



25c. THE CREAM 25c.
 OF
SCOTTISH SONG
WORDS AND MUSIC.

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TO THE SCOTCH FOLKS AND THEIR DESCENDANTS
IN AMERICA:—

IT may not be generally known that there has been for a year past a paper printed by us for Scotch folks called

“THE SCOTTISH CANADIAN”

And which has had a kindly reception in Canada and the States by the “Sons o’ the Heather,” and also for the reason that it is the only Scotch paper in America that gives some of its space every week to the GAELIC LANGUAGE as a department, and also gives the “WORDS AND MUSIC of an “auld Scotch sang” every issue, with remarks as to their authors and history, together with News (Scottish and American), Scotch Readings, Poetry, Story, Folk Lore, and general Scottish Society News from all over. Illustrations of well-known Castles, etc., are occasionally given. The paper is issued every Thursday, and contains 16 pages royal quarto size, and is of a handy shape for the purpose of preserving from week to week for binding purposes at the end of the year.

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OR

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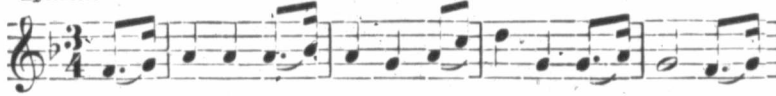
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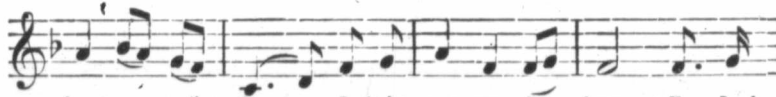
FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.

Affetuoso.

ALLAN RAMSAY.



1. Fare - well to Loch - a - ber, fare - well to my Jean, Where



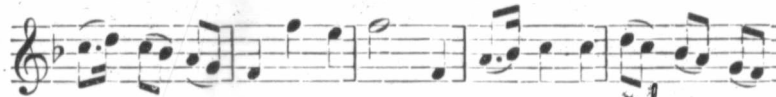
heart - some wi' thee I ha'e mo - ny days been; For Loch



a - ber no more, Loch - a - ber no more, We'll



may be re - turn to Loch - a - ber no more. These tears that I



shed they are a' for my dear, And no' for the daunt - ers at -



tend - ing on weir; Tho' borne on rough seas to a far dis - tant



shore, May - be to re - turn to Loch a - ber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my
mind;
Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves
roar,
There's naething like leaving my love on the
shore.
To leave thee behind me, my heart is sair
pain'd;
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be
gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the
brave:
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Their glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my
excuse:
Since honor commands me, how can I
refuse?
Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee;
And losing thy favor, I'd better not be.
I gae, then, my lass, to win honor and
fame;
And if I should chance to come gloriously
hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running
o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no
more.

ROBIN ADAIR.

Espressivo.

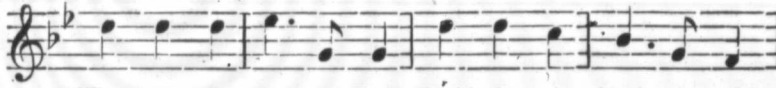
Irish and Scotch form of melody.



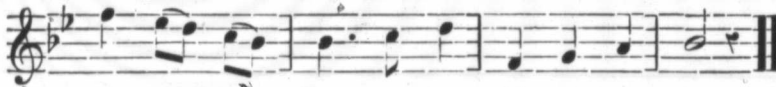
1. What's this dull town to me? Ro-bin's not near.



What was't I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear?



Where all the joy and mirth Made this town heav'n on earth?



Oh, they're all fled with thee, Ro-bin A-dair.	
What made th assembly shine?	But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair.	Robin Adair,
What made the ball so fine?	But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin was there.	Robin Adair.
What when the play was o'er,	Yet he I lov'd so well
What made my heart so sore?	Still in my heart shall dwell;
Oh, it was parting with	Oh, I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.	Robin Adair

AFTON WATER.

Andante.

BURNS.



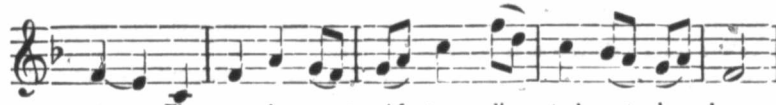
1. Flow gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green



braes, Flow gent-ly, I'll sing thee a song in thy



praise; My Ma-ry's a sleep by thy mur-mur-ing



stream, Flow gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove,
the glen,
Ye wild whistlin'
den,
Thou green-cress
forbear,
I charge you dis-

How lofty, swe
hills,
Far marked wit
rills!
There daily I w
My flocks and m

How pleasant t
below,
Where wild in
blow!

Andante.



1.



ma-zes



bon-nie

Let us wand
To the cove
Where th
Of the ros
Through th
lassie

O Kelvin be
When the s
O,
There th
Throws s
Round the
lassie

Though I
lass
As the smi
O,
Yet with
I could
And win t

AFTON WATER.—*Continued.*

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen, Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,	There oft as mild evening creeps over the lea, The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear, I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.	Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides And winds by the cot where my Mary resides! How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave As gath'ring sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.
How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills, Far marked with courses of clear winding rills!	Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes, Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays:
There daily I wander as morn rises high, My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.	My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.
How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below, Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!	

KELVIN GROVE.

Andante.

LYLE.



1. Let us haste to Kel-vin grove, bon-nie las-sie, O; Through its



ma-zes let us rove, bon-nie las-sie, O; Where the ro-ses in their pride Deck the



bon-nie din-gle side, Where the midnight fairies glide, bon-nie las-sie, O.

Let us wander by the mill; bonnie lassie, O,
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the glens rebound the call
Of the roaring water's fall,
Through the mountains' rocky hall, bonnie
lassie, O.

O Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O,
When the summer we are there, bonnie lassie,
O,

There the May-pink's crimson plume
Throws a soft but sweet perfume
Round the yellow banks o'-broom, bonnie
lassie, O.

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie
lassie, O,
As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie,
O,

Yet with fortune on my side,
I could stay thy father's pride,
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O.

But the frowns of fortune lour, bonnie lassie,
O,

On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,
Ere yon golden orb of day
Wake the warblers on the spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie,
O.

Then farewell to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie,
O,

And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,
To the river winding clear,
To the fragrant scented brier,
Even to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie,
O.

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,
Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie
lassie, O,

Then, Helen, shouldst thou hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O!

THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'

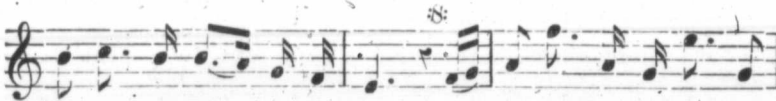
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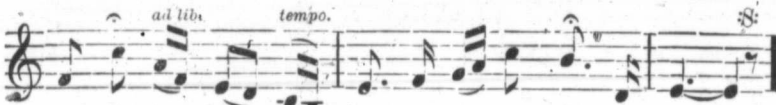
1. Here's to the year that's a - wa'! We'll drink it in strong and in



sma'; And here's to ilk bonnie young las - sie we lo'ed, While



swift flew the year that's a - wa'! And here's to ilk bonnie young



las - sie we lo'ed, While swift flew the year that's a - wa'.....

Here's to the soldier who bled—	Here's to the friends we can trust
To the sailor who bravely did fa'!	When the storms of adversity blow!
Their fame is alive, though their spirits have fled	May they live in our song, and be nearest our hearts,
On the wings of the year that's awa'.	Nor depart like the year that's awa'.
Their fame is alive, etc.	May they live in our song, etc.

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

BURNS.

Andante.



Now in her green mantle blythe Na - ture ar - rays, And



listens the lambkins that bleat ower the braes, While birds warble wel - come in



il - ka green shaw; But to me it's de - light - less, my Nan - nie's a - wa', But to



me it's de - light - less, my Nan - nie's a - wa'.

The snaw-drap an
adorn,
And violets bathe
They pain my sa
blaw!
They mind me
awa'.
They mind me
awa'.

Thou laverock, th
the lawn,
The shepherd to
dawn,

Larghetto.



1.



Sleep



Spring



bir



Aye



thi
When
Whe
Rest I
For
Aye wakin',
Sleep I canna
Cod

MY NANNIE'S AWA.—Continued.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
 And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn ;
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw !
 They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'.
 They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'.

Thou laverock, that springs frae the dew's o' the lawn,
 The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,

And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night fa' ;
 Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.
 Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay ;
 The dark, dreary winter, and wi'd-driving snaw,
 Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'.
 Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'.

AYE WAKIN', O!

Larghetto.

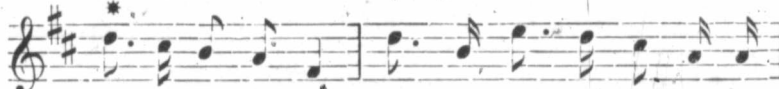
Anonymous.



1. Aye wak - in', O! Wak - in' aye an' wea - rie ;



Sleep I can - na get For think - in', o' my dea - rie.



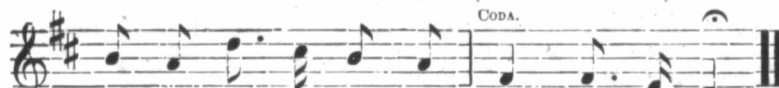
Spring's a plea - sant time, Flow'rs o' ev - 'ry co - lour, The



bir - die builds its nest, Aye I think on my lov - er.



Aye wak - in', O! Wakin' aye an' wearie ; Sleep I can - na get For



think - in' o' my dea - rie. Aye wak - in', O!

When I sleep I dream,
 When I wake I'm eerie ;
 Rest I canna get,
 For 'thinkin' o' my dearie.
 Aye wakin', O! wakin' aye an' wearie ;
 Sleep I canna get for thinkin' o' my dearie.
 CODA.—Aye wakin', O!

Lanely nicht comes on,
 A' the lave are sleepin' ;
 I think on my bonnie lad,
 An' blear ny een wi' greetin'.
 Aye wakin', O! wakin' aye an' wearie ;
 Sleep I canna get for thinkin' o' my dearie.
 CODA.—Aye wakin', O!

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST?

*Larghetto.**Burns.*

1. Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon - der lea? on
 2. O were I in the wild-est waste, Sae bleak and bare, sae



yon - der lea? My plaid - ie to the an - gry airt, I'd
 bleak and bare; The des - ert were a par - a - dise If



shel - ter thee, I'd shel - ter thee. Or did mis - for - tune's
 thou wert there, if thou wert there. Or, were I mon - arch



bit - ter storms A - round thee blaw, a - round thee blaw, Thy
 o' the globe, Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign, The

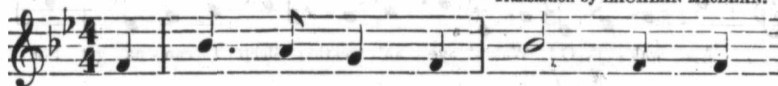


bield should be my bo - som, To share it a', to share it a'.
 bright - est jew - el in my crown Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

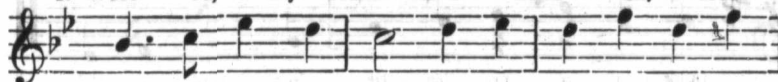
MO NIGHEAN DONN BHOIDHEACH.

(MY BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN.)

Translation by LACHLAN MACBEAN.



1. Ho - ro, mo nighean donn bhoideach, Hi -
 1. Ho - ro, my brown - hair'd maid - en, Hee -



ri, mo nighean donn bhoideach, Mo chaileag, laghach,
 ree, my bon - nie maid - en, My sweetest, neat - est



bhoideach, Cha phosainn ach thu.
 maid - en, I'll wed none but thee.

A Pheigi dhonn
 Gur trom a thu
 Tha d' iomhaig
 A ghnat
 Cha cheil mi a
 Gu bheil mo n
 'S ged chaidh r
 Cha cha
 Nuair bha ann
 Bu shona bha
 A sealbhachad
 Is aille
 Gnais aoidheil
 Na h-ogh is o
 I suairce, ceat
 Lan gr
 'S ann tha mo
 Far bheil mo
 Mar ros am fa
 An gle

Andante cant.

1.

2.

fresh
eveI'm
fonwarb
stretchmind
my f

MO NIGHEAN DONN BHOIDHEACH.—Continued.

A Pheigi dhonn nam blath-shuil,
Gur trom a thug mi gradh dhuit,
Tha d' iomhaigh, ghaoil, is d' ailleachd
A ghnath tigh'n fo m'uidh.

Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal
Gu bheil mo mhiann's mo ghaol ort,
'S ged chaidh mi uat air faondradh
Cha chaochail mo run.

Nuair bha ann ad lathair
Bu shona bha mo laithean,
A sealbhachadh do mhanrain
Is aille do ghnuis.

Gnuis aoidheil, bhanail, mhalda,
Na h-oigh is caomha nadur,
I suaice, ceanail baigheil,
Lan grais agus muirn.

'S ann tha mo run 's na beanntaibh,
Far bheil mo ribhinn ghreannar,
Mar ros am fasach shamhraidh,
An glann fad o shuil.

O maid whose face is fairest,
The beauty that thou bearest,
Thy witching smile the rarest,
Are ever with me.

Though far from thee I'm ranging
My love is not estranging,
My heart is still unchanging
And aye true to thee.

Oh, blest was I when near thee,
To see thee and to hear thee,
These memories still endear thee,
For ever to me.

Thy smile is brightest, purest,
Best, kindest, demurest,
With which thou still allurest
My heart's love to thee.

Where Highland hills are swelling
My darling has her dwelling;
A fair wild rose excelling
In sweetness is she.

YE BANKS AND BRAES.

Andante cantabile.

BURNS.



1. Ye banks and braes o' bon-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae
2. Oft hae I rov'd by bon-nie Doon, By morn-ing and by



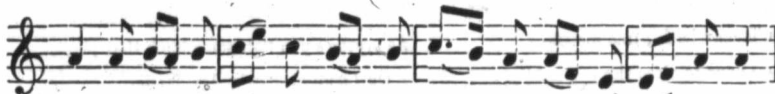
fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt, ye lit-tle birds, And
eve-ning shine To hear the birds sing o' their loves As



I'm sae wea-ry fu' o' care? Ye'll break my heart, ye
fond-ly once I sang o' mine. Wi' light-some heart I



warb-ling bird, That war-bles on the flow'-ry thorn, Ye
stretch'd my hand And pu'd a rose-bud from the tree; But



mind me o' de-part-ed joys, De-part-ed ne-ver to re-turn.
my fause ro-ver stole the rose, And, ah, he left the thorn wi' me.

LOUDON'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.

Allegro Moderato.

TANNAHILL



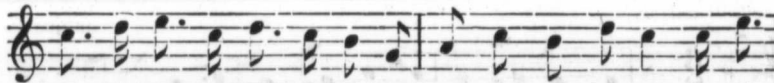
1. Loudon's bon-nie woods and braes, I maun lea' them a', las-sie;



Wha can thole when Britain's faes Wad gi'e Bri-tons law, lassie?



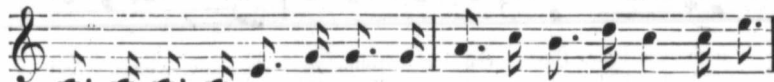
Wha would shun the field o' dan-ger? Wha to fame would live a stranger?



Now when free-dom bids a-venge her, Wha wad shun her ca', lassie?



Loudon's bonnie woods and braes Hae seen our hap-py bri-dal days; And



gen-tle hope shall sooth thy waes When I am far a-wa', las-sie.

Hark! the swelling bugle rings,

Yielding joy to thee, laddie;

But the doleful bugle brings

Waefu' thochts to me, laddie.

Lanely I maun climb the mountain,

Lanely stray beside the fountain,

Still the weary moments countin',

Far frae love and thee, laddie.

On the gory field of war,

Where vengeance drives his crimson car,

Thou'lt may-be fa', frae me afar,

And nane to close thy e'e, laddie.

O, resume thy wonted smile,

O, suppress thy fears, lassie;

Glorious honor crowns the toil

That the soldier shares, lassie.

Heaven will shield thy faithful lover

Till the vengeful strife is over;

Then we'll meet' nae mair to sever

Till the day we dee, lassie.

