

5/42

6/16

125⁰⁰

How are you, my Dear Friend? & how comes on y^r
fifth volume? — You may probably think that for
some time past I have neglected you & your work;
but, alas, the hand of pain, & sorrow, & care has these
many months lain heavy on me! — Personal &
domestic affliction have almost entirely banished that
alacrity & life with which I used to woo the rural
Muse of Scotia. — In the mean time, let us finish
what we have so well begun. — The gentleman, M^r
Lewars, a particular friend of mine, will bring out
any proofs (if they are ready) or any message you
may have. —
Adieu!

R Burns
turn over

You should have had this when Mr. Leavors called on you, but his saddle-bags miscarried. — I am extremely anxious for your work, as indeed I am for every thing concerning you & your welfare. — You are a good worthy, honest fellow, & have a good right to live in this world — because you deserve it. — Many a merry meeting this Publication has given us, & possibly it may give us more, though, alas! I fear it — This protracting, slow, consuming illness which hangs over me, will, I doubt much, my ever dear friend, arrest my sun before he has well reached his middle career, & will turn over the Poet to far other & more important concerns than studying the brilliancy of Wit, or the pathos of Sentiment. — However, Hope is the cordial of the human heart, & I endeavour to cherish it as well as I can. — Let me hear from you as soon as convenient. — Your Work is a great one; & though, now that it is near finished, I see if ^{we} were to begin

begin again, two or three things that might be mended, yet
I will venture to prophesy, that to future ages your Publication
will be the text-book & standard of Scotch Song & Music —
I am ashamed to ask another favor of you because you
have been so very good already, but my wife has a very
particular friend of hers, a young lady who sings well,
to whom she wishes to present The Scots Musical Museum.
If you have a spare copy, will you be obliging as to send it by
the very first opportunity, as I am anxious to have it soon.

Yours ever

R B WMS

M^r James Johnson

Engraver

Lawson-market G.D.M.

~~1844~~
~~1845~~



THE SCOTISH MUSICAL MUSEUM;

CONSISTING OF UPWARDS

OF SIX HUNDRED SONGS,

WITH

PROPER BASSES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED

BY JAMES JOHNSON;

AND NOW ACCOMPANIED WITH

COPIOUS NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LYRIC
POETRY AND MUSIC OF SCOTLAND,

BY THE LATE WILLIAM STENHOUSE.

WITH SOME

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME 1.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH;
AND THOMAS CADELL, LONDON.

M.DCCC.XXXIX.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

LIBRARY

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Garin Ralston

THE SCOTS
Musical Museum
IN SIX VOLUMES.

Consisting of Six hundred Scots Songs
with proper Bases for the

PIANO FORTE &c.
Specially Dedicated
To the Society

— OF —
Antiquaries of Scotland
BY JAMES JOHNSON

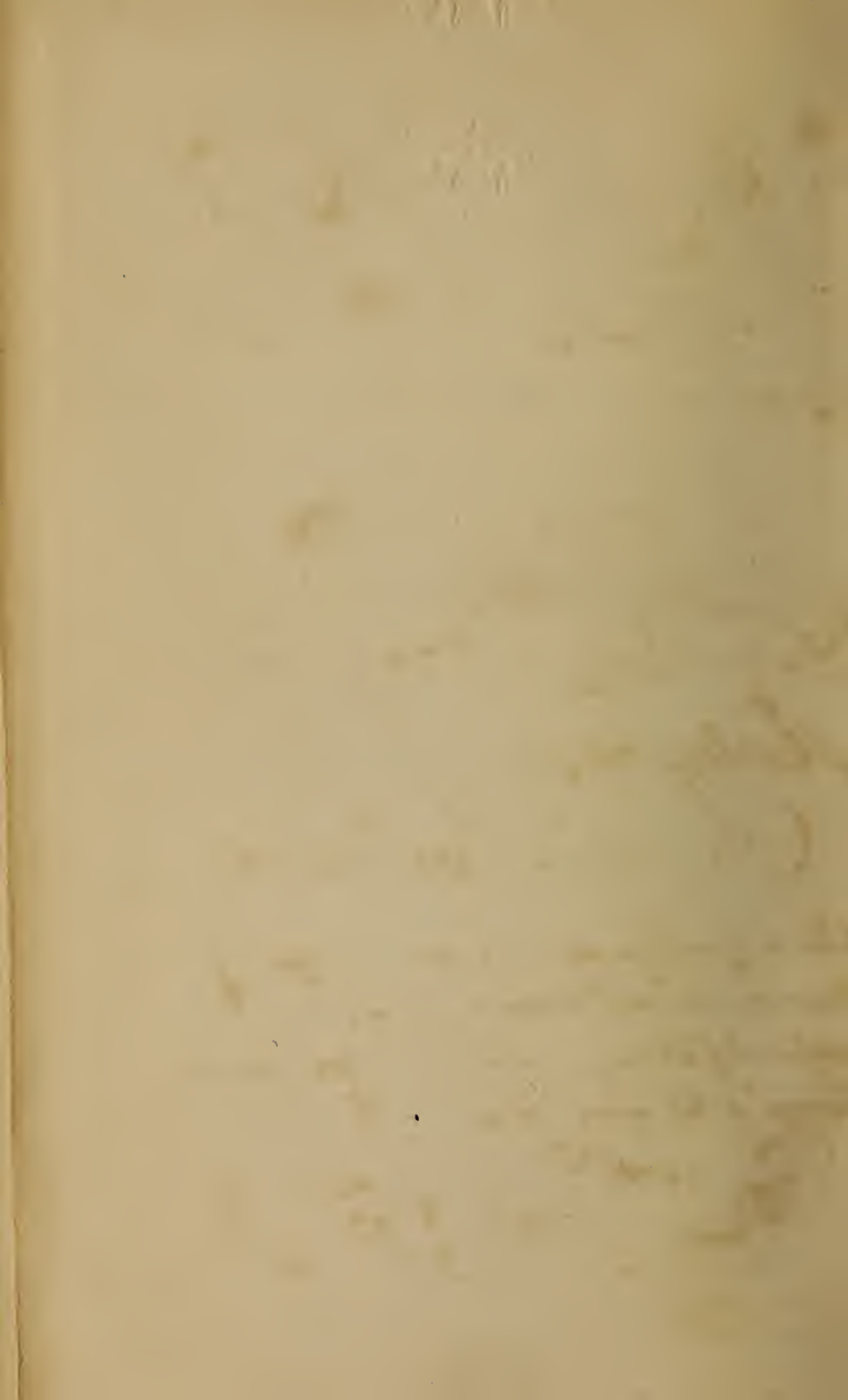
In this publication the original simplicity of our
Ancient National Airs is retained unincumbered
with useless Accompaniments & graces depriving the
hearers of the sweet simplicity of their native melodies.

Volume I. Pt. 7

Bottenwell

St. Gt.

Printed & Sold by JAMES JOHNSON Music Seller EDINBURGH to be had at
T. PRESTON N^o 97 Strand LONDON, M^cFADYEN GLASGOW, & at all the principal
Music Sellers.



TO THE TRUE LOVERS OF CALEDONIAN

MUSIC AND SONG.

IT has long been a just and general Complaint, that among all the Music Books of SCOTS SONGS that have been hitherto offered to the Public, not one, nor even all of them put together, can be said to have merited the name of what may be called A COMPLETE COLLECTION; having been published only in detached pieces and parcels; amounting however upon the whole, to more than twice the price of this Publication; attended moreover with this further disadvantage, that they have been printed in such large unportable Sizes, that they could by no means answer the purpose of being pocket-companions; which is no small incumbrance, especially to the admirers of social Music.

To remedy these, and all other complaints and inconveniencies of the kind, this work, now before the public eye, has been undertaken, and carried on, Under the Patronage, direction, and Review of a number of Gentlemen of no disputed taste, who have been pleased to encourage, enrich, and adorn the whole literary part of the Performance. The Publisher begs leave only to say, that he has strenuously endeavoured, and will persevere to exert his utmost skill and assiduity in executing the mechanical part of the work. And he flatters himself, that his laudable unremitted emulation to gain the public esteem, will meet with the favourable regard of his obliging friends and generous Subscribers. The Subscription will be kept open, at least, to the publication of the Second Volume: which was all originally intended; and which will be published as soon as the work can be executed, which is already in great forwardness. Each Volume contains ONE HUNDRED Songs, with the original Music, embellished with Thorough Bases by one of the ablest Masters. And besides these hundred Songs, under the Music and Song inserted in the respective titles at the top of the page, the performer will frequently find two or three additional Sets of apposite words to the same tune; adapted to the VOICE, HARPSICORD, and PIANO-FORTE, &c.

It was intended, and mentioned in the Proposals, to have adopted a Considerable Variety of the most Musical and Sentimental of the English and Irish Songs; But this Scheme, not happening to meet with general approbation, after several plates had been engraved for the purpose, it was determined, in compliance with what seemed to be the almost universal inclination of the Subscribers, to postpone it for the present, with a full intention to resume it afterwards, if it shall yet appear to be desired and encouraged, in a third, or a fourth Volume.

In the meantime, it is humbly requested, if any Lady or Gentleman have any Song of Merit with the Music (never hitherto Published) of the true Ancient Caledonian strain, that they would be pleased to transmit the same to the Publisher, that it may be submitted to the proper Judges, and so be preserved in this Repository of our National Music and Song, by their most

Obliged and Humble Servant,

JAMES JOHNSON.

IV

INDEX OF AUTHORS' NAMES IN VOL. FIRST, so far as can be ascertained.

A	thou wert my ain thing	Page	2
A	Ah fure a pair was never seen		23
Auld lang syne	Ramfay		26
Allan water	M ^r . Crawford, a gentleman of the family of Auchnames		43
As down on Bannas banks I stray'd	M ^r . Poe Irish Air		47
B			
Befs the gawkie			4
Banks of the Tweed			6
Beds of sweet roses			7
Bony Scotman	Ramfay		13
Blythe Jocky			25
Blythe Jockey young and gay			30
Bony Betsy	Ramfay		31
Blathrie o't			34
Blink o'er the burn, sweet Betty	Mitchel		52
Bony Jean	Ramfay		55
Blythsome bridal			58
Bony Christy	Ramfay		61
Bulk ye bulk ye	Ramfay		65
Bony brucket lasie			69
Broom of Cowdenknows			70
Birks of Invermay	The 2 first stanzas by Mallet, the 2 last by D ^r . Bryce of Kirknewton		73
Banks of Forth			76
Bony grey-ey'd morn	Ramfay		80
Bush aboon Traquair	M ^r . Crawford		81
Braes of Ballenden	Blacklock, the Music by Oswald		93
Bide ye yet			98
Bony Dundee			100
C			
Come let's hae mair wine in	Ramfay		12
Collier's bony lasie	Ramfay		48
Corn riggs	Ramfay		94
D			
Dear Roger if your Jenny geck	Ramfay		17
Down the burn Davie	M ^r . Crawford		75
E			
Etrick banks			82
F			
From Roslin Castle's echoing walls			9
Flowers of Edinburgh			14
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' frae	Ramfay		17
Fairest of the fair	D ^r . Piercy		33
Flowers of the forest	Miss Home		64
G			
Gilderoy	Sir Alex ^r . Halket		67
Green grow the rashes	M ^r . Burns		78

V I N D E X.

Go to the ewe bughts Marion	Page	86
H		
Highland Queen	Poetry and music both by a M ^r M ^c Vicar, once of the Solbay man of war	1
Highland King		ib.
Happy Marriage		20
Highland laddie	Ramfay	22
He stole my tender heart away	English Air	29
Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd	Sheridan	47
Here awa there awa		58
Her absence will not alter me		72
I		
Jamie Gay		15
Johnny's gray breeks		28
Jenny's heart was frank and free	by M ^r Mayne	ib.
I with my love were in a mire	Translated from Sappho by Philips	41
I married with a folding wife		99
Jenny Nettles		53
Jocky said to Jenny		62
John Hay's bony ladsie	Ramfay	68
I'll never leave thee	M ^r Crawford	92
Johnny and Mary		101
K		
Kate of Aberdeen	Cunningham	36
L		
Lord Gregory		5
Lafs of Livingston	Ramfay	18
Last time I came o'er the moor	Ramfay	19
Lafs of Patie's mill	Ramfay	21
Lawland maids	Ramfay	23
Leander on the bay		27
Lucky Nancy		34
Logan water	Thomson	42
Loch Eroch fide		78
Lewis Gordon		87
Low down in the broom		91
Lochaber	Ramfay	96
M		
My dear Jockie		16
Mary's Dream	M ^r Alex ^r Lowe, a young Gentleman of Galloway	38
My ain kind dearie O		50
Mary Scot	Ramfay	74
My Dearie if thou die	M ^r Crawford	83
My Nanny O	Ramfay	89
My apron dearie	Sir Gilb ^t Elliot	94
Muckin o' Geordie's byre		97
N		
Nancy's to the greenwood gane		50
O		
O lovely maid how dear's thy power		42

VI I N D E X.

O'er the moor to Maggy - - -	Ramfay - - -	Page - 56
O'er the hills and far away - - -		62
O'fear's Ghost - Miss Ann Keith, The music by M ^{rs} Touch - - -		71
O saw ye my father - - -		77
Oh ono chrio - Composed on the massacre of Glencoe - - -		90

P

Peggy I must love thee - - -	Ramfay - - -	3
Pinky house - - -		57

R

Roslin Castle - M ^r Rich ^d Hewit, the music by Oswald - - -		9
---	--	---

S

Saw ye Johny comin quo she - - -		10
Saw ye na my Peggy - - -		12
Sae merry as we twa hae been - - -		60
She rose and lost me in - - -		84
Sweet Annie frae the sea beach came - - -		85

T

Turninspike man - - -		24
To fly like bird from grove to grove - - -		25
Twine weel the plaiden - - -		32
Tweed Side - - -	M ^r Crawford - - -	37
The maid that tends the goats - - -	M ^r Dudgeon - - -	40
There's nae luck about the house - - -		44
Tarry woo - - -		45
The maid in bedlam - George Syron, a Negro in bedlam - - -		46
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile you - - -		66

W

Woo'd and married and a' - - -		10
Water parted from the sea - - -	English Air - - -	39
Within a mile of Edin ^r town - - -		49
When absent from the nymph I love - - -		54
When summer comes the swains on Tweed - M ^r Crawford - - -		71
Wauking of the fauld - - -	Ramfay - - -	88

Y

Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass - - -	Burns - - -	79
--	-------------	----

Entered in Stationer's Hall

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME I.

	PAGE
PREFACE,	i
INTRODUCTION,	xxiii
SONGS I. TO C.,	1
ILLUSTRATIONS,	1
ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS,	*105

P R E F A C E.

IN bringing before the Public a new edition of Johnson's collection of Scottish Songs, entitled *THE SCOTS MUSICAL MUSEUM*, a few words of preface may be required, both in regard to the history of the work itself, and to the nature of the Notes or Illustrations with which it is now accompanied.

The original publisher and the ostensible editor of the work, was JAMES JOHNSON, a Musicseller and Engraver in Edinburgh. His object, as first announced, was, "in a portable form, to unite the Songs and Music of Scotland in one general collection;" and it was commenced in May 1787, by the publication of the First Part, or volume, containing One Hundred Songs, which appeared "under the patronage, direction, and review of a number of gentlemen of undisputed taste, who have been pleased to encourage, enrich, and adorn the whole literary part of the performance." Johnson has nowhere stated who these gentlemen were, nor does it appear that any one of them took a prominent share in the publi-

cation.¹ Dr Blacklock was an occasional contributor both of songs and airs; Dr Beattie has also been mentioned, along with Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee, as persons who interested themselves in the progress of the work; but, whatever aid Johnson might have derived from these or other gentlemen “of undisputed taste,” it may be confidently asserted, that, unless for one fortunate circumstance, “The Scots Musical Museum” might never have extended beyond a couple of parts or volumes; or, at least, might never have acquired the reputation which it has enjoyed for half a century, and which it still promises to retain.

The circumstance to which we allude was the visit of BURNS the Poet to Edinburgh, in November 1786. Having become acquainted with the publisher before the first part was completed, he furnished Johnson with two original Songs, Nos. 77 and 78, *Green grow the Rashes*, and *Young Peggy blooms*, to the tune of *Loch Eroch Side*; and probably also rendered him other assistance. The Musical Museum was a work so congenial to the Poet’s mind, that it evidently had a decided effect in directing his efforts more exclusively to Song-writing. The early associations connected with his love of ballad-poetry, and the rustic strains familiar to the peasantry, were thus awakened, and his intimate

¹ The volumes of the Musical Museum, as originally published, were “Humbly dedicated to the Catch Club, instituted at Edinburgh June 1771.” On the completion of the Sixth and last volume, in 1803, Johnson substituted a new set of title-pages, dedicating the work “To the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.”

acquaintance with the older and more popular melodies with which such strains had long been happily united, enabled him, with a rare degree of felicity, thus to give vent to his feelings, by which he has attained the first rank as a Lyric Poet. The interest, or rather enthusiasm, which he felt in contributing to the success of Johnson's undertaking, appears very manifest in his correspondence; and Burns, from this period, ought to be considered not simply as a contributor, but as the proper and efficient editor of the work. He not only contributed a large number of original songs, expressly written for it, but he applied to every person likely to render assistance; and, while visiting different parts of the country, he diligently gleaned fragments of old songs, hitherto unpublished, which he completed with additional lines or stanzas, as might be required; and, at the same time, he frequently determined the airs to which the words should be set, besides writing the prefatory notices to the several parts or volumes of what he esteemed to be a national work.

The following are the terms in which Burns writes to some of his friends respecting Johnson's collection. To Mr Candlish, then at Glasgow, in June 1787, he says, "I am engaged in assisting an honest Scotch enthusiast, a friend of mine, who is an engraver, and has taken it into his head to publish a collection of all our Songs set to Music, of which the words and music are done by Scotsmen. This, you will easily guess, is an undertaking exactly to my taste. I have collected, begged, borrowed, and stolen, all the songs I could meet with." To the Rev. John Skinner,

author of Tullochgorum, in October 1787, he says, in reference to the Museum, "I have been absolutely crazed about it, collecting old stanzas, and any information remaining respecting their origin, authors, &c." In the same month, he informs another correspondent in the North, that "an engraver, James Johnson, in Edinburgh, has, not from mercenary views, but from an honest Scotch enthusiasm, set about collecting all our native songs, and setting them to music, particularly those that have never been set before. Clarke, the well-known musician, presides over the musical arrangement; and Drs Beattie and Blacklock, Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee, and your humble servant, to the utmost of his small power, assist in collecting the old poetry, or sometimes, for a fine air, make a stanza when it has no words." To Johnson himself, in November 1788, he remarks, "I can easily see, my dear friend, that you will very probably have four volumes. Perhaps you may not find your account lucratively in this business; but you are a patriot for the music of your country, and I am certain posterity will look on themselves as highly indebted to your public spirit. Be not in a hurry; let us go on correctly, and your name shall be immortal." Johnson appears most wisely to have followed Burns's directions, and with such aid, he was enabled to give his collection a distinct original character, as well as greatly to extend his original plan; a Second, Third, and Fourth Part, each containing One Hundred Songs, having successively appeared in the months of March 1788, February 1790, and August 1792.

Shortly after the appearance of the Fourth Part, Burns had engaged with a like congenial spirit to assist MR GEORGE THOMSON in his projected collection of Scottish Songs. His correspondence with that gentleman, extending from September 1792, to July 1796 (the month in which the Poet died), has now been nearly forty years before the public. This correspondence included upwards of sixty songs, written expressly for Mr Thomson's select and elegant publication. That the progress of the Musical Museum was retarded in consequence of this engagement, need scarcely be remarked. Hitherto, an average interval of two years had intervened between the publication of each part; but five years elapsed, and the Poet himself died before the Fifth Part was completed, to which he had, however, furnished the chief portion of the contents; and the Sixth Part, with which the work terminates, did not appear till June 1803, or eight years after the death of the Ayrshire bard.

Although Burns's attention had been thus diverted into another channel for a space of nearly four years, while giving form and vitality to that collection, his original predilection in favour of the Musical Museum was unchanged, as appears from his letters addressed to Johnson while the Fifth Part was in progress; and more particularly from his last letter, which has no date, but which both Johnson and Cromek fix as having been written on the 4th of July 1796, or seventeen days before the Poet died. An accurate facsimile of that interesting and affecting letter is given at the end of this Preface, as

a suitable accompaniment to a work which the publisher might well acknowledge was indebted to him "for almost all of those excellent pieces which it contains." In this letter, Burns says, "You may probably think, that for some time past I have neglected you and your work; but, alas! the hand of pain, and sorrow, and care, has these many months lain heavy on me! Personal and domestic afflictions have almost entirely banished that alacrity and life with which I used to woo the rural Muse of Scotia." And, in another part, he adds, "Your work is a great one; and now that it is near finished, I see, if we were to begin again, two or three things that might be mended; yet, I WILL VENTURE TO PROPHECY, THAT TO FUTURE AGES YOUR PUBLICATION WILL BE THE TEXT-BOOK AND STANDARD OF SCOTTISH SONG AND MUSIC."

To enlarge, in this place, on the services which BURNS rendered to the Lyric Poetry of Scotland, might well be regarded as superfluous. It is but proper, however, to consider, in how far such services were influenced by his connexion with the present work. It has often been asserted, that all his best songs were expressly written for Mr Thomson's collection, thus virtually claiming for it a distinction to which it is in no respect entitled, that of having directed his mind to the subject of song-writing. It is with no wish to lessen the importance of that work, the merits of which rest on somewhat different grounds from that of Johnson's, that I conceive it necessary in this place to remark, that for six

years previous to its commencement, Burns had exclusively contributed songs to Johnson's Museum, written too in his happiest moods, when nothing had occurred permanently to depress his spirits ; and that the original songs which it contains, not only exceed in number, but may fairly be put in competition in regard to merit, with those that were written for the later publication. In considering his contributions to these respective collections, there is likewise this marked difference, that while for the one the airs and subjects were generally suggested to the poet, for the other his fancy was altogether uncontrolled ; and although he was frequently led to write with a degree of carelessness, and with less delicacy, than if such effusions had to undergo the ordeal of criticism, and to bear his name as the author, this want of polish is amply compensated by the greater freshness, spirit, and vivacity of his compositions. But, on this point, I cannot do better than quote Dr Currie's words, prefixed to his selection of the Songs by Burns contained in the Museum. " In his communications to Mr Johnson, to which his name was not in general affixed, our Bard was less careful than in his compositions for the greater work of Mr Thomson. Several of them he never intended to acknowledge, and others, printed in the Museum, were found somewhat altered afterwards among his manuscripts. In the selection [consisting of 47 Songs] which follows, attention has been paid to the wishes of the Author as far as they are known. The printed songs have been compared with the MSS., and the last corrections have been uniformly

inserted. The reader will probably think many of the Songs which follow, among the finest productions of his Muse.”²

Nor was it alone by his original productions that Burns enriched the Musical Museum and the literature of his country. The diligence which he used in collecting, from all quarters, the remains of old unpublished ballads and songs, and snatches of popular melodies, has been emulated by persons without one spark of genius, and possessed of more zeal than judgment ; but the skill and happiness with which, as with a master-hand, he imparted spirit and life to mutilated fragments, or remodelled those effusions unfit for ordinary society, attributed to the Scottish Muse as she went “high-kilted o’er the lea,” have never been surpassed: “Burns, who, of all poets that ever breathed (to use the fine words of a kindred spirit), possessed the most happy tact of pouring his genius through all the meanderings of music, was unrivalled in the skill of brooding over the rude conceptions of our old poets, and in warming them into grace and life. He could glide like dew into the fading bloom of departing song, and refresh it into beauty and fragrance.”³ He himself says, “The songs marked Z in the Museum, I have given to the world as old verses to their respective tunes ; but, in fact, of a good many of them little more than the chorus is ancient, though there is no reason for telling every body this piece of intelligence.”⁴ In regard to this skill, Sir Walter Scott remarks : “The Scottish

² Burns’s Works, by Currie, vol. iv. p. 269.

³ Cunningham’s Songs of Scotland, vol. i. p. 66.

⁴ Letter quoted in Cromek’s Select Scottish Songs, vol. ii. p. 194.

Songs and Tunes preserved for Burns that inexpressible charm which they have ever afforded to his countrymen. He entered into the idea of collecting their fragments with all the zeal of an enthusiast; and few, whether serious or humorous, past through his hands without receiving some of those magic touches, which, without greatly altering the song, restored its original spirit, or gave it more than it ever possessed. So dexterously are these touches combined with the ancient structure, that the *rifacimento*, in many instances, could scarcely have been detected, without the avowal of the Bard himself.”⁵ It has indeed been questioned, by the same high authority, whether it were fortunate, or otherwise, that Burns, during the latter period of his life, should have exclusively confined himself to Song-writing. “Notwithstanding the spirit of many of the lyrics of Burns, and the exquisite sweetness and simplicity of others, we cannot but deeply regret that so much of his time and talents was frittered away in compiling and composing for musical collections. . . . Let no one suppose that we undervalue the songs of Burns. When his soul was intent on suiting a favourite air with words humorous or tender, as the subject demanded, no poet of our tongue ever displayed higher skill in marrying melody to immortal verse. But the writing of a series of songs for large musical collections, degenerated into a slavish labour, which no talents could support, led to negligence, and above all, diverted the Poet from his grand plan of Dramatic composition.”⁶

⁵ Quarterly Review, vol. i. p. 30.

⁶ *Ib.* p. 32.

That Burns in many instances overtasked himself while complying with continuous requests to furnish songs to suit particular airs, is undeniable, but that the proper bent of his genius tended more especially to lyric poetry, is equally certain. The instantaneous and lasting popularity of his songs can be ascribed to no fortuitous circumstance, but solely to the mode in which he expressed those feelings, so true to nature, which could be appreciated alike by all classes. How many collections of Songs before and since his time have appeared and been forgotten; and in the two works which owe their chief distinction to his aid, how immeasurably superior are the songs of Burns to the united contributions of the many distinguished names which are found standing in juxtaposition with his own. May we not therefore be justified in expressing a doubt, whether, if Burns had succeeded in writing one or two successful dramas, this would in any way have been comparable to the advantage which our literature has gained by his Songs, or would have outweighed the almost unequalled influence which they have exercised not among his countrymen only. Happy, indeed, had it been, could the mention of Burns's name only call up the vision suggested by the words of our great English poet, when he speaks of

Him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough upon the mountain side.

But it is impossible to forget the depressing circumstances in which Burns was placed; his scanty annual income, which "was for some time as low as fifty,

and never rose to above seventy pounds a-year ;” his increasing cares, and his unremitting attention to the vexatious and harassing duties of his official situation, appointed “ to guard ale-firkins ;” all these conjoined, left him neither time nor disposition for any such sustained literary efforts. It must always be a humiliating consideration to think, that some suitable occupation or place had not been found, which might have left him unharassed by pecuniary difficulties. From the date of publication of the subscription edition of his Poems at Edinburgh, to that of his decease, being a period of nine years, he may be said absolutely to have received no pecuniary advantage from his writings. This doubtless was in some degree owing to his own lofty but mistaken notions, which led him to reject any stipulated recompense, as if this implied a mere sordid or speculating inducement to literary enterprise. There is no distinct proof that he ever received any acknowledgment for his contributions to the present work,⁷ beyond the occasional donation of copies to be presented to his friends. All the world likewise, unfortunately knows the extent of benefit which he derived from his connexion with its more costly and ambitious rival collection. With no prospect of amended circumstances, need we wonder, therefore, (as Dr Currie remarks,) “ that as his health decayed, his proud and feeling heart sunk under the secret conscious-

⁷ In a printed paper, dated 15th of March 1819, soliciting Subscriptions in favour of Johnson’s widow, it is stated, that her husband had “ on more than one occasion befriended our favourite Scottish Poet in *his* pecuniary distresses ;” but I am not aware of any thing to justify such a statement.

ness of indigence and the apprehensions of absolute want. Yet poverty never bent the spirit of Burns to any pecuniary meanness ;”⁸ and the character of the Poet stands only the more nobly in having thus, in midst of poverty and personal distress, and the increasing cares of a rising family, earned such an enduring fame. All the lamented and unfortunate circumstances connected with his literary career are indeed long since past, and cannot be recalled ; but the recollection of them will remain indelible, as such incidents in the lives and fortunes of men of genius retain a peculiar and lasting degree of interest ; and these Songs, the fruits of his genius in matured life, for which he gained neither fee nor reward, “are likely to transmit the name of Burns to all future generations.”⁹—He died on the 21st of July 1796, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

JAMES JOHNSON, the original publisher of the Musical Museum, survived the completion of the work nearly eight years. Of his personal history not much is known. From the few letters still preserved, or that have been published, it appears that Burns entertained for him a sincere personal regard. In his first letter, 3d of May 1787, before setting out on his Border Tour, he sends him a song received from Dr Blacklock, and says, “Farewell, my dear Sir! I wished to have seen you, but I have been dreadfully throng [busy], as I march to-morrow. Had my acquaintance with you been a little older,

⁸ Burns's Works, by Currie, vol. i. p. 229.

⁹ Edinburgh Review, vol. xiii. p. 263.

I would have asked the favour of your correspondence, as I have met with few people whose company and conversation gave me so much pleasure, because I have met with few whose sentiments are so congenial to my own." In a letter written in 1794, he says, "As to our Musical Museum, I have better than a dozen songs by me for the fifth volume to send with Mr Clarke when he comes. . . . If we cannot finish the fifth volume any other way, what would you think of Scots words to some beautiful Irish airs? In the mean time, at your leisure, give a copy of the Museum to my worthy friend Mr Peter Hill, bookseller, to bind for me, interleaved with blank leaves, exactly as he did the Laird of Glenriddell's, that [I may insert every anecdote I can learn, together with my own criticisms and remarks on the songs. A copy of this kind I shall leave with you, the editor, to publish at some after period, by way of making the Museum a book famous to the end of time, and you renowned for ever]." ¹ In another letter, about the same time, but without date, he says, "My dear Sir, I send by my friend Mr Wallace, forty-one songs for your fifth volume. Mr Clarke has also a good many, if he have not, with his usual indolence, *cast them at the cocks*. I have still a good parcel among my hands, in scraps and fragments, so that I hope we will make a shift for our last volume. You should

¹ The words within brackets, in consequence of the original letter being mutilated, have been supplied from Cromeek's Reliques. He, however, has formed strange compounds, by gleaning sentences out of three distinct communications to Johnson, and printing them as one letter.

have heard from me long ago ; but over and above some vexatious share in the pecuniary losses of these accursed times, I have all this winter been plagued with low spirits and blue devils, so that I have almost hung my harp on the willow-trees." And in his last letter, already quoted (of which an exact fac-simile is afterwards given), he says to Johnson, "I am extremely anxious for your work, as indeed I am for every thing concerning your or you welfare. You are a good, worthy, honest fellow, and have a good right to live in this world—because you deserve it. Many a merry meeting this publication has given us, and possibly it may give us more, though, alas ! I fear it."

Although numerous collections of Scottish Songs, with or without music, and in every possible form, have appeared during the last fifty years, the Musical Museum still keeps its ground. Such collections as those of Mr George Thomson, of the late R. A. Smith, and of Messrs John Thomson and Finlay Dun, possess each of them strong and individual claims ; but the present work far exceeds these, or any others that have appeared, in the number of the genuine old melodies of Scotland. When the publication was first projected, Johnson's chief advisers, Dr Blacklock and Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee, it has been remarked, "were of opinion that these wild yet pathetic and melodious strains, these fine breathings and heartfelt touches in our songs, which true genius can alone express, were bewildered and utterly lost in a noisy accompaniment of instruments. In their opinion, the full chords of a thorough bass

ought to be used sparingly and with judgment, not to overpower, but to support and strengthen the voice at proper pauses : that the air itself should be first played over, by way of symphony or introduction to the song ; and at the close of every stanza, a few bars of the last part of the melody should be repeated, as a relief to the voice, which it gracefully sets off ;" &c. . . . " The plan of publishing our Scottish songs in this simple, elegant, and chaste manner, was highly approved of by the late MR STEPHEN CLARKE. This celebrated organist and musician readily agreed to select, arrange, and harmonize the whole of the melodies ; a task which, from his brilliant genius, fine taste, and profound scientific knowledge, he was eminently qualified to perform."² This want of every thing like florid accompaniments, has been held as a peculiar recommendation. In regard also to the Songs, the collection is unrivalled for the extent of the good old standard productions of the Lyric Muse, including so many of Burns's finest compositions.

Johnson died at Edinburgh on the 26th of February 1811.³ He left a widow in such indigent circumstances, that at a subsequent period, it has been

² Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, July 1817, p. 377.

³ " Died at Edinburgh [26th of February 1811], much regretted, Mr James Johnson, Engraver, Music-seller, and Copper-plate Printer ;—being the first who attempted to *strike* music upon pewter, whereby a great saving is made in the charge of that article. Mr Johnson will long be remembered in the musical world. He published several interesting pieces of late ; and in none was more successful than in his elegant work, ' The Scots Musical Museum,' in six volumes, &c."—(Scots Magazine, 1811, p. 318.)

stated, she had nothing more to subsist on than "the occasional donations of a few of her husband's old friends and acquaintance;" and, after remaining for some time as an out-pensioner, she at length found shelter as an inmate of the Edinburgh Charity Workhouse.⁴

Three or four years after Mr Johnson's death, the original pewter plates and remaining copies of "The Scots Musical Museum," including the copyright, and such of Burns's manuscript communications⁵ as had been preserved, were exposed to sale, and became the property of the late MR WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, bookseller. In the view of bringing out the work in a new and improved form, he was desirous to have it accompanied with notes or illustrations. This was indeed part of the scheme originally contemplated by Burns, as appears from passages in other letters, besides the one above quoted. Mr Thomson having informed him that he expected to receive from Dr Beattie, "an Essay upon the subject of our National music," to illustrate his own collection, Burns in his letter, dated 26th of January 1793, immediately replied: "Dr Beattie's essay will, of itself, be a treasure. On my part, I

⁴ This appears from a printed paper entitled "Notice respecting Mrs Johnson, widow of the late Mr James Johnson, Engraver in Edinburgh," dated March 15, 1819.

⁵ When Cromeck was in Edinburgh collecting materials for his "Reliques of Burns," in the year 1808, he mentions having seen 180 Songs and Poems in Burns's autograph, which he had transmitted to Johnson for the Musical Museum. The greater portion of these interesting transcripts are still preserved.

mean to draw up an appendix to the Doctor's essay, containing my stock of anecdotes, &c., of our Scots Songs. All the late Mr Tytler's⁶ anecdotes I have by me, taken down in the course of my acquaintance with him, from his own mouth. I am such an enthusiast, that in the course of my several peregrinations through Scotland, I made a pilgrimage to the individual spot from which every song took its rise, 'Lochaber' and the 'Braes of Ballenden' excepted. So far as the locality, either from the title of the air or the tenor of the song, could be ascertained, I have paid my devotions at the particular shrine of every Scots Muse." Neither the Essay nor the Appendix was undertaken; but Burns, in an interleaved copy of the first four volumes of the Musical Museum, which belonged to Riddell of Glenriddell, had inserted a number of occasional notes and remarks regarding the songs. Mr Cromeck⁷ having obtained the use of this copy, transcribed and published them in his volume of Burns's Reliques, 1808, and again in his collection of "Select Scottish Songs," 1810; and these notes usually form an integral part in the modern editions of the Poet's works.

In preparing, therefore, to publish an edition of the Musical Museum, with notes, illustrative of the

⁶ William Tytler of Woodhouselee, Esq., writer to the signet, and author of a Dissertation on Scottish Music, a Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots, and other works. He died on the 12th of September 1792, in the eighty-first year of his age.

⁷ R. H. Cromeck was an engraver in London. He died in 1812. See note respecting him in vol. v. p. 456*.

Lyric Poetry and Music of Scotland, Mr Blackwood applied, according to my recollection, to more than one individual supposed to be most competent, for such a task. It was finally intrusted to the late WILLIAM STENHOUSE, Esq., Accountant in Edinburgh, who, along with more than ordinary antiquarian research, and much general information, possessed a thorough practical knowledge of music, and who, moreover, had been personally acquainted with Johnson, the publisher of the work, and with Clarke,⁸ by whom the airs had been chiefly harmonized. To one of the earliest numbers of "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine," Mr Stenhouse, under the signature of "Scotus," communicated a notice of the projected edition, accompanied with two specimens of his illustrations to Songs 37 and 66; which shows that at the time, in July 1817, he must have made considerable progress in his undertaking. Having completed his series of Illustrations, the printing was commenced towards the close of 1820, and in the course of a few months was completed, extending in all to 512 pages. Some delay unfortunately occurred in regard to a general preface for the work, which eventually occasioned the publication to be laid aside. Whether this preface was intended to

⁸ STEPHEN CLARKE was a teacher of music, and organist of the Episcopal Chapel in the Cowgate, Edinburgh. He survived Burns little more than twelve months, having died at Edinburgh on the 6th of August 1797. "He was composer of many musical pieces of considerable merit;" and after his death, his son and successor, William Clarke, appears to have rendered Johnson the like service in harmonizing the airs for the concluding volume of the Musical Museum. Clarke died about the year 1820.

embrace a detailed historical essay on Scottish Song, and Mr Stenhouse's declining health or other avocations prevented its being completed, or whether such a preface was actually written, I cannot distinctly remember; but this point cannot now be ascertained, as no traces of such a preface were found among his papers; and in the lapse of time both the Editor⁹ and the Proprietor died, and the copies of the printed sheets remained in the printer's warehouse neglected as an imperfect work.

⁹ Although I knew Mr Stenhouse personally for many years, I regret my inability to furnish any particular details of his history. He was, I believe, a native of Roxburghshire, and was born in the year 1773. He was brought up as an accountant in Edinburgh, in the office of Charles Selkirk, Esq. His chief work was published under the title of "Tables of Simple Interest, and of Commission, Brokerage, or Exchange, at all the usual rates per cent, constructed on a plan entirely new, easy, and mathematically accurate. By William Stenhouse, accountant." Edinburgh, 1806, large 8vo. These Tables have always been highly esteemed.

In a MS. tour, written in 1816, by Mr Alexander Campbell (see the present work, vol iv. p. 373*), he thus describes, while waiting for the Jedburgh coach, his meeting with Mr Stenhouse's father: "Mr Scott of Maxpoffle (he says) accompanied me to New Elden, where, on entering the smithy, he kindly took an old gentleman by the hand, and calling him Mr Stenhouse, who turned out to be the father of my acquaintance Mr William Stenhouse, the accountant in Edinburgh. The old gentleman is above eighty, is still pretty active, has all his faculties, his sight excepted (being a little impaired), is sensible, conversable, and cheerful. He told me many entertaining anecdotes of my friend, his son William, who showed a very early turn for mental acquirements. The Blucher (a diligence coach) coming up, we nodding, parted."

Mr William Stenhouse died at Edinburgh on the 10th of November 1827, at the age of fifty-four, and was interred in St Cuthbert's churchyard.

At this time, when the new edition of the Musical Museum appears after such a protracted interval, it may be stated, that the Publishers have brought it out in compliance with the request of several persons interested in such works, or who knew Mr Stenhouse, and were aware that his Illustrations contained a mass of curious matter regarding the poetry and music of the last century. In regard to this edition, therefore, I have only to remark, that the Work itself remains substantially the same as when originally published by Johnson, retaining the old title-pages and prefaces, most of which were written by Burns, as showing the progressive advancement of the work, and the information obtained or communicated regarding the names of the authors of the Songs; but the whole has been printed off, by a new process, in a superior style as to external appearance. To each volume is now added the portion of Mr Stenhouse's Illustrations that relates to the songs which it contains; and these are accompanied with a series of additions and corrections, distinguishing those which have been obligingly contributed by C. K. Sharpe, Esq., by having his initials subjoined. Mr Stenhouse's Notes, it will be observed, remain precisely as they were thrown off nearly twenty years ago. Had they been reprinted, I should have presumed to make various changes, by omission or correction. It will be remarked, that many of our old favourite Songs are the composition of persons who never appeared as professed authors; and although most of them flourished at so late a period as during the last century, the infor-

mation to be obtained respecting their personal history is far less satisfactory than could have been desired. In the Additional Illustrations, therefore, without entering too much into detail, our chief endeavour has been to ascertain some particulars respecting the history of the less known Song-writers, whose names appear in the pages of the Musical Museum, and more especially of those Ladies who have enriched our Lyric poetry with some of its finest compositions. If this attempt has not been successful, it was not from any want of research or direct application, where it could be made, to the relations or personal friends of the several authors; and I have availed myself of many obliging communications, which are duly acknowledged, as the surest mode of giving authenticity to the information thus recorded.

I cannot conclude this Preface without expressing my best thanks to JAMES CHALMERS, Esq., for the loan of Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch's MS. Lute-book, written in 1627; to GEORGE FARQUHAR GRAHAM, Esq., for the very obliging manner in which he deciphered a variety of ancient airs from that manuscript, some of which, rendered into modern notation, have been introduced in the Additional Illustrations; to WILLIAM DAUNEY, Esq., Advocate, for frequent advice and assistance in regard to these old airs; and above all, to CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, Esq., my coadjutor in what may be truly described as a labour of love.

DAVID LAING.

SIGNET LIBRARY, EDINBURGH,
M.DCCC.XXXIX.

INTRODUCTION.

THE high estimation in which the National Music of Scotland has always been held, renders it a theme of more than ordinary interest. There is indeed so much beauty and unaffected simplicity in the modulation and general character of our native melodies, that they seldom fail to convey delight to persons of all classes, although uninfluenced by early or local associations. These melodies have likewise been long inseparably connected, or identified with the singularly varied effusions of the Lyric Muse of Scotland; and it is scarcely necessary to remark, how happily the words and airs are usually adapted to each other, whether it be in strains of tender passion and refined sentiment, or of comic humour and rustic festivity. It would have been singular, therefore, had there been no attempts made to ascertain the origin of such a style of national music; yet, notwithstanding the ingenious speculations of several learned writers, it must be confessed that the subject remains as obscure and uncertain as ever. What is it, at best, but idle conjecture, whatever view may be adopted? It has been imagined, for instance, that our native melodies, in their structure and succession of intervals, have preserved an affinity to the old Enharmonic scale

of the Greek Music; or assuming for Scottish Melody an Oriental origin, that it found a resting-place in this remote and barren clime, in the Westward progress of civilisation. While some persons have, in general terms, deduced the history of Scottish Music from the time of the Romans; others, without ascending to so remote a period, discover in our popular airs, what they consider a striking resemblance to the ecclesiastical modes, or the Canto-fermo of the Romish Church-service. The invention or improvement of our Melody has likewise been assigned to particular individuals,—to James the First, King of Scotland, (1424—1437;) or to David Rizzio, (1563—1566.) Such a distinction has also been claimed for certain nameless shepherds and shepherdesses, inhabiting at some undefined period (called a pastoral age) the secluded pastoral vales of the South of Scotland. Unfortunately, the absence of all historical evidence of any considerable antiquity, and the inability to produce any proofs, in a written form, of the existence of our present popular tunes of an older date than the close of the sixteenth century, is but poorly compensated for by uncertain traditions or conjectures, however ingenious and plausible.

It would be altogether foreign to the purpose of the present work, to attempt any thing like an Historical Inquiry into the origin and progress of Scottish Music. An eminent English antiquary, Joseph Ritson, whose accuracy and research deserve unqualified praise, suggested, that the previous step to any such inquiry would be, “to determine which of the airs now extant are to be considered as the original or most ancient;” and he himself, with great care, embodied in his “*Historical Essay on Scottish Song*,” the various dispersed and incidental notices that

he was able to glean from authentic writers. He was led, however, to conclude, that no direct evidence could be produced of the existence of scarcely any Scottish tunes now known, prior to the year 1660 ; and that not so much as one of these could be “ found noted, either in print or manuscript, before that period.”

Since Ritson's time, more extensive research has thrown additional light on this head ; and the subject has been resumed in the Preliminary Dissertation to a volume recently published under the title of “ Ancient Scottish Melodies,” from the Skene MS. The author, Mr Dauney, has, with great zeal and diligence, retraced Ritson's steps, and brought to light much new and interesting information, both respecting the history of music, and the musical instruments commonly used in Scotland prior to the seventeenth century ; and this work bears ample evidence, that to an accurate and enlightened acquaintance with musical science, he unites an enthusiastic antiquarian zeal, so requisite for the proper investigation of such a subject. This volume is further enriched by a valuable addition contributed by Mr Finlay Dun, an eminent professional musician, in the form of an Analysis of several of our old popular Melodies, which cannot fail to be highly esteemed by competent judges.— Still, it may be asserted, that the history of Scottish Music is yet in its infancy of illustration ; and although there is little probability that it ever can be completely elucidated, it may be suggested, whether it might not be the most effectual mode to remove in part the obscurity that surrounds the origin of our music, to institute a more profound and comprehensive inquiry into the affinities of the National music of other countries.

In this place, it occurred to the Editor, that however

humble the attempt, and but of limited interest, it might not be unsuitable to present a Chronological List of the various publications of Scottish Music, of a date prior to the completion of Johnson's Museum. The following list cannot pretend to be either complete, or the arrangement correct. The common absurd practice in all kinds of music, of omitting the dates of publication, and the frequent alteration of publishers' names on the title-pages, renders accuracy in such details a matter of some difficulty. Occasional biographical notices of the Composers or Collectors during the last century, are also added, to relieve a dry catalogue of title-pages.

Of the works described, the Editor possesses several of the earlier ones, but by far the greater number of those printed during the last century are in the possession of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq.

CHURCH MUSIC OF THE REFORMERS.—1565.

THE work commonly but improperly known under the name of "Knox's Liturgy and Psalms," is here noticed from the circumstance, that the first edition of it, in 1565, is the earliest book printed in Scotland that contains musical notation. It is so extremely rare, that perhaps not two perfect copies are in existence. It has the following title :—"THE FORME OF PRAYERS AND MINISTRATION OF THE SACRAMENTS, &c., vsed in the English Church at Geneua, approved and receiued by the Church of Scotland. whereunto besydes that was in the former booke, are also added sondrie other prayers, with the whole Psalmes of David in English meter. PRINTED AT EDINBURGH, BY ROBERT LEKPREVIK. M.D.LXV." Small 8vo.

The several Psalms are set to particular tunes, which are printed with music types, at the head of each ; or a reference is made when the same tune was appropriated to more than one Psalm. It may be added, that nearly all the subsequent editions of this old version of the Psalms, previous to 1650 when its use in Scotland was superseded by the present version, also contain the tunes. This seems to show, that some knowledge of sacred music must have been very general ; which may be easily accounted for, as music schools existed in different parts of the country. The following anecdote confirms such a supposition :—James Melvill, in his Diary, in 1582, noticing the return of John Durie, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, who had incurred the displeasure of the Court, says, “ Within few days thereafter, Ihone Durie gat leive to ga hame to his awin flok of Edinbruche ; at whase retourning thair was a great concours of the haille town, wha met him at the Nather Bow ; and, going up the streit, with bare heads and loud voices, sang to the praise of God, and testifeing of grait joy and consolation, the 124th Psalm, ‘ *Now Israel may say, and that trulie,*’ &c., till heavin and earth resoundit. This noyes, when the Duc [of Lennox] being in the town heard, and ludgit in the Hiegat [High street], luiked out and saw, he raue his barde for anger, and hasted him af the town.” (Diary, p. 95.) Such a procession, consisting probably of some thousand persons singing this tune, (still used in our churches as the ‘ Old 124th,’) is characteristic enough of the good old Scottish Presbyterians.

WOOD’S MANUSCRIPTS—1566–1578.

THE oldest Manuscripts written in Scotland that have yet been discovered containing any specimens of secular music, are two volumes out of four, written and noted by

Thomas Wood, who styles himself Vicar of St Andrews, in 1566. It is, however, at the end of these volumes, and evidently written at a subsequent date, that the airs alluded to are contained.

In making an exception by noticing Wood's Manuscripts, it is partly because Mr Stenhouse, in his Notes, has more than once referred to these volumes, and has fallen into a mistake regarding their exact date ; and also, because they have not elsewhere been described. It appears that Wood, in the year 1566, employed himself in writing four different volumes, each containing a distinct part of the music for the Psalms, Canticles, and Hymns of the Church used in this country after the Reformation. Wood himself records, that this task occupied him four years, and it seems to have been a laborious employment, from the care which he took to adorn the volumes with rude designs and ornamented capitals. One of the set, containing the Contra-tenor, is preserved in the University Library of Edinburgh, having been presented to the Library by Mr James Browne, in the year 1672. Another, the " Bassus," was purchased by the late Mr Blackwood, some twenty years ago, and, after his death, when part of his stock was disposed off by auction, the present Editor was lucky enough to secure it. The fate of the two other parts has not been ascertained.

On the blank leaves of the latter volume, some subsequent possessor has inserted the Basses of a number of secular airs, with the first words of the songs. The handwriting is evidently not earlier than 1620 ; yet Mr Stenhouse refers to this portion of the volume, as if written by Wood in 1566. Most of these airs are apparently English, and were no doubt taken from some of the printed collections of the time. The Christmas Carol, and the Medley which Mr S. quotes, must be considered as inserted in this

MS. nearly half a century after Wood's time; and they are also contained in the second edition of "Cantus, Songs, and Fancies," Aberdeen, 1666, 4to.

Being well acquainted with Wood's volumes, the Editor was surprised (in the autumn of 1835), while having the privilege of examining the manuscripts preserved in Trinity College Library, Dublin, to meet with a small volume in 4to (F. 5. 13,) lettered "Airs and Sonnets," and bearing the following title:—"This is the fyft Buke addit to the four Psalme Bukkis, for Songis of four or fyve pairtis, meit and apt for musitians to recreat their spirittis, when as they shall be overcum with hevines or any kynd of sadnes; not only musitians, but also euin to the ingnorant (sic) of a gentle nature hearing shal be comforted, and be mirry with us. 1569." 4to. pp. 112.

Wood's portion of this volume, however, extends only to page 33. This is followed by a great variety of "Airs and Sonnets"—"which are all notted heir with the Tennor or common pairt they ar sung with." The handwriting of this portion corresponds with the additional pages at the end of the "Bassus," and, indeed, presents the same airs, with the advantage of having, in most instances, the words of the songs added.

Wood, who uniformly styles himself Vicar of St Andrews, survived probably till the close of the sixteenth century. Some additions, at least, in his hand occur, as late as 1584, and 1592. It was not an uncommon name, and therefore we cannot be certain that he was the same person with Thomas Wood, who was admitted minister or rather vicar of Carnbee, in Fife, November 7th, 1576. That he was only vicar, is probable, for William Laing, in 1582, and Andro Huntar, in 1585, appear successively as ministers; while Thomas Wood is specially named as vicar of Carn-

bee, in 1585. Another Thomas Wood was admitted first minister of Dysart, in November 1584.

These manuscripts contain a few notices of persons distinguished during the sixteenth century as musical composers. It may not be uninteresting to collect such notices under one point of view.

ANGUS, JOHN, in Dunfermline. In Wood's MS. he is usually styled 'gude Angus,' or 'gude and meike Johne Angus.' The editor of the Psalms, in 1635, calls him Dean John Angus; and in one place, Wood says, "quod Angus in Dumfermling."

BLACKHALL, MR ANDREW. According to Wood's authority, he was a canon in the Abbey of Holyroodhouse, before the Reformation. He afterwards became one of the Protestant ministers; and in 1567, and again in 1569, his name occurs as minister of Ormiston. He was translated before 1576, to the parish of Inveresk or Musselburgh, and here he spent the remainder of his life. In October 1592, the Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale, having inquired if any of their brethren were "greifit with the greit charge of their flock?" Mr Andro Blackhall declared, that he was "greifit with his greit congregation;" and in October 1593, the following entry occurs in the Minutes of the Synod:—"Anent the desyre of thair brother, Mr Andro Blackhall, minister of Mussilburgh, crauing, in respect of his adge [age] and greitnes of his flock, That the Assemblie wald causs the presbytery of Dalkeyth deall with the parochinaris of Mussilburgh for a secund minister to serwe in the cure of that kirk, and for sum prouisioun for him. The Assemblie, considering the greitnes of the said congregatioun, as also the adge of thair brother, Ordanis the presbytrie of Dalkeyth to trawell with the town."

In reference to the above commission, the Presbytery of Dalkeith, in October 1594, reported, that “they have bene deilling in that matter; Quhais declaratioun being considerit, the Assemblie ordanis, That thai insist in the samin.” The subsequent minutes have not been preserved; but it appears from the Books of the Thirds of Benefices, in 1601, in 1607, and 1608, that Adam Colt was Blackhall’s colleague, and that Edward Leyn was reidar at Inveresk or Musselburgh, at the same time. Blackhall probably died about 1610, when he must have attained a very advanced age.

FUTHY, SIR JOHN. The title of *Sir* denotes that he was a priest. A moral song, beginning, ‘O God abufe,’ in four parts, was composed by him, ‘baith letter and not,’—that is, both the words and notation. “This man (says Wood, in the Dublin MS.) was the first organeist that ever brought in Scotland the curious new fingering and playing on organs; and zit is mair nor threscore zeiris since he com hame: this is wreatin in I^m v^c fourscore & xij. (1592.)” He must thus have attained a very advanced age; for, according to Wood’s statement, he had returned before the year 1532, and, we may presume, that he was then upwards of twenty. In Bannatyne’s MS., written in 1568, there are two poems, signed ‘Fethy,’ and ‘Fethe,’ which no doubt were by the same person. (Memorials of Geo. Bannatyne, pp. 74 and 76. Edinb. 1830, 4to.)

HEGGIE, FRANCIS. See under Peblis, David.

JOHNSON, ROBERT. Wood calls him “Ane Scottis preist, borne in Dunse, his name Robert Johnson; fled for accusation of heresy: Thomas Hutson’s [Hudson’s] father knew him weill.” In another volume, Wood had added to the hymn, ‘*Dominus in virtute tua letabitur Rex,*’ in five

parts, “quod ane Inglishe man ; and, as I have heard, he was blind quhen he set it.” This he has erased, and says, “This was set in Ingländ be ane Scottis preist baneist.” Ben Jonson, when at Hawthornden, informed Drummond that he understood his grandfather had come from Annandale to Carlisle ; and that his father was a minister, and had fled or was imprisoned for heresy during the reign of Queen Mary, he himself being a posthumous son. Query, could this Robert Johnson have been related to the great Dramatic Poet ?

KEMP, ANDREW. Wood styles him a minister ; but this probably was an error, as no such name occurs in the Registers of Scottish Ministers at that period ; while it appears that Andrew Kemp was appointed by the Magistrates of Aberdeen, Master of their Music School, in the year 1570. (Kennedy’s *Annals of Aberdeen*, vol. ii. p. 135.) One of the airs contains this memorandum by Wood :—“Quod Kemp, and noted (or written) be his awin hand, and not myne.”

LAUDER, JAMES, was Chaplain of St Catharine’s Altar in the Collegiate Church of St Giles, Edinburgh, before the Reformation. This appears from the following entry in the Council Register, January 26th, 1552-3 :—“The quhilk day the Provest, Baillies, Counsale, and Dekynes, sittand in jugement anent the Supplicatioun given in be James Lawder, Prebendar of thair queir, grantis license to the said James to pas furth of the realme to the partis of Ingländ and France, thair to remaine for the space of ane year nixt efter the dait hereof, to the effect that he mon have and get better eruditioun in musik and playing nor he hes ; provyding always that the said James caus ane Chaplain to keep his foundatioun of Sanct Kathyranis altar

be ane preist quhill the said year be done." In 1567, we find a James Lauder holding the office of Exhorter in the Church of Logybryde, in Stratherne; but whether he was the same person must be left to conjecture.—In one of Wood's volumes is inserted a tune, entitled " My Lord Marche Pauen. Set be Jamis Lauder, 1584."

PEBLIS, DAVID, styled an "honourable man," and one of the Canons of St Andrews before the Reformation, set the Canticle, '*Si quis diliget me,*' in five parts. In the MS. Bassus, Wood says, this was "Set be David Pablis in four pairtis, in the zeir of God 1530 or thairby; ane noueice FRANCY HEAGY, and wes this Dauid Pablis awin dissyple, set the Fyft [part] a lytill before Pinky—[1546], and that verray weill." In the Dublin MS., we find, "Quod David Pablis, sumtyme ane chanone in the Abbay of Sanctandrous, ane of the principal musitians in all this land, in his tyme. This sang was set about the zeir of God I^m. v^e. xxx zeiris." Wood elsewhere mentions that David Peblis set in four parts the Psalm, '*Quam multi, Domine, sunt,*' at the desire of my Lord of March, in 1576.

The Editor of the edition of the Psalms, with the music, "Printed at Edinburgh by the Heires of Andrew Hart, 1635," 8vo, in a prefatory notice, after mentioning the pains he had taken to give the Psalm Tunes correctly, in all the four parts, has thus mentioned the names of some of the composers of Sacred Music in Scotland at the time of the Reformation, which corroborates Wood's notices. The Editor signs his name E. M. I regret that we should be so ignorant respecting this enthusiastic lover of sacred melody, as even not to know his name:—

"I acknowledge sincerely the whole compositions of the parts to belong to the primest Musicians that ever this kingdome had, as Deane JOHN ANGUS, BLACKHALL, SMITH, PEEBLES, SHARP, BLACK, BUCHAN,

and others, famous for their skill in this kind. I would bee most unwilling to wrong such Shynig-lights of this Art, by obscuring their Names, and arrogating any thing to myselfe, which any wayes might derogate from them: For (God is my witnes) I affect not popular applause, knowing how little soliditie there is in that shadow-like seeming substance, studying to approve myself to God in a good conscience; which testimonie finding in my soul, I contemne all worldly approbation, or opprobation. The first copies of these parts were doubtlesly right set down by these skilfull Authors, but have been wronged and vitiat by unskilfull copiers thereof, as all things are injured by tyme: And heerein consisted a part of my paines, that, collecting all the sets I could find on the Psalmes, after painfull tryal thereof, I selected the best for this work, according to my simple judgement."

PLAYFORD'S DANCING-MASTER—1657.

MR STENHOUSE, in the course of his Illustrations to the Musical Museum, has repeatedly mentioned this work, and has copied from it several Scottish airs. See, in particular, pages 129, 316, and 318. At the end of Playford's "Catch that catch can; or the Musical Companion," 1667, it is thus described in "A Catalogue of late printed Musick-books,"—"The Dancing-Master; or a Book of Rules for Dancing Country Dances, with the Tunes to each Dance; and other New Dancing Tunes for the Treble-Violin."—It passed through several editions, but the first, of 1657, is very rare, and is interesting, as perhaps the earliest printed work that exhibits several genuine Scottish airs.

THE ABERDEEN CANTUS—1662.

"Cantus, Songs and Fancies. To Thre, Foure, or Five partes, both apt for voices and viols. With a briefe Introduction of Musick, as is taught in the Musick-Schole of Aberdene, by T. D. Mr. of Musick. Aberdene, printed by Iohn Forbes, and are to be sold at his Shop. Anno Dom. M,DC,LXII." Small oblong 4to—leaves.

This collection, the earliest printed in Scotland, is un-

fortunately a set of English tunes, or of tunes composed in an English style, rather than of genuine Scottish melodies. The above title is printed within a rude wood-cut border, representing a lady with a lute on one side, and a gentleman with a music-book on the other. This cut is repeated in the two subsequent impressions. It usually passes under the printer's name, as "Forbes's Cantus;" although Mr T. D., or Thomas Davidson, may have been the editor; and it may be objected that the word "Cantus" is improperly used, as applied to a collection of airs, instead of to only one of the Parts.

