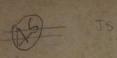


guitar (1793)

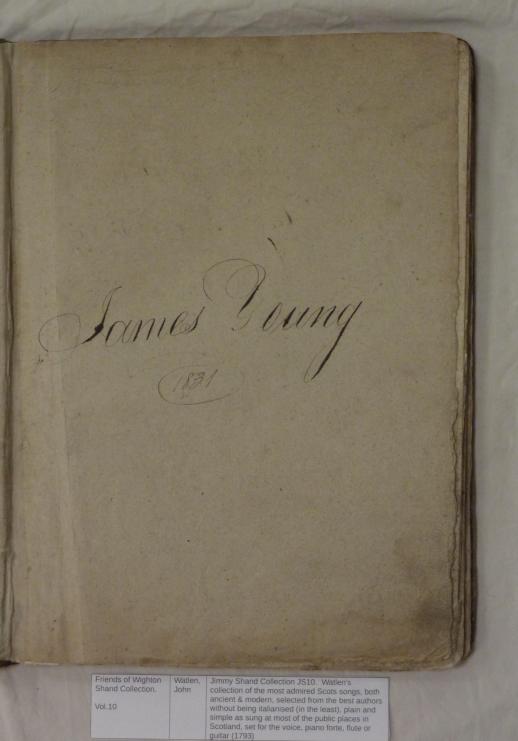


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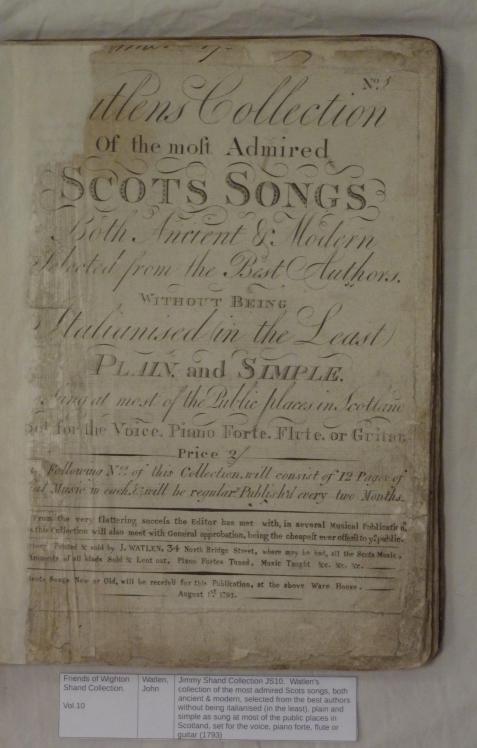
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Watlen,



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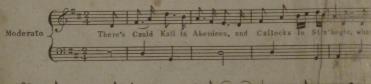


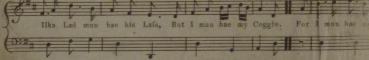
A favourite old Scots Sony

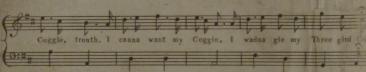
Adapted for the Voice, Harpsichord, Violin, or German Flute.

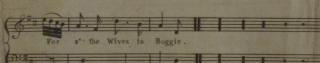
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Edin! Printed by J WATLEN, 34 North bridge [treet, Where may be had. God fave the King with Var? I/ Circus Music 6/ Pleyels German Hymn I/ The Faithfull Shepherd a Scots Song I/ Yarrow Vale 6d Rule Britannia 6d Instruments Lent out on Hire. Tuned Sc. Sc.









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Vol.10

Watlen,

Johany Smith has got a Wife
Wha ferimps him o' his Coggie,
But were the mine, upon my life
I'd duck Her in the Boggie,
Cho S For I mun has my Coggie, &c.

And what they maift did laugh-at, She brack the Bicker, spild the Drink, And tightly gouff'd his haffet. Chos Crying" was betide the three gird Cogg &c.

She fand him anes at Willie Sharps;

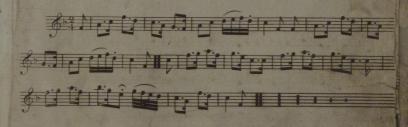
(3)

Twa, or three toddling Waens they have, ... Yet heres to il

The pride o'a' Stra'bogie;
When e'er the Totums cry for meat
She curfes ay his Coggie.
Cho: Crying"wae betide the three gird Cogg"
"Oh wae betide the Coggie,"
"It does mair Skaith, than a the ills"
"That happen in Stra'bogie!"

Yet heres to ilka Honeft Soul
Wha'll drink wi' me a Coggie;
And for ilk silly whinging fool,
We'll drake them thro the Boggie.
Cho? For I mun hae my Coggie, Sirs
I canna want my Coggie,
I wadna gie my three gird Gogg.
For a' the Queans in Boggie.

For the Guittar or Clarinet.

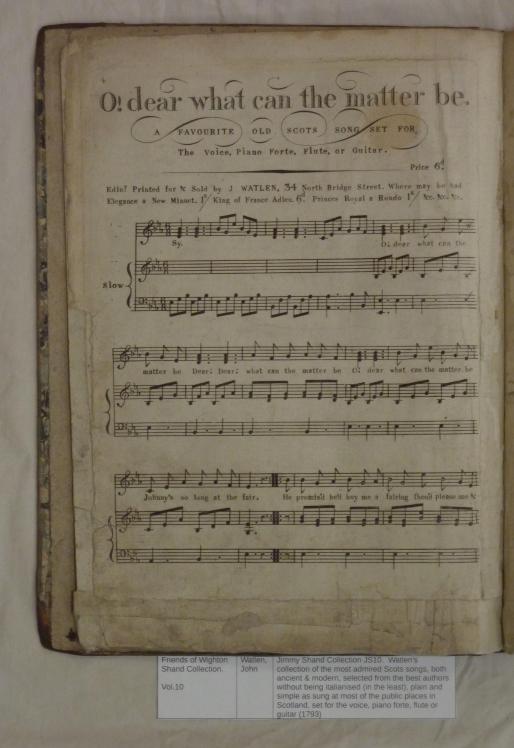


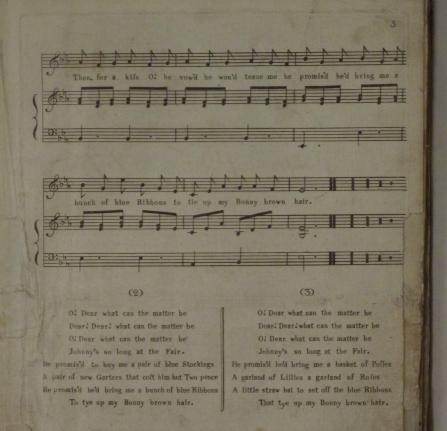
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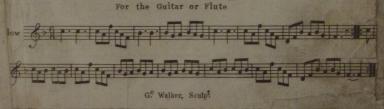
John

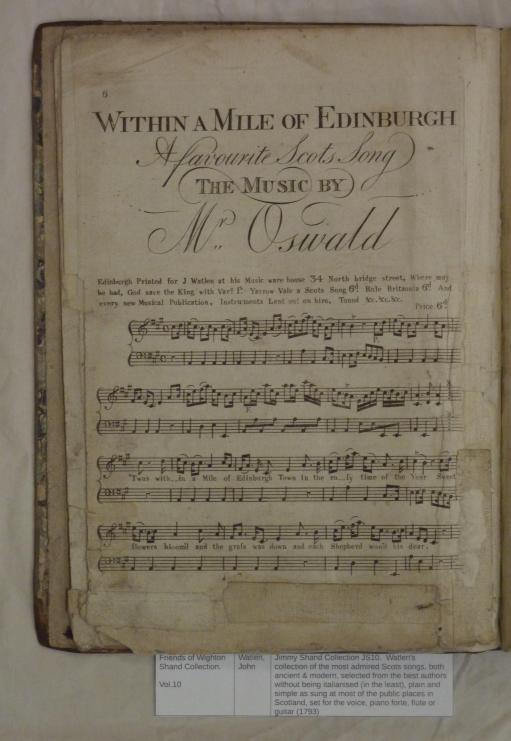
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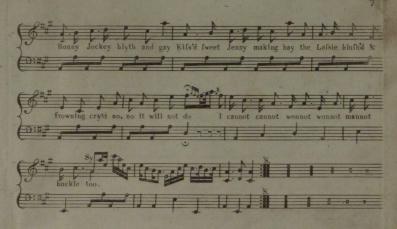
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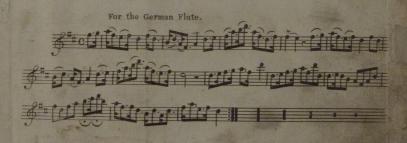
Jockey was a wag that never would wed, Tho' long he had follow'd the Lafs, Contented The earn'd & eat her brown Bread, And merrily turn'd up the Grafs. Bonny Jockey blieth and free, Won her Heart right merrily,

I cannot cannot wonnot wonnot mannot buckle too.

