ROYAL EDITION

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND

EDITED BY BROWN AND PITTMAN.
L. Simson

From a friend

Kristiania 1877
SONGS OF SCOTLAND;

WITH

NEW SYMPHONIES & ACCOMPANIMENTS

BY

J. PITTMAN.

THE TEXT AND MELODIES EDITED

BY

COLIN BROWN,

EUYING Lecturer of Music at the Andersonian University, Glasgow

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INTRODUCTION.

The National Music of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland bears internal evidence of great antiquity. The music of each country has its own marked and distinguishing characteristics, yet all bear a strong family resemblance, showing that they have had a common origin—that they are three branches from one parent stem.

There is a striking analogy between the old music and the old language of these three countries—the one helps to explain the other.

The names of many of the principal landmarks, rivers, &c., of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland bear ample testimony to the fact, that at one time a common language pervaded the whole of the British Isles. This language has only recently died out in Cornwall and the Isle of Man, and still exists in many parts of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland. A good Celtic scholar can easily read the ancient documents of these various countries, and finds that the spoken dialects of the old language are not more diverse than the dialects of English at present spoken in the same localities.

Seeing that there was once a common language in our country, and that it has been preserved to us in its integrity, is it unreasonable to suppose that there was also a common music in our country, and that this also has come down to us intact?

This conclusion is all the more self-evident, when we find that our national music is constructed upon principles which have lain dormant for centuries.

It has been a great misfortune of our old Music, that these principles have been either unknown to, or misapprehended by modern musicians.

Scottish Music has especially suffered from this cause—its character has not been understood, and many of the melodies have been noted so as to destroy entirely their simplicity and peculiar charm.

Dr. Burney gives as the characteristics of Scottish music the following:—

1st. That it is Pentatonic, or constructed upon five notes of the scale, the fourth and seventh being omitted.

2nd. The marked and constant use of the flat seventh of the scale.

3rd. The Scotch snap.

He evidently knew little of Scottish music, and looked at it entirely from an Italian point of view.

An extensive examination of Scottish music shows that not more than five per cent. of the tunes are Pentatonic. Anyone can verify this statement by examining any collection of old tunes and trying how many of them can be played upon the five black keys of the piano, which is the usual test of Pentatonic theorists.

The Pentatonic form of the scale is certainly used in Scotland, but not to a greater extent than will be found in the primitive music of other countries.

Dr. Burney’s characteristic of the flat seventh arises entirely from an error in notation. It can best be explained by an example. The well-known tune of “Tullochgorum” is usually written with eleven flat sevenths in the melody, which renders it practically unmelodious. At page 166 it will be found without a single flat seventh or chromatic note of any kind, and yet in pitch and interval it is in every respect identical with the usual form of the melody in all standard works.

The theory of the flat seventh has arisen simply from music being erroneously noted in a mode of the scale different from that in which it is constructed.

The Scotch snap, or a short note preceding a long one upon a strong accent (♩♩♩), may be found in profusion in modern (Scottish?) melodies, such as “Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town.” It is the characteristic of Strathspey music, distinguishing it from reel or jig time, but essentially it belongs to no other form of Scottish music any more than to the dances of other countries.
These characteristics of Dr. Burney's have unfortunately been accepted by most succeeding historians, critics, and musicians. Consequently we find modern Scotch music usually constructed upon the principles laid down by him, viz., the Pentatonic—flat sevenths—Scotch snaps. It may be accepted as an axiom that wherever any one of these abounds, the music may be looked upon with suspicion, and where all are found together it may be set down as a modern imitation.

The true characteristics of Scottish Music are very different—

First—May be remarked its simplicity, being usually written in one key, without transition or chromatic tones of any kind.

Secondly—While transition or change of key is all but unknown in old Scottish Music, modulation within the same key is constant and very marked. Any one examining the tune of "Duncan Gray" (page 45) will find an example of this. In this melody it will be found that modulations on the 7th and 4th of the scale (the two tones proscribed by Dr. Burney's Pentatonic theory) are peculiarly striking and effective.

Thirdly—The old melodies are constructed on all the modes of the scale—those of the 1st, 4th, and 5th being major; the 2nd, 3rd, 6th, and 7th being minor. The mode of the 1st of the scale being our ordinary major mode, needs no notice here.

The mode of the 4th is common in our Dance Music. No example of it occurs in this work, but such tunes as "The Reel of Tulloch," "The Fyket," and "Gillie Callum," or the Sword Dance, are constructed in this mode, and are known wherever the bag-pipes have been heard. The diapason of the bag-pipe, which has been a puzzle to many, is constructed in this mode, and ranges from F to upper G. The knowledge of this solves many difficulties regarding this instrument.

The mode of the 5th is one of the finest and most characteristic. Many of the best known Scottish Melodies are constructed upon it. "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" (page 32), and "A Man's a Man for a' that" (page 44), are familiar examples.

When music constructed upon this mode is noted upon the mode of the 1st, or common major mode, the flat sevenths appear, for this note is that which distinguishes the one mode from the other. In the mode of 1st the seventh is major, in the mode of the 5th it is minor, but in neither is it chromatic.

The mode of the 2nd of the scale is the commonest form of Scottish minor tunes. It differs from the mode of the 6th of the scale, by having a major sixth. Many of the most touching melodies are constructed upon it, such as the exquisite very old tune "Bonnie Dundee," set in this work to the words "Saw ye my wee thing" (page 80), "John Anderson my Jo" (page 53), and "My boy Tammie" (page 114).

The mode of the 6th is not so common, but is always marked by having the full 7th below the key—that is the minor seventh, not the major, as in the modern minor scale. "Logan Water" (page 75) and "My Love's in Germany" (page 137), are examples of this mode. The introduction of the sharpened seventh, which has been frequently attempted, quite destroys the character of these melodies, and has injured their popularity. In this mode of the 6th of the scale, many of the most humorous Scottish songs are written, such as the "Laird o' Cockpen" (page 28), "There cam' a Young Man to my Daddie's door," and many others.

The mode of the 3rd possesses the gentle character which distinguishes that tone of the scale. In it will be found written such tunes as "Riy's Wife of "Aldivalloch" (page 36), "The Braes o' Balquhidder" (page 64), and "Saw ye Johnnie comin" (page 57).

The mode of the 7th of the scale, which is very peculiar, is not unknown in Scottish Music. There are no examples of it in this work. Though rare in our National Music, it is very common in the music of other nations.

Fourth—Though such a large proportion of Scottish Melodies are minor, the sharpened or major 7th, is never found in them. The old melodies come down
from a period anterior to the use of this tone in music of any kind. Wherever it is found in an old tune, as in "Wanderin' Willie," it indicates a modern interpolation. In the Cadences of this tune in its original form, no such tone exists.

The date 7th may be found in such tunes as "Afton Water" (page 112), and the modern form of "Auld Robin Gray"; (page 10) but this tune, like "Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me?" "Within a Mile o' Edinboro' Toun," "Thou art gane awa'" (an artistic ornamented form of "Haud awa' free me, Donald"), and many others, are well known to be modern compositions.

The Ancient order of Bards was the chief means of preserving the National Music of our country, from pre-historic times, through the middle ages, down even to our own day. The tales, the legends, and music of the Bards, still maintain their hold in the Highlands of Scotland, in Ireland, and in Wales. Much of the music is yet unpublished, and consequently, unknown to the world outside. Sometimes a well-known Highland tune appears, unacknowledged, under a strange name, and achieves astonishing popularity; such, for instance, as the absurd song "Darkie-um," the tune of which is one of the best known pipers-marches in the Highlands. History records, that when returning from the defeat of Sir John Cope at Dunbar, the Highlanders entered Edinburgh, playing this march, the burden of the words being—

We will take the high way,
We will take the high way,
We will take the high way;
Let others take their will o'!

Sometimes a well-known melody is changed in time or form, so that an old familiar friend becomes hardly recognisable. Who, for instance, detects in "Johnnie comes Marching Home" and "Willie we have missed you," the two Scotch songs, "John Anderson, my Jo" and "Jock o' Hazeldean" in an American dress?

Since the appearance of the Beggar's Opera, in which so many National Songs are found, it has been very common for operatic writers to introduce such music into their works; so that the composers of the opera frequently get credit for melodies of which any country may be proud, but which are wrongfully used without acknowledgment.

