

[1] No. 1. Music, Love and Wine

O let me Music hear
 Night and Day!
 Let the voice and let the Lyre
 Dissolve my heart, my spirit's fire;
 Music and I ask no more,
 Night or Day!
 Hence with colder world,
 Hence, Adieu!
 Give me. Give me but the while,
 The brighter heav'n of Ellen's smile,
 Love and then I ask no more,
 Oh, would you?
 Hence with this world of care
 I say too;
 Give me but the blissful dream,
 That mingles in the goblet's gleam,
 Wine and then I ask no more,
 What say you?
 Music may gladden Wine,
 What say you?
 Tendrils of the laughing Vine
 Around the Myrtle well may twine,
 Both may grace the Lyre divine,
 What say you?
 What if we all agree,
 What say you?
 I will list the Lyre with thee,
 And he shall dream of Love like me,
 Brighter than the wine shall be,
 What say you?

REFRAIN

Love, Music, wine agree,
 True, true, true!
 Round then round the glass, the glee,
 And Ellen in our toast shall be!
 Music, wine and Love agree,
 True, true, true!

William Smyth, 1765–1849

[2] No. 2. Sunset

The sun upon the Weirdlaw hill,
 in Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;
 the westland wind is hush and still,
 the lake lies sleeping at my feet.
 Yet not the landscape to mine eyes
 bears those bright hues that once it bore;
 tho' Ev'ning, with her richest dye,
 flames o'er the hills on Ettrick's shore.
 With listless look along the plain,
 I see Tweed's silver current glide,
 And coldly mark the holy fane
 Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.
 The quiet lake, the balmy air,
 The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,
 Are they still such as once they were,
 Or is the dreary change in me?
 Alas, the warp'd and broken board,
 How can it bear the painter's dye?
 The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,
 How to the minstrel's skill reply?
 To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
 To feverish pulse each gale blows chill:
 And Araby's or Eden's bowers,
 Were barren as this moorland hill.

Sir Walter Scott, 1771–1832

[3] No. 3. Oh! Sweet were the hours

O sweet were the hours
When in mirth's frolic throng
I led up the revels
With dance and with song;
When brisk from the fountain
And bright as the day,
My spirits o'erflow'd
And ran sparkling away!
Wine! Wine! Wine!
Come bring me wine to cheer me,
Friend of my heart!
Come pledge me high!
Wine! Till the dreams of youth
Again are near me,
Why must they leave me,
Tell me, why?
Return, ye sweet hours!
Once again let me see
Your airy light forms
Of enchantment and glee;
Come, give an old friend,
While he crowns his gay glass,
A nod as you part
And a smile as you pass
I cannot forget you,
I would not resign,
There's health in my pulse,
And a spell in my wine;
And sunshine in Autumn,
Tho' passing too soon,
Is sweeter and dearer
Than sunshine in June.

William Smyth

[4] No. 4. The Maid of Isla (3rd version)

O, Maid of Isla, from the cliff,
That looks on troubled wave and sky,
Dost thou not see yon little skiff
Contend with ocean gallantly?
Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,
And steep'd her leeward deck in foam,
Why does she war unequal urge? –
O, Isla's maid, she seeks her home.
O, Isla's maid, yon sea-bird mark,
Her white wing gleams through mist and spray,
Against the storm-cloud, lowering dark,
As to the rock she wheels away; –
Where clouds are dark and billows rave,
Why to the shelter should she come
Of cliff, exposed to wind and wave? –
O, maid of Isla, 'tis her home.
As breeze and tide to yonder skiff,
Thou'rt adverse to the suit I bring,
And cold as is yon wintry cliff,
Where sea-birds close their wearied wing.
Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,
Still, Isla's maid, to thee I come;
For in thy love, or in his grave,
Must Allan Vourich find his home.

Sir Walter Scott

[5] No. 5. The sweetest lad was Jamie

The sweetest lad was Jamie,
The sweetest, the dearest,
And well did Jamie love me,
And not a fault has he.
Yet one he had, it spoke his praise,
He knew not woman's wish to tease,

He knew not all our silly ways,
 Alas! The woe to me!
 For though I loved my Jamie,
 Sincerely and dearly,
 Yet often when he wooed me,
 I held my head on high;
 And huffed and toss'd with saucy air,
 And danc'd with Donald at the fair,
 And plac'd his ribbon in my hair
 And Jamie! Pass'd him by.
 So when the warpipes sounded,
 Dear Jamie, he left me,
 And now some other maiden
 Will Jamie turn to woo.
 My heart will break, and well it may,
 For who would word of pity say
 To her who threw a heart away,
 So faithful and so true!
 Oh! Knew he how I loved him,
 Sincerely and dearly;
 And I would fly to meet him!
 Oh! Happy were the day!
 Some kind, kind friend, oh, come between,
 And tell him of my alter'd mien!
 That Jeanie has not Jeanie been
 Since Jeanie went away.

