

# TONE-POETRY OF ROBERT BURNS

## I. LOVE—PERSONAL

### No. 1. *O, once I lov'd a bonie lass.*

Tune: *I am a man unmarried.* (Unknown.)

O, ONCE I lov'd a bonie lass,  
Ay, and I love her still,  
And whilst that virtue warms my  
breast  
I'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonie lasses I hae seen,  
And monie full as braw;  
But for a modest, gracefu' mien,  
The like I never saw.

A bonie lass, I will confess,  
Is pleasant to the e'e;  
But without some better qualities  
She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blythe and  
sweet;  
And, what is best of a',  
Her reputation is compleat,  
And fair without a flaw.

She dresses ay sae clean and neat,  
Both decent and genteel;  
And then there's something in her  
gate,  
Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air  
May slightly touch the heart;  
But it's innocence and modesty  
That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me;  
'Tis this enchants my soul,  
For absolutely in my breast  
She reigns without controul.

### No. 2. *In Tarbolton, ye ken.*

(Tune unknown.)

IN Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,  
And proper young lasses and a', man;  
But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals?  
They carry the gree frae them a', man.

Their father's a laird, and weel he can spare't,  
Braid money to tocher them a', man;  
To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand  
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man.

There's ane they ca' Jean, I'll warrant ye've seen  
 As bonie a lass or as braw, man ;  
 But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best,  
 And a conduct that beautifies a', man.

The charms o' the min', the langer they shine  
 The mair admiration they draw, man ;  
 While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies,  
 They fade and they wither awa, man.

If ye be for Miss Jean, tak this frae a frien',  
 A hint o' a rival or twa, man ;  
 The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire,  
 If that wad entice her awa, man.

The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed  
 For mair than a towmond or twa, man ;  
 The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,  
 If he canna get her at a', man.

Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin,  
 The boast of our bachelors a', man ;  
 Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete,  
 She steals our affections awa, man.

If I should detail the pick and the wale  
 O' lasses that live here awa, man,  
 The faut wad be mine, if they didna shine  
 The sweetest and best o' them a', man.

I lo'e her mysel, but darena weel tell,  
 My poverty keeps me in awe, man,  
 For making o' rhymes, and working at times,  
 Does little or naething at a', man.

Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse,  
 Nor hae't in her power to say na, man ;  
 For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,  
 My stomach's as proud as them a', man.

Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride,  
 And flee o'er the hills like a craw, man,  
 I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed,  
 Though fluttering ever so braw, man.

My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best ;  
 O' pairs o' guid breeks I hae twa, man,  
 And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,  
 And ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man.

My sarks they are few, but five o' them new,  
 Twal' hundred, as white as the snaw, man;  
 A ten-shillings hat, a Holland cravat;  
 There are no mony poets sae braw, man.

I never had friens weel stockit in means,  
 To leave me a hundred or twa, man;  
 Nae weel-tocher'd aunts, to wait on their drants,  
 And wish them in hell for it a', man.

I never was cannie for hoarding o' money,  
 Or claughtin't together at a', man,  
 I've little to spend and naething to lend,  
 But deevil a shilling I awe, man.

No. 3. *Altho' my bed were in yon muir.*

Tune : *Galla Water.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 125.

*Andante*

Al - tho' my bed were in yon muir,  
 A - - mang the hea - ther, in my plaidie,  
 Yet hap - py, hap - py would I be,  
 Had I my dear Mont - gom - erie's Peg - gy.

ALTHO' my bed were in yon muir,  
 Among the heather, in my plaidie,  
 Yet happy, happy would I be,  
 Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,  
 And winter nights were dark and rainy,  
 I'd seek some dell, and in my arms  
 I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

Were I a Baron proud and high,  
 And horse and servants waiting ready,  
 Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me—  
 The shairin't with Montgomerie's Peggy.

No. 4. *Yestreen I met you on the moor.*Tune : *Invercauld's Reel*. Stewart's *Reels*, 1762, p. 31.

*Lively*

CHORUS. *O Tib-bie, I hae seen the day, Ye wad-na been sae shy;*  
*For laik o' gear ye light-ly me, But, trowth, I care na by.*  
 Yestr-een I met you on the moor, Ye spak na but gaed by like stoure:  
 Ye geck at me be-cause I'm poor, But fient a hair care I.

CHORUS. *O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,  
 Ye wadna been sae shy;  
 For laik o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But, trowth, I care na by.*

YESTREEN I met you on the moor,  
 Ye spak na but gaed by like stoure :  
 Ye geck at me because I'm poor,  
 But fient a hair care I.

When comin hame on Sunday last,  
 Upon the road as I cam past,  
 Ye snufft an' gae your head a cast—  
 But, trowth, I care't na by.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,  
 Because ye hae the name o' clink,  
 That ye can please me at a wink,  
 Whene'er ye like to try.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,  
 Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,  
 Wha follows ony saucy quean,  
 That looks sae proud and high !

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,  
 If that he want the yellow dirt,  
 Ye'll cast your head anither airt,  
 And answer him fu' dry.

But if he hae the name o' gear,  
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,  
 Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear  
 Be better than the kye.

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

There lives a lass beside yon park,  
 I'd rather hae her in her sark  
 Than you, wi' a' your thousand mark  
 That gars you look sae high.

No. 5. *If ye gae up to yon hill-tap.*

(Tune unknown.)

<p>IF ye gae up to yon hill-tap, Ye'll there see bonie Peggy ; She kens her father is a laird, And she forsooth 's a leddy.</p> <p>There 's Sophy tight, a lassie bright, Besides a handsome fortune ; Wha canna win her in a night Has little art in courtin.</p> <p>Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale, And tak a look o' Mysie ; She's dour and din, a deil within, But aiblins she may please ye.</p>	<p>If she be shy, her sister try, Ye'll maybe fancy Jenny ; If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense— She kens hersel she 's bonie.</p> <p>As ye gae up by yon hillside, Speir in for bonie Bessy ; She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light, And handsomely address ye.</p> <p>There 's few sae bonie, nane sae guid In a' King George' dominion ; If ye should doubt the truth of this— It's Bessy's ain opinion !</p>
---	---

No. 6. *Her flowing locks, the raven's wing.*

(Tune unknown.)

HER flowing locks, the raven's wing,  
Adown her neck and bosom hing ;  
How sweet unto that breast to cling,  
And round that neck entwine her !

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew ;  
O, what a feast, her bonie mou' !  
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,  
A crimson still diviner !

