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NOTES

Caller Herrin' (p. 1).

The words were written by Caroline, Baroness Nairne, née Oliphant (1760–1843). Born and died at Crathes Castle, Aberdeenshire; married (1806) William Nairne, heir to the attainted title of “Baron Nairn,” to which he succeeded in 1824. Lady Nairne in her later years cooperated with Dr. Chalmers in philanthropic work. She was one of the most charming of Scots poetsess. The air was composed by Nathaniel Gow (1766–1831)—son of the great Neil Gow, and father of Neil Gow, jun.—who was born near Dunkeld, attained great skill as a violinist, became one of his Majesty’s trumpeters for Scotland (1792) and “leader” of many of the Edinburgh concerts in the early decades of the nineteenth century. He was afterwards a music publisher in the Scots capital, where he died. The air is said to have been suggested to him while listening to the curious harmony amid discord produced by the sound of the bells of St. Andrew’s Church, Edinburgh, mingling with the street cries of the fishwives vending their wares.

Annie Laurie (p. 4).

Written by William Douglas of Finlaggan in honour of Annie, youngest daughter of Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwellton, Dumfries. The date of the song may possibly be assigned to the close of the seventeenth century, owing to the fact that Laurie was not created a baronet until 1685. Mr. Douglas owed several suggestions to an old version of “John Anderson, my Jo,” to the tune of which song his own was sometimes sung. The song was later somewhat changed by Lady John Scott, who composed the air to which it is now sung, and re-wrote some of the verses to suit the melody.

Logie o’ Buchan (p. 6).

George Halke (1690–1756), schoolmaster of the parish of Rathen, Aberdeenshire, was the author of the words of this popular song. Halke was a zealous Jacobite, and wrote several satirical lyrics, one of which has been preserved, viz. “Whirry, Whag, awa, Man.” So incensed was the Duke of Cumberland with one of Halke’s pieces—“A Dialogue between the Devil and George II.”—that he offered a reward for the body of the song-writer, living or dead. But Halke could take care of himself. As regards the locale of “Logie o’ Buchan,” it is situated in Crimond, the parish adjoining Rathen, while “Jamie,” who to his industry as a dealer united skill “on the pipe and the viol sae small,” was the laird’s gardener, James Robertson. The air is said to be adapted from that to which the craftsmen of the Tailors’ Corporation were wont to march—“The Tailor fell through the Bed, Thimbles an’ a’.”

There was a Lad was Born in Kyle (p. 7).

In this song Burns very aptly describes his own temperament and career, one verse being almost prophetic in its appropriateness to his case, viz. “He’ll hae misfortunes great and small,” &c. The poet was well able to gauge his own greatness, and had too little of the humility in him to affect ignorance of it, therefore he could write without the faintest suspicion of boasting, “We’ll a’ be proud o’ Robin,” and give the date of his birth, 25th January 1759. The air was taken from that of an old pre-Reformation song, “O gin ye were dead, gudman,” which John Knox and the Reformers adapted to a popular hymn of the time.

Duncan Gray (p. 9).

Words by Robert Burns (1759–96), while the air is traditionally credited to a Glasgow carter bearing the same designation as the hero of the song, Duncan Gray, who is said to have written it early in the eighteenth century. Burns wrote the piece for Thomson’s “Collect-
tion of Scottish Songs," basing it upon an older song which he had written while at Mauchline, and which in turn had been suggested to him by the ancient popular "catch"

"As I lay me in Aberdoon, Heh, hey, the girdle o' me."

Mary of Argyle (p. 10).

This exquisite lyric is the work of Mr. Charles Jefferys, author of several well-known songs, "The Rose of Allandale," "Jeanettie and Jeannot," &c., and was written about 1850. The melody was composed by Sidney Nelson, a popular musician of that time.

Auld Robin Gray (p. 14).

The words of this lyric, undoubtedly one of the most exquisite in the whole range of Scott-

ish verse, are by Lady Ann Barnard, née Lindsay (1750-1823), eldest daughter of the Earl of Balcarres and wife of Sir Andrew Barnard, Secretary to the Governor of the Cape Colony. Her ladyship was so charmed with an old air, "The Bridegration Greets when the Sun goes down," that she wrote her song to be sung to it. For some time it was so sung, until the Rev. W. Levese (1748-1813), rector of Wring-

ton, Somerset, composed the tune with which it is now generally associated.

Comin' thro' the Rye (p. 14). Of this song only the first four lines are by Burns, the remainder being the work of John Walter, a musician in Edinburgh, who later became a music-seller there, but eventually migrated to London. Burns, as is well known, wrote a complete song under this title, basing it on an old lay, the coariness of which infected his own strain. Published in Johnson's "Musica," it achieved some measure of popu-

larity, but the humour and sentiment were both so tinged with vulgarit that Burns's version was sung as a song with some writers even ascribed to Burns. The air was a very ancient one, known as "The Miller's Daughter," but was modified by Walter to suit his words.

Cam' ye by Athole (p. 15). Of this song, whose popularity is surpassed by few, the words were written by James Hogg (1770-1835), the Ettrick Shepherd, being published in an ephemeral publication, "The Border Garland," while the air was the composition of Neil Gow, Jun. (1795-1823), the grandson of the great violinist.

Within a Mile o' Edinburgh Town (p. 17). Singularly enough, though this song seems to smack of Scottish soil, neither the words nor the music are of Scott's origin. Of the former, the brilliant humorist and wit, Tom D'Urfey (1700-1772), whose "Pills to Purge Melancholy" still serve to accomplish their somewhat coarsely expressed mission, may be said to be the author, the present form of the piece being an adaptation of his. The verse in a Furlong of Edinburgh, by William Hannah, published in Playford's "Wit and Humour" (1798). The air is the work of James Hook (1746-1837), the father of the celebrated wit, novelist, and improver, author of "The Flowers o' the Forest" (p. 18). There are two versions of the "Flowers o' the Forest," each referring to different circumstances, or rather disasters. Both are beautiful, though the charm is of a different type in each. Of the version here given, the words were written by Mrs. Cockburn of Ormniston, née Alison Rutherford (1720-94), the sentiment being inspired by the financial ruin which had overtaken the families of some of the leading landlords to the time. The air is a modernised adaptation of an old tune.

Afton Water (p. 20). Few songs are better known or oftener sung than this, of which the words are by Burns (written in 1786) and the melody by Alexander Hume (1811-59). The lady, to whom the lyric was inscribed by our great national singer, was Mrs. General Stewart of Stair and Afton, on whose estate, Afton Lodge (beautifully situ-

ated on the stream whence it takes its name, and which is a tributary of the Nith) are located the scenes described in the song. She was the first person to publicly recognise the genius of Burns.

Bonnie Dundee (p. 22). The words of this fine lay were written by Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832), being intended for his historical melodrama, "The Doon of Devorguill," published in 1830. The air is anonymous, but the late Mr. Herbert Gauld maintained it must have originated, though perhaps suffering certain later modifications, with the Jacobite rising of 1715. He stated he had evidence to prove that it was in existence in 1740. Alas, he has been removed before making public the ground of his belief!

Scots Wha Hae (p. 24). This noble lyric, which may almost be styled the "National Anthem" of Scotland, was written by Burns as a reaction against the great imaginative and national exaltation and excitement. In company with his friend Syne he was riding from Kenmure to Gatehouse-in-Fleet (Galloway) by a moorland road, where the more rugged and gloomy aspects of nature predominated. The sky suddenly became overcast and lowering, the wind moused across the desolate waste, and a thunderstorm of terrific violence began. Burns really enjoyed the event, for he called it the "great spectacle;" "the fine frenzy" of the poet came upon him, and amidst the fury of the elements "Scots Wha Hae" came into existence. The air to which the words were originally written was, "Hey, Tuttle Tattie," traditionally stated to be the march which Bruce ordered to be played before Bannockburn to inspire his troops with the hopes of victory. True, Thomson and others have repudiated such an idea, and actually inact the poet to write a second set of verses adapted to the tune "Lewie Gordon," which they considered more skin to the spirit of the piece than "Hey, Tuttle Tattie." One thing is certain, that the latter air is very ancient, having certainly been sung to Alexander Montgomery's (1745-1803) "Hey, now the Day Dawes in the Gude and Goodlie Jolliet," which in turn is said to have been an adaptation of a still earlier song. Later in the history of Scotland the tune was seized upon by the Jacobites as a capital air for their favourite "Here's to the King," and is printed as such in Hogg's "Jacobeit Relics" (Vol. I. No. lvii).

Wae's Me for Prince Charlie (p. 25). Words by William Glen (1789-1816), a Glas-

gow merchant, while the air, which is entitled "Johnnie Faa, or the Gyspie Laddie," appeared in Johnson's "Dictionary" (1759-90), being there entered to an ancient ballad recounting an escape which is alleged to have occurred in the grand old Scott family of Cassilis when the Ladie Jean eloped with "Johnnie Faa, the Gyspie Laddie." The air appears under a modified form in the Skene MS. (1650), being there entitled "Ye Ladie Cassilis Liltie."

Green Grow the Rashes O! (p. 26). Still another song by Burns, while the air is very ancient. It first appears in a mutilated form in Oswald's first Collection (1750), but previous to that it had been long known, being used as a round by the peasantry. The Lute-Book of Sir R. Gordon of Straloch (1657) occur the two airs: "Grene grews ye Rasses—A Hamson" and "I list her gude shoo Bludst," which on comparison are found to be almost the same.

Jock o' Hazeldean (p. 28). Words also by Sir Walter Scott, being believed to be founded on the old ballad "Jock o' Hazelgreen." The first verse is a remnant of an older piece, but the succeeding stanzas are all from the mint of the great poet's fancy, and the song as a whole was dedicated to Alexander Campbell's (1764-1824) publication, "Albyn's Anthology" (1816). As regards the air it is undeniably ancient, appearing in the Skene MS. (1650) under the title "The Bony Brow," which is to be preferred to "Willie an Annet" upon which the latter setting is based.

The Laird o' Cockpen (p. 29). From the pen of the Barons Naime (now ne, p. v) came one of this exceedingly popular lyric of which the charm never seems to fade. The prototype of the "Laird o' Cockpen," who was proud and great, with his mind taken up wi' the things o' the State," was a devoted adherent and bosom friend of Charles II, who accompanied the monarch into exile. At the Restoration, however, he was overlooked, and his estates, of which he had been deprived by Cromwell, seemed lost for ever. But obtaining permission one day to supply the
organist's place in the Chapel Royal, he suddenly introduced, in place of the "Dismission Voluntary," the air "Broo and Burre," of which the king had been very fond in his exile. Charles recognised the tune, called for his old favourite, and reinstated him in his hands. Originally, the song ended with the refusal of the Laird, Miss Ferrier, however, added two stanzas in which she described "Mistress Jean's second Thoughts" and her acceptance of her "canny suitor." The air is very old, having been regarded as ancient even in 1709 when it appeared in the "Krocat MS., being set to the seventeenth-century song, "When she can't b'en she hobbit."

The Land o' the Leal (p. 31).
This is unquestionably the finest lyric in the Scots vernacular, with the exception of one or two of Burns's best. The words are by Lady Nairne, while the air, which is identical with that associated with "Scots Wha Hae," though set in different time, is, as we have seen, very old.

Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon (p. 32).
This is another of Burns's noblest lyrics, being written for the "Museum." Although there was another old version, "Ye Flowery Banks o' Bonnie Doon," inspired by the sad fate of a young Ayrshire lady who died of a broken heart on being deserted by her lover. Tradition says the air is Irish, but Burns specifically states that it was composed by Mr. James Miller, writer in Edinburgh, under circumstances as extraordinary as they were romantic. (See Burns's "Letters to Thomson."

John Anderson, my Jo (p. 33). Burns wrote the words, basing them upon an earlier version which appeared in MS. about 1760. John Anderson* being, as was currently reported, the town-piper of Kelso. The first verse of the older song ran as follows—

* John Anderson, my jo, cawin in ane gae by, And weet lait get a shrew's hoed, welp laik in a yere, Weel laik in a yere, and the haggis in a set; John Anderson, my jo, caw in ane and a' that is.

The air is also of considerable antiquity, dating back at least to 1650.

The Rowan Tree (p. 35).
Another fine lyric by Lady Nairne, obviously written out of the depths of her own experience in connection with the scenes of her girlhood. It originally formed one of her "Lays of Strathpey." The date of the air is unknown, but some authorities have ascribed it to Corelli.

