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GEORGE THOMSON (1757-1851): HIS COLLECTIONS OF NATIONAL AIRS IN THEIR SCOTTISH CULTURAL CONTEXT

Vol. 2

Kirsteen Carrick McCue

Balliol College

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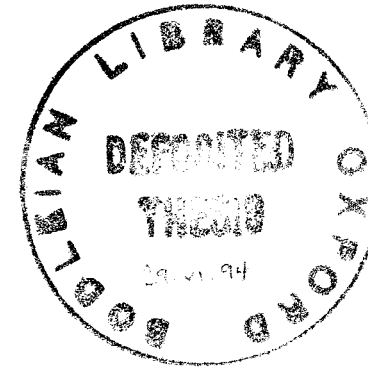

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Abbreviations

Sets of Scottish Airs:

A - First set 1793
Aa - First set 1794
B - Second set 1798
C - Third set 1799
D - Fourth set 1799

Scottish volumes (S):

Volume I

SIa - 1801
SIb - 1803
SIc - 1809
SId - 1814
SIe - 1817
SIf - 1826
SIg - 1831
SIh - 1838

Volume II

SIIa - 1801
SIIb - 1803
SIIc - 1810
SIId - 1815
SIIe - 1826
SIIf - 1831
SIIg - 1838

Volume III

SIIIa - 1802
SIIIb - 1803
SIIIc - 1810
SIIId - 1817
SIIIe - 1826
SIIIf - 1831
SIIIg - 1838

Volume IV

SIVa - 1805
SIVb - 1808
SIVc - 1812
SIVd - 1815
SIVe - 1826
SIVf - 1831
SIVg - 1838

Volume V

SVa - 1818
SVb - 1826
SVc - 1831
SVd - 1838

Volume VI

SVIa - 1841

Welsh volumes (W):

WI - 1809
WII - 1811
WIII - 1817

Irish volumes (I):

IrI - 1814
IrII - 1816

Others:

f: frontispiece
i: illustration
m: musical setting
am: altered musical setting
nm: new musical setting (+ new additional setting)
na: not attributed by Thomson in his volumes
p: publisher
sh: Stationers' Hall
v: verses (i.e. lyric)
av: altered verses
nv: new verses
vi: vignette

APPENDIX I

TABULATED LIST OF THOMSON'S SCOTTISH, WELSH AND IRISH VOLUMES

The problems of following the various issues of the six volumes of Thomson's Scottish collection have confused and frustrated scholars for many years. In their article 'Thomson's Collections of National Song', published in 1940, Cecil Hopkinson and C.B. Oldman valiantly attempted to untangle this 'intricate bibliographical enigma',[1] so that Beethoven and Haydn scholars might be able to follow the histories of individual musical settings throughout the various volumes. Their article is still the most comprehensive for anyone beginning a study of Thomson's work, but, as they clearly stated in their introduction, their work related primarily to the settings of these two composers,[2] and there were many aspects of the publications which they deliberately excluded.

Thomson's Welsh and Irish volumes (see **WI, WII, WIII** and **IrI** and **IrII**) were issued only once and are consequently easy to catalogue,[3] but producing any list of Thomson's Scottish volumes is complicated and confusing. The first problem with this collection is that it spanned a period of over 50 years, during which Thomson published various issues of the same six volumes of songs. His original intention was to produce only

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[1] Hopkinson's description of Thomson's volumes in a letter of 20 October 1964 to the American collector Walter Harding, now found in the Thomson volumes of the Harding Collection at **GB-Ob**. Hopkinson wrote: 'Now this Thomson enquiry of yours raises the most complicated problems for it is about the most intricate bibliographical enigma that I have ever encountered'.

[2] References to Hopkinson and Oldman numbers for individual songs are as follows: e.g. for Haydn songs - **HO, Hay 87**, and for Beethoven songs - **HO, Bee 87**.

[3] See Hopkinson & Oldman, p. 5. They explain that Thomson noted in **IrI** that this 1814 volume was a corrected copy of a previous issue. No other copies have been found.

two sets (i.e. books) of Scottish songs in the 1790s.[4] The First Set of 25 songs appeared in 1793 (**A**), but Thomson produced three more sets by 1799 (**B**, **C** and **D**). These four sets, with some changes, became in 1801 his first two volumes of 'Original Scotish [later 'Scottish'] Airs' (**SIa** and **SIIa**) and they were followed by third and fourth volumes published in 1802 (**SIIIa**) and 1805 (**SIVa**), and a fifth volume in 1818 (**SVa**). Forty-eight years after his first set of Scottish songs, Thomson's sixth and last volume, dated 1841, appeared (**SVIa**), but he was still dabbling with the volumes in 1846, as two new settings from that year illustrate (see **SVd**).

Naturally, because of the long periods between the publication of brand new volumes, Thomson was obliged to produce new issues of existing volumes as copies ran out. Copies of Vol. I dated 1814 (see **SId**) and Vol. IV dated 1808 and 1812 (see **SIVb** and **SIVc**) were probably issued to revitalize stock.[5] Moreover, Thomson decided that whenever a new volume appeared for the first time, the previous volumes should also be newly presented. While each volume was produced quite separately from the others, it was marketed, at the same time, as part of a set of matching volumes. Vol. III of 1802 (**SIIIa**) was issued to match Vols. I and II of 1801 (**SIa** and **SIIa**); Vols. I, II and III all dated 1803 (**SIb**, **SIIb** and **SIIIb**) were released as a set for which the new Vol. IV of 1805 (**SIVa**) was also intended;[6] Vols. I, II, III and IV produced between 1815 and 1817 (**SIe**, **SIId**, **SIIId** and **SIVd**) were clearly issued as a set to stand alongside the new Vol. V of 1818 (**SVa**); Vols. I-V, with many new songs incorporated, were presented as a 'new edition' in 1826 (**SIf**, **SIIe**, **SIIIe**, **SIVe** and **SVb**) and in 1831

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[4] See Preface to his First Set of 1793.

[5] See Thomson's order for Preston in a letter of 1812: **GB-Lbl** Add. MS 35267/36-7.

[6] See Hopkinson and Oldman, p. 6. They refer to these volumes as the '1804 Second Edition' because the launching of the volumes was delayed until 1804. As the date of the preface and the colophon is 1803, I have chosen to use this date instead.

(**SIg**, **SIIf**, **SIIIf**, **SIVf** and **SVc**); and Vols. I-V appeared again in 1838 (**SIh**, **SIIg**, **SIIIg**, **SIVg** and **SVd**), and possibly once more after this, to match the new Vol. VI of 1841 (**SVIa**). The fact that these volumes were frequently bound together by their purchaser illustrates that Thomson's marketing technique was successful. The only volumes which do not fit into the above scheme were the two issues of Vol. I published in 1809 (**SIc**) and 1814 (**SId**), issues of Vols. II and III dated 1810 (**SIIc** and **SIIIc**) and issues of Vol. IV dated 1808 (**SIVb**) and 1812 (**SIVc**). As suggested above some of these volumes were undoubtedly produced to replenish stocks. The 1809 and 1810 volumes may have been released as a set - Thomson certainly presented Vol. I of 1809 (**SIc**) as the first part of a new edition - but the set would have been incomplete unless Vol. IV of 1808 or 1812 was sold alongside them.

These sets of volumes were most commonly advertised by Thomson as new and improved editions, yet the individual volumes of each set have a unique bibliographical description. For example, the five volumes produced in 1826, which Hopkinson and Oldman termed 'the sixth edition', comprised Vol. I in its sixth issue, Vols. II, III and IV in their fifth issue and Vol. V in its second issue. This dual identity of each volume presents an insoluble problem when trying to find the correct bibliographical terminology. Should the second issue of Vol. V dated 1826 be regarded as a second issue, or as the fifth part of a new 'sixth edition'? And what does the bibliographer do with the various forms of the same volume? Vol. I, for example, appeared in eight different forms between 1801 and 1838, but it had also appeared before this as the first two sets of 1793 (**A**) and 1798 (**B**). Furthermore, the First Set had been issued twice, in 1793 and 1794 (see **Aa**). No volume was ever identical from one issue to the next. Numerous issues of a volume appeared sometimes with exactly the same content as their predecessor, but sometimes with new musical arrangements or lyrics, sometimes with new title-pages and prefatory material, or different thicknesses of paper, sometimes with

different pagination, sometimes with newly engraved musical plates or adjustments to plates, and nearly always with new letterpress. Thomson's volumes were not imposed in gatherings, but were assembled rather from single sheets which were bound together. The music for two songs was printed recto/verso on one sheet of paper and the lyrics for two songs were printed in a similar fashion. Single sheets of music were thus bound alternately with sheets on which the words were printed creating a pattern of music/text/text/music/music/text etc.). The changes between issues of the same volume were inconsistent: often there seems to be no discernible pattern. Naturally new musical settings and new verses required new musical plates or the setting of new letterpress, and when plates became worn then new ones were engraved. The letterpress, however, changes by the issue. Different type-face and spacing can result in a volume which appears to be brand new, even though the content is identical to its predecessor. These changes in letterpress were not always editorial decisions, but rather the result of Thomson's employment of several small-time printers who used different type-faces and who were unable to store standing type (see Chapter II - ii: Thomson's Publishing House). Sadly, not all of the changes are so easily explained and it cannot be denied that Thomson was a dabbler by nature.

Unlike Hopkinson and Oldman, I have not labelled the various sets of matching volumes as 'editions', although the general category 'note' for each entry on the list below includes information regarding volumes of the same date. While Hopkinson and Oldman's 'Tabulated List of the Different Editions' was the basis of this bibliography, it is important to note that there are significant differences between the two lists. Hopkinson and Oldman stood firmly beside Thomson's descriptions of his volumes and editions, which not surprisingly go against the bibliographer's rules and regulations. Thomson was inconsistent with his own labelling, and although he was happy to call Vol. I of 1809 the first

volume of his third edition, he forgot to give the volumes of 1801 a description, or Vols. I-III of 1803 a number, thus causing Hopkinson and Oldman nothing but problems. By choosing to examine and list each volume as a separate issue, I have managed to avoid this situation. Hopkinson and Oldman also concluded from the prefatory advertisements alone that Thomson must have produced editions of Vols. I-IV in 1809, 1811 and 1817.[7] While we can prove that there was indeed a set of Vols. I-IV in 1817, complete sets of volumes dated 1809 and 1811 are not, it seems, extant. Thomson was always carried away by his own enthusiasm, ordering far more illustrations than he could hope to publish, and sometimes advertising editions and publications before receiving agreements from his composers.[8] Thomson's advertisement for a new edition or volume was by no means a guarantee of its publication. I have been unable to find volumes dated 1811, although Hopkinson and Oldman clearly found a copy of Vol. II with this date,[9] and only one volume dated 1809 has been found. It is most unlikely that volumes published between 1808 and 1814 were part of any new matching editions, primarily because Thomson was concerned at this time with the publication of the first and second Welsh volumes (1809 and 1811) and the first Irish volume (1814).

There is an even greater problem with the later volumes of the 1830s. The five-volume set produced in 1831 incorporated a number of changes, particularly relating to the format of individual volumes. These were the first and only volumes in which Thomson shuffled existing songs and gave them different

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[7] See Hopkinson and Oldman, p. 6.

[8] The Preface to the First Set of 1793, for example, advertised Pleyel's 'Twelve Sonatas for the piano forte with Accompanyments: with a variety of favourite airs, both plaintive and sprightly, are introduced as themes or subjects'. In fact Pleyel only completed six of them, and he had not yet responded to Thomson's commission when this advertisement was published.

[9] See Hopkinson and Oldman, p. 6.

numbers, and they were the only volumes in which Thomson reverted to earlier settings, previously discarded. As Hopkinson and Oldman make clear,[10] there is something of a problem in comparing the first volume of this set with the first volume of the 1838 set, as the title-pages of both issues appear to be identical (**SIg** and **SIh**). Examination of various volumes indicates that the title-pages for the five volumes of 1831 and those of 1838 are often mixed and matched. The information presented and the general format of the title-page do not change between 1831 and 1838, although different type-face is often employed. Dates are frequently changed, by hand, on the title-pages. Sometimes they will bear the name Coventry & Hollier, which dates them to 1838,[11] but more often they still show Preston as publisher. These volumes should not be dated by their title-pages, but it is often difficult to date them by anything else.

There are clear differences between some volumes dated 1838 and others bearing the same date, which suggests that Thomson's new Appendix of Twenty Scottish Melodies added in 1838-9 (see **SVIa**) was actually published after the first issue of his five volumes dated 1838. The title-page for some 1838 volumes, for example, states that many belonged to a six-volume set, and not the regular five volumes, thereby implying that the 1838 volumes were re-issued, after the publication of the Appendix, to be sold as a set alongside the 1841 Vol. VI. Most of the songs in the Appendix are included in this sixth volume, although Thomson did incorporate some of the Appendix songs in other volumes - e.g a copy of Vol. II of 1838 in **GB-En** (see **SIIg**). No one has been able to find an ideal copy of the six-volume set supposedly released in 1841. It seems most likely that Thomson simply altered copies of the 1838 set

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[10] See Hopkinson and Oldman, pp. 9-11.

[11] Coventry & Hollier succeeded Preston in 1834, when Preston's company closed, and consequently became Thomson's main London publisher. Any volume produced after 1834 will bear Coventry & Hollier's name as opposed to Preston. Many of the 1838 title-pages, however, still have Preston's name.

to be re-issued with the new Vol. VI. Settings of an even later date suggest that he was dabbling with these 1838 volumes throughout the 1840s. There are three Hogarth settings dated 1843 which appear at the back of some copies of Vol. V of 1838 (see no. 250 of **SVd**), and two G. F. Graham settings of 1846 which often appear in copies of the same volume (nos. 204 & 208). There are two new Bishop settings dated 1845 which appear as the last two songs in Vol. VI, and there is the bizarre and inexplicable appearance of Thomson's new 1850 lyric for **Maggie Lauder's Nuptials** in at least one copy of Vol. III of 1838 (see no. 124 of **SIIIg**).[12] Hopkinson and Oldman concluded that the last publication was a lithographic reprint of the 1838 volumes with Bishop's two 1845 settings added, but copies of Vol. III and Vol. V in **GB-En** indicate that the publications actually continued until 1846, or even 1850.[13]

After much debate I decided that each volume had to be treated as a separate bibliographical unit. I have numbered each volume separately and then listed its different forms chronologically. The number of the volume is always given in Roman numerals and is preceded by a letter which identifies the collection to which it belongs: **S** = Scottish; **W** = Welsh and **Ir** = Irish. For example, Vol. I of the Scottish collection in its first form dated 1801 will be labelled **SIa**, and its subsequent forms will be identified by the same number but with a different letter attached - **SIb** for Vol. I of 1803, **SIc** for Vol. I of 1809, **SId** for Vol. I of 1814 etc. Rather than comparing each new issue with its first edition, each volume has been compared with its immediate predecessor (i.e. Vol. I of 1803 was compared with Vol. I of 1801, then Vol. I of 1809

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[12] If we are to believe his correspondence, Thomson had sold the property of the Scottish Collection by 1849 to George Wood & Co. of Edinburgh. See Chapter V, pp. 257-60.

[13] The copy of Vol. III which includes the 1850 lyric and the copy of Vol. V which includes G.F. Graham's two 1846 settings are found in **GB-En**: Mus. L. 1. 68-9.

was compared with Vol. I of 1803 etc.). There is no evidence to suggest that Thomson always returned to the first edition of a volume before making changes; in fact, it appears that his editing process was a progressive one. It was only when he reached the 1830s that he looked back to the earliest issues of his volumes for songs which he had since omitted. I also decided that it was futile to fight with different bibliographical terminology in describing the various forms of one volume. There are so many inconsistencies between forms of the same volume, that it is impossible to be consistent with the terms 'edition', 're-issue' and 'state'. These volumes are frequently a combination of all three descriptions. As the basic format of the volumes remained unchanged for a 50-year period, and as most of the material included in each volume was static, I decided that one term which covered the majority of changes and inconsistencies would be best. I therefore chose to use the term 'issue'. Each form of a volume is referred to in the list as 'another issue' of its predecessor, and therefore of its mother volume. The mother volume is always the first edition of a volume, and full details of the contents (music = **m** and verses = **v**) are given for each of these first editions; namely, sets 1-4 (**A** to **D**) and Vol. I and II of 1801 (**SIa** and **SIIa**), Vol. III of 1802 (**SIIIa**), Vol. IV of 1805 (**SIVa**), Vol. V of 1818 (**SVa**) and Vol. VI of 1841 (**SVIa**). The titles and contents of the two appendices that Thomson produced are also listed: the Appendix: Containing Twelve Favourite Melodies of 1826 (see **SIf**), and Twenty Scottish Melodies added in 1838-9 (see **SVIa**).

The numerous changes to the musical settings and to the verses provided for the music are listed by the number of the song. Numbers in brackets refer to quantity (i.e. Kozeluch (25) = 25 settings by Kozeluch), whereas numbers without brackets refer to the number of a particular song (i.e. Kozeluch, 25 = song no. 25 by Kozeluch). It should be noted that Thomson's volumes were not paginated, but rather numbered by opening. Each opening included the music and the verses for one song and the

two pages of the opening shared one number. Occasionally two songs were included on the same plate or printed with the same number - for example, if two settings of the same melody appeared. Only in the later volumes, particularly those of the 1831 set, was the numbering inconsistent. When new musical settings or verses (**nm** or **nv**) were added to a volume they were almost always replacing an existing setting. In the early volumes (1801 and 1803) some of the original settings were simplified by the composer at Thomson's request (these are noted on the list), and sometimes new settings were published alongside old settings of the same melody (these particular songs are marked with the symbol +). Many of the songs were simply altered or adjusted (**am** or **av**). Rather than list every difference between issues I have listed only transposition and simplification as musical adjustments (**am**). The deletion or addition of single notes to musical plates, and the alteration of tempo markings or inclusion of violino parts on plates are mentioned in passing, but are not listed under **am**. The deletion of an old verse or alterations to particular stanzas are the only changes listed as adjustments to the verses (**av**).

The practical problem of examining individual volumes adds to the bibliographical complications. Understandably, no library houses complete sets of Thomson's publications, and some are unable to lend volumes for comparison, or to photocopy relevant volumes if the volume is in bad condition. Between them, The British Library (**GB-Lbl**) and the National Library of Scotland (**GB-En**) hold almost all of Thomson's volumes, though sometimes issues of a specific date are missing. I have based my study on the collections of the above libraries and also on volumes found in the Bodleian Library, Oxford (**GB-Ob**), the Faculty of Music in Oxford (**GB-Ouf**), the library of the University of Glasgow (**GB-Gu**), Edinburgh University Library (**GB-Eu**), Aberdeen University Library (**GB-A**) and the Mitchell Library in Glasgow (**GB-Gm**). I have been able to examine some copies in private collections and also photocopies of material from The Newberry Library in Chicago (**US-Cn**). It is important

to recognize that the following bibliography has been compiled from study of these volumes alone and as such it cannot be exhaustive.

Sadly, few of the volumes now kept in libraries are found in their original state: most of them were bound by the library, or by the individual who owned them. In normal circumstances this would not be problematic, but in the case of Thomson's volumes it further complicates matters. Volumes of varying dates are bound with title-pages, illustrations and prefaces from other volumes, resulting in confusion for any bibliographer. Cataloguers naturally list volumes by their latest date, when often title-page, preface and colophon dates conflict hopelessly with one another. Thus the volumes which arrive on the reader's table seldom follow their catalogue description and frequently contradict it. Because of such problems I have not given a traditional bibliographical description of each volume with details of the format of the publication. Frontispieces, title-pages, prefatory material, illustrations, indices and glossaries are sometimes bound with the volume, but are often missing. Occasionally they appear at the front of the volume, but sometimes at the back. Whoever bound the volumes did so at his/her own discretion and no single description would necessarily correspond with volumes which the reader might be using. Suffice it to say that while this information can certainly help in dating a volume, it can also be misleading. The contents of a volume are the safest method when it comes to dating individual volumes. Where necessary I have given full details of the title-pages, frontispieces (**f**), illustrations (**i**: with designer/engraver) and publisher (**p**). If the prefatory material presents any problems of dating then details have been included (see **SIId** and **SIVd**). I have also given the Stationers' Hall entry (**sh**). Although it is dangerous to date a volume by its entry date alone, Thomson was scrupulous about entering his material at

Stationers' Hall, thinking that it was also a guarantee of copyright (see Chapter V). Because of this, these particular entry dates are safer than some.

There are areas of Thomson's publications which are missing in the list. Firstly, no reference is made to the instrumental parts that were published alongside these volumes. The reasons for this omission are simple. The instrumental parts (violino and violoncello parts up to 1818, then additional flute parts and harp parts for the Welsh volumes) are difficult to come by. They were produced separately, in fine paper covers, to be purchased only if the customer desired. They were not bound into the volumes proper, and consequently many copies have gone missing. It is impossible to list all the changes made to parts, but it is possible to glean enough information from the list below to enable any reader to match a particular instrumental part with its rightful volume, and thus be able to date it.

The other omission is more serious. This list comprises information relating to Thomson's Scottish, Welsh and Irish folio volumes only and makes no reference to the octavo volumes which he first produced in 1822-5 and then re-issued throughout the 1830s. In order to produce a smaller, more compact, and ultimately cheaper edition, Thomson decided in the early 1820s to produce a collection in royal octavo which would include songs from all three folio collections.[14] These volumes were produced as an offshoot of the larger collections and demanded far less of Thomson's time, energy and expenditure, primarily because they were smaller and thus cheaper to produce, but also because the majority of the songs included had already been printed in the folio volumes.

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[14] Thomson's reasons for the production of an octavo edition are given in a letter to William Smyth of 30 July 1821 - see **GB-Lbl** Add. MS 35268/52-5.

The octavo volumes are yet another bibliographical problem, though not as complex as the Scottish folio volumes. The first edition of Vols. I-V appeared in 1822-3 entitled

> The Select Melodies of Scotland/ Interspersed with those of/ Ireland and Wales/ united to the songs of/ Robt. Burns, Sir Walter Scott Bart./ and other distinguished poets:/ with/ Symphonies & Accompaniments/ For the/ Piano Forte/ by/ Pleyel, Kozeluch, Haydn & Beethoven

A sixth volume was added in 1825, when Thomson also re-issued the first five volumes and renamed the collection:

> Thomson's Collection/ of/ the Songs of Burns,/ Sir Walter Scott Bart./ And other eminent lyric poets Ancient & Modern/ united to the/ Select Melodies of Scotland,/ and of Ireland & Wales/ with Symphonies and Accompaniments/ for the/ Piano forte/ by/ Pleyel, Haydn, Beethoven &c.

There were no changes in content between the volumes produced in 1822-3 and those issued in 1825; in fact Hopkinson and Oldman suggested that the same sheets for Vols. I-V had been used in 1825. Copies of subsequent issues are always problematic, since they usually brandish several dates. As Hopkinson and Oldman noted,[15] Thomson probably re-issued the six volumes in 1828 and 1831, as copies of individual volumes with these dates have been found. **GB-En** also has a copy of all six volumes, which bear between them the dates 1822, 1824, 1825, 1826, 1829, 1830-1, 1836 and 1838,[16] but it has been concluded that these volumes, regardless of their multifarious dates, are also reprints of the earliest issues. The volumes

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[15] Hopkinson and Oldman, pp. 8-9.

[16] **GB-En**: MH. s. 69-71.

bearing the date 1838 (usually attached to their illustrations) were supposedly, in Thomson's words, a 'new edition'.

The first five octavo volumes were clearly modelled on the first five Scottish folio volumes. Each contained 50 songs[17] (the second volume had 51) and, in general, the songs presented were exactly the same as those found in the folio volumes, although some songs were numbered differently and many had new verses. Although the majority of songs printed in the folio volumes appeared in the corresponding octavo volume, some changed place: e.g. songs originally found in folio Vol. I were printed in octavo Vols. III or IV etc. The Welsh or Irish songs were never scattered randomly throughout the new octavo volumes, but usually always appeared at the end of each volume, most often as nos. 41-50. Although Vol. II contained only two Welsh songs,[18] the other volumes contained several Irish and Welsh songs. Vol. I presented six Irish songs[19] and four Welsh songs.[20] Vol. III contained five Irish[21] and five Welsh songs.[22] Vol. IV included five Irish[23] and three Welsh

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[17] Although the numbering of the songs continued from one volume to the next in the folio collections (i.e. Vol. I = 1-50, Vol. II = 51-100, Vol. III = 101-50 etc.), the songs in each octavo volume were numbered 1-50.

[18] **The live long night** and **John come kiss me now**, which Thomson noted was 'probably' Welsh.

[19] **Donald** - which Thomson thought might just as easily be Scottish - **Gramachree**, **My lodging is on the cold ground**, **O, open the door**, **Robin Adair**, **The fox's sleep**.

[20] **The dawning of day**, **The Dying Bard**, **The Men of Harlech's March**, and **The Rising of the Lark**.

[21] **Johnny MacGill**, **Oonagh**, **Peggy Bawn**, **The Parting** and **Young Terence Macdonough**.

[22] **Crystal ground**, **Of noble race was Shenkin**, **The note of the black cock**, **The Sheriff's Fancy** and **The Sleeping Beauty**.

[23] **Chiling O'Guiry**, **Lough Sheeling**, **O might I but my Patrick love**, **Planxty Kelly**, **The morning air plays on my face**.

songs.[24] Vol. V presented five Irish[25] and four Welsh songs,[26] and Vol. VI included seven Irish[27] and eight Welsh songs.[28] Thomson also stated which of his songs were 'Highland' or 'English', which he was not so keen to do in his earlier volumes. Vols. II, IV and V contained one or two choice Highland songs and an English song appeared in Vol. V and Vol. VI.

As the folio Vol. VI did not appear until 1841, the octavo Vol. VI is an unusual addition. It contained only 43 songs, some of which were taken from folio Vols. I-V, and some of which were new. Ten of them were settings by Beethoven and Haydn for three voices, which only appeared for the first time in the folio volumes in 1826. Although some settings were unique to the octavo volumes, most of the new settings were included in the folio volumes of 1826, 1831 and 1838. Some of the illustrations which appeared for the first time in the octavo collection were likewise presented in these later volumes. David Allan's illustrations for 'Contented wi' little and canty wi' mair', 'Her mother hastily spake', 'She crept in ayont him', 'Hooly and fairly' and 'O, whistle and I'll come to you my lad' and Stothard's sketches (engraved by Lizars) for 'Blythe and merry' and 'Love's goddess in a myrtle grove' are not found in the folio volumes.

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[24] **Maltraeth, The Cottage Maid,** and **The Monks of Bangor's March.**

[25] **Killeary, Kitty of Coleraine, Morning a cruel turmoiler is, The humours of Balmagairy** and **The Moreen.**

[26] **Groggerdan, Peggy's daughter, The Inspired Bard** and **The Melody of Cynwyd.**

[27] **Dermot, Paddy Whack, The banks of Banna, The black joke, The bold dragoon, The groves of Blarney** and **The three captains.**

[28] **Away my herd, Come draw me round, Goodnight, My lord is grave and I am gay, Ned Pugh's farewell, Sweet Richard, The allurement of love** and **The dairy house.**

Although the octavo collection is unusual in some respects, I decided, for various reasons, not to include it in the list below. Firstly, the thesis concentrates primarily on the contents of the folio collections, which were Thomson's main occupation. Hopkinson and Oldman have already listed the songs which appeared in all six octavo volumes and they even specified which of the settings were brand new.[29] Furthermore, Thomson did not dabble with the contents of the octavo edition as he did with the folio volumes. After all, he released this edition primarily to make money, and to save himself some capital. This was not the time to fiddle with individual settings and verses from issue to issue. Even though the dating of these volumes is often confusing, the content varies only slightly. The details of each of these volumes, in addition to those already given, would have resulted in an even longer and more complicated list than that presented.

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[29] Hopkinson and Oldman list the new Haydn and Beethoven settings which appeared in the octavo edition. Of the six new Haydn settings (given the numbers 132-5 by Hopkinson and Oldman), four were found later in the folio volumes of 1826 or 1831. Each of the nine new Beethoven settings listed (all Scottish songs nos. 111-9) appeared later in the folio volumes.

TABULATED LIST OF THE SCOTTISH VOLUMES

The First Four Scottish Sets (A-D)

A: First Set (1793)

A Select Collection / - of - / ORIGINAL SCOTISH AIRS, / For the Voice / To each of which are added / Introductory & Concluding Symphonies & / Accompanyments for the Piano Forte & Violin: / By / PLEYEL / With Select & Characteristic Verses by the most admired Scotish / Poets adapted to Each Air many of them entirely new / Also / Suitable English verses in addition to such of the songs as are written / in the Scotish Dialect / [prices] / [publishers' details]

First edition
Preface dated 1st May 1793
Text, nos. 1-25

p: Preston, No. 97 Strand
m: Pleyel (25)
v: na (9); R. Burns (6); R. Crawford (3); W. Collins (1); G. Elliot (1); A. Erskine (1); W. Hamilton (2); R. Hewit (1); J. Logan (1); D. Mallet (1); T. Percy (1); P. Pindar (2); A. Ramsay (3); [J.?] Thomson (1)
sh: 13 June 1793

Aa: First Set (1794)

Another issue of **A**
Title-page usually dated 1799; preface dated January 1794.
New letterpress

nv: Lord Lyttleton, 14, 23
sh: 18 January 1794

note: described by Thomson in the preface as the second edition

B: Second Set (1798)

A Select Collection / - of - / ORIGINAL SCOTISH AIRS, / For the Voice. / To each of which are added / Introductory & Concluding Symphonies, & / Accompanyments for the Piano Forte, & Violin: / By / KOZELUCH. / With Select & Characteristic Verses by the most admired Scotish Poets, adapted / to each Air, the greater number of these written for this work by / Burns / Also suitable English Verses in addition to most of the Songs / in the Scotish dialect / [prices] / [publishers' details]

First edition
'To the Public' usually undated
Text, nos. 26-50

p: 'Preston, No. 97 Strand'
m: Kozeluch (25)
v: na (8); J. Beattie (1); S. Blamire (1); R. Burns (19); A. Hunter (1); S. Jenyns (1); H. MacNeill (3); P. Pindar (3); M. Prior (1); [J.?] Thomson (1)
sh: 23 June 1798

C: Third Set (1799)

Title-page as **B**
First edition
'To the Public' usually undated
Text, nos. 51-75

m: Kozeluch (25)
v: na (13); J. Austin (1); Lord Binning (1); R. Burns (21); W. Falconer (1); Mrs Grant of Carron (1); Lady M.W. Montague (1); P. Pindar (1); [J.?] Thomson (1); P. Whitehead (1)
sh: 1 May 1799

D: Fourth Set [1799]

A Select Collection / - of - / ORIGINAL SCOTISH AIRS / For the Voice. / To each of which are added / Introductory & Concluding Symphonies, & / Accompanyments for the Violin & Piano-Forte, / Chiefly by / KOZELUCH, / and partly by / PLEYEL. / With Select & Characteristic Verses by the most admired Scotish / Poets, adapted to each Air, many of them entirely by / BURNS. / Also English Verses, in addition to such of the Songs as are written / in the Scotish dialect / [prices] / [publishers' details]

First edition
'To the Public' usually undated
Text, nos. 76-100

p: Preston, No. 97 Strand
m: Kozeluch (18); Pleyel (7)
v: na (9); I. Bickerstaff (1); T. Blacklock (1); R. Burns (17); R. Crawford (1); W. Hamilton (2); Lord Lansdown (1); H. MacNeill (1); D. Mallet (1); T. Otway (1); P. Pindar (1); A. Ramsay (1); N. Rowe (1); W. Shenstone (1); R.B. Sheridan (1); T. Smollett (1)

note: no **sh** entry and no date found on title-page, prefatory material, or colophon. Advertisement of second set of 1798 (**B**) implies that third and fourth sets were published together (i.e. 1799)

First Scottish Volume (SI)

SIa: Vol. I (1801)

A / Select Collection of / ORIGINAL SCOTTISH AIRS / For the Voice. / With Introductory & Concluding Symphonies / & Accompaniments for the / PIANO FORTE, VIOLIN & VIOLONCELLO / By / Pleyel, Kozeluch & Haydn / With / Select & Characteristic Verses both Scottish and English / adapted to the Airs, including upwards of One Hundred New Songs by / BURNS / [price] / [vignette] / [publisher's details]

Another issue of the first and second sets (**Aa** + **B**) with new title-page, new prefatory material, illustration and new letterpress
Preface dated 1801 (pp. 1-4)
Text, nos. 1-50

p: 'T. Preston, No. 97 Strand'
vi: 'Now see where Caledonia's genius mourns' - Stothard/J.Thomson
f: 'The Birks of Invermay' - W. Hamilton/P. Thomson

cover-page:

FIFTY / SCOTTISH SONGS, /WITH / SYMPHONIES & ACCOMPANIMENTS: / THE FIRST TWENTY-FIVE BY / Pleyel, / THE OTHER TWENTY-FIVE BY / Kozeluch. / VOL. I ...

am: 29; 36, 46 (new, simpler settings by Kozeluch requiring new plates)
nv: na, 20; R.B. Sheridan, 5; Mrs Barbauld, 15

note: to be matched with **SIIa**. The 1801 volumes employed two thicknesses of paper (thinner paper for the letterpress and thicker paper for the music)

SIb: Vol. I (1803)

Title-page and format as **SIa**. No cover-page
Another issue of **SIa** with new prefatory material (dated 1803). New letterpress. The 1803 volumes (see **SIb, SIIb,** and **SIIIb**) were the first volumes to include typographical signatures

nm: new Haydn settings replaced earlier settings by Pleyel and Kozeluch: 1, 8, 9, 10, 14, 17, 18, 31, 32, 35, 39, 45, 47*
(* 47 was not a replacement, but a brand new setting)
nv: na, 47; R. Burns, 47
sh: To be matched with **SIIb** and **SIIIb**. An exemplar of the new Haydn settings (a copy of which is held at **GB-Ob** - Harding Collection) was entered at Stationers' Hall on 18 April 1804. This included 21 new Haydn settings to be printed in Thomson's new Vols. I and II of 1803 (see above and **SIIb**)

SIc: Vol. I (1809)

Title-page and format as **SIb**.
Another issue of **SIb**. Colophon dated 1809. Some newly engraved musical plates, some altered musical plates (new titles, dynamic and tempo markings) and new letterpress

nv: R. Burns, 8
av: 50 now attributed to Dr Blacklock, formerly attributed to R. Burns

note: while the pages between songs 25 and 26 are blank in 1803, the printed pages are continuous in 1809

SId: Vol. I (1814)

Title-page and format as **SIc**
Another issue of **SIc**. Colophon dated 1814. Little alteration to musical plates. New letterpress

note: this single volume does not appear to belong to a matching set; it was most probably produced separately to replenish stocks of earlier issues of Vol. I

SIe: Vol. I (1817)

Title-page and format as **SId**
Another issue of **SId**. Preface usually dated 1803, but with a new 'To the Public' dated October 1817, a new advertisement and colophon also dated 1817. In some copies the 'To the Public' is dated 1816, but it is distinct from that dated 1817 (see **SIId**). Some newly engraved musical plates, some alterations to musical plates (dynamics, tempo markings and time signatures). In the songs which had extreme ranges, the provision of alternative notes resulted in the engraving of new musical plates; the violino part was often added to the 'symphonies' on the new plates

am: 4, 38

note: to be matched with Vols. II and IV dated 1815 (**SIId, SIVd**) and Vol. III dated 1817 (**SIIId**). It was marketed by Thomson, on its new millboard binding as a 'new and improved edition'

SIf: Vol. I (1826)

New Edition. 1826. With many Additions & Improvements. / A SELECT COLLECTION / of / Original Scottish Airs / FOR THE VOICE / With Introductory & Concluding Symphonies / And Accompaniments for the / PIANO FORTE VIOLIN FLUTE & VIOLONCELLO / By / Pleyel Haydn Weber Beethoven &c. / WITH / Select Characteristic Verses both Scottish & English / Adapted to the Airs / Including upwards of One Hundred Songs by / Burns / The whole collected by G. Thomson F.A.S. Edinburgh in Five Volumes. / [vignette] / [prices] / [publishers' details]

Another issue of **SIe**, with new title-page and preface dated 1826. Preface explains that Thomson wanted to introduce new songs (also replacing **The Jolly Beggars** of Vol. V (**SVa**) with 25 new songs (**SVb**)), and that he had re-engraved many of the musical plates. New letterpress

p: 'Preston, 71 Dean St. Soho'
nm: Kozeluch, 35+; Haydn, 4+, 19+; Beethoven, 24+, 40+, 48+, 49; Weber, 44+, 45, 47+
nv: na, 39; R. Burns, 35, 41; A. Hunter, 43; P. Pindar, 8; J. Richardson, 44; W. Scott, 34, 37; R.B. Sheridan, 1; G. Thomson, 25
av: 42, 48, 50 re-attributed to R. Burns (see **SIc**)

note: to be matched with **SIIe, SIIIe, SIVe** and **SVb** all of which were produced, and marketed as a set, in 1826. The 1826 volumes employed different thicknesses of paper (thin for letterpress, thick for music). These volumes also incorporated the new settings printed in an Appendix (see below) containing fourteen new settings:

APPENDIX: / CONTAINING / TWELVE FAVOURITE MELODIES, / NEWLY ARRANGED, / WITH SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS, / COMPOSED CHIEFLY BY / C.M. VON WEBER, / FOR THE / EDITION OF THE SCOTTISH COLLECTION / PUBLISHED BY G. THOMSON IN / 1826.

m: Haydn (3); Kozeluch (2); Weber (9)
v: na (1); R. Burns (6); H. MacNeill (2); J. Richardson (1); W. Scott (1); R.B. Sheridan (1); W. Smyth (3); G. Thomson (1); D. Vedder (1)

note: unlike the earlier exemplar of new Haydn settings of 1803 (see **SIb**) this 1826 appendix was produced with a title-page, almost as if it was a separate publication. The title-page (like the 1838-9 Appendix - see **SVIa**) gives the wrong number as there are fourteen settings not twelve. It should be noted that one of the Kozeluch settings, and two of the Haydn settings had already been published by Thomson. Almost all of the Burns lyrics had already appeared in earlier volumes; all but one of the songs which Weber set had already appeared in Thomson's collection - eight of them with settings by Kozeluch, and one, **The troubadour**, set by the Scottish composer R.A. Smith (in the octavo volumes). Only one more Weber setting appeared in Thomson's Scottish Collection, namely **The soothing shades of gloaming**, which was found in the second part of Vol. V in 1826 (**SVb**) as no. 243 and then from 1831 as no. 240

SIg: Vol. I (1831):

New Edition 1831 With many Improvements - / THE MELODIES OF SCOTLAND / WITH / Symphonies and Accompaniments for the / Piano Forte, Violin &c. by / PLEYEL, HAYDN, BEETHOVEN, / WEBER, HUMMEL, &c. / The Poetry chiefly by / BURNS. / The Whole collected by G. Thomson, F.A.S.E. / In Five Volumes. / Most humbly dedicated, by Permission, to her Majesty. / [vignette] / [prices] / [publishers' details]

Another issue of **SIf** with new title-page, and preface dated 1831. There is also a dedication to Queen Adelaide, an essay 'On Scottish Music and Song', and colophon dated 1831. Many of the musical impressions and much of the letterpress appears to be identical to 1826. Two songs appear for no. 50 in 1826, but there are three songs in 1831, only one of which (**The miller of Dee**) is the same as 1826

p: 'T. Preston, 71 Dean Street, Soho'
vi: 'Now see where Caledonia's genius mourns' - Stothard/M. Gaud (on stone)
i: 'St Cecilia' - Reynolds/P. Thomson
nm: na, 46; Beethoven, 32; Haydn, 35; Hummel, 27, 50 (2)
am: 4, 8, 9, 10, 14, 24 (Thomson reverts to Pleyel's earlier settings in all of these); 22, 26, 31, 40, 42
nv: R. Burns, 2, 13, 23, 32, 50; D. Mallet, 3; A. Ramsay, 7; J. Richardson, 14; W. Scott, 10, 32; H.M. Williams, 29*
(* Thomson states that this lyric is probably attributable to Williams)
av: 12, 15, 16, 17, 22, 33, 34, 41, 46
sh: Stationers' Hall did receive copies from Thomson on 23 February 1831 which related to 'a new series' of The Melodies of Scotland, although the details of this entry suggest that Thomson only entered particular volumes or songs

note: to be matched with **SIIf**, **SIIIf**, **SIVf** and **SVc** all of which were produced, and marketed as a set, in 1831

SIh: Vol. I (1838)

New Eddition 1838 with many Additions & Improvements. / The whole Collected in Six Volumes by / GEORGE THOMSON F.A.S.E. / Original Scottish Airs / FOR THE VOICE / With Introductory & Concluding Symphonies / And Accompaniments for the / PIANO FORTE, VIOLN. OR FLUTE & VIOLONCELLO / By / Pleyel Haydn Weber Beethoven &c. / WITH / Select & Characteristic Verses both Scottish & English / Adapted to the Airs / Including upwards of One Hundred Songs by / Burns / [vignette] / [publishers' details and prices]

Another issue of **SIg** with a new title-page. Most often, this 1838 Vol. I is found with the dedication, prefatory essay and colophon all dated 1831, and with identical content, musical impressions and letterpress to those of 1831 Vol. I (**SIg**). No copies dated 1838 have been found, which strongly suggests that Thomson's 1838 Vol. I was simply a copy of 1831 Vol. I with a new title-page.

p: 'Coventry & Hollier, 71 Dean Street, Soho'
vi: 'The golden hours on angel wings' - Stothard/R. Scott
i: **f** as **SIf**, but often found with an extra illustration - 'The Battle of Killiecrankie' - Allan/Stothard/R. Scott

note: to be matched with **SIIg**, **SIIIg**, **SIVg**, **SVd** and possibly **SVIa**, all of which were produced, and marketed as a set. The precise date of their appearance as a set is still in question (see Introduction)

Second Scottish Volume (SII)

SIIa: Vol. II (1801)

Title-page and format as **SIa**
Another issue of the third and fourth sets (**C** + **D**) with new title-page and prefatory material (dated 1801), illustration and new letterpress.
Text, nos. 51-100

cover-page:

FIFTY / SCOTTISH SONGS, / WITH / SYMPHONIES & ACCOMPANIMENTS: / BY / Kozeluch. / EXCEPTING / Nos. 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, & 92. / WHICH ARE BY / Pleyel. / VOL. II ...

f: 'John Anderson my Jo' - Allan/P. Thomson
am: 51, 55, 60, 68, 74, 94 (new, simpler settings by Kozeluch requiring new plates); 88
nv: T. Campbell, 97
av: 75

SIIb: Vol. II (1803)

Title-page and format as **SIIa**. No cover-page
Another issue of **SIIa**, with new prefatory material (dated 1803). New letterpress

nm: new Haydn settings replaced settings by Pleyel and Kozeluch: 53, 66, 77, 80, 84, 87, 92, 98*
(* 98 was not a replacement, but a brand new setting)
nv: Coleman, 98

SIIc: Vol. II (1810)

Title-page and format as **SIIb**
Another issue of **SIIb**, with a new preface (undated). The advertisement and index to the airs appear on the same page for the first time (content of advertisement identical to that found in Vol. IV of 1808 - see **SIVb**). Colophon dated 1810. Newly engraved musical plates and new letterpress

SIId: Vol. II (1815)

Title-page and format as **SIIc**
Another issue of **SIIc**, with a new 'To the Public' dated 1815 or 1816. Colophon dated 1815. New letterpress. Also adjustments to musical plates (alternative notes, violino part included in 'symphonies')

nm: Haydn, 79
nv: J. Richardson, 73
av: 51, 80

note: 'To the Public' and advertisement of 1815/6 are distinct from those dated 1817, which are often bound with Vols. II and IV dated 1815 (see also **SIVd**). Part of a matching set of four volumes marketed in 1817 - Vols. I and III dated 1817 (**SIe** and **SIIId**) and Vols. II and IV dated 1815 (**SIId** and **SIVd**), which Thomson issued as a 'new and improved edition'. All four volumes used thinner paper for letterpress and thicker paper for musical plates

SIIe: Vol. II (1826)

Title-page and format as **SIf**
Another issue of **SIId**, with new title-page and preface dated 1826. Many musical plates re-engraved. New letterpress

nm: Kozeluch, 91, 96; Weber, 51, 60, 65, 89, 90
am: 68
nv: na, 96; J. Baillie, 71; R. Burns, 80; J. Richardson, 53, 96; W. Smyth, 65; A.F. Tytler, 92
av: 71

note: to be matched with other 1826 volumes: **SIf, SIIIe, SIVe, SVb**

SIIf: Vol. II (1831)

Title-page as **SIg**, but with a new vignette
Another issue of **SIIe** with a new title-page and prefatory material dated 1831. No colophon date. Many musical impressions and much of the letterpress appears to be identical to 1826. Some of the last songs in the volume are not the same as those found in **SIIe**. **Mourn hapless Caledonia mourn** is found as no. 87 in 1826, but as no. 86 in 1831. No. 86 of 1826 (**My daddy is a canker'd carle)** is found as no. 40 in 1831 Vol. I (see **SIg**). One of the openings in 1831 is paginated continuously (e.g. pp. 98-9) which also accounts for the loss of a song, namely that found as no. 99 in 1826 (**Now in her green mantle**). This song is found later as no. 182 in Vol. IV of 1831 (see **SIVf**)

vi: 'Around his honour's head' - Stothard/Stothard (on stone)
nm: Hogarth, 82, 100; Hummel, 88, 97, 98
am: 54, 57, 60, 73, 75, 76, 78, 80 (reverts to Pleyel's setting), 84,
nv: J. Beattie, 58; R. Burns, 53, 55, 57; C. Gray, 61, 70; G. Hogarth, 82; W. Scott, 87, 100; W. Smyth, 88; D. Vedder, 82, 97, 98
av: 60, 93

note: to be matched with **SIg**, **SIIIf**, **SIVf**, and **SVc**. See note on **sh** for **SIg**

SIIg: Vol. II (1838)

Usually found with the same title-page as **SIIf**. The date 1838 is handwritten, or printed, in the space provided. No price appears on the 1831 title-page, but a price of 18s. is given on the 1838 title-page. If the publisher is 'Coventry & Hollier, 71 Dean Street, Soho', then the title-page is 1838. Another issue of **SIIf**. Musical impressions and much of the letterpress appears to be identical to 1831

vi: often 'Farewell to Lochaber' - Stothard/Stothard
i: **f** as **SIIa**, but usually with an added illustration - 'The Old Knight slain by his Rival, the Childe of Elle' - Stothard/R. Scott, dated 1839

note: to be matched with **SIh**, **SIIIg**, **SIVg**, **SVd** and possibly **SVIa**. Vol. II of 1838 in **GB-En** Mus. L. 1. 51-5 has 'In Six Volumes' printed on its title-page, which suggests that Thomson reissued 1838 volumes with altered title-pages to match his new sixth volume in 1841, or that the sixth volume was simply to be added to the volumes of 1838. There is such inconsistency in the title-pages of the 1838 volumes that it is well nigh impossible to determine what Thomson intended. This particular volume also included new verses at the back of the volume which had appeared for the first time in the Appendix of 1838-9 (see **SVIa**)

Third Scottish Volume (SIII)

SIIIa: Vol III (1802):

Title-page and format as **SIa** and **SIIa**, but with Haydn's name alone.
Dated 1802 on cover-page. Thomson made a mistake with the numbering of the songs in this volume. First edition copies of Vol. III (1802) are easily identified because they are numbered 1-50 and not 100-150, as they are in Vol. III of 1803 (see **SIIIb**)

First edition
Preface dated 1801
Text, nos. 1-50

f: 'The Soldier's Return' - Hamilton/J. Thomson

cover-page:

FIFTY / SCOTTISH SONGS, / WITH / SYMPHONIES & ACCOMPANIMENTS, / WHOLLY BY / Haydn. / Vol. III ...

m: Haydn (50)
v: na (16); A. Boswell (3); R. Burns (23); R. Crawford (4); A. Cunningham[e] (1); G. Elliot (1); A. Erskine (1); J. Gay (1); A. Grant (5); W. Hamilton (1); Lord Lansdown (1); Lady A. Lindsay (1); A. Lowe (1); D. Mallet (1); J. Mitchell (1); E. Moore (2*); A. Philips (1); P. Pindar (3); A. Ramsay (6); J. Richardson (1); W. Shakespeare (1); W. Shenstone (1); J. Skinner (1); T. Smollett (2); [J.?] Thomson (1)
(* one of these lyrics was wrongly attributed to Richard Moore (see index of poetry)
sh: 28 April 1802

SIIIb: Vol. III (1803)

Title-page and format as **SIIIa**. No cover-page
Another issue of **SIIIa** with new prefatory material and colophon (dated 1803). Many musical plates new or adjusted (i.e. often newly engraved titles, tempo and dynamic markings, sometimes completely new plate); also new letterpress. Text, nos. 100-50

nv: na, 133

note: this volume was to be matched with Vols. I and II also of 1803 (**SIb** and **SIIb**)

SIIIc: Vol. III (1810)

Title-page and format as **SIIIb**
Another issue of **SIIIb**, with advertisment of 1810 as found in Vol. II of 1810 (**SIIc**). Some alterations to musical plates, altered verses and new letterpress

av: 116 now attributed to J. Mayne (formerly na)

SIIId: Vol. III (1817)

Title-page and format as **SIIIc**
Another issue of **SIIIc**, with a new 'To the Public', advertisement and colophon dated 1817 (see **SIe**). New letterpress. Some newly engraved musical plates, some alterations to musical plates (alternative notes, violino part included in 'symphonies')

am: 133
av: 101, 102, 103

note: part of a matching set of four volumes marketed in 1817 - Vol. I dated 1817 (**SIe**) and Vols. II and IV dated 1815 (**SIId** and **SIVd**), which Thomson issued as a 'new and improved edition'

SIIIe: Vol. III (1826)

Title-page and format as **SIf**
Another issue of **SIIId**, with new title-page and preface dated 1826. Many musical plates re-engraved. New letterpress

nm: Weber, 125+
am: 147
nv: na, 148, 150; J. Baillie, 150; R. Burns, 147; A. Hunter, 104; A. Cunningham[e], 104; A.M. Porter, 103; W. Scott, 125;
av: 103, 131, 132, 138

note: to be matched with **SIf, SIIe, SIVe, SVb**

SIIIf: Vol. III (1831)

Title-page as **SIg** with the same vignette
Illustration as **SIIIa**. Another issue of **SIIIe**, with a new title-page and preface dated 1831. No colophon date. Many of the musical plates and letterpress appear to be identical to the 1826 issue. Some of the last songs in the volume are different from those of 1826, and some are found in different places. The pagination is inconsistent in 1831 which presents difficulties when comparing the two volumes. The openings for songs 122, 123 and 124 are paginated continuously in 1831. The song which appears as 122 in 1826 is found on pp. 122-3 in 1831, with new verses, and the song found as 125 in 1826 is presented on pp. 124-5 in 1831. The song found as 124 in 1826 is missing in the 1831 volume (**Beneath a beech's grateful shade**). The song, **The maid of Pinkie**, which appears as no. 146 in 1826, is found as no. 134 in 1831, with new verses and no. 134 of 1826 is missing here, but is found as song 200 of Vol. IV of 1831 (see **SIVf**). Song no. 144 (**Farewell ye dungeons**) of 1826 is found as no. 143 in 1831 (no. 143 of 1826 is missing), because an old Haydn setting appears as no. 144 in 1831 with new words by Smyth. No. 150 (**Woo'd and married and a'**) of 1826 is found as no. 146 in 1831, with new verses by Hogg, and the second song for no. 150 of 1826 (**The lament of Flora MacDonald**) is found as no. 149 in 1831. 1831 ends with two songs, neither of which are found in 1826 Vol. III, namely a new setting entitled **The year that's awa**, and **Sae flaxen were her ringlets** which is found as no. 190 in 1826 Vol. IV (see **SIVe**). Nos. 131, 143, 145 and 149 of 1826 are omitted in this 1831 Vol. III

nm: na (possibly Thomson), 131; Hogarth, 145, 150
am: 105, 108, 120, 134 (with 146 of 1826), 138
nv: na, 101, 122, 144; R. Burns, 117, 119: Lord Byron, 114, 118; T. Campbell, 145; J. Dunlop, 150; J. Hogg, 146; D.M. Moir, 134; J. Richardson, 120; S. Rogers, 115; W. Scott, 104, 129; W. Smyth, 113, 127, 131, 144; [J.?] Thomson, 107; P.F. Tytler, 140; H.M. Williams, 134
av: 106, 126, 140, 142

note: to be matched with **SIg**, **SIIf**, **SIVf** and **SVc**. See note on **sh** for **SIg**

SIIIg: Vol. III (1838)

Title-page generally as **SIIIf**, but with 1838 printed, or handwritten at the top of the page and alongside Thomson's name at the bottom of the page. Another issue of **SIIIf** where many of the musical impressions and most of the letterpress appears to be identical to 1831

p: 'Coventry & Hollier, 71 Dean Street, Soho'
vi: often same as **SIg**
i: **f** as **SIIIa**, but usually with added illustrations - 'Fee him father' - Allan; 'Ettrick Banks' - Allan/Stothard/T. Ranson
am: 105, 108, 120, 138

note: to be matched with **SIh**, **SIIg**, **SIVg**, **SVd** and possibly **SVIa**. Vol. III dated 1838 which is found at **GB-En** Mus. L 1. 68-9 includes one song which is dated 1850. Song no. 124, entitled **Thomson's Christmas carol - Maggie Lauder's nuptials** is identical to the earlier Haydn setting of **Maggie Lauder** (originally found in Vol. III no. 125), but has new verses by Thomson which have resulted in alterations to the musical plate. The plate has clearly been dated 1850

Fourth Scottish Volume (SIV)

SIVa: Vol. IV (1805)

Title-page and format as **SIIIa**.
First edition
Usually no preface, but includes a 'Glossary of the Scottish words which occur in G. Thomson's Collection of the songs, made up from the best authorities'
Text, nos. 151-200

f: 'Burns' - Nasmyth/P. Thomson
m: Haydn (51)
v: na (20); S. Blamire (1); A. Boswell (8); R. Burns (23); A. Cunningham[e] (1); W. Dudgeon (1); J. Glover (1); A. Grant (7); H. MacNeill (5); W. Pickering (1); A. Ramsay (3); J. Richardson (3); J. Skinner (1); J. Tait (1)
sh: 26 April 1805

note: to be matched with Vols. I, II and III of 1803 - **SIb**, **SIIb** and **SIIIb**

SIVb: Vol. IV (1808):

Title-page and format as **SIVa**
Another issue of **SIVa**, with changes to prefatory material and a new advertisment with detailed reference to the first volume of the Welsh Collection of 1809 (see **WI**).
Colophon dated 1808. New letterpress

av: 189 now attributed to R. Burns (formerly na)

note: this volume was most probably produced to replenish stocks of **SIVa**.

