Busk ye, busk ye.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride, Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride, And think nae mair o' the braes of Yarrow.

Where got ye that bonnie, bonnie bride? Where got ye that winsome marrow? I got her where I dare na well be seen, Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonnie, bonnie bride, Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leave Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.
Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride? Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why daur ye nae mair weel be seen Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?

Lang maun she weep, lang, lang maun she weep, Lang maun she weep wi' dule and sorrow, And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen Pu' in the birks on the braes o' Yarrow:
For she has tined her lover, lover dear, Her lover dear, the cause o' sorrow; And I hae slain the comeliest swain That e'er pu'd birks on the braes o' Yarrow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love! In flowery bands thou didst him fetter; Though he was fair, and well-beloved again, Than me he did not love thee better.
Busk ye, then, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride, Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow, Busk ye, and let me on the banke o' the Tweed, And think nae mair o' the braes o' Yarrow.
The bush aboon Traquair.

Andante.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain, I'll tell how Peggy grieves me; Tho

thus I languish and complain, Alas! she never believes me. My vows and sighs, like silent air, Unheeded never move; her, The bonnie bush a boon... Traquair, Twas there I first did love her.

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

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

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

There's caul'd kail in Aber-deen, 
All' cres-tocks in Stru' bo-gie, Whaun

Il' ka laud maun hae his lass, 
But I maun hae my co-gie. For I maun hae my

co-gie, sir, I caun na want my co-gie; I wad-nagie my three-gird'ed cog.

a' the wives in Bo-gie.

There's Johnnie Smith has got a wife.
Wha scumps him o' his co-gie;
But were she mine, upon my life
I'd dook her in a bigie.

For I maun hae, etc.

There's caul'd kail in Aber-deen, 
And bonnocks in Stru'bo-gie;
But nathing drives awa' the spleen
Sae weels a social co-gie.

That mortal's life nae pleasure shares
Wha broods o'er that's foglie;
Whenever I'm faist wi'wardly cares
I drown them in a coglie.

Thus merrily my time I pass
With spirits brisk and vogue,
Blust wi' my bulks and my sweet lass,
My cronies, and my co-gie.
Then haste and gie's an auld Scots sang.
Siclike as Katherin Ogie;
A rude auld sang comes never wrane?
When o'er a social co-gie.
I'm owre young to marry yet.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

I'm owre young, I'm owre young, I'm owre young to marry yet; I'm owre young, 'twad be a sin To tak' me fae my mam-mie yet. I am my mam-mie's as bairn, Nor of my hame am wea-ry yet; And I wad hae ye learn, lads, That ye for me maun tar-ry yet. For I'm

For I hae had my ain way, Nane dare to contradict me yet; Soo soon to say I wad obey, Is truth, I darena venture yet. For I'm, etc.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, sir, But if ye come this gate again, I'll wade be gin simmer, sir. For I'm, etc.
The lass of Patie's mill.

The lass o' Patie's mill,...... Sae bonnie, blythe, and gay, In spite of a' my skill,...... She stole my heart a-way. When teddin' o' the hay,...... Bare-headed on the green, Love 'midst her locks did play, An' wanton'd in her een.

Without the aid of art,
Like flow'rs that grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart
When'er she spoke or smil'd.
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguiled;
I wis'ed her for my bride.

O! had I a' the wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Insured long life and health
And pleasure at my will,
I'd promise and fulfil
That none but bonnie she,
The lass of Patie's mill,
Should share the same with me.
Smile again, my bonnie lassie.

The moon is blinking o'er the lea, I ken her horn, my bonnie lassie, But 'tis not half sae dear to me As thy sweet smile, my bonnie lassie, Smile again, oh! smile again, once again, my bonnie lassie, There's nought in life sae dear to me as thy sweet smile, my bonnie lassie.

A star is peeping o'er the lea, I ken it's light, my ain dear lassie; But ah! it looks so bright through the star, 'Tis just like me without thee, lassie.

Come again, oh, come again, once again, my bonnie lassie; I'll sing a song of brighter days when by thy side, my bonnie lassie.
The Soldier's return.

Tempo di marcia moderato.

Piano.

When wild war's deadly blast was blown,
And gentle peace returning, Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning; I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger; My humkle knap-sack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill and trystin' thorn
Where Nancy oft I courted,
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my sein was swelling,
Wi' aker'd voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom;
O! happy, happy may he be
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang;
And fain wad be thy lodger,
I've served my king and country lang;
Tak' pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovlier was tha' ever;
Quo' she, a sodger ance I loved,
Forget him will I never!
Our humble cot and homely face,
Ye freely shall partake it;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.
She gazed—she reddon'd like a rose,
Syne pale as ony lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?
By Him who made ye sun and sky,
By Whom true love's regards;
I am the man! and thus may stili
True lovers be rewarded.
Bonnie wee thing.

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing, Love-ly wee thing, wert thou mine,

I would wear thee in my bosom, Lest my jewel I should lose.

Wist-ful-ly I look and languish In that bonnie face o' thine;

And my heart it stounds wi' anguish Lest my wee thing be na mine.

* Wit and grace, and love and beauty
In ye constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty;
Goddess o' this soul o' mine.

Bonnie wee thing, etc.
O, true love is a bonnie flower.

When first I saw thy bonnie face,
Love's pawkie glances won me;
Now could neglect and studied scorn
Have fatally undone me.
Also! I've lost, etc.

Were our fond vows but empty air,
And made but to be broken?
That ringlet of thy raven hair,
Was't but a faithless token?
Also! I've lost, etc.

In vain I've tried each artful wile
That's practised by the lover;
But naught, alas, when once it's lost,
Affection can recover.
Then break, my poor desolated heart,
That never can be cheers;
Yet while life's current there shall flow,
See how I'll lose my desire!
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks

Affetuoso.

PIANO.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, Bon-nie lass-ie, art-less lass-ie,

Wilt thou wi' me tend the flocks? Wilt thou be my dear-ie, O? Now na-ture clads the flow'ry lea, And

a' is young and sweet like thee; O, wilt thou share its joys wi' me, And say thou'lt be my dear-ie, O?

*And when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, etc.

When Cynthia lights wi' silver ray
The weary shearers' hameward way,
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, etc.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, etc.
The ewie wi' the crooked horn.

She neither needed tar nor hell
To mark her upon hip or heel;
Her crooked hornie did as west
To ken her by among them a'.

The ewie, etc.

Could nor hunger never dange her,
Wind nor west could never wrang her;
Ane she lay a week and longer
Out aneth a wreath o' snow.

The ewie, etc.

I looked aye on even her,
Lest mishanter should come o'er her.
Or the haunmart might devour her,
Gin the beastie tide awa'.

The ewie, etc.

Yet, Monday last, for a' my keeping,
I wasna speak it without greeting,
A villain came when I was sleeping,
And staw my ewie, horn, and a'.

The ewie, etc.

I sought her sair upon the morn,
And down 'neath a bush o' thorn
I got my ewie's crooked horn,
But, a'h! my ewie was awa'.

The ewie, etc.

But gin I had the loon that did it,
I saw sworn as well as said it,
Though the laird himself forbid it,
I wad gie his neck a throw.

The ewie, etc.

O! had she deed o' crook or cauld,
As ewies do when they are auld,
It wadna been by mony faid
Saw SYNTHETIC heart to name o' a'.

The ewie, etc.

For a' the clath that we ha the worn,
Fae her and her's sae aften shorn,
The loss o' her we could ha borne,
Had her thae death tak'en her awa'.

The ewie, etc.

But, silly thing, to lose her life
An oath a sturdy villain's knife;
I'm really fear'd that our wedliewife
Shall never wis aboon't awa'.

The ewie, etc.

O, a' ye bards about Kinshorn,
Oah up your muses, let them mourn,
Our ewie wi the crooked horn
Is thrawn frae us, and fell'd, and a'.

The ewie, etc.
Come under my plaidie.

"Come under my plaidie, the night's gaan to fa'; Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snow: Come under my plaidie and sit down beside me, There's room in't, dear las-sie, believe me, for two. Come under my plaidie and sit down beside me, I'll
COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

101

Gae wa wi your plaidie! and Donald, gae wa,
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, or the snow;
Gae wa wi your plaidie! I'll no sit beside ye,
Ye might be my gatherer—gae Donald, gae wa.

I'm gaun to meet Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie,
He's been at Meg's bridal fu' trieg an' fu' braw!
Name dances me lightly, sae graecful or lightly,
His cheeks like the new rose, his brow like the snow.

"Dear Marion, let that fleec stick fast to the wa',
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;
The hale of his pack he has now on his back,
He's throstly, and I gat but threesome and twa.
Be frank now, and kinsly, I'll busk ye aye finely,
To kirk or to market they'll few gang sae braw;
A leni house to hide in, a chaise for to ride in,
An' flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca'."

She crap in ayeont him, beside the stane wa',
Where Johnnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a';
The day was appointed—he's proud heart it dunted,
And strak'gainst his side as if burstin' in twa.
He winder'd hame weary, the night it was dreary,
And thowless he tint his gate unamg the deep snow:
The howlait was screamint', while Johnnie cried, "Women
Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw."

My father aye taund me, my mither an'a,
Ye'd mak' a gude husband and keep me aye braw;
It's true I loe Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie,
But waes me, I ken, he has naething ava!