Gloomy Winter's Noo Awa' (p. 36).
The author of the words of this very popular song was Robert Tannahill (1774-1810), the well-known Scottish song-writer, who for tender pathos and the expression of the softer emotions was only excelled by Burns. Born in Paisley, the son of a handloom weaver, he received but a scanty education before he was called on to enter the same vocation, at which he laboured until his death at the early age of thirty-six, pursuing poetry with assiduity in his spare hours. The air to which it is customarily sung is styled in Neil Gow's "Fourth Collection of Reels, &c." "Lord Balgonie's Favourite: a very old Highland tune." This opinion is questioned by Stenhouse in the Notes to Johnson's "Museum." (1757-1803), who states that Mr. Alex. Campbell, editor of "Albyn's Anthology," had asserted it to be of modern origin. It certainly appears in a very scarce publication, "The Countess of Eglinton's Collection," about 1740, but in a slightly different form to what is known to us to-day.

Come Under my Plaidie (p. 38).
Of this beautiful song, Hector McNeill (1748-1818) was the author, a man whose genius was fitted to achieve greater things than he ever accomplished had he but preserved the lesson of the conservation and concentration of intellectual force. This song, also written for Johnson's "Museum," presents to us a vivid drama in real life, being founded on incidents within the personal knowledge of the poet. The composer of the air was John MacGill, a native of Girvan, Ayrshire, who was celebrated in his day as a violinist of no mean skill. Besides composing the airs of several songs, he wrote reels, strathspeys, &c., which were of note in their day.

Robin Adair (p. 40).
Of this song the authorship is unknown, while the tune is claimed respectively by England, Scotland, and Ireland. The claims of Scotland have, however, been favoured by the best-informed critics. As a lyric it is literary and a musical gem.

The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond (p. 41).
The pathos and charm of this lovely lyric, with its air so suited to the expression of the mournful sentiments it declares, are if anything heightened by the discovery of the fact that we know not to whom it is due, composition of either. The origin alike of words and melody is wrapped in obscurity, tradition only venturing the guess that the song referred to the hardships and sufferings endured by the Jacobites after the failure of the Rebellion of 1745.

My Nannie's Awa' (p. 43).
Another of Burns's choicest lyrics, instinct with pure and graceful allusion of form and sentiment. It was written in 1794 for the "Collection of Scottish Airs," edited by George Thomson (1757-1841). Of the origin of the exquisite melody which it is wedded, nothing can be discovered.

There's nae Luck about the Hoose (p. 44).
Considerable controversy has been waged regarding the authorship of this song, one set of critics assigning it to William Julius Mickle, of Langholm (1734-88), the author of the ballad of "Cumnor Hall," and the translator from the Portuguese of Camoëns' "Zadie." While another section ascribed it to Jean Adams (1710-63), a schoolmistress of Crawford's Dyke, near Greenock. Evidence exists which might cause it justifiably to be assigned to either. It first appeared in Herd's "Collection" (1760), was then sung in the streets as a ballad (circa 1772), and finally obtained a place in all the collections published towards the close of last century. The words may have been re-written by R. Beattie, and certainly the sixth stanza proceeds from his pen. The air to which the song is sung was but an old Jacobite melody, "Up an' waur them a', Willie," which dates back to the Rebellion of 1715. (Hogg's "Jacobite Reicks.

Of a' the Airs the Wind can Blaw (p. 46).
The words of this song are by Burns, being written about 1790 for Johnson's "Museum." Difference of opinion exists as to whether he wrote it all, some critics affirming that he only wrote the first two quatrains stanza, John Hamilton, the musician and music-seller, being credited with the second pair, and William Reid, book-seller in Glasgow, with the third pair. But Cunningham's theory that Burns wrote the whole poem, while Hamilton and Reid merely revised some of the lines to adapt them to the air, is finding acceptance. Reid, however, did write some verses of his own to sing to the tune, but they are distinct altogether from those given in our text, and begin—

"Up on the banks of flowing Clyde, The lassies look them braw."

The air to which Burns wrote his words was an adaptation of "The Lowlands o' Holland" as it appeared in Johnson's "Museum," the adapter being Mr. John Marshall (1748-1833), the Duke of Gordon's house-steward, and was styled by him, "Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."

My Love she's but a Lassie yet (p. 48).
To the beautiful air associated with this song, no fewer than three sets of words can be sung, viz., those by Burns; second, those by Hogg; and the ballad, "A Famous Man was Robin Hood," based on Wordsworth's well known poem. Hogg's version is by some preferred to Burns's. The first quatrain is—

"My love she's but a lassie yet, A lassie, lassie, lassie yet; In scarce words do I sit and woo Down by the stream side glassy yet."

In the early song and dance books the tune is known as "Lady Badescott's Reel."
Scottish Blue Bells (p. 49).

The author of this song was Charles Doyne Sillery (1807–95), son of a captain in the Royal Artillery, who after failing to obtain a commission in the Royal Artillery, successively turned his attention to a naval career, then to the study of medicine, thereafter to the life of a man of letters, and finally to the Church. He died, however, in his twenty-ninth year, of consumption. He wrote several poems and many songs, some of them of no small promise. The air was composed by George Arthur Barker (1812–76), a vocalist of great repute in his day, who also wrote many songs, the “White Squall” being the best known.

Jessie, the Flow'r o' Dunblane (p. 52).

One of the most popular of Scots lyrics, the words of it were written by Tannahill (see p. viii.), while the air was composed by Mr. R. A. Smith (1730–1829), the son of a weaver, and who from being a weaver himself became one of the most admired composers of Scots music of his time, and a preceptor in the Abbey Church, Paisley, and afterwards musical conductor in St. George’s Church, Edinburgh. His chief works were “Anthemns for the Organ or Piano forte” (1810); “Selection Melodies” (1827), “The Scottish Minstrel” (1829), and “Sacred Music” (posthumous). In a letter to a friend Mr. Smith was told, “Jessie” never existed outside the poet’s fancy, and that Tannahill appended the last verse of his song against the advice of Smith.

Ca’ the Yowes to the Knowes (p. 54).

Of this song Burns wrote two versions, the earlier being founded on an old song found down by the poet from the singing of a clargyman. In a letter to Thomson, Burns said, “When I gave it (the old song) to Johnson, I added some stanzas and amended others, but still it will not do as it is now. In a solitary walk one day, I tried my hand on a few pastoral lines following up the idea of the chorus, which I would preserve. Here it is with all its crudities and imperfections on its head.” The result is the exquisite pastoral lyric as we now have it. The melody, which is pre-eminently suitable to the verse, also partakes of the Doric or pastoral character. It was somewhat modified by Burns.

Roy’s Wife of Ardvilloch (p. 55).

The song is the production of Mrs. Grant, of Carron (1745–1814), but who is not known to have written any other lyric. The air was first called “The Ruffian’s Rant,” and was a favourite with Burns, who wrote “Can’t thou leave me thus, my Katy?” to it.

The Birsks o’ Aberydel (p. 57).

The words are by Burns, who is said to have written them while visiting the Falls of Moness near Aberfeldy in Perthshire, utilising for his purpose an old tune, “The Birsks o’ Aberydel,” published in Playford’s “Dancing Master” in 1657. Musician will note that the peculiarities in this melody, that throughout, the note f of the scale is entirely omitted.

Mary Morison (p. 58).

Though this song was one of Burns’s earliest lyrical efforts and was somewhat undervalued by himself, so competent a critic as William Hazlitt has pronounced the opinion, with which most readers will agree, “that it takes the deepest and most lasting hold on the mind.” The air to which it was originally sung was “Side Ye Yet;” but that has been long since exchanged for the one called “The Miller,” which appeared in Johnson’s “Musuem,” and is remarkable for the pathetic sweetness of its final cadence.

Flora Macdonald’s Lament (p. 60).

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd (c.1807–1865), wrote the words of this exquisite dirge, appending the following note: “I got the original of these verses from my friend Mr. Neil Gow, who told me they were a translation from the Gaelic, but so rude that he could not publish them, which he wished to do on a single sheet for the sake of the old air. On which I versified them anew, and made them a great deal better without altering one sentiment.” In another note prefixed to the song in “Hogg’s Works,” in the volume “Songs” (1831), the following insinuation is made: “This was composed to an air handed me by the late lamented Neil Gow, jun., who said it was an ancient Skye air, but afterwards told me it was his own.”

Scotland Yet (p. 62).

To Henry Scott Riddell (1792–1870) we owe the words of this beautiful song. Born at Sorbie in the Vale of Eves, Dumfriesshire, the son of a shepherd, he too was led to adopt the same calling. His education, therefore, was scanty; but after the death of his father he went to school, then to college, finally becoming a minister of the Church of Scotland at Teviotdale. Nine years later, however, ill-health compelled him to retire from active duties, and he became a pensioner of the Duke of Buccleuch, engaging in literary work as he was able. The air was composed by Peter M’Leod (1782–1859), whose volume of “National Melodies” was exceedingly popular in six years, containing as it did songs by Ferguson, Scott, Riddell, Gillisain, Hogg, Allan, and set to music in most cases by M’Leod himself. At all events our readers know that this song first appeared as a “broad sheet,” upon which were given both the words and music, the intention being to devote the proceeds to enclose the Burns Monument, Edinburgh, with a parapet and railing. This object was amply realised.

A Man’s a Man for a’ That (p. 64).

Few songs written by Burns have attained the same popularity of this. It is one of those that laugh at the lapse of years. The French Béranger says of it: “This song is not one year old, but for ever.” The more the pity that it was the means of marring the career of Burns in the Revenue Service, for, in those days, to utter sentiments in favour of popular freedom was equivalent to writing oneself down a cut-throat and a French Republican. The air, in origin of which is very ancient, contains features characteristically Scots.

The Hundred Pipers (p. 65).

The words of this stirring song are by Lady Nairne, the incidents wherein she based it being as follows. When Prince Charles Edward in disguise as a piper occupied Carlisle, he marched in preceded by a hundred pipers. The crossing of the Esk took place not on the march into England, but on the retreat from it. The air is evidently an ancient Scottish “catch” adapted by Lady Nairne herself to the requirements of her verse.

O Whistle an’ I’ll come to ye, my Lad (p. 68).

Words by Burns, and singularly enough he wrote two versions of this song, one of which appeared in Johnson’s “Miscellaneous Works” and the other in Thomson’s “Collection.” By many critics the air has been assigned an Irish origin, because set to a song of the Flan. I’I’ll Love if I can,” which has a place in the opera “The Poor Soldier,” written by John O’Keeffe, and produced at Covent Garden (1783). But since this it was written by a Dumfries violinist, John Bruce, about the year 1759, Burns vouches for its authorship in a letter to Thomson, from Dumfries: “Bruce, who was an honest fellow, though a red warl Highlander, constantly claimed it, and by all the old musical people here he is believed to be the author.”

Kate Dalrymple (p. 70).

The words were written by William Watt (1793–1859), a somewhat eccentric genius who dabbled in painting, poetry, and music. He wrote many songs—which were so numerous as to be collected in a volume—also piano tunes, reels, &c., and acted as preceptor in East Kilbride Parochial School. Some of his other songs, “Hab o’ the Mill,” “The Thinner’s Wadlin,” “Katie Christie,” are still popular. The air, which is of great antiquity, appears in an altered form in Johnson’s “Musuem,” being there set to “I have been at Crockieden” (to wit, the Infernal regions); but prior to that time it was known as “Jingling Johnnie.”

Wandering Willie (p. 72).

The words are written by Robert Burns, and appeared in Thomson’s “Collection” (1793), while the air was published in Oswald’s “Caledonian Pocket Companion” (1792–93).

Kelvin Grove (p. 73).

The song now under consideration was written by Thomas Lye (1792–1859), born in Paisley, and died in Glasgow, who, amid the “pauses” of a busy existence as a medical man in the Western metropolis, found refreshment and relief in cultivating the Muses. A volume of his “Collected Poems and Songs” appeared
in 1837, and in that "Kelvin Grove" was published. The melody dates back to the early years of the eighteenth century, when it was sung to words, the title of which even is too coarse for our modern ideas.

Thou Bonnie Wood o’ Craigiele (p. 74).

Another lyric by Tannhill, instinct with true pathos and sympathetic tenderness. The music was composed by James Barr, of Tarbolton (1757-1816), upon whom Tannhill wrote the following epigram:

"There’s the blithe James Barr from St. Barchen’s town, When wit gains a kingdom, he’s sure o’ the crown."

