

(THE)

**SCOTTISH MINSTREL**

A SELECTION  
from the

**VOCAL MELODIES OF SCOTLAND**

*ANTIENT & MODERN*

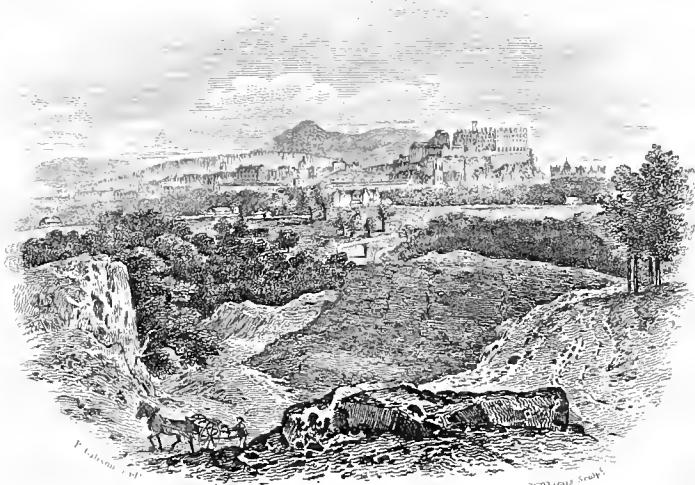
ARRANGED FOR THE

**PIANO PORTE**

—BY—

R. A. SMITH.

*VOL. 2*



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# O WALLY, WALLY.

Slow

O wally, wally, up yon bank! And wally, wally,  
down yon brae! And wally by yon ri-ver side, Where I and  
my love wont to gae! O wally, wally! love is bon-nie, A  
lit-tle white when it is new; But when 'tis auld, it  
wax-es cauld, And wears a-wa- like mor-ning dew.

O wherefore should I buse my head?  
O wherefore should I kame my hair?  
For my fause love has me forsook,  
And says he'll never loe me mair.  
Now Arthur's seat shall be my bed,  
The grey mist will my covering be;  
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,  
Since my fause love's forsaken me.

'Tis not the frost that freezes Iell,  
Nor blawing snaws inclemencie;  
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,  
But my love's heart grown cauld to me,  
O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
And shake the green leaves all the tree?  
O gentle death, when wilt thou come,  
And tak a life that wearies me?

*THE BRAES O' KILLIECRANKIE.*

Battle of Killiecrankie fought 1689.

Where ha ye been sae braw, lad? Where ha ye been sae brankie, O? Where ha ye  
been sae braw, lad? Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O? Anye had been where I ha been, Ye wad na  
been sae cantie, O; Anye had seen what I ha seen, On th' braes o' Kil-lic-eran-kie, O.

I fought at land, I fought at sea,  
At home I fought my Auntie, O;  
But I met the Devil at Dundee,  
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O.  
An' ye had been, &c.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a tur,  
An' Clavers got a clankie, O;  
Or I had fed an' Athole gled  
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O.  
An' ye had been, &c.

*THE BONNY HOUSE O' AIRLIE.*

Jacobite.

It fell on a day, a bon - ny sim - mer day, When the  
leaves were green and yel - low, That there tell out a



Argyle he has taen a hundred o' his men,  
A hundred men and fitty,  
And he's awa, on yon green shaw,  
To plunder the bonny house o' Airlie.

The lady looked owre the hie Castle wall  
And oh! but she sighed sairly,  
When she saw Argyle, and a' his men,  
Come to plunder the bonny house o' Airlie.

"Come down to me," said proud Argyle;  
"Come down to me, Lady Airlie,  
Or I swear by the sword I haud in my hand,  
I winna leave a stannin stane in Airlie!"

"I'll no cum down, ye proud Argyle,  
Until that ye speak mair fairly,  
Tho' ye swear by the sword that ye haud in your hand,  
That ye winna leave a stannin stane in Airlie."

"Had my ain Lord been at his hame,  
But he's awa wi' Charlie,  
There's no a Campbell in a' Argyles,  
Dare hae trod on the bonny green o' Airlie."

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

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

Clouds o' smoke, and flames sic hie,  
Soon left the w'st but barely;  
And she laid her down on that hill to die,  
Whan she saw the burnin o' Airlie.

## TARRY WOO!

Tarry woo', O tarry woo', tarry woo' is ill to spin;

Card it well, O Card it well, Card it well ere ye begin.

When 'tis carded, row'd, and spun, Then the work is half done;

But when wo'ven, drest, and clean, It may be cleading for a Queen.

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,  
That feed upon the mountains steep,  
Bleating sweetly, as ye go,  
Thro' the winter's frost and snow.  
Hart, and hind, and fallow deer,  
No by half so useful are:  
Frae kings to him that haws the plow,  
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo'!

How happy is the shepherd's life,  
Far frae courts, and free of strife,  
While the gimmers bleat and baa,  
And the lambkins answer mae;  
No such music to his ear:  
Of thief or fox he has no fear;  
Sturdy kent and colly true,  
Will defend the tarry woo'!

He lives content, and envies none;  
Not even a monarch on his throne,  
Tho' he the royal sceptre sways,  
Has not sweeter holidays.  
Whold be a king, can ony tell,  
When a shepherd sings sae well?  
Sings sae well, and pays his due,  
With honest heart and tarry woo'!

*OH! DINNA ASK ME GIN I LO'E YE.*

Air—Comin' thro' the eye.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in common time (C) and the bottom staff is in 2/4 time (G). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

Oh! din-na ask me gin I lo'e ye, 'Deed I dar-na tell;  
 Din-na ask me gin I lo'e ye, Ask it o' your-sel', Oh,  
 din-na look sae aft at me, For oh, ye weel may trow, That  
 when ye look sae sair at me, I dar-na look at you.

An' when ye're gaun to the town,

An' mony a braw lass see,

O, Jamie, dinna look at them,

For fear ye mind na me;

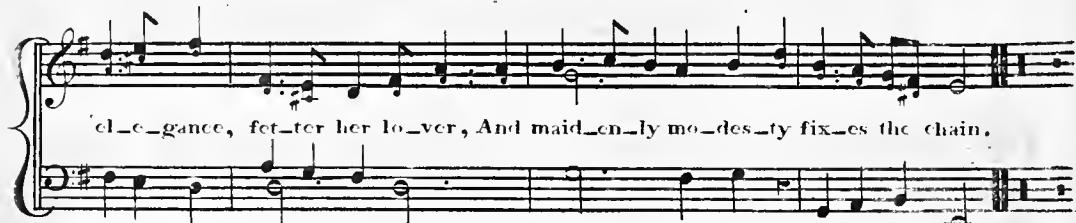
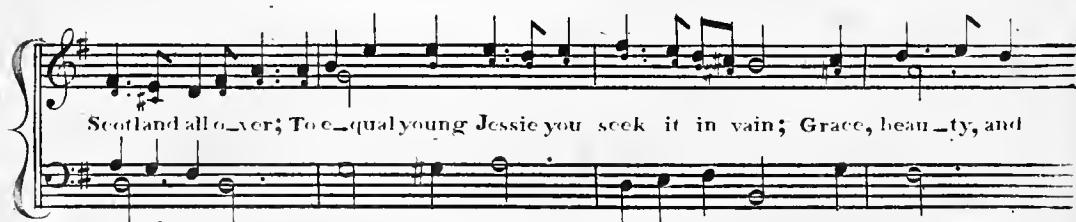
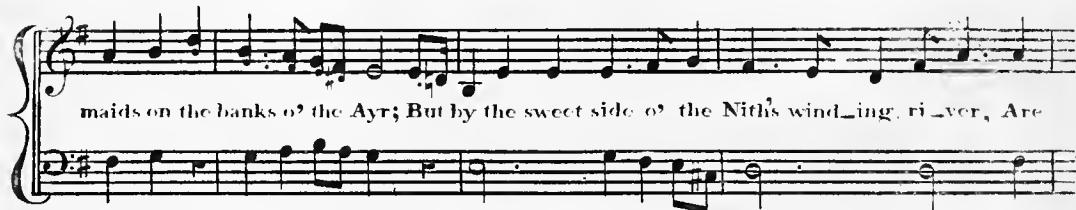
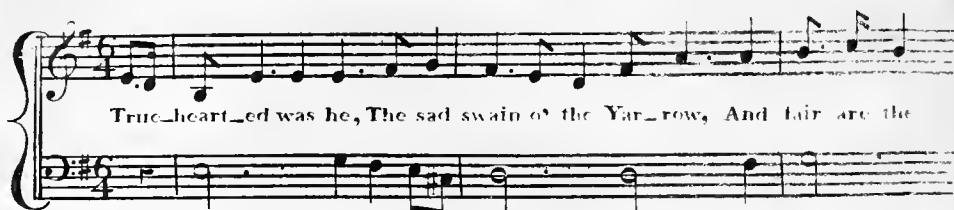
For weel I ken there's mony a one

That weel might fancy thee;

Then Jamie keep me in your mind

Who loves but only thee.

## TRUE-HEARTED WAS HE, THE SAD SWAIN O' THE YARROW.



Oh! fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,  
And sweet is the lily at evening close;

But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,  
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.

Love sits in her smile, a wizzard ensnaring,  
Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law,

And still to her charms she alone is a stranger!  
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a?

*THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.*

Same Air.

Keen blows the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,  
 The auld castle's turrets are cover'd wi' snow;  
 How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover  
 Amang the broom bushes by Stanley-green shaw.  
 The wild flow'rs o' summer were spread a' sac bonny,  
 The Mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;  
 But far to the camp they ha'e march'd my dear Johnny,  
 An' now it is winter wi' nature an' me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythsome an' cheery;  
 Then ilk thing around us was bonny an' braw;  
 Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary,  
 An' naething is seen but the wide-spreading snow.  
 The trees are a' bare, an' the birds mute an' doowies,  
 They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,  
 An' chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnny;  
 'Tis winter wi' them, an' 'tis winter wi' me.

You cauld steely cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,  
 An' shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae,  
 While down the deep glen bawls the snow-flooded fountain,  
 That murmur'd sac sweet to my laddie an' me;  
 'Tis no its loud roar on the wintry win' swelling;  
 It's no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my e';  
 For, O! gin I saw but my bonny Scotch callan,  
 The dark days o' winter were summer to me.

*OSCAR'S GHOST.*

Slow { O, see that form that faintly gleams! 'Tis Oscar come to clear my

{ dreams! On wings of wind he flies a-way; O stay, my love-ly Oscar, stay!

Wake Ossian, last of Fingal's line,  
 And mix thy tears and sighs with mine;  
 Awake the harp to doleful lays,  
 And soothe my soul with Oscar's praise.

The shell is ceas'd in Oscar's hall,  
 Since gloomy Kerbar wrought his fall;  
 The doe on Morven lightly bounds,  
 Nor hears the cry of Oscar's hounds.

## THE LAZY MIST.

The score consists of three staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The top staff has a treble clef, the middle staff has a bass clef, and the bottom staff has a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines. Measure 1: "The la - zy mist hangs on the brow of the". Measure 2: "hill, Con - ceal - ing the course of the dark-wind - ing rill. How". Measure 3: "lan - guid the scenes late so spright - ly ap - pear, As". Measure 4: "Au - tumn to Win - ter re - signs the pale year."

The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,  
And all the gay feppery of summer is flown;  
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,  
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.

How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain,  
How little of life's scanty span may remain—  
What aspects old Time in his progress has worn!  
What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn!

How foolish, or worse, 'till our summit is gain'd  
And downward how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!  
Life is not worth having with all it can give,  
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

I will a-wa wi my love, I will a-wa wi' her; Tho'

a' my kin had sworn and said, I will a-wa wi' her. Cho.

der Bo-gie, der Bo-gie, Oer Bo-gie wi' her, Tho'

a' my kin had sworn and said, I will a-wa wi' her.

If I can get but her consent,  
I dinna care a strae  
Tho' ilka ane be discontent,  
Awa wi' her I'll gae.  
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

For now sh'e mistress o' my heart,  
And wordy o' my hand,  
And weel I wat we shanna part  
For siller or for land.  
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

Siccen a wark's they hae wi' siller,  
And wi' a grand descent,  
But Bet counts cousin to the Laird  
So they may be content.  
And I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

My Uncle he does threaten me,  
My Aunty luiks fu' sour,  
Tho' naething can they say ava'  
But that the lassie's puir.  
And I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

*LOUD ROARD THE TEMPEST.*

Air—Laddie, bide ne'er me.

Loud roard the tem-peст, the night was de-seend-ing, A-lone to the  
 beach was the fair mai-den wen-ding; She eyed the dark wave thro' its light-loaming  
 cover; And chill grew her heart, as she thought on her Lo-ver,

Long has she wander'd, her maiden heart fearing;  
 Wild rolls her eye, but no bark is appearing;  
 No kind star of light thro' the dark sky is beaming,  
 And far is the cliff where the beacon is gleaming.

In vain for thy love the beacon-flame's burning,  
 And vain is thy gaze to descrie him returning;  
 No longer he strives 'gainst the billows' rude motion,  
 For heavy they roll o'er his bed of the ocean.

Ah! where is my child gone, long, long does she tarry!  
 Fond mother, forbear, thou'rt not heard by thy Mary,  
 For sound is her sleep on the dark weedy pillow,  
 Her bed the cold sand, and her sheet the rude bellow.

*THE MAID OF GLENCONNEL.*

The pearl of the fountain, the rose of the val-ley, Are

sparkling and love-ly, are stainless and mild; The pearl sheds its ray 'neath the  
 dark wa-ter gai-ly, The rose opes its blos-som to bloom on the wild. The  
 pearl and the rose are the em-blems of Ma-ry, The Maid of Glen-  
 con-nel, once love-ly and gay; A false-lo-ver wo'd her—Ye  
 dam-sels be wa-ry—Now seath'd is the blos-som,—now dimm'd is the ray.

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

## TO THEE, LOV'D DEE.

To thee, lov'd Dee, thy gladsome vales, Where late with care-less  
steps I rang'd; Tho' prest with care, and sunk in woe, To thee I  
bring a heart un-chang'd. I love thee, Dee, thy banks & glades, Tho'  
ment-ry there my bo-som tear; For there he rov'd that  
broke my heart, Yet to that hearts, Oh! still how dear.

Ye shades that echo'd to his vows,  
And saw me once supremely blest  
Oh yield me now a peaceful grave,  
And give a forlorn maiden rest!  
And should the false one hither stray,  
No vengeful spirit bid him fear;  
But tell him, tho' he broke my heart,  
Yet to that heart he still was dear.

Here's a health to those far a-way, Who are gone to war's fatal plain; Here's a  
 health to those who were here 't other day, But who ne'er may be with us a-gain, oh! never!

'Tis hard to be parted from those, With whom we for ev-er could dwell; But bit-ter in-  
 deed is the sorrow that flows, When perhaps we are saying farewell, for ev-er.

Here's a health to those far away,  
 Who are gone to war's fatal plain;  
 Here's a health to those who were here 't other day,  
 But who ne'er may be with us again, oh never,  
 Tho' those whom we tenderly love  
 Our tears at this moment may claim;  
 A balm to our sorrow this truth sure must prove,  
 They'll live in the records of fame, for ever.

## HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWAY. — Same Air.

Here's a health to them that's awa;  
 Here's a health to them that's awa;  
 And wha wimma wish gude luck to the cause,  
 May never gude luck be their la! Hinny.  
 It's gude to be merry and wise;  
 It's gude to be honest and true;  
 It's gude to be aff wi' the auld love,  
 Before we be on wi' the new, Hinny.

Here's a health to them that's awa;  
 Here's a health to them that's awa;  
 Here's a health to Charlie the chief o' the clans,  
 Altho' that his band be but sma, Hinny.  
 Here's freedom to him that would read;  
 Here's freedom to him that would write;  
 There's nae ever feard that the truth should be heard  
 But they whom the truth would indite, Hinny.

## THE BAIRNIE'S SONG.

Dance to your daddy my bonnie lady, Dance to your daddy my weebit Lamb.

Ye sal get a ship - py, and a lit - tle fishy, and a lit - tle dishy, for your supple tam.

Dance to your dad - dy my bonnie lady, Dance to your daddy my dauttit Lamb.

## HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

Hail! to the Chief who in triumph ad - van - ces, Honour'd and bless'd be the

ever green pine! Long may the tree in his ban - ner that glan - ces, Flour - ish, the

Chorus,

shel - ter and grace of our dñe! Heavn send it hap - py dew, Earth lend it

sap a-new, Gai-ly to bour-geon, and broadly to grow, While ev'ry highland glen  
 Sends our shout back a-gen, "Roderigh Vich Al-pine dhu, ho! ier-oe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,  
 Blooming at Beltane, in Winter to fade;  
 When the whirlwind has stripp'd ev'ry leaf on the mountain,  
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.  
 Moord in the rifted rock,  
 Proof to the tempest's shock;  
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;  
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,  
 Echo his praise agen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,  
 And Banochar's groans to our slogan replied;  
 Glen Luiss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,  
 And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her side.  
 Widow and Saxon maid  
 Long shall lament our raid,  
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;  
 Lennox and Leven glen  
 Shake, when they hear agen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, Vassals, row, for the pride of the Hielands!  
 Stretch to your oars for the ever green pine!  
 O! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,  
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!  
 O that some seedling gem,  
 Worthy such noble stem,  
 Honoured and blessed, in their shadow might grow!  
 Loud should Clan Alpine then  
 Ring from her inmost glen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

## WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER?

Jacobite.

Lively

What's a' the steer, Kimmer? What's a' the steer? Charlie he is landed, An;  
 haith, he'll soon be here. The win' was at his back, Carle, The win' was at his  
 back: I care na, sin' he's come, Carle, We were na worth a plack. I'm right glad to  
 heart, Kimmer, I'm right glad to heart; I hae a gude braid Claymore, And  
 for his sake I'll weart. Sin' Charlie he is landed, We hae nae mair to  
 fear; Sin' Charlie he is come, Kimmer, We'll hae a Jubilee year.

## O, SAW YE BONNIE LESLEY?

Lively { O, saw ye bonnie Lesley, As she gaed o'er the bor\_dер? She's  
 gane, like Alex\_ander, To spread her con\_quests far\_ther. To  
 see her is to love her, And love but her for ev\_er; For  
 na\_ture made her what she is, And ne'er made sic an\_ither.

Thou art a Queen, fair Lesley,  
 Thy Subjects we before thee;  
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,  
 The hearts of men adore thee.  
 The diel he couldna skaith thee,  
 Or aught that wad belang thee;  
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,  
 And say, "I canna wrang thee!"

The Powers aboon will tent thee,  
 Misfortune sha'na steer thee;  
 Thou'rt like themsel's sae lovely,  
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.  
 Return again, fair Lesley,  
 Return to Caledonie!  
 That we may brag we ha'e a Lass,  
 There's nane again sae bonnie.

*AH! CHLORIS.*

Slow

Ah! Chloris, could I now but sit As un \_ con \_ cern'd, as  
when Your in \_ fant beau \_ ty could be \_ get No  
hap \_ pi \_ ness, nor pain. When I thy dawn \_ ing  
did ad \_ mire, And prais'd the com \_ ing day, I lit \_ tle  
thought that ri \_ sing fire Would take my rest a \_ way.

Your charms, in harmless childhood lay,  
As metals in the mine;  
Age from no face takes more away,  
Than youth conceal'd in thine;  
But as your charms, insensibly,  
To their perfection press'd;  
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,  
And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,  
While Cupid at my heart,  
Still as his mother favour'd you,  
Threw a new flaming dart.  
Each gloriéd in their wanton part,  
To make a lover, he  
Employ'd the utmost of his art;  
To make a beauty, she .

Same Air.

Gilderoy was a bonny boy,  
Had roses till his shoon;  
His stockings were of silken soy,  
Wi' garters hanging down;  
It was, I weene, a comlie sight,  
To see sae trim a boy;  
He was my joy and heart's delight,  
My winsome Gilderoy.

Oh! sic tua charming een he had,  
Breath sweet as ony rose;  
He never wore a Highland plaid,  
But costly silken clothes;  
He gaund the luve of auld and young,  
Nane e'er to him was coy;  
Ah! wae is me! I mourn the day,  
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born  
Baith in ae toun thegither;  
We scant were seven years befor  
We gan to luve ilk ither;  
Our daddies and our mammyes they  
Were till'd wi' meikle joy,  
To think upon the bridal-day  
O! me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that lufe of mine,  
Wi' joy, I freely bought  
A wedding-sark of holland fine,  
Wi' dainty ruffles wrought:  
And he gied me a wedding-ring,  
Which I receiv'd wi' joy;  
Nae lad nor lassie e'er could sing  
Like me and Gilderoy.

Oh! that he still had been content  
Wi' me to lead his life;  
But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent  
To stir in leats of strife!  
And he, in mony a vent'rous deed,  
His courage bauld wad try,  
And this now gars my heart to bleed  
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tak,  
The tears they wat my ee,  
I gied him sic a parting luik,  
"My benison gang wi' thee!"  
Now speed thee weil, mine ain dear heart,  
For gane is all my joy;  
My heart is rent, sith we maun part,  
My handsome Gilderoy!

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,  
Was feard in ev'ry town,  
And bauldly bare awa' the gear  
Of mony a lawland loun:  
For man to man durst meet him nae,  
He was so brave a boy;  
At length wit numbers he was fane,  
My winsome Gilderoy.

The Queen of Scots possessed nougnt  
That my love lef me want;  
For cow and ewe he brought to me;  
And e'en when they were scant,  
All these did honestly possess,  
He never did annoy,  
Who never fail'd to pay their cess.\*  
To my love Gilderoy.

Wae worth the louns that made the laws  
To hang a man for gear,  
To reave of life for sic a cause  
As stealing horse, or mare;  
Had not their laws been made sae strick  
I ne'er had lost my joy;  
Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my cheek  
For my dear Gilderoy.

Gif Gilderoy had done amiss,  
He might hae banisht been;  
Ah! what sair cruelty is this,  
To hang sic handsome men!  
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,  
Sae sweet and fair a' boy;  
Nae lady had sae fair a hand  
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae feard were they,  
Wi' irons his limbs they strung,  
To Edinborow led him there  
And on a Gallows luang.  
They hung him high aboon the rest,  
He was sae bauld a boy;  
There died the youth whom I loed best,  
My handsome Gilderoy.

Sune as he yielded up his breath,  
I bare his corse away;  
Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,  
I wast'd his comlie clay;  
And sicker in a grave right deep,  
I laid the dear-lued boy  
And now for ever I maun weep  
My winsome Gilderoy.

\*This cess is well known by the name of Black Mail, and was paid by the Inhabitants to the Freebooters, as a compensation for sparing their cattle, &c.

† A noted freebooter hanged by order of James the 5<sup>th</sup>

*A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.*  
Air-Shepherd-Wife.

A rose-bud by my early walk, A-down a corn-en-closed  
 bawk, Sae gently bent its thorny stalk, All on a dew-y morn-ing. Ere  
 twice the shades o'f down are fled, In a' its crimson glo-ry spread; And,  
 droop-ing rich the dew-y head, It scents the early morn-ing.

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

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

## PEGGY, NOW THE KING'S COME.

Jacobite.

Peg-gy, now the king's come, Peg-gy, now the king's come;

Thou may dance, and I shall sing, Peg-gy, since the king's come. Nae

mair the hawkies shalt thou milk, But change thy plaid-en coat - for

silk, And be a lady of that ilk, Now, Peg-gy, since the king's come.

## CARL, AN' THE KING COME.

Same Air.

Chorus.

Carl-an the king come,  
Carl-an the king come,  
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,  
Carl-an the king come.

An somebodie were come again,  
Then somebodie maun cross the main;  
And every man shall hae his ain,  
Carl-an the king come.

Carl-an, &amp;c.

I trow, we swapped for the worse;  
We gae the boot and better horse,  
And that we'll tell them at the cross;  
Carl-an the king come.  
Carl-an, &c.

Coggie, an the king come,  
Coggie, an the king come,  
I'se be thou, and thou'se be toom,  
Coggie, an the king come.

Coggie, an, &amp;c.

## CHARLIE'S FAREWELL.

Jacobite.

Plaintive

Fare\_well, fare\_well, my gal\_lant hearts a' Fare\_well to Soot\_land, aye sae dear; I weep for the ills that on thee's laun, And a' the wrangs that thou maun bear.

O Scotland, thou'rt but a reckless name!

A reckless late abideth thee!

The bonniest spot in a' Christendom

Is the haunt of guilt and treacherie!

O gin my grave were Culloden field,

Whare drapt the flowers o' chivalry?

O Scotland! Scotland! that I should live,

To mourn the wrangs o' thine an' thee!

O fare thee weel, thou bonnie Scotland,

Thy stay and prop I wish'd to be;

But thee an' thine I will ne'er forget,

Tho' I am banish'd far frae thee.

## WHAT WILL I DO GIN MY HOGGIE DIE?

What will I do gin my Hog-gie die? My joy, my pride, my Hog-gie; My on\_ly beast, I had nae mae, And vow but I was yo-gie.

B

The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld, Me and my faith-fu' dog-gie; We  
 heard nought but the roar-ing linn, A-mang the braces sac straggie. But the  
 howlet cry'd frae the Cas-tle wa'; The bli-ter frae the bog-gie; The  
 tod re-ply'd up-on the hill, I trem-bled for my Hog-gie. When  
 day did daw', and cocks did craw, The morn-ing it was fog-gie; An  
 un-co tyke lap o'er the dyke, And maist has kill'd my Hog-gie.

The musical score consists of five staves of music in common time, key signature of two sharps. The vocal part (Soprano) has lyrics in parentheses. The piano accompaniment is provided below the vocal line.

My Partie is a lo - ver gay, His mind is ne - ver  
 mud - dy, His breath is sweet - er than new hay, His  
 face is fair and rud - - dy, His shape is hand - some  
 mid - dle size, He's state - ly in his wa - king, The shining of his  
 een sur - -prise; 'Tis heav'n to hear him taw - king,

Last night I met him on the bawk  
 Where yellow corn was growing;  
 There mony a kindly word he spake,  
 That set my heart a glowing.  
 He often vow'd he wad be mine,  
 And loold me best of ony;  
 That gus me like to sing sinsyne,  
 "O corn-riggs are bonny!"

## THE SILVER CROWN.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, featuring a treble clef and a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first staff begins with the lyrics: "And ye sal walk in silk at-tire, And sil-ler hae to". The second staff continues with "spare, Gin yell con-sent to be my bride, Nor think o' Donald". The third staff begins with "mair. O wha wad buy a silk-en gown, Wi' a poor bro-ken". The fourth staff concludes with "heart? Or, what's to me a sil-ler crown, Gin frae my love I part?".

The mind whase every wish is pure,  
Far dearer is to me;  
And e'er I'm forc'd to break my faith,  
I'll lay me down and die:  
For I ha'e pledged my virgin troth  
Brave Donald's fate to share,  
And he ha's gi'en to me his heart  
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,  
He, gratefu', took the gift;  
Could I but think to seek it back,  
It woud be waur than theft.  
For langest life can ne'er repay  
The love he bears to me,  
And e'er I'm forc'd to break my troth,  
I'll lay me down and die.

## THE WINTER OF LIFE.

But lately seen, in gladsome green, The woods rejoic'd the  
day; Thro' gentle show'rs, the laughing flow'rs, In double pride, were  
gay. But now our joys are fled, On winter Blasts, 'a - wa'; Yet  
maiden May, in rich ar-ray, A-gain shall bring them a!

But my white powe, nae kindly thowe  
Shall melt the snaws of age:  
My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,  
Sinks in Time's wintry rage.  
Oh! age has weary days,  
And nights o' sleepless pain!  
Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,  
Why com'st thou not again?

## THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Air—Milt Mill O.

When wild war's deadly blast was blown, And gentle peace re-turn-

ing, Wi'mony a sweet babe fatherless, And mo'ny a wi-dow mourning.

left the lines and ten-ten field, Where lang I'd been a lod-ger, My-

hum-ble knap-sack a' my wealth, A poor and hon-est sod-ger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,  
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;  
And for fair Scotia, hame again,  
I cheery on did wander.  
I thought upon the banks of Coil,  
I thought upon my Nancy;  
I thought upon the witching smile  
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,  
Where early life I sported;  
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,  
Where Nancy aft I courted;  
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,  
Down by her mother's dwelling!  
And turn'd me round to hide the flood  
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, 'sweet lass,  
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,  
O! happy, happy may be he,  
That's dearest to thy bosom.  
My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
And fain wad be a lodger;  
I've serv'd my king and country lang;  
Take pity on a sodger.'

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,  
And lovelier was than ever;  
Quo' she, 'a sodger an'e I laed,  
Forget him shall I never:  
Our humble cot and hamely fare,  
Ye freely shall partake o't;  
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,  
Yer'e welcome for the sake o't!'

She gaz'd, she reddend like a rose,  
Syne pale as ony lily,  
She sank within my arms, and cried,  
"Art thou my ain dear Willy?"  
'By him who made yon sun and sky,  
By whom true love's regarded,  
I am the man, and thus may still,  
True lovers be rewarded!

'The wars are o'er and I'm come hame,  
And find thee still true-hearted;  
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,  
And mair we'se ne'er be parted!  
Quo' she, 'my Grandsire left me goud,  
A mailin plenish'd fairly;  
And come, my faithful sodger lad,  
Thou'r't welcome to it dearly!'

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
The farmer ploughs the manor;  
But glory is the sodger's prize,  
The sodger's wealth is honour.  
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,  
Nor count him as a stranger,  
Remember he's his country's stay,  
In day and hour of danger.

*CULLODEN MUIR.*

Air \_The Highland Watch.

Cul-lo-den muir, Cul-lo-den field, Long wilt thou re-

mem-ber'd; On thee the He-ro nob-ly fell, And with the dead was num-ber'd; On

thee the dear-est blood was shed, By num-bers dou-bled fair-ly; On

thee the Clans of Scot-land bled For their dear Roy-al Char-lie.

Thy broad brown sward that day was dy'd,  
 The howes were clotted o'er;  
 From gaping wounds incessant flow'd  
 The red, red-recking gore:  
 Thou drank'st the precious blood of those  
 Who fought that day fu'sairly,  
 A glorious day for Scotland's foes,  
 Eventful for Prince Charlie!

