

A  
S E L E C T I O N  
of  
O R I G I N A L S C O T S S O N G S ,

in  
Three Parts ;  
The Harmony by  
E M I N E N T M A S T E R S .

Dedicated (by Permission) to her Grace  
THE  
Duchess of Gordon

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# Alton House

*Violin*



*Harpsichord*

The spring time re - turns and cloaths the green plains; And Al - to - a

6 6 6 2# 6 5 6 6

fhines more chearful and gay; The Lark tunes his throat, and the neighbouring

6 6 7 4 6 6 5 6 5 6 6 6

fwains, Sing merrily round me where e - ver I ftray; But Sandy no more re -

6 3 4 6 6 6 7 2# 6 7 7 6 6 4

- turns to my view; no springtime me chears, no mu - sic can charm; H'e's gone, and I

7# 6 6 5 3 4 6 6 7 4 2 6 7 5 4 3

fear me for e - ver. a - dieu, a - dieu, Every pleafure this bofom can warm.

6 3 6 4 3 6 4 7 6 7

## ALLOA HOUSE.

**T**HE spring time returns and clothes the green plains;  
 And Alloa shines more chearful and gay;  
 The lark tunes his throat, and the neighbouring swains  
 Sing merrily round me wherever I stray:  
 But Sandy no more returns to my view;  
 No spring time me cheers, no music can charm;  
 He's gone! and, I fear me, for ever adieu!  
 Adieu ev'ry pleasure this bosom can warm!

So spoke the fair maid: when sorrow's keen pain,  
 And shame, her last fault'ring accents suppress;  
 For fate at that moment brought back her dear swain,  
 Who heard, and with rapture his Nelly address:  
 My Nelly! my fair! I come, O my love!  
 No power shall thee tear again from my arms,  
 And, Nelly! no more thy fond shepherd reprove,  
 Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy charms.

O Alloa House! how much art thou chang'd!  
 How silent, how dull to me is each grove!  
 Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,  
 Alas! where to please me my Sandy once strove!  
 Here, Sandy, I heard the tales that you told;  
 Here listen'd too fond, whenever you sung;  
 Am I grown less fair, then, that you are turn'd cold?  
 Or foolish, believ'd a false, flattering tongue?

She heard, and new joy shot thro' her soft frame;  
 And will you, my love, be true? she reply'd:  
 And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same?  
 Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride?  
 O Nelly! I live to find thee still kind;  
 Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true:  
 Then adieu to all sorrow! what foul is so blind  
 As not to live happy for ever with you?

*THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.*

---

**T**HE last time I came o'er the moor,  
 I left my love behind me;  
 Ye pow'rs! what pain do I endure,  
 When soft ideas mind me?  
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd  
 The beaming day ensuing,  
 I met betimes my lovely maid,  
 In fit retreats for wooing.

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

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

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

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



# The last time I came o'er the Moor

*Fin*

*Flow*

The last time I came o'er the moor I left my love be--hind me, ye

4 6 6 6 6 6 7 6 9 8 7 5 7

Pow'r's what pain do I en-dure when fo't I--de-as, mind me. Soon

6 6 6 4 3 6 5 6 6 5 6 6 6 5 8 8

as the rud-dy morn dis-play'd the beaming day en--fu--ing, I

6 #4 6 6 5 6 7 6 5 6 4 2 6

met betimes my love-ly Maid in fit re--treats for woo--ing.

6 5 3 6 5 6 4 2 6 6 6 7

*Flowers of the Forest*

*Violin*

*Piano*

I've heard a liltin' at our ewes milkin' lasses a liltin' before the break of day; but

now there's a moaning on ilka green loaning that our braw foresters are a wede a way. At

e'en at the glomin' nae fwankies are roaming Monks' staks with the lasses at bogle to play; but

ilk ane fits dreary lamentin' her deary, the flowers of the forest that are a wede a way. At

har't, at the shearing, nae Younkers are jeering, the banisters are runkled, lyart and Gray; At a

fair or a preaching, nae wooing nae fleeching, since our braw foresters are a wede a way.



FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

*From Pinkerton's Select Scottish Ballads.*

I Have heard o' liltin' at the ewes milking,  
Laffes a liltin' eir the break o' day ;  
But now I hear moaning on ilka green loaning,  
Sen our bra forefters are a' wed away.

At een in the gloming nae fwankies are roaming,  
'Mang stacks wi the laffes at bogle to play ;  
For ilk ane fits dreary, lamenting her deary ;  
The Flowers o' the Forest, wha're a' wed away.

At bouchts in the morning nae blyth lads are scorning,  
The laffes are lonely, dowie, and wae ;  
Nae daffin, nae gabbing, but fitching and fabbing ;  
Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

In harft at the sheiring nae yonkers are jeiring ;  
The banfters are lyart, runkled, and gray ;  
At fairs nor at preaching, nae wooing nae fleeching,  
Sen our bra forefters are a' wed away.

O dule for the order fent our lads to the border !  
The English for anes by gyle wan the day.  
The Flowers o' the Forest, wha ay shone the foremost,  
The prime o' the land lye cauld in the clay !

*LOVE IS THE CAUSE OF MY MOURNING.*

---

**B**Y a murmuring stream a fair shepherdes lay :  
 Be so kind, O ye nymphs, I oft times heard her say,  
 Tell Strephon I die, if he passes this way,  
 And that love is the cause of my mourning.  
 False shepherds that tell me of beauty and charms,  
 You deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never warms ;  
 Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his arms ;  
 Oh, Strephon ! the cause of my mourning.

But first, said she, let me go  
 Down to the shades below,  
 Ere ye let Strephon know  
 That I have lov'd him so :

Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show  
 That love was the cause of my mourning.

Her eyes were scarce clos'd when Strephon came by,  
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh ;  
 But finding her breathless, oh heavens ! did he cry,  
 Ah, Chloris ! the cause of my mourning.  
 Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs, use your art !  
 They fighting, reply'd, 'Twas yourself shot the dart,  
 That wounded the tender young shepherdes' heart,  
 And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.

Ah ! then is Chloris dead,  
 Wounded by me ! he said ;  
 I'll follow thee, chaste maid,  
 Down to the silent shade.

Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,  
 Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.





*Sae merry as we hae been*

*Walter*

*How*

A Lafs that was laden with care fat hea - vi - ly un - der yon Thorn; I

Fingerings: 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 4 3 6

lifen'd a while for to hear, when thus she be - gan for to mourn: when e'er my dear

Fingerings: 6 7 3 3 3 5 9 8 6 4 5 3

shepherd was there, the Birds did me - lodiously fing and cold nipping Winter did

Fingerings: 6 6 6 6 6 4 6 6 4 2

wear a face that re - fembled the sp'ring. Sae merry as we twa hae been, fae

Fingerings: 6 6 3 6 5 6 (6 5) 3 6 7 6 5 6 6 6 6 6 4 5 3

merry as we twa hae been; my heart it is like for to

Fingerings: 6 6 5 6 4 3 7 5 6 6 6 6 9 8

break when I think on the days we hae feen.