THOMAS DAVIDSON succeeded his father Patrick Davidson, as Teacher of the Music-School at Aberdeen, in the year 1640. (Kennedy's Annals, vol. ii. p. 135.)—The first edition of the "Cantus" is of very great rarity, and contains sixty-one songs. The dedication, by Forbes, is in such a singular style of bombast, that it may amuse the reader to hear of the heavenly melody and the nightingales of Bon-Accord, or Aberdeen.

"Unto the Right Honourable William Gray, *L. Provost*; Alexander Alexander, John Scot, John Duncan, Charles Robertson, *Bailies*; Thomas Mitchell, *Dean of Gild*; John Ross, *Treasurer*; and the rest of the Honourable Councell of the City of Aberdene.

"*Right Honourable,—*

SEEING it hath been the chief Honor and singular Praise of this famous CITY, to have been the Sanctuary of Sciences, the Manse of the MUSES, and Nurserie of all Artes; So that under you, and your Honors' Predecessors prudent patrocinie, vigilant care, and fatherly inspection, so little a Plate of Ground hath yeelded many Plants of renowne, who hath flourished as Trees of delight, both in Church and State, through out all the corners of Great BRITTAINE: Notwithstanding of many strange Stormes, dismall Disasters, and malicious Designes; endeavouring to blast the Beautie of BON-ACCORD, to spoile HER of all HER Decorements; and amongst the rest to rob Her of that famous Ornament of Vocall and Instrumentall MUSICK, which allwayes SHE

could have claimed, as the proper native and heritable Jewell of the PLACE; In which HER Excellency hath been so eminent, that to have been Borne or Bred in ABERDENE, hath been sufficient Argument, and Testimony, to advance any to the Profession of that Science elsewhere. Yea, How many have come of purpose from the outmost partes of this ILAND, to hear the cheerfull PSALMS and heavenly melody of BON-ACCORD? till of late, some who had monopolized Crotchets to their own Pates, dauncing to the Pype of these tratarous times, contrare to the express Command of the ALMIGHTY, and laudable practise of all Christian Churches in the world, that their Vocal-Worship might be consonant to the harsh howling of their Hell-hatched Common-wealths, would levell and astrict the Praises of the MOST HIGH at all times to a Common-Tune. But now, seeing it hath pleased the grand Ruler of Heaven and Earth, with the greatest of Blessings, Our Dread SOVERAIGNE, CHARLES, by the Grace of GOD, KING OF GREAT BRITTAINE, FRANCE, AND IRELAND, Defender of the True Apostolicke Faith, &c.; to bring all things to their ancient Order, put an end to these dismall Discords, string the Hearts of BRITTAINE with true Loyalty; and turne them to their proper Tunes: Elevating and Rousing all loyall Spirits to see the royall Harpe blase in the royall Scutcheon: I who hath made it my resolute purpose and constant resolution, to saile all winds, and serve up the weake partes which GOD and Nature hath bestowed on me: that so, at least with the *Ephesian-BEE*, I might contribute my little Wax, and sillie Bumb, to the Hyve of BON-ACCORD's Common-well, that the paines of your Children in attaining the first elements of MUSICK may be lesned, and the Scarr-craw of difficultie taken off the Hinges of the School-dooere, hath endeavoured with all the clearnesse I can, to make the entry so patent, that the feeblest be not afrighted to step in. I shall not weary your patience with the commendation of this heasty embrio, seeing it must owe its Life and Beeing to Your Honors. It's wealing in the Cradle; holding out its Hand for your assistance, suffer it not to perish, shine on it with a beninge Aspect; let it appeare to the World that the meanest Schrub in BON-ACCORD, can share of your Influence as well as the talest Cedar; who knowes? but this humble creeping Ivy, if suffered to lay hold on your Favour, and lean on your Goodness, may flowrish and winter its greenness with its growth, as the Summer Bowre, and Winter Bush of many sweet singing Nightingales: while either it answer the expectation of many, or get its stature and perfect period, from your Hs. ever acceptable commands. Accept of it as an Interlude to your more serious Effaires, and measure not the minde of the offerer, by the Leannesse and Leamness of the offering, whose Honor and Dignity depends on your gracious acceptance; which is onely able to cover its escapes, attonne its presumption, and shield it

from all the poysoned Dartes of back-byting envy : So posterity shall sing your Praises, and you shall be the soul of that, to which (if we shall beleeeve divine *Plato* and his followers) the Vniverse doth owe that heavenly soule, by which it is animate, and you and your children may make that your recreation in time, which most be the worke of all Saints throughout all Eternity : and that *BON-ACCORD* may resemble Heaven in an harmonious-Concord, and your Honors meet with the out-bearing and best blessings of the *ALMIGHTY*, on all your *Designes* and *Enterprises*, shall be the daily Prayer of

“ Your Honors’ most engaged Servant,

“ *IOHN FORBES.*”

THE ABERDEEN CANTUS, 2d edit.—1666.

“ Cantus, Songs and Fancies, to three, four, or five Parts, both apt for voices and viols. With a brief Introduction to Musick, as is taught by *Thomas Davidson*, in the Musick-School of *Aberdene*. Second Edition, corrected and enlarged. *Aberdene*, printed by *John Forbes*, and are to be sold at his shop, *Anno Domini, M.DC.LXVI.*” Small oblong 4to. 50 leaves.

A perfect copy of this edition is very rare. It has on the title the same rude wood-cut border as in the first edition. The dedication to the Magistrates of 1666 is changed, but it is also in a similar strain of bombast. It contains only 55 songs ; the six following songs, for some reason, not easily to be divined, having been omitted.

- 37th. The time of Youth sore I repent.
- 42d. Yee Gods of Love looke downe in pity.
- 47th. Now, O now, I needs must part.
- 55th. Martine said to his Man.
- 56th. A Shepherd in a shade.
- 60th. Come againe, sweet Love doth thee invite.

There are added, however, at the end of the volume, the

celebrated medley, entitled a “ Pleugh-Song. Cantus. Three voices,” beginning—

My heartly service to you, my Lord,
I recommend, as should accord ;
There is an Ox into your Pleugh, &c.

And two Carols, or Songs, for three voices, viz.—

All sons of Adam, &c.,
Trip and go, hey, &c.

The following is a portion of the dedication to this second edition.

“ Unto the Right Honble. Gilbert Gray, Lord Provost, &c. &c., and to the rest of the Honorable Counsel of the City of Aberdene.

Right Honorable,—

A FEW years ago, that I might approve myself no less an observant Citizen than a provident Parent, being invited by the desires of some, allured by the kindness of others, and encouraged by the expectation and good hopes of the usefullness of the thing itself to the Place, I did lay down my First-born as a fondling, at the feet of your Honorable Bench ; solemnly engaging that, as it received its being from Bon-ACCORD, and its growth from your goodness, so it should period its stature with your pleasure. This promise hath pressed me, that my Press might always bear the impress of your vertues ; and express (though in a small type) my thankfulness, according to the laudable custom of votaries, in all ages, after a few years' growth, to represent the same to your Sanctuary, that it may be confirmed in your favour.

. And now, seeing it hath pleased Providence, in your Wisdom's Persons, to bless the Bench of Bon-Accord with such an harmonious Consort, of as many Musicians as Magistrats, that all under your Magistracie may descant on your labors, and posteritie sing your praises to coming ages ; admit this poor present to your acceptance, its breath and being depends on your brow, being willing to receive its sentence from the same, whether it shall be smothered in the birth, or view the public under your patrocinie. However, that the best blessings and out-bearing of the Almighty may accompany your Wisdoms in all your honorable designs, shall be the daily prayer of your Honors' own servant,

“ JOHN FORBES.”

THE ABERDEEN CANTUS, 3d edit.—1682.

“Cantus, Songs, and Fancies, to three, four, or five Parts,” &c., ornamented title like the preceding editions—and a second title as follows :

“Cantus, Songs, and Fancies, to severall Musickall Parts, both apt for voices and viols. With a brief Introduction to Musick, as is taught into the Musick-School of Aberdeen. The Third Edition, exactly corrected and enlarged. Together also, with severall of the choisest Italian-Songs, and New English-Ayres, all in three parts, (viz.) Two Treebles and a Bass : most pleasant and delightfull for all humours. Aberdeen, printed by John Forbes, Printer to the Ancient City of Bon-Accord, Anno Dom. 1682.” Small oblong 4to, 58 leaves.

This edition is not uncommon. It contains only fifty-five Songs, like the second edition ; but the Plough Song and the two Cantus are omitted, to make room for “Severall of the choisest Italian Songs, composed by Giovanni Giacomo Castoldi da Carravaggio : together also, with some of the best new English-Ayres, collected from their chiefest authors, all in three parts.”

As the Printer still preserved his peculiar style of complimenting the Aberdeen Magistrates, a portion of his dedication, and his address to all true lovers of Musick, may be quoted. But, in taking leave of this collection, we cannot but regret that the publisher should have substituted ‘Choice Italian-Songs and new English-Ayres,’ instead of a series of the popular Scottish melodies of his time.

“Unto the Right Honorable Sir George Skene of Fintray, Lord Provost, &c. &c. &c., and to the rest of the Honorable Counsell of the City of Aberdeen.

Right Honorable,—

Your Honors’ servant having had the good opportunity some years

ago, at two severall occasions, to present your Honors' worthy predecessors with the patronage of this Musick Book, of which two impressions there are few extant; and he being again (of new) invited by the earnest desires of some, yea allured by the kindness of others, and encouraged by the expectation and good hopes of the usefulness and profitableness of the book itself, not onely to this famous city, but also to all lovers of musick within this nation, hath (according to his very bound duty) presented your Honors with the patronage of this third edition; especially seeing it hath ever been the chief honor and singular praise of this famous city, to be the sanctuary of sciences, the manse of the muses, and nurserie of all arts; so that under your (and your Honors' worthy predecessors) prudent patrocine, vigilant care, and fatherly inspection, so little a plate of ground hath yielded very many plants of renown, who have always flourished, as trees of delight, both in church and state, throughout all the corners of Great Brittain; yea, whose excellency hath ever been so eminent, that to have been born or bred in Aberdeen, hath been a great argument and ground to procure promotion for any, to places of any profession elsewhere: yea, the fame of this city for its admirable knowledge in this divine science, and many other fine enduements, hath almost overspread whole Europe, witness the great confluence of all sorts of persons from each part of the same, who, of design have come (much like that of the Queen of Sheba) to hear the sweet chearful Psalms, and heavenly melody of famous Bon-Accord, whose hearts have been ravished with the harmonious concord thereof. If then the Almighty hath bestowed such a grand blessing upon the same, sure the heavenly and divine use will much more redound to our eternall comfort, if with our voices we joyn our hearts, when we sing in His holy place.

Courteous Reader,—

“ To all Ingenuous and True Lovers of Musick.—The two former Impressions of this Musick-Book, finding so generall acceptance, hath encouraged me to adventure upon the printing of this Third Edition, in which I have not only made it my care to amend some defects which were into the former impressions, but indeed to new modell the whole, by adding a considerable number of choise Italian-Songs and English-Ayres, all in three parts, (viz.) two treebles and a bass, which were never printed with the former Impressions, and that for the severall humour of all persons, male and female, old and young; wherefore (I may truly say) this Musick-Book, (as it is now published,) for such sweet harmonious songs, hath never been extant in this nation. You have also herewith printed, for the encour-

agement of young beginners in vocall musick, the print of the hand, for teaching the Gam thereon, with the scale of the Gam, and parts thereof; as also a full exposition of the Gam, and cliefs, moods, degrees, concords, and discords, &c., and that into a plain and brief manner, for every one's capacity. I must confess, the work as to the musick is not mine, but for printing and publishing hereof, I am still ready, and most willing in my generation to improve my talent and parts (which the Almighty of his infinite goodness hath been pleased to bestow upon me,) both for the good of this City and of my Countrey; therefore, if these my labours prove pleasant and delightfull by your favorable acceptance, the same shall incite me very shortly to publish abroad, severall other Musicall Songs and Ayres of various kinds, both Catches, and Parts-Songs, which are not readily to be found within this kingdom, with a brieff and plain introduction to musick, conform to each severall book, all very pleasant for every humour, yea harmful to none: and that all my painfull labors may tend for this City and my Countrey's good, shall be the hearty prayer and earnest desire of

“JOHN FORBES.”

D'URFEY'S COLLECTION—1720.

“There are many fine Scots airs in the Collection of Songs by the well known Tom D'Urfey, intituled ‘Pills to purge Melancholy,’ published in the year 1720, which seem to have suffered very little by their passing through the hands of those English Masters who were concerned in the correction of that book; but in the multiplicity of Tunes in the Scots style that have been published in subsequent collections, it is very difficult to distinguish between the ancient and modern.” (Hawkins' Hist. vol. iv. p. 6.)—The earlier volumes of this well-known collection passed through several editions, which was enlarged in 1720, by the publication of a sixth volume.

THOMSON'S ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS—1725.

“Orpheus Caledonius, or a collection of the best Scotch Songs, set to musick, by W. Thomson. London; engraved and printed for the Author, at his house, in Leicester Fields.

Enter'd at Stationers' Hall, according to Act of Parliament." Folio.

This volume is dedicated to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, and contains fifty songs, engraved on separate folios, followed by eight leaves, containing the airs of the songs "for the flute." This work may be considered as entitled to the distinction of being the first professed collection of Scottish Tunes. Although it bears no date, the year usually given to it is correct, as the Editor appeared, and entered his work in the books at the Stationers' Hall, 5th of January 1725.

In the index, Thomson affixes a (*) to the seven following Songs, as having been "composed by David Rezzio." "The Lass of Patie's Mill."—"Bessie Bell."—"The Bush aboon Traquair."—"The Bonny Boatman."—"An' thou wert my ain thing."—"Auld Rob Morris"—and "Down the Burn, Davie." In republishing this work, as the first volume of his *Orpheus*, in 1733, no such marks are affixed.

THOMSON'S ORPHEUS—1733.

"ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS: or a Collection of Scots Songs, set to musick, by W. Thomson. London; printed for the author, at his house in Leicester-Fields, 1733," 2 vols. 8vo.

The license granted by George I. for printing this work, to "our trusty and well-beloved William Thomson, of our City of London, Gent.," for the term of fourteen years, is dated 11th May 1733. Each volume contains fifty Songs. The 1st vol., as in the folio edition, is dedicated "To the Queen;" the 2d vol. "To her Grace the Dutchess of Hamilton."

WILLIAM THOMSON was the son of Daniel Thomson,

one of the King's Trumpeters, and when a boy made his appearance at the grand concert on St Cecilia's day, at Edinburgh, in November 1695.—“ Daniel Thomson (says Mr Tytler in his account of that concert) was one of the King's trumpeters, and was said to have understood music, and to have been a good performer of the obligato, or solo parts, in the trumpet songs of Purcell's Opera of Dioclesian, Bonduca, and other theatrical pieces then exhibited on the stage. . . . His son, William Thomson, was early distinguished for the sweetness of his voice, and the agreeable manner in which he sung a Scots song. He went to London; and at the time when the Opera, and the compositions of Handel, were at their height, the sweet pathetic manner of Thomson's singing a Scots song, which he accompanied with a thorough bass, became a fashionable entertainment at Court, where he often performed.”

“ In February 1722, there was a benefit concert for Mr Thomson, the first editor of a collection of Scots tunes in England. To this collection, for which there was a very large subscription, may be ascribed the subsequent favour of these national melodies south of the Tweed. After this concert, ‘ at the desire of several persons of quality,’ was performed a *Scottish Song*.”—(Burney's Hist. vol. iv. p. 647.)

Hawkins (vol. iv. p. 7) says of Thomson—“ The editor was not a musician, *but a tradesman*, and the collection is accordingly injudicious, and very incorrect.” I should think he must have been misinformed in making such a statement.

TEA-TABLE MISCELLANY—circa 1726.

“ Musick for Allan Ramsay's collection of Scots Songs : Set by Alexander Stuart, and engraved by R. Cooper, Vol. First. Edinburgh; printed and sold by Allan Ramsay.”

This is a small oblong volume of pp. 156, divided into six parts, and contains the music of seventy-one Songs, selected from the first volume of the Tea-Table Miscellany, printed in 1724. It is very scarce, and no second volume ever appeared. There is a frontispiece to the volume, of a lady touching a harpsichord (on which is the name of the maker, Fenton), and a gentleman with a violin in his hand. Each part has a separate title,—“Musick for the Scots Songs in the Tea-Table Miscellany. Part First,” &c.

“Part First—inscrib’d to the Right Honourable Countess of Eglington,”—(Susanna Kennedy. To this lady Ramsay dedicated his Gentle Shepherd.)

“Part Second—inscrib’d to the Right Honourable Lady Somerville,”—(Anne Bayntun, grand-daughter of the witty Earl of Rochester.)

“Part Third—inscrib’d to the Honourable Lady Murray of Stanhope,”—(Grizzel Baillie, the lady who was the authoress of Memoirs of her Parents. See vol. ii. p. *100 of the present work.)

“Part Fourth—inscrib’d to the Honourable Lady Weir” (of Blackwood—Christian Anstruther, afterwards Countess of Traquair.)

“Part Fifth—inscrib’d to Miss Christian Campbell.”

“Part Sixth—inscrib’d to Mrs Young.”

BOCCHI’S SONATAS—1726.

“Signor LORENZO BOCCHI has published an Opera of his own composition, by Subscription, containing 12 Sonatas, or Solos, for different instruments, viz. a Violin, Flute, Violoncello, Viola de Gamba, and Scots Cantate; with instrumental parts, after the Italian manner, the words by Mr Ramsay; with a thorow Bass for the Harpsichord. Subscribers may have their copies at Mr John Steill’s any

time before the first of March ensuing. Any person that has not subscribed, may likewise be furnished, there being more copies cast off than will serve the Subscribers.”—*Caledonian Mercury*, February 22, 1726.

In Allan Ramsay’s *Poems*, vol. ii. p. 271, is inserted “A Scots Cantata,—Music by L. Bocchi.” It begins, “*Blate Johnny faintly tald.*” Whether Mr John Steill was a Music-seller, is uncertain; but there was advertised for the 26th of February 1729, a “Sale by Auction, of the haill Pictures, Prints, Musick-books, and Musical Instruments belonging to Mr John Steill.”—(*Caled. Mercury.*)

WATTS’S MUSICAL MISCELLANY—1729–1731.

“The Musical Miscellany; being a Collection of Choice Songs, set to the Violin and Flute, by the most eminent Masters.

The man that hath no musick in himself,
And is not mov’d with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

SHAKESPEAR.

Volume First. London, printed by and for John Watts, at the Printing-office in Wild Court, near Lincoln’s-Inn Fields, 1729.” 2 vols. small 8vo.

“The Musical Miscellany; being a Collection of Choice Songs and Lyrick Poems; with the Basses to each Tune, and transpos’d for the Flute, by the most eminent masters. Vols. 3 and 4, London, &c., 1730: Vols. 5 and 6, London, &c., 1731, small 8vo.

This collection, forming six volumes, includes several Scottish airs and songs, evidently derived from Thomson’s *Orpheus*, 1725, or the *Tea-Table Miscellany*.

CRAIG'S COLLECTION—1730.

“ A Collection of the choicest Scots Tunes, adapted for the Harpsichord or Spinnet, and within the compass of the Voice, Violin, or German Flute. By Adam Craig. Edinburgh, 1730. R. Cooper, fecit. Entered in Stationer's Hall.” Oblong folio, pp. 45, besides the titles and dedication. It is thus dedicated “ To the Honourable Lords and Gentlemen of the Musical Society of Mary's Chappell :” “ As you are generous encouragers and great promoters of Musick, it is natural for me, on this occasion, to beg your patronage, which is my highest ambition. The following collection, being the first of the kind, and the nature and genuine product of the country, I flatter myself that the countenance and protection of so noble a Society will make it generally acceptable, and contribute much to the benefit of, my Lords and Gentlemen,

“ Your most dutiful and most obedient servant,

“ ADAM CRAIG.”

ADAM CRAIG was a leading performer at the Concert on St Cecilia's Day, in 1695, at Edinburgh. Mr Tytler, in the Transactions of the Antiquarian Society, vol. i. 1792, published an interesting paper, containing a programme, “ The Order of the Instrumental Music for the Feast of St Cecilia, 22d November 1695 ;” and giving the names of the performers. Mr T. says, “ Adam Craig was reckoned a good orchestra player on the violin, and teacher of music. I remember him as the second violin to M'Gibbon, in the Gentleman's Concert.” In the “ Catalogue of Musick, being the complete and curious Collection of the late Lord Colville, to be sold by auction, on the 26th day of November 1728,” 4to, pp. 70, are several manuscript articles, as well as printed works, some of which are noted

as “brought from Italy,” or “brought from Rome,” by Mr Michael Kinkaid. One article in the Catalogue is “Mr Adam Craig’s Works, in one book, folio MS.” Robert Lord Colville of Ochiltree, it may be added, was a celebrated musical amateur, as well as collector. Lord Colville succeeded his father in February 1671, and died unmarried 26th of March 1728. He is said to have been “a thorough master of Music, and to have understood counterpoint well.” He played on the Harpsichord and Organ; and he was one of the performers at “the Feast of St Cecilia,” in 1695.

The God of Musick joins when Colvil plays,
And all the Muses dance to Haddington’s Essays;
The charms are mutual, peircing, and compleat—
This in his art excells, and that in wit.”

De Foe’s Caledonia, 1706.

According to Professor Mackie’s MS. Obituary, (see vol. iv. p. *384,) “Adam Craig, musician,” died in October 1741.

MUNRO’S COLLECTION—1730.

ALEXANDER MUNRO’S Collection, is thus quoted by Hawkins (Hist. of Music, vol. iv. p. 7):—

“About the year 1730, one Alexander Munroe, a native of Scotland, then residing at Paris, published a collection of the best Scotch Tunes fitted to the German Flute, with several divisions and variations; but the simplicity of the airs is lost in the attempts of the author to accommodate them to the style of Italian music.”

Riddell, in the preface to his Border Tunes, also mentions that this collection was printed at Paris; and that its chief excellency is the fine basses that accompany the

tunes. I regret not having had an opportunity to see this collection.

AIRS FOR THE FLUTE—1735.

“Airs for the Flute, with a thorough Bass for the Harpsichord.” Small oblong 4to, pp. 27. Dedication.—“To the Right Honourable the Lady Gairlies (Lady Catharine Cochrane.) Madam,—The following airs having been composed by a Gentleman for your Ladyship’s use when you began to practice the Flute à Beque, I thought I could not chuse a better subject for my First Essay, as an engraver of musick, than these airs; as well because they were made for beginners on the Flute and Harpsichord, as that they were composed by a gentleman who first put a pencil in my hand, and then an engraver; but chiefly because they were originally made for your ladyship’s use, which gives me so fair a handle to send them into the world under the protection of your Ladyship’s name. I am, with the greatest respect, Madam,

Your Ladyship’s most obedient and most humble servant,

“ALEX. BAILLIE.

“*Edinburgh, December 1735.*”

Who the gentleman was that composed these Airs has not been stated.

JAMES OSWALD—1735–1742.

The earliest notices of this eminent collector and composer of Scottish Melodies, which I have been able to meet with, are the following advertisements in the Caledonian Mercury. From these it appears that Oswald was originally a dancing-master in Dunfermline, and that he afterwards came to Edinburgh, where he taught both dancing and music.

“ There is to be published by subscription, a Collection of Minuets, adapted for the Violin and Bass Viol, with a thorough Bass for the Harpsichord or Spinet—most of them within the compass of the Hautboy or German Flute. Composed by JAMES OSWALD, Dancing-master. Each subscriber to give in two shillings at subscribing, and three shillings on receipt of the book. Subscriptions will be taken in at Edinburgh, by Mr Cooper, engraver; and at Dunfermline, by the author. 'Tis expected that such as do not incline their names should be prefixed, will signify it. The author desires they who have taken the trouble to get subscriptions will send the lists to him at Dunfermline, with first occasion.—*N. B.* The author has by him several Sonatas and Solos, one of which is to be published along with this collection: if it is well received, the rest, with some other pieces of Musick, may in time be published.”—(August 12th, 1734.)

“ MR OSWALD is to publish his book of Musick, against Friday the 16th of January inst. Therefore, all subscribers for said book, are desired to call at Mr Andrew Martin, Bookseller, at his Shop, in the Parliament Close; or at the Author's Lodgings in Skinner's Close (where he teaches Dancing, in company with Mr Jones), to receive their Copies, upon paying the full Subscription, being three shillings to those who have paid the first moiety, and five shillings to those who have not.”—(January 6th, 1736.)

“ Whereas MR OSWALD, musician in Edinburgh, is, at the request of several ladies and gentlemen, publishing by subscription a Collection of Scots Tunes before he sets out for Italy, which will consist of above 50 Tunes, many of which were never before printed, and all within the compass of the Hautboy and German Flute, with Thorough Bass for the Harpsichord and Spinet; and amongst which there are several new Mason Songs, with words for three voices. Subscriptions taken in at his lodgings in Carrubber's Close; at Messrs A. Kincaid, G. Hamilton & Co., A. Martin, W. Miller, Booksellers; and at the Exchange Coffee-House, Edinburgh.—*N. B.* The Subscribers will please send in their names, as also those who have Subscription Papers, before the 1st of June next, by which time the book will be published. The Price to Subscribers is 5s., on delivery of the Book, and to others 6s.”—(May 8th, 1740; repeated on the 15th, 19th, and 22d of the same month.)

Whether Oswald visited Italy, and how long he remained are uncertain; but London appearing a wider field for his exertions than the Scottish Metropolis, he settled there in 1741 or 1742. See the Epistle in verse, addressed to

him on his leaving Edinburgh, in vol. iv. p. 405, of the present work; where some further notices respecting him are given.

OSWALD'S SCOTS TUNES—1740.

“A Curious Collection of Scots Tunes, for a Violin, Bass Viol, or German Flute, with a thorough Bass for the Harpsichord; as also a Sonata of Scots Tunes, in three parts, and some Mason's Songs, with the Words, for three voices; to which is added a number of the most celebrated Scots Tunes, set for a Violin or German Flute. By James Oswald, Musician in Edinburgh.” No date; oblong folio, pp. 42.

This work is dedicated “To His Grace James Duke of Perth;” and it might be inferred, from the name of James Colquhoun, Esq., as “Lord Provost of Edinburgh,” appearing in a numerous list of subscribers, that it was published either in the year 1738 or 1739. The above advertisement proves that it did not appear till June 1740.

“A Collection of curious Scots Tunes, for a Violin, German Flute, or Harpsichord. By Mr James Oswald. London; printed for Charles and Samuel Thompson in St Paul's Churchyard.” The name of some former publisher has been erased. Folio, pp. 46. At the end, “Philips, Sculp.”

“A Second Collection of curious Scots Tunes for a Violin and German Flute, with a thorough Bass for the Harpsichord. By Mr James Oswald. London, &c. (as above.)” Folio, pp. 47.

These two collections originally appeared in 1742; they are included in the list of new publications in the Scots Magazine, November 1742.—The following tunes in the first part—“The Cock Laird”—“The Black Eagle”—

“Peggy, I must love thee”—“The Lowlands of Holland”—“William’s Ghost”—and “The last time I came o’er the moor,” are ascribed to “David Rizo.” The following MS. note, however, inserted in a copy of the work, contradicts this, and claims them as Oswald’s compositions.

“The airs in this volume, with the name of David Rizo affixed, are all Oswald’s. I state this on the authority of Mrs Alexander Cumming and my mother—his daughter and sister. (signed) H. O. Weatherley.”—“Died at Chester le Street, in the county of Durham, in her 80th year, Nov. 13, 1821, Mrs Weatherley, relict of the late Mr Edward Weatherley of Garden House in the same county, and sister of the late James Oswald, Esq., Chamber Composer to his late Majesty, and justly celebrated as the author of ‘Roslin Castle,’ ‘Tweedside,’ and numerous compositions of lasting eminence.”

MACFARLANE’S COLLECTIONS—1740.

“A Collection of Scotch Airs, with the latest Variations, written for the use of Walter M’Farlan of that ilk. By David Young, W. M. in Edinburgh, 1740.” MS. 3 vols. folio.

The Laird of Macfarlane, for whom this collection was compiled, was an eminent antiquary, who died in 17 . His manuscripts having been disposed of after his death, the chief portions were acquired for the Advocates’ Library. The above collection is chiefly curious from the number of tunes it contains. They are written with all the care of a person, who, from the initials W. M. added to his name, we may conclude, was a writing-master: The volumes were presented by the Honourable Henry Erskine (brother of the Earl of Buchan), to the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland, 23d of July 1782. Unfortunately, the first

volume was borrowed from the Society many years ago, and has never been recovered. The second volume, dated 1740, contains pp. 288, and 250 airs. In the third volume, the date of which is torn off, there are pp. 288, and 292 airs. None of the airs have basses; and to some of them the names of the composers are given, viz., Oswald, M^cGibbon, [—Forbes of?] Disblair, and M^cLean. A few also have the initials of the compiler, D. Y[oung].

WALSH'S COLLECTION—circa 1740.

“A Collection of original Scotch Songs, with a thorough Bass to each Song, for the Harpsichord. London; printed for and sold by I. Walsh, servant to his Majesty, at the Harp and Hoboy, in Katharine Street, in the Strand.” Folio.

This is merely a collection of Songs which had been engraved and sold as single leaves, without any order or arrangement, and including English imitations of Scottish Songs, sung at Vauxhall Gardens, and other places of public amusement.

WALSH'S COUNTRY DANCES.

“Caledonian Country Dances, being a Collection of all the celebrated Scotch Country Dances now in vogue, with the proper Directions to each Dance, as they are performed at Court and public entertainments. For the Violin, Hoboy, or German Flute, with their Basses for the Bass Violin or Harpsichord. Engraven in a fair character, and carefully corrected. London, printed for, and sold by J. Walsh, music printer and instrument maker to His Majesty, at the Harp and Hoboy in Catherine Street in the Strand.” Small oblong 8vo. Eight vols. Many of the dances are not Scottish.—There are later impressions of this work.

BARSANTI'S COLLECTION—1742.

“ A Collection of Old Scots Tunes, with the Bass for Violoncello or Harpsichord, set, and most humbly dedicated to the Right Honourable the Lady Erskine, (Lady Charlotte Hope,) by Francis Barsanti. Edinburgh, printed by Alexander Baillie, and sold by Messrs Hamilton and Kincaid; price 2s. 6d.” Folio, pp. 15.

This collection was published 14th of January 1742, (Caledonian Mercury, and Scots Magazine for January 1742.)

BARSANTI, a native of Lucca, was born about the year 1690. He commenced his studies of civil law at Padua, but afterwards chose music for his profession, and came to England in the year 1714. He continued many years a performer at the Opera house; but at length, with some favourable prospects, he settled in Scotland; “and, with greater truth than the same is asserted of David Rizzio, he may be said to have meliorated the music of that country, by collecting and making basses to a great number of the most popular Scots Tunes.” About the year 1750, Barsanti returned to England, (Hawkins, History of Music, vol. iv. p. 37.)—Barsanti had a daughter who made a considerable figure on the stage. Her portrait is prefixed to Bell's edition of Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

MACGIBBON'S COLLECTIONS—1746–1755.

“ Six Sonatos or Solos for a German flute or violin, composed by Willm. M'Gibbon. Edinburgh; printed by R. Cooper for the author. 1740.” Oblong folio.

“ A Collection of Scots Tunes, some with Variations for a Violin, Hautboy, or German Flute, with a bass for a Violoncello or Harpsichord. By William M'Gibbon. Book 1st.

—*N. B.* Where there is double notes, the highest is for the flute, and the lowest for the violin. Edinburgh; printed by Richard Cooper. 1742." Oblong folio, pp. 36.

"A Second Collection, &c. Edinburgh; printed by Richard Cooper, 1746." Oblong folio, pp. 36.

"A (Third) Collection, &c. Edinburgh; printed by Richard Cooper. 1755. Oblong folio, pp. 36.

A second edition of the first two collections (in 1755 or 1756) bears on the title, "Edinburgh; printed and sold by R. Bremner, at the Harp and Hautboy."

Another edition in 8vo, of the three books, bears "London; printed for D. Rutherford, in St Martin's Lane," &c.

An edition of M^cGibbon's Collection, in three books, with some additions, by Bremner, is advertised in the Scots Magazine, February 1762. There is also an edition, "With some additions, by Robert Bremner. London, printed and sold at the Music-shop of Robert Bremner, opposite Somerset-house." Oblong 4to, pp. 120. It contains 4 books.

WILLIAM MACGIBBON, was "well known and celebrated in his time for his great execution on the violin." His father, Matthew Macgibbon, was esteemed a good performer on the Hautboy; and was one of the performers at St Cecilia's Concert, in 1695. His son William (according to Mr Tytler) "was sent early to London, and studied many years under Corbet, then reckoned a great master and composer. Corbet's sonatas for two Violins and a Bass were esteemed good, and often played as act-tunes in the play-house. His scholar William M^cGibbon was for many years leader of the orchestra of the Gentlemen's Concert at Edinburgh, and was thought to play the music

of Corelli, Geminiani, and Handel, with great execution and judgment. His sets of Scots tunes, with variations and basses, are well known." This eminent composer, and editor of the above collections of Scottish tunes, between 1740 and 1755, died at Edinburgh the 3d of October 1756. According to the obituary notice in the Scots Magazine, 1756, p. 470, he bequeathed the whole of his estate and effects to the Royal Infirmary.

Fergusson the poet, in his "Elegy on Scots Music," pays the following compliment to Macgibbon. He was too young, however, to have had any personal recollection of the musician.

Macgibbon's gane: ah! wae's my heart!
 The man in music maist expert,
 Wha could sweet melody impart,
 And tune the reed,
 Wi' sic a sleet and pawky art;
 But now he's dead.

Ilk carline now may grunt and grane,
 Ilk bonny lassie make great mane,
 Since he's awa', I trow there's nane
 Can fill his stead;
 The blythest sangster on the plain!
 Alake, he's dead.

There is a miniature portrait of Macgibbon introduced, as a vignette, in the title-page of "Flores Musicæ, or the Scots Musician," published by J. Clark, at Edinburgh, in 1773.

BREMNER'S COLLECTIONS, &c.—1749.

"Thirty Scots Songs for a Voice and Harpsichord. The music taken from the most genuine sets extant; the words from Allan Ramsay. Price 2s. 6d. Edinburgh; printed for, and sold by R. Bremner, at the Harp and Hoboy." Folio, pp. 33. "Circa 1749. This is a genuine copy of

the first impression before Bremner went to London; it is extremely rare. The title page was afterwards altered."— (MS. note by Mr Stenhouse.)

"A Second Set of Scots Songs for a Voice or Harpsichord. Price 2s. 6d. Edinburgh, printed, &c. (as above.)" Folio, pp. 33.

"Twelve Scots Songs, for a Voice or Guitar, with a thorough Bass adapted for that instrument. By Robert Bremner. Price 1s. 6d. Edinburgh, printed and sold at his music-shop," &c. [1760.] Oblong 4to, pp. 18; advertised in Scots Magazine, May 1760.

"A Collection of Scots Reels or Country Dances, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. Price 6s. London, printed and sold by Robert Bremner, at the Harp and Hautboy, in the Strand." [1764?] Oblong 4to.

"A curious Collection of Scots Tunes, with Variations for the Violin, and a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. Music, 2s. 6d. Bremner." Advertised in Scots Magazine, Aug. 1759.

"The Songs in the Gentle Shepherd, adapted to the Guitar. Music 1s. 6d. Bremner." Scots Magazine, December 1759.

"Thirty Scots Songs, by Robert Bremner. The words by Allan Ramsay. London, printed and sold by R. Bremner, opposite Somerset House, in the Strand."

"The Freemason's Songs, with Choruses, in three and four parts, and a Bass for the Organ or Violoncello. Music 1s. Bremner." Scots Magazine, June, 1759.

Bremner, as above stated, settled in London. This probably was about 1764, and he continued for a number of years to carry on an extensive business as a music-seller. "Mr Robert Bremner, Music-Printer in the Strand, died at Kensington, 12th of May, 1789."

OSWALD'S POCKET COMPANION—1759.

“The Caledonian Pocket Companion, containing a favourite Collection of Scotch Tunes, with Variations for the German Flute or Violin. By James Oswald.”

This work was originally published in successive books or parts, at “London; printed for the Author, and sold at his musick shop in St Martin’s Churchyard in the Strand.” This imprint was afterwards altered to “London; printed for J. Simpson in Sweeting’s Alley,” &c. Later copies bear “London; printed for Straight and Skillern, St Martin’s Lane;” but all of them without dates. Oswald himself, on completing the 7th part, published them with the general title, “The Caledonian Pocket Companion, in seven volumes;” but the entire work extends to 12 parts, usually bound in two volumes.

Among Oswald’s miscellaneous compositions are the following:—

“Colin’s Kisses, set to musick by Mr Oswald. Printed in the year 1743.” (The Kisses, as appears from a MS. note, were written by Robert Dodsley). 4to.

“Six pastoral Solos for a Violin and Violoncello, with a thorough Bass for the Organ or Harpsichord, composed by James Oswald. Printed for the author, and sold at his music shop in St Martin’s Churchyard. Price 5s.” Oblong folio, pp. 16.

“Airs for the Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. By James Oswald. Printed for the author, and sold at his music shop, St Martin’s Churchyard.” 4 parts, folio, The same engraved frontispiece serves for all the Seasons, which were published separately.

At the end of “The Comic Tunes in Queen Mab, as they are performed at the Theatre-Royal in Drury Lane; set for the Violin, German Flute, or Hoboy, with a thorough

Bass for the Harpsichord, composed by James Oswald," is the following notice of an edition of Oswald's works. It has no date; but what publication was here meant is uncertain:—

"Some time before MR OSWALD'S death, he had fitted for the press a correct edition of his works, as well those that were known and acknowledged to be his, as those that were really such, but had formerly been published under the names of others, for reasons not difficult to guess. There are many excellent composers whose circumstances will not permit them to please themselves, by addressing their compositions to the heart, instead of the ear only. His fine taste, his elegant compositions, his pathetic performance, were well known and justly admired.

"In compliance with his own intentions, a genuine edition of his works is now presented to the public. For such a publication no apology is necessary. That they are his, is sufficient to justify their appearance, and recommend them to all good judges and true lovers of musick."

BURK HUMOTH'S AIRS—circa 1760.

"Twelve Scotch and twelve Irish Airs, with Variations, set for the German Flute, Violin, or Harpsichord, by Mr Burk Humoth. London; printed for, and sold by John Simpson, at the Bass Viol and Flute, in Sweeting's Alley," &c. Royal 8vo, pp. 49.

GENERAL REID'S MINUETS, &c.—1770.

"A Sett of Minuets and Marches, inscribed to the Right Hon. Lady Catharine Murray, by J[ohn] R[eid], Esq. London; printed and sold by R. Bremner, in the Strand." Price 5s. Oblong 4to, pp. 31. This contains, at the end of the minuets, three marches, and Athole House, ditto.

“ Six Solos for a German Flute or Violin, with a thorough Bass for the Harpsichord, by J[ohn] R[eid], Esq., a member of the Temple of Apollo. London; printed for J. Oswald, and sold at all the musick shops.” Oblong folio.
 “ A Second Sett of Six Solos,” &c.

“ Captain Reid’s Solos.” Sold also by Bremner, as appears from his catalogue of music.

The name of GENERAL REID, in regard to the “ Musical Museum,” is only connected with one air, (according to the note at page 202;) but as it is likely he will be long and gratefully remembered in this country, a more than casual notice in this place may be excused. In his Will, dated at London 19th of April 1803, he styles himself “ JOHN REID of Woodstock Street, Oxford Street, in the county of Middlesex, Esquire, General in His Majesty’s Army, and Colonel of the 88th regiment of foot;” and states, that he was “ the last representative of an old family in Perthshire, which on my death will be extinct in the male line.”

General Reid was the son of Robertson, alias Reid of Straloch, a property near Strathardel, in Perthshire—a family whose head was anciently designated as Baron Reid.

He mentions that his birthday was the 13th of February, but he omits to say in what year. It must have been about 1720, or 1721. He was sent to the University of Edinburgh, and we find his name in the list of Professor Stevenson’s Classes, in 1734 and 1735. How long he continued at the University, where he says, “ I had my education, and passed the pleasantest part of my youth,” or what other classes he attended is uncertain, as the lists of students at that time have only been partially preserved. But this recollection of his earlier days had no doubt its influence, when he bequeathed the reversion of his property to the University. Having embraced a military profession, he

himself mentions his having been a lieutenant in the Earl of Loudon's regiment, raised in the year 1745.

By his will, General Reid bequeathed the bulk of his fortune to the Principal and Professors of the University of Edinburgh, with the special provision for endowing a Professorship of Music; and as his property (to the amount of nearly L.80,000) has now become available by the death of his relations, who had a liferent of the property, we may speedily expect this part of his will carried into effect; and there can be no doubt that the appointment of a gentleman thoroughly acquainted with the history, theory, and practice of music, may be the means of raising the character, and giving an impetus to the progress, of that science in this country, that will tend to perpetuate the name and liberality of the founder. General Reid died at his house in the Haymarket, London, 6th of February 1807, aged 87. He directs in his will, that annually on his birthday, the 13th of February, there shall be a concert of music, including a full military band, and to perform some specimens of his own compositions, to show the style of music that prevailed about the middle of the last century.

CLARK'S FLORES MUSICÆ—1773.

“Flores Musicæ, or the Scots Musician, being a general Collection of the most celebrated Scots Tunes, Reels, Minuets, and Marches. Adapted for the Violin, Hautboy, or German Flute, with a Bass for the Violincello or Harpsichord. Published the 1st June, 1773, by J. Clark, plate and seal engraver, printer, &c., first fore stair below the head of Forrester's Wynd, Edinburgh.” Folio, pp. viii. 8vo.

From an advertisement in the Scots Magazine, May 1773, this collection was to be published in twenty numbers; but probably no second part ever appeared. The editor's name is

not mentioned. A small vignette portrait of “W. Macgibbon,” is engraved in the centre of the title page. In the preface, it is stated that “David Rizzio is now generally fixed upon as the composer of the best of those delicate songs; but how so gross a falsehood comes to be so universally believed, is not easy to determine. That the Scots music is of no older a date than two centuries ago, no one, we hope, will venture to assert, who is in the least acquainted with the history of the kingdom,” &c. The editor professes to have “examined a great variety of old manuscripts, and endeavoured with the utmost accuracy to trace out the errors that have of late but too frequently appeared in the editions of Scots tunes,” and to have “adhered as closely as possible to their primitive simplicity.” The number of tunes given is 22.

LORD KELLY'S MINUETS, &c.—1774.

“The favourite Minuets, perform'd at the Fete Champetre, given by Lord Stanley at the Oaks, and composed by the Right Honourable the Earl of Kelly. Price 2s. London; printed for and sold by William Napier, the corner of Lancaster Court, Strand.” Oblong 4to, published 1774 or 5. Lady Betty Hamilton, daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, was married to Lord Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby, in 1774. This fete was given on occasion of their nuptials.

Some notice of Lord Kelly is given in a subsequent part of this work. (See vol. vi. pp. 529 and 532.) He died at Brussels, 9th of October 1781, in the fifty-first year of his age.

FRAZER'S COUNTRY DANCES—1774.

“The Dancer's Pocket Companion, being a Collection of Forty Scots and English figures of Country Dances, with two elegant copperplates, showing all the different

figures made use of in Scots or English Country Dancing. Properly explained, by William Frazer, Dancing-master. Edinburgh, printed in the year 1774." 12mo., pp. 16.

There is, however, no music to the figures.

NEILL STEWART'S COLLECTION, circa 1775.

"Thirty Scots Songs, adapted for a Voice or Harpsichord. The words of Allan Ramsay. Edinburgh. Book 1st, price 3s. 6d. Printed and sold by N. Stewart and Co., No. 37, South Bridge Street. J. Johnson, sculpt." Folio, pp. 31.—The same, book second, price 3s., pp. 33. Book third. Printed and sold by Neil Stewart, at his Shop, No. 37, South Bridge Street. J. Johnson, sculpt. Edinburgh, pp. 28.

"A New Collection of Scots and English Tunes, adapted to the Guitar, with some of the best Songs out of the Beggar's Opera, and other curious Ballads, most of them within the compass of the common flute. Price 1s. 6d. Printed and sold by Neil Steuart, at the music-shop opposite the head of Blackfryers Wynd, Edinburgh." Oblong 4to, circa 1760.

"A Collection of the newest and best Minuets, adapted for the Violin or German Flute, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. Edinburgh; printed for and sold by Neil Steuart, at his music-shop, opposite to the Tron Church." Oblong 4to, pp. 94, circa 1770.

This collection, which is almost entirely Scottish, contains some of Lord Kelly's compositions.

"A Second Collection of Airs and Marches for Two Violins, German Flutes, and Hautboys, all of which have Basses for the Violoncello or Harpsicord. Edinburgh; printed and Sold by N. Stewart, at his shop, Parliament

Closs. Where may be had, The first Collection of Marches and Airs. Price 6s."

"A Collection of Scots Songs, adapted for a Voice or Harpsichord. Edinburgh; printed and sold by Neil Stewart, at his shop, Parliament Square." Folio, circa 1790, pp. 28.

DOW'S MINUETS—circa 1775.

"Twenty Minuets, and sixteen Reels or Country Dances, for the Violin, Harpsichord, or German Flute. Composed by Daniel Dow. Edinburgh; printed for the author, and sold at the music-shops, in town and country. Entered at Stationers' Hall. Price 2s. 6d." Oblong 4to, pp. 36. Mr Sharpe mentions, that his mother told him that Dow was a teacher of music, particularly the guitar, when she was a young girl.

Collection of Ancient Scots Music, (Highland Airs,) by Daniel Dow, (title-page wanting,) about 1778. Oblong folio, pp. 44.

PEACOCK'S AIRS—circa 1776.

"Fifty favourite Scotch Airs, for a Violin, German Flute, and Violoncello, with a thorough Bass for the Harpsichord. Dedicated to the Right Honourable James Earl of Erroll, Lord High Constable of Scotland, &c., by Francis Peacock. London; printed for the publisher in Aberdeen, and sold by Mrs Johnson in Cheapside; Thompson & Sons, St Paul's Churchyard; R. Bremner, N. Stewart, in Edinburgh; and A. Angus in Aberdeen." Folio, pp. 35, with Lord Errol's arms engraved on the title page. His Lordship died 3d of July 1778.

The preface contains this silly passage—"No species of

pastoral music is more distinguished by the applause and admiration of all good judges than the songs of David Rizzio. We cannot, indeed, certainly distinguish his compositions from those of his imitators, nor can we determine whether he formed the musical taste of the Scots, or only adapted himself to the musical taste established before his time ; but if we may believe tradition, it is to him that the Scots are indebted for many of their finest airs ; and custom has now affixed his name to this particular mode of musical composition.”—The book was published by subscription.

FRANCIS PEACOCK died on the 26th June 1807, aged eighty-four years, as is stated on a marble tablet, erected to his memory on the wall of Collison’s Aisle, on the north side of St Nicholas Church, at Aberdeen. The aisle has been lately taken down. There is a notice of him in *The History of Aberdeen*, by Walter Thom, vol. ii. p. 192. Aberdeen, 1811. 2 vols. 12mo. Mr Peacock died in pretty easy circumstances, leaving a considerable sum to the charitable institutions of the town. A lane on the north side of the Castlegate is called after him Peacock’s Close. His dancing-school was in an old house called Pitfoddell’s lodging, in the Castlegate, which was taken down about the year 1800, to make way for the office of the Aberdeen Banking Company.

I am indebted for the above information to Joseph Robertson, Esq., F.S.A. Scot. ; and for the following communication to William Dauney, Esq., advocate.

Francis Peacock, the author of the *Collection of Scottish Tunes* published at Aberdeen, was a dancing-master in that place, where he died about the year 1806. He was well versed in the science of music, and an excellent player on the violin and violoncello, upon both of which instru-

ments he used to perform at the concerts of the Aberdeen Musical Society, an institution on the model of the St Cecilia Hall, and supported by the nobility and gentry of that part of the country, among whom were the father of the late Duke of Gordon, the grandfather of the present Earl of Kintore, Dr Beattie, &c. Dr Beattie himself was a tolerable performer on the violoncello. Another gentleman who distinguished himself as an amateur of this Society was Mr Littleton, a brother of Sir George Littleton, who lived for many years in Aberdeen. He had been a barrister, but had retired from public life, and selected Aberdeen for his residence, as a comparatively secluded part of the world, where he might enjoy the amusements of shooting, fishing, and music, free from the cares and bustle of society; and, to disconnect himself the more completely from his family, he changed his patronymic to Smith, and was usually known in that quarter under the name of ‘Fishing Smith.’ Some account of him will be found in Mr Pryse Gordon’s very amusing Memoirs, published a few years ago.”

FOULIS’S SOLOS—circa 1776.

“Six Solos for the Violin, with a Bass for a Violoncello or Harpsichord. Composed by a Gentleman.” Inscribed to the Honourable Francis Charteris, Esq. of Amisfield, (afterwards Earl of Wemyss.) In a copy that belonged to the late Charles Sharpe of Hoddam, Esq., the author’s name is given as “Foulis.” Folio, pp. 26.—The above date 1776, is perhaps a few years too recent.

MACLEAN’S COLLECTION—circa 1776.

“A Collection of favourite Scots Tunes, with Variations for the Violin, and a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. By the late Mr Charles M’Lean and other eminent masters.

Edinburgh; printed for, and sold by N. Stewart, at his music-shop, Parliament Square." Oblong folio, pp. 37.

M'GLASHAN'S COLLECTION—circa 1778.

"A Collection of Strathspey Reels, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. By Alexander M'Glashan. Edinburgh; printed for A. M'Glashan, and sold by Neil Stewart, at his music-shop, Parliament Square." Oblong folio, pp. 34.

"A Collection of Scots Measures, Hornpipes, Jigs, Allemands, Cotillons, and the fashionable Country Dances, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. By Alexander M'Glashan. Edinburgh; printed for the publisher, and sold by Neil Stewart, Parliament Square." Price 5s. Oblong folio, pp. 36.

ALEXANDER M'GLASHAN, "better known by the appellation of King M'Glashan, which he acquired from his tall stately appearance, and the showy style in which he dressed; and who, besides, was in high estimation as an excellent composer of Scottish airs, and an able and spirited leader of the fashionable bands."—(Chambers's Dict. vol. ii. p. 477.)

CUMMING'S COLLECTION—1780.

"A Collection of Strathspey or old Highland Reels. By Angus Cumming, at Grantown in Strathspey.

Come and trip it, as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.

MILT.

Edinburgh, 1780." Oblong folio, pp. 20.

M'DONALD'S HIGHLAND AIRS—1781.

“ A Collection of Highland Vocal Airs, never hitherto published. To which are added a few of the most lively Country Dances, or Reels, of the North Highlands and Western Isles ; and some specimens of Bagpipe Music. By Patrick M'Donald, Minister of Kilmore in Argyleshire. Edinburgh ; printed for the publisher, and to be had at the Music-shops of Corri and Sutherland, Bridge Street, and N. Stewart, Parliament Square.” [1781.] Folio, pp. 22 and 43. Dedicated “ To the Noblemen and Gentlemen who compose the Highland Society in London.”

The preface states, that “ this is the largest collection of the Vocal music of the Highlands of Scotland that has ever been offered to the public.” “ Almost the whole of the North Highland airs, which form the first and the largest division of the following work, were collected by the late Mr JOSEPH M'DONALD, the publisher's brother ; whose musical genius and attainments, as well as the enthusiastic attachment which he had to the peculiar music of his native country, are still remembered by many. He was born in Strathnaver, the most northerly district of Scotland, and passed the first years of his life under the tuition of his father, who was a minister in that part of the country.” He afterwards completed his studies at Haddington and Edinburgh, where he had the benefit of professional musical instruction. Previous to his going to the East Indies, in 1760, “ he wrote out a copy of a number of the vocal airs which he had collected, and left it with a sister as a token of affection. All his other collections and papers relating to Highland music and poetry, he carried along with him. He did not live to accomplish his plan (of completing his collection of Highland airs.) A malignant fever cut him off, in the prime of life, before he had been much more than a

twelvemonth in the country. His premature death will be considered, by the lovers of Highland music, as a public misfortune; as, from the collection which he had made, from his abilities and zeal, there was reason to expect from him a large and correct publication."

His brother, the Rev. Patrick M'Donald, was settled as minister of Kilmore, Presbytery of Lorn, Argyleshire, 12th of May 1757; and, after holding the incumbency for the very lengthened period of sixty-eight years, he died 25th of September 1824.

Prefixed to this volume is a Dissertation "On the influence of Poetry and Music upon the Highlanders." It is anonymous, but was written by the Rev. Walter Young (afterwards D.D.), who composed the basses. Dr Young, who was profoundly skilled in the theory of music, was settled as minister of Erskine in Renfrewshire, in 1772, and died at an advanced age, 6th of August 1814.

NEIL GOW'S REELS—1784.

"A Collection of Strathspey Reels, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. By Neil Gow, at Dunkeld, 5s. N. Stewart, Edinburgh."—(Scots Magazine, August 1784.)

NEIL Gow, so celebrated as a performer on the violin, and also as a composer of Scottish airs, was born in Perthshire on the 22d of March 1727. In the Scots Magazine for January 1809, appeared "A brief Biographical Account of Neil Gow," which has been attributed to the late Rev. Dr Macknight. A fuller account of Neil Gow, with a memoir of his son, Nathaniel Gow, and notices of their several publications, contributed by Joseph Macgregor, Esq., will be found in Chambers's Scottish Biography. Without attempting to give any analysis of these accounts, it may

be sufficient to add, that Neil Gow died at Inver, near Dunkeld, on the 1st of March 1807; and his son at Edinburgh, 17th of January 1831.

AIRD'S COLLECTION—circa 1784.

“ Selection of Scots, &c. Airs, adapted to the Fife, Violin, or German Flute. 3 vols.—each containing 200 airs. Price of each vol. 3s. 6d.” Advertised in the title-page of Malcolm Macdonald's Strathspey Reels.

JAMES AIRD appears to have been settled in Glasgow, and to have carried on an extensive business as a Music-seller, during the latter half of the last century.

JOHN RIDDELL'S COLLECTION—circa 1786.

“ A Collection of Scots Reels, Minuets, &c., for the Violin, Harpsichord, or German Flute. Composed by John Riddell, in Ayr. The second edition, greatly improved. Entered in Stationers' Hall. Glasgow; printed and sold by James Aird, at his music-shop in New Street.” Oblong 4to, pp. 60.

Riddell's Scots Reels for Violin or Pianoforte. Published by J. Aird, Glasgow, price 5s. Advertised in the title-page of Macdonald's Strathspey Reels.

Burns, referring to the Air, No. CCLXXI. in the present collection, considered it to be “ the happiest composition of that bard-born genius, John Riddell, of the family of Glencarnock, at Ayr.”

MACDONALD'S REELS—circa 1786.

“ A Collection of Strathspey Reels, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord, dedicated to Mrs Baird of Newbyth. Composed by Malcolm Macdonald, Glasgow.

Printed and sold by J. Aird, and by the Author," &c. No date. Oblong 4to, pp. 24.

CORRI'S COLLECTION—circa 1788.

“ A New and Complete Collection of the most favourite Scots Songs, including a few English and Irish, with proper Graces and Ornaments peculiar to their character ; likewise the New Method of Accompaniment of thorough Bass. By Sig. Corri. Edinburgh, printed for, and sold by Corri and Sutherland.” Two thin vols. folio. The title-page was probably from a design by D. Allan, and contains a portrait of Neil Gow. Folio.

DOMENICO CORRI, in 1810, published “ The Singer’s Preceptor, or Corri’s Treatise on Vocal Music,” in 2 vols. folio. To this he prefixed a “ Life ” of himself, from which we learn, that he was born at Rome, 4th of October 1746. He early showed an inclination for Music, and was benefited by the instructions of several eminent masters. The Cardinal Portocaro, in whose establishment Corri’s father was confectioner, in his zeal for the religious orders, used all his endeavours to persuade young Corri to study for the priesthood ; but, after a few years, the Cardinal’s death left him at liberty to follow the natural bent of his genius, to which his father was in no way disinclined.

“ At Naples (he says) I lived and boarded with Porpora for five years, attended with great expense to my parents, and at his death returned again to Rome. The name of my preceptor, Porpora, was of great weight and service in my introduction to the first society in Rome, among whom were then residing many English noblemen and gentlemen, to whom I had soon the honour of becoming known ; namely, the Dukes of Leeds and Dorset, Messrs Harley, Jones,

Lighton, Hanbury, Sir William Parsons, &c., &c., and particularly my highly esteemed friend Dr Burney. These fortunate connexions contributed to place me in a situation consonant to my wishes and interest, being appointed to conduct the concert parties which then took place among the Roman and English nobility. This period was the pontificate of Ganganelli, who was the friend of Prince Charles, the Pretender, brother of Cardinal York. That prince frequently gave entertainments and concerts to the nobility, the conducting of which was also assigned to me. With Prince Charles I had, previously to this period, lived two years, during which time he had kept entirely private, not seeing any one whatever, it being in the reign of the preceding Pope, who had refused to acknowledge the title he assumed. In his retired life Prince Charles employed his hours in exercise and music, of which he was remarkably fond. I usually remained alone with him every evening, the Prince playing the violoncello and I the harpsichord, also composing together little pieces of music; yet these *tête à tête's* were of a sombre cast. The apartment in which we sat was hung with old red damask, with two candles only, and on the table a pair of loaded pistols, (instruments not at all congenial to my fancy,) which he would often take up, examine, and again replace on the table; yet the manners of this prince were always mild, affable, and pleasing."

Before leaving his native country he married Miss Baccelli; and he gives the following account of his coming to Edinburgh:—

"About this time (in 1780) the Musical Society of Edinburgh, wanting a singer and conductor for their concerts, wrote to l'Abbé Grant at Rome, desiring him to obtain for them, if possible, either of the two persons mentioned by Dr Burney. At the arrival of this letter, l'Abbé

Grant found these two persons, namely Miss Bacchelli and myself, united in marriage. This circumstance being no impediment to the proposal from Edinburgh, on the contrary a favourable occurrence, he immediately concluded for us an engagement for three years, at Edinburgh, with a handsome provision for our journey. We accordingly left Italy about three months after, and arrived at Edinburgh, August 1781; and here I beg leave to make my most sincere and grateful acknowledgements for the liberal favour and support we received from the noble families of Buccleuch, Gordon, Hamilton, Lauderdale, Argyle, Athol, Elphinstone, Kelly, Elgin, Errol, Haddo, Hopetoun, Melville, Haddington, Selkirk, Breadalbane, and Lothian, also the Gentlemen Directors of the Musical Society, and the Scotch nation in general. The second year of our Edinburgh engagement, proposals were made to me from London by Mr Yates, to compose for the Opera House, and by Messrs Bach and Abel to Mrs Corri, to sing at the first opening of the Hanover Square Rooms. These proposals we were enabled to accept through the kind indulgence of the directors of the Edinburgh society. After this season in London we again returned to Edinburgh, which engagement we continued eighteen years."

During that period, he lived alternately at London and Edinburgh; but, unfortunately, he involved himself in difficulties by the multiplicity of his affairs, in his management of the Theatre, his Pianoforte manufactory, his Musicselling, &c. At length, finding it necessary on account of his family to settle in London, he thus concludes the sketch of his life.

"I now conclude this short sketch of my professional life, adding, that at the age of sixty-four, still blessed with good health, I am enabled to pursue my musical career,

and accustomed avocations of instructing in Vocal Music, the Pianoforte, thorough Bass, and Composition. I also continue to take young persons as apprentices, to qualify them as public professors, or private tutors.—N.B. Mrs Corri also instructs in Vocal and Instrumental Music.”