'Midst our bonnie woods and braes

We'll spend our peaceful, happy days,

As blythe's yon lightsome lamb that plays,

On Loudon's flow'ry lea, lassie.



1. The I



mind



want - e



fa -

Doun by the dyk
At his table-head
McCleish's ae do
A pennyles lass

His wig was wee
new,

His waistcoat
blue;

He put on a ri
And wha could

He mounted hi
An' rapp'd at t

"Gae tell Mis
ben;

She's wanted
Cockpen."

Mistress Jean
wine—

"What the de
a like tim

She put aff h
Her mutch w
doun.

LAIRD O' COCKPEN.



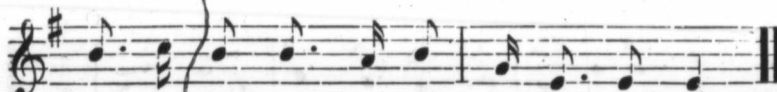
1. The Laird o' Cock - pen he's proud an' he's great. His



mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state: He



want - ed /a wife his braw house to keep, But



fa - your wi' woo - in' was fash - ious to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thocht she'd look well:
McCleish's ae dochter a Clavers'-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass, wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel-pouthered, as gude 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 the Laird wi' a that!

He mounted his mare, and he rade cannilie;
An' rapp'd at the yett o' Clavers'-ha' Lee.
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily
ben;
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o'
Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower
wine—
"What the deil brings the Laird here at sic
a like time?"
She put aff her apron, an' on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa'
doun.

An' when she came ben, he bobbit fu' lew;
An' what was his errand he soon let her
know.

Amazed was the Laird when the lady said—
"Na,"

An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumbfounder'd was he—but nae sigh did he
gi'e;

He mounted his mare, and he rade cannilie;
An' aften he thocht, as he gaed through the
glen,

"She was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had
said;

"Oh! for aye I'll get better, it's waur I'll
get ten—

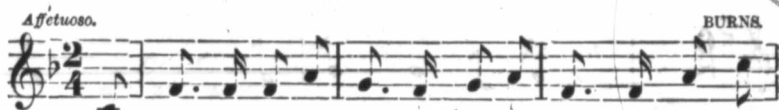
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Neist time that the Laird and the Lady were
seen,

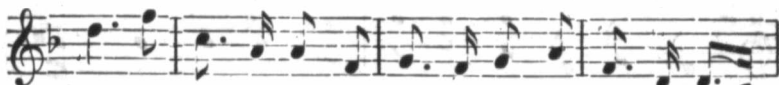
They were gaun arm and arm to the kirk on
the green

Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at
Cockpen.

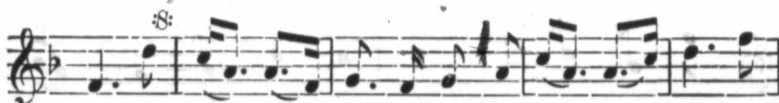
AULD LANG SYNE.



Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to



min'? Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And days o' lang



syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll



tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, etc.

And there's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right gude willy-waught
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, etc.

We twa hae paidl't in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, etc.

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

For auld lang syne, etc.

AE FOND KISS, AND THEN WE SEVER.



1. Ae fond kiss, and then we se-ver; Ae fare-well and



then for ev-er! Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,



War-ring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. Who shall say that



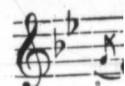
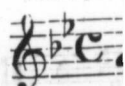
for-tune g



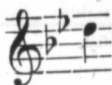
twin -

I'll ne'er blam
Naething coul
But to see her
Love but her
Had we never
Had we never
Never met or
We had ne'er

Words by Bu



go



wa -



robes,



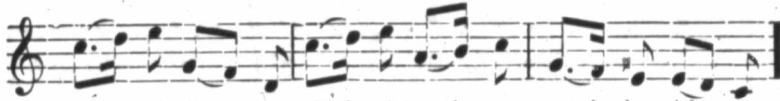
in

How sweet!
How rich
As underne
I clasp'd
The golden
Flew o'er!
For dear to
Was my

Wi' mony
Our part
And pledg
We tore



for-tune grieves him, While the star of hope she leaves him? Me, nae cheer-fu'



twin - kle lights me ; Dark de - spair a - round be - nighs me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy :
But to see her was to love her ;
Love but her and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Words by Burns.

Air—"Katherine Ogie."



Ye banks and braes, and streams a - round, The cas - tle of Mont -



go - me - ry, Green be your woods and fair your flow'rs, Your



wa - ters ne - ver drum - lie. There sum - mer first un - folds her



robes, And there they lang - est tar - ry, For there I took the



last fare - weel o' my dear High - land Ma - ry.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom !
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder ;

But, oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower so early !
How green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly ;
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

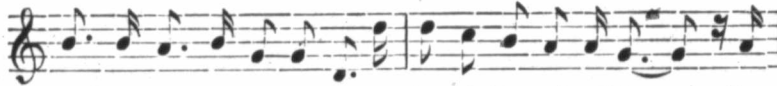
ROBIN TAMSON'S SMIDDY.

With sly humor.

ALEX. RODGER.



1. My mither men't my auld breeks, An' wow! but they were duddy; She



sent me to get Mal-ly shod At Ro-bin Tamson's smiddy:.... The



smid-dy stands be-side the burn That wimples thro' the clachan;.... I



nev-er yet gae by the door, But aye I fa' a-laugh-in'.

Now Robin was a wealthy carle,

An' had ae bonnie dochter,

Yet ne'er wad let her tak' a man,

Tho' mony lads had sought her.

But what think ye o' my exploit!—

The time our mare was shoein',

I slippit up beside the lass,

An' briskly fell a-wooin'.

An' aye she e'ed my auld breeks,

The time that we sat crackin';

Quo' I, my lass, ne'er mind the clouts,

I've new anes for the makin';

But gin ye'll just come hame wi' me,

An' lea' the carle, your father,

Ye 'se get my breeks to keep in trim,

Mysel', an' a' thegither.

'Deed, lad, quo' she, your offer's fair,

I really think I'll tak' it;

Sae, gang awa', get out the mare,

We'll baith slip on the back o't,

For gin I wait my father's time,

I'll wait till I be fifty;

But na!—I'll marry in my prime,

An' mak' a wife most thrifty.

Wow! Robin was an angry man

At tyning o' his dochter:

Through a' the kintra-side he ran,

An' far an' near he sought her;

But when he cam' to our fire-end,

An' fand us baith thegither,

Quo' I, gudeman, I've ta'en your bairn,

An' ye may tak' my mither.

Auld Robin girn'd an' sheuk his pow,

Guid sooth! quo' he, you're merry,

But I'll just tak' ye at your word,

An' end this hurry-burry.

So Robin an' our auld gudewife

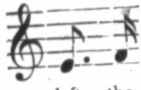
Agreed to creep thegither;

Now, I ha'e Robin Tamson's pet,

An' Robin has my mither.

Andante.

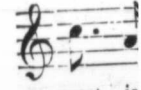
I. T



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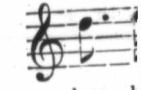
calm sim



sweet is



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love - 1



love -

She's modes

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Sae dear to

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Dumb

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

Andante.

TANNAHILL.



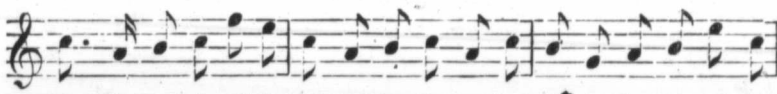
1. The sun has gane down o'er the lof - ty Ben - Lo-mond, And



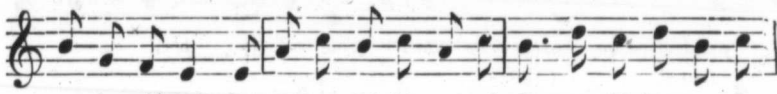
left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene : While lanc - ly I stray in the



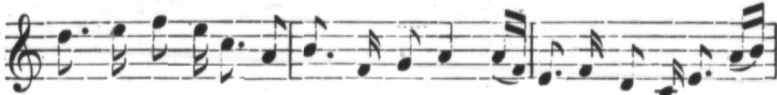
calm simmer gloamin', To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane. How



sweet is the brier wi' its saft fauldin blossom, And sweet is the birk wi' its



man - tle o' green ; But sweeter and fair - er, and dear to this bo - som, Is



love - ly young Jessie, the flower 'o Dumblane, Is love - ly young Jessie, Is



love - ly young Jessie, Is love - ly young Jes - sie, the flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's
bonnie,

For guileless simplicity marks her its ain ;
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,

Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower
o' Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the
e'enin',

Thou'r't dear to the echoes o' Calderwood
glen ;

Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o'
Dumblane.

Is charming young Jessie, etc.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my
Jessie !

The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and
vain ;

I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear
lassie,

Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o'
Dumblane.

Tho' mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,

And reckon as naething the height o' its
splendor,

If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o'
Dumblane.

If wanting sweet Jessie, etc.

THE TWA-LOVERS.

(A DUET.)

Words by JOHN IMRIE, Toronto.

Music by GEO. W. GRANT.

He—Twa lov-ers stood up-on the quay; Noo, I maun cross the
main, las-sie, It grieves me sair to pairt wi' thee, Or
think to gie ye pain, las sie. I leave the bon-nie
banks o' Clyde, Wi' sad and tear-fu' e'e, las-sie, But
you shall be my bonnie bride When I come back to thee, las-sie.

DUET.

She—I win-na greet, sae din-na fear, I'll aye be true to thee, laddie; Oor
He—Sae din-na greet, my bonnie dear, I'll aye be true to thee, lassie; Oor
lives shall yet be fu' o' cheer, An' I will wait for thee, laddie.
lives shall yet be fu' o' cheer, When I come back to thee, lassie.

He—Twa lovers stood upon the quay—
Noo I maun cross the main, lassie;
It grieves me sair to pairt wi' thee,
Or think to gie thee pain, lassie!
I leave the bonnie banks o' Clyde
Wi' sad an' tearfu' e'e, lassie,
But you shall be my bonnie bride
When I come back to thee, lassie!

CHORUS,—

He—Sae dinna greet, my bonnie dear!
She—I winna greet, sae dinna fear!
He—I'll aye be true to thee, lassie;
She—I'll aye be true to thee, laddie;
He—Oor lives shall yet be fu' o' cheer,
She—Oor lives shall yet be fu' o' cheer,
He—When I come back for thee, lassie
She—An' I will wait for thee, laddie!

SHE—When you
An' I a
I'll pray t
A voya
An' when
A note
Wi' word
When

CHORUS,—

She—Farewe
He—Farewe
She—Ye'll
He—I'll e
She—While
He—While
She—I'll a
He—I'll a

Allegretto.

1. Gae
2. The
Cho.—Gae

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to

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THE TWA LOVERS.—Continued.

SHE—When yon braw ship has sailed awa
 An' I am left to dree, laddie,
 I'll pray the waves an' wind may blaw
 A voyage safe to thee, laddie!
 An' when ye reach the ither shore,
 A note ye'll send to me, laddie,
 Wi' words sae kind I've heard before,
 When ye were courtin' me, laddie!

HE—When five lang years had come and gang
 And sunny Fortune smiled on me;
 True love is aye as fond an' fain
 As if there were, nae land or sea!
 Sae I maun back to hame and love,
 To a' that is sae dear to me;
 An' I nae mair shall need to rove
 Frae her that's mair than life to me!

CHORUS,—

She—Fareweel! fareweel! my ain dear Jo!
 He—Fareweel! fareweel! I now must go,
 She—Ye'll come again to me, laddie;
 He—I'll come again to thee, lassie;
 She—While sun gies licht or waters flow,
 He—While sun gies licht or waters flow,
 She—I'll aye be true to thee, laddie!
 He—I'll aye be true to thee, lassie!

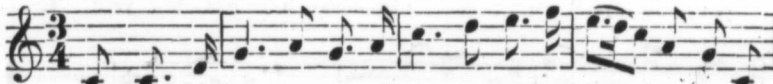
CHORUS,—

He—Love is nae love that is nae true,
 She—Love is nae love that is nae true,
 He—As yours has been to me, lassie!
 She—As yours has been to me, laddie!
 He—I've come across the sea for you,
 She—An' I have come to welcome you,
 He—We'll never partied be, lassie!
 She—We'll never partied be, laddie!

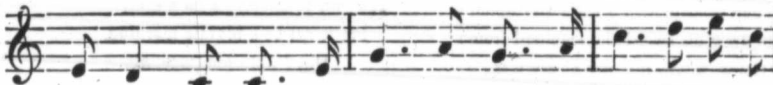
GAE BRING TO ME A PINT O' WINE.

Allegretto.

BURNS.



1. Gae bring to me a pint o' wine And fill it in a sil-ver
 2. The trum-pets sound, the ban-ners fly, The glit'-ring spears are ranked
 Cho.—Gae bring to me a pint o' wine And fill it in a sil-ver



tas-sie, That I may drink be-fore I go A ser-vice
 rea-dy; The shouts o' war are heard a-far, The bat-tle
 tas-sie, That I may drink be-fore I go A ser-vice



to my bon-nie las-sie. The boat rocks at the pier o'
 clos-es deep and bloody! It's not the roar o' sea or
 to my bon-nie las-sie.



Leith, Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the fer-ry, The ship rides
 shore Wad mak' me lang-er wish to tar-ry, Nor shouts o'



by the Berwick Law, And I maun leave my bon-nie Ma-ry.—Cho.
 war that's heard a-far, It's leav-ing thee, my bon-nie Ma-ry.—Cho.

HEY, JOHNNIE COPE.

Allegro.

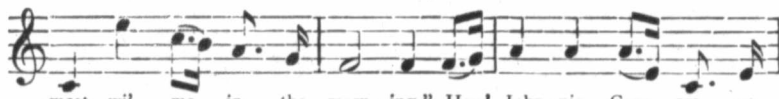
ANONYMOUS.



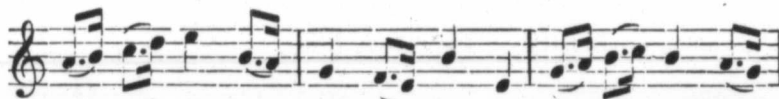
I. Cope sent a chal-lenge frae Dunbar,.... "Charlie, meet me



an' ye daur, And I'll learn you the art o' war, If you'll



meet wi' me in the morn-ing." Hey! John-nie Cope, are ye



wauk-in' yet? Or. are your drums a-beat-in' yet? If



ye were wauk-in' I wad wait, To gang to the coals i' the morn-ing.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from;
"Com' follow me, my merry men,
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morn-
ing."

Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

"Now, Johnnie, be as good as your word,
Come, let us try baith fire and sword,
And dinna flee like a frighted bird
That's chased frae its nest i' the morning.

Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amias
To hae a horse in readiness
To flee awa' i' the morning.

Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

Eye, now, Johnnie, get up an' rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak' a din;

It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidie morning.

Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speir'd at him, "Where's a' your men!"
"The deil confound me gin I ken,

For I left them a' i' the morning."

Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

Now, Johnnie, troth, ye were na blate,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
So early in the morning.

Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

"In faith," quo' Johnnie, 'I got sic flegs,
Wi' their claymores and filabegs,
If I fate them deil break my legs,

So I wish you a' good morning."

Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.



I. Wha'll



Wha'll



ye were



Darkli



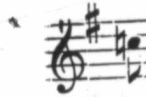
Buy



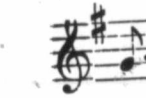
buy



Buy



buy



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CALLER HERRIN'.



1. Wha'll buy cal - ler her - rin'? They're bonnie fish, and halesome far - in' ;



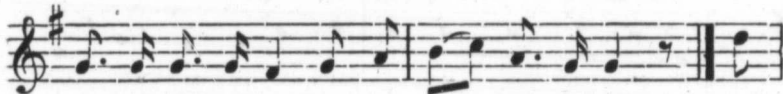
Wha'll buy cal - ler her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth. When



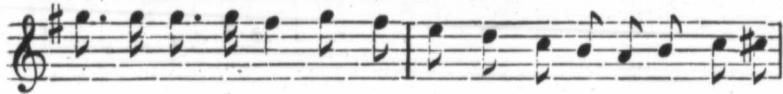
ye were sleep - in' on your pil - lows, Dream'd ye aught o' our pair fel - lows,



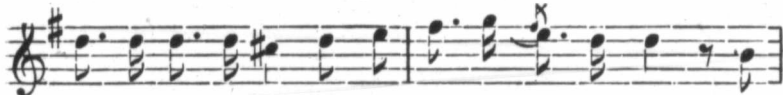
Darkling as they faced the bil - lows, A' to fill the wo - ven wil - lows.



