

IX. MISCELLANEOUS

No. 307. *The sun he is sunk in the west.*Tune : *Go from my window, love, do.* Scots Mus. Museum, 1803, No. 581.

The sun he is sunk in the west, All crea-tures re -
 - ti - rèd to rest, While here I sit, all sore be - set With
 sor - row, grief, and woe; And its O fic - kle For - tune, O!

THE sun he is sunk in the west,
 All creatures retirèd to rest,
 While here I sit, all sore beset
 With sorrow, grief, and woe;
 And it's O fickle Fortune, O!

The prosperous man is asleep,
 Nor hears how the whirlwinds
 sweep;
 But misery and I must watch
 The surly tempest blow:
 And it's O fickle Fortune, O!

There lies the dear [partner] of my
 breast;
 Her cares for a moment at rest;
 Must I see thee, my youthful pride,
 Thus brought so very low?—
 And it's O fickle Fortune, O!

There lie my sweet [babies] in her
 arms; [alarms;
 No anxious fear their [little] hearts
 But for their sake, my heart does ache,
 With many a bitter throe;
 And it's O fickle Fortune, O!

I once was by Fortune carest:
 I once could relieve the distrest;
 Now life's poor [pittance] hardly
 earn'd,
 My fate will scarce bestow;
 And it's O fickle Fortune, O!

No comfort, no comfort I have!
 How welcome to me were the grave!
 But then my wife and children dear—
 O, whither would they go?
 And it's O fickle Fortune, O!

O whither, O [whither] shall I turn
 All friendless, forsaken, forlorn?
 For in this world Rest or Peace
 I never more shall know!
 And it's O fickle Fortune, O!

No. 308. *There was a lad was born in Kyle.*Tune: *Dainty Davie*. McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1746, p. 32.*Brisk*CHORUS. *Ro - bin was a ro - vin boy, Ran - tin, ro - vin,**ran - tin, ro - vin, Ro - bin was a ro - vin boy, Ran - tin,**ro - vin Ro - bin!* There was a lad was born in Kyle,

But what - na day o' what - na style, I doubt it's hard - ly



worth the while To be sae nice wi' Ro - bin.

CHORUS. *Robin was a rovin boy,
Rantin, rovin, rantin, rovin,
Robin was a rovin boy,
Rantin, rovin Robin!*

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day o' whatna style,
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but
ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hanel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo'scho 'wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof;
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

'He'll hae misfortunes great an'sma',
But ay a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a';
W'll a' be proud o' Robin.

'But sure as three times three mak
nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin.'

Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you, sir,
Ye gar the lasses lie aspar,
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur, —
So blessins on thee, Robin!

No. 309. *Is there for honest poverty?*Tune: *For a' that.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 290.

Boldly

Is there for hon-est pov-er-ty That hings his head, an' a' that?
 The cow-ard slave, we pass him by— We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that, Our toils ob-scure, an' a' that, The
 rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.

Is there for honest poverty
 That hings his head, an' a' that?
 The coward slave, we pass him by—
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Our toils obscure, an' a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden grey, an' a' that?
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
 A man's a man for a' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their tinsel show, an' a' that,
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, an' a' that;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 His ribband, star, an' a' that,
 The man o' independent mind,
 He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that,
 But an honest man's aboon his might—
 Gude faith, he mauna fa' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their dignities, an' a' that,
 The pith o' sense an' pride o' worth
 Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
 As come it will, for a' that—
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth
 Shall bear the gree, an' a' that;
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 It's comin yet for a' that,
 That man to man the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

No. 310. *I dream'd I lay where flowers were
 springing.*

Tune : *I dream'd I lay.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 146.

The musical score is written in a single system with five staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The score ends with a double bar line.

I dream'd I lay where flowers were spring-ing Gai-ly in the
 sun - ny beam; List'ning to the wild birds sing-ing, By a
 fall - ing crys - tal stream: Straight the sky grew black and
 dar - ing; Thro' the woods the whirl - winds rave; Trees with
 ag - èd arms were war - ring O'er the swell - ing, drum - lie wave.

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing
 Gaily in the sunny beam;
 List'ning to the wild birds singing,
 By a falling crystal stream:

Straight the sky grew black and daring ;
 Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave ;
 Trees with agèd arms were warring
 O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
 Such the pleasures I enjoyed ;
 But lang or noon loud tempests, storming,
 A' my flowery bliss destroy'd,
 Tho' fickle Fortune has deceived me—
 She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill ;
 Of mory a joy and hope bereav'd me—
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

No. 311. *Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong.*

Tune : *McPherson's rant.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 114.

Boldly

Fare - well, ye dun - geons dark and strong, The wretch's des -
 - tin - ie! Mc - Pher - son's time will not be long On
 CHORUS.
 yon - der gal - lows tree. Sae rant - ing - ly, sae
 wan - ton - ly, Sae daunt - ing - ly gaed he, He play'd a spring,
 and danc'd it round Be - low the gal - lows tree.

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
 The wretch's destinie !
 McPherson's time will not be long
 On yonder gallows-tree.

CHORUS. *Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round
Below the gallows tree.*

O, what is death but parting breath!
On many a bloody plain
I've dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword,
And there's no a man in all Scotland
But I'll brave him at a word.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avengèd be.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dare not die!



No. 312. *O, raging Fortune's withering blast.*

(Tune unknown.)

O, RAGING Fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low,
O, raging Fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low.

My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow;
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow.

But luckless Fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low!—
But luckless Fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low!

No. 313. *The gloomy night is gath'ring fast.*Tune: *Roslin Castle*. Bremner's *Scots Songs* (2nd set), 1757, p. 27.

Slow

The gloo - my night is gath - 'ring fast, Loud
 roars the wild, in - con - stant blast; Yon mur -
 - ky cloud is foul with rain, I see it
 driv - ing o'er the plain; The hun - ter now has
 left the moor, The scat - ter'd co - veys meet
 se - - cure; While here I wan - der, prest with
 care, A - long the lone - ly banks of Ayr.

The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
 Loud roars the wild, inconstant
 blast;
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain;
 The hunter now has left the moor,
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure;
 While here I wander, prest with
 care,
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

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

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

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

No. 314. *Raving winds around her blowing.*

Tune : *McGrigor of Rora's lament.* Macdonald's *Highland Airs*, 1784, p. 13.

Very slow *tr*

Rav - ing winds a - round her blow - ing, Yel - low leaves
tr
the wood - lands strow - ing, By a riv - er
hoarse - ly roar - ing, Is - a - bel - la stray'd de - plor - ing.

RAVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring :—

'Farewell, hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure !
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow—
Cheerless night that knows no morrow !

'O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering,
Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell Despair my fancy seizes.

'Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to Misery most distressing,
Gladly how would I resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee !'

No. 315. *What will I do gin my hoggie die?*Tune: *What will I do, &c.* McGlashan's *Scots Measures*, 1781, p. 11.

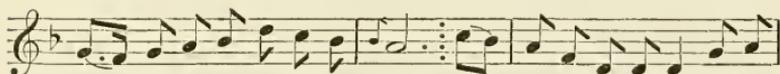
What will I do gin my hog-gie die? My joy, my pride, my
 hog-gie! My on-ly beast, I had nae mae, And vow but
 I was vo-gie! *tr* The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
 Me and my faith-fu' dog-gie; We heard nocht
 but the roar-ing linn A-mang the braes sae scrog-gie.

WHAT will I do gin my hoggie die?
 My joy, my pride, my hoggie!
 My only beast, I had nae mae,
 And vow but I was vogie!
 The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
 Me and my faithfu' doggie;
 We heard nocht but the roaring linn
 Amang the braes sae scroggie;

But the houlet cried frae the castle wa',
 The blitter frae the boggie,
 The tod reply'd upon the hill;
 I trembled for my hoggie.
 When day did daw, and cocks did crawl,
 The morning it was foggie,
 An unco tyke lap o'er the dike,
 And maist has kill'd my hoggie!

No. 316. *It was in sweet Senegal.*Tune: *The slave's lament.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 384.

It was in sweet Sen - e - gal that my foes did me en - thral For the



lands of Vir - gin - ia, - gin - ia, O : Torn from that lovely shore, And must



nev - er see it more, And a - las! I am wea - ry, wea - ry, O.

It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthrall

For the lands of Virginia, -ginia, O :

Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more, } *bis*
And alas! I am weary, weary, O.

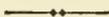
All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,

Like the lands of Virginia, -ginia, O :

There streams for ever flow, and the flowers for ever blow, } *bis*
And alas! I am weary, weary, O.

The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,

In the lands of Virginia, -ginia, O ;

And I think on friends most dear with the bitter, bitter tear, } *bis*
And alas! I am weary, weary, O.No. 317. *One night as I did wander.*Tune: *John Anderson my jo* (see No. 212).

ONE night as I did wander,
 When corn begins to shoot,
 I sat me down to ponder
 Upon an auld tree root:
 Auld Ayr ran by before me,
 And bicker'd to the seas;
 A cushat crooded o'er me,
 That echo'd through the trees.