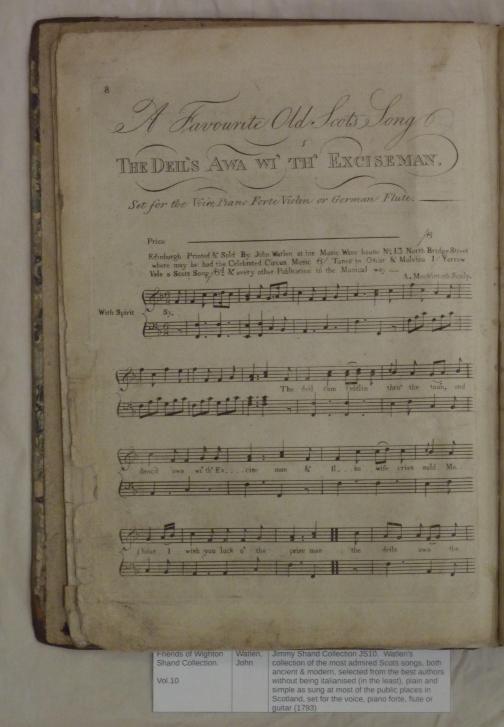
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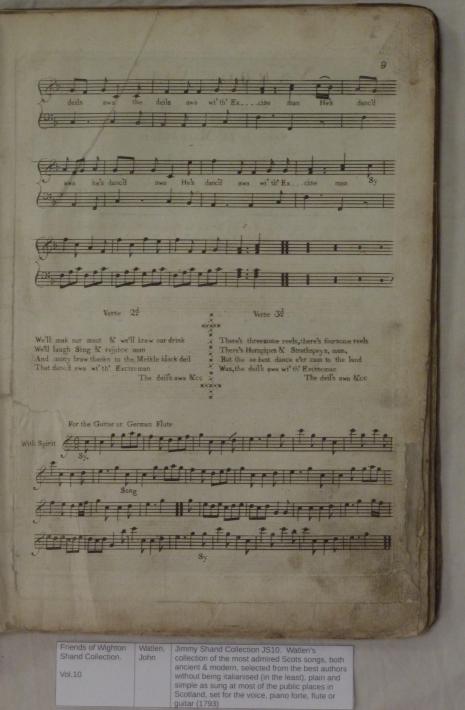
But when he vow'd he would make her his Bride, Tho' his Flocks and herds were not few, She gave him her hand and a kifs beside, And vowd fhe'd for ever be true. Bonny Jockey blyth and free, Won her Heart right merrily,

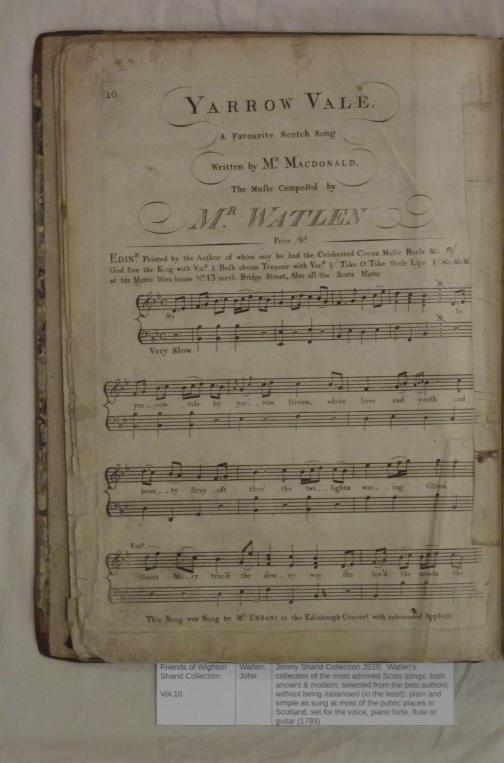
Yet still the blund & frowning cryd no no it will not do, At Church the no more frowning cryd no no it will not do I cannot cannot wonnot wonnot mannot buckle too.



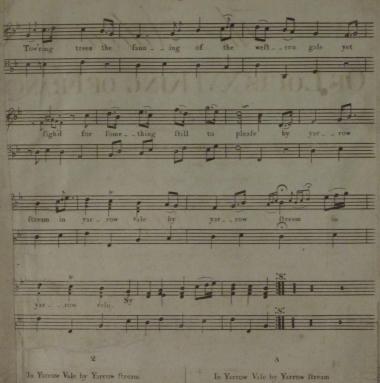
Shand Collection.











In Yarrow Vale by Yarrow stream
Sweet pleasure reigns she pensive faid
Here shades indulge the Shepherd's dream
And Zephyrs soothe the stumbring Maid
While I in Languor musing rove
Lift'ning the lonely Woodlark's wail
And the Woods unheeded rove
By Yarrow stream in Yarrow Vale.

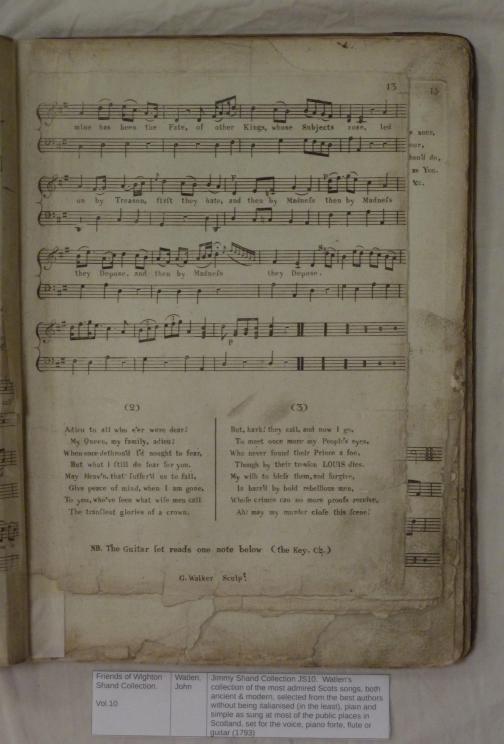
In Yarrow Vale by Yarrow ftream
Nature his Friend his guardian Love
Colin beneath the Moon's foft beam
Had follow'd Mary thro' the Grove
He look'd fhe blufh'd he fpoke fbe figh'd
No words are made to tell the Tale
O charming Meads and Groves fhe cried
By Yarrow ftream in Yarrow Vale.

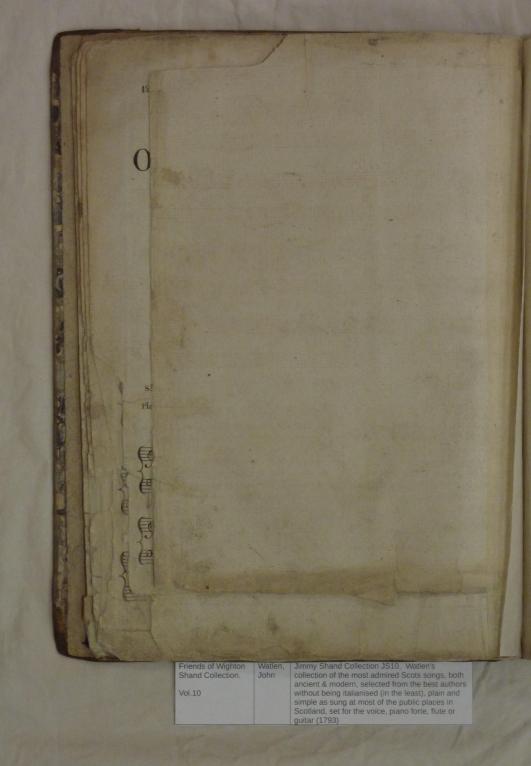
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John

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Sandy has Ousen, has Gear, and has Kye;

A House and a Hadden, and Siller forby.

But 1'd tak mine ain Lad wi' his Staff in his Hand

Before 1'd hae Him wi' his Houses and Land.

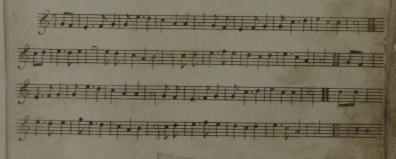
Cho. He said think na lang Lafsie. &c.

My Daddy looks sulky, my Minny looks sour,
They frown apon Jamie, because he is poor,
Tho I loe them as weell as a Daughter should do.
They are no half see dear to me, Jamie, as You.
Chos. He said think na lang Lafsle, &c.

(4)

I sit on my Creepie and spin at my Wheel
And think on the Laddie that loed me sae weel,
He had but as Saxpence, He brak it in twa,
And he gied me the ha'f dt, when He gaed awa.
Cho'. Then haste ye back Jamie, and bide na awa,
Then haste ye back Jamie, and bide na awa,
Simmer is coming, cauld Winter's awa,
And Ye'll come and see me inspite o' them a'

For the Guitar.



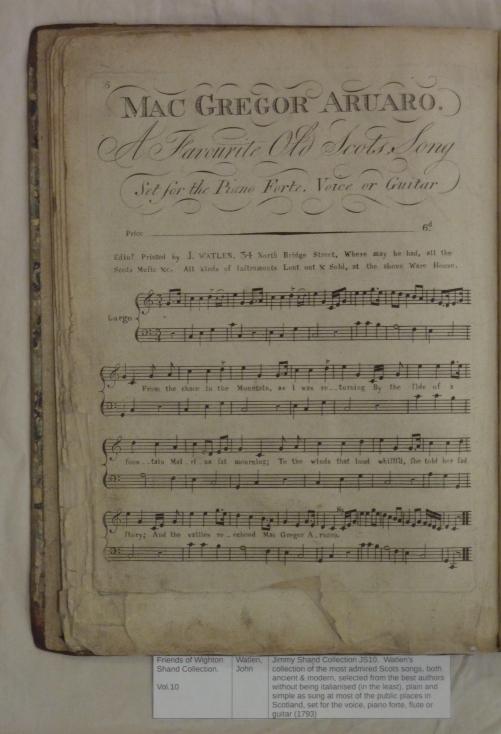
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guitar (1793)

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Like a flash of red light'ning, o'er the heath came Macara, More fleet than the roe buck on the lofty Beinn lara.

Oh where is MacGregor, say where does he hover.

You fon of bold Calmar, why tarries my lover.

(3)

Then the voice of foft forrow, from his bofom thus founded, Low lies your MacGregor, pale mangle and wounded. Overcome with deep flumber, to the rock I conveyed him, Where the fons of black malice to his foes have betray

(4)

As the blaft from the mountain foon nips the fresh blossom, So died the fair bad of fond hope in her bosom.