The Scottish origin of "Comin' Through the Rye" has been questioned, because it appeared in an English opera at the close of last century; but Burns had previously contributed words for this melody to Johnson's Museum. His verses were founded upon the burden of an older song, which is still familiarly known in Scotland, and refers to the Ford at Dalry, in Ayrshire—

Jenny's a' wat, pair bodie,
Jenny's seldom dry,
She drait's a' her petticote
Comin' thro' the rye.

Comin' thro' the rye, pair bodie,
Comin' through the rye,
She drait's a' her petticote
Comin' thro' the rye.

Few who hear the overture to Boieldieu's opera of La Dame Blanche know that the exquisite opening melody is the old Scotch song, "The Bush aboon Traquair" (page 90), and the time may come when foreigners will believe that "Auld Langsyne" must have been composed by Niedermeyer because it appears in his opera of Marie Stuart, and the "Last Rose of Summer" by Flotow, because it appears in Morna.

The ancient lyric and ballad music of England has unfortunately to a great extent been lost. The old words are still preserved in hundreds, with the names of the tunes attached, but these have perished. When the words became unsuitable to the changed tunes and standard of morals in the country they ceased to be sung, and most of the melodies were consequently soon forgotten.

In Scotland the case was very different. The old Scotch and Gaelic words were too often such as only deserved to be forgotten; but fortunately the tunes have been preserved by the writings of the galaxy of Lyrist who have flourished in Scotland during the past and present centuries.
Allan Ramsay, Rev. J. Skinner, Burns, Tannáhille, Macneill, Campbell, Hogg, and Scott, are among the best known names. So also are Baronesse Nairne, Mrs. Cockburn, Jane Elliot, Joanna Baillie, and Mrs. Grant, of Laggan. Nor must the humble Jean Adair, nor Jean Glover, be omitted, whose single songs, "There's nae luck about the house" (page 22), and "Owre the mair among the heather" (page 102), have been so deservedly popular. These and many more, touched with the beauty of their country's melodies, in the true spirit of poetry, set them to words worthy of them, and have thus not only preserved them to the nation, but made them known to the world.

Moore, by his melodies, has to some extent done the same for Ireland, but much remains yet to be done. In Wales the work* has almost to be begun, but surely lyriists will yet arise whose honour it shall be to provide suitable English words for the numberless exquisite melodies of these countries, some of which are popular over the whole world, even without words. Others are comparatively little known, and very many are still heard only in the homes of a simple people dwelling in quiet glens and remote corners of the country.

This collection of songs contains not only many of the best old words and music, but also a number of more modern origin—such, for instance, as "Caller herrin" (page 14), written by Neil Gow, whose name well deserves to be remembered in connection with the music of his country. The subject of this characteristic tune is taken from the peal of bells in the old tower of St. Giles' Church, Edinburgh, and the well-known cry of the Newhaven fishwives, heard in different keys along the streets.

The tune of "Robin Adair," as sung by Mr. Brabbin, and since generally adopted in England, is given at page 41; but the true form of the melody, and the only one known in Ireland and Scotland, will be found at page 168; for pathos and simplicity this exquisite old air cannot be surpassed. Similarly, both versions of "And ye shall walk in silk attire," and "Auld Robin Gray" are given.

This collection of Scotch Music having been submitted to me by the Publishers, I have carefully revised the words and melodies, so far as lay in my power.

The harmonics, accompaniments, and symphonies have been composed and arranged by Mr. J. Pitman.

Everything has been done to secure accuracy of words, truthfulness of melody, and popular accompaniments, so as to render the work worthy of a wide-spread circulation.

COLIN BROWN,

Evinc Lecturer on the Science, Theory, and History of Music.

Andersonian University, Glasgow.

* [Since the above was written the work alluded to has been undertaken and completed by Mr. BRINLEY RICHARDS, and the Royal Edition of the Songs of Wales, with new Welsh and English Words, uniform with the Songs of Scotland, may now be had.—B. & Co.]
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Gin a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Ilka lassie has, etc.

Need a body cry?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Naue, they say, hae I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly love myself;
But what his name, or whaur his hame,
I dinna care to tell.
Ilka lassie has, etc.
Jessie, the flower o’ Dumblane.

Ausiante.

The sun has gane down o’er the

Piano.

p dolce.

lofty Ben-Lo mond, And left the red clouds to preside o’er the scene: While

lane-ly I stray in the calm simm’rglean’ning, To muse on sweet Jes-sie, the

flower o’ Dum-blane. How sweet is the brier wr’ its soft fauld-ing blos-som, And
Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

sweet is the birk w' its mantle o' green; But sweeter and fairer, and
dear to this bosom, Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane, Is

love - ly young Jessie, Is lovely young Jessie, Is lovely young Jessie, the

flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as o'er, and blythe as she's bonnie,
For guileless simplicity marks her in,
And far be the villain, divested of feeling, [bline.
Wha' d' blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dumblane,
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the cennin',
Thus're dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
See dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
Is charming young Jessie, etc.

How bright were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I never saw a nymph I would ca' my dear Jessie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
The mine were the station of loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as measuring the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
If wanting sweet Jessie, etc.
Annie Laurie.

Maxwellton braes are bonnie, Where early fa’s the dew, And it’s there that Annie Laurie Gie’d me her promise true, Gie’d me her promise true, Which ne’er forgot will be; And for bonnie Annie Laurie I’d lay me doon and Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her neck is like the swan, Her face it is the fairest That e’er the sun shone on— That e’er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e’e; And for bonnie Annie Laurie I’d lay me doon and des.

Like dew on the gowans lying, Is the fa’ o’ her fairy feet; And like winds in summer sighing, Her voice is low and sweet— Her voice is low and sweet, And she’s a’ the world to me, And for bonnie Annie Laurie I’d lay me doon and des.
Huntingtower; or, "When ye gang awa, Jamie."

Andante.

Piano.

JAMIE. I'll send ye a braw new gown, Jeanie,
    The boldest in the town, lassie,
    And it shall be o' silk and gowd,
    Wi' Valenciennes set round, lassie.

JEANIE. That's nae gift ava, Jamie,
    Silk and gowd and a', lassie,
    There's never a gown in a' the land
    I'd like when ye're awa, lassie.

JAMIE. When I come back again, Jeanie,
    Free a foreign land, lassie,
    I'll bring wi' me a gallant gay,
    To be your ain gudeman, lassie.

JEANIE. Be my gudeman yourself, Jamie,
    Marry me yoursel', laddie,
    And tak' me ower to Germanie,
    Wi' you at hame to dwell, laddie.

JAMIE. I dinna ken how that wad do, Jeanie,
    I dinna see how that can be, lassie,
    For I've a wife and bairnies three,
    And I'm no sure how ye'd agree, lassie.

JEANIE. Ye should hae tell me that in time, Jamie,
    Ye should hae tell me that langsyne, laddie,
    For had I ken o' your fause heart,
    Ye ne'er had gotten mine, laddie.

JAMIE. Your een were like a spell, Jeanie,
    Mair sweet than I could tell, lassie,
    That lika day bewitch'd we see,
    I couldna help mysel', lassie.

JEANIE. Gae back to your wife and hame, Jamie,
    Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie,
    And I will pray they ne'er may thole
    A broken heart like me, laddie.

JAMIE. Dry that tearfu' e'e, Jeanie,
    Grieve you mair for me, lassie,
    I've neither wife nor bairnies three,
    And I'll wed nane but thee, lassie.

JEANIE. Think weel, for fear you rue, Jamie,
    Ye'll no get me more true, frae me;
    But I have neither gowd nor land,
    To be a match for you, laddie.

JAMIE. Blair is Atholl's own, lassie,
    Fair Dunkeld is mine, lassie,
    Saint Johnstone's bower, and Huntingtower,
    And a' that's mine is thine, lassie.
And ye shall walk in silk attire.

And ye shall walk in silk attire, and silver have to spae.

Gin ye'll consent to be my bride, Nor think on Donald mair.

O, wha wad buy a silk'en gown Wy a poor broken heart? Or what's to me a
AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

sill - ler crown, Gin free my love I part... And ye shall walk in

silk att - ire, And sill - ler hae to spare... Gin

ye'll con - sent to be my bride, Nor think on Do - nald

The mind whose meanest wish is pure,
For dearest is to me;
And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith
I'll lay me down and dee.
For I ha's vow'd a virgin's vow
My lover's fate to share;
And he has given me his heart,
And what can man do mair?
And ye shall walk, etc.