Oh! Charlie, noble, gallant youth,  
 Thy memory Scots revere;  
 They lov'd thee with the warmest truth,  
 Their hearts were all sincere:  
 But traitor knaves, with bri'b'ry base,  
 Made death's darts fly fu'resely,  
 And Scotland lang will mind the place  
 She lost her Royal Charlie.

## THE LOMOND.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, treble clef, and G major. The lyrics are integrated into the music as follows:

Staff 1: 'O, Las - sie, wilt thou go To the Lo - mond wi' me? The  
Staff 2: wild thyme's in bloom, . And the flow'r's on the lea; Wilt thou  
Staff 3: go, my dear - est love? I will ev - er con - stant prove, I'll  
Staff 4: range each hill and grove On the Lo - mond wi' thee.

"O young men are tickle,  
Nor trusted to be,  
And many a native gem  
Shines fair on the lee:  
Thou may see some lovely flower  
Of a more attractive power,  
And may take her to thy bower,  
On the Lomond wi' thee?"

She's taken her mantle,  
He's taken his plaid;  
He colt her a ring,  
And he made her his bride:  
They're far o'er you hills  
To spend their happy days,  
And range the woody glens  
'Mang the Lomond Braes.

"The lynd shall forsake,  
On the mountain, the doe;  
The stream of the fountain  
Shall cease for to flow;  
Benlomond shall bend  
His high brow to the sea,  
Ere I take to my bower,  
Any flower, love, but the?"

## SIR JAMES THE ROSS.



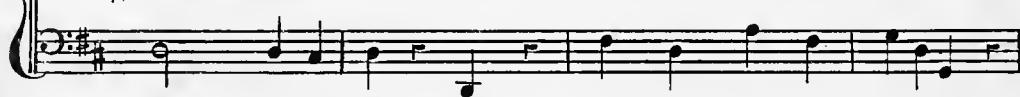
Of all the Scottish northern chiefs, Of high and mighty name, The



bra-vest was Sir James, the Ross, A Knight of meikle fame. His



growth was like a youthful Oak That crowns the moun-tain's brow, And



wav-ing, o'er his shoul-ders broad, His locks of yellow flew.



The Chieftain of the brave clan Ross,

A firm undaunted band;

Five hundred Warriors drew the sword

Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood

Against the English keen,

Ere two-and-twenty op'ning springs

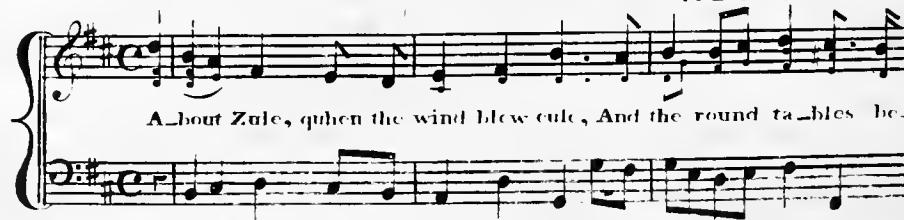
This blooming youth had seen.

\* \* \* \* \*



## YOUNG WATERS.

Old Ballad.



About Zule, quhen the wind blew eule, And the round tables be-

gan, A! ther is cum to our King's curt, Mo\_n\_y a weel-favour'd man.

The Queen luikt ower the castle wa', Be-held baith dale and down, And

there she saw Zoung Waters Cum ry-ding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,  
His horsemen rade behind,  
And mantel o' the burning gowd  
Did keep him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd his horse before,  
And siller shod behind;  
The horse zoung Waters rade upon,  
Was fleeter than the wind.

But then spack a wylie Lord,  
Unto the Queen said he,  
"O tell quha's the fairest face  
Rides in the companie?"

I've seen Lord, and I've seen Laird,  
And knichts o' high degree,  
But a fairer face than zoung Waters'  
Mine eyne did never see.

Out then spack the jealous king,  
(And an angry man was he,) "O if he had been twice as fair,  
Zou might ha'e excepted me!"

"Zou're neither Laird nor Lord," she says,  
"But the King that wears the crown;  
Ther is not a knicht in fair Scotland  
But to thee maun bow down?"

For a' that she could do or say,  
Appeas'd he wadna be;  
Bot, for the words which she had said,  
Zoung Waters he maun die!

They hae taen Zoung Waters, and  
Put fetters on his feit;  
They hae taen Zoung Waters, and  
Thrown him in dungeon deep.

"Aft I hae ridden thru Stirling toun,  
In the wind bot and the wet,  
Bot I neir rade thru Stirling toun  
Wi' fetters at my feit."

"Aft I hae ridden thru Stirling toun  
In the wind bot and the rain,  
Bot I neir rade thru Stirling toun  
Neir to return again?"

They hae taen to the heidling hill  
His zoung son in his cradle,  
And they hae taen to the heidling hill  
His horse bot and his saddle.

They hae taen to the heidling hill  
His Lady fair to see!  
And for the words the Queen had spek,  
Zoung Waters he did die!

## KELVIN GROVE.

Air—*Kelvin Water.*

Andante

Let us haste to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie O, Through its  
 mazes let us rove, bon nie las sie, O; Where the  
 rose, in all its pride, Paints the hol low din gle  
 side, Where the mid night fai ries glide, bon nie 'las sie, O.

We will wander by the Mill, bonnie lassie, O,  
 To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O;  
 Where the glens rebound the call  
 Of the lofty water-fall,  
 Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Where so oft beneath its shade, bonnie lassie, O,  
 'With the songsters in the grove  
 We have told our tale of love,  
 And have sportive garlands wove, bonnie lassie, O.

Ah! I soon must bid adieu, bonnie lassie, O,  
 To this fairy scene and you, bonnie lassie, O,  
 To the streamlet winding clear,  
 To the fragrant scented brier,  
 Even to thee, of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

For the brawns of fortune low'r, bonnie lassie, O,  
 On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Ere the golden orb of day  
 Wake the warblers from the spray,  
 From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.

And when on a distant shore, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Should I fall mid'st battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Wilt thou, Ellen, when you hear  
 Of thy lover on his bier,  
 To his mem'ry drop a tear, bonnie lassie, O.

## LIFE! WHAT ART THOU?

Music by Smith.

With  
Melancholy  
Expression

Life! what art thou? a variegated scene, Of mingled light and

shade, of joy and woe; A sea where calms and storms pro-

miscuous reign, A stream where sweet and bitter jointly flow, Fair have I

seen thy morn in smiles ar-ray'd, With cerim-ion blush be-

paint the eastern sky, But now the dawn creeps mourn-ful o'er the

glade, Shroud-ed in col-ours of a sa-ble dye.

## MY COLLIER LADDIE.

"Whare live ye, my bon\_nie lass? And tell me what they ea'\_ ye?"

"My name," she says, "is Miss\_tress Joan, And I fol\_low the Collier laddie."

"See you not yon hills and dales,  
The sun shines on sac brawlie!  
They a're mine, and they shall be thine,  
Gin y'll leave your Collier laddie.  
They a're, &c."

"Ye shall gang in gay attire,  
Weel buskit up sac gaudy,  
And ane to wait on every hand,  
Gin y'll leave your Collier laddie.  
And ane to wait," &c.

'If ye had a' the sun shines on,  
And the earth conceals sac lowly,  
I'd turn my back on you and it a',  
And be true to my Collier laddie.  
I'd turn, &c.'

## ARGYLE IS MY NAME.

Lively Argyle is my name and you may think it strange, To live at a Court, yet

ne\_ver to change; A' false\_hood and flat - ter\_y I do dis\_dain, In

my secret thoughts nae guile does remain. My King and my Country's faes I have

faid; In ci\_ty or bat\_tle I ne'er was disgrac'd; I do ev\_ry thing for my  
coun\_tr\_y's weal, And I'll feast up\_on bannocks o' barley meal.

I will quickly lay down my sword and my gun,  
An' put my blue bonnet an' my plaidy on,  
Wi' my silk tartan hose an' leather-heel'd shoon,  
An' then I shall look like a sprightly loon.  
An' whan I'm sae dress'd frae tap to tae,  
To meet my dear Maggy I vow I will gae,  
Wi' swagger and hanger hung doun to my heel,  
An' I'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

I'll buy a rich present to gie to my dear,  
A ribbon o' green for Maggy to wear,  
An' mony thing brawer than that, I declare,  
Gin she'll gang wi' me to Paisley fair.  
An' when we're married I'll keep her a cow,  
An' Maggie will milk when I gae at the plow;  
We'll live a the winter on beef an' lang kail,  
An' we'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

Gin Maggy should thance to bring me a son,  
It's tight for his King, as his daddy's done;  
We'll hic him to Flanders some breeding to learn,  
An' then hame to Scotland, an' get him a farm.  
An' there we will live thro' our industry,  
An' whall be sae bappy's my Maggy an' me?  
We'll a' grow as fat as a Norway seal,  
Wi' our feasting on bannocks o' barley meal.

Then, fare-ye-weel, Citizens, noisy men,  
Your rattling o' coaches in Drury-lane,  
Ye bucks o' Bear-garden, I bid ye adieu,  
For drinking an' swearing I leave it to you.  
I'm fairly resolv'd for a country life,  
An' nae langer will live in hurry and strife,  
I'll aff to the Highlands as hard's I can reel,  
An' I'll whang at the bannocks o' barley meal.

I HAE NAE KITH, I HAE NAE KIN. Jacobite.

I hae nae kith, I hae nae kin, Nor ane that's dear to me;

For the bonnie lad, that I loe best, He's far a-yont the sea.

He's gane wi' ane that was o'er aye, And we may rue the day, When

our king's ae daughter came here To play sic foul play.

O gin I were a bonnie bird,  
Wi' wings that I might flee,  
Then I wad travel o'er the main,  
My ae true love to see:  
Then I wad tell a joyfu' tale,  
To ane that's dear to me,  
And sit upon a king's window,  
And sing my melody.

The adder lies i' the corbie's nest,  
Aneath the corbie's wing,  
And the blast that reaves the corbie's brood,  
Will soon blaw hame our king.  
Then blaw ye east, or blaw ye west,  
Or blaw ye o'er the faem,  
O bring the lad that I loe best,  
And ane I darena name!

## THE TITHER MORN.

The tither morn When I for\_lorn A\_nneath an aik sat moan\_ing, I  
 did na trow I'd see my Jo Beside me gain the glo\_a\_ming. But  
 he sac trig Lap o'er the rig, And can\_til\_y did cheer me, When  
 I, what reck, Did least ex\_peet To see my lad sac near me.

His bonnet he  
 A thought a\_jee,  
 Like Sodger, sprush and bonny,  
 And I, I wat,  
 Wi' pleasure grat,  
 To find this Sodger Johnie!

Eye on the weir!  
 I late and air  
 Has thought, since Jock departed;  
 But now as glad  
 I'm wi' my lad,  
 As shortsyne broken-hearted.

Fu'\_alt at e'en  
 Upon the green,  
 When a' were blyth and merry,  
 I carlinaby,  
 Sac sad was I,  
 In absence o' my dearie;  
 But now I'm blest,  
 My mind's at rest,  
 Sac happy wi' my Johnie;  
 At tryste an' fair,  
 Ne ay be there,  
 And be as canty's ony.

## DONALD COUPER.

Chorus.

Canty Hey Don - ald, how Don - ald, Hey Don - ald Cou - per; He's

gane a - wa to seek a wife, And he's come hame with - out her. O

Donald Cou - per and his man, Hold to a High - land fair, man, And

a' to seek a bon - nie lass; But fient a áne was there, man.

Hey Donald, how Donald,

Hey Donald Couper,

He's gane awa to seek a Wife,

And he's come hame without her.

At length he got a Carlin gray,  
 And she's come hirplin hame, man;  
 And she's fallen o'er the buffet-stool,  
 And brak her collar-bane, man.  
 Hey Donald, &c.

## HERSELL BE HIGHLAND SHENTLEMAN.

Air - Turnimspike.

Lively.

Hersell be Highland Shen - tle - man, Be auld as Poth - well

prig, man; And mony alter\_a\_tions seen Amang te Lawland Whig, man; Fa

la la la, Fa la la la la, Fa la la la, Fa la la la, Fa

la la la, Fa la la la, Fa la la la, Fa la la la, Fa

First when her to the Lawlands came,  
Nainsell was troving cows, man;  
There was nae laws about him then,  
About the preeks, or trews, man.  
Fa la, &c.

Nainsell did wear the philabeg,  
To plaid prick't on her shoulder;  
To guid claymore hung pe her belt,  
To pistol sharg'd wi' pouder.  
Fa la, &c.

Every t'ing in te Highlands now  
Pe turnt' to alteration;  
Te sodger dwall at our toor-sheek,  
An' tat's te great vexation.  
Fa la, &c.

Scotland be turnt' a Ningland now,  
And laws bring on te cadger;  
Nainsell wad durk her for her deeds,  
But, oh! she fears te sodger.  
Fa la, &c.

But I'll awa to te Highland hills  
Where ne'er a ane dare turn her,  
An' no come near her Turnimspike,  
Unless it pe to purn her.  
Fa la, &c.

Another law came after tat,  
Me never saw te like, man;  
Tey mak a lang road on te grund,  
An' ca' him Turnimspike, man.  
Fa la, &c.

An' wow! she pe a ponny road,  
Like Loudén corn-rigs, man;  
Where twa carts may gang on her,  
An' no break ithers legs, man.  
Fa la, &c.

Tey charge a penny for ilka horse,  
In troth, she'll no pe cheaper,  
For nought put gaen upo' te grund,  
An' tey gie me a paper.  
Fa la, &c.

Nae doubts, Nainsell maun tra her purse,  
An' pay him what hims like, man;  
I'll see a shugement on his toor,  
Tat filthy Turnimspike, man!  
Fa la, &c.

*O SPEED, LORD NITHSDALE, SPEED YE FAST.*

Jacobite.

Slowly  
with  
expression.

O speed, Lord Nithsdale, speedy fast, Sin' ye maun frae your Coun\_trie

Hie; Nae mer-ey mot ed to your share; Nae pi-ty is for thine an' thee. Thy

Lad-y sits in lane-ly bower, And fast the tear fa's frae her e'e; And

aye she sighs, "O blaw ye winds, And bear Lord Nithsdale far frae me!"

Her heart, sae wae, was like to break,

While kneeling by the taper bright;

But a red drap cam to her cheek,

As shone the morning's rosy light.

Lord Nithsdale's Bark she mot na see,

Winds sped it swiftly o'er the main:

"O ill betide," quoth that fair dame,

"Wha sic a comely knight had slain?"

Lord Nithsdale lovd wi' mickle love;

But he thought on his Countric's wrang;

And he was deem'd a traitor synge,

And forced, frae a' he lovd, to gang.

"Oh! I will gae to my lovd Lord,

He may na smile, I trow, bot me;"

But hame, and hat, and bonnie bowers,

Nae mair will glad Lord Nithsdale's ee."

*A COCK-LAIRD, FU' CADGIE.*

A Cocks-laird, fu' cad-gie, With Jen-ny did  
meet; He tauld her his er-rand, And bauld-ly did  
speak: "Gin thou'l gae a-lang with me, Jen-ny," quoth  
he, "Thou'se be my ain La-dy, Jo Jen-ny, Jen-ny."

