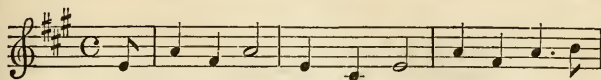
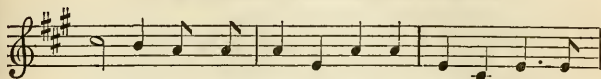


HAUD AWA', BIDE AWA'!

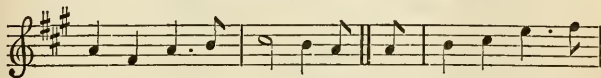
In Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1657, is inserted another of the primitive rustic airs of Scotland, one which is still recognised as *Haud awa' frae me, Donald*, this title being probably a refrain of the original foolish verses for which this was the appropriate music. The air is here reproduced; but as the original song or rant is lost, we are obliged to adapt to the melody a superior and more modern song, which was published by Herd, being a dialogue between a lover and his mistress, in which a misunderstanding is pleasantly cleared up (here, however, somewhat abridged).



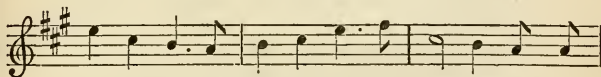
O come a - wa', come a - wa, Come a - wa' wi'



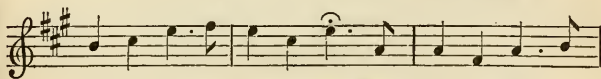
me, Jen - ny; Sic frowns I can - na bear frae ane Whase



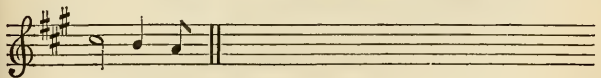
smiles ance ravished me, Jen - ny. If you'll be kind, you'll



nev - er find That ought can al - ter me, Jen - ny; For



you're the mistress of my mind, What - e'er you think of



me, Jen - ny.

DONALD.

O come awa', come awa',
 Come awa' wi' me, Jenny;
 Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane
 Whase smiles ance ravished me, Jenny.
 If you'll be kind, you'll never find
 That ought can alter me, Jenny;
 For you're the mistress of my mind,
 Whate'er you think of me, Jenny.

JENNY.

O haud awa', haud awa',
 Haud awa' frae me, Donald ;
 Your heart is made o'er large for ane,
 It is not meet for me, Donald.
 Some fickle mistress you may find,
 Will jilt as fast as thee, Donald ;
 To ilka swain she will prove kind,
 And nae less kind to thee, Donald.

[O] now for ever haud awa',
 Haud awa' frae me, Donald ;
 Gae seek a heart that's like your ain,
 And come nae mair to me, Donald.
 For I'll reserve mysel for ane,
 For ane that's liker me, Donald ;
 If sic a ane I canna find,
 I'll ne'er lo'e man nor thee, Donald !

DONALD.

Then, I'm thy man, and false report
 Has only tauld a lie, Jenny ;
 To try thy truth and make us sport,
 The tale was raised by me, Jenny.

JENNY.

When ye prove this, and still can love,
 Then come awa' wi' me, Donald ;
 I'm weel content ne'er to repent
 That I hae smiled on thee, Donald.

Another and still more recent song to this tune (published in Ritson's Collection, 1794) is in a comic vein, exhibiting some of the peculiarities of the Scottish mountaineer when he descends to the Lowlands and attempts to enunciate himself in Anglo-Saxon.

HAUD AWA' FRAE ME, DONALD!

O will ye hae ta tartan plaid,
Or will ye hae ta ring, matam ?
Or will ye hae ta kiss o' me,
And dat's a pretty ting, matam ?
Haud awa', bide awa',
Haud awa' frae me, Donald ;
I'll neither kiss nor hae a ring,
Nae tartan plaids for me, Donald.

Hur can beshow a petter hough
Tan him tat wears ta crown, matam ;
Hersel hae pistol and claymore,
To flee ta Lawland loon, matam.
Haud awa', bide awa',
Haud awa' frae me, Donald,
For a' your houghs and warlike arms
You're not a match for me, Donald.

In ta morning, when ye rise,
Ye'se get fresh whey for tea, matam ;
Sweet milk and ream as much you please,
Far cheeper tan Bohea, matam.
Haud awa', bide awa',
Haud awa' frae me, Donald,
I winna quit my morning's tea ;
Your whey will ne'er agree, Donald.

Faits ye'se pe ket a siller brootch,
Far pigger as ta moon, matam ;
Ye'se ride in curroch'stead o' coach,
And wow put ye'll pe fine, matam.

SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

Haud awa', bide awa',
Haud awa' frae me, Donald ;
For a' your Highland rarities,
You're not a match for me, Donald.

What's tis a way tat ye'll pe kind
To a protty man like me, matam !
Sae lang's claymore pe py my side,
I'll never marry thee, matam !
O come awa', come awa',
O come awa' wi' me, Donald,
I wadna quit my Highlandman ;
Frae Lawlands set me free, Donald.