul,  
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days into the week,  
I dearly love but one day,  
And that's the day that comes between  
A Saturday and Monday;  
For then I'm drest in all my best,  
To walk abroad with Sally,  
For she's the darling of my soul,  
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,  
Where often I am blamed,  
Because I leave him in the lurch,  
As soon as text is named.  
I leave the church in sermon time,  
And sink away to Sally,  
For she's the darling of my soul,  
And she lives in our alley.

My master, and the neighbours all,  
Make game of me and Sally,  
Wer't not for her, I'd better be  
A slave and row a galley;  
For when my seven long years are out,  
Why then I'll marry Sally,  
Then we'll wed—and then we'll bed,  
But not into our alley.

## SONG CL.

NOW SMILING SPRING AGAIN APPEARS.

Tune—*Johnny's Grey Brecks.*

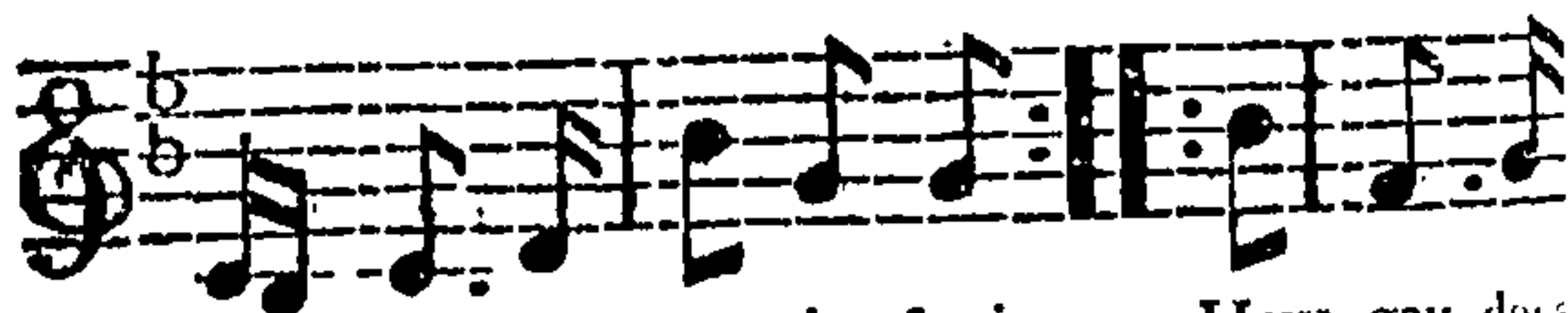
Now smiling spring a - - - gain appears, With



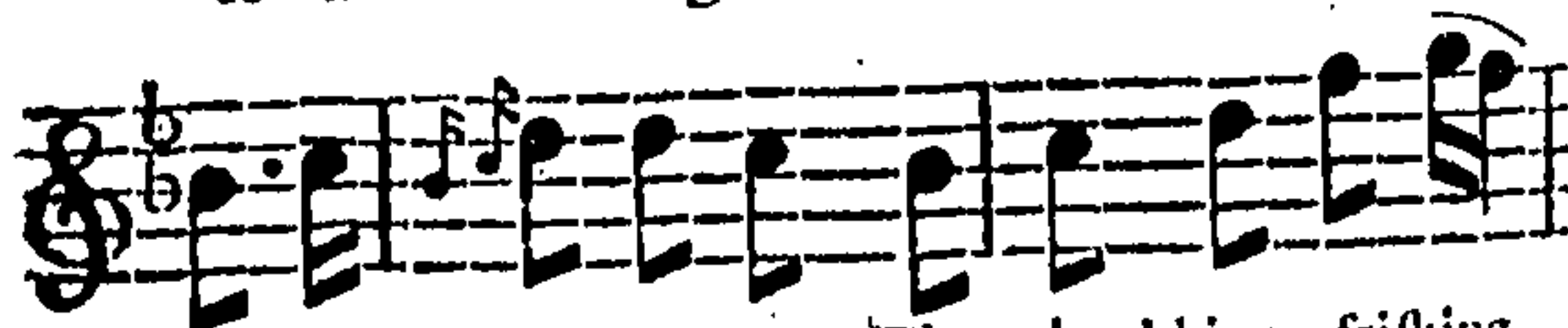
all the beau - - ties of her train, Love



soon of her ar - - - riv - - al hears, And flies



to wound the gentle swain. How gay does



nature now appear, The lambkins frisking





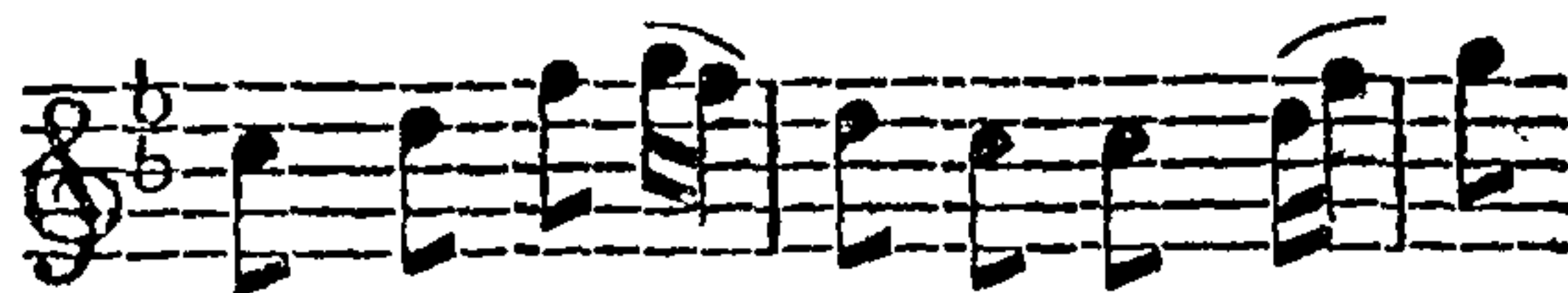
o'er the plain; Sweet feather'd song - sters - now



we hear, While Jenny seeks her gen - tle



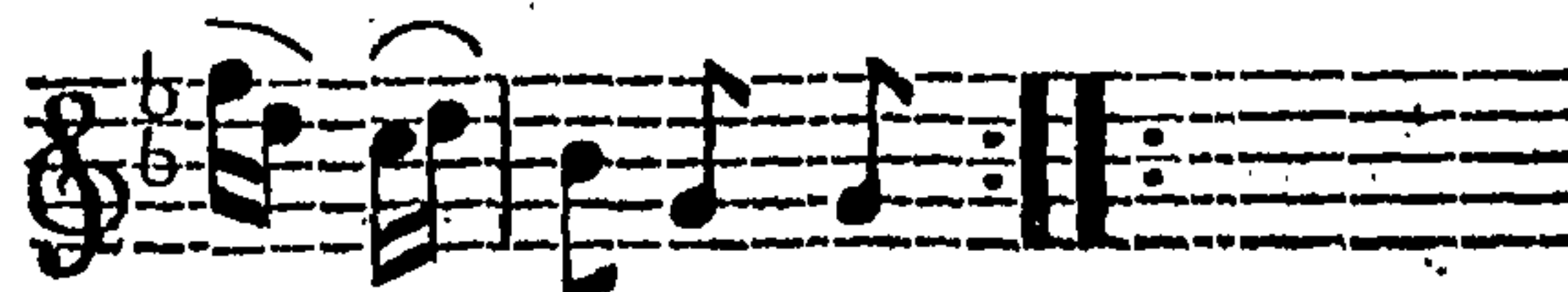
swain. How gay does nature now appear, The



lambkins frolicking o'er the plain, Sweet fea -



ther'd songsters now we hear, While Jenny



seeks her gentle swain.



Ye nymphs, O! lead me to the grove,  
 Thro' which your streams in silence mourn  
 There with my Johnny let me rove,  
 'Till once his fleecy flock return:  
 Young Johnny is my loving swain,  
 He sweetly pipes along the mead,  
 So soon's the lambkins hear his strain,  
 With eager steps return in speed.

The flocks, now all in sportive play,  
 Come frisking round the piping swain,  
 Then, fearful of too long delay,  
 Run bleating to their dams again:  
 Within the fresh green myrtle grove,  
 The feather'd choir in rapture sing,  
 And sweetly warble forth their love,  
 To welcome the returning spring;

---

## SONG CII.

EMMA.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

CREATION smiles on ilka side,  
 In lively green the fields appear,  
 While cuckoos publish far and wide,  
 That summer's florid beauty's near.  
 And shall I peerless Emma find  
 Still blushing sweet with native charms?  
 And will the fairest o' her kind  
 Consent to bless my langing arms?

Again we tryst, and punctual meet,  
Far, far beyond yon rising hill,  
Where black birds sing and lambkins bleat,  
In concert with the gurgling rill.  
Nae miser's wealth, nae statesmen's fame,  
Nae toper's joy envied I see,  
While room within her breast I claim,  
That's wealth, and fame, and joy to me.