SIVc: Vol. IV (1812)

Title-page and format as **SIVb**
Another issue of **SIVb**, but the prefatory material is dated 1810 and is that found in Vols. II and III of 1810 (**SIIc**, **SIIIc**). Colophon 1812. New letterpress

av: 178

note: this volume may well have been produced to match Vol. I of 1809 (**SIc**) and Vols. II and III of 1810 (**SIIc**, **SIIIc**). (See Thomson's letter to Preston: **GB-Lbl** Add. MS 35267/36-7)

SIVd: Vol. IV (1815)

Title-page and format as **SIVc**
Another issue of **SIVc**, but new prefatory material. 'To the Public' dated 1815 or 1816. Colophon dated 1815. See Vol. II of 1815 (**SIId**). The Burns frontispiece is usually dated 1817, as it was re-engraved for this set of volumes. New letterpress

nm: Haydn, 193
nv: A. Boswell, 193

note: part of a matching set of four volumes marketed in 1817 - Vols. I and III of 1817 (**SIe, SIIId**) and with Vol. II also of 1815 (**SIId**) which Thomson called a 'new and improved edition'

SIVe: Vol. IV (1826):

Title-page and format as **SIf**
Another issue of **SIVd**, with new title-page and preface dated 1826. Many musical plates re-engraved. New letterpress

nm: W. Clarke, 183; Haydn, 153 (2*), 173; Ferrari, 169 (* the first of these was an old setting with new words (**HO, Hay** 74))
nv: na, 153(2), 154, 172; J. Baillie, 170; R. Burns, 183, 200; C. Gray, 200; W. Scott, 183; W. Smyth, 153(2), 172, 193; G. Thomson, 169, 173; P.F. Tytler, 194
av: 199

note: to be matched with other 1826 volumes: **SIf, SIIe, SIIIe, SVb**

SIVf: Vol. IV (1831)

Title-page as **SIg**, dated 1831. Frontispiece and vignette same as **SIIf**. Another issue of **SIVe** with a new title-page. Many of the musical impressions and much of the letterpress appears to be identical to 1826.
Some of the later songs in the volume are different from those of 1826, and some are in different places. No. 164 of 1826 (**O say my sweet Nan can you lie in a hammock**) is found as no. 166 in 1831, because a new Hogarth setting is found as no. 164. Song no. 166 of 1826 (**Hark the mavis evening sang**) is omitted, but is found later in the Appendix of 1838-9, and as no. 256 in Vol. VI (see **SVIa** and **HO, Hay** 87). No. 180 of 1826 (**What ails this heart of mine**) is found as no. 176 in 1831, but with a new arrangement by Hummel. No. 182 of 1831 is the song **Now in her green mantle** found prior to this as no. 99 of Vol. II of 1826 (see **SIIe**). No. 182 of 1826 (**Kellyburn braes**) is missing. As is also found with Vols. II and III of 1831 (see **SIIf** and **SIIIf**) the pagination is inconsistent in Vol. IV. No. 186 of 1826 (**The minstrel**) appears on pp. 186-7 in 1831. Two songs (**Come fetch to me a pint of wine** and **When o'er the hill**) appear on pp. 188-2d.188 in 1831, replacing an earlier setting of **The blythesome bridal** - no. 187 of 1826. This song, with new lyrics by Joanna Baillie appears as no. 180 in 1831. **Come fetch to me a pint of wine** is set to the tune **The Highland laddie** which is found as no. 189 in 1826. No. 189 of 1831 is **On a bank of flowers** and replaces **A highland lad my love was born** (no. 188 of 1826) which is found as no. 193 in 1831. No. 194 of 1831 is **The three captains,** and no. 194 of 1826 disappears. No. 190 of 1831 is a Beethoven setting **Musing on the roaring ocean** (found as no. 13 (pp. 31-2) of Irish Vol. I - see **IrI**) which replaces **Sae flaxen were her ringlets** of 1826. In 1831 **Sae flaxen were her ringlets** is found as no. 150 in Vol. III (**SIIIf**). No. 195 in 1831 is a new setting of **Johnie Faw** which replaces **When o'er the hill the eastern star** of 1826, and the old arrangement of **Johnie Faw** is displaced by **My mother's ay glowering o'er me** - no. 196 of 1831. The volume ends in 1831 with an added setting (**The lone vale**) which was previously found as no. 134 in Vol. III of 1826 (see **SIIIe**), but is now no. 200

nm: Haydn, 183 (see 1831); Hogarth, 164, 195; Hummel, 176; Kozeluch, 177
am: 162, 179, 192 (reverts to Kozeluch setting)
nv: J. Baillie, 180; W.B. Gardiner, 163*; C. Gray, 164; D. Thomson, 189; P.F. Tytler, 181, 195, 196; D. Vedder, 163*
(* no. 163 has a verse comprising two stanzas by Gardiner and two stanzas by Vedder)

note: to be matched with **SIg, SIIf, SIIIf,** and **SVc.** See **SIg** for note on **sh** of 1831

SIVg: Vol. IV (1838)

Title-page as **SIg**, but dated 1838 and with new fonts. Vignette same as **SIIf**. Another issue of **SIVf**. Most of the musical impressions and much of the letterpress appears to be identical to 1831

p: 'Coventry & Hollier, 71 Dean Street, Soho'
i: **f** as **SIVa**, but usually with added illustrations - 'Kind Robin loe's me' - Stothard/Ranson; 'Now Arthur-seat' - Stothard/Allan/Ranson

note: to be matched with **SIh**, **SIIg**, **SIIIg**, **SVd** and possibly **SVIa**. Vol. IV of 1838 in **GB-En** Mus. L. l. 69 has 'In Six Volumes' printed on its title-page, which suggests that it was issued to match the new Vol. VI of 1841 (see **SVIa**). This particular copy also includes one change - a new second lyric for song no. 179 by Burns entitled **Amang the trees**

Fifth Scottish Volume (SV)

SVa: Vol. V (1818)

A Select Collection of / ORIGINAL SCOTTISH AIRS / With Introductory & Concluding Symphonies / & Accompaniments for the / PIANO FORTE, VIOLIN & VIOLONCELLO / By / Haydn & Beethoven. / With Select Verses adapted to the Airs, including upwards of / One Hundred new Songs by / BURNS. / Together with his celebrated Poem of / The Jolly Beggars / Set to Music by / HENRY R. BISHOP / [Price] / [vignette] / [publishers details]

p: 'Preston, No. 97 Strand'
f: 'The Gaberlunzie Man' - Allan/P. Thomson

Part 1:
First edition
'To the Public' (dated 1818).
Text, nos. 201-30

m: Beethoven (25); Haydn (5)
v: na (1); J. Baillie (2); W. Brown (1); R. Burns (7); Lord Byron (1); H. Carey (1); J. Grahame (1); A. Grant (2*); J. Hogg (3); W. Scott (4); W. Smyth (10); G. Thomson (1); C. H. Towns[h]end (1)
(* only the last 2 stanzas of 222 attributed to Mrs Grant)

Part 2:
THE / JOLLY BEGGARS, / A Cantata, / BY / BURNS: / Set to Music, with / ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, / VIOLIN, FLUTE, & VIOLONCELLO, / BY / HENRY R. BISHOP, / COMPOSER & DIRECTOR OF THE MUSIC TO THE THEATRE-ROYAL / COVENT-GARDEN: / FOR GEORGE THOMSON, EDINBURGH, / 1818.

Preface to **The Jolly Beggars** (dated May 1818); verses only, pp. 3-6; music, 1-30

m: Bishop - introduction, opening chorus, songs (5), final chorus with soloists
v: **The Jolly Beggars** - R. Burns
sh: 15 August 1818

note: to be matched with **SIe**, **SIId**, **SIIId**, and **SIVd**

SVb: Vol. V (1826)

New & Improved Edition: The last half of this Volume first Published in 1826. / A Select Collection of / ORIGINAL SCOTTISH AIRS / With Introductory & Concluding Symphonies / & Accompaniments for the / PIANO FORTE, VIO^N. OR FLUTE & VIOLONCELLO. / By / Haydn, Beethoven / Hummel &c. / WITH / Select Characteristic Verses both Scottish & English / Adapted to the airs / Including upwards of One hundred Songs by / Burns / The whole Collected by G. Thomson F.A.S. Edinburgh in Five Volumes / [prices] / [vignette] / [publishers' details]

The first part of the volume (up to no. 230) is another issue of the first part of **SVa**, with new title-page and some changes. **O cruel was my father**, which was no. 226 in 1818, was omitted in 1826, but became no. 299 in Vol. VI of 1841 with new words by Thomas Pringle (see **SVIa**). **Oh sweet were the hours** was also omitted. The order of the songs from 226 to 230 differs from the order found in **SVa**. The second part of the 1826 volume, here in its first edition, replaces **The Jolly Beggars** of **SVa**. The new Part 2 was 25 new Scottish songs listed below. In 1826 this second part was quite distinct from the first, just as **The Jolly Beggars** had been, although by 1831 the volume ran continuously from songs 200 to 250

Part 1:
The change of order at the end of the first part is as follows:

1818: 226 - **O cruel was my father**; 227 - **Now bank and brae**; 228 - **Again my lyre**; 229 - **O! sweet were the hours**; 230 - **Sally in our alley**

1826: 226 - **Again my lyre**; 227 - **Bring me wine**; 228 - **Now bank and brae**; 229 -**Sally in our alley**; 230 - **I saw thee weep** (first song of 1826 appendix)

nm: na, 224, 227
nv: Lord Byron, 226; D. Thomson, 224; W. Scott, 224; W. Smyth, 227

Part 2:
Text, nos. 230-53

m: na (9); Beethoven (3); Haydn (5); Hummel (5); R.A. Smith (1); D. Thomson (1); Weber (1)

v: na (3); J. Baillie (1); R. Burns (5*); Lord Byron (1); T. Campbell (1); A. Cunningham (4); W. Hamilton (1); A. Hunter (1); J.G. Lockhart (1); T. Percy (1); T. Pringle (2); S. Rogers (1); W. Scott (2); R.B. Sheridan (1); J. Skinner (1); W. Smyth (1); G. Thomson (2*); P.F. Tytler (1)
(* the lyric for 245 has 2 stanzas by Burns and 2 by Thomson)

note: Part 2 is often found separately with the following title-page:

TWENTY-FIVE / ADDITIONAL SCOTTISH AIRS, / WITH / SONGS, / AND / SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS / FOR THE / PIANO-FORTE, VIOLIN, OR FLUTE, & VIOLONCELLO, / COMPOSED FOR THIS WORK BY / HAYDN, HUMMEL, BEETHOVEN, &c. / FORMING A SECOND PART TO / VOL. V / COLLECTED, AND PUBLISHED IN, / 1826, / BY G. THOMSON, EDINBURGH, / AND SOLD BY HIM, AND BY PRESTON, 71, DEAN STREET, SOHO, LONDON. / [prices] / [printer]

sh: 4 January 1827

note: to be matched with **SIf**, **SIIe**, **SIIIe**, and **SIVe**

SVc: Vol. V (1831)

Title-page as **SIg**, but newly engraved and with a new vignette
f as **SVa**

Another issue of **SVb** with several new musical settings and verses. Although many of the musical plates appear to be identical, the letterpress for this volume was new. Song no. 204, which was Beethoven's **Could this ill warld have been contriv'd**, was replaced in 1831 with a new Hummel setting of Byron's **Farewell**, but Beethoven's setting was found later in the Appendix of 1838-9 (4th.100) and then as no. 272 in Vol. VI of 1841 (see **SVIa**). This was also the case with Beethoven's **Music, love and wine** which was no. 208 until 1831. It was replaced with a new setting of Thomas Campbell's **Glencara** by John Thomson. But the Beethoven setting was found later in the Appendix (no. 254 in a new key) and as no. 292 in Vol. VI of 1841 (see **SVIa**). From no. 230 the order of the songs changes. Four of the songs from 1826 found as nos. 236, 241, 242 and 251 were omitted from the new volume and the order of many of the existing songs was different. **Annan Water** (no. 235 in 1826) was found on pp. 234-5 in 1831. **Up quit thy bower** (no. 237 in 1826) was pp. 236-7 in 1831. **O mount and go** (no. 240 in 1826) was no. 239 in 1831. **The soothing shades of gloaming** (no. 243 in 1826) was no. 240 in 1831. **The winter it is past** (no. 244 in 1826) was no. 241 in 1831. **The pibroch of Donuil Dhu** (no. 234 in 1826) was no. 242 in 1831. **My love's a winsome wee thing** (no. 245 in 1826) was no. 243 in 1831. **Come gie's a sang** (no. 246 in 1826) was no. 244 in 1831. **The broad swords of Scotland** (no. 247 in 1826) was no. 245 in 1831. **At even when on each heather bell** (no. 248 in 1826) was no. 246 in 1831. **The bonie house of Airly** (no. 249 in 1826) was no. 247 in 1831. **Over the water to Charlie** (no. 250 in 1826) was no. 248 in 1831. **When the stream is flowing** (no. 252 in 1826) was no. 249 in 1831, and **Gil Morrice** (no. 253 in 1826) was no. 250 in 1831. Hummel's new setting of **I know not why that gentle voice** appeared as no. 222 in 1831, displacing Beethoven's setting of **Faithful Johnie**, which became the ultimate song in the 1831 volume (no. 252). **The childe of Elle** which was the second song of no. 252 in 1826 was displaced by a new Hogarth setting of **The orphan maid** which appeared as the second song of no. 249 in 1831. And **Pretty Sally** which was displaced by Beethoven's setting of Burns's **Parting for ever** as no. 229 of 1831, appeared as no. 251 in the same volume. Hopkinson and Oldman (see **HO, Bee** 109 and 110) state that in 1818 song no. 229 was **Oh sweet were the hours** and in 1826 this changed to **Of all the girls that are so sweet** (i.e. **Pretty Sally**). They do not list any change in 1831, although I have found Beethoven's setting of **Parting for ever** in some copies of this volume

p: 'T. Preston, 71 Dean Street, Soho'
vi: 'Liberty's in every blow' - Stothard/Stothard
nm: Beethoven, 229; Hogarth, 214, 227, 249; Hummel, 204, 215, 222, 242, 249; J. Thomson, 208
nv: na, 249; R. Burns, 215, 217, 226, 229; Lord Byron, 204; T. Campbell, 208; J. Grieve, 218; A. Hunter, 248; J. Logan, 218; P.F. Tytler, 220, 222;
av: 219, 224, 246

note: to be matched with **SIg**, **SIIf**, **SIIIf** and **SIVf**

SVd: Vol. V (1838)

Title-page almost as **SVc**, but Thomson's address on the title-page of 1838 is now '42 York Place, Edinburgh', and not 'Baxter's Place' as on 1831 title-page. T. Preston still given as publisher. Vignette as **SVc**.

Another issue of **SVc**, with letterpress and most musical impressions identical. In the 1838 Vol. V found at **GB-Lbl** I.369.a., no. 208 has a new musical setting by Hogarth to replace the 1831 setting by J. Thomson.

i: **f** as **SVa**, but usually with added illustrations dated 1838 - 'Duncan Gray' - Stothard/R. Scott; 'James V and John Armstrong' - Allan/R.Scott
nm: Hogarth, 208, and sometimes 250 (3) - see note below; often G.F. Graham 204, 208 - see note below
nv: na, 204; often C. Oliphant/G. Thomson, 250; Tannahill, 250 - see note below

note: to be matched with **SIh**, **SIIg**, **SIIIg**, **SIVg** and possibly **SVIa**. A copy of Vol. V dated 1838 in **GB-En** Mus. L. 1. 51-5 includes another two replacement settings for songs 204 and 208 clearly dated 1846. Both settings are by G.F. Graham. No. 208 retains the same verses, but no. 204 no longer has Byron's verses, but another lyric entitled **Forever fortune**. Another copy at **GB-En** Mus. L. 1. 69 contains three new Hogarth settings settings dated 1843, all of which appear at the back of the volume and all of which are numbered 250. The first is a setting of **The laird of Cockpen**, with new verses added by G. Thomson; the second is a setting of **Wae's for me Prince Charlie** and the third is a setting of Tannahill's verses for **The braes of Balwhidder**

Sixth Scottish Volume (SVI)

SVIa: Vol. VI (1841)

VOLUME SIXTH / OF / MELODIES OF SCOTLAND, / With Symphonies and Accompaniments for the / PIANO FORTE, VIOLIN, &c. / BY / PLEYEL, HAYDN, BEETHOVEN, / WEBER, HUMMEL, &c. / The Poetry Chiefly by / BURNS. / The Whole collected by G. Thomson, F.A.S.E. / IN SIX VOLUMES. / Air - Wat ye wha I met yestreen. / The Young LAIRD and Edinburgh KATY / [vignette dated 1841 - with first line] / [prices] / [publishers' details]

First edition. Preface dated September 1841. Although this was the first edition of the sixth volume some of the songs had appeared in earlier volumes and most of the new songs had already been issued in a separate appendix published by Thomson in 1838-9: nos. 254-65, 268, 270, 271, 272, 292-3, 294, 296, 301 in Vol. VI were all included in Thomson's appendix listed below. Nos. 275, 278, 289, 298 and 300 are listed by Hopkinson and Oldman as brand new settings by Haydn (**HO, Hay** 144) and Beethoven (**HO, Bee** 123-6) not previously published by Thomson. No. 274, a Beethoven setting of Burns's **A fugitive in the Highlands** was originally no. 28 in Vol. I of the Irish Collection (see **IrI**), and no. 290, a setting of Burns's **Anna** by Beethoven, was found earlier as no. 128 in Vol. III of the Welsh Collection (see **WIII**). Nearly all of the remaining songs are new
Text, nos. 253-301

p: 'Coventry and Hollier, 71 Dean Street, Soho'
vi: 'The young Laird and Edinburgh Katy' - D. Allan
f: 'The Origin of Painting' - Allan/Cunego
m: Beethoven (13); Bishop (5 - see note below); Haydn (11); Hogarth (18); Kozeluch (1)
v: na (3); J. Baillie (3); R. Burns (24*); Lord Byron (1); T. Campbell (1); R. Chambers (2); J. Hogg (2); Lady Anne Lindsay (1); D.M. Moir (1); T. Pringle (1); A. Ramsay (1); W. Scott (1); W. Smyth (2); G. Thomson (2**); D. Vedder (1)
(* Burns wrote the last 2 stanzas only for song 258)
(** Thomson altered song 268)
sh: 12 March 1842

note: Thomson's address on the titlepage is '7 Pelham Place, Brompton'. Most probably to be matched with 1838 volumes **SIh, SIIg, SIIIg, SIVg** and **SVd**. One copy of this volume at **GB-En** Mus. L. 1. 69 contains two settings dated 1845 by Bishop (hence 7 settings and not 5, which is also the number listed by Hopkinson and Oldman). No. 307 is Bishop's setting of **The merry men of Anster** and no. 308 is his setting of **The barring of the door**

The 1838-9 Appendix was as follows:

TWENTY / SCOTTISH MELODIES / ADDED IN 1838-9 / TO GEORGE THOMSON'S / NEW EDITION OF THE MELODIES, WITH SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS / BY HAYDN, BEETHOVEN, &c. ... / PUBLISHED BY G. THOMSON, EDINBURGH: AND ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL IN 1839 BY G.T.

m: Beethoven (7); Haydn (8); Hogarth (6)
v: na (2); J. Baillie (1); R. Burns (9); Lord Byron (1); T. Campbell (1); J. Hogg (2); D.M. Moir (1); A. Ramsay (1); W. Smyth (2); D. Vedder (1)
sh: 2 October 1839

note: like the 1826 Appendix (see **SIf**) the title gives a false number of settings: 20 instead of 21. The songs in the Appendix appeared with page numbering quite different from their final positions in Vol VI. Most of them appear in the Appendix with the numbers 50, 100, 150, 200 attached, implying that Thomson intended to add them to the ends of existing Vols. I-IV. In one copy of Vol. II of 1838 (**GB-En** Mus L. 1. 51-5) the verses for three songs added at the back of the volume, all numbered 100, match the Appendix numbering exactly, but the musical settings are not included in this volume. This suggests however, that Thomson's original idea to add many of these new songs to the ends of volumes already published was in fact carried out. The existence of an a flute/violin part for Vol. V in **GB-En** dated 1838 (**Inglis** 258 (10)) also indicates that the songs numbered 253-60 in the Appendix were to be attached to existing copies of Vol. V. I have seen no other copies of volumes with these additions. Hopkinson and Oldman state that only three of the eight Haydn settings were new - **The blythe young lad, Charming Anne** and **The exile of Erin** (**HO, Hay** 141-3). One of these Haydn settings **The blythe young lad** (4th 50 in the Appendix) failed to appear, as far as we know, in any other Thomson publication, but the others were all included in Vol. VI. Hopkinson and Oldman also believe that only three of the seven Beethoven settings were new - **My Harry was a gallant gay, Cease your funning** and **The national anthem** (**HO, Bee** 120-2). Although the first two songs were incorporated in Vol. VI, Thomson used Bishop's setting of **The national anthem** instead. Some settings in the Appendix had already been published in earlier volumes: for example **The maid that tends the goats** and **Music, love and wine**. The first of these was found until this date as no. 166 in Vol. IV and **Music, love and wine** was originally published in Vol. V as no. 208 in a different key, and it was displaced in the 1831 Vol. V by a new setting entitled **Glencara** - music by J. Thomson and verses by T. Campbell (see **SVc** and **SVd**)

TABULATED LIST OF THE WELSH VOLUMES

WI: Vol. I (1809):

A / Select Collection of / Original / WELSH AIRS / Adapted for the Voice / UNITED TO CHARACTERISTIC / English Poetry / never before Published, / With Introductory & Concluding Symphonies / and Accompaniments for the / PIANO FORTE or HARP, VIOLIN & VIOLONCELLO / Composed Chiefly by / Joseph Haydn / [prices] / [publishers' details]

First edition dated 1809
Prefatory essay 'Of the Welsh Bards and Minstrels' is undated

p: 'Preston, No. 97 Strand'
f: 'Llangollen Vale' - D. Thomson/R. Scott
m: Kozeluch (10); Haydn (20)
v: na (2); J. Baillie (2); A. Boswell (3); G. Cooper (1); A. Grant (7); A. Hunter (5); M.G. Lewis (3); R. Llwyd (1); A. Opie (3); S. Rogers (1); W.S. Roscoe (2); W. Scott (2); W. Smyth (1); W.R. Spencer (1); G. Warrington (2); E. Williams (1); Dr Wolcot [P. Pindar](1)
sh: 29 June 1809

note: to be matched with **WII** and **WIII**

WII: Vol. II (1811):

Title-page and format as **WI**
First edition dated 1811

f: 'The Fortune Teller' - R. Smirke/P. Thomson
m: Kozeluch (16); Haydn (18) - four songs appear with settings by both composers (56+, 57+, 58+ and 59+)
v: na (1); J. Baillie (4); A. Boswell (2); R. Burns (1); T. Campbell (1); A. Grant (8); T. Griffith (3); A. Hunter (7); A. Opie (3); W.S. Roscoe (1); W.R. Spencer (1); D. Thomson (2); T. Toms (2); E. Williams (1)
sh: 3 September 1811

note: to be matched with **WI** and **WIII**

WIII: Vol. III (1817)

Title-page and format as **WI**
First edition dated 1817

f: 'Conway Castle' - D. Thomson/R. Scott
m: Haydn (4); Beethoven (26)
v: na (2*); R. Burns (3); A. Grant (1); A. Hunter (5); W. Jones (1); R. Llwyd (1); A. Opie (2); J. Richardson (1); W. Scott (2); W. Smyth (11); W.R. Spencer (1)
(* both translated by 'a clergyman' - both written by David Ap Gwillim)
sh: 20 June 1817

note: to be matched with **WI** and **WII**

TABULATED LIST OF THE IRISH VOLUMES

IrI: Vol. I (1814)

A / Select Collection of / ORIGINAL IRISH AIRS / For the Voice: / UNITED TO CHARACTERISTIC ENGLISH POETRY / Written for this Work. / with / SYMPHONIES & ACCOMPANIMENTS / FOR THE / PIANO FORTE, VIOLIN, & VIOLONCELLO, / Composed By / BEETHOVEN. / VOL: [hand-written number] / [price] / [publishers' details]

First edition dated 1814
Preface dated 1814

f: 'St Cecilia' - Reynolds/ P. Thomson
m: Beethoven (29); Haydn (1)
v: na (3); J. Baillie (4); A. Boswell (3); R. Burns (4*); T. Campbell (1); J.P. Curran (2); A. Grant (2); W. Scott (3); W. Smyth (2); W.R. Spencer (1); D. Thomson (2); T. Toms (3); H.M. Williams (1); Dr Wolcot [P. Pindar] (1)
(* two of these songs - 17, 20 - have stanzas by Burns though they are indexed under 'Mrs Grant')
sh: 10 March 1815

note: to be matched with **IrII**

IrII: Vol. II (1816):

Title-page and format as **IrI**
First edition dated 1816
New preface dated 1816

f: 'The Origin of Painting' - Allan/Cunego
m: Beethoven (30)
v: J. Baillie (1); A. Boswell (4); R. Burns (1); Lord Byron (1); J.F.M. Dovaston (1); W. Smyth (20); D. Thomson (2)
sh: 30 May 1816

note: to be matched with **IrI**.

APPENDIX II

INDICES OF THE SONGS IN THOMSON'S SCOTTISH, WELSH AND IRISH VOLUMES

There are two indices in this appendix. The first lists the songs alphabetically by the first line of lyric ('Index of First Lines'); and the second lists the songs, also in alphabetical order, by title of melody ('Index of the Melodies'). Both indices contain the same information, but are consquently easy to use by a reader who knows either the first line of the lyric or the title of the melody alone. Songs are cited in their first form. The collections are identified by a single letter, as elsewhere in the thesis - Scottish (**S**), Welsh (**W**) and Irish (**Ir**) - and citations are identical to those found in Appendix I and in the body of the thesis proper. The numerous changes to individual melodies and lyrics are not listed in these indices. If the reader wishes to know if and when any particular song was altered, he must follow Appendix I, in which the changes to songs within the separate volumes are listed chronologically.

Those melodies marked * are the melodies which bore no specific name in Thomson's volumes, but which are usually known by the title of the song's lyric. Those marked GT are unnamed melodies composed by Thomson. It should be noted that there are 14 songs at the end of the 'Index of Melodies', which could not be listed alphabetically because their melodies bear no name. These songs are, however, listed alphabetically in the 'Index of First Lines'. The spellings are those printed by Thomson in his volumes. Many of them are inconsistent with the spellings found in other contemporary collections, but it should be recognized that some are inconsistent even within Thomson's volumes.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

First line of lyric	Title of Melody	Citation
A bonny lass, laden with care	Sae merry as we ha'e been	SVI, 262
A chieftain to the highlands bound	Lord Ullin's daughter	SV, 233
A golden robe my love shall wear	The golden robe	WIII, 71-3
A health to the brave, in fields afar	The red fox	IrII, 126-8
A highland lad my love was born	The white cockade	SIV, 188
A lass that was laden with care	Sae merry as we ha'e been	SII, 82
A rosebud by my early walk	The shepherd's wife	SIII, 112
A soldier am I, all the world	The bonny grey-ey'd morn	SV, 224
A steed! a steed of matchless speed!	The war enthusiast	SVI, 284
A wand'ring gypsy, sirs, I am	The legacy	IrI, 55-6
A wee bird came to our ha' door	Wae's for me Prince Charlie*	SVd, 3d.250
A wooer came to our town	Aikendrum	SV, 251
A youth, adorn'd with every art	Tears that must ever fall	SIII, 149
Adieu, ye streams that smoothly glide	Adieu ye streams	SI, 34
Adown winding Nith I did wander	The mucking o'Geordie's byre	SII, 66
Again my lyre, yet once again	Marian's Dream	SV, 228
Again rejoicing Nature sees	I wish my love were in a myre	SIII, 137
Ah ope, Lord Gregory, thy door	Lord Gregory	SI, 38
Ah the shepherd's mournful fate	Gallashiels	SIII, 141
Ah! Chloris could I now but sit	Gilderoy	SI, 20
Ah! sure a pair was never seen	The highland laddie	SII, 78
Ah! the moment was sad	Savourna deligh	SII, 98
Ah! where is now my soul's delight	Highland Mary	SIII, 114
Alas! I perceive all my wishes are vain	Thro' the wood, laddie	SIII, 143
Alas! the sunny hours are past	Farewel to Ayr	SII, 85
All white hang the bushes	Calenrig, the new year's gift	WII, 47
Alone to the banks	Captain O'Kain	SII, 97

First line of lyric	Title of Melody	Citation
An wert thou mine ain thing	An wert thou mine ain thing	SIII, 120
And O for ane and twenty, Tam!	Up in the morning early	SII, 59
And oh, for ane and twenty Tam	O sweet ane and twenty	SVI, 273
And we're a' noddin, nid nid noddin	We're a' noddin*	SV, 242
And will you love me, Mary dear	Morgan and Meggan, Ursula	WII, 52
And ye shall walk in silk attire	The siller crown	SI, 44
Anna thy charms my bosom fire	Anna's charms	SVI, 290
Argyle is my name	Bannocks o' barley-meal	SIII, 129
Around this festive table	Rattling roaring Willy	SIVe, 153
As Amoret with Phillis sat	On a bank of flowers	SII, 88
As I slept on the bank	The willow	WII, 46
As I stood by yon roofless tower	The minstrel	SIV, 186
As I was a wand'ring on a Midsummer	As I was wand'ring, Highland air	SVI, 289
As spreading hawthorn shades the seat	The dairy-house	WIII, 107-8
As walking forth to view the plain	Katharine Ogie	SII, 83
At ev'n when on each heather bell	O gin ye were dead, gudeman	SV, 248
At setting day and rising morn	The mill mill, O!	SI, 22
At Willy's wedding in the green	Jenny dang the weaver	SIV, 174
Auld gudeman, ye're a drunken carle	The east neuk o' Fife	SIV, 165
Away ye gay landscapes	Lochnagar	SVI, 296
Away, let nought to love displeasing	The old sybil, Winifreda	WI, 5
Awa' Whigs awa', Awa' Whigs awa'	Awa' Whigs awa'	SVI, 258
Awa' wi' your witchcraft	Ballinamona ora	SII, 100
Ay waking O!	Ay waking O!	SIII, 111
Aye sure thou art dear Taffy Morgan	Of a noble race was Shenkin	WII, 35
Be mine a cot in some lone glen	O'er the moor amang the heather	SIV, 158
Be still, O ye winds, and attentive	The yellow-hair'd laddie	SI, 13
Behind yon hills where Lugar flows	My Nanie O	SI, 4
Behold my love how green the groves	Away to bonnie Tweedside	SV, 201
Behold the hour the boat arrive	Oran gaoil	SIV, 154
Beneath a beech's grateful shade	Peggy, I must love thee	SIII, 124
Beneath a green shade, a lovely	The braes of Ballenden	SII, 84
Bless'd as th' immortal gods is he	I wish my love were in a myre	SIII, 137
Blythe hae I been on yon hill	The Quaker's wife	SII, 58
Blythe, blythe and merry are we	The merry men of Anster	SVI, 307

First line of lyric	Title of Melody	Citation
Blythe, blythe, and merry was she	Andrew and his cutty gun	SII, 61
Blythe, blythe, blythe was she	Andrew and his cutty gun	SII, 61
Bonie lassie, will ye go	The birks of Abergeldie	SIII, 136
Bonny wee thing, canny wee thing	Bonny wee thing	SV, 236
Brave Llewellyn turn'd and sigh'd	The departure of the King	WII, 42
Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes	Galla water	SI, 11
Bring me wine	GT	SVb, 227
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride	The braes of Yarrow	SI, 12
But are ye sure the news is true!	Up and war them a', Willie	SIV, 163
But lately seen, in gladsome green	The death of the linnet	SIII, 139
By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove	Allan water	SII, 79
By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove	Jinglan Johnie	SIId, 79
By Logan's streams that rin sae deep	Logan water	SIII, 116
By Pinky house oft let me walk	Pinky house	SIII, 146
By the side of the Shannon	Kitty of Coleraine	IrII, 83-5
By William late offended	The run-away bride	SV, 221
By yon castle wa'	There will never be peace	SVI, 265
Cam ye by Athole, Donald MacGillavry	Bonnie Prince Charlie	SIIf, 98
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy	Roy's wife	SII, 70
Cauld blaws the wind frae north to south	Up in the morning early	SII, 59
Cease your funning, force or cunning	Cease your funning	SVI, 264
Come all ye jolly shepherds that whistle	Come all ye jolly shepherds	SVI, 256
Come draw we round a cheerful ring		IrI, 19-20
Come every shepherd with his love	Away, my herd, under the green oak	WI, 16
Come fill, fill, my good fellow	There's three good fellows	SV, 213
Come gie's a sang Montgomerie cried	Tullochgorum	SV, 246
Come rest ye here, Johnie, what news	The soldier laddie	SIV, 172
Come under my plaidy, the night's	Johnny MacGill	SIV, 171
Come ye nice maidens, come hither to me	The pedlar	WI, 15
Come, all ye youths	Irish air	SII, 96
Come, Darby dear! easy, be easy	Kate Kearney	IrII, 133-4
Come, dear Amanda, quit the town	Corn riggs	SI, 7
Come, fetch to me a pint o' wine	The old highland laddie	SIV, 189
Come, fill me a bumper	Todlin hame	SII, 71
Come, gentle God of soft repose	Donald	SI, 15

First line of lyric	Title of Melody	Citation
Come, let me take thee to my breast	Ally Croaker	SII, 93
Come, sweetest composer of grief	David of the white rock	WI, 6
Coming thro' the craigs of kyle	O'er the moor amang the heather	SIV, 158
Contented wi' little and canty	Lumps o'pudding	SII, 65
Could aught of song declare my pain	Craigieburn wood	SI, 32
Could I find a bonny glen	The wish	SIV, 181
Could this ill warld have been contrived	Mischievous woman	SV, 204
Could this ill warld have been contrived	Mischievous woman	SVI, 272
Craz'd Walter came to our Lady's gate	Johny Faw, the gypsie laddie	SIV, 196
Dark clouds o'er the ocean	Morva Rhydlan	WI, 3
Dark was the morn and black the sea	The Quaker's wife	SV, 239
Dauntless sons of Celtic sires	The march of the men of Harlech	WI, 2
Dear brother! Yes, the nymph you wed	Cupid's kindness	WIII, 115-16
Dear Colin, quit thy love-sick tale	The Quaker's wife	SII, 58
Dear Nora see	Annan Water	SV, 235
Deluded swain, the pleasure	The collier's bonie lassie	SI, 33
Dim, dim is my eye, as the dew-drop	Love is the cause of my mourning	SV, 216
Dinas Emlinn lament	David of the white rock	WI, 6
Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?	Rise up and bar the door	SI, 47
Donald Caird can lilt and sing		SVb, 224
Dost not hear the martial hum?	The soldier's return	WI, 11
Duncan Gray came here to woo	Duncan Gray	SI, 48
Enchantress, farewell	Kinloch of Kinloch	SV, 217
Ere yet we slumbers seek	Drive the world before me	WIII, 129-30
Fair Plenty came to our blest isle	Bessy Bell and Mary Gray	SIII, 138
Fair Tivy! how sweet are thy waves	The damsels of Cardigan	WIII, 105-6
Fairest maid on devon banks	Rothiemurchus rant	SIII, 121
Fam'd for our warmth, we now rejoice	The happy Cambrians	WII, 48
Far in the glen, whence yonder light	Scornfu' Nansy, Nansy's to the greenwood	SIII, 148
Farewell bliss, and farewell Nancy	Lough Sheeling	IrI, 48-50
Farewell mirth and hilarity	The humours of Balamagairy	IrII, 86-8
Farewell to Lochaber	Lochaber	SI, 10
Farewell, dear mistress of my soul	The eye of blue	SVb, 230
Farewell, farewell, thou noisy town	The welcome of the hostess	WIII, 81-2
Farewell! if ever fondest prayer	Farewell	SVc, 204

First line of lyric	Title of Melody	Citation
Farewel, dear mistress of my soul	Irish air	SII, 96
Farewel, thou fair day, thou green	My lodging is on the cold ground	SII, 76
Farewel, ye dungeons dark and strong	Macpherson's farewel	SIII, 144
Fate gave the word, the arrow sped	Gil Morris	SI, 45
First when Maggy was my care	Whistle o'er the lave o't	SIV, 169
For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove	Logan water	SIII, 116
For the sake of gold she's left me	For the sake of gold	SII, 64
For you, ye fair, the olive spreads	The looking glass	SIII, 113
Forc'd to leave my only treasure	The flowers of London	WII, 34
Forever fortune wilt thou prove	Farewell	SVc, 204
From Garyone, my happy home	Garyone	IrI, 53-4
From the brown crest of Newark	The banner of Buccleuch	SIg, 32
From the chace of the mountains	Macgregor of Ruara's lament	SIV, 176
From thee Eliza, I must go	Donald	SI, 15
Gil Morrice was an Earle's son	Gil Morrice	SV, 253
Gilderoy was a bonny boy	Gilderoy	SI, 20
Gin I had a wee house	Bide ye yet	SIVe, 153
Gin living worth could win my heart	The waefu' heart	SI, 16
Gin ye meet a bonny lassie	Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae	SII, 53
Gird on the sword, and string the bow	The delight of Gruffydd ap Cynan	WII, 51
Glowing with love, on fire for fame	The troubadour	SIIIe, 125
Go youth, by all regretted	The dawn of day	WI, 4
God save our Gracious Queen	God save the Queen	SVI, 301-6
Gone is my heart, for ever gone	The silken snood	SI, 41
Good morrow to thy sable beak	The note of the black cock	WI, 24
Good night and joy be wi' ye a'	Good night and joy be wi' ye	SIV, 200
Had I a cave on some wild distant shore	Robin Adair	SII, 92
Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd	Gramachree	SI, 18
Hard is the fate of him who loves	Waly waly	SI, 19
Hark the mavis ev'ning sang	The maid that tends the goats	SVI, 257
Hark, the mortal trumpet sounding	Come to battle	WI, 19
Hark! hark! 'tis a voice	Queen Mary's lamentation	SIII, 118
Hark! on the gale sounds sweetly flowing	The melody of North Wales	WI, 29
Hark! the mavis' evening sang	The maid that tends the goats	SIV, 166
Harp of the winds! in airy measure	To the Aeolian harp	WIII, 83-4

First line of lyric	Title of Melody	Citation
Harry was a gallant gay	Highland Harry back again	SVI, 271
He promis'd me at parting	Killeavy	IrII, 129-30
Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain	The bush aboon Traquair	SI, 5
Hear the shouts of Evan's son!	Sion, the son of Evan	WIII, 61-3
Hearken, and I will tell you how	Muirland Willie	SIV, 177
Hech! what a change ha'e we now	Kellyburn braes	SIV, 182
Hence! away with idle sorrow!	Hunting the hare	WII, 50
Her features speak the warmest heart	The corporation	WIII, 69-70
Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie	Here awa', there awa'	SI, 2
Here is the glen and here the bower	The flowers of Edinburgh	SI, 27
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear	Here's a health to them that's awa'	SII, 75
Here's to the lake and the hill	Bannocks of barley	SV, 241
Hey Johnie Cope are ye waking yet	Johnie Cope*	SVI, 253
Hide not thy anguish	Dermot	IrI, 37-8
His boat comes on the sunny tide	The little harvest rose	IrI, 17-18
How blythe ilk morn was I to see	The broom of Cowdenknows	SIII, 128
How can my poor heart be glad	O'er the hills and far awa	SIV, 161
How closely the woodbine has twined	The blossom of honey-suckle	WI, 27
How cruel are the parents	Helpless woman	WIII, 97-8
How fondly I gaze	The blossom of the thorn	WII, 57
How gloomy the face of all nature	The bend of the horse-shoe	WII, 55
How hard's the fate of womankind	For a' that and a' that	SII, 55
How lang and dreary is the night	Cauld kail in Aberdeen	SI, 31
How mild that e'er the sun went down	Wha'll be King but Charlie	SIIe, 96
How my love could hapless doubts	The fair maids of Mona	WIII, 74-6
How pleasant the banks	Highland air	SIII, 134
How sweet this lone vale	Highland air	SIII, 134
Husband, husband, cease your strife	My jo Janet	SII, 62
I am bow'd down with years	The wandering minstrel	IrII, 106-8
I dream'd I lay where flowers	O Molly, Molly my dearest honey	IrII, 73-5
I envy not the splendour fine	The cottage maid	WIII, 67-8
I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen	The blathrie o't	SIII, 119
I gaze upon yon mountains	The dawn of day	WI, 4
I have a silent sorrow here	The eye of blue	SVb, 230
I know not why thy gentle voice	Eskmount	SVc, 222

First line of lyric	Title of Melody	Citation
I lo'e ne'er a laddie but ane	Happy Dick Dawson	SIV, 185
I met four chaps yon birks amang	Jenny's bawbee	SIV, 197
I neither got promise of siller nor land	Todlin hame	SVI, 287
I saw thee weep, - the big bright tear	The eye of blue	SVb, 230
I sigh and lament me in vain	Queen Mary's lamentation	SIII, 118
I sing of a whistle, a whistle of worth	O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad	SII, 94
I told my nymph, I told her true	The blathrie o't	SIII, 119
I wish I were where Helen lies	Fair Helen of Kirkconnell	SIV, 168
I would not from the wise require	Bide ye yet	SIVe, 153
If sadly thinking	The deserter	IrI, 24-6
If those who live in shepherd's bower	John, come kiss me now	SII, 54
If wine and music have the power	O Jean I love thee	SI, 29
In April, when primroses paint	The yellow-hair'd laddie	SI, 13
In days of ancient story	The minstrelsy of Chirk Castle	WII, 39
In summer when the hay was mawn	John, come kiss me now	SII, 54
In the vale of Llangollen a cottage	The crystal ground	WI, 21
In the white cot where Peggy dwells	Merch Megan, Peggy's daughter	WIII, 88-90
In vain to this desert my fate I deplore	The lady in the desert, Coolun	IrI, 39-41
In vain, fond youth, thy tears give o'er	The bonie brucket lassie	SI, 42
In winter, when the rain rain'd cauld	Tak' your auld cloak about ye	SIII, 142
In yonder snug cottage	Three hundred pounds	WIII, 124-6
It was about the Martinmas time	Rise up and bar the door	SI, 47
It was about the Martinmas time	The barring of the door	SVI, 308
It was in and about the Mart'mas time	Barbara Allan	SIII, 130
It was the charming month of May	Charming Anne, Greensleewes	SVI, 259
It was the charming month of May	Dainty Davie	SII, 69
I'll ha'e my coat o' gude snuff-brown	The auld gudeman	SIII, 147
I'll praise the Saints with early song	Abigail Judge	IrII, 101-2
I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young	I'm o'er young to marry	SVI, 268
I'm wearing awa', John	Hey tutti taiti	SIII, 133
I'm weary of the sun so bright	Fingal's lament	SV, 210
I've heard o' lilting	The flowers of the forest	SII, 81
I've no sheep on the mountain	Maltraeth	WII, 58
I've seen the smiling of fortune	The flowers of the forest	SII, 81
John Anderson, my jo, John	John Anderson, my jo	SII, 51

First line of lyric	Title of Melody	Citation
Judy, lovely, matchless creature	Slaunt Ri Plulib	IrII, 139-40
Keen blaws the wind o'er Donocht head	The minstrel	SIV, 186
Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks	Rothiemurchus rant	SIII, 121
Last May a braw wooer cam' down	The lothian lassie	SII, 52
Last night worn with anguish	Black Sir Harry	WIII, 99-101
Laura, thy sighs must now no more	The parting kiss	WIII, 127-8
Let brain-spinning swains	A trip to the Dargle	IrI, 35-6
Let my lass be young and my wine	The three captains	SIVd, 193
Let my lass be young, my wine be old	The three captains	SIV, 193
Let no woman e'er complain	Duncan Gray	SI, 48
Let not glory's trumpet sounding	The flowers of London	WII, 34
Loud blaw the frosty breezes	Morag	SII, 67
Loud, how loud the north wind blowing	New Year's night	WII, 41
Love never more shall give me pain	My dearie an thou die	SIII, 122
Love's goddess in a myrtle grove	Bonny Jean	SIII, 131
Low hung the dark clouds on	Venture Gwen	WI, 9
Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion	Deil tak the wars	SIV, 157
Mary's charms subdued my breast	Galla water	SI, 11
Mine be a cot beside the hill	O gin ye were dead, gudeman	SV, 248
Morning a cruel turmoiler is	I was a boy for bewitching	IrI, 51-2
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn	The tears of Caledonia	SII, 87
Musing on the roaring ocean	Peggy bawn	SIVf, 190
Musing on the roaring ocean	Peggy bawn	IrI, 31-2
My Colin, lov'd Colin, my Colin, my dear	Chro challin	SIV, 198
My daddy is a canker'd carle	Low down in the broom	SII, 86
My dear and only love, I pray	Marquis of Montrose	SVI, 297
My heart is a-breaking dear titty	The mucking o'Geordie's byre	SII, 66
My heart is light, my limbs are light	My heart is light*	SVI, 254
My heart is sair, I darena tell	Somebody	SV, 232
My heart's in the Highlands	Hey, Jenny, come down	SVI, 286
My love built me a bonnie bower	The Border widow's lament	SIV, 162
My love she's but a lassie yet	My love she's but a lassie yet	SI, 35
My love was born in Aberdeen	The white cockade	SIV, 188
My love's a winsome wee thing	My love's a winsome wee thing	SV, 245
My loyal heart is light and free	Over the water to Charlie	SV, 250

First line of lyric	Title of Melody	Citation
My Mary's face, my Mary's form	The ewie wi' the crooked horn	SIII, 106
My mither's ay glowrin o'er me	My mither's ay glowrin o'er me	SIV, 194
My Patie is a lover gay	Corn riggs	SI, 7
My pleasant home beside the Dee!	The old strain	WIII, 121-3
My sheep I neglected	My apron deary	SI, 9
My sorrow, deep sorrow	Macgregor of Ruara's lament	SIV, 176
Nae gentle dames tho' e'er so fair	The deuks dang o'er my daddie	SI, 37
Nansy's to the greenwood gane	Scornfu' Nansy, Nansy's to the greenwood	SIII, 148
No Henry, I must not	Happiness lost	WIII, 119-20
No house in the village could stow them	Woo'd and married and a'	SIII, 150
No more my heart shall loosely rove	O'er bogie	SIII, 140
No more, my Mary, I sigh for splendour	The brown thorn	IrII, 137-8
No riches from his scanty shore	Within this village dwells a maid	IrI, 63-4
November's hail-cloud drifts away	The orphan maid	SVc, 249
Now bank and brae are clothed in green	I canna come ilka day to woo	SV, 227
Now bar the door, shut out the gale	The inspired bard	WII, 36
Now in her green mantle	Coolun	SII, 99
Now mild that eve the sun went down	The boatman	SIV, 183
Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers	Dainty Davie	SII, 69
Now spring has clad the grove in green	The hopeless lover	SII, 91
Now the beams of May morn	The braes of Balquhidder	SIIf, 97
Now there's peace on the shore	Oh the roast beef of old England	SV, 247
Now wat ye wha I met yestreen	Edinburgh Kate	SIV, 194
Now westlin' winds and sportsmens' guns	Ally Croaker	SII, 93
O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray	Bessy Bell and Mary Gray	SIII, 138
O bonie was yon rosy brier	The wee, wee man	SIII, 115
O cease to mourn, unhappy youth	The waefu' heart	SI, 16
O Charlie is my darling	Charlie is my darling	SIf, 49
O cherub content	The flower of North Wales	WII, 53
O cruel was my father that shut	The withered flower	SV, 226
O Erin! to thy harp divine	The old woman	IrII, 143-4
O farewell, my Frances, sweet Frances	Farewell Frances	WI, 18
O harp of Erin thou art now laid low	I once had a true love	IrI, 59-60
O heard ye yon pibroch sound sad	Glencara	SVc, 208
O how can I be blythe and glad	Miss Forbes's farewell	SV, 212

First line of lyric	Title of Melody	Citation
O lassie, art thou sleeping yet	Let me in this ae night	SIV, 156
O lay thy loof in mine lass	The cordwainer's march*	SVI, 279
O let me music hear	Music, love and wine	SVI, 292-3
O let me music hear	Music, love and wine	SV, 208
O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide	Logan water	SIII, 116
O Logie o'Buchan, O Logie the laird	Logie o'Buchan	SII, 57
O love will venture in	The posie	SI, 36
O lovely Polly Stewart, O charming Polly	Polly Stewart	SVI, 278
O maid of Isla, from yon cliff	The maid of Isla	SV, 209
O Marion is a bonny lass	Polwarth on the green	SV, 218
O Marion, so sweet are thy kisses	The ewe-bughts	SI, 8
O Mary at thy window be	The Glasgow lasses	SV, 219
O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty	My tocher's the jewel	SII, 73
O might I but my Patrick love!		IrII, 131-2
O mild is the sun	Morva Rhydlan	WI, 3
O mirk, mirk, is the midnight hour	Lord Gregory	SI, 38
O mount and go, mount and make you	O mount and go*	SV, 240
O mourn, my harp, along the vale	The Britons	WI, 20
O my love's like the red red rose	Wishaw's favourite	SII, 89
O Nancy, wilt thou go with me	My Nanie O	SI, 4
O Nancy, wilt thou leave the town	Ettrick banks	SIII, 101
O once I lov'd a bonnie lass	Hey, Jenny, come down	SVI, 286
O Phely, happy be that day	Jacobite air	SIV, 160
O poortith cauld and restless love	I had a horse, and I had nae mair	SI, 49
O Sandy, why leav'st thou thy Nelly	Thro' the wood, laddie	SIII, 143
O Sandy, why thus leave thy Nelly	Through the wood laddie	SVI, 255
O saw ye bonie Lesley	The collier's bonie lassie	SI, 33
O say not that Arthur	The door-clapper	WII, 54
O say, my sweet Nan	O bonny lass, will you lie in a barrack	SIV, 164
O send Lewie Gordon hame	Lewie Gordon	SII, 74
O stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay	Locherroch side	SI, 26
O summer, thy presence gives joy	Coolun	SII, 99
O swiftly glides the bonny boat	The boatie rows	SV, 211
O tell me, Harper, wherefore flow	Highland lament	IrI, 11-13
O tell us Harper wherefore flow thy	Glencoe	SVI, 298

First line of lyric	Title of Melody	Citation
O these charms no longer hide	Kelvingrove	SIVe, 173
O this is no my ain lassie	This is no my ain house	SII, 56
O Tibbie! I had seen the day	If a body meet a body	SIII, 123
O waly waly up the bank	Waly waly	SI, 19
O war ye wha's in yonder town	Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae	SII, 53
O wat ye wha that lo'es me	Morag	SII, 67
O welcome bat and owlet gray	Jenny's mantle	WI, 8
O welcome hours of social night	GT	SIIIf, 131
O were I able to rehearse	The ewie wi' the crooked horn	SIII, 106
O were I as fleet as the wings	The rock and a wee pickle tow	SIV, 199
O were I laid where Colin lies	Fair Helen of Kirkconnell	SIV, 168
O were I on Parnassus' hill	O Jean I love thee	SI, 29
O were my love yon lilac fair	O were my love yon lilac fair	SIVe, 183
O were my love yon lilac fair	Oran gaoil	SIV, 154
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad	O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad	SII, 94
O white foaming Rhaider	Lady Owen's delight	WII, 32
O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut	The happy topers	SIV, 179
O Willie was a wanton wag	Willy was a wanton wag	SVI, 276
O wise and valiant Willy	Rattling roaring Willie	SIV, 153
Och! and have you not heard, Pat	Paddy Whack	IrI, 29-30
Och! pretty Kate, my darling Kate	Irish air	SIV, 175
Of all the girls that are so smart	Sally in our alley	SVa, 230
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw	The poet's ain Jean	SIV, 159
Oft, oft, I went to her	Shelah O'Neal	SIV, 173
Oh had my fate been join'd with thine	The faithless fair	SV, 214
Oh leeze me on my spinning-wheel	The carding o't	SVI, 285
Oh let the night my blushes hide	Gogerddan	WIII, 79-80
Oh where, tell me where	The blue bell of Scotland	SIII, 135
Oh, open the door, some pity to show	Open the door	SI, 21
Oh! look where Glendower	The ash grove	WI, 10
Oh! sweet were the hours	O can ye sew cushions	SV, 229
Oh! thou art the lad of my heart, Willy	Kenmure's on and awa'	SV, 203
Oh! thou hapless soldier	The maid of the valley	IrII, 93-5
Oh! was I to blame to love him	When she came ben she bobbit	SV, 220
Oh! wert thou in the cauldest blast	The Glasgow lasses	SV, 219

First line of lyric	Title of Melody	Citation
Oh! what had I ado for to marry	Hooly and fairly	SIV, 170
Oh! who my dear Dermot	Crooghan a Venee	IrII, 111-12
Oh! would I were but that sweet linnet	The pretty girl milking the cows	IrII, 119-20
Old Scotia, wake thy mountain strain	The highland watch	SV, 205
On a bank of flowers, in a simmer day	On a bank of flowers	SII, 88
On a summer day, when our chief was away	The bonnie house of Airly	SV, 249
On Cambria's green vallies	Reged	WII, 60
On Ettrick banks, in a simmer's night	Ettrick banks	SIII, 101
On Ettrick forest's mountains dun	I canna come ilka day to woo	SV, 227
On Gareg's height the minstrel stood	The lambs-fold vale	WII, 33
On yonder hill a castle stands	The noble cavalier	SV, 252
Once again, but how chang'd	Young Terence MacDonough	IrI, 1-3
Once more I hail thee		IrI, 7-8
One day I heard Mary say	I'll never leave thee	SI, 6
One fond kiss, and then we sever	Parting for ever	SVc, 229
One morning very early	Gramachree	SI, 18
Our bugles sang truce, for the night	Kitty Tyrrel	IrI, 21-3
Our native land our native vale	The emigrant's farewell	SVI, 299
Our native land, our native vale	Jock O' Hazeldean	SV, 231
Our rattling roaring Willy	Rattling roaring Willy	SIVe, 153
Out over the Forth, I look to the north	Out over the Forth	SVI, 266
O, had my love ne'er smiled on me	The bush aboon Traquair	SI, 5
O! I hae lost my silken snood	The silken snood	SI, 41
O! say, bonny lass	O bonny lass, will you lie in a barrack	SIV, 164
O! who sits so sadly	The black joke	IrI, 33-4
Paddy O'Rafferty, merry and vigorous	Paddy O'Rafferty	IrII, 116-18
Pho! pox o'this nonsense, I prithee	Lumps o'pudding	SII, 65
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu	Pibroch of Donuil Dhu	SV, 234
Poor flutt'ring heart	Halloween	SV, 225
Powers celestial whose protection	Peggy I must love thee, Highland Mary	SVI, 275
Put round the bright wine	Chiling o'Guiry	IrII, 103-5
Queen of the night, with virgin ray	Ned Pugh's grand daughter	WI, 26
Raving winds around her blowing	The old man of the wood	WIII, 77-8
Red glows the forge	The war song of the men of Glamorgan	WI, 25
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Sad and luckless was the season	The groves of Blarney	IrII, 79-80
Sae flaxen were her ringlets	Oonagh	SIV, 190
Save me from the grave and wise	Nora Creina	IrII, 123-5
Saw ye Johnie comin' quo' she	Fee him father	SVI, 277
Saw ye Johny coming, quo' she	Fee him, father	SIII, 110
Saw ye my wee thing	Bonny Dundee	SI, 46
Saw ye nae my Peggy	Saw ye nae my Peggy	SII, 63
Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled	Lewie Gordon	SII, 74
Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled	Hey tutti taiti	SIII, 133
See, O see, the breaking day	The rising of the lark	WI, 1
Sensibility, how charming	Sensibility	SIII, 132
Shall a son of O'Donnel	Paddy's resource	IrI, 57-8
Shepherds, I have lost my love	The banks of Banna	SI, 25
She's fair and fause	She's fair and fause	SI, 40
Should auld acquaintance be forgot	Auld lang syne	SII, 68
Should auld acquaintance be forgot	Auld lang syne	SVI, 300
Since greybeards inform us	Let other men sing	IrI, 67-9
Since wedlock's in vogue	What can a young lassie	SIII, 145
Sing on sing on thou little bird	Sing on, thou little bird	SVI, 261
Sir Watkyn intending	The ash grove	WI, 10
Sir Watkyn's lov'd minstrel	The whirling of the spinning wheel	WIII, 95-6
Sleep on, and dream of heaven a while	Over the stone	WI, 23
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Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires	Savourna's deligh	SII, 98
So mild was the evening, so calm was	Loth to depart	WII, 49
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Sweet rose the moon on Deva's stream	The war song of the men of Glamorgan	WI, 25
Sweet Sir, for your courtesie	My jo Janet	SII, 62
Sweet warbler of a strain devine	Pen Rhaw	WIII, 113-14
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The bride cam out of the byre	Woo'd and married and a'	SIII, 150
The budding thorn and violets blue	My tocher's the jewel	SII, 73
The busy hours of day are o'er	The lambs-fold vale	WII, 33
The catrine woods were yellow seen	The braes of Ballochmyle	SIV, 151
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The gypsies came to our good Lord's gate	Johny Faw, the gypsie laddie	SIV, 196
The heath this night must be my bed	O were my love yon lilac fair	SIVe, 183
The heavy hours are almost past	She rose and let me in	SI, 23
The hero may perish his country to save	The fox's sleep	IrII, 76-8
The hero may perish his country to save	Womankind	SVI, 294-5
The hour is come, the cherish'd hour	Miss Forbes's farewell	SV, 212
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The kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left		IrII, 89-90
The laird of Cockpen	O when she cam ben she bobbit	SVd, 2d.250
The lass of Patie's mill	The lass of Patie's mill	SIII, 117
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The lawland lads think they are fine	The highland laddie	SII, 78
The lawland maids gang trig and fine	The old highland laddie	SIV, 189
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The night her silent sable wore	She rose and let me in	SI, 23

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The noble Maxwells and their powers	Nithsdale's welcome home	SVI, 291
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The pawky carle came o'er the lea	The brisk young lad	SIV, 191
The piper who sat on his low mossy seat	The brown maid	IrII, 135-6
The pulse of an Irishman	Saint Patrick's Day in the morning	IrII, 113-15
The silver moon's enamour'd beam	The poet's ain Jean	SIV, 159
The sinking sun is beaming	Of a noble race was Shenkin	WII, 35
The small birds rejoice on the green	Captain O'Kain	SII, 97
The small birds rejoice on the green	Raving winds around her	SVI, 274
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The smiling plains, profusely gay	Thou'rt gane awa'	SII, 72
The smiling spring comes in rejoicing		SIg, 3d.50
The soothing shades of gloaming	Gang to the kye wi' me	SV, 243
The spearmen heard the bugle sound	The white mountains of Snowdon	WI, 28
The sun in virgin lustre shone	The flowers of Edinburgh	SI, 27
The sun upon the weirdlaw hill	Sunset	SV, 215
The sun was sunk beneath the hill	For the sake of gold	SII, 64
The sweetest lad was Jamie	O wilt thou be my ain	SV, 206
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The western sky was purpled over	Wishaw's favourite	SII, 89
The winter it is past	The winter it is past	SV, 244
The year that's awa'		SIIIf, 150
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Then, soldier, come, fill high the wine	The Moreen	IrII, 91-2
There came to the beach a poor exile	Erin Go Bragh	SVI, 263
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There was an auld wife	The rock and a wee pickle tow	SIV, 199
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There's nought but care on ev'ry hand	Green grow the rashes	SIV, 155
They bid me slight my Dermot dear		IrI, 42-4
Thickest night o'erhang my dwelling	Strathallan's lament	SIV, 178
Think not I'll leave fair Clwyd's vale	The vale of Clwyd	WIII, 111-12

