

[1] No. 1. –
[no sung text]

[2] No. 2. Erin! Oh, Erin

Like the bright lamp that lay on Kildare's holly fane,
And burn'd thro'long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frow'd on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
Erin, O Erin, thus bright thro' the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears.
The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
And tho' slav'ry's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin, O Erin, tho' long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.
Unchill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold hour,
Till the hand of Spring her dark chain unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flow'r.
Erin, O Erin, thy winter is past,
And the hope that liv'd thro'it shall blossom at last.

Thomas Moore, 1779–1852

[3] No. 3. O Mary ye's be clad in silk

O Mary, ye's be clad in silk,
And diamonds in your hair,
Gin ye'll consent to be my bride
Nor think on Arthur mair.
Oh, wha wad wear a silken gown,
Wi' tears blinding their ee,
Before I'll break my true love's heart,
I'll lay me down and die.
For I have pledg'd my virgin troth,
Brave Arthur's fate to share,
And he has gi'en to me his heart
Wi' a' its virtues rare.
The mind whose every wish is pure,
Far dearer is to me,
And e'er I'm forced to break my faith,
I'll lay me down and die.
So trust me when I swear to thee,
By a' that is on high,
Thoug, ye had a' this world's gear,
My heart ye couldna buy;
For langest life can ne'er repay,
The love he bears to me;
And e'er I'm forced to break my troth,
I'll lay me down and die.

Traditional

[4] No. 4. Highland Harry

My harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strade he on the plain;
But now he's banish'd far away,
I'll never see him back again.

REFRAIN:

O for him back again,
O for him back again,
I wad gie a Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.
When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander slowly up the glen:
I set me down and greet my fill

And ay I wish him back again.

REFRAIN

O where some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain!
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Higland Harry back again.

REFRAIN

Robert Burns, 1759–1796

[5] No. 5. Oh onochri, oh

Oh was not I a weary wight! Oh ono chri!
Maid, Wife and Widow in one night, oh ono chri!
When in my soft and yelding arms, oh ono chri!
When most I thought him free from harms, oh ono chri!
Even at the dead time of the night, oh ono chri,
They broke my bower, and flew my Knight, oh ono chri,
With ae lock of his jet black hair, oh ono chri,
I'll tye my heart for ever mair, oh ono chri!
Nae flytongued youth, or flattering swain, oh ono chri,
Shall e'er untie this knot again, oh ono chri,
Thine still, dear youth, that heart shall be, oh ono chri,
Nor pant for aught save heaven and thee, oh ono chri!

Traditional

[6] No. 6. Red gleams the sun

Red gleams the sun on yon hill tap,
The dew sits on the gowan;
Deep murmurs thro' her glens the spey,
Around Kinrara rowan.
Where art thou, fairest, kindest lass?
Alas! wert thou but near me,
Thy gentle soul, thy melting eye,
Would ever, ever cheer me.
The lavr'ock sings among the clouds,
The lambs they sport so cheery,
And I sit weeping by the birk,
O where art thou, my dearie?
Aft may I meet the morning dew,
Lang greet till I be weary,
Thou canna, winna, gentle maid,
Thou canna be my dearie.

Robert Couper, 1750–1818

[7] No. 7. Sir Johnnie Cope

Sir Johnnie Cope trod the North right far,
Yet ne'er a rebel he came n'ar;
Until he landed at Dunbar,
Right early in a morning.
Cope wrote a challenge from Dunbar,
Come meet me, Charlie, if you dare,
If it be not by the chance of war,
I'll gi'e you a merry morning.

REFRAIN:

Hey Johnnie Cope are ye wauking yet,
Or are ye sleeping, I wou'd wit.
Make haste and get up, for the drums do beat,
O fie, Cope rise in the morning!
When Charlie look'd the letter on,
He drew his sword the scabbard from:
'So heav'n restore me to my own,
I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning.'
But when he saw the Highland lads,
Wi' tartan trews and white cockades,

Wi' swords and guns, and rungs, and gauds,
Johnnie, he could win in the morning.

REFRAIN

O' then he flew into Dunbar,
crying for a Man o'War,
he thought to have passed for a rustic tar,
and gotten away in the morning.
Says Lord Mark Carr ye are nae blate,
tae bring us the news o' yer ain defeat,
I think you deserve the back o' the gate,
get out o'my sight this morning.