Macgregor’s Gathering (p. 76).

Words written by Sir Walter Scott for Alexander Campbell’s "Albyn’s Anthology" (1816). The subject of the piece was the virtual proscription of the clan Macgregor, by Act of Privy Council (1663), when those bearing the surname were ordered to change it, the pain of death being denounced against anyone who should call themselves Gregor or MacGregor. By a subsequent Act (1683) death was denounced against any of the tribe formerly called Macgregor, who should presume to assemble in greater numbers than four. The places referred to in the song were the familiar haunts of the clan. The beautiful air to which the words are set was adopted by Alexander Lee (1802-51), a well-known singer and composer of the period, who with his wife were to be found on all the best concert platforms. Lee not only wrote many original pieces, but adapted others. The original of this air was of great antiquity, but was modernised by him.

The Boatie Rows (p. 73).

Words written by John Ewen (1741-1821), born at Montrose, went to Aberdeen and engaged in business, amassing eventually a snug fortune, which he left to charities to the exclusion of his only daughter, who, however, got the will set aside. The song appears in Johnstone’s "Museum," being set to no fewer than three different airs, but only one of these is now sung.

Bonnie Wee Thing (p. 81).

Words by Burns, the subject of his praise being Misses Davies, whose charming songs and recitatives were so many, as to make the list of their admirers. After her death, Mrs. Cunningham also wrote thatMisses Davies, "her education was superior. She was equally agreeable and witty, her company being much courted in Nithsdale." Burns penned another song in her praise, viz. "Lovely Davies," which appeared in Johnson’s "Musical Museum." Alas, through a disappointment in love she died of a broken heart! The air, evidently borrowed from Caledonian Pocket Companion (1750-53), is probably adapted from the songs of the air of the song, "Wo betid that wearie Bodie," contained in the Straloch MS. (1672-29). See Irving on "Scots Music."

Corn Rigs are Bonnie (p. 82).

The words of this song were adapted by Burns from a very old "lilt," which goes back to the early years of the seventeenth century, commemorating

"O corn rigs and rye rigs
And corn rigs are bonnie..."

The air is also ancient, being of English origin, and was composed in 1685 to one of Guy's songs, "Sawney was tall and of noble race." Allan Ramsay (1686-1758) was the next to utilise it, and wrote the lyric in the Gentle Shepherd, "My Patie is a Lover gay" (1723). Gay (1688-1732) then chose it for one of his songs in his opera of Puffy (1729), and finally it finds a place in Adam Craig's "Collection" (1790).

O Nannie, wilt Thou Gang wi’ me? (p. 84).

From the pen of Bishop Percy (1728-1811), of Dromore, the music of this lyre comes, therefore it can scarcely be styled a Scots song. Burns, however, considered it the finest ballad in the language. It first appeared in Dobie's "Miscellany," being printed "O Nanny, wilt thou go with me?" The air was composed by Thomas Carter (1730-1804). Both words and music were in existence prior to 1773, in which year they were sung at Vauxhall by Vernon, the vocalist.

The Auld House (p. 86).

Also the work of Lady Nairne, the subject being the "Old House of Gask," where she was born and where she died. It was beautifully situated near the river Earn, and was associated with many episodes in the fortunes of the Jacobite party. The air was composed by Nathaniel Gow, but was unquestionably modified by Lady Nairne, who was an accomplished musician.

O Willie brewed a Peck o’ Maut (p. 87).

The words are by Burns; the three friends were William Nicol (cir. 1760-97), who was one of the classical masters in the Edinburgh High School, and afterwards bird of Laggen; Allan Masterton (1750-1800), writing master in the same institution; and the poet himself. The occasion was the "house-warming" of the mansion-house of Laggen (1785), and the composer of the charming air to which the song was sung was Masterton himself. The air in question has been superseded by a more modern tune, evidently adapted from the older melody.

Will ye no Come Back Again (p. 89).

The words of this, one of the most touching and beautiful of Scots lyrics, were written by Lady Nairne, the theme being the wanderings and final escape of the young chevalier, Prince Charles Edward. From Culloden to Invergarry, from there to South Ust, thence to Skye and to Inverness, exposed to hunger, distress, and deadly peril, with 250,000 poot on his head, he nevertheless bore up through all until he was able to embark at Moidart for France. To the last the fidelity of his followers was unflinching. The air is assigned to Neil Gow, jun., and is admirably adapted to express the profound pathos of the parting scene.

O why left I my Name (p. 90).

The words of this charming lyric were by Burns, and the pathetic interest attaches to them, in that they were penned on his death-bed. To Miss Jessie Lewan, sister of one of the poet's colleagues in the Revenue service, the lyric was

When the Kye Comes Hame (p. 92).

The words are by Hogg, who somewhat humorously apologises for the grammatical error in associating the plural "lye" with a singular verb. The tune is adapted from the old air of "The Blithie O.".

Gae bring to Me a Pint o’ Wine (p. 94).

Burns gives a very interesting account of the story which suggested to him the words of this song, viz. on witnessing at Leith pier the farewells exchanged between a young officer and his lady-love on the eve of his embarkation for service abroad. The half of the first stanza is older than Ramsey's "Tea-Table Miscellany." The air is credited to James Oswald in the Caledonian Pocket Companion, being issued in 1742. Burns's edition reads, "Go fetch to me, not Gae bring."

The Lea Rig (p. 96).

Words by Burns and entitled "My ain kind Dearie, O," being based on an old ditty bearing the name "The Lea Rig." Of the original only one verse is extant. No fewer than three other song-writers wrote versions of this old lay, viz. Ferguson, William Reid, and Lady Nairne, but that of Burns is the only one that has retained its popularity. The air was published under the title of "The Lea Rig" in James Oswald's Caledonian Companion.

O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast (p. 97).

The words of this charming lyric are by Burns, and a pathetic interest attaches to them, in that they were penned on his death-bed. To Miss Jessie Lewan, sister of one of the poet's colleagues in the Revenue service, the lyric was
 addressed, and was Burns's only possible recompense to her for her noble and self-denying offices when Mrs. Burns was laid up, in daily expectation of her confinement, and was unable to attend on her dying husband. The song found a place in Thomson's "Collection." The air often associated with the words is styled "Lochiel's awe" to France, but Mendelssohn's setting, which is here given, is now much more popular.

My ain Fireside (p. 99).

Words by Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton (1788-1816), authoress of the once popular Scots novel, "The Cottagers of Glenburnie." The air to which it is sung is called "Toddling Hame," under which name it appeared in Johnson's "Museum" (1787-1803), though it was also known as "Armstrong's Farewell" and "The Days o' Lang Syne."  

Ilka Blade o' Grass (p. 100).

The words of this popular lyric are by James Ballantine (see p. 30), who wrote them almost on the spur of the moment, on being told the story of a poor woman who had opened a shop in a certain village, and who, on a neighbour saying he feared there were already too many shops of the kind there, replied: "Ah, but Providence is kind; every blade o' grass carries its ain drap o' dew." The air, which is entitled "Sweet Dawn's the Morn," is an old one, and was fitted to the words by Mr. D. R. Hay.

Castles in the Air (p. 102).

The words of this song, which was such a favourite of Thomas Carlyle, were written by James Ballantine (1803-77), who, after serving his apprenticeship as a house-painter, devoted himself to the art of painting on glass. To such eminence did he attain, that by public competition he gained the commission to illustrate the windows of the House of Lords. He was also known as a constant contributor to literature, particularly to the publication "Whistle-Blower" (1832-53), in which appeared many of his pieces: also he published "The  

Gaberlunzie's Wallet," "The Miller of Dunbar," and other poems of high merit. The present song is taken from "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet," and the air to which it is sung is a modification of the old melody "Bonnie Jean O'Aberdeen."  

My Heart is Fair (p. 104).

This plaintive lyric was written by Burns for Johnson's "Museum," adapting to the purpose one of Ramsay's songs in the "Tea-Table Miscellany," entitled "For the Sake of Somebody." The air is old, and was originally adapted to a four-line stanza in place of one of eight lines as here.

Highland Mary (p. 105).

Words by Burns. The theme of the piece was his betrothal to Mary Campbell, a girl of great beauty, modesty, and high principle, who lived as a domestic servant near Mauchline. She was a native of Dumoon, her father being one of the sailors on board the revenue cutter stationed at Campbeltown. Allan Cunningham thus writes of her: "Burns, now found she was the lass whom he had long sought but never before found . . . she saw by his looks he was sincere; she put full trust in his love, and used to wander with him among the green knoves and stream banks . . . till the moon rose, talking, dreaming of love and the golden days which awaited them. He was poor, but they resolved to wed, and exchanged vows of constancy and love. They pilgried their troth on the Sabbath to render them more sacred; they made them by a burn where they had courted, that open Nature might be a witness; they made them over an open Bible to show they thought of God in this mutual act, and when they had done they both took water in their hand and scattered it in the air, to intimate that as the stream was pure so were their intentions." They then parted, never to meet again. She went to visit her relatives to prepare for her marriage, and died suddenly of fever. She was buried in Greenock West Churchyard. The air, "Catharine Ogie," to which the song is sung, is very old, being known as far back as 1686, when it was sung at a concert at Stationers' Hall.

To Mary in Heaven (p. 106).

Words by Burns, the subject being the same as that treated of in "Highland Mary"—the poet's love for Mary Campbell—being written on the anniversary of her death, in September 1789. The air is not much older, if any. It was styled "Donald," and was probably composed towards the close of the eighteenth century, appearing in Shield's opera, "The Highland Roel," in 1788. In Thomson's "Collection" it was set to the song "From Thee, Eliza, I must go," and has also been done like service with regard to other songs.

Lochnessar (p. 108).

The words are by Lord Byron (1788-1824), while the composer of the melody was Mrs. Patrick Gibson (1784-1850), the wife of a well-known Edinburgh artist and art-critic, who published "Etchings of Select Views in Edinburgh" (1818). Mrs. Gibson was connected with Sir Walter Scott.

The Bonnie Brier Bush (p. 110).

With regard to this song it is the air which has tempered the song-writers to adapt words to it, not the words attracting the composers. The melody in its earliest form is undoubtedly very ancient, but it has been frequently adapted. The oldest version of the song is very rude, so much so that Burns largely rewrote it, and contributed it to Johnson's "Museum" along with the air to which he had adapted the words. Then Lady Nairne, dissatisfied with the ending of Burns's version, still further modified his modification of the old piece, also suitting the words to the melody. Both Tannahill and Robert Giffen prepared versions, and Messrs. Parlane, of Paisley, in their "National Choir," published a third, but none of these have attained the popularity of Lady Nairne's adaptation of Burns.

Auld Lang Syne (p. 111).

The words, as we have them, may be said to be Burns'. There was an old song, "Auld Lang Syne," dating back to the early seventeenth century, which Ramsay included in his "Tea-Table Miscellany." He first cobbled the lines, then Burns almost wholly rewrote them in the immortal form in which we now have them. The first two stanzas, however, still show traces of the original. The air was always sung to the lyric was called "I fed a lad at Michaelmas," and was associated with it by George Thomson. The two are now indissolubly united.
Caller Herrin'.

Words by LADY NAIRNE.

Music by NATHANIEL GOW.

Moderato.

PIANO:

1. Whilk buy caller her rin? They're bonnie fish and halesome her rin: Buy my caller her rin: Now drawn from the Forth. When ye were sleeping on your pillows, Dream ye aught o' our pair fellows

Dark lin' as they face the hillocks, A' to fill our woven willows. Buy my caller her rin: They're
Wives and mithers maist despair in: Ca' them lives o' men. Cal.ler

her rin Cal.ler her rin:

Annie Laurie.

Andante moderato.

Maxwell braes yo' bensie, Where ear'ly lies the dew, And its-
Her brow is like the snowdrift, Her neck is like the swan, Her-
Like dew on the green ly'ing, Is the fit o' her fairy feet; And like

There that Ann-i-e Lau-rie, Gie'd me her pro-mise true,
And that e'er the sun shine on,
And for ben nie Ann-i-e Lau-rie I'd
And she's

Which on-sweet-
Her voice is low and sweet.
And for ben nie Ann-i-e Lau-rie I'd
And for ben nie Ann-i-e Lau-rie I'd

Never for, gut shall be, And for ben nie Ann-i-e Lau-rie I'd
And dark blue is her e'e; And for ben nie Ann-i-e Lau-rie I'd
A' the world to me, And for ben nie Ann-i-e Lau-rie I'd

Lay me down and dee.
Lay me down and dee.
Lay me down and dee.

