

*Wm. D. Payne*  
*15 August 1876*  
*Halifax*  
*Nov Scotia*  
"TWA HOURS AT HOME."

O sing to me the Auld Scots Sangs,  
In the brad Scottish tongue,  
The sangs my father wished to hear,  
The sangs my mither sang  
As she sat beside my cradle,  
Or crooned me on her knee,  
An' I wadna' sleep, the sangs sae sweet,  
The Auld Scots Sangs to me.

Sing ony o' the Auld Scots Sangs,  
The blithesome or the sad;  
They mak' me smile when I am wae,  
An' greet when I am glad.  
My heart gae back to Auld Scotland,  
An' the saut tear dims my e'e,  
An' the Scotch bluid leaps in a' my veis,  
As ye sing thae sangs to me.

KENNEDY'S

HANDBOOK

OF

Scottish Song!

NEW & ENLARGED EDITION,

CONTAINING

100

OF THE

STANDARD SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

Toronto:

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*Kennedy family*  
*performed at George H. Barrie*  
*the*  
*Temperance Hall.* 10 June 1846.  
*Halifax Nova Scotia*  
 to 9:10:11:12 of  
 August 1876

# KENNEDY'S

## HANDBOOK

OF

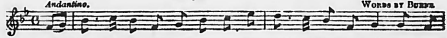
# SCOTTISH SONG.

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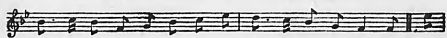
### A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

*Andantino.*

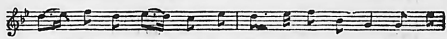
Words by Burns



Is there, for ho-nest po-ver-ty, Wha hangs his head, and a' that? The



cow-ard-slave, we pass him by; We daur be puir for a' that; For



a' that, and a' that, Our toils ob-scure, and a' that, The



rank is but the gu-nea-stamp,—The man's the gowd for a' that

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hoddin-grey,<sup>1</sup> and a' that?  
 Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine;  
 A man's a man, for a' that;  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their tinsel show, and a' that,  
 The honest man, though e'er sae puir,  
 Is king o' men, for a' that.

You see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;  
 Though hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a cuif,<sup>2</sup> for a that;  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 His ribbon, star, and a' that,  
 The man o' independent mind,  
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can make a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
 But an honest man's aboon his might;  
 Gude faith, he canna fa'<sup>3</sup> that!  
 For a' thro' the ve a' that,  
 Their dignities, and a' that,  
 The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth,  
 Are higher ranks 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,  
 May bear the gree,<sup>4</sup> and a' that;  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 It's comin' yet, for a' that,  
 That man to man, the world o'er,  
 Shall brithers be, for a' that.

<sup>1</sup> Some spun cloth.    <sup>2</sup> Fool.    <sup>3</sup> Dare not attempt that.    <sup>4</sup> Pre-eminence

# MY BOY TAMMY.

*Moderato.*

WORDS BY HECTOR MACBELL.

Whar ha'e ye been a' day, My boy Tam - my?  
 Whar ha'e ye been a' day, My boy Tam - my? I've  
 been by burn and flow - 'ry brae, Mea-dow green and moun - tain grey,  
 Court - ing o' this young thing, Just come frae her mam - my.

[And whar gat ye that young thing,  
 My boy Tammy?  
 I got her down in yonder howe,  
 Smiling on a broomie knowe,  
 Herding as wee lamb and ewe,  
 For her pair mammy.]

What said ye to the bonnie bairn,  
 My boy Tammy?  
 I praised her e'en, sae lovely blue.  
 Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou':—  
 I pree'd<sup>1</sup> it aft, as ye may trow!<sup>2</sup>  
 She said she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart,  
 My young, my smiling lammy!  
 I ha'e a house, it cost me dear,  
 I've walth<sup>3</sup> o' plenishin' and gear;  
 Ye'es<sup>4</sup> get it a', were't ten times mair,  
 Gin<sup>5</sup> ye will leave your mammy.

The smile gae'd aff her bonnie face—  
 I maunna leave my mammy!  
 She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claas,<sup>6</sup>  
 She's been my comfort a' my days:—  
 My father's death brought mony wae's<sup>7</sup>—  
 I canna leave my mammy.

We'll tak' her hame and mak' her fain.  
 My ain kind-hearted lammy.  
 We'll gi'e her meat, we'll gi'e her claas,  
 We'll be her comfort a' her days.  
 The wee thing gi'es her hand, and says—  
 There! gang and ask my mammy.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,  
 My boy Tammy?  
 She has been to the kirk wi' me,  
 And the tear was in her e'e;  
 For O! she's but a young thing,  
 Just come frae her mammy.

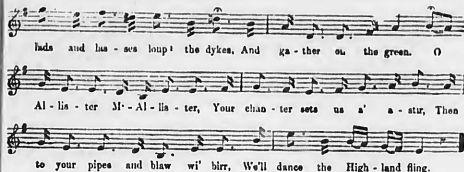
<sup>1</sup> Tasted.    <sup>2</sup> Bellove.    <sup>3</sup> Plenty.    <sup>4</sup> Ye shall.    <sup>5</sup> If.    <sup>6</sup> Clothes.    <sup>7</sup> Many woes.

## ALLISTER M'ALLISTER.

*Cheerfully and marked.*

O Al - lis - ter M' - Al - lis - ter, Your chan - ter sets us a' a - stir, Get  
 out your pipes and blaw wi' birr,<sup>1</sup> We'll dance the High - land fling. Now  
 Al - lis - ter has tun'd his pipes, And thrang as bum - bees frae their bykes,<sup>2</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> Spiel    <sup>2</sup> bees from their hives.



lads and lads - ses loup<sup>1</sup> the dykes, And ga - ther ou the green. O  
 Al - lia - ter M' - Al - lia - ter, Your chan - ter sets us a' a - stur, Then  
 to your pipes and blaw wi' birr, We'll dance the High - land fling.

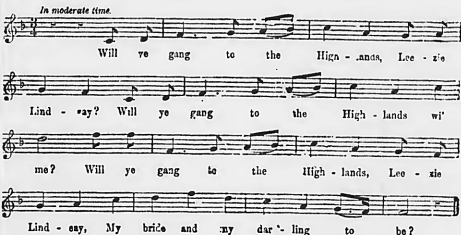
The miller, Rab, was sidgin' fain<sup>2</sup>  
 To dance the Highland fling his lane,  
 He lap and danced wi' might and main,  
 The like was never seen.  
 As round about the ring he whuds,<sup>3</sup>  
 And cracks his thumbs and shakes his duds,<sup>4</sup>  
 The meal flew frae his tail in cluds,<sup>5</sup>  
 And blinded a' their e'en.  
 O Allister M'Allister, &c.

He shock his corblets in the wund,  
 His feet like hammers strack the grund,  
 The very mouidiewarts<sup>6</sup> were stunn'd,  
 Nor ken'd what it could mean.  
 Now Allister has done his best,  
 And weary stumps are needin' rest,  
 Besides wi' drouth<sup>7</sup> they're sair distress'd,  
 Wi' dancin' sae, I ween.  
 O Allister M'Allister, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Leap.    <sup>2</sup> Very anxious.    <sup>3</sup> Bounds.    <sup>4</sup> Clothes.    <sup>5</sup> Clouds.    <sup>6</sup> Moles.    <sup>7</sup> Thirst.

### LEEZIE LINDSAY.

*In moderate time.*



Will ye gang to the High - lands, Lee - zie  
 Lind - say? Will ye gang to the High - lands wi'  
 me? Will ye gang to the High - lands, Leo - zie  
 Lind - say, My bride and my dar - ling to be?

To gang to the Highlands wi' you, sir,  
 I dinna ken how that may be;  
 For I ken nae the land that ye live in,  
 Ner ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

O Leezie, lass, ye manna ken little,  
 If ye say that ye dinna ken me.  
 For my name is Lord Ronald Macdonald,  
 A chieftain o' high degree

Gin ye be the laird o' Clan Ronald,  
 A great ane I ken ye manna be;  
 But how could a chieftain sae mighty,  
 Think on a pair lassie like me?

She has kilted her gown o' green satin,  
 And a bonnie blythe bride is she,  
 And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Macdonald,  
 His bride and his darling to be.

THE AULD SCOTS SANGS.—*Bethune.*

O SING to me the auld Scots sangs  
I' the braid Scottish tongue,  
The sangs my faither wished to hear,  
The sangs my mither sung.  
When she sat beside my cradle,  
Or croon'd (1) me on her knee,  
An' I wadna sleep, she sang sae sweet  
The auld Scots sangs to me.

Sing ony o' the auld Scots sangs,  
The blithesome or the sad,  
They mak me smile when I am wae,  
And greet when I am glad;

My heart gae back to auld Scotland,  
The saut tear dims my e'e,  
And the Scots blood leaps in a' my veins,  
As ye sing thae sangs to me.

Sing on, sing mair o' thae auld sangs,  
For ilka ane can tell  
O' joy or sorrow o' the past,  
Where mem'ry loves to dwell;  
Tho' hair grew grey, and limbs grow auld,  
Until the day I dee  
I'll bless the Scottish tongue that sings  
The auld Scots sangs to me.

1 Lullabed.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.—*Boswell.*

I MET four chaps you birks smang,  
Wi' hingling lugs and faces lang:  
I spier'd at neighbour Bauldy Strang,  
Wha's they I see?

Quo' he, ilk cream-faced pawky chiel  
Thoct he was cunning as the dell,  
And here they cam' awa' to steal  
Jenny's bawbee.

The first, a Captain to his trade,  
Wi' skull ill-lined, but back well-clad,  
March'd round the barn, and by the shed,  
And pappit on his knee;

Quo' he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,  
Your beauty's dazzled baith my e'en!"  
But feint a beauty he had seen  
But—Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer noist, wi' bletherin gab,  
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,  
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,  
And a' for a fee.

Accounts he owed through a' the toun,  
And tradesmen's tongues wae mair could  
drown,  
But now he thoct to clout his gown  
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland Laird noist trotted up,  
Wi' bawsand naig (1) and siller whup,  
Cried, "There's my horse, lad, haud the  
grup,  
Or tie't to a tree;

What's gowd to me? I've wealth o' lan'!  
Bestow on ane o' worth your han'!  
He thoct to pay—'hat he was awa'  
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Drest up just like a knave o' clubs,  
A THING cam neist (but life has rubs),  
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs, (2)  
And jaupit (3) a' was he.  
He danced up, squinting thro' a glass,  
And grinn'd, "I' faith a bonnie lass!"  
He thought to win, wi' face of brass,  
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the Laird gae kame his wig,  
The Sodger no to strut sae big,  
The Lawyer no to be a prig,  
The fool he cried, "Tohee!  
I knew that I could never fail!"  
But she preen'd the dishclout to his tail,  
And soust him wi' the water-pail,  
And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnnie cam', a lad o' senso,  
Although he had na mony pence;  
And took young Jenny to the spence, (4)  
Wi' her to crack (5) a wee.  
Now Johnnie was a clever chiel,  
And here his suit he press'd sae weel,  
That Jenny's heart grew soft as jeel, (6)  
And she birloi (7) her bawbee.

1 White-faced horse. 2 Puddles. 3 Bespattered. 4 Inner parlour. 5 Chat. 6 Jelly.  
7 Tossed up.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.—*Burns.*

THE weary pund, the weary pund,  
The weary pund o' tow;  
I thoct my wife wad end her life  
Before she span her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint,  
As guid as e'er did grow;  
And a' that she has made o' that  
Is ae poor pund o' tow.

There sat a bottle in a bole, (1)  
Beyond the ingle low, (2)

And aye she took the tither souk, (3)  
To drouk (4) the stowrie (5) tow.

Quoth I, "For shame, ye dirty dame;  
Gae spin your tap o' tow!"  
She took the rock, (6) and wi' a knock  
She brak it o'er my pow.

At last her feet, I sang to see't,  
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;  
And ere I wed anither jade,  
I'll wallop in a tow. (7)

1 Recess. 2 Fire. 3 Draught. 4 Drench. 5 Dusty. 6 Distaff. 7 Dangle in a rope.

## BONNIE WOOD O' CRAIGIE LEA.

*Tanna-hill.*

THOU bonnie wood o' Craigie lea,  
 Thou bonnie wood o' Craigie lea,  
 Near thee I pass'd life's early day,  
 And won my Mary's heart in thee.  
 Thou bonnie wood, &c.

The broom, the brier, the birken bush,  
 Bloom bonnie o'er the flow'ry lea,  
 And a' the sweets that aye can wish  
 Frae nature's hand are strew'd on thee.  
 Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Awa', ye thoughtl' as, murd'ring gang,  
 Wha' tear the nestlings ere they flee!  
 They'll sing you yet a canty (1) sang,  
 Then, O, in pity let them be!  
 Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Theo' fate should drag me south the line,  
 Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,  
 The happy hours I'll ever mind  
 That I in youth ha'e spent in thee.  
 Thou bonnie wood, &c.

1 Cheerful.

## THE BURNIE. (1)

*Mrs. Boyd.*

It drappit frae the gray rock upon a mossy stane,  
 And down amang the green grass it wandered lang its lane; (2)  
 It passed the broomy knowe (3) below the hunter's hill;  
 It pleased the miller's bairns, and it turned their father's mill.  
 Syns (4) anither bed it gat whar rocks met aboon, (5)  
 And for a while the burnie saw neither sun nor moon;  
 But the licht o' heaven cam' again—its banks were green and fair,  
 And mony a bonnie flower in its season blossomed there.

Then ither burnies joined, and its ripplin' sang was ower,  
 For the burn had grown a river ere it reached the ocean's shore,  
 And the wild waves rose to meet it wi' their ain eerie croon—(6)  
 Warkin' its appointed wark, but never, never done.  
 Nae heart-burnin' for what anither got—  
 Nae vain repinin' at the hardness o' its lot;  
 The licht and shade, the guid and ill, it took as it might be,  
 And onward ran the burnie frae the gray rock to the sea.

1. Streamlet. 2 Alone. 3 Knoll. 4 Then. 5 Above. 6 Weird moan.

## THE WAGGIN' O' OOR DOG'S TAIL.

*Macleod.*

We hae a dog that wags his tail—  
 He's a bit o' a wag himsel', O;  
 A' day he wanders thro' the street—  
 At nicht he's news to tell, O.

He saw the wrocest o' the toon  
 Parauld' down the street, O;  
 Quo' he, "My lord, you're no like me—  
 Ye canna' see yer feet, O."

He saw an M.P. unco prood,  
 And a' thro' place and pay, O;  
 Quo' he, "Your tall is cockit heich—  
 Ilka dog has just his day, O."

He saw the doctoor drivin' aboot,  
 And pu'in' at every bell, O;  
 Quo' he, "I've been as sick 's a dog,  
 But I aye could cure mysel', O."

He saw some ministers fechtin' sair—  
 What an awfu' thing is pride, O;  
 Quo' he, "Isn't it a pity when dogs fa'  
 out  
 About their ain fireside, O."

He heard a lord and lady gay  
 Singin' heich a grand duet, O;  
 Quo' he, "I've heard a cat and dog  
 Could yowl as weel as that, O."

He saw a youth gaun swaggerin' by  
 Frae tap to tae sae trim, O;  
 Quo' he, "It's no for a dog to lauch  
 That ance was a puppy like him, O."

He saw a man grown unco puir,  
 And lookin' sad and sick, O;  
 Quo' he, "Cheer up, for ilka dog  
 Is sure o' a bane to pick, O."