First line of lyric	Title of Melody	Citation
Thou emblem of faith.	I would rather than Ireland	IrI, 27-8
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie	Fee him, father	SIII, 110
Thou hast left me ever, Tam	The lammy	SII, 90
Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray	Highland Mary	SIII, 114
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Thou'rt gane awa', thou'rt gane awa'	Thou'rt gane awa'	SII, 72
Tho' cruel fate should bid us part	The blue devils	WIII, 117-18
Tho' richer swains thy love pursue	The pursuit of love	WII, 45
Thro' dunnest clouds of low'ring night	The delight of Gruffydd ap Cynan	WII, 51
Thy braes were bonny, O Yarrow stream	The braes of Yarrow	SI, 12
Thy fatal shafts unerring move	An wert thou mine ain thing	SIII, 120
Thy ship must sail, my Henry dear		IrII, 141-2
Tibbie Fowler o' the glen	Tibbie Fowler	SIV, 192
Time speeds on his journey	The ancient harmony	WII, 59
To fair Fidele's grassy tomb	Sweet Annie	SI, 24
To leave my dear girl	Ned Pugh's farewell	WIII, 85-7
To me, my sweet Kathleen	The fox's sleep	IrII, 76-8
To the brook and the willow that	The braes of Ballenden	SII, 84
To the Lords of Convention	The bonnets of Bonny Dundee	SIIf, 100
To thee, lov'd Dee thy gladsome vales	The allurement of love	WII, 37
Too plain, dear youth	The siller crown	SI, 44
True hearted was he the sad swain	Bonny Dundee	SI, 46
Turn again, thou fair Eliza	The bonie brucket lassie	SI, 42
Unless with my Amanda blest	The Caledonian Hunt's delight	SI, 43
Up amang yon cliffy rocks	The maid that tends the goats	SIV, 166
Up quit thy bow'r, late wears the hour	Up quit thy bower*	SV, 237
Vale of the cross, the shepherd's tell	The pursuit of love	WII, 45
Wae is my heart and the tear's in my e'e	Phillis unhappy	SVI, 280
Waft me, some soft and cooling breeze	The wee, wee man	SIII, 115
Waken Lords and Ladies gay	The sheriff's fancy	WIII, 91-2
We fairy-elves, in secret dells	Planxty Kelly	IrII, 96-8
Weel may we a' be	Hey tutti taiti	SIII, 133
Well, I agree, ye're sure of me	O'er bogie	SIII, 140
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What can a young lassie	Age and youth	SVI, 270
What can a young lassie	What can a young lassie	SIII, 145
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Whate'er beneath the arch of heaven	The charms of Merionethshire	WI, 30
What! weeping Winifred! - for shame!	The melody of Cynwyd	WII, 44
When Chloe tried her virgin fires	The weary pund o' tow	SIII, 104
When Colin told his tale	The lass of Patie's mill	SIII, 117
When daisies py'd, and violets blue	Tak' your auld cloak about ye	SIII, 142
When Damon languish'd at my feet	The death of the linnet	SIII, 139
When Delia on the plain appears	Roslin castle	SI, 14
When eve's last rays in twilight die	The snowy breasted pearl	IrI, 61-2
When far from the home of our youth	The fair hair'd girl	IrII, 99-100
When first I came to be a man	John o' Badenyon	SIV, 184
When Guildford good our pilot stood	Killiecrankie	SIII, 127
When I ha'e a saxpence under my thumb	Todlin hame	SII, 71
When Jocky was bless'd with your love	Logie o'Buchan	SII, 57
When merry hearts were gay	Donald and Flora	SI, 30
When midnight o'er the moonless skies	The allurement of love	WII, 37
When mortals all rest to retire	Mynachty	WIII, 102-4
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When o'er the hill the eastern star	The lea-rig	SIV, 195
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When summer comes, the swains on Tweed	The broom of Cowdenknows	SIII, 128
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Where are the joys I have met	Saw ye my father	SIII, 102
Where braving angry winter's storms	Peggy Chalmers, My dearie, if thou die	SVI, 281
Where cart rins rowing to the sea	The auld wife ayont the fire	SI, 39
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Where got ye that siller moon	Bonny laddie, highland laddie	SV, 207
Where is my Owen, where is my true love	The red piper's melody	WII, 56
Where is the smile that was heaven	Here awa', there awa'	SI, 2
Where's he for honest poverty	Up and war them a', Willie	SIV, 163
While I alone your heart possest	Morgan and Meggan, Ursula	WII, 52
While larks with little wing fann'd	Phillis the fair	SVI, 267
While sad I strike the plaintive	Ned Pugh's grand daughter	WI, 26
Whilst I alone your soul possest	Kind Robin loo's me	SII, 60
Why tarries my Love?	The faithful dove	SVI, 288
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Why, cruel father, why so bent	The hopeless lover	SII, 91
Why, Julia, say, that pensive mien?	I'll come again and see thee	SV, 202
Will ye go lassie go to the braes of	The braes of Balwhidder*	SVd, 4th.250
Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion	The ewe-bughts	SI, 8
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary	The ewe-bughts	SI, 8
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Ye shepherds and ye nymphs	Lochaber	SI, 10
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Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now	For a' that and a' that	SII, 55
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Gang to the kye wi' me	The soothing shades of gloaming	SV, 243
Garyone	From Garyone, my happy home	IrI, 53-4
Gil Morrice	Gil Morrice was an Earle's son	SV, 253
Gil Morrice	Fate gave the word, the arrow sped	SI, 45
Gilderoy	Ah! Chloris could I now but sit	SI, 20
Gilderoy	Gilderoy was a bonny boy	SI, 20
Glencara	O heard ye yon pibroch sound sad	SVc, 208
Glencoe	O tell us Harper wherefore flow thy	SVI, 298
God save the Queen	God save our Gracious Queen	SVI, 301-6
Gogerddan	Oh let the night my blushes hide	WIII, 79-80
Good night and joy be wi' ye	Good night and joy be wi' ye a'	SIV, 200
Gramachree	Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd	SI, 18
Gramachree	One morning very early	SI, 18
Green grow the rashes	There's nought but care on ev'ry hand	SIV, 155
GT	Bring me wine	SVb, 227
GT	O welcome hours of social night	SIIIf, 131
Halloween	Poor flutt'ring heart	SV, 225
Happiness lost	No Henry, I must not	WIII, 119-20
Happy Dick Dawson	I lo'e ne'er a laddie but ane	SIV, 185
Helpless woman	How cruel are the parents	WIII, 97-8
Here awa', there awa'	Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie	SI, 2
Here awa', there awa'	Where is the smile that was heaven	SI, 2
Here's a health to my true love	The lazy mist hangs on the brow	SI, 50
Here's a health to them that's awa'	Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear	SII, 75
Hey tutti taiti	I'm wearing awa', John	SIII, 133

Title of Melody	First line of lyric	Citation
Hey tutti taiti	Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled	SIII, 133
Hey tutti taiti	Weel may we a' be	SIII, 133
Hey, Jenny, come down	My heart's in the Highlands	SVI, 286
Hey, Jenny, come down	O Once I lov'd a bonnie lass	SVI, 286
Highland air	How pleasant the banks	SIII, 134
Highland air	How sweet this lone vale	SIII, 134
Highland Harry back again	Harry was a gallant gay	SVI, 271
Highland lament	O tell me, Harper, wherefore flow	IrI, 11-13
Highland Mary	Ah! where is now my soul's delight	SIII, 114
Highland Mary	Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray	SIII, 114
Hooly and fairly	Oh! what had I ado for to marry	SIV, 170
Hunting the hare	Hence! away with idle sorrow!	WII, 50
I canna come ilka day to woo	Now bank and brae are clothed in green	SV, 227
I canna come ilka day to woo	On Ettrick forest's mountains dun	SV, 227
I had a horse, and I had nae mair	O poortith cauld and restless love	SI, 49
I once had a true love	O harp of Erin thou art now laid low	IrI, 59-60
I was a boy for bewitching	Morning a cruel turmoiler is	IrI, 51-2
I wish my love were in a myre	Again rejoicing Nature sees	SIII, 137
I wish my love were in a myre	Bless'd as th' immortal gods is he	SIII, 137
I would rather than Ireland	Thou emblem of faith.	IrI, 27-8
If a body meet a body	O Tibbie! I had seen the day	SIII, 123
Irish air	Come, all ye youths	SII, 96
Irish air	Farewel, dear mistress of my soul	SII, 96
Irish air	Och! pretty Kate, my darling Kate	SIV, 175
I'll come again and see thee	Why, Julia, say, that pensive mien?	SV, 202
I'll never leave thee	One day I heard Mary say	SI, 6
I'm o'er young to marry	I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young	SVI, 268
Jacobite air	O Phely, happy be that day	SIV, 160
Jenny dang the weaver	At Willy's wedding in the green	SIV, 174
Jenny's bawbee	I met four chaps yon birks amang	SIV, 197
Jenny's mantle	O welcome bat and owlet gray	WI, 8
Jinglan Johnie	By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove	SIId, 79
Jinglan Johnie	What numbers shall the Muse repeat?	SIId, 79
Jock O' Hazeldean	Our native land, our native vale	SV, 231
Jock O' Hazeldean	Why weep ye by the tide, Ladye	SV, 231

Title of Melody	First line of lyric	Citation
John Anderson, my jo	John Anderson, my jo, John	SII, 51
John o' Badenyon	When first I came to be a man	SIV, 184
Johnie Cope*	Hey Johnie Cope are ye waking yet	SVI, 253
Johnny MacGill	Come under my plaidy, the night's	SIV, 171
Johny Faw, The gypsie laddie	Craz'd Walter came to our Lady's gate	SIV, 196
Johny Faw, The gypsie laddie	The gypsies came to our good Lord's gate	SIV, 196
Johny's grey breeks	'Twas even, the dewy fields were green	SIII, 108
John, come kiss me now	If those who live in shepherd's bower	SII, 54
John, come kiss me now	In summer when the hay was mawn	SII, 54
Kate Kearney	Come, Darby dear! easy, be easy	IrII, 133-4
Katharine Ogie	As walking forth to view the plain	SII, 83
Katharine Ogie	Ye banks and braes and streams around	SII, 83
Kellyburn braes	Hech! what a change ha'e we now	SIV, 182
Kellyburn braes	There liv'd ance a carle in Kellyburn	SIV, 182
Kelvingrove	O these charms no longer hide	SIVe, 173
Kenmure's on and awa'	Oh! thou art the lad of my heart, Willy	SV, 203
Killeavy	He promis'd me at parting	IrII, 129-30
Killicrankie	When Willy Pitt, as he thought fit	SIII, 127
Killiecrankie	When Guildford good our pilot stood	SIII, 127
Kind Robin loo's me	Robin is my only Jo	SII, 60
Kind Robin loo's me	Whilst I alone your soul possest	SII, 60
Kinloch of Kinloch	Enchantress, farewell	SV, 217
Kitty of Coleraine	By the side of the Shannon	IrII, 83-5
Kitty Tyrrel	Our bugles sang truce, for the night	IrI, 21-3
Lady Owen's delight	O white foaming Rhaider	WII, 32
Langolee	'Twas summer, and softly the breezes	SIV, 167
Let me in this ae night	O lassie, art thou sleeping yet	SIV, 156
Let other men sing	Since greybeards inform us	IrI, 67-9
Lewie Gordon	O send Lewie Gordon hame	SII, 74
Lewie Gordon	Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled	SII, 74
Live-long night	What avails thy plaintive crying	WI, 12
Lochaber	Farewell to Lochaber	SI, 10
Lochaber	Ye shepherds and ye nymphs	SI, 10
Locherroch side	O stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay	SI, 26
Lochnagar	Away ye gay landscapes	SVI, 296

Title of Melody	First line of lyric	Citation
Logan water	By Logan's streams that rin sae deep	SIII, 116
Logan water	For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove	SIII, 116
Logan water	O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide	SIII, 116
Logie o'Buchan	O Logie o'Buchan, O Logie the laird	SII, 57
Logie o'Buchan	When Jocky was bless'd with your love	SII, 57
Lord Gregory	Ah ope, Lord Gregory, thy door	SI, 38
Lord Gregory	O mirk, mirk, is the midnight hour	SI, 38
Lord Ullin's Daughter	A chieftain to the highlands bound	SV, 233
Loth to depart	So mild was the evening, so calm was	WII, 49
Lough Sheeling	Farewell bliss, and farewell Nancy	IrI, 48-50
Love is the cause of my mourning	Dim, dim is my eye, as the dew-drop	SV, 216
Low down in the broom	My daddy is a canker'd carle	SII, 86
Low down in the broom	Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale	SII, 86
Low down in the broom	Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale	SV, 238
Lumps o'pudding	Contented wi' little and canty	SII, 65
Lumps o'pudding	Pho! pox o'this nonsense, I prithee	SII, 65
Macgregor of Ruara's lament	From the chace of the mountains	SIV, 176
Macgregor of Ruara's lament	My sorrow, deep sorrow	SIV, 176
Macpherson's farewel	Farewel, ye dungeons dark and strong	SIII, 144
Maggy Lauder	Wha wadna be in love	SIII, 125
Maltraeth	I've no sheep on the mountain	WII, 58
Margaret's ghost	'Twas at the solemn, silent hour	SIII, 105
Marian's Dream	Again my lyre, yet once again	SV, 228
Marquis of Montrose	My dear and only love, I pray	SVI, 297
Mary's dream	The moon had climb'd the highest hill	SIII, 107
Merch Megan, Peggy's daughter	In the white cot where Peggy dwells	WIII, 88-90
Mischievous woman	Could this ill warld have been contrived	SV, 204
Mischievous woman	Could this ill warld have been contrived	SVI, 272
Miss Forbes's farewell	O how can I be blythe and glad	SV, 212
Miss Forbes's farewell	The hour is come, the cherish'd hour	SV, 212
Moll Roone	'Tis sunshine at last, come, my Ellen	IrII, 109-10
Morag	Loud blaw the frosty breezes	SII, 67
Morag	O wat ye wha that lo'es me	SII, 67
Morgan and Meggan, Ursula	And will you love me, Mary dear	WII, 52
Morgan and Meggan, Ursula	While I alone your heart possest	WII, 52

Title of Melody	First line of lyric	Citation
Morva Rhydlan	Dark clouds o'er the ocean	WI, 3
Morva Rhydlan	O mild is the sun	WI, 3
Muirland Willie	Hearken, and I will tell you how	SIV, 177
Music love and wine	O let me Music hear	SVI, 292-3
Music, love and wine	O let me music hear	SV, 208
My apron deary	My sheep I neglected	SI, 9
My dearie an thou die	Love never more shall give me pain	SIII, 122
My heart is light*	My heart is light, my limbs are light	SVI, 254
My Jo Janet	Husband, husband, cease your strife	SII, 62
My Jo Janet	Sweet Sir, for your courtesie	SII, 62
My lodging is on the cold ground	Farewel, thou fair day, thou green	SII, 76
My love she's but a lassie yet	My love she's but a lassie yet	SI, 35
My love she's but a lassie yet	Ye little loves that round her wait	SI, 35
My love's a winsome wee thing	My love's a winsome wee thing	SV, 245
My mither's ay glowrin o'er me	My mither's ay glowrin o'er me	SIV, 194
My Nanie O	Behind yon hills where Lugar flows	SI, 4
My Nanie O	O Nancy, wilt thou go with me	SI, 4
My tocher's the jewel	O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty	SII, 73
My tocher's the jewel	The budding thorn and violets blue	SII, 73
Mynachty	When mortals all rest to retire	WIII, 102-4
Ned Pugh's farewell	To leave my dear girl	WIII, 85-7
Ned Pugh's grand daughter	Queen of the night, with virgin ray	WI, 26
Ned Pugh's grand daughter	While sad I strike the plaintive	WI, 26
New Year's night	Loud, how loud the north wind blowing	WII, 41
Nithsdale's welcome home	The noble Maxwells and their Powers	SVI, 291
Nora Creina	Save me from the grave and wise	IrII, 123-5
O bonny lass, will you lie in a barrack	O say, my sweet Nan	SIV, 164
O bonny lass, will you lie in a barrack	O! say, bonny lass	SIV, 164
O can ye sew cushions	Oh! sweet were the hours	SV, 229
O Gin ye were dead, gudeman	At ev'n when on each heather bell	SV, 248
O gin ye were dead, gudeman	Mine be a cot beside the hill	SV, 248
O Jean I love thee	If wine and music have the power	SI, 29
O Jean I love thee	O were I on Parnassus' hill	SI, 29
O Molly, Molly my dearest honey	I dream'd I lay where flowers	IrII, 73-5
O mount and go*	O mount and go, mount and make you	SV, 240

Title of Melody	First line of lyric	Citation
O sweet ane and twenty	And oh, for ane and twenty Tam	SVI, 273
O were my love yon lilac fair	O were my love yon lilac fair	SIVe, 183
O were my love yon lilac fair	The heath this night must be my bed	SIVe, 183
O when she cam ben she bobbit	The laird of Cockpen	SVd, 2d.250
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad	I sing of a whistle, a whistle of worth	SII, 94
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad	O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad	SII, 94
O wilt thou be my ain	The sweetest lad was Jamie	SV, 206
Of a noble race was Shenkin	Aye sure thou art dear Taffy Morgan	WII, 35
Of a noble race was Shenkin	The sinking sun is beaming	WII, 35
Oh the roast beef of old England	Now there's peace on the shore	SV, 247
On a bank of flowers	As Amoret with Phillis sat	SII, 88
On a bank of flowers	On a bank of flowers, in a simmer day	SII, 88
Oonagh	Sae flaxen were her ringlets	SIV, 190
Open the door	Oh, open the door, some pity to show	SI, 21
Oran gaoil	Behold the hour the boat arrive	SIV, 154
Oran gaoil	O were my love yon lilac fair	SIV, 154
Out over the Forth	Out over the Forth, I look to the north	SVI, 266
Over the stone	Sleep on, and dream of heaven a while	WI, 23
Over the water to Charlie	My loyal heart is light and free	SV, 250
O'er bogie	No more my heart shall loosely rove	SIII, 140
O'er bogie	Well, I agree, ye're sure of me	SIII, 140
O'er the hills and far awa	How can my poor heart be glad	SIV, 161
O'er the moor amang the heather	Be mine a cot in some lone glen	SIV, 158
O'er the moor amang the heather	Coming thro' the craigs of kyle	SIV, 158
Paddy O'Rafferty	Paddy O'Rafferty, merry and vigorous	IrII, 116-18
Paddy Whack	Och! and have you not heard, Pat	IrI, 29-30
Paddy's resource	Shall a son of O'Donnel	IrI, 57-8
Parting for ever	One fond kiss, and then we sever	SVc, 229
Peggy bawn	Musing on the roaring ocean	SIVf, 190
Peggy Bawn	Musing on the roaring ocean	IrI, 31-2
Peggy Chalmers, My dearie, if thou die	Where braving angry winter's storms	SVI, 281
Peggy I must love thee, Highland Mary	Powers celestial whose protection	SVI, 275
Peggy, I must love thee	Beneath a beech's grateful shade	SIII, 124
Pen Rhaw	Sweet warbler of a strain devine	WIII, 113-14
Phillis the fair	While larks with little wing fann'd	SVI, 267

Title of Melody	First line of lyric	Citation
Phillis unhappy	Wae is my heart and the tear's in my e'e	SVI, 280
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu	Pibroch of Donuil Dhu	SV, 234
Pinky house	By Pinky house oft let me walk	SIII, 146
Planxty Kelly	We fairy-elves, in secret dells	IrII, 96-8
Polly Stewart	O lovely Polly Stewart, O charming Polly	SVI, 278
Polwarth on the green	O Marion is a bonny lass	SV, 218
Polwarth on the green	Sweet Anne, thy charms my bosom fire	SV, 218
Queen Mary's lamentation	Hark! hark! 'tis a voice	SIII, 118
Queen Mary's lamentation	I sigh and lament me in vain	SIII, 118
Rattling roaring Willie	O wise and valiant Willy	SIV, 153
Rattling roaring Willy	Around this festive table	SIVe, 153
Rattling roaring Willy	Our rattling roaring Willy	SIVe, 153
Raving winds around her	The small birds rejoice on the green	SVI, 274
Reged	On Cambria's green vallies	WII, 60
Rise up and bar the door	Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?	SI, 47
Rise up and bar the door	It was about the Martinmas time	SI, 47
Robin Adair	Had I a cave on some wild distant shore	SII, 92
Roslin castle	When Delia on the plain appears	SI, 14
Roslin castle	'Twas in that season of the year	SI, 14
Rothiemurchus rant	Fairest maid on devon banks	SIII, 121
Rothiemurchus rant	Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks	SIII, 121
Roy's wife	Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy	SII, 70
Roy's wife	Roy's wife of Aldivalloch	SII, 70
Sae merry as we ha'e been	A bonny lass, laden with care	SVI, 262
Sae merry as we ha'e been	A lass that was laden with care	SII, 82
Sae merry as we ha'e been	Ye woods and ye mountains unknown	SII, 82
Saint Patrick's Day in the morning	The pulse of an Irishman	IrII, 113-15
Sally in our alley	Of all the girls that are so smart	SVa, 230
Savourna deligh	Ah! the moment was sad	SII, 98
Savourna's deligh	Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires	SII, 98
Saw ye my father	Where are the joys I have met	SIII, 102
Saw ye nae my Peggy	Saw ye nae my Peggy	SII, 63
Scornfu' Nansy, Nansy's to the greenwood	Far in the glen, whence yonder light	SIII, 148
Scornfu' Nansy, Nansy's to the greenwood	Nansy's to the greenwood gane	SIII, 148
Sensibility	Sensibility, how charming	SIII, 132

Title of Melody	First line of lyric	Citation
Sensibility	'Twas when the seas were roaring	SIII, 132
She rose and let me in	The heavy hours are almost past	SI, 23
She rose and let me in	The night her silent sable wore	SI, 23
Shelah O'Neal	Oft, oft, I went to her	SIV, 173
She's fair and fause	She's fair and fause	SI, 40
She's fair and fause	Why will Florella, when I gaze	SI, 40
Sing on, thou little bird	Sing on sing on thou little bird	SVI, 261
Sion, the son of Evan	Hear the shouts of Evan's son!	WIII, 61-3
Slaunt Ri Plulib	Judy, lovely, matchless creature	IrII, 139-40
Somebody	My heart is sair, I darena tell	SV, 232
Strathallan's lament	Thickest night o'erhang my dwelling	SIV, 178
Sunset	The sun upon the weirdlaw hill	SV, 215
Sweet Annie	Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came	SI, 24
Sweet Annie	To fair Fidele's grassy tomb	SI, 24
Sweet Richard	Yes, thou art chang'd	WIII, 109-10
Tak' your auld cloak about ye	In winter, when the rain rain'd cauld	SIII, 142
Tak' your auld cloak about ye	When daisies py'd, and violets blue	SIII, 142
Tears that must ever fall	A youth, adorn'd with every art	SIII, 149
Tell me, dear Eveleen	What shall I do to shew	IrI, 14-16
The allurement of love	To thee, lov'd Dee thy gladsome vales	WII, 37
The allurement of love	When midnight o'er the moonless skies	WII, 37
The ancient harmony	Time speeds on his journey	WII, 59
The ash grove	Oh! look where Glendower	WI, 10
The ash grove	Sir Watkyn intending	WI, 10
The attractions of the pipe	Where dost thou bide, blessed soul	WI, 13
The auld gudeman	I'll ha'e my coat o' gude snuff-brown	SIII, 147
The auld wife ayont the fire	Where cart rins rowing to the sea	SI, 39
The banks of Banna	Shepherds, I have lost my love	SI, 25
The Banner of Buccleuch	From the brown crest of Newark	SIg, 32
The barring of the door	It was about the Martinmas time	SVI, 308
The bend of the horse-shoe	How gloomy the face of all nature	WII, 55
The birks of Abergeldie	Bonie lassie, will ye go	SIII, 136
The birks of Invermay	The smiling morn, the breathing spring	SI, 1
The black joke	O! who sits so sadly	IrI, 33-4
The blathrie o't	I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen	SIII, 119

Title of Melody	First line of lyric	Citation
The blathrie o't	I told my nymph, I told her true	SIII, 119
The blossom of honey-suckle	How closely the woodbine has twined	WI, 27
The blossom of the thorn	How fondly I gaze	WII, 57
The blue bell of Scotland	Oh where, tell me where	SIII, 135
The blue devils	Tho' cruel fate should bid us part	WIII, 117-18
The boatie rows	O swiftly glides the bonny boat	SV, 211
The boatman	Now mild that eve the sun went down	SIV, 183
The boatman	Ye gales that gently wave the sea	SIV, 183
The boatman	Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass	SVI, 260
The bold Dragoon	'Twas a Marechal of France	IrI, 65-6
The bonie brucket lassie	In vain, fond youth, thy tears give o'er	SI, 42
The bonie brucket lassie	Tell me, tell me, charming creature	SI, 42
The bonie brucket lassie	Turn again, thou fair Eliza	SI, 42
The bonnets of Bonny Dundee	To the Lords of Convention	SIIf, 100
The bonnie house of Airly	On a summer day, when our Chief was away	SV, 249
The bonny grey-ey'd morn	A soldier am I, all the world	SV, 224
The Border widow's lament	My love built me a bonnie bower	SIV, 162
The Border widow's lament	With trembling feet	SIV, 162
The braes of Ballenden	Beneath a green shade, a lovely	SII, 84
The braes of Ballenden	To the brook and the willow that	SII, 84
the braes of Ballochmyle	The catrine woods were yellow seen	SIV, 151
The braes of Ballochmyle	Where Esk its silver current leads	SIV, 151
The braes of Balquhidder	Now the beams of May morn	SIIf, 97
The braes of Balwhidder*	Will ye go Lassie go to the braes of	SVd, 4th.250
The braes of Yarrow	Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride	SI, 12
The braes of Yarrow	Thy braes were bonny, O Yarrow stream	SI, 12
The brier bush in our kail-yard	There grows a bonnie brier bush	SVI, 282
The brier bush in our kail-yard	Young Randal was a bonnie lad	SVI, 283
The brisk young lad	The pawky carle came o'er the lea	SIV, 191
The Britons	O mourn, my harp, along the vale	WI, 20
The Britons	When on the mountain's lofty brow	WI, 20
The broom of Cowdenknows	How blythe ilk morn was I to see	SIII, 128
The broom of Cowdenknows	When summer comes, the swains on Tweed	SIII, 128
The brown maid	The piper who sat on his low mossy seat	IrII, 135-6
The brown thorn	No more, my Mary, I sigh for splendour	IrII, 137-8

Title of Melody	First line of lyric	Citation
The bush aboon Traquair	Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain	SI, 5
The bush aboon Traquair	O, had my love ne'er smiled on me	SI, 5
The Caledonian Hunt's delight	Unless with my Amanda blest	SI, 43
The Caledonian Hunt's delight	Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon	SI, 43
The carding o't	Oh leeze me on my spinning-wheel	SVI, 285
The charms of Merionethshire	Whate'er beneath the arch of heaven	WI, 30
The collier's bonie lassie	Deluded swain, the pleasure	SI, 33
The collier's bonie lassie	O saw ye bonie Lesley	SI, 33
The Cordwainer's March*	O lay thy loof in mine lass	SVI, 279
The Cornish May song	Ye maids of Helston, gather dew	WII, 31
The corporation	Her features speak the warmest heart	WIII, 69-70
The cottage maid	I envy not the splendour fine	WIII, 67-8
The crystal ground	In the vale of Llangollen a cottage	WI, 21
The dairy-house	As spreading hawthorn shades the seat	WIII, 107-8
The damsels of Cardigan	Fair Tivy! how sweet are thy waves	WIII, 105-6
The dawn of day	Go youth, by all regretted	WI, 4
The dawn of day	I gaze upon yon mountains	WI, 4
The death of the linnet	But lately seen, in gladsome green	SIII, 139
The death of the linnet	When Damon languish'd at my feet	SIII, 139
The delight of Gruffydd ap Cynan	Gird on the sword, and string the bow	WII, 51
The delight of Gruffydd ap Cynan	Thro' dunnest clouds of low'ring night	WII, 51
The delight of Prince Hoel	The convent's loud matins came full	WII, 40
The departure of the King	Brave Llewellyn turn'd and sigh'd	WII, 42
The deserter	If sadly thinking	IrI, 24-6
The deuks dang o'er my daddie	Nae gentle dames tho' e'er so fair	SI, 37
The dimpled cheek	What have I done that my sorrow	WI, 14
The door-clapper	O say not that Arthur	WII, 54
The dusty miller	When the stream is flowing	SV, 252
The east neuk o' Fife	Auld gudeman, ye're a drunken carle	SIV, 165
The emigrant's farewell	Our native land our native vale	SVI, 299
The ewe-bughts	O Marion, so sweet are thy kisses	SI, 8
The ewe-bughts	Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion	SI, 8
The ewe-bughts	Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary	SI, 8
The ewie wi' the crooked horn	My Mary's face, my Mary's form	SIII, 106
The ewie wi' the crooked horn	O were I able to rehearse	SIII, 106

Title of Melody	First line of lyric	Citation
The eye of blue	Farewell, dear mistress of my soul	SVb, 230
The eye of blue	I have a silent sorrow here	SVb, 230
The eye of blue	I saw thee weep, - the big bright tear	SVb, 230
The fair hair'd girl	When far from the home of our youth	IrII, 99-100
The fair maids of Mona	How my love could hapless doubts	WIII, 74-6
The faithful dove	Why tarries my Love?	SVI, 288
The faithless fair	Oh had my fate been join'd with thine	SV, 214
The flower of North Wales	O cherub content	WII, 53
The flowers of Edinburgh	Here is the glen and here the bower	SI, 27
The flowers of Edinburgh	The sun in virgin lustre shone	SI, 27
The flowers of London	Forc'd to leave my only treasure	WII, 34
The flowers of London	Let not glory's trumpet sounding	WII, 34
The flowers of the forest	I've heard o' lilting	SII, 81
The flowers of the forest	I've seen the smiling of fortune	SII, 81
The flowers of the heath	The jocund days, the playful days	WII, 43
The fox's sleep	The hero may perish his country to save	IrII, 76-8
The fox's sleep	To me, my sweet Kathleen	IrII, 76-8
The Glasgow lasses	O Mary at thy window be	SV, 219
The Glasgow lasses	Oh! wert thou in the cauldest blast	SV, 219
The golden robe	A golden robe my love shall wear	WIII, 71-3
The groves of Blarney	Sad and luckless was the season	IrII, 79-80
The happy Cambrians	Fam'd for our warmth, we now rejoice	WII, 48
The happy topers	O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut	SIV, 179
The highland laddie	Ah! sure a pair was never seen	SII, 78
The highland laddie	The lawland lads think they are fine	SII, 78
The highland watch	Old Scotia, wake thy mountain strain	SV, 205
The hopeless lover	Now spring has clad the grove in green	SII, 91
The hopeless lover	Why, cruel father, why so bent	SII, 91
The humours of Balamagairy	Farewell mirth and hilarity	IrII, 86-8
The humours of glen	Their groves of sweet myrtle	SII, 95
The inspired bard	Now bar the door, shut out the gale	WII, 36
The lady in the desert, Coolun	In vain to this desert my fate I deplore	IrI, 39-41
The lambs-fold vale	On Gareg's height the minstrel stood	WII, 33
The lambs-fold vale	The busy hours of day are o'er	WII, 33
The lammy	Thou hast left me ever, Tam	SII, 90

Title of Melody	First line of lyric	Citation
The lammy	Whar ha'e ye been a' day	SII, 90
The lass of Patie's mill	The lass of Patie's mill	SIII, 117
The lass of Patie's mill	When Colin told his tale	SIII, 117
The last time I came o'er the muir	The last time I came o'er the muir	SII, 80
The lea-rig	When o'er the hill the eastern star	SIV, 195
The lea-rig	Ye braes of Touch, how sweet ye smile	SIV, 195
The legacy	A wand'ring gypsy, sirs, I am	IrI, 55-6
The little harvest rose	His boat comes on the sunny tide	IrI, 17-18
The looking glass	For you, ye fair, the olive spreads	SIII, 113
The lothian lassie	Last May a braw wooer cam' down	SII, 52
The maid forsaken	The blossom that silver'd the tree	SIIf, 88
The maid of Isla	O maid of Isla, from yon cliff	SV, 209
The maid of the valley	Oh! thou hapless soldier	IrII, 93-5
The maid that tends the goats	Hark the mavis ev'ning sang	SVI, 257
The maid that tends the goats	Hark! the mavis' evening sang	SIV, 166
The maid that tends the goats	Up amang yon cliffy rocks	SIV, 166
The march of the men of Harlech	Dauntless sons of Celtic sires	WI, 2
The melody of Cynwyd	What! weeping Winifred! - for shame!	WII, 44
The melody of North Wales	Hark! on the gale sounds sweetly flowing	WI, 29
The merry men of Anster	Blythe, blythe and merry are we	SVI, 307
The Mill Mill, O!	At setting day and rising morn	SI, 22
The Mill Mill, O!	When wild war's deadly blast was blawn	SI, 22
The minstrel	As I stood by yon roofless tower	SIV, 186
The minstrel	Keen blaws the wind o'er Donocht head	SIV, 186
The minstrelsy of Chirk Castle	In days of ancient story	WII, 39
The monks of Bangor's march	When the heathen trumpets clang	WIII, 64-6
The Moreen	Then, soldier, come, fill high the wine	IrII, 91-2
The mucking o'Geordie's byre	Adown winding Nith I did wander	SII, 66
The mucking o'Geordie's byre	My heart is a-breaking dear titty	SII, 66
The noble cavalier	On yonder hill a castle stands	SV, 252
The note of the black cock	Good morrow to thy sable beak	WI, 24
The note of the black cock	Ye who complain that love and truth	WI, 24
The old highland laddie	Come, fetch to me a pint o' wine	SIV, 189
The old highland laddie	The lawland maids gang trig and fine	SIV, 189
The old man of the wood	Raving winds around her blowing	WIII, 77-8

Title of Melody	First line of lyric	Citation
The old strain	My pleasant home beside the Dee!	WIII, 121-3
The old sybil, Winifreda	Away, let nought to love displeasing	WI, 5
The old woman	O Erin! to thy harp divine	IrII, 143-4
The orphan maid	November's hail-cloud drifts away	SVc, 249
The parting kiss	Laura, thy sighs must now no more	WIII, 127-8
The pedlar	Come ye nice maidens, come hither to me	WI, 15
The poet's ain Jean	Of a' the airts the wind can blaw	SIV, 159
The poet's ain Jean	The silver moon's enamour'd beam	SIV, 159
The posie	O love will venture in	SI, 36
The pretty girl milking the cows	Oh! would I were but that sweet linnet	IrII, 119-20
The pursuit of love	Tho' richer swains thy love pursue	WII, 45
The pursuit of love	Vale of the cross, the shepherd's tell	WII, 45
The quaker's wife	Blythe hae I been on yon hill	SII, 58
The Quaker's Wife	Dark was the morn and black the sea	SV, 239
The quaker's wife	Dear Colin, quit thy love-sick tale	SII, 58
The red fox	A health to the brave, in fields afar	IrII, 126-8
The red piper's melody	Where is my Owen, where is my true love	WII, 56
The rising of the lark	See, O see, the breaking day	WI, 1
The rising sun	Softly, softly sing	WI, 17
The rock and a wee pickle tow	O were I as fleet as the wings	SIV, 199
The rock and a wee pickle tow	There was an auld wife	SIV, 199
The run-away bride	By William late offended	SV, 221
The seventh of November	The day returns, my bosom burns	SI, 28
The shepherd's son	The gowan glitters on the sward	SV, 223
The shepherd's wife	A rosebud by my early walk	SIII, 112
The sheriff's fancy	Waken Lords and Ladies gay	WIII, 91-2
The silken snood	Gone is my heart, for ever gone	SI, 41
The silken snood	O! I hae lost my silken snood	SI, 41
The siller crown	And ye shall walk in silk attire	SI, 44
The siller crown	Too plain, dear youth	SI, 44
The snowy breasted pearl	When eve's last rays in twilight die	IrI, 61-2
The soldier laddie	Come rest ye here, Johnie, what news	SIV, 172
The soldier's return	Dost not hear the martial hum?	WI, 11
The sorrows of Cambria	Ye banks of dark Conway	WI, 7
The summer is coming	Sweet power of Song! that canst impart	IrI, 4-6

Title of Melody	First line of lyric	Citation
The sutor's daughter	Wilt thou be my dearie?	SII, 77
The tears of Caledonia	Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn	SII, 87
The three captains	Let my lass be young and my wine	SIVd, 193
The three captains	Let my lass be young, my wine be old	SIV, 193
The Troubadour	Glowing with love, on fire for fame	SIIIe, 125
The twisting of the rope	'Tis but in vain, for nothing thrives	IrII, 121-2
The vale of Clwyd	Think not I'll leave fair Clwyd's vale	WIII, 111-12
The waefu' heart	Gin living worth could win my heart	SI, 16
The waefu' heart	O cease to mourn, unhappy youth	SI, 16
The wandering minstrel	I am bow'd down with years	IrII, 106-8
The war enthusiast	A steed! a steed of matchless speed!	SVI, 284
The war song of the men of Glamorgan	Red glows the forge	WI, 25
The war song of the men of Glamorgan	Sweet rose the moon on Deva's stream	WI, 25
The weary pund o' tow	The weary pund, the weary pund	SIII, 104
The weary pund o' tow	When Chloe tried her virgin fires	SIII, 104
The wee, wee man	O bonie was yon rosy brier	SIII, 115
The wee, wee man	Waft me, some soft and cooling breeze	SIII, 115
The welcome of the hostess	Farewell, farewell, thou noisy town	WIII, 81-2
The whirling of the spinning wheel	Sir Watkyn's lov'd minstrel	WIII, 95-6
The white cockade	A highland lad my love was born	SIV, 188
The white cockade	My love was born in Aberdeen	SIV, 188
The white mountains of Snowdon	The spearmen heard the bugle sound	WI, 28
The willow	As I slept on the bank	WII, 46
The winter it is past	The winter it is past	SV, 244
The wish	Could I find a bonny glen	SIV, 181
The withered flower	O cruel was my father that shut	SV, 226
The yellow-hair'd laddie	Be still, O ye winds, and attentive	SI, 13
The yellow-hair'd laddie	In April, when primroses paint	SI, 13
There will never be peace	By yon castle wa'	SVI, 265
There's three good fellows	Come fill, fill, my good fellow	SV, 213
This is no my ain house	O this is no my ain lassie	SII, 56
Thou'rt far awa'	Thour't far awa', far awa'	SIVf, 164
Thou'rt gane awa'	The smiling plains, profusely gay	SII, 72
Thou'rt gane awa'	Thou'rt gane awa', thou'rt gane awa'	SII, 72
Three hundred pounds	In yonder snug cottage	WIII, 124-6

Title of Melody	First line of lyric	Citation
Through the wood laddie	O Sandy, why thus leave thy Nelly	SVI, 255
Thro' the wood, laddie	Alas! I perceive all my wishes are vain	SIII, 143
Thro' the wood, laddie	O Sandy, why leav'st thou thy Nelly	SIII, 143
Tibbie Fowler	Tibbie Fowler o' the glen	SIV, 192
Tibbie Fowler	Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed	SIV, 192
To the Aeolian harp	Harp of the winds! in airy measure	WIII, 83-4
Todlin hame	Come, fill me a bumper	SII, 71
Todlin hame	I neither got promise of siller nor land	SVI, 287
Todlin hame	When I ha'e a saxpence under my thumb	SII, 71
Towyn Castle	Sweet Mary, where now	WII, 38
Tullochgorum	Come gie's a sang Montgomerie cried	SV, 246
Tweedside	What beauties does Flora disclose	SI, 3
Up and war them a', Willie	But are ye sure the news is true!	SIV, 163
Up and war them a', Willie	Where's he for honest poverty	SIV, 163
Up in the morning early	And O for ane and twenty, Tam!	SII, 59
Up in the morning early	Cauld blaws the wind frae north to south	SII, 59
Up quit thy bower*	Up quit thy bow'r, late wears the hour	SV, 237
Venture Gwen	Low hung the dark clouds on	WI, 9
Wae's for me Prince Charlie*	A wee bird came to our ha' door	SVd, 3d.250
Wae's my heart that we should sunder	Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief	SIII, 109
Wae's my heart that we should sunder	With broken words, and downcast eyes	SIII, 109
Waly waly	Hard is the fate of him who loves	SI, 19
Waly waly	O waly waly up the bank	SI, 19
We're a' noddin*	And we're a' noddin, nid nid noddin	SV, 242
What ails this heart of mine	What ails this heart of mine	SIV, 180
What ails this heart o' mine	Spring's primrose banks	SIVe, 169
What can a young lassie	Since wedlock's in vogue	SIII, 145
What can a young lassie	What can a young lassie	SIII, 145
Wha'll be King but Charlie	How mild that e'er the sun went down	SIIe, 96
Wha'll be King but Charlie	The news frae Moidart came yestreen	SIIe, 96
When she came ben she bobbit	Oh! was I to blame to love him	SV, 220
Whistle o'er the lave o't	First when Maggy was my care	SIV, 169
Willie was a wanton wag	There was a lass and she was fair	SIV, 152
Willie was a wanton wag	Willie was a wanton wag	SIV, 152
Willy was a wanton wag	O Willie was a wanton wag	SVI, 276

Title of Melody	First line of lyric	Citation
Wishaw's favourite	O my love's like the red red rose	SII, 89
Wishaw's favourite	The western sky was purpled over	SII, 89
Within this village dwells a maid	No riches from his scanty shore	IrI, 63-4
Womankind	The hero may perish his country to save	SVI, 294-5
Woo'd and married and a'	No house in the village could stow them	SIII, 150
Woo'd and married and a'	The bride cam out of the byre	SIII, 150
Young Terence MacDonough	Once again, but how chang'd	IrI, 1-3
[Thomson gives no title for these melodies]	Come draw we round a cheerful ring	IrI, 19-20
	Donald Caird can lilt and sing	SVb, 224
	O might I but my Patrick love!	IrII, 131-2
	Once more I hail thee	IrI, 7-8
	Rob MacGregor's come again	SVb, 224
	Soothe me , my lyre, with thy tones	IrII, 81-2
	The kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left	IrII, 89-90
	The morning air plays on my face	IrI, 9-10
	The parson boasts of mild ale	IrI, 70-2
	The smiling spring comes in rejoicing	SIg, 3d.50
	The year that's awa'	SIIIf, 150
	They bid me slight my Dermot dear	IrI, 42-4
	Thy ship must sail, my Henry dear	IrII, 141-2
	When the black-letter'd list	IrI, 45-7

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Sm 3334 IV -	Copies of various songs including Beethoven's settings of **The sweetest lad was Jamie, Faithfu' Johnie** and **Bonny Laddie, Highland Laddie**. Again most probably copied for private use.
18471 -	Beethoven sketches, including sketches of **O Charlie is my darling** and the Irish melody **The Moreen**

D-B: Berlin, Staatsbibliothek Preussischer Kulturbesitz[1]

29 I -	Beethoven's settings of Scottish, Irish and Welsh airs, and some of the foreign airs
29 III -	Containing Beethoven's settings of 26 Welsh airs and 5 Irish airs
Artaria 190 -	Beethoven's sketches, mostly of Irish songs
Beethoven 19e -	Containing four Scottish melodies

[1] See W. Hess, 'Handschriftensammelbände zu Beethovens Volksliederbearbeitungen', Beiträge zur Beethoven-Bibliographie, ed. K. Dorfmüller, Munich, 1978, 88-103.

D-Bds: Berlin, Deutsche Staatsbibliothek

29 II -	Containing Beethoven's sketches for 'Quatre airs ecossais', included in 29 I in neat copy. Also containing sketches of other songs in 29 I, including Welsh songs and the '12 songs of different nations' (foreign airs)
29 IV -	A duplicate of **D-DS** Mus. MS 975. Thomson's copies of Beethoven's settings with annotations. Containing most of Beethoven's settings of Welsh and Irish airs and 9 Scottish airs
29 V -	Thomson's copies of several of Beethoven's settings of Scottish airs, including his arrangements for three voices. Also some settings of foreign airs
29 VI -	Beethoven's flute and violin parts mostly for the settings included in 29 V, i.e. mainly for Vol. V of the Scottish collection
29 VII -	Beethoven's cello parts for settings in 29 V
Artaria 187 -	Beethoven's sketches, mostly for the settings of Welsh airs
Artaria 188 -	Beethoven's sketches for foreign airs. Neat copy found **D-DS** Mus. MS 975
Artaria 189 -	Copies of 15 of Beethoven settings of Scottish airs also in 29 V. There is reference on the title-page to Schlesinger, so this may include some of the settings sent to the German publisher for his edition of 25 Beethoven Scottish songs of 1822

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EXAMPLES

Examples listed below are from Thomson's collections unless otherwise stated, and page-numbers refer to their citation in the thesis.

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XV.

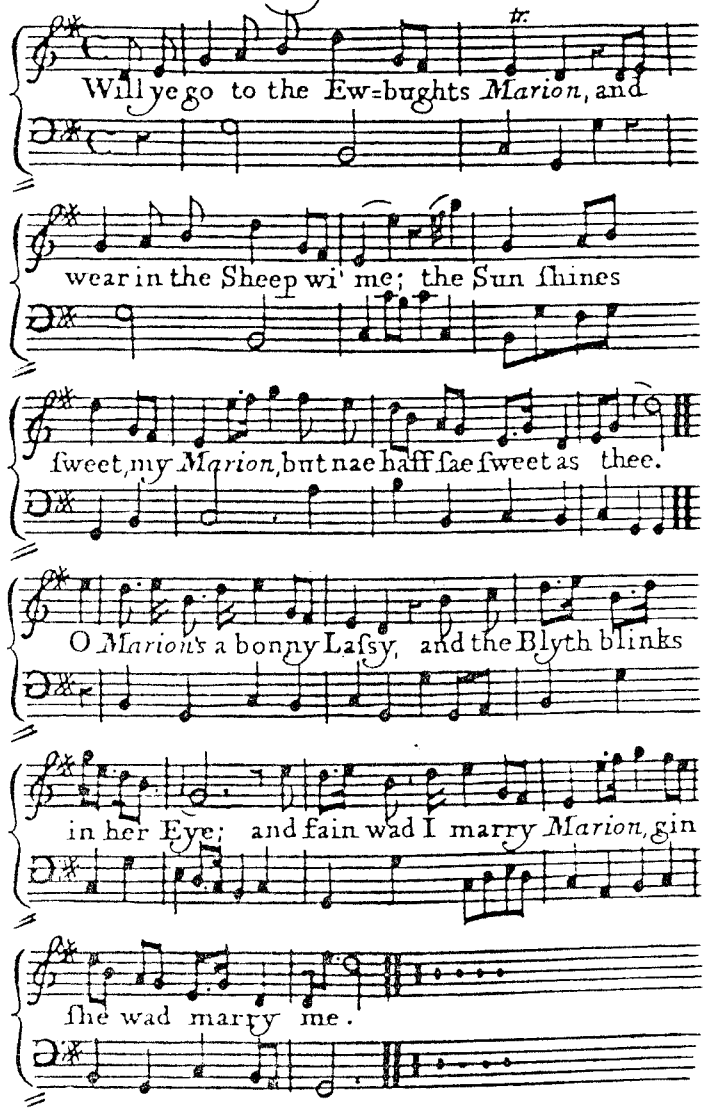
Ew-Bughts Marion.

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 Hauſs-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 thy *Marion*;
But nane of them lo'es like me.

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

I'll



Will ye go to the Ewe bughts Marion.

Duet.

Andante.

Will ye go to the ewe bughts Marion And wear in the

Will ye go to the ewe bughts Marion And wear in the

sheep wi' me? The sun shines sweet my Marion But nae half sae sweet as thee The sun shines

sheep wi' me? The sun shines sweet my Marion But nae half sae sweet as thee The sun shines

sweet my Marion But nae half sae sweet as thee.

sweet my Marion But nae half sae sweet as thee.

fz fz fz

* The above Sym.s and Accomp.s composed by Haydn & first pub.d in 1803.

WILL YE GO TO THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION.

AIR—THE EWE-BUGHTS. *

WILL ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi' me?
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
But nae half so sweet as thee.
The sun, &c.

O Marion's a bonny lassie,
The blythe blink's in her e'e;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.
And fain, &c.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion,
A cow and a brawney quey;
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion
Upon her bridal-day.
I'll gi'e, &c.

And ye's get a green say apron,
And waiscoat o' London brown;
And wow but ye will be vap'ring
Whene'er ye gang to the town.
And wow, &c.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,
None dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.
And gin, &c.

* *Though this beautiful old Air is commonly reckoned a production of the south of Scotland, Burns doubts whether it may not be a northern composition, because there is a Song, apparently as ancient as "Ewe-bughts, Marion," which is sung to the same Air, and is evidently of the north; it begins thus:*

"The Lord o' Gordon had three daughters,
"Mary, Marget, and Jean,
"They wad na stay at bonie Castle-Gordon,
"But awa' to Aberdeen.'

The following Song was not in the first edition of this work; it is a juvenile production of the Poet, who, when he transmitted it to the Editor, wrote thus of it: "In my very early years, when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following fare-"well of a dear girl: it is quite trifling, and has nothing of the merit of the Ewe-Bughts. You must know that all my earlier love-"songs were the breathings of ardent passion; and though it might have been easy in after-times to have given them a polish, yet that "polish to me would have defaced the legend of my heart, which was so faithfully inscribed on them. Their uncouth simplicity was, "as they say of wines, their race."

WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY.

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th'Atlantic's roar!

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies,
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true;
And sae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily white hand;
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join;
And curst be the cause that shall part us!
The hour, and the moment o' time!

O MARIAN, SO SWEET ARE THY KISSES.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By PETER PINDAR.

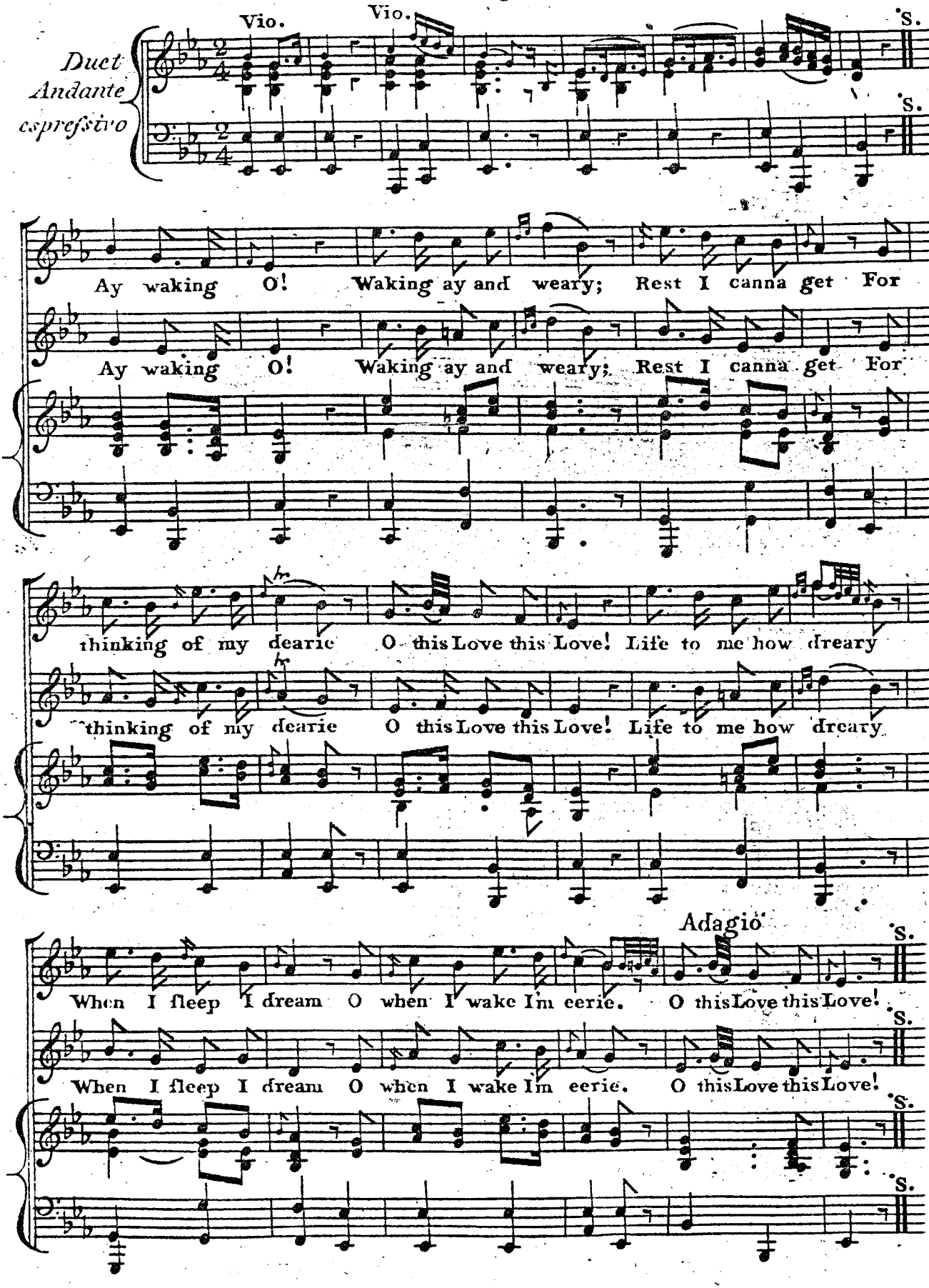
THE SAME AIR.

O MARIAN, so sweet are thy kisses,
Thou shouldst not thy shepherd refuse,
Behold! they are so many blisses,
And nought, my dear girl, wilt thou lose.

Those lips were created for pleasure,
Then, wherefore, deny thy poor swain?
Say, thou feelest the loss of the treasure,
I'll give thee thy kisses again.

Then, Marian, most cheerfully deal 'em,
By such presents thou can'st not be poor;
So fruitful thy lips when I steal 'em,
They quickly are clustered with more.

Ay waking O!


Vio.
Vio.
S.
Duet
Andante
espressivo
Ay waking O! Waking ay and weary; Rest I canna get For
Ay waking O! Waking ay and weary; Rest I canna get For
thinking of my dearie O this Love this Love! Life to me how dreary
thinking of my dearie O this Love this Love! Life to me how dreary
Adagio
When I sleep I dream O when I wake I'm eerie. O this Love this Love!
When I sleep I dream O when I wake I'm eerie. O this Love this Love!

AY WAKING, O!

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL,

BY BURNS,

(THE FIRST STANZA EXCEPTED.)

AY waking, O!
Waking ay and wearie,
Rest I canna get
For thinking on my dearie.
O this love, this love!
Life to me how dreary!
When I sleep I dream,
O! when I wake I'm eerie.
O this love, this love!

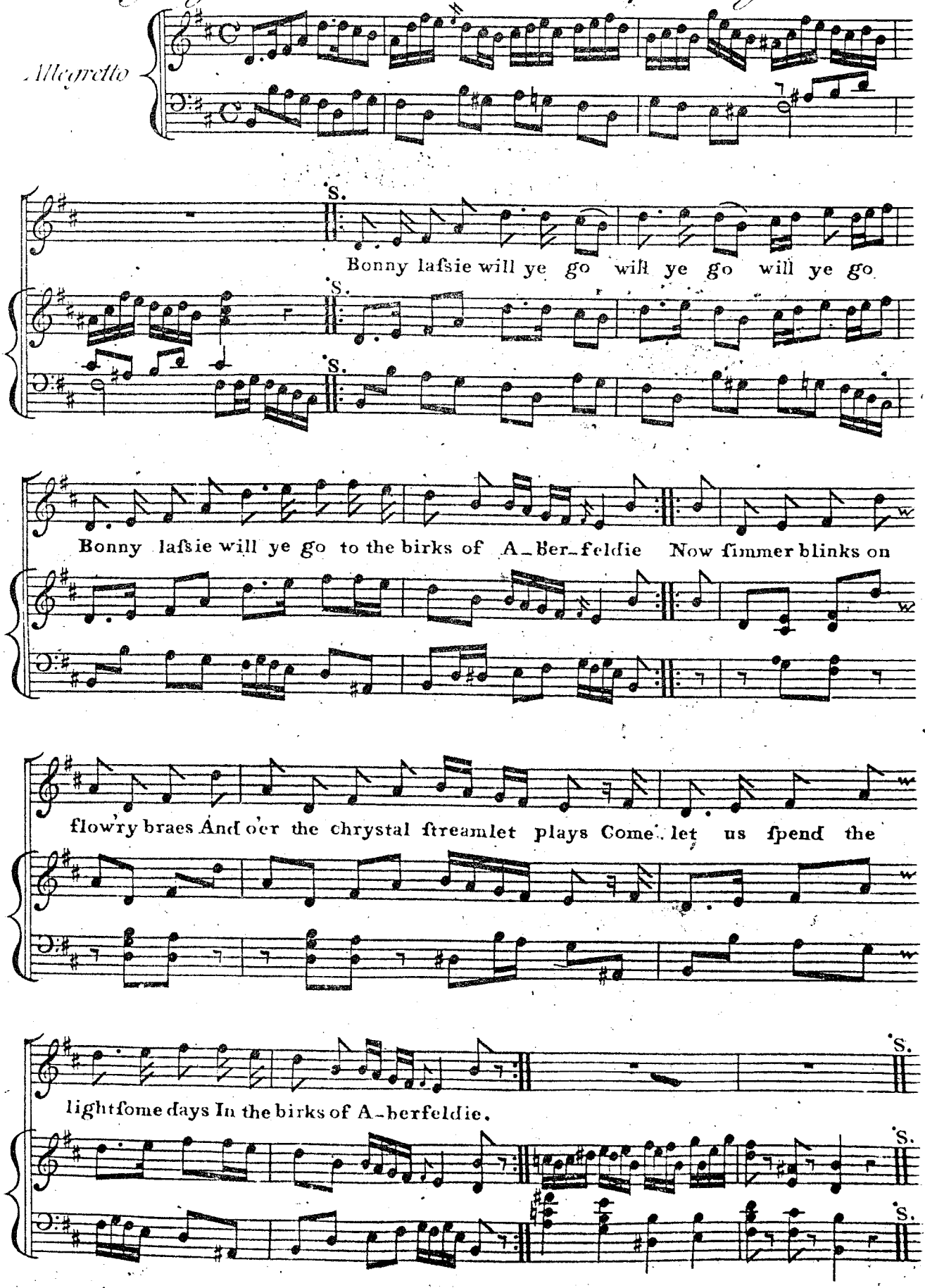
Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.
Can I cease to care,
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish?
O this love, this love!

