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SCOTTISH SONGS.



SCOTTISH SONGS.

BY

ALEXANDER HUME.

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then, tho' I drudge thro' dub and mire,
At pleugh or eart,
My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

BURNS.

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TO

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

Emboldened by the warm manner in which you were kind enough to express your opinion of the following Songs, I have ventured to publish them; and knowing no one to whom "Scottish Song" is so much indebted as yourself, I beg respectfully to dedicate them to you.

Those who may criticise them by scholastic rules will, I fear, find much to censure; for I composed them by no rules except those which my own observation and feelings formed—I knew no other. As I thought and felt, so have I written.

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Some may condemn me for adapting them to airs already wedded to immortal strains; all I can urge in my defence is, that it was to them that my songs (such as they are) owed their birth. I love the melodies of our country—enthusiastically love them. The crooning them over at home and abroad—in the city and the field—engendered corresponding sentiments in my mind; and it was my aim, in giving those sentiments expression, to clothe them in the simple and appropriate language of our native land. In short, I have endeavoured to make them natural; and, of all poetical compositions, songs, at least those of the affections, should be so. Warm gushes of feeling—brief, simple, and condensed—as soon as they have left the singer's lips they should be fast round the hearer's heart, there to dwell, not live and die in a sound.

Perhaps they may strike a sympathetic chord in the bosom of some more ruled by nature

than by art; if they do so, I shall be glad. If any receive but one half the pleasure in reading them, or in hearing them sung, that I did in writing them, they will indeed have much, and I shall be happy.

I am,

My dear Sir,

Yours most truly,

ALEXANDER HUME.

19, St. Martin's-le-Grand,

January 5th, 1835.

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SCOTTISH SONGS.

MY LOVE.

AIR.—My love is like a red red rose.

My Love is like my ain countrie,
That to my heart is dear;
My Love is like the holly tree,
That's green through a' the year.
Her smile is like the glowing ray
That fa's frae yonder sun;
An', sunlike, blesses a' the day,
Yet kens nae gude she's done.

Her lips hae named the bridal time,
Her lips hae sealed the vow ;
Like Nature's laws in every clime,
We'll aye be true as now.
Like Nature, Love the fairer grows
The mair we ken its law :
Like air, it through the world flows,
Sweet harmony to a'.

O fly, ye lazy listless hours,
An' bring that happy day,
When we'll in wedlock's sweetest bow'rs
In love kiss life away.
We'll live like sleepers in a dream,
Where wishes paint the scene ;
An' care shall melt by pleasure's beam,
As dew dries on the green.

THE BRAES O' TWEEDDALE.

AIR.—Gloomy Winter.

My blessings on ye, bonnie braes !
 Ye bring up mony byegane days ;
 As morning brings its sunny rays ;
 Ye bonnie braes o' Tweeddale O !
 The heart may for a time forget
 The land where it an' life first met,
 But mem'ry, like a sun that set,
 Has ris'n again on Tweeddale O !
 An' do ye ance again appear,
 Ye joyous scenes o' youthfu' year—
 I canna help this glad glad tear,
 Ye bonnie braes o' Tweeddale O !

An' do we sae in gladness meet,
 Ye flow'rs that blossom at my feet—
 The very gowan seems to greet
 Wi' joy, ye braes o' Tweeddale O !

Again I bless ye, gentle things;
 O' joy ye are to me the springs,
 The air that sweeps owre my heart strings,
 Ye bonnie braes o' Tweeddale O!
 I see my faither's house an' ha',
 The wee bit bairnies in a raw,
 My Mother smiling through them a'—
 Ye bonnie braes o' Tweeddale O!

In mony bonnie lands I've been,
 I've gazed on mony a bonnie scene,
 But O, 'mang a' that met my e'en
 I met nae braes o' Tweeddale O!
 The soul that dwells in mortal frame,
 Ne'er yearned to heaven wi' holier flame
 Than I to ye, my only hame,
 Ye bonnie braes o' Tweeddale O!
 As mother cleaves to her first born,
 Sae next my heart shall ye be worn—
 If I forget ye, may I mourn
 A' life, ye braes o' Tweeddale O!

THE BLINK O' A BONNIE BRICHT E'E.

AIR.—O, saw ye my wee thing.

O, sweet is the hue o' the heather bell bloomin',
 An' sweet is the scent o' the hawthorn tree ;
 But sweeter an' dearer is that which in woman
 Beams forth in the blink o' a bonnie bricht e'e.
 It is na its boldness, it is na its coldness ;
 But it is—O, troth ! I can never tell ye—
 Sae saftly beseeching, sae slee an' bewitching.
 O, sweet is the blink o' a bonnie bricht e'e.

O, sweet is't to look on the rose's red blossom,
 When showers an' sunbeams are kissing its bree,
 While merry May's wreathing her richness, an'
 breathing
 Her scent on the breeze o'er the hill an' the lea ;
 But O, how much fairer are roses, an' rarer,
 An' bonnie their hues, sae delightfu' to see,
 As ye gaze on them beaming by rays that are teeming
 Wi' love from the blink o' a bonnie bricht e'e.

Ye see it, an' feel it, but canna reveal it,

Lock'd fast in your heart by some mystic decree ;
An' tho' it's your ruin, ye bless your undoin',

An' melt in the blink o' a bonnie bricht e'e.

When auld Mither Nature made man, her first
creature,

Sae dowie felt he, he was waesome to see,
No fit for his station, to rule o'er creation,

Till she gave him the blink o' a bonnie bricht e'e.

SANDY ALLAN.

AIR.—Saw ye Johnny coming.

Wha is he I here sae crouse,
 There ahint the hallan?
 Whase skirling rings thro' a' the house,
 Ilk corner o' the dwallin'.
 O! it is ane, a weel kent chiel,
 As mirth e'er set a bawlin',
 Or filled a neuk in drouthy biel,—
 It's canty Sandy Allan.

He has a gaucy kind gude wife,
 This blythesome Sandy Allan,
 Wha loes him mickle mair than life,
 An' glories in her callan.
 As sense an' sound are ane in song,
 Sae's Jean an' Sandy Allan,
 Twa hearts, yet but ae pulse an' tongue,
 Hae Luckie an' her callan.

To gie to a, it's ay his rule,
 Their proper name an' callin';
 A knave's a knave, a fule's a fule,
 Ay wi' auld Sandy Allan.
 For ilka vice he has a dart,
 An' heavy is it's fallin';
 But ay for worth a kindred heart
 Has ever Sandy Allan.

To kings his knee he wanna bring,
 Sae proud is Sandy Allan;
 The man wha richtly feels is king,
 Owre rank, wi' Sandy Allan.
 Auld Nature just to shew the warl',
 Ae truly honest callan;
 She strippit till't, and made a carle,
 An' ca'd him Sandy Allan.

OH, POVERTY!

AIR.—The Posie.

Eliza was a bonnie lass, an' O, she lo'ed we weel;—
 Sic love as canna find a tongue, but only hearts can
 feel;

But I was poor, her Father doure; he wadna look
 on me—

Oh, Poverty! Oh, Poverty! that Love should bow to
 thee.

I went unto her Mother; an' I argued, an' I fleech'd;
 I spak o' love an' honesty, an' mair an' mair beseech'd.
 But she was deaf to a' my grief, she wadna look
 on me—

Oh, Poverty! Oh, Poverty! that Love should bow to
 thee.

I neist went to her Brother, an' I told him a' my
 pain:

Oh, he was wae, he tried to say, but it was a' in vain;

Though he was weel in love himsel, nae feeling he'd
for me —

Oh, Poverty! Oh, Poverty! that Love should bow to
thee.

Oh, wealth, it makes the fool a sage, the knave an
honest man ;

An' cankered grey locks young again, gin he hae
gear an' lan' :

To age maun beauty ope her arms, though wi' a tear-
fu' e'e —

Oh, Poverty! Oh, Poverty! that Love should bow to
thee.

But wait a wee, O love is slee, and winna be said nay ;
It breaks a' chains except its ain, but it maun hae its
way ;

Auld age was blind, the priest was kind — now happy
as can be ;

Oh, Poverty! Oh, Poverty! we're wed in spite o' thee.

O, DULE ON THE DAY I WAS MARRIED.

AIR.—Up in the morning early.

O, dulefu' ! an' wae, be ever the day,
 That day to the kirk I was hurried,
 To take Jenny Birse for better or warse—
 I wish it had been to be buried.
 She flytes in the morn, she flytes in the night ;
 Wi' flyting an' fighting I'm worried ;
 Were I e'en an angel I wadna be richt ;—
 O, dule on the day I was married !