No. 7. *Had I a cave.*Tune : *Robin Adair* or *Aileen a roon* (see No. 45).

<p>HAD I a cave on some wild distant shore, Where the winds howl to the wave's dashing roar, There would I weep my wocs, There seek my lost repose, Till grief my eyes should close, Ne'er to wake more !</p>	<p>Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare All thy fond, plighted vows fleeting as air ? To thy new lover lie, Laugh o'er thy perjury, Then in thy bosom try What peace is there !</p>
---	---

No. 8. *It was upon a Lammas night.*Tune : *Corn rigs.* Craig's *Scots Tunes*, 1730, p. 42.

*Lively*

It was up - on a Lammas night, When corn rigs are  
 bon - ie, Be - neath the moon's un - cloud - ed light, I  
 held a - wa to An - nie: The time flew by, wi'  
 tent - less heed, Till 'tween the late and ear - - ly,  
 Wi' sma' per - sna - sion she a - greed  
 To see me thro' the bar - - ley.

CHORUS.

*Corn rigs, an' bar-ley rigs, An' corn rigs are bon - ie:*  
 I'll ne'er for - get that hap - py night,  
 A - mang the rigs, wi' An - - nie.

It was upon a Lammas night,  
 When corn rigs are bonie,  
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,  
 I held awa to Annie:  
 The time flew by, wi' tentless heed\*,  
 Till, 'tween the late and early,  
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed  
 To see me thro' the barley.

CHORUS. *Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,  
 An' corn rigs are bonie:  
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night,  
 Amang the rigs wi' Annie.*

The sky was blue, the wind was still,  
 The moon was shining clearly;  
 I set her down, wi' right good will,  
 Amang the rigs o' barley:  
 I kent her heart was a' my ain;  
 I lov'd her most sincerely;  
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again,  
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;  
 Her heart was beating rarely:  
 My blessings on that happy place,  
 Amang the rigs o' barley!  
 But by the moon and stars so bright,  
 That shone that hour so clearly!  
 She ay shall bless that happy night  
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;  
 I hae been merry drinking;  
 I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;  
 I hae been happy thinking:  
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,  
 Tho' three times doubled fairly,  
 That happy night was worth them a',  
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

\* In editions 1786 and 1787, 'head'; editions 1793 and 1794, 'heed.'



No. 9. *O, leave novéls, ye Mauchline belles.*Tune: *Ye Mauchline belles.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 573.*Lively*

The musical score is written on five staves of a single treble clef in common time (C). The melody is simple and rhythmic, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). There are asterisks above the notes on the first, second, and fifth staves, indicating a specific performance instruction. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

O, leave no - véls, ye Mauch-line belles, Ye're sa - fer at your  
 spin - ning wheel! Such witch - ing books are bait - ed hooks For  
 rak - ish rooks like Rob Moss-giel. Your fine *Tom Jones* and  
*Gran - di - sons* They make your youth - ful fan - cies reel; They  
 heat your brains, and fire your veins, And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel.

O, LEAVE novéls, ye Mauchline belles,  
 Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel!  
 Such witching books are baited hooks  
 For rakish rooks like Rob Mossgiel.

Your fine *Tom Jones* and *Grandisons*  
 They make your youthful fancies reel;  
 They heat your brains, and fire your veins,  
 And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,  
 A heart that warmly seems to feel;  
 That feeling heart but acts a part—  
 'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.

The frank address, the soft caress,  
 Are worse than poisoned darts of steel;  
 The frank address, and politesse,  
 Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

\* An 8ve lower in original.



No. 10. *O, wha my babie-clouts will buy?*Tune : *Whare wad bonie Annie lie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 324.*Lively*

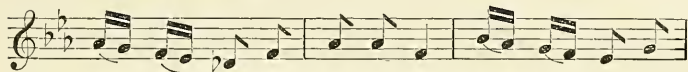
O, wha my ba - bie - clouts will buy? Wha will tent me



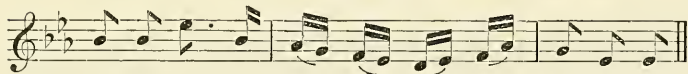
when I cry? Wha will kiss me where I lie? The ran - tin



dog, the dad - die o't. Wha will own he did the faut?



Wha will buy the groan - in maut? Wha will tell me



how to ca't? The ran - tin dog, the dad - die o't.

O, WHA my babie-clouts will buy?  
 Wha will tent me when I cry?  
 Wha will kiss me where I lie?—  
 The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

Wha will own he did the faut?  
 Wha will buy the groanin maut?  
 Wha will tell me how to ca't?—  
 The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

When I mount the creepie-chair,  
 Wha will sit beside me there?  
 Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair,—  
 The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane?  
 Wha will mak me fidgin fain?  
 Wha will kiss me o'er again?—  
 The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

No. 11. *Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns.*Tune: *Port Gordon.* Cal. *Pocket Companion*, c. 1756, viii. p. 25.*Slow*

Now west-lin winds and slaught'ring guns Bring Autumn's plea-sant  
wea-ther; And the moor-cock springs, on whirr-ing wings, A -  
mang the bloom-ing hea-ther: Now wav-ing grain, wide o'er the plain,  
De - lights the wea - ry far - mer; And the moon shines bright,  
when I rove at night, To muse up - on my charm - er.

Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns  
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;  
And the moorcock springs, on whirring wings,  
Amang the blooming heather:  
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,  
Delights the weary farmer;  
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,  
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;  
The plover loves the mountains;  
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells,  
The soaring hern the fountains;  
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,  
The path of man to shun it;  
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,  
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,  
 The savage and the tender;  
 Some social join, and leagues combine;  
 Some solitary wander:  
 Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,  
 Tyrannic man's dominion;  
 The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,  
 The fluttering, gory pinion!

But Peggy dear, the evening's clear,  
 Thick flies the skimming swallow;  
 The sky is blue, the fields in view,  
 All fading green and yellow:  
 Come let us stray our gladsome way,  
 And view the charms of Nature;  
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,  
 And ev'ry happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,  
 Till the silent moon shine clearly;  
 I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly prest,  
 Swear how I love thee dearly:  
 Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,  
 Not autumn to the farmer,  
 So dear can be, as thou to me,  
 My fair, my lovely charmer!



No. 12. *Full well thou know'st I love thee, dear.*

Tune: *Rothiemurchie's rant.*

CHORUS. *Fairest maid on Devon banks,  
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,  
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,  
 And smile as thou wert wont to do?*

FULL well thou know'st I love thee, dear,  
 Couldst thou to malice lend an ear?  
 O, did not love exclaim:—'Forbear,  
 Nor use a faithful lover so!'