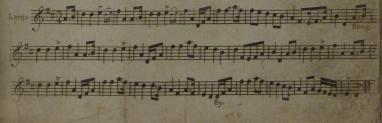
MacGregor: MacGregor: loud echoe resounded,

And the hills rung in pity, MacGregor is wounded.

(5)

Near the brook in the valley, the green turf did hide her, And they laid down Mac Gregor found fleeping befide her, Secure is their dwelling from foes and black flander; Near the roaring loud waters their fpirits oft wander.

For the German Flute.

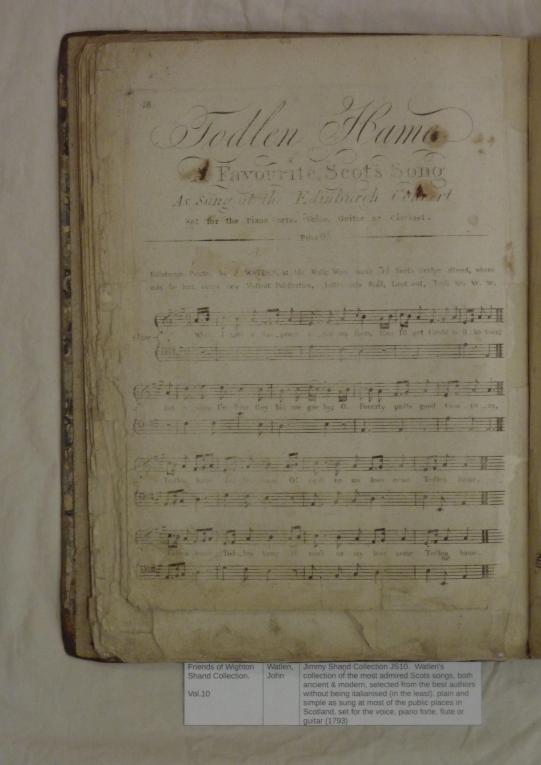


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/ol.10



Fair fa' the gude wife and fend her gude fale.

She gies ws white Bannocks to drink her brown Ale.

Syne if her Tippony chance to be fma;

We'll tak a gude Scoure o't and ca' it awa!

Todlen hame, Todlen hame,

As round as a neep I came Todlen hame.

(3)

My kimmer and I lay down to fleep,

And twa pint floups at our Bed feet,

And ay when we wakend, we drank them dry.

What think ye of my wee kimmer and 1:

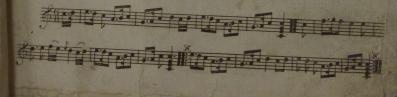
Todlen but and Todlen ben,

Sae round as my love somes, Todlen hame.

(4)

Leez me on Liquor my Todling dow,
Ye're ay fo gude humourd when wetting your mon.
When fober fae four, You'l fight wi a flee
That its a biyth fight to the bairns and me.
Todlen hame Todlen hame,
When round as a neep I come Todlen leane.

For the Guitar or Clarinet.



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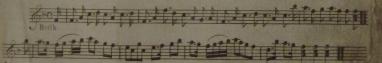
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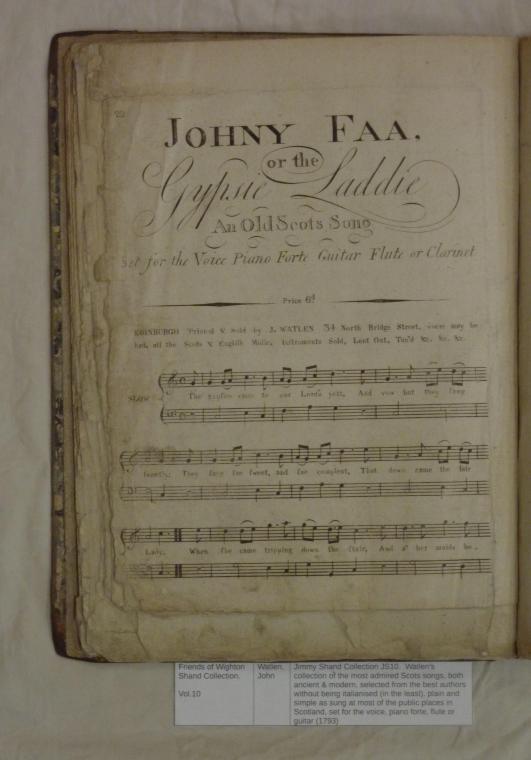
As o'er the moor they lightly foor, A burn was clear, a glen was green, Upon the banks they eas'd their Shanks, And ay she set the wheel between: But Duncan fwoor a haly aith That Meg Shou'd be a bride the morn,

We will big a wee, wee house, And we will live like King and Queen, Sae blyth and merry's we shall be, When ye fot by the wheel at e'en. A man may drink and no be drunk, A man may fight and no be flain; A man may kifs a bony lafs, And ay be welcome back again.



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(2)

Gae tak frae me this gay mantile,
And bring to me a plaidie;
For if kith and kin and a' had fworn,
I'll follow the gypfie laddie.
Yeftreen I lay in a weel made bed,
And my good Lord befide me;
This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
Whatever [hall betide me.

(3)

Oh: come to your bed fays Johny Fas,
Oh: come to your bed, my deary;
For I vow and fwear by the hilt of my fword,
That your Lord fhall nae mair come near ye.
I'll go to bed to my Johny Fas,
And I'll go to bed to my deary;
For I vow and fwear by what palt yettreen,
That my Lord fhall nae mair come near me.

(4)

I'll make a hap to my Johny Faa,

And I'll make a hap to my deary;

And he's get a' the coat gaes round,

And my Lord fhall nae mair come near me

And when our Lord came hame at e'en

And speird for his fair Lady,

The tane she cryd, and the other reply'd,

She's awa wi' the gyptic laddic.

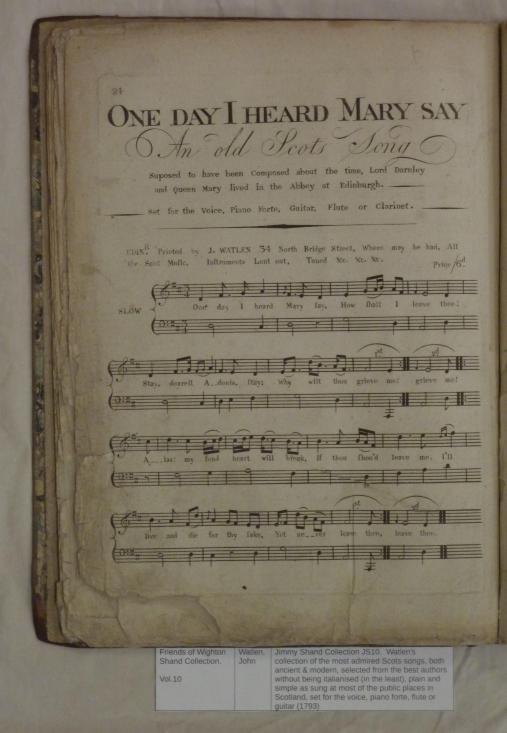
(5)

Gae faddle to me the black, black fleed,
Gae faddel and mak him ready!
Before that I either eat or fleep,
I'll gae feek my fair Lady.
And we were fifteen well made men,
Altho' we were nae bonny;
And we are a' put down for ane,
The Earl of Cafsilis' Lady.

Friends of Wighton

ollection.

Watlen, John



Say, lovely Adonis, fay,
Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
Did eer her young heart betray
New love to grieve thee?
-My conftant mind ne'er fhall ftray,
Thou may believe me;
I'll leve thee, lad, night and day,
And never leave thee.

Adonis my charming youth,

What can relieve thee?

Can Mary thy anguish foothe?

This breast will receive thee

My passion can ne'er decay,

Never deceive thee;

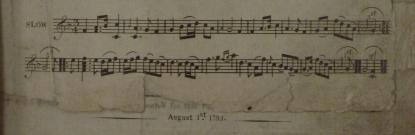
Delight shall drive pain away,

Pleasure revive thee.

(3)

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
How shall I leave thee:
Of that thought makes me fad;
I'll never leave thee.
Where would my Adoms fly?
Why does he grieve me:
Alas, my poor heart will die,
If I should leave thee.