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.
Ev'ry hope is fled,
Ev'ry fear is terror;
Slumber ev'n I dread,
Ev'ry dream is horror.
O this love, this love!

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.
Hear me, Powers divine!
Oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But, my Chloris, spare me!
Spare, O spare my love! *

* The line in the first stanza, "Life to me how dreary," and the lines printed in Italics, are supplied by the Editor for the sake of the Music.

Bonny lafsie &c. Air. The birks of Abergeldie.



BONIE LASSIE, WILL YE GO.

WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

AIR.—THE BIRKS OF ABERGELDIE.

BONIE lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?
Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
And o'er the chrystal streamlet plays;
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?
The little birdies blythely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?
The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

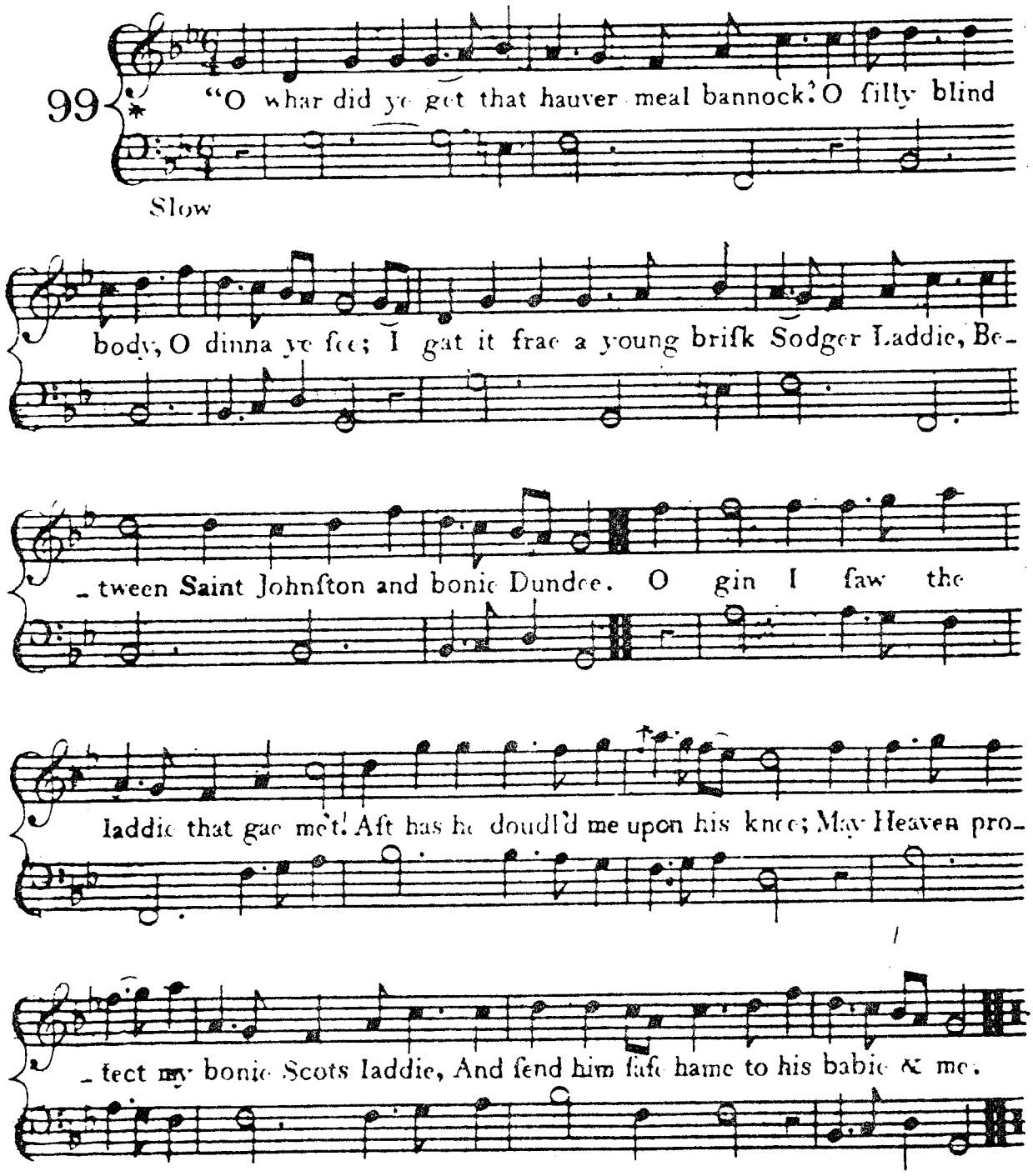
Bonie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?
The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?
Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee
In the birks of Aberfeldy. *

* This is written in the same measure with the old Song, "The Birks of *Abergeldie*," from which nothing is borrowed but the first four lines.

Ex. 5a

Bonie Dundee.

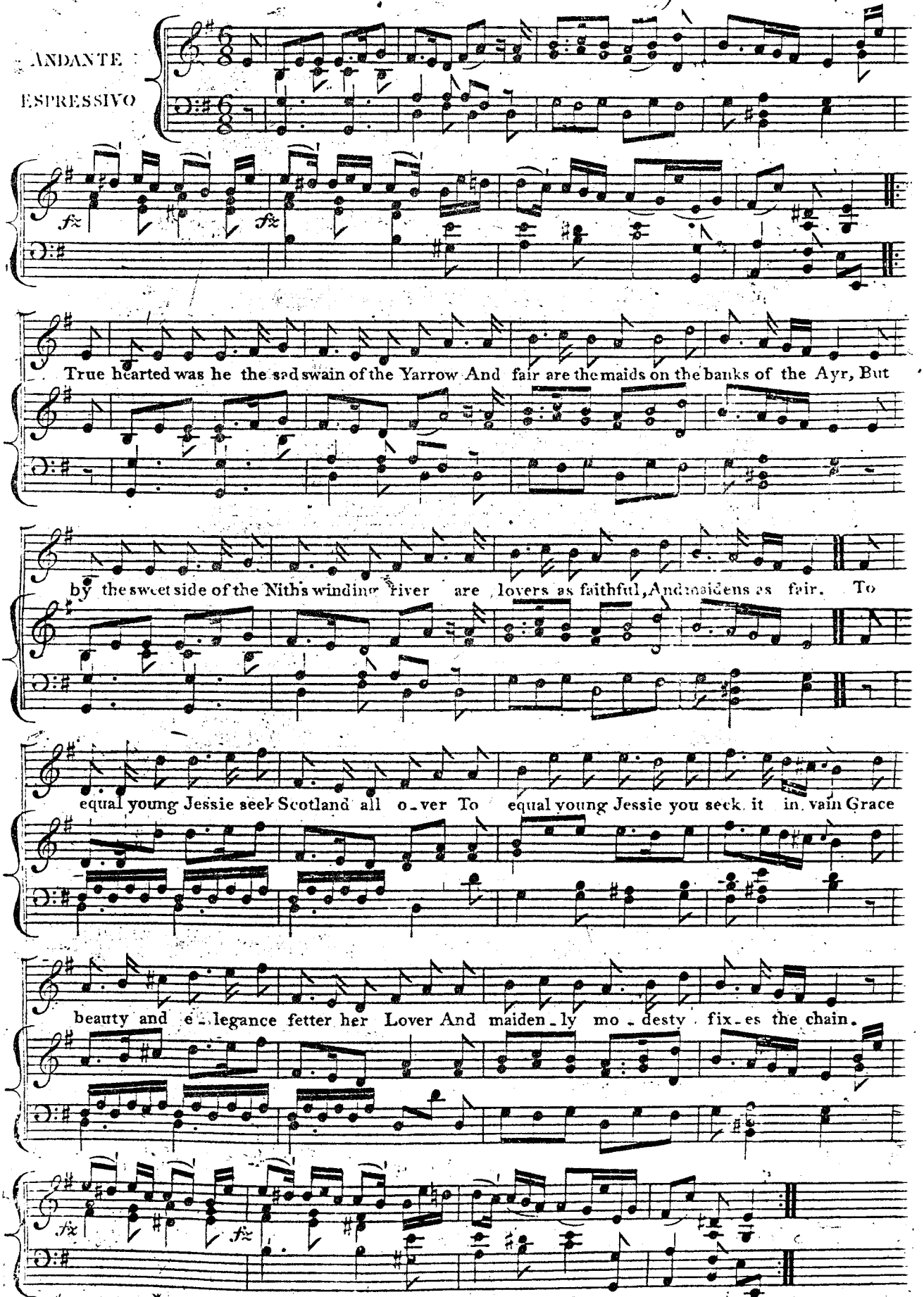


My blefsins upon thy fweet, wee lippie!
My bleffins upon thy bonie e'e brie!
Thy fmiles are fae like my blyth Sodger Laddie,
Thou's ay the dearer, and dearer to me!
But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks,
Whare Tay rins wimplin by fae clear;
And I'll cleed thee in the tartan fae fine,
And mak thee a man like thy dadie dear.

Ex. 5b

True hearted was he &c.

ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO



* The Sym.& Accompt. simplified as above by Mr. K. 1801.

TRUE HEARTED WAS HE THE SAD SWAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—BONNY DUNDEE.

TRUE hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr;
But by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair.
To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over;
To equal young Jessie, you seek it in vain;
Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

Oh! fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence of lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizzard ensnaring,
Enthron'd in her eyes he delivers his law;
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger!
Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a'.

SAW YE MY WEE THING.

WRITTEN

By H. MACNEILL, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

"SAW ye my wee thing? Saw ye mine ain thing?
"Saw ye my true-love down on yon lea?
"Cross'd she the meadow, yestreen at the gloaming?
"Sought she the burnie, whar flow'rs the haw-tree?
"Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white;
"Dark is the blue o' her saft-rolling e'e!
"Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses!
"Whar could my wee thing wander frae me!"

'I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
'Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
'But I met *my* bonny thing, late in the gloaming,
'Down by the burnie, whar flow'rs the haw-tree.
'Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
'Dark was the blue o' her saft-rolling e'e!
'Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses!
'Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me!'

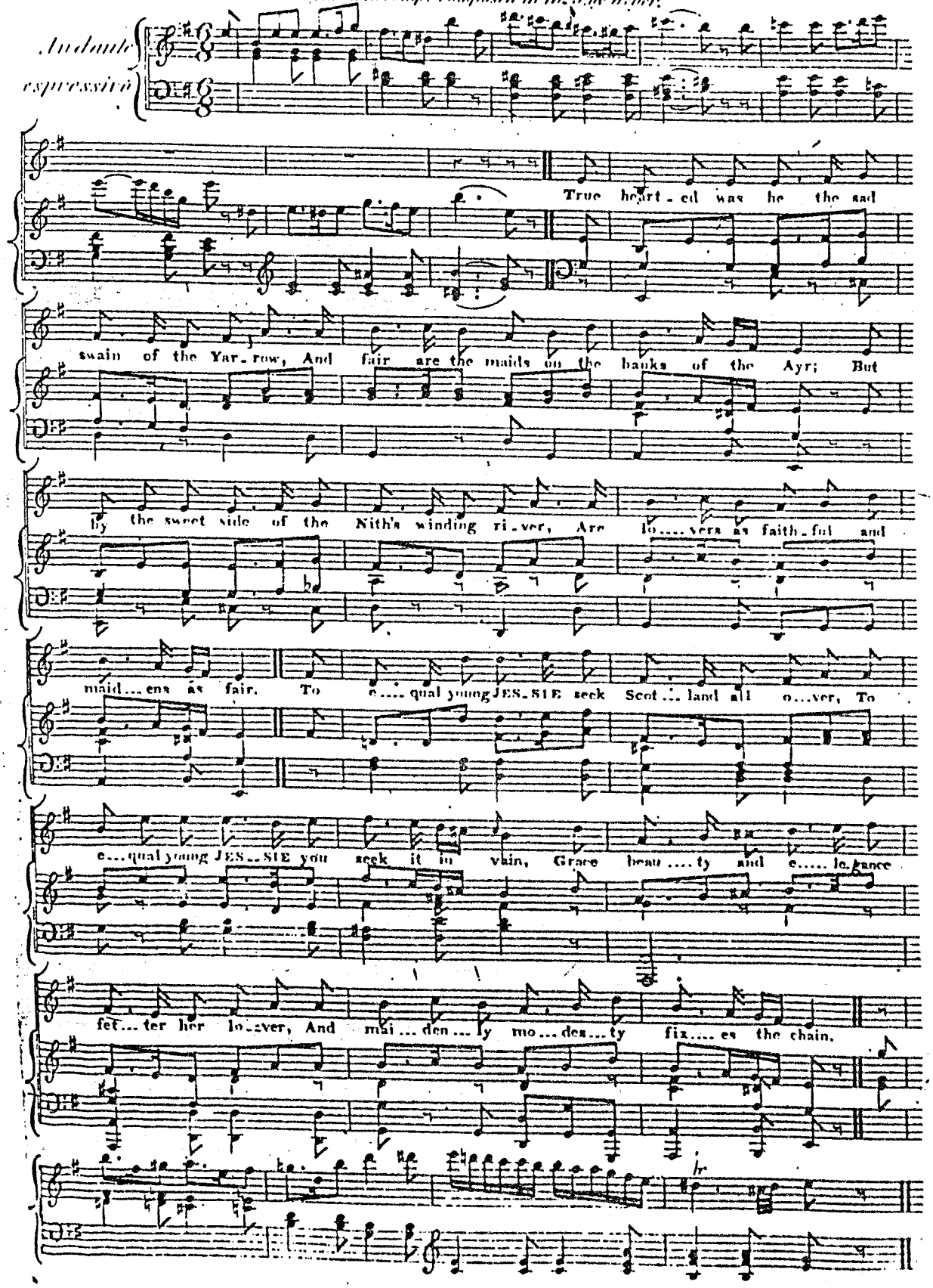
"It was na my wee thing! it was na mine ain thing,
"It was na my true love ye met by the tree!
"Proud is her leal heart, modest her nature;
"She never loo'd ony, till ance she loo'd me.
"Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,
"Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee!
"Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,
"Young bragger! she ne'er would gie kisses to thee!"

'It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,
'It was then your true love I met by the tree!
'Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
'Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me!'
Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling e'e;
"Ye's rue sair this morning, your boasts and your scorning,
"Defend, ye fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie!"

'Awa' wi' beguiling,' cried the youth, smiling:
Aff went the bonnet,—the lint-white locks flee—
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark-rolling e'e!
"Is it my wee thing? is it mine ain thing?
"Is it my true love here that I see?"
'Oh Jamie! forgi'e me, your heart's constant to me;
'I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!'

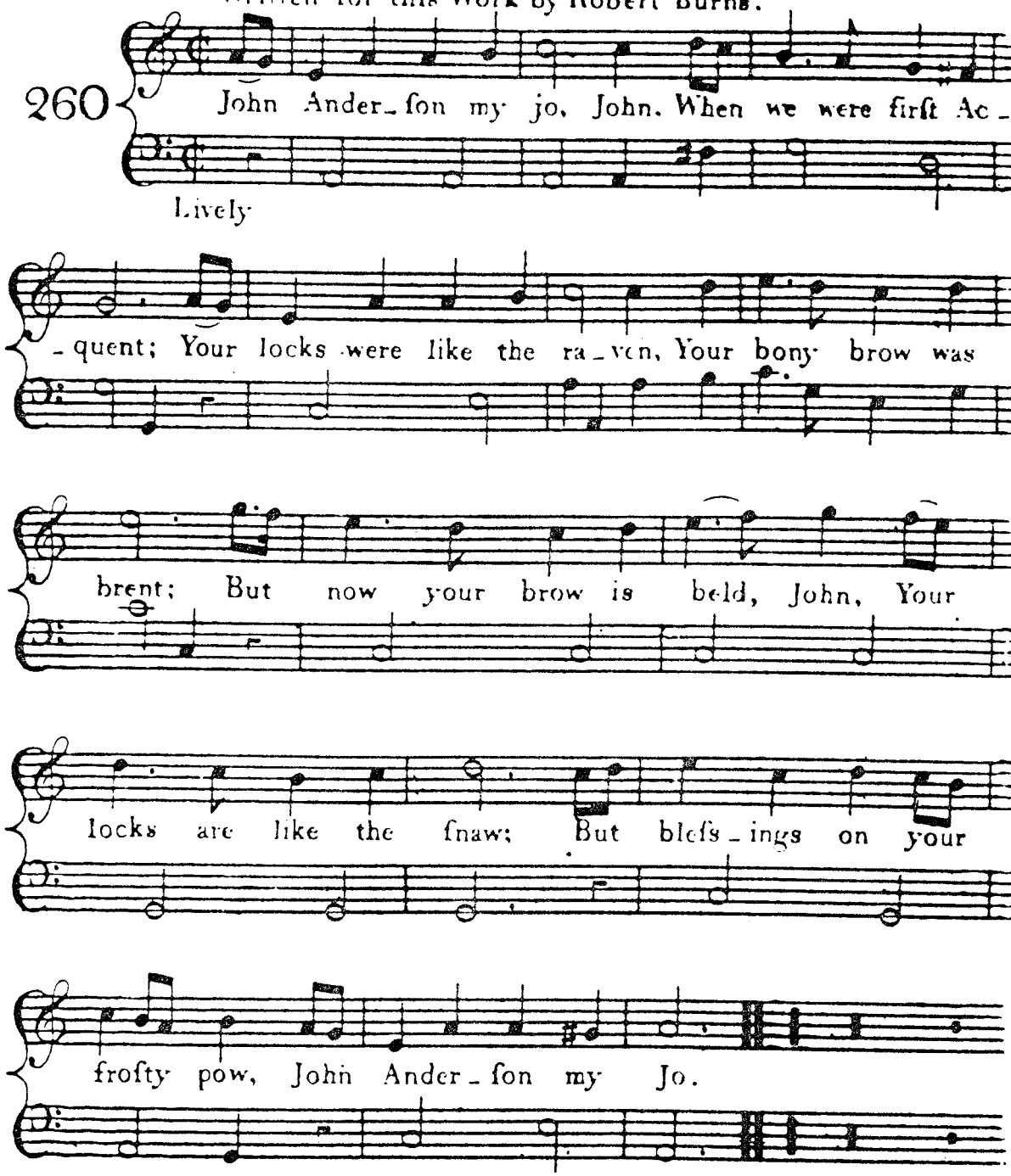
Bonny Dundee

With Symᵒˢ & Accompᵗ composed in 1825, by Weber.



John Anderson my Jo.

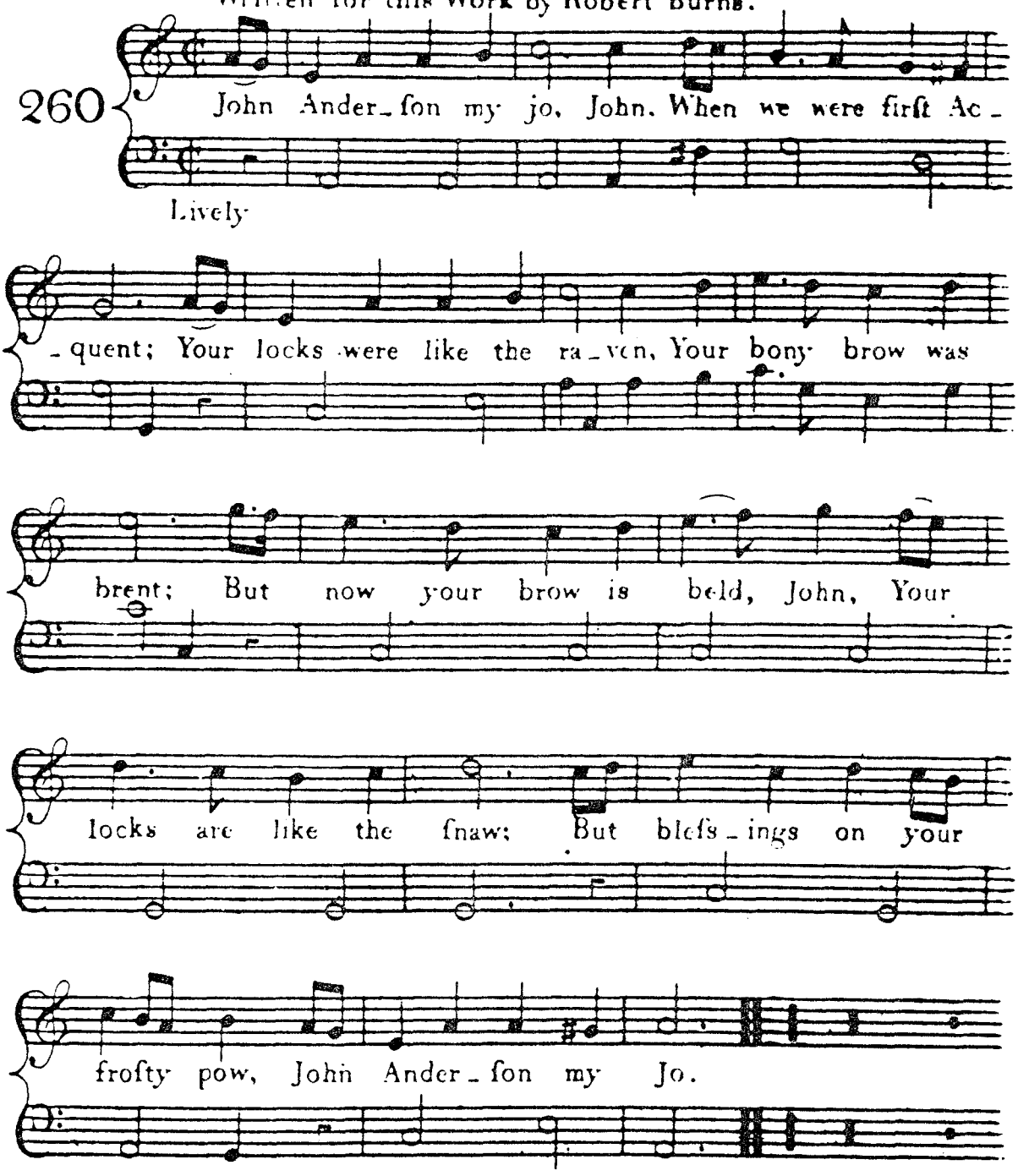
Written for this Work by Robert Burns.



John Anderſon my jo, John,
We clamb the hill the gither;
And mony a canty day John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go;
And ſleep the gither at the foot,
John Anderſon my Jo.

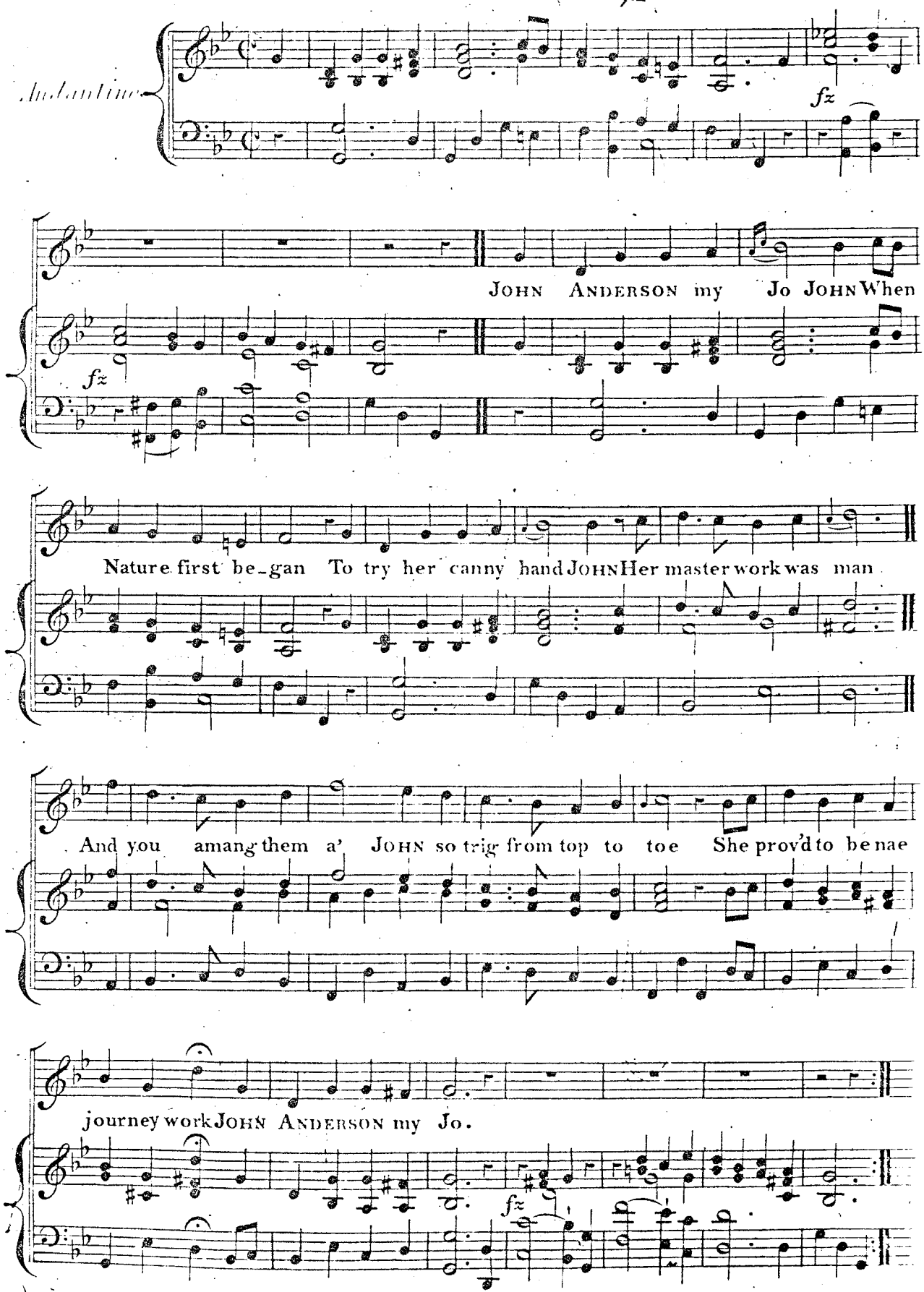
John Anderson my Jo.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.



John Anderſon my jo, John,
We clamb the hill the gither;
And mony a canty day John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go;
And ſleep the gither at the foot,
John Anderſon my Jo.

John Anderson my Jo John



JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

THE TWO LAST STANZAS WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John, when Nature first began
To try her canny hand, John, her master-work was man;
And you amang them a', John, so trig from top to toe,
She prov'd to be no journey-work, John Anderson, my jo.

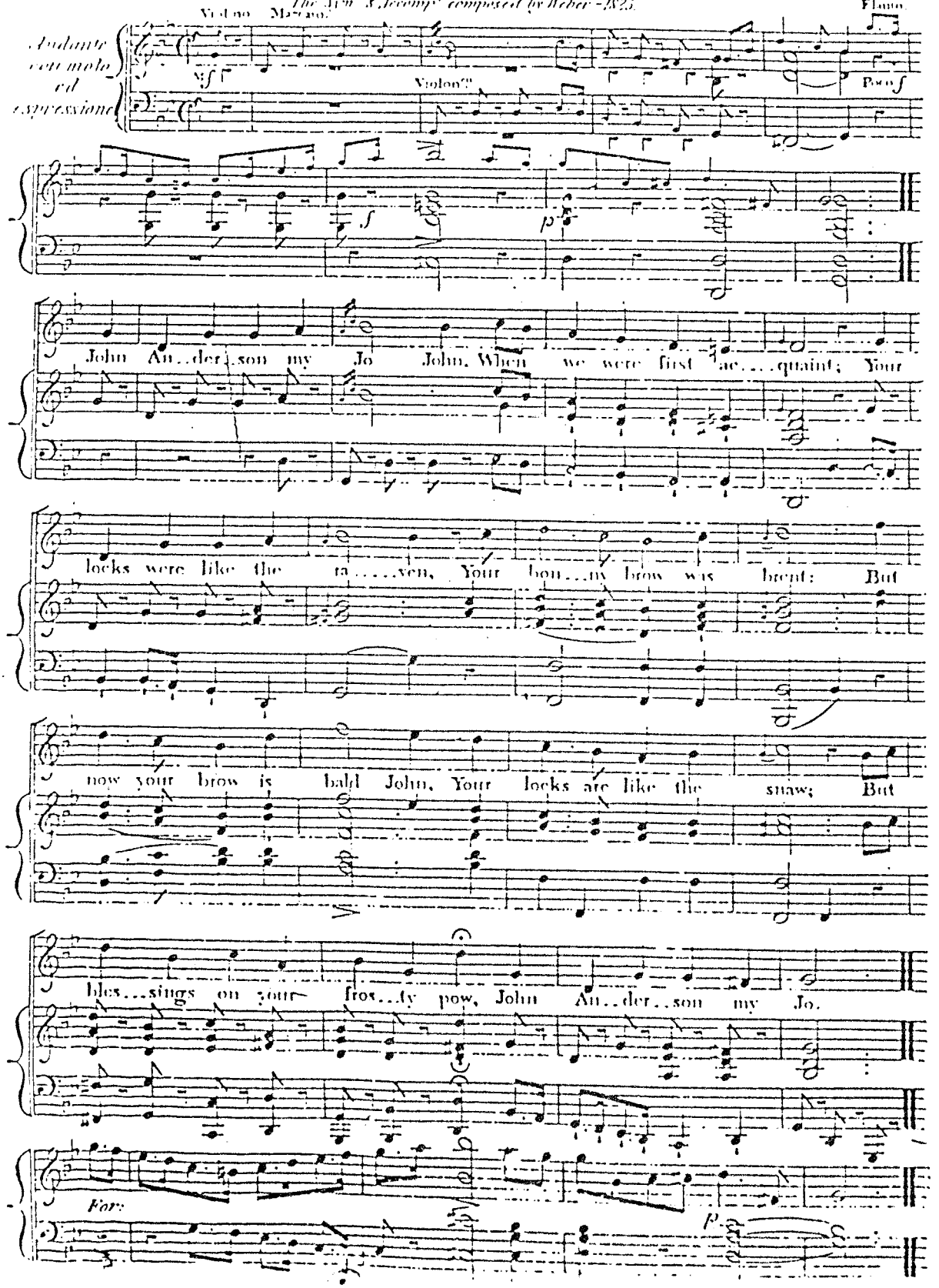
John Anderson, my jo, John, ye were my first conceit,
I think nae shame to own, John, I lo'ed you ear' and late:
They say ye're turning auld John, and what though it be so,
Ye're ay the same kind man to me, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, when we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven, your bonny brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John, your locks are like the snow,
Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John, we clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson my Jo

The Syn.t & Accomp.t composed by Weber - 1825.



Violino Marcato. Flauto.

Andante con molo ed espressione

Violon.ce

Poco f

John An..der..son my Jo John, When we were first ac....quaint; Your

locks were like the ra.....ven, Your bon...ny brow was brent: But

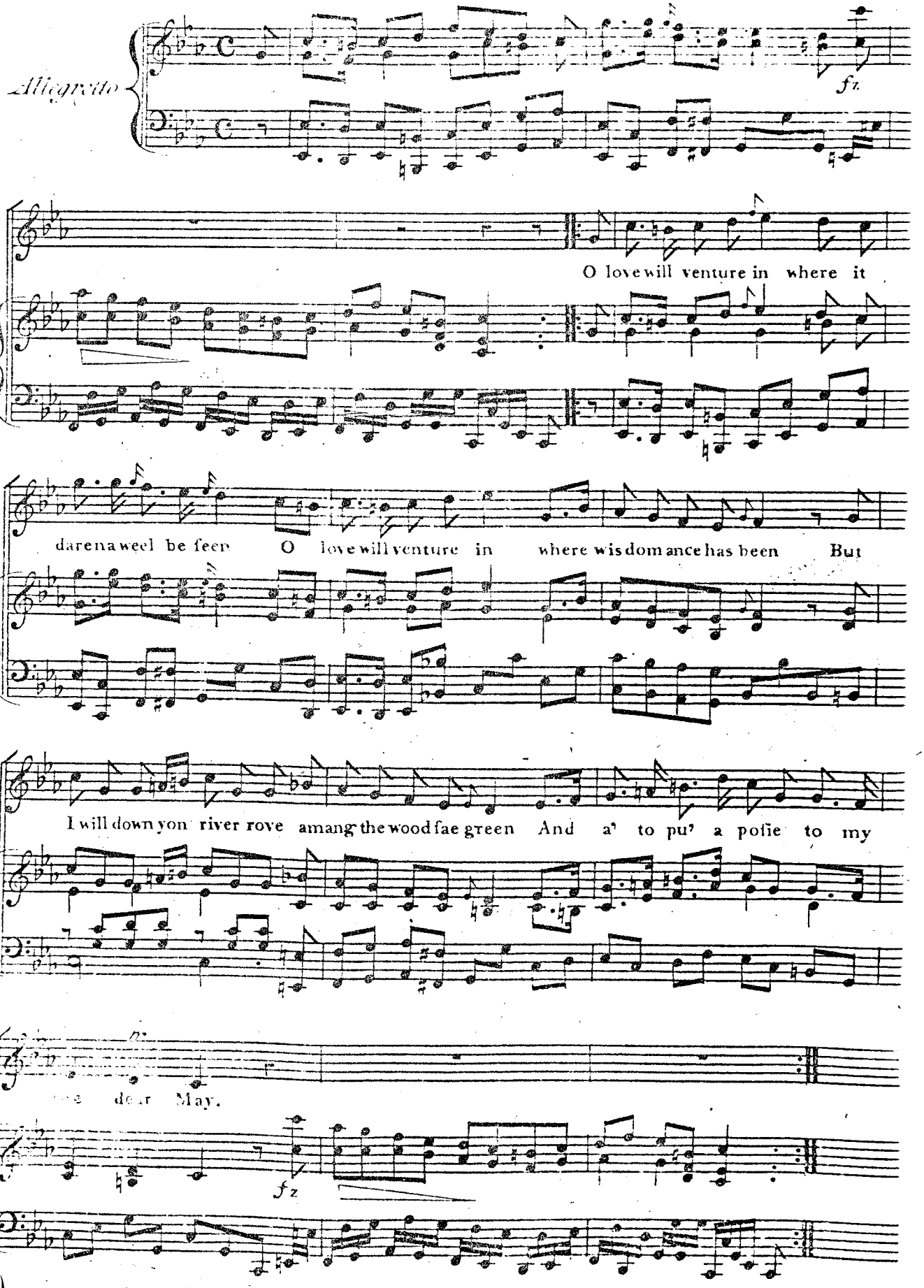
now your brow is bald John, Your locks are like the snaw; But

bles...sings on your fros...ty pow, John An..der..son my Jo.

For:

C in ms

O love will venture in &c.



O LOVE WILL VENTURE IN, &c.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR.—THE POSIE.

O Love will venture in, where it dare na weel be ſeen;
O love will venture in, where wiſdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove amang the wood ſae green,
And a' to pu' a poſie to my ain dear May.

The primroſe I will pu', the firſtling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;
For ſhe's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer;
And a' to be a poſie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding roſe, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiſs o' her ſweet bonie mou;
The hyacinth for conſtancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
And a' to be a poſie to my ain dear May.

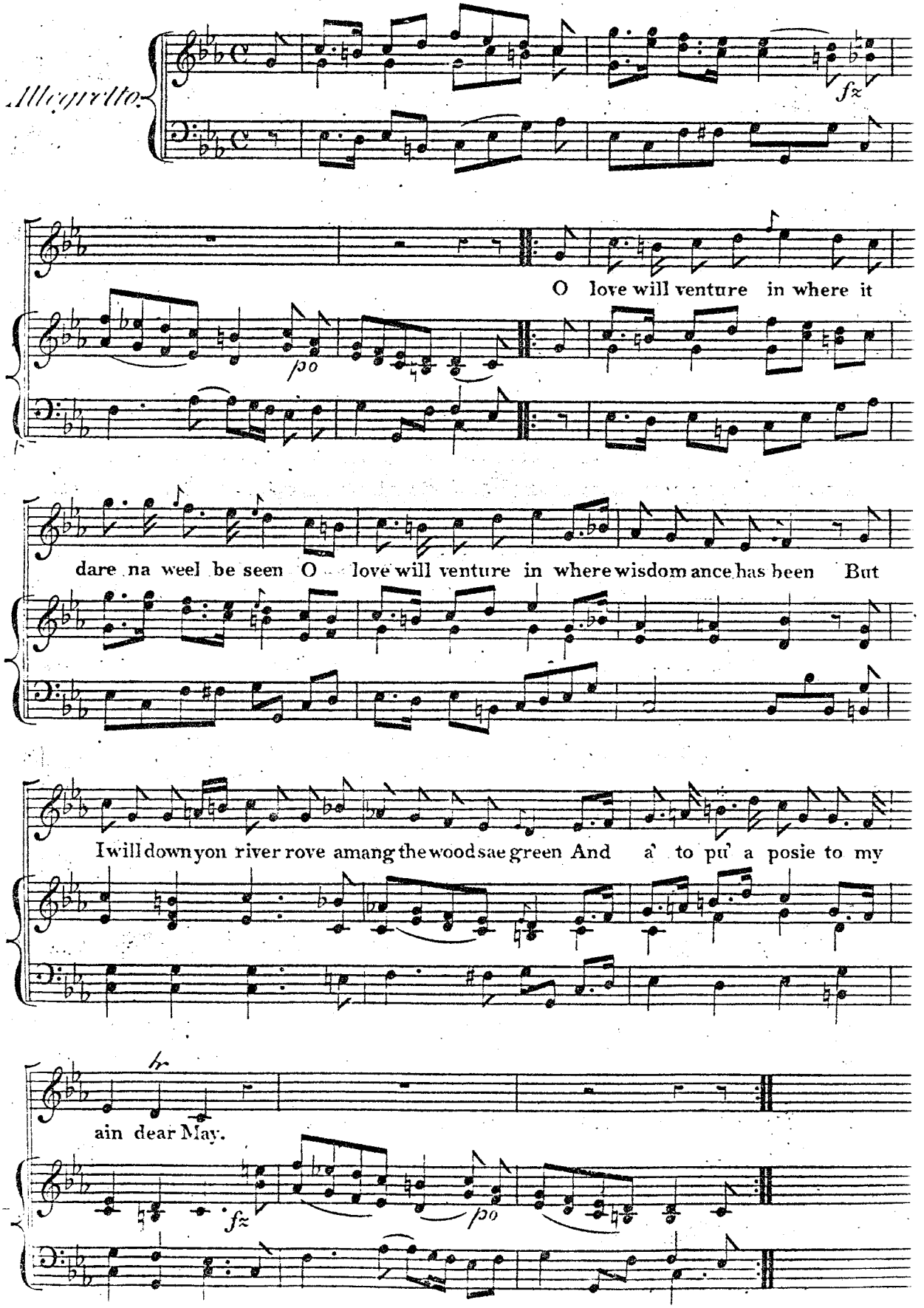
The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely boſom I'll place the lily there;
The daiſy for ſimplicity, and unaffected air,
And a' to be a poſie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' ſiller grey,
Where, like an aged man, it ſtands at break o' day;
But the ſongſter's neſt within the buſh I winna take away,
And a' to be a poſie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu', when the ev'ning ſtar is near,
And the diamond drops o' dew ſhall be her een ſae clear;
The violet for modeſty, which weel ſhe fa's to wear,
And a' to be a poſie to my ain dear May.

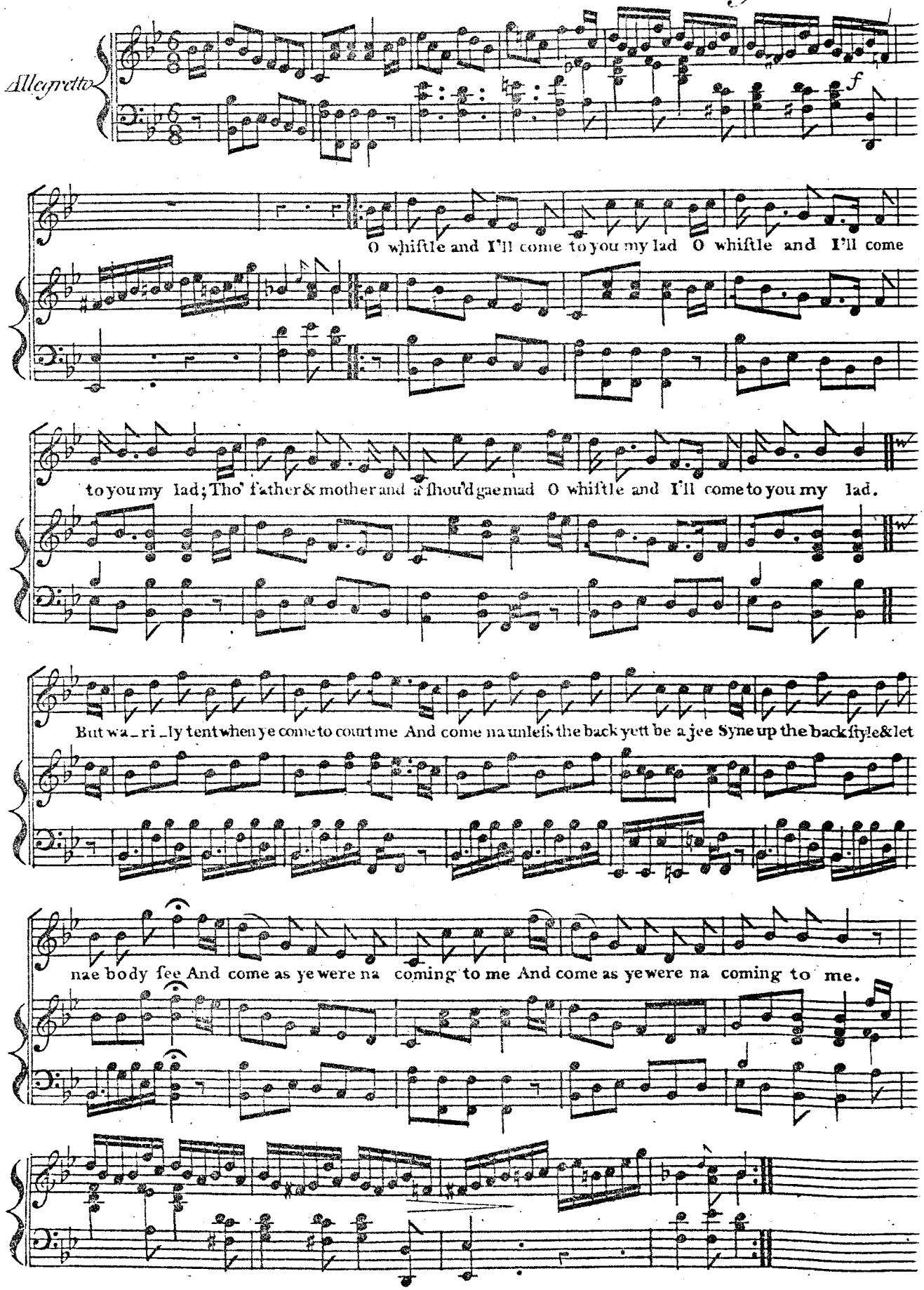
I'll tie the poſie round wi' the ſilken band o' love,
And I'll place it in her breaſt, and I'll ſwear by a' above,
That to my lateſt draught o' life the band ſhall ne'er remove,
And this will be a poſie to my ain dear May.

O love will venture in [illegible]



* The Sym.& Accomp.t simplified as above by M.r K 1801.

O whistle and I'll come to you



O WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR.—O WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Syne up the back-style, and let nacbody see,
And come, as ye were na coming to me,
And come, as ye were na coming to me.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me,
And *weylay* ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

THE WHISTLE,—A BALLAD,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AS the authentic *Prose* history of the WHISTLE is curious, we shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle, which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table; and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany, and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwelton, ancestor to the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days and three nights, hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table, "And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill."

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's. On Friday, the 16th October 1790, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxweltown; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert, which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

THE SAME AIR.

I SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the north,
Was brought to the court of our good Scotish king,
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.
Old Loda, * still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
"This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,
"And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!
"And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!"

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventured, what champions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill.
Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
Unmatched at the bottle, unconquered in war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus, Robert, victorious, the trophy has gained,
Which now in his house has for ages remained;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
This jovial contest again have renewed.
Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law,
And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old wines.
And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began with tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.
"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies,
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
"I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rory More †,
"And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er.
"And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turned his back on his foe, or his friend,
Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
And knee-deep in claret he'd die e're he'd yield.
To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet lovely dame.
Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wished that Parnassus a vineyard had been.
The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And every new cork is a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
Bright Phebus ne'er witnessed so joyous a corps,
And vowed that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.
Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage;
A high ruling elder to wallow in wine!
He left the foul business to folks less divine.
The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers contend?
Though Fate said a hero should perish in light;
So uprose bright Phebus—and down fell the knight.
So uprose bright Phebus—and down fell the knight.

Next uprose our bard, like a prophet in drink:—
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink!
"But if thou wouldst flourish immortal in rhyme,
"Come, one bottle more, and have at the sublime!
"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
"Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
"So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
"The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!
"The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!"

* See Ossian's Carric-thura.

† See Johnson's tour to the Hebrides.

O whistle and I'll come to you!

Allegretto.

O whistle and I'll come to you my lad O whistle and I'll come

fz fz p

to you my lad; Tho' father and mother and a' shou'd gae mad O whistle and I'll come to you my lad.

But wa-rily tent when ye come to court me And come na unless the back yett be a jee Syne up the back style and let

nae body see And come as ye were na coming to me And come as ye were na coming to me.

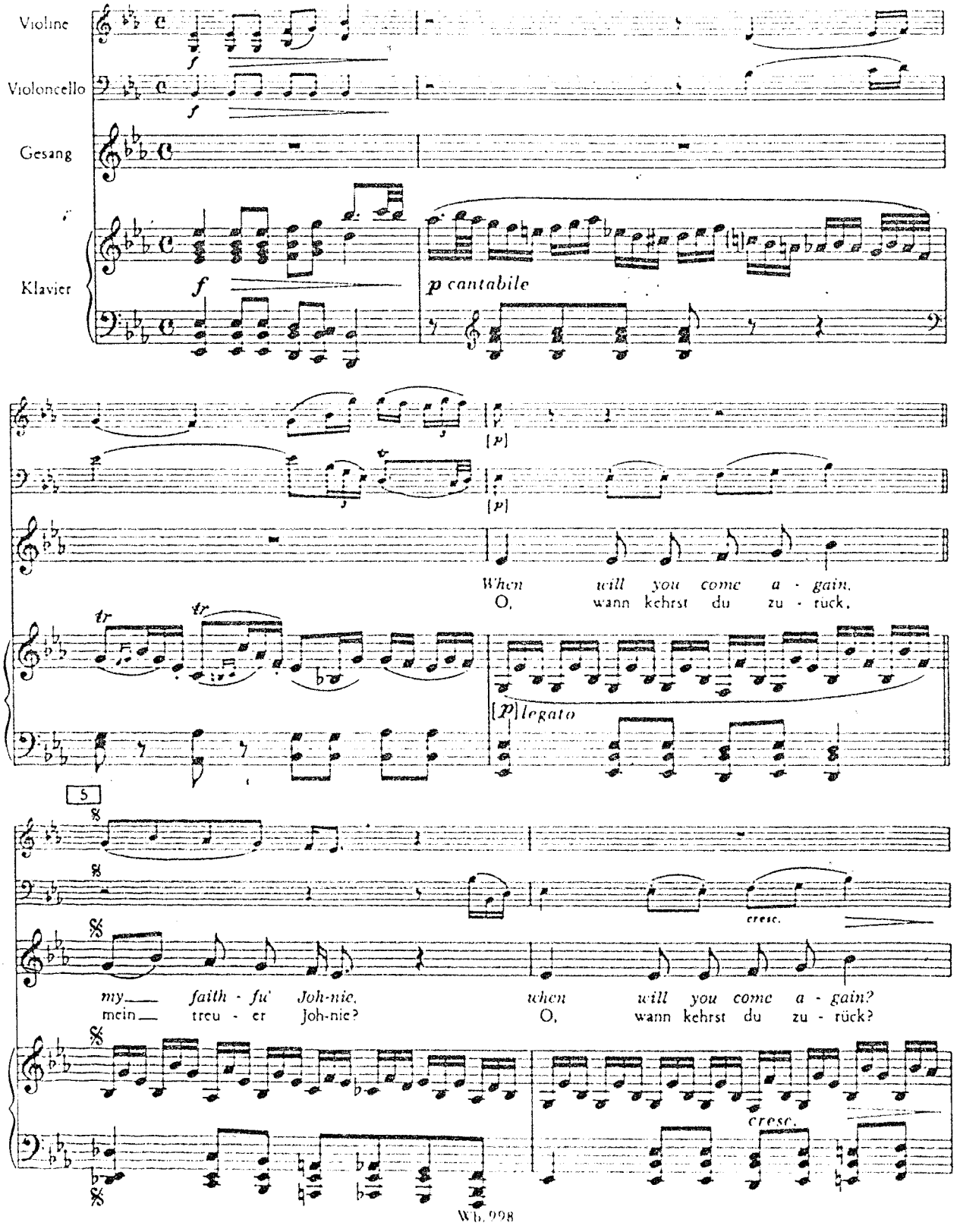
fz fz p

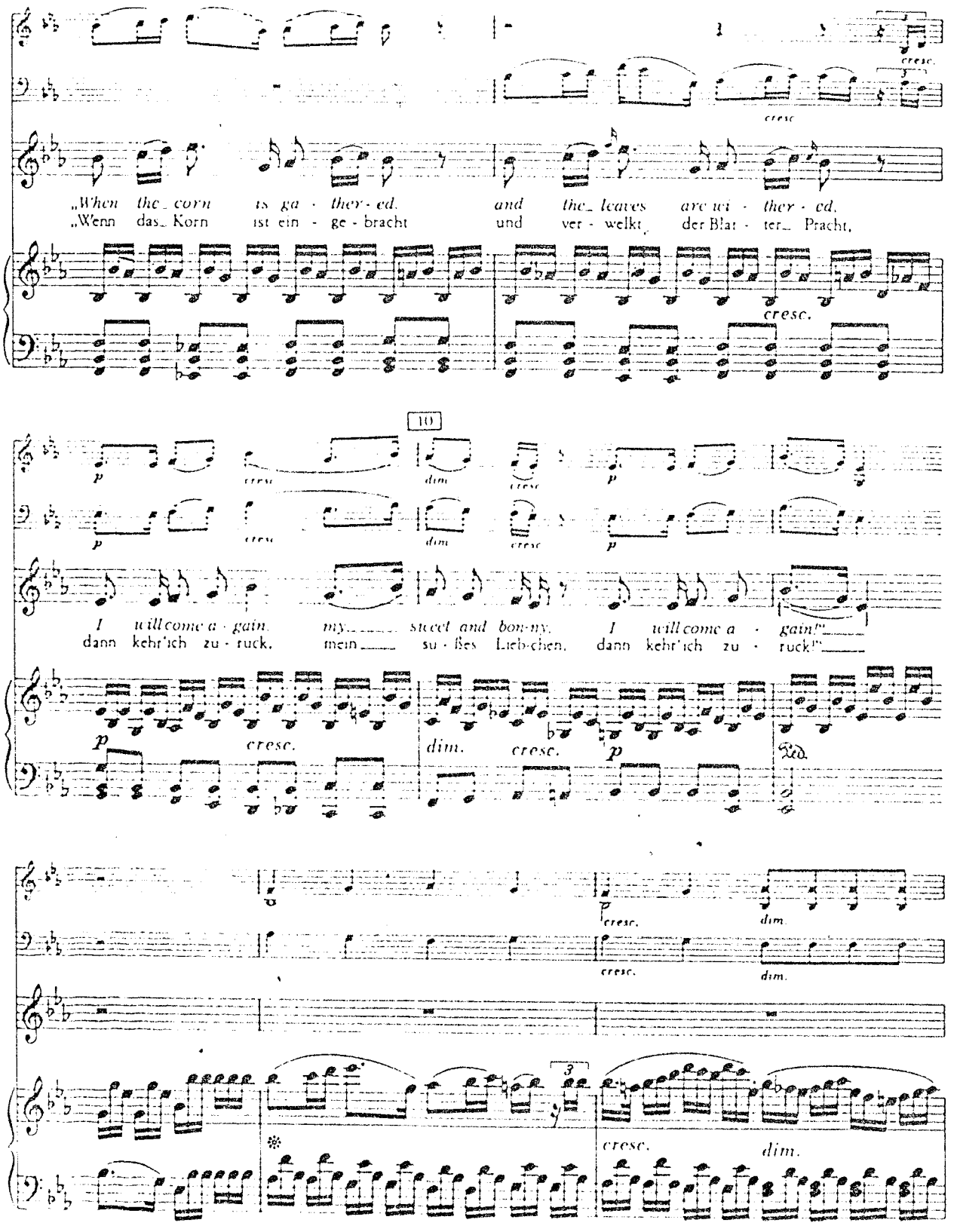
* The Sym.& Accomp.t simplified as above by M.r K. 1801.