"If I gang alang wi' ye,  
Ye mauna fail  
To feast me with caddels,  
And good hackett kail?  
"What for a' this niceety,  
Jenny?" quoth he;  
"Mayna bannocks o' bear-meal  
Be as good for thee?"

"And I maun ha'e pinners  
With pearlins set round,  
A skirt of puddy,  
And a waistcoat of brown?  
"Awa' wi' sic vanities,  
Jenny," quoth he,  
"For kurchis and kirtles  
Are bitter for thee.

"My lairdship can yield me  
As meikle a year,  
As haund us in pottage  
And good knockit beer;  
But having nae tenants,  
O Jenny, Jenny,  
To buy ought I ne'er have  
A penny," quoth he.

## THE EAST' NUJK O' FIFE.

Lively

Gushy, licy, the east nuik o' Fife! Oh hey, hey, the east nuik o' Fife! Oh,  
 hey, hey, the east nuik o' Fife! A wool-fard Lass, and a can-ty Wile. A  
 can-ty Wile, a can-ty Wile, A wool-fard Lass may be my Wile; Gae  
 seek them whare ye'll find them rile, There's wale o' them in the nuik o' Fife.

It's lang, lang, 'till Saturday at even,  
 It's lang, lang, 'till Saturday at even,  
 It's lang, lang, 'till Saturday at even,  
 But it's longer yet 'till Monday morn.  
 And then her answer she will gie,  
 And then I'll ken if she fancies me;  
 If she says nae, fient a prin I care,  
 But I'll never speer a Fife Lass mair.

## O WAKE THEE, WAKE THEE, MY BONNIE BIRD.

Lively

O wake thee, O wake thee, my bonnie, bonnie bird, And sing thy matin  
 lay! O wake thee, O wake thee, my bon-nie, bon-nie bird! For the

Sun is up on his way. The foliage soughs in the mor\_ning breeze, An' the  
 green leaves glit\_ter in the Sun, The spray rows white o'er the bounding  
 seas, An' the vil\_lage bell is be\_gun. Then wake thee, O wake thee, mine  
 ain bon\_nie bird! And sing thy ma\_tin lay, For the tap boughs swing, my  
 bon\_nie, bon\_nie bird, In the soug of the new sprung day.



The silv'ry clouds, like sheeted ghaists,

Take their flight o'er the pure blue sky;

And the Laverocks are pillow'd on their downy breasts,

And are borne with their Anthems on high.

Then wake thee, O wake thee, my bonnie, bonnie bird!

O wake white it is day!

For the night comes sweet, my bonnie, bonnie bird,

When the morning is hail'd wi thy lay.

## THE WAEFU' HEART.

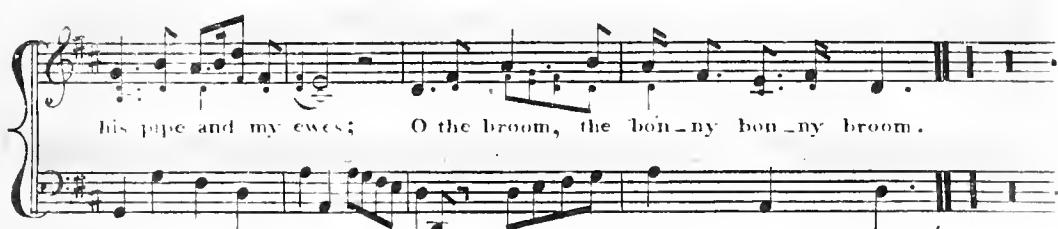
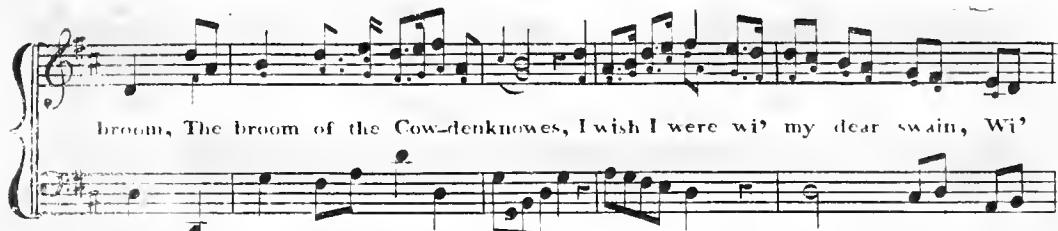
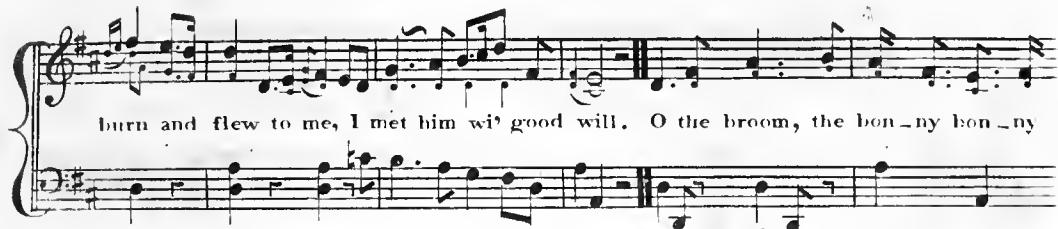
The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are integrated into the music as follows:

- Staff 1: "Gin Liv-ing worth could win' my heart, You woud nae  
speak in vain; But in the Dark-some Grave it's laid, No-
- Staff 2: ver to rise a-gain. My wae-fu' heart lies low wi'
- Staff 3: his, Whose heart was on-ly mine; And, oh! what a
- Staff 4: heart was that to lose, But I maun no re-pine;

"Yet oh! gin Heav'n in mercy soon,  
Would grant the boon I crave,  
And tak this life, now naething worth,  
Sin' Jamie's in his grave.  
And see, his gentle spirit comes  
To shew me on my way;  
Surpris'd, nae doubt, I still am here,  
Bair wondring at my stay.

"I come, I come! my Jamie dear;  
And oh! wi' what gude will  
I follow, wharsoe'er ye lead!  
Ye canna lead to ill!"  
She said, and soon a deadly pale  
Her faded cheek posset,  
Her wae-fu' heart forgot to beat,  
Her sorrows sunk to rest.

## THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWES.



I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,  
While his flock near me lay,  
He gather'd in my sheep at night,  
And chear'd me a' the day.

O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,  
The birds stood list'ning by;  
Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,  
Charm'd wi' his melody.

O the broom, &c.

Hard fate! that I should banish'd be,  
Gang heavily and mourn,  
Because I lov'd the truest swain  
That ever yet was born.

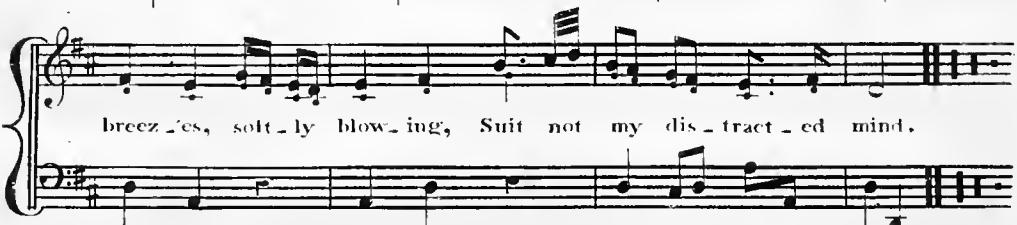
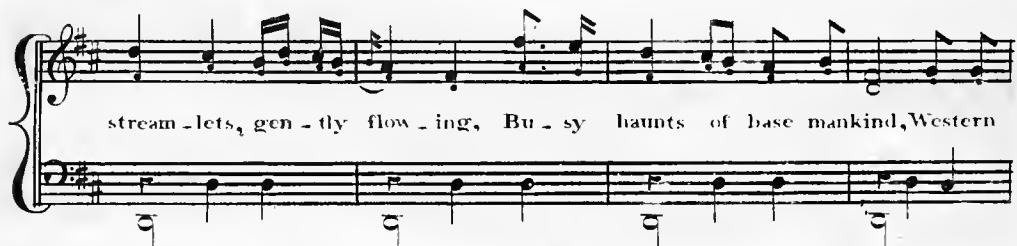
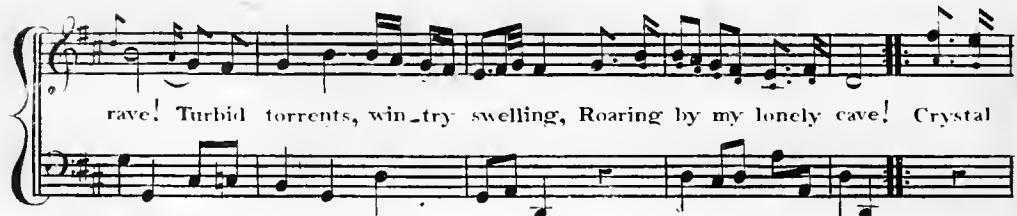
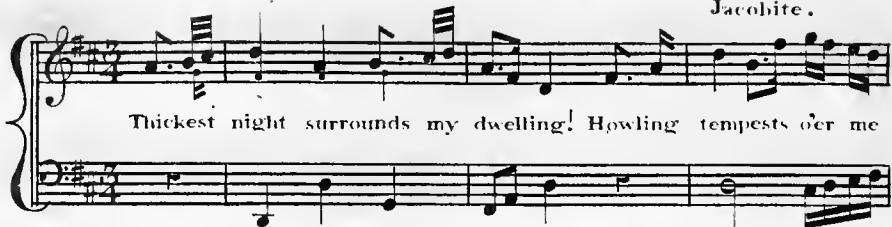
O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit,  
That held my wee soup whey;  
My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,  
May now ly useless by.

O the broom, &c.

## STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

Jacobite.



In the cause of right engaged,

Wrongs injurious to redress,

Honour's war we strongly waged,

But the Heavens denied success,

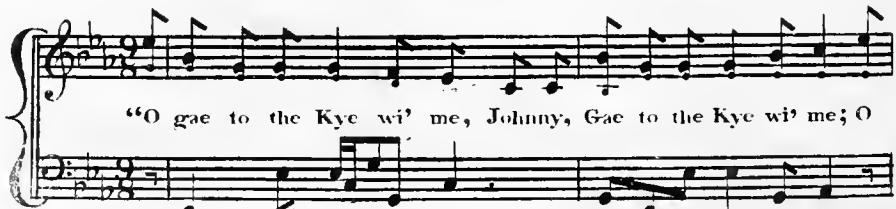
Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,

Not a hope that dare attend,

The wide world is all before us —

But a world without a friend!

## GAE TO THE KYE WI' ME, JOHNNY.



gæ to the Kye wi' me John\_ny, And I'll be mer\_ry wi' thee?" Oh!

Las\_sie, I'm wea\_r\_y wand'rin, I've gaen mair miles than three; Is\_e

Cho:

no gang the day to the her\_din, It's fash\_ous and nae\_thing to see? "O

gæ to the Kye wi' me, John\_ny, Gæ to the Kye wi' me; O

gæ to the Kye wi' me, John\_ny, And I'll be mer\_ry wi' thee?"

"Oh we'll tak a rest at the shieling,  
Anent the tap o' the hill,  
And there's a loch o' pure water  
Whare ye may drink yere fill.  
Oh gæ, &c.

"Amang the rocks and the heather  
A burn does roaring la,  
And there the trouties are lounpin,  
The bonniest ever I saw?"  
Oh gæ, &c.

## THE BRAVES OF BALLENDINE.

Beneath a green shade, a lovely young swain, One  
evening reclin'd, to dis - co - ver his pain; So sad, yet so  
sweet-ly, he war-bled his woe, The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the  
foun-tains to flow: Rude winds, with com-passion, could hear him com-  
plain, Yet Chloe, less gen-tle, was deaf to his strain.

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

## PINNIE HOUSE.

By Pin - kie House oft let me walk, And  
 muse o'er Nel - ly's charms; Her pla - cid air, her  
 win - ning talk, E'en en - vy's self dis - arms. O let me,  
 e - ver fond, be - hold Those gra - ces void of art! Those  
 chear - ful smiles, that sweet - ly hold In wil - ling chains my heart.

O come, my love! and bring a-new  
 That gentle turn of mind;  
 That gracefulness of air, in you  
 By nature's hand design'd.  
 These lovely as the blushing rose  
 First lighted up this flame,  
 Which, like the Sun, for ever glows  
 Within my breast the same.



The music continues with the same key and time signature. The lyrics are:

ten-der, And parting with his Lu-ey cries, Ah! wo's my heart that we should sunder!

The music continues with the same key and time signature. The lyrics are:

To oth-ers I am cold as snow, But kin-dle with thine eyes like tin-der; From

The music continues with the same key and time signature. The lyrics are:

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

## CARLISLE YETTS.

Jacobite.

Musical score for 'Carlisle Yetts'. The music is in common time, key of G major. The vocal line starts with a melodic line over a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are:

White was the rose in his gay bon-net, As he faul-ded me

The music continues with the same key and time signature. The lyrics are:

in his brooch-ed plaid-ie; His hand whilk clasp'd the truth o' love, O

it was aye in bat - tle ready! His lang, lang hair, in yel - low  
 hanks, Wav'd o'er his checks sae sweet and rud - die; But now they  
 wave o'er Car - lisle yetts, In drip - ping ring - lets clot - ting blood - ie.

My father's blood's in that flower tap,  
 My brother's in that hare - bells blossom;  
 This white rose was steeped in my luv'e blood,  
 And I'll aye wear it in my bosom.



When I came first by merry Carlisle,  
 Was ne'er a town sae sweetly seeming;  
 The white rose flaunted o're the wall,  
 The Thistled banners far were streaming!  
 When I came next by merry Carlisle,  
 O sad, sad seemed the town, and eerie!  
 The auld, auld men came out and wept,  
 "O maiden, come ye to seek your dearie?"



There's ae drop o' blood upon my breast,  
 And twa in my links o' hair, sae yellow;  
 The tane I'll ne'er wash, and the tither ne'er kame,  
 But I'll sit and pray aneath the willow.  
 Wae, wae upon that cruel heart!

Wae, wae upon that hand sae bloodie!  
 Whilk feasts in our truest Scottish blude,  
 And maks sae mony a dolef' widow.

## SAE MERRY AS WE TW'A HAE BEEN.

A Lass that was la-den with care, Sat hea-vily un-der yon thorn; I  
list-end a while for to hear, When thus she be-gan for-to mourn: "When-  
e'er my dear shep-herd was there, The birds did me-lodiously sing, And  
cold\_nip-ping win-ter did wear A face that re-sem-bled the spring. Sae  
mer-ry as we tw'a hae been, Sae mer-ry as we tw'a hae been; My  
heart it is like for to break When I think on the days we hae seen.

## THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER! JAMIE.

55

Slow  
with  
Expression

Thou hast left me ev\_er! Ja\_mie; Thou hast left me ev\_er!

Af\_ten hast thou vow'd that death Only should us se\_ver,

Now thou'st left thy lass for aye, I maun see thee nev\_er, Ja\_mie,

2d Verse.

