

APPENDIX

UNCERTAIN

No. 355. *O, Donald Couper and his man.*

Tune: *Donald Couper.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 334.

Gaily

CHORUS. *Hey Donald, how Donald, Hey Donald*

Cou - per; He's gane awa to seek a wife, and he's

Fine.

come hame with - out her. O, Do - nald Cou - per an l his man

Held to a High - land fair, man, And a' to seek a

D. C.

bon - ie lass, But fient a ane was there, man.

CHORUS. *Hey Donald, how Donald,
Hey Donald Couper;
He's gane awa to seek a wife,
And he's come hame without her.*

O, DONALD Couper and his man
Held to a Highland fair, man,
And a' to seek a bonie lass,
But fient a ane was there, man.
At length he got a carlin gray,
And she's come hirplin hame, man:
And she's fa'n o'er the buffet stool
And brak her rumple-bane, man.

No. 356. *O'er the moor among the heather.*Tune : *O'er the moor among the heather.* *Scots Mus. Museum*, 1792, No. 328.

Com - in thro' the craigs o' Kyle, A-mang the bon-ie bloom-ing heather,



There I met a bon - ie las-sie Keep-ing a' her yowes the-gith - er.

CHORUS.

*O'er the moor a-mang the heather, O'er the moor a-mang the heather ;**There I met a bon - ie las-sie Keep-ing a' her yowes the-gith - er.*

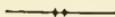
COMIN thro' the craigs o' Kyle,
 Among the bonie blooming heather,
 There I met a bonie lassie,
 Keeping a' her yowes thegither.
 O'er the moor among the heather ;
 O'er the moor among the heather ;
 There I met a bonie lassie
 Keeping a' her yowes thegither.

Says I, ' My dear whare is thy hame,
 In moor, or dale, pray tell me whether ?'
 She says, ' I tent thae fleecy flocks
 That feed among the blooming heather.'
 O'er the moor among the heather,
 O'er the moor among the heather ;
 She says, ' I tent thae fleecy flocks,
 That feed among the blooming heather.'

We laid us down upon a bank,
 Sae warm and sunny was the weather ;
 She left her flocks at large to rove
 Among the bonie blooming heather.
 O'er the moor among the heather,
 O'er the moor among the heather ;
 She left her flocks at large to rove
 Among the bonie blooming heather.

While thus we lay, she sang a sang,
 Till echo ran a mile and farther;
 And ay the burden o' the sang
 Was, *O'er the moor amang the heather.*
 O'er the moor amang the heather,
 O'er the moor amang the heather;
 And ay the burden o' the sang
 Was, *O'er the moor amang the heather.*

She charm'd my heart, and ay sinsyne,
 I could na think on ony ither:
 By sea and sky she shall be mine!
 The bonie lass amang the heather.
 O'er the moor amang the heather,
 O'er the moor amang the heather;
 By sea and sky she shall be mine!
 The bonie lass amang the heather.



No. 357. *As I lay on my bed on a night.*

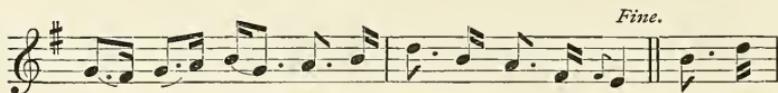
Tune: *Go from my window, love, do* (see No. 307).

As I lay on my bed on a night,
 I thought upon her beauty bright,
 But the moon by night
 Did give no light
 Which did perplex me sore—
 Yet away to my love I did go.

Then under her window I came,
 I gently call'd her by her name;
 Then up she rose,
 Put on her clothes,
 And whisper'd to me slow,
 Saying:—'*Go from my window, love, do.*'

'My father and my mother are asleep,
 And if they chance to hear you speak,
 There will be nocht
 But great abuse
 Wi' many a bitter blow:—
 And it's *Go from my window, love, do.*'

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No. 358. *The auld man's mare's dead.*Tune: *The auld man's mare's dead.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 485.CHORUS. *The auld man's mare's dead, The poor man's mare's dead, The**auld man's mare's dead, A mile a-boon Dun-dee. She was**cut-lug-git, painch-lip-pit, Steel waim-it, stan-cher-fit-ted,**Chan-ler-chaf-tit, lang-neck-it, Yet the brute did die.*

CHORUS. *The auld man's mare's dead,
The poor man's mare's dead,
The auld man's mare's dead,
A mile aboon Dundee.*

SHE was cut-luggit, painch-lippit,
Steel-waimit, stancher-fitted,
Chanler-chaf-tit, lang-neckit,
Yet the brute did die.

Her lunzie-bane were knaggs and neuks;
She had the cleeks, the cauld, the crooks,
The jawpish and the wanton yeuks,
And the howks aboon her e'e.

My master ca't me to the town,
He ty'd me to a staincher round,
He took a chappin to himsel,
But fient a drap gae me.

CHORUS. *The auld man's mare's dead,
The poor man's mare's dead,
The peats and tours and a' to lead
And yet the jad did die.*

No. 359. *She sat down below a thorn.*Tune : *Fine flowers in the valley.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 320.*Very slow*

She sat down be - low a thorn, Fine flow'rs in the val - ley; And



there she has her sweet babe born, And the green leaves they grow rare - ly.

SHE sat down below a thorn
 (Fine flowers in the valley),
 And there she has her sweet babe born,
 (And the green leaves they grow rarely).

Smile na sae sweet, my bonie babe
 (Fine flowers in the valley),
 And ye smile sae sweet, ye'll smile me dead,
 (And the green leaves they grow rarely).

She's taen out her little penknife,
 (Fine flowers in the valley),
 And twinn'd the sweet babe o' its life,
 (And the green leaves they grow rarely).

She's howket a grave by the light o' the moon,
 (Fine flowers in the valley);
 And there she's buried her sweet babe in,
 (And the green leaves they grow rarely).

As she was going to the church,
 (Fine flowers in the valley);
 She saw a sweet babe in the porch,
 (And the green leaves they grow rarely).

O sweet babe and thou wert mine,
 (Fine flowers in the valley);
 I wad cleed thee in silk so fine,
 (And the green leaves they grow rarely).

O mother dear when I was thine,
 (Fine flowers in the valley);
 You did na prove to me sae kind,
 (And the green leaves they grow rarely).

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No. 360. *It's whisper'd in parlour.*Tune : *The broom blooms bonie*, Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 461.

Slow

It's whis-per'd in par-lour, it's whis-per'd in ha',
 The broom blooms bon-ie, The broom blooms fair;
 La-dy Mar-get's wi' child a-mang our la-dies a',
 And she dare nae gae down to the broom nae mair.

It's whisper'd in parlour, it's whisper'd in ha',
 The broom blooms bonie, the broom blooms fair;
 Lady Marget's wi' child among our ladies a',
 And she dare nae gae down to the broom nae mair.

One lady whisper'd unto another,
 The broom blooms bonie, the broom blooms fair;
 Lady Marget's wi' child to Sir Richard her brother,
 And she dare nae gae down to the broom nae mair.

* * * * *

O, when that you hear my loud, loud cry,
 The broom blooms bonie, the broom blooms fair;
 Then bend your bow and let your arrows fly,
 For I dare nae gae down to the broom nae mair.

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No. 361. *A nobleman liv'd in a village of late.*Tune : *The poor thresher.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 372.

A no - ble - man liv'd in a vil - lage of late,
 Hard by a poor thresher whose toil it was great, Who
 had ma - ny chil - dren and most of them small,
 And nought but his la - bor to keep them up all.

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 labor to keep them up all.

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

&c., &c.

 UNKNOWN.

Cockabendy.

Wha's fou now, my jo.

Fair Emma.

Can ye leave me so, laddie.