His mind and manners wan my heart,
He grateful took the gift;
And did I wish to see it back,
it wax'd be war than theft;
For longest life can never repay
The love he bears to me;
And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith
I'll lay me down and dee.
And ye shall walk, etc.
Here awa', there awa'.

Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie, Here awa',

there awa', hand awa' hame. Come to my bosom, my

ain only dearie, Tell me thou bringst me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting;
Fears for my Willie brought tears to my eye;
Welcome, now simmer, and welcome, my Willie
The simmer to nature, and Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumber:
How your dread howling a lover alarming!
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But, oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it.
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!
Jock o' Hazeldean.

Andante moderato.

Why weep ye by the tide, ladie? Why weep ye by the tide? I'll wed ye to my youngest son, And ye shall be his bride. And ye shall be his bride, ladie. She comely to be seen—But aye she loot the tears down fa', For Jock o' Hazeldean.

Now let this wilful grief be done, And dry that cheek so pale, Young Frank is chief of Earington, And lord of Langleydale.

His step is firm in peaceful ha', His sword in battle keen— But aye she loot the tears down fa', For Jock o' Hazeldean.

A chain o' gold ye shall not lack, Nor braid to bind your hair. Nor netted bower, nor manicured hawk. Nor pale red fresh and fair; And you, the foremost o' them a', Shall ride our forest queen— But aye she loot the tears down fa', For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at mornin' tide, The taper glimmer'd fair, The priest and bridegroom wait the bride, And dame and knight are there. They sought her bath by bower and ha', The lady was not seen; She's o'er the border, and awa' Jock o' Hazeldean.
Auld Robin Gray.

Young Jamie lov'd me weel, and sought me for his bride, But

saving a crown, he had nae-thing else beside; To make the crown a pound my

Jamie gaed to sea, And the crown and the pound were baith for me. He
My father couldna work—my mither couldna spin;
My father argued aye—my mither didna speak,
I tol'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
O sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, will you no' marry me?"
We took but no' kiss, and we tore ourselves away.
My heart it said na, for I look'd for Jamie back;
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no' like to dee;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
Oh why do I live to say, O wae's me!
The ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jenny dey?
Oh why do I live to say, O wae's me!
Auld Robin Gray cam a court-ing me.
For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.
The Land o' the Leal.

I'm weari' a-wa', Jean, Like snow-wreathin' thaw, Jean, I'm weari' a-wa' To the land o' the leal. There's nae sorrow there, Jean, There's neither care nor care, Jean, The day is aye fair In the land o' the leal.

Ye aye were leal and true, Jean, Your task's ended now, Jean, And I'll welcome you To the land o' the leal. Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean, She was baith good and fair, Jean, And we grudged her a' To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean, My soul lugs to be free, Jean, And angels wait on me To the land o' the leal. Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean, This world's care is vain, Jean, We'll meet and aye be fa' In the land o' the leal.
Ye Banks and Braes o' bonny Doon.

Andante cantabile.

Piano.

bon-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chant, ye

lit-ty birds, And I see wra-y fu' o' care? Thou'l break my heart, thou

wa-bling bird, That wa-toos through the flow'-ry thorn, Thou mindst me o' de-

part-ed joys, De-part-ed ne-ver to re-turn.

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

Wha'll buy cal-ler her-rin'? They're bonnie fish and hale-some far-in'; Buy my cal-ler her-rin',

New drawn frae the Forth. When ye were sleep-ing on your pil-lows, Dreamt ye aught o' our pair fell-ows,

Dark-ling as they face the bil-lows, A' to fill our we-ven wil-lows. Buy my cal-ler her-rin', They're

bon-nie fish and hale-some far-in'; Buy my cal-ler her-rin', New drawn frae the Forth. Wha'll
CALLER HERRIN'.

buy my caller Herrin'. They're no brought here without brave dartin',

Buy my caller Herrin', Ye little ken their worth. Wha'll buy my caller Herrin'? Oh ye may ca' them vulgar farin'; Wives and nithers maist de-spair-in', Ca' them lives o' men.

And when the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies clad in silk and laces,
Gacher in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin', etc.

Noo neebor' wives come tent my tellin',
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',
At a word be aye your dealin',
Truth will stand when a' things fallin',
Wha'll buy my caller herrin', etc.
Bonnie Dundee.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas

Claverhouse spoke: Ere the King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke, Then each cavalier who loves

honour and me, Let him follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee. Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come

saddle my horses, and call out my men; Un-hook the west port, and let us go free, For its

up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat,
But the provost (douce man) said, "Just e'en let it be,
For the town is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee."

Come fill up my cup, etc.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north;
There are brave Fairnie-wassel three thousand times thees,
Will cry, "Hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee."

Come fill up my cup, etc.

Then awa' to the hills, to the leas, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch with the fox;
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst o' your glees,
Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets and me.

Come fill up my cup, etc.
Charlie is my darling.

Alecra.

Oh! Charlie is my darling, My

darling, darling, Oh! Charlie is my darling, The young Chevalier. Twas

on a Monday morning, Right early in the year, When Charlie came to our town, The young Chevalier. Oh!

Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling, Oh! Charlie is my darling, The young Chevalier.

As he came marching up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear;
And 'tis the folk can't rinnin' out
To meet the Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, etc.

Wt Hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right
And the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, etc.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,
The young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, etc.

Oh! there were mony beating hearts,
And mony hopes and fears;
And mony were the prayers put up
For the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, etc.
O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me?

Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me, Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town? Can silent glens have charms for thee, The lowly cot, and russet gown? No longer drest in silken sheen, No longer deck'd with jewell's race, Say, canst thou quit the busy scene, Where thou wert fairest of the fair? Say,
O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me?

Can'st thou quit the busy scene, Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, can'st thou love so true,
Through perils keen wi' me to go?
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?

Say, can'st thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recall
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear;
Nor then regret those scenes so gay
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?
Within a mile of Edinburgh town

Edin-bu-rgh town, In the ro-sy time of the year, Sweet flow-ers bloom’d and the grass was down, And each shepherd woo’d his dear. Bon-nie Jock-ie, blythe and gay.

Kiss’d young Jen-ny mak-ing hay; The las-sie blush’d, and frowning cried, “Na, na, it win-na do; I can-na, can-na, win-na, win-na, maunna buck-le to.”

Jockie was a wag that never wad wed, Though lang he had followed the fass; Contented she earned and ate her brown bread, And merrily turned up the grass. Bon-nie Jock-ie blythe and frae, Won her heart right merrily; Yet still she blush’d, and frowning cried: “Na, na, it I can-na, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckie to.”

But when he vow’d he wad make her his bride, Though his flocks and herds were not few, She grip’d him her hand and a kiss beside, And vow’d she’d for ever be true. Bon-nie Jock-ie, blythe and frae, Won her heart right merrily; At kirk she no more frowning cried: “Na, na, it I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckie to.”
Auld Langsyne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to min? Should auld acquaintance
be forgot. And days o' lang - syne? For auld lang - syne, my dear, For
auld lang - syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang - syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, etc.

We twa hae paid't in the burn
Froe morning sun till dune;
But see between us bruid has roard
Sin' auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, etc.

And there's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right gude willy-waugh
For auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, etc.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup
As surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, etc.
There's nae luck about the house.

And are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel?

Is this a time to talk o' war? Ye jades, sing by your wheel!

Is this a time to think o' war, When Colin's at the door?

Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay, And
Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jack his Sunday coat;
And make their shoon as black as snow;
Their hose as white as snow;
It's a' to please my ain godman,
For he's been lang awa'.
For there's nae luck, etc.

There are twa hers upon the bawk
Been fed this month and mair,
Mak' haste and throw their necks about,
Till Colin weel may fair;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar like thing look braw;
For wha can tell how Colin fared,
When he was far awa'.
For there's nae luck, etc.

Come, gie me down my biginet,
My bishop-satin gown;
And rin and tell the tullie's wife
That Colin's come to town:
My Turkey-slippers they muir gae o'er,
My bon o' pearl blue;
It's a' to please my ain godman,
For he's but kind and true.
For there's nae luck, etc.