I hae little tocher, ye've made a gude offer,
I'm now man thae twenty, my time is but sua'
Sae gie me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye,
I thought ye'd been auldier than threesome and twa.'

O! the deil's in the lasses! they gang now sae braw,
They tak' up wi auld men o fourscore and twa;
The hale o their marriage is good and a carriage,
Plain love is the caustest blast now that can blow.

Auld dotards, be wary! tak' tent wha you marry,
Young wives, wi their coaches, they'll whup and they'll ca',
Till they meet wi some Johnnie that's youthful and bonnie,
When they'll wish that their auld men were dead and awa',

sit down be-side me, There's room in', dear lass-ise, be-lieve me, for twa."

"Gae wa wi your plaidie! and Donald, gae wa,
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, or the snow;
Gae wa wi your plaidie! I'll no sit beside ye,
Ye might be my gatherer—gae Donald, gae wa.

"My father aye taund me, my mither an'a,'
O'er the muir amang the heather.

Says I, my dear, where is thy home?
In muir or dale, pray tell me whether?
Says she, I tent thee deecy flockes
That feed among the bloomin' heather.
O'er the muir, etc.

We sat us down upon a bank,
She warm and sunny was the weather;
She left her flockes at large to rove
Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather.
O'er the muir, etc.

While thus we sat she sang a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther,
And aye the burden o' the sang
Was—O'er the muir amang the heather.
O'er the muir, etc.

She charmed my heart, and aye sinsayde
I couldn't think on any ither,
By sea and sky, she shall be mine!
The bonnie lass amang the heather.
O'er the muir, etc.
I loe na a laddie but ane.

I loe na a laddie but ane... He loes na a lassie but mo... He's willin' to make me his ain.... And his ain I am willin' to be.... He coft me a roke-lay o' blue.... And a pair o' mittens o' green; He vow'd that he'd ev'ry true, And I plight my troth yea-treen.

Let ithe brag wool o' their gear,
Their land, and their lordly degree,
I careen for outh but my dear,
For he's lika thing lordly to me.
His words mair than sugar are sweet,
His sense drive ilka fear far awa';
I listen, poor fool, and I gree;
Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

"Dear lassie," he cries wi' a leer,
"Never heed what the suld anes will say.
Though we've little to brag o', ne'er fear;
What's gowed to a heart that is wea? Our laird hath baith honours and wealth,
Yet see how he's dwining wi' care;
Now we, though we've naething but health,
Are cantie and leal evermair.

O, Menie! the heart that is true
Has something mair costly than gear;
Ilk e'en it has naething to rie,
Ilk morn it has naething to fear.
Ye warildings, gae hoard up your store,
And tremble for fear aught ye tyne;
Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door.
True love is the guardian of mine."

He ends wi' a kiss an a smile,
Was's me, can I take it amiss?
My laddie's unpractised in guile,
He's free aye to daut and to kiss!
Ye lasses wha loe's to torment
Your woers wi' false scorn and strife,
Play your punks—I hae giv'en my consent,
And this night I am Jamie's for life.
The bonnie house o' Airlie.

It fell on a day, a bonny summer day, When the corn grew green and yellow, That there fell out a great dispute Between Argyll and Airlie, That there fell out a great dispute Between Argyll and Airlie.

Argyll he has 'ta'en a hundred o' his men, A hundred men and mainly, And he's awa' on yon green shaw, To plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

The lady look'd o'er the hie castle wa', Aa' o' but she sighed sairly, When she saw Argyll and a' his men, Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

"Come down, Lady Margaret," he says, "Come down to me, lady Airlie, Or I swear by the brand I hand in my hand, I winna leave a stan' in' stane in Airlie."

"I'll no come down, ye proud Argyll, Until that ye spak mair fairly, Tho' ye swear by the sword that ye hand in your hand, That ye winna leave a stan' in' stane in Airlie.

Had my sin lord been at his hame, But he's awa' w' Charlie, There's no a Campbell in A'Argyll, Dare hae trod on the bonnie green o' Airlie.

But since we can hand out nae mair, My hand I offer fairly; O! lead me down to yonder glen, That I may na see the burnin' o' Airlie.

He's ta'en her by the trembling hand, But he's no ta'en her fairly, For he led her up to a hie hill tap, Where she saw the burnin' o' Airlie.

Clouds o smoke, and dames see his, Soon left the wa's but barely; And she laid her down on that hill to dee, When she saw the burnin' o' Airlie.
Woo'd and married and a'

Out spoke the bride's brother,
As he came in wi' the kye—
Poor Willis wad ne'er hae ta'en ye
Had he kent ye as weel as I;
For ye's beeth proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better,
I've ne'er tak' ane t' my life.
Woo'd and married, etc.

The bridegroom he spoke neist,
And he spak up wi' pride—
'Twas no for gweed or gaur
I sought you for my bride;
I'll be prouder o' you at hame,
Although our haddin' be sma',
Than gin I had Kate o' the Croft,
Wi' her pearls and brooches an' a.
Woo'd and married, etc.

Out spoke the auld gudeman,
As he cam' in free the plough;
O dochter, hauk your tongu;
And ye'se get gear enough:
The strick that stands in the byre;
And our hauk cowes foukies—
Keep up your heart, my lass;
Ye's hae baith horse and kye.
Woo'd and married, etc.

The mither she spoke neist—
What needs she mickle pride?
I haddin' a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride;
My gown was linsey-woolsey,
And petticoats only twa;
An' ye hae ribbons an' buskines,
What wad ye be at ava?
Woo'd and married, etc.

Married and woo'd and a'; And is she rae ve-ry well off That is woo'd and married and a'.

The bride she cam' out o' the byre, An' O, as she dight her cheeks; Sire, I'm to be married the night, An' have nei-ther blan-kets nor sheets. Have nei-ther blan-kets nor sheets, Nor bare-ly a cov-ver-let too; The bride that hae a' things to bor-row, Hae a' right mickle a-do. Woo'd and married and a',

Out spoke the auld gudeman,
The weary pund o' tow.

The weary pund, the weary pund, The weary pund o' tow; I think my wife will end her life Before she spin her tow. I bought my wife a stane o' lint. As guid as o'er did grow, An' a' that she has made o' that Is as puir pund o' tow.

* There sat a bottle in a bole, Beyond theingle lowe, An' a' ye took the tither souk To drouk the stourie tow. The weary pund, etc.

Quo' I, For shame, ye dirty da'ne, Gae spin your tap o' tow! She took the rock, and wi' a knock, She brak' it o'er my pow. The weary pund, etc.

At last her feet, I sang to see', Gaed foremost o'er the knows; An' or I wad anither jeads, I'll wallop in a tow. The weary pund, etc.
Kind Robin lo'es me.

He's tall and sonny, frank and free,
He's lo'ed by a', and dear to me;
W'lin I'd live, w'lin I'd des,
Because my Robin lo'ea me.
My sister Mary said to me,
Our courtesies but a joke wad be,
And I ere long be made to see
That Robin didna lo'ea me.

But little ken's she what has been,
Ma and my honest Rob between,
And in his wooing, O how keen
Kind Robin is that lo'es me.
Then fly, ye lazy hours, away,
And hasten on the happy day,
When, "join your hands," Miss John shall say,
And make him mine that lo'es me.
The broom o' the Cowdenknowes.

Andante moderato.

I neither wasted ewe nor lamb
While his flock near me lay;
He gathered in my sheep at night,
And cheered me a' the day.
O, the broom, &c.

He hum'd his pipe and made seas sweet,
The birds sat listing by;
Even the dull cattle stood 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 envied not the fairest dame,
Though never seen rich and gay.
O, the broom, &c.

Hard fate that I should banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.
O, the broom, &c.

He did oblige me every hour,
Could I but faithful be?
He staw my heart, could I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me?
O, the broom, &c.

My doggie and my little kit
That held my wee soup whey,
My plaids, brooch, and crooked stick
May now lie useless by.
O, the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknowes, adieu,
Farewell, a' pleasures there;
Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
Is n' I crave or care.
O, the broom, &c.
Lewie Gordon.

Oh, to see his tartan trowsers,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heid'd shoes,
Philabeg a-hoorn his knee—
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
Ohon! my Highlandman, etc.

Oh, to see this wished-for one
Seated on a kingly throne;
All our griefs would disappear,
We should hail a joyful year.
Ohon! my Highlandman, etc.

Princeely youth of whom I sing,
Thou wert born to be a king;
On thy breast a regal star
Shines on loyal hearts afar.
Ohon! my Highlandman, etc.

Oh send Lewie Gordon home, And the lad I daur ma name,
The' his back be at the wa', Here's to him that's far a-wa'. O-hen, my Highlandman!
Oh my bonnie Highlandman! Weel wad I my true love ken A-mang ten thousand Highlandmen.
O, dinna think, bonnie lassie.

Andante.

Piano.

do|ce.

O, din-na think, bon-nie lass-ie, I'm gaun to leave you; Din-na think, bon-nie lass-ie,

I'm gaun to leave you; Din-na think, bon-nie lass-ie, I'm gaun to leave you; I'll

tak' a stick in to my hand, and come a-gain and see you. Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang,
O, DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.