Lay me down and dee.
Logie o’ Buchan.

Words by G. Halket.

Moderato.

Piano:

1. It's Logie o’ Buchan, it's Logie the laird. He has taen a wa’, Jamie that
2. The Sandy has aven, has gear and has kae. A house and a father's fallen,
3. My daddy's looks sulky, my mummy looks sour. They flyte up, Jamie be.
4. I sit on my crepe and spin at my wheel, And think on the laddie that

5. Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na a’.

Ye said, Think nae lang, lassie, etc.

There was a lad was born in Kyle.

Burns.

Moderato.

Piano:

1. There was a lad was born in Kyle, But what a day o’ what a style, I
2. Our monarchs hindmost year but ane Was five and twenty days be gun. Twas
3. The gow, sip kee, kit in his loof, Quo’ she, wha lives will see the proof. This
4. He’ll hae mis for tunes great and sma, But aye a heart a boon them a’. He'll
5.
But sure as three times three mak' nine,
I see by icks score and lice.
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So heeze me on thee, Robin.
For Robin was a rovin' boy, etc.
Duncan Gray.

1. Duncan Gray once here to woo, Ha, ha, the woo.in' o't; On by the Yule night, when
2. Duncan took his豆, Duncan grayed, Ha, ha, the woo.in' o't; Meg was deaf as
3. Time and chance are but a fife, Ha, ha, the woo.in' o't; Slight, ed love is
4. How it comes let doctors tell Ha, ha, the woo.in' o't; Meg grew sick as

we were fair, Ha, ha, the woo.in' o't. Mag'rie coos her head fu' heigh,
All sa Craig, Ha, ha, the woo.in' o't. Duncan slighted, baith out, an' in,
sair to hide, Ha, ha, the woo.in' o't. Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
he grew bale, Ha, ha, the woo.in' o't. Something in her bosom wrings,

Look' a skleit, and un co skleigh. Gart poor Dun can stand a heigh,
Gart his een baith blear'd an' blind. Spak' o, leaping over a linn,
For a baught' y his zie doo? She may gae to France for me,
For re lief a sigh she brings. And, o' her een, they spak' zie things.
Mary of Argyle.

Words by
JEFFEY.

Music by
S. NELSON.

Amantillo.

1. I have heard the mavis singing
2. Tho' thy voice may lose its sweet ness
His love song to the morn; I have Tho' thy
made this world an Eden, Bonnie Mary of Ar gy le,
made thee mine for e ver, Bonnie Mary of Ar gy le.

Ha, ha, the woo is o't.
Ha, ha, the woo is o't.
Ha, ha, the woo is o't.

seen the dew drop cling to step may lack its fle cness. And thy hair its sun ny hue: Still to me wilt thou be
cheerd me. At the ev'n sing's gen tle close. And I've seen an eye still brightener. Than the dear er. Than all the world shall own: I have loved thee for thy beau ty. But

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the woo is o't;
Maggie was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the woo is o't;
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoro'd his wrath,
Now they're crouse and ranty harsh,
Ha, ha, the woo is o't.

Amantillo.

Ha, ha, the woo is o't.
Auld Robin Gray.

LADY ANN LINDSAY.

Andante.

PIANO.

1. Young Jamie loved me well, and sought me for his bride. He sawing a crown he had

2. My father could na work my mith, er could na spin; I told him death, but their

3. My father angered sair, my mith, er dit na speak. But he looked in my face till my

O sair did we greet; and meekly did we say: We took but one kiss, and we

nothing else beside; To make the crown a pound my Jami gave to sea. And the

bread I could na win; Auld Robin maintain them bairn and

heart was like to break They gied him my hand howe heart wait the sea, And

tore ourselves a way. I wish that I were dead, but I'm not like to dree: Oh why

"Jenny, for their sake, will ye no marry me?" My

auld Ro-bin Gray is he. I do I live to say... O wae's me! I

had na been gone but on ly two, When my

heart it said No! for I look'd for Jami back. But the

had na been a wife, a week but on ly four. When

gang like a ghost, and I care na to spin; I

father broke his arm, and our cow was down a we; My

wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck. The

mourn'd as I sit on the stone at the door. I

dar-n'a think o' Jami for... that wad be a sin, but

mother she fell sick, and my Jami at the sea. And auld Ro-bin Gray can't a

still I say... I could na think it he. Till he said, I'm come hame, my

I will do my best a guile wife aye to be. For auld Ro-bin Gray is

courting me. O wae's me!

love to marry thee? kind man to me.
Comin' thro' the Rye.

ANONYMOUS.
Allegretto moderato.

1. Gin a bo' dy meet a bo' dy, Comin' thro' the rye, Gin a bo' dy kiss a bo' dy.
2. Gin a bo' dy meet a bo' dy, Comin' thro' the town Gin a bo' dy meet a bo' dy.

Need a bo' dy cry? Il. ka laasie has her laddie, Nane, they say, hae I. Yet
Need a bo' dy fewes? Il. ka laasie has her laddie, Nane, they say, hae I. Yet
din' nacare to tell. Il. ka laasie has her laddie. Nane, they say, hae I. Yet

a' the lads they smile at me When comin' thro' the rye.
a' the lads they smile at me When comin' thro' the rye.
a' the lads they smile at me When comin' thro' the rye.

Cam' ye by Athole.

Words by JAMES HÖGG. Music by NEIL GOW Jun.

1. Cam' ye by A thole, lad wi' the phil a' beg. Down' th' Tunnell, or
2. I ha' bun but no se'ny gal, last young Don' a' blos. But if I had ten they should
3. Ill to Lochiel and Ap' pin, and kneel to them; Down' by Lord Murray and
4. Down' thro' the Low'lands, down' wi' the Whig' a' more, Loy' al true Highland'ers,

banks o' the Gar'ry? Sew ye the lads wi' their bonnets and white cock-dos, follow' Glen' gar'ry. Health to Mc'Don' auld, and gal'ant Clan' Ron' auld, For
Roy o' Kil' dor' lie. Brave MacKinin' tosh he shall fly to the field wi' them, down' them rare' ly. Ron' auld and Don' auld drive on wi' the braid clay' more,

Leav ing their moun tains to fol low Prince Char lie.
these are the men that will die for their Char lie.
They are the lads I can trust wi' my Char lie.
0 ver the necks o' the foes o' Prince Char lie.
Fol' low thee, fol' low thee, wha wad na fol' low thee?

Lang hae thon loved and trust'd us fair ly; Char lie, Char lie,

wha wad na fol' low thee? King o' the Hie, lan' hearts,

bonnie Prince Char lie.

"Can' ye by Atholl, In' we' the ghillie
Down by the Tommel o' banks o' the Garry."
"Buy my caller hertin',
They're honest fish and wholesome fare."

Within a mile o’ Edinburgh town.

T. D’URFEY.

Moderato.

PIANO

1. 'Twas with in a mile o’ Edinburgh town, In the ro-sy time of the year, Sweet flow-ers bloomed and the grass was down, And each shepherd would his dear.

2. Jock, he was a wag that ne-ver wad wed, Tho’ long he had lov’d the grass. Jock is blythe and gay, His heart right mer-ri-ly.

3. But when he wad make her his bride, The his true. Jock is blythe and free, Won her heart right mer-ri-ly. Yet
The Flowers of the Forest.

Words by
Mrs. Cockburn.

Larghetto con espressione.

1. I've seen the smiling of
2. I've seen the morning with

for tune beguiling; I've tasted her pleasures and felt her decay;
gold-behill'd, a-dorning, And loud tempests storming before parting day.

Sweet was her blessing,And kind her caressing. But now they are fled they are
I've seen Tweeds silver stream, Shining in the sunny beams, Grow dramby and dark as they

fled far away: I've seen the forest A-dorned the foremost, With foliage on their way. Oh! Dickie, Is for Jemil! Why this cruel sport? Oh!

flow's o' the fair-est birth, pleasant and gay. Sue bonnie was their bloom-ing; Their

scent the air for-fuming, But now they are withered and fled away; smile canna cheer me, Since the flow's o' the for'est are fled away.
Afton Water.

Words by
BURNS.

Music by
A. HUME.

Andante.

PIANO:

1. Flow gently, sweet Afton, among the green blue skies; Flow gently, ill sing thee a song in thy praise; My Mary a sleep by thy murmuring stream. Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

2. Thou stock-dove whose echo sounds thro' the glen, Ye wild whistling black birds in thy thorny den.

3. How lovely is thy sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills For mark'd with the courses of the primroses blow.

4. How pleasant thy banks and green vale ly be low. Where gen' tly, sweet river the theme of my lays: My

5. Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides, And winds by the cot where my Mary resides; How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave. As green-crested lap wings thy screaming forlorn but my aldering fair.

6. Flow gen' tly sweet Afton, among the green blue skies; Flow
gen' tly, sweet Afton dist...
Bonnie Dundee.

Words by SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1. To the Lords of Convention twas Clar- ay-house spoke: Ere the King’s crown go down there are
crowns to be broke, Then each ca- su­ ai­ er who loves hon­ our and me, Let him

2. Dun­ dee, he is mounted, he rides up the street, The bells they ring back and the
Dun­ dee, he is mounted, he rides up the street, The bells they ring back and the

3. There are hills beyond Pentland and lands bey­ ond Forth, Be there lords in the north there are
Dun­ dee, he is mounted, he rides up the street, The bells they ring back and the
Dun­ dee, he is mounted, he rides up the street, The bells they ring back and the

4. Then a­ way to the hills, to the sea, to the rocks, Ere I own a u­ na­ ver­ ity I’ll
Dun­ dee, he is mounted, he rides up the street, The bells they ring back and the
Dun­ dee, he is mounted, he rides up the street, The bells they ring back and the

fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come
fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come
fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come
fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come
fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come
fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come

sad­ le my hor­ ses, and call out my men: Un­ hook the west port, and
sad­ le my hor­ ses, and call out my men: Un­ hook the west port, and
sad­ le my hor­ ses, and call out my men: Un­ hook the west port, and
sad­ le my hor­ ses, and call out my men: Un­ hook the west port, and
sad­ le my hor­ ses, and call out my men: Un­ hook the west port, and
sad­ le my hor­ ses, and call out my men: Un­ hook the west port, and

let us gue free, For its up wi the bon­ nets of Bon­ nie Dun­ dee.
let us gue free, For its up wi the bon­ nets of Bon­ nie Dun­ dee.
let us gue free, For its up wi the bon­ nets of Bon­ nie Dun­ dee.
let us gue free, For its up wi the bon­ nets of Bon­ nie Dun­ dee.
let us gue free, For its up wi the bon­ nets of Bon­ nie Dun­ Dee.
let us gue free, For its up wi the bon­ nets of Bon­ nie Dun­ Dee.

fill ow the bon­ nets of Bon­ nie Dun­ Dee. Come
fill ow the bon­ nets of Bon­ nie Dun­ Dee. Come
fill ow the bon­ nets of Bon­ nie Dun­ Dee. Come
fill ow the bon­ nets of Bon­ nie Dun­ Dee. Come
fill ow the bon­ nets of Bon­ nie Dun­ Dee. Come
fill ow the bon­ nets of Bon­ nie Dun­ Dee. Come

"They for the bon­ nets o’ Bon­ nie Dun­ Dee! Come
"They for the bon­ nets o’ Bon­ nie Dun­ Dee! Come
"They for the bon­ nets o’ Bon­ nie Dun­ Dee! Come
"They for the bon­ nets o’ Bon­ nie Dun­ Dee! Come
"They for the bon­ nets o’ Bon­ nie Dun­ Dee! Come
"They for the bon­ nets o’ Bon­ nie Dun­ Dee! Come

("I’ve seen the last o’ my bon­ nets and me."
("I’ve seen the last o’ my bon­ nets and me."
("I’ve seen the last o’ my bon­ nets and me."
("I’ve seen the last o’ my bon­ nets and me."
("I’ve seen the last o’ my bon­ nets and me."
("I’ve seen the last o’ my bon­ nets and me."

Allegro.

PIANO.
Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!

Words by
BURNS.

Moderato.

PIANO.