REFRAIN

Robert Burns
Old Jacobite song

[8] No. 8. Lochnagar (1825 edition)

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses,
In you let the minions of luxury rove,
Restore me the rocks where the snowflake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love.
And yet Caledonia, belov'd are thy mountains,
Around their white summits the elements war
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Lochnagar.
Ah there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid.
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd
As daily I strode thro' 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 Lochnagar!
Years have roll'd on, Lochnagar, since I left you!
Years must elapse ere I tread you again.
Though nature of verdure and flow'rs has bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
England, thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has rov'd on the mountains afar
O! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar!

George Gordon Lord Byron, 1788–1824

[9] No. 9. Duncan Gray

Duncan Gray came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
On blythe Yule night when we were fu',
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
Lock'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh,
Ha, ha the wooing o't!
Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleert and blin',
Spake o'lowpon o'er a linn;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to France for me!
Ha, ha the wooing o't!

How it comes, let Doctors tell,
 Ha, ha the wooing o't!
 Meg grew sick as he grew heal,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings;
 And oh! Her een, they spak sic things!
 Ha, ha the wooing o't!
 Duncan was lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha the wooing o't!
 Duncan could na be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
 Now they're crouse and canty baith,
 Ha, ha the wooing o't!

Robert Burns

10 No. 10. The hero may perish (1825 edition)

The hero may perish his country to save
 And he lives in the records of fame;
 The sage may the dungeons of tyranny brave,
 Ever honour'd and blest be his name!
 But virtue that silently toils and expires,
 No wreath, no wreath for the brow to adorn,
 That asks but a smile, but a fond sigh requires;
 O woman, that virtue is thine!

William Smyth, 1765–1849

[11] No. 11. Auld lang syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And auld lang syne!

REFRAIN:

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.
 And surely you'll be your pint stowp!
 And surely I'll be mine!
 And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

REFRAIN

And there 's a hand, my trusty fiere!
 And gie 's a hand o' thine!
 And we'll take a right gudewilliewaught,
 For auld lang syne.

REFRAIN

Robert Burns 1759–1796, Traditional

[12] No. 12. Dark was the morn

Dark was the morn and black the sea,
 When my dear laddie left me,
 The swelling sails how swift they flee,
 Of all my joy bereft me!
 Methinks I see him take his stand
 On deck so firm and steady;
 And distant when he wav'd his hand,
 I knew his tartan plaidy.
 Alas! how heavy are the days
 In absence and in sorrow,
 While war and death a thousand ways
 Still make me dread tomorrow.

O that ambition were at rest,
While I, the captain's lady,
Should with my soldier be so blest,
All gay in tartan plaidy!

Anne Hunter, 1742–1821

[13] No. 13. Ye Shepherds of this pleasant vale

Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale,
Where Yarrow glides along,
Forsake your rural toils
And join in my triumphant song!
She grants, she yields one heav'nly smile,
Atones her long delays,
One happy minute crown the pains
Of many suff'ring days.

REFRAIN:

Yarrow, how dear thy stream,
Thy beauteous banks how blest!
For there 'twas first my loveliest maid,
A mutual flame confest.
Take, take whate'er of bliss or joy,
You fondly fancy mine;
Whate'er of joy or bliss I boast,
Love renders wholly thine.
The woods struck up to the soft gale,
The leaves were seen to move,
The feather'd choir resum'd their voice,
And music fill'd the grove.

REFRAIN

William Hamilton 1704–1754

[14] No. 14. From thee, Eliza, I must go

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar.
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.
Farewell, farewell Eliza dear
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While Death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

Robert Burns

[15] No. 15. Polly Stewart

O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's not a flower that blooms in May,
That's half so fair as thou art.
The flower it blows, it fades and fa's,
And Art can ne'er renew it,
But Worth and Truth eternal Youth
Will give to Polly Stewart!
May he who wins thy matchless charm
Possess a leal a true heart;
To him be given to ken the heav'n
He gains in Polly Stewart!
O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart.
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May

That's half so sweet as thou art.