Domenico Corri, died at Hampstead, 22d of May 1825. His younger brother, Natale Corri, as early as the year 1790, had also settled at Edinburgh as a Teacher of Music and Musicseller. He died at Weisbaden, 24th of June 1822, in the 57th year of his age.

SHIRREFFS'S AIRS, &c.—1788.

“ The Overture, Airs, Songs, and Duets, in Jamie and Bess, by Andrew Shirreffs, A.M., 4s.”—(Advertised along with the following in the Scots Magazine, May 1788.)

“ Forty Pieces of Original Music, by Andrew Shirreffs, A.M., containing his Address to his Crutch, &c., 6s. Sold by the Author at Aberdeen: Stewart and Co. Edinburgh.”

For some notice of Shirreffs, see vol. vi. pp. 479 and 525.

CLARKE'S SONATAS—circa 1790.

“ Two Sonatas for the Piano-Forte or Harpsichord, in which are introduced favourite Scotch Airs, composed and respectfully dedicated to Mrs Erskine, jun^r. of Mar, by Stephen Clarke, Organist of the Episcopal Chapel, Edinburgh. Price 5s. Printed for and sold by the author,” &c. Oblong folio, pp. 16.

Some account of STEPHEN CLARKE, who harmonized the airs in the present collection, is given in the Preface, p. xviii.

NAPIER'S COLLECTION—1790.

“ A Selection of the most favourite Scots Songs, chiefly Pastoral, adapted for the Harpsichord, with an accompani-

ment for a Violin. By eminent Masters. Respectfully inscribed to Her Grace the Duchess of Gordon. Price L.1, 6s. London; printed for William Napier, Musicseller to their Majesties, No. 474, Strand." [1790.] Folio.

This was published by subscription, and contains Mr Tytler's dissertation at the beginning. The sets are excellent. Napier printed a second volume, "A Selection of original Scots Songs, in three Parts, the harmony by Haydn. Dedicated to H. R. H. the Duchess of York. London," &c. [1792.] Folio, pp. 101.—A Third volume was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1794.

CAMPBELL'S COUNTRY DANCES—circa 1790.

"Campbell's First Book of new and favourite Country Dances and Strathspey Reels, for the Harp, Piano-forte, and Violin. Printed and sold by Wm. Campbell, No. 8, Dean Street, Soho." This collection, in oblong 4to, was continued to Book 12th. Price each, 2s. 6d. Some of the tunes are marked as composed by W. Campbell.

BRYSON'S COLLECTION—1791.

"A curious selection of favourite tunes, with variations. To which are added upwards of fifty favourite Irish airs, for the German Flute or Violin; with a Bass for the Harpsichord or Violoncello, 5s. J. Bryson."—(Scots Magazine, June 1791.)

THE MUSICAL MISCELLANY—1792.

"The Edinburgh Musical Miscellany: a Collection of the most approved Scotch, English, and Irish Songs, set to Music. Selected by D. Sime, Edinburgh. Edinburgh, printed for W. Gordon, &c. 1792." The same, "Vol. II. Edinburgh, printed for John Elder, &c. 1793," 2 vols. 12mo.

The Editor speaks of "the professional abilities of the Compiler."—DAVID SIME also selected the Songs in

Haydn's Collection, published by Mr Whyte ; see page lxxx. He was a teacher of Music in Edinburgh, and died many years ago.

GEORGE THOMSON'S COLLECTION—1793, &c.

“ A Select Collection of original Scottish Airs for the voice, to each of which are added introductory and concluding Symphonies, and accompanymments for the Violin and Pianoforte, by Pleyel, with select and characteristic verses, by the most admired Scottish Poets, adapted to each air ; many of them entirely new. Also suitable English verses to such of the Songs as are written in the Scottish dialect. Entered at Stationers' Hall. London, printed and sold by Preston and Son, at their wholesale warehouse, No. 97, Strand, for the Proprietor. First set, price 10s. 6d.” Folio. The preface dated “ Blair Street, Edinburgh, 1st May 1793.”

This well-known collection was originally published at considerable intervals, in books, or half-volumes, each containing twenty-five Songs ; and has passed through many editions. An edition, in 6 volumes, royal 8vo, was published in 1822 ; and another in five volumes folio, has appeared while this sheet is at press.

MACKINTOSH'S REELS, &c.—1793.

“ Sixty-eight new Reels, Strathspeys, and Quick Steps ; also some slow Pieces, with variations, for the Violin or Pianoforte, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. Composed by Robert Mackintosh, and dedicated by permission to the Hon. Mrs Campbell of Lochnell. Price to subscribers, 5s. ; non-subscribers, 6s. Printed for the Author.” (Scots Magazine, April 1793.)

Mr Stenhouse, in his note at page 479, has given a short notice of Mackintosh, who, he says, died at London, in February 1807.

DALE'S COLLECTION, 1794.

Collection of Scottish Songs, quoted by Mr Stenhouse. Three books of this Collection were entered at Stationers' Hall in 1794.

RIDDELL'S COLLECTION.—1794.

“ A Collection of Scotch, Galwegian, and Border Tunes, for the Violin and Piano-Forte, with a Bass for the Violoncello or Harpsichord. Selected by Robert Riddell of Glenriddell, Esq. Price 7s. Edinburgh; printed and sold by Johnson & Co., Musicsellers, Lawnmarket.” Folio, pp. 37. Published in 1794, (*Scots Magazine*, 1st May 1794.)

“ New Music for the Piano-forte or Harpsichord, composed by a gentleman, (R. Riddell of Glenriddell;) consisting of a Collection of Reels, Minuets, Hornpipes, Marches, and two Songs in the old Scotch taste, with variations to five favourite tunes. Published by James Johnson, engraver, Bell's Wynd, Edinburgh.” Folio.

ROBERT RIDDELL of Glenriddell, Esq., was much respected, and obtained some celebrity as an antiquarian, although his researches were not very profound, and some of his theories fanciful.

“ Mr Riddell was an excellent man, but no musician; as I have been assured by a competent judge, whose partiality to the author would have made him very sensible of any merit his compositions might possess.” Mr Sharpe, in addition to this note, says in reference to a poem, “ *The Bedesman of Nithside*,” 1792, 4to, with a vignette, by Captain Grose,—“ Sir Walter Scott told me that this production puzzled him—it was much too good for the one and much too bad for the other.”

Mr Riddell was member of several learned societies, and communicated various papers which were inserted in their

Transactions. He was a particular friend of Captain Grose; and was likewise a neighbour and friend of Burns, who honoured his memory by writing a Sonnet on his death, which took place at his house at Friar's Carse, near Dumfries, 21st of April 1794.

RITSON'S COLLECTION—1794.

“ Scottish Songs, in two volumes. London; printed for J. Johnston in St Paul's Churchyard; and J. Egerton, Whitehall, 1794.” 2 vols. 12mo.

An excellent collection, edited by JOSEPH RITSON, an eminent English antiquary, who has prefixed a very elaborate “ Historical Essay on Scottish Song.” The music consists of the simple airs, without basses, and is chiefly taken from the collections already mentioned, with the assistance of William Shield, the well-known English Composer, who supplied some original airs. Ritson died in September 1803, and Shield in January 1828.

URBANI'S COLLECTION—circa 1794.

“ A Selection of Scots Songs, harmonised and improved, with simple and adapted graces. Most respectfully dedicated to the Right Honourable [Elizabeth Dalrymple] the Countess of Balcarras, by Peter Urbani, professor of music. Book I. Entered at Stationers' Hall. Price 12s. Printed for the author, and sold at his house, foot of Car-rubber's Close, and at all the music-shops, Edinburgh; M'Gown's, Glasgow; Longman and Brodrip, London; Mrs Rhimes and Mr Lee, Dublin.” Folio, pp. 51. Book II. is dedicated to Lady Katharine Douglas, daughter of the Earl of Selkirk.—Of this Collection, vol. i. (perhaps a new edition,) was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1797; vol. ii. in 1794; and vol. iii. in 1799.

In vol. iv. p. 318–19, of the present work, Mr Stenhouse has given a short notice of Urbani. The following ex-

tract is from the Obituary in the Scots Magazine, December 1816.

“Died lately, in South Cumberland Street, Dublin, aged 67, after a painful and tedious illness, which he bore with Christian resignation, PETER URBANI, professor of music, a native of Milan, in Italy, where he obtained the degree of Doctor of Music. The celebrated Rontzini and Urbani were the only remaining two of that great school of science. They finished their studies nearly about the same time, quitted their native home together, and arrived in London. After some years, Rontzini went to Bath, Urbani to Edinburgh, where he resided for many years with distinguished éclat. He has left an aged widow behind, a foreigner, now deprived of every thing, even the means of subsistence.”

THE VOCAL MAGAZINE—1797.

“The Vocal Magazine, containing a Selection of the most esteemed English, Scots, and Irish Songs, ancient and modern, adapted for the Harpsichord or Violin. Edinburgh; printed by C. Stewart & Co., 1797;” Vol. II. 1798; and Vol. III. 1799; royal 8vo. Each volume price 10s. 6d. bound.

The editor of this collection is said to have been James Sibbald, bookseller in Edinburgh. It was published in Nos. every second month, at 1s. 6d. After it had reached No. 19, being the first No. of vol. IV., it terminated, without any cause being assigned.

A new series of the Vocal Magazine was afterwards commenced, including a number of foreign airs. It is also in large 8vo. but only a few numbers appeared, containing 79 airs; the publication apparently terminating abruptly, when its publisher, James Sibbald, died, in the year 1803.

ROSS'S COLLECTION.

“ A Select Collection of Ancient and Modern Scottish Airs, adapted for the Voice, with introductory and concluding Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Pianoforte, composed by John Ross, Organist, St Paul's, Aberdeen. Vol. I. Price 12s. Edinburgh ; printed and sold by John Hamilton, No. 24, North Bridge Street, &c.” Folio pp. 62.

“ MR JOHN ROSS, late organist of St Paul's Chapel, Aberdeen, was born in the town of Newcastle, Northumberland, on the 12th of October 1763. He was called to St Paul's when very young ; and arrived in Aberdeen on the 18th of November 1783. He studied under Mr Handen seven years, who recommended him to the managers of St Paul's Chapel. He continued to do the duty of organist in the above chapel for 53 years. He died at Craigie Park, near Aberdeen, on the 28th July 1837, in his 74th year. He was married to Miss Tait, eldest daughter of Mr Tait, who was 44 years organist of St Paul's, and Mr Barber's predecessor when Mr Ross succeeded. On his retiring from the duties of St Paul's, he was presented with an elegant piece of plate, in testimony of esteem, by the congregation, and also with a splendid edition of Bagster's large Bible, by the Rev. John Brown, senior clergyman of St Paul's Chapel. Two notices of him appeared in the Aberdeen Journal of the 9th August 1837, bearing testimony to his private virtues. In the one it is said, ‘ He possessed eminent talents both as a performer and as a composer of music ;’ and in the other that he was ‘ celebrated as a musical composer, at once chaste and original in his style.’ The last was written by the Rev. John Brown of St Paul's.”—(MS. communication by Joseph Robertson, Esq.)

HAYDN'S COLLECTION.

“ A Collection of Scottish Airs, harmonized for the

Voice or Pianoforte, with introductory and concluding Symphonies; and accompaniments for a Violin and Violoncello. By Joseph Haydn, Mus. Doct. (Vol. I. and II.) Edinburgh, published by the proprietor, William Whyte, No. 1, South St Andrew's Street; and sold by Clementi and Co. 26 Cheapside." Folio, two thin volumes, pp. 67; the first containing 40, the second 25 *Airs*.

In the advertisement to this Collection, dated 1st March 1806, the Publisher says, "The Harmonies of the Songs, in all existing editions of Scottish *Airs*, are the productions of Composers of various descriptions and degrees of genius and talent. The Harmonies of the present are composed exclusively by HAYDN; confessedly the first of modern masters. From this circumstance it is, that while the genius of the composer, indulging in all the varieties of its luxuriance, has accommodated itself to the specific characteristics of each different air, there yet arises a general uniformity, which can hardly fail to give pleasure to the classical ear.

"The selection of the melodies, it is hoped, will be found to comprise the most beautiful of the different classes to which they belong. The proprietor has, in this respect, to acknowledge his obligations to the taste and professional abilities of Mr Sime, by whom the selection was made, and who has exerted himself to conduct the work to its completion, with so much industry and care, as must, in a great measure, be considered as a pledge for its accuracy."

JOHNSON'S SCOTS MUSICAL MUSEUM.

The present work, extending to six parts or volumes, was commenced in 1787, and completed in 1803. See the Preface to this new edition.

The Highland Queen.

No. 1

No more my Song shall be, ye Swains, of purling streams, or flow-ry
Andante
plains; More pleasing beauties now inspire, And Phoebus tunes the warbling
Lyre: Di-vinely aided thus I mean, To ce-le-brate, To
ce-le-brate my Highland Queen.

In her, sweet innocence you'll find;
With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd;
From pride and affectation free,
Alike the smiles on you and me:
The brightest nymph that trips the green,
do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No fardid wish, or trifling joy,
Her settled calm of mind destroy;
Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
And adds a lustre to the whole:
A matchless shape, a graceful mien,
All center in my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth, whom gentle fate,
Has destin'd for so fair a mate!
Has all these wond'ring gifts in store,
And each returning day brings more.
No youth so happy can be seen,
Possessing thee, my Highland Queen

The Highland King.

YE Muses nine, O lend your aid,
Inspire a tender bashful maid!
That's lately yielded up her heart,
A conquest to Love's powerful dart:
And now would fain attempt to sing,
The praises of my Highland King.

Jamie, the pride of all the green,
Is just my age, e'en gay fifteen:
When first I saw him, 'twas the day
That usher in the sprightly May;
When first I felt Love's powerful sting,
And sigh'd for my dear Highland King.

With him for beauty, shape, and air,
No other shepherd can compare:
Good nature, honesty, and truth,
Adorn the dear, the matchless youth:
And graces, more than I can sing,
Bedeck my charming Highland King.

Would once the dearest boy but cry,
'Tis you I love! Come, Come away
Unto the kirk, my Love, let's hy
Oh me! in rapture, I'd comply
And I should then have cause to sing
The praises of my Highland King.

An thou were my ain thing.

2

Slow

An thou were my ain thing, O I would love thee, I would

love thee. An thou were my ain thing, how dearly would I love thee!

Then I would clasp thee in my arms, Then I'd secure thee from all

harms, For above mortals thou hast charms, How dearly do I love thee!

Of race divine thou needs must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee;
For heaven's sake, then pity me,

Who only lives to love thee.

An thou were &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and for your sake
What man can do I'll undertake;
So dearly do I love thee.

An thou were &c.

The Powers one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save;
O for their sake support a slave,
Who ever on shall love thee.

An thou were. &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done
Till fate my thread of life have spun,
Which breathing out I'll love thee.

An thou were &c.

Peggy, I must love thee.

3

3 As from a rock, past all relief, The shipwreck'd Co - lin

Slow 6 6 6 5 4 3

spying. His native foil, overcome with grief, Half sunk in waves, & dying,

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 4 3

With the next morning sun he spies A ship which gives un-hop'd sur-

6 6 6 6 6 6

-prise; New life springs up, he lifts his eyes With joy, & waits her motion.

6 6 6 5 4 3

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

Then now, since happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying;
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We lose ourselves in staying;

I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
Since marriage can my fears oppose:
Why shoud we happy minutes lose,
Since, Peggy, I must love thee.

Men may be foolish if they please,
And deem't a lover's duty
To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,
Doating on a proud beauty:
Such was my case for many a year,
Still hope succeeding to my fears
False Betty's charms now disappear,
Since Peggy's far outline them.

Bess the Gawkie.

4

Blyth young Bess to Jean did say, will ye gang to yon sun-ny
brae, where flocks do feed, and Herds do stray, and sport a while wi'
Ja-mie! Ah na, lafs, I'll no gang there, nor about Ja-me tak' nae
care, nor about Janne tak' nae care, for he's tane up wi' Maggy!

Andante Affecto

For hark, and I will tell you, lafs,
Dil I not see your Jamie pass,
Wi' meikle gladness in his face,
Out o'er the muir to Maggy.
I wat he ga'e her mony a kils,
And Maggy took them ne'er amiss;
'Tween ilka smack---pleas'd her with this,
That Bess was but a gawkie.

For when a civil kifs I seek,
She turns her head, and throws her cheek,
And for an hour she'll scarcely speak;
Who'd not call her a gawkie.
But fute my Maggy has mair sense
She'll gie a score without offences;
Now gie me ane unto the mair,
And ye shall be my dawtie.

O Jamie, ye ha'e mony tane
But I will never stand for ane,
Or twa when we do meet again;
You ne'er think me a gawkie
Ah na, lafs, that ne'er can be,
Sic thoughts as these are far frae me
Or ony thy sweet face that see,
E'er to think thee a gawkie

But, whist! --- nae mair of this we'll speak
For yonder Jamie does us meet;
Instead of Mag he kifs'd fae sweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie.
O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
When I came by, your gown's fae new,
I think you've got it wet wi' dew.
Quoth she, That's like a gawkie.

It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
And I'll get gowns when it is gane,
Sae you may gang the gate you came
And tell it to your dawtie.
The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek;
He cry'd, O cruel maid, but sweet,
If I should gang a nither gate,
I ne'er could meet my dawtie!

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
And left poor Jamie fair to rue,
That ever Maggy's face he knew,
Or yet ca'd Bess a Gawkie.
As they went o'er the muir they sang:
The hills and dales with echoes rang.
The hills and dales with echoes rang,
Gang o'er the muir to Maggy.

Oh open the door, Lord Gregory.

5

5

Oh o - pen the door, Lord Gre - go - ry, oh o - pen and

Adagio 6 # 6 6

let me in; the rain rains on my fear - let robes, the

6 # 6 # 6 6

dew drops o'er my chin. If you are the lafs that

6 6 4 5 #

I lov'd once, as I true you are not she, Come give me

6 6 # 6

some of the to - kens that past between you and me.

3 hr

6 6 6 4 5

Ah wae be to you, Gregory!

An ill death may you die!

You will not be the death of one,

But you'll be the death of three.

Oh don't you mind, Lord Gregory?

'Twas down at yon burn side

We chang'd the ring off our fingers

And I put mine on thine.

The Banks of the Tweed.

Recitative

6

As on the Banks of Tweed I lay reclind beneath a verdant

6

shade, I heard a sound more sweet than pipe or flute, sure more en -

6

chanting was 'not Orpheus' lute; while list'ning & amaz'd I turn'd my eyes, the more I

6

6

6

heard, the greater my surprize; I rose & follow'd guided by my Ear, & in a thickset

6

6

grove I saw my Dear.

Unseen, unheard, she thought, thus sung the Maid.

6

4

5

Air.

To the soft murmur'ing stream I will sing of my Love, How de -

Andante

6

6

6

4

3

6

lighted am I when a broad I can rove, To indulge a fond

6

6

6

4

5

6

6

5

passion for Jockey my dear! When he's ab - sent I
 sigh, but how blith when he's near! 'Tis this rural a - musement de -
 - lights my "lad Heart: Come a - way to my arms, love! and ne - ver de -
 - part. To his Pipe I could sing, for he's 'bon - ny and gay; Did he
 know how I lov'd him, no lon - ger he'd stay...

Neither Linnet or Nightingale sung half so sweet,
 And the soft melting strain did kind Echo repeat,
 It so ravish'd my heart and delighted my ear,
 Swift as lightning I flew to the arms of my dear.
 She surpriz'd, and detected, some moments did stand,
 Like the rose was her cheek, and the lily her hand,
 Which she placed on her breast, and said, Jockey, I fear
 I have been too imprudent, pray how came you here?

For to visit my ewes, and to see my lambs play,
 By the banks of the Tweed and the groves I did stray;
 But my Jenny, dear Jenny, how oft have I sigh'd,
 And have vow'd endless love, if you would be my bride!
 To the altar of Hymen, my fair one, repair,
 Where a knot of affection shall tie the fond pair;
 To the pipe's sprightly notes the gay dance we will lead,
 And will bless the dear grove, by the banks of the Tweed.

The beds of sweet Roses.

7 As I was a wal - king one morning in May, The

Andante

little birds were sing - ing de - light - ful and gay, the

6 6

little birds were singing de - light - ful and gay, where

6 6

I and my true love did often sport and play, down a -

6

- mong the beds of sweet rof - es, where I and my true love did

6 6 6 6 5 4 3

often sport and play, down a - mong the beds of sweet rof - es.

6 6 5 4 3

My daddy and my mammy I oft have heard them say,
 That I was a naughty boy, and did often sport and play;
 But I never liked in all my life a maiden that was shy
 Down among the beds of sweet roses.

Roslin Castle.

8

Slow

'Twas in that season of the year, when all things gay and sweet ap-
pear, that Colin with the morning ray, a rose and sung his rural lay. Of
Nanny's charms the Shepherd sung, the hills and dales with Nanny rung, while
Roslin Castle heard the Swain, And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Same Tune.

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

Hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
His beauty fires the ravish'd throng;
And love inspires the melting song;
Then let my raptur'd notes arise;
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away!
Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine;
Hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Whose graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine!

FROM Roslin Castle's echoing walls,
Resound my shepherd's ardent calls;
My Colin bids me come away,
And love demands I should obey.
His melting strain, and tuneful lay,
So much the charms of love display,
I yield - nor longer can refrain
To own my love, and bless my swain.

No longer can my heart conceal
The painful-pleasing flame I feel;
My soul retorts the am'rous strain;
And echoes back in love again.
Where licks my songster! from what grove
Does Colin pour his notes of love.
O bring me to the happy bow'r,
Where mutual love my bliss secure!

Ye vocal hills, that catch the song,
Repeating as it flies along,
To Colin's ears my strain convey,
And say, I haste to come away.
Ye zephyrs soft, that fan the gale,
Waft to my love the soothing tale;
In whispers all my soul express
And tell I haste his arms to bless

Saw ye Johnnie cummin, quo' she.

9

Saw ye Johnnie cummin, quo' she, Saw ye Johnnie cummin, O

Andante

saw ye Johnnie cummin, quo' she; Saw ye Johnnie cummin, Wi' his blue bonnet

on his head, And his doggie runnin, quo' she; and his doggie runnin?

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;

Fee him, father, fee him;

For he is a' gallant lad,

And a weel doin;

And a' the wark about the house

Gaes wi' me when I fee him, quo' she;

Wi' me when I fee him.

I ha'e twa sarks into my kist,

And ane o' them I'll gi'e him,

And for a mark of mair fee

Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she;

Dinna stand wi' him.

For well do I lo'e him, quo' she;

Well do I lo'e him;

O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;

Fee him, father, fee him;

He'll had the pleugh, thrash in the barn,

And lie wi' me at e'en, quo' she;

Lie wi' me at e'en.

What will I do wi' him, huffy?

What will I do wi' him?

He's ne'er a sark upon his back,

And I hae nane to gi'e him.

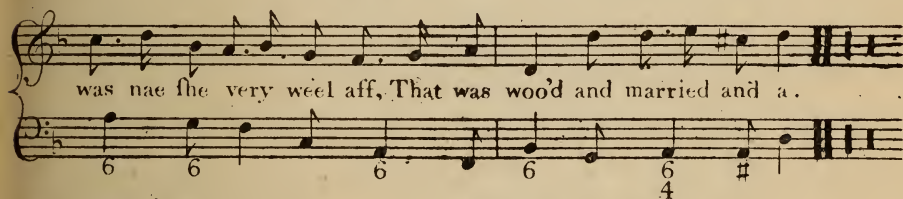
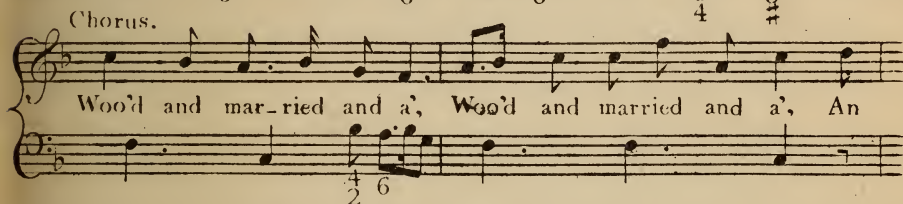
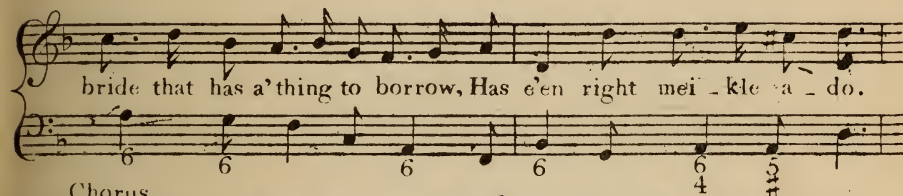
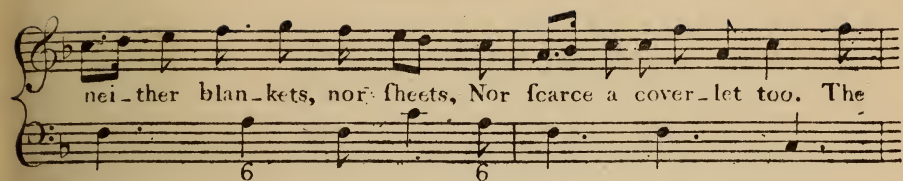
Woo'd and Married and a'.

10

The bride came out of the byre, And O as she dight'd her cheeks! Sirs,

Lively.

I'm to be married, the night, And has neither blankets, nor sheets, Has



Out spake the bride's father,
As he came in frae the plough,
O had ye're tongue, my doughter,
And ye's get gear enough;
The stirk that stands i' th' tether,
And our bra' basind yade.
Will carry ye hame your corn;
What wad ye be at, ye jade?
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's mither,
What d--l needs a' this pride!
I had nae a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride;
My gown was linsy-woolsey,
And ne'er a fark ava;
And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
Mae than ane or twa.
Woo'd and married, &c.

What's the matter, quo' Willie,
Tho' we be scant o' claiths,
We'll creep the nearer the gither,
And we'll smore a' the fleas:

Simmer is coming on,
And we'll get teats of woo;
And we'll get a lafs o' our ain,
And she'll spin claiths anew.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's brither,
As he came in wi' the kie,
Poor Willie had ne'er a tane ye,
Had he kent ye as well as I;
For you're baith proud and faucy,
And nae for a poor man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better,
I'll never tak ane i' my life.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's sifter,
As she came in frae the byre,
O gin I were but married!
It's a' that I desire:
But we poor folk maun live single,
And do the best we can;
I dinna care what I shoud waut,
If I could get but a man.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Saw ye nae my Peggy.

11 Saw ye nae my Peggy, saw ye nae my Peggy, saw ye nae my Peggy, coming

Lively

O'er the Lee! Sure, a finer creature, neer was form'd by nature, so compleat each feature

so divine is fit. O, how Peggy charms me, ev'ry look still warms me, ev'ry thought alarms

me, lest she love not me. Peggy doth discover nought but charms all over; nature

bids me love her; that's a Law to me.

Who' would leave a lover,
To become a rover!
No, I'll ne'er give over,
Till I happy be!
For since love inspires me,
As her beauty fires me,
And her absence tires me,
Nought can please but she.
When I hope to gain her,
Fate seems to detain her;
Could I but obtain her,
Happy would I be!
I'll K down before her,
Bless, sigh, and adore her,
With faint looks implore her,
'Till she pity me!

The Toast. Same Tune.

COME let's ha'e mair wine in,
Bacchus hates repining,
Venus loves nae dwinning,
Let's be blyth and free.
Away with dull—Here t'ye, Sir;
Ye'r mistress, Robie, gie's her,
We'll drink her health wi' pleasure,
Wha's belov'd by thee?

Then let Peggy warm ye,
That's a lass can charm ye,
And to joys alarm ye,
Sweet is she to me.
Some angel ye wad ca' her,
And never with ane brawer,
If ye bare-headed saw her
Kilted to the knee.

Peggy a dainty lass is,
Come lets join our glasses,
And refresh our hauses
With a health to thee.
Let coofs their cash be clinking,
Be statesmentint in thinking,
While we with love and drinking,
Gie our cares the lie.

The Bonny Scot-man.

13

2

Ye Gales that gently wave the Sea, and please the canny

Andante

6 6 6 6

Boat-man, bear me frae hence, or bring to me my brave, my bonny

6 6

Scot-man! In ha'ly Bands we joynd our hands, yet may not this dif-

-co-ver, while Parents rate a large Estate before a faith-fu' Lo-ver.

But I loor chuse in Highland glens
 To herd the kid and goat, man,
 E'er I could for sic little ends
 Refuse my bonny Scot-man.
 Wae worth the man
 Wha first began
 The bafe ungenerous fashon,
 Frae greedy views,
 Love's art to use,
 While frangers to its passion!

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
 Haste to thy longing luffie,
 Who punts to press thy bairny mouth,
 And in her bosom haufe thee.
 Love gies the word,
 Then haste on board,
 Fair winds and tenty Boat-men,
 Wait o'er, wait o'er,
 Frae yonder shore,
 My blyth, my bonny Scot-man!

The Flowers of Edinburgh.

15

Andante

My love was once a bonny lad, he was the flower of all his kin; T

absence of his bonny face has rent my tender heart in twain. 1

day nor Night find no delight; in silent tears I still complain, and e

claim 'gainst those my rival foes; that have ta'en from me my darling Swan

Despair and anguish fill my breast,
 Since I have lost my blooming rose;
 I sigh and moan while others rest,
 His absence yields me no repose.
 To seek my love I'll range and rove,
 Thro' ev'ry grove and distant plain;
 Thus I'll ne'er cease, but spend my days,
 To hear tidings from my darling swain,

Kind Neptune, let me thee intreat,
 To send a fair and pleasant gale;
 Ye dolphins sweet, upon me wait,
 And convey me on your tail.
 Heavens bless my voyage with success,
 While crossing of the raging main,
 And send me safe o'er to that distant shore,
 To meet my lovely darling swain.

There's nothing sweeter in Nature's change, All joy and mirth at our return
 Since parents shew such cruelty; Shall then abound from Tweed to Tyne
 They caus'd my love from me to range, The bells shall ring, and sweet birds sing
 And know not to what destiny. To grace and crown our nuptial day
 The pretty kids and tender lambs Thus bless'd with charms in my love's train
 May cease to sport upon the plain; My heart once more I will regain
 But I'll mourn and lament, in deep discontent, Then I'll range no more to a distant shore
 For the absence of my darling swain. But in love will enjoy my darling swain

14

As Jamie Gay gang'd blythe his way a-long the banks of Tweed.

Andante

a bonny lass, as ever was, came trip-ping o'er the mead. The

hear-ty Swain, untought to feign, the buxom Nymph sur-vey'd, and

full of glee, as lad could be, he-spoke the pretty maid.

Dear lassie tell, why by thy fell
Thou hast'ly wand'rest here.
My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide;
Canst tell me, Laddie, where?
To town I hy, he made reply,
Some meikle sport to see;
But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
I'll seek the ewes with thee.

She gave her hand, nor made a stand,
But lik'd the youth's intent;
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vales,
Right merrily they went.

The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,
And flow'rs bloom'd all around;
And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
In the zenith of his power,
When to a shade their steps they made,
To pass the mid-day hour;
The bonny lad row'd in his plaid
The lass, who scorn'd to frown;
She soon forgot the ewes she sought,
And he to gang to town.

My Dear Jockey.

15

My laddie is gane far a way o'er the plain, while in sorrow behind I am
 Andante
 forced to remain; tho' blue bells & violets the hedges adorn, tho' trees are in blossom,
 sweet blows the thorn, no pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay; there's nothing can
 please me now Jockey's away: forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain, haste, haste, my dear
 Jockey, haste, haste, my dear Jockey, haste, haste, my dear Jockey, to me back a-gain!

When lads and their lasses are on the green met,
 They dance and they sing, and they laugh, and they chat,
 Contented and happy with hearts full of glee,
 I can't without envy their merriment see.
 Those pleasures offend me, my shepherd's not there,
 No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share,
 It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain.
 I with my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
 He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here;
 On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
 For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste.
 Then farewell each care, and adieu each vain sigh,
 Whill then be so blest or so happy as I!
 I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,
 When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

16

And gin ye meet a bonny lassie, gie'er a kiss, and let her
Andante

gae, Put if ye meet a dirty huffy, Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

Be sure ye dinna quit the grip O' il-lajoy, when ye are young, Be -

-fore auld age your vi-tals rip, And lay ye twafald o'er a ring.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time;
Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.
Watch the fast minutes of deelyte,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

Hoot, ye're ill bred, she'll smiling say,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;
Syn'e frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide herself in some dark nook.
Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happiness ye want,
And plainly tell you to your face,
Nineteen nayfays are haf a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kiss;
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
As taken of a future blis.
These bennifons, I'm very sure,
Are of the gods indulgent grant;
Then, furly carles, whifft, forbear
To plague us wi' your whining cant.

Same Tune. Sung by PATTIE.

DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And answer kindness wi' a flit bit.
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight.
But them despise who're soon defat,
And with a simple face give way
To a repulse; - then be not blate,
Push bauldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een.
If these agree, and she persist
To answer a' your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest;
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

The Lads of Livingston.

17

Pain'd with her slighting Jamie's love, Bell dropt a tear - Bell

Slowly

dropt a tear; The gods descended from above, well pleas'd to hear, well

6 6 6

pleas'd to hear. They heard the praises of the youth from her own tongue, from her own

6 6

tongue, Who now converted was to truth, and thus she sung, & thus she sung.

6 6

Bless'd days when our ingenious sex,	Ye Fair, while beauty's in its spring,
More frank and kind - more frank and kind,	Own your desire - own your desire,
Did not their lov'd adorers vex;	While love's young pow'r with his soft wing
But spoke their mind - but spoke their mind,	Fans up the fire - fans up the fire;
Repenting now, the promis'd fair,	O do not with a silly pride,
Would he return - would he return,	Or low design - or low design,
She ne'er again would give him care,	Refuse to be a happy bride,
Or cause him mourn - or cause him mourn,	But answer plain - but answer plain.

Why lov'd I the deserving swain,	Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime
Yet still thought shame - yet still thought shame,	With flowing eyes - with flowing eyes.
When he my yielding heart did gain,	Glad Jamie heard her all the time,
To own my flame - to own my flame.	With sweet surprise - with sweet surprise.
Why took I pleasure to torment,	Some god had led him to the grove,
And seem too coy - and seem too coy.	His mind unchang'd - his mind unchang'd,
Which makes me now, alas! lament	Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
My slighted joy - my slighted joy!	I am reveng'd - I am reveng'd.

The last time I came o'er the Moor.

18

The last time I came o'er the moor, I left my love behind

Slow

me, Ye pow'rs, what pain do I endure, When lost I de- as mind me!

Soon as the ruddy morn display'd, The beaming day en suing, I

met betimes my lovely maid, In fit re-treats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing, and chafely sporting;
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 Till night spread her black curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me,
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me,
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may furround me;
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter:
 Since she excels in every grace,
 In her my love shall center:
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
 She shall a lover find me;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me:
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom,
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

The Happy Marriage.

19

Slow

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of five systems of staves. The first system is marked 'Slow'. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments (marked 'hr'). The lyrics are: 'How blest has my time been! what joys have I known, Since wedlock's fo', 'bondage made Jeffy my own! So joyfull my heart is, so ea-zy my', 'chain, That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.' The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray,
 Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
 How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see,
 And borrow their looks from my Jeffy and me.

To try her sweet temper, oft-times am I seen,
 In revels all day with the nymphs on the green:
 Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
 And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
 Her wit and good humour bloom all the year thro';
 Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
 And cheat, with false vows, the too credulous fair;
 In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

The Lafs of Peaty's Mill.

21

20

Slow

The lafs of Peaty's mill, So bon-ny blythe and gay, In

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

tedding of the hay, Bare-head-ed on the green, Love midst her

locks did play, And wan-ton'd in her een.

Her arms, white round and smooth,

Breasts rising in their dawn,

To age it would give youth,

To press them with his hand;

Through all my spirits ran

An ecstasy of blifs,

When I such sweetness fand,

Wrapt in a balmy kifs.

Without the help of art,

Like flow'rs which grace the wild,

She did her sweets impart,

Whene'er she spoke, or finil'd.

Her looks, they were so mild,

Free from affected pride,

She me to love beguild;

I wish'd her for my bride.

O! had I all that wealth

Hopetoun's high mountains fill,

Insur'd long life and health,

And pleasure at my will;

I'd promise and fulfil,

That none but bonny she,

The lafs of Peaty's mill,

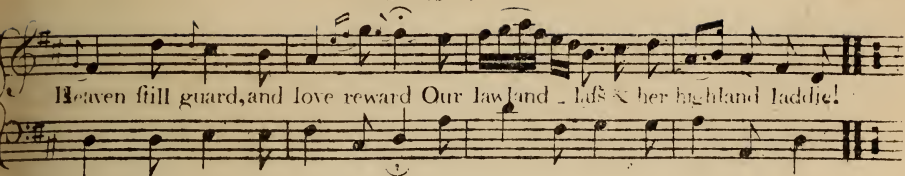
Shou'd share the fame with me.

The Highland Laddie.

21 The Lawland Lads think they are fine; But O they're vain and wondrous
 Slowish 6 6 6 6 6
 gawdy! how much unlike that gracefu' mien, And manly looks of my Highland
 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 6
 Laddie! O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie, O my handsome Highland Laddie!
 6 7 2 6 6 6 6
 when I was sick and like to die, he row'd me in his Highland Plaidie.
 6 6 6 6

Highland Laddie, New Sett.

22 The Lawland lads think they are fine; But O, they're vain and idly
 Slow 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6
 gawdy! how much unlike that gracefu' mien & manly looks of my Highland
 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6
 Laddie! O my bonny Highland Laddie, my handsome charming highland laddie! me
 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6



If I were free at will to chuse,
To be the wealthieft lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The bravest beau in burrow's-town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him he's but a clown;
Pe's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and dady,
Frae winter's cauld, and summer's fun,
He'll green me with his highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and filken bed,
May please a lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiss, and be as glad,
Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
I call him my dear highland laddie,
And he calls me his lawland lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and fied,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While heaven preserves my highland ladie
O my bonny, &c.

Same Tune

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they're four and unco sawcy;
Sae proud, they never can be kind
Like my good-humour'd highland lassie.
O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
My hearty smiling highland lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still blefs my lassie.

Than my lass in burrows-town,
Wha mak their cheeks with patches mottie,
I'd take my Katy but a gown;
Pare fogged in her little coatie.
O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier, or brecken bush,
Whene'er I kiss and court my dawtie;
Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
My flighter heart gangs pittie pattie.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll stien,
With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the deer out of their den,
To feast my lads on dishes dainty.
O my bonny &c.

There's nae shall dare by deed or word,
Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can wield my trusty sword,
Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.
O my bonny &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
And berries ripe, invite my treasure
To range with me; let great fowk gloom,
While wealth & pride confound their pleasure.
O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
My lovely smiling highland lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still blefs my lassie.

From the Duenna. Same Tune.

As sure a pair was never seen
So justly form'd to meet by nature!
The youth excelling so in mien,
The maid in ev'ry graceful feature!
O how happy are such lovers,
When kindred beauties each discovers!
Or surely she was made for thee,
And thou to blefs this charming creature.

So mild your looks, your children thouce,
Will early learn the task of duty.
The Boys with all their Father's sense,
The Girls with all their mother's beauty.
O how charming to inherit,
At once such graces and such spirit,
Thus while you live may fortune give
Each blessing equal to your merit!

The Turnimspike. Tune Clout the Caldron.

23

Herfell be Highland shentleman, Be auld as Poth - wel

Lively

prig, man: And mony alterations seen amang te Lawland Whig, man. Fal

lal. lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal

fal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal fal lal lal lal lal lal.

Firft when her to the Lawlands came,
 Nainfell was driving cows, man:
 There was nae laws about him's n —,
 About the preeks or trews, man.

Nainfell did wear the philabeg,
 The plaid prick't on her shoulder;
 The guid claymore hung pe her pelt,
 The pistol sharg'd wi' powder.

But for wheras these cursed preeks,
 Wherewith her n — be lockit,
 O hon! that e'er she saw the day!
 For a' her houghs be prokit.

Every t'ing in te Highlands now
 Pe turn't to alteration;
 The fodger dwell at our toor-sheek,
 And tat's te great vexation.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
 An' laws pring on te cadger;
 Nainfell wad durk him for her deeds,
 But oh! she fears te foger.

Anither law came after that,
 Me never saw te like, man;
 They mak a lang road on te crund,
 And ca' him Turnimspike, man.

An' wow! she pe a ponny road,
 Like Louden corn-rigs, man;
 Where twa carts may gang on her,
 An' no preak ithers legs, man.

They sharge a penny for ilka horse,
 In troth, she'll no pe sheaper,
 For nought put gaen upo' the crund,
 And they gi'e me a paper.

Nae doubts, Nainfell maun tra her purse
 And pay them what him's like, man!
 I'll see a shugement on his toor;
 T'at filthy Turnimspike, man!

But I'll awa' to te Highland hills,
 Where te'il a ane dare turn her,
 And no come near her Turnimspike,
 Unless it pe to purn her.

Blythe Jockey

25

24

My Jockey is the blitheliest Lad, that e-ver Maiden Wood; When

Andante

he appears my Heart is glad, for he is kind & good. He talks of Love when

er we meet. His Words in raptures flow! Then tunes his Pipe, & sings so sweet, I

have no Pow'r to go, Then tunes his pipe, & sings so sweet, I have no Pow'r to Go.

All other lasses he forsakes,
And flies to me alone;
At every fair, and all our walks
To me he makes his moan:
He buys me toys, and sweetmeats too,
And ribbons for my hair,
No swain was ever half so good
Nor half so kind and fair.

Where'er I go I nothing fear,
If Jockey is but by;
For I alone am all his care,
When ever danger's nigh.
He vows to wed next Whittuesday,
And make me blest for life;
Can I refuse, ye maidens say,
To be young Jockey's wife?

Same Tune

TO fly, like bird, from grove to grove,
To wander like the bee;
To sip of sweets, and taste of love,
Is not enough for me:
No flattering passions wake my breast,
I find the place to find
Where fate may give me peace and rest,
One shepherd to my mind.

To every youth I'll not be gay;
Nor try on all my powers;
Nor future pleasures throw away
In toyings for an hour:
I would not reign the general toast,
Be prais'd by all the town;
A thousand tongues on me are lost;
I'll hear but only one.

For which of all the flattering train
Who swarm at beauty's shrine,
When youth's gay charms are in the wane
Will court their sure decline.
Then fops, and wits, and beaux, forbear,
Your arts will never do;
For some fond youth shall be my care,
Life's chequer'd season thro'.

My little heart shall have a home,
A warm and shelter'd nest;
No giddy flights shall make me roam
From where I am most blest:
With love and only that dear swain,
What tranquil joys I feel!
Farewell, ye false, inconstant train;
For one is all to me.

Auld lang syne.

25 Should auld acquaintance be forgot, Tho' they return with

Andante 6

fears, These are the noble hero's lot, Obtain'd in glorious wars:

6 6 6

Welcome, my Varo, to my breast, Thy arms a-bout me twine, And.

6 6 6

make me once a - gain as blest, As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough
 A thousand Cupids play,
 Whilst through the groves I walk with
 Each object makes me gay: (you,
 Since your return, the sun and moon
 With brighter beams do shine,
 Streams murmur soft notes while they
 As they did lang syne. (run,

O'er moor and dale with your gay friend
 You may pursue the chase,
 And, after a blyth bottle, end
 All cares in my embrace:
 And, in a vacant rainy day,
 You shall be wholly mine;
 We'll make the hours run smooth away,
 And laugh at lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state;
 Let that to their share fall,
 Who can esteem such slavery great,
 While bounded like a ball:
 But sunk in love, upon my arms
 Let your brave head recline;
 We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
 As we did lang syne.

The hero, pleas'd with the sweet air,
 The signs of gen'rous love,
 Which had been utter'd by the fair,
 Bow'd to the pow'rs above;
 Next day, with glad consent and haste,
 Th' approach'd the sacred shrine;
 Where the good priest the couple blest,
 And put them out of pine.

Leander on the Bay.

27

26

Leander on the bay Of Hellaspont all naked stood, Impatient of de-

Slow

6 6 6

- lay, He leap'd into the fatal flood: The raging seas, Whom none can

6

please, Gainst him their malice shew, The heavens lour'd, The rain down pour'd,

And loud the winds did blow.

(2)

Then casting round his eyes,
Thus of his fate he did complain,
Ye cruel rocks, and skies!
Ye stormy winds, and angry main,
What 'tis to miss
The lovers bliss,
Alas! ye do not know;
Make me your wreck
As I come back,
But spare me as I go.

Lo! yonder stands the tower
Where my beloved Hero lies,
And this is the appointed hour
Which sets to watch her longing eyes.

To his fond suit
The gods were mute;
The billows answer, No;
Up to the skies
The surges rise,
But sink the youth as low.

Meanwhile the wishing maid,
Divided 'twixt her care and love,

Now does his stay upbraid;
Now dreads he should the passage prove:
O fate! said she,
Nor heaven, nor thee,
Our vows shall e'er divide.
I'd leap this wall,
Could I but fall
By my Leander's side.

At length the rising sun
Did to her sight reveal too late,
That Hero was undone;
Not by Leander's fault, but fate.
Said she, I'll shew,
Tho' we are two,
Our loves were ever one;
This proof I'll give,
I will not live,
Nor shall he die alone.

Down from the wall she leapt
Into the raging seas to him,
Courting each wave she met,
To teach her weary'd arms to swim;
The sea-gods wept,
Nor longer kent,
Her from her lover's side,
When join'd at last,
She grasp'd him fast,
Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and dy'd.

The Gentle Swain

Tune, Johnny's gray Brecks.

27 Now smiling Spring a gain appears, with all the beauties of her train, Love

Slow 6 6

soon of her arrival hears, & flies to wound the Gentle Swain. How gay does nature

6 6 6 6 6

now appear, the lambkins frisking o'er the plain, sweet feather'd songsters now we hear, w

6 6 6 5 4 3 6 4 5 3

Jenny seeks her Gentle Swain. How gay does nature now appear, the lambkins frisking

6 6 6 6

o'er the plain, sweet feather'd Songsters now we hear, while Jenny seeks her Gentle Sw

Ye Nymphs, Oh! lead me thro' the Grove,
Thro' which your streams in silence mourn;
There with my Johnny let me rove,
Till once his fleecy flocks return;
Young Johnny is my Gentle Swain,
That sweetly pipes along the mead,
So soon's the lambkins hear his strain,
With eager steps they turn in speed.

The Flocks now all in sportive play,
Come frisking round the piping swain,
Then fearful of too long delay,
Run blating to their Dams again,
Within the fresh green Myrtle Grove,
The feather'd choir in rapture sing,
And sweetly warble forth their love,
To welcome the returning Spring.

Same Tune

JENNY'S heart was frank and free,
And wooers she had many yet,
Her sang was aye, Of a' I see,
Commeid me to my Johnie yet.

For air and late, he has sic a gate
To mak a body cheary, that
I wish to be, before I die,
His ain kind deary yet.

Now Jenny's face was fu' o' grace,
Her shape was fina' and genty-like,
And few or none in a' the place
Had gowd and gear nair plenty yet;
Tho' war's alarms, and Johnie's charms
Had gart her aft lookerie, yet:
She sing wi' glee, "I hope to be
"My Johnie's ain kind Deary yet:

"What tho' he's now gaen far awa,
"Where guns and cannons rattle, yet,
"Unless my Johnie chance to fa'
"In some uncanny battle, yet
"Till he return, his breast will burn
"Wi' love that will confound me yet,
"For I hope to see, before I die,
"His Bairns a' dance around me yet.

He stole my tender Heart away.

29

28

The fields were green, the hills were gay, And birds were

Andantino, Amoroso

finging on each spray, When Colin met me in the grove, And

told me tender tales of love. Was e ver swain so blythe as he, So

kind so faithful and so free! In spite of all my friends cou'd

say, Young Colin stole my heart a way, In spite of all my

friends cou'd say, Young Col in stole my heart a way.

When ere he trips the meads along,
He sweetly joins the woodlark's song;
And when he dances on the green,
There's none so blithe as Colin seen:
If he's but by I nothing fear,
For I alone am all his care;
Then spite of all my friends can say,
He's stole my tender heart away.

My Mother chides when ere I roam,
And seems surpris'd I quit my home,
But she'd not wonder that I rove,
Did she but feel how much I love,
Full well I know the generous swain,
Will never give my bosom pain:
Then spite of all my friends can say,
He's stole my tender heart away.

Blythe Jocky Young and Gay

29 Blythe Jocky young and gay, is all my
Andante 6 6

heart's de-light, He's all my talk by day, and all my
7 6 6 4 5

dreams by night. If from the lad, I be,
6 6 6

'Tis winter then, with me But when he far-ries here,
6 6 6

'tis summer all the year.

When I and Jocky met first on the flow'ry dale,
Right sweetly he me tret, and love was a' his tale.
You are the lafs, said he, that staw my heart frae me,
O ease me of my pain, and never show disdain.

Well can my Jocky kyth his love and courtesie;
He made my heart fu' blythe when he first spake to me.
His suit I ill deny'd; he kiss'd, and I comply'd:
Sae Jocky promis'd me, that he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when Jocky comes, sad when he gangs away;
'Tis night when Jocky glooms, but when he smiles 'tis day.
When our eyes meet I pant, I colour, sigh, and faint;
What tafs that wad be kind can better tell her mind.

Bonny Betsy.

31

Tune-Belsey's Haggies

30

Bef-sy's beauties shine fae bright Were her mony,

Andante

virtues fewer, She wad e-ver gie de-light And in transport

make me view her. Bonny Bef-sy, thee a - l ne

Love I, naething, else a-bout thee; With thy coun - ti

- nels I'm taen, And langer can-not live without thee

Betsy's bosom's fast and warm,

Milk-white fingers still employ'd,

He who takes her to his arm,

Of her sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.

My dear Betsy, when the roses

Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,

Virtue, which thy mind discloses,

Will keep love from growing cauld.

Betsy's tocher is but scanty,

Yet her face and soul discover

Those enchanting sweets in plenty

Maun entice a thousand lovers.

'Tis not money, but a woman

Of a temper kind and easy,

That gives happiness uncommon;

Fetted things can nought but tease ye.

Twine weel the Plaiden.

31

Slow

O! I hae lost my filken snood, That tied my hair fae
 yel-low, I've gi'en my heart to the lad I loo'd; he
 was a gallant fel-low. And twine it weel, my
 bon-ny dow, And twine it weel, the plaiden; the
 lassie lost her filken snood, In pu'ing of the bracken.

He prais'd my een fae bonny blue,
 Sae lily white my skin o',
 And syne he prais'd my bonny mou,
 And swore it was nae fin o',
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
 And twine it weel the plaiden;
 The lassie lost her filken snood,
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

But he has left the lass he loo'd,
 His ain true love forsaken,
 Which gars me fair to greet the snood,
 I lost amang the bracken.
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
 And twine it weel, the plaiden;
 The lassie lost her filken snood,
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

32

O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me, nor figh to leave the flaunting

Andante

6 6 6 6 6 5

town; Can filent glens have charms for thee, the lowly cot, and ruffet

6 6

gown? Nae langer drest in filken sheen, Nae langer deck'd wi' jewels rare. Say,

6 6 6

canst thou quit each courtly scene, Where thou wast fairest of the fair, Where

6 7

thou wast fairest of the fair?

6 6

(2)

O Nannie, when thou'rt far awa,
Wilt thou not cast a with behind,
Say, canst thou face the flaky snow,
Nor shrink before the warping wind.
O can that fast and gentlest mien,
Severest hardships learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wast fairest of the fair.

(3)

(4)

O Nannie, canst thou love so true,
Thro' perils keen wi' me to gae?
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of wae?
And when invading pains befall,
Wilt thou assume the Nurse's care,
Nor withful those gay scenes recal,
Where thou wast fairest of the fair.

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

The Blathrie o't.

33

When I think on this world's peif, And the little weelshare I have
o't to my felf, And how the lafs that wants it is by the lads forgot,
May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't!.

Lively

6 4 3 6 6

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

Jenny was the lafsie that mucked the byre,
But now she is clad in her filken attire,
And Jockie fays he loes her, and fwears he's me forgot;
May the shame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't.

But all this shall never danton me,
Sae lang as I keep my fancy free:
For the lad that's sae inconstant, he's not worth a groat;
May the shame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't.

Lucky Nancy.

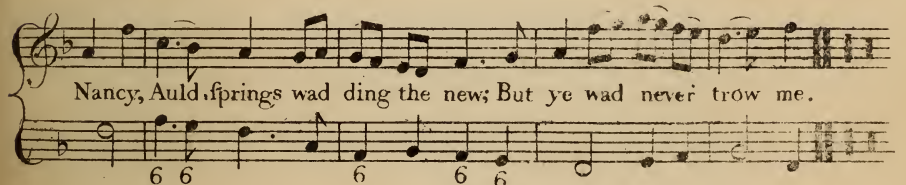
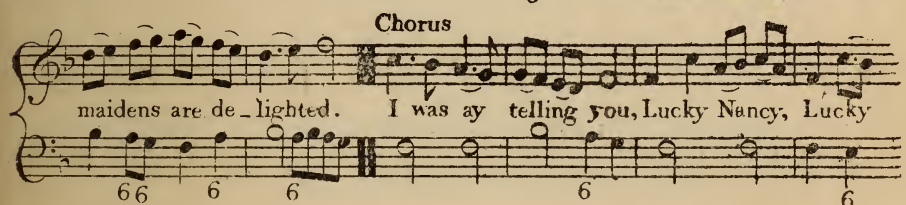
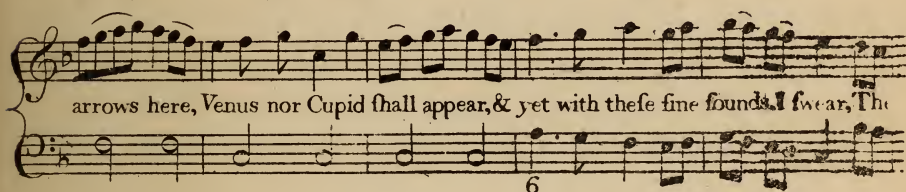
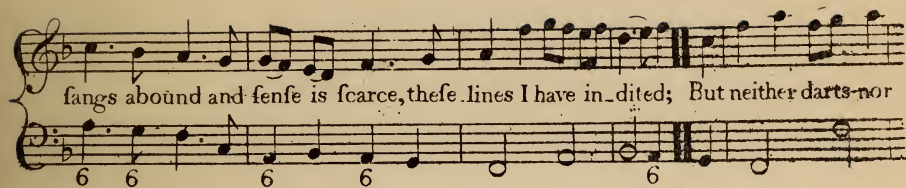
Tune, Dainty Davie.

34

While fops in fast Italian verse, Ilk fair ane's een & breast rehearse, While

Lively

6 4 2 6 6 6



Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,
To spread upon my lassie's cheeks;
And syne th'unmeaning name prefix,
Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.
I'll fetch nae simile frae Jove,
My hight of ecstacy to prove,
Nor sighing - thus - present my love
With roses eke and lilies.
I was ay telling you, &c.

But stay, - I had amaist forgot
My mistress, and my sang to boot,
And that's an unco' faut, I wot;
But, Nanfy, 'tis nae matter.
Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhyme,
And ken ye, that atones the crime;
Forby, how sweet my numbers chyme,
And slide away like water.
I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my rev'rend sonfy fair,
Thy runkled cheeks, and lyrat hair,
Thy half shut een, and hoddling air,
Are a' my passion's fuel.
Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,
Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee;
Yet thou hast charms anew for me;
Then smile, and be na cruel.
Leez me on thy snawy pow,
Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy!
Dryest wood will eitheist low,
And, Nancy, fae will ye now

Troth, I have sung the sang to you,
Which never anither bard wad do;
Hear then my charitable vow,
Dear venerable Nancy!
But if the warld my passion wrang,
And say ye only live in sang,
Ken, I despise a stand'ring tongue,
And sing to please my fancy.
Leez me on thy &c.

May eve, or Kate of Aberdeen.

35 The silver moon's enlarded beams, Steals softly through the

Andante 6 6

night, To wanton in the winding streams, And kiss re - - flect - ed

light. To courts, begone! heart soothing sleep, where you've so fel - dom

been, Whilst I May's wakeful vigil keep, With Kate of Aber - deen, With

Kate of A - ber - deen, With Kate of A - ber - deen.

The Nymphs and Swains, expectant, wait
In primrose-chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promis'd May;
The Nymphs and Swains shall all declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
And rouse yon nodding grove,
Till new-would birds dislend their throats,
And hail the maid I love.

At her approach, the lark mistakes,
And quits the new-dress'd green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks;
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!

Now blithsome o'er the dewy mead,
Where elves disportive play,
The festal dance young shepherds lead,
Or sing their love-tun'd lay.
'Till May, in morning robe, draws nigh,
And claims a Virgin Queen;
The Nymphs and Swains, exulting, cry,
Here's Kate of Aberdeen!

36

What beauties does Flora dis - close! How sweet are her

Andante

smiles up - on Tweed! Yet Mary's still sweet - er then those, Both

nature and fancy ex - ceed. No daisy, nor sweet blush - ing

rose, Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor Tweed glid - ing

gently thro' those, Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,
 With music enchant every bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let's see how the primroses spring,
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love, while the feather'd folks sing.

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest
 Kind Nature indulging my bliss,
 To ease the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep?

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her may compare;
 Love's graces around her do dwell,
 She's fairest, where thousands are fair,
 Say, charmer, where do thy flock stray.
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed.
 Is it on the sweet winding Tay
 Or pleasanter banks of the Tweed.

Mary's Dream.

37. The moon had climb'd the highest hill, which rises o'er the source of

Slow

Dee, And from the eastern summit shed her silver light on tow'r and tree:

When Mary laid her down to sleep, Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea; When

soft and low a voice was heard, Say, Mary weep no more for me.

New set of Mary's Dream.

38. The moon had climb'd the highest hill, Which rises o'er the source of

Andante

Dee, And from the eastern summit shed Her silver light on tow'r and tree:

When Mary laid her down to sleep, her thoughts on Sandy far at sea; When

soft and low a voice was heard, Say, Mary weep no more for me.

Adag.

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

3

'Three stormy nights and stormy days
 'We tos'd upon the raging main;
 'And long we strove our bark to save,
 'But all our striving was in vain.'

Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
 'My heart was fill'd with love for thee:
 'The storm is past, and I at rest;
 'So, Mary, weep no more for me.'

4

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

Water Parted from the Sea.

