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(THE)
SCOTISH MINSTREL
A SELECTION
from the
VOCAL MELODIES OF SCOTLAND
ANCIENT & MODERN
ARRANGED FOR THE
PIANO FORTE
—BY—
R. A. SMITH.
VOL. I



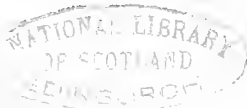
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PREFACE

TO THE

SCOTISH MINSTREL.

IN presenting the SCOTISH MINSTREL to the Public, we trust that we have amply fulfilled the engagements into which we entered in the Prospectus,—not only by the careful selection of the Airs, but also by the addition of Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte, composed expressly for the work, and in a style which, it is hoped, will be found to support the voice without overwhelming it. As this improvement formed no part of our original plan, the Lovers of Scottish Song must be satisfied of our anxious desire to render it as generally acceptable as possible. With regard to the Music and Poetry, we can truly say that is national, as we have scrupulously avoided the insertion of any airs or verses, however beautiful, that are not of Scottish origin.

The Scots have been often accused of claiming the Irish music as their own, and though we wish to act fairly by them, we cannot but doubt the exclusive right which, in many instances, has been asserted in favour of the sister country. Burns says, “The wandering minstrels, harpers, and pipers, used to go frequently errant through the wilds of Scotland and Ireland, and so some favourite airs might be common to both.” From this intercourse, the itinerant minstrels of either country might widely disseminate their tunes, and each nation might gradually mould them to its own peculiar character. Of this many instances, we think, may be traced. The air adapted in this collection to Burns’ song, “*The gloomy night is gathering fast*,” which we carefully noted from the singing of an aged Highland woman several years ago, is very like, in the second strain, to a well-known Irish tune. If it be of Irish origin, the Highlanders have altered it to their own scale, which gives it quite a Scottish character; but may not the Irish have taken the same liberty? The similarity of “*I lo’ed ne’er a laddie but ane*,” to the air, claimed by the Irish, “*My lodging is on the cold ground*,” is also very striking; yet this air has long been considered in Scotland to be of native growth. The air adapted to “*Lord Ronald came to his lady’s bower*,” which has never, that we are aware of, been committed to writing till now, and which ap-

pears to be formed from the same materials, has been from time immemorial known among our peasantry; and "*The widow's wail*" seems to have been constructed from it. The curious in these matters may amuse themselves with tracing several others, in which the ground-work will be found the same, while the superstructure varies in its features according to the distinguishing characteristics of the two countries. We think, therefore, that this point can never be satisfactorily determined; and if we have inserted any disputed airs, we must just make our apology in the words of an old song, and say,

" Ireland is a fine countrie,
And the Scots to them are kin."

Besides the songs familiar to every Caledonian, many hitherto unpublished will be found in this collection,* which, we doubt not, will be highly relished by those who prefer the simple "breathings of nature" to the laboured combinations of art. Not a few of these wild flowers have been gathered from the peasantry of our country. Several of them, from their extreme simplicity, and the scale from which they are framed, must satisfy every one acquainted with the characteristics of Scottish music, that they are the compositions of minstrels of a remote age. Many of the Jacobite songs and airs were taken from the withered lips of *auld kimmers and carles, whase bluid yet warms at the remembrance of Prince Charlie*.†

According to the plan of this work, several airs have been arranged to the simple stanzas of olden time, in preference to the more polished verse of modern days; for this we need make no apology to him who feels that

" Each simple air his mother sung
Placed on her knee, when helpless young,
Still vibrates on his ear !"

* For many very important contributions of this kind, we have been indebted to several correspondents, who have sent us their offerings with no restriction, but that their names should be concealed.

† Our obligations have been particularly great, in this way, to old Alister M'Alpine, an eccentric, but worthy character, well known in the "west countrie;" who sings snatches of these Jacobite relics, when they happen to burst on his fast-decaying memory, with a degree of enthusiasm which we scarcely remember to have seen equalled. It is much to be regretted, that some person had not committed his songs to writing before the encroachments of time had so far impaired his recollection; we feel happy, however, in having been the means of preserving from unmerited oblivion what yet remains, as in a few short years, in all human probability, they would have no longer been in existence.

But, besides our predilection for old rhymes, we fear our good taste will be called in question for admitting so many lilt and rants into the collection; and some may even reckon them silly, and perhaps vulgar. We appeal, however, to all true Scottish hearts, if these ditties, with all their defects, have not a nameless charm, an undefinable attraction, associated, as they often are, with our earliest and fondest recollections, and

“ Intwined with every tender tie,
Memorials dear of youth and infancy.”

Some beautiful verses from Leyden, Fergusson, Tannahill, Gall, the Ettrick Shepherd, &c. will be found in these volumes, which were never before united to music; and many of the best songs of Burns, and other well-known lyric poets, adorn their pages.

It may appear extraordinary to some of the unqualified admirers of Burns, that we should exclude any of his standard songs from this collection. In some instances this has arisen from accidental circumstances not worth explaining, and in others from design; for though we deeply feel his beauties, and exult in him as a countryman, yet we have made it an invariable rule to prefer dulness to wit, if it bordered on profanity, and doggerel rhyme to all the witchery of poesy, when the bard could not “claim the palm for purity of song.” A wise philanthropist has said, “Let who will make the laws, but let me make the ballads.” Convinced of the force of this remark, and of the influence, good or evil, which the union of poetry and music must have, we have been most anxious to preserve our pages unsullied by any thing likely to offend against delicacy or decorum. As the hours of recreation are the most critical for morals, it is of the utmost importance that virtuous feelings be excited in the mind by those exercises of which that recreation consists. When disengaged from the active pursuits of business, and during the hours of relaxation and festivity, no higher virtues can be brought before our view than those of friendship, love, patriotism, hospitality, and good humour; in no form can they be introduced more acceptable than in that of song; and they never appear more delightful than when chanted to such artless and simple music as awakens the feelings and penetrates at once to the heart.

That these untutored effusions, which come more immediately under the denomination of National Melody, possess, in an eminent degree, the power of making deep and powerful impressions, none we believe will have the hardihood to deny; however little they may be relished by persons destitute of musical feeling on the one hand, or on the other by those who, lost in the labyrinths of musical science, can derive gratification only from suspensions, fugues, and other mechanical contrivances—the dry and elaborate pedantries of art. To the first description of

persons we shall make no reply ; but to those who affect to despise these artless strains on account of their extreme simplicity, we do not hesitate to give it as our opinion, that, while many of the laboured productions of art shall gradually be growing antiquated, and at length be lost in the shifting revolutions of fashion,—so long as human passions and human feelings remain the same, the simple effusions of nature will be fondly cherished and listened to with rapture.

We beg, however, not to be misunderstood on this subject, as none can have a greater relish than ourselves for many of the beautiful compositions of classical composers ; and none, we presume, have received higher gratification from those charming specimens of melody, united to the most exquisite and powerful harmony, that have been given to the world by a Haydn, a Mozart, and a Beethoven. We only desire to advocate the cause of simplicity and nature, particularly in music united to poetry ; for we are perfectly aware, that the human voice is wonderfully supported by a chaste instrumental accompaniment, and that when good harmony is attached to pleasing melody, the effect is truly enchanting.

The opinion, that our melodies are more indebted to the feelings of nature than the exertions of art for their existence, appears, we think, to be founded on just grounds. Music and song are natural to mankind—they have one common origin—both of them proceed from the native sympathies and susceptibilities of the heart ; and according as the heart is affected with joy or sorrow, they will be gay and sprightly in the one case, or sad and plaintive in the other, and will express all those varieties of emotion with which the mind may be affected by the prosperities and adversities of life.

The primary scale of music has been ever the same throughout the habitable globe ; and although the music of each country might possess a character peculiar to itself, varying according to the different manners and dispositions of its inhabitants, yet its general features must be nearly the same ; and it is only when society has attained some degree of refinement, and music has assumed somewhat of the character of a science, that those more artificial modes of composition can find place. Thus it is very evident, that the *fourth* and *seventh* in the major mode, and the *second* and *sixth* in the minor mode, were not introduced until music came to be cultivated as a science ; and the flat seventh in the major mode, which gives such a tender and impassioned expression to so many of our melodies, although now in some measure ancient, was certainly not to be found in the music of very remote ages.

For the amusement of those who may be curious to trace the antiquity of our airs, we shall subjoin a few observations and quotations.—A late writer on Scottish music remarks, that “ The excellence and sweetness of the Scottish melodies has been widely felt and frequently acknowledged. How so much

sweetness came to be infused into the strains of a rude people, compelled to contend with a barren soil, a tempestuous climate, and frequently involved in the horrors of anarchy and civil discord, are questions which have been often put, and considered to militate against the opinion of their being very ancient. By whom, or under what circumstances, a great number of the Scottish melodies were composed, it is now impossible to ascertain; and to approximate by inference, that a very considerable number of them are ancient, is perhaps all that ever will be attainable on the subject.”—Dr Johnson says, “A Scotchman must be a very sturdy moralist who does not love Scotland better than truth: he will always love it better than inquiry; and if falsehood flatters his vanity, will not be very diligent to detect it.”—We have no wish to deny this charge on our nationality, as we indeed love Scotland, though, we hope, not better than *truth*; we therefore shall proceed to inquiry. On Mr Tytler’s inference, that the songs of “*Waly, waly,*” “*O, laddie, I maun lo’e thee,*” and “*Hap me with thy petticoat,*” from their artless simplicity, belong to an age prior to the reign of James I., Ritson observes, “There is in fact no bound to conjecture; and it would be just as easy, and possibly just as true, to fancy that all the Scottish songs and tunes, as now extant, were sung and played every day before Fingal, as he sat in his great chair after dinner, ‘drinking the blude-red wine;’” and again, “Scotch traditions are to be received with great caution.”—We may remark, that though Tytler’s inference cannot be satisfactorily established, still it is consonant with probability. But it will be proper to fix a time before which music may be termed *ancient*. Taking Dr Busby as sufficient authority, it is defined thus in his Dictionary:—“The epithet *ancient*, when applied to the term *music*, is not, as when conjoined with the word *literature*, to be referred to the productions of the classical Greeks and Romans. The eleventh century of the Christian era arrived before the appearance of Guido’s scale. To the age of De Muris (the fourteenth century) we are indebted for the introduction of the bass, tenor, and treble cliffs; and half of the seventeenth century had elapsed before the art was attained of composing in a plurality of real and distinct simultaneous *parts*. It is therefore chiefly to the composers of the early part of the eighteenth century that the expression *ancient music* properly relates, and indeed it seldom alludes to productions of an earlier date.”—The justness of the preceding definition is supported by Dr Burney, when treating of the introduction of the recitative into the Italian music:—“Till this time,” says he, “musicians were chiefly employed in gratifying the ear with the ‘concord of sweet sounds,’ without respect to poetry, or aspiring at energy, passion, intellectual pleasure,” &c.

Claudio Monteverde, who was, as it is generally thought, the first composer of the musical drama called *Opera*, published a set of madrigals in 1638, in the

preface to which he says, that “ he is the first who has attempted to express the livelier passions.” Still it is not single melody ; and in the compositions of Italian masters of the present day, we frequently see prefixed to particular movements, and even to whole pieces of music, the term *Alla Scozzese* ; which does not always signify that the style is directly Scottish, but that it is so far of a *Caledonian cast*, or *tinge*, as to remind us of the Scottish music. If the Italians had originally been possessed of this kind of style, would they have made this open acknowledgment ? Certainly not ; and their employing the term is evidence sufficient that they are conscious of its not being their own invention. Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, who died in 1614, and who appears to have been esteemed as the first musician of his day, is candidly acknowledged by Tassoni to have been an imitator of our King James I. All the Scottish historians agree in James’ being an admirable performer as well as composer. *They*, however, may be suspected of partiality to their king ; the testimony of an illustrious foreigner is therefore much to be prized :—“ Noi ancora possiamo connumerar, tra nostri, Jacopo Re di Scozia, che non pur cose sacre compose in canto, ma trova da se stesso, una nuova musica, lamentevole e mesta, differente da tutte l’altre. Nel che poi è stato imitato da Carlo Gesualdo, Principe di Venosa, che in questa nostra età, ha illustrata anch’ egli la musica con nuove mirabili inventioni.” See Tassoni “ *Pensieri Diversi*,” lib. 10.—It would therefore be unnecessary to dilate upon the vague hypothesis that has assigned an *Italian origin* to our Scottish airs. Before hazarding any opinion upon their origin, it will be proper to ascertain if there are sufficient documents to warrant designating any of them *ancient*.

Allan Ramsay published his Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724, and a Collection of Tunes or Airs, for the songs in that work, was published in 1725 ; and they are described in the preface as “ having an agreeable gayety and sweetness, that makes them acceptable wherever they are known ; and what farther adds to the esteem we have for them, is their antiquity, and being universally known.” This is certainly sufficient to entitle them to the appellation of *ancient* ; but, as this is advancing about one quarter into the eighteenth century, we shall refer to earlier documents.

We have seen two MS. Collections,* which consist principally of Scottish airs, written for the *Viol de Gamba*. The first is dated, Glasgow, 1683, and the second, 1692. They contain nearly the same airs, and are evidently in the hand-writing of the same person. The names attached to several of them are different from those by which they are now known ; which plainly proves, that

* In the possession of Mr Andrew Blaikie, engraver in Paisley.

other songs were sung to them at that period: for instance, "Nancy's to the greenwood gane," is called "*Tow to spin*;" "My mither's aye glow'ring o'er me," "*A health to Bettie*;" "Lochaber no more," "*King James' march to Ireland*;" "Tweedside," "*Doun Tweedside*." There are many other well-known tunes, a few of the most popular of which we shall mention, viz.—"*Allan Water*," "*Where Helen lies*," "*For lack of gold she left me*," "*Haud awa' frae me, Donald*," "*Maggie, I must lo'e thee*," and "*The last time I came o'er the muir*." "*Kathrine Ogie*" was sung by Abel in 1686; "*Waly, waly*," is in an antique Medley-book, 1666; "*Leslie's march*" was known in 1644; "*Tak your auld cloak about ye*" is mentioned in *Othello*, written about 1611; "*O'er the hills and far awa'*," and "*Brose and butter*," were both popular before the Restoration; "*John Anderson*," and "*Kind Robin lo'es me*," are said to have been used as chants in the Catholic church. "*John Anderson*," from its compass, simplicity, and chasteness, might have had the honour of being chanted in that service, and accompanied by the "kist fu' o' whistles;" but it is fully as probable, that even *John* was an associate of the profane ballads of his day, along with other vagrants of the olden time. The fact we believe is, that instead of the secular music being any way indebted to the music of the church, the Reformers seized upon the most popular national airs as fit companions to their satirical songs upon the Papists. "*John Anderson*" may then be considered prior to 1590; "*The banks of Helicon*," and "*The wooing of Jock and Jenny*," may be dated at 1586; the air of "*Whip megmorum*," mentioned by Skinner in "*Tullochgorum*," is about the same age; and the battle of Harlaw, in 1411, gave birth to a famous pipe-tune, which was a great favourite till the middle of the 17th century. It is provoking to search, and search in vain, for tunes which appear to have been great favourites with minstrels, pipers, poets, and the populace, from the 15th to the end of the 16th century. "*Hunts up*," "*Hey trix cum trixie*," and "*The day it dawes*," noticed familiarly by Douglas, Dunbar, and Sempil, are no longer known, unless they exist under other titles. "*Gilderoy*" is commemorative of the outlaw M'Gregor, executed in the reign of James V. "*Johnny Armstrong*" was a famous freebooter who suffered in the same reign. In "*Scotland's Complaynt*" the shepherds have a dance named Johnny Ernstrang. It is likely that these are coeval with the events they record. Of "*The flowers of the Forest*," commemorative of the battle of Flodden, 1513, the Editor of the "*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*" states, that the first and fourth lines of the first stanza are old, as well as the tune. The old song began thus:

"I've heard a lilting at the ewes milking."

• • • • • •

"The flowers of the Forest are all wede away."

The rest of the song was written by a lady of Roxburghshire. Another lady favoured him also with a line of the old song, which runs thus :

“ I ride single on my saddle ;
For the flowers of the Forest are a’ wede away.”

“ *The Souters of Selkirk*” is another, which takes its origin from the fatal field of Flodden. Tytler relates the peculiar circumstances of the Selkirk souters ; but Ritson seems to have had considerable scruples of conscience, and discredits it, because some wag at Aberdeen told Dr Johnson that *the Scots learned the art of making shoes from Cromwell’s army*. “ Hey tutti tatti” is said to have been the march played to Robert Bruce’s troops at the battle of Bannockburn. This has been doubted ; because Barbour mentions nothing but the blowing of horns. Other instruments, however, besides horns were in use prior to this period. Bromton, an Irish chronicler in the reign of Henry II., says the Scots had the *lyre*, the *tympano*, and *choro*. Now the *choro*, or chorus, is found to be “ a musical instrument made of a skin, with two brass pipes—the one to be blown into, the other to let out the sound ;” and the bagpipe is an instrument of great antiquity among the northern nations. Though there is nothing but tradition to rest on, the want of instruments will not hold good as an objection.

“ *The bonnie Erle o’ Morray*,”* and many other old songs and ballads, we have been obliged to exclude, for the present, from the pages of the Scottish Minstrel, for want of room ; but, from the liberal contributions that have been sent us, we have a store of materials, which are now in preparation for a Supplementary Volume. There are some Scotch bards to whom we have not had the courage to make any application ; but if they would twine a wreath for the Minstrel, proud would he be to wear it. We now send him forth, with all his imperfections on his head, like other Minstrels, to wander through the mountains of his native land—to traverse the green wilds of Erin, and the sequestered vales of Cambria ; and, we trust, to be hospitably received “ ’mong merry England’s cultured fields.”

* Slain by Huntly in 1592.

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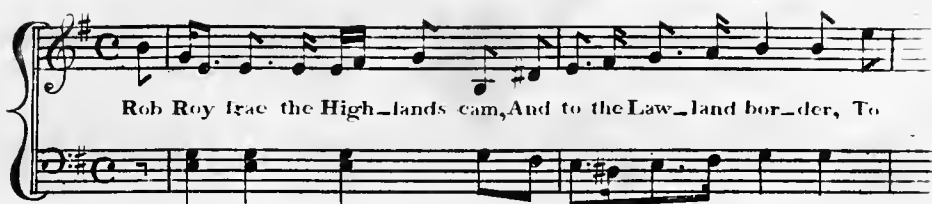
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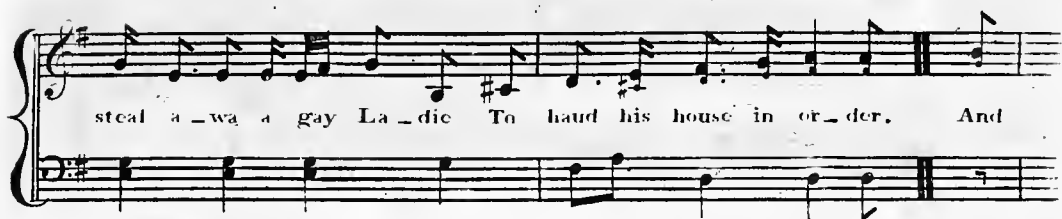
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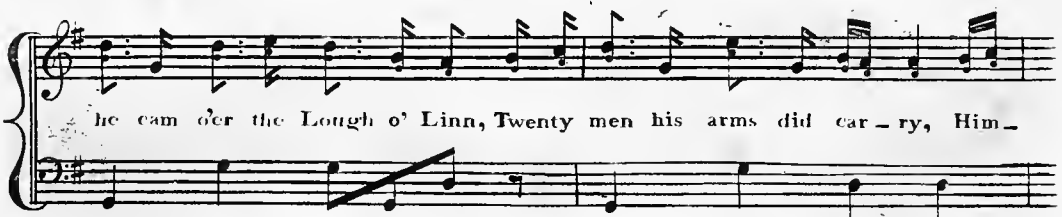
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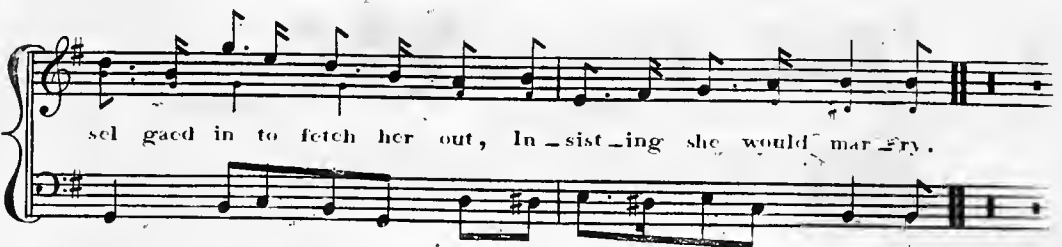
Rob Roy trae the High-lands cam, And to the Law-land bor-der, To



steal a-wa a gay La-die To haud his house in or-der. And



he cam o'er the Lough o' Linn, Twenty men his arms did car-ry, Him-



sel gaed in to fetch her out, In-sist-ing she would mar-ry.

"Oh will ye gae wi' me?" he says,

"And will ye be my honey?"

And will ye be my wedded wife?

I loe ye best o' ony."

"I winna gae wi' you," she says,

"Ye ne'er can be my honey;

I winna be your wedded wife,

Ye loe me for my money!"

"But ye sal gang wi' me," he said,

"And nae mair words about it;

And sin' ye'll no gang wi' your will,

Ye sal gang without it."

He set her on a gude black steed,

Himself lap on abint her,

And he's awa to the Highland hills

Where her friends canna find her.

"Rob Roy was my faither call'd,

McGregor was his name, Lady,

He led a band o' heroes bauld,

An' I am here the same, Lady.

Be content, be content,

Be content, and bide, Lady;

For thou art my wedded wife

Until thy dying day, Lady."

"He was a hedge unto his friends,

A heckle to his faes, Lady,

And every ane that durst him wrang,

They had gude cause to rue, Lady.

I'm as bauld, I'm as bauld,

I'm as bauld, and mair, Lady;

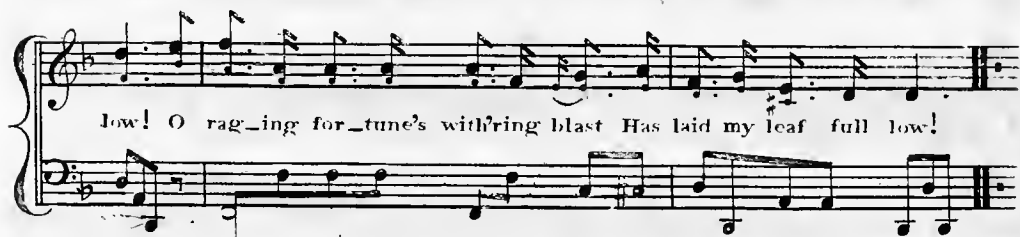
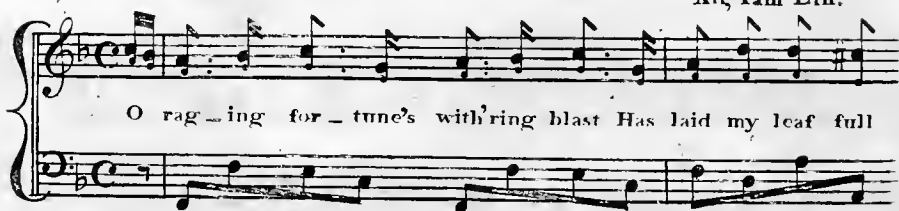
And he that dares dispute my word,

"Sal feel my gude claymore, Lady."

O RAGING FORTUNE'S WITHERING BLAST.

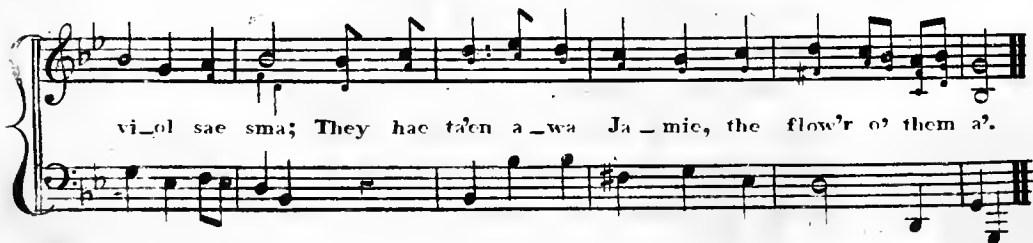
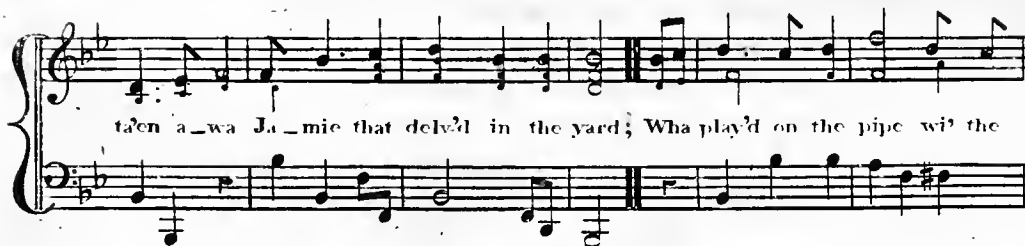
Air Tam Lin.

Slow

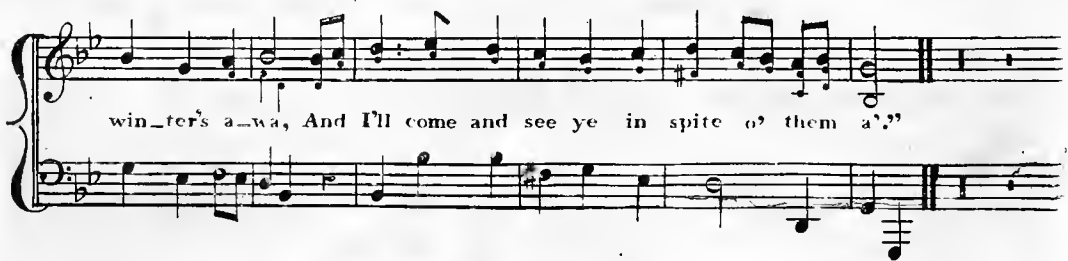
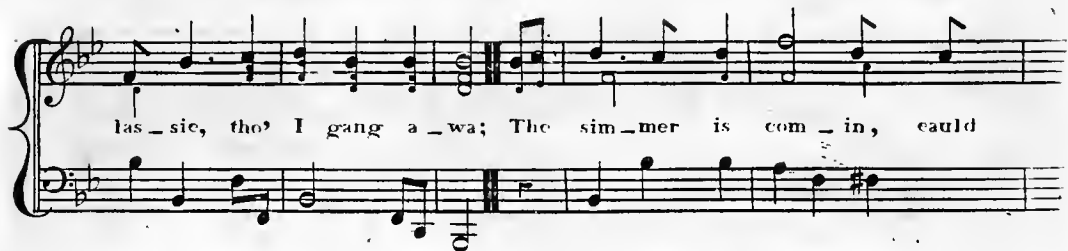
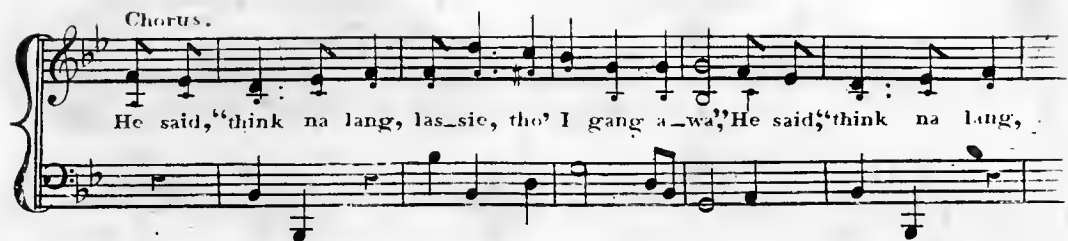


My stem was fair, my bud was green, But luckless fortune's northern storms
 My blossom sweet did blow; Laid a' my blossoms low;
 The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild, But luckless fortune's northern storms
 And made my branches grow. Laid a' my blossoms low.

O LOGIE O' BUCHAN.



Chorus.



Sandy has owsen, has gear, and has kye,
 A house and a haddin, and siller forby;
 But I'll tak my ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
 Before I'd ha'e him wi' his houses and land.
 He said, "think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa,
 For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'."

My Daddy looks sulky, my Minny looks sour,
 They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;
 Tho' I lo'e them as weel as a Daughter can do,
 And blythe were their lassie, gin they wad lo'e you.
 He said, "think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa;
 For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'."

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,
 And think on the Laddie that lo'ed me sae weel;
 He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
 And he gied me the ha'f o't, when he gaed awa.
 But simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
 And he'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

THE BRAES ABOON BONAW.

Chorus.

Lively

Wilt thou go, my bon-nie Las-sie, Wilt thou go, my braw Lassie,

Wilt thou go, say ay or no, To the braes a-boon Bo-naw, Las-sie. Tho?

Don-ald hae nae mie-kle frase, Wi' law-land speeches fine, Las-sie, What

he'll im-part comes frae the heart, Sae let it be frae thine, Las-sie. D.C.

When simmer days cleed a' the braes
 Wi' blossom'd broom, sae fine, Lassie,
 At milking sheel we'll join the reel,
 My flocks shall a' be thine, Lassie.
 Wilt thou go, &c.

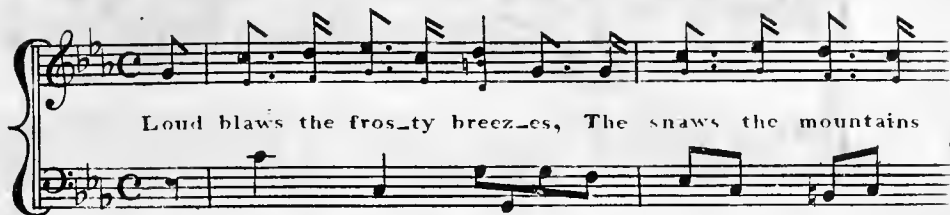
I'll hunt the roe, the hart, the doe,
 The ptarmigan, sae sly, Lassie,
 For duck and drake I'll beat the brake,
 Nae want shall thee come nigh, Lassie.
 Wilt thou go, &c.

For trout and par, wi' canny care,
 I'll, wiley, skim the flie, Lassie;
 Wi' sic-like cheer I'll please my dear,
 Then come awa wi' me, Lassie.

"Yes, I'll go, my bonnie Laddie,
 Yes, I'll go, my braw Laddie,
 Ilk joy and care, wi' thee I'll share,
 'Mang the braes aboon Bonaw, Laddie?"

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

5



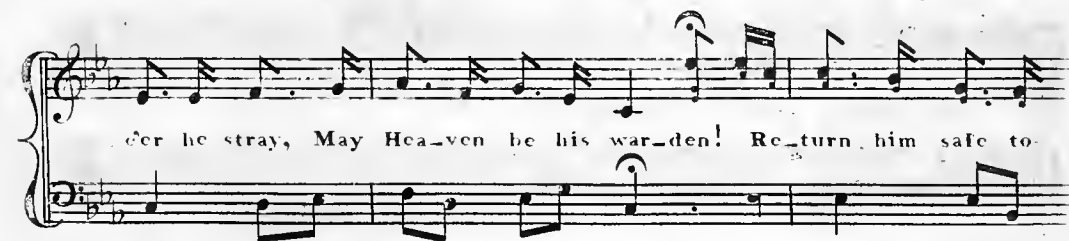
Loud blows the fros-ty breez-es, The snaws the mountains



co-ver; Like win-ter on me sei-zes, Since my young High-land



Ro-ver Far wan-ders na-tions o-ver. Where-er he go, where-



er he stray, May Hea-ven be his war-den! Re-turn him safe to



fair Strath-spey, And bon-ie Cas-tle Gor-don.

The trees now naked groaning,
 Shall soon with leaves be hinging;
 The birdies dowie moaning,
 Shall at be blythely singing;
 And every flower be springing.
 Sac I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
 When, by his mighty Warden,
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
 And bonie Castle Gordon.

FOR LACK OF GOLD.