1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled?
   Scots, wha hae wi' Bruce has a' tae led.
2. Who would be a traitor, or knave? Who would fill a coward's grave?
3. By oppression we are made to suffer pain,
   By your sons in servile chains,

We come to your gory bed,
   Or to victory, to victory, to victory! Now the day has come, the hour.
Who are base as base a slave?
   Let him turn an' flee!
Wha for Scotland's king an' law,
   We will drain our dearest veins, but they shall be free.
Lay the proud in servile low!

We see the front of battle, see;
   See approach proud Edwards pow'r chains and slave, rise!
Freedoms sword will strongly draw;
   Freeman stand, and freeman fall;
Tyrants fall in every fall;
   Liberty in every blow! Let us do or die!
Wae's me for Prince Charlie.

Words by
W. G. GLEN.

Air.
The Gipsy Laddie.

Andante con espressione.

PIANO.

1. A wee bird can' to our ha' door, His war - blit sweet and clear - ly An' -
2. Quoth I, My bird, my bonnie-bonnie bird, Is that a song ye bor - row? Or-
3. On hills that are by richt his aig, He roams a lone - ly strang - er; On-
4. Dark night can' on, the tem - pest howl, Loud o'er the hills and val - les; And-

Prince Charlie taking leave of Flora MacDonalD

(From a Painting by Geo. W. Joy.)
Green grow the rashes, O.

Words by
BURNS.

Allegro.

PIANO:

1. There's aage but once on ev'ry hand;
In ev'ry hour that passeas, O! What
The world by race may riches chase;
Aii riches still may fly them, O, Aii

4. And you say (how)na me sneer at this;
You're sought but senseless asses, O! The

5. Auld Nature swears the lovely doars
Her noblest works she classes, O;
Her prettiest hat' she tried on man;
An' then she made the lasses, O;
Green grow the rashes, O, etc.
Jock o' Hazeldean.

Words by Sir WALTER SCOTT.

Moderato.

1. Why weep ye by the tide, la dyee? Why weep ye by the tide? I'll
2. A chain of gold ye shall not lack, Nor braid to bind your hair, Nor
3. The kirk was decked at morn. ing tide The la. dyee glim mer'd fair, The

wel ye to my young est son, And ye shall be his bride,
met tied bound, nor man aged hawk, Nor pal fray fresh and fair;
priest and bride. groom wait the bride, And dame and knight are there.

aye she loot the tears down la For jock o Ha zel
aye she loot the tears down fa For jock o Ha zel
over the border and a we Wi jock o Ha zel

The Laird o' Cockpen.

Words by LADY NAIRNE.

Allegro.

1. The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great His
2. Down by the dyke-side a la dyee did dwell Athin
3. His wig was weep o' cochet, as guid as when new, His
4. He mounted his mare, and he rode can. ni lie: An'
The Land o' the Leal.

Words by LADY XAIRNE.

1. I'm wear - in a wa' Jean, Like snow wreaths in the rain, I'll wear - in a wa', Jean, And I'll welcome you, Jean, My soul langt to be free, Jean, And angel wait on

2. Ye aye were laird and true, Jean, Like snow wreaths in the rain, I'll wear - in a wa', Jean, And I'll welcome you, Jean, My soul langt to be free, Jean, And angel wait on

3. Then dry that tear, su' er, Jean, Like snow wreaths in the rain, I'll wear - in a wa', Jean, And I'll welcome you, Jean, My soul langt to be free, Jean, And angel wait on

5. Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine "What the devil brings the Laird here at sic a like time? She put off her apron, ad on her silk gown, Her match wi' red ribbon, an' good aww down.

6. An' when she came ben, he bobbit fur low; An' what was his errand he soon let her know, Amazed was the Laird when the lady said—'Na! An' wi' a laigh curtse she turned aww.

Dumbfounder'd he was—-but nae sigh did he gie; He mounted his mare, and he rode cannilie; An' aften he thocht, as he gied through the glen, 'She was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.'
Ye Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon.

Words by BURNS.

Andante cantabile.

PIANO.

1. Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chant, ye lit- tle birds, And I sae weeny tu' o' care? Yell il-ka bird sang o' its love And fond-ly sae did I, o' mine. Wi'

break my heart, ye warb-ling bird, That was tomb thro' in- light-some heart I pull a rose Fo' sweet up on its flow-ly thorn. Ye thorn-y tree; And
mind me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed no - ver
my faune lov - er stole my rose, But ahl he left the

to re - turn.
thorn wi' me.

John Anderson, my Jo.

Words by BURNS.

A pianista.

1. John An - der - son, my jo, John, When we were first ac - quaint. Your
2. John An - der - son, my jo, John, We clumb the hill the - gith - er. And
The Rowan Tree.

Words by LADY NAIRNE.

Andante.

1. O rowan tree, O rowan tree, Thou art be dear to me.
Thy fruit is ruddy, and Thy leaves be near.
Thy branches bend to greet the sun, Thy roots for ever green;
Thy leaves were the first to brighten the spring, Thy flowers the summer's pride.

2. How fair was thou in summer time, Thy branches strong and bright,
Thy leaves were green and fresh, Thy flowers the summer's pride.
Thy roots for ever deep, Thy branches for ever green;
Thy flowers the summer's pride, Thy leaves were the first to brighten the spring.

3. We sat beneath thy spreading shade, Thy leaves were green and fresh,
The burness round thee ran, Thy flowers the summer's pride,
Thy roots for ever deep, Thy branches for ever green;
Thy flowers the summer's pride, Thy leaves were the first to brighten the spring.

4. Oh! there above my father's prayers, in holy evening's calm,
Till the sun set and the birds went home,
The burness round thee ran, Thy flowers the summer's pride,
Thy roots for ever deep, Thy branches for ever green;
Thy flowers the summer's pride, Thy leaves were the first to brighten the spring.

PIANO.
Gloomy winter's noo awa'.

Words by TANNAHILL.

Moderato.

PIANO.

1. Gloomy winter's noo awa',
   Saft the west-lin' breezes blow.

2. Towering over the New-ton woods,
   Lav' rocks fan the snow-white clouds,

Mang the birds o' Stan-loy shaw, The ma-vis sings fu' cheer-y, O.
Sil-er saughts wi' down-y buds, A-dorn the ham-sae brier-y, O.

Sweet the cranesflow'r ear-ly bell, Dicks Glen kill's few, y dell, Blooming like the bonnie seel; My
Round the sil'van fair'y rocks, Fouth, ye break en-tringe the rocks, South the brave the burnie junks, And

young and art, les dearies, O. Come, my las, sie let us stray O'er Glenkil's sunny brae, il-la thing is cheer-y; Trees may bud, and birds may sing. Flow'rs may bloom and verdure spring.

Blythe-ly spend the gow-den day. Midst joys that ne'er wea-ry, O. Joy to me they can na' bring. Un-less wi' thee, my dear-ye, O.
Come under my plaidie.

Words by HECTOR MACNEIL.

Allegretto.

1. Come un-der my plaid- ie, the night's gane to fa: Come in frie the could blast, the
   drift, and the snow, Come un-der my plaid- ie, and sit down be-side me. There's
   room int'rade las'sie be-lieve me, for two. Come un-der my plaid- ie, and
   might be, my guiver, said: Donald, gae wa',

2. Gae wa'j your plaid-ie, and Don-al'd, gae wa', I fear na the could blast, the
   room int'rade las'sie be-lieve me, for two. Come un-der my plaid- ie, and
   might be, my guiver, said: Donald, gae wa',

3. Dear Mar- ius, let that fleck stick fast to the w'!, Your Jocks but a grook and has
   room int'rade las'sie be-lieve me, for two. Come un-der my plaid- ie, and
   might be, my guiver, said: Donald, gae wa',

4. My father aye told me, my mither aye, I'll mak a gude hus-band, and
   room int'rade las'sie be-lieve me, for two. Come un-der my plaid- ie, and
   might be, my guiver, said: Donald, gae wa',

5. She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wu.' What Johnnie was lis-tiening, and heard her tell a.
The day was ap-pointed, his proud heart it dined. And
   room int'rade las'sie be-lieve me, for two. Come un-der my plaid- ie, and
   might be, my guiver, said: Donald, gae wa',

6. O' the dels in the lassies they gang now sae braw.
   They tak up w'auld men o' fourscore and twa;
   They tak up w'auld men o' fourscore and twa;
   They tak up w'auld men o' fourscore and twa;
   They tak up w'auld men o' fourscore and twa;
   They tak up w'auld men o' fourscore and twa;

   room int'rade las'sie be-lieve me, for two. Come un-der my plaid- ie, and
   might be, my guiver, said: Donald, gae wa',

   room int'rade las'sie be-lieve me, for two. Come un-der my plaid- ie, and
   might be, my guiver, said: Donald, gae wa',
Robin Adair.

Andante.

PIANO.

1. What's this dull town to me? Robin's not near; What wasn't I wished to see?
2. What made the assembly shine? Robin A - dair; What made the ball so fine?
3. But now thou art cold to me Robin A - dair; And I no more shall see

What wished to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth? Made this town heaven so earth?
Robin A - dair Yet he I loved so well. Still in my heart shall dwell,

Oh! they're all fled with thee. Robin A - dair.
Oh! it was parting with Robin A - dair.
Oh! I can never forget Robin A - dair.
The Bonnie, Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomon'.

Andante.

1. By you bonnie banks and by you bonnie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon' Where me and my true love were steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond When in purple hue the evening sun shines the waters are sleepless But the broken heart, it...
My Nannie's awa'!

Words by BURNS.

Andante.

1. Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays, And
2. Thou snowdrop and primrose our wood lands a bourn, And
3. Thy pav’l rock, that springs free thy dewy starb. And
4. Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey, And

Never meet again On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch

Lochmon!
There's nae Luck about the House.

Animato.

PIANO.

1. And are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is
2. Rise up, and mak' a clean fire-side, Put on the muckle pot; Glo
3. Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech, His breath like ca's ter air! His
4. The cauld blasts o' the win, ter wind, That thirld thro' my heart. They're

CHORUS.

see him come a-shore. For there's nae luck a-bout the house. There's nae luck a-
he's been long a- wa'. For there's nae luck a-bout the house. There's nae luck a-
truth I'm like to greet. For there's nae luck a-bout the house. There's nae luck a-
next we ne'er saw! For there's nae luck a-bout the house. There's nae luck a-

va'; There's lit. the plea', sure in the house, When our gude-man's a- wa'.
va'; There's lit. the plea', sure in the house, When our gude-man's a- wa'.
va'; There's lit. the plea', sure in the house, When our gude-man's a- wa'.
va'; There's lit. the plea', sure in the house, When our gude-man's a- wa'.

va; I stie the cloaks, I'll to the quay, And
black as slaves, Their hose as white as snow, It's a' to please my a' gude-man, For
face a'gain? And will I hear him speak? In
in my mind, It may be far a-wa', The pressent moment is our ain, The

this a time to talk o' wark? Ye jades, H'm by your wheel. Is this a time to
little Kate her cot-ten gown, And Jock his Sun-day cot, And mak' their shoon us
ve ry foot has mus'-lic lo' As he comes up the stair; And will I see his
'a' blown by; I hae him safe; Till death will ne'er part; But what puts part-ling

me, it's de light-less, my Nan nie's a-wa'. But to
mind me o' Nan nie... and Nan nie's a-wa' They
o-ver for pi-ty... my Nan nie's a-wa'; Give
lane can de light me... my Nan nie's a-wa'; A.

me, it's de light-less, my Nan nie's a-wa'.
mind me o' Nan nie... and Nan nie's a-wa'.
o-ver for pi-ty... my Nan nie's a-wa';
lane can de light me... my Nan nie's a-wa'.

va; I stie the cloaks, I'll to the quay, And
black as slaves, Their hose as white as snow, It's a' to please my a' gude-man, For
face a'again? And will I hear him speak? In
in my mind, It may be far a-wa', The pressent moment is our ain, The

this a time to talk o' wark? Ye jades, H'm by your wheel. Is this a time to
little Kate her cot-ten gown, And Jock his Sun-day cot, And mak' their shoon us
ve ry foot has mus'-lic lo' As he comes up the stair; And will I see his
'a' blown by; I hae him safe; Till death will ne'er part; But what puts part-ling
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw.

Words by BURNS.

1. Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dear, I love the west, For there the bonnie lassie lives, The lassie I love best. Let wildwoods grow and rivers flow, With gen'rl the gale frae hill and dale. Bring back the lassie dear, And bring the lassie back to me. That's money a' hill between, Ruith day and night my fancy's flight. Is ever wi' my Jean? I yae sae neat and clean, Ae smile o' her wad burnish care, Sae lovely is my Jean. What

2. Blow, blow ye west. The wind, the wind a' the west, A' the leaf-y trees, Wi' her voice, in ill a bird, Wi' music charm the airts; There's music charm the airts. That's the lassie back to me. That's not a bonnie bird that sings. But minds me o' my Jean. I mane can be sae dear to me, As my sweet lovely Jean.

Andante.

PIANO.
My Love she's but a Lassie.

Words by BURNS.

Allegretto.

1. My love she's but a lassie yet, My love she's but a lassie yet, We'll let her stan' a year or two, She'll no be half sae amus'y yet.

2. Come draw a dram o' the best o'it yet; Come draw a dram o' the best o'it yet; Get rue the day I sought her, If I were a' dry wi' drink ing oot.

"My love she's but a lassie."
The Scottish Blue Bells.

Words by C. D. Sillery. Music by George Barker.

1. Let the proud Indian boast of his jessamine bowers, His
2. Sublime are your hills when the young day is Beaumng. And
picturs of per. lune and
rose cov. er dell: whil hum. by I sing of these
cold crystal wells: and bright are your broad-swords like

wild lit. tie flowers. The morn ing dew gleaming. On blue bells of Scot land the Scot. ish blue bells: Wave, blue bells of Scot land on Scot. ish blue bells: A

wave your dark plumes, ye proud sons of the moun tains, For brave is the chief, tain your wake ye light fair - ian that trip over the hea. ther, Ye mer. maids, a. rise from your

prow. ess who quells, And dread ful your wrath as the foam flash. ing foun. tain, That cov. al ice cells: Come forth with your cho. rus, all chant. ing to. geth. er The

culms its wild waves mid the blue bells of Scot land the Scot. ish blue bells. Then strike the loud harp to the

land of the riv. er, The moun tain, the val. ley, with all their wild spells, And shout in the cho. rus for ev er and ev er The

shout in the cho. rus for ev er and ev er The blue bells of Scot land, the Scot. ish blue bells.

blue bells of Scot land, the Scot. ish blue bells.
Jessie the flower o' Dunblane.

Words by TANNAHILL.

Moderato.

PIANO.

1. The sun has gane down o'er the lof-ty Ben-Lo-mon, And left the red clouds to pre-side o'er the scene; While lane-ly I stray in the calm sim-mer glown-in', To muse on sweet Jes-sie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.

2. She's mod-est as coy and blithe as she's bon-sie, For she's no-a-ny of Cal-der-wood glen; Sae dear to this bos-on, Is char-ming young Jes-sie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.

3. How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jes-sie! The wa-lk-er o' the ci-ty sound fool-ish and vain, I nev-er saw a sym-phon I would vest-ed of feel-ing. Who'll bright in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dunblane.

4. How sweet is the brier wi' its saft faul-ding flo-som, And sweet is the birk wi' its man-ner green; But sweet-er and fair-er, and dear to this bos-on, Is char-ming young Jes-sie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.

5. The mine were the sta-tion o' lof-ty est gran-deur, A-midst its pros-fu-sion Id char-ming young Jes-sie, the flow'r o' Dunblane. If want-ing sweet Jes-sie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.

6. Oh de-sirous of sweet Jes-sie, Till char-m'd wi' sweet Jes-sie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.
"Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes."

Words by BURNS.

Moderato.

PIANO.

CHORUS.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes, Ca' thum whaur the heather grows.

Pianist.

ca' thum whaur the burnie rows, my bonnie dearie.

5.

Then a fauld'in let us gang, My bonnie dearie.
Over the waves that sweetly glide, To the moon sae clearly.
Nocht o' ill may come thee near, My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die, but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

Roy's Wife o' Aldivalloch.

Words by M'C GRANT of Carron.  Old Strathspey Melody.

Andantino.

VOICE.

1. Roy's wife o' Al-dival-loch,

PIANO.

Roy's wife o' Al-dival-loch, Wat ye how she cheated me, As I cam' o'er the braes o' Balloch?

1. Hark, the ma-vic' ev'n's sang Sound in Clun debris woods a-mang;
2. Well gae down by Clun debris Thro' the ha' - tels spread-ing wide
3. Von der Clun debris is the tow'rs, Where, at moon-shine mid-night hours,
4. Gehast nor ba-gle shalt thou fear, Thou'rt to love and heath'ns sae dear.
2. She vowed she'd be mine, she said she'd love me best o' a' a' yer; But
3. For she was a canny queen, and well could dance the Highland march; How
4. Her hair was fair, her eyes were clear, her wee bit nose so sweet and bonnie, To

Oh, the fickle faithless queen, she's taken the ba' a' left her Johnnie,
Hap' ly I had she been mine, or I'd been Roy o' Alladaleit,
She's ev'ry will be dear, tho' she's for ev'ry left her Johnnie.

CHORUS.
Roy's wife o' Alladaleit, Roy's wife o' Alladaleit,

What ye how she cheated me, as I cam' e'er the braes o' Balloch?
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Words by BURNS.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

CHORUS.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go. Will ye go, will ye go,

Bonnie lassie, will ye go To the birks of Aberfeldy?

Now while The

In the flow'ry braes, and o'er the crystal streams let play,

O'er the bold birds, and the flow'ry flow'rs. While the linnie the barn is pours, And,
let us spend the lightsome days In the birds of Aberfeldy,
light,ly flit on wan,tem wing. In the birds of Aberfeldy,
hung wi' fra.grant spreading shaws. The birds of Aberfeldy.
ris, ing, sweets wi' mist, y shaws. The birds of Aberfeldy.

Let fortunes gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee
In the birds of Aberfeldy,
Bonnie laass, etc.

Mary Morison.

Words by BURNS.

Con espression.

PIANO.

1. O Mary, at thy win, dow be, It is the wishid the
2. Yes - treen when to the trem,bling string, The dance guid tho' the
3. Oh Mary, canst thou wreck his peace, Who for thy sake would

tryst, ed hour, Those smiles and glances let me see, That mak the mis, er's
ligh, t ed hir, To thee my fan, cy took its wing I sai, but neither
gluid, ly de? Or canst thou break that heart of his, Whose on, ly fault is
trea, sure poor, How heard nor saw, Tho' lovin thee? If
this was fair, and that was brave, And you the toast of

sun to sun, Could I the rich re, ward se, cure, The love, ly Mary
a te town, I sighod, and said a my heart can'na be, The thought o Mary
to me shown; A thought un, gen, te can'na be, The thought o Mary

Mor, is.

Mo - ri, son.
Mo - ri, son.
Mo - ri, son.
Flora Macdonald's Lament.

Words by HOGG. Music by NEIL GOW Jun.

Andantino.

PIANO.

She look'd at a... boat, with the breeze en that swung A... way on the wave, like a
The so... Ian asleep on his shelve of the shore, The cor... monant roost on his
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud, Have trod o'er the plumes on the

bird of the main, And aye as it less... en'd she sigh'd and she sung, Fare...
rock of the sea. But o... there is one whose hard fate I de... plore, Nor
bo... not of blue. Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud, When

wel to the lad I shall... house, ha... nor hame, in this ne'er see a... gain, Fare...wel to my he... ro, the
country has he... The con... flict is past, and our ty... ran... ny rev... ellid in ne'er see a... gain, Fare...wel my young he... ro! the

sighing her lane, The dew on her plaid, and the... tear in her eye, the... cl... of Clan... ro... aid, Us... swed and un... hunt... ed, his... ey... tie can claim; gal... lant and young, Fare...wel to the lad I shall ne'er see a... gain.
cliffs of Clan... ro... aid, Us... swed and un... hunt... ed, his... ey... tie can claim; gal... lant and good, The crown of thy fa... thers is ne'er see a... gain.
darkness must rust: But... red is the sword of the stranger and slave. torn from thy brow.
Scotland Yet.

Words by H.S. RIDDLE.  
Music by P. Mc LEOD.

1. Gae bring my guid auld harp ance mair, Gae bring it free and fast, For
2. The heath waves wild up on the hills, And foam'ing free the fells, Her
3. The thistle waves up on the fields, Where Wallace bore his blade, That
4. They tell o' lands with bright'er skies, Where free-dom's voice ne'er rang: Gie

I maun sing anither song, Ere a' my glee be
fountains sing of free-dom will, As they dance down the
Gae her foe-men's dearest blood, To dye her auld grey
me the hills where Osrian dwelt, And Goliath's minstrel

past. And trow ye, as I sing, my lads, The
dells. And weel I love the, land, my lads. Thats
plaid; And looking to the lift, my lads. He
sang! For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads, That

burden o't shall be, Auld Sco'tlands howes and
girded by the sea; Then Sco'tlands vales, and
sang this dough-ty glee: Auld Sco'tlands right, and
kept na to be free; Then Sco'tlands right, and

Sco't lands knowes, And Sco't lands hills for me! I'll
Sco't lands dales, And Sco't lands hills for me! I'll
Sco't lands might, And Sco't lands hills for me! Then
Sco't lands might, And Sco't lands hills for me! We'll

drink a cup to Sco'tland yet, Wi' a' the honours three! 
drink a cup to Sco'tland yet, Wi' a' the honours three! 
drink a cup to Sco'tland yet, Wi' a' the honours three! 
drink a cup to Sco'tland yet, Wi' a' the honours three!
A Man's a Man for a' That.

Words by BURNS.

Allegretto.

PIANO:

1. Is there for bon est pow'ry, That hangs his head an' a' that? Tho'
2. Ye see you bairn an' a lord, Wha struts and staves, and a' that, Tho'
3. A king can mak'a belt an' a knight, A marquis, duke, and a' that, But an
4. Then let us pray that come it may, As come it will, for a' that, Tho'

Now and slave, we pass him by, We daur be pair for a' that. For
hundreds wor, ship at his word, He's but a coof for a' that. For
bon est mans a boon his might, Gude faith, he mumma fit that! For
sense and worth, o'er as the earth, May bear the green, and a' that. For
a' that, and a' that, Our tolls ob' scure, and a' that; The
a' that, and a' that, His rib - bon' star and a' that; The
a' that, and a' that, Their dig - ni - ties and a' that, The
a' that, and a' that, Its con - in yet, for a' that, When

"Ye see you bairn an' a lord,
Wha struts, and staves, and a' that,"
The Hundred Pipers.

Words by LADY NAIRNE.

Allegretto.

1. Wi' a hundred pip'ers, an' a, an' a, Wi' a
2. Oh! o'er sodger lads look'd braw, look'd braw, Wi' their
3. Oh! who is foremost o' a, o' a! O!
4. The... Eek was swollen, see red and see deep, But
hun - dred pip - ers, an' a, an' a, We'll up an' gie them a
tar - tans, kilts an' a, an' a, Wi' their bonnets and fea - thers odd
who does fol - low the blow, the blow? Bonnie Char - lie, the king o' us
shout er to shout er the brave lads keep. Two thousand andawan to fell

blow, a blow, Wi a hun - dred pip - ers an' a, an' a,
glit - tered gear, and Pi _ broch's sound, sweet and clear,
's bar - rah! Wi his hun - dred pi - pers, an' a an' a,
Eng - lish ground, An' danced them-selves dry to the Pi - broch's sound,

On its owre the bor - der, a wa', a wa', In-
Will they a' re - turn to their a' in' dear Glen? Will they
His bon - net and fea - ther he's wa' vin' high, His
Dum - found er'd, the Eng - lish saw, they saw, Dum -

owre the bor - der, a wa', a wa', We'll on an' we'll march to
'a re - turn, oor Hi - lan' men! Sec - ond sight ed San - dy
prace - in' stead maist seems to fly! The
found er'd they heard the blow, the blow, Dum - found er'd they a' ran a -

blow, a blow, Wi a hun - dred pi - pers an' a, an' a.
Oh! Whistle and I'll Come to You.

Words by BURNS.

With spirit.

Oh! whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad; Oh! whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad: Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad, Oh! vare; Yo' up the back stile, and let na body see, And come as ye were na comin' to me. And come as ye were na comin' to me, And come as ye were na comin' to me, For fear that she wyle your fan cy frac me, For fear that she wyle your fan cy frac me.