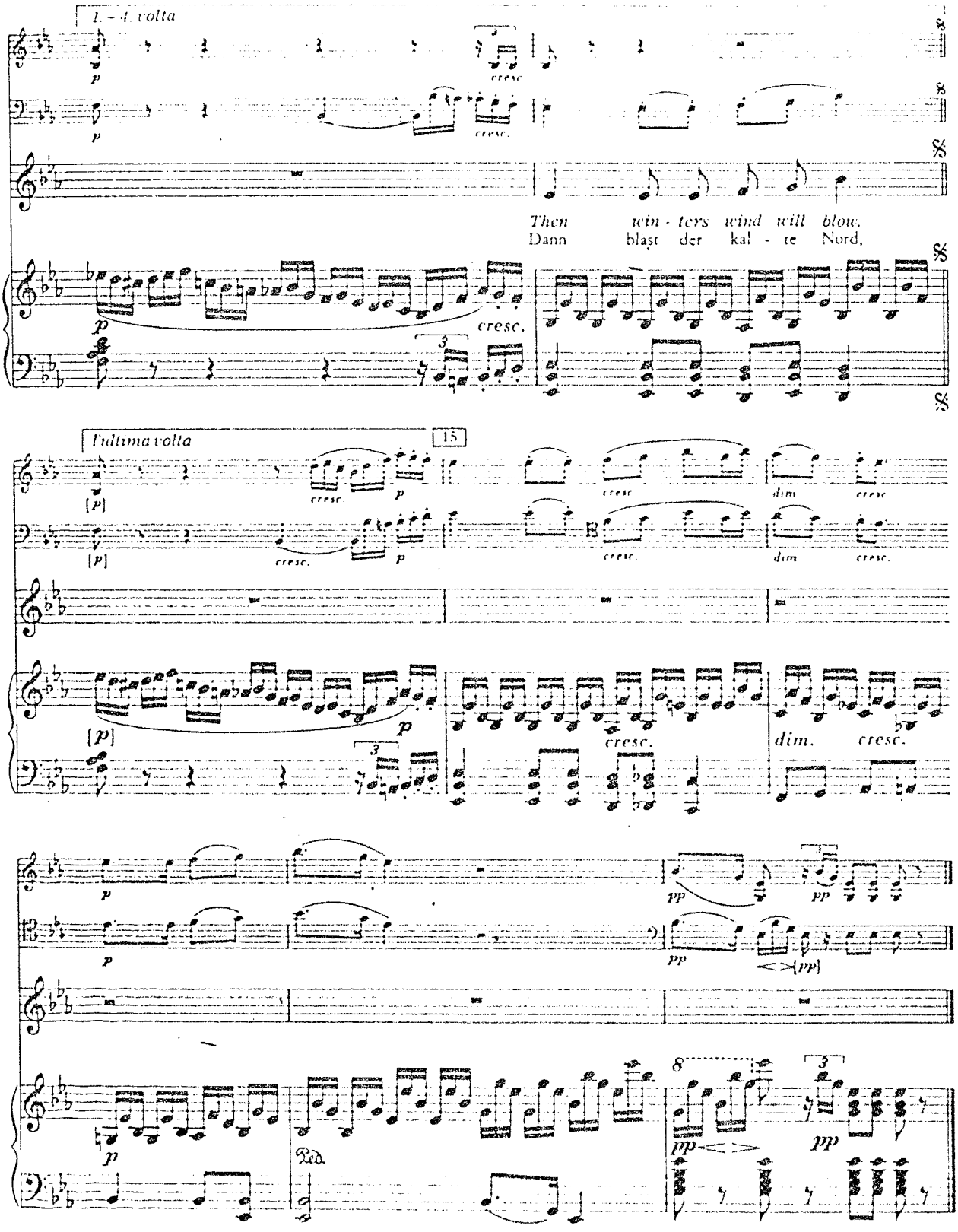
51. Faithfu' Johnie – Der treue Johnie

(25 Schottische Nr. 20)

Andante amoroso e teneramente 1810

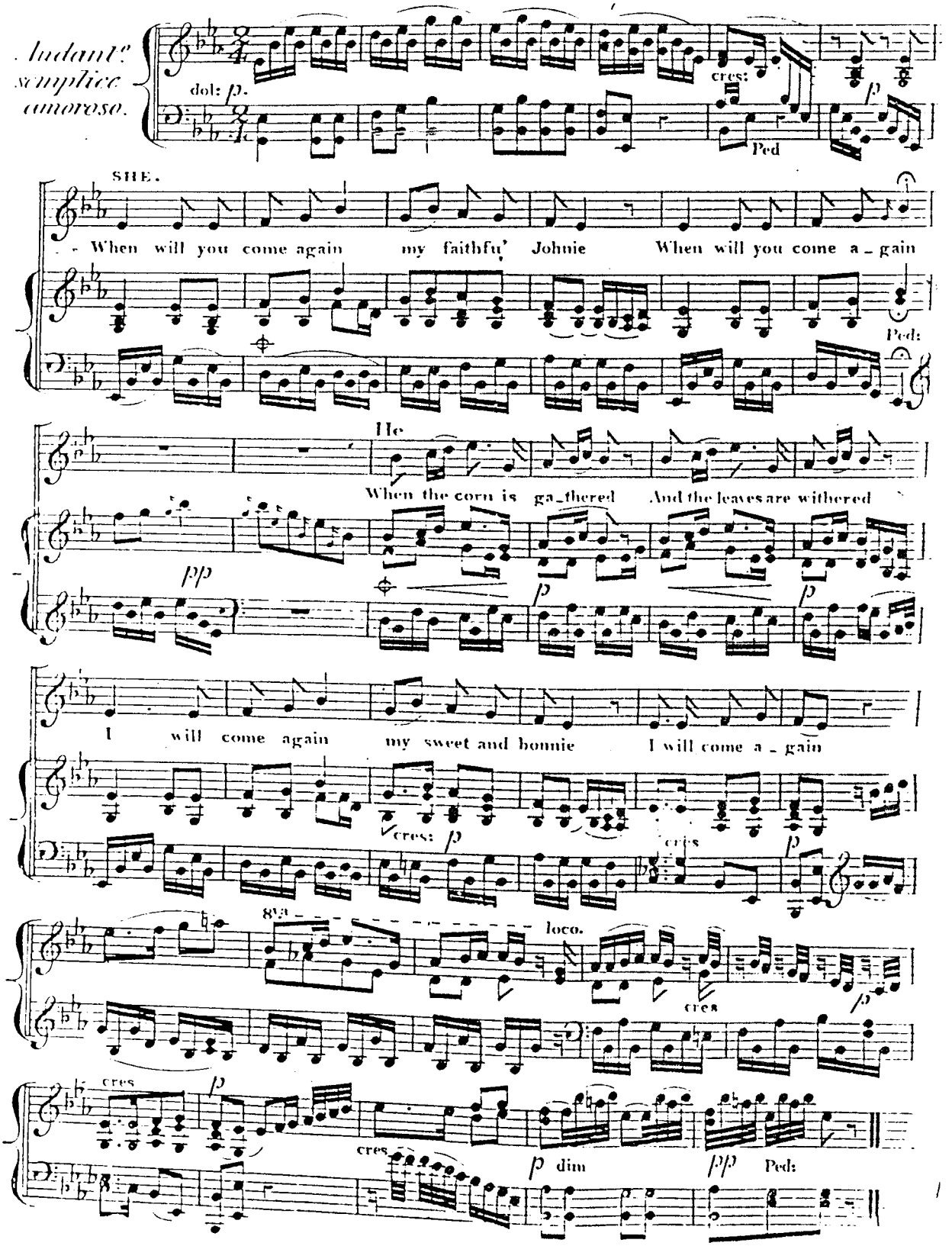



„When the corn is ga - ther - ed, and the leaves are wi - ther - ed,
„Wenn das Korn ist ein - ge - bracht und ver - welkt der Blat - ter Pracht,
10
I will come a - gain, my sweet and bon-ny, I will come a - gain!"
dann kehr' ich zu - ruck, mein su - ßes Lieb-chen, dann kehr' ich zu - ruck!"
cresc.
dim.
p
Ped.



Die restlichen Strophen siehe Gesamtausgabe Serie 24 Nr. 257 Stück 20

When will you come again.



FAITHFU' JOHNIE.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

COMMUNICATED TO THE EDITOR, AND THE TWO LAST STANZAS ADDED

By Mrs GRANT.

'When will you come again, my faithfu' Johnie,
'When will you come again?'
" When the corn is gathered,
" And the leaves are withered,
" I will come again, my sweet and bonnie,
" I will come again."

'Then winter's wind will blaw, my faithfu' Johnie;
'Then winter's wind will blaw:'
" Though the day be dark wi' drift,
" That I canna see the lift,
" I will come again, my sweet and bonnie,
" I will come again."

'Then will you meet me here, my faithfu' Johnie,
'Then will you meet me here?'
" Though the night were Hallowe'en,
" When the fearfu' sights are seen,
" I would meet thee here, my sweet and bonnie,
" I would meet thee here."

'O come na by the muir, my faithfu' Johnie,
'O come na by the muir.'
" Though the wraiths were glinting white,
" By the dim elf candles light,
" I would come to thee, my sweet and bonnie,
" I would come to thee."

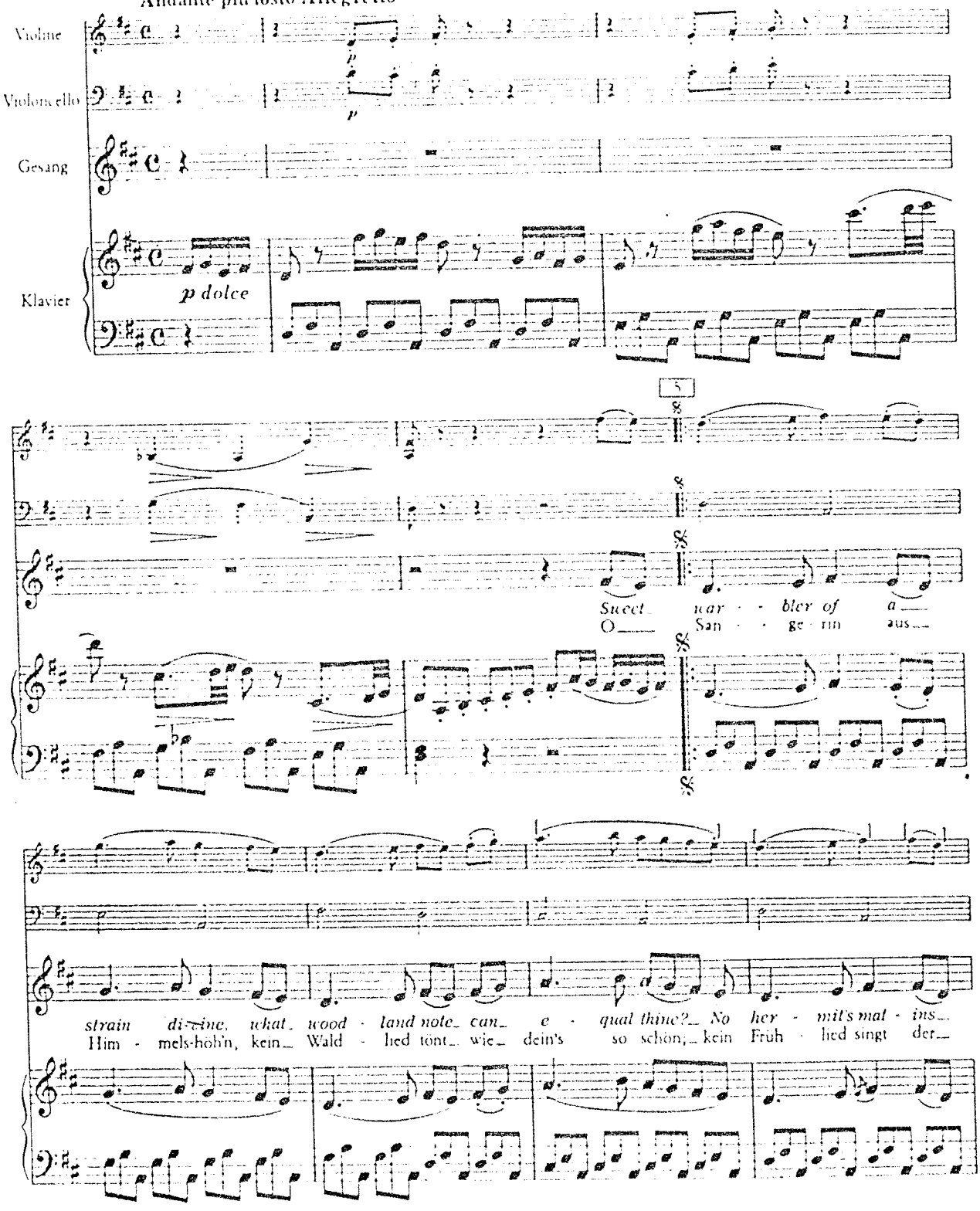
'And shall we part again, my faithfu' Johnie,
'Shall we then part again?'
" Sae lang's my een can see, Jean,
" That face sae dear to me, Jean,
" We shall not part again, my sweet and bonnie,
" We shall not part again."

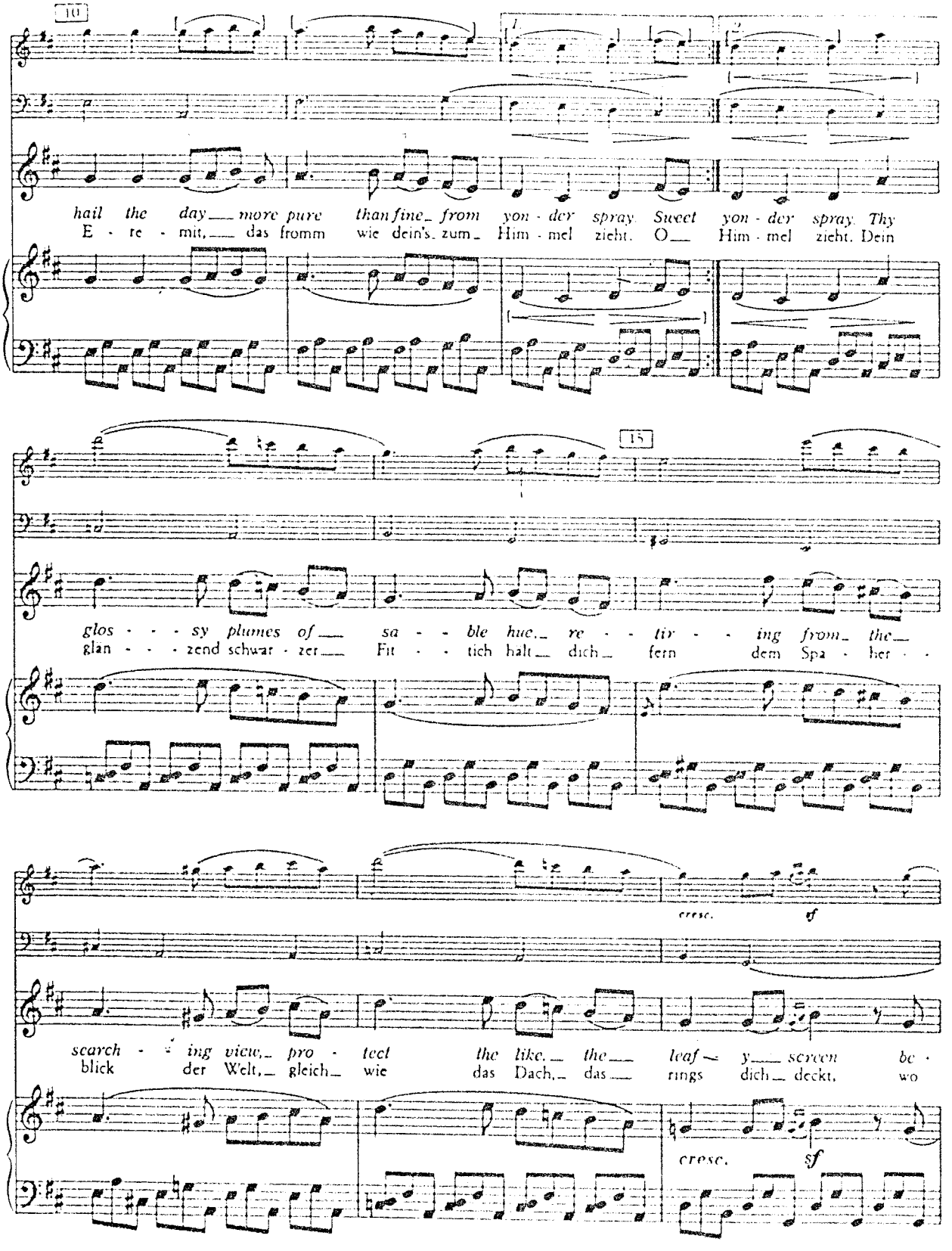
40. To the Blackbird – An die Amsel

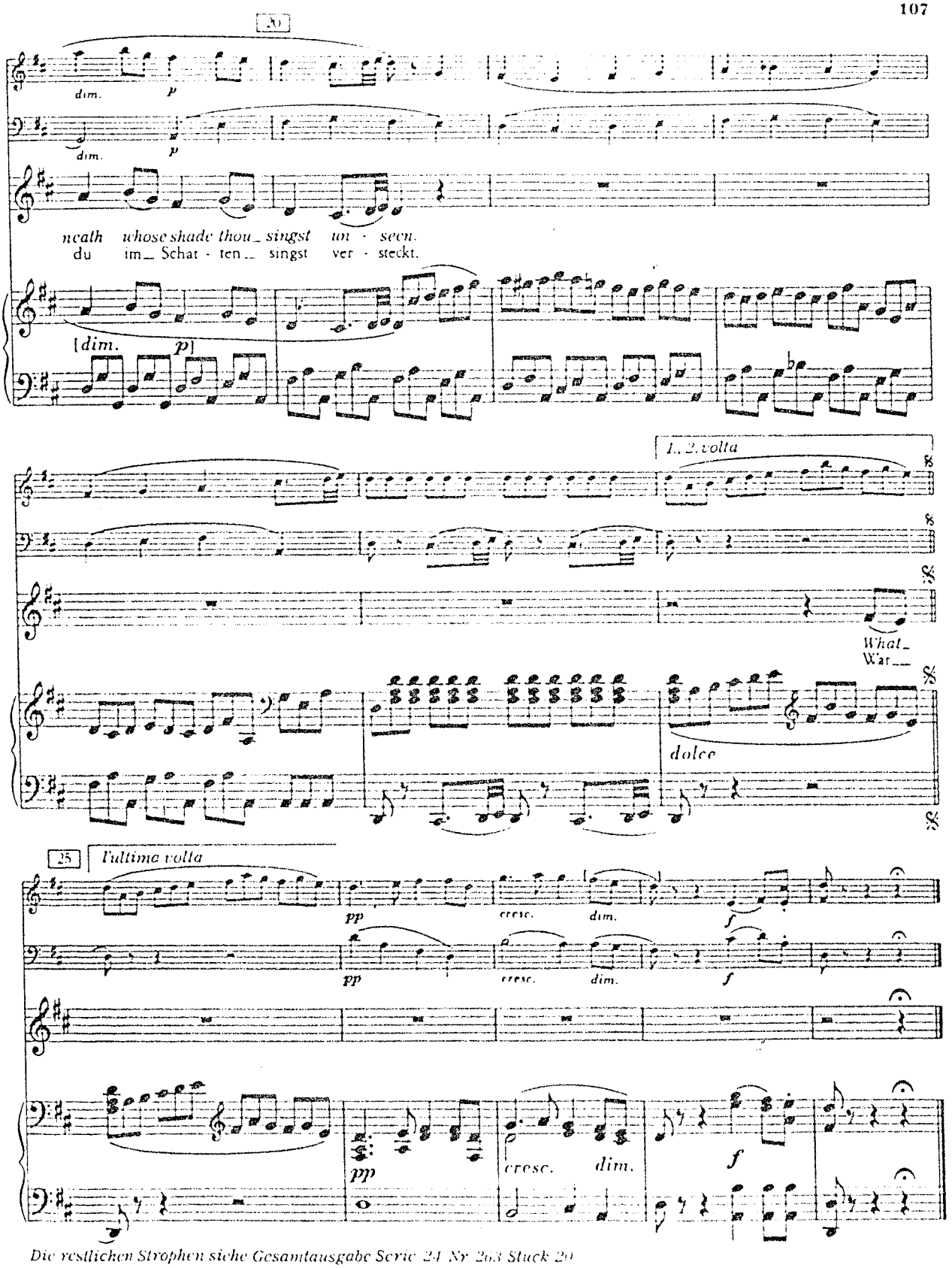
(26 Wallisische Nr. 20)

1810

Andante più tosto Allegretto



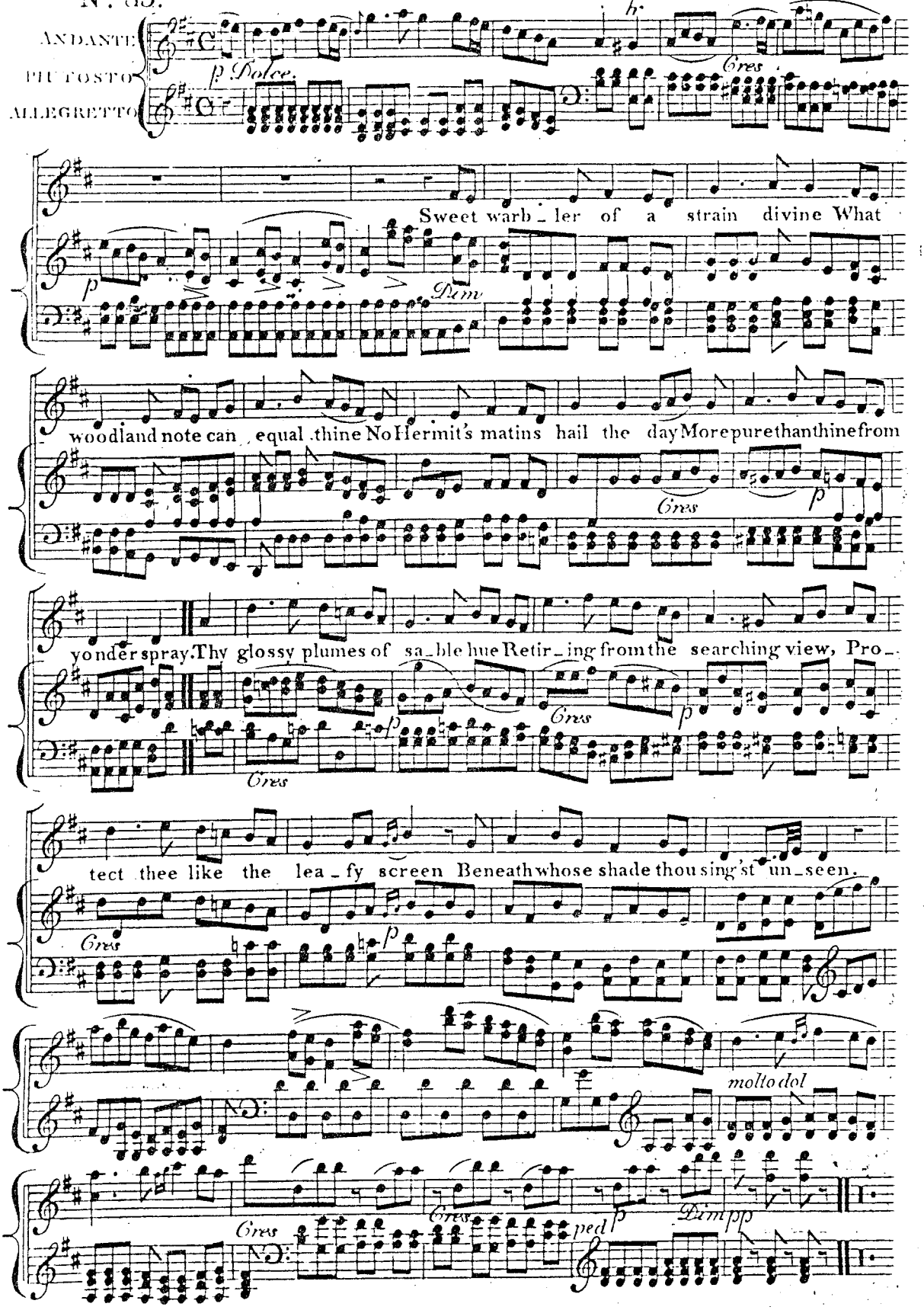

10
15
hail the day more pure than fine from yon - der spray. Sweet yon - der spray. Thy
E - re - mit, das fromm wie dein's zum Him - mel zieht. O Him - mel zieht. Dein
glos - - - sy plumes of sa - - ble hue re - - tir - - ing from the
glän - - - zend schwar - zer Fit - - tich halt dich fern dem Spa - her - -
cresc.
scarch - ing view, pro - tect the like, the leaf y screen be -
blick der Welt, gleich wie das Dach, das rings dich deckt, wo
cresc.



Die restlichen Strophen siehe Gesamtausgabe Serie 24 Nr 263 Stück 20

Pen Rhaw.

No. 83.



No. 83. Pen Rhaw.

In Rhys's *Grammar, a Bard is mentioned of the name of* Ben Rhaw, *by whom it is not improbable that this Air may have been composed.*

TO THE BLACKBIRD.

TRANSLATED FOR THIS WORK FROM THE WELSH OF

DAVID AP GWILLIM,

By a CLERGYMAN in Wales.

Sweet warbler of a strain divine,
What woodland note can equal thine?
No hermit's matins hail the day
More pure than thine from yonder spray.
Thy glossy plumes of sable hue,
Retiring from the searching view,
Protect thee like the leafy screen
Beneath whose shade thou sing'st unseen.

What ermin vest was e'er so warm
As plumes of down that clothe thy form!
Thy graceful crest, thy sparkling eye,
And slender bill of coral dye,
Are still less charming than thy song
Which echoes through the woods prolong:
Thy mellow strain delights the ear
Of the sweet maid my soul holds dear.

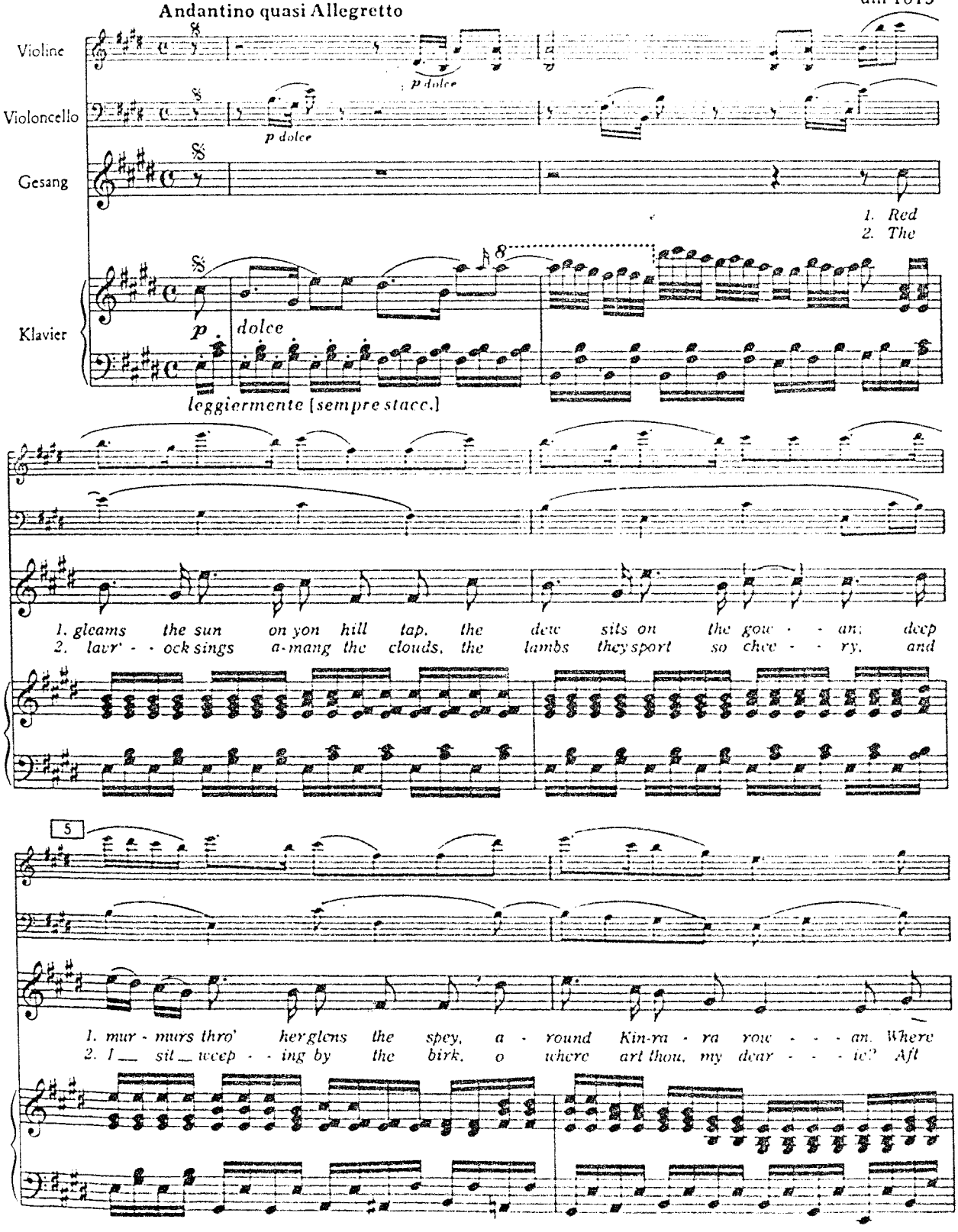
Thou to the poet art allied,
Be then thy minstrelsy my pride:
Thy poet then, thy song I'll praise,
Thy name shall grace my happiest lays;
To future lovers shall proclaim
Thy worth, thy beauty, and thy fame;
And when they hear thee in the grove,
They'll own thee for the bird of love.

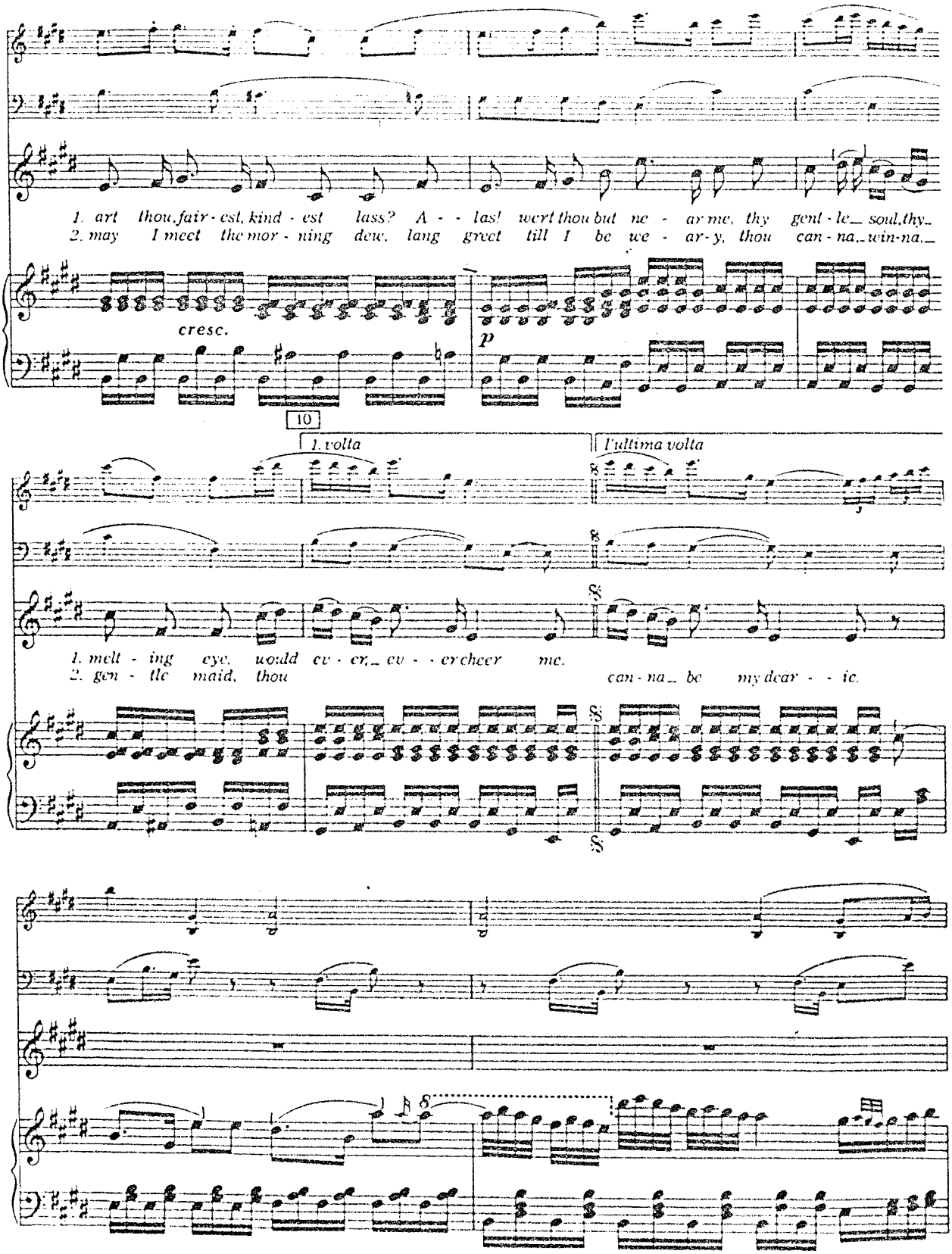
27. Red gleams the sun – Rot leuchtet die Sonne

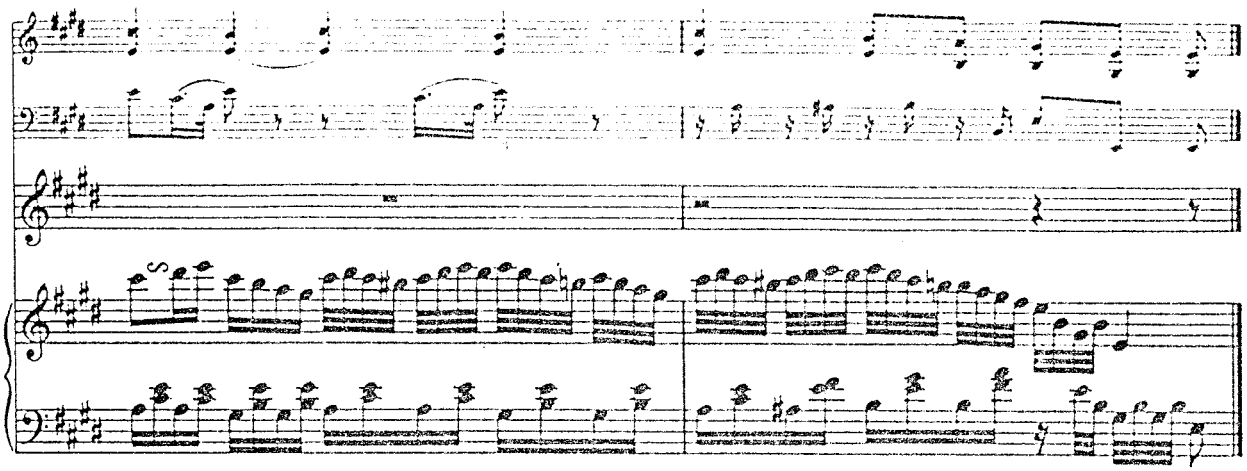
(Schottisch)

um 1815

Andantino quasi Allegretto




1. art thou fair - est, kind - est lass? A - - las! wert thou but ne - ar me, thy gent - le soul, thy
2. may I meet the mor - ning dew, lang greet till I be we - ar - y, thou can - na win - na
cresc.
p
10
1. volta
l'ultima volta
1. melt - ing eye, would ev - er, ev - - er cheer me.
2. gen - tle maid, thou can - na be my dear - - ie.
8

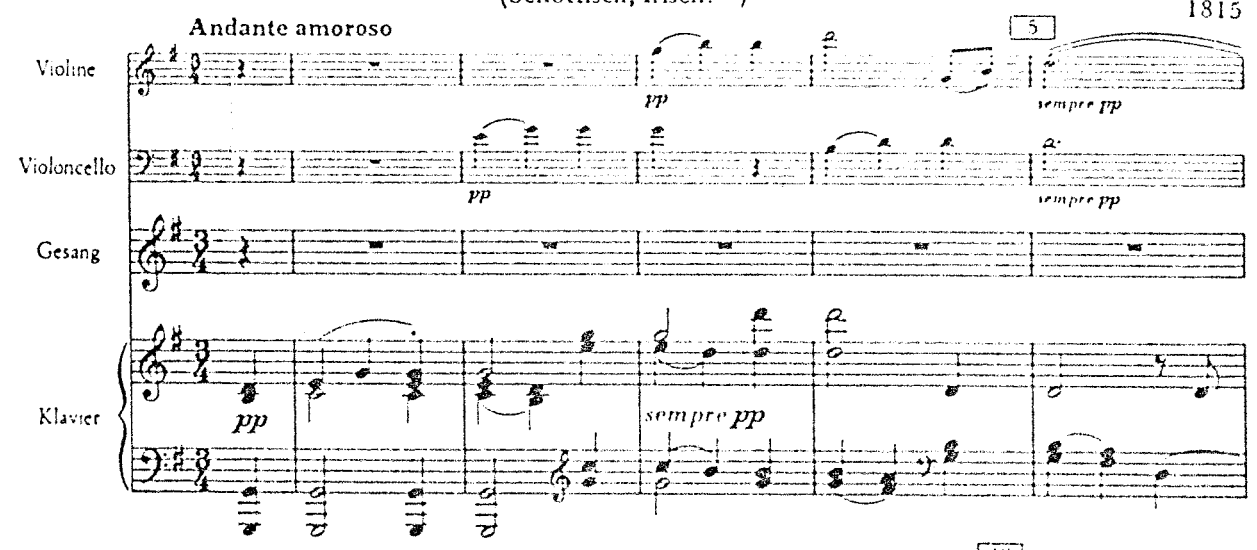


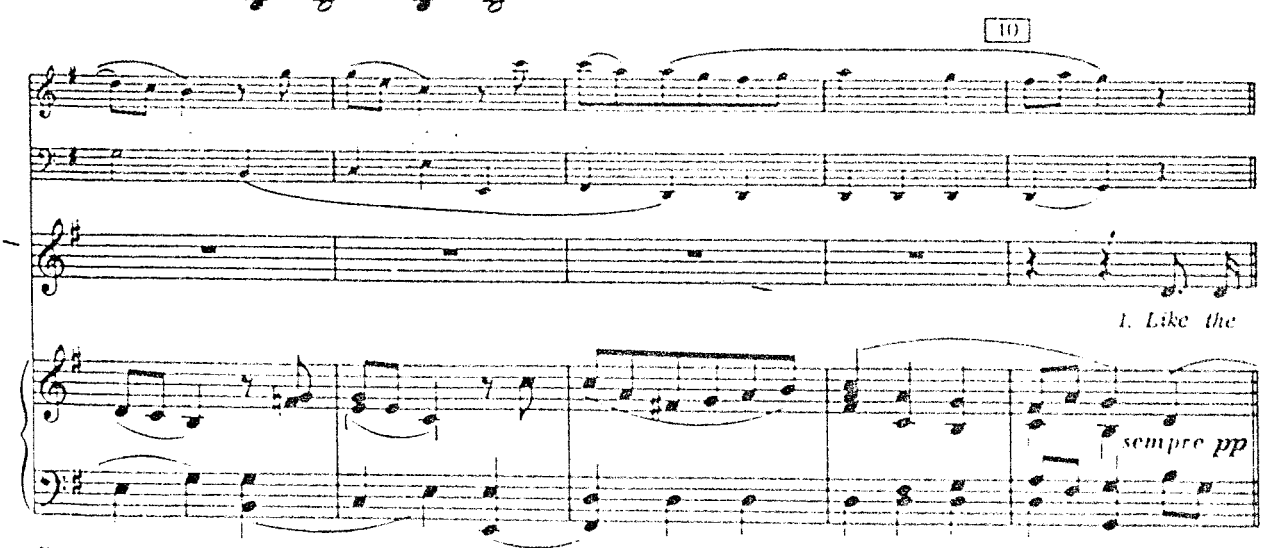
28. Erin! oh, Erin! – Irland! o Irland

(Schottisch, Irisch? *)

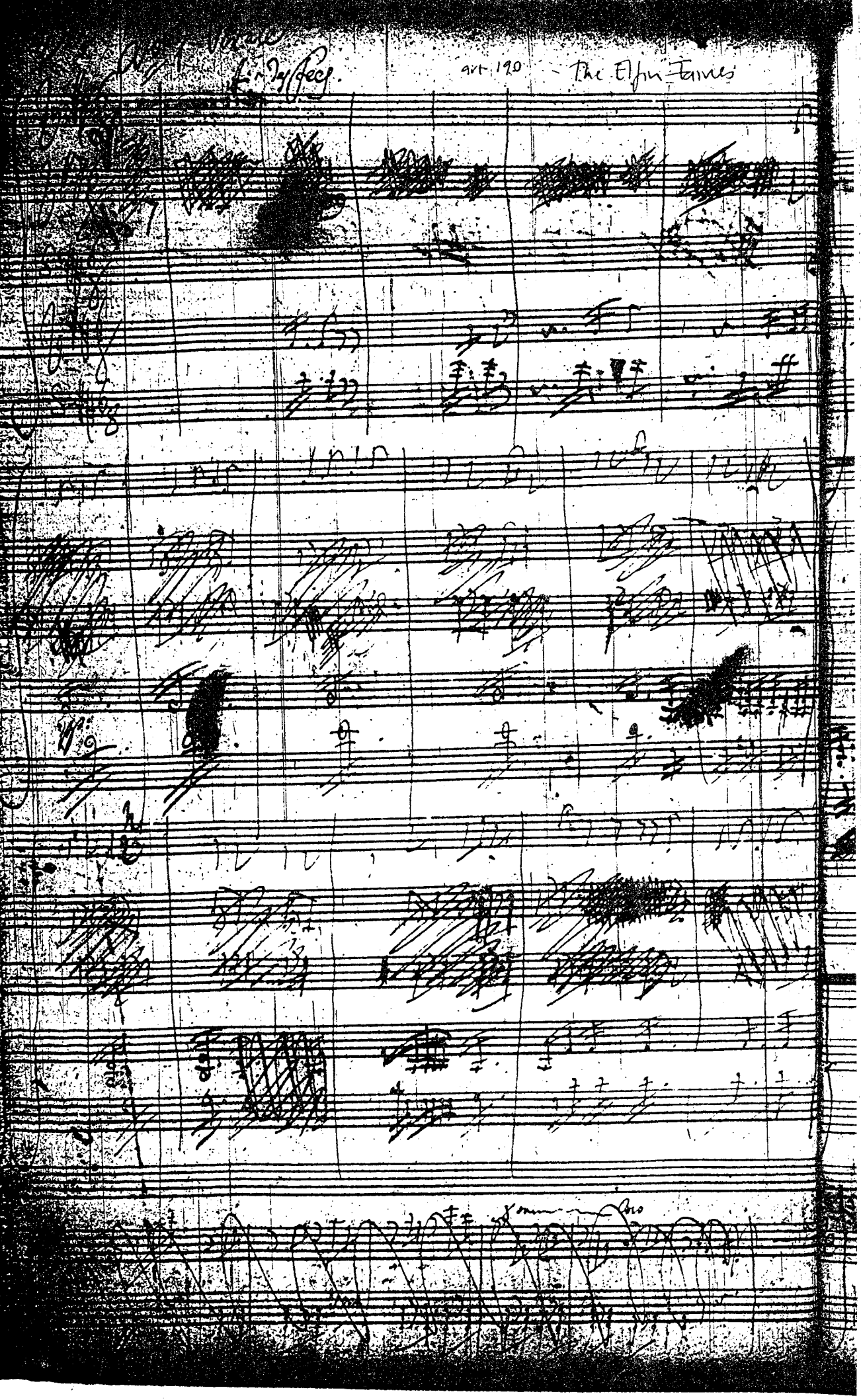
1815

Andante amoroso



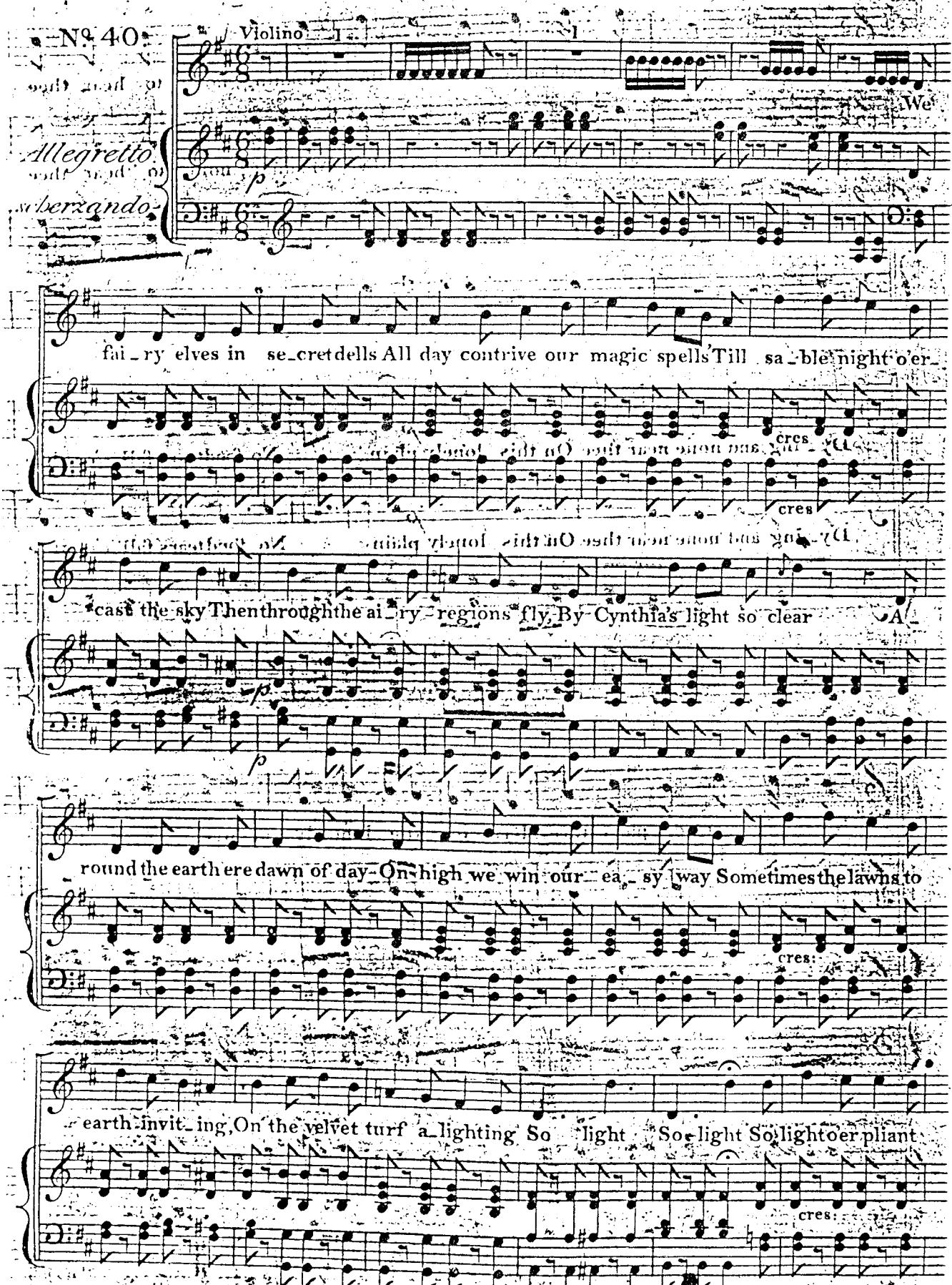


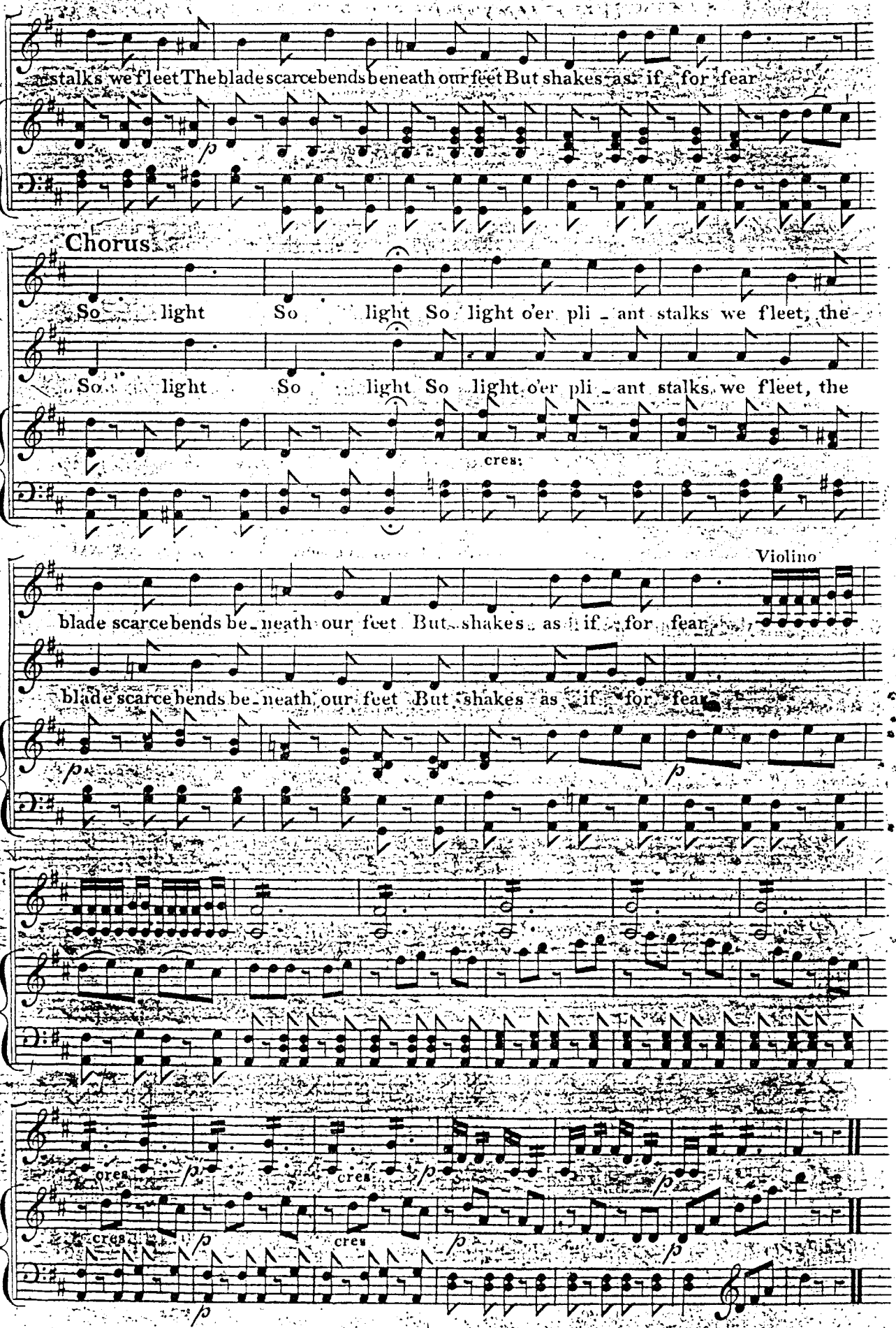
*) Vergl. „Die Liedtexte"

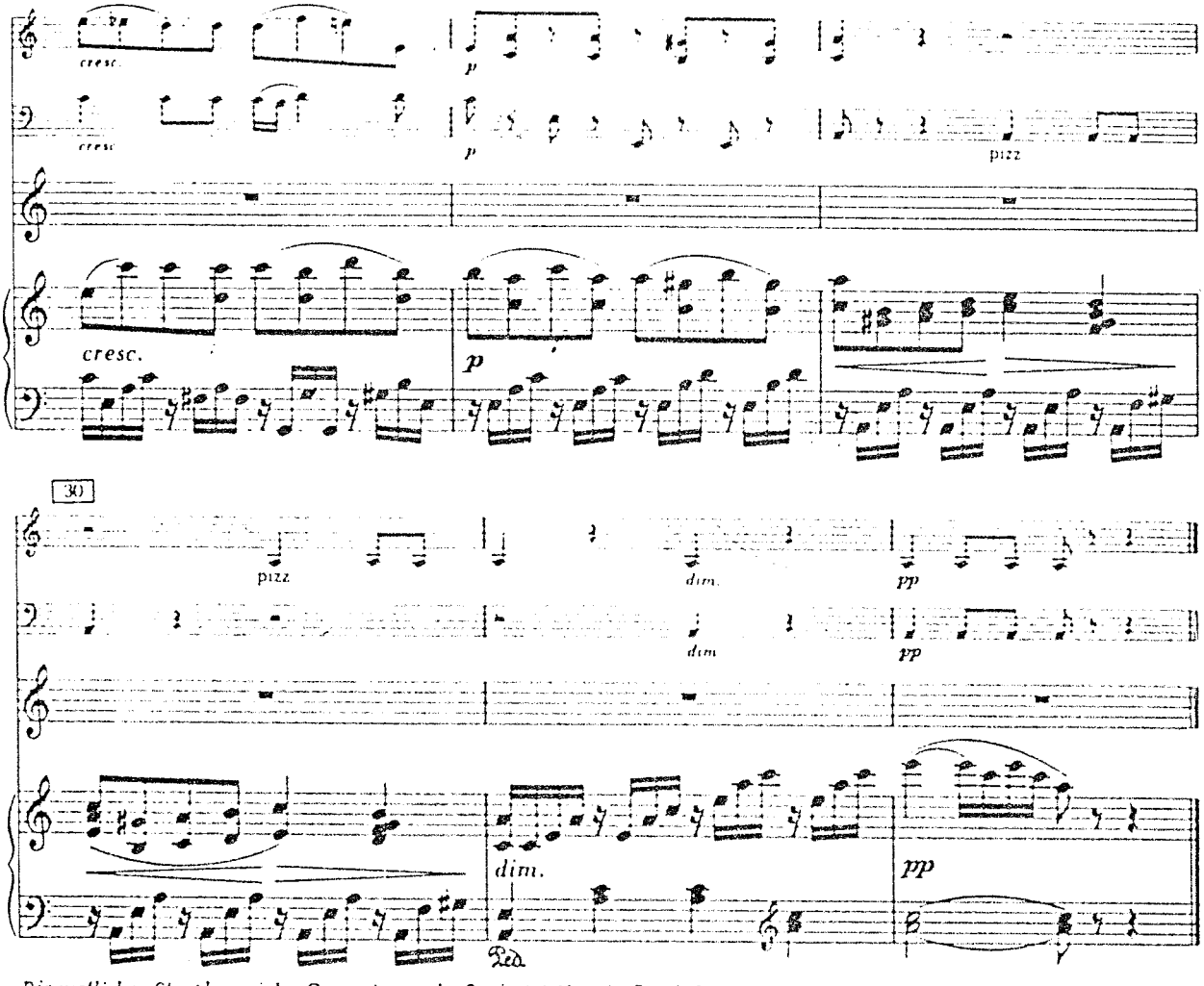


Ex. 12b

WE FAIRY ELVES IN SECRET DELLS




stalks we fleet The blade scarce bends be neath our feet But shakes as if for fear
Chorus
So light So light So light o'er pli - ant stalks we fleet, the
So light So light So light o'er pli - ant stalks we fleet, the
cres:
Violino
blade scarce bends be - neath our feet But shakes as if for fear
blade scarce bends be - neath our feet But shakes as if for fear
cres
cres
cres
cres

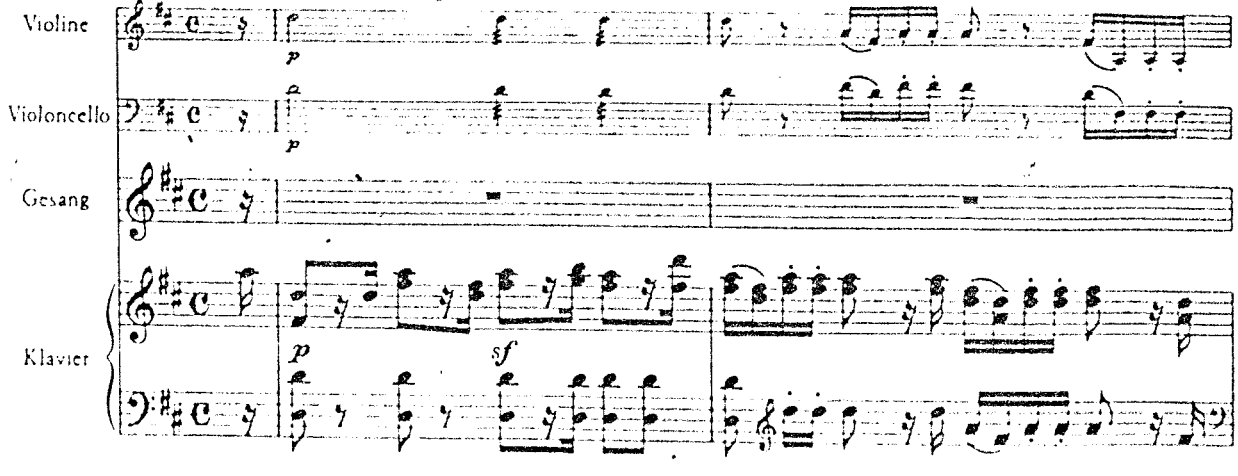


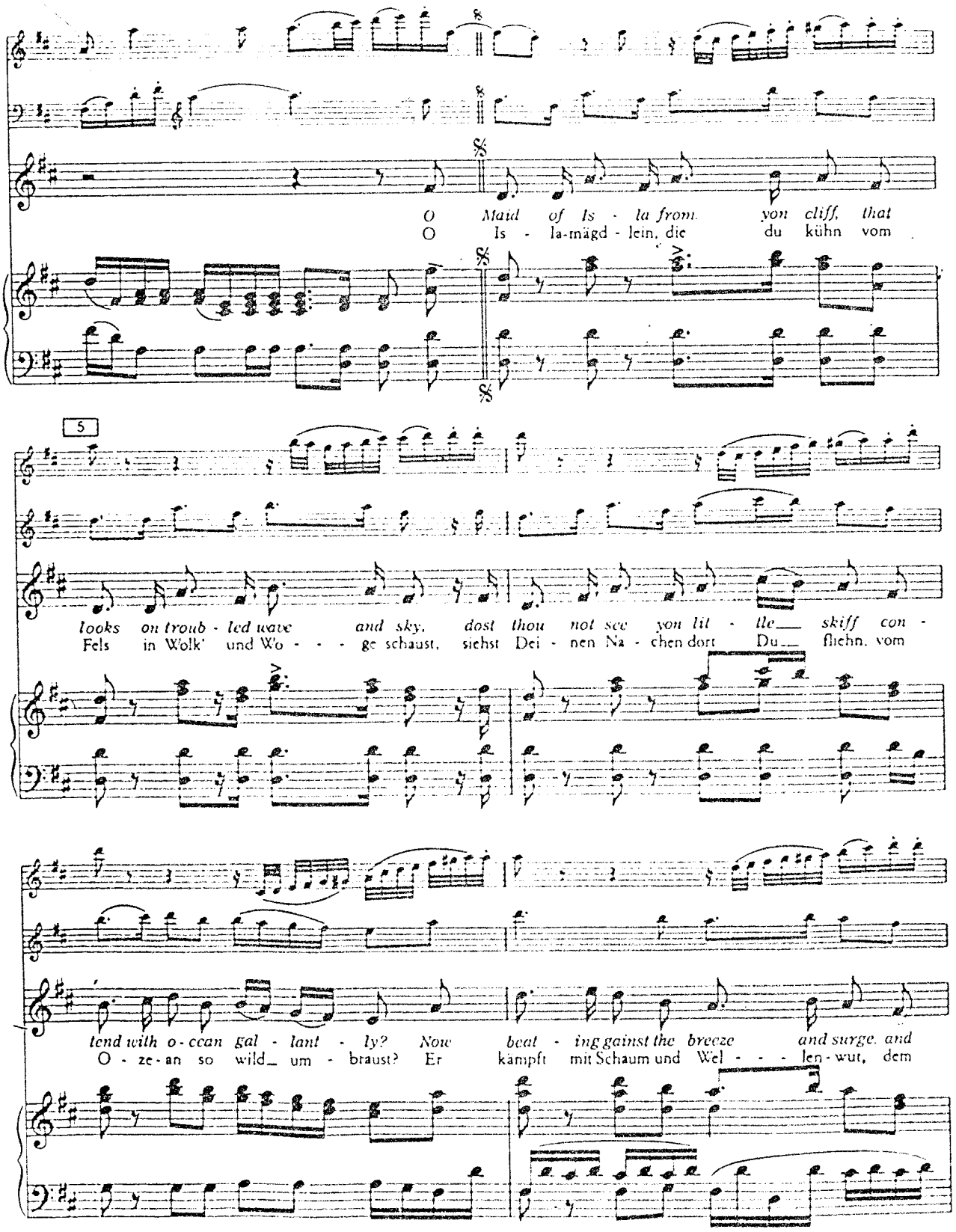
Die restlichen Strophen siehe Gesamtausgabe Serie 24 Nr. 261 Stück 5