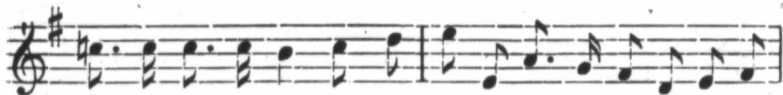
Buy my cal - ler her - rin'? New drawn frae the Forth. Wha'll



buy my cal - ler her - rin', They're no brought here without brave dar - in',



Buy my cal - ler her - rin', Ye lit - tle kea their worth. Wha'll



buy my cal - ler her - rin'? Oh ye may ca' them vul - gar far - in',



Wives and mi - thers maist de - spair - in', Ca' them lives o' men.

Wha'll buy caller herrin'!
They're bonnie fish, and halesome farin';
Wha'll buy caller herrin'!
New drawn frae the Forth.
But neighbour wives, now tent my tellin',

When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',
At a word aye be your dealin',
Truth will stand when a' thing's fallin',
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

*Slow, with feeling.
Dolce.*

Rev. William Leves.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride, But sav - ing a crown, he had
nae - thing be - side. To make the crown a pound my Ja - mie gaed to sea, And the
crown and the pound were baith for me. He had na been gane a
week but on - ly twa, when my father brake his arm, and our cow was stown a - wa; My
mith - er stie fell sick, and my Ja - mie at the sea, And
auld Ro - bin Gray cam a - court - ing me.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a' at hame,	My father couldna work—my mither couldna spin;
When a' the weary world to sleep are gane,	I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,	Auld Robin maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.	Said, "Jenny for their sakes, will you no marry me?"
Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;	My heart it said na, for I looked for Jamie back;
But saving a crown he had naething else be - side.	But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;	The ship it was a wreck! Why didna Jenny dee!
And the crown and the pound, they were baith for me!	Oh why do I live to say, Oh wae's me!
He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,	My father argued sair—my mither didna speak,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;	But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
My father brake his arm—my Jamie at the sea—	Sae I gied to Rob my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea;
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.	And Auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a
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door
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Till he said,
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say;

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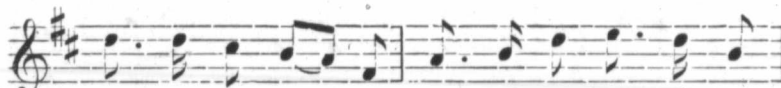
AULD ROBIN GRAY.—Continued.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,	We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the	^{away} I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to
door	dee;
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I couldna think it	Oh, why do I live to say, O wae's me.
he,	
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to	I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
marry thee."	I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a
	sin,
O, sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we	But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
say;	For Auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

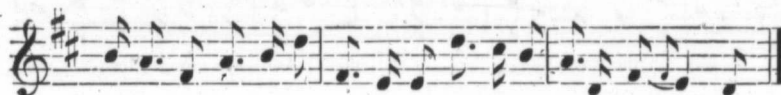
BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.



1. Cam' ye^o by A - thol, lad wi' the phi - la - beg, Down by the Tummel or



banks o' the Gar - ry? Saw^o ye my lad, wi' his



bon - net an^r white cockade, Leaving his mountains to fol - low Prince Char - lie?



Fol - low thee, fol - low thee, wha wad - na fol - low thee?



Lang hast thou lo'ed and trust - ed us fair - ly! Char - lie, Char - lie,



wha wad - na fol - low thee? King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie.

I ha'e but ae son, my brave young Donald,
But if I had ten they should follow Glen -
garry!
Health to Macdonald, and gallant clan
Ronald,
For they are the lads that would die for
Prince Charlie.

Follow thee, follow thee, etc.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin and kneel to
them,
Down by Lord Murray and Roy o' Kildarlie;

Brave MacIntosh, he shall fly to the field
wi' them,
These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.
Follow thee, follow thee, etc.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the
Whigamores,
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them
rarely,
Ronald and Donald drive on wi' your braid
claymores,
Over the necks o' the foes o' Prince Charlie.
Follow thee, follow thee, etc.

FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT.

Music by Niel Gow, Jun.

Words by James Hogg.

Far o - ver yon hills of the heath-er' sae green, And
 down by the cor - rie that sings to the sea, The bon-nie young Flo-ra sat
 sigh - ing her lane, The dew on her plaid an' the tear ia her e'e.
 She look'd at a boat wi' the bree - zes that swung A -
 way on the wave, like a bird of the main; An' aye as it les-sen'd she
 sigh'd an' she sung, Fare - weel to the lad I shall
 ne'er see a - gain; Fare - weel to my he - ro, the
 gal-lant and young, Fare-weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain.

The muircock that craws on the brows o' Ben-
 Connal,

He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;
 The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan-
 Ronald,

Unawed and unhunted his eerie can claim;
 The solan can sleep on his shelves on the shore,
 The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea;
 But ah! there is a one whose hard fate I deplore,
 Nor house, ha', nor hame in his country has
 he;

[more;
 The conflict is past, and our name is no
 There's nocht left but sorrow for Scotland
 an' me.

The target is torn from the arms of the just,

The helmet is cleft on the brow of the
 brave,

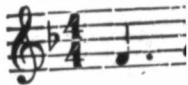
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
 But red is the sword of the stranger and
 slave;

The hoof of the horse and the foot of the
 proud,
 Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet
 of blue.

Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the
 cloud,
 When tryanny revell'd in blood of the true?
 Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and
 good!

The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy
 brow.

Words by JOHN IMB



1. Sons
2. Sons



sires, a
 no . . b



You sha
 Tar-nish



Let
 Ours



un -
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Like the wate
 Giving stre
 Like the thist
 Harmless, i
 Ours to shiek
 Ours to pu
 Ours to stand
 And, if nee

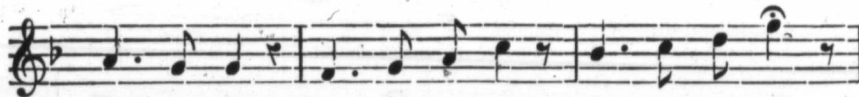
SONS OF SCOTLAND.

Words by JOHN IMRIE, Toronto.

Music by GEO. W. STRATHY, Mus. Do., Toronto.



1. Sons of Scot-land! land of free-dom! Sons of no-ble
 2. Sons of Scot-land! bards his-to-ric Sang your deeds of



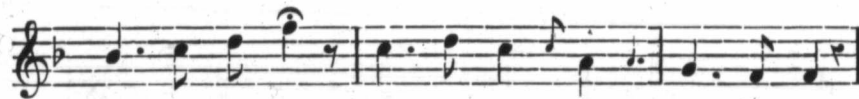
sires, all hail! Let your watchword aye be "Freedom!"
 no-ble fame, Let not ty-ran-ny ple-thor-ic



You shall ev-er more prevail! Let the wrong be deep-ly ha-ted,
 Tar-nish your un-sul-lied name; His-tory gives us what we cherish,



Let the right be prized like love, Mar-tyr cour-age
 Ours to still main-tain the right, May that his-tory



un-a-ba-ted, Trust-ing in your God a-bove!
 nev-er per-ish, Though we per-ish in the fight!

3

Like the waters from our fountains,
 Giving strength to flesh and bone;
 Like the thistle on our mountains,
 Harmless, if but let alone!
 Ours to shield the needy stranger,
 Ours to put the erring right;
 Ours to stand in time of danger,
 And, if need be, ours to fight!

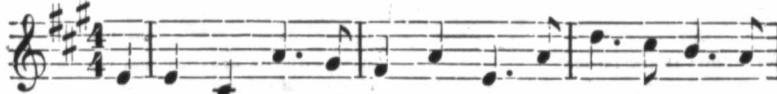
4

Dear old Scotia? land of flowers,
 Land of mountain, hill and vale!
 Land of sunshine, shade and showers,
 Land of river, loch and dale;
 Land of ever-changing beauty,
 Land of liberty and love;—
 Scotchmen! tread the path of duty,
 Till you reach the land above!

WHEN LOVE IS KING.

Words by JOHN IMRIE, Toronto.

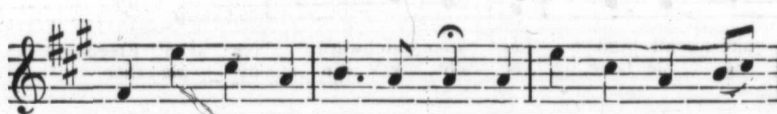
Music by GEO. W. GRANT, Toronto.



1. Love's youth - fu' years are swift an' sweet, An' fu' o' hope sae
 2. Bind hearts wi' Love sae firm an' fast, Nae bands like his ean



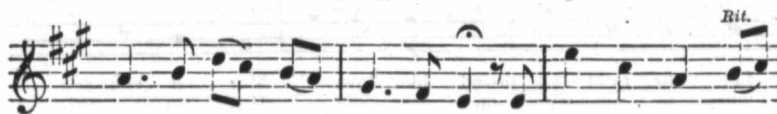
chee - rie, O! Whan heart wi' heart in un - ion meet O'
 teth - er, O! Love's sun - ny smiles through life should last, An'



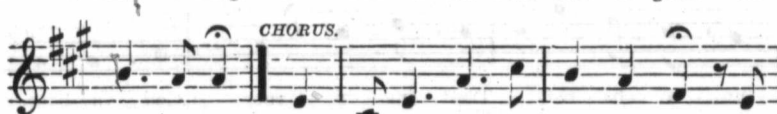
love they nev - er wear - ie, O! This life to them is
 brave life's win - try weath - er, O! Our rip - er years shall



naught but bliss, To each they're a' that's dear - ie, O! Whan
 fruit - ful be, An' hap - py a' the - gith - er, O! It's



vows are ans - wer'd wi' a kiss How can this life be
 time e - nough to wish to dee Whan ower us grows the



drear - ie, O? } Noo, din - na fash your head a - va', Wi'
 heath - er, O! }



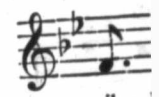
cares an' wor - ries drear - ie, O! Whan Love is king just



mind his law, O' that you'll nev - er wear - ie, O!



I. In



il -



threat -



lo'es



up,

My Crumm
 An' she i
 Aft has sh
 An' I ar
 Get up, g
 The sur
 Sloth nev
 Gae, ta

My cloak
 When i
 But now
 For I l
 Let's spe
 We lit
 Then I'll
 To ha

In days
 His t
 He said
 An' c
 He was
 An' the
 It's pri
 Sae t

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

Old Ballad



1. In win - ter when the rain rain'd cauld, An' frost an' snaw on -



il - ka hill, An' Bo - reas, wi' his blasts sac bauld, Was



threat'ning a' our kye to kill; Then Bell, my wife, wha



lo'es nae strife, She said to me, right has - ti - ly, Get



up, guidman, save Crummie's life, An' tak' your auld cloak a - bout ye.

My Crummie is a usefu' cow,
An' she is come o' a guid kin';
Aft has she wet the bairnies' moun,
An' I am laith that she should tyne.
Get up, guidman, it is fu' time,
The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae, tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a guid grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scanty worth a groat,
For I ha'e worn't this thretty year.
Let's spend the gear that we ha'e won,
We little ken the day we'll dee;
Then I'll be proud, sin' I ha'e sworn
To ha'e a new cloak about me.

In days when guid King Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half-a-crown;
He said they were a groat ower dear,
An' ca'd the tailor thief an' loon.
He was the king that wore the crown,
An' thou'rt a man o' laigh degree;
It's pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Ilka land has its ain lauch,
Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool;
I think the warl is a' gane daft,
When ilka wife her man wad rule.
Do you not see Rab, Jack, and Hab,
How they are girded gallantlie;
While I sit hurklin' i' the ase;
I'll ha'e a new cloak about me!

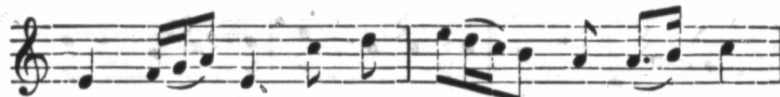
Guidman, I wat it's thretty year
Sin' we did ane anither ken;
An' we ha'e had atween us twa,
O' lads and bonnie lasses ten.
Now they are women & grown an' men,
I wish an' pray weel may they be;
An' if you'd prove a guid husband,
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
But she wad guide me if she can;
An' to maintain an easy life
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm guidman.
Nocht's to be gain'd at woman's han',
Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
An' tak' my auld cloak about me.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

Andantino.

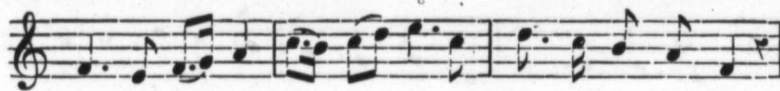
I. Busk ye, busk ye, my bon-nie, bon-nie bride,



Busk ye, busk ye, my win - - some mar - row,



Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride, And think nae mair o' the



braes of Yar - row. Where got ye that bon-nie, bon-nie bride?



Where got ye that win - some mar - row? I got her where I



dare - na well be seen, Pu' - - - ing the birks on the braes of Yar - row.

"Weip not, weip not, my bonnie, bonnie
bride,

Weip not, weip not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow!"

"Why does she weip, thy bonnie, bonnie
bride!

Why does she weip, thy winsome marrow!
And why daur ye nae mair weel be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow!"

"Lang maun she weip, lang, lang maun she
weip,

Lang maun she weip wi' dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

"For she has tint her luvver deir,
Her luvver deir, the cause of sorrow:
And I ha'e slain the comliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.

"Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow red!
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sor-
row!

And why yon melancholious weids,
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow!

"What's yonder floats on the rueful flude!
What's yonder floats!—Oh, dule and
sorrow!

'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the dulefu' braes of Yarrow!

"Wash, oh, wash his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears o' dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the banks of Yarrow.

"Then build, then build, ye sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb wi' sorrow;
And weip around, in waefu' wise,
His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow!

"Curse ye, cur
The arm tha
The fatal spear
His comely!

"Did I not w
And warn fr
Too rashly bol
Thoumet'st,

"Sweet smells
Yellow on!
Fair hangs th
Sweet the v

"Flows Yarr
As green it
As sweet smel
The apple!

"Fair was t
love!
In flowery
Though he w
Than me h

"Busk, ye,
bride
Busk ye, t
Busk ye, an
And think

"How can I
How can
How can I!
That slew

"Oh, Yarr
Nor dew
For there w
My love,

"The boy
His purp
Ah, wretch
He was i

"The boy
Unmind
But, ere th
He lay s

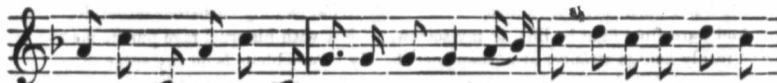
THE BRAES OF YARROW.—Continued.

