

SONGS:

FROM JOHNSON'S SCOTS MUSICAL MUSEUM.

[ORIGINALLY ACKNOWLEDGED BY AUTHOR.]

Young Peggy.

Tune.—"Loch Eroch Side."

I.

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

II.

Her lips, more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has graced them;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them:
Her smile is as the evening mild,
When feather'd pairs are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

III.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her;
As blooming Spring unbends the brow
Of surly, savage Winter.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Her winning pow'rs to lessen;
And fretful envy grins in vain
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

IV.

Ye Pow'rs of Honor, Love, and Truth,
From ev'ry ill defend her;
Inspire the highly-favour'd youth
The destinies intend her:
Still fan the sweet connubial flame
Responsive in each bosom;
And bless the dear parental name,
With many a filial blossom.



Whistle, an' I'll come to you.

[FIRST SET: SECOND SET IN THOMSON'S COLLECTION.]

I.

O WHISTLE, an' I'll come to you, my lad;
O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad:
Though father and mither should baith gae mad,
O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad.

II.

Come down the back stairs when ye come to
court me;
Come down the back stairs when ye come to
court me;
Come down the back stairs, and let naebody see;
And come as ye were na coming to me,
And come as ye were na coming to me.

Bonny Lassie, will ye go?

Tune.—"The Birks of Aberfeldy."

CHORUS.

Bonny lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go;
Bonny lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

I.

Now Simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the chrystal streamlets plays;
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

Bonny lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go;
Bonny lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

My Jean!

Tune.—"The Northern Lass."

THOUGH cruel fate should bid us part,
Far as the pole and line,
Her dear idea round my heart,
Should tenderly entwine.
Though mountains rise, and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.



Stay, my Charmer.*Tune.*—"An Gille dubh ciar dhubh."

I.

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

II.

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

Thickest Night, Surround my Dwelling!*Tune.*—"Strathallan's Lament."

[ORIGINAL SET.]

I.

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

II.

In the cause of Right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honor's war we strongly waged,
 But the heavens deny'd success.
 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend,
 The wide world is all before us—
 But a world without a friend.

[SECOND SET BEGINS THUS:—]

I.*

THICKEST night, o'erhang my dwelling!
 Howling tempests, o'er me rave!
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
 Still surround my lonely cave!
 Chrystal streamlets, &c.

The Young Highland Rober.*Tune.*—"Morag."

I.

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
 The snaws the mountains cover;
 Like winter on me seizes,
 Since my young Highland rover
 Far wanders nations over,
 Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
 May Heaven be his warden:
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
 And bonie Castle-Gordon!

II.

The trees now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
 The birdies dowie moaning,
 Shall a' be blythely singing,
 And every flower be springing.
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
 When by his mighty Warden
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
 And bonie Castle-Gordon.

* A strange confusion about these lines seems to exist in some highly respectable Editions, which will be fully examined hereafter in Notes.

The Banks of the Devon.

Tune.—"Bhannerach dhon na chri."

I.

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
With green spreading bushes and flow'rs blooming fair!

But the bonniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,

In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew;
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew!

II.

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

Raving Winds around her Blowing.

Tune.—"Macgregor of Rura's Lament."

I.

RAVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring—
"Farewell, hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night that knows no morrow!

II.

"O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing,
Gladly how would I resign thee,
And to dark Oblivion join thee!"

Musing on the Roaring Ocean.

Tune.—"Druimion dubh."

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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



Blythe was She.*Tune.*—"Andro and his Cutty Gun."

CHORUS.

Blythe, blythe and merry was sho,
 Blythe was she but and ben :
 Blythe by the banks of Ern,
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.

I.

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

II.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
 Her smile was like a simmer morn ;
 She tripped by the banks of Ern,
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.

III.

Her bony face it was as meek
 As ony lamb upon a lee ;
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
 As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

IV.

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

Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
 Blythe was she but and ben :
 Blythe by the banks of Ern,
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.

**A Rose-bud by my Early Walk.***Tune.*—"The Rose-bud."

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

Braving Angry Winter's Storms.*Tune.*—"Neil Gow's Lamentation for Abercainry."

I.

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,
 The lofty Ochels rise,
 Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
 First blest my wondering eyes ;

As one who by some savage stream
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks it beam
With art's most polish'd blaze.

II.

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



Tibbie, I hae seen the Day.

Tune.—"Invercald's Reel."

CHORUS.

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

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

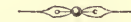
VI.

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

VII.

[There lives a lass in yonder park,
I would na gie her in her sark,
For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark;
Ye need na look sae high.]

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



Clarinda.



CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
The measur'd time is run!
The wretch beneath the dreary pole
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander hie;
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy.

We part—but by these precious drops,
That fill thy lovely eyes!
No other light shall guide my steps,
Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day;
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray?

Tibbie Dunbar.

Tune.—"Johnny M'Gill."

I.

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

II.

I care na thy daddie,
His lands and his money;
I care na thy kin,
Sae high and sae lordly:
But say thou wilt hae me
For better for waur—
And come in thy coatie,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar!



Blooming Nelly.

Tune.—"On a Bank of Flowers."

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

The Day Returns.

Tune.—"Seventh of November."

I.

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

II.

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

The Lazy Mist.

Tune.—"The Lazy Mist."

I.

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

II.

How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain;
How little of life's scanty span may remain;
What aspects old Time, in his progress, has worn
What ties cruel Fate, in my bosom, has torn.
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how
pain'd!
Life is not worth having with all it can give—
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw.

Tune.—"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."

[ORIGINAL SET.]

I.

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bony lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There's wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

II.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bony flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bony bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.





Drawn by J. L. Brown.

Engraved by G. Cook

ELLISLAND

David Wilson, Publisher, Glasgow

O were I on Parnassus Hill.

Tune.—"My Love is lost to me."

I.

O WERE I on Parnassus hill;
Or had o' Helicon my fill;
That I might catch poetic skill,
 To sing how dear I love thee!
But Nith maun be my Muses' well;
My Muse maun be thy bonie sell;
On Corsincon I'll glowr and spell,
 And write how dear I love thee.

II.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I cou'dna sing, I cou'dna say,
 How much, how dear, I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
 By Heaven and Earth I love thee!

III.

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And ay I muse and sing thy name—
 I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
 Till then—and then I love thee!



John Anderson, my Jo.

Tune.—"John Anderson, my Jo."

I.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bony brow was brent:
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my Jo.

II.

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

A Mother's Lament

FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

Tune.—"Finlayston House."

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

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



The Braes o' Ballochmyle.

Tune.—"The Braes o' Ballochmyle."

I.

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

II.

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



To Mary in Heaven.

Tune.—"Death of Captain Cook."

I.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O 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?

II.

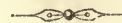
That sacred hour can I forget?
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove?
 Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
 To live one day of parting love!
 Eternity can not efface
 Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace;—
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

III.

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild-woods thickening green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:
 The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray—
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

IV.

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?



The Battle of Sheriff-muir.

Tune.—"Cameronian Rant."

[ORIGINAL SET.]

I.

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

II.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockaids,
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
And mony a bouk did fa', man:
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles;
They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles,
They hack'd and hash'd, while braid-swords
clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
Till fey men di'd awa, man.

III.

But had ye seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man;
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,
And covenant Trueblues, man:
In lines extended lang and large,
When baiginets o'erpower'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge;
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frightened dows, man!

IV.

"O how deil, Tam, can that be true?
The chase gaed frae the north, man;
I saw mysel, they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man;
And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling winged their flight:
But, cursed lot! the gates were shut;
And mony a huntit, poor Red-coat,
For fear amaisht did swarf, man!"

V.

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

VI.

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

CHORUS.

La, la, la, la, la, la;
La, la, la, la, la, da!



For a' That an' a' That!

Tune.—"For a' that an' a' that."

I.

THO' women's minds, like winter winds,
May shift and turn and a' that;
The noblest breast adores them maist—
A consequence I draw that:

For a' that an' a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that:
The bony lass that I lo'e best,
She'll be my ain for a' that!

II.

Great love I bear to all the Fair,
Their humble slave an' a' that;
But lordly Will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that.

III.

In rapture sweet this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love an' a' that;
But for how lang the flie may stang,
Let inclination law that.

IV.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
They've taen me in an' a' that;
But clear your decks, and here's The Sex!
I like the jads for a' that!

For a' that an' a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that:
The bony lass that I lo'e best,
She'll be my ain for a' that!



Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut.

Tune.—"Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut."

I.

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to see:
Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na found in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

II.

Here are we met, three merry boys;
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!

III.

It is the moon—I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

IV.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loun is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.



The Blue-eyed Lassie.

Air.—"The Blue-eyed Lassie."

I.

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

II.

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

The Banks of Nith.

Tune.—"Robie donna Gorach."

I.

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand;
But sweeter flows the Nith, to me,
Where Comyns ance had high command.
When shall I see that honor'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear!
Must wayward Fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here!

II.

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where bounding hawthorns gaily bloom!
How sweetly spread thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom!
Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom,
Far from thy bonie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Among the friends of early days!

Tam Glen.

Tune.—"Tam Glen."

I.

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie!
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

II.

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

III.

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,
"Gude day to you, brute!" he comes ben:
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

IV.

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

V.

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten:
But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

VI.

Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

VII.

The last Halloween I was waukin
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
 His likeness cam up the house staukin,
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

VIII.

Come counsel, dear Tittie! don't tarry:
 I'll gie you my bonie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

—❖—

Craigie-burn Wood.

—

[ORIGINAL SET: SECOND SET IN THOMSON'S COLLECTION.]

—

I.

SWEET closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood,
 And blythely awaukens the morrow:
 But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn
 wood
 Can yield me nothing but sorrow.

Beyond thee, dearie; beyond thee, dearie;
 And O, to be lying beyond thee!
 O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep,
 That's laid in the bed beyond thee!

II.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
 I hear the wild birds singing;
 But pleasure they hae nane for me,
 While care my heart is wringing.

III.

I can na tell, I maun na tell,
 I dare na for your anger:
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.

IV.

I see thee gracefu', straight and tall;
 I see thee sweet and bonie:
 But oh! what will my torments be,
 If thou refuse thy Johnie?

V.