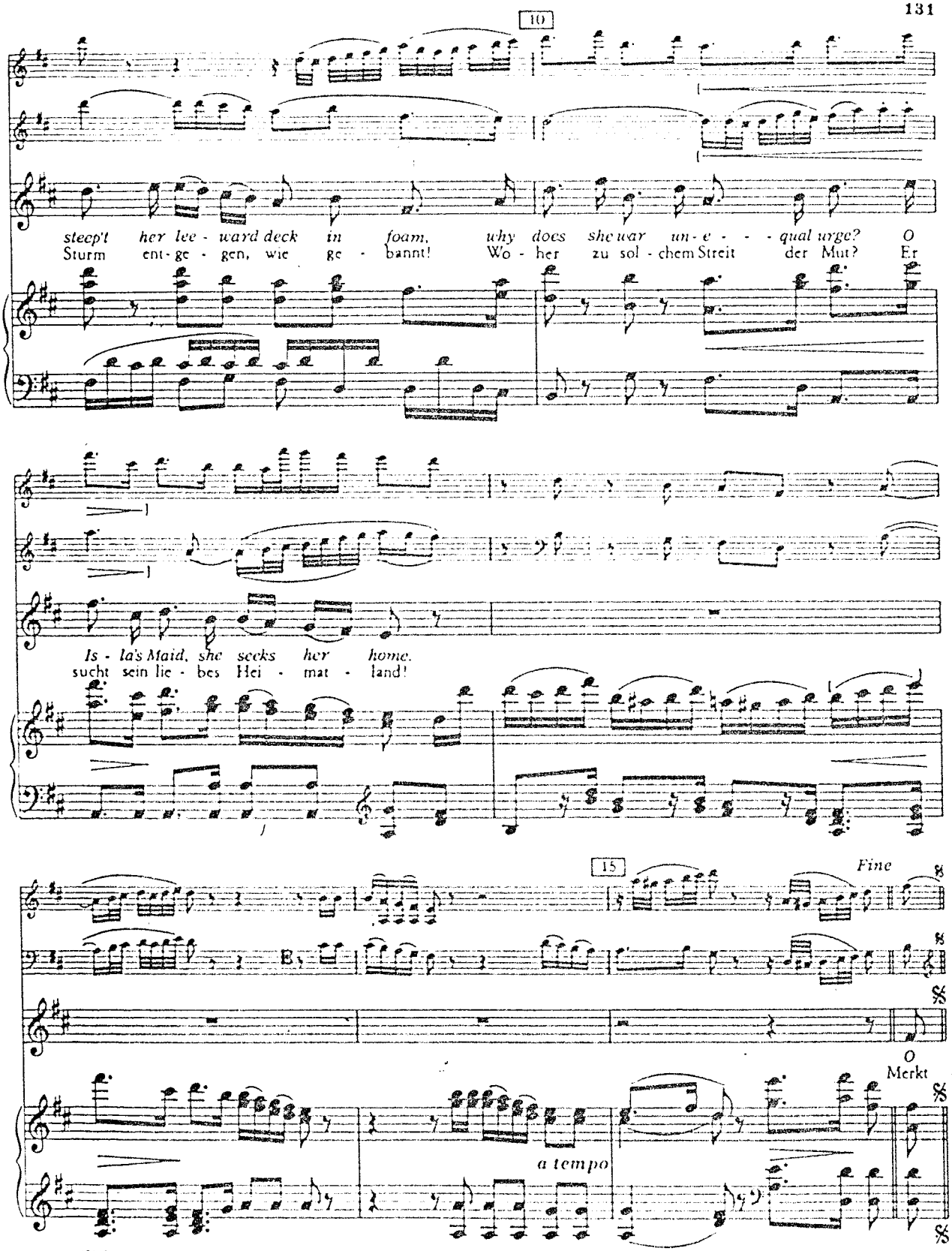
48. The Maid of Isla – Das Islamägdlein

(25 Schottische Nr. 4)

Allegretto, ma con espressione — um 1816




O Maid of Is - la from yon cliff, that
O Is - la-mägd - lein, die du kühn vom
5
looks on troub - led wave and sky, dost thou not see yon lit - tle skiff con -
Fels in Wolk' und Wo - - - ge schaust, siehst Dei - nen Na - chen dort Du flichn, vom
tend with o - cean gal - lant - ly? Now beat - ing gainst the breeze and surge, and
O - ze - an so wild um - braust? Er kämpft mit Schaum und Wel - - - len - wut, dem



Die restlichen Strophen siehe Gesamtausgabe Serie 24 Nr. 257 Stück 4

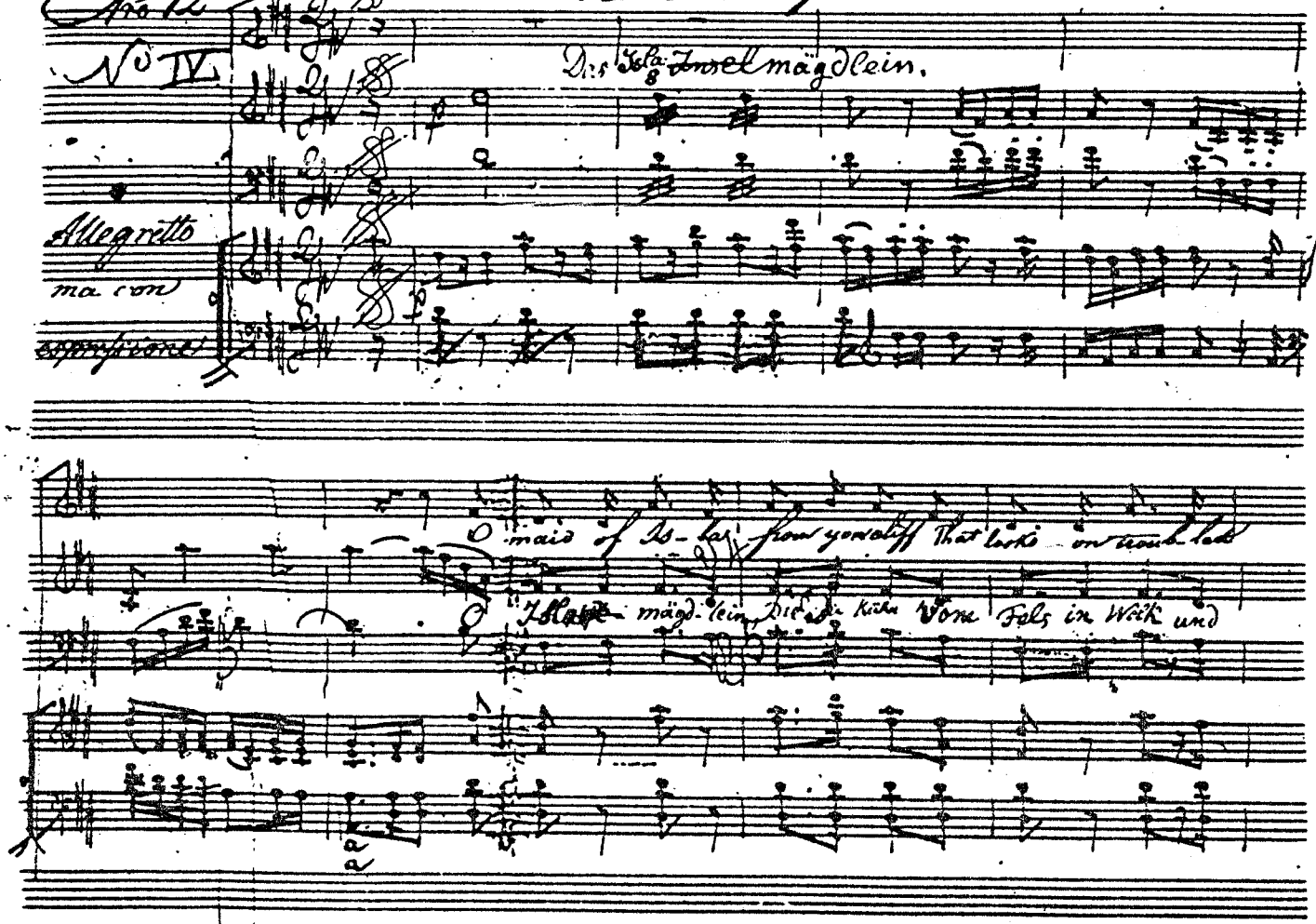
The Maid of Isla.

No 12

No IV

Das Isla Insel mägdlein.

Allegretto ma con espressione



O maid of Is-la from yon cliff That looks on troub-led

O Islaw mägd-lein Die die Kühn Vom Fels in Welk und

Kampf mit Schlangen und Drachen

Wald

Ein Zug gefangener Weiber

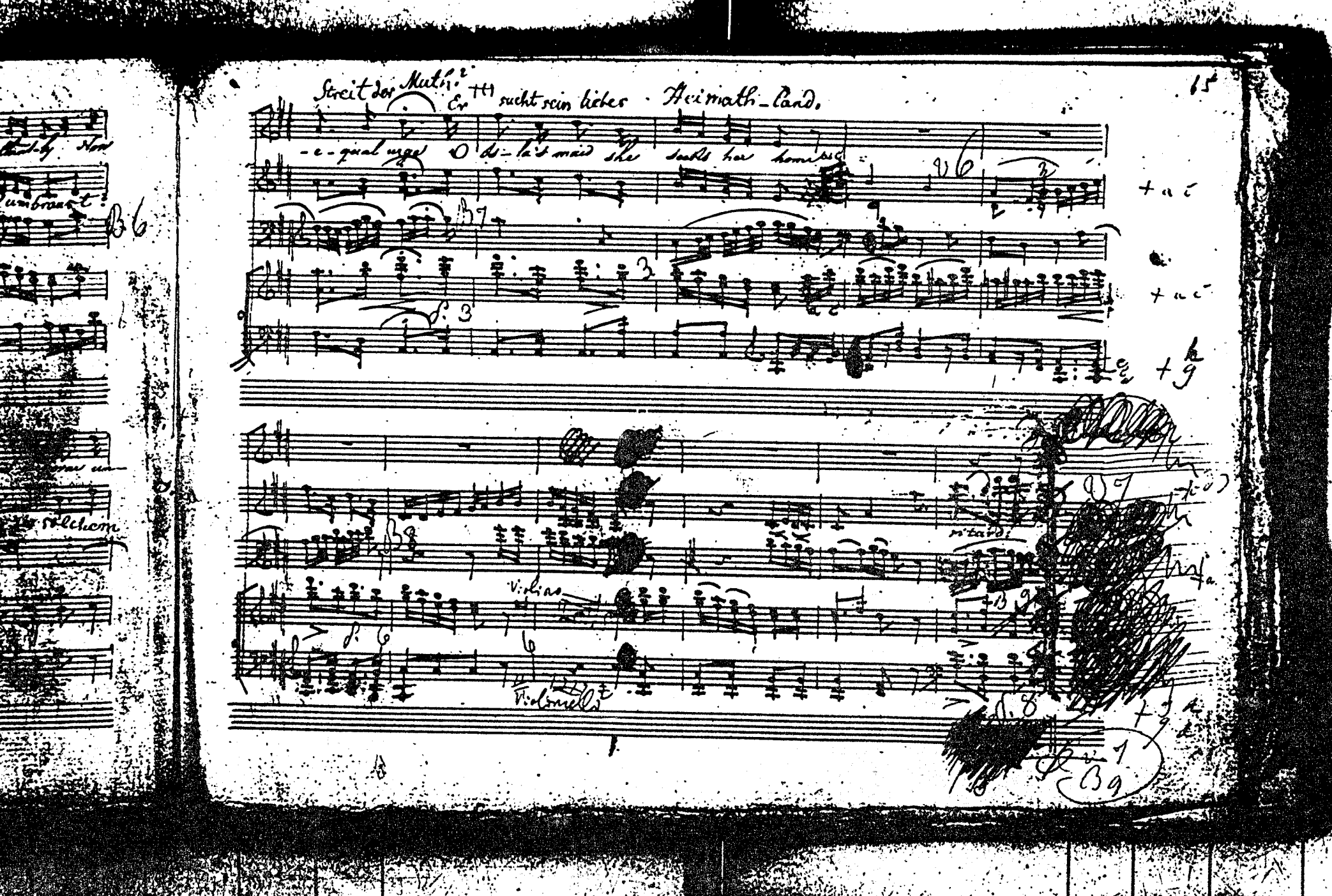
Ein Zug gefangener Männer

Ein Zug gefangener Weiber

Ein Zug gefangener Männer

Ein Zug gefangener Weiber

Ein Zug gefangener Männer



Streit der Muth? Er sucht sein lieber Heimath-Land.

-e-qual urge O ds-la's maid she seeks her home

Violino

Violoncello

ritard.

2.

O Isla's Maid, yon sea-bird mark
Her white wing gleams through mist and spray
Against the storm cloud, lowering dark,
As to the rock she wheels her way.
Where clouds are dark and billows rave
Why to the shelter should she come
Of cliff exposed to wind and wave? —
O Maid of Isla, 'tis her home.

3.

As breeze and tide to yonder skiff
Thou it adverse to the suit I bring
And cold as is yon wintery cliff
Where sea birds close their wearied wing.
Yes cold as rock, unkind as wave,
Still Isla's Maid, to thee I come;
For in thy love, or in his grave,
Must Allan Vourich find his home,

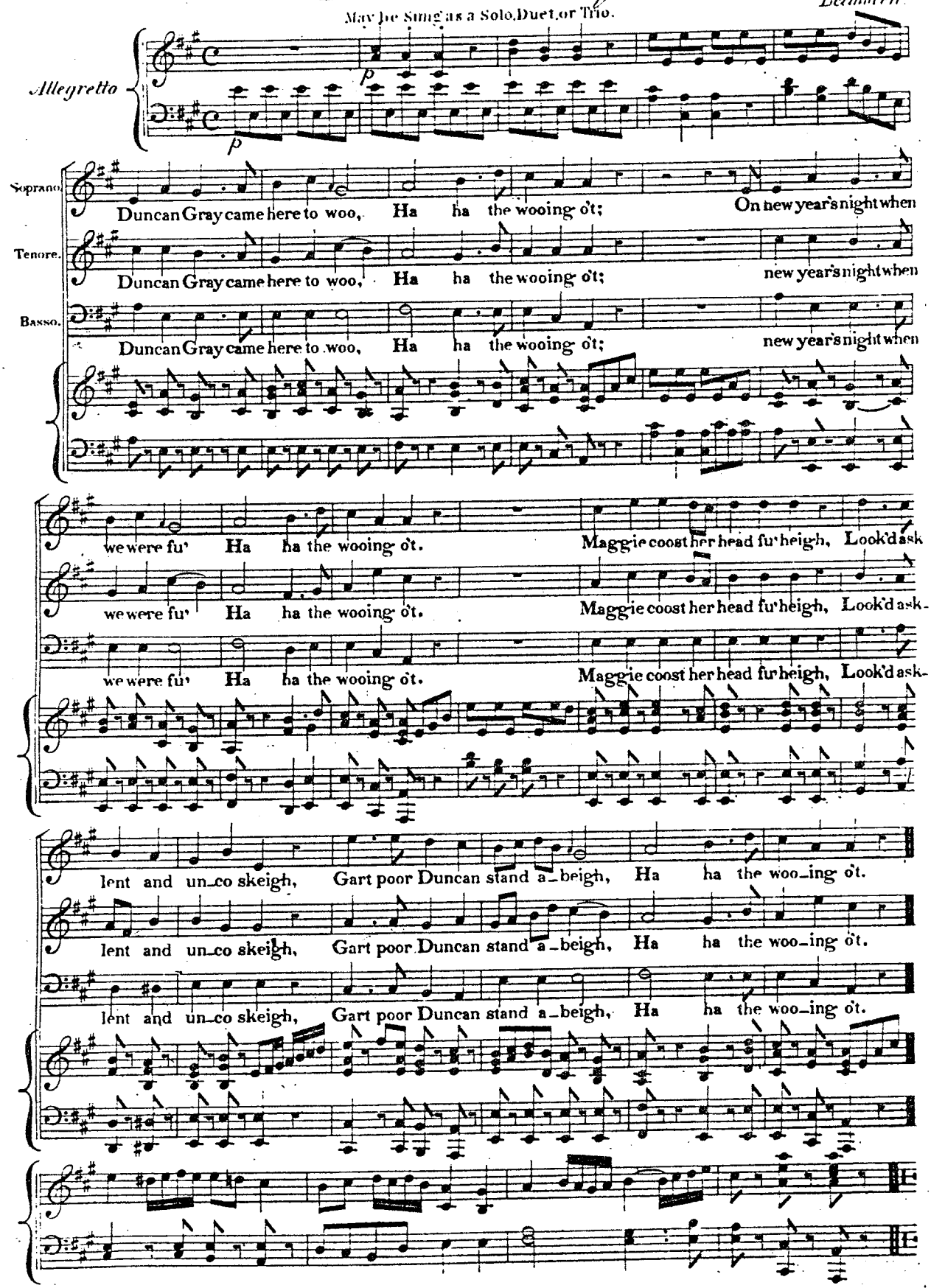
Chorus - O

Ex. 14

Duncan Gray.

May be Sung as a Solo, Duet or Trio.

Beethoven.



DUNCAN GRAY CAM' HERE TO WOO.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—DUNCAN GRAY.

Duncan Gray cam' here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On new-year's night when we were fu',
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh;
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd;
Ha, ha, &c.
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,*
Ha, ha, &c.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;
Ha, ha, &c.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, &c.
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, &c.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to France for me!
Ha, ha, &c.

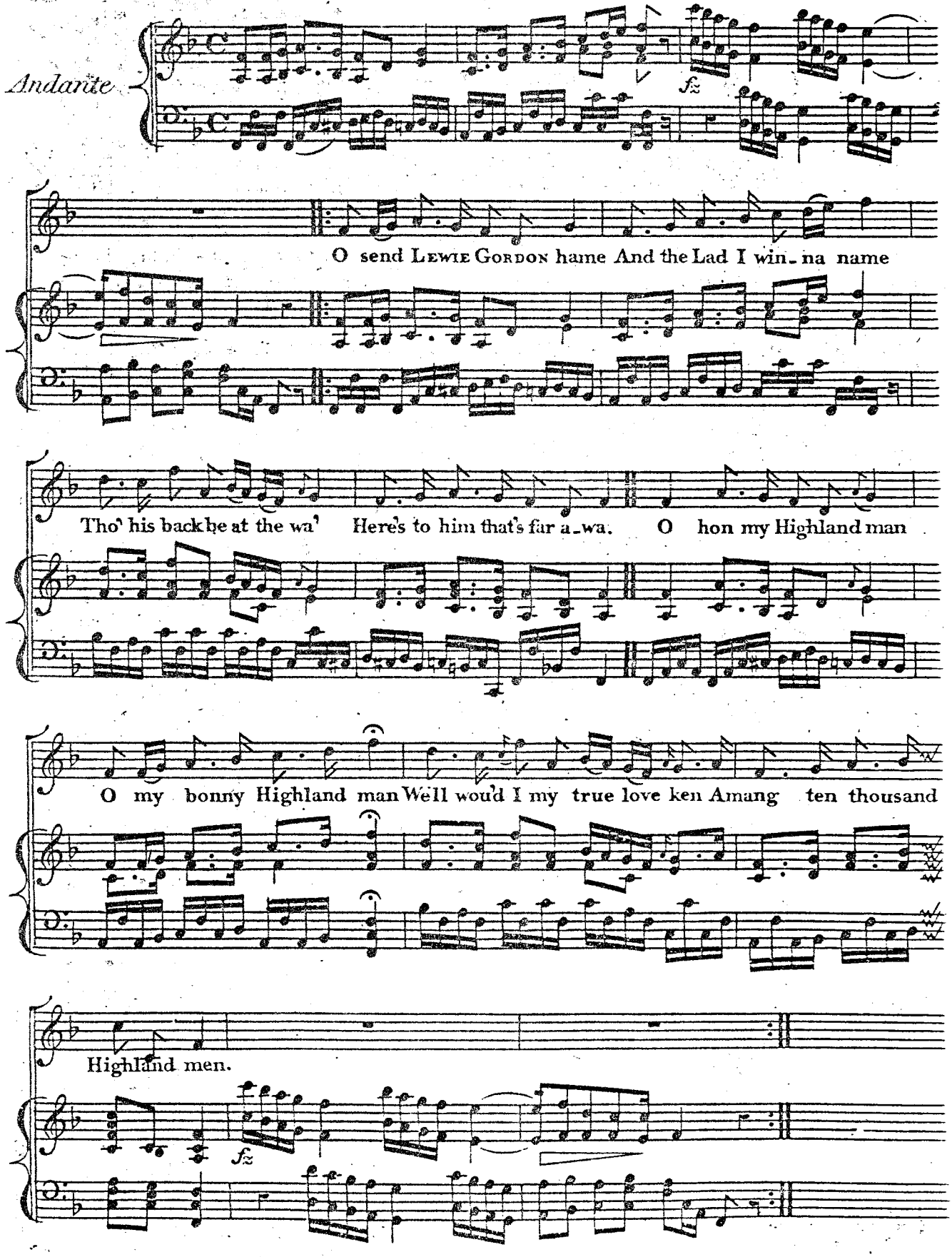
How it comes, let Doctors tell,
Ha, ha, &c.
Meg grew sick as he grew heal,
Ha, ha, &c.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And oh! her een, they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, &c.
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, &c.
Duncan cou'dna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.†

* A well-known rock in the Frith of Clyde.

† This has nothing in common with the old licentious ballad of Duncan Gray, but the first line, and part of the third. The rest is wholly original.

O send Lewie Gordon hame.



O SEND LEWIE GORDON HAME.

AIR—LEWIE GORDON.

O SEND Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I winna name;
Tho' his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa.'
O hon my Highlandman,
O my bonny Highlandman,
Weel-wou'd I my true love ken
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee;
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
O hon my Highlandman,
O my bonny Highlandman,
Weel wou'd I my true-love ken
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

This lovely youth of whom I sing,
Is fitted for to be a king:
On his breast he wears a star,—
You'd take him for the god of war.
O hon my Highlandman,
O my bonny Highlandman,
Weel wou'd I my true-love ken
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O to see this princely one
Seated on a royal throne!
Disasters a' wou'd disappear;
Then begins the jub'lee year.
O hon my Highlandman,
O my bonny Highlandman,
Weel wou'd I my true love ken
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

See this truly admirable Song also united to "*Hey tutti taitti*," in Vol. III.

THE SAME AIR.

SCOTS wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled!
Scots wham Bruce has often led!
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory!

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour,
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power,—
Edward, chains, and slavery!

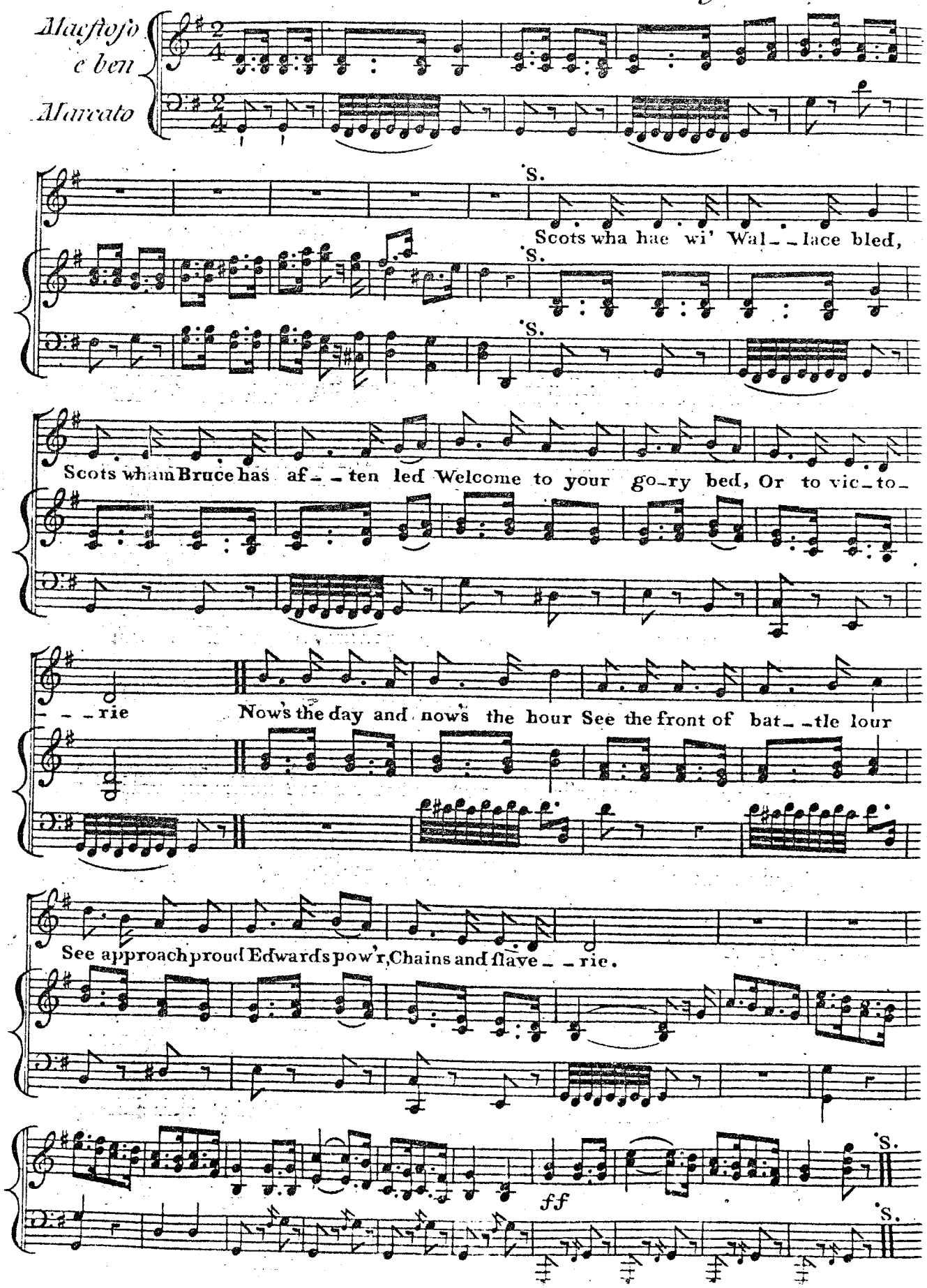
Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor, coward, turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa';
Caledonian on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins!
But they shall,—they shall be free!

Lay the proud Usurper low,
Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe;
Liberty 's in ev'ry blow!
Forward!—let us do or die!

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled. Air. Hey tutti taiti



THE ROYAL SCOT's ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

AIR——HEY TUTTI TAITI.

*** The Poet *originally* intended this noble strain for the Air just mentioned; but, on a suggestion from the Editor of this Work, who then thought "Lewie Gordon" a fitter tune for the words, they were united together, and published in the preceding volume. The Editor, however, having since examined the Air "*Hey tutti taiti*" with more particular attention, frankly owns that he has changed his opinion, and that he thinks it much better adapted for giving energy to the Poetry than the Air of "Lewie Gordon." He therefore sent it to HAYDN, who has entered into the spirit of it with a felicity peculiar to himself; his inimitable Symphonies and Accompaniments render it completely martial and highly characteristic of the heroic verses. It is worthy of remark, that this appears to be the oldest Scottish Air concerning which any thing like evidence is to be found. See Preface, p. 4.

SCOTS, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
  Or to victorie.
Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
  Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
  Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
  Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
  But they shall be free.
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe!
Liberty 's in ev'ry blow!
  Let us do or die!

THE JACOBITE WORDS OF "HEY TUTTI TAITI."

WEEL may we a' be,
Ill may we never see;
Here 's to the king
  And the good company.
Fill, fill a bumper high;
Drain, drain your glasses dry;
Out upon him, fie! fie!
  That winna do't again.

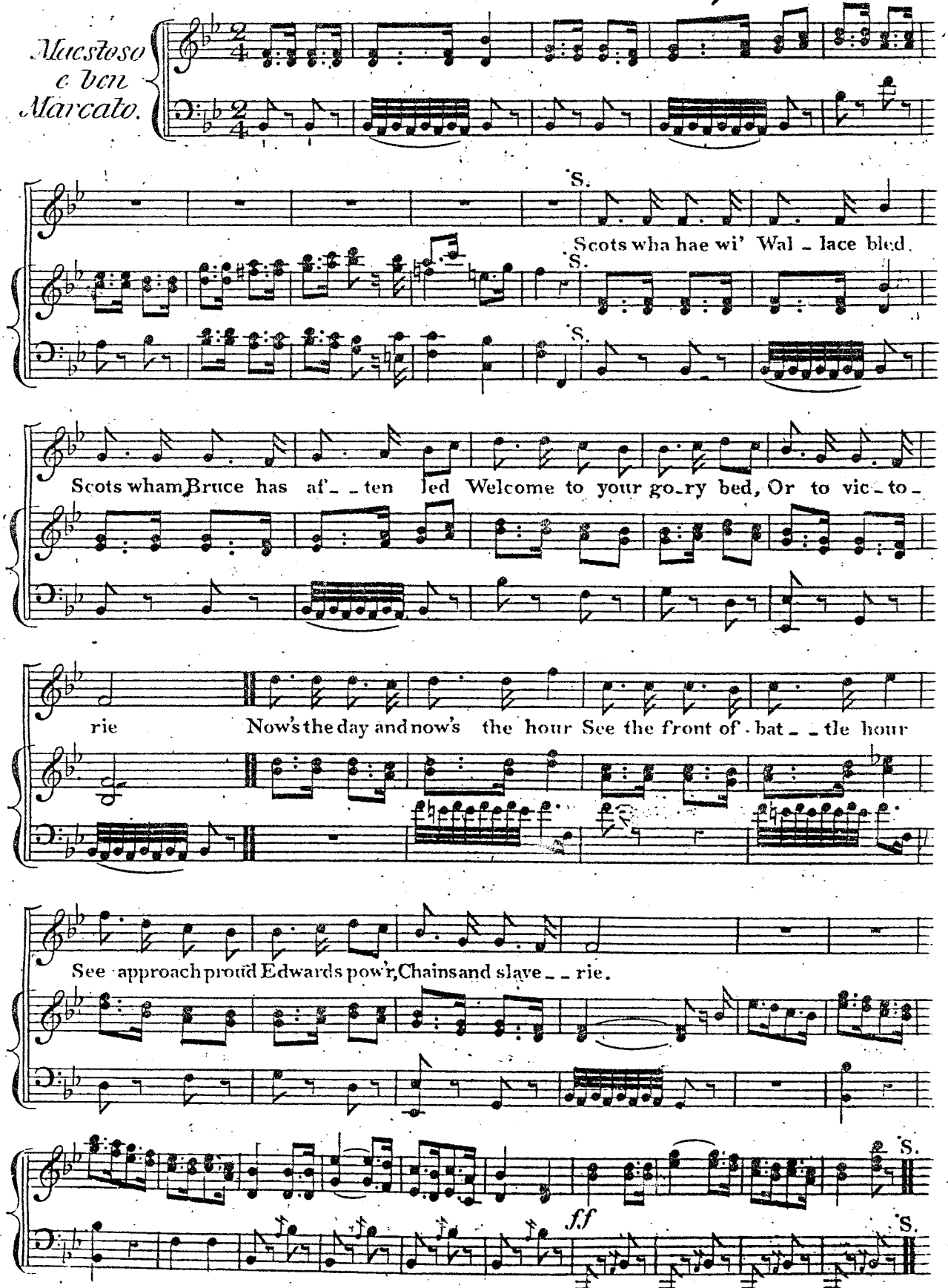
Here's to the king, boys!
Ye ken wha I mean, boys;
And to every *honest* man,
  That will do't again.
Fill fill, &c.

Here's to the chieftains
Of the gallant Scottish clans;
They ha'e done it mair than anes,
  And they'll do't again.
Fill, fill, &c.

When the pipes begin to play
Tutti taitti to the drum,
Out claymore, and down the gun,
  And to the knaves again!
Fill, fill a bumper high;
Drain, drain your glasses dry;
Out upon him, fie! fie!
  That winna do't again.

Ex. 15c

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled Air, Hey tutti tatti



In the former editions this Air was in the key of G, but is here raised to B, as better suited to Voices in general.

THE ROYAL SCOT'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR——HEY TUTTI TAITI.

*** *The Poet originally intended this noble strain for the Air just mentioned; but, on a suggestion from the Editor of this Work, who then thought "Lewie Gordon" a fitter tune for the words, they were united together, and published in the preceding volume (p. 74.) The Editor, however, having since examined the Air "Hey tutti taiti" with more particular attention, frankly owns that he has changed his opinion, and that he thinks it much better adapted for giving energy to the Poetry than the Air of "Lewie Gordon." He therefore sent it to* HAYDN, *who has entered into the spirit of it with a felicity peculiar to himself; his inimitable Symphonies and Accompaniments render it completely martial, and highly characteristic of the heroic verses. It is worthy of remark, that this appears to be the oldest Scottish Air concerning which any thing like evidence is to be found. See Preface. p. 4.*

By changing wha *into* who, hae *into* have, wham *into* whom, aften *into* often, *and* sae *into* so, *the following song will be English.*

SCOTS, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!
Now's the day and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

THE SAME AIR.

To be sung in a soft and plaintive manner. The Accompaniment should be touched very lightly, and the demi-semiquavers omitted. A quaver must be supplied for the first word of each verse. These simple and affecting verses came under the Editor's notice but very lately; he wished to give the name of the ingenious author, but his endeavours to find it out have not been successful.

I'M wearing awa', John,
Like snaw wreathes in thaw, John,
I'm wearing awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day's ay fair
I' the land o' the leal.

O dry your glist'ning e'e, John,
My soul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal:
Ye have been leal and true, John,
Your task's near ended now, John,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn 's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John,
And we grudg'd her sair
To the land o' the leal:
But sorrow's sell wears past, John,
And joy 's comin fast, John,
The joy that 's ay to last
I' the land o' the leal.

Our friends are a' gane, John,
We've lang been left alane, John,
We'll a' meet again
I' the land o' the leal.

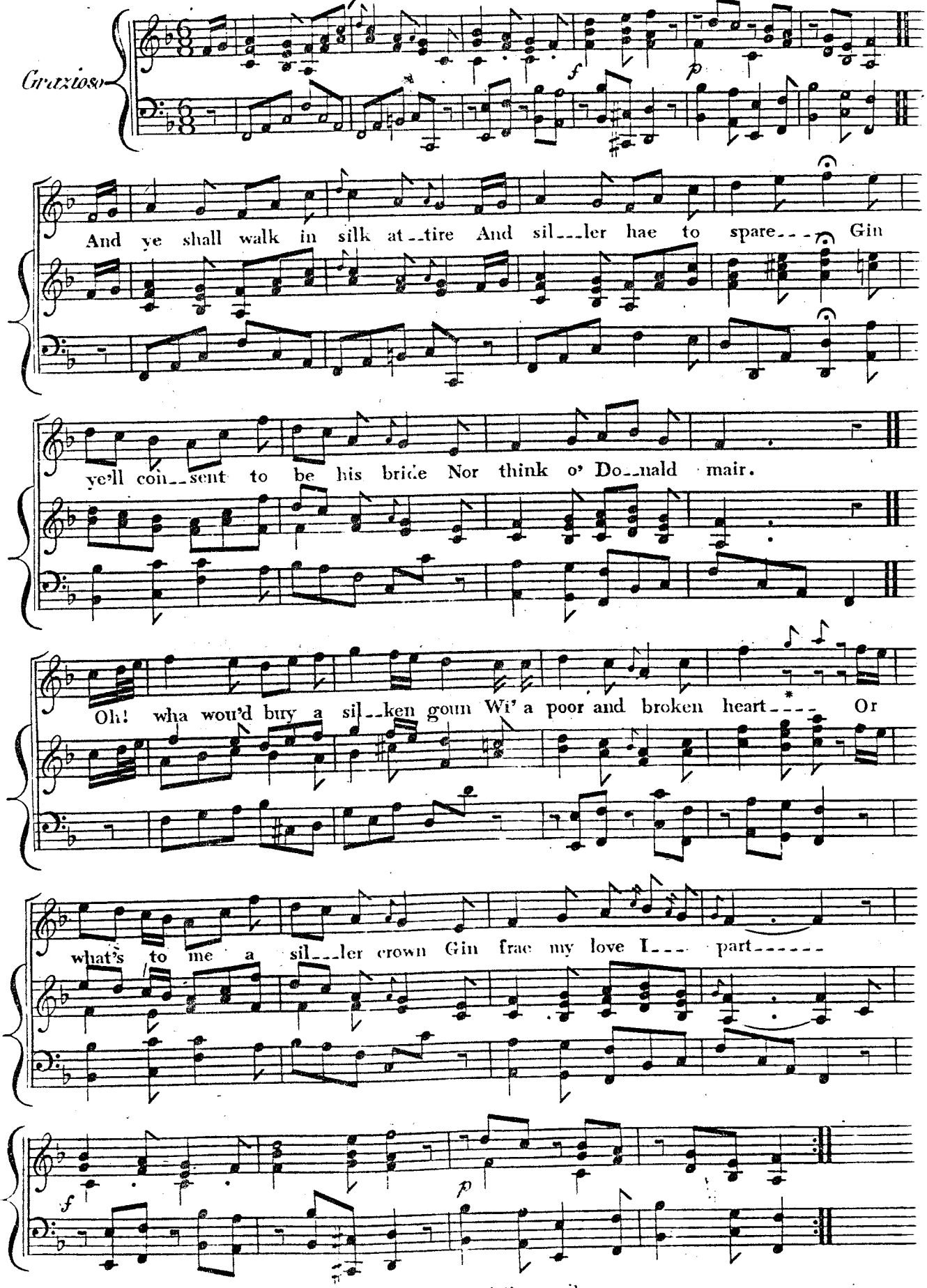
Then fare ye weel, my ain John,
This warld's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet and ay be fain
I' the land o' the leal.

THE JACOBITE WORDS OF THE SAME AIR.

WEEL may we a' be,
Ill may we never see;
God bless the king
And the good company.
Fill, fill a bumper high;
Drain, drain, your glasses dry;
Out upon him, fie! fie!
That winna do't again.

Here 's to the king, boys!
Ye ken wha I mean, boys;
And to every *honest* man,
That will do 't again. *Fill, fill, &c.*
Here 's to the chieftains
Of the gallant Scottish clans;
They ha'e done it mair than ance;
And they'll do't again! *Fill, fill, &c.*

When the pipes begin to play
Tutti taiti to the drum,
Out claymore, and down the gun,
And to the knaves again!
Fill, fill a bumper high;
Drain, drain, your glasses dry;
Out upon him, fie! fie!
That winna do 't again!



* The small notes may be omitted if the voice cannot reach them easily.

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

AIR—THE SILLER CROWN.

And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair.
Oh! wha wad buy a silken gown
Wi' a poor broken heart?
Or what's to me a siller crown,
Gin frae my love I part.

The mind whose every wish is pure,
Far dearer is to me,
And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith,
I'll lay me down and die:
For I hae pledg'd my virgin troth,
Brave Donald's fate to share;
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners won my heart,
He, gratefu', took the gift;
Cou'd I but think to seek it back,
It wou'd be war' than theft:
For langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me;
And ere I'm forc'd to break my troth,
I'll lay me down and die.

TOO PLAIN, DEAR YOUTH, THESE TELL-TALE EYES.

WRITTEN

By SOAME JENYNS.

THE SAME AIR.

Too plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But, for Heaven's sake, let it suffice,
You reign triumphant there.
Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your sway;
Press not for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey.

Could all your arts successful prove,
Wou'd you a maid undo?
Whose greatest failing is her love,
And that her love for you.

Say, wou'd you use that very pow'r,
You from her fondness claim,
To ruin, in one fatal hour,
A life of spotless fame?

Resolve not, then, to do an ill,
Because perhaps you may;
But rather use your utmost skill
To save me than betray.
Be you yourself my virtue's guard;
Defend, and not pursue;
Since 'tis a task for me too hard,
To combat love and you.

Ex. 17

I've seen the Smiling of Fortune

LARGHETTO
ESPRESSIVO

I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling I've felt all its favours, and found its decay.

Sweet was its blessing Kind its ca-ressing, But now 'tis fled fled far a-way.

I've seen the forest A-dorned the foremost With flowers of the fairest most plea-sant and gay So

bonny was their blooming Their scent the air perfuming But now they are withered and weeded away.

I'VE SEEN THE SMILING, &c.

WRITTEN

By MRS COCKBURN.

AIR—THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;
Sweet was its blessing, kind its caressing,
But now 'tis fled—fled far away!

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost,
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;
So bonny was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming;
But now they are wither'd and weeded away!

I've seen the morning, with gold the hills adorning;
And loud tempest storming before the mid-day.
I've seen Tweed's silver streams shining in the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way.

O fickle fortune! why this cruel sporting!
O why still perplex us, poor sons of a day!
No more your smiles can cheer me, no more your frowns can fear me,
For the flowers of the forest are withered away!

THE OLD VERSES.

Written upon the Battle of Flodden, which proved so fatal to JAMES IV. and the Scottish Army.

THE SAME AIR.

I've heard o' lilting at the ewes milking,
Lasses a-lilting ere the break o' day;
But now I hear moaning on ilka green loaning,
Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

At e'en in the gloaming nae swankies are roaming,
'Mang stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
For ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her dearie,—
The flowers o' the forest, wha're a' wede away.

At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads are scorning,
The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but sighing and sabbing;
Ilk ane lifts her leglen, and hies her away.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae younkers are jeering;
The bansters are lyart, runkled, and grey;
At fairs, nor at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

O dool for the order sent our lads to the border;
The English for ance by guile gat the day.
The flowers o' the forest, wha ay shone the foremost,
The prime o' the land, lie cauld in the clay!

Now rosy May comes in wi flowers.

VIVACE

Now rosy May comes in wi flow'rs To deck her gay green spreading bow'rs And now come in my happy hours To wander wi' my Da _ vie. The chrystal waters round us fa' The merry birds are lovers a' The scent_ed breezes round us blaw, A wand'ring wi my Da _ vie.

Chorus

Meet me on the war lock knowe Dainty Davie Dainty Davie There I'll spend the day wi' you My Ain dear dainty Da _ vie.

Meet me on the war lock knowe Dainty Davie Dainty Davie There I'll spend the day wi' you My Ain dear dainty Da _ vie.

NOW ROSY MAY COMES IN WI' FLOWERS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green spreading bowers;
And now come in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie:
The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A-wandering wi' my Davie.
Chorus.—Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithful Davie.
When day expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of nature's rest,
I'll flee to 's arms I lo'e the best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.
Chorus.—Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

IT WAS THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.

ALTERED TO SUIT THE SAME AIR,

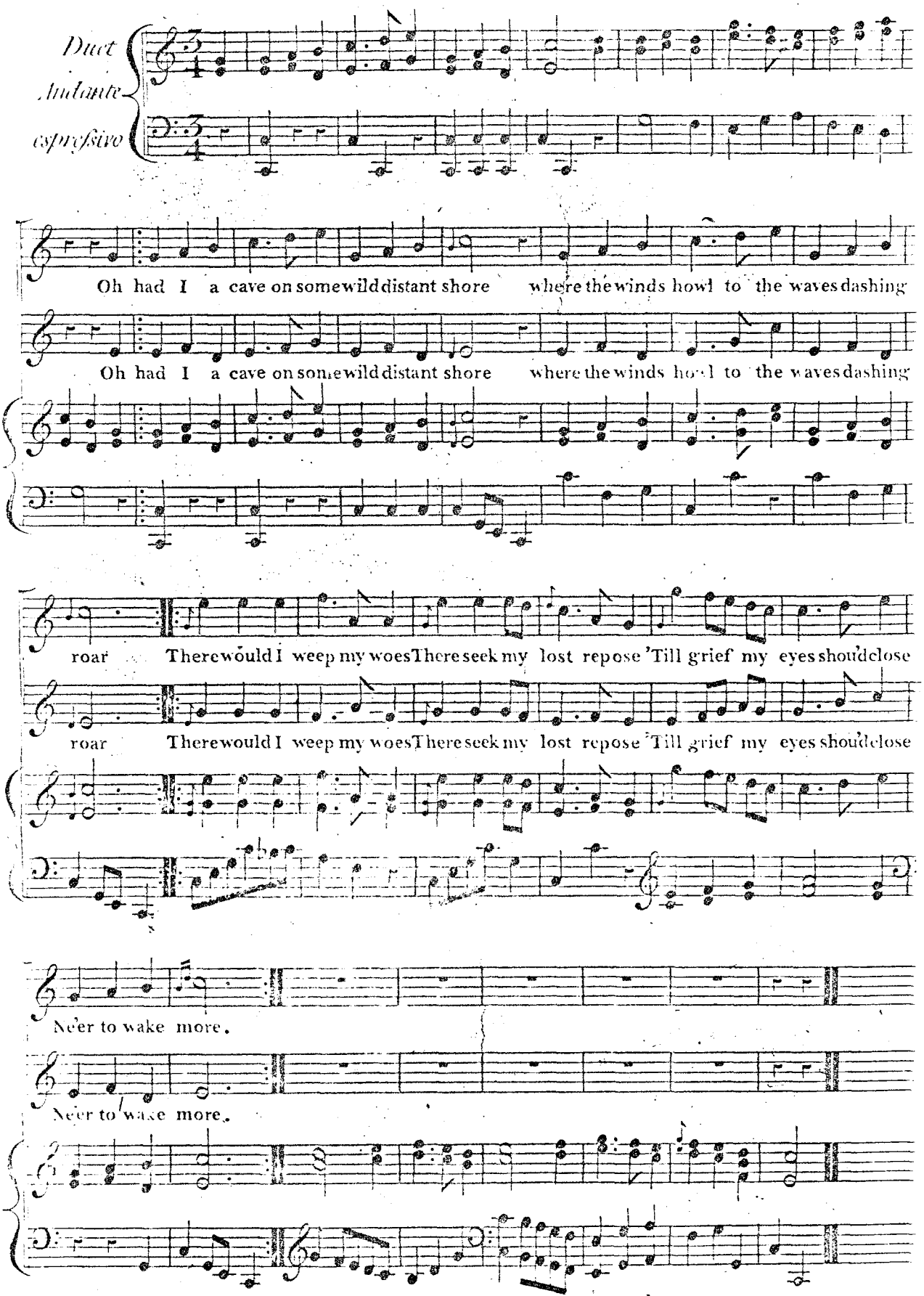
By BURNS.

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
One morning by the break of day,
The youthful charming Chloe,
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Put on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
The youthful charming Chloe.
Chorus.—Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful charming Chloe.

The feather'd people, you might see,
Perch'd all around on ev'ry tree;
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe:
Till painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful charming Chloe.
Chorus.—Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful charming Chloe.

Ex. 19

Oh had I a Cave.



* The above Sym.s and Accomp.s composed by Haydn and first pub.d in 1803.

HAD I A CAVE ON SOME WILD DISTANT SHORE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

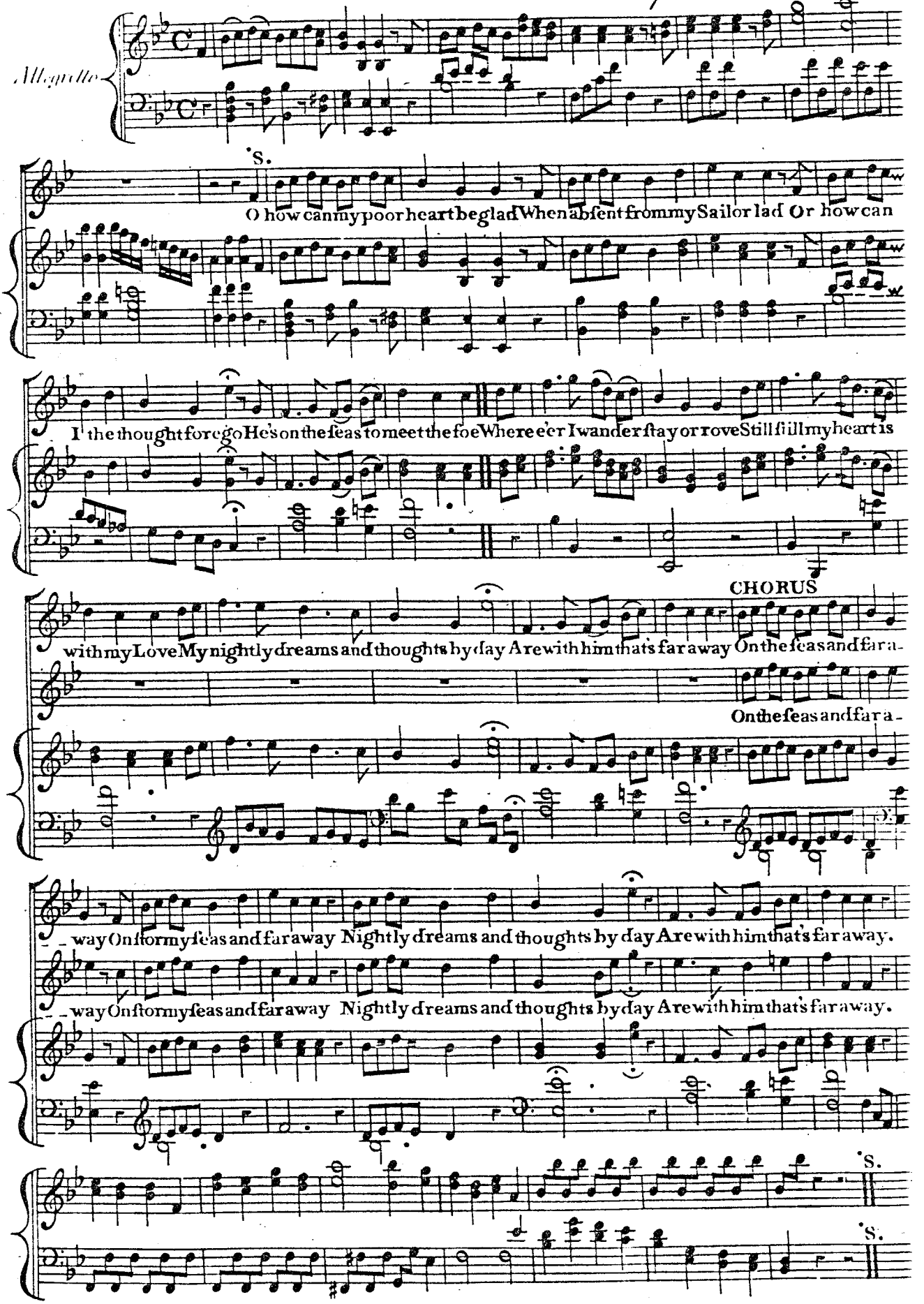
AIR—ROBIN ADAIR.

HAD I a cave on some wild distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves dashing roar;
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
'Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of woman-kind, can'st thou declare,
All thy fond plighted vows, fleeting as air!
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury—
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there!

Ex. 20

O how &c — Air, O'er the hills & far away.



HOW CAN MY POOR HEART BE GLAD.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR.—O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWA.

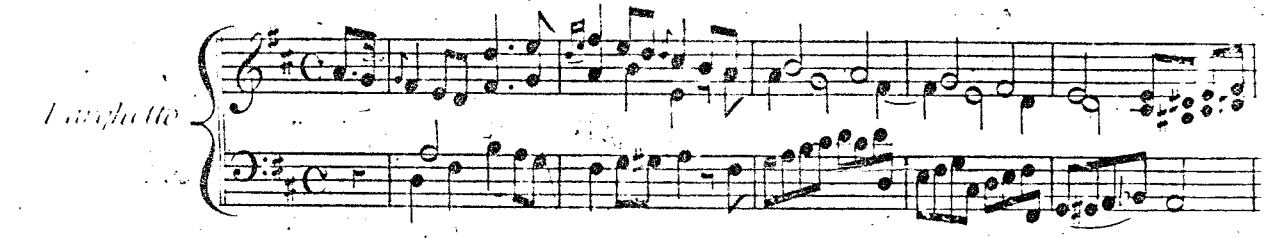
How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad;
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet the foe:
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away,
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away.

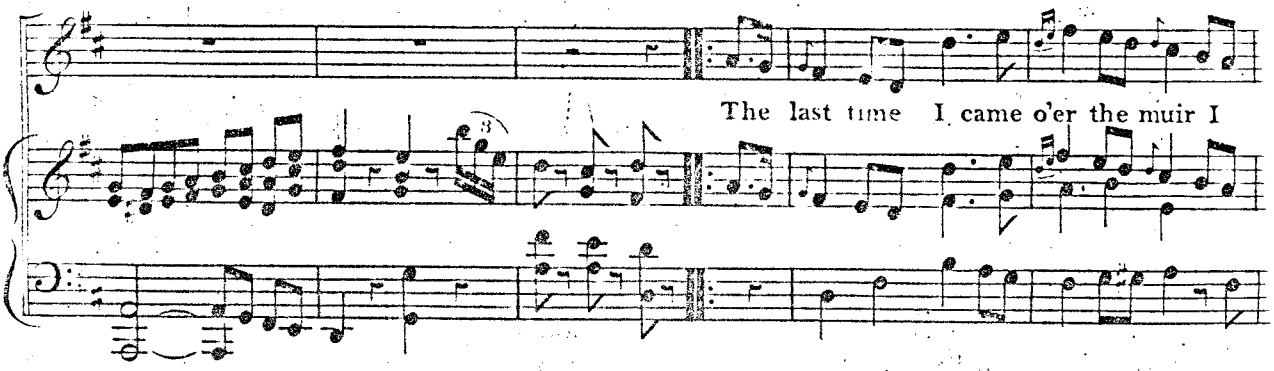
At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power,
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore;
All I can—I weep and pray
For his weal that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away,
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away.

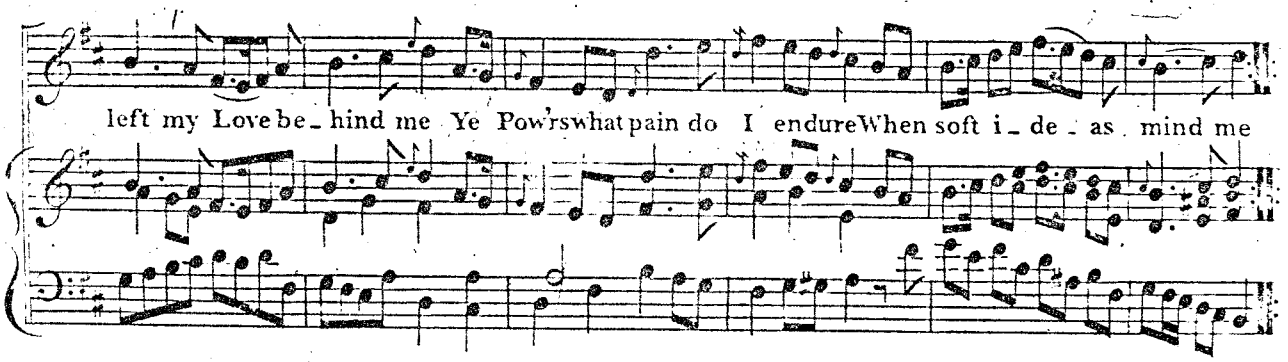
Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet:
Then may heaven with prosperous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away,
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away.