She's king o' the pantry, she's king o' the kist,
 Ilk thing thro' her hand maun be ferry'd,
 An' naething she misses that shoudna be miss'd—
 O, dule on the day I was married !
 The very wee dowgie trots bantering by,
 Wi' tailie an' nosie high carried,
 An' gies a bit youf as tho' mocking the coof—
 O, dule on the day I was married !

When neebors are near, O, then I'm her dear,
 An' *Mister* Balwhather is serried
 The best o' ilk dish, roast, boil'd, fowl, or fish;—
 Yet dule on the day I was married;
 For minutes, stop ane, when the neebors are gane,
 Then the tone o' her leddyship's varied,
 "Ye neer-do-weel chiel take ye'rself to the deil.—"
 O, dule on the day I was married!

She sits at the kirk in the minister's seat,
 On a shely she there maun be carried;
 But poor Linkundodie maun trot on his feet—
 O, dule on the day I was married!
 The very last time that we were at the kirk,
 Wi' her I'd been sae mickle flurried,
 I sang in a qualm, instead o' the psalm—
 O, dule on the day I was married!

MY BESSIE.*

AIR.—The Posie.

My Bessie, O, but look upon these bonnie budding
flowers,

O, do na they remember thee o' childhood's happy
hours,

When we upon this very hill sae aft did row an' play,
An' thou wert like the morning sun, an' life a night-
less day.

'The gowans—they were bonnie—how I'd pu' them
from the stem,

An' rin in noisy blythesomeness to thee, my Bess,
wi' them,

An' place them in thy white, white breast; for which
thou'dst smile on me.—

I saw nae mair the gowans then—then saw I only thee.

Like twa fair roses on a tree, we flourished an' we grew;
An' as we grew our loves grew too, for feeling was
their dew.

* This song, set to a beautiful air, was published in *The Monthly Repository* for May, 1834.

How aft thou'dst thraw thy wee bit arms in love
 about my neck,
 An' breathe young vows, that after years o' sorrow
 ha'e na brak.

We'd raise our lispin' voices in auld Coila's melting
 lays,
 An' sing that tearfu' tale about Doon's bonnie banks
 an' braes ;
 But thocht na we o' banks an' braes, except thae at
 our feet—
 Like yon' wee bird, we sang our sang, yet kent na
 that 'twas sweet.

O, is na this a joyous day ; kind Nature's breathing
 forth
 In gladness an' in loveliness owre a' the wide wide
 earth ;
 The linties, they are liling love, on ilka bush an'
 tree —
 O, may sic joys be ever felt, my Bess, by thee an'
 me.

I CANNA LIE, I CANNA GANG.

I canna lie, I canna gang,
 A lassie, she has been my death ;
 She's stown my heart, she's stown my sang,
 She's stown away my very breath.
 Yet, O, but little ken't she how
 She gae to me that mortal woun',
 As ay another glance she threw
 An' ay I felt another stoun'.

There's surely magic in the air,
 They breathe frae out their honey mou's ;
 E'en though we ken there's ruin there,
 The prying we can no refuse :
 Like wee birds, which the serpent wiles,
 By charmed brichtness o' its e'e,
 When woman thraws on us her smiles,
 We e'en maun lay us doon an' dee.

O, had ye seen her flaxen hair,
 That hung like glossy silken strings ;
Ye wad hae wished them chains to wear—
 Chains stranger than the chains o' kings.
A king owre a' the earth may rule,
 An' at his feet may millions bow ;
He's greater than the titled fule,
 The *Man* wha owns a lassie's loe.

NANNIE.

AIR.— O, saw ye Johnnie comin'.

There's mony a flow'r beside the rose,
 An' sweets beside the honey,
 But laws maun change ere life disclose
 A flow'r or sweet like Nannie.
 Her e'e is like the mid-day sun,
 When clouds can no conceal it—
 Ye're blind gin it ye look upon—
 O! mad gin ere ye feel it,
 O! mad gin ere ye feel it.

I've mony bonnie lassies seen,
 Sae blithesome, kind, an' cannie ;
 But O, the day has never been
 I've seen another Nannie.
 She's like the mavis in her sang,
 Amang the breckans bloomin' ;
 Her lips ope to an angel's tongue ;
 But kiss her—O, she's woman.
 But kiss her—O, she's woman.

O, MICKLE BEAUTY, LOVE, IS THINE.

AIR.—Roy's wife.

Oh, mickle beauty, Love, is thine;
 Oh, mickle joy to me is given;
 The blessed thocht that ye'll be mine
 Maks me forget that there's a heaven.
 As twa young stems together cling,
 We'll live ae life o' love an' gladness;
 Around us no a living thing
 Shall ever feel the pain o' sadness.

As dewy leaves on yonder tree
 Greet ay the sun wi' smiles o' pleasure;
 Sae shall I ever turn to thee,
 Like ony miser to his treasure.
 The rose o' love, sae cherrie red,
 Ilk clime can rear—nae blast can wither—
 Deep planted in the heart an' head,
 It blooms wi' life—they dee thegither.

DOCTOR MC'SLEE.

AIR.—Laird o' Cockpen.

O, heard ye the like o't in countra' or toon,
 O, saw ye the match o't in print written doon—
 A widow was won by the blink o' the e'e,
 An' became the fifth bride o' Doctor Mc'Slee.

The widow's young dochter, an heiress was she;
 She'd gowpens o' siller, an' gowd under key,
 An' it clippit the tongue, an' it safterned the e'e
 O' the widow when courted by Doctor Mc'Slee.

The sire o' the dochter had been a rich laird,
 He'd mony a farm and weel stockit yaird,
 Which when o' richt age for to spend she was free—
 "I'll save her the trouble," said Doctor Mc'Slee.

The lassie grew fair, and the lassie grew tall,
 She wantit to keek a wee yont the auld wall,
 But she maunna gang out, nor she maunna gang see,
 Except in the keeping o' Doctor Mc'Slee.

She maunna gang e'en to the kirk, holy place,
 But linkit wi' Droggy, an' veil owre her face ;
 Or look at the text, for the fear she might be
 In love wi' the Bible, thocht Doctor Mc'Slee.

But faithers may lock, an' faithers may bin',
 An' ay as they bin' e'en sae will they tine ;
 When love's in the heart, fail bolt, chain, an' key,
 Were they fifty times stranger than Doctor Mc'Slee.

“ Gude wife, think no ye that our Maggy lies lang ?
 May be the vile tooth-ache has gi'en her a stang ;
 Just rin away to her, my dawtie, an' see
 What maks her sae late,” said Doctor Mc'Slee.

Soon the leddy cam rinnin in fury an' wac—
 “ She's left her kind mother, an' cleekit away
 To the Toll* wi' that vagabond tailor, Jock Lee.”
 The news drove the life out o' Doctor Mc'Slee.

* A house on the borders, where runaway marriages are performed.

AN AULD MAN'S SONG.

AIR.—O' a' the airts the wind can blaw.

O, lead me where the wild flowers grow,
 The bonnie heather bell,
 Where Nature's buds in beauty blow,
 An' scent baith moor an' dell.
 O, let me gaze, before I die,
 On Tweeddale's fairest lea,
 Where ilka breeze in whisp'ring sigh
 Breathed love wi' you an' me.

O, let me see that sunny knowe
 We aft hae trod in youth,
 Where 'neath the fragrant hawtree bough
 We pledged our love an' truth ;
 When ilka tree was clad in green,
 An' birds o' varied hue,
 Sweet smiles on ilka flower were seen,
 There stown, my Bess, frae you.

My Bess, d'ye mind that simmer night
 When you an' I were there ;
 Your een outshone the starry licht ;
 My lips, they breathed a prayer.
 Your gentle voice, in whisper low,
 'Tauld me that ye were won ;
Twa hearts embraced in happy glow,
 Which love said were but *one*.

O, Bess, ye were a gleesome quean
 As e'er adorned a mind ;
 Few peers had ye on hill or green,
 Sae modest, sweet, an' kind.
 But flowers live to bloom an' die,
 'The shrub an' forest tree ;
 And a' that owns an earthly tie
 Maun fade—sae you an' me.

My een grow dim, an' runneth slow
 The throbbing stream at last,
 An' life seems but a vision now,
 Or faint dream o' the past ;

But there is still that promised land

Where age is not, nor pain ;

O, yes, we'll join a happy band,

An' talk o' days byegane.

YE' FATHERS.

AIR.—My tocher's the jewel.

Ye fathers, wha worship the penny siller,
 Ye mothers, wha heed no affection true,
 O, think o' the days when ye were younkers ;
 Your bairns are ye owre again in loe.
 O, mind ye no when ye heard loe's whisper,
 Thocht ye o' the gear when first loe spak ;
 An' now when wi' you the loe time is over,
 The hearts ye hae made why ye wad break.

