



Calen. 169 a.



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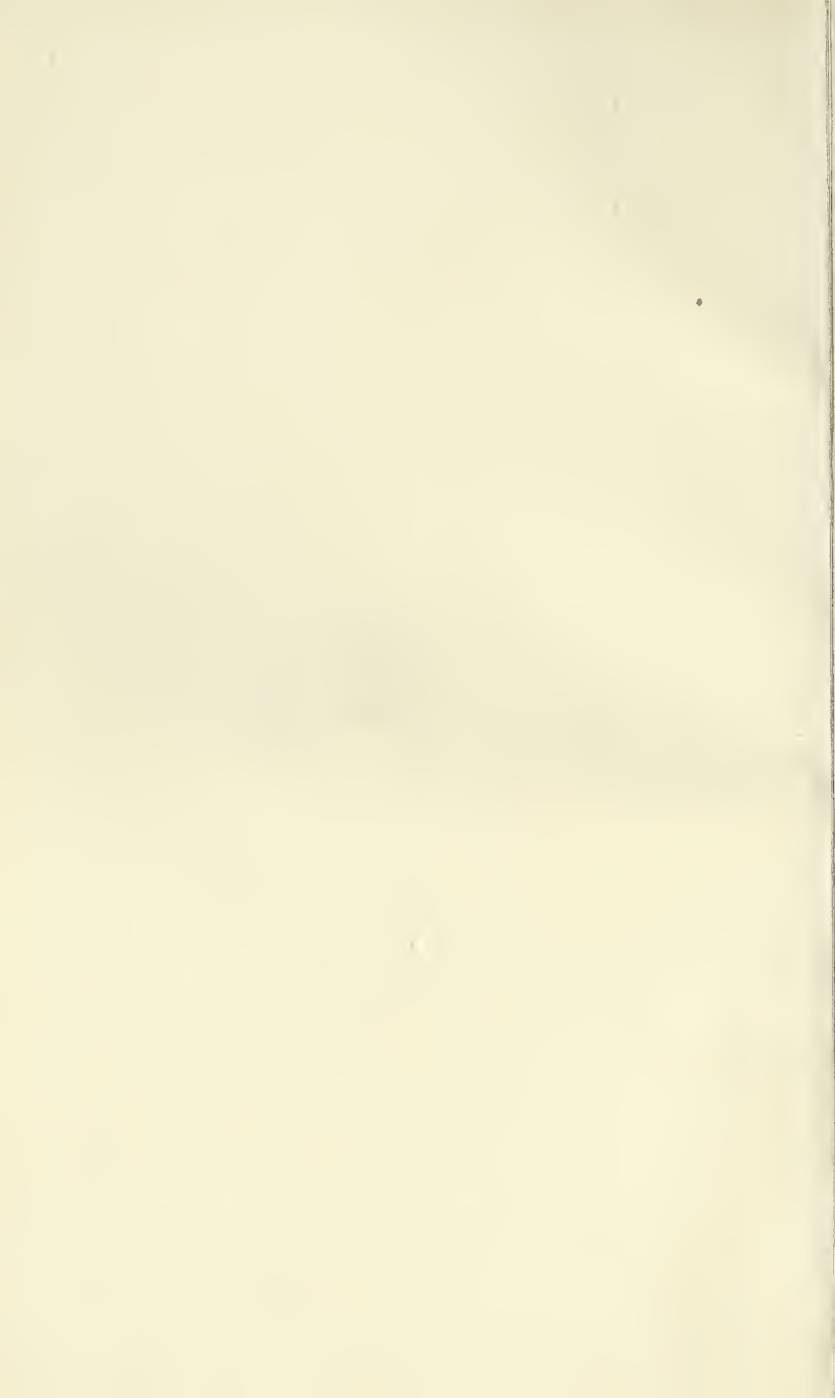
THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC


Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-
Brise to the National Library of Scotland,
in memory of her brother, Major Lord
George Stewart Murray, Black Watch,
killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.

169







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Glen 169a

ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS:

O R, A

COLLECTION

O F

SCOTS SONGS.

Set to Musick

B Y

W, T H O M S O N,

V O L. II.

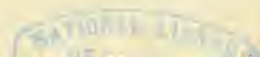


L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR, at his House in

Leicester-Fields.

M. DCC. XXXIII.







TO
HER GRACE THE
Dutchess of Hamilton.

M A D A M,

THE first Volume of these
Songs having appear'd
under the Protection of her
Majesty; where cou'd I hope

DEDICATION.

to find a proper Patroness for the second, but in the Dutcheſs of *Hamilton*?

Tho' being allow'd the Honour of ſheltring them under your Grace's Name, is rather making a Demand for new Favours, than gratefully acknowledging numberleſs Obligations paſt ; yet I had no other way left, to declare publickly how much I am,

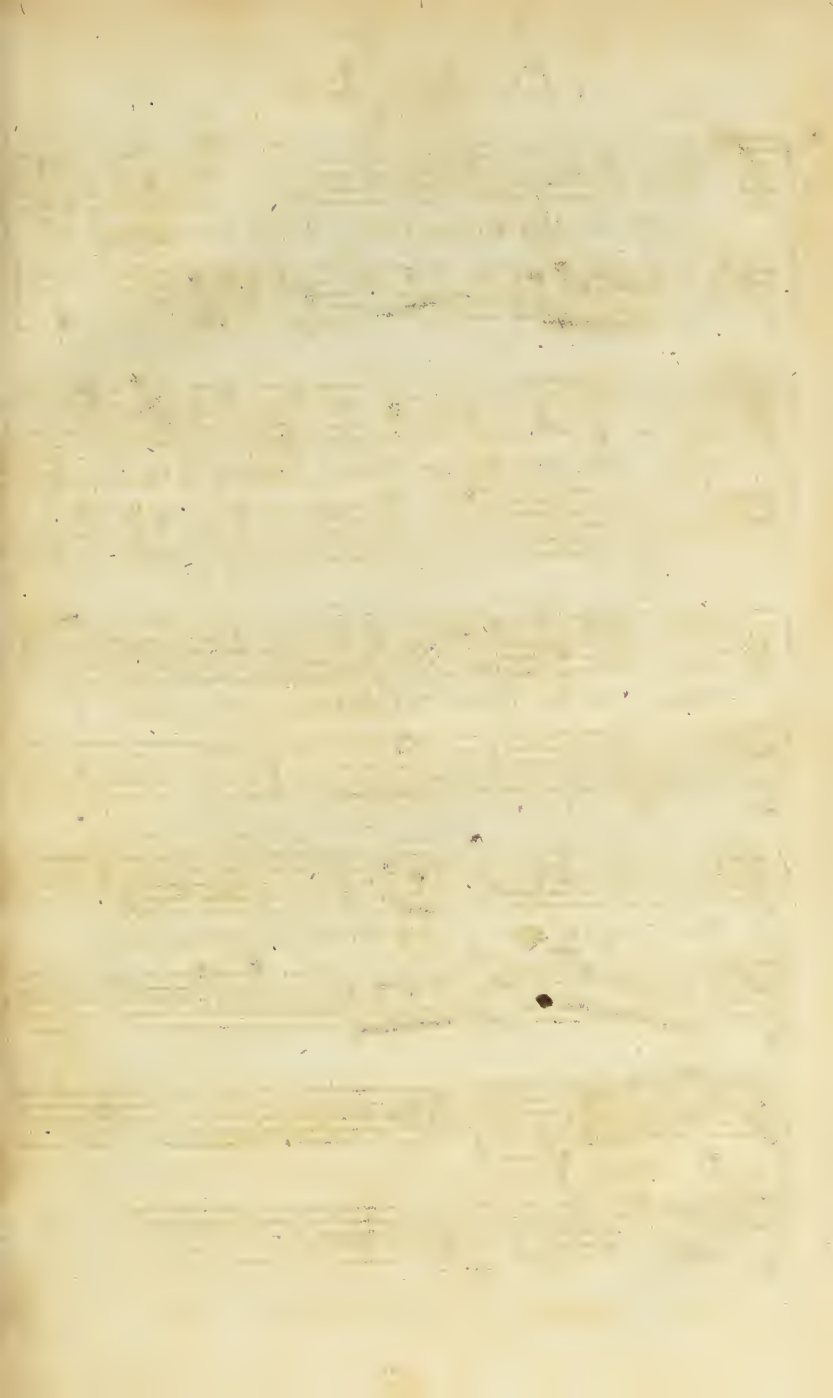
M A D A M,

Your Grace's moſt Devoted

and moſt Obliged

Humble Servant,

William Thomſon.



Cromlet's I. Lilt

Slow

Since all thy Vows, false Maid, are blown to

Air, and my poor Heart betray'd to sad def

-pair: In to some wilderNESS, my grief I

will exprefs, and thy hard hearted=ness,

O cruel Fair.



ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS.

V O L. II.

I.

Cromlet's *Lilt.*

SINCE all thy Vows, false Maid;
Are blown to Air,
And my poor Heart betray'd
To sad Despair,
Into some Wilderness,
My Grief I will express,
And thy Hard-heartedness,
O cruel Fair.

I'll have no funeral Fire,
Nor Tears for me:
No Grave do I desire,
Nor Obsequies:
The courteous *Red-Breast* he,
With Leaves will cover me,
And sing my Elegy,
With doleful Voice.

And when a Ghost I am,
I'll visit thee:
O thou deceitful Dame,
Whose Cruelty
Has kill'd the kindest Heart,
That e'er felt *Cupid's* Dart,
And never can desert
From loving thee.





II.

My Deary, if thou die,

L O V E never more shall give me pain,
 My Fancy's fix'd on thee ;
 Nor ever Maid my Heart shall gain,
 My *Peggy*, if thou die.
 Thy Beauties did such Pleasure give,
 Thy Love's so true to me :
 Without thee I shall never live,
 My Deary, if thou die.

If Fate shall tear thee from my Breast,
 How shall I lonely stray ?
 In dreary Dreams the Night I'll waste,
 In Sighs the silent Day.
 I ne'er can so much Virtue find,
 Nor such Perfection see :
 Then I'll renounce all Woman-kind,
 My *Peggy*, after thee.

No new-blown Beauty fires my Heart
 With *Cupid's* raving Rage,

But

My Deary if thou Die

Love never more shall give me pain, my

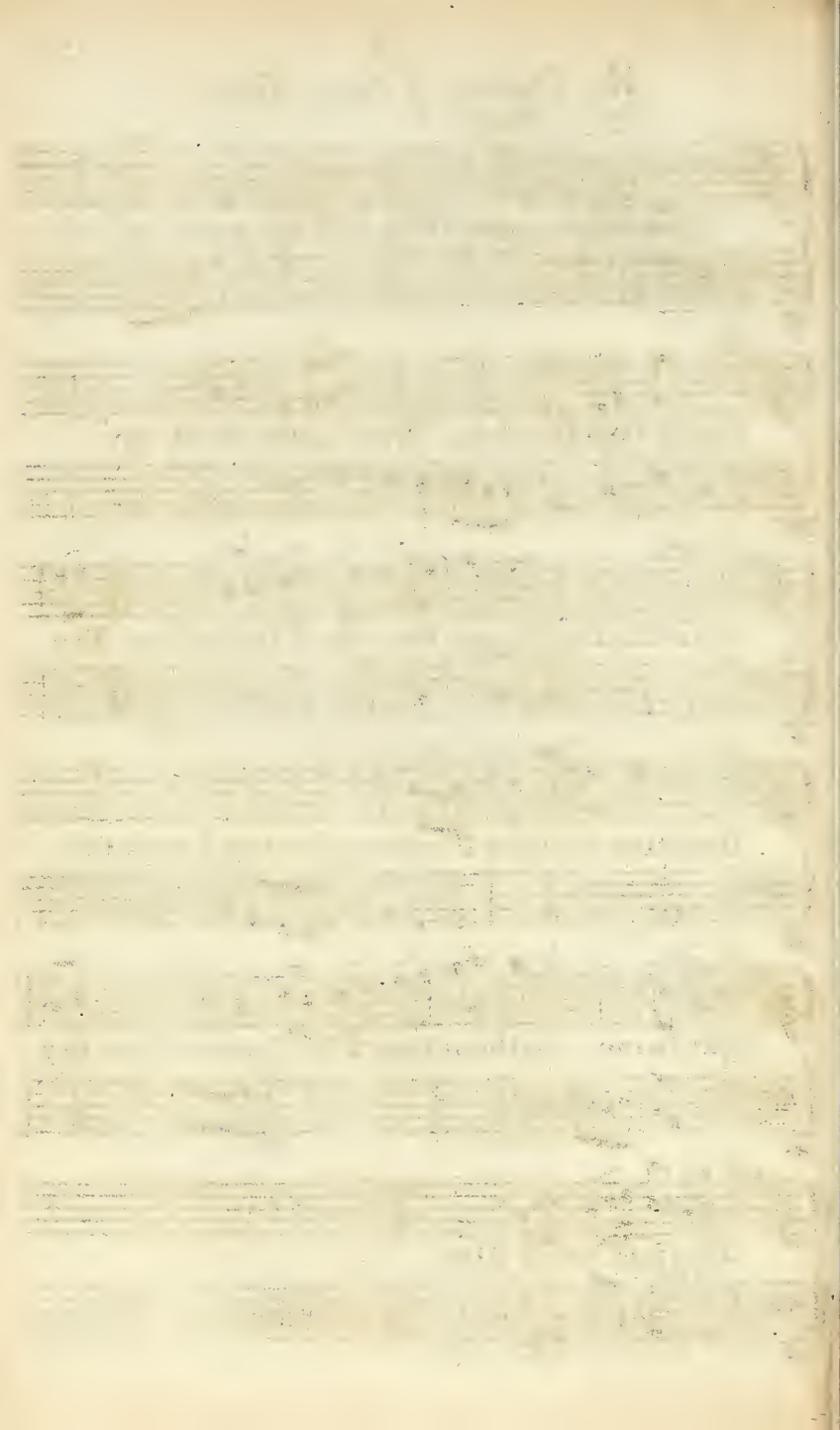
fancy's fix'd on thee; Nor e- ver maid my

heart shall gain, my Peg- gy, if thou Die. Thy

Beauties did such Pleasure give, thy Love's so

true to me: without thee I shall never Live, my

Pegg̃y, if thou Die.



But thine which can such Sweets impart,
Must all the World engage.

'Twas this, that like the Morning Sun,
Gave Joy and Life to me ;
And when it's destin'd Day is done,
With *Peggy* let me die.

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous Love,
And in such Pleasure share ;
You who it's faithful Flames approve,
With pity view the Fair.

Restore my *Peggy's* wonted Charms,
Those Charms so dear to me ;
Oh! never rob them from these Arms :
I'm lost, if *Peggy* die.





III.

Sae Merry as we have been.

NOW *Phæbus* advances on high,
 Nae Footsteps of Winter are seen;
 The Birds carrol sweet in the Sky,
 And Lambkins dance Reels on the Green.
 Thro' Plantings, by Burnies fae clear,
 We wander for Pleasure and Health,
 Where Buddings and Blossoms appear,
 Giving Prospects of Joy and Wealth.

View ilka gay Scene all around,
 That are, and that promise to be;
 Yet in them a' nathing is found,
 Sae perfect *Eliza* as thee:
 Thy Een the clear Fountains excel,
 Thy Locks they out-rival the Grove;
 When Zephyrs those pleasingly swell,
 Ilk Wave makes a Captive to Love.

The Roses and Lillies combin'd,
 And Flowers of maist delicate Hue,

3
Sae merry as we have been

Now *Phebus* advances on high, nae Footsteps of

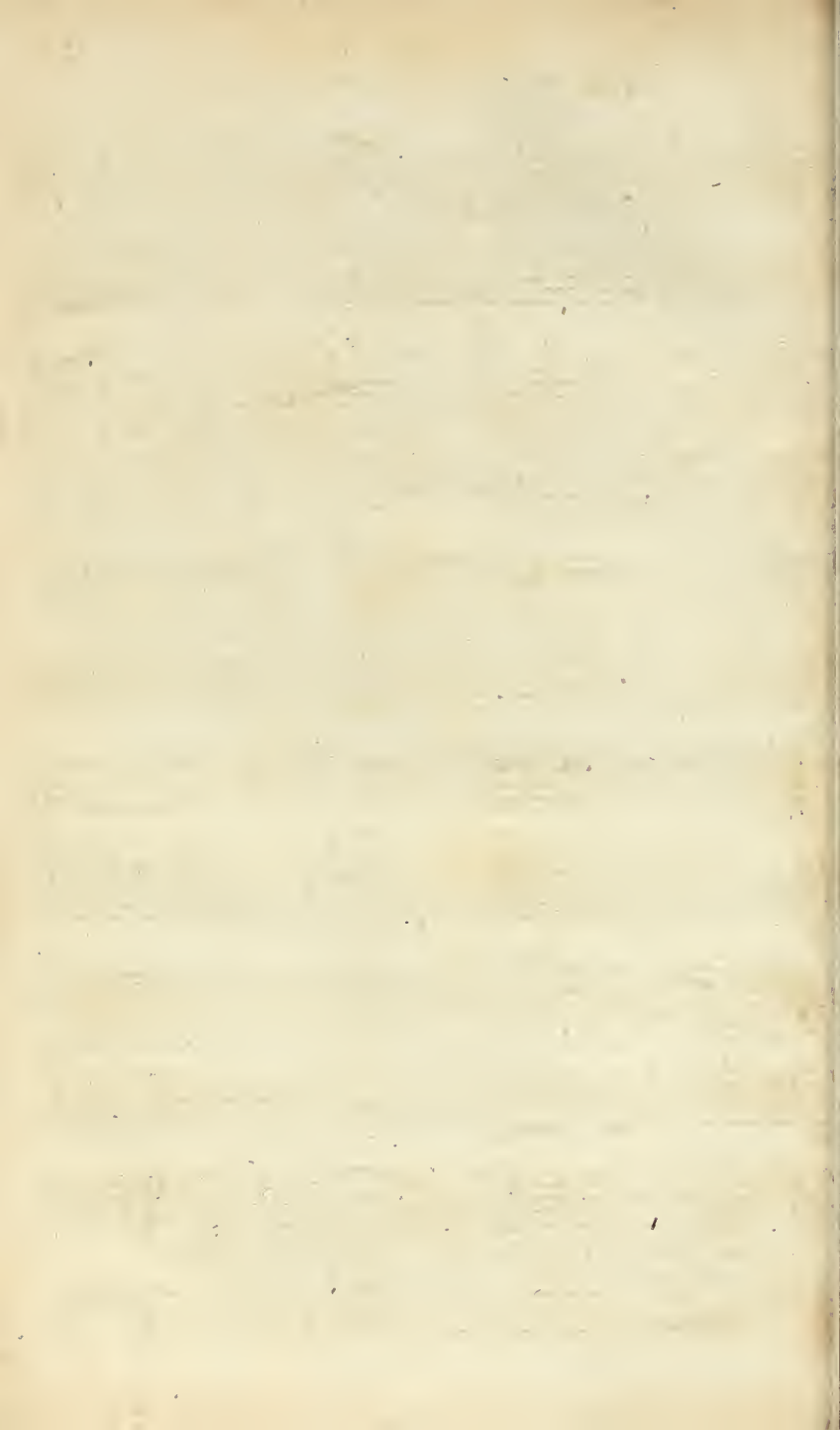
winter are seen; the Birds carrol sweet in the

sky, and Lambkins dance Reels on the Green.

Thro' Plantings by Burnies sae clear we wander for

Pleasure and Health, where Buddings and Blossoms ap

pear, giving Prospects of Joy and wealth.



By thy Cheek and dear Breasts are out-shin'd,
Their Tinctures are naithing sae true.
What can we compare with thy Voice?
And what with thy Humour sae sweet?
Nae Music can blefs with sic Joys;
Sure Angels are just sae complete.

Fair Blossom of ilka Delight,
Whose Beauties ten thousand out-shine;
Thy Sweets shall be lasting and bright,
Being mixt with sae many divine.
Ye Powers, who have given sic Charms
To *Eliza*, your Image below,
O save her frae all human Harms!
And make her Hours happily flow.





IV.

The Bonny Earl of Murray.

YE *Highlands* and ye *Lawlands*;
 Oh! where ha'e ye been:
 They ha'e slain the Earl of *Murray*;
 And they laid him on the Green.

Now wae be to thee *Huntly*;
 And wherefore did ye fae;
 I bad you bring him wi' you,
 But forbad you him to slae.

He was a braw Gallant,
 And he rid at the Ring;
 And the bonny Earl of *Murray*,
 Oh! he might have been a King.

He was a braw Gallant,
 And he play'd at the Ba',
 And the bonny Earl of *Murray*,
 Was the Flower amang them a'.

He was a braw Gallant,
 And he play'd at the Glove,

And

The Bonny Earle of Murray⁴

Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands, Oh!

where ha'e ye been, they have slain the Earle of

tr.
Murray, and they lay'd him on the Green;

they have slain the Earle of Murray, and they

lay'd him on the Green . .



And the bonny Earl of *Murray*,
Oh! he was the Queen's Love.

Oh! lang will his Lady,
Look o'er the Castle-*Down*,
E'er she see the Earl of *Murray*,
Come sounding through the Town.





V.

The Widow.

THE Widow can bake, and the Widow can
 brew,
 The Widow can shape, and the Widow can sew,
 And mony braw things the Widow can do ;
 Then have at the Widow, my Laddie.
 With Courage attack her, baith early and late,
 To kifs her and clap her ye mauna be blate ;
 Speak well, and do better, for that's the best Gate
 To win a young Widow, my Laddie.

The Widow she's youthfu', and never a Hair
 The war of the Wearing, and has a good Skair
 Of every thing lovely ; she's witty and fair,
 And has a rich Jointure, my Laddie.
 What cou'd ye wish better your Pleasure to crown,
 Than a Widow, the bonniest Toast in the Town,
 With naithing, but draw in your Stool and sit down,
 And sport with the Widow, my Laddie ?

Then till'er and kill'er with Courtesie dead,
 Tho' stark Love and Kindness be all ye can plead ;
 Be

The Widow⁵

tr.

The Widow can bake, the widow can brew, the widow can

shape, and the widow can sew, and mony brow things the

widow can doe, then wap at the widow my Ladie. With

Courage attack her baith early and late to Kifs her and

clapher ye mauna be blate, speak well and doe better for

that is the Gate, to win a young widow my Ladie .

that is the Gate, to win a young widow my Ladie .

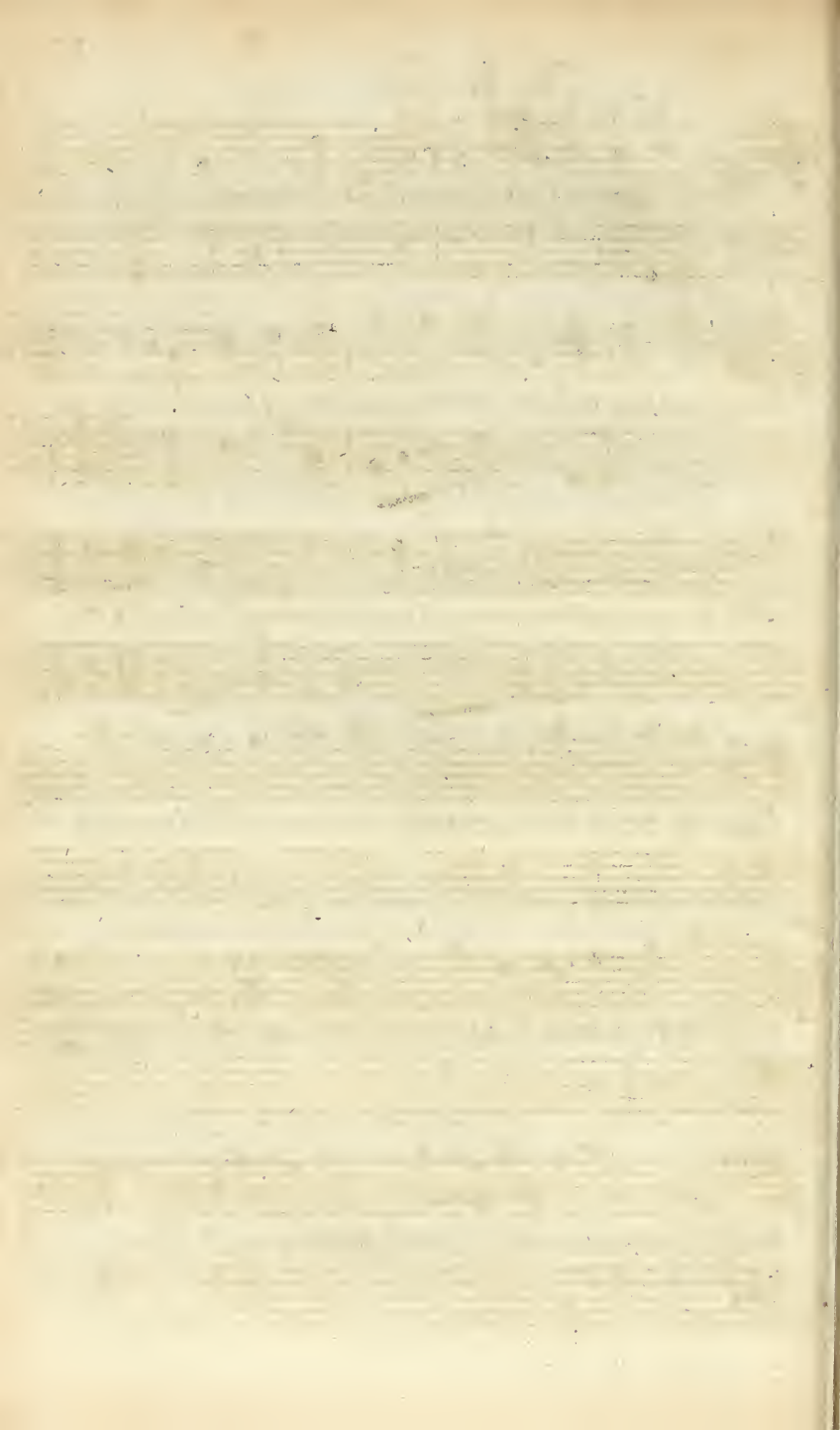
that is the Gate, to win a young widow my Ladie .

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that is the Gate, to win a young widow my Ladie .



Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed,
With a bonny gay Widow, my Laddie.
Strike Iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
For Fortune ay favours the active and bauld ;
But ruins the Woer that's thowless and cauld,
Unfit for the Widow, my Laddie.





VI.

The Wawking of the Faulds.

MY *Peggy* is a young thing,
 Just entered in her Teens,
 Fair as the Day, and sweet as *May*,
 Fair as the Day, and always gay.

My *Peggy* is a young thing,
 And I'm not very auld,

Yet well I like to meet her at

The Wawking of the Fauld.

My *Peggy* speaks sae sweetly,

Whene'er we meet alane,

I wish nae mair, to lay my Care,

I wish nae mair, of a' that's rare.

My *Peggy* speaks sae sweetly,

To a' the Lave I'm cauld ;

But she gars a' my Spirits glow

At Wawking of the Fauld.

My *Peggy* smiles so kindly,

Whene'er I whisper Love,

That I look down on a' the Town,

That I look down upon a Crown.