Fingerings: 7 6 6 5 7 (6 5) 9 8 6 6 7 6 5 4 3



*SAE MERRY AS WE TWA HA'E BEEN.*

---

**A** LASS that was laden with care  
 Sat heavily under yon thorn ;  
 I listen'd a while for to hear,  
 When thus she began for to mourn :  
 Whene'er my dear shepherd was here,  
 The birds did melodiously sing,  
 And cold nipping Winter did wear  
 A face that resembled the Spring.

*Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,  
 Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,  
 My heart it is like for to break  
 When I think on the days we ha'e seen.*

Our flocks feeding close by his side,  
 He gently pressing my hand,  
 I view'd the wide world in its pride,  
 And laugh'd at the pomp of command :  
 My dear, he would oft to me say,  
 What makes you hard hearted to me ?  
 Oh ! why do you thus turn away  
 From him who is dying for thee ?

*Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,  
 Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,  
 My heart it is like for to break  
 When I think on the days we ha'e seen.*

But now he is far from my sight,  
 Perhaps a deceiver may prove,  
 Which makes me lament day and night,  
 That ever I granted my love.  
 At eve, when the rest of the folk  
 Were merrily seated to spin,  
 I set myself under an oak,  
 And heavily sigh'd for him.

*Sae merry, &c.*

WHEN ABSENT FROM THE NYMPH I LOVE.

---

WHEN absent from the nymph I love,  
 I'd fain shake off the chains I wear;  
 But, whilst I strive these to remove,  
 More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.  
 My captiv'd fancy, day and night,  
 Fairer and fairer represents  
 Belinda, form'd for dear delight,  
 But cruel cause of my complaint.

All day I wander thro' the groves,  
 And, sighing, hear from ev'ry tree  
 The happy birds chirping their loves,  
 Happy, compar'd with lonely me.  
 When gentle sleep, with balmy wings,  
 To rest fans ev'ry weary'd wight,  
 A thousand fears my fancy brings,  
 That keep me waking all the night.

Sleep flies, while, like the goddess fair,  
 And all the graces in her train,  
 With melting smiles, and killing air,  
 Appears the cause of all my pain.  
 A while my mind, delighted, flies  
 O'er all her sweets, with thrilling joy,  
 Whilst want of worth makes doubt arise  
 That all my trembling hopes destroy.

Thus, while my thoughts are fix'd on her,  
 I'm all o'er transport and desire;  
 My pulse beats high, my cheeks appear  
 All roses, and mine eyes all fire.  
 When to myself I turn my view,  
 My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan:  
 Thus, whilst my fears my pains renew,  
 I scarcely look, or move a man.



When absent from the Nymph I Love. 59

Violin

When absent from the Nymph I love, I'd fain shake off the

7 5 6 5 6 6 7 5 4 #

chains I wear; But whilst I strive there to re-move More fetters I'm o-

6 4 6 7 # 6 5 6 6 4 3 6 6 4 3

blig'd to bear. My captiv'd fancy day and night

5 4 7 # 7 # #4 2 6 #4 2

fairer and fairer re-presents Be-lin-da form'd for

6 6 4 # 4 7 3 6 6 4 # 6 4 2 6 6

dear delight, But cruel cause of my complaint.

6 6 5 # #1 2 6 # 6 5 5 7 #

# O Waly Waly

*Violin*

*How*

O Waly Waly up yon Bank, and Waly Waly down yon Brae, and

Waly Waly on yon burn fide, where I and my true love did gae -

O waly waly love is bonny a little while, when it is new, but

when its auld it waxes cauld, and wears away like morning dew.

O *WALY, WALY.*

O *WALY*, waly up the bank,  
 And waly, waly down the brae,  
 And waly, waly on yon burn side,  
 Where I and my true love did gae:  
 I lean'd my back unto an aik,  
 I thought it was a trusty tree,  
 But first it bow'd, and fyne it brak;  
 Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, love is bonny,  
 A little while when it is new;  
 But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,  
 And wears awa' like morning dew:  
 Oh! wherefore shou'd I bursk my head?  
 Oh! wherefore shou'd I kame my hair?  
 For my true love has me forfook,  
 And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed,  
 The bridal bed I ne'er shall see;  
 St. Anton's well shall be my drink;  
 Since my true love has forsaken me.  
 Oh, Martin's wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
 And shake the fear leaves aff the tree?  
 Oh, gentle death! when wilt thou come,  
 And take a life that wearies me?



THE EWE BUGHTS:

---

WILL you go to the ewe bughts, Marian,  
 And wear in the sheep wi' me?  
 The sun shines sweet, my Marian,  
 But nae half-fae sweet as thee.

O Marian's a bonny lass,  
 And the blyth blinks in her eye;  
 And fain wad I marry Marian,  
 Gin Marian wad marry me.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marian,  
 A cow and brawny quey,  
 I'll gie them a' to my Marian,  
 Just on her bridal day.

And ye's get a green-fay apron,  
 And waistcoat of London brown,  
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring,  
 When ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marian,  
 Nane dances like me on the green;  
 And gin ye forsake me, Marian,  
 I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.

Sea put on your pearlins, Marian,  
 And kirtle of cramafie,  
 And foon as my chin has nae hair on,  
 I shall come west and see thee.

# The Ewe Bughts

*Violin*

*Harmonium*

Will ye go to the Ewebughts Ma-rian and wear in the Sheep wi' me. The

Sun fhines sweet my Marian but nae half fo fweet as Thee.

*By wakening oh!*

*Violin*

*Piano*

Ay waking oh! wakin' aye and wea-rie Sleep I can na' get for

thinking o' my dea-rie when I fleep I dream; when I wake I'm I-rie

Rest I can-na' get. for thinking o' my dea-rie.

*Let take the Wars*

*Violin*

*Piano*

Fy on the Wars that hurried Willie from me who to love me just had fworn

they made him Captain fure to un-do me Woe's me he'll neer return a thousand

loons abroad will fight him he from thousands ne'er will run day and

night I did in-vite him to stay at home from fword and Gun. I ufd alluring

graces with muckle kind embraces now fighting then crying tears dropping fall and had he my soft arms pre-

-ferd towards alarms by love grown mad without the man of God I fear in my fit I had granted all.

## DE' IL TAK' THE WARS.

**F**Y on the wars that hurried Willy from me,  
 Who to love me just had sworn ;  
 They made him Captain sure to undo me :  
 Woe's me he'll ne'er return :  
 A thousand loons abroad will fight him,  
 He from thousands ne'er will run,  
 Day and night I did invite him,  
 To stay at home from sword and gun.  
     I us'd alluring graces,  
     With meikle kind embraces,  
 Now fighting, then crying, tears dropping fall ;  
 And had he my soft arms,  
     Preferr'd to war's alarms,  
 My love grown mad, without the man of God  
 I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd and I patch'd, to mak' me look provoking,  
 Snares that they told me would catch the men,  
 And on my head a huge commode sat poking,  
     Which made me shew as tall again ;  
 For a new gown too I paid muckle money,  
     Which with golden flow'rs did shine ;  
 My love well might think me gay and bonny,  
 No Scot's lafs was e'er so fine :  
     My petticoat I spotted,  
     Fringe too with thread I knotted,  
 Lace shoes, and silk hose, garter'd o'er the knee ;  
     But oh ! the fatal thought,  
     To Willy these are nought ;  
 Who rode to town, and rifled with dragoons,  
 When he, filly loon, might have plundered m



## AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,  
 And a' this weary world to sleep are gane;  
 The waes of my heart fa' in show'rs frae my ee,  
 When my gudeman lyes found by me.