39 Water parted from the Sea - May increase the river's tide: to the

Andante

bubbling fount may flee - or thro' fertile valleys glide. Tho' in

search of soft repose, thro' the land 'tis free to roam, Still it

murmurs as it flows, Panting for its native home. Tho' in

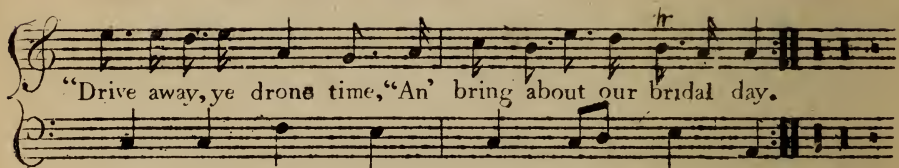
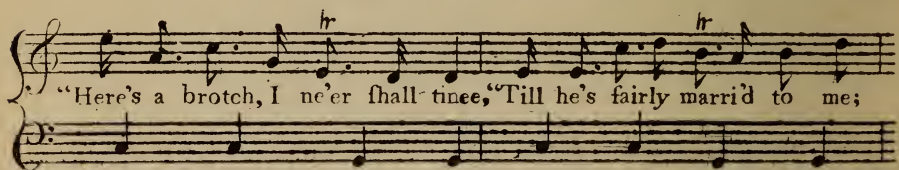
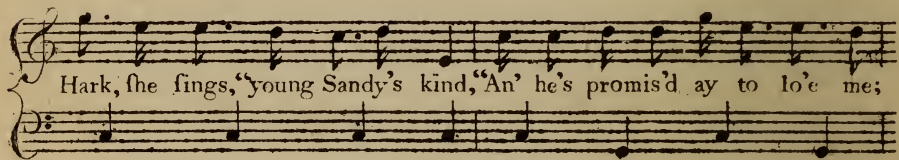
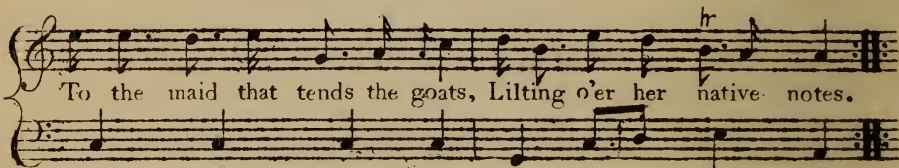
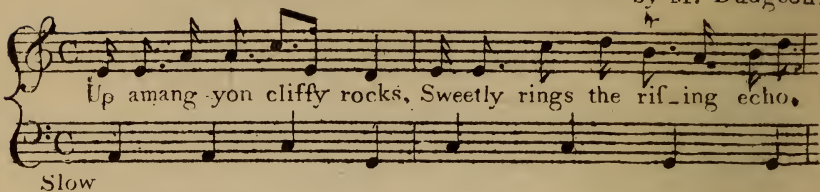
search of soft repose, thro' the land 'tis free to roam, still it

murmurs as it flows, panting for its native home.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass staff. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score includes lyrics and musical notation with various ornaments and fingerings. The lyrics are: 'Water parted from the Sea - May increase the river's tide: to the bubbling fount may flee - or thro' fertile valleys glide. Tho' in search of soft repose, thro' the land 'tis free to roam, Still it murmurs as it flows, Panting for its native home. Tho' in search of soft repose, thro' the land 'tis free to roam, still it murmurs as it flows, panting for its native home.'

The Maid that tends the Goats. by M^r Dudgeon.

40



"Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
 "Aften does he blaw the whistle,
 "In a strain fae fastly sweet,
 "Lam'mies listning dare nae bleat;
 "He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
 "Hardy, as the highland heather,
 "Wading thro' the winter snow,
 "Keeping ay his flock together;
 "But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
 "He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

"Brawly he can dance and sing
 "Canty glee or highland cronach;
 "Nane can ever match his fling
 "At a reel, or round a ring;
 "Wightly can he wield a rung
 "In a brawl he's ay the bangster:
 "A' his praise can ne'er be sung
 "By the langest winded sangster.
 "Sangs that sing o' Sandy
 "Seem short, tho' they were e'er fae lang.

41

Slow

Bleft as th' immortal gods is he. The Youtn who fondly
 fits by thee, And hears and fees thee, all the while, So softly
 speak and sweetly smile. 'Twas this bereav'd my foul of rest, And
 rais'd such tumults in my breast, For, while I gaz'd, in transport
 tofs'd, My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
 Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung;
 In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
 My feeble pulse forgot to play:
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away!

43

What numbers shall the muse repeat! What verse be found to

Andante

6

6

6

6

6

praise my Annie! O her ten thousand graces wait, Each swain ad

6

6

6

6

6

6

6

mires, and owns she's bonny. Since first she trode the hap-py

6

6

6

plain, She set each youthful heart on fire; Each nymph does to her

6

6

6

swain com-plain, That Annie, kindles new de-fire.

6

8

7

4

3

6

6

This lovely darling dearest care,
 This new delight, this charming Annie,
 Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,
 When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
 All day the am'rous youths conven,
 Joyous they sport and play before her;
 All night, when she no more is seen,
 In blissful dreams they still adore her.

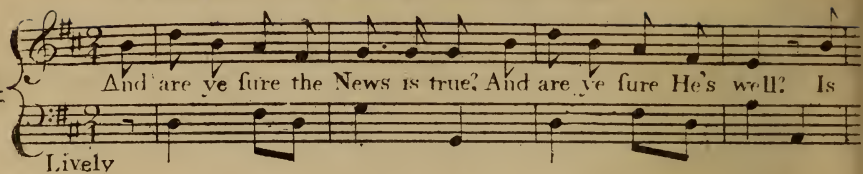
Among the croud Amyntor came,
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;
 His rising sighs express his flame,
 His words were few, his wishes many.

With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,
 Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye.
 Alas! your love must be deny'd,
 This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

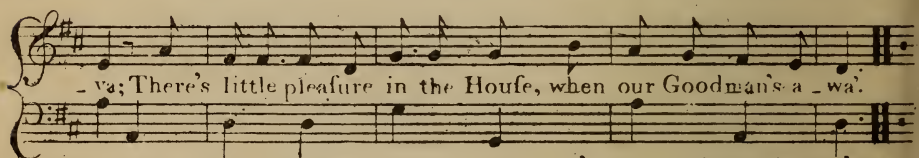
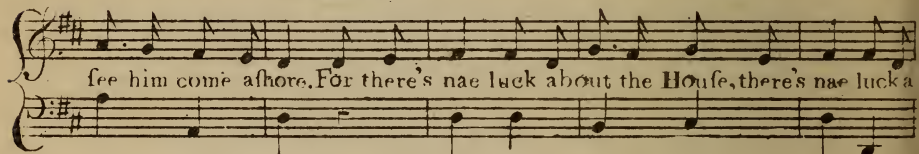
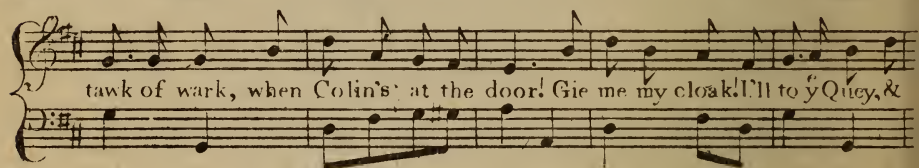
Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
 His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling
 He stole away my virgin heart;
 Cease, poor Amyntor! cease bewailing:
 Some brighter beauty you may find;
 On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
 Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to Damon his own Annie.

There's nae luck about the House.

44



Lively



Rife up and, mak a clean fire side,
Put on the mukle Pat;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat;
And mak their Shoon as black as Slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw,
It's a' to please my ain Goodman;
For he's been lang awa. Cho^s.

There is twa Hens upon the Bauk,
S been fed this month and mair;
Mak haste, and thra their necks about,
That Colin well may fare;
And spread the Table neat and clean;
Gar ilka thing look bra;
It's a' for love of my Goodman;
For he's been lang awa. Cho^s.

O gie me down my bigonets,
My Bishop fatten gown;
For I maun tell the Baillie's wife,
That Colin's come to Town;
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue,
It's a' to please my ain Goodman;
For he's baith leel and true. Cho^s.

Sae true's his words, Sae smooth's his
His breath like caller Air, (speech,
His very foot has musick in't,
When he comes up the stair;
And will I see his face again!
And will I hear him speak!
I'm downright dizzy wee the thought
In troth, I'm like to greet. Cho^s.

The could blasts of the winter wind,
That thrilled thro' my heart,
They're a blaun by, I hae him safe,
Till Death we'll never part;
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa;
The present moment is our Ain;
The neist we never saw. Cho^s.

Since Colin's well, I'm well, content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave;
And will I see his face again
And will I hear him speak,
I'm downright dizzy wee the thought;
In troth, I'm like to greet. Cho^s.

Tarry Woo.

45

45 { Tarry woo, O tarry woo, Tarry woo is ill to spin;
Andante 6 6 6

Card it well, oh Card it well, Card it well ere ye be_gin.
6 6 6 6

When 'tis carded, row'd, and spun, Then the work is hastens done;
6 6 6 6

But when woven, drest, and clean, It may be cleadng for a Queen.
6 6 6

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep,
Pleating sweetly as ye go,
Thro' the winter's frost and snow;
Hart, and hynd, and fallow-deer,
No be ha'f so useful are:
Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip,
Sing up the praise of tarry woo:
Sing the flocks that bear it too:
Harmless creatures, without blame,
That clead the back and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fou;
Leese me on the tarry woo.

How happy is the shepherd's life,
Far frae courts, and free of strife,
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae:
No such music to his ear:
Of thief or fox he has no fear;
Sturdy kent, and colly true,
Well 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,
Who'd 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.

The Maid in Bedlam.

46 { One morning very ear-ly, one morning in the spring, I

Slow

heard a maid in Bedlam, who mourn-ful-ly did sing; Her

chains she rat-tl'd on her hands, while sweetly thus sung she, I

love my love, because I know, my love loves me.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. It begins with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a corresponding piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the next two lines. The third system contains the next two lines. The fourth system contains the final line of the song. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Oh! cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea;
 And cruel, cruel, was the ship that bore my love from me,
 Yet I love his parents, since they're his, although they've ruin'd me;
 For I love my love, &c.

O! should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me to the sky,
 I'd claim a guardian angel's charge, around my love to fly,
 For to guard him from all dangers, how happy should I be!
 For I love my love, &c.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous fine,
 With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine;
 And I'll present it to my love, when he returns from sea.
 For I love my love, &c.

O if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast:
 Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my love to rest;
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward should be;
 For I love my love, &c.

O if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky,
 I'd gaze around, with piercing eyes, where I my love might spy:
 But ah! unhappy maiden, that love you ne'er shall see;
 Yet I love my love, &c.

Whilst thus she sung, lamenting, her love was come on shore,
 He heard she was in Bedlam: then did he ask no more;
 But straight he flew to find her, while thus replied he:
 I love my love, &c.

O Sir, do not affright me: are you my love, or not?
 Yes, yes, my dearest Molly; I fear'd I was forgot.
 But now I'm come to make amends for all your injury,
 And I love my love, &c.

To the foregoing Tune.

AS down on Banna's banks I stray'd, one evening in May,
 The little birds, in blytheest notes, made vocal ev'ry spray:
 They sung their little notes of love; they sung them o'er and o'er.
 Ah! gramachree, mo challeenouge, mo Molly afore.

The daisy pied, and all the sweets the dawn of nature yields;
 The primrose pale, the violet blue, lay scatter'd o'er the fields;
 Such fragrance in the bosom lies of her whom I adore,
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank, bewailing my sad fate,
 That doom'd me thus the slave of love, and cruel Molly's hate.
 How can she break the honest heart, that wears her in it's core!
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

You said, you lov'd me, Molly dear; ah! why did I believe?
 Yes, who could think such tender words were meant but to deceive
 That love was all I ask'd on earth; nay Heav'n could give no more.
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

Oh! had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill,
 Or lov'd for me the num'rous herds, that yon green pastures fill,
 With her I love I'd gladly share my kine and fleecy store,
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves, above my head, sat courting on a bough;
 I envy'd them their happiness, to see them bill and coo;
 Such fondness once for me she shew'd, but now, alas! 'tis o'er.
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

Then, fare thee well, my Molly dear, thy loss I still shall moan;
 Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart, 'twill beat for thee alone.
 Tho' thou art false, may heav'n on thee it's choicest blessings pour!
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

To the foregoing Tune.

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd, I ne'er could injure you; (1)
 For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd, your charms would make it true
 To you no soul shall bear deceit, no stranger offer wrong;
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet, and lovers, in the young.

But when they learn, that you have bless'd another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest, and act a brother's part;
 Then, lady, dread not their deceit, nor fear to suffer wrong;
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet, and brothers, in the young.

The Collier's bonny Laffie.

47 { The collier has a daughter, And O she's wonder bonny! A

Lively 6 5

{ 'Tair'd he was that fought her, Rich baith in lands and money.

{ The tutors watch'd the motion of this young honest lover. But

6 5

{ Love is like the ocean; Wha can its deeps dis-cover?

He had the art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected,
 His airs fat round him easy,
 Genteel, but unaffected;
 The collier's bonny lassie,
 Fair as the new-blown lillie,
 Ay sweet, and never faucy,
 Secur'd the heart of Willie.

He lov'd beyond expression
 The charms that were about her,
 And panted for possession,
 His life was dull without her,

After mature resolving,
 Close to his breast he held her,
 In fastest flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus tell'd her—

My bonny collier's daughter,
 Let naething discompose ye;
 'Tis no your scanty tocher
 Shall ever gar me lose ye;
 For I have gear in plenty,
 And love says, 'Tis my duty,
 To ware what heav'n has lent me
 Upon your wit and beauty.

Within a Mile of Edinburgh.

48 *S.*
 'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town, in the ro-sy time of the

Andante *S.*

hr
 year, Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grafs was down, & each shepherd

would his dear: Bonny Jockey, blith & gay, Kifs'd sweet Jenny

making hay, The lassie blush'd, & frowning cry'd, No, no, it will not do, I

Sy
 cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
 Tho' long he had follow'd the lass,
 Contented she earn'd and eat her brown bread,
 And merrily turn'd up the grafs.
 Bonny Jockey, blith and free,
 Won her heart right merrily,
 Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cry'd, No, no, it will not do,
 I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too.

But when he vow'd, he would make her his Bride,
 Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,
 She gave him her hand, and a kifs beside,
 And vow'd, she'd for ever be true,
 Bonny Jockey, blith and free,
 Won her heart right merrily;
 At Church she no more frowning cry'd, No, no, it will not do,
 I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too.

My ain kind Deary-ō.

49

Will ye gang o'er the lee-rigg, my ain kind deary-ō! And

Andante 6 6 6 6 6 6

cud-dle there fae kind-ly wi' me, my kind deary-ō! At

6 6 6

thor-nie dike, and bir-ken-tree, we'll daff, and ne'er be wea-ry-

6 6 6

-o; They'll scug ill een frae you and me, mine ain kind deary o!

6

Nae herds wi' kent, or colly there,
 Shall ever come to fear ye-o;
 But lav'rocks, whistling in the air,
 Shall woo, like me, their deary-ō!

While others herd their lambs and ewes,
 And toil for warld's gear, my jo,
 Upon the lee my pleasure grows,
 Wi' you, my kind deary-ō!

Nancy's to the green-wood gane.

50

There Nancy's to the green-wood gane, To hear the gowd-spin

Andante 6 6 6

chattring, And Willie he has follow'd her, To gain her love by flatt'ring;

But a' that he could say, or do, She geck'd and scorned at him, And

ay when he be-gan to woo, She bid him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
 My minny, or my aunty?
 With crowdy-mowdy, they fed me,
 Lang-kail, and ranty tanty:
 With bannocks of good barley meal,
 Of thae there was right plenty,
 With chapped stocks fou butter'd well;
 And was not that right dainty!

Altho' my father was nae laird,
 'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
 He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
 A ha' house, and a pantry:
 A good blue bonnet on his head,
 An owrlay 'bout his craggy,
 And ay until the day he died,
 He rade on good thanks nagy.

Now wae and wander on your snout!
 Wad ye hae bonny Nanfy?
 Wad ye compare ye'rself to me?
 A docken till a tanfie!
 I have a wooer of my ain;
 They ca' him souple Sandy;
 And well I wat, his bonny mou'
 Is sweet like fugar-candy.

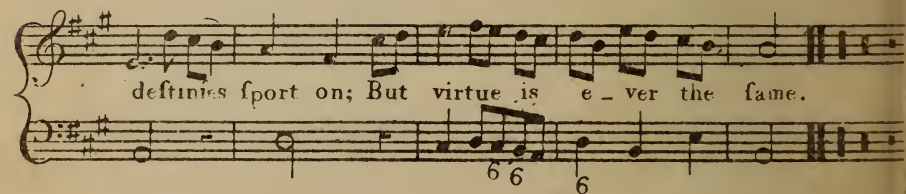
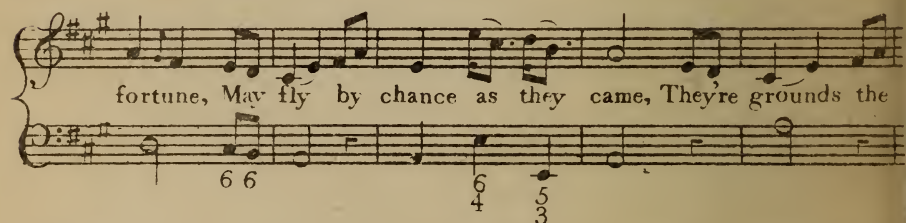
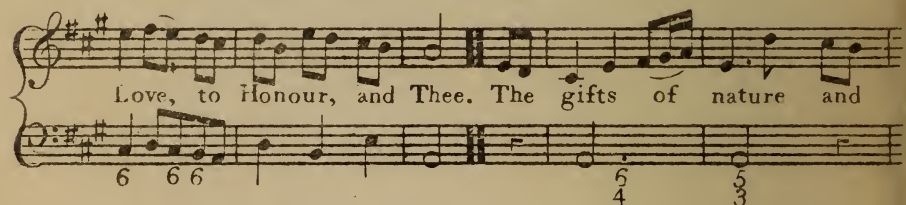
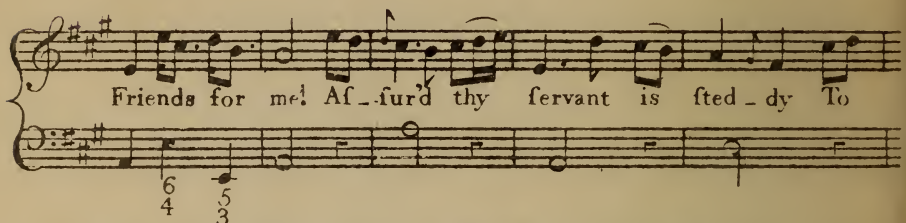
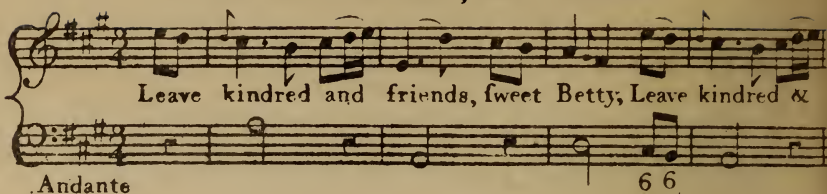
Wow, Nanfy! what needs a' this din!
 Do I not ken this Sandy?
 I'm sure the chief of a' his kin
 Was Rab the beggar randy:
 His minny, Meg, upo' her back,
 Bare baith him and his billy;
 Will ye compare a nafty pack
 To me your winfome Willy!

My gutcher left a good braid sword.
 Tho' it be auld and rusty,
 Yet ye may tak it on my word,
 It is baith stout and trusty;
 And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which will be right uneasy,
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
 That he shall get a heezy.

Then Nanfy turn'd her round about,
 And said, did Sandy hear ye,
 Ye wadna mis to get a clout;
 I ken he'd sna fear ye:
 Sae, had ye'r tongue, and say nae mair:
 Set somewhere else your fancy;
 For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
 Ye never shall get Nanfy.

Blink o'er the burn, sweet Bettie.

51



Altho' my fancy were roving,
 Thy charms so heav'nly appear,
 That other beauties disproving,
 I'd worship thine only, my dear!
 And should life's sorrows embitter
 The pleasure we promis'd our loves,
 To share them together is fitter,
 Than mean asunder, like doves.

Oh! were I but once so blessed,
 To grasp my love in my arms!
 By thee to be grasp'd! and kissed!
 And live on thy heaven of charms!
 I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
 Should fortune capricious prove;
 Tho' death should tear me to pieces.
 I'd die a martyr to love.

Jenny Nettles.

53

52

O Saw ye Jen-ny Nettles; Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles.

Lively

Saw ye Jen-ny Net-tles, Coming frae the market; Wi'

Bag and baggage on her back, Her fee and bountith in her lap, wi'

Bag and baggage on her back, And a babie in her oxters.

I met ayont the kairny,
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
Singing till her bairny,
Robin Rattles bastard;
To flee the dool upo' the fool,
And ilka ane that mocks her,
She round about seeks Robin out,
To flap it in his oxters.

Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle,
Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
Use Jenny Nettles kindly;
Score out the blame, and shun the shame,
And without mair debate o't,
Tak hame your wean, make Jenny fain
The leel and leesome gate o't.

When absent from the Nymph.

Tune O Jean, I love thee.

53

When absent from the Nymph I love, I'd fain shake off the

Slow

chains I wear; But whilst I strive these to re-move, More

fett'ers I'm oblig'd to bear. My captiv'd fan-cy, day and

night, Fair-er and fair-er re-pre-sents, Be-linda form'd for

dear delight, But cruel cause of my complaints.

All day I wander through the groves,

And sighing hear from ev'ry tree

The happy birds chirping their loves;

Happy compar'd with lonely me.

When gentle sleep with balmy wings,

To rest fans ev'ry wearied wight,

A thousand fears my fancy brings,

That keep me watching all the night.

Sleep flies, while like the Goddess fair,

And all the graces in her train,

With melting smiles and killing air

Appears the cause of all my pain.

A while my mind delighted flies

O'er all her sweets with thrilling joy,

Whilst want of worth makes doubts arise,

That all my trembling hopes destroy.

Thus, while my thoughts are fix'd on her,

I'm all o'er transport and desire:

My pulse beats high, my cheeks appear

All roses, and mine eyes all fire.

When to myself I turn my view,

My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan:

Thus, whilst my fears my pains renew,

I scarcely look or move a man.

Bonny Jean.

55

54

Love's goddess in a myrtle grove, Said, Cupid, bend thy

Andante

bow with speed, Nor let the shaft at random rove; For Jeany's

haughty heart must bleed. The smiling boy, with divine art, from

Pa-phos shot an arrow keen; Which flew unerring

to the heart, And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

No more the Nymph, with haughty air,
Refuses Willy's kind address;
Her yielding blushes shew no care,
But too much fondness to suppress.
No more the Youth is fullen now,
But looks the gayest on the green,
Whilst every day he spies some new
Surprising charms in bonny Jean.

Riches he looks on with disdain;
The glorious fields of war look mean;
The cheerful hound and horn give pain;
If absent from his bonny Jean.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
Which ev'n in summer, short'ned seems;
When sunk in downs, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms disclos'd she looks more bright
Than Troy's prize, the Spartan Queen;
With breaking day, he lifts his sight,
And pants to be with bonny Jean.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
He moves as light as fleeting wind,
His former sorrows seem a jest,
Now when his Jenny is turn'd kind.

O'er the Moor to Maggy.

55 And I'll o'er the moor to Maggy; her wit and

Lively

sweetness call me: then to my fair I'll show my mind, What-

-e- ver may be-fal me. If she love mirth, I'll

6

learn to sing; Or like the Nine to fol-low, I'll lay my

lugs in Pindus' spring, And in - vo - cate' A - pol - lo..

6

If she admire a martial mind,
 I'll sheath my limbs in armour;
 If to the softer dance inclin'd,
 With gayest airs I'll charm her:
 If she love grandeur, day and night,
 I'll plot my nation's glory,
 Find favour in my prince's sight,
 And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease,
 Where wit is corresponding;
 And bravest men know best to please,
 With complaisance abounding.
 My bonny Maggy's love can turn
 Me to what shape she pleases;
 If in her breast that flame shall burn,
 Which in my bosom blazes.

Pinky-Houfe.

56

By Pinkie-Houfe oft let me walk, While circled in my
 Andante 6 6 6 6 6 6 5
 arms, I hear my Nelly sweet-ly talk, And gaze o'er
 6 6 6 6 5
 all her charms. O let me, e-ver fond, be
 4 3 6 6 6
 - hold Those graces void of art, Those chearful smiles that
 6 6 4 #
 sweet-ly hold In will-ing chains my heart.
 6 6 6 3

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;
 That beauty like the blushing rose,
 First lighted up this flame;
 Which, like the fun, for ever glows
 Within my breast the same.

Ye Light Coquets! ye Airy Things!
 How vain is all your art!
 How seldom it a lover brings!
 How rarely keeps a heart!

O gather from my Nelly's charms,
 That sweet, that graceful ease;
 That blushing modesty that warms;
 That native art to please!

Come then, my love! O come along,
 And feed me with thy charms;
 Come, fair inspirer of my song,
 O fill my longing arms!
 A flame like mine can never die,
 While charms, so bright as thine,
 So heavenly fair, both please the eye,
 And fill the soul divine!

Here awa', there awa'.

57

Slow

Here a - wa', there a - wa' here a - wa', Willie; Here a - wa',
 there a - wa', here a - wa', hame. Lang have I fought thee,
 dear have I bought thee, Now I ha'e gotten my Willie a - gain.

The musical score is in 3/4 time, marked 'Slow'. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second system continues with the same key signature. The third system ends with a double bar line and a key signature change to one sharp (F#). Fingering numbers (6, 7, 4) are indicated below the bass staff.

Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,
 Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame,
 Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us,
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.
 Here awa'; there awa'; here awa', Willie;
 Here awa', there awa', here awa', hame.
 Come, Love, believe me nothing can grieve me,
 Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.
 Gin ye meet my love, kifs her & clap her,
 An gin ye meet my love, dinna think shame,
 Gin ye meet my love, kifs her & clap her,
 And shew her the way to had awa' hame.

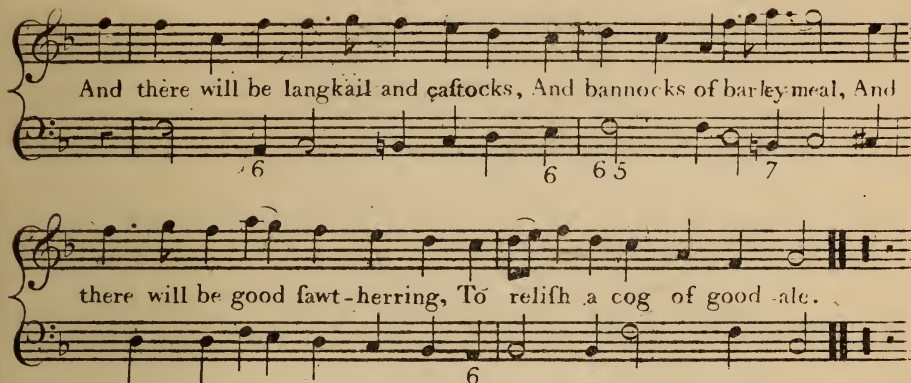
The Blithsome Bridal.

Brisk.

58

Come, Fy! let us a' to the wedding, For there'll be liltin' there, For
 Jock'll be married to Maggie, The lads wi' the gow - den hair.

The musical score is in 2/4 time, marked 'Brisk.'. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second system continues with the same key signature. Fingering numbers (6) are indicated below the bass staff.



And there will be Saundy the sutor,
And Will wi' the meikle mou,
And there will be Tam the blutter,
With Andrew the tinkler, I trow;
And there will be bow'd legged-Robie,
With thumbleless Katie's goodman,
And there will be blew cheeked Dobbie,
And Lawrie the laird of the land.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,
And plucky fac'd Wat i' the mill,
Capper nos'd Francie, and Gibbie,
That wins in the how of the hill;
And there will be Alaster Sibby,
Wha in with black Bessie did mool,
With snivelling Lilly and Tibby,
The lass that stands aft on the stool.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
And coft him gray breeks to his a -,
Wha after was hangit for stealing,
Great mercy it happen'd nae warfe;
And there will be gleed Geordy Janners,
And Kirsh with the lilly, white-leg,
Wha gade to the fouth for manners,
And plaid the fool in Mons-meg.

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,
And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
Wi' flea-lugged sharny fac'd Lawrie,
And shangy-mould halucket Meg;
And there will be happier a - Nancie,
And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,
Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Girly,
The lass wi' the gowden wame.

And there will be Girn again Gibby,
With his glakit wife Jeany Bell,
And misfled-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
The lad that was skipper himsel.
There lads and lasses in pearlings,
Will feast in the heart of the ha',
On sybows and rifarts and earlings,
That are baith foddan and raw.

And there will be fadges and brachan,
With fouth of good gabbocks of skate,
Powfowdie, and dramnock and crowdie,
And caller nowt-feet in a plate;
And there will be partans and buckies,
And whitens and speldings enew,
With singit sheep-heads and a haggies,
And scadlips to sup till you spew.

And there will be lapper'd milk kebbuck
And sowens, and farles, and baps,
With swats and well scraped paunches,
And brandy in stoups and in caps;
And there will be meal-kail and porrage,
With skink to sup till ye rive,
And roasts to roast on a brand',
Of flewks that were taken alive.

Scrap haddock, wilks, dulse and tangle,
And a mill of good snifthing to prie,
When weary with eating and drinking,
We'll rise up and dance till we die;
Then fye let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be liltin there,
For Jock'll be married to Maggie,
The lass with the gowden hair.

Sae Merry as we twa hae been.

59 *hr* A Lafs that was laden'd with care, Sat heavily under yon
Slow 6 6 6 3 6 4

thorn; I listend a while for to hear, When thus she began for to mourn. *hr*
 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 4 3

When e'er my dear shepherd was there, The birds did me-lodiously sing, And
 6 6 3 6 4

cold nipping winter did wear, A face that resembled the spring. Sae *hr*
 6 6 6 6 6 4 5

merry as we twa hae been, Sae merry as we twa hae been, My
 6 6 6 3 6 4 6 6 6

heart it is like for to break, When I think on the days we hae seen. *hr*
 6 6 6 6 6 6 4 3

Our flocks feeding-clofe by his fide,
 He gently preffing my hand,
 I view'd the wide world in its pride,
 And laugh'd at the pomp of command!
 My dear, he wou'd oft to me fay,
 What makes you hard hearted to me?
 Or, why do you thus turn away,
 From him who is long for thee?
 Sae merry, &c.

But now he is far from my fight,
 Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
 Which makes me lament day and night,
 That ever I granted my love.
 At eve, when the rest of the folk
 Are merrily feated to spin,
 I fet myself under an oak,
 And heavily sigh'd for him.
 Sae merry, &c.

Bonny Christy.

60

How sweetly smells the simmer green, sweet taste the peach & cherry, Paint
Andante

ing and order please our een, and claret makes us merry: But finest

colours, fruits and flowers, and wine, tho' I be thirsty, Lose a' their

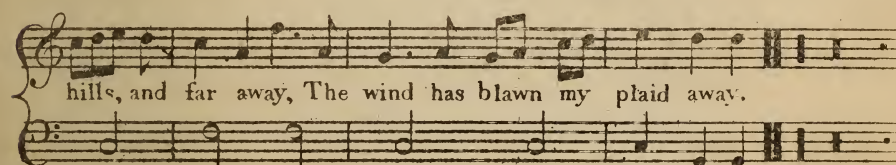
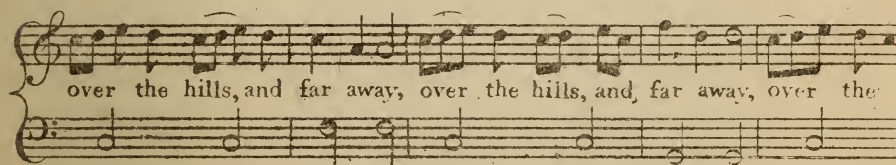
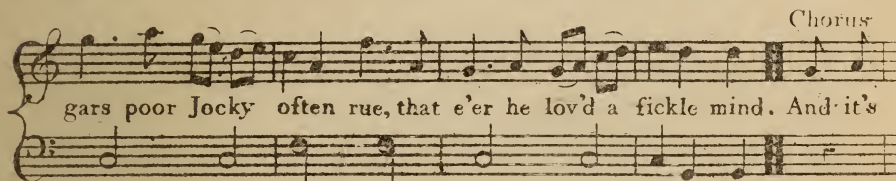
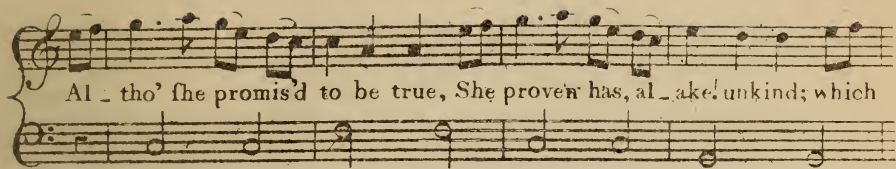
charms, and weaker powers, Compar'd with these of Christy.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting,
How lightfome is't to hear the lark,
And birds in concert chanting!
But if my Christy tunes her voice,
I'm rapt in admiration;
My thoughts with ecstasies rejoice,
And drap the haill creation.

When'er she smiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And often mint to make advance,
Hoping she'll prove a woman:
But, dubious of my ain desert,
My sentiments I smother;
With secret sighs I vex my heart,
For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate Edie by a burn,
His Christy did o'erhear him;
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
But e'er he wist drew near him.
She spake her favour with a look,
Which left nae room to doubt her;
He wisely this white minute took,
And flang his arms about her.

My Christy! — witness, bonny stream,
Sic joys frae tears arising,
I with this mayna be a dream;
O love the maist surprising!
Time was too precious now for tuck;
This point of a' his wishes
He wadna with fit speeches baulk,
But wad it a' on liffes.



Now Jocky was a bonny lad
As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
But now poor man! he's e'en gane wood,
Since Jenny has gart him despair.
Young Jocky was a piper's son,
And fell in love when he was young;
But a' the springs that he could play,
Was o'er the hills, and far away.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

He sung - When first my Jenny's face
I saw, she seem'd fae fu' of grace,
With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
That's now, alas! with sorrow kill'd.
Oh! was she but as true as fair,
'Twad put an end to my despair;
Instead of that she is unkind,
And wavers like the winter wind.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Ah! cou'd she find the dismal wae,
That for her sake I undergae,
She cou'd nae chuse but grant relief,
And put an end to a' my grief.

But oh! she is as fause as fair,
Which causes a' my sighs and care;
But she triumphs in proud disdain,
And takes a pleasure in my pain.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Hard was my hap, to fa' in love
With ane that does fae faithless prove;
Hard was my fate to court a maid,
That has my constant heart betray'd.
A thousand times to me she swore,
She wad be true for evermore.
But, to my grief, alake, I say,
She staw my heart and ran away.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Since that she will nae pity take,
I maun gae wander for her sake,
And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
I'll fighting sing, Adieu to love;
Since she is fause whom I adore,
I'll never trust a woman more;
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
And on my pipe I'll sweetly play
O'er hills, and dabs, and far away, &c.

The Flowers of the Forest.

63

Adieu, ye Streams that smoothly glide, through mazy windings o'er the
 Slow
 plain! I'll in some lonely cave, reside, and ever mourn my faithful swain.
 Flower of the forest was my Love, Soft as the sighing Summer's gale,
 Gentle and constant as the dove, Blooming as roses in the vale.
 Alas! by Tweed my Love did stray, for me he search'd the banks around, but,
 ah! the sad and fa-tal day, my Love the pride of swains was drown'd.
 Now droops the willow o'er the stream, pale stalks his Ghost in yonder grove,
 dire Fancy paints him in my dream, Awake I mourn my hopeless Love.

Busk ye, Busk ye.

64

Slow

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride; Busk ye, busk ye, my

winsome marrow, Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride, And let us

to the braes of Yarrow. There will we sport, and gather dew,

Dancing while lav'rocks sing in the morning: There learn' frae

turtles to prove true; O Bell, ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes Flora yields,	Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,
And when the beams are kindly warming,	Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard,
Blythness appears o'er all the fields,	Wi' free consent my fears repel; (thee;
And Nature looks more fresh & charming,	I'll wi' my love and care reward thee.
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,	Thus sang I fastly to my fair,
Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,	Who rais'd my hopes with kind relenting
Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,	O queen of smiles, I ask'nae mair,
And pour their sweetness in his bosom.	Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.

There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

65

Lively

Bet - ty, ear - ly gone a maying, Met her lover

Willie stray - ing, Drift, or chance, no matter whither, This we

know, he reason'd with her; Mark, dear maid, the turtles cooing,

Fond - ly bil - ling, kind - ly wooing! See, how ev' - ry

bush dis - covers Hap - py pairs of feather'd lovers!

See, the op'ning blush of roses

All their secret charms disclose;

Sweet's the time, ah! short's the measure;

O their fleeting hasty pleasure!

Quickly we must snatch the favour

Of their soft and fragrant flavour;

They bloom to-day, and fade to-morrow,

Droop their heads, and die in sorrow.

Time, my Bess, will leave no traces

Of those beauties, of those graces;

Youth and love forbid our staying;

Love and youth abhor delaying;

Dearest maid, nay, do not fly me;

Let your pride no more deny me;

Never doubt your faithful Willie:

There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Gilderoy.

67

66

Ah! Chloris, cou'd I now but sit As unconcern'd as

Slow

when Your in - fant beau - ty cou'd be - get No

hap - pi - ness, nor pain! When I thy daw - ning

did admire, And prais'd the com - ing day, I lit - tle

thought that rise - ing fire Wou'd take my rest a - way.

Your charms in harmleſs childhood lay,	My paſſion with your beauty grew,
As metals in the mine;	While Cupid at my heart,
Age from no face takes more away,	Still, as his mother favour'd you,
Than youth conceal'd in thine:	Threw a new flaming dart.
But as your charms inſenſibly	Each gloried in their wanton part;
To their perfection preſs'd;	To make a lover, he
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,	Employ'd the utmoſt of his art;
And center'd in my breaſt.	To make a beauty, ſhe.

John Hay's Bonny Laffie.

67 By smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining; aft' cryd he, oh

Andante

hēy! maun I still live pining Myself thus a - way, & darna' discover To

my bonny Laffs, that I am her Lover! Nae mair it will hide, the flame

waxes stronger, If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer; Then I'll tak a

heart, & try at a venture: May be, e'er we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a goodmorrow;
The swart of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flow'rs smell the sweeter;
'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a flowing;
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded;
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded:
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to carefs ye;
For a my desire is John Hay's bonny Laffie.

The Bonny Brucket Laisie.

68 * The Bonny Brucket Laisie, She's blue beneath the e'en; She

Slow

was the fairest Laisie That danc'd on the green. A

lad he loo'd her dear-ly, She did his love re - turn; But

he his vows has broken, And left her for to mourn.

"My shape, she says, was handsome,
 "My face was fair and clean,
 "But now I'm bonny brucket,
 "And blue beneath the een,
 "My eyes were bright and sparkling,
 "Before that they turn'd blue;
 "But now they're dull with weeping,
 "And a, My Love, for you.

"My person it was comely,
 "My shape they said was neat;
 "But now I am quite changed,
 "My Stays they winna' meet.
 "A' night I slept soundly,
 "My mind was never sad;
 "But now my rest is broken,
 "Wi' thinking o' my lad.

"O could I live in darkness,
 "Or hide me in the sea,
 "Since my love is unfaithful,
 "And has forsaken me.
 "No other love I suffer'd
 "Within my breast to dwell;
 "In nought I have offended
 "But loving him too well.

Her lover heard her mourning,
 As by he chanc'd to pass;
 And press'd unto his bosom
 The lovely brucket lais.
 "My dear, he said, cease grieving;
 "Since that your love's so true,
 "My bonny, brucket laisie,
 "I'll faithful prove to you"

The Broom of Cowdenknows.

69 How blyth was I each morn to see My swain come o'er the

Slow

hills! He leap'd the burn, and flew to me, I met him wi' good will.

O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom, The broom of the Cowdenknows!

I wish I were wi' my dear swain, Wi' his pipe and my ewes.

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

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

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by;
E'en the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
Charm'd wi' his melody.
O the broom, &c.

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

While thus we spent our time, by turns
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
'Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.
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 usefess by.
O the broom, &c.

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

To the foregoing Tune.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on
Sing their successful loves, (Tweed
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And music fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom
So fair on Cowdenknows;
For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Could play with half such art.

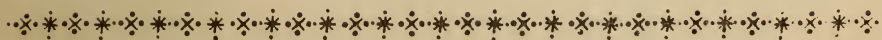
He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leaderhaughs and Leaderfide,
Oh, how I blest'd the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowdenknows;
For sure, so fresh, so bright a bloom,
Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot braes, so green and gay,
May with this broom compare,
Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowdenknows,
My peaceful happy home!
Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
At ev'n among the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plain
Where Tweed with Tiviot flows,
Convey me to the best of swains,
And my lov'd Cowdenknows.



Oscar's Ghost.

70

O see that form that faintly gleams! 'Tis Oscar come to cheer my

Slow

6

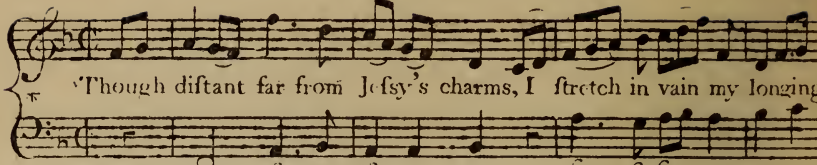
dreams; On wings of wind he flies away; O stay, my lovely Oscar, stay.

6 6 6 5 4 3

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

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

Her Absence will not alter me.

71  *Andante*

Though distant far from Jetsy's charms, I stretch in vain my longing

arms, Though parted by the deeps of sea, Her absence shall not alter me.

Though beauteous nymphs I see around, A Chloris, Flora, might be found, Or

Phyllis with her roving eye; Her absence shall not alter me.

A fairer face, a sweeter smile,
Inconstant lovers may beguile,
But to my lass I'll constant be,
Nor shall her absence alter me.
Though laid on India's burning coast,
Or on the wide Atlantic toft,
My mind from Love no Pow'r could free,
Nor could her absence alter me.

Ask, who has seen the turtle dove
Unfaithful to its marrow prove:
Or who the bleating ewe has seen
Desert her lambkin on the green?
Shall beasts and birds, inferior far
To us, display their love and care?
Shall they in Union sweet agree,
And shall her absence alter me?

See how the flow'r that courts the sun,
Pursues him till his race is run!
See how the needle seeks the Pole,
Nor distance can its pow'r controul!
Shall lifeless flow'rs the sun pursue,
The needle to the Pole prove true;
Like them shall I not faithful be,
Or shall her absence alter me.

For Conq'ring Love is strong as Death,
Like veh'ment flames his pow'ful breath,
Thro' floods unmov'd his course he keeps,
Ev'n thro' the Sea's devouring deeps.
His veh'ment flames my bosom burn,
Unchang'd they blaze till thy return;
My faithful Jetsy thou shalt see,
Her absence has not alter'd me.

The Birks of Invermay.

23

72

Andante

The smiling morn, the breathing spring, In - vite the
 tuneful birds to sing, And while they warble from each spray, Love
 melts the u - ni - ver - sal lay. Let us, A - manda, time - ly
 wife, Like them improve the hour that flies, And in soft raptures
 waste the day, A - mong the birks of In - ver - may.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of five systems of staves. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, key signatures, time signatures, and dynamic markings like 'hr' (fortissimo). Fingering numbers (1-5) are indicated below many notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear;
 At this, thy living bloom will fade,
 As that, will strip the verdant shade,
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters are no more;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound;
 The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,
 Gambol and dance about their dams;

The busy bees with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice:
 Let us, like them, then sing and play
 About the birks of Invermay.

Hark, how the waters, as they fall,
 Loudly my love to gladness call;
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams,
 The circling fun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance:
 Let us as jovial be as they,
 Among the birks of Invermay.

Mary Scot.

73

Andante

Happy's the love which meets re^h-turn, When in soft
 flame souls e^h-qual burn; But words are wanting to discover, The
 torments of a hope^hless lover. Ye regis^h-ters of heaven, re-
 -late, If looking o'er the rolls of fate, Did you there see me
 markd to marrow Mary Scot, the flow'r of Yarrow?

Ah! no! her form's too heav'nly fair.
 Her love the gods above must share;
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at a distance due adore her.
 O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile:
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My Mary's tender as she's fair;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish:
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the sky;
 When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise of Yarrow.

Down the burn, Davie

75

74

Andante

When trees did bud, and fields were green, And
broom bloom'd fair to see; When Mary was compleat fifteen, And
love laugh'd in her eye, Blythe Da - vie's blinks her
heart did move, To speak her mind thus free, Gang down the
burn, Da - vie, love, And I shall fol - low thee.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff for the voice and a bass clef staff for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The score includes fingerings (numbers 1-5) and articulation marks (accents, slurs). The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
That dwelt on yon burn side,
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
Her een were bonny blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
What tender tales they said!
His cheek to her's he aft did lay,
And with her bosom play'd;

Till baith at length impatient grown
To be mair fully blest,
In yonder vale they lean'd them down;
Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess was harmless play,
And naithing sure unmeet;
For ganging hame, I heard them say,
They lik'd a wa'k sae sweet:
And that they aften shoud return,
Sic pleasure to renew,
Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
And ay shall follow you.

The Banks of Forth.

75

Ye fylvan pow'rs that rule the plain, Where sweet-ly

Andante

wind-ing Forth glides, Conduct me to these banks a - gain, Since

there my charming Ma - ry bides. These banks that breathe their

ver-nal sweets, Where ev - ry smiling beau - ty meets; Where Mary's

charms a - dorn the plain, And cheer the heart of ev - - ry swain.

It in the thick embow'ring groves,
Where birds their music chirp aloud,
Alternately we sung our loves,
And Forth's fair meanders view'd.
The meadows wore a gen'ral smile,
Love was our banquet all the while;
The lovely prospect charm'd the eye,
To where the ocean met the sky.

Once on the grassy bank reclin'd,
Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep,
It was my happy chance to find
The charming Mary lull'd asleep;

My heart then leap'd with inward bliss,
I softly stoop'd, and stole a kiss;
She wak'd, she blush'd, and gently blam'd,
Why, Damon! are you not ashamed!

Ye fylvan powers, ye rural gods,
To whom we swains our cares impart,
Restore me to these blest abodes,
And ease, oh! ease my love-sick heart:
These happy days again restore,
When Mary and I shall part no more.
When she shall fill these longing arms,
And crown my bliss with all her charms.

76

Slow

O Saw ye my Father, or saw ye my Mother, Or saw ye my
true love John? I saw not your Father, I saw not your
Mother, But I saw your true love John.

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in the key of D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words aligned with specific notes. The score includes fingerings (e.g., 6, 7, 5, 4, 3) and a repeat sign at the end of the third line.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light,
And the bells they ring, ding dong;
He's met wi' some delay, that causeth him to stay,
But he will be here ere long.

The furly auld carl did naething but snarl,
And Johnny's face it grew red;
Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd.
Till all were asleep in bed.

Up Johnny rose, and to the doot he goes,
And gently tirl'd the pin;
The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,
And she open'd, and let him in.

And are you come at last, and do I hold ye fast,
And is my Johnny true!
I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like myfself,
Sae lang shall I love you.

Flee up, flee up my bonny gray cock,
And craw when it is day;
Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,
And your wings of the silver grey.

The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour o'er soon;
The lassie thought it day, when she sent her love away,
And it was but a blink of the moon

Green grows the Rashes.

The words by M^r R. Burns.

77 * There's nought but care on ev'ry han', In ev'ry hour that pas- ses,

Andante

O: What signifies the life o' man, An' twere not for the lasses, O?

Chorus

Green grow the Rashes, O; Green grow the rashes, O; The

sweetest hours that e'er I spend, Are spent a-mang the lasses, O

The warly race may riches chafe,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse! ye sneer at this,
Ye'er nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest Man the warl' saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my Dearie, O;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
Her noblest work she classifies, O:
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

Loch Eroch Side.

78 As I came by Loch Eroch side, The lofty hills surveying, The

Andante

water clear, The heather blooms Their fragrance sweet conveying, I mean
 fought, my love ly maid, I found her like May-morning; With Graces sweet,
 Charms so rare, Her Person all a-dorning, Person all a-dorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I, But faithful, loving, true and kind,
 While in my arms I pres'd her! Forever you shall find me;
 And she her wishes scarce conceal'd, And of our meeting here so sweet,
 As fondly I carefs'd her. Loch Eroch Side will mind me.
 She said, If that your heart be true, Enraptur'd then, "My Lovely Lads!
 If constantly you'll love me, I cry'd, no more we'll tarry
 I heed not cares, nor fortune's frowns; We'll leave the fair Loch Eroch Side
 Nor ought but death shall move me. For Lovers soon should marry."

To the foregoing Tune, by Burns

YOUNG Peggy blooms our boniest lass, Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
 Her blush is like the morning, Such sweetness would relent her,
 The rosy dawn, the springing grass, As blooming spring unbends the brow
 With early gems adorning: Of furly, savage, winter.
 Her eyes outline the radiant beams Detraction's eye no aim can gain
 That gild the passing shower, Her winning pow'rs to lesson;
 And glitter o'er the chrystal streams, And fretful envy grins in-vain,
 And cheer each fresh'ning flower. The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Her lips more than the cherries bright, Ye Pow'rs of Honor, Love and Truth,
 A richer die has grac'd them, From ev'ry ill defend her;
 They charm th' admiring gazer's sight Inspire the highly favor'd Youth
 And sweetly tempt to taste them; The destinies intend her;
 Her smile is as the ev'ning mild, Still fan the sweet connubial flame
 When feath' red pairs are courting, Responsive in each bosom;
 And little lambkins wanton wild, And bless the dear parental name
 In playful bands disporting. With many a filial blossom.

The Bonny grey-ey'd morn. *Sung by Sir William.*

79

Andante.

6

The bon ny grey-ey'd morning be-gins to peep, And

darkness flies before the ri-sing ray, The hear-ty hynd starts

from his lazy sleep, To fol-low healthful la-bours of the day;

With-out a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow, The lark and the

lin-net tend his le-vee, And he joins their concert driving his

plow, from toil of grimace and pa-gean-try free.

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and tofs,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
 Be my portion health, and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
 Reach him, who has happiness link'd to his fate.

The Bush aboon Traquair.

81

80

Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev - ry swain, I'll tell how Peggy
 grieves me; Tho' thus I lan - guish, and com - plain, A -
 - las! she ne'er believes me. My vows and sighs, like si - lent
 air, Un - heed - ed ne - ver move her. The bon - ny bush a -
 - boon Traquair, was where I first did love her.

Slow

6

6 5 6 6 6

4 6

6

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

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
 The fields we then frequented;
 If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.

The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
 Its sweets I'll ay remember;
 But now her frowns make it decay;
 It fades as in December.

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

Etrick Banks.

81

On Etrick banks, æ sum-mer's night, At gloaming

Andante

when the sheep came hame, I met my lif-fy bra' and tight, While

wandring through the mist her lane. My heart grew light, I,

ran, and flang my arms about her bon-ny neck; I kifs'd and

clap'd her there fu' lang, My words they were na' mony feck.

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

All day when we have wrought enough,
 When winter frosts, and snaw begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when you sit down to spin,

I'll scrow my pipes, and play a spring:
 And thus the weary night will end,
 Till the tender kid and lambkin bring
 Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lass among the broom,
 And lead you to my summer shield.
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That make the kindly hearts their spo,
 We'll laugh and kifs, and dance and sing
 And gar the langest day seem short.

My Deary, if thou Die.

82

Love never more shall give me pain, My fan - cy's

Andante

6

6

6

6.

fix'd on thee, Nor e - ver maid my heart shall gain, my

6

6

Peg - gy, if thou die. Thy beauty doth such pleasure

6

6

6

6

6

6

give, Thy love's so true to me, With - out thee

6

6

6

5

I can ne - ver live, my deary, if thou die.

6

6

6

7

#

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray!
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
 In sighs, the silent day.
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see:
 Then I'll renounce all women kind,
 My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
 With Cupid's raving rage;
 But thine, which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage.

'Twas this that like the morning-sun,
 Gave joy and life to me;
 And when it's destin'd day is done,
 With Peggy let me die.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love
 And in such pleasure share;
 You who its faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair:
 Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me!
 Oh! never rob them from these arms:
 I'm lost, if Peggy die.

She rose, and let me in.

83

Slow

The night her fi - lent fa - ble wore, And gloomy

were the skies, Of glitt - ring stars ap - pear'd no more, Than

tho' in Nel - ly's eyes. When to her Fa - ther's

door I came, Where I had of - ten been, I begg'd my

fair my love - ly dame, To rise, and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,
 Did my fond suit reprove;
 And while she chid my rash design,
 She but inflam'd my love.
 Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
 While her bright eyes did roll.
 But virtue only had the pow'r
 To charm my very soul.

Then who would cruelly deceive,
 Or from such beauty part!
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart.

My eager fondness I obey'd,
 Resolv'd she should be mine,
 Till Hymen to my arms convey'd
 My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,
 Transporting is my joy,
 No greater blessing can I prove;
 So blest a man am I.
 For beauty may a while retain
 The conquer'd fluttering heart,
 But virtue only is the chain
 Holds, never to depart.

84

Sweet Anny frae the sea-beach came, where Jocky speeld the Vell's

Affectuoso

6 6 6 6 6 5

#

fide; Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame, when Jocky's toft a-boon the tide.

C 5 5 4 # 5 6 5 4 5 #

Far aff to distant realms he gings; yet I'll prove true, as he has been. And

6 5 #

when ilk lafs 'a-bout him thrangs, he'll think on Anny, his faithfu' ain

4 6 5

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,
 Wi' goud in hand he tempted me,
 He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
 And made a brag of what he'd gee:
 What tho' my Jocky's far away,
 Toft up and down the dunsome main,
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jocky may return again.

Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair,
 And fairly cast your pipe away;
 My Jocky wad be troubled fair,
 To see his friend, his Love betray:
 For a' your songs and verse are vain,
 While Jocky's notes do faithful flow;
 My heart to him shall true remain,
 I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Bla' fast, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
 And gar your waves be calm and still;
 His haneward-sail with breezes speed,
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill!
 What tho' my Jocky's far away,
 Yet he will bra' in filler shine:
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jocky may again be mine.

Go to the Ew - Bughts, Marion.

85

Will ye go to the ew - bughts, Ma - rion, and wear in the

Slow

sheep wi' me! the fun shines sweet, my Ma - rion, but

nae half fae sweet as thee, the fun shines sweet, my

Ma - rion, but nae half fae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny lass,
And the blyth blink's in her eye;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white haufs-bane;
Fu' fain wad I marry my Marion,
At ev'n when I come hame!

There's braw lads in Earnflaw, Marion,
Wha gape, and glowr with their eye,
At kirk, when thy see my Marion;
But nae of them loes like me.

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

And ye's get a green fey Apron,
And waitcoat of the London brown,
And vow but ye will be vapring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town!

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

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kirtle of the cramae,
And soon as my chin has uae hair on,
I shall come west and see ye.

Lewis Gordon.

87

86

Slow

Oh, fend Lewis Gordon hame & the Lad I

win-na name; tho' his back be at the wa', Here's to him that's far a wa'.

Chor:

Oh hon! my Highland-man! Oh! my bonny Highland-man Weel would I my

Oh hon! my Highland-man! Oh! my bonny Highland-man, Weel would I my

true love ken amang ten thousand Highland-men,

true love ken amang ten thousand Highland-men,

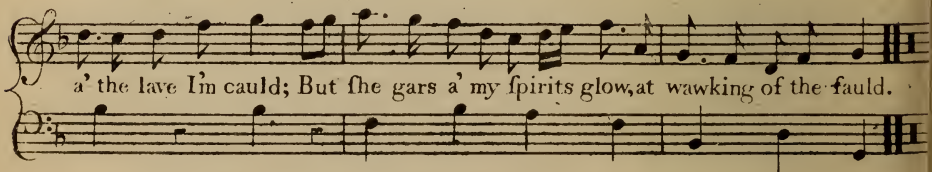
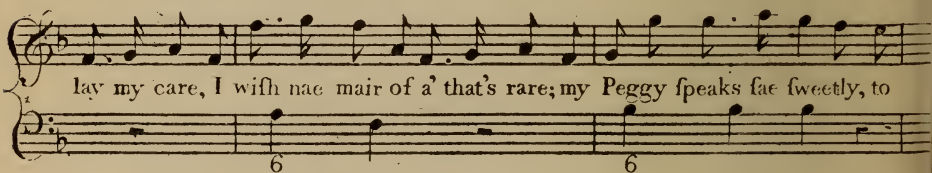
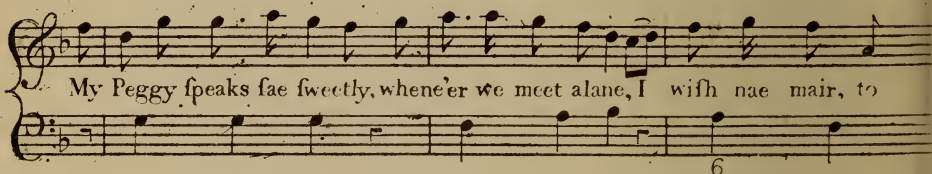
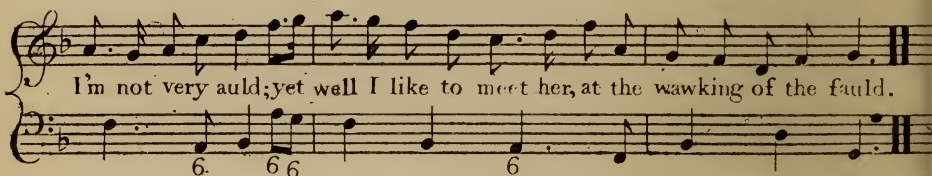
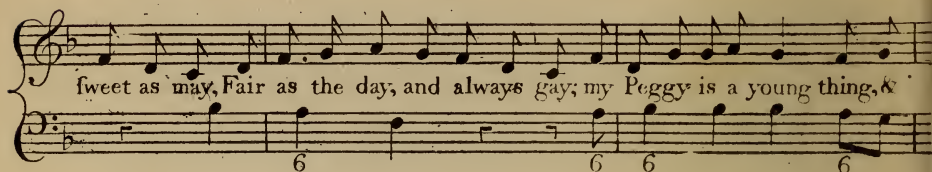
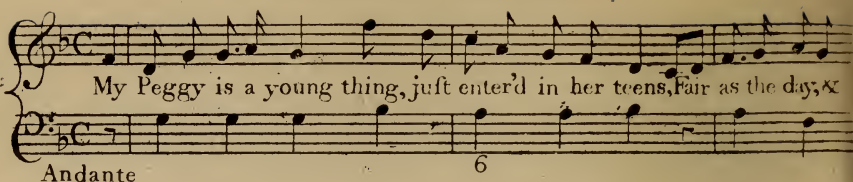
Oh! to see his tartan-trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heeld shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee;
That's the Lad that I'll gang wi'
Oh hon! &c.

The Princely youth that I do mean,
Is fitted for to be a King;
On his breast he wears a liar:
You'd tak him for the god of war.
Oh hon. &c

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

The Wawking of the Fauld.

