


II. LOVE—GENERAL


NO. 110. *My Sandy gied to me a ring.*Tune : *I love my love in secret.* McGibbon's Scots Tunes, 1742, p. 4.

Smoothly *tr*




My San - dy gied to me a ring Was a' be - set wi' diamonds

tr



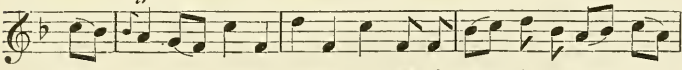
fine; But I gied him a far bet - ter thing, I gied my

tr CHORUS. *tr*



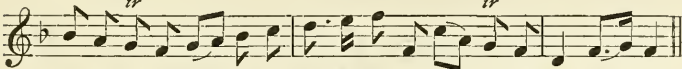
heart in pledge o' his ring. *My San - dy O, my San - dy O,*

tr



My bon - ie, bon - ie San - dy O; Tho' the love that I owe to

tr



thee I dare na show, Yet I love my love in se - cret, my San - dy O!

My Sandy gied to me a ring
 Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine;
 But I gied him a far better thing,
 I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring.

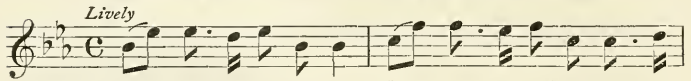
CHORUS. *My Sandy O, my Sandy O,
 My bonie, bonie Sandy O;
 Tho' the love that I owe to thee I dare na show,
 Yet I love my love in secret, my Sandy O!*

My Sandy brak a piece o' gowd,
 While down his cheeks the saut tears row'd,
 He took a hauf, and gied it to me,
 And I'll keep it till the hour I die.



No. III. *There's nought but care on ev'ry han'.*Tune: *Green grow the rashes, O.* Scots Musical Museum, 1787, No. 77.

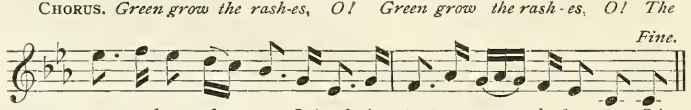
Lively



CHORUS. *Green grow the rash-es, O! Green grow the rash-es, O! The*

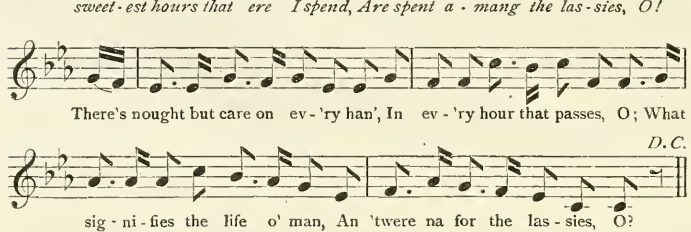
sweet-est hours that ere I spend, Are spent a-mang the las-sies, O!

Fine.



There's nought but care on ev-'ry han', In ev-'ry hour that passes, O; What

D.C.



sig-ni-fies the life o' man, An 'twere na for the las-sies, O?

CHORUS. *Green grow the rashes, O!*
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O!

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han',
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O;
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An 'twere na for the lasses, O?

The warl'y race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may fly them, O;
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O;
 An' warl'y cares, an' warl'y men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
 The wisest man the warl' saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O!

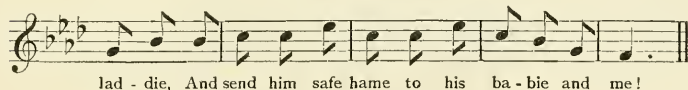
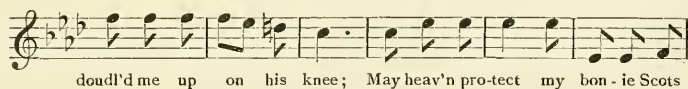
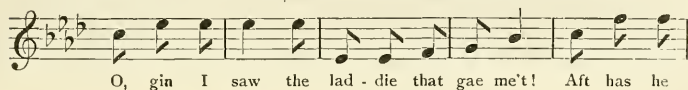
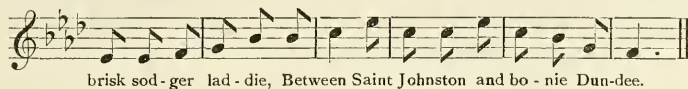
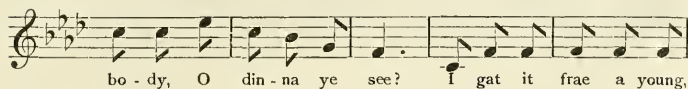
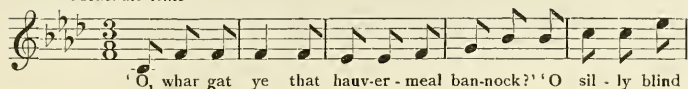
Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O:
 Her prentice han' she tried on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.

* * * * *

No. 112. *O, whar gat ye that hauver-meal
bannock?*

Tune : *Adew Dundee.* Skene MS. c. 1630.

Moderate time



'O, WHAR gat ye that hauver-meal bannock?'

'O silly blind body, O dinna ye see?

I gat it frae a young, brisk sodger laddie,

Between Saint Johnston and bonie Dundee.

O, gin I saw the laddie that gae me't!

Aft has he doudl'd me up on his knee;

May Heaven protect my bonie Scots laddie,

And send him safe hame to his babie and me!

'My blessins upon thy sweet wee lippie!

My blessins upon thy bonie e'e-brie!

Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,

Thou's ay the dearer and dearer to me!

But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks,

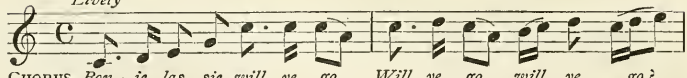
Whar Tay rins wimplin by sae clear;

And I'll clead thee in the tartan sae fine,

And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.'

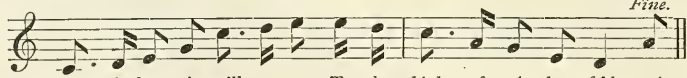
No. 113. *Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes.*Tune : *The Birks of Abergeldie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 113.

Lively

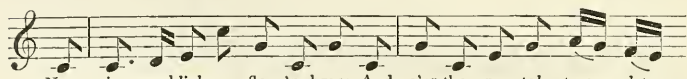


CHORUS. *Bon - ie las - sie, will ye go, Will ye go, will ye go?*

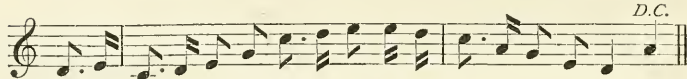
Fine.



Bon - ie las - sie, will ye go To the birks of A - ber - feld - y!



Now sim - mer blinks on flow - ry braes, And o'er the crys - tal stream - lets



plays, Come, let us spend the lightsome days In the birks of A - ber - feld - y.

CHORUS. *Bonie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go?
Bonie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Abergeldy?*

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlets plays,
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Abergeldy.

The little birdies blythely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Abergeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream, deep-roaring, fa's
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Abergeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Abergeldy.

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

NO. 114. *As I gaed down the water-side.*Tune: *Ca' the yowes.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 264.*Slow*

Ca' the yowes to the knowes, Ca' them whare the heath-er grows,



Ca' them whare the bur-nie rowes, My bon-ie dear-ie.

CHORUS. *Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonie dearie.*

As I gaed down the water-side,
There I met my shepherd lad:
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
An he ca'd me his dearie.

'Will ye gang down the water-side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide?
The moon it shines fu' clearly.'

'I was bred up in nae sic school,
My shepherd lad to play the fool,
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And nae body to see me.'

'Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Caul-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms thou'lt lie and sleep,
An' ay sall be my dearie.'

'If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you my shepherd lad,
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie.'

'While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,
Ye sall be my dearie.'

No. 115. *On a bank of flowers in a summer day.*Tune: *The bashful lover.* Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, 1729, i. p. 30.

Gracefully

On a bank of flowers in a summer day, For summer light - ly drest,
 The youthful, blooming Nel - ly lay With love and sleep op - prest ; When
 Willie, wand'ring through the wood, Who for her fa - vour oft had sued ; He
 gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd, And trembled where he stood.

ON a bank of flowers in a summer day,
 For summer lightly drest,
 The youthful, blooming Nelly lay
 With love and sleep opprest ;
 When Willie, wand'ring through the wood,
 Who for her favour oft had sued ;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
 Were seal'd in soft repose ;
 Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,
 It richer dyed the rose ;
 The springing lilies, sweetly prest,
 Wild-wanton kiss'd her rival breast ;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light-waving in the breeze,
 Her tender limbs embrace ;
 Her lovely form, her native ease,
 All harmony and grace.
 Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
 A faltering, ardent kiss he stole ;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake
 On fear-inspirèd wings,
 So Nelly starting, half-awake,
 Away affrighted springs ;
 But Willie follow'd—as he should ;
 He overtook her in the wood ;
 He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
 Forgiving all, and good.

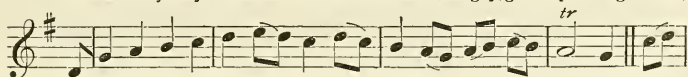
No. 116. *When rosy May comes in wi' flowers.*

Tune : *The gardener's march.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 220.

Slow and pointed



When ro - sy May comes in wi' flowers To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers,



Then bu - sy, bu - sy are his hours—, The gard'ner wi' his pai - dle. The



crystal wa - ters gently fa', The merry birds are lo - vers a', The



scented breezes round him blaw— The gard'ner wi' his pai - dle.

WHEN rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
 To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers,
 Then busy, busy are his hours—
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.
 The crystal waters gently fa',
 The merry birds are lovers a',
 The scented breezes round him blaw—
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

When purple morning starts the hare
 To steal upon her early fare ;
 Then through the dew he maun repair—
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.
 When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
 He flies to her arms he lo'es best—
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

No. 117. *If thou should ask my love.*Tune : *Jamie, come try me.* *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1745, ii. p. 34.

Slowly *tr*

CHORUS. *Ja-mie, come try me, Ja-mie, come try me; If thou would*

tr Fine.

win my love, Ja-mie, come try me. If thou should

tr *tr*

ask my love, Could I de - ny thee? If

tr D.C.

thou would win my love, Ja - mie, come try me.

CHORUS. *Jamie, come try me,*
Jamie, come try me;
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

If thou should ask my love,
 Could I deny thee?
 If thou would win my love,
 Jamie, come try me.

If thou should kiss me, love,
 Wha could espy thee?
 If thou wad be my love,
 Jamie, come try me.

No. 118. *Hark the mavis' e'ening sang.*Tune : *Ca' the yowes* (see No. 114).

CHORUS. *Ca' the yowes to the knowes,*
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonie dearie.

HARK, the mavis' e'ening sang
 Sounding Clouden's woods amang,
 Then a-faulding let us gang,
 My bonie dearie.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
 Thro' the hazels, spreading wide
 O'er the waves that sweetly glide
 To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers
Where, at moonshine's midnight
hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers
Fairies dance sae cheery.


Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,
Thou'rt to Love and Heav'n sae
dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart ;
I can die—but canna part,
My bonie dearie.

No. 119. *When the drums do beat.*

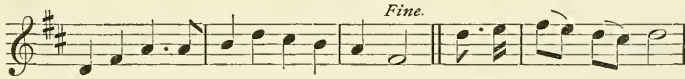
Tune : *The Captain's lady.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 233.

Briskly

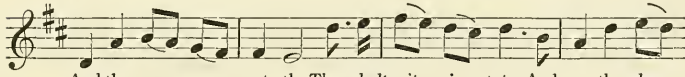


CHORUS. O, mount and go, Mount and make ye rea - dy; O,

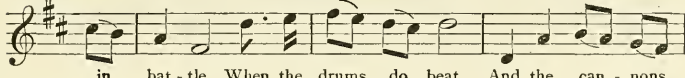
Fine.



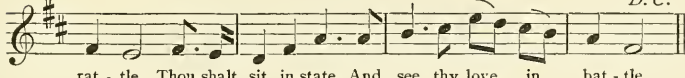
mount and go, And be the Captain's la - dy! When the drums do beat,



And the can - nons rat - tle, Thou shalt sit in state, And see thy love



in bat - tle. When the drums do beat, And the can - nons



rat - tle, Thou shalt sit in state, And see thy love in bat - tle. *D. C.*

CHORUS. O, mount and go,
Mount and make ye ready;
O, mount and go,
And be the Captain's lady!

WHEN the drums do beat,
And the cannons rattle,
Thou shalt sit in state,
And see thy love in battle. } *bis*

When the vanquish'd foe
Sues for peace and quiet, } *bis*
To the shades we'll go,
And in love enjoy it.

No. 120. *Young Jockie was the blythest lad.*Tune : *Jockie was the blythest lad.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 287.*Slowly**tr*

Young Jock - ie was the blyth - est lad, In a'

tr
our town or here a - wa; Fu' blythe he whist - led

at the gaud, Fu' light - ly danc'd he in the ha'. He

roos'd my een sae bon - ie blue, He roos'd my waist

sae gen - ty sma', An' ay my heart cam to

my mou, When ne'er . . . a bo - dy heard or saw. *tr*

YOUNG Jockie was the blythest lad,
 In a' our town or here awa;
 Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,
 Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'.
 He roos'd my een sae bonie blue,
 He roos'd my waist sae genty sma',
 An' ay my heart cam to my mou,
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockie toils upon the plain,
 Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw;
 And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain,
 When Jockie's owsen hameward ca'.
 And ay the night comes round again,
 When in his arms he taks me a';
 And ay he vows he'll be my ain
 As lang's he has a breath to draw.

No. 121. *Sweet are the banks—the banks o' Doon.*

(FIRST VERSION.)

Tune : *Cambdelmore.* Bremner's *Reels*, 1761, p. 92.

Slow

Sweet are the banks—the banks o' Doon, The spreading flowers are fair, And
tr
 every-thing is blythe and glad, But I am fu' o' care. Thou'll break my heart,
 thou bo-nie bird, That sings up-on the bough ! Thou minds me o' the happy days
 When my fause Luve was true : Thou'll break my heart, thou bo-nie bird That sings
tr
 be-side thy mate, For sae I sat, and sae I sang, And wist na o' my fate.

SWEET are the banks—the banks o' Doon,
 The spreading flowers are fair,
 And everything is blythe and glad,
 But I am fu' o' care.
 Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird
 That sings upon the bough !
 Thou minds me o' the happy days
 When my fause Luve was true :
 Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird
 That sings beside thy mate,
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wist na o' my fate !
 Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon
 To see the woodbine twine,
 And ilka bird sang o' its Luve,
 And sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
 Upon its thorny tree,
 But my fause luver staw my rose,
 And left the thorn wi' me :
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
 Upon a morn in June,
 And sae I flourished on the morn,
 And sae was pu'd or noon.

No. 122. *Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon.*

(SECOND VERSION.)