My

6

The Wawking of the Faulds

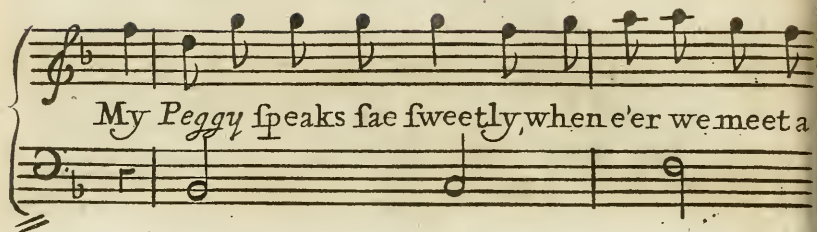
My *Peggy* is a young thing, Just enter'd in her

Teens, fair as the Day, and sweet as *May*, fair

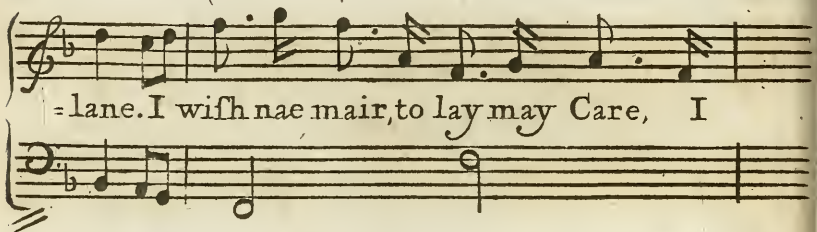
as the Day, and always gay. My *Peggy* is a

young thing and I'm not very auld yet will I like to

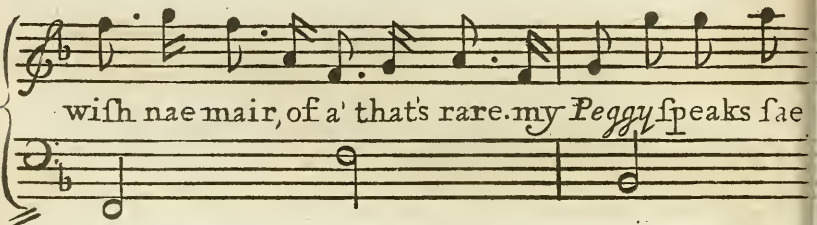
meether, at the wawking of the Fauld.



My *Peggy* speaks fae sweetly, when e'er we meet a



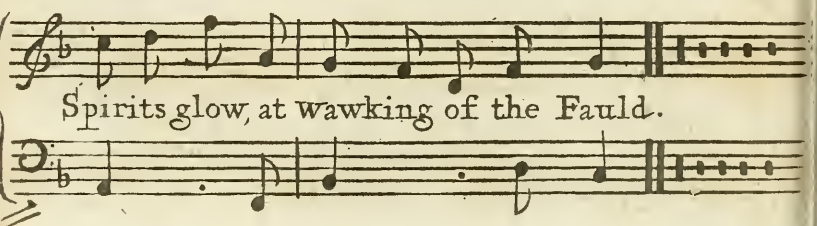
-lane. I wish nae mair, to lay my Care, I



wish nae mair, of a' that's rare. my *Peggy* speaks fae



sweetly, to a' the lave I'm cauld; but she gars a' my



Spirits glow, at wawking of the Fauld.

My *Peggy* smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld,
 And naithing gives me sic Delight,
 As Wawking of the Fauld.

My *Peggy* sings sae saftly,
 When on my Pipe I play ;
 By a' the rest, it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.

My *Peggy* sings sae saftly,
 And in her Sangs are tald,
 With Innocence the Wale of Sense,
 At Wawking of the Fauld.





VII.

Jocky said to Jeany.

J*ocky* said to *Jeany*, *Jeany*, wilt thou do't ?
 Ne'er a fit, quo' *Jeany*, for my Tocher-
 good;

For my Tocher-good, I winna marry thee.
 E'ens ye like, quo' *Jonny*, ye may let it be.

I ha' Gowd and Gear, I ha' Land eneugh,
 I ha' seven good Owsen ganging in a Pleugh ;
 Ganging in a Pleugh, and lingking o'er the Lee,
 And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

I ha' a good Ha' House, a Barn, and a Byer,
 A Stack afore the Door, I'll make a rantin
 Fire ;

I'll make a rantin Fire, and merry shall we be ;
 And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

Jeany

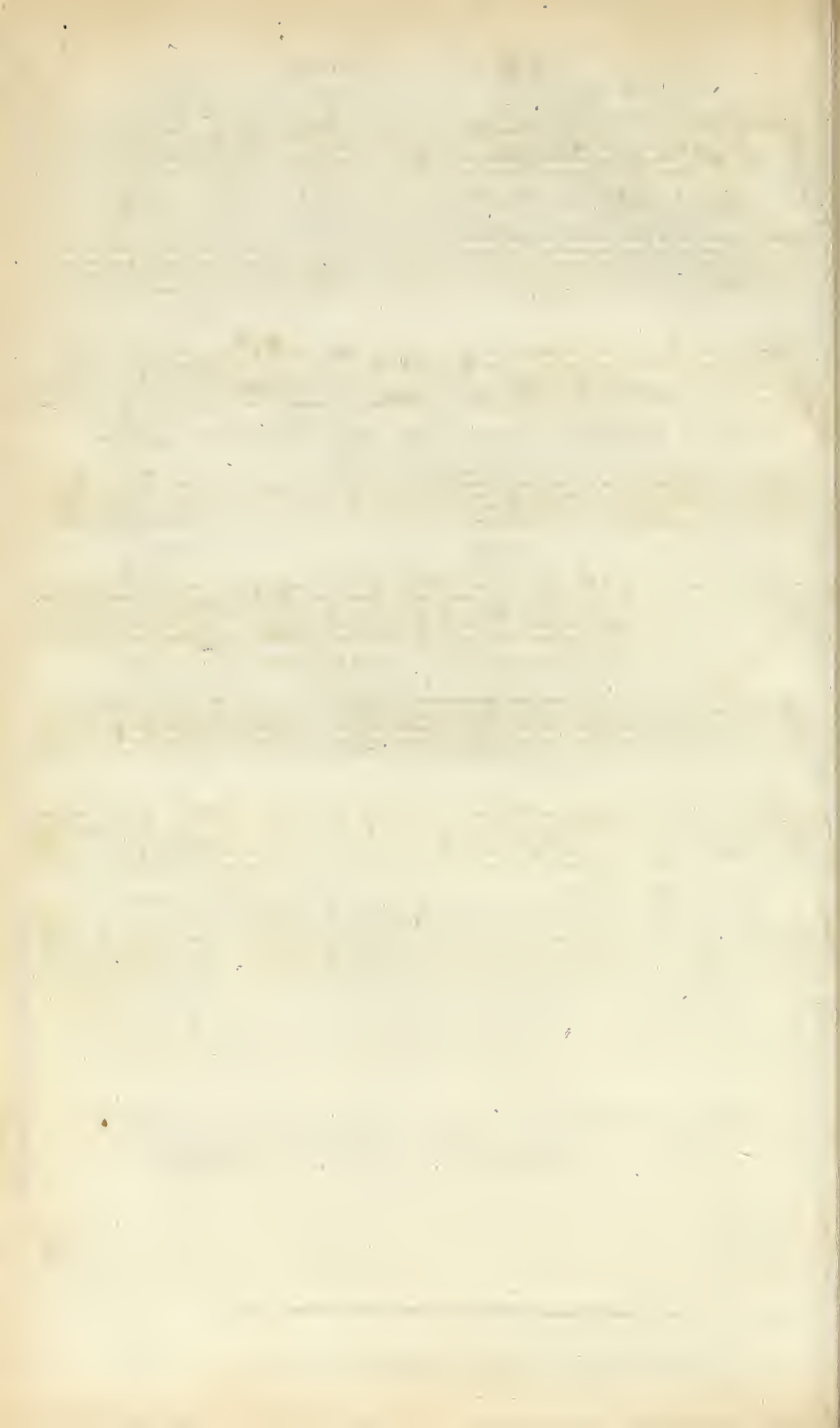
Jocky say'd to ⁷ Jeany

Jocky said to Jeany, Jeany, wilt thou do't!

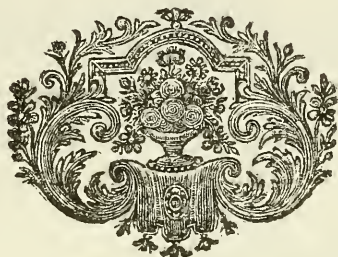
ne'er a fit, quo' Jeany, for my Tocher - good

For my Tocher^{tr.} good I winna marry thee.

E'ens ye like, quo' Jonny, ye may let me be.



Jeany said to *Jocky*, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the Lad, I'll be the Lass my fell:
Ye're a bonny Lad, and I'm a Lassie free,
Ye're welcomer to take me, than to let me be.





VIII.

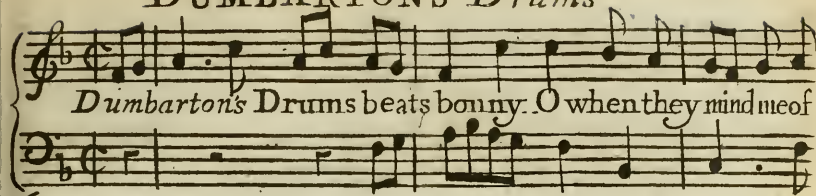
Dumbarton's Drums.

D*umbarton's* Drums beat bonny — O,
 When they mind me of my dear *Jonny* — O,
 How happy am I,
 When my Soldier is by,
 While he kisses and blesses his *Annie* — O!
 'Tis a Soldier alone can delight me — O,
 For his graceful Looks do invite me — O:
 While guarded in his Arms,
 I'll fear no War's Alarms,
 Neither Danger nor Death shall e'er fright me — O.

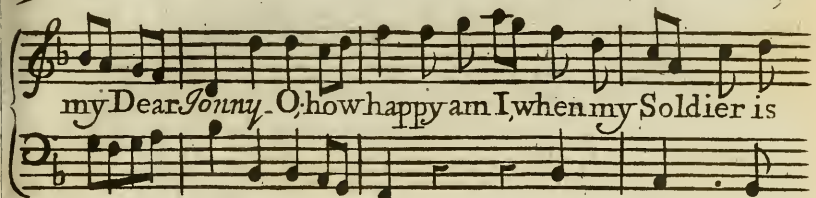
My Love is a handsome Laddie — O,
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy — O:
 Tho' Commissions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this Year;
 For he shall serve no longer a Cadie — O.
 A Soldier has Honour and Bravery — O,
 Unacquainted with Rogues and their Knavery — O:
 He minds no other thing,
 But the Ladies or the King;
 For every other Care is but Slavery — O.

Then

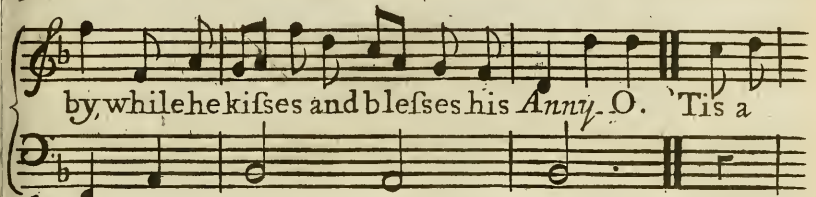
DUMBARTON'S⁸ Drums



Dumbarton's Drums beats bonny. O when they mind me of



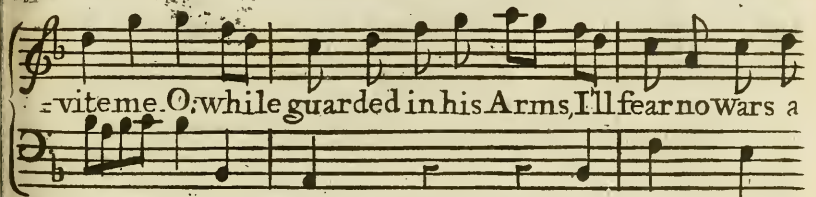
my Dear Sonny. O, how happy am I, when my Soldier is



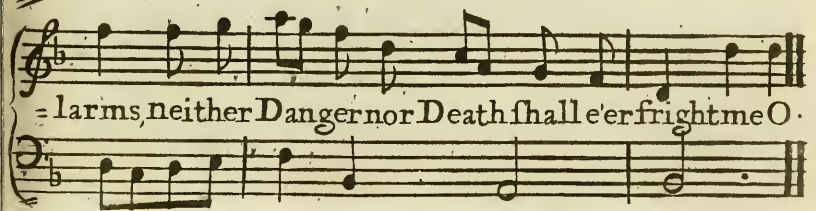
by, while he kisses and blesses his Anny. O. 'Tis a



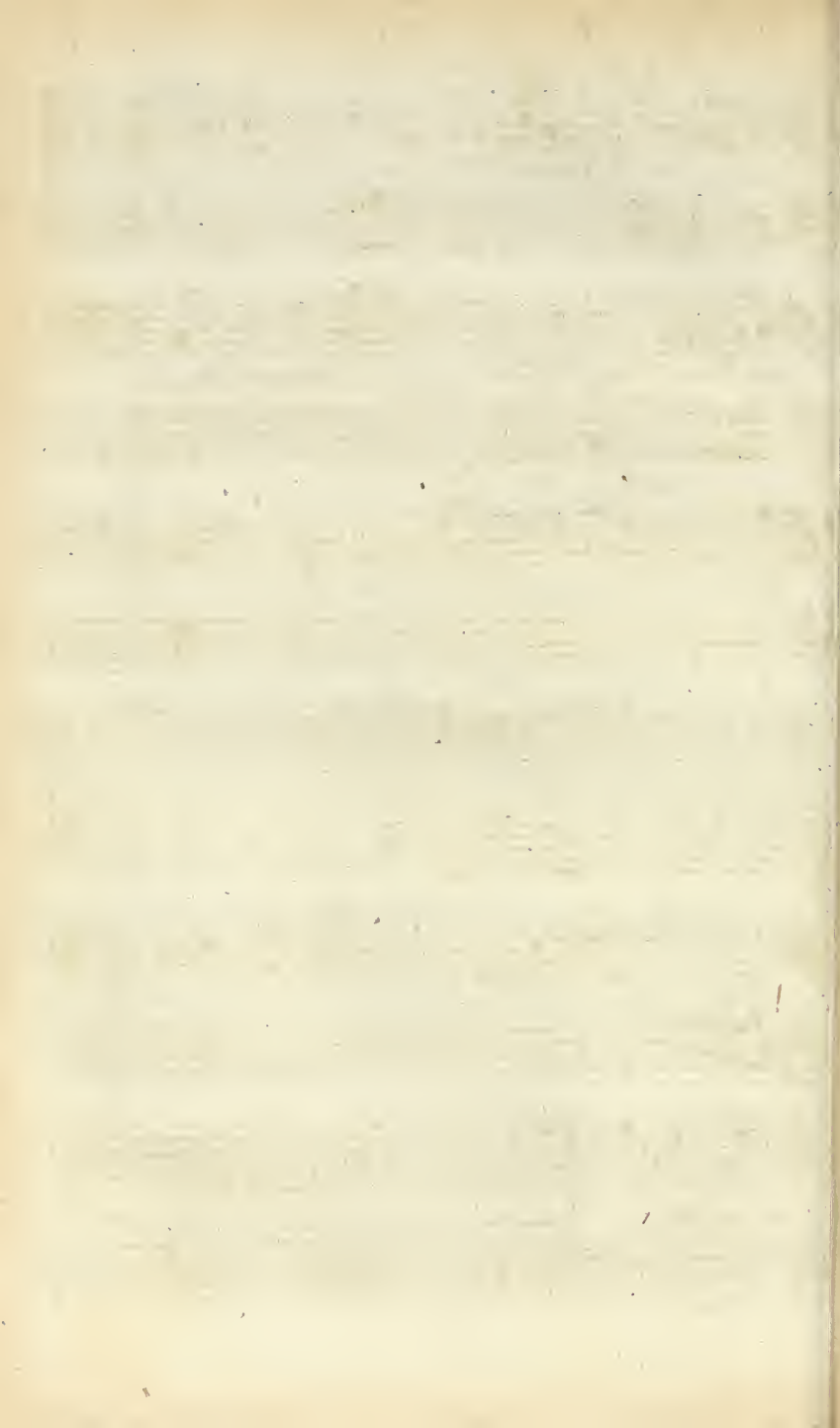
Soldier can only delight me. O, for his gracefull looks do in



-vite me. O; while guarded in his Arms, I'll fear no wars a



-larms, neither Dangernor Death, shall e'er fright me O.



Then I'll be the Captain's Lady — O,
Farewell all my Friends and my Daddy — O ;
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the Drum,
And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready — O.
Dumbarton's Drums sound bonny — O,
They are sprightly like my dear *Jonny* — O ;
How happy shall I be,
When on my Soldier's Knee,
And he kisses and blesses his *Annie* — O !





IX.


Ye Gods! was Strephon's Picture blest.

YE Gods! was *Strephon's* Picture blest,
 With the fair Heaven of *Chloe's* Breast
 Move softer, thou fond fluttering Heart,
 Oh gentle throb, — too fierce thou art!
 Tell me, thou brightest of thy Kind,
 For *Strephon* was the Bliss design'd ;
 For *Strephon's* sake, dear charming Maid,
 Didst thou prefer his wand'ring Shade ?

And thou blest Shade, that sweetly art
 Lodg'd so near my *Chloe's* Heart,
 For me the tender Hour improve,
 And softly tell how dear I love.
 Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear
 Its wretched Master's ardent Pray'r,
 Ingrossing all that beauteous Heaven,
 That *Chloe*, lavish Maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee : were I Lord
 Of all the Wealth those Breasts afford,

Ye Gods! Was *Strephon's* Picture Blest



Ye Gods! was *Strephon's* Picture blest, with the fair

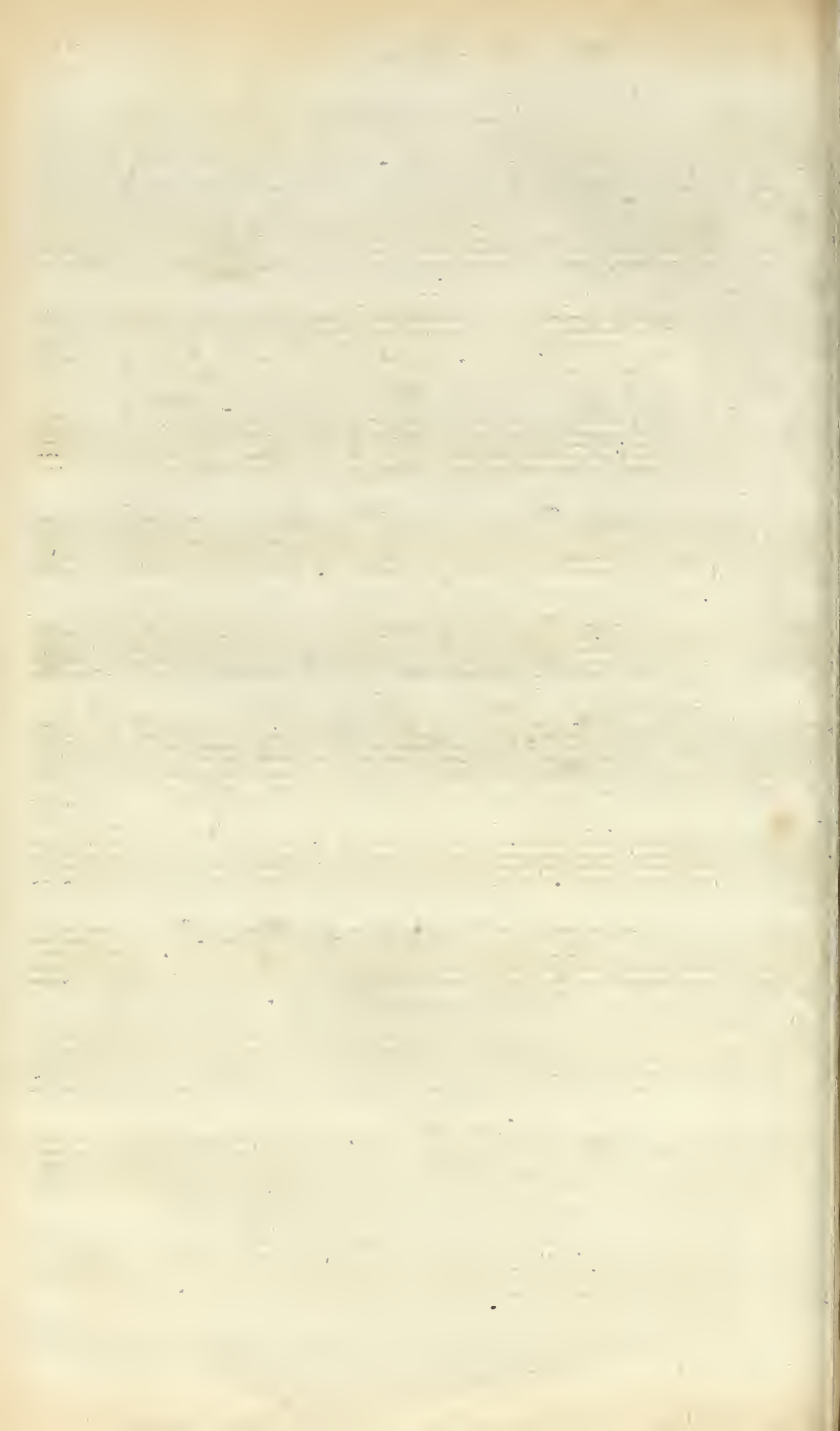
Heavn of *Chloe's* Breast, Move softer thou fond

fluttring Heart. Oh! gently throb, - too fierce thou art.

Tell me thou brightest of thy kind, for *Strephon* was the

Blifs design'd, for *Strephon's* sake dear charming

maid, didst thou prefer his wandring shade.



I'd be a Miser too, nor give
An Alms to keep a God alive.
Oh smile not thus, my lovely Fair,
On these cold Looks, that lifeless Air,
Prize him whose Bosom glows with Fire,
With eager Love and soft Desire.

'Tis true, thy Charms, O powerful Maid,
To Life can bring the silent Shade :
Thou can't surpass the Painter's Art ;
And real Warmth and Flames impart.
But oh ! it ne'er can love like me,
I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee :
Then, Charmer, grant my fond Request,
Say thou can't love, and make me blest.





X.

For our lang biding here.

WHEN we came to *London* Town,
 We dream'd of Gowd in Gowpings here,
 And rantinly ran up and down,
 In risin Stocks to buy a Skair :

We dastly thought to row in Rowth,
 But for our Daffine pay'd right dear ;
 The Lave will fare the war in trowth,
 For our lang biding here.

But when we fand our Purfes toom,
 And dainty Stocks began to fa',
 We hang our Lugs, and wi' a Gloom,
 Girn'd at Stock-jobbing ane and a'.

If we gang near the *South-Sea* House,
 The Whilly-Wha's will grip ye'r gear,
 Syne a' the Lave will fare the war,
 For our lang biding here.

For our lang biding here

Slow

When we came to London Towne, we

dream'd of Gowd in Gowpings here, and

rantinly ran up and down, in rifing Stocks to

Buy a Skair .

II
Leader Haughs and Yarrow

When *Phœbus* bright, the Azure Skies with

Golden Rays enlightneth, he makes all Nature's

Beauties rise, Herbs, Trees and Flow'rs he quickneth:

Amongst all those he makes his choice, and

with delight goes thorow, with radiant Beams, and

Silver streams, are *Leader Haughs and Yarrow* .



XI.

Leader Haughs *and* Yarrow.

WHEN *Phæbus* bright, the azure Skies
 With golden Rays enlightneth,
 He makes all Nature's Beauties rise,
 Herbs, Trees and Flowers he quickneth :
 Amongst all those he makes his Choice,
 And with Delight goes thorow,
 With radiant Beams and silver Streams,
 Are *Leader Haughs and Yarrow.*

When *Aries* the Day and Night,
 In equal length divideth,
 Auld frosty *Saturn* takes his flight,
 Nae langer he abideth :
 Then *Flora* Queen, with Mantle green,
 Casts aff her former Sorrow,
 And vows to dwell with *Ceres* sell,
 In *Leader Haughs and Yarrow.*

Pan playing on his aiten Reed,
 And Shepherds him attending,

Do here resort, their Flocks to feed,
 The Hills and Haughs commending ;
 With Cur and Kent upon the Bent,
 Sing to the Sun, Good morrow,
 And swear nae Fields mair Pleasures yield,
 Than *Leader Haughs* and *Tarrow*.

An House there stands on *Leader-side*,
 Surmounting my describing,
 With Rooms sae rare, and Windows fair,
 Like *Dedalus'* contriving :
 Men passing by, do aften cry,
 In sooth it hath nae Marrow ;
 It stands as sweet on *Leader-side*,
 As *Newark* does on *Tarrow*.

A Mile below wha list to ride,
 They'll hear the Mavis singing ;
 Into St. *Leonard's* Banks she'll bide,
 Sweet birks her Head o'er hinging :
 The Lintwhite loud, and *Progne* proud,
 With tuneful Throats and narrow,
 Into St. *Leonard's* Banks they sing,
 As sweetly as in *Tarrow*.

The Lapwing lilteth o'er the Lee,
 With nimble Wing she sporteth,

But vows she'll flee far frae the Tree,
 Where *Philomel* resorteth :
 By Break of Day, the Lark can say,
 I'll bid you a Good-morrow,
 I'll streek my Wing, and mounting sing,
 O'er *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

Park, Wantan-waws, and *Wooden-cleugh*,
 The East and Western *Mainfes*,
 The Wood of *Lauder's* fair eneugh,
 The Corns are good in *Blainsbes* ;
 Where Aits are fine, and sald be kind,
 That if ye searck all thorow
Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are
 Than *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

In *Burn Mill-bog* and *Whitslade* Shaws,
 The fearful Hare she haunteth,
Brig-haugh and *Braidwoodsheil* she knaws,
 And *Chapel-wood* frequenteth :
 Yet when she irks, to *Kaidly* Birks
 She rins, and sighs for sorrow,
 That she shou'd leave sweet *Leader Haughs*,
 And cannot win to *Yarrow*.

What sweeter Musick wad ye hear,
 Than Hounds and Beigles crying ?

The started Hare rins hard with fear,
 Upon her Speed relying.
 But yet her Strength, it fails at length,
 Nae Beilding can she borrow
 In *Sorrel's* Field, *Cleckman* or *Hag's*,
 And sighs to be in *Yarrow*.

For *Rockwood*, *Ringwood*, *Spoty*, *Shag*;
 With Sight and Scent pursue her,
 'Till ah ! her Pith begins to flag,
 Nae cunning can rescue her.
 O'er *Dub* and *Dyke*, o'er *Seugh* and *Syke*;
 She'll rin the Fields all thorow,
 'Till fail'd she fa's in *Leader Haughs*,
 And bids farewell to *Yarrow*

Sing *Erslington* and *Cowdenknows*,
 Where *Homes* had anes commanding ;
 And *Drygrange* with thy milk white Ews,
 'Twixt *Tweed* and *Leader* standing :
 The Bird that flees throw *Reedpath* Trees,
 And *Gledsworth* Banks ilk morrow,
 May chant and sing, sweet *Leader Haughs*;
 And bonny Howms of *Yarrow*.

But Minstrel *Burn* cannot assuage
 His Grief, while Life endureth,

To see the Changes of this Age,
That fleeting Time procureth ;
For mony a Place stands in hard Case,
Where blyth Fowk kend nae Sorrow,
With *Homes* that dwelt on *Leader-side*,
And *Scots* that dwelt on *Yarrow*.





XII.

A Lass with a Lump of Land.

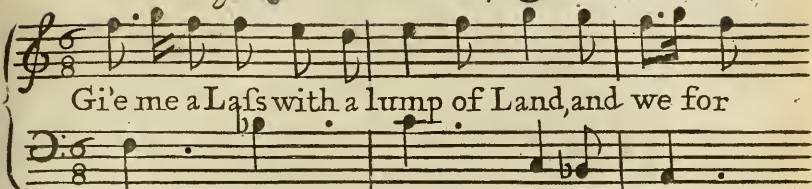
Gie me a Lass with a Lump of Land,
 And we for Life shall gang thegither,
 Tho' daft or wise, I'll ne'er demand,
 Or black or fair, it maksna whether.
 I'm aff with Wit, and Beauty will fade,
 And blood alane is na worth a Shilling;
 But she that's rich, her Market's made,
 For ilka Charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a Lass with a Lump of Land,
 And in my Bosom I'll hug my Treasure;
 Gin I had anes her Gear in my Hand,
 Should Love turn dowf, it will find Pleasure.
 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my Hand,
 I hate with Poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,
 Unless they bring Cash, or a Lump of Land,
 They'll never get me to dance to their Fiddle.