Ye see you e'e, where the saut tear is starting,
 Ye see you greybeard wha sits by her side,
 Sae doytit an' bleerit—wi' pain he is smarting ;
 An' yet ye would damn her to be his bride.
 O, saw ye the snaw ever cherish the fire ?
 O, saw ye the raven e'er pair with the doo ?
 The whole voice o' Nature cries No ! in its ire ;
 The beasts o' the forest are kinder than you.

WHEN FLOWERS.

AIR.—I gaed a waefu' gait yestreen.

When flowers were in their fairest bloom,
 An' perfume scented a' the air,
 An' linties sang amang the broom,
 O' mickle joy had I to fear.
 A lassie dwelt, weel ken I where,
 Within a bonnie ocean town ;
 She had a look sae sweetly dear
 For it might monarchs lose a crown.

A smile ere that ca'd me its slave,
 Sae sweet a smile e'e never met ;
 But O, the smile that lassie gave
 For a wee time made me forget.
 To Anna had I pledged my love
 Before I pried that lassie's mou—
 What ! tho' the sun shines bright above,
 The moon an' stars shine brightly too.

The lassie owned na walth o' gear,
Her heart was a' her penny fee ;
A step sae licht, a skin sae fair,
An' gracefu' as yon waving tree :
Sae like the gowan in the lea,
That to the sun sae sweetly smiles,
For ae wee blink o' her blue e'e
E'en age wad gang a warl' o' miles.

THE LAD WHA'LL SOON BE FAR AWA.*

AIR.—Gude nicht, an' joy be wi' you.

A' ye, wha ever grasped the hand
 O' friendship ardent an' sincere,
 Come drink wi' me, ye kindred band,
 The health o' ane to friendship dear.
 It's no by fashion's rule we drink,
 To lord, or knave, or fool, ava—
 The heart to feel, the head to think,
 The lad wha'll soon be far awa.

We oft hae met in seasons past,
 An' read together Nature's law,
 An' as we read o' ay we bless'd
 Kind Nature for her love to a'.

* Written on the occasion of Mr. S——, an acquaintance of the Author, leaving England; and sung at a supper given to him by a party of his friends on the eve of his departure.

For happiness, ay may he turn
 To knowledge as the source o' a';
 Still may he read, still may he learn —
 The lad wha'll soon be far awa.

We've seen the king upon his throne,
 To many lands decrees impart;
 His name engraved on wood an' stone,
 But writ no' on a single heart;
 But when we find amang mankind,
 The man in thocht, in deed, in a',
 We hail a king in heart an' mind —
 The lad wha'll soon be far awa.

The green green leaves that yonder hang,
 Maun part before the winter's da';
 E'en sae maun we, tho' wi' a pang,
 Frae him wha'll soon be far awa'.
 O, may our wishes be the wind
 That wafts him to his father's ha';
 An' mem'ry turn to those behind
 He left, when he'll be far awa.

AN' I MAUN LEAVE YE.

AIR.—An' ye shall walk in silk attire.

An' I maun leave ye, bonnie Quean ;
 To stay I canna bear,
 For to another ye are gi'en,
 I ne'er shall see ye mair.
 But how frae ye can I sae part,
 Unless that I wad dee,
 When ye've a pris'ner made my heart,
 Nor can I rend it free.

An' ye'll gae meet another's kiss,
 An' ye'll gie loe for loe,
 An' mem'ry wunna mar the bliss
 In store for him an' you.
 O, ye maun think the loe o' man
 Is but a bairnie's play,
 Which ye wad pu', like a gowan,
 To crush an' fling away.

My bonnie Lass, e'en gang your way,
An' lie down by his side;
Ye'll miss no that ye've tint the day,
Till ye're his wedded bride.
Love lies no in a hinny smile—
It's deeper than the e'e;
An' when ye find he's been your guile,
O, then ye'll think o' me.

HER HEART IS ON THE SEA.

AIR.—Jock o' Hazledean.

'There's joy nae mair in Anna's e'e ;
 Her joy is turned to sorrow—
 " Will Jamie never come from sea ?
 Will nicht ne'er turn to-morrow ?
 O, time, your hand but slowly turns.—"
 A lover bends the knee ;
 She looks at him, but him she spurns
 For aye far on the sea.

'They've spread for her a bridal bed,
 O' down is made the pillow ;
 And to the kirk they'd hae her led—
 She seeks the lonely willow.
 " The leaf unto the branch is true,
 The shower to the tree ;
 This heart, O Jamie, beats for you.—"
 Her heart is on the sea.

A ship upon the wave is seen,
It toucheth now the shore—
Two lovers meet upon the green,
Who meet to part no more.
“An’ do we meet no more to part—
Love, closer press to me ;”
“O Jamie, ye had ay my heart.”—
Her heart has left the sea.

CLAN RONALD.

Att.—Gloomy winter.

The raven sits upon the wa',
 The grass is growing in the ha',
 Young Donald he has gane awa'—

The last o' the Clan Ronald O!

The moon keeks no frae 'mang the clouds,
 The hoolet's hooting in the woods,
 An' desolation black enshrouds

The fortunes o' Clan Ronald O!

He was the pride o' a' the lea,
 Nae peer on hill or dale had he,
 But now he wanders owre the sea,

The last o' the Clan Ronald O!

He loe'd richt weel the Chevalier,
 He lent his arm, he gae him gear,
 He loe'd him wi' a heart sincere—

Did Donald o' Clan Ronald O!

His clansmen gathered on the hills,
 Wi' beating hearts an' ready wills,
 To stem the Royal Charlie's ills,
 Yound Donald o' Clan Ronald O!

But Charlie's sun was overcast,
 Black fate had blawn its bitter blast,
 An' now he wanders tempest tost,
 Wi' Donald o' Clan Ronald O!

What carle sits upon yon knowe,
 Sae scant o' claes, wi' siller pow,
 Wha' looks sae weary an' sae dow,
 Wi' garb o' the Clan Ronald O!
 Behold in *him* the auld, the last,
 That brave Clan Ronald's blood can boast,
 Wha' soon will live but i' the past,
 The last o' the Clan Ronald O!

He pu'd a picture frae his breast,
 Which closely to his lips he prest,
 "O, Charlie!" sigh'd he—then to rest
 Sank Donald o' Clan Ronald O!

LAWYER ROBIN.

AIR.—Whistle owre the lave o't.

Ye carles, a' come list to me ;
 I'll sing a sang that's bold an' free,
 About a knave—as ye may be ;—
 They ca'd him Lawyer Robin.
 An' as the story runs about,
 Frae h—l this knave had been turned out ;
 His faither nane but Uncle Cloot,
 The sire o' Lawyer Robin.

Cloot thoct the warld owre honest gat,
 An e'en wi' very passion grat ;
 He swore he'd make a knave, an' spat ;
 That spit grew Lawyer Robin.
 He clad him in his warst array ;
 To stop this honesty in'ts way,
 In haste to earth he let him gae ;
 This very Lawyer Robin.

He came into the north countrie,
 Unto a town upon the T—
 The very heart o' honesty—

 Did this knave, Lawyer Robin.
 He there set up the lawyer trade,
 Its patron his Satanic dad,
 Poor honesty he soon drove mad,
 Did wily Lawyer Robin.

He ay was buskit sae genteel,
 Auld Clootem's thochts concealed sae weel,
 He look'd an angel mair than deil,

 Did pious Lawyer Robin.
 For ilka honour he did bow,
 An' ay he gat when he did sue;
 A Bailie, and an Elder too
 O' the kirk, was Lawyer Robin.

To ilka ane was he a friend,
 Ay free to gie, ay free to lend—
 They paid it weel back in the end
 To gen'rous Lawyer Robin.

An' when law's ills wad on them fa
 It wasna him that did't ava ;
 " It's just the way, ye see, o' law,"
 Said paukie Lawyer Robin.

But wait—I'll tell ye what befel
 The other e'ning to mysel'
 At the auld Kirk ; plump there I fell
 On ane an' Lawyer Robin.
 They sat upon a new head-stane,
 The moon keek'd doon upon the twain ;
 By jinks, it was auld Cloutie Ben,
 Wha sat wi' Lawyer Robin.

Auld Clout was clad wi' mickle grace,
 Hung reverend grey hairs doun his face,
 Like ane come o' a sauntly race,
 Akin to Lawyer Robin.
 They spak o' mony a thousand darts,
 O' ruined ha's an' broken hearts,
 Sin he had damned, wi' writer arts,
 This demon Lawyer Robin.

But just at this the clock strak ane,
 Auld Nickum cried "Your race is run,"
 An' aff they flew doon thro' the grun',—

Auld Clout an' Lawyer Robin.

But where they flew I coudna tell ;
 Gin ye wad spear—may be at h—l ;
 Ye'll see auld Symon there himsel',—

Ye're *sure* o' Lawyer Robin.

SHE'S SWEET, SHE'S FAIR.