Sea true his heart, sea smooth his speech,
His breath like calv's air;
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair;
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In trut' I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, etc.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That shrilled through my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part:
But what pus parting in my head,
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw!
For there's nae luck, etc.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I hae nae maik to crave;
Could I but live to mak' him blast,
I'm bleeve o' the lave;
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In trut' I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, etc.
Logie o' Buchan.

Moderato

Piano.

dolce.

0 Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the baird, They ha'e ta'en a-wa' Jamie that del'd in the yard; Wha play'd on the pipe and the viol sae sma', They ha'e ta'en a-wa'

più mosso.

Jamie, the flow'r o' them a'. He said, "Think nae lang, las-te, though I gang a-wa', For I'll come and see ye, in spite o' them a'."

Though Sandy has oan, has poor, and has kye,
A house and a hadder, and siller forbye;
Yet I'd tak' my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd hae him wi' his houses and land.

He said, "Think nae lang, lassie," etc.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;
Though I loo' them as weel as a daughter should do,
They're no half sae dear, Jamie, as you to me.

He said, "Think nae lang, lassie," etc.

I sit on my coopee and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that loo' me sae weel:
He had but sae spence, he baik' it in twa,
And gied me the half o't when he gaed awa.

He said, "Think nae lang, lassie," etc.

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa'.
The summer is comin', could winter's awa',
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

Ye said, "Think nae lang, lassie," etc.
The wind blow cauld frae north to south,
And blew in to the floor, O!
Quoth our gudeman to our bride, wifie,
"Get up and bar the door, O!"

"My hand is in my huswif, bair,"
"Gudeman, as ye may see, O!"
An it should na be bair'd this hunder year,
I'll no bair it by me, O!"

They made a pact'oon 'twixt them twa,
They made it firm and sure, O!
Whe'er spaik' the foremost word,
Should rise and bar the door, O!

Then by there cam' twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at nig'ht, O!
And they could see nee house nor hae',
Nor coal nor candle light, O!

Now, wheth' er is this a rich man's house,
Or wheth' er is it a poor, O?
But ne'er a word was ans' o' them speak,
For barring o' the door, O!

And first they ate the white puddins,
And syne they ate the black, O!
The' muckle thought the gudewife to hersel',
Yet ne'er a word she spak', O!

Then the one unto the other said—
"Here, man, tak' ye my knife, O!
Do ye tak' aff the maid nae's beard,
And I'll kiss the gudewife, O!"

"But there's nae water in the house,
And what will we do then, O?"
"What ails you at the puddin' broo,
That boils into the pan, O?"

O up then started our gudeman,
And an angry man was he, O!
"Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And soun' me wi' puddin' broo, O?"

Then up and started our gudewife,
Gies' three skips on the floor, O!
"Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door, O!"
The Campbells are comin'.

The Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho, The Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho, The

The Campbells are comin' to bon - nie Lochle - ven; The Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho, Up -

- on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, I look-ed down to

bonnie Lochleven, and saw three bon - nie pip-ers play.

Great Argyll, he goes before,

He makes the canons and guns to roar

Wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe, and drum,

The Campbells are comin', oho, oho.

The Campbells are comin', etc.

The Campbells they are a' in arms,

Their loyal faith and truth to show;

Wi' banners rattlin' in the wind,

The Campbells are comin', oho, oho.

The Campbells are comin' etc.
Blue bonnets over the border.

March! March! Ett-rick and Te-viot-dale, Why, my lads, din-na ye march forward in or-der?

March! March! Esk-dale and Lid-dies-dale, All the blue bon-nets are o-ver the bor-der.

Many a ban-ner spread, flutters a-bove your head, Many a crest that is fa-mous in sto-ry:

Mount and make res-ty then, sons of the mountain glen, Fight for your Queen and the old Scottish glo-ry.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the boar;
Come to the craig where the bezeon is blazing;
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow:
Trumpets are sounding, war steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms, and march in good order;
England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,
When the blue bonnets came over the border.

March, March, Ett-rick and Te-viot-dale, etc.
The Laird o’ Cockpen.

Allegro.

The Laird o’ Cockpen he’s proud an’ he’s great, His mind is ta’en up wi’ the things o’ the state; He wanted a wife his braw house to keep, But fa’-favour wi’ woo’in’ was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell, At his table-head he thocht she’d look well: M’Cleish is ae dochter a’ Clavers’-ha’ Lee, A penniless lass, wi’ a lang pedigree.

His wig was wael-pouthered, as gude as when new, His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue; He put on a ring, a sword, and cock’d hat; And who could refuse the Laird wi’ a’ that?

He mounted his mare, and rade camillie: An’ rapp’d at the ye’l o’ Clavers’-ha’ Lee. “Gae tell Missis Jean to come speedily ben; She’s wanted to speak wi’ the Laird o’ Cockpen.”

Mistress Jean she was makin’ the elder-flower wine— “What brings the Laird here at sic a like time?” She put aff her apron, an’ on her silk gown, Her mutch wi’ red ribbons, an’ gaed awa’ doon.

An’ when she came ben, he bowed fu’ low; An’ what was his errand he soon let her know. Amazed was the Laird when the lady said—“Na.” An’ wi’ a high curtsy she turned awa’. Dumbfounded was he—but nae sigh did he gie; He mounted his mare, and rade camillie; An’ aften he thochn, as he gaed through the glen, “She’s daft to refuse the Laird o’ Cockpen.”

And now that the Laird his exit had made, Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said. “Oh! for ane I’ll get better, it’s warf I’ll get ten—I was daft to refuse the Laird o’ Cockpen.”

Noitst time that the Laird and the Lady were seen, They were gaun arm and arm to the kick on the green. Now she sits in the ha’ like a weel-tappit hen, But as yet there’s nae chickens appear’d at Cockpen.
My love she's but a lassie yet.

My love she's but a lassie yet, A lichtsome lovely lassie yet; It

scoorie wad do To sit an' woo Down by the stream a' glass'y yet, But there's a braw time

com'in' yet, When we may gang a-roamin' yet, An hint wi' glee O' joys to be, When

fa's the mo-deest gloon'in' yet.

She's neither proud nor saucy yet,
She's neither plump nor gauzy yet;
But just a jinkin';
Bonnie Bli'kin';
Hilty-kilty lassie yet.
But O her artless smile's mais sweet
Than hiny or than marmalade;
An' right or wrang.
Ere it be lang,
I'll bring her to a parley yet.

I'm jealous o' what blesses her,
The very breeze that kisses her,
The flowery beds
On which she treads,
Though was for ane that misses her.
Then O to meet my lassie yet,
Up in you glee as gauzy yet;
For all I see
Are naught to me
Save her that's but a lassie yet.
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent when ye come to court me, And come na unles the back

Tho' fa-ther and mo-ther, and a' should gae mad, O whis-tle and I'll come to you, my lad.

whis-tle and I'll come to you, my lad, O whis-tle and I'll come to you, my lad!
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mother, and a' should gae mad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

At kirk or at market, where'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye cared na a fle,
But seal me a blak o' your bonnie black 'e.
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

O whistle, etc.

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

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wees;
But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wite your fancy free me,
For fear that she wite your fancy free me.

O whistle, etc.
Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has aften led, Welcome to your

go-ry bed, Or to victo-rie! Now's the day an' now's the hour.

See the front of battle hour; See approach proud Edward's pow'r, Chains and sla-ve-rie!

Wha will be a traitor knave? By oppression's woes an' pains
Wha will fill a coward's grave? By your sons in servile chains
Wha sees base as a slave? We will drain our dearest veins
Let him turn an' flee! But they shall be free.
Wha, for Scotland's king an' law, Lay the proud usurpers low!
Freedom's sword will strongly draw. Tyrants fall in every foe!
Freeman, stand, or freeman fall, Liberty's in every blow!
Let him follow me!
Let us do or die!
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, When we were first acquainted, Your locks were like the raven, Your bonnie brow was bent, But now your brow is bald, John, Your locks are like the snow, Yet blessings on your frosty brow, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We climb the hill thegither,
And mony a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' one anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot
John Anderson my jo.
The Blue Bells of Scotland.

Andante moderato.

Oh! where, tell me where is your Highland laddie gone? Oh! where, tell me where is your Highland laddie gone? He's gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done, and it's oh, in my heart I wish him safe at home.

Oh! where, tell me where did your Highland laddie dwell? Oh! where, tell me where did your Highland laddie dwell? He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, where blooms the sweet blue bell. And it's oh! in my heart I love my laddie well. He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, etc.