It's but a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;
But a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;
But a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;
When the sun gaes west the loch I'll come again an' see thos.

O, dinna think, etc.

Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blow loud an' fear me;
Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blow loud an' fear me;
While the waves and winds do roar, I am wae and dreeary;
An' gin ye lo'e me as ye say, ye winna gang an' leave me.

O, dinna think, etc.

O, dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
For let the world gae as it will, I'll come again and see you.

O, dinna think, etc.
Afton Water

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen,
Yea wild whistling blackbirds in thy thorny den,
Thou green-crested lap-wing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear-winding rills!
There daily I wander as morn rises high,
My flock’s and my Mary’s sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!
There oft as mild evening creeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave
As gathering sweet flow’rets she stems thy clear wave!

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays:
My Mary’s asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.
Where are the joys?

Andante.

Piano.

Where are the joys I have met in the morning, That danced to the lark's early song; Where is the peace that awaited my wandering At even the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of your river, And marking sweet flow'rets as fair; No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure, But sorrow and sad-sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys, And grim, surly winter is near? No, no; the bees humming round the gay roses, Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Pain would I hide what I fear to discover, Yet long, long too well have I known, All that has caused this sad wreck in my bosom Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.
My boy Tammie.

Maestro.

WHaur' hae ye been a' day, My boy Tammie?

WHaur' hae ye been a' day, My boy Tammie? I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,

Meadow green an' mountain grey, Court-in' o' this young thing, Just come free her mam-mie.

| Whaur' gat ye that young thing; | The smile gaed aff her bonnie face— |
| I got her down in yonder hows, | She's gien me meat, she's gien me claes, |
| Smiling on a broomie knoos, | She's been my comfort a' my days;— |
| Herding as wee lamb and ewe, | My father's death brought mony wae's |
| For her pair mam-mie. | I cannae leave my mam-mie. |

What said ye to the bonnie bairn, |
My boy, Tammie?
I praised her oon, sae lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou';
An' spend it aft, as ye may trow!—
She said she'd tell her mam-mie.

| I held her to my beatin' heart, | We'll tak' her hame and mak' her fain, |
| My young, my smiling lam-mie! | My ain kind-hearted lam-mie. |
| I hae a house, it cost me dear, | We'll gie her mae, we'll gie her claes, |
| I've wealth o' pleasantin' and gear; | We'll be her comfort a' her days. |
| Ye've got it a', weren't ten times mair, | The wee thing gie's her hard, and says, |
| Gin ye will leave your mam-mie. | There! gang and ask my mam-mie. |

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
My boy, Tammie?
She has been to the kirk wi' me,
An' the tear was in her e'e:
For O! she's but a young thing,
Just come free her mam-mie.
Polly Stewart.

O lovely Polly Stewart, O charming Polly Stewart, There's never a flower that blooms in May That's half so fair as thou art! The flower that blows, it fades and fades, And art can never renew it, But worth and truth eternal youth will give to Polly Stewart.

May he who wins thy matchless charms Possess a leal and true heart; To him be given to ken the heav'n He gains in Polly Stewart! O lovely Polly Stewart, O charming Polly Stewart, There's never a flower that blooms in May That's half so fair as thou art!
Ca' the ewes to the knowes.

We'll gae down by Cluden's side,
Through the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon soe clearly.
Ca' the ewes, etc.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
Where, at moonshine midnight hoars,
O'er the dewy bending flowers
Fairies dance soe cheerie.
Ca' the ewes, etc.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht o' ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the ewes, etc.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast strown my very heart:
I can die, but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the ewes, etc.
Awa', Whigs, awa'.

A-wa', Whigs, a-wa', a-wa', Whigs, a-wa', Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons, Ye'll

* Our sad decay in kirk and state,
Surpasses my describing:
The Whigs' cam' owre us like a flight,
And we hae done wi' thriving.
Awa', Whigs, etc.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him waken;
Was's me to see that royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin.
Awa', Whigs, etc.
Leezie Lindsay.

Will ye gang to the Hie-lan's, Lee-zie Lind-say? Will ye gang to the Hie-lan's, Lee-zie Lind-say, My bride and my dar-ling to be?

To gang to the Hie-lan's wi' you, sir,
I dinna ken how that may be,
For I ken na' the lan' that ye live in,
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'?

O Leezie, lass, ye maun ken little
If se be ye dinna ken me,
My name is Lord Ronald Mac Donald,
A chieftan o' high degree.

She has kilted her coatta o green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knees,
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Mac Donald,
His bride an' his darlin' to be.
O, this is no my ain lassie.

O, this is no my ain lassie, Fair tho' the las-sie be; O weel ken I my ain las-sie, Kind love is

in her e'e. I see a form, I see a face, Ye weel may wi' the fairest place; It wants to me the

witching grace, The kind love that's in her e'e.

* She's bonnie, bloomin', straight, an' tall,
An' lang has had my heart in thrall:
An' eye it charms my very soul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O, this is no, etc.

A thief sae jaykie is my Jean
To steal a blink by a unseen;
But gleek as light are lovers' e'en
When kind love is in the e'e.
O, this is no, etc.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O, this is no, etc.
The Lea-rig.

When o'er the hill the eastern star's bright in' time is near, my jo; And

ow'sen frae the furrow'd field Re-turn sae dawf and weary, O, Down by the burn, where scented birk's WI'

dew are hang-ing clear, my jo, I'll meet thee on the lea-rig, My

sin kind dearie, O.

In mirkst glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and never be eerie, O,
If through that glen I go to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O.
Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo's the morning sun,
To roose the mountain deer, my jo;
At moon the fisher seekes the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo:
Gie me the hour o' gloamin' gray,
It mak's my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.
Muirland Willie.

Allegro.

On his gray yade, as he did ride,
Wi' dirk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee,
Out o'er you moos, out o'er you muir,
Till he cam' to her daddie's door,
With a fal da ra, etc.

Gudeman, quoth he, ho ye within?
I'm come your dochter's love to win,
I carena for making meikle din,
What answer g'ie ye me?

Now wooer, quoth he, would ye sight down,
I'll g'ie ye my dochter's love to win,
With a fal da ra, etc.

Now wooer, sin' ye are lighted down,
Where do ye wun, or in what town?
I think my dochter winna gloom
On sic a lad as ye.

The wooer he stepp'd up the house,
And wow but he was wondrous crouse,
With a fal da ra, etc.

The maid put on her hirtie brown,
She was the browest in a' the town;
I wad on him she didna gloom,
But blinkit bonnie.

The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waist,
With a fal da ra, etc.

The maiden blush'd and bung'd fa' law,
She hadna will to say him na,
But to her daddie she left it a',
As they twa could agree.

The lover g'ied her the tither kiss,
Syne ran to her daddie, and tell'd him this,
With a fal da ra, etc.

The bridal day it came to pass,
Wi' mony a blythesome lad and lass.
But siccan a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never seen.

This winsome couple straked hands,
Mess John tied up the marriage bands,
With a fal da ra, etc.
He's owre the hills.

I lo'e weel, He's owre the hills we daurna name, He's owre the hills a' yont Dumblane, Wha soon will get his welcome hame. My father's gane to fecht for him, My brither's winna bide at hame, My mither greet and prays for them, And 'decod she thinks they're no' to blame.

* The Whigs may scoff, the Whigs may jeer. But, ah! that love maw be sincere Which still keeps true whate'er betide, An' for his sake leaves a' beside. He's owre the hills, etc.

His right these hills, his right these plains, O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns; What lads o'er firth, our lads will do, Were I a lad, I'd follow him too.

He's owre the hills, etc.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an' air, Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair; Oh! did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done, Hear him but ane, to his standard you'll run.

He's owre the hills, etc.
Up in the morning early.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.

Cauld blaws the wind frae north to south, The

drift is driv'in' sair-ly; The sheep are cow'ing in the heuch, O sirs, 'tis win-ter

fair-ly, Then up in the morn-ing's no for me, Up in the morn-ing ear-ly, I'd ra-ther go sup-per-less to my bed Than rise in the morn-ing ear-ly.

Loud roars the blast amon'g the woods,
And tirls the branches barely;
On hill and house hear how it thuds!
The frost is nippin' sair-ly,
Now up in the morn-ing's no for me,
Up in the morn-ing ear-ly;
To sit a' night wast betther agree
Than rise in the morn-ing ear-ly.
The sun peeps ower you southland hills
Like ony timorous car-tis;
Just binks a wee, then sinks again,
And that we find severely,
Now up in the morn-ing's no for me,
Up in the morn-ing ear-ly;
When snow blaws in at the chim-ley cheek,
Wha'd rise in the morn-ing ear-ly?

Nae lintries lit on hedge or bush,
Poor things, they suffer ear-ly;
In cauld'ife quar-ters a' the night,
A' day they feed but sparsely.
Now up in the morn-ing's no for me,
Up in the morn-ing ear-ly;
A pen-nil'ess purse I wa'd rath'er drap
Than rise in the morn-ing ear-ly.
A cosie house and cantis wife
Aye keep a body cheerly;
And pantry stowed wi' meat and drink,
They answer unco raelly.
But up in the morn-ing—na, na, na!
Up in the morn-ing ear-ly;
The gov'ns maun glent on bank and brae
When I rise in the morn-ing ear-ly.
Oh! open the door.