William Smyth

[6] No. 6. Dim, dim is my eye

Dim, dim is my eye,
 As the dewdrop once clear,
 Pale, pale is my cheek,
 Ever wet with the tear
 And heavily heaves
 This soft breast, once so gay,
 For William, my true love,
 My William away!
 Sad. Sad was the hour,
 When he bade me adieu,
 While he hung on my bosom,
 And vow'd to be true;
 My heart it seem'd bursting
 On that fatal day,
 When the fast less'ning sail
 Bore my William away.
 Lament him, ye fair,
 And lament him, ye brave,
 Though unshrouded he lies,
 And the sea is his grave;
 For the kind and true hearted,
 The gallant and gay,
 Lament, for my William's
 For ever away.

William Browne, ?-1809

[7] No. 7. Bonnie Laddie, Highland Laddie (3rd version)

Where got ye siller moon,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Glinting braw your belt aboon,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie?
 Belted plaid and bonnet blue,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Have ye been at Waterloo,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie?
 Weels me on your tartan trews,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Tell me, tell me a' the news,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie!
 Saw ye Boney by the way,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,

Blucher wi' his beard sae grey,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie?
Or, the doure and deadly Duke,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
Scatt'ring Frenchmen wi'his look,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie!
Some say he the day may rue;
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
You can till gin this be true,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.
Would ye tell me gin ye ken,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
Aught o' Donald and his men,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie?
Tell me o'my kilted Clan,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
Gin they fought, or gin they ran,
Bonny laddie, highland laddie?

James Hogg, 1770–1835

[8] No. 8. The lovely lass of Inverness

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, Alas!
And ay the saut tear blins her e'e:
Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three!
Their windingsheet the bludy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bludy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou has made sair
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee!

Robert Burns, 1759–1796

[9] No. 9. Behold my love how green the groves

Behold, my love, how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flowing hair.
The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings:
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To Shepherds as to Kings.
Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string,
In lordly lighted ha':
The Shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe in the birken shaw.
The Princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours,
Beneath the milkawhite thorn!
The shepherd, in the flowery glen;
In shepherd's phrase, will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true!
These wildawood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine:
The courtiers' gems may witness love,
But, 'tis na love like mine.

Robert Burns

[10] No. 10. Sympathy

Why, Julia, say, that pensive mien?

I heard thy bosom sighing;
 How quickly on thy cheek is seen
 The blush, as quickly flying!
 Why mark I, in thy soften'd eye,
 Once with light spirit beaming,
 A silent tear I know not why,
 In trem'ulous luster gleaming?
 Come, tell me all thy bosom pain:
 Perhaps some faithless lover?
 Nay, droop non thus, the rose with rain
 May sink, yet still recover.
 O Julia! My words recall,
 My thoughts too rud'ly guide me;
 I see afresh thy sorrows fall,
 They seem to plead and chide me.
 I too, the secret would have known,
 That makes existence languish,
 Links to the soul on thought alone,
 And that, a thought of anguish;
 Forgive, forgive, an aching heart,
 That vainly hoped to cheer thee
 These tears may tell thee, while they start,
 How all thy grief endear thee!

William Smyth

[11] No. 11. Oh! Thou art the lad of my heart (2nd version)

Oh! Thou art the lad of my heart, Willy,
 There's love and there's life and glee,
 There's a cheer in thy voice, and thy bounding step,
 And there's bliss in thy blithesome e'e.
 But, oh, how my heart was tried, Willy,
 For little I thought to see,
 That the lad who won the lasses all,
 Would ever be won by me.
 Adown this path we came, Willy,
 T'was just at this hour of eve;
 And will he or will he not, I thought,
 My fluttering heart relieve?
 So oft as he paused, as we saunter'd on,
 T'was fear and hope and fear;
 But here at the wood, as we parting stood,
 T'was rapture his vows to hear!
 Ah vows so soft thy vows, Willy!
 Who would not, like me, be proud!
 Sweet lark! with thy soaring echoing song,
 Come down from thy rosy cloud.
 Come down to thy nest, and tell thy mate,
 But tell thy mate alone,
 Thou hast seen a maid, whose heart of love,
 Is merry and light as thine own.