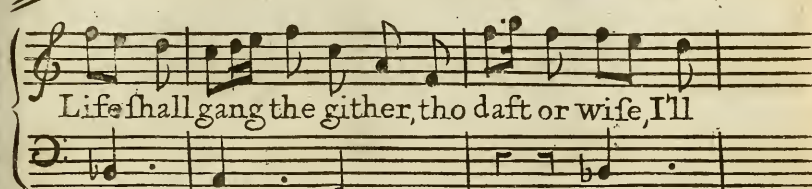
There's meikle good Love in Bands and Bags,
 And Siller and Gowd's a sweet Complexion;

But

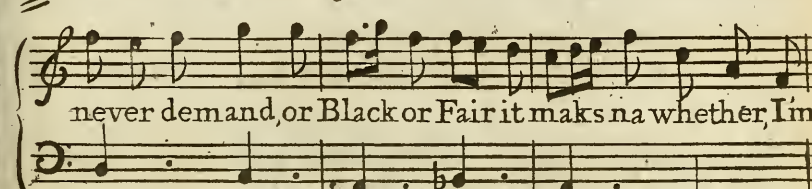
A Lass with a Lump of Land ¹²



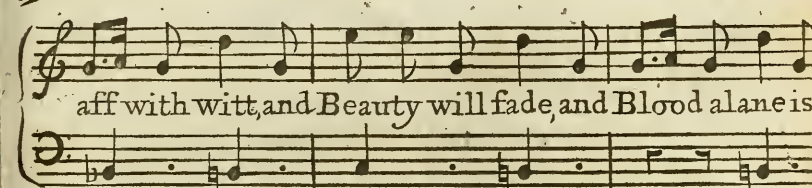
Gie me a Lass with a lump of Land, and we for



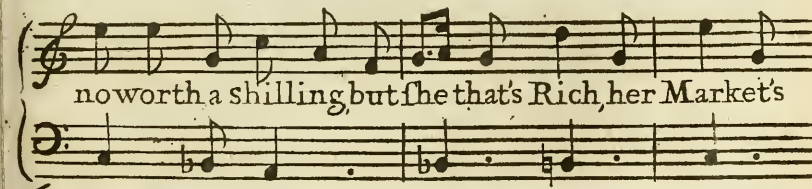
Life shall gang the gither, tho daft or wise, I'll



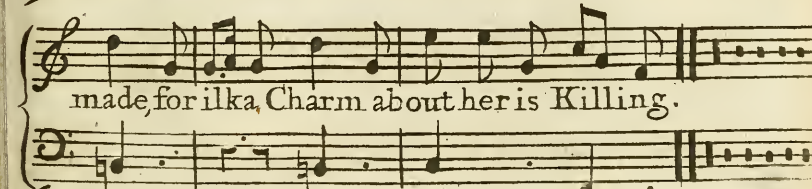
never demand, or Black or Fair it maks na whether, I'm



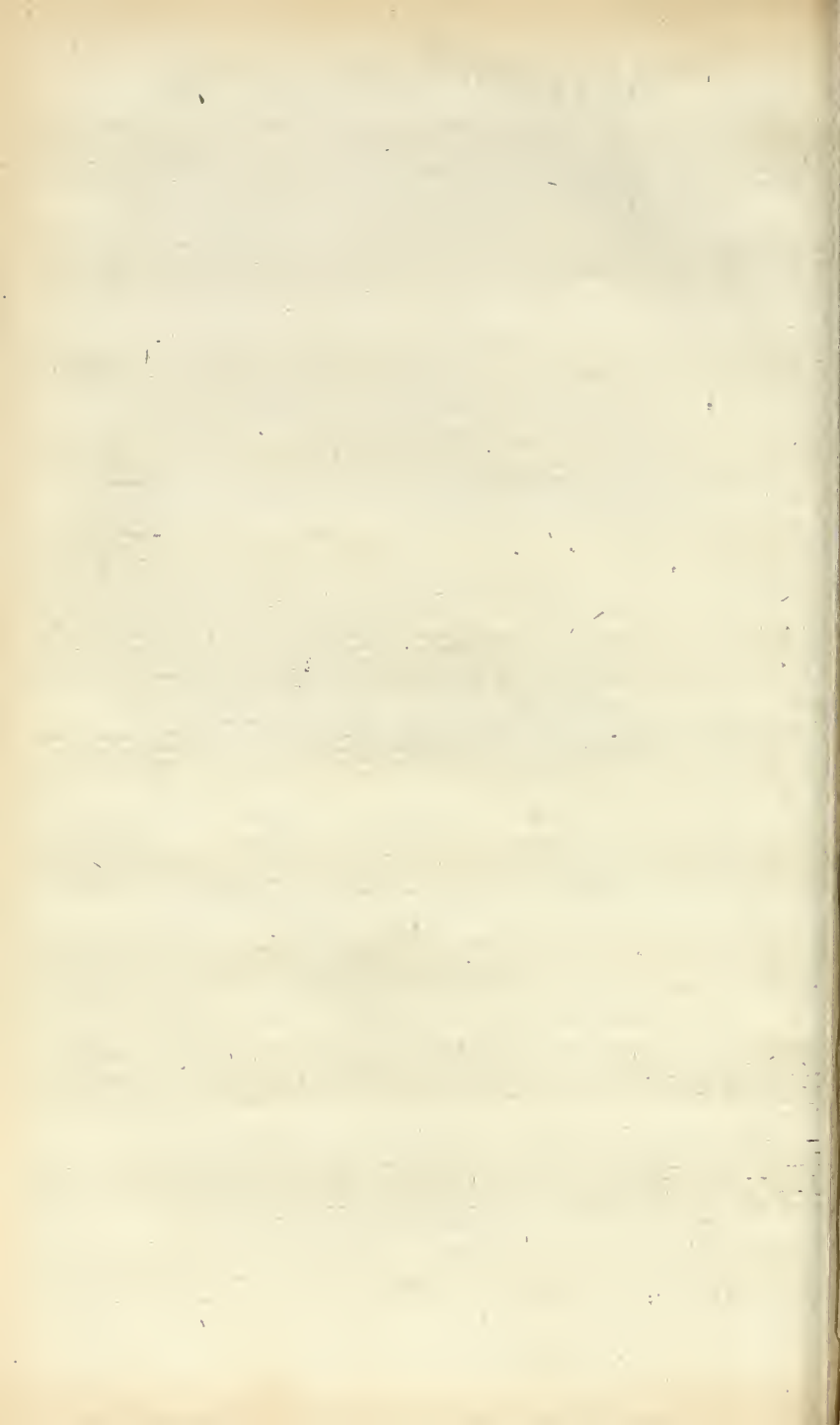
aff with witt, and Beauty will fade, and Blood alane is



noworth a shilling, but she that's Rich, her Market's



made, for ilka, Charm about her is Killing.



But Beauty and Wit, and Virtue in Rags,
 Have tint the Art of gaining Affection :
 Love tips his Arrows with Woods and Parks,
 And Castles and Riggs, and Muirs and Meadows,
 And naithing can catch our modern Sparks,
 But well-tocher'd Lasses or joynter'd Widows:





XIII.

One Day I heard Mary say.

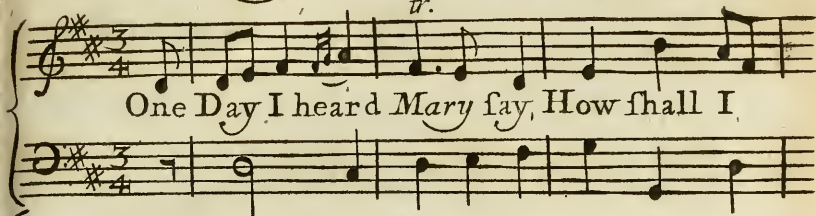
ONE Day I heard *Mary* say,
 How shall I leave thee?
 Stay, dearest *Adonis*, stay,
 Why wilt thou grieve me?
 Alas! my fond Heart will break,
 If thou should leave me:
 I'll live and die for thy sake;
 Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely *Adonis*, say,
 Has *Mary* deceived thee?
 Did e'er her young Heart betray
 New Love, that has griev'd thee;
 My constant Mind ne'er shall stray,
 Thou may believe me.
 I'll love thee, Lad, Night and Day,
 And never leave thee.

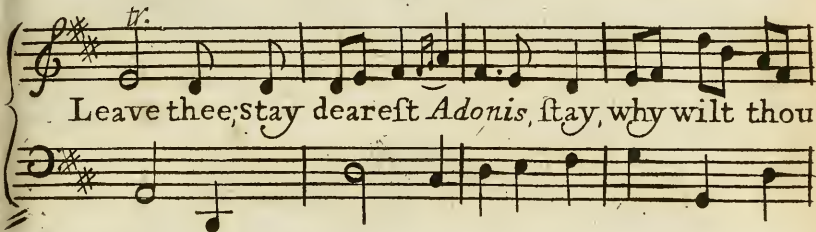
Adonis, my charming Youth,
 What can relieve thee?

13
One Day I Hear'd MARY say

tr.
One Day I heard Mary say, How shall I



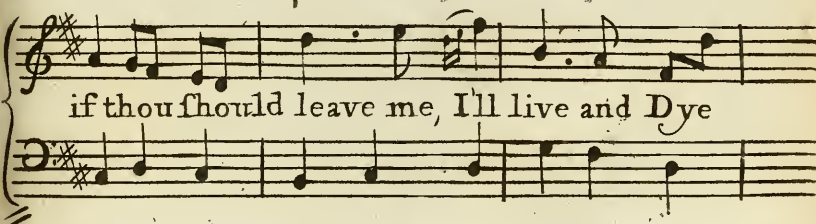
tr.
Leave thee; stay dearest Adonis, stay, why wilt thou



tr.
grieve me. Alas! my fond heart will break,



if thou should leave me, I'll live and Dye



tr.
for thy sake, yet never leave thee.



Main body of handwritten text, consisting of approximately 15 lines of cursive script. The text is extremely faded and illegible due to the age and quality of the scan.

Can *Mary* thy Anguish sooth?

This Breast shall receive thee,

My Passion can ne'er decay,

Never deceive thee:

Delight shall drive Pain away,

Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, Lad,

How shall I leave thee?

O! that Thought makes me sad;

I'll never leave thee.

Where would my *Adonis* fly?

Why does he grieve me?

Alas! my poor Heart will die,

If I should leave thee.





XIV.

She raise and loot me in.

THE Night her silent Sable wore,
 And gloomy were the Skies;
 Of glitt'ring Stars appear'd no more
 Than those in *Nelly's* Eyes.

When at her Father's-Yate I knock'd,
 Where I had often been,
 She, shrowded only, with her Smock,
 Arose and loot me in.

Fast lock'd within her close Embrace,
 She trembling stood aſham'd;
 Her ſwelling Breast and glowing Face,
 And ev'ry Touch enflamed.

My eager Paſſion I obey'd,
 Reſolv'd the Fort to win;
 And her fond Heart was ſoon betray'd,
 To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expreſſing,
 Transporting was the Joy;

She raise and ¹⁴ loot me in

The Night her silent sable wore, and gloomy

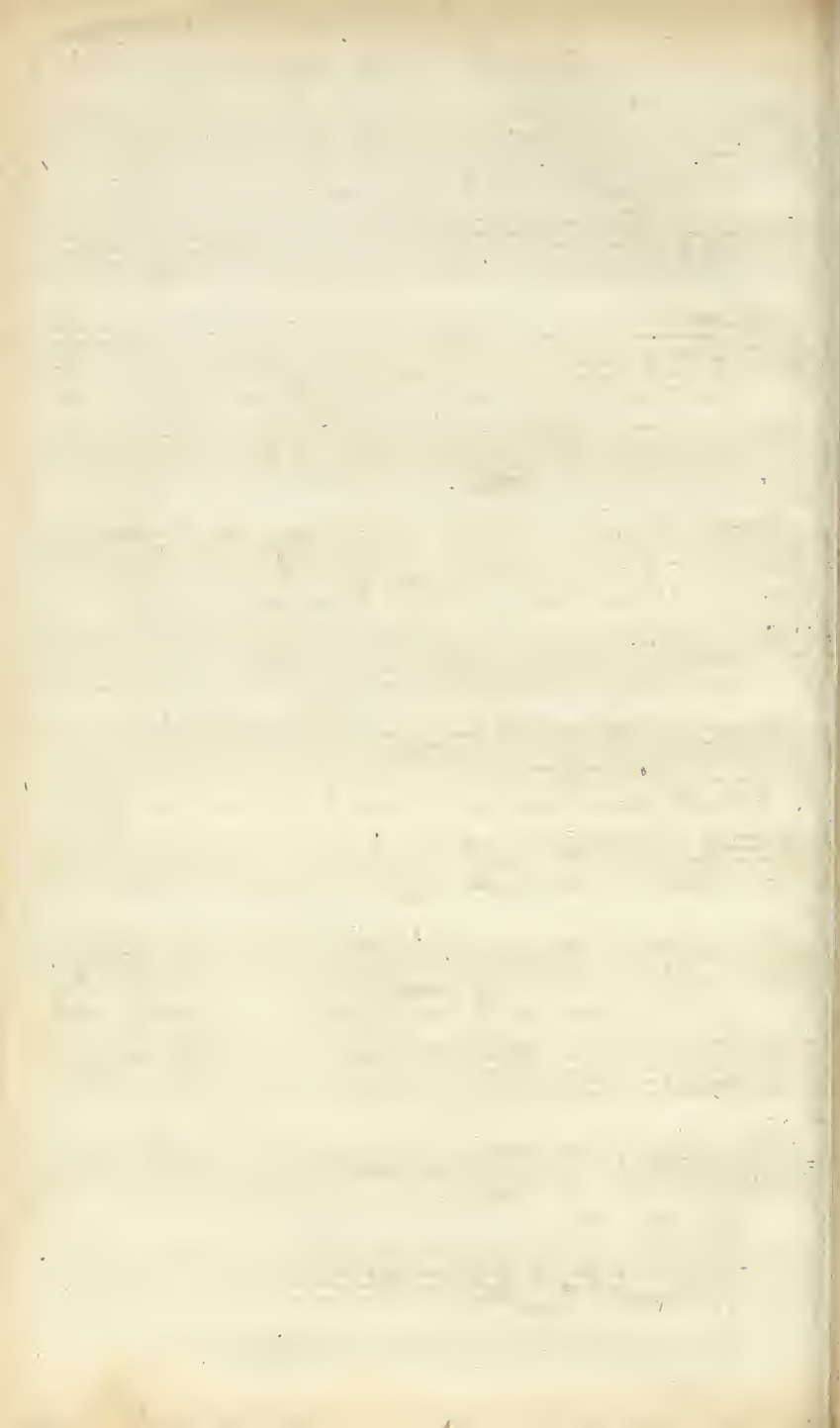
were the Skies: of Glittring Stars appear'd no

more, than those in *Nelly's* Eyes. when at her

Father's Yate I knock'd, where I had of-ten been,

she shrowded only, with her Smock, arose and

loot me in.



I knew no greater Blessing,
So blest a Man was I.
And she, all ravish'd with Delight,
Bid me oft come again;
And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry Night,
She'd rise and let me in.

But ah! at last she prov'd with Bairn,
And fighting fat and dull,
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd e'en just like a Fool.
Her lovely Eyes with Tears ran o'er,
Repenting her rash Sin:
She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal Hour,
That e'er she loot me in.

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,
Or from such Beauty part:
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The Charmer of my Heart;
But wedded, and conceal'd our Crime:
Thus all was well again;
And now she thanks the happy Time
That e'er she loot me in.





XV.

Ew-Bughts Marion.

WILL ye go to the Ew-bughts, *Marion*,
 And wear in the Sheep wi' me;
 The Sun shines sweet, my *Marion*,
 But nae haff sae sweet as thee.
 O *Marion's* a bonny Lass,
 And the blyth blinks in her Eye;
 And fain wad I marry *Marion*,
 Gin *Marion* wad marry me.

There's Gowd in your Garters, *Marion*,
 And Silk on your white Haus-bane;
 Fu' fain wad I kiss my *Marion*,
 At e'en when I come hame.
 There's braw Lads in *Earnslaw*, *Marion*,
 Wha gape, and glowr with their Eye,
 At Kirk when they see my *Marion*;
 But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine Milk-Ews, my *Marion*,
 A Cow and a brawny Quey;

*Ew-bughts*¹⁵ MARION

Will ye go to the *Ew-bughts Marion*, and

wear in the Sheep wi' me; the Sun shines

sweet, my *Marion*, but nae haff sae sweet as thee.

O *Marion's* a bonny Lassy, and the Blyth blinks

in her Eye; and fain wad I marry *Marion*, gin

she wad marry me.



I'll gi'e them a' to my *Marion*,
Just on her Bridal Day ;
And ye's get a green Sey Apron,
And Waistcoat of the *London* brown,
And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the Town.

I'm young and stout, my *Marion* ;
Nane dances like me on the Green ;
And gin ye forsake me, *Marion*,
I'll e'en-gae draw up wi' *Jean* :
Sae put on your Pearlines, Marion,
And Kyrtle of the Cramasie ;
And soon as my Chin has nae Hair on,
I shall come West, and see ye.





XVI.

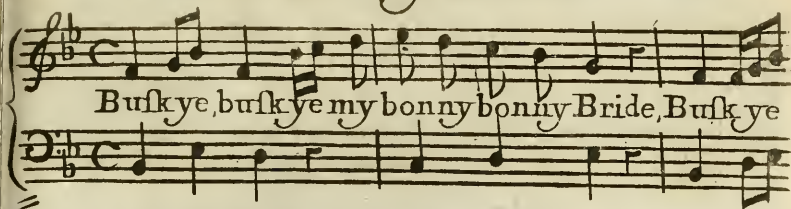
The Braes of Yarrow.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsom Marrow;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,
 And let us leave the Braes of *Yarrow*.
 Where got ye that bonny, bonny Bride,
 Where got ye that winsom Marrow?
 I got her where I durst not well be seen,
 Puing the Birks on the Braes of *Yarrow*.

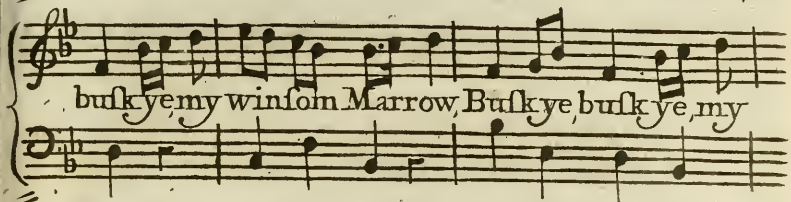
Weep not, weep not, my bonny, bonny Bride,
 Weep not, weep not, my winsom Marrow;
 Nor let thy Heart lament to leave
 Puing the Birks on the Braes of *Yarrow*.
 Why does she weep, thy bonny, bonny Bride?
 Why does she weep, thy winsom Marrow?
 And why dare ye nae mair well be seen,
 Puing the Birks on the Braes of *Yarrow*?

Lang must she weep, lang must she, must she weep,
 Lang must she weep with Dole and Sorrow,

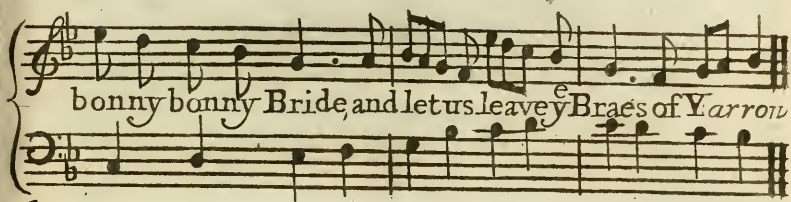
The Braes¹⁶ of Yarrow



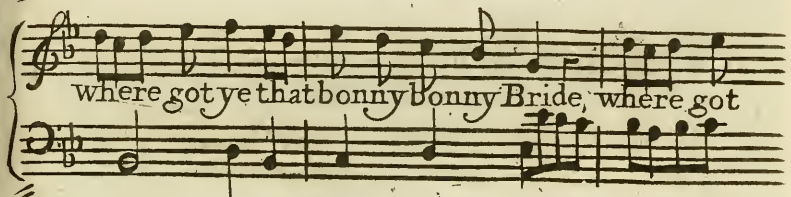
Busk ye, busk ye my bonny bonny Bride, Busk ye



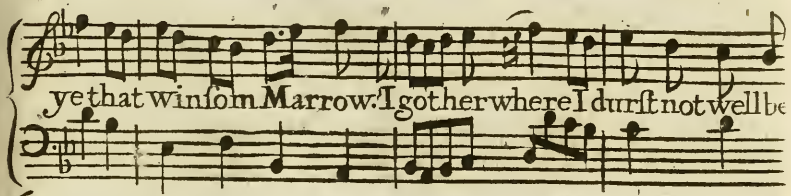
busk ye, my winsom Marrow, Busk ye, busk ye, my



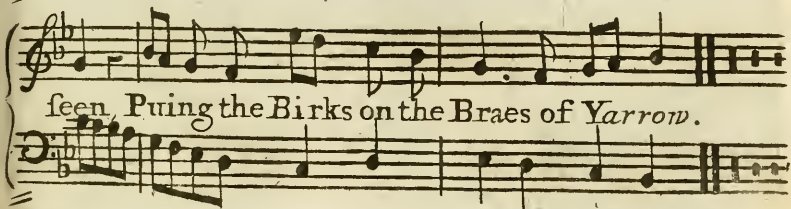
bonny bonny Bride, and let us leave^e Braes of Yarrow



where got ye that bonny bonny Bride, where got



ye that winsom Marrow: I gother where I durst not well be



seen, Puing the Birks on the Braes of Yarrow.



And lang must I nae mair well be seen,
 Puing the Birks on the Braes of *Yarrow*.
 For she has tint her Lover, Lover dear,
 Her Lover dear, the Cause of Sorrow;
 And I have slain the comeliest Swain,
 That ever pued Birks on the Braes of *Yarrow*.

Why runs thy Stream, O *Yarrow, Yarrow*, reid?
 Why on thy Braes heard the Voice of Sorrow?
 And why yon melancholious Weeds,
 Hung on the bonny Birks of *Yarrow*?
 What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful Flood?
 What's yonder floats? O Dole and Sorrow,
 O'tis the comely Swain I slew,
 Upon the doleful Braes of *Yarrow*.

Wash, O wash his Wounds, his Wounds in Tears,
 His Wounds in Tears of Dole and Sorrow,
 And wrap his Limbs in mourning Weeds,
 And lay him on the Braes of *Yarrow*.
 Then build, then build, ye Sisters, Sisters sad,
 Ye Sisters sad, his Tomb with Sorrow;
 And weep around in woful wise,
 His helpless Fate on the Braes of *Yarrow*.

Curse ye, curse ye, his usefess, usefess Shield,
 My Arm that wrought the Deed of Sorrow;

36. O R P H E U S C A L E D O N I U S .

The fatal Spear that pierc'd his Breast,
 His comely Breast on the Braes of *Yarrow*.
 Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
 And warn from Fight? but to my Sorrow,
 Too rashly bold, a stronger Arm
 Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of *Yarrow* ?

Sweet smells the Birk, green grows, green grows the
 Grass,

Yellow on *Yarrow's* Braes the Gowan;
 Fair hangs the Apple frae the Rock,
 Sweet the Wave of *Yarrow* flowan.
 Flows *Yarrow* sweet, as sweet, as sweet flows *Tweed*,
 As green its Grass, its Gowan as yellow,
 As sweet smells on its Braes the Birk,
 The Apple from its Rocks as mellow.

Fair was thy Love, fair, fair indeed thy Love,
 In flow'ry Bands thou him did'st fetter;
 Tho' he was fair, and well-belov'd again,
 Than me he never lov'd thee better.
 Busk ye, then busk, my bonny, bonny Bride,
 Busk ye, then busk, my winsom Marrow;
 Busk ye, and lo'e me on the Banks of *Tweed*,
 And think nae mair on the Braes of *Yarrow*.

How can I busk a bonny, bonny Bride?
 How can I busk a winsom Marrow?

How lo'e him on the Banks of *Tweed*,
 That flew my Love on the Braes of *Tarrow*.
 O *Tarrow* Fields, may never, never Rain,
 No Dew thy tender Blossoms cover,
 For there was vilely kill'd my Love,
 My Love as he had not been a Lover.

The Boy put on his Robes, his Robes of Green,
 His purple Vest, 'twas my awn sewing,
 Ah! wretched me, I little, little knew,
 He was in these to meet his Ruin.
 The Boy took out his milk-white, milk-white Steed,
 Unheedful of my Dole and Sorrow ;
 But e'er the Toofal of the Night,
 He lay a Corps on the Braes of *Tarrow*.

Much I rejoic'd that woeful, woeful Day,
 I sung, my Voice the Woods returning ;
 But lang e'er Night the Spear was floun,
 That flew my Love, and left me mourning.
 What can my barbarous, barbarous Father do,
 But with his cruel Rage pursue me ?
 My Lover's Blood is on thy Spear ;
 How can'st thou, barbarous, Man, then woo me ?

My happy Sisters may be, may be proud,
 With cruel and ungentle Scoffing,
 May bid me seek on *Tarrow's* Braes,
 My Lover nailed in his Coffin,

My

My Brother *Douglas* may upbraid,
 And strive with threaten'g Words to move me;
 My Lover's Blood is on thy Spear,
 How can'st thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the Bed, the Bed of Love,
 With bridal Sheets my Body cover;
 Unbar, ye bridal Maids, the Door,
 Let in the expected Husband Lover.
 But who the expected Husband, Husband is?
 His Hands, methink, are bath'd in Slaughter;
 Ah me! what ghastly Spectre's yon,
 Comes, in his pale Shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
 O lay his cold Head on my Pillow;
 Take off, take off these bridal Weeds,
 And crown my careful Head with yellow.
 Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best lov'd,
 O could my Warmth to Life restore thee;
 Yet lie all Night between my Breasts;
 No Youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely Youth!
 Forgive, forgive so foul a Slaughter;
 And lie all Night between my Breasts,
 No Youth shall ever lie there after.

Return, return, O mournful, mournful Bride,
Return and dry thy useles Sorrow,
Thy Lover heeds nought of thy Sighs,
He lies a Corps in the Braes of *Tarrow*.





XVII.

Lady Anne Bothwel's Lament.

Balow, my Boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sore to hear thee weep ;
 If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
 Thy Mourning makes my Heart full sad.
 Balow, my Boy, thy Mother's Joy,
 Thy Father bred me great Annoy.
Balow, &c.

Balow, my Darling, sleep a while,
 And when thou wak'st, then sweetly smile ;
 But smile not as thy Father did,
 To cozen Maids, nay God forbid:
 For in thine Eye, his Look I see,
 The tempting Look that ruin'd me.
Balow, &c.

When he began to court my Love,
 And with his sugar'd Words to move ;

17
Lady ANN BOTHWEL'S Lament

Balow, my Boy, lye still and fleep, it

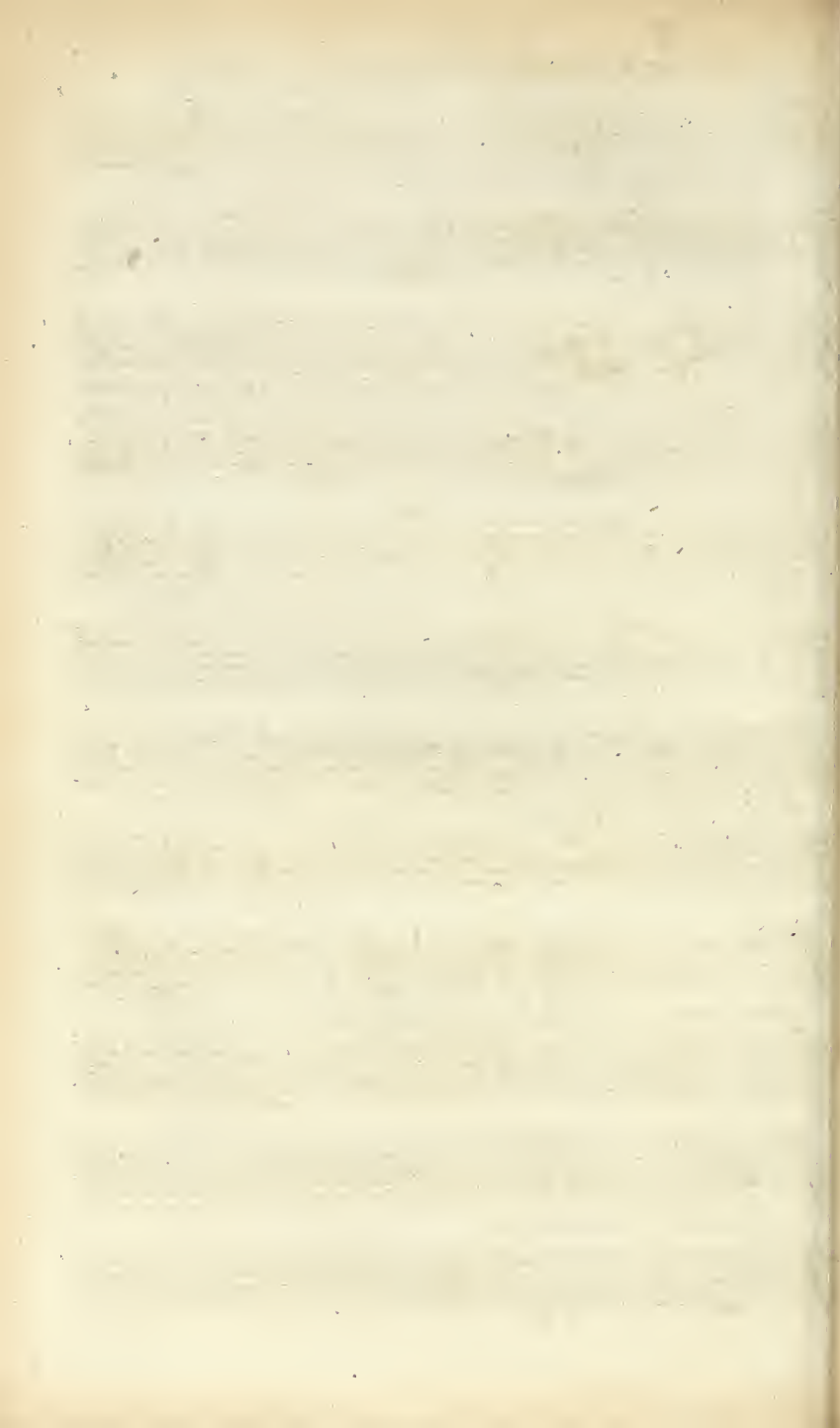
grieves me fore to hear thee weep, if thoult be silent

I'll be glad, thy Mourning makes my heart full sad.

Balow, my Boy, thy Mothers Joy, thy Father bred me

great annoy. Balow lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu !

lu lu lu lu lilli lu



His tempting Face and flatt'ring Chear,
In time to me did not appear ;
But now I see, that cruel he,
Cares neither for his Babe nor me.

Balow, &c.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest Youth,
That ever kist a Woman's Mouth,
Let never any after me,
Submit unto thy Courtesy :
For, if they do, O ! cruel thou,
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

Balow, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the first,
To yield thee all a Maiden durst,
Thou swore for ever true to prove,
Thy Faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy Love ;
But quick as Thought the Change is wrought,
Thy Love's no more, thy Promise nought.

Balow, &c.

I wish I were a Maid again,
From young Men's Flattery I'd refrain ;
For now unto my Grief I find,
They are all perjur'd and unkind :
Bewitching Charms bred all my Harms,
Witness my Babe lies in my Arms.

Balow, &c.

I take my Fate from bad to worse,
 That I must needs be now a Nurse,
 And lull my young Son on my Lap,
 From me sweet Orphan, take the Pap.
 Balow, my Child, thy Mother mild
 Shall wail as from all Bliss exil'd.

Balow, &c.

Balow, my Boy, weep not for me,
 Whose greatest Grief's for wronging thee;
 Nor pity her deserved Smart,
 Who can blame none but her fond Heart:
 For, too soon trusting latest finds,
 With fairest Tongues are falsest Minds.

Balow, &c.

Balow, my Boy, thy Father's fled,
 When he the thriftless Son has play'd,
 Of Vows and Oaths, forgetful he
 Prefer'd the Wars to thee and me.
 But now, perhaps, thy Curse and mine,
 Make him eat Acorns with the Swine.

Balow, &c.

But curse not him, perhaps now he,
 Stung with Remorse, is blessing thee:

Perhaps at Death ; for who can tell,
Whether the Judge of Heaven or Hell,
By some proud Foe has struck the Blow,
And laid the dear Deceiver low ?

Balow, &c.

I wish I were into the Bounds,
Where he lies smother'd in his Wounds,
Repeating, as he pants for Air,
My Name, whom once he call'd his Fair.
No Woman's yet so fiercely set,
But she'll forgive, tho' not forget.

Balow, &c.

If Linnen lacks, for my Love's sake,
Then quickly to him would I make
My Smock once for his Body meet,
And wrap him in that Winding-sheet.
Ah me ! how happy had I been,
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein !

Balow, &c.

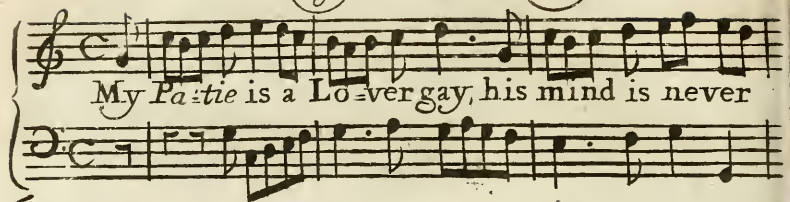
Balow, my Boy, I'll weep for thee ;
Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me :
Thy Griefs are growing to a Sun,
God grant thee patience when they come ;

Born to sustain thy Mother's Shame,
A hapless Fate, a Bastard's Name.

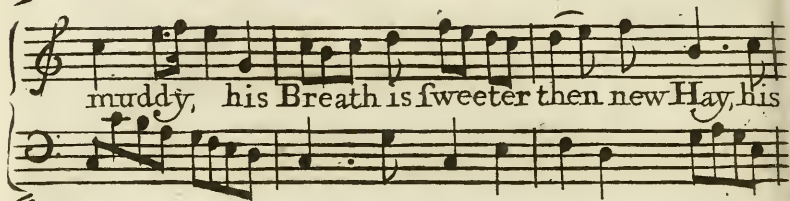
Balow, &c.



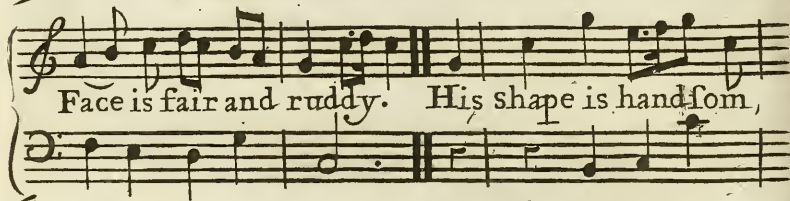
Corn Riggs¹⁸ are Bonny



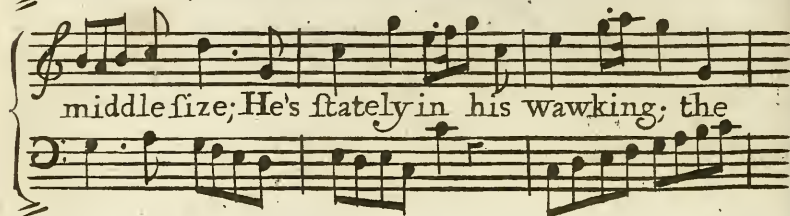
My Pa:tie is a Lo-ver gay, his mind is never



muddy, his Breath is sweeter then new Hay, his




Face is fair and ruddy. His shape is handfom,



middle size; He's stately in his wawking; the



shining of his Een surprise; 'tis Heaven to



hear him tawking.



XVIII.

Corn Riggs are bonny.

MY *Patie* is a Lover gay,
 His Mind is never muddy,
 His Breath is sweeter than new Hay,
 His Face is fair and ruddy.
 His Shape is handsome, middle Size ;
 He's stately in his wawking :
 The shining of his Een surprife ;
 'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.

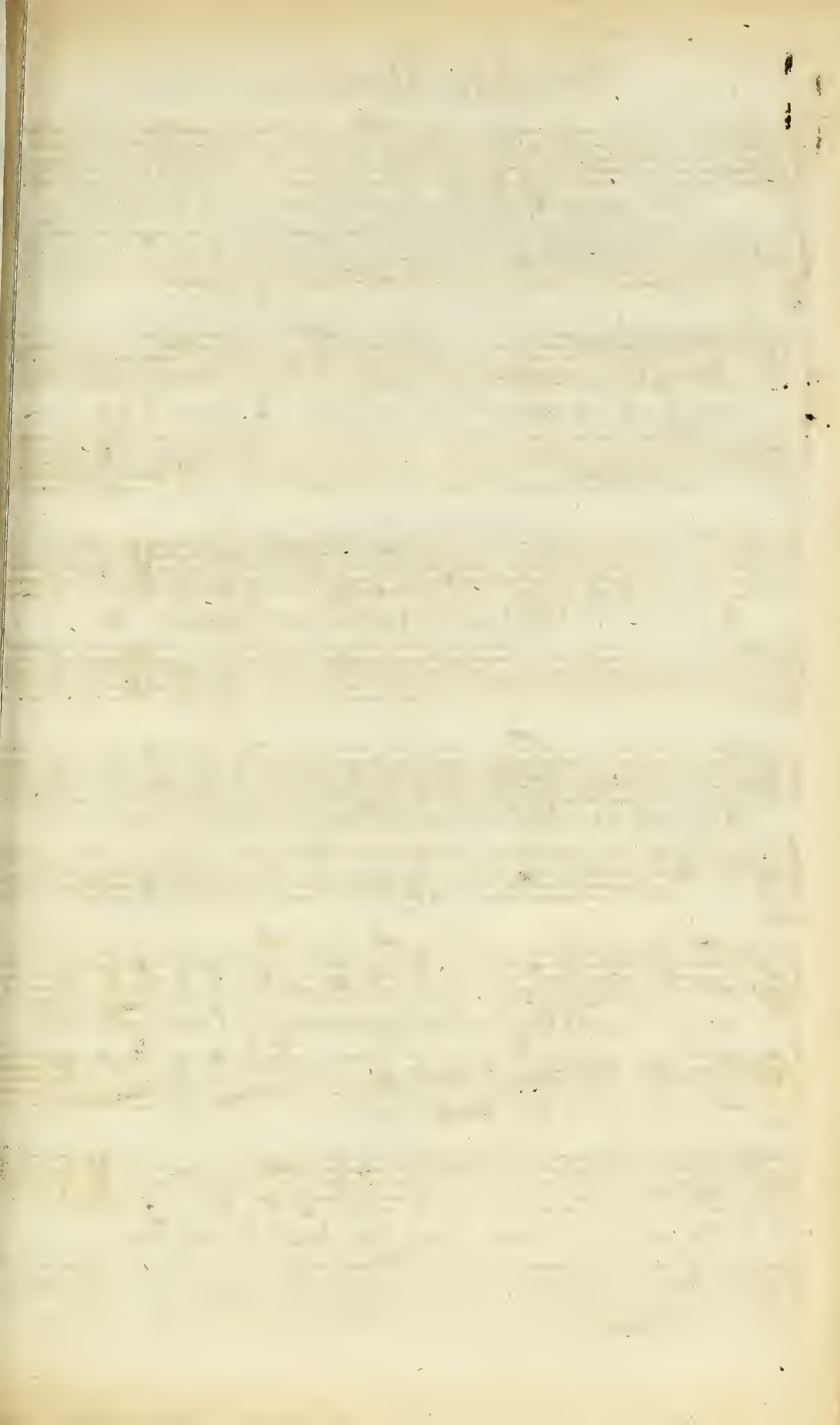
Last Night I met him on a Bawk,
 Where yellow Corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly Word he spake,
 That set my Heart a glowing.
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony ;
 That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
O Corn Riggs are bonny.

Let Maidens of a silly Mind,
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,

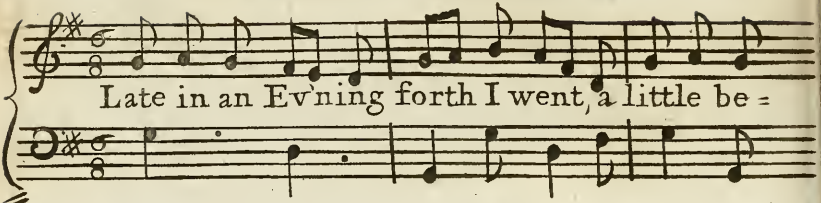
Since

Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chafly should be granting :
Then I'll comply, and marry *Pate*,
 And syne my Cockernony,
He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where *Corn Riggs* are bonny.

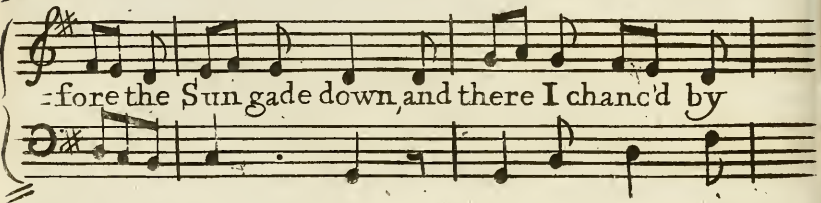




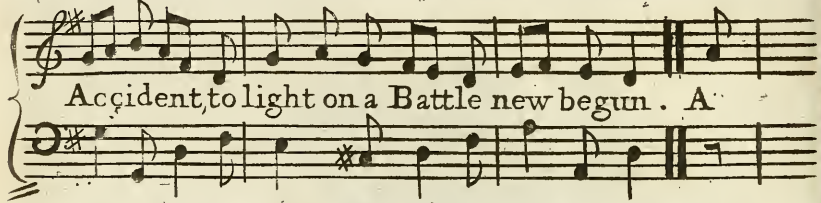
The Auld ¹⁹ Goodman



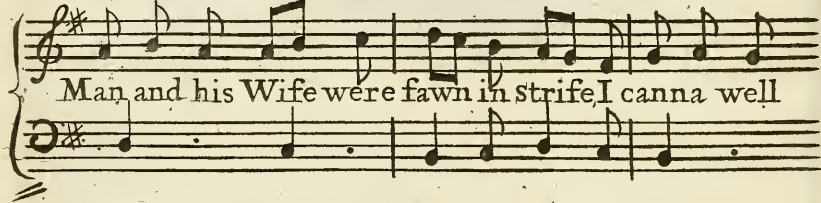
Late in an Ev'ning forth I went, a little be =



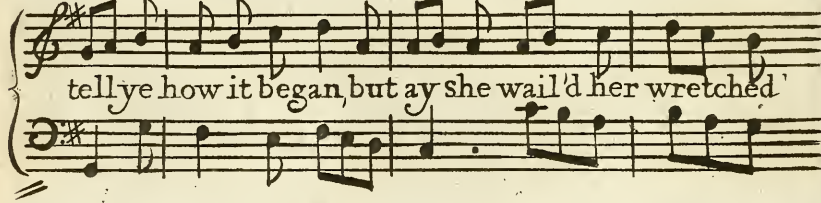
= fore the Sun gade down, and there I chanc'd by



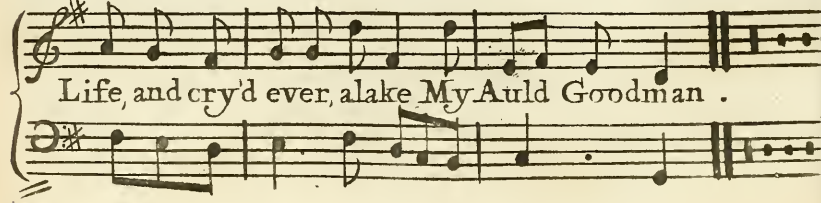
Accident, to light on a Battle new begun. A



Man and his Wife were fawn in strife, I canna well



tellye how it began, but ay she wail'd her wretched



Life, and cry'd ever, alake My Auld Goodman .



XIX.

The auld Goodman.

L Ate in an Evening forth I went,
 A little before the Sun gade down,
 And there I chanc'd by Accident,
 To light on a Battle new begun.
 A Man and his Wife was fawn in a Strife,
 I canna well tell ye how it began ;
 But ay she wail'd her wretched Life,
 And cry'd ever, alake my auld Goodman.

HE.

Thy auld Goodman, that thou tells of,
 The Country kens where he was born,
 Was but a silly poor Vagabond,
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn :
 For he did spend, and make an end
 Of Gear, that his Forefathers wan,
 He gart the Poor stand frae the Door,
 Sac tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman.

SHE.

SHE.

My Heart alake, is liken to break,
 When I think on my winsome *John*,
 His blinkan Eye and Gate sae free,
 Was naithing like thee, thou dosend Drone.
 His rofie Face and flaxen Hair,
 And a Skin as white as ony Swan,
 Was large and tall, and comely withal,
 And thou'lt never be like my auld Goodman.

HE.

Why dost thou pleen ? I thee maintain,
 For Meal and Mawt thou disna want ;
 But thy wild Bees I canna please,
 Now when our Gear gins to grow scant.
 Of Household Stuff thou hast enough,
 Thou wants for neither Pot nor Pan ;
 Of sicklike Ware he left thee bare,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman.

SHE.

Yes I may tell, and fret my fell,
 To think on these blyth Days I had,
 When he and I together lay
 In Arms, into a well-made Bed.
 But now I sigh, and may be sad,
 Thy Courage is cauld, thy Colour wan,
 Thou falds thy Feet, and fa s asleep,
 And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld Goodman.

Then

Then coming was the Night sae dark,
And gane was a' the Light of Day ;
The Carle was fear'd to miss his Mark,
And therefore wad nae langer stay :
Then up he gat, and he ran his way,
I trow the Wife the Day she wan,
And ay the o'erword of the Fray
Was ever, *Alake my auld Goodman.*





XX.

Lochaber.

Farewell to *Lochaber*, and farewell my *Jean*,
Where heartsome with thee I've mony Day
been ;

For *Lochaber* no more, *Lochaber* no more,
We'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more.
These Tears that I shed, they are a' for my Dear,
And no for the Dangers attending on weir ;
Tho' bore on rough Seas to a far bloody Shore,
May be to return to *Lochaber* no more.

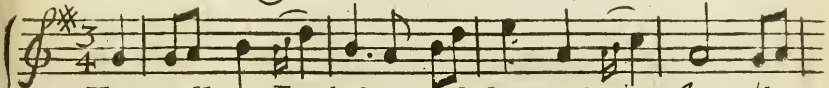
Tho' Hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry Wind,
They'll ne'er make a Tempest like that in my Mind.
Tho' loudest of Thunder on louder Waves roar,
That's naithing like leaving my Love on the Shore.
To leave thee behind me, my Heart is fair pain'd,
By Ease that's inglorious, no Fame can be gain'd :
And Beauty and Love's the Reward of the Brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my *Jean*, maun plead my Excuse,
Since Honour commands me, how can I refuse?

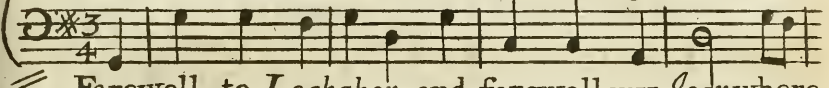
Without

LOCHABER

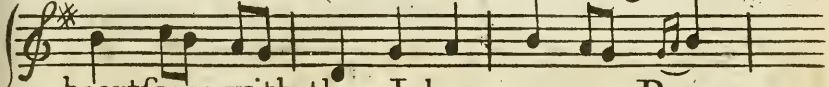
for 2 Voices



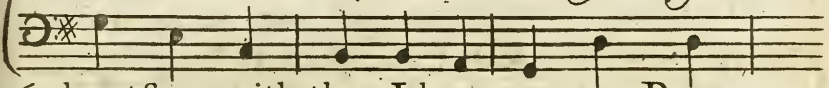
Farewell to *Lochaber*, and farewell my *Jean*, where



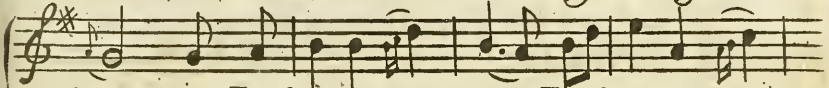
Farewell to *Lochaber*, and farewell my *Jean*, where



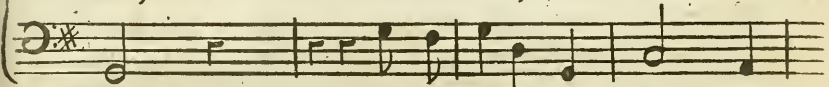
heartsome with thee I have mony Day



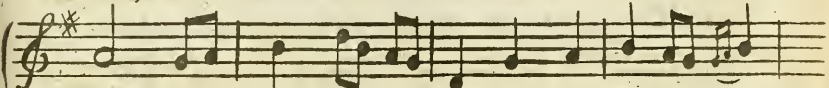
heartsome with thee I have mony Day



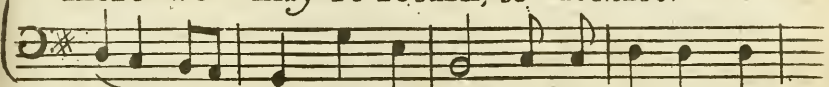
been; For *Lochaber* no more, *Lochaber* no



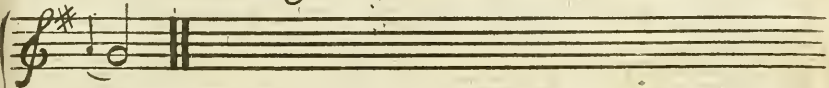
been; for *Lochaber* no more no



more we'll may be return, to *Lochaber* no



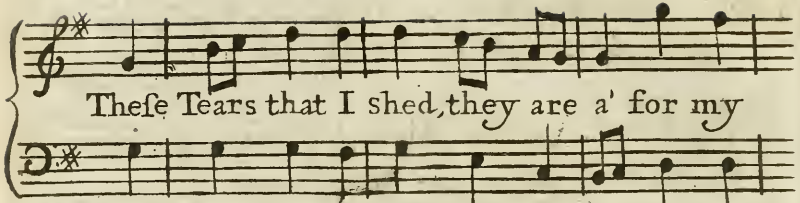
more we'll may be return, to *Lochaber* no



more.

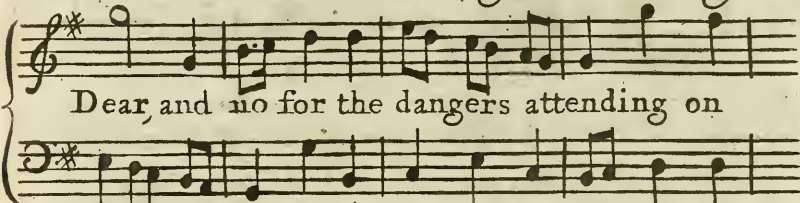


more.



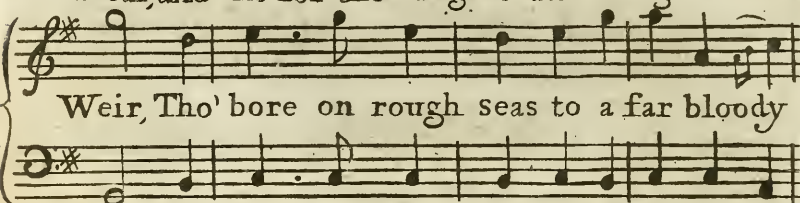
These Tears that I shed, they are a' for my

These Tears that I shed, they are a' for my



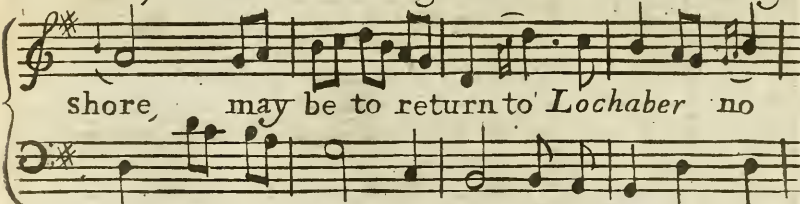
Dear, and no for the dangers attending on

Dear, and no for the dangers attending on



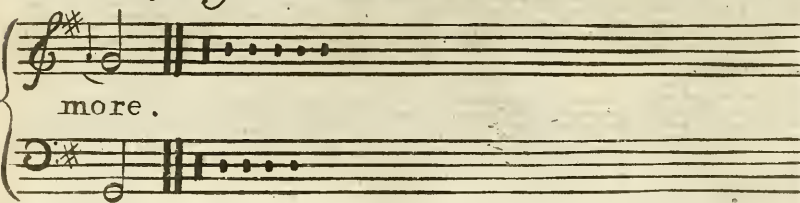
Weir, Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody

Weir, Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody



shore, may be to return to *Lochaber* no

shore, may be to return to *Lochaber* no



more.

more.

Without it I ne'er can have Merit for thee;
 And without thy Favour, I'd better not be!
 I gae then, my Lafs, to win Honour and Fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a Heart to thee with Love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more.





XXI.

As Sylvia in a Forest lay.

A *Sylvia* in a Forest lay,
 To vent her Woe alone ;
 Her Swain *Sylvander* came that Way,
 And heard her dying Moan.
 Ah ! is my Love (she said) to you,
 So worthless and so vain ?
 Why is your wonted Fondness now
 Converted to Disdain ?

You vow'd the Light should Darkness turn,
 E'er you'd exchange your Love ;
 In Shades now may Creation mourn,
 Since you unfaithful prove.
 Was it for this I Credit gave
 To ev'ry Oath you swore ?
 But ah ! it seems they most deceive,
 Who most our Charms adore.

'Tis plain, your Drift was all Deceit,
 The Practice of Mankind :

Alas!