AIR.—She's fair an' fause.

She's sweet, she's fair, an' O! she's dear,
 How dear, lips canna tell!
 It's no for rank, it's no for gear,
 I lo'e her too, too well.
 She's fause—yet there are others fair,—
 O! na, na wha wi' her compare,
 'There's something in my heart cries "Where?"
 An' chills me like a knell.

I'd fain forget, but O! that smile
 Ay floats before my e'e,
 Where'er I turn yon dimpling wile
 Will no' let me gang free.
 Like clouds that breathe in summer rain
 New life to flowers on hill an' plain,
 She gae me life, but she's stown't again,
 As blight steals from the tree.

THE WIND BLOWS CAULDLY.

AIR.—Ye banks an' braes o' bonnie Doon.

The wind blows cauldly thro' the door,
 The ase lies heatless on the stane;
 O, damp's the wa', an' bare's the floor,
 Where I am left to mourn alane.
 My lover's speech was sweet an' fair,
 My smile was blind, owre blind for me,
 For O! was falsehood lurking there,
 Within the kiss he gae to me.

I see the bank whereon we lay,
 I hear the words he used to speak;
 But O! like licht they flee away—
 I think my very heart will break.
 The laverock sings on airy wing,
 An' sips the thrifty hinnie bee,
 A smile for every living thing—
 But smile, alas! there's none for me.

The beam that shone on yonder flower,
The shower that gae life to the tree,
Was no sae sweet as that short hour
He breathed a warld o' pain to me.
It's hard to bear a lover's frown,
It's hard to part when we hae met,
Wi' ilka pleasure for our own,
But O ! it's harder to forget.

WARLD'S GEAR.

AIR.--My Nannie, O!

O! what are ye, ye warld's gear,
 That steals the hearts o' many O!
 Ye break our hopes an' gar us fear,
 But little joy to any O!
 Ye're born 'midst death, e'en in the mine,
 Before ye see the morrow O!
 Ye gie no half o' that ye tine,
 An' what ye gie's o' sorrow O!

I wander over mony a knowe,
 An' mony a field sae bonnie O!
 They ca' me Laird, but ah! I trow,
 O' friends I hae nae ony O!
 Tho' sheep an' owsen fill the yaird,
 An' gowd in coffers plenty O!
 You carle stalks by without regard
 O' me, tho' e'er sae vauntie O!

I lang for days that ance were sweet,

When but a herdie callan O!

I trod the muirs wi' shoonless feet—

Found peace on ilka hallan O!

Ilk flower that grew, ilk bird that sung,

Some truth were ay' recalling O!

We spak together in a tongue

Which Nature said was feeling O!

O, gear! this lesson ye hae taught

To me—O, how severely O!

'That tho' we get ye e'en for nought,

O, still we feel ye sairly O!

Then rank an' pride gae to the wa',

Ye're chains that bind true feeling O!

I'll seek content in some cot ha',

Where rank is honest dealing O!

O, LIFE!

AIR.—Ye banks an' braes.

O, life, ye're unco ill to bear,
 When hopeless loe the heart has torn,
 Bereft o' a' that I felt dear,
 I e'en maun live an' sae maun mourn.
 To ilka heart has Nature gien
 A kindred mate wi' kindred loe ;
 But, O ! to me she's traitress been,
 The mate she gae me proved untrue.

Upon a bonnie heather knowe
 My Bess an' I together lay ;
 How sweet the kiss, how oft the vow
 Was breathed o' loe ne'er to decay.
 I swore by a' the heavens aboon,
 That I'd be true, that I'd be kind ;
 The same vowed she by yonder sun,—
 She kept it like the faithless wind.

O, BEAM AWAY, YE SPARKLING EEN.

AIR.—My friend and pitcher.

O, beam away, ye sparkling een,
 An' speech flow on like ony river ;
 Can I forget what once has been,
 Sweet sweet remembrance asks me ever.
 My Bessie haunts me like a ghaist,
 But sic a ghaist there's no another,
 Her lips in fancy I wad taste,
 Before a' lips in life together.

O, warld, ye may be ay a nicht,
 I carena tho' ye ne'er be morrow ;
 Tho' ye be dark yet I'll be licht,
 I'm wi' the past, far far frae sorrow.
 Dear mem'ry that sae warms my heart,
 In you I see that sweet wee lassie ;
 Ye'll be to me o' love a part,
 Ye'll be to me my bonnie Bessie.

ANNIE HAY.

AIR.—Heigh-ho for somebody.

A wee bird sits upon a spray,
 An' ay it sings o' Annie Hay ;
 The burthen o' its cheerie lay
 Is, " Come away, dear Annie Hay.
 Sweet art thou, O, Annie Hay
 Fair, I trow, O, Annie Hay
 There's no a bonnie flower in May
 Shows a bloom wi' Annie Hay."

A licht in yonder window's seen,
 And wi' it seen is Annie Hay,
 Wha looks upon the shaded green,
 Where sits the bird upon a spray.
 " Sweet art thou, O, Annie Hay ;
 Fair, I trow, O, Annie Hay ;
 At sic a time, in sic a way,
 What seek ye there, O, Annie Hay ?"

“ What seek ye there, my Dochter dear ?

What see there, O, Annie Hay ? ”

“ O, Mother, but the stars sae clear

Around the bonnie Milky Way.”

“ Sweet art thou, O, Annie Hay ;

Slee, I trow, O, Annie Hay ;

Ye something see, ye daurna say,

Paukie winsome Annie Hay.”

The window's shut, the licht is gane,

An' wi' it gane is Annie Hay ;

But wha is seen upon the green

Sae kissing bonnie Annie Hay.

“ Sweet art thou, O, Annie Hay ;

Slee, I trow, O, Annie Hay.”

“ Gae' wa, my Jamie shew'd the way.”

“ Ye're no blate, young Annie Hay.”

“ Gae, scour the country, hill an' dale,

O, wae's me, where is Annie Hay ?

Search ilka nook in town an' vale

For my fause dochter, Annie Hay.

“ Sweet art thou, O, Annie Hay ;
Slee, I trow, O, Annie Hay ;
I wish ye joy, young Laird o’ Tay,
O’ your bride, fair Annie Hay.”

FAREWELL TO THEE, LAND OF OUR
FATHERS.

AIR.—Kitty Tyrell.

Farewell to thee—land of our fathers, farewell!
Thou land once as free as thy waters that flow,
The slaves of a despot have sounded thy knell,
Ambition has triumphed, and Poland lies low.

O, shades of our fathers, in pity look o'er us,
What once was your home now's a mouldering pile;
The land that ye loved lies in ashes before us,
And Poland's but known in the voice of exile.

No more will your daughters e'er cherish a smile,
To greet the returning of hearts that are dear;
No more will their lips e'er our sorrows beguile—
Bright eyes that once beamed now are dim with a
tear.

Those strains now are heard not that told of your
 might,

Which fame has borne far over mountain and wave ;
No more will love's voice ever swell with delight,
But sink in low sighs o'er the tombs of the brave.

No home for the exile, no refuge from danger,
No laws but the laws which a despot has made ;
Yet some lips will pray for the wandering stranger,
And bosoms will feel as their hands proffer aid.

THE TWEED.

AIR.—John Anderson.

O, bonnie Tweed, rin on, an' may ye ever rin as clear
 As ye do now in loveliness, for mony a coming year ;
 May ilka bonnie flower that blooms, may ilka bloom-
 less weed,
 That looks on you, plead to the sun for blessings on ye,
 Tweed.

The gowan nestles on your banks—there hangs the
 stately tree,
 The sheep an' kye aft wander there—there sips the
 hinny bee ;
 The bonnie lassies bleach their claes beside ye on the
 mead,
 An' as your waters fa' in showers, sing blessings on
 ye, Tweed.

The patient fisher watches ye wi' weather-beaten frame,
 And mickle lippens he to you for his sweet smiling
 hame.

How mony happy hearts ye make, how mony mou's
 ye feed,
 The very weans lispin pray for blessings on ye,
 Tweed.

The're mony bonnie rivers rin in mony bonnie lands,
 An' mony I hae gazed upon, while flowing thro'
 their strands,
 But O! there's ane aboon them a' in beauty takes
 the lead—
 It is yoursel', my mother stream; O! blessings on ye,
 Tweed.

On your sweet banks first saw I licht, I grew beside
 ye, stream,
 Then thocht was feeling, life was like a joyous simmer
 dream.
 But years are gane—O, heaven! I pray, here may I
 lay my head—
 My latest breath shall melt away in blessings on ye,
 Tweed.

WAD YE MAK ME A KING.

AIR.—Come under my plaidie.