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,  
 Those wonted smiles, O let me share;  
 And by thy beauteous self I swear  
 No love but thine my heart shall know.

No. 13. *Behind yon hills where Lugar flows.*Tune: *My Nanie, O.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1725, No. 38.*Slowly*


Be - hind yon hills where Lu - gar flows

'Mang moors an' moss - es ma - ny, O,

The win - try sun the day has clos'd,

And I'll a - wa to Nan - ie, O.

The west - 'lin wind blows loud an' shill;

The night's baith mirk and rai - ny, O;

But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,

An' owre the hill to Nan - ie, O.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows  
 'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,  
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,  
 And I'll awa to Nanie, O.  
 The westlin wind blows loud an' shill;  
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;  
 But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,  
 An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young ;  
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O ;  
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue  
 That wad beguile my Nanie, O.  
 Her face is fair, her heart is true ;  
 As spotless as she's bonie, O ;  
 The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,  
 Nae purer is than Nanie, O.  
 A country lad is my degree,  
 An' few there be that ken me, O ;  
 But what care I how few they be,  
 I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.  
 My riches a's my penny-fee,  
 An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;  
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,  
 My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.  
 Our auld guidman delights to view  
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O ;  
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,  
 An' has nae care but Nanie, O.  
 Come weel, come woe, I care na by,  
 I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O ;  
 Nae ither care in life have I,  
 But live, an' love my Nanie, O !

—♦—

No. 14. *True-hearted was he, the sad swain  
 o' the Yarrow.*

Tune : *Bonie Dundee.*

TRUE-HEARTED was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,  
 And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr ;  
 But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river  
 Are lovers as faithful and maidens as fair :  
 To equal young Jessie seek Scotia all over :  
 To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain ;  
 Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,  
 And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.  
 Fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,  
 And sweet is the lily at evening close ;  
 But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie  
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.  
 Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring ;  
 Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law ;  
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger—  
 Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a' !

No. 15. *Young Peggy blooms our boniest lass.*Tune: *Loch Eroch Side.* Scots Musical Museum, 1787, No. 78.

*Andante*

Young Peg - gy blooms our bon - iest lass,  
 Her blush is like the morn - ing,  
 The ro - sy dawn, the spring - ing grass,  
 With ear - ly gems a - dorn - ing;  
 Her eyes out - shine the ra - diant beams  
 That gild the pass - ing show - er,  
 And glit - ter o'er the chrys - tal streams,  
 And chear each fresh' - ning flow - er.

YOUNG Peggy blooms our boniest lass,  
 Her blush is like the morning,  
 The rosy dawn, the springing grass,  
 With early gems adorning;  
 Her eyes outshine the radiant beams  
 That gild the passing shower,  
 And glitter o'er the chrysal streams,  
 And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips, more than the cherries bright—  
 A richer dye has graced them—  
 They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,  
 And sweetly tempt to taste them ;  
 Her smile is as the ev'ning mild,  
 When feather'd pairs are courting,  
 And little lambkins wanton wild,  
 In playful bands disporting.  
 Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,  
 Such sweetness would relent her :  
 As blooming Spring unbends the brow  
 Of surly, savage Winter.  
 Detraction's eye no aim can gain  
 Her winning powers to lessen,  
 And fretful envy grins in vain  
 The poison'd tooth to fasten.  
 Ye Powers of Honor, Love, and Truth,  
 From ev'ry ill defend her !  
 Inspire the highly-favour'd youth  
 The destinies intend her !  
 Still fan the sweet connubial flame  
 Responsive in each bosom ;  
 And bless the dear parental name  
 With many a filial blossom.

—♦—  
 No. 16. *Altho' thou maun never be mine.*

Tune: *Here's a health to them that's awa.*

CHORUS. *Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,  
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear ;  
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,  
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy.*

ALTHO' thou maun never be mine,  
 Altho' even hope is denied ;  
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing  
 Than ought in the world beside—Jessy.  
 I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,  
 As hopeless I muse on thy charms ;  
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,  
 For then I am lockt in thine arms—Jessy.  
 I guess by the dear angel smile,  
 I guess by the love-rolling e'e ;  
 But why urge the tender confession,  
 'Gainst Fortune's fell cruel decree?—Jessy.



No. 17. *The Catrine woods were yellow seen.*Tune: *The braes o' Ballochmyle.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 276.*Slow*

The musical score is written in a single system on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The melody consists of eight lines of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'The Ca - trine woods were yel - low seen, The flowers de - cay'd on Ca - trine lea; Nae lav' - rock sang on hil - lock green, But Na - ture sick - en'd on the e'e; Thro' fa - ded groves Ma - ri - a sang, Her - sel' in beau - ty's bloom the while; And ay the wild - wood e - - choes rang; - 'Fare - weel the braes o' Bal - loch - myle!'

The Ca - trine woods were yel - low seen,  
 The flowers de - cay'd on Ca - trine lea;  
 Nae lav' - rock sang on hil - lock green,  
 But Na - ture sick - en'd on the e'e;  
 Thro' fa - ded groves Ma - ri - a sang,  
 Her - sel' in beau - ty's bloom the while;  
 And ay the wild - wood e - - choes rang; -  
 'Fare - weel the braes o' Bal - loch - myle!'

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,  
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea;  
 Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,  
 But Nature sicken'd on the e'e;  
 Thro' faded groves Maria sang,  
 Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while;  
 And ay the wild-wood echoes rang;—  
 'Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle!'

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



No. 18. *Stay, my charmer, can you leave me?*

Tune : *An gille dubh ciar dubh.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 129.

*Slow*

Stay, my charm - er, can you leave me? Cru - el,  
 cru - el to de - ceive me! Well you  
 know how much you grieve me: Cru - el  
 charm - er, can you go? Cru - el charm - er, can you go?

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me?  
 Cruel, cruel to deceive me!  
 Well you know how much you grieve me :  
 Cruel charmer, can you go ?  
 Cruel charmer, can you go ?

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

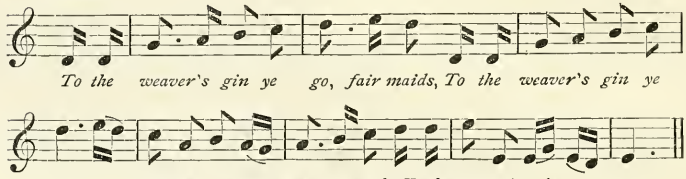
No. 19. *My heart was ance as blythe and free.*Tune : *To the weaver's gin ye go.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 103.