* * * * *

No. 318. *The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill.*

Tune: *The lazy mist.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 232.

Slow

The la - zy mist hangs from the brow of the hill, Con -
 - ceal - ing the course of the dark wind - ing rill; How lan - guid
 the scenes, late so spright - ly, ap - pear, As Au - tumn to Win -
 - ter re - signs the pale year! The for - ests are leaf - less, the
 mea - dows are brown, And all the gay fop - pery of Sum -
 - mer is flown. A - part let me wan - der, a - part let me
 muse, How quick Time is fly - ing, how keen Fate pur - sues!

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
 Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
 How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
 As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year!
 The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
 And all the gay foppery of Summer is flown.
 Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
 How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues!

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

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

No. 319. *Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose?*

Tune: *Sir John Malcolm.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 455.

Slow



Ken ye ought o' Cap-tain Grose? *I - go and a - go,* If



he's a - mong his friends or foes? *I - ram, co - ram, da - go.*



Is he south, or is he north? *I - go and a - go,* Or



drown - èd in the ri - ver Forth? *I - ram, co - ram, da - go.*

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose? *Igo and ago,*
 If he's among his friends or foes? *Iram, coram, dago.*
 Is he south, or is he north? *Igo and ago,*
 Or drownèd in the river Forth? *Iram, coram, dago.*

Is he slain by Hielan' bodies? *Igo and ago,*
 And eaten like a wether haggis? *Iram, coram, dago.*
 Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane? *Igo and ago,*
 Or haudin Sarah by the wame? *Iram, coram, dago.*

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him! *Igo and ago,*
 As for the deil, he daurna steer him! *Iram, coram, dago.*
 But please transmit th' enclosed letter, *Igo and ago,*
 Which will oblige your humble debtor, *Iram, coram, dago.*

So may ye hae auld stanes in store, *Igo and ago,*
 The very stanes that Adam bore, *Iram, coram, dago.*
 So may ye get in glad possession, *Igo and ago,*
 The coins o' Satan's coronation! *Iram, coram, dago.*

No. 320. *O, leeze me on my spinnin-wheel.*Tune: *Sweet's the lass that loves me.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 360.

O, leeze me on my spin - nin - wheel, And leeze me
on my rock and reel, Frae tap to tae that cleeds me
bien, And haps me fiel and warm at e'en! I'll
set me down, and sing and spin, While laigh de -
scends the sim - mer sun, Blest wi' con - tent, and milk
and meal— O, leeze me on my spin - nin - wheel!

O, LEEZE me on my spinnin-wheel,
And leeze me on my rock and reel,
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
I'll set me down, and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
O, leeze me on my spinnin-wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot.
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdies' nest
And little fishes' caller rest:
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where blythe I turn my spinnin wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
 And Echo cons the doolfu' tale.
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
 Delighted, rival ither's lays;
 The craik among the claver hay,
 The pairrick whirrin o'er the ley,
 The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
 Amuse me at my spiinnin-wheel.
 Wi' sma' to sell and less to buy,
 Aboon distress, below envÿ,
 O, wha wad leave this humble state
 For a' the pride of a' the great?
 Amid their flaring, idle toys,
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessie at her spinnin-wheel?

No. 321. *Cauld blows the wind frae east to west.*

Tune: *Up in the morning early.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 140.

Slowly

Cauld blows the wind frae east to west, The drift
 is driv - ing sair - ly, Sae loud and shill's I hear the
 blast—I'm sure it's win - ter fair - ly. **CHORUS.** *Up in the*
morning's no for me, Up in the morn - ing ear - ly! When a'
the hills are cov - er'd wi' snaw, I'm sure it's win - ter fair - ly!

CAULD blows the wind frae east to west,
 The drift is driving sairly,
 Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast—
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

CHORUS. *Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early!
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly!*

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn—
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

No. 322. *No cold approach, no alter'd mien.*

Air: *Ianthy the lovely.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 340.

Slow

No cold ap - proach, no al - ter'd mien, Just what
would make sus - pi - cion start, No pause the dire
ex - tremes be - tween: He made me blest—and broke
my heart. From hope, the wretch's an - chor, torn, Ne-
- glect - ed and neglect - ing all; Friend - less, for -
- sak - en and for - lorn, The tears I shed
must ev - er fall, must ev - er fall.

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
Just what would make suspicion start,
No pause the dire extremes between:
He made me blest—and broke my heart.
[From hope, the wretch's anchor, torn,
Neglected and neglecting all;
Friendless, forsaken and forlorn,
The tears I shed must ever fall.]

No. 323. *My father was a farmer.*Tune: *The Weaver and his shuttle* (see No. 67).

My father was a farmer
 Upon the Carrick border, O,
 And carefully he bred me
 In decency and order, O ;
 He bade me act a manly part,
 Tho' I had ne'er a farthing, O,
 For without an honest, manly heart,
 No man was worth regarding, O.

Then out into the world
 My course I did determine, O ;
 Tho' to be rich was not my wish,
 Yet to be great was charming, O :
 My talents they were not the worst,
 Nor yet my education, O ;
 Resolved was I at least to try
 To mend my situation, O.

In many a way, and vain essay
 I courted Fortune's favour, O ;
 Some cause unseen still stept be-
 tween
 To frustrate each endeavour, O :
 Sometimes by foes I was o'er-
 power'd,
 Sometimes by friends forsaken, O,
 And when my hope was at the top,
 I still was worst mistaken, O.

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last
 With Fortune's vain delusion, O,
 I dropt my schemes like idle dreams,
 And came to this conclusion, O :—
 The past was bad, and the future
 hid ;
 It's good or ill untrièd, O ;
 But the present hour was in my
 power,
 And so I would enjoy it, O.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I,
 Nor person to befriend me, O ;
 So I must toil, and sweat, and broil,
 And labour to sustain me, O :

To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
 My father bred me early, O ;
 For one, he said, to labour bred,
 Was a match for Fortune fairly, O.

Thus all obscure, unknown, and
 poor,
 Thro' life I'm doom'd to wander, O,
 Till down my weary bones I lay
 In everlasting slumber, O ;
 No view nor care, but shun whate'er
 Might breed me pain or sorrow, O ;
 I live to-day as well's I may,
 Regardless of to-morrow, O.

But, cheerful still, I an as well
 As a monarch in a palace, O,
 Tho' Fortune's frown still hunts me
 down,
 With all her wonted malice, O :
 I make indeed my daily bread,
 But ne'er can make it farther, O ;
 But, as daily bread is all I need,
 I do not much regard her, O.

When sometimes by my labour
 I earn a little money, O,
 Some unforeseen misfortune
 Comes gen'rally upon me, O :
 Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,
 Or my good-natur'd folly, O ;
 But, come what will, I've sworn it
 still,
 I'll ne'er be melancholy, O.

All you who follow wealth and power
 With unremitting ardour, O,
 The more in this you look for
 bliss,
 You leave your view the farther, O.
 Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,
 Or nations to adore you, O,
 A cheerful, honest-hearted clown
 I will prefer before you, O !

No. 324. *When chill November's surly blast.*Tune: *Peggy Bawn*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 509.*Slow*

When chill No - vem-ber's sur - ly blast Made fields and for-ests bare,



One ev'n - ing, as I wan-der'd forth, A - long the banks of Ayr,



I spy'd a man whose a - gèd step Seem'd wea - ry, worn with care;



His face was fur-row'd o'er with years, And ho - ry was his hair.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth,
 Along the banks of Ayr,
 I spy'd a man whose agèd step
 Seem'd weary, worn with care;
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

'Young stranger, whither wand'rest
 thou?'

Began the reverend Sage;

'Does thirst of wealth thy step con-
 strain,

Or youthful pleasures rage?

Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
 Too soon thou hast began
 To wander forth, with me to mourn
 The miseries of man.

'The sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Outspreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labour to sup-
 port

A haughty lordling's pride:—

I've seen yon weary winter-sun
 Twice forty times return;
 And ev'ry time has added proofs,
 That man was made to mourn.

'O man! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time!

Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious, youthful prime!

Alternate follies take the sway;

Licentious passions burn;

Which tenfold force gives nature's
 law,

That man was made to mourn.

'Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or manhood's active might;

Man then is useful to his kind,

Supported is his right:

But see him on the edge of life,

With cares and sorrows worn;

Then age and want—O ill-matched
 pair!—

Show man was made to mourn.

'A few seem favourites of fate,
 In pleasure's lap carest ;
 Yet think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest ;
 But oh ! what crowds in every
 land

All wretched and forlorn,
 Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
 That man was made to mourn.

'Many and sharp the num'rous ills
 Inwoven with our frame !
 More pointed still we make ourselves
 Regret, remorse, and shame !
 And man, whose heav'n-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,—
 Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn !

'See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil ;
 And see his lordly fellow-worm
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

'If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—
 By Nature's law design'd—
 Why was an independent wish
 E'er planted in my mind ?
 If not, why am I subject to
 His cruelty, or scorn ?
 Or why has man the will and pow'r
 To make his fellow mourn ?