I'll see thee nev\_er. Thou hast me for\_sa\_ken Ja\_mie,

Thou hast me for\_sa\_ken! Thou canst love a\_nither Jo,

While my heart is break-ing! Soon my weary een I'll close,

Never mair to wa\_kin, Ja\_mie, Never mair to wa\_kin.

## THE DUSTY MILLER.

Hey, the dusty Miller, And his dusty coat; He will win  
a shilling, Or he spend a groat. Dusty was the coat, Dusty was  
the colour, Dusty was the boat That row'd the dusty Miller.

Hey, the Dusty Miller,  
And his Dusty sack;  
Leeze me on the calling  
Fills the dusty peck.

Fills the dusty peck,  
Brings the dusty siller;  
Mony is the groat  
He wins, the dusty Miller.

## JUMPIN JOHN.

Her Dad\_die for\_bad, her Min\_nie for\_bad, For\_bidi\_den she  
wad\_u\_na be\_ She wad\_u\_na trow't, the brow'st she brew'd Wad

wad\_u\_na be\_ She wad\_u\_na trow't, the brow'st she brew'd Wad

taste sae bit - ter - lie. The lang lad, they ca' June - pin

John, Aft - spier'd the bon - nie las - sie; But Fai - ther and

Mither a - greed the gi - ther, That nae sic match suld be.



A cow and a cauf, a ewe and a hauf,  
And thretty gude shillins and three;  
A vera gude dochter, a cotter-man's dochter,  
The lass wi' the bonnie black ee.  
Her Daddie, &c.

Her Daddie bad her counsel tak,  
But counsel she tuik nae;  
And lang and sair the lassie rued,  
Sae fuil-like shiel'd been taen.  
Her Daddie, &c.

"Ou! for my Daddie's kindly luik,  
My Minnie's kindly care!  
Gin I were in their ingle nuik,  
I'd never leave it mair."  
Her Daddie, &c.

## WOOD AND MARRIED AND A'

Lively

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics begin with "The Bride came out of the byre, And O as she dighted her checks! 'Sirs," followed by a repeat sign and a change to a bass clef. The second staff continues with "I'm to be married the night, And has nei-ther blan-kets nor sheets; Has". The third staff begins with "nei-ther blan-kets nor sheets, Nor scarce a coverlet too, The Bride that has a". The fourth staff starts with "thing to bor-row, Has e'en right mei-kle a-do?" Wood and mar-rried and a,". The fifth staff begins with "Wood and married and a; And was nac she very well aif, That was wooed and married and a;". The sixth staff concludes the section.

Out spoke the bride's father,  
 As he came in frae the pleugh,  
 "O bad ye're tongue, my daughter,  
 And ye's get gear enough;  
 The stirk that stands i'th' tother,  
 And our braw basin'ly yade  
 Will carry ye hame your corn;  
 What wad ye be at, ye jadie?"  
 Wood and married, &c.

Out spoke the bride's mither,  
 "What for needs at this pride!  
 I had nae a plack in my pouch  
 That night I was a bride;  
 My gown was tinsy woosy,  
 And ne'er a sark but twa,  
 And ye haes ribbons and buskins,  
 When I had nae ava?"  
 Wood and married, &c.

Out spoke the bride's brither  
 As he came in wi' the kye,  
 "Poor Willie had ne'er a tane ye,  
 Had he kent ye as weel as I;  
 For you're baith proud and saucy,  
 And nac for a poor man's wife;  
 Gien I canna get a better,  
 Ise never tak ane i' my life?"  
 Wood and married, &c.

## LOVELY LASS O' MONORGAS.

Like yon - der lone - ly tur - tle dove, That coo - ing

mourns its ab - sent love, To sha - dy groves must I re - pair, And

vent my hope - less pas - sion there. Oh! love - ly lass o' Mo - nor -

gan! What will I do when you are gone? For, do you think my

heart can stay Be - hind, when you are far a - way.

No, no, my dear, whenever we part,  
Take with you my poor bleeding heart;  
But use it kindly, for you know  
How much it lov'd you long ago;  
You know to what a great degree,  
Sighing for you, it wasted me;  
But one sweet smile could well repay,  
The pains and troubles of this day.

## DUKE HAMILTON.\*

Duke Ham il ton was as fine a Lord, Fal la l de  
ral de re, O, As ev er Sco t - land could af - ford, Fal  
la l de ral de re, O. For per son al va - lou r  
few was there, Could with his Grace the Duke com par e; How  
he was mur der'd you shall hear, Fal la l de ral de re, O.

Lord Mohoun and he fell out of late,  
Fal la l, &c.

About some trifles of the state,  
Fal la l, &c.

So high the words between them rose,  
As very soon it turn'd to blows;  
How it will end there's nobody knows,  
Fal la l, &c.

**Lord Mohoun, who never man could face,**  
Fal lal, &c.

**Unless in some dark and private place,**  
Fal lal, &c.

**Lord Mohoun, who never man could face,**  
Unless in some dark and private place,  
He sent a challenge unto his Grace,  
Fal lal, &c.

**Betimes in the morning his Grace arose,**  
Fal lal, &c.

**And straight to Colonel Hamilton goes,**  
Fal lal, &c.

**Your company, Sir, I must importune,**  
**Betimes in the morning, and very soon,**  
**To meet General McCartney & Lord Mohoun,**  
Fal lal, &c.

**The Colonel replies, I am your slave,**  
Fal lal, &c.

**To follow your Grace unto the grave,**  
Fal lal, &c.

**Then they took Coach without delay,**  
**And to Hyde Park by break of day,**  
**O there began the bloody fray,**  
Fal lal, &c.

**No sooner out of Coach they light,**  
Fal lal, &c.

**But Mohoun and McCartney came in sight,**  
Fal lal, &c.

**No sooner out of Coach they light,**  
**But Mohoun and McCartney came in sight,**  
**O then began the bloody fight,**  
Fal lal, &c.

**This done the traitor ran away,**  
Fal lal, &c.

**And was not heard of for many a day,**  
Fal lal, &c.

**In christian land let's hear no more**  
**Of duelling, and human gore;**  
**The story's told, I say no more,**  
Bnt, fal lal, &c.

**Then bespoke the brave Lord Mohoun,**  
Fal lal, &c.

**I think your Grace is here full soon,**  
Fal lal, &c.

**I wish your Grace would put it by,**  
**Since blood for blood for vengeance cry,**  
**And loath I am this day to die,**  
Fal lal, &c.

**Then bespoke the Duke his Grace,**  
Fal lal, &c.

**Saying, go find out a proper place,**  
Fal lal, &c.

**My Lord, to me the challenge you sent,**  
**To see it out is my intent,**  
**Till my last drop of blood be spent,**  
Fal lal, &c.

**Then these Heroes swords were drawn,**  
Fal lal, &c.

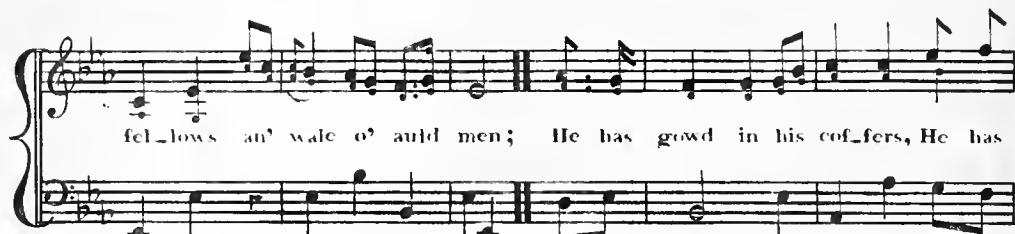
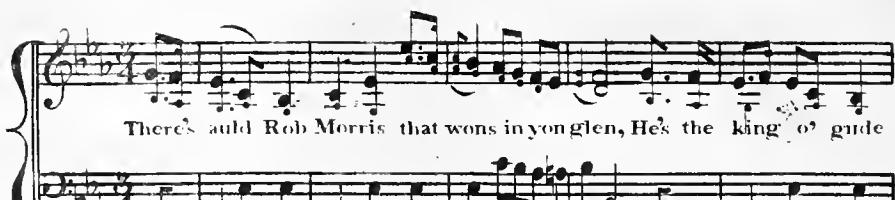
**And so lustily they both fell on,**  
Fal lal, &c.

**Duke Hamilton thrust with all his might,**  
**Unto Lord Mohoun thro' his body quit,**  
**And sent him to eternal night,**  
Fal lal, &c.

**By this time his Grace had got a wound,**  
Fal lal, &c.

**Then on the grass as he sat down**  
Fal lal, &c.

**Base McCartney, as we find,**  
**Cowardly, as he was inclined,**  
**Stabb'd his Grace the Duke behind,**  
Fal lal, &c.

*AULD ROB MORRIS.*

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,

She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;

As blythe an' as artless as the lambs on the lee,

And dear to my heart as the light to my ee.

But oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,

And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;

A wooper like me manna hope to come speed,

The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;

The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;

I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghast,

And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,

I then might ha'e hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!

O, how past describing had then been my bliss,

As now my destruction no words can express!

## DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.

The sheet music consists of five staves of musical notation for voice and piano. The key signature changes from common time to F major (one sharp) and back to common time. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some words appearing below the staff. The music is set in a traditional style with eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

When trees did bud, and fields were green, And  
 broom bloom'd fair to see, When bonnie daisies deck'd the  
 scene, And birds sang frae the tree, Blythe Davie wi' a  
 heart as light, And eke a mind as free, Cries, "down the  
 burn, the bonnie burn side, And I will follow thee?"

Where gracefu' birks hing droopin' o'er  
 The deep pool's waveless side,  
 There, shaded frae the simmer sun,  
 The wand'rin salmon hide.  
 And there the little trouties play  
 And shine sae bonnily;  
 "Gang down, gang down the bonnie burn side,  
 And I will follow thee?"

## IONA.\*

Old Air.—Said to be sung by the Monks of Iona.

Slow and  
Solemn.

Where floated crane, and clam'rous gull, Above the misty shores of Mull, And  
ever more the billows rave 'Round many a Saint and Sov'reign's grave.

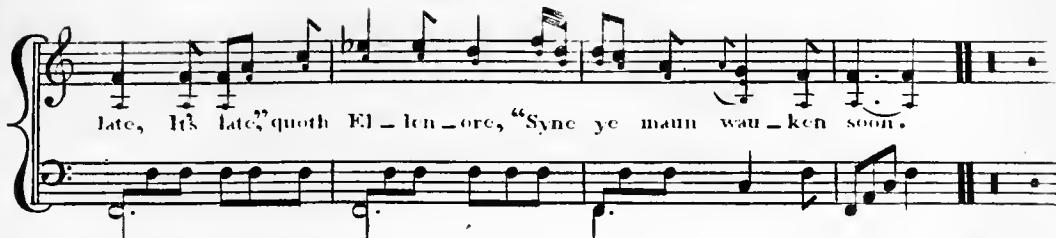
There, round Columba's ruins gray,  
The shades of monks are wont to stray,  
And slender forms of nuns, that weep  
In moonlight by the murmuring deep.

When fancy moulds upon the mind  
Light visions on the passing wind,  
And woos, with faltering tongue and sigh,  
The shades o'er memory's wilds that fly.

That, in that still and solemn hour,  
Might stretch imagination's power,  
And restless fancy revel free  
In painful, pleasing luxury.

## LORD RONALD CAME TO HIS LADY'S BOW'R.

Lord Ronald came to his Lady's bow'r When the moon was in her  
wane; Lord Ronald came at a late late hour, And to her bow'r is gane. He  
softly stepped in his sandal shoon, And softly laid him down: "It's



"Lord Ronald, stay 'till the early cock,  
    Sall flap his siller wing,  
An' saftly ye maun ope the gate,  
    An' loose the silken string."  
'O Ellenore, my fairest fair!  
    O Ellenore, my bride!  
How can ye fear, when my merrymen a'  
    Are on the mountain side?"

The moon was hid, the night was sped,  
    But Ellenore's heart was wae,  
She heard the cock flap his siller wing,  
    An' she watch'd the mornin' ray:  
"Rise up, rise up, Lord Ronald dear,  
    The mornin' opes it's ee,  
O speed thee to thy father's tow'r,  
    And safe, safe, may thou be?"

But there was a Page, a little louse Page,  
    Lord Ronald did espy,  
An' he has told his Baron all,  
    Where the hind and hart did lie.  
"It is na for thee, but thine, Lord Ronald,  
    Thy Father's deeds o' weir,  
But since the hind has come to my laul,  
    His blood shall dim my spear?"

Lord Ronald kiss'd fair Ellenore,  
    And press'd her lily hand;  
Sic a comely knight, and comely dame,  
    Ne'er met in wedlock's band:  
But the Baron watch'd, as he rais'd the latch,  
    And kiss'd again his bride;  
And with his spear, in deadly ire,  
    He pierc'd Lord Ronald's side.

The life blood fled frae fair Ellenore's cheek,  
    She look'd all wan and ghast,  
She leand her down by Lord Ronald's side,  
    An' the blood was rinnin' fast:  
She kiss'd his lip o' the deadlie hue,  
    But his life she couldna stay;  
Her bosom throb'd ac deadlie throb,  
    An' their spirits baith fled away.

## JOHN TOD.

He's a terrible man, John Tod, John Tod; He's a terrible man, John  
 Tod. He scolds in the house, He scolds at the door, He scolds on the  
 vera hic road, John Tod, He scolds on the vera hic road.

The weans a' fear John Tod, John Tod,  
 The weans a' fear John Tod;  
 When he's passin' by,  
 The Mithers will cry,  
 Here's an ill wean, John Tod, John Tod,  
 Here's an ill wean, John Tod.

The callants a' fear John Tod, John Tod,  
 The callants a' fear John Tod;  
 If they steal but a neep,  
 The laddie he'll whip,  
 And it's unco weel done o' John Tod, John Tod, But there's noise in the linin', John Tod, John Tod,  
 It's unco weel done in John Tod.

An' saw ye nae little John Tod, John Tod,  
 O' saw ye nae little John Tod;  
 His shoon they were rein,  
 And his feet they were seen;  
 But stout does he gang on the road John Tod,

How is he fendlin, John Tod, John Tod?  
 How is he wendlin, John Tod?  
 He's scourin the land,  
 Wi' his rung in his hand,  
 An' the French wad na frighten John Tod, John Tod,  
 An' the French wad na frighten John Tod.

Yere sun-brint and batter'd John Tod, John Tod,  
 Yere tantit and tatter'd John Tod;  
 Wi' yere auld stripped coul,  
 Ye luik maist like a tuil,  
 But there's noise in the linin', John Tod, John Tod,  
 But there's noise in the linin', John Tod.

He's weel respectit, John Tod, John Tod,  
 He's weel respectit, John Tod;  
 Tho' a terrible man,  
 We'd a' gane wrang,  
 If he sud leave us, John Tod, John Tod,  
 If he sud leave us, John Tod!

## THE GLOOMY NIGHT IS GATH'RING FAST.

Air—Banks of Ayr.