William Smyth

[12] No. 12. Oh, had my fate been join'd with thine

Oh, had my fate been join'd with thine,
 As once this pledge appear'd a token;
 These follies had not then been mine,
 For then my peace had not been broken!
 To thee these early faults I owe,
 To thee the wise and old reproving;
 They know my sins, but do not know
 'Twas thine to break the bands of loving.
 For once my soul like thine was pure,
 And all its rising fires could smother;
 But now thy vows no more endure,
 Bestow'd by thee upon another!
 Perhaps his peace I could destroy
 And spoil the blisses that await him;
 Yet let my rival smile in joy
 For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.
 Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,

For nature seem'd to smile before thee:
And once my heart abhorr'd deceit,
For then it beat but to adore thee,
But now I ask for other joys,
To think would drive my soul to madness.
In thoughtless throngs and empty noise,
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.
Yet even in these a thought will steal,
In spite of every vain endeavour;
And fields might pity what I feel,
To know that thou art lost forever.
Then, fare thee well, deceitful Maid,
'Twere vain and fruitless to forget thee:
Nor hope, nor memory, yield their aid,
But pride may teach me to forget thee.

George Gordon Lord Byron, 1788–1824

[13] No. 13. Come fill, fill, my good fellow

Come fill, fill, my good fellow!
Fill high, high, my good Fellow,
And let's be merry and mellow,
And let us have one bottle more.
When warm the heart is flowing,
Oh, shame on the dolt would be going,
Nor tarry for one bottle more!

REFRAIN:

Come fill ...
My Heart, let me but lighten,
And Life, let me but brighten,
And Care, let me but frighten.

He'll fly us with one bottle more!
By day, tho' he confound me,
When friends at night have found me,
There is Paradise around me
But let me have one bottle more!

REFRAIN

So now, here's to the Lasses!
See, see, while the toast passes,
How it lights up beaming glasses!
Encore to the Lasses, encore.
We'll toast the welcome greeting
Of hearts in union beating.
And oh! For our next merry meeting,
Huzza! Then for one bottle more!

REFRAIN

William Smyth

[14] No. 14. O, how can I be blithe and glad

O how can I be blythe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa!
It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw;
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa.
My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they hae disown'd me a';
But I hae ane will tak my part,
The bonie lad that's far awa.
A pair o' glooves he bought to me,
And silken snoods he gae me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonie lad that's far awa.
O weary Winter soon will pass,

And Spring will clead the birken shaw;
And my young babie will be born,
And he'll be hame that's far awa.

Robert Burns

[15] No. 15. O cruel was my father

O cruel was my father
That shut the door on me.
And cruel was my mother
That such a thing could see.
And cruel is the wintry wind
That chills my heart with cold.
But crueller than all, the lad,
That left my love for gold.
Hush, hush, my lovely Baby,
And warm thee in my breast.
Ah! Little thinks thy father
How sadly we're distrest,
For cruel as he is,
Did he know but how we fare,
He'd shield me in his arms
From this bitter piercing air.
Cold, cold, my dearest jewel!
Thy little life is gone!
O let my tears receive thee,
So warm that trickle down!
My tears that gush so warm,
Oh, they freeze before they fall,
Ah, wretched, wretched mother
Thou art now bereft of all!
Then down she sunk despairing
Upon the drifted snow,
And, wrung with killing anguish,
Lamented loud her woe.
She kiss'd her baby's pale lips
And laid by her side;
Then cast her eyes to heaven,
Then bow'd her head, and died.

Alexander Ballantyne, dates unknown

[16] No. 16. Could this ill world have been contriv'd

Could this ill world have been contriv'd
to stand without that mischief, woman,
how peaceful bodies wou'd have liv'd,
releas'd frae a' the ills sae common!
But since it is the waefu' case,
that man must have this teasing crony,
why such a sweet bewitching face?
Oh! had they no been made sae bonny!
I might have roam'd wi' cheerful mind,
nae sin nor sorrow to betide me,
as careless as the wand'ring wind,
as happy as the lamb beside me.
I might have screw'd my tuneful pegs,
and carol'd mountain airs fu' gayly,
had we but wanted a' the Megs,
wi' glossy e'en sae dark and wily.
I saw the danger, fear'd the dart,
the smile, the air, and a' sae taking,
yet open laid my wareless heart,
and got the wound that keeps me waking.
My harp waves on the willow green,
of wild witch notes it has nae ony,
sinc' e'er I saw that pawky quean,
sae sweet, sae wