

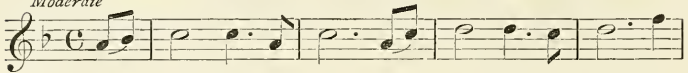
## VIII. JACOBITE

No. 277. *When first my brave Johnie lad.*Tune: *Cock up your beaver.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 309.*Brisk*

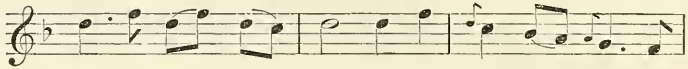
When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town, He had a blue  
 bon-net that want-ed the crown, But now he has got-ten a  
 hat and a feather—Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your bea-ver!  
 Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush, We'll o-ver the Bor-  
 der and gie them a brush; There's some-bo-dy there we'll teach bet-  
 ter be-ha-voir—Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your bea-ver!

[WHEN first my brave Johnie lad came to this town,  
 He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown,  
 But now he has gotten a hat and a feather—  
 Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver!]

Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush,  
 We'll over the Border and gie them a brush;  
 There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour—  
 Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver!

No. 278. *Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair.*Tune: *Awa, Whigs, awa!* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 263.*Moderate*CHORUS. *A - wa, Whigs, a - wa! A - wa, Whigs, a - wa! Ye're**Fine.**but a pack o' trai - tor louns, Ye'll do nae gude at a'.*

Our thris - sles flour - ish'd fresh and fair, And



bon - ie bloom'd our ros - es; But Whigs cam like a

*D. C.*

frost in June, An' with - er'd a' our pos - ies.

CHORUS. [*Awa, Whigs, awa!**Awa, Whigs, awa!**Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,**Ye'll do nae gude at a'.*

OUR thrissles flourish'd fresh and  
fair,  
And bonie bloom'd our roses;  
But Whigs cam like a frost in June,  
An' wither'd a' our posies.]

Our ancient crown's fa'en in the  
dust—  
Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't,  
And write their names in his black  
beuk,  
Wha gae the Whigs the power o't!

[Our sad decay in Church and  
State  
Surpasses my describing:  
The Whigs cam o'er us for a curse,  
An' we hae done wi' thriving.]

Grim Vengeance lang has taen a  
nap,  
But we may see him waukin;  
Gude help the day when royal  
heads  
Are hunted like a maukin!

No. 279. *Now Nature hangs her mantle green.*Tune : *Mary Queen of Scots lament.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 404.*

Now Nature hangs her mantle green  
 On every blooming tree,  
 And spreads her sheets o' daisies  
 white  
 Out o'er the grassy lea :  
 Now Phœbus cheers the crystal  
 streams,  
 And glads the azure skies ;  
 But nought can glad the weary wight  
 That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,  
 Aloft on dewy wing ;  
 The merle, in his noontide bow'r,  
 Makes woodland echoes ring ;  
 The mavis wild wi' monie a note  
 Sings drowsy day to rest :  
 In love and freedom they rejoice,  
 Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,  
 The primrose down the brae ;  
 The hawthorn's budding in the glen,  
 And milk-white is the slae :  
 The meanest hind in fair Scotland  
 May rove their sweets amang ;  
 But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,  
 Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonie France,  
 Where happy I hae been ;  
 Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,  
 As blythe lay down at e'en :  
 And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,  
 And monie a traitor there ;

Yet here I lie in foreign bands,  
 And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,  
 My sister and my fae,  
 Grim Vengeance yet shall whet a  
 sword  
 That thro' thy soul shall gae !  
 The weeping blood in woman's breast  
 Was never known to thee ;  
 Nor the balm that draps on wounds  
 of woe  
 Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars  
 Upon thy fortune shine ;  
 And may those pleasures gild thy  
 reign,  
 That ne'er wad blink on mine !  
 God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,  
 Or turn their hearts to thee :  
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's  
 friend,  
 Remember him for me !

O ! soon, to me, may Summer's  
 suns  
 Nae mair light up the morn !  
 Nae mair to me the Autumn winds  
 Wave o'er the yellow corn !  
 And, in the narrow house of death,  
 Let Winter round me rave ;  
 And the next flow'rs that deck the  
 Spring  
 Bloom on my peaceful grave.

No. 280. *O, cam ye here the fight to shun?*Tune: *Cameronian rant*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 282.*Brisk*

'O, cam ye here the fight to shun, Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?

Or were ye at the Sher-ra-moor, Or did the bat-tle see, man?'

'I saw the bat-tle sair and tough, And reek-in-red ran monie a sheugh;

My heart for fear gae sough for sough, To hear the thuds, and see the cluds

O' clans frae woods in tar-tan duds, Wha glaum'd at king-domsthree, man.'