Oh! open the door, some pity to show, Oh! open the door to me, oh! Thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true, Oh! open the door to me, oh! Oh!

could is the blast upon my pale cheek, But coulder thy love for me, oh! The
frost that freezes the life at my heart Is nought to my pains free thee, oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave, And time is setting with me, oh! False friends, false love, farewell! for nair I'll never trouble them, nor thee, oh! She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide, She sees his pale corpse on the plain, oh! My true love! she cried, and sunk down by his side, Never, never to rise again, oh!
Andante.

O, wae's me for Prince Charlie!

A weel bird cam' to out ha' door, He war-bled sweet and char-ly; And aye the o'er-come

Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a song ye borrow?"
Are these some words ye've learnt by heart,
Or a bit o' dool and sorrow?"
"Oh! no, no! no!" the wee bird sang,
"I've down sid' morning early;
But sic a day o' wind and rain!"
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie.

On hills that are by right his ain,
He roams a lonely stranger;
On tilk hand he's pressed by want,
On tilk side is danger.
Ye strown I met him in the gleam,
My heart near burst of joy;
For sadly chang'd indeed was he—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie.

"Dark night cam' on, the tempest roared
Loud o'er the hills and valleys;
And where was't that your Prince lay down,
Whase hame should be a palace?"
He rov'd him in a Highland plaid,
Which cover'd him but sparingly,
And slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie,
But now the bird saw some red coats,
And he shook his wings wi' anger:
"O, this is no a land for me,
I'll tarry here nae longer."
A while he hover'd on the wing
Ere he departed fairly,
But weel I mind the farewel strain—
Twas "Wae's me for Prince Charlie."
Wilt thou be my dearie?

Wilt thou be my dearie? When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart, Wilt thou let me cheer thee?

By the treasure of my soul, That's the love I bear thee, I swear and vow that only thou Shall ever be my dearie. Only thou, I swear and vow, Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or, if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'll refuse me.
If it winn, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly dee,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.
Lassie, let me quickly dee,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.
Let us haste to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O;
Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O;
Where the rose in all her pride paints the hollow dingle side,
Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O.

Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the glens rebound the call
Of the roaring waters fall,
Through the mountains' rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

O Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O,
When the summer we are there, bonnie lassie, O,
There the May-pink's crimson plume
Throws a soft but sweet perfume
Round the yellow banks of 'broom, bonnie lassie, O.

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O,
As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O,
Yet with fortune on my side,
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O.

But the frowns of fortune sour, bonnie lassie, O,
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,
Ere thou golden orb of day
Walse the warblers on the spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.

Then farewell to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O,
And adore to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,
To the river winding clear,
To the fragrant scented brier,
Even to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,
Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,
Then, Helen, shouldst thou hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O!
My only joe and dearie!

The birdie sings upon the thorn
It's sang o' joy, fule' cheerie, O;
Rejoicing in the summer morn,
Nae care to make it seris, O;
But little kens the singer sweet
Aught o' the cares I ha's to meet,
That gar my restless bosom bee,
My only joe and dearie, O.

When we were bairies on yon bee,
And youth was blinkin' bonnie, O,
Aft we would daff the lee-lang day,
Our joys fule' sweet and monie, O;
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lee
And round about the thorny tree,
O' pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
My only joe and dearie, O.

I ha's a wish I canna time,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O;
I wish that thou wert ever mine,
And never mair to leave me, O;
Then I wad daut thee night and day,
Nae ither worldly care wad be,
Till life's warm stream forget to play,
My only joe and dearie, O.
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie?

Wha wadna fecht for Charlie? Wha wadna draw the sword?

Wha wadna up and rally At the royal Prince's word? Think on Scotia's ancient heroes.

Think on fo'rign foes repell'd, Think on glorious Bruce and Wallace, Who the proud e-surpers quelled.

* Rouse, rouse, ye biliated warriors!
Rouse, ye heroes of the north!
Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,
'Tis your Prince that leads you forth!
Wha wadna fecht, etc.

Shall we bowly eough to tyrants?
Shall we own a foreign raven?
Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,
While a stranger rules o' day?
Wha wadna fecht, etc.

See the northern clans advancing!
See Glengarry and Lochiel!
See the brandish'd broadswords glancing!
Highland hearts are true as steel.
Wha wadna fecht, etc.

Now our Prince has raised his banner,
Now triumphant is our cause:
Now the Scottish lion rallies,
Let us strike for Prince and laws!
Wha wadna fecht, etc.
John Grumlie.

Allegro.

John Grumlie swore by the light o' the moon And the green leaves on the tree...... That he could do more work in a day Than his wife could do in three...... His wife rose up in the morning With cares and troubles now...... "John Grumlie, bide at hame, John, And
JOHN GRUMLIE

I'll go haud the plow. Singing fal de lal lal de ral lal, fal lal lal lal lal

la!...... “John Grum-lie, bide at home, John, And I'll gae haud the plow.”

“First ye maun dress your children fair, And put them a' in their gear, And ye maun turn the malt, John, Or else ye'll spoil the beer, And ye maun reel the tweed, John, That I span yesterday; And ye maun ca' in the hens, John, Else they'll a' lay away.”
Singing, fal de lal lal, etc.

The hawkot crumblie loot down nae milk; He kinned, nor butter gat; And a' gaed wrang, and naught gaed right; He danced with rage, and grat. Then up he ran to the head o' the knowe, Wi' mony a wave and about— She heard him as she heard him not, And steered the stots about. Singing, fal de lal lal, etc.

O, he did dress his children fair, And he put them a' in their gear; But he forgot to turn the malt, And so he spoiled the beer. And he sang aloud as he reel'd the tweed That his wife span yesterday; But he forgot to put up the hens, And the hens a' lay'd away. Singing, fal de lal lal, etc.

John Grumlie's wife cam' hame at s'en, And laugh'd as she'd been mad When she saw the house in siccan a plight, And John sae glum and sad. Quoth he, "I gie up my housewifesakep, I'll be nae mair gudewife." "Indeed," quoth she, "I'm weel content, Ye may keep it the rest o' your life." Singing, fal de lal lal, etc.

"The deil be in that," quo surly John, "I'll do as I've done before." Wi' that the gudewife took up a stoot rung, And John made off to the door. "Stop, stop, gudewife, I'll haud my tongue, I ken I'm sair to blame; But henceforth I maun mind the plow. And ye maun bide at home." Singing, fal de lal lal, etc.
Barbara Allan.

Larghetto.

It was in and about the Mart-mas time, When the green leaves were a-fall in', That Sir John Graham, in the west countrie, Fall in love wi' Bar-bra Al-lan. He sent his man down through the town To the place where she was dwellin', O, haste and come to my master dear, Gin ye be Bar-bra Al-lan.

O, slowly, slowly raise she up, To the place where he was lyin', And when she drew the curtain by, Young man, I think ye're dyin'.

It's oh, I'm sick, I'm very very sick, And it's a' for Barbara Allan; O, the better for we ye'se never be Though your heart's blood were a-spillin'.

O, dina ye mind, young man, she said, When ye was in the tavern a-drinkin'; That ye made the healths gas round and round, And aichtit Barbara Al-lan.

He turn'd his face unto the wa', And death was with him dealin'; Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a', And be kind to Barbara Al-lan.

And slowly, slowly raise she up, And slowly, slowly left him, And sighin', said, she could not stay, Since death of life had left him.

She hadna gone a mile but twa, When she heard the deil-bell ringin'; And every jow the deil-bell gied, It cried, Wae to Barbara Al-lan.

Oh, mother, mother mak' my bed, And mak' it saft and narrow; Since my love died for me to-day I'll die for him to-morrow.
The bonnie brier-bush.

There grows a bonnie brier-bush in our kailyard,
And white are the blooms on't in our kailyard, Like wee bit white cock-a-dyes for our

loyal Hieland lads; And the lasses love the bonnie bish in our kailyard

But were they a true that were far awa?
Oh! were they a tree that were far awa?
They drew up wi' glittering Englishers at Carlisle ha',
And forgot said friends when far awa.'

Ye'll come me mair, Jamie, where aet ye ha' been,
Ye'll come me mair, Jamie, to Atholl Green,
Ye le'd o'er weel the dancein' at Carlisle ha',
And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa.'
Auld Robin Gray.

When the sheep are in the fold, and the kye at home,
And a' the world to sleep are gone, The waves o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e, When my guileous man lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for his bride,
But saving a crown he had naething else beside; [a' the braid, To make that crown a pound, my Jamie gae to sea, And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had na been gane a week but only twa, [awa'; When my father brake his arm, and our cow was stolen My mither she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea, And auld Robin Gray cam' a courting me.

My father couldna work—my mither couldn'spin; I told day and night, but their bread I couldn's win; Auld Rob maintaine'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e; Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, will you no' marry me?"

My heart it said na, for I look'd for Jamie back, But the wind it blew high and the ship it was a wreck; The ship it was a wreck! Why didna Jenny see? Oh why do I live to say, O wae's me!

My father urged me sae—my mither didn speak;
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break. They gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea; And auld Robin Gray is guileous to me.

I hadda been a wife a week but only four, When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door, I saw my Jamie's ghost—I couldn's think it be, Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair did we greet, and mickle did we say; We took but b' kiss, and we tore ourselves away; I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to die; Oh why do I live to say, O wae's me!

I gang like a ghost, and I canna to spin; I daren't think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin. But I will do my best a guileous wife aye to be, For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.
The lily of the vale is sweet.

Mary is than any blooming flower that blows, While spring her fragrant blossoms spreads I'll wander afoot by Mary's side, And whisper soft the tender tale By Firth's, sweet Firth'smene.

There will we walk at early dawn,
Ere yet the sun begins to shine;
At eve afoot to the lawn we'll tread,
And mark that splendid orb's decline.
The fairest, choicest flow'r's I'll crop
To deck my lovely Mary's hair;
And, while I live, I vow and swear
She'll be my chief, my only care.
"Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Ronald, my son?"
"Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I din' wi' my true love; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."
"What gat ye to dinner, Lord Ronald, my son?"
"What gat ye to dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I got cels boil'd in broo; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."
"What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Ronald, my son?"
"What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"
"O, they swel'd and they died; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."
"O, I fear ye are poison'd, Lord Ronald, my son!
O, I fear ye are poison'd, my handsome young man!"
"O, yes! I am poison'd; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and fain wald lie down."
My love's in Germanie.

He's brave as brave can be,
Send him hame, send him hame:
I fear he'll ne'er come hame,
Willie's slain, Willie's slain;
He's brave as brave can be,
He'd rather stay than flee,
He'll ne'er come o'er the sea
To his love and ain countrie:
Send him hame,
But his life is dear to me;
This world's nae mair for me,
Send him hame.

My love's in Germanie, Send him hame, send him hame; My love's in Germanie, send him hame:
My love's in Germanie, Fighting brave for royalty, He may ne'er his Jeanie see; Send him hame, send him hame; He may ne'er his Jeanie see, Send him hame.
Welcome, Royal Charlie.

France had her assistance lent, A royal prince to Scotland sent, To

wards the north his course he bent, His name was Royal Charlie. Our

gallant Scottish prince was clad Wi' ben net blue and tartan plaid, An'
WELCOME, ROYAL CHARLIE.

Oh, he was a handsome lad, Few could compare wi' Charlie. As

Oh, but ye've been long o' comin', Lang, lang, lang o' comin',

0, but ye've been long o' comin', Welcome Royal Charlie.

Arouse ilk valiant kilted clan,
Let Highland hearts lead on the van,
And charge the foe, claymore in hand,
For sake o' Royal Charlie.

O welcome, Charlie, o'er the main,
Our Highland hills are a' your ain,
Thrice welcome to our isle again,
Our gallant Royal Charlie.

O but ye've been lang, etc.

From a the wilds o' Caledon
We'll gather every hardy son,
Till thousands to his standard run,
And rally round Prince Charlie.

Come let the flowing quivich go round,
And boldly bid the pibroch sound,
Till every glen and rock reound
The name o' Royal Charlie.

O but ye've been lang, etc.
Cam'ye by Athol.

Piano:

Allegro.

Cam'ye by Athol,

I ha'e but as son, my brave young Donald,
But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry;
Health to M'Donald, and gallant Clan-Ronald.
For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.
Follow thee, etc.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them,
Down by Lord Murray and Roy o' Kildarlie,
Brave Mackintosh he shall fly to the field wi' them;
They are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.
Follow thee, etc.

Down thro' the Lowlanders, down wi' the Whigmanor,
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely;
Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the broad claymore,
Over the necks o' the foes o' Prince Charlie.
Follow thee, etc.
Bonnie Jean.

Andante.

There was a lass and

she was fair, At kirk or mar ket to be seen; When a’ the fairest maids were met The

fair est maid was bon nie Jean. And aye she wrought her mam mie’s work, And aye she sang so

mer ri lie; The blythe bird up on the bush Had neer a light or heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lint white’s nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flower,
And love will break the soundest rest.
Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a’ the glen;
And he had owen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton raggies nine or ten.
He gaed wi’ Jeanie to the tryst,
He danced wi’ Jeanie on the down,
And lang ere wisst Jeanie wisst,
Her heart was taint, her peace was strown.
As in the boomin’ o’ the stream
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e’en,
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o’ bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mam mie’s work,
And aye she sighs wi’ care and pain;
Yet wistna what her a’ might be,
Or what wad mak’ her wed again.
But dinna Jeanie’s heart loo pig light,
And dinna joy blink in her e’e,
As Robie tauld a tale o’ love,
Ae e’en’ on the lily lea?
The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sung sweet in ilk grove,
His cheek to hers he fondly press,
And whisper’d thus his tale o’ love:
“O, Jeanie fair, I lo’e thee dear!
O, canst thou think to fancy me?
Or will thou leave thy mam mie’s cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi’ me?

“At burn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee,
But stay amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waring corn wi’ me.”
Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na;
At length she blushed a sweet consent.
And love was aye between them twa.
When the kye come hame.

Coms all ye jolly shepherds that whistle thru' the glen, I'll tell ye o' a secret that courtiers din-na ken; What is the greatest bliss that the tongue o' a man can name? Tis to woo a bonnie lassie when the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, when the kye come hame, Tween the gloamin' and the mirk, When the kye come hame.

'Tis not beneath the burgonet, nor yet beneath the crown, Tis not on couche of velvet, nor yet on bed of down; Tis beneath the spreading birch, in the dell without a name, Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.

When the kye come hame, etc.

Then the eye shines so brightly the hate soul to beguile, There's love in ev'ry whistle and joy in ev'ry smile; O! who would choose a crown wi' its perils and its fame, And miss a bonnie lassie when the kye come hame?

When the kye come hame, etc.

See yonder pawky shepherd that lingers on the hill— His vows are in the fauld, and his lambs are lying still. But he doona gang to rest, for his heart is in a flame To meet his bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.

When the kye come hame, etc.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune—what comfort can they gie? And a' the arts that prey upon men's life and libertie! Gi' me the highest joy that the heart o' a man can frame, My bonnie, bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.

When the kye come hame, etc.
Blythe, blythe and merry was she.

* Her looks were like a flower in May,
  Her smile was like a summer morn;
  She tripped by the banks of Earn
  As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Blythe, blythe, etc.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
As o'ny lamb upon the lea;
The evening sun was ne'er so sweet
As the hank of Phemie's e'e.

Blythe, blythe, etc.

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

Blythe, blythe, etc.
Loudon's bonnie woods and braes.

Allegro moderato.

I maun lea' them a', las-sie; Wha ca' thole when Britain's fees Wad gie Britons law, las-sie?

Wha wad shun the field o' danger? Wha to fame would live a stranger? Now when freedom bids a-venge her,

Wha wad shun her ca', las-sie? Lou-don's bon-nie woods and braes Hae seen our hap-py bri-dal days; And

O, resume thy wonted smile,
O, suppress thy fears, lassie;
Glorious honour crowns the toil
That the soldier shares, lassie.
Heaven will shield thy faithful lover
Til' the vengeful strife is over;
Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever
Til' the day we dee, lassie.

Midst our bonnie woods and braes
We'll spend our peaceful, happy days,
As bythe's yon lightsome lamb that plays
On Loudon's flow'ry lea, lassie.
Weel may the keel row.

Oh, who is like my Johnnie, Sae leish, sae blythe, sae bonnie! He's foremost amang the mony Keel lads o' coaly Tyne. He'll set or row sae tightly, Or, in the dance sae sprightly, He'll cut and shuffle sightly. Tis true, were he not mine. Weel may the keel row, The keel row, the keel row, Weel may the keel row, That my lad's in.

He has nae mair o' learning
Than tells his weekly earning;
Yet right he's sae discerning,
The' brave, nae breaser he.
The' he no worth a plack is,
His ain coat on his back is;
And none can say that black is
The white o' Johannie's.
Weel may the keel row, wia,

He wears a blue bonnet,
Blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet,
A dimple in his chin;
And weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
And weel may the keel row
That my lad's in
Weel may the keel row, etc.
I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen.

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen, A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue; I
gat my death frae twa sweet een, Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue. Twas not her golden

ring-lets bright, Her lips like roses was wi' dew, Her heaving bosom lily white, It

was her een sao bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wil'd
She charm'd my soul, I wistna how;
But aye the stound, the deadly wound
Cam' frae her een sao bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
She'll aiblins listen to my vow;
Should she refuse, I'll lay me dead
To her twa een sao bonnie blue.
My wife has ta'en the gee.

A friend o' mine cam' here yes'teen, And he wad hae me down To drink a pot of ale wi' him In the neist bor-ough town. But, oh! a - lake! it was the waur, And sair the waur for me: For lang or e'er that I cam' hame My wife had ta'en the gee. We sat sae lat, and drank sae stout, The truth I'll telt to you, That e'er the middle o' the night We baith were roaring fou. My wife sits by the fireside, And the tear blind'se are her e'e The ne'er a bed will she gae to, But sit and tak' the gee. In the morning soon when I came down, The ne'er a word she spake; But mony a sad and sour look, And aye her head she'd shake. "My deit," quo' I, "what aileth thee, To look sae sair at me? I'll ne'er do the like again, If ye'll ne'er tak' the gee."

When that she heard, she ran, she flung
Her arms about my neck;
And twenty kisses in a crack,
And, puir wee thing, she grat.
"If ye'll ne'er do the like again,
But bide at hame wi' me,
I'll lay my life, I'll be the wife
That's never tak' the gee."
Wha'll be King but Charlie?

Allegro.

The news frae Moidart cam' yestreen, Will soon gar mony ferlie; For ships o' war hae just come in, And landed Royal Charlie! Come through the heather, a-round him gather, Ye're a' the welcomer ear-ly; A-

round him dling wi' a' your kin, For wha'll be king but Charlie? Come through the heather, around him gather, Come round him, a-

Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither, And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king; For wha'll be king but Charlie?

The Highland clans wi' sword in hand,
Fae John o' Groat's to Airlie,
Hae to a man declared to stand,
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.
Come through, etc.

The Lowlands a' haith great and sma',
Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae
Declared for Scotland's king and law,
An' spier ye wha but Charlie?
Come through, etc.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land
But vows, bith late and early,
To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand
Wha wants fight for Charlie.
Come through, etc.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
And be't complete and early;
His very name my heart's blood warms—
To arms for Royal Charlie!
Come through, etc.
My mither's aye glow'rin' owre me.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

My mither's aye glow'rin' owre me, Tho' she did the same be-fore me; I can-na get leave To look at my love, Or else she'd be like to de-

your me. Right fain wad I tak' your of-fer, Sweet sir, but I'll tine my toch-er; Then, Sandy, you'll fret, And wyte your poor Kate, When-e'er you keek in your toom cof-fer.

* For though my father has plenty O' giller and plentiful dainty, Yet he's unco sweer To twine wi' his gear: And saw we hae need to be tooty My mither's, etc

Tutor my parents wi' caution, Be wyte in 'ika motion; Bring weel o' your land, And there's my leal hand, Win them, I'll be at your devotion. My mither's, etc,
Jenny's bawbee.

I met four chaps you bicks-a-mang, Wi' hanging lugs and faces lang; I spied at nee-bour Bauldy Strang,

Wha's they I see? Quo' be, "Ilk creemfao'd paw-ly chiel Thocht he was cunning as the deil, And

here they cam' a-wa' to steal Jenny's baw-bee."

The first a captain to his trade, Wi' ill-lin'd skull and back weel-clad, March'd roun' the barn and by the shed, A' papped on his knee:

Quoth he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen, Your beauty's dazzled bith my een;" But deil a beauty he had seen

But Jenny's bawbee.

A Norham laird maest trotted up, Wi' baws and nag and siller whup, Cried, "Here's my beast, ha', hand the grup, Or the't til a tree:

What's goud to me? I've wealth o' han', Bestow on ane o' worth yer han';" He thocht to pay what he was awn

Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer neist, wi' bletterin' gab, Wi' speeches whee like canny wab, In ilk ane's com aye took a dab, And a' for a fee;

Accounts he owed through a' the town, And tradsmen's tongues Jae mair could drown; But now he thought to clout his gown

Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Dressed up just like the knave o' clubs, A fool cam' neist (but life has rubs,) Foul were the roads and fur the dubs, And jaupit a' was he;

He danced up, spurtin' through a glass, And grin'd, "I faith, a bonnie lass;" He thocht to win wi' front o' brass,

Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gae kame his wig, The sodger no' to strut sae big, The lawyer no' to be a prig: The fool he cried, "Tes-hee, I ken'd that I could never fail:" But she pree'd the dishcloth to his tail, And swooshed him wi' a waterpail,

And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnnie cam', a lad o' sense, Although he hadna mony pence; He took young Jenny to the spences, Wi' her to crack a weel:

Now Johnnie was a clever chiel, And here his suit he pree'd sae weel That Jenny's heart grew saft as feel, And she birl'd her bawbee.
Dainty Davie.

Allegro.

Piano.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flow'rs To deck her gay green spreading bow'rs, And now come in my happy hours, To wander wi' my Davie. The crystal waters gently fa'. The moosy birds are low'ers a', The scented breezes round us blow, A-wandering wi' my Davie. Meet me on the warlock knowe, Davy Davie, Davy Davie, There I'll spend the day wi' you, My ain dear dainty Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare, To steal upon her early fare, Then through the dews I will repair To meet my faith's Davie. When day, expiring in the west, The curtain draws o' nature's rest, I'll flee to his arms I lo'e best, And that's my dainty Davie. Meet me on the warlock knowe, etc.
The snow-drop and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blow!
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa.'

The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night fa';
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa.'

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay;
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snow,
Alane ca' delight me—now Nannie's awa.'
Alane ca' delight me—now Nannie's awa.'
And oh! for ane-and-twenty, Tam!

A gleib o' jan', a claut o' gear,
Wewo left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I needs sair,
An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.
And oh! for ane-and-twenty, Tam, etc.

They'll be me wed a wealthy coof,
Though I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie? there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam.
And oh! for ane-and-twenty, Tam, etc.
O, speed, Lord Nithsdale.

Andante larghetto.

Piano.

sostenuto.

speed ye fast, Sin' ye maun frae your coun-trie flee; Nae mer-cy mot fa' to your share, Nae pi-ty is for thine and thee. Thy lad-y sits in lone-ly bow'rs, And fast the tear fa's frae her e'e; And aye she sighs, O, blow ye winds, And bear Lord Niths-dale far frae me.

Her heart, see wae, was like to break, While kneeling by the taper bright;
But an' red drop came to her cheek
As shone the morning's rosy light.
Lord Nithsdale's bairk she mot na see,
Winds sped it swiftly o'er the main;
"O ill betide," quoth that fair dame,
"Wha sic a comely knight had clain!"

Lord Nithsdale lov'd wi' mickle love;
But he thought on his countrie's wrang,
And he was deem'd a traitor syne,
And forced frae a' he lovd to gang.
"Oh! I will gae to my lov'd lord,
He may na smile, I trow, but me;"
But hame, and ha', and bonnie bowers,
Nae mair will glad Lord Nithsdale's e'e.
Come o'er the stream, Charlie.

* And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-Sheerly,
  That stream in the star-light, when kings divine kee;
  And deep be your mood of the wine that is red,
  To drink to your sire and his friend the MacLean.
  Come o'er the stream, etc.

If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,
  'Tis ready—a troop of our bold Highlandmen
  Shall range on the heather with bonnet and feather,
  Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.
  Come o'er the stream, etc.
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear; Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, And saft as their parting tear, Jessie; Al tho' thou maun never be mine, Al tho' even hope is denied; Tis sweet'er for thee despairing, Than aught in the world beside, Jessie!

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

PEARL OF THE FOUNTAIN, THE ROSE OF THE VALLEY, ARE SPARKLING AND LOVELY, ARE STAINLESS AND MILD; THE

PEARL SLEDS ITS RAY 'NEATH THE DARK WATER Gaily, THE ROSE OPENS ITS BLOSSOMS TO BLOOM ON THE WILD.

PEARL AND THE ROSE ARE THE EMBLEMS OF MARY, THE MAID OF GLENCONNEL, ONCE LOVELY AND GAY: A FALSE LOVER WOULD HER; YE

DAMSEL BE WARY, NOW SCATH'D IS THE BLOSSOM, NOW DIMM'D IS THE RAY.

You have seen her, when morn brightly dawn'd on the mountain.
Trip blithely along, singing sweet to the gale;
At noon, with her lambs, by the side of yon fountain,
Or wending, at eve, to her home in the vale.
With the flowers of the willow-tree bent are her tresses,
Now woeful and pale, in the glen she is seen,
Bewailing the cause of her rueful distresses,—
How fondly he vow'd—and how false he has been.
For lack of gold.

For lack of gold she has left me, O! And of all that's dear she's be-roft me, O! For

A-thole's duke she me for-sook, And to end-less woe she has left me, O! A

star and gar-ter have more art Than youth, a true and faith-ful heart; For

emp-ty ti-tles we must part— For glit-ting show she has left me, O!

* No cruel fair shall ever move
My injured heart again to love;
Through distant climates I must rove,
Since Jeanie she has left me, O!
For lack of gold, etc.

Ye powers above, I to your care
Resign my faithless, lovely fair;
Your choicest blessings be her share,
Though she's for ever left me, O!
For lack of gold, etc.
Auld Joe Nicolson's bonnie Nannie.

The daisy is fair, the dainty rare, The bud of the rose as sweet as it's bonnie, but there never was a flower in garden or bower, Like auld Joe Nicolson's bonnie Nannie.

O my Nannie, my dear little Nannie, My sweet little middley, middley Nannie; There never was a flower in garden or bower, Like auld Joe Nicolson's bonnie Nannie.

Her looks that stray o'er the flowery green,
Fre bonnie blue een see mild and mellow;
See anthing see sweet in the fairy scene,
Though clad in the morning's gowden yellow.

O, my Nannie, etc.

There's morny a joy in this warld below,
An' sweet the hopes that to sing were uncanny;
But o' a' the pleasures I ever can know,
There's nane like the love o' my bonnie Nannie.

O, my Nannie, etc.
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Piano - Allegretto

Where ha' ye been a' the day, Bonnie lad-die, Highland lad-die? Saw ye him that's far a-way, Bonnie lad-die, Highland lad-die? On his head a bon-net blue, Bonnie lad-die, Highland lad-die; Tar-tan paid and Highland trew, Bonnie lad-die, Highland lad-die!

When he drew his gude braid sword, Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie, Then he gave his royal word, Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie, That rare the field he ne'er would flee, Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie; But wi' his friends would live or dee, Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Weary fa the Lawland leen, Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie, Who took frae him the British crown, Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie; But blessings on the killed Clans, Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie, That fought for him at Prestonpans, Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
Aye wakin', O!

* When I sleep I dream,
  When I wake I'm eearis;
Rest I canna get,
For thinkin' o' my dearie.
Aye wakin', O! wakin' aye an' wearie;
Sleep I canna get for thinkin' o' my dearie.

Coda.—Aye wakin', O!

Lanely nicht comes on,
A' the lave are sleepin';
I think on my bonnie lad,
An' bleez my een wi' greetis'.
Aye wakin', O! wakin' aye an' wearie;
Sleep I canna get for thinkin' o' my dearie.

Coda.—Aye wakin', O!
The Highland Watch.

Old Scotia, wake thy mountain strain In all its wildest splendours! And welcome back the lad again, Your
honour's dear defenders. Behold every harp and violin string, Till all the woodlands quaver; of
many a band your lads have sung, But never hall'd a braver. Then raise the pibroch, Donald Bane, We're
all in key to cheer it: And let it be a martial strain, That warriors bold may hear it.

Ye lovely maids, pitch high your notes As virgin voices can sound them, Sing of your brave, your noble Scots, For glory kindles round them. Small is the remnant you will see, Lamented be the others! But Such a stem of such a tree, Take to your arms like brotherhoods. Raise high the pibroch, Donald Bane, Strike all our glen with wonder; Let the chautier yell, and the drone note swell, Till music speaks in thunder.

What storm can rend your mountain rock? What wave your heather shiver? Long have they stood the tempest's shock, Thou know'st they will for ever. Sooner your eye these cliffs shall view, Split by the wind and weather, Than foeman's eye the bonnet blue, Behind the wading feather. O raise the pibroch, Donald Bane, Our caps to the sky we'll send them, Scotland, thy honour who can stain, Thy heurles who can rend them!
O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut.

Allegro.

Piano.

O, Wil-lie brew'd a peck o' maut, And Rob and Al-lan cam' to pre; Three
blyth'er hearts that loo-lang night Ye wad-na find in Chris-ten-lie. We are na fou, we're
no that fou, But just a drap-pie in our ee; The cock may craw, the day may daw, But
aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, thee merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mony we hope to be.

We are na fou, etc.

It is the moon—I ken her horn—
That's blinking in the lift see hie;
She shines so bright to wile us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee.

We are na fou, etc.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loom is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa,
He is the king among us three!

We are na fou, etc.
O, wha is she that loves me?

O, wha is she that loves me, And has my heart a-keep-ing? O,

Sweet is she that loves me As dews o' summer weeping, In tears the rosebud steeping! O

That's the lassie o' my heart, My lassie ever dearer; O, that's the queen o' woman-kind, And

Never a one to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy choice lassie,
For while thy breast be warming;
Had ne'er sic powers alarming;
O, that's the lassie, etc.

If thou hast heard her talking
And thy attentions plighted,
That bliss body talking
But her by thee is slighted;
And thou art all delighted;
O, that's the lassie, etc.

If thou hast met this fair one
When free her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one
But her thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted;
O, that's the lassie, etc.
What ails this heart o' mine?

What ails this heart o' mine? What means this wa'ry e'e? What
gues me aye turn cauld as death When I take leave o' thee? When thou art far a-wa Thou'I
tear er grow to me; But change o' place and change o' folk May gar thy fan'cy jee.

When I gae out at e'en
Or walk at morning air,
Ilk rustling bush will seem to say,
I used to meet thee there.
Then I'll sit down and cry
An' live aneth the tree,
An' when a leaf fà's in my lap
I'll ca'n a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bow'r
That thou wi' roses tied,
An' where, wi' mony a blushing bud,
I strove mysel' to hide.
IT, dort on ilka spot
Where I hae been wi' thee,
An' ca' to mind some kindly word
By ilka burn and tree.

Wi' sic thoughts in my mind
Time thro' the wairld may gae,
And find my heart in twenty years
The same as 'tis to-day.
'Tis thoughts that bind the soul
An' keep friends in the e'e;
An' gin I think I see thee aye
What can part thee and me?
Tullochgorum.

Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cried, And
lay your disputes a' aside; What signifies for folks to chide For
what's been done before them. Let Whig and Tory a' agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory a' agree To
TULLOCHGORUM.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony samph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.

For blythe and merry we'll be a',
Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,
Blythe and merry we'll be a',
And make a cheerful' quorum.

For blythe and merry we'll be a',
As lang as we hae breath to daw, And dance till we be like to fa'.
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

There needs n'a be sae great a raise,
Wi' daining dull Italian jeys;
I wad gie our ain strathpey,
For lauf-a-hunder score o' them:
They're dawf and dawie at the best,
Dowf and dawie, dowf and dawie,
They're dowf and dawie at the best,
Wi' a' their variourum.

They're dawf and dawie at the best,
Theur Allegro, and a' the rest:
They causs a Highland taste,
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let worldly minds themselves oppress
Wi' tears o' want and double care,
And silly souls themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum.

Shall we see sour and sulky sit?
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
And make a cheerful' quorum?
Shall we see sur and sulky sit?
Sour and sulky shall we sit,
Like and Philosophorum?

May choicest blessings aye attend
Each honest, open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him.

May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
And dainties a great store o' em;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Ustain'd by ony vicious blot,
And may he never want a grot,
That's fond o' Tullochgorum!

But for the discontented fool
Who loves to be oppressor's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him!

May dowl and sorrow be his chance,
Dowl and sorrow, dowl and sorrow,
Dowl and sorrow be his chance,
And none say, was't me for him;

May dowl and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come free France,
Wha'er he be that winna dance
The reel o' Tullochgorum!
Robin Adair.

(IRELAND SCOTCH FOM OF MELODY)

What's this dull town to me? Robin's not near.

What was I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear? Where all the joy and mirth.

Made this town heav'n on earth? Oh, they're all fled with thee, Robin Adair.

What made th' assembly shine? Robin Adair.
What made the ball so fine? Robin was there.
What when the play was o'er, What made my heart so sore? Oh, it was parting with 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.
GLOSSARY.

A
A' all.
Ableigh aloof.
Aboon above.
Ae once.
Aff off.
Alblins perhaps.
Aik ok.
Ain own.
Aisle penny, ertles the earnest money.
Airts ways, directions.
Ajee half-open.
Alane alone.
Amaist almost.
An and.
Ance once.
Anone one.
Askew awry.
Ass ashes.
Atween between.
Aught anything.
Auld and.
Ava at all.
Awa away.
Ayont beyond.

B
Bairn infant, child.
Baith both.
Bannocks cakes.
Bassen a horse having a white spot in the forehead.
Baunck cross-beam.
Bawbee half-penny.
Ben towards the inner apartment of a house.
Bickers small wooden bowls.
Bien well stored, comfortable.
Binged bowed, made obeisance.
Bike a bee's or wasp's nest.
Birk birch.
Birkie a boastful, forward, lively young fellow.
Birr force, noise.
Bladder-skate a foolish talker.
Blate modest, unassuming.
Blaw blow.
Blin blind.
Blythe happy, joyous.
Bobb'd or bobbit danced, carted.
Bocht bought.
Bodin' foreboding.
Bogie bog.

Bogle spectre, hobgoblin.
Brae slope, hill-side.
Braid broad.
Brak broke.
Braw fine, smart, handsome.
Braws fine dress, ornaments.
Brawny streaked color, brown & black.
Brekans ferns.
Brent high, smooth, un wrinkled.
Breeb smooth ratafia, liquor.
Brenfrew brennivin.
Byre cow-house.

C
Ca' call, drive.
Caller fresh.
Cana cannot.
Cannie quiet, cautious.
Cannie carefully.
Cantie happy, joyous.
Carlo Carlo old man.
Cauf calf.
Cauil cold.
Cauliflower chilly, cold.
Chanter the musical pipe of the bagpipe.
Chiel a fellow.
Chimney-choker fireside.
Cloak clothing.
Clamb climbed.
Claut handful.
Claymore a two-handed sword.
Claw clout.
Clug cold.
Cluid cloud.
Cogie a small wooden bowl.
Coff bought.
Coom smoke.
Croft colt.
Crack talk.
Cramasie crimson.
Crap creeping.
Creel basket.
Creepie .................. a low stool.
Crouse .................. happy, cozy.
Crummle .................. a cow with one horn.
Curf, coof ............... a silly feeble person.
Cust, cost ............... cost.
Cuttered .................. coddled.
Custocks .................. cabbage stalks.

D
Daddie .................. father.
Daff .................. to make sport.
Daff .................. silly, mad, foolish.
Dang .................. upset, overthrow.
Daur .................. dare.
Daut .................. to dote upon.
Daw .................. dawn.
Dee .................. die.
Denk .................. duck.
Dighed .................. wiped.
Dinna .................. do not.
Dochter .................. daughter.
Dunce .................. sedate, sober.
Douff .................. dull, stupid.
Dowie .................. spiritless, dull.
Downa .................. dare not.
Drap, drappie .......... drop.
Dree .................. bear.
Drove .................. the bass pipe of the bag-pipe.
Drammie .................. muddy.
Drath .................. thirst.
Dule .................. grief.
Dubs .................. dirty pools.
Dunted .................. thumped, beaten, struck.
Dyke .................. wall.