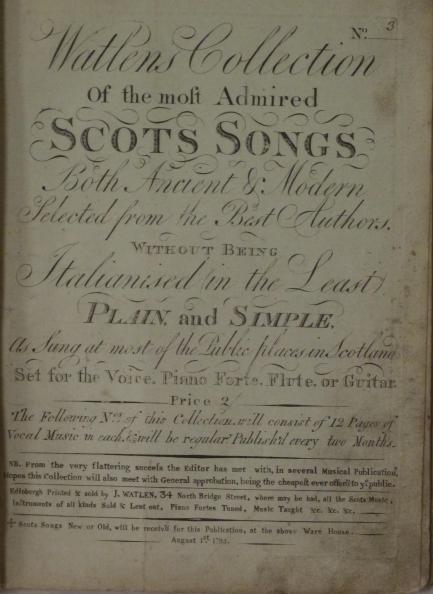
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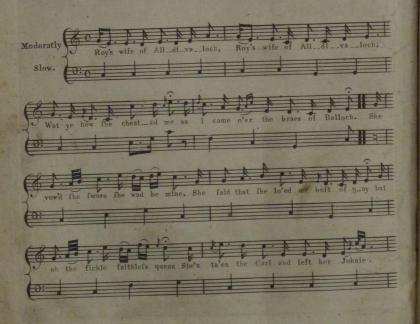


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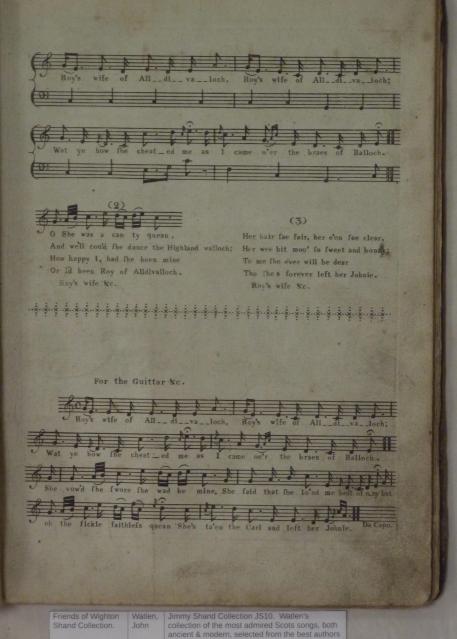
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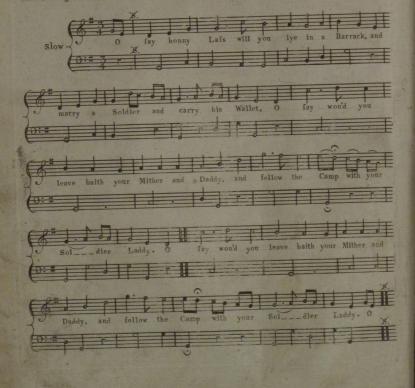
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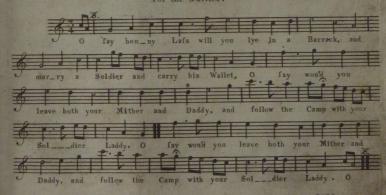
She O yes bonny Lad I could lye in a Barrack,
And marry a Soldier and carry his Wallet,
I'd neither alk leave of my Mither or Daddy,
But follow my deareft my Soldier Laddy.

HeO fay bonny Lafs would you go a Campaigning,
And bear all the hardflips of Battle and Famine,
When wounded and bleeding, then wouldt thou draw near me,
And kindly support me, and tenderly chear me.

She o yes bonny Lad ill think naithing of it,
But follow my Henry and carry his Wallet,
Nor Danger, nor Famine, nor Wars can alarm me,
My Soldier is near me and nothing can harm me.

HeBut fay bonny Lafs when I go into Battle,
Where dying Men groan, and Cannons loud rattle,
She O yes bonny Lad I will fhare all thy harms,
And (houlft thou be kill'd, I will die in thy Arms.

For the Guittar.



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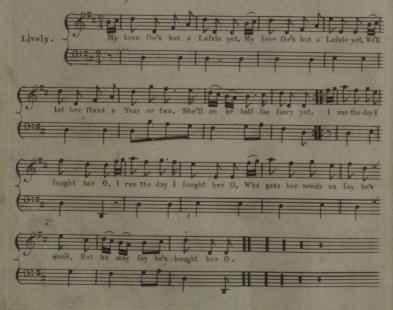
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vvatien,

Come draw a drap o' the beft o't yet,
Come draw a drap o' the beft o't yet;
Gae feek for pleafure whare you will,
But here I never mift it yet.
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't:
The minifter kifst the fidler's wife,
He could na preach for thinkin o't.

Lively

My love The's but a Lassie yet, My love she's but a Lassie yet, We'll

let her stand a Year or twa, She'll no be half sae saucy yet. I rue the day I

fought her O, I rue the day I fought her O, Wha gets her needs na say he's wood, But

he may say he's bought her O.

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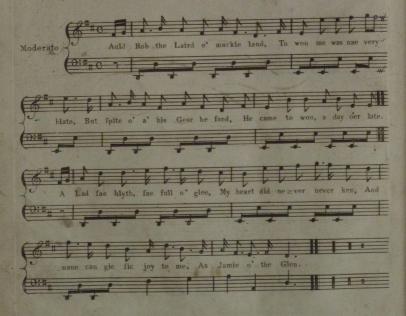
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My Minny grat like daft and rard,
To gar me wi' her will comply.
But fill I wadna hae the Laird,
Wi'a' his Oufen, Sheep, and Kye,
Cho S A Lad fae blyth &c.

Ah what are Silks and Sattins bra,
What's a' his Warldly Geer to me.
They're daft that caft themfelves awa,
Where nae Content or Luve can be,
Cho 5. A Lad fae blyth &c.

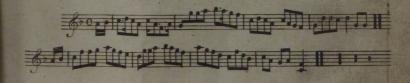
(4)

1 cou'd na bide the filly clafh, Came hourly frae the Gawky Laird. And fae to ftop his gab and fafh, Wi' Jamie to the Kirk repaird. Cho^S. A Lad fae blyth &c.

(5)

Now ilka Simmer's day fae lang,
And Winter's cald wi' froft and fnaw.
A Tunefu' Lilt and Bonny Sang,
Ay keep dull Care and Strife awa.
Cho. A Lad fae blyth &c.

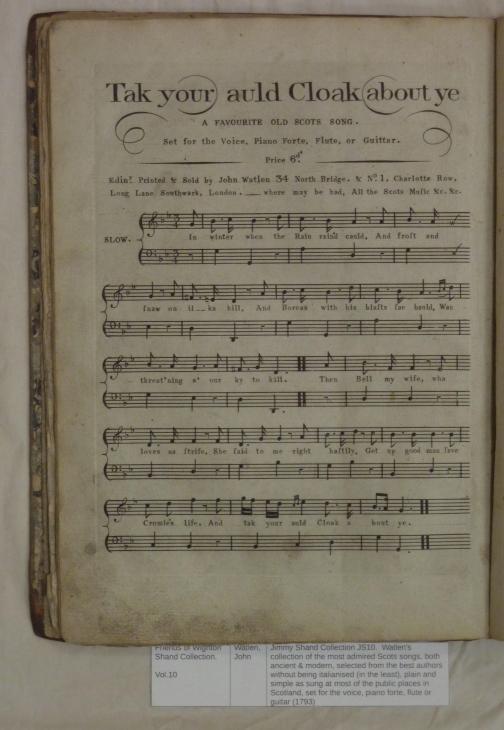
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My Cromie is a ufefu'cow,

And she is come of a good kyne;
Oft has she wet the bairns' mou,
And I am laith that she should tyne;
Get up goodman, it is fou'time,
The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good gray cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now its fcantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thirty year;
Let's fpend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be prond, fince I have fworn,
To have a new cloak about me.

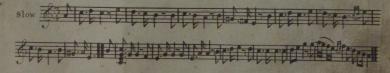
In days when our King Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half a crown;
He said they were a groat oer dear,
And ca'd the Taylor thief and loun.
He was the King that wore the Crown,
And thou the Man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the Country down,
Sae tak your auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool,
I think the warld is a run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule;
Do ye not fee Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I fit have leev clock about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had between us twa
Of lads and bonny laffes, ten;
Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray well may they be;
And if you prove a good husband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, the loves na ftrife,
But the wad guide me, if the can;
And to maintain an eafy life,
I aft maun yield, the Im gudeman:
Nought's to be wen at woman's hand,
Unlefs you gi'e her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave off where I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me.

For the Guittar.

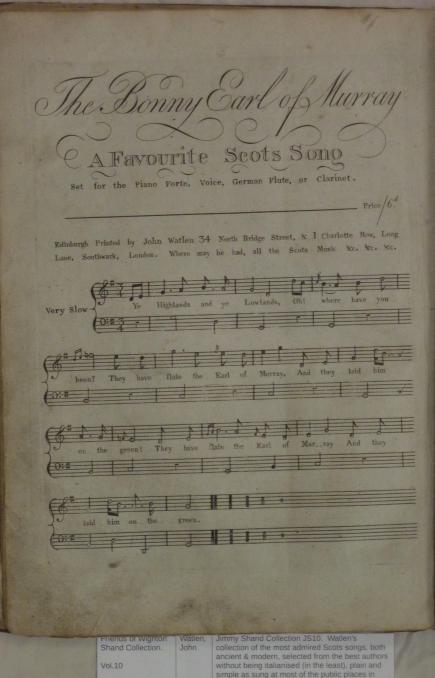


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Val 10



Scotland, set for the voice, piano forte, flute or

guitar (1793)

Now was be to thee, Huntley!

And wherefore did you fae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to flay.
I bade, &c.

(3)

He was a bra' gallant,

And he rid at the ring,

And the bonny Earl of Murray,

Oh! he might have been a King,

And the, &c.

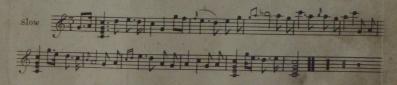
(4)
He was a bra' gallant,
And he play'd at the ba',
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower amang them a'.
And the, &c.

(5)

He was a bra' gallant,
And he play'd at the glove;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he was the Queen's love.
And the, &c.

(6)
Oh! lang will his Lady
Look o'er the caftle Down,
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Come founding through the town.
Ere she, &c.

For The Guitar.