To see thee in another's arms,
 In love to lie and languish:—
 'Twad be my dead, that will be seen;
 My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

IV.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine;
 Say thou lo'es nane before me:
 And a' my days o' life to come,
 I'll gratefully adore thee.

—❖—

My Tocher's the Jewel.

Tune.—"My Tocher's the Jewel."

—

I.

O MEIKLE thinks my luve o' my beauty,
 And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;
 But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie,
 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 hiney he'll cherish the bee;
 My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller,
 He canna hae luve to spare for me.

II.

Your proffer o' luve's an airle-penny,
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
 But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
 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,
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

Guidwife Count the Lawin.

Tune.—"Guidwife count the Lawin."

I.

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,
 But we'll ne'er stray for faute o' light;
 For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
 And blude-red wine's the rysin sun.

Then guidwife count the lawin,
 The lawin, the lawin;
 Then guidwife count the lawin,
 And bring a coggie mair!

II.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
 And semple folk maun fecht and fen;
 But here we're a' in ae accord,
 For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

III.

My coggie is a haly pool,
 That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
 And pleasure is a wanton trout,
 An' ye drink it a', ye'll find him out.

Then guidwife count the lawin,
 The lawin, the lawin;
 Then guidwife count the lawin,
 And bring a coggie mair!



What can a Young Lassie?

Tune.—"What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?"

I.

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
 What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
 Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie
 To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!
 Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie
 To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!

II.

He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin,
 He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang;
 He's doyl't and he's dozin, his bluid it is frozen—
 O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!
 He's doyl't and he's dozin, his bluid it is frozen—
 O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

III.

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
 I never can please him, do a' that I can;
 He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows:
 O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!
 He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows:
 O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

IV.

My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
 I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
 And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.
 I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
 And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.



Sensibility how Charming!

[SET AS A SONG.]

I.

SENSIBILITY how charming,
Dearest Nancy, thou canst tell:
But distress with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well.
Fairest flower, behold the lily
Blooming in the sunny ray:
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay!
Fairest flower, &c.

II.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys:
Hapless bird! a prey the surest,
To each pirate of the skies.
Dearly bought the hidden treasure,
Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe!
Dearly bought, &c.

It is na, Jean, thy Bonie Face.

Tune.—"The Maid's complaint."

It is na, Jean, thy bonie face,
Nor shape that I admire,
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awauk desire.
Something in ilka part o' thee
To praise, to love, I find;
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

II.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than if I canna mak thee sae,
At least to see thee blest.

Content am I, if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee:
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.

Wha is that at my Bower-door?

Tune.—"Lass an I come near thee."

I.

WHA is that at my bower-door?
O wha is it but Findlay:
Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here!—
Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.
What mak ye, sae like a thief?
O come and see, quo' Findlay:
Before the morn ye'll work mischief;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

II.

Gif I rise and let you in?—
Let me in, quo' Findlay:
Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
In my bower if ye should stay?
Let me stay, quo' Findlay:
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

III.

Here this night if ye remain;—
I'll remain, quo' Findlay:
I dread ye'll learn the gate again;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
What may pass within this bower,—
Let it pass, quo' Findlay:
Ye maun conceal till your last hour;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay!

*The Bonie Wee Thing.**Tune.*—"Bonie Wee Thing."

I.

BONIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, was thou mine;
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Least my jewel I should tine.
 Wishfully I look and languish
 In that bonie face o' thine;
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
 Least my wee thing be na mine.

II.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty
 In ae constellation shine;
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
 Bonie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, was thou mine;
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Least my jewel I should tine!

*Ac Fond Kiss.**Tune.*—"Rory Dall's Port."

I.

AE fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae fareweel, and then 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 chearfu' twinkle lights me;
 Dark despair around benights me.

II.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy:
 But to see her, was to love her;
 Love but her, and love for ever.

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

III.

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!
 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!

*I hae a Wife o' my ain.**Tune.*—"Naebody."

I.

I HAE a wife o' my ain—
 I'll partake wi' naebody;
 I'll tak cuckold frae nane,
 I'll gie cuckold to naebody.
 I hae a penny to spend,
 There—thanks to naebody;
 I hae naething to lend,
 I'll borrow frae naebody.

II.

I am naebody's lord—
 I'll be slave to naebody;
 I hae a gude braid sword,
 I'll tak dunts frae naebody.
 I'll be merry and free,
 I'll be sad for naebody;
 Naebody cares for me,
 I care for naebody.

O, for Ane-and-Twenty, Tam!

Tune.—"The Moudiewort."

CHORUS.

An' O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An' hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

I.

THEY snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam;
But three short years will soon wheel roun'—
And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.

II.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

II.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie—there's my loof:
I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam!

An' O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An' hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

Bess and her Spinning-Wheel.

Tune.—"The sweet lass that lo'es me."

I.

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

II.

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

III.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And Echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays:
The craik amang the claver hay,
The pairtrick whirrin o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinnin-wheel.

IV.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flairing, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessie at her spinnin-wheel?

Aithsdall's Welcome Hame.

I.

THE noble Maxwells and their powers
Are coming o'er the border,
And they'll gae bigg Terreagles towers,
An' set them a' in order:
And they declare, Terreagles fair,
For their abode they chuse it;
There's no a heart in a' the land,
But's lighter at the news o't.
And they declare, &c

II.

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



Country Lassie.

Tune.—"The Country Lass."

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

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

IV.

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

V.

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



Fair Eliza.

A Gaelic Air.

I.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
 Ae kind blink before we part:
 Rue on thy despairing luvè!
 Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
 Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
 If to luvè thy heart denies,
 For pity hide the cruel sentence
 Under friendship's kind disguise!

II.

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?
 The offence is luv'ing thee:
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
 Wha for thine wad gladly die?
 While the life beats in my bosom,
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

III.

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

— — — — —

The Posie.

Tune.—"The Posie."

— — — — —

I.

O LUVE will venture in where it daurna weel be seen,
 O luv'e will venture in where wisdom ance has been;
 But I will down yon river rove, amang the wood
 sae green—
 And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

II.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;
 For she is the pink o' womankind, and blooms with-
 out a peer—
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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





Engraved by G. Cook, from a Photograph by Jas. Walker.

OLD BRIDGE OF DOON.

*The Banks o' Doon.**Tune.*—"Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

[ORIGINAL EDITION.]

I.

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

II.

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

*Sic a Wife as Willie had.**Tune.*—"The Eight Men of Moidart."

I.

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doddie;
 Willie was a wabster gude,
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie:
 He had a wife was dour and din,
 O Tinkler Maidgie was her mither;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

II.

She has an e'e—she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour;
 Five rusty teeth forbye a stump,
 A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller;
 A whiskin beard about her mou',
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

III.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hem-shinn'd,
 Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter;
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shoulder;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

IV.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
 An' wi' her loof her face a-washin;
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion:
 Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-Water;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

*The Carl of Kellyburn-Braes.**Tune.*—"Kellyburn Braes."

I.

THERE lived a carl in Kellyburn-braes,
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme—
 And he had a wife was the plague of his days;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

"O welcome, most kindly!" the blythe carl said,
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme—
 "But if ye can match her, ye're waur nor ye're ca'd:"
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

VI.

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

VII.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door;
 Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme—
 Syne bade her gae in, for a b—h and a w—e:
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

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

XII.

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

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

—o—

Song of Death.

Air.—"Oran an Aoig."

—

I.

FAREWELL, thou fair day; thou green earth; and ye
 skies,
 Now gay with the broad setting sun;
 Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties—
 Our race of existence is run!
 Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe!
 Go frighten the coward and slave;
 Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
 No terrors hast thou to the brave!



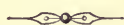
Engraved by G. Cook.

GLEN AFTON.

Scene of Queen Mary's Flight to England

II.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
 Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
 He falls in the blaze of his fame!
 In the field of proud honor—our swords in our hands,
 Our king and our country to save—
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
 Oh! who would not die with the brave!

*Afton Water.*

Tune.—"Afton Water."

I.

Flow gently, sweet Afton! among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

II.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen;
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den;
 Thou green crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear:
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

III.

How lofty, sweet Afton! thy neighbouring hills,
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

IV.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!
 There, oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

V.

Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear
 wave.

VI.

Flow gently, sweet Afton! among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays!
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
 Flow gently, sweet Afton! disturb not her dream.

*Bonie Bell.*

Tune.—"Bonie Bell."

I.

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

II.

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



The Gallant Weaver.

Tune.—"The Weaver's March."

I.

WHERE Cart rins rowin to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant Weaver,
Oh, I had woovers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart would tine,
And I gied it to the Weaver.

II.

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

The Deuks Dang o'er my Daddie.

Tune.—"The Deuks Dang o'er my Daddie."

I.

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O!
The fien'-ma-care, quo' the feirrie auld wife,
He was but a paidlin body, O!
He paidles out, an' he paidles in,
An' he paidles late an' early, O!
This seven lang years I hae lien by his side,
An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O!

II.

O haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife,
O haud your tongue now, Nansie, O!
I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
Ye wadna been sae donsie, O!
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
And cuddled me late and early, O!
But downa do's come o'er me now,
And oh! I find it sairly, O!

She's Fair and Fause.

Tune.—"She's Fair and Fause."

I.

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

II.

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

The Deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman.*Tune.*—"The Deil cam fiddlin thro' the town."

I.

THE Deil cam fiddlin thro' the town,
And danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman;
And ilka wife cries—"Auld Mahoun;
I wish you luck o' the prize, man!"

The Deil's awa, the Deil's awa,
The Deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman;
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
He's danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman!

II.

We'll mak our maut and we'll brew our drink,
We'll laugh, and sing, and rejoice, man;
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black Deil,
That danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman.

III.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land,
Was—the Deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman.

The Deil's awa, the Deil's awa,
The Deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman;
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
He's danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman.

The Lobely Lass o' Inverness*Tune.*—"Lass o' Inverness."

I.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, Alas!
And ay the saut tear blin's her e'e:

Drumossie moor—Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

II.

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

A Red, Red Rose.*Tune.*—"Graham's Strathspey."

I.

O MY luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O my luve's like the melodie,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

II.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
'Till a' the seas gang dry.

III.

'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
O I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

IV.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!

A Lassie all Alone.

Tune.—"Cumnock Psalms.

[‘A VISION’ SET AS A SONG.]

I.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'flower scents the dewy air;
Where the houlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;
A lassie all alone was making her moan,
Lamenting our lads beyond the sea;
In the bluidy wars they fa', and our honor's
gane and a',
And broken-hearted we maun die.

II.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot alang the sky;
The tod was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.
A lassie all alone, &c.

III.

The burn, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa',
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase roarings seem'd to rise and fa'.
A lassie all alone, &c.

IV.

The cauld blae North was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like Fortune's favors, tint as win.
A lassie all alone, &c.

V.

Now looking over firth and fauld,
Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd;
When lo, in form of minstrel auld,
A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.
A lassie all alone, &c.

VI.

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear;
But oh! it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear.
A lassie all alone, &c.

VII.

He sang wi' joy his former day,
He weeping wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play—
I winna ventur't in my rhymes.
A lassie all alone was making her moan,
Lamenting our lads beyond the sea;
In the bluidy wars they fa', and our honor's
gane and a',
And broken-hearted we maun die.

Louis, What Reck I by Thee!

Tune.—"Louis, What Reck I by Thee!"

I.

LOUIS, what reckon I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean:
Dyvor, beggar louns to me—
I reign in Jeanie's bosom!

II.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me:
Kings and nations—swith, awa!
Reif randies, I disown ye!



Comin Thro' the Rye.*Tune.*—"Comin Thro' the Rye."

I.

COMIN thro' the rye, poor body,
 Comin thro' the rye;
 She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
 Comin thro' the rye.
 Oh, Jenny's a' weet, poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry;
 She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
 Comin thro' the rye.

II.

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

III.

Gin a body meet a body,
 Comin thro' the glen,
 Gin a body kiss a body—
 Need the warld ken?
 Oh, Jenny's a' weet, poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry;
 She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
 Comin thro' the rye.

Somebody.*Tune.*—"For the sake o' Somebody."

I.

MY heart is sair—I dare na tell,
 My heart is sair for Somebody;
 I could wake a winter night
 For the sake o' Somebody.

Oh-hon! for Somebody!

Oh-hey! for Somebody!

I could range the world around,

For the sake o' Somebody!

II.

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,

O, sweetly smile on Somebody!

Frae ilka danger keep him free,

And send me safe my Somebody!

Oh-hon! for Somebody!

Oh-hey! for Somebody!

I wad do—what wad I not?

For the sake o' Somebody!

She says she Lo'es me Best of a'.*Tune.*—"Onagh's Water-fall."

I.

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
 Bewitchingly o'er-arching
 Twa laughing een o' bonie blue;
 Her smiling sae wyling,
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
 What pleasure, what treasure,
 Unto these rosy lips to grow:
 Such was my Chloris' bonie face,
 When first her bonie face I saw;
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

II.

Like harmony her motion;
 Her pretty ankle is a spy
 Betraying fair proportion,
 Wad make a saint forget the sky;
 Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her fauteless form and gracefu' air;
 Ilk feature—auld Nature
 Declar'd that she could do nae mair:

Her's are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

III.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy shew at sunny noon;
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon
Fair beaming, and streaming
Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang:
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimplin burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'es me best of a'?



The Bonie Lass Made the Bed to Me.

Tune.—"The lass that made the bed for me."

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

"Haud aff your hands, young man," she says,
"And dinna sae uncivil be:
Gif ye hae ony luve for me,
O wrang na my virginie!"

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
And ay she wist na what to say;
I laid her between me and the wa'—
The lassie thought na lang till day.

XI.

Upon the morrow when we rase,
I thank'd her for her courtesie;
But ay she blush'd and ay she sigh'd,
And said, "Alas! ye've ruin'd me."

XII.

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

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

—❖—

Sae Far Awa.

Tune.—"Dalkeith Maiden Bridge."

I.

O SAD and heavy should I part,
But for her sake sae far awa;
Unknowing what my way may thwart,
My native land sae far awa.
Thou that of a' things Maker art,
That form'd this Fair sae far awa,
Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start
At this my way sae far awa.

II.

How true is love to pure desert,
So love to her, sae far awa:
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
While, oh! she is sae far awa.
Nane other love, nane other dart,
I feel, but her's sae far awa;
But fairer never touch'd a heart
Than her's, the Fair sae far awa.

O, Wat ye Waha's in Yon Town?

Tune.—"I'll ay ca' in by yon town."

[FIRST SET: SECOND SET IN THOMSON'S COLLECTION.]

CHORUS.

O wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin sun upon?
The dearest maid's in yon town,
That e'enin sun is shining on.

I.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree;
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!

II.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year!
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Jeanie dear.

III.

The sun blinks blythe on yon town,
Amang the broomy braes sae green;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.

IV.

Without my fair, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Jeanie in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!

V.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

VI.

O sweet is she in yon town,
The sinkin sun's gane down upon;
A fairer than's in yon town
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

VII.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
I careless quit aught else below,
But, spare me, spare me Jeanie dear!

VIII.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
And she—as fairest is her form!
She has the truest, kindest heart!

O wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin sun upon?
The dearest maid's in yon town
That e'enin sun is shining on.

— — —

© May, thy Morn.

Tune.—"May, thy Morn."

— — —

I.

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet
As the mirk night o' December;
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber:
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will ay remember;
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will ay remember.

II.

And here's to them, that, like oursel,
Can push about the jorum;
And here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's gude watch o'er them:
And here's to them we dare na tell,
The dearest o' the quorum;
And here's to them we dare na tell,
The dearest o' the quorum!

— — —

Wilt Thou be My Dearie?

Tune.—"The Sutor's Dochter."

— — —

I.

WILT thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
O wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee!
I swear and vow, that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie:
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie!

II.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me:
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may chuse me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me:
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me!

— — —

Lovely Polly Stewart.

Tune.—"Ye're Welcome, Charlie Stewart."

— — —

I.

O LOVELY Polly Stewart!
O charming Polly Stewart!
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half so fair as thou art.
The flower it blows, it fades, it fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it;
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will gie to Polly Stewart.

II.

May he, whase arms shall fauld thy charms,
 Possess a leal and true heart;
 To him be given, to ken the heaven
 He grasps in Polly Stewart!
 O lovely Polly Stewart!
 O charming Polly Stewart!
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
 That's half so fair as thou art.



The Winter of Life.

Tune.—"The Winter of Life."



I.

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

II.

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



Could aught of Song.

Tune.—"Could aught of Song."



I.

COULD aught of song declare my pains,
 Could artful numbers move thee,
 The muse should tell, in labor'd strains,
 O Mary, how I love thee!
 They who but feign a wounded heart
 May teach the lyre to languish;
 But what avails the pride of art,
 When wastes the soul with anguish?

II.

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
 The heart-felt pang discover;
 And in the keen, yet tender eye,
 O read th' imploring lover.
 For well I know thy gentle mind
 Disdains art's gay disguising;
 Beyond what Fancy e'er refin'd,
 The voice of Nature prizing.



Here's to thy Health, my Bonie Lass.

Tune.—"Laggan Burn."



I.

HERE'S to thy health, my bonie lass,
 Gude night and joy be wi' thee;
 I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door,
 To tell thee that I lo'e thee.
 O dinna think, my pretty pink,
 But I can live without thee:
 I vow and swear I dinna care,
 How lang ye look about ye.

II.

Thou'rt ay sae free informing me,
 Thou hast nae mind to marry;
 I'll be as free informing thee,
 Nae time hae I to tarry.
 I ken thy friends try ilka means,
 Frae wedlock to delay thee;
 Depending on some higher chance—
 But fortune may betray thee.

III.

I ken they scorn my low estate,
 But that does never grieve me;
 For I'm as free as any he,
 Sma' siller will relieve me.
 I'll count my health my greatest wealth,
 Sae lang as I'll enjoy it;
 I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
 As lang's I get employment.

IV.

But far-off fowls hae feathers fair:
 And ay until ye try them,
 Tho' they seem fair, still have a care;
 They may prove as bad as I am.
 But at twal at night, when the moon shines
 bright,
 My dear, I'll come and see thee;
 For the man that lo'es his mistress weel
 Nae travel makes him weary.

Gloomy December.

Tune.—"Wandering Willie."

I.

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
 Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care:
 Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure,
 Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour!
 But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever!
 Anguish unmingl'd, and agony pure.

II.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
 Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
 Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
 Till my last hope and last comfort is gone!
 Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
 For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair!

My Peggy's Face.

Tune.—"My Peggy's Face."

I.

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

II.

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

O Steer Her Up.

Tune.—"O steer her up, and haud her gaun."

I.

[O STEER her up and haud her gaun—
Her mither's at the mill, jo;
An' gin she winna tak a man,
E'en let her tak her will, jo:]
First shore her wi' a kindly kiss,
And ca' anither gill, jo;
An' gin she tak the thing amiss,
E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

II.

O steer her up and be na blate,
An' gin she tak it ill, jo,
Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,
And time nae langer spill, jo:
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,
But think upon it still, jo,
That gin the lassie winna do't,
Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

Ae Day a Braw Wooer.

Tune.—"The Queen of the Lothians."

[FIRST SET: SECOND SET IN THOMSON'S COLLECTION.]

I.

AE day a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
An' sair wi' his love he did deave me;
But I said there was naething I hated like men;
The deuce gae wi' him to believe me, believe me:
The deuce gae wi' him to believe me!

II.

A weel-stocket mailen, himsel o't the laird,
An' bridal aff-han' was the proffer;
I never loot on that I ken'd or I car'd,
But thought I might get a waur offer, waur offer:
But thought I might get a waur offer.

III.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonny black een,
An' O, for my love he was diein;
I said he might die when he liket, for Jean—
The gude forgie me for liein, for liein!
The gude forgie me for liein!

IV.

But what do ye think, in a fortnight or less,
(The deil's in his taste to gae near her!)
He's down to the castle to black cousin Bess,
Think, how the jade I cou'd endure her, endure her:
Think, how the jade I cou'd endure her!

V.

An' a' the niest ouk as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarlock;
An' wha but my braw fickle wooer was there,
Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock, a warlock:
Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

VI.

Out owre my left shouther I gie'd him a blink,
Lest neighbours should think I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd that I was a dear lassie, dear lassie:
And vow'd that I was a dear lassie.

VII.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie an' sweet,
An' if she'd recover'd her hearin;
An' how my auld shoon fitted her shauchel't feet?
Gude saf' us! how he fell a-swearin, a-swearin:
Gude saf' us! how he fell a-swearin!

VIII.

He begg'd me for gudesake that I'd be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
An' just to preserve the poor bodie in life,
I think I will wed him to-morrow, to-morrow:
I think I will wed him to-morrow.



O ay my Wife she Dang me.

Tune.—"My wife she dang me."

I.

O AY my wife she dang me,
 An' aft my wife she bang'd me;
 If ye gie a woman a' her will,
 Gude faith, she'll soon o'er-gang ye.
 On peace and rest my mind was bent,
 And fool I was, I marry'd;
 But never honest man's intent,
 As cursedly miscarry'd.

II.

Some sairie comfort still at last,
 When a' thir days are done, man;
 My pains o' hell on earth are past,
 I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
 O ay my wife she dang me,
 An' aft my wife she bang'd me;
 If ye gie a woman a' her will,
 Gude faith, she'll soon o'er-gang ye.

O Gude Ale Comes.

Tune.—"Bottom of the Punch Bowl."

I.

O GUDE ale comes, and gude ale goes,
 Gude ale gars me sell my hose;
 Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.
 I had sax owsen in a pleugh,
 They drew a' weel eneugh;
 I sell'd them a' just ane by ane,
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

II.

Gude ale hauds me bare and busy,
 Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
 Stand i' the stool when I hae done,
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes,
 Gude ale gars me sell my hose;
 Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

The Dumfries Volunteers.

Tune.—"Push about the jorum."

I.

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?
 Then let the louns beware, Sir;
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,
 And Volunteers on shore, Sir:
 The Nith shall rin to Corsincon,
 The Criffel sink in Solway,
 Ere we permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally!
 We'll ne'er permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally!

II.

O let us not, like snarling curs,
 In wrangling be divided;
 Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
 And wi' a rung decide it:
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Amang oursels united;
 For never but by British hands
 Maun British wrangs be righted:
 For never but by British hands
 Maun British wrangs be righted!

III.

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
 Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
 But deil a foreign tinkler loun
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't:
 Our fathers' blude the kettle bought,
 And wha wad dare to spoil it;
 By Heavens! the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it:
 By Heavens! the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it!

IV.

The wretch that would a tyrant own,
 And the wretch, his true sworn brother,
 Who would set the mob above the throne,
 May they be damn'd together!
 Who will not sing "God save the King,"
 Shall hang as high's the steeple;
 But while we sing "God save the King,"
 We'll ne'er forget the People:
 But while we sing "God save the King,"
 We'll ne'er forget the People!

My Lady's Gown, there's Gairs upon't.

Tune.—"Gregg's Pipes."

I.

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't,
 And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
 But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
 My lord thinks meikle mair upon't.
 My lord a-hunting he is gane,
 But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
 By Colin's cottage lies his game,
 If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

II.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
 And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude;
 But her ten-pund lands o' tocher gude
 Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

III.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
 Where gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
 There wons auld Colin's bonie lass,
 A lily in a wilderness.

IV.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
 Like music notes o' lovers' hymns:
 The diamond dew is her een sae blue,
 Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

V.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
 The flower and fancy o' the west;
 But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
 O that's the lass to mak him blest.

Jockey's ta'en the Parting Kiss.

Tune.—"Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss."

I.

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

II.

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

O Leave Novels.

Tune.—"Mauchline Belles."

I.

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

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

II.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,
A heart that warmly seems to feel;
That feeling heart but acts a part—
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossziel.
The frank address, the soft caress,
Are worse than poisoned darts of steel;
The frank address, and politesse,
Are all finesse in Rob Mossziel.

—
O Lay thy Loof in Mine, Lass.

Tune.—"Cordwainer's March."

I.

O LAY thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.
A slave to love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae;
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unless thou be my ain.

II.

There's monie a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best;
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.
O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

There was a Bonie Lass.

Tune.—"A favourite Slow March."

I.

THERE was a bonie lass, and a bonie, bonie lass,
And she lo'ed her bonie laddie dear;
Till war's loud alarms tore her laddie frae her arms,
Wi' mony a sigh and a tear.

II.

Over sea, over shore, where the cannons loudly roar,
He still was a stranger to fear;
And nocht could him quail, or his bosom assail,
But the bonie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

—
O Mally's Meek, Mally's Sweet.

Tune.—"Mally's Meek."

I.

O MALLY'S meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet;
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.
As I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet;
But O the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet.

II.

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

III.

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

SONGS:

FROM JOHNSON'S SCOTS MUSICAL MUSEUM.

[NOT ORIGINALLY ACKNOWLEDGED BY AUTHOR.]

O Whar did He Get?

Tune.—"Bonie Dundee."

[ORIGINAL SET.]

I.

[O WHAR did ye get that hauver-meal bannock?
O silly blind body, O dinna ye see?
I gat it frae a young, brisk Sodger laddie,
Between Saint Johnston and bonie Dundee.]
O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't!
Aft has he doudl'd me upon his knee;
May Heaven protect my bonie Scots laddie,
And send him safe hame to his babie and me!

II.

My blessins upon thy sweet wee lippie!
My blessins upon thy bonie e'e brie!
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe Sodger laddie,
Thou's ay the dearer and dearer to me!
But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks,
Where Tay rins wimplin by sae clear;
And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

To the Weaver's gin He Go.

Tune.—"To the Weaver's."

I.

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

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

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

I am my Mammy's ae Bairn.

Tune.—"I'm o'er young to marry yet."

I.

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir;
And lying in a man's bed,
I'm fley'd it mak me eerie, Sir.

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young—'twad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.

II.

Hallowmass is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, Sir;
And you an' I in ae bed,
In trowth, I dare na venture, Sir.

III.

Fu' loud and shill the frosty wind,
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet:
I'm o'er young—'twad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.

Macpherson's Farewell.

Tune.—"M'Pherson's Rant."

I.

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

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gae'd he;
He play'd a spring, and dane'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

II.

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

III.

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

IV

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

V.

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

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gae'd he;
He play'd a spring, and dane'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

The Highland Lassie, O.

Tune.—"M'Lauchlan's Scots Measure."

I.

NAE gentle dames, tho' ne'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care:
Their titles a' are empty show;
Gie me my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rashy, O,
I set me down wi' right gude will,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

II.

O were yon hills and vallies mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O.

III.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea;
But while my crimson currents flow,
I love my Highland lassie, O.

IV.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honor's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O.

V.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O.

VI.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honor's band!
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!
Farewell the plain sae rashy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

My Hoggie.

Tune.—"What will I do gin my Hoggie die?"

WHAT will I do gin my Hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my Hoggie!
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And vow but I was vogie!
The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
Me and my faithfu' doggie;
We heard nocht but the roaring linn,
Amang the braes sae scroggie.
But the houlet cry'd frae the castle wa',
The blitter frae the boggie,
The tod reply'd upon the hill,
I trembled for my Hoggie.
When day did daw, and cocks did crow,
The morning it was foggie;
An unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,
And maist has kill'd my Hoggie!



Up in the Morning Early.*Tune.*—"Cauld blaws the Wind."**I.**

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

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

II.

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

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

I Dream'd I lay.*Tune.*—"I dream'd I lay."**I.**

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing
Gaily in the sunny beam;
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
By a falling chrystal stream:
Straight the sky grew black and daring;
Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;
Trees with aged arms were warring,
O'er the swelling drumlie wave.

II.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd:
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming,
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd.

Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me—
She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill,
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me—
I bear a heart shall support me still.

Duncan Davison.*Tune.*—"Duncan Davison."**I.**

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
And she held o'er the moors to spin;
There was a lad that follow'd her,
They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh,
Her favour Duncan could na win;
For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
And ay she shook the temper-pin.

II.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn was clear, a glen was green;
Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,
And ay she set the wheel between:
But Duncan swoor a haly aith,
That Meg should be a bride the morn;
Then Meg took up her spinnin-graith,
And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

III.

We will big a wee, wee house,
And we will live like king and queen;
Sae blythe and merry 's we will be,
When ye set by the wheel at e'en.
A man may drink, and no be drunk;
A man may fight, and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonie lass,
And ay be welcome back again!

Theniel Menzies' Bonie Mary.*Tune.*—"The Ruffian's Rant."**I.**

In coming by the brig o' Dye,
At Darlet we a blink did tarry;
As day was dawin in the sky,
We drank a health to bonie Mary.

Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary;
Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary;
Charlie Grigor tint his plaidie,
Kissin Theniel's bonie Mary.

II.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
Her haffet locks as brown's a berry;
And ay they dimpl't wi' a smile,
The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary.

III.

We lap and danc'd the lee-lang day,
Till piper lads were wae and weary;
But Charlie gat the spring to pay,
For kissin Theniel's bonie Mary.

Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,
Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary;
Charlie Grigor tint his plaidie,
Kissin Theniel's bonie Mary.

Lady Onlie.*Tune.*—"The Ruffian's Rant."**I.**

A' THE lads o' Thornie-bank,
When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
They'll step in and tak a pint
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!

Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her gude ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

II.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
I wat she is a dainty chuckie;
And cheary blinks the ingle-gleede
O' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!

Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her gude ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray.*Tune.*—"Duncan Gray."**I.**

WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
When a' the lave gae to their play,
Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,
And jeeg the cradle wi' my tae,
And a' for the girdin o't!

II.

Bonie was the Lammas moon—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
Glowrin a' the hills aboon—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
The girdin brak, the beast cam down,
I tint my curch and baith my shoon;
And, Duncan, ye're an unco loun—
Wae on the bad girdin o't!

III.

But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
I se bless you wi' my hindmost breath—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
The beast again can bear us baith,
And auld Mess John will mend the skaith,
And clout the bad girdin o't!

How Long and Dreary is the Night.

A Gaelic Air.

[FIRST SET: SECOND SET IN THOMSON'S COLLECTION.]

I.

How long and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie!
I sleepless lye frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er so weary:
I sleepless lye frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er so weary!

II.

When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie:
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie!
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie!

III.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary!
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie:
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie!

The Blude Red Rose at Yule.

Tune.—"To dauntun me."

I.

THE blude red rose at Yule may blaw,
The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea;
But an auld man shall never dauntun me.

To dauntun me, and me sae young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue!
That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
For an auld man shall never dauntun me.

II.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
For a' his gold and white monie,
An auld man shall never dauntun me.

III.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
His gear may buy him glens and knowes;
But me he shall not buy nor fee,
For an auld man shall never dauntun me.

IV.

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,
Wi' his toothless gab and his auld beld pow,
And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e:
That auld man shall never dauntun me.

To dauntun me, and me sae young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue!
That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
For an auld man shall never dauntun me.

Bony Peggy Alison.

Tune.—"Braes o' Balquhider."

[STANZA I. NOT IN ORIGINAL EDITION.]

CHORUS.

An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again;
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bony Peggy Alison.

I.

ILK care and fear, when thou art near,
I ever mair defy them, O;
Young kings upon their hansel throne
Are no sae blest as I am, O!
Young kings upon their hansel throne
Are no sae blest as I am, O!

II.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure, O!
 I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share
 Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!
 I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share
 Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!

III.

And by thy een sae bony blue,
 I swear I'm thine for ever, O!
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never, O!
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never, O!

An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 An' I'll kiss thee o'er again;
 An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 My bony Peggy Alison!

Beware o' Bonie Ann.

Tune.—"Ye Gallants Bright."

I.

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

II.

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

The Gardener wi' his Paidle.

Tune.—"The Gardener wi' his Paidle."

I.

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

II.

When purple morning starts the hare
 To steal upon her early fare;
 Then thro' the dews he maun repair—
 The gardener wi' his paidle.
 When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws of nature's rest;
 He flies to her arms he lo'es the best—
 The gardener wi' his paidle.

My Love, she's but a Lassie yet.

Tune.—"Lady Badinscoth's Reel."

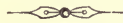
I.

MY love, she's but a lassie yet;
 My love, she's but a lassie yet;
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet.
 I rue the day I sought her, O;
 I rue the day I sought her, O;
 Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd,
 But he may say he's bought her, O!

II.

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet:
Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,

But here I never miss't it yet.
We're a' dry wi' drinkin o't;
We're a' dry wi' drinkin o't:
The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife—
He could na preach for thinkin o't!



Jamie, Come Try Me.

Tune.—"Jamie, come try me."

CHORUS.

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

I.

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

II.

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

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



My Bonie Mary.

Tune.—"Go fetch to me a Pint o' Wine."



I.

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

II.

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



Whistle o'er the Lave o't.

Tune.—"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

[ORIGINAL SET.]



I.

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married—spier nae mair,
But whistle o'er the lave o't.
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Sweet and harmless as a child;
Wiser men than me's beguil'd,
So whistle o'er the lave o't.

II.

How we live, my Meg and me,
 How we love and how we 'gree,
 I care na by how few may see:
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.
 Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
 Dish'd up in her winding-sheet,
 I could write—but Meg maun see't:
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.



The Captive Ribband.

A Gaelic Air.

I.

DEAR MYRA, the captive Ribband's mine,
 'Twas all my faithful love could gain;
 And would you ask me to resign
 The sole reward that crowns my pain?

II.

Go bid the hero who has run
 Thro' fields of death to gather fame,
 Go bid him lay his laurels down
 And all his well earn'd praise disclaim.

III.

The Ribband shall its freedom lose,
 Lose all the bliss it had with you,
 And share the fate I would impose
 On thee, wert thou my captive too.

IV.

It shall upon my bosom live,
 Or clasp me in a close embrace;
 And at its fortune if you grieve—
 Retrieve its doom and take its place.



There's a Youth in this City.

To a Gaelic Air.

I.

THERE'S a youth in this city, it were a great pity
 That he frae our lasses should wander awa:
 For he's bonie an' braw, weel-favoured with a',
 And his hair has a natural buckle an' a'.
 His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue;
 His fecket is white as the new driven snaw;
 His hose they are blae and his shoon like the slae,
 And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.
 His hose they are blae, &c.

II.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin;
 Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted and
 braw;
 But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her—
 The pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.
 There's Meg wi' the mailen that fain wad'a haen him;
 And Susie, whase daddy was laird o' the Ha';
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy—
 But the laddie's dear sel' he lo'es dearest of a'.
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy, &c.



My Heart's in the Highlands.

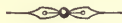
Tune.—“Failte na Miosg.”

I.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
 A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

II.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
 Farewell to the straths and green vallies below:
 Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud pouring floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands; my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.



Merry hae I been Teethin a Heckle.

Tune.—"Lord Breadalbane's March."



I.

O MERRY hae I been teethin a heckle,
 An' merry hae I been shapin a spoon;
 O merry hae I been cloutin a kettle,
 An' kissin my Katie when a' was done.
 O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
 An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing;
 O a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
 An' a' the lang night as happy's a king.

II.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins
 O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:
 Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,
 And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave!
 Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie;
 An' come to my arms and kiss me again!
 Druken or sober, here's to thee, Katie!
 And blest be the day I did it again.



The Rantin Dog, the Daddie o't.

Tune.—"East Nook o' Fife."



I.

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

II.

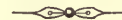
O wha will own he did the faut?
 O wha will buy the groanin maut?
 O wha will tell me how to ca't?
 The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

III.

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

IV.

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



Eppie Adair.

Tune.—"My Eppie."



I.

AN' O! my Eppie,
 My jewel, my Eppie!
 Wha wadna be happy
 Wi' Eppie Adair?
 By love, and by beauty,
 By law, and by duty,
 I swear to be true to
 My Eppie Adair!

II.

An' O! my Eppie,
My jewel, my Eppie!
Wha wadna be happy
Wi' Eppie Adair?
A' pleasure exile me,
Dishonour defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee,
My Eppie Adair!



Young Jockey.

Tune.—"Young Jockey."

I.

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

II.

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



Whare hae Ye Been sae Braw?

Tune.—"Killiecrankie."

I.

WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O?
O, whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?
[An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wad na been sae cantie, O;
An ye had seen what I hae seen,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.]

II.

I faught at land, I faught at sea;
At hame I faught my auntie, O;
But I met the Devil and Dundee,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
An' Clavers gat a clankie, O;
Or I had fed an Athole gled,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.



There'll Neyer be Peace.

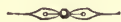
Tune.—"There are few gude fellows when Willie's awa."

I.

BY yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey:
And as he was singing the tears down came,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
The church is in ruins, the state is in jars;
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
We darena weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!

II.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
 And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd;
 It brak the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
 Now life is a burden that bows me down,
 Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
 But till my last moments my words are the same—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!



The Bonie Lad that's Far Awa.

Tune.—"The Bonie Lad that's Far Awa."

[STANZA II. NOT IN ORIGINAL EDITION.]

I.

[O HOW can I be blythe and glad,
 Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
 When the bonie lad that I lo'e best
 Is o'er the hills and far awa?
 When the bonie lad that I lo'e best
 Is o'er the hills and far awa?

II.

It's no the frosty winter wind,
 It's no the driving drift and snaw;
 But ay the tear comes in my e'e,
 To think on him that's far awa:
 But ay the tear comes in my e'e,
 To think on him that's far awa.

III.

My father pat me frae his door,
 My friends they hae disown'd me a';
 But I hae ane will tak my part,
 The bonie lad that's far awa:
 But I hae ane will tak my part,
 The bonie lad that's far awa.

IV.

A pair o' gloves he bought to me,
 And silken snoods he gae me twa;
 And I will wear them for his sake,
 The bonie lad that's far awa:
 And I will wear them for his sake,
 The bonie lad that's far awa.

V.

O weary Winter soon will pass,
 And Spring will cleed the birken shaw;
 And my young babie will be born,
 And he'll be hame that's far awa:
 And my young babie will be born,
 And he'll be hame that's far awa!



Yon Wild Mossy Mountains.

Tune.—"Yon Wild Mossy Mountains."

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

—

Eppie M'Nab.

Tune.—"Eppie M'Nab."

—

I.

O SAW ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
 O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
 She's down in the yard, she's kissin the laird;
 She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.

O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
 O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
 Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it soon,
 Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

II.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
 What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
 She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab!

—

Lovely Davies.

Tune.—"Miss Muir."

—

I.

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

II.

Her smile's a gift, frae 'boon the lift,
 That maks us mair than princes;
 A scepter'd hand, a king's command,
 Is in her darting glances:

The man in arms 'gainst female charms,
 Even he her willing slave is;
 He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
 Of conquering, lovely Davies.
 My muse—to dream of such a theme,
 Her feeble pow'rs surrender;
 The eagle's gaze alone surveys
 The sun's meridian splendor:
 I wad in vain essay the strain,
 The deed too daring brave is;
 I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire
 The charms o' lovely Davies!

The Weary Pund o' Tow.

Tune.—"The Weary Pund o' Tow."

I.

THE weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow;
 I think my wife will end her life,
 Before she spin her tow.
 I bought my wife a stane o' lint,
 As gude as e'er did grow;
 And a' that she has made o' that,
 Is ae poor pund o' tow.

II.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
 Beyont the ingle lowe,
 And ay she took the tither souk,
 To drouk the stourie tow.

III.

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

IV.

At last her feet—I sang to see't—
 Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
 And or I wad anither jad,
 I'll wallop in a tow.

The weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow!
 I think my wife will end her life,
 Before she spin her tow.

Ye Jacobites by Name.

Tune.—"Ye Jacobites by Name."

I.

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

II.

What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law,
 by the law?
 What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law?
 What is Right, and what is Wrang?
 A short sword, and a lang,
 A weak arm, and a strang
 For to draw?

III.

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, fam'd afar?
 What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar?
 What makes heroic strife?
 To whet th' assassin's knife,
 Or hunt a parent's life
 Wi' bludie war?

IV.

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

—○—

Lady Mary Ann.

Tune.—"Craigton's Growing."

—

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

—○—

**Such a Parcel of Rogues
in a Nation!**

Tune.—"A Parcel of Rogues in a Nation."

—

I.

FAREWHEEL to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory,
Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
Sae fam'd in martial story.
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

II.

What force or guile could not subdue,
Thro' many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station;
But English gold has been our bane—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

III.

O would, or I had seen the day
That treason thus could sell us,
My auld grey head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak this declaration;
We're bought and sold for English gold—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!



Auld Lang Syne.

Tune.—"Auld Lang Syne," or "I fee'd a Lad at Michaelmass."