- "Curse ye, curse ye, his useless shield,
The arm that wrocht the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his briest,
His comely briest, on the braes of Yarrow !
- "Much I rejoiced, that waefu' day ;
I sang my voice the woods returning ;
But, long ere night, the spear was floun
That slew my love, and left me mourning.
- "Did I not warn thee not to love,
And warn from fight ? But, to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm thou met'st,
Thoumet'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.
- "What can my barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me ?
My lover's blude is on thy spear—
How canst thou, barbarous man, then, woo
me !
- "Sweit smells the birk ; green grows the grass ;
Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan ;
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock ;
Sweit the wave of Yarrow flowin' !
- "My happy-sisters may be proud,
With eruel and ungentle scoffing,
May bid me seek, on Yarrow braes,
My lover nailed in his coffin.
- "Flows Yarrow sweet ! as swift flows Tweed ;
As green its graas ; its gowan as yellow ;
As sweit smells on its braes the birk ;
The apple from its rocks as mellow.
- "My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive, with threat'ning words, to
move me ;
My lover's blude is on thy spear—
How canst thou ever bid me love thee !
- "Fair was thy love ! fair, fair, indeed thy
love !
In flowery bands thou didst him fetter ;
Though he was fair, and well-beloved again,
Than me he never loved thee better.
- "Yes, yes, prepare the bed of love !
With bridal-sheets my body cover !
Unbar, ye bridal-maids, the door !
Let in th' expected husband-lover !
- "Busk ye, then, busk, my bonnie, bonnie
bride !
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow !
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow."
- "But who the expected husband is ?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaugh-
ter !
Ah, me ! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after ?
- "How can I busk a bonnie, bonnie bride !
How can I busk a winsome marrow !
How can I lo'e him on the banks of Tweed
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow !
- "Pale as he is, here lay him down ;
O lay his cold head on my pillow !
Take off, take off these bridal-weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.
- "Oh, Yarrow fields, may never rain
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover !
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover."
- "Pale though thou art, yet best beloved,
Oh could my warmth to life restore thee !
Yet lie all night between my breasts—
No youth lay ever there before thee !
- "The boy put on his robes of green,
His purple vest—'twas my ain sewin' ;
Ah, wretched me ! I little, little kenn'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.
- "Pale, pale indeed, oh lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts,
No youth shall ever lie there after !"
- "The boy took out his milk-white steed,
Unmindful of my dule and sorrow ;
But, ere the too-fa' of the night,
He lay a corpse on the banks of Yarrow !
- "Return, return, O mournful bride !
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow !
Thy lover heids nocht of thy sighs ;
He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow."

BONNIE DUNDEE.

*Allegretto.**Sir Walter Scott.*

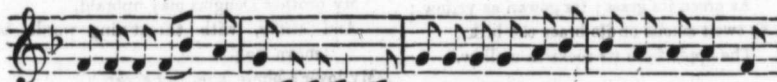
1. To the Lords of Con-ven-tion, 'twas Claver'se who spoke, "Ere the



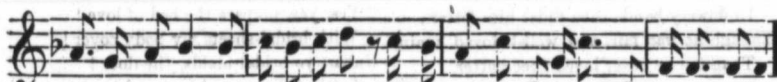
King's crown shall fall, there are crowns to be broke, So let each ca - va - lier who loves



hon - our and me, Come fol - low the bon-net of Bon-nie Dundee. Come



fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Comesaddle your horses and call out your men; Un-



hook the West Port, and let me gang 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 gude toon is weel quit of that deil of
Dundee."

Come, fill up, etc.

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 look'd
couthie and alee,

Thinking—Luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonnie
Dundee!

Come, fill up, etc.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket
was crammed,

As if half of the West had set tryste to be
hanged;

There was spite in each look, there was fear
in each e'e,

As they watched for the bonnets of Bonnie
Dundee.

Come, fill up, etc.

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.
Come, fill up, etc.

He spurred 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 the love of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee."

The Gordon demands of him which way he
goes:

"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Mont-
rose,

Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings
of me,

Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonnie Dun-
dee.

Come, fill up, etc.

"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 dunniewassals, three thousand
times three,

Will cry, 'Hoigh! for the bonnets of Bonnie
Dundee.'

Come, fill up, etc.

"There's brass on the target of barken'd bull-
hide,

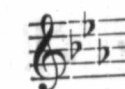
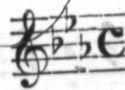
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles
beside,

The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall
flash free

At the toss of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.
Come, fill up, etc.

"Away to the
rocks,
Ere I own a us
And tremble, fr
your glee,
Ye havenot seen
Come, fill

He waded his p
were blown
The kettledrun
rode on,



My Nannie
Nae artl
May ill bel
That wa

Her face is
As spotl
The op'nir
Nae pur

A country
An' few
But what
I'm wel

BONNIE DUNDEE.—Continued.

“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, in the midst of your glee,
Ye have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.”
Come, fill up, etc.

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettledrums clash'd, and the horsemen rode on,

Till on Ravelston cliffs and on Clermiston's 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 out my men,
Come, open your gates, and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

MY NANNIE, O.

Words by Burns.



Be - hind yon hills where Lu - gar flows, 'Mang muirs and mos - ses



mo - ny, O, ' The win - try sun the day has clos'd, And



I'll a - wa' - - to Nan - nie, O. The west - lin' wind blows



loud and shrill, The night's baith mirk and rain - y, O, But I'll



get my plaid, and out I'll wae, And owre - - the hills - - to Nan - nie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young,
Nae artless wiles to win ye, O ;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O,

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O ;
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that kens me, O ;
But what care I how few there be,
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny - ice,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O ;
But I'm as blithe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O,

Come weal, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak' what Heav'n will send me, O ;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live and love my Nannie, O.

Scott.



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Come



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Dun-

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TULLOCHGORUM.

Words by the Rev. John Skinner.



Come, gi'es a sang, Montgom'ry cried, And lay your dis-pu-tes a' a-side; What



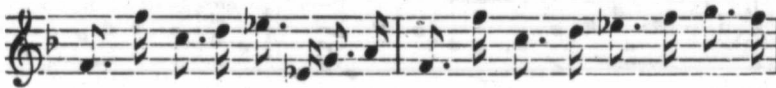
sig - ni - fies't for folks to chide For what was done be - fore them.



Let Whig and To - ry a' a-gree, Whig and To - ry, Whig and To - ry,



Whig and To - ry a' a-gree, To spend their whig-mig-mo - rum; Let



Whig and To - ry a' a-gree, To spend this night in mirth and glee, And



cheer - fu' sing, a - lang wi' me, The reel o' Tul - loch - go - rum.

O, Tullogorum's my delight
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sump that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.
Blythe and merry we'll be a',
Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,
Blythe and merry we'll be a',
An' mak' a cheerfu' 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 need's there be sae great a fraise
Wi' dringin', dull Italian lays,
I wadna gi'e our ain strathspeys
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,
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly souls their minds oppress,
Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
And sullen sots themsel's distress
Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit!
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit;
Like auld philosophorum!
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit
Nor ever rise to shake a fit
To the reel o' Tullochgorum!

May choicest blessings aye attend
Each honest open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's guid 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 ony vicicus spot,
And may he never want a groat,
That's fond o' Tullochgorum.

But for the d
Wha wants to
May envy gn
And discon
May dool and
Dool and so

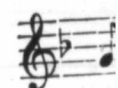
Moderato.



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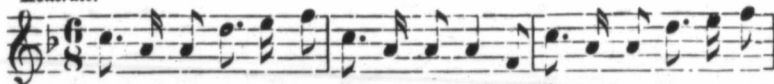
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TULLOCHGORUM.—Continued.

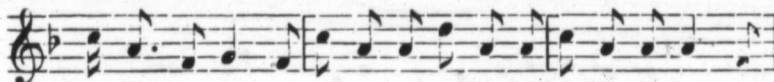
But for the discontented fool,
Wha wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him;
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,

Dool and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say, "Wae's me, for him."
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

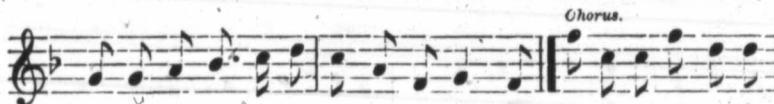
PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

Moderato.

1. Pi-broch of Don-uil Dhu, Pi broch of Don-uil, Wake thy wild voice a-new,



Summon Clan Con-uil. Come a-way, come a-way, Hark, to the summons!



Come in your war ar-ray, Gentles and com-mons! Come a-way, come a-way,



Hark to the summons! Come in your war ar-ray! Gentles and com-mons!

Come from deep glen, and
From mountains so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy;
Come ev'ry hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come ev'ry steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one!
Come ev'ry hill-plaid, &c.

Leaves untended the herd
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninter'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadsword and targes!
Leave the deer, &c.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded;
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster;
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master!
Faster come, &c.

Fast they come, fast they come,
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!
Cast your plaids, &c.

THE FLOWERS O' THE FOREST.

Modern Air.

Words by Mrs. Cockburn.

I've seen the smil - ing Of For - tune be - gail - ing, I've
 felt all her fa - vors and found her de - cay ;
 Sweet was her bless - - - ing, Kind her ca - ress - ing ; But
 now they are fled, fled far a - way.
 I've seen the fo - rest A - dorn'd the fore - most, Wi'
 flow'rs o' the fair - est, baith plea - - - sant and gay ; Sao
 bon - nie was their blooming ! Their scent the air per - fum - ing ! But
 now . . they are wi - ther'd and ³ a' wede a - way.

I have seen the morning With gold the hills adorning, And the loud tempest roaring before parting day ;	Oh, fickle Fortune, Why this cruel sporting ! Oh, why still perplex us, puir sons of day ?
I've seen Tweed's silver stream, Glitt'ring in the sunny beam, Growing drumly and dark as it roll'd on its way.	Thy frown cannot fear me Thy smile cannot cheer me,— Since the Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

With express

Lass - e
 il - y
 At buchts, in
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 Lasses are l
 Nae daffin', n
 ilk ane lift
 In hairst, at
 Bandsters
 At fair or at
 The Flower
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THE FLOWERS O' THE FOREST.

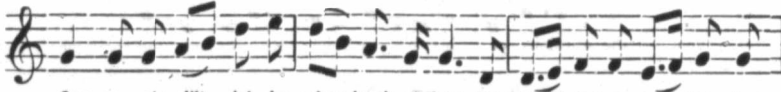
(IN OLD MODAL FORM ON 5th OF THE SCALE.)

With expression and deep feeling.

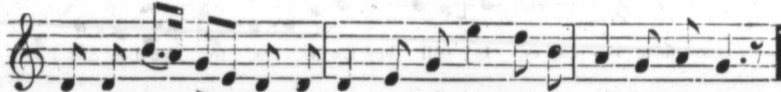
OLD MELODY. From the Skene MSS., about 1600.



I've heard a lill - tirl at oor yowe - milk - in',



Lass - es a' lilt - in' be - fore break o' day; But noo there's a moan - in' in



il - ka green loan - in', The Flowers o' the For - est are a' wede a - way.

At buchts, in the mornin', nae blythe lads are scorn - in',

But ilk 'ane sits drearie, lamentin' her dearie. — The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

Lasses are lanely, and dowie, and wae; Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighin' and sabbin', ilk ane lifts her leggin, and hies her away.

Dule and wae for the order sent our lads to the border!

In hairst, at the shearin', nae youths now are jeerin', Bandisters are lyart, and runkled, and grey; At fair or at praechin', nae woinin', nae fseechin', The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

The English for ance by guile wan the day; The Flowers o' the Forest, that fought aye the fore - most, The prime o' oor land, are cauld in the clay.

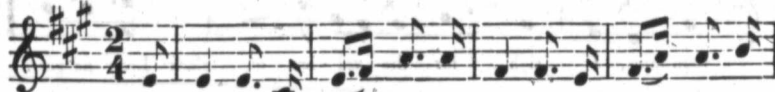
At e'en, in the gloamin', nae swankies are roamin' 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at hogle to play:

We hae nae maif liltin' at oor yowe - milkin', Women and bairns are heartless and wae; Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin', — The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

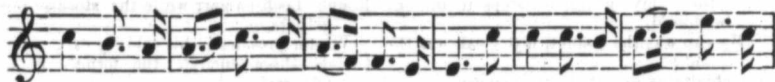
THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

Slow and Pathetic.

Written by LADY NAIRN—OLD AIR, "Hey, How the Day Dawns."



I'm wear - in' a - wa', John, Like snaw - wreaths in shaw, John: I'm



wear - in' a - wa' To the land o' the leal, There's nae sor - row there, John, There's



neither could nor care, John; The day's aye fair I' the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John, She was baith guid and fair, John; And, oh! we grudged her sair To the land o' the leal.

Oh! dry your glist'nin' e'e, John, My saul langts to be free, John, And angels beckon me To the land o' the leal.

But sorrow's sel' wears past, John, And joy's a - comin' fast, John The joy that's aye to last In the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John, Your day it's wearin' through, John, And I'll welcome you To the land o' the leal.

Sae dear that joy was bought, John, Sae free the battle fought, John: That sinfu' man e'er brought To the land o' the leal.

Now fare - ye - weel, my ain John, This world's cares are vain, John, We'll meet, and we'll be fair In the land o' the leal.

AWAY, YE GAY LANDSCAPES.

With animation.

LORD BYRON.

i. A - way, ye gay landscapes, ye gar - dens of ros - es, In

you let the min-ions of lux - u - ry rove ; Re-store me the rocks where the

snow-flake re - pos - es, If still they are sa - cred to free-dom and love.

Yet, Ca - le - don - ia, dear are thy moun-tains, Round their white sum-mits tho'

e - le - ments war, Tho' ca - ta - racts foam 'stead of smooth - flow - ing

foun-tains, I sigh for the val - ley of dark Loch - na - garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy
wander'd,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the
plaid ;
On chieftains departed my memory ponder-
ed,
As daily I stray'd through the pine cover'd
glade.
I sought not my home till the day's dying
glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar
star,
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch-na-
garr.

Shades of the dead, have I not heard your
voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the
gale !
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices
And rides on the wind o'er his own High-
land vale.

Round Loch-na-garr while the stormy mist
gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car ;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my
fathers !
They dwell 'mid the tempests of dark Loch-
na-garr.

Ill-starr'd though brave, did no vision fore-
boding
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause!
Ah! were ye then destined to die at Cullo-
den,
Though victory crown'd not your fall with
applause !
Still were ye happy in death's earthly slum-
bers ;
You rest with your clan in the caves of
Braemar ;
The pibroch resounds to the piper's loud
numbers,
Your deeds to the echoes of wild Loch-na-
garr.

Years have roll'd
left you !
Years must el-
Though nature
berest you,
Yet still thou !

Andantino.

i.

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Quoth I, “
Is that a
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AWAY, YE GAY LANDSCAPES.—Continued.

Years have rolled on, Loch-na-garr, since
left you !
Years must elapse ere I see you again ;
Though nature of verdure and flowers has
bereft you,
Yet still thou art dearer than Albion's plain.

England, thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has rovd on the mountains
afar !
Oh ! for the crags that are wild and majestic !
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch-
na-garr !

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

Andantino.

William Glen.



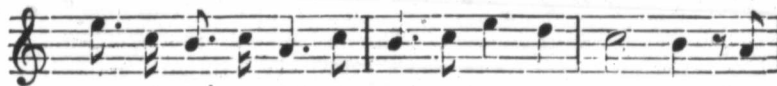
1. A wee bird cam' to our ha' door, He war-ble'd sweet and



clear - ly, An' aye the o'er - come o' his sang Was



"Wae's me for Prince Char - lie!" Oh, when I heard the



bon - nie, bon - nie bird, The tears cam' drap-pin' rare - ly, I



took my bonnet aff my head, For weel I lo'ed Prince Char - lie !

Quoth I, "my bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird, "Dark night cam' on, the tempest roor'd
Is that a tale ye borrow ? Loud o'er the hills and valleys ;
Are thae some words ye've learnt by rote, An' where was't that your Prince lay doun,
Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow !" Whase hame should be a palace ?
"Oh, no, no, no !" the wee bird sang, He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
"I've flown sin' mornin' early, Which covered him but sparely,
But sic a day o' wind and rain !— An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie. Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie."

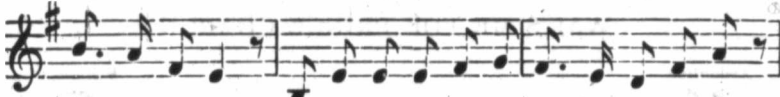
"On hills that are by right his ain,
He roves a lanely stranger ;
On every side he's press'd by want—
On every side is danger,
Yestreen I saw him in a glen,
My heart maist burstit fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he
Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie.

But now the bird saw some red coats,
An' he shook his wings wi' anger ;
"Oh ! this is no a land for me,
I'll tarry here nae langer."
He hover'd on the wing a while
Ere he departed fairly ;
But weel I mind the farewell strain,
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie."