He saw a man gaun staggering hame,  
 His face baith black and blue, O;  
 Quo' he, "I think shame o' a brute like  
 that,  
 For the never a dog gets fou, O."

Our doggie he cam' hame at e'en,  
 And seartit baith his hags, O;  
 Quo' he, "If men had only tails,  
 They're near as guid as dogs, O."

## BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

*Spaill.* WORDS BY JAMES HOOE.

Can' ye by A - thol, lad wi' the phi - la - beg, Down by the Tum - mel or  
banks o' the Gar - - ry? Saw ye my lad, wi' his  
bon - net, an' white cock - ade, Leav - ing his moun - tains to fol - low Prince Char - lie?  
Fol - low thee, fol - low thee, wha wad - na fol - low thee?  
Lang hast thou lo'ed and trust - ed us fair - ly! Char - lie, Char - lie,  
wha wad - na fol - low thee? King o' the High - land hearts, bon - nie Prince Char - lie.

I ha'e but ae son, my brave young Donald,  
But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry!  
Health to Macdonald, and gallant clan Roland,  
For they are the lads that would die for Prince Charlie.  
Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamores,  
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely,  
Ronald and Donald drive on wi' your braid claymores,  
Over the necks o' the foes o' Prince Charlie.  
Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

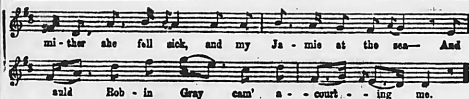
## AULD ROBIN GRAY.

MUSIC BY REV. WILLIAM LEEVES.

*Slow and with feeling.*

WORDS BY LADY ANNE LINDSAY.

Young Ja - mie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride; But  
sav - ing a crown he had nae - thing else be - side; To  
make the crown a pound my Ja - mie gaed to sea; And the  
crown and the pound were baith for me! He  
had - na been gane a week but on - ly twa, When my  
fa - ther brake his arm, and our cow was stown a - wa', My



[My father couldna work—my mither couldna spin;  
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;  
 And Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e's  
 Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, will you no' marry me?"  
 My heart it said na, for I look'd for Jamie back;  
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;  
 The ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jenny dee?  
 Oh why do I live to say, O wae's me!]

My father urged me sair—my mither didna speak,  
 But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;  
 They gied him my hand, but my heart was at the sea;  
 And and Robin Gray is gudeman to me.  
 I hadna been a wife a week but only four,  
 When sittin' sae mournfully at my ain door,  
 I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I couldna think it be,  
 Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee;"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;  
 We took but ae kiss, and then tore ourselves away.  
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;  
 Oh why do I live to say, O wae's me!  
 I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;  
 I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin  
 But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,  
 For and Robin Gray, he is gudeman to me.

<sup>1</sup> Stolen.

## SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLEED!

*March.*

WORDS BY BURNS.

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wal - lace bled! Scots, wham Bruce has af - ten led!  
 Wal - come to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - ry!  
 Now's the day, and now's the hour; See the front of bat - tle lour;  
 See sp - preach proud Ed - ward's pow'r, Chains and sla - ve - ry!

Wha wad be a traitor knave?  
 Wha wad fill a coward's grave?  
 Wha see base as be a slave?  
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha, for Scotland's King and Law,  
 Freedom's sword win eagerly draw,  
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
 Let him on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains,  
 By our sons in servile chains,  
 We will drain our dearest veins  
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurper low  
 Tyrants fall in every foe.  
 Liberty's in every blow!  
 Let us do or die!

## I ANCE WAS A WANTER.

*Nicol.*

I ANCE was a wanter, as happy 's a bee;  
 I meddled wi' nans, and nane meddled wi' me;  
 I whiles had a crack (1) o'er a cog o' gude yill, (2)  
 Whiles a bloker o' swats, whiles a heart-heezin' gill.  
 And I aye had a groat if I hadna a pound,  
 On this earth there was nane meikle happier found.  
 But my auld mither died in the year auchtty-nine,  
 And I've never had peace in this world sin syne. (3)

Fu' sound may she sleep—a doude (4) woman was she,  
 Wi' her wheel, and her cat, and her cupple o' tea;  
 My ingle (5) she keepit as neat as a preen,  
 And never speered questions as "Whar hae ye been?"  
 As, "What were you dcin'?" or, "Wha was ye wi?"—  
 We were happy thegither, my mither and me.  
 But my auld, &c.

When my mither was gane for a while I was wae;  
 But a young chap was I, and a wife I wad hae—  
 A wife I sune got, and I aye hae her yet.  
 And the folks think thegither we unco weel fit.  
 But my ain mind hae I, tho' I daurna speak o't,  
 For mair than her gallop I like my ain trot.  
 But my auld, &c.

When I wi' a crony am taking a drap,  
 She'll yammer (6) and ca' me an auld drucken chap.  
 If an hour I bide out, loud she greets and she yowls,  
 And bans a' gude fellows, baith bodies and sowls.  
 And yet what a care she has o' her gude man,  
 Ye wad think I was doited (7)—I canna but ban.  
 But my auld, &c.

My gilpie young dochters are looking for men,  
 I'll be a grandfather, or ever I ken.  
 The laddies are thinking on ruling the roast,  
 And their faither, puir body, 's deaf as a post.  
 But he sees they're upsettin', sae crouse and sae bauld; (8)  
 Oh, why did I marry, and wherefore grow auld?  
 But my auld, &c.

1 Chat. 2 Measure of good ale. 3. Since then. 4 Amiable and prudent. 5 Fireside.  
 6 Scold. 7 Stupid. 8 So forward and bold.

## MY HEATHER HILLS.

*Ballantine.*

O GLADSTONE is the sea wi' its heaving tide,  
 And bonnie are the plains in their simmer  
 pride;  
 But the sea wi' its tide, and the plains wi'  
 their rills,  
 Are nae half sae dear as my heather hills.  
 I can heedless look on the siller sea,  
 I may tentless muse on the flow'ry lea;  
 But my heart wi' a nameless rapture thrills  
 When I gaze on the cliffs o' my heather hills.  
 Then hurrah, hurrah, for my heather hills,  
 Where the bonnie thistle waves to the  
 sweet blue bells,  
 And the wild mountain floods heave their  
 crests to the clouds,  
 Syne foam down the steeps o' my heather  
 hills.  
 O! aft in my roving youthfu' days,  
 I've nestled and row'd on their sunny braes;  
 And pouket (1) the bloom and the sweet hare-  
 bells

Aff the bonnie broomy knowes o' my heather  
 hills,  
 I hae herried the nest o' the wild muiroock,  
 I hae clamber'd the steeps o' the raven's  
 rock,  
 I hae courted my love in their rocky fells,  
 And won a sweet bride on my heather hills.  
 Then hurrah, &c.  
 I cling to their braes like the bud to the  
 thorn,  
 For 'mang their heather knowlets sae free  
 was I born;  
 And the hame o' my youth is my lov'd hame  
 still,  
 'Neath the kindly shade o' a heather hill.  
 And when nature fails, row'd in my plaid,  
 I'll lay me down on a heather bed;  
 And patiently wait till kind heaven wills  
 To waft me awa' frae my heather hills.  
 Then hurrah, &c.



THE LAND O' THE LEAL.—*Nairne.*

I'm wearin' awa', Jean,  
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean;  
I'm wearin' awa'

To the land o' the leal.  
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,  
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean;  
The day is aye fair  
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,  
Your teeth ended now, Jean;  
And I'll welcome you  
To the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,  
She was baith guld and fair, Jean;  
And we grudged her sair, Jean,  
To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean,  
My soul langts to be free, Jean;  
And angels wait on me

To the land o' the leal.  
Now, fare ye weel, my ain Jean,  
This world's care is vain, Jean;  
We'll meet and aye be fain  
In the land o' the leal.

THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN.—*Campbell.*

There's many a man of the Cameron clan,  
That has followed his chief to the field;  
He has sworn to defend him or die by his  
side,  
For a Cameron never can yield.

I hear the pibroch sounding, sounding,  
Deep o'er the monstain and glen;  
While light-springing footsteps are  
trampling the heath,  
'Tis the march of the Cameron men.

Oh! proudly they walk, but each Cameron  
knows

He may tread on the heather no more;  
But boldly he follows his chief to the field,  
Where his laurels were gather'd before.

The moon has arisen, it shines on that path  
Now trod by the gallant and true --  
High, high are their hopes, for their chief-  
tain has sail,  
That whatever men dare they can do.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.—*Ballantine.*

The bonnie, bonnie bairn, wha sits pokin'  
in the aye, (1)

Glow'ring in the fire wi' his wee round face;  
Laughing at the fuffin' lows, (2) what sees  
he there?

Ha! the young dreamer's biggin' (3) castles  
in the air.

His wee chubby face, and his touzy (4) curly  
pow,

Are laughin' and noddin' to the dancing  
lowe!

He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe his  
sunny hair,

Glow'ring at the imps wi' their castles in the  
air,

He sees muckle castles towerin' to the  
moon!

He sees little sodgers pu'ing them a' down!  
Worlds whummling (5) up and down, bleezing  
wi' a flare—

See how he loup! (6) as they glimmer in the  
air,

For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie  
ken?

He's thinking upon naething, like mony  
mighty mon;

A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing-  
mak's us stare—

There are mair folks than him biggin'  
castles in the air.

Sic a night in winter may weel mak' him  
cauld;

His chin upon his buffy (7) hand will soon  
mak' him auld,

His brow is brent so braid, O pray that Daddy  
Care

Would let the wean alane wi' his castles in  
the air.

He'll glow'r at the fire! and he'll keek (8)  
at the light!

But mony sparkling stars are swallowed up  
by night;

Aulder een than his are glamour'd by a glare.  
Hearts are broken, heads are turn'd, wi'  
castles in the air.

1 Ashes. 2 Puffing flame. 3 Building. 4 Unkempt. 5 Tossing and jumbling. 6 Leaps.  
7 Fat and dimply. 8 Peep.

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.—*Blair.*

AND ye shall walk in silk attire,  
And siller ha'e to spare,  
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,  
Nor think o' Donald mair.  
Oh, wha wad buy a silken gown,  
Wi' a puir broken heart?  
Or wad ye to me a siller croun,  
Gin frae my love I part?

For I ha'e pledged my virgin troth,  
Brave Donald's fate to share,  
And he has gi'on to me his heart,  
Wi' a' its virtues rare.  
For longest life can ne'er repay  
The love he bears to me;  
And ere I'm forced to break my troth,  
I'll lay me doun and dee.

## THE FLOWERS O' THE FOREST.

*Moderately slow and with expression.*

WORDS BY MRS. COCKBURN.

I've seen the snail - ing Of For - tune be - gull - ing, I've  
 felt all her fa - vours and found her de - cay; Sweet was her bless - ing.  
 Kind her ca - res - sing; But now they are fled, . . . . fled far a - way.  
 I've seen the fo - rest A - dorn'd the fore - most, Wi' flow - ers o' the fairest, baith  
 plea - - sant and gay; Sae bon - ny was their bloom - ing! Their  
 scent the air per - fum - ing! But now they are wi - ther'd and a' wede<sup>1</sup> a - way.

I've seen the morning  
 With goid the hills adorning,  
 And the loud tempest roaring before parting day;  
 I've seen Tweed's silver stream,  
 Glitt'ring in the sunny beam,  
 Grow drunly and dark as it roll'd on its way.

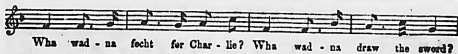
Oh, fickle Fortune,  
 Why this cruel sporting?  
 Oh, why still perplex us, pair sons of a day?  
 Thy frown cannot fear me,  
 Thy smile cannot cheer me,—  
 Since the Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

<sup>1</sup> Weeded or rooted out.

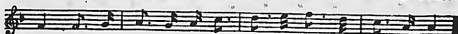
## WHA WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE.

*Marsiale.*

Wha wa - na fecht for Char - lie? Wha wa - na draw the sword?  
 Wha wa - na up and ral - ly At the roy - al Prin - ce's word?  
 Think on Sco - tia's an - cient he - roes, Think on fo - reign foes re - pell'd,  
 Think on glo - rious Bruce and Wal - lace, Who the proud u - sur - pers quell'd



Wha wad - na fecht for Char - lie? Wha wad - na draw the sword?



Wha wad - na up and ral - ly At the roy - al Prin - ce's a word?

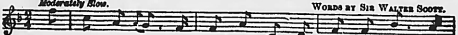
Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!  
Rouse, ye heroes of the north!  
Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,  
'Tis your Prince that leads you forth!  
Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?  
Shall we own a foreign sway?  
Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,  
While a stranger rules the day?  
Wha wadna fecht, &c.

See the northern clans advancing!  
See Glengarry and Lochiel!  
See the broadish'd broadswords glancing!  
Highland hearts are true as steel.  
Now our Prince has raised his banner,  
Now triumphant is our cause;  
Now the Scottish lion rallies,  
Let us strike for Prince and laws!  
Wha wadna fecht, &c.

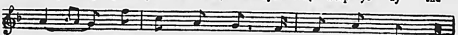
## JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

*Moderately Slow.*

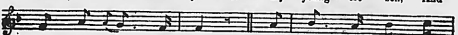
WORDS BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.



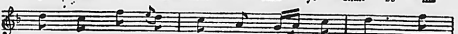
"Why weep ye by the tide, la - dye? Why weep ye by the



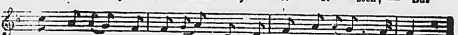
tide? . . . I'll wed ye to my young - est son, And



ye shall be his bride. And ye shall be his



bride, la - dye, Sac come - ly to be seen;"— But



aye she loot the tears down fa', For Jock o' Il - sel - dean.

"Now let this wilfn' grief be done,  
And dry that cheek so pale,  
Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
And lord of Langley Dale;  
His step is first in peaceful ha',  
His sword in battle keen;"—  
But aye she loot the tears down fa',  
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

["A chain o' gold ye shall not lack,  
Nor braid to bind your hair,  
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;  
And you, the foremost o' them a',  
Shall ride our forest queen;"—  
But aye she loot the tears down fa',  
For Jock o' Hazeldean.]

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,  
The tapers glimmer'd fair;  
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
And dame and knight were there.  
They sought her baith by bower and ha';  
The lady was not seen!  
She's cwer the border, and awa'  
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean!

## COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

Anon.

WORDS BY HECTOR MACBELL.

“Come un - der my plai - die, the night's gawn to fa'; Come  
 in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw; Come un - der my plai - die, and  
 sit down be - side me, There's room in't, dear las - sie, be - lieve me, for twa.  
 Come un - der my plai - die, and sit down be - side me; I'll  
 hap' ye frae ev' - ry cauld blast that can blaw; O come un - der my plai - die, and  
 sit down be - side me, There's room in't, dear las - sie, be - lieve me, for twa.”

“Gae 'wa wi' yer plaidie! auld Donald, gae 'wa;  
 I fear nae the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw;  
 Gae 'wa wi' yer plaidie! I'll no sit beside ye;  
 Ye might be my gutcher! auld Donald, gae 'wa.  
 I'm gawn to meet Johnnie—he's young and he's bonnie;  
 He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig<sup>2</sup> and fu' brow!  
 Nane dances sae lichtly, sae gracefu', sae tichtly,  
 His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw.”

“Dear Marion, let that flee<sup>4</sup> stick fast to the wa';  
 Your Jock's but a gowk,<sup>3</sup> and has naething ava;  
 The hale<sup>6</sup> o' his pack he has now on his back;  
 He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.  
 Be frank now and kindly—I'll baak ye aye finely;  
 To kirk or to market there'll nane gang sae braw;  
 A bien<sup>7</sup> house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,  
 An' flunkies<sup>8</sup> to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'.”

“My faither aye tau'd me, my mither an' a',  
 Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me aye braw;  
 It's true I lo'e Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie,  
 But, wae's me! I ken, he has naething ava!  
 I ha'e little tocher;<sup>9</sup> ye've made a gude offer;  
 I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma';  
 Sae gi'e me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye,  
 I thocht ye'd been auider than threescore and twa!”

She crap<sup>10</sup> in ayont him, beside the stane wa',  
 Whar Johnnie was list'nin', and heard her tell a';  
 The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,<sup>11</sup>  
 And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.  
 He wand'ed<sup>12</sup> home weerie, the night it was dreerie,  
 And, thowless,<sup>13</sup> he tint his gate<sup>14</sup> 'mang the deep snaw;  
 Tho' howlet<sup>14</sup> was screamin', while Johnnie cried, “Women  
 Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw.”

<sup>1</sup>Shield    <sup>2</sup>Grandfire.    <sup>3</sup>Neat.    <sup>4</sup>Fly.    <sup>5</sup>Fool.    <sup>6</sup>Whole.    <sup>7</sup>Comely.  
<sup>8</sup>Servants in livery.    <sup>9</sup>Fortune.    <sup>10</sup>Cropt.    <sup>11</sup>Shook.    <sup>12</sup>Listless, knoe.  
<sup>13</sup>Lost his way.    <sup>14</sup>Owl

## ILKA BLADE O' GRASS.

*Ballantine.*

CONFIDE ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,  
 And bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm and tranquil mind;  
 Tho' press'd and hemm'd on every side, hae faith and ye'll win through,  
 For ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends, or cross'd in love, as whies nae doubt ye've been,  
 Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or tears flow frae your een;  
 Believe it for the best, an' trow there's gude in store for you,  
 For ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer, when the clear an' cloudless sky  
 Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to nature parched and dry,  
 The genial night wi' balmy breath gars verdure spring anew.  
 An' ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew.

So lest 'mid Fortune's sunshine we should feel owre proud an' hie,  
 An' in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae poortith's (1) o'e,  
 Some wee dark clouds o' sorrow come, we ken na whence or how,  
 But ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew.

1 Poverty's.

## SAE WILL WE YET.

*Watson.*

SIT ye down here, my cronies, and gi'e us  
 your crack (1),  
 Let the wind take the care o' this life on its  
 back;  
 Our hearts to despondency we ne'er will  
 submit,  
 For we've aye been provided for, and sae  
 will we yet.

And sae will we yet, &amp;c.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his  
 plough,  
 Rewarding his eident (2) toils all the year  
 through;  
 Our seed-time and harvest we ever will get,  
 For we've lippen'd (3) aye to Providence, and  
 sae will we yet.

And sae will we yet, &amp;c.

Lang live the king, and happy may he be,  
 And success to his forces by land and by  
 sea!

His enemies to triumph we ne'er will per-  
 mit,  
 Britons aye ha'e been victorious, and sae  
 will they yet.

And sae will they yet, &amp;c.

Let the glass keep its course, and go merrily  
 roun',  
 For the sun it will rise tho' the moon has  
 gane down;  
 When the house is rinnin' round about, it's  
 time enough to flit,  
 When we fell we aye got up again, and sae  
 will we yet.

And sae will we yet, &amp;c.

1 Talk. 2 Diligent. 3 Trusted.

## WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?

*Nairne.*

BONNIE Charlie's now awa'  
 Safely owre the friendly main;  
 Moony a heart will break in twa,  
 Should he ne'er come back again.

Will ye no come back again?  
 Will ye no come back again?  
 Better lo'ed ye canna be—  
 Will ye no come back again?

We watched thee in the gloaming hour,  
 We watched thee in the morning pray;  
 Tho' thirty thousand pounds they gie,  
 Oh, there is nane that wad betray.  
 Will ye no, &c.

Sweet's the lavrock's (1) note an' lang,  
 Liltin' (2) wildly up the glen;  
 But aye to me he sings ae sang,  
 Will ye no come back again?  
 Will ye no, &c.

1 Lark's. 2 Caroling.

## WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

*Hogg.*

COME all ye jolly shepherds that whistle through the glen,  
I'll tell ye o' a secret that courtiers dinna ken.  
What is the greatest bliss that the tongue o' man can name?  
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie when the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame, when the kye (1) comes hame,  
'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk, when the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the burgenet, nor yet beneath the crown,  
'Tis not on couch of velvet, nor yet on bed of down;  
'Tis beneath the spreading birk, in the dell without a name,  
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie, when the kye comes hame.

Then the eye shines sae bright, the hail soul to beguile,  
There's love in every whisper, and joy in every smile;  
O wha would choose a crown, wi' its perils and its fame,  
And miss a bonnie lassie when the kye comes hame.

See yonder pawky (2) shepherd that lingers on the hill—  
His yowes (3) are in the fauld, and his lambs are lying still;  
Yet he downa gang to rest, for his heart is in a flame  
To meet his bonnie lassie when the kye comes hame.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune—what pleasure can they gie?—  
And a' the arts that prey upon man's life and liberty!  
Gie me the highest joy that the heart o' man can frame,  
My bonnie, bonnie lassie, when the kye comes hame.

1 Cow. 2 Artful. 3 Ewes.

## MUIRLAND WILLIE.

HARKEN, and I will tell you how  
Young Muirland Willie cam' to woo,  
Tho' he could neither say nor do,  
The truth I'll tell to you.

But aye he cries, whato'er betide,  
Maggy I'll hae tae be my bride,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his grey mare as he did ride,  
Wi' dirk and pistol by his side,  
He prick'd her on wi' mickle pride,  
Wi' mickle mirth and glee.

Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,  
Till he cam' tae her daddy's door,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

Gudeman, quoth he, be ye within?  
I'm comin' your dochter's love to win,  
I carena for making meikle din;  
What answer gi'e ye me?

Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,  
I'll gi'e ye my dochter's love to win,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,  
She was the brawest in a' the town,  
I wat on him she didna gloom,  
But blinkit bonnie.

The lover he stended up in haste (1),  
And gript her hard about the waist,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,  
I'm young, and ha'e enough o' gear, (2),  
And for mysel' ye needna fear,  
Trowth try me whan ye like.

He took aff his bonnet sae braid and blue,  
He dichtit his gab (3), and he pree'd her mou',  
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd (4) fu' law,  
She hadna will to say him na,  
But to her daddy she left it a',  
As they twa could agree.

The lover he gied her the tither kiss,  
Syne ran to her daddy, and tell'd him this,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

Your dochter wadna say me na,  
But to yoursel' she's left it a'  
As we could agree between us twa,  
Say what ye'll gi'e me wi' her!  
Now, wooer, quo' he, I ha'e na meikle,  
But sic's I ha'e ye's get a pickle,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gi'e to thee,  
Three soums o' sheep, twa gude milk kye,  
Ye's ha'e the waddin-dinner free;  
Trowth, I dow do nae mair.

Content, quo' he, a bargain be't,  
I'm far frae hame, make haste, let's do't,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal day it came to pass,  
Wi' mony a blithesome lad and lass;  
And sicken a day there never was,  
Sic mirth was never seen.

This winsome couple straket (5) hands,  
Mess John ty'd up the marriage bands,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

## TULLOCHGORUM.

Lively.

WORDS BY THE REV. JOHN SKINFER.

Come gies a sang, Mont-gom-'ry cried, And lay your dis-putes a' a-side; What  
 s' - ni - fles't for folks to chide For what was done be - fore them.  
 Let Whig and To - ry a' a - gree, Whig and To - ry, Whig and To - ry,  
 Whig and To - ry a' a - gree, To drap their whig - mig - mo - rum; Let  
 Whig and To - ry a' a - gree, To spend this nicht in mirth and glee, And  
 cheer - fu' sing, a - lang wi' me, The reel o' Tul - loch - go - rum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,  
 It gars us a' in ane unite,  
 And onie sumph' that keeps up spite,  
 In conscience I abhor him.  
 Blythe and merry we'll be a',  
 Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,  
 Blythe and merry we'll be a',  
 An' mak' a cheerfu' quorum.  
 For blythe and merry we'll be a'  
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,  
 And dance till we be like to fa',  
 The reel o' Tullochgorum.

What need's there be sae great a fraise,  
 Wi' syngin', dull Italian lays,  
 A' aina gie our ain strathspeys  
 For half-a-hunder score o' them.  
 They're dowf' and dowie' at the best,  
 Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,  
 Dowf and dowie at the best,  
 Wi' a' their variorum;  
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,  
 Their *allegros* and a' the rest,  
 They canna please a Scottish taste,  
 Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let worldly wome their minds unweel  
 Wi' tears o' want and double ceas,  
 And sullen sots themsel's distress  
 Wi' keeping up decorum.  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit?  
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Like auld philosophorum?  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit?  
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit.  
 Nor ever rise to shake a fit  
 To the reel o' Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings aye attend,  
 Each honest, open-hearted friend,  
 And calm and quiet be his end,  
 And a' that's guid watch o'er him,  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,  
 Peace and plenty be his lot,  
 And dainties a great store o' them;  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Unstain'd by ony vicious spot,  
 And may he never want a goat.  
 That's fond o' Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,  
 Wha want's to be oppressa's tool,  
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,  
 And discontent devour him,  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 Dool and sorrow dool and sorrow,  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 And nane say, "Wae's me, for him!"  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 And a' the ills that come frae France,  
 Whae'er he be that winna dance  
 The reel o' Tullochgorum.

## OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLOW.

*In moderate time.*

WORDS BY BURNS.

Of a' the airts the win' can blow, I dear - ly lo'e the west; For  
 there the bon - nie las - sie lives, The las - sie I lo'e best; Let  
 wild woods grow and riv - ers row, Wi' mo - nya hill be - tween, Baith  
 day and night my fan - cy's flight is e - ver wi' my Jean. I  
 see her in ilk dew - y flow'r, Sae love - ly, sweet and fair; Y  
 hear her voice in il - ku bird Wi' mu - sic charm the air; Thee's  
 no a bon - nie flow'r that springs By foun - tain, shaw,<sup>1</sup> or green, Nor  
 yet a bon - nie bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw, ye westlin' winds, blaw soft,  
 Among the leafy trees!  
 Wi' gentle breath, frae muir and dale  
 Bring hame the laden bees!  
 And bring the lassie back to me,  
 That's aye sae neat and clean;  
 Ae blink<sup>4</sup> o' her would banish care,  
 Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows among the knowes<sup>2</sup>  
 Ha'e passed atween us twa!  
 How fain to meet, how was to part  
 That day she gaed awa!  
 The powers aboon can only ken,  
 To whom the heart is seen,  
 That nane can be sae dear to me  
 As my sweet lovely Jean.

<sup>1</sup> Directions or points of the compass.<sup>2</sup> Each.<sup>3</sup> A small wood in a hollow place.<sup>4</sup> One glance.<sup>5</sup> Knolls.

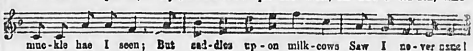
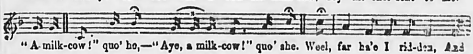
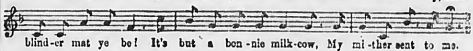
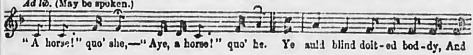
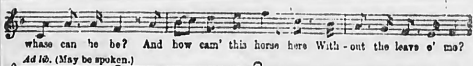
## HAME CAM' OUR GUIDMAN AT E'EN.

*Moderato.*

OLD BALLAD

O hame cam' our guid - man at e'en, And hame cam' he, And  
 there he saw a sa - dle horse Where nae horse should be; And how cam' this horse here? And





Hame cam' our guidman at e'en,  
 And hame cam' he  
 And there he saw a muckle coat,  
 Where nae coat should be.  
 How cam' this coat here?  
 How can this be?  
 How cam' this coat here,  
 Without the leave o' me?  
 A coat! quo' she;  
 Ay, a coat, quo' he.  
 Ye auld blind dotard carle,  
 And blinder mat ye be!  
 It's but a pair o' blankets  
 My minnie<sup>2</sup> sent to me;  
 Blankets! quo' he,  
 Ay, blankets, quo' she.  
 Far ha'e I ridden,  
 And muckle ha'e I seen:  
 But buttons upon blankets  
 Saw I never nae!

Hame cam' our guidman at e'en,  
 And hame cam' he;  
 He spied a pair o' jack boots,  
 Where nae jack-boots should be  
 What's this now, guidwife?  
 What's this I see?  
 How cam' thae boots here,  
 Without the leave o' me?  
 Boots, quo' she;  
 Ay, boots, quo' he;  
 Ye auld blind dotard carle,  
 And blinder mat ye be!  
 It's but a pair o' water-stoups,<sup>3</sup>  
 The cooper sent to me.  
 Water-stoups, quo' he,  
 Ay, water-stoups, quo' she.  
 Far ha'e I ridden,  
 And muckle ha'e I seen;  
 But siller-spurs on water-stoups  
 Saw I never nae.

Hame cam' our guidman at e'en,  
 And hame cam' he;  
 And there he saw a siller-sword,  
 Where nae sword should be.  
 What's this now, guidwife?  
 What's this I see?  
 Oh, how cam' this sword here,  
 Without the leave o' me?  
 A sword, quo' she,  
 Ay, a sword, quo' he.  
 Ye auld blind dotard carle,  
 And blinder mat ye be!  
 It's but a parritch-stick<sup>4</sup>  
 My minnie sent to me.  
 A parritch-stick! quo' he  
 Ay, a parritch-stick, quo' she  
 Weel, far ha'e I ridden,  
 And muckle ha'e I seen;  
 But a tassal on a parritch-stick  
 Saw I never nae.

Ben the house gaed our guidman,  
 And ben gaed he;  
 And there he spied a sturdy man  
 Where nae man should be.  
 How cam' this man here?  
 How can this be?  
 How cam' this man here,  
 Without the leave o' me?  
 A man! quo' she,  
 Ay, a man! quo' he.  
 Oh! hooly, hooly,<sup>5</sup> our guidman,  
 An' dinna angry be,  
 It's just our cousin M'Intosh,  
 Come frae the north countrie.  
 Our cousin M'Intosh! quo' he,  
 Aye, our cousin M'Intosh, quo' she.  
 We'll be a' hanged and quartered Kate,  
 And that you'll soon see,  
 Here's a Hieland rebel i' the house,  
 Without the leave o' me.

<sup>1</sup> Large    <sup>2</sup> Mother.    <sup>3</sup> Water-pails.    <sup>4</sup> A stick to stir porridge while boiling    <sup>5</sup> Boldy.

## MY AIN FIRESIDE.

Hamilton.

O, I hae seen great anes and sat in great ha's,  
'Mang lords and 'mang ladies a' cover'd wi'  
braws;

But a sight sae' delightfu' I trow I ne'er spied  
As the bonnie blythe blink o' my ain fireside.

My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
Oh, sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside!

Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to

fear,

But truth to delight me, and friendship to  
cheer:

Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,  
There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.

Ance mair, Heaven be praised, round my ain  
heartsome ingle (1)

Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially  
mingle;

Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,  
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when  
I'm sad.

1 Cheerful fireside.

## JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.

Boswell.

AT Willie's wedding on the green,  
The lasses—bonnie witches—

Were a' dressed out in aprons clean,  
And braw white Sunday mitches; (1)

Auid Maggie bade the lads tak' tent, (2)  
But Jock would no believe her;

But soon the fool his folly kent,  
For Jenny dang the weaver.

And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,

Jenny dang the weaver;

But soon the fool his folly kent,  
For Jenny dang the weaver.

At ilka country dance or reel

Wi' her he would be babbin';

When she sat down he sat down,

And to her would be gabbin';

Where'er she gae'd, baith but and ben,

The coof would never leave her,

Aye kecklin' like a clockin' hen; (3)

But Jenny dang the weaver.

The lads and lasses round about

At Jockey they were jeerin';

"Lauch on," said he, "ye'll soon find out  
I'll get her for the speerin'."

Jock slippit close to Jenny's side,

And cockit up his beaver;

Sae fu' o' self-conceit and pride,

He thoct she'd tak' a weaver.

Quo' he, "My lass, to speak my mind,

In truth I needna swither; (4)

You've bonnie e'en, and if you're kind

I'll never seek anither."

He humm'd and haw'd, the lass cried,

"Peugh!"

And bade the coof no deave her;

Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,

And dang the silly weaver.

As Jockey stood maist like to greet,

Auid Maggie cam' to cheer him—

"Gae kiss, and clap, and ca' her sweet,—

Ye'll get her, never fear, man."

"Na, na," quo' Jock, "I'm aff wi' love—

My mither, I'll ne'er leave her;

My heart's a stane nae lass cau move,

I'll dee a single weaver."

1 Caps. 2 Take heed. 3 Cackling like a sitting hen. 4 Need not fear.

## THE BIRKS O' ABERFELDY.

Burns.

BONNIE lassie, will ye go,

Will ye go, will ye go,

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,

To the birks o' Aberfeldy!

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,

And o'er the crystal streamlet plays;

Come, let us spend the lightsome days

In the birks o' Aberfeldy.

The little birdies blythely sing,

While o'er their heads the hazels hing;

Or lightly flit on wanton wing,

In the birks o' Aberfeldy.

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

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

Let to-morrow's gifts at random flee,  
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me  
Supremely blost wi' love and thee  
In the birks o' Aberfeldy.

## LOUDON'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.

*Tannahill.*

"LOUDON'S bonnie woods and braes,  
I maun leave them a', lassie;  
Wha can thole when Britain's faes  
Wae gie to Britons law, lassie?  
Wha wad shun the field o' danger?  
Wha to fame wad live a stranger?  
Now, when freedom bids avenge her,  
Wha wae shun her ca', lassie?  
Loudon's bonnie woods and braes  
Hae seen our happy bridal days,  
And gentle hope shall soothe thy wae,  
When I am far awa', lassie."

"Hark, the swelling bugle rings,  
Yieldin' joy to thee, laddie;  
But the dolefu' bugle brings  
Wae fu' thochts to me, laddie.  
Lanely I may climb the mountain,  
Lanely stray beside the fountain,

Still the weary moments countin',  
Far frae love and thee, laddie.  
Ower the gory fields o' war,  
Where vengeance drives his crimson car,  
Thou may fa' frae me afar,  
And nane to close thy e'e, laddie."

"Oh, resume thy wonted smile;  
Oh, suppress thy fears, lassie—  
Glorious honour crowns the toil  
That the soldier shares, lassie.  
Heaven will shield thy faithful lover  
Till the vengeful strife is over,  
Then we'll meet nae mair to sever  
Till the day we dee, lassie.  
'Midst our bonnie woods and braes  
We'll spend our peacefu', happy days,  
As blythe's yon lightsome lamb that plays  
On Loudon's flowery lea, lassie."

## MY MITHER'S AYE GLOW'RIN' OWER ME.

*Ramsay.*

MY mither's aye glow'rin' ower me,  
Though she did the same before me;  
I canna get leave  
To look at my love,  
Or else she'd be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I tak your offer,  
Sweet sir, but I'll tane my tocher; (1)  
Then Sandy you'll froth,  
And wyte (2) your poor Kate,  
Whene'er you look in your toom (3) coffer.  
My mither's, &c.

For though my father has plenty  
O' siller and plenishing dainty,  
Yet he's unco swae (4)  
To twine wi' his gear; (5)  
And sae we hae need to be tonty. (6)  
My mither's, &c.

Tutor my parents wi' caution;  
Bo wylie in lika motion;  
Brag weel o' your fand,  
And there's my leal (7) hand,  
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.  
My mither's, &c.

1 Lose my dowry.

2 Blame.

3 Empty.

4 Unwilling.

5 To part with his money.

6 Watchful.

7 Faithful.

## SCOTLAND YET.

*Riddell.*

GAE bring my guid auld harp ance mair,  
Gae bring it free and fast,  
For I maun sing anither sang  
Ere a' my glee be past;  
An' trow ye, as I sing, my lads,  
The burden o't shall be—  
Auld Scotland's howes, and Scotland's  
knowes,  
And Scotland's hills for me;  
I'll drink a health to Scotland yet,  
Wi' a' the honours three!

The heath waves wild upon her hills,  
And foaming through the fells,  
Her fountains sing of freedom still  
As they dash down the dells;  
For weel I lo'e the land, my lads,  
That's girded by the sea—  
Then Scotland's vales, and Scotland's  
dales,  
And Scotland's hills for me;  
I'll drink a health to Scotland yet,  
Wi' a' the honours three!

The thistle wags upon the fields  
Where Wallace bare his blade,  
That gave her foemen's dearest blude,  
To dye her auld gray plaid;  
And looking to the lift, my lads,  
He sang this doughty glee—  
Auld Scotland's richt, and Scotland's micht,  
And Scotland's hills for me;  
I'll drink a health to Scotland yet,  
Wi' a' the honours three!

## GET UP AN' BAR THE DOOR.

Moderato.

OLD BALLAD

i: fall a - bout the Martin - mas time, And a  
 gay time it was then, O, When our gude - wife had  
 pud-dings to make, And she bair'd them in the pan, O.

The wind blew cank' frae north to south,  
 It blew into the door, O,  
 Says our gudeman to our gudewife,  
 "Get up and bar the door, O."

"My hand is at my housewifery,<sup>1</sup>  
 Gudeman, as ye may see, O;  
 An' it shouldna be barr'd this hauner<sup>2</sup> year,  
 It's no be barr'd for me, O."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,  
 They made it firm and sure, O,  
 The first that spak' the foremost word  
 Should rise and bar the door, O.

Then by there cam' twa gentlemen,  
 At twelve o'clock at night, O;  
 And they could neither see house nor ha',  
 Nor coal nor candle light, O.

"Now whether is this a rich man's house,  
 Or whether is this a pair, O?"  
 But never a word ane o' them spak',  
 For the barrin' o' the door, O.

And first they ate the white puddin',  
 And then they ate the black, O;  
 And muckle thought the gudewife to herself<sup>3</sup>  
 But never a word she spak', O.

Then said the tans<sup>4</sup> unto the tither,<sup>4</sup>  
 "Here, man, take ye my knife, O,  
 Do ye tek' aff the auld man's beard,  
 And I'll kiss the gudewife, O."

"But there's nae water in the house,  
 And what shall we do then, O?"  
 "What ails ye at the puddin' bree,<sup>5</sup>  
 That boils into the pan, O?"

O, up then startit our gudeman,  
 And an angry man was he, O:  
 "Wad ye kiss my wife before my face,  
 And scald me wi' puddin' bree, O?"

Then up startit our gudewife,  
 Gied three skips on the floor, O;  
 "Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word,  
 Get up and bar the door, O."

<sup>1</sup> Housewifery.<sup>2</sup> Hundred.<sup>3</sup> One.<sup>4</sup> Other.<sup>5</sup> Liquor.

## THOU LING'RING STAR.

WORDS BY Burns.

Thou ling' - ring star, with less' - ning ray, That  
 lov'st to . . greet the ear - ly morn, A - gain thou ash - er et  
 in - the . . day My Me ry . . from my soul was torn O

Ma - ry! dear de - part - ed . . . shade! Where is thy place of  
bliss - - ful . . . rest? See'st thou thy lov - er . . .  
low - ly . . . laid? Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,  
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
To live one day of parting love.  
Eternity cannot efface  
Those records dear of transports past,  
The image of our last embrace;—  
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last.

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebb'd shore,  
O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green,  
The fragrant birch and hawthorn boar,  
Twin'd amrous round the raptur'd scene:  
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,  
Till too, too soon the glowing west,  
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care;  
Time but th' impression stronger makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.  
My Mary! dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

## OH! WHY LEFT I MY HAME.

MUSIC BY PETER McLEOD.

*Slow with feeling.*

WORDS BY R. GILFILLAN.

Oh why left I my hame? Why did I cross the deep? Oh  
why left I the land Where my fore - fa - ther's sleep? I  
sigh for Sco - tia's shore, And I gaze a - cross the sea, But I  
can - na get a blink O' my ain coun - tris

The palm-tree waveth high,  
And fair the myrtle springs,  
And to the Indian maid  
The bulbul<sup>1</sup> sweetly sings;  
But I dinna see the broom,  
Wi' its tassels on the lea,  
Nor hear the lintie's sang  
O' my ain countrie.

Oh! here no Sabbath-bell  
Awakes the Sabbath morn,  
Nor song of reapers heard  
Among the yellow corn:  
For the tyrant's voice is here,  
And the wail of slavery;  
But the sun of Freedom shines  
In my ain countrie.

<sup>1</sup> The Indian Nightingale.

## THE HUNDRED PIPERS.

*Nairne.*

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',  
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',  
 We'll up an' gi'e thom a blaw, a blaw,  
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.  
 Oh, it's ower the border awa', awa',  
 It's ower the border awa', awa',  
 We'll on, an' we'll march to Carlisle ha',  
 Wi' its yetts, (1) its castles, an' a', an' a'.

Oh, our sodgor lads looked braw, looked  
 braw,  
 Wi' their tartan kilts an' a', an' a',  
 Wi' their bonnets, and feathers, and glitter-  
 ing gear,  
 An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.  
 Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?  
 Will they a' return, our Highland men?  
 Second-sighted Sandy looked fu' wae, (2)  
 And mither's grat (3) when they marched  
 away.

Oh! wha is foremost o' a', o' a' ?  
 Oh! wha is foremost o' a', o' a' ?  
 Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurrah!  
 Wi' his hundred pipers, an' a', an' a'.  
 His bonnet and feather are waviu' high;  
 His prancing steed maist seems to fly;  
 The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,  
 While the pipers blaw wi' an unco flare.

The Esk was swollen sae rod and sae deep;  
 But shouther tae shouther the brave lads  
 keep,  
 Twa thousand swam ower to fell English  
 ground,  
 An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's  
 sound.  
 Dumfounder'd, the English saw, they saw—  
 Dumfounder'd, they heard the blaw, the  
 blaw!  
 Dumfounder'd, they a' ran awa', awa',  
 Frae the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

1 Gates. 2 Sorrowful. 3 Wept.

## GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWÁ.

*Tannahill.*

GLOOMY winter's now awa',  
 Saft the westlin breezes blaw;  
 'Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw  
 The mavis (1) sings fu' cheerie, O.  
 Sweet the craw-flower's early bell  
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,  
 Blooming like thy bonnie sel',  
 My young, my artless dearie, O.  
 Come, my lassie, let us stray  
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,  
 Blithely spend the gowder day  
 'Midst joys that never wearie, O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,  
 Lavrocks (2) fan the snow-white clouds;  
 Siller saughs, (3) wi' downie buds,  
 Adorn the banks sae brierie, O.  
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks,  
 Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks,  
 'Neath the brae the burrie jouks, (4)  
 And ilka thing is cheerie, O.  
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,  
 Flow'rs may bloom, and verdure spring.  
 Joy to me they canna bring,  
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

1 Thrush. 2 Sky-larks. 3 Silvery willows. 4 Hides playfully.

## THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

*Ancient.*

There was a jolly beggar,  
 And a-beggin' he was boun',  
 And he took up his quarters  
 Into a landwart toun.

CHO.—And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin',  
 Sae late into the nicht;  
 And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin',  
 Let the moon shine e'er sae bricht.

He wad neither lie in barn,  
 Nor yet wad he in byre; (1)  
 And in ahint the ha' door,  
 Or else afore the fire.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en,  
 Wi' guid clean strae and hay,  
 And in ahint the ha' door,  
 'Twas there the beggar lay.

Up raise the guid man's dochter,  
 A' for to bar the door,  
 And there she saw the beggar man,  
 A standin' on the floor.

The beggar took her in his arms,  
 And kissed her o'er and o'er;  
 But she rave a' his meal-pocks,  
 And chased him to the door.

He took a horn frae his side,  
 And he blew baith loud and shrill,  
 And four and twenty belted knights,  
 Cam' skippin' ower the hill.

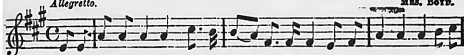
Then he took oot his little knife,  
 Loot a' his duddies (2) fa',  
 And he was the bravest gentleman  
 That was amang them a'.

1 Cow-house. 2 Outer rags.

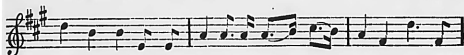
## THE LANG AWA' SHIP.

*Allegretto.*

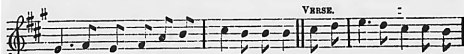
Mrs. Boyd.



On a bon-nie green knowe, by the side o' the sea, Sat a sailor's wife, and her



bairn-ies three; And they sang as the wee waves gaed and cam', "It's



braw to sit and see the ships comin' in." O an out-ward bound maybe



fair to see, Wi' the white sails set to the breez-es free, But to

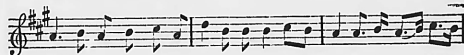


glad-den the heart I'm sure there's nane Like the sicht o' a lang a - wa

CHORUS.



ship comin' hame. Oh, it's braw to sit an' see the ships comin' in, Oh, it's



braw to sit an' see the ship comin' in; They sang as the wee waves



gaed an' cam', "It's braw to sit an' see the ships comin' in."

A wee boat has left the big ship's side,  
It skims ower the tap o' the glancin' tide,  
The keel's on the beach and the sailor free,  
He's hame to his wife and his bairnies  
three.

Oh, it's braw, &c.

To a cantie ingle and a clean hearth stane,  
They welcome the sailor to his hame again,  
And wi' gratefu' hearts they praise His name,  
Wha's Power gar'd the lang awa' ship come  
hame.

Oh, it's braw, &c.

## LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER.

*Lively.*

WORDS BY BURNS.

Last May a braw woo - er cam' down the lang glen, And sair wi' his love he did  
 deave me; I said there was nae-thing I hat-ed like men, The deuce gae wi' him to be-  
 lieve me, be - lieve me, The deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me.

He spak' o' the darts o' my bonnie black e'en,  
 And vow'd for my love he was deein';  
 I said he micht dee when he liked for Jean,  
 The guid forgi'e me for leein', for leein',  
 The guid forgi'e me for leein'.

A weel stockit mailin',<sup>2</sup> himself, o't the laird,  
 And marriage aff hand, was his proffer;  
 I never loot on that I kenn'd it or cared,  
 But thoct I micht ha'e a waur<sup>3</sup> offer, waur  
 offer,  
 But thoct I micht ha'e a waur offer.

But what do you think? in a fortnight or less,  
 The de'il's in his taste to gang near her;  
 He's up the Gateslack to my black cousin Bess,  
 Guess ye how, the jaud, I could bear her,  
 could bear her,  
 Guess ye how, the jaud, I could bear her.