[ORIGINAL REVISED EDITION—SEE NOTES.]

I.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

[For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!]

II.

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

III.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt,
Sin' auld lang syne.

IV.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.

V.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.

[For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!]

Had I the Wyte.

Tune.—"Had I the wyte she bade me."

I.

HAD I the wyte, had I the wyte,
Had I the wyte she bade me?
She watch'd me by the hie-gate side,
And up the loan she shaw'd me;
And when I wadna venture in,
A coward loon she ca'd me:
Had kirk and state been in the gate,
I lighted when she bade me.

II.

Sae craftilie she took me ben,
And bade me mak nae clatter;
"For our ramgunshoch glum gudeman
Is o'er ayont the water:"
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,
When I did kiss and dawte her;
Let him be planted in my place,
Syne say I was the fautor.

III.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
Could I for shame refus'd her?
And wadna manhood been to blame,
Had I unkindly used her?
He claw'd her wi' the ripplin-kame,
And blae and bluidy bruis'd her;
When sic a husband was frae hame,
What wife but wad excus'd her?

IV.

I dighted ay her een sae blue,
And bann'd the cruel randy;
And weel I wat her willin mou',
Was e'en like succar-candie.
At gloamin-shote it was, I wat,
I lighted on the Monday;
But I cam thro' the Tiseday's dew,
To wanton Willie's brandy.

Young Jamie, Pride of a' the Plain.

Tune.—"The Carlin o' the Glen."

I.

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

II.

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

Out Over the Forth.

Tune.—"Charlie Gordon's Welcome Hame."

I.

OUT over the Forth I look to the North,
But what is the North and its Highlands to me?
The South nor the East gie ease to my breast;
The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea.

II.

But I look to the West when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the West lives he I lo'e best,
The man that is dear to my babie and me.

Wantonness for Eber Mair.

An Ancient Air.

I.

WANTONNESS for ever mair,
Wantonness has been my ruin;
Yet, for a' my dool and care,
It's wantonness for ever.
I hae lo'ed the Black, the Brown;
I hae lo'ed the Fair, the Gowden:
A' the colours in the town,
I hae won their wanton favour.

The Lass of Ecclefechan.

Tune.—"Jacky Latin."

I.

GAT ye me, O gat ye me,
O gat ye me wi' naething?
Rock and reel, and spinnin wheel,
A mickle quarter basin:
By attour, my gutcher has
A hich house and a laigh ane;
A' forbye my bonie sel',
The toss of Ecclefechan.

II.

O haud your tongue now, Luckie Laing,
O haud your tongue and jauner;
I held the gate till you I met,
Syne I began to wander:
I tint my whistle and my sang,
I tint my peace and pleasure;
But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,
Wad airt me to my treasure.

The Cooper o' Cuddie.

Tune.—"Bab at the Bowster."

I.

THE Cooper o' Cuddie cam here awa,
And ca'd the girrs out owre us a';
And our gudewife has gotten a ca'
That anger'd the silly gudeman, O.
We'll hide the Cooper behind the door,
Behind the door, behind the door;
We'll hide the Cooper behind the door,
And cover him under a mawn, O.

II.

He sought them out, he sought them in,
Wi' deil hae her! and, deil hae him!
But the body he was sae doited and blin',
He wist na whare he was gaun, O.

III.

They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,
'Till our gudeman has gotten the scorn;
On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
And swears that there they shall stan', O.
We'll hide the Cooper behind the door,
Behind the door, behind the door;
We'll hide the Cooper behind the door,
And cover him under a mawn, O.

The Cardin o't.

Tune.—"Salt Fish and Dumplings."

I.

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo,
To mak a wat to Johnie o't;
For Johnie is my only jo,
I lo'e him best of onie yet.

The cardin o't, the spinnin o't,
The warpin o't, the winnin o't;
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The taylor staw the lynin o't.

II.

For though his locks be lyart gray,
And though his brow be beld aboon;
Yet I hae seen him on a day,
The pride of a' the parishes.

The cardin o't, the spinnin o't,
The warpin o't, the winnin o't;
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The taylor staw the lynin o't.

I'll ay Ca' in by Don Town.

Tune.—"I'll gang nae mair to yon Town."

I.

I'LL ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green, again;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonie Jean again.
There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess
What brings me back the gate again,
But she, my fairest faithfu' lass;
And stownlins we sall meet again!

II.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin-time draws near again;
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith, she's doubly dear again!
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green, again;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonie Jean again!



Wherefore Sighing art Thou, Phillis?*Tune.*—"Blue Bonnets."

I.

WHEREFORE sighing art thou, Phillis?
 Has thy prime unheeded past?
 Hast thou found that beauty's lilies
 Were not made for aye to last?
 Know thy form was once a treasure;
 Then it was thy hour of scorn:
 Since thou then deny'dst the pleasure,
 Now 'tis fit that thou shouldst mourn.

**Mary!***Tune.*—"Blue Bonnets."

I.

POWERS celestial! whose protection
 Ever guards the virtuous fair,
 While in distant climes I wander,
 Let my Mary be your care:
 Let her form so fair and faultless,
 Fair and faultless as your own;
 Let my Mary's kindred spirit,
 Draw your choicest influence down.

II.

Make the gales you waft around her,
 Soft and peaceful as her breast;
 Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
 Soothe her bosom into rest:
 Guardian angels! O protect her,
 When in distant lands I roam;
 To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
 Make her bosom still my home,

**Bannocks o' Barley.***Tune.*—"The Killogie."

I.

BANNOCKS o' bear meal,
 Bannocks o' barley;
 Here's to the Highlandman's
 Bannocks o' barley.
 Wha in a brulzie
 Will first cry a parley?
 Never the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley.

II.

Bannocks o' bear meal,
 Bannocks o' barley;
 Here's to the Highlandman's
 Bannocks o' barley.
 Wha in his wae days
 Were loyal to Charlie?
 Wha but the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley!

**Wae is My Heart.***Tune.*—"Wae is my heart."

I.

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

II.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I loved;
 Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I proved:
 But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
 I can feel by its throbblings, will soon be at rest.

III.

O, if I were, where happy I hae been,
Down by yon stream, and yon bonie castle-green;
For there he is wand'ring, and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e.

—

Here's his Health in Water.

Tune.—"The Job of Journey-work."

—

ALTHO' my back be at the wa',
And tho' he be the fautor;
Altho' my back be at the wa',
Yet, here's his health in water.
O wae gae by his wanton sides,
Sae brawlie's he could flatter;
Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,
And dree the kintra clatter:
But tho' my back be at the wa',
Yet here's his health in water!

—

The Taylor.

Tune.—"The Drummer."

—

I.

✓ FOR weel he kend the way, O,
The way O, the way O;
For weel he kend the way, O,
The lassie's heart to win, O!
The Taylor he cam here to sew,
And weel he kend the way to woo;
For ay he pree'd the lassie's mou,
As he gaed but and ben, O.

CHORUS.

For weel he kend the way, O,
The way O, the way O;
For weel he kend the way, O,
The lassie's heart to win, O.

II.

The Taylor rase and sheuk his duds,
The flaes they flew awa in cluds,
And them that stay'd gat fearfu' thuds;
The Taylor prov'd a man, O.

CHORUS.

For now it was the gloamin,
The gloamin, the gloamin;
For now it was the gloamin,
When a' to rest are gaun, O.

—

There Grows a Bonie Brier Bush.

Tune.—"For laik of Gold."

—

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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



✓ The Farewell.

Tune.—"It was a' for our rightfu' King."

I.

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

II.

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

III.

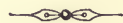
He turn'd him right and round about,
 Upon the Irish shore;
 And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
 With, Adieu for evermore,
 My dear;
 With, Adieu for evermore!

IV.

The sodger frae the wars returns,
 The sailor frae the main;
 But I hae parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again,
 My dear;
 Never to meet again!

V.

When day is gane, and night is come,
 And a' folk boun to sleep;
 I think on him that's far awa,
 The lee-lang night, and weep,
 My dear;
 The lee-lang night, and weep!



The Highland Widow's Lament.

A Gaelic Air.

I.

Oh! I am come to the low countrie,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Without a penny in my purse
 To buy a meal to me.

II.

It was na sae in the Highland hills,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Nae woman in the country wide
 Sae happy was as me.

III.

For then I had a score o' kye,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Feeding on yon hill sae high,
 And giving milk to me.

IV.

And there I had three score o' yowes,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Skipping on yon bonie knowes,
 And casting woo' to me.

V.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,
 Sair, sair, may I repine;
 For Donald was the brawest man,
 And Donald he was mine.

VI.

Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,
Sae far to set us free;
My Donald's arm was wanted then,
For Scotland and for me.

VII.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell,
Right to the wrang did yield:
My Donald and his Country fell,
Upon Culloden field.

VIII.

Och-on, O Donald, Oh!
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Nae woman in the warld wide
Sae wretched now as me!

— — —

Handsome Nell.

Tune.—"I am a man unmarried."

— — —

I.

O ONCE I lov'd a bonnie lass,
An' aye I love her still;
An' whilst that virtue warms my breast,
I'll love my handsome Nell.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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





Drawn by J.O. Brown

Engraved by G. Cook

THE HAIRST RIG.

SONGS:

FROM JOHNSON'S SCOTS MUSICAL MUSEUM:

BEING FRAGMENTS, REVISIONS, &c.

[ACKNOWLEDGED BY, OR ASCRIBED TO, BURNS.]

Her Daddie Forbad.

Tune.—"Jumpin John."

I.

[HER daddie forbad, her minnie forbad;
Forbidden she wadna be:]
She wadna trow't, the browst she brew'd
Wad taste sae bitterlie.

[The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John
Beguil'd the bonie lassie;
The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John
Beguil'd the bonie lassie.]

II.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,
And thretty gude shillins and three;
A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,
The lass wi' the bonie black e'e.

[The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John
Beguil'd the bonie lassie;
The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John
Beguil'd the bonie lassie.]

The Ploughman.

Tune.—"Up wi' the Ploughman."

I.

THE ploughman he's a bonie lad,
His mind is ever true, jo;
His garters knit below his knee,
His bonnet it is blue, jo.

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

II.

[My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
He's aften wat and weary;
Cast aff the wat, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my dearie!