See Tune : *Ballendallock's Reel*, or *Cambdelmore* (see No. 121).

YE flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
 How can ye blume sae fair?
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird
 That sings upon the bough :
 Thou minds me o' the happy days
 When my fause Luve was true!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird
 That sings beside thy mate ;
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon
 To see the woodbine twine,
 And ilka bird sang o' its Luve,
 Aud sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
 Frae aff its thorny tree ;
 And my fause luver staw my rose,
 But left the thorn wi' me.

No. 123. *Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon.*

(THIRD VERSION.)

Tune : *Caledonian Hunt's delight*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 374.*Slow*

Ye banks and braes o' bon - ie Doon, How can ye
 bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, And
 I sae wea - ry fu' o' care! Thou'll break my heart, thou warb-ling

bird, That wan - tons thro' the flower - ing thorn : Thou minds me
o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn!

YE banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return!

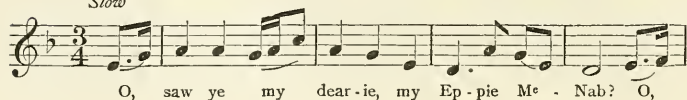
Aft hae I roved by bonie Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its Luvie,
And fondly sae did I o' mine ;
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!
And my fause luvier staw my rose—
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

No. 124. *O, stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay.*

Tune : *Whare shall our gudeman lie* (see No. 10).

O, STAY, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray!
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.
Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art!
For surely that wad touch her heart
Wha kills me wi' disdainin.

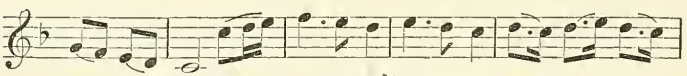
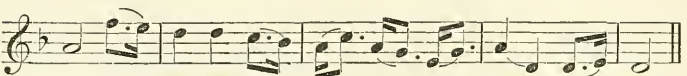
Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
O, nocht but love and sorrow join'd
Sic notes o' woe could wauken!
Thou tells o' never-ending care,
O' speechless grief and dark despair—
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair,
Or my poor heart is broken!

No. 125. *O, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M^cNab?*Tune: *Eppie M^cNab.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 336.*Slow*O, saw ye my dear-ie, my Ep-pie M^c-Nab? O,saw ye my dear-ie, my Ep-pie M^c-Nab; 'She's down

in the yard, she's kiss-in the laird, She win-na come hame



to her ain Jock Rab!' O, come thy ways to me, my

Ep-pie M^c-Nab! O come thy ways to me, my Ep--pie M^c-Nab! What-e'er thou has done, be it late, be it

soon, Thou's wel-come a-gain to thy ain Jock Rab!

O, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M^cNab?O, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M^cNab?'She's down in the yard, she's kissin the laird,
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.'O, come thy ways to me, my Eppie M^cNab!O, come thy ways to me, my Eppie M^cNab!Whate'er thou has done, be it late, be it soon,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M^cNab?
 What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M^cNab?
 'She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.'

O, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M^cNab!
 O, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M^cNab!
 As light as the air and as fause as thou's fair,
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

No. 126. *By love and by beauty.*

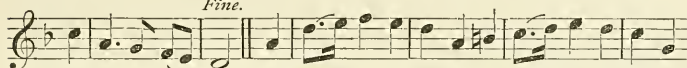
Tune : *Eppie Adair*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 281.

Slow

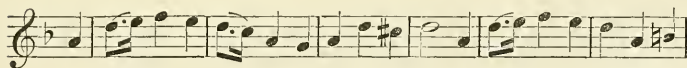


CHORUS. *An' O my Ep-pie, My jew-el, my Ep-pie: Wha wadna be happy*

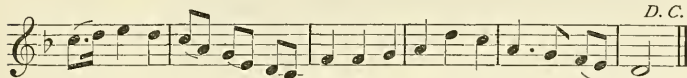
Fine.



Wi' Ep-pie A-dair? By love and by beau-ty, By law and by du-ty,



I swear to be true to My Ep-pie A-dair! By love and by beauty, By



law and by du-ty, I swear to be true to My Ep-pie A-dair!

CHORUS. *An' O my Eppie,
 My jewel, my Eppie;
 Wha wadna be happy
 Wi' Eppie Adair?*

*By love and by beauty,
 By law and by duty,
 I swear to be true to
 My Eppie Adair!* } *bis*

*A' pleasure exile me,
 Dishonour defile me,
 If e'er I beguile thee,
 My Eppie Adair!* } *bis*

No. 127. *O, luve will venture in.*Tune: *The posie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 373.*Moderate time*

O, luve will ven-ture in where it daur na weel be seen; O, luve will
 ven-ture in, where wisdom ance hath been; But I will doun yon river rove a -
 mang the wood sae green, And a' to pu' a po-sie to my ain dear May!

O, LUVE will venture in where it daur na weel be seen;
 O, luve will venture in, where wisdom ance hath been;
 But I will doun yon river rove among the wood sae green,
 And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May!

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
 For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer—
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May!

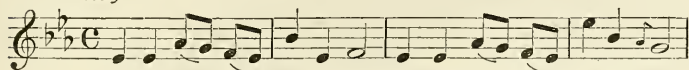
I'll pu' the budding rose when Phœbus peeps in view,
 For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet, bonie mou'.
 The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging blue—
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
 And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
 The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air—
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,
 Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away—
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
 And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear!
 The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear—
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,
 And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

No. 128. *Let loove sparkle in her e'e.*Tune : *Jockey fou and Jenny fain.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 381.*Lively*

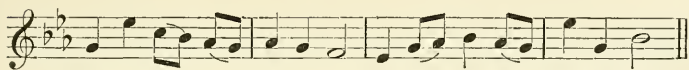
Ith-ers seek they ken - na what, Fea-tures, car - riage, and a' that ;



Gie me loove in her I court, Loove to loove maks a' the sport.

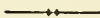


Let loove spar - kle in her e'e, Let her lo'e nae man but me ;



That's the toch - er gude I prize, There the luv - er's treasure lies.

[I T H E R S seek they kenna what,
Features, carriage and a' that ;
Gie me loove in her I court—
Loove to loove maks a' the sport.]
Let loove sparkle in her e'e,
Let her lo'e nae man but me ;
That's the tocher gude I prize,
There the luv-er's treasure lies.

No. 129. *How cruel are the parents.*Tune : *John Anderson my jo* (see No. 212).

How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby
Poor woman sacrifice !
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife ;
To shun a tyrant father's hate
Become a wretched wife !

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin
Awhile her pinion tries,
Till, of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet !

No. 130. *The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing.*Tune : *Bonie Bell.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 387.*Lively*

The smil-ing Spring comes in re-joic-ing, And sur-ly Win-ter
grim-ly flies; Now crys-tal clear are the fall-ing wa-ters, And bon-ie
blue are the sun-ny skies. Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morn-
-ing, The ev'n-ing gilds the o-cean's swell; All crea-tures joy in
the sun's re-turn-ing, And I re-joice in my bon-ie Bell.

THE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly Winter grimly flies;
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonie blue are the sunny skies.
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The evening gilds the ocean's swell;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
The yellow Autumn presses near;
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell;
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonie Bell.

No. 131. *Where Cart rins rowin to the sea.*Tune : *The gallant weaver.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 389.

Briskly

Where Cart rins row - in to the sea By mon-ie a flower and
 spreading tree, There lives a lad, the lad for me— He is
 a gal - lant weav - er. O, I had woo - ers aught or
 nine, They gied me rings and rib-bons fine, And I was
 fear'd my heart wad tine, And I gied it to the weav - er.

WHERE Cart rins rowin to the sea
 By monie a flower and spreading tree,
 There lives a lad, the lad for me—
 He is a gallant weaver!
 O, I had woers aught or nine,
 They gied me rings and ribbons fine,
 And I was fear'd my heart wad tine,
 And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band
 To gie the lad that has the land;
 But to my heart I'll add my hand,
 And give it to the weaver.
 While birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
 While bees delight in opening flowers,
 While corn grows green in summer showers,
 I love my gallant weaver.

No. 132. *I do confess thou art sae fair.*Tune: *The cuckoo.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 321.

Moderately quick

I do con - fess thou art sae fair, I wad been o'er
 the lugs in luv, Had I na found the slight - est prayer That
 lips could speak thy heart could muve. I do con - fess thee sweet, but
 find Thou art so thrift - less o' thy sweets, Thy fa - vours are
 the sil - ly wind That kiss - es il - ka thing it meets.

I do confess thou art sae fair,
 I wad been o'er the lugs in luv,
 Had I na found the slightest prayer
 That lips could speak thy heart could muve.
 I do confess thee sweet, but find
 Thou art so thriftless o' thy sweets,
 Thy favours are the silly wind
 That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rosebud rich in dew,
 Amang its native briers sae coy,
 How sune it tines its scent and hue,
 When pu'd and worn a common toy!
 Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide,
 Tho' thou may gaily bloom a while,
 And sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
 Like onie common weed, an' vile.

No. 133. *Whare live ye, my bonie lass?*Tune : *My collier laddie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 361.

Gracefully

The musical notation consists of three staves of music in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

'Whare live ye, my bon - ie lass, And tell me what
they ca' ye?' 'My name,' she says, 'is Mis - tress
Jean, And I fol - low the Col - - lier Lad - die.'

- 'WHARE live ye, my bonie lass,
And tell me what they ca' ye?'
'My name,' she says, 'is Mistress Jean, } *bis*
And I follow the Collier Laddie.'
- 'See you not yon hills and dales
The sun shines on sae brawlie?
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine, } *bis*
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.'
- 'An' ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudy,
And ane to wait on every hand, } *bis*
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.'
- 'Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly,
I wad turn my back on you and it a', } *bis*
And embrace my Collier Laddie.'
- 'I can win my five pennies in a day,
An' spend it at night fu' brawlie,
And make my bed in the Collier's neuk } *bis*
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.'
- 'Luve for luve is the bargain for me,
'Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me,
And the warld before me to win my bread— } *bis*
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie!'

No. 134. *In simmer, when the hay was mawn.*Tune: *The country lass.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, No. 38.*Rather slow*

The musical score is written on five staves of a single treble clef in 3/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a tempo marking of 'Rather slow'. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The final note of the piece is a triplet of eighth notes.

In sim-mer, when the hay was mawn And corn wav'd green in
 il - ka field, While clav-er blooms white o'er the lea, And ro - ses
 blaw in il - ka field, Blythe Bes - sie in the milk - ing
 shiel, Says 'I'll be wed, come o't what will'; Out spake a dame in
 wrinkled eild:— 'O' guid ad - vise - ment comes nae ill.'

In simmer, when the hay was mawn
 And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
 While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
 And roses blaw in ilka field,
 Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel,
 Says—'I'll be wed, come o't what will';
 Out spake a dame in wrinkled eild:—
 'O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

'It's ye hae woers mony ane,
 And lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;
 Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
 A routhie butt, a routhie ben:
 There's Johnie o' the Buskie-Glen,
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre:
 Tak this frae me, my bonie hen:—
 It's plenty beets the luv'er's fire.'

'For Johnie o' the Buskie-Glen
 I dinna care a single flie:
 He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
 He has nae luv'e to spare for me:

But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
 And weel I wat he lo'es me dear :
 Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
 For Buskie-Glen and a' his gear.'

'O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught !
 The canniest gate, the strife is sair ;
 But ay fu'-han t is fechtin best ;
 A hungry care 's an unco care.
 But some will spend, and some will spare,
 And wilfu' folk maun hae their will.
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.'

'O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye !
 But the tender heart o' leesome luv
 The gowd and siller canna buy :
 We may be poor, Robie and I ;
 Light is the burden luv lays on ;
 Content and luv brings peace and joy—
 What mair hae queens upon a throne?'



No. 135. *Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers.*

Tune : *Dainty Davie* (see *infra*).

CHORUS. *Meet me on the warlock knowe,
 Dainty Davie, Dainty Davie ;
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear Dainty Davie.*

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers
 To deck her gay, green-spreading
 bowers ;
 And now comes in the happy hours
 To wander wi' my Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
 The merry birds are lovers a',
 The scented breezes round us blaw,
 A wandering wi' my Davie.

When purple morning starts the
 hare
 To steal upon her early fare,
 Then thro' the dews I will repair
 To meet my faithfu' Davie.

When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
 I flee to his arms I lo'e the best :
 And that 's my ain dear Davie !

No. 136. *When o'er the hill the e'ening star.*Tune: *My ain kind dearie, O.* Scots Musical Museum, 1787, No. 49.

Slowly

When o'er the hill the e'en-ing star Tells bught-in time is
 near, my jo, And ows-en frae the fur-row'd field Re - turn
 sae dowf and wea-ry, O, Down by the burn, where scent -
 - ed birks Wi' dew are hang - in clear, my jo, I'll
 meet thee on the lea - rig, My ain kind dea - rie, O.

WHEN o'er the hill the e'ening star
 Tells bughtin time is near, my jo,
 And owsen frae the furrow'd field
 Return sae dowf and weary, O,
 Down by the burn, where scented birks
 Wi' dew are hangin clear, my jo,
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

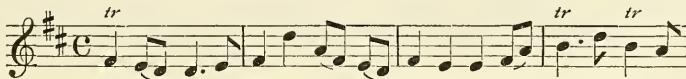
At midnight hour in mirkest glen
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
 If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
 My ain kind dearie, O!
 Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
 And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo ;
 At noon the fisher takes the glen
 Adown the burn to steer, my jo ;
 Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,
 It maks my heart sae cheery, O,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O !



No. 137. *Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes.*

Tune : *The brave lads of Galla Water.* Cal. Pocket Comp., c. 1756, viii. p. 28.



Braw, braw lads on Yar-row braes, They rove a-mang the bloom-ing heather ;



But Yar-row braes, nor Et-trick shaws Can match the lads o' Gal-la Water.

BRAW, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
 They rove among the blooming heather ;
 But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws
 Can match the lads o' Galla Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better ;
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonie lad o' Galla Water.

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

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

No. 138. *O, mirk, mirk is this midnight hour.*Tune: *Lord Gregory.* Scots Musical Museum, 1787, No. 5.

Slow

O, mirk, mirk. is this midnight hour, And loud the
 tem - pest's roar; A wae - fu' wander - er seeks thy tower—Lord
 Gre - go - ry, ope thy door! An ex - ile frae her
 fa - ther's ha', And a' for sake o' thee, At least some
 pi - ty on me shaw, If love it may na be.

O, MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
 And loud the tempest's roar;
 A wae-fu' wanderer seeks thy tower—
 Lord Gregory, ope thy door!
 An exile frae her father's ha',
 And a' for sake o' thee,
 At least some pity on me shaw,
 If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory mind'st thou not the grove
 By bonie Irwine side,
 Where first I own'd that virgin love
 I lang, lang had denied?
 How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
 Thou wad for ay be mine!
 And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
 It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
 And flinty is thy breast:
 Thou bolt of heaven that flashest by,
 O, wilt thou bring me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see,
But spare and pardon my fause love
His wrangs to Heaven and me!

No. 139. *There's auld Rob Morris that wons
in yon glen.*

Tune : *Auld Rob Morris.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1725, No. 30.

The musical score is written on three staves in G minor (three flats) and 3/4 time. The first staff begins with a 'Slow' marking and a 'tr' (trill) over the final note. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The second and third staves continue the melody and lyrics.

There's auld Rob Mor-ris that wons in yon glen, He's the king o' gude
fel-lows and wale of auld men; He has gowd in his coffers, he has ows -
- en and kine, And ae bo - nie las-sie, his dau-tie and mine.

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' gude fellows and wale of auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonie lassie, his dautie and mine.

She's fresh as the morning the fairest in May,
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay,
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But O, she's an heiress—auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O, had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

No. 140. *Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie.*Tune: *Here awa, there awa.* Scots Musical Museum, 1787, No. 57.

Slow *tr*

Here a - wa, there a-wa, wan-der-ing Wil - lie, Here a - wa,
 there a-wa, haud a-wa hame; Come to my bo-som, my ae
 on - ly dear-ie, And tell me thou bring'st me my Wil-lie the same.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
 Come to my bosom, my ae only dearie,
 And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Loud tho' the winter blew cauld at our parting,
 'Twas na the blast brought the tear in my e'e:
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms in the cave o' your slumbers—
 How your wild howling a lover alarms!
 Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But O, 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 trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

No. 141. *O, open the door some pity to shew.*Tune: *Open the door softly.* Bunting's Irish Melodies, 1796.

With pathos

O, open the door some pi - ty to shew, If love it may na be, O! Tho
 thou hast been false, I'll ev - er prove true—O, op - en the door to me, O!

O, OPEN the door some pity to shew,
 If love it may na be, O!
 Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true—
 O, open the door to me, O!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But caulder thy love for me, O:
 The frost, that freezes the life at my heart,
 Is naught to my pains frae thee, O!

The wan moon sets behind the white wave,
 And Time is setting with me, O:
 False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, O!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
 She sees the pale corse on the plain, O!
 'My true love,' she cried, and sank down by his side—
 Never to rise again, O!

No. 142. *Lang hae we parted been.*

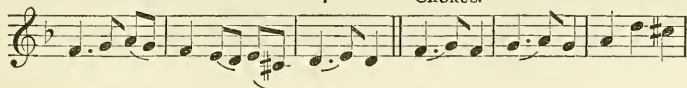
Tune : *Laddie lie near me.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 218.

Rather slow

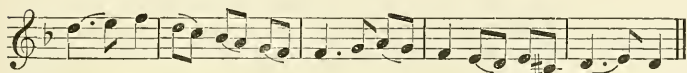


Lang hae we part-ed been, Las-sie, my dear-ie; Now we are

CHORUS.



met a-gain, Las-sie, lie near me! *Near me, near me, Las-sie, lie*



near me, Lang hast thou lien thy lane, Las-sie, lie near me.

LANG hae we parted been,
 Lassie, my dearie ;
 Now we are met again,
 Lassie, lie near me !

CHORUS. *Near me, near me,
 Lassie, lie near me !
 Lang hast thou lien thy lane,
 Lassie, lie near me.*

A' that I hae endur'd,
 Lassie, my dearie,
 Here in thy arms is cur'd !
 Lassie, lie near me.

No. 143. *By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove.*Tune: *Allan Water.* *Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, No. 28.**Slowly*

By Al-lan stream I chanc'd to rove, While Phæbus sank be - yond Ben-
 le - di; The winds were whis - p'ring thro' the grove, The
 yel - low corn was wav - ing rea - dy: I lis - ten'd
 to a lov - er's sang, An' thought on youth - fu'
 plea - sures mo - nie, And ay the wild wood e -
 - choes rang:—O, my love An - nie's ve - ry bon - ie.

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
 While Phæbus sank beyond Benledi;
 The winds were whisp'ring thro' the grove,
 The yellow corn was waving ready:
 I listen'd to a lover's sang,
 An' thought on youthfu' pleasures monie,
 And ay the wild wood echoes rang:—
 'O, my love Annie's very bonie!
 'O, happy be the woodbine bower,
 Nae nightly bogle make it eerie!
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
 The place and time I met my dearie!
 Her head upon my throbbing breast,
 She, sinking, said:—"I'm thine for ever!"
 While monie a kiss the seal impress—
 The sacred vow we ne'er should sever.'

The haunt o' Spring's the primrose-brae,
 The Summer joys the flocks to follow.
 How cheery thro' her short'ning day,
 Is Autumn in her weeds o' yellow;
 But can they melt the glowing heart,
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure?
 Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

No. 144. *I fee'd a man at Martinmas.*

Tune : *O can ye labour lea.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 394.

CHORUS. *O can ye la - bor lea, young man, O, can ye la - bor*

lea? It fee nor bountith shall us twine Gin ye can labor lea. Fine.

I fee'd a man at Mar - tin - mas Wi' airle pen - nies D. C.

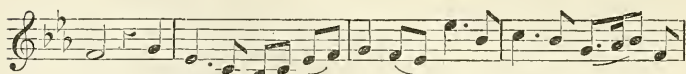
three: *But a' the faut I had to him, He could na la - bor lea.*

CHORUS. *O, can ye labor lea, young man,
 O, can ye labor lea?
 It fee nor bountith shall us twine
 Gin ye can labor lea.*

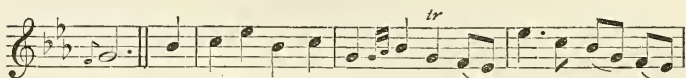
I FEE'D a man at Martinmas
 Wi' airle pennies three;
 But a' the faut I had to him
 He could na labor lea.
 O, clappin's gude in Febarwar,
 An' kissin's sweet in May;
 But my delight's the ploughman lad
 That weel can labor lea.
 O, kissin is the key o' lue,
 An' clappin is the lock;
 An' makin o's the best thing yet
 That e'er a young thing got!

No. 145. *As down the burn they took their way.*Tune: *Down the burn, Davie.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1725, No. 50.*Moderate time*

As down the burn they took their way, And thro' the flower - y



dale; His cheek to hers he aft did lay, And love was ay the

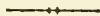


tale, With:—'Mary, when shall we re-turn, Sic pleasure to re -



new?' Quoth Mary:—'Love, I like the burn, And ay shall fol - low you.'

As down the burn they took their way,
 And thro' the flowery dale;
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
 And love was ay the tale,
 With:—'Mary, when shall we return,
 Sic pleasure to renew?'
 Quoth Mary:—'Love, I like the burn,
 And ay shall follow you.'

No. 146. *O, were my love yon lilac fair.*Tune: *Gin my love were yon red rose.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 562.*Smoothly*

O were my love yon li - lac fair Wi' pur - ple blossoms to the spring, And



I a bird to shel - ter there, When wearied on my lit - tle wing.

O, WERE my love yon lilac fair
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring,
 And I a bird to shelter there,
 When wearied on my little wing,
 How I wad mourn when it was torn
 By autumn wild and winter rude !
 But I wad sing on wanton wing,
 When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

[O, gin my love were yon red rose,
 That grows upon the castle wa',
 And I mysel a drap o' dew
 Into her bonie breast to fa',

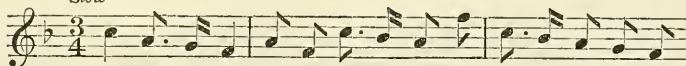
O, there, beyond expression blest,
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night,
 Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
 Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.]