*La, la, la, &c.*

'O, CAM ye here the fight to shun,  
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?  
 Or were ye at the Sherra-moor,  
 Or did the battle see, man?'  
 'I saw the battle sair and tough,  
 And reekin-red ran monie a sheugh;  
 My heart for fear gae sough for sough,  
 To hear the thuds, and see the cluds  
 O' clans frae woods in tartan duds,  
 Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

'The red-coat lads wi' black cockauds  
 To meet them were na slaw, man;  
 They rush'd and push'd and bluid outgush'd,  
 And monie a bouk did fa', man;

The great Argyle led on his files,  
 I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles ;  
 They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles,  
 They hack'd and hash'd, while braid-swords clash'd,  
 And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,  
 'Till fey men died awa', man.

'But had ye seen the philabegs  
 And skyrin tartan trews, man,  
 When in the teeth they daur'd our Whigs  
 And covenant True-blues, man !  
 In lines extended lang and large,  
 When baignets overpower'd the targe,  
 And thousands hasten'd to the charge,  
 Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath  
 Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath  
 They fled like frichted dows, man.'

'Oh, how deil, Tam, can that be true ?  
 The chase gaed frae the North, man ;  
 I saw mysel, they did pursue  
 The horseman back to Forth, man ;  
 And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,  
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,  
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight ;  
 But, cursèd lot ! the gates were shut ;  
 And monie a huntit poor red-coat  
 For fear amaist did swarf, man !'

'My sister Kate cam up the gate  
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man :  
 She swoor she saw some rebels run  
 To Perth and to Dundee, man !  
 Their left-hand general had nae skill ;  
 The Angus lads had nae good-will  
 That day their neibor's blude to spill ;  
 For fear by foes that they should lose  
 Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at blows,  
 And hameward fast did flee, man.

'They've lost some gallant gentlemen,  
 Amang the Highland clans, man ;  
 I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,  
 Or in his en'mies' hands, man :  
 Now wad ye sing this double flight,  
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right,  
 But monie bade the world gude-night ;  
 Say, pell and mell, wi' muskets' knell,  
 How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell  
 Flew off in frichted bands, man !'

No. 281. *Ye Jacobites by name.*Tune : *Ye Jacobites by name.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 371.*

Ye Ja - co-bites by name, give an ear, give an ear! Ye Ja - co -

bites by name, Give an ear! Ye Ja - co-bites by name, Your fautes

I will pro-claim, Your doc-trines I maun blame—You shall hear!

YE Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear!  
 Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;  
     Ye Jacobites by name,  
     Your fautes I will proclaim,  
 Your doctrines I maun blame—You shall hear!

What is right, and what is wrang, by the law, by the law?  
 What is right, and what is wrang, by the law?  
     What is right, and what is wrang?  
     A short sword and a lang,  
 A weak arm and a strang for to draw!

What makes heroic strife famed afar, famed afar?  
 What makes heroic strife famed afar?  
     What makes heroic strife?  
     To whet th' assassin's knife,  
 Or hunt a parent's life wi' bluidy war!

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state!  
 Then let your schemes alone, in the state;  
     Then let your schemes alone,  
     Adore the rising sun,  
 And leave a man undone to his fate!

No. 282. *O, Kenmure's on and awa, Willie.*Tune : *Kenmure's on and awa.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 359.

*Sprightly*

O, Kenmure's on and a - wa, Wil-lie, O, Kenmure's on and a - wa ;

An' Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord That ev - er Gal-lo-way saw.

Suc - cess to Kenmure's band, Wil-lie, Suc-cess to Kenmure's band !

There's no a heart that fears a Whig, That rides by Kenmure's hand.

O, KENMURE'S on and awa, Willie,  
 O, Kenmure's on and awa ;  
 An' Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord  
 That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie,  
 Success to Kenmure's band !  
 There's no a heart that fears a Whig,  
 That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,  
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine !  
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude  
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

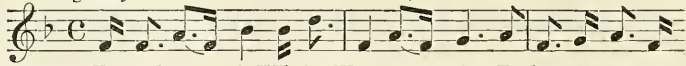
O, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,  
 O, Kenmure's lads are men !  
 Their hearts and swords are metal true,  
 And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,  
 They'll live or die wi' fame !  
 But soon wi' sounding victorie  
 May Kenmure's lord come hame.

Here's him that's far awa, Willie,  
 Here's him that's far awa !  
 And here's the flower that I lo'e best--  
 The rose that's like the snaw !


No. 283. *When we gaed to the braes o' Mar.*Tune: *Up, and warn a', Willie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 188.