21
To the Tune of *Pinky House*

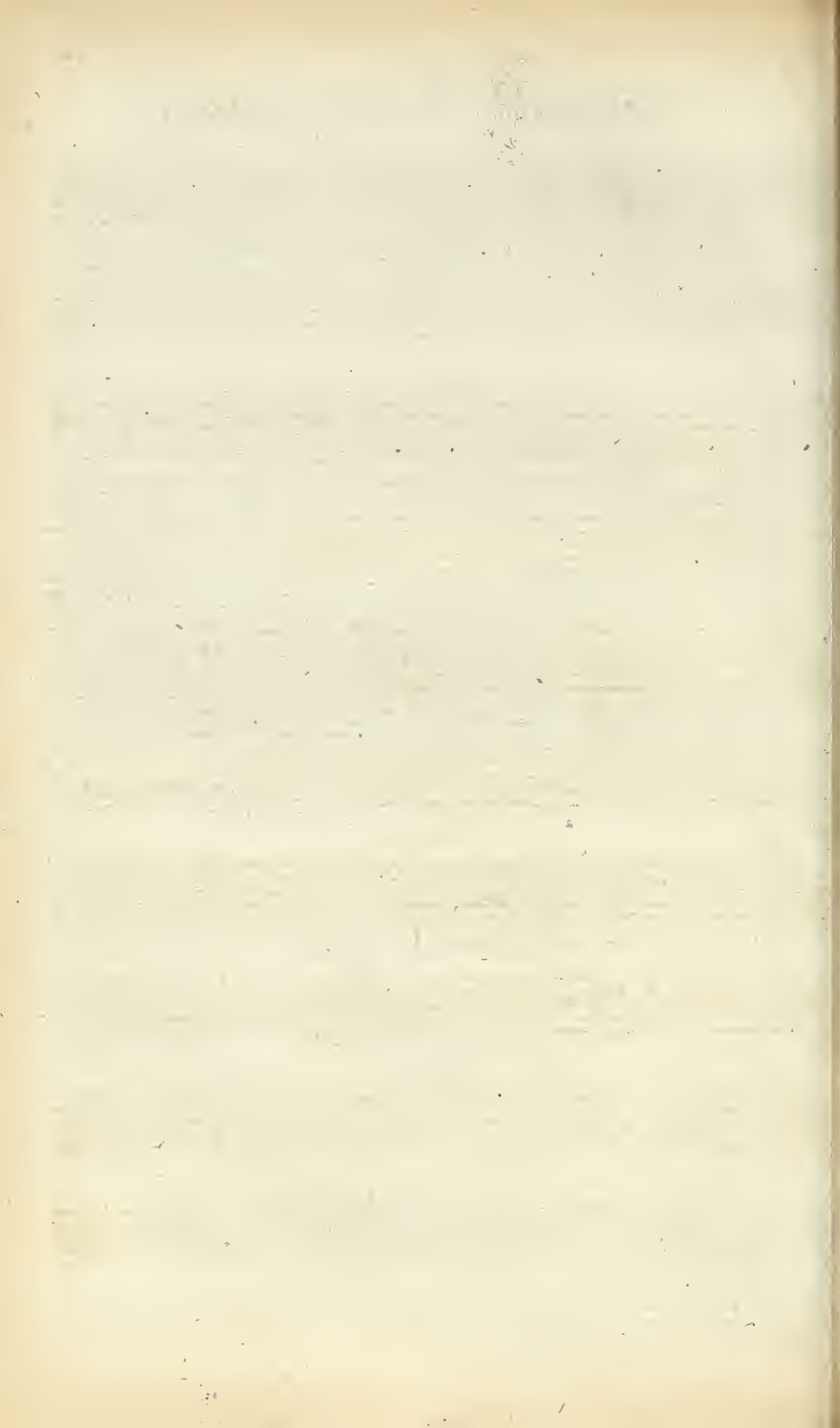
As *Sil-via* in a Forest lay, to vent her woe a =

= lone; Her Swain *Sylvander* came that way, and

heard her dy-ing moan. Ah is my Love (she

said) to you so worthles and so vain: why is your

wonted fondness now Convert-ed to Disdain.



Alas! I see it but too late,
My Love had made me blind.
For you, delighted I could die :
But oh! with Grief I'm fill'd,
To think that credulous constant I
Should by your self be kill'd.

This said — all breathless, sick and pale,
Her Head upon her Hand,
She found her vital Spirits fail,
And Senses at a stand.

Sylvander then began to melt :
But e'er the Word was given,
The heavy Hand of Death she felt,
And sigh'd her Soul to Heaven.





XXII.

When absent from the Nymph I love.

When absent from the Nymph I love,
 I'd fain shake off the Chains I wear ;
 But whilst I strive these to remove,
 More Fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.
 My captiv'd Fancy Day and Night,
 Fairer and fairer represents
Belinda, form'd for dear Delight,
 But cruel Cause of my Complaints.

All Day I wander through the Groves,
 And sighing hear from ev'ry Tree
 The happy Birds chirping their Loves ;
 Happy, compar'd with lonely me.
 When gentle Sleep with balmy Wings,
 To rest fans ev'ry weary'd Wight,
 A thousand Fears my Fancy brings,
 That keep me watching all the Night.

Sleep flies, while like the Goddess fair,
 And all the Graces in her Train,

22
When absent from the Nymph I Love

When absent from the Nymph I Love, I'd fain shake

off the Chains I wear; but whilst I strive these to re-

-move, more Fetters I'm oblig'd to bear. My cap-tiv'd

Fancy Day and Night, fairer, and fairer represents, Bel

-inda form'd for dear Delight, but cruel Cause of

my Complaints .



With melting Smiles and killing Air
Appears the Cause of all my Pain.
A while my Mind delighted flies,
O'er all her Sweets with thrilling Joy ;
Whilst want of Worth makes Doubts arise,
That all my trembling Hopes destroy.

Thus while my Thoughts are fix'd on her,
I'm all o'er Transport and Desire ;
My Pulse beats high, my Checks appear
All Roses, and mine Eyes all Fire.
When to my self I turn my View,
My Veins grow chill, my Checks look wan :
Thus whilst my Fears my Pains renew,
I scarcely look or move a Man.





XXIII.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove,
 An unrelenting Foe to Love ?
 And when we meet a mutual Heart,
 Come in between, and bid us part ?
 Bid us sigh on from Day to Day,
 And wish, and wish the Soul away ;
 Till Youth and genial Years are flown,
 And all the Life of Life is gone.

But busy, busy still art thou,
 To bind the loveless, joyless Vow ;
 The Heart from Pleasure to delude,
 And join the Gentle to the Rude.
 For once, O Fortune, hear my Prayer,
 And I absolve thy future Care ;
 All other Blessings I resign,
 Make but the dear *Amanda* mine.



Logan ²⁵ Water

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove, an un-re =

=lenting foe to Love; and when we meet, a mutual

heart, come in between, and bid us part; Bid

us sigh on from day to day, and wish, and wish the

Soul away; till Youth and genial Years are flown, and

all the Life of Life is gone.

The Bonniest Läss in a' the World ^{2^A}
tr.

Look where my dear Hamilla smiles, Hamilla!

heavenly charmer, see how with all their Arts and

wiles the Loves and Graces arm her. A Blush dwells

glowing on her cheeks, Fair seats of Youthfull Plea =

asures, there Love in smiling Language speaks, there

spreads his Rosy Treasures.



XXIV.

The bonniest Lass in a' the World.

LOOK where my dear *Hamillia* smiles,
Hamillia! heavenly Charmer;
 See how with all their Arts and Wiles,
 The *Loves* and *Graces* arm her.
 A Blush dwells glowing on her Cheeks,
 Fair Seats of youthful Pleasures;
 There Love in smiling Language speaks,
 There spreads his rosy Treasures.

O fairest Maid, I own thy Power,
 I gaze, I sigh and languish,
 Yet ever, ever will adore,
 And triumph in my Anguish.
 But ease, O Charmer, ease my Care,
 And let my Torments move thee;
 As thou art fairest of the Fair,
 So I the dearest love thee.



XXV.

Clout the Caldron.

HA VE you any Pots or Pans,
 Or any broken Chandlers?
 I am a Tinkler to my Trade,
 And newly come frae *Flanders*.
 As scant of Siller as of Grace;
 Disbanded, we've a bad-run;
 Gar tell the Lady of the Place,
 I'm come to clout her Caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have Wark for me,
 I'll do't to your Contentment,
 And dinna care a single Elie
 For any Man's Resentment:
 For, Lady fair, tho' I appear,
 To every ane a Tinkler;
 Yet to your fell I'm bauld to tell,
 I am a gentle Jinker.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Clout the²⁵ Caldron

Have you any Pots or Pans, or any broken

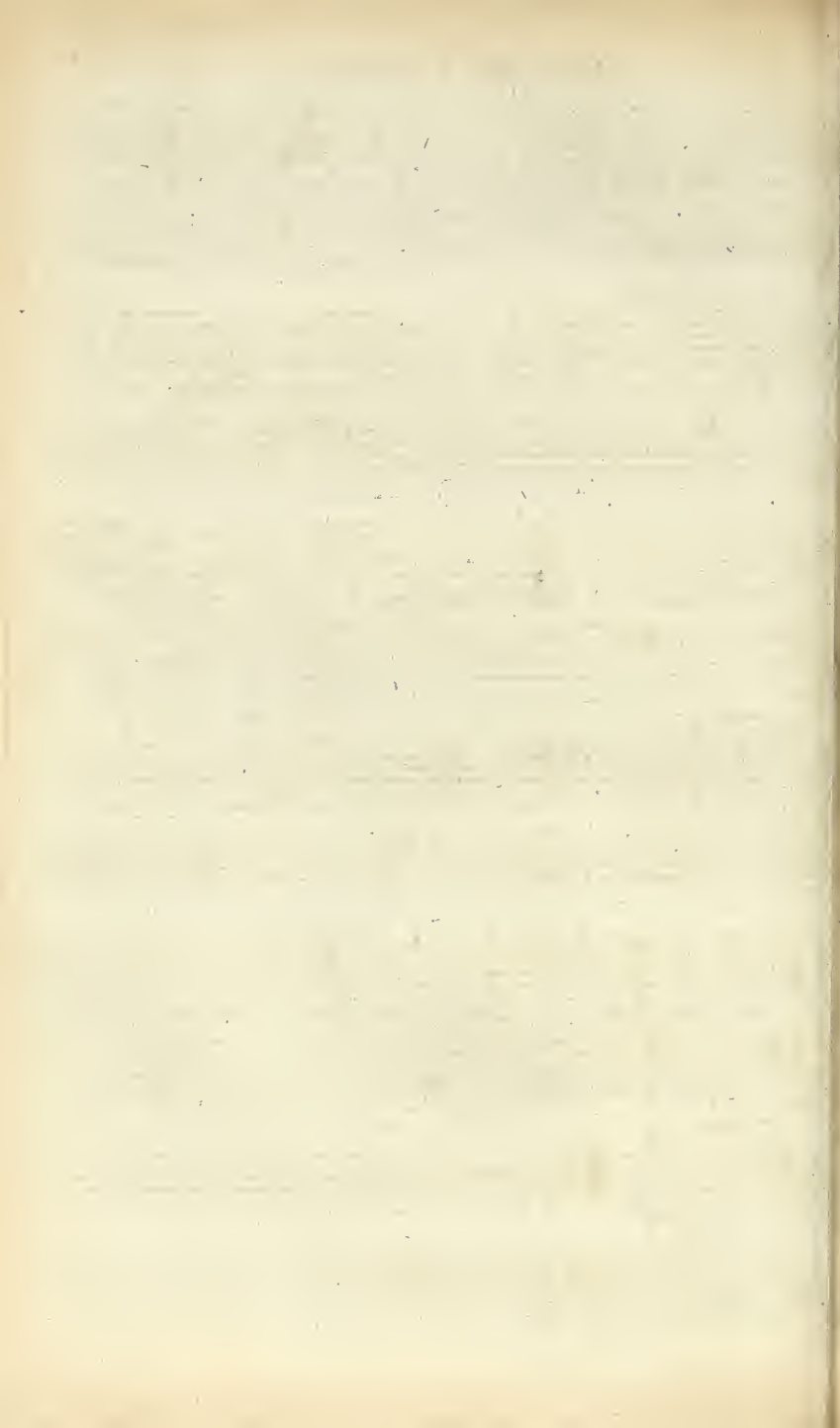
Chandlers, I am a Tinkler to my Trade, and

newly come frae *Flanders*, As scant of filler

as of Grace, disbanded, we've a Bad-run; gar

tell the Lady of the Place, I'm come to clout her

Caldron .



Love *Jupiter* into a Swan
 Turn'd, for his lovely *Leda*;
 He like a Bull o'er Meadows ran,
 To carry aff *Europa*.
 Then may not I, as well as he,
 To cheat your *Argos* blinker,
 And win your Love like mighty *Jove*,
 Thus hide me in a Tinkler.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning Man,
 But this fine Plot you'll fail in ;
 For there is neither Pot nor Pan
 Of mine, you'll drive a Nail in.
 Then bind your Budget on your Back,
 And Nails up in your Apron ;
 For I've a Tinkler under Tack,
 That's us'd to clout my Caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.





XXVI.

Willy was a wanton Wag.

WILLY was a wanton Wag,
 The blythest Lad that e'er I saw,
 At Bridals still he bore the Brag,
 And carried ay the Gree awa':
 His Doublet was of *Zetland* Shag,
 And wow! but *Willy* he was braw,
 And at his Shoulder hang a Tag,
 That pleas'd the Lassies best of a'.

He was a Man without a Clag,
 His Heart was frank without a Flaw;
 And ay whatever *Willy* said,
 It was still hadden as a Law.
 His Boots they were made of the Jag,
 When he went to the Weapon-shaw,
 Upon the green nane durst him brag,
 The feind a ane amang them a'.

And was not *Willy* well worth Gowd?
 He wan the Love of great and sma';

WILLY was a wanton Wag

Willy was a wanton wag, the Blithest Lad that

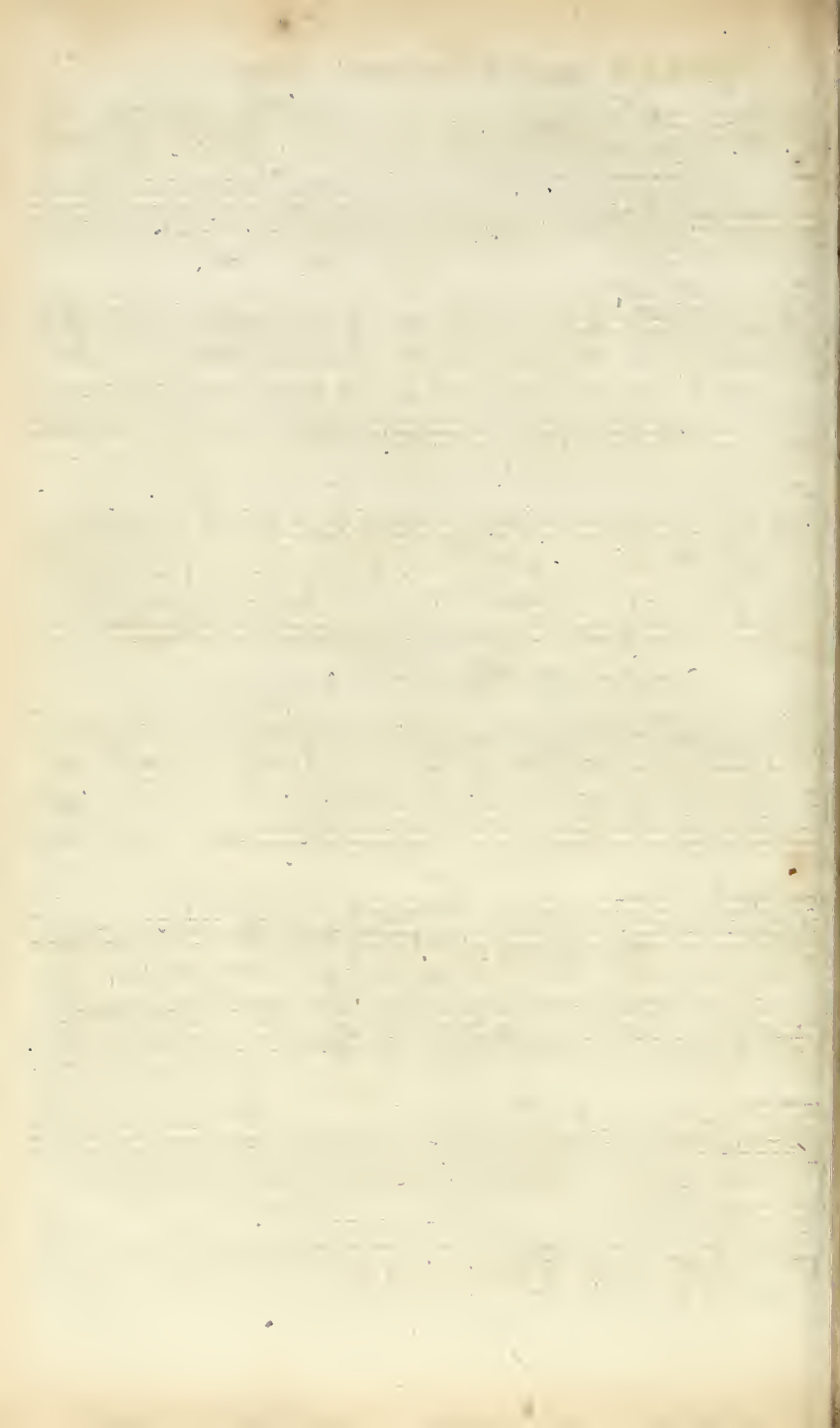
e'er I saw, at Bridals still he bore the Brag, and

carried ay the, Gree awa: His Doublet was of

Zetland shag, and wow! but Willy he, was braw, and

at his shoulder hang a Tag, that pleas'd the Lasses

best of a.



For after he the Bride had kifs'd,
 He kifs'd the Lassies hale sale a'.
 Sac merrily round the Ring they row'd,
 When be the Hand he led them a',
 And Smack on Smack on them bestow'd,
 By virtue of a standing Law.

And was na *Willy* a great Lown,
 As shyre a Lick as e'er was seen?
 When he danc'd with the Lassies round,
 The Bridegroom speer'd where he had been.
 Quoth *Willy*, I've been at the Ring,
 With bobbing, faith, my Shanks are fair;
 Gae ca' your Bride and Maidens in,
 For *Willy* he dow do nae mair.

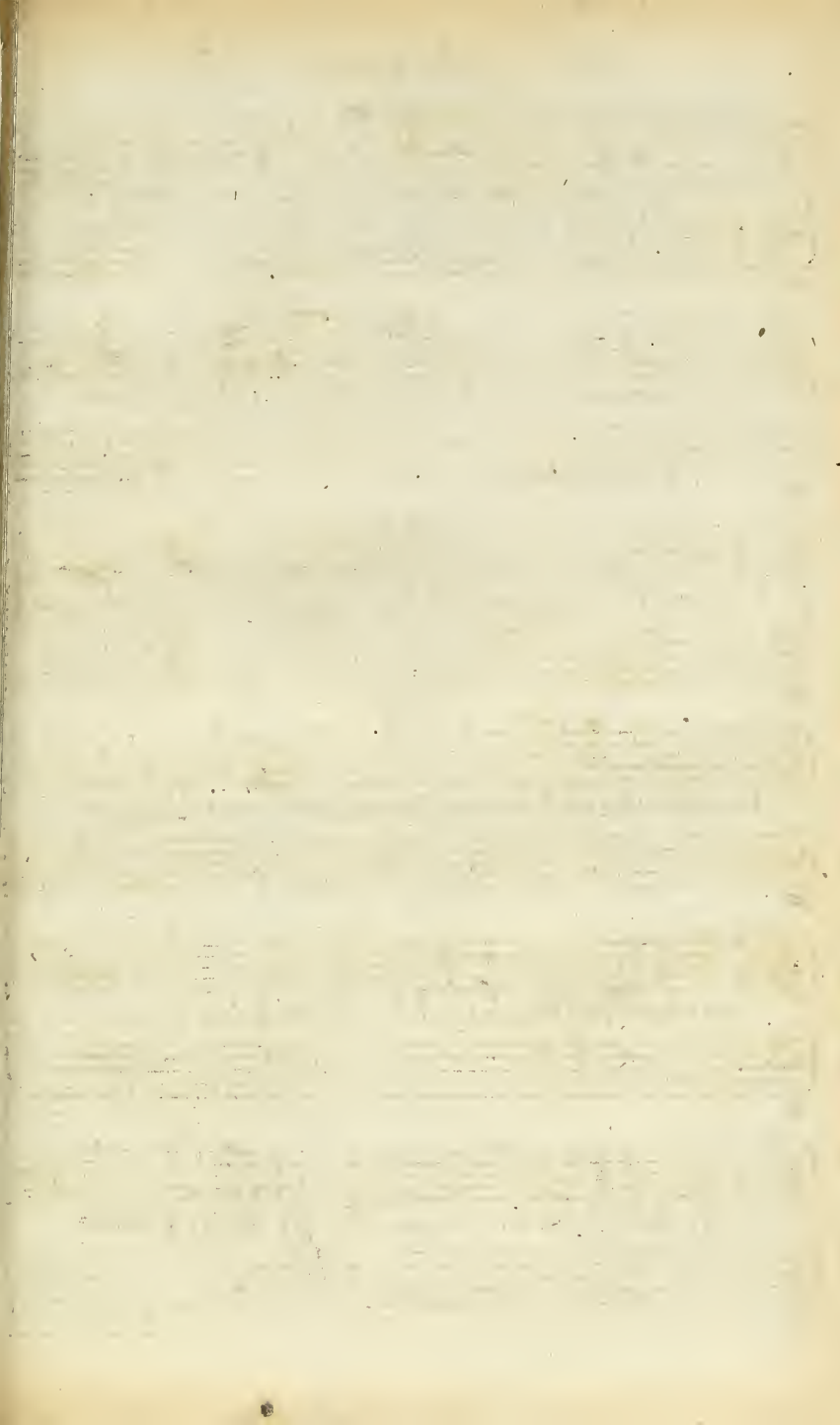
Then rest ye, *Willy*, I'll gae out,
 And for a wee fill up the Ring;
 But, Shame light on his souple Snout,
 He wanted *Willy's* wanton Fling.
 Then straight he to the Bride did fare,
 Says, well's me on your bonny Face,
 With bobbing *Willy's* Shanks are fair,
 And I am come to fill his Place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the Dance,
 And at the Ring you'll ay be lag;
 Unless like *Willy* ye advance;
 (O! *Willy* has a wanton Leg)

For

For we't he learns us a' to steer,
And formast ay bears up the Ring ;
We will find nae sic Dancing here,
If we want *Willy's* wanton Fling.





My Soger²⁷ Laddie

My Soger Laddie is over the Sea, and he will bring Gold

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 8/8. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 8/8. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Money to me; and when he comes Hame, he'll make me a

The second system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 8/8. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 8/8. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Lady, my Blesing gang wi' my Soger Laddie. my doughty

The third system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 8/8. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 8/8. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Laddie is handsome and Brave, and can as a Soger and

The fourth system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 8/8. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 8/8. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. A trill (tr.) is indicated above the final note of the treble staff.

Lover behave; True to his Country, to Love he is

The fifth system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 8/8. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 8/8. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

steady, there's few to compare wi' my Soger Laddie.

The sixth system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 8/8. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 8/8. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



XXVII.

Soger Laddie.

MY Soger Laddie
 Is over the Sea,
 And he will bring Gold
 And Money to me ;
 And when he comes hame,
 He'll make me a Lady,
 My Blessing gang with
 My Soger Laddie.

My doughty Laddie
 Is handsome and brave,
 And can as a Soger
 And Lover behave ;
 True to his Country,
 To Love he is steady,
 There's few to compare
 With my Soger Laddie.

Shield him, ye Angels,
 Frae Death in Alarms,

Return him with Lawrels
To my langing Arms.
Syne frae all my Care
Ye'll pleasantly free me,
When back to my Wishes
My Soger ye gie me.

O soon may his Honours
Bloom fair on his Brow,
As quickly they must,
If he get his due :
For in noble Actions,
His Courage is ready,
Which makes me delight
In my Soger Laddie!





28
ALLAN WATER

What Numbers shall the Muse repeat, what

Verse be found to praise my *Annie*. On her ten Thousand

graces wait, each Swain admires, and owns she's bonny.

Since first she trode the happy Plain, she set each

Youthfull heart on Fire, each Nymph does to her swain com

plain that *Annie* kindles new desire.



XXVIII.

Allan Water.

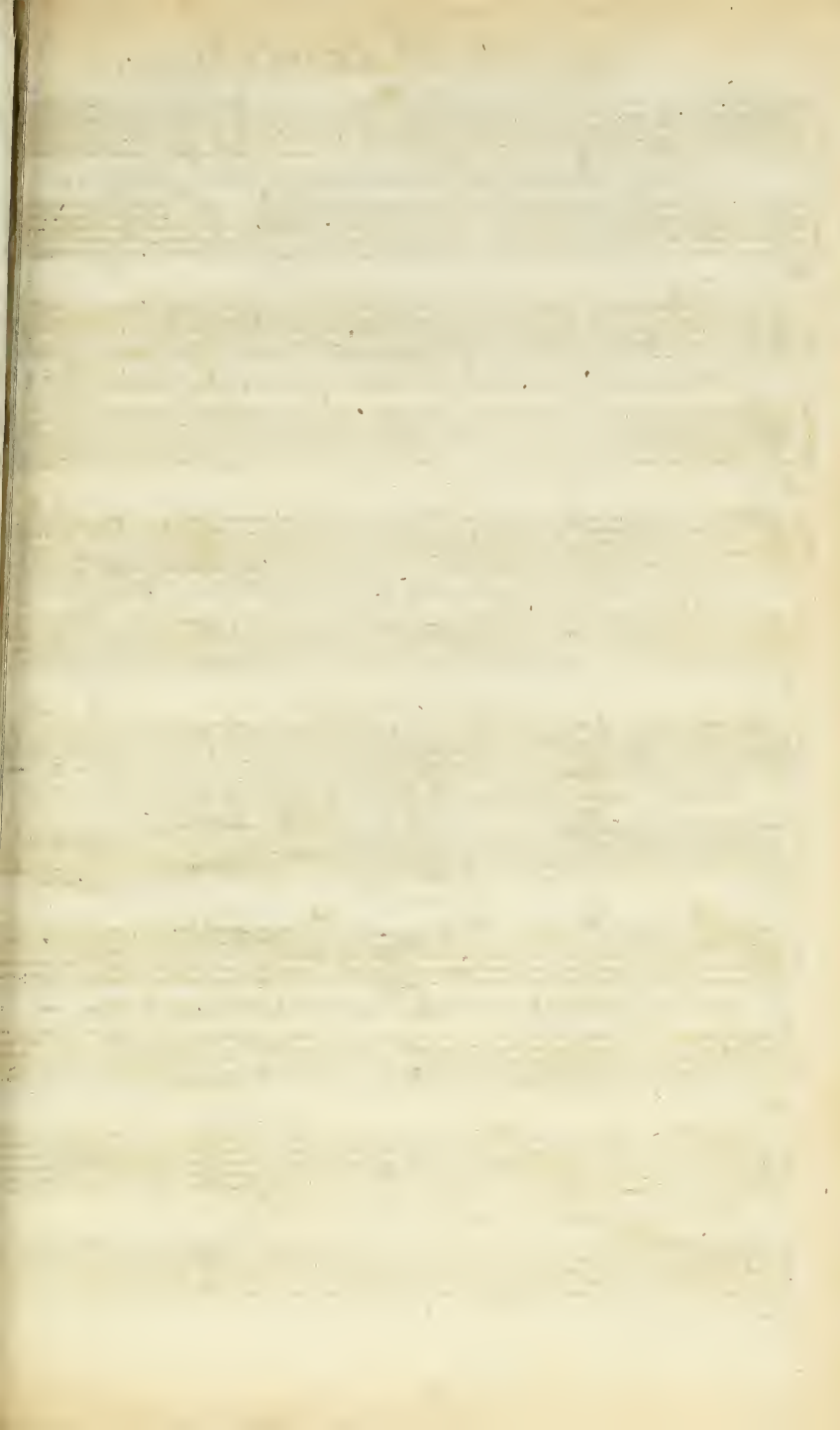
WHAT Numbers shall the Muse repeat?
 What Verse be found to praise my *Annie*?
 On her ten thousand Graces wait,
 Each Swain admires, and owns she's bonny.
 Since first she trode the happy Plain,
 She set each youthful Heart on fire;
 Each Nymph does to her Swain complain,
 That *Annie* kindles new Desire.

Among the Crowd *Amyntor* came;
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to *Annie*;
 His rising Sighs express his Flame,
 His Words were few, his Wishes many.
 With Smiles the lovely Maid reply'd,
 Kind Shepherd, why should I deceive ye?
 Alas! your Love must be deny'd,
 This destin'd Breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young *Damon* came with *Cupid's* Art,
 His Wiles, his Smiles, his Charms beguiling;

He stole away my Virgin Heart ;
Cease, poor *Amyntor*, cease bewailing.
Some brighter Beauty you may find,
On yonder Plain the Nymphs are many ;
Then chuse some Heart that's unconfin'd,
And leave to *Damon* his own *Annie*.





