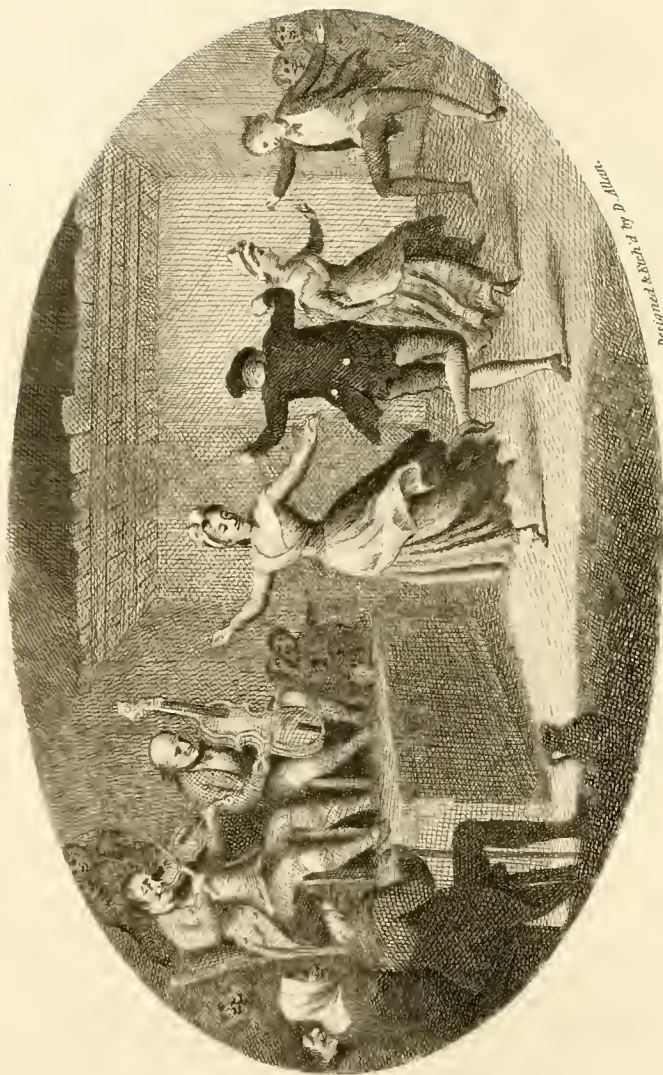


TULLOCHGORM.



Designed & Engr'd by D. Allan.

For blyth and cheery we's be a
And dance till we be like to fa
And mak a happy quorum
The reel of Tulloch gorm

Published as the Act directs by G. Thomson, Edinburgh 2^d May 1825.

X

1

T B G

SELECT MELODIES OF SCOTLAND,

INTERSPERSED WITH THOSE OF

Ireland and Wales.

UNITED TO THE SONGS OF
ROBT. BURNS, SIR WALTER SCOTT BART
and other distinguished Poets;
WITH

Symphonies & Accompaniments

For the

PIANO FORTE

BY

Mozart. Haydn. Beethoven.

The whole Composed for & Collected by

GEORGE THOMSON, F.A.S.E.

IN FIVE VOLUMES

Vol. 3

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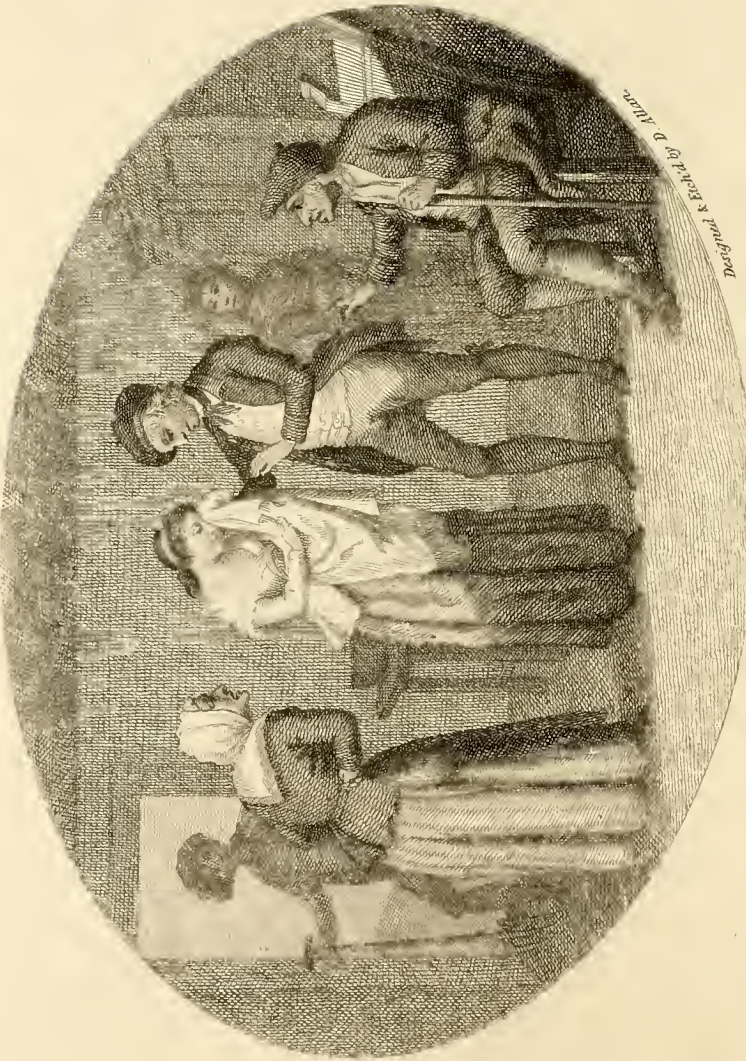


Stothard Del.

Williams Sculp. & Sculp.

London.

PRINTED & SOLD BY PRESTON, LEAN ST. HURST ROBINSON & CO. THE APSIDE
& G. Thomson, Edinburgh.



Her mother then hastily spoke. } I had now a place in my pouch
The lassie's gladdened me pride. } That night I was a bride

The Verses new, and first united to the Music in 1822.

UN POCO
VIVACE.

The bride she is winsome and bonnie, Her hair it is snooded so sleek; And
faithful and kind is her Johnie, Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek. New
pearlins are cause o' her sor-row, New pearlins and plennish ing too; The
bride that has a' to bor-row, Has een right meikle a--do.

CHORUS.

Woo'd and mar-ried and a', Woo'd and married and a'; And
Woo'd and mar-ried and a', Woo'd and married and a'; And
is na she ve-ry weel aff, To be woo'd and mar-ried and a',
is na she ve-ry weel aff, To be woo'd and mar-ried and a'.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK IN 1822,

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE bríde she is winsome and bonnie,
 Her hair it is snooded sae sleek,
 And faithful and kind is her Johnie,
 Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.
 New pearlins are cause o' her sorrow,
 New pearlins, and plenishing too;
 The bríde that has a' to borrow,
 Has e'en right meikle ado.
 Woo'd and married and a',
 Woo'd and married and a',
 And is na she very weel aff
 To be woo'd and married and a'?

"Toot, toot," quo' the grey-headed father,
 "She's less of a bríde than a bairn;
 "She's ta'en like a cowt frae the heather,
 "Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
 "Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
 "As humour inconstantly leans,
 "A chiel maun be patient and steady
 "That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.
 "Kerchief to cover sae neat,
 "Locks the wind used to blaw!
 "I'm baith like to laugh and to greet,
 "When I think o' her married at a'."

Her mother then hastily spak;
 "The lassie is glaiket wi' pride,
 "In my pouches I had na a plack
 "The day that I was a bríde.
 "E'en tak' to your wheel and be clever,
 "And draw out your thread in the sun;
 "The gear that is gifted, it never
 "Will last like the gear that is won.
 "Woo'd and married and a',
 "Tocher and havings sae sma',
 "I think ye are very weel aff
 "To be woo'd and married and a'."

Then out spak' the wily bridegroom,
 Weel waled were his wordies, I ween:
 "I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,
 "Wi' the blinks o' your bonny blue een;
 "I'm prouder o' thee by my side,
 "Though thy ruffles or ribbons be few,
 "Than if Kate o' the craft were my bríde,
 "Wi' purples and pearlins enew.
 "Dear and dearest of ony,
 "Ye're woo'd and booket and a',
 "And do ye think scorn o' your Johnie,
 "And grieve to be married at a'?"

She turn'd, and she blush'd, and she smiled,
 And she looket sae bashfully down;
 The pride o' her heart was beguiled,
 And she play'd wi' the sleeve o' her gown;
 She twirled the tag o' her lace,
 And she nippet her boddice sae blue;
 Syne blinket sae sweet in his face,
 And aff like a mawkin she flew.
 Woo'd and married and a',
 Married and carried awa';
 She thinks hersel' very weel aff
 To be woo'd and married and a'.

OH! THE BROAD SWORDS OF OLD SCOTLAND.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF

*J. G. LOCKHART, ESQ.*PRESENTED BY HIM TO THE EDITOR, AND HERE FIRST PUBLISHED,
1822.

AIR,—OH! THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

Though an English Air may be thought out of place in a Scottish Collection,
yet the Editor hopes that the introduction of this excellent one, in union
with a Song so thoroughly Scottish, the one so happily adapted to the
other, needs no apology.

Now there's peace on the shore, and there's calm on the sea,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee ;
Oh ! the broad swords of old Scotland,
And oh the old Scottish broad swords.

Old Sir Ralph Abercrombie, the good and the brave—
Let him flee from our board, let him sleep with the slave,
Whose libation falls slow as we honour his grave ;
Oh ! the broad swords, &c.

Tho' he died not like him amidst Victory's roar,
Tho' disaster and gloom wove his shroud on the shore,
Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore ;
Oh ! the broad swords, &c.

Yea, a place with the fallen the living shall claim,
We'll entwine in one wreath every glorious name,
The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the Graham ;
Oh ! the broad swords, &c.

Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of the Forth,
Count the stars in the clear cloudless sky of the north,
Then go blazon their numbers, their names, and their worth ;
All the broad swords, &c.

The highest in splendour, the humblest in place,
Stand united in honour, as kindred in race,
For the Private is brother in blood to his Grace,
Oh ! the broad swords, &c.

Ev'n a Huntly will joy that one bumper hath flow'd,
For himself and the meanest e'er crimson'd the sod,
When he drew by his side, for his king and his God,
The deadly broad sword, &c.

Then sacred to each and to all let it be,
Here's a health to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee ;
Oh ! the broad swords, &c.

2. THE BROAD SWORDS OF OLD SCOTLAND—Air, The roast Beef of old England.
The Song, Sym^y & Accompl^{nt} new and first publish'd in 1822.

CON MOLTO SPIRITO.

p *Cres.* *f*

Now there's peace on the shore and there's calm on the sea, Fill a glass to the heroes whose
swords kept us free, Right de-scendants of Wal-lace Mont-rose and Dundee,

CHORUS.

Oh the broad swords of old Scot-land, And
Oh the broad swords of old Scot-land, And

1st time. Last time.

Oh the old Scottish broad swords, swords,
Oh the old Scottish broad swords, swords,

ff

ANDANTE.

Be-neath a green shade, a love-ly young
swain; One ev'n-ing re-clin'd, to dis-co-ver his pain.
So sad yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe; The wind ceas'd to
breathe and the fountains to flow; Rude winds with com-pas-sion cou'd
hear him com-plain, Yet Chlo-e less gen-tle was deaf to his strain.

THE BRAES OF BALLENDEN.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY DR BLACKLOCK.

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain
 One ev'ning reclin'd, to discover his pain.
 So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,
 The winds ceased to breathe, and the fountains to flow;
 Rude winds with compassion, could hear him complain;
 Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cried, my moments once flew,
 Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd on my view!
 These eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey,
 Nor smiled the fair morning more cheerful than they;
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight—
 I'm tortured in pleasure, and languish in light.

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

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

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU,
OR, THE PIPE SUMMONS OF DONALD THE BLACK.

WRITTEN FOR ALBYN'S ANTHOLOGY,
BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY EXPRESS PERMISSION.

This is a very ancient Pibroch belonging to the Clan M'Donald, and supposed to refer to the expedition of DONALD BALLOCH, who in 1431 launched from the isles with a considerable force, invaded Lochaber, and at Inverlochy defeated and put to flight the Earls of Mar and Caithness, though at the head of an army superior to his own.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu'
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons !
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy ;
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untented the herd,
The flock without shelter ;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar.
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges ;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broad swords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended ;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded ;
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set ;
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Knell for the onset !

4.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

The Sym^l & Accom^l new, and first publish^d in 1822.MARZIALE
CON MOLTO
SPIRITO.

Piano introduction in 6/8 time, featuring a lively melody in the treble and a supporting bass line.

Vocal entry of the pibroch, with lyrics: Pi-broch of Do-nuil Dhu, Pi-broch of Do-nuil, Wake thy wild

Vocal entry of the pibroch, with lyrics: voice a-new, Summon Clan Co-nuil; Come a-way come a--way,

Vocal entry of the pibroch, with lyrics: Hark to the summons, Come in your war ar-ray, Gentles and Commons.

CHORUS,—Agitato.

Soprano Voice.

Soprano vocal part of the chorus, with lyrics: Come away Come away, Hark to the summons, Come in your war array, Gentles & Commons.

Tenor Voice.

Tenor vocal part of the chorus, with lyrics: Come away Come away, Hark to the summons, Come in your war array, Gentles & Commons.

Bass vocal part of the chorus, with lyrics: Come away Come away, Hark to the summons, Come in your war array, Gentles & Commons.

Piano accompaniment of the chorus, with lyrics: Come away Come away, Hark to the summons, Come in your war array, Gentles & Commons.

Piano accompaniment of the chorus, with lyrics: Come away Come away, Hark to the summons, Come in your war array, Gentles & Commons.

Piano accompaniment of the chorus, with lyrics: Come away Come away, Hark to the summons, Come in your war array, Gentles & Commons.

Piano accompaniment of the chorus, with lyrics: Come away Come away, Hark to the summons, Come in your war array, Gentles & Commons.

Piano accompaniment of the chorus, with lyrics: Come away Come away, Hark to the summons, Come in your war array, Gentles & Commons.

5.

O MY LOVE'S LIKE THE RED ROSE

K. 42

ALLEGRETTO.

Mez Voice.

O my Love's like the red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June; O my Love's like the me_lodie, That's sweetly play'd in tune. As fair art thou my bonie lass, So deep so deep in love am I; And I can love thee still my dear, 'Till a' the seas gang dry; As fair art thou my bonie lass, So deep so deep in love am I, And I can love thee still my dear, 'Till a' the seas gang dry.

fz

WISHAW'S FAVOURITE.

THE AIR COMPOSED BY MR MARSHALL.

THE SONG FROM A MS. OF BURNS.

O MY Love's like the red red rose
 That's newly sprung in June ;
 O my Love's like the melodie
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.
 As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep, so deep in love am I ;
 And I can love thee still, my dear,
 'Till a' the seas gang dry.—*As fair art thou, &c.*

 'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt with the sun,—
 I will love thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.
 And fare thee well, my only Love,
 O fare thee well a little while,
 And I will come again, my Love,
 Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.—*And fare thee, &c.*

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS,

THE FIRST STANZA AND THE CHORUS EXCEPTED.

This noted freebooter was executed at Inverness about the beginning of the last century. When he came to the fatal tree, he played the tune to which he has bequeathed his name upon a favourite violin, and, holding up the instrument, offered it to any of his clan who would undertake to play the tune over his body at his lyke-wake; as none answered, he dashed it to pieces on the executioner's head, and flung himself from the ladder. The following are the wild stanzas, grounded, however, upon some traditional remains,* which BURNS has put into the mouth of this desperado.

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
Macpherson's time will not be long—
On yonder gallows-tree.

Chorus.—Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danced it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

O what is death but parting breath?
On many a bloody plain
I've dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!—*Sae rantingly, &c.*

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there's no a man in all Scotland
But I'll brave him at a word.—*Sae rantingly, &c.*

I've lived a life of sturt and strife,
I die by treacherie;
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.—*Sae rantingly, &c.*

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!—*Sae rantingly, &c.*

* We have heard some of those recited, particularly one which begins

Now farewell house, and farewell friends,
And farewell wife and bairns;
There's nae repentance in my heart,
The fiddle's in my arms.

ANDANTE
RISOLUTO.

Fare-well ye dungeons dark and strong, The wretch's des-ti-ny; Mac--

-- pherson's time will not be long, On yon--der gal-lows tree.

CHORUS, con molto spirito.

Sae rant-ing-ly sae wan-ton-ly, Sae daunting-ly gaed he; He

Sae rant-ing-ly sae wan-ton-ly, Sae daunting-ly gaed he; He

play'd a spring and danc'd it round, Be--low the gal--lows tree.

play'd a spring and danc'd it round, Be--low the gal--lows tree.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

A Border Melody, with new Sym^y & an Accom^t first publish^d in 1822.ANDANTE
CON MOLO.

Why weep ye by the tide La-dye, Why

weep ye by the tide; I'll wed ye to my youngest son, And

ye sall be his bride. And ye sall be his bride Ladye, Sae comely to be

seen; Bu' aye she loot the tears down fa', For Jock of Ha-zel-dean.

fz *fz* *fz*

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

A BORDER MELODY.

The first Stanza of this Ballad is ancient : The others were
written for ALBYN'S ANTHOLOGY,

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

AND ARE HERE PUBLISHED BY EXPRESS PERMISSION.

“ WHY weep ye by the tide, Ladye,
Why weep ye by the tide ?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride :
And ye sall be his bride, Ladye,
Sae comely to be seen.”—
But ay she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

“ Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale ;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale ;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen.”—
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock of Hazeldean.

“ A chain o' gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair ;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;
And you the foremost o' them a'
Sall ride our forest queen.”—
But ay she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair ;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there ;
They sought her both by bower and ha',
The Lady was not seen !
She's o'er the border, and awa
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

O WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU,
MY LAD.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

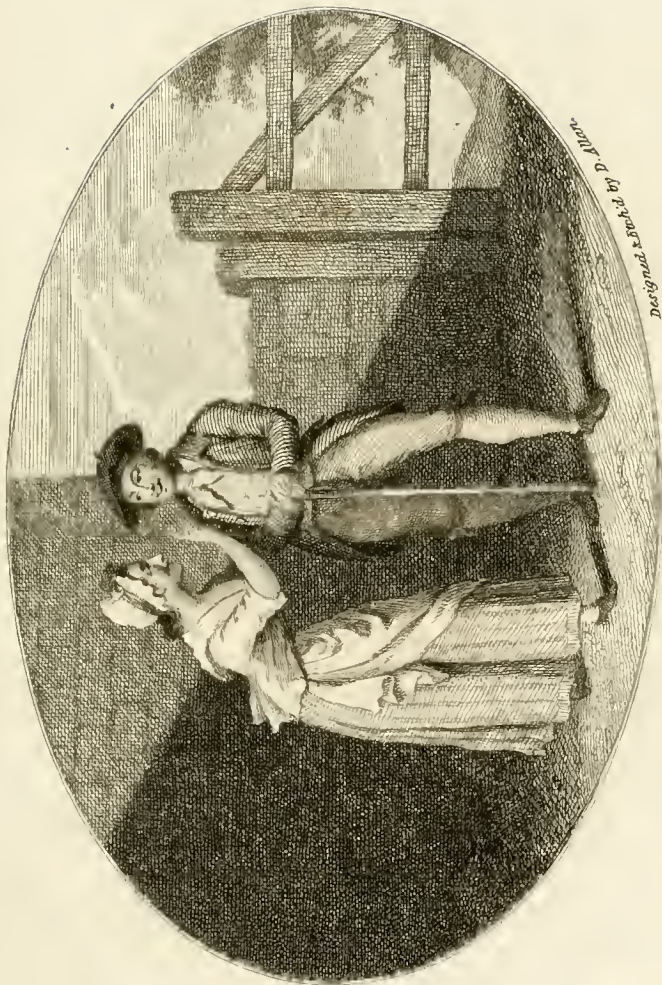
BY BURNS.

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,
Thy Jeany will venture wi' ye, my lad.
But warily tent when ye come to court me,
And come nae unless the back-yett be a-jeë ;
Syne up the back stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na coming to me,
And come as ye were na coming to me.

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,
Thy Jeany will venture wi' ye, my lad.
At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye cared nae a flie ;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

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,
Thy Jeany will venture wi' ye, my lad.
Aye vow and protest that ye carena for me,
And *whyles* ye may lightly my beauty a wee ;
But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

Published as the Act directs. by G. Thomson Edinburgh 1822



But warily tent when ye come to court me
 And come na unless the back yet be afe
 Syne up the back stile & let naebody see
 And come as ye were na coming to me.

ALLEGRETTO.

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.
 But warily tent when ye come to court me, And come na unless the back yett be a jee, Syne
 up the back stile and let nae body see, And come as ye were na coming to me, And
 come as ye were na coming to me.

fz fz p^o

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ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

On Ettrick banks in a summer night, At
 gloaming when the sheep came hame, I met my lass - ie braw and tight, Come
 wad - - ing through the mist her lane. My heart grew light, I
 ran I flang my arms a - - bout her li - - ly neck, And
 kiss'd and clapt her there fu' lang, My words they were na mo - ny feck.

p *Cres.* *f*

ETTRICK BANKS.

ON Ettrick banks in a simmer's night,
 At gloaming, when the sheep drave hame,
 I met my lassie braw and tight,
 Come wading barefoot a' her lane :
 My heart grew light—I ran, I flang
 My arms about her lily neck,
 And kiss'd and clapt her there fu' lang,
 My words they were na mony feck.

Said I, my lassie, will ye gae
 To the Highland hills and be my bride ?
 I'll bigg thy bower aneath the brae,
 By sweet Loch-Gary's silver tide.
 Our Highland hills, tho' bare and bleak,
 Have bonny glens and shaws between,
 Where blooms the wild rose like your cheek,
 And blue bells like your downcast een.*

All day when we have wrought enough,
 When winter frosts and snaws begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when ye sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring,
 And thus the weary night we'll end,
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
 Our pleasant simmer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
 And lead her to my simmer shield.
 There, far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
 And gar the langest day seem short !

* The Editor thinking this stanza, by a friend, preferable to that printed in the former editions of the song, has substituted the one for the other ; but as some, perhaps, may prefer the old stanza, it is subjoined.

I said, my lassie, will ye go
 To the Highland hills, the Erse to learn ?
 I'll gie thee baith a cow and ewe
 When ye come to the brig of Earn.
 At Leith, auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herrings at the Broomy-Law ;
 Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,
 There's gear to win we never saw !

SAW YE MY FATHER.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

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 wand'ring,
 At evening the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
 And marking sweet flow'rets so 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.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover;
 Yet long, long too well have I known,
 All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
 Is Jenny—fair Jenny alone!

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
 Not hope dare a comfort bestow;
 Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
 Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

ANDANTINO.

p *f*

f

p

f

pp

f

f

Where are the joys I have
met in the morn-ing, That danc'd to the Lark's ear-ly song;
Where is the peace that a--wait--ed my wand'--ring, At
ev'n-ing the wild woods a--mong.

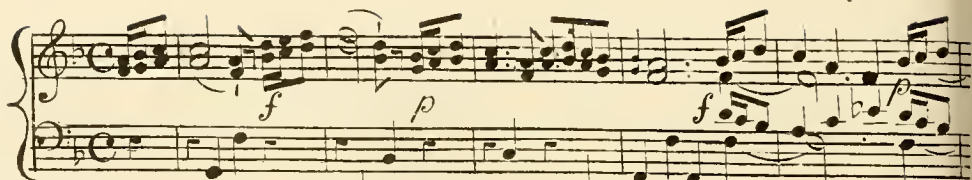
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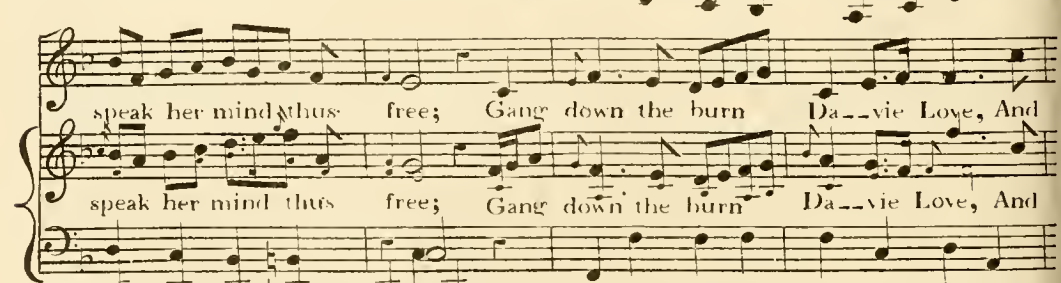
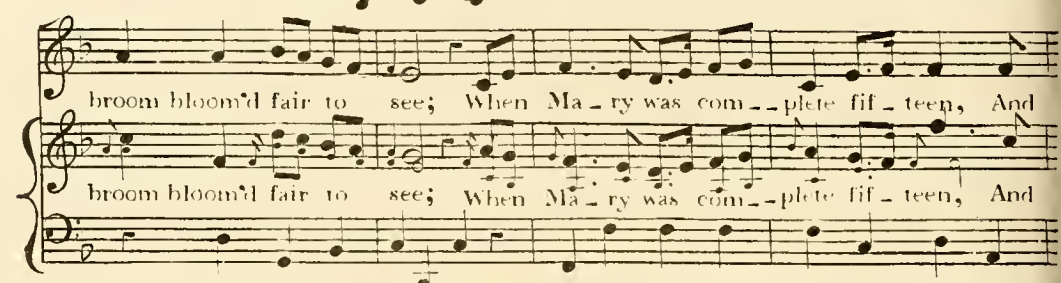
DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

Haydn.

ANDANTE
GRAZIOSO.



S. DUET.



DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY ROBERT CRAWFORD, ESQ.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her e'e ;
 Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free,
 " Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
 " And I shall follow thee."

Now Davie did each lad surpass
 That dwelt on this burn side,
 And Mary was the bonniest lass—
 Just meet to be a bride ;
 Her cheeks were rosie, red and white,
 Her e'en were bonnie blue ;
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
 He told his tender tale,
 Where all the opening sweets of May
 Adorn'd the flowery dale.
 " Not May in all her maiden pride
 " Is half sae sweet as thee ;
 " O say thou'lt be my ain dear bride ;
 " Thou'rt a' the world to me."

' Tho' Sandy ca's me sweet and fair,
 ' And boasts his sheep and kine ;
 ' In vain he seeks me late and air,
 ' My heart is only thine !'
 " Oh ! rapturous sounds ! my first best Love,
 " Come take my plighted hand,
 " My faith and troth I'll fondly prove
 " In wedlock's holy band."

* * The last two stanzas are by the Editor, and are introduced instead of the last stanza in his folio edition of the song ; which, though a decided improvement on the song as *originally* written, did not bring it to the desirable conclusion here given to it.—1822.

THE WEARY PUND OF TOW.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY MRS HUNTER,

AND HERE FIRST UNITED TO THE MUSIC.

HE's far away, he's far away,
 But surely he will come ;
 Ye moments fly, pass swiftly by,
 And bring my soldier home.
 Alas ! I look, and look in vain,
 And listen to each sound,
 The joyless sun declines again,
 And so the days go round.
 He's far away, &c.

O may he come in happy hour,
 My drooping soul to cheer !
 For him I'll deck my cypress bow'r
 With roses all the year.
 Alas ! I look, and look in vain,
 And listen to each sound,
 The joyless sun declines again,
 And so the days go round.
 He's far away, &c.

The heavy clouds of sorrow fled,
 How bright the sun appears,
 But cheerless were the beams he shed
 Seen dimly through our tears.
 Now, hope again shall wake the strings
 To pleasure's jocund lay,
 When time upon his dusky wings
 Bears all our cares away.
 He's far away, &c.

THE FOLLOWING SONG TO THE SAME AIR IS

BY BURNS.

THE weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow ;
 I thought my wife would end her life
 Before she span her tow.
 I bought my wife a stane o' lint,
 As good as e'er did grow,
 And a' that she could make o' that
 Was ae poor pund o' tow.
 The weary pund, &c.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
 Ayont the ingle low,
 And aye she took the tither sook,
 To drook the stoury tow.
 The weary pund, &c.
 " For shame !" said I, " you dirty dame,
 " Gae spin your tap o' tow "—
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock
 She brake it o'er my pow !
 The weary pund, &c.

At length her feet—I sang to see't,
 Gaed foremost o'er the knowe ;
 And ere I wed another jade,
 I'll wallop in a tow.
 The weary pund, &c.

12.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

Haydn.

The words new 1822.

ANDANTINO
PIU TOSTO
ALLEGRETTO.

S. He's far away, he's far away, But surely he will come; Ye moments fly, pass

swift-ly by, And bring my soldier home. A-las I look and look in vain, And

list-en to each sound; The joyless sun de-clines again, And so the days go round.

CHORUS.
He's far a-way, he's far a-way, But sure-ly he will come; Ye
He's far a-way, he's far a-way, But sure-ly he will come; Ye

mo-ments fly, pass swift-ly by, And bring our Soldier home.
mo-ments fly, pass swift-ly by, And bring our Soldier home.

Vol. 3.

LARGHETTO
ESPRESSIVO.

f *p* *pp*

f *p* *S.* Farewell dear mistress

of my soul, The measur'd time is run; The wretch beneath the

dreary pole, So marks his latest sun. To what dark cave of

frozen night shall thy poor wanderer hie. Depriv'd of thee his

life and light, The sun of all his joy. *pp*

FAREWELL, DEAR MISTRESS OF MY SOUL.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

FAREWELL, dear mistress of my soul,
 The measured time is run !
 The wretch beneath the dreary pole
 So marks his latest sun !
 To what dark cave of frozen night
 Shall thy poor wand'rer hie ?
 Deprived of thee, his life and light,
 The sun of all his joy.

We part—but by these precious drops
 That fill thy lovely eyes !
 No other light shall guide my steps
 Till thy bright beams arise.
 She, the fair sun of all her sex,
 Has bless'd my glorious day ;
 And ne'er shall glimmering planet fix
 My worship to its ray.

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY THE REV. MR SKINNER.

O WERE I able to rehearse
 My ewie's praise in proper verse,
 I'd sound it forth as loud and fierce
 As ever piper's drone could blaw :
 My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 A' that kent her could ha'e sworn,
 Sic a ewie ne'er was born
 Here about nor far awa'.

I needed neither tar nor keel
 To mark her upo' hip or heel,
 Her crookit hornie did as weel
 To ken her by amang them a'.
 Could nor hunger never dang her,
 Wind nor weat could never wrang her—
 Ance she lay a week and langer
 Forth aneath a wreath o' snaw.

When ither ewies lap the dyke
 And eat the kail for a' the tyke,
 My ewie never play'd the like,
 But tye'd about the barn wa':
 A better or a thriftier beast
 Nae honest man need weel ha'e wist;
 For, silly thing! she never mist
 To ha'e ilk year a lamb or twa.

I looked aye at even for her,
 Lest mishanter should come o'er her,
 Or the fumart might devour her,
 Gin the beastie stay'd awa'.
 My ewie wi' the crookit horn
 Weel deserved baith girss and corn;
 Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
 Here about nor far awa'.

Yet last week, for a' my keeping—
 I canna speak o't without greeting—
 A villain came when I was sleeping,
 Staw my ewie, horn, and a'!
 I sought her sair upo' the morn—
 And, down aneath a buss o' thorn,
 I got my ewie's crookit horn;
 But my ewie was awa'.

O gin I had the loon that did it,
 I ha'e sworn, as well as said it,
 Tho' the parson should forbid it,
 I would gi'e his neck a thraw.
 I never met wi' sic a turn
 As this since ever I was born;
 My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Silly ewie! stown awa'!

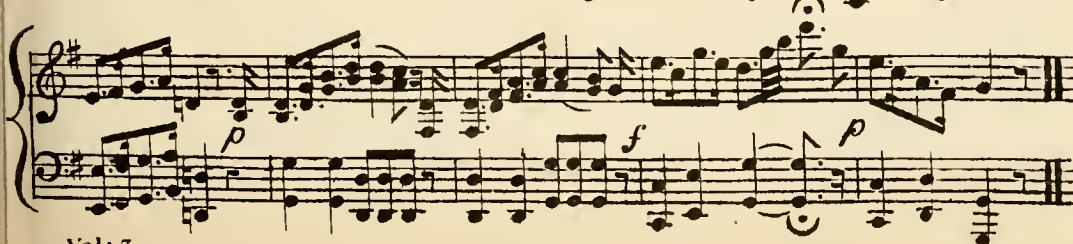
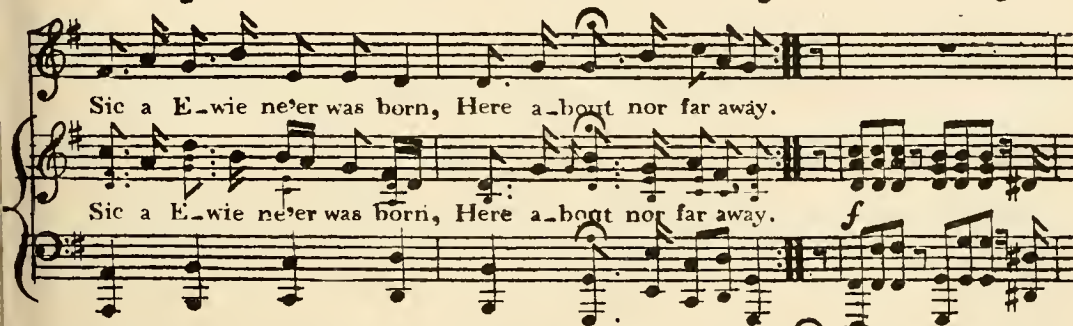
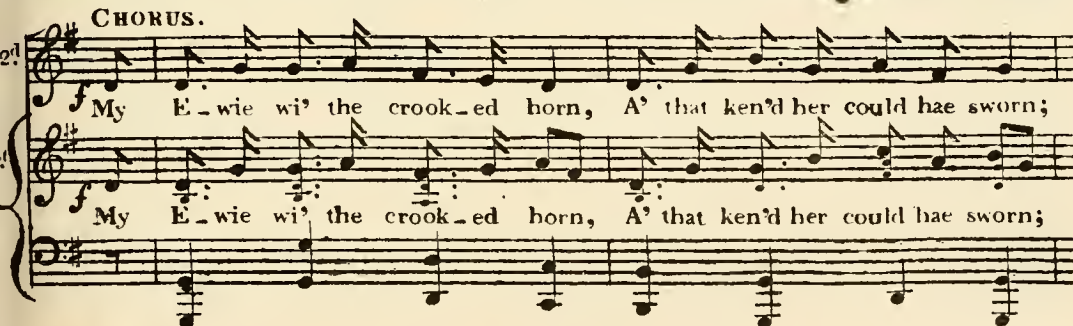
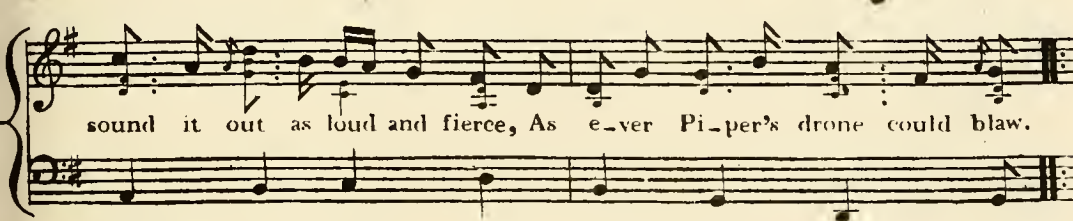
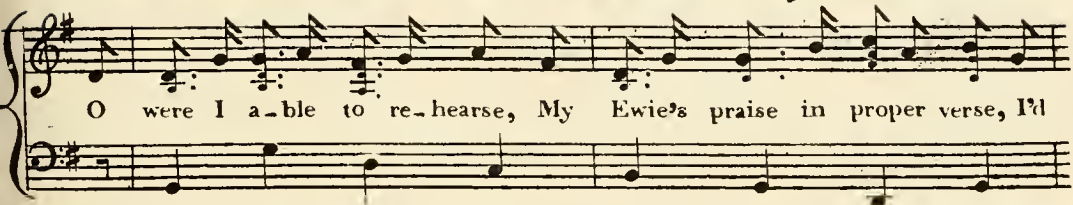
O had she died o' crook or cauld,
 As ewies die when they grow auld,
 It wadna been, by mony fauld,
 Sae sair a heart to ane o' 's a';
 For a' the claith that we ha'e worn,
 Frae her and her's sae aften shorn,
 The loss o' her we could ha'e borne,
 Had fair strae death ta'en her awa'.

But thus, poor thing! to lose her life
 Aneath a greedy villain's knife!
 I'm really fleyt that our gudewife
 Will never win aboon't ava'!
 O! a' ye bards be-north Kinghorn,
 Call up your muses, let them mourn
 Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Stown frae us, and fell'd and a'!

14. THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

Haydn.

ANDANTINO.



AFFETUOSO.

The moon had climb'd the highest hill, Which rises o'er the source of Dee; And
 from the east-ern summit shed, Her sil-ver light on tow'r and tree.
 When Ma-ry laid her down to sleep, Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea; When
 soft and low a voice was heard, Say Ma-ry weep no more for me.

MARY'S DREAM.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY ALEXANDER LOWE.

The MARY here alluded to is generally supposed to have been
Miss MARY MACGHEE, daughter to the Laird of Airds in
Galloway.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light o'er tow'r and tree :
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;
When soft and low a voice was heard
Say, " Mary, weep no more for me ! "

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be—
She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With visage pale and hollow e'e ;
" O Mary dear ! cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea ;
Far, far, from thee, I sleep in death ;
So, Mary, weep no more for me !

" Three stormy nights and stormy days
We toss'd upon the raging main ;
And long we strove our bark to save—
But all our striving was in vain.
Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee :
The storm is past, and I at rest,
So, Mary, weep no more for me !

" O maiden dear, thyself prepare—
We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more."
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see ;
But soft the passing spirit said,
" Sweet Mary, weep no more for me ! "

JOHNY'S GREY BREEKS.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

On his accidentally seeing Miss ALEXANDER of Ballochmyle, while he was wandering in the favourite haunts of his Muse, on the banks of the Ayr. It is this powerfully vivid painting from nature, that gives such an exquisite charm to the songs of our Bard, and points their way irresistibly to the heart.

'T WAS even—the dewy fields were green,
 On every blade the pearls hung ;
 The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
 And bore its fragrant sweets along !
 In every glen the mavis sang,
 All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
 Except where greenwood echoes rang
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
 My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,
 When, musing in a lonely glade,
 A maiden fair I chanced to spy :
 Her look was like the morning's eye,
 Her air like nature's vernal smile ;
 The lily's hue and rose's dye
 Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle.

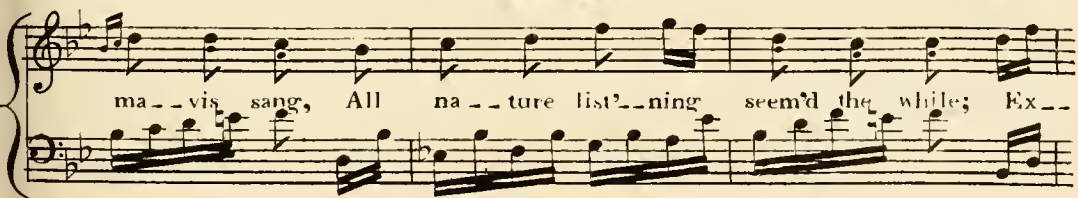
Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
 And sweet is night in autumn mild,
 When roving through the garden gay,
 Or wand'ring in the lonely wild :
 But Woman, nature's darling child !
 There all her charms she does compile :
 Even there her other works are foil'd
 By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

O had she been a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain,
 Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
 That ever rose on Scotland's plain !
 Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil,
 Could I, to bless my cottage, gain *
 The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle !

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
 Where fame and honours lofty shine ;
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward seek the Indian mine :
 Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks or till the soil,
 And ev'ry day has joys divine
 With the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

* The line was originally, " And nightly to my bosom strain."

ANDANTINO.



Haydn.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

DIET.

With broken words and downcast eyes, Poor Colin spoke his passion tender; And

parting with his Lu-cy cries; Ah! wae's my heart that we should sunder.

To others I am cold as snow, But kindle with thine eyes like tinder; From

thee with pain, I'm forc'd to go, It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

thee with pain, I'm forc'd to go, It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

WOE'S MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD SUNDER.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

WITH broken words, and downcast eyes,
 Poor Colin spoke his passion tender;
 And, parting with his Lucy,* cries,
 " Ah! woe's my heart that we should sunder!
 To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
 From thee with pain I'm forced to go—
 It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

" Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
 No beauty new my love shall hinder;
 Nor time nor place shall ever change
 My vows, though we're obliged to sunder.

" The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauties which invite our wonder;
 Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
 Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.

" Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this—
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder:
 Then seal a promise with a kiss—
 Always to love me though we sunder.
 " Ye Gods! take care of my dear lass,
 That as I leave her I may find her;
 When that bless'd time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again, and never sunder!"

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR,

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

SPEAK on—speak thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 Those fears that soon will want relief,
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.
 A gentler face, and silk attire,
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
 Alack, poor me! will now conspire,
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

Nae mair the Shepherd wha excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell;
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.

Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet-scented rucks, round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder!

Again, ah!, shall I never creep
 Around the knowe, with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty!
 Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wandering lover,
 Tbro' life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other!

* In the Author's edition of this song, the name is GRIZIE, which the Editor has taken the liberty of changing into one that sounds more agreeably.

FEE HIM, FATHER.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie,
 Thou hast left me ever;
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
 Thou hast left me ever.
 Often hast thou vow'd that death
 Only should us sever;
 Now thou'st left thy lass for aye—
 I must see thee never, Jamie,
 I will see thee never!

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
 Thou hast me forsaken;
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
 Thou hast me forsaken.
 Thou canst love another maid
 While my heart is breaking;
 Soon my weary eyes I'll close,
 Never more to waken, Jamie,
 Never more to waken.

THE OLD SONG TO THE SAME AIR.

' SAW ye Johnny coming,' quo' she,
 ' Saw ye Johnny coming;
 ' Saw ye Johnny coming,' quo' she,
 ' Saw ye Johnny coming:
 ' Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
 ' And his dogie running;
 ' Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
 ' And his dogie running,' quo' she,
 ' And his dogie running?
 ' O fee him, father, fee him,' quo' she,
 ' Fee him, father, fee him;
 ' O fee him, father, fee him,' quo' she,
 ' Fee him, father, fee him;
 ' For he is a gallant lad,
 ' And a weel-doing,
 ' And a' the wark about the town
 ' Gaes wi' me when I see him,' quo' she,
 ' Gaes wi' me when I see him.'

" O what will I do wi' him," quoth he,
 " What will I do wi' him?
 " He has ne'er a sark upon his back,
 " And I ha'e nane to gi'e him."
 ' I ha'e twa sarks into my kist,
 ' And ane o' them I'll gi'e him;
 And for a merk of mair fee,
 ' Dinna stand wi' him,' quo' she,
 ' Dinna 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;
 ' He'll ha'd the plough, thrash in the barn,
 ' And crack wi' me at e'en,' quo' she,
 ' And crack wi' me at e'en.'

ALLEGRETTO
SCHERZANDO.

Thou hast left me ev--er, Ja-mie, Thou hast left me ev--er;

Thou hast left me ev--er, Ja-mie, Thou hast left me ev--er.

Of--en hast thou vow'd that death, On-ly should us se--ver; Now

thou hast left thy lass for ay, — I must see thee ne--ver, Ja--mie,

I will see thee ne--ver. I will see thee ne--ver.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

Piano introduction in G major, 3/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

DUET.

First system of the vocal duet. The Soprano (S.) and Alto (A.) parts are written on staves with treble clefs. The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "Ay waking O! Waking ay and wea-ry; Rest I can-na".

Second system of the vocal duet. The lyrics continue: "get, For thinking of my dear-ie, O this Love this Love!".

Third system of the vocal duet. The lyrics continue: "Life to me how drea-ry, When I sleep I dream, O".

Fourth system of the vocal duet. The lyrics continue: "when I wake I'm eerie, O this Love this Love.". The tempo marking "Adagio." appears above the system.

A YE WAKING, O!

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL,

BY BURNS,

THE FIRST STANZA EXCEPTED.

The heroine of this admirable Song was Miss LORIMER at
Craigieburn, near Moffat.

A YE waking, O!
Waking aye, and weary,
Rest I cannot get,
For thinking on my dearie.
O this love, this love!
Life to me how dreary!—
When I sleep I dream;
Oh! when I wake I'm eerie.
O this love, this love!

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.
Can I cease to care,
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish?
O this love, this love!

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.
Ev'ry hope is fled,
Ev'ry fear is terror;
Slumber ev'n I dread,
Ev'ry dream is horror.
O this love, this love!

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.
Hear me, Powers divine!
Oh! in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!
*Spare, O spare my love! **

* The line in the first Stanza, "Life to me how dreary!"
and the lines printed in Italics, are supplied by the Editor for
the sake of the Music.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

This Song was written on MISS JEANY CRUIKSHANK, NOW
MRS HENDERSON, Jedburgh, daughter of one of the Mas-
ters of the High School, Edinburgh, a friend of the Bard.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-inclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning.
Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled,
In all its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
 It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest—
The dew sat chilly on her breast,
 Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure of the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string, or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
 That tents thy early morning.
So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay
Shall beauteous blaze upou the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
 That watch'd thy early morning.

ALLEGRETTO.



A rose-bud by my ear-ly walk, A--down a corn in--closed hawk; She

gent-ly bent its thorny stalk, All on a dew-y morn--ing.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled, In a' its crimson glo-ry spread, And

droop-ing rich the dew-y head, It scents the ear-ly morn--ing.

The Verses new and first pub^d in 1822.

IN VOCE

p These rural shades may some times please, But are not always

charming; For dearly tho' I love my ease, Yet Dulness is a--larming.

Duo

2^d O Ju-lia bid the town a-dieu, And for a season se--ver; The

1st Why must I bid the town a-dieu, For one whole season se--ver; I

town I like as well as you, But need not like for e--ver.

Na-ture like as well as you, But need not like for e--ver. *f*

p *f* *p*

THE LOOKING-GLASS.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

THESE rural shades may sometimes please,
 But are not always charming ;
 For dearly though I love my ease,
 Yet dulness is alarming ;
 Why must I bid the town adieu—
 For one whole season sever ?
 I Nature like as well as you,
 But need not like for ever.

I like the moon—her lonely ray
 Can sooth my spirits weary ;
 Yet routes, and balls, and lustres gay,
 Have never fail'd to cheer me.
 Sweet sings the lark while o'er his nest
 The morning beam is slanting ;
 And yet the truth must be confest,
 An opera is enchanting.
Why must I bid, &c.

How pleasant 'tis to sit and view
 Yon lake at distance lying !
 Yet places, faces, fashions new
 I like, there's no denying.
 Give me my bower where roses bloom,
 With nightingales complaining—
 Yet beaux there are who might presume
 To be as entertaining.
Why must I bid, &c.

From route and ball, to lawn and grove,
 Through every pleasure ranging ;
 'Tis thus we happy mortals rove,
 Like Nature, ever changing !
 Keep moving still—nor ever long,
 Whate'er the pleasure, linger—
 So, if you please, we'll move my song,
 And call another singer.
Why must I bid, &c.

THE RESOLVE.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF AN OLD ENGLISH
POEM,

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET.

HERE FIRST UNITED WITH THE MUSIC, BY PERMISSION.

MY wayward fate I needs must plain,
Though bootless be the theme ;
I loved and was beloved again,
Yet all was but a dream :
For as her love was quickly got,
So it was quickly gone ;
No more I'll bask in flame so hot,
But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was e'er,
My fancy shall beguile
By flattering word, or feigned tear,
By gesture, look, or smile :
No more I'll call the shaft fair shot
Till it has fairly flown,
Nor scorch me at a flame so hot ;
I'll rather freeze alone.

Each ambush'd Cupid I'll defy
In cheek, or chin, or brow,
And deem the glance of woman's eye
As weak as woman's vow :
I'll lightly hold the lady's heart
That is but lightly won ;
I'll steel my heart to beauty's art,
And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out,
The diamond's ray abides ;
The flame its glory hurls about,
The gem its lustre hides !
Such gem I fondly deem'd was mine,
And glow'd a diamond stone ;
But, since each eye may see it shine,
I'll darkling dwell alone.

No waking dream shall tinge my thought
With dyes so bright and vain ;
No silken net, so slightly wrought,
Shall tangle me again :
No more I'll pay so dear for wit,
I'll live upon mine own ;
Nor shall wild passion tronble it—
I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll hush my heart to rest—
“ Thy loving labour's lost ;
Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,
To be so strangely crost :
The widow'd turtles matchless die,
The phoenix is but one ;
They seek no loves—no more will I—
I'll rather dwell alone.”

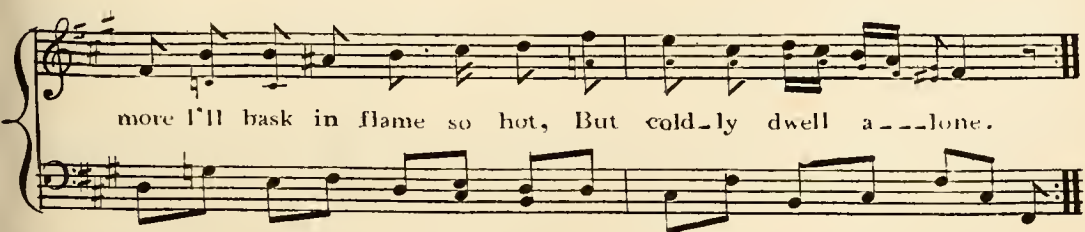
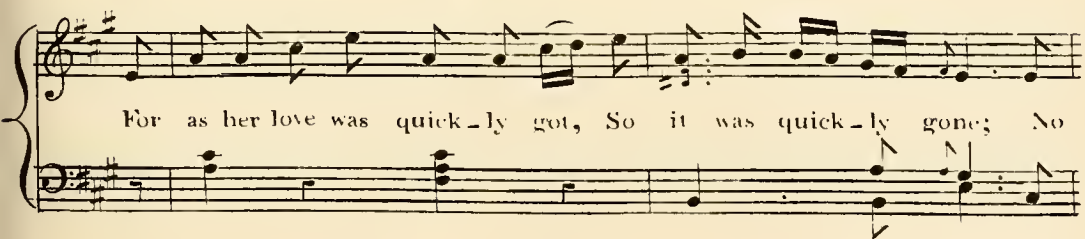
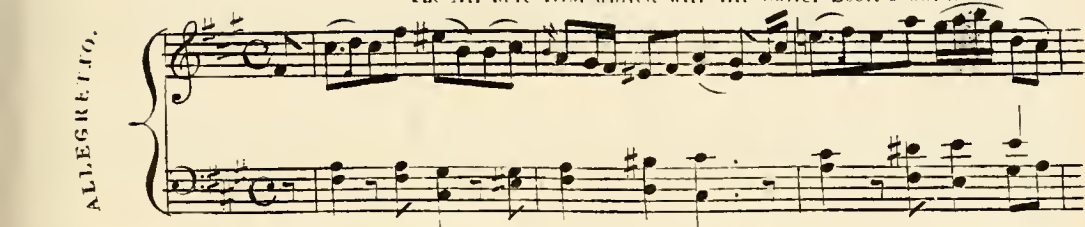
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O'ER BOGGIE.

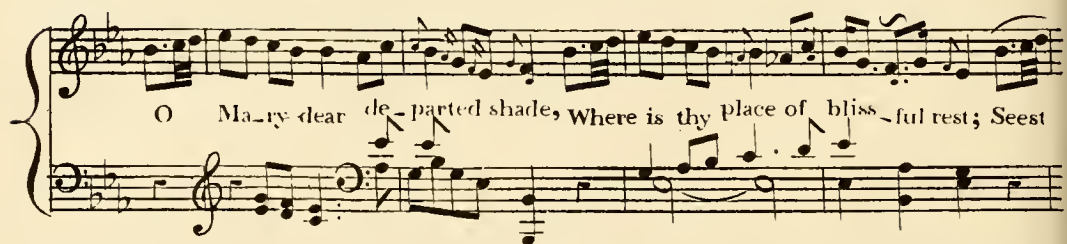
Haydn.

The Air here first united with Sir Walter Scott's words.

ALLEGRETTO.



ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.



HIGHLAND MARY.

WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

The Air by Miss LUCY JOHNSTON, afterwards Mrs OSWALD
of Achincruive.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary ! dear departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love !
Eternity cannot efface
Those records dear of transports past,
The image of our last embrace ;—
Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green ;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene :
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care ;
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary ! dear departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

THE WEE, WEE MAN.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

MISS LORIMER was the heroine of this Song.

O BONNIE was yon rosy brier
 That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man ;
 And bonnie she, and ah, how dear !
 It shaded frae the ev'ning sun.
 Yon rose-buds in the morning dew,
 How pure, amang the leaves sae green ;
 But purer was the lover's vow
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.
 All in its rude and prickly bower,
 That crimson rose how sweet and fair ;
 But love is far a sweeter flow'r
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.
 The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine ;
 And I the warld nor wish nor scorn—
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.

ALLEGRETTO.

O bon - ny was yon ro - sy brier, That blooms sae far frae
 haunt o' man; And bon - ny she and ah how dear! In
 shaded tree the evening sun. Yon rose-buds in the morning dew, How
 pure a - mong the leaves sae green, But pur - er was the
 lov - er's vow, They wit - ness'd in the shade yea - green.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a flowing melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE' and the expression is 'ESPRESSIVO'.

O Lo-gan sweetly didst thou glide, The day I was my Willie's bride; And

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "O Lo-gan sweetly didst thou glide, The day I was my Willie's bride; And".

years sin-syne hae o'er us run, Like Lo-gan to the Sum-mer sun.

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "years sin-syne hae o'er us run, Like Lo-gan to the Sum-mer sun." A fermata is placed over the final note of the vocal line.

But now thy flow'ry banks appear, Like drumlie winter dark and drear; While

The third line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "But now thy flow'ry banks appear, Like drumlie winter dark and drear; While".

my dearest man face his faes, Far, far frae me and Lo-gan braes.

The fourth line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "my dearest man face his faes, Far, far frae me and Lo-gan braes." A fermata is placed over the final note of the vocal line.

The piano coda consists of two staves. The right hand has a melodic line with some grace notes, and the left hand has a more rhythmic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final chord.

LOGAN WATER.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

O LOGAN! sweetly didst thou glide
 The day I was my Willie's bride;
 And years sinsyne ha'e o'er us run,
 Like Logan to the summer sun.
 But now thy flow'ry banks appear
 Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month of May,
 Has made our hills and valleys gay;
 The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs,
 The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs;
 Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And ev'ning tears are tears of joy:
 My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milkwhite hawthorn bush,
 Amang her nestlings, sits the thrush;
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
 Or wi' his song her cares beguile:—
 But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
 That brethren rouse in deadly hate!
 As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return!
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willie hame to Logan braes!

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR,

BY JOHN MAYNE,

AUTHOR OF THE POEM OF GLASGOW.

By Logan streams that rin sae deep,
 Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep,
 I've herded sheep, or gather'd slaes,
 Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
 But wae's my heart! these days are gane,
 And I wi' grief now herd alane,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes!

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he,
 Atween the preachings, meet wi' me,
 Meet wi' me, or, when its mirk,
 Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.

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I weel may sing—these days are gane!
 Frae kirk or fair I come alane,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes!

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
 I dander dowie and forlane,
 Or sit beneath yon hawthorn tree,
 Where aft he kept his tryste wi' me.
 O could I see these days again!
 My lover skaithless and my ain!
 Beloved by friends, at peace wi' faes,
 We'd live in bliss on Logan braes!

G

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

WRITTEN

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE lass of Patie's mill,
 So bonny, blythe, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 She stole my heart away.
 When tedding of the hay,
 Bareheaded on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

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

O had I all the wealth
 That Hopeton's mountains fill,*
 Insured long life and health,
 And pleasure at my will:
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Patie's mill,
 Should share the same wi' me.

* Alluding to the Lead Hills, belonging to the Earl of HOPE-
 TON, thirty-three miles south-west of Edinburgh.

Ramsay's right to this Song having been questioned, the Editor
 shall here quote what BURNS has left on record concerning it.

"The following anecdote, which I had from the present Sir
 "WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM of Robertland, who had it of the
 "late JOHN Earl of LOUDON, I can on such authorities be-
 "lieve.

"ALLAN RAMSAY was residing at Loudon Castle with the then
 "Earl, father to Earl JOHN; and one forenoon, riding or
 "walking out together, his Lordship and ALLAN passed a
 "sweet romantic spot on Irvine Water, still called 'Patie's
 "Mill,' where a bonnie lass was 'tedding hay, bareheaded
 "on the green.' My Lord observed to ALLAN, that it
 "would be a fine theme for a song. RAMSAY took the hint,
 "and lingering behind, he composed the first sketch of it,
 "which he produced at dinner."

ANDANTE
GRAZIOSO.

The lass of Pa-tie's mill, So bon-n-y blyth and gay; In

spite of all my skill, Has stole my heart a - - - way.

When ted-dling of the bay, Bare-head-ed on the green; Love

'midst her locks did play, And wan-ton'd in her e'en.

ANDANTE.

I ga'd a wae - - fu' gate yes - - een, A
 gate I fear I'll dear - - ly rue; I
 got my death frae twa sweet een, Twa
 love - - ly een of bon - nie blue.

pp *f* *ff*

THE BLATHRIE O'T.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

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 ringlets bright,
 Her lips like roses wet wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom, lily white—
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smiled, my heart she wiled,
 She charm'd my soul, I wist na how ;
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
 Came frae her een sae bonnie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed,—
 She'll, aiblins, listen to my vow :
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.*

* The heroine of this beautiful song was Miss JEFFREY of Lochmaben, who married Mr RENWICK, and accompanied him to New York, where she still lives, highly esteemed for her good sense and great suavity of manners. She is now a widow, and her son is Professor of Chemistry in Columbia College.

AN THOU WERT MINE AIN THING.

AN thou wert mine ain thing,
 O I would love thee, I would love thee;
 An thou wert mine ain thing,
 How dearly would I love thee.
 Of race divine thou needs must be,
 Since naething earthly equals thee;
 For heaven's sake, O favour me,
 Wha only live to love thee.

An thou wert my ain thing, &c.
 Sae lang's I had the use of light,
 I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
 Syne in saft whispers through the night
 I'd tell how much I love thee.

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.

Though I were number'd wi' the dead,
 My soul should hover round thy head;
 I may be turn'd a silent shade,
 But ne'er can cease to love thee!

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.
 Thy nightly dreams, thy lonely hours,
 Thy thoughtful seats in these sweet bow'rs,
 Thy ev'ning walks 'mang dewy flow'rs
 I'd watch, and ever love thee.

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.
 And when at last, thou lovely maid!—
 A drooping flow'r—thyself shalt fade,
 I'll watch thy gentle parting shade,
 And then for ever love thee!

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.*

WRITTEN

BY SMOLLETT.

THY fatal shafts unerring move;
 I bow before thine altar, Love!
 I feel thy soft resistless flame
 Glide swift through all my vital frame
 For while I gaze my bosom glows,
 My blood in tides impetuous flows;
 Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll,
 And floods of transport 'whelm my soul.

My falt'ring tongue attempts in vain
 In soothing murmurs to complain;
 My tongue some secret magic ties;
 My murmurs sink in broken sighs!
 Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
 And ever drop the silent tear,
 Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
 Unfriended live, unpitied die!

* In singing the English Song to the Scottish Air, a quaver must be supplied for the beginning of the first and third lines of each stanza.

LARGHETTO.

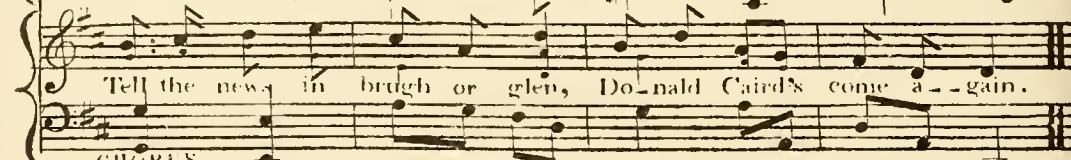
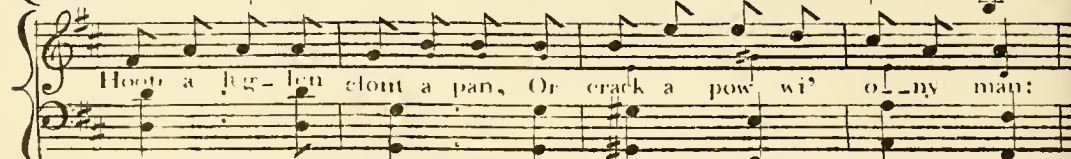
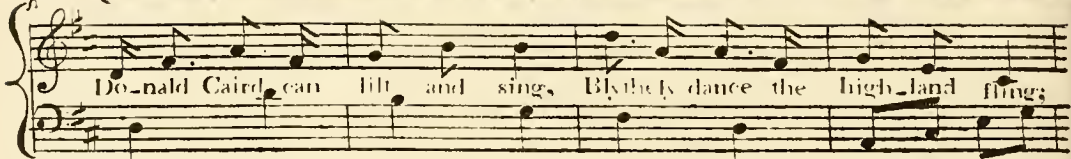
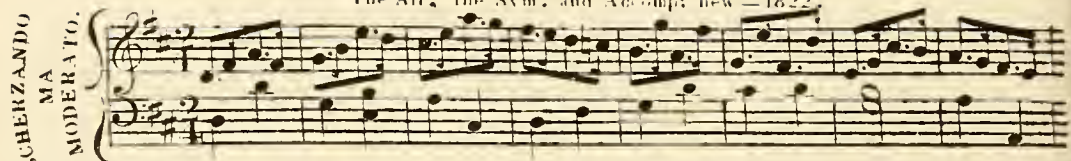
An thou wert mine ain thing, O I would love thee

I would love thee; An thou wert mine ain thing, How

dear-ly would I love thee, Of race di-vine thou

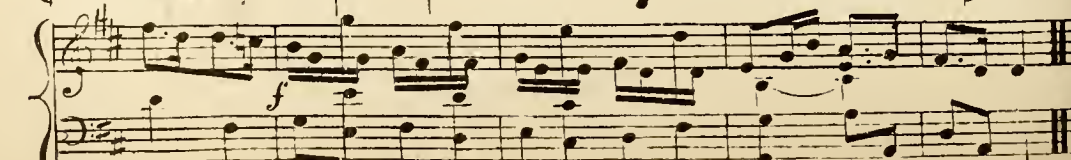
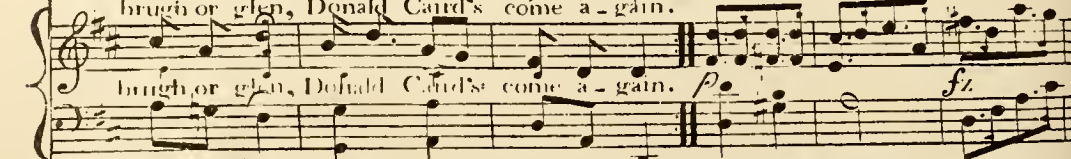
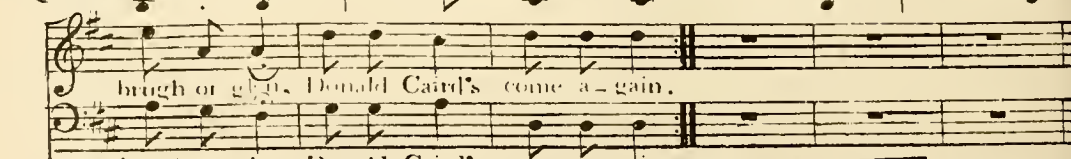
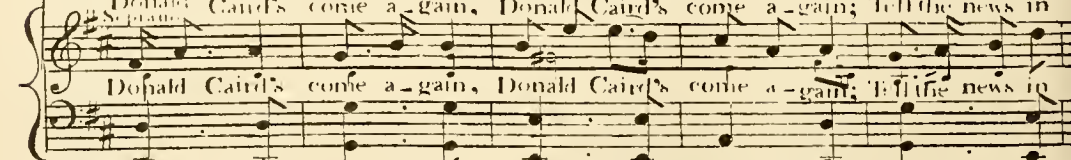
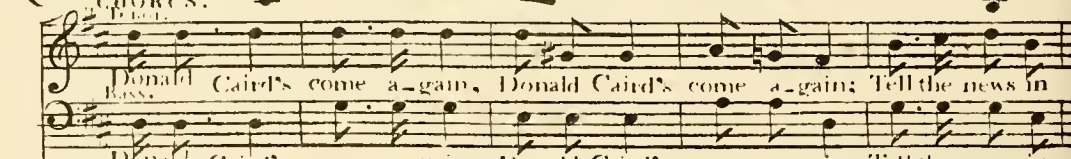
needs must be, Since nae-thing earth-ly e-quals thee, For

Hea-vens sake O fa-vour me, Wha on-ly live to love thee.

The Air, the Sym^y and Accom^t new — 1822.SCHERZANDO
MA
MODERATO.

CHORUS.

Tutti.



DONALD CAIRD.

WRITTEN BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET, AND HERE PUBLISHED BY EXPRESS PERMISSION.

THE AIR COMPOSED FOR THE SONG BY THE EDITOR OF THIS WORK—1822.

DONALD CAIRD can lilt and sing,
 Blythely dance the Highland fling;
 Drink till the gudeman be blind,
 Fleech till the gudewife be kind;
 Hoop a leglen, clout a pan,
 Or erack a pow wi' ony man;
 Tell the news in brugh or glen,
 Donald Caird's come again.
 Donald Caird's come again!
 Donald Caird's come again!
 Tell the news in brugh or glen,
 Donald Caird's come again.

DONALD CAIRD can wire a maukin,
 Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin;
 Leisters kipper, makes a shift
 To shoot a muirfowl in the drift;
 Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
 He can wauk when they are sleepers;
 Not for bountith or reward,
 Dare ye mell wi' Donald Caird.
 Donald Caird's come again!
 Donald Caird's come again!
 Gar the bagpipes hum amain,
 Donald Caird's come again!

DONALD CAIRD can drink a gill
 Fast as hostler wife can fill;
 Ilka ane that sells gude liquor
 Kens how Donald hends a bicker:
 When he's fou he's stout and saucy,
 Keeps the cantle of the cawsey;

HIGHLAND chief and Lawland laird
 Maun gie room to Donald Caird!
 Donald Caird's come again!
 Donald Caird's come again!
 Tell the news in brugh or glen,
 Donald Caird's come again!

STEEK the amrie, lock the kist,
 Elsc some gear may weel be mist;
 Donald Caird finds orra things
 Where Allan Giegior fand the taings;
 Dunts of kebbuck, tates of woo,
 Whiles a hen, and whiles a sow,
 Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—
 'Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird!
 Donald Caird's come again!
 Donald Caird's come again!
 Dinna let the Shirra ken
 Donald Caird's come again!

ON DONALD CAIRD the doom was stern,
 Craig to tether, legs to airn;
 But Donald Caird, wi' mickle study,
 Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie!
 Rings of airn, and bolts of steel,
 Fell like ice frae hand and heel!
 Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again!
 Donald Caird's come again!
 Donald Caird's come again!
 Dinna let the Justice ken
 Donald Caird's come again!

ROB ROY.

WRITTEN AND PRESENTED TO THE EDITOR BY DAVID THOMSON, GALASHIELS, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED—1822.

ROB MACGREGOR's come again,
 Ilka ane thought dead and gane;
 By a wizard's cantrip slight
 Rob again has seen the light.
 He appears in a' his glory,
 Laughing baith at Whig and Tory;
 Rob's a chief o' some regard,
 No a scamp like Donald Caird.
 Rob Macgregor's come again!
 Rob Macgregor's come again!
 Think ye does the Shirra ken
 Rob Macgregor's come again.*

BARS o' iron and bolts o' steel
 Yield to Rob, for Rob's a deil;
 Glasgow jail it canna haud him,
 No a beagle dares to daud him.
 Rob has keys to ilka prison,
 Turnkey-cousins by the dozen;
 Burrow bailies and their guard
 Shrink afore the Highland laird.
 Rob Macgregor's come again!
 Rob Macgregor's come again!
 Lowland bodies pay your kain,
 Rob Macgregor's come again!

ROBIN'S wife's a wife o' mettle,
 Weel she guards auld Scotland's kettle;
 Nought to Helen is a prize
 Like an imp of the exeise!
 A' the Highland hills in chorus,
 Sung the dirge of gauger Morris,

A' the pack might weel be spared,
 Reavers waur than Donald Caird.
 Rob Macgregor's come again!
 Rob Macgregor's come again!
 Lomond wilds are a' bis ain,
 We're fain to see him back again.

ROB MACGREGOR dealt in cattle,
 But to pay them was a battle;
 Robin took a shorter plan,
 Clear'd the marches like a man.
 Now he's king o' hill and dale,
 A' the Lennox pays black-mail.
 Soger lads be on your guard,
 Ye are na eatching Donald Caird.
 Rob Macgregor's come again!
 Rob Macgregor's come again!
 We'll get back the days that's gane,
 Rob Macgregor's come again!

ROBIN ROY's caught at last,
 Bring the wuddie, haud him fast;
 Robin louns and takes the river,
 Lost for ance, and lost for ever;
 Jouking up, and jouking down,
 Like an otter swam the loon!
 Rob has baffled a' the guard,
 No sneak'd aff like Donald Caird.
 Rob Macgregor's come again!
 Rob Macgregor's come again!
 Highland blood, and Highland bane,
 Rob Macgregor's come again!

* SIR WALTER SCOTT, who is so strongly suspected of the resuscitation of Rob, is the Shirra (Sheriff) of Selkirkshire. He dines generally once a-year with his worthy industrious neighbours, the Manufacturers of Galashiels; and this and the preceding song commonly make a part of the dessert.

THE THREE MEN OF MORISTON.

A JACOBITE BALLAD.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT COMMUNICATED TO THE EDITOR BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD, AND DOUBTLESS WRITTEN BY HIM;—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED—1822.

AIR,—FY, LET US A' TO THE BRIDAL.

Now cease of auld ferlies to tell us,
That happen'd nane living kens when;
I'll sing you of three noble fellows
Wha lived in the wild Highland glen.
The times were grown hard to brave Donald,
For lost was Culloden's sad day;
The hearts o' the Chiefs were a' broken,
And O! but poor Donald was wae.

They keeket out o'er the wild correi,
The towers of Clan-Ronald were gone;
The reek it hung red o'er Glengary,
Lochaber was herried and lone!
They turn'd them about on the mountain,
The last o' their shealings to see,
"O hon a rie!" cried poor Donald,
"There's naething but sorrow for me!"

Now our three noble lads are in hiding,
Afar in Glenmoriston's height;
In the rock a' the day they are biding,
And the moon is their candle by night.
And oft their rash rising they rued it,
As looking o'er ravage and death,
And blamed their ain Prince, Charlie Stuart,
For causing the Highlands sic skaith.

Ae night they sat fearfu' o' danger,
And snappet their kebbuck fu' keen,
When in came a stately young stranger.
As ragged as man e'er was seen.
They had na weel looket around them,
'Till tears came happing like rain,
"Your welcome, young Dugald M'Cluny,
"For a' you see here is your ain."

Each kenn'd the brave wreck of Culloden,
But dared not to mention his name,
Lest one of the three had betray'd him,
And cover'd their country with shame.
They served him with eager devotion,
They clad him from shoulder to tae;
Spread his board from the moor and the ocean,
And watch'd o'er him a' the lang day.

They had not a plack in their coffer,
They had not a ewe on the brae,
Yet kenn'd o' mair gowd in their offer
Than they could have carried away.
Now crack o' your Grecian and Roman,
We've cast them a' back in the shade;
Gi'e me a leal-hearted Macdonald
Wi' nought but his dirk and his plaid.

The sun shines sweet on the heather,
When tempests are over and gane;
But honour shines bright in all weather,
Through poverty, hardship, and pain.
Tho' we had ne'er heard o' Clan-Ronald,
Nor gallant Glengary's wild sway,
The names of the loyal Macdonalds
Had flourish'd for ever and aye.*

* The Editor has given this excellent Jacobite Ballad as it came to him: hut, though it commemorates three humble worthies only, it has been said that there were six of them; namely, the three trusty Macdonalds, Peter Grant, Hugh Chisholm, and Coliu Frazer, by whom the Prince was concealed and supported in a cave in Glenmoriston for above five weeks. One of the Macdonalds went often in disguise into the English camp to procure some wheaten bread for their guest, and to pick up what intelligence he could: there he regularly heard at the drum-head, a proclamation in English and Gaelic of a reward of L.30,000 to any one who would produce the Pretender dead or alive; but, though the guardians of the cave had not a shilling among them all, they despised enriching themselves by an act of treachery. How painful it is to add, what the Editor has been assured is true, that one of those magnanimous poor fellows was afterwards hanged for stealing a cow! On the ladder, he declared that he never had taken sheep or cow from any of his own clan or their friends, nor from those who had not risen against the House of Stuart; and all attempts to persuade him to acknowledge the justice of his sentence were fruitless.

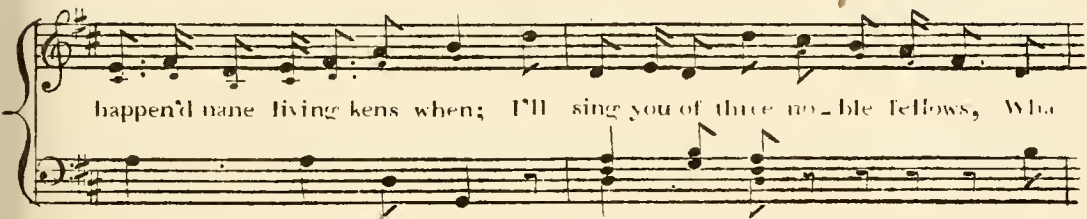
30.

THE THREE MEN OF MORISTON.

Now first publish'd — 1822.

Haydn.

ALLEGRETTO.



ALLEGRO
SPIRITOSO.

Wha wad-na be in love wi' bon-ny Mag-gy Lau-der, A
pi-per met her gaun to Fife; And speir'd what was't they ca'd her, Right
scornful-ly she answer'd him, Be-gone you hal-lan sha-ker, Jogg
on your gate you bladder-skate, My name is Mag-gie Lau-der.

MAGGY LAUDER.

W_HA wadna be in love
 Wi' bonnie Maggy Lauder?
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And spier'd what was't they ca'd her?
 Right scornfully she answer'd him—
 ' Begone you hallanshaker!
 ' Jog on your gate, you bladderskate,
 ' My name is Maggy Lauder.'

" Maggy," quoth he, " and by my bags
 " I'm fidging 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 Ranter;
 " The lasses loup as they were daft
 " When I blaw up my chanter."

' Piper,' quo' Meg, ' ha'e ye your bags,
 ' Or is your drone in order?
 ' If you be Rob, I've heard of you—
 ' Live you upo' the Border?
 ' The lasses a,' baith far and near,
 ' Have heard of Rob the Ranter;
 ' I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,
 ' Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.'

Then to his bags he flew with speed,
 About the drone he twisted;
 Meg up, and wallop'd o'er the green,
 For brawly could she frisk it,
 " Weel done," quo' he—" Play up," quo' she;
 " Weel bobb'd," quo' Rob the Ranter:
 " It's worth my while to play indeed,
 " When I ha'e sic a dancer."

' Weel ha'e ye play'd your part,' quo' Meg,
 ' Your cheeks are like the crimson;
 ' There's nane in Scotland plays so weel
 ' Since we lost Habby Simson.
 ' I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 ' These ten years and a quarter;
 ' Gin you should come to Anster fair,
 ' Spier ye for Maggy Lauder.'

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

How blythe ilk morn was I to see
 My swain come o'er the hill!
 He skipt the burn, and flew to me,
 I met him 'with good-will.
 O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowdenknows;
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb
 While his flock near me lay:
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And cheer'd me a' the day.
O the broom, &c.

He tuned his pipe and reed sae sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by;
 E'en the dull cattle stood and gazed,
 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 ne'er so rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

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

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

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

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu!
 Fareweel a' pleasures there!
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
 Is a' I crave or care!
O the broom, &c.

LARGHETTO.

How ble the ilk morn was I to see, My swain come o'er the hill; He
skipt the burn and flew to me, I met him with good will.

CHORUS.
O the broom the bonny bonny broom, The broom of the Cowden - knows;
O the broom the bonny bonny broom, The broom of the Cowden - knows;
wish I were with my dear swain, At hame to tend the ewes,
wish I were with my dear swain, At hame to tend the ewes,
O the broom the bonny bonny broom,
O the broom the bonny bonny broom. Dol:

Old Air.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

When the sheep are in the fauld and the ky at hame, And
a' the weary warld to rest are gane; The waes of my heart fa' in
show'is frae my ee, While my gude-man lies sound by me. *f*

Affettuoso.

p *f*

Modern Air.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel and sought me for his bride, But saving a crown he had
nae-thing be side; To make the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea, And the

crown and the pound were baith for me; H- had na been gane but a

year and a day, When my father brake his arm and our cow was stown a - way; My

mother she fell sick and my Jamie at the sea, And auld Robin Gray came a

courting me. *p* *f*

My father cou'd na work, and my mither cou'd na spin,
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'd na win;
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
 Said, Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me!
 My heart it said Na; I look'd for Jamie back:
 But the wind it blew hard, and the ship it was a wreck;
 The ship it was a wreck — why did na Jenny die.
 O why was she spar'd to cry, Wae's me.

3^d

My father argu'd sair; my mother did na speak,
 But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break,
 Sae I gae him my hand, but my heart was i' the sea;
 And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.
 I had na been a wife a week but only four,
 When sitting sae mournfully ae night at the door,
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'd na think it he,
 Till he said I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

4th

O sair did we greet and muckle did we say,
 We took hut ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away.
 I wish that I were dead; but I'm no like to die:
 How lang shall I live to cry, O wae's me.
 I gang like a ghaist, and I dow na think to spin;
 I dare na think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin;
 But I'll e'en do my best a gude wife to be,
 For auld Robin Gray is ay kind to me.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY

ADDED BY THE AUTHOR OF WAMERLEY.

Nae langer she wept, her tears were a' spent,
 Despair it was come, and she thought it content;
 She thought it content, but her cheek it grew pale,
 And she droop'd like a tilly broke down by the hail.

ALLEGRETTO.

Ar-gyle is my name and you may think it strange, To live at a Court, yet
 nev-er to change; To faction or ty-ran-ny e-qual-ly foe, The
 good of the land's the sole motive I know. The foes of my Country and
 King I have fac'd, In Ci-ty or bat-tle I nev-er was dis-grac'd; I've
 done what I cou'd for my Country's weel, Now I'll feast upon bannocks o'
 bar-ley meal.

BANNOCKS O' BARLEYMEAL.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

ARGYLE is my name—and you may think it strange
 To live at a court, and yet never to change ;
 To faction or tyranny equally foe—
 The good of the land's the sole motive I know.
 The foes of my country and king I have faced,
 In city or battle I ne'er was disgraced ;
 I've done what I could for my country's weal ;
 Now I'll feast upon bannocks o' barleymeal.

Ye riots and revels of London, adieu !
 And folly, ye foplings, I leave her to you !
 For Scotland I mingled in bustle and strife ;
 For myself I seek peace and an innocent life ;
 I'll haste to the Highlands, and visit each scene
 With Maggy, my love, in her rockley o' green ;
 On the banks of Glenary what pleasure I'll feel,
 While she shares my bannock o' barleymeal !

And if it chance Maggy should bring me a son,
 He shall fight for his king as his father has done ;
 I'll hang up my sword with an old soldier's pride—
 O ! may he be worthy to wear't on his side.
 I pant for the breeze of my loved native place ;
 I long for the smile of each welcoming face ;
 I'll aff to the Highlands asfast 's I can reel,
 And feast upon bannocks o' barleymeal.

B A R B A R A A L L A N.

It was in and about the Mart'mas time,
 When the green leaves were a-falling,
 That Sir John Græme, in the west countrie,
 Fell in love with Barbara Allan.
 He sent his man down through the town,
 To the place where she was dwelling—
 ' O haste, and come to my master dear,
 ' Gin ye be Barbara Allan.'

O hooley, hooley gaed she up
 To the place where he was lying;
 And when she drew the curtain by—
 ' Young man, I think you're dying !'
 " O I am sick, and very very sick,
 " And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan !"
 " O the better for me ye's never be,
 ' Though your heart's blood were a-spilling !

' O dinna ye mind, young man,' said she,
 ' When merry in the hall ye feasted,
 ' That ye made the healths gae round and round,
 ' And Barbara Allan slighted !'
 He turn'd his face unto the wall,
 For death was with him dealing :—
 " Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
 " And be kind to Barbara Allan !"

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
 And slowly, slowly left him :
 And, sighing, said, ' she could not stay,
 ' Since death of life had reft him.'
 She had not gane a mile but twa,
 When she heard the dead-bell tollin',
 And ev'ry jow that the dead-bell gied,
 It cried, " Woe to Barbara Allan !"

' O mother, mother, make my bed,
 ' O make it soft and narrow ;
 ' Since my love died for me to-day,
 ' I'll die for him to-morrow !'

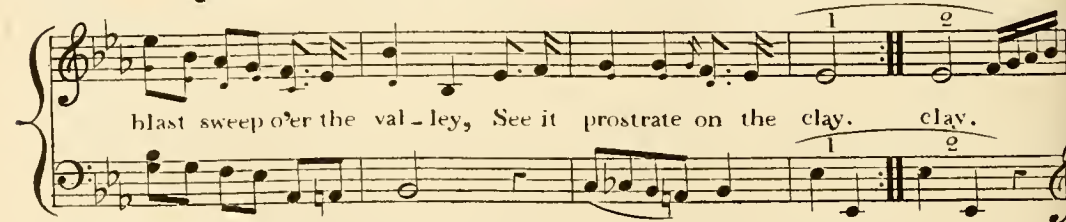
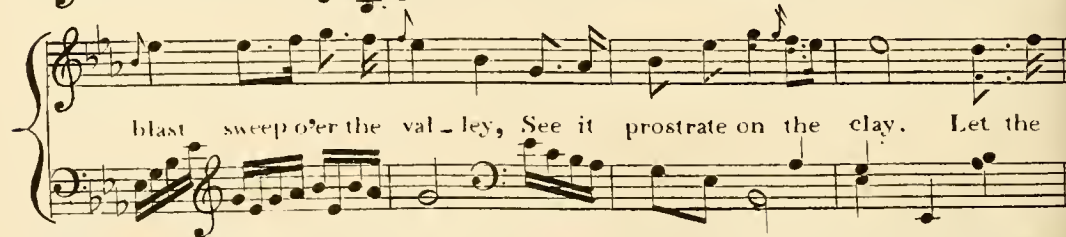
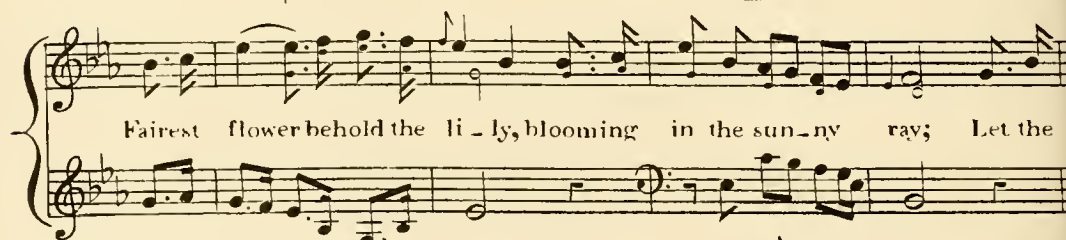
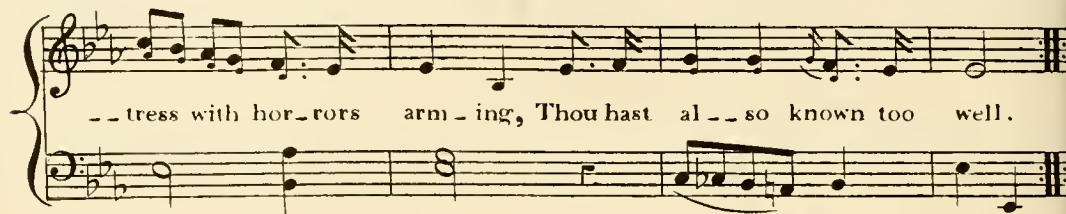
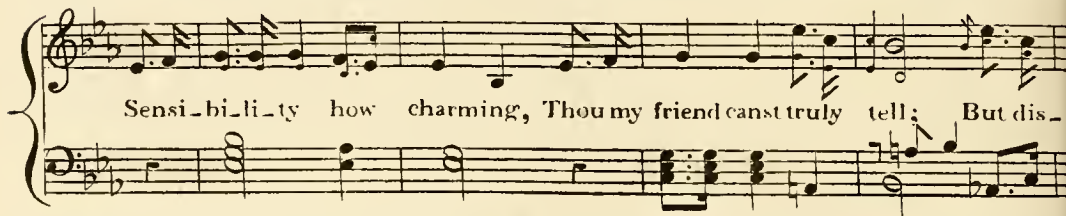
AFFETTUOSO.

p Cres: f

'Twas in and a_bout the Mart'mas time, When the green' leaves were a
 fall_ing; That Sir John Graeme, in the west coun_ry, Fell in
 love with Bar_ba_ra Al_lan, He sent his man down
 thro' the town, To the place where she was dwell_ing; 'O
 haste and come to my master dear, 'Gin ye be Bar_bara Al_lan?

Vol: 5.

ANDANTE
AFFETUOSO.



SENSIBILITY.

WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
 Thou, my friend, canst truly tell ;
 But distress, with horrors arming,
 Thou hast also known too well !
 Fairest flow'r ! behold the lily
 Blooming in the sunny ray ;
 Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
 See it prostrate on the clay !
 Let the blast, &c.

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
 Telling o'er his little joys :
 Hapless bird ! a prey the surest
 To each pirate of the skies.
 Dearly bought the hidden treasure
 Finer feelings can bestow !
 Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
 Thrill the deepest notes of woe.
 Chords that vibrate, &c.

BANNOCKBURN.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory !
 Now's the day, and now's the hour,
 See the front of battle lour :
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Let him turn and flee !
 Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
 By your sons in servile chains !
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free !
 Lay the proud usurper low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Let us do or die !

Tradition says, that *Hey tutti taiti* was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn ; upon which Ritson makes the following remark : " It does not seem at all probable that the Scots had any martial music in the time of this monarch ; it being their custom, at that period, for every man in the host to bear a little horn, with the blowing of which, as we are told by Froissart, they would make such a horrible noise as if all the devils of hell had been among them. It is not, therefore, likely, that those unpollished warriors would be curious

to move

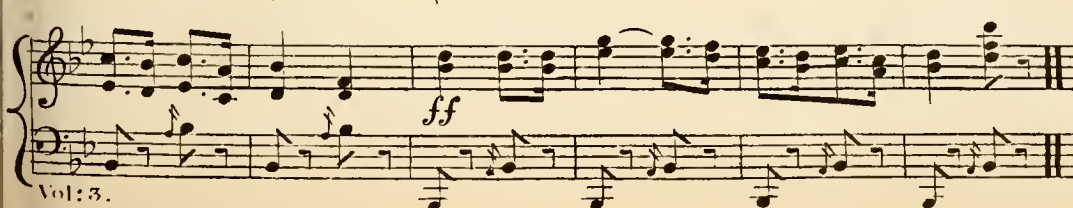
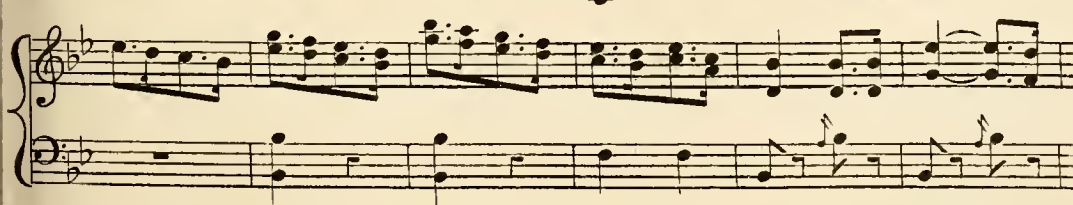
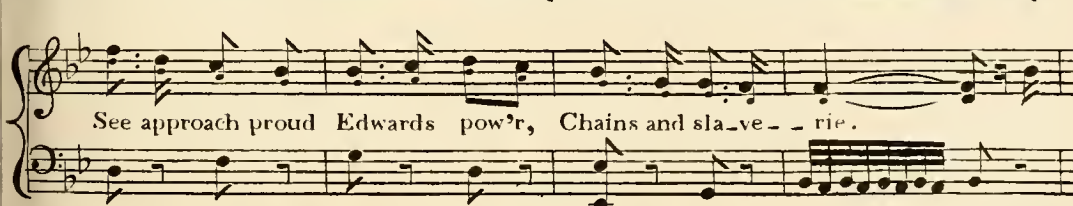
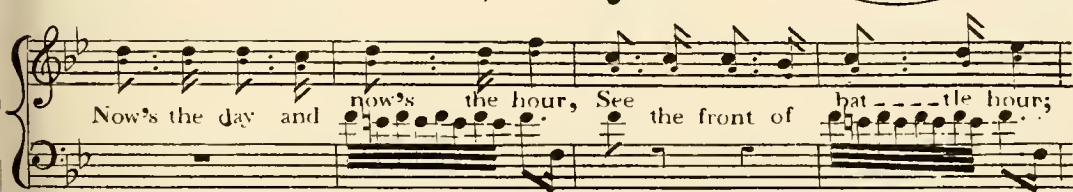
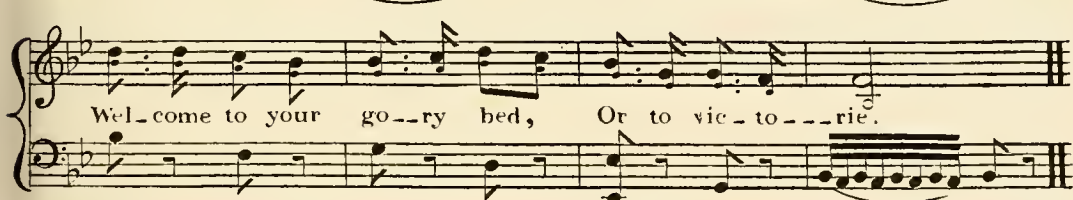
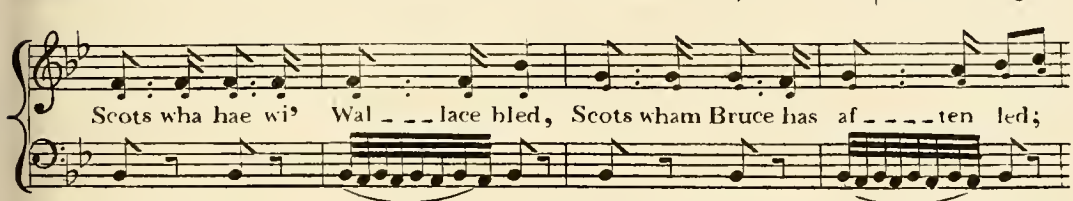
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
 Of flutes and soft recorders.

These horns are the only music ever mentioned by Barbour, to whom any particular march would have been too important a circumstance to be passed over in silence : so that it must remain a moot point, whether Bruce's army were cheered by the sound of even a solitary bagpipe."

MAESTOSO

E BEN

MARCATO.



ANDANTINO
QUASI
ALLEGRETTO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo/mood is marked 'ANDANTINO QUASI ALLEGRETTO'. The vocal melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef, following the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The score includes dynamic markings such as *fz* (forzando) and *p* (piano). The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Ro-bin is my on-ly jo, For

Ro-bin has the art to woo; So to his suit I

mean to bow, Be-cause I ken he lo'es me. Hap-py hap-py

was the show'r, That led me to his birk-en bow'r; Where

first of love I felt the pow'r, And ken'd that Ro-bin

lo'ed me.

KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK, IN 1829,

BY DAVID VEDDER, ESQ.

The first Stanza and some other lines of the Old Song are retained.

ROBIN is my only jo,
 Robin has the art to woo ;
 So to his suit I mean to bow,
 Because I ken he lo'es me.
 Happy happy was the show'r
 That led me to his birken bow'r,
 Where first of love I felt the pow'r,
 And kenn'd that Robin lo'ed me.

He's tall and comely, frank and free,
 Lo'ed by a', and dear to me ;
 Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
 Because my Robin lo'es me.
 The ev'ning star is Robin's e'e,
 When not a cloud hangs o'er the sea ;
 It brightest glows when he's wi' me,
 By that I ken he lo'es me.

My titty Jeanie said to me,
 His constancy a joke would be,
 And I, o'er late, be made to see
 That Robin didna lo'e me.
 But little kens our bonny Jean
 The glamour o' my Robin's een !—
 The starting tear—the vow yestreen,
 By these I ken he lo'es me.

When in his bow'r o' summer sweets,
 At gloaming he his vow repeats ;
 My flutt'ring heart wi' rapture beats,
 To think how weel he lo'es me.
 The witchery o' Robin's smile
 Can sweeten care and lighten toil,
 And a' the ills o' life beguile,
 Sae lang's I'm sure he lo'es me.

TULLOCHGORUM.*

BY THE

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

COME, gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies't for folks to chide

For what was done before them ?

Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory ;
Whig and Tory, all agree,

To drop their Whig-meg-morum !

Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,
And cheerful sing along wi' me

The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

O Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sump 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 draw,
And dance till we be like to fa'

The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

There needs na be sae great a fraise
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys

For half a hunder score o' them ;

They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie ;
Dowf and dowie at the best,

Wi' a' their variorum ;

They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their *allegros* and a' the rest,
They canna please a Scottish taste

Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly worms their minds oppress
Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
And silly souls themsel's distress

Wi' keeping up decorum :

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky ;
Sour and sulky shall we sit

Like old philosophorum !

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Nor ever try to shake a fit

To th' Reel o' Tullochgorum ?

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 ;
Peace and plenty be his lot,

And dainties a great store o' them !

May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot,
And may he never want a groat

That's fond o' Tullochgorum !

But for the base unfeeling fool,
That loves to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,

And discontent devour him ;

May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow ;
Dool and sorrow be his chance,

And nane say wae's me for him !

May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Wi' a' the ills that come frae *France*,
Wha e'er he be that winna dance

The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

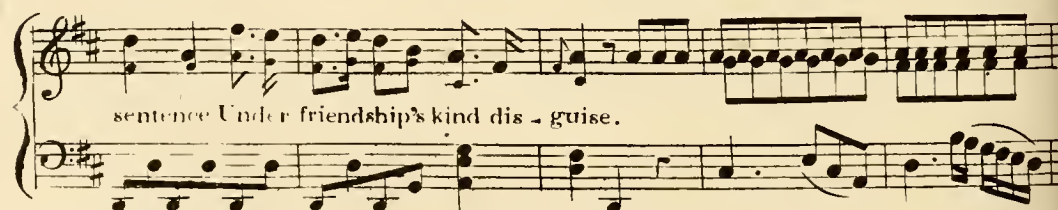
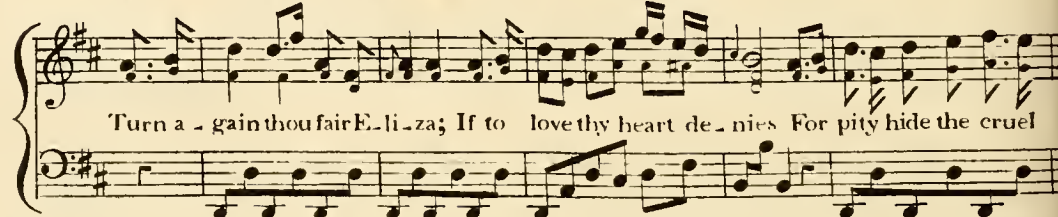
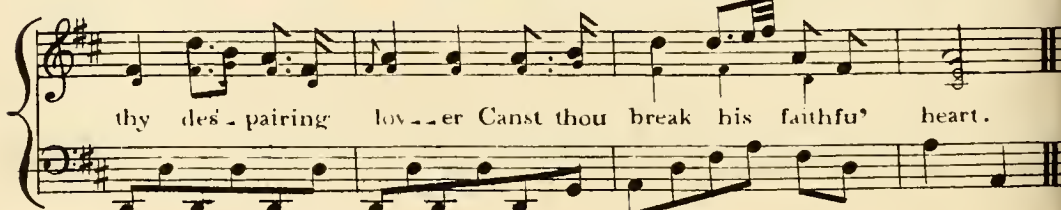
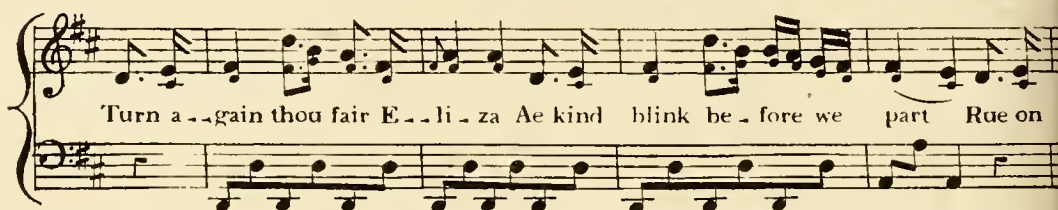
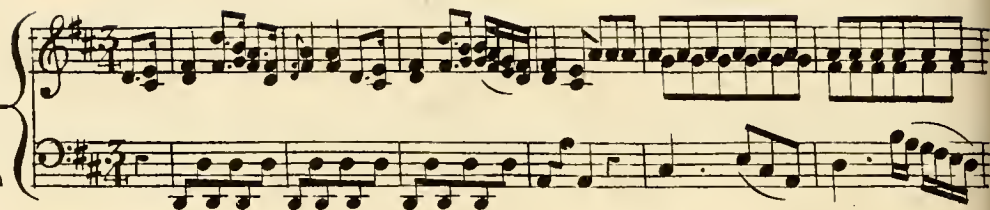
* " This first of songs (said BURNS) is the masterpiece of my old friend SKINNER. He was passing the day at the town of Cullen, I think it was, [should have said *Ellon*,] in a friend's house, whose name was Montgomery. Mrs Montgomery observing, *en passant*, that the beautiful Reel o' Tullochgorum wanted words, she begged them of Mr Skinner, who gratified her wishes, and the wishes of every lover of Scottish song, in this most excellent ballad."

First publish'd with this Sym: & Accomp! in 1822.

SPIRITOSO.

Come gie's a sang Montgomery cried, And lay your disputes all aside; What
nonsense 'tis for folk to chide, For what's been done be-fore them.
Let whig and to-ry all a--gree, whig and to-ry whig and to-ry;
Whig and to-ry all a--gree, To drop their whigmeg-mo-rum; Let
whig and to-ry all a--gree, To spend this night wi' mirth and glee, And
cheerful sing a-long wi' me, The reel of Tul-loch-go-rum.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.



THE BONNY BRUCKET LASSIE.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
 Ae kind blink before we part ;
 Rue on thy despairing lover,
 Canst thou break his faithful heart ?
 Turn again, thou fair Eliza ;—
 If to love thy heart denies,
 For pity, hide the cruel sentence
 Under friendship's kind disguise.

Thee, dear maid, have I offended ?
 The offence is loving thee :
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
 Wha for thine would gladly die ?
 While the life beats in my bosom,
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe ;
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
 In the pride of sunny noon ;
 Not the little sporting fairy,
 All beneath the summer moon ;
 Not the Poet, in the moment
 Fancy lightens in his e'e,
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
 That thy presence gi'es to me.

THE CALEDONIAN HUNT'S DELIGHT.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS,

The Air by MR JAMES MILLER, Edinburgh.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary, fu' of care!
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons through the flowery thorn;
 Thou mind'st me of departed joys,
 Departed, never to return!

Oft have I roved by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 And my fause lover staw my rose,
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me!

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN

BY THOMSON.

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

DI ET.

ANDANTE.

Ye banks and braes of bonie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair How can ye chant ye little

Ye banks and braes of bonie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair How can ye chant ye little

birds And I sae weary fu' of care Thou'lt break my heart thou warbling bird That wantons thro' the

flow'ring thorn Thou mindst me of de-parted joys, de-parted nev-er to re-turn.

Select Irish & Welsh MELODIES

THE KISS DEAR MAID THY LIP HAS LEFT.

Kor:

The Sym^y & Accom^t new & first publish'd in 1822.

Irish.

ANDANTE
TENERAMENTE.

The kiss dear maid thy lip has left, Shall never part from

mine; 'Till hap-pier hours re--store the gift, Un--

2^d 41.

faint-ed back to thine. Thy part-ing glance which
fond-ly beams, An e-qual love may see. The
tear that from thine eye-lid streams, Can weep no change in
me.

Verse 2^d

I ask no pledge to make me blest,
In gazing when alone;
Nor one memorial for a breast,
Whose thoughts are all thine own.
By day or night, in weal or woe,
This heart, no longer free;
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.

Irish.

ANDANTINO
CON MOLTA
ESPRESSIONE.

mezza voce.

Once a - gain but how chang'd since my wand'ings be - gan, I have
 heard the deep voice of the La - tan and Bann; And the pines of Clan -
 - brassil re - - sound to the roar, That wears the echoes of
Cres. *Dim.* *pp*
 fair Tel - la - - more. A - - las my poor ho - som and why shouldst thou
 burn, With the scenes of my youth can its raptures re - - turn; Can I
Cres.
 live the dear life of de - - lu - sion a - - gain, That
Cres.
 flow'd when these echoes first mix'd with my strain. *pp*
sempre piano. *Cres.*

YOUNG TERENCE MACDONOUGH.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET.

(THE AIR BY CAROLAN.)

ONCE again, but how changed, since my wand'rings began,
 I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Bann ;
 And the pines of Clanbrassil resound to the roar
 That wearies the echoes of fair Tullamore.
 Alas ! my poor bosom, and why shouldst thou burn ?
 With the scenes of my youth can its raptures return ?
 Can I live the dear life of delusion again,
 That flow'd when these echoes first mix'd with my strain ?

It was then that around me, though poor and unknown,
 High spells of mysterious enchantment were thrown ;
 The streams were of silver, of diamond the dew,
 The land was an Eden, for fancy was new.
 I had heard of our bards, and my soul was on fire
 At the rush of their verse, and the sweep of their lyre :
 To me 'twas not legend, nor tale to the ear,
 But a vision of noontide, distinguish'd and clear.

Ultonia's old heroes awoke at the call,
 And renew'd the wild pomp of the chase and the hall ;
 And the standard of Fion flash'd fierce from on high,
 Like a burst of the sun when the tempest is nigh.*
 It seem'd that the harp of green Erin once more
 Could renew all the glories she boasted of yore.—
 Yet why at remembrance, fond heart, shouldst thou burn ?
 They were days of delusion, and cannot return.

But was she, too, a phantom, the maid who stood by,
 And list'd my lay while she turn'd from mine eye ?
 Was she, too, a vision, just glancing to view,
 Then dispersed in the sunbeam, or melted to dew ?
 Oh ! would it had been so—O would that her eye
 Had been but a star-glance that shot through the sky,
 And her voice, that was moulded to melody's thrill,
 Had been but a zephyr that sigh'd and was still.

Oh ! would it had been so—not then this poor heart
 Had learn'd the sad lesson, to love and to part ;
 To bear, unassisted, its burthen of care,
 While I toil'd for the wealth I had no one to share.
 Not then had I said, when life's summer was done,
 And the hours of her autumn were fast speeding on,
 " Take the fame and the riches ye brought in your train,
 " And restore me the dream of my spring-tide again."

* In ancient Irish poetry, the standard of Fion, or Fingal, is called the *Sun-burst*, an epithet feebly rendered by the *Sun-beam* of Macpherson.

JOHNNY MACGILL.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY HECTOR MACNIELL, ESQ.

‘ COME under my plaidy, the night’s ga’en to fa’,
 ‘ Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw ;
 ‘ Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
 ‘ There’s room in’t dear lassie, believe me, for twa.
 ‘ Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
 ‘ I’ll hap you frae ev’ry cauld blast that will blaw ;
 ‘ O come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
 ‘ There’s room in’t dear lassie, believe me, for twa.’

“ Gae ’wa wi’ your plaidy ! auld Donald, gae ’wa !
 “ I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw :
 “ Gae ’wa wi’ your plaidy, I’ll no sit beside ye,
 “ Ye may be my gutchard !—auld Donald, gae ’wa !
 “ I’m gaun to meet Johnny, he’s young and he’s bonny
 “ He’s been at Meg’s bridal, sae trig and sae braw !
 “ O nane dances sae lightly ! sae gracefu’ ! sae tightly !
 “ His cheek’s like the new rose, his brow’s like the snaw.”

‘ Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa’ ;
 ‘ Your Jock’s but a gowk and has naething ava’ ;
 ‘ The hale o’ his pack he has now on his back :
 ‘ He’s therty, and I am but threescore and twa.
 ‘ Be frank now, and kindly—I’ll busk you aye finely ;
 ‘ To kirk or to market they’ll few gang sae braw ;
 ‘ A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
 ‘ And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca’.

“ My father aye tell’d me, my mither and a’,
 “ Ye’d make a gude husband, and keep me aye braw ;
 “ It’s true I lo’e Johnny, he’s gude and he’s bonny,
 “ But, waes me ! ye ken he has naething ava’ !
 “ I hae little tocher ; you’ve made a gude offer ;
 “ I’m now mair than twenty ; my time is but sma’ !
 “ Sae gi’e me your plaidy ; I’ll e’en sit beside ye,
 “ I thought ye’d been aulder than threescore and twa.”

She sat down ayont him, aside the stane wa’
 Whar Johnny was list’ning, and heard her tell a’.
 The day was appointed ! his proud heart it dunted,
 And strack ’gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
 He wander’d hame weary, the night it was dreary !
 And, thowless, he tint his gate deep ’mang the snaw ;
 The howlet was screamin’, while Johnny cried, “ Women
 “ Would marry auld Nick, if he’d keep them aye braw !”

O the de’il’s in the lasses ! they gang now sae braw,
 They’ll e’en match wi’ auld men o’ fourscore and twa ;
 The hale o’ this marriage is gowd and a carriage ;
 Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw !
 O the de’il’s in the lasses ! they gang now sae braw,
 They’ll e’en match wi’ auld men o’ fourscore and twa ;
 The hale o’ this marriage is gowd and a carriage ;
 Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw !

Published as the act directs, by G. Thomson, Edinburgh 1822



She crept in ayont him, beside the stane wae,
Whar' Johnny was listening, and heard her tell o'

45.

JOHNY MACGILL.

Havd.

Irish.

ALLEGRETTO.

fz *p*
f Come under my plaidy the
 night's ga'en to fa, Come in frae the cauld blast the drift and the snaw; Come under my plaidy and
 sit down beside me, There's room in't dear lassie believe me for twa. Come under my plaidy and
 sit down beside me, I'll hapye frae ev'ry cauld blast that can blaw; O come under my plaidy and
 sit down beside me, There's room in't dear lassie believe me for twa. *fz*

ANDANTE
CON MOTO.

p

Musing on the roaring o--cean, Which di--vides my Love from

me; Wearying heav'n in warm de--vo--tion, For his weal where'er he

be. Hope and fear's alternate bil--low, Yielding late to Nature's

law. Whisping spi--rits round my pil--low, Talk of him-- that's far a--

--wa.

pp

PEGGY BAWN.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

MUSING on the roaring ocean
Which divides my love and me ;
Wearying heav'n in warm devotion
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow,
Yielding late to nature's law ;
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow,
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care untroubled, joy surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me ;
Downy sleep, the curtain draw ;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa !

OONAGH.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

The heroine of these Verses was Miss LORIMER, Craigieburn,
near Moffat.

SÆ flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonny blue.
Her smiling, sae wiling,
Would make a wretch forget his woe ;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto those rosy lips to grow !
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face
When first her bonnie face I saw ;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion ;
Her pretty ankle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion,
Would make a saint forget the sky ;
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form and graceful air ;
Ilk feature !—auld Nature
Declared that she could do nae mair !
Her's are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law ;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon ;
Gi'e me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon ;
Fair beaming, and streaming
Her silver light the boughs amang ;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang ;
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove,
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'es me best of a'.

Irish.

ALLEGRETTO.



Sae flaxen were her ring-lets, Her eye-brows of a darker hue; Be-witchingly o'er

arch-ing, Twa laughing een of bonny blue. Her smil-ing, sae wyl-ing, Would

make a wretch for-get his woe, What plea-sure what trea-sure; Un-

-to those ro-sy lips to grow, Such was my Chloris bonny face; When first her bonny

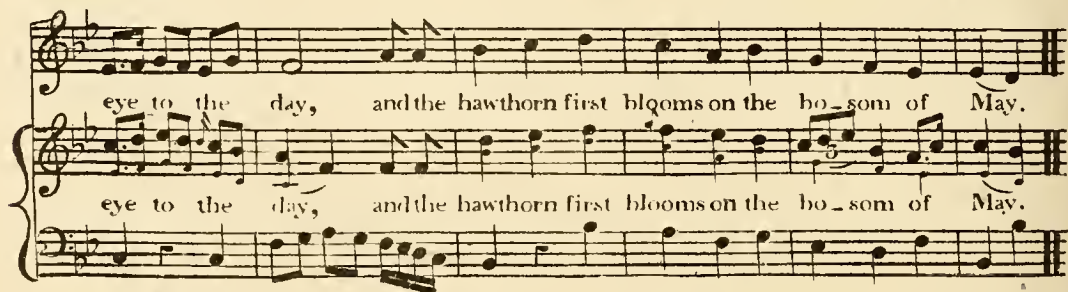
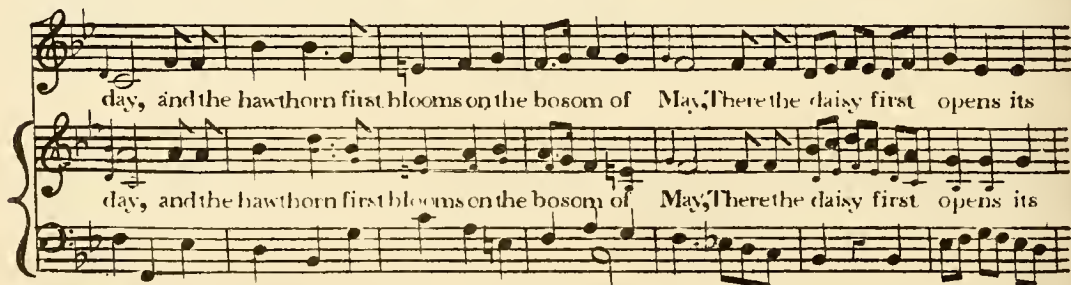
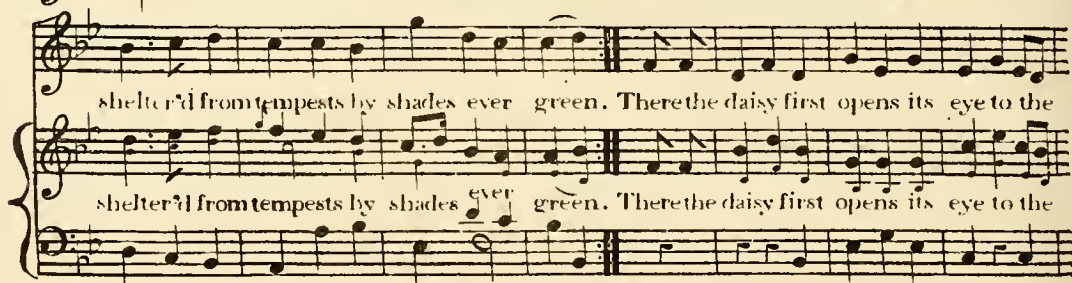
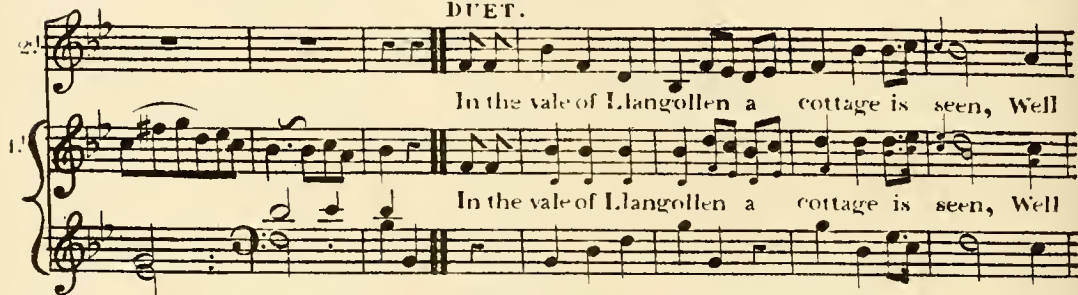
face I saw, And ay my Chloris dearest charm, She says she loes me

best of a'.

Welsh.

ANDANTE
CON MOTO.

DUET.



CRYSTAL GROUND.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY MRS GRANT ;

AND INSCRIBED TO LADY ELEANOR BUTLER AND MISS PONSONBY.

IN the vale of Langollen a cottage is seen,
 Well shelter'd from tempests by shades ever green ;
 There the daisy first opens its eye to the day,
 And the hawthorn first blooms on the bosom of May.
 There the daisy, &c.

There, far from the haunts of ambition and pride,
 Contentment, and virtue, and friendship, abide ;
 And Nature, complacent, smiles sweet on the pair
 Who have splendour forsaken to worship her there.
 And Nature, &c.

Bright patterns of wisdom, affection, and truth,
 Retired to the shade in the gay bloom of youth ;
 Your sweet rural cottage, and pastoral views,
 Are the charm of the vale, and the theme of the muse.
 Your sweet, &c.

To the shade for concealment in vain you retire,
 We follow to wonder, to gaze, and admire ;
 Those graces which fancy and feeling refine,
 Like the glow-worm, through deepest obscurity shine.
 Those graces, &c.

While ambition exults in her storm-beaten dome,
 Like the tower on yon mountain that frowns o'er your home,
 With tranquil seclusion, and friendship your lot,
 How blest, how secure, and how envied your cot !
 With tranquil, &c.

THE SHERIFF'S FANCY.

A HUNTING SONG,

WRITTEN BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY EXPRESS PERMISSION.

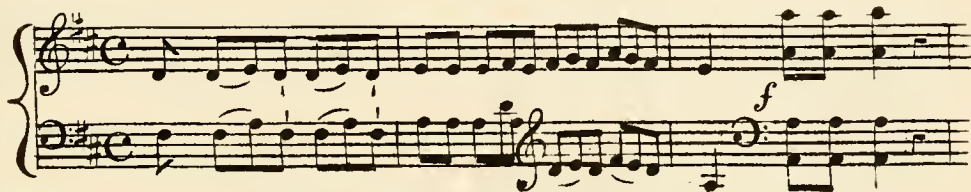
WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
 Upon the mountain dawns the day ;
 All the jolly chase is here,
 With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear ;
 The eager hounds in chorus cry,
 The swelling horns salute the sky ;
 And merrily, merrily, mingle they—
 Then waken, lords and ladies gay.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 The mist has left the mountain grey ;
 Brakes are deck'd with diamonds bright,
 And streams rejoice in early light.
 The foresters have busy been
 To track the buck in thicket green ;
 Now we are come to chant our lay,
 Then waken, lords and ladies gay.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 Unto the greenwood haste away ;
 We can show you where he lies,
 Fleet of foot and tall of size :
 And we can show the marks he made,
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd ;
 You soon shall see him brought to bay,
 Then waken, lords and ladies gay.

Louder, louder, chant the lay,
 O waken, lords and ladies gay ;
 Tell them, Youth, and Mirth, and Glee,
 Run swift their course as well as we :
 Old Time, stern huntsman ! who can baulk,
 As stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk ;
 O think of this, and rise with day,
 Ye gentle lords and ladies gay.

Waltz.

ALLEGRETTO
SPRITOSO.

Wa-ken Lords and La-dies gay, U--pon the mountain dawns the day;

All the jol-ly chase is here, With hawk and horse and hunt-ing spear.

The ea--ger hounds in cho-rus cry, The swel-ling horns sa--

-lute the sky; And merrily merri-ly min-gle they, Then Wa--ken Lords and

La-dies gay. *p* Cres: *sf*

Dim:

Welsh.

ALLEGRO
PIUOSTO
VIVACE.

DUET.

Good morrow to thy sable beak, and glossy plumage

Good morrow to thy sable beak, and glossy plumage

dark and sleek; Thy crimson moon and azure eye —, Cock of the heath so wildly shy.

dark and sleek; Thy crimson moon and azure eye —, Cock of the heath so wildly shy.

I see thee slyly cowering through that wiry web of silver dew that twinkles in the

I see thee slyly cowering through that wiry web of silver dew that twinkles in the

morning air like casement of my Lady fair.

morning air like casement of my Lady fair.

THE NOTE OF THE BLACK COCK.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

GOOD-morrow to thy sable beak,
 And glossy plumage, dark and sleek,
 Thy crimson moon, and azure eye,
 Cock of the heath, so wildly shy !
 I see thee, slyly cowering, through
 That wiry web of silver dew,
 That twinkles in the morning air,
 Like casement of my Lady fair.

A maid there is in yonder tower,
 Who, peeping from her early bower,
 Half shows, like thee, with simple wile,
 Her braided hair, and morning smile.
 The rarest things, with wayward will,
 Beneath the covert hide them still :
 The rarest things to light of day,
 Look shortly forth, and shrink away.

A fleeting moment of delight,
 I sunn'd me in her cheering sight ;
 And short, I ween, the term will be
 That I shall parley hold with thee.
 Through Snowdon's mist red beams the day ;
 The climbing herd-boy chants his lay ;
 The gnat-flies dance their sunny ring ;
 Thou art already on the wing.

OF A NOBLE RACE WAS SHENKIN.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

She. "AY, sure thou art dear Taffy Morgan,"
He. 'And thou art my sweet Nell Gwynn ;'
She. "Since both are agreed, it's a bargain,"
He. 'And they, Nell, may laugh that win.'
She. "Then send for Harper Jenkin,"
He. 'Each string shall ring some note we love ;'
She. "The *Rising Sun*, or the *Oaken Grove*,"
He. 'Or the *Noble Race of Shenkin*.'
Both. The *Rising Sun*, or the *Oaken Grove*,
 Or the *Noble Race of Shenkin*.

She. "I'll smile no more upon Harry,"
He. 'Nor I upon Sall or Sue,'
She. "And will you be kind when we marry ?"
He. 'Ay, surely, kind and true.'
She. "Then what on earth is lacking ?"
He. 'A goat or two, some malt to brew ;'
She. "I nought can want when happy with you,"
He. 'Then canker'd care go packing.'
Both. I nought can want when happy with you,
 Then canker'd care go packing !

She. "Our days shall be all bright summer,"
He. 'When summer days come about ;'
She. "With ale I'll fill you a rummer,"
He. 'And I, Nell, will drink it out.'
She. "You think I'm idly boasting ;"
He. 'Mayhap these summer days may tire,'
She. "Then blythe we'll sit by the winter fire,"
He. 'And sing while our cheese is toasting.'
Both. Then blythe we'll sit by the winter fire,
 And sing while our cheese is toasting.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

DUET
ALLEGRO.

NELL.

Aye

TAFFY.

NELL.

sure thou art dear Taffy Morgan, And thou art my sweet Nell Gwynn; Since

TAFFY.

both are agreed its a bar-gain, And they Nell may laugh that win.

NELL.

TAFFY.

NELL.

Then send for Harper Jenkin; Each string shall ring some note we love. The

TAFFY.

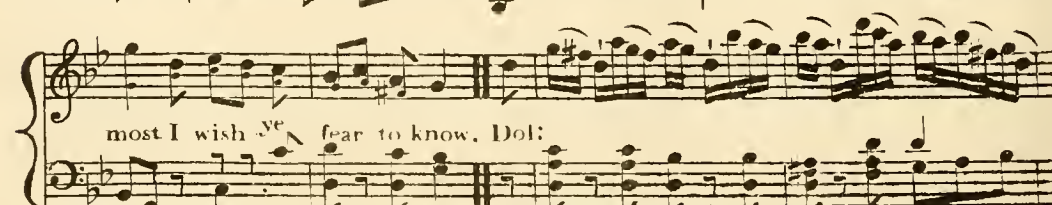
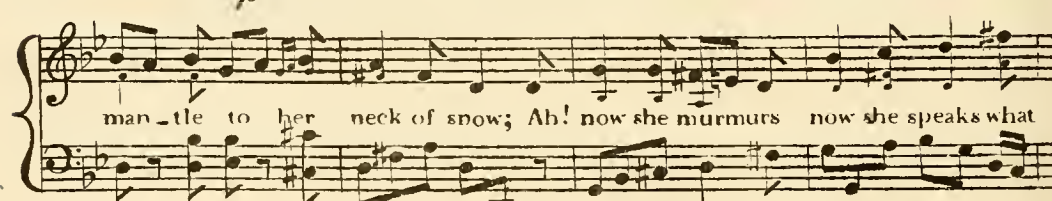
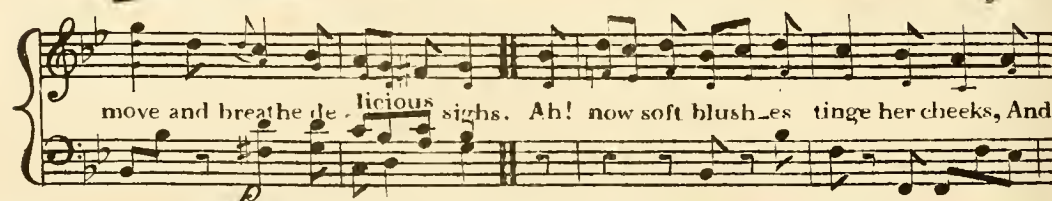
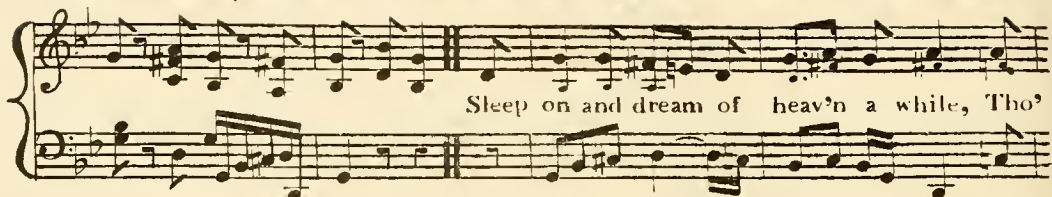
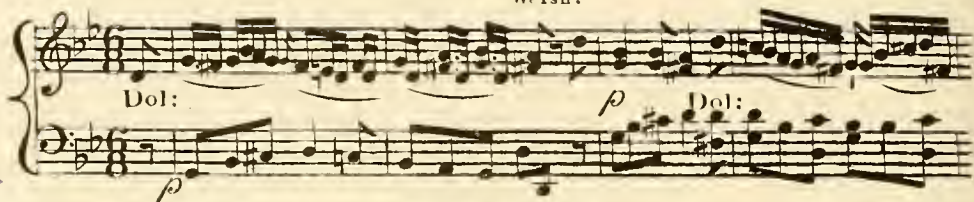
ri-sing sun or the oak-en grove, Or the no-ble race of Shen-kin;

The rising sun or the oaken grove, Or the noble race of Shenkin.

The rising sun or the oaken grove, Or the noble race of Shenkin.

Welsh.

ANDANTE.



She starts! she trembles! and she weeps!
 Her fair hands folded on her breast,—
 And now, how like a saint she sleeps,
 A seraph in the realms of rest!
 Vol: 3.

Sleep on secure, above controul,
 Thy thoughts belong to heav'n and thee;
 And may the secrets of thy soul,
 Be held in reverence by me.

ROGERS.

THE MELODIES,

VOLUME THIRD.

INDEX TO THEIR NAMES IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

THE MELODIES, ACCORDING TO THE PRINCIPLES STATED IN THE DISSERTATION, MAY BE
CLASSED IN THE FOLLOWING MANNER: THOSE MARKED

- A, as the oldest, and of remote antiquity.
B, as the productions of more recent periods.
C, as modern productions, not older than the 18th century.
D, as English imitations of Scottish melodies.

NAMES OF THE MELODIES.	Marks above referred to.	PAGE.	NAMES OF THE MELODIES.	Marks above referred to.	PAGE.
An' thou were mine ain thing	A	28	O whistle, and I'll come to you	B	8
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Bannocks o' barleymeal	C	34	Sensibility	C	36
Barbara Allan	B	35	The blathrie o't	A	27
Crystal ground	<i>Welsh</i>	46	The braes of Ballenden (by Oswald)	C	3
Donald Caird (by G. Thomson)	C	29	The broom of Cowdenknows	A	32
Down the burn, Davie	B	11	The bonny brucket lassie	A	40
Ettrick banks	A	9	The Caledonian hunt's delight (Miller)	C 2d	40
Farewell, dear mistress (by S. Clarke)	C	13	The ewie wi' the crooked horn	C	14
Fee him, father	A	18	The lass of Patie's mill	B	26
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Johnny's grey breeks	A	16	The parting	<i>Irish</i>	41
Johnny Macgill	<i>Irish</i>	43	The Sheriff's fancy	<i>Welsh</i>	47
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Logan water	B	25	The sleeping beauty	<i>Welsh</i>	50
Macpherson's farewell	B	6	The three men of Moriston	A	30
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VOLUME THIRD.

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			Ye banks and braes, &c. .	<i>Burns</i>	2d—40