*Quickly*

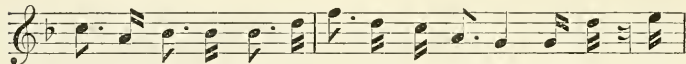


CHORUS. *Up, and warn a', Wil-lie, Warn, warn a'; To hear my can - ty*

*Fine.*

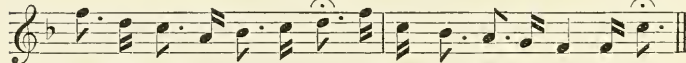


*high-land sang Re - late the thing I saw, Wil - lie.* When we gaed



to the braes o' Mar, And to the wea - pon - shaw, Wil - lie; Wi'

*D. C.*



true de - sign to serve the king And ban - ish Whigs a - wa, Wil - lie.

CHORUS. *Up, and warn a', Willie,*  
*Warn, warn a';*  
*To hear my canty Highland sang*  
*Relate the thing I saw, Willie.*

When we gaed to the braes o' Mar,  
 And to the weapon-shaw, Willie;  
 Wi' true design to serve the king  
 And banish Whigs awa, Willie.  
 Up, and warn a', Willie,  
 Warn, warn a';  
 For lords and lairds came there bedeen,  
 And wow! but they were braw, Willie.

But when the standard was set up,  
 Right fierce the wind did blaw, Willie,  
 The royal nit upon the tap  
 Down to the ground did fa', Willie.  
 Up, and warn a', Willie,  
 Warn, warn a';  
 Then second-sighted Sandie said  
 We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

But when the army join'd at Perth,  
 The bravest e'er ye saw, Willie,  
 We didna doubt the rogues to rout,  
 Restore our king and a', Willie.



Up, and warn a', Willie,  
 Warn, warn a';  
 The pipers play'd frae right to left  
*O whirry Whigs awa, Willie.*

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

But brave Glengary on our right  
 The rebels' left did claw, Willie;  
 He there the greatest slaughter made  
 That ever Donald saw, Willie;  
 Up, and warn a', Willie,  
 Warn, warn a',  
 And Whittam fyled his breeks for fear,  
 And fast did rin awa, Willie.

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

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

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

No. 284. *Here's a health to them that's awa.*Tune: *Here's a health to them that's awa.* Scots Mus. Mus., 1796, No. 412.

Here's a health to them that's a - wa, Here's a health to them that's a -  
 - wa! And wha win-na wish guid luck to our cause, May nev - er  
 guid luck be their fa'! It's guid to be mer-ry and wise, It's  
 guid to be hon-est and true, It's guid to sup-port Cal -  
 - e - do - ni - a's cause, And bide by the buff and the blue.

HERE'S a health to them that's awa,  
 Here's a health to them that's awa!  
 And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,  
 May never guid luck be their fa'!  
 It's guid to be merry and wise,  
 It's guid to be honest and true,  
 It's guid to support Caledonia's cause  
 And bide by the buff and the blue.  
 Here's a health to them that's awa,  
 Here's a health to them that's awa!  
 Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,  
 Altho' that his band be but sma'.  
 May Liberty meet wi' success!  
 May Prudence protect her frae evil!  
 May tyrants and tyranny tine i' the mist,  
 And wander their way to the devil!  
 Here's a health to them that's awa,  
 Here's a health to them that's awa!  
 Here's a health to Tammie, the Norlan' laddie,  
 That lives at the lug o' the law!  
 Here's freedom to them that wad read,  
 Here's freedom to them that would write!  
 There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard  
 But they whom the truth would indite.

Here 's a health to them that 's awa,  
 An' here 's to them that 's awa!  
 Here 's to Maitland and Wycombe; let wha does na like 'em  
 Be built in a hole in the wa'!  
 Here 's timmer that 's red at the heart,  
 Here 's fruit that is sound at the core,  
 And may he that wad turn the buff and blue coat  
 Be turn'd to the back o' the door!  
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa,  
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa!  
 Here 's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,  
 Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!  
 Here 's friends on baith sides o' the Firth,  
 And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed,  
 And wha wad betray old Albion's right,  
 May they never eat of her bread!

No. 285. *Wha in a brulzie.*

Tune: *The Killogie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 475.

*Moderate time*

CHORUS. Ban-nocks o' bear meal, Ban-nocks o' bar-ley;  
*Fine.*  
 Here's to the High-land-man's Ban-nocks o' bar-ley!  
 Wha in a brul-zie Will first cry a par-ley? Nev-er  
*D. C.*  
 the lads Wi' the ban-nocks o' bar-ley!

CHORUS. *Bannocks o' bear meal,  
 Bannocks o' barley;  
 Here's to the Highlandman's  
 Bannocks o' barley!*

Wha in a brulzie  
 Will first cry a parley?  
 Never the lads  
 Wi' the bannocks o' barley.

Wha, in his wae-days,  
 Were loyal to Charlie?  
 Wha but the lads  
 Wi' the bannocks o' barley.