'Yet, let not this too much, my son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast ;
 This partial view of humankind
 Is surely not the *last* !
 The poor, oppressèd, honest man
 Had never, sure, been born,
 Had there not been some recompense
 To comfort those that mourn.

'O death ! the poor man's dearest
 friend,
 The kindest and the best !
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest !
 The great, the wealthy fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn ;
 But oh ! a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn !'

No. 325. *The wintry west extends his blast.*

Tune: *M^oPherson's rant* (see No. 311).

THE wintry west extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blaw ;
 Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
 The blinding sleet and snaw :
 While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
 And roars frae bank to brae ;
 And bird and beast in covert rest,
 And pass the weary day.

'The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,'
 The joyless winter day
 Let others fear, to me more dear
 Than all the pride of May :
 The tempest's howl it soothes my soul,
 My griefs it seems to join ;
 The leafless trees my fancy please,
 Their fate resembles mine.

Thou Power Supreme whose mighty scheme
 These woes of mine fulfil,
 Here firm I rest, they must be best,
 Because they are *Thy* will !
 Then all I want—O do Thou grant
 This one request of mine !—
 Since to *enjoy* Thou dost deny,
 Assist me to *resign*.

No. 326. *But lately seen in gladsome green.*

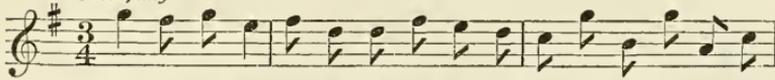
Tune : *East Indian air.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 486.

Slow

But late - ly seen in gladsome green, The woods re - joic'd the
 day; Thro' gen - tle show'rs the laughing flow'rs In dou - ble pride were
 gay: But now our joys are fled On win - ter blasts a - wa, Yet
 mai - den May in rich ar - ray A - gain shall bring them a'.

But lately seen in gladsome green,
 The woods rejoic'd the day;
 Thro' gentle show'rs the laughing flow'rs
 In double pride were gay:
 But now our joys are fled
 On winter blasts awa,
 Yet maiden May in rich array
 Again shall bring them a'.

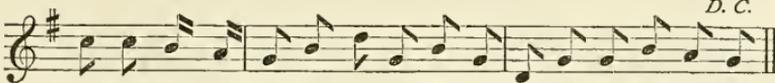
But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
 Shall melt the snaws of age;
 My trunk of eild, but buss and bield,
 Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
 O, age has weary days
 And nights o' sleepless pain!
 Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
 Why comes thou not again?

No. 327. *Wee Willie Gray.*Tune: *Wee Totum Fogg.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 514.*Cheerfully*

Wee Wil- lie Gray and his lea-ther wal- let, Peel a wil- low wand to



be him boots and jack-et: The rose up - on the brier will be him trowse



and dou-blet, The rose up - on the brier will be him trowse and dou-blet!

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

Wee Willie Gray and his leather wallet,
 Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat;
 Feathers of a flie wad feather up his bonnet—
 Feathers of a flie wad feather up his bonnet!

No. 328. *He clenched his pamphlets in his fist.*Tune: *Killiecrankie* (see No. 256).

LORD ADVOCATE.

HE clenched his pamphlets in his fist,
 He quoted and he hinted,
 Till in a declamation-mist
 His argument, he tint it;
 He gapèd for't, he grapèd for't,
 He fand it was awa, man;
 But what his commonsense came short,
 He ekèd out wi' law, man.

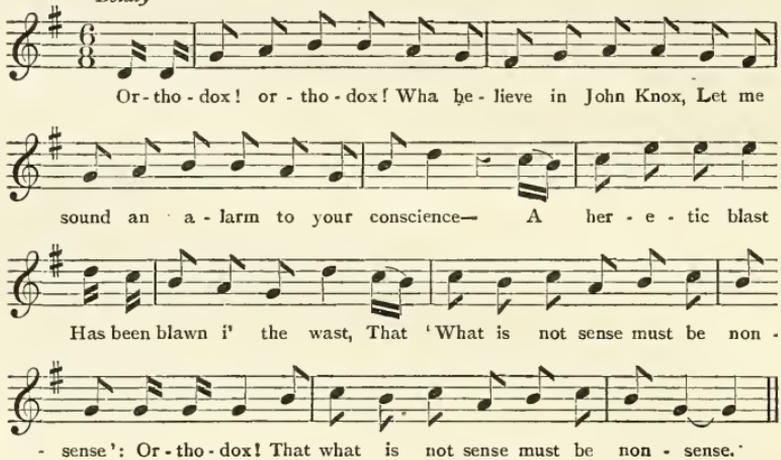
MR. ERSKINE.

Collected, Harry stood awce,
 Then open'd out his arm, man;
 His lordship sat, wi' ruefu' e'e,
 And ey'd the gath'ring storm, man:
 Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail,
 Or torrents owre a linn, man;
 The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes,
 Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

No. 329. *Orthodox! orthodox! wha believe in
John Knox.*

Tune: *Come, let us prepare.* Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, 1730, iii. p. 72.

Boldly



Or-tho-dox! or - tho-dox! Wha be-lieve in John Knox, Let me
sound an a-larm to your conscience— A her-e-tic blast
Has been blawn i' the wast, That 'What is not sense must be non-
- sense': Or-tho-dox! That what is not sense must be non-sense.'

ORTHODOX! orthodox!
Wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience—
A heretic blast
Has been blawn i' the wast,
That 'What is not sense must be nonsense':
Orthodox! That what is not sense must be nonsense.

Doctor Mac! Doctor Mac!
You should streek on a rack,
To strike evil-doers wi' terror;
To join Faith and Sense,
Upon ony pretence,
Was heretic, damnable error,
Doctor Mac—was heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr,
It was mad, I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing;
Provost John is still deaf,
To the Church's relief,
And Orator Bob is its ruin—
Town of Ayr! And Orator Bob is its ruin.

D'rymple mild, D'rymple mild,
 Tho' your heart's like a child,
 And your life like the new-driven snaw;
 Yet that winna save ye,
 Auld Satan must have ye
 For preaching that three's ane and twa—
 D'rymple mild! For preaching that three's ane and twa.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons,
 Scour your spiritual guns,
 Ammunition you never can need;
 Your hearts are the stuff
 Will be powther enough,
 And your skulls are a storehouse o' lead—
 Calvin's sons! And your skulls are a storehouse o' lead.

Rumble John! Rumble John!
 Mount the steps with a groan,
 Cry:—'The book is wi' heresy cramm'd';
 Then out wi' your ladle,
 Deal brimstone like adle,
 And roar ev'ry note o' the damn'd—
 Rumble John! And roar ev'ry note o' the damn'd.

Simper James! Simper James,
 Leave the fair Killie dames,
 There's a holier chase in your view;
 I'll lay on your head
 That the pack ye'll soon lead,
 For puppies like you there's but few—
 Simper James! For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawnie! Singet Sawnie,
 Are ye huirding the penny,
 Unconscious what evils await?
 Wi' a jump, yell, and howl,
 Alarm ev'ry soul,
 For the foul thief is just at your gates,
 Singet Sawnie! For the foul thief is just at your gates.

Poet Willie! Poet Willie,
 Gie the Doctor a volley,
 Wi' your 'Liberty's chain' and your wit;
 O'er Pegasus' side
 Ye ne'er laid a stride,
 Ye but smelt, man, the place where he —
 Poet Willie! Ye but smelt, man, the place where he —

Barr Steenie! Barr Steenie,
 What mean ye, what mean ye?
 If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
 Ye may hae some pretence,
 To havins and sense,
 Wi' people wha ken ye nae better—
 Barr Steenie! Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Jamie Goose! Jamie Goose,
 Ye hae made but toom roose,
 In hunting the wicked Lieutenant;
 But the Doctor's your mark,
 For the Lord's haly ark
 He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrang pin in't,—
 Jamie Goose! He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrang pin in't.

Davie Bluster! Davie Bluster,
 For a saint if ye muster,
 The corps is no nice o' recruits;
 Yet to worth let's be just,
 Royal blood ye might boast,
 If the Ass were the king o' the brutes,—
 Davie Bluster! If the Ass were the king o' the brutes.

Cessnock side! Cessnock side,
 Wi' your turkey-cock pride,
 Of manhood but sma' is your share;
 Ye've the figure, 'tis true,
 Even your faes will allow,
 And your friends daurna say ye hae mair—
 Cessnock side! And your friends daurna say ye hae mair.

Muirland Jock! Muirland Jock,
 Whom the Lord gave a stock
 Wad set up a tinkler in brass,
 If ill manners were wit,
 There's no mortal so fit
 To prove the poor Doctor an ass—
 Muirland Jock! To prove the poor Doctor an ass.

Andro Gouk! Andro Gouk,
 Ye may slander the Book,
 And the Book not the waur, let me tell ye;
 Tho' ye're rich, and look big,
 Yet, lay by hat and wig,
 And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value—
 Andro Gouk! And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.

Daddy Auld! Daddy Auld,
 There's a tod in the fauld,
 A tod meikle waur than the clerk;
 Though ye do little skaith,
 Ye'll be in at the death,
 And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark,
 Daddy Auld! And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark.