III.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
And I will dress his o'erlay;
I will mak my ploughman's bed,
And chear him late and early.]

IV.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
 I hae been at Saint Johnston;
 The boniest sight that e'er I saw
 Was the ploughman laddie dancin.

V.

Snaw-white stockings on his legs,
 And siller buckles glancin;
 A gude blue bannet on his head—
 And O, but he was handsome!

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



Landlady, Count the Lawin.

Tune.—"Hey Tutti, Taiti."



I.

LANDLADY, count the lawin,
 The day is near the dawin;
 Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
 And I'm but jolly fou.

Hey tutti, taiti,
 How tutti, taiti,
 Hey tutti, taiti—
 Wha's fou now?

II.

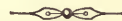
Cog, an ye were ay fou;
 Cog, an ye were ay fou;
 I wad sit and sing to you,
 If ye were ay fou.

Hey tutti, taiti,
 How tutti, taiti,
 Hey tutti, taiti—
 Wha's fou now?

III.

[Weel may we a' be!
 Ill may we never see!
 God bless the king,
 And the companie!]

Hey tutti, taiti,
 How tutti, taiti,
 Hey tutti, taiti—
 Wha's fou now?



Rattlin, Roarin Willie.

Tune.—"Rattlin, Roarin Willie."



I.

[O RATTLIN, roarin Willie,
 O he held to the fair,
 A' for to sell his fiddle,
 And buy some other ware;
 But parting wi' his fiddle,
 The saut tear blin't his e'e:
 And rattlin, roarin Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me!]

II.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 O sell your fiddle sae fine;
 O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 And buy a pint o' wine!
 If I should sell my fiddle,
 The warl' would think I was mad;
 For mony a rantin day
 My fiddle and I hae had.]

III.

As I cam by Crochallan,
 I cannily keekit ben;
 Rattlin, roarin Willie
 Was sitting at yon boord en';
 Sitting at yon boord en',
 And amang guid companie:
 Rattlin, roarin Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me!

I Love my Love in Secret.

Tune.—"I Love my Love in Secret."

I.

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

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

II.

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

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

The Taylor Fell Thro' the Bed.

Tune.—"The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a'."

I.

[THE Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a';
The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a';
The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were
sma',
The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a'.]

II.

The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill;
The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill;
The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still,
She thought that a Taylor could do her nae ill.

III.

[Gie me the groat again, canny young man;
Gie me the groat again, canny young man;
The day it is short, and the night it is lang,
The dearest siller that ever I wan!]

IV.

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane;
There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane;
There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
To see the bit Taylor come skippin again.

Ay Waukin, O.

Tune.—"Ay Waukin, O!"

I.

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

Ay waukin, O,
Waukin still and weary:
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinkin on my dearie.

II.

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm eerie;
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinkin on my dearie.

III.

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are sleepin;
I think on my bonie lad,
And I blear my een wi' greetin.

Ay waukin, O,
Waukin still and weary:
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinkin on my dearie.

The Captain's Lady.

Tune.—"O Mount and Go."

CHORUS.

O mount and go,
Mount and make you ready;
O mount and go,
And be the Captain's Lady.

I.

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

II.

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

O mount and go,
Mount and make you ready;
O mount and go,
And be the Captain's Lady.

Our Thrissles Flourished Fresh and Fair.

Tune.—"Awa Whigs, Awa."

CHORUS.

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

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

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

Ca' the Ewes.

Tune.—"Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes."

CHORUS.

[Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonie dearie!]

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Caulf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
And ye sall be my dearie.

V.

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

VI.

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

[Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonie dearie!]

Frae the Friends and Land I Love.

Air.—"Carron Side."

I.

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

II.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
Desart ilka blooming shore;
Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
Friendship, love, and peace restore:
Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head,
Bring our Banish'd hame again;
And ilka loyal, bonie lad
Cross the seas and win his ain.

John, come Kiss Me Now.

Tune.—"John, come kiss me now."

I.

O JOHN, come kiss me now, now, now;
O John, my luvie, come kiss me now;
O John, come kiss me by-and-by,
For weel ye ken the way to woo.
O some will court and compliment,
And ither some will kiss and daut;
But I will mak o' my gudeman,
My ain gudeman; it is nae faute.

II.

O some will court and compliment,
And ither some will prie their mou,
And some will hause in ither's arms;
And that's the way I like to do.
O John, come kiss me now, now, now;
O John, my luvie, come kiss me now;
O John, come kiss me by-and-by,
For weel ye ken the way to woo.



Cock up your Beaver.

Tune.—"Cock up your Beaver."

I.

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

II.

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



I do Confess Thou art sae Fair.

Tune.—"The Cuckoo."

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

II.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briars sae coy,
How sune it tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn, a common toy!
Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide;
Tho' thou may gayly bloom a while,
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like ony common weed and vile.



The Tither Morn.

To a Highland Air.

I.

THE tither morn,
When I forlorn
Aneath an aik sat moaning,
I did na trow
I'd see my Jo,
Beside me 'gain the gloaming.
But he sae trig
Lap o'er the rig,
And dawtlingly did chear me;
When I, whatreck,
Did least expect
To see my lad sae near me.

II.

His bonnet he
A-thought ajee
Cock'd sprush, when first he clasp'd me;
And I, I wat,
Wi' fainness grat,
While in his grips he press'd me.
Deil tak the war!
I late and air
Hae wish'd, since Jock departed;
But now as glad
I'm wi' my lad,
As shortsyne broken-hearted.

III.

Fu' aft at e'en,
Wi' dancing keen
When a' were blythe and merry,
I car'd na by,
Sae sad was I
In absence o' my dearie.
But, Praise be blest,
My mind's at rest,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny:
At kirk and fair,
I'se ay be there,
And be as canty's ony.

As I was a Wand'ring.

Tune.—"My dear did deceive me:" A Gaelic Air.

I.

As I was a wand'ring ae midsummer e'enin,
The pipers and youngsters were makin their game:
Amang them I spyed my faithless fause luvier,
Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolour again.
Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him;
I may be distress'd, but I winna complain:
I'll flatter my fancy I may get anither;
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

II.

I could na get sleepin till dawin, for greetin;
The tears trickl'd down like the hail and the rain:
Had I na got greetin, my heart wad 'a broken,
For oh, luve forsaken's a tormenting pain!
Weel, since he has left me, &c.

III.

Although he has left me for greed o' the sillier,
I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow,
Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.
Weel, since he has left me, &c.

When She cam Ben She Bobbed.

Tune.—"Laird o' Cockpen."

I.

O WHEN she cam ben she bobbed fu' law;
O when she cam ben she bobbed fu' law;
And when she cam ben she kiss'd Cockpen,
And syne deny'd she did it at a'.

II.

And was na Cockpen right saucy witha',
And was na Cockpen right saucy witha',
In leaving the dochter of a lord,
And kissin a Collier lassie an' a'?

III.

O never look down, my lassie, at a';
O never look down, my lassie, at a';
Thy lips are as sweet and thy figure compleat,
As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

IV.

Tho' thou has nae silk and holland sae sma',
Tho' thou has nae silk and holland sae sma',
Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark;
And Lady Jean was never sae braw.

Kenmure's On and Awa.

Tune.—"O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie."

I.

O KENMURE's on and awa, Willie!
O Kenmure's on and awa!
And Kenmure's lord 's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.
Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
Success to Kenmure's band;
There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

II.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!
Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.
O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
O Kenmure's lads are men;
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
And that their faes shall ken.

III.

They'll live, or die wi' fame, Willie!
 They'll live, or die wi' fame;
 But soon wi' sounding victorie,
 May Kenmure's lord come hame.
 Here's him that's far awa, Willie!
 Here's him that's far awa;
 And here's the flower that I lo'e best—
 The rose that's like the snaw!

My Collier Laddie.

Tune.—"The Collier Laddie."

I.

WHARE live ye, my bonie lass,
 And tell me what they ca' ye?
 My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
 And I follow the Collier laddie.
 My name, she says, &c.

II.

See you not yon hills and dales
 The sun shines on sae brawlie!
 They a' are mine and they shall be thine,
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie.
 They a' are mine, &c.

III.

Ye shall gang in gay attire,
 Weel buskit up sae gaudy;
 And ane to wait on every hand,
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie.
 And ane to wait, &c.

IV.

Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
 And the earth conceals sae lowly;
 I wad turn my back on you and it a',
 And embrace my Collier laddie.
 I wad turn my back, &c.

V.

I can win my five pennies in a day;
 And spen't at night fu' brawlie:
 And mak my bed in the Collier's neuk,
 And lie down wi' my Collier laddie.
 And mak my bed, &c.

VI.

Loove for loove is the bargain for me,
 Tho' the wee Cot-house should haud me;
 And the warld before me to win my bread,
 And fair fa' my Collier laddie.
 And the warld before me, &c.

The Poor Thresher.

A Ballad.

I.

A NOBLEMAN liv'd in a village of late,
 Hard by a poor Thresher whose toil it was great,
 Who had many children and most of them small,
 And nought but his labour to keep them up all.

II.

This poor man was seen to go early to work,
 He never was known for to idle or lurk;
 With his flail on his back and his bottle of beer,
 As happy as those that have thousands a year.

III.

In summer he toil'd thro' the faint, sultry heat;
 Alike in the winter, the cold, and the weet:
 So blythe and so merry he'd whistle and sing,
 As canty as ever a bird in the Spring.

IV.

One evening this Nobleman, taking his walk,
 Did meet the poor Thresher and freely did talk;
 And many a question he asked him at large,
 And still his discourse was concerning his charge.

V.

You have many children I very well know,
Your labour is hard and your wages are low,
And yet you are chearful; I pray tell me how
That you do maintain them so well as you do.

VI.

I moil, and I toil, and I harrow and plough,
And sometimes a hedging and ditching I go;
No work comes me wrong, for I shear and I mow;
And thus earn my bread by the sweat of my brow.

VII.

My wife she is willing to draw in the yoke,
We live like two lambs and we seldom provoke;
Each one loves the other; we join with the ant,
And do our endeavour to keep us from want.

VIII.

I moil, and I toil, and I labour all day;
At night I do bring my full wages away:
What tho' it be possible we do live poor,
We still keep the ravening wolf from the door.

IX.

And when I come home from my labour at night,
To my wife and children in whom I delight;
To see them come round me with prattling noise,
O, these are the pleasures the poor man enjoys!