*Slowly*



My heart was ance as blythe and free as sim-mer days were  
lang; But a bonie, west-lin weaver lad Has gart me change my sang.

## CHORUS.



To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids, To the weaver's gin ye  
go, I rede you right, gang ne'er at night, To the weaver's gin ye go.

My heart was ance as blythe and free  
As simmer days were lang;  
But a bonie, westlin weaver lad  
Has gart me change my sang.

CHORUS. *To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids,  
To the weaver's gin ye go,  
I rede you right, gang ne'er at night,  
To the weaver's gin ye go.*

My mither sent me to the town,  
To warp a plaiden wab;  
But the weary, weary warpin o't  
Has gart me sigh and sab.

A bonie, westlin weaver lad  
Sat working at his loom;  
He took my heart, as wi' a net,  
In every knot and thrum.

I sat beside my warpin-wheel,  
And ay I ca'd it roun';  
But every shot and every knock,  
My heart it gae a stoun.

The moon was sinking in the west  
 Wi' visage pale and wan,  
 As my bonie, westlin weaver lad  
 Convoy'd me through the glen.

But what was said, or what was done,  
 Shame fa' me gin I tell ;  
 But O! I fear the kintra soon  
 Will ken as weel's mysel!

No. 20. *How long and dreary is the night.*

Tune: *A Gaelic air.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 175.

*Slow*

How long and drear-y is the night, When I am frae my  
 dear - ie! I sleep - less lye frae e'en to morn, Tho'  
 I were ne'er sae wear - y. I sleep - less lye frae  
 e'en to morn, Tho' I were ne'er sae wear - y!

How long and dreary is the night,  
 When I am frae my dearie!  
 I sleepless lye frae e'en to morn, } *bis*  
 Tho' I were ne'er sae weary. }

When I think on the happy days  
 I spent wi' you, my dearie:  
 And now what lands between us lye, } *bis*  
 How can I be but cerie! }

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,  
 As ye were wae and weary!  
 It wasna sae ye glinted by, } *bis*  
 When I was wi' my dearie. }

NO. 21. *Yon wild mossy mountains.*Tune : *Phoebe*. Cal. *Pocket Companion*, 1752, iv. p. 19.

*Slow*

Yon wild mos - sy mount - ains sae lof - ty and wide,  
 That nurse in their bo - som the youth o' the Clyde,  
 Where the grouse lead their cov - eys thro' the heath - er to feed,  
 And the shep - herd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.  
 Where the grouse lead their cov - eys thro' the heath - er to feed,  
 And the shep - herd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.

Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,  
 That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,  
 Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed, } *bis*  
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.

Not Gowrie's rich valley nor Forth's sunny shores,  
 To me hae the charms o' yon wild mossy moors;  
 For there, by a lanely, sequesterèd stream, } *bis*  
 Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,  
 Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;  
 For there wi' my lassie the day-lang I rove, } *bis*  
 While o'er us unheeded flie the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;  
 O' nice education but sma' is her share;  
 Her parentage humble as humble can be; } *bis*  
 But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To Beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,  
 In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs?  
 And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts, } *bis*  
 They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e  
 Has lustre outshining the diamond to me,  
 And the heart-beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms, } *bis*  
 O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

No. 22. *Anna, thy charms my bosom fire.*

Tune: *Bonny Mary.* Cal. Pocket Companion, 1743, i. p. 24.

*Slow*

The musical score is written in a single system with six staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is in the soprano register. The lyrics are written below the notes. Trills (tr) are indicated above certain notes in the third, fourth, and sixth staves. The score ends with a double bar line.

Ann - a, thy charms my bo - som fire, And  
 waste my soul with care; But ah! how  
 boot - less to ad - mire When fa - ted to des - pair!  
 Yet in thy pre - sence, love - ly Fair, To  
 hope may be for - given; For sure 'twere im - pious  
 to des - pair so much in sight of Hea - ven.

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,  
 And waste my soul with care;  
 But ah! how bootless to admire  
 When fated to despair!  
 Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,  
 To hope may be forgiven;  
 For sure 'twere impious to despair  
 So much in sight of Heaven.

## No. 23. 'Twas even—the dewy fields were green.

Tune: *Eltrick Banks*. *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, No. 45.*Moderate*

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in the key of D major (two sharps) and common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderate'. The melody consists of six lines of music. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The final line of music ends with a double bar line.

'Twas even—the dew - y fields were green, On ev - ery blade the  
 pearls hang, The Ze - phyr wan - ton'd round the bean, And  
 bore its fra - grant sweets a - lang; In ev' - ry  
 glen the ma - vis sang, All Na - ture list' - ning  
 seem'd the while, Ex - cept where green - wood e - choes  
 rang A - mang the braes . o' Bal - loch - myle.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,  
 On every blade the pearls hang,  
 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 greenwood echoes rang  
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,  
 My heart rejoic'd in Nature's joy,  
 When, musing in a lonely glade,  
 A maiden fair I chanced to spy;  
 Her look was like the morning's eye,  
 Her air like Nature's vernal smile;  
 Perfection whisper'd, passing by:—  
 'Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!'



Fair is the morn in flowery May,  
 And sweet is night in autumn mild,  
 When roving thro' 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 bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,  
 And I the happy country swain,  
 Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed  
 That ever rose on Scotia's plain!  
 Thro' weary winter's wind and rain  
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil,  
 And nightly to my bosom strain  
 The bonie lass o' Ballochmyle!

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

---

No. 24. *As I gaed up by yon gate-end.*

(Tune unknown.)

As I gaed up by yon gate-end,  
 When day was waxin weary,  
 Wha did I meet come down the street  
 But pretty Peg, my dearie ?

Her air sae sweet, her shape complete,  
 Wi' nae proportion wanting,  
 The Queen of Love did never move  
 Wi' motion mair enchanting !

Wi' linkèd hands we took the sands  
 Adoun yon winding river ;  
 O, that sweet hour and shady bower  
 Forget it shall I never.

No. 25. *How pleasant the banks.*Tune: *Bhannerach dhon na chrie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 157.

*Slow*

How pleas-ant the banks of the clear wind-ing De - von,  
 With green spread-ing bush - es and flow'rs bloom-ing fair!  
 But the bo - ni - est flow'r on the banks of the De - von  
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.  
 Mild be the sun on this sweet blush-ing flow - er,  
 In the gay ro - sy morn, as it bathes in the dew!  
 And gen - tle the fall of the soft ver - nal show - er,  
 That steals on the even - ing each leaf to re - new!