Holy Will, Holy Will,
 There was wit in your skull
 When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
 The timmer is scant,
 When ye're taen for a saunt,
 Wha should swing in a rape for an hour—
 Holy Will! Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

Poet Burns! Poet Burns,
 Wi' your priest-skelping turns,
 Why desert ye your auld native shire?
 Your Muse is a gipsy—
 E'en tho' she were tipsy,
 She could ca' us nae waur than we are,—
 Poet Burns! Ye could ca' us nae waur than we are.

PRESENTATION VERSES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Factor John! Factor John,
 Whom the Lord made alone,
 And ne'er made anither, thy peer,
 Thy poor servant, the Bard,
 In respectful regard,
 He presents thee this token sincere,
 Factor John! He presents thee this token sincere.

Afton's Laird! Afton's Laird,
 When your pen can be spar'd,
 A copy of this I bequeath,
 On the same sicker score
 As I mention'd before,
 To that trusty auld worthy, Clackleith,
 Afton's Laird! To that trusty auld worthy, Clackleith.

No. 330. *Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare.*

Tune: *Chevy Chase* (see No. 267 or 274).

PEG Nicholson was a good bay mare
 As ever trod on airn;
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 And past the mouth o' Cairn.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 An' rode thro' thick an' thin ;
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 And wanting even the skin.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 And ance she bore a priest ;
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 For Solway fish a feast.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 An' the priest he rode her sair ;
 And much oppress'd, and bruis'd she was,
 As priest-rid cattle are !

No. 331. *There livèd a carl in Kellyburn braes.*

Tune : *Kellyburn braes.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 379.

Briskly



There liv - èd a carl in Kel - ly - burn braes, (Hey and the



rue grows bon - ie wi' thyme), And he had a wife was the plague o'



his days (And the thyme it is with-er'd, and rue is in prime).

THERE livèd a carl in Kellyburn braes,
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 And he had a wife was the plague o' his days
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang glen,
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 He met wi' the devil, says :—'How do you fen ?'
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

'I've got a bad wife, sir : that's a' my complaint
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint'
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

'It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have'
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

'Oh! welcome, most kindly,' the blythe carl said
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 'But if ye can match her,—ye're waur than ye're ca'd'
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

The devil has got the auld wife on his back
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 And, like a poor pedlar, he's carried his pack
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 Syne bade her gae in for a bitch and a whore
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 Turn out on her guard in the clap o' a hand
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme):
 Whae'er she gat hands on cam near her nae mair
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

A reekit wee deevil looks over the wa'
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme):
 'O, help, master, help! or she'll ruin us a!'
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 He pitied the man that was tied to a wife
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme).
 He was not in wedlock, thank Heaven, but in hell
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 And to her auld husband he's carried her back
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

'I hae been a devil the feck o' my life
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

No. 332. *There was three kings into the east.*Tune : *Lull me beyond thee.* Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1670, p. 148.

Smoothly

There was three kings in - to the east, Three kings both great
and high; And they hae sworn a so - lemn oath John
Bar - ley - corn should die. They took a plough and plough'd
him down, Put clods up - on his head; And they hae
sworn a so - lemn oath John Bar - ley - corn was dead.

THERE was three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him
down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful Spring came kindly
And show'rs began to fall; [on,
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong;
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed
spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping
head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've taen a weapon long and
sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They fillèd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim ;
They heaved in John Barleycorn,—
There, let him sink or swim !

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe ;
And still, as signs of life appear'd
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones ;
But a miller used him worst of all,
For he crush'd him 'tween two
stones.

And they hae taen his very heart's
blood,
And drank it round and round,

And still the more and more they
drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise ;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.
'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
'Twill heighten all his joy :
'Twill make the widow's heart to
sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

No. 333. *When Januar' wind was blawin cauld.*

Tune: *The lass that made the bed to me.* Scots Musical Mus. 1796, No. 448.

When Jan - uar' wind was blaw - in cauld, As to the
north I took my way, The mirk - some night did
me en - fauld, I knew na where to lodge till day.

WHEN Januar' wind was blawin cauld,
As to the north I took my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
I knew na where to lodge till day.

By my gude luck a maid I met
Just in the middle o' my care ;
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thank'd her for her courtesie ;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
An' bade her mak a bed to me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,
 Wi' twa white hands she spread it doun,
 She put the cup to her rosy lips,
 And drank :—'Young man, now sleep ye soun'.'

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
 And frae my chamber went wi' speed ;
 But I call'd her quickly back again,
 To lay some mair below my head.

A cod she laid below my head,
 And servèd me with due respect,
 And, to salute her wi' a kiss,
 I put my arms about her neck.

'Haud aff your hands, young man,' she said,
 'And dinna sae uncivil be ;
 Gif ye hae onie luvè for me,
 O, wrang na my virginie !'

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
 Her teeth were like the ivorie,
 Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
 The lass that made the bed to me !

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
 Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see ;
 Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
 The lass that made the bed to me !

I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again,
 And ay she wist na what to say ;
 I laid her 'tween me an' the wa'—
 The lassie thocht na lang till day.

Upon the morrow, when we raise,
 I thank'd her for her courtesie,
 But ay she blush'd, and ay she sigh'd,
 And said :—'Alas, ye've ruin'd me !'

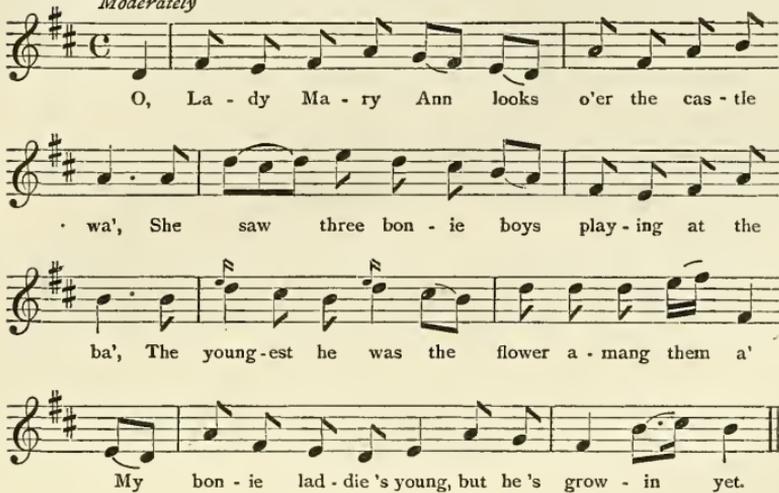
I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
 While the tear stood twinkling in her e'e ;
 I said :—'My lassie, dinna cry,
 For ye ay shall mak the bed to me.'

She took her mither's Holland sheets,
 An' made them a' in sarks to me ;
 Blythe and merry may she be,
 The lass that made the bed to me !

The bonie lass made the bed to me,
 The braw lass made the bed to me ;
 I'll ne'er forget, till the day I die,
 The lass that made the bed to me !

No. 334. *O, Lady Mary Ann.*Tune : *Lady Mary Ann.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 377.*

Moderately



O, La - dy Ma - ry Ann looks o'er the cas - tle
 wa', She saw three bon - ie boys play - ing at the
 ba', The young - est he was the flower a - mang them a'
 My bon - ie lad - die 's young, but he 's grow - in yet.

[O, LADY Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa',
 She saw three bonie boys playing at the ba',
 The youngest he was the flower among them a'—
 My bonie laddie's young, but he's growin yet.]

'O father, O father, an ye think it fit,
 We'll send him a year to the college yet ;
 We'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat,
 And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.')

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,
 Sweet was its smell, and bonie was its hue,
 And the longer it blossom'd the sweeter it grew,
 For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik ;
 Bonie and bloomin and straught was its make,
 The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
 And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,
 And the days are awa that we hae seen ;
 But far better days I trust will come again,
 For my bonie laddie's young, but he's growin yet.

No. 335. *There liv'd a man in yonder glen.'*Tune: *Johnie Blunt.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 365.*Gaily*

There liv'd a man in yon - der glen, And John Blunt
was his name, O; He maks gude maut, and he
brews gude ale, And he bears a won - drous fame, O.

THERE liv'd a man in yonder glen,
And John Blunt was his name, O;
He maks gude maut, and he brews gude ale,
And he bears a wondrous fame, O.

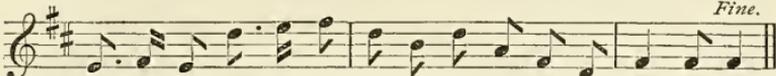
The wind blew in the hallan ae night,
Fu' snell out o'er the moor, O;
'Rise up, rise up, auld Luckie,' he says,
'Rise up and bar the door, O;'

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure, O,
Whae'er sud speak the foremost word,
Should rise and bar the door, O.

Three travellers that had tint their gate,
As thro' the hills they foor, O;
They airted by the line o' light
Fu' straught to Johnie Blunt's door, O.

They haul'd auld Luckie out o' her bed,
And laid her on the floor, O;
But never a word auld Luckie wad say,
For barrin o' the door, O.