No. 286. *The small birds rejoice.*Tune: *Captain O'Kane.* M<sup>o</sup>Glashan's *Reels*, 1786, p. 36.

*Slow*

The small birds re-joice in the green leaves re - turn-ing, The  
 mur-mur-ing stream-let winds clear thro' the vale, The prim-ro -  
 ses blow in the dews of the morn-ing, And wild scatter'd  
 cow - slips be - deck the green dale: But what can give plea -  
 sure, or what can seem fair, When the lin - ger - ing mo-ments are number'd  
 by care? No birds sweet - ly sing - ing, nor flow'rs gai - ly  
 spring-ing, Can soothe the sad bo - som of joy - less des - pair.

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,  
 The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale,  
 The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,  
 And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale:  
 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,  
 When the lingering moments are number'd by care?  
 No birds sweetly singing, nor flow'rs gaily springing,  
 Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,  
 A king and a father to place on his throne?  
 His right are these hills, and his right are those valleys,  
 Where the wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find none!

But 'tis not my suff'rings thus wretched, forlorn—  
 My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn!  
 Your faith prov'd so loyal in hot-bloody trial,  
 Alas! can I make it no better return?

No. 287. *My love was born in Aberdeen.*

Tune: *The White Cockade.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 272.

*Merrily*

My love was born in Ab - er - deen, The bon - iest lad  
 that e'er was seen; But now he makes our hearts fu'  
 sad,— He takes the field wi' his White Cock - ade.  
 CHORUS. O, he's a rant - ing, rov - ing lad! He is a brisk  
 an' a bon - ie lad! Be - tide what may, I will  
 be wed, And fol - low the boy wi' the White Cock - ade.

My love was born in Aberdeen,  
 The boniest lad that e'er was seen;  
 But now he makes our hearts fu' sad,—  
 He takes the field wi' his White Cockade.

CHORUS. *O, he's a ranting, roving lad!  
 He is a brisk an' a bonie lad!  
 Betide what may, I will be wed,  
 And follow the boy wi' the White Cockade.*

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,  
 My gude gray mare and hawkit cow,  
 To buy mysel a tartan plaid,  
 To follow the boy wi' the White Cockade.

No. 288. *The noble Maxwells and their powers.*Tune: *Nithsdale's welcome hame.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 364.

*Joyous*

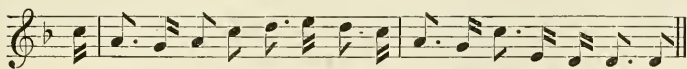
The no-ble Max-wells and their powers Are com-ing o'er the Bor-  
-der; And they'll gae big Ter-rea-gles' towers, And set them a' in or-der.  
And they de-clare Ter-rea-gle's fair, For their a-bode they choose  
it; There's no a heart in a' the land But's light-er at the news o't!

THE noble Maxwells and their powers  
Are coming o'er the Border;  
And they'll gae big Terreagles'  
towers,  
And set them a' in order.  
And they declare Terreagle's fair,  
For their abode they choose it;  
There's no a heart in a' the land  
But's lighter at the news o't!

Tho' stars in skies may disappear,  
And angry tempests gather,  
The happy hour may soon be near  
That brings us pleasant weather;  
The weary night o' care and grief  
May hae a joyfu' morrow;  
So dawning day has brought re-  
lief—  
Fareweel our night o' sorrow!

No. 289. *My Harry was a gallant gay.*Tune: *Highlander's lament.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 209.

My Har-ry was a gal-lant gay, Fu' state-lystrade he on the plain;  
But now he's ban-ish'd far a-way; I'll nev-er see him back a-gain.  
CHORUS.  
O, for him back a-gain! O for him back a-gain!



*I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land For Highland Har-ry back a - gain.*

MY Harry was a gallant gay,  
Fu' stately strade he on the plain;  
But now he's banish'd far away;  
I'll never see him back again.

When a' the lave gae to their  
bed,  
I wander dowie up the glen,  
I set me down and greet my fill,  
And ay I wish him back again.

CHORUS.

*O, for him back again!*

*O, for him back again!*

*I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land  
For Highland Harry back again.*

O, were some villains hangit high,  
And ilka body had their ain,  
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,  
My Highland Harry back again!

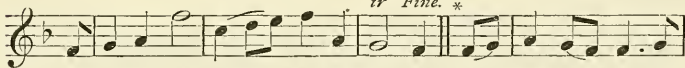
No. 290. *An somebody were come again.*

Tune: *Carl, an the king come.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 239.

*Slow*



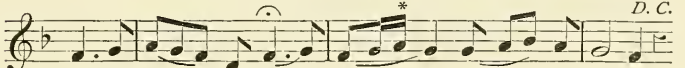
CHORUS. *Carl, an the king come, Carl, an the king come, Thou shalt dance,*



*and I will sing, Carl, an the king come! An some - bo - dy were*



*come a - gain, Then some-bo - dy maun cross the main, And eve - ry*



*man shall hae his ain, Carl, an the king come.*

CHORUS.

*Carl, an the king come,  
Carl, an the king come,  
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,  
Carl, an the king come!*

I trow we swappèd for the worse:  
We gae the boot and better horse,  
And that we'll tell them at the  
cross,  
Carl, an the king come.

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

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

The music between the asterisks is an 8ve higher in the original.

No. 291. *Sir John Cope trode the north right far.*Tune: *Johnie Cope.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 234.*In moderate time*

The musical score is written in a single system with six staves. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and so on. The score ends with a double bar line.

Sir John Cope trode the north right far, Yet ne'er a  
 re - bel he cam naur, Un - til he land - ed  
 at Dun - bar Right ear - ly in a morn - ing. *Hey!*  
*Johnie Cope, are ye wauk - ing yet? Or are ye*  
*sleep - ing I would wit; O, haste ye get up, for the*  
*drums do beat; O, fye! Cope, rise in the morn - ing.*

SIR John Cope trode the north right far,  
 Yet ne'er a rebel he cam naur,  
 Until he landed at Dunbar  
 Right early in a morning.

CHORUS. *Hey! Johnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?*  
*Or are ye sleeping I would wit;*  
*O, haste ye get up, for the drums do beat;*  
*O fye! Cope, rise in the morning.*

He wrote a challenge from Dunbar,  
 'Come fight me, Charlie, an ye daur,  
 If it be not by the chance of war  
 I'll give you a merry morning.'

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,  
 He drew his sword the scabbard from—  
 'So Heaven restore to me my own,  
 I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning.'



Cope swore, with many a bloody word,  
That he would fight them gun and sword,  
But he fled frae his nest like an ill-scar'd bird,  
And Johnie took wing in the morning.

It was upon an afternoon,  
Sir Johnie march'd to Preston town,  
He says, 'My lads come lean you down,  
And we'll fight the boys in the morning.'

But when he saw the Highland lads,  
Wi' tartan trews and white cockauds,  
Wi' swords, and guns, and rungs, and gauds—  
O Johnie, he took wing in the morning.

On the morrow when he did rise,  
He looked between him and the skies ;  
He saw them wi' their naked thighs,  
Which fear'd him in the morning.

O, then he flew into Dunbar,  
Crying for a man of war ;  
He thought to have passed for a rustic tar,  
And gotten awa in the morning.

Sir Johnie into Berwick rade,  
Just as the devil had been his guide ;  
Gien him the warld he would na stay'd  
To foughten the boys in the morning.

Says the Berwickers unto Sir John :—  
'O what's become of all your men ?'  
'In faith,' says he, 'I dinna ken—  
I left them a' this morning.'

Says Lord Mark Car—'Ye are na blate  
To bring us the news o' your ain defeat,  
I think you deserve the back o' the gate !  
Get out o' my sight this morning.'

No. 292. *Loud blow the frosty breezes.*

Tune: *Morag* (see No. 98).

<p>Loud blow the frosty breezes, The snaws the mountains cover ; Like winter on me seizes, Since my young Highland Rover Far wanders nations over. Where'er he go, where'er he stray, May Heaven be his warden ; Return him safe to fair Strathspey And bonie Castle-Gordon !</p>	<p>The trees, now naked groaning, Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging, The birdies, dowie moaning, Shall a' be blythely singing, And every flower be springing. Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day, When (by his mighty warden) My youth's returned to fair Strathspey And bonie Castle-Gordon.</p>
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No. 293. *My heart is wae, and unco wae.*Tune: *Mary's dream.* Perth Musical Miscellany, 1786, p. 96.

*Slow*

My heart is wae, and un - co wae, To think  
 up - on the rag - ing sea, That roars between her  
 gar - dens green An' the bon - ie Lass of Al - ban - ie.  
 This love - ly maid's of roy - al blood, That rul - èd Al -  
 - bion's king - doms three; But O' a - las! for her  
 bonie face! They've wrang'd the Lass of Al - ban - ie.

My heart is wae, and unco wae,  
 To think upon the raging sea,  
 That roars between her gardens  
 green  
 An' the bonie Lass of Albanie.

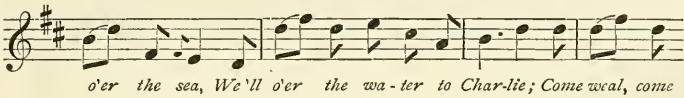
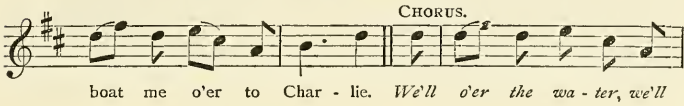
This lovely maid's of royal blood,  
 That rulèd Albion's kingdoms  
 three;  
 But O, alas! for her bonie face!  
 They've wrang'd the Lass of  
 Albanie.

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde,  
 There sits an isle of high degree,  
 And a town of fame, whose princely  
 name  
 Should grace the Lass of Albanie.

But there is a youth, a witless youth,  
 That fills the place where she  
 should be;  
 We'll send him o'er to his native  
 shore,  
 And bring our ain sweet Albanie.

Alas the day, and woe the day!  
 A false usurper wan the gree,  
 Who now commands the towers and  
 lands—  
 The royal right of Albanie.

We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray.  
 On bended knees most fervently,  
 The time may come, with pipe and  
 drum  
 We'll welcome home fair Albanie.

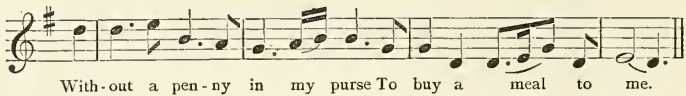
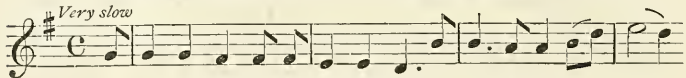
No. 294. *Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er.*Tune : *Over the water to Charlie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 187.*Brisk*

COME boat me o'er, come row me o'er,  
Come boat me o'er to Charlie;  
I'll gie John Ross another bawbee  
To boat me o'er to Charlie.

CHORUS. *We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,  
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;  
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,  
And live and die wi' Charlie.*

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,  
Tho' some there be abhor him;  
But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,  
And Charlie's faes before him!

I swear and vow by moon and stars  
And sun that shines so early,  
If I had twenty thousand lives,  
I'd die as aft for Charlie.

No. 295. *O, I am come to the low countrie.*Tune: *The Highland widow's lament.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 498.

O, I am come to the low countrie—  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!—

Without a penny in my purse  
To buy a meal to me.

It wasna sae in the Highland hills—  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!—

Nae woman in the country wide  
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye—  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!—

Feeding on yon hill sae high  
And giving milk to me.

And there I had threescore o' yowes—  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!—

Skipping on yon bonie knowes  
And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan—  
Sair, sair may I repine!—

For Donald was the brawest man,  
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stewart cam at last—  
Sae far to set us free;

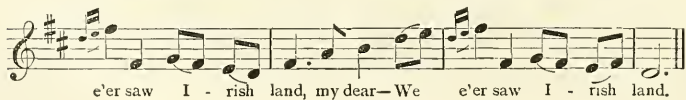
My Donald's arm was wanted then  
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell?

Right to the wrang did yield;  
My Donald and his country fell  
Upon Culloiden field.

Ochon! O Donald, O!

Ochon, ochon, ochrie!—  
Nae woman in the world wide  
Sae wretched now as me.

No. 296. *It was a' for our rightfu' king.*Tune: *Mally Stuart.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 497.

It was a' for our rightfu' king  
 We left fair Scotland's strand;  
 It was a' for our rightfu' king,  
 We e'er saw Irish land, my dear—  
 We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,  
 And a' is done in vain,  
 My Love and native land fareweel,  
 For I maun cross the main, my  
 dear—  
 For I maun cross the main.

[He turn'd him right and round  
 about  
 Upon the Irish shore,

And gae his bridle reins a shake,  
 With Adieu for evermore, my dear,  
 And adieu for evermore!]

The soger frae the wars returns,  
 The sailor frae the main,  
 But I hae parted frae my love  
 Never to meet again, my dear—  
 Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,  
 And a' folk bound to sleep,  
 I think on him that's far awa  
 The lee-lang night and weep, my  
 dear—  
 The lee-lang night and weep.

No. 297. *Thickest night, surround my dwelling.*

Tune: *Strathallan's lament.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 132.

*Slow*

Thick - est night, surround my dwell - ing! Howling tem - pests, o'er me  
 rave! Turbid torrents win - try swell - ing, Roaring by my lone - ly  
 cave! Crys - tal streamlets gen - tly flow - ing, Bu - sy haunts of base man -  
 - kind, Western breezes soft - ly blowing, Suit not my dis - tracted mind.

THICKEST night, surround my dwell -  
 ing!

Howling tempests, o'er me rave!  
 Turbid torrents wintry swelling,  
 Roaring by my lonely cave!  
 Crystal streamlets gently flowing,  
 Busy haunts of base mankind,  
 Western breezes softly blowing,  
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engagèd,  
 Wrongs injurious to redress,  
 Honour's war we strongly wagèd,  
 But the heavens deny'd suc -  
 cess.  
 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us;  
 Not a hope that dare attend,  
 The wide world is all before us,  
 But a world without a friend!