No. 147. *Simmer's a pleasant time.*

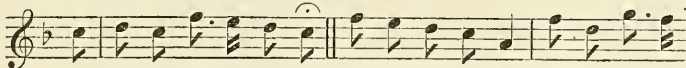
Tune : *Ay, waukin, O.* Napier's *Scots Songs*, 1790, i. p. 61.

Slow



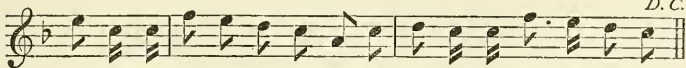
CHORUS. *Ay, wau-kin, O, Wau-kin still and wear-ie! Sleep I can get nane*

Fine.



For think-ing on my dearie. Simmer's a pleasant time: Flowers of ev'ry

D. C.



colour; The water rins o'er the heugh, And I long for my true lov - er.

CHORUS. *Ay, waukin, O.*
Waukin still and wearie!
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

SIMMER'S a pleasant time;
 Flowers of ev'ry colour;
 The water rins o'er the heugh,
 And I long for my true lover.

When I sleep I dream,
 When I wauk I'm eerie,
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.
 Lanely night comes on,
 A' the lave are sleepin,
 I think on my bonie lad,
 And I blear my een wi' greetin.

No. 148. *Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine.*Tune: *The secret kiss.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 231.*Gracefully*

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine, And fill it in a sil -
 ver tas-sie, That I may drink be - fore I go A ser-vice to
 my bo - nie las-sie! The boat rocks . at the pier o'
 Leith, Fu' loud the wind blows frae the fer-ry, The ship rides by
 the Ber - wick - Law, And I maun leave . my bo - nie Ma-ry.

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 And fill it in a silver tassie,
 That I may drink before I go
 A service to my bonie lassie!
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry,
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
 And I maun leave my bonie Mary.

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

No. 149. *Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain.*Tune : *The carlin o' the glen.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 420.*With gravity*

Young Ja - mie, pride of a' the plain, Sae gal - lant
 and sae gay a swain, Thro' a' our las - sies he
 did rove, And reign'd re - sist - less king of love.
 But now, wi' sighs and start - ing tears, He strays
 a - mang the woods and breers; Or in the glens and
 rock - y caves, His sad com - plain - ing dow - ie raves :

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
 Sae gallant and sae gay a swain,
 Thro' a' our lassies he did rove,
 And reign'd resistless king of love.
 But now, wi' sighs and starting tears,
 He strays among the woods and breers ;
 Or in the glens and rocky caves,
 His sad complaining dowie raves :—

'I, wha sae late did range and rove,
 And chang'd with every moon my love ;
 I little thought the time was near
 Repentance I should buy sae dear :
 The slighted maids my torments see,
 And laugh at a' the pangs I dree ;
 While she, my cruel, scornfu' fair,
 Forbids me e'er to see her mair !'

No. 150. *Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald.*Tune: *The highland balou.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 472.*Very slow*

Hee ba - lou, my sweet wee Donald, Pic - ture o' the great Clanronald!



Braw - lie kens our wan - ton chief Wha gat my young Highland thief.

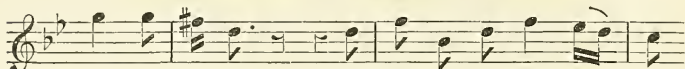
HEE balou, my sweet wee Donald,
 Picture o' the great Clanronald!
 Brawlie kens our wanton chief
 Wha gat my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonie craigie!
 An thou live, thou'll steal a naigie.
 Travel the country thro' and thro',
 And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

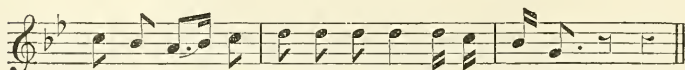
Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
 Weel, my babie, may thou further,
 Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie,
 Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

No. 151. *O, saw ye my dear, my Philly.*Tune: *When she cam ben she bobbit.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 353.*Slow*

O, saw ye my dear, my Phil - ly? O, saw ye my



dear, my Phil - ly? She's down i' the grove, she's wi'

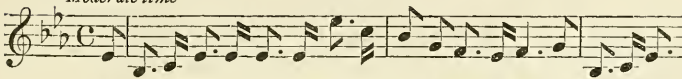


a new love, She win - na come hame to her Wil - ly.

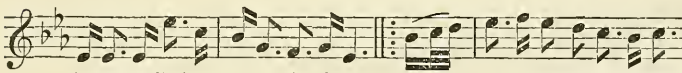
O, saw ye my dear, my Philly?
 O, saw ye my dear, my Philly?
 She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
 She winna come hame to her Willy.
 What says she my dear, my Philly?
 What says she my dear, my Philly?
 She lets thee to wit she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee, her Willy.
 O, had I ne'er seen thee, my Philly!
 O, had I ne'er seen thee, my Philly!
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

No. 152. *My luvè is like a red, red rose.*

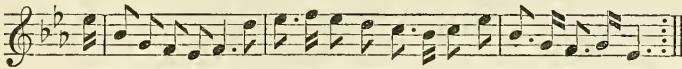
Tune : Major Graham. Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 402.
Moderate time



My luvè is like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June: My luvè is like



the me-lo-die that's sweetly play'd in tune. As fair art thou, my bonie lass,

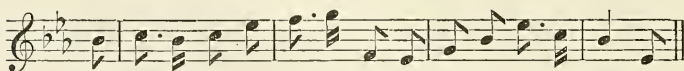


So deep in luvè am I, And I will luvè thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.

My luvè is like a red, red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June:
 My luvè is like the melodie,
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.
 As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
 So deep in luvè am I,
 And I will luvè thee still, my dear, } *bis*
 Till a' the seas gang dry.
 Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun!
 And I will luvè thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.
 And fare-thee-weel, my only luvè,
 And fare-thee-weel a while! } *bis*
 And I will come again, my luvè,
 Tho' it were ten thousand milè.

No. 153. *The ploughman, he's a bonie lad.*Tune : *The Ploughman.* Perth Musical Miscellany, 1786, p. 248.*Briskly*

The ploughman he's a bo - nie lad, His mind is ev - er true, jo!



His gar-ters knit be - low his kneec, His bon-net it is blue, jo.

THE ploughman, he's a bonie lad,

His mind is ever true, jo!

His garters knit below his knee,

His bonnet it is blue, jo.

CHORUS. *Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad,**And hey, my merry ploughman!**Of a' the trades that I do ken,**Commend me to the ploughman!*

I hae been east, I hae been west,

I hae been at Saint Johnston;

The boniest sight that e'er I saw

Was the ploughman laddie dancin.

Snaw-white stockings on his legs,

And siller buckles glancin,

A gude blue bonnet on his head,

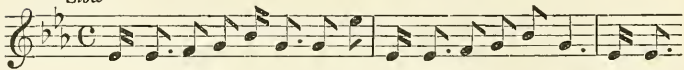
And O, but he was handsome!

Commend me to the barn-yard

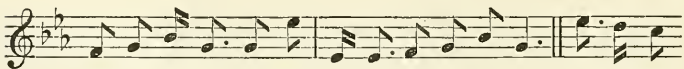
And the corn-mou, man!

I never gat my coggie fou

Till I met wi' the ploughman.