Ye powers abunc, wad ye mak me a king,
 How braw I wad gang, how blythe I wad sing ;
 I'd sit on a throne, an' I'd never do wrang,
 For a king canna sin, wished he't ever sae strang.
 How mony wad cheer, an' rejoice at my smile,
 E'en tho' they were rackit wi' cares a' the while,
 An' the lasses look love, when I sleely did gie
 To them a wee glance o' my kingly grey e'e.

They'd speak o' my beauty, they'd shew ay their duty ;

“ How kind an' how gracious he is to us a' ! ”

Were I black as the pat, an' as wicked as Satan,

They'd swear that frae heaven I'd gotten it a'.

I'd ministers wale frae the army an' kirk,

For the kirk to the sword ay fraternally clings,

Like ony twin brother, twa bairns o' ae mother—

The sword an' the mitre's the buckler o' kings.

Ye needna be laughin' sae loud in your daffin',
 Ye smile at the thocht, well e'en let the thocht fa';
 Yet even your billie, wha fok ca' sae silly,
 Wad bow an' tell lees like the best o' them a'.
 When death cam upon me, what droves wad flock
 roun' me,
 A' weeping, lamenting—the great and the sma';
 Then buried sae safe, in some bonnie gowd coffin,
 My saul wad rest—where?—O, I've thocht na ava.'

JESSIE RAE.

AIR.—Bonnie Mary Hay.

Bonnie Jessie Rae, wi' mind love gets birth,
 It's like the free air on the land, on the sea,
 It's felt in the heaven, it's felt on the earth ;
 Wi' you it is life—ye are life, Dear, to me.

Bonnie Jessie Rae, they may chain a sland'rous tongue,
 But they canna chain love's voice, it speaks in the e'e.
 The lips may be silent, the sang be na sung,
 But O ! love will speak gin it only can see.

Bonnie Jessie Rae, tho' wealth can mak a king,
 It can never rule the heart when the heart wad be free;
 Wi' it we may gang braw, but atweel it canna bring
 Sic love as my heart feels, dearest Jessie, for thee.

Bonnie Jessie Rae, ye hae sworn to be mine ;
 To you I'll be true as the saut to the sea.
 The bosoms we hae clasplit, we never will resign,
 While mind lives in licht—when it does na, we'll dee.

WHEN SIMMER DAYS WERE IN THEIR PRIME.

AIR.—Wullie brew'd a peck o' maut.

When simmer days were in their prime,
 An' Nature lookit glad an' fair,
 Three chiefs forgathered on a time
 To breathe a wee the cauler air.
 They wandered east, they wandered west,
 Among the bonnie fragrant fields,
 An' ay they thocht how man was bless'd
 Amid the joy that Nature yields.

There was Richard wi' the paukie e'e,
 An' Wullie, ay sae bauld an' slec,
 (Twa very deils for fun and glee)
 An rhyming Watty made the three.
 They wandered east, &c.

They saw a bonnie budding rose
 New sprung frae out its parent earth;
 Cried Richard, "That sweet flower shows
 An emblem o' our infant birth."
 They wandered east, &c.

They next came to a branchless tree,
The worm was eating fast away ;
Said Wullie, " In that trunk you see
An emblem o' life's sad decay."

They wandered east, &c.

But here three lassies owre the hill
Came tripping fast and lightly doon ;
Roared Wattie, " Preach away, you fill ;
See flowers that tell o' heaven aboon."

They wandered east, &c.

WEE NANNIE.

My bonnie wee Nannie,
 O, blessings be on ye,
 How aft hae I wished for a moment sae dear ;
 An' do ye thus press me,
 An' do ye thus bless me,
 I'm dizzy wi' joy that I canna weel bear.
 O, I mann be dreaming.
 Thae bonnie een beaming—
 How bricht are the een that beam thro' a glad tear.

Your faither relentit,
 He'll never repent it,
 My blessings be on him as well as on you.
 I canna believe ye,
 Your wishes deceive ye—
 O, happy's the bosom that doubt never knew.
 My heart, it is panting
 Wi' rapture, enchanting—
 Love's felt no till sorrow has proven it true.

There's a joy in the greeting
 O' luvè, when luvè meeting,
 That words half its sweetness can never reveal.
 Looks breathe o' its blisses,
 Lips speak it in kisses ;
 To a' but luvè's sel' wad luvè ever conceal.
 Weel ken we its power—
 How dear is the hour
 That wisdom to love has impress'd with its seal.

Should bairns e'er bless us,
 Wee Nannies caress us,
 An' grow up in beauty an' character fair,
 O may we blast never
 Their luvè, but cheer't ever—
 Heaven ne'er made affection to sell like a ware ;
 But free frae a' wiling,
 As weans first smiling,
 It made it a blessing—man makes it a snare.

When auld age comes stealing
 In wrinkles, revealling
 Our young thochts, an' feelings are fading away,

We'll see true love beaming,
Frac e'e to e'e gleaming,
In our bonnie bairns, an' think o' the day
Your faither relentit,
An' never repentit—
Thae kisses maun tell ye a' I wad fain say.

MY WEE, WEE WIFE.

AIR.—The boatie rows.

My wee wife dwells in yonder cot,
 My bonnie bairnies three—
 O, mickle joy's the gudeman's lot,
 Wi's bairnies on his knee.
 My wee wee Wife, my wee wee Wife,
 My bonnie bairnies three,
 How bricht is day, how fair is life,
 When love lights up the e'e.

The King owre me may wear a crown,
 Hae riches in his ha',
 But lacks he love to share his throne,
 I'm king owre him wi' a'.
 My wee wee Wife, my wee wee Wife,
 My bonnie bairnies three,
 Let kings hae thrones 'nang warld's strife,
 Your hearts are thrones to me.

The wind may blaw, deep drift the snaw,
 An' clouds frown on the day,
 There's ay a licht at hame sae bricht
 Can melt the storm away.
 My wee wee Wife, my wee wee Wife,
 My bonnie bairnies three,
 The blast may howl lang ere a scowl
 Is seen on love's e'e bree.

The laverock, in the lift sae hie,
 Nae swifter seeks its nest,
 Than I to hame at e'ening flee
 To nestle in love's breast ;
 My wee wee Wife, my wee wee Wife,
 My bonnie bairnies three,
 As laverocks soar on morning air
 Your breath bears ay up me.

I've felt oppression's galling chain,
 I've shed the tear o' care,
 But feeling ay lost a' its pain
 When my wee Wife was near.

My wee wee Wife, my wee wee Wife,
My bonnie bairnies three,
The chains we wear are sweet to bear—
Unblessed, could we gang free.

I've seen the miser clutch his gowd,
I've seen the courtier bow,
An' mony years on time seen row'd,
An' mony changes grow;
But my wee wife, my dear wee wife,
My bonnie bairnies three,
I never saw the day-licht da'
That blessed na' you an' me.

IT WAS UPON THE E'ENING.

AIR.—Within a mile o' Edinburgh Toon.

It was upon the e'ening o' ae simmer's day,
 A carle cam over the lea,
 He fleeched and he prayed aft, an' mony things did
 say—

O wad I let him marry me.

He shawed me brows, an' spak o' lan',

He jinkit siller in his han',

An' ay the other word o' loe,

'Twas sweet to hear an' see,

But Jamie in my heart ay cried, Lass, ye're forgetting
 me.

O, had ye heard him crack about his bonnie mickle ha',

A coach-honse even forbye,

An' the mony aced parks an' woods, wi' mony a
 spreading shaw,

Wi' a byre weel stockit wi' kye,

Ye wad ha'e thocht like me a wee

It was a tempting chance to gie

To ane o' poortith kith an' kin—

O, how the carle did sigh,

But Jamie ay cam to my mind whenever I wad say
aye.

He'd been wi' me a lang lang hour, atweel I thoicht
it twa,

Ay fleeching an' praying to me ;

He threw his arms aroun' my neck, an' kiss'd my
breast o' snaw ;

I e'en thoicht that I wad die—

“ Begane ye traitor carle frae me ;

Your face nae mair let me e'er see.”

The carle leugh an' cried

“ My Jenny then is true.”

“ O, Jamie, is it you?—Eh, Man, 'twas ill to doubt
my lo'e.”

JEANNIE.

O, fa ! fa ! ye showers,
 Awaken, ye flowers,
 An' press their dry lips wi' your diamonds o' dew ;
 Nae mair be they wearie,
 But laughing an' cheerie,
 Ilk bud kiss its love, an' while kissing bless you.
 O, flowers, be springing,
 Wee birdies, be singing,
 Look joyously a', for my Jeannie is true.

They tauld me that slighted
 My love was, an' blighted
 The hopes that but lived in the licht o' her c'e.
 Does earth slight the sunbeam ?
 Or ocean the moon-gleam ?
 As soon wad they slight as my Jeannie slight me.
 O, flowers, be springing,
 Wee birdies, be singing,
 Sweet smiles burst like blossoms on ilka green tree.