1. But war i ly tent when ye war i ly tent when ye
2. At kirk, or at mar ket, when-
3. Aye vow and pro test that ye vow and pro test that ye
Kate Dalrymple.

Words by WILLIAM WAIT.

Allegretto.

1. If a wee cot house fur a cross the... muir, Where pease... weeps, plo...v'rs an'... 2. Her face had a smack o' the gree... some argyrim, That did free the lash o' a... 3. She span... tar...ry woo... the... kale wind...ter thro'. For... Kate ne'er was la... aye, but... 4. But mony are the ups an' the downs in... life, When the dice box o' fate's jum...bled... whaups cry drear... ye, There liv'd an... mild maid for... mo...ny lung... years, Wha... woo...ers de...send her; her lang... ko...man nose near... ly met wi' her chin, That... eed...ent and thrift... ye. She... wo...och... ma...ng peats, coild the... bay, shore... the corn, An' sup... a'... tap...sal... te...e... rin, Sae Kate fell... heat...ess to a rich frien...s... o...s...t...t...e, An'... n...ae... ne'er a woo...er did... e'er ca...l... dea...r... io... A... lane... ly... lass... was... brang... folk... in... mind o' the... mid... witch o' En... dor... A... wig...gle... in... her... walk... had... port... ed her sel' by her... sain... hard... shift... eye, But ne'er a lo...v...er came... to... lan... ger for woo...ers had she... cause... to... wear... y. The... Laird... ca...n...t... a... woo... in' soo... o... 5. She... oft... en... times... tho...cht... whe...n... she... dwelt... by... hersel... She... could... wed... Willie... Speedy... pool, the... sarkin'... weaver;... An'... noo... unto... Will... she... the... secret... did... tell... Wha... for... lo...ve... or... for... in... ter... est... did... kindly... receive... her... He... fang... by... his... bed... les... soon... for... Kate... Dalrymple;... He... bre...at... a... his... tre...dles... doon... for... Kate... Dalrymple;... Tho'... his... righ... t... e... doth... skellie... an'... his... left... leg... doth... limp... ill... He... 's... won... the... heart... an'... got... the... hand... o'... Kate... Dalrymple.
Wandering Willie.

Words by BURNS.

Allegro.

PIANO:

1. Here a wail, there a wail, wandering Willie. Here a wail, there a wail.
2. Winter winds blew loud and ebb'd at our parting. Fears for my Willie brought
3. Rest ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers. How your dread howling a

Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie, the same.

Come to my bosom, my ain, oh, dearie.

Tears to my e'e; Welcome, now spring, and well come my. Willie.

Waken ye, ye breezes, come gent. ly. ye... billow And.

Wide roaring main! May I never see... It, may I never row it. But,

Wait my dear lad, disance mair to my arms.

Dying be lieve that my Willie, lies my ain.
Kelvin Grove.

Words by LYLE.

Andante.

PIANO.

1. Let us haste to Kelvin grove, bonnie mill, bonnie vie.
2. Let us wander by the Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie vie.
3. Oh, I dare not call thee mine, bonnie vie.
4. As the smile of fortune thine, bonnie vie.

---

"Then farewell to Kelvin Grove,"

To the river winding slowly,

"To all her bosom o'er the"
5. But the frowns of fortune frown, bonnie lassie, O,
   On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,
   Ere yon golden orb of day
   Wake the waterers on the spray,
   From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O,
To the river winding clear,
   To the fragrant scented brier.
Even to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O,
   When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,
   Should I fall midst battles' roar, bonnie lassie, O
   Then, Helen, shouldst thou hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
   To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O.

Thou Bonnie Wood o' Craigielea.

Words by TANNAHILL. Music by JAMES BARR.

Moderato.

PIANO.

1. Thou bon-nie wood o' Craig-i-e-lea, Thou bon-nie wood o' Craig-i-e-lea, Near
   the sweets that one can wish, Pray na-ture's hand be strewn on thee.

2. For ben thy dark green plan, tine shade, The cash at croos-dles amorous ly;
   The broun, the brier, the birk'en bush, Bloom bon-nie o'er thy flour,ry lea; And
   To the Nor. lan hills sue his, He

3. A-wa, ye thoughtless murl, ring gung, Was to tear the most,lines are they flees! They'll
   The broon, the brier, the birk'en bush, Bloom bon-nie o'er thy flour,ry lea; And
   To the Nor. lan hills sue his, He

4. When win-ter blows in slee-ty show's, Pray aff the Nor. lan hills sue his, He
   The broon, the brier, the birk'en bush, Bloom bon-nie o'er thy flour,ry lea; And
   To the Nor. lan hills sue his, He

5. Though fate should drag me south the line,
   Or over the wide Atlantic sea,
   The happy hours I'll ever min,
   That I in youth bave spent in thee.

Thou bonnie wood, etc.
Macgregor's Gathering.

Words by Sir WALTER SCOTT.  
Music by ALEXANDER LEE.

Allegro.

The moons on the lake, and the mist on the brae, And the
depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career, O'er the
peak of Ben Lod, mound the
nameless by day. Our sig. nal for fight, which from monarchs we drew, Must be
galley shall steer, And the rocks of Craig Roy, ston like ice, melt. Ere our

heard but by night in our vengeful ha-loo, Then
wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance un-felt. Then

ha-loo, ha-loo, ha-loo, Gre-ga-lush.  If they
rob us of name, and purse us with Beagles, Give their
cut color.
roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the eagle. Then ga-ther, ga-ther.

Then ga-ther, ga-ther, ga-ther, ga-ther. While there's
The Boatie Rows.

1. O weel may the boatie row, And better may she speed; And
2. I cust my line in Lar-go Bay, And fishes I caught nine; There's
3. O weel may the boatie row, That fills a heavy creed, And
4. When Ja-mie vow'd he wad be mine, And won free me my heart.
My kirtle I put upon my head,
And dressed myself in knew.
I row my heart was douf and wise
When Jamie parted avec.
But wedding the boatie row,
And lucky be their part.
And lightens be the lassie's care,
That yields an honest heart.

When Sandy Jack and Janet on
Are up, and gotten bear.
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows for weel;
And lightens be the heart that bears
The murlain and the creed.
Bonnie Wee Thing.

Words by BURNS.

Affetuoso.

PIANO.

1. Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing, Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine, I would wear thee in my bosom. Lest my jewel I should shine Wistfully I look and languish. Wit and grace and love and beauty.

In that beam the face of thine, And my heart it shone with anguish, Lest my wee thing be no mine. In one starry cluster shine, To adore thee is my duty. Goddess o' this soul o' mine.
Corn Rigs.

Words by BURNS.

Moderato.

PIANO.

1. It was up on a Lammas night, When corn rigs are bonnie, O! Be-
   neath the moon's unclouded light I held a wa' to An-nie, O!
   The time flew by w'ent less breed Till 'tween the late and early, O! Wl'
   The sky was blue, the wind was still, The moon was shin- ing clear- ly, O! I
   set her down w' right good will, A - mang the rigs o' bar- ley, O!
   But by the moon and stars so bright, That shone so clear- ly, O! I
   1. I kissed her owre and owre a - gain A - mang the rigs o' 
      2. To see me thro' the
   3. Her heart was beat-ing rare, O! My
   4. I have been by the

2. It was up on a Lammas night, When corn rigs are bonnie, O! Be-
   neath the moon's unclouded light I held a wa' to An-nie, O!
   The time flew by w'ent less breed Till 'tween the late and early, O! Wl'
   The sky was blue, the wind was still, The moon was shin- ing clear- ly, O! I
   set her down w' right good will, A - mang the rigs o' bar- ley, O!
   But by the moon and stars so bright, That shone so clear- ly, O! I
   The sky was blue, the wind was still, The moon was shin- ing clear- ly, O! I
   set her down w' right good will, A - mang the rigs o' bar- ley, O!
   But by the moon and stars so bright, That shone so clear- ly, O! I
   1. I kissed her owre and owre a - gain A - mang the rigs o' 
      2. To see me thro' the
   3. Her heart was beat-ing rare, O! My
   4. I have been by the

3. I locked her in my fond embrace. Her heart was beat-ing rare, O! My
   I have been by the

4. I have been blythe with comrades dear; I have been mer-ry drink- in, O! I
   The time flew by w'ent less breed Till 'tween the late and early, O! Wl'
   The sky was blue, the wind was still, The moon was shin- ing clear- ly, O! I
   set her down w' right good will, A - mang the rigs o' bar- ley, O!
   But by the moon and stars so bright, That shone so clear- ly, O! I
   The sky was blue, the wind was still, The moon was shin- ing clear- ly, O! I
   set her down w' right good will, A - mang the rigs o' bar- ley, O!
   But by the moon and stars so bright, That shone so clear- ly, O! I
   1. I kissed her owre and owre a - gain A - mang the rigs o' 
      2. To see me thro' the
   3. Her heart was beat-ing rare, O! My
   4. I have been by the

5. I have been by the

6. I have been by the

7. I have been by the

8. I have been by the

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14. I have been by the

15. I have been by the

16. I have been by the

17. I have been by the

18. I have been by the

19. I have been by the

20. I have been by the

21. I have been by the
O, Nannie wilt thou gang wi’ Me.

Words by BISHOP PERCY.  
Music by THOMAS CARTER.

Andante.

1. O Nannie wilt thou gang wi’ me, Nor aig to leave the flauting lass? Can
2. Nannie when thou’rt far a’ waw, Wilt thou not cast a look be’hind? Say, Yes,
3. Nannie can’t thou love so true, Thro’ pert. il’s keen wi’ me to go? Or,
4. And when a last thy love shall die, Wilt thou receive his parting breath, Wilt

si., bent gles have charms for thee, The low-ly cot, and rush-y gown? No,
when thy swain mis-hap shall rue, To share with him the pangs of woes? And,
thou re-press each strug-gling sigh, And cheer with smiles the bed of death? And

long er dress’d in can that soft and when in void - ing wilt thee’r his silk-en sheen, No long er deck’d with jew-els rare. Say,
guv’r - le men, Be ver - est hard-ships learn to bear. Nor,
pains be’fall, Wilt thou as sume the nur-sing care, Nor,
brack-less clay, Strew flow’rs and drop the ten - der tear; Nor

can’st thou quit the bu-sy scene, Where thou wart fair - est
sad re - gret each court - ly scene, Where thou wart fair - est
wist - ful, those gay scenes re - call, Where thou wart fair - est
then re - gret those scenes so gay, Where thou wart fair - est

of the fair? Say can’st thou quit the bu-sy scene, Where those of the fair? Nor sad re - gret each court - ly scene, Where
of the fair? Nor wist - ful, those gay scenes re - call, Where
of the fair? Nor then re - gret those scenes so gay, Where

thou wart fair - est of the fair? Where thou wart fair - est of the fair? Where
thou wart fair - est of the fair? Where thou wart fair - est of the fair? Where
thou wart fair - est of the fair? Where thou wart fair - est of the fair? Where

thou........... wart fair - est, Where thou........... wart fair - est of the fair?
thou........... wart fair - est, Where thou........... wart fair - est of the fair?
thou........... wart fair - est, Where thou........... wart fair - est of the fair?
thou........... wart fair - est, Where thou........... wart fair - est of the fair?
The Auld House.
Words by LADY NAIRO.

Andante.

1. Oh! the auld house, the auld house, What tho' the rooms were weel! Oh!
2. Oh! the auld Laird, the auld Laird, Sae can'ty kind and crouse; How
3. The ma'vis still doth sweetly sing. The blue-bells sweetly blow; The
4. Still flourish-ing the auld pear-tree, The fairies liked to see; And,

kind hearts were dwell-ing there, And bairns fu' o' glee; The
bonnie Earl's clear wind-ing still, But the auld house is a' weel, The
oh! how aften did they spair, When ripe they a' wad be?

wild-rose and the jess-a-mine, Still hang on the wa', How
led dy too, sae gus-sy, There shelter'd Scot-land's heir, And
vol-ces sweet, the wee bit feet, Aye runnin' here and there; The

O, Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut.
Words by BURNS.

Allegro.