OH, SAW YE MY WEE THING.

Andante Espressivo.

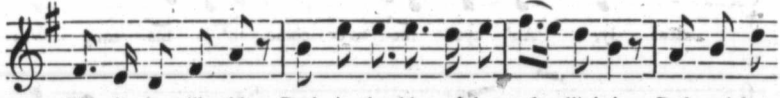
'I Oh, saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing? Saw ye my true love



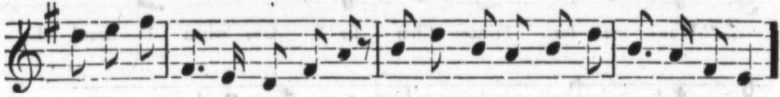
down by yon lea? Cross'd she the meadow yes-treen at the gloamin'?



Sought she the bur-nie whar flow'rs the haw tree? Her hair it is lint-white, her



skin it is milk-white, Dark is the blue o' her soft rollin' e'e, Red, red her



ripe lips, and sweeter than ros-es! Whar could my wee thing hae wander'd frae me?

I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing, It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary, It was then your true love I met by the

Nor saw I your true love down by yon tree;

But I met a bonnie thing late in the gloamin', Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature, Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.

Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw-tree, Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,

Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white, And wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling e'e;

Dark was the blue o' her soft rolling e'e, Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorning

Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses; Defend ye, fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lee!

Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me. Awa' wi' beguiling, cried the youth, smiling;—

It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing, Aff went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,

It was na my true love ye met by the tree; The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,

Proud was her leal heart, an' modest her nature, Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rollin' e'e.

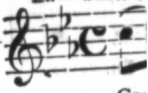
She never lo'ed ony till ance she lo'ed me. Is it my wee thing? Is it my ain thing? Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary, Is it my true love here that I see?

Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee! O, Jamie, forgie's me, your heart's constant to me,

Fair as your face is, wer't fifty times fairer, I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.

Young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee.

Air—"Shame f



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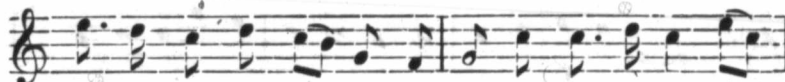
WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

Air—"Shame fa' the gear."

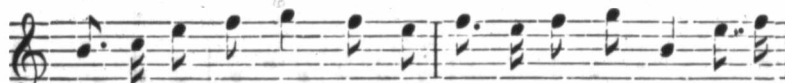
Words by James Hogg.



1. Come all ye jol-ly shepherds that whistle thro' the glen, I'll



tell ye o' a se-cret That cour-tiers din-na ken, What



is the greatest bliss That the tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to



woo a bon-nie las-sie When the kye comes hame. When the



kye comes hame, When the kye comes hame, 'Tween the



gloa-min' and the mirk, When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the surgonet, nor yet be- See yonder pawky shepherd that lingers on the
neath the crown, hill—

'Tis not on couch of velvet, nor yet on bed of His yowes are in fauld, and his lambs are
down; lying still;

'Tis beneath the spreading birk, in the dell Yet he downa gang to rest, for his heart is in
without a name, a flame

Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie when the kye To meet his bonnie lassie when the kye comes
comes hame, hame.

Then the eye shines sae bright, and haill soul Awa' wi' fame and fortune—what pleasure cau
to beguile, they gie?

There is love in every whisper, and joy in And a' the arts that prey upon man's life and
every smile; liberty!

O wha would choose a crown, wi' its perils Gie me the highest joy that the heart o' man
and its fame, can frame,

And miss a bonnie lassie when the kye comes My bonnie, bonnie lassie, when the kye comes
hame, hame.



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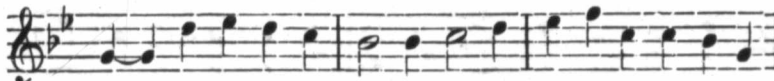
ldie, frae

O, TILL, A LEANNAIN--RETURN, MY DARLING.

Key Bb.—Moderato, beating twice in the measure.



SEISD—O, till a leann-ain, O, till, O, till, O,
 CHORUS—Re - turn, my dar-ling, re - turn, re - turn! Re -



till, a leann-ain O, till, O, till! Dean cabh-aig a Mhai-li a
 turn, my dar-ling, re - turn, re - turn! O, haste thee, my fair one, Re -



duth-aich nan Gall-ach, No theid mi le h-aimh-eal do'n chill, do'n chill!
 turn now, my rare one, Nor leave me thus dai-ly to mourn, to mourn.

O thus' a gheibh sealladh de m' ghaoi, de m' If ever my loved one you see, you see,
 ghaol, O, tell her that she was to me, to me,
 Thoir fios dhi gu 'n robh i dhomh fein, A chart for life's ocean,
 dhomh fein, A heart for each motion,
 Mar chridhe do m' bhroilleach, My sun and my portion was she, was she.
 Mar iul-chairt do 'n mharaich',
 Mar ait-ghrein an Earraich do 'n t-saogh'l,
 do 'n t-saogh'l.

O, c' aite 'm bheil cofmeas do m', luaidh, do O, what with my love may compare, compare!
 m' luaidh? Not the swan or the rose so fair, so fair;
 Mar ros air uchd eala tha 'gruaidh, tha Much whiter I trow,
 'gruaidh; Than snow is her brow,
 Clar-aghaidh a's gile Or the sun setting low, so fair, so fair.
 Na 'm bainne 'g a shileadh,

No 'ghrian 's i gu luidhe 's a' chuan, s a' If you on my dear one should gaze, should
 chuan. gaze,

Na 'm faiceadh tu 'pearsa gun mheang, gun If you were to hear what she says, she says,
 mheang— If you heard my pretty
 Na 'n cluinneadh tu 'labhairt gun sgraing, One singing her ditty,
 gun sgraing— Your bosom would get in a blaze, a blaze.
 Na 'm biodh tu le 'm chruinneig
 'N am togail nan luinneag,

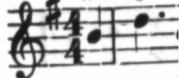
Gu 'n lasadh do'chridhe gun taing, gun taing. But if she forsake me, my gloom, my gloom!
 Mo chridhe-sa 's tusa 'bhios truagh, 'bhios All pleasure and strength shall consume,
 truagh. consume,
 Mur pill is' 'thog oirre gu Cluaidh, gu And rather than stray
 Cluaidh:— With another away,
 Gu 'm b' fhearr na bhi maille

Ri te eil' air thalamb, I would lie with my May in the tomb, the
 'Bhi sinnnte ri m' Mhaili 's an uaigh, 's an tomb.
 uaigh!

MY

Words by JOHN INCH

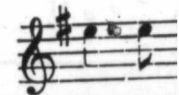
With Spirit



1. Oh, weel
 2. When trav



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Oh, Scotland
 Wi' scenery
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 Wha reads th
 Can ne'er!

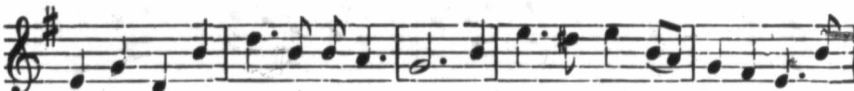
MY HEART IS SCOTLAND'S YET.

Words by JOHN IMRIE, Toronto,
With Spirit and Expression.

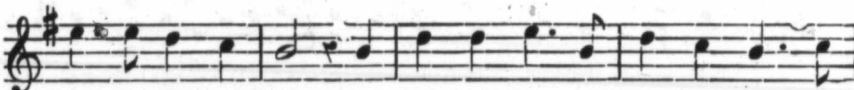
Music by PROF. J. F. JOHNSTON,
Toronto.



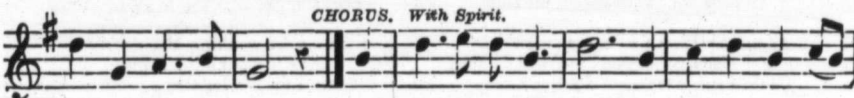
1. Oh, weel I loe the Scottish tongue, The language o' my hame; An' weel I loe a
2. When travelin' in a foreign lan' I hear a Scottish voice, In-stinc-tive-ly I



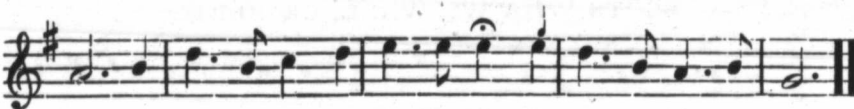
sang that's sung In praise o' Scotland's fame; They mak' methink o' hap-py days An'
gie my han', An' baith o' us re-joice; An' then we crack o' Scotland's fame, Re-



zoenes o' beau-ty rare, There's something in my heart that says: There's
cite her bat-tles ower, An' feel we yet could daur the same Our



nae lan' half sae fair. } My heart is Scotland's yet, Though I bide o'er the
fathers daur'd be-fore. }



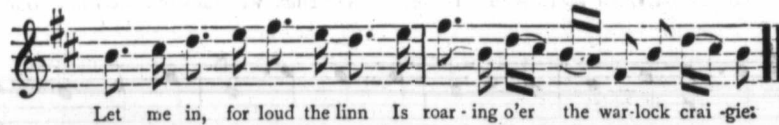
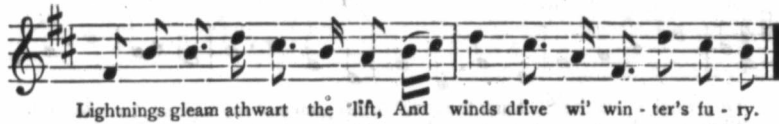
sea; I nev-er can for get The lan', the lan' sae dear tae me.

8
Oh, Scotland is a bonnie place,
Wi' scenery sublime;
Whaur Nature smiles wi' fairest face
That stan's the test o' time!
Each mountain, river, loch, or glen,
Are fu' o' storied fame;
Wha reads the history o' her men
Can ne'er forget their name!—*Cho.*

4
In every lan' roun' a' the earth
Are leal hearts true tae thee,
An' proud are they tae own their birth
Ayont the wide saut sea;
Whaur towers the mountains, bold an' gran',
Like guardians o' the free,—
Oh, here's my heart, an' there's my han',
Dear Scotland, aye tae thee!—*Cho.*

O! ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGIE?

Words by Tannahill.



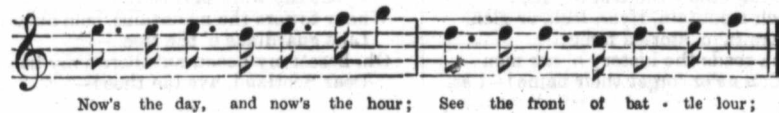
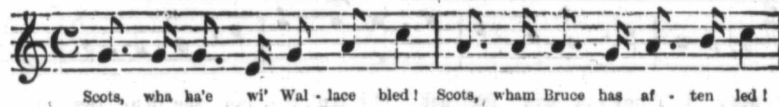
Fearfu' songs the boor-tree bank,
The rifted wood roars wild and drearie;
Loud the iron yett does clank,
And cry o' howlets makes me eerie.

She opt the door, she let him in;
He coost aside his dreeping plaidie;
Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
Since, Maggie, now I'm in aside ye.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak
For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie;
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,
O! rise, rise, my bonnie lady!

Now since ye're waukin', Maggie!
Now since ye're waukin', Maggie!
What care I for howlet's cry,
For boor-tree bank or warlock craigie.

SCOTS WHA WI' WALLACE BLED.



Wha wad be
-Wha wad fil
Wha sae bas
Let him

Wha, for Sc
Freedom's s
Freeman sta
Let hin

W

Allegretto.



bid



W



The first
She led
An' wi' a
She let
Beside th
Said n
She thoc'
Before

Then be
"Gud
Maybe t
An' di

SCOTS WHA HAE.—Continued.

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

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

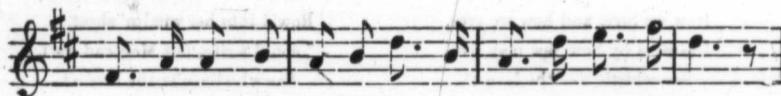
Wha, for Scotland's King and Law,
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Let him on wi' me !

By the proud usurper low
 Tyrants fall in every foe,
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Let us do or die !

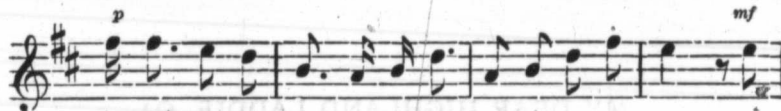
WILLIE'S GANE TAE MELVILLE CASTLE.

Allegretto. mf

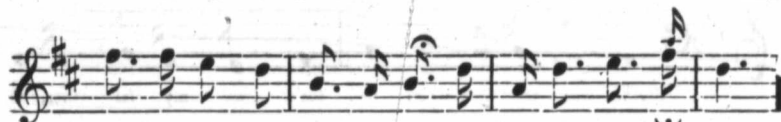
O, Willie's gane tae Melville Castle, Boots an' spurs an' a', Tae



bid the led-dies a' fareweel, Be-fore he gaed a-wa'.



Willie's young, an' blythe, an' bonnie, Lo'ed by ane an' a'; O,



what will a' the las-ses dae When Willie gaes a-wa'?

The first he met was Lady Kate,
 She led him thro' the ha' ;
 An' wi' a sad an' sorry heart
 She let the tear doon-fa'.
 Beside the fire stood Lady Grace,
 Said ne'er a word ava ;
 She thoct that she was sure o' him
 Before he gaed awa'.

Then ben the hoose cam' Lady Bell :
 "Gude troth, ye needna craw,
 Maybe the lad will fancy me,
 An' disappoint ye a'."

Doon the stair trip't Lady Jean,
 The flow'r among them a' :
 "O lasses, trust in Providence,
 An' ye'll get husbands a'."

When on his horse he rode awa',
 They gathered round the door ;
 He gaily waved his bonnet blue ;
 They set up sic a roar !
 Their cries, their tears, brocht Willie back ;
 He kissed them ane an' a' ;
 "O lasses, bide till I come hame,
 An' then I'll wed ye a'."

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

Words by Burns



First when Mag-gie was my care, Heav'n I thought was in her air;



Now we're mar-ried, spier nae mair, But whis-tle o'er the lave o't.



Meg was meek, and Meg was mild, Sweet and harmless as a child;



Wis-er men than me's be-guil'd, Sae whis-tle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we gree,
I care-na-by how few may see,
Sae whistle o'er the lave o't.

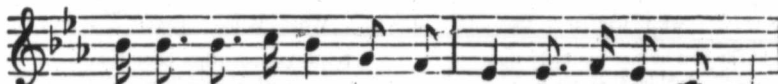
Wha I wish were maggot's meat,
Row'd into her windin' sheet,
I could write, but Meg wad see't,
Sae whistle o'er the lave o't.

MY DEAR HIGHLAND LADDIE, O!

Tannahill



Blythe was the time when he see'd wi' my fai-ther, O!



Hap-py were the days when we herd-ed the-gith-er, O!



Sweet were the hours when he row'd me in his plaid-ie, O! An'



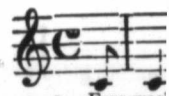
vow'd to be mine, my dear High-land lad-die, O!

MY

But, Ah! waes me!
gaudy, O,
The Laird's wye'd aw
laddie, O!
Misty are the glens
cloudy, O!
That aye seem'd see
land laddie, O.

The blaе-berry bank
dreary, O,
Muddy are the strea
clearly, O,
Silent are the rocks
The wild melting
land laddie, O.

TH



I. Fare-wee!



heath - ch



leaf - y



Pent-land



seek a

Thou land wi'
In ilk wee o
May manly-he
And maids i
The land wher
For Freedor
Ne'er crouch'd
But foremor

MY DEAR HIGHLAND LADDIE, O!—Continued.

But, Ah! wae me! wi' their sodgering sae He pu'd me the crawberry, ripe frae the boggy
 gaudy, O, fen,
 The Laird's wys'd away my braw Highland He pu'd me the strawberry, red frae the foggy
 laddie, O! glen,
 Misty are the glens and the dark hills sae He pu'd me the row'n frae the wild steep sae
 clobdy, O! giddy, O,
 That aye seem'd sae blithe wi' my dear High- Sae loving and kind was my dear Highland
 land laddie, O. laddie, O.