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,  
 With green spreading bushes and flow'rs blooming fair!  
 But the boniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon  
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.  
 Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,  
 In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew!  
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,  
 That steals on the evening each leaf to renew!

O, spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,  
 With chill, hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!  
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes  
 The verdure and pride of the garden or lawn!  
 Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,  
 And England triumphant display her proud rose!  
 A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,  
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

No. 26. *The flower it blows, it fades, it fa's.*

Tune: *Ye're welcome Charlie Stewart.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 471.

*Lively*

CHORUS. O love - ly Pol - ly Stew - art, O charm - ing Pol - ly  
 Stew - art, There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May, That's  
*Fine.*  
 half so fair as thou art! The flower it blows, it  
 fades, it fa's, And art can ne'er re - new it; But  
*D.C.*  
 worth and truth e - ter - nal youth Will gie to Pol - ly Stew - art!

CHORUS. O lovely Polly Stewart,  
 O charming Polly Stewart,  
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,  
 That's half so fair as thou art!

THE flower it blows, it fades, it fa's,  
 And art can ne'er renew it;  
 But worth and truth eternal youth  
 Will gie to Polly Stewart!  
 May he whase arms shall fauld thy charms  
 Possess a leal and true heart!  
 To him be given to ken the heaven  
 He grasps in Polly Stewart!

No. 27. *From thee Eliza, I must go.*Tune: *Gülderoy. Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, No. 47.**Slow*

From thee E - li - za, I must go, And  
 from my na - tive shore: The cru - el fates be -  
 tween us throw A bound - less o - cean's roar;  
 But bound - less o - ceans, roar - ing wide Be -  
 tween my love and me, They nev - er, nev - er  
 can di - vide My heart and soul from thee.

FROM thee Eliza, I must go,  
 And from my native shore:  
 The cruel fates between us throw  
 A boundless ocean's roar;  
 But boundless oceans, roaring wide  
 Between my love and me,  
 They never, never can divide  
 My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,  
 The maid that I adore!  
 A boding voice is in mine ear,  
 We part to meet no more!  
 But the latest throb that leaves my heart,  
 While Death stands victor by,  
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,  
 And thine that latest sigh!

No. 28. *Where, braving angry winter's storms.*Tune : *Lament for Abercainry.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 195.*Moderate time*

Where, brav - ing an - gry win - ter's storms, The lof - ty O -

chils rise, Far in their shade my Peg - gy's charms First

blest my wonder - ing eyes ; As one who by some

sav - age stream A lone - ly gem sur - veys, A - ston - ish'd

doub - ly, marks it beam With art's most pol - ish'd blaze.

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,  
 The lofty Ochils rise,  
 Far in their shade my Peggy's charms  
 First blest my wondering eyes ;  
 As one who by some savage stream  
 A lonely gem surveys,  
 Astonish'd doubly, marks it beam  
 With art's most polish'd blaze.

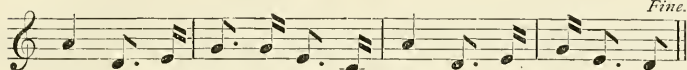
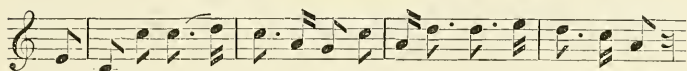
Blest be the wild sequester'd shade,  
 And blest the day and hour,  
 Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,  
 When first I felt their pow'r !  
 The tyrant Death with grim control  
 May seize my fleeting breath ;  
 But tearing Peggy from my soul  
 Must be a stronger death.

No. 29. *My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form.*Tune: *My Peggy's face.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 501.*Slowly*

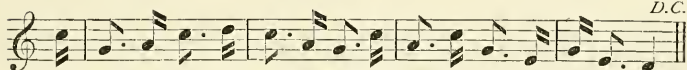
My Peg-gy's face, my Peg - gy's form The frost of her - mit  
 age might warm, My Peg - gy's worth, my Peg - gy's mind Might  
 charm the first of hu - man kind. I love my Peg - gy's  
 an - gel air, Her face so tru - ly heav - en - ly fair, Her na - tive  
 grace so void of art; But I a - dore my Peg-gy's heart.

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form  
 The frost of hermit age might warm;  
 My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind  
 Might charm the first of human kind.  
 I love my Peggy's angel air,  
 Her face so truly heavenly fair,  
 Her native grace so void of art;  
 But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,  
 The kindling lustre of an eye—  
 Who but owns their magic sway?  
 Who but knows they all decay?  
 The tender thrill, the pitying tear,  
 The generous purpose nobly dear,  
 The gentle look that rage disarms—  
 These are all immortal charms.

No. 30. *By Oughtertyre grows the aik.*Tune: *Andro and his cutty gun.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 180.*Cheerily*CHORUS. *Blythe, blythe and mer-ry was she, Blythe was she but and ben;**Fine.**Blythe by the banks of Earn, And blythe in Glen-tu-rit glen!*

By Ough-ter - tyre grows the aik, On Yarrow banks the bir - ken shaw;

*D.C.*

But Phe-mie was a bon - ier lass Than braes o' Yar-row ev - er saw.

CHORUS. *Blythe, Blythe and merry was she,  
Blythe was she but and ben;  
Blythe by the banks of Earn,  
And blythe in Glenturit glen!*

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,  
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;  
But Phemie was a bonier lass  
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,  
Her smile was like a simmer morn:  
She trippèd by the banks o' Earn  
As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonie face it was as meek  
As ony lamb upon a lea:  
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet  
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,  
As o'er the Lawlands I hae been,  
But Phemie was the blithest lass  
That ever trode the dewy green.



No. 31. *A rosebud, by my early walk.*Tune : *A rosebud.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 189.

*Slow*

A rose-bud, by my ear - ly walk A - down a corn - in -  
 clos - èd bawk, Sae gent - ly bent its thor - ny stalk, All  
 on a dew - y morn - ing. Ere twice the shades o'  
 dawn are fled, In a' its crim - son glo - ry spread, And  
 droop - ing rich the dew - y head, It scents the, ear - ly morn - ing.

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

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

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

No. 32. *Musing on the roaring ocean.*

Tune : *Druimíonn dubh.* McDonald's *Highland Airs*, 1784, No. 89.