No. 154. *Thou has left me ever, Jamie.*Tune : *Fee him father, fee him.* Bremner's Scots Songs, 1757, p. 6.*Slow*

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



left me ev - er, Ja - mie, Thou hast left me ev - er! Aft - en hast

thou vow'd that death On - ly should us se - ver; Now thou'st left thy lass for
ay— I maun see thee never, Ja - mie, I'll see thee never!

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever!
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever!
Aften hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever;
Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—
I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I'll see thee never!

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken!
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken!
Thou canst love another jo,
While my heart is breaking;
Soon my weary een I'll close,
Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Never mair to waken!

No. 155. *My heart is sair—I darena tell.*

Tune : *For the sake o' Somebody.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 436.
Slow

My heart is sair— I dare - na tell,— My heart is sair for
Some - bo - dy; I could wake a win - ter night For the sake o'
Some - bo - dy. O - hon! for Some - bo - dy! O - hey! for Some - bo - dy!
I could range the world a - round For the sake o' Some - bo - dy.

My heart is sair — I darena
tell,—
My heart is sair for Somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' Somebody.
O-hon! for Somebody!
O-hey! for Somebody!
I could range the world around
For the sake o' Somebody.

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous
love,
O, sweetly smile on Somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my Somebody.
O-hon! for Somebody!
O-hey! for Somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?—
For the sake o' Somebody!

No. 156. *The winter it is past.*Tune: *The winter it is past.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 200.*Slowly*

The win - ter it is past, and the sim - mer comes at last, And the
small birds sing on ev' - ry tree: The hearts of these are glad,
but mine is ve - ry sad, For my lo - ver has part - ed from me.

THE winter it is past, and the simmer comes at last,
And the small birds sing on ev'ry tree:
The hearts of these are glad, but mine is very sad,
For my lover has parted from me.

The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear
May have charms for the linnet or the bee:
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
But my lover is parted from me.

[My love is like the sun in the firmament does run—
For ever constant and true;
But his is like the moon, that wanders up and down
And every month it is new.

All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,
I pity the pains you endure,
For experience makes me know that your hearts are full of woe,
A woe that no mortal can cure.]

No. 157. *Comin thro' the rye, poor body.*Tune: *Miller's wedding.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 417.*Slow*

Com - in thro' the rye, poor bo - dy, Com - in thro' the rye, She
draigl't a' her pet - ti - coa - tie, Com - in thro' the rye!



CHORUS. *O, Jen-ny's a' weel poor bo - dy, Jen-ny's sel-dom dry; She*



draigl't a' her pet - ti - coa - tie, Com-in thro' the rye!

COMIN thro' the rye, poor body,
Comin thro' the rye,
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
Comin thro' the rye!

Gin a body meet a body
Comin thro' the rye;
Gin a body kiss a body
Need a body cry?

CHORUS. *O, Jenny's a' weel, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
Comin thro' the rye!*

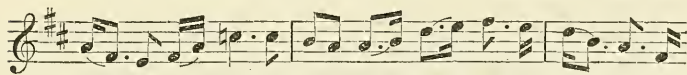
Gin a body meet a body
Comin thro' the glen;
Gin a body kiss a body
Need the warld ken?

No. 158. *Wae is my heart.*

Tune: *Wae is my heart.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 476.



Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e; Lang, lang joy's been a



stran-ger to me: For - saken and friend - less my bur - den I



bear, And the sweet voice o' pi - ty ne'er sounds in my ear.

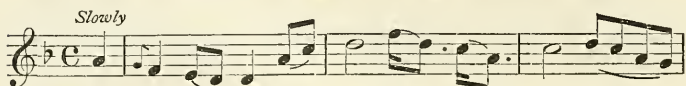
WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;
Lang, lang joy's been a stranger to me:
Forsaken and friendless my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures—and deep hae I luv'd!
Love, thou hast sorrows—and sair hae I pruv'd!
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings, will soon be at rest.

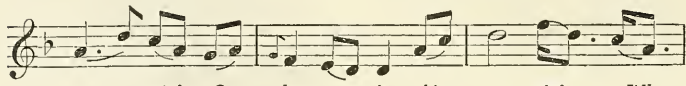
O, if I were where happy I hae been,
Down by yon stream and yon bonie castle-green!
For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear-drop that clings to my e'e.

No. 159. *O lassie, are ye sleepin yet?*Tune: *Will ye lend me your loom, lass?* Cal. Pocket Companion, 1752, iv. p. 21.

Slowly

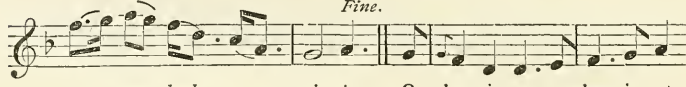


CHORUS. *O, let me in this ae night, This ae, ae,*

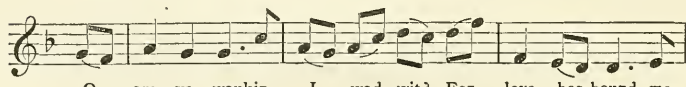


ae night, O, let me in this ae night, I'll

Fine.

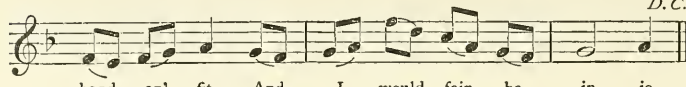


no come back a - gain, jo. O las - sie, are ye sleep - in yet,



Or are ye waukin, I wad wit? For love has bound me

D. C.



hand an' fit, And I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS. *O, let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
O, let me in this ae night,
I'll no come back again, jo!*

O LASSIE, are ye sleepin yet,
Or are ye waukin, I wad wit?
For love has bound me hand an' fit,
And I would fain be in, jo.

O, hear'st thou not the wind an' weet?
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's:
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pine, jo.

HER ANSWER.

CHORUS. *I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let ye in, jo.*

O, tell na me o' wind an' rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain,
Gae back the gate ye cam again,
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures
That's trusted faithless man, jo.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed—
Let simple maid the lesson read
The weird may be her ain, jo.

The bird that charm'd his summer day,
And now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let that to witless woman say
'The gratefu' heart of man,' jo.

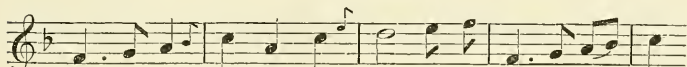
No. 160. *Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay?*

Tune : *Leezie Lindsay*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 434.

Moderately



Will ye go to the High-lands, Lee-zie Lind-say? Will ye



go to the High-lands wi' me? Will ye go to the High-



lands, Lee-zie Lind-say, My pride and my dar-ling to be?

WILL ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay?

Will ye go to the Highlands wi' me?

Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay,

My pride and my darling to be.

No. 161. 'Twas past one o'clock.

Tune: *Cold frosty morning.* McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, c. 1766, p. 119.

Smoothly

'Twas past one o'clock in a cauld fros - ty morn'ing When
 can - kert No - vem - ber blows o - ver the plain, I heard the kirk -
 bell re - peat the loud warn - ing, As rest - less I sought
 for sweet slum - ber in vain: Then up I a - rose, the sil - ver
 moon shining bright; Moun - tains and val - lies ap - pear - ing all
 hoary white; Forth I would go . . . a - mid the pale,
 si - lent night, To vis - it the fair one, the cause of my pain.

'Twas past one o'clock in a cauld frosty morning
 When cankert November blows over the plain,
 I heard the kirk-bell repeat the loud warning
 As restless I sought for sweet slumber in vain:
 Then up I arose, the silver moon shining bright,
 Mountains and vallies appearing all hoary white;
 Forth I would go amid the pale, silent night,
 To visit the fair one, the cause of my pain.