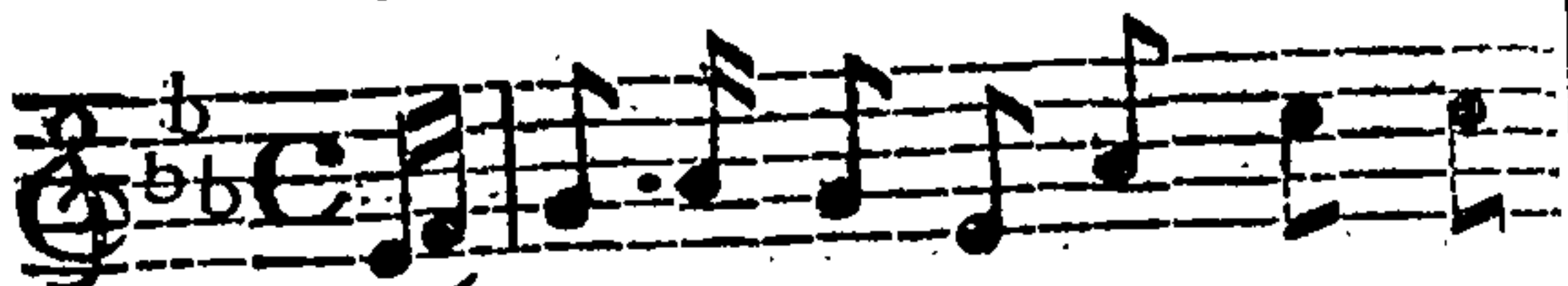
With counterfeited flee design,  
Equipt the angler, aft I gang,  
Yet flee, or bait, or art of mine,  
The speckled trouts but seldom wrang.  
Enjoy your wanton random spouts,  
Ye harmless tenants of the stream,  
While I enjoy what better suits  
A thrilling heart—my love's esteem.

Where scented woodbines form a shade,  
And birks their neighbour birks embrace,  
I'll kiss the dear enticing maid,  
While sweetest blushes paint her face.  
May friendship bleeze with Hymen's flame,  
A doubly-tender tye to cast,  
And time row round ilk day the same,  
The future happy as the past.

Ye woodland sangsters join with me,  
Ye dimpling streams that curling glide,  
Ye winds that fough thro' ilka tree,  
Hail, Emma—Hail my charming bride.  
Then Fortune at thy shrine I'll bow,  
Indulgent hear my anxious prayer;  
“A frugal competence allow,  
“Nor free, nor deep harass'd with care.”

## SONG CHII.

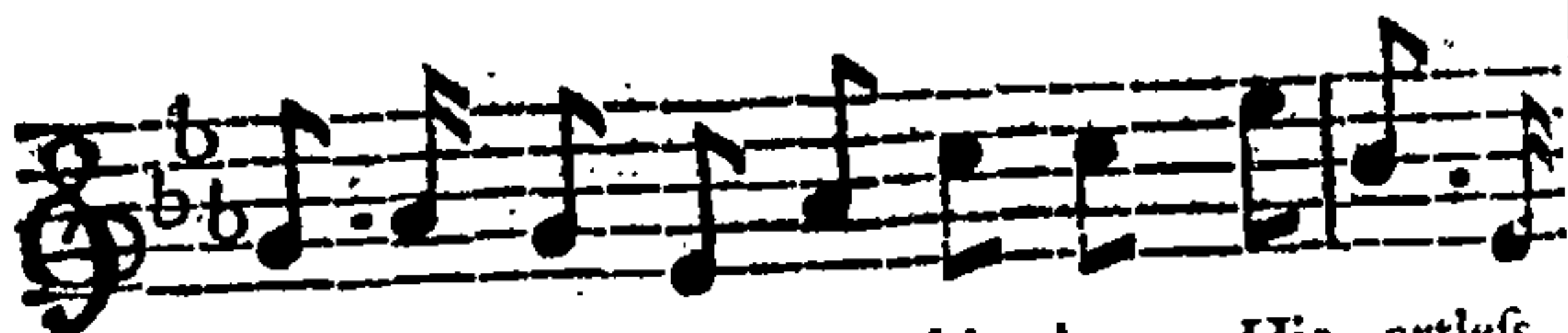
## BANKS OF THE SHANNON.



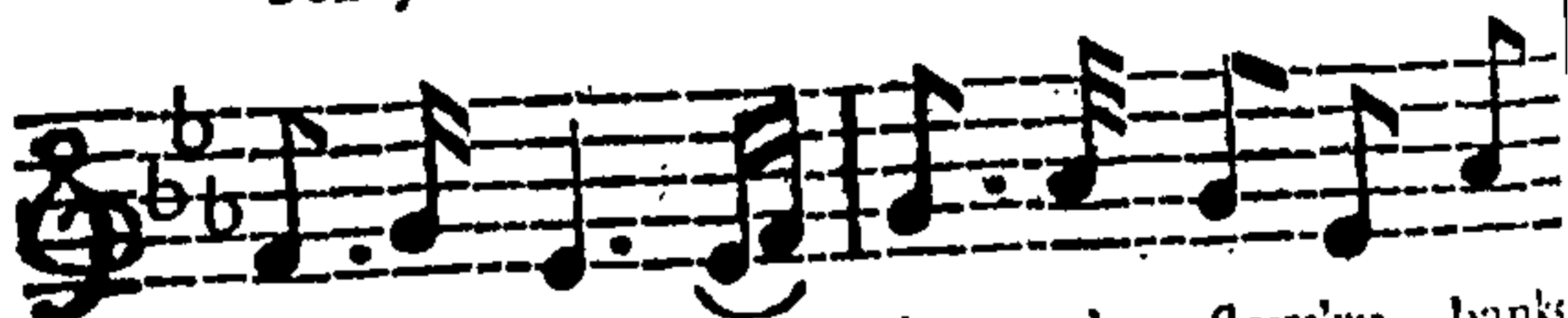
In summer when the leaves were green,



And blof-soms deck'd each tree, Young



Teddy then declar'd his love, His artless



love to me: On Shannon's flow'ry banks



we sat, And there he told his tale: "Oh



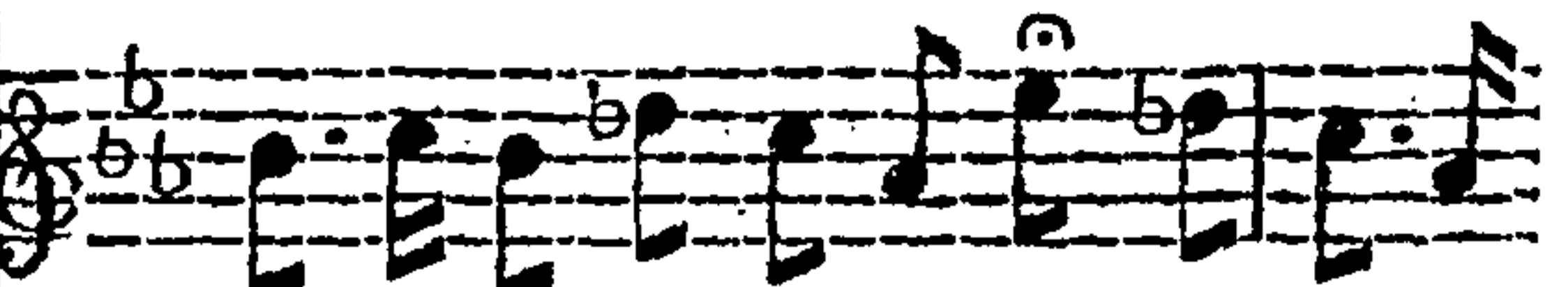
Pat - ty, soft - est of thy sex, Oh let fond