Her heart, it was sleeping,
 Her een, they were peeping
 On forms than Jamie's mair pridefu' an' fair ;
 Awakened to feeling,
 Her heart then revealling ;
 Through her blue een stealing, tauld Jamie dwelt there.
 O, flowers, be springing,
 Wee birdies, be singing,
 Ye fields an' ye forests, nae mair seem ye bare.

It is nae the nation,
 It is nae the station,
 That fans to affection the glow o' the heart ;
 There's something that's given
 To light it from Heaven ;
 'Tis thocht love's true feelings alone can impart.
 O, flowers, be springing,
 Wee birdies, be singing,
 My Jeannie is true—where noo is warld's dart ?

JOCK'S WIFE.

AIR.—Weel may the keel row.

What din is that in your house ?
 Wha sings sae canty an' sae crouse,
 As he o' life had found the use,
 An' screw'd a merry pin O ?
 O, it is Jock, my brother Jock,
 Whase sleep has been sae sairly broke ;
 He's ta'en a wife, like other folk,
 To hap him up behin' O.

What noise is that in your house,
 That breaks the rest o' neebors douce,
 As a' the deils below were loose,
 An' kicking up a din O ?
 O, it is Jock, my brother's wife,
 Wha's breeding a' this raukle strife.
 She's clawed his pow, an' sworn his life ;
 He's been obliged to rin O.

What silence is in your house ?

I canna even hear a mouse,

O, this is surely but a ruse,

A wager for to win O.

Jock's wife has ta'en a drapakie,

Sae strang the hizzie e'en maun dee ;

He's buried her with tearfu' e'e,

But mickle joy within O.

He's put a crape upon his hat,

An' noo he sleeps like ony cat ;

He's ta'en his aith 'twill be his faut

Gin he has wife again O !

A MINSTREL.

A minstrel sang in a garden bower
 To a maiden fair and sweet
 As a smile that speaks in the love-lit hour,
 When love's eyes love's eyes meet ;
 The maiden look'd like a beauteous flower
 In the blooming month of May ;
 The minstrel sang with a witching power,
 " Sweet Maiden, come away,
 O, come away, yes, come away,
 Come, come away."

"The lark, he sings of his love on high,
 While his fond mate lists below
 To each clear note from the clear blue sky
 With a lover's ardent glow ;
 The buds, like joys in the youthful breast,
 Burst forth on bush and tree ;
 But what are they to me, unblest'd,
 Without love's smiles from thee.
 O, come away, yes, come away,
 Come, come away."

The maiden looked, she a rose espied,
 To another it bent its head,
 Which blush'd as deep as a new made bride,
 O'er whom love's power is shed ;
 Two linnets wooing her quick eye caught,
 As they warbled upon a spray ;
 She felt 'twas love, and she paused and thought.
 The sweet minstrel sang away,
 " O, come away, yes, come away,
 Come, come away."

She look'd again, but no rose was there,
 And the linnets, they were gone,
 Nor the minstrel's music filled the air—
 Did the maiden stand alone ?
 Ah, no ! she had fled far away from the vale,
 Close pressed to the minstrel's side ;
 The gallant chieftain of Teviotdale
 Had won her for his sweet bride.
 She fled away like a sunny ray
 In the month of May.

THE BARD.

AIR.—Wee wee man.

It was upon a winter's day,
 I wandered forth among the snaw ;
 A bonnie birdie's gentle lay
 Sae waesome on my ear did fa'—
 " O, kindly, Sir, I pray ye gang,
 I pray ye gang alang wi' me :"
 Thus ay the birdie prayed an' sang—
 I went to see what I could see.

We cam unto a high high hill,
 Where winter's wind did loudly blaw ;
 An' there lay dead sae ghastly still,
 A man among the drifting snaw.
 " My bonnie birdie, wha was he ?
 Is this the sight I was to see ?
 A cauld cauld bed, an' lifeless ee,
 In winter's laneliness to dee."

The birdie to the body clung,
 An' thus replied in accents dire—
 "The sweetest Bard that ever sung,
 'The gentlest hand e'er struck the lyre ;
 But yesterday he sat wi' kings,
 Their lordly pleasure waited he ;
 But soon as hand had left the strings,
 'They left him e'en to starve an' dee."

"He had the manli'st sweetest voice,
 The kindest heart, the brichtest e'e ;
 He made the very winds rejoice
 In sympathetic harmonie.
 On ilka thing he looked sae kind,
 He spak sae saft to shrub an' tree,
 An' ca'd them part o' 's heart and mind—
 Yet hearts there were wha let him dee."

Upon that white an' wintry hill,
 I dug a grave below the snaw ;
 An' laid the Bard sae cauld an' still
 Within his last an' narrow ha.'

O many blessings there I heard,
His spirit blessed me from the air ;
I blessed the bird that loved the Bard,
I cursed the hearts that starved him there.

MY MINNIE TAUGHT ME.

AIR.—Come under my plaidie.

O, lasses, whenever a laddie comes near,
 O, be no afraid when he ca's ye his dear ;
 But let him tak kisses, ane, twa, or e'en three,
 E'en tho' they were dizzens they'll no mak ye dee ;
 Ay gie him the coziest neuk in the house,
 An' slee in your daffin just crack a wee crouse ;
 But ay be sae bashfu' an' haud down your e'e,
 He'll think ye richt modest—My Minnie taught me.

Should some other Johnnie to whom ye come near,
 Wha boasts na sic station, wha owns nae sic gear ;
 Ay talk o' the fallow wi' scorn in your e'e,
 Your laddie will note it, an' mickle pleased be.
 Whaever he rooses, ay roose ye as weel,
 Were it lawyer or parson, or e'en the black de'il ;
 For there's nae sin in cheating an' truing a wee,
 When ye want to get married—My Minnie taught me.

Whenever he whispers o' marriage to you,
An' prays ye for pity to list to his loe ;
Cry no for the warld that ever should be,
But ay let a smile say ye're telling a lee.
An' when ye are married a week, may be twa,
Then up wi' command in the kitchen an' ha' ;
As for the gudeman, let him hang on a tree,
As long as ye're leddy—My Minnie taught me.

JEAN SITS ON YON HILLOCK.

AIR. — The yellow hair'd laddie.

Jean sits on yon hillock a' the lang day,
 Singing "Wae's me, my Jamie is now wede away:"
 An' ay as the burthen is borne on the air,
 A sigh from her bosom, cries echo is there.

Her Jamie lies buried under yon stane,
 She watches his pillow fading alane,
 His loe was her feeling, his form was her pride,
 She prized him aboon a' the wide warld beside.

Wha sleeps sae serenely on yon cauld bed?
 It's Jean sleeping soundly, the sleep o' the dead,
 She died sighing owre him, she breathed her last lay,
 "I'll sing to thee, Jamie, a' the lang day."

MY BONNIE JEAN.

AIR.—Broom o' Cowdeknowes.

O, my Jean, my bonnie bonnie Jean,
 My ain dear Jean always,
 Ten years together we hae been,
 They seem but ae short day.
 O, my Jean, my bonnie bonnie Jean.

O, my Jean, my bonnie bonnie Jean,
 I wonder how it can be,
 Ye think our bairns sae like me gien,
 I think they're sae like ye.
 O, my Jean, my bonnie bonnie Jean.

O, my Jean, my bonnie bonnie Jean,
 When we fa' to decay,
 We'll smile farewell on life's fair scene,
 Like the sun that gangs its way.
 O, my Jean, my bonnie bonnie Jean.

SWEET SUN.

O, shine away, ye bonnie Sun,
 Ye look a blythesome thing.
 Wi' you how mony ills we shun,
 How mony joys ye bring.
 There's no a flow'r in a' the dale,
 There's nae thing ever grew,
 Nor heart but your kind blessings feel,
 An,' feeling, blesses you,
 Sweet Sun.

O, shine away, ye bonnie thing,
 A' Nature's blooming fair,
 The new mawn fields their odours fling
 Alang the balmy air ;
 The trees hae on their richest green,
 True love lies in the shade ;
 What gladness fills the happy scene—
 The gladness ye hae made,
 Sweet Sun.

I love wee Jean, my ain gude wife,
 I love my bairnies too ;
 Ilk day ye bring t'us joys o' life,
 An' ay ilk joy is new.
 There's joy in yonder blue blue sky,
 There's joy on yonder sea,
 The very wind is whisp'ring joy
 In echoes back to me,
 Sweet Sun.

I love to see your parting smile,
 As ye set in the west
 To rise on mony a distant isle,
 An' rising, make them bless'd.
 O, may I in my setting hour
 Be calm as your adieu,
 An' live again like thee in pow'r,
 As bright, an' blessing too,
 Sweet Sun.