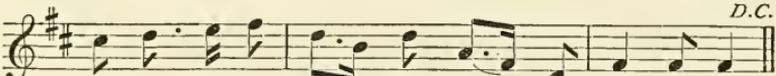
'Ye've eaten my bread, ye hae druken my ale,
And ye'll mak my auld wife a whore, O,'—
'Aha! Johnie Blunt! ye hae spoke the first word,—
Get up and bar the door, O.'

No. 336. *Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay.*Tune: *The Campbells are comin.* Scots Mus. Museum, 1790, No. 299.*Briskly*CHORUS. *The Campbells are com - in, O - ho! O - ho! The Campbells**are com - in, O - ho! O - ho! The Campbells are com - in to**bon - ie Loch - lev - en, The Campbells are com - in, O - ho! O - ho!*

Up - on the Lo - monds I lay, I lay, Up - on the Lo - monds



I lay, I lay, I look - èd down to bon - ie



Loch - ie - ven And saw three bon - ie perch - es play.

CHORUS. *The Campbells are comin, Oho! Oho!*
The Campbells are comin, Oho! Oho!
The Campbells are comin to bonie Lochleven,
The Campbells are comin, Oho! Oho!

UPON the Lomonds I lay, I lay,
 Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,
 I lookèd down to bonie Lochleven
 And saw three bonie perches play.

Great Argyle he goes before ;
 He maks his cannons and guns to roar,
 Wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe and drum ;
 The Campbells are comin, Oho! Oho!

The Campbells they are a' in arms,
 Their loyal faith and truth to show,
 Wi' banners rattling in the wind,
 The Campbells are comin, Oho! Oho!

No. 337. *Twa bonie lads were Sandy and Jockie.*Tune: *Jenny's lamentation.* Bickham's *Musical Entertainer*, 1737, i. p. 59.

Moderately



Twa bon - ie lads were San - dy and Jock - ie, Jock - ie was
lo'ed but San - dy un - luck - y, Jock - ie was laird baith of
hills and of val - lies, But San - dy was nought but the king o'
gude fel - lows. Jock - ie lo'ed Madg - ie, for Madg - ie had mo -
- ney, And San - dy lo'ed Ma - ry for Ma - ry was bon - ie, Ane
wed - ded for love, Ane wed - ded for trea - sure,
So Jock - ie had sil - ler and San - dy had plea - sure.

Twa bonie lads were Sandy and Jockie,
Jockie was lo'ed but Sandy unlucky,
Jockie was laird baith of hills and of vallies,
But Sandy was nought but the king o' gude fellows.
Jockie lo'ed Madgie, for Madgie had money,
And Sandy lo'ed Mary for Mary was bonie,
Ane wedded for love, ane wedded for treasure,
So Jockie had siller and Sandy had pleasure.

No. 338. *Its up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk.*Tune : *The Souters o' Selkirk.* Craig's *Scots Tunes*, 1730, p. 28.*Briskly*

Its up wi' the Sou - ters o' Sel-kirk, And down wi' the
Earl of Hume, And here is to a' the braw lad - dies
That wear the sin - gle - sol'd shoon. Its up wi' the Sou-ters o'
Sel-kirk, For they are baith trus - ty and leal, And up wi' the
lads o' the for - est, And down wi' the Merse to the deil!

Irs up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
And down wi' the Earl of Hume,
And here is to a' the braw laddies
That wear the single-sol'd shoon.
Its up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
For they are baith trusty and leal,
And up wi' the lads o' the Forest,
And down wi' the Merse to the deil!

No. 339. *Our lords are to the mountains gane.*Tune : *Druimíonn dubh* (see No. 32).

OUR lords are to the mountains gane,
A hunting o' the fallow deer ;
And they hae gripit Hughie Graham,
For stealing o' the bishop's mare.

And they hae tied him hand and foot,
 And led him up thro' Stirling town;
 The lads and lassies met him there,
 Cried 'Hughie Graham thou art a loun.'

'O lowse my right hand free,' he says,
 'And put my braid sword in the same,
 He's no in Stirling town this day,
 Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham.'

Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,
 As he sat by the bishop's knee;
 'Five hundred white stots I'll gie you,
 If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free.'

'O haud your tongue,' the bishop says,
 'And wi' your pleading let me be;
 For tho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
 Hughie Graham this day shall die.'

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,
 As she sat by the bishop's knee,
 'Five hundred white pence I'll gie you,
 If ye'll gie Hughie Graham to me.'

'O haud your tongue now lady fair,
 And wi' your pleading let it be;
 Altho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
 It's for my honor he maun die.'

They've taen him to the gallows knowe,
 He lookèd to the gallows tree,
 Yet never color left his cheek,
 Nor ever did he blin' his e'e.

At length he lookèd round about,
 To see whatever he could spy,
 And there he saw his auld fathèr,
 And he was weeping bitterly.

'O haud your tongue, my father dear
 And wi' your weeping let it be;
 *For tho' they rob me o' my life,
 They cannot o' the Heaven hie.

And ye may gie my brother John
 My sword that's bent in the middle clear,
 And let him come at twelve o'clock,
 And see me pay the bishop's mare.

* Variation in *Museum*: 'Thy weeping's sairer on my heart
 Than a' that they can do to me.'

'And ye may gie my brother James
My sword that's bent in the middle brown,
And bid him come at four o'clock,
And see his brother Hugh cut down.

'Remember me to Maggy, my wife,
The niest time ye gang o'er the moor,
Tell her she staw the bishop's mare,
Tell her she was the bishop's whore.

'And ye may tell my kith and kin
I never did disgrace their blood ;
And when they meet the bishop's cloak,
To make it shorter by the hood.'



No. 340. *As I cam down by yon Castle wa'.*

Tune : *As I cam down, &c.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 326.

Slow

The musical notation consists of three staves of music in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 'Slow' tempo marking. The melody is written in a single line. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The second and third staves continue the melody and lyrics. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

As I cam down by yon cas - tle wa', And
in by yon gar - den green, O, there I spied a bon - ie,
bon - ie lass, But the flower - bor - ders were us be - tween.

As I cam down by yon castle wa',
And in by yon garden green,
O, there I spied a bonie, bonie lass,
But the flower-borders were us between.

A bonie, bonie lassie she was,
As ever mine eyes did see :
'O, five hundred pounds would I give,
For to have such a pretty bride as thee.'

'To have such a pretty bride as me,
Young man ye are sairly mistaen ;
Tho' ye were king o' fair Scotland,
I wad disdain to be your queen.'

'Talk not so very high, bonie lass,
 O talk not so very, very high :
 The man at the fair that wad sell,
 He maun learn at the man that wad buy.

'I trust to climb a far higher tree,
 And herry a far richer nest :
 Tak this advice o' me bonie lass,
 Humility wad set thee best.'

No. 341. *O, where hae ye been Lord Ronald,
 my son?*

Tune : *Lord Ronald, my son.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 327.

Very slow

'O, where hae ye been, Lord Ron - ald, my son?
 O, where hae ye been, Lord Ron - ald, my
 son?' 'I hae been wi' my sweet-heart, mo-ther, make my bed
 soon, For I'm wea - ry wi' the hunt-ing, and fain wad lie down.'

'O, WHERE hae ye been Lord Ronald, my son?
 O, where hae ye been Lord Ronald, my son?'
 'I hae been wi' my sweetheart, mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm weary wi' the hunting, and fain wad lie down.'

'What got ye frae your sweetheart, Lord Ronald, my son?
 What got ye frae your sweetheart, Lord Ronald, my son?'
 'I hae got deadly poison, mother, make my bed soon,
 For life is a burden that soon I'll lay down.'

* * * * *

No. 342. *As I went out ae May morning.*Tune: *As I went out, &c.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 397.*Lively*

As I went out ae May morn - ing, A May morn -
 - ing it chanc'd to be; There I was a - ware of a
 weel - far'd maid, Cam lin - kin o'er the lea to me.

As I went out ae May morning,
 A May morning it chanc'd to be;
 There I was aware of a weel-far'd maid,
 Cam linkin o'er the lea to me.

O, but she was a weel-far'd maid,
 The boniest lass that's under the sun;
 I spier'd gin she could fancy me,
 But her answer was, 'I am too young.

'To be your bride I am too young,
 To be your loun wad shame my kin,
 So therefore pray young man begone,
 For you never, never shall my favour win.'

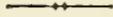
But amang yon birks and hawthorns green,
 Where roses blaw and woodbines hing,
 O, there I learn'd my bonie lass,
 That she was not a single hour too young.

The lassie blush'd, the lassie sigh'd,
 And the tear stood twinklin in her e'e;
 'O kind Sir, since ye hae done me this wrang,
 It's pray when will ye marry me.'

'It's of that day tak ye nae heed,
 For that's a day ye ne'er shall see;
 For ought that pass'd between us twa,
 Ye had your share as weel as me.'

She wrang her hands, she tore her hair,
 She crièd out most bitterlie,
 'O, what will I say to my mammie
 When I gae hame wi' a fause storie.'

'O, as ye maun, so maun ye brew,
 And as ye brew, so maun ye tun :
 But come to my arms, my ae bonie lass,
 For ye never shall rue what ye now hae done.'



No. 343. *There was a battle in the north.*

Tune : *A country lass.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 346.*



There was a bat - tle in the north, And nobles there was many, And



they hae kill'd Sir Char-lie Hay, And they laid the wyte on Geor-die.

THERE was a battle in the north,
 And nobles there was many,
 And they hae kill'd Sir Charlie Hay,
 And they laid the wyte on Geordie.

O, he has written a lang letter—
 He sent it to his lady :—
 'Ye maun cum up to Enbrugh town
 To see what words o' Geordie.'

When first she look'd the letter on,
 She was baith red and rosy ;
 But she had na read a word but twa,
 Till she wallow't like a lily.

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

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

And first appear'd the fatal block,
 And syne the aix to head him,
 And Geordie comin down the stair
 And bands o' airn upon him.

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

O, she's down on her bended knee,
 I wat she 's pale and weary ;
 'O pardon, pardon, noble king
 And gie me back my Dearie!

'I hae born seven sons to my Geordie dear
 The seventh ne'er saw his daddie :
 O, pardon, pardon, noble king,
 Pity a waefu' lady!'

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

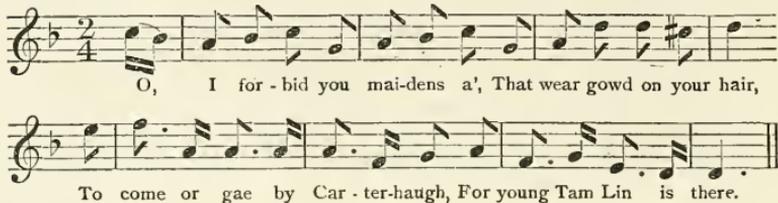
The Gordons cam and the Gordons ran
 And they were stark and steady ;
 And ay the word amang them a',
 Was, 'Gordons keep you ready.'

An aged lord at the king's right hand
 Says : 'Noble king, but hear me:—
 Gar her tell down five thousand pound,
 And gie her back her Dearie.'

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

She blinkit blythe in her Geordie's face,
 Says : 'Dear I've bought thee, Geordie,
 But there sud been bluidy bouks on the green
 Or I had tint my laddie.'

He claspit her by the middle sma',
 And he kist her lips sae rosy,
 'The fairest flower o' woman-kind
 Is my sweet bonie Lady.'

No. 344. *O, I forbid you maidens a'.*Tune: *Tam Lin.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 411.**Andante*

O, I FORBID you maidens a',
That wear gowd on your hair,
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
For young Tam Lin is there.

There's nae that gaes by Carterhaugh
But they leave him a wad;
Either their rings, or green mantles,
Or else their maidenhead.

Janet has belted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee;
And she has broded her yellow hair
A little aboon her bree;
And she's awa to Carterhaugh
As fast as she can hie!

But when she cam to Carterhaugh,
Tam Lin was at the well,
And there she fand his steed stand-
ing,
But away was himsel.

She hadna pu'd a double rose,
A rose but only twae,
Till up then started young Tam Lin
Says, 'Lady thou's pu' nae mae.

'Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,
And why breaks thou the wand!
Or, why comes thou to Carter-
haugh
Withoudden my command?'

'Carterhaugh it is my ain;
My daddie gave it me,
I'll come and gang by Carterhaugh,
And ask nae leave at thee.'

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee,
And she has snooded her yellow hair
A little aboon her bree,
And she is to her father's ha'
As fast as she can hie.

Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the ba',
And out then cam the fair Janet
Ance the flower among them a'.

Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the chess,
And out then cam the fair Janet
As green as ony glass.

Out then spak an auld grey knight
Lay o'er the castle wa';
And says: 'Alas! fair Janet for thee
But we'll be blamèd a'.'

'Haud your tongue, ye auld fac'd
knight,
Some ill death may ye die,
Father my bairn on whom I will,
I'll father nane on thee.'

Out then spak her father dear,
And he spak meek and mild,
'And ever alas! Sweet Janet,' he
says—
'I think thou gaes wi' child.'

'If that I gae wi' child, father,
Mysel maun bear the blame,
There's ne'er a laird about your ha',
Shall get the bairn's name.'

'If my love were an earthly knight,
As he's an elfin gray,
I wadna gie my ain true-love
For nae lord that ye hae.

'The steed that my true-love rides on
Is lighter than the wind;
Wi' siller he is shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.'

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee;
And she has snooded her yellow hair
A little aboon her bree;
And she's awa to Carterhaugh
As fast as she can hie.

When she cam to Carterhaugh,
Tam Lin 'was at the well;
And there she fand his steed standing,
But away was himsel.

She hadna pu'd a double rose,
A rose but only twae;
Till up then started young Tam Lin
Says, 'Lady thou's pu' nae mae.'

'Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,
Amang the groves sae green,
And a' to kill the bonie babe
That we gat us between?'

'O, tell me tell me, Tam Lin,' she
says,
'For 's sake that died on tree,
If e'er ye was in holy chapel,
Or Christendom did see.'

'Roxbrugh he was my grandfather
Took me with him to bide,
And ance it fell upon a day,
That wae did me betide.

'And ance it fell upon a day,
A cauld day and a snell,
When we were frae the hunting come
That frae my horse I fell.

'The Queen o' Fairies she caught me
In yon green hill to dwell,
And pleasant is the fairy-land:—
But, an eerie tale to tell!

'Ay, at the end o' seven years
We pay a tiend to hell!
I am sae fair and fu' o' flesh
I'm fear'd it be mysel.

'But the night is Hallowe'en, lady,
The morn is Hallowday;
Then win me, win me, an ye will,
For weel I wat ye may.

'Just at the mirk and midnight hour
The fairy folk will ride;
And they that wad their true-love win
At Milecross they maun bide.'

'But how shall I thee ken, Tam Lin,
Or how my true-love know,
Amang sae mony unco knights
The like I never saw.'

'O first let pass the black, lady,
And syne let pass the brown;
But quickly run to the milk-white
steed,
Pu' ye his rider down.

'For I'll ride on the milk-white steed,
And ay nearest the town,
Because I was an earthly knight
They gie me that renown.

'My right hand will be glov'd, lady,
My left hand will be bare,
Cockt up shall my bonnet be
And kaim'd down shall my hair;
And thae's the tokens I gie thee—
Nae doubt I will be there:

'They'll turn me in your arms, lady,
Into an esk and adder,
But hold me fast and fear me not—
I am your bairn's father.

'They'll turn me to a bear sae grim,
And then a lion bold;
But hold me fast and fear me not,
As ye shall love your child.

'Again they'll turn me in your arms
To a red het gaud of airn;
But hold me fast and fear me not,
I'll do to you nae harm.

'And last they'll turn me in your arms
 Into the burning lead :
 Then throw me into well water ;
 O ! throw me in wi' speed.

'And then I'll be your ain true love,
 I'll turn a naked knight ;
 Then cover me wi' your green
 mantle,
 And cover me out o' sight.'

Gloomy, gloomy was the night,
 And eerie was the way,
 As fair Jenny in her green mantle,
 To Milecross she did gae.

About the middle o' the night,
 She heard the bridles ring ;
 This lady was as glad at that
 As any earthly thing.

First she let the black pass by,
 And syne she let the brown ;
 But quickly she ran to the milk-white
 steed,
 And pu'd the rider down.

Sae weel she minded what he did
 say

And young Tam Lin did win ;
 Syne cover'd him wi' her green
 mantle,
 As blythe's a bird in Spring.

Out then spak the queen o' fairies,
 'Out of a bush o' broom ;
 'Them that has gotten young Tam
 Lin
 Has gotten a stately groom.'

Out then spak the queen o' fairies,
 And an angry queen was she :
 'Shame betide her ill-far'd face,
 And an ill death may she die,
 For she's taen awa the boniest knight
 In a' my companie.

'But had I kend, Tam Lin,' she says
 'What now this night I see,
 I wad hae taen out thy twa grey
 een,
 And put in twa een o' tree.'

No. 345. *Aften hae I play'd at the cards and
 the dice.*

Tune : *The rantin laddie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 462.

Slow

Af - ten hae I play'd at the cards and the dice,
 For the love of a bon - ie ran - tin lad - die ;
 But now I maun sit in my fa - ther's kitch-en
 neuk, And ba - lou a bas - tard ba - bie.

AFTEN hae I play'd at the cards and the dice,
 For the love of a bonie rantin laddie;
 But now I maun sit in my father's kitchen neuk,
 And balou a bastard babie.

For my father he will not me own,
 And my mother she neglects me,
 And a' my friends hae lightlied me,
 And their servants they do slight me.

But had I a servant at my command—
 As aft times I've had many,
 That wad rin wi' a letter to bonie Glenswood—
 Wi' a letter to my rantin laddie.

'Oh, is he either a laird or a lord,
 Or is he but a cadie,
 That ye do him ca' sae aften by name,
 Your bonie, bonie rantin laddie.'

'Indeed he is baith a laird and a lord,
 And he never was a cadie,
 For he' is the Earl o' bonie Aboyne,
 And he is my rantin laddie.'