87



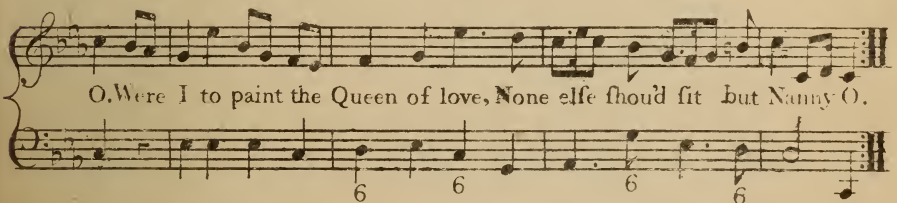
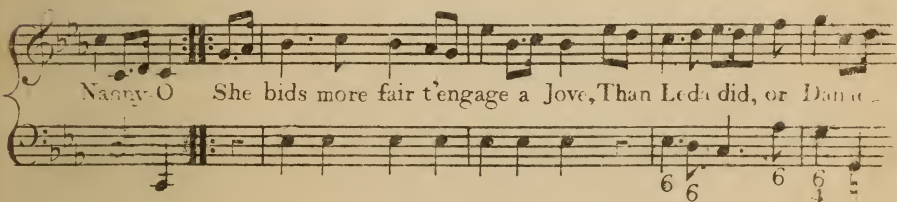
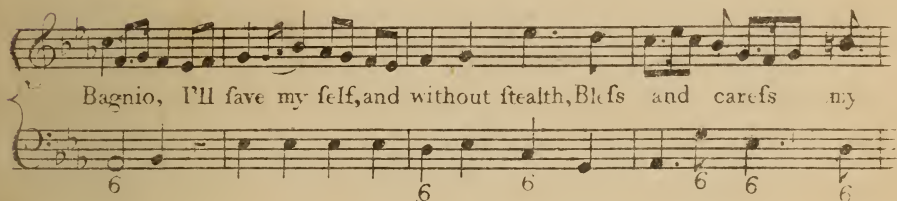
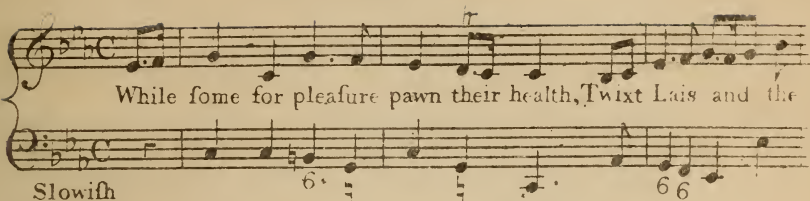
My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown;
 My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld;
 And naithing gie's me sic delight
 As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 When on my pipe I play,
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best:
 My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 And in her sangs are tauld,
 With innocence, the wale of sense,
 At wawking of the fauld.

My Nanny-O.

89

88



How Joyfully my spirits rise,
 When dancing she moves finely-O
 I guess what heav'n is by her eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely-O.
 Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
 Breathe in the blest Britannia,
 None's happiness I shall envy,
 As long's ye grant me Nanny-O.

My bonny bonny Nanny-O!
 My lovely charming Nanny-O!
 I care not tho' the world know
 How dearly I love Nanny-O.

Oh on_o chri_o.

89

Oh was not I a weary wight! oh on_o chri

Slow

oh! oh o_no-chri O! Maid, Wife, and Wi_dow,

in one night! oh o_no-chri o_no-chri o_no-chri O!

When in my soft and yiel_ding arms, oh o_no_chri

oh o_no-chri O! when most I thought him free from

harms, oh o_no-chri o_no-chri o_no-chri oh!

Even at the dead time of the night,&c.
 They broke my Bower, and slew my Knight,&c.
 With ae lock of his jet black hair,&c.
 I'll tye my heart for ever mair,&c.
 Nae fly-tongued youth, or flattering swain,&c.
 Shall e'er untye this knott again,&c.
 Thine still, dear youth, that heart shall be,&c.
 Nor pant for aught save heaven and thee,&c.

Low down in the Broom.

90

My Daddy is a canker'd carle, He'll ne twin wi' his gear, My

Andante

Minny she's a scolding wife, Hads a' the house a steer; But let them say, or

let them do, Its a' ane to me; For he's low down, he's in the broom, that's

waiting on me; Waiting on me, my love, he's waiting on me, For he's

low down, he's in the broom, that's waiting for me.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of staves. The first system is marked '90' and 'Andante'. The melody is in treble clef, and the bass line is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is common time (C). The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, quarter notes, and rests. There are also fingerings indicated by numbers 6 and 8. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words in italics. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,
And fair she lightlies me;
But weel ken I, it's a' envy;
For ne'er a jo has she,
But let them say, &c.

My cousin Kate was fair beguill'd
Wi' Johnnie in the glen;
And aye since-syne, she cries, Beware
Of false deluding men.
But let them say, &c.

Glee'd Sandy, he came waft ae night,
And speer'd when I saw Peat.
And aye since-syne the neighbours round
They jeer me air and late.
But let them say, or let them do,
It's a' ane to me;
For I'll gae to the bonny lad
That's waiting on me;
Waiting on me, my love,
He's waiting on me;
For he's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting on me.

I'll never leave thee.

91

One day I heard Mary say, How shall I leave thee!

Slow

6 6 4 3

Stay, dearest Adonis, stay; Why wilt thou grieve me! grieve me!

1. 2.

6 5 4 3 6 5 4 3

Alas! my fond heart will break, If thou should leave me. I'll

1. 2.

6 5 4 3 6 5 4 3

live and die for thy sake, Yet never leave thee, leave thee.

1. 2.

6 5 4 3 6 5 4 3

Say, lovely Adonis, say,
 Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
 Did e'er her young heart betray
 New love to grieve thee?
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
 Thou may believe me;
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
 And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
 What can relieve thee?
 Can Mary thy anguish soothe
 This breast shall receive thee.

My passion can ne'er decay,
 Never deceive thee;
 Delight shall drive pain away,
 Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
 How shall I leave thee!
 O! that thought makes me sad;
 I'll never leave thee.
 Where would my Adonis fly?
 Why does he grieve me!
 Alas! my poor heart will die,
 If I should leave thee.

92

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with the number '92' in the left margin. The melody is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass line is in bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Beneath a green shade, a lovely young swain one evening re-^{hr}lind, to di-'. The second system continues the melody and bass line with the lyrics: 'Amoroso. co-ver his pain; So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe, The'. The third system has the lyrics: 'wind ceas'd to breathe, & the fountains to flow: Rude winds with compassion cou'd'. The fourth system concludes with the lyrics: 'hear him complain, Yet Chloë, let's gentle, was deaf to his strain.' The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments (marked 'hr').

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
 Ere Chloë'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.

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

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

Corn Riggs.

93

My Patie is a lo - ver gay, His mind is never muddy, His

Lively

breath is sweeter than new hay, His face is fair and rud - dy.

His shape is handsome middle size, He's stately in his waking. The

thing of his een surprize; 'Tis heav'n to hear him taw - king.

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

Let maidens of a filly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting;
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chafely should be granting;
 Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
 And syne my cokernony,
 He's free to touzle, air or late,
 Where corn-riggs are bonny.

My Apron, Dearie.

94

My sheep I've forsaken, and left my sheep hook, And

Slow

6

6

6

5

6

5

3

all the gay haunts of my youth I've for-look, No more for A

mynta fresh garlands I wove, For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of

love. O what had my youth, with ambition to do! Why left I A

mynta! why broke I my vow! O give me my sheep, And my

sheep hook restore, And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote, in vain do I rove,
 And bid the wide ocean secure me from loves;
 O fool, to imagine that ought can subdue
 A love so well founded, a passion so true!
 O what had my youth with ambition to do!
 Why left I Amynta! why broke I my vow!
 O give me my-sheep, and my sheep hook restore,
 And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine!
 Poor shepherd! Amynta no more can be thine;
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain;
 The moments neglected return not again.
 O what had my youth with ambition to do!
 Why left I Amynta! why broke I my vow!
 O give me my sheep, and my sheep hook restore,
 And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Lochaber.

95

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell, my Jean, where heartsome with

Slow

thine I have many days been; For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,

we'll may be return to Lochaber no more. These tears that I shed, they are

all for my Dear, & no for the dangers attending on Weir; tho' bore on rough

seas to a far bloody Shore, may be to return to Lochaber no more.

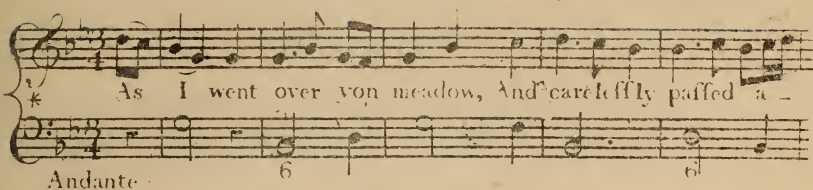
Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind.
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naughtier like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd;
 By ease that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd;
 And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

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

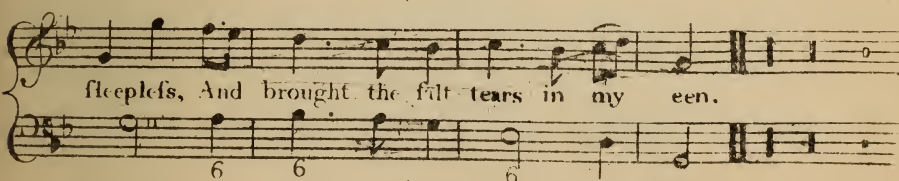
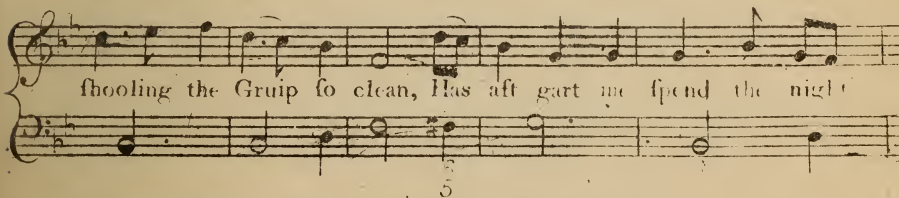
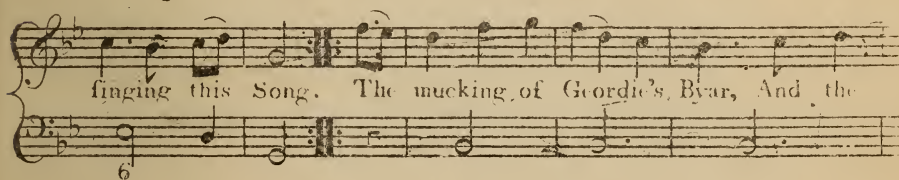
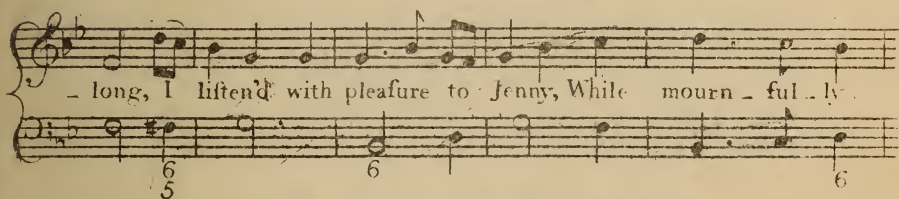
The Mucking of Geordie's Byar.

37

96



Andante



It was not my fathers pleasure,
Nor was it my mothers desire,
That ever I puddl'd my fingers,
Wi' the mucking o' Geordie's Byar.
The mucking &c.

Though the roads were ever so filthy,
Or the day, so scoury and foul,
I would ay be ganging wi' Geordie;
I lik'd it far better than School.
The mucking &c.

My brither abus'es me daily,
For being wi' Geordie so free;
My sifter she ca's me hoodwinked,
Because he's below my degree
The mucking &c.

But well do I like my young Geordie,
Altho' he was cunning and sleet;
He ca's me this Dear and his Honey,
And I'm sure that my Geordie loes me
The mucking &c.

Bide ye Yet.

97

Gin I had a wee house, and a canty-wee fire, A bonny wee

Andante

Wifie to praise and admire, A bonny wee Yardy a-side a wee burn; fare-

Chorus

weel to the bodies that yammer and mourn! Sae bide ye yet, and

bide ye yet, ye lit-tle ken what may be-tide yen yet. Some

bon-ny wee bo-dy may be my lot, and I'll av be can-ty wi

Sym.

thinking o't.

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en,
I'll get my wee wifie fou heat and fou clean,
And a bonny wee bairnie upon her knee,
That will cry, Pappa, or Daddy, to me.

Cho. Sae bide ye yet, &c.

And if there should happen ever to be
A difference atween my wee wifie & me,
In hearty good humour, altho' she be teaz'd,
I'll kiss her & clap her untill she be pleas'd.

Cho. Sae bide ye yet, &c.

The Joyful Widower. Tune Maggy Lauder

98

I Married with a scolding wife, The fourteenth of November, She

Lively

6 7

made me weary of my life, By one un-ru-ly mem-ber. Long

did I bear the heavy yoke, And ma-ny griefs attend-ed, But

6 6

Sing which of these you please

to my comfort be it spoke, Now, now her life is ended.

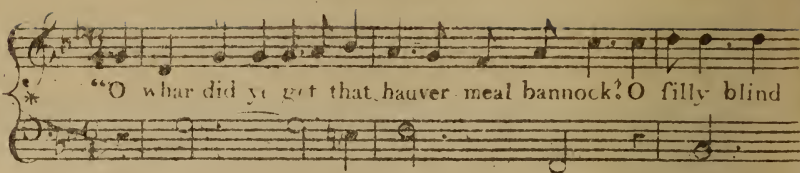
7

We liv'd full one-and-twenty years,
 A man and wife together;
 At length from me her course she steer'd,
 And gone I know not whither:
 Would I could guess, I do profess,
 I speak and do not flatter,
 Of all the women in the world,
 I never would come at her.

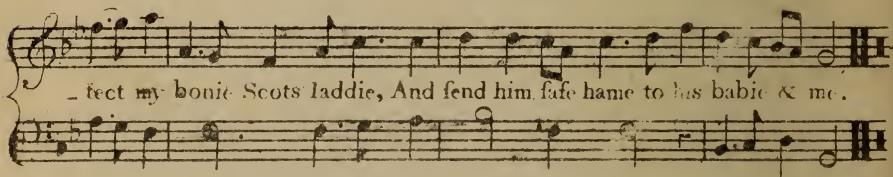
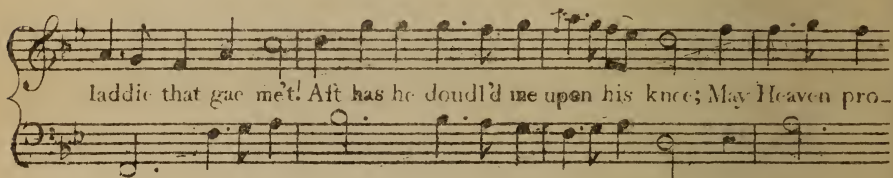
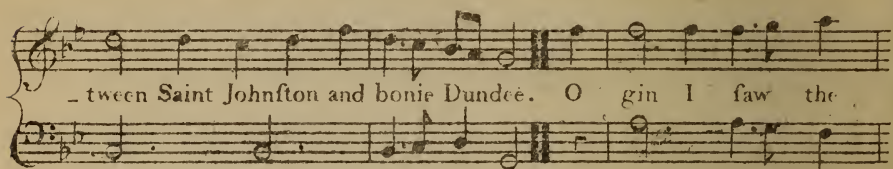
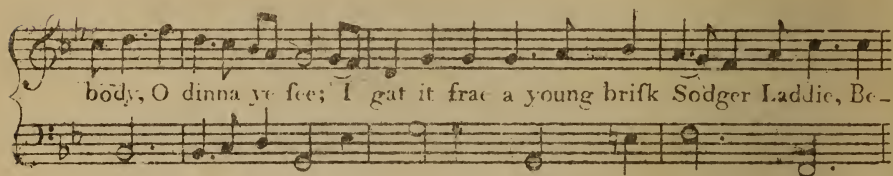
Her body is bestowed well,
 A handsome grave does hide her;
 But sure her soul is not in hell,
 The de'il would ne'er abide her.
 I rather think she is afit,
 And imitating thunder,
 For why, methinks I hear her voice,
 Tearing the clouds asunder.

Bonie Dundee.

99

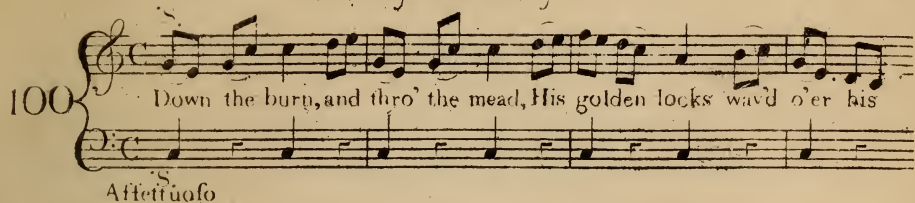


Slow



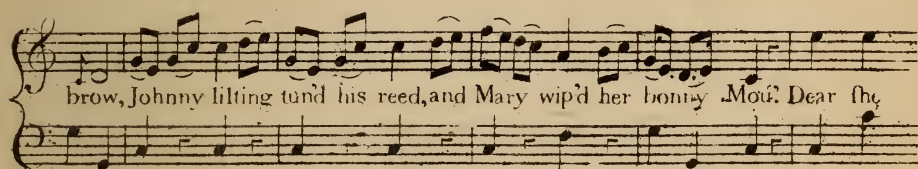
My blefsins upon thy sweet, wee lippie!
 My blefsins upon thy bonie e'e brie!
 Thy smiles are fae like my blyth Sodger laddie,
 Thou's ay the dearer, and dearer to me!
 But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks,
 Whare Tay rins wimplin by fae clear;
 And I'll eld thee in the tartan fae fine,
 And mak thee a man like thy dadie dear.

100

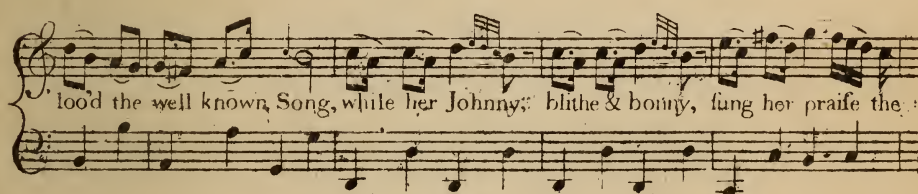


Down the burn, and thro' the mead, His golden locks wav'd o'er his

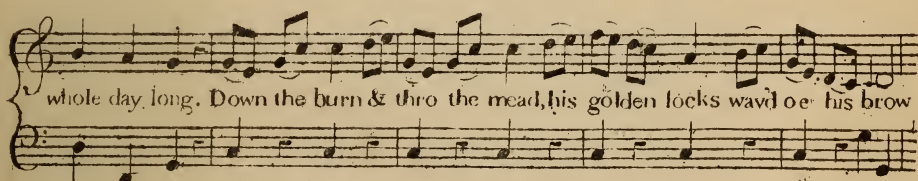
Affettuoso



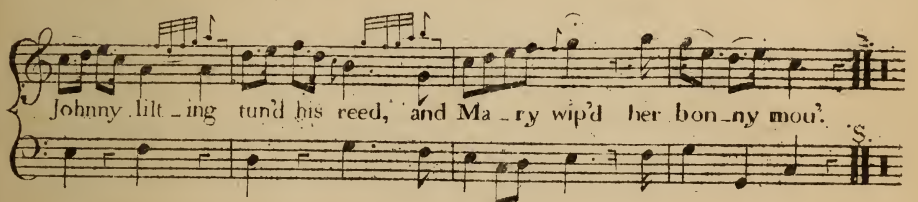
brow, Johnny lilt'ing tun'd his reed, and Mary wip'd her bonny Mou'. Dear the



lood the well known Song, while her Johnny; blithe & bonny, sung her praise the



whole day long. Down the burn & thro' the mead, his golden locks wav'd o'er his brow



Johnny lilt'ing tun'd his reed, and Ma-ry wip'd her bon-ny mou'.

Cosly claihs she had but few;
Of rings and jewels nae great store;
Her face was fair, her love was true,
And Johnny wisely wish'd no more;
Love's the pearl the shepherd's prize;
O'er the mountain, near the fountain,
Love delights the shepherd's eyes
Down the burn, &c

Gold and titles give not health,
And Johnny could nae these impart;
Youthfu' Mary's great wealth
Was fill her faithfu' Johnny's heart.
Sweet the joys the lovers find,
Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure,
Where the heart is always kind.
Down the burn &c.

END OF VOLUME FIRST

ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
LYRIC POETRY AND MUSIC
OF
SCOTLAND.

PART I.

I.

THE HIGHLAND QUEEN.

THE words and air of this song were composed by Mr Macvicar, when purser of the Solbay man of war. It was originally published as a half-sheet song, and Oswald afterwards inserted the music in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, book xi, in 1750. The late Mr D. Herd inserted the words in the first volume of his Scottish Songs, in 1776. The Highland King, intended as a parody on the former, was the production of a young lady, the friend of Charles Wilson of Edinburgh. It first appeared in a collection of songs, edited by this Wilson, in 1779, entitled, St Cecilia, or the Lady and Gentleman's Harmonious Companion.

II.

AN' THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

THE late Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee, in his Dissertation on Scottish Music, was of opinion, that this beautiful air must have been composed between the period of the Restoration and the Union. Mr William Thomson, editor of the Orpheus Caledonius, on the other hand, supposed it to have been a composition of David Rizzio. Both opinions, however, are equally fanciful, and unsupported by evidence. That the air, and first verse, including the chorus, of this

song are ancient, there can be no doubt, because, in 1725, Thomson printed it as an ancient song; but neither the name of its composer, of the tune, nor that of the poet who wrote the original words to which it is adapted, are now known. It is remarkable, that the old verse, beginning with, "I would clasp thee in my arms," is not to be found in Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany, although it appears in the Orpheus Caledonius. The four additional stanzas, beginning, "Of race divine," are generally attributed to Ramsay, but he himself annexes the letter X to the song, to denote that the author was unknown.

III.

PEGGY, I MUST LOVE THEE.

MR J. STAFFORD SMITH, in his "Musica Antiqua," vol. iii. p. 182, gives this beautiful air as the composition of the celebrated Henry Purcell, because John Playford had printed it as such in his "Musick's Handmaid," published at London in 1689. The old Irish air called, "Lillibulero," is likewise given by Smith as Purcell's composition. But neither the Scotch nor the Irish air ~~were~~ composed by Purcell, (although he might have put a bass to them for his old friend Playford) nor ~~have~~ either of them the smallest resemblance to any of the other compositions of this truly eminent master. The Scottish air appears in a very old manuscript music book, now in the possession of the editor, written in square or lozenge shaped notes, under the title of, "Peggie, I must love thee," in all probability, long before Purcell was born. Of this ancient song nothing remains but the tune and the title, for the verses to which the air is adapted, both in the Orpheus Caledonius, and in the Scots Musical Museum, were the production of Allan Ramsay. His friend, Crawford, likewise wrote a song to the same air, beginning, "Beneath a beech's grateful shade," inserted in Mr George Thomson's collection of Scots songs, vol. iii. p. 124, where it is beautifully harmonized and arranged as a duet for two voices, by the celebrated Dr Haydn. It may also be noticed *en passant*,

Was
has

that Henry Playford adapted an English song to the same Scottish air, beginning, "Tom and Will were shepherd swains," which was printed in his first volume of "Wit and Mirth," printed at London in 1698.

LILLIBURLERO and BULLEN-A-LAH were the pass words used by the Irish papists in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641. The song of Lilliburlero was written in 1686, on the king's nominating General Talbot, a furious papist, (newly created Earl of Tyrconnel) to the lieutenancy of Ireland. This song contributed not a little towards the great revolution in 1688. It is inserted in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 365.

IV.

BESS, THE GAWKIE.

THIS song is the production of the late Rev. James Muirhead, minister of the parish of Urr, in the province of Galloway. Burns justly remarks, that "*it is a beautiful song, and in the genuine Scots taste. We have few pastoral compositions, I mean the pastoral of nature, that are equal to this.*"—See his *Reliques* by Cromeek. This song appears in Herd's collection in 1776.

V.

LORD GREGORY.

THIS is a very ancient Gallowegian melody. The two verses adapted to the air in this collection, were compiled from the fine old ballad, entitled, "The Lass of Lochroyan," which was first published in a perfect state by Sir Walter Scott in his *Minstrelsy of the Border*, vol. ii. p. 411. Burns remarks, that "it is somewhat singular, that in Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, Wigton, Kirkcudbright, and Dumfries-shires, there is scarcely an old song or tune, which, from the title, &c. can be guessed to belong to, or be the production of these counties. This, I conjecture, is one of these very few, as the ballad, which is a long one, is called, both by tradition and in printed collections, '*The Lass o' Lochroyan*,' which I take to be Lochroyan, in Galloway."—*Reliques*, p. 196.

VI.

THE BANKS OF TWEED.

BURNS says, “ this song is one of the many attempts that the English composers have made to imitate the Scottish manner, and which I shall, in these strictures, beg leave to distinguish by the appellation of *Anglo Scottish* productions. The music is pretty good, but the verses are just above contempt.”—*See Burns's Reliques.*

If any resemblance can be traced between this melody and those of Scotland, it does not, at all events, appear to be very striking. For to what genuine Scottish air has there ever been a regular recitative prefixed? The English composer, Mr Hook, certainly never meant it should pass for a Scottish production, else he would not have displayed his name on the original title-page. This song was very popular during Mr Tenducci's residence in Scotland, and Johnson, at the request of several of his subscribers, was induced to give it an early place in his work. The greater part of the first volume of the Museum was engraved before Burns and Johnson became acquainted.

VII.

THE BEDS OF SWEET ROSES.

THIS Border melody was communicated to the editor by Mr Stephen Clarke. Burns mentions, that when he was a boy it was a very popular song in Ayrshire, and he has heard those fanatics, the Buchanites, sing some of their nonsensical rhymes, which they dignified with the name of hymns, to this air. These itinerant visionaries were so denominated from their leader, *Elizabeth Buchan*, the wife of one of the proprietors of the Delft manufactory at Glasgow, by whom she had several children. About 1779 she began to prophecy, that the day of judgment was at hand, and that all Christians ought to abandon their worldly affairs, and be in readiness to meet Christ. She soon gathered a number of proselytes, and journeyed with them through several parts of Scotland. Whilst in Nithsdale the Buchanites resided in a barn, where the women span flax during the day, and re-

ceived their male visitors at night. The prophetess had asserted, that she was to be translated alive into heaven; but she died in 1791, and her infatuated disciples, after hiding her body in a peat-moss, gradually dispersed. In Blackwood's Magazine, vol. vi. p. 663, there is a very interesting account of these singular enthusiasts.

VIII.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

“THESE beautiful verses (says Burns) were the production of Richard Hewit, a young man that Dr Blacklock (to whom I am indebted for the anecdote) kept for some years as an amanuensis. I do not know who is the author of the second song to the same tune. Tytler, in his amusing History of Scottish Music, gives the air to Oswald; but in Oswald's own Collection of Scots Tunes, wherein he affixes an asterisk to those he himself composed, he does not make the least claim to the tune.”

We have only to add, that Oswald was not the composer of the air of Roslyn Castle. The same tune, note for note, appears in a prior publication, namely M'Gibbon's Collection of Scots Tunes, under the title of the “House of Glams.” The old words which had been adapted to this air, however, are now lost. The words of both the songs to this air appeared in Herd's Collection, printed in 1776, and afterwards in the collection entitled, St Cecilia, at Edinburgh, in 1779.

IX.

SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'.

“THIS song, for genuine humour, and lively originality in the air, is unparalleled. I take it to be very old.”—*Burns's Reliques*.

This observation had been hastily made, for the air, either when played or sung slowly, as it ought to be, is exceedingly pathetic, not lively. Burns afterwards became sensible of this; for, in one of his letters to Thomson, inserted in Currie's edition of his works, he says, “I enclose you Fraser's set of this tune; when he plays it slow, in fact he makes it the language of despair. Were it possible, in singing, to give it

half the pathos which Fraser gives it in playing, it would make an admirable pathetic song. I shall here give you two stanzas in that style, merely to try if it will be any improvement.

I.

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

II.

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

Mr Thomas Fraser, to whom Burns alludes, was an intimate acquaintance of the poet, and an excellent musician. He still lives, and is at present (1820) the principal oboe concerto player in Edinburgh, of which city he is a native. His style of playing the melodies of Scotland is peculiarly chaste and masterly.

X.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AN' A'.

THIS humorous old song was omitted by Ramsay in his *Tea-table Miscellany*, in 1724, although it was quite current in the Border long before his time. Oswald inserted the tune, and Herd the words, in their respective collections. The following verses to the same air, in the genuine spirit of the original, were written by Mrs Scott of Dunbartonshire.

I.

The grass had nae freedom o' growing,
As lang as she was nae awa;
Nor in the town could there be stowin,
For wooers that wanted to ca:
Sic boxin, sic brawlin, sic dancin,
Sic bowin and shakin a paw,
The town was for ever in brulzies,
But now the lassie's awa.

*Woo'd and married and a',
Married and woo'd and awa',
The dandelie toast o' the parish,
Is woo'd and carried awa'.*

II.

But if he had ken'd her as I did,
His wooin it wad hae been sma ;
She kens neither bakin nor brewin,
Nor cardin, nor spinnin awa :
But a' her skill lies in buskin,
And O if her braws were awa,
She soon wad wear out o' the fashion,
And knit up her huggers wi' straw.

Woo'd and married, &c.

III.

But yesterday I gaed to see her,
And O she was bonnie and braw ;
She cried on her gudeman to gie her
An ell o' red ribban or twa :
He took and he set down beside her
A wheelie and reelie to ca' ;
She cried, " was he that way to guide her,"
And out at the door and awa.

Woo'd and married, &c.

IV.

The road she took was to her mither,
Wha said, " Lassie, how gaes a' ?"
Quo she, " Was it for nae ither
That I was married awa,
But to be set down to a wheelie,
And at it for ever to ca' ?
An' syne to ha'et reel'd by a cheelie,
That's everly crying to draw ?"

Woo'd and married, &c.

V.

Her mither said till her, " Hech ! Lassie,
He's wisest I fear o' the twa ;
There'll be little to put in the tassie,
Gif ye be sae backward to draw ;
For now ye should work like a tyger,
And at it baith wallop and ca',
Sae lang's ye hae youdith and vigour,
An' weanies and debt kept awa.

Woo'd and married, &c.

VI.

" Sae, swith ! awa hame to your haddin,
Ye're the mair fool for comin awa,
Ye manna be ilka day gaddin,
Nor gang sae white finger'd and braw ;

For now wi' a neebor ye're yokit,
 And wi' him should cannily draw ;
 Or else ye deserve to be knockit ;
 So that's an answer for a'."

Woo'd and married, &c.

VIII.

Young luckie thus fand hersel' nither'd,
 And wish'd she had ne'er come awa ;
 At length wi' hersel' she consider'd
 That hameward 'twas better to draw,
 And e'en tak her chance o' the landing
 However that matters might fa',
 Folks manna on frets aye be standing,
 That's woo'd and married and a'.

Woo'd and married, &c.

Mrs Grant of Laggan wrote an English parody of Mrs Scott's song, which Mr G. Thomson has inserted in his Collection, vol. iii.

XI.

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.

THIS charming song (says Burns) is much older, and indeed superior to Ramsay's verses, "The Toast," as he calls them. There is another set of the words much older still, and which I take to be the original one ; but though it has a very great deal of merit, it is not quite ladies' reading. The original words, for they can scarcely be called verses, are still older, and are familiar, from the cradle, to every Scottish ear.

Saw ye my Maggie,
 Saw ye my Maggie,
 Saw ye my Maggie,
 Linkin o'er the lea ?
 High kilted was she,
 High kilted was she,
 High kilted was she,
 Her coat aboon her knee, &c. &c.

Though it by no means follows, that the silliest verses to an air must, for that reason, be the original song ; yet I take this ballad, of which I have quoted part, to be the old verses. The two songs in *Ramsay*, one of them evidently his own, are never to be met with in the fire-side circle of our

peasantry, while that which I take to be the old song is in every shepherd's mouth. Ramsay, I suppose, had thought the old verses unworthy of a place in his *Collection*.—*Burns's Reliques*.

In Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany* we find his song; called "The Toast," to the same tune, "*Saw ye my Peggy?*" but he left out both of the old songs under this title, to which Burns alludes. The first of these two songs is still extant, but the words are not fit to be sung in a drawing-room. The other, which is likewise older than Ramsay's time, was not inserted in any regular collection of Scottish songs till that of David Herd in 1769, from whence it was copied into Johnson's *Museum*. The melody, however, is inserted in the old manuscript music-book, in the editor's possession, before alluded to, and was also printed in the first edition of the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725.

XII.

THE BONNIE SCOTSMAN.

THIS song was written by Ramsay, who calls it "THE BONNY SCOT, to the tune of the Boatman." The old verses, which had been adapted to this original Scottish melody, are now however supposed to be lost. There is a striking coincidence in several bars, between this air and that of "Nancy's to the Greenwood gane." Perhaps they were both composed by the same minstrel. Thomson published Ramsay's verses to the tune of "The Boatman," in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725. The same melody appears in Craig's *Collection*, A. D. 1730, and several subsequent musical publications.

XIII.

THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

THIS song, from intrinsic evidence, is not very ancient. It is neither to be found in Ramsay's *Miscellany*, the *Orpheus Caledonius*, nor in Craig or Macgibbon's *Collections*; but both of them are inserted in a collection of songs called, "*The Muses' Delight*," printed and sold by John Sadler, Liverpool, 1754. In this work it is entitled, "The Flower

of Edinburgh, set by Signor D. Rizzio." Oswald has a copy of the air in his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, vol. iii. printed in 1742; and the words appear in Herd's collection, who has used some liberty with the original, though his alterations are neither numerous nor important. The Liverpool editor is unquestionably erroneous in ascribing the melody to Rizzio, for there is reason to believe, that it was composed subsequent to the year 1700. Indeed the editor is creditably informed, that the tune only became a fashionable Scottish measure (a sort of hornpipe so called) about the year 1740; and that it was subsequent to this period when the verses appeared by an anonymous hand.

Burns says, that this song "is one of the many effusions of Jacobitism. The title, *Flowers of Edinburgh*, has no manner of connexion with the present verses, so I suspect there has been an older set of words, of which the title is all that remains."—*Vide his Reliques*.

The grounds our poet had for conjecturing that this song was a Jacobite effusion, do not appear to be sufficiently plain. No such song as the one alluded to is known to exist. Subsequent to the year 1745, indeed, there was a Jacobite ballad, which was frequently sung to this air, beginning,

To your arms, to your arms, my bonny Highland lads !
To your arms, to your arms at the touk o' the drum !
The battle-trumpet sounds, put on your white cockades,
For Charlie, the great Prince Regent, is come.

But this ballad, which may be seen in Hogg's *Jacobite Reliques*, has no allusion whatever to *The Flowers of Edinburgh*. It seems more likely that the composer of this Scotch measure had given it the name in compliment to the young ladies of the Scottish metropolis, who were then attending the dancing schools.

Burns further observes, that "it is singular enough, that the Scottish muses were all *Jacobites*. I have paid more attention to every description of Scots songs than perhaps any body living has done, and I do not recollect one single

stanza, nor even the title of the most trifling Scots air, which has the least panegyric reference to the families of Nassau or Brunswick ; while there are hundreds satirizing them. This may be thought no panegyric on the Scots poets, but I mean it as such. For myself, I would always take it as a compliment to have it said, that my heart ran before my head ; and surely the gallant though unfortunate house of Stuart, the kings of our fathers for so many heroic ages, is a theme much more interesting than * * * *

Our poet's heart certainly hurried him, on some occasions, too fast for his head ; for there were many songs composed in Scotland at the time, diametrically opposite to Jacobitism. The three following, excerpted from a MSS. collection of loyal songs, composed for the use of the Revolution Club, part of which was afterwards printed at Edinburgh, by A. Donaldson and J. Reid, in 1761, may not be unacceptable as counter specimens.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

I.

When you came over first frae France,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 You swore to lead our king a dance,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
 And promis'd on your royal word,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 To mak the Duke dance o'er the sword,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

II.

Whan he to you began to play,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 You quat the green and ran away,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
 The dance thus turn'd into a chace,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 It must be own'd you wan the race,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

III.

Your partners that came o'er frae France,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 They understood not a Scots dance,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;

Therefore, their complaisance to shew,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Unto our Duke they bow'd right low,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

IV.

If e'er you come to dance again,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 New dancers you must bring frae Spain,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
 And, that all things may be secure,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 See that your dancers be not poor,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

V.

I think insurance you should make,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Lest dancing you should break your neck,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
 For he that dances on a rope,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Should not trust all unto the Pope,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

VI.

For dancing you were never made,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
 Then, while 'tis time, leave off the trade,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
 Be thankful for your last escape,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 And, like your brother,* take a cap,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

O BROTHER SANDIE.

To the Tune of "*Lilli Bullero.*"

I.

O BROTHER Sandie, hear ye the news ?
Lilli bullero, bullen a la,
 An army's just coming without any shoes.
Lilli bullero, bullen a la.

To arms, to arms, brave boys to arms !
 A true *British* cause for your courage doth call ;
 Court, country, and city, against a banditti.
Lulli bullero, bullen a la.

II.

The Pope sends us over a bonny young lad,
Lilli bullero, &c.

* Cardinal York, brother of Charles, and second son of James, denominated "the Pretender."

Who, to court British favour, wears a Highland plaid.

Lilli bullero, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

III.

A protestant church from Rome doth advance,

Lilli bullero, &c.

And, what is more rare, it brings freedom from *France*,

Lilli bullero, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

IV.

If this shall surprise you, there's news stranger yet,

Lilli bullero, &c.

He brings *Highland* money to pay British debt.

Lilli bullero, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

V.

You must take it in coin, which the country affords,

Lilli bullero, &c.

Instead of broad pieces, he pays with broad swords.

Lilli bullero, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

VI.

And sure this is paying you in the best ore?

Lilli bullero, &c.

For who once is thus paid, will never want more.

Lilli bullero, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

GREAT WILLIAM OF NASSAU.

TUNE.—“The Nun and Abbess.”

I.

GREAT William of Nassau, who sav'd us from Rome,
Being born to make happy the ages to come,
First, by his sword, he rescu'd our cause,
And thereafter, for ever, secur'd it by laws.

II.

To prevent the surrender of Sovereign pow'r
To one who had sworn it away to the whore,
He settled the crown on the *Hanover* line,
And defeated that right which some rogues call divine.

III.

May the *Palatine* race, who have ventur'd and lost,
For their country and God, be repayed their cost,
In a vast long train of generous blood,
On our throne, till 'tis ask'd where *London* has stood.

Many similar anti-jacobite songs might be quoted, but these may suffice. Before concluding this long article, it

may be proper to state that Burns himself wrote two pretty stanzas to the tune of the Flowers of Edinburgh. They are as follow :

I.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade ;
The village bell has toll'd the hour,
O what can stay my lovely maid !
'Tis not *Maria's* whispering call ;—
'Tis but the balmy, breathing gale,
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

II.

It is *Maria's* voice I hear !
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer,—
At once 'tis music—and tis love !
And art thou come, and art thou true !
O welcome dear to love and me !
And let us all our vows renew
Along the flowery banks of *Cree*.*

XIV.

JAMIE GAY.

THE author of the words of this song is unknown, but the music is the composition of Mr Berg. This song was originally entitled, "The Happy Meeting," and was frequently sung at Ranelagh, with considerable applause. It is printed in the "London Songster," for W. Nicoll, St Paul's Church-yard, London 1767, and afterwards by Herd in 1776. Burns, in his Reliques, observes, "that it is a tolerable Anglo-Scottish piece."

XV.

MY DEAR JOCKIE.

THIS song was collected and published by Charles Wilson in his "St Cecilia, or Harmonious Companion," published in 1779. The melody is uncommonly pretty, and is much in the style of Mr James Hook's Anglo Scottish productions. We do not know, however, that it is actually his. Mr Jo-

* The name of a small river on the west coast of Scotland.

seph Dale published the same song with introductory and concluding symphonies, under the title of “Absent Jockey,” in the second volume of Scottish songs; but he has not favoured us with the name either of the author or of the composer.

XVI.

FYE GAR RUB HER O’ER WI’ STRAE.

THIS air is very ancient, but the precise era of its composition is unknown; but it is at least as old as the reign of Queen Mary, as it is inserted in a MS. music book written in the old notation or tabletture for the lute, about the beginning of the reign of her son and successor James VI. This fine old tune had remained very long a favourite in England, for about the beginning of last century, it was adapted to an English song beginning, “*How can they taste of joys or grief; Who beauty’s powers did never prove.*” Mr Gay also selected it as a melody for one of his songs in his “Musical Opera of Achilles,” beginning, “Think what anguish,” which was performed at Covent Garden in 1733, after the author’s decease. This song was sung by Miss Norsa, in the character of *Deidamia*. Thomson published this tune to Ramsay’s verses in his *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725, and Watts reprinted both in his *Musical Miscellany*, vol. v. London, 1731. Burns observes, “it is self-evident that the first four lines of this song are part of a song far more ancient than Ramsay’s beautiful verses which are annexed to them. As music is the language of nature, and poetry, particularly songs, are always less or more localized (if I may be allowed the verb), by some of the modifications of time and place, this is the reason why so many of our Scots airs have outlived their original, and perhaps many subsequent sets of verses; except a single name, or phrase, or sometimes one or two lines, simply to distinguish the tunes by. To this day, among people who know nothing of Ramsay’s verses, the following is the song, and all the song that I ever heard:”—

"GIN ye meet a bonnie lassie,
 Gie her a kiss and let her gae;
 But gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
 Fye, gar rub her o'er wi' strae.
 Fye, gae rub her, rub her, rub her,
 Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae;
 And gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
 Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae."

Burns's Reliques.

The song, as it is inserted in the Orpheus Caledonius, Johnson's Museum, and other collections, is an abridgment of Ramsay's spirited imitation of the "*Vides ut alta stet nive candidum*," of Horace, which Lord Woodhouselee considered as one of the happiest efforts of the author's genius. The reader is here presented with a complete copy of this elegant poem.

Look up to Pentland's tow'ring tap,
 Bury'd beneath great wreaths of snaw,
 O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scar and slap,
 As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their baws frae whins or tee,
 There are nae gowfers to be seen;
 Nor dowsser fowk wysing a-jee
 The byass-bouls on Tamson's green.

Then fling on coals and ripe the ribs,
 And beek the house baith butt and ben;
 That mutchkin stoup it hauds but dribs,
 Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
 And drives away the winter soon;
 It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
 And heaves his saul beyond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care;
 If that they think us worth their while,
 They can a rowth of blessings spare,
 Which will our fashious fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
 That will they do should we gang wud;
 If they command the storms to blaw,
 Then upo' sight the hailstones thud.

But soon as ere they cry, "Be quiet,"
 The blattering winds dare nae mair move,
 But cour into their caves, and wait
 The high command of supreme Jove.

Let niest day come as it thinks fit,
 The present minute's only ours :
 On pleasure let's employ our wit,
 And laugh at Fortune's fickle powers.

Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
 Of ilka joy when ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time ;
 Then lads and lasses, while its May,
 Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minute of delight,
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte
 On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

"Haith, ye're ill-bred," she'll smiling say ;
 "Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook ;"
 Syne frae your arms she'll run away,
 And hide hersel' in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place
 Where lies the happiness you want,
 And plainly tells you to your face,
 Nineteen nay-says are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a kiss ;
 Frae her fair finger whop a ring,
 As taiken of a future bliss.

These benisons, I'm very sure,
 Are of the Gods' indulgent grant ;
 Then, surly carles, whist, forbear
 To plague us wi' your whining cant.

The ingenious reader will easily perceive, that the song of "Fye gar rub her o'er wi' strae" is composed of the first four old lines mentioned by Burns, and the seven concluding verses of Ramsay's spirited and elegant Scottish version of Horace's 9th Ode. *Ad Thaliarchum*.

The other verses to the same tune in the Museum, beginning, "Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck," are likewise by Ramsay, and were introduced as one of the songs in his *Gentle Shepherd*.

XVII.

THE LASS OF LIVINGSTON.

THIS tune is inserted in Mrs Crockat's Music Book, with many other old Scottish airs, in 1709; but, in all probability, it is fully a century older; for Ramsay, who was born in 1684, gives it as an ancient tune. Ramsay wrote new verses to it, beginning, *Pained with her slighting Jamie's love*, and published them in 1724. They afterwards appeared with the music in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725. The original verses to this air, in three eight-line stanzas, are well known—they have merit as to humour, but they are, as Burns justly remarks, *rather unfit for insertion*. The old song begins,

The bonnie lass of Livingston,
 Her name ye ken, her name ye ken;
 And she has written in her contract
 To lie her lane, to lie her lane.
 &c. &c. &c.

XVIII.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

THIS air is of undoubted antiquity. Burns says, that “Ramsay found the first line of this song, which had been preserved as the title of the charming air, and then composed the rest of the verses to suit that line. This has always a finer effect than composing English words, or words with an idea foreign to the spirit of the old title. When old titles of songs convey any idea at all, they will generally be found to be quite in the spirit of the air.”—*Burns's Reliques*.

This conjecture of Burns turns out to be amazingly correct. In the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, there are six MSS Collections of old Scottish tunes, which had belonged to Sir John Skene, who published the Acts of the Scots Parliament, with a treatise *De verborum significatione*, in 1597. These MSS, now bound in one volume, bear Sir John's signature, and were probably compiled when he was a very young man. They were presented a considerable time ago to that Library, along with several other MSS, by one of Sir John's descendants. In these Collections, the identical tune

of “ The last time I came o’er the moor ” occurs no less than twice, and one of the sets commences with the two first lines of the old song.

“ Alace ! that I came o’er the moor
“ And left my love behind me.”

Burns, in one of his letters to Mr Thomson concerning this song, says, “ there are several lines in it which are beautiful, but, in my opinion—pardon me, revered shade of Ramsay ! the song is unworthy of the divine air.” Burns, although he did not altogether like Ramsay’s song, seems, nevertheless, to have felt an aversion to alter it. In another letter, addressed to the same gentleman, he proceeds, “ Ramsay, as every other poet, has not been always equally happy in his pieces ; still I cannot approve of taking such liberties with an author as Mr W. proposes doing with *The last time I came o’er the moor*. Let a poet, if he chooses, take up the idea of another, and work it into a piece of his own ; but to mangle the works of a poor bard, whose tuneful tongue is now mute for ever in the dark and narrow house—by Heaven, ’twould be sacrilege ! I grant that Mr W’s version is an improvement, but let him mend the song as the Highlander mended his gun—he gave it a new stock, a new lock, and a new barrel.”

XIX.

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

THIS elegant song, beginning, *How blest has my time been, what joys have I known*, is not a Scottish production. It was written by Mr Edward Moore, author of *Fables for the Female Sex*, *The Gamester*, a tragedy, and other esteemed works. In this song, Mr Moore has not only exhibited a charming picture of real domestic happiness, but has likewise paid a delicate compliment to the amiable virtues of his wife. This lady, whose name was Janet Hamilton, was a daughter of Mr Hamilton, table-decker to the princesses. She had also a poetical turn, and is said to have assisted her husband in writing his tragedy. One specimen of her poetry was handed about before their marriage, and afterwards appeared

in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1749, page 192. It was addressed to a daughter of the famous Stephen Duck, and begins with the following stanza :

You will think it, my Duck, for the fault I must own,
Your Jessy, at last, is quite covetous grown ;
Though millions if fortune should lavishly pour
I still should be wretched if I had not MORE.

After playing on his name with great delicacy and ingenuity through half a dozen of other stanzas, she thus concludes :

You will wonder, my girl, who this dear one can be,
Whose merit can boast such a conquest as me ;
But you shan't know his name, though I told you before
It begins with an M ; but I dare not say MORE.

Mr Moore's works were printed in one volume, 4to. in 1756. He died a few months thereafter, viz. on 28th February 1757.

XX.

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

HER maiden name, as we learn from the Statistical Account of Scotland, was Anderson, the only daughter and legitimate child of John Anderson, Esq. of Patie's Mill, in the parish of Keith-hall, and county of Aberdeen. Her father, who generally went by the name of *Black John Anderson*, was likewise proprietor of the estates of Tullikearie in the parish of Fintray, and Standing-stones in the parish of Dyce. From her uncommon beauty, accomplishments, and prospect of a large fortune, she had many admirers. Mr Sangster, then Laird of Boddum, in attempting clandestinely to carry the young lady off about the year 1550, was discovered by a dog, and received a very rough chastisement from her father. The disappointed lover, in revenge, wrote an ill-natured song, of which her great-grandson, born in 1703, and now living (in 1791) remembers these words,

Ye'll tell the gowk that gets her,
He gets but my auld sheen.

A more favoured lover composed a song to her praise, the air of which only is now preserved. His name, likewise, was Anderson. On this gentleman she bestowed her fair hand,

and had several children by him. Having survived her first husband, she was afterwards married to a Mr James George, to whom she also bore a family. Like many other beauties, she was latterly very unfortunate. Her father having killed a man in the burgh of Inverurie, fled to Orkney, where his maternal uncle was bishop. His flight—the derangement of his affairs during his absence—and the expence of procuring a pardon, ruined his estate. Several of the descendants of this celebrated beauty reside in the parish of Keith-hall, and the adjacent districts of that part of the country.

Allan Ramsay adapted his modern words to the old melody, and transferred the heroine of his muse to the parish of Galston in the county of Air, where a mill with a similar name was existing. Burns gives us the following account of this translocation, upon the authority of Sir William Cunningham of Robertland, Baronet, to whom the anecdote was communicated by the late John, Earl of Loudon. “The then Earl of Loudon, father of Earl John before-mentioned, had Ramsay at London, and one day walking together by the banks of Irvine-water, near New-mills, at a place yet called Patie’s Mill, they were struck with the appearance of a beautiful country girl. His lordship observed, that she would be a fine theme for a song. Allan lagged behind in returning to Loudon-castle, and at dinner produced this identical song.”—*Burns’s Reliques*.

Ritson says, that Ramsay’s Lass of Patie’s Mill, and some others, must be allowed equal to any, and even, in point of pastoral simplicity, superior to most lyric productions, either in the Scottish or any other language. The second verse is omitted in Mr George Thomson’s Collection, probably from an idea that the imagery was somewhat too warm. Ramsay’s verses appear in the *Orpheus Caledonius*; but the air, as has been shewn, is at least as old as the middle of the sixteenth century.

XXI.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE two songs in the Museum, viz. the first beginning, *The Lawland lads think they are fine*, and the other, *The Lawland maids gang trig and fine*, were both written by Ramsay, and published by him in his Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724. With regard to the tune, it is very ancient; a set of it appears in a manuscript collection of airs in 1687. It originally consisted of no more than one strain of eight bars, and was copied in this primitive state, adapted to Ramsay's verses, in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. The ancient words to the tune are now lost, and the second part or strain of this tune is a modern interpolation.

XXII.

THE NEW HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THIS beautiful melody was composed, by the celebrated Dr Arne, to an English version of Ramsay's *Highland Lassie*. Both words and music are printed in the *Muses' Delight*, p. 66, Liverpool, 1754. The second set of verses, beginning, *Ah! sure a pair was never seen*, also adapted to Dr Arne's tune, was written by R. B. Sheridan, Esq. and introduced as a song in his musical opera of the Duenna, acted at Drury Lane in 1775.

XXIII.

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

THIS truly comic ballad, beginning, *Hersell be Highland shentleman*, by an anonymous author, does not appear either in the Tea-Table Miscellany or the Orpheus Caledonius. It is preserved, however, in Herd's Collection of 1769, with another ballad in the same style to the tune of, "Had awa frae me, Donald," probably by the same hand. From its excellent broad humour, and the ludicrous specimen of a Highlander's *broken* English, it has long been a popular favourite in the lower districts of Scotland. It is adapted to the ancient air of "Clout the Caldron," of which tradition relates, that the second Bishop Chisholm of Dunblane used to say, that if he were going to be hanged, no-

thing would sooth him so much as to hear this tune played by the way.

In the Museum one stanza has been left out, apparently from want of room. It should be placed between the 9th and 10th stanzas. It is as follows :

Tey tak the horse ten by the head,
And tere tey make her stand, man ;
Me tell tem, me hae seen te day,
Tey had nae sic command, man.

The old song, beginning, " Have you ony pats or pans," may be seen in the Tea-table Miscellany, and the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725. Burns observes, that " the air is also known by the name of the *Blacksmith and his apron*, which, from the rhythm seems to have been a line of some old song to the same tune."—*Reliques*.

XXIV.

BLYTHE JOCKEY.

BOTH the air and words of this Anglo-Scottish song, beginning, *My Jocky is the blythest lad*, are comparatively modern. It came out about the year 1769, and was inserted in the first edition of Horsfield's Songster's Companion, 2 vols 12mo. London, 1770. The first set of verses in the Museum are slightly altered from the copy in Horsfield's Collection, and in Wilson's Cecilia, published in 1779. The other verses to the same tune, beginning, *To fly like bird from grove to grove*, are pretty; but their author is yet anonymous. They were also taken from Horsfield's Songster, Vol. II. p. 220.

XXV.

AULD LANG SYNE.

THESE verses, with the exception of the first line, which is the title of the old tune, are wholly by Ramsay. They appeared in his Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724, and again in 1725, along with the music in the Orpheus Caledonius. About the year 1790, Burns was so fortunate as to recover some fine original verses of the older ballad, as he himself informs us, from an old man's singing them to him. He afterwards communicated them to the editor of the Museum,

to Mrs Dunlop, and to Mr George Thomson. Burns speaks with rapture of this recovery. In a letter to Mrs Dunlop, he says, "light be the turf on the breast of the Heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment! There is more of the fire of native genius in it than in half a dozen of modern English bacchanalians." The reader will find this fine old fragment in the fifth volume of the Scots Musical Museum, p. 426, where it is set to the original Lowland air of *Auld lang-syne*. It has since been published by Mr George Thomson, in his Collection of Scottish Songs, adapted to a very beautiful and more modern air, now generally known by the name of *Sir Alexander Don's Strathspey*. This latter tune has nearly superseded the old air, as the verses are now seldom, if ever, sung to any other. The history of this air is somewhat curious. Mr William Shield, in his overture to *Rosina*, acted at Covent Garden in 1783, introduced into this overture two strains of an old Scottish strathspey, slightly altered, entitled, "The Miller's Daughter." Some years thereafter, Mr Gow published Shield's copy of the tune in his Collection of Reels and Strathspeys; and, in compliment to the late worthy Baronet of Newton Don, gave it the name of *Sir Alexander Don's Strathspey*. The late Sir Alexander Don was an excellent musical amateur, and some persons, from this circumstance, have been erroneously led to imagine that he was the composer of the air.

XXVI 27

THE GENTLE SWAIN.

THERE are two sets of verses in the Museum, both of which are adapted to the tune of *Jockey's gray brecks*. With regard to the melody, Burns observes, that "though it has certainly every evidence of being a Scottish air, yet there is a well-known tune in the north of Ireland, called the '*Weaver and his Shuttle, O*,' which, though sung much quicker, is every note the very tune."—*Reliques*.

The old slow Scottish air, which is in *triple time*, is preserved in Oswald's Collection, Vol. II. p. 32. Oswald him-

self, although he lays no claim to it, it is believed, composed the more modern tune *in common time*, and inserted it in the same collection, which first appeared in 1742, consequently the *tune* adapted to the verses in the Museum, as well as to the song of “The Weaver and his Shuttle,” cannot be many years anterior to that date. Oswald, however, borrowed the *subject* of his air from the older melody. Every musician knows how easy a matter it is to change a tune from triple to common time, and *vice versa*, though, to an unexperienced ear, the air might seem totally different.

This tune appears to have been highly relished by our poet, for in a subsequent part of his remarks, he says, that “to sing so beautiful an air to such execrable verses is downright (prostitution) of common sense. The Scots verses,” he adds, “are indeed tolerable.”—*Reliques*. Burns, however, is certainly too severe in his strictures on the harmless effusions of this anonymous “Gentle Swain,” whose verses indeed, though far short of sublimity, do not seem to merit the harsh epithet of *execrable*. The other set of verses, to which the poet alludes, beginning, “Jenny’s heart was frank and free,” and which, he admits, are tolerable, was written by Mr Mayne, formerly of Glasgow, who likewise composed some beautiful verses to the tune of “Logan Water.” Mr Mayne is also the author of the *Siller Gun*, and several other pieces of considerable poetical merit.

As this melody was a particular favourite of Burns, he did not permit it to slip away unwedded to his muse. The following beautiful stanzas were accordingly composed by him, which are admirably suited to the air. They appear in Mr Thomson’s Collection, p. 108, under the title of

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

I.

’TWAS even,—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hung;
The zephyr wanton’d round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along!

In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
 All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
 Except where green-wood echoes rang
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

The older set of verses to the same air, which Johnson, from an unaccountable fastidiousness, had rejected, are not destitute of merit. These artless strains are still sung in Scotland at every country fire-side, and it now becomes a matter of justice to restore them.

JOHNNY'S GREY BREEKS.

I.

WHEN I was in my se'enteenth year
 I was baith blythe and bonnie, O ;
 The lads loo'd me baith far and near,
 But I loo'd nane but Johnny, O.
 He gained my heart in twa three weeks,
 He spak sae blythe and kindly, O ;
 And I made him new grey breeks
 That fitted him most finely, O.

II.

He was a handsome fellow,
 His humour was baith frank and free ;
 His bonny locks, sae yellow,
 Like gowd they glitter'd in my ee ;—
 His dimpl'd chin and rosy cheeks,
 And face so fair and ruddy, O ;
 And then a' day his grey breeks
 Were neither auld nor duddy, O.

III.

But now they are quite thread-bare worn,
 And wider than they used to be ;
 They're a' tash'd-like and unco torn,
 And clouted sair on ilka knee :
 But gin I had a simmer's day,
 As I hae had right mony, O,
 I'll make a web o' new grey,
 To be breeks to my Johnny, O.

IV.

For he's weel wordy o' them,
 And better than I hae to gie ;
 But I'll take pains upo' them,
 And strive frae faults to keep them free.
 To clead him weel shall be my care,
 And please him a' my study, O ;
 But he maun wear the auld pair
 Awee, tho' they be duddy, O.

I have seen two additional stanzas to the song, but they appear to be the production of a different and very inferior pen ; they are likewise coarse, and inadmissible on the score of delicacy.

XXVIII.

HE STOLE MY TENDER HEART AWAY.

“ THIS song, says Burns, is an Anglo-Scottish production, but by no means a bad one.”—*Reliques*. This beautiful melody, to which the verses are set, is the composition of

Sig. Thomaso Giordani, a native of Italy. It was originally adapted to a French song, beginning, *Lison dormoit dans un bocage*, of which the stanzas in the Museum are an English version, and possess no small share of elegance and pastoral simplicity. This fine air was arranged as a lesson for the piano-forte or harpsichord, by the celebrated Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, and it has been very much and very deservedly admired by all who have heard it.

XXIX.

BLYTHE JOCKEY YOUNG AND GAY.

THIS song is of considerable antiquity. It is inserted in a musical manuscript, written about 1680. An imperfect copy of the tune and words afterwards found their way into Henry Playford's *Mirth and Wit*, first edition, in 1698. The two middle stanzas are omitted in Playford's copy, and he has also taken some liberties with the air. Both of these, however, are restored to their original state in the Museum. In 1773, Mr James Hook of London set the same verses to an air of his own composition, which was sung at Vauxhall Gardens that year with applause.

XXX.

BONNY BESSY.

THIS song was written by Ramsay, and published by him in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, in 1724, to the old tune of *Bessie's haggis*, which, from the title, would seem to have been a very humorous old Scottish song, now supposed to be lost. Ramsay's words, adapted to the music, appear in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725. About the year 1745, a Jacobite parody of the old song came into vogue. It began,

KEN ye wha supped Bessy's haggies?
 Ken ye wha dimer'd on our Bessy's haggies?
 Four good lords and three bonny ladies,
 A' to dinner on our Bessy's haggies.
 Ae gude chief wi' his gear and his glaumrie,
 Lords on the bed and Dukes in the aumrie;
 There was a king's son cover'd o'er wi' raggies,
 A' for to dinner on our Bessy's haggies.

This song is inserted at large in Hogg's *Jacobite Reliques*, vol. ii. p. 191, *et seq.*

XXXI.

TWINE WEEL THE PLAIDEN.