THE HILLS.

O for the hills ! the highland hills !

Where ance I wander'd proudly free,

O for the green green woods an' rills !

Sae fair to a'—sae dear to me.

'Then life was licht, an' had nae shadow,

Then young hearts never knew despair ;

Kind nature smil'd in brae an' meadow,

An' love swam i' the very air—

O for the hills ! the highland hills !

My dear dear hills.

When nestling in my father's shealing,

A wilfu, blythe, an' reckless boy,

'Then thought was but a glow of feeling—

I knew nae care—I wish'd nae joy ;

Where on the knowe the owsen tending,

Sae merry sang in mountain tune,

Where wi' the flowers their heads bending

To the gowden sun aboon—

O for the hills ! the highland hills !

My dear dear hills.

I've seen the sun rise from his pillow,
 I've seen his first beam kiss the lea
 In lands afar, far o'er the billow,
 I've heard the birds lilt frae the tree;
 But simmer sun ne'er shone sae brightly,
 Nor beam sae sweetly kiss'd the lea,
 Nor pealed the birdie's note sae sprightly,
 As when I saw an' heard wi' thee.
 O for the hills! the highland hills!
 My dear dear hills.

I've gaz'd on mony a winsome maiden,
 Array'd wi' gems on Indian isles,
 Sae fair their forms, wi' beauty laden,
 Sae flashed their e'en thro' pleasure's smiles;
 But O the grace that, thought arraying,
 Love bestows was wanting there,
 An' memory turned to maidens straying,
 At hame afar wi' gifts more rare.
 O for the hills! the highland hills!
 My dear dear hills.

WATTIE'S WEDDING.

AIR.—Green grow the rushes O.

There ne'er was seen sic sport an' play,
 At either kirk or bedding O,
 As sae fell out upon a day
 At rhyming Wattie's wedding O.
 O for Wattie's wedding O,
 Ay for Wattie's wedding O;
 Mischief that day had gat the play,
 To dance at Wattie's wedding O.

The bride, she waited at the kirk
 Twa lang lang hours for Wattie O,
 An' when he came she ca'd him stirk,
 An' gae his pow a clawtie O.
 O, for Wattie's wedding O, &c.

He glowr'd, an' tremilt like a leaf,
 An' tried to soothe his dawtie O;
 She stapped his mou' wi' double nief;
 A crimson neb gat Wattie O.
 O, for Wattie's wedding O, &c.

She ca'd him gowk, she ca'd him rogue,
 Did Wattie's bonnie dawtie O;
 But whether he was man or dog,
 The fient a bit kent Wattie O.
 O for Wattie's wedding O, &c.

Some leugh aside, some pity cry'd,
 Some ran awa' retreating O,
 The priest look'd up to heaven, an' sighed,
 The bridegroom fell a greeting O.
 O, for Wattie's wedding O, &c.

But noo he's tethered by a string
 Fast to his leddy's apron O,
 An' no a fit maun he tak wing,
 For fear o' dawtie's vap'rin' O.
 O for Wattie's wedding O, &c.

He sits, an' sighs, an' sabs, at hame,

An' curses the mischancie O

That set him wooing sic a dame

As deil-be-likit Nancie O.

O for Wattie's wedding O, &c.

BONNIE BESSIE.

I've wandered on the sunny hill, I've wandered in the
vale,

Where sweet wee birds in fondness meet to breathe
their am'rous tale ;

But hills or vales, or sweet wee birds, nae pleasures
gae to me,

The light that beamed its rays on me was love's
sweet glance from thee.

The rising sun in golden beams dispels the night's
dark gloom,

The morning dew to roses' hue imparts a fresh'ning
bloom ;

But sunbeams ne'er sae brightly played in dance o'er
yon glad sea,

Nor roses laved in dew sae sweet as love's sweet
glance from thee.

I loved thee as the pilgrims love the water in the sand,
 When scorching rays, or blue simoon, sweep o'er their
 with'ring band ;

The captive's heart nae gladlier beats, when set from
 prison free,

'Than I when bound wi' beauty's chain, in love's sweet
 glance from thee.

I loved thee, Bonnie Bessie, as the earth adores the
 sun,

I asked nae lands, I craved nae gear, I prized but
 thee alone :

Ye smiled in look, but no in heart—your heart was
 no for me ;

Ye planted hope that never bloomed in love's sweet
 glance from thee.

A CARLE CAM TO OUR HA' GATE.

AIR.—Auld wife ayont the fire.

A carle cam to our ha' gate,
 Ae winter's nicht when unco late,
 When winds were strang, an' driving sleet—
 He pray'd to let him in O.
 "O weary, wet, an' cauld am I,"
 He said wi' mony a heavy sigh,
 "Sweet ladye help, or I maun die,
 Gin ye no let me in O.
 Me in O, me in O,
 Gin ye no let me in O.
 Tho' mickle lack I warld's gear,
 I wat it's no great sin O."

Auld Grannie, honest prudent woman,
 Was on her knees a prayer bummin',
 But up she gat when she heard comin'
 The carle to get in O.

“ A bed, Gudeman, we coudna gie,
E'en to a king an' you were he”—

Niece Jenny look'd wi' kinder e'e ;

She sleely let him in O,

Him in O, him in O—

She sleely let him O.

“ Creep canny to your bed up stairs,
Puir carle, an' mak nae din O.”

About the hour o' twal that nicht,
Auld Grannie waukened in a fright,
Crying “ Wae's me, surely a's no richt ;
I'm sure I heard a grane O !

I thocht I heard ye, Lassie, scream ;”

“ O Grannie dear, ye do but dream ;

The rattans they were at the cream—

O gae to sleep again O !

Again O, again O—

O, gae to sleep again O.

We'll get a trap the morn's morn,

An' catch them every ane O.”

But Grannie, she was frichted sair ;
 To Jenny's bed went doon the stair,
 Gude lord, she found when she got there,
 Mair in the bed than ane O.
 Her e'en shone as the sun ne'er shines,
 As baudrons when a mouse she tines ;—
 "Ye limmer,"—"Grannie, here's the lines,
 The Priest did mak us ane O,
 Us ane O, us ane O—
 The Priest did mak us ane O.
 It's neebor Pate frae up the gate—
 Your blessing on us twain O."

O JAMIE, LAD.

AIR.—The Posie.

The sun is sinking in the west, an' soon it will gae
doon,

O, see it smiles a farewell smile, like ane in merry
tune;

But whare is he, my Jamakie; his form I canna
see—

O Jamie, lad, O Jamie, lad, what keeps ye sae frae
me?

My bonnie bairns, ye'll see him soon—he'll surely
no be lang;

An' while ye wait we'll wile the time wi' some bit
bonnie sang;

But Jamie, he might think a wee what anxious care
hae we—

O Jamie, lad, O Jamie, lad, what keeps ye sae frae
me?

O, yonder see—Ah, that's no he—some carle 'twad
seem to be ;

I wonder what could mak me think yon ill faur'd loon
was he—

His step is licht, *his* e'e is bricht, *his* form is fair to
see—

O Jamie, lad, O Jamie, lad, what keeps ye sae frae
me ?

O warld, ye may send doon the gate in braw an' trim
array,

The wale o' a' your gentlemen, your knights, an'
nobles gay,

But can ye gie ane sic as he in a' your high degree—

O Jamie, lad, O Jamie, lad, what keeps ye sae frae
me ?

But bairnies, look—ye see him now, he's coming
owre yon stile ;

His bonnet waving in his han'—I think I see him
smile ;

An' now, wee Bess, a faither's kiss, the first ye'll hae
o' three—

O Jamie, lad, O Jamie, lad, what keeps ye sae frae
me ?

What kept ye, lad, sae past the hour that ye should
hae been hame ?

Dear Jenny lass, O think nae ye that I hae been to
blame ;

Ye ken how mickle oft fa's out to hinder folk a wee—
O Jamie, lad, O Jamie, lad, I ken but ye're wi me.

HOW SWEET TO HEAR A MELODY.

AIR.—There grows a bonnie briar bush.

How sweet to hear a melody o' our ain land,
 How sweet to gie in charity wi' bounteous hand,
 But o' a' the warld's joys, the ane for me
 Is to prie a lassie's mou' wi' the lo'e in her e'e.

There dwells a bonnie lassie—O! I ken where.
 She's kind, an' sweetly modest—an' better than fair;
 They say she is na bonnie—fause lips, they lee;
 They never pried her mou' wi' the lo'e in her e'e.

I've heard the warld prate o' beauty rare,
 I've heard a coof relate o' a shape an' air,
 But I heard na' o' the heart, that speaks to me
 When I prie my lassie's mou' wi' the lo'e in her e'e.

OWRE THE MUIR WI' ME.

AIR.—Gin a body meet a body.

Will ye gang wi' me, my hinney,
 Owre the muir wi' me ;
 O, leave your fashious cankered minnie
 For he wha ye see.
 Ye surely maun be weary o'
 Sae mickle din an' care ;
 O' love, ye'll be my dearie O—
 What can I say mair.

I shall look on your bricht e'en,
 An' ye shall look on mine ;
 We'll live in joy frae morn to e'en,
 O ! wunna that be fine.
 I'll press my lip to your sweet lip,
 Our breasts shall heave beneath,
 O love, we'll taste its richest sip,
 The very air we breathe.

To leave my minnie now she's auld,
O! that I canna do,—
To leave hers she was unco baul'd,
When she was young as you.
O! Sir, I think ye're kindly gien,
An will me joy impart;
I see it in your bonnie e'en,
I feel it in my heart.

THE WIFE O' ELLERSLIE.

AIR.—I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen.

O! nature why hae ye me gien
 A heart to feel, an' e'e to see,
 O why to life breathe sic a quean
 As the sweet wife o' Ellerslie.
 Let me gae read, let me gae sing,
 She's in my book, my melody,
 My wond'ring e'en see in the scene,
 But the sweet wife o' Ellerslie.

O weel she loes her leal gudeman,
 O weel the bairnie on her knee ;
 O, loe's strang chain close links the twain,
 That bind the wife o' Ellerslie.
 Were breaking sic fond ties as thae,
 To keep me frae the fate to dee,
 I wadna save me frae my grave,
 E'en for the wife o' Ellerslie.

Ye pow'rs o' lo'e on her look down,
An' ay frac ill, oh! lead her free ;
She should hae been ane o' your kin,
An' no the wife o' Ellerslie.
Gin marriage bonds are made abune,
I pray when ye provide for me,
O! Heav'n, to gie me wife as she,
The sweet sweet wife o' Ellerslie.

MY MOUNTAIN HAME.

AIR.—Galla Water.

My mountain hame ! my mountain hame !

My kind, my independent mother ;

While thought an' feeling rule my frame,

Can I forget the mountain heather,

Scotland dear.

'Tho' foes should e'er in chains me bind,

An' dungeon wa's around me gather,

Can they blot mem'ry frae my mind,

Or wile my heart frae the mountain heather,

Scotland dear.

I loe to hear your daughters dear,

Their rustie tale in sang revealling,

Whene'er your music greets my ear,

My bosom swells wi' a joyous feeling,

Scotland dear.

Tho' I to other lands may gae;
 As the robin comes in win'ry weather,
 I'll hameward flee whene'er I may,
 An' nestle among the mountain heather,
 Scotland dear.

When I maun die, O I wad lie
 Where I an' life first met thegither;
 That my cold clay thro' its decay,
 Might live an' bloom in the mountain heather,
 Scotland dear.

GLOSSARY.

A

- A'all
 Aboonabove, up
 Ae.....one
 Aifoff
 Aft.....oft
 Aftenoften
 Aiblins.....perhaps
 Ainown
 Aith....an oath
 Alancalone
 Amaistalmost
 Amangamong
 Au'and, if
 Anceonce
 Aneone
 Anither.another
 Ase..... ..ashes
 Aught..... ..possession

Breebrow
 Breekan.fern
 Brithera brother
 Bummin'humming as bees
 Burnwater, a rivulet
 Buskitdressed
 But, botwith
 Byrea cow shed

C

Ca?to call, to name
 Ca'tcalled
 Callana boy
 Callerfresh, sound, refreshing
 Canniegentle, mild, dexterous
 Canniliedexterously, gently
 Cantie, or Canty .cheerful, merry
 Carlean old man
 Cauldcold
 Chiel, or cheel . . .a young fellow
 Claes, or claise. . . .clothes
 Claithcloth
 Clawto scratch
 Clout or Clottie..an old name for the Devil

- Coilathat district of Ayrshire in which Burns
was born
- Coof.a blockhead, a ninny
- Couthiekind, loving
- Crouse.cheerful, courageous

D

- Daddiea father
- Daffinmerriment, foolishness
- Daftmerry, giddy, foolish
- Dalesplains, valleys
- Dearie.my dear
- Dingto worst, to push
- Dinna.do not
- Deodove
- Douce or douse . . sober, wise, prudent
- Doure.sullen, stubborn, stout
- Dowie.worn with grief
- Drap.a drop, to drop
- Drift.a drove
- Drouthythirsty
- Dule.sorrow

E

E'e. the eye
 E'en. the eyes
 E'enin. evening
 En'. end

F

Fa'. fall, lot, to fall
 Fa's. does fall, water falls
 Faes. foes
 Fallow fellow
 Faut fault
 Fearfu' frightful
 Fit. a foot
 Fleech to supplicate in a flattering manner
 Flyte scold
 Forbye besides
 Forgather to meet, to encounter with
 Forgie to forgive
 Fou' full, drunk
 Frae from
 Frien' friend
 Fu'. full

G

- Gaeto go
 Gaengone
 Gaet or gate.....way, manner, road
 Gang.....to go, to walk
 Garto make, to force to
 Gar'tforced to
 Gaungoing
 Gaucy.....jolly
 Gear.....riches, goods of any kind
 Ghaist.....a ghost
 Gieto give
 Giedgave
 Giengiven
 Ginif, against
 Glendale, deep valley
 Gloaminthe twilight
 Gaedwent
 Gowanthe flower of the daisy
 Gowdgold
 Gowka cuckoo, a term of contempt
 Granea groan, to groan
 Granniegrandmother

K

- Keek a peep, to peep
 Ken to know
 Ken'd or ken't . . . knew
 Kin kindred
 Kin' kind
 Kist a chest, shop counter
 Knowe a small round hillock
 Kye cows

L

- Laddie lad
 Lan' land, estate
 Lane lone, my lane, thy lane, myself alone, &c.
 Lanely lonely
 Lang long, to think long, to long, to weary
 Lave the rest, the remainder, the others
 Laverock the lark
 Leal loyal, true, faithful
 Lift sky
 Lightly sneeringly, to sneer at
 Lilt a ballad, a tune to sing
 Loup jump, leap

M

Mac	more
Mair	more
Maist	most, almost
Maistly	mostly
Mak	to make
Mang	among
Maun	must
Mavis	the thrush
Mawin	mowing
Mickle	much
Min'	mind, resemblance
Minnie	mother, dam
Mither	mother
Morn	the next day, to-morrow
Mau	the mouth
Muckle or mickle	great, big, much
Mysel'	myself

N

Na'	no, not, nor
Nac	no, not any
Naething	nothing
Nane	none

Neebor neighbour

Niest next

O

O' of

Ony or onie any

Or is often used for ere, before

Owre over, too

P

Pat did put, a pot

Pauky or pawkie . cunning, sly

Pit to put

Poortith poverty

Pow the head, the skull

Prie to taste, to kiss

Pried tasted

R

Rattan rat

Raw a row

Remead remedy

Rin to run, to melt, rinning, running

Row to roll, to wrap

S

Sae	so
Saft	soft
Sair	to serve, a sore
Sairly	sorely
Saul	soul
Saunt	a saint
Saut	salt
Sel'	a body's self, one's self alone
Serried or Ser'd	served
Shoon	shoes
Sin'	since
Slaw	slow
Slee	sly
Sleest	slyest
Sma'	small
Snaw	snow, to snow
Snawie	snowy
Sonsie	having sweet engaging looks, lucky, jolly
Spier	to ask, to enquire
Stap	stop
Stown	stolen
Strae	straw

T

Tak.....	to take
Takin	taking
Tauld	told
Thae	these
Thegither	together
Thrang	throng
Through	to go on with, to make out
Till't	to it
Tine	to lose
Tint.....	lost
Toom	empty
Toun	a hamlet, a farm house
Trow	to believe
Twa.....	two
'Twad	it would
Twal	twelve

U

Unco strange uncouth, very very great, prodigious

W

Wa'.....	wall
Wa's	walls

- Wadwould, to bet, a bet, a pledge
 Wadnawould not
 Waewoe, sorrowful
 Waifu'wailing
 Walechoice, to choose
 Warp' or warld . . .world
 Warlyworldly, eager on amassing wealth
 Wearie or weary . .tired
 Weelittle
 Wee thingslittle ones
 Wee bita small matter
 Weelwell
 Whawho
 Wharewhere
 Whare e'erwherever
 Whasewhose
 Whyleswiles, sometimes
 Wi'with
 Wifean endearing term for wife
 Wimplinwaving, meandering
 Win'wind
 Win'swinds
 Winnawill not
 Wooto court, to make love to
 Wrangwrong, to wrong

Y

- Yethis pronoun is frequently used for you
Yearnslongs much
Yearis used for both singular and plural, years
Yontbeyond
Yourself'yourself

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