'O ye'se get a servant at your command,
 As aft times ye've had many,
 That sall rin wi' a letter to bonie Glenswood—
 A letter to your rantin laddie.'

When Lord Aboyne did the letter get,
 O, but he blinket bonie;
 But or he had read three lines of it,
 I think his heart was sorry.

'O, wha is he daur be sae bauld,
 Sae cruelly to use my lassie?'

[But I'll tak her to bonie Aboyne
 Where oft she did caress me.]

'For her father he will not her know,
 And her mother she does slight her;
 And a' her friends hae lightlied her,
 And their servants they neglect her.'

'Go raise to me my five hundred men,
 Make haste and make them ready;
 With a milkwhite steed under every ane
 For to bring hame my lady.'

As they came in through Buchan-shire,
 They were a company bonie,
 With a gude claymore in every hand
 And O, but they shin'd bonie.

* * * * *

No. 346. *Our young lady's a huntin gane.*Tune: *The rowin't in her apron.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 424.

Slow

Our young la - dy's a hunt - in gane, Sheets nor blan - kets
 has she taen, But she's born her auld son or she
 cam hame, And she's row'd him in her a - pron.

OUR young lady's a huntin gane,
 Sheets nor blankets has she taen,
 But she's born her auld son or she cam hame,
 And she's row'd him in her apron.

Her apron was o' the hollan fine,
 Laid about wi' laces nine;
 She thought it a pity her babie should tyne,
 And she's row'd him in her apron.

Her apron was o' the hollan sma',
 Laid about wi' laces a',
 She thought it a pity her babe to let fa';
 And she row'd him in her apron.

* * * * *

Her father says within the ha',
 Among the knights and nobles a':—
 'I think I hear a babie ca'
 In the chamber among our young ladies.'

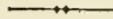
'O father dear! it is a bairn,
 I hope it will do you nae harm,
 For the laddie I lo'ed, and he'll lo'e me again,
 For the rowin't in my apron.'

O, is he a gentleman, or is a clown,
 That has brought thy fair body down?
 I would not for a' this town
 The rowin't in thy apron.'

'Young Terreagles is nae clown,
He is the toss of Edinborrow town,
And he'll buy me a braw new gown
For the rowin't in my apron.'

* * * * *

'It 's I hae castles, I hae towers,
I hae barns, and I hae bowers;
A' that is mine it shall be thine
For the rowin't in thy apron.'



No. 347. 'O, for my ain king,' quo' gude Wallace.

Tune: *Gude Wallace.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 484.

Slowish

'O, for my ain king,' quo' gude Wal-lace, 'The right -
- fu' king of fair Scot-land, Be-tween me and my
sove-reign blude, I think I see some ill seed sawn.'

'O, FOR my ain king,' quo' gude Wallace,
'The rightfu' king of fair Scotland,
Between me and my sovereign blude,
I think I see some ill seed sawn.'

Wallace out over yon river he lap,
And he has lighted low down on yon plain,
And he was aware of a gay ladic,
As she was at the well washing.

'What tydins, what tydins, fair lady,' he says,
'What tydins hast thou to tell unto me—
What tydins, what tydins, fair lady,' he says,
'What tydins hae ye in the south countrie?'

'Low down in yon wee Ostler-house
There is fyfteen Englishmen,
And they are seekin for gude Wallace;
It's him to take, and him to hang.'

'There's nocht in my purse,' quo' gude Wallace,
 'There's nocht, not even a bare pennie;
 But I will down to yon wee Ostler-house
 Thir fyfteen Englishmen to see.'

And when he cam to yon wee Ostler-house
 He bad *benedicite* be there;
 [The Englishmen at the table sat
 The wine-fac'd captain at him did stare.]

'Where was ye born, auld crookit carl,
 Where was ye born—in what countrie?'
 'I am a true Scot born and bred,
 And an auld crookit carl just sic as ye see.'

'I wad gie fyfteen shillings to onie crookit carl—
 To onie crookit carl just sic as ye,
 If ye will get me gude Wallace,
 For he is the man I wad very fain see.'

He hit the proud captain along the chaft blade,
 That never a bit o' meal he ate mair;
 And he sticket the rest at the table where they sat,
 And he left them a' lyin sprawlin there.

'Get up, get up, gudewife,' he says,
 'And get to me some dinner in haste;
 For it will soon be three lang days
 Sin I a bit o' meat did taste.'

The dinner was na weel readie,
 Nor was it on the table set,
 Till other fyfteen Englishmen
 Were a' lighted about the yett.

'Come out, come out, now gude Wallace
 This is the day that thou maun die;'
 'I lippen nae sae little to God,' he says,
 'Altho' I be but ill wordie.'

The gudewife had an auld gudeman,
 By gude Wallace he stiffly stood;
 Till ten o' the fyfteen Englishmen
 Before the door lay in their blude.

The other five to the greenwood ran,
 And he hang'd these five upon a grain;
 And on the morn wi' his merry men a'
 He sat at dine in Lochmaben town.

No. 348. *Near Edinburgh was a young son born.*Tune: *Hynde Horn.* Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, No. 13.

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Near Ed - in - burgh was a young son born,— Hey li - le -
 - lu an' a how low lan', An' his name it was
 call - ed young Hyn horn, An' it's hey down down, deedle air - o.

NEAR Edinburgh was a young son born,—

Hey lilelu an' a how low lan',

An' his name it was callèd young Hynhorn,

An' it's hey down down, deedle airo.

Seven long years he served the king,—

Hey lilelu, &c.

And it's a' for the sake of his daughter Jean,—

An' it's hey down, &c.

The king an angry man was he,—

He sent young Hynhorn to the sea.

* * * * *

An' on his finger she put a ring,

[Wi' three shining diamonds set therein.]

When your ring turns pale and wan,

Then I'm in love wi' another man.

* * * * *

Upon a day he look'd at his ring,

It was as pale as any thing.

He's left the sea, and he's come to the lan',

And there he met an auld beggar man.

'What news, what news, my auld beggar man,

What news, what news by sea or by lan'?'

'Nae news, nae news,' the auld beggar said,

'But the king's daughter Jean is going to be wed.'

'Cast off, cast off, thy auld beggar weed,

An' I'll gie thee my gude grey steed.'

* * * * *

When he cam to our gude king's yett,
 He sought a glass o' wine for young Hynhorn's sake.
 He drank out the wine and he put in the ring,
 And he bade them carry't to the king's dochter Jean.

* * * * *

'O gat ye't by sea, or gat ye't by lan',
 O gat ye't aff a dead man's han'?

'I gat na't by sea, I gat na't by lan',
 But I gat it out of your own fair han'.'

* * * * *

'Go, take away my bridal gown,
 And I'll follow him frae town to town.'
 'Ye need na leave your bridal gown,
 For I'll make ye ladie o' mony a town.'

No. 349. *What merriment has taen the Whigs.*

Tune: *The German lairdie.* Corrected from *Burns's MS.*



What mer - ri - ment has taen the Whigs, I think they be gaen mad, Sir,



Wi' play - ing up their Whig - gish jigs, Their dan - cin may be sad, Sir.

CHORUS.



Sing, hee - dle lil - tie, tee - dle lil - tie, An - dum, tan - dum, tan - die,



Sing, fal de dal, de dal lal lal, Sing how - dle lil - tie dan - die.

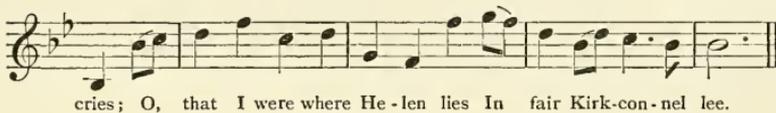
WHAT merriment has taen the Whigs
 I think they be gaen mad, Sir,
 Wi' playing up their Whiggish jigs,
 Their dancin may be sad, Sir.

CHORUS. *Sing heedle liltie, teedle liltie,
 Andum, tandum, tandie,
 Sing fal de dal, de dal lal lal,
 Sing howdle liltie dandie.*

The Revolution principles
 Has put their heads in bees, Sir ;
 They're a' fa'en out among themsel's—
 Deil tak the first that grees, Sir.

No. 350. *O, that I were where Helen lies.*

Tune : *Where Helen lies.* *Blaikie's MS., 1692.*



O, THAT I were where Helen lies !
 Night and day on me she cries ;
 O, that I were where Helen lies
 In fair Kirkconnel lee.

O Helen fair ! beyond compare,
 A ringlet of thy flowing hair,
 I'll wear it still for evermair
 Until the day I die.

Curs'd be the hand that shot the shot,
 And curs'd the gun that gave the
 crack,
 Into my arms bird Helen lap,
 And died for sake o' me.

O think na ye but my heart was sair,
 My love fell down and spake nae
 mair,
 There did she swoon wi' meikle care
 On fair Kirkconnel lee.

I lighted down, my sword did
 draw,
 I cutted him in pieces sma' ;
 I cutted him in pieces sma'
 On fair Kirkconnel lee.

O Helen chaste, thou wert modest *
 If I were with thee I were blest,
 Where thou lies low, and takes thy
 rest
 On fair Kirkconnel lee.

I wish my grave was growing green,
 A winding sheet put o'er my een,
 And I in Helen's arms lying
 In fair Kirkconnel lee !

I wish I were where Helen lies !
 Night and day on me she cries ;
 O, that I were where Helen lies
 On fair Kirkconnel lee.

* 'O Helen chaste, thou'rt now at rest'—Johnson's *Museum*.

No. 351. *O heard ye of a silly harper?*Tune: *The Lochmaben harper. Glenriddell's MS., 1791.*

O, heard ye of a sil - ly har-per, Liv'd long in Loch-ma-bentown?



How he did gang to fair England To steal King Hen-ry's wan-ton brown,



How he did gang to fair Eng-land To steal King Hen-ry's wan-ton brown.

O, HEARD ye of a silly harper
 Liv'd long in Lochmaben town?
 How he did gang to fair England
 To steal King Henry's wanton brown. } *bis*

But first he gaed to his gudewife
 Wi' a' the speed that he could thole:—
 'This wark,' quo' he, 'will never work
 Without a mare that has a foal.' } *bis*

Quo' she, 'thou has a gude grey mare
 That'll rin o'er hills baith low and hie;
 Gae tak the grey mare in thy hand,
 And leave the foal at hame wi' me.' } *bis*

'And tak a halter in thy hose,
 And o' thy purpose dinna fail,
 But wap it o'er the wanton's nose,
 And tie her to the grey mare's tail. } *bis*

'Synne ca' her out at yon back yeate,
 O'er moss and muir and ilka dale,
 For she'll ne'er let the wanton bite,
 Till she come hame to her ain foal.' } *bis*

So he is up to Engiand gane,
 Even as fast as he can hie,
 Till he came to King Henry's yeate—
 And wha was there but King Henry? } *bis*

'Come in,' quo' he, 'thou silly blind harper,
 And of thy harping let me hear':
 'O! by my sooth,' quo' the silly blind harper,
 'I'd rather hae stabling for my mare.' } *bis*

The king looks o'er his left shoulder,
 And says unto his stable groom ;—
 'Gae tak the silly poor harper's mare, } *bis*
 And tie her 'side my wanton brown.'

And ay he harpèd, and ay he carpit,
 Till a' the lords gaed through the floor ;
 They thought the music was sae sweet } *bis*
 That they forgat the stable door.

And ay he harpit, and ay he carpit,
 Till a' the nobles were sound asleep ;
 Then quietly he took aff his shoon } *bis*
 And safely down the stair did creep.

Syne to the stable door he hies
 Wi' tread as light as light could be,
 And when he open'd and gaed in, } *bis*
 There he fand thirty good steeds and three.

He took the halter frae his hose,
 And of his purpose did na fail ;
 He slipt it o'er the wanton's nose, } *bis*
 And tied it to his grey mare's tail.

He ca'd her out at yon back yeate
 O'er moss and muir & ilka dale ;
 And she loot ne'er the wanton bite, } *bis*
 But held her still gaun at her tail.

The grey mare was right swift o' fit,
 And did na fail to find the way,
 For she was at Lochmaben yeate } *bis*
 Fu' lang three hours ere it was day.

When she came to the harper's door,
 There she gae many a nicher and snear ;
 'Rise,' quo' the wife, 'thou lazy lass, } *bis*
 Let in thy master and his mare.'

Then up she raise, pat on her claes,
 And lookit out through the lock-hole :
 'O! by my sooth, then,' quo' the lass, } *bis*
 'Our mare has gotten a braw big foal.'

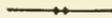
'Come haud thy peace thou foolish lass,
 The moon's but glancing in thy e'e ;
 I'd wad my hail fee 'gainst a groat } *bis*
 It's bigger than e'er our foal will be.'

The neighbours too that heard the noise
 Cried to the wife to put her in;
 'By my sooth, then,' quoth the wife } *bis*
 'She's better than ever he rade on.'

But on the morn at fair daylight,
 When they had ended a' their cheer :
 King Henry's wanton brown was stawn, } *bis*
 And eke the poor auld harper's mare.

'Alace ! alace !' says the silly blind harper ;
 'Alace ! alace ! that I came here,
 In Scotland I've tint a braw cowte foal, } *bis*
 In England they've stawn my gude grey mare.'

'Come haud thy tongue, thou silly blind harper,
 And of thy *alacing* let me be,
 For thou shall get a better mare,
 And weel paid shall thy cowte foal be.
 For thou shall get a better mare,
 And weel paid shall thy cowte foal be.'



No. 352. *Nae birdies sang the mirky hour.*

Tune : *Sweet Willy.* *Blaikie's MS., 1692.*

Slow

Nae bir - dies sang the mir - ky hour A - mang the
 braes o' Yar - row, But slum - ber'd on the dew -
 . y boughs to wait the wauk - 'ning mor - row.

NAE birdies sang the mirky hour
 Among the braes o' Yarrow,
 But slumber'd on the dewy boughs,
 To wait the wauk'ning morrow.

'Where shall I gang, my ain true love,
Where shall I gang to hide me;
For weel ye ken, i' ye're father's bow'r,
It wad be death to find me.'

'O, go you to yon tavern house,
An' there count o'er your lawin,
An' if I be a woman true,
I'll meet you in the dawin.'

O, he's gone to yon tavern house,
An' ay he counted his lawin,
An' ay he drank to her gude health—
Was to meet him in the dawin.

O, he's gone to yon tavern house,
An' counted owre his lawin,
When in there cam three armèd men
To meet him in the dawin.

'O, woe be unto woman's wit,
It has beguilèd many!
She promisèd to come hersel,
But she sent three men to slay me.'

* * * * *

'Get up, get up, now Sister Ann,
I fear we've wrought you sorrow;
Get up, ye'll find your true love slain
Among the banks of Yarrow.

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow,
Till in the clintin of a craig,
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

She's ta'en three links of her yellow hair
That hung down long and yellow;
And she's tied it about sweet Willie's waist,
An' drawn him out of Yarrow.

* * * * *

I made my love a suit of clothes,
I clad him all in tartan;
But ere the morning sun arose
He was a' bluid to the gartan.

* * * * *

No. 353. *Rob Roy from the Highlands cam.*Tune: *Mill, Mill O!* (see No. 266).

ROB Roy from the Highlands cam
 Unto the Lawlan' border,
 To steal awa a gay ladie,
 To haud his house in order :
 He cam owre the loch o' Lynn,
 Twenty men his arms did carry ;
 Himsel gaed in an' fand her out,
 Protesting he would marry.

'O, will ye gae wi' me,' he says,
 'Or will ye be my honey ;
 Or will ye be my wedded wife,
 For I love you best of ony' ;
 'I winna gae wi' you,' she says,
 'Nor will I be your honey ;
 Nor will I be your wedded wife,
 You love me for my money.'

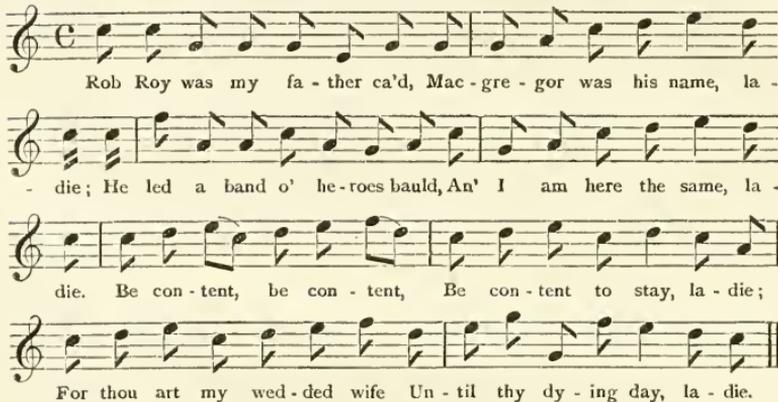
* * * * *

But he set her on a coal black steed,
 Himsel lap on behind her,
 An' he's awa to the Hieland hills,
 Whare her frien's they canna find her.

No. 354.

[The song went on to narrate the forcing her to bed ; when the *tune*
 changes to something like

Jenny dang the weaver.] *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, No. 37.



Rob Roy was my fa - ther ca'd, Mac - gre - gor was his name, la -
 - die ; He led a band o' he - roes bauld, An' I am here the same, la -
 die. Be con - tent, be con - tent, Be con - tent to stay, la - die ;
 For thou art my wed - ded wife Un - til thy dy - ing day, la - die.

ROB Roy was my father ca'd,
 Macgregor was his name, ladie ;
 He led a band o' heroes bauld,
 An' I am here the same, ladie.
 Be content, be content,
 Be content to stay, ladie ;
 For thou art my wedded wife
 Until thy dying day, ladie.

He was a hedge unto his friens,
 A heckle to his foes, ladie ;
 Every one that durst him wrang,
 He took him by the nose, ladie ;
 I'm as bold, I'm as bold,
 I'm as bold, and more, ladie ;
 He that daurs dispute my word
 Shall feel my guid claymore, ladie.