No. 298. *There grows a bonie brier-bush in our  
kail-yard.*

Tune : *The bonie brier-bush.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 492.

*Briskly*

There grows a bon - ie bri - er - bush in our kail - yard, There  
grows a bon - ie bri - er - bush in our kail - yard; And be -  
low the bon - ie bri - er - bush there's a las - sie and a lad, And  
they're bu - sy, bu - sy court - ing in our kail - yard.

THERE grows a bonie brier-bush in our kail-yard,  
There grows a bonie brier-bush in our kail-yard;  
And below the bonie brier-bush there's a lassie and a lad,  
And they're busy, busy courting in our kail-yard.

We'll court nae mair below the buss in our kail-yard,  
We'll court nae mair below the buss in our kail-yard;  
We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen,  
Where the trees and the branches will be our safe-guard.

'Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's ha' ?  
Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's ha' ?  
Where Sandy and Nancy I'm sure will ding them a' ?'  
'I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle ha.'

What will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa ?  
What will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa ?  
I will awa to Edinburgh, and win a penny fee,  
And see an onie bonie lad will fancy me.

He's comin frae the North that's to fancy me,  
He's comin frae the North that's to fancy me;  
A feather in his bonnet and a ribbon at his knee,  
He's a bonie, bonie laddie, and yon be he !

No. 299. *The lovely lass of Inverness.*Tune: *The lovely lass of Inverness.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 401.

*Slow*

The love - ly lass of In - ver - ness, Nae joy nor pleasure can  
she see; For e'en to morn she cries 'a - las!' And ay the  
saut tear blin's her e'e:—'Dru - moss - ie Moor, Dru - moss - ie  
day— A wae - fu' day it was to me! For there I lost my  
fa - ther dear, My fa - ther dear and breth - ren three.'

THE lovely lass of Inverness,  
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;  
 For e'en to morn she cries, 'alas!'  
 And ay the saut tear blin's her e'e:—  
 'Drumossie Moor, Drumossie day—  
 A wae'fu' day it was to me!  
 For there I lost my father dear,  
 My father dear and brethren three.

'Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,  
 Their graves are growin green to see,  
 And by them lies the dearest lad  
 That ever blest a woman's e'e.  
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,  
 A bluidy man I trow thou be,  
 For monie a heart thou hast made sair  
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.'

No. 300. *Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?*Tune: *An ye had been where I hae been.* Scots M. M. 1790, No. 292.

*Briskly*

'Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad? Whare hae ye been sae  
bran - kie, O? Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad? Cam ye  
CHORUS.  
by Kil - lie - cran - kie, O?' *An ye had been whare I hae  
been, Ye wad - na been sae can - tie, O; An ye had seen what  
I hae seen, I' the braes o' Kil - lie - cran - kie, O.*

WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad? 'I faught at land, I faught at  
Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O? sea,  
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad? At hame I faught my auntie, O;  
Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?' But I met the devil and Dundee,  
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.'

CHORUS.  
*An ye had been whare I hae been,*  
*Ye wadna been sae cantie, O;*  
*An ye had seen what I hae seen,*  
*I' the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.*

'The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,  
An' Clavers gat a clankie, O,  
Or I had fed an Athol gled,  
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.'

No. 301. *The bonniest lad that e'er I saw.*Tune: *The Highland laddie.* Caledonian Pocket Companion, 1743, i. No. 36.

*Brisk* *tr*

The bon-niest lad that e'er I saw—Bon-ie lad-die, Highland lad-die;  
Wore a plaid and was fu' braw—Bon - ie High-land lad - die!



On his head a bon-net blue— Bon-ie lad-die, Highland lad-die; His  
roy - al heart was firm and true— Bon - ie Highland lad - die!

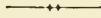
THE bonniest lad that e'er I saw—  
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie ;  
Wore a plaid and was fu' brow—  
Bonie Highland laddie !  
On his head a bonnet blue—  
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie ;  
His royal heart was firm and true—  
Bonie Highland laddie !

'Trumpets sound and cannons roar,  
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie—  
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,  
Bonie Lawland lassie !

Glory, honor, now invite—  
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie ;  
For freedom and my King to fight,  
Bonie Lawland lassie !'

'Thesun a backward course shall take,  
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie ;  
Ere ought thy manly courage shake ;  
Bonie Highland laddie !

Go, for yoursel' procure renown,  
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,  
And for your lawful king his crown,  
Bonie Highland laddie !'



No. 302. *By yon Castle wa' at the close of the day.*

Tune : *There are few good fellows when Jamie's awa.* Scots M.M. 1792, No. 315.