Sae gently I staw to my lovely maid's chamber,
 And rapp'd at her window, low down on my knee,
 Begging that she would awauk from sweet slumber,
 Awauk from sweet slumber and pity me:
 For, that a stranger to a' pleasure, peace and rest,
 Love into madness had firèd my tortur'd breast,
 And that I should be of a' men the maist unblest,
 Unless she would pity my sad miserie!

My true love arose and whisperèd to me—
 (The moon lookèd in and envy'd my love's charms;—)
 'An innocent maiden, ah, would you undo me!'
 I made no reply, but leapt into her arms:
 Bright Phœbus peep'd over the hills and found me there;
 As he has done, now, seven lang years and mair,
 A faithfuller, constanter, kinder, more loving pair,
 His sweet chearing beam nor enlightens nor warms.

No. 162. *Jockie's taen the parting kiss.*

Tune: *Bowie lass tak a man.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 570.

Pointedly

Jockie's taen the part - ing kiss, O'er the moun-tains he is gane, And
 with him is a' my bliss—Nought but griefs with me re-main.
 Spare my luvè ye winds that blaw, Plashy sleets and beat-ing rain! Spare
 my luvè thou feath - ery snaw, Drift-ing o'er the fro-zen plain!

JOCKIE'S taen the parting kiss,
 O'er the mountains he is gane,
 And with him is a' my bliss—
 Nought but griefs with me remain.
 Spare my luvè ye winds that blaw,
 Plashy sleets and beating rain!
 Spare my luvè thou feathery snaw,
 Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep
 O'er the day's fair gladsome e'e,
 Sound and safely may he sleep,
 Sweetly blythe his waukening be!
 He will think on her he loves—
 Fondly he'll repeat her name,
 For where'er he distant roves,
 Jockie's heart is still at hame.

No. 163. *As I was walking up the street.*

Tune : *Mally's meek, Mally's sweet.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 597.
Gracefully

Musical notation for the song, consisting of four staves of music in C major and common time. The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

CHORUS *Mally's meek, Mally's sweet, Mally's mo-dest and dis-creet, Mally's*
Fine.

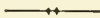
rare, Mally's fair, Mally's ev'ry way com-plete. As I was walk -
ing up the street, A bare-fit maid I chanc'd to meet; But O,
D. C.
the road was ve - ry hard For that fair mai- den's ten - der feet!

CHORUS. *Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,*
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's ev'ry way complete.

As I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet;
But O, the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet!

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon!
An' 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon!

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinklin down her swan-white neck,
And her two eyes like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

No. 164. *Is this thy plighted, fond regard?*

Tune : *Ruffian's rant* (see infra).

CHORUS. *Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie!*
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie!
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katie?
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
 An aching broken heart, my Katie?
 Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
 That fickle heart of thine, my Katie!
 Thou may'st find those will love thee dear,
 But not a love like mine, my Katie!

No. 165. *There was a bonie lass.*

Tune : *A bonie lass.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 586.

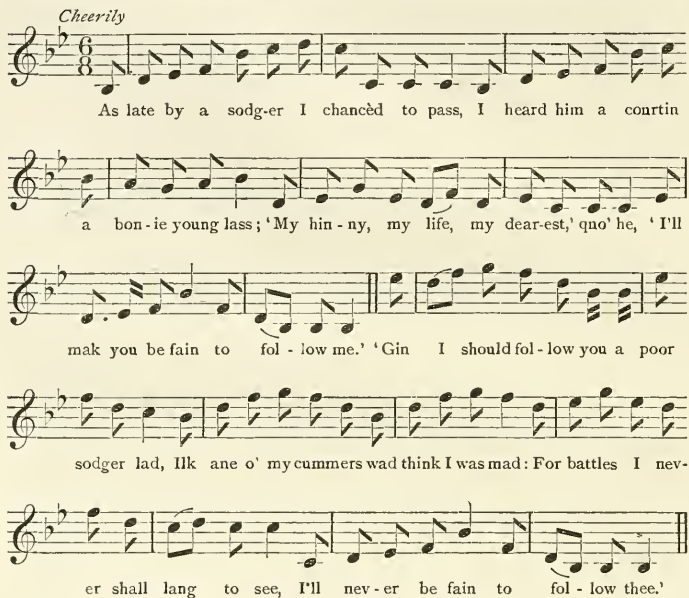
Briskly

There was a bon-ie lass, and a bon-ie, bon-ie lass, And
 she lo'ed her bon-ie lad-die dear; Till war's loud
 a-larms tore her lad-die frae her arms Wi' mon-ie a
 sigh and a tear. O-ver sea, o-ver shore, where the cannons loudly
 roar, He still was a stranger to fear, And nocht could him quail, or his
 bo-som as-sail, But the bon-ie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

THERE was a bonie lass, and a bonie, bonie lass,
 And she lo'ed her bonie laddie dear,
 Till war's loud alarms tore her laddie frae her arms
 Wi' monie a sigh and a tear.
 Over sea, over shore, where the cannons loudly roar,
 He still was a stranger to fear,
 And nocht could him quail, or his bosom assail,
 But the bonie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

No. 166. *As late by a sodger I chanced to pass.*Tune : *I'll mak you be fain to follow me.* Scots Mus. Museum, 1790, No. 268.

Cheerily



As late by a sodger I chanced to pass, I heard him a courtin
a bonie young lass; 'My hinny, my life, my dearest,' quo' he, 'I'll
mak you be fain to follow me.' 'Gin I should follow you a poor
sodger lad, ilk ane o' my cummers wad think I was mad: For battles I nev-
er shall lang to see, I'll never be fain to follow thee.'

As late by a sodger I chanced to pass,
I heard him a courtin a bonie young lass,
'My hinny, my life, my dearest,' quo' he,
'I'll mak you be fain to follow me.'
'Gin I should follow you a poor sodger lad
Ilk ane o' my cummers wad think I was mad.
For battles I never shall lang to see,
I'll never be fain to follow thee.'

'To follow me, I think ye may be glad,
A part o' my supper, a part o' my bed,
A part o' my bed, wherever it be,
I'll mak ye be fain to follow me.
Come try my knapsack on your back,
Along the king's highgate we'll pack,
Between Saint Johnston and bonie Dundee,
I'll mak you be fain to follow me.'

No. 167. *O dear minny, what shall I do?*

Tune : *O dear minny.* Ancient MS. (Stenhouse's Ill.).

Moderate time



CHORUS. *O dear min - ny, what shall I do? O dear min - ny,*

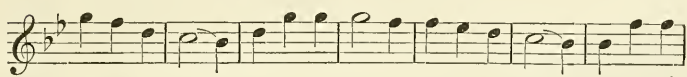


what shall I do? O dear min - ny, what shall I do?

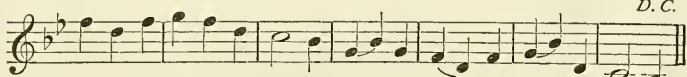
Fine.



'Daft thing, doylt thing, do as I do.' If I be black, I



can - na be lo'ed; If I be fair I can - na be gude; If I be



D. C.

lord - ly, the lads will look by me: *O dear min - ny, what shall I do?*

CHORUS. *O dear minny, what shall I do?
O dear minny, what shall I do?
O dear minny, what shall I do?
'Daft thing, doylt thing, do as I do.'*

If I be black, I canna be lo'ed;
If I be fair I canna be gude;
If I be lordly, the lads will look by me:
O dear minny, what shall I do?