E
Ear' .................. early.
Ea .................. eye.
Een .................. eyes.
E'en .................. even, evening.
Eerie .................. nervous, afraid.
Eres .................. earnest money.

F
Fa .................. fall.
Fay .................. fly.
Fall .................. glad.
Farin .................. fare, food.
Fashed .................. troubled.
Fashion .................. troublesome.
Faulding .................. folding.
Faune .................. false.
Fecht .................. fight.
Ferlie .................. wonderful.
Fidgin .................. being restless.
Fie .................. frost.
Flesched .................. implored.
Fleg .................. a sudden fright.
Flee .................. fly.
Foglie .................. old wifelash, duff.
Forgie .................. forgive.
Forbye .................. besides.
Fon .................. tippy.
Fonmart .................. polecat.
Fourth .................. quarter peck.
Frea .................. from.
Frease .................. talk, speech.
Fu' .................. full.

G
Gaed .................. went.
Gan .................. gone.
Gang, gas ............... go.
Gar .................. make, cause.
Gate .................. road.
Gauncy .................. plump, jolly.
Gauk .................. going.
Gear .................. goods, wealth.
Gee .................. pet, temper.
Ghaist .................. ghost.
Gie, glen ............... give, gave, given.
Gin .................. if.
Girr, girred ........... hoop, hooped.
Glaitket .................. giddy.
Gleg .................. sharp, quick of perception.
Gleih, glebe .......... a piece of land.
Glent .................. gleam, flash.
Glomin' .................. evening twilight.
Glover .................. look, stare.
Gowau .................. daisy.
Gowd .................. gold.
Cowl .................. cuckoo, a fool.
Grat .................. cried, wept.
Gree .................. pre-eminence.
Greet .................. cry, weep.
Grip, gripped .......... catch, caught.
Gude, guid .............. good.
Gudeman .................. husband.
Gudewife .................. wife.

H
Ha .................. hall.
Haddin .................. a holding of land.
Hae .................. have.
Haeith .................. an ejaculation.
Hallan-shaker .......... a stardy vagrant.
Hale .................. whole.
Han', haun' .............. hand.
Happity .................. lame, hopping.
Hand .................. hold.
Hanf .................. half.
Haughs .................. low lying ground by a riverside.
Hawse .................. throat.
Haw .................. hawthorn.
Heich .................. high.
Heuch .................. a hollow, a glen.
Hirzel .................. flock.
Hizzle, huzzle .......... hussy.
Hoodin .................. cloth, natural colour of the wool.
Hool .................. husk.
Howe .................. hollow.
Howlet, hoolet .......... owl.
Hunner .................. hundred.
Harklin .................. crouching, drawing near.
Hasswyskip ............. household work.

I
Iik, lika ............... each, every.
Ingie .................. fireside.
Ither .................. other.

J
Jad, jade ............... a vixen.
Jee .................. turn aside.
Jelt .................. jelly.
Jo, joo .................. sweetheart, a beloved one.
Junks .................. goes in and out.
### K
- Kail: cabbage broth.
- Kame: comb.
- Kebbuck: cheese.
- Keil: red chalk.
- Ken: know.
- Kimmer: a gossipping neighbour.
- Kirk: church.
- Kirn: churn.
- Kitle: a short, upper gown.
- Kist: chest, trunk.
- Knower: knolts.
- Kurich: a handkerchief tied over the head.
- Kye, kins: cows, cattle.

### L
- Laird: landlord.
- Leigh: low.
- Lang: long.
- Lang syne: long ago.
- Lave: rest, others.
- Laverock: lark.
- Leal: true, honest, just, loyal.
- Leavig: the unploughed field.
- Lee lang: live-long.
- Lilt: song.
- Linn: a deep pool under a water-fall.
- Lintles: lintets.
- Lo'e: love.
- Loof, luif: open hand.
- Loon: a scoundrel.
- Loot: let.
- Leap, leaping: leap, leaping.
- Lown: flame, fire.
- Lugs: ears.

### M
- Mair: more.
- Manmie: mother.
- Marrow: a betrothed, or spouse.
- Mankin: a hare.
- Mann, maunna: must, must not.
- Maut: malt.
- Mavis: thrush.
- Merk: a Scotch coin.
- Micht: might.
- Mickle: much, great.
- Minnie: mother.
- Mirk: dark.
- Missander: misfortune.
- Mony: many.
- Mou: mouth.
- Mondiewarts: moles.
- Muckle: much, great.
- Muir: moor.
- Murlin: a shoulder-basket.
- Mutch: a cap.

### N
- Na: no.
- Nae: no, not.
- Naggies: young horses.
- Nane: none.
- Ningt: night.
- Niest: next.
- Nocht: nothing.
- Noddin' ("we're a'
- noddin"): happy, Joyous.
- Noo: now.
- Norlan: northern.
- O: of.
- Overcome: burden, subject.
- Ow: any.
- Owre: over.
- Owsen: oxen.

### P
- Paid't: paddled, waded.
- Panned: popped down.
- Pannikin: oatmeal porridge.
- Pawkie: sly.
- Philsbeag: kit.
- Fibroch: a peculiar kind of bag-pipe music.
- Plack: a copper coin.
- Plenshin: furnishing.
- Pleaf: plough.
- Porr: gate.
- Pow: head.
- Free: try, taste.
- Puddins: sausages.
- Pur'd, put'n: pulled, pulling.
- Pur: poor.
- Plur: poverty.
- Purse: pound.

### Q
- Quaich: a drinking cap.
- Queen: young woman.
- Quay: young cow.

### R
- Raclethead: careless, rash.
- Rigs: ridges.
- Rin, rin'rin': run, running.
- Rock: part of the spinning wheel on which the flax is rolled.
- Rokely: a short cloak.
- Root: plenty.
- Rye: The Ryle, a river in Ayrshire.

### S
- Sa: so.
- Saft: soft.
- Sair: sore.
- Sangster: songster.
- Sark: shirt.
- Sagh's: willows.
- San: soul.
- Saut: salt.
- Sax: six.
- Scald: scald.
- Sill: silk.
- Shaws: flat ground under steep braes.
- Shaving: shewing.
- Sheel, sheid, shieling: a hut for temporary shelter.
- Shoon: shoes.
- Sic, siccan: such.
A few words with derivatives:

- **Tic-like**
  - Thus
- **Siller**
  - Silver
- **Simmer**
  - Summer
- **Sin syne**
  - Since then
- **Skeithless**
  - Harmless
- **Skeigh**
  - Shy, saucy
- **Skaithe**
  - Hurt, damage
- **Saes**
  - Sloes
- **Sma'**
  - Small
- **Smoresed**
  - Smothered
- **Snood**
  - A ribbon that binds a girl's hair
- **Snool**
  - To snub, to keep in subjection
- **Soney**
  - Handsome, plump
- **Sook**
  - Drink, suck
- **Soup**
  - Drop, a small quantity of liquid

**Speer, speir**
- Ask
**Spence**
- Parlour
**Stane**
- Stone
**Steer**
- Stir, disturb
**Stended**
- Sprang
**Stirk**
- A young ox
**Stown**
- Stolen
**Stoup**
- A measure or pot
**Stoure**
- Dust in motion
**Stow, stowen**
- Stole, stolen
**Stoun**
- A pang of pain
**Strak**
- Struck
**Straked**
- Struck, joined
**Sumpth**
- A soft stupid fellow
**Sweer**
- Reluctant, unwilling
**Syne sin'**
- Since then

**T**
- Taken
- A top, a bundle
- Created
- Topsy-turvy
- Spreading out
- Told
- Attend, take care
- Careless
- The other or fatter... the other
- Thrilled
- Thought
- Bear
- Listless
- Twist
- Thirty
- Thistles
- Beats, strikes
- To
- To it
- Timber
- Lost
- Twirled, twisted
- Little sister

- **Tocher**
  - Dowry
- **Toon**
  - Empty
- **Tous**
  - Town, village
- **Trig**
  - Neat

- **U**
  - Very, extraordinary
  - Unsafe, dangerous, bewitched

- **V**
  - Vain

- **W**
  - Web
  - Would
  - Wed, marry
  - Sad, sorrowful
  - Woes
  - Waken
  - Would
  - A kind of dance
  - Be hung in a rope
  - Pick, choose
  - Sadly
  - Won
  - Work
  - World
  - A witch
  - Know
  - Watching
  - Worse
  - Wearing
  - Weeded
  - Little, small
  - Well
  - From the west
  - Whereever
  - Where
  - Nimble movement
  - With
  - A good large draught
  - Will not
  - Engaging, handsome
  - Know, knew not
  - Dwell
  - Wrong
  - Allure
  - Blame

- **Y**
  - An old mare
  - Yestreen
  - Yestereven
  - Gate
  - That, yonder
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Opera</th>
<th>Violin Parts</th>
<th>Forte Parts</th>
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## For the Violin

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## For the Cornet

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<td>Dances</td>
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## For the Clarinet

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<td>Progressive Studies</td>
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## For the Flute

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## For the English Concertina

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## For the German Concertina

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