*Slow*

Mus - ing on the roar - ing o - cean,  
 Which di - - vides my love and me,  
 Weary - ing Heav'n in warm de - vo -  
 tion For his weal wher - e'er he be.

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

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

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

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

No. 33. *She's fair and fause that causes my smart.*Tune: *The lads of Leith.* Cal. Pocket Companion, 1752, iv. p. 31.

*Slowly*

She's fair and fause that caus-es my smart; I lo'ed her  
mei-kle and lang; She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart, And  
I may e'en gae hang. A coof cam in wi'  
routh o' gear, And I hae tint my dear-est dear; But  
*rall.* . . . . . *tempo*  
wo-man is but world's gear, Sae let the bon-ie lass gang!

SHE'S fair and fause that causes my smart;  
I lo'ed her meikle and lang;  
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,  
And I may e'en gae hang.  
A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear,  
And I hae tint my dearest dear;  
But Woman is but world's gear,  
Sae let the bonie lass gang!

Whae'er ye be that woman love,  
To this be never blind;  
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,  
A Woman has't by kind.  
O Woman lovely, Woman fair,  
An angel form's faun to thy share,  
'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair!—  
I mean an angel mind.

No. 34. *Now Spring has clad the grove in green.*

(Tune unknown.)

Now Spring has clad the grove in green,  
 And strew'd the lea wi' flowers ;  
 The furrow'd, waving corn is seen  
 Rejoice in fostering showers ;  
 While ilka thing in Nature join  
 Their sorrows to forego,  
 O, why thus all alone are mine  
 The weary steps o' woe!

The trout within yon wimpling burn  
 That glides, a silver dart,  
 And, safe beneath the shady thorn,  
 Defies the angler's art—  
 My life was ance that careless stream,  
 That wanton trout was I,  
 But love wi' unrelenting beam  
 Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

The little floweret's peaceful lot,  
 In yonder cliff that grows,  
 Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,  
 Nae ruder visit knows,  
 Was mine, till love has o'er me past,  
 And blighted a' my bloom ;  
 And now beneath the withering blast  
 My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd laverock warbling springs,  
 And climbs the early sky,  
 Winnowing blythe his dewy wings  
 In morning's rosy eye ;  
 As little reck't I sorrow's power  
 Until the flowery snare  
 O' witching love in luckless hour  
 Made me the thrall o' care!

O, had my fate been Greenland snows  
 Or Afric's burning zone,  
 Wi' man and Nature leagu'd my foes,  
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known!  
 The wretch whase doom is, 'Hope nae mair,'  
 What tongue his woes can tell,  
 Within whase bosom, save despair,  
 Nae kinder spirits dwell.

No. 35. *O, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.*Tune: *Johnny M<sup>o</sup> Gill.* *Scots Musical Muscum, 1790, No. 207.**Briskly*

O, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tib - bie Dun - bar?

O, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tib - bie Dun - bar?

Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,

Or walk by my side, O sweet Tib - bie Dun - bar?

I care na thy dad - die, his lands and his mon - ey;

I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lord - ly:

But say that thou'lt hae me for bet - ter or waur,

And come in thy coa - tie, sweet Tib - bie Dun - bar.

O, WILT thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?  
 O, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?  
 Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,  
 Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money;  
 I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly:  
 But say that thou'lt hae me for better or waur,  
 And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

No. 36. *Fate gave the word—the arrow sped.*Tune : *Finlayston house*. Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 271.

*Slow*

Fate gave the word — the ar - row  
 sped, And pierc'd my dar - ling's heart; And with him  
 all the joys are fled Life can to  
 me im - part. By cru - el hands the  
 sap - ling drops, In dust dis - hon - our'd  
 laid: So fell the pride of all my hopes,  
 My age's . . . fu - ture shade.

FATE gave the word—the arrow sped,  
 And pierc'd my darling's heart;  
 And with him all the joys are fled  
 Life can to me impart.  
 By cruel hands the sapling drops,  
 In dust dishonour'd laid:  
 So fell the pride of all my hopes,  
 My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake  
 Bewails her ravish'd young;  
 So I for my lost darling's sake  
 Lament the live-day long.  
 Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,  
 Now fond I bare my breast!  
 O, do thou kindly lay me low  
 With him I love at rest!

No. 37. *The day returns, my bosom burns.*Tune: *Seventh of November.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 224.*Not fast*

The day re - turns, my bo - som burns, The bliss - ful  
 day we twa did meet; Tho' win - ter wild in tem - pest  
 toil'd, Ne'er sum - mer sun was half sae sweet. Than  
 a' the pride that loads the tide, And cross - es  
 o'er the sul - try line, Than king - ly robes, than crowns and  
 globes, Heav'n gave me more — it made thee mine!

THE day returns, my bosom burns,  
 The blissful day we twa did meet;  
 Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,  
 Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.  
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,  
 And crosses o'er the sultry line,  
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,  
 Heav'n gave me more—it made thee mine!

While day and night can bring delight,  
 Or Nature aught of pleasure give;  
 While joys above my mind can move,  
 For thee, and thee alone, I live!  
 When that grim foe of life below  
 Comes in between to make us part,  
 The iron hand that breaks our band,  
 It breaks my bliss, it breaks my heart!



No. 38. *Ye gallants bright, I rede you right.*Tune: *Bonie Ann.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 215.**Slowly*

The musical score is written in a single system with six staves. It is in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Slowly'. The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes. There are trills (tr) indicated above the notes for 'ly' in the second line and 'span' in the sixth line.

Ye gal - lants bright, I rede you right, Be -  
 ware o' bon - ie Ann; Her come - ly  
 face sae fu' o' grace, Your heart she will tre - pan:  
 Her een sae bright like stars by night, Her skin is  
 like the swan; Sae jim - ply lac'd her  
 gen - ty waist, That sweet - ly ye might span.

YE gallants bright, I rede you right,  
 Beware o' bonie Ann;  
 Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,  
 Your heart she will trepan:  
 Her een sae bright like stars by night,  
 Her skin is like the swan;  
 Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist,  
 That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, Grace, and Love attendant move,  
 And Pleasure leads the van:  
 In a' their charms, and conquering arms,  
 They wait on bonie Ann.  
 The captive bands may chain the hands,  
 But love enslaves the man:  
 Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',  
 Beware o' bonie Ann!