Robert Burns

[16] No. 16. Charlie is my darling

REFRAIN:

O Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling;

CHORUS

O Charlie is my darling,
The young chevalier.
'Twas on a Monday morning,
When birds were singing clear;
That Charlie to the Highlands came,
The gallant chevalier.

REFRAIN

And many a gallant Scottish chief,
Came round their Prince to cheer,
That Charlie was their darling,
The young chevalier.

REFRAIN

They wou'd na bide to chase the roes
Or start the mountain deer;
But aff they march'd wi' Charlie,
The gallant chevalier.

REFRAIN

Traditional

[17] No. 17. Up! Quit thy bower

Up! Quit thy bower, late wears the hour,
Long have the rooks caw'd round the tower;
On flower and tree lood hums the bee,
The wilding kid sports merrily.
A day so bright, so fresh, so clear,
Shines sweetly when good fortune's near;
A day so bright, so fresh, so clear,
Shines sweetly when good fortune's near.
Up! Lady fair, and braid thy hair,
And rouse thee in the breezy air;
The lulling stream, that sooth'd thy dream,
Is dancing in the sunny beam:
And hours so sweet, so bright, so gay,
Will waft good fortune on its way.
And hours so sweet, so bright, so gay,
Will waft good fortune on its way.
Up! Time will tell, the friar's bell
Its service sound hath chimed well;
The aged crone keeps house alone,
And reapers to the fields are gone:
The active day so boon, so bright,
May bring good fortune ere the night.
The active day so boon, so bright,
May bring good fortune ere the night.

Joanna Baillie, 1762–1851

[18] No. 18. Glencoe

Oh! Tell us, Harper, where fore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where non may list their melody?
Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun deer glancing by,
And to the eagle, that from high

Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?
The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel,
Meed for his hospitality.
The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand,
At midnight arm'd it with a brand
That bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazonry.
Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
Their grey hair'd master's misery.
Were each grey hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
'Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
'Revenge for blood and treachery!'

Sir Walter Scott, 1771–1832

[19] No. 19. The Banner of Buccleuch

From the brown crest of Newark its summons extending,
Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame;
And each forester blithe, from his mountain descending,
Bounds light o'er the heater to join in the game.
Then up with the banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blaz'd over Ettrick eight ages and more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her
With heart and with hand, like our fathers of yore.
We forget each contention of civil dissension
And hail like our brethren, Hone, Douglas and Car;
And Elliot an Pringle in pastime shall mingle,
As welcome in peace as their fathers in war.
Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather
And if, by mischance, you should happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,
And life is it self but a game at football.
And when it is over, we'll drink a blithe measure,
To each laird and each lady that witness'd our fun,
And to every blithe heart that took part in our pleasure,
To the lads that have lost, and the lads that have won.
May the forest still flourish, both borough and landward,
From the hall of the peer to the herd's ingle nook;
And huzza! My brave hearts, for Buccleuch and his standard,
For the Kind and the Country, the Clan and the Duke.

Sir Walter Scott

[20] No. 20. Highlander's Lament

My Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu'stately strade he on the plain;
But now he's banish'd far away,
I'll never see him back again.

REFRAIN:

O for him back again,
O for him back again,
I wad gie a Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again!

CHORUS:

O for him back again,
O for him back again,
I wad gie a Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again!
When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowly up ghe glen;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And ay I wish him back again.

REFRAIN

CHORUS

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain!
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland's Harry back again.

REFRAIN

CHORUS

Robert Burns

21 No. 21. Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy titled bride:
But when compar'd with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.
What are the showy treasures?
What are the noisy pleasures?
The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art:
The polish'd jewel's blaze,
May draw the wond'ring gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.
But, did you see my dearest Phillis
In simplicity's array,
Lovely as yon sweet opening flowers is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day:
O then the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In love's delightful fetters
She chains the willing soul!
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Ev'n av'rice would deny
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll.

Robert Burns

22 No. 22. Bonnie wee thing

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, was thou mine!
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Least my jewel I should tine.
Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face of thine;
And my heart it stounds wi'anguish
Lest my wee thing be na mine!
Wit and grace and love and beauty,
In ae constellation shine!
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o'this soul o'mine!
Bonnie wee thing, etc.

Robert Burns