I REMEMBER an old lady who sang these verses to a very plaintive and simple air in slow treble time, a copy of which, but corrupted with embellishments, appears in Oswald's Collection, No 12, under the title of "The lassie lost her silken snood." Napier, who first published the song, being unacquainted, perhaps, with the original melody, adapted the verses to the same air which is inserted in Johnson's *Museum*. This song, though undoubtedly of considerable antiquity, is neither to be found in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, nor in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*.

XXXII.

FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

BURNS observes, that "it is too bare-faced to take Dr Percy's charming song, and by the means of transposing a few English words into Scots, to offer it to pass for a Scots song. I was not unacquainted with the editor until the first volume was nearly finished, else, had I known in time, I would have prevented such an impudent absurdity"—*Reliques*. These remarks are equally true and candid; yet it may not be improper to observe, that even Bishop Percy, when he wrote these elegant verses, might have had in view the Scottish song inserted in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, entitled, "*The young Laird and Edinburgh Kate*." The structure of the stanza in both songs is exactly alike, and one cannot but remark, that the Bishop's song commences in words nearly similar to the second stanza of the other.

Old Song, verse 2d.

O Katy wiltu gang wi me,
And leave the dinsome town awhile;
The blossom's sprouting from the tree,
And a' the simmer's gawn to smile.

The Bishop's song begins,

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?

But, be this as it may, it must be admitted that the Bishop's verses, which were adapted to a beautiful air, composed by Mr Thomas Carter, and sung by Mr Vernon at Vauxhall in 1773, form one of the most successful imitations of the Scottish pastoral ballad which has ever yet appeared on the south side of the Tweed. This beautiful Anglo-Scottish song is here presented to the reader.

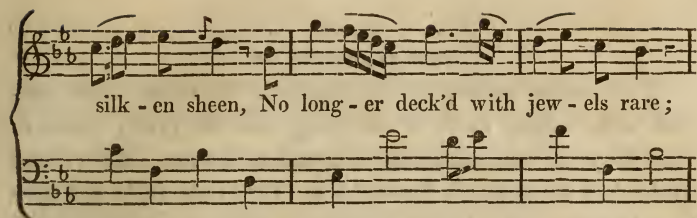
OH, NANCY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME.

Words by Bishop PERCY. Music by Mr THOMAS CARTER. 1773.

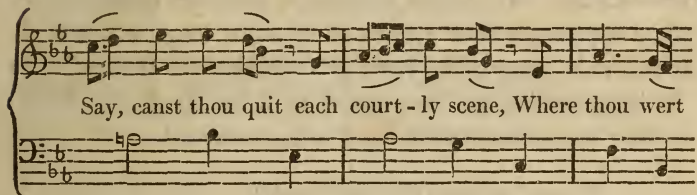
Oh, Nan-cy, wilt thou go with me, Nor sigh to leave the

flaunting town? Can si-lent glens have charms for thee, The

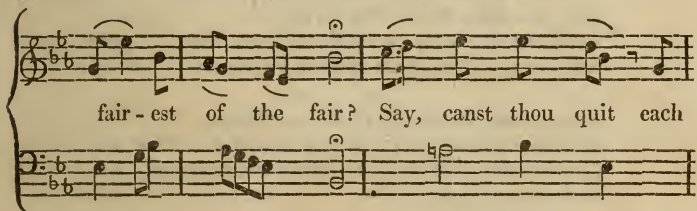
low-ly cot and rus-set gown? No long-er drest in



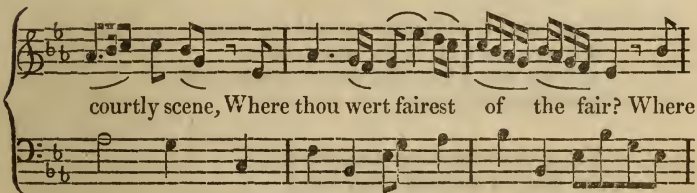
silk - en sheen, No long - er deck'd with jew - els rare ;



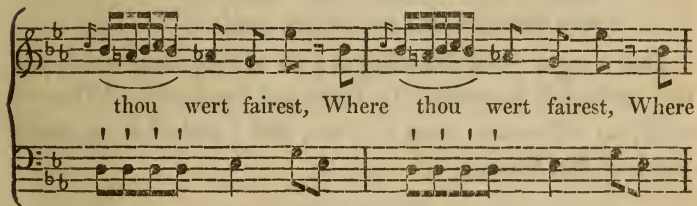
Say, canst thou quit each court - ly scene, Where thou wert



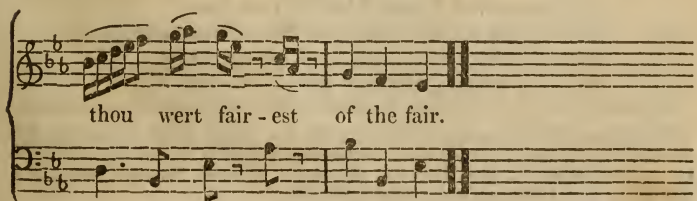
fair - est of the fair? Say, canst thou quit each



courtly scene, Where thou wert fairest of the fair? Where



thou wert fairest, Where thou wert fairest, Where



thou wert fair - est of the fair.

XXXIII.

THE BLATHRIE O'T.

THIS artless melody of one strain, in the *minor mode*, carries with it every mark of antiquity, and the pretty verses in the Museum are admirably adapted to the air. Kelly, who published his *Scottish Proverbs* in 1721, tells us, it was then an old song. In Yair's *Charmers*, however, printed 1749, there appears another version of the same song, which is directed to be sung to the tune of "Dunbarton Drums." As the latter version has been copied both by Herd and Ritson in their respective collections, it is here annexed.

I.

WHEN I think on this warld's pelf,
And how little I hae o't to myself;
I sigh when I look on my thread-bare coat,
And shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

II.

Johnny was the lad that held the plough,
But now he has goud and gear enough;
I weel mind the day when he wasna worth a groat,
And shame fa', &c.

III.

Jenny was the lass that mucked the byre,
But now she goes in her silken attire;
And she was a lass who wore a plaiden coat,
And shame fa', &c.

IV.

Yet a' this shall never daunt me,
Sae lang's I keep my fancy free;
While I've but a penny to pay t'other pot,
May the deil tak the gear and the bagrie o't.*

Burns says, "the following is a *set* of this song, which was the earliest I remember to have got by heart. When a child, an old woman sung it to me, and I picked it up, every word, at first hearing."

I.

O WILLIE weel I mind I lent you my hand,
To sing you a song which you did me command;
But my memory's so bad, I had almost forgot,
That you called it the gear and the blathrie o't.

* "Shame fa the gear and the bladry o't," says Kelly, is the turn of an old Scottish song, spoken when a young handsome girl marries an old man upon account of his wealth."—*Scots Proverbs*, page 296. It would, therefore, seem, that the version in the Museum is the older of the two.

II.

I'll not sing about confusion, delusion, or pride,
 I'll sing about a laddie was for a virtuous bride ;
 For virtue is an ornament that time will never rot,
 And preferable to gear and the blathrie o't.

III.

Tho' my lassie has nae scarlets nor silks to put on,
 We envy not the greatest that sits upon the throne ;
 I wad rather hae my lassie, tho' she came in her smock,
 Than a princess wi' the gear and the blathrie o't.

IV.

Tho' we hae nae horses nor menzie at command,
 We will toil on our foot, and we'll work wi' our hand ;
 And when wearied without rest, we'll find it sweet in any spot,
 And we'll value not the gear and the blathrie o't.

V.

If we hae ony babies, we'll count them as lent ;
 Hae we less, hae we mair, we will aye be content ;
 For they say they hae mair pleasure that wins but a groat,
 Than the miser wi' his gear and the blathrie o't.

VI.

I'll not meddle wi' th' affairs o' the kirk or the queen,
 They're nae matters for a sang, let them sink, let them swim ;
 On your kirk I'll ne'er encroach, but I'll hold it still remote,
 Sae tak this for the gear and the blathrie o't.

Vide Reliques.

As the last stanza speaks of *meddling with the affairs of the kirk or the queen*, it is probable that the verses recovered by Burns were written in the time of Queen Anne, perhaps about the year 1710.

Oswald added a second strain to this very ancient tune, which is printed in the fifth volume of his *Pocket Companion*, page 23, under the title of “Deil take the gear ;” but it is quite unsuitable for the ordinary compass of the human voice, being almost a repetition of the first strain, set an octave higher.

XXXIV.

LUCKY NANCY.

IN Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* these truly comic verses are directed to be sung to the old air of “*Dainty Davie*.” They are accordingly adapted to this tune in the *Museum*. The tune of *Dainty Davy* is inserted in Play-

ford's Dancing-Master, first published in 1657. It is clear, therefore, that there was a song under this title, long before the well-known story about the Rev. David Williamson and the daughter of the Laird of Cherrytrees.

From the letter Q being affixed to this song in Ramsay's work, (by which, he tells us, is meant, *old songs with additions*) Burns was induced to conjecture, that nothing but the chorus was old, and that Ramsay himself was the author of the song. In a communication, however, by Lord Woodhouselee to Mr R. H. Cromek, his Lordship says, "I have good reason to believe, that no part of the words of this song was written by Ramsay. I have been informed, by good authority, that the words, as printed in Ramsay's Collection, were written by the Hon. Duncan Forbes, Lord President of the Court of Session."—*See Cromek's Select Scottish Songs, ancient and modern, with critical observations and biographical notices, by Robert Burns, vol. ii. p. 188.*

XXXV.

MAY-EVE, OR KATE OF ABERDEEN.

THIS song was written by the late Mr John Cunningham, the poet and comedian, about the year 1766, and set to music by Mr Jonathan Battishill, a celebrated English composer, who obtained the gold medal in 1770 for his well-known glee for three voices, *Underneath this myrtle shade*. This song was printed without the music in the *London Songster*, in 1767, and was frequently sung by Miss Polly Young at Vauxhall Gardens, with great applause. Burns says, that "Kate of Aberdeen" is, I believe, the work of poor Cunningham the player, of whom the following anecdote, though told before, deserves a recital.—"A fat dignitary of the church, coming past Cunningham one *Sunday*, as the poor poet was busy plying a fishing-rod in some stream near Durham, his native country, his reverence reprimanded Cunningham very severely for such an occupation on such a day. The poor poet, with that inoffensive gentleness of manners which was his peculiar characteristic, replied, that he hoped God and his

reverence would forgive his seeming profanity of that sacred day, *as he had no dinner to eat but what lay at the bottom of that pool.* This, Mr Woods the player, who knew Cunningham well, and esteemed him much, assured me was true."—*Reliques.*

The late Mr William Woods, of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, was incorrect when he told Burns that Durham was the place of Cunningham's nativity. He was born in the year 1729 in Dublin, where his father, an eminent wine-merchant, (who was a descendant of the Cunninghams of Enterkine in Ayrshire) then resided. At the age of twelve he wrote several little poems, which are still admired, and he produced the only dramatic performance he left, viz. *Love in a Mist*, before he was seventeen. Although both his voice and figure were rather against him, his passion for the stage obtained so strong a power over him, that he secretly left his parents, and embarked for England. After experiencing various vicissitudes of fortune as an itinerant player, he was, in 1761, engaged as a performer at the Edinburgh Theatre, at that time under the direction of Mr Love. Here he wrote some of his best pieces, and, as a poet, began to emerge from obscurity. He afterwards repaired to London, in hopes of obtaining a more comfortable, as well as a more respectable subsistence in the literary world; but the bookseller, by whom he was employed, in a short time became bankrupt, and he once more returned to Scotland. At this period he was engaged by Mr Digges, who had now become manager of the Edinburgh Theatre, who treated our author with uncommon respect and kindness. Mr Cunningham resided in Edinburgh during the whole of Mr Digges' management of the Theatre. He then went to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which had formerly been his residence for several years, and which, to his last breath, he used emphatically to call his home. At this place, and in the neighbouring towns, he earned a moderate subsistence, and was much esteemed by several of the most respectable characters in the country. Mr Cunningham

died at Newcastle on the 18th September, 1773, and was buried in St John's Church-yard.

XXXVI.

TWEED-SIDE.

IN the Muses Delight, printed at Liverpool in 1754, this beautiful old Scottish melody is erroneously attributed to Signor David Rizzio, a musician in the service of Mary, Queen of Scots. The real name of the composer is unknown. Prior to the birth of Ramsay, in 1684, it was adapted to the following verses, which are said to have been written by Lord Yester.

WHEN Maggie and I were acquaint,
I carried my noddle fu' hie ;
Nae lint-white on all the gay plain,
Nor gowdspink sae bonny as she.
I whistled, I pip'd, and I sang,
I woo'd, but I came nae great speed,
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

To Maggie my love I did tell,
Saut tears did my passion express ;
Alas ! for I loo'd her o'er well,
And the lasses loe sic a man less :
Her heart it was frozen and cauld,
Her pride had my ruin decreed,
Therefore I will wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

The beautiful song, beginning, *What beauties does Flora disclose*, was written prior to 1724, as it was printed in Ramsay's Collection that year, and again in 1725, with the music, in the Orpheus Caledonius. The author was Mr William Crawford, of the house of Auchinames, in the county of Renfrew, an intimate friend and correspondent of Hamilton of Bangour.—See Lord Woodhouselee's Life of Lord Kaims, vol. i. According to the testimony of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. the lady who is celebrated in Crawford's song was a Miss Mary Lillias Scott, one of the daughters of Walter Scott, Esq. of Harden, an estate delightfully situated on the north side of the Tweed, about four miles below Melrose. This lady was a descendant of another celebrated beauty, Mary Scott, daughter of Mr Scott of Dryhope,

in Selkirkshire, famous by the traditional name of—“*The Flower of Yarrow*.” Miss M. L. Scott of Harden was certainly, in her youth, one of the greatest beauties in Scotland. She, as well as her elder sister, who was rather plain than handsome, were both excellent singers. The youngest sister, in particular, frequently sung the ballad of *Lochaber* with such feeling and effect, as to draw tears from those who heard her. The Duke of Hamilton, who was a great admirer of this lady, had her picture painted by Ramsay, the poet’s son. It was esteemed a good likeness. Pennant takes notice of this picture; but the editor is uncertain if it still remains in Hamilton Palace. In Burns’s Reliques, it is said that the Christian name of the poet was *Robert Crawford*, and that the Mary he celebrated was a Mary Stewart, of the Castlemilk family, afterwards married to a Mr John Ritchie. As to both these points, the information which Burns received appears to have been incorrect. Mr Gay selected this beautiful air for one of his songs in the opera of “Polly,” beginning, *The stag, when chac’d all the long day*—printed in 1729.

XXXVII.

MARY’S DREAM.

THIS beautiful song, as well as the first set of the tune, are the composition of Mr John Lowe, who was born at Kenmore in Galloway, in the year 1750. His father was gardener to the Hon. Mr Gordon of Kenmore, son of that unfortunate nobleman who paid the forfeit of his life and titles for his adherence to the House of Stewart in 1715. Lowe was the eldest son of a numerous family, and received a pretty liberal education at the parish-school of Kells. At the age of fourteen, he was bound apprentice to a respectable weaver of the name of Heron, father of the late Robert Heron, author of the History of Scotland, in six volumes, and other works. This profession, though dictated by the necessity of a parent, was neither congenial to the feelings nor genius of young Lowe. By his own industry, however, he was afterwards enabled to place himself under the tuition

of Mr Mackay, then schoolmaster of Carsphairn, an eminent master of the languages. Lowe at this time employed his evenings in teaching church-music, as he possessed a very just ear, sung well, and played with considerable skill upon the violin. These qualities, added to a happy temper and a fine flow of animal spirits, soon gained him many friends, through whose assistance our poet was, in 1771, enabled to enter himself a student of divinity in the University of Edinburgh. On his first return from college, he became tutor in the family of Mr M'Ghie of Airds, an amiable country gentleman, who had several beautiful daughters. In this romantic abode, so favourable to the descriptive muse, Lowe composed many little pieces, of which, it is to be regretted, few copies are now to be found, though there are some songs of his composition still sung by the common people of the Glenkens in Galloway. He also composed a pretty long pastoral, entitled, "Morning, a Poem," which is still preserved in his own hand-writing, and another fine song, Pompey's Ghost. He likewise attempted to write a tragedy, but no part of it is now to be found. About this time Mr Alexander Miller, a surgeon, who had been engaged to MARY, one of the young ladies of Airds, was unfortunately lost at sea, an event which would probably now have been forgotten but for the exquisitely tender and pathetic song of Mary's Dream, which has given to it immortality. It is presumed, that our poet was sensibly alive to the misfortunes of a young lady, whose sister had inspired him also with the tenderest passion; but it was not their fate to be united.

After finishing his studies at the Divinity-hall, and seeing no prospect of obtaining a living in his native country, Mr Lowe, in 1773, embarked for America. For sometime he acted as tutor to the family of a brother of the great Washington, a situation which supplied some hopes of advancement. He next opened an academy for the education of young gentlemen in Fredericksburgh, Virginia, which was given up upon his taking orders in the church of England. After this event he married a Virginian lady, who unfortu-

nately proved his ruin. She was not only regardless of his happiness, but even unfaithful to his bed. Overwhelmed with shame, disappointment, and sorrow, the vigour of his constitution was broken, and he fell into an untimely grave, in 1798, in the 48th year of his age. His remains were interred under the shade of two palm-trees, near Fredericksburg, without even a stone to write, "Mary, weep no more for me."

This truly elegant and popular ballad, however, Mr Cromek informs us, was originally composed by Lowe in the Scottish dialect, before he gave it the polished English form. As the older ballad may be interesting to some readers in original Scottish garb, it is here subjoined.

I.

THE lovely moon had climbed the hill,
Where eagles big aboon the Dee;
And like the looks of a lovely dame,
Brought joy to every body's ee.
A' but sweet Mary deep in sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandie far at sea;
A voice drapt saftly on her ear,
"Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!"

II.

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

III.

The wind slept when we left the bay,
But soon it wak'd and rais'd the main,
And God, he bore us down the deep,
Who strave wi' Him, but strave in vain!
He stretch'd his arm and took me up,
Tho' laith I was to gang *but* thee;
I look frae heaven aboon the storm,
Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!

IV.

Take off thae bride-sheets frae thy bed,
Which thou hast faulded down for me;
Unrobe thee of thy earthly stole—
I'll meet in heaven, aboon, wi' thee.

Three times the grey cock flapt his wing,
 To mark the morning lift his ee,
 And thrice the passing spirit said,
 Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me !

XXXVIII.

NEW SET OF MARY'S DREAM.

THIS second set of the air to Lowe's song, is, I believe, the composition of my friend Mr Schetky, the celebrated Violoncello player in Edinburgh.

Mary M'Ghie, the heroine of both songs, was afterwards married to a very respectable gentleman, and died in England about two years ago.

XXXIX.

WATER PARTED FROM THE SEA.

WE are indebted both for the words and music of this fine English song to that eminent composer, Thomas Augustine Arne, Mus. Doc. It was originally sung by Mr Tenducci in the English opera of Artaxerxes, first performed at Covent Garden in February 1762. Dr Arne was the brother of Mrs Cibber, the celebrated singer and actress, and the father of Michael Arne, who likewise became an excellent musician. Many of Dr Arne's ballads were professed imitations of the Scottish style, and, in his other songs, he frequently dropped into it, though perhaps without design. He is generally supposed to have been the *Dr Catgut* of Foote's comedy of "The Commissary," acted at Hay-market in 1765. Dr Arne was born at London in March 1710, and died there of a spasmodic complaint, on 5th of March 1778.

XL.

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

THIS fine pastoral song was written by Mr Robert Dudgeon, farmer at Preston, near Dunse, in the county of Berwick. Some elegant poetical compositions (still unpublished) are likewise attributed to this modest and unassuming writer. The air of this song is said to be of Gaelic origin, and that it is called, "*Nian down nan gobhar*," See Fraser's Highland Melodies. The editor never met with this Highland song,

neither did he ever hear the tune, until it was published with Mr Dudgeon's verses.

XLI.

I WISH MY LOVE WERE IN A MIRE.

THIS old melody is inserted in a manuscript music-book, which, from an inscription, appears to have belonged to a "Mrs Crockat in 1709," now in the editor's possession. The old song began—

I wish my love were in a myre
That I might pu' her out again.

The remainder of this ditty, I believe, is lost. The verses in the Museum, beginning, "Blest as th' immortal Gods is he," were adapted to the old melody, and published by Thomson in his *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725. They are a translation of an Ode of Sappho of Mitylene, the celebrated Greek poetess, who, for her excellence, is sometimes styled the *Tenth Muse*. She flourished about six hundred years before the Christian era. It is said, that being unable to conquer her own passion for Phaon, or to gain his affections, she cast herself headlong from the promontory of Leucas, and perished in the sea. The translator was Ambrose Philips, Esq. the English dramatic writer and poet, who is allowed to have done every possible justice to his Grecian model. This spirited translation has been set to music by Mr Stubbley, as well as by Mr Exeter, both doubtless in their best styles. It still, however, continues to be more usually sung to the old Scottish air.

The second set of verses to the same air, beginning, "O lovely maid, how dear's thy power," appears in the *Tea-Table Miscellany* with the initial L; but Ramsay has left no clue for ascertaining the author.

XLII.

LOGAN WATER.

THIS beautiful old tune appears in Mrs Crockat's manuscript book in 1709. Though the song originally adapted to this air may have been pathetic, or of a melancholy cast, corresponding to the nature of the melody itself, which is slow,

plaintive, and in the minor mode ; nevertheless, it is certain, that it was adapted at an early period to a song of a very different cast ; it began

AE simmer night, on Logan braes,
I helped a bonnie lassie on wi' her claise,
First wi' her stockings, and syne wi' her shoon,
But she gied me the glaiks when a' was done.
But had I ken'd what I ken now,
I would, &c. &c.

The rest of the song is rather exceptionable on the score of delicacy. The verses in the Museum, beginning "For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove an unrelenting foe to love," written by our admired poet James Thomson, author of the Seasons, first appeared, adapted to the air of Logan Water, in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725.

About the year 1783, a new song, to the tune of Logan Water, written by Mr John Mayne, a native of Glasgow, became very popular in the south west of Scotland. It was published along with the old air, not long thereafter, by the music-sellers, and soon became a favourite at Vauxhall and other parts of the kingdom. It was afterwards printed in the Star Newspaper of London, signed with *the initial letter* of the author's surname, on 23d May 1789.

LOGAN WATER.

By MR JOHN MAYNE.

By Logan's streams that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep ;
Herded sheep or gather'd slaes,
Wi' my dear lad, on Logan braes :
But, waes my heart ! thae days are gane,
And, fu' o' grief, I herd my lane ;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes !

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he,
Atween the preachings, meet wi' me,
Meet wi' me, or, when its mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I weel may sing—thae days are gane !
Frae kirk and fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes !

Mr Burns imagined that this delightful composition of Mr

Mayne was of considerable antiquity. In a letter to a correspondent, dated 7th April, 1793, he says, “I remember the two last lines of a verse in some of the old songs of *Logan Water*, which I think pretty.”

“Now my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.”

These two lines Burns has incorporated into his elegant stanzas to the same tune, composed in one of his pensive moods, as he himself informs us in the following letter addressed to Mr George Thomson, and afterwards published in Dr Currie’s edition of our poet’s works.

“Have you ever, my dear sir, felt your bosom ready to burst with indignation on reading of those mighty villains who divide kingdom against kingdom, desolate provinces, and lay nations waste, out of the wantonness of ambition, or often from still more ignoble passions? In a mood of this kind to-day, I recollected the air of *Logan Water*; and it occurred to me, that its querulous melody had its origin from the plaintive indignation of some swelling, suffering heart, fired at the tyrannic strides of some public destroyer, and overwhelmed with private distress, the consequence of a country’s ruin. If I have done any thing at all like justice to my feelings, the following song, composed in three quarters of an hour’s meditation in my elbow chair, ought to have some merit.”

LOGAN WATER.
By ROBERT BURNS.

I.

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my WILLIE’S bride;
And years sinsyne hae o’er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow’ry banks appear,
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

II.

Again the merry month o’ May
Has made our hills and valleys gay,
The birds rejoice in leafy bow’rs,
The bees hum round the breathing flow’rs.

Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And ev'ning's tears are tears of joy ;
 My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
 While WILLIE's far frae Logan braes.

III.

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

IV.

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

In Duncan's Pocket Encyclopedia of Scottish, English, and Irish Songs, printed at Glasgow, in two neat vols, 18mo. 1816, *four* additional stanzas are annexed to Mayne's song. They possess considerable merit, and bring matters to a happy issue between the disconsolate shepherdess and her dear lad, who had returned " free from wars alarms," and agreeably surprised her while weeping his absence on Logan braes. He leads her immediately to the altar of Hymen, and all's well. These additional verses, however, render the song too long and tedious.

This Logan Water, celebrated by so many Scottish bards, rises in the hills which separate the parishes of Lismahagoe and Muirkirk, and, after running eastward for a course of eight miles, falls into the river Nethan.

XLIH.

ALLAN WATER.

THIS tune is inserted in a very old manuscript in the possession of the Editor, written in square-shaped notes. It has no title prefixed to it, so it is uncertain what it was called

prior to the year 1724. There is some reason to believe that the old song began, *My love Annie's very bonnie*, as the song of *Allan Water*, in Ramsay's Collection, has both these titles, though no such line as *My love Annie's very bonnie* occurs in the whole of Crawford's song. The verses in the Museum, beginning, "What numbers shall my muse repeat," were written by William Crawford, Esq. author of the fine pastoral song of Tweedside. They were first adapted to the old air of Allan Water, in the Orpheus Caledonius, in 1725.

The Allan Water here celebrated, is a small river in Perthshire, which takes its rise at Gleneagles, in the parish of Blackford, and, passing by Dunblane, discharges itself into the river Forth, about two miles above Stirling bridge.

XLIV.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

THE author of this inimitable ballad was William Julius Mickle, Esq. a native of Langholm, and well known as the elegant and inimitable translator of the "*Lusiad* and other poetical works." The sixth stanza alone, as it stands in the Museum, is not the composition of Mickle; neither is it in Herd's copy. It was supplied by Dr Beattie, subsequently to 1776. "This (says Burns) is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots or any other language." These two lines,

"And will I see his face again!
And will I hear him speak!"

as well as the two preceding ones,

"His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair."

are unequalled by almost any thing I ever heard or read; and the lines,

"The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw."*

are worthy of the first poet. It is long posterior to Ramsay's days. About the year 1771 or '72, it came first on the

* These are the two last lines of the sixth stanza, which was supplied by Dr Beattie.

streets as a ballad, and I suppose the composition of the song was not much anterior to that period." Thus far Burns. Mr Cromek, the editor of his *Reliques*, was at considerable pains to discover the author of this incomparable ballad. At first he seems to have been inclined to ascribe it to a Miss Jean Adams, who formerly taught a day-school at Crawford's-dyke, in the neighbourhood of Greenock, and who died in the Town Hospital of Glasgow, on 3d April 1765. The reasons which induced Mr Cromek to form this conclusion were, *1mo*, That Mrs Fullerton, who was a pupil of Jean Adams, frequently heard her repeat it, and affirm it to be her composition. *2do*, Mrs Crawford, a daughter of the above Mrs Fullerton, in a letter to Mrs Fletcher, dated Ratho-house, January 24, 1810, says, "You may assure Mr Cromek, that the ballad, 'There's nae luck about the house,' was written by Jean Adams on a couple in Crawford's-dyke, the town where her father lived. I do not recollect that I ever heard her repeat it; but since I can remember any thing, I have always heard it being spoken of as being her composition by those she depended much upon. My aunt, Mrs Crawford of Cartsburn, often sung it as a song of Jean Adams'." *3tio*, The song was published before Mr Mickle was known as an author.

The grounds which had been adduced by Cromek, for supposing Jean Adams to be the author of the ballad, at once appear vague, inconsistent, and altogether inconclusive. Mrs Fullerton says, she frequently heard Jean Adams repeat it as her own composition. Her daughter, on the other hand, declares, she does not recollect she ever heard her repeat it, but has always heard it spoken of as being her composition. This proves nothing with respect to Mr Cromek's own assertion, that the ballad was published before Mr Mickle was known as an author, and that Jean Adams repeatedly declared it to be her's at a time when Mr Mickle was living to disprove her title to it; it can now only be matter of sincere regret, that he should have hazarded such unguarded assertions,

or shown himself so little acquainted with the particulars of Mr Mickle's public life. The ballad was neither seen in print, nor heard of in any shape whatever, before Mr Mickle was known as an author. So early as 1755, some of Mickle's poems were sent to Lord Lyttleton, who was so delighted with them, that he dissuaded Mickle from entering the marine service, to which the young man's views were at that time directed, and encouraged him to persevere in the paths of poetry. The idea of Mr Mickle, contradicting poor Jean Adams' assertion of being the author, is really too absurd to require a serious refutation. Mickle never, in all probability, heard of her name, nor the story of her claiming his ballad as her own composition, in the whole course of his life. The following important discovery, by the Rev. Mr Sim, which was in 1810 communicated to Mr Cromek himself, at once swept away his former cobweb theory, and restored the true author of this inimitable ballad to his proper and now indisputable right. It is here introduced into Mr Cromek's own words :

“ As the editor, on claiming the ballad ‘ There's nae luck about the house’ as the property of Jean Adams, had nothing in view but truth, he hastens to lay the following letter before the readers of these volumes, written by the Rev. John Sim, A. B. editor of Mr Mickle's works, and his intimate friend, and *received since the above account was printed.*

“ The contents of Mr Sim's letter, and the poetical sketch it incloses, warrant *the editor* (Mr Cromek) *in conceding the ballad to Mr Mickle.*”

“ *Pentonville, April 14, 1810.*

“ DEAR SIR,—Since I received Mr Mudford's letter, (a copy of which you will see in the Universal Magazine for this month, page 265) I have been so very fortunate as to discover among Mr Mickle's MSS. what I have every reason to believe, from its inaccuracy and other evident marks of haste, to be the very first sketch of the ballad, ‘ There's nae luck about the house,’ a copy of which I have inclosed. Besides

the marks of haste which I have noticed in the margin, you will find Colin spelt once with two and twice with a single *l*; the verb *mun* (must) spelt with an *u* and an *a*, at the distance of only two lines; and the word *make* spelt twice with and thrice without the letter *e*. One stanza contains twelve, two stanzas eight, and the others only four lines a-piece; by which he seems undetermined whether the first four or the last four lines should form the chorus. Other inaccuracies and blunders you will perceive on comparing the MSS. with the printed copy in my edition of Mickle's poetry.

"Since I wrote to Mr Mudford, Mrs Mickle has informed me, without being asked, that she now perfectly recollects, that Mr Mickle gave her the ballad as his own composition, and explained to her the Scottish words and phrases; and she repeated to me, with very little assistance, the whole of the song, except the eight lines, which I have, and I think with justice, ascribed to Dr Beattie.* When I asked her why she hesitated at first; she said, that the question, coming unexpectedly upon her, flurried her, and the flurry, together with the fear that she might be called upon to substantiate what she then said upon oath, made her answer with diffidence and hesitation. This struck me at the time to have been the case; and I believe such a behaviour to be very natural to persons labouring under a disorder so depressive as a paralysis.

"I shall only add, that Mickle had too high an opinion of his own poetical powers, to have adopted the compositions of but very few of his contemporaries; and certainly too much

* On the authority of the Rev. Patrick Davidson of Rayne, in the county of Aberdeen.

The eight lines omitted in Mr Mickle's copy are likewise not to be found in Mr Herd's early edition of this song. They are as under—

"The cauld blasts of the winter wind,
That thrilled thro' my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part:
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa;
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw!"

honour and integrity, to give the least occasion to the publishing of the works of another as his own productions.—I remain, dear Sir, your most obedient very humble servant,

J. SIM."

To Mr Cromek.

As the first sketch of so beautiful a ballad, in the handwriting of its author, is both curious and interesting, an exact copy of it is here presented to the reader.

THERE's nae luck about the house
There's nae luck at a'
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa
And are you sure the news is true
And do you say he's weel
Is this a time to speak of wark
Ye jades lay by your wheel
Is this a time to spin a thread
When Colin's at the door
Reach me my cloak I'll to the quay
And see him come ashore

And gie to me my bigonet
My Bishop's satin gown
For I mun tell the Bailie's (1) wife
That Colin's in the town
My turkey slippers maun gae on
My stockings pearly blue
'Tis a' to pleasure my gudeman
For he's baith leel and true

Rise, Lass, and make a clean fire-side
Put on the muckle (2) pot
Gie little Kate her button gown
And Jock (3) his Sunday coat
And make their shoon as black as slaes
Their hose as white as snaw
'Tis a' to pleasure my gudeman (4)
For he's been lang awa

There's twa fat hens upo' the coop
Been fed this month and mair
Mak haste and thraw their necks about
That Colin weel may fare

1 The *e* after the *i* in *Bailie's* erased.

2 The *M* changed into *m*.

3 The *c* in *Jock* erased.

4 A repetition of line 19.

And mak the table neat and trim
 Let every thing be braw
 For who kens how Colin far'd (1)
 When he's been (2) far awa
 Sae true his heart, (3) sae smooth his speech
 His breath like cauler air
 His very foot has music in't
 As he comes up the stair
 And shall I see his face again,
 And shall I hear him speak,
 I'm downright giddy wi' the thought,
 In troth I'm like to greet.
 If Colin's weel, (4) and weel content
 I hae nae mair to crave
 And gin I live to mak him sae
 I'm blest above the lave
 And shall I see his face again, &c.

XLV.

TARRY WOO.

THIS beautiful song was copied from the third volume of Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany; but the name of its author has hitherto eluded research. Thomson has omitted this song in his Orpheus Caledonius, but the air appears in M'Gibbon's first Collection, p. 20. The modern air of Lewis Gordon is merely the old tune of Tarry Woo slightly altered.

Burns was of opinion, that the first half stanza, as well as the tune itself, were much older than the rest of the words. Cromek remarks, that the thought contained in these two lines,

"Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
 When a shepherd sings sae well?"

is an imitation of a verse in a fine old song, called, "The Miller," which, he says, serves to confirm the truth of Burns's observation on the age of "Tarry Woo."—*Select Scottish Songs*, vol. i. p. 59.

1 This line is deficient in measure.

2 Interlined, *he was*.

3 The first point in the MS.

4 The last point in the MS.

A correspondent informs me, that he has frequently heard this song sung in Dumfries-shire, and that he was generally told, that Colin (though by what accident he had forgot) was drowned before he came on shore.

XLVI.

THE MAID IN BEDLAM.

It is difficult now to determine, whether this air be originally Irish or Scottish. In Scotland the old tune, "Will ye go to Flanders," which may be seen in the second page of M^r Gibbon's first Collection, is almost, note for note, the same as "Gramachree." In the Museum there are three *sets* of verses adapted to the air, all of them excellent. The *first* beginning, "One morning very early, one morning in the spring," is attributed to George Syron, a negro; and it is said, that this poor maniac actually composed the song during his confinement in Bedlam. The *second*, "As down on Banna's banks I strayed, one evening in May," is the composition of Mr Poe, a counsellor in Dublin. "This anecdote," says Burns, "I had from a gentleman who knew the lady, the 'Molly' who is the subject of the song, and to whom Mr Poe sent the first manuscript of his most beautiful verses. I do not remember any single line that has more true pathos than,

"How can she break that honest heart,
That wears her in its core."

RELIQUES.

For the *third* and last set of verses, beginning, "Had I a heart for falsehood framed," we are indebted to the elegant pen of the late Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who introduced it as one of the songs in his musical opera of "The Duenna," written in 1775, and performed at Drury-lane that year. Mr Herd has preserved two verses of the old song of, "Will ye go to Flanders," in his Collection, vol. ii. p. 223, but they are of little interest.

XLVII.

THE COLLIER'S BONNY LASSIE.

THIS old song, which appears to have been retouched about the beginning of last century, is printed along with the music in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725. It was also selected by Mr Gay, for a tune to one of his songs, in his mu-

sical opera of "Polly," beginning, "When right and wrong's decided." Mr Gay selected a considerable number of other Scottish airs for his songs in the opera of Polly, intended as a second part to the Beggar's Opera, which is partly incomplete without it. Though the author seems to have written the second part to atone for any mischief his first might occasion among the lower orders of the people, the Duke of Grafton, who was then Lord Chamberlain, not only refused to license it, but likewise commanded it to be suppressed, through the intrigues of Walpole and his party; but from what motives it is not easy to discover. It was, however, printed by subscription, at the desire of Gay's numerous patrons and friends, in 1729, both in quarto and octavo; and the author cleared four times as much money as he could have expected from a very tolerable run of it at the theatre.

Burns judiciously remarks, that the first half stanza is much older than the days of Ramsay. The old words began thus—

"THE collier has a dochter,
And, O, she's unco bonny;
A laird he was that sought her,
Rich baith in lands and money.
She wadna hae a laird,
Nor wad she be a lady,
But she wad hae a collier,
The colour o' her daddie."

Burns himself wrote another set of verses to this air, which may be seen in Mr George Thomson's Collection; but they are not in his happiest style.

XLVIII.

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH.

THERE is an old Anglo-Scottish song, entitled, "'Twas within a furlong of Edinborough town," which, there is reason to believe, was a production of Thomas Durfey, published in Playford's first volume of "Wit and Mirth," in 1698. The air is also preserved in Oswald's Collection; it is in the key of *G minor*. The words in the Museum, beginning,

“ ‘Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,” are only a modern, though improved, version of the old verses, adapted to a new air, composed by Mr James Hook of London, well known for several successful imitations of the Scottish style.

XLIX.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

THE old melody, together with a “jig” on the same subject, appear in Oswald. The verses in the Museum, beginning, “ Will ye gang o’er the lea rig,” were written by Robert Fergusson in one of his merry humours. There is an excellent song under the same title, however, which is much older than that of Fergusson. It begins,

I’LL rowe thee o’er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O ;
I’ll rowe thee o’er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.
Altho’ the night were ne’er sae wat,
And I were ne’er sae weary, O,
I’ll row thee o’er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

The following additional stanzas, grounded on the old verses, were written by Mr William Reid, bookseller in Glasgow, who has composed several very fine songs.

AT gloamin, if my lane I be,
Oh, but I’m wondrous eerie, O ;
And mony a heavy sigh I gie,
When absent frae my dearie, O :
But, seated ’neath the milk-white thorn,
In e’ening fair and clearie, O ;
Enraptur’d, a’ my cares I scorn,
Whan wi’ my kind dearie, O.
Whare thro’ the birks the burnie rows,
Aft ha’e I sat fu’ cheerie, O ;
Upon the bonny greensward howes,
Wi’ thee, my kind dearie, O :
I’ve courted till I’ve heard the crow,
Of honest chanticleerie, O ;
Yet never mist my sleep ava,
Whan wi’ my kind dearie, O.

*For tho’ the night were ne’er sae dark,
And I were ne’er sae wearie, O,
I’d meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.*

While in this wearie warld of wae,
 This wilderness sae drearie, O :
 What makes me blythe, and keeps me sae ?
 'Tis thee, my kind dearie, O.

I.

NANCY'S TO THE GREEN-WOOD GANE.

THIS is one of the fine old and exquisitely humorous Scottish Songs, which has escaped the polishing file of Ramsay, and happily reached us in its simple and native garb. It appears in the *Tea-Table Miscellany* with the signature Z, by which letter Ramsay denotes such genuine old songs as had been composed *time out of mind*, but whose authors were unknown, even in his day, or that of his father before him. Ramsay was born in 1684; and, from the structure of the language and other intrinsic circumstances, it may fairly be conjectured, that the song itself is at least as ancient as the union of the crowns in 1603. This song appears in the first edition of the *Orpheus Caledonius* along with the music, in 1725. Mr Gay selected this charming old Scottish air for one of his songs, beginning, "In war we've nought but death to fear," in his Musical Opera of *Achilles*, performed at Covent Garden in 1733, after the author's death.

LI.

BLINK O'ER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY.

THE verses adapted to this tune in the Museum, beginning, "Leave kindred and friends, sweet Betty," were written by Mr Joseph Mitchell, a Scotchman. He was the son of a stone-mason, and born in the year 1684. At an early period he had the happiness to be introduced to the Earl of Stair and Sir Robert Walpole, on the latter of whom he was for the greater part of his life almost entirely dependent. So zealous was Mitchell for the interest of his patron, that he was frequently distinguished by the title of Sir Robert Walpole's poet. Mitchell was the author of "*Fatal Extravagance*," a tragedy, published in 1720; *Poems*, in two volumes octavo, 1729; and the opera of "*The Highland Fair*," 1731. This author died, 6th February 1738, in the 53d

year of his age. Mitchell lived in good correspondence with several eminent poets of his time, particularly Aaron Hill, James Thomson, David Mallet, and Allan Ramsay.

In the Orpheus Caledonius the two following verses of another song, but in a different measure, are prefixed to Mitchell's words,

As the gentle turtle dove
By cooing shews desire ;
As ivys, oaks do love,
And twining round aspire :
So I my Betty love,
So I my Betty woo ;
I coo as coos the dove,
And twine as ivys do.

Her kiss is sweet as spring,
Like June her bosom's warm ;
The autumn ne'er did bring,
By half so sweet a charm.
As living fountains do
Their favours ne'er repent,
So Betty's blessings grow,
The more, the more they're lent.

The measure of these stanzas is similar to that of the "Lass of Patie's Mill," to which air it is probable their author had intended them to be sung. But Thomson, in adapting the old air to these two stanzas, in his Orpheus Caledonius has taken some liberties with the melody ; and, by blending these stanzas with those of Mitchell, the song became a confused medley. These blunders were rectified in the Museum. The original words of the song, however, were written long before Mitchell's time, and are as follow :

BLINK o'er the burn, sweet Betty,
It is a' cauld winter night ;
It rains, it hails, and it thunders,
The moon she gies nae light :
It's a' for the sake o' sweet Betty,
That ever I tint my way ;
O lassie let me creep ayont thee,
Until it be break o' day.

It's Betty shall bake my bread,
And Betty shall brew my ale ;

And Betty shall be my love,
 When I come over the dale ;
 Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
 Blink over the burn to me ;
 And while I hae life, my dear lassie,
 My ain sweet Betty thou's be.

LII.

JENNY NETTLES.

MR CHALMERS, the biographer of Allan Ramsay, attributes this comic song to Ramsay himself. He is so far right ; but some of the lines belong to a much more ancient, though rather licentious song, which for that reason is here inadmissible. This old air is uncommonly pretty ; and, when played, makes a very lively and excellent dancing tune.

LIII.

WHEN ABSENT FROM THE NYMPH I LOVE.

THIS delightful air was formerly called, " O Jean, I love thee ;" but the words of this ancient song are supposed to be lost. The song to which this old air is adapted in the Museum, beginning, " When absent from the nymph," was written by Ramsay, and printed in 1724, and again in 1725, with the music, in the Orpheus Caledonius. Ramsay certainly must have seen the English song, which was written by Thomas Southerne and set to music by Thomas Farmer, introduced in the comedy called, " The Disappointment, or Mother of Fashion," acted at London in 1684. This English song is printed in Henry Playford's " Theater of Musick," Book I, p. 5. London, 1685. It consists of the following stanzas :

WHEN absent from the nymph I love,
 I'd fain resolve to love no more ;
 Tho' reason would my flame remove,
 My love-sick heart will still adore.
 My weak endeavours are in vain,
 They vanish soon as they return ;
 I by one look relapse again,
 And in a raging fever burn.

To rocks and trees I sigh alone,
 And often do my passion tell ;
 I fancy that they hear my moan,
 And echo back, *You love too well !*

Forbear your passion to pursue,
 Or it will end in misery ;
 The nymph's in love, but not with you—
 If this wont do, despair and die.

The English air by Farmer is in treble time, but greatly inferior to the old Scotch tune, in common time, called, “ O Jean I love thee,” to which William Thomson adapted Ramsay's verses in 1725. Ramsay's song is entitled, “ The Complaint,” to the tune, *When absent from the nymph I love*. From this circumstance it would appear, that he had known both the words and music of Southerne's English song.

LIV.

BONNY JEAN.

THIS fine pastoral melody was in former times called “ My bonny Jean of Aberdeen,” the last line of the chorus of a very old song which Ramsay had deemed inadmissible in his Collection. This poet, however, wrote the song in the Museum, beginning, “ Love's goddess in a myrtle grove,” in 1723, and Thomson adapted it to the old tune in his Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. Watts reprinted both the words and music in the first volume of his Musical Miscellany in 1729, and the song has since appeared in various collections. Adam Craig, who was one of the principal violin players at the concert held at Edinburgh on St Cecilia's day the 22d of November 1695, published a Collection of Old Scottish Airs in 1730, one of which is “ Bonny Jean of Aberdeen.” The reader will find a plan of this concert, with the names of the professional and amateur performers, inserted in the first volume of the Transactions of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh, and likewise in the Edinburgh Magazine or Literary Miscellany for February 1792, communicated by the late William Tytler of Woodhouselee, Esq.

Mr Charles Coffey selected this air of “ My bonny Jean” for one of his songs, beginning, “ Long have I been with grief oppressed,” in his musical opera of “ The Female Parson, or Beau in the Sudds,” acted at Haymarket Theatre in London 1730. This opera was very justly condemned by

the audience on the first night of its representation, but the author published it with the songs set to music (among which there are several Scottish melodies), in the course of the same year.

LV.

O'ER THE MOOR TO MAGGIE.

THIS old air of one strain (for the second strain is only a slight variation of the first,) was united to some verses which Ramsay very properly rejected in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, and substituted one of his own composition, which is that in the *Museum*, beginning, "And I'll o'er the muir to Maggie." Thomson did not insert Ramsay's song in his *Orpheus Caledonius*. It appeared however in a monthly musical publication, called, "The British Miscellany, or the Harmonious Grove," printed for Daniel Wright, Brook Street, London, in November 1733. It is here entitled, "O'er the moor to Maggie, within the compass of the Flute, never before printed."

A second strain to the old tune appears in this publication, as well as in the subsequent *Collection of Scottish Tunes* by Oswald; but both of them are merely the old tunes slightly varied.

LVI.

PINKY HOUSE.

THE air of Pinky House was anciently called "Rothe's Lament." Of this old song, the melody and title are all that remain. It was printed in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725, adapted to the following ballad, one of the earliest compositions of Mr David Mallet.

I.

As *Sylvia* in a forest lay
To vent her woe alone;
Her swain *Sylvander* came that way,
And heard her dying moan:
Ah! is my love, she said, to you
So worthless and so vain?
Why is your wonted fondness now
Converted to disdain?

II.

You vow'd the light should darkness turn,
Ere you'd exchange your love;

In shades you may creation mourn,
 Since you unfaithful prove :
 Was it for this I credit gave
 To every oath you swore ?
 But ah ! it seems they most deceive
 Who most our charms adore.

III.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
 The practice of mankind :
 Alas ! I see it, but too late,
 My love hath made me blind.
 For you delighted I could die ;
 But, oh ! with grief I'm fill'd,
 To think that cred'lous constant I
 Should by yourself be kill'd.

IV.

This said—all breathless, sick, and pale,
 Her head upon her hand,
 She found her vital spirits fail,
 And senses at a stand.
Sylvander then began to melt :
 But ere the word was given,
 The hoary hand of death she felt,
 And sigh'd her soul to heaven.

The song in Johnson's Museum, beginning, " By Pinkie House oft let me walk," is said to have been written by Mr Joseph Mitchell, of whom mention has already been made. Mitchell seems to have been very partial to this old air, for he wrote another song to the same tune, beginning, " As love-sick Corydon beside a murm'ring riv'let lay," which is printed in Watt's Musical Miscellany, vol. v. London, 1731.

LVII.

HERE AWA, THERE AWA.

THIS charming little air, with the three first stanzas, each of four lines, were recovered by James Oswald, who printed the tune with variations in the seventh book of his Caledonian Pocket Companion. Old David Herd afterwards published the words in his Collection in 1769. The last four silly lines, which are attached to them in the Museum, have no earthly connexion with the preceding stanzas ; they belong to a still more ancient but inadmissible version of the song. Burns always felt a particular delight in hearing this beautiful old air ; and he composed the following verses for it

in March 1793, which are certainly inferior to nothing almost that he ever wrote.—

I.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, had awa hame;
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

II.

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

III.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers;
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

IV.

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

Burns, I believe, sent the first transcript of these verses to Mr George Thomson, to be inserted in his Collection of Scottish Songs. In the opinion of this gentleman, however, as well as that of William Erskine, Esq. advocate, the verses in some instances did not exactly correspond with the musical notes, and they suggested several amendments for the poet's approbation. The greater part of these Burns refused to adopt. "Give me leave," says he, in his letter to Mr Thomson, "to criticise your taste in the only thing in which it is in my opinion reprehensible. You know I ought to know something of my own trade. Of pathos, sentiment, and point, you are a complete judge; but there is a quality more necessary than either in a song, and which is the very essence of a ballad, I mean simplicity. Now, if I mistake not, this last feature you are a little apt to sacrifice to the foregoing."

LVIII.

THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

THIS ancient and uncommonly humorous song appears in Watson's "Choice Collection," printed at Edinburgh in

1706. It is there titled “The blythsome Wedding,” and placed next to “Christ’s Kirk on the Green,” with which it is probably coeval. This is another of the old Scottish songs, which has fortunately been handed down to us in its primitive state. It is valuable both as a curious specimen of the ancient language of Scotland as well as of the coarse but lively manners of our peasantry in the olden times, circumstances which too frequently escape altogether the notice of the historian. A genuine copy of the music and words of this song is inserted in the Orpheus Caledonius. The copy in the Museum is likewise a correct one, with the exception of the last line of stanza 4th. In the original, the words are, “And bang’d up her wame in Mons-Meg*,” which Johnson thought proper to change for the sake of delicacy, though the line he has substituted is nearly as coarse as well as defective in point of measure. It would appear that the writer of the song had been a native of the northern side of the river Forth, from his sarcastic allusion of “Kirsh” having gone *south* to Edinburgh for her education.

LIX.

SAE MERRY AS WE TWA HAE BEEN.

THIS air appears in Skeine’s MS. written prior to the year 1598. It is there titled, “Sae mirrie as we hae bein,” the first line no doubt of a song, or of its chorus, which is now lost. In the Orpheus Caledonius, the music is adapted to some stanzas beginning, “Now *Phoebus* advances on high, nae footsteps of winter are seen,” which were written by Ramsay, and published in his Tea-Table Miscellany.

* Mons-Meg was the name given to a huge cannon which formerly lay in the castle of Edinburgh. In the accounts of the grand Chamberlain of Scotland, the following entries, relative to this piece of ordnance, occur, “1497, *July 21. To the pyonouris to gang to the castell to help with Mons down, 10 sh. Item to the menstrallis that playit before Mons down the gait, 14 sh.* I am informed that she burst during the reign of Charles II. On the 19th day of April 1754, Mons-Meg was removed from the castle of Edinburgh to Leith to be shipped for the tower of London, where she afterwards arrived in safety, and is still preserved there as a national curiosity. Her *calibre* is about two feet, and her weight has been computed to be upwards of five tons.

The verses in the Museum, however, in which part of the ancient chorus seems to be retained, are certainly preferable. They were copied from Herd's Collection, but he has left no key for ascertaining who wrote them. Burns, alluding to this song, says, it "*is beautiful ; the chorus in particular is truly pathetic. I never could learn any thing of its author.*"

RELIQUES.

LX.

BONNY CHRISTY.

THIS song was written by Ramsay, and it is supposed to have been one of the earliest productions of his muse. It is the first song in point of order in his Tea-table Miscellany, 1724. In the year following, Thomson adapted it to the old air of "Bonny Christy," in his Orpheus Caledonius, but the original words of the ancient song are now lost. The editor is credibly informed, that the bonny Christy of Ramsay's song was Dame Christian Dundas, daughter of Lord Arniston, and wife of Sir Charles Erskine of Alva, Bart. This old tune is to be found in the Collections of M'Gibbon, Oswald, and several others.

LXI.

JOCKEY SAID TO JENNY.

THIS humorous picture of a rustic courtship, is another little poetic gem of some ancient though now forgotten minstrel. It appears in the Tea-Table Miscellany with the signature Z ; which denotes that the song had been composed time out of mind, as Ramsay expresses it, but that even in his days, the author was unknown. It is likewise inserted with the music in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. In Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany this song is entitled "For the love of Jean." This title however does not appear to have any sort of relation to the old comic verses. Perhaps there was another song sung to the same tune in the days of Ramsay.

LXII.

O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

THE title of this old pipe tune is "O'er the hills and far awa," of which a manuscript copy of considerable antiquity is

in the possession of the editor. It is probable that this, with many other Scottish melodies and songs, were introduced into England about the year 1603, when James VI. left his native country to ascend the English throne. In the Pepysian Collection, there is an humorous poetical dialogue, which seems to have been composed about this time, called “A proper new ballad, entitled, The wind hath blown my plaid awa, or a discourse betwixt a young maid and the Elphin Knight. *To be sung to its own new pleasant tune.*” It consists of twenty stanzas, of which the first may serve as a specimen.

THE Elphin Knight sits on yon hill,
Ba, ba, ba, lilli ba;
He blows his horn both loud and shrill,
The wind has blown my plaid awa.

From the peculiar structure of the stanzas, and the broad dialect of the burthen line, the author of this ballad must have heard both the tune and words of the silly old Scottish ditty; it begins,

It’s o’er the hills and far awa,
It’s o’er the hills and far awa,
It’s o’er the hills and far awa,
The wind has blawn my plaid awa.

The song in Ramsay’s *Tea-Table Miscellany*, entitled, “O’er the hills and far away,” beginning, *Jockey met with Jenny fair*, is not a genuine Scottish production. It was made by one of the Grub-street poetasters about the year 1700, and afterwards inserted with the music in the fourth volume of the “Pills to purge Melancholy,” a second edition of which, by Mr John Lenton, was printed in 1709. It is there called “Jockey’s Lamentation.” Ramsay only altered some of the words, and struck out the last stanza of the English song, which runs thus:

THERE by myself I’ll sing and say,
’Tis o’er the hills and far away
That my poor heart has gone astray,
Which makes me grieve both night and day.
Farewell, farewell thou cruel She,
I fear that I shall die for thee;
But if I live this vow I’ll make,
To love no other for your sake.
’Tis o’er the hills, &c.

Gay selected this tune for one of his songs in the Beggar’s Opera, acted at London in 1728, beginning, “ Were I laid on Greenland coast.” It was also chosen as the air to a loyal and patriotic ballad, written and printed in the reign of Queen Ann, entitled, “ The Recruiting Officer, or the Merry Volunteers,” beginning,

HARK ! now the drums beat up again,
For all true soldier gentlemen :
Then let us list and march, I say,
Over the hills and far away.
Over the hills and over the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, and Spain,
Queen Ann commands, and we’ll obey,
Over the hills and far away.
 &c. &c. &c.

This latter ballad was inserted in Lenton’s second edition of the Pills, vol. iv. printed at London in 1709.

LXIII.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

THE battle of Flodden-field, between James the IV. King of Scots, and Thomas Howard Earl of Surrey, commander in chief of the English forces, was fought on the 9th of September 1513. On that fatal day, this gallant Monarch, with many of his nobles and the greater part of his army, composed of the flower of the Scottish youth, were left dead on the field. Of the old ballad, commemorating this melancholy catastrophe, a broken stanza or two, I believe, are all that remain ; but the ancient air is preserved in Skene’s MS. with the title of “ The flowres of the Forrest.” It is also printed in Oswald’s Collection, and in many other musical works.

OLD FRAGMENT.

I’VE heard a liting
At the ewes milking,
 * * * * * *

The flowres of the Forrest are a’ wede awa.

The loss of the old ballad, however, judging from the foregoing specimen, is the less to be regretted, since it has been supplied by three of the finest lyrical compositions, of which the English or Scottish language can boast ; all of them, too, by ladies no less distinguished for the brilliancy of their talents than their respectability in private life.

The earliest of these compositions was written by Miss Rutherford, daughter of Mr Rutherford of Fairnalie, in the county of Selkirk. This lady was afterwards married to Mr Cockburn* of Ormiston, son of the then Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, and eminent for his useful and extensive improvements in agriculture. The production of this lady's song was occasioned by the following incident. A gentleman of her acquaintance, in passing through a sequestered but romantic glen, observed a shepherd at some distance tending his flocks, and amusing himself at intervals by playing on a flute. The scene altogether was very interesting, and, being passionately fond of music, he drew nearer the spot, and listened for some time unobserved to the attractive but artless strains of the young shepherd. One of the airs in particular appeared so exquisitely wild and pathetic, that he could no longer refrain from discovering himself, in order to obtain some information respecting it from the rural performer. On inquiry, he learnt that it was "The Flowers of the Forest." This intelligence exciting his curiosity, he was determined, if possible, to obtain possession of the air. He accordingly prevailed on the young man to play it over and over, until he picked up every note, which he immediately committed to paper on his return home. Delighted with this new discovery, as he supposed, he lost no time in communicating it to Miss Rutherford, who not only recognised the tune, but likewise repeated some detached lines of the old ballad. Anxious, however, to have a set of verses adapted to his favourite melody, and well aware that few, if any, were better qualified than Miss Rutherford for such a task, he took the liberty of begging this favour at her hand. She obligingly consented, and, a few days thereafter, he had the pleasure of receiving the following pretty stanzas from the fair author.

* Mr Cockburn was one of that literary society of Edinburgh, so distinguished in point of manners and accomplishments, of which the fathers were Hamilton of Bangour, Sir William Bennet, &c. who were succeeded by still abler men, David Hume, John Hume, Lord Elibank, Henry Mackenzie, and others.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

By MRS COCKBURN.

I.

I'VE seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,
 I've tasted her favours, and felt her decay ;
 Sweet is her blessing, and kind her caressing,
 But soon it is fled—it is fled far away.

II.

I've seen the forest adorned of the foremost,
 With flowers of the fairest, both pleasant and gay ;
 Full sweet was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming,
 But now they are wither'd, and a' wede away.

III.

I've seen the morning, with gold the hills adorning,
 And the red storm roaring, before the parting day ;
 I've seen *Tweed's* silver streams, glittering in the sunny beams,
 Turn drumly and dark, as they roll'd on their way.

IV.

O fickle Fortune ! why thus cruel sporting ?
 Why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day ?
 Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot cheer me,
 Since the flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

The next beautiful elegy, adapted to the same air, and which made its appearance several years subsequent to that of Mrs Cockburn, was written by Miss Jane Elliot, a sister of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, Bart. one of the senators of the College of Justice, father of the late, and grandfather of the present, Earl of Minto. The worthy Baronet had also a fine genius for poetry ; two of his songs are inserted in the Museum.

Miss Elliot's ballad was published anonymously about the year 1755. From its close and happy imitation of ancient manners, it was by many considered as a genuine production of some old but long-forgotten minstrel. It did not, however, deceive the eagle eye of Burns. " This fine ballad," says he, " is even a more palpable imitation than *Hardiknute*. The *manners* are indeed old, but the language is of yesterday. Its author must very soon be discovered."—*Reliques*. It was so ; and to Mr Ramsay of Ochtertyre, Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Sheriff-depute of Selkirk-

shire, and the Rev. Dr Somerville of Jedburgh, we are indebted for the discovery.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

By Miss JANE ELLIOT of Minto.

I.

I'VE heard them liting at the ewe-milking,
Lasses a-liting before the dawn of day ;
But now they are moaning on ilka green-loaning ;
The flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

II.

At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads are scorning ;
Lasses are lonely and dowie and wae ;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing ;
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

III.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering ;
Bandsters are runkled and lyart or gray ;
At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleecing,
The flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

IV.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae youngers are roaming
'Bout staks, with the lasses at bogle to play ;
But ilk maid sits eerie, lamenting her deary,—
The flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

V.

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

VI.

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

The third set of verses adapted to the "Flowers of the Forest," beginning *Adieu ye streams that smoothly glide*, inserted in the Museum, was composed by Miss Home, afterwards married to the celebrated Mr John Hunter, surgeon, brother of the founder of the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow. This lady likewise wrote the fine songs which are adapted to the airs of "Queen Mary's Lamentation—The Cherokee Indian's death-song—My mother bids me bind my hair," and many

other beautiful lyric compositions. Her poetical works, edited by herself, and dedicated to her son, were published in a neat volume, 12mo.

LXIV.

BUSK YE, BUSK YE.

THIS delightful air was formerly called, "The Braes of Yarrow." Some fragments of the old song still remain; but that which is inserted in the Museum was wholly written by Ramsay, with the exception of the first four lines, which form part of the ancient ballad. Hamilton of Bangour also composed a fine poem in imitation of the ancient ballad, which is printed in his poetical works; it commences with the identical four old lines which Ramsay had previously adopted. Thomson published Bangour's ballad, adapted to the old air, in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725. The Rev. Mr Logan, formerly one of the ministers of Leith, likewise composed a very pretty ballad to the same tune, which is printed in his works. Both of these ballads, however, are too long to be inserted in the present compilation.

The subject of the old ballad had been a great favourite, and, of course, was subsequently modelled into a variety of forms. Fragments of these appear in Burns' *Reliques*, and Herd's printed and MSS. Collections. The most perfect of them, however, is to found in the "*Minstrelsy of the Border*," vol. ii. under the title of the *Dowie Dens of Yarrow*, which consists of seventeen stanzas of four lines.

Tradition affirms, that the hero of the ancient ballad was one of the ancestors of the present Lord Napier, who was treacherously slain by his intended brother-in-law, Scott of Tushielaw, at a place called Annan's Treat, in Selkirkshire. The alleged cause of this atrocious act, it is said, originated from a proposal made by old Tushielaw to divide his estate equally between his son and daughter, in the event of her marrying so renowned a warrior.

quintessence of the old ballad in a few lines
To him the air was sweet to hear him sing
Long he sang. I think they are one & the
same tune. Varied a little

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

THIS ancient Scottish melody formerly consisted of one strain. It appears in the Orpheus Caledonius of 1725 in this simple garb, with the same verses that are inserted in the Scots Musical Museum, beginning, " Betty early gone a Maying." It was afterwards printed in the fourth volume of Watt's Musical Miscellany in 1730. There are some verses to the same air in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724, beginning " My sweetest May let love incline thee," in stanzas of eight lines each. From this circumstance it is evident that a second strain had about this time been added to the tune, though unknown to the editor of the Orpheus Caledonius. The verses to which the tune was originally adapted are supposed to be now irrecoverably lost.

The ceremony of confirming a bargain, or contracting any solemn engagement, by each party licking his right hand thumb, and afterwards pressing it against that of the other, is of great antiquity. Decrees are yet extant in the Scottish records, prior to the institution of the College of Justice, sustaining sales upon summonses of *thumb-licking*, the fact of the parties having licked thumbs at finishing the bargain being first established by legal proof. Traces of this custom too are discoverable not only in the ancient history of eastern nations, among whom it probably originated, but likewise in that of the Scythian and Celtic tribes, the Goths, the Armenians, the Romans, the Iberians, and other nations. It has been conjectured by some persons, that Adonibezek cut off the thumbs and great toes of threescore and ten kings, to punish them for breaking a covenant that had been ratified by this symbol.—*See Judges, chap. i. verse 7th.*

We likewise learn from Tacitus, that the Iberians tied their right hand thumbs together by a strait cord; and when the blood diffused itself to the extremities, it was then let out by slight punctures, and mutually licked by the parties to the contract.—*Vide Tacit. Ann. lib. xii.* The Moors of

nv. 2 being in my opinion the original
 air from it ending on the 3 of the scale -
 B.H.

India at this day frequently conclude bargains with one another, by licking and joining thumbs, in the very way which is still practised among the boys and some of the lower orders in Scotland. To this custom the last line, or burden of the old Scottish song, alludes, *There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.*

LXVI.

GILDEROY.

THIS song is improperly titled in Johnson's Museum. It should have been called, "Ab, Chloris, to the tune of *Gilderoy*." The tender and pathetic stanzas in the Museum were composed by the Right Hon. Duncan Forbes, Esq. Lord President of the Court of Session in Scotland, about the year 1710. They were addressed to Miss Mary Rose, the elegant and accomplished daughter of Hugh Rose, Esq. of Kilravock. To this lady, with whom he had been acquainted from infancy, he was afterwards united in marriage. She bore him one son, who was his heir and successor, but Mrs Forbes did not long survive this event. His Lordship, however, remained a widower from that time till his decease, which happened on the 10th of December 1747, in the sixty-third year of his age. His remains were interred at Edinburgh, in the Grayfriar's Church-yard. It may safely be affirmed, that a worthier man, a better lawyer, a more discerning and upright judge, or a more clear-headed, steady, and patriotic statesman than Duncan Forbes of Culloden, never existed in any country or age. A chaste and masterly marble statue, reckoned the *chef d'œuvre* of the celebrated sculptor Roubilliac, has since been erected in the Parliamēthouse at Edinburgh, as a tribute of gratitude and respect to the memory of this truly great and good man.

Ritson places Lord President Forbes's elegant stanzas at the head of his Collection of English Songs, in 3 vols 8vo. London, 1783, and says, that he never heard of its being set to music. It would therefore seem, that he never thought of looking for the song amongst the productions of the sister

kingdom, for it appears in the first volume of Ramsay's 'Tea-Table Miscellany, published at Edinburgh on the 1st day of January, 1724, where it is directed to be sung *To the tune of Gilderoy*. The late editor of the Culloden papers has, with great justice, attributed the song to its proper author.

With respect to the *hero* of the ballad, called "GILDEROY," we learn the following particulars from Spalding and other historians: "Gilderoy was a notorious free-booter in the highlands of Perthshire, who, with his gang, for a considerable time infested the country, committing the most barbarous outrages on the inhabitants. Seven of these ruffians, however, were at length apprehended through the vigilance and activity of the Stewarts of Athol and conducted to Edinburgh, where they were tried, condemned, and executed, in February 1638. Gilderoy, seeing his accomplices taken and hanged, went up, and in revenge burned several houses belonging to the Stewarts in Athol. This new act of atrocity was the prelude to his ruin. A proclamation was issued offering £1000 for his apprehension. The inhabitants rose *en masse*, and pursued him from place to place, till at length he, with five more of his associates, were overtaken and secured. They were next carried to Edinburgh, where, after trial and conviction, they expiated their offences on the gallows, in the month of July 1638.

If we may place any reliance on traditional report, it would seem that Gilderoy belonged to the proscribed "Clan, Gregor," and that the ballad was composed, not long after his death, by a young woman of no mean talent, who unfortunately became attached to this daring robber, and had cohabited with him for some time before his being apprehended. That the ballad was well-known in England in 1650, is evident from a black-letter copy of it printed at least as early as that date. There is another copy of it, with some slight variations, in Playford's *Wit and Mirth*, first edition of vol. iii. printed in 1703. Both these copies, however, though possessing several stanzas of real poetical merit, contained many

indelicate luxuriances that required the aid of the pruning-hook. This was performed by a lady in every respect qualified for such an undertaking, namely, Miss Halket of Petferran, afterwards married to Sir Henry Wardlaw of Pitreavie, in Fifeshire, the well-known authoress of *Hardicannute*. In Lady Wardlaw's amended copy, which did not appear till after her death, some of the old stanzas are retained, others retouched or expunged, and several from her own pen are added. The ballad, in its present shape, is now excellent and unexceptionable. It is rather long for insertion here, but it may be seen in the Collections of Herd, Ritson, Gilchrist, and many others.

LXVII.

JOHN HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.

THE music adapted to the same stanzas, inserted in the Museum, beginning, "By smooth winding Tay," appears in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725. The verses are generally attributed to Allan Ramsay; but, from the circumstances about to be mentioned, they would rather seem to be the production of an older and somewhat inferior poet. *First*, Though the verses in the *Tea-table Miscellany* were only printed in 1724, yet the music made its appearance in London in a few months thereafter, viz. in 1725, and again in Craig's Collection, 1730. Now, it is a fact well known, that neither William Thomson, nor Adam Craig, published any tunes in their collections, but such as were old, and universally sung in Scotland at the time. *Secondly*, It is a received opinion, that Hay's Bonnie Lassie was a daughter of John Hay, Earl of Tweeddale, afterwards Countess Dowager of Roxburgh; and Burns says, that this lady died at Broomlands, near Kelso, sometime between the years 1720 and 1740. Can we then for a moment suppose, that Ramsay could commit such anachronism as to represent this dowager as a "dear maid, fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora," in 1724? This seems rather improbable. The tune, as well as the verses (if written by Ramsay) must have been known

long before the period of his publishing the Tea-Table Miscellany. This song was afterwards published with the music, in Watt's Musical Miscellany, vol. iv. London 1730.

LXVIII.

THE BONNIE BRUCKIT LASSIE.

THIS Air appears in Oswald's first Collection, published in 1741. The verses in the Museum, with exception of the two first lines which belong to the old song that was rejected by Johnson on the score of delicacy, were written by Mr James Tytler, a very clever but eccentric character, commonly called Balloon Tytler, from the circumstance of being the first person who projected and ascended from Edinburgh in one of these aerial machines.

Tytler was the son of a clergyman in the presbytery of Brechin, and brother of Dr Tytler, the translator of Callimachus. His attainments in almost every department of literature and science were in no small degree eminent. He was not only the principal editor, but likewise the composer of three-fourths of the *second edition* of the Edinburgh Encyclopædia. He was engaged, on still more liberal principles, to conduct the *third* edition of that work, and wrote a larger share in the earlier volumes than is ascribed to him in the general preface. But, unfortunately, he embarked in the wild and irrational schemes of the British Convention, and published a hand-bill, written in so inflammatory a style, that a warrant was issued to apprehend him. He, however, escaped to America, and fixed his residence in the town of Salem, in the province of Massachusetts. Here he established a newspaper, in connection with a printer, which he continued to his death in 1805, in the 58th year of his age.

LXIX.

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

THIS is a very ancient and beautiful little air of one strain. The song, to which the tune was originally united, with the exception of the chorus, is supposed to be lost. The old chorus consists of the following four lines :

O THE broom, the bonny bonny broom,
 The broom of the Cowdenknows ;
 I wish I were at hame again,
 Milking my daddy's ewes.

This is, in all probability, one of the Scottish tunes that were introduced into England, not long after the union of the crowns in 1603, for there is an ancient black-letter English ballad, "To a pleasant Scotch tune, called the Broom of Cowdenknows," with the following burden,

WITH, O the broom, the bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowdenknows ;
 Fain would I be in the north country,
 To milk my daddy's ewes.

The first set of verses in the Museum, beginning "How blyth ilk morn was I to see," was copied from Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, where it is subscribed with the letters "S. R." which probably were the initials of its author. The second set, beginning "When summer comes, the swains on Tweed," was written by William Crawford, Esq. and first printed in Ramsay's Miscellany.

Mr Gay selected the tune of the Broom of Cowdenknows for one of his songs in the Beggar's Opera, beginning "The miser thus a shilling sees," acted in 1728. In Mrs Crokat's Manuscript Music Book, dated 1709, a second strain or part is added to the old air ; but by whom this was done it does not appear. It is a manifest interpolation, and has seldom, if ever, been sung. The estate of Cowdenknows is situated on the east bank of the River Leader, about five miles north-east of Melrose. It presently belongs to Dr John Home, Professor of Materia Medica in the University of Edinburgh. Some of this gentleman's predecessors are probably alluded to in the old ballad, written by a minstrel named Burn, entitled "Leader Haughs and Yarrow." It is inserted in the Tea-Table Miscellany, and concludes thus,

For mony a place stands in hard case,
 Where blyth folk kend nae sorrow ;
 With *Homes* that dwelt on Leader-side,
 And *Scotts* that dwelt on Yarrow.

LXX.

OSCAR'S GHOST.

THESE three pretty stanzas in the Museum, beginning *O see that form that faintly gleams!* were written by Miss Ann Keith. The tune, which is a successful imitation of the Gaelic style, is the composition of Mrs Tough.

LXXI.

HER ABSENCE WILL NOT ALTER ME.

THIS is the fine old air to which Thomson adapted Ramsay's song, beginning "When absent from the Nymph I love," in his *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725. In the Museum this song is set to the tune of "O Jean I love thee."—See No 53. The original song is lost, but the old verses could hardly have surpassed those elegant stanzas in the Museum, beginning "Tho' distant far from Jessie's charms," now adapted to the tune, and which, I believe, made their first public appearance in this work. Johnson, the original proprietor, could not recollect who wrote them. The ideas of the last stanzas, however, beginning "For conquering love is strong as death," are evidently borrowed from Scripture.—See *Song of Solomon, chap. viii. v. 6. and 7.*

LXXII.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THIS is one of the finest pastoral melodies of Scotland. Mallet wrote the two first stanzas of the song, beginning *The smiling morn, the breathing spring,* and directed them to be sung *To a Scotch tune, The Birks of Endermay.* Thomson, in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, accordingly adapted them to this tune, which he also calls "the Birks of Endermay." Ramsay inserted Mallet's song in the third volume of his *Tea-Table Miscellany*; but he took the liberty of altering the last line of Mallet's two stanzas, both of which end with *the shades of Endermay,* into *the birks of Invermay.* Ramsay likewise published three additional stanzas,

written, it is said, by Dr Bryce of Kirknewton, as a supplement to Mallet's song. The first of these stanzas begins *The lav'ricks now and lint-whites sing*; but it is very faulty, particularly with regard to the metre. The two remaining stanzas, beginning *Behold the hills and vales around*, are very beautiful, and worthy of being placed beside those of Mallet. Johnson, therefore, gave them a place in his Museum.

The locality of this song is a subject of some dubiety. The river May, it is known, falls into the Erne nearly opposite to the pleasure-grounds of Lord Kinnoul, at Duplin Castle. The banks of the May are covered with wood, both native and planted, amongst which the *birk*, or birch, holds a conspicuous appearance, and here stands the house of *Invermay*, the residence of the ancient and respectable family of Belches. This, in all probability, is the scenery alluded to in that part of the song which was published by Ramsay. It is also said, that there can be no doubt of the word being *Invermay*, which has a meaning, viz. the conflux of the *May* and the *Erne*. *Endermay* could have none. If the river was *Ender*, the last syllable would signify nothing, which is quite contrary to the practice of Gaelic compounds, and the *Ender* is in the very heart of the Highlands. These facts certainly carry a considerable degree of force and conviction with them.

It must be admitted, however, that Mr William Thomson, the editor of the Orpheus Caledonius, who was a professional musician, and played the second hautbois at the concert held at Edinburgh on St Cecilia's day, in 1695, spells the word *Endermay*. Both Mallet and Oswald write it the same way. Now there is a river called the *Ender*, in Blair Athol, Perthshire, which falls into the Garry, at Dalmeen. Without plunging into the depths of Celtic etymology, therefore, we all know that Wyntoun, and other Scottish poets, use the word *May* for a maid or young unmarried lady. Is it im-

possible, therefore, that there might have been older verses to the same tune, in which the beauties and accomplishments of some fair native of the banks of the Ender were celebrated in the song of the Lowland bard? We have in our days, a *Maid of the Clyde*, a *Lady of the Lake*, Why then, in older times, might there not be a fair one, whose residence was among the birks of the river Ender? The *Ender May*?

LXXIII.

MARY SCOTT.

THIS ancient border-air originally consisted of one simple strain. The second, which, from its skipping from octave to octave, is very ill adapted for singing, appears to have been added about the same year, 1709, and was printed in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725, adapted to the song written by Ramsay, beginning "Happy's the love that meets return," consisting of three stanzas of eight lines each, which is very far from being in his best style. I have frequently heard the old song, in my younger days, sung on the banks of the Tweed. It consisted of several stanzas of four lines each; and the constant burden of which was, "Mary Scott's the flow'r o' Yarrow."

This celebrated fair one was the daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, in the county of Selkirk. The old tower of Dryhope, where Mary Scott was born, was situated near the lower extremity of Mary's lake, where its ruins are still visible. She was married to Walter Scott, the laird of Harden, who was as renowned for his depredations as his wife was for her beauty. By their marriage-contract, Dryhope agrees to keep his daughter for sometime after the marriage, in return for which, Harden binds himself to give Dryhope the profits of the first Michaelmas moon. One of her descendants, Miss Mary Lillas Scott of Harden, equally celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments, is the Mary alluded to in Crawford's beautiful song of "Tweedside."—*See Notes on Song, No 36.*

Sir Walter Scott says, that the romantic appellation of the “Flower of Yarrow,” was in latter days, with equal justice, conferred on the Miss Mary Lilius Scott of Crawford’s ballad. It may be so, but it must have been confined to a very small circle indeed, for though born in her neighbourhood, I never once heard of such a circumstance, nor can I see any justice whatever in transferring the appellation of the “Flower of Yarrow” to her descendant, who was born on the banks of the Tweed.

The old air of the Flower of Yarrow, as has been said, consisted originally of one strain, to which a second had been annexed, not earlier than the beginning of last century. The same subject was afterwards formed into a reel or dancing tune, to which my late esteemed friend, Hector M’Niel, Esq. wrote a very pretty song, beginning “Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I’m gaun to leave you.” But, in the first number of Mr Gow’s Repository, which was published a few years ago, this tune is called “Carrick’s Rant,” a strathspey; and the compiler of this Collection asserts, that “the old Scotch song (he must certainly mean the air) of Mary Scott, is taken from this tune.” The converse of this supposition is the fact; for Carrick’s Rant is nothing else than *Clurie’s Reel*, printed in Angus Cumming’s Collection. But the tune of Mary Scott was known at least a century before either Clurie’s Reel, or Carrick’s Rant, were even heard of.

LXXIV.

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

MR BURNS says, “I have been informed, that the tune of *Down the burn Davie*, was the composition of David Maigh, keeper of the blood slough hounds, belonging to the Laird of Riddell in Tweeddale.” RELIQUES. But he was probably misinformed; for the tune occurs note for note in the Orpheus Caledonius, printed in 1725. The verses beginning *When trees did bud, and fields were green*, are also in the Orpheus Caledonius. They were written by Crawford, but not in his usual elegant and chaste manner.

Burns wrote the three following verses, which unite very happily with the air.

I.

BEHOLD, my love, how green the groves,
The primrose banks, how fair ;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.
The laverock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings ;
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherd's as to kings.

II.

Let skilful minstrels sweep the string,
In lordly lighted ha',
The shepherd stops his simple reed
Blythe in the birken shaw ;
The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn,
But are their hearts as light as ours,
Beneath the milk-white thorn.

III.

The shepherd in the flowery glen,
In homely phrase will woo ;
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true ?
These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
That spotless breast of thine ;
The courtier's gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

Burns, in writing this song, had a very elegant model before him, though in a different sort of stanza. It was the following.

THE HAPPY SHEPHERD,

Written by JAMES THOMSON, Esq. Author of the Seasons.

IF those, who live in shepherd's bow'rs,
Press not the rich and stately bed,
The new mown hay and breathing flow'rs,
A softer couch beneath them spread.

If those, who sit at shepherd's board,
Sooth not their taste by wanton art ;
They take what nature's gifts afford,
And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those, who drain the shepherd's bowl,
 No high and sparkling wines can boast,
 With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,
 And crown them with the village toast.

If those, who join in shepherd's sport,
 Gay dancing on the daisied ground,
 Have not the splendour of a court,
 Yet love adorns the merry round.

LXXV.

THE BANKS OF FORTH.

THIS air was composed by Mr James Oswald, and published in the first volume of his *Pocket Companion*, 1741. The verses in the *Museum*, beginning *Ye Sylvan powers that rule the plains*, are selected from a song by an anonymous author, printed in Herd's Collection, consisting of six stanzas of eight lines, of which only the first, fourth, fifth, and sixth, are copied into the *Museum*, the entire song having been deemed too long for insertion. In the same Collection, we likewise meet with the following stanzas. They appear to have been the original words to which the air had been adapted, but I have not yet learnt who wrote them.

BANKS OF FORTH.

I.

AWAKE, my love, with genial ray,
 The sun returning glads the day ;
 Awake, the balmy zephyr blows,
 The hawthorn blooms, the daisy glows,
 The trees retain their verdant pride,
 The turtle woos his tender bride,
 To love each warbler tunes the song,
 And *Forth* in dimples glides along.

II.

O more than blooming daisies fair !
 More fragrant than the vernal air !
 More gentle than the turtle dove,
 Or streams that murmur thro' the grove !
 Bethink thee all is on the wing
 Those pleasures wait, on waiting spring ;
 Then come, the transient bliss enjoy,
 Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.

It will probably occur to the reader, that there is a striking similarity between the two stanzas last quoted, and those writ-

ten by Mallet to the tune of “The Birks of Invermay,” beginning “The smiling morn, the breathing spring.” But both of these poets are evidently indebted to an inspired author for the principal imagery of their songs. “Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away; for lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of the birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.”—CANT. ii. ver. 10—13.

LXXVI.

SAW YE MY FATHER.

THIS simple and pathetic melody is not to be found in any very early musical publication; and even the verses, so far as I have been able to discover, do not appear in any collection prior to that of Herd. It is a certain fact, however, that the song has been a great favourite in Scotland for a long time past. An English version of the ballad, with the music, appears in the second edition of Horsfield's *Songster's Companion*, 8vo. London, 1772; and also in Dale's *Collection of Scottish Songs*, vol. ii. The copy in the Museum is taken verbatim from Herd's edition. We have another version in Cromeek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*. In a note prefixed to which, he says, that Pinkerton published the spurious verses, beginning, *Saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother*, six-and-twenty years ago, (viz. in 1784), and that though he pronounced even them to constitute an excellent song of superlative beauty, yet from that time to the present (1810) no exertions have been made to recover the original glowing verses now presented to the reader.

I.

I'LL clip, quo' she, yere lang grey wing,
 An' pouk yere rosie kame,
 If ye daur tak' the gay morn star
 For the morning's ruddie leam!
 But if ye craw na till the day,
 I'll make your bauk o' silk,
 And ye shall pickle the red cherries,
 And drink the reeking milk!

F

II.

Flee up, flee up, my bonnie grey cock,
 An' craw whan it is day ;
 An' I'll make ye a kame o' the beaten gowd,
 An' yere wings o' the siller gray !
 But fause, fause proved the bonnie grey cock,
 An hour owre soon crew he ;
 He clappit his wings owre the auld guid wife,
 And an angry wife raise she.

III.

Wha's that, quo' she, at our door latch ?
 Is it some limmer loon ?
 Na, mither, it is the pawky tod
 That howls again' the moon.
 What step is that by our ha' en',
 Which treads sae light o' spauld ?
 O, mither, it is the herd laddie
 Gaun by to look the fauld !

Cromek tells us, that the above verses were communicated by Mr Allan Cunningham, and that he had them from his father, whose memory was richly fraught with old songs and notices regarding them. Any person in the least conversant with Scottish song, must at once see that Pinkerton might justly have retorted the charge on Cromek ; for if Cunningham's song be not his own composition, it is at least a modern, and a very silly fabrication by another. But why attack Pinkerton, and leave David Herd and Horsfield out of the question, both of whom had published the song long before 1748.

LXXVII.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

THE air of this song is old ; a bad set of it occurs in Oswald's first Collection, 1740 ; but he seems to have forgot that the tune had been used as a reel as well as a song, in Scotland, time out of memory. Some fragments of the ancient song are still preserved. It begins,

WE'RE a' dry wi' drinking o't,
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't ;
 The parson kist the fiddler's wife,
 And cou'dna preach for thinking o't.
 Green grow the rashes, O,
 Green grow the rashes, O ;
 A feather-bed is nae sae saft,
 As a bed among the rashes, O.

The remaining lines are quite unfit for insertion, but the song seems to have been one of those burlesque and sly satires on the real or supposed profligacy of the priests prior to the reformation. The tune, however, appears to have been also known by the title of “*Cow thou me the Rashes green,*” quoted in the *Complaint of Scotland*, in 1549. The verses in the *Museum* were written by Burns, and, if I rightly remember, it was the first song which he contributed to that work.

LXXVIII.

LOCH EROCH SIDE.

THERE are two songs in the *Museum* adapted to this tune. The first beginning *As I came by Loch Eroch Side*, was written, I believe, by *Balloon Tytler*. The other, beginning *Young Peggy blooms, our bonniest Lass*, by Burns. Both songs are adapted to the well known modern strathspey, called “*Loch Eroch Side*,” the subject of which, however, was taken from the air of an old Scottish song and dancing tune, called, *Im o’er young to marry yet*. The words of this humorous old song are well known, but they possess more wit than delicacy. *Loch Erocht*, or *Ericht*, is the name of a lake in Perthshire, the largest in the county except *Loch Tay*.

LXXIX.

THE BONNY GREY-E’YD MORN.

THE editor of the “*Musical Biography*,” (2 vols. London, 1814,) says, that *Jeremiah Clark*, organist of *St Paul’s*, composed, for *Durfey’s* comedy of the *Fond Husband*, or the *Plotting Sisters*, that sweet ballad air, “*The bonny grey-ey’d Morn*,” which is introduced into the *Beggar’s Opera*, and sung to the words, *’Tis woman that seduces all mankind*. This information does not appear to be well authenticated. The “*Fond Husband*” was acted at *Drury-Lane*, 1676, with great applause, and was honoured with the presence of *King Charles II.* three out of its first five nights. Now, if *Mr Clark* composed the music, we may at least suppose him at

this time to be twenty years old, or that he was born in 1656. But Clark, we all know, was a pupil of Dr Blow, and Dr Blow was only appointed master of the children of the Chapel-royal in 1674. And it was in this seminary, and under this master, that Clark received his musical education. Dr Burney acquaints us, that Clark having conceived a violent but hopeless passion for a young lady, of rank far superior to his own, his sufferings became so intolerable, that he terminated his existence by suicide, at his own lodgings in St Paul's Church-Yard, in July 1707. This rash act certainly looks more like that of a young man than of one who, according to the former supposition, must then have been at least fifty-one years old. There are several of Clark's songs in the "Pills," but none of them have the least resemblance to this fine air; and Oswald, in his Collection of Scottish Tunes, calls it, by way of distinction, "The old grey-ey'd Morning."

The tune of the "Bonny grey-ey'd Morn," with two indelicate stanzas, was printed in the first volume of Playford's Wit and Mirth, in 1698. In Durfey's subsequent edition of that work, in 1719, they are omitted in that volume. The song in the Museum was introduced by Ramsay as one of the songs in the Gentle Shepherd.

LXXX.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

THIS charming pastoral melody is ancient. It was formerly called, "The bonny Bush aboon Traquhair." It appears in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725, adapted to the same beautiful stanzas that are inserted in the Museum, beginning *Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain*, written by William Crawford, Esq. author of Tweedside, &c; but the old song, it is believed, is lost. Mr Thomas Walker selected *The bonny Bush*, for a tune to one of his songs, beginning "My dearest Johnny, ease my pain," in "The Quaker's Opera," acted at Lee and Harper's booth, Bartholomew Fair, in 1728. Mr Walker, it is believed, was induced to bring out this ballad-opera, from the great applause he received in per-

forming the part of Captain Macheath in Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, in which are also a number of Scottish tunes.

Traquair is a parish in the county of Peebles, lying on the south side of the Tweed, and watered by the rivulet Quair. In this parish stands the old mansion of Traquair, the residence of the Earl of that name, delightfully situated on the banks of the Tweed. On the side of a hill overlooking the lawn is the old "Bush aboon Traquair," still pointed out by a few solitary ragged trees, in former ages the peaceful resort of innocence and love. Adjacent to this spot, his Lordship has planted a clump of trees, to which he has given the name of "The new Bush."

LXXXI.

ETTRICK BANKS.

THIS is another of those delightful old pastoral melodies, which has been a favourite during many generations. It is inserted in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725, with the same elegant stanzas that appear in the *Museum*, beginning *On Ettrick banks, æ summer's night*. Ramsay has left no key to discover the author of the song: it does not appear, however, to be his; and indeed it is not claimed by his biographer as his composition. In the *Museum*, the fourth line of stanza first, in place of "Came wading barefoot a' her lane," was changed into "While wandering through the mist her lane;" but I do not consider it any improvement on the elegant simplicity of the original. In other respects the verses are correct. From some short hints scattered through the ballad, such as, *When ye come to the brig of ERNE—Soon as the sun goes round the LOCH—When ye sit down to spin, I'll screw my PIPES*; we may conjecture, that the lover of this Ettrick nymph resided on the banks of Loch Erne, in Perthshire.

The Ettrick, of such poetical celebrity, is a river in Selkirkshire; it rises in the parish of the same name, and after a winding course of 30 miles in a N. E. direction, during

which it receives the Yarrow near Philiphaugh, falls into the Tweed three miles above Melrose.

LXXXII.

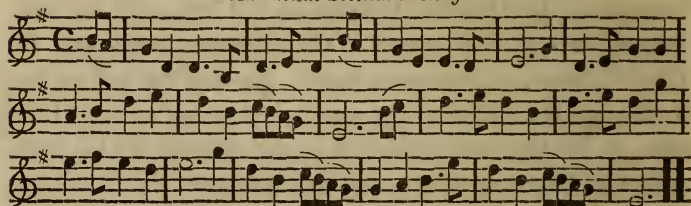
MY DEARIE, IF THOU DIE.

THIS beautiful melody is ancient, but of the old song only a fragment remains, ending with "My dearie, an thou die." Crawford, however, has amply repaired the loss in his elegant song beginning, "Love never more shall give me pain," first printed in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724; and again, in 1725, in the Orpheus Caledonius, with the music; but the editor of this latter work has taken some liberties with the old tune, which have rather disfigured than improved it.

The following is the genuine air, from an old manuscript in the editor's possession:

MY DEARIE, AN THOU DIE!

An ancient Scottish Melody.



LXXXIII.

SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

"THIS," says Mr Ritson, in his historical essay on Scottish song, page 60, "is an *English* song of great merit, and has been scotified by the Scots themselves. The modern air, a fine composition, probably by Oswald, is very different from that in the Pills." The air was composed long before Oswald was born, for a copy of it, in square-shaped notes, is inserted in an old MSS. virginal book in the possession of the editor. The tune is here entitled, "Shoe roasse and leit me in." The same tune also appears in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. But could any person in his sound senses affirm, that such lines as the following, in Playford's edition of the song, printed in his fourth volume of "Choice Ayres and Songs,"

with the music, in 1683, were not only English, but English of great merit too?

BUT, oh ! at last she proved with bern,
And sighing sat and dull ;
And I, that was as much concern'd,
Lookt then just like a fool !

The truth is, that the song was originally written by Francis Semple, Esq. of Beltrees, about the year 1650. He was a grandson of Sir James Semple of Beltrees, the ambassador to Queen Elizabeth, in the reign of James the Sixth. A manuscript copy of Francis Semple's Poetical Works was, very lately, and, if living, may still be, in the hands of one of his descendants, Mrs Campbell of Paisley. Burns says, "The old set of this song, which is still to be found in printed collections, is much prettier than this," meaning that in the Museum ; "but somebody, I believe it was Ramsay, took it into his head to clear it of some seeming indelicacies, and made it at once more chaste and more dull.—*Reliques*." No, no, it was not Ramsay. The song still remains in his Tea-Table Miscellany and the Orpheus Caledonius, and even in Herd's Collection, in its primitive state of indelicacy. The verses in the Museum were retouched by an able and masterly hand, who has thus presented us with a song at once chaste and elegant, in which all the energetic force and beauty of the original are preserved, without a single idea to crimson the cheek of modesty, or to cause one pang to the innocent and feeling heart. I have no hesitation to assert, that if Burns had lived to reconsider the subject, or to superintend the publication of his observations on this song before they were committed to the public, they would have been widely different from those which have appeared in the *Reliques*.

LXXXIV.

SWEET ANNIE FRAE THE SEA-BEACH CAME.

THIS song is enumerated in the list of those pastoral lyrics selected by Mr Ritson, which that gentleman not only considered to be genuine, but even peculiar to North Britain. These specimens, he was of opinion, were "the production of

obscure or anonymous authors—of shepherds and milkmaids, who actually felt the sensation they describe—of those, in short, who were destitute of all the advantages of science and education, and perhaps incapable of committing the pure inspirations of nature to writing; and, in this point of view, it is believed, that the English have nothing equal in merit, nor, in fact, any thing of the kind.”—*Essay on Scottish Song, page 79 and 80.* Though Mr. Ritson certainly displays a great deal of good nature, and is even more complimentary to the Scots here than in any other part of his work, yet he never seems to sit right in his saddle. He is either tumbling upon the neck, or sliding over the crupper. That the English have many pastoral songs exquisitely beautiful, no person of candour can possibly deny. Even his own Collection of English Songs affords the clearest evidence of the fact. If these, however, were written by people of fine taste and education in England, so were many of those charming lyrics in Scotland. From the instances already given, and still to be produced, it has been shewn, that a considerable proportion of the favourite songs of Scotland, in place of being the composition of shepherds and milkmaids, were written by persons of both sexes, [no less eminent for their talents than their rank in society. With regard to the composers of the melodies peculiar to North and South Britain, that is indeed a very distinct question, and a subject which is foreign to the present department of this work. But it may be remarked, in passing, that the beautiful melody of “Sweet Annie frae the Sea-beach came,” is one of the most unfortunate specimens that Mr Ritson could have stumbled upon as the production of some simple Scottish shepherd or uneducated milkmaid. It is in fact a modern composition, and one, likewise, in which more artificial modulation is displayed, than is compatible either with the knowledge of a shepherd or the simplicity of his pipe. Nay, so far at least as concerns the melody, it is not a Scottish song at all. It was composed by that eminent musician, Maurice Greene, mus. doct. son of

the Reverend Thomas Greene, vicar of St Olave, Jewry, London. Dr Greene gave permission to Henry Robarts to put it in his “Calliope, or English Harmony;” and it was accordingly published in the first volume of that work, with the name of its composer, page 200, printed in 1739. The words of the song, it is said, were written by Dr John Hoadley, son of Bishop Hoadley. The melody was afterwards inserted by Mr Oswald in the sixth volume of his Pocket Companion in 1742, and this circumstance induced subsequent editors to consider it a genuine Scottish song. It is a most beautiful imitation, however, and is deservedly a great favourite on both sides of the Tweed.

LXXXV.

THE EWE-BUGHTS MARION.

THIS song is a genuine and beautiful relique of the pastoral muse of our ancestors. It appears in the Orpheus Caldonius, along with its fine melody, in 1725. In Ramsay’s Tea-Table Miscellany it is marked as an old song, with additions; but on comparing it with that inserted by Bishop Percy in his Ancient Ballads, who gave it a place in his Collection, as he informs us, on account of its great antiquity and simplicity of sentiment, *these* additions are not even discernible. We can only discover a slight difference in the orthography of the two copies, such as Ramsay’s substituting the letter *y* in place of *z*; curtailing such letters as appeared to be redundant in the old mode of spelling, and by such means giving the ballad a more easy and modern shape. Burns remarks, that he is uncertain whether this old and charming air is a native of the north or south of Scotland, but that the ballad of “Lord Gordon and his three Daughters,” apparently as old as the Ewe-bughts Marion, and which sings to the same tune, is evidently of the north.—*Reliques*. It is a matter of very little consequence, to be sure, whether the air be a native of the north or south of Scotland. The tune, however, has been familiar in the Lowlands for ages, whilst, up to the present moment, it is to be found in no Gaelic mu-

sical publication whatever. The family of Gordon, it must also be observed, originally belonged to the south, and both the title of Duke and Marquis of that noble family, though now transferred to their possessions in the north, are derived from their ancient domains in the parish of Gordon in Berwickshire.

LXXXVI.

LEWIS GORDON.

THE author of this modern Jacobite song was the Rev. Alexander Geddes, D. D. formerly a Catholic priest at Shenval, but afterwards better known as the projector of a new translation of the Bible, with annotations. Part of this learned and elaborate work was published; but Dr Geddes died before it was completed, and it still remains in an unfinished state.

The air of Lewis Gordon is evidently borrowed from the old tune of "Tarry Woo," already noticed. Indeed Burns assures us, that he had in his possession one of the earliest copies of the song, which had prefixed to it "Tune of *Tarry Woo*;" and Ritson also takes notice of the same circumstance. "The lad I darna name," *who wore a star*, was the "Chevalier;" and the Lewis Gordon, who is likewise alluded to in the song, was a younger brother of the then Duke of that name. He commanded a detachment for the Chevalier in 1715; and historians allow that he acquitted himself with great judgment and gallantry. He died in France in 1754.

LXXXVII.

THE WAWKING OF THE FAULD.

THIS tune is very ancient, and some stanzas of the old song are still occasionally sung. It begins,

O WILL ye speak at our town
As ye come frae the fauld, &c.

But it is to be regretted, that the delicacy of this ancient fragment, like many others, is not equal to its wit and humour. The verses in the Museum, beginning *My Peggy is a young thing*, were written by Ramsay, and published

with the music in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. It is one of Patie's songs in the Gentle Shepherd.

LXXXVIII.

MY NANNIE, O.

THIS fine old air, with the verses in the Museum, beginning, *While some for pleasure pawn their health*, written by Ramsay, appear in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725. Burns wrote a beautiful song to this tune, which is inserted in the last volume of the Museum, song 581, where it is adapted to a different air; but as the verses were expressly composed for the air of "My Nannie, O," and evidently unite more happily with it than any other melody to which it can possibly be adapted; and as Burns subsequently gave his original song a few masterly touches, which have considerably heightened its effect, we presume it will neither be deemed ill-timed nor improper to give it a place in the present part of the work.

MY NANNIE, O.

By ROBERT BURNS.

I.

BEHIND yon hills where LUGAR * flows,
Mang moors and mosses many, O;
The wintry sun the day has closed,
And I'll awa to Nannie, O.
The westlin wind blows loud and shrill,
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O,
But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
And o'er the hill to Nannie, O.

II.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
May il befa' the flattering tongue,
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
And spotless as she's bonny, O;
The opening gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

* The Lugar is a river in Ayrshire, which takes its rise in the Cumnock lakes, and discharges itself into the River Ayr, at Barskimming.

III.

A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O ;
 But what care I how few they be ?
 I'm welcome ay to Nannie, 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 Nannie, O.

IV.

Our auld gudeman delights to view
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O ;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 And has nae care but Nannie, O.
 Come weel, come wae, I care na by,
 I'll tak' what Heav'n will send me, O,
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live and love my Nannie, O.

LXXXIX.

OH ONO CHRIO. *

DR BLACKLOCK informed Burns, that this song, which is adapted to a wild and plaintive Gaelic air, in the Museum, but quite different from that which appears in Oswald's Collection, was composed on the horrid massacre at Glencoe, in 1691, when thirty-eight innocent and unsuspecting persons, including the chief of the clan, were inhumanly butchered in their beds by a military party under Campbell of Glenlyon. Neither age, youth, nor sex, were spared in the dreadful carnage, and many who escaped immediate death, afterwards perished in the mountains from the inclemency of the weather, hunger, and fatigue. For a particular account of this atrocious butchery, which will remain an eternal stain on the reign and memory, and on the ministers of King William III. see Smollet and other historians.

Glencoe is a vale in Argyleshire, near the head of Loch

* There is some diversity of opinion with regard to the meaning of the burden of this lament. Some consider it to be a corruption of the Gaelic words "*O hane a ric*," signifying, *alas, my prince or chief*. Others again suppose it to be a vitiated pronunciation of "*Ochoin och ric*," a Gaelic exclamation, generally expressive of deep sorrow and affliction, similar to that of *Oh! my heart!* This, indeed, seems to be the proper interpretation.

Etive, and famous for being the birth-place of Ossian, as appears from several passages in the poems of that ancient bard and celebrated warrior.

XC.

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

IN his Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, vol. iii. p. 274, Sibbald states it as his opinion, that one of Wedderburn's godly ballads, first printed about the year 1549, and again by Robert Smyth at Edinburgh, 1599, was sung to this old tune. It begins,

My lufe murnis for me, for me,
My lufe that murnis for me ;
I'm not kinde, hes not in minde,
My lufe that murnis for me.
 &c. &c. &c.

He likewise observes, that there is some appearance that the hint had been taken from

He's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting for me.

This fine old ballad, beginning *My daddy is a canker'd carle*, does not appear in the Tea-Table Miscellany. David Herd rescued it from the stalls, and gave it a place in his Collection. Oswald has inserted a wretched copy of the melody in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, under the title of *My Love's in the Broom*. In the Museum there is a genuine copy both of the words and air.

XCI.

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

THIS beautiful air is unquestionably very old. Sibbald was also of opinion, that another of Wedderburn's spiritual ballads, in 1549, beginning,

AH ! my love ! leif me not,
Lief me not, lief me not,
Ah ! my love ! leif me not,
Thus mine alone.
 &c. &c. &c.

was sung to the original air of "I'll never leave thee," the music of which is probably a little corrupted. This opinion appears to be correct, for this identical tune is mentioned in Geddes' "Saint's Recreation," written in 1673, as ap-

pears from the approbations of the Rev. William Raitt, and the Rev. William Colvill, Primar of the College of Edinburgh, both of which are dated in August, 1673. This work was afterwards printed in 1683. Several of Geddes's pious songs are directed to be sung to popular tunes, and he vindicates the practice in the following words: "I have the precedent of some of the most pious, grave, and zealous divines in the kingdom, who to very good purpose have composed godly songs to the tunes of such old songs as these, *The bonny broom—I'll never leave thee—We'll all go pull the hadder*, and such like, without any challenge or disparagement."

The chorus of the old popular song runs,

LEAVE thee, leave thee, lad,
I'll never leave thee.
Gang a' the warld as it will,
I'll never leave thee.

Ramsay wrote a poetical dialogue between Johnny and Nelly, beginning, "Tho' for seven years and mair," to this tune, in which he has introduced nearly the whole of the old chorus or burden. Watts printed this dialogue, with the tune, in his *Musical Miscellany*, vol. iv. London, 1730. The song in the *Museum*, beginning "One day I heard Mary say," was written by Crawford. It was printed in the *Tea-Table Miscellany* in 1724, and again in 1725, with the music, in the *Orpheus Caledonius*. Burns did not think it one of Crawford's happiest compositions: "What an absurdity," says he, "to join such names as *Adonis* and *Mary* together." *Reliques*. This is surely a very venial fault. It is like the discovery of a mote flickering in a sunbeam.

XCII.

THE BRAES OF BALLENDEN.

THE title of this song should have been, *Beneath a green Shade*, written by Thomas Blacklock, D. D. to the tune of *The Braes of Ballenden*; for Dr B's song has no relation to the Braes of Ballenden whatever. The composition of this fine air has been attributed to Oswald, but upon what authority I am at a loss to discover. The editor of Albyn's

Burns of course was right

Anthology, in the introduction to that work, asserts that Oswald was the composer in the following terms: "In the year 1759, James Oswald, one of our most successful musical adventurers in London, published his Caledonian Pocket Companion, in twelve thin octavo volumes, (usually bound up in two) in which he appears in the double capacity of author and editor; he is among the very few to whom we can trace the authenticity of our national melodies. Had he composed nothing else but The Braes of Ballenden, and the air to *Lovely Nymph*, introduced in the burletta of *Midas*, his name would live as long as a relish existed for genuine Scottish melody; but he composed several other pretty enough pieces of vocal and instrumental music, which do him equal credit; and, in truth, his country may proudly class him with King James the First, the Earl of Kelly, and a few more, whose works remain as never-fading testimonies of their brilliant talents, and love of the muse."

Without entering into any comparison between such an accomplished prince as James I. of Scotland, and James Oswald the musician, it may be remarked, that Oswald published his Pocket Companion in periodical numbers, which he calls volumes, each consisting of from 32 to 36 pages; six of these in two parts, called his First and Second Collection, price ten shillings, were advertised in the Scots Magazine for November 1742. In the fifth number, appears the tune of "The Braes of Ballandine," but he makes no claim to it by the asterism, which in the Index is annexed to his own compositions, neither is it ascribed to him in the Collection of M^cGibbon. The air, "*Lovely Nymph*," is generally attributed to the celebrated J. J. Rosseau, as well as that of "*Pray Goody, please to moderate*," another song in the musical burletta of *Midas*, written by Mr Kane O'Hara, and acted at Covent Garden in 1764. Oswald composed a very pretty tune, called, "*Lovely Nancy*," in compliment, no doubt, to some "*lovely nymph*," but it is quite a different air from that in *Midas*.

XCIII.

CORN RIGS.

THIS tune is of considerable antiquity. The verses in the Museum, beginning *My Patie is a Lover gay*, were written by Ramsay as a song for Patie in the Gentle Shepherd. There was a much older Scottish song, however, than that of Ramsay, adapted to this tune, of which the following lines are the chorus.

O CORN rigs and rye rigs,
And corn rigs are bonnie,
And gin ye meet a bonnie lass,
Prin up her cockernony.

The tune appears in Craig's Collection, in 1730. Craig was a very old man when he published his Collection, for he was one of the principal violin-players at the Edinburgh concert in 1695.

The Grub-street gentry, in derision of the Scots, clothed this fine old tune in a garb of their own peculiar manufacture. The following sample, taken from their pattern-book, "Mirth and Wit," vol i. p. 133, London 1698, may serve as a specimen.

A SONG.

SAWNEY was tall and of noble race,
And lov'd me better than any eane;
But now he ligs by another lass,
And *Sawney* will ne'er be my love agen.
I gave him fine Scotch sark and band,
I put 'em on with mine own hand;
I gave him house, I gave him land;
Yet *Sawney* will ne'er be my love agen.

Mr Gay selected this tune for one of his songs in his musical opera of "Polly," beginning "Should I not be bold when honour calls," printed, but not acted, in 1729.

XCIV.

MY APRON, DEARIE.

THE title of the song, in the Museum, ought to have been "My Sheep I've forsaken," written by Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, Bart. to the tune of "My apron, Dearie." This is a

very elegant pastoral song, and reflects much honour on the poetical taste of the worthy composer.

The old words and music are preserved in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725. Another edition of the song, with considerable alterations, perhaps improvements, may be seen in Yair's Collection, vol ii, printed at Edinburgh in 1751, which Herd has exactly copied into his later Collection in 1776. But the old song, even with all the improvements it has received, would not be quite palatable to the taste of the present age of refinement. It is on that account omitted in this work.

In a late publication of *Gaelic Melodies*, (see *Fraser's Gaelic Airs*, Edinburgh 1816,) a different set of this air makes its appearance in two florid strains, evidently modern, under the title of *N't aparun goirid*, or, "The short Apron;" and the editor hazards an opinion, that the Lowlanders are indebted to his country for the original melody. That the former were capable of composing the most exquisite pastorals that have ever been produced in any age or clime, will not surely be called in question. Moreover, the tune of "My apron, dearie," appears in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, where it is preserved in its primitive state, consisting of *one simple strain*, of sixteen bars in treble time. Craig also published this melody in his Collection of "Scots Tunes," published at Edinburgh in 1730, where it first appears, with a second part, added by himself; but it is only a slight variation of the subject of the original strain. This venerable musician assures us, in his dedication to the lords and gentlemen of the Musical Society of Mary's Chapel, with whom he had then been acquainted upwards of forty years, that the tunes in his Collection, are the native and genuine product of the country. It will, therefore, require better evidence than a vague assertion made in 1816, to convince us, that this melody was originally imported from the Highlands. A learned and ingenious correspondent has favoured me with the following remarks on the tune of "My apron dearie." "The internal

evidence," he says, "appears to me strong for its being a native of the south. I never heard an air more completely of that sweetly pastoral kind, that belongs to the shepherds of Ettrick and Yarrow. If it was originally of *Sir G. Elliott's* country, it would naturally account for his writing better words to an air, which, it is probable, he admired from his infancy." To these observations, I shall only add, that a very slight comparison of the tune, as it stands in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in one simple and elegant strain, with that in *Fraser's* book of two parts, both of which are represented with *diminuendos, crescendos, expressivos, pauses, swells, shakes, &c. &c.* will at once satisfy every person of common sense and integrity, both with regard to the country and to the priority of the two melodies.

XCV.

LOCHABER.

THIS fine old melody, as well as Ramsay's song, beginning *Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean*, both appear in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725. From the import of the song, it would seem that Ramsay had composed it in compliment to some young military friend, probably a native of Lochaber, then about to leave his country and his Jean to join the British forces on the continent, under John Duke of Marlborough, whose glorious, though bloody campaigns, will long be remembered. This is another of Craig's genuine Scottish melodies, but the old original song is perhaps lost.

In almost every recent copy of the tune called Lochaber, a flat seventh is introduced in the middle of the second strain; but it is neither to be found in the old set of the air in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, nor in Craig's Collection. Here we have one proof, that although the old melodies have generally been pretty closely adhered to, they have, in some cases, been retouched by modern artists. Some of these alterations, like that just alluded to, are manifest improvements, but in many other instances, they are the very reverse, as the pastoral simplicity of the tune, by injudicious alterations, is frequently

*I claimed by more an Irish
- who has written beautiful songs
"When Cold in the earth"*

destroyed. In the Museum, the note E, answering to the verb *bore* in the second strain of *Lochaber*, ought to be flat. It had been overlooked by Mr Clark when revising the proof sheets; but it is easily corrected with a pen.

XCVI.

THE MUCKING OF GEORDIE'S BYRE.

THIS old air was formerly called "My father's a delver of dykes;" from a curious old song, preserved in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725, a copy of which is annexed.

I.

My daddie's a delver of dykes,
My minnie can card and spin,
And I'm a bonnie young lass,
And the siller comes linken in;
The siller comes linken in,
And it is fu' fair to see;
And its wow-wow-wow,
What ails the lads at me?

II.

Whenever our bawtie does bark,
Then fast to the door I rin,
To see gin ony young spark
Will light and venture in;
But ne'er a ane comes in,
Though mony a ane gaes by;
Syne ben the house I rin,
And a wearie wight am I.

III.

I had ane auld wife to my grannie,
And wow gin she kept me lang,
But now the carlin's dead,
And I'll do what I can,
And I'll do what I can,
Wi' my twenty pounds and my cow,
But wow, its ane unco thing,
That naebody comes to woo.

Ramsay wrote an introductory stanza to this old song, beginning *'Tis I have seven braw new gowns*; and in place of the last stanza, which he suppressed, he added two of his own, beginning *When I was at my first prayers*. The song, thus altered, he entitled, "Slighted Nancy," to the tune of *The kirk wad let me be*. The editor of the Orpheus Caledonius, however, adhered to the words and tune of the old song,

and very properly rejected Ramsay's verses, of which the two last are certainly objectionable.

About the year 1700, a certain lady of high rank and fashion fell in love with a fine young man of an inferior station in life, he being one of her father's tenants. She married him, however, in direct opposition to the will of her family, and this circumstance gave occasion to the humorous but vulgar ballad of "The mucking o' Geordie's byre." It begins

THE mucking o' Geordie's byre,
And shoollin the gruiپ sae clean,
Has gard me weet my cheeks,
And greet with baith my een.

It was not my father's will,
Nor yet my mither's desire,
That e'er I should file my fingers
Wi' mucking o' Geordie's byre.

A contemporary bard, however, took up the cudgels for Geordie in a very spirited manner. His ballad concludes thus:

THE lads that gae courting the lasses
Had need to be canny and slee,
Or else they'll be guided like asses,
Gin they be as silly as me.

I courted a lassie for siller,
And she was baith saucy and spree,
But when I was buckled until her,
The devil ae bodle had she.

This beautiful air, when played slow, is very plaintive, but the songs to which it has hitherto been united are all of a very humorous cast. The tune appears in Mrs Crokat's book, in 1709, under the title of "*The three good fellows*," which must have been the name of another old and now forgotten song, to the same melody. The verses to which it is adapted in the Museum, beginning "As I went over yon meadow," were written by Mr James Tytler, with the exception of two lines, taken from the old chorus.

XCVII.

BIDE YE YET.

THERE is as rich a vein of lively and innocent humour in this pretty little ballad as in any to be found in the whole

compass of the Museum. It begins *Gin I had a wee house and a canty wee fire*. It was picked up and published by Herd, but the author is still anonymous. Some stanzas also, to the same tune, were written by Miss Janet Graham of Dumfries, a maiden lady, who lived to a considerable age, although much afflicted with an asthmatic complaint, to which she ultimately fell a victim. Being naturally of a cheerful disposition, she often attempted to beguile her sufferings by composing Scottish songs and poems of humour. As Miss Graham's song is highly spoken of by Burns, it is annexed. It was originally published in Herd's Collection, under the title of *The Wayward Wife*, but rather in an imperfect state, two lines of the second stanza being wholly omitted.

THE WAYWARD WIFE.

I.

ALAS, my son, you little know
The sorrows that from wedlock flow;
Farewell to every day of ease,
When you have got a wife to please.
*Sae bide you yet, and bide you yet,
Ye little ken what's to betide you yet;
The half of that will gane you yet,
If a wayward wife obtain you yet.*

II.

Your ain experience is but small,
As yet you've met with little thrall;
The black cow on your foot ne'er trode,
Which gars you sing along the road.
Sae bide you yet, &c.

III.

Sometimes the rock, sometimes the reel,
Or some piece of the spinning wheel,
She'll drive at you, my bonny chiel,
And send you headlangs to the de'il,
Sae bide you yet, &c.

IV.

When I, like you, was young and free,
I valued not the proudest she,
Like you, I vainly boasted then,
That men alone were born to reign.
Sae bide you yet, &c.

V.

Great Hercules, and Samson, too,
Were stronger men than I or you,
Yet they were baffled by their dears,
And felt the distaff and the sheers.

Sae bide you yet, &c.

VI.

Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,
Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon balls;
But nought is found by sea or land,
That can a wayward wife withstand.

Sae bide you yet, &c.

XCVIII.

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

THESE three humorous stanzas, beginning *I married with a scolding wife the fourteenth of November*, were written by Burns. They are adapted to the well-known air of *Maggie Lauder*. For an account of this tune, see Notes on Song No 544.

XCIX.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

THIS air appears in Skene's MSS. under the title of "Adew Dundee." It is therefore certain that the song was a well-known favourite in Scotland long before the year 1598. The old song, which is certainly none of the most delicate, was travestied by the Grub-street junto, who, as usual, made it ten times worse. Those who have any curiosity to see their pitiful production, will find it in "Wit and Mirth," vol. iii. first edition, 1703, under the title of *Jockey's escape from Dundee*. It begins,

WHERE got'st thou that *haver-mill* bonack?
Blind booby, can'st thou not see?
I'se got it out of a Scotchman's wallet,
As he lig lousing himself under a tree!

This elegant travestie thus concludes.

WITH sword ready drawn, they rode to the gate,
Where being denied an entrance thro',
The master and man, they fought at that rate,
That some ran away, and others they slew.
Thus *Jocky*, the laird, and *Sawney*, the man,
They valiantly fought, as Highlanders can;
In spite of the loons, they set themselves free,
And so bid adieu to bonny Dundee.

The song in the Museum, with the exception of the first four lines, beginning *O where did you get that haver-meal bannock*, which formed part of the first stanza of the old ballad, was wholly written by Burns. The last verse is uncommonly pretty.

My blessings upon thy sweet wee lippie,
 My blessings upon thy bonny e'e bree,
 Thy smiles are sae like my blithe sodger laddie ;
 Thou's ay the dearer and dearer to me.
 But I'll big a bower on yon bonny banks,
 Where Tay rins wimplin by sae clear,
 And I'll clead thee in the tartan sae fine,
 And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear !

Burns sent a copy of the first draught of his improved version to his friend Mr Cleghorn, with the following laconic epistle :

“ Dear Cleghorn, you will see by the above that I have added a stanza to ‘ Bonny Dundee.’ If you think it will do, you may set it agoing

UPON a ten string'd instrument,
 And on a psaltery.

R. B.

“ To Mr Cleghorn, farmer. God bless the trade.”

Mr Gay selected “ Bonnie Dundee ” as a tune for one of his songs in the Beggar's Opera, beginning “ The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,” acted at London in 1728. But it was known in England long before that time, as it is printed in Playford's Dancing Master, in the year 1657.

C.

JOHNNY AND MARY.

THIS song, beginning *Down the burn, and through the mead*, is an Anglo-Scottish production of considerable merit. It was first introduced and sung by Miss Cately, as a “ Favourite new Scotch song,” in the opera of *Love in a Village*, and was received with great applause. This opera, by Mr Bickerstaffe, was first acted at Covent Garden, London, in 1762. The last line of every stanza of Johnny and Mary tells us, that *Mary wiped her bonny mow*. This has always been considered very faulty and disagreeable, more especially

as it is repeated no less than four times in singing the song. It reminds one of Solomon's observation on a certain character, that "She eateth and wipeth her mouth, and saith I have done no wickedness." If the composer had only substituted a better line in place of this, the song would have been much improved, and nearly faultless. Miss Cately, it would seem, had introduced *Johnny and Mary* as an *extra* song in *Love in a Village*; for it is not to be found in the list of those songs which Bickerstaffe originally selected for this opera.

END OF PART FIRST.

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART I.

I.

THE HIGHLAND QUEEN.

THE authority for ascribing this song to MR MACVICAR is Burns's MS. note, in his interleaved copy of the Museum, which states that he had the information from Dr Blacklock. (Cromek's Reliques of Burns, p. 195.) But no particulars respecting Macvicar have been discovered. The song was first published, accompanied with the music, in Ruddiman's Edinburgh Magazine for April 1758. It next occurs in a collection, of which only one volume appeared, under the title of "The Lark : being a Select Collection of the most celebrated and newest Songs, Scots and English. Vol. I. Edinburgh, printed for W. Gordon, bookseller in the Parliament Close, 1765." 12mo.

II.

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

THERE is no kind of evidence for attributing a single Scottish melody to David Rizzio. Thomson, indeed, in his Orpheus Caledonius, 1725, ascribed to "David Rezzio" this and six other old tunes ; but, in republishing that work in 1733, the name was withdrawn. Other tunes under the name of "Rizo," by Oswald, were subsequently published. These were his own compositions ; as a friend of his, in 1741, on his leaving Edinburgh, says,

When wilt thou teach our soft Æidian fair,
To languish at a false Sicilian air ;

Or when some tender tune compose again,
And cheat the town wi' David Rizo's name?

See also the Chronological List, annexed to the Preface of this work.

In asserting this to be an old tune, Mr Stenhouse was correct; for we find “An thou wer myn oun thing,” in a MS. Lute-book, written at Aberdeen by Robert Gordon of Straloch, in the year 1627.

IV.

BESS THE GAWKIE.

THE author of this song, the Rev. JAMES MUIRHEAD, descended from an ancient family, was the son of — Muirhead of Logan, and born in the year 1740; or, according to the author of the Literary History of Galloway, in 1742. He was educated at the College of Edinburgh; was licensed to preach in 1769; and ordained Minister of Urr in the year 1770. In 1794, the University of Edinburgh conferred on him the honorary degree of D.D.; and at a more advanced period of life (in 1806), the celebrated linguist Dr Alexander Murray was appointed his assistant and successor. In 1795, at the controverted election for the Dumfries boroughs, Dr Muirhead fell under the lash of Burns, who then printed, for private distribution, several ballads in the shape of broadsides, which gained him less credit for wit than for ill-nature. Dr Muirhead replied in some virulent lines, which reflect no credit upon their author. See Chambers's Lives, vol. i. p. 440; and Motherwell's edition of Burns, vol. i. p. 310. Allan Cunningham, both in his “Songs of Scotland,” and in his edition of Burns, calls him by mistake William; and Murray says he died in 1806. His death is thus recorded in the Scots Magazine (vol. lxx. p. 479), “1808, May 16, At Spottes-hall, Dumfries-shire, the Rev. Dr James Muirhead, of Logan, Minister of the Gospel at Urr, in the 68th year of his age, and 38th of his Ministry.”