29
Young PHILANDER

Young Philander woo'd me lang, But I was

peevish, and forbad him, I wad-na tent his loving

sang, But now I wish, I wish I had him: ilk Morning

when I view my Glafs, then I perceive my Beauty

going; when the wrinkles seize the face, then

Maid's may bid a-dieu to wooing.



XXIX.

Peer of Leith.

YOung *Philander* woo'd me lang,
 But I was pcevish, and forbad him,
 I wadna tent his loving Sang,
 But now I wish, I wish I had him :
 Ilk Morning when I view my Glafs,
 Then I perceive my Beauty going ;
 And when the -Wrinkles seize the Face,
 Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My Beauty, anes so much admir'd,
 I find it fading fast, and flying ;
 My Cheeks, which Coral like appear'd,
 Grow pale, the broken Blood decaying :
 Ah! we may see our selves to be,
 Like Summer Fruit that is unshaken ;
 When ripe, they soon fall down and die,
 And by Corruption quickly taken.

Use then your Time, ye Virgins fair,
 Employ your Day before 'tis evil ;

Fifteen is a Season rare,
But five and twenty is the Devil.
Just when ripe, consent unto't,
Hug nae mair your lanely Pillow :
Women are like other Fruit,
They lose their Relish when too mellow.



To the Tune of ³⁰ *BESSY'S Haggies*

Bessy's Beauties shine fae bright, were her

many virtues fewer, She wad ever give delight,

and in Transport make me view her. Bonny

Bessy, thee alane, Love I, nathing else about thee

with thy comeliness I'm tane, and langer cannot

live without thee.



XXX.

Bessy's Haggies.

B *Bessy's* Beauties shine sae bright,
 Were her many Virtues fewer,
 She wad ever give Delight,
 And in Transport make me view her.
 Bonny *Bessy*, thee alane
 Love I, naithing else about thee;
 With thy Comeliness I'm tane,
 And langer cannot live without thee.

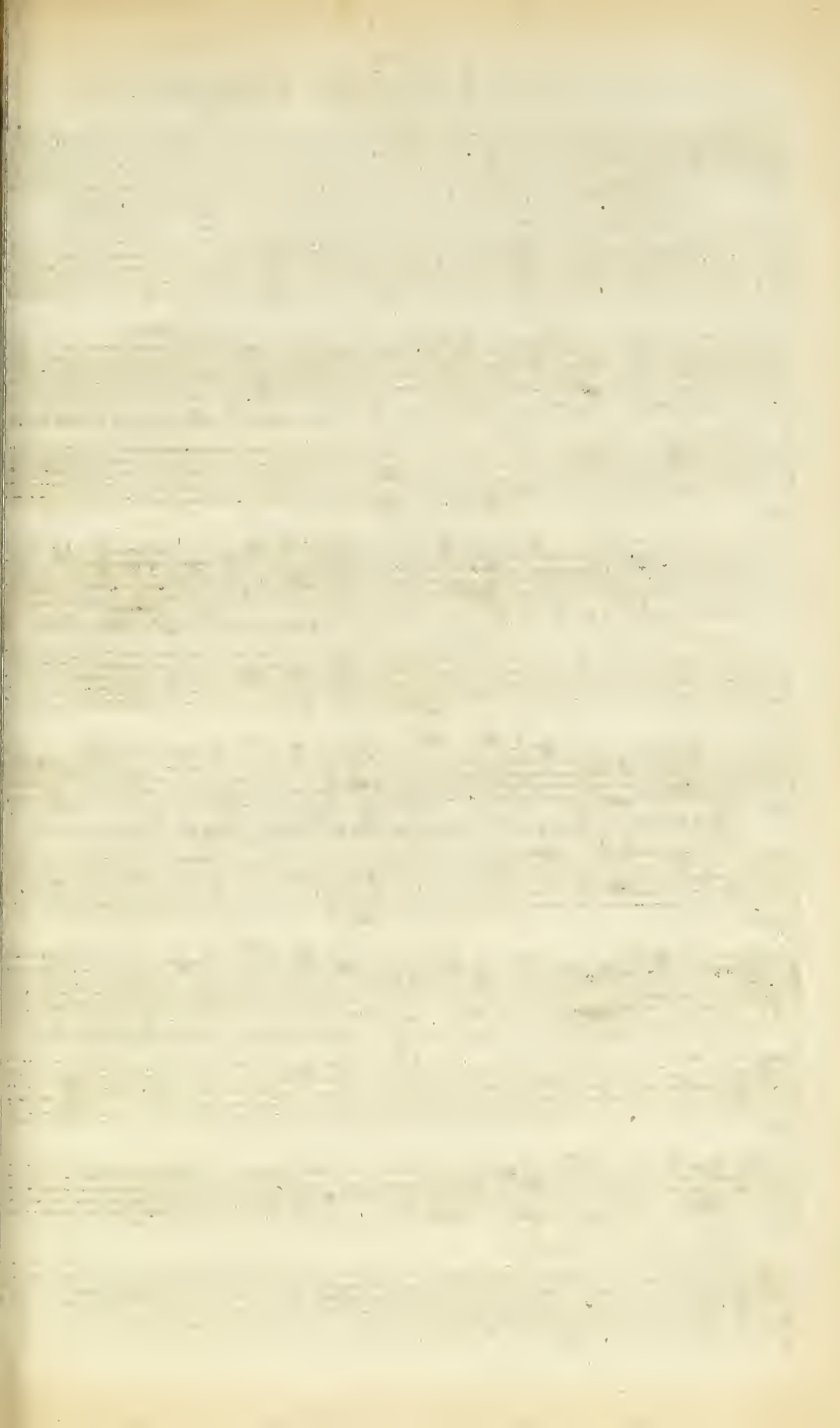
Bessy's Bosom's soft and warm,
 Milk-white Fingers still employ'd;
 He who takes her to his Arm,
 Of her Sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
 My dear *Bessy*, when the Roses
 Leave thy Cheek, as thou grows aulder,
 Virtue, which thy Mind discloses,
 Will keep Love frae growing caulder.

Bessy's Tocher is but scanty,
 Yet her Face and Soul discovers

These

These enchanting Sweets in plenty,
Must intice a thousand Lovers.
It's not Money, but a Woman
Of a Temper kind and easy,
That gives Happinefs uncommon,
Petted things can nought but teez ye.





To the Tune of I fix'd³¹ my Fancy on her

Bright *Cynthia's* pow'r divinely great, what

heart is not obeying; A thousand *Cu-pids* on her

wait, and in her Eyes are playing. she seems the

Queen of Love to reign; for she alone dispence =

=s such sweets as best can entertain, the Gust of

all the senses.



XXXI.

Bright Cynthia's Power.

Bright *Cynthia's* Power divinely great,
 What Heart is not obeying?
 A thousand *Cupids* on her wait,
 And in her Eyes are playing.
 She seems the Queen of Love to reign
 For she alone dispenses
 Such Sweets, as best can entertain
 The Gust of all the Senses.

Her Face a charming Prospect brings,
 Her Breath gives balmy Blisses;
 I hear an Angel when she sings,
 And taste of Heaven in Kisses.
 Four Senses thus she feasts with Joy,
 From Nature's richest Treasure:
 Let me the other Sense employ,
 And I shall die with pleasure.



XXXII.



XXXII.

This is no mine ain House.

THIS is not mine ain House,
 I ken by the Rigging o't ;
 Since with my Love I've changed Vows,
 I dinna like the Bigging o't.
 For now that I'm young *Robie's* Bride,
 And Mistress of his Fire-side,
 Mine ain House I'll like to guide,
 And please me with the Trigging on't.

Then farewell to my Father's House,
 I gang where Love invites me ;
 The strictest Duty this allows,
 When Love with Honour meets me.
 When *Hymen* moulds us into one,
 My *Robie's* nearer than my Kin,
 And to refuse him were a Sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in mine ain House,
 True Love shall be at hand ay,

This is no mine³² ain House

And this is no mine ain House, I ken by the

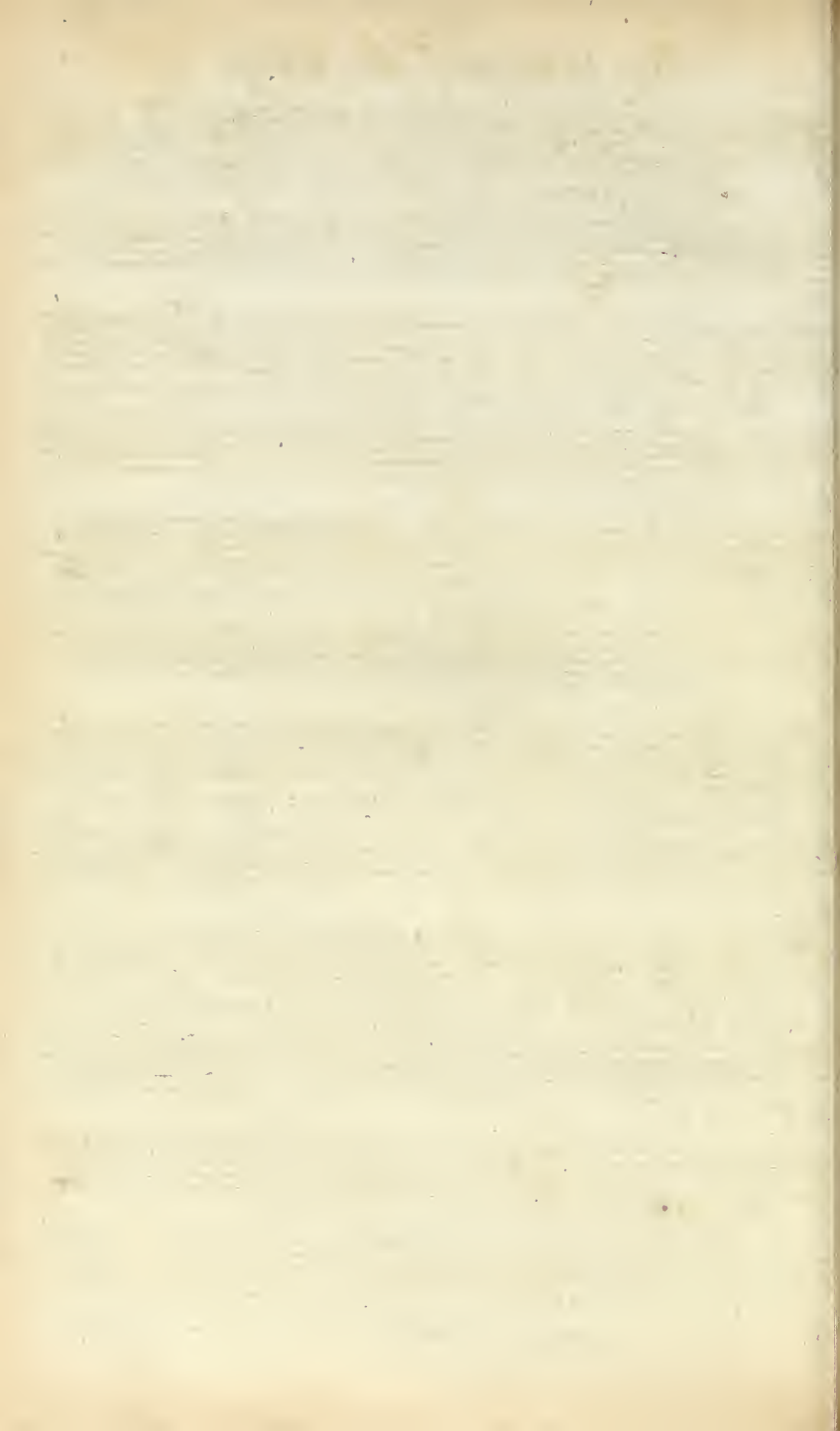
Bigging o't, since with my Love I chang'd vows, I

dinna like the Bigging o't. for now that I'm young

Robie's Bride, and Mistrefs of his Fire-fide mine

ain House I'll like to guid, and please me with y^e

trigging o't.



To make me still a prudent Spouse,
And let my Man command say ;
Avoiding ilka Cause of Strife,
The common Pest of married Life,
That makes ane wearied of his Wife,
And breaks the kindly Band ay.





XXXIII.

Why hangs that Cloud.

WH Y hangs that Cloud upon thy Brow?
 That beauteous Heav'n e'er while serene;
 Whence do these Storms and Tempests flow,
 Or what this Gust of Passion mean?
 And must then Mankind lose that Light,
 Which in thine Eyes was wont to shine,
 And lie obscur'd in endless Night,
 For each poor silly Speech of mine?

Dear Child, how can I wrong thy Name,
 Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,
 That could ill Tongues abuse thy Fame,
 Thy Beauty can make large Amends:
 Or if I durst profanely try,
 Thy Beauty's powerful Charms t'upbraid,
 Thy Virtue well might give the Lyce,
 Nor call thy Beauty to its Aid.

For *Venus* every Heart t'ensnare,
 With all her Charms has deckt thy Face;

And

To the Tune of ³³ Hallow E'en

Why hangs that Cloud upon thy Brow: that

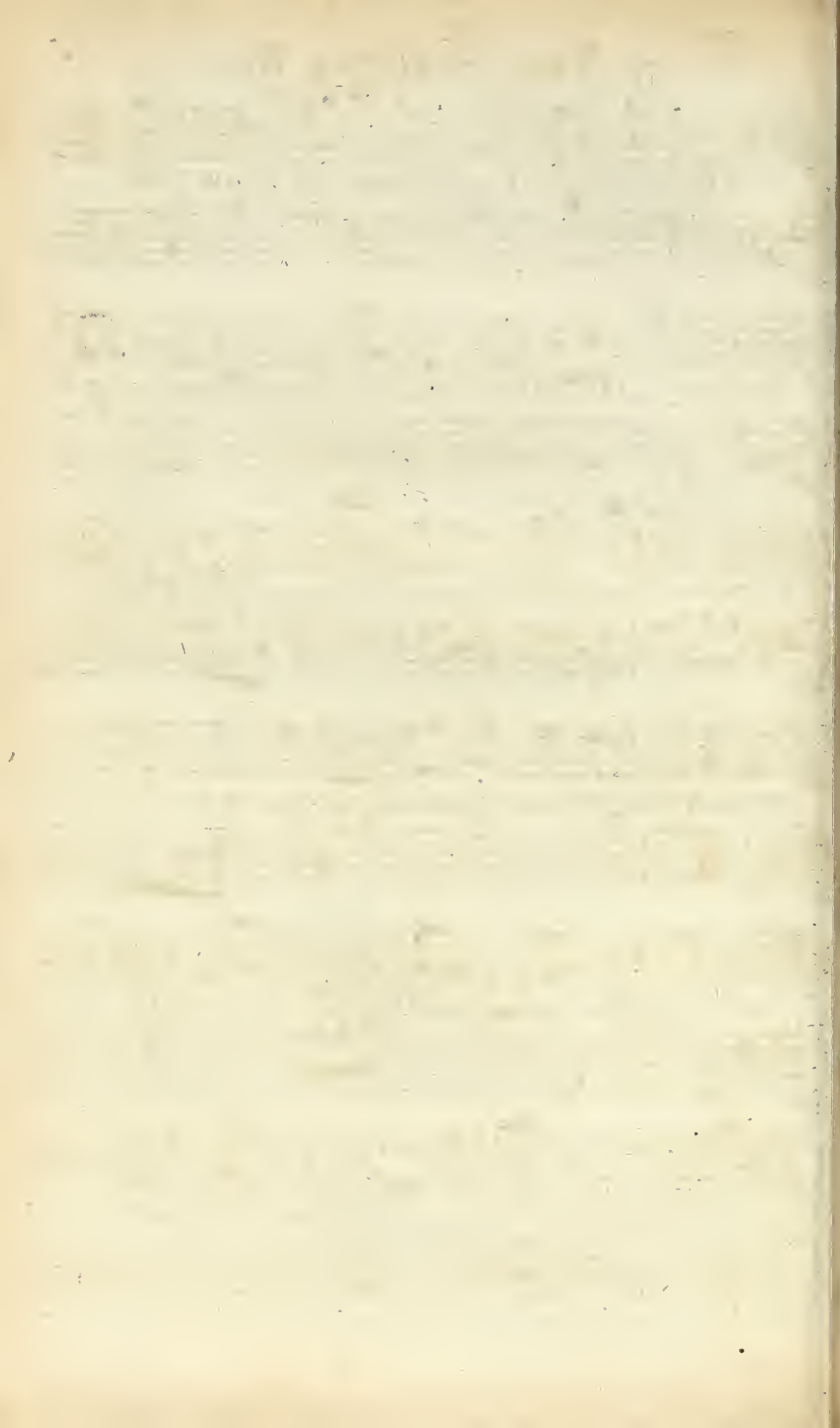
Beauteous Heav'n e'er while serene, whence do these

storms and tempests flow, or what this gust of Passion

mean. And must then Mankind lose that light, which

in thine Eyes were wont to shine, and lye obscur'd in

endless night for each poor silly speech of mine.



And *Pallas* with unusual Care,
 Bids Wisdom heighten every Grace.
 Who can the double Pain endure?
 Or who must not resign the Field
 To thee, celestial Maid, secure
 With *Cupid's* Bow and *Pallas'* Shield?

If then to thee such Power is given,
 Let not a Wretch in Torment live,
 But smile, and learn to copy Heaven,
 Since we must sin e'er it forgive.
 Yet pitying Heaven not only does
 Forgive th' Offender and th' Offence,
 But even itself appeas'd bestows,
 As the Reward of Penitence.





XXXIV.

Patie and Peggy.

PATIE.

BY the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth,
And rowing Eye, which smiling tells the
Truth,

I guess, my Lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for Love, and why should ye deny ?

PEGGY.

But ken ye, Lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the Wooing's done ;
The Maiden that o'er quickly tines her Pow'r,
Like unripe Fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the Tree,
Their Sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye ;
Red-cheeked you compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haff Year,

PEGGY.

Then dinna pu' me ; gently thus I fa'
Into my *Patie's Arms* for good and a' ;

But

PATIE and ³⁴PEGGY

Patie

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth and,

rowing Eye, which smiling tells the Truth, I

guess my Lassie, that as well as I, you're made for

Peggy

Love and why, and why should you deny! But ken ye,

Lad, when we confess o'er soon, ye think us cheap, &

fyne the wooings done: the Maiden that o'er quickly

tines her Pow'r, like unripe Fruit, will taste, will

taste but hard and sowr.

For the German Flute

tr.

But stint your Wishes to this frank Embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the Grace.

PATIE.

O charming Armsfu'! hence, ye Cares, away,
I'll kiss my Treasure a' the live-lang Day:
A' Night I'll dream my Kisses o'er again,
'Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.





XXXV.

The bonny Lass of Branksome.

AS I came in by *Tiviot-side*,
 And by the Braes of *Branksome*,
 There first I saw my bonny Bride,
 Young, smiling, sweet and handsome;
 Her Skin was softer than the Down,
 And white as Alabaster;
 Her Hair a shining wavy brown;
 In straightness nane surpast her,

Life glow'd upon her Lip and Cheek,
 Her clear Een were surprising,
 And beautifully turn'd her Neck,
 Her little Breasts just rising:
 Nae silken Hose, with Goozhets fine,
 Or Shoon with glancing Laces,
 On her fair Leg, forbad to shine,
 Well shapen native Graces.

Ae little Coat, and Bodice white,
 Was sum of a' her Claithing;

Even

The Bonny Lass of Branksome ³⁵

As I came in by Tiviot side, and by the

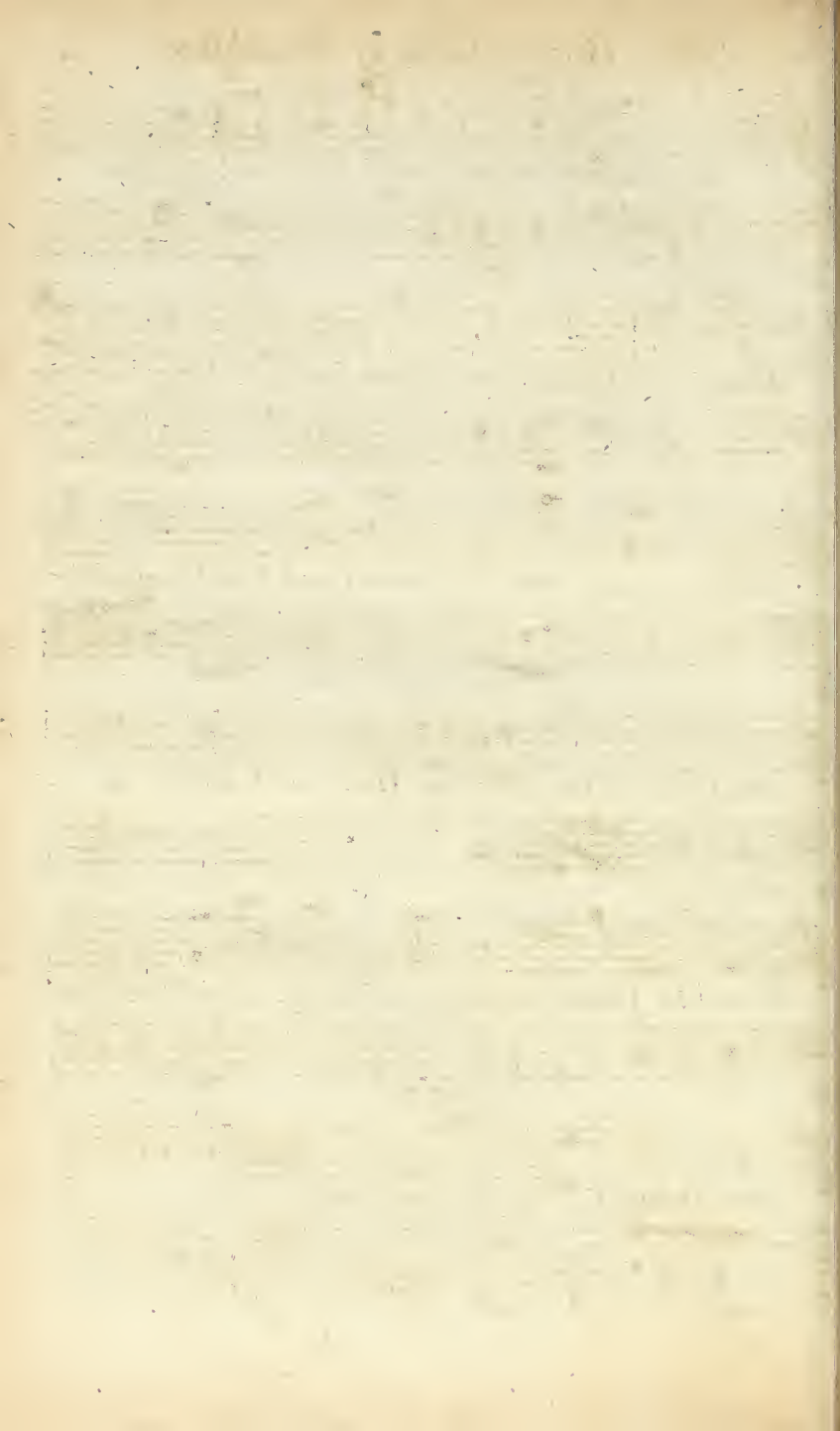
Braes of Branksome, there first I saw my bonny

Bride young, smiling sweet and handsome; her

skin was faster than the Down, and white as

A la-bla-ster, her hair a shining way Brown, in

straightness nane surpast her.



Even these o'er mickle ; — mair Delyte
 She'd given cled wi' naithing.
 She lean'd upon a flowry Brae,
 ' By which a Burny trotted :
 On her I glowr'd my Saul away,
 While on her Sweets I doated.

A thousand Beauties of Desert,
 Before had scarce alarm'd me,
 Till this dear Artless struck my Heart,
 And bot designing, charm'd me.
 Hurry'd by Love close to my Breast,
 I grasp'd the Fund of Bliss'es ;
 Wha smil'd, and said, without a Priest,
 Sir, hope for nought but Kisses.

I had nae Heart to do her Harm,
 And yet I coudna want her ;
 What she demanded, ilka Charm
 Of her's pled, I should grant her,
 Since Heaven had dealt to me a routh,
 Straight to the Kirk I led her,
 There plighted her my Faith and Trowth,
 And a young Lady made her.





XXXVI.

My Jo Janet.

Sweet Sir, for your Courtesie,
 When ye come by the *Bafs* then,
 For the Love ye bear to me,

Buy me a Keeking-Glafs then.

Keek into the Draw-well,

Janet, Janet ;

And there ye'll see ye'r bonny sell,

My Jo Janet.

Keeking in the Draw-well clear,

Wat if I shou'd fa' in,

Syne a' my Kin will say and swear,

I drown'd my sell for Sin.

Had the better be the Brae,

Janet, Janet ;

Had the better be the Brae,

My Jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your Courtesie,

Coming through *Aberdeen* then,

My jo ³⁶ Janet

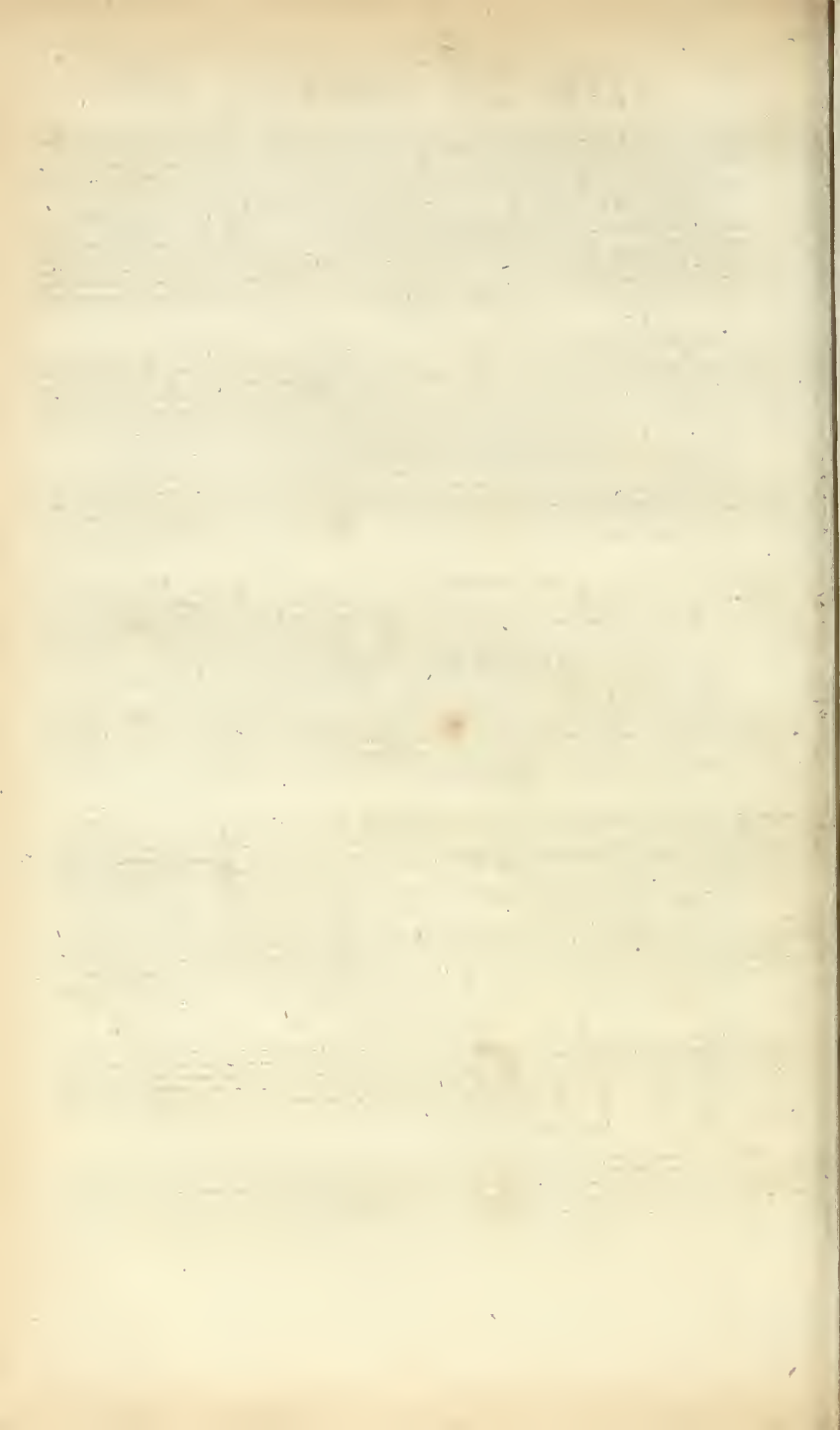
Sweet Sir, for your Courtesie, when ye come by^e

Bass then, for the Love ye bear to me, buy

me a Keeking Glafs then. Keek into the Draw well,

Janet, Janet, and there ye'll see ye'r bonny sell,

my jo Janet .