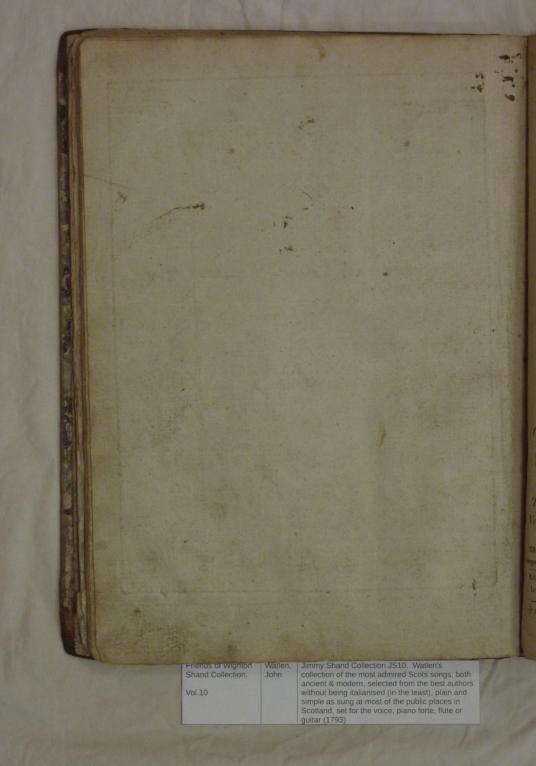


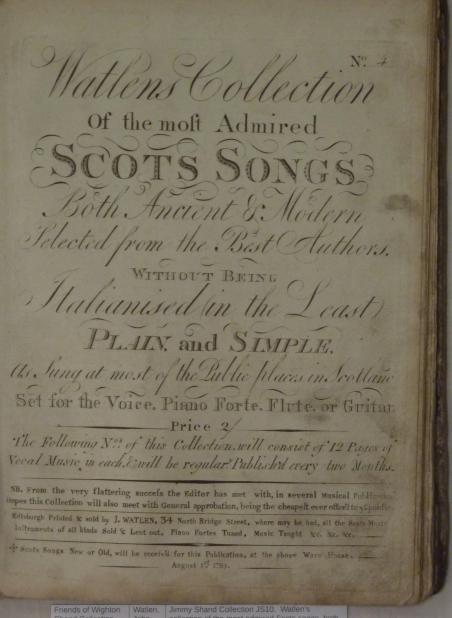
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CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS

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CAN YE SEW SHEETS

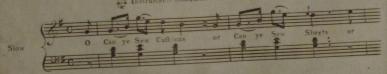
Favourite Old Scots Song.

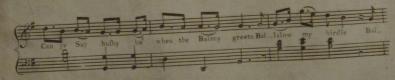
Set for the Voice, Piano Forte, German Flute, or Gui

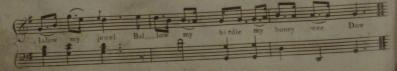
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2

I'll build me a Cradle upon yon tree top,

And when the wind blaws the cradle will rock;

Balalow my birdie, Balalow my jewel,

Balow my birdie, my bonny wee Dow;

Sing hey away, what'l I do we you,

Black's the life that I maun lead,

Mony o' you, Little thing to gie you,

Black's the life that I maun lead.

For the Guitar

Slow Description of the Country of

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A Favorite Old Scots Song.

Set for the Voice, Piano Forte, Guitar, Flute or Clarinet.

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Rife up and, mak a clean fire fide, Put on the mukle Pat; Gie little Kate her cotton gown. -And Jock his Sunday's coat; And mak their Shoop as black as Slaes, Their hofe as white as fnaw, It's a' to please my ain Goodman; For he's been lang awa. Cho?

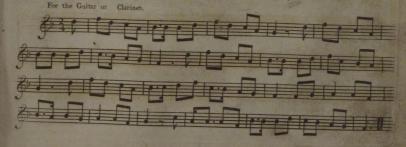
There is twa Hens upon the Bauk, S'been fed this month and mair; Mak hafte, and thra their necks about, That Colin well may fare; And fpread the Table neat and clean; Gar ilka thing look bra; It's a' for love of my Goodman; For he's been lang awa. Chos

O gie me down my bigonets, My Bifhop fattin gown; For I maun tell the Baillie's wife, That Colin's come to Town; My Sunday's fhoon they maun gae on, My hofe o' pearl blue, It's a' to please my ain Goodman, For he's baith leel and true. Cho?

Sae true's his words, Sae fmooth's his speech. His breath like caller Air, His very foot has mufick int, When he comes up the ftair; And will I fee his face again! And will I hear him fpeak! I'm downright dizzy wee the thought; In troth, I'm like to greet. Cho?

The cauld blafts of the winter wind, That thrilled thro' my heart, They're a blaun by I hae him fafe, Till Death we'll never part, But what puts parting in my head? It may be far awa; The prefent moment is our Ain; The neift we never faw. Chos

Since Colin's well, I'm well, content, I hae nae mair to crave; Could I but live to mak him bleft, I'm bleft aboon the lave; And will I fee his face again And will I hear him fpeak! Im downright dizzy wee the thought; In troth, I'm like to greet. Chos



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(2)

Above the oppreft by my Fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes,
Tho' Fortune has alter'd my ftate,
She ne'er can fubdue me to thofe;
Falfe Woman, in Ages to come,
Thy Malice detefted fhall be,
And when we are cold in the Tomb,
Some heart ftill will forrow for me.

(3)

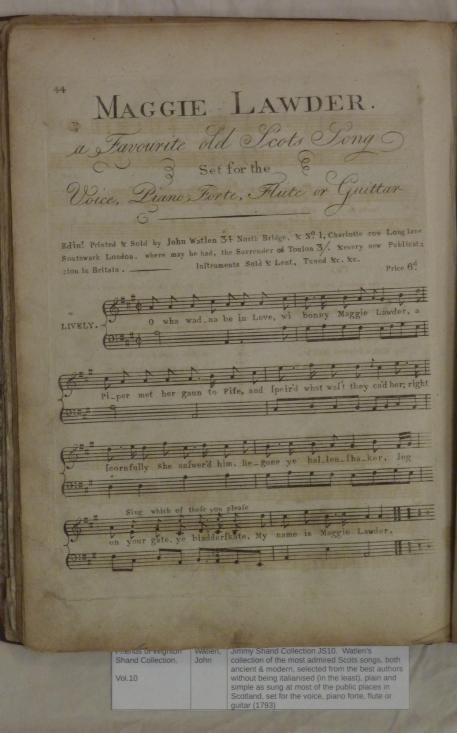
Ye Roofs where cold damps and difmay, With filence and folitude dwell, How comfortless passes the day, How fad tolls the Evening Bell; The Owls from the Battlements cry, Hollow winds feems to murmour around, O Mary, prepare thee to die,
My Blood it runs cold at the found.

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Naggie, quoth be, and by my Bags, i'm fidging fain to fee ye, set down by me my bonny Bird, in troth I winna fteer thee; for I'm a Piper to my trade.

My name is Rob the Ranter.

The Lafses loup as they were daft, When I blaw up my Chanter.

Piper, quoth Meg, hae you your Bags,
And is your Drone in order,
If ye be Rob, I've heard of thee,
Live ye upo' the Border;
The Lafses a', baith far and near,
Have heard of Rob the Ranter,
I'll fhake my foot wi' right good will,
Gif you'll blaw up your Chanter.

Then to his Bags he flew wi' speed,
About the Drone be twifted,
Meg up and wellop'd o'er the Green,
For brawly could She frifk it;
Weel done, gnoth He, play ap, quoth She,
Weel bob'd quoth Rob the Ranter,
Tis worth my while to play indeed,
When I hae fick a Dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part quoth Meg, 'Your cheeks are like the crimfon,
There's name in Scotland plays fae weel,
Since we loft Habby Simpfon;
I've liv'd in Fife, baith Maid and Wife,
Thefe ten Years and a Quarter,
Gin ye should come to Easter Fair,
Speir ye for Maggie Lawder.

For the Guittar.

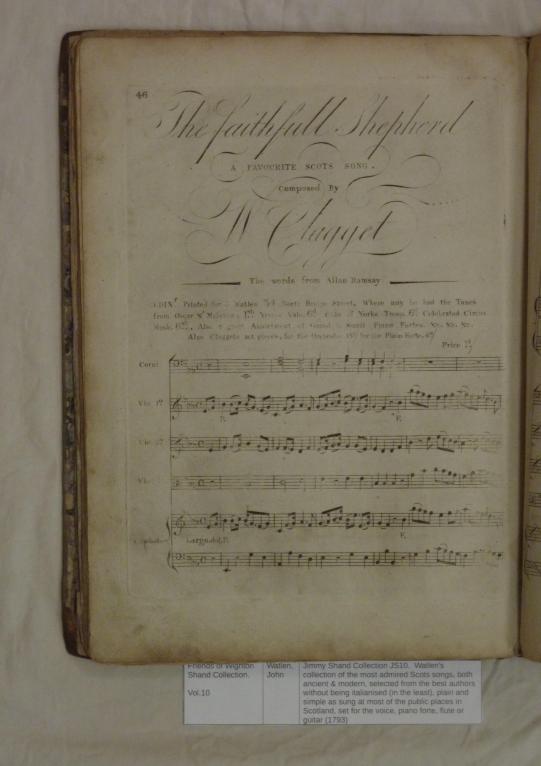
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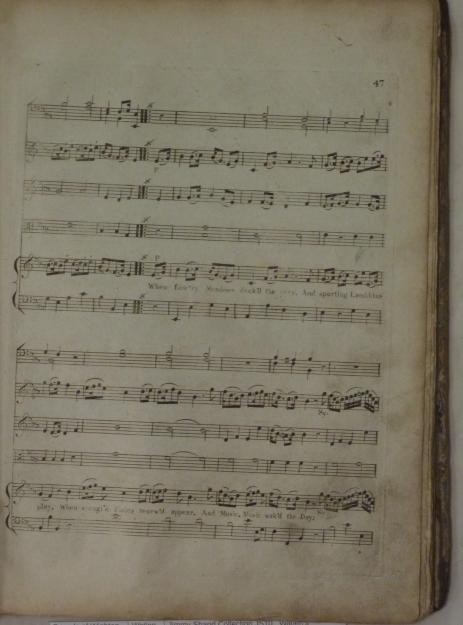
The Guittar.