No. 39. *I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen.*Tune: *The blue ey'd lassie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 294.*Moderate time*

I gaed a wae-fu' gate yes-treen, A  
 gate I fear I'll dear-ly rue; I  
 gat my death frae twa sweet een, Twa love-ly  
 een o' bon-ie blue! 'Twas not her gold-en  
 ring-lets bright, Her lips like ros-es  
 wat wi' dew, Her heav-ing bo-som li-ly-  
 white - It was her een sae bon-ie blue.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,  
 A gate I fear I'll dearly rue;  
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,  
 Twa lovely een o' bonie blue!  
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,  
 Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,  
 Her heaving bosom lily-white—  
 It was her een sae bonie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,  
 She charm'd my soul I wist na how;  
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,  
 Cam frae her een sae bonie blue.  
 But 'spare to speak, and spare to speed'—  
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow :  
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead  
 To her twa een sae bonie blue.

No. 40. *Blythe hae I been on yon hill.*

Tune : *The Quaker's Wife.* Bremner's *Reels*, 1759, p. 53.

*Slow*

Blythe hae I been on yon hill As the lambs be -  
 fore me, Care-less il - ka thought, and free As the  
 breeze flew o'er me : Now nae lan - ger sport and  
 play, Mirth or sang can please me; Les - ley  
 is sae fair and coy, Care and an - guish seize me.

BLYTHE hae I been on yon hill  
 As the lambs before me,  
 Careless ilka thought, and free  
 As the breeze flew o'er me;  
 Now nae langer sport and play,  
 Mirth or sang can please me;  
 Lesley is sae fair and coy,  
 Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,  
 Hopeless love declaring;  
 Trembling, I dow nocht but glow'r,  
 Sighing, dumb despairing!  
 If she winna ease the thraws  
 In my bosom swelling,  
 Underneath the grass-green sod  
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

No. 41. *Yestreen I had a pint o' wine.*Tune: *Banks of Banna.* Perth Musical Miscellany, 1786, p. 75.

*Merrily*

Yes - treen I had a pint o' wine, A  
place where bo - dy saw na; Yes - treen lay on this  
breast o' mine The gow - den locks of  
*tr* An - na. The hun - gry Jew in wil - der - ness Re -  
*tr* joicing o'er his man - na Was naething to my hi - ney  
bliss Up - on the lips of An - na.

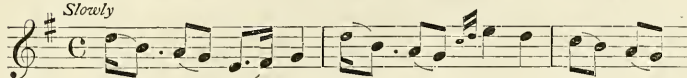
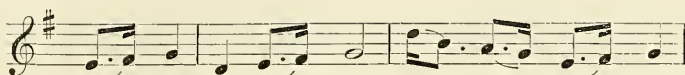
YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,  
A place where body saw na;  
Yestreen lay on this breast o'  
mine  
The gowden locks of Anna.  
The hungry Jew in wilderness  
Rejoicing o'er his manna  
Was naething to my hiney bliss  
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs take the east and  
west  
Frae Indus to Savannah;  
Gie me within my straining grasp  
The melting form of Anna:  
There I'll despise imperial charms,  
An Empress or Sultana,  
While dying raptures in her arms  
I give and take wi' Anna!

Awa, thou flaunting god of day!  
Awa, thou pale Diana!  
Ilk star, gae hide thy twinkling ray.  
When I'm to meet my Anna!  
Come, in thy raven plumage, Night!  
(Sun, moon, and stars, withdrawn  
a'),  
And bring an angel-pen to write  
My transports with my Anna!

## POSTSCRIPT.

The kirk an' state may join, an' tell  
To do sic things I maunna:  
The kirk an' state may gae to hell,  
And I'll gae to my Anna.  
She is the sunshine o' my e'e  
To live but her I canna:  
Had I on earth but wishes three,  
The first should be my Anna.

No. 42. *Wishfully I look and languish.*Tune : *Bonie wee thing.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 341.*Slowly*CHORUS. *Bon - ie wee thing, Can - nie wee thing, Love - ly**wee thing, wert thou mine, I wad wear thee**in my bos - om Lest my jew - el it should tinc.**Wish - ful - ly I look and lan - guish**In that bon - ie face o' thine, and my heart it**sounds wi' an - guish, Lest my wee thing be na mine.*

CHORUS. *Bonie wee thing, cannie wee thing,  
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,  
 I wad wear thee in my bosom  
 Lest my jewel it should tinc.*

WISHFULLY I look and languish  
 In that bonie face o' thine,  
 And my heart it sounds wi' anguish,  
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit and Grace and Love and Beauty  
 In ae constellation shine ;  
 To adore thee is my duty,  
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine!

No. 43. *O, how shall I, unskilfu', try.*Tune: *Miss Muir.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 349.  
*Cheerfully*

O, how shall I, un - skil - fu', try The  
po - et's oc - cu - pa - tion? The tune - fu'  
powers, in hap - py hours That whis - per in - spi -  
ra - tion; Even they maun dare an ef - fort mair Than  
ought they ev - er gave us, Ere they re - hearse in  
e - qual verse The charms o' love - ly Da - vies.  
Each eye, it cheers, when she ap - pears, Like Phoe - bus  
in the morn - ing, When past the shower, and eve - ry  
flower The gar - den is a - dorn - ing! As the



wretch looks o'er Si - be - ria's shore, When  
win - ter - bound the wave is, Sae droops our heart when  
we maun part Frae charm - ing, love - ly Da - vies.

O, how shall I, unskilfu' try  
The poet's occupation?  
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours  
That whisper inspiration;  
Even they maun dare an effort mair  
Than aught they ever gave us,  
Ere they rehearse in equal verse  
The charms o' lovely Davies.  
Each eye, it cheers, when she appears,  
Like Phœbus in the morning,  
When past the shower, and every flower  
The garden is adorning!  
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,  
When winter-bound the wave is,  
Sae droops our heart when we maun part  
Frae charming, lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift,  
That maks us mair than princes;  
A sceptred hand, a king's command,  
Is in her darting glances:  
The man in arms 'gainst female charms,  
Even he her willing slave is:  
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign  
Of conquering lovely Davies.  
My Muse to dream of such a theme  
Her feeble powers surrenders;  
The eagle's gaze alone surveys  
The sun's meridian splendours:  
I wad in vain essay the strain:  
The deed too daring brave is!  
I'll drap the lyre, and, mute, admire  
The charms o' lovely Davies.



No. 44. *O, saw ye bonie Lesley?*Tune! *The Collier's bon'e lassie.* Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1798, No. 33.