*With pathos*

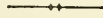
By yon cas-tle wa' at the close of the day,  
I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey,  
And as he was sing - ing, the tears doon came,  
'There'll nev - er be peace till Ja - mie comes hame.'

By yon castle wa' at the close of the day,  
I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey,  
And as he was singing, the tears doon came,  
'There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.'

The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars;  
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars,  
 We darena weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame—  
 'There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.'

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,  
 But now I greet round their green beds in the yerd;  
 It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—  
 'There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.'

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



No. 303. *I hae been at Crookieden.*

Tune: *The old highland laddie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 332.

*Lively*

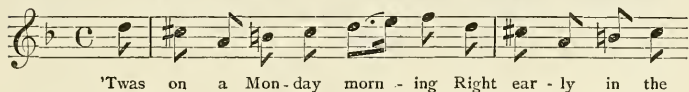
I hae been at Crookieden— My bonnie lad - die,  
 die, Highland lad - die, View - ing Wil - lie and  
 his men— My bonnie lad - die, Highland lad - die!  
 There our foes that burnt and slew— My bonnie lad - die,  
 Highland lad - die, There at last they gat their  
 due— My bonnie lad - die, Highland lad - die.

I HAE been at Crookieden—  
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Viewing Willie and his men—  
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie!  
 There our foes that burnt and slew—  
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 There at last they gat their due—  
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.

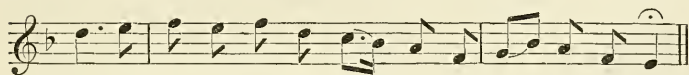
Satan sits in his black neuk—  
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Breaking sticks to roast the Duke—  
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.  
 The bloody monster gae a yell—  
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 And loud the laughgae rounda'hell—  
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.

No. 304. 'Twas on a Monday morning.

Tune: *Charlie, he's my darling.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 428.



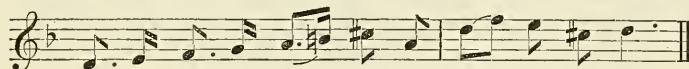
'Twas on a Mon-day morn-ing Right ear-ly in the



year, That Char-lie came to our town—The young Che-va-lier!



CHORUS. *An' Char-lie, he's my dar-ling, my dar-ling, my dar-ling,*



*Char-lie, he's my dar-ling—the young Che-va-lier!*

'Twas on a Monday morning  
 Right early in the year,  
 That Charlie came to our town—  
 The young Chevalier!

CHORUS.

*An' Charlie, he's my darling,  
 My darling, my darling,  
 Charlie, he's my darling—  
 The young Chevalier!*

As he was walking up the street  
 The city for to view,  
 O, there he spied a bonie lass  
 The window looking thro',

Sae light's he jumpèd up the stair,  
 And tirl'd at the pin;  
 And wha sae ready as hersel'  
 To let the laddie in!

He set his Jenny on his knee,  
 All in his highland dress;  
 For brawly weel he ken'd the  
 way,  
 To please a bonie lass.

It's up yon heathery mountain  
 An' down yon scroggy glen,  
 We daurna gang a milking,  
 For Charlie and his men!

No. 305. *Frae the friends and land I love.*Tune: *Carron side.* *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1756, viii. p. 10.

*Plaintive*

Frae the friends and land I love Driv'n by For-tune's  
fel - ly spite, Frae my best be - lov'd I rove, Nev -  
er mair to taste de - light: Nev - er mair maun  
hope to find Ease frae toil, re - lief  
frae care; When re - mem - brance wracks the  
mind, Plea - sures but un - veil des - pair.

FRAE the friends and land I love  
Driv'n by Fortune's felly spite,  
Frae my best beloved I rove,  
Never mair to taste delight;  
Never mair maun hope to find  
Ease frae toil, relief frae care:  
When remembrance wracks the mind,  
Pleasures but unveil despair.

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

No. 306. *As I came o'er the Cairney mount.*Tune: *The Highland lassie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 467.

*Brisk*

As I came o'er the Cair - ney mount, And down a -  
 - mang the bloom - ing hea - ther, Kind - ly stood the milk - ing - shiel To  
 CHORUS.  
 shel - ter frae the storm - y wea - ther. O, my bon - ie High -  
 - land lad, My win - some, weel - far' d High - land lad - die! Wha wad  
 mind the wind and rain Sae weel row'd in his tar - lan plaid - ie!

As I came o'er the Cairney mount,  
 And down among the blooming heather,  
 Kindly stood the milking-shiel  
 To shelter frae the stormy weather.

CHORUS. O, my bonie Highland lad,  
 My winsome, weel-far'd Highland laddie!  
 Wha wad mind the wind and rain  
 Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie!

Now Phœbus blinkit on the bent,  
 And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleating;  
 But he wan my heart's consent  
 To be his ain at the neist meeting.