My heart it faid na, I look'd for Jamie back;  
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck.  
 The ship it was a wreck, why didna' Jamie die?  
 And why do I live to fay, ah waes me?

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and he fought me for his bride,  
 But faving a crown he had naething beside;  
 To mak' his crown a poun', my Jamie gaid to sea,  
 And the crown and the poun' were baith for me.

Auld Robin argued fair, tho' my mither didna' speak,  
 She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;  
 So they gi'd him my hand, tho' my heart was on the sea;  
 And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

He had na' been gane a week but only twa'  
 When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stoun away';  
 My father brak' his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,  
 And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

I hadna' been a wife a week but only four,  
 When fitting sae mournfully at mine ain door,  
 I saw my Jamie's wraeth, for I coudna' think it he,  
 Till he said, I'm come back, love, to marry thee.

My father coudna' work, and my mither coudna' spin,  
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna' win;  
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and with tears in his ee,  
 Said, Jenny, for their fakes, oh marry me.

O fair did we greet; and little cou'd we fay;  
 We took but ae kifs, and we tore ourselves away.  
 I wish I were dead; but I'm nae like to die;  
 And why do I live to fay, ah, waes me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena' to spin;  
 I darena' think on Jamie; for that wou'd be a sin;  
 But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,  
 For auld Robin Gray is kind to me.

# Mild Robin Gray

*Violin*

*Flaw*

When the Sheep are in the fauld and the Kye at Hame, and  
 a a this weary Warld to fleep are gane the  
 Waes of my heart fa in Showers frae my ee, when  
 my Gude man Iyes Sound by me.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of five systems of music. Each system includes a Violin part on a single staff and a Flaw part on two staves (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are placed between the Flaw staves. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 below notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the fifth system.

# Low down in the Broom

*Violin*

Musical notation for the Violin part, first system.

*Flute*

Musical notation for the Flute part, first system.

My Dad-dy is a canker'd Carle He'll nae twin wi' his Gear, My

Musical notation for the Bass part, first system.

2 7 4 5 6 5

Musical notation for the Violin part, second system.

Musical notation for the Flute part, second system.

Min-ny She's a folding Wife, hads a' the houfe a' fteer: But let them fay or let them do Its

Musical notation for the Bass part, second system.

2 7 6 5 3 4 7 6 4

Musical notation for the Violin part, third system.

Musical notation for the Flute part, third system.

a' ane to Me, For he's low down he's in the Broom that's waiting for me;

Musical notation for the Bass part, third system.

7 6 4 5 7 4

## Chorus

Musical notation for the Violin part, fourth system.

Musical notation for the Flute part, fourth system.

Waiting for me my love, he's waiting for me, For he's low down, he's in the broom that's waiting for Me.

Musical notation for the Bass part, fourth system.

4 5 7 4

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

---

MY daddy is a canker'd carle,  
 He'll nae twin wi' his gear ;  
 My minny she's a scaldin wife,  
 Hads a' the house after ;

*But let them say, or let them do,*

*It's a' ane to me ;*

*For he's low down, he's in the broom*

*That's waiting for me ;*

*Waiting for me, my love,*

*He's waiting for me ;*

*For he's low down, he's in the broom*

*That's waiting for me.*

My aunty *Kate* fits at her wheel,

And fair she lightlies me ;

But weel ken I it's a' envy ;

For ne'er a Jo has she.

*But let them say, &c.*

My coufin *Nell* was fair beguil'd

Wi' *Johnnie* in the glen ;

And aye since fyne, she cries, beware

Of false deluding men.

*But let her say, &c.*

Gley'd *Sandy* he came waft ae night,

And speer'd when I saw *Pate*,

And aye since fyne the neighbours round

They jeer me air and late.

*But let them say, &c.*



*FAIR HELEN.*

---

I wish I were where Helen lies,  
 Who night and day upon me cries,  
 Who night and day upon me cries;  
 I wish I were where Helen lies,  
     On fair Kirkonnel Lee,

O Helen fair, O Helen chaste,  
 If I were with thee I were blest;  
 Where low thou liest, and at thy rest,  
 Oh! were I with thee I'd be blest,  
     On fair Kirkonnel Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,  
 And winding sheet put o'er my een,  
 And winding sheet put o'er my een;  
 I wish my grave were growing green,  
     On fair Kirkonnel Lee.

Wae to the heart that fram'd the thought,  
 And curst the hand that fir'd the shot,  
 And curst the hand that fir'd the shot,  
 When in my arms my Helen dropt,  
     And died for love of me.

# Fair Helen

*Al. lin*  
*Plain tre*

I with Iwerewhere He-len lies who night and day up-on me cries who

Chord symbols:  $b7 \ 6 \sharp 7 \ 2$ ,  $6 \ 4$ ,  $4 \ 2$ ,  $6$

night and day up - - on me cries I with I were where He-len lies on

Chord symbols:  $6$ ,  $6$ ,  $b7$ ,  $3 \ 4 \ 2$ ,  $6$ ,  $b7$ ,  $6 \sharp 7 \ 2$ ,  $6$

fair Kir-kon - - el Lee. O He-len fair O He-len chaste If

Chord symbols:  $6$ ,  $6 \ 4$ ,  $7$ ,  $6$ ,  $7 \ 6$ ,  $5 \ 3$ ,  $6$

I were with thee I were blest where low thou ly'st and at thy rest, O

Chord symbols:  $4 \ 2$ ,  $6$ ,  $4 \ 2$ ,  $6$ ,  $7$ ,  $6$ ,  $6$ ,  $4 \ 2$

were I with thee I'd be blest on fair Kir-kon - - el Lee.

Chord symbols:  $6$ ,  $6$ ,  $3 \ 6$ ,  $6$ ,  $6$ ,  $7$

# The Yellow Hair'd Lad-die

*Violin*

*Piano*

In A-pril when Prim--ro--ses paint the Sweet plain and

6 7 6 7 (8 7) 6 4

Sum--mer ap--proach--ing re--joi--ceth the Swain. The

6 7 6 7 (7 6) 7

yel--low hair'd lad--die wou'd of--ten--times go, to

(6 6) 4 3 6 6 6

Wilds and deep glens where the Haw--thorn trees grow.