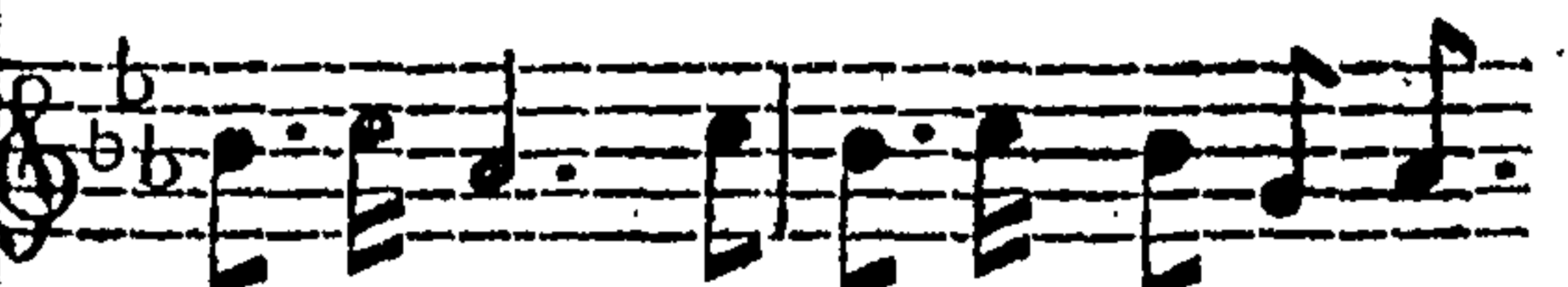
love prevail; Ah, well - a - day, You see me



pine in for - row and de - - - spair, Yet



heed me not, then let me die, And end my



grief and care."—" Ah no, dear youth, I soft-

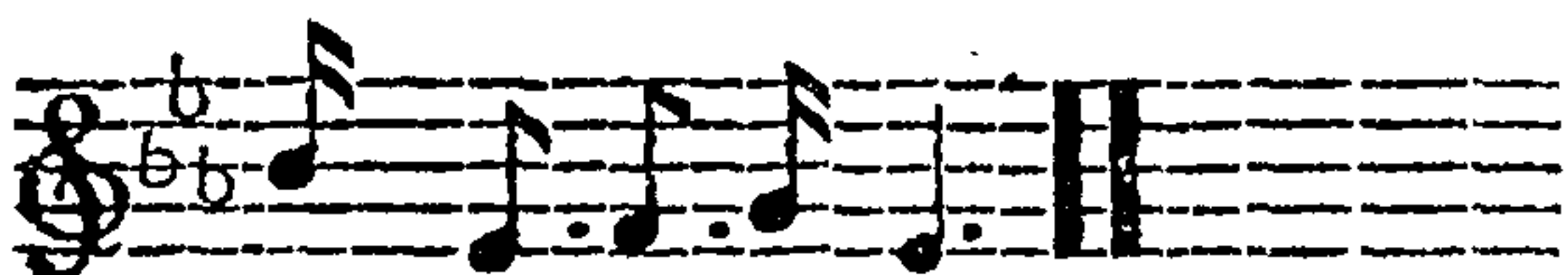


ly said, Such love demands my thanks:

K k



And here I vow e - - ter - nal truth on



Shannon's flow'ry banks.

And then we vow'd eternal truth  
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks,  
 And then we gather'd sweetest flowers,  
 And play'd such artless pranks:  
 But, woe is me, the press-gang came,  
 And forc'd my Ned away,  
 Just when we nam'd next morning fair,  
 To be our wedding day.

My love, he cry'd, they force me hence,  
 But still my heart is thine,  
 All peace be yours, my gentle Pat;  
 While war and toil is mine.  
 With riches I'll return to thee,  
 I sobb'd out words of thanks,  
 And then we vow'd eternal truth,  
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

And then we vow'd eternal truth,  
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks,  
 And then I saw him sail away,  
 And join the hostile ranks.

From morn to eve, for twelve duil months,  
His absence sad I mourn'd,  
The peace was made, the ship came back,  
But Teddy ne'er return'd.

His beauteous face and manly form  
Has won a nobler fair;  
My Teddy's false, and I, forlorn,  
Must die in sad despair.  
Ye gentle maidens, see me laid,  
While you stand round in ranks,  
And plant a willow o'er my head,  
On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

## SONG CIV.

AT SETTING DAY AND RISING MORN.

Tune—*Mill, Mill, O.*

Slow.





blush, Where first thou kind - - - ly told me



Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush, Whilst



round thou didst en - - - - - fold me.

To a' our haunts I will repair,  
 By greenwood shaw or fountain;  
 Or where the summer day I'd share  
 Wi' 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 yours  
 A heart which cannot wander.



## SONG CV.

OH NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?



Oh Nan - ny, wilt thou gang wi' me,



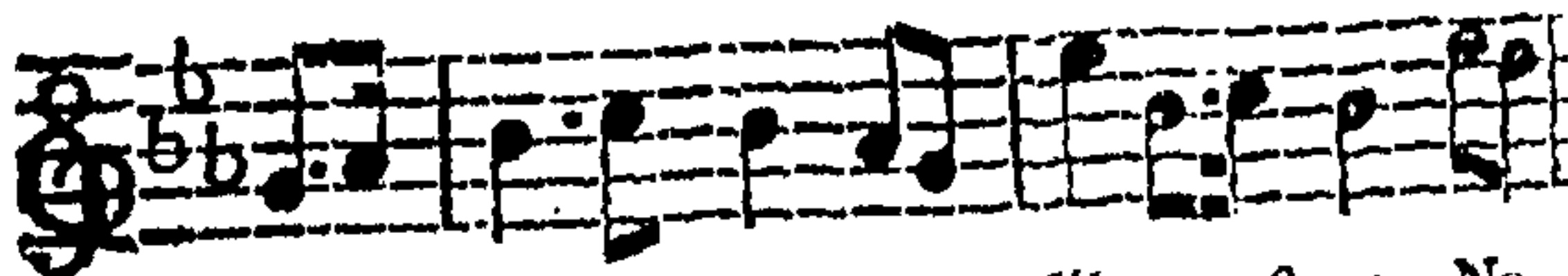
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town? Can



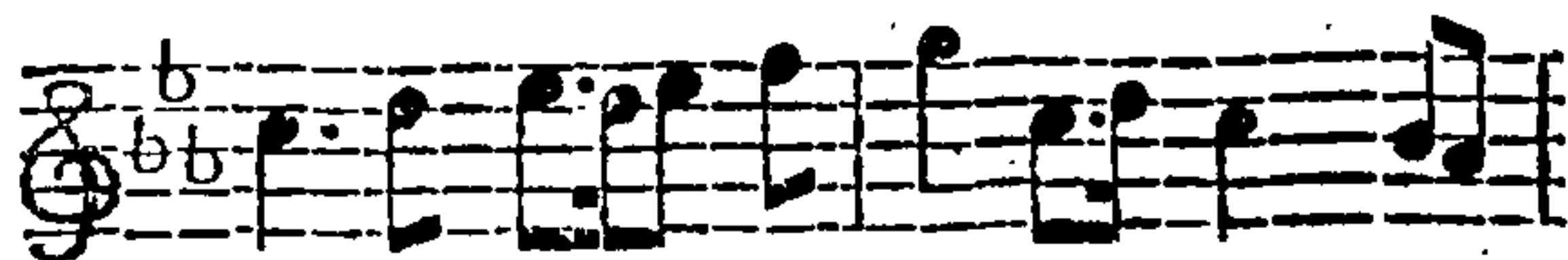
sil - - ent glens have charms for thee, The



low - - - ly cote and rus - set gown?



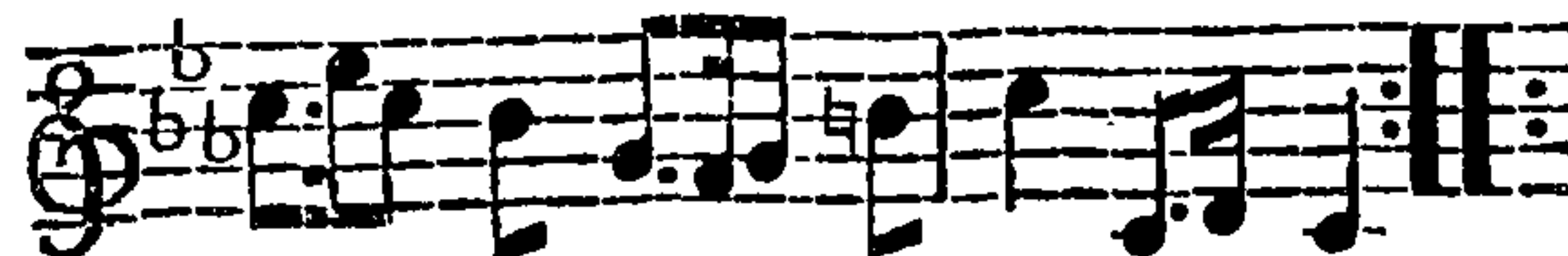
No longer dress'd in silk - en shewn, No



longer deck'd with jew - els rare, Say,



can'tt thou quit the bu - sy scene, Where



thou art fair - - - est of the fair.