Oh! what, tell me what does your Highland laddie wear? Oh! what, tell me what does your Highland laddie wear? A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid, And it's oh! in my heart I love my Highland lad. A bonnet with a lofty plume, etc.

Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain? Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain? Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe again, For it's oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain.

Oh, no! true love will be his guard, etc.
The waeful heart.

Yet, oh! gin Heaven in mercy soon
Would grant the boon I crave,
And tal’ this life, now naething worth,
Sin’ Jamie’s in his grave.
And see, his gentle spirit comes,
To show me on my way!
Surpris’d, no doubt, I still am here.
Sir wondring at my stay.

"I come, I come, my Jamie dear,
And, oh! wi’ what gude-will,
I follow whauserer ye lead,
Ye canna lead to ill."
She said, and soon a deadly pale
Her fuded cheek posses’d;
Her waeful heart forgot to beat,
Her sorrow sunk to rest.
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,

I came o'er the braes o' Balloch. She vowed, she swore she

wad be mine. She said she lo'ed me best o' ny; But, oh! the fickle,
ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

faith - less queen, She's ta'en the Carle, and left her John - nie.

Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch, Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch,

Wat ye how she cheat - ed me, As I came o'er the braes o Bal - loch.

O, she was a cysty queen,
Well could she dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife, etc.

Her hair was fair, her een sae clear,
Her wees bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie;
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnnie,
Roy's wife, etc.
A Highland Lad my Love was Born.

A Highland lad my love was born, The Law-land laws he held in scorn; But he

still was faith-ful to his clan, My gal-ant braw John High-land-man. Sing

hey, my braw John Highland-man, Sing ho, my braw John High-land-man; There's no' a lad in

a' the lan' Was match wi' my John Highland-man.

With his phileples and tartan plaid,
And gude claymore doun by his side;
The ladies' hearts he did trepan—
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

Sing hey, etc.

They banish'd him beyond the sea;
But o'er the had was on the tree,
Adoun my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.

Sing hey, etc.

But oh, they caught him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast;
My curse upon them every one—
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.

Sing hey, etc.
The Lass o' Gowrie.

I had one thought to do her wrong,
But round her waist my arms I flung,
And said, my lassie, will ye gang
To see the Carse o' Gowrie?
I'll tak' ye to my father's ha'
In ye green field beside the shaw,
And make ye lady o' them a—
The bravest wife in Gowrie.

Soft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blush upon her cheeks soon spread,
She whisper'd modestly and said,
I'll gang wi' you to Gowrie.
The auld folk soon gied their consent,
Syne for Mass John they quickly sent,
Wha tied them to their heart's content,
And now she's Lady Gowrie.
We're a' Noddin'.

Moderate.

And we're a'noddin', mid, mid, noddin', And we're

PIANO.

s' noddin' at our house at home. Gude e'en to ye, kinner. And are ye alone? Oh, come and see how blythe we are, For

Jamie he's cam' hame, And oh, but he's been lang awa'. And oh, my heart was sair. As I sobb'd out a lang farewell, My

2nd time f

be to meet nae mair. Noo we're a' noddin', mid, mid, noddin', And we're a' noddin at our house at home.

Oh, sair he's I fought,
Eee! and late did I toll,
My bairnie for to feed and clad,
My comfort was their smile!
When I thocht on Jamie far awa',
An' o' his love sa faim,
A bonie thrill cam' thro' my heart,
We'd may be meet again.
Noo we're a' noddin'.

When he knockat at the door,
I thocht I kept the rag,
And little Katie cried aloud,
"My daddie, he's cam' back!"
A stoun gued thro' my anxou's breast,
As thochtfully I sat,
I raise, I gazed, fell in his arms,
And bursted out and grat.
Noo we're a' noddin', etc.
The Boatie rows.

Moderato.

O weel may the boatie row, And better may she speed; O weel may the boatie row, That wins the bairns' bread.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows, The boatie rows fu' weel; And muckle luck at tend the boat, The mur-lau and the creel.

I cast my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I caught nine;
They're three to roast, and three to boil,
And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

O weel may the boatie row
That fills a heavy creel,
And clears us a' frae head to feet,
And buys our ourtitch meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,
And wad Tear me my heart;
O muckle lighter grew my creel!
He a' soot we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And muckle lighter is the lade
When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upon my head,
And dress'd myself fur' braw,
I троv my heart was dowf and was
When Jamie gae awa'.

But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the lassie's care
That yields an honest heart.

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie,
Are up, and gotten lear,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be the heart that bears
The mur-lau and the creel.

And when wi' age we are worn down,
And hirpling round the door,
They'll row to keep us dry and warm
As we did them before:
Then weel may the boatie row
That wins the bairn's bread,
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.
Green grow the rashes, O.

There's nought but care on ev'ry han', In ev'ry hour that passes, O! What signifies the life o' man, An' there was na for the lasses, O! Green grow the rashes, O! Green grow the rashes, O! The sweetest hours that ere I spent Were spent a-mang the lasses, O!

The warldy race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow the rashes, O! etc.

Give me a cannie hour at e'en,
My ans about my doow, O:
An' warldy cares and warldy men
May a' gae tapsaltirrie, O.
Green grow the rashes, O! etc.

For you sae douce, wha sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asse, O!
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw
He dearly loed the lasses, O.
Green grow the rashes, O! etc

Auld Nature swears the lovely dear
Her noblest works she lives, O:
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow the rashes, O! etc.
My love is like a red, red rose.

all the seas gang dry, my dear, Till all the seas gang dry; And I will love thee still, my dear, Till

love is like a red, red rose That's new-ly sprung in June; My love is like a mo-to-ry That's

sweet-ly play'd in tune. As fair art thou, my bon-nie lass, So deep in love am I; And

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

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, But fare thee weel, my only love,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun; And fare thee weel a while;
And I will love thee still, my dear, And I will come again, my love,
While the sands o' life shall ran Tho' twere ten thousand rule.
A man's a man for a' that.

What though on banely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin-grey, and a' that,
Gie fools their silks, and knives their wine;
A man's a man for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er see puir,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see you birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stears, and a' that:
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a clasp for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
His ribbon, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind
Can look and laugh at a' that.

A king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his micht,
Gude faith, he mauth na' that!

For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
When man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.
Duncan Gray.

Allegro.

Duncan Gray cam' here to woo, Ha, ha, the woo' in' o't; On blythe Yule night, when we were fu',

Ha, ha, the woo' in' o't. Maggie cocht her head fu' heigh, Look'd a-shent, and

un-co skigh, gart poor Duncan stand a-beigh, Ha, ha, the woo' in' o't.

Duncan fleech'd, an' Duncan pray'd,
Ha, ha, the woo' in' o't;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the woo' in' o't.

Duncan sigh'd baith out an' in,
Grat his een baith blee'd an' blin',
Spek' o' louping o'er a linn,
Ha, ha, the woo' in' o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the woo' in' o't;
Slighted love is sair to hide,
Ha, ha, the woo' in' o't.

"Shall I, like a fool," quoth he,
"For a haughty hizzie dee?"
She may gae to—France—for me!
Ha, ha, the woo' in' o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the woo' in' o't;
Meg grew sick as he grew hale,
Ha, ha, the woo' in' o't.

Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And, O! her een, they speak sic things,
Ha, ha, the woo' in' o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the woo' in' o't;
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the woo' in' o't.

Duncan couldna se her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath,
Now they're coarse and canty baith,
Ha, ha, the woo' in' o't.
Roslin Castle.

Andante espressivo.

Piano.

"Twas in that season of the year, when all things gay and sweet appear, That

Colin, with the morning ray, arose and sung his rural lay: Of Nannie's charms the

shepherd sung, the hills and dales with Nannie rang: While Roslin castle

heard the swain, and echoed back the cheerful strain.

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

O burn, my love! on every spray,
Each feather'd w<wbr/>>bler tunes his lay;
The beauty fires the ravished throng,
And love inspires the melting song.
Then let my raptured notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.
Robin Adair.

What's this dull town to me?

Robin's not near.
What was I wish'd to see,
What wish'd to hear?
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made this town a hear'n on earth?

Oh, they're all fed with thee,
Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair,
But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair.
Yet he I lov'd so well
Still in my heart shall dwell:
Oh, I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.
Braw, braw lads.