Slowly

For lack of Gold she's left me, Oh! And of all that's dear bereft me,

Oh! For Athol's Duke she me forsook, And to endless care has left me, Oh! A

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

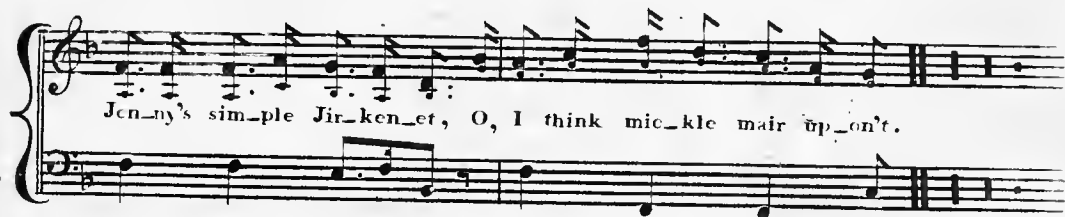
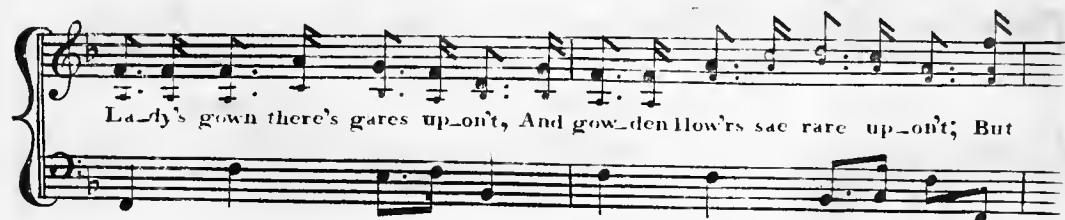
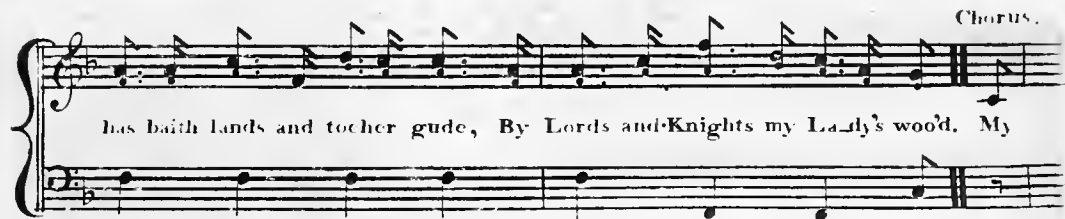
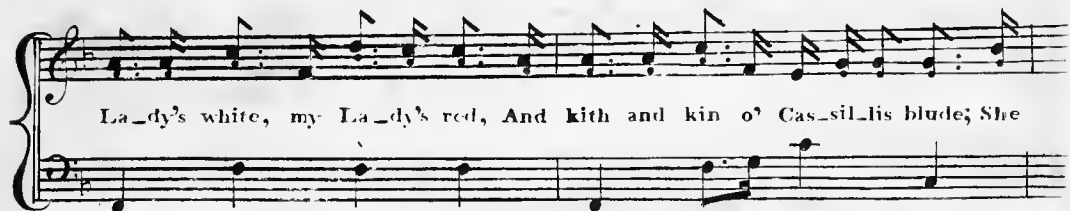
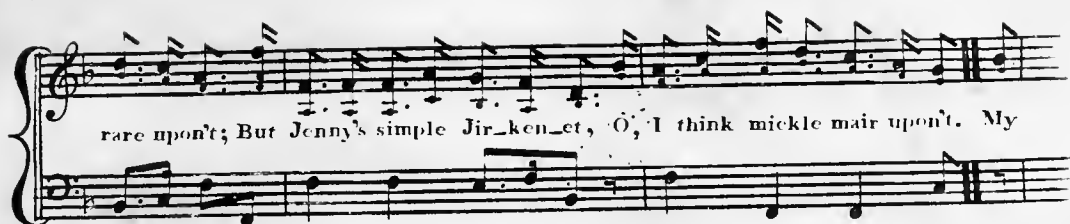
emp-ty ti-tles we must part; And for glitt'ring show she's left me, Oh!

No cruel fair shall ever move,
 My injur'd heart again to love;
 Thro' distant climates I must rove,
 Since Jeanie she has left me, Oh!
 Ye pow'rs above, I to your care
 Commit my lovely, charming fair;
 Your choicest blessings be her share,
 Tho' she's forever left me, Oh!

MY LADY'S GOWN THERE'S GARES UPON'T.

In moderate
time.

My Lady's gown there's gares up-on't, And gown-den flow'rs sae



Out owre yon muir, out owre yon moss,
 Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
 There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
 A lily in a wilderness.
 My Lady's gown, &c.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
 Like music notes o' lovers' hymns;
 The diamond dew in her een sae blue,
 Like laughing love sae playfu' swims.
 My Lady's gown, &c.

My Lady's dink, my Lady's drest
 Wi' gowden flowers around her waist;
 But the bonniest flower in a' the west
 Is the Lassie that I loe the best.
 My Lady's gown, &c.

AWA, WHIGS, AWA.

Jacobite.

A -wa, Whigs, a -wa, A -wa, Whigs, a -wa; Ye're but a
 pack o' traitor louns, Ye'll do nae good a -va. Our thris - tles
 bloom'd sae fresh and fair, And bo - nie were our ro - ses; But Whigs cam
 owre us like frost in June, And with - er'd a' our Po - sies.

Our antient Crown's fa'n in the dust,
 D_l' blind them wi' the stowre o't,
 And write their names in his black buik,
 Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.
 Awa Whigs, awa, &c.

Our sad decay, in Kirk and State,
 Surpasses my describing;
 The Whigs cam our us like a flight —
 And we hae done wi' thriving. —
 Awa Whigs, awa, &c.

Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap,
 But we may see him wauken;
 Wae's me! to see that royal heads
 Arc_hunted like a maukin,
 Awa, Whigs, awa, &c.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

9

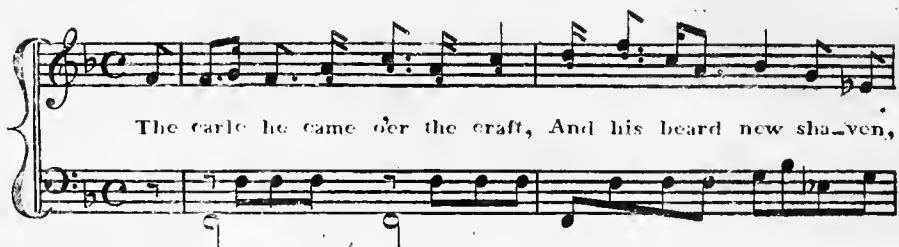


I see a form, I see a face
That weel may wi' the fairest place,
But wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind blink that's in her e'e.
This is no, &c.

A thief sae pauky is my Jean,
To steal a blink by a' unseen;
But gleg as light is lovers' een,
When kind love is in the e'e.
This is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clarks;
But weel the watchful lover marks
The kind love that's in the e'e.
This is no, &c.

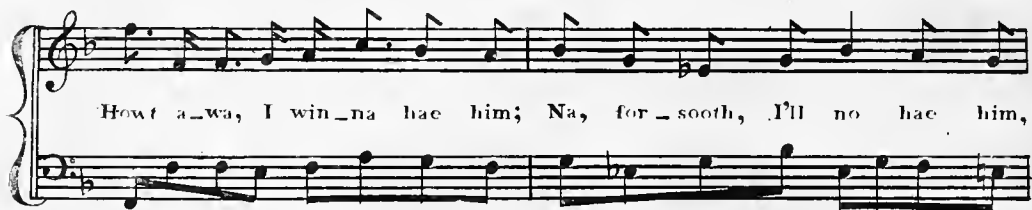
THE CARLE HE CAM O'ER THE CRAFT.



The carle he came o'er the craft, And his beard new sha-ven,



Glowr'd at me as he'd been daft; The carle trows that I'll hae him.



Hwt a-wa, I win-na hae him; Na, for-sooth, I'll no hae him,



New hose and new shoos, And his beard new sha-ven.

The carle has nae faut but aye,
 For he has lands and dollars plenty;
 But, wae me! he is Saxty-ane,
 An' I am little mair than twenty.
 Hwt awa! I winna hae him;
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him;
 What signifies his dirty riggs
 An' cash, wi' sic a man wi' them.

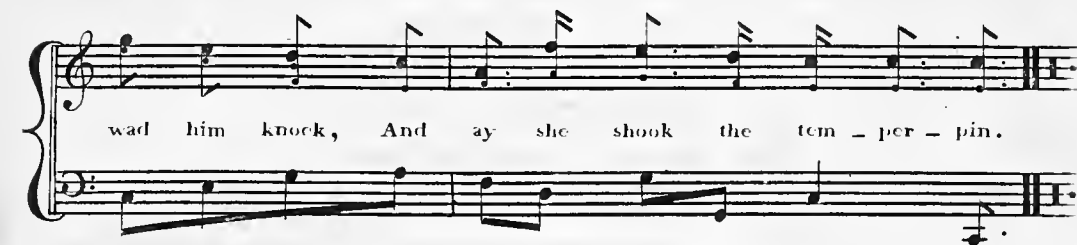
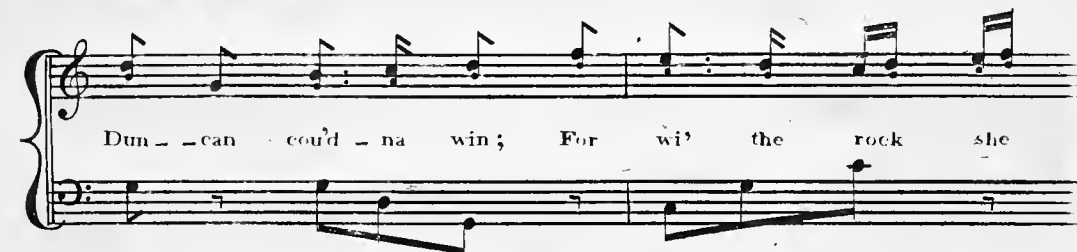
~~~~~\*~~~~~

*DUNCAN DAVIDSON.*



There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg, And



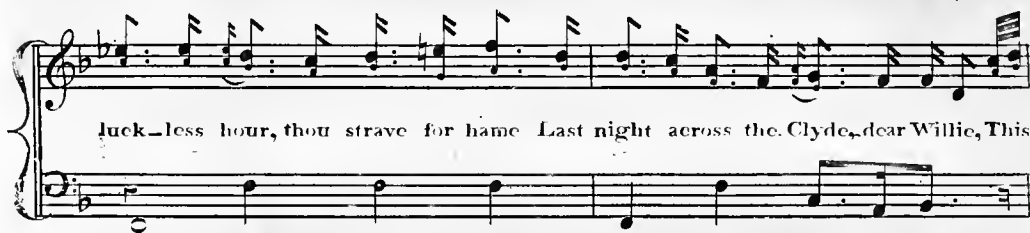
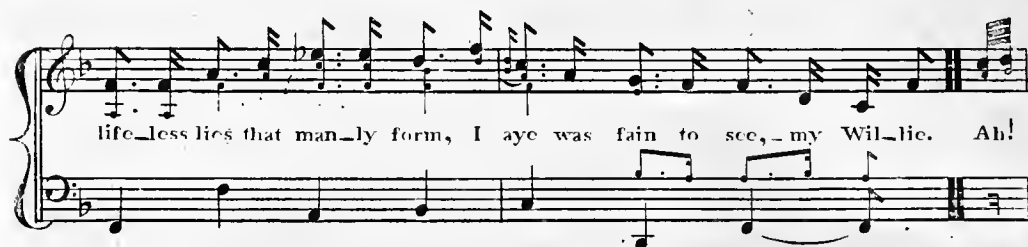


As o'er the moor they lightly foot,  
 A burn was clear, a glen was green;  
 Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,  
 And ay she set the wheel between:  
 "A weel," says he, "then let it be,  
 I like the omen unco weel,  
 I've been your scorn frae e'en to morn,  
 Now, turn ye like a spinnin wheel!"

'We will big a wee, wee house,  
 And we will live like king and queen;  
 Sae blythe and merry's we will be,  
 When ye set by the wheel at e'en;  
 A man may drink and no be drunk,  
 A man may fight and no be slain,  
 A bonny lass' may change her mind,  
 And e'en tak Duncan Davidson, A

## THE WIDOW'S WAIL.

Slow with  
Expression

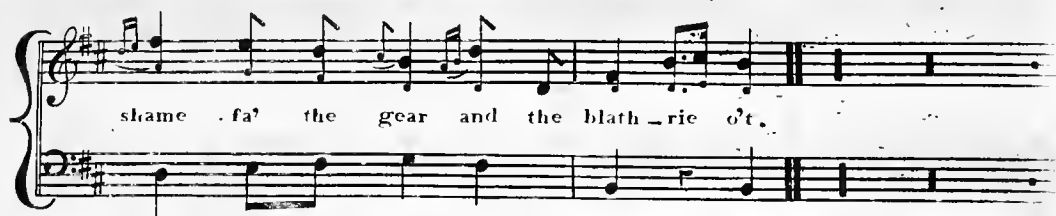
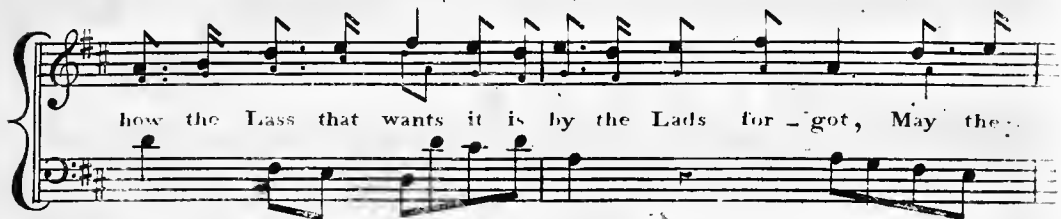
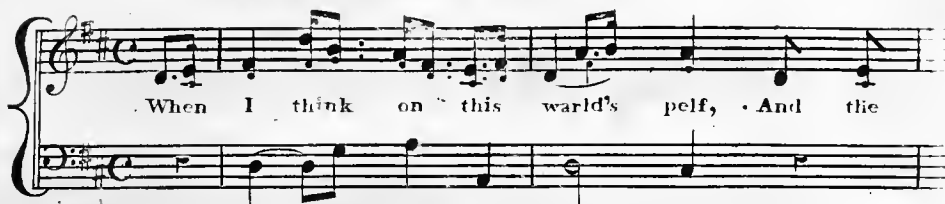


The owl hooted sair yestreen,  
And thrice the soot it fell, - dear Willy;  
The tyke cam late, and howl'd aloud,  
It seem'd the dying knell o' Willy.  
Deep were the snaws, keen were my waes,  
The bairns oft cried for thee - their Willy,  
I trembling said, he'll soon be here,  
The wee things ne'er clos'd ee, for Willy.

And when I saw the thick sleet fa',  
A bleezing fire I made for Willy;  
Then watch'd, and watch'd, as it grew dark,  
And I grew mair afraid for Willy.  
I thought I heard the pony's foot,  
And ran thy voice to hear, - ah, Willy,  
The wind blew hollow, but nae sound  
My sinking heart did cheer, - O Willy.

The clock struck ane, - the clock struck twa,  
The clock struck three and four, - no Willy,  
I thought I heard the pony's foot,  
And flew to ope the door to Willy.  
The pony neigh'd - but thou wert lost!  
I sank upon the snaw, for Willy;  
Thy wraith appear'd e'en where I lay,  
And whisper'd thou wert drown'd - O Willy!

The moon was up, in vain I sought  
The stiffen'd corse o' thine, - lost Willy,  
'Twill soon, soon mingle wi' the dust,  
And near it sae will mine, - O Willy.  
Gae dry your tears, my bairnies five,  
Gae dry your tears o' sorrow, dearies,  
Your father's cares are at an end,  
And sae will mine ere morrow, dearies.



Jockie was the laddie that held the pleugh,  
But now he's got gowd and gear eneugh;  
He thinks nae mair of me that wears the plaiden coat:  
May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.

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

But a' this shall never danton me,  
Sae lang as I keep my fancy free!  
For the lad that's sae inconstant, he's no worth a groat;  
May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.


# PEGGY I MUST LOVE THEE.



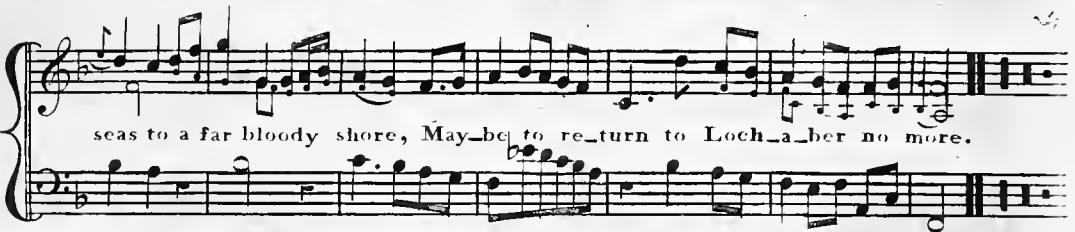
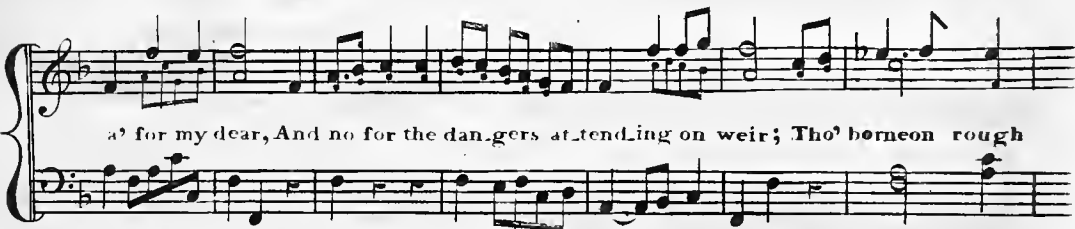
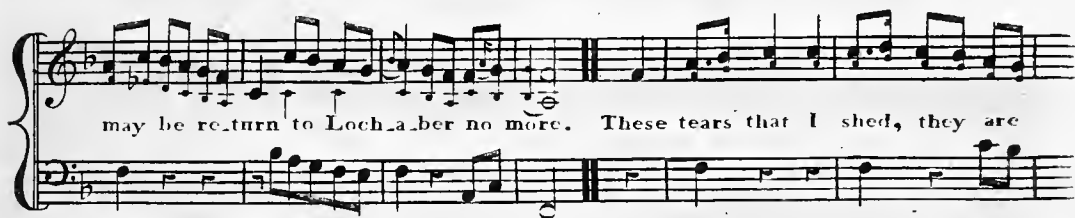
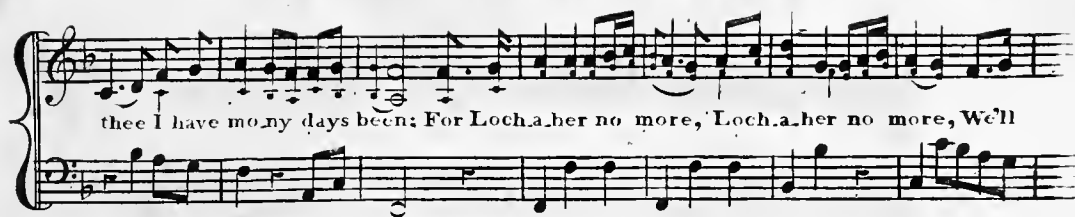
As on a rock, past all relief, The shipwreck'd Co-lin, spy-ing His  
 native soil, o'er\_come with grief, Half sunk in waves and dy-ing. With  
 the next morning sun he spies A ship, which gives unhop'd sur-prise; New  
 life springs up, he lifts his eyes With joy, and waits her mo-tion.

So, when by her, whom long I lov'd,  
 I scorn'd was, and deserted;  
 Low with despair my spirits mov'd  
 To be forever parted:  
 Thus droop'd I, till diviner grace  
 I found in Peggy's mind and face;  
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,  
 For virtue more engag-ing.

# FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.



Fare-well to Loch-a-ber, and farewell my Jean, Where heartsomewith



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

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse;  
 Since Honour commands me, how can I refuse?  
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,  
 And without thy favour, I'd better not be.  
 I ga'e then, my lass, to win honour and fame,  
 And if I should chanceto come gloriously hame,  
 A heart I will bring thee with love running o'er,  
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

## WITH WAEFU' HEART AND SORROWING E'E.

Slow,  
with  
Expression.

With wae-fu' heart and sor-row-ing e'e, I saw my Ja-mie  
sail a-wa! O 'twas a fa-tal day to me, That day he  
pass'd the Ber-wick Law! How joy-less now seem'd all be-hind! I  
ling-ring stray'd a-long the shore; Dark bo-ding fears hung  
on my mind, That I might ne-ver see him more.

The night came on with heavy rain,  
Loud, fierce, and wild, the tempest blew;  
In mountains roll'd the awful main —  
Ah, hapless maid! my fears how true!  
The landsmen heard their drowning cries,  
The wreck was seen with dawning day;  
My love was found, and now he lies  
Low in the gloomy Isle of May.

O Boatman, kindly waft me o'er!  
The cavern'd rock shall be my home;  
'Twill ease my burthen'd heart, to pour  
Its sorrows o'er his grassy tomb:  
With sweetest flow'rs I'll deck his grave,  
And tend them thro' the langsome year;  
I'll water them, ilk morn and eve,  
With deepest sorrow's warmest tear.

# PRINCE CHARLIE HE'S CUM OWRE FRAE FRANCE.

Jacobite.

Prince Char-lie he's cum owre frae France, In Scot-land to pro-  
claim his dad-die, May Heav-en still his cause ad-vance, and shield him  
in his Hie-land plai-die. O my bon-nie Hie-land Lad-die! My  
hand-some char-ming Hie-land Lad-die! May Heaven still his  
cause ad-vance, and shield him in his Hie-land plai-die.

First when he cam to view our land,  
The gracefu' looks o' the Princely laddie  
Made a' our true Scots hearts to warm,  
And blythe to wear the tartan plaidie,  
O, my bonie, &c.

But when Geordie heard the news,  
How he was cum afore his daddie,  
He thirty thousand pound wad gie  
To catch him in his Hieland plaidie,  
O, my bonie, &c.

But tho' the Hieland fowks are puir,  
Yet, O their hearts are leal and steady;  
An' there's no ane amang them a'  
That wad betray their Hieland Laddie.  
O, my bonie, &c.

## WILL YOU GO TO SHERIFFMUIR.

Jacobite.

Will you go to Sheriffmuir, Bauld John o' Innisture, There to see the  
no-ble Mar, And his Highland Laddies. A' the true men o' the north, Angus, Huntly,  
and Seaforth, Scouring on to cross the Forth, Wi' their white cock-a-dies.

There you'll see the banners flare,  
There you'll hear the bagpipes rair,  
And the trumpets deadly blare,  
Wi' the cannon's rattle.

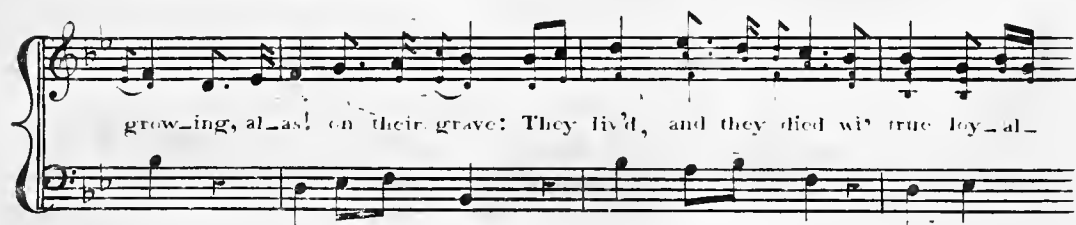
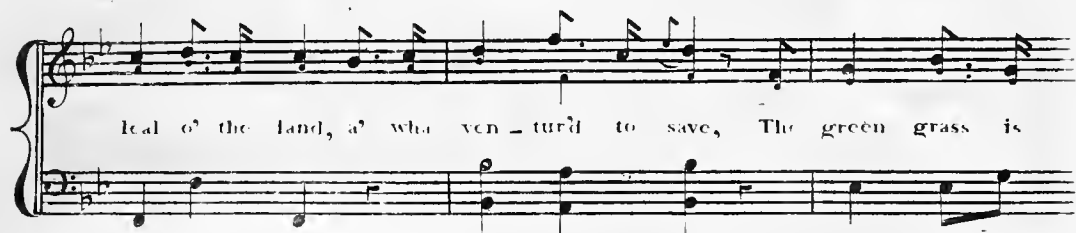
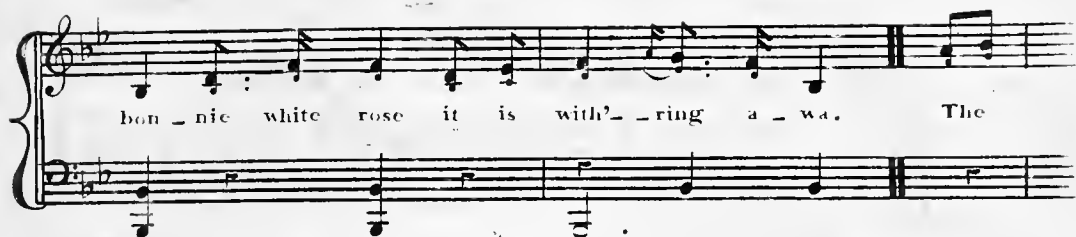
There you'll see the bauld McCrae,  
Camerons, and Clanronald's raws,  
And a' the clans, wi' loud huzzas,  
Rushing to the battle.

OH! HAME, HAME, HAME WAD I BE.

Jacobite.

Oh! hame, hame, hame wad I be; Hame, hame, to my  
ain coun-tries; The green leaf o' loy-al-ty's be-gun for to fa', The

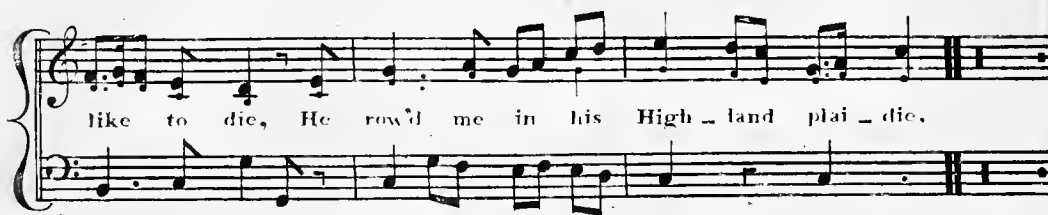
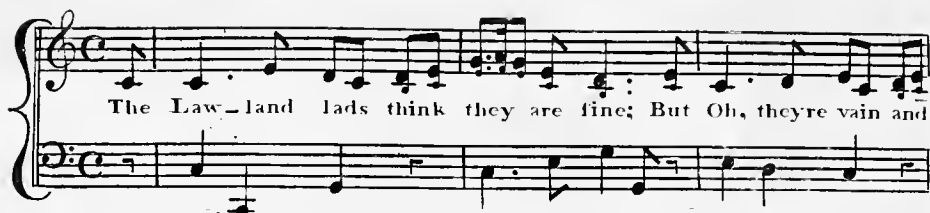




Oh! Hame, hame, fain wad I be,  
 Hame, hame to my ain countrie:  
 Oh! there 'mang the glens to wander my lane,  
 And greet in 'the gloamin' for those wha are gane,  
 Of battles triumphant — to me, dinna tell —  
 My Donald he conquered — my Donald he tell!  
 Ye may rejoice — but my sorrow forgie,  
 Wi' me they will mourn in my ain countrie.

Oh! Hame, hame, to tell when we're glad,  
 Oh! Hame, hame, to sigh when we're sad!  
 Hame frae a world of fell cruelty;  
 Hide me, ye mountains, frae a' treacherie,  
 There's nought now frae ruin our countrie can save, —  
 Traitors deserting, and fallen the brave —  
 Wi' hopes a' withered — wi' tears in their ee,  
 The wand'ers return to their ain countrie.

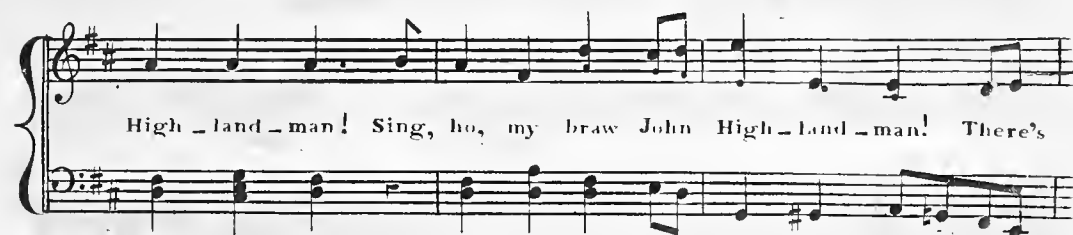
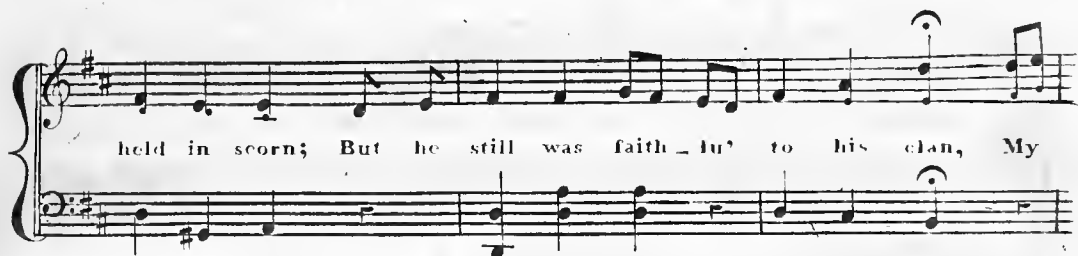
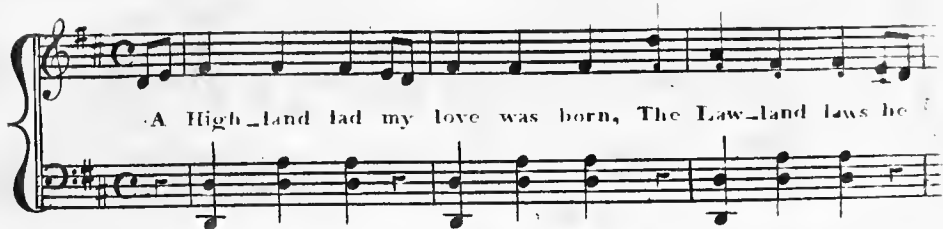
*THE LAWLAND LADS THINK THEY ARE FINE.*



If I were free, at will to chuse,  
 To be the wealthiest Lawland Lady,  
 I'd tak young Donald in his trews,  
 His bannet blue, and belted plaidy,  
 O my bonny, &c.

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

## A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN.



Wi' his philabeg and tartan plaid,  
And gude claymore down by his side,  
The Ladies hearts he did trepan,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman.  
Sing, hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea;  
But ere the bud was on the tree,  
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,  
Embracing my John Highlandman.  
Sing, hey, &c.

## JOY OF MY EARLIEST DAYS.

Air, I'll never leave thee.

Joy of my ear - liest day, How shall I leave thee!

Theme of my fond - est days, How canst thou grieve me! grieve me!

When mem'-ry o'er the past shall stray, Ma - ry, be - lieve me,

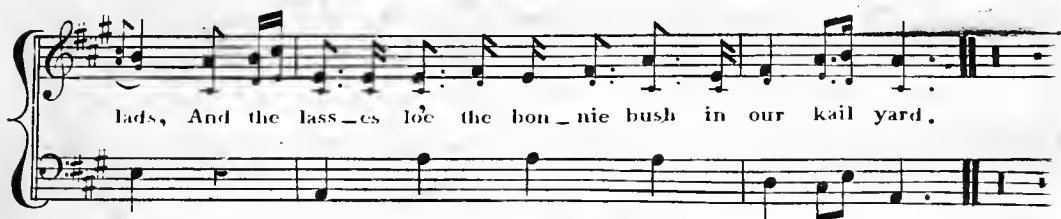
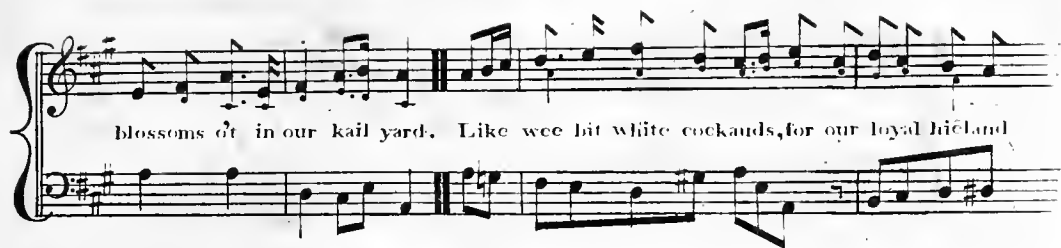
Thy heart will mourn that day Thou didst de - ceive me, deceive me,

Hide not the struggling tear;  
 Fain would I borrow  
 A twilight of hope, to cheer  
 From thy soft sorrow,  
 Tho' clouds obscure our northern sky,  
 Dark'ning its gleaming,  
 Still will the wanderer turn his eye  
 Where light was streaming.

## THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

Jacobite.

There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard, And white are the



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

"Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where a't ye've been;  
 Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Atholl's green;  
 Ye lo'd owre weel the dancin at Carlisle ha',  
 And forgot the hieland hills, that were far awa.

"He's comin frae the North that's to fancy me;  
 He's comin frae the North that's to fancy me;  
 A feather in his bannet, a ribbon at his knee;  
 He's a bonny hieland laddie, and you be na he?"

"I ne'er lo'd a dance but on Atholl's green;  
 I ne'er lo'd a lassie but my dorty Jean;  
 Sair, sair against my will, did I bide sae lang awa,  
 And my heart was ay in Atholl's green at Carlisle ha'."

\* \* \* \* \*

The brier bush was bonny ance in our kail-yard;  
 The brier bush was bonny ance in our kail-yard;  
 A blast blew oore the hill, that gae Atholl's flowers a chill,  
 And the bloom's blown aff the bonny bush in our kail-yard.

## MY NATIVE CALEDONIA.

Sair, sair was my heart when I parted frae my Jean; An' sair, sair I

sigh'd, while the tears stood in my een; For my daddie is but poor, an' my for-tune is sae

smal', It gars me leave my native Caledonia. When I think on days now gane, an' sae

happy's I ha'e been, While wand'ring wi' my dear, where the primrose blows unseen; I'm

wae to leave my lassie, an' daddie's cot aye, Or to leave the healthfu' breeze o' Caledonia.

But wherever I wander, still happy be my Jean,  
 Nae care disturb her bosom, where peace has ever been;  
 Then, tho' ills on ills befall me, for her I'll bear them a',  
 Tho' aft I'll heave a sigh for Caledonia.  
 But should riches e'er be mine, and my Jeanie still be true,  
 Then blaw, ye fav'ring breeze, till my native land I view;  
 Then I'll kneel on Scotia's shore, while the heartfelt tear shall fall,  
 And never leave my Jean, nor Caledonia.

BLINK OVER THE BURN, MY SWEET BETTY.

25

Blink o-ver the burn, my sweet Bet-ty, Blink o-ver the

burn, love, to me; O lang hae I look'd, my dear Bet-ty, To

get but a blink o' thine ee. The birds are a' sport-ing a'-

round us, And sweet-ly they sing on the tree; But the voice o' my

bon-nie sweet Bet-ty, I trow, is far dear-er to me.

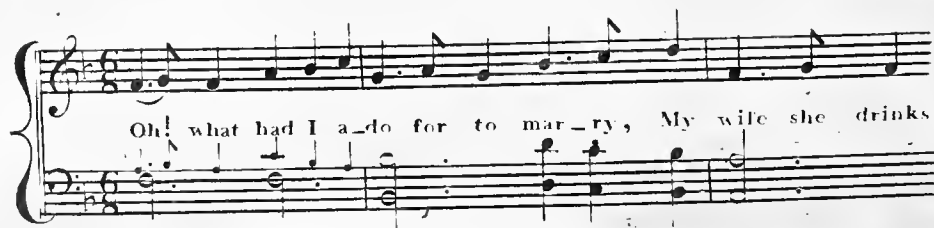
The ringlets, my lovely young Betty,  
 That wave o'er thy bonnie ee-bree,  
 I'll twine wi' the flow'rs o' the Mountain,  
 That blossom sae sweetly, like thee.  
 Then come o'er the burn, my sweet Betty,  
 Come o'er the burn, love, to me;  
 O sweet is the bliss, my dear Betty,  
 To live in the blink-o' thine ee.

## O! THOU HAST SEEN THE LILY FAIR?

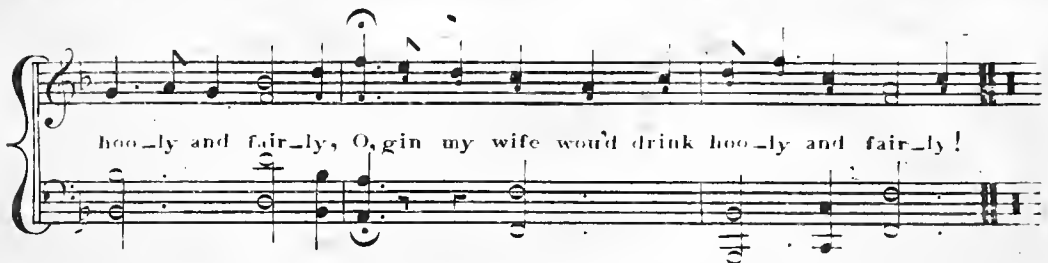
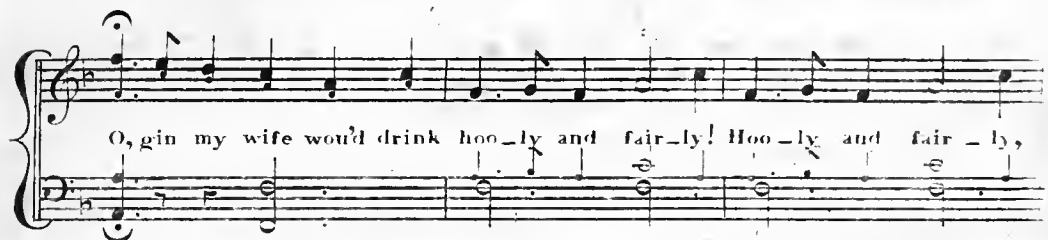
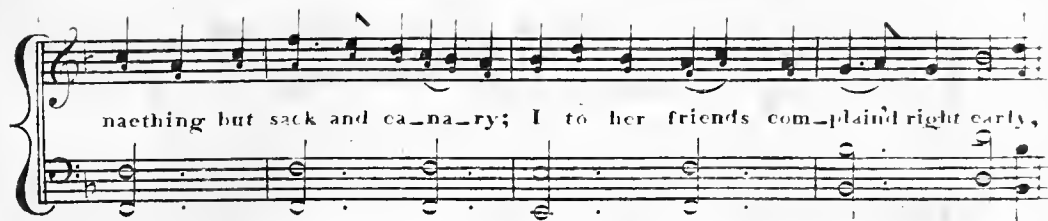


But soon before time's withering blast,  
 The rose and lily fade;  
 Nor ev'n will beauty such as thine  
 Outlive its darkening shade.  
 Yet there is that within thy breast  
 Will ruthless time defy,  
 A mind will bloom when beauty fades,  
 Will flourish in yon sky.

## FOOLY AND FAIRLY.







First she drank Crummie, and syne she drank Garie;  
Now she has druken my bonny grey mairie,  
That carried me thro' the dub and the lairie;  
O, gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fairly!

She has druken her stockings, sae has she her shoon,  
And she has druken her bonny new gown;  
Her wee bit dud sark, that colerd her fu' rarely;  
O, gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fairly!

If she'd drink but her ain things I wad na much care,  
But she drinks my claiths that I canna well spare;  
To the kirk and the market I gang fu' barely,  
O, gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fairly!

The vera grey mittens that gaed on my hands,  
To her neebour wife she has laid them in pawns;  
My bane-headed staff, that I lo'd sae dearly,  
O, gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fairly!

If there's ony siller she maun keep the purse;  
If I seek but a baubee, she'll scauld and she'll curse;  
She gangs like a queen, I scrimped and sparely;  
O, gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fairly!

I never was given to wrangling nor strife,  
Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts of life;  
E'er it come to a war I'm ay for a parley;  
O, gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fairly!

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow;  
But when she sits down she fills hersell fou,  
And when she is fou she's unco camstairie;  
O, gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fairly!

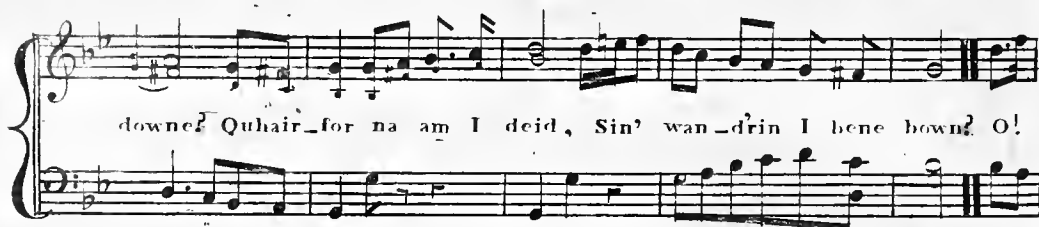
And when she comes hame she lays on the lads,  
She ca's the lasses baith limmers and jads,  
And I, my ain sell, an auld doited Carlie;  
O, gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fairly!

## FRENET' HA?

Old Ballad.



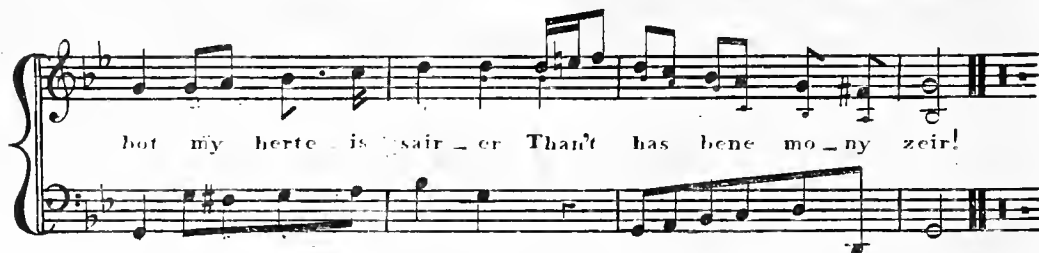
Quhair will I lay my hede, Quhair lay my bo - die



downe? Quhair - for na am I deid, Sin' wan - drin I bene bown? O!



Ma - rie, ze war fair - er Than o - ny gowd or gear! O,



bot my herte is sair - er Than't has bene mo - ny zeir!

"O! blythsome was the time  
 That I hae spent wi' thee;  
 Aft kiss'd that cheik o' thine,  
 As ze sat on my knee!  
 But could thou art now, bairnie,  
 O, dull thy blinkin' e'e!  
 Quhairfor do I heir tarry,  
 And canna win to thee?"

He sat downe on a stane,  
 His hame was far awa;  
 He sicht an' made a mane,  
 An' sicht, O, Frenet Ha!

# GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

29

Old Ballad.

It fell a - bout the Martin - mas - time, And a  
 gay time it was then, O, When our guid - wife got  
 pud - dings to mak And she's build them in the pan, O.

The wind sae could blaw south and north,  
 And blaw into the floor, O;  
 Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,  
 "Get up and bar the door, O?"

And first they ate the white puddings,  
 And then they ate the black, O;  
 Tho' muckle thought the goodwife to hersel,  
 Yet ne'er a word she spak, O.

'My hand is in my hussif-skap,  
 Goodman, as ye may see, O,  