The blae-berry banks noo are lanesome and Fareweel, my ewes, and farewell, my doggie, O,
 dreary, O, Fareweel, ye knowes, noo sae cheerless and
 Muddy are the streams that gush'd down sae scroggie, O,
 clearly, O, Fareweel, Glenloch, my mammy and my
 Silent are the rocks that echoed sae gladly, O, daddie, O;
 The wild melting strains o' my dear High- I will leave ye a' for my dear Highland lad-
 land laddie, O. die, O.

THE SCOTCH EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

Written and Composed by Alexander Hume.



1. Fare-weel, fare-weel, my na-tive hame, Thy lone-ly glens an'



heath-clad mountains, Fare-weel thy fields o' sto-ried fame, Thy.



leaf-y shaws an' spark-lin' foun-tains. Nae mair I'll climb the



Pent-land's steep, Nor wan-der by the Esk's clear ri-ver, I



seek a hame far o'er the deep, My na-tive land, fare-weel for ev-er.

Thou land wi' love and freedom crown'd,
 In ilk wee cot an' lordly dwellin',
 May manly-hearted youths be found,
 And maids in ev'ry grace excellin'.
 The land where Bruce and Wallace wight,
 For Freedom fought in days o' danger,
 Ne'er crouch'd to proud usurpin' right,
 But foremost stood, wrong's stern avenger.

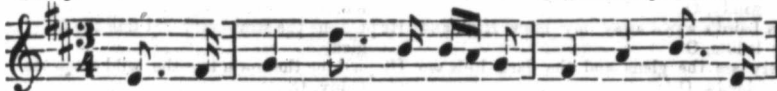
Tho' far frae thee, my native shore,
 An' toss'd on life's tempestuous ocean;
 My heart, aye Scottish to the core,
 Shall cling to thee wi' warm devotion.
 An' while the wavin' heather grows,
 And onward rows the windin' river,
 The toast be "Scotland's broomy knowes,
 Her mountains, rocks, an' glens forever."

FEAR A' BHATA.

(THE BOATMAN.)

Slowly.

Translation by L. Macbean.



'Stric mi sealltuinn o'n chnoc a's air - de, Dh'fheuch am
I climb the moun - tains, and scan the o' - cean For thee, my
Seisd.—Fhir a bha - ta, na ho - ro ei - le Fhir a
Chorus.—O, my boat - man, na ho - ro ai - la, O, my



faic mi fear a bha - ta, An tig thu'n diugh no an tig thu
boat - man, with fond de - vo - tion, When shall I see thee? to-day? to -
bha - ta, na ho - ro ei - le, Fhir a bha - ta na ho - ro
boat - man, na ho - ro ai - la, O, my boat - man, na ho - ro



maireach?'S mar tig thu i - dir gur truagh a ta - mi!
mor - row? Oh! do not leave me in lone - ly sor - row.
ei - le, Gu - ma slan duit's gach ait' an teid thu!
ai - la, Hap - py be thou where - 'er thou sail - est!

Tha mo chridhe-sa briste, bruite;
'S tric na deoir a ruith o m' shuillean;
An tig thu nochd, na m' bi mo dhuil riut?
Na 'n duin mi 'n doras, le osna thursaich?
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile, &c.

Broken-hearted I droop and languish,
And frequent tears show my bosom's anguish;
Shall I expect thee to-night to cheer me?
Or close the door sighing sad and weary?
O, my boatman, &c.

'S tric mi foighneachd de luchd nam bata,
Am fac iad thu, na'm bheil thu sabhailt;
Ach 's ann a tha gach aon diubh 'g raithe,
Gur gorach mi, ma thug mi gradh dhuil.
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile, &c.

From passing boatmen I'd fain discover
If they've heard of or seen my lover;
They never tell me—I'm only chided,
And told my heart has been sore misguided.
O, my boatman, &c.

Gheall mo leannan domh gunn do'n t-sioda,
Gheall e sid agus breacan riomhach;
Fain oir anns am faicinn iomhaigh;
Ach 's eagal leam gun dean e di-chuimhu'.
Fhir a bhata, no horo eile, &c.

My lover promised to bring his lady
A silken gown and a tartan plaidie,
A ring of gold which would show his sem-
blance,
But, ah! I fear me for his remembrance.
O, my boatman, &c.

Ged a thuirt iad gu'n robh thu aotrom,
Cha do lugh daich sid mo ghaol ort;
Bi'dh tu m' aisling anns an oidhche,
A's anns a mhadainn bi'dh mi ga d'fhoigh-
neachd.
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile, &c.

That thou'rt a rover my friends have told me,
But not the less to my heart I hold thee;
And every night in my dreams I see thee,
And still at night the vision flee me.
O, my boatman, &c.

Thug mi gaol duit's cha'n fhad mi aicheadh;
Cha ghaol bliadhna, 's cha ghaol raidhe;
Ach gaol a thoisich 'nuair bha mi 'm phaisde,
'S nach searg a chaoidh, gus an claoidh am
bas mi.
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile, &c.

I may not hide it—my heart's devotion
Is not a season's brief emotion;
Thy love in childhood began to seize me,
And ne'er shall fade until death release me.
O, my boatman, &c.

Tha mo chairdean gu tric ag innseadh,
Gu'm feum mi d'aogas a chuir air dichuimhn';
Ach tha 'n comhairle dhomh cho diomhain,
'S bhi pilleadh mara 's i tabhairt lionsaidh.
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile, &c.

My friends oft tell me that I must sever
All thought of thee from my heart forever;
Their words are idle—my passion's swelling,
Untamed as ocean, can brook no quelling.
O, my boatman, &c.

Bi'dh mi tuil
Mar Eala bha
Guileag bais
As caoh gu le
Fhir a



Ma



for



A



I.



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Come
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Come to
Come
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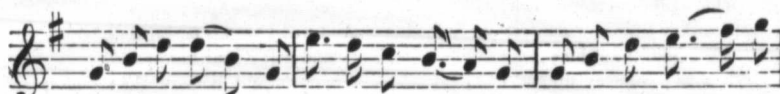
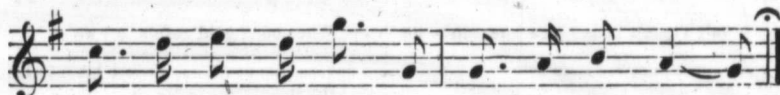
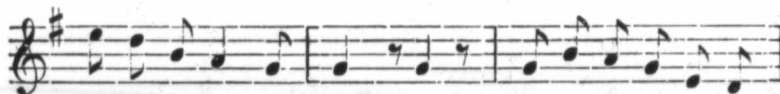
FEAR A' BHATA ; OR, THE BOATMAN.—Continued.

Bi'dh mi tuille gu tursach, deurach,
 Mar Eala bhan 's i an deigh a reubadh ;
 Guileag bais aic' air lochan feuraeh,
 As caoh gu leir an deigh a treigsinn.
 Fhàir a bhata, na horo eile, &c.

My heart is weary with ceaseless wailing,
 Like wounded swan when her strength is fail-
 ing.
 Her notes of anguish the lake awaken,
 By all her comrades at last forsaken.
 O, my boatman, &c

BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

Sir Walter Scott.



Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe,
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
 Come with the buckler, the lance and the bow.

Trumpets are sounding, war steeds are bound-
 ing
 Stand to your arms and march in good
 order,
 England shall many a day tell of the bloody
 fray,
 When blue bonnets came over the border.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOOSE.



And are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is



this a time to think o' wark, Ye jades, fling by your wheel! Is this a time to



think o' wark, When Colin's at the door; Rax me my cloak, I'll to the quay, And



see him come a-shore. For there's nae luck a-boot the hoose, There's nae luck a-



va'; There's little plea-sure in the hoose, When our guid man's a-wa'.

And gie to me my biggonet,
My bishop's satin gown,
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My turkey slippers maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue;
'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

CHO.—For there's nae luck, etc.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her button gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;
An' mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa'.

CHO.—For there's nae luck, etc.

There's twa fat hens upon the bank,
They're fed this month and mair;
Mak' haste and throw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare.
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa'.

CHO.—For there's nae luck, etc.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like tae greet.

CHO.—For there's nae luck, etc.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thirl'd through my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part.
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.

CHO.—For there's nae luck, etc.

Since Colin's weel I'm weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave;
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like tae greet.

CHO.—For there's nae luck, etc.

Words by JOHN IMRIE



1. Gie a So
2. Guid parri
3. Noo, what



coo', Feth ye
weel, Dys-pe
leeks; Hielar

CHORUS.



Brose, parritch,



Eng



mak'

But the haggis is
A Scotchman's!
By dining on the
To match ony

CHO.—

When spying fo
Ahint a wheel
What's sweeter
An' eatin' a' v

CHO.—

SCOTCH DAINTIES.

Words by JOHN IMRIE, Toronto.

Music by E. CORLETT, Toronto.

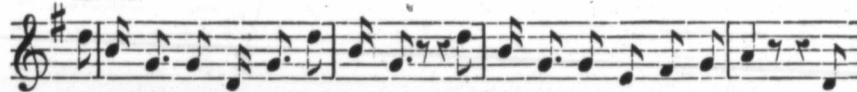


1. Gie a Scotchman a guid cog o' brose, Wi' milk just new drawn frae the
 2. Guid parritch for weans is sae health-y, It mak's them grow strong, fat an'
 3. Noo, what is sae guid as Scotch kail, Wi' car-rot an' tur-nips an'

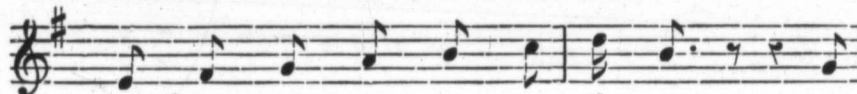


coo', Feth ye'll no see him turn up his nose, But tak' them, an' then smack his moo'!
 weel, Dys-pep-tics are aye 'mang the wealth-y,— They eat what wad sick-en an eel!
 leeks; Hielan' men are braw, hear-ty an' hale— Yet gang a' the year without breeks!

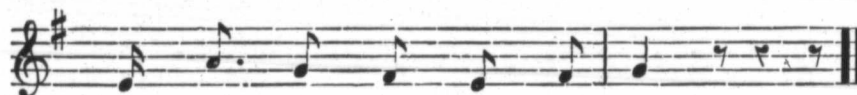
CHORUS.



Brose, parritch, kail, haggis an' ban-nocks, Are dainties a-bune a' compare! Nae



Eng-lish, French, Yank-ees, or Can-nucks Could



mak' such a gran' bill o' fare!

4

But the haggis is king o' the table,—
 A Scotchman's maist toothfu' delight,
 By dining on that he is able
 To match ony twa in a fight!

CHO.—"Brose, parritch, kail," &c.

5

When spying for game in Glen Sannox,
 Ahint a wheen stanes on my knees,
 What's sweeter than crumpin' oat bannocks
 An' eatin' a' whang o' guid cheese?

CHO.—"Brose, parritch, kail," &c.

6

Brose, parritch, kail, haggis an' bannocks
 Wad mak' lean consumptives grow fat,
 Though they'd sleep oot at nicht in hammocks,
 They'd ne'er be a bit waur o' that!

CHO.—"Brose, parritch, kail," &c.

7

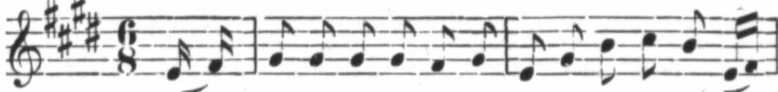
Then gie us oor dainty Scotch farin',
 We'll honour the auld muckle pat!
 For pastry an' pies we're no carin',
 Scotch laddies are no built wi' that!

CHO.—"Brose, parritch, kail," &c.

THE SCOTTISH BLUE BELLS.

Moderato.

Composed by Geo. Zarker.



1. Let the proud In-dian boast of his jes - sa - mine bowers, His
2. Sub - lime are your hills when the young day is beaming, And



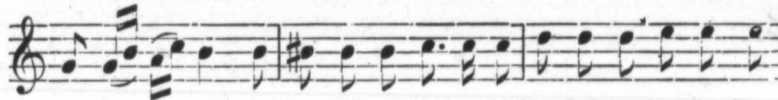
pastures of per - fume and rose cover'd dells; While humbly I sing of those
green are your groves with their cool crystal wells; And bright are your broadswords like



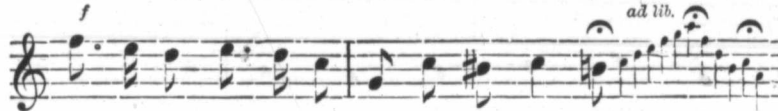
wild lit - tle flowers, The blue bells of Scot - land, the Scottish blue bells. Wave
morning dews gleaming On blue bells of Scot land, on Scottish blue bells. A -



wave your dark plumes, ye proud sons of the mountains, For brave is the chieftain your
wake, ye light fair-ies, that slip o'er the heather; Ye mermaids, a - rise from your



pro - w - ess who quells, And dread - ful your wrath as the foam flash - ing fountains, That
cor - al - line cells; Come fourth with your chorus, all chant - ing to - ge - ther, The

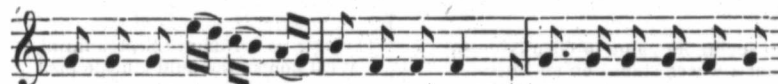


calms its wild waves 'mid the Scot - tish blue bells. Then
blue bells of Scot - land, the Scot - tish blue bells. Then

With animation.



strike the loud harp to the land of the riv - er, The

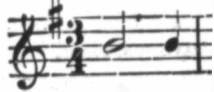


mountain, the val - ley, with all their wild spells, And shout in the cho - rus for



ev - er and ev - er, The blue bells of Scotland, the Scot - tish blue bells.

Words by JOHN IMRIE,



1. Oh! the s



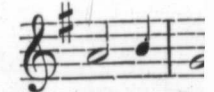
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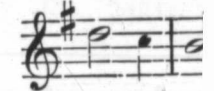
fear; But,



had my fill



impress st



through the ye



tears! While



love; Mot

2
Mother's voice!
Seems to com
Keeping back m
Full of tender
In my dreams I
Each kind loo
Now, I understa
How a mothe

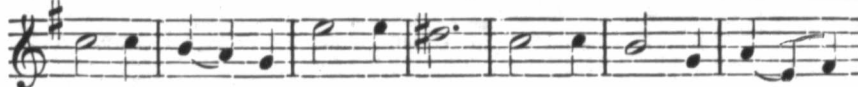
MOTHER'S VOICE.

Words by JOHN IMRIE, Toronto.

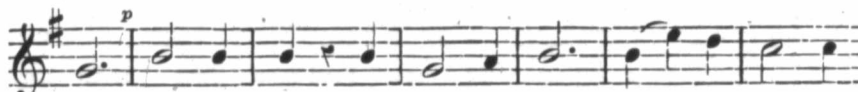
Music by Prof. J. F. JOHNSTONE, Toronto.



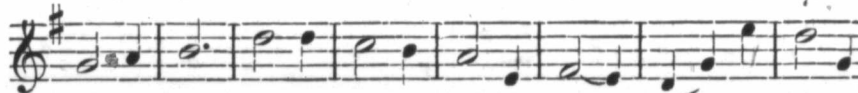
1. Oh! the sound of mother's voice, 'Twas like music to my ear,



Oft it made my heart rejoice, Oft dispelled my anxious

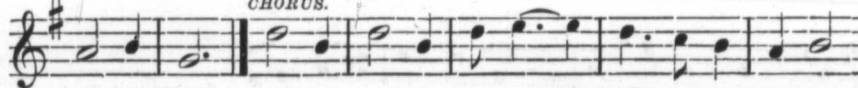


fear; But, 'tis hush'd in silence now, And of grief I've

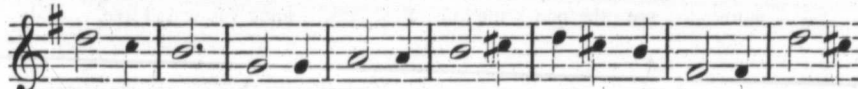


had my fill, Her last kiss upon my brow Seems to leave its

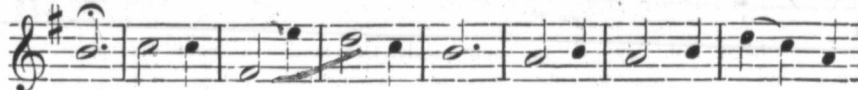
CHORUS.



impress still. Oh! the sound of mother's voice, As it echoes



through the years, How it makes my heart rejoice, Though it melts my eyes to



tears! While I live I'll ne'er forget Tones so full of tenderness



love; Mother, dear, I'll meet thee yet, In our heavenly home above!

2
 Mother's voice! I hear it still,
 Seems to come from heaven above,
 Keeping back my froward will,
 Full of tenderness and love;
 In my dreams I oft recall
 Each kind look of love and joy,
 Now, I understand it all—
 How a mother loves her boy!—CHO.

3
 Oh! the sound of mother's voice
 Are the sweetest notes of earth,
 There is nothing half so choice,
 Full of love, and hope, and mirth;
 Though to Heaven she has gone,
 Yet the wealth of love she gave
 Hath a power to cheer me on
 From the cradle to the grave!—CHO.

DEAR LAND AYONT THE SEA.

Words by JOHN IMRIE, Toronto.

Music by G. M. DAVIDSON, Toronto.

1. I stand up - on a for - eign shore, And
gaze a - cross the sea, Fond mem - 'ries bridge the
wa - ters o'er, Sweet home thoughts come to me; Once
more I see the bon - nie hills, Feel glad - some young and free, My
heart with - loy - al rap - ture thrills, Dear land a - yont the sea.

2

I see once more the gowans fair,
And scent the hawthorn bloom,
I feel the pure sweet mountain air,
Blow fresh from heather broom ;
I hear glad voices as of yore,
Sing songs of love to me,
Oh, shall I ever see thee more,
Dear land ayont the sea.

3

May Heaven grant me this request,
Before the day I dee,
To see the land I love the best,
My birth-place ower the sea ;
And oh, I think I would be blest,
When soars my spirit free,
To know my body yet would rest
At hame ayont the sea.

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CHORUS

O
A -



theid sin
song a



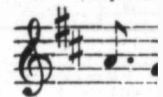
thairis
riv - er
SONG.



God
Thoug



Bai -
Clyde's



gairm
hear t

'Us chi sinn an
gaoith,

Na bataichean ac

'Us chi sinn na be

's an t-samh

'Us chi sinn na h

O t

'Us chi sinn na gl
sinn

'S am bitheadh s

'Us chi sinn na

inntinn

S am bitheadh si

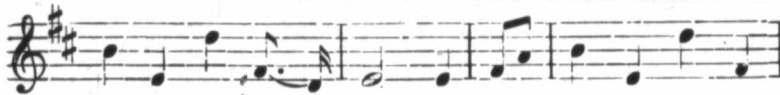
O t

O THEID SINN—AWAY, AWAY.

CHORUS.



O theid sinn, theid sinn le suigear ag - us aoidh, O
A - way, a - way with a mer - ry, mer - ry lay, With

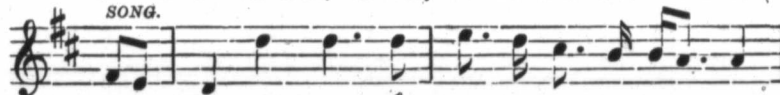


theid sinn, theid sinn deon - ach O theid sinn, theid sinn
song and hear - ty chor - us, We'll cross the Forth and

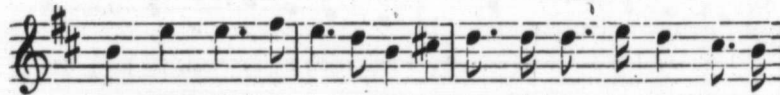


thairis air an t-Sruidh, Gu muinntir ar daimh us ar n-eol - as.
riv - ers of the north, A - way to the land that bore us.

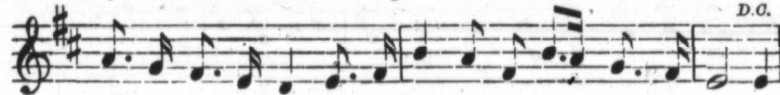
SONG.



Ged bha sinn bliadhn - tan fa - da fa - da bhuath, Am
Though we may roam far from our Highland home, Where



Bai - le Chluaidh a comh-nuidh, Car ta - mul beag gun treig sinn ar
Clyde's brown flood is swell - ing, We'll seek our na - tive vales, And we'll



gairm 'us gun teid sinn, A dh' fhaotainn an graidh 'us an comhraidh.
hear the Highland tales, That the friends of our child - hood are tell - ing.

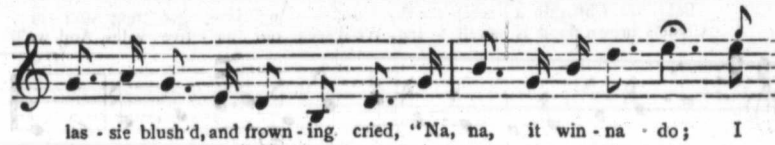
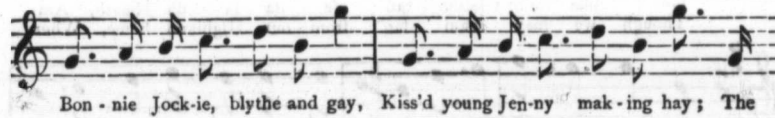
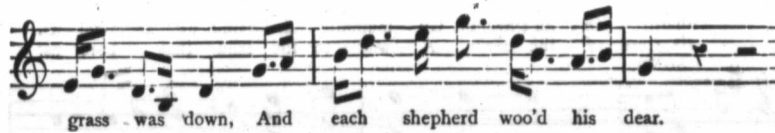
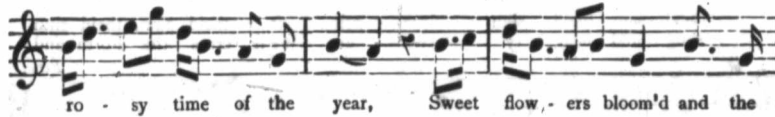
'Us chi sinn an caol, air 'm faca sinn, le gaoith,	Again we'll view the places that we knew— The bay with boats in motion,
Na bataichean aotrom seoladh;	The mountains all sublime with their snow in
'Us chi sinn na beanntan a gleidheadh sneachd 's an t-samhraidh,	summer time
'Us chi sinn na h-aimhnichean boidheach.	And rivers rolling down to the ocean.
O theid sinn, &c.	Away, &c.

'Us chi sinn na glinn, mu'n ait' 's an d'rugadh sinn	We'll see each ben, and bonnie, bonnie glen, And wander through the wild wood,
'S am bitheadh sinn aotrom gorach;	Where the thrush on leafy spray warbles all
'Us chi sinn na coilltean, le aighear is toil- inntinn	the live-long day,
'S am bitheadh sinn a cluinntinn an smeorach.	Where we used to play in childhood.
O theid sinn, &c.	Away, &c.

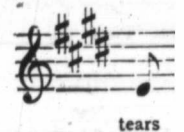
WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH TOWN.

Moderato.

T. D'URFEY.



Jockie was a wag that never wad wed,	But when he vow'd he wad make her his bride,
Though lang he had followed the lass;	Though his flocks and herds were not few,
Contented she earned and ate her brown bread,	She gie'd him her hand and a kiss beside,
And merrily turned up the grass,	And vowed she'd forever be true.
Bonnie Jockie blythe and free,	Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily;	Won her heart right merrily;
Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried:	At kirk she no more frowning cried. "Na,
"Na, na, it winna do;	it winna do,
I cenna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle	I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle
to."	to."

Andante Moderato

Now let this will
And dry that
Young Frank is
And lord of L
His step is first
His sword in
But aye she loo
For Jock o' H
A chain o' gold
Nor braid to
Nor mettled ho
Nor palfrey f

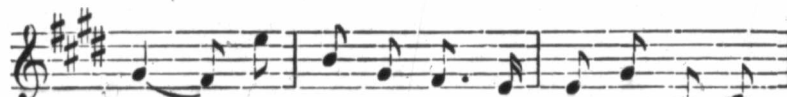
JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

Andante Moderato.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



1. Why weep ye by the tide, la-dye? Why weep ye by the



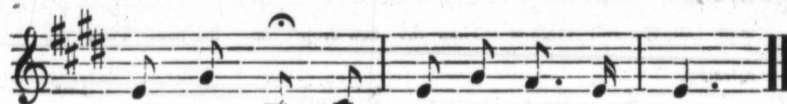
tide? I'll wed ye to my young-est son, And



ye shall be his bride. And ye shall be his



bride, la - dye, Sae come-ly to be seen—But aye she loot the



tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.

Now let this wilfu' grief be done,

And dry that cheek so pale,

Young Frank is chief of Errington,

And lord of Langley-dale.

His step is first in peaceful ha',

His sword in battle keen—

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock o' Hazeldean.

A chain o' gold ye shall not lack,

Nor braid to bind your hair,

Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,

Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;

And you, the foremost o' them a',

Shall ride our forest queen—

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,

The taper glimmer'd fair,

The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,

And dame and knight are there.

They sought her baith by bower and ha',

The lady was not seen ;

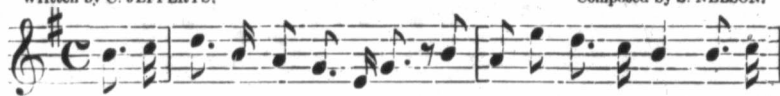
She's o'er the border, and awa

Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

MARY OF ARGYLE.

Written by C. JEFFERYS.

Composed by S. NELSON.



1. I have heard the ma-vis singing His love-song to the morn, I have



seen the dew-drop cling-ing To the rose just new-ly born, But a



sweeter song has cheer'd me At the eve-ning's gen-tle close, And I've

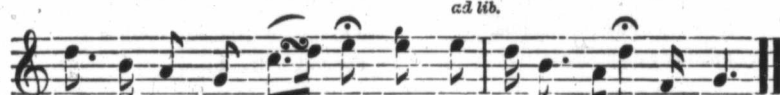


seen an eye still brighter Than the dew-drop on the rose, 'Twas thy

a tempo.



voice, my gen-tle Ma-ry, And thine art-less win-ning smile, That

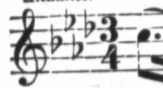


made this world an E-den, Bon-ny Ma-ry of Ar-gyle!

Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness,
And thine eye its brightness too,
Tho' thy step may lack its fleetness,
And thy hair its sunny hue:
Still to me wilt thou be dearer
Than all the world can own:

I have lov'd thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone:
I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary,
And its goodness was the while
That has made thee mine for ever,
Bonny Mary of Argyle.

Andante.



1. My



to me co



what will



fal-low,



rich-es

There's Lowrie

Gude day to

He brags and

But when w

My minnie do

And bids m

They flatter,

But wha ca

My daddie sa

He'll gie m

But if it's ord

O wha will

TAM GLEN.

Andante. BURNS.

1. My heart is a break-in', dear tit-tie, Some coun-sel un-
to me come len', To an-ger them a' is a pit-ty, But
what will I do wi' Tam Glen? I'm think-ing wi' sic a braw
fal-low, In pair-tith I might mak' a fen; What care I in
rich-es, to wal-low, If I maun-na mar-ry Tam Glen?

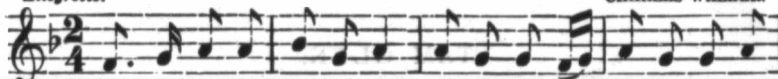
There's Lowrie, the laird o' Druneller,
Gude day to you, coof! he comes ben;
He brags and he blows o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?
My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?
My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him
He'll gie me guid hunder merks ten;
But if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentines' dealin',
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failin',
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.
The last Hallowe'en I was waukin',
My drookit sark-sleeve, as ye ken,
His likeness cam' up the house staukin',
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.
Come counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gin ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

BONNIE LADDIE, HIGHLAND LADDIE.

Allegretto.

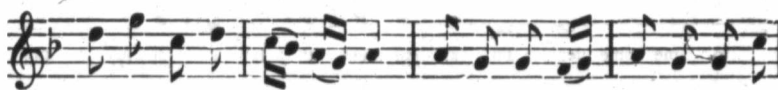
CHARLES WALKER.



1. Where ha'e ye been a' the day, Bon-nie lad-die, Highland lad-die?



Saw ye him that's far a-way, Bon-nie lad-die, Highland lad-die?



On his head a bon-net blue, Bon-nie lad-die, Highland lad-die;



Tar-tan plaid and High-land trew, Bon-nie lad-die, Highland laddie!

When he drew his gude braid sword
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Then he gave his royal word,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
That frae the field he ne'er would flee
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie:
But wi' his friends would live or dee,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Weary fa' the Lawland loon,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Wha took frae him the British croon,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
But blessings on the kilted Clans,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
That fought for him at Prestonpans,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?

Largo.

SUSANNA BLAMIRE.



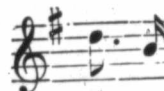
1. What ails this heart o' mine? What means this wa-t'ry e'e? What



gars me aye turn cauld as death When I take leave o' thee? When



thou art far a-wa' Thou't dear-er grow to me; But



change o'

When I gae o'
Or walk at
Ilk rustling
I us'd to m
Then I'll sit
An' live an
An' when a l
I'll ca't a v

I'll hie me to
That thou
An' whère, w
I strove m

Allegro.

1. O,



cam' to



wad-na



no



cock ma

Here are we
Threë mer
And mony a
And mony

It is the mo
That's bli



change o' place and change o' folk May gar thy fan - cy jee.

When I gae out at e'en
Or walk at morning air,
Ilk rustling bush will seem to say,
I us'd to meet thee there.
Then I'll sit down and cry
An' live aneath the tree,
An' when a leaf fa's in my lap
I'll ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bow'r
That thou wi' roses tied,
An' where, wi' mony a blushing bud,
I strove mysel' to hide.

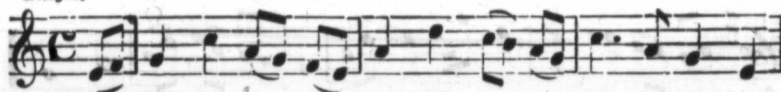
I'll doat on ilka spot
Where I ha'e been wi' thee,
An' ca' to mind some kindly word
By ilka burn an tree.

Wi' sic thoughts in my mind
Time thro' the world may gae,
And find my heart in twenty years
The same as 'tis to-day.
'Tis thoughts that bind the soul
An' keep friends in the e'e;
An' gin I think I see thee aye
What can part thee and me?

O, WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

Allegro.

BURNS.



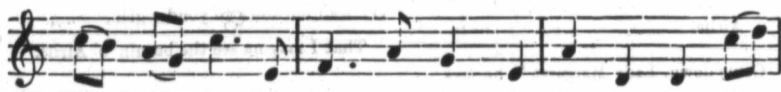
1. O, Wil - lie brew'd a peck o' maut, And Rob and Al - lan



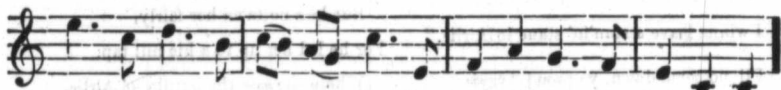
cam' to pree; Three blyth - er hearts that lee - lang night Ye



wad - na find in Chris - ten - die. We are na fou, we're



no that fou, But just a drap - pie in our ee; The



cock may craw, the day may daw, But aye we'll taste the bar - ley bree.

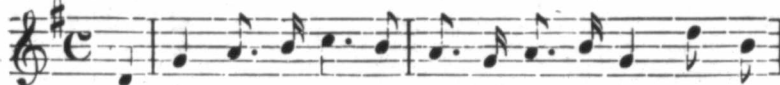
Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a nicht we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be.
We are nae fou, etc.

It is the moon—I ken her horn—
That's blinking in the lift sae hie;

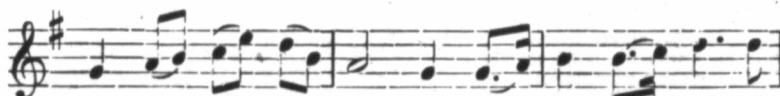
She shines sae bricht to wile us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee.
We are, nae fou, etc.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa,
He is the king amang us three!
We ar - na fou, etc.

THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLIE.

Moderato.

1. It fell on a day, a bon-ny sim-mer day, When the



corn grew green and yel-low, That there fell out a



great dis-pute Be-tween Ar-gyle and Air-lie, That



there fell out a great dis-pute Be-tween Ar-gyle and Air-lie.

Argyle he has ta'en a hundred o' his men,
A hundred men and mairly,
And he's awa' on yon green shaw,
To plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

The lady look'd owre the hie castle wa',
And oh! but she sighed sairly,

When she saw Argyle and a' his men,
Come to plunder the bonnie house o'
Airlie.

"Come down, Lady Margaret," he says,

"Come down to me, Lady Airlie,
Or I swear by the brand I haud in my hand,
I winna leave a stan'in' stane in Airlie."

"I'll no come down, ye proud Argyle,
Until that ye spak mair fairly,

Tho' ye swear by the sword that ye haud in
your hand,

That ye winna leave a stan'in' stane in
Airlie.

"Had my ain lord been at his hame,
But he's awa' wi' Charlie,
There's no a Campbell in a' Argyle
Dare hae trod on the bonnie green o'
Airlie.

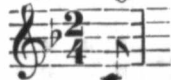
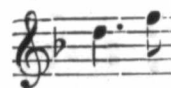
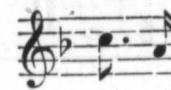
"But since we can haud out nae mair,
My hand I offer fairly;
O! lead me down to yonder glen,
That I may na see the burnin' o' Airlie."

He's ta'en her by the trembling hand,
But he's no ta'en her fairly,
For he led her up to a hie hill tap,
Where she saw the burnin' o' Airlie.

Clouds o' smoke, and flames sae hie,
Soon left the wa's but barely;
And she laid her down on that hill to dee
When she saw the burnin' o' Airlie.

ODE

Comp

Affetuoso. 8:1. { We're S
When Skin, Yet
freen, An'in. } W
green. }

if you

We're Sons o' Scot
An' prood o' kit
Yet tho' frae hame
We lo'e the lan'
When Scotchmen
They like to me
An' crack about th
An' keep its me

CHORUS—We're a'
An' a'
An' if y'
We'll

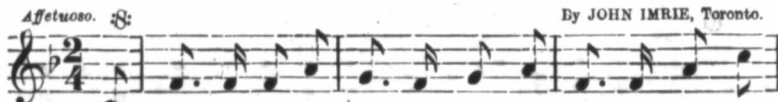
We meet to sing t
An' crack about
An' they wha rich

ODE TO THE SONS OF SCOTLAND.

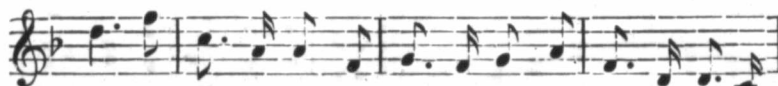
Tune,—“AULD LANG SYNE.”

Composed and Dedicated to the Order of the Sons of Scotland in Canada,

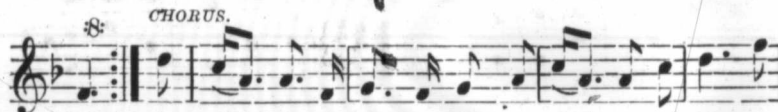
By JOHN IMRIE, Toronto.



1. { We're Sons o' Scotlan', ane an' a', And prood o' kith an'
When Scotch-men tra-vel far frae hame, They like to meet a



kin, Yet tho' frae hame we're far a-wa', We lo'e the lan' we're
freen, An' crack a-boot their coun-try's fame, An' keep its mem'ry



in. } We're a' Sons o' Scot-lan' here, An' a' leal an' true. An'
green. }



if you be a brith-er dear, We'll a' wel-come you.

We're Sons o' Scotlan', ane an' a',
An' prood o' kith an' kin,
Yet tho' frae hame we're far awa',
We lo'e the lan' we're in ;
When Scotchmen travel far frae hame,
They like to meet a freen,
An' crack about their country's fame,
An' keep its mem'ry green.

CHORUS—We're a' Sons o' Scotlan' here,
An' a' leal an' true,
An' if you be a brither dear,
We'll a' welcome you.

We meet to sing the “auld Scotch sangs,”
An' crack about lang syne,
An' they wha richted Scotlan's wrangs

An' focht her battles fine ;
Oor bosoms swell wi' loyal pride,
For Wallace, Bruce and Burns,
T' the dear auld lan' ayont the tide,
Leal memory aften turns !
CHO.—“We're a' Sons o' Scotlan' here,” etc.
An' when a brither needs a freen,
We lend a helpin' hand,
By lonely bedside aft are seen
Some members o' oor band ;
We cheer an' comfort in distress
An' gi'e the orphans bread,
The widow's lonely lot we bless
An' bury a' oor dead !
CHO.—“We're a' Sons o' Scotlan' here,” etc.

CRODH CHAILEIN.

(COLIN'S CATTLE.)

p *Slowly, with feeling.*

Harmonised by ARCHD. FERGUSON.

1. Gu'n tug-adh crodh Chailein Dhomh bann'air an raon, Gun chum-an, gun

CHORUS. f

bhuar-ach, Gun luairc-ean gun laogh. Crodh Chail-ein mo chridh-e, Crodh

p

Chail-ein mo ghaoil, Gu'n tug-adh crodh Chailein Dhomh bann'air an fhraoch.

Gu'n tugadh crodh Chailein

Dhomh bann'air gu leoir,

Air mullach a' mhonsaidh

Gun duine 'nar coir.

Crodh Chailein, etc.

Gu bheil sac air mo chridhe,

'S tric snidh air mo ghruaidh,

Agus smuaircan air m'aigne

Chum an cadal so bhuan

Crodh Chailein, etc.

Cha chaidil, cha chaidil,

Cha chaidil mi uair,

Cha chaidil mi idir,

Gus an tig na bheil 'uam.

Crodh Chailein, etc.

Cha teid mi do 'n bleithe

No a thional nan eno ;

Air breacan donn ribeach

Tha mi 'feitheamh nam bo.

Crodh Chailein, etc.

Andante.

1. The s

birds to

melts the

time - ly

sing as sv

Behold the hil

With lowing l

The wanton k

Gambol and d

The busy bee

And all the r

Let us, like t

About the bir

Hark! how t

Loudly my l

The wanton

And fishes p

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

Andante.

DAVID MALLET.



1. The smil - ing morn, the breath - ing Spring, In - vite the tune - ful



birds to sing, And while they war - ble from each spray, Love



melts the u - ni - ver - sal lay. Let us, A - man - da,



time - ly wise, Like them im - prove the hour that flies, And



sing as sweet and blythe as they A - mang the birks of In - ver - may.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound ;
 The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,
 Gambol and dance about their dams ;
 The busy bees, with humming noise,
 And all the reptile-kind rejoice :
 Let us, like them, rejoicing, stray
 About the birks of Invermay.

Hark ! how the waters, as they fall,
 Loudly my love to gladness call ;
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams ;

The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance ;
 Let us as jovial be as they,
 Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear ;
 At this thy living bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade :
 Our taste for pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters are no more,
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of Invermay.

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

Allegro.

Ancient. Amended by BURNS.

1. O, heark-en, and I will 'tell you how Young Muirland Wil-lie cam'
 here to woo, Tho' he could nei-ther say nor do; The
 truth I tell to you.... But aye he cries, Whate'er be-tide,
 Mag-gie I'se hae to be my bride, With a fal da ra, fal
 lal da ra la, fal lal da ral lal da ral la.....

On his gray yade, as he did ride,
 Wi' dirk 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 cam' to her daddie's door,
 With a fal da ra, etc.

Guideman, quoth he, be ye within?
 I'm come your dochter's love to win,
 I carena for making meikle din,
 What answer gi'e ye to me?
 Now wooer, quoth he, would ye light
 down,
 I'll gie' ye my dochter's love to win,
 With a fal da ra, etc.

Now wooer, sin' ye are lighted down,
 Where de ye won, or in what town?
 I think my dochter winna gloom
 On sic a lad as ye.
 The wooer he stepp'd up the house,
 And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,
 With a fal da ra, etc.

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 stendeth up in haste,
 And gript her hard around the waist,
 With a fal da ra, etc.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu' law
 She hadna will to say him na,
 But to her daddie she left it a',
 As they twa could agree.
 The lover gi'ed her the tither kiss,
 Syne ran to her daddie, and tell'd him this,
 With a fal da ra, etc.

The bridal day it came to pass,
 Wi' mony a blythesome lad and lass.
 But siccan 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 da ra, etc.

Affetuoso.

1. I
 lo'es na
 ain,.... An
 blue.....

vow'd that
 Let ithers brag v
 Their land, an
 I carena for aug
 For he's ilka t
 His words mair
 His sense driv
 I listen, poor fo
 Yet how swee
 "Dear lassie,"
 "Ne'er heed
 Though we've li
 What's gowd
 Our laird hath l
 Yet see how l
 Now we, thougl
 Are cantie an

I LO'E NA A LADDIE BUT ANE.

Affetuoso.

HECTOR' MACNEIL.

The musical score consists of five staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words connected by lines to show phrasing. The lyrics are: "I lo'e na a lad-die but ane..... He lo'es na a las-sie-but me;.... He's will-in' to make me his ain,.... And his ain I am will-in' to be.... He coft me a roke-lay o' blue..... And a pair o' mit-tens o' green;.... He vow'd that he'd ev-er be true,.... And I plighted my troth yes-treen.."

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
 Their land, and their lordly degree,
 I carena for aught but my dear,
 For he's ilka thing lordly to me.
 His words mair than sugar are sweet,
 His sense drives ilka fear far awa';
 I listen, poor fool, and I greet,
 Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

"Dear lassie," he cries wi' a jeer,
 "Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say,
 Though we've little to brag o', ne'er fear;
 What's gowd to a heart that is wae?
 Our laird hath baith honors and wealth,
 Yet see how he's dwining wi' care;
 Now we, though we've naething but health,
 Are cantie and feal evermair."

O, Menie! the heart that is true
 Has something mair costly than gear;
 Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,
 Ilk morn it has naething to fear.
 Ye warldings, gae hoard up your store,
 And tremble for fear aught ye tyne;
 Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,
 True love is the guardian of mine.

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile,
 Wae's me, can I take it amiss?
 My laddie's unpractised in guile,
 He's free aye to daut and to kiss!
 Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment
 Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,
 Play your pranks—I hae gi'en my consent,
 And this night I am Jamie's for life.

GIN A BODY MEET A BODY.

Allegretto Moderato.

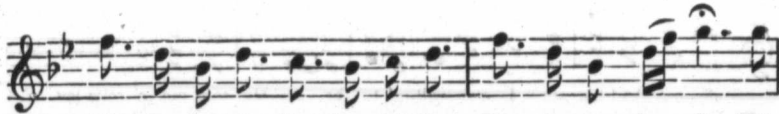
ANONYMOUS.



1. Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy Com - in' thro' the rye,



Gin a bo - dy kiss a bo - dy, Need a bo - dy cry?



Il - ka - las - sie has her lad - die, Nane, they say, hae I, Yet



a' the lads they smile at me When com - in' thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body meet a body,
Need a body frown?
Ilka lassie has, etc.

Among the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But what his name, or whaur his hame
I dinna care to tell.
Ilka lassie has, etc.

O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

Moderato.

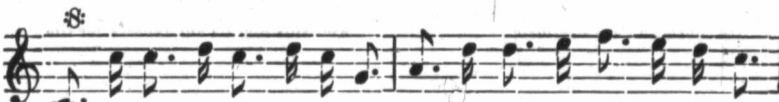
JEAN GLOVER.



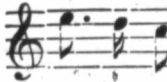
1. Com - in' thro' the craigs o' Kyle, A - mang the bon - nie bloom - in' hea - ther,



There I met a bon - nie las - sie, Keeping a' her ewes the - gi - ther;



O'er the muir a - mang the heather, O'er the muir a - mang the hea - ther,



There I me

Says I, my dear, v
In muir or dale,
Says she, I tent tl
That feed aman;
O'er

We sat us down u
Sae warm and s
She left her flocks
Amang the bon
O'er

Andante Moderato

1. Max -



dew,



me

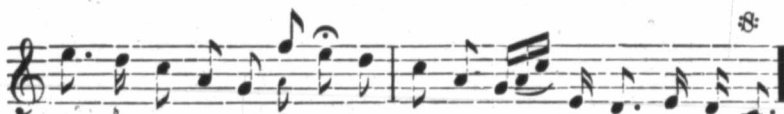


true,



bon - ni

Her brow
Her neck
Her face
That e'
And da
And for b
I'd lay



There I met a bon-nie las-sie, Keep-ing a' her ewes the-gi-ther.

Says I, my dear, where is thy hame?
In muir or dale, pray tell me whither?
Says she, I tent thae fleecy flocks
That feed among the bloomin' heather.
O'er the muir, etc.

While thus we sat she sung a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther,
And aye the burden o' the sang
Was—O'er the muir among the neather.
O'er the muir, etc.

We sat us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunny was the weather
She left her flocks at large to rove
Among the bonnie bloomin' heather.
O'er the muir, etc.

She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyre
I couldna think on ony ither,
By sea and sky, she shall be mine!
The bonnie lass among the heather
O'er the muir, etc.

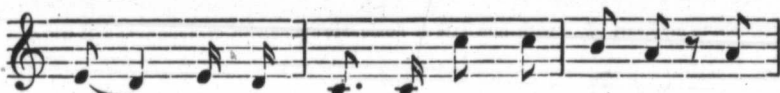
ANNIE LAURIE.

Andante Moderato.

ANONYMOUS.



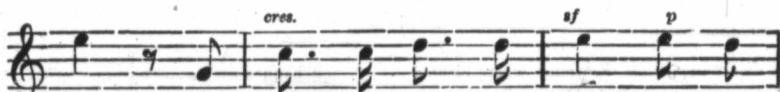
i. Max-well-ton braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the



dew, And it's there that An-nie Lau-rie Gie'd



me her pro-mise true, Gie'd me her pro-mise



true, Which ne'er for-got will be; And for



bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me doon and dee.

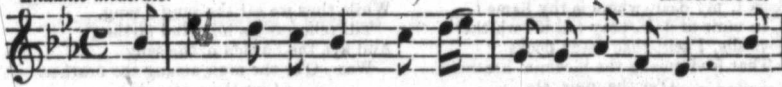
Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

Andante moderato.

ANONYMOUS



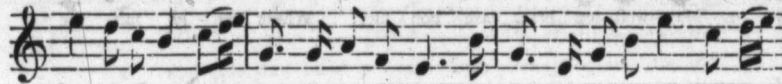
I. Oh! where, tell me where is your Highland lad-die gone? Oh!



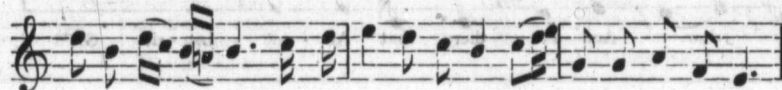
where, tell me where is your High-land lad-die gone? He's



gone with streaming ban-ners where no-ble deeds are done, And it's



oh, in my heart I wish him safe at home, He's gone with streaming banners where



no-ble deeds are done, And it's oh, in my heart I wish him safe at home.

Oh! where, tell me where did your Highland A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his
laddie dwell? breast a plaid

Oh! where, tell me where did you Highland And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland
laddie dwell? lad.

He dwelt in-bonnie Scotland, where blooms A bonnet with a lofty plume, etc.
the sweet blue bell,

And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my laddie Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland
well. lad be slain?

He dwelt in-bonnie Scotland, etc. Oh! what tell me what if your Highland
lad be slain?

Oh! what, tell me what does your Highland Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring
laddie wear? him safe again,

Oh! what, tell me what does your Highland For it's oh! my heart would break if my
laddie wear? Highland lad were slain.

Oh, no! true love will be his guard, etc.

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