Larghetto.

Braw, braw lads on

Yarrow trees, Ye wander thro' the blooming heather; But

Yarrow bres' nor Ettrick shaws Can match the lads o' Gala Water.

But there is one, a secret one,
Aboon them 'n' I be'e him better
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Gala Water.

Although his daddie was mae laird,
And though I ha'nae maidsie tochter,
Ye rich in kindest, trustiest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water.

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

Larghetto.

Music notation.

O waly, waly up the bank, And
wa-ly, wa-ly down the brae, And wa-ly by you river side, Where I and my love
wont to gae. I leant my back un-to aa aik, I thought it was a trusty tree! But
first it bow'd and synge it brak', And saw did my true love to me.

O waly, waly, love is bonnie
A little time while it is new;
But when it's auld it waxes cauld,
And fades awa' like mornin' dew.
O, wherefore should I bust my head?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true love has me fassek,
And says he'll never lo'e me mair.
Now Arthur's seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be press'd by me;
St. Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.
Marlinsne wind, when will thou blow,
An' share the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For o' my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fall,
Nor blawin' snow's inclemency,
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.
When we ca'n't in by Glasgow town,
We were a comedy sight to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
'An' I mysel' in cranach.
But had I wist before I kisst
That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a casse o' gold,
'An' plain'd it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
'An' set upon the nurse's knee,
'An' I mysel' were dead an' gane,
'An' the green grass growin' over me!
O, saw ye bonnie Lesley?

O, saw ye bonnie Lesley As she gaed o'er the border? She's gone like Alexander, To spread her conquests farther. To see her is to love her, And love but her for ever, For Nature made her what she is, And ne'er made sic anither.

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley, Thy subjects we before thee: Thou art divine, fair Lesley, The hearts of men adore thee. The devil he cou'dna slaithe thee, Or aught that wad belong thee; He'd look into thy bonnie face, And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tend thee, Misfortune shane steer thee; Thou're like thensels sea lovely That ill they'll ne'er let near thee. Return again, fair Lesley, Return to Caledonie! That we may brag we have a lass There's none again so bonnie.
Auld Rob Morris.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the evening among the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But, oh! she's an heiress, and Rob is a laird,
And my deid has bought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane,
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghost,
And I sigh as my heart it was burst in my breast.

O, had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might ha'e hop'd she wad smile upon me!
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my desolation no words can express!
Farewell to Lochaber.

Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
Where heart-some with thee I had many days.

For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.

These tears that I
FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
There's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me, my heart is sair pain'd;
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave:
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee;
And losing thy favour, I'd better not be.
I gue, then, my lass, to win honour and fame;
And if I should chance to come gloriously hame
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er.
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.
The Ewe-bughts.

Andante.

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.

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

There's braw laud in Earnsaw, Marion, Wha gaps and glows' with their e'e At kirk, when they see my Marion; But none of them loves like me.

I've nine milk aues, my Marion, A cow and a brawny quay; I'll gie them a' to my Marion, Just on her bridal day.

And ye's got a green sey apron, And waistcoat o' London brown, And wow but ye will be viping Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion, Nane dances like me on the greast; And gin ye forsake me, Marion, I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jane.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion, And kirtle-o' crumuis; And when evening comes, my Marion, Then I'll come west and see thee.
The birks of Aberfeldy.

* While o'er their heads the hazels ring;
The little birches blythe they sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie las-sie, etc.

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

Bonnie las-sie, etc.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the barren pours,
And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie las-sie, etc.

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

Bonnie las-sie, etc.
The winter it is past.

Andante sostenuto.

past, and the summer's come at last, And the small birds sing on ev'ry tree

The hearts of these are glad, but mine is very sad, For my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the briar, by the water running clear,
May give joy to the linnets and the bee;
Their little love is bless'd, and their little hearts at rest;
But my true love is parted from me.

My love is like the sun that in the sky doth run,
For ever so constant and true;
But hers is like the moon that wanders up and down,
And every month it is new.

All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,
I pity the pains you endure;
For experience makes me know that your hearts are full of woe—
A woe that no mortal can cure.
Saw ye Johnnie comin'?

Andante.

Piano.

Saw ye Johnnie com-in' qu' she, Saw ye Johnnie com-in' qu' she, saw ye Johnnie com-in' qu' she, Saw ye Johnnie com-in', Wi' his blue bonnet on his head.

And his doggie runnin' qu' she, And his doggie runnin' qu' she.

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she, Fee him, father, fee him;
Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she, Fee him, father, fee him;
Fee him, father, fee him;
Fee him, father, fee him;
For he is a gallant lad,
And a weel doon';
And o' the work about the house
Goes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, quo' he?
What will I do wi' him?
He's ne'er a mark upon his back,
And I hae nane to gie him.
I hae two seats into my kist,
And see o' them I'll gie's him,
And fer a mark o' noir fee,
Diana stand wi' him, quo' she,
Diana stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him;
For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him.
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
Fee him, father, fee him;
He'll hae the plough, thrash in the barn,
And crack wi' me at 'en, quo' she,
And crack wi' me at 'en.
The braes aboon Bonaw.

Wilt thou go, my bonnie las-sie, Wilt thou go, my braw las-sie, Wilt thou go, say ay or no, To the braes a-foon Bo-naw, las-sie? Tho'

Donald hae nae mic-kle fraise Wi' Law-land speeches fine, las-sie, What he'll impart comes frae the heart, Sae let it be from thine, las-sie.

* When simmer days ceed a' the braes
Wi' blossom'd broom see fine, las-sie,
At milking shiel we'll join the reel,
My flocks shall a' be thine, las-sie.
Wilt thou go, etc.

I'll hunt the roe, the hart, the doe,
The ptarmigan see shy, las-sie;
For duck and drake I'll beat the brake,
Nae want shall thee come nigh, las-sie.
Wilt thou go, etc.

For trout and par, wi' cannie care
I'll wily skin the flec, las-sie;
Wi' sic-like cheer I'll please my dear,
Then come awa' wi' me, las-sie.
Wilt thou go, etc.

"Yes, I'll go, my bonnie laddie,
Yes, I'll go, my braw laddie,
Ik joy and care wi' thee I'll share
'Mang the braes aboon Bonaw, laddie."
Wilt thou go, etc.
My heart is sair for somebody.

My heart is sair, I daur-na tell, My heart is sair for somebody:

I could wake a winter night For the sake o'somebody. Oh hon, for somebody!

Oh hey, for somebody! I could ring the world a-round For the sake o'somebody.

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

What's a' the steer, kimmer.

What's a' the steer? Charlie he is landed, And hath he'll soon be here; The

win' was at his back, Curle, The win' was at his back, I care na, sin he's come, Curle, We

were na worth a plack.

I'm right glad to hear't, kimmer,
I'm right glad to hear't;
I has a gude braid claymore,
And for his sake I'll wear't;
Sin' Charlie he is landed,
We has na mair to fear;
Sin' Charlie he is come, kimmer,
We'll hae a jubilee year.
The year that's awa'

Here's to the year that's awa'
We'll drink it in strong and in suma';
And here's to ilk bonnie young

Here's to the soldier who bled—
To the sailor who bravely did fa'!
Their fame is alive, though their spirits have fled
On the wings of the year that's awa'.
Their fame is alive, etc

Here's to the friends we can trust
When the storms of adversity blow!
May they live in our song, and be nearest our hearts,
Nor depart like the year that's awa'.
May they live in our song, etc.
My ain fireside.

Piano.