For the Love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a Pair of Shoon then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear,
 Janet, Janet,
Ae pair may gain ye haff a Tear,
 My Jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the Green,
 And skipping like a Mawking,
 If they shou'd see my clouted Shoon,
 Of me they will be tauking.
Dance ay laigh, and late at E'en,
 Janet, Janet,
Syne a' their Fauts will no be seen,
 My Jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your Courtesie,
 When ye gae to the Cross then,
 For the Love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pacing Horse then.
Pace upo' your Spinning-wheel,
 Janet, Janet ;
Pace upo' your Spinning-wheel,
 My Jo Janet.

My Spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
 The Rock o't winna stand, Sir,

To keep the Temper-pin in tiff,
Employs aft my Hand, Sir.
Make the best o't that you can,
Janet, Janet ;
But like it never wale a Man,
My Jo Janet.





To the Tune of *Jenny*³⁷ beguil'd the Webster

O Mither dear I 'gin to fear, tho' I'm bath good &

Bony, I winna keep; for in my sleep I start, & dream of

Johnny. when *Johnny* then comes down the Glen, to

woo me, dinna hinder, but wi' content gi' y^r consent, for

we twa ne'er can finder.



XXXVII.

O Mither dear, I gin to fear.

O Mither dear, I 'gin to fear,
 Tho' I'm baith good, and bonny,
 I winna keep; for in my sleep
 I start and dream of *Jobny*.
 When *Jobny* then comes down the Glen,
 To woo me, dinna hinder;
 But with Content gi' your Consent;
 For we twa ne'er can finder.

Better to marry, than miscarry;
 For Shame and Skaith's the Clink o't,
 To thole the Dool, to mount the Stool,
 I downa' bide to think o't:
 Sae while 'tis time, I'll shun the Crime,
 That gars poor *Epps* gae whinging,
 With Hainches fow, and Een sae blew,
 To a' the Bedrals bindging.

Had *Eppy's* Apron bidden down,
 The Kirk had ne'er a kend it;

But when the Word's gane thro' the Town,
 Alake! how can she mend it?
 Now *Tam* maun face the Minister,
 And she maun mount the Pillar;
 And that's the way that they maun gae,
 For poor Folk has na Siller.

Now ha'd ye'r Tongue, my Daughter young,
 Reply'd the kindly Mither,
 Get *Johny's* Hand in haly Band,
 Syne wap ye'r Wealth together.
 I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,
 Ye'll do your part discreetly;
 And prove a Wife, will gar his Life,
 And Barrel run right sweetly.



38
The Country Lass

Altho' I be but a Country Lass, A lofty mind I

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, the same key signature, and time signature. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

bear... O, I think my self as good as those that

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

rich apparel wear... O. Altho' my Gown be

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

hame spun Gray, my skin it is as soft... O, as

The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

them that Sattin Weeds do wear, and

The fifth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

carry their Heads aloft... O.

The sixth system concludes the piece. The treble staff features a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3' above them. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



XXXVIII.

The Country Lass.

Altho' I be but a Country Lass,
 Yet a lofty Mind I bear — O,
 And think my fell as good as those,
 That rich Apparel wear — O.
 Altho' my Gown be hame-spun Gray,
 My Skin it is as fast — O,
 As them that Satin Weeds do wear,
 And carry their heads aloft — O.

What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep?
 The thing that must be done — O,
 With Garlands of the finest Flowers,
 To shade me frae the Sun — O.
 When they are feeding pleasantly,
 Where Grass and Flowers do spring — O,
 Then on a Flowry Bank at Noon,
 I set me down and sing — O.

My

My *Paisly* Piggy, cork'd with Sage,
 Contains my Drink but thin — O :
 No Wines do e'er my Brain enrage,
 Or tempt my Mind to sin — O ;
 My Country Curds, and wooden Spoon,
 I think them unco fine — O ;
 And on a flowry Bank at Noon,
 I set me down and dine — O.

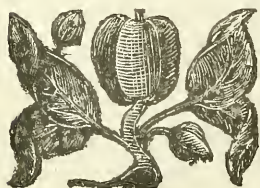
Altho' my Parents cannot raise
 Great Bags of shining Gold — O,
 Like them whase Daughters, now-a-days,
 Like Swine are bought and sold — O ;
 Yet my fair Body it shall keep
 An honest Heart within — O,
 And for twice fifty thousand Crowns,
 I value not a Prin — O.

I use nae Gums upon my Hair,
 Nor Chains about my Neck — O,
 Nor shining Rings upon my Hands,
 My Fingers straight to deck — O ;
 But for that Lad to me shall fa',
 And I have Grace to wed — O,
 I'll keep a Jewel worth them a',
 I mean my Maidenhead — O.

If canny Fortune give to me,
 The Man I dearly love — O,

Tho'

Tho' we want Gear, I dinna care,
My Hands I can improve — O ;
Expecting for a Blessing still,
Descending from above — O,
Then we'll embrace and sweetly kiss,
Repeating Tales of Love — O.





XXXIX.

To the Tune of,
Come kiss with me, come clap with me.

PEGGY.

MY *Jocky* blyth for what thou hast done,
There is nae help nor mending;
For thou has jogg'd me out of Tune,
For a' thy fair pretending.
My Mither sees a Change on me,
For my Complexion dashes,
And this alas! has been with thee,
Sae late amang the Rashes.

JOCKY.

My *Peggy*, what I've said I'll do,
To free thee frae her Scouling;
Come then, and let us buckle to,
Nae langer let's be fooling:
For her Content I'll instant wed,
Since thy Complexion dashes;
'And then we'll try a Feather-bed,
'Tis safter than the Rashes.

PEGGY.

To the Tune of, Come kifs with me, come clap with me.

Peggy

My Jocky blyth for what thou'it done, there

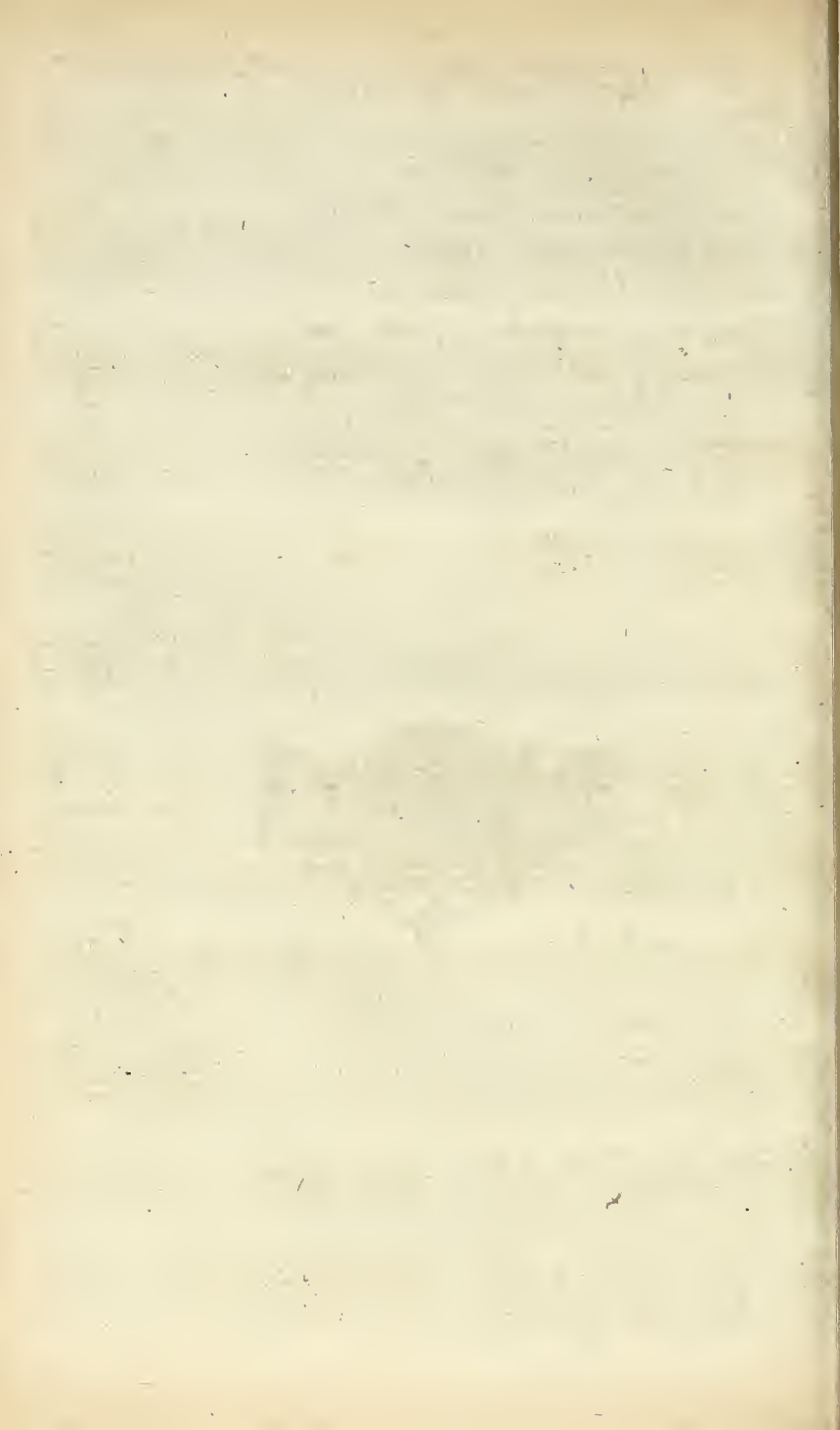
is nae help nor mending; for thou hast jog'd me

out of Tune, for a' thy fair pretending. My

Mither sees a change on me, for my Complexion

dashs, and this alafs! has been with thee, sae

late among the Rashe.



PEGGY.

Then *Jocky* since thy Love's so true,
Let Mither scoul, I'm easy :
Sae lang's I live I ne'er shall rue
For what I've done to please thee.
And there's my hand I'll ne'er complain :
O! well's me on the Rashe ;
When e'er thou likes I'll do't again,
And a Feg for a'their Clashes.





Hero and Leander, an Old Ballad.

L *Eander* on the Bay
 Of *Hellepont*, all naked stood;
 Impatient of Delay,
 He leap'd into the fatal Flood:
 The raging Seas
 (Whom none can please)
 'Gainst him their Malice shew;
 The Heav'ns lour'd,
 The Rain down pour'd,
 And loud the Winds did blow.

Then casting round his Eyes,
 Thus of his Fate he did complain:
 Ye cruel Rocks and Skies!
 Ye stormy Winds and angry Main!
 What 'tis to miss
 The Lover's Bliss;
 'Alas! — ye do not know;
 Make me your Wreck,
 As I come back,
 But spare me — as I go.

Lo!

40
Hero and Leander.

Slow

Leander on the Bay, of Helespont, all

Naked stood, Impatient of de-lay, he

leapt into the Fatal Flood: the Raging seas, whom

none can Please, gainst him their Mallice

show the Heavens Lowrd, the Rain down

Powr'd, and loud the winds did blow.



Lo! — yonder stands the Tow'r!
 Where my beloved *Hero* lies;
 And this th' appointed Hour,
 Which sets to watch her longing Eyes:
 To his fond Suit,
 The Gods were mute,
 The Billows answer'd — No!
 Up to the Skies
 The Surges rise;
 But sunk the Youth as low.

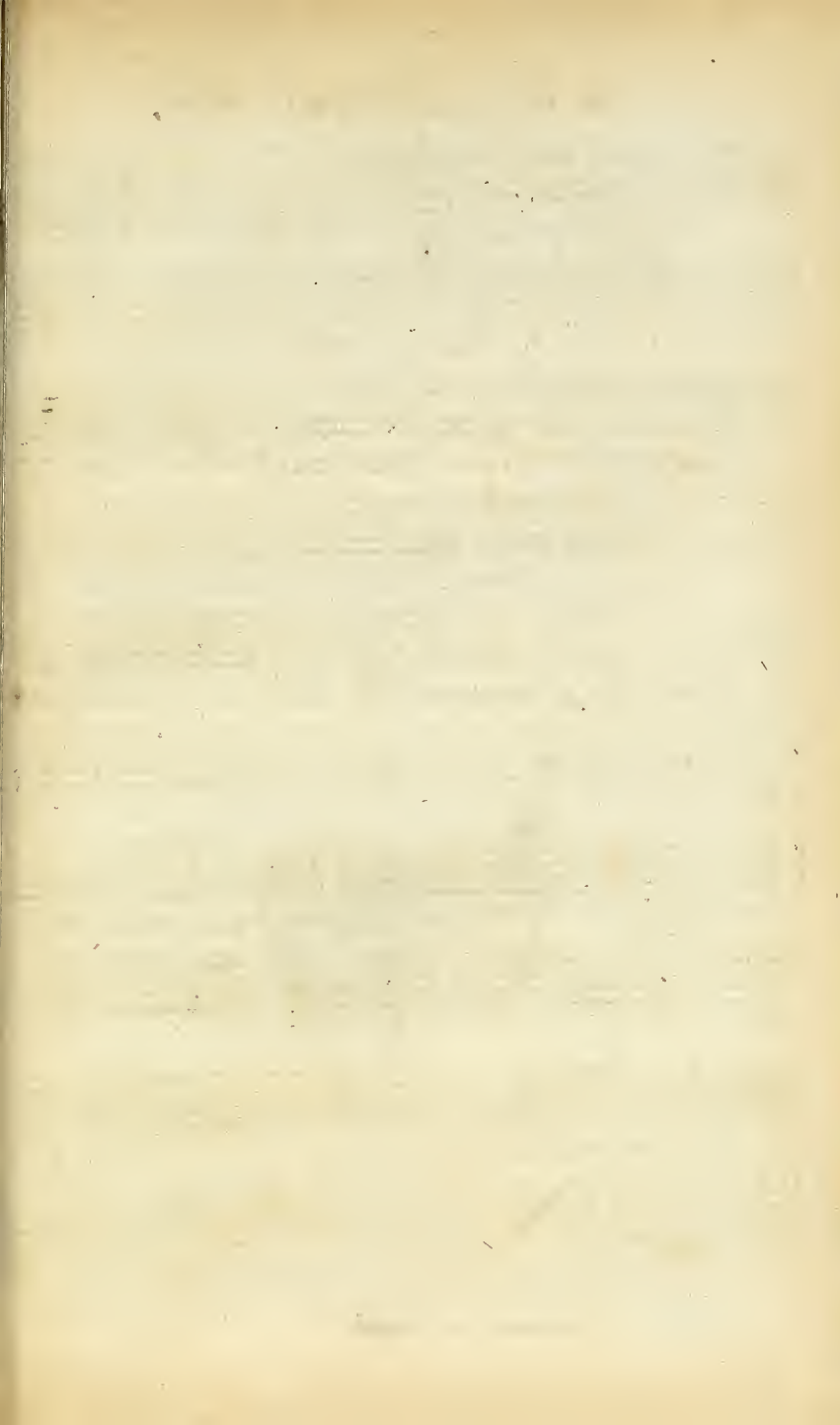
Mean while the wishing Maid,
 Divided 'twixt her Care and Love;
 Now does his Stay upbraid,
 Now dreads he shou'd the Passage prove.
 O Fate! — said she,
 Nor Heav'n, nor thee,
 Our Vows shall e'er divide:
 I'd leap this Wall,
 Cou'd I but fall,
 By my *Leander's* Side.

At length the rising Sun
 Did to her Sight reveal too late,
 That *Hero* was undone,
 Not by *Leander's* Fault, but Fate:
 Said she, I'll shew,
 Tho' we are two,

Our Loves were ever one ;
 This Proof I'll give,
 I will not live,
Nor shall he die — alone.

Down from the Wall she leapt
Into the raging Seas to him,
Courting each Wave she met,
To reach her wearied Arms to swim :
 The Sea-Gods wept,
 Nor longer kept
Her from her Lover's Side ;
 When join'd at last,
 She grasp'd him fast,
Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and dy'd.





41
Todlen Butt, and Todlen Ben

When I've a Saxpence under my thumb, then

I get credit in ilka Town, but ay when I'm

poor they bid me gang by; O! Poverty parts good

Company. *S:* Todlen hame, Todlen hame, coudna my

Love come Todlen hame. *S:*



XLI.

Todlen butt, and Todlen ben.

WHen I've a Saxpence under my Thumb,
Then I get Credit in ilka Town:
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by;
O! Poverty parts good Company.

*Todlen hame, todlen hame,
Coudna my Love come todlen hame.*

Fair-fa' the Goodwife, and send her good Sale,
She gi'es us white Bannocks to drink her Ale,
Syn e if that her Tippony chance to be sma',
We'll tak a good Scour o't, and ca't awa'.

*Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a Neep come todlen hame.*

My Kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And twa Pint-stoups at our Bed's Feet;
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry:
What think ye of my wee Kimmer and I?

*Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
Sae round as my Love comes todlen hame.*

Leez me on Liquor, my todlen Dow,
Ye're ay sae good humour'd when weeting your Mou;
When tober sae sour, ye'll fight with a Flee,
That 'tis a blyth Sight to the Bairns and me.

When todlen hame, todlen hame,

When round as a Neep ye come todlen hame.





42
The Glancing of her Apron

In *January* last, on *Monday* at

Morn, as through the *Fields* I *past*, to

view the *winter Corn*. I looked me behind, and

saw came o'er the *Know*, and: *Glancing* in her.

Apron, with a *bonny brent* *Brow*.



XLII.

The Glancing of her Apron.

IN *January* last,
 On *Munanday* at *Morn*,
 As through the *Fields* I past,
 To view the *Winter Corn*,
 I looked me behind,
 And saw come o'er the *Know*,
 Ane glancing in her *Apron*,
 With a bonny brent *Brow*.

I said, good morrow, fair *Maid* ;
 And she right courteously
 Return'd a *Beck*, and kindly said ;
Good Day, sweet Sir, to you.
 I spear'd, my dear, how far awa'
 Do ye intend to gae.
 Quoth she, I mean a *Mile* or *twa* ;
 Out o'er yon broomy *Brae*.

H E.

Fair *Maid*, I'm thankfu' to my *Fate*,
 To have sic *Company* ;

For

For I am ganging fraight that Gate,
 Where ye intend to be.
 When we had gane a Mile or twain,
 I said to her, my Dow,
 May we not lean us on this Plain,
 And kifs your bonny Mou.

S H E.

Kind Sir, ye are a wi' mistane;
 For I am nane of these,
 I hope ye some mair breeding ken,
 Than to ruffle Woman's Claife;
 For may be I have chofen ane,
 And plighted him my Vow,
 Wha may do wi' me what he likes,
 And kifs my bonny Mou.

H E.

Na, if ye are contracted,
 I hae nae mair to say;
 Rather than be rejected,
 I will gie o'er the Play;
 And chuse anither will respect
 My Love, and on me rew;
 And let me clasp her round the Neck;
 And kifs her bonny Mou.

S H E

S H E.

O Sir, ye are proud-hearted,
And laith to be said nay,
Else ye wad ne'er a started
For ought that I did say :
For Women in their Modesty
At first they winna bow ;
But if we like your Company,
We'll prove as kind as you.





XLIII.

The Birks of Endermay.

THE smiling Morn, the breathing Spring,
 Invite the tuneful Birds to sing :
 And while they warble from each Spray,
 Love melts the universal Lay.
 Let us, *Amanda*, timely wise,
 Like them improve the Hour that flies ;
 And in soft Raptures waste the Day,
 Among the Birks of *Endermay*.

For soon the Winter of the Year,
 And Age, Life's Winter, will appear :
 At this, thy living Bloom will fade ;
 As that will strip the verdant Shade.
 Our Taste of Pleasure then is o'er ;
 The feather'd Songsters love no more :
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the Birks of *Endermay*.



The Birks of ⁴³ENDERMAY.

The smiling Morn, the breathing spring, in-

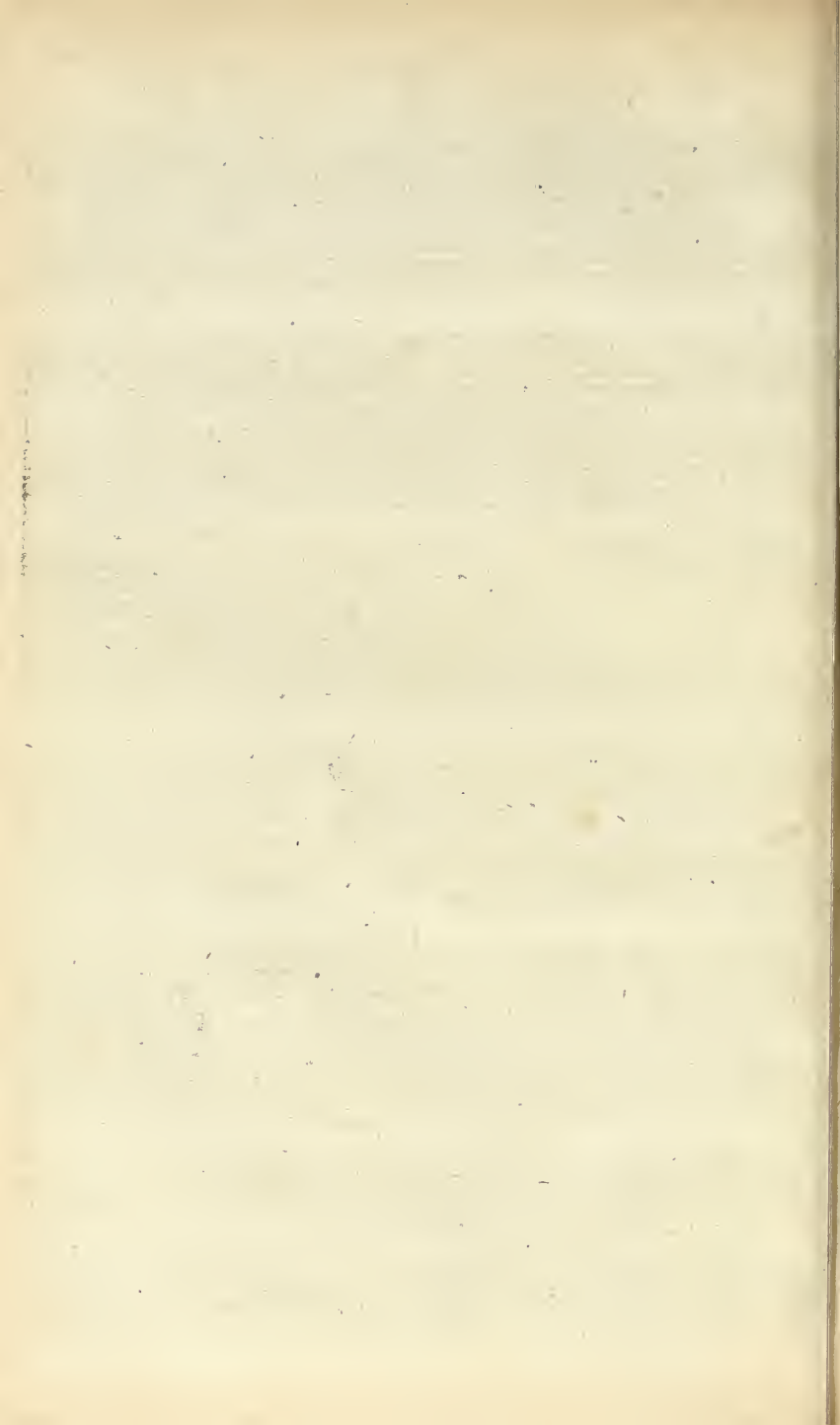
-vite the tuneful Birds to sing: and while they

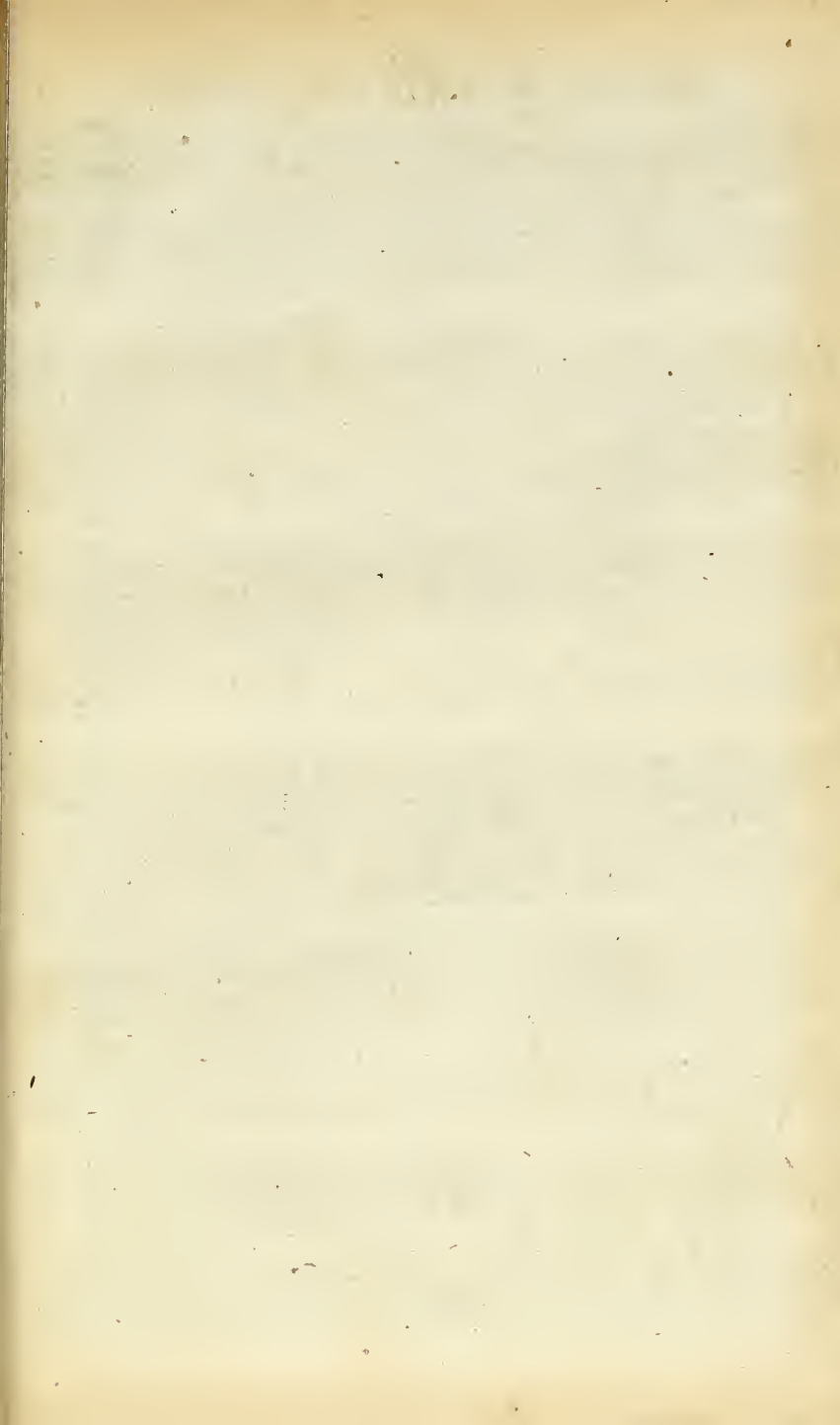
warble from each spray, Love melts the Universal lay.