V.

LORD GREGORY.

“ O, OPEN the door, love Gregory,
 O open, and let me in—
 The wind blows through my yellow hair,
 And the dew draps o’er my chin.

“ This is much better than ‘ *the rain rains on my scarlet robes,*’ and is as generally sung by the people of Galloway and Dumfries-shire.”—(C. K. S.)

VI.

THE BANKS OF TWEED.

“ FERDINANDO TENDUCCI.—This was, as far as I know, the only very celebrated Italian singer who ever visited Scotland. His arrival is thus announced in “ The Edinburgh Evening Courant, Monday, May 16, 1758.” “ Last night, arrived here from Ireland, Mr Tenducci, the celebrated singer.” Along with him he brought his wife, whom he had married in Ireland ; she also sang in public—but with a very indifferent voice, as I have been told by those who heard it ; her extraordinary Platonic passion ended in an elopement with a gallant, and in a divorce, which makes a figure in the Trials for adultery, &c. Tenducci was a very handsome man—she, a pretty, modest looking girl. He taught music while in Edinburgh ; and published a folio volume of his own compositions of which this is the title—“ A Collection of Lessons for the Harpsichord, or Piano and Forte, composed by Ferdinando Tenducci. Dedicated to the Right Honourable Lady Hope. Printed for the author, and to be got at his lodgings, opposite Lord Milton’s, Cannon-gate ; at Mrs Phinn’s, and Richard Carmichael, engraver, back of the Guard, and at R. Bremner’s music-shop.” Minuets are mingled with the sonatas, but only two have the names of ladies prefixed—Ladies Hope and Cunningham (Miss Myrton of Gogar). Lady Cunningham’s minuet, with variations, is extremely beautiful.”—(C. K. S.)

VIII.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

RICHARD HEWITT was a native of a village near Carlisle, and was taken when a boy to lead blind Dr Blacklock, who resided in Cumberland, during the earlier part of his life. Finding him to be a youth of promising dispositions, he instructed him in various languages; and Hewitt, on leaving his service, addressed some verses to Mr Blacklock, which bear testimony to the warm affection he entertained for his master. Mr Henry Mackenzie, in his edition of Blacklock's Poems, Edinburgh, 1793, informs us, that Hewitt subsequently became Secretary to Lord Milton (then Lord Justice-Clerk, and Sub-Minister for Scotland, under Archibald, Duke of Argyle); but that the fatigue of that station hurt his health, and he died in 1764.

IX.

SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'.

THOMAS FRASER, whom Mr Stenhouse mentions in this note, died in 1825. See note in Chambers's "Scottish Songs," p. 279, Edinburgh, 1829, 2 vols., 8vo.

X.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AN' A'.

MR STENHOUSE, in his Illustrations, uniformly quotes Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany as having been published in 1724. The first volume certainly appeared at Edinburgh in that year; but the second, third, and fourth volumes were published separately, in 24mo, at various intervals. "A New Miscellany of Scots Songs," printed at London in 1727, contains a selection of the Scottish songs in the first two volumes. The Tea-Table Miscellany, volume third, was printed at Edinburgh for Allan Ramsay, in 1727; but at what time the Fourth volume was published I have not been able to ascertain, having only seen a very imperfect copy of the original edition. The first collected edition

of this popular work contains the three volumes in one, "London, printed for and sold by A. Millar, 1733," 12mo. It is called "The Ninth Edition, being the compleatest and most correct of any yet published, by Allan Ramsay." The accuracy of this statement I should be disposed to question. On the other hand, there are three distinct editions, each professing to be "The Twelfth Edition," viz. at Glasgow, 1753; Edinburgh, 1760; and London, 1763. The eighteenth, and probably the latest edition, appeared at Edinburgh, 1792. All the editions, subsequent to that of 1733, contain the four volumes of the collection.

XIII.

THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

"BURNS is not quite correct in his assertion that the Scottish Muses were all Jacobites—a song, beginning '*The cats hae kittled in Charlie's wig*,' is certainly the wretched effusion of a Scottish Hanoverian."—(C. K. S.)

"N.B. Our ancient Border rhyme runs thus—

Tillielute, tillielute, tillielute of Bowelaw,
Our cat's kittled in Archie's wig;
Tillielute, tillielute, tillielute of Bowelaw,
Four of them naked, and four of them clad.

I am afraid the Scots Hanoverian had been but a plagiarist after all."—(MS. Note by Sir Walter Scott, in 1821).

XVI.

FYE GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

MR STENHOUSE, in this note and elsewhere, refers to a MS. music-book, as in his own possession, written in tablature for the lute, and supposes it to be as old as the reign of Queen Mary. As he mistook the age of other MSS., I suspect that he imagined this one to be of much too early a date; but unfortunately it is not known what has become of that MS.

XVII.

THE LASS OF LIVINGSTON.

THE MS. music-book, with the autograph of "Mrs Crookat, 1709," which is frequently mentioned by Mr Stenhouse, is now in the possession of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq.

XVIII.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

MR STENHOUSE formed an erroneous opinion of the age of the MS. collection of tunes, preserved in the Advocates' Library, and described in this note. The volume consists of seven (not six) little books bound in one; having on the first leaf the signature, "Magister Johannes Skeine," by whom there can be little doubt that the collection was formed. This person, however, was not Sir John Skene of Curriehill, "when he was a very young man," but John Skene of Hallyards, in Mid-Lothian, the second son of that eminent lawyer; and instead of being written "prior to 1598," as stated in Note cxxxi, or "circa 1570," as in Note dlxxxix, it belongs to the early part of the seventeenth century, apparently about the year 1615.

The MS. collection, however, is one of great importance, as it contains a number of popular Scottish airs of earlier date, and in a more genuine form than they are known to have been elsewhere preserved. A volume, containing the several Scottish airs, (which in the MS. are written in tablature for the Mandour,) rendered into modern notation, is now on the eve of publication, by William Dauney, Esq., Advocate, accompanied with an elaborate dissertation on the origin of Scottish Music:—such a work cannot fail to be of great interest to all lovers of our National Melodies.

XXIII.

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

"THAT person of the Kenmure family alluded to in the tradition, was most probably Robert, fourth Viscount of

Kenmure, who suffered many hardships on account of his loyalty, and was excepted out of Cromwell's act of grace and pardon, 1654. He died at Greenlaw, without issue, 1663."—(C. K. S.)

"Burns says nothing about the authorship of this humorous song; but we may mention that it, and its counterpart, 'John Hielandman's remarks on Glasgow,' are from the pen of DOUGALD GRAHAM, Bellman in Glasgow, and author of the facetious histories of 'Lothian Tam,' 'Leper the Tailor,' 'Simple John and his Twelve Misfortunes,' 'Jocky and Maggy's Courtship,' 'John Cheap the Chapman,' 'The Comical Sayings of Paddy from Cork, with his Coat buttoned Behind,' 'John Falkirk's Carritches,' 'Janet Clinker's Orations in the Society of Clashin' Wives,' and a 'Metrical History of the Rebellion in 1745,' in which he had a personal share, &c. &c. His works, in the form of Penny Histories, have long formed staple articles in the hawker's basket; and while the classic presses of Paisley, Stirling, and Falkirk, have groaned with them, the sides of the Scottish lieges have been convulsed with them for the greater part of a century."—(Edition of Burns, by Motherwell, vol. v. p. 299.)

In the Paisley Magazine, 1828 (of which he was editor), Mr Motherwell gave an interesting account of Dougald Graham, proving that he was the writer of the above 'chap books,' which contain a great deal of very coarse humour; but which, for the credit of our peasantry, are less sought for than formerly. Graham was born about 1724, and died in the year 1779. His 'History of the Rebellion,' 1745, was a favourite work of Sir Walter Scott's, and was first printed under the following title:—

"A full, particular and true Account of the Rebellion, in the years 1745-6.

Composed by the Poet D. GRAHAM,

In Stirlingshire he lives at hame,

To the Tune of *The gallant Grahams*. To which is add-

ed, Several other Poems by the same Author. Glasgow, printed and sold by James Duncan, &c., 1746. Price fourpence half-penny." 12mo, pp. 84.

In a metrical "Account of the Author," Graham mentions that he was born near Raploch, in Stirlingshire, and that he remained as a servant at Campsie. But the second edition, 1752, bears "Printed for and sold by Dougal Graham, merchant in Glasgow." In the third edition, 1774, the work was entirely re-written, and not improved, and it is this text that has been followed in six or seven later impressions. The first edition is so extremely rare, that only one copy is known to be preserved, and, as a literary curiosity, it might be worth reprinting; although it demolishes the fine story of the Author's difficulty in obtaining the Bellman's place from the Glasgow Bailies, on account of his being a Jacobite, and having joined the Pretender's army.

XXXII.

FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

"PERHAPS both the author of 'The young Laird and Edinburgh Katy' and Bishop Percy took the idea of their ballads from a song in Lee's beautiful tragedy of Theodosius, or the Force of Love :—

Can'st thou, Marina, leave the world,
The world that is devotion's bane?—

Can you your costly robes forbear
To live with us in poor attire?" &c. &c.—(C. K. S.)

XXXVI.

TWEEDSIDE.

JOHN LORD YESTER, second Marquis of Tweeddale, died at Yester, 20th of April, 1713, in the 68th year of his age. Scot of Satchel, in the dedication of his Rhyiming History of the name of Scot, in 1688, compliments his Lordship for his poetical abilities. For his character, see Macky's Memoirs, p. 186, and Douglas's Peerage, by Wood, vol. ii. p. 610.

Mr Stenhouse and other editors have asserted that Burns was mis-informed in regard to the author of "Tweedside," and of some of our finest pastoral lyric poems, and state that the poet's name was not ROBERT, but WILLIAM CRAWFURD of Auchinames. The only person of that name, mentioned in the genealogical account of this family, is said to have married Helen, daughter of Sir Thomas Burnet, M.D., an eminent physician in Edinburgh, in the reign of Charles II.; and to have died without issue during his father's life. (Crawfurd's Renfrewshire, by Robertson, p. 371.) This seems to apply to William Crawfurd, younger of Auchinames, who died previous to 4th July, 1695, when his father Archibald Crawfurd was served his heir. This, however, would be much too early for the writer of the fine songs which appeared in the Tea-Table Miscellany. In calling the poet William, Mr S. and others appear to have relied on the opinion of Lord Woodhouselee, who quotes a letter from Hamilton of Bangour to Henry Home, afterwards Lord Kames, in July 1739, where he says, "I have made the corrections on the moral part of *Contemplation*, and in a post will send it to WILL. CRAWFORD, who has the rest, and will transmit it to you. I shall write to him fully on the subject." "It is pleasing to remark (Lord Woodhouselee adds), that the Will. Crawford here mentioned was the author of the beautiful pastoral ballad of *Tweedside*, which, with the aid of its charming melody, will probably live as long as the language is understood." (Life of Lord Kames, 8vo edition, vol. i. p. 97.) The letter in question refers to Hamilton's poem, which was written in 1739, and printed in 1744; and the William Crawford here mentioned was a merchant in Glasgow, who died probably about 1750. In the second edition of Hamilton's Poems, 1758, there is a dedication prefixed, "To the Memory of Mr William Crawford, merchant in Glasgow, the friend of Mr Hamilton."

It is singular that Lord Woodhouselee and subsequent

writers should have overlooked the letters of Ramsay of Ochertyre to Burns, which were printed by Currie, and which I think ascertain beyond all doubt that the writer of 'Tweedside,' 'The Bush aboon Traquair,' and other songs published by Ramsay in the Tea-Table Miscellany, was ROBERT CRAWFURD, a cadet of the family of Drumsoy. As these Songs appeared in 1724, he was probably born about the close of the Seventeenth Century.

Mr Ramsay of Ochertyre, in a letter, dated 22d of October, 1787, says, "'Twas only yesterday I got Colonel Edmonstoune's answer, that neither the words of '*Down the burn, Davie*,' nor '*Daintie Davie*' (I forget which you mentioned), were written by Colonel G. Crawford. Next time I meet him I will enquire about his cousin's poetical talents." In another letter, addressed to Dr Blacklock, from Ochertyre, 27th of October, 1787, Mr Ramsay says, "You may tell Mr Burns when you see him, that Colonel Edmonstoune told me t'other day that his cousin Colonel George Crawford was no poet, but a great singer of songs; but that his eldest brother Robert (by a former marriage) had a great turn that way, having written the words of '*The bush aboon Traquair*' and '*Tweedside*.' That the Mary to whom it was addressed was Mary Stewart of the Castlemilk family, afterwards wife of Mr John Belches. The Colonel (Edmonstoune) never saw Robert Crawford, though he was at his burial fifty-five years ago. He was a pretty young man, and had lived long in France. Lady Ankerville is his niece, and may know more of his poetical vein. An epitaph-monger like me might moralize upon the vanity of life, and the vanity of those sweet effusions." (Currie's edition of Burns, vol. ii. pp. 107 and 120.)

Patrick Crawford, third son of David Crawford of Drumsoy, merchant in Edinburgh, was twice married, first, to a daughter of Gordon of Turnberry, by whom he had two sons, 1st, Thomas, who was successively Secretary to the Embassy of the Earl of Stair, and Envoy Extraordinary to

the Court of France. He died at Paris, in 1724. 2d, Robert, the poet, who died unmarried. His brother's official residence at Paris may have been the occasion of his remaining there till 1732, when he died, or, as reported, was drowned, on his return to his native country. His father, Patrick, was married, secondly, to Jean, daughter of Archibald Crawford of Auchinames, by whom he had a large family; Colonel George Crawford, mentioned by Ramsay of Ochertyre, was the second son by this marriage. He was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 53d regiment, and died in 1758. It is plainly, therefore, a mistake to designate the Poet, 'of Auchinames.' According to the information of old Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee to Burns, Robert Crawford was drowned in returning from France, in 1732; if so, his body may have been brought to Scotland for interment.

In this Note, Mr Stenhouse refers to a portrait of Mary Scott, "the Flower of Yarrow," as painted for the Duke of Hamilton. Pennant, in describing the pictures at Hamilton, is quite animated when he comes to speak of this portrait painted by Ramsay:—"Irresistless beauty" (he says) "brings up the rear, in form of Miss Mary Scott, a full length, in white satin; a most elegant figure: and thus concludes the list with what is more powerful than all that has preceded; than the arms of the warrior, the art of the politician, the admonitions of the churchman, or the wisdom of the philosopher." (Tour in Scotland, vol. ii. p. 125.) Another picture of "the Flower of Yarrow," also by Ramsay, if I remember right, is in the Marquis of Bute's possession, at Mount Stuart.

XXXVII.

MARY'S DREAM.

"It is quite evident that this Dream, in its first Scottish dress, is a forgery, proceeding from the same sources

whence many of Cromek's ballads were derived. One of the lines is too long—

Pale—bending on her his hollow ee.”—(C. K. S.)

Although never acknowledged, I have no doubt that Allan Cunningham was the author of this version of ‘Mary’s Dream’—a circumstance that cannot be excused, merely as a pretended original old ballad, since it affected Lowe’s reputation as a poet, by taking away the originality of the poem to which alone he owes any celebrity; but I am sure, my excellent friend has long since repented ever having made any such attempt. In Cromek’s *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, where this version first appeared, there is an interesting account given of Lowe, communicated by the Rev. Mr Gillespie. Dr Thomas Murray, in his *Literary History of Galloway*, has also a minute biography of Lowe. Mr Cunningham, however, in his edition of *Burns* (vol. viii. p. 35), reprobates, in strong terms, Lowe’s conduct to the Lady, to whom he addressed his ‘Mary’s Dream.’

XLII.

LOGAN WATER.

JOHN MAYNE, the author of “The Siller Gun,” and other poems, was a native of Dumfries. He was long connected with the London newspaper press, and died at an advanced age, 14th of March 1836. “A better or warmer-hearted man” (says Allan Cunningham) “never existed.” See an account of his life in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, May 1836, and in *The Annual Obituary* for 1837.

XLIV.

THERE’S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

“It was from my notes that Mr S. took the traditional account of Colin’s fate. As to the contest about the authorship of this song, it is very improbable that Mickle, who had a musical ear in poetry, could ever have made

speak rhyme to *greet*—a defect which greatly spoils the effect of these charming verses.”—(C. K. S.)

“The authorship of this song” (says the late Mr Motherwell) “has been disputed, some ascribing it to Mrs Jean Adams, and others to William Julius Mickle. I am not convinced yet that Mickle was its author; on the contrary, I think that the evidence contained in the Appendix to Cromek’s *Scottish Songs*, completely outweighs the circumstances on which it has been assigned to Mickle. We may farther add, that the measure and rhythm of many of Jean Adams’ other poems, which are all of a religious and moral cast, are so like that of this song, as forcibly to recall it to recollection, while nothing written by Mickle has the remotest resemblance to it.”—(Edit. of Burns, vol. v. p. 308.)

I shall not presume to offer any decided opinion on this disputed point; and shall only observe that the evidence in favour of Jean Adams contained in Mrs Fullerton’s letter, published by Cromek, is that of a lady whose family were her chief patrons; and that we know nothing of her compositions during the last twenty years of her life, and therefore it would be unfair to judge her solely by an examination of verses which she composed in her younger days, in the style of “the best English poets that have written within seventy years.” Had Mickle himself included the song in the collection of his *Poems*, or left any written evidence claiming it as his own composition, no doubt on the subject would have remained; but the manuscript copy found among his papers, is such as a person might have written after having heard it sung.

A parody on this song, on the conclusion of Peace with America, appeared in 1782, and was printed in the common stall-form. It begins thus—

But are you sure the news is true?
And is it really fact?
Have Conway, Burke and Fox at last
Laid North upon his back?

CHORUS.

There's nae luck about the Court,
 There's nae luck at a' ;
 There can be nane while we're at war
 Wi' North America.

It is a very poor performance, and only worthy of notice to show the popularity of the original song. See also Song pxcv, in the 6th vol. of the Musical Museum, for

There's nae luck about the house,
 When our gudewife's awa'.

What is designated "the Gallovidian" way of the old Scottish song, '*There's nae luck about the house*,' a version evidently by the author of the work, will be found at page 244 of that most strange production called "The Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopedia, by John Mactaggart." London, 1824, 8vo.

The fullest account of JEAN ADAMS, who died in the Town's Hospital at Glasgow, 9th of April, 1765, is given by Cromek, in the Appendix to his 'Select Scottish Songs,' vol. i. p. 189. The volume of her Poems was published by subscription, and is dedicated by her "To Thomas Crauford of Craufordsburn, Esq."

The volume bears this title—"Miscellany Poems, by Mrs Jane Adams, in Crawforddyke. Glasgow, printed by James Duncan in the Salt-market, near Gibson's Wynd, 1734," 8vo. The Address to the Reader, signed Archibald Crauford, states that "The Author of the following Miscellany Poems is a young woman, born in the town of Craufordsdyke, in the parish of Greenoak, and shire of Renfrew, in the West of Scotland: her father was a shipmaster in that place: her breeding was as is ordinary for girls of her station and circumstances; and having several years ago lost her father, Providence ordered her lot for some years in the family of a reverend Minister in the neighbourhood, where she had access to peruse such of that Minister's books as her fancy led her to read."

Mrs Jean Adams was not very successful in her imita-

tions of the style either of Milton or Cowley, and she was rather fond of displaying her learning. In an address "To the Phoenix," she speaks of thousands having beheld that fabulous bird on Mount Helicon, and boasts,

Nay, I my self have seen thee there,
But never any other where,
Except at Pindar's Well.

The following poem, although the latter part, containing the reply of the Goddess of Justice, approaches to bombast, may be relished by Album writers of the present age.

ON ASTREA.

ASTREA, why so pale and sad?
Why so plainly drest?
Why upon the jovial plain
Shunned by all the rest?

For a garland of fresh flowers,
Why a pair of Scales?
Thou art not yet above the sky
Where Equity prevails.

Put that rigid aspect off,
Suit thee to the time.
All the Constellations here
Are valued as they shine.

Rather let me, Phoenix-like,
Live on Earth alone;
Till by Nature's course I fly
To meet that glorious Sun.

Whose radiant beams will touch my wings
With pure celestial fire;
Which shall to endless ages burn,
Yet never shall aspire.

Lament thou not, because thine eyes
Shall see no Son of mine;
I'll flourish thro' Eternity,
Like Jove in spight of time.

The volume concludes with the following singular lines :—

TO THE MUSE.

Come hither to the Hedge, and see
The walks that are assign'd to thee :
All the bounds of Virtue shine,
All the plain of Wisdom's thine,
All the flowers of harmless Wit
Thou mayest pull, if thou think'st fit,
In the fair field of History ;
All the plants of Piety
Thou mayest freely thence transplant :
But have a care of whining Cant.

L.

SCORNFUL NANCY.

“ I POSSESS a MS. copy of this excellent ballad, subjoined to an early transcript of Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel, which contains, what seems to me, an improvement on the printed editions. In these, Willy enumerating the dignities of his father, mentions—

A gude blue bonnet on his head,
An ourlay on his craigie ;
And aye, untill the day he died,
He rode on gude shank's nagie.

Riding on shank's nagie means walking on foot, which is no peculiar distinction ; but in my MS. the line stands—

He rode an ambling nagie ;

which certainly coincides much better with the rest of the description.”—(C. K. S.)

LI.

BLINK OVER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY.

“ THE first line of this song is quoted by Shakspeare, in King Lear.”—(C. K. S.)

LII.

JENNY NETTLES.

“ There is a tradition in Fife, that Jenny hanged herself

for love, and her grave is still pointed out. The following notice respecting some relics discovered there was kindly communicated to me by Mr Fraser, jeweller, St Andrew's Street, Edinburgh, in whose possession they now remain:—‘ Gold ear-ring and bead of a necklace which belonged to the famed Jenny Nettles of Scottish song, whom tradition mentions committed suicide, and was buried between two lairds' lands near the Lomond hills, a cairn or heap of stones being raised to mark the spot, according to ancient usage. A stranger, happening to visit a farmer in that neighbourhood, was accidentally informed of the above circumstance, and was shown the place where the cairn once stood. Prompted by the love of antiquarian research, he immediately commenced digging, when, at the depth of eighteen inches, he found the skull and other bones of poor Jenny (which must have remained inhumed at least a century), along with two ear-rings and twenty-four beads. One of the ear-rings was given to a gentleman who went to France, and twenty-three of the beads were distributed amongst various persons. 1830.’—(C. K. S.)

LVIII.

THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

THIS humorous song was formerly supposed to have been written by FRANCIS SEMPLE of Beltrees: it has been claimed, upon apparently better grounds, as the composition of SIR WILLIAM SCOTT of Thirlestane, in Selkirkshire, ancestor of the present Lord Napier. “ There is a tradition in the family of Lord Napier, that this ballad was composed by William Scott, Esq., younger of Thirlestane, who married Elizabeth, Mistress of Napier. Their marriage-contract is dated 15th Dec. 1699.”—(C. K. S.)

The family tradition is minutely detailed by Mr Mark Napier, in his “ History of the Partition of the Lennox,” p. 237–239. Edinb. 1835. 8vo. He there quotes a letter to himself from the late Lord Napier, dated Thirlestane,

15th December, 1831, as follows :—" Sir William Scott was author of that well-known Scots song, '*Eye, let us a' to the bridal—for there will be liltings there*'—a better thing than Horace ever wrote. My authority was *my father*, who told me he had from *his*, and that he had it from *his*, who was Sir William's son." Sir William Scott died on the 8th of October, 1725. A collection of his Latin Poems was printed in a volume, entitled "Selecta Poemata Archibaldi Pitcairni Med. Doctoris, Gul. Scot a Thirlestane Equitis, Thomae Kincadii, et aliorum." Edinb. 1727. 12mo. Mr Napier, in mentioning this volume, says that Sir William "is therein eulogized *by the editor*, Dr Pitcairne," the learned gentleman forgetting that Dr Pitcairne died in 1713, and that he is the first person who "is therein eulogized by the editor" in the address, by the printer, "Robertus Fribarnius Lectori φιλόμυσῳ S.," which was probably written by Thomas Ruddiman the grammarian.

LXIII.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I CANNOT ascertain where the different sets of these beautiful lyrics were first published. It is also somewhat doubtful which of them should claim priority of composition. A few particulars, however, respecting the ladies by whom they were written will not be here misplaced.

1. MRS COCKBURN was a daughter of Robert Rutherford of Fernylee, in the county of Selkirk, and born probably about the year 1710 or 1712. In 1731 she married PATRICK COCKBURN, youngest son of Adam Cockburn of Ormiston, Lord Justice-Clerk, who died 16th of April, 1735, in the 79th year of his age. Patrick was admitted advocate, 27th of January, 1728; but died, "after a tedious illness," at Musselburgh, 29th of April, 1753. Her pathetic verses, '*I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling*,' are printed in

“The Lark,” p. 37, Edinburgh, 1765, with some occasional variations. She survived her husband for more than forty years. From family intimacy, this lady was well known to Sir Walter Scott in his youth, and on several occasions he has mentioned her in terms of great regard. “Even at an age” (he says) “advanced beyond the usual bounds of humanity, she retained a play of imagination, and an activity of intellect, which must have been attractive and delightful in youth, but were almost preternatural at her period of life. Her active benevolence, keeping pace with her genius, rendered her equally an object of love and admiration. The Editor, who knew her well, takes this opportunity of doing justice to his own feelings; and they are in unison with those of all who knew his regretted friend.” (*Border Minstrelsy*, vol. iii. p. 338, edit. 1833.) See also Lockhart’s *Life of Scott*, vol. i. pp. 9, 86, 88, 97, 122; and vol. ii. p. 358.

Sir Walter Scott communicated at considerable length to Mr Robert Chambers, when publishing his “*Scottish Songs*,” in 1829, his personal recollections of Mrs Cockburn; and these, as possessed of more than common interest, are here copied from the preface to that collection.

“MRS CATHERINE COCKBURN, authoress of those verses to the tune of the *Flowers of the Forest*, which begin,

I’ve seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,

was daughter to — Rutherford, Esq. of Fairnalee, in Selkirkshire. A turret in the old house of Fairnalee is still shown as the place where the poem was written. The occasion was a calamitous period in Selkirkshire, or Ettrick Forest, when no fewer than seven lairds or proprietors, men of ancient family and inheritance, having been engaged in some imprudent speculations, became insolvent in one year.

“Miss C. Rutherford was married to — Cockburn, son of Cockburn of Ormiston, Lord Justice-Clerk of Scot-

land. Mr Cockburn acted as Commissioner for the Duke of Hamilton of that day ; and being, as might be expected from his family, a sincere friend to the Revolution and Protestant succession, he used his interest with his principal to prevent him from joining in the intrigues which preceded the insurrection of 1745, to which his Grace is supposed to have had a strong inclination.

“ Mrs Cockburn was herself a keen Whig. I remember having heard repeated a parody on Prince Charles’s proclamation, in burlesque verse, to the tune of ‘ Clout the Caldron.’ In the midst of the siege or blockade of the Castle of Edinburgh, the carriage in which Mrs Cockburn was returning from a visit to Ravelstone, was stopped by the Highland guard at the West Port ; and, as she had a copy of the parody about her person, she was not a little alarmed at the consequences ; especially as the officer talked of searching the carriage for letters and correspondence with the Whigs in the city. Fortunately, the arms on the coach were recognised as belonging to a gentleman favourable to the cause of the Adventurer, so that Mrs Cockburn escaped, with the caution not to carry political squibs about her person in future.

“ Apparently, she was fond of parody ; as I have heard a very clever one of her writing, upon the old song, ‘ Nancy’s to the greenwood gane.’ The occasion of her writing it, was the rejection of her brother’s hand by a fantastic young lady of fashion. The first verse ran thus :—

Nancy’s to the Assembly gane,
To hear the fops a’ chattering ;
And Willie he has followed her,
To win her love by flattering.

“ I farther remember only the last verse, which describes the sort of exquisite then in fashion :—

Wad ye hae bonny Nancy ?
Na, I’ll hae ane has learned to fence.

And that can please my fancy ;
Ane that can flatter, bow, and dance,
And make love to the ladies,
That kens how folk behave in France,
And's bauld amang the cadies.*

“ Mrs Cockburn was authoress of many other little pieces, particularly a set of toasts descriptive of some of her friends, and sent to a company where most of them were assembled. They were so accurately drawn, that each was at once referred to the person characterised. One runs thus :—

To a thing that's uncommon—a youth of discretion,
Who, though vastly handsome, despises flirtation ;
Is the friend in affliction, the soul of affection,
Who may hear the last trump without dread of detection.

This was written for my father, then a young and remarkably handsome man.

“ The intimacy was great between my mother and Mrs Cockburn. She resided in Crichton Street, and, my father's house being in George's Square, the intercourse of that day, which was of a very close and unceremonious character, was constantly maintained with little trouble. My mother and Mrs Cockburn were related, in what degree I know not, but sufficiently near to induce Mrs Cockburn to distinguish her in her will. Mrs Cockburn had the misfortune to lose an only son, Patrick Cockburn, who had the rank of Captain in the Dragoons, several years before her own death ; which last event took place about forty years since.

“ Mrs Cockburn was one of those persons whose talents for conversation made a stronger impression on her contemporaries, than her writings can be expected to produce. In person and features she somewhat resembled Queen Elizabeth ; but the nose was rather more aquiline. She

* An old-fashioned species of serviceable attendants, between the street-porter and the valet-de-place, peculiar to Edinburgh. A great number were always hanging about the doors of the Assembly Rooms.

was proud of her auburn hair, which remained unbleached by time, even when she was upwards of eighty years old. She maintained the rank in the society of Edinburgh, which French women of talents usually do in that of Paris; and her little parlour used to assemble a very distinguished and accomplished circle, among whom David Hume, John Home, Lord Monboddo, and many other men of name, were frequently to be found. Her evening parties were very frequent, and included society distinguished both for condition and talents. The *petit souper* which always concluded the evening, was like that of Stella, which she used to quote on the occasion :—

A supper like her mighty self,
Four nothings on four plates of delf.

But they passed off more gaily than many costlier entertainments.

“ She spoke both wittily and well, and maintained an extensive correspondence, which, if it continues to exist, must contain many things highly curious and interesting. My recollection is, that her conversation brought her much nearer to a Frenchwoman than to a native of England; and, as I have the same impression with respect to ladies of the same period and the same rank in society, I am apt to think that the *vieille cour* of Edinburgh rather resembled that of Paris than that of St James’s; and particularly, that the Scotch imitated the Parisians in laying aside much of the expense and form of those little parties in which wit and good-humour were allowed to supersede all occasion of display. The lodging where Mrs Cockburn received the best society of her time, would not now offer accommodation to a very inferior person.”—(SIR WALTER SCOTT.)

As a farther specimen of Mrs Cockburn’s talent for metrical composition, the two following songs have been communicated by Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe, who has added marginal notes explaining the allusions to the persons described.

A COPY OF VERSES, WROTE BY MRS COCKBURN

On the back of a Picture of Sir Hew Dalrymple.

To the tune of "All you Ladies now at Land."

1.

Look behind, and you shall see
A portrait just and true ;
Here's of mankind th' epitome,
Form'd in our right Sir Hew—
Sprightly, witty, gay, and glad ;
Thoughtful, serious, sour, and sad ;
Pray, is not this Sir Hew ?

Sir Hew Dalrymple, second baronet of North Berwick. He sat in Parliament as member for Haddingtonshire, and died at London, 1790.

2.

Ever varying, yet the same,
We find our friend Sir Hew ;
Fond of public life and fame,
And of the private too—
Though public life is his desire,
He warms his shins at his own fire,
Who is not like Sir Hew ?

3.

Once an amorous swain, Sir Hew,
As e'er pip'd on the plain ;
As witness Helen Cantilew,
Of sixty years and twain—
But now, on soul of woman bent,
He scorns her earthly tenement—
Woe's me for poor Sir Hew !

This stanza alludes to his having declared to the lady that he *once* admired her person, but *now* only her good understanding and mental accomplishments.

4.

Humane and generous drops the tear,
Most genuine and true,
For woes that others feel and bear,
From gentle, kind Sir Hew :
Though out of sight is out of mind ;
Yet see him, and he's always kind,
Our worthy friend, Sir Hew.

5.

To all below him mild and just,
And to his friendships true—
Forsakes no friend—betrays no trust—
Adore him in this view !—
Yet fog or rain will cramp his heart ;
One hour he'll act a different part—
Who is not like Sir Hew ?

6.

Nature cried (who form'd this man
 A little odd and new),
 "Try, Art, to spoil him, if you can,
 For I have made Sir Hew."
 Art, fond of spoiling Nature's trade,
 Said, "Let him be a member made,
 Then know your own Sir Hew."

7.

For twenty years she tries her tricks,
 And sends him to the senate ;
 Shows factions, parties, politics,
 And yet—the devil's in it—
 The man grows very little worse ;
 His heart is sounder than his purse.
 Pray, sirs, is this not true ?

This allusion might fix the date of the song to the year 1761, as Sir Hew was first returned to Parliament in 1741.

SONG BY MRS COCKBURN.

To the tune of "All ye Ladies now at Land."

1.

ALL health be round Balcarras' board,
 May mirth and joy still flow ;
 And may my Lady and my Lord
 Ne'er taste of future wo !
 Come fill a bumper to the brim,
 And here's to her, and here's to him.
 Fa, la, &c.

James, fifth Earl of Balcarras, married Anne, daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple of Castleton, Kt., son of Sir Hew Dalrymple, of North Berwick, Bart.

2.

For here, by brandy vine inspir'd,
 The frolic took its birth,
 While Horn, and Soph, and all conspir'd
 To spread around the mirth.
 St Andrews still remember'd be
 For mirth, and joy, and loyalty.
 Fa, la, &c.

3.

To the jolly Colonel and his spouse,
 Pray see a health go round ;
 For such a pair in any house
 Is seldom to be found.
 And here's to charming Elphinstone,
 May she soon of two make one !
 Fa, la, &c.

Robert Dalrymple Horn Elphinstone, afterwards a general in the army. He married Mary, daughter of Sir John Elphinstone of Logie, and died 1794.

Miss Peggy Elphinstone. Colonel Horn's sister-in-law.

4.

To Guadaloupe's fair governess
 We next due honours pay,
 And to the lad that she likes best,
 Though he be far away—
 Fly, gentle Peace, with downy wing,
 And to her arms her soldier bring.
 Fa, la, &c.

Mrs Campbell Dalrymple, daughter of Mr Douglas of St Christopher's, and wife of Colonel Campbell Dalrymple, Governor of Guadaloupe. After her first husband's death, she married Elizabeth Lady Balcarras's father, Chas. Dalrymple of North Berwick.

5.

Come crown the goblet once again,
 And see it quickly done.
 A cup of thanks we owe, that's plain,
 To Neptune's gallant son :
 O all the powers of mirth forbid,
 That we forget our noble Kyde.
 Fa, la, &c.

Captain Kyde.

6.

Now, lovely nymphs, and loving swains,
 Across pray join your hands,
 We mean to pay you for your pains,
 For this our song commands—
 To laugh, and love, and live in bliss—
 Behold, how good a thing it is
 For neighbours thus to love and kiss.
 Fa, la, &c.

Verse added by MISS ANNE KEITH.

Come, to our laureat fill again,
 For sure it's good our part ;
 And let dear COCKBURN's friendly name
 Inspire each grateful heart.
 Go, Chorus, with our loud huzzas,
 To tell her of her song's applause.
 Fa, la, &c.

It will be remarked that Sir Walter Scott has styled Mrs Cockburn, Miss *Catherine* Rutherford and Mrs *Catherine* Cockburn. From the following entry of her marriage in the Parish Registers of Ormiston, it is certain that Sir Walter was mistaken :—

“ 12th March, 1731, Mr Patrick Cockburn, Advocate,

in this Parish, and Mrs Alison Rutherford, in the Parish of Galashiels, were contracted in order to marriage, and after due proclamation were married."

There was a Mrs Catherine Cockburn (the daughter of Captain David Trotter), who, at an earlier period, wrote several plays and philosophical works, which were much admired. Mr Burnet of Kemnay, in 1704, in writing to the Princess Sophia, drew Mrs Trotter's character in such advantageous terms, that her Royal Highness replied, "*Je suis charmée du portrait avantageux, que vous me faites de la nouvelle Sappho Ecossoise, qui semble meriter les eloges que vous luy donnéz.*" She died in May 1749, aged 71; and possibly the similarity of name may have misled Sir Walter Scott's recollections. A collection of "*The Works of Mrs Catherine Cockburn, Theological, Moral, Dramatic, and Poetical,*" with her *Life* by Dr Birch, was published at London in 1751, 2 vols. 8vo.

Mrs Alison Cockburn died at Edinburgh on the 24th of November, 1794.

2. MISS JANE ELLIOT was the second daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, Bart., one of the Lords of Session, and Lord Justice-Clerk (who died 16th of April, 1766, aged 73), and Helen Stuart, daughter of Sir Robert Stuart of Allanbank. She was born in the year 1727. Her song, '*The Flowers of the Forest,*' is said to have been written about the year 1755; and when first published it passed as an old ballad. In Herd's *Collection of Scottish Songs and Ballads*, 1776, and in other copies, both Miss Elliot's and Mrs Cockburn's stanzas are incorporated as part of a long narrative ballad, which begins,

From Spey to the Border was peace and good order,
The sway of our Monarch was mild as the May;
Peace he adored, which Soudrons abhorred,
Our Marches they plunder, our Wardens they slay.

These stanzas are altogether inferior, and of a modern

cast; and it may safely be alleged that neither Miss Elliot or Mrs Cockburn had any concern in writing them. Miss Elliot's elegy long remained anonymous. Sir Walter Scott, in printing it, in the *Border Minstrelsy*, 1803, says, "The following well-known and beautiful stanzas were composed, many years ago, by a lady of family in Roxburghshire. The manner of the ancient Minstrels is so happily imitated, that it required the most positive evidence to convince the Editor that the song was of modern date."

For the following character of this lady, I am indebted to a gentleman who was acquainted with her during the latter period of her life:—

"Miss Elliot had a sensible face, and a slender, well-shaped figure. Her manner was grave and reserved to strangers:—in her conversation she made no attempts at wit; and though possessed of imagination, she never allowed it to entice her from the strictest rules of veracity—a virtue not very common either in poets or poetesses. She had high aristocratic notions, which she took no pains to conceal.

"In her early youth her father employed her to read his law-papers to him, and declared that he profited by the shrewdness of her remarks. I was told by a lady very intimate with her, that she composed 'The Flowers of the Forest' in a carriage with her brother Sir Gilbert, after a conversation about the battle of Flodden, and a bet that she could not make a ballad on that subject. She had read a great deal, and possessed an excellent memory, both as to books and what had come under her own observation during life. She was very fond of French literature; but detested the modern political principles of that ungovernable nation.

"She was the only lady I remember in Edinburgh who kept her own sedan-chair. It always stood in the lobby

of her house in Brown's Square. This house has lately been demolished, during the ruinous rage of our city improvements.

“ Though a literary character, which, in the female sex, is sometimes productive of slovenliness as to dress, she was remarkably nice in that particular ; neither did she affect the costumes of her youth, which, at that time, made many old ladies appear extremely ridiculous. There was that good sense in every thing she said and did, which rendered her universally respected by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.”

In the Statistical Account of the Parish of Minto, just published, it is stated, respecting Miss Elliot, that “ This lady appears to have been no less remarkable for strength of character than accomplishment ; for, at the time of the Rebellion 1745–46, her father being forced to conceal himself from a party of Jacobites among the craigs, then only covered with broom and long grass, she received and entertained the officers, and, by her presence of mind and composure, averted the danger.”

There is not perhaps, in the whole range of our lyric poetry, a finer adaptation of old words handed down by tradition, than Miss Elliot's ‘ Flowers of the Forest,’—and her verses compose a dirge or elegy “ expressed in a strain of elegiac simplicity and tenderness, which has seldom been equalled.” It is to be regretted that this song should remain a solitary memorial of her genius ; but I cannot learn that any other verses by Miss Elliot have ever been published.

For many years, at least from 1782 to 1804, Miss Elliot resided in Brown's Square, Edinburgh ; but she died at her brother, Admiral Elliot's seat, at Mount Teviot, Roxburghshire, on the 29th of March, 1805.

3. MISS ANNE HOME, to whom the verses in the Museum, beginning, ‘ *Adieu, ye streams that smoothly glide,*

are assigned, was the eldest daughter of Robert Home of Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, surgeon of Burgoyne's regiment of Light Horse. She was born in the year 1742, and was married to John Hunter, the distinguished anatomist, in July 1771. The above verses, adapted to the tune of 'The Flowers of the Forest,' but having no reference to that calamitous event, occur in "The Lark," Edinburgh, 1765. A volume of "Poems by Mrs John Hunter" was printed at London, 1802, 8vo, with a dedication to her son, John Banks Hunter, Esq. The verses printed in the Musical Museum are not contained in that volume, but there is no reason to suppose that they have been erroneously ascribed to her pen. Her poems were formerly much admired, and display both feeling and imagination. She died at London, 7th of January, 1821, in the 79th year of her age. She was the sister of the late Sir Everard Home.

LXVI.

GILDEROY.

"THE song of 'Ah! Chloris, could I now but sit,' is to be found in Sir Charles Sedley's play of the Mulberry Garden; *ergo*, this tender tale of the President Forbes and Miss Rose goes for nothing.—In the Museum, the song is ascribed to Sir Alexander Halket of Pittferran. A lady, a connexion of his, and a near relation of mine, told me that Sir A. wrote these verses on his wife, at whose baptism he had been present."—(C. K. S.) Sedley's play was acted in 1668, and printed in 1675, being several years before President Forbes was born; and there is no doubt that Sedley wrote the song in question.

In the Museum, one or two other songs (see pp. 34 and 111) are ascribed to the LORD PRESIDENT FORBES, on rather slender authority. His character is sufficient, however, to be independent of any questionable aid; for although his claims to be reckoned among our lyric poets should not be

established, I am not sure that he would be the less respected and venerated by his countrymen. We know, at least, that he was a sincere friend of Allan Ramsay, Thomson, and other poets; and that he himself occasionally woo'd the Muses, I have a proof in his own handwriting, being an Epithalamium, extending to upwards of 230 lines. It is probably a juvenile performance, and begins

No wonder that Appollo left
Parnassus shady watry cleft,
To honour the propitious day
That blest young Strephon with the lovely Gray :

Strephon had often tuned his lyre,
And even lent his Godhead fire ;
Strephon had taught his fingers how to move,
And strung his vocall harp for speaking love.

At the top of the second column, he has written the following lines—

Colin, you see my pipe can only squeak,
The stops unequal are, the voice is weak,
My thumbs unus'd to dance upon the reed,
And I stranger to the learned lead ;
However, since I play, you weel may thol
To hear, your humble servant, Hobinol.

The occasion which called forth this poem, in all probability, is that alluded to in the following note :—

“ President Forbes’s first cousin, Mr — Forbes, married Miss Aikman, whose mother was Miss Mary Gray, of Lord Gray’s family.”—(C. K. S.)

LXVIII.

THE BONNIE BRUCKIT LASSIE.

BURNS’s description of the author of this song is too graphic to be omitted.—“The two first lines of this song are all that is old. The rest of the song, as well as those songs in the *Museum* marked T, are the works of an obscure, tippling, but extraordinary body of the name of Tytler,

commonly known by the name of Balloon Tytler, from his having projected a balloon: A mortal, who though he drudges about Edinburgh as a common printer, with leaky shoes, a skylighted hat, and knee-buckles as unlike as ‘George-by-the-grace-of-God,’ and ‘Solomon-the-son-of-David;’ yet that same unknown drunken mortal is author and compiler of three-fourths of Elliot’s pompous Encyclopedia Britannica, which he composed at half-a-guinea a-week.” (Reliques, p. 224.)

LXIX.

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

“THE following verses to this air were taken from a MS. collection of poems; and are curious enough, not only from their bombast, but as celebrating the woes of a lady, afterwards the notorious Lady Vane.”—(C. K. S.)

ON THE DEATH OF LORD WILLIAM HAMILTON.

*His Lady’s Lament, to the tune of The Broom of Cowdenknows—by
Lieutenant William Hamilton, vulgo Wanton Willie.*

SINCE cruel-hearted fate has rob’d me of my mate
In the sweet flowing bloom of his years,
Like a turtle I will moan for my jewel that is gone,
And drown in a deluge of tears.

Unto some silent shade, in sable weed arrayd,
Through the desarts I’ll wander and go,
Where the heavy sighs I send to the heavens shall ascend
In the clouds of my anguish and woe.

My penetrating cryes shall rend the very skyes,
The earth with convulsions shall reel,
While the adamantick stones, sympathizing with my groans,
Their grief all in tears do reveal.

But lest I should offend, my humble knees I’ll bend,
And with sweetest composure of mind,
I’ll unto every bitt of Providence submitt,
For a patren to ladys behind.

Then with courage bold of mind my darline I’ll resign,
And finish my funeral moan;
He’s the debt that I must pay to the powers above, for why?
I had him from them but in loan.

Now though he's from me snatcht, whom Death hath overmatcht,
 And pluckt from my bosom so soon,
 Yet methinks I hear him say, blest angels pav'd his way,
 From the evils of life to a crown.

For some notice of the writer of these verses, see the additional note to song CXXXVII.

LXX.

OSCAR'S GHOST.

MISS ANNE KEITH was the same lady as Mrs Murray Keith, an old friend of Sir Walter Scott's, whom he has so finely portrayed in the character of Mrs Bethune Baliol, in the Introduction to the Chronicles of the Canongate. She was born in the year 1736, and died in April, 1818.

“ Miss Anne Keith resided many years in Edinburgh (51 George Street), keeping house with her elder sister, Miss Jenny—both universally beloved and respected ; they were the sisters of Sir Robert Murray Keith, commonly called Ambassador Keith, from having been employed in many diplomatic missions, with the applause of all the world. He was particularly celebrated for his colloquial talents. Sir Walter Scott told me that Mrs Anne Keith amused herself, in the latter years of her life, by translating Macpherson's Ossian into verse. He did not know what became of the MS. after her decease. Sir Robert M. Keith erected a monument to the memory of the Jacobite Marischal Keith, in the Church of Hochkirchen, with an Epitaph composed by Metastasio. See Wood's Peerage, article Marischal.”—(C. K. S.)

In a letter to Mr Terry, dated Selkirk, 18th of April, 1818, Sir Walter Scott says, “ You will be sorry to hear that we have lost our excellent old friend, Mrs Murray Keith. She enjoyed all her spirits and excellent faculties till within two days of her death, when she was seized with a feverish complaint, which eighty-two years were not calculated to resist. Much tradition, and of the very best

kind, has died with this excellent old lady ; one of the few persons whose spirits and cleanliness, and freshness of mind and body, made old age lovely and desirable. In the general case it seems scarce enduring." (Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol. iv. p. 139.)

Some account of Sir Robert Murray Keith will be given in the additional Note to Song CCXXI.

LXXII.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE last three stanzas of this song have usually been ascribed to Mr Bryce, Minister of Kirknewton. At page 76 he is erroneously styled *Dr* Bryce ; and the song is stated to have been published by Ramsay in the third volume of the Tea-Table Miscellany, which appeared in 1727, instead of the fourth volume of that popular collection, which was not printed for several years later. This renders it at least probable that the additional verses were written by Bryce ; still it must have been at a very early period of life. Mr S.'s concluding remarks on the name Invermay and Endermay might have been spared ; for, as Mr R. Chambers observes, "*Ender* is merely a corruption of *Inver* or *Inner*. The people of Peebles, in my young days, always spoke of Henderleithen, not Innerleithen." x

In Chambers's Biogr. Dict. vol. iv. p. 493, there is an interesting memoir inserted of Mr Bryce, drawn up from family information. It is there stated, that " In early life he composed several songs, adapted to some of the most favourite Scottish airs ; and his stanzas in ' The Birks of Invermay ' have been long before the world."

The Rev. ALEXANDER BRYCE, Minister of Kirknewton, was born at Boarland, in the parish of Kincardine, in the year 1713. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, where he early distinguished himself by his scientific acquirements, which attracted the notice and secured the

* K

The natives of Inverleithen call it
"Henderleithen" -

patronage of Colin Maclaurin. Upon the recommendation of that very distinguished Professor, young Bryce obtained the situation of a tutor in a gentleman's family in Caithness, which enabled him to employ himself, for a period of three years, in constructing a geometrical survey, or "A Map of the North Coast of Scotland," which was afterwards engraved, and has been always highly esteemed for accuracy by the most competent judges. After his return from the North, he was licensed to preach in June 1744, and was ordained minister of Kirknewton in August 1745. He died on the 1st of January 1786, in the 72d year of his age, and 40th of his ministry.

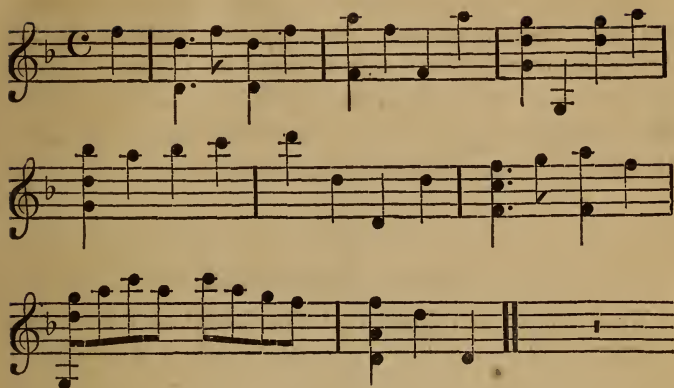
"For about three years before Mr Bryce's death (we are told), his greatest amusement was in writing poetry, chiefly of a serious and devotional cast; which, though not composed for the public eye, is read with satisfaction by his friends, and valued by them as an additional proof of his genius; and a transcript of that enlightened piety, uprightness of mind, and unshaken trust in his Creator, which characterised him through the whole of his life." Some verses by him on the death of Professor Colin Maclaurin, in June 1747, were published at the time in the Edinburgh newspapers, and are reprinted in Mr Chambers's work, vol. iv. p. 495.

LXXVII.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

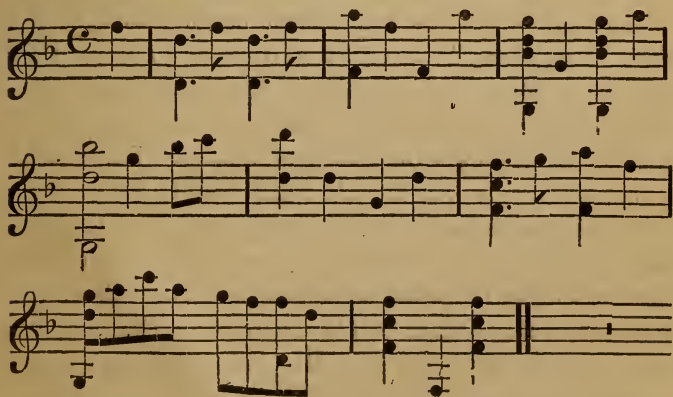
THIS air, as Mr Stenhouse intimates at p. 82, is old; and was long "used as a reel as well as a song." In proof of this, it may be mentioned that "A Dance, Green grows the Rashes," has been preserved in Gordon of Straloch's MS. Lute-book, written in the year 1627. Having obtained from James Chalmers, Esq., London, the use of that very curious and interesting volume, I am enabled, through the kindness of George Farquhar Graham, Esq., to give the air from that MS., rendered into modern notation.

GREEN GROWS THE RASHES.



The following air occurs in the same MS., and it will at once be perceived that it bears a close resemblance to the preceding ; the notation of which in Gordon's MS. is extremely confused. " These airs, however," as Mr Graham remarks, " are very curious as mere skeletons of the modern air, known under the name of '*Green grow the Rashes.*' In Gordon's MS. it is entitled,

I KIST HER WHILE SHE BLUSHT.



The MS. from which these tunes are given, is a small

oblong 8vo, and has the following title :—" AN PLAYING BOOKE FOR THE LVTE, wherin ar contained many Currents and other musical things. *Musica mentis medicina mæstæ.* AT ABERDEIN, Notted and collected by Robert Gordon. In the yeere of our Lord 1627. In februarye."—At the end is this colophon, " Finis huic libro impositus Anno D. 1629, Ad finem Decemb. In Straloch."

XC.

LOW DOWN I' THE BROOM.

THIS Song was printed in 'The Lark,' at Edinburgh, in 1765; and in a stall-copy of that time, it is connected with other verses, apparently by a different hand. Mr Struthers, in the "Harp of Caledonia," vol. ii. p. 387, has assigned this song to "JAMES CARNEGIE, Esq. of Balnamoon, a beautiful estate upon the slope of the Grampians, about five miles north-west of Brechin." This, of course, refers to 'the auld laird' of Balnamoon. See also Cunningham's Songs of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 273.

XCIV.

MY APRON, DEARIE.

THE author of the well-known pastoral song, "*My sheep I neglected*," was SIR GILBERT ELLIOT, third Baronet of Minto, and brother of Miss Jane Elliot, mentioned above. At page 66, he is erroneously described as one of the Senators of the College of Justice. Some notice of him will be given in the additional Note to Song ccvi.

Mr Stenhouse has omitted to mention, that Sir Gilbert's song was printed in the first volume of the collection which he quotes under the publisher's name as "Yair's Charmer." The title of the work is "The Charmer: a choice collection of Songs, Scots and English. Edinburgh, printed for J. Yair, bookseller in the Parliament Close," 1749 and 1751, 2 vols. 12mo. There is a second edition of Vol. I.

in 1752, which contains several new songs, and an Advertisement by the Editor, "J. G."

There is a later edition of "The Charmer," published at Edinburgh, by James Sibbald, in 1782, 2 vols. 12mo. Vol. I. is called "The fourth Edition with improvements." It is, in fact, the sheets of the edition 1752, with a new title, and a few leaves reprinted to supply the place of some corresponding pages which appear to have been cancelled (pp. 337-346, and 361, &c.) Vol. II., however, as it professes, is "An Entire new Collection;" and the songs are classed under four divisions. The editor of this volume, I should suppose, was Sibbald, whose name is best known by his "Chronicle of Scottish Poetry," Edinb. 1803, 4 vols. 8vo. He died a short time before its publication, in May 1803.

XCVI.

THE MUCKING OF GEORDIE'S BYRE.

"I REMEMBER in my youth being told by a lady the origin of this song—I have forgot the heroine's name—but she was only a Baronet's daughter. Besides making her "muck the byre," her husband used to beat her every now and then; a meet return for her folly."—(C. K. S.)

XCVII.

BIDE YE YET.

THE remark of Burns, to which an allusion is made at page 101, is as follows:—"There is a beautiful song to this tune, '*Alas, my son, you little know*'—which is the composition of MISS JENNY GRAHAM of Dumfries." This song, which appeared in Herd's Collection, 1776, in 'The Charmer,' vol. ii., 1782, and in other collections, will be found in this volume, at page 101. I am not aware of any other printed verses by this lady.

The following notice of Miss Graham formed part of a

communication, addressed to Charles K. Sharpe, Esq., by one of his relations :—

“ Miss Jenny Grahame was the daughter of Mr Grahame of Shaw, in Annandale. Her sprightly conversation, joined to perpetual good-humour, and all the moral virtues, rendered her a universal favourite in Dumfries, where she long resided. One of her particular friends was the witty Lady Johnstone of Westerhall (a daughter of Lord Elibank), whose *bon mots* and extraordinary benevolence were much talked of fifty years ago.”

Having been favoured through the kindness of Alexander Young of Harburn, Esq., and of her grand-nephew William Stewart, Esq. W.S., Gloucester Place, with some additional notices respecting this lady, I avail myself of this opportunity to give the substance of such particulars.

MISS JENNY GRAHAM was the eldest daughter of William Graham of Shaw, Esq., in Annandale. She was born at Shaw, in the small but picturesque valley of Dryfe, in the year 1724. The estate, which has been in possession of the family for several centuries, was inherited by the descendants of Sir Nicol Graham, who married Mary (*the White Lady of Avenel*), the daughter and heiress of Robert of Avenel.

Mr Young's account is as follows :—“ Miss Jenny Graham was one of the daughters of Graham of Shaw, an old and respectable family in Annandale, in the parish of Hutton and Corrie, of which my father and grandfather were ministers for a period of seventy-five years.

“ During the time of being at school, both at Annan and Dumfries, I frequently saw Miss Graham, and early conceived a high respect for her, as eminent in talents and qualifications above what often fall to the lot of her sex. She was a good poetess, and had a great deal of humour. When I first knew her, she resided chiefly at Wester Hall with Lady Johnstone, who was the sister of Lord Elibank,

the mother of Sir James Johnstone and Sir William Pulteney, and a person of extraordinary and rare endowments. Miss Graham was one of the prime favourites of this lady till the day of her death. I afterwards knew Miss Graham when I was a boarder at Dr Chapman's, the master of the grammar-school at Dumfries. She then resided in the family of Major Walter Johnstone, brother to Sir James Johnstone of Westerhall, who was one of the original partners of Messrs Johnstone, Lawson, and Company, by whom bank-notes were first issued in Dumfries. I had the honour of being invited sometimes to dine at this gentleman's house, on Saturdays, and I shall never forget a scene at which I happened to be present. The Major had a very bad practice of cursing and swearing at his servants, especially for any blunders or mistakes committed by them when waiting at table. He had, on one occasion, poured forth such a torrent of abuse and malediction against an unfortunate Annandale youth who had incurred his displeasure, that I expected Miss Graham would rebuke him for it; but, on the contrary, she added such a peal of curses to the Major's, as astonished the whole company, and none more than the Major himself, who burst into a fit of laughter; when she proposed to desist from such an unseemly practice, if he would promise to do the same; and I was told, several years thereafter, that he was hardly ever known thenceforth to swear at or curse a servant.

“ Miss Graham resided in Edinburgh when I attended the College there, and some of her nearest relations (Miss Bell of Crurie and others) then lived with her. I remember her complaining occasionally of an indifferent state of health; but that, in alleviation of *asthma*, she composed humorous Scottish songs, I regard as sheer nonsense; although I know that she did actually write several pieces of humour, not, however, to be sung, but to be recited, and to raise a laugh in company; and I have heard the late Dr John Rogerson (who was the son of a small farmer, in the

same parish with Mr Graham of Shaw, the father of Miss Graham) rehearse some of her poems of a very humorous nature."

In addition to the above statement of Miss Graham composing humorous verses, as a mode of alleviating her asthmatic complaint, (derived probably from Stenhouse's note at page 101,) Mr Allan Cunningham gives the following anecdote of Miss Graham:—"She was a fine dancer in her youth; a young nobleman was so much charmed with her graceful movements, and the music of her feet, that he enquired in what school she was taught? 'In my mother's washing-tub,' was the answer." (Edit. of Burns, vol. viii. p. 59.) Mr Young remarks, that this anecdote, "I am satisfied, must appear to all those who knew her as well as I did, to be arrant nonsense, having no foundation in truth." The anecdote, however, is quite correct; and the nobleman alluded to was John, second Earl of Hope-toun, who at the time was not very young, but a widower. Miss Graham used to say, in mentioning the circumstance, "Guid forgie me for saying so! I was never in a washing-tub in my life."

Mrs Stewart, the mother of the gentleman above mentioned (p. *142), and the niece of Miss Graham, remarks, that "Her private uneventful life can offer little to interest the public; whilst the higher endowments of heart and intellect still endear her memory to a few sorrowing friends. Of the playful wit and genuine humour which rendered her the delight of her acquaintances, only the remembrance now remains. And the fugitive pieces of poetry, or rhymes, as she would have called them, though the frequent source of amusement and admiration to an attached circle, were merely intended to enliven the passing hours, and with them have mostly passed away. Their mutilated remains would now do little justice to her memory."

53