O Nanny, when thou'rt far awa,  
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?  
 Say, can'tt thou face the flaky snaw,  
 Nor shrink before the warping wind?  
 O can that fast and gentlest mien  
 Severest hardships learn to bear?  
 Nor sad, regret each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, can'tt thou love so true,  
 Thro' perils keen wi' me to gae,  
 Or when thy fwain mishap shall rue,  
 To share with him the pang of wae?  
 And when invading pains befall,  
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,  
 Nor, wishful, 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 much lov'd clay,  
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,  
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

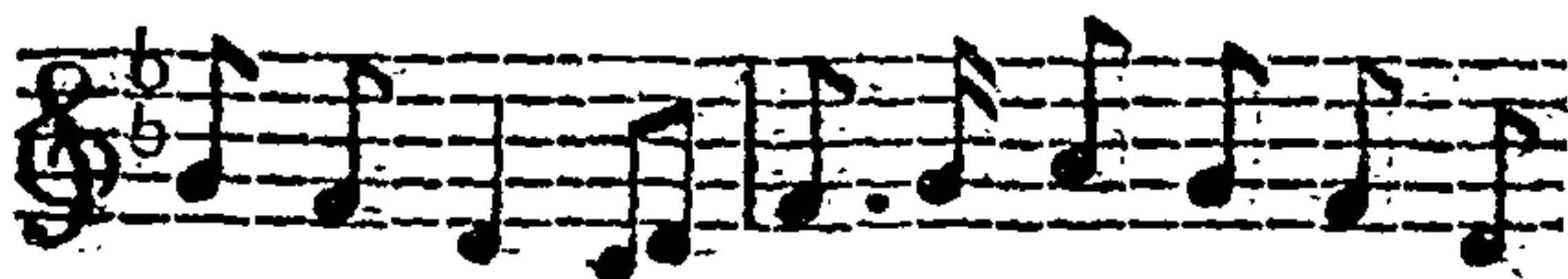
## SONG. CVI.

## THE WAWKING OF THE FAULD

Andante.



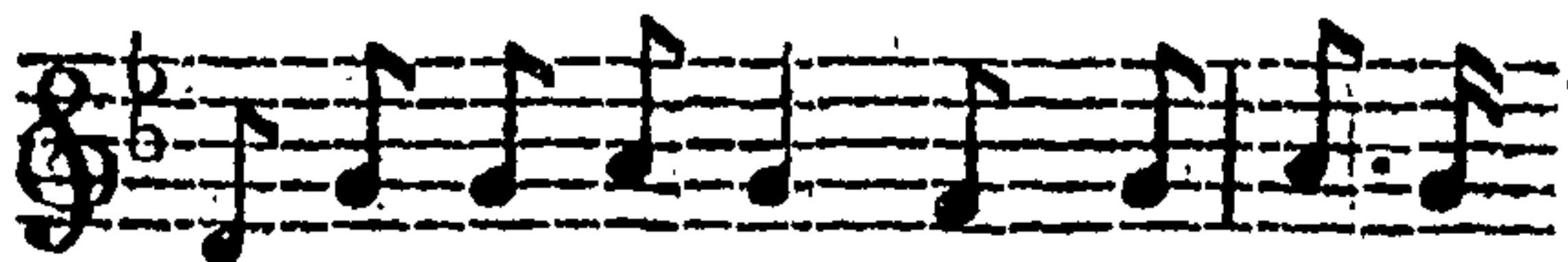
My Peg-gy is a young thing, Just enter'd



in her teens, Fair as the day, and sweet as



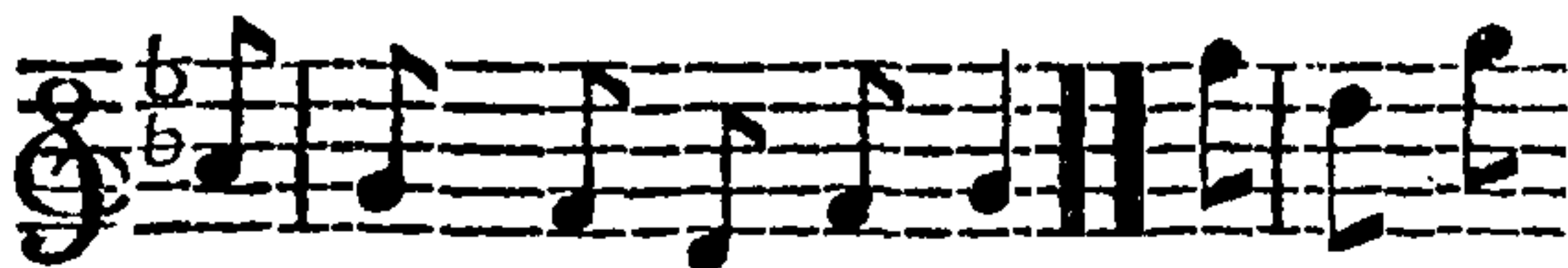
May, Fair as the day, and always gay; My



Peg-gy is a young thing, And I'm not



ve-ry auld, Yet wiel I like to meet her at



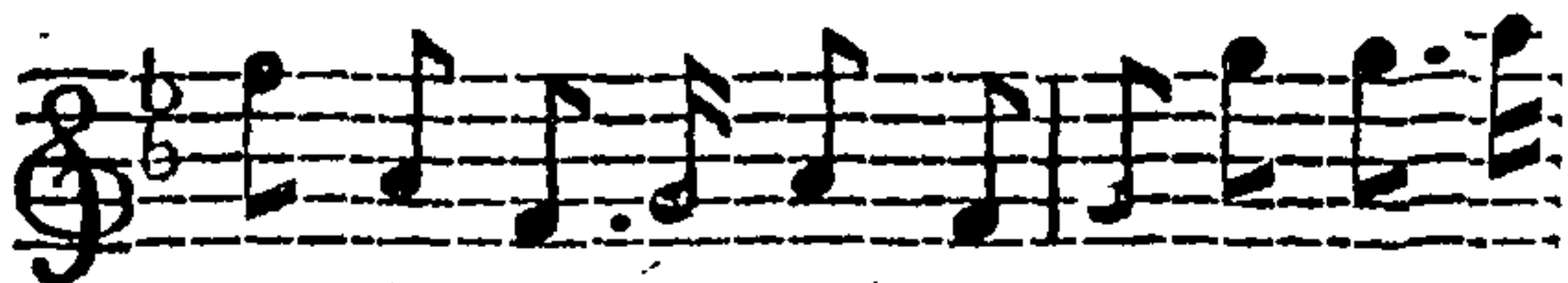
The wawking of the fauld. My Peg - gy



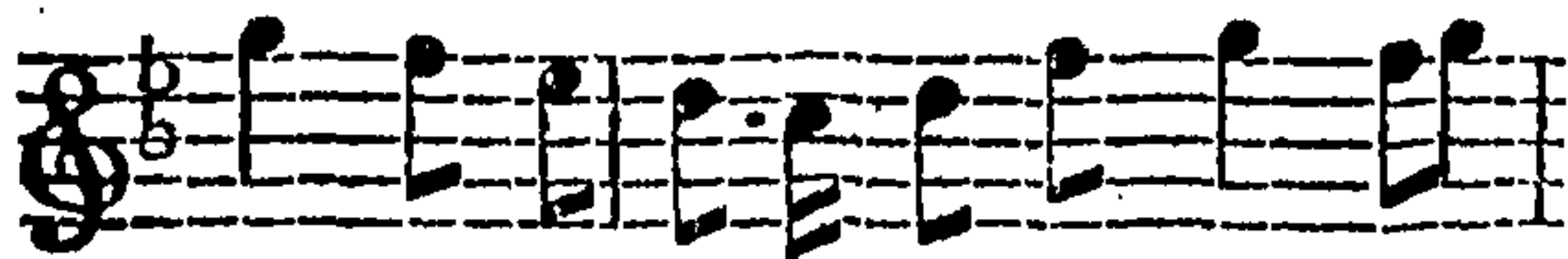
speaks fae sweetly, Whene'er we meet alane, I



wish nae mair to lay my care, I wish nae



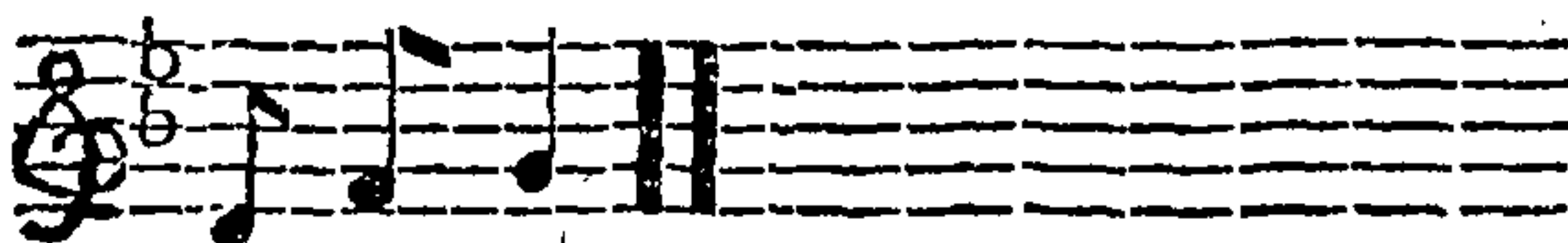
mair of a' that's rare; My Peggy speaks fae



sweet - ly, To a' the lave I'm cauld; But



she gars a' my spirits glow at wawking



of the fauld.

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

My Peggy sings sae fastly,  
 When on my pipe I play ;  
 By a' the rest it is confest,  
 By a' the rest that she sings best :  
 My Peggy sings sae fastly,  
 And in her sangs are tald,  
 Wi' innocence, the wale of sense,  
 At wawking of the fauld.

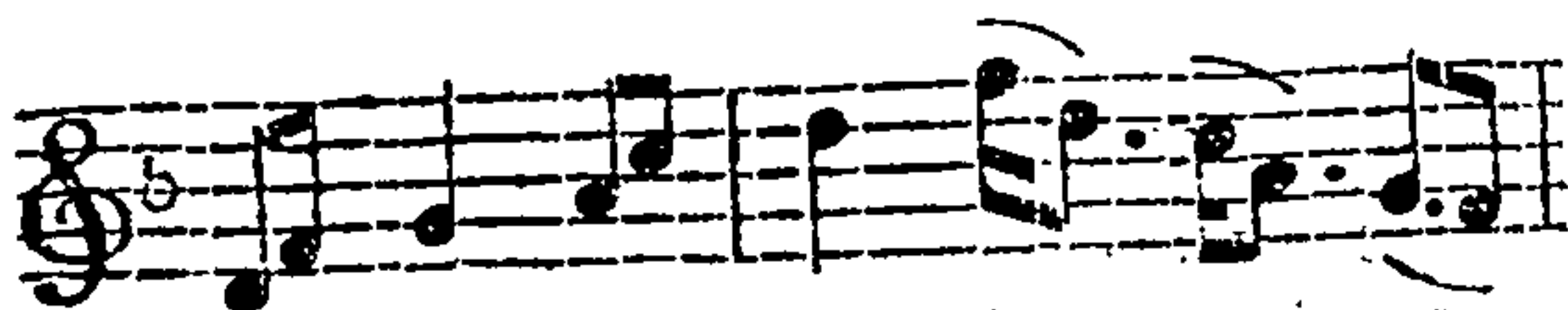
## SONG CVII.

CUMBERNAULD HOUSE.

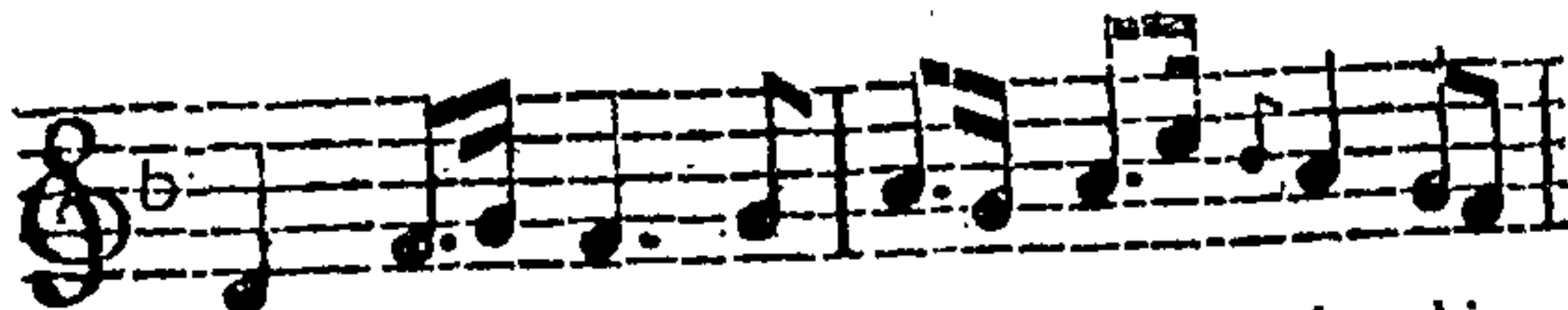
Slow.



Where wind - - - ing Forth a - - - dorns



the vale, Fond Stre - phon, once a



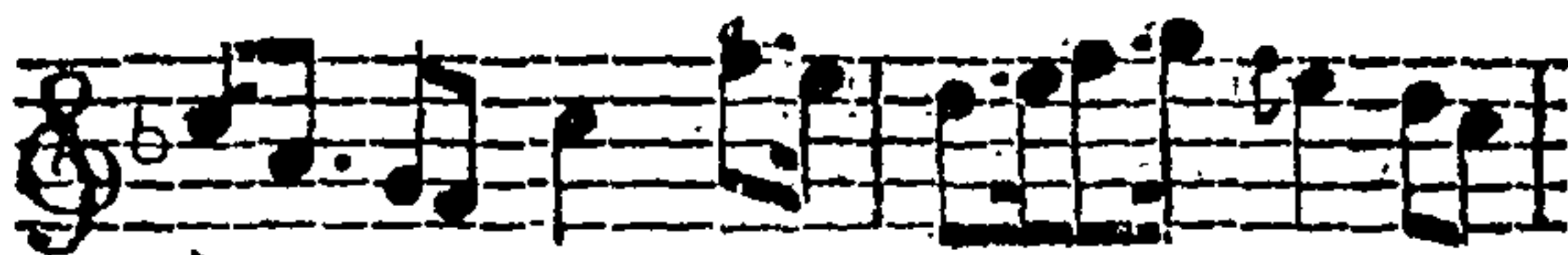
shep - herd gay, Did to the rocks his



lot be - wail, And thus ad - - dressed his



plaintive lay : O Julia, more than



lil - - - ly fair, More blooming than the



op' - ning rose, How can thy breast re-



lent - less wear A heart more cold than



Winter's snows.

Yet nipping Winter's keenest reign,  
 But for a short-liv'd space prevails;  
 Spring time returns, and cheers each swain,  
 Scented with Flora's fragrant gales.  
 Come, Julia, come, thy love obey,  
 Thou mistress of angelic charms,  
 Come smiling like the morn of May,  
 And centre in thy Strephon's arms.



Else, haunted by the fiend Despair,  
 He'll court some solitary grove,  
 Where mortal foot did ne'er repair,  
 But swains oppress'd with hapless love.  
 From the once-pleasing rural throng  
 Remov'd, he'll bend his lonely way,  
 Where Philomela's mournful song  
 Shall join his melancholy lay.

---

## SONG CVIII.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

FROM anxious zeal and factious strife,  
 And all th'uneasy cares of life,  
 From beauty, still to merit blind,  
 And still to fools and coxcombs kind;  
 To where the woods, in brightest green,  
 Like rising theatres are seen,  
 Where gently murm'ring runs the rill,  
 And draws fresh streams from ev'ry hill :

Where Philomel, in mournful strains,  
 Like me, of hopeless love complains ;  
 Retir'd I pass the livelong day,  
 And idly trifle life away :

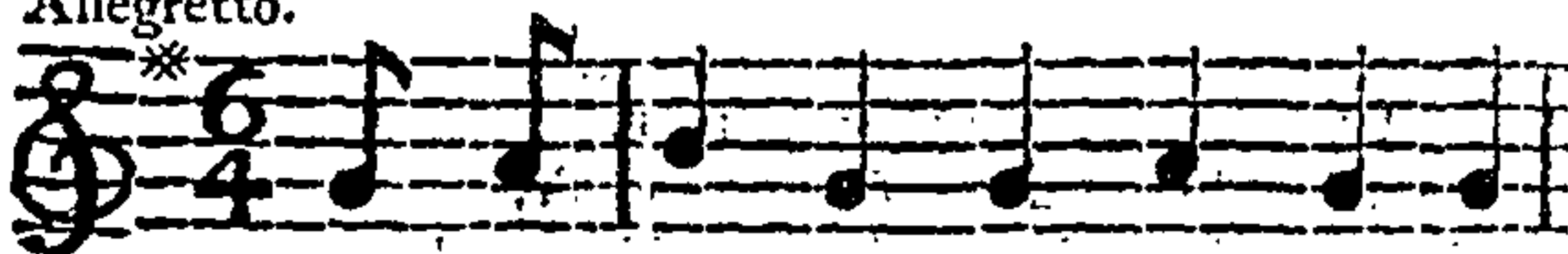
My lyre to tender accents strung,  
I tell each flight, each scorn and wrong,  
Then reason to my aid I call,  
Review past scenes, and scorn them all,

Superior thoughts my mind engage,  
Allur'd by Newton's tempting page,  
Through new-found worlds I wing my flight,  
And trace the glorious source of light:  
But should Clarinda there appear,  
With all her charms of shape and air,  
How frail my fixt resolves would prove!  
Again I'd yield, again I'd love!

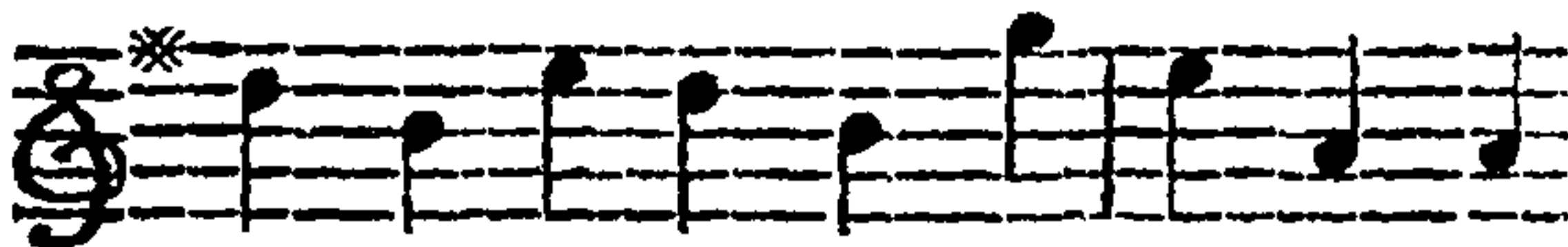
## SONG CIX.

## THE LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

Allegretto.



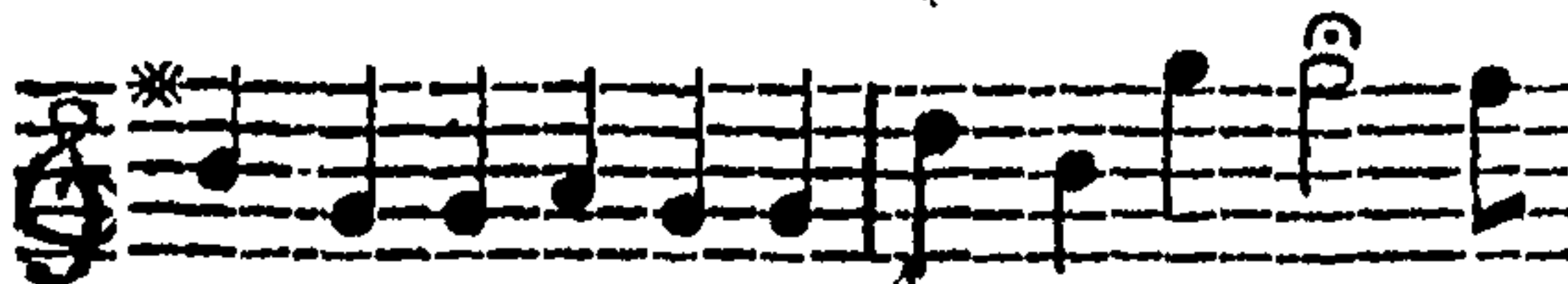
On the Lake of Kíl - lar - - ney, I



first saw the lad, Who with song and with



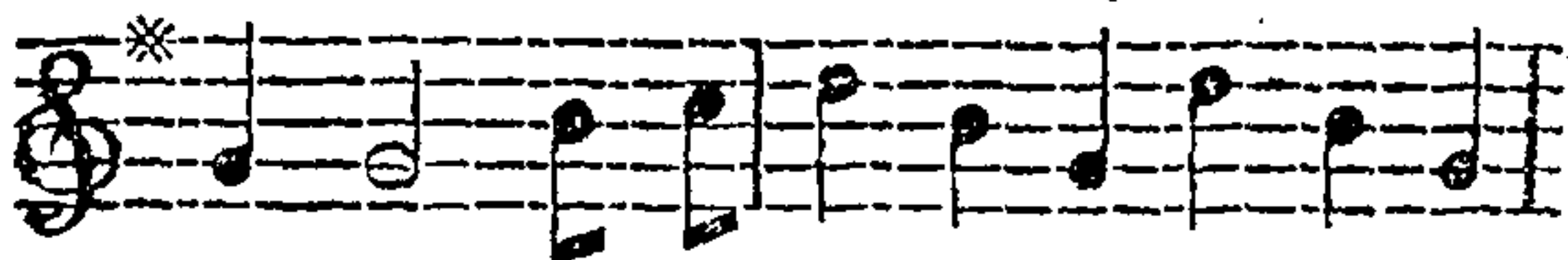
bagpipe could make my heart glad, On the



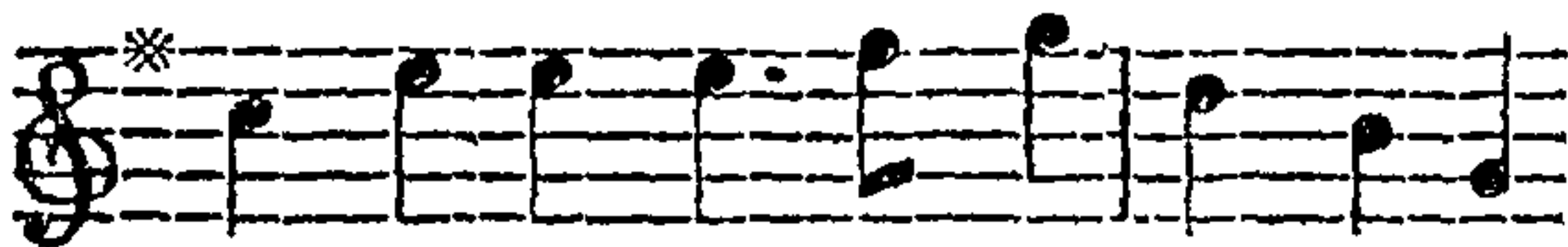
Lake of Killar - ney I first saw the lad, Who



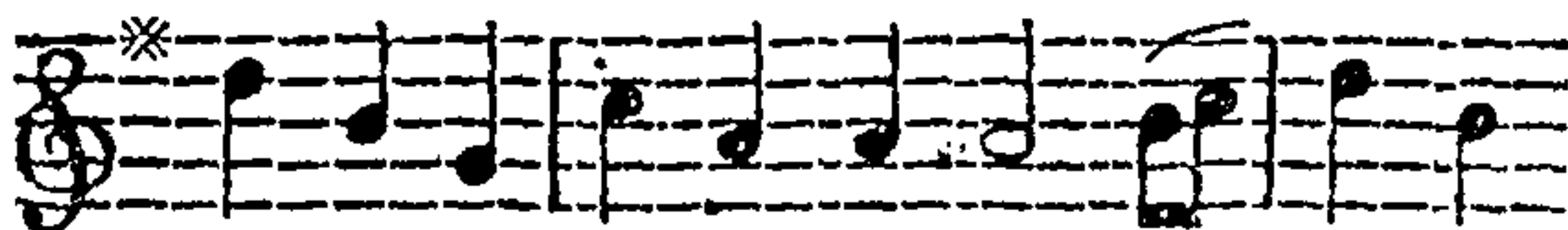
with song and with bagpipe could make my



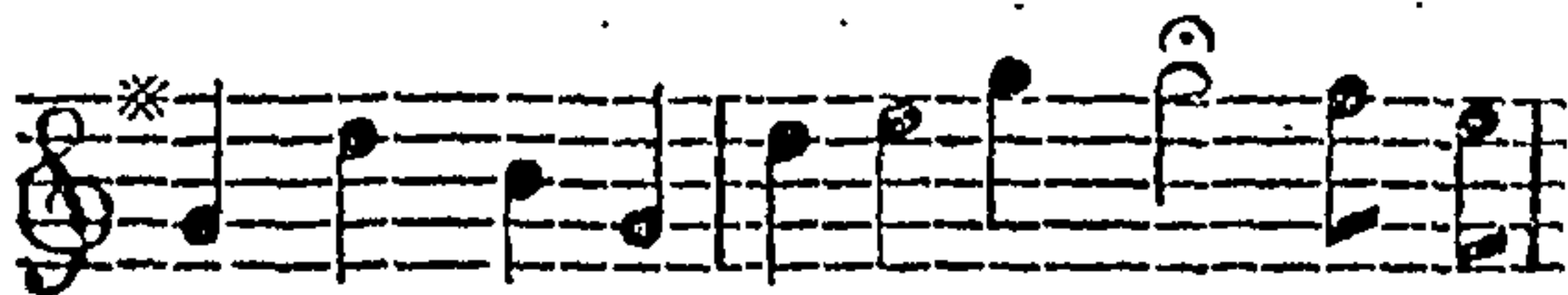
heart glad: And his hair was so red, and his



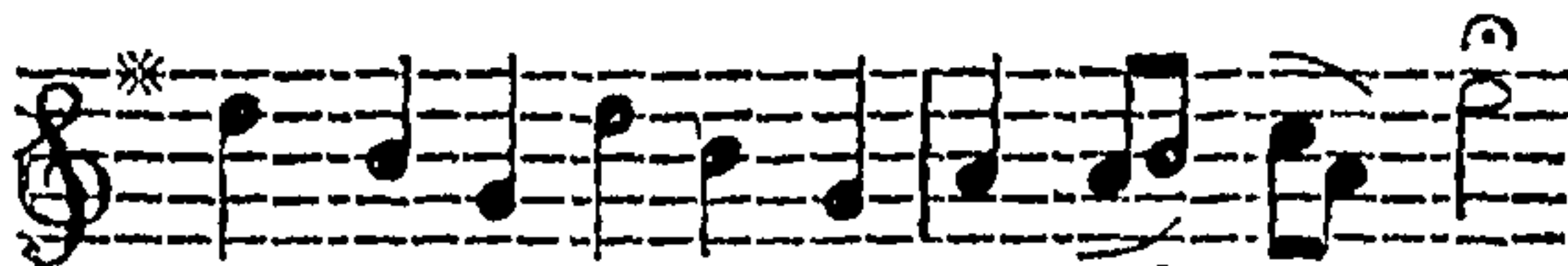
eyes were so bright, Oh they shone like the



stars in a cold frosty night, So tall and

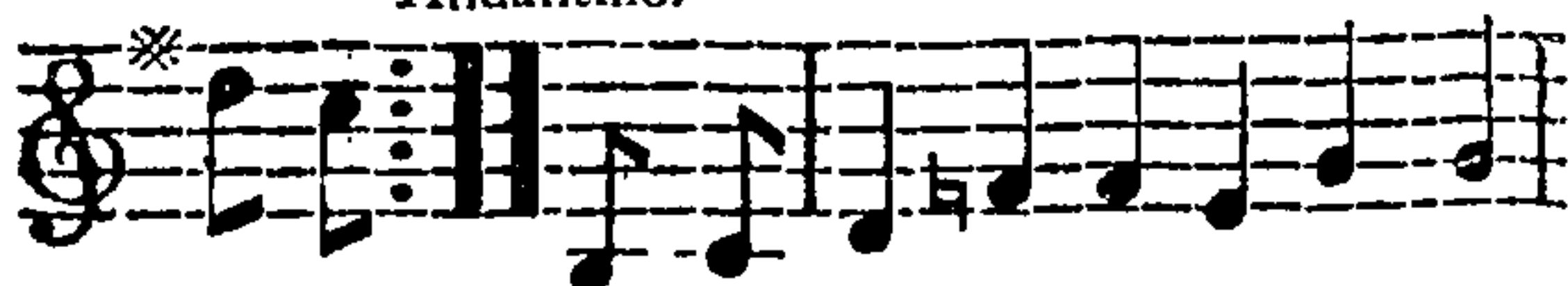


so straight my dear Paddy was seen, Oh he



look'd like the fairies that dance on the green.

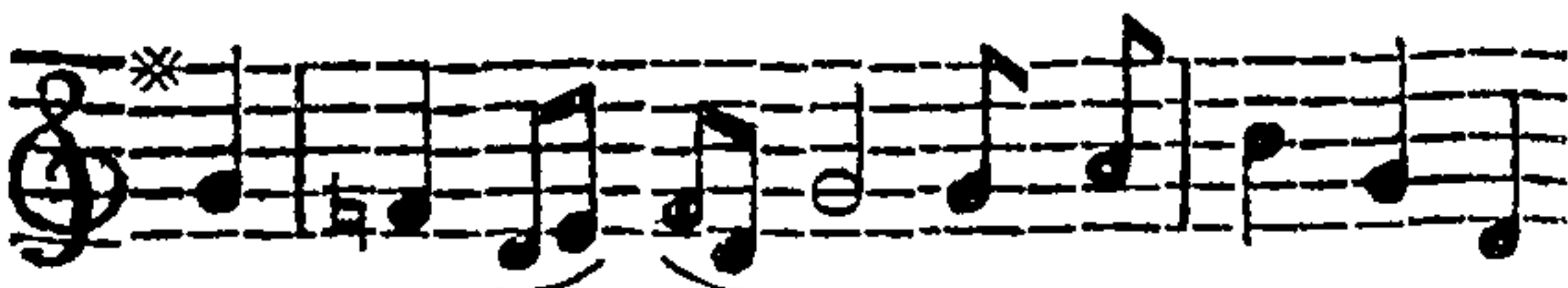
Andantino.



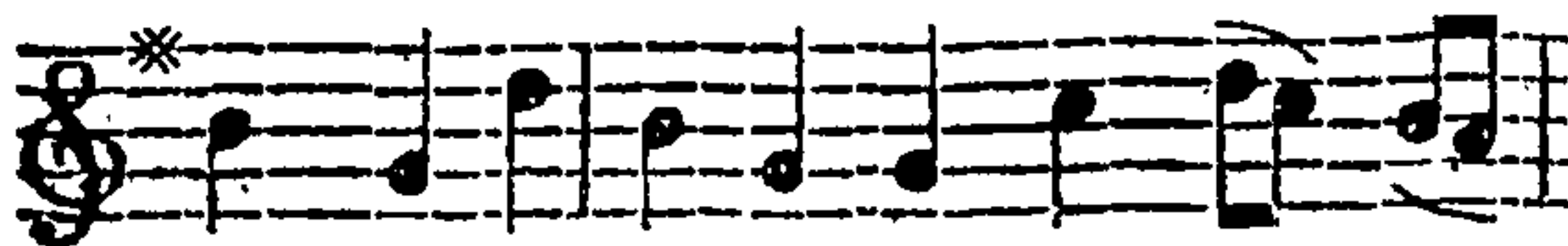
On the, &amp;c. All the girls of Killar-ney wore



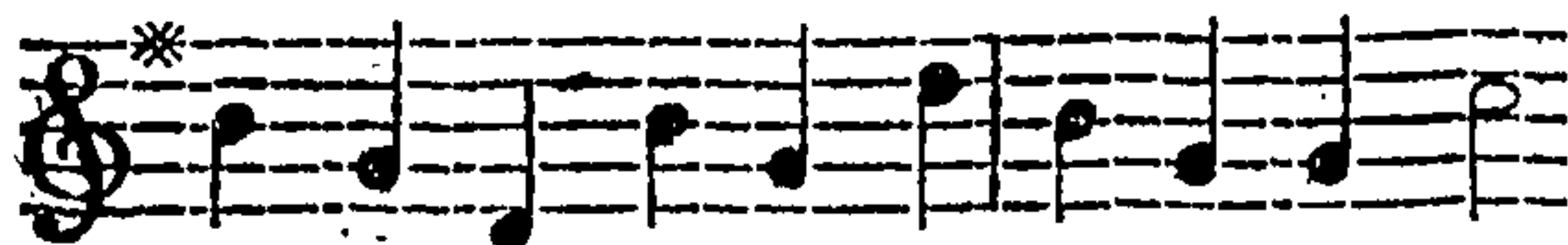
green willow tree, When first my dear Patrick



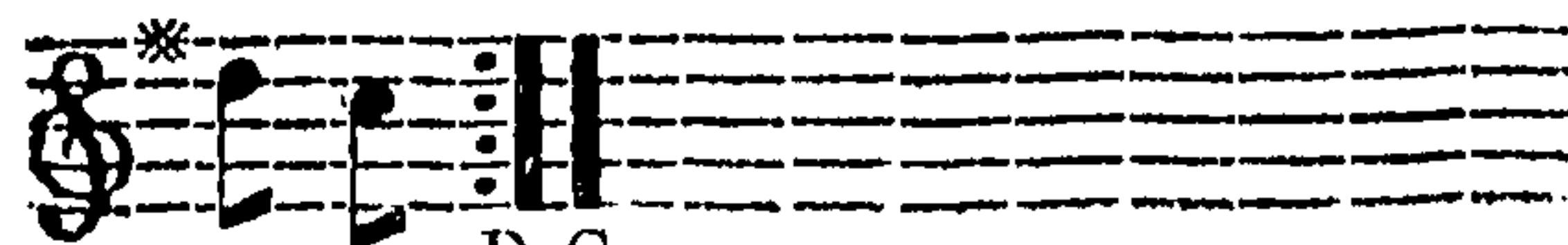
fung love tales to me, Oh he fung and he



danc'd, and he won my fond heart, And to



save his dear life, with my own I wou'd part.



D. C.

On the, &amp;c.

## SONG CX.

Tune—*Broom of Cowden-Knows.*

See page 142.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed  
Sing their successful loves,  
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,  
And music fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom;  
So fair on Cowden-knows;  
For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom  
Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,  
And won my yielding heart;  
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed  
Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,  
The hills and dales all round,  
Of Leader-haughis, and Leader-side;  
Oh! how I blest'd the sound!

Yet more delightful is the broom  
So fair on Cowden-knows;  
For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom  
Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot braes, so green and gay,  
May with this broom compare,  
Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,  
Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowden-knows,  
 My peaceful happy home,  
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes  
 At e'en among the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains,  
 Where Tweed with Tiviot flows,  
 Convey me to the best of swains,  
 And my lov'd Cowden-knows.

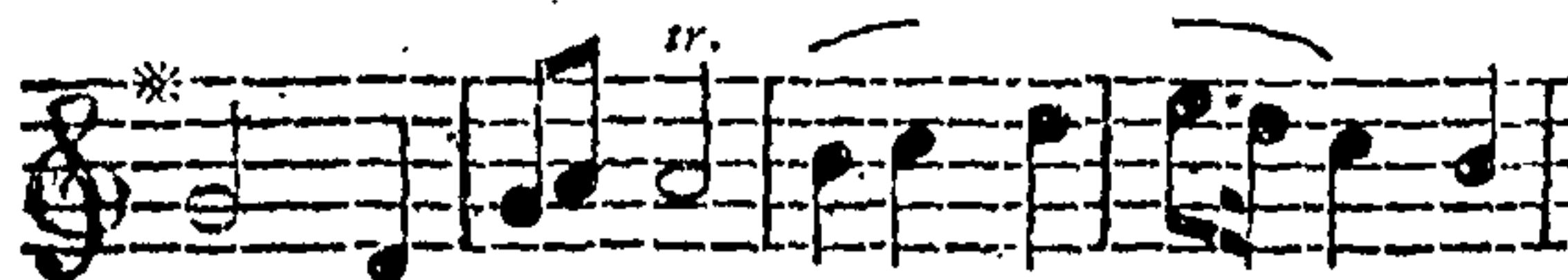
## SONG CXI.

## THE ADIEU.

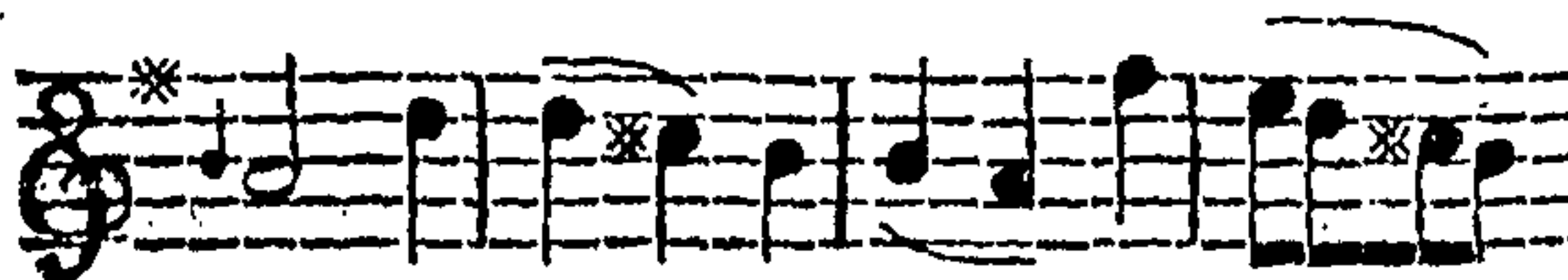
*Andréoli.*



A - - dieu, ye streams that smooth - - ly



flow, Ye ver - - nal airs that soft - - - - ly



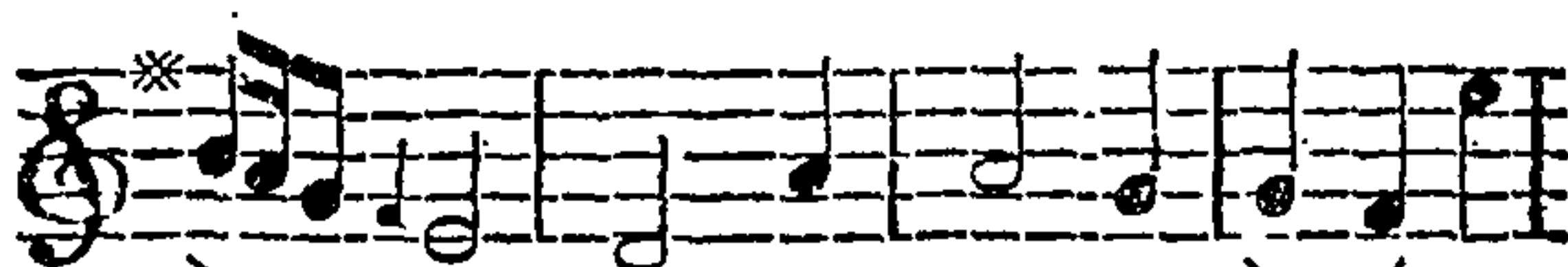
blow, Ye plains by bloom - ing Spring



ar-ray'd, Ye birds that war-ble through



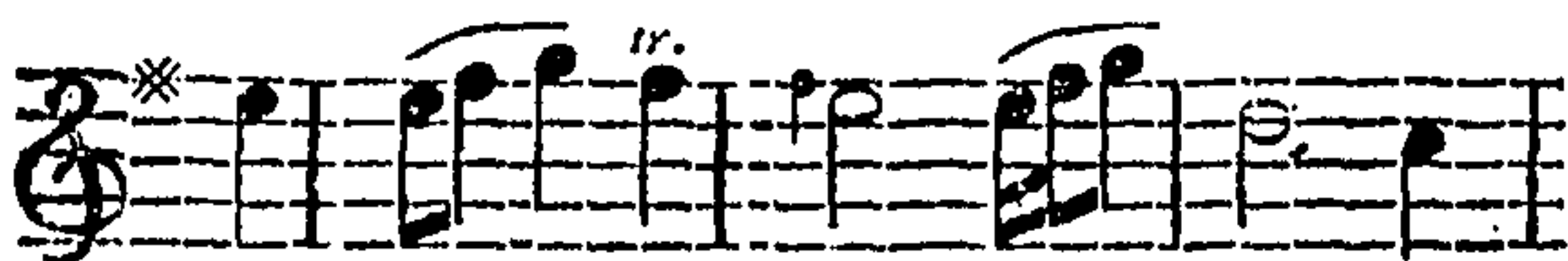
the glade, Ye birds that war - - - ble



thro' the glade, Un-hurt from you my



foul could fly, Nor drop one tear,



nor heave one sigh, But forc'd from

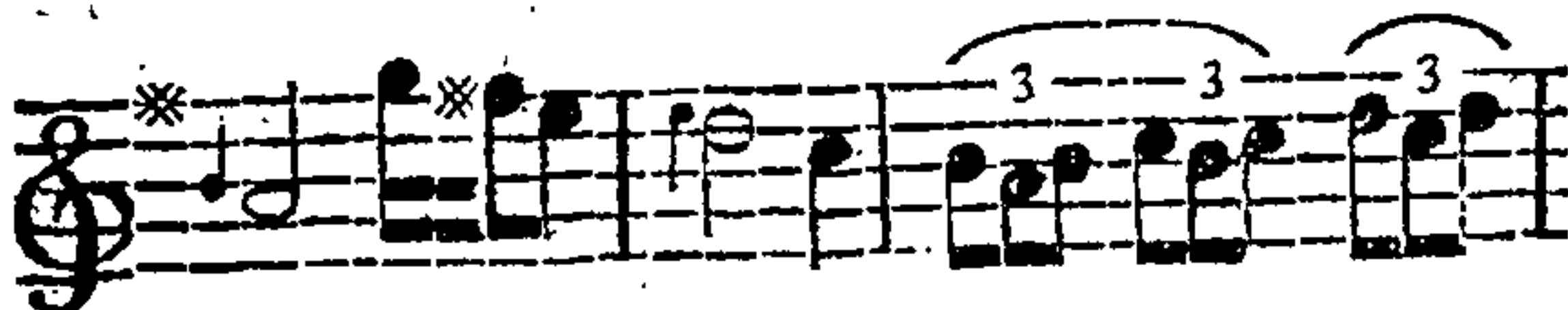


Ce - - - lia's smiles to part, All

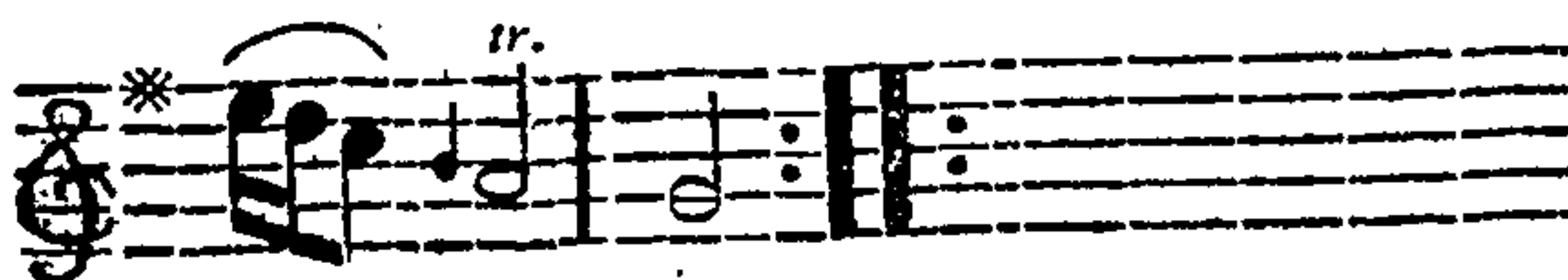




joy de - - - ferts my droop - - - ing



heart, All joy de - - ferts my



droop - - ing heart

O fairer than the rosy morn,  
 When flow'rs the dewy fields adorn,  
 Unfully'd as the genial ray,  
 That warms the gentle breeze of May;  
 Thy charms divinely sweet appear,  
 And add new splendor to the year,  
 Improve the day with fresh delight,  
 And gild with joy the dreary night.