*Merrily*

O, saw ye bon-ic Les-ley, As she gaed o'er the  
 Bor-der? She's gane like A-lex-an-der, To  
 spread her con-quests far-ther! To see her is to  
 love her, and love but her for ev-er; For Na-ture  
 made her what she is, And nev-er made a-ni-ther!

O, SAW ye bonie Lesley,  
 As she gaed o'er the Border?  
 She's gane, like Alexander,  
 To spread her conquests farther!  
 To see her is to love her,  
 And love but her for ever;  
 For Nature made her what she is,  
 And never made anither!

That art a queen, fair Lesley—  
 Thy subjects, we before thee;  
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley—  
 The hearts o' men adore thee.  
 The deil he couldna skaith thee,  
 Or aught that wad belang thee;  
 He'd look into thy bonie face,  
 And say:—'I canna wrang thee!'

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

No. 45. *While larks with little wing.*

Tune : *Aileen a roon.* Cal. Pocket Companion, 1753, v. p. 21.

*Slow*

While larks with lit - tle wing Fann'd the pure air,  
 View - ing the breath - ing spring, Forth I did fare :  
 Gay, the sun's gol - den eye Peep'd o'er the mountains high ;  
 'Such thy bloom' did I cry — 'Phil - lis the fair.'

WHILE larks with little wing  
 Fann'd the pure air,  
 Viewing the breathing spring,  
 Forth I did fare :  
 Gay, the sun's golden eye  
 Peep'd o'er the mountains high ;  
 'Such thy bloom,' did I cry—  
 'Phillis the fair.'

In each bird's careless song,  
 Glad, I did share ;  
 While yon wild-flowers among,  
 Chance led me there :

Sweet to the op'ning day,  
 Rosebuds bent the dewy spray ;  
 'Such thy bloom,' did I say—  
 'Phillis the fair.'

Down in a shady walk  
 Doves cooing were ;  
 I mark'd the cruel hawk  
 Caught in a snare :  
 So kind may Fortune be,  
 Such make his destiny,  
 He who would injure thee,  
 Phillis the fair.

No. 46. *Farewell, thou stream that winding flows.*Tune: *Alace yat I came ower the moor.* Skene MS., c. 1630.

*Slow*

Fare - well, thou stream that wind - ing flows A -  
 round E - li - za's dwell - ing! O mem - 'ry,  
 spare the cru - el throes With - in my  
 bo - som swell - ling: Con - demn'd to drag a  
 hope - less chain And yet in se - cret lan - guish, To  
 feel a fire in ev - ery vein, Nor dare dis - close my an - guish!

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows  
 Around Eliza's dwelling!  
 O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes  
 Within my bosom swelling:  
 Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain  
 And yet in secret languish,  
 To feel a fire in every vein,  
 Nor dare disclose my anguish!

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

The music of thy voice I heard,  
 Nor wist while it enslav'd me ;  
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,  
 Till fears no more had saved me :  
 The unwary sailor thus, aghast,  
 The wheeling torrent viewing,  
 'Mid circling horrors sinks at last  
 In overwhelming ruin.

No. 47. *A slave to love's unbounded sway.*

Tune : *The Cordwainer's march.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 574.

*Slow*

CHORUS. *O lay thy loof in mine, lass, In mine, lass, in*  
*mine, lass, And swear on thy white hand, lass, That thou wilt*  
*be my ain.* *Fine.* A slave to love's un - bound - ed sway, He  
 aft has wrought me mei - kle wae ; But now he  
 is my dead - ly fae, Un - less thou be my ain. *D. C.*

CHORUS. *O, lay thy loof in mine, lass,  
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass,  
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,  
 That thou wilt be my ain.*

A SLAVE to love's unbounded sway,  
 He aft has wrought me meikle wae ;  
 But now he is my deadly fae,  
 Unless thou be my ain.

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

No. 48. *Turn again, thou fair Eliza!*Tune: *A Gaelic air.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 368.*

*Slow*

Turn a - gain, thou fair E - li - za! Ae kind  
 blink be - fore we part; Rue on thy des - pair - ing  
 lov - er - Canst thou break his faith - fu' heart?  
 Turn a - gain, thou fair E - li - za! If to  
 love thy heart de - nies For pi - ty hide the  
 cru - el sen - tence Un - der friend - ship's kind dis - guise.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza!

Ae kind blink before we part;

Rue on thy despairing lover—

Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?

Turn again, thou fair Eliza!

If to love thy heart denies,

For pity hide the cruel sentence

Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?

The offence is loving thee:

Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,

Wha for thine wad gladly die?

While the life beats in my bosom,  
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe :  
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,  
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow !

Not the bee upon the blossom,  
 In the pride o' sinny noon ;  
 Not the little sporting fairy  
 All beneath the simmer moon,  
 Not the poet, in the moment  
 Fancy lightens in his e'e,  
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,  
 That thy presence gies to me.



No. 49. *There was a lass, and she was fair.*

*To its ain tune.* (Unknown.)

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,  
 At kirk and market to be seen  
 When a' our fairest maids were met,  
 The fairest maid was bonie Jean.

And ay she wrought her country wark,  
 And ay she sang sae merrilie ;  
 The blythest bird upon the bush  
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she !

But hawks will rob the tender joys,  
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest,  
 And frost will blight the fairest flowers,  
 And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,  
 The flower and pride of a' the glen,  
 And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,  
 And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,  
 He danced wi' Jeanie on the down,  
 And, lang ere witless Jeanie wist,  
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown !

As in the bosom of the stream  
 The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,  
 So, trembling pure, was tender love  
 Within the breast of bonie Jean.

And now she works her country's wark,  
 And ay she sighs wi' care and pain,  
 Yet wist na what her ail might be,  
 Or what wad make her weel again.

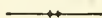
But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,  
 And did na joy blink in her e'e,  
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love  
 Ae e'enin on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,  
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;  
 His cheek to hers he fondly laid,  
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:—

'O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear—  
 O, canst thou think to fancy me?  
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,  
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

'At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,  
 Or naething else to trouble thee,  
 But stray among the heather-bells,  
 And tent the waving corn wi' me.'

Now what could artless Jeanie do?  
 She had nae will to say him na:  
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent,  
 And love was ay between them twa.



No. 50. *O Philly, happy be that day.*

Tune: *The Sow's tail to Geordie.* M<sup>c</sup>Glashan's *Scots Measures*, 1781, p. 39.

*Blythly*

O Phil - ly, hap - py be that day When, rov - ing thro' the gath - er'd hay, My  
 youth - fu' heart was stown a way, And by thy charms, my Phil - ly.