He begged for guid-eake I wad be his wife,  
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;  
 Sae, e'en to preserve the puir body in life,  
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-  
 morrow,  
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

But a' the next week, as I fretted wi' care,  
 I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock;  
 And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there?  
 Wha glower'd<sup>4</sup> as if he'd seen a warlock,<sup>5</sup>  
 a warlock,  
 Wha glower'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Out owre my left shouther I gi'ed him a blink,<sup>6</sup>  
 Lest neighbours micht say I was saucy;  
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
 And vow'd that I was his dear lassie, dear  
 lassie,  
 And vow'd that I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd<sup>7</sup> for my cousin, fu' conthie<sup>8</sup> and sweet,  
 Gin she had recover'd her bearin';  
 And how my auld shoon fitted her shauced<sup>9</sup>  
 feet,  
 Guid save us, how he fell a swearin' a  
 swearin',  
 Guid save us, how he fell a swearin'.

<sup>1</sup> Deafen.    <sup>2</sup> A well stocked farm.    <sup>3</sup> Worse.    <sup>4</sup> Who stared.    <sup>5</sup> Witch.    <sup>6</sup> Smiling look.  
<sup>7</sup> Asked after.    <sup>8</sup> Kindly.    <sup>9</sup> Distorted.

## GI'E ME A LASS WI' A LUMP O' LAND.

*Lively.*

WORDS BY RAMSAY.

Gi'e me a lass wi' a lump o' land, And we .. for life shall  
 gang the - gith - er; Though daft or wise I'll ne - ver de - mand, Or  
 black or fair, it mak's na whe-ther. I'm ai' wi' wit, and



bean - ty will fade, And bluid a - lane is no worth a shil - lin'; But  
she that's rich, her mar - ket's made, For ilk - a charm a - bout her is kill - in'

Gi'e me a lass wi' a lump o' land,  
And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure:  
Gin<sup>1</sup> I had ance her cash in my hand,  
Should love turn dowf,<sup>2</sup> it will find pleasure.  
Laugh on wha likes: but there's my hand,  
I hate with poortith, though bonnie, to meddle;  
Unless they bring cash, or a lump o' land,  
They'se ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle gude love in bands and bags  
And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion  
But beauty and wit, and virtue in rags,  
Have tint<sup>3</sup> the <sup>2</sup>it of gaining affection:  
Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,  
And castles, and riggs, and muirs, and  
meadows;  
And naething can catch our modern sparks,  
But weel-tocher'd lasses or jointur'd widows

<sup>1</sup> If.      <sup>2</sup> Cold.      <sup>3</sup> Lost

## DUNCAN GRAY.

*In moderate time.*      WORDS BY Burns.

Dun - can Gray cam' here to woo, Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't; On  
blyth Yule<sup>1</sup> night, when we wers fu', Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't,  
Mag - gie coost her head fu' heigh,<sup>2</sup> Look'd a - sklent and un - co skeigh,  
Gart oor Dun - can stand a - beigh;<sup>4</sup> Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't.

Duncan fleech'd,<sup>5</sup> and Dancan pray'd,  
Ha, ha, the woin' o't,  
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,  
Ha, ha, the woin' o't.  
Duncan sigh'd baith out an' in,  
Grat his een baith bleer't an' blin',<sup>6</sup>  
Spak' o' loupin' ower a linn,<sup>7</sup>  
Ha, ha, the woin' o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,  
Ha, ha, the woin' o't,  
Slighted love is sair to hide,  
Ha, ha, the woin' o't.  
Shall I, like a fool, quo' he,  
For a haughty hizzy die?  
She may gae to—France—for me!  
Ha, ha, the woin' o't.

How it comes, let doctors tell,  
Ha, ha, the woin' o't,  
Meg grew sick as he grew heal,  
Ha, ha, the woin' o't.  
Something in her bosom wrings,  
For relief a sigh she brings;  
And, oh! her e'en they spak' sic thing:  
Ha, ha, the woin' o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,  
Ha, ha, the woin' o't,  
Maggie's was a piteous case,  
Ha, ha, the woin' o't.  
Duncan couldna be her death,  
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;  
Now they re crouse and canty widd  
Ha, ha, the woin' o't.

<sup>1</sup> Christmas.    <sup>2</sup> High.    <sup>3</sup> Proud.    <sup>4</sup> At a distance.    <sup>5</sup> Supplanted.    <sup>6</sup> Bleared and blind.  
<sup>7</sup> Leaping.    <sup>8</sup> Cascade.

## SAW YE MY FAITHER.

Saw ye my faither, or saw ye my mither,  
Or saw ye my true love John?  
I saw nae your faither, I saw nae your mither,  
But I saw your true love John.

It's now ten at night and the stars gie nae  
light,  
And the bells they ring ding-dang,  
He's met wi' some delay that causes him to  
stay,  
But he will be here ere lang.

The surly auld carle did nothing but snarl,  
And Johnny's face it grew red,  
Yet tho' he often sighed, he ne'er a word  
replied  
Till a' were asleep in bed.

The cook proved false, and untrue he was,  
For he crew an hour ower soon,  
The lassie thocht it day when she sent her  
love away,  
And it was but a blink o' the moon.

Then up Johnny rose, and to the door he  
goes,  
And gently tirl'd at the pin, (1)  
The lassie takin' tent, unto the door she went,  
And she opened and lat him in.

And are you come at last, and do I hold you  
fast,  
And is my Johnny true,  
I hae nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like  
mysel'  
Sae lang sall I like you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonnie grey cock,  
And craw when it is day,  
And your neck shall be like the bonnie  
beaten gold,  
And your wings of the silver grey.

1 Knocked at the door.

## THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.

*Skinner.*

Oh! were I able to rehearse  
My ewie's praise in proper verse,  
I'd sound it out as loud and fierce  
As ever piper's drone could blaw!  
My ewie wi' the crookit horn,  
A' that ken'd her could ha'e sworn  
Sic a ewie ne'er was born  
Here about nor far awa!

I needed neither tar nor keel  
To mark her upo' hip or heel,  
Her crookit hornie did as weel  
To ken her by, among them a'.  
Could nor hunger never daug (1) her,  
Wind nor weat could never wrang her—  
Ance she lay a week and langer  
Forth aneath a wreath o' snaw.

When ither ewies lap the dyke,  
And eat the kail for a' the tyke,  
My ewie never played the like,  
But tyc'd (2) about the barn wa'.  
A better or a thriftier beast  
Nae honest man need weel ha'e wist;  
For, silly thing! she never mist  
To ha'e ilk year a lamb or twa.

I looked aye at even for her,  
Lest misshanter should come o'er her,  
Or the fumart (3) might devour her,  
Gin the beastie bade awa'.  
My ewie wi' the crookit horn  
Weel deserv'd baith girse and corn;  
Sic a ewie ne'er was born  
Here about nor far awa'.

Yet last week, for a' my keepin'—  
I canna speak o't without greetin'—  
A villain cam' when I was sleepin',  
Staw (4) my ewie, horn and a'!  
I sought her sair upo' the roorn—  
And, down aneath a bush o' thorn,  
I got my ewie's crookit horn;  
But my ewie was awa'.

O gin I had the loon that did it,  
I hae sworn as well as sajd it,  
Tho' the laird himsel' forbid it,  
I sall gie his neck a thrav. (5)  
I never met wi' sic a turn  
As this sin' ever I was born;  
My ewie wi' the crookit horn—  
Silly ewie! stown awa'!

O had she died o' croup or cauld,  
As ewies die when they grow auld,  
It had na been, by mony fauld,  
Sae sair a heart to ane o' us a';  
For a' the claith that we hae worn,  
Frae her and hers sae aften shorn,  
The loss o' her we could hae borne,  
Had fair strae death ta'en her awa'.

But thus, poor thing! to lose her life  
Aneath a greedy villain's knife!  
I'm really fleyt (6) that our gudewife  
Will never win aboon't ava'! (7)  
O! a' ye bards ayont Kinghorn,  
Ca' up your muses, let them mourn  
Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,  
Frae us stown, and full'd and a'!

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.—*Hamilton.*

CAULD blaws the wind frae north to south ;

The drift is driving sairy ;  
The sheep are cowrin' in the heuch : (1)  
O ! sirs, it's winter fairly.

Now up in the mornin's no for me,  
Up in the mornin' early ;  
I'd rather gang supperless to my bed,  
Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps owre yon southland hills,  
Like ony timorous carlie,  
Just blinks a wee, then sinks again ;  
And that we find severly.

Now up in the mornin's no for me,  
Up in the mornin' early ;  
When snaw blaws in at the ohimley cheek,  
Wha'd rise in the mornin' early ?

A cosie house and canty wife,  
Aye keep a body cheerly ;  
And pantries stowed wi' meal and maat,  
They answer unco rarely.  
But up in the mornin'—na, na, na !  
Up in the mornin' early !  
The gowans maun gient (2) upon bank and  
brae  
Ere I rise in the mornin' early.

1 Hollow. 2 Daisies must shine.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.—*Halket.*

O LOGIE o' Buchan, O Logie the laird,  
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie that delved in  
the yaird,

Wha play'd on the pipe and the viol sae sma',  
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie, the flow'r o'  
them a'.

He said, Think na lang, lassie, though I  
gang awa',

For I'll come and see ye in spite o' them a'.

Tho' Sandy has owsen, has gear, and has  
kye,

A house and a haddin' (1), and siller forbye,  
Yet I'd tak' my ain lad wi' his staff in his  
hand,

Before I'd hae him wi' his houses and land,  
He said, Think na lang, lassie, &c.

I sit on my creepie (2) and spin at my wheel,  
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae  
weel ;

He had but ae saxpence, he brak' it in twa,  
And gi'ed me the half o't when he gaed awa'.  
He said, Think na lang, lassie, &c.

Thou haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',  
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',  
The simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',  
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

1 The stocking of a farm. 2 Low foot-stool.

THE AULD HOUSE.—*Nairne.*

OH ! the auld house, the auld house,

What tho' the rooms were wee ;  
Oh ! kind boarts were dwelling there,

And bairnies fu' o' glee ;  
The wild rose and the jessamine  
Still hang upon the wa' ;

How mony cherish'd memories  
Do they, sweet flow'rs, reca'.

Oh ! the auld laird, the auld laird,

Sae canty, kind, and crouse ;

How mony did he welcome  
To his ain wee dear auld house.

And the ledly, too, sae genty,  
There shelter'd Scotland's heir,  
And clipt a lock wi' her ain band  
Frae his lang yellow hair.

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,  
The blue bells sweetly blaw ;  
The bonnie Earn's clear winding still,  
But the auld house is awa'.

The auld house, the auld house,  
Deserted though ye be ;  
There ne'er can be a new house  
Will seem sae fair to me.

AE FOND KISS.—*Burns.*

AE fond kiss, and then we sever ;  
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever !  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that fortune grieves him,  
While the star of hope she leaves him ?  
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;  
Dark despair around benights me.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !  
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest  
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure.

Had we never loved sae kindly,  
Had we never loved sae blindly,  
Never met, or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

## TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

*Expression suited to each verse.*

OLD BALLAD.

In win - ter when the rain rain'd cauld, An' frost an' snaw on il - ka<sup>1</sup> hill, An'  
Ho - reas, wi' his blasts sas bauld, Was threat-'ning a' our kye to kill; Then  
Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife, She said to me, right has - ti - ly, Get  
up, guid-man, save Crum-mie's life, An' tak' your auld cloak a - bout ye

My Crummie is a usefu' cow,  
An' she is come o' a' guid kin';  
Aft has she wet the bairns's mon',  
An' I am laith that she should tyne.\*  
Get up, guidman, it is fu' time,  
The sun shines in the lift<sup>2</sup> sas hie;  
Sloth never made a gracious end,  
Gae, tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a guid grey cloak,  
When it was fitting for my wear;  
But now it's scanty worth a groat,  
For I ha'e worn't this thretty year.  
Let's spend the gear that we ha'e won,  
We little ken the day we'll dee;  
Then I'll be prond, sin' I ha'e sworn  
To ha'e a new cloak about me.

In days when guid King Robert rang,  
His trews<sup>4</sup> they cost but half-a-crown;  
He said they were a groat ower dear,  
An' ca'd the tailor thief an' loon.  
He was the king that wore the crown,  
An' thou'rt a man o' laigh<sup>5</sup> degree;  
It's pride puts a' the country doun,  
Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Ilka land has its ain lauch,<sup>6</sup>  
Ilk kind o' corn has it's ain hood;  
I think the world is a' gane daft,<sup>7</sup>  
When ilka wife her man wad rale.  
Do you not see Rab, Jack, and Hah,  
How they are girded gallantlie;  
While I sit hurklin' i' the ase;<sup>8</sup>  
I'll ha'e a new cloak about me!

Guidman, I wat it's thretty year  
Sin' we did ane anither ken;  
An' we ha'e had atween us twa,  
O' lads an' bonnie lasses ten.  
Now they are women grown an' men,  
I wish an' pray weel may they be;  
An' if you'd prove a guid husband,  
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife.  
But she wad guide me, if she can;  
An' to maintain an easy life  
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm guidman.  
Nocht's<sup>9</sup> to be gain'd at woman's han',  
Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea;  
Then I'll leave aff where I began,  
An' tak' my auld cloak about me.

<sup>1</sup> Every.    <sup>2</sup> Lose.    <sup>3</sup> Sky.    <sup>4</sup> Breoches.    <sup>5</sup> Low.    <sup>6</sup> Law.    <sup>7</sup> Stupid.  
<sup>8</sup> Crouching in the ashes.    <sup>9</sup> Nothing is.

## MY NANNIE, O

WORDS BY BURNS.

Be - hind yon hills where Lu - gar flows, 'Mang mairs and mos - ses.  
mo - ry, O, The win - try sun the day has clos'd, And  
in the west - lin' wind blows



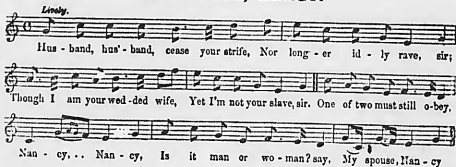
My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young ;  
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O ;  
May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue  
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.  
Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
As spotless as she's bonnie, O ;  
The opening gowan, wat wi' dew,  
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree.  
An' few there be that ken me, O,  
But what care I how few they be—  
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.  
My riches a's my penny fee,  
An' I maun guide it cunnie, O ;  
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,  
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view  
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O ;  
But I'm as blythe that hauds his plough,  
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.  
Come weel, come wae, I carena by,  
I'll tak' what heav'n will send me, O ;  
Nae ither care in life ha'e I,  
But live and love my Nannie, O.

<sup>1</sup> Dark.

## MY SPOUSE, NANCY.



If 'tis still the lordly word,  
Service and obedience ;  
I'll desert my sovereign lord,  
And so goodbye allegiance !  
Sad will I be if so bereft,  
Nancy, Nancy ;  
Yet I'll try to make a shunt,  
My spouse, Nancy.

My poor heart then break it must,  
My last hour I'm near it ;  
When you lay me in the dust,  
Think, think how you will bear it !  
I will hope and trust in heaven,  
Nancy, Nancy !  
Strength to bear it will be given,  
My spouse, Nancy.

Well, Sir, from the silent dead,  
Still I'll try to daunt you ;  
Ever round your midnight bed,  
Horrid sprites will haunt you.  
I'll wed another like my dear,  
Nancy, Nancy !  
Then the deil himsel' will fly for fear,  
My spouse, Nancy !