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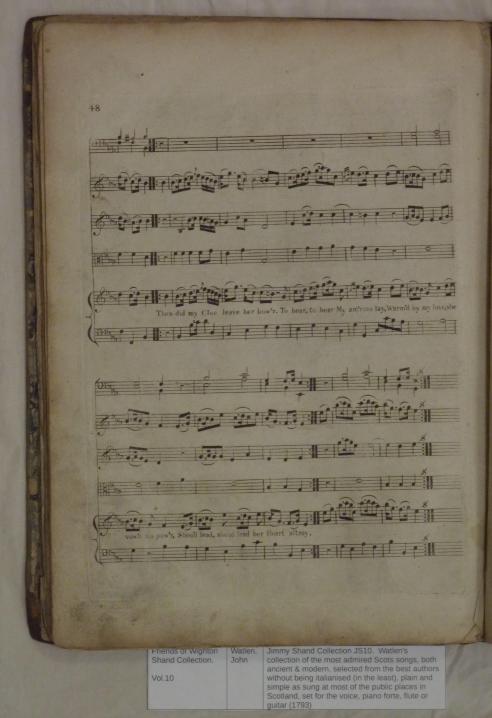




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49

The warbling quires from ev'ry bough.
Surround our couch in throngs.
And all their Tunefull art beltow.
To give us change of Songes.
Scenes of delight My soul poisefs'd.
1 bleft then hog'd the Maid.
I rob'd the Kifses from her breaft.
Sweet as the Noon days shade.

Joy transporting never fails
To fly away as air:
Another swain with her prevails
To be as Falle as Fair.
What can My fatal passion care.
I'll never woo again:
All her disdain I mail endare.
Adoring her in vain.

What pity 'tis to hear the Boy
Thus Sighing with his pain;
But time and Scorn may give him joy,
To hear Her sigh again
Aht fickle Chloe, be advistle,
'Do not thy felf hegaile,
A faithfull Lover floods he priz'd.
Then cure him with a fmile.

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G. Walker, sculp Edin!

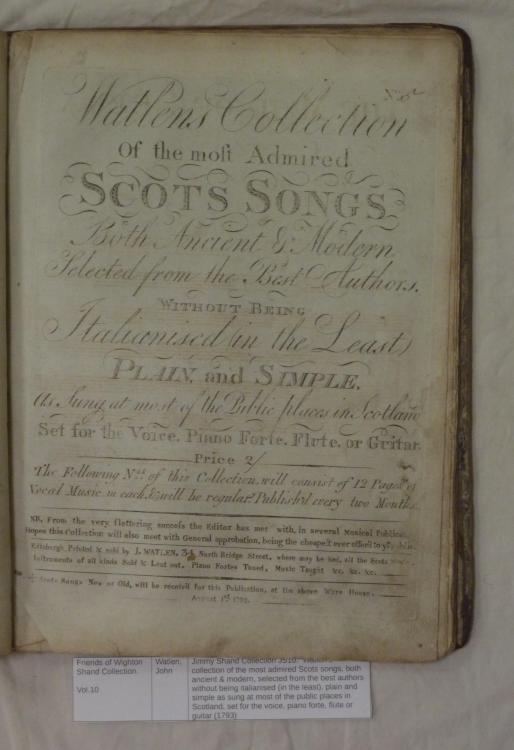
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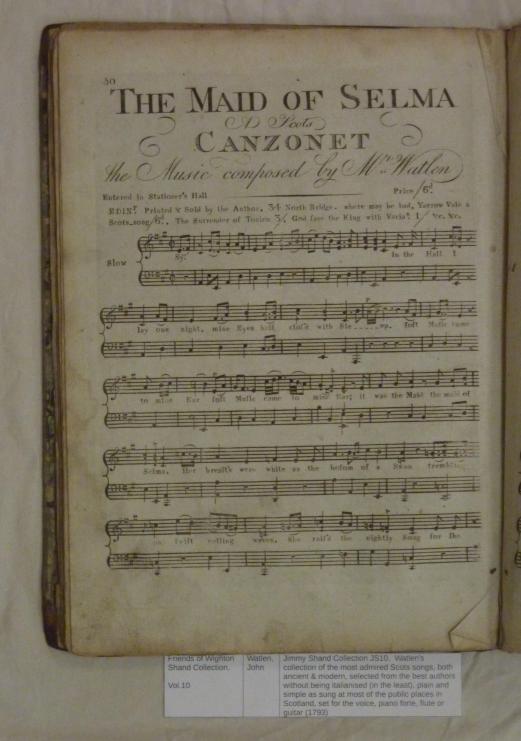
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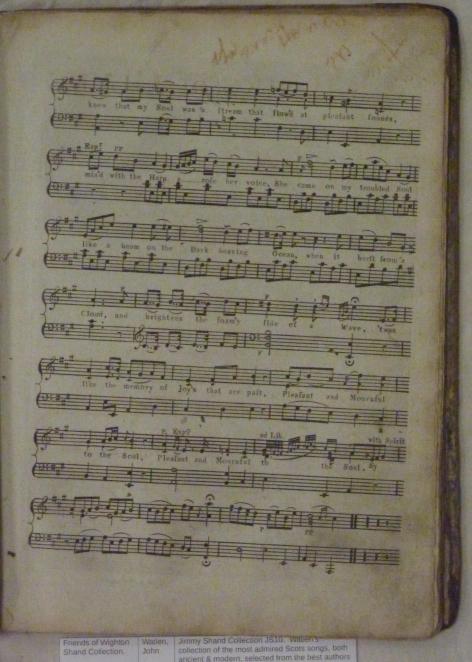
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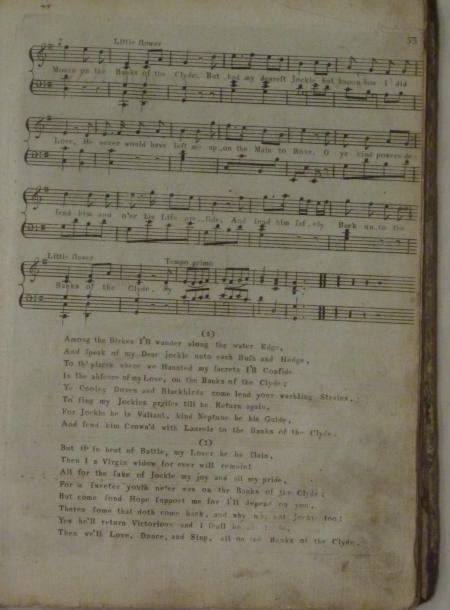


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CA THE EWES TO THE KNOWS,

Afavourite old Scots Song

As Sono at the

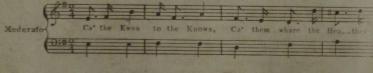
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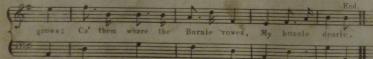
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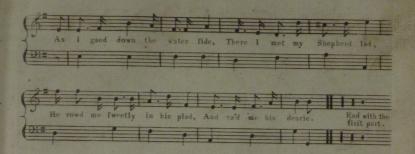


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Will ye gang down the water fide And fee the waves fo fweetly glide, Beneath the hazels fpreading wide, The Moon it thines fu'clearly. Chos Ca' the Ewes &c.

I was bred up at nae fic School, My Shepherd lad, to play the fool, And a' the day to fit in doo! And nae body to fee me. Chos Ca' the Ewes &c.

Ye fall get gowns and ribbons meet. And in my arms ye'fe lie and fleep. And ye fall be my dearie. Chos Ca' the Ewes &c.

If ye'll but fland to what ye've faid, 'l'fe gang wi' you, my Shepherd lad, And ye may row me in your plaid, And I fall be your dearie. Chos Ca' the Ewes &c.

While waters wimple to the fea; While day blinks in the lift fae hie; Till clay cauld death fall blin' my e'e, Ye fall be my dearie. Chos Ca' the Ewes &c.

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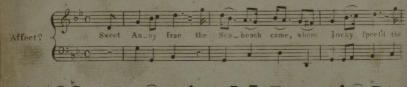
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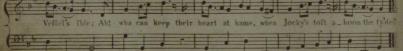
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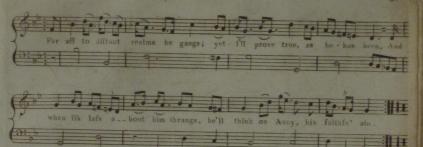


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(2)

I met our wealthy laird yeftreen,
Wi' gou'd in hand he tempted me,
He praif'd my brow, my rolling een,
And made a brag of what he'd gee:
What tho' my Jocky's far away.
Toft up and down the dinfome main,
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jocky may return again.

Nae mair, falfe Jamie, fing nae mair, And fairly caft your pipe away; My Jocky wad be troubled fair, "To fee his friend, his Love betray: For a' your fongs and verfe are vain, While Jock's notes do faithful flow; My heart to him shall true remain, I'll keep it for my constant Jo.

Bla' faft, ye gales, round Jocky's heed,
And gar year waves be calm and ftill;
His baneward fail vith breezes speed,
And dinna a' my pleasure spill!
What the' my Jocky's far away,
Yet he will bra' in fill r fhire;
I'll keep my heart an ther away.
Since Jocky may

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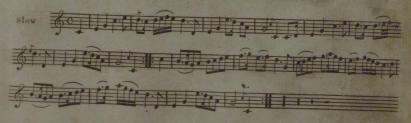
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That day the fmil'd, and made me glad,
No maid feem'd ever kinder;
I thought myfelf the luckieft lad,
So fweetly there to find her.
I try'd to footh my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender:
If more there pass'd I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now the fcornfuly flees the plain.
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, the thews difdain.
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny buth bloom'd fair in may,
Its fweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay;
It fades as in december.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my ftrains,
Why thus fhould Peggy grieve me?
Oht make her partner in my pains;
Then let her fmiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn defpair,
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To louely wilds I'll wander.

For the Guitar &c.



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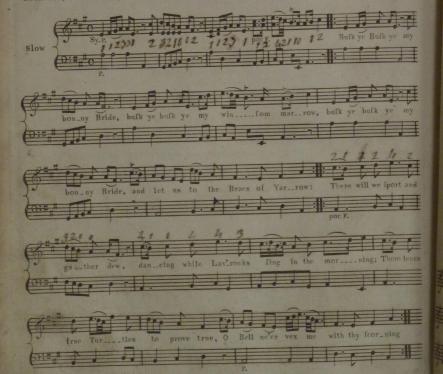
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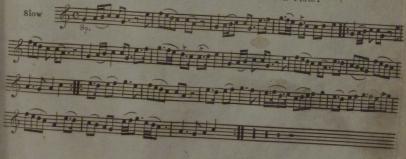
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To wefflin breezes Flora yield,
And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blythness appears oer all the fields,
And nature looks mair fresh and charming.
Learn free the burns that trace the mead,
Tho on their banks the roses blossom,
Yet hastly they flow to Tweed.
And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Hafte ye, hafte ye, my bonny Bell,
Hafte to my arms, and there I'll guard thee;
With free confent my fears repel;
I'll with my love and care reward thee;
Thus fang I faftly to my Pair,
Wha raif'd my hopes with kind relenting.
O queen of fuiles, I afk na mair

For the Guitar, Clarionet, or German Flute.

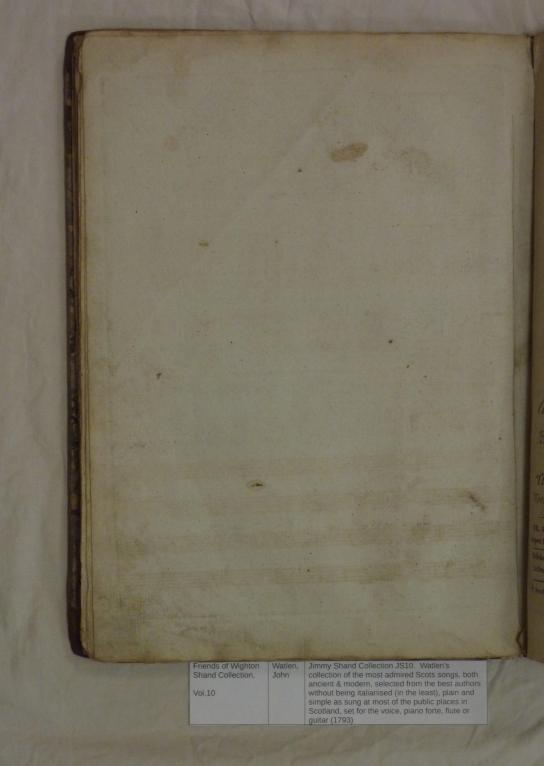
Since now my honny Bell's confenting.

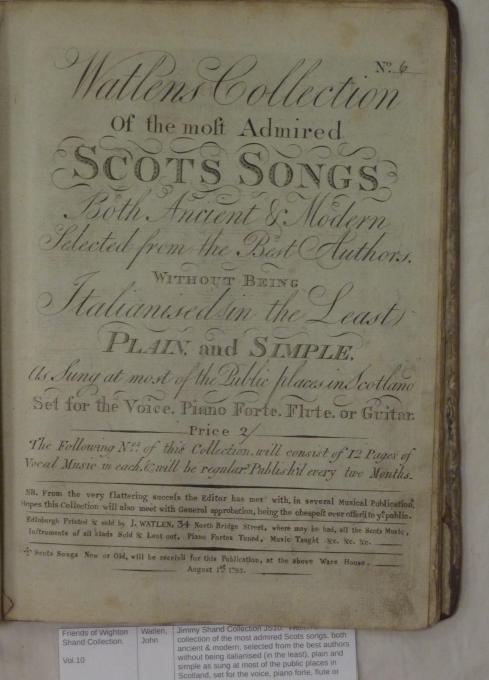


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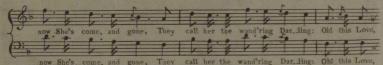
JESS MACPHARLANE.

A FAVOURITE OLD SCOTS DUETT,

Pr 6.

Set for one, or two Voices, Piano Forte, Violin, or Guitar.









2

Eer Father loves her well,
Her Mither loves her better;
And I like the Girl mysel,
But, alas! I canna get her.
Oht this Love &c.

To write my Love a Letter;
But, alas! She canna read,
And I like her aw the better.
Oh! this Love &c.

Then since I canna rest,
For thinking of my Darling;
I'll wander too, in quest,
Of lovely Jess Macpharlane.
Oh! this Love No.

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Watlen,



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John

O'honochrie O favourite old Scots Long VOICE, PIANO FORTE, FLUTE, &c. The Music Composed by Price 6d Entred in Stationer's Hall. EDIN! Printed for the Author, to be had at his Music Ware House 34 North Bridge, & No. 1, Charlotte Row; Long Lane, Southwark LONDON: where may be had by the above Author, The Maid of Selma 6d., Yarrow Vale 6d, & many other Scots Publications. Instruments Sold, Lent out, Exchanged, Tuned &c. Largo, with Exp?

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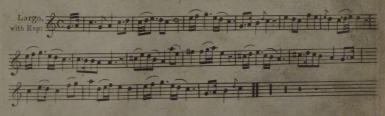
9

But in the dead hour of the night,
O'honochrie, O'honochrie, O'honochrie, O,
They broke my Bower, and slew my Knight,
O'honochrie, O'honochrie, O'honochrie, O,
With ae teat of his coal black Hair,
O'honochrie, O'honochrie, O'honochrie, O,
I'll ty my Heart for ever mair,
O'honochrie, O'honochrie, O'honochrie, O.

No flatt'ring Youth, nor slae tongu'd Swain, O'honochrie, O'honochrie, O'honochrie, O, Shall e'er unty that Knot again,

O'honochrie, O'honochrie, O'honochrie, O,
That Heart dear Youth, still yours shall be,
O'honochrie, O'honochrie, O'honochrie, O,
Nor pant for ought, save Heav'n and Thee.
O'honochrie, O'honochrie, O'honochrie, O.

For the Guitar, Flute, &c.



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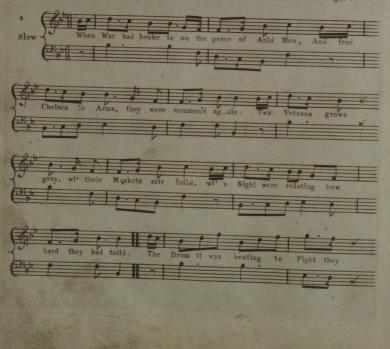
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The Days of Langsyne

Voice, Biano-Forte, Flute, or Violin.

Entered in Stationers Hall Price 6d.

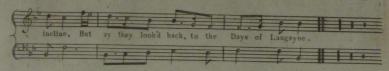
EDIN^T. Printed & Sold by J: WATLEN, at his Music Ware house, 34 North Bridge, & No 1, Charlotte row Long lane Southwark LONDON. where may be had all the Scots Music, original Set's. Instruments Sold, Lent out, Exchanged, Tuned &c. See Watlen's Catalogue.



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2

Eh Davie man, weill thou remembers the time,
When twa brisk young Callands, and just in our prime,
The Prince led us, conquerd, and showd us the way,
And mony a bra Chield we turn'd cauld on that day;
Still again I wou'd venture this auld Trunk of mine,
Cou'd our General but lead, and we fight as Langsyne.

3

But Garrison duty is a' we can do.

The our Arms are worn weak, yet our Hearts are still true,
We car'd na for dangers by Land, or by Sea.

For time is turn'd Coward, and no you and me;

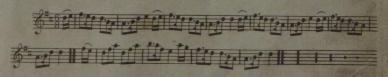
And the at our fate, we may sadly repine,

Youth winns return, nor the Strength of Langsyne.

4

When after our Conquests it joys me to mind,
How thy Jean carress'd thee, and my Meg was kind,
They shared of our danger, the ever so hard,
And we cared na for Plunder, when sic our reward;
Even now they're resolv'd both their Homes to resign,
And will share the hard fate, they were used to Langsyne.

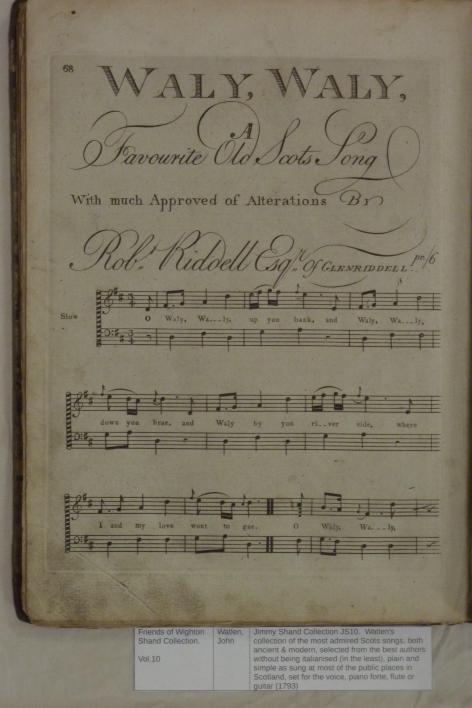
For the German=Flute, or Clarinet .