1. O, Wil lie brew'd a peck o' maut, And Rob and Al'lan cam' to pree; Three
2. Here are we met, three mer ry boys Three mer ry boys I trow are we; And
3. It is the moon-lit ken her horn—That's blink ing in the lift sae hie; She
4. Wha first shall rise to gang a-wa, A cuck old, cow'ard loon is he! Wha
...blyth'er hearts that... Ye wad na find in Christ...die.
mony a nicht we've mer ry been, And mo ny ma we hope to be. We
shines sue bright to wile us hame, But by my aoth shall wait a wee. We
last be side his chair shall fa, He is the king amang us three!

are na fou, were no that fou, But just a drap pie in our ee: The

cock may craw, the day may daw, But aye we'll taste the bar ley bree.
Will ye no' come back again?

Words by LADY NAIRNE. Music by NEIL GOW, Jun.

Andante.

1. Bon-nie Char-les noo a-wa; Safe-ly ow-er the friendly main;
2. Ye trust-ed in your Hie-laam me, They trust-ed you dear Char-lie me;
Their high-ly mer-i-ty went un-der the sea; The high-ly mer-i-ty went un-der the sea;
3. Eng.-lish bril-liant were a' in vain, Tho' purr, and purr, er, They high-ly mer-i-ty went un-der the sea;
4. We watch'd thee in the gloam'ning hour, We watch'd thee in the moon's grey Tho'

Mo-ny a heart will break in two, Should he ne'er come back a-gain. Should he ne'er come back a-gain.

Chorus.

Oh! Why Left I My Hame.

Words by R. GILFILLAN.

Andante moderato.

PIANO.

1. Oh... why left I my hame, Why... did I cross the deep, Oh....
2. The... palm tree wave... high, And... fair the myr... tle springs, And....
3. Oh!... here no Sub... bath bell, A... wakes the Sub... bath morn, Nor....
4. There's a hope for ev'ry woe, And a balm for ev'ry pain, But the

Sweet the laverock's note and lang,
Liltis' wildly up the glen;
But aye to me 'e sings as sang,
Will ye no' come back again?

Will ye no' come, etc.

Why left I the land, Where my fore-fathers sleep? I.....
È the In... dian maid, The... bul... bul sweet... ly sings, But I
song of roap... ers heard, A... mang the yel... low corn. For the
first joy of our heart, Comes nev... er back a... gain; There's a

sigh for Sco... ti's shore, And I gaze a... cross the
din... na sev... the broom, Wit... its tas... ses on the
ty... rant's voice is here, And the wall of ala... ver...
track up... on the deep. And a path a... cross the

sea, But I can... na get a blink. O.... my
leas, Nor... hear the lin... tle sang. O.... my
leas, But the sun of free... don shines, Is... my
leas. But the wea... ry never re... turn, To.... their

ain... coun... trie.
ain... coun... trie.
ain... coun... trie.
ain... coun... trie.
When the kye comes hame.

JAMES HOGG.

Andante moderato.

PIANO.

1. Come all ye jolly shep-herds that whistle thro' the glen, I'll
not beneath the burn—go—not, nor yet beneath the crown, Tis
the bright eye of the hale soul to be guile, There's
4. See yon der pawk—y shep-herd that lingers on the hill, His
tell ye o a secret that cour—ters din—na ken; What
not on couch of vel—vet, nor yet on bed of down; Tis be
love in ev—ry whis—per and joy in ev—ry smile; O!
ye—men are in the fluid, and his lambs are lying still; Yet be

is the great est bliss that the tongue o man can name? Tis to
meath the spread—ing birch, in the dell with—out a name. Wi a
who would choose a crown wi its per—ils and its fame. And
dow—na gang to rest, for his heart is in a flame, To

woo a bon nie las sie when the kye comes hame.
bon nie, bon nie las sie when the kye comes hame. When the kye comes hame, when the
miss a bon nie las sie when the kye comes hame.
meet his bon nie las sie when the kye comes hame.

kye comes hame, Tween the gloam—in' and the mirk, When the

kye comes hame.

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

When the kye comes hame, etc.
Gae bring to me a Pint o' Wine.

Words by BURNS.

Moderato.

PIANO.

1. Gae bring to me a pint o' wine, and fill it in a sil-ver tas-sie, That I may drink be-fore I go, A ser-vise rea-dy, The shouts of war are heard a-far, The bat-tle to my bon-nil las-sie. The boat rocks at the pier O' clos- ses deep and bleed-y. It's not the roar o' sea or

Leith, Fu' loud the wind blows frae the fer-ry, The ship rides by the Ber-wick Law, And I maun leave my bon-nil Ma-ry, war'that's heard a-far, It's leav-ing thee my bon-nil Ma-ry.

CHORUS.

Gae bring to me a pint o'wine, And fill it in a sil-ver tas-sie, That I may drink be-fore I go, A ser-vise to my bon-nil las-sie.
O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast.

Words by BURNS.  
Music by MENDELSSOHN.

1. O Wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon der lea, On yon der lea, My
2. Or were I in the wild, vast waste, Sue bleak and bare, Sue bleak and bare, The
My ain fireside.

Words by HAMILTON.

PIANO.

1. I have seen great ones and sat in great halls. Mang
2. Ance mair heav'n be praised! Round my ain heartsomeingle. Wi' the
3. Nae false hood to dread... nae mail'd ice to fear. But...

Round thee blow, Round thee blow, Thy bield should be my
thee to reign, With thee to reign, The bright'est jewel

bosom, To share it a', To share it a',
in my crown, Would be my Queen, Would be my Queen.
Ilka Blade o’ Grass.

Words by JAMES BALLANTINE.

Andante.

PIANO.

1. Con - sid ye aye in Pro - vi - dence, for Pro - vi - dence is
2. Gin reft frend, o’ crood in lo, as whils nae doubt ye’ve
3. In lang, lang days o’ sim - met when the clear u’ cloud - less
4. So lest mid For - tune’s sun - shine we should feel o’wre proud an’

kind, And bear ye a’ life’s chan - ges wi a calm and tran - quil
been. Grief lies deep hid - den in your heart, or tears flow true your
sky, Be - fa - ves ae wee drop o’ rain to Na - ture parchid an’
hie, An’ in our pride for - get to wipe the tear fine poor, th’ in
minded, Tho’ proud and bemind on e’en: Be lieve it for the ever - side, har -
faith and ye’ll win best, an’ row there’s gude in store for
dry. The ge - nial sight wi’ ev’ry side, har -
breath, gar - ver - due spring - a-
e’e: Some wee dark cluds o’ sor - row come, we ken na whence or
through. For il - ka blade o’ grass, keps its ain drop o’
you, For il - ka blade o’ grass, keps its ain drop o’
new. An’ il - ka blade o’ grass, keps its ain drop o’
how, But il - ka blade o’ grass, keps its ain drop o’
dew. For... il - ka blade o’ grass, keps its ain drop o’ dew.
dew. For... il - ka blade o’ grass, keps its ain drop o’ dew.
dew. An’... il - ka blade o’ grass, keps its ain drop o’ dew.
dew. But... il - ka blade o’ grass, keps its ain drop o’ dew.
Castles in the Air.

Words by JAMES BALLANTINE.

Andante.

PIANO.

1. The bonnie, bonnie bairn who sits pokin' in the aye,
   Glowerin' in the fire will his round face. Laughin' in the light in low.
   What sees he there? Hal the young dreamer's biggin' castles in the air.

2. He sees little sparrows peepin' down through the moon;
   Worlds whose lin' up and down, soon maketh us bold;
   His brow is bright as a braid Oh... Smiling in the air.

3. Sic a night in winter may weel... mak' him cauld;
   His brown his rosy cheeks and... singe his sunny hair.
   Auld er een than his are..... gleam o'er'd by a glare.

Wee chuckle face, and his too-sly curl by pow,
Are a'say he looks, what can the lad do ken?
He's glowin' at the fire! and he'll keek...... at the light.

Laughin' and noddin' to the dance in low; He'll...
Thinkin' up on mo' thing, like mo' ny might y men; A.....

Brown his rosy cheeks and... singe his sunny hair,
Whee thing makes us think a...... sma' thing makes us stare. There are

Glowerin' in the imp... wi' their castles in the air.
Mair..... folk than him..... biggin' in' castles in the air.
Hearts are bro ken; beads are tured wi' castles in the air.

D.C.
My heart is sair.

Andantino.

PIANO.

1. My heart is sair, I daur na tell, My heart is sair for some body, I could wake a winter's night, For the sake o' some body, Oh! hoo! for some body.

2. Ye pow'r that smile on virtuous love, Oh! sweetly smile on some body. Fare

I could range the world around, For the sake o' some body. Oh, hoo! for some body! I was dae, what was I no' For the sake o' some body. Oh, hoo! for some body!
Highland Mary.

Words by BURNS.

Ye, burn'rd and brace, and streams a' round, The cas'le o'... Mont. go a'... Green Lento...

1. Ye, burn'rd and brace, and streams a' round, The cas'le o'... Mont. go a'... Green Lento...

2. How sweet, ly'blond the gay green birk, How sweet the haw-thorn's bloo' son, As...

3. Wi'. mony a... your and lock'd em. braes. Our part'ing was in... ten d; And...

4. O... pale, pale now those ro... sy... lips, I... aft hue kind sae... lord ly... And...

be your woods and fair your flow'rs, Your wa... ters nev... er....

un... der neath their fra... grant shade, I claspd her to... my...

to meet a... gain, We sore our... selva... closed for... aye the spark'ling glance, That dwelt on... me... sae...

dream... lie! There sim... mer first un... folds her... robes, And

be... som! The... gol... den hours, on an... gel... wings. Flew

sun... der: But... ebl... fell death's un... time... y frost, That

kind... ly; And smould'r'd now in a... bent dust, The

"The golden hours, on angel wings,
Fleur o'er me and my dears."
To Mary in Heaven.

Words by BURNS.

Adagio.

PIANO

1. Thou lin - ging star, with - less - ing ray. That lov' st to... greet the...
2. That so - cred hour can I for - get? Can I for - get the... thou thy lov' er low... laid? Hearst thou the groans that rend... his breast?
3. Ayr ung - ling kissed his peb - blel chees, O'er - hung with wild woods, too, too soon, the... thou thy lov' er low... laid? Hearst thou the groans that rend... his breast?
4. Still o'er... these scenes my mem - ry wakes. And fond... ly broods with... tho... thy loved...
Lochnagar.

Words by LORD BYRON.

1. Away, ye garland-scapes, ye garden of roses, In the old days of beauty, I sought out my home till the day's dying glory.

2. Ah, there my young footsteps, in fancy wandered, My chief, the bright star, was cheered by stars.

3. Years have rolled on, Loch-na-gar, since I left you! One who has roved on the mountains a far, Oh! for the crags that are smooth and flowing.

Yet Cal-e-don, dear are thy mountains, Eng-land thy beauties are tame and domestic.

Round their white summits tho' the leaves be bare, The can-ters stand stead of the trees.

Gave place to the rays of the bright morning star. For fun-cy was cheered by true.

Oh! for the crags that are smooth and flowing.

You let the minutes of my life pass away; Restore me the rocks where the cloak was the plaid; On chief, the thorns do part of my

Years must e.apse ere I see you again; The nature of verdure and wild and majestic.

Snowflake resting, If memory were lifted, As day by day the pine covered glade I will still thou art dearer than Al-bion's plain.
There grows a Bonnie Brier Bush.

Andante.

PIANO.

1. There grows a bonnie brier bush, In our Kail-yard:
And
sweet are the blossoms o'it, In our Kail-yard. And in a
- hist that brite brier bush, A
mony a maid's been woold and won, In her Kail-yard. But nee they've see puzzle u. lat, Sue
find that past, she's a pen. Was wooldly worn for me, I din-na like the love. Tha's
courtin' was be gun, I trow In their Kail-yard. Well fol low then, the first o men, Nor

2. In days o' mair simplici ty, Sic things were oft en dared. And
1. Should auld acquaintance be for got. And ne v--er brought to min? Should
2. We twa hae run a bout the braes, And paid the gow o' fine; But we've
3. We twa hae paid, It in the burn, Frae morn ing sun till dine; But
4. And thay's a hand, my trust y frien. And gies a hand o' thing; And we'll

3. When Adam, in a sin gle state, O hap pi ness declared, Their

4. And thay's a hand, my trust y frien. And gies a hand o' thing; And we'll

auld acquaintance be for got. And days o lang... syne?

auld lang . . . . . . . . syne. For

auld lang . . . . . . . . syne.

auld lang . . . . . . . . syne. We'Il
5.
And surely ye'll be your pint stoup
As surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak'a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Chorus— For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak'a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.