 An it should nae be barr'd this hundred year,  
 Its no be barr'd for me, O?

Then says the fane unto the tither,  
 "O now I'm unco dry, O;  
 The amrie door its stannin wide,  
 Gae see what ye can spy, O?"

They made a paction 'tween them twa,  
 They made it firm and sure, O,  
 That the first who should speak the foremost word,  
 Should rise and bar the door, O.

'O here's a bottle o' Whisky, lu',  
 Just ready to my han' O;  
 Ye's drink to me, and I'se drink to you,  
 And soon we'll toom the Can, O?"

Then by there came two gentlemen,  
 At twelve o'clock at night, O,  
 And they could neither see house nor hall,  
 Nor coal nor candle-light, O.

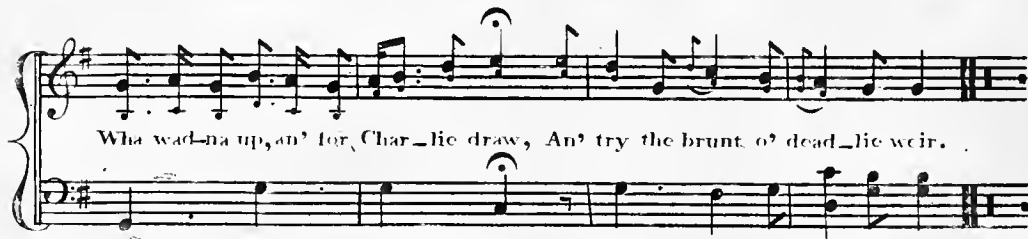
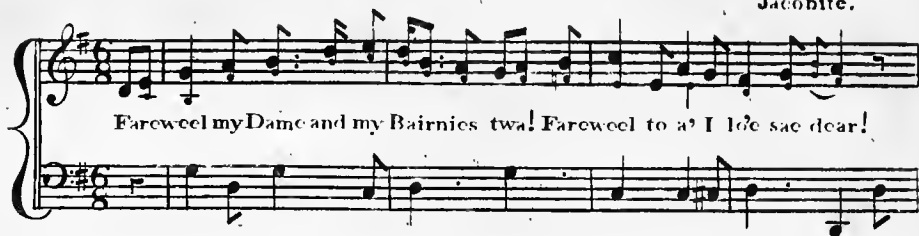
Then up started our goodman,  
 And an angry man was he, O,  
 "He's pay for't wi' a broken crown,  
 That pries my Barley brie, O?"

"Now, whether is this a rich man's house?  
 Or whether is it a poor, O?"  
 But never a word wad ane o' them speak.  
 For barring of the door, O.

Then up and started our goodwife,  
 Gied three skips on the floor, O,  
 'Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word,  
 Get up and bar the door, O?"

## FAREWELL MY DAME AND MY BAIRNIES TWA!

Jacobite.



\* \* \* \* \*

Here's to Charlie, an' weel may he be;

Up, thou Piper, an' loudlie blaw;

The Clans are a' kilted to the knee,

An' soon they will drive the whigs awa.

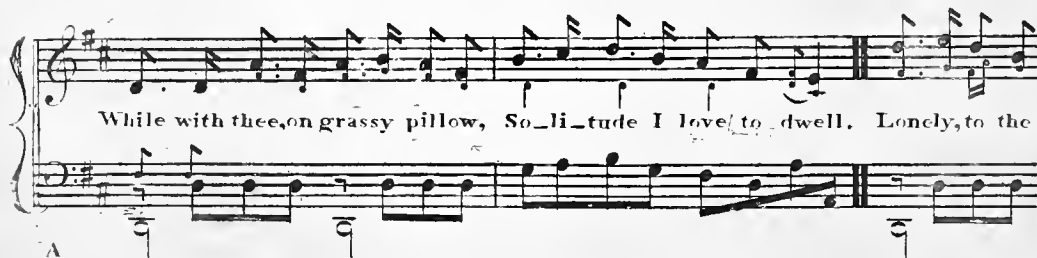
Our glens are deep, an' our hills are steep,

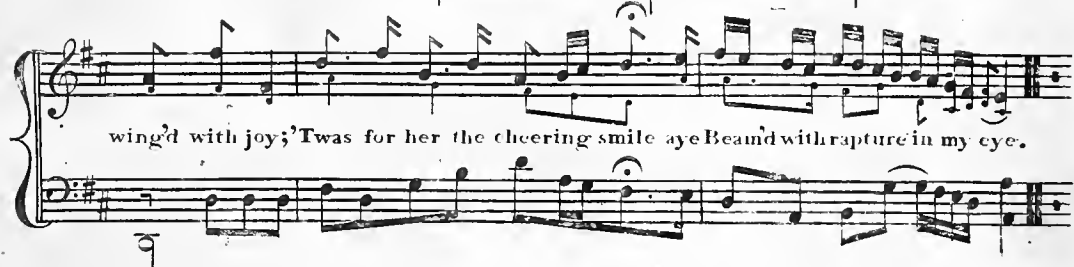
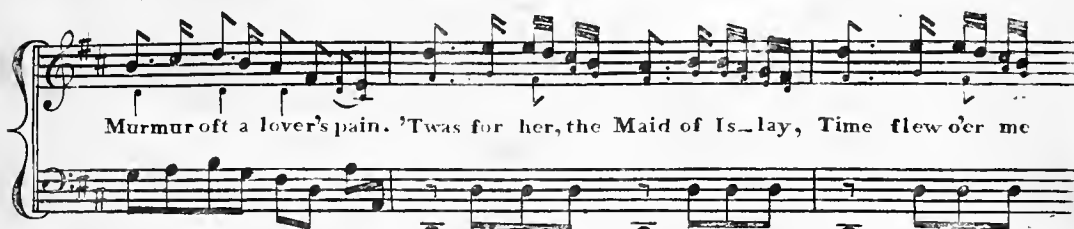
Their airy summits are cover'd wi' snaw,

An' the white rose that waves in Charlie's bonnet,

It never will wither, it never will la'.

## THE MAID OF ISLAY.





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

### O MARY, SWEETEST MAID, FAREWELL! Same Air.

- (He) O Mary, sweetest maid, farewell!  
 My hopes are flown, for a's to wreck;  
 Heaven guard your love, and heal your heart,  
 Tho' mine, alas! I fear, maun break.
- (He) Ye canna thole the wind an' rain,  
 Nor wander friendless far frae hame,  
 Cheer, cheer your heart, some richer swain  
 Will soon blot out lost Willie's name.
- (She) Dearest lad, what ill's betide?  
 Is Willie to his love untrue?  
 Pledged this morn to be your bride,  
 Ah! hae ye? hae ye taen the rue?
- (She) I'll tak my bundle in my hand,  
 And wipe the dew-drap frae my ee;  
 I'll wander wi' ye o'er the land,  
 I'll wander wi' ye o'er the sea.
- (He) Ye canna wear a ragged gown,  
 Or hoggar wed wi' nought ava;  
 My Kye are drown'd, my house is down,  
 My last sheep lies aneath the snaw.
- (He) Pardon, love, 'twas but a snare,  
 The flocks are safe, we needna part;  
 I'd forfeit them, and ten times mair,  
 To clasp thee, Mary, to my heart.
- (She) Tell na me o' storm or flood;  
 Or sheep a'smoor'd ayont the hill;  
 For Willie's sake I Willie loe'd,  
 Tho' poor ye are my Willie still.
- (She) How could ye wi' my feelings sport,  
 Or doubt a heart sac warm and true;  
 I should wish mischief on ye for't,  
 But canna wish ought ill to you.

The hall of the second strain must only be sung to the additional Song.

## THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.

Whig Song.

Chorus.

Lively

The Camp-bells are com-in', O-ho, O-ho! The Camp-bells are

com-in', O-ho, O-ho! The Camp-bells are com-in' to bon-nie Loch-

le-ven; The Camp-bells are com-in', O-ho, O-ho! Up-on the Lo-mons I

lay, I lay, Up-on the Lo-mons I lay, I lay; I look-ed down to

bon-nie Loch-le-ven, And saw three bon-nie perch-es play. End with the Chorus.

Great Argyle he goes before,  
He maks his cannons and guns to roar,  
Wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe, and drum,  
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!

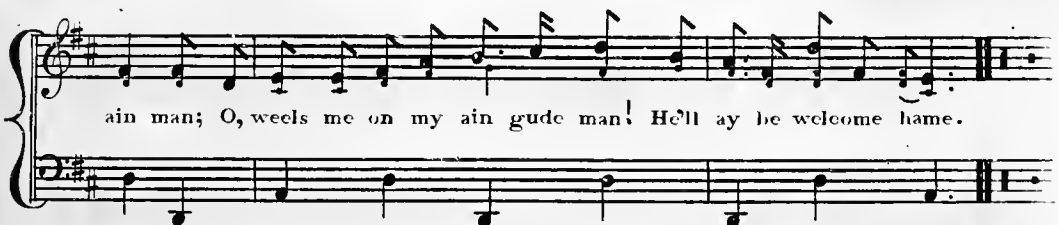
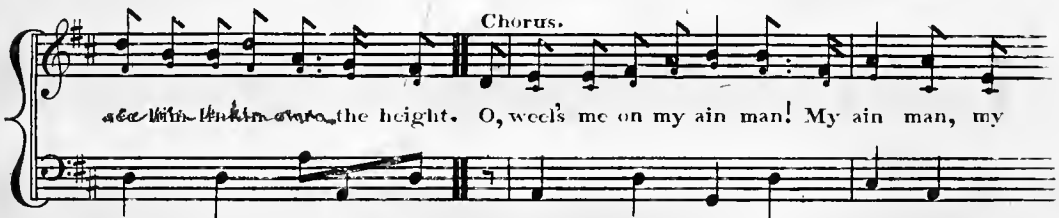
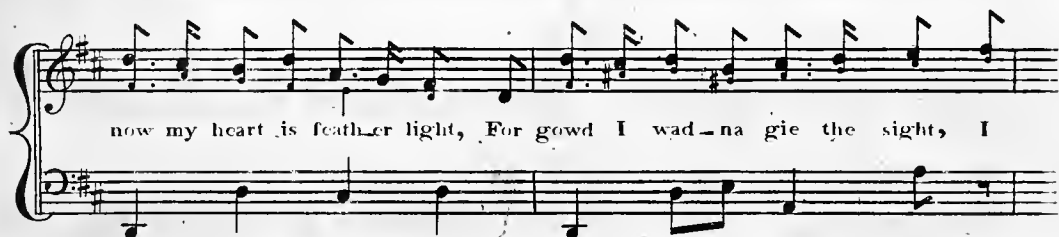
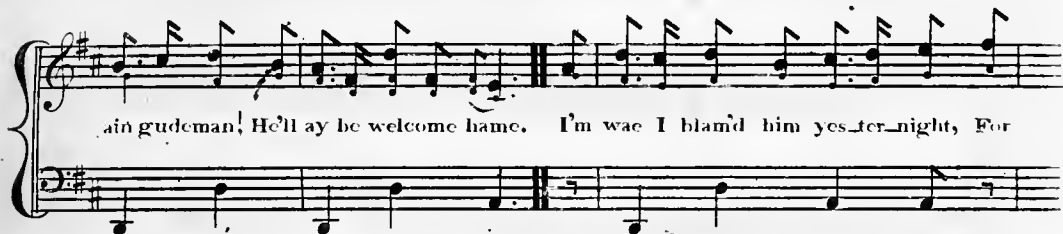
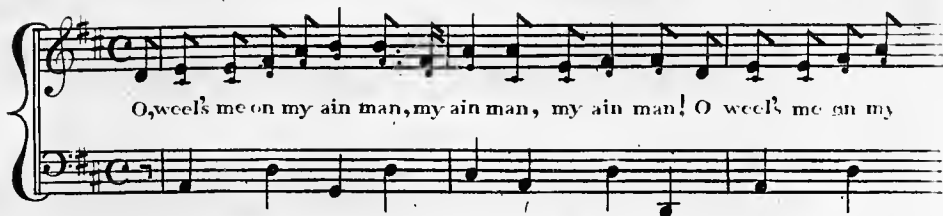
The Campbells, &c.

The Campbells they are a' in arms,  
Their loyal faith and truth to show;  
Wi' banners rattling in the wind,  
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!

The Campbells, &c.

## O, WHEELS ME ON MY AIN MAN.

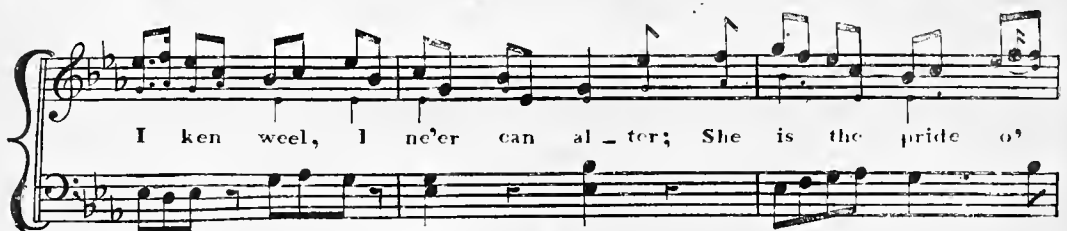
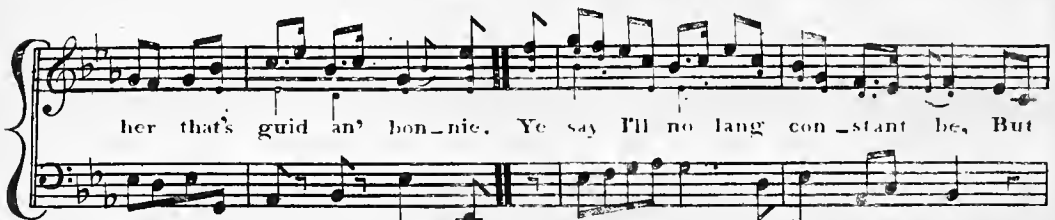
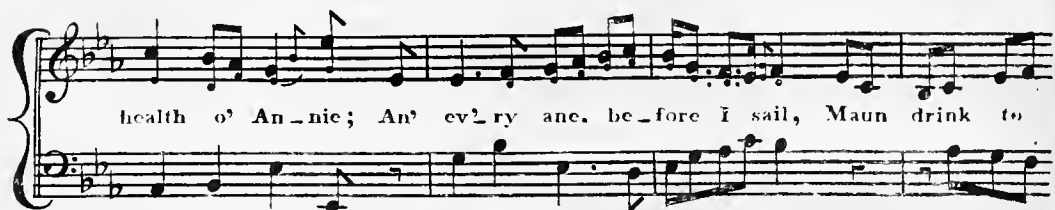
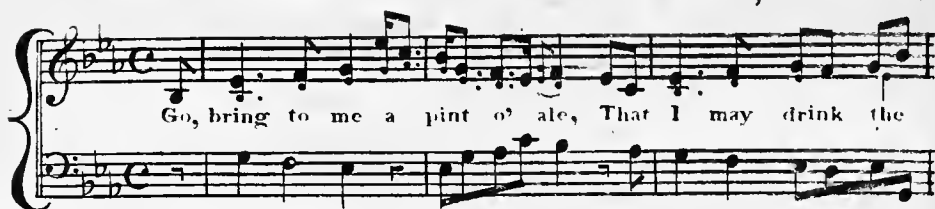
Air, Landlady count the Laun.



Rin, Jeanie, bring the Kehbuck ben,  
 An' lin' aneath the spreckl'd hen;  
 Meg, rise and sweep about the fire,  
 Syn cry on Johnnie frae the byre;  
 For weel's me on my ain man!  
 My ain man, my ain man;  
 For weel's me on my ain gude man!  
 I see him rinnin hame;

## GO, BRING TO ME A PINT O' ALE.

Air, Annan Water.



My Mither greets to part wi' me,

But langer here to bide I canna;

The Lassie's wae I too can see,

Tho' ne'er a word she says, my Annie.

Fareweel, fareweel, a' I loe dear!

Grit's my heart, and maist I falter;

Nae rest, nae joy will light on me,

Till I return to Annan Water.



## ANNAN WATER.

Same Air

Old Ballad.

Annan Water's wading deep,

And my love Annie's wond'rous bonnie;

And I am faith she suld weet her feet,

Because I luve her best of ony.

"Gar saddle me the bonny black;

Gar saddle sune, and make him ready;

For I will down the Gatehope-slack,

And a' to see my bonny Lady."

He has loupen on the bonny black,

He stirr'd him wi' the spur right sairly;

But, or he wan the Gatehope-slack,

I think the steed was wae and weary.

He has loupen on the bonny gray,

He rade the right gate and the ready;

I trow he wad neither stint nor stay,

For he was seeking his bonny Lady.

O he has ridden owre field and fell,

Thro' muir and moss, and mony a mire;

His spurs o' steel were sair to hide,

And frae her fore-feet flew the fire.

"Now bonny grey, now play your part!

Gin ye be the steed that wins my deary,

Wi' corn and hay ye'se be fed for aye,

And never spur sall mak ye wearie?"

The grey was a mare, and a right gude mare,

But whan she wan the Annan Water,

She could na hae ridden a furlong mair,

Had a thousand marks been waddled at her.

"O boatmen, boatmen, pit aff your boat!

Pit aff your boat for gowden monie!

I cross the drumlie stream the night,

Or never mair I see my honey?"

"O I was sworn sac late yestreen,

And not by ae aith, but by many;

And for a' the gowd in fair Scotland,

I dare na tak ye through to Annie?

O he has pou'd aff his drapperpy coat,

The silver buttons glanced bonny;

The waistcoat bursted aff his breast,

He was sac full o' melancholy.

He has ta'en the ford at that stream tail,

I wot he swam baith strong and steady;

But the stream was braid, and his strength did fail,

And he never saw his bonny Lady;

"O wae betide the frush saugh wand!

And wae betide the bush o' brier,

It brake into my true love's hand

When his strength did fail, and his limbs did tire.

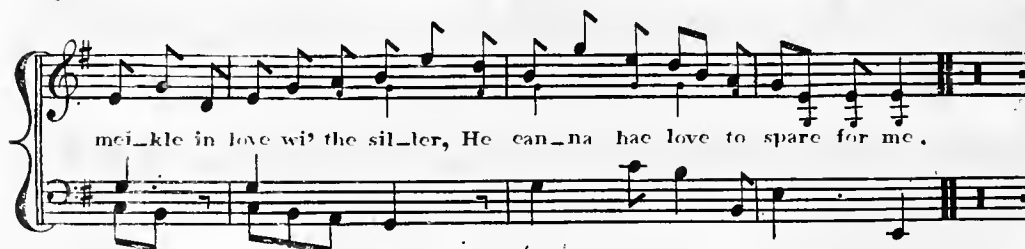
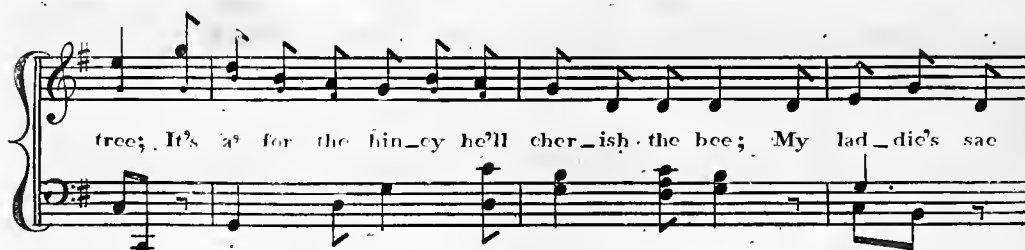
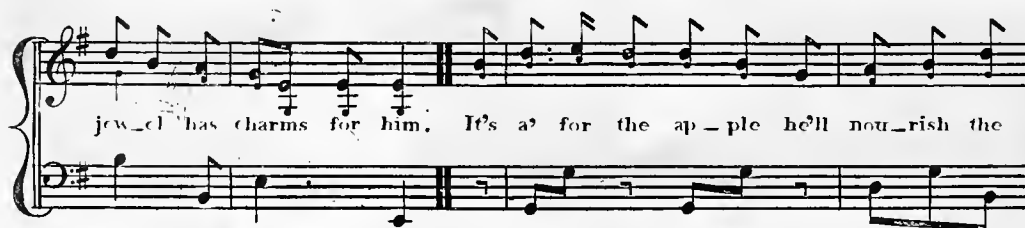
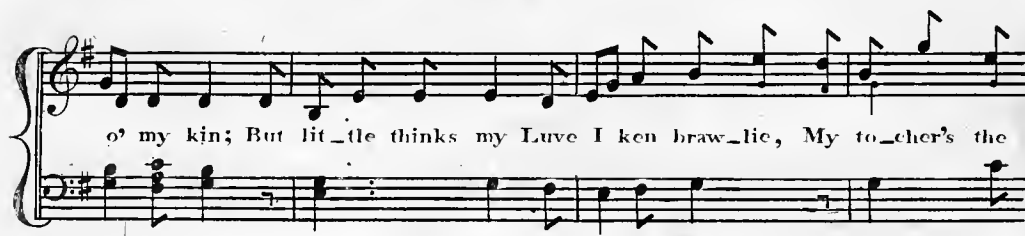
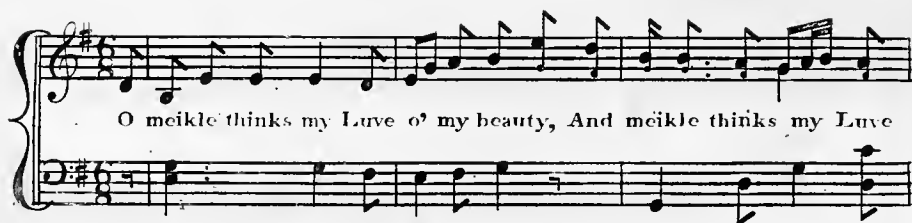
And wae betide ye, Annan Water,

This night that ye are a drumlie river!

For over thee I'll build a bridge,

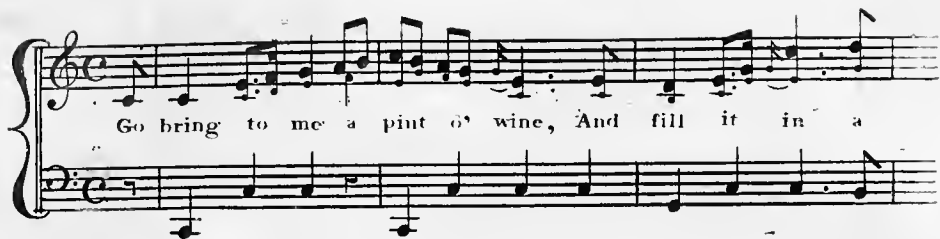
That ye never mair true love may sever?"

## MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

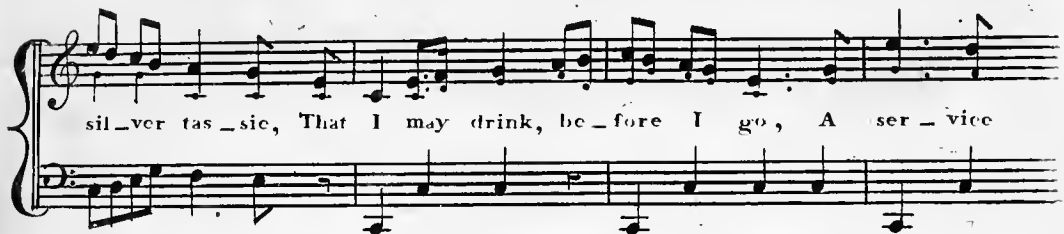


Your proffer o' luvie's an airle-penny,  
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad by;  
 But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,  
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.  
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,  
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,  
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,  
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

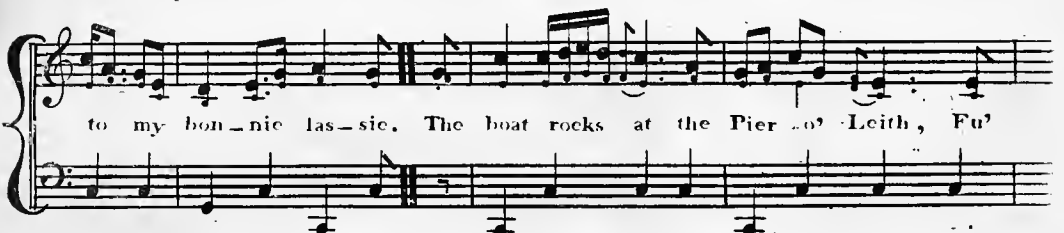
# MY BONNIE MARY.



Go bring to me a pint o' wine, And fill it in a



sil-ver tas-sie, That I may drink, be-fore I go, A ser-vice



to my bon-nie las-sie. The boat rocks at the Pier o' Leith, Fu'



loud the wind blows frae the Fer-ry, The Ship rides by the

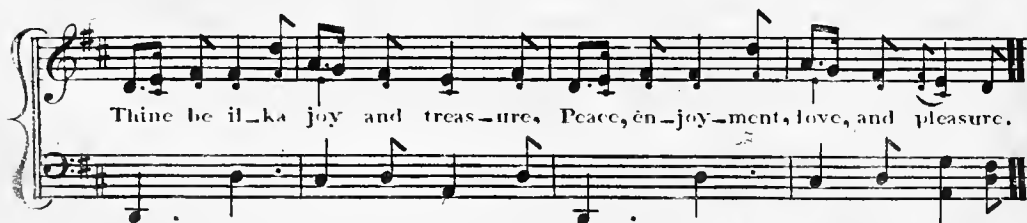


Ber-wick Law, And I maun leave my Bon-nie Ma-ry.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
The glittering spears are ranked ready;  
The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
The battle closes, deep and bloody!  
It's not the roar o' sea, or shore,  
Wad mak me langer wish to tarry;  
Nor shouts o' war, that's heard afar,  
It's leaving thee, my Bonnie Mary.

## FARE THEE WEEL, THOU FIRST AND FAIREST.

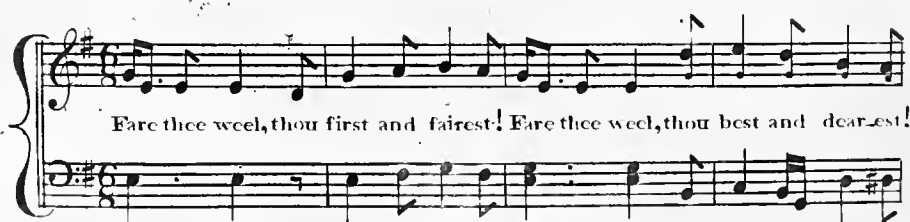
Slow and  
Tender.

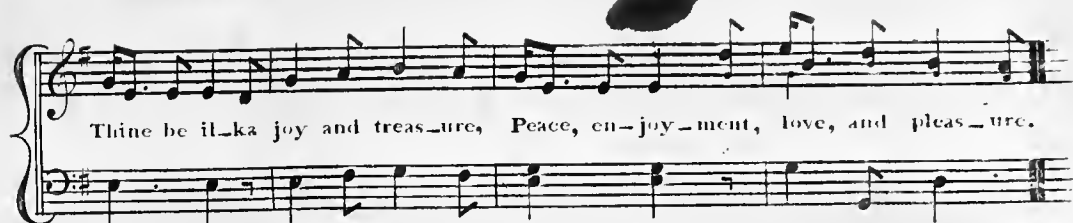


Wha can say, that fortune grieves him,  
While a ray of hope she leaves him?  
But nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,  
Dark despair around benights me.  
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,  
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,  
Never met — or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

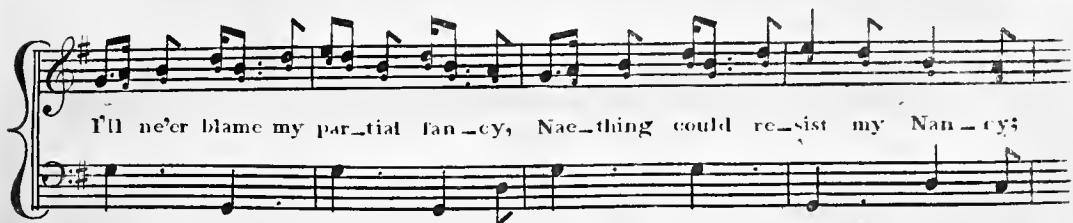
FARE THEE WEEL, THOU FIRST AND FAIREST! 2<sup>d</sup> Set.

Slow and  
Tender.





Thine be il-ka joy and treas-ure, Peace, en-joy-ment, love, and pleas-ure.

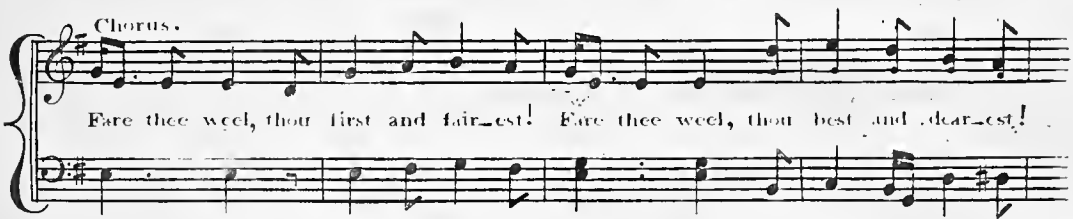


I'll ne'er blame my par-tial fan-cy, Nae-thing could re-sist my Nan-cy;

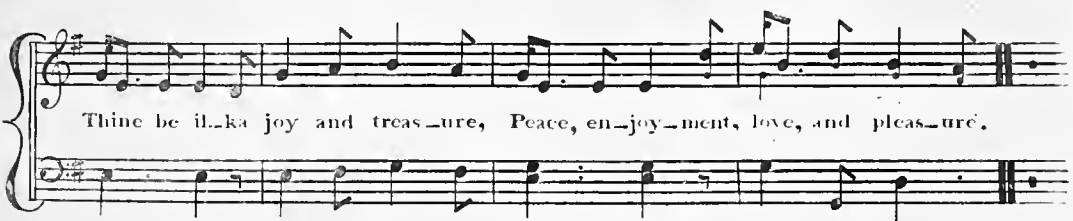


But to see her was to love her, Love but her, and love for ev-er.

Chorus.



Fare thee weel, thou first and fair-est! Fare thee weel, thou best and dear-est!



Thine be il-ka joy and treas-ure, Peace, en-joy-ment, love, and pleas-ure.

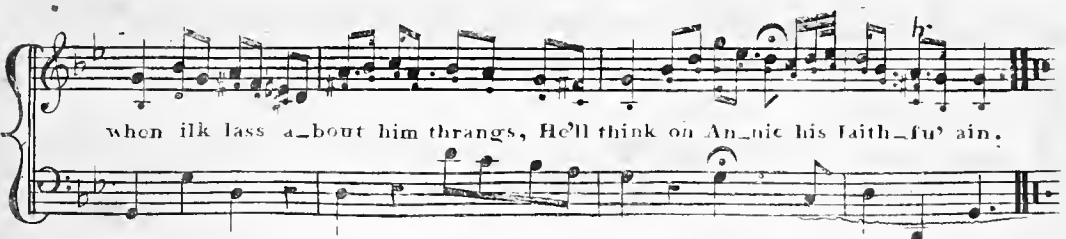
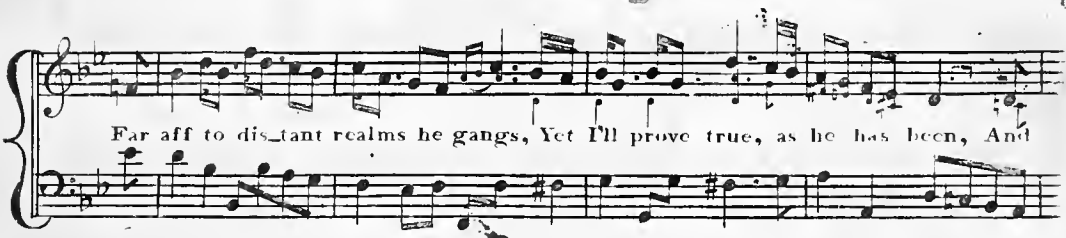
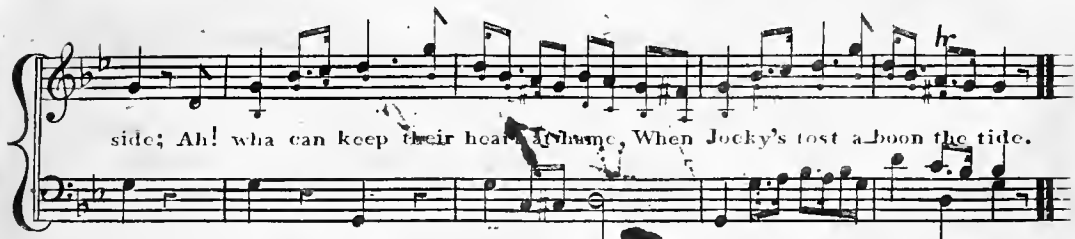
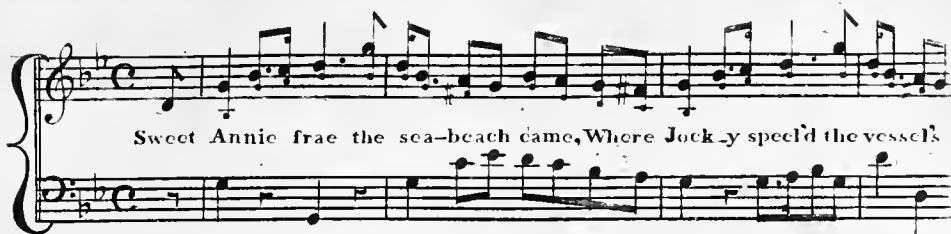
Wha can say that fortune grieves him,  
While a ray of hope she leaves him?  
But nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,  
Dark despair around benights me.  
Fare thee weel, &c.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,  
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,  
Never met — or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.  
Fare thee weel, &c.

## THERE'S MY THUMB I'LL NE'ER BEGUILE THEE.

Bet-ty ear-ly gone a may-ing, Met her lo-ver  
 Wil-lic stray-ing, Drift or chance, no mat-ter whe-ther,  
 Thus, we know, he rea-son'd with her: "My dear Bess, let love in-  
 -cline thee To tak the heart which he de-signs thee, And as your constant  
 slave re-gard it, Syne for it's faith-ful-ness re-ward it.

"Dearest maid! nay, do not fly me;  
 Let your pride no more deny me;  
 Never doubt your faithful Willie;  
 There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.  
 Oh, dear lassie! tis but daffin  
 To hand your wooer ay niff naffin,  
 That, na, na, I hate it vilely;  
 Oh, say yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee?"



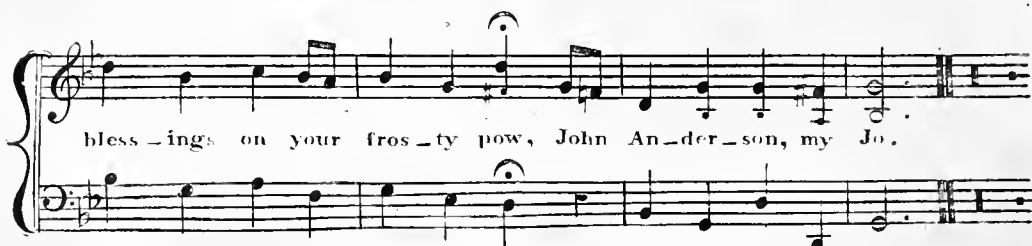
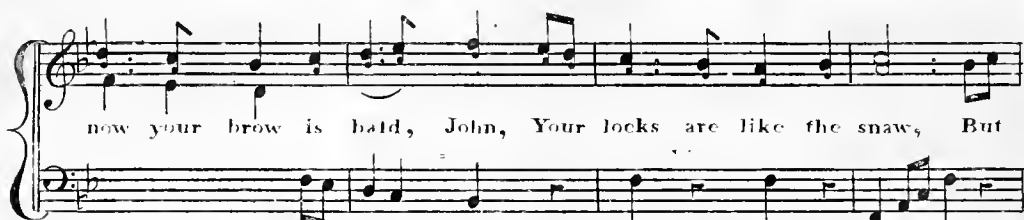
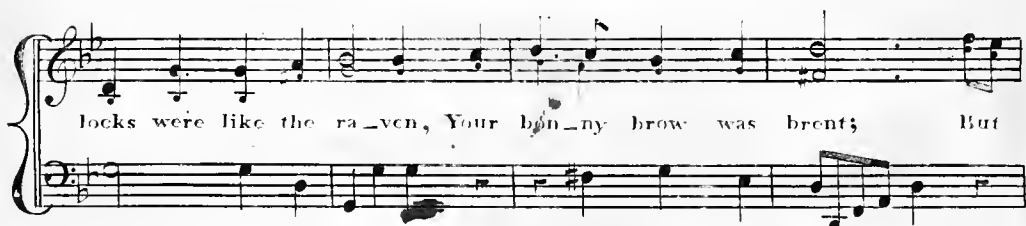
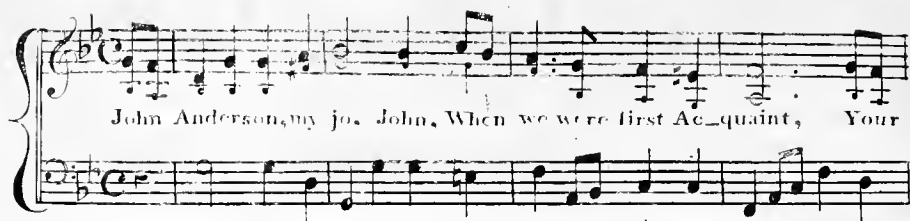
Blaw salt, ye gales, round Jocky's head,  
 And gar your waves be calm and still;  
 His hameward sail with breezes speed,  
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill.  
 What tho' my Jocky's far away,  
 Yet he will braw in siller shine;  
 I'll keep my heart anither day,  
 Since Jocky may again be mine.

O MARY! I HAD KNOWN THEE LONG. Same Air.

O Mary! I had known thee long,  
 Amid the gay, the thoughtless throng,  
 Where mien leaves modesty behind,  
 And manner takes the place of mind:  
 Where woman, tho' delightful still,  
 Quits Nature's ease for Fashion's skill,  
 Hides, by the gaudy gloss of art,  
 The simple beauty of her heart.

And born to lift our souls to heaven,  
 Strives for the gaze despised when given,  
 Forgets her being's godlike power  
 To shine the wonder of an hour:  
 Oft had I sigh'd to think that thou,  
 An Angel fair, could stoop so low;  
 Regret rose from thy causeless mirth  
 That Heaven could thus be stain'd by Earth.

## JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

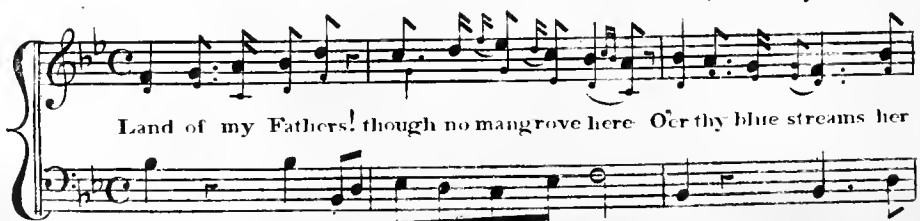


John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill the gither,  
 And mony a canty day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither;  
 Now we maun totter down, John;  
 Put hand-in-hand we'll go,  
 And sleep the gither at the foot,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

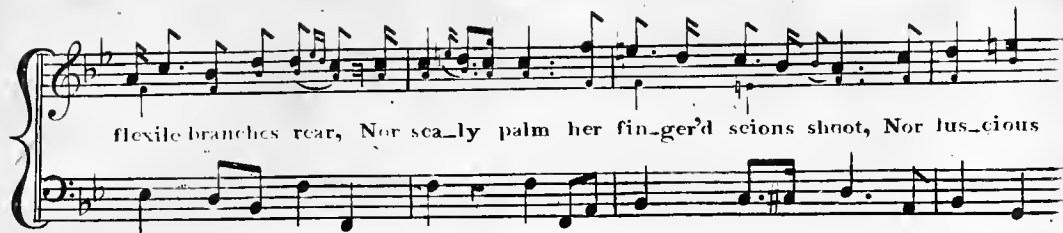
## LAND OF MY FATHERS.

Music by Smith.

With Spirit  
 & Feeling







Proud of his laws, tenacious of his right,  
 And vain of Scotia's old unconquer'd might;  
 Dear native vallies! may ye long retain  
 The charter'd freedom of the mountain swain;  
 Long, mid your sounding glades, in union sweet,  
 May rural innocence and beauty meet;  
 And still be duly heard, at twilight calm,  
 From every cot the peasant's chaunted psalm!

\* Then, Jedworth, though thy ancient choirs shall fade,  
 And time lay bare each lofty colonnade,  
 From the damp roof the massy sculptures die,  
 And in their vaults thy rifted arches lie;  
 Still in these vales shall Angel harps prolong,  
 By Jed's pure stream a sweeter ev'ning song  
 Than long processions, once, with mystic zeal,  
 Pour'd to the harp and solemn organ's peal.

\* The old Abbey at Jedburgh.

## LEWIE GORDON.

Jacobite.

Oh! send Lew-ie Gor-don hame, And the lad I win-na name;

Tho' his back be at the wa', Here's to him that's far a-wa.

Tenore.

Oh hon! my High-land-man! Oh my bon-nie High-land-man!

Treble.

Oh hon! my High-land-man! Oh my bon-nie High-land-man!

Chorus

Bass.

Oh hon! my High-land-man! Oh my bon-nie High-land-man!

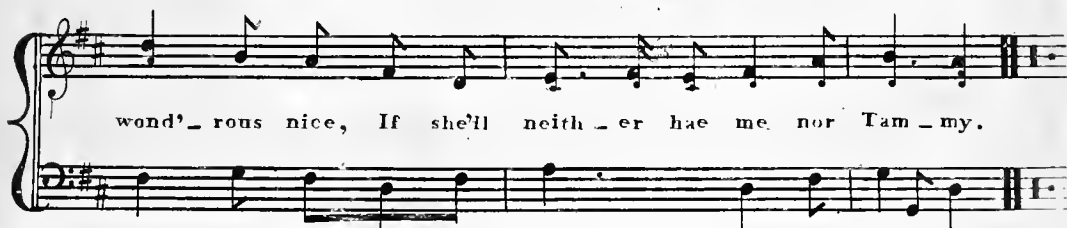
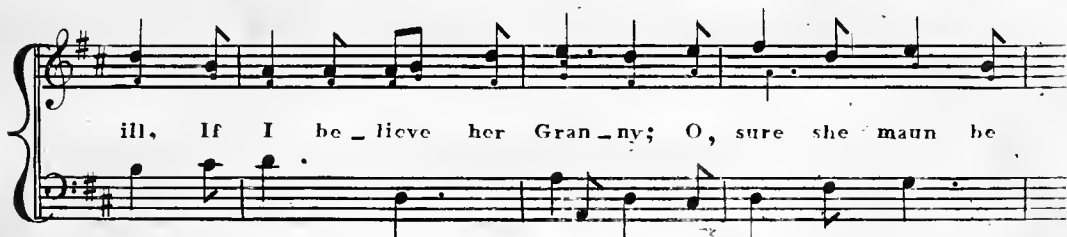
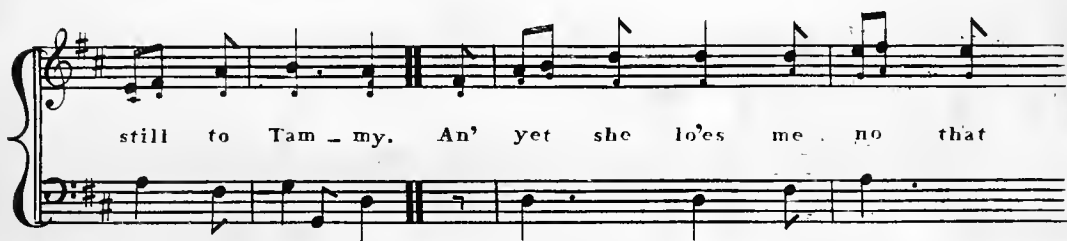
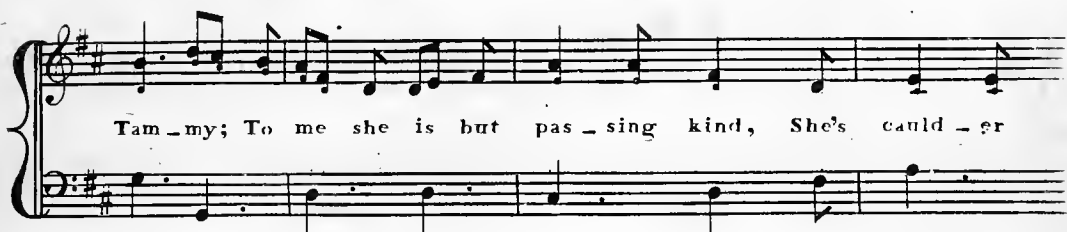
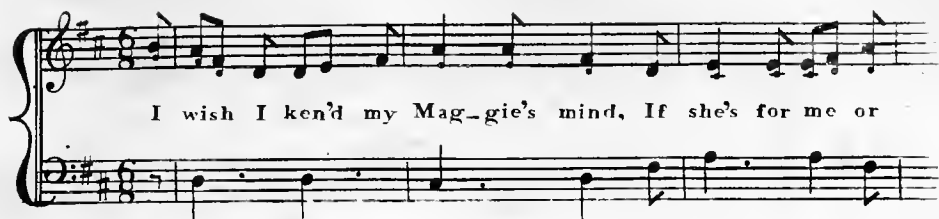
Weel wou'd I my true love ken A-mang ten thou-sand High-land-men.

Weel wou'd I my true love ken A-mang ten thou-sand High-land-men.

Oh! to see his tartan-trews,  
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes;  
Philabeg aboon his knee;  
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'  
Oh hon! &c.

The Princely youth that I do sing,  
Is fitted for to be a king;  
On his breast he wears a star,  
You'd take him for the god of war.  
Oh hon! &c.

Oh! to see this Princely One,  
Seated on a royal throne;  
Disasters a' would disappear;  
Then begins the Jub'lee year.  
Oh hon! &c.



|                                                |                                        |
|------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| I've spier'd her ance, I've spier'd her twice, | But if she's a fuil, and lightlies me, |
| And still she says she canna;                  | I'se c'en draw up wi' Nancy;           |
| I'll try her again, and that maks thrice,      | There's as guid fish into the sea      |
| And thrice, they say, is canny.                | As e'er cam out, I fancy.              |
| Wi' him she'll hae a chaise and pair,          | And tho' I say't that shoudna say't,   |
| Wi' me she'll hae shanks-naggie;               | I'm owre guid a match for Maggie;      |
| He's auld and black, I'm young and fair;       | Sae mak up your mind without delay,    |
| She'll surely ne'er tak Tammy.                 | Are ye for me, or Tammy?               |

# *BUSK YE, BUSK YE.*

Busk ye, busk ye, my bon-ny bride, Busk ye, busk ye, my  
win-some mar-row; Busk ye, busk ye my, bon-ny bride, And let us  
to the braes of Yar-row. There will we sport and ga-ther dew,  
Dan-cing, while lav'-rocks sing in the morning; There learn frac-tur-tles  
to prove true; O Bell, ne'er vex me with thy scorn-ing!

To westlin breezes Flora yields,  
And when the beans are kindly warming,  
Blythness appears o'er all the fields,  
And nature looks more fresh and charming.  
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,  
Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,  
Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,  
And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,  
 When first on them I met my lover!  
 Thy braes, how dreary, Yarrow stream,  
 When now thy waves his body cover!  
 For ever now, O Yarrow stream!

Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;  
 For never on thy banks shall I  
 Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed  
 To bear me to his father's bowers;  
 He promised me a little page  
 To squire me to his father's towers;  
 He promised me a wedding-ring,  
 The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow;  
 Now he is wedded to his grave,  
 Alas! his watery grave's in Yarrow.

Sweet were his words when last we met,  
 My passion I as freely told him;  
 Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought  
 That I should never more behold him.  
 Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost,  
 It vanished with a shriek of sorrow!  
 Thrice did the water wraith ascend,  
 And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow!

His mother from the window looked,  
 With all the longing of a mother;  
 His little sister, weeping, walked  
 The greenwood path to meet her brother.  
 They sought him east, they sought him west,  
 They sought him all the forest thorough;  
 They only saw the cloud of night;  
 They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from thy window look,  
 Thou hast no son, thou tender mother;  
 No longer walk, thou lovely maid,  
 Alas! thou hast no more a brother;  
 No longer seek him east or west,  
 And search no more the forest thorough,  
 For, wandering in the night so dark,  
 He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,  
 No other youth shall be my marrow;  
 I'll seek thy body in the stream,  
 And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow!  
 The tear did never leave her cheek,  
 No other youth became her marrow;  
 She found his body in the stream,  
 And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow!

## DEATH OF MONTEATH.\*



Shril-ly shriek'd the raging wind, And rudely blew the blast; Wi'

awsome blink, thro' the dark ha' The speed-y light-ning past. "Oh!

hear ye nae, frae mid the loch, A-rise a dead-ly grane? Sae

ev-er does the spi-rit warn, When we sum dethe maun mane.

"I feir, I feir me, gude Sir John,  
Ye are nae safe wi' me;  
What wae wald fill my heart, gin ye  
Shou'd in my castle dee."

"Ye need nae feir, my Ladye deir,  
I'm ay safe when wi' thee,  
And gin I maun nae wi' thee live,  
I here wad wish to dee."

His man cam running to the ha'  
Wi' wallow cheek belyve;  
"Sir John Monteith, your faes are near,  
And ye maun flee or strive!"

"What count syne lead the cruel knight?  
"Three spiermen to your ane:  
I reddye, flie, my master deir,  
Wi' spied, or ye'll be stain?"

"Tak ye this gown, my dear Sir John,  
To hide your shining mail;  
A boat waits at the hinder port,  
Owre the braid loch to sail."

"Oh! whatten a piteous shriek was yon,  
That soughed upon my eir?"  
"Nae piteous shriek, I trow, Ladye,  
But the rough blast ye heir?"

They socht the castle till the morn,  
Whan they were hown to gae;  
They saw the boat turn'd on the Loch  
Sir John's corse on the bræc.

\* Supposed to be the "fause Monteith" who betrayed the renowned Wallace.

## THE BRAES O' BALQUITHER.

Will ye go, Las-sie, go, To the braes o' Bal-qui-ther? Where the  
 blae ber-ries grow 'Mang the bon-nie Highland heather, Where the deer and the  
 rac, Light-ly sport-ing the-gether, Sport the lang sim-mer day 'Mang the  
 braes o' Bal-qui-ther. Will ye go, Las-sie, go, To the braes o' Bal-  
 qui-ther? Where the blae ber-ries grow, 'Mang the bonnie Highland heather.

I will twine thee a bow'r  
 By the clear siller fountain,  
 And I'll cover it o'er  
 Wi' the flow'rs o' the mountain.  
 Will ye go, &c.

I will range thro' the wilds,  
 And the deep glens sac dreary,  
 And return wi' their spoils  
 To the bow'r o' my deary.  
 Will ye go, &c.

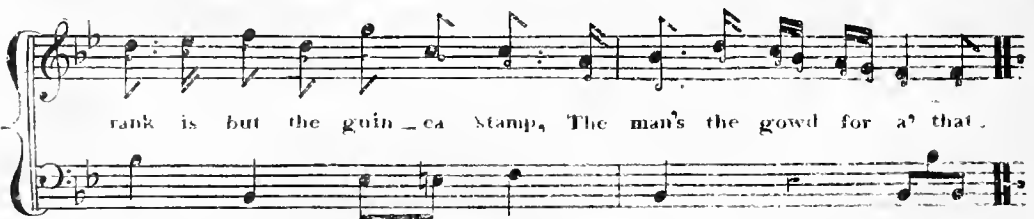
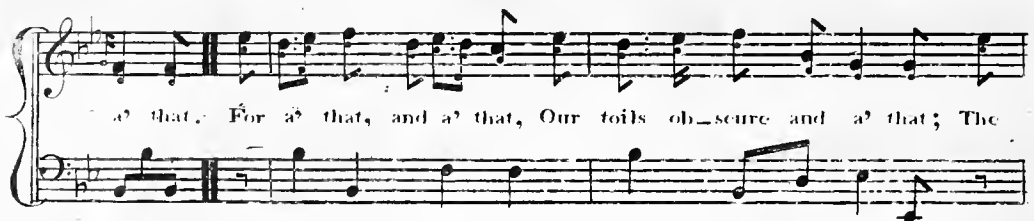
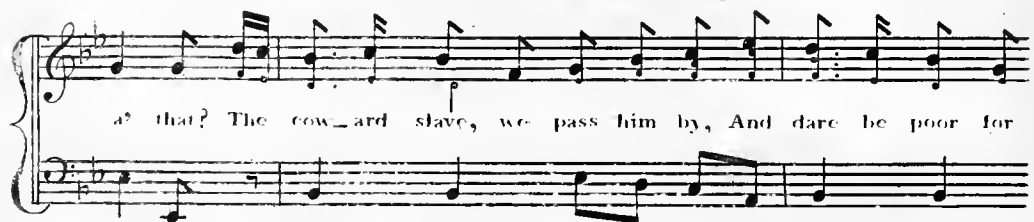
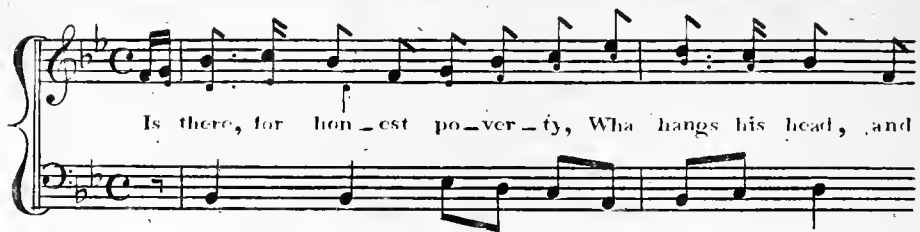
When the rude wintry win'  
 Idly raves round our dwelling,  
 And the roar of the lin  
 On the night breeze is swelling.  
 Will ye go, &c.

So merrily we'll sing,  
 As the storm rattles o'er us,  
 'Till the dear sheeling ring  
 Wi' the light-lifting chorus  
 Will ye go, &c.

Now the summer is in prime,  
 Wi' the flowers richly blooming,  
 And the wild mountain thyme  
 A' the moorlands perfuming.  
 Will ye go, &c.

To our dear native scenes  
 Let us journey together,  
 Where glad innocence reigns  
 'Mang the braes o' Balquither.  
 Will ye go, &c.

## FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.



What tho' on hamely fare we dine,

Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that;

Gie fools their silks, an' knaves their wine,

A man's a man for a' that;

For a' that, an' a' that,

Their tinsel show, an' a' that;

The honest man, though e'er sae poor,

Is chief o' men; for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,

Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;

Tho' hundreds worship at his word,

He's but a coof for a' that;

For a' that, an' a' that,

His ribband, stars, an' a' that,

The man of independent mind

Can look an' laugh at a' that.

A King can mak a belted knight,

A Marquis, Duke, and a' that;

But an honest man's aboon his might,

Gude faith, he manna fa' that,

For a' that, an' a' that,

Their dignities, an' a' that,

The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,

Are higher ranks then a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,

As come it will for a' that,

That sense an' worth, e'er a' the earths

May bear the gree, an' a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,

It's coming yet, for a' that,

That man to man, the world o'er,

Shall brothers be for a' that.



## O GEORDIE REIGNS IN JAMIE'S STEAD!

Same Air.

O Geordie reigns in Jamie's stead!

I'm griev'd, but scorn to shaw that;

I'll no cast down, nor hang my head,

On Rebel Whigs for a' that,

And a' that, and a' that,

And thrice as mickle as a' that,

I'll no cast down, nor hang my head,

On Rebel Whigs for a' that,

But still I'll trust in Providence,

And ay I'll laugh at a' that,

And sing he's owre the hills the night,

That I lo'e weel for a' that,

And a' that, &amp;c.

He wears a broad Sword by his side,

He kens weel how to draw that;

The Target and the Highland plaid,

The shoulder belt, and a' that,

And a' that, &amp;c.

He's far beyond Killabrac the night

That I lo'e weel for a' that;

He wears a Pistol on his side,

That maks me blyth for a' that,

And a' that, &amp;c.

A bonnet bound wi' ribbons blue,

The white cockade, and a' that,

He wears, that owre the hills this night,

That I'll gae wi', for a' that,

And a' that, &amp;c.

The Highland Coat, and Philabeg,

The Tartan trows, and a' that,

He wears, that's owre the hills the night,

That I'll go wi', for a' that,

And a' that, &amp;c.

The Whigs they think that Willie's mine,

But 'deed they mauna lo' that;

They think our hearts will be cast down,

But we'll be blyth for a' that,

And a' that, &amp;c.

For a' your powder'd perri-wigs,

And a' your muslin cravats,

And a' your fifteen hundred marks,

You'll no be King for a' that,

And a' that, and a' that,

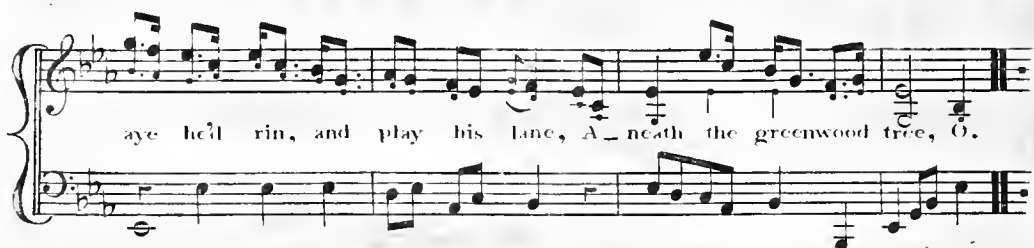
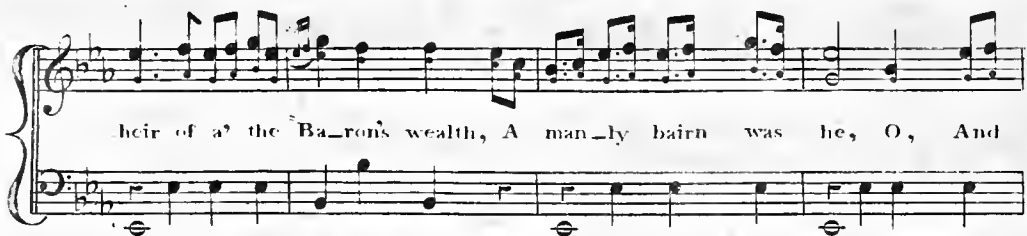
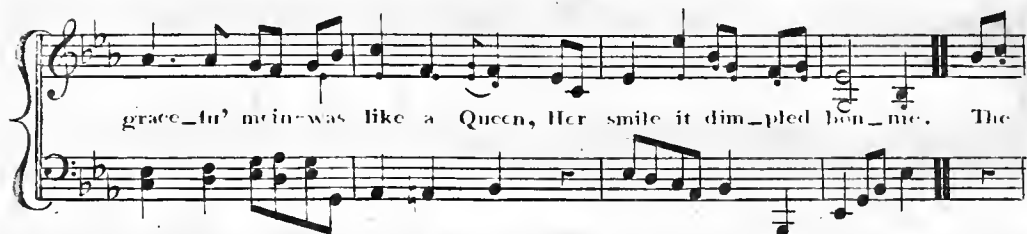
And thrice as mickle as a' that,

He's coming down aboon Dunkeld,

Will be our King for a' that.

## O STATELY STOOD THE BARON'S HA'

Air—Widow are ye waukin'?



But wae, wae was the heavy mane,  
Gaed thro' that Castle ha', O,  
When gloamin cam, ae simmer's den,  
Young Ronald was awa, O.  
They sought him east, they sought him west,  
O north and south they sought him,  
And noble was the offered boon  
To them that wad hae brought him.

The Lady pined, her cheek grew wan,  
The wound was past a' curin',  
And the bowers whar first she fostered him,  
Were past her heart's endurin'.  
Her lovin' Lord wi' tender care  
Took her to wander far, O,  
And the only thought ere dried her ee,  
Flew aboon the mornin' star, O!

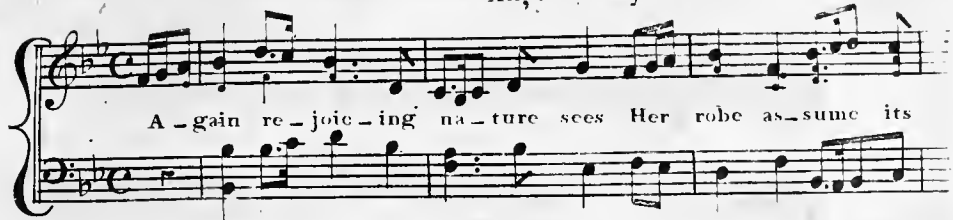
Her feckless frame could little bide,  
Slow turned the tardy wheels, O,  
They saw a nut-brown, bonny boy,  
Fast rinnin' at their heels, O.  
"Stay, Faither, Mither, stay for me!  
I'll never never leave ye!—  
It was na me that gaed awa,  
'Twas the gypsies took me frae ye!"

Now, tell wha may, their joy that day,  
Wha n'er thought joy to meet, O;  
Fresh roses budded on her cheek,  
And her smile it dimpled sweet, O.  
Frac green wood bowers, and stately towers,  
Nae mair they wandered far, O,  
And their gratefu' lays, o' joy and praise,  
Flew aboon the mornin' star, O.

# AGAIN REJOICING NATURE.

53

Air, I wish my love were in a mire.



ver - nal hues; Her leaf - y locks wave in the breeze, All

fresh - ly steep'd in morn - ing dews, In vain to me the cow - slips .

blaw, In vain to me the vi - lets spring; In vain to me, in

glen or shaw, The ma - vis and the lint - white sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,

Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;

But life to me's a dreary dream,

A dream of aye that never wauks.

The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,

And o'er the moorlands whistles shill,

Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step

I meet him on the dewy hill.

But when the lark, 'tween light and dark

Blyth waukens by the daisies' side,

And mounts and sings, on flitt'ring wings,

A wae worn ghaist, I hameward glide.

Come, winter, wi' thine angry howl,

And raging bend the naked tree,

Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul

When Nature all is sad like me.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST. 9<sup>th</sup> Sept: 1513.\*

I've heard them lilt-ing at the ewe-milk-ing,

Lass-es a' lilt-ing be-fore dawn of day; But now they are

moan-ing on il-ka green loan-ing; The flow'rs of the For-est are

a' wede a-way. At lughts, in the mor-ning, nae blyth lads are

scor-ing; Lass-es are lone-ly, and dow-ie, and wae; Nae

daff-ing, nae gabbing, but sigh-ing and sabb-ing; Ilk ane lifts her

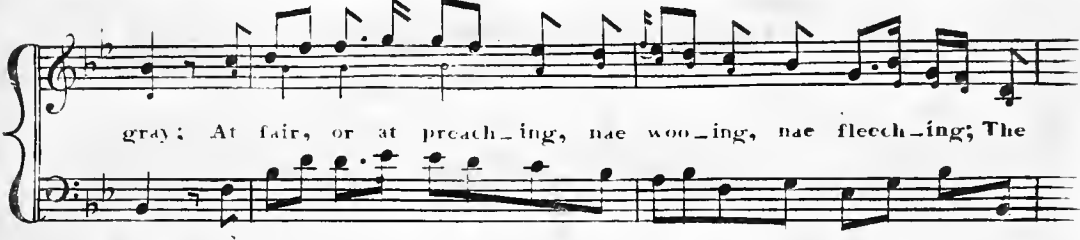
\* Battle of Flodden where James 4<sup>th</sup> and his Nobles fell.



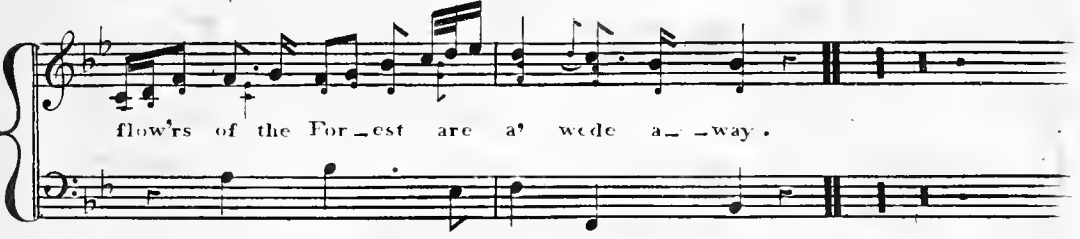
leg-lin, and bies her a-way. In harst, at the shear-ing, nae



youths now are jeer-ing, Band-sters are run-kled, and ly-art, or



gray; At fair, or at preach-ing, nae woo-ing, nae fleech-ing; The



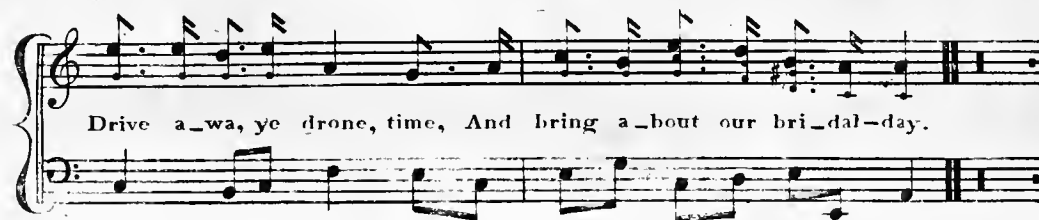
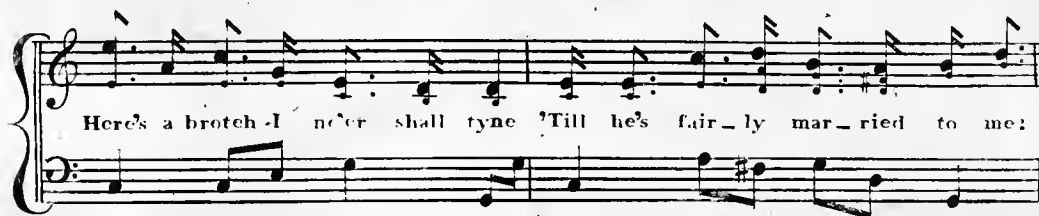
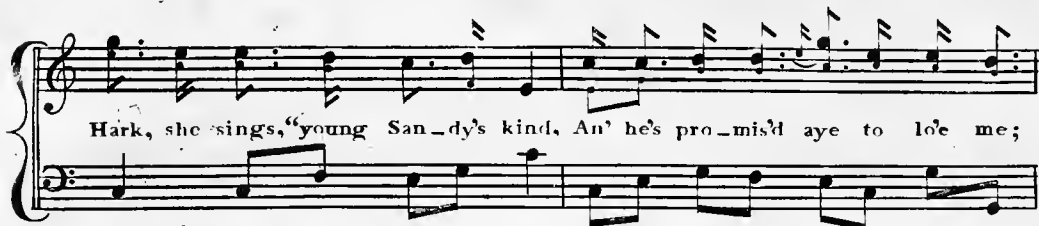
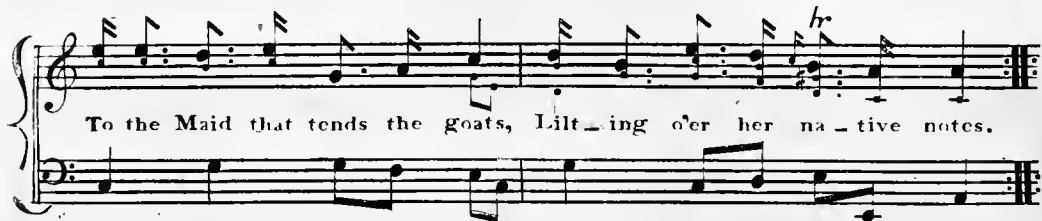
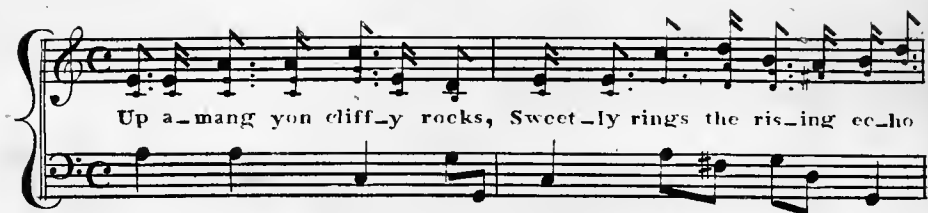
flow'rs of the For-est are a' wede a-way.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae youngers are roaming  
 'Bout stacks, with the lassies at bogle to play;  
 But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her deary—  
 The flowers of the Forest are weded away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the border;  
 The English for aince by guile wan the day;  
 The flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,  
 The prime of our land are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liltin' at the ewe-milking,  
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae;  
 Sigling and moaning on ilka green loaning—  
 The flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

## UP AMANG YON CLIFFY ROCKS.



"Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,  
Aften does he blaw the whistle  
In a strain sae saftly sweet,  
Lammies listning dare-nae bleat.  
He's as fleet's the mountain roe,  
Hardy as the highland heather,  
Wading thro' the winter snow,  
Keeping ay his flocks thegither;

But a plaid wi' bare knees  
He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

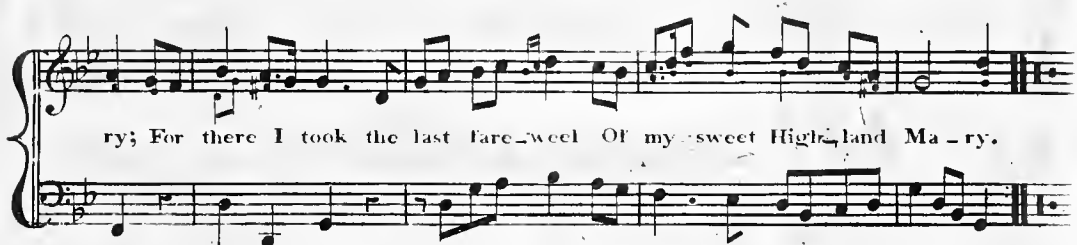
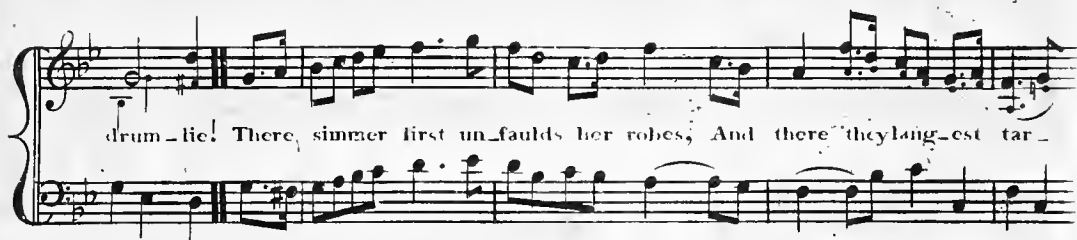
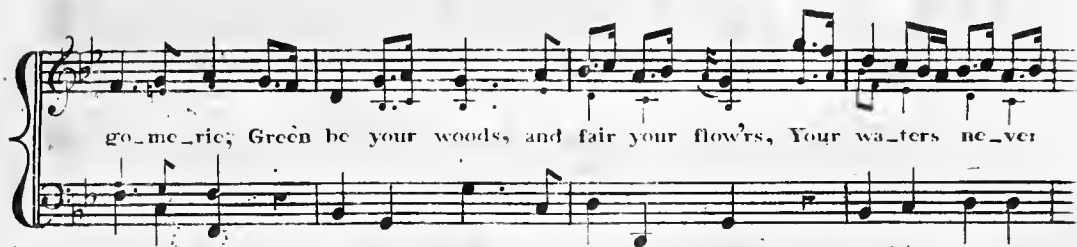
"Brawly he can dance and sing  
Canty glee or highland crònach;  
Nane can ever match his fling  
At a réel, or round a ring;  
Wightly can he wield a rung;  
In a brawl he's ay the bangster;  
A' his praise can ne'er be sung  
By the langest winded sangster;

Sangs that sing o' Sandy  
Seem short, tho' they were e'er sae lang."

# HIGHLAND MARY.

- 57

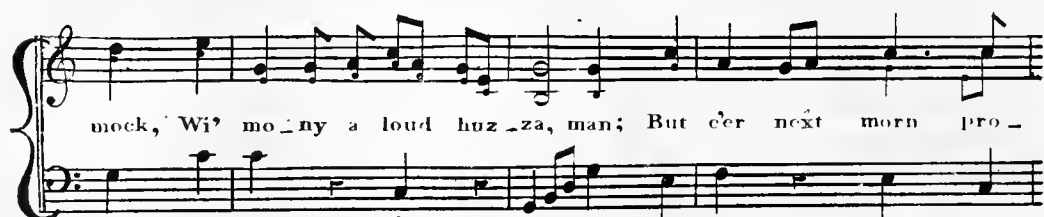
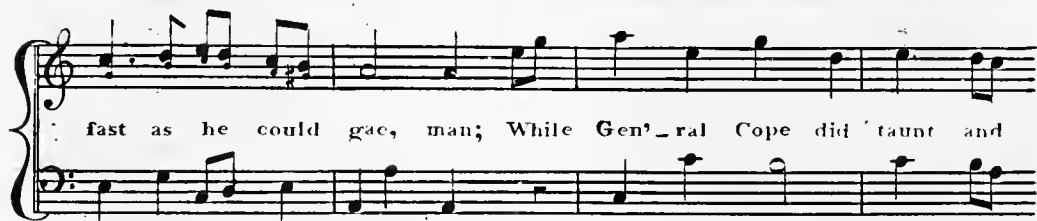
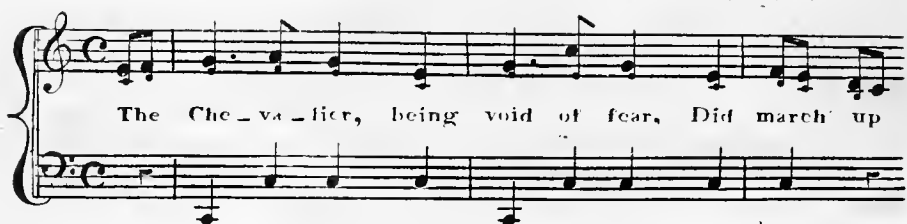
Air, Kaitrine Ogie.



But oh! fell death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my flower sae early!  
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
 That wraps my Highland Mary!  
 And mouldering now in silent dust,  
 That heart that lo'd me dearly!  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

## TRANENT MUIR.

Jacobite.



The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,  
Led Camerons on in clouds, man;  
The morning fair, and clear the air,  
They loos'd wi' devilish thuds, man.

Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,  
And soon did chase them aff, man;  
On Scaton Craigs they buft their chafts,  
And gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons swore, blood and 'boons!

They'd make the rebels run, man,  
And yet they flee when them they see,  
And winna fire a gun, man:

They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,  
Such terror seiz'd them a', man;  
Some they roared, and some they grat,  
And some for fear did fa', man.



The Volunteers prick'd up their ears,  
 And vow'd gin they were crouse, man;  
 But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'st,  
 They were na worth a louse, man;  
 Maist feek gade hame! O, fy for shame!  
 They'd better stay'd awa', man,  
 Than wi' cockade to make parade,  
 And do nae good at a', man.

Monteith the great, in a great fright,  
 Un'wares did ding him o'er, man;  
 Yet wad na stand to bear a hand,  
 But aff fou fast did scour, man,  
 O'er Soutra hill, e'er he stood still,  
 Before he tasted meat, man;  
 Troth, he may brag of his swift nag,  
 That bare him aff sae fleet, man.

And Simpson, keen to clear the een  
 Of rebels far in wrang, man;  
 Did never strive wi' pistols five,  
 But gallop'd wi' the thrang, man;  
 He turn'd his back, and in a crack  
 Was cleanly out o'sight, man,  
 And thought it best, it was nae jest  
 Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang, nane bade the bang  
 But twa, and ane was tane, man;  
 For Campbell rade, but Myrie stay'd,  
 And sair he paid the kaine, man;  
 Fell skelps he got was waur than shot,  
 Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man;  
 Frae mony a spout came running out  
 His recking-hot red gore, man.

But Gard'ner brave did still behave  
 Like to a hero bright, man;  
 His courage true, like him were few  
 That still despised flight, man;  
 For King, and laws, and country's cause,  
 In honour's bed he lay, man;  
 His life, but not his courage, fled,  
 While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,  
 Was brought down to the ground, man;  
 His horse being shot, it was his lot  
 For to get mony a wound, man;  
 Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,  
 Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,  
 Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,  
 And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spur'd his beast,  
 'Twas little there he saw, man;  
 To Berwick rade, and falsely said,  
 The Scots' were rebels a', man;  
 But let that end, for well 'tis kend  
 His use and wont to lie, man;  
 The Teague is naught, he never faught,  
 When he had room to flee, man.

And Caddell drest among the rest,  
 With gun and good claymore, man,  
 On gelding grey he rode that way,  
 With pistols set before, man;  
 The cause was good, he'd spend his blood  
 Before that he would yield, man;  
 But the night before he left the core,  
 And never fac'd the field, man.

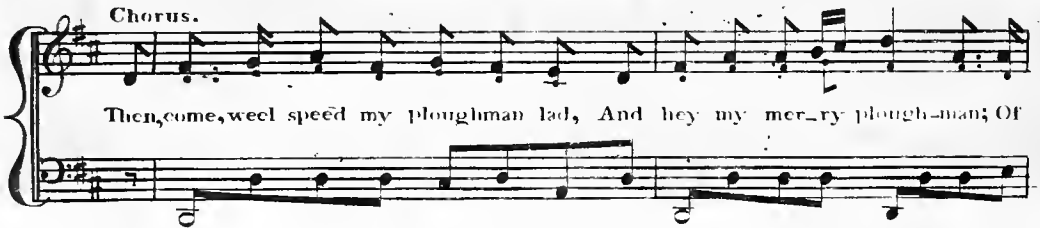
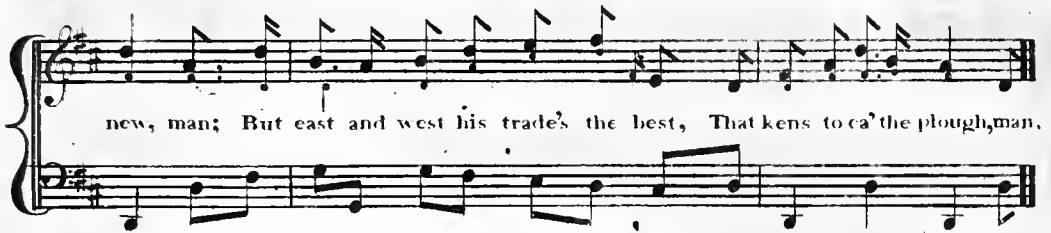
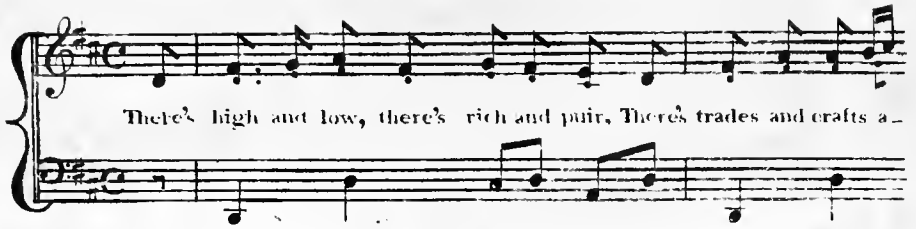
But gallant Roger, like a sodger,  
 Stood, and bravely fought, man;  
 I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,  
 But mae down wi' him brought, man;  
 At point of death, wi' his last breath,  
 (Some standing round in ring, man)  
 On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat  
 And cry'd, God save the King, man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,  
 Neglecting to pursue, man,  
 About they fac'd, and in great haste  
 Upon the booty flew, man;  
 And they, as gain for a' their pain,  
 Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man;  
 Fu' bald can tell, how her nainsell  
 Was ne'er sae pra before, man.

At the thorn-tree, which you may see  
 Bewest the meadow mill, man;  
 There mony slain lay on the plain,  
 The clans pursuing still, man;  
 Sic unco hacks, and deadly whacks,  
 I never saw the like, man;  
 Lost hands and heads cost them their dead,  
 That fell near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,  
 I gaed to see the fray, man;  
 But had I wist what after past,  
 I'd better stay'd away, man;  
 On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,  
 They pick'd my pockets bare, man;  
 But I wish ne'er to dree sic fear,  
 For a' the sum and mair, man. A

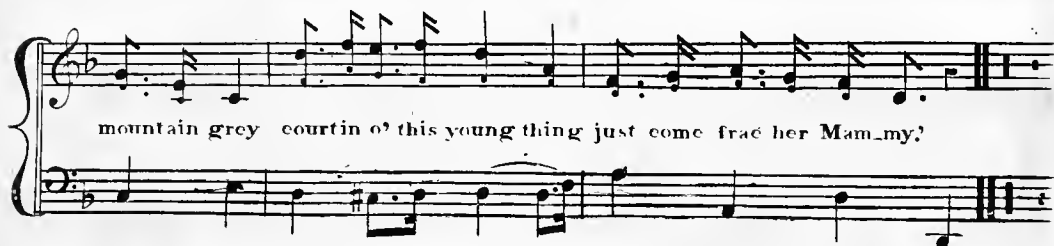
## THE PLOUGH-MAN.



His dreams are sweet upon his bed,  
His cares are light and few, man;  
His mother's blessing's on his head,  
That tents her weel, the plough-man  
Then, come, weel speed, &c.

The lark sae sweet, that starts to meet  
The morning fresh and new, man;  
Blythe tho' she be, as blythe is he  
That sings as sweet, the plough-man.  
Then, come, weel speed, &c.

All fresh and gay, at dawn of day  
Their labours they renew, man;  
Heaven bless the seed, and bless the soil,  
And Heaven bless the plough-man!  
Then, come, weel speed, &c.



“And whar gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy?”

‘I gat her down in yonder howe,

Smiling on a broomy knowe,

Herding ae wee Lamb and Ewe for her poor Mammy?—

“What said ye to the bonny bairn, my boy Tammy?”

‘I hae a-house, it cost me dear,

I’ve walth o’ plenishen and gear,

Yese get it a’, war’t ten times mair, gin ye will leave your Mammy?

“The smile gade aff her bonny face—“I manna leave my Mammy!

She’s gi’en me meat, she’s gi’en me claise,

She’s been my comfort a’ my days,

My Father’s death brought mony wacs—I canna leave my Mammy.”

“We’ll tak her hame and mak her fain, my ain kind-hearted Lammy,

We’ll gi’e her meat, we’ll gi’e her claes,

We’ll be her comfort a’ her days?”

The wee thing gi’es her hand, and says, “There, gang and ask my Mammy.”

“Has she been to kirk wi’ thee, my boy Tammy?”

‘She has been to kirk wi’ me,

And the tear was in her ee,

But Oh! she’s but a young thing just come frae her Mammy?

## MARY'S DREAM.

Old Set.

The love-ly moon had climb'd the hill, Where ea-gles big a-  
 boon the Dee; And, likè the looks of a love-ly dame, Brought joy to  
 il-ka bo-dy's ee; A' but sweet Ma-ry, deep in sleep, Her  
 thoughts on San-dy, far at sea; A' voice drapt saft-ly  
 on her ear, "Sweet Ma-ry, weep nae mair for me?"

She lifted up her waukening een,  
 To see from whence the voice might be,  
 And there she saw young Sandie stand,  
 Pale, bending on her his hollow-ee!  
 "O Mary, dear, lament nae mair,  
 I'm in death's thraws an' ath the sea;  
 Thy weeping makes me sad in bliss,  
 Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me;

"The wind slept when we left the bay,  
 But soon it waked and raised the main,  
 And God, he bore us down the deep,  
 Wha strive wi' him, but strive in vain!  
 He stretch'd his arm and took me up,  
 Tho' laith I was to gang but thee:  
 I look frae Heaven aboon the storm,  
 Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me?"

Modern Set.

The moon had climb'd the high-est hill, Which ri-ses o'er the  
source of Dee And from the eas-tern sum-mit shed Her sil-ver  
light on tow'r and tree; When Ma-ry laid her down to sleep, Her  
thoughts on San-dy, far at sea; When soft and low a-  
voice was heard Say, "Ma-ry weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently rais'd  
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.  
Evn' 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."

## O BOTHWELL BANK.

O, Both\_well - bank, thou bloom - est fair; But, ah! thou  
mak'st my heart fu' sair; For a' be - neath thy woods sae green  
My love and I wad sit at e'en, While daisies, and prim - ro - ses  
mixt Wi' blue bells, in my locks he fixt. O, Both - well  
bank, thou bloom - est fair; But, ah! thou mak'st my heart fu' sair.

Sad he left me ae dreary day,  
And haplie now sleeps in the clay,  
Without ae sigh his death to moan,  
Without ae flow'r his grave to crown.  
O whither is my lover gone?  
Alas! I fear he'll ne'er return.  
O, Rothwell bank, thou bloomest fair;  
But, ah! thou mak'st my heart fu' sair.

## YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON.

*Tenor.*

Ye banks and braes o' bon-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and

*Treble.*

Ye banks and braes o' bon-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and

fair? How can ye chant, ye lit-tle birds, And I sae wea-rie fu' o' care? Thou'lt

fair? How can ye chant, ye lit-tle birds, And I sae wea-rie fu' o' care? Thou'lt

break my heart, thou warbling bird, That wan-tons thro' the flowery thorn: Thou

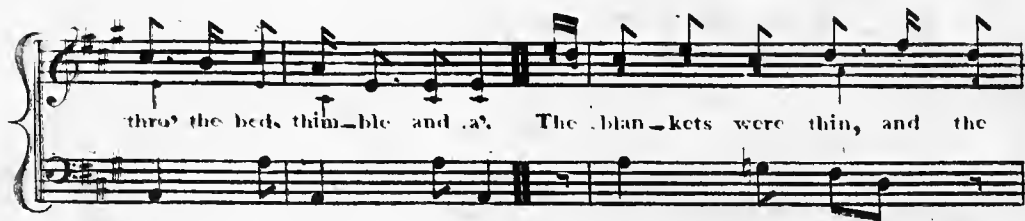
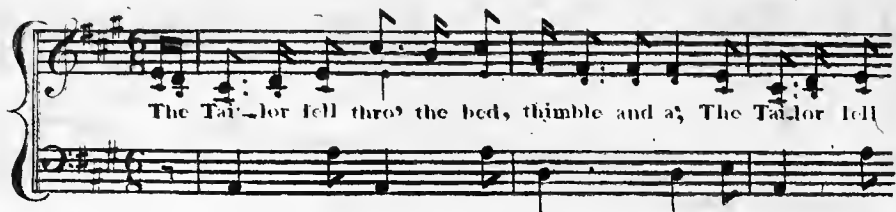
break my heart, thou warbling bird, That wan-tons thro' the flowery thorn: Thou

mind'st me o' de-part-ed joys, De-par-ted ne-ver to re-turn.

mind'st me o' de-part-ed joys, De-par-ted ne-ver to re-turn.

Oft have I rovd' by bonnie Doon,  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
 Whereilka bird sang o' its luvè,  
 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.

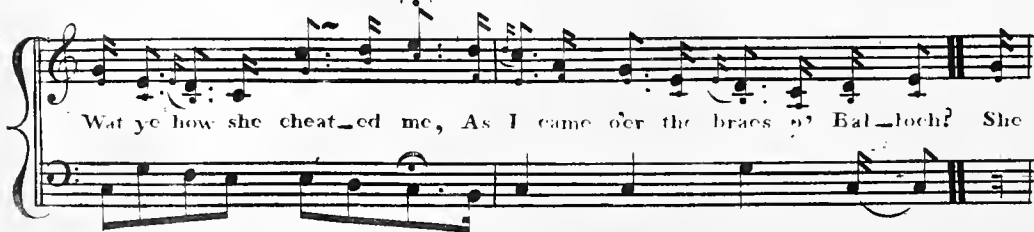
# THE TAILOR FELL THRO' THE BED.



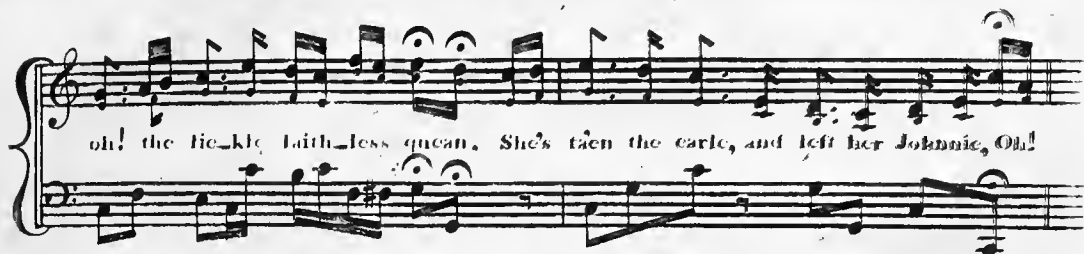
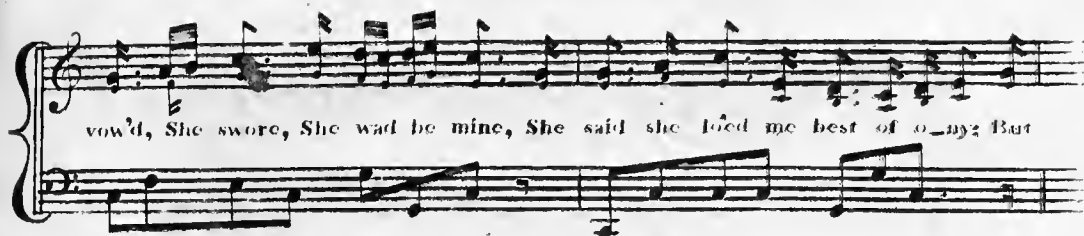
Afore it was light, the Tailor he raise,  
Afore it was light, he put on his claths:  
"The blankets are thin, the sheets they are sma',  
And I canna get rest, so I'll een gang awa'."

Loud rair'd the Luckie, when she gaed ben,  
"Sic a like trick, wha-e'er did ken.  
The work's no done, and the Tailor's awa';  
He's off wi' his shears, his thimble, and a'."

## ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.







A little quicker.



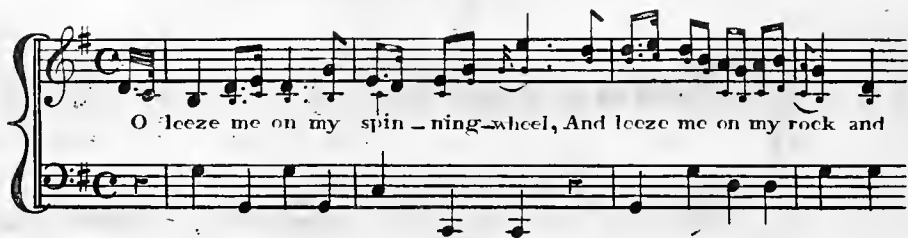
O she was a canty quean,  
And weel could dance the Highland walloch!  
How happy I, had she been mine,  
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!  
Oh, Roy's Wife, &c.



Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,  
Her wee bit nou sae sweet and bonnie;  
To me she ever will be dear,  
Tho' she's for ever left her Johnnie.  
Oh, Roy's Wife, &c.

## BESS AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

Slowly



On ilka hand the burnies trot,  
And meet below my theekit cot;  
The scented birk and hawthorn white  
Across the pool their arms unite;  
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,  
And little fishes caller rest:  
The sun blinks kindly in the biel;  
Where, blythe, I turn my spinnin wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,  
And echo cons the doolfu' tale;  
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,  
Delighted, rival ither's lays.  
The 'craik among the claver hay,  
The paitrick whirrin o'er the lea,  
The swallow jinkin round my shiel,  
Amuse me at my spinnin wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,  
Aboon distress, below envy,  
O wha wad leave this humble state,  
For a' the pride of a' the great?  
Amid their flairing, idle toys,  
Amid their cumbrous, dainsome joys,  
Can they the peace and pleasure feel  
Of Bessy, at her spinnin wheel.

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.

69

Slow with Expression

Sweet fash the eye on Craigie-burn wood, And blythe a-  
wakes the morrow; But at the pride o' Craigie-burn-wood, Can  
yield me nought but sorrow. I see the spread - ing  
leaves and flowers, I hear the wild birds sing - ing; But plea - sure  
they hae nane for me, While care my heart is wring - ing.

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,  
Yet dare na for your anger;  
But secret love will break my heart,  
If I conceal it langer,  
If thou refuse to pity me,  
If thou shalt love another,  
When you green leaves fade frae the tree,  
Around my grave they'll wither.

## EPPIE ADAIR.



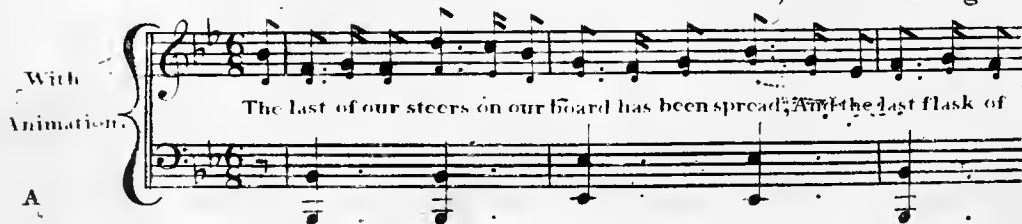
An'oh, my Eppie, My jewel, my Eppie, Wha wad na be hap-py Wi'  
 Ep-pic A-dair? By love and by beau-ty, By law and by du-ty, I'll  
 ex-er be true to my Ep-pic A-dair. Mis-for-tune would take me, And  
 guil-ty tears shake me, If I should for-sake ye, My Ep-pic A-dair.

But why thus allirm it?  
 Ye're no' now to learn it;  
 Your merit confirms it,  
 Sae gude and sae fair,  
 The lassie that's peerless,  
 O' rivals is fearless;  
 He'll ne'er lo'e hüt ane,  
 That lo'es Eppie Adair.

## THE FORAY.

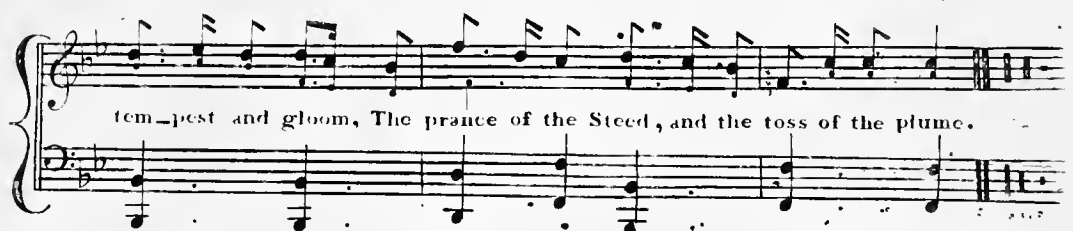
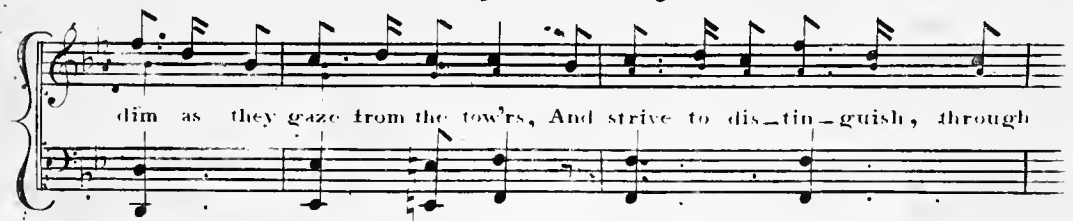
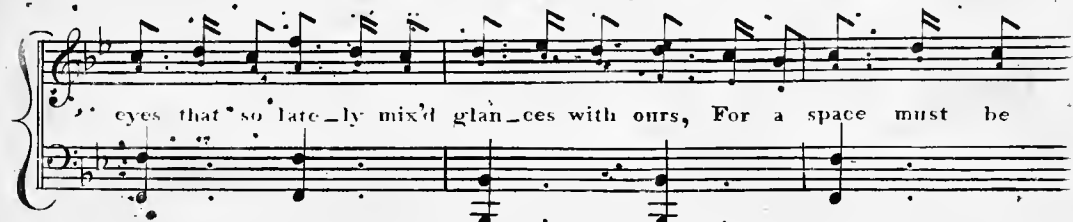
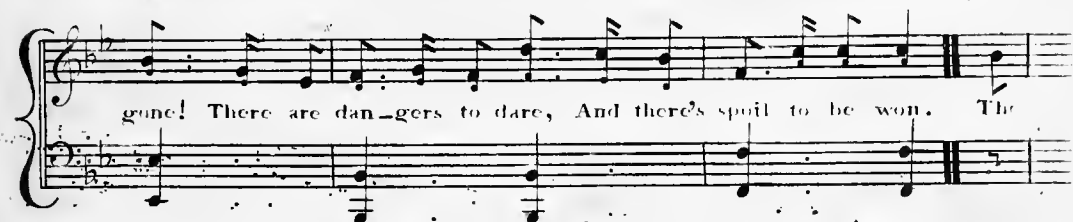
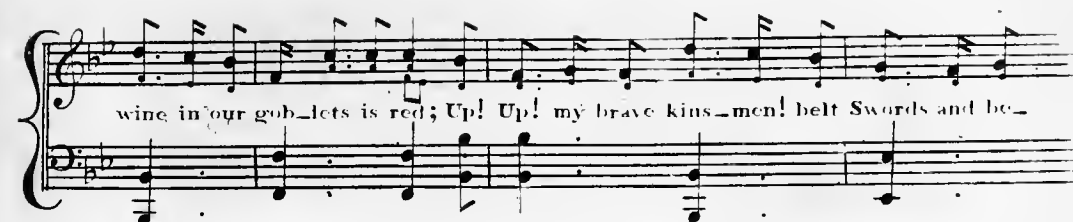
Air, Baddich na brigan.

With Animation.



The last of our steers on our board has been spread, And the last flask of

A

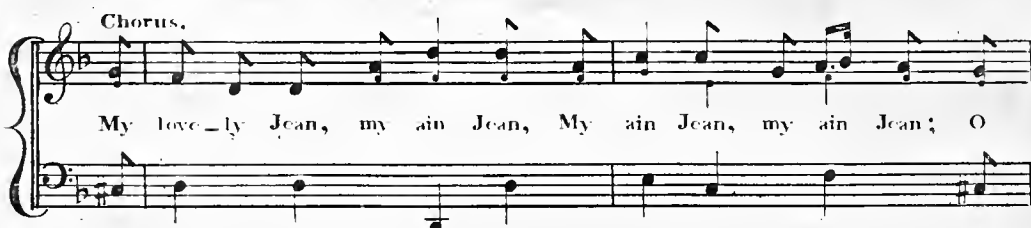
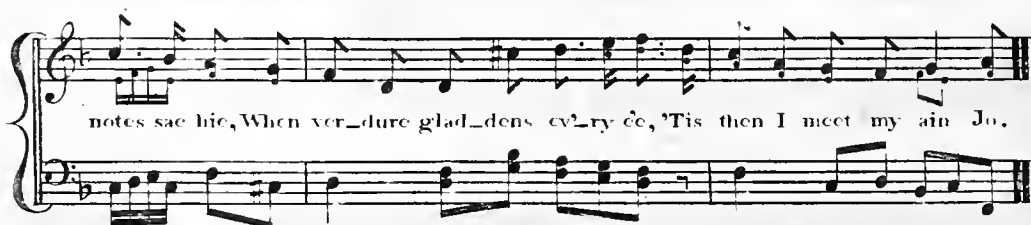
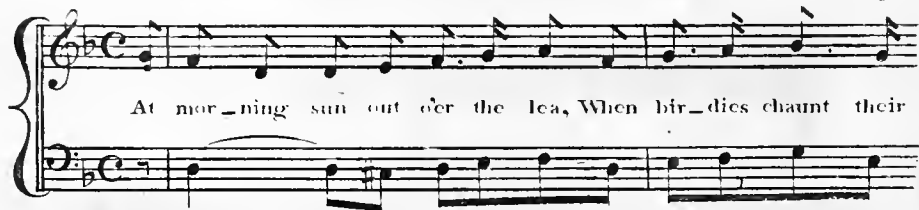


The rain is descending, the wind rises loud,  
 And the moon her red beacon has veild with a cloud;  
 'Tis the better, my mates; for the Warder's dull eye  
 Shall in confidence slumber, nor dream we are nigh.  
 Our steeds are impatient! I hear my blythe grey!  
 There is life in his hoof-clang, and hope in his neigh;  
 Like the flash of a meteor, the glance of his mane  
 Shall marshal your march through the darkness and rain.  
 The drawbridge has dropp'd and the bugle has blown;  
 One pledge is to quaff yet—then mount and be gone.  
 To their honor and peace, that shall rest with the slain,  
 To their health and their glee, that see Tevint again!

N.B. The last four lines of the Poetry to be sung to the second strain of the Melody, repeated.

## AT MORNING SUN OUT O'ER THE LEA.

Air, Lassie are ye sleeping.



When flowrets paint the meadows green,  
When dew hangs on the scented bean,  
When hums the bee the leaves a'tween,

'Tis then I meet my ain Jo.

My lovely Jean, my ain Jean,

My ain Jean, my ain Jean;

O then I meet my ain Jean,

My ain my only ain Jo.

When trees are deck'd in simmer sheen,

When ilka bud in beauty's seen,

When nature smiles in every scene,

'Tis then I meet my ain Jo.

My lovely Jean, my ain Jean,

My ain Jean, my ain Jean;

O then I meet my ain Jean,

My ain my only ain Jo.

Whar down the glen the burnie flows,  
An' sporting' plays between the howes,  
Whar lam'ies frisk out-o'er the knowes,

'Tis there I meet my ain Jo.

My lovely Jean, my ain Jean,

My ain Jean, my ain Jean;

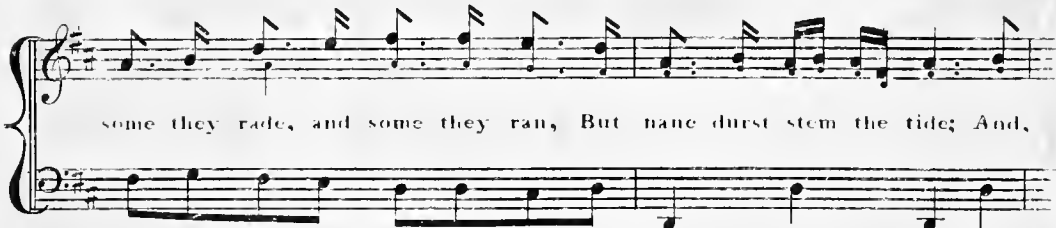
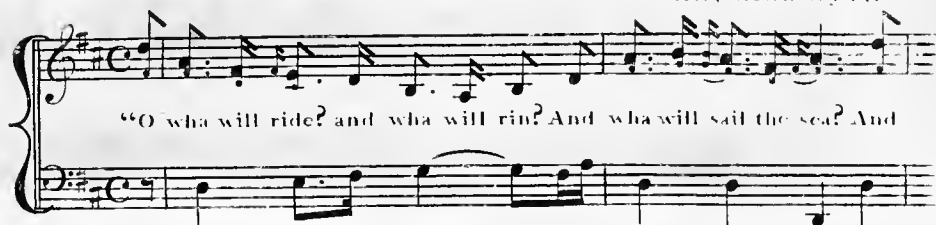
'Tis there I meet my ain Jean,

My ain my only ain Jo.

# THE CHIEFS RETURN FROM WAR.

75

Air, Leith Wynd.



"A blink shines on my stately tow'r,  
O! that I there might be,  
Where Mary tents her infant son,  
And weeps and prays for me!"  
The wind was hush'd, the waves were still,  
Fast flew the dashing oar,  
His bounding heart maist burst its bands,  
As they drew near the shore.

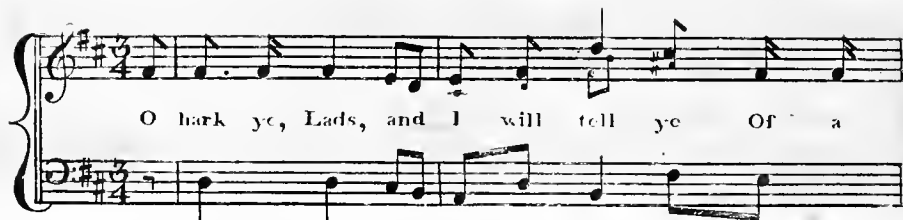
"Where, where's my Mary?"—loud he cried—  
"What means this heavy gloom?  
False she is not—Oh! is she dead?  
I'll die upon her tomb!"  
No voice replied—all still as death—  
Yet tears ay fill'd their ee,  
And ay the wailing babie cried,  
'Mamie come back to me.'

Had eagle's wings been lent him now,  
Mair swift they could na be;  
But, oh! the sight that met him there,  
Was soon enough to see.  
His Babie, in a hireling's arms,  
Wail'd out its Mother's name;  
His men and maidens durst nae speak,  
Nor tell the news for shame.

"Speak, I command! auld Donald speak,"  
Sobs kept Donald's breath;  
The nurse, unbidden, told the tale,  
That scaired him like a wraith!  
Now shame burns on his manly cheek,  
Grief rankles at his heart,  
The morrow ne'er will bring relief,  
The past's a poisoned dart.

## JOHNIE OGLE.

Old Ballad.



But when the Mither came to know it,  
She said, "ye disobedient Son,  
I've gi'en ye schulin, and gi'en ye learnin,  
And would ye to yere ruin run?"

He's gane to find his luve sae dear,  
And said, "Luve, luve, it winna do,  
Because that Mither's sae unwillin  
That ever I sud marry you."

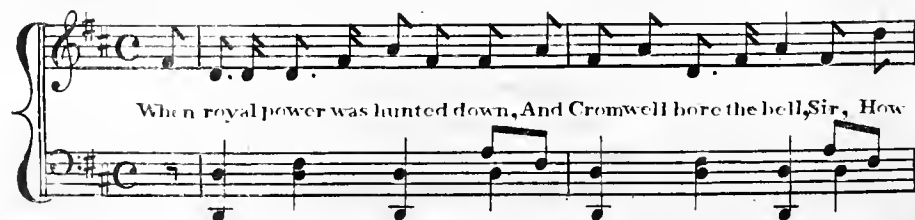
"I've gi'en ye schulin, and yere learnin,  
And edication o' the best,  
And would ye marry ane sae mean,  
And quite bereavme o' my rest?"

The bonny creature, wi' sweet behaviour,  
While tears cam trinklin to the grund,  
Said, "Bairns must obey their parents,  
Because they are by Scripture bound."

"There's nae Coach, luve, on the shore, luve,  
Nor a Boat, luve, on the tide,  
And in a Ship, luve, upon the sea, luve,  
Wi' name but Johnie Ogle wad I ride."

## EARL MARISCHAL.

In 1651.







|                                             |                                        |
|---------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| There Keith, Earl Marischal, warlike wight, | The Crown, the Sceptre, Sword, and a', |
| Sae noble and sae loyal,                    | The lint she happit round them,        |
| He gat the guardin' o' them a',             | And, a' unkend to Ogilvie,             |
| Auld Scotia's ensigns royal.                | Safe in the sack she bound them.       |

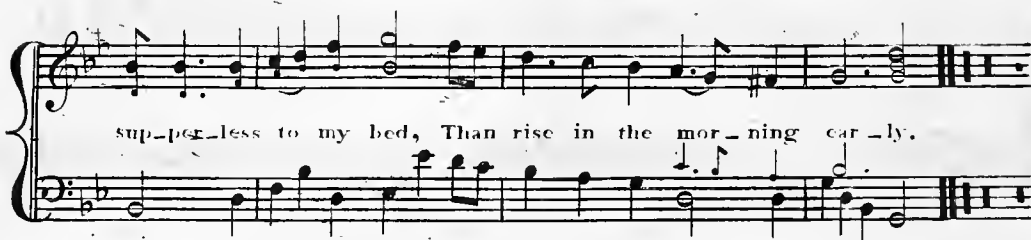
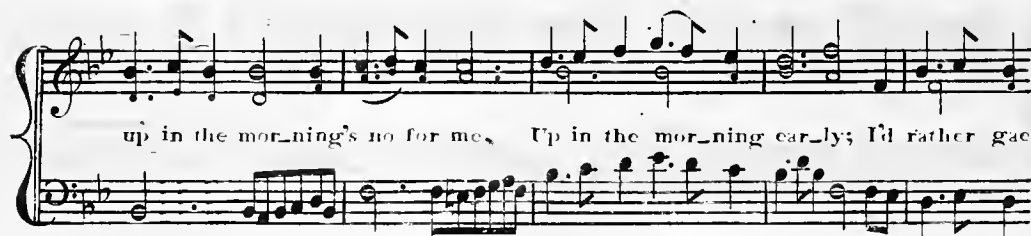
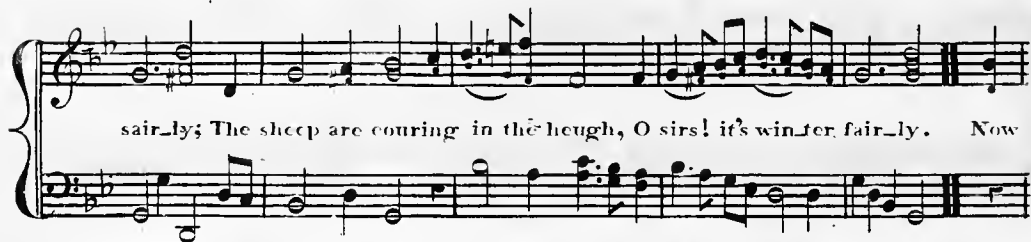
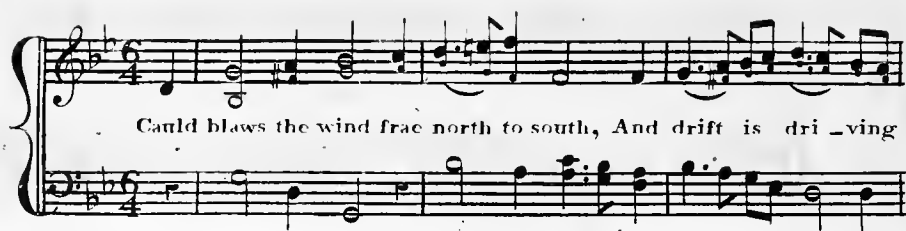
|                                         |                                   |
|-----------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| When Arms like his could ill be spared, | A simple lass upon her back,      |
| And he fought for the Stewart,          | Withouten fear or danger,         |
| He gae them owre to Ogilvie,            | Soon brought them to the minister |
| A trusty and a true heart.              | Of Kinnell, guid James Granger.   |

|                                          |                                       |
|------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Strong to the stronger still maun yield, | Ancath the pulpit's sel they're laid, |
| The rebels ruled the nation,             | To mak the secret faster,             |
| Brave Ogilvie and a' his men,            | As low as lay the royal head,         |
| They could na keep their station.        | Short syne their rightfu' master.     |

|                                       |                                    |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| His Lady, wi' a manly heart,          | The darkest night will wear awa;   |
| She tuk it a' upon her,               | Monk gae the bowls a row, man,     |
| To save from skaith her Captain dear, | Auld monarchy was up again,        |
| And eke her Country's honor.          | And Round-heads down, I trow, man. |

The Marischal he cam frae the wars,  
 Sae blythe was he that day, Sir.  
 When Ogilvie gae back his trust,  
 In spite o' a' the fray, Sir.

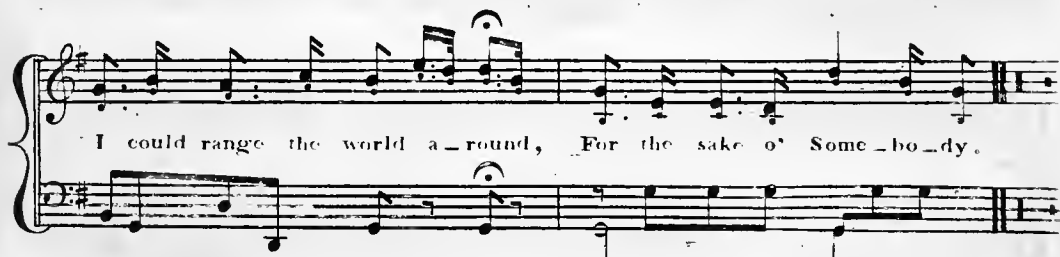
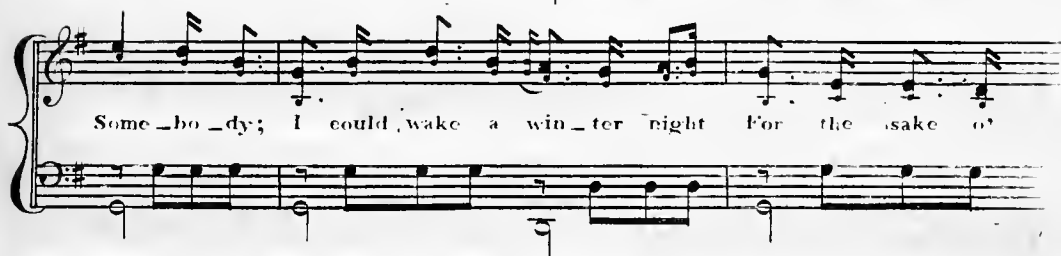
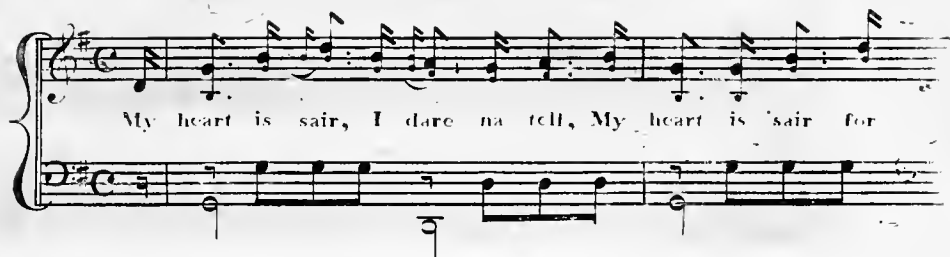
## UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.



Loud rairs the blast among the woods,  
 The branches tirlin barely,  
 Among the chimley taps it thuds,  
 And frost is nippin sairly.  
 Now up in the morning's no for me,  
 Up in the morning early;  
 To sit a' the night I'd rather agree,  
 Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps o'er the southlan' hill,  
 Like ony tim'rous earlie;  
 Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,  
 And that we find severely.  
 Now up in the morning's no for me,  
 Up in the morning early;  
 When snaw blows into the chimley cheek,  
 Wha'd rise in the morning early.

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush,  
 Poor things, they suffer sairly;  
 In cauldrite quarters a' the night,  
 A' day they feed but spairly.  
 Now up in the morning's no for me,  
 Up in the morning early;  
 Nae fate can be waur, in winter time,  
 Than rise in the morning early.



How airt I've wander'd by the burn,  
 At gloamin' hour, wi' Somebody,  
 And listen'd to the tale o' love,  
 Sae sweetly told by Somebody.  
 Oh hon! for Somebody!  
 Oh hey! for Somebody!  
 Wing'd wi' joy the moments flew,  
 Sae blest was I wi' Somebody.

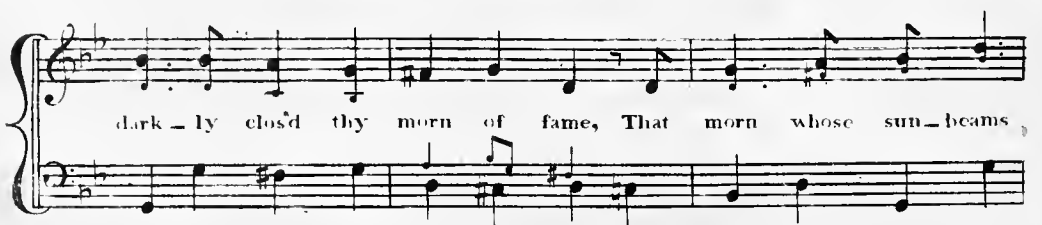
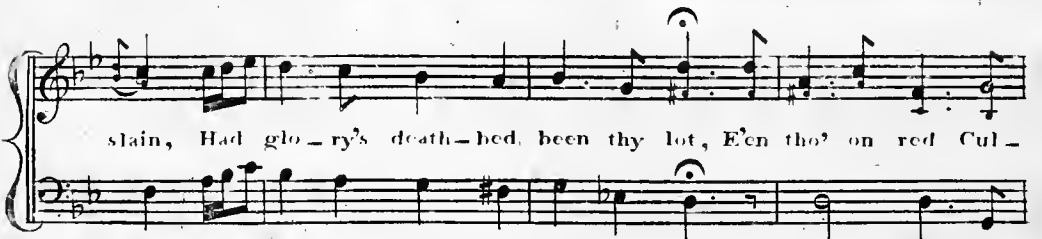
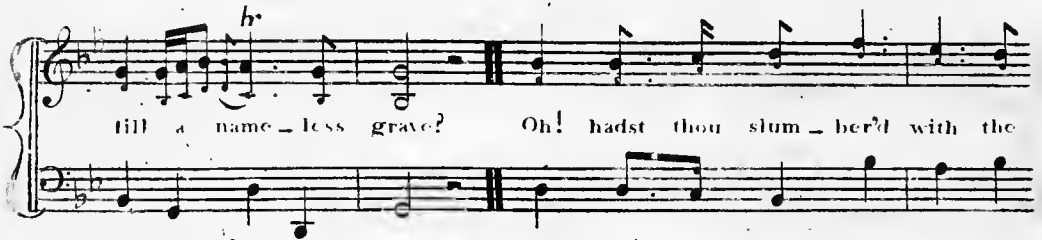
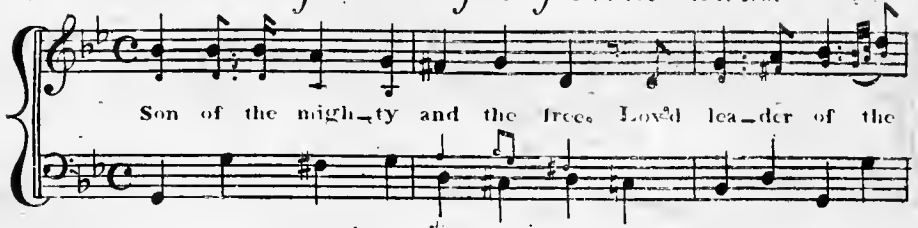
But now the tear-drap dims my ee,  
 Whene'er I think o' Somebody;  
 For weel I lo'e the bonnie lad  
 That's far awa, my Somebody.  
 Oh hon! for Somebody!  
 Oh hey! for Somebody!  
 While I live I'll ne'er forget  
 The parting look o' Somebody.

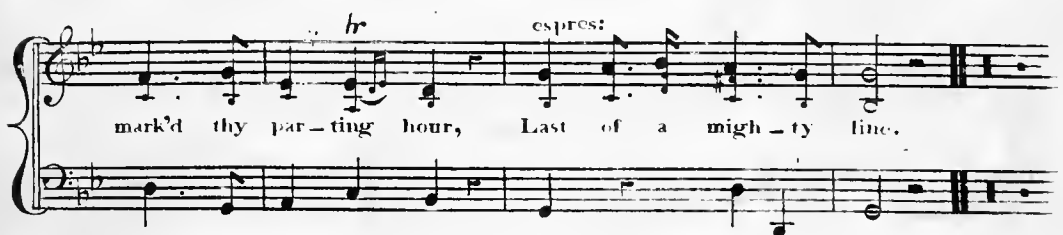
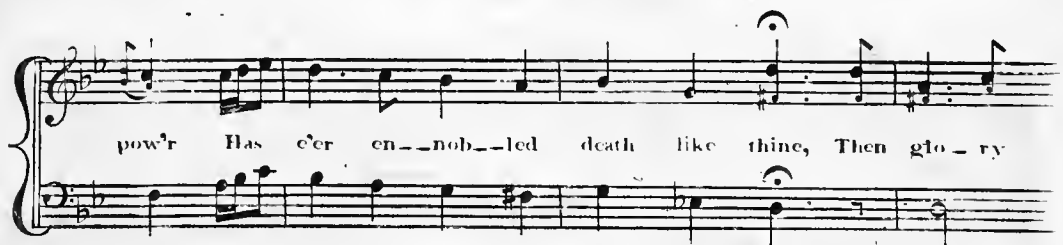
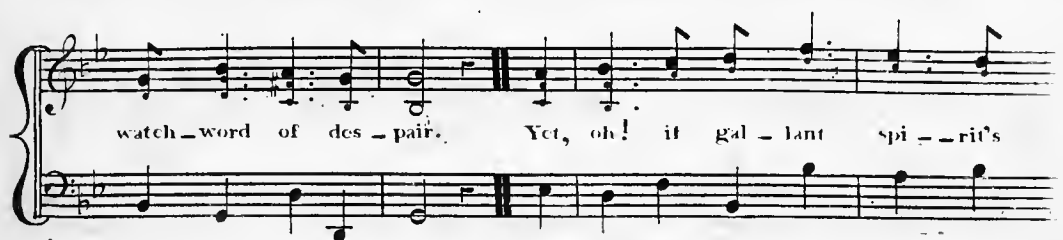
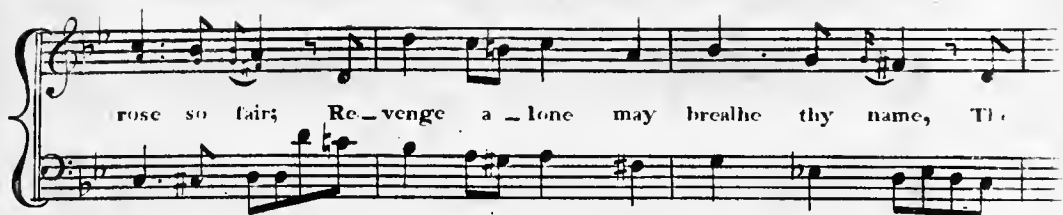
Ye powers, that smile on virtuous love,  
 O, sweetly smile on Somebody;  
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,  
 And send me safe my Somebody.  
 Oh hon! for Somebody!  
 Oh hey! for Somebody!  
 They wha love can only say  
 What I'd do for Somebody.

## DIRGE OF A HIGHLAND CHIEF.

*Who was Executed after the defeat of Prince Charles.*

Slow,  
but with  
Energy.



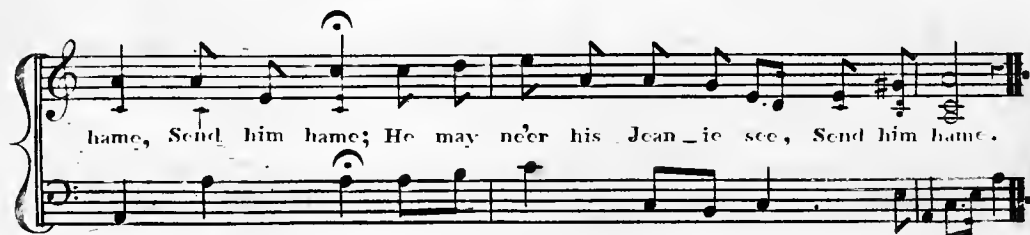
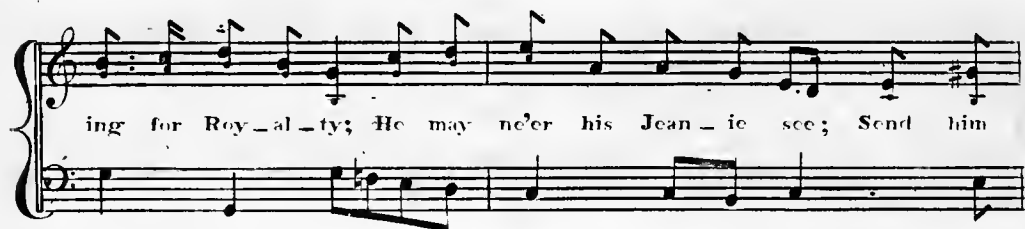
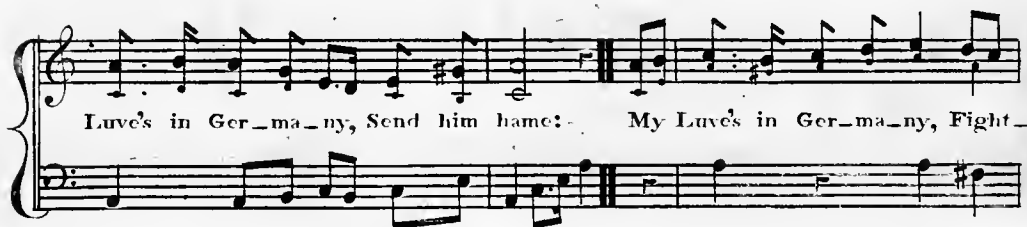
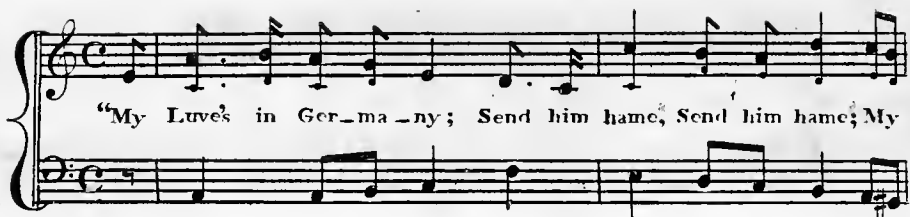


|                                           |                                              |
|-------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| O'er thy own bowers the sunshine falls,   | On thy blue hills no bugle-sound             |
| But cannot cheer their lonely gloom;      | Is mixing with the torrent's roar;           |
| Those beams that gild thy native walls    | Unmark'd, the red deer sport around,         |
| Are sleeping on thy tomb.                 | Thou lead'st the chase no more.              |
| Spring on thy mountains laughs the while, | Thy gates are clos'd, thy halls are still,   |
| Thy green woods wave in vernal air,       | Those halls where swell'd the choral strain; |
| But the lov'd scenes may vainly smile,    | They hear the wild winds murmuring shrill,   |
| Not e'en thy dust is there.               | And all is hush'd again.                     |

Thy bard his pealing harp has broke;  
 His fire, his joy of song, is past;  
 One lay to mourn thy fate he woke,  
 His saddest, and his last.  
 No other theme to him is dear  
 Than lofty deeds of thine:  
 Hush'd be the strain thou can'st not hear,  
 Last of a mighty line.

*MY LOVE'S IN GERMANY.*

## Slown



"He's brave as brave can be,  
 Send him home, send him home;  
 He's brave as brave can be,  
 Send him home.  
 He's brave as brave can be,  
 He wad rather fa' than flee;  
 But his life is dear to me,  
 Send him home, send him home;  
 Oh! his life is dear to me,  
 Send him home.

"Our faes are ten to three,  
 Send him hame, send him hame;  
 Our faes are ten to three,  
 Send him hame,  
 Our faes are ten to three,  
 He maun either fa' or flee,  
 In the cause o' Loyalty;  
 Send him hame, send him hame;  
 In the cause o' Loyalty,  
 Send him hame!"

'Your love ne'er learnt to flee,  
 Bonnie Dame, winsome Dame;  
 Your love ne'er learnt to flee,  
 Winsome Dame.  
 Your love ne'er learnt to flee,  
 But he fell in Germany,  
 Fighting brave for Loyalty,  
 Mournfu' Dame, bonnie Dame,  
 Fighting brave for Loyalty,  
 Mournfu' Dame?

"He'll ne'er come owre the sea,  
 Willie's slain, Willie's slain;  
 He'll ne'er come owre the sea,  
 Willie's gane!  
 He'll ne'er come owre the sea,  
 To his Love and ain Countrie—  
 This world's nae mair for me,  
 Willie's gane, Willie's gane!  
 This world's nae mair for me  
 Willie's slain!"

# SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

81

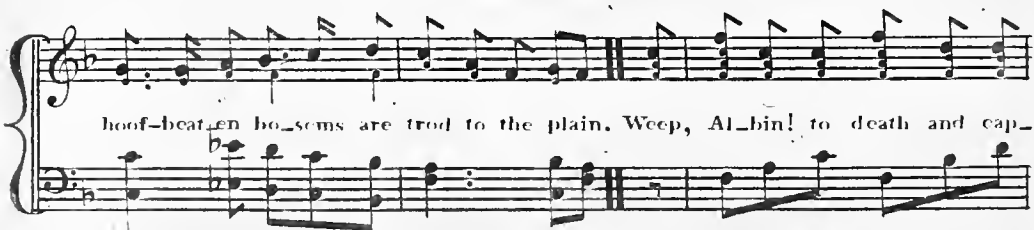
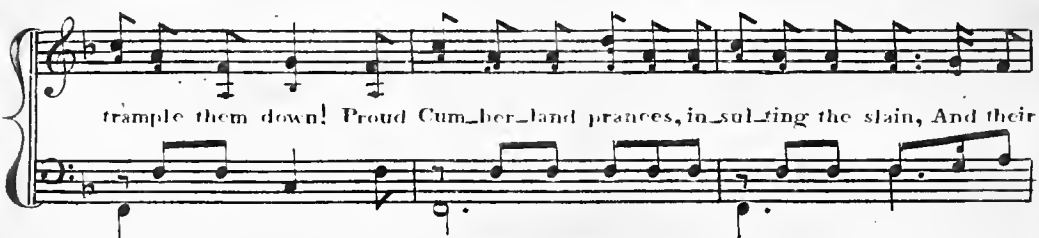
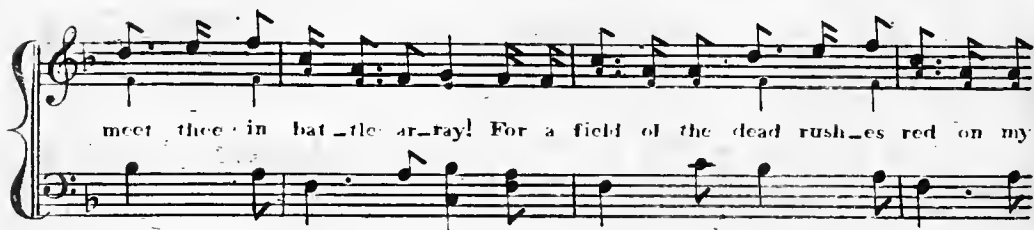
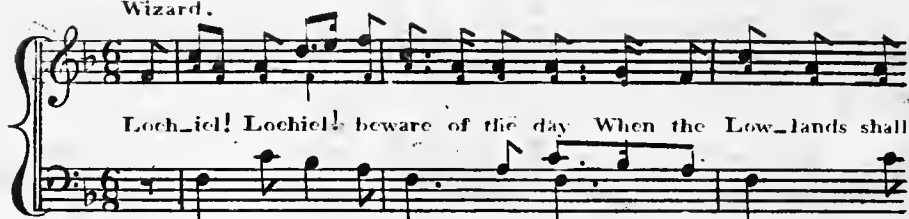
Slowly

She's fair and fause that caus-es my smart, I lo'd her  
 mei-kle and lang; She's bro-ken her vow, She's bro-ken my  
 heart, And I may een gae hang. A coof-cam wi' a  
 routh o' gear, And I hac tint my dear-est dear; But wo-men  
 are but world's gear, Sac let the bon-nie lass gang.

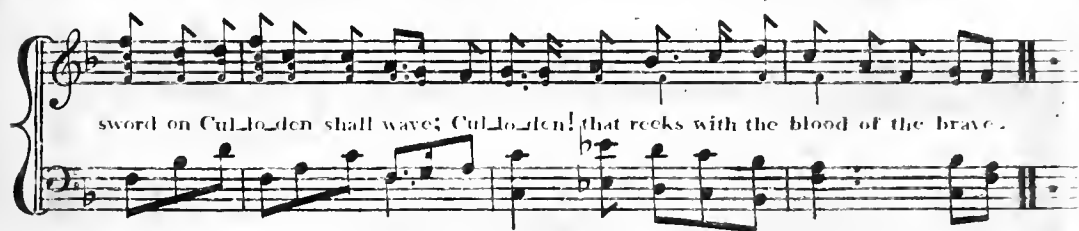
Wha'er ye be that woman loves,  
 To this be never blind,  
 Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she proves  
 A woman has't by kind;  
 O woman, lovely woman fair!  
 An Angel form's L'en to thy share,  
 'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair,  
 I mean an Angel mind.

## LOCHIEL'S WAR-ING.

Wizard.







### LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!  
 Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,  
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,  
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright:

### WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?  
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!  
 Why flames the far summit? why shoot to the blast  
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?

Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;  
 Return to thy dwelling! all lonely, return!  
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,  
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

### LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my Clan:  
 Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!  
 They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,  
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.

Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock,  
 Let him dash his proud loam like a wave on the rock;  
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws —

Lochiel shall exult, or in death be laid low,  
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!  
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
 Look proudly to heaven from his death-bed of fame.

## O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

O lay thy loof in mine, Lass, in mine, Lass, in mine, Lass, And

swear on thy white hand, Lass, That thou wilt be my ain. A slave to love's un-

bound-ed sway, He aft has wrought me mei-kle wae; But now he is my

**Chorus.**  
dead-lie lie, Un-less thou be my ain. O lay thy loof in mine, Lass, in

mine, Lass, in mine, Lass, And swear on thy white hand, Lass, That thou wilt be my ain.

There's monie a lass has broke my rest,  
 That for a blink I ha'e lo'ed best;  
 But thou art queen within my breast,  
 For ever to remain.

O lay thy loof, &c.

The luvè that I hae chosen, I'll therewith be content, The  
salt sea will be froz-en Be-fore that I re-pent; Re-  
pent it will I ne-ver Un-til the day I dee, Tho' the  
law-lands o' Hol-land hae twined my luvè and me.

My luvè lies in the salt sea,  
And I am on the side,  
Enough to break a young thing's heart  
Wha lately was a bride;  
Wha lately was a bonny bride,  
And pleasure in her e'e;  
But the lawlands o' Holland  
Hae twined my luvè and me.

New Holland is a barren place,  
In it there grows nae grain,  
Nor ony habitation,  
Wherein for to remain;  
But the sugar canes are plenty,  
And the wine draps frae the tree;  
But the lawlands o' Holland  
Hae twined my luvè and me.

My luvè he built a bonnie ship,  
And sent her to the sea,  
Wi' seven-score brave mariners  
To bear her companie;  
Threescore gaed to the bottom,  
And threescore died at sea,  
And the lawlands o' Holland  
Hae twined my luvè and me.

My luvè has built anither ship,  
And sent her to the main,  
He had but twenty mariners,  
And a' to bring her hame;  
The stormy clouds did roar again,  
The raging waves did rout,  
And my luvè, and his bonnie ship,  
Turn'd widdershins about!

## GALA WATER.



Braw, braw lads on Yar-row braes, Ye wan-der  
 through the bloom-ing heath-er; But Yar-row braes, nor  
 Et-trick shaws, Can match the lads o' Ga-la-wa-ter.


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

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,  
 And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher,  
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,  
 We'll tent our flocks by Gala-water.

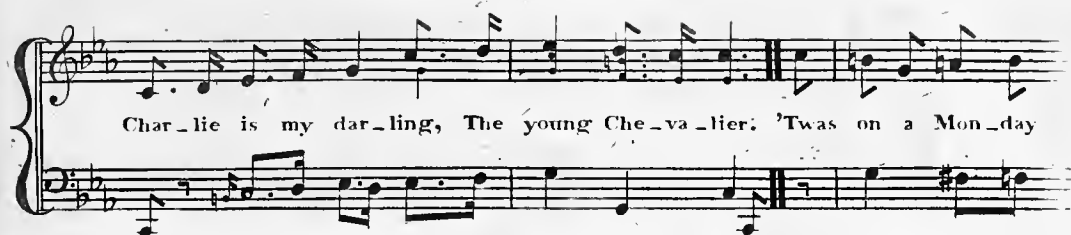
It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,  
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;  
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,  
 O! that's the chiefest world's treasure.

## CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

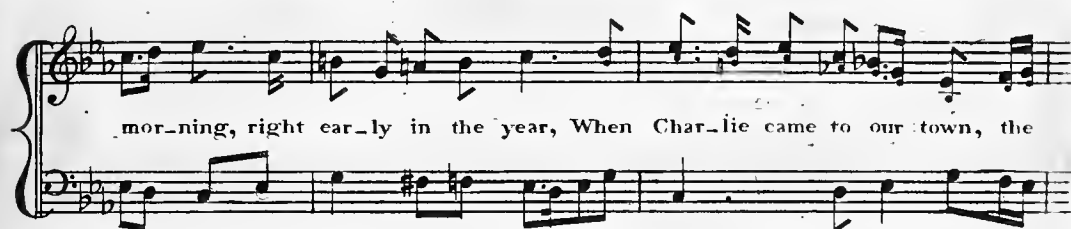
Jacobite.



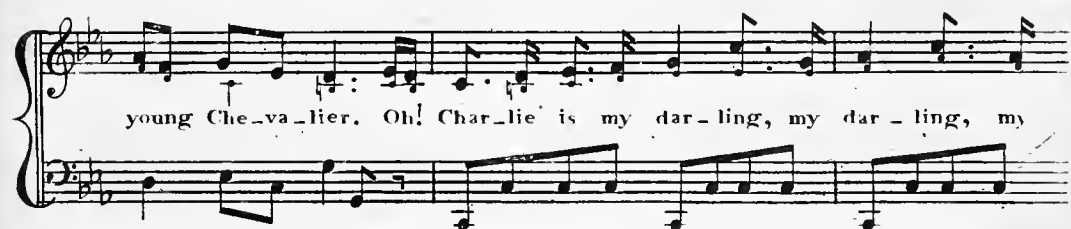
Oh! Char-lie is my dar-ling, my dar-ling, my dar-ling; Oh!



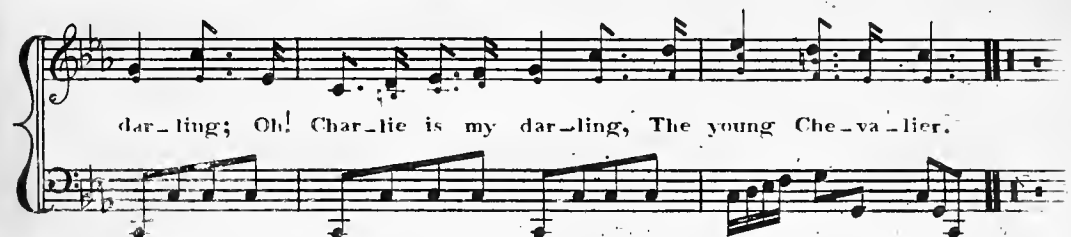
Char-lie is my dar-ling, The young Che-va-lier. 'Twas on a Mon-day



mor-ning, right ear-ly in the year, When Char-lie came to our town, the



young Che-va-lier. Oh! Char-lie is my dar-ling, my dar-ling, my



dar-ling; Oh! Char-lie is my dar-ling, The young Che-va-lier.

As he came marching up the street,  
The pipes play'd loud and clear,  
And a' the folk came running out  
To meet the Chevalier.

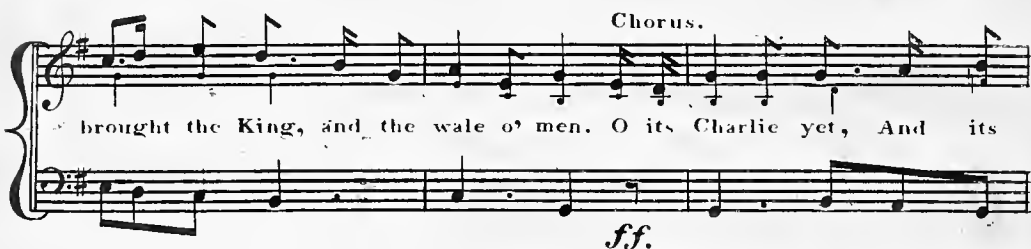
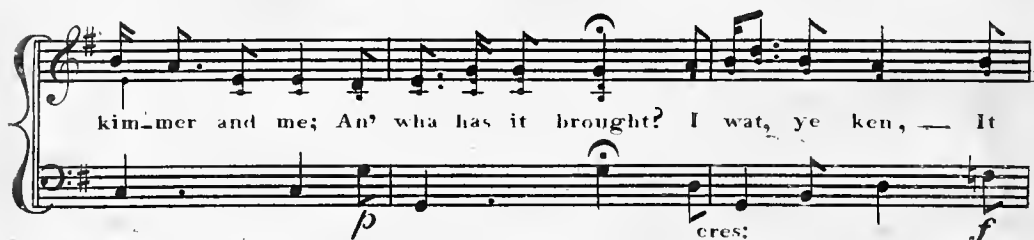
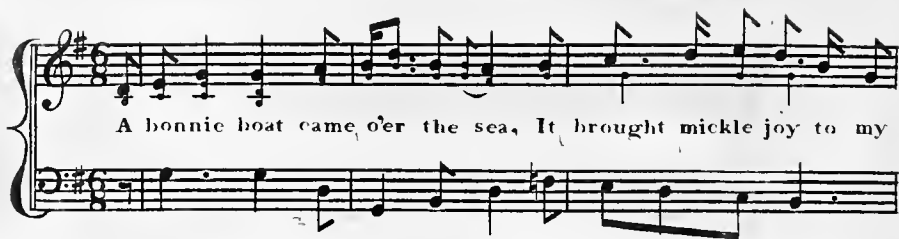
Wi' hieland bonnets on their heads,  
And claymores bright and clear,  
They came to fight for Scotland's right  
And the young Chevalier.

They've left their bonny hielands hills,  
Their wives and bairnies dear,  
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,  
The young Chevalier.

Oh! there were many beating hearts,  
And many hopes and fears;  
And many were the prayers put up  
For the young Chevalier.

## CHARLIE YET.

Merrily.

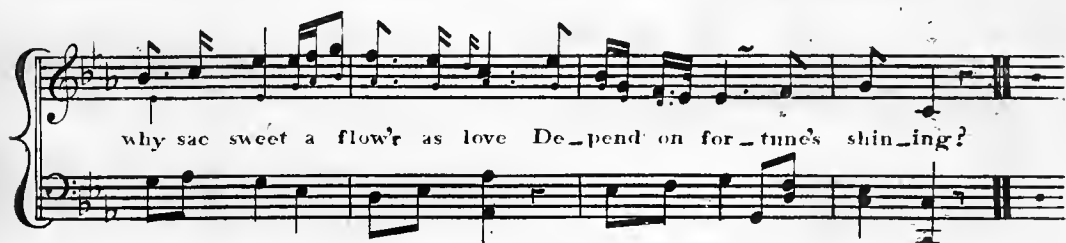
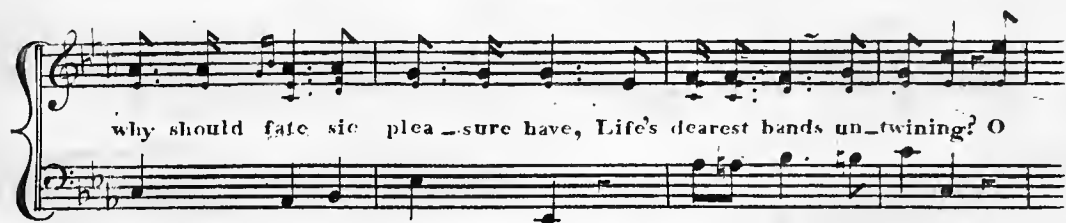
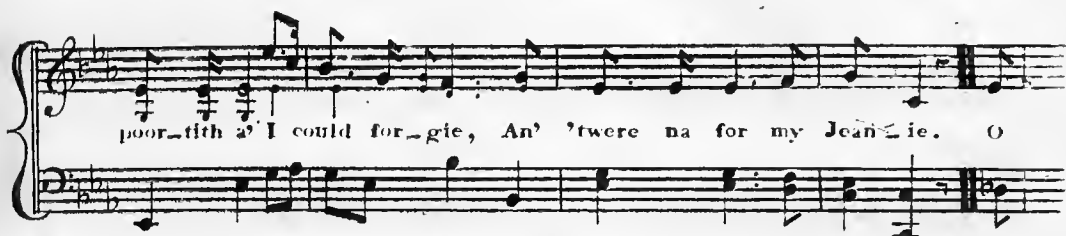
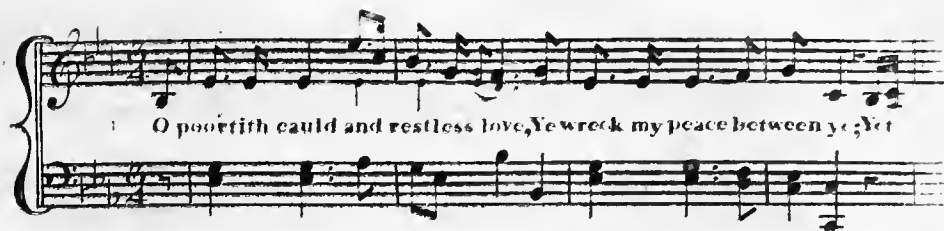


O he was lang o' coming hame,  
 But weel we ken wha was to blame;  
 But sin' that he's come we'll dance and sing,  
 And drink a health to our rightfu' King.

O its Charlie yet, &c.,

The pibroch is sounding, the Clans are out,  
 An' there'll be brulzies bauld and stout;  
 But, I trow, we'll ne'er flinch frae Charlie's side,  
 He's worth a crown and a kingdom beside.

O its Charlie yet, &c.



This world's wealth when I think on,  
Its pride, and a' the lave o't;  
Fie, fie on silly coward man,  
That he should be the slave o't.  
O why, &c.

Her een sae bonny blue betray  
How she repays my passion;  
But prudence is her o'erword ay,  
She talks of rank and fashion.  
O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,  
And sic a lassie by him?  
O wha can prudence think upon,  
And sae in love as I am?  
O why, &c.

How blest the humble cottar's fate,  
He wooes his simple dearie;  
The silly hogles, wealth and state,  
Can never make them eerie.  
O why, &c.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

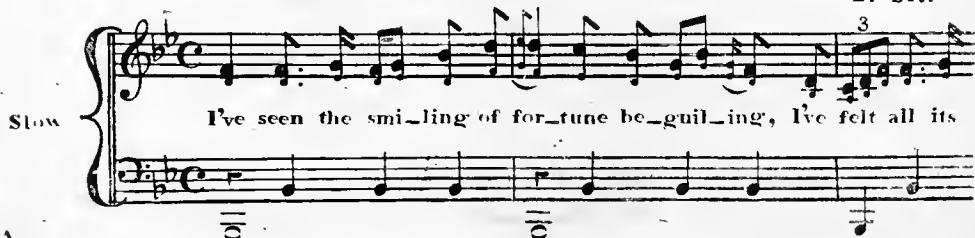


My Wife's a win-some wee thing, She is a hand-some  
wee thing, She is a bon-nie wee thing, This sweet wee wife o'  
mine. I nev-er saw a fair-er, I ne-ver lo'd a dear-  
er, And neist my heart I'll wear her, For fear my Jew-el tine.

O'leeze me on my wee thing,  
My bonnie blithsome wee thing,  
Sae lang's I hae my wee thing  
I'll think my lot divine.  
Tho' world's care we share o't,  
And may sae meikle mair o't,  
Wi' her I'll blithly bear it,  
And ne'er a word repine.

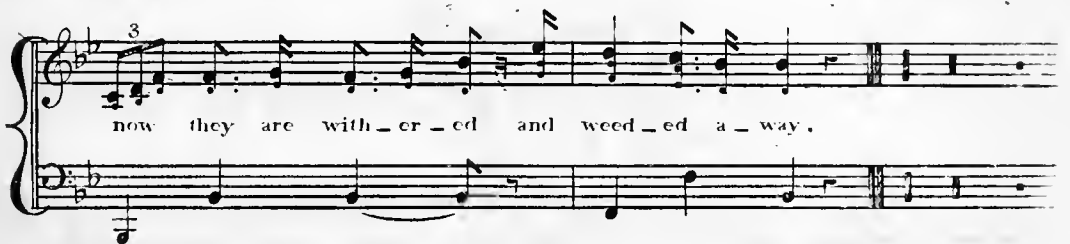
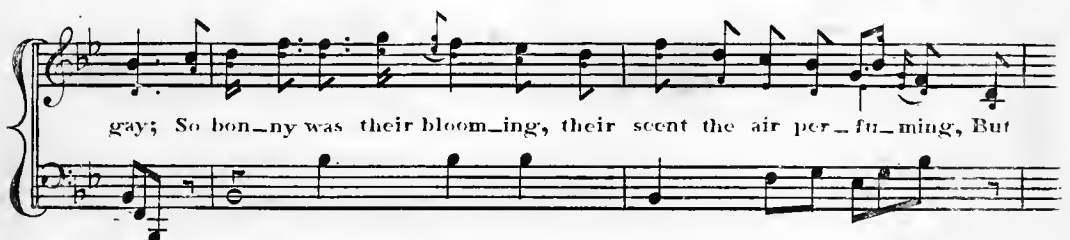
I'VE SEEN THE SMILING OF FORTUNE.

2<sup>d</sup> Set.



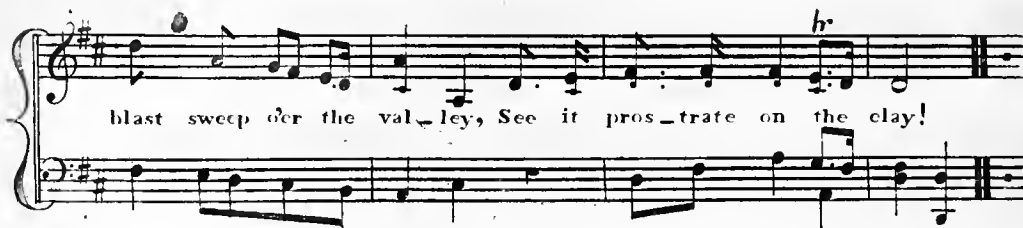
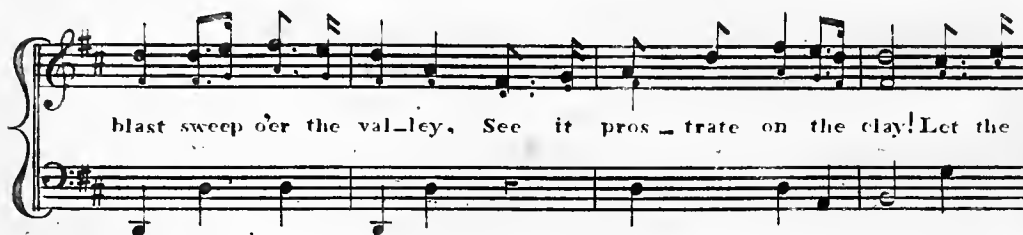
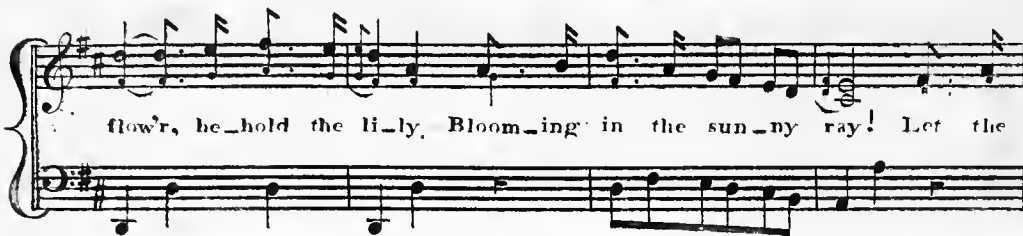
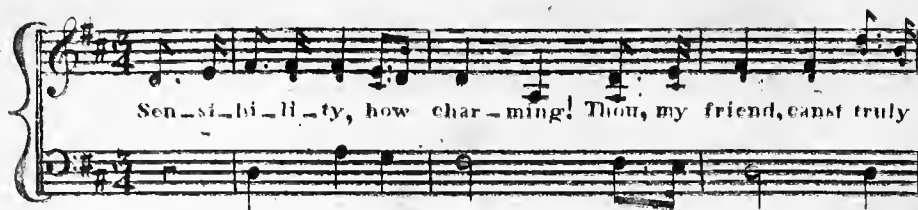
Slow I've seen the smi-ling of for-tune be-guil-ing, I've felt all its





I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,  
 And loud tempest storming before the mid day;  
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams shining in the sunny beams,  
 Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way.  
 O fickle fortune! why this cruel sporting!  
 O why still perplex us, poor sons of a day!  
 No more your smiles can cheer me, no more your frowns can hear me,  
 For the flowers of the Forest are withered away.

## SENSIBILITY HOW CHARMING!



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 feeling can bestow;  
 Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure.  
 Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

# CRADLE SONG.

93

Slowly

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff joined by a brace on the left. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system also ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line.

Ba-la loo, lam-my, now ba-loo, my dear; Now, ba-la loo,  
 lam-my, ain min-nie is here: What ails my wee bair-nie? what  
 ails it this night? What ails my wee lam-my is bair-nie no right?

Ba la loo, lammy; now baloo, my dear;  
 Does wee lammy ken that it's daddie's no here?  
 Ye're rockin fu' sweetly on mammie's warm knee,  
 But daddie's a rockin upon the saut sea.

Now hush-a-ba, lammy; hush-a, my dear;  
 Now hush-a-ba, lammy; ain minnie is here;  
 The wild wind is ravin, and mammie's heart's sair;  
 The wild wind is ravin, and ye dinna care.

Sing, ba la loo, lammy, sing baloo, my dear,  
 Sing, ba la loo, lammy, ain minnie is here;  
 My wee bairnie's dozin', it's dozin now fine,  
 And, oh! may its wauk'nin be blyther than mine.

## THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

The Catrine woods were yellow seen, The flow'rs decay'd on Catrine lea; Nae

lav-rock sang on hil-lock green, But na-ture sick-ch'd on the e'e. Thro'

fa-ded groves Ma-zri-a sang, Her-sel in beau-ty's bloom the while; And

ay the wild wood ech-oes rang, Fare-weel the braes o' Bal-loch-myle

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,  
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and lair;  
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,  
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air.  
 But here, alas! for ye, nae mair  
 Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;  
 Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,  
 Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

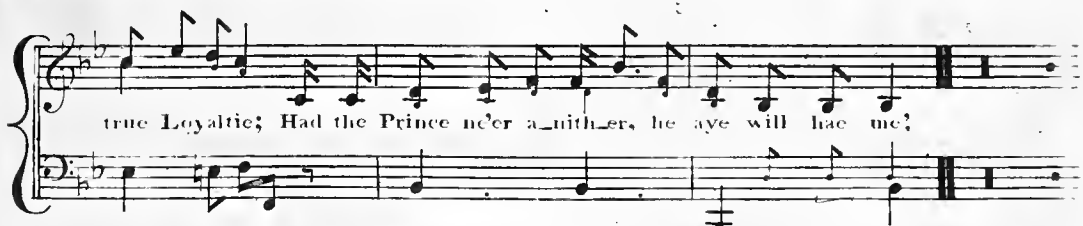
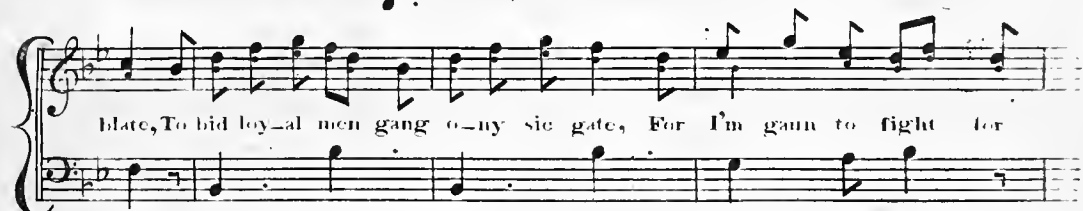
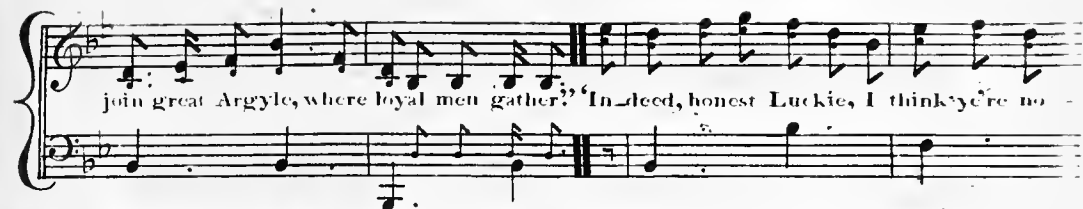
## YE'LL MOUNT GUDE MAN.

Air, I'll mak you fain to follow me.

Lively

"Ye'll mount gudman, ye'll mount and ye'll ride, Ye'll cross the Eran, sync

down the Loch side, Then up'mang the hills, and thro' muir and heath-er, And



"About Charlie Stuart we ne'er could agree,  
But, dearie, for aince he counsell'd by me;  
Tak nae pairt at a', bide quietly at hame,  
And ne'er heed a Campbell, Mc'Donnell, or Graham?"

"Na, na, gudewife, for that winna do,  
My Prince is in need, his friends are but few;  
I aye loed the Stuarts, I'll join them the day,  
Sae gie me my boots, for my boots I will hae!"

"Oh! saftly gudeman, I think ye're gane mad,  
I hae nae the heart to pfin on your Cockaude;  
The Prince, as ye ca' him, will never succeed;  
Ye'll lose your estate, and may be your head!"

"Come, cheer ye, my dear, and dry up your tears,  
I hae my hopes, and I hae my fears;  
But I'll raise my men, and a' that is given,  
To aid the gude cause, then leave it to Heaven."

"But, haste ye now, haste ye, for I maun be gawn,  
The mare's at the yett, the huggle is blawn;  
Gie me my bannet, it's far in the day,  
I'm no for a Cup, there's nae time to stay!"

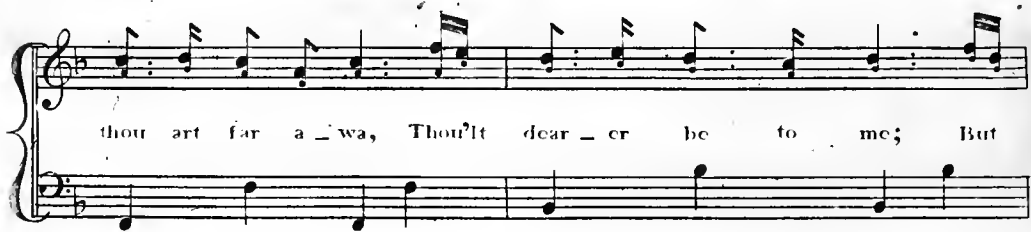
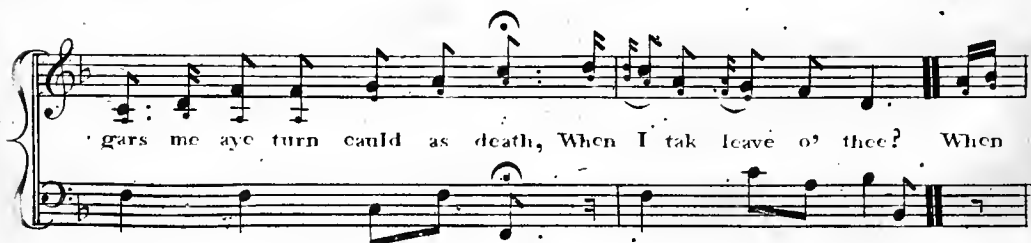
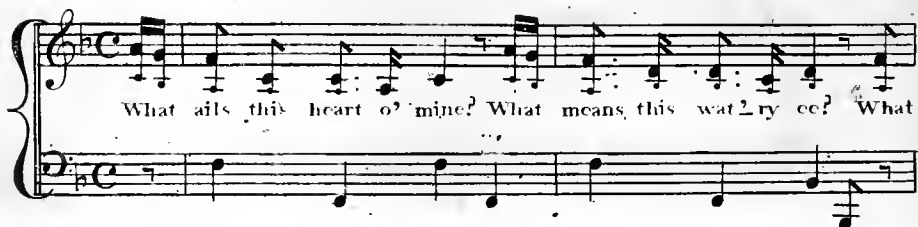
"Oh! tak but aye, it may do ye gude!"  
"But, what ails the woman? she surely is wud!"  
She's filted the kettle, but somehow it couped  
On the legs o' the Laird, wha roar'd and wha loup'd."

"I'm brent! I'm brent! how cam it this way?  
I fear I'll no ride for mony a day,—  
Send all the men, and to Prince Charles say,  
My heart is wi' him, but I'm tied by the tae!"

The wily Wife fleech'd, and the Laird did nae see  
The smile on her cheek thro' the tear in her ee—  
"Had I kent the gude-man wad hae had siccen pain,  
The Kettle for me sud hae couped its lane!"

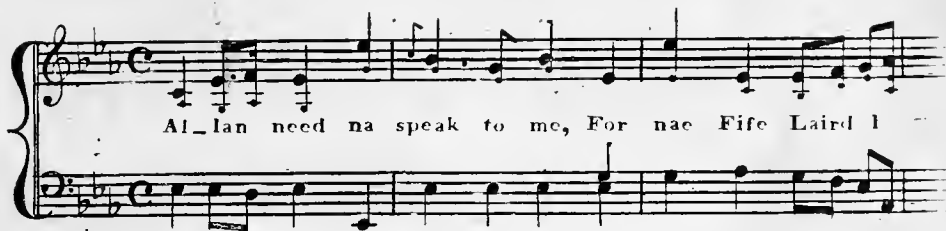
This Lady was one of the Homes of Wedderburn.

## WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?



Then I'll sit down and moan,  
 Just by yon spreading tree,  
 And gin a leaf fa' in my lap,  
 I'll ca't a word frae thee.  
 Sync I'll gang to the bow'r,  
 Which thou wi' roses tied;  
 'Twas there, by many a blushing bud,  
 I strove my love to hide.

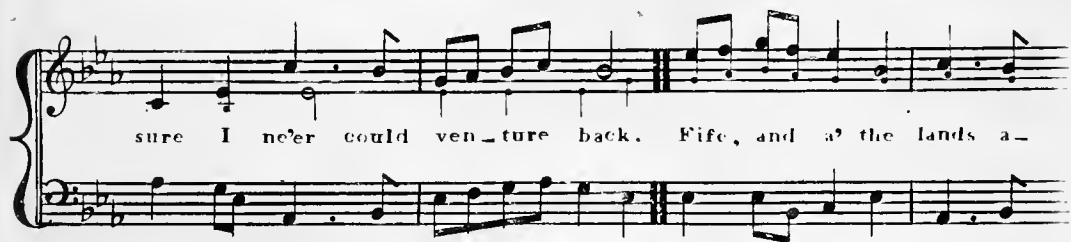
I'll doat on ilka spot  
 Where I hae been wi' thee;  
 I'll ca' to mind some fond love-tale,  
 By ev'ry burn and tree.  
 'Tis hope that cheers the mind,  
 Tho' lovers absent be,  
 And when I think I see thee still,  
 I'll think I'm still with thee.



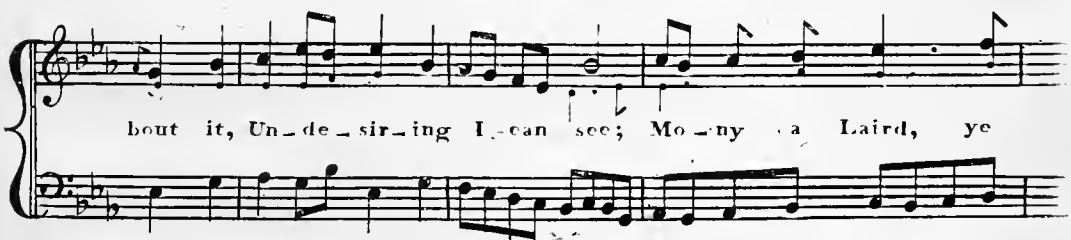
Al-lan need na speak to me, For nae Fife Laird I



e'er will tak; If I was spar'd to cross the sea, I'm



sure I ne'er could ven-ture back. Fife, and a' the lands a-



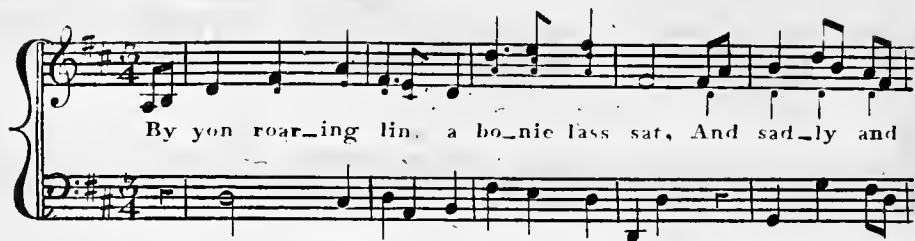
bout it, Un-de-sir-ing I can see; Mo-ny a Laird, ye



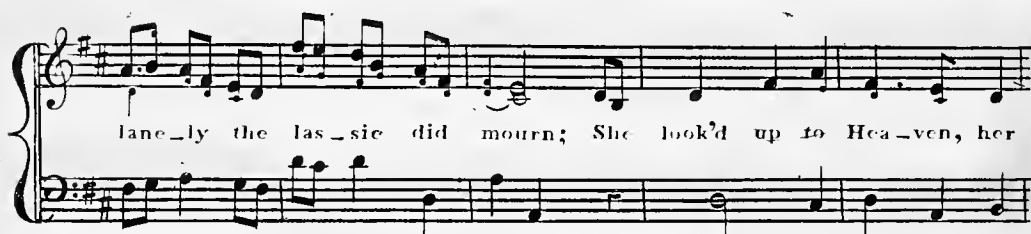
need na doubt it, A' his lands for life wad gie.

I'll no gang to spend my life,  
 Far frae a' my frien's in Fife;  
 If siccan a thing I e'er can do,  
 I maun lo'e mair than I lo'e you.  
 Fife, and a' the lands about it,  
 Undesiring I can see;  
 Mony a Laird, ye need na doubt it,  
 A' his lands for life wad gie.

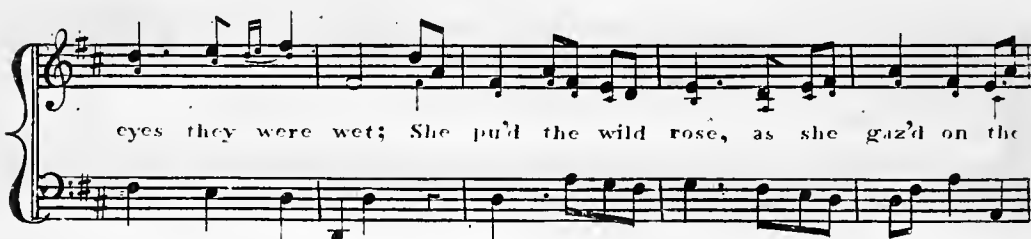
## LOVE IS THE CAUSE O' MY MOURNING.



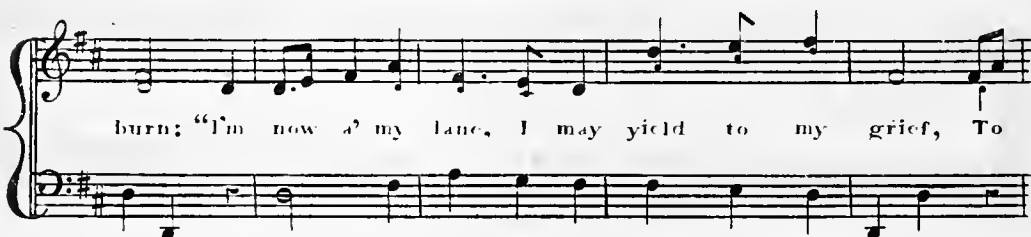
By yon roar-ing lin, a bo-nie lass sat, And sad-ly and



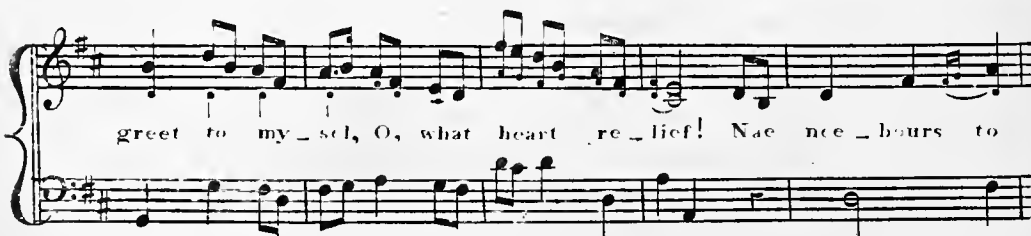
lane-ly the las-sie did mourn; She look'd up to Hea-ven, her



eyes they were wet; She pu'd the wild rose, as she gaz'd on the



burn; "I'm now a' my lane, I may yield to my grief, To

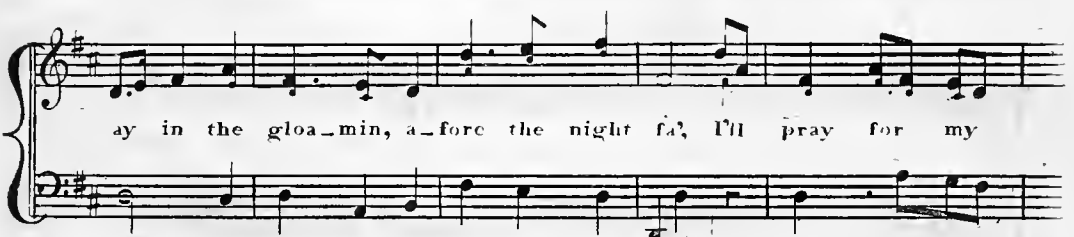
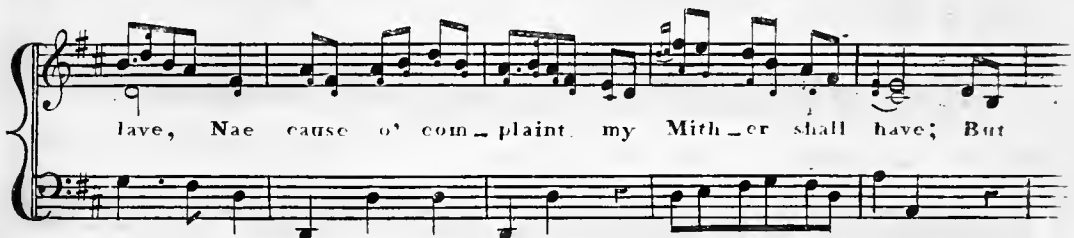
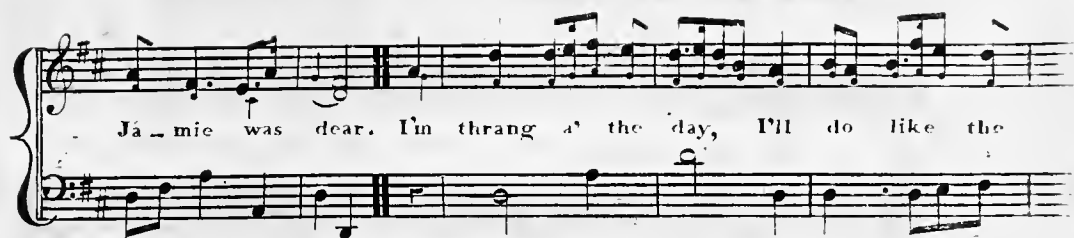


greet to my-self, O, what heart re-lief! Nae nee-bours to



see, or las-ses to cheer, That Ja-mie's a-wa, that





I strive to look chearful, but canna be gay;  
 Wi' lads and wi' lasses nae langer I play;  
 At bogle, when ramping, I think they're gaun mad,  
 The louder they laugh, the mair I am sad.  
 Far sweeter to me to gang down the lang glen,  
 'Mang heather and whins to yon bonie den,  
 Where the mavis does sing, and the wild rose does blaw,  
 And a' thing reminds me o' him thats awa'.

Should he n'er come back

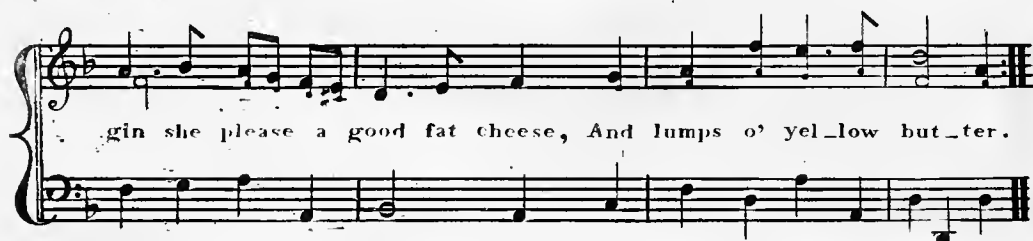
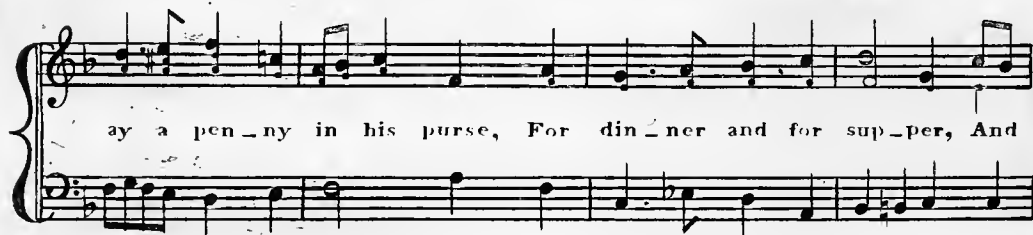
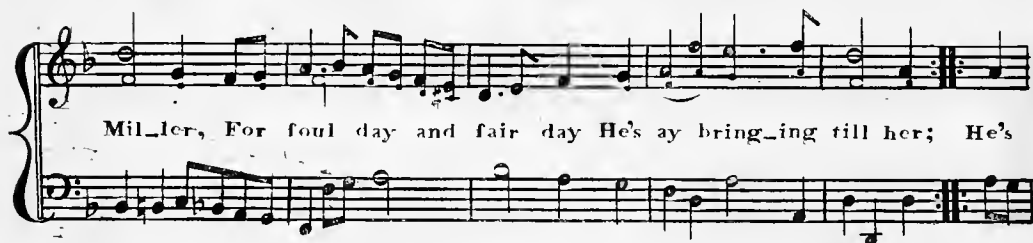
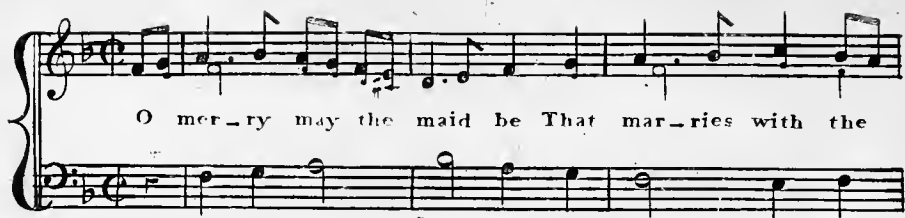
A' joy it will wither—

And for his dear sake

I'll think o' nae ither;

But ay in the gloamin', afore the night fa',  
 I'll pray for my Jamie, my love, that's awa',  
 The cause o' my mourning.

## THE MILLER.



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

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

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

In winter, when the wind and rain  
 Blaws o'er the house and byre,  
 He sits beside a clean hearth-stane,  
 Before a rousing fire:  
 His canty wife has a' things right,  
 A supper warm and sappy;  
 Wha'd be a King, a petty thing,  
 When a Miller lives sae happy?

## WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.



O Wil-lie was a wan-ton wag, The blyth-est lad that  
 e'er I saw, At bri-dals still he bore the brag, And car-ried  
 ye the gree-a-wa. His doub-let was of Zet-land  
 shag, And vow! but Wil-lie he was brow, And at his shoul-der  
 hang a tag, That pleas'd the lass-es best of a.

He was a man without a clag,  
 His heart was frank without a flaw;  
 And ay, whatever Willy said,  
 It was still hadden as a law.  
 His boots they were made of the jag,  
 When he went to the weapon-shaw;  
 Upon the green nanè durst him brag,  
 The fiercè a ane among them a'.



## THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

Lively

Gat ye me, O gat ye me, O gat ye me wi' naething? Rock and reel, and  
 spinnin' wheel, a nickie quarter bason. Bye at\_tour my Gutcher has a fitch house  
 and a laigh ane, A' for\_bye my bon\_nie sel, The toss of Fe\_cle\_tech\_an.

O, haud your tongue now, Luckie Laing,

O, haud your tongue and jauner;

I held the gate till you I met,

Sync I began to vander;

I tint my whistle and my sang,

I tint my peace and pleasure;

But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,

Wad art me to my treasure.

## AIKIN DRUM.

There liv'd a man in our town, In our town, in our town, There  
 liv'd a man in our town, And his name was Aik\_in Drum: And

A



And his coat was o' the gude saut meat,  
The gude saut meat, the gude saut meat;  
And a waistcoat o' the haggis-bag,  
Ay wore Aikin Drum,  
O' the gude lang kail, and the Athole brose,  
Ay made his trows and hose;  
And he luiket weel, as ye may suppose,  
And his name was Aikin Drum.

And his banner was made o' pyc crust,  
O' pyc crust, o' pyc crust,  
And his banner was made o' pyc crust,  
Built baith thick and roun;  
And he played upon a razor,  
A razor, a razor;  
And he played upon a razor,  
And whiles upon the kame.

And he loed weel the crappit heads,  
The crappit heads; and singit heads,  
And he loed weel the crappit heads,  
And singit heads, and a',  
And he loed weel the ait cake,  
The ait cake, the ait cake,  
And he loed weel the ait cake,  
And scones and bannocks a'.

But, wae me! he turned soger,  
A soger, a soger;  
But, wae me! he turned soger,  
And he was march'd awa,  
'bout him the Carls were gabbin,  
For him the laddies sabbin,  
And a' the lassies greetin,  
For Aikin Drum's awa.

### THE ATTAINTED SCOTISH NOBLES. Same Air.

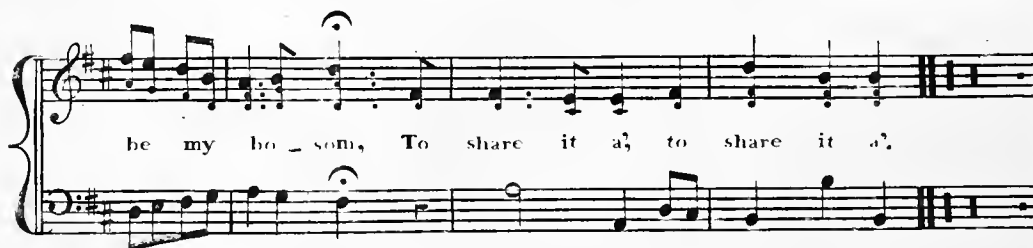
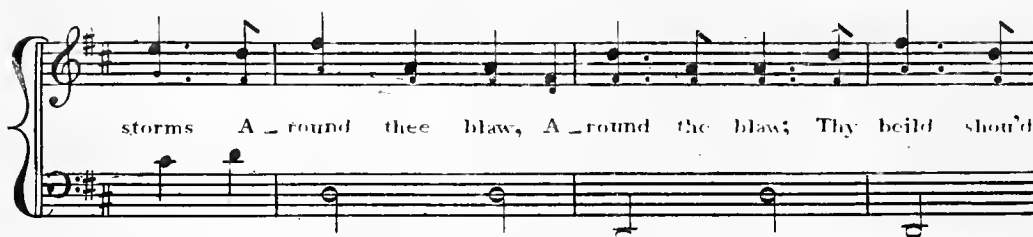
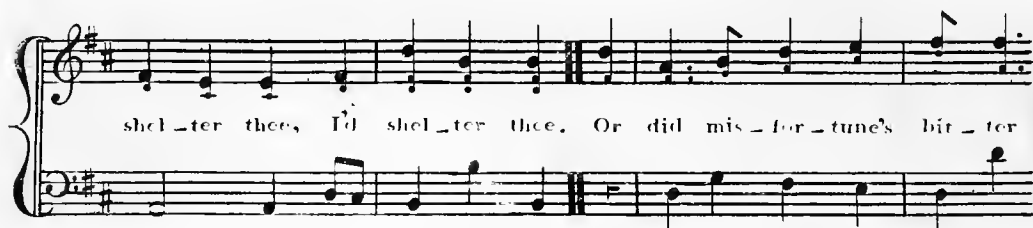
O some will tune their mournfu' strains,  
To tell o' hame-made sorrow;  
And if they cheat you o' your tears,  
They'll dry afore the morrow.  
O some will sing their airy dreams,  
Wi' verity they're sportin,  
My sang's o' nae sic thieveless themes,  
But wkin true misfortune.

Ye Scottish Nobles, ane and a',  
For loyalty attainted,  
A nameless Bard's wae to see  
Your sorrows unlamented;  
For, if your Fathers ne'er had fought  
For heirs of ancient royalty,  
Ye're down the day that might hae been  
At the top o' honour's tree a'.

For fair hereditary right,  
For conscience sake, they stoutly stood;  
And for the Crown, their valiant sons,  
Themselves have shed their injured blood.  
And if their Fathers ne'er had fought,  
For heirs of ancient royalty,  
They're down the day that might a' been  
At the top o' honour's tree a'.

## O! WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

Air, Lochiel's awa to France.



Or were I in the wildest waste,

Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare;

The desert were a paradise,

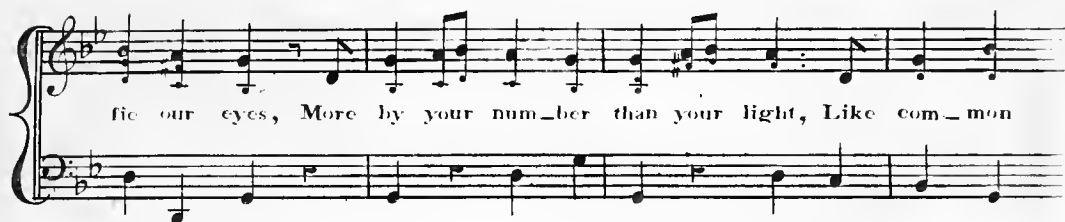
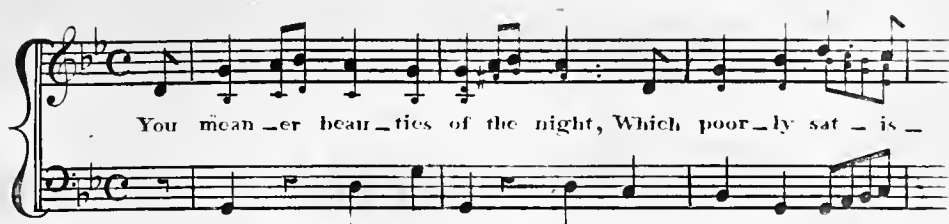
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.

Or were I monarch of the globe,

Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign;

The brightest jewel o' my crown

Wad be my Jean, wad be my Jean.



Ye violets that first appear,  
By your purple mantles known,  
Like proud virgins of the year,  
As if the spring were all your own,  
What are ye when the rose is blown?

You glancing Jewels of the east,  
Whose estimation fancies raise,  
Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest  
Of glittering gems, what is your praise  
When the bright diamond shews his rays?

Ye wand'ring chaunters of the wood,  
That fill the ayre wi' natures layes,  
Making your feelings understood  
In accent weak —What is your praise  
When Philomel her voyce shall raise?

But, ah! poor light, gem, voyce, and sound,  
What are ye if my Mary shine?  
Moon, diamond, flowers, and Philomel,  
Light, lustre, scent, and musick tinc,  
And yield to merit more divine.

There rose and lily, the hark spring,  
Around her face for sweetness speed,  
The diamond darkens in the ring;  
When she appears, the moon looks dead,  
As when Sol lifts his radiant head.

*FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.*

Slow

Frae the friends and land I love, Driv'n by for-tune's fel-ly spite;

Frae my best be-lov'd I rove, Ne-ver mair to taste de-light.

Ne-ver mair maun hope to find Ease frae toil, re-lic'd frae care;

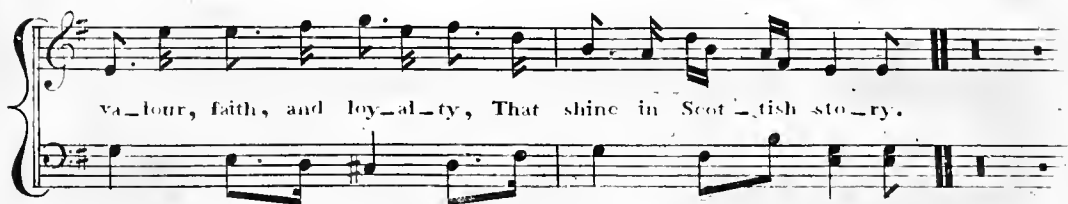
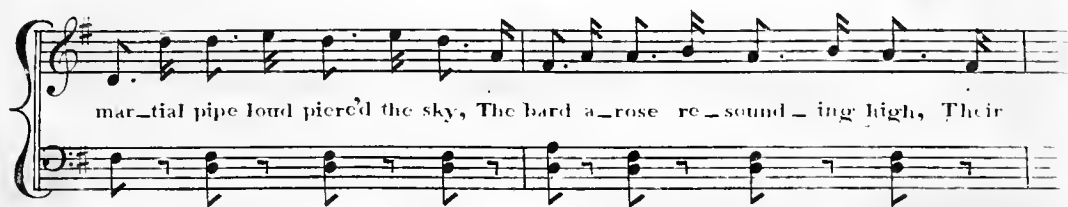
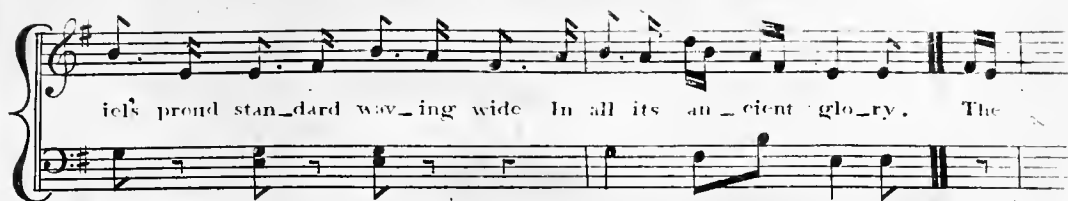
When re-mem-brance wracks the mind, Pleas-ures but un-veil de-spair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,  
 Desert ilka blooming shore;  
 Till the Fates, nae mair severe,  
 Friendship, Love, and Peace, restore.  
 Till revenge, wi' laurel'd head,  
 Bring our banish'd hame again;  
 And ilk loyal, bonnie lad,  
 Cross the seas, and win his ain.

*ON THE RESTORATION OF THE FORFEITED ESTATES 1784.*

As o'er the Highland hills I hied, The Camerons in ar-ray I spied; Loch-





No more the trumpet calls to arms,  
Awaking battles fierce alarms;  
But every hero's bosom warms  
With songs of exultation.  
While brave Lochiel at length regains,  
Thro' toils of war, his native plains,  
And won by glorious wounds, attains,  
His high paternal station.

Let now the voice of joy prevail,  
And echo wide from hill to vale;  
Ye warlike Clans, arise, and hail  
Your laurel'd Chiefs returning.  
O'er ev'ry mountain, ev'ry isle,  
Let peace in all her lustre smile,  
And discord ne'er her day defile  
With sullen shades of mourning.

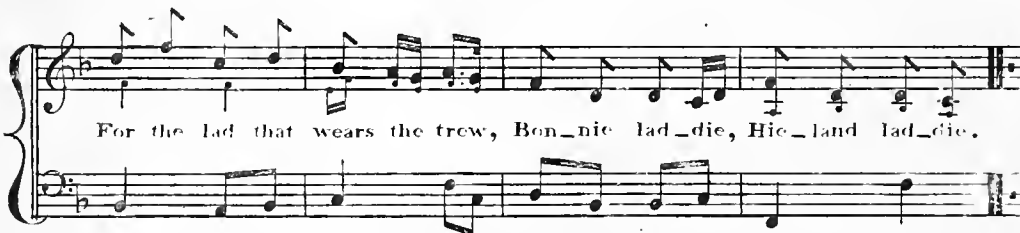
McLeod, Mc Donald, join the strain,  
Mc Pherson, Fraser, and Mc Lean,  
Thro all your bounds let gladness reign,  
Both prince and patriot praising.  
Whose generous bounty richly pours  
The streams of plenty round your shores,  
To Scotia's hills their pride restores,  
Her faded honours raising.

Let all the joyous banquet share,  
Nor e'er let Gothic grandeur dare,  
With scowling brow, to overbear  
A vassal's rights invading:  
Let freedom's conscious sons disdain  
To croud his fawning timid train,  
Nor even own his haughty reign,  
Their dignity degrading.

Ye northern Chiefs, whose rage, unbroke,  
Has still repell'd the tyrant's shock,  
Who ne'er have bow'd beneath her yoke  
With servile base prostration;  
Let each now train his trusty hand,  
'Gainst foreign foes alone to stand,  
With undivided heart and hand  
For freedom, king and nation.

## HIELAND LADDIE.

Lively.



Geordie sits in Charlie's chair,  
Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie;  
Had I my will, he'd no sit there,  
Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie.

And tho' now our sky may lower,  
Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie,  
It's only like an April shower,  
Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie.

N'er reflect on sorrows past,  
Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie;  
Charlie will be King at last,  
Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie.

Time and tide come round to a,  
Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie;  
And upstart pride will get a fa',  
Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie.

Keep up your heart, for Charlie fight,  
Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie;  
And, come what may, ye've done what's right,  
Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.