O, I haes seen great anes and sat in great halls, Maug lords and maug ladies a'
cov'rd wi' brows; But a sight sae de-light-ful I trow I ne'er spied As the
bonnie blythe blink o' my ain fireside, My ain fireside, my ain fireside, O,
sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

Ance mair, heaven be praised! round my ain heart'some
Wi' the friens o' my youth I cordially mingled; [ingle,
Nae forms to compel me to seem was or glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

Nae falsehood to dread, nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
O' a' roads to happiness ever were tried
There's none half sae sure as an's ain fireside;
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.
Tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My Crummie is a useful cow,
And she has come of a good kin';
Aft has she wet the bairns' mou',
And I am saith that she should tyne.
Get up, guidman, it is fu' times,
The sun shines in the lift sau hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was once a guid grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now its scantily worth a groat,
For I hae won't this thretty year.
Let's spend the gear that we hae won,
We little ken the day we'll dis;
Then I'll be proud, for I hae sworn
To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when guid King Robert ran,
His trews they cost but half-a-crown
He said they were a gross owre dear,
And call the tailor thief an' loon.
He was the King that wore the crown,
And thou'r't a man o' low degree;
'Tis pride put a' the country doun,
Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Ilka land has its ain lauch, [law]
Ilk kind o' corn has its ain kud;
I think the world is a' gone wrong,
When ilka wife her man wad rule.
Do ye no see see Rob, Jock, and Hap,
How they are girded gallantlie,
While I sit hurklin in the sse?
I'll hae a new cloak about me.
Guidman, I wat it's thretty year,
Sin' we did ane anither ken;
And we hae hae atween us twa,
O' lads and bonnie lasses ten.
Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray weel may they be;
And if ye prove a guid husband,
En tak' your auld cloak about ye.
Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
But she wad guide me, if she can;
And to maintain an easy life
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm guidman.
Nought's to be gain'd at women's han'
Unless ye gie them a' the plea;
Then I'll leave off where I began,
And tak' my auld cloak about me.
The Braes of Balquhidder.

I will twine thee a bow’r,
By the clear siller fountain,
And I’ll cover it o’er
Wi’ the flow’rs o’ the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sue dreary,
And return wi’ the spails
To the bower o’ my dearis.
Will ye go, etc.

Now the summer is in prime
Wi’ the flow’rs richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A’ the moorlands perfuming;
To our dear native scene
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns,
‘Mang the braes of Balquhidder.
Will ye go, etc.

When the rude wintry win’
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the right-breezes is swelling;
Sae merrily we’ll sing
As the storm rattles o’er us,
Till the deer shilling ring
Wi’ the light lilting chorus
Will ye go, etc.
Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
   By sweet Highland Mary.
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dears;
For dear to me as life and light
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I lift have kiss'd so fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt o'er me so kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lov'd me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

Wilt many a vow and look'd embrace
Our parting was 'mid tender;
And pledging aye to meet again,
We tore ourselves aunder:
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost
That nipt my flower so early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary.
O' a' the airts the win' can blaw.

O' a' the airts the win' can blaw I dearly lo' the West, For

there the bonnie lassie lives, The lassie I lo' best: Tho' wild woods grow and rivers row, And

mony a hill between, Baith day and night my fancy's flight Is

ev'er wi' my Jean, I see her in the dewy flow'rs, see
O' a' the airts the win' can blaw.

Love-ly, sweet, and fair; I hear her voice in il-ka bird Wi'

Mu-sic charn the air: There's not a bon-nie flow'r that springs By

Foun-tain, shaw, or green, There's not a bon-nie bird that sings But

Minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw, ye westin winds, slow saft
Among the leafy trees,
Wi' gentle gale frae hill and dale
Bring home the laden bees;
And bring the lassie back to me
That's aye sae neat and clean;
As smile o' her wad banish care.
She lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows among the knowes
Has passed atween us twa?
How fair to meet, how was to part,
That day she sae awa.
The powers aboven can only ken
To whom the heart is sure,
That name can be so dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean.
Maggie, quo' he, and by my bags
I'm ridgin' fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
In troth I winna steer thee:
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Runter;
The lasses loop as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.
Piper, quo' Meg, hae ye your bags,
Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
Live ye upon the border?
The tasset a', baith far and near,
Has heard o' Rob the Runter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,
Gif ye'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flaw wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and walloped o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it.
Wiel done, quo' he; play up, quo' she;
Wiel bobb'd, quo' Rob the Runter;
It's worth my while to play, indeed,
When I hae sic a dancer.
Wiel hae you play'd your part, quo' Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
Sin' we lost Bobby Sismon.
I've br'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin ye should come to Auster fair,
Spier ye for Maggie Launder.
O puirtith cauld.

"O puirtith cauld, and restless love, Ye wreck my peace between ye; Yet

puirtith a' I could forgive, Ain't was na for my Jeanie. O why should fate sic

pleasure have, Life's dearest bands untwining? O why see sweet a flow'r as love De-

paid on Fortune's shining?

This world's wealth, when I think on
It pride, and a' the lassie o't;
Fic, fic, on sly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't.
O why, etc.

Her e'en, sae bonnie blue, betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her Serweord arm-
She talks of rank and fashion.
O why, etc.

O, who can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O, who can prudence think upon
And see in love as I am?
O why, etc.

How boast the humble cottar's fate—
He woe's his simple dearie;
The silly boggles, wealth and state,
Can never make him erie.
O why, etc.
I hae laid a herrin' in saut.

I hae laid a her-rin' in saut, Lass, gin ye lo'e me tell me noo; I hae a saut that'll soon be a cow, Lass, gin ye lo'e me tell me noo; I hae a pig that'll soon be a sow, An' I can-na come il-ka day to woo.

I hae a house on yonder muir,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
Three sparrows may dance on the floor
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I hae a but, an' I hae a ben,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
I hae three chickens an' a fat hen,
An' I canna come ony mair to woo.

I hae a hen wi' a hoppitie leg,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
An' ilka day she lays me an egg,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I hae a kebbuck upon the shelf,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me tak' me noo;
I canna eat it a' myself,
An' I winna come ony mair to woo.
Turn again, thou fair Eliza.

Turn again, thou fair Eliza, As kinder dawn before we part, Rue on thy despairing lover, Canst thou break his faithfu' heart? Turn again, thou fair Eliza, If to love thy heart de-

ties, For pity hide the cruel sentence Under friendship's kind disguise.

Thus, dear maid, how I offended! The offence is loving thee:
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever What for thine would gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom Thou shalt mix in like these;
Turn again, thou lovely maiden, As sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride of sunny moon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the summer moon;
Not the post, in the moment
Fancy lightens in his eye,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture
That thy presence gives to me.
Corn rigs are bonnie

It was upon a Lammas night, When corn rigs are bonnie, Be

neath the moon's unclouded light, I held away to Annie: The

time flew by, with less heed Till 'tween the late and early, Wi'

smallest persuasion she agreed To see me through the barley.
Corn rigs, and barley rigs, Corn rigs are bonnie; I'll

ne'er forget that happy night, Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down wi' right good-will
Amang the rigs o' barley;
I kent her heart was a' my ain,
I loved her most sincerely;
I kis'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, etc.

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

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear,
I hae been merry drinkin';
I hae been joyful gath'rin' gear,
I hae been happy thinkin';
But 'tis the pleasures e'er I saw,
The three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a,
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, etc.
The yellow-hair'd laddie.

The yellow-hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae, Cried, "Milk the ewes, las'lie, let nine 0' them gae." And aye as she milked, she merrily sang, "The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my gude-man." And

The weather is cauld, and my clathing is thin; The ewes are new clipped, and they winna bught in— They winna bught in, although I should dee; O, yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind unto me.
O, yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind unto me.

The goodwife cries butt the house, Jenny, come ben, The cheese is to make, and the butter's to kirm; Though butter, and cheese, and a' should gang sour, I'll crack and I'll kiss w' my love as hauf hour; It's as lang hauf hour, and we'll o'en make it three, For the yellow-hair'd laddie my gudeman shal. be.
Logan Water.

By Logan's streams that rin see deep, Fu' a'ft wi' gloo I've herd-ed sheep; I've herd-ed sheep or gath-er'd slaes Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes. But wae's my heart, these days are gane, And, I wi' grief may herd a-lane, While my dear lad maun face his fæes, Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he, Atween the preachin's meet wi' me— Meet wi' me, or, when it's mair, Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk. I weel may sing, thea days are gane, Fræe kirk and fair I come alane, While my dear lad maun face his fæes, Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

At e'en when hope assist is gone I dauner out or sit alane, Or sit alane beneath the tree Where eft he kept his tryst wi' me. O! could I see th'ese days again, My lover skaithless and my rin; Beloved by friends, and far frae fæes, We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.
The Flowers o' the Forest.

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling, I've tasted her pleasures and felt her decay; Sweet was her blessing and kind her caressing, But now they are fled, they are fled far away.
THE FLOWERS O' THE FOREST.

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost, Wi' flowers o' the fairest baith pleasant and gay, Sae bonnie was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming, But now they are withered and a weede away.