Slow

The gloom-y night is gath'-ring fast, Loud roars the wild in-

con-stant blast; Yon mur-ky cloud is foul with rain, I see it

driv-ing o'er the plain. The hun-ter now has left the

moor, The scat-tered co-veys meet se-ure, While here I wan-der,

prest with care, A-long the lone-ly banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn  
By early Winter's ravage torn;  
Across her placid, azure sky,  
She sees the scowling tempest fly:  
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,  
I think upon the stormy wave,  
Where many a danger I must dare,  
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,  
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;  
Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,  
The wretched have no more to fear;  
But round my heart the ties are bound,  
That heart transpiere'd with many a wond'r,  
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,  
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,  
Her healthy moors and winding vales,  
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,  
Pursuing past unhappy loves.  
Farewell my friends, farewell my foes,  
My peace with these, my love with those,  
The bursting tears my heart declare,  
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr.

*O CHECK, MY LOVE, THE FALLING TEAR.*

Air—Northern Lass.



The world may frown, and friends prove false, But I'll be true to thee.

O check, my love, the rising sigh, Which gently swells thy heart; Hope

whis-pers, soon we'll meet a-gain, And ne-ver, ne-ver part.

When far awa', that falling tear  
Shall aft remember'd be;

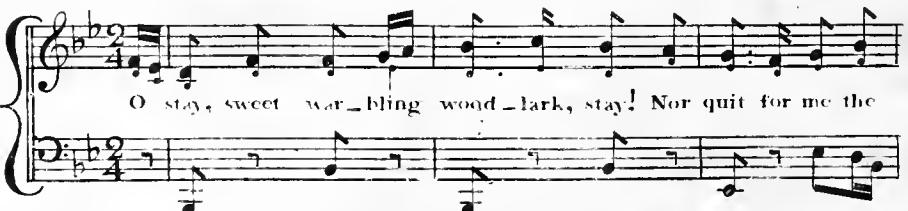
The rising sigh, which swells thy heart,  
Shall ne'er be lost on me.

Then check, my love, the falling tear—  
Which dims thy bonny ee;

The world may frown, and friends prove false,  
But I'll be true to thee.

*O STAY, SWEET WARBLING WOODLARK, STAY!*

Air—Locherroch Side.



trembling spray, A hopeless lo-ver courts thy lay, Thy soothing lond complaining.

A-gain, a-gain, that ten-der part! That I may catch thy melt-ing art; For  
sure-ly that would touch her heart, Wha kills me wi' disdain-ing.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,  
And heard thee as the careless wind?  
Oh, nought but love and sorrow joind,  
Sic' notes of woe could wauken!

Thou tell'st of never-ending care,  
Of speechless grief, and dark despair:—  
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!  
Or my poor heart is broken!

### *THOU CAULD GLOOMY FEBERWAR.*

Slow      Thou cauld gloomy Feb\_er\_war, O gin thou wert a-wa! I'm  
wae to hear thy sugh-ing winds, I'm wae to see thy snaw; For my  
bon\_nie brave young High\_lan\_d\_e\_r, The lad I lo'e sae dear, Has  
vow'd to come and see me In the spring of the year.

## GEORDIE.

Old Ballad.

Slow

There was a battle in the north, And Nobles there was many; And



O he has written a lang letter,  
He sent it to his Lady;  
Ye main cum up to Enbrugh town  
To see what words o' Geordie?

When first she look'd the letter on,  
She was baith red an' rosy;  
But she had na read a word but twa,  
Till she swallow'd like a lily.

"Gar get to me my gude grey steed,  
My menzie a' gae wi' me;  
For I shall neither eat nor drink,  
Till Enbrugh town shall see me?"

And she has mountit her gude grey steed,  
Her menzie a' gae wi' her;  
And she did neither eat nor drink  
Till Enbrugh town did see her.

And first appear'd the fatal block,  
And sync the six to head him,  
And Geordie cunnin down the stair,  
And bands o' airn upon him.

But tho' he was chain'd in fetters strang,  
O' airn and steel, sae heavy,  
There was nae ane in a' the court  
Sae braw a man as Geordie.

She blinkit blythe in her Geordie's face,  
Says, "dear I've bought thee, Geordie;  
But their sud been bluidy bouks on the green,  
Or I had tint my laddie?"

O she's down on her bended knee,  
I wat she's pale and weary,  
"O pardon, pardon, noble king,  
And gie me back my dearie."

I ha'e seven helpless bairns,  
The seventh ne'er saw his daddie;  
O pardon, pardon, noble king,  
Pity a wactu' Lady."

"Gar bid the headin-man mak haste;  
Our king reply'd fu' lordly:  
"O noble king, tak a' that's mine,  
But gie me back my Geordie!"

The Gordons cam, and the Gordons ran,  
And they were stark and steady;  
And ay the word among them a'  
Was, "Gordons keep you ready?"

An aged lord at the king's right hand,  
Says, "noble king, but hear me;  
Gar her tell down five thousand pound,  
And gie her back her dearie!"

Some gae her marks, some gae her crowns,  
Some gae her dollars many,  
And she's tell'd down five thousand pound,  
And she's gotten again her dearie.

## MY NANNY O.

Behind yon hills where Lu-gar flows, Mang muirs and mosses  
many, O, The wintry sun the day has clos'd, And I'll a-  
wa to Nan-ny, O. The west-lin win' blaws loud and still, The  
night's baith mirk and rai-ny, O; But I'll get my plaid, and  
out I'll steal, And owre the hills to Nan-ny, O.

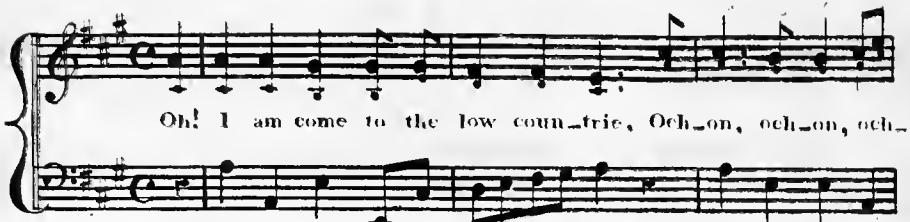
My Nanny's charming, sweet, and young;  
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;  
May ill besa' the flatt'ring tongue,  
That wad beguile my Nanny, O.  
Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
As spotless as she's bonny, O;  
The opning gowan, wet wi'dew,  
Nae purer is than Nanny, O.

A country lad is my degree,  
And few there be that ken me, O;  
But what eare I how few they be,  
I'm welcome aye to Nanny, O.  
My riches a's my penny fee,  
And I maun guide it cannie, O;  
But world's gear ne'er troubles me,  
My thoughts are a' my Nanny, O.

Our auld gude-man delights to view  
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie O;  
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,  
And has na care but Nanny, O.  
Come weel, come wo, I carena by,  
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;  
Naeither care in life have I,  
But live and love my Nanny, O.

## THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Jacobite,



Oh! I am come to the low countrie, Och-on, och-on, och-

rie! Without a pen-ny in my purse, To buy a meal to me.

It was nae sic in the Highland hills,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!Nae woman in the world wide  
Sae happy was as me.I was the happiest of at the clan,  
Sair, sair may I repine;For Donald was the bravest man,  
And Donald he was mine.For then I had a score o' kye,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!Feeding on yon hill sae high,  
And giving milk to me.Till Charlie Stuart cam at last,  
Sae far to set us free;My Donald's arm was wanted then,  
For Scotland and for me.And there I had threescore o' yowes,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!Skipping on the bonnie knowes,  
And casting won to me.Their wad'n late, what need I tell,  
Right to the wrang did yield;My Donald and his country fell  
Upon Culloden field.

Ochon, ochon! O Donald, oh!

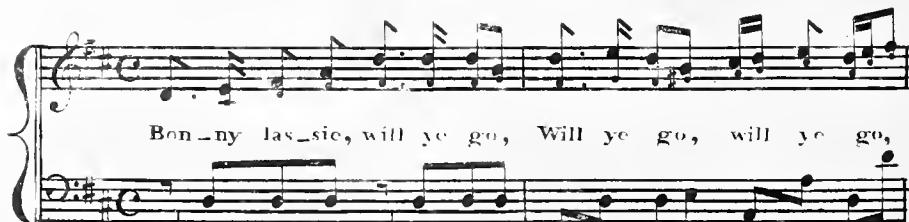
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!

Nae woman in the world wide,

Sae wretched now as me.



## BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.



Bonny las-sie, will ye go, Will ye go, will ye go,

Bonny lassie, will ye go To the Birks of Aberfeldy? Now  
simmer blinks on flow'ry braes, And o'er the crystal streamlet plays; Come  
let us spend the light-some days In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonny lassie, will ye go, Will ye go, will ye go,  
Bonny lassie, will ye go, To the Birks of Aberfeldy?

The little birdies blythely sing,  
While o'er their heads the hazels bing;  
Or lightly flit, on wanton wing,  
In the birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonny lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wais,  
The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,  
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,  
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonny lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,  
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,  
And, rising, weets wi' misty show'rs,  
The birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonny lassie, &c.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,  
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,

In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonny lassie, &c.

'Twas in that season of the year, When all things gay and sweet appear, That  
 Colin, with the morn-ing ray, A-ro-se and sung his ru-ral lay. Of  
 Nan-ny's charms the Shepherd sung, The hills and dales with Nan-ny rung, While  
 Ros-lin Cas-tle heard the swain, And e-choed back the cheerful strain.

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

### WHAT SOFTENING THOUGHTS RESISTLESS START!

Same Air.

What softening thoughts resistless start,  
 An' pour their influence o'er the heart!  
 What mingling scenes around appear,  
 To musing Meditation dear!  
 Whan, wae, we tent fair Grandeur's fa',  
 By Roslin's ruined Castle wa'!  
 O, what is pomp? an' what is power?  
 The silly phantoms of an hour!

Sac loudly ance, Irae Roslin's brow,  
 The martial trump o' grandeur blow,  
 While steel-clad vassals wont to wait  
 Their chieftain at the portalled gate;  
 An' maidens fair, in vestments gay,  
 Bestrewed wi' flowers the warriors way;  
 But now, ah me! how changed the scene!  
 Nae trophyd ha', nae towers remain.

## LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

Old Ballad.

SLOW

Ba\_low, my boy, lie still and sleep, It grieves me sair to  
 hear thee weep; If thoult be si\_lent I'll be glad, Thy main\_ ing  
 makes my heart fu'\_ sad: Ba\_low, my boy, thy Mo\_ther's joy, Thy  
 Fa\_ther bred me great an\_noy; Ba\_low, ba\_low, ba\_  
 low, ba\_low, ba\_low, ba\_low ba\_low lu\_li\_li\_li.

Balow, my darling, sleep awhile,  
 And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile;  
 Already, in thy looks, I see  
 Thy Father's smile, thy Father's ee':  
 Ah! little did I ance believe,  
 That sic kind looks could sae deceive.

Balow, balow, &c.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,  
 Whose greatest grief's in wrangin thee;  
 Nor pity her deserved smart,  
 Who can blame none but her fond heart,  
 For too soon trusting, latest finds,  
 With fairest tongues are falsest minds.

Balow, balow, &c.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee!  
 Too soon, awake! thoult weep for me:  
 Thy griefs are growin to a sum;  
 God grant thee patience when they come:  
 Tho' sorrow brangs me to the grave,  
 Kind Heaven, on thee will pity have.  
 Balow, balow, &c.

## STAY, MY CHARMER, CAN YOU LEAVE ME?

Gaelic Air.

Stay, my charmer, can you leave me? Cruel, cruel, to de-ceive me!

Well you know, how much you grieve me; Cruel charmer, can you go? Cruel charmer, can you go?

By my love so ill requited;  
By the faith you fondly plighted;  
By the pangs of lovers slighted;  
Do not, do not leave me so!  
Do not, do not leave me so!

## MOUNT AND GO.

Mount and go, mount and make you ready O; Mount and go, and

be Soldier's Lady O. When the drums do beat, and the cannons

rattle O, I fight for thy dear sake, Nor heed the shock of battle O.

Mount and go, mount and make you ready O; Mount and go, and  
 be a Soldier's Lady O. When the vanquish'd foe Shall sue for peace and  
 quiet, Then home-ward I shall go, And with my love en-joy it. No  
 more the drums shall beat, No more the can-nons rattle; The foe shall  
 then re-treat, For we shall gain the bat-tle O. Mount and go, mount and  
 make you ready O; Mount and go, And be a Soldier's Lady O.

## LASS, GIN YE LOE ME, TELL ME NOW.

I ha'e laid a herring in sat, Lass, gin ye lo'e me,  
 tell me now? I ha'e brew'd a for-pet o' mat, An' I  
 can-na come il-ka day to woo. I ha'e a calf will soon be a cow,  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now? I ha'e a pig will  
 soon be a sow. An' I can-na come il-ka day to woo.

I've a house on yonder muir,  
 Lass, gin ye loe me, tell me now?  
 Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,  
 And I canna come ilka day to woo.  
 I ha'e a butt, and I ha'e a benn,  
 Lass, gin ye loe me, tak me now?  
 I ha'e three chickens and a fat hen,  
 And I canna come ony mair to woo.

I've a hen wi' a happy leg,  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now?  
 Which ilka day lays me an egg,  
 And I canna come ilka day to woo.  
 I ha'e a kebbeck upon my shelf,  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now?  
 I downa eat it a' myself,  
 And I wiuna come ony mair to woo.

## THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

There came a young man to my dad-die's door, My  
dad-die's door, my dad-die's door; There came a young man to my  
dad-die's door, Came seeking me to woo. And wow, but he was a  
braw young lad, A brisk young lad, a braw young lad; And  
wow, but he was a braw young lad, Came seeking me to woo.

But I was bakin when he came,  
When he came, when he came;  
I took him in and gae him a scone,  
To thow his frozen mon.  
And wow but he, &c.

I set him in aside the bink,  
I gae him bread, and ale to drink;  
And what do ye think? he wad na blink,  
Until he was filled fu.  
And wow but he, &c.

Out came the guidman, and high he shouted,  
Out came the guidwife, and low she louted,  
And a' the town-neighbours were gather'd about it,  
And there lay he I trow.  
And wow but he, &c.

Gae, gae ye gone, ye drucken woer,  
Ye sour-looking, cauldrie woer;  
I straightway shou'd him to the door,  
Saying, 'come nae mair to woo!  
And wow but he, &c.

There lay a duck-dub before the door,  
Before the door, before the door;  
There lay a duck-dub before the door,  
And there fell he, I trow.  
And wow but he, &c.

*HEY DONALD! HOW DONALD!*

Moderately  
Slow,  
with  
Expression.

The summer smiles on bank and brae,  
And nature bids the heart be gay,  
Yet at the joys o' flow'ry May,  
Wi' pleasure ne'er can move me.  
**Chorus.**  
Hey Donald! How Donald!  
Think up-on your vow, Donald!  
Mind the hea-ther knowe, Donald,  
Whare ye vow'd to love me.

The budding rose and scented brier,  
The siller fountain skinkling clear,  
The merry Laverock whistling near,  
Wi' pleasure ne'er can move me.  
Hey Donald, &c.

I downa look on bank or brae,  
I downa greet where a're gay;  
But, oh! my heart will break wi' wae,  
Gin Donald cease to love me.  
Hey Donald, &c.

*MARK YONDER POMP OF COSTLY FASHION.*

Air—Deil tak the wars.

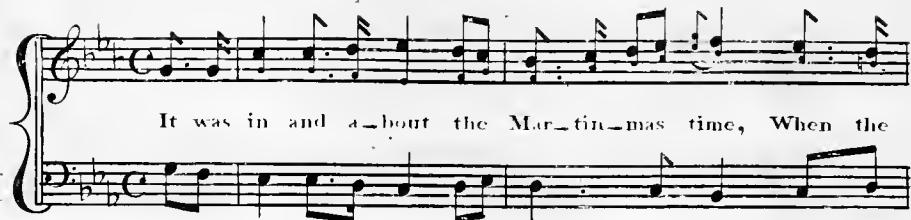
Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,  
Round the wealthy ti--tled

bride: But, when com-pard with re-al pas-sion, Poor is all that princely  
pride. What are the show-y treasures? What are the noisy pleasures? The  
gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art: The polished jewel's  
blaze May draw the wond'ring gaze, And courtly grandeur bright. The  
fancy may delight, But never, never can come near the heart.

But, did you see my dearest Phillis,  
In simplicity's array,  
Lovely as you sweet opening flower is,  
Shrinking from the gaze of day:  
    Or then the heart alarming,  
    And all resistless charming,  
In love's delightful letters she chains the willing soul!  
    Ambition would disown  
    The world's imperial crown,  
    Ev'n avarice would deny  
    His worshipp'd deity,  
And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll.

## BARBARA ALLAN.

Old Ballad.



He sent his man down thro' the town,  
To the place where she was dwelling;  
"O haste and come to my master dear,  
Gin ye be Barbara Allan?"

O hooly, hooly, raise she up,  
To the place where he was lying,  
And when she drew the curtain by,  
"Young man, I think, you're dying?"

"O it's I'm sick, and very very sick,  
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan!  
"O the better for me ye's never be,  
Tho' your heart's blood were a spilling."

"O dinna ye mind, young man," said she,  
"When ye the cups was fillin',  
That ye made the healths gae round & round,  
And slighted Barbara Allan?"

He turn'd his face unto the wa',  
And death was with him dealing;  
'Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',  
And be kind to Barbara Allan!'

And slowly, slowly, raise she up,  
And slowly, slowly, left him;  
And sighing, said, she cou'd not stay,  
Since death of life had reft him.

She had nae gane a mile but twa,  
When she heard the deid-bell knelling,  
And ev'ry jow that the deid-bell gae,  
It cry'd, "woe to Barbara Allan!"

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

## WELCOME, ROYAL CHARLIE.

Air—Auld Wife ayont the fire.

The musical score consists of five staves of music for voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano C-clef, and the piano part is in bass F-clef. The music is in common time. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, with some words underlined or in all caps for emphasis. The piano part provides harmonic support with simple chords.

When France had her assistance sent, A royal prince to  
 Scot-land sent; Then towards the north his course he bent; His  
 name was roya-l Char-lie. But, O! he was  
 lang in com-ing; O! he was lang in com-ing;  
 O! he was lang in com-ing; Wel-come, roya-l Char-lie.

When he upon the shore did stand,  
 The friends he had within the land  
 Came down, and shook him by the hand,  
 And welcom'd royal Charlie,

Wi' "O, ye been lang in coming," &c.

The dress that our Prince Charlie had,  
 Was bonnet blue and tartan plaid;  
 And O, he was a handsome lad!

Few could compare wi' Charlie,

But, O, he was lang in coming, &c.

## O LASSIE I MAUN LO'E THEE,

O Lassie I maun loe thee! "O Laddie loe name?" "O, Lassie, I maun  
 loe thee, O Laddie loe name; Loe them wha ha'e their hearts at hame, Mind's lang been far frae me."

## AULD LANG SYNE.

To moderate time.

Should auld acquaint - ance be for - got, And ne'er brought to  
 min'd? Should auld acquaint - ance be for - got, And days o' lang - syne?

**Chorus.**

Tenor. For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll

Bass. For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll

**Soprano.** For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll

tak a cup o' kind ness yet, For auld lang syne

tak a cup o' kind ness yet, For auld lang syne

We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pu'd the growans fine;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot  
Sin' auld lang syne.  
Sin' auld lang syne, my dear,  
Sin' auld lang syne,  
We've wander'd mony a weary foot  
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidled in the burn,  
Frae mornin sun 'till dine;  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
Sin' auld lang syne.  
Sin' auld lang syne, my dear,  
Sin' auld lang syne;  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
Sin' auld lang syne.

What guid the present day can gie,  
May that be yours an' mine;  
But beams o' laisy sweetnesse  
On auld lang syne.  
On auld lang syne, my dear,  
On auld lang syne;  
The blind is cauld that winna warm  
At thoughts o' lang syne.

We twa hae seen the simmer sun,  
And thought it aye would shine;  
But mony a cloud has come between,  
Sin' auld lang syne.  
Sin' auld lang syne, my dear,  
Sin' auld lang syne;  
But mony a cloud has come between,  
Sin' auld lang syne.

But still my heart beats warm to thee,  
And sae to me does thine;  
Blest be the pow'r that still has left  
The frien's o' lang syne.  
O' auld lang syne, my dear,  
O' auld lang syne;  
Blest be the pow'r that still has left  
The frien's o' lang syne.

## SWEET ROBIN.

Olwhere are you going sweet Robin? What maks you sae proud an'sae shy?  
 Lance saw the day, little Robin, My friendship ye didna de\_n\_y. But win\_tor a\_gain  
 is returning. An'weather baith stormy an' snell, Ginye will come back again, Robin, I'll  
 feed you wi' moolins mysel. Oh! where are you going, sweet Robin? What maks you sae  
 proud an'sae shy? Lance saw the day, little Robin, My friendship ye didna de\_n\_y.

When Simmer comes in, little Robin.  
 Forgets a' his friends an' his care;  
 Awa to the fields lies sweet Robin,  
 To wander the groves here an'there.  
 Tho'ye be my debtor, fause burdier,  
 On you I shall never lay blame,  
 For I've had as dear friends as Robin,  
 Wha often has serv'd me the same.  
 B      Oh! where, &c.

Iance had a lover like Robin,  
 Wha lang for my hand did implore;  
 At length he took flight, just like Robin,  
 And him I ne'er saw any more.  
 But should the stern blast o' misfortune  
 Return him, as winter brings thee;  
 Tho' slighted by baith, little Robin,  
 Yet I haith your faul's ea\_n forgie.  
 Oh! where, &c.

## FAREWELL, THOU STREAM, THAT WINDING FLOWS.

Air—Nancy's to the greenwood gane.

Fare - well, thou stream, that wind - ing Flows A -

round Eli - zas dwell - ing; O mem' - ry! spare the cru - el

thoes With - in this bo - som swell - ing. Con - demnd't to drag a

hope - less chain, And yet in se - cret lan - guish, To 'feel a

fire in ev - ry vein, Nor dare dis - close my an - guish."

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,  
I bain my griets would cover:  
The bursting sigh, th'unweeting groan,  
Betray the hapless lover.  
I know thou doom'st me to despair,  
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;  
But oh! Eliza, hear one prayer,  
For pity's sake, forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,  
Nor wist while it enslav'd me;  
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing I ear'd  
Till tears no more had say'd me:  
Th'unwary sailor thus agast,  
The wheeling torrent viewing,  
Mid circling torrents sinks at last,  
In overwhelming rain.

## AS I STOOD BY YON ROOFLESS TOWER.

Air—Cumnock Psalms.

Slow

As I stood by yon roof-less tower, Where the waw flower  
scent-s the dew-y air, Where the hour - let morn-s in her  
i-vy bower, And tells the mid-night moon her care.

The winds were laid, the air was still,  
The stars they shot along the sky;  
The fog was howling on the hills,  
And the distant echoing glens reply.

The burn, adown its hazelly path,  
Was rushing by the ruind waw,  
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,  
Whose roarings seemed to rise and fall.

The cauld blac north was streaming forth  
Her lights, wi'hissing, eerie din;  
Aftorn the lift they start and shift,  
Like Fortune's favors, tint as win.

Now, looking over firth and fauld,  
Her horn the pale-faced Cynthia reard,  
When, lo! in form of Minstrel auld,  
A stern and stalwart ghaist appair'd,

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,  
Might rous'd the slumbering dead to heart,  
But, oh! it was a tale of woe!  
As ever met a Briton's ear.

He sang, wi' joy, his former day;  
He weeping wail'd his latter times;  
But what he said, it was nae play,  
I winna ventur't in my thymes.

## UP AND WARN A' WILLIE.

Jacobite

Up and warn a' Wil-lie, Warn, warn a'; To hear my can-ty  
High-land sang Re-late the thing I saw, Wil-lie, When we gaed to the

bras o' Mar, And to the weapon-shaw, Wil-lie, Wi' true de-sign to  
 serve the king And banish whigs awa, Wil-lie. Up and warn a', Wil-lie,  
 Warn, warn a'; For Lords and Lairds were there hid'en, And vowbut they were braw, Willie.

But when the standard was set up,  
 Right tierce the wind did blow, Willie;  
 The royal nit upon the tap  
 Down to the ground did la', Willie,  
 Up and warn a', Willie,  
 Warn, warn a';  
 Then second-sighted Sandy said,  
 We'd do nae guude at a', Willie.

But when the army joined at Perth,  
 The bravest e'er ye saw, Willie;  
 We dinna doubt the rogues to rout,  
 Restore our king, an' a', Willie,  
 Up and warn a', Willie,  
 Warn, warn a';  
 The pipers play'd far right to left  
 ..O whirry whigs awa, Willie.

But when we march'd to Sherra-muir,  
 And there the rebels saw, Willie;  
 Brave Argyle attack'd our right,  
 Our flank, and front, and a', Willie,  
 Up and warn a', Willie,  
 Warn, warn a';  
 Traitor Huntly soon gave way,  
 Seaforth, St. Clair, and a', Willie.

But brave Glengary on our right,  
 The rebels left did clew, Willie;  
 He there the greatest slaughter made,  
 That ever Donald saw, Willie,  
 Up and warn a', Willie,  
 Warn, warn a';  
 And Whitan turn'd him round for leir,  
 And last did rin awa, Willie.

For he call'd us a Highland mob,  
 And soon he'd slay us a', Willie;  
 But we chasd him back to Stirling brig,  
 Dragoons, and foot, and a', Willie,  
 Up and warn a', Willie,  
 Warn, warn a';  
 At length we rallied on a hill  
 And briskly up did draw, Willie.

But when Argylo did view our line,  
 And them in order saw, Willie,  
 He straignt gaed to Dumblane again,  
 And back his left did draw, Willie,  
 Up and warn a', Willie,  
 Warn, warn a';  
 Then we to Auchterarder march'd,  
 To wait a better la', Willie.

Now if ye spier wha wan the day,  
 I've tell'd you what I saw, Willie;  
 We baith did fight, and baith did beat,  
 And baith did rin awa, Willie,  
 Up and warn a', Willie,  
 Warn, warn a';  
 For second-sighted Sandy said,  
 We'd do nae guude at a', Willie.

Jacobite.

Slowly

By yon eas - tie wa' at the close of the  
day, I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was  
gray, And as he was sing - ing, the tears down came, "There'll  
ne - ver be peace 'till Ja - mie comes hame.

"The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars,  
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars!  
We dare na weel sayt, but we ken wha's to blame:  
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

"My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,  
And now I greet round their green beds in the yird;  
It brak the sweet heart of my laithin' auld dame;  
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

"Now life is a burden that bows me down,  
Sin I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;  
But till my last moments my words are the same,  
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!"

## THE LOVELY MAID OF ORMADALE.

When sets the sun o'er Lo-mond's height, To blaze up on the western

wave; When peace and love possess the grove, And e-cho sleeps with-in its cave;

Led by love's soft endear-ing charms, I stray the path-less wind-ing vale, And .

hail the hour that gives to me The lovely maid of Or-ma-dale,

Her eyes outshine the star of night,  
Her cheeks the morning's rosy hue,  
And pure as flower'in summer shade,  
Low bending in the pearly dew;  
Nor flower so fair and lovely pure,  
Shall late's dark wintry winds assail;  
As angel smile she aye will be  
Dear to the bow'rs of Ormadale.

Let fortune soothe the heart of care,  
And wealth to all its votaries give;  
Be mine the rosy smile of love,  
And in its blissful arms to live;  
I would resign fair India's wealth,  
And sweet Arabia's spicy gale,  
For balmy eve and Scotian bower,  
With thee, lov'd maid of Ormadale.

*MARCH, AND ON WI' CHARLIE.*

Air, Kaity Bairdy.\*

Sprightly {

I've heard the muircock's early craw, I've seen the morning's ro-sy daw, But  
this is blith-est o' them a', To march a-wa wi' Char - lie. Our  
Scot-tish flags like streamers wave, It's Charlie's sel that leads the brave; Wha  
win-na flinch, nor fear a grave, But stan' or fa' wi' Char - lie.

There's no a traitor in his Clan,  
There's no a heart, there's no a han',  
But when the note o' weir is blown,  
Will start, an' on wi' Charlie.  
It's wha daur now on Charlie frown,  
Or tread our northern thistle down,  
For Scotland's right, an' Scotland's Crown,  
We'll owre the hills wi' Charlie.

## \*Old Words.

Kaity Bairdy has a cow,  
Black and white about the mou,  
Was na that a dainty cow,  
Dance Kaity Bairdy.  
Kaity Bairdy has a cat,  
That can fell baith mouse and rat,  
Was na that a dainty cat,  
Dance Kaity Bairdy.

*LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.*

An' house there stands on Lead-er side, Sur-mount-in' my de-

scrivin, Wi' rooms sae rare, and wi\_n-dows fair, Sae cu\_riously contain-ing  
 Men pass-ing by do af-ten cry, In sooth it has nae mar-row, It  
 stands as sweet on Lead-er side, As Newark does on Yar-row;

A mile below, wha lists to ride,  
 Will hear the mavis singing,  
 Into St. Leonard's banks she'll bide,  
 Sweet birks her head o'er-hinging;  
 The lintwhite loud, and progne proud,  
 Wi' tunefu' throats and marrow,  
 Unto St. Leonard's banks they sing,  
 As sweetly as in Yarrow.

The Burumill bog, and Whiteslade shaws,  
 The fearfu' hare she haunteth;  
 Brighaugh and Braidwoodshiel she knows,  
 And Chapel-wood frequenteth;  
 Yet when she irks, to Kaidly birks  
 She rins, and sighs for sorrow,  
 That she should leave sweet Leader haughs,  
 And canna win to Yarrow.

What sweeter music wad ye hear,  
 Than hounds and beigles cryin'?  
 The started hare rins hard wi' fear,  
 Upon her spied relying;  
 Pur beast, her strength it gaes at length,  
 Nae bieldin can she borrow,  
 In Sorrel's fields, Cleekman or Hags  
 And langts to be in Yarrow.