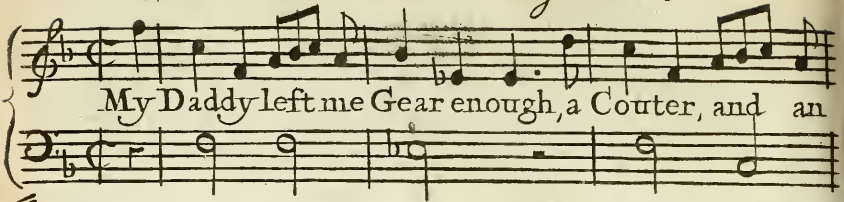
Let us *Amanda*, timely wise, like them improve the

hour that flies, and in soft raptures waste the Day, a-

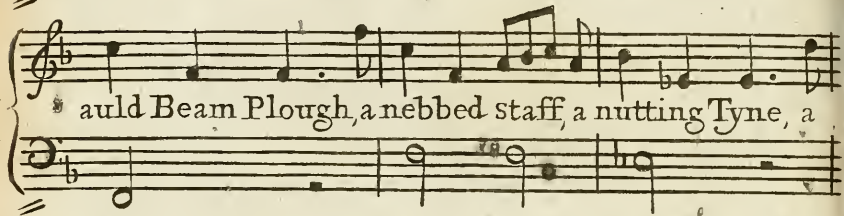
-mong the Birks of *Endermay*.



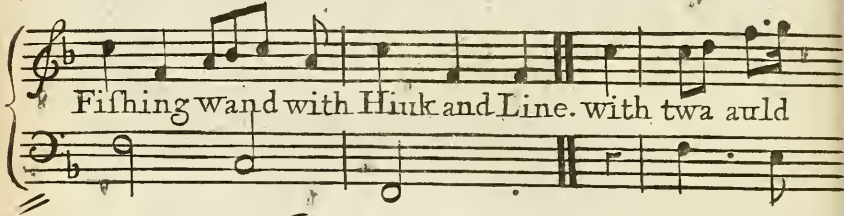


WILLIE WINKIES *Testament*


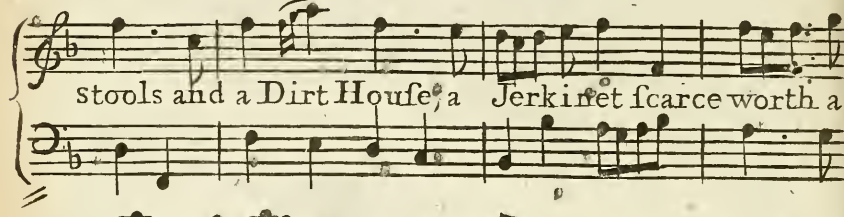
My Daddy left me Gear enough, a Couther, and an



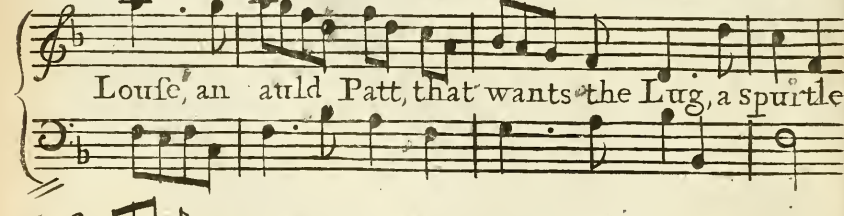
auld Beam Plough, a nebbed staff, a nutting Tyne, a



Fishing wand with Hink and Line. with twa auld



stools and a Dirt House, a Jerkinet scarce worth a



Loufe, an auld Patt, that wants the Lug, a spurtle



and a sowen Mug.



XLIV.

Willie Winkie's *Testament*.

MY Daddy left me Gear enough,
 A Couter and an auld Beam-plough,
 A nebbed Staff, a Nutting-tyne,
 A Fishing-wand with Huik and Line.
 With twa auld Stools and a Dirt-house,
 A Jerkinet scarce worth a Louse ;
 An auld Patt, that wants the Lug,
 A Spurtle and a sowen Mug.

A Hempen Heckle, and a Mell,
 A Tarr-horn, and a Weather's Bell,
 A Muck-fork, and an auld Peet-creel,
 The Spairks of our auld Spinning-wheel,
 A Pair of Branks, yea and a Sadle,
 With our auld brunt and broken Ladle ;
 A Whang-bitt and a Sniffle bit ;
 Chear up, my Bairns, and dance a fit.

A Flailing-staff, a Timmer Speet,
 An auld Kirn and a Hole in it,

Yearn-winnles, and a Reel,
 A Fetter-lock, a Trump of Steel,
 A Whistle, and a Toup-horn Spoon,
 With an auld Pair of clouted Shoon ;
 A Timmer Spade, and a Gleg Shear,
 A Bonnet for my Bairns to wear.

A Timmer Tong, a broken Cradle,
 The Pillion of an auld Car-Sadle,
 A Gullic-knife, and a Horse-wand,
 A Mitten for the Left-hand ;
 With an auld broken Pan of Brass,
 With an auld Sark that wants the arse ;
 An auld Band, and a Hooding-How,
 I hope (my Bairns) ye're a' well now.

Oft have I born ye on my Back,
 With a' this Riff-raff in my Pack ;
 And it was a' for want of Gear,
 That gart me steal Mefs *John's* gray Mare ;
 But now, my Bairns, what ails ye now,
 For ye ha'e Naigs enough to plough ;
 And Hofs and Shoon fit for your Feet,
 Chear up, my Bairns, and dinna greet.

Then with my sel I did advise,
 My Daddy's Gear for to comprize ;
 Some Neighbours I ca'd in to see,
 What Gear my Daddy left to me.

They sat three quarters of a Year,
Comprising of my Daddy's Gear;
And when they had gi'en a' their Votes,
'Twas scarcely a' worth four Pounds *Scots*.





XLV.

Etrick Banks.

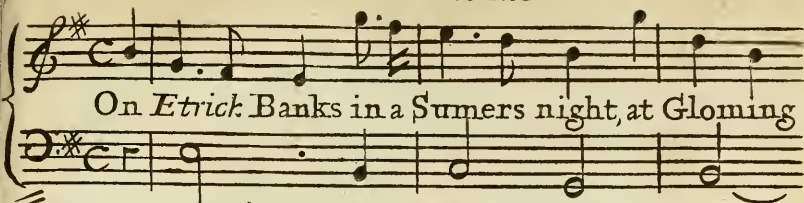
ON *Etrick* Banks in a Summer's Night,
 At gloaming when the Sheep drove hame,
 I met my Lassy bra' and tight,
 Came wading barefoot, a' her lane.
 My Heart grew light, I ran, I flang
 My Arms about her lilly Neck,
 And kiss'd and clap'd her there fu' lang,
 My Words they were na' mony feck.

I said, my Lassy, will you go
 To the *Highland* Hills, the Ersh to learn?
 I'll beath gi' thee a Cow and Yew,
 When you come to the Brigg of *Earn*.
 At *Leith*, auld Meal comes in, (ne'er fash)
 And Herring at the broomy Law ;
 Chear up your Heart, my bonny Lafs,
 There's Gear to win we never saw.

All Day, when we ha' wrought enough,
 When Winter's Frost and Snow begin,

And

45
Etrick Banks



On *Etrick Banks* in a Summers night, at Gloming

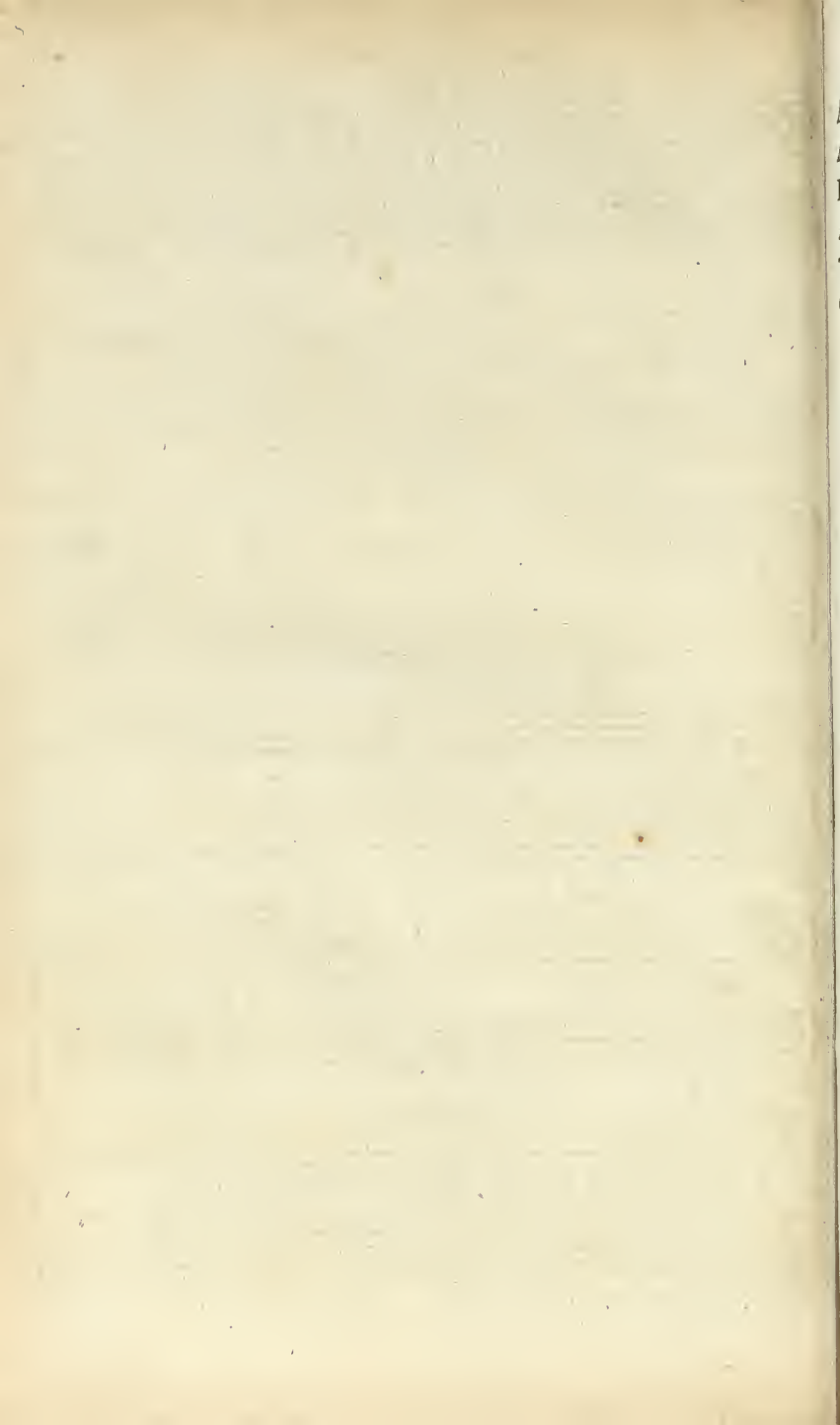
when the Sheep drove hame, I met my Lafsie

bra and tight, came wading barefoot a' her lane.

My heart grew light, I ran, I flang, my Arms a =

= bouter lilly neck, and Kist and clapt her there fu'

lang My words they were nae mony feck.



And when the Sun goes West the *Loch*,
At Night when you fa' fast to spin ;
I'll screw my Drons, and play a Spring,
And thus the weary Night we'll end,
Till the tender Kids, and Lamb-time bring
Our pleasant Summer back again.





XLVI.

Had away from me, Donald.

O Had away, had away,
 Had away frae me, *Donald*;
 Your Heart is made o'er large for ane;
 It is not meet for me, *Donald*:
 Some fickle Mistress you may find,
 Will jilt as fast as thee, *Donald*;
 To ilka Swain she will prove kind,
 And nae less kind to thee, *Donald*.

But I've a Heart that's naething such,
 'Tis fill'd with Honesty, *Donald*;
 I'll ne'er love mony, I'll love much,
 I'll hate all Levity, *Donald*.
 Therefore nae mair, with Art, pretend,
 Your Heart is chain'd to mine, *Donald*;
 For Words of Falshood I'll defend,
 A roving Love like thine, *Donald*.

First when you courted, I must ow't,
 I frankly favour'd you, *Donald*;

Had away frae⁴⁶ me, DONALD.

O had away, had away, had away frae me,

Donald, your heart is made o'er large for ane, it

is not meet for me, Donald: Some fickle

Mistress you may find, will jilt as fast as thee,

Donald; to ilka swain she will prove kind, and

næ less kind to the, Donald.



Apparent Worth and fair Renown,
Made me believe you true, *Donald*.
Ilk Virtue then seem'd to adorn
The Man esteem'd by me, *Donald*;
But now, the Mask fallen aff, I scorn
To ware a Thought on thee, *Donald*.

And now, for ever, had away,
Had away from me, *Donald*;
Gae seek a Heart that's like your ain,
And come nae mair to me, *Donald* :
For I'll reserve my fell for ane,
For ane that's liker me, *Donald* ;
If sic a ane I canna find,
I'll ne'er loo Man, nor thee, *Donald*.





XLVII.

Gilderoy.

Gilderoy was a bony Boy,
 When he came to the Glen,
 With silken Stockings on his Legs,
 And Roses in his Shoon :
 He was a comely Sight to see,
 My Dear, and only Joy ;
 But now he hangs high on a Tree,
 My poor, pale *Gilderoy*.

Gilderoy was as brave a Man,
 As ever *Scotland* bred ;
 Descended from a *Highland* Clan,
 But a Caper till his Trade.
 Our Fathers and our Mothers baith
 Of us they had great Joy ;
 Expecting still the Wedding-Day,
 'Tween me and *Gilderoy*.

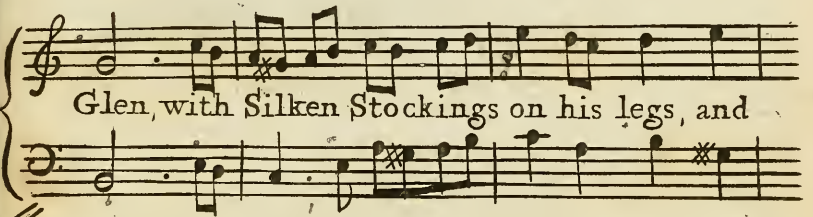
When *Gilderoy* went to the Glen,
 He always choos'd the Fat ;

And

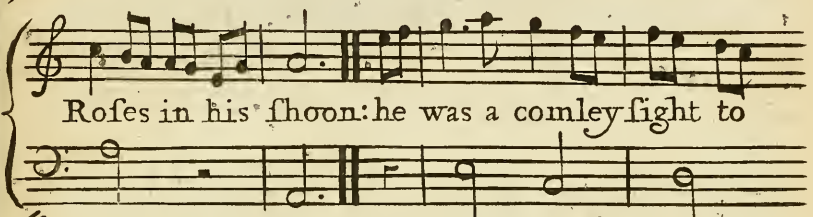
GILDEROY



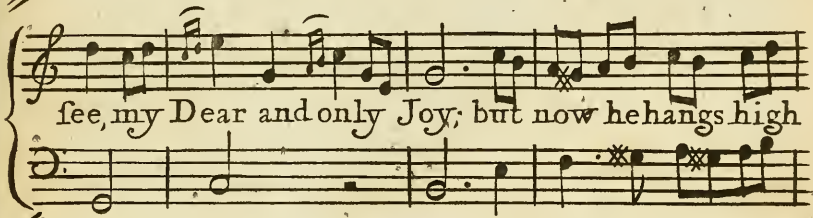
Gilderoy was a bony Boy, when he came to the



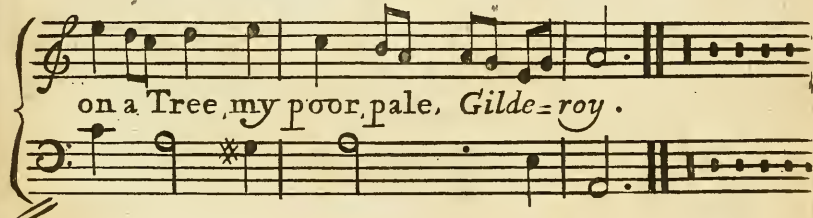
Glen, with Silken Stockings on his legs, and



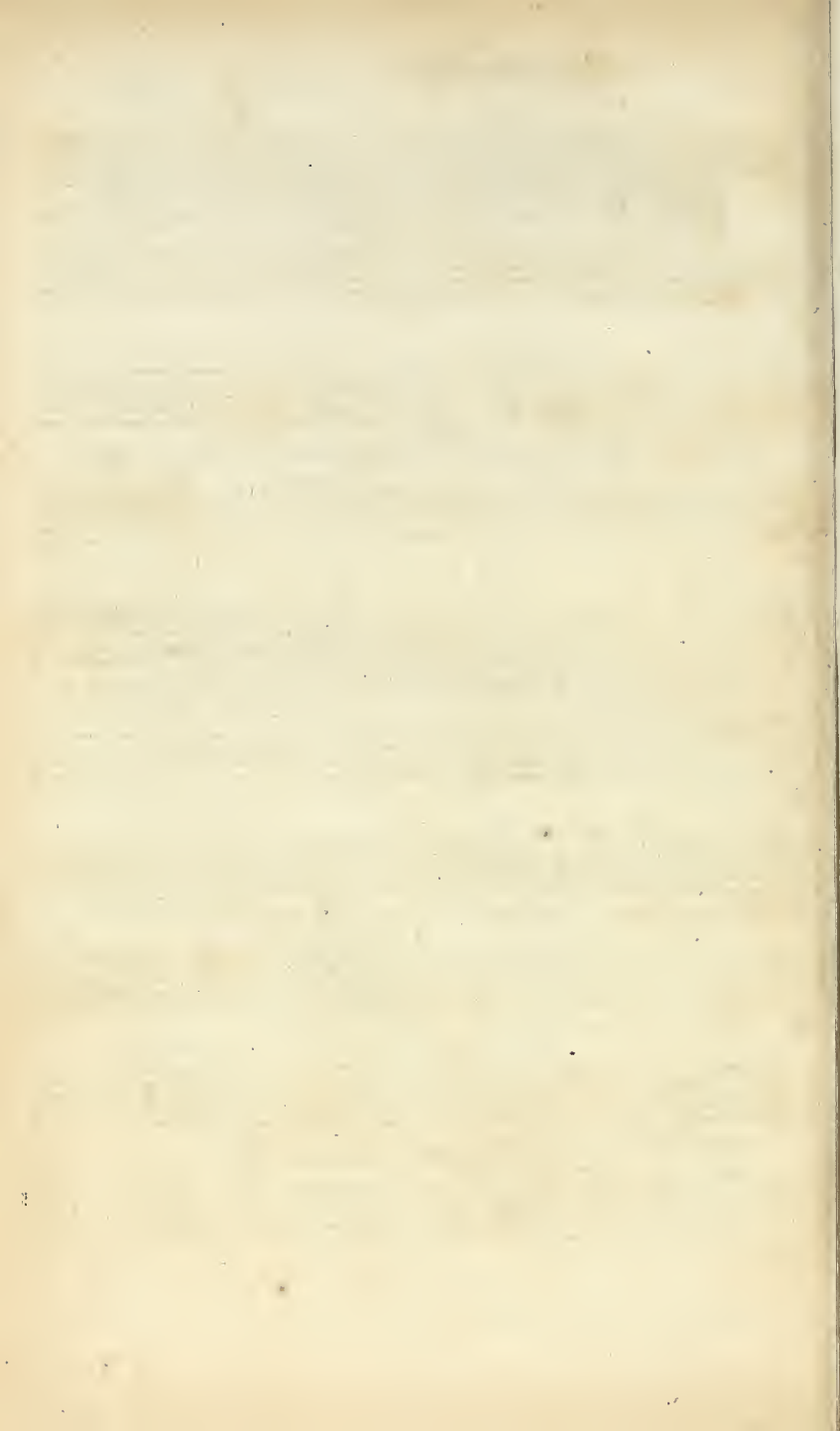
Roses in his shoon: he was a comley fight to



see, my Dear and only Joy; but now he hangs high



on a Tree, my poor, pale, *Gilde-roy*.



And in these Days there were not ten,
 With him durst bell the Cat :
 For had he been as *Walace* stout,
 And tall as *Dalmahoy*,
 He never mist to get a Clout,
 Frae my Love *Gilderoy*.

The Queen of *Scots* possessed nought,
 That my Love let me want ;
 For Cow and Ew he brought to me,
 And e'en when they were scant :
 All these did honestly possess,
 He never did annoy,
 Who never fail'd to pay their Cefs
 To my Love *Gilderoy*.

But ah ! they catch'd him on a Hill,
 And baith his Hands they tied ;
 Alledging he had done much ill ;
 But Sons of Whores they lyed :
 Three Gallons large of *Uisquebaugh*,
 We drank to his last Foy,
 Before he went for *Edinburgh*,
 My Dearest *Gilderoy*.

To *Edinburgh* I followed fast ;
 But long e'er I came there,
 They had him mounted on a Mast,
 And wagging in the Air.

His Relicks there were mair esteem'd,
 Than *Scanderbeg* and *Croy*;
 And e'vry Man was happy deem'd,
 That gaz'd on *Gilderoy*.

Alas! that e'er such Laws were made,
 To hang a Man for Gear;
 Either for stealing Cow or Sheep,
 Or yet for Horse or Mare:
 Had not the Laws then been so strict,
 I had never lost my Joy;
 But now he lodges with auld *Nick*,
 That hang'd my *Gilderoy*.



JOHN OCHILTREE

Honest man John Ochiltree; mine ain

auld John Ochiltree, wilt thou come o'er the

Moor to me, and do as thou was

wont to do.

For the German Flute



XLVIII.

John Ochiltree.

Honest Man *John Ochiltree*,
 Mine ain auld *John Ochiltree*,
 Wilt thou come o'er the Moor to me,
 And do as thou was wont to do :

Alake, alake ! I wont to do !

Ohon, Ohon ! I wont to do !

Now wont to do's away frae me,
Frae silly auld John Ochiltree.

Honest Man *John Ochiltree*,
 Mine ain auld *John Ochiltree* ;
 Come anes out o'er the Moor to me,
 And do but what thou dow to do.

Alake, alake ! I dow to do !

Walaways ! I dow to do !

To whost and hirple o'er my Tree,
Is a' that I dow do to do.

Walaways *John Ochiltree*,
 For mony a time I tell'd to thee,
 Thou'd tine the speed thy sell wad die,
 Poor, silly, auld John Ochiltree.



XLIX.

Willy's Rare and Willy's Fair.

W I L L Y's rare, and *Willy's* fair,
 And *Willy's* wond'rous bony ;
 And *Willy* heght to marry me,
 Gin e'er he marry'd ony.

Yestreen I made my Bed fu' brade,
 The Night I'll make it narrow ;
 For a' the live-long Winter's Night,
 I lie twin'd of my Marrow.

O came you by yon Water-side,
 Pu'd you the Rose or Lilly ;
 Or came you by yon Meadow green,
 Or saw you my sweet *Willy*?

She sought him East, she sought him West,
 She sought him brade and narrow ;
 Sine in the clifing of a Craig,
 She found him drown'd in *Tarrow*.



WILLY'S Rare

Willy's rare and Willy's fair, and Willy's

wondrous bony, and Willy heght to

marry me, gin e'er he marry'd ony, oh! gin

e'er he marry'd ony,

For the German Flute

Sleepy ⁵⁰ Body

O sleepy Body, drowfy Body, wiltuna waken and

tr.
turn thee: to drivel and draunt, while I fighand gaunt gives

tr.
me good Reason to scorn thee, when thou shouldst be

kind, thou turns sleepey and blind, and snoters & snores far

frae me, wae light on thy face, the drowfy embrace, is e-

tr.
- nough to gar me be - tray thee

For the German Flute.

My Deary if thou Die

No
2

Musical score for 'My Deary if thou Die' in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a single line. The second and third staves continue the melody with various rhythmic patterns and ornaments. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The wawking of the Faulds

No
6

Musical score for 'The wawking of the Faulds' in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a single line. The second and third staves continue the melody with various rhythmic patterns and ornaments. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

One day I heard *Mary* say

No.
13

Musical score for 'One day I heard Mary say' in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a single line. The second and third staves continue the melody with various rhythmic patterns and ornaments. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign. Trills (tr.) are indicated above certain notes in the first and second staves.

The Braes of Yarrow

No
16

Musical score for 'The Braes of Yarrow', No. 16. The piece is in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The melody is written in a single line. The second and third staves continue the melody, with a trill (tr.) indicated above the final note of the third staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

When absent from the Nymph I Love

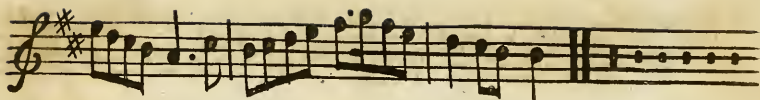
No
22

Musical score for 'When absent from the Nymph I Love', No. 22. The piece is in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The melody is written in a single line. The second and third staves continue the melody. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

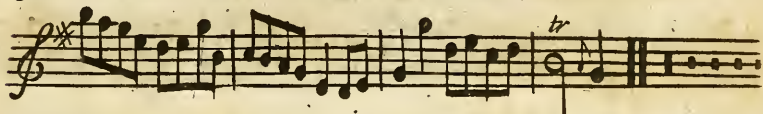
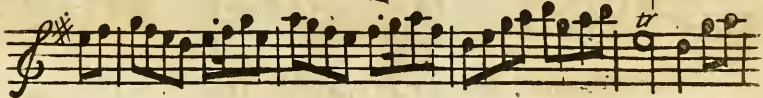
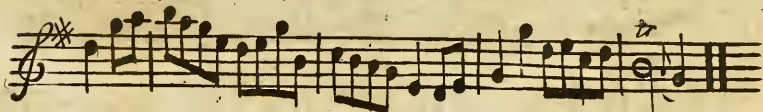
Logan water

No
23

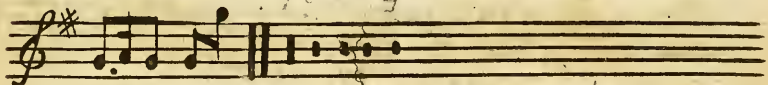
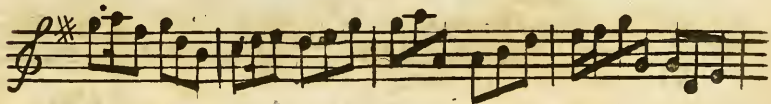
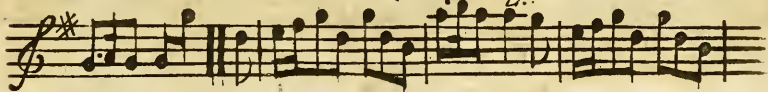
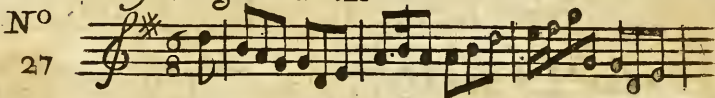
Musical score for 'Logan water', No. 23. The piece is in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The melody is written in a single line. The second and third staves continue the melody. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



The bonniest Lads in a' the world



My Soger Laddie



Allan water

N^o
28

Musical score for 'Allan water', No. 28. The piece is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is characterized by eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplet-like patterns. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

To the Tune of *Hallow E'en*N^o
33

Musical score for 'To the Tune of Hallow E'en', No. 33. The piece is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplet-like patterns. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The Birks of *Endermay*N^o
43

Musical score for 'The Birks of Endermay', No. 43. The piece is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is more complex, featuring many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and includes trills (tr.) in the second and third staves. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



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