6 7 6 7 6 7 5

*THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.*

---

**I**N April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,  
 And Summer, approaching, rejoiceth the swain,  
 The yellow-hair'd Laddie wou'd often times go  
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,  
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn :  
 He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,  
 That sylvens and fairies unſeen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus ſung : Tho' young Mary be fair,  
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air :  
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly cou'd ſing ;  
 Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the ſpring.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,  
 Like the Moon was inconstant, and never ſpoke truth :  
 But Susie was faithful, good humour'd, and free,  
 And fair as the goddess who ſprung from the ſea.

That mama's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,  
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently four ;  
 Then fighting, he wifh'd, would parents agree  
 The witty sweet Susie his miſtreſs might be.



*MY DEARY, IF YOU DIE.*

---

**L**OVE never more shall give me pain,

My fancy's fix'd on thee;

Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,

My Peggy, if thou die.

Thy beauty doth such pleasure give,

Thy love's so true to me:

Without thee I can never live,

My deary, if thou die.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart

With Cupid's raving rage,

But thine which can such sweets impart,

Must all the world engage.

'Twas this that, like the morning sun,

Gave joy and life to me;

And when its destin'd day is done,

With Peggy let me die!

If fate should tear thee from my breast,

How shall I, lonely, stray?

In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,

In sighs the silent day.

I ne'er can so much virtue find,

Nor such perfection see:

Then I'll renounce all woman-kind,

My Peggy, after thee.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,

And in such pleasure share;

Ye who its faithful flames approve,

With pity view the fair!

Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,

Those charms so dear to me:

Oh! never tear them from those arms:

I'm lost, if Peggy die.

# My Deary if thou die

*Violin*

*Piano*

Love never more shall give me pain, my fan-cy's fix'd on thee; nor

6 4 3 6 5 6 9 8 # 6 6  
4 # 7 6

e-ver Maid my heart shall gain, my Peg-gy, if thou die. Thy

6 6 5 6 5 4 2 6 6 7 5 7 6

beau-ty doth such pleasures give, thy love's so true to me, with-

6 7 7 5 4 6 6 6 7 6 5 6 4 2

out thee I can never live, my dea-ry if thou die.

6 7 6 6 6 4 2 6 6 7 5 6 7 6

# Bess the Junkie.

*Violin*

*Slow*

Blyth young Bess to Jean did fay, Will ye gang to yon fun-ny

6 6 6  
4 — 6 6

brae, Where Flocks do feed and Herds do stray, And sport a while wi' Ja- - mie!

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 7

Ah na lafs I'll no gang there, Nor a- bout Ja- mie tak nae care, Nor

6 6 6 6 7 8 6 2 6 6 6 4

a- bout Ja- - mie tak nae care, For he's taen up wi' Mag- - gy.

6 6 6 6 7

## BESS THE GAWKIE.

BLYTH young Bess to Jean did say,  
 Will ye gang to yon funny brae,  
 Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray,  
 And sport a while wi' Jamie?  
 Ah na, lafs! I'll ne'er gang there,  
 Nor about Jamie tak nae care,  
 Nor about Jamie tak nae care,  
 For he's tane up wi' Maggy.

For hark! and I will tell you, lafs;  
 Did I not see your Jamie pass,  
 Wi' mickle gladness in his face,  
 Out o'er the muir to Maggy?  
 I wat he gae her mony a kifs,  
 And Maggy took them ne'er amifs:  
 'Tween ilka smack, pleas'd her wi' this,  
 That Bess was but a gawkie.

For when a civil kifs I seek,  
 She turns her head and thraws her cheek,  
 And for an hour she'll scarcely speak;  
 Who'd not call her a gawkie?  
 But sure my Maggy has mair sense,  
 She'll gie a score without offence;  
 Now gie me ane unto the mense,  
 And ye shall be my dawtie.

O Jamie, ye hae money tane,  
 But I will never stand for ane  
 Or twa when we do meet again,  
 Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.  
 Ah na, lafs! that ne'er can be,  
 Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,  
 Or ony thy sweet face that see,  
 E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, wisht, nae mair of this we'll speak,  
 For yonder Jamie does us meet;  
 Instead of Meg, he kist fae sweet,  
 I trow he likes the gawkie.  
 O dear Bess! I hardly knew,  
 When I came by your gown fae new,  
 I think you've got it wat wi' dew.  
 Quoth she, That's like a gawkie.

It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,  
 And I'll get gowns when it is gane,  
 Sae ye may gang the gate you came,  
 And tell it to your dawtie.  
 The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek,  
 He cry'd, Oh cruel maid, but sweet!  
 If I should gang another gate,  
 I ne'er cou'd meet my dawtie.



## LEANDER ON THE BAY.

LEANDER on the Bay  
 Of Hellepont all naked flood,  
 Impatient of delay,  
 He leapt into the fatal flood,  
 The raging seas,  
 Whom none can please,  
 'Gainst him their malice show ;  
 The heav'n's lowr'd,  
 The rain down pour'd,  
 And loud the winds did blow.

Then casting round his eyes,  
 Thus of his fate he did complain :  
 Ye cruel rocks and skies !  
 Ye stormy winds, and angry main !  
 What 'tis to miss  
 The lover's blifs,  
 Alas ! ye do not know ;  
 Make me your wreck  
 As I come back,  
 But spare me as I go.

Lo ! yonder stands the tower  
 Where my beloved Hero lyes,  
 And this is the appointed hour  
 Which sets to watch her longing eyes.  
 To his fond suit  
 The gods were mute ;  
 The billows answer, no :  
 Up to the skies  
 The furies rise,  
 But sunk the youth as low.

Mean while the wishing maid,  
 Divided 'twixt her care and love,  
 Now does his stay upbraid ;  
 Now dreads he shou'd the passage prove :  
 O fate ! said she,  
 Nor heav'n, nor thee,  
 Our vows shall e'er divide ;  
 I'd leap this wall,  
 Cou'd I but fall  
 By my Leander's side.

At length the rising sun  
 Did to her sight reveal, too late,  
 That Hero was undone ;  
 Not by Leander's fault, but fate,  
 Said she, I'll shew,  
 Tho' we are two,  
 Our loves were ever one :  
 This proof I'll give,  
 I will not live,  
 Nor shall he die alone.

Down from the wall she leapt  
 Into the raging seas to him,  
 Courting each wave she met,  
 To teach her wearied arms to swim :  
 The sea-gods wept,  
 Nor longer kept  
 Her from her lover's side :  
 When join'd, at last,  
 She grasp'd him fast,  
 Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and died.

# Leander on the Bay

*Violin*

*Piano*

Le-an-der on the Bay of Helles-pont, all na-ked stood, Im

4/2 6 5 4/2 6 #56 7 4/2

pa-tient of de-lay, he leapt in to the Fatal Flood: The

6 4/2 6 6 4/2 6 #5 7

raging Seas whom none can please, 'gainst him their malice show, the Heavens

6 6 6 (5 5)6 #

low'd, the Rain down pour'd, and loud the winds did blow,

6 5b 7 b6 5b 6 56 7

# Dumbarton's Drums

*Violin*

*Viola*

Dumbarton's drums beat bonny O, When they mind me of my dear

6 8ths 1 6 4/2 6 6 6 6

John-ny O, How happy am I, when my Soldier is by, When he

6 6 6 6 4

kisses and blesses his Annie O. 'Tis a Soldier alone can delight me O, For his

6 6 7 7 6 6 8

graceful looks do in-vite me O, While guarded in his arms, I'll

4/2 6 5 6 6 6 6 6 4 2

fear no wars alarms, Neither danger nor death shall eer fright me O.