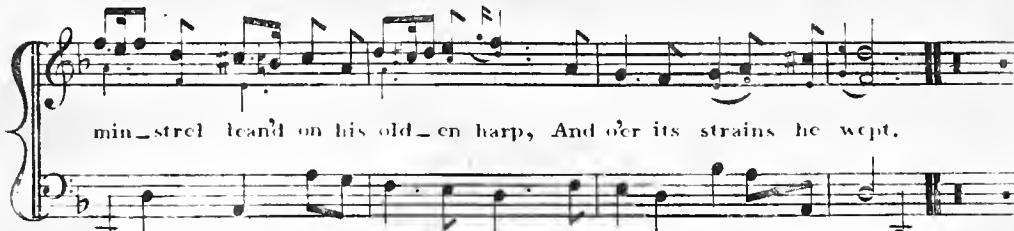
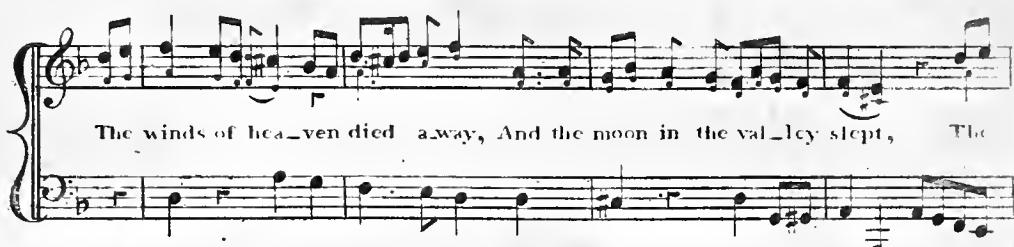
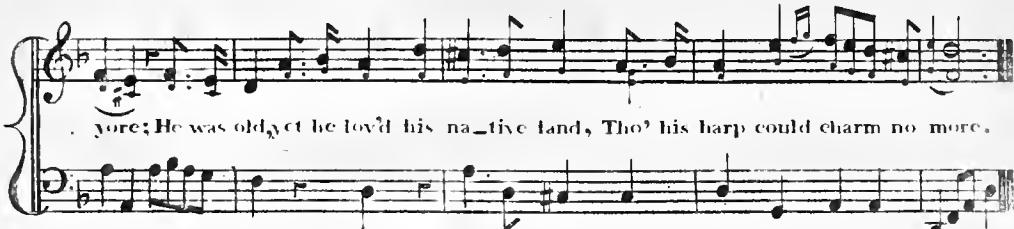
For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spotty, Shag,  
 Wi' sight and scent pursue her,  
 Till, ah! her pith begins to flag,  
 Nae cunnin' ean rescue her:  
 O'er dub and dyke, o'er seugh and syke,  
 She'll rin, the fields a' thorough,  
 Till faid she fa's in Leader-haughs,  
 And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erlington and Cowdenknowes,  
 Where Homes had ance command in,  
 And Drygrange wi' the milk white ews,  
 'Twixt Tweed and Leader standin';  
 The burds that flee thro' Redpath trees,  
 And Gledswald banks ilk morrow,  
 May chant and sing sweet Leader-haughs  
 And bonny howms o' Yarrow.

But Minstrel-burn can ne'er assuage  
 His grief while life endureth,  
 To see the changes o' this age,  
 That fleeting' time pneureth:  
 For mony a place stands in hard case,  
 Whare blyth fowk kend nae sorrow,  
 Wi' Homes that dwelt on Leader-side,  
 And Scott's that dwelt on Yarrow.

## SILENT AND SAD THE MINSTREL SAT.

Air, She rose and let me in.



In youth he had stood by the Wallace side,  
And sung in King Robert's hall,  
When Edward vow'd with his English host  
Scotland to hold in thrall.  
But the Wallace wight was dead and gone,  
And Robert was on his death-bed,  
And dark was the hall where the minstrel sung  
Of chiefs that for Scotia bled.



But oft, as twilight stole o'er the steep,  
And the woods of his native vale,  
Would the minstrel wake his harp to weep,  
And sigh to the mountain gale.

## HE'S LIFELESS AMANG THE RUDE BILLOWS.

Air.—The mucking of Geordie's Bye.

The musical score consists of five staves of music in common time, key signature of one sharp (F#), and treble clef. The vocal line is in soprano range. The piano accompaniment is in basso continuo range. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines. The score is divided into four systems by vertical bar lines.

**System 1:** He's life-less a-mang the rude bil-lows, My tears, and my

**System 2:** sighs are in vain; The heart that beat warm for his Jean-ie, Will

**System 3:** ne'er beat for mor-tal a-gain, My lane now I am i' the

**System 4:** world; And the day-light is griev-ous to me; The lad-die that

**System 5:** loed me sae dear-ly, Lies cauld in the deeps o' the sea.

Ye tempests, sae boist'rously raging,  
 Rage on as ye list — or be still —  
 This heart ye sae atten ha'e sickened,  
 Is nae mair the sport o' yere will.  
 Now heartless, I hope not — I fear not —  
 High Heaven have pity on me!  
 My soul all dismayed and distracted,  
 Yet bends to thy awful decree!

## LAMMIKIN.

Old Ballad.

A bet-ter ma-son than Lam-mi-kin Ne'er builded wi' the  
 stane; He build-ed Earl Ro-bert's house, But wa-ges he gat nane! 'Come  
 gie to me, Earl Ro-bert, now, Come gie to me my byre; Come  
 gie to me, Earl Ro-bert, now, Or I'll burn your house wi' fyre.

'Sen ze winnae gie my wages, Lord,  
 Ze sall hae cause to rue.'

And syne he brewed a black revenge,  
 And syne he vow'd a vow.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 "Now bide at hame, my luve, my life,  
 I warde ye bide at hame:  
 O gang nae to this day's hunting,  
 To leave me a' my lane?"

"Zestreené, zestreene, I dreamt my bower  
 O' red red blude was fu':  
 Gin ye gang to this black hunting,  
 I sall hae cause to rue?"  
 'Quha luiks to dreams, my winsome dame?  
 Ze hae nae cause to feare.'  
 And syne he's kist her comely cheek,  
 And syne the starting tear;

And syne he's gane to the guid greenwoode,  
 And she to her painted bower,  
 And shē's gard steek doors, windows, yetts,  
 Of castelle, ha' and tower.  
 They steeked doors, they steeked yetts,  
 Close to the cheek and chin;  
 They steeked them a' but a little wicket,  
 And Lammikin crap in.

"Now quharis the Ladye o' this castelle,  
 Nurse tell to Lammikin?"  
 'She's sewing up intill her bowir;'  
 The fals Nursie sung.  
 Lammikin nipped the bonnie babe,  
 Quhite loud fals Nursie sung;  
 Lammikin nipped the bonnie babe,  
 Quhite hich the red blude sprung.

"O gentil Nursie! please my bairn,  
 O please him wi' the keys?"  
 "I'll no be pleased, gay ladye,  
 Gin I'd sit on my knees."  
 "Gude gentil Nursie, please my babe;  
 O please him wi' a knife."  
 "He winna be pleased, mistress myne,  
 Gin I wad lay down my life."

"Sweet Nursie, loud, loud cries my bairn,  
 O please him wi' a bell?"  
 "He winna be pleased, gay ladye,  
 Till ye cum down yoursel?  
 And quhen she saw the red, red blude,  
 A loud scrich scriched she,  
 "O monster, monster spare my bairn,  
 Wha never skaithed thee!"

"O spare, gif in yere bluidy briest,  
 Albergs not heart o' stane!  
 O spare! and ye soll hae o' gowd  
 Quhat ze can carrie hame?"  
 "Dame, I want not your gowd; he said;  
 'Dame, I want not your fee;  
 I hae been wranged by your Lord,  
 Ze soll black vengeance drie."

Earl Robert he came hame at night,  
 And a' was dark around;  
 But when he came to his castelle,  
 Owre mickle light he found.  
 O lang, lang, may Earl Robert rue,  
 He paid nae masons hyre,  
 Ladye and Heir he saw nae mair,  
 His castelle rockit wi' fyre.

## JOHNNY COPE.

Jacobite.

Sir John Cope trode the north right far, Yet ne'er a rebel he came near, Un-  
till he land-ed at Dunbar Right early in a morn-ing. Hey! Johnny Cope, are ye  
wak-in yet? Or are ye sleeping I would wit? O haste ye, get up, for the  
drums do beat; O tye Cope rise in the morn-ing!

He wrote a challenge from Dunbar,  
'Come fight me, Charlie, an ye daur;  
If it be not by the chance of war,  
I'll give you a merry morn-ing?  
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,  
He drew his sword the scabbard from,  
"So Heaven restore me to my own,  
"I'll meet you, Cope, in the morn-ing?"  
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

It was upon an afternoon,  
Sir Johnny march'd to Preston town,  
He says, 'my lads come lean you down,  
And we'll fight the boys in the morn-ing?  
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.'

But when he saw the Highland lads,  
Wi' tartan trews and white cockads,  
Wi' swords, and guns, and rungs, and gauds,  
O Johnny, he took wing in the morn-ing.  
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

O then he flew into Dunbar,  
Crying for a man of war;  
He thought to have pass'd for a rustic tar,  
And gotten awa in the morn-ing.  
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

Sir Johnny into Berwick rade,  
Just as the deil had been his guide,  
Gien him the world he would na stay'd  
To foughten the boys in the morn-ing.  
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

Says the Berwickers unto Sir John,  
"O what's become of all your men?"  
In faith, says he, I dinna ken,  
I left them a' this morn-ing?  
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

Says Lord Mark Car, "ye are na blate,  
To bring us the news o' your defeat,  
I think you deserve the back o' the gate;  
Get out o' my sight this morn-ing?"  
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

## THE WAES OF SCOTLAND.

Jacobite.

When I left thee, bonnie Scotland, O thou wert fair to see!

Fresh as a bonnie bride in the morn, When she maun wed ded be,

When I came back to thee Scot land, Up on a May morn fair, A

bonnie lass sat at our town end, Kaming her yellow hair.

"Oh hey! oh hey!" sung the bonnie lass,

"Oh hey! and wae is me!

There's scean sorrow in Scotland,

As een did never see.

Oh hey! oh hey, for my father auld!

Oh hey, for my mither dear!

And my heart will burst for the bonnie lad

Why left me lancesome here?"

I wander a' night 'mang the lands I ownd,

When a' folk are asleep,

And I lie o'er my father and mither's grave,

An hour or twa to weep,

O fatherless and mitherless,

Without a hat or name,

I maun wander through my dear Scotland,

And bide a traitor's blame.

## WEE WILLIE GRAY.

Lively

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet; Peel a willow wand, to  
 be him boots and jacket; The rose upon the brier will be him trowse and  
 doublet, The rose upon the brier will be him trowse and doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet;  
 Twice a lily-flower will be him sark and cravat;  
 Feathers of a Hee-wad leather up his bannet,  
 Feathers of a Hee-wad feather up his bannet.

## THE COVENANTERS' TOMB.

On this a heart-stirring sight to view. Far to the  
 westward stretching blue, That frontier ridge, which erst de-tied Thine-

\* Many of the Martyr-stombs are still to be seen in Scotland. — For a true account  
B of their sufferings during the times of the persecution. See Woodrows Hist:

va - ders' march, th' op - press - sor's pride, The bloody field, for  
many an age, Of ri - val na - tions' waste - ful rage; In lat - ter  
times a re - luge giv'n To ex - il'es in the cause of heav'n.

Far inland, where the mountain crest  
Overlooks the waters of the west,  
And 'midst the moorland wilderness,  
Dark moss - cleughs form a drear recess,  
Curtain'd with ceaseless mists which feed  
The sources of the Clyde and Tweed;  
There injured Scotland's patriot band,  
For Faith and Freedom made their stand;

When traitor kings, who basely sold  
Their country's fame for Gallic gold,  
Too abject o'er the free to reign,  
Warn'd by a father's late in vain —  
In bigot fury trampled down  
The late who oft preserved their crown —  
There, worthy of his masters, came  
The despots' champion, bloody Graham.

The human bloodhounds of the earth,  
To hunt the peasant from his hearth!  
Tyrants! could not misfortune teach,  
That man has rights beyond your reach?  
Thought ye the torture, and the stake,  
Could that intrepid spirit break;  
Which even in woman's breast withstand  
The terrors of the fire and flood?

Yes — though the sceptic's tongue deride  
Those martyrs who, for conscience died;  
Though modish history blight their name,  
And sneering courtiers hoot the name  
Of men who dared alone be free  
Amidst a nation's slavery, —  
Yet long for them the poet's lyre  
Shall wake its notes of heavenly fire.

Their names shall nerve the patriot's hand,  
Upraised to save a sinking land;  
And piety shall learn to burn  
With holier transports o'er their urn!  
Sequester'd haunts, so still — so fair,  
That holy Faith might worship there, —  
The shaggy gorse and brown heath wave  
O'er many a nameless warrior's grave.

## LEEZIE LINDSAY.

Will ye gang to the Highlands, Lee-zie Lind-say? Will ye  
 gang to the Highlands wi' me? Will ye gang to the  
 Highlands, Lee-zie Lind-say? My pride and my darling to be.

O ye are the bonniest maiden,  
 The flower o' the west country;  
 O gang to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay,  
 My pride and my darling to be.

I've goud an' I've gear, Leezie Lindsay,  
 And a heart that loves only but thee;  
 They a' shall be thine, Leezie Lindsay,  
 Gin ye my lovd darling will be.

She has gotten a gown o' green Satin,  
 And a bonny blythe bride is she,  
 And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Mac Donald,  
 His pride and his darling to be.



## LEEZIE LINDSAY.

When sung by 2 Voices.

"Will ye gang to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay?  
 Will ye gang to the Highlands wi' me?  
 Will ye gang to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay?  
 'My pride and my darling to be?"

"To gang to the Highlands wi' you, Sir,  
 I dinna ken how that may be,  
 For I ken nae the road I am gaeing,  
 'Nor yet wha I'm gaun wi'."

"Oh, if ye're the Laird o' Mac Donald,  
 A great ane I ken ye maun be;  
 But how can a chieftain sae mighty  
 Think o' a puir lassie like me?"

'She has gotten a gown o' green Satin,  
 She has kilted it up to her knee,  
 And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Mac Donald,  
 His bride and his darling to be.'

## STEEPHON AND LYDIA.

All love-ly on the sul-trey beach, Ex-pir-ing  
 Stre-phon lay, No hand the cor-dial draught to reach, Nor  
 clear the gloo-my way. Ill-fated youth! no  
 pa-rent nigh To catch thy fleet-ing breath, No bride to  
 fix thy swim-ming eye, Or smooth the face of death.

Far distant from the mournful scene

Thy parents sit at ease,  
 Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,  
 And all the spring, to please.  
 Ill-fated youth! by fault of friend,  
 Not force of foe, depress'd,  
 Thou fall'st, alas! thyself, thy kind,  
 Thy country, unredress'd.



*O, TIBBIE, I HAE SEEVN THE DAY.*

Chor:

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,  
Because ye hae the name o' clink,  
That ye can please me at a wink,  
Whender ye like to try.  
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,  
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,  
Wha follows ony saucy quean  
That looks sae prond and high.  
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,  
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice,  
The deil a ane wad spier your price,  
Were ye as poor as I.  
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,  
If that he want the yellow dirt,  
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,  
And answer him fit' dry.  
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,  
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,  
Tho' hardly lie, for sense or leair,  
Be better than the kye.  
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.