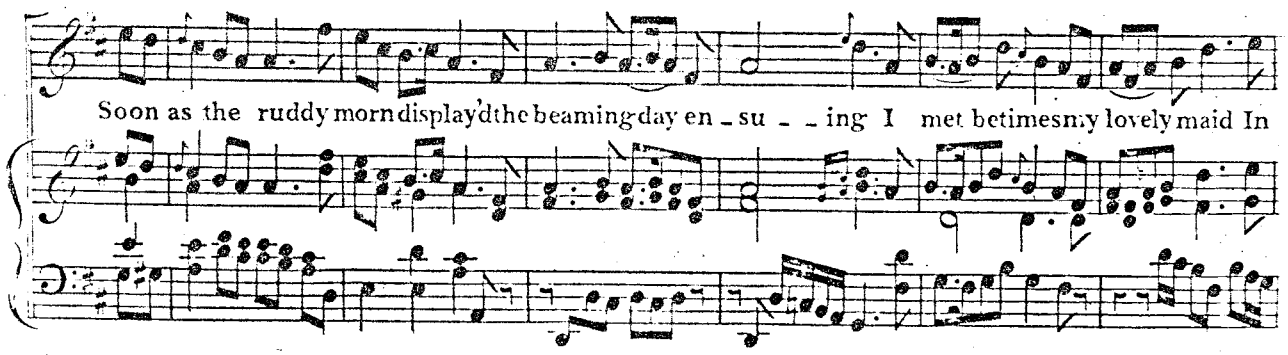
The last time I came o'er the muir

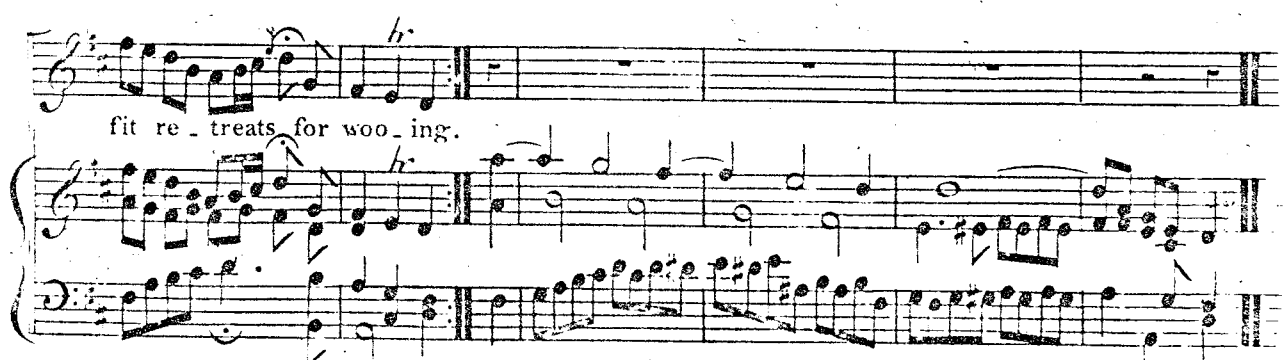
Larghetto











* The above Sym.s and Accomp.ts composed by Haydn & first publ.d in 1803.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

WRITTEN

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR—THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

The last time I came o'er the muir,
I left my love behind me;
Ye Powers, what pain do I endure,
When soft ideas mind me!
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

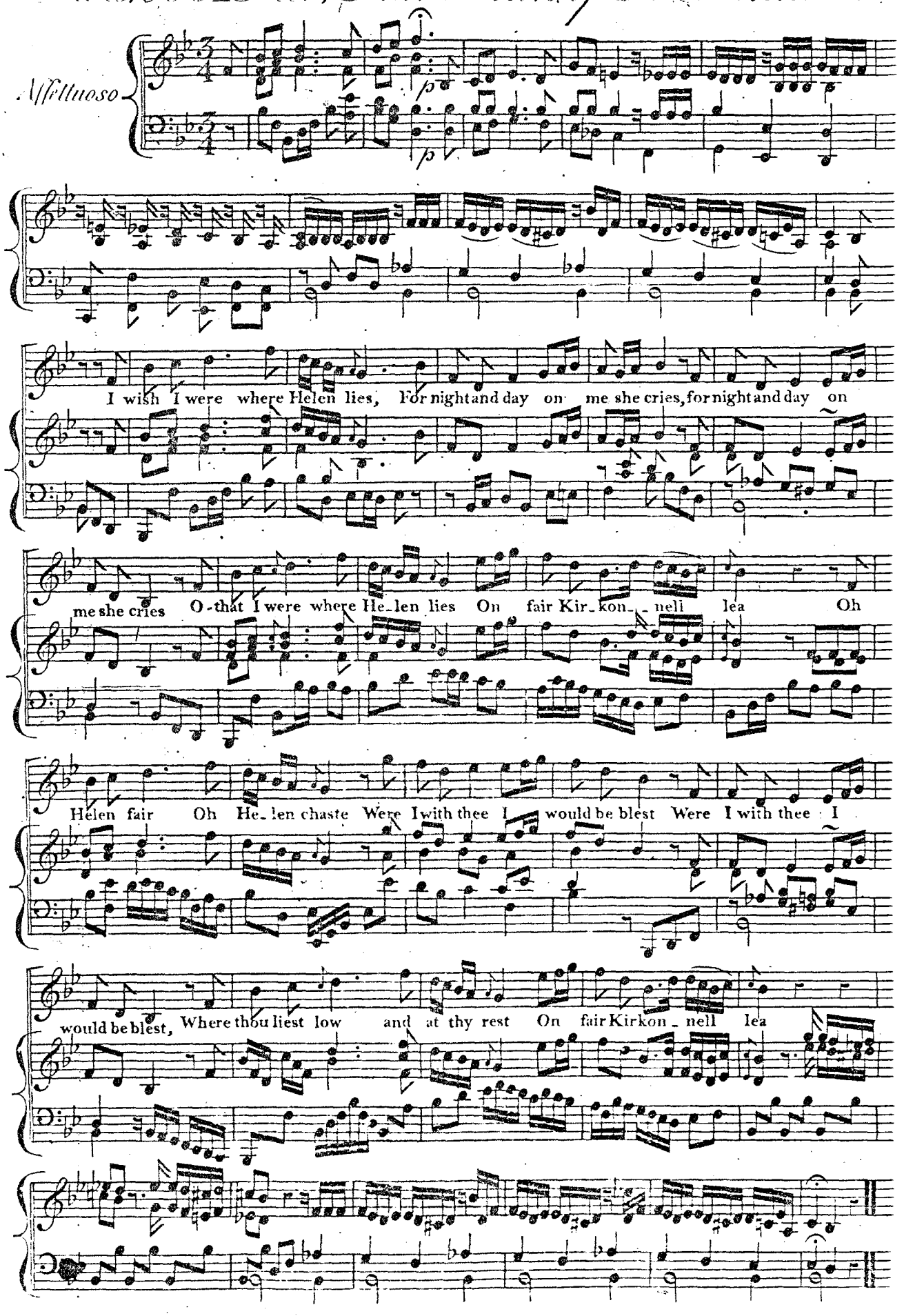
Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chastely sporting;
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
Till night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Even kings, when she was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me;
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me;
Yet hopes again to see my Love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my cares at distance move,
In presence of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since she excels in every grace,
In her my love shall center.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover,
On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
She shall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Though I left her behind me.
Then Hymen's sacred bands shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom;
There, while my being doth remain,
My love more fresh shall blosom.

Swish &c. Air, Fair Helen of Kirkconnell.



I WISH I WERE WHERE HELEN LIES.

AIR.—FAIR HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL *.

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
Where night and day on me she cries,
I wish I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet put o'er my e'en,
I wish my grave were growing green
On fair Kinkconnell lea!

Oh Helen fair! oh Helen chaste!
Were I with thee, I would be blest,
Where thou liest low, and at thy rest
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

Curst be the heart that hatch'd the thought,
And curst the hand that fir'd the shot,
When in my arms dear Helen dropt,
And died to succour me.

Oh Helen fair, beyond compare,
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die!

O think na ye my heart was sair!
My love dropt down and spake nae mair!
O think na ye my heart was sair
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

Where Helen lies, where Helen lies,
I wish I were where Helen lies:
Soon may I be where Helen lies,
Who died for love of me!

* The story of this ballad is thus given by Mr PENANT, in his Tour in Scotland: "In the burying-ground of "*Kirkonnel* is the grave of the fair ELLEN IRVINE, and that of her lover: She was daughter of the house of *Kirkonnel*, "and was beloved by two gentlemen at the same time; the one vowed to sacrifice the successful rival to his resent- "ment, and watch'd an opportunity, while the happy pair were sitting on the banks of the *Kirtle*, that washes these "grounds. ELLEN perceived the desperate lover on the opposite side, and fondly thinking to save her favourite, in- "terposed, and receiving the wound intended for her beloved, fell and expired in his arms. He instantly revenged "her death, then fled into Spain, and served for some time against the infidels: On his return he visited the grave "of his unfortunate mistress, stretch'd himself on it, and expiring on the spot, was interr'd by her side. A sword "and a cross are engraven on the tomb-stone, with, *Hic jacet* ADAM FLEMING: the only memorial of this unhappy "gentleman, except an ancient ballad of no great merit, which records the tragical event." Mr PENANT probably alludes to that edition of the ballad which is given in the Statistical Account of the parish of *Kirkpatrick-Fleming*: it is much longer than the above, and contains some meagre and incongruous verses.

O WERE I LAID WHERE COLIN LIES.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT.

THE SAME AIR.

O WERE I laid where Colin lies,
Could I but close these weary eyes,
And wake no more, with fruitless sighs,
The joyless day to see!

'Tis then I rest from pain a while,
And hear thy voice, and see thy smile,
And all my secret griefs beguile,
Those griefs, so dear to me.

Or if I still must languish here,
Would but his passing shade appear!
And whisper soft in fancy's ear,
"Come, love, I wait for thee!"

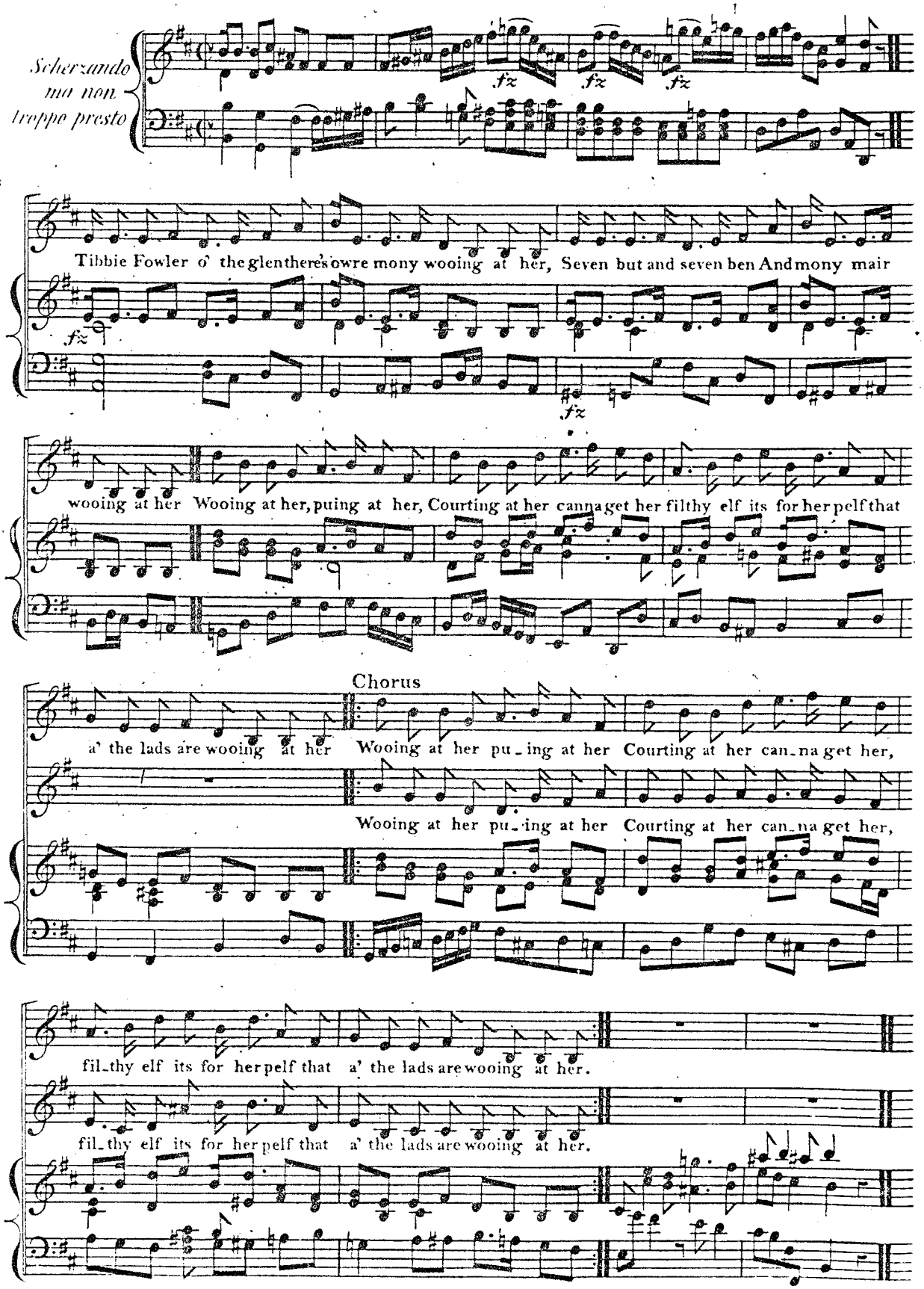
My life, my soul, my all is gone,
Forlorn I wander here alone,
O were but this my parting groan,
For death is life to me!

When these sad eyes have ceas'd to weep,
And weary woe is lost in sleep,
Though drowsy dews my senses steep,
My soul still wakes with thee.

For though I knew some magic art,
To blot thy image from my heart,
With that lov'd form I ne'er would part,
'Till death should set me free.

Then where our mingled ashes sleep,
Shall faithful lovers meet to weep,
And tenderest vows in sorrow steep,
To love as true as we!

Tibbie Fowler.



TIBBIE FOWLER O' THE GLEN.

AIR.---TIBBIE FOWLER.

Tibbie Fowler o' the glen,
There 's o'er mony wooing at her,
Seven but, and seven ben,
And mony mair wooing at her.
Wooing at her, puing at her,
Courting at her, canna get her;
Filthy elf, it 's for her pelf
That a' the lads are wooing at her.
Wooing at her, &c.

Ten cam east, and ten cam west,
Ten cam rowing o'er the water;
Twa cam down the lang dyke-side,
There 's twa and thirty wooing at her.
Wooing at her, puing at her,
Courting at her, canna get her;
Filthy elf, it 's for her pelf
That a' the lads are wooing at her.
Wooing at her, &c.

She 's got pendles in her lugs,
Cockle-shells wad set her better;
High heel'd shoon and siller tags,
And a' the lads are wooing at her.
Wooing at her, puing at her,
Courting at her, canna get her;
Filthy elf, it 's for her pelf
That a' the lads are wooing at her.
Wooing at her, &c.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,
If she hae the name o' siller,
Set her up on Tintoc tap,
The wind will blaw a man till her.
Be a lassie e'er sae fair,
If she want the penny siller;
A flie may fell her in the air
Before there come a man 'till her.
Wooing at her, &c.

WILLIE WASTLE'S WIFE.

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,
Willie was a wabster gude,
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie;
He had a wife was dour and din,
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
The cat has twa, the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
A whiskin beard about her mou',
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
Sic a wife, &c.

She 's bow-hough'd, she 's hein-shinn'd,
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;
She 's twisted right, she 's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter;
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther;
Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
And wi' her loof her face a washin;
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
Her walie nieves, like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-water;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

Come gie's a sang – Air: Tullochgorum!

The Symf. & Accompt. by Haydn & now first pubd. 1826

Allegretto Scherzando.

Come gie's a sang Montgom'ry cried, And lay your disputes all aside What nonsense is't for folks to chide for

what's been done before them Let whig and to_ry all agree whig and to_ry whig and to_ry

whig and to_ry all agree to drop their whigmegmorum Let whig and to_ry all agree to

spend this night wi' mirth and glee And chearfu' sing a_lang wi' me, the reel of Tullochgorum.

COME GIE'S A SANG, MONTGOMERY CRIED.

THE SONG

By the Rev. JOHN SKINNER.

THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS BY HAYDN—AND NOW FIRST PUBLISHED—1826.

AIR—TULLOCHGORUM.

COME gie's a sang, Montgomery cry'd,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies 't for folks to chide
For what was done before them:
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Whig and Tory all agree,
To drop their Whig-meg-morum;
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,
And cheerful sing alang wi' me
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

O' Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him:
For blythe and merry we'll be a',
Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,
Blythe and merry we'll be a',
And make a cheerful quorum,
For blythe and merry we'll be a'
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance till we be like to fa'
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

What needs there be sae great a fraise
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wadna gie our ain Strathpeys
For half a hunder score o' them;
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
Dowf and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum;
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their *allegros* and a' the rest,
They canna' please a Scottish taste
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

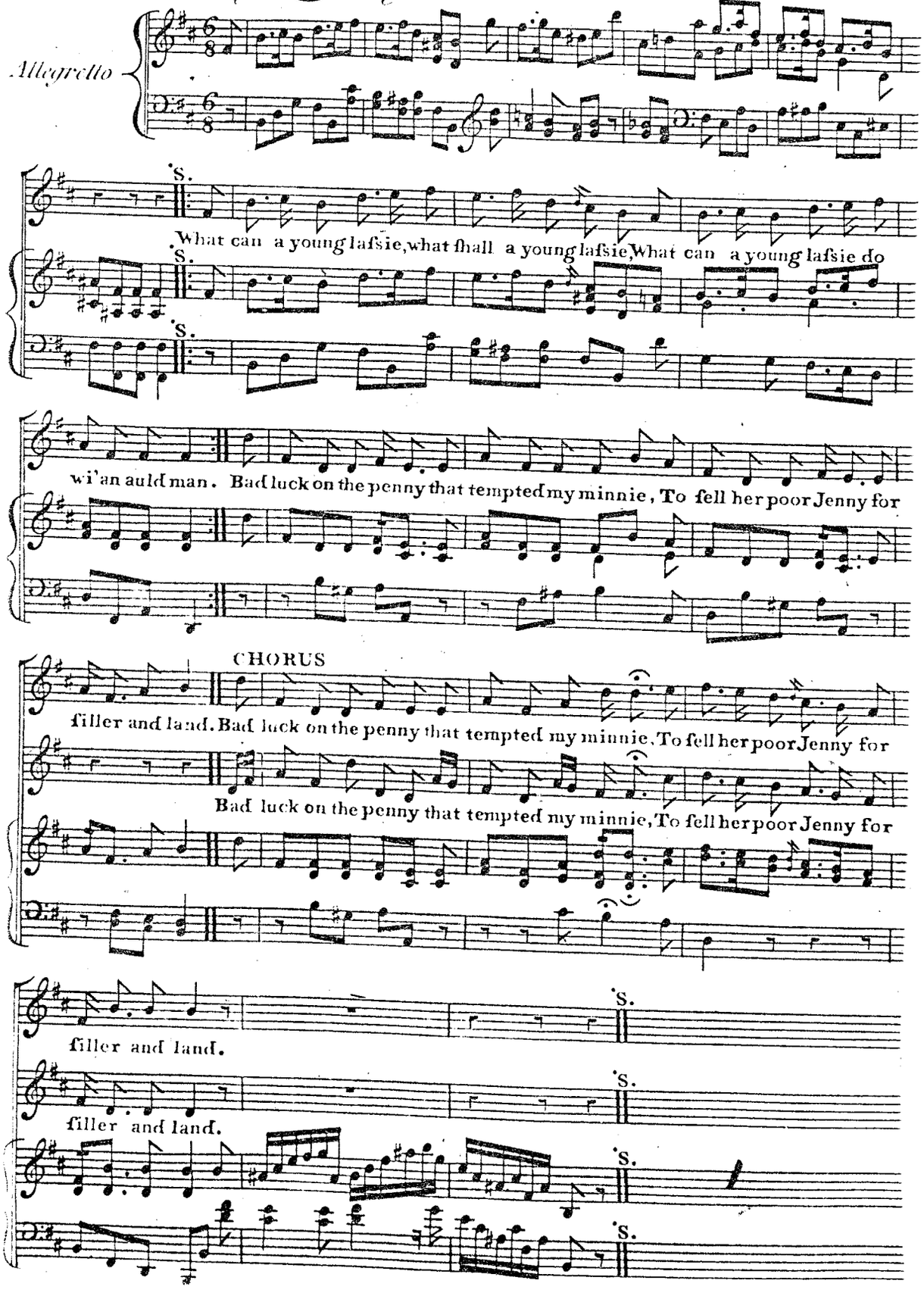
Let warldly worms their minds oppress
Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
And silly souls themsel's distress
Wi' keeping up decorum:
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Sour and sulky shall we sit
Like old philosophorum!
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Nor ever try to shake a fit
To th' Reel o' Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings ay attend
Each honest, open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
Peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' them;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot,
And may he never want a groat,
That's fond o' Tullochgorum!

But for the base unfeeing fool,
That loves to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him;
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
Dool and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say, wae's me for him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Wi' a' the ills that come frae *France*,
Wha e'er he be that winna dance
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

Ex. 25

What can a young Lassie do wi' an auld man



WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN.

WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

AIR.—WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO, &c.

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny
To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'.
Bad luck, &c.

He's always compleenin frae mornin' to e'enin,
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang:
He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man.
He's doyl't, &c.

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows,
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!
He's peevish, &c.

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan!
I'll cross him, &c.

SINCE WEDLOCK's IN VOGUE, &c.

WRITTEN

BY CUNNINGHAME.

THE SAME AIR.

Since wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins despis'd,
To all batchelors greeting, these lines are premis'd;
I'm a maid that would mary—ah! could I but find
(I care not for fortune) a man to my mind!
I'm a maid, &c.

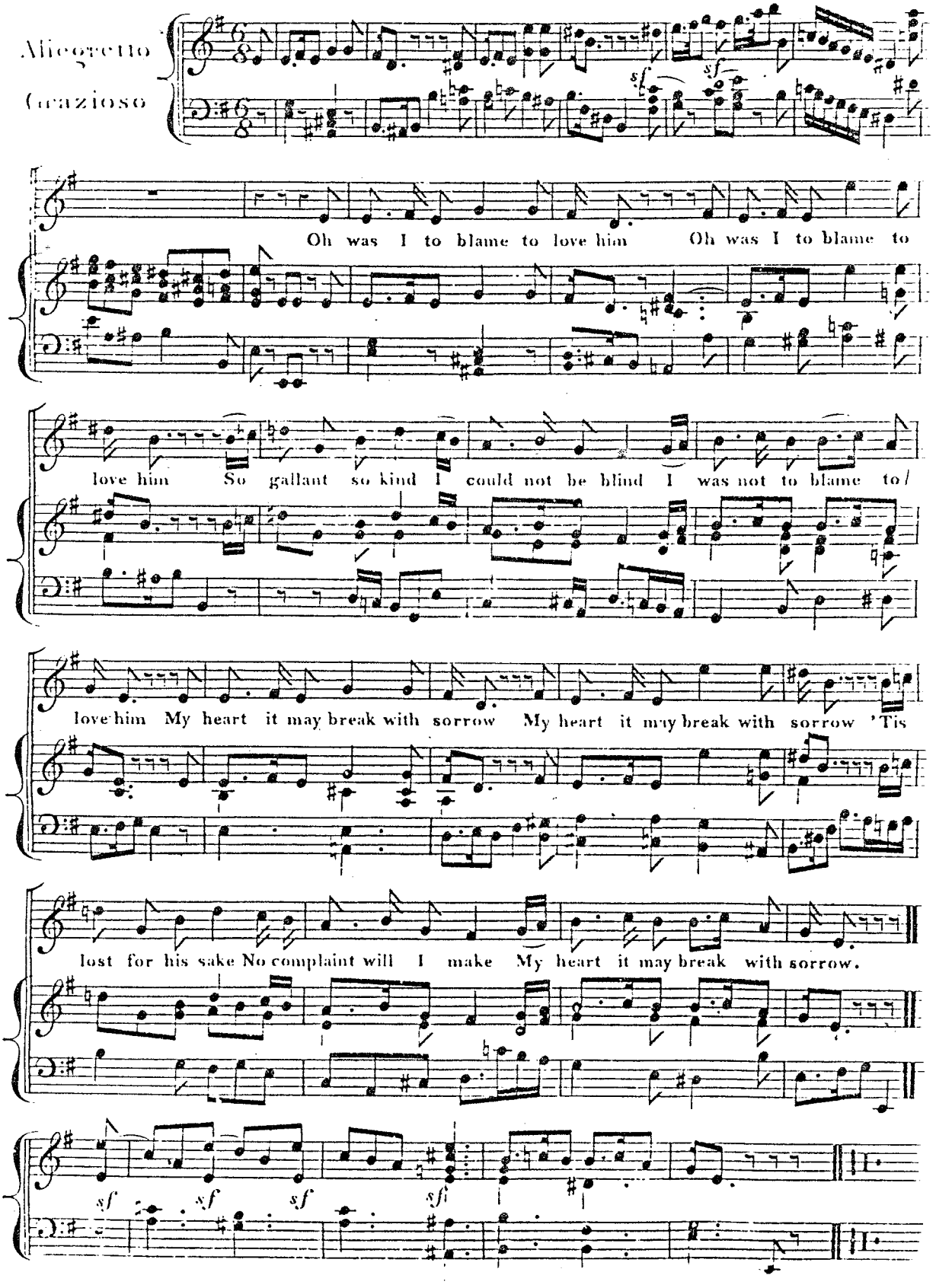
Not the fair weather fop, fond of fashion and dress;
Not the squire, who can relish no joys but the chace;
Nor the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can bind:
Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.
Nor the free, &c.

Not the ruby-fac'd sot, who topes world without end;
Nor the drone, who can't relish his bottle and friend;
Nor the fool that's too fond; nor the churl that's unkind:
Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.
Not the fool, &c.

Not the wretch with full bags, without breeding or merit;
Nor the flash, that's all fury without any spirit;
Nor the fine Master Fribble, the scorn of mankind:
Neither this—that—nor t'others the man to my mind.
Nor the fine, &c.

But the youth whom good sense and good nature inspire;
Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should admire;
In whose heart love and truth are with honour conjoin'd:
This, this, and no other's the man to my mind.
In whose heart, &c.

Oh was I to blame to love him.



OH! WAS I TO BLAME TO LOVE HIM!

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

AIR—WHEN SHE CAME BEN SHE BOBBIT.

Oh! was I to blame to love him!
Oh! was I to blame to love him!
So gallant, so kind,—
I could not be blind,—
I was not to blame to love him.

My heart it may break with sorrow,
My heart it may break with sorrow,
'Tis lost for his sake,
No complaint will I make,
My heart it may break with sorrow.

Oh! saw you yon tree's sweet blossom,
Oh! saw you yon tree's sweet blossom,
Like me to your sight
It fades with the blight,
Yet blame not the love or the blossom.

O pride of my heart! I love thee,
O pride of my heart! I love thee;
The zephyr,—the sky,
May alter—not I,—
I was not to blame to love thee.

THE LAIRD OF COCKPEN.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT COMMUNICATED TO THE EDITOR BY SIR ADAM FERGUSON.

The Laird o' Cockpen be's proud and he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the State;
He wanted a wife now his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' wooing was fashious to seek.

Down by the burn side a Lady did dwell,
At the head o' his table he thought she'd look well;
Macleish's ae doughter o' Clavers-ha'-lee,
A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was well pouther'd, and as gude as new,
His waistcoat was red, and his coat it was blue,
A ring on his finger, his sword, and cock'd hat,
And wha could refuse the auld Laird wi' a' that.

He mounted his mare, he rode cannilie,
And rap't at the yett o' Clavers-ha'-lee;
"Gae tell Mrs Jean to come speedily ben,
"She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mrs Jean she was making the elder-flower wine,
"And what brings the Laird here at sic a like time?"
She pat aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa down.

And when she cam in, the Laird boo'd fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know;
But, oh! how he stared,—when the Lady said Na!
And wi' a laigh curtsey she then turn'd awa.

The Laird was dumfounder'd, nae sigh did he gie,
He mounted his mare, he rode cannilie;
And often he thought as he gaed through the glen,
She is daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

ANOTHER SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK
BY PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, ESQ.—1824.

Reflections of a young Lady after a Ball, who, while putting in her papillots, is casting a hurried glance over her prospects in life.

I THINK it is time to marry,
I think it is time to marry;
The bloom of eighteen
Will ne'er more be seen,
And my views are beginning to vary.

'Tis true, that I'm only twenty,
'Tis true that I'm only twenty;
But a lovelier she
May come on the tapis,
And suitors may not be so plenty.

Let's count o'er the list of my gay men,
Let's count o'er the list of my gay men;
But names give offence,
So I'll dub them at once,
Philip, Corydon, Thyrsis, and Damon.

For Philip, he's just a Noodle,
For Philip he's just a Noodle,
A thing to be sure
Who has made the grand tour,
With a Tutor, a Cook, and a Poodle.

Then Corry's the richest of any,
An Indian,—but shrivell'd and yawny,
Who talks long and loud
Of the Nabob of Oude,
And the way to make Mullakatawny.

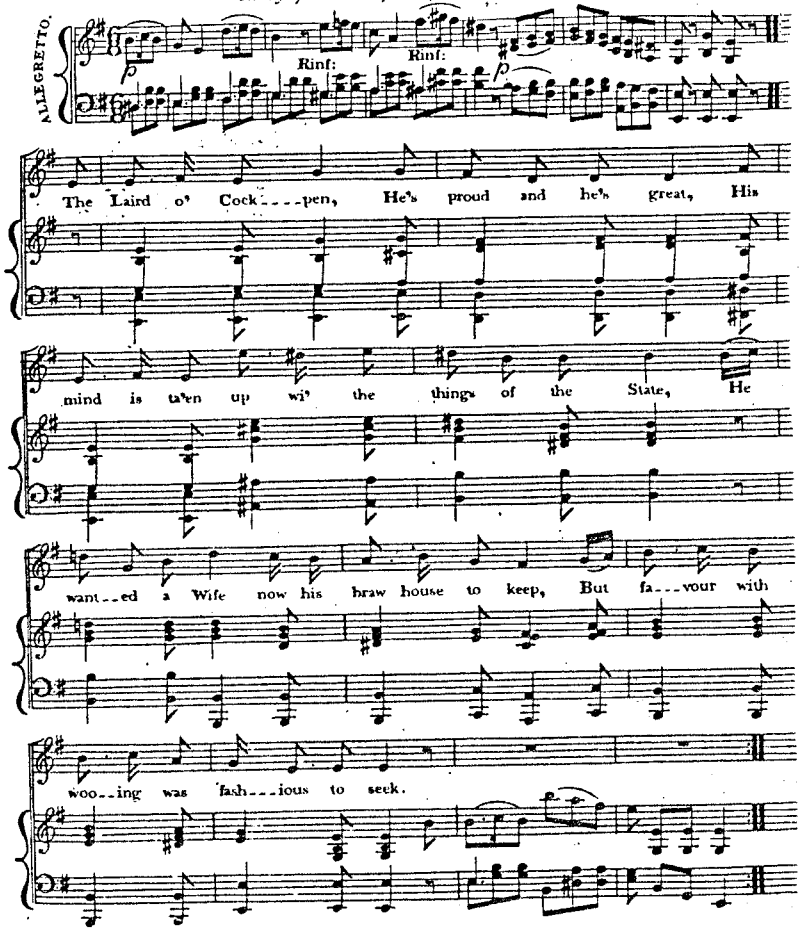
Next comes the poetical Thyrsis,
Next comes the poetical Thyrsis,
With his "lines to the Moon,"
And his voice out of tune,
And his visage as sad as a hearse is.

But Damon, dear Damon—heigho, Sirs!
But Damon, dear Damon—heigho, Sirs!
Is manly and pleasing,
And gallant, though teazing,
And none of your pedants or prosers.

I'll have him—the matter is settled,
I'll have him—the matter is settled;
And when I look sweet,
With my friend at my feet,
How that minx, little Sue, will be nettled.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

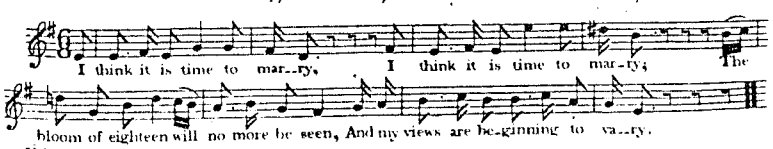
The Symph.S. Accompan.t by Ferrari—1824.



THE SAME AIR WITH A NEW SONG

By P.F. Tytler Esq.r 1824.

The Syph.s Accompan.t as above.



Ex. 26c

THE LAIRD OF COCKPEN.

THIS SONG FIRST CAME BEFORE THE PUBLIC ABOUT THE YEAR 1822.

THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS COMPOSED BY G. HOGARTH IN 1843.

THE Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' affairs o' the state,
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favours in wooing were fashious to seek.

Down by the woodside a lady did dwell,
At his table head he thought she'd look well,
MacLeish's ae daughter o' Clavers-ha'-lea,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd, as guid as when new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue,
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat,
And wha could refuse a Laird wi' a' that?

He took the grey mare, and rade cannilie,
And rapp'd at the yett o' Clavers-ha'-lea;
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was making the elder-flower wine,
"And what brings the laird here at sic an ill time?"
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she came ben he bowed fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know;
But O, how he stared,—when the lady said "Na!"
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumfounder'd he was, but nae sigh did he gie,
He mounted his mare and rade cannilie;
And often he thought as he gaed through the glen,
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

ADDED BY THE EDITOR IN 1843.

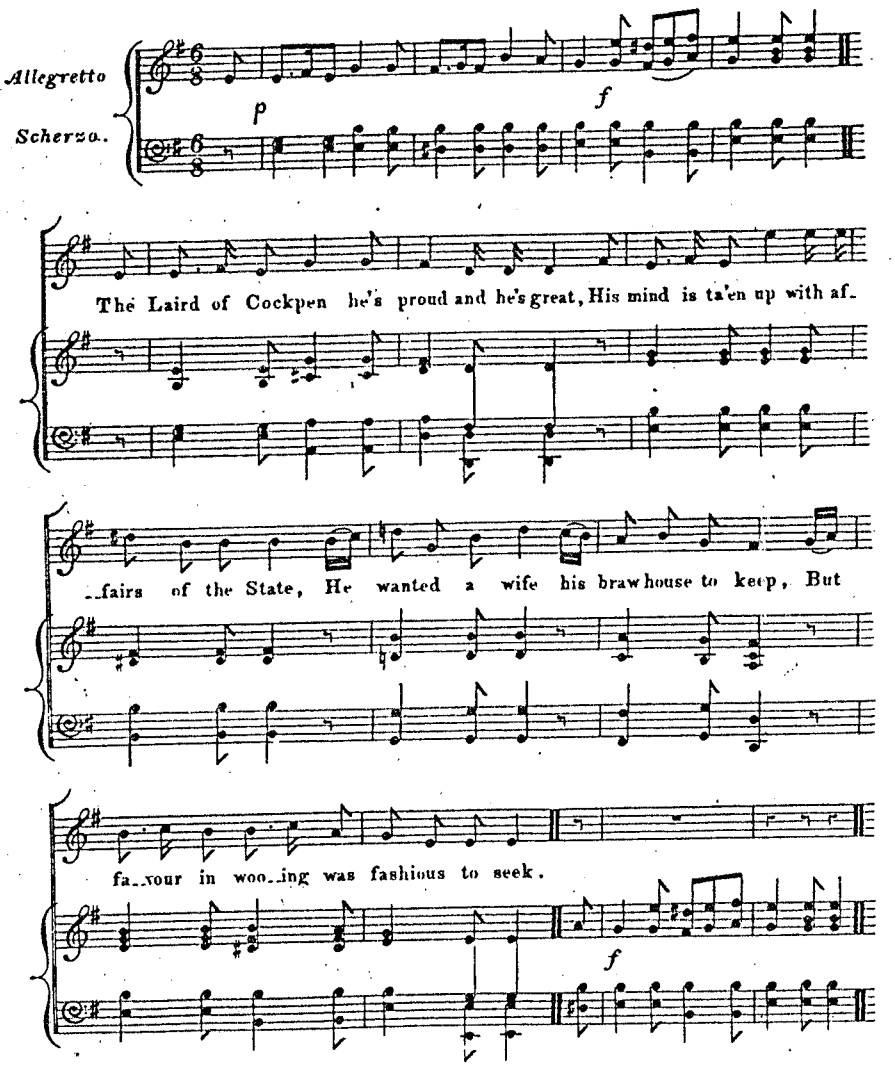
No sooner the Laird his exit had made,
Than she 'gan to ponder on what he had said:—
"What a fool," she exclaimed, "was I to say *Na*
To a wooer sae gallant, sae crouse, and sae braw!"

But back came the Laird, right glad now to find
The lady had prudently alter'd her mind:—
Quoth he, "I've come frankly to ask you again:"
She blushed her consent,—and she's Lady Cockpen.

*** The Editor hopes the Author will pardon him for thus terminating the courtship, to which he was induced by having observed that the song, as generally sung, rarely escapes without some sort of postscript matrimonial.

The Laird o' Cockpen.

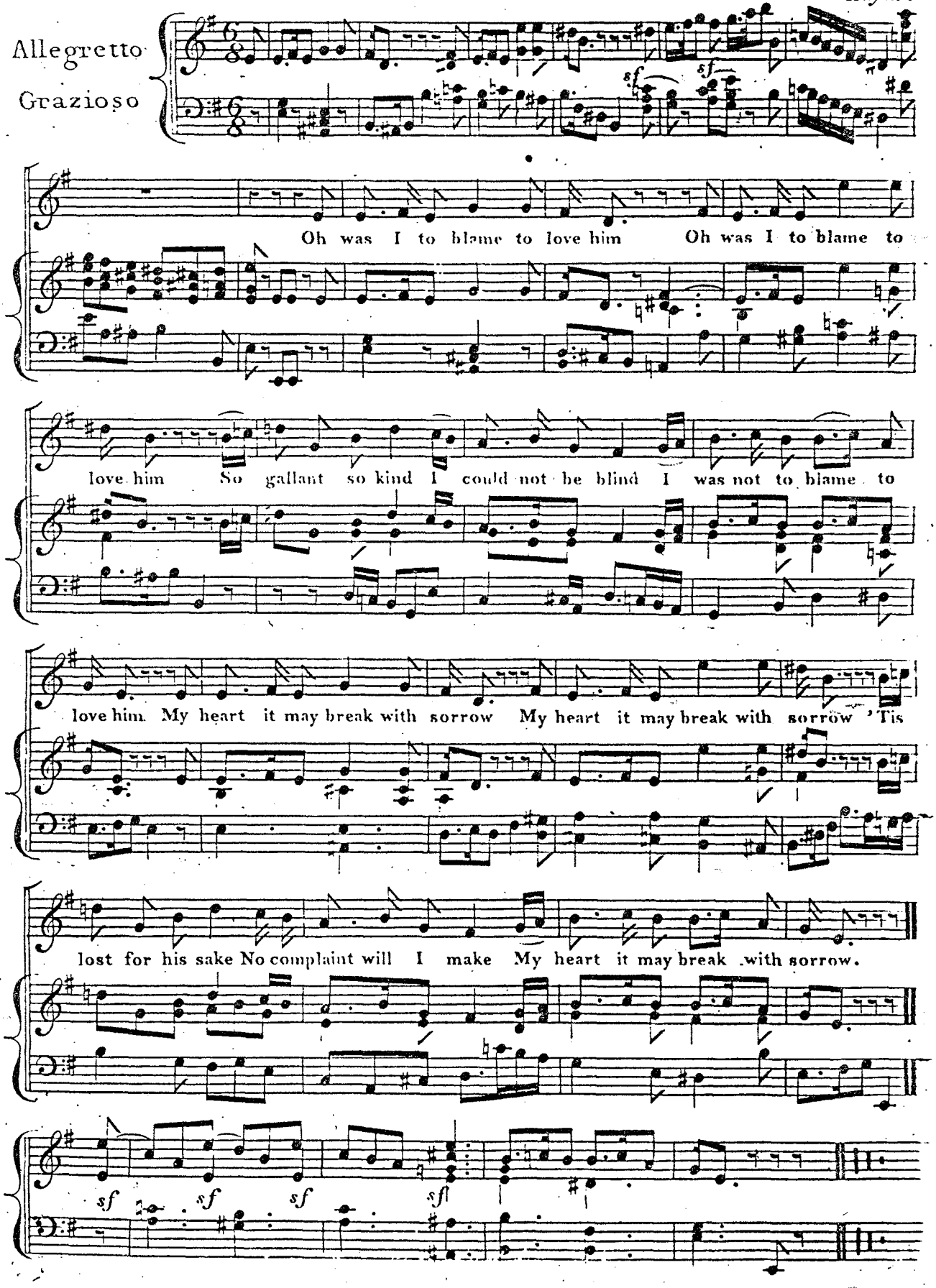
The Symn.s &c. Composed by Hogarth in 1843.



Oh! was I to blame to love him.

Hayden

Allegretto Grazioso



OH! WAS I TO BLAME TO LOVE HIM!

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

AIR—WHEN SHE CAME BEN SHE BOBBIT.

Oh! was I to blame to love him!
Oh! was I to blame to love him!
So gallant, so kind,—
I could not be blind,—
I was not to blame to love him.

My heart it may break with sorrow,
My heart it may break with sorrow,
'Tis lost for his sake,
No complaint will I make,
My heart it may break with sorrow.

Oh! saw you yon tree's sweet blossom?
Oh! saw you yon tree's sweet blossom?
Like me to your sight
It fades with the blight,
Yet blame not the love or the blossom.

O pride of my heart! I love thee,
O pride of my heart! I love thee;
The zephyr,—the sky,
May alter—not I,—
I was not to blame to love thee.

I THINK IT IS TIME TO MARRY.

THOUGHTS OF A YOUNG LADY AFTER A BALL, WHO, WHILE PUTTING IN HER PAPILLOTES, IS CASTING A HURRIED GLANCE OVER HER PROSPECTS IN LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, Esq.—1824.

THE SAME AIR.

I think it is time to marry,
I think it is time to marry;
The bloom of eighteen
Will ne'er more be seen,
And my views are beginning to vary.

'Tis true that I'm only twenty,
'Tis true that I'm only twenty;
But a lovelier she
May come on the tapis,
And suitors may not be so plenty.

Let's count o'er the list of my gay men,
Let's count o'er the list of my gay men;
But names give offence,
So I'll dub them at once,
Philip, Corydon, Thyrsis, and Damon.

For Philip, he's just a noodle,
For Philip, he's just a noodle;
A thing to be sure
Who has made the grand tour,
With a tutor, a cook, and a poodle.

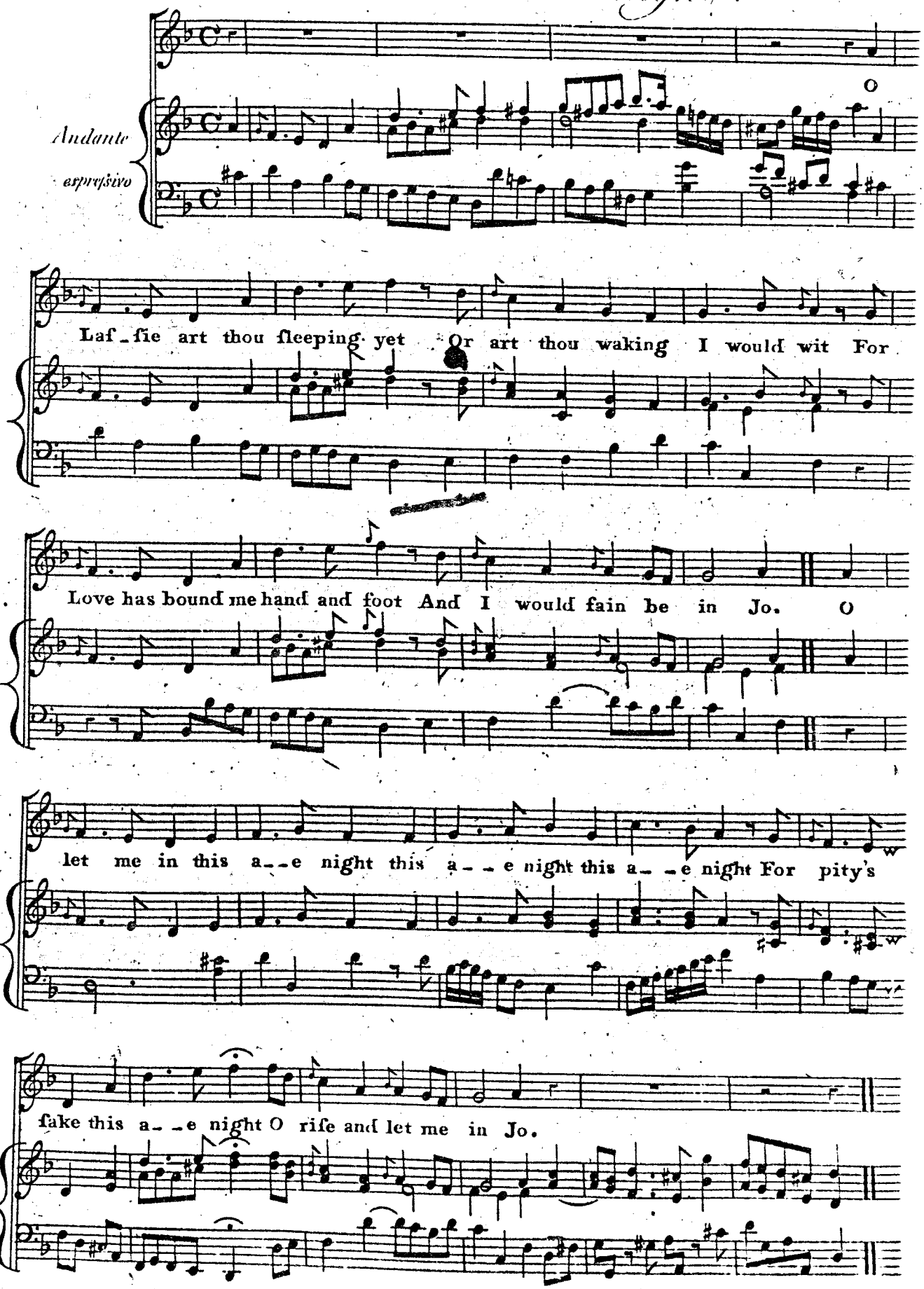
Then Corry 's the richest of any,
An Indian,—but shrivell'd and yawny,
Who talks long and loud
Of the Nabob of Oude,
And the way to make Mullegatawny.

Next comes the poetical Thyrsis,
Next comes the poetical Thyrsis;
With his "Lines to the Moon,"
And his voice out of tune,
And his visage as sad as a hearse is.

But Damon, dear Damon,—heigho, sirs!
But Damon, dear Damon,—heigho, sirs!
Is manly and pleasing,
And gallant, though teazing,
And none of your pedants or prosers.

I'll have him—the matter is settled,
I'll have him—the matter is settled;
And when I look sweet,
With my friend at my feet,
How that minx, little Sue, will be nettled!

O let me in this ae night.



O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR,—LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet,
Or art thou waking, I would wot,
For Love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.
O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet;
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;
Take pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in this ae night, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness of thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pine, jo.
O let me in this ae night, &c.

Her Answer.

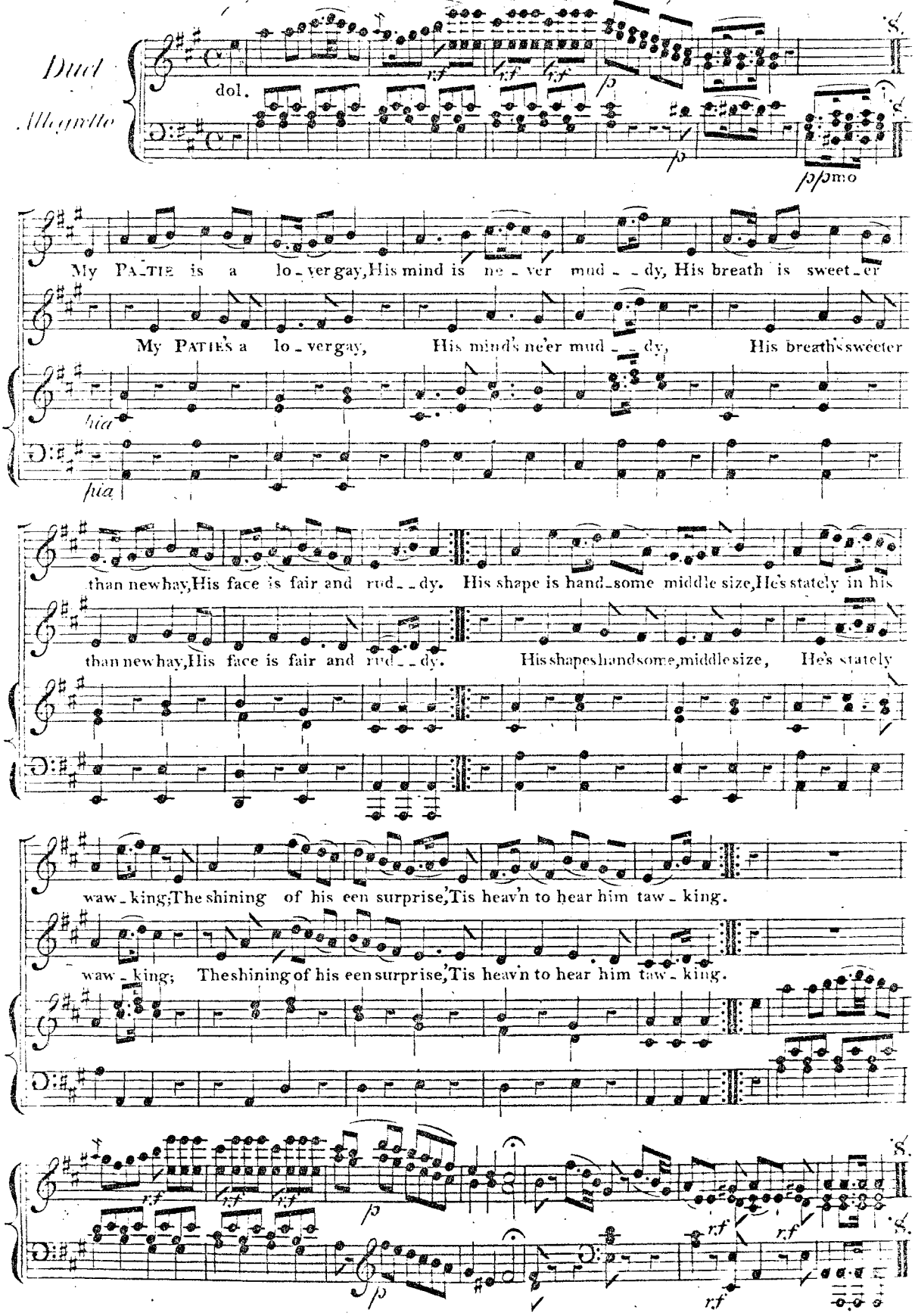
O tell na me of wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain,
Gae back the gate ye came again,
I winna let you in, jo.
I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wanderer pours,
Is nought to what poor she endures
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed,
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

My Patie is a lover gay.



MY PATIE IS A LOVER GAY.

WRITTEN

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR—CORN RIGGS.

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 walking:
The shining of his e'en surprise:
'Tis heav'n to hear him talking.

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!

COME, DEAR AMANDA, QUIT THE TOWN.

THE SAME AIR.

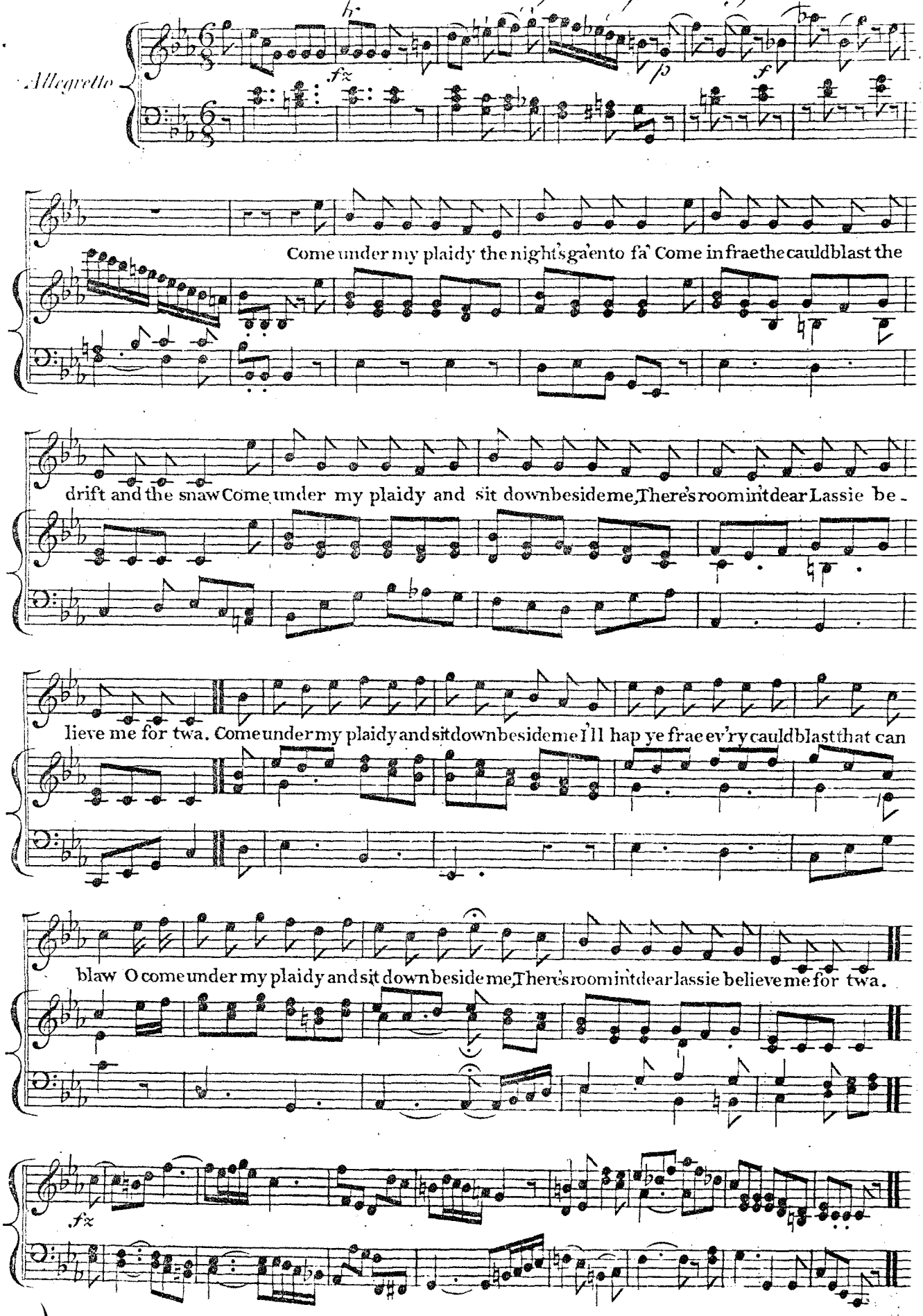
Come, dear Amanda, quit the town,
And to the rural hamlets fly;*
Behold, the wintry storms are gone,
A gentle radiance glads the sky:
The birds awake, the flow'rs appear;
Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee;
'Tis joy and music all we hear!
'Tis love and beauty all we see!

Come, let us mark the gradual spring,
How peep the buds, the blossom blows,
'Till Philomel begins to sing,
And perfect May to spread the rose.
Let us secure the short delight,
And wisely crop the blooming day:
For soon, too soon, it will be night!
Arise, my love, and come away!

* *Although the 2d 4th, 6th, and 8th lines of this Song are each a syllable longer than the corresponding lines of the Scottish verses, they are more exactly suited to the Air, which requires lines of eight syllables each.*

Ex. 29

Come under Sc — Air Johny Macgill.



COME UNDER MY PLAIDY, &c.------MODERN MARRIAGE DELINEATED.

By HECTOR MACNEILL, Esq.

AIR.---JOHNY MACGILL.

COME under my plaidy, the night's ga'en to fa',
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw;
Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me;
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.
Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
I'll hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blast that will blaw:
O come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.

Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald gae 'wa!
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw:
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy, I'll no sit beside ye:
Ye may be my gutchard!—auld Donald gae 'wa.
I'm ga'en to meet Johnny, he's young and he's bonny;
He's been at Meg's bridal, sae trig and sae braw!
O nane dances sae lightly! sae gracefu'! sae tightly!
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw.

Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa;
Your Jock 's but a gowk, and has naithing ava;
The hale o' his pack he has now on his back:
He 's therty, and I am but threescore and twa.
Be frank now and kindly: I'll busk you ay finely;
To kirk or to market they'll few gang sae braw;
A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

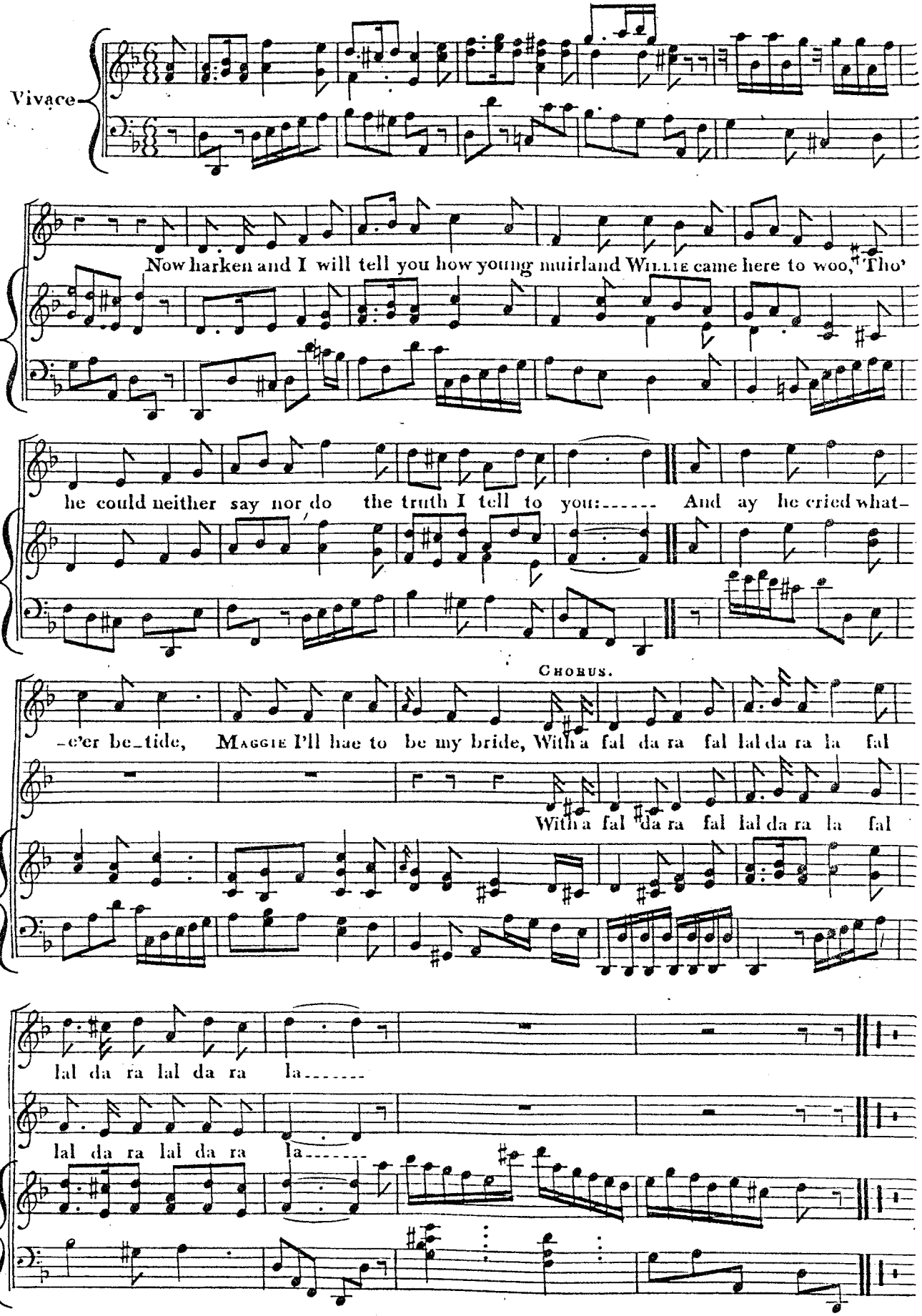
My father ay tell'd me, my mither and a',
Ye'd mak a gude husband, and keep me ay braw;
It's true I lo'e Johnny, he's gude and he's bonny,
But waes me! ye ken he has naithing ava!
I hae little tocher; you've made a gude offer;
I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!
Sae gie me your plaidy; I'll e'en sit beside ye,
I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa'.

She sat down ayont him, aside the stane wa',
Whar Johnny was list'ning, and heard her tell a'.
The day was appointed! his proud heart it dunted,
And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary!
And thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw;
The howlet was screamin, while Johnny cried, 'Women
Wou'd marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them ay bra'!'

O the deel 's in the lasses! they gang now sae bra',
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;
The hale o' this marriage, is gowd and a carriage;
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!
O the deel 's in the lasses! they gang now sae bra'.
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;
The hale o' this marriage, is gowd and a carriage;
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!

Ex. 30

Muirland Willie



HARKEN AND I WILL TELL YOU HOW.

AIR—MUIRLAND WILLIE.

HARKEN, and I will tell you how
Young Muirland Willie came to woo,
Tho' he could neither say nor do,
The truth I tell to you;
But ay he cries, whate'er betide,
Maggy I'se hae to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his grey mare as he did ride,
Wi' durk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee,
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
Till he came to her daddy's door,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your doughter's love to win,
I carena for making meikle din;
What answer gi'e ye me?
Now wooer, quoth he, would ye light down,
I'll gi'e ye my doughter's love to win,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now wooer, sin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye won, or in what town?
I think my doughter winna gloom
On sic a lad as ye.
The wooer he step'd into the house,
And vow but he was wondrous crouse,
With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owsen in a pleugh,
Twa gude ga'en yades and gear eneugh,
The place they ca' it Caldeneugh;
I scorn to tell a lie:
Besides, I hae frae the great laird,
A peat-pat and a lang kail-yard,
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town;
I wat on him she didna gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waist;
With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae enough o' gear;
And for mysell you needna fear,
Troth tak me whan you like.
He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chew,
He dighted his gab, and prie'd her mou',
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu' law,
She hadna will to say him na,
But to her daddy she left it a',
As they twa cou'd agree.
The lover he ga'e her the tither kiss,
Syne ran to her daddy, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Your doughter wad na say me na,
But to yoursell she's left it a',
As we cou'd 'gree between us twa;
Say, what'll ye gie me wi' her?
Now, wooer, quoth he, I hae na meikle,
But sic 's I hae, ye's get a pickle,
With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gie to thee,
Three soums of sheep, twa good milk kye,
Ye's hae the wedding dinner free;
Troth I dow do nae mair.
Content, quoth he, a bargain be 't,
I'm far frae hame, mak' haste, let's do 't,
With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal day it came to pass,
Wi' mony a blythsome lad and lass;
But sicken a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never seen.
This winsome couple straked hands,
Mess John tied up the marriage bands,
With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blue,
Frae tap to tae they were bra' new,
And blinkit bonnilie.
Their toys and mutches were sae clean,
They glanced in our lads's een,
With a fal, dal, &c.

(Last Stanza,)
Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,
Sic daffin, laughin, and sic fun,
The minstrels they did never blin',
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
And ay they bobit, and ay they beck't,
*And ay they cross'd and merrily met,**
With a fal, dal, &c.

* *The critical observer will find, that the Editor has taken the liberty of altering two lines of the last stanza, viz. the second and the sixth. He thought it a pity that there should be any thing in such a truly excellent song to render it objectionable in good company.*
should [illegible] *re of the antiquary, he shall subjoin the original lines. Would it were i.* [illegible]
of [illegible] *rly* [illegible] *nposition.* BURNS, *with his characteristic enthusiasm,* [illegible] *he*
[illegible] *posed our fine Scottish lyrics should be unk* [illegible] *wn.*

Origina
[illegible] o'er her, a [illegible] r him.
[illegible] ay their wames together met.

'Here is the glen &c.'

Andante

Here is the glen and here the bow'r All un - - derneath the birchen shade, The

vil - lage bell has told the hour, O what can stay my lovely maid! 'Tis not Ma - ri - a's

whisp'ring call, 'Tis but the balmy breathing gale Mixt with some warbler's dy - ing fall The

dew - y star of eve to hail

f *p*

HERE IS THE GLEN AND HERE THE BOWER.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village bell has told the hour,
O what can stay my lovely maid!
'Tis not Maria's whispering call;—
'Tis but the balmy breathing gale,
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer,
At once 'tis music,—and 'tis love!
And art thou come, and art thou true!
O welcome dear to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew,
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

THE SUN IN VIRGIN LUSTRE SHONE.

THE SAME AIR.

THE sun in virgin lustre shone,
May-morning put its beauties on;
The warblers sung in livelier strains,
And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plains:
When Love, a soft intruding guest,
That long had dwelt in Damon's breast,
Now whisper'd "To the nymph, away!
"For this is Nature's holiday!"

The tender impulse wing'd his haste,
The painted mead he instant pass'd;
And soon the happy cot he gain'd,
Where beauty slept, and silence reign'd:
Awake, my fair! (the shepherd cries),
To newborn pleasures ope thine eyes;
Arise, my Sylvia! hail the May,
For this is Nature's holiday!

Forth came the maid in beauty bright,
As Phœbus in meridian light;
Entranc'd in rapture, all confest,
The shepherd clasp'd her to his breast;
Then gazing, with a speaking eye,
He snatch'd a kiss, and heav'd a sigh,
A melting sigh, and seem'd to say,
Consider youth's our holiday.

Ah soft, (she said) for pity's sake!
What! kiss one ere I'm well awake?
For this so early came you here?
And hail you thus the rising year?
Sweet innocence! forbear to chide,
We'll haste to joy, (the swain replied);
In pleasure's flow'ry fields we'll stray,
And this shall be Love's holiday.

A crimson glow warm'd o'er her cheek,
She look'd the thing she dar'd not speak;
Consent own'd Nature's soft command,
And Damon seiz'd her trembling hand:
His dancing heart in transports play'd,
To church he led the blushing maid;
Then bless'd the happy morn of May;
And now their life's all holiday!

The flower of Chivalry.

The Song new 1830.

Haydn.

Un poco Andante con anima

The flow'r of Chiv_al_ry He is ta'en, he is

ta'en, The flow'r of Chiv_al_ry He is ta'en With ban_ner blood be_

dew'd And his arm_our hack'd and hew'd, Long long the Doug_las stood, But in

vain, but in vain, Long long the Doug_las stood, But in vain.

THE FLOWER OF CHIVALRY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK IN 1829,

By PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, Esq.

AIR—MY LOVE'S IN GERMANY.

In the year 1332, William Douglas, called the "Flower of Chivalry," was taken by the English in a Border foray, and cast into a dungeon, being commanded to be kept in iron fetters, by a special order of Edward III. After two years he was ransomed, and returned to Scotland, where he conducted himself most gallantly against the English. The above incident in the life of the Knight of Liddesdale suggested the following Lament.

'THE Flower of Chivalry
He is ta'en, he is ta'en,
The Flower of Chivalry
He is ta'en;
With banner blood bedew'd,
And his armour hack'd and hew'd,
Long, long the Douglas stood,
But in vain, but in vain,
Long, long the Douglas stood,
But in vain.

There are irons on his feet,
'Tis a shame, 'tis a shame,
There are irons on his feet,
'Tis a shame;
His hands are in a thong,
And in dungeon dark and strong,
He is doom'd to linger long,
Far frae hame, far frae hame,
He is doom'd to linger long,
Far frae hame.

Frae castle window high,
O'er the plain, o'er the plain,
Frae castle window high,
O'er the plain;
His fairest Flower of a'
Strains her white neck o'er the wa',
And her tears begin to fa',
Fast as rain, fast as rain,
And her tears begin to fa',
Fast as rain.

But, Lady, hope and pray
For a while, for a while,
Sweet Lady, hope and pray
For a while;
He'll return—and in the shock
Deal death in every stroke,
Like a lion that has broke
From his toil, from his toil,
Like a lion that has broke
From his toil.

MY LOVE'S IN GERMANY.

WRITTEN

By HECTOR MACNEILL, Esq.

Those acquainted with this Song will perceive some slight alterations in several of the original lines, the very awkward repetitions of which marred the effect, and even the sense of the song. The Editor hopes that by the following alterations of some of the repetitions, the Verses will be found somewhat better fitted either for singing or reading than formerly.—1838.

'MY Love's in Germanie,
'Send him hame, send him hame,
'My Love's in Germanie,
'Send him hame;
My Love's in Germanie,
'Fighting brave, for Royalty,
'He may ne'er his Jeanie see,
'Send him hame, send him hame,
'He may ne'er his Jeanie see,
'Send him hame.

'He's as brave as brave can be,
'Send him hame, send him hame,
'He's as brave as brave can be,
'Send him hame.
'Our foes are ten to three,
'He maun either fa' or flee,
'O his life is dear to me,
'Send him hame, send him hame,
'O his life is dear to me,
'Send him hame.'

"Your Love ne'er learnt to flee,
"Bonnie dame, winsome dame,
"A coward ne'er was he,
"Winsome dame;
"Your lover scorned to flee,
"But he fell in Germanie,
"In the hour of victorie,
"Bonnie dame, mournfu' dame,
"'Neath the standard of the free,
"Mournfu' dame."

'Alas! he'll ne'er come hame,
'Willie's slain! Willie's slain!—
'To the gory bed of fame
'Willie's gane!
'He will ne'er come ower the sea
'To his love and ain countrie,
'This warld's nought to me,
'Willie's slain! Willie's slain,
'Now life is miserie,
'Willie's slain!'

O wise & valiant Willy. (Air. Rattling roaring Willy.)

Vivace

O wise and va - - liant Wil - - ly Would ye but grip the helm My

blessings on the day Ye rose to guide the realm The

winds blew hard on Wil - - ly And loud - - ly roar'd the sea When

a' the rest look'd sil - - ly Like Ail - - sa rock was he

O WISE AND VALIANT WILLY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT, Laggan,

In Summer 1803, *when it was understood that a negotiation for bringing Mr P*** again into office, had failed.*

AIR.—RATTLING ROARING WILLY.

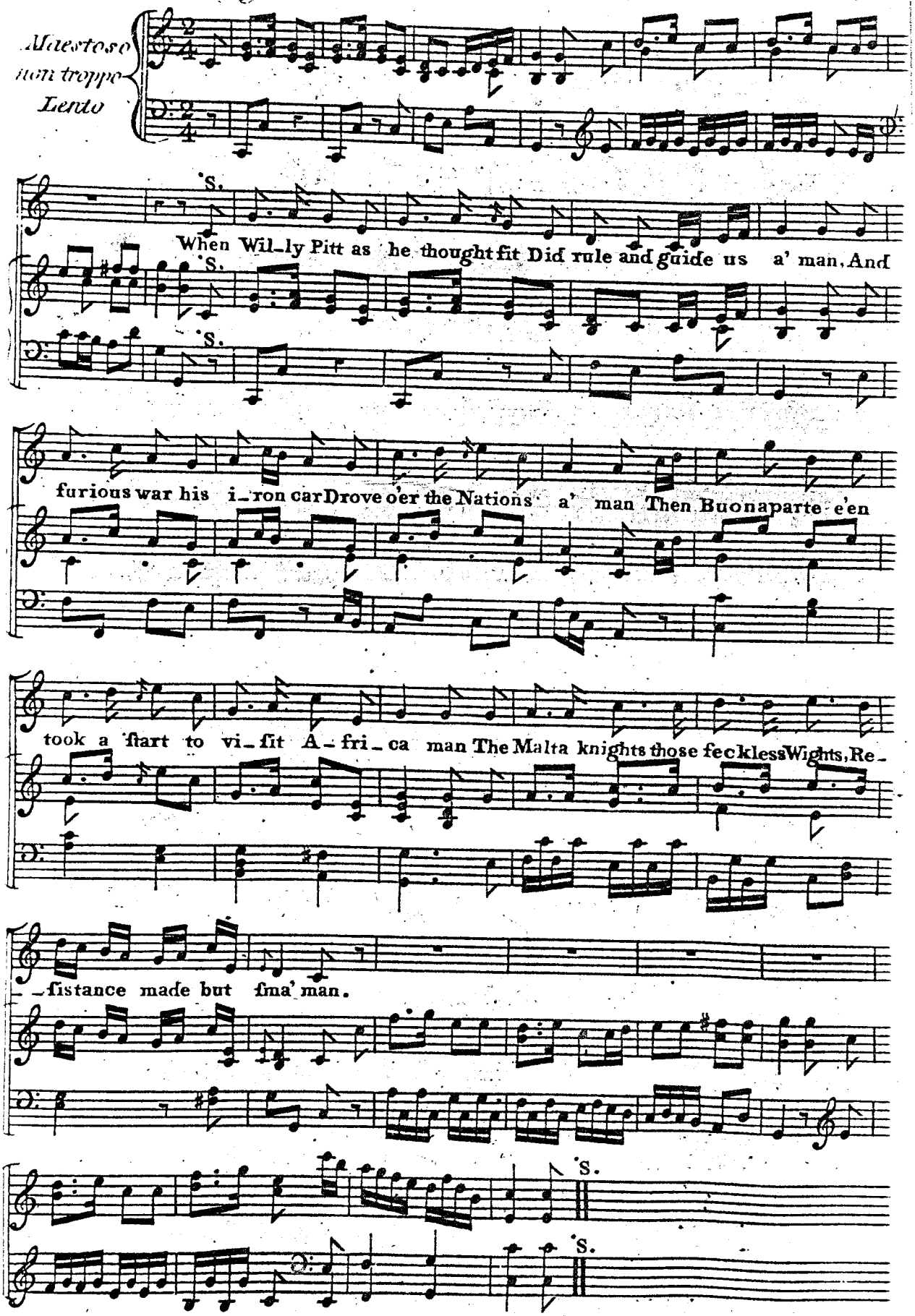
O WISE and valiant Willy,
Would ye but grip the helm!
My blessings on the day
Ye rose to guide the realm.
The winds blew hard on Willy,
And loudly roar'd the sea,
When a' the rest look'd silly,
Like Ailsa rock was he.

O doure hard-working Willy,
How sair he won his fee!
He spent it ay as he got it,
And now he has naething to gi'e.
O douce lang-headed Willy,
When he began to crack,
He held to his point ay steady,
And never a foot gaed back.

O doure and stalwart Willy,
He 's gane to ca' his plough,
But ere the play be play'd,
He'll get some mair ado.
There 's nought in Will's kail-yard,
But ae bit laurel tree;
Yet doure and stalwart Willy
Is welcome ay to me.

His daddy gied him his name,
'Twas a' that he could gi'e,
Its kent his daddy's coat
There 's nane could fill but he.
O bold and reckless Willy,
Nane bides a blast like thee,
In rough and blustering weather
Ye're welcome ay to me.

27 *When Willy Pitt &c. Air; Killiecrankie.*



WHEN WILLY PITT, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY MRS GRANT, LAGGAN.

AIR.—KILICRANKIE.

When Willy Pitt, as he thought fit,
Did rule and guide us a' man,
And furious War his iron car
Drove o'er the nations a' man;
Then Buonaparte e'en took a start
To visit Africa, man:—
The Malta knights, those feckless wights,
Resistance made but sma' man.

While on their rocks, the Gallic cocks
Did stoutly strut and craw, man;
The reaver band despoil'd the land,
Took a' their gear awa' man;
Wi' saints of gowd, in siller row'd,
O wow but they were braw, man!
The isles of Greece they next did fleece;
Sic rugging ye ne'er saw, man.

But L'Orient's hulk had room and bulk
To haud and stow it a', man;
To Egypt come, they beat their drum,
Hoist up their flag and a', man:
The Crocodile forsook the Nile,
And fled wi' fear awa', man;
The river horse beheld their force,
And sair did snort and paw, man.

The Mussulmen forsook their den,
And to the mosque did draw, man;
Their prophet great they did entreat,
And said a prayer or twa, man.
But to be brief, the wily chief
Wha came from Corsica, man,
Had gart them trow, I kenna how,
He had nae creed at a', man,
And gin they please, their minds to ease,
He'd tak' their prophet's law, man.

The mighty Turk dislik'd the work,
Wi' rage his lip did gnaw, man,
And tell'd our King, sae fause a thing
He cou'd na bide at a', man:
A renegade, that made a trade
Of spuilzieing friends and a', man,
To set his foot, or raise his snout
In Pharaoh's ancient ha', man.

Gie him a bield in that same field
Where Israel gather'd straw, man,
'Twas one to ten but he came ben
As far as Mecca's wa', man.
Our Monarch's nod, like Neptune's rod,
That sways the ocean a', man,
Sent out a fleet their ships to meet,
Near Alexandria, man.

At Aboukir, withouten fear,
As Nelson's line did draw, man,
His hearts of oak their hawsers broke,
They did na wait to jaw, man;
Tri-colour'd flags came down like rags,
Where Nelson's guns did ca' man,
Till glory's light sae drown'd his sight,
'Twas utter darkness a', man!

They left the sea like Antony,
And to the Nile did draw, man:—
As rockets fly that mount the sky,
When conquest glads us a', man,
So L'Orient fair gaed through the air,
Like shooting stars that fa', man;
With dying cries they pierc'd the skies,
And griev'd our heroes a' man.

The Mamalukes came frae their nooks,
To see the low sae braw man;
On wings of flame, high mounted Fame,
And loud her trump did blaw man,
'Till Gallic faith, and a' their skaith,
Was kent in Asia a', man;
And Nelson's fame and Britain's name
Rejoic'd, and fear'd them a', man.

WHEN GUILDFORD GOOD, &c.

WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

When Guildford good our pilot stood,
And did our hellim thraw, man:
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man:
Then up they gat the maskin pat,
And in the sea did jaw man;
And did nae less, in full congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,
I wat he was na slaw, man;
Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
And Carleton did ca', man:
But yet, whatreck, he at Quebec,
Montgomery-like did fa', man,
Wi sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage within a cage
Was kept at Boston ha', man;
'Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man:
Wi' sword and gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian blood to draw, man;
But at New-York, wi knife an' fork,
Sir loin he hacked sma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur and whip,
'Till Fraser brave did fa', man;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
And did the buckskins claw, man;
But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save
He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, and Guilford too,
Began to fear a fa', man;
And Sackville doure, wha stood the stoure,
The German chief to thraw, man:
For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man;
And Charlie Fox threw by the box,
And lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then Rockingham took up the game,
'Till death did on him ca', man;
When Shelburne meek held up his cheek
Conform to gospel law, man:
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thraw, man;
For North and Fox united stocks,
And bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs and hearts were Charlie's carts,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
'Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
Led him a fair *faux pas*, man:
The Saxon lads wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's boy did ca', man;
And Scotland drew her pipe and blew,
"Up Willie waur them a', man."

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,
A secret word or twa, man;
While slee Dundas arous'd the class
Benorth the Roman wa', man;
And Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith,
(Inspired bardies saw man)
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, "Willie, rise!
"Would I hae fear'd them a', man."

But word an' blow, North, Fox and Co.
Gouff'd Willie like a ba', man,
'Till Suthron raise, and coost their claise
Behind him in a raw, man;
And Caledon threw by the drone,
And did her whittle draw man:
And swore fu' rude, through dirt and blood,
To mak it guid in law man.

O where tell me – Air; The blue bell of Scotland.

Andante grazioso

S.

O where tell me where is your highland laddie gone O where tell me where is your

highland laddie gone He's gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done And my

sad heart will tremble 'till he come safe_ly home He's gone with streaming

banners where no_ble deeds are done And my sad heart will tremble 'till

he come safe_ly home.

O WHERE, TELL ME WHERE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

ON THE

MARQUIS OF HUNTLY'S

DEPARTURE FOR THE CONTINENT WITH HIS REGIMENT, IN 1799,

By Mrs GRANT.

AIR—THE BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND.

'O where, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone?
'O where, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone?'
"He's gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,
"And my sad heart will tremble till he come safely home.
"He's gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,
"And my sad heart will tremble, till he come safely home."

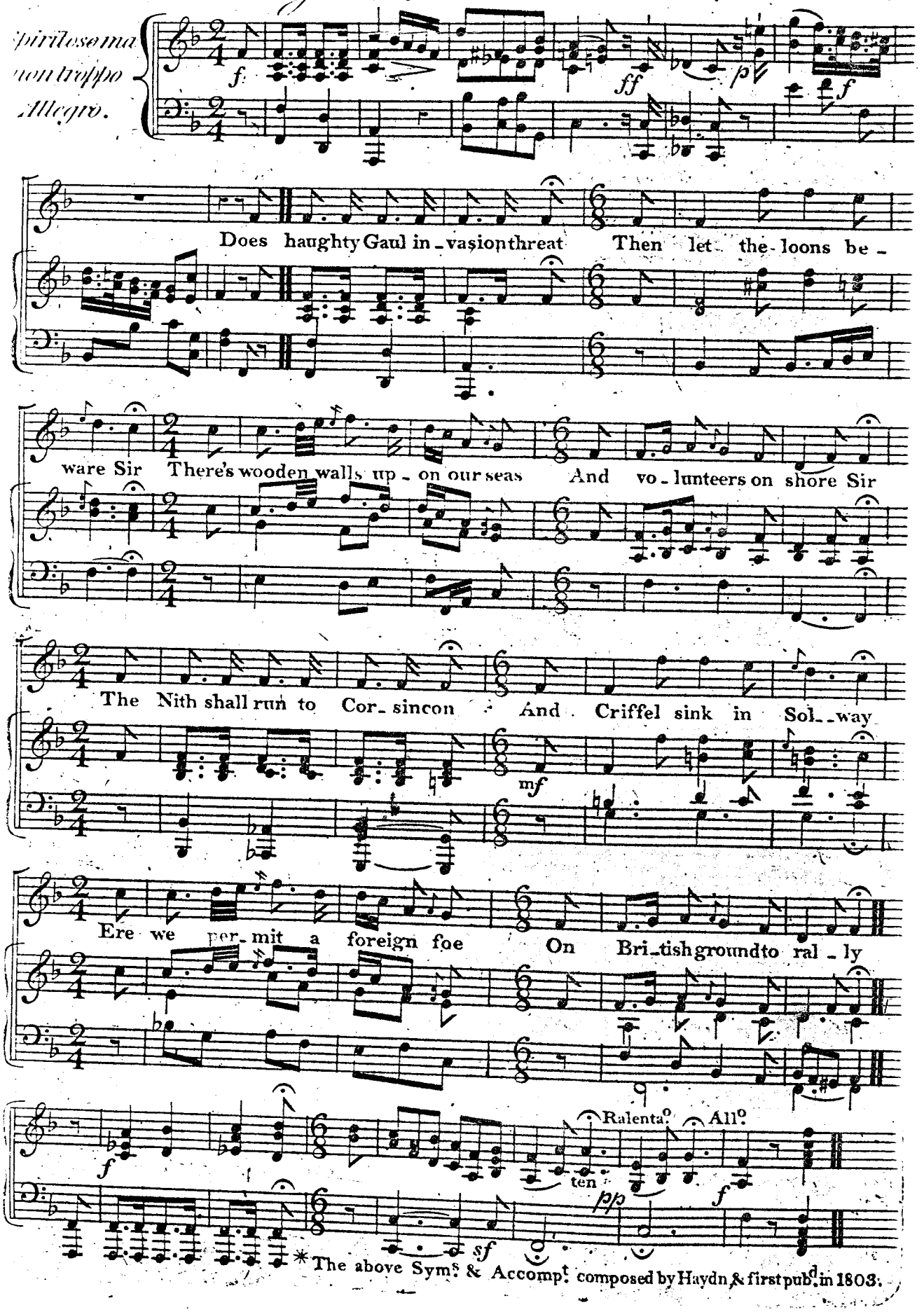
'O where, tell me where, did your Highland Laddie stay?
'O where, tell me where, did your Highland Laddie stay?'
"He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,
"And many a blessing follow'd him the day he went away;
"He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,
"And many a blessing follow'd him the day he went away."

'O what, tell me what, does your Highland Laddie wear?
'O what, tell me what, does your Highland Laddie wear?'
"A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
"And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star;
"A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
"And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star."

'Suppose, ah suppose, that some cruel, cruel wound
'Should pierce your Highland Laddie, and all your hopes confound!'
"The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,
"The spirit of a Highland Chief would lighten in his eye!
"The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,
"And for his King and Country dear with pleasure he would die!

"But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonny bounds,
"But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonny bounds,
"His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
"While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name resounds,
"His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
"While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name resounds."

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat.



* The above Sym.s & Accomp.t composed by Haydn & first pub.d in 1803.

DOES HAUGHTY GAUL INVASION THREAT?

WRITTEN IN 1795.

By BURNS.

AIR—RISE UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

Introduced instead of the 47th Song of a former Edition. The Editor trusts he will be excused for taking the liberty of altering some of the Scottish words in the following admirable Song, in order that it may at the present crisis be perfectly understood on both sides of the Tweed.

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the loons beware, sir,
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, sir.
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,*
And Criffel† sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally.

O let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided,
Till slap come in a foreign loon,
And wi' his sword decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Among ourselves united;
For never but by British hands
Must British wrongs be righted.

The kettle of the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
But deil a foreign tinker loon
Shall ever drive a nail in't.
Our fathers' blood the kettle bought,
And who would dare to spoil it?
By heav'n, the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!

The wretch that wou'd a tyrant own,
And the wretch his true-born brother
Who'd set the mob above the throne,
May they be damn'd together!
Who will not sing, "God save the King!"
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing "God save the King!"
We'll ne'er forget the people.

* *A high Hill at the source of the river Nith.*

† *A Mountain at the mouth of the same river on the Solway Frith.*

THE OLD SONG—THE BARRING OF THE DOOR.

In this Song the interjection O is commonly put to the end of the second and fourth lines of each verse by the Singer, as the Air requires the addition of a monosyllable to those lines.

IT was about the Martinmas time;
And a gude time it was tiun,
When our gudewife had puddings to make,
And she boil'd them in the pan.

The wind it blew baith cauld and raw,
And it blew into the floor;
Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
"Get up and bar the door."

"My hand is in my hussy'f-skap,
"Gudeman, as ye may see;
"An' it shou'd na be barr'd this hunder year,
"It's nae be barr'd for me."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure,
That the first of them that spake a word,
Shou'd rise and bar the door.

Then by there came twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night,
And they could see nor house nor ha',
Nor coal nor candle light.

"Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
"Or whether is't a poor?"—
But never a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barring of the door.

Then first they ate the white puddings,
And syne they ate the black;
Tho' muckle thought the gudewife to hersel',
Yet ne'er a word she spake.

Then one unto the other said,
"Here, man, tak' ye my knife;
"Do you tak' aff the auld man's beard,
"And I'll kiss the gudewife."

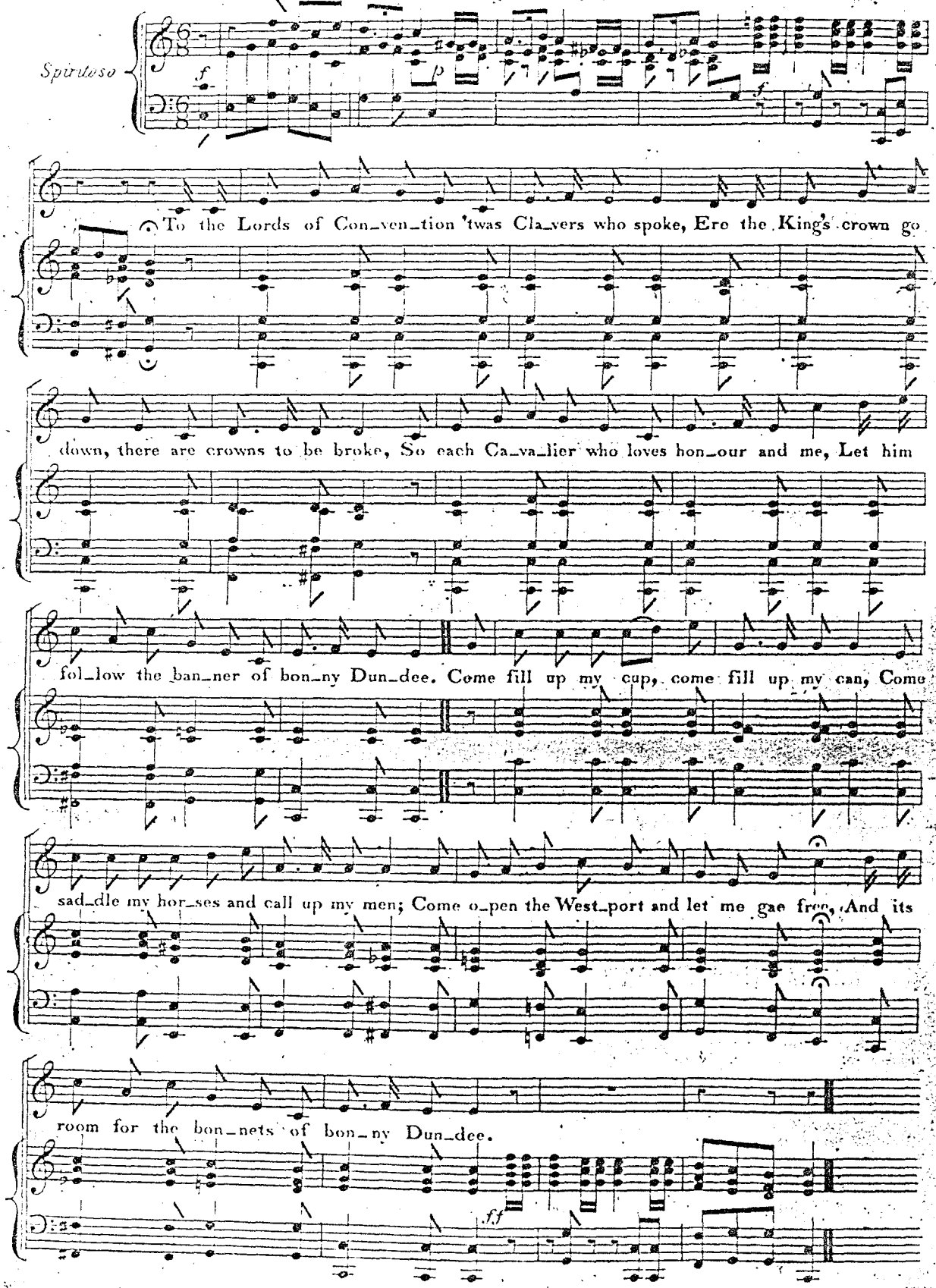
"But there's nae water in the house,
"And what shall we do than?"
"What ails you at the pudding-bree,
"That boils into the pan?"

O up then started our gudeman,
An angry man was he;
"Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
"And scald me wi' pudding-bree?"

O up then started our gudewife,
Gied three skips on the floor;
"Gudeman, you've spoke the foremost word,
"Get up and bar the door!"

The bonnets of bonny Dundee.

The Sy. Ac. & Song new. 1828.



ON THE HERO OF KILLICRANKIE.

By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart.

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AIR—THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING,

With New Symphonies and Accompaniments, composed in 1829.

TO the Lords of Convention, 'twas Clavers who spoke,
Ere the king's crown go down, there are crowns to be broke;
So each cavalier, who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
Come, fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come, saddle my horses, and call up my men;
Come, open the West-Port, and let me gae free,
And its room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted—he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,
"The town is weel quit of that deil of Dundee."
As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace—they looked couthie and slee,
Thinking—Luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie Dundee.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grass-market was pang'd
As if half the west had set tryste to be hang'd; *
There was spite in each face, there was fear in each ee,
As they watch'd for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.
These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free,
At a toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

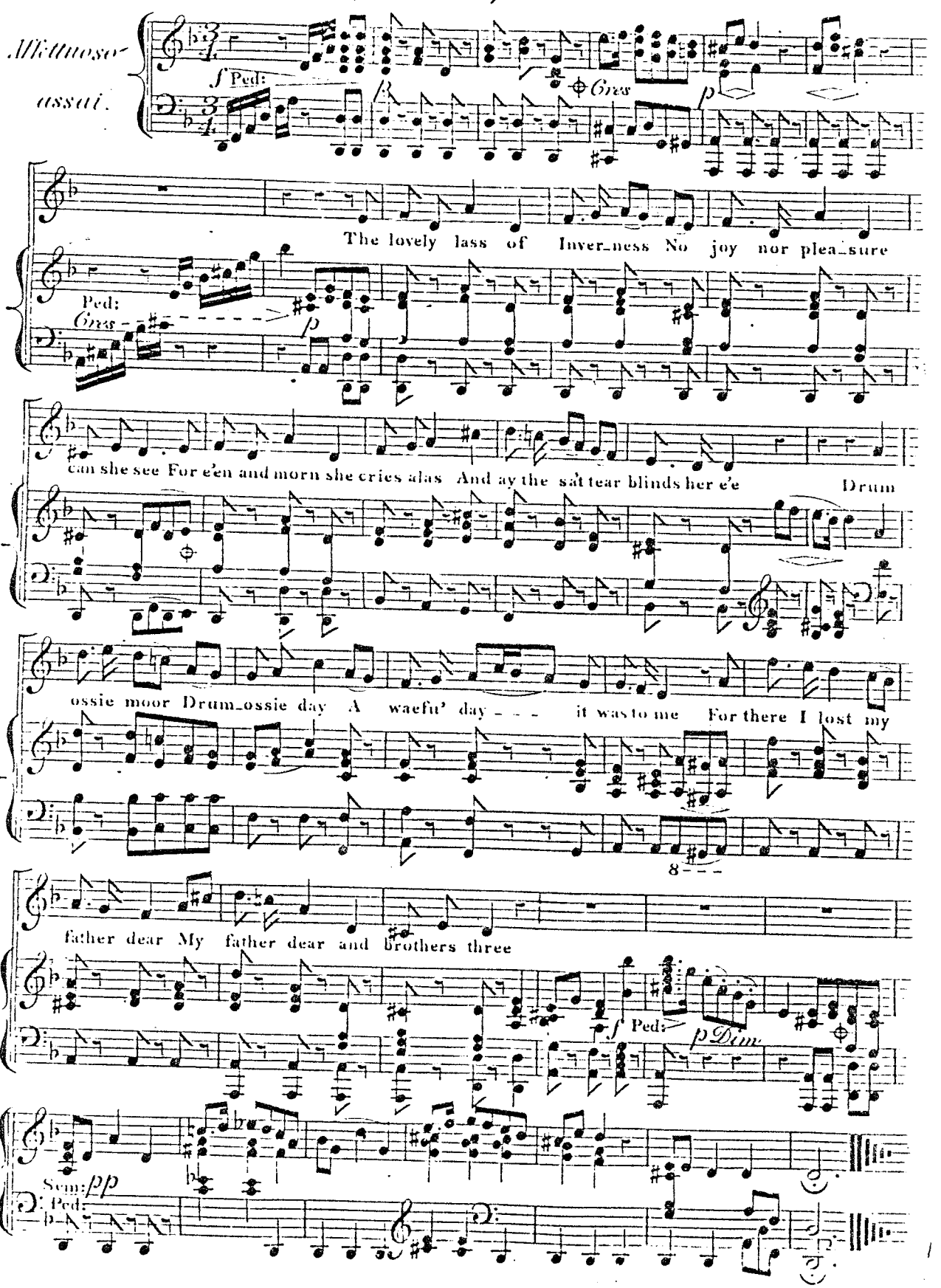
He spurr'd to the foot of the proud castle rock,
And to the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke—
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three
"For love of the bonnets of bonnie Dundee."
The Gordon demands of him whether he goes—
"Where'er shall direct me the sp'rit of Montrose;
"Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
"Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
"If there's lords in the lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;
"There are wild dunnie-wassels, three thousand times three,
"Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,
"Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
"And tremble, false Whigs, though triumphant ye be,
"You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me."

He waved his proud arm, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston-craigs and on Clermiston lea
Died away the wild war-notes of bonnie Dundee.
Come, fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come, saddle my horses, and call up my men;
Fling all your gates open, and let me gae free,
For 'tis up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

* *Till of late years, the Grassmarket was the common place of Execution in Edinburgh.*

The Lovely Lass of Inverness.



THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR,—FINGAL'S LAMENT.

THE lovely lass of Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And ay the salt tear blinds her e'e:
Drumossie muir, Drumossie day*,
A waefu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bloody clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bloody man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.

* *Drumossie Muir, or Cull den Field, which proved so fatal to the Highland Clans, fighting under Prince* CHARLES STUART, *against the English army commanded by the Duke of* CUMBERLAND.

GLENCOE.

I'M WEARY OF THE SUN SO BRIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By Mrs GRANT.

THE SAME AIR.

I'M weary of the sun so bright,
Ochon o chri, ochon o chri;
And yet I fear to meet the night,
Ochon o chri, ochon o chri;
O, sunshine brings the day to mind,
Ochon o chri, ochon o chri;
When a holy band our hearts entwined,
Ochon o chri, ochon o chri.

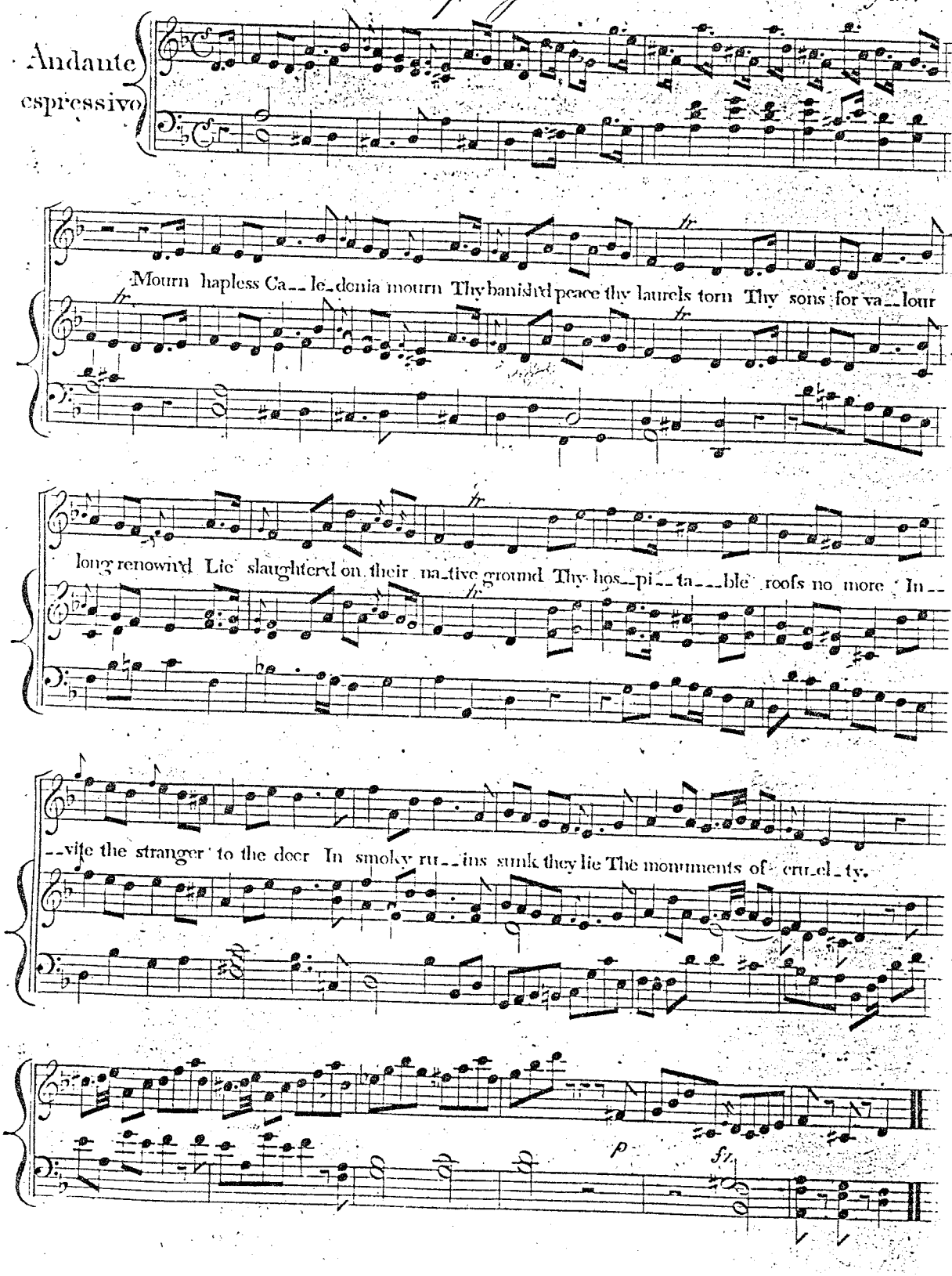
The night brings back the fatal hour,
Ochon o chri, ochon o chri,
When death rush'd in to blast our bower,
Ochon o chri, ochon o chri.
The morn saw me a maiden bride,
Ochon o chri, ochon o chri,
Stand by my plighted lover's side,
Ochon o chri, ochon o chri.

At noon I was a happy wife,
Ochon o chri, ochon o chri,
I saw no end to love and life,
Ochon o chri, ochon o chri.
My widowed tears at midnight shed,
Ochon o chri, ochon o chri,
Fell fast and long where Allan bled,
Ochon o chri, ochon o chri.

O may these hands, defil'd with gore,
Ochon o chri, ochon o chri,
Ne'er feel the grasp of kindness more,
Ochon o chri, ochon o chri.
Long in their dreams may sounds of woe,
Ochon o chri, ochon o chri,
Arise from desolate Glencoe,
Ochon o chri, ochon o chri.

Mourn hapless Caledonia

Haydn.



MOURN, HAPLESS CALEDONIA, MOURN.

WRITTEN

By TOBIAS SMOLLET.

AIR—THE TEARS OF CALEDONIA.

COMPOSED FOR THIS WORK

By Allan Masterton, Edinburgh.

Dr Blacklock told Burns, that Smollet, who was at bottom a great Jacobite, composed these beautiful and pathetic Verses on the heart-rending proceedings of the Duke of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground!
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty!

The wretched owner sees, afar,
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain!
Thy infants perish on the plain!

What boots it then, in ev'ry clime,
Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminished blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke;
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay,
No more shall cheer the happy day;
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night;
No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe;
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

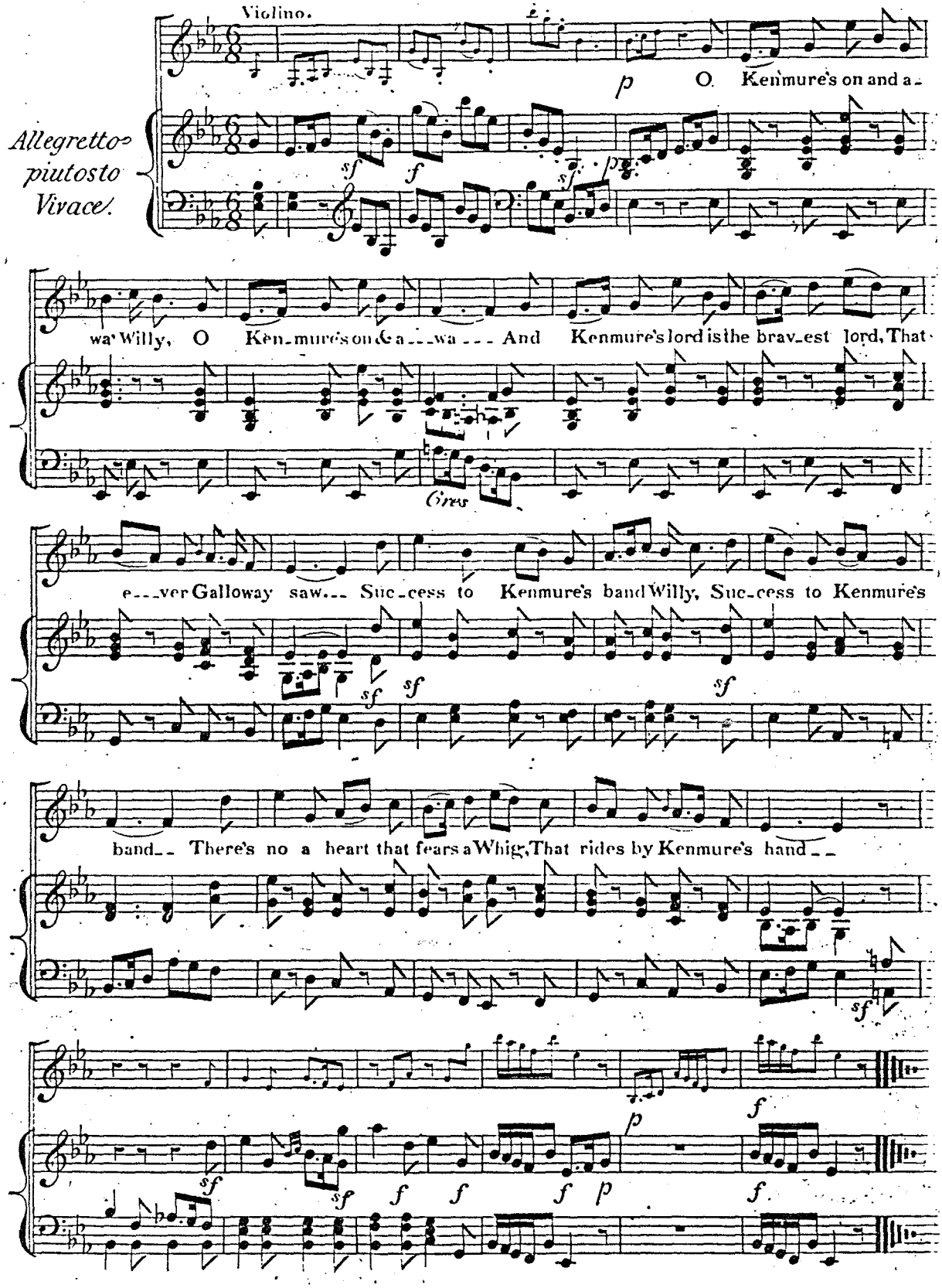
Oh baneful cause! oh fatal morn!
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood;
The parent shed his children's blood!
Yet when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doomed to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread!
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And, stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies!

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my Country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat:
And spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
"Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!"

O Kenmure's on

Beethoven.



O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA', WILLY.

O Kenmure's on and awa', Willie,
O Kenmure's on and awa'!
And Kenmure's lord 's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.
Success to Kenmure's band, Willie,
Success to Kenmure's band:
There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
Here's Kenmure's health in wine,
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.
O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
O Kenmure's lads are men;
Their hearts and swords are metal true—
And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie!
They'll live or die wi' fame;
But soon wi' sounding victorie,
May Kenmure's lord come hame.
Here's *him* that's far awa', Willie!
Here's *him* that's far awa';
And here's the flower that I love best—
The rose that's like the snaw.

The Viscount Kenmure in 1715, left his castle in Galloway, carrying with him about 150 horse, and joined the Lowland Jacobites in their rash attempt to restore the exiled royal family of Stewart. The Scots advanced as far as Lancashire, along with a body of English Jacobites; and after a fierce battle of barricades within the Town of Preston, in which the King's troops were repulsed, the insurgents were soon after completely surrounded, and obliged to surrender at discretion. The Viscount and the Earl of Derwentwater were among the prisoners, and both died on the scaffold.—Ed.

O THOU ART THE LAD OF MY HEART, WILLY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

AIR—KENMURE'S ON AND AWA'.

Oh! thou art the lad of my heart, Willy,
There's love, and there's life, and glee,
There's a cheer in thy voice, and thy bounding step,
And there's bliss in thy blithesome e'e.
But, oh, how my heart was tried, Willy,
For little I thought to see,
That the lad who won the lasses all,
Would ever be won by me.

Adown this path we came, Willy,
'Twas just at this hour of eve;
And will he, or will he not, I thought,
My fluttering heart relieve?
So oft he paused, as we saunter'd on,
'Twas fear—and hope—and fear;
But here at the wood, as we parting stood,
'Twas rapture his vows to hear!

Ah vows so soft—thy vows, Willy!
Who would not, like me, be proud!—
Sweet lark! with thy soaring, echoing song,
Come down from thy rosy cloud.
Come down to thy nest, and tell thy mate,
But tell thy mate alone,
Thou hast seen a maid, whose heart of love,
Is merry and light as thine own.

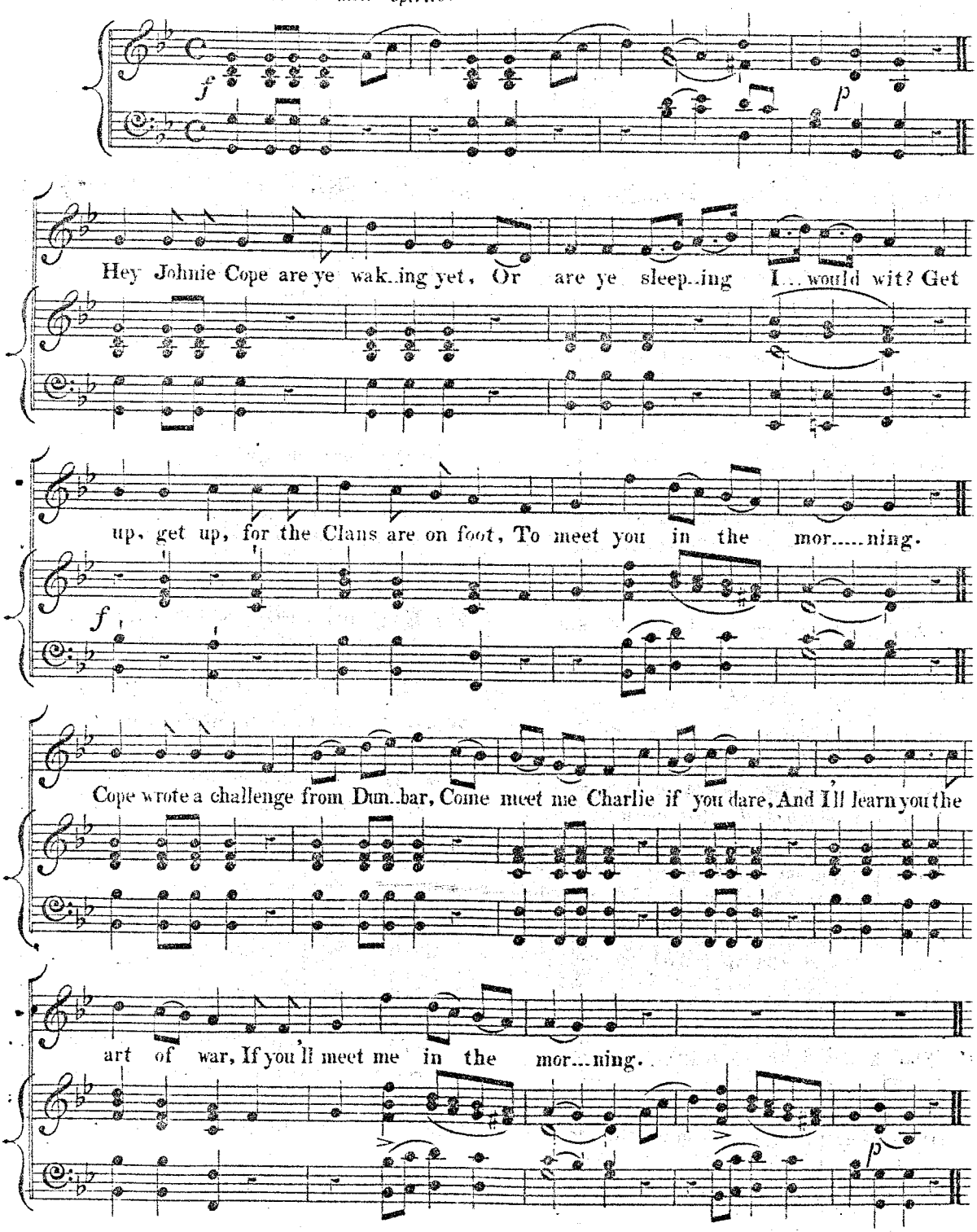
From G.T. with kind regards to Kirkpatrick Sharpe Esq.

JOHNIE COPE & THE CLANS,

a new version of the Ballad. 1811.

Ent.Sta. Hall.

MARZIALE, con molto spirito.



It appearing to the Ed: of the Scotch Songs that none of the old copies of Johnie Cope tell the little story of the recreant knight either happily or connectedly, he has presumed to give a new version of the ballad, in which he has retain'd (with the slightest change) a couple of stanzas or so of the old words.– The 2d 3d 4th 5th & 6th stanzas, and the concluding four lines are

By GEORGE THOMSON,
The Syms & Acc!
By GEORGE HOGARTH.
Added to this Work in 1841.

1

Hey Johnie Cope are ye waking yet,
Or are ye sleeping I would wit?
Get up, get up, the Clans are on foot
To meet you in the morning.
Cope wrote a challenge from Dunbar,
"Come meet me Charlie if you dare,
"And I'll learn you the art of war,
"If you'll meet me in the morning."

2

When Charlie look'd the letter o'er,
He sped defiance back, and swore,
"By the kingly crown my fathers wore
"I'll meet you in the morning.
"Come on Sir knight, forbear your taunt
"Until you have some cause to vaunt,
"And that we hope you'll sorely want
"On the battle field in the morning."

3

Between the dawn and rising sun,
The gallant Prince and Clans rush'd on,
With souls on fire the prize to win
On Preston field that morning.
Cope, when he saw the highland lads
Come pouring on in thick'ning squads,
With broadswords, claymores, white cockades,
So boldly in the morning:

4

His heart was sicken'd by the view
Of such a fierce-like, barbarous crew,–
Tho' he tried his courage up to screw,
To face them now in the morning.
But by no cheering hopes upborn,–
By gloomy thoughts his mind was torn,
And fears that this ill fated morn
Might make him rue his scorning.

5

Brave deeds were done,– and legends tell
What numbers nobly fighting, fell,
Unflinching mid the battle's yell
Upon that bloody morning.
And how Sir John soon scamper'd off,
His troops pursued by Clansmen rough,
For foes so grim, so gruff, so tough,
They ne'er had met in a morning.

6

Cope therefore thought it wise to rin
That he might sleep in a hale skin,
And ne'er again might hear the din
Of bagpipes and their droning.
So at a gallop off he rade
As if the Deil had been his guide,
For England's wealth he wou'd na stay'd
Mang the Scots another morning.

7

When Johnie Cope to Berwick came
They speer'd at him, where's a' your men?
The Deil confound me if I ken,
For I left them in the morning.
Troth Johnie man ye are na blate
To bring us the news of your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait
To flee from the Clans in the morning.

8

In faith quoth he I got my flegs
With their curs'd claymores, dirks, philabegs,
If I face them again Deil break my legs,
So I wish you a good morning.
Then off like light'ning Johnie flew,–
The Clans in vain might now pursue,
Tho' they might scoff full well he knew
At his art of war in the morning.