6 6 6-5-6- 8 5

*DUMBARTON DRUMS.*

---

<p><b>D</b>UMBARTON's drums beat bonny—O,          When they mind me of my dear Johnny—O.              How happy am I,              When my foldier is by,          When he kisses and blesses his Annie—O !          'Tis a foldier alone can delight me—O,          For his graceful looks do invite me—O :              While guarded in his arms,              I'll fear no war's alarms,          Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me—O.</p>	<p>My love is a handsome laddie—O,          Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy—O :              Tho' commiffions are dear,              Yet I'll buy him one this year ;          He shall no longer serve as a cadie—O :          A foldier has honour and bravery—O,          Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery—O ;              He minds no other thing              But the ladies and the king ;          For every other care is but slavery—O.</p>
---	--

Then I'll be the Captain's lady—O ;  
 Farewel all my friends and daddy—O ;  
     I'll stay no more at home,  
     But I'll follow with the drum,  
     And whenever it beats, I'll be ready—O.  
 Dumbarton's drums sound bonny—O,  
 They are sprightly, like my dear Johnny—O ;  
     How happy shall I be,  
     When on my foldier's knee,  
 And he kisses and blesses his Annie—O !

*THE COLLIER'S BONNY LASSIE.*

---

THE collier has a daughter,  
 And, oh, she's wond'rous bonny !  
 A laird he was that fought her,  
 Rich baith in lands and money :  
 The tutors watch'd the motion  
 Of this young honest lover ;  
 But love is like the ocean,  
 Wha can its depth discover ?

He had the art to please ye,  
 And was by a' respected ;  
 His air fat round him easy,  
 Genteel, but unaffected.  
 The collier's bonny lassie,  
 Fair as the new-blown lillie,  
 Ay sweet, and never faucy,  
 Secur'd the heart of Willie.

He lov'd beyond expression  
 The charms that were about her,  
 And panted for possession,  
 His life was dull without her.  
 After mature resolving,  
 Close to his breast he held her,  
 In fastest flames dissolving,  
 He tenderly thus tell'd her :

My bonny collier's daughter,  
 Let naething discompose ye,  
 'Tis no your scanty tocher  
 Shall ever gar me lose ye :  
 For I have gear in plenty,  
 And love says, 'tis my duty  
 To ware what Heav'n has lent me  
 Upon your wit and beauty.

# The Colliers Bonny Lassie

*Andante*

*Slow*

The Collier has a Daughter, And O she's wondrous

bonny, A Laird he was that fought her, Rich baith in lands and money. The

Tutors watch'd the mo-tion Of this young honest lover, But

love is like the Ocean, Wha can its depth discover.



# Corn Riggs

*Violin*

*Flow*

My Patie is a Lo-ver gay, His mind is never

7 6 4 6 6 6 4 3 4 3

mud - - dy His breath is sweeter than new Hay His face is fair and rud - - dy

6 7 6 6 6 6 7

His fhape is handsome middle fize, He's ftately in his wa' - - - king The

4 7 6 7 6 3 4 3 7

shining of his een surprife, 'Tis heav'n to hear him ta' - - - king.

6 3 6 3 6 6 7

*CORN-RIGGS ARE BONNY.*

---

**M**Y Patie is a lover gay,  
 His mind is never muddy,  
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,  
 His face is fair and ruddy.  
 His shape is handsome, middle size ;  
 He's stately in his wa'king ;  
 The shining of his een surprize ;  
 'Tis heav'n to hear him ta'king.

Last night I met him on a bawk,  
 Where yellow corn is growing,  
 There mony a kindly word he spake,  
 That fet my heart a-glowing.  
 He kifs'd and vow'd he wad be mine,  
 And lo'ed me best of ony ;  
 That gars me like to sing sinfyne,  
*O corn-riggs are bonny.*

Let maidens of a filly mind  
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,  
 Since we for yielding are design'd,  
 We chafely should be granting ;  
 Then I'll comply and marry Pate,  
 And syne my cockernony  
 He's free to kifs me air or late,  
 Where corn-riggs are bonny.

*THE BONNIE EARL OF MURRAY.*

*From Pinkerton's Select Scottish Ballads.*

**V**E Hielands and ye Lawlands,  
 O whar hae ye been?  
 They have slain the Earl of Murray,  
 And laid him on the green!

' Now wae be to you, Huntly!  
 ' O wharfore did ye fae?  
 ' I bad you bring him wi' you;  
 ' But forbad you him to flay.'


He was a bra' galant,  
 And he rid at the ring;  
 The bonnie Earl of Murray,  
 He might ha' been a king.

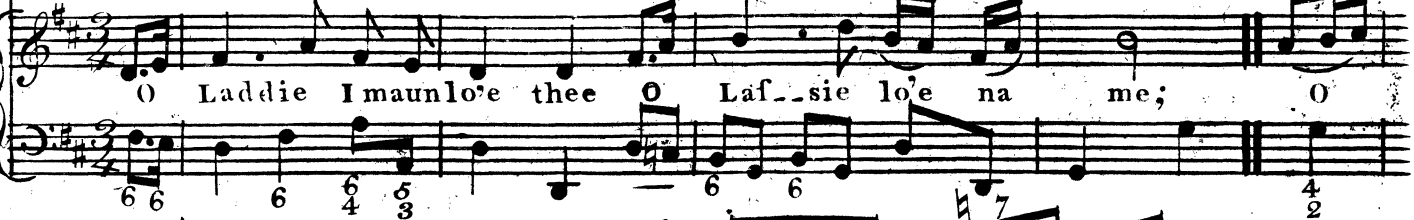
He was a bra' galant,  
 And he play'd at the ba';  
 The bonnie Earl of Murray  
 Was the flower among them a'.

He was a bra' galant,  
 And he play'd at the gluve:  
 The bonnie Earl of Murray,  
 He was the queen's luv.

O lang will his lady  
 Look ovr the castle downe,  
 Ere she see the Earl of Murray  
 Cum founding throuch the toun!