I've seen the morning With gold the hills adorning, And loud tempests storming before parting day, I've seen Tweed's silver streams, Glittering in the sunny beams, Grow dreemlie and dark as they roll'd on their way.

O fickle fortune! Why this cruel sporting? Oh! why thus perplex us poor sons of a day? Thy frown canna fear me, Thy smile canna cheer me, Since the flowers o' the forest are a' weede away.
Gloomy winter's now awa'.

Piano.

Gloomy winter's now awa', Saft the west-lin' breezes blow, 'Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw The ma-vie sings fur' cheerie, O; Sweet the craw-flow'r's ear-ly bell Decka Glen-if-ter's dew-y dell.

Blooming like thy bon-nie sel', My young, my unt-les dear-is, O. Come, my las-sie, let us stray O'er Glen-killoch's sun-ny bree, Blythe-ly spend the gow-den day 'Midst joys that luv-er wea-ry, O.

Towering o'er the Newton woods, Lavi'rocks fan the snow-white clouds, Siller saunghs, wi' downy buds, Adorn the banks an' b累, O; Bound the alvan fairy nooks Feathery braikens fringe the rocks, 'Neath the brea the burnie jouks, An' ilka thing is cheerie, O; Trees may bud, an' birds may sing, Flowers may bloom, an' verdure spring, Joy to me they canna' bring, Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.
My Nannie, O.

Andante.

Be hind yon hills where Lu-gar flows, Mang

moors and moss-es man-ny, O, The win-try sun the day has clos'd, And I'll a-ways to

Nan-nie, O. The west-lin' wind blows loud and shrill, The night's baith mirk and rain-ny, O. But I'll

get my plaid and out I'll steal, And o'er the hills to Nan-nie, O.

My Nannie's charm' is, sweet, and young; A country lad is my degree,
Nae art'ful wiles to win ye, O; And few there be that ken me, O;
May ill beka the flatter'ing tongue But what care I how few they be?
That wad bequile my Nannie, O. I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.
Her face is fair, her heart is true, My riches n's my penny fee,
She's spotless as she's bonnie, O; And I maun gude it cunning, O,
The op'lin' gowan, west wi' daw, But warld's gear neve' troubles me,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O. My thoughts are s'my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hands his plough,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come was, I care na by,
I'll tak' what Heav'n will send me, O
Nae ither care in life has I,
But live and love my Nannie, O.
Oh, saw ye my wee thing?

Saw ye my true love down by yon lea?

Treen at the gloamin'?

Hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white,
Oh, saw ye my wee thing?

I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
    Nor saw I your true love down by you lea;
But I met a bonnie thing late in the gloamin',
    Down by the burnie where flow's the haw-tree.
Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white.
Dark was the blue 'o' her soft rolling 'e',
    Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;
Sweet were the kisses that she ga' to me.

It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,
    It was na my true love ye met by the tree:
Proud is her heart, and modest her nature,
    She never lo'ed ony till anes she lo'ed me.
Her name it is Mary, she's free Castle-Cary,
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee;
Fair as your face is, wer't fitty times fairer,
    Young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee.

It was then your Mary, she's free Castle-Cary,
    It was then your true love I met by the tree;
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
    Sweet were the kisses that she ga' to me.
Sair glowed his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
And wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling 'e';
Ye'se rue sair this morning your boast and your scornin',
    Defend ye, false traitor, fu' loudly ye lie!

Awa' wi' beguiling, cried the youth, smilng;—
    Aff went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flue,
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing;
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling 'e'
Is it my wee thing? is it my ain thing?
Is ye my true love here that I see?
O, Jamie, forgie me, your heart's constant to me,
    I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, free thee.
Bide ye yet.

Allegretto.

had a wee house, and a can-tie wee fire, A bonnie wee wife to praise and admire, A bonnie wee gardie be-

side a wee burn; Fair-weed to the bod-ies that yammer and mown. See bide ye yet, and bide ye yet. Ye

lit-tle ken what may be- tide me yet, Some bonnis wee bodiess may fa' to my lot, And I'll aye be can-tie wi'

think-in' o't, wi' think-in' o't, wi' think-in' o't, I'll aye be can-tie wi' think-in' o't.

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en I'll get my wee wife fa' neat and fa' clean, And a bonnie wee bairnis upon her knee That will cry Papa or Daddy to me.

Sae bide ye yet, etc.

An' if there should happen ever to be A difference aween my wife an' me, In hearty good humour, although she be teased, I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleased.

Sae bide ye yet, etc.
She's fair and fause.

She's fair and fause that caus-es my smart, I lo'ed her mei-kle and lang;
She's bro-kun her vow, she's bro-kun my heart, And I may e'en gae hang....

Conf cam' in wi' routh o' gear, And I ha'e tint my dear-est dear; But wo-man is but

world's gear, She let the bon-nie lass gang....

Whas'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
 Nas ferlie 'tis tho' Eckle she prove,
A woman ha'st by kind.
O woman lovely, woman fair!
An angel form's fa'n to thy share,
Twad been o'er mei-kle to giv'en thee mow,
I mean an angel mind.
And ye shall walk in silk attire.

\[\text{Andante.}\]

Piano.

dolce.

\[\text{And ye shall walk in silk attire, and sil} \text{ler hae to spare,.... Gin ye'll consent to be my bride, Nor think on Donald mair. O, wha wad buy a silk-en gown, Wi' a poor bro} \text{ken heart?.. Or what's to me a sil} \text{ler crown. Gin frae my love I part?}\]

The mind whose meanest wish is pure,
For dearer is to me;
And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith
I'll lay me down and dee.
For I hae vow'd a virgin's vow
My lover's fate to share;
And he has gien to me his heart,
And what can man do mair?
And ye shall walk, etc.

His mind and manners wan my heart,
He grateful took the gift,
And did I wish to see it back,
It wad be waur than theft;
For longest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me,
And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith
I'll lay me down and dee.
And ye shall walk, etc.
The duks dang ow're my daddie.

Moderato.

The bairns got cut wi' an un-co shaut, The duks dang ow're my dad-die, O, Quo' our guid-wife, "Let him lie there, For he's just a paid-lin' bo-dy, O. He paid-les out an' be paid-les in, He paid-les late and ear-ly, O, This thrty years I hae been his wife, And com-fort comes but spare-ly, O!"

"Now hand your tongue," quo' our gudeman,
"And dinna he sae saucy, O;
I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
I was bairth young and gaucy, O.
I've seen the day you buttered my brase
An' eutered me late an' early, O;
But sauld age is on me now,
And row but I fin't richt saibly, O."
My tocher's the jewel.

O, meikle thinks my love o' my beauty, And meikle thinks my love o' my kin; But little thinks my love is brawly, My tocher's the jewel has charms for him. It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree; It's a' for the honey he'll cherish the bee; My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the sil-ver, He cannae hae love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' love's an aulde-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy,
But an ye be crafty, I am cunning,
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timber o' you rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' you rotten tree;
Ye'll slip true me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' me for me.
Sweet is the eve on Craigie-burn, And blythe wakes the morn; But

a' the pride o' spring's return Can yield me naught but sorrow. I

see the flowers and spreading trees, I hear the wild-birds singing; But

what a weary wight can please And ease his bosom wringing?

Pain, fear would I my griefs impart,
Yet daurna for thine anger;
But secret love will break my heart
If I conceal it longer.
If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love another,
When the green leaves fade free the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.
The Maid of Islay.

Amante moderato.

Piano.

Ris-ing o'er the heav-ing bil-low, Ev-e'ning gilds the o-cean's swell, While with thee, on gras-sy pil-low,

So-li-tude, I love to dwell. Lone-ly to the sea breeze blow-ing, Oft I chant my love-born strain:

To the streamlet, sweetly flow-ing, Murmur o'er a lover's pain. 'Twas for her, the maid of Islay, Time flew o'er me wing'd wi' joy-

'Twas for her the cheering smile she beam'd with rapture in my eye.

Not the tempest raging round me,
Lightning's flash or thunder's roll;
Not the ocean's rage could wound me
While her image fill'd my soul.
Farewell, days of purest pleasure,
Long your loss my heart shall mourn,
Farewell, hours, of bliss the measure,
Bliss that never can return.
Cheerless o'er the wild heath wand'ring,
Cheerless o'er the wave-worn shore,
On the past with sadness pound'ring,
Hope's fair visions charm no more.