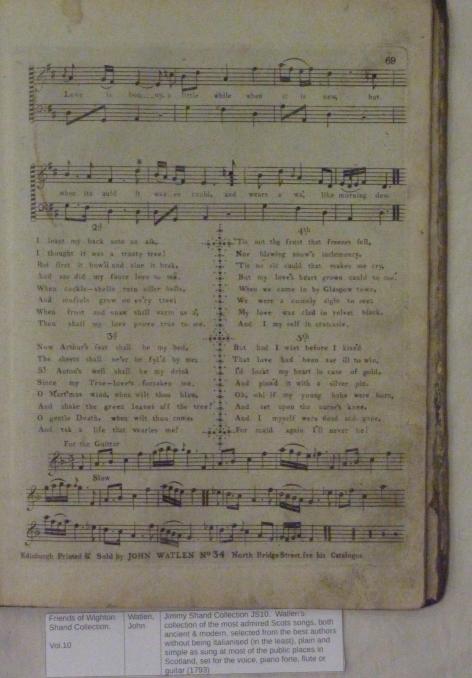


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70

Here's a Health to Them that's awa.

A favourite Old Scots Song

PIANO : FORTE,
Guitar or Flute.

Price 6.

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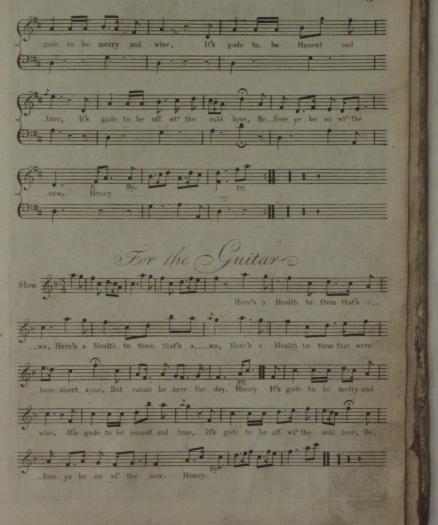


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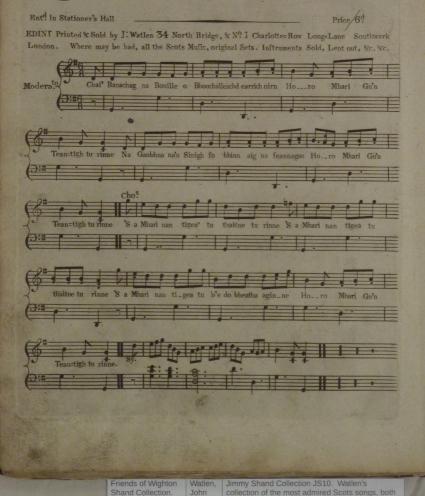
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BLACK MARY

a Favourite old Gaelic Song

Set for the Voice, Piano = Forte, Flute, or Violin



ancient & modern, selected from the best authors without being italianised (in the least), plain and simple as sung at most of the public places in Scotland, set for the voice, piano forte, flute or

guitar (1793)

Nuair theid thu Dhuneldin's Inchd Benria farraid ort Horo Mhari gu'n teantigh tu rinne Bith Cnocada arda gan cuireadh air t'anarta Horo Mhari gu'n teantigh tu rinne Cho? 'S a Mhari nan tigea tu thaitne tu rinne No.

The Rueri fo' grueimean or tousle mun Bhanarach Horo Mhari gu'n teantigh turinne Cha deane car feum ma threigeas, a Leannan c Horo Mhari gu'n teantigh turinne Cho? 'S a Mhari nan tigea tu thaitne turinne Xc.

Inanslation (ce

Verse 1st.

The maid of the fold is from Herding in the Spring
Horo black Mary return to me
The Stirks lie condemned in the power of the Crows
Horo black Mary return to me
Cho? O Mary Return, then happy I'll be

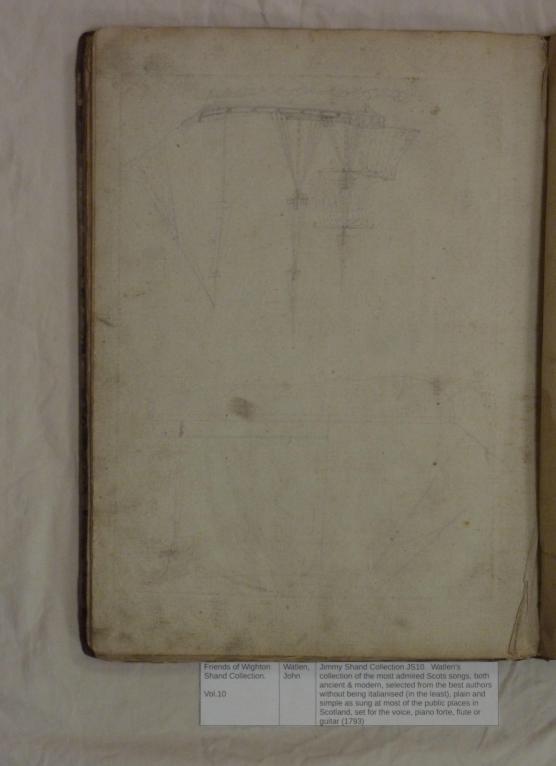
O Mary Return, then happy I'll be O Mary return and welcome you'll be Horo black Mary return to me.

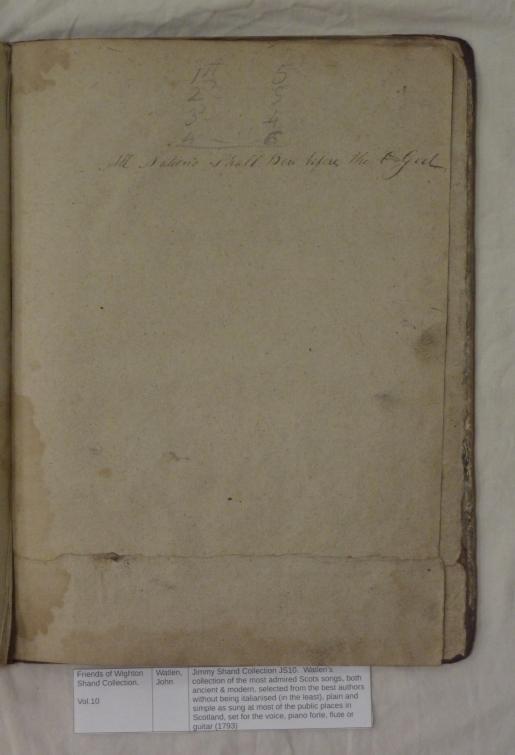
When you go to Edinburgh, in English they'll ask for you Horo black Mary return to me ligh knotted Ribbons will adorn your Head-dress. Horo black Mary return to me Chos O Mary Return, then happy l'il be &c.

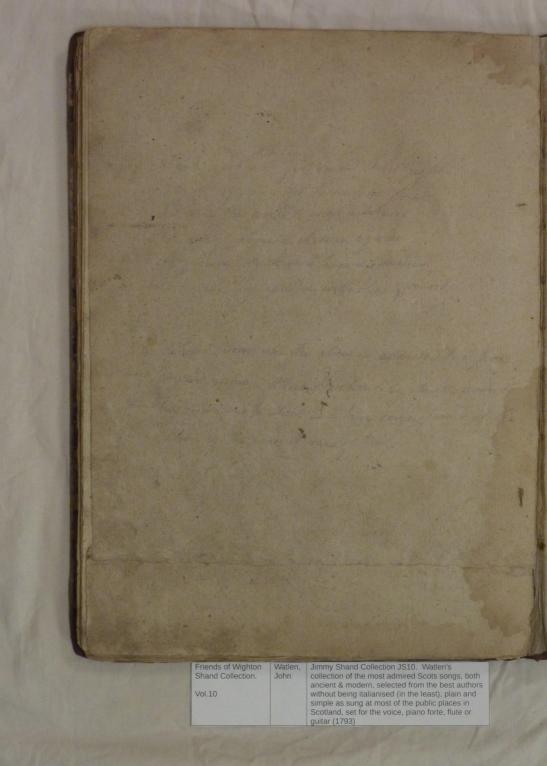
Rory is melancholy fince he heard of the maid of the Dairy Horo black Mary return to me Hell never do good if his Sweet-heart forfakes him Horo black Mary return to me Cho^{\$} O Mary Return, then happy III be &c.

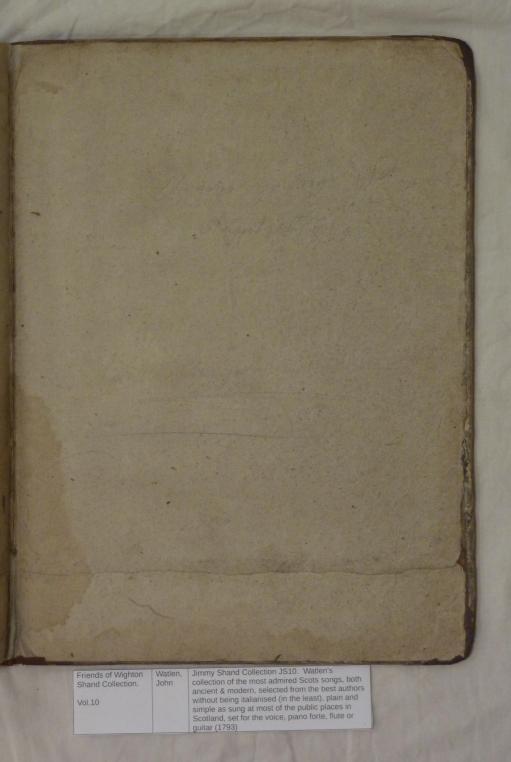
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