X.

Tho' I am as weary as weary can be,
The youngest ay chiefly does dance on my knee;
I find that contentment's an absolute feast,
And I never repine at my lot in the least.

XI.

The Nobleman, hearing him what he did say,
Invited him home to dine with him next day;
His wife and his children he charg'd him to bring,
And in token of favour he gave him a ring.

XII.

He thanked his lordship, and, taking his leave,
Went home to his wife, who scarce could believe,
Thinking the story himself he did raise;
But seeing the ring, then she stood in amaze.

XIII.

Early next morning the goodwife arose,
And dressed them all in the best of their clothes:
There was he, and his wife, and his seven children
small,
They all went to dine at the Nobleman's hall.

XIV.

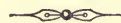
The dinner being ended, he then let them know,
What he intended on them to bestow;
A farm of full forty good acres of land,
He gave him the rights of it all in his hand.

XV.

Because thou art loving and kind to thy wife,
I'll make thy days easy the rest of thy life;
I give it for ever to thee and thy heirs,
So hold thy industry with diligent cares.

XVI.

No tongue then was able their joy to express,
Their tokens of love, and their true thankfulness;
And many a low humble bow to the ground:
But such Noblemen there's but few to be found.



The Slave's Lament.

An African Melody.



I.

It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthrall,
For the lands of Virginia-ginia, O:
Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it
more,
And, alas! I am weary, weary, O!
Torn from that lovely shore, &c.

II.

All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,
Like the lands of Virginia-ginia, O;
There streams for ever flow, and there flowers for
ever blow,
And, alas! I am weary, weary, O!
There streams for ever flow, &c.

III.

The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
 In the lands of Virginia-ginia, O;
 And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter,
 bitter tear,
 And, alas! I am weary, weary, O!
 And I think on friends most dear, &c.



The Carls of Dysart.

Tune.—"Hey ca' thro'."



I.

UP wi' the carls o' Dysart,
 And the lads o' Buckhaven,
 And the kimmers o' Largo,
 And the lasses o' Leven.

Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we hae mickle ado;
 Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we hae mickle ado.

II.

We hae tales to tell,
 And we hae sangs to sing;
 We hae pennies to spend,
 And we hae pints to bring.

III.

We'll live a' our days;
 And them that comes behin',
 Let them do the like,
 And spend the gear they win.

Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we hae mickle ado;
 Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we hae mickle ado.



O gin ye were Dead, Gudeman.

Tune.—"I wish that ye were dead, gudeman."



FIRST CHORUS.

O an ye were dead, gudeman!
 A green turf on your head, gudeman;
 I wad bestow my widowhood
 Upon a rantan Highlandman.

I.

There's sax eggs in the pan, gudeman,
 There's sax eggs in the pan, gudeman;
 There's ane to you, and twa to me,
 And three to our John Highlandman.

II.

A sheep-head's in the pot, gudeman,
 A sheep-head's in the pot, gudeman;
 The flesh to him, the broo to me,
 An' the horns become your brow, gudeman.

LAST CHORUS.

Syne round about the fire wi' a rung she ran,
 An' round about the fire wi' a rung she ran:
 Your horns shall tie you to the staw,
 And I shall bang your hide, gudeman.



The Auld Man.

Tune.—"The Carl he cam o'er the Craft."



I.

THE auld man he cam over the lea,
 Ha, ha, ha, but I'll no hae him;
 He cam on purpose for to court me,
 Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.

II.

My mither she bade me gie him a stool,
 Ha, ha, ha, but I'll no hae him;
 I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool,
 Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.

III.

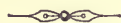
My mither she bade me gie him some pye,
 Ha, ha, ha, but I'll no hae him;
 I gae him some pye, and he laid the crust by,
 Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.

IV.

My mither she bade me gie him a dram,
 Ha, ha, ha, but I'll no hae him;
 I gae him a dram o' the brand sae strang,
 Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.

V.

My mither she bade me put him to bed,
 Ha, ha, ha, but I'll no hae him;
 I put him to bed, and he swore he wad wed,
 Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.



Will ye Go and Marry, Katie?

Tune.—"Will ye go and marry, Katie?"

I.

WILL ye go and marry, Katie?
 Can ye think to tak a man?
 It's a pity ane sae pretty
 Should na do the thing they can.
 You, a charming, lovely creature,
 Wherefore wad ye lie yer lane?
 Beauty's of a fading nature;
 Has a season, and is gane.

II.

Therefore, while ye're blooming, Katie,
 Listen to a loving swain;
 Tak a mark by auntie Betty,
 Ane the darling o' the men:
 She, wi' coy and fickle nature,
 Trifled aff till she's grown auld;
 Now she's left by ilka creature;
 Let na this o' thee be tauld.

III.

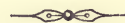
But, my dear and lovely Katie,
 This ae thing I hae to tell—
 I could wish nae man to get ye,
 Save it were my very sel.
 Tak me, Katie, at my offer;
 Or be-had, and I'll tak you:
 We'se mak nae din about your tocher;
 Marry, Katie, then we'll woo.

IV.

Mony words are needless, Katie:
 Ye're a wanter, sae am I;
 If ye wad a man should get ye,
 Then I can that want supply.
 Say then, Katie, say ye'll take me,
 As the very wale o' men,
 Never after to forsake me;
 And the Priest shall say, Amen.

V.

Then, O! then, my charming Katie,
 When we're married, what comes then?
 Then nae ither man can get ye,
 But ye'll be my very ain:
 Then we'll kiss and clap at pleasure,
 Nor wi' envy troubled be;
 If ance I had my lovely treasure,
 Let the rest admire and die.



Leezie Lindsay.

Tune.—"Leezie Lindsay."

I.

WILL ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay,
 Will ye go to the Highlands wi' me;
 Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay,
 My pride and my darling to be?

[LEFT UNFINISHED.]



As I came o'er the Cairney Mount.

Tune.—"Highland Lassie."

I.

[As I came o'er the Cairney mount,
And down among the blooming heather,
Kindly stood the milking-shiel,
To shelter frae the stormy weather.]
O my bonie Highland lad,
My winsome, weel-far'd Highland laddie;
Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Sae weel rowed in his tartan plaidie!

II.

Now Phoebus blinkit on the bent,
And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleating:
But he wan my heart's consent,
To be his ain at the niest meeting.
O my bonie Highland lad,
My winsome, weel-far'd Highland laddie;
Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Sae weel rowed in his tartan plaidie!

Highland Laddie.

Tune.—"Highland Lad and Lawland Lassie."

[COMPILATION BY BURNS.]

I.

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

II.

Trumpets sound and cannons roar,
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie;
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
Bonie Lawland lassie.
Glory, Honour, now invite,
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie;
For freedom and my King to fight,
Bonie Lawland lassie.

III.

The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
Ere ought thy manly courage shake;
Bonie Highland laddie.
Go, for yoursel procure renown,
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie;
And for your lawful king his crown,
Bonie Highland laddie!

The Highland Balou.

A Gaelic Air.

[TRANSLATION BY BURNS.]

I.

HEE balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald;
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief,
Wha got my young Highland thief.

II.

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

III.

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

Wee Willie Gray.

Nursery Rhyme.

I.

WEE Willie Gray, an' his leather wallet;
 Peel a willie-wand, to be him boots and jacket:
 The rose upon the brier will be him trouse an' doublet,
 The rose upon the brier will be him trouse an' doublet.

II.

WEE Willie Gray, an' his leather wallet;
 Twice a lily-flower will be him sark and cravat:
 Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
 Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

*Gude'en to you, Kimmer.**Tune.*—"We're a' Noddin."

I.

GUDE'EN to you, Kimmer,
 And how do ye do?
 Hiccup, quo' Kimmer,
 The better that I'm fou.
 We're a' noddin, nid nid noddin;
 We're a' noddin, at our house at hame.

II.

Kate sits i' the neuk,
 Suppin hen broo;
 Deil tak Kate,
 An she be na noddin too!
 We're a' noddin, &c.

III.

How's a' wi' you, Kimmer,
 And how do ye fare?
 A pint o' the best o't,
 And twa pints mair.
 We're a' noddin, &c.

IV.

How's a' wi' you, Kimmer,
 And how do ye thrive;
 How many bairns hae ye?
 Quo' Kimmer, I hae five.
 We're a' noddin, &c.

V.

Are they a' Johny's?
 Eh! atweel no:
 Twa o' them were gotten
 When Johny was awa.
 We're a' noddin, &c.

VI.

Cats like milk,
 And dogs like broo;
 Lads like lasses weel,
 And lasses lads too.
 We're a' noddin, &c.

*Robin Shure in Hairst.**Tune.*—"Robin Sheared in Herst."

I.

ROBIN shure in hairst,
 I shure wi' him;
 Fient a heuk had I,
 Yet I stack by him.

II.

I gaed up to Dunse,
 To warp a wab o' plaiden;
 At his daddie's yett,
 Wha met me but Robin?

III.

Was na Robin bauld,
 Tho' I was a cotter;
 Play'd me sic a trick,
 And me the Eller's dochter?

V.

Robin promis'd me
A' my winter vittle;
Fient haet he had but three
Goos-feathers and a whittle!

Sweetest May.

Tune.—"Sweetest May."

I.

SWEETEST May, let love inspire thee;
Take a heart which he designs thee;
As thy constant slave regard it;
For its faith and truth reward it.

II.

Proof o' shot to Birth or Money;
Not the wealthy but the bonie,
Not high-born but noble-minded,
In Love's silken band can bind it.

O that I had ne'er been Married.

Tune.—"Crowdie:" an Ancient Air.

[O THAT I had ne'er been married,
I wad never had nae care;
Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
An' they cry crowdie ever mair.]

Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day;
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

II.

Waefu' Want and Hunger fley me,
Glowrin by the hallan en';
Sair I fecht them at the door,
But ay I'm eerie they come ben!

Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day;
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

SINGLE VERSES:

ADDED BY BURNS TO OLD SONGS.

Carl, an the King Come.

AN Somebody were come again,
Then Somebody maun cross the main,
And every man shall hae his ain;
Carl, an the King come!

Jockey Fou and Jenny Fain.

LET loove sparkle in her e'e;
Let her lo'e nae man but me:
That's the tocher gude I prize;
There the Luver's treasure lies!