## MY HEART IS SAIR.

*Burns.*

My heart is sair, I daurna tell,  
 My heart is sair for somebody ;  
 I could wauk a winter night,  
 For the sake o' somebody.  
 O hone, for somebody !  
 O hey, for somebody !  
 I could range the world around,  
 For the sake o' somebody.

Ye pow'rs that smile on virtuous love,  
 O sweetly smile on somebody:  
 Frae lika danger keep him free,  
 And send me safe my somebody.  
 O hone, for somebody !  
 O hey, for somebody !  
 I would do, what wad I no ?  
 For the sake o' somebody.

## ROY'S WIFE O' ALDIVALLOCH.

*Grant.*

Roy's wife o' Aldivalloch,  
 Roy's wife o' Aldivalloch,  
 Wat ye how she cheated me,  
 As I cam' o'er the braes o' Balloch.

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine,  
 She said she lo'ed me best o' ony ;  
 But oh ! the fickle, faithless quean !  
 She's ta'en the carle and left her Johnnie.  
 Roy's wife o' Aldivalloch, &c.

O she was a canty quean,  
 Weel could she dance the Highland  
 walloch ;

How happy I had she been mine,  
 Or I been Roy o' Aldivalloch !  
 Roy's wife o' Aldivalloch, &c.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,  
 Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie,  
 To me she ever will be dear,  
 Tho' she's for ever left her Johnnie.  
 Roy's wife o' Aldivalloch, &c.

## SAW YE MY WEE THING.

*Macneil.*

Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing ?  
 Saw ye my true love down on yon lea ?  
 Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the  
 gloamin' ?  
 Sought she the burnie (1) where flow'rs the  
 haw tree ?  
 Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-  
 white,  
 Dark is the blue o' her saft rollin' e'e,  
 Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses ;  
 Where could my wee thing wander frae me ?

I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain  
 thing,  
 Nor saw I your true love down on yon lea ;  
 But I met my bonnie thing late in the  
 gloamin',  
 Down by the burnie where flow'rs the haw  
 tree.

Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-  
 white,  
 Dark was the blue o' her saft rollin' e'e,  
 Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than  
 roses,  
 Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.

It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain  
 thing,  
 It was na my true love ye met by the tree ;  
 Proud is her leal (2) heart, and modest her  
 nature ;  
 She never lo'ed ony till ance she lo'ed me.

Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castlecary,  
 Oft has she sat when a bairn on my knee ;  
 Fair as your face is, wer't fifty times fairer,  
 Young braggart, she ne'er would gie kisses  
 to thee.

It was then your Mary—she's frae Castlecary,  
 It was then your true love I met by the  
 tree ;

Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,  
 Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.  
 Sair gloomed his dark brow, blood-red his  
 cheek grow,

Wild flann'd the fire frae bis dark rollin'  
 o'e ;

Ye's rue sair this morning your boast and  
 your scornin'—  
 Defend thou, fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lee.

Awa' wi' beguill'd, cried the youth smilin' ;  
 Aff went the bonnet, the lint-white locks  
 flee,

The belted plaid fa'ie, her white bosom  
 shawin',  
 There stood the loved maid wi' the dark  
 rollin' e'e.

Is it my wee thing ? is it my ain thing ?  
 Is it my true love here that I see ?

O Jamie, forgie me, your heart's constant to  
 me,  
 I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae  
 thee.

## SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'

Saw ye Johnnie comin'? quo' she,  
Saw ye Johnnie comin' ?  
Saw ye Johnnie comin' ? quo' she,  
Saw ye Johnnie comin' ?  
Oh, saw ye Johnnie comin' ? quo' she,  
Saw ye Johnnie comin' ?  
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,  
And his doggie rinnin', quo' she,  
And his doggie rinnin'.

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
Fee him, father, fee him;  
Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
Fee him, father, fee him;  
For he is a gallant lad,  
And a weel doin';  
And a' the wark about the house  
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,  
Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, hizzie ?  
What will I do wi' him ?  
He's ne'er a sock upon his back,  
And I hae nae to gie him  
I ha'e twa socks into my kist,  
And another when I'll gie him,  
And for a merk o' mair fee,  
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,  
Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,  
Weel do I lo'e him;  
For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,  
Weel do I lo'e him.  
Oh, fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
Fee him, father, fee him;  
He'll haud the plough, thrash in the barn,  
And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,  
And crack wi' me at e'en.

## THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,  
Thou hast left me ever;  
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,  
Thou hast left me ever.  
Aften hast thou vowed that death  
Only should us sever,  
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye,—  
I maun see thee never, Jamie,  
I maun see thee never.

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

## THE LAIRD O' COOKPEN.

The Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's  
great;

His mind is ta'en up wi' affairs o' the state;  
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep;  
But favor wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,  
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;  
M'Clis'h's ae daughter o' Claverso-ha' Lee,  
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd, as guid as when  
new,

His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;  
He put on a ring, a sword, and coek'd hat,—  
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare and rade cannillie,  
And rapped at the yell o' Claverso-ha' Lee;  
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben;  
We's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cock-  
pen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower  
wine;

"And what brings the Laird at sic a little  
time?"

She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,  
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa'  
down.


And when she cam ben, he bowed fu' low;  
And what was his errand he soon let her know;  
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said,  
"Na,"

And wi' a laigh curtesy she turned away.

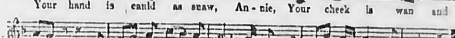
Dumfounded he was, but nae sigh did he gie;  
He mounted his mare, and he rode cannillie;  
But aften he thought as he gaed through the-  
glen,  
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cookpen."

ANNIE'S TRYSTE.<sup>1</sup>*In moderate time and with expression.*

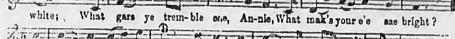
WORDS BY PROFESSOR ATTOUN.



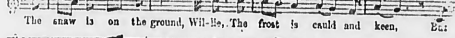
Your hand is cauld as snaw, An-nie, Your cheek is wan and



white; What gars ye trem-ble see, An-nie, What mak's your e'e sae bright?



The snaw is on the ground, Will-ie, The frost is cauld and keen, Et:



there's a burn-in' fire, Will-ie, That sears my heart with-in.

The spring will come again, Annie,  
And chase the winter showers,  
And you and I shall walk, Annie,  
Among the summer flowers.

O! bonnie are the braes, Willie,  
When a' the snaws are gane,  
But my heart misgi'es me sair, Willie,  
Ye'll wander there alane.

O! will ye tryste wi' me, Annie,  
O will ye tryste me then?  
I'll meet ye by the burn, Annie,  
That wimples down the glen.

I daurna tryste wi' you, Willie,  
I daurna tryste ye here,  
But we'll haud our tryste in heaven, Willie,  
In the spring time o' the year.

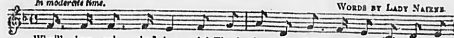
inserted by kind permission of Messrs. Wood & Co., Edinburgh, of whom copies may be had with  
Pianoforte Accompaniment.

<sup>1</sup> An appointment to meet.

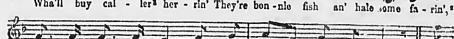
## CALLER HERRIN'.

*In moderate time.*

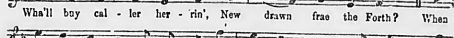
WORDS BY LADY NAIFFE.



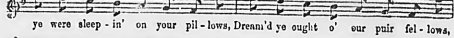
Wha'll buy cal - ler<sup>1</sup> her - rin' They're bon-nie fish an' hale some fa - rin',<sup>2</sup>



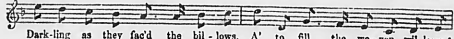
Wha'll buy cal - ler her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth? When



ye were sleep - in' on your pil - lows, Dream'd ye ought o' our puir fel - lows,

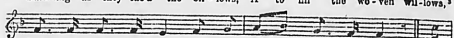


Dark-ling as they fac'd the bil - lows, A' to fill the wo - ven wil - lows,<sup>3</sup>



Buy my cal - ler her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth. Wha'll

*animated.*



buy my cal - ler her - rin'? They're no brought here with - out brave dar - in';

<sup>1</sup> Fresh.<sup>2</sup> Wholesome food.<sup>3</sup> Baskie.



Buy my cal - ler her - rin', Ye lit - tle ken' their worth. Wha'll  
buy my cal - ler her - rin'? Oh ve may ca' them vul - gar fa - rin',  
Wives and mi - thers need de - spair - in', Ca' them lives o' men.

Wha'll buy caller herrin' ?  
They're bonnie fish, and halesome farin';  
Wha'll buy caller herrin',  
New drawn frae the Forth.  
But neighbour wives, now tent my tellin',  
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',

At a word aye be your dealin',  
Truth will stand when a' thing's failin'  
Buy my caller herrin',  
New drawn frae the Forth.  
Wha'll buy caller herrin', &c.

• Know.

## THERE CAM' A YOUNG MAN.

ON, THE CAULDRIFE WOOL.

*Lively.* There cam' a young man to my dad-die's door, My dad-die's door, my dad-die's door, There  
*OLD BALLAD.*  
cam' a young man to my dad-die's door, Cam' seek - ing me to woo. An'  
wow! but he was a bonnie young lad, A brisk young lad, an' a brow young lad, An'  
wow! but he was a bonnie young lad, Cam' seek - ing me to woo.

Set him in aside the bink ;  
I gied him bread and ale to drink ;  
But ne'er a blythe styme wad he blink,<sup>1</sup>  
Till he was warm and fu'.  
An' wow! but he was, &c.

Jae, get you gane, you cauldrie wooer,  
Ye souer-locking, cauldrie wooer!  
straightway show'd him to the door,  
Saying, Come nae mair to woo.  
An' wow! but he was, &c.

There lay a deuk-dub<sup>2</sup> before the door,  
Before the door, before the door;  
There lay a deuk-dub before the door,  
An' there fell he, I trow!  
An' wow! but he was, &c.

Out cam' the gudeman, an' heigh he shouted;  
Out cam' the guidwife, an' laigh she louted;  
An' a' the toun-neebors were gather'd about it;  
An' there lay he, I trow!  
An' wow! but he was, &c.

Then out cam' I, an' sneer'd an' smil'd;  
Ye cam' too woo, but ye're a' beguiled;  
Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyled,  
We'll ha'e nae mair o' you!  
An' wow! but he was, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Seat of honour.

<sup>2</sup> Bright glance would he give.

<sup>3</sup> Duck-pond.

## BONNIE BESSIE LEE,

*Nicol.*

BONNIE Bessie Lee had a face fu' o' smiles,  
 And mirth round her ripe lips was aye dancing alee,  
 And light was the foot-fa', and winsome the wiles,  
 O' the flower o' the parochin, (1) our ain Bessie Lee.

Wi' the bairns she wad rin, and the school laddies pake, (2)  
 And ower the broomy knowes like a fairy wad flee,  
 Till auld hearts grew young again wi' love for her sake—  
 There was life in the blythe blink o' bonnie Bessie Lee.

And she whiles had a sweetheart, and whiles she had twa,  
 A glaikit bit lassie—but atween you and me,  
 Her warm wee bit heartie she ne'er threw awa,  
 Tho' mony a ane had socht it frae bonnie Bessie Lee.

But ten years had gane since I gazed on her last,  
 For ten years had parted my auld hame and me,  
 And I said to mysel', as her mither's door I passed,  
 "Will I ever get anither kiss frae bonnie Bessie Lee?"

But time changes a' things—the ill-natured loon,  
 Were it ever sae richtly, he'll no' let it be.  
 But I rubbit at my e'en, and I thoct I wad swoon,  
 How the carle had come round about our ain Bessie Lee.

The wee lauchin' lassie was a guid wife, growin' auld,  
 Twa weans at her apron, and ane at her knee;  
 She was douce, (3) too, and wise-like—and wisdom's sae cauld—  
 I wad rather hae the ither ane than this Bessie Lee.

1 Parish. 2 Chastise. 3 Staid.

## MY BONNIE MARY.

*Burns.*

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

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
 The glittering spears are rank'd ready;  
 The shouts o' war are heard afar;  
 The battle closes thick and bloody—  
 But it's not the roar o' sea or shore  
 Would mak' me langer wish to tarry,  
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—  
 Its leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

## BIDE YE YET.

GIN I had a wee house, an' a canty wee fire,  
 An' a bonnie wee wifie to praise and admire,  
 A bonnie wee yairdie aside a wee burn,  
 Fareweel to the bodies that yammer (1) and  
 mourn.

When I gang a-field, an' come hame at e'en,  
 I'll get my wee wifie fu' neat and fu' clean,  
 Wi' a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,  
 That'll cry papa or daddy to me.  
 Sae bide ye yet, &c.

I care na a button for sackfu's o' cash,  
 Let wizen'd auld bachelors think o' sic trash,  
 Gie me my dear lassie upon my knee—  
 A kiss o' her mou' is worth thousands to me.  
 Sae bide ye yet, &c.

Sae bide ye yet, an' bide ye yet;  
 Ye little ken what's to betide ye yet;  
 Some bonnie wee body may fa' to my lot,  
 An' I'll aye be canty (2) wi' thinkin' o't.

An' if there should ever happen to be  
 A difference atween my wee wifie and me,  
 In hearty good humour, altho' she be teasel,  
 I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleased.  
 Sae bide ye yet, &c.

1 Grumble. 2 Happy.

## MARCH, MARCH, ETRICK AND TEVIOTDALE.

*Scott.*

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,  
 Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in  
 order?  
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,  
 All the blue bonnets are over the border.  
 Many a banner spread flutters above your  
 head,  
 Many a crest that is famous in story;  
 Mount and make ready thou, sons of the  
 mountain glen,  
 Fight for your Queen and the old Scottish  
 glory.  
 Come from the hills where your hirsels are  
 grazing,

Come from the glen of the buck and the  
 roe;  
 Come to the crag where the beacon is  
 blazing;  
 Come with the buc'ker, the lance, and the  
 bow.  
 Trumpets are sounding, war-steeds are  
 bounding;  
 Stand to your arms, and march in good  
 order;  
 England shall many a day tell of the bloody  
 fray  
 When the blue bonnets came over the  
 border.

## THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

*Hume.*

Fareweel! fareweel! my native hame!  
 Thy lonely glens and heath-clad moun-  
 tains;  
 Fareweel, thy fields o' storied fame,  
 Thy leafy shaws and sparklin' fountains;  
 Nae mair I'll climb the Pentland steep,  
 Nor wander by the Esk's clear river;  
 I seek a hame far o'er the deep,  
 My native land, fareweel for ever.

Though far frae thee, my native shore,  
 And tossed on life's tempestuous ocean,  
 My heart, aye Scottish to the core,  
 Shall cling to thee wi' warm devotion;  
 And while the wavin' heather grows,  
 And onward rolls the windin' river;  
 The toast be "Scotland's broomy knowes,  
 Her mountains, rocks, an' glens for ever.

## CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES. (1)

*Burns.*

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,  
 Ca' them where the heather grows,  
 Ca' them where the burnie (2) row's,  
 My bonnie dearie.

Hark, the mavis' (3) ev'ning sang  
 Sounding Cluden's woods among;  
 Then a-fanking let us gang,  
 My bonnie dearie,  
 Ca' the yowes, &c.

Ghaist nor bogie sha't thou fear;  
 Thou'rt co' love and heaven sae dear  
 Necht o' ill may come thee near,  
 My bonnie dearie,  
 Ca' the yowes, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,  
 Thou hast stown my very heart;  
 I can dee—but canna part,  
 My bonnie dearie,  
 Ca' the yowes, &c.

1 Drive the ewes to the knolls.

2 Streamlet.

3 Thrush.

## OH, WALY, WALY.

Oh, waly, waly up the bank,  
 And waly, waly down the brae,  
 And waly, waly yon burn-side,  
 Where I and my love went to gae;  
 I loon'd my back unto an aik,  
 And thocht it was a trusty tree;  
 But first it bow'd and syne it brak;  
 Sae my true-love did lichtlie me.

O waly, waly, but love is bonnie,  
 A little time while it is new;  
 But when it's auld it waxes cauld,  
 And fades away like morning dew

O wherefore should I bask, my heid,  
 Or wherefore should I kame my ha'r?  
 For my true love has me forsook,  
 And says he'll never love me mair.

New Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,  
 The sheets sha'l ne'er be press'd by me;  
 St. Anton's Well shall be my drink,  
 Since my true-love has forsaken me.  
 Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree!  
 O, gentle death, when wilt thou come!  
 For of my life I am wearie.

## WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

WORDS BY WILLIAM GLEN.

*Slowly.*

A wee bird cam' o' our ha' door, He war-bled sweet and clear - ly, An'  
 aye the o'er-come<sup>2</sup> o' his sang Was "Wae'a me fu' Prince Char - lie."  
 Oh! when I heard the bonnie bonnie bird, The tears cam' drap-pin' rare - ly; I  
 took my bas-net aff my head, For weel I lo'ed Prince Char - lie.

Joath I, "My bird, my bonnie bonnie bird,  
 Is that a tale ye borrow,  
 Or is't some words ye've learnt by rote,  
 Or a lilt<sup>3</sup> o' dool<sup>4</sup> an' sorrow?"  
 "Oh! no, no, no," the wee bird sang,  
 "I've flown sin' mornin' early,  
 But sic a day o' wind and rain—  
 O! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

["On hills that are by richt his ain,  
 He roams a lonely stranger;  
 On ilka hand he's press'd by want,  
 On ilka side by danger.  
 Yeastreen I met him in a glen.  
 My heart maist burstit fairly;  
 For sairly changed indeed was he—  
 Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie.]

["Dark night cam' o'er, the tempest roar'd  
 Cold o'er the hills and valleys;  
 An' whaur was't that your prince lay down,  
 Whase hame should been a palace?  
 He row'd him in a Highland plaid,  
 Which cover'd him but sparely,  
 An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—  
 Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie."]

But now the bird saw some red coats,  
 An' he shook his wings wi' anger,  
 "O! this is no a land for me,  
 I'll tarry here nae langer."  
 Awhile he hovered on the wing  
 Ere he departed fairly,  
 But weel I mind the farewell strain  
 Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

<sup>1</sup> Hall.<sup>2</sup> Burden.<sup>3</sup> Strain.<sup>4</sup> Grief.

## LOCHABER NO MORE.

WORDS BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

*Moderately.*

Fare - weel to Loch - a - ber, and fare - weel my Jean, Where  
 heart - some wi' thee I ha'e no - ny day been; For Loch -  
 - a - ber no more, Loch - a - ber no more, We'll may - be re -  
 - turn to Loch - a - ber no more. These tears that I shed, they are

a' for my dear, And no' for the dan - gers at - tend - ing on  
weir;<sup>1</sup> Tho' borne on rough seas to a far dis - tant shore, May -  
- be to re - turn to Loch - a - ber no more.

[Tho' hurricanes rise, tho' rise ev'ry wind,  
No tempest can equal the storm in my mind;  
Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,  
That's naething like leavin' my love on the shore.  
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;  
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;  
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;  
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.]

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse:  
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?  
Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee;  
And losing thy favour I'd better not be.  
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame;  
And if I should chance to come glorious hame,  
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

<sup>1</sup> War.

## GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.

*Lively.*

WORDS BY BURNS.

There's nought but care on ev'-ry han', In ev'-ry hour that pas-ses, O; What  
sig - ni - fies the life o' man An'twere na for the las-ses, O.  
Green grow the rash-es, O, Green grow the rash-es, O; The  
sweet-est hours that e'er I spend Are spent a-mang the las-ses, O.

The worldly race may riches chase,  
And riches still may flee them, O;  
An' though at last they catch them fast,  
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.  
Green grow, &c.

Gi'e me a cannie hour at o'en,  
My arms about my dearie, O;  
An' worldly cares an' worldly men  
May a' gae tapsalteerie,<sup>1</sup> O.  
Green grow, &c.

For you sae dounce, wha sneer at this,  
Ye're noucht but senseless asses, O;  
The wisest man the world e'er saw  
He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.  
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears,  
Her noblest work surpasses, O;  
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
An' then ah made the lasses, O.  
Green grow, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Topsy-turvey.

HERE'S A HEALTH, BONNIE SCOTLAND, TO THEE.—*Freeman*.

HERE'S a health to fair Scotland, the land of  
the brave,

Here's a health to the bold and the free.  
And as long as the thistle and heather shall  
wave,

Here's a health, bonnie Scotland, to thee.  
Here's a health to the land of victorious Bruce  
And the champions of liberty's cause,  
And may their example fresh heroes produce  
In defence of our rights and our laws.

Here's a health to the land where bold Wal-  
lace unfurled

His bright banners of conquest and fame;  
The terror of foemen, the pride of the world—  
Long may Scotland hold dearly his name!  
And still like our fathers our brothers are true,  
And their valour with pleasure we see;  
Of the wreaths that were won at renowned  
Waterloo,

There's a bough of the laurel for thee.

## THOU ART GANE AWA' FRAE ME, MARY.

THOU art gane awa', thou art gane awa',  
Thou art gane awa' frae me, Mary;  
Nor friends nor I could make thee stay,  
Thou hast cheated them and me, Mary.  
Until this hour I never thought  
That ought could alter thee, Mary;  
Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,  
Think what thou wilt of me, Mary.

Though you've been false, yet while I live,  
No other maid I'll woo, Mary;  
Let friends forget, as I forgive,  
Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.  
So then farewell; of this be sure,  
Since you've been false to me, Mary,  
For all the world I'd not endure  
Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

MY TOCHER'S (1) THE JEWEL.—*BURNS*.

O MEIKLE thinks my love o' my beauty,  
And meikle thinks my love o' my kin;  
But little thinks my love I ken bravly  
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.  
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;  
It's a' for the honey he'll cherish the bee;  
My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,  
He canna ha'e love to spare for me.

Your proffer of love's an arie-penny (2),  
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;  
But gin ye be crafty, I am cunning,  
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.  
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,  
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;  
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,  
An' ye'll crack your credit wi' mair than me.

1 Dowry's. 2 Bargain-money.

## WHY'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

THE news frae Moidart cam' yestreen,  
Will soon gar mony ferlie (1),  
For ships o' war ha'e just come in,  
And landed royal Charlie.

Come through the heather, around him  
gather,

Ye're a' the welcomer early;  
Around him cling wi' a' your kin,  
For wha'll be king but Charlie!

Come through the heather, around him  
gather,

Come Ronald, come Donald, come a'  
thegither,  
And claim your rightfu', lawfu' king,  
For wha'll be king but Charlie!

The Highland clans wi' sword in hand,  
Frae John o' Groat's to Airly,  
Ha'e to a man declared to stand  
Or fa' wi' royal Charlie.

Come through the heather, &c.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,  
But vows baith late an' early,  
To man she'll ne'er gi' heart or han'  
Wha wad na' facht for Charlie.

Come through the heather, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,  
An' be't complete an' early;  
His very name our heart's blood warms,  
To arms for royal Charlie.

Come through the heather, &c.

1 Wonder.

## THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

WHY the deil hae we gotten for a king,  
But a wee, wee German Lairdie;  
When we gaed ower to bring him hame,  
He was delvin his kail-yairdie.  
He was sheughing kail (1), and laying leeks,  
Without the hose, and but the breeks,  
And up his beggar duds he cleecks (2),  
This wee, wee German Lairdie.

And he's clappit down in our gudeman's chair,  
The wee, wee German Lairdie;

And he's brought feuth o' his foreign trash,  
And dibbled them in his yairdie.

He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,  
And broken the harp o' Irish clowns;  
But our Scotch thistle will jag his thumbs,  
This wee, wee German Lairdie.

Come up amang our Hieland hills,  
Thou wee, wee German Lairdie,  
And see the Stuart's lang kail thrive,  
They hae dibbled (3) in our kail-yairdie.  
And if a stock ye daur to pu',  
Or haud the yokin' o' a plough,  
We'll break your sceptre ower your mou',  
Ye wee, wee German Lairdie.

Auld Scotland, thou'rt ower cauld a hole,  
For nursin' siccan vermin;

But the very dogs in England's court,  
They bark and howl in German.

Then keep thy dibble in thy ain hand,  
Thy spade but and thy yairdie;  
For wha the deil hae we gotten for a king,  
But a wee, wee German Lairdie.

1 Planting cabbage. 2 Snatches. 3 Planted.

## THE BOATIE ROWS.

O wxez. may the boatie row,  
 And better may she speed;  
 And liesome may the boatie row,  
 That wins my bairns' bread;  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows indeed;  
 And happy be the lot o' a'  
 That wish the boatie speed.  
 I cast my line in Largo bay,  
 An' fishes I caught nine;  
 There's three to fry, and three to boil,  
 And three to bait our line.  
 The boatie rows, &c.

When Sawney, Jock, and Janette,  
 Are up and gotten lair,  
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,  
 And lighten a' our care.  
 The boatie rows, &c.  
 And when wi' age we're sair worn down  
 And hirpling round the door,  
 They'll help to keep us dry and warm,  
 As we did them before;  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows indeed;  
 And happy be the lot o' a'  
 That wish the boatie speed.

## THE ROWAN TREE.

Oh! rowan tree, oh! rowan tree, thou'lt aye  
 be dear to me; [infancy.  
 Entwined thou art wi' mony ties o' hame and  
 Thy leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy  
 flow'rs the simmer's pride;  
 There was na sic a bonnie tree in a' the country  
 side. Oh! rowan tree.  
 How fair wert thou in simmer time, wi' a'  
 thy clusters white;  
 How rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi' berries  
 red and bright; [nae mair I see,  
 On thy fair stem were mony names, which now  
 But they're engraven on my heart, forgot they  
 ne'er can be. Oh! rowan tree.

We sat aneath thy spreading shade, the bairnies  
 round thee ran, [they strang;  
 They pu'd thy bonnie berries red, and necklaces  
 My mither, oh! I see her still, she smiled our  
 sports to see;  
 Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, and Jamie at her  
 knee. Oh! rowan tree.  
 Oh! there arose my father's prayer in haly  
 ev'ning's calm,  
 How sweet was then my mother's voice, in  
 the Martyr's psalm! [rowan tree,  
 Now a' are gane! we meet nae mair aneath the  
 But hallowed thoughts around thee twine o'  
 hame and infancy. Oh! rowan tree.

## THE MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

THE moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the  
 brae,  
 And the clan has aname that is nameless by day.  
 Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we  
 drew,  
 Must be heard but by night, in our vengeful  
 haloo—  
 Then haloo, haloo, haloo, Grigalsch!  
 If they rob us of name and pursue us with  
 beagles,  
 Give their roofs to the flames, and their flesh  
 to the eagles—  
 Then gather, gather, gather!  
 While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on  
 the river,  
 Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever!

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalchuim and  
 her towers,  
 Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours—  
 We're landless, landless, landless, Grig-  
 lach!  
 Landless, landless, landless!

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed  
 shall career,  
 O'er the peaks of Ben Lomond the galley shall  
 steer;  
 And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt  
 Ere our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance un-  
 felt,  
 Then haloo, &c.  
 If they rob us, &c.

## LOGAN'S BRAES.

By Logan's streams that rin dee deep,  
 Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep,  
 I've herded sheep, or gathered slae  
 Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.  
 But, wae's my heart, these days are gane,  
 And, fu' o' grief, I herd my lads,  
 While my dear lad maun face his fae,  
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.  
 Nae mair at Logan kirk will be,  
 Atween the preachin's, meet wi' me,  
 Meet wi' me, or, when it's mirk,  
 Convey me hame frae Logan kirk.

I weel may sing these days are gane,  
 Frae kirk and fair I come ains,  
 While my dear lad maun face his fae,  
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.  
 [At e'en, when hope amaisht is gane,  
 I daunder dowie and forlaine,  
 Or sit beneath the trystin'-tree,  
 Where first he spak' o' love to me.  
 O! could I see these days again,  
 My lover skaithless and my ain,  
 Bever'd by friends, and far frae hame,  
 We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.]

O WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD. 

*Lively.* WORDS BY BURNS.

O whis-tle and I'll come to you, my lad, O whis-tle and I'll come  
to you, my lad; Though fa-ther and mi-ther and a' should gae mad, O  
whis-tle and I'll come to you, my lad. But war-i-ly tent<sup>1</sup> when ye  
come to court me, And come na un-less the back yett<sup>2</sup> be a-jec,<sup>3</sup> Syn<sup>4</sup>  
up the back stile, and let nae-bod-y see, And come as ye were na  
com-in' to me. And come as ye were na com-in' to me.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,  
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;  
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,  
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.  
At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,  
Gang<sup>5</sup> by me as though that ye cared na for me,  
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,  
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,  
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.  
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;  
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad  
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.  
Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,  
And whiles ye may lightlie<sup>7</sup> my beauty a wee  
But court na anither, tho' jokin' ye be,  
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me,  
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.

<sup>1</sup> Be cautious. <sup>2</sup> Gata. <sup>3</sup> A-jar. <sup>4</sup> Thon. <sup>5</sup> Go. <sup>6</sup> Fly. <sup>7</sup> Contemn.

## JOHN GRUMLIE.

*Lively.*

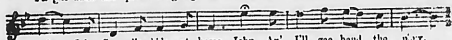
John Grum - lie swore by the licht o' the moon, An' the  
green leaves on the tree, That he could do mair work in a day Than his  
wife could do in three. His wife rose up in the morn - in' Wi'  
cares and trou-bles e - now; John Grum - lie, bide<sup>1</sup> at hame, John, An'

<sup>1</sup> Stay.





I'll gae hand the plow. Sing-ing, fal de lal lal de ral lal, fal lal lal lal lal



1a. John Grum-lie, bide at hame, John, An' I'll gae hand the plow.

"First ye mann<sup>2</sup> dress your children fair,  
An' put them a' in their gear,  
An' ye maun turn the malt, John,  
Or else ye'll spoil the beer.  
An' ye maun reel the tweel, John,  
That I span yesterday;  
An' ye maun ca' in the hens, John,  
Else they'll a' lay away."

Singing, fal de lal lal, &c.

O he did dress his children fair,  
An' he put them a' in their gear;  
But he forgot to turn the malt,  
An' so he spoiled the beer.  
An' he sang aloud as he reel'd the tweel  
That his wife span yesterday;  
But he forgot to put up the hens,  
An' the hens a' lay'd away.

Singing, fal de lal lal, &c.

The hawket crummie loot down nae milk:  
He kirked, nor butter gat;  
And a' gaed<sup>3</sup> wrang, and naught gaed richt.  
He danced wi' rage, and grat.  
Then up he ran to the head o' the knowe  
Wi' mony a wavo and shout—  
She heard him as she heard him not,  
An' steered the stots about.

Singing, fal de lal lal, &c.

John Grumlie's wife cam' hame at e'en.  
And laugh'd as she'd been mad,  
When she saw the house in siccan<sup>4</sup> a p<sup>5</sup>og<sup>6</sup>  
And John sae glum and sad.  
Quoth he, "I gie up my housewifeskep,  
I'll be nae mair gudewife."  
"Indeed," quo' she, "I'm weel content,  
Ye may keep it the rest o' your life."  
Singing, fal de lal lal, &c.

"The deil be in that," quo' surly John,  
"I'll do as I've done before."

Wi' that the gudewife took up a stoot rung,<sup>7</sup>  
And John made off to the door.

"Stop, stop, gudewife, I'll hand my tongue,  
I ken I'm sair to blame,

But henceforth I maun mind the plow,  
And ye maun hide at hame."

Singing fal de lal lal, &c.

<sup>2</sup> Must.

<sup>3</sup> Went.

<sup>4</sup> Knoll.

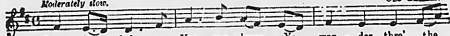
<sup>5</sup> Such.

<sup>6</sup> Heavy star

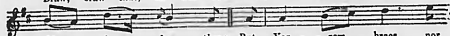
## BRAW, BRAW LADS.

*Moderately slow.*

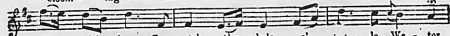
OLD BALLAD



Braw, braw lads, on Yar-row braes, Ye wan-der thro' the



bloom-ing . . hea-ther; But Yar-row braes, nor



Et-trick shaws, Can match the lads o' Ga-la Wa-ter.

But there is aye, a secret aye,  
Above them a' I lo'e him better;  
An' I'll be his, an' he'll be mine,  
The bonnie lad o' Gala Water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,  
An' though I hae na meikle tocher,  
Yet, rich in kindest, truest love,  
We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,  
That cost<sup>1</sup> contentment, peace, or pleasure;  
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,  
Oh, that's the world's chiefest treasure

## YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

WORDS BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Oh, young Loch-in-var is come out of the west, Through all the wide bor-der his  
steed was the best, And save his good broadsword he weap-on had none, He  
rode all un-armed and he rode all a-lone, So faith-ful in love and so  
daunt-less in war There ne-ver was knight like the young Loch-in-var.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,  
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none,  
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate  
The bride had consented, the gallant came late,  
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of young Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall  
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all,  
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,  
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,  
"Oh come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide,  
And here I am come, with this lost love of mine,  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
Who would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet, the knight took it up,  
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup,  
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,  
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand ere her mother could mar,  
"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace,  
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,  
And the bridemaids whisper'd, "Twere better by far  
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near,  
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung.  
"She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and scaur,  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," said young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan  
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;  
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquaint,  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonnie brow was brent;  
 But now your brow is bauld, John,  
 Your locks are like the snaw,  
 But blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

[John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We've seen our bairns' bairns,  
 And still my dear John Anderson  
 I'm happy in your arms;

And sae are ye in mine, John,  
 I'm sure ye'll no'er say no,  
 Though the days are gane that we hae seen,  
 John Anderson, my jo.]

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither,  
 And mony a cantie day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither;  
 Now we maun toddle down, John,  
 But hand in hand we'll go,  
 And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

## JOHNNIE COPE.

Cope sent a letter frae Dunbar —  
 Charlie, meet me if ye daur,  
 And I'll learn you the art of war,  
 If you'll meet me in the morning.  
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?  
 Or are your drums a-beating yet?  
 If ye were wauking, I wad wait  
 To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,  
 He drew his sword the scabbard from;  
 Come follow me, my merry merry men,  
 And we'll meet Johnnie Cope in the morning.  
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

[Now, Johnnie, be as good as your word.  
 Come let us try both fire and sword;  
 And dinna flee awa' like a frightened bird,  
 That's chased frae its nest in the morning  
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.]

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,  
 He thought it wadna be amiss,  
 To ha'e a horse in readiness  
 To flee awa' in the morning.  
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

[Fly now, Johnnie, get up and rin,  
 The Highland bagpipes mak' a din;  
 It is best to sleep in a hale skin,  
 For 'twill be a bluidy morning.  
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.]

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,  
 They speer'd at him, Where's a' your name?  
 The deil confound me gin I ken,  
 For I left them a' i' the morning.  
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

Now, Johnnie, troth ye are na blate  
 To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,  
 And leave your men in sic a strait,  
 Sae early in the morning.  
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

Oh! faith, quo' Johnnie, I got sic fiegs  
 Wi' their claymores and philabeg;  
 If I face them again, deil break my legs —  
 So I wish you a good-morning.  
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

## HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks and braes and streams around  
 The castle o' Montgomery,  
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
 Your waters never drumlie!  
 There simmer first unfolds her robes,  
 And there the longest tarry!  
 For there I took the last fareweel  
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk!  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom!  
 As underneath their fragrant shade  
 I clasped her to my bosom.  
 The golden hours, on angel wings,  
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
 For dear to me as light and life  
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace,  
 Our parting was fu' tender;  
 And pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore oursel's asunder.  
 But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my flower sae early!  
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

[Oh, pale, pale now those rosy lips,  
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!  
 And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance,  
 That dwell on me sae kindly!  
 And mould'ring now in silent dust,  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!  
 But still within my bosom's core,  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.]

## THE WOMEN ARE A' GANE WUD.

The women are a' gane wud;  
 Oh, that he had bidden awa!  
 He's turned their heads, the lud,  
 And ruin will bring on us a'.

I aye was a peaceable man,  
 My wife she did doucely behave;  
 But now, do a' that I can,  
 She's just as wild as the lavo.  
     The women, etc.

My wife she wears the cockaude,  
 Tho' she kens 'tis the thing that I hate;  
 There's ane too prined on her maid,  
 An' baith will tak their ain gate.  
     The women, etc.

I've liev'd a' my days in the strath;  
 Now tories infest me at hame;

An' tho' I tak nae part at a',  
 Baith sides do gie me the blame.  
     The women, etc.

The senseless creatures no'er think,  
 What ill the lad would bring back;  
 We'd hae the Pope and the deil,  
 An' a' the rest o' his pack.  
     The women, etc.

The wild hieland lads they did pass,  
 The yetts wide open did flee;  
 They eat the very house bare,  
 And spiered nae leave o' me.  
     The women, etc.

But when the red coats gael by,  
 D'ye think they'd let them alane;  
 They aye the louder did cry,  
 Prince Charlie will soon get his ain.  
     The women, etc.

## THE HIGHLAND MAN'S COMPLAINT.

Hersel pe Highland shentleman,  
 Po auld as Pothwell Prig, man;  
 And many alterations seen  
 Amang te Lawland Whig, man.  
     Fa la la la, Fa la la la la, Fa la la la.

First when she to te Lawlands came,  
 Nainsel was driving cows, man,  
 There was nae laws to trouble him,  
 About te preeks or trews, man.  
     Fa la la la, Fa la la la la, etc.

Nainsel did wear te philebeg,  
 Te plaid prick'd on her shoulder;  
 Te guid claymore hung py her pelt;  
 Her pistol sharged with powder.

Scotland pe turn'd a Ningland now,  
 The laws pring in te caudger;  
 Nainsel wad dirk him for his deeds,  
 But oh, she fears te sodger!

Anither law came after tat,  
 Me never saw the liko, man,  
 They mak a lang road on te crund,  
 And ca' him Turnimspike, man.

And wow she pe a pony road,  
 Like Loudon cora-riggs, man,  
 Where twa carts may gang on her,  
 And no preak ither's legs, man.

They charge a penny for ilka horse,  
 In troth she'll no be sheaper,  
 For nought but gaun upon the ground,  
 And they gie her a paper.

They take the horse then py te head,  
 And there they make him stand, man;  
 She tell them she had seen the day  
 They had nae sic command, man.

But she'll awn' te te Highland hills,  
 Where deil a ane dare turn her,  
 And no come near te turnimspike,  
 Unless it pe to purn her.

## TAM GLEN.

With expression.

WORDS BY BURNS.

My heart is a break-ing, dear tit-tle,<sup>1</sup> Some coun-sel un-to me come  
 len'; To an-ger them a' is a pi-ty, But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?  
 I'm think-ing wi' sic a braw fal-low, In pair-tith<sup>2</sup> I might mak' a fen';<sup>3</sup> What  
 care I in rich-es to wal-low, If I maun-na mar-ry Tam Glen?<sup>4</sup>

There's Lowrie, the Laird o' Drumeller,  
 Gude day to you, coof, he comes ben;  
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,  
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie<sup>4</sup> does constantly deave<sup>5</sup> me,  
 And bids me beware o' young men;  
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me—  
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him  
 He'll gie me guld hunder merks ten;  
 But if it's ordained I maun tak' him,  
 O, wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen, at the Valentine's dealin',  
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten;  
 For thrice I drew aye without fallin',  
 And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'  
 My drookit<sup>6</sup> sark-aleeve, as ye ken,<sup>7</sup>  
 His likeness cam' up the house staukin',  
 And the very grey breeks<sup>8</sup> o' Tam Glen

Come, counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;  
 I'll gi'e ye my bonnie black hen,  
 Gif<sup>9</sup> ye will advise me to marry  
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

<sup>1</sup> Sister.    <sup>2</sup> Poverty.    <sup>3</sup> Shift.    <sup>4</sup> Mother.    <sup>5</sup> Deafen.    <sup>6</sup> Drenched.    <sup>7</sup> Know.  
<sup>8</sup> Trousers.    <sup>9</sup> If.

## WILLIE'S GANE TO MELVILLE CASTLE.

Oh! Wil-lie's gane to Mel-ville Cas-tle, Boots and spurs an'  
 a', To bid the led-dies a' fare-woel, Be-fore he gaed a-wa'.  
 Wil-lie's young and blithe and bon-nie, Lov'd by aye an' a'; Oh,  
 what will a' the las-ses do, When Wil-lie gaes a-wa'?

The first he met was Lady Kate,  
 She led him thro' the ha',  
 An' wi' a sad and sorry heart,  
 She loot the tear doon fa'.  
 Beside the fire stood Lady Grace,  
 Said ne'er a word ava',  
 She thocht that she was sure o' him  
 Before he gaed awa'.

O, ben the house cam' Lady Bell,  
 "Gude troth ye need na craw,  
 May be the lad will fancy me,  
 "An' disappoint ye a'."

Doon the stair tript Lady Jean,  
 The flower among them a',  
 "O lasses, trust in Providence,  
 "An' ye'll get husbands a'."

When on his horse he rode awa',  
 They gathered round the door,  
 He gaily waved his bonnet blue,—  
 They set up sic a roar.  
 Their cries, their tears brought Willie back,  
 He kiss'd them aye an' a',  
 Said, "Lasses bide till I come hame,  
 "And then I'll wed ye a'."

## BIRD OF THE WILDERNESS.

(THE SKYLARK.)

OLD SKELETONS.

WORDS BY HOGG.

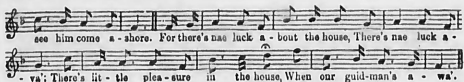
Bird of the wil - der-ness, Blythe-some and cum - ber-less, Sweet be thy  
 ma - tin o'er moor-land and lea; Em-blem of hap - pi-ness, Blest is thy  
 dwel - ling place, Oh, to a - bide in the de - sert with thee. Wild is thy  
 lay and loud, Far in the dow - ny cloud, Love gives it en - er - gy, love gave it  
 birth, Where, on thy dew - y wing, Where art thou - jour - ney - ing?  
 Thy lay is in hea - ven, thy love is on earth. Bird of the wil - der-ness,  
 Blythesome and cum - ber-less, Oh, to a - bide in the de - sert with thee.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
 O'er moor and mountain green,  
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;  
 Over the cloudlet dim,  
 Over the rainbow's rim,  
 Musical cherub, soar, singing away.  
 Then when the gloaming comes,  
 Low in the heather blooms,  
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!  
 Bird of the wilderness,  
 Blessed is thy dwelling-place,  
 Oh! to abide in the desert with thee.  
 Bird of the wilderness, &c.

## THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

*Moderately.*

And are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is  
 this a time to talk o' wark, Ye jades, hing by your wheel? Is this a time to  
 think o' wark, When Co-lin's at the door; Rax' me my cloak, I'll to the quay, And



Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,  
Put on the muckle pat;<sup>1</sup>  
Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown,  
And Jock his Sunday hat.  
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,  
Their hose as white as snaw;  
It's a' to please my ain guidman,  
For he's been lang awa'.

[There's twa fat hens upon the bank,  
They've fed this month and mair;  
Mak' haste and thrav their necks about,  
That Colin weel may fare.  
And spread the table neat and clean,  
Gar<sup>2</sup> ilka thing look braw;  
For wha can tell how Col'in fared,  
When he was far awa'.]

Come, gi'e me down my bigonet,<sup>3</sup>  
My bishop-satin gown;  
And rin and tell the Bailie's wife  
That Colin's come to town:  
My Sunday shoon they maun gae on,  
My hose o' pearl blue;  
It's a' to please my ain guidman,  
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,  
His breath like caller air;  
His very fit has music in't  
As he comes up the stair.  
And will I see his face again?  
And will I hear him speak?  
I'm downright diazie wi' the thought,  
In troth I'm like to greet.<sup>4</sup>

[The cauld blasts o' the wisser wind,  
That thir'd through my heart,  
They're a' blawn by; I ha'e him safe,  
'Till death we'll never part.  
But what puts parting in my mind,  
It may be far awa';  
The present moment is our ain,  
'The neist we never saw'.]

[Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content.  
I ha'e nae mair to crave;  
Could I but live to mak' him blest,  
I'm blest aboon the lave.<sup>5</sup>  
And will I see his face again?  
And will I hear him speak?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
In troth I'm like to greet.]

<sup>1</sup> Large Pot.<sup>2</sup> Make.<sup>3</sup> A linen cap, or coil.<sup>4</sup> To shed tears.<sup>5</sup> Above all others.

## YE BANKS AND BRAES.

WORDS BY BURNS.

Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How  
can ye bloom sae fresh and fair; How can ye chant ye lit - tle birds, And  
I sae wea - ry, fu' o' care! Ye'll break my heart, ye  
war-bling birds, That wan-ton thro' the flow - ry thorn; Ye mind me o' de -  
part - ed joys, De - part - ed ne - ver to re - turn,

Aft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine twins.  
And ilka bird sang o' its love,  
And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;  
But my fause lover stole my rose,

## MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

WORDS BY BURNS.

*Andante*

Now in her green man - tle blythe Na - ture ar - rays, And  
lis - tens the lamb - kins that bleat ower the braes, While  
birds war - ble wel - come in il - ka green shaw; But to  
me it's de - light - less, my Nan - nie's a - wa', But to  
me . . it's . . de - light - less, my Nan - nie's a - - wa'.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands  
adorn,  
And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn;  
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw!  
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'.

Thou laverock, that springs frae the dewa of  
the lawn,  
The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn,  
And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa',  
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,  
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay;  
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,  
Alane can delight me—my Nannie's awa'.

## AULD LANG SYNE.

WORDS BY BURNS.

Should auld ac - quain - tance be for - got, And ne - ver brought to  
mind; Should auld ac - quain - tance be for - got, And days o' lang syne?  
For auld lang - syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll  
tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans<sup>1</sup> fine;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot  
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

We twa ha'e paidel<sup>2</sup> in the burn,<sup>3</sup>  
Frae morning sun till dinn;  
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,  
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',  
And gie's a haud o' thine;  
And we'll tak' a richt-guid willie-waught,  
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,  
And surely I'll be mine;  
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Gales.

<sup>2</sup> Waded.

<sup>3</sup> Crook

<sup>4</sup> A draught with right good will.