*Oh Laddie I maun lo'e thee*

*Violin* 

*Piano* 

O Laddie I maun lo'e thee O Laf-sie lo'e na me; O

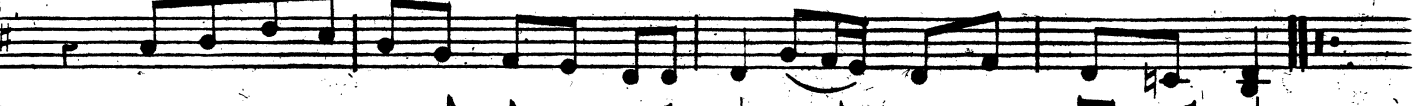
6 6 6 6 4 3 6 6 6 6 7 4 2






Lad-die I maun lo'e thee O Laf-sie lo'e na me. for the

6 6 5 6 4 7 4 3 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 6 4 3

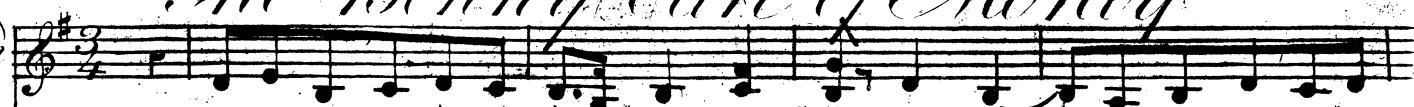


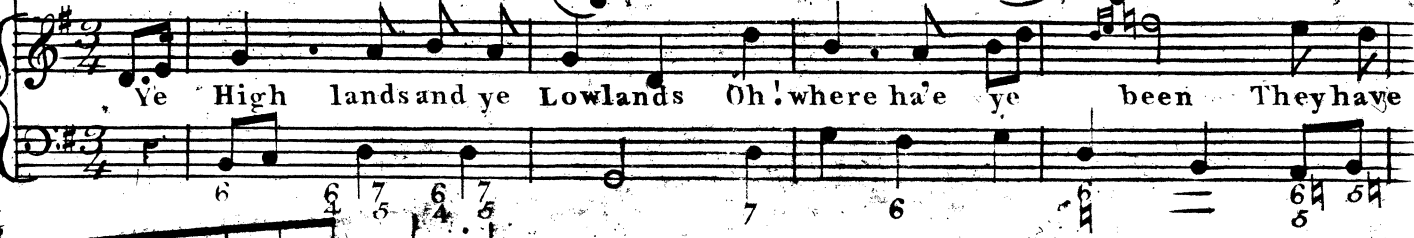


Laf-sie wi the yellow coatie has ta'en a way my heart frae me.

6 6 4 6 4 6 4 3 5 6 6 6 8 7


*The Bonny Earl of Moray*

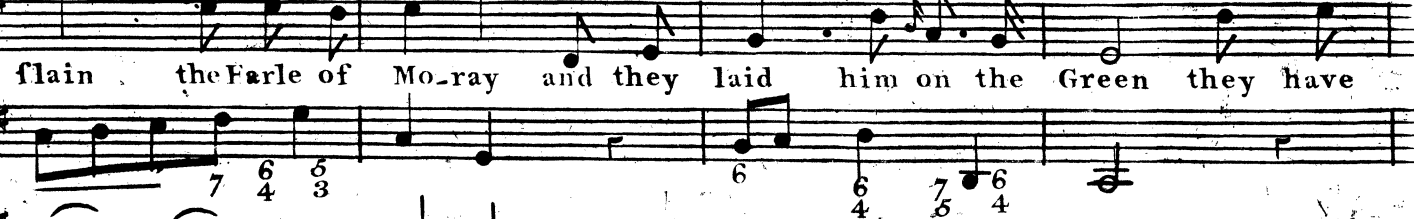
*Violin* 

*Piano* 

Ye High lands and ye Lowlands Oh! where ha'e ye been They have

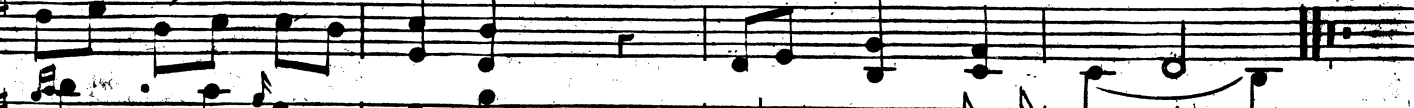
6 6 7 6 7 7 6 6 5 6 4 5

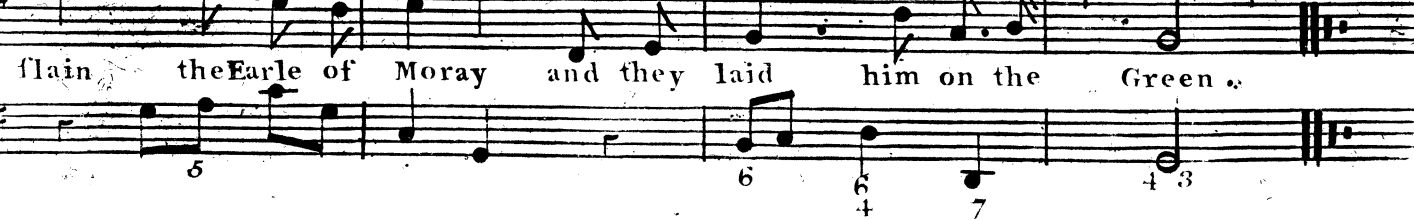




flain the Earle of Mo-ray and they laid him on the Green they have

7 6 5 6 6 7 6 4





flain the Earle of Moray and they laid him on the Green.

5 6 6 7 4 3

*(Etrick Banks)*

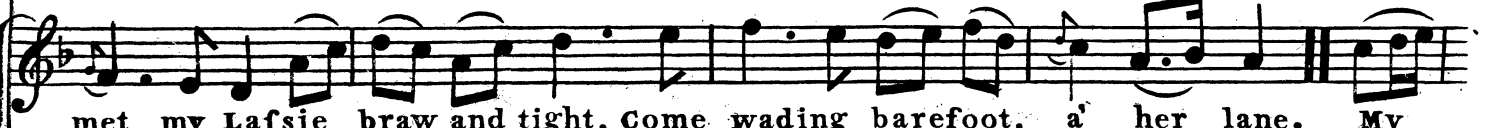
*Violin*



*Slow*



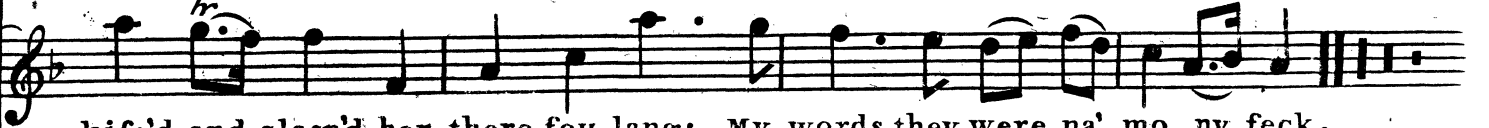
On Etrick banks in a Summer's night, At gloming when the Sheep draw hame, I



met my Lafsie braw and tight, Come wading barefoot, a' her lane. My



heart grew light I ran I flang my arms a-bout her li-ly neck, And



kifs'd and clasp'd her there fou lang; My words they were na' mo-ny feck.



## ETRICK BANKS.

ON Etrick Banks, in a summer's night,  
 At glowming when the sheep draw hame,  
 I met my lassie, braw and tight,  
 Came wading, barefoot, a her lane :  
 My heart grew light ; I ran, I flang  
 My arms about her lily neck,  
 And kifs'd and clasp'd her there fow lang :  
 My words they were nae mony feck.

I said, my lassie, will ye go  
 To the Highland hills, the Earse to learn ?  
 I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ewe,  
 When ye come to the brigg of Earn.  
 At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,  
 And herrings at the Broomy law ;  
 Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,  
 There's geer to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,  
 When winter, frosts and snaw, begin,  
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,  
 At night when you sit down to spin,  
 I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring :  
 And thus the weary night will end,  
 Till the tender kid and lamb time bring  
 Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,  
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,  
 I'll meet my lass among the broom,  
 And lead you to my summer shield.  
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,  
 That make the kindly hearts their sport ;  
 We'll laugh, and kifs, and dance, and sing,  
 And gar the longest day seem short.



THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

---

THE Lawland lads think they are fine ;  
 But, oh, they're vain and idly gawdy !  
 How much unlike the graceful mien,  
 And manly looks, of my Highland laddie ?  
*O my bonny, bonny Highland laddie,  
 My handsome charming Highland laddie ;  
 May Heaven still guard, and love reward  
 Our Lawland lads, and her Highland laddie.*

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,  
 And leave my Lawland kin and dady.  
 Frae Winter's cauld, and Summer's fun,  
 He'll hap me with his Highland plaidy :  
*O my bonny, &c.*

If I were free at will to chuse  
 To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,  
 I'd take young Donald without trows,  
 With bonnet blue and belted plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

Few compliments between us pass,  
 I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,  
 And he ca's me his Lawland lads,  
 Syne rows me in his tartan plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

The brawest beau in Borrows town,  
 In all his airs, with art made ready,  
 Compar'd to him, he's but a clown,  
 He's finer far in his tartan plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,  
 Than that his love prove true and steady,  
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,  
 While Heaven preserves my Highland laddie.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

# The Highland Laddie

*Violin*

*Flute*

The lawland lads think they are fine, But O they're vain and

6 6 6 6 7 5 6 5 4 2 6

idly gaudy, How much unlike the graceful mein And manly looks of my highland laddie.

6 4 2 6 6 4 7 5 4 3 2 6 6 5 6 6

O my bonny bonny highland laddie, My handsome charming highland laddie, May

5 6 3 4 5 3 7 4 2 6 6 6 6 6

Heaven. still guard and love reward, The lawland lads and her highland laddie.

6 6 6 5 6 4

*O Dear Mother what shall I do*

*Violin*

*Waltz*

O dear Peg-gy, loves be-gui-ling, we ought not to trust his fmi-ling,

bet-ter far to do as I do, left a har-der luck be-tide you.

6 4 7 4 2 6 4 5 3 6 4 5 3 6 4 5 3

Laf-fes when their fan-cies car-ried, think of nought but to be mar-ried;

run-ning to a life de-roys heartsome, free, and youth-fu' Joys.

6 5 7 8 3 6 6 6 5 4 3 4 3

*O DEAR MOTHER, WHAT SHALL I DO?*

---

**O** Dear Peggy, love's beguiling;  
We ought not to trust his smiling;  
Better far to do as I do,  
Left a harder luck betide you.

Lasses, when their fancy's carried,  
Think of nought but to be married;  
Running to a life destroys  
Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

*THERE CAME A GHAIST TO MARG'RET'S DOOR.*

---

**T**HERE came a ghaist to Marg'ret's door,  
 With many a grievous groan ;  
 And ay, he tirl'd at the pin,  
 But answer made she none.

Is that my father Philip ?  
 Or is't my brother John ?  
 Or is't my true love Willy,  
 From Scotland new come home ?

'Tis not thy father Philip,  
 Nor yet thy brother John ;  
 But 'tis thy true love Willy,  
 From Scotland new come home.

Oh, sweet Marg'ret ! oh, dear Marg'ret !  
 I pray thee speak to me ;  
 Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,  
 As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thoust never get,  
 We twa will never twin,  
 Till that thou come within my bower,  
 And kifs my cheek and chin.

If I shou'd come within thy bower,  
 I am no earthly man ;  
 And shou'd I kifs thy rosy lips,  
 Thy days will not be lang.

Oh, sweet Marg'ret ! oh, dear Marg'ret !  
 I pray thee speak to me ;  
 Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,  
 As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thoust never get,  
 We twa will never twin,  
 Till you take me to yon kirk yard,  
 And wed me with a ring.

My bones are buried in yon kirk yard,  
 Afar beyond the sea ;  
 And it is but my spirit, Marg'ret,  
 That's now speaking to thee.

She stretched out her lily-white hand,  
 And for to do her best ;  
 Hae, there's your faith and troth, Willy ;  
 God fend your foul good rest.

Now she has kilted her robes of green  
 A piece below her knee,  
 And a' the live-lang winter night  
 The dear corpse follow'd she.

Is there any room at your head, Willy ?  
 Or any room at your feet ?  
 Or any room at your side, Willy,  
 Wherein that I may creep ?

There's no room at my head, Marg'ret ;  
 There's no room at my feet ;  
 There's no room at my side, Marg'ret,  
 My coffin's made for me.

Then up and crew the red, red cock,  
 And up then crew the gray ;  
 'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,  
 That you were going away.

No more the ghaist to Marg'ret said,  
 But with a grievous groan,  
 Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,  
 And left her all alone.

Oh, stay, my only true love, stay,  
 The constant Marg'ret cry'd :  
 Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,  
 Stretch'd her soft limbs, and dy'd.

# There came a Ghost to Margret's Door

There came a Ghost to Mar - - gret's door with

6 6 7 6 4 2

mo - - ny a grie - - vous Grane and

6 b7 b3 3 3 6 b

Ay He tir - - led at the pin but

6 6 7 6 6

an - - fwer made the nane.

6 5 4 3



## A

## GLOSSARY.

## A', all

Aboon, *above*  
 Ae, *one*  
 Aff, *off*  
 Aften, *often*  
 Aik, *oak*  
 Ain, *own*  
 Alane, *alone*  
 Amaist, *almost*  
 Ane, *one*  
 Anes, *once*  
 Anither, *another*  
 Ase, *ashes*  
 Asteer, *in stir, in commotion*  
 Awa, *away*  
 Auld, *old*  
 Ay, *aye, ever, always*  
 Ayont, *beyond*

## B

Ba', *ball*  
 Baith, *both*  
 Bald, Bauld, *bold*  
 Bane, *bone*  
 Bannocks, *bread baked on a stone, or gridiron*  
 Baubie, *halfpenny*  
 Bent, *open fields*  
 Birks, *birch*  
 Big, Bigg, *build*  
 Billy, *brother*  
 Blate, *bashful*  
 Blathrie, *abuse*  
 Blink, *glance of the eye*  
 Bracken, *fern*  
 Brae, *acclivity, or declivity*  
 Braid, *broad*  
 Braw, *brave, finely dressed*  
 Breeks, *breeches*  
 Broach, *a kind of buckle*  
 Bught, *sheep-fold*  
 Burn, *rivulet*  
 Busk, *prepare, deck*  
 Byer, *cow-house*

## C

Ca', *call*  
 Cadgily, *jovially*  
 Canna, *cannot*  
 Canker'd, *peevish*  
 Canny, *skilful, prudent*  
 Canty, *mirthful*  
 Cauld, *cold*  
 Chap, *to knock*  
 Claiths, *cloaths*  
 Cleeding, or clyding, *cloathing*  
 Cleed, *cloathed*  
 Cockernony, *the hair bound up*  
 Coggie, *little cag*  
 Coost, *cast*  
 Craig, *neck, also rock*  
 Cramasie, *crimson*  
 Crowdy-mowdy, *a sort of gruel*  
 Crummy, *a cow's name*

## D

Daddie, *father*  
 Daffin, *fooling, waggery*  
 Dander, *to waste time idly, to saunter*  
 Danton, *daunt*  
 Dawt, *fondle, caress*  
 Deil, *devil*  
 Dinna, *do not*  
 Disna, *does not*  
 Docken, *dock weed*  
 Doggie, *little dog*  
 Dorty, *scornful*  
 Dow, *dove, also can*  
 Dowy, *pinning, drooping*  
 Drumly, *muddy*  
 Dud, *rag*  
 Dule, *pain, grief*

## E

Earn, yern, *to curdle*  
 Ee, een, *eye, eyes*  
 Eild, *age*  
 Ezer, *azure*

## F

Fa', *fall*  
 Fae, *foe*  
 Fain, *fond*  
 Fash, *trouble*  
 Fauld, *fold*  
 Feck, *faith*  
 Flinders, *splinters*  
 Frae, *from*  
 Fou, or fu', *full*

## G

Gaberlunzie, *a wallet, that carries a wallet*  
 Gae, *gave*  
 Gae, gang, *go*  
 Gane, *gone*  
 Gar, *cause*  
 Gawky, *foolish*  
 Gear, *goods, riches*  
 Geck, *flout, jeer*  
 Gimmer, *a ewe of two years old*  
 Gin, gif, *if*  
 Gleid, gleed, *squinting, blind of an eye*  
 Glen, *a hollow between hills*  
 Gloming, *twilight*  
 Gowan, *wild daisy*  
 Gowd, *gold*  
 Gowdspink, *goldfinch*  
 Greet, *weep*  
 Gude, guid, *good*  
 Gutcher, *grandfather*

## H

Ha', *ball*  
 Had, *hold*  
 Hae, *have*  
 Haf, *half*  
 Haffins, *by half*  
 Hame, *home*  
 Hap, *cover*  
 Hauver-meal, *made of meal of two sorts*

Hawfe, *embrace*  
 Heeze, *hoist*  
 Heezy, *a hoist*  
 Hie, *high*  
 Hip, *the berry of the wild rose*  
 Hows, *hollows*

## I

Ilk, ilka, *each, every*  
 Ingle, *fire*  
 Irie, *afraid of ghosts*  
 Ise, *I shall*  
 Ither, *other*

## J

Jo, Joe, *sweetheart*

## K

Kail, *coleworts, broth of coleworts*  
 Kame, *comb*  
 Ken, *know*  
 Kirn, *churn*  
 Kifts, *chests*  
 Knows, *heights*  
 Ky, *kin*  
 Kyth and kin, *friends and relations*

## L

Laigh, *low*  
 Lane, *alone*  
 Lang, *long*  
 Lavrocks, *larks*  
 Lee, *fallow ground*  
 Leeze me, *loves me, a phrase of endearment*  
 Leil, leal, *true, faithful*  
 Lift, *the firmament*  
 Lig, *to lie*  
 Lightly, *to slight*  
 Loe, loo, *to love*  
 Loon, loun, *rogue*  
 Loor, lourd, *rather*

## M

Mak', *make*  
 Mair, *more*  
 Maist, *most*  
 Marrow, *mate, match*  
 Maun, *must*  
 Mavis, *thrush*  
 Meit, *may, might*  
 Mikle, meikle, muckle, *much*  
 Minny, mither, *mother*  
 Mony, *many*  
 Mou, *mouth*

Muck, *dung, to clean out dung*

## N

Na', nae, no, *not*  
 Nane, *none*  
 Neist, *next*  
 Niff-naffin, *undetermined*

## O

Ony, *any*  
 Ow'r, *over*  
 Ow'rly, *a cravat*

## P

Pat, *put*  
 Paukey, pawkey, *cunning*  
 Pearlins, *a woman's cap*  
 Philabeg, *a Highlander's full dress*  
 Pine, *pain*  
 Plaiden, *coarse blanketing*  
 Pleugh, *plough*  
 Pu', *pull*

## Q

Quey, *a young heifer*  
 Quhen, *when*  
 Quheir, *where*

## R

Rang, *reigned*  
 Ranty-tanty, *a Scots disto*  
 Rede, *advise, counsel*  
 Riggs, *ridges*  
 Rin, *run*  
 Row, *roll*

## S

Sae, *so*  
 Saft, *soft*  
 Sair, *sore*  
 Sall, *shall*  
 Sarke, *skirt*  
 Sell, *fale, self*  
 Sen, fin, fyne, *since, then*  
 Shanna, *shall not*  
 Shaw, *shew*  
 Shoo, *shoe*  
 Shoon, *shoes*  
 Sic, *such*  
 Siller, *silver money*  
 Sinsyne, *since that time*  
 Slaited, *wheted, wiped*  
 Sma, *small*  
 Snaw, fnae, *snow*  
 Snood, *a head-band*  
 Sodger, *soldier*  
 Soup, *small quantity of liquor*  
 Speer, speir, *ask*

Spring, *a lively air*  
 Staw, *stole*  
 Stane, stean, *stone*  
 Stown, *stolen*  
 Sturt, *wrath*

## T

Tak', *take*  
 Tald, *told*  
 Tane, *taken*  
 T'ane, *the one*  
 Tauk, *talk*  
 Tedding, *laying new-mown grass in rows*  
 Tenty, *cautious*  
 Tine, *lose*  
 Tint, *lost*  
 Tocher, *dowry*  
 Tofall of night, *twilight*  
 Trews, *trowsers*  
 Trifte, *appoint, entice*  
 Twa, *two*  
 Twin, *to part from*

## V

Vaunty, *vain-glorious*

## W

Wa', *wall*  
 Wad, *would*  
 Wae, *woe*  
 Wale, *choice*  
 Wander, *wonder*  
 Ware, *bestow*  
 Wee, *little*  
 Weel, *well-*  
 Weelfar'd, *well-favoured*  
 Wha, *who*  
 Whist, *kist*  
 Wi, *with*  
 Wimpling, *twisting, meandering*  
 Win, won, *dwell*  
 Winna, *will not*  
 Winsome, *handsome*  
 Wist, *known*  
 Wite, *blame*  
 Woo, *wool*  
 Wow, *wonderful! ah!*  
 Wreath, *ghost*

## Y

Yern, *earn, to curdle*  
 Yese, *ye shall*  
 Yestreen, *yesternight*

## Z

Ze, *ye*  
 Zou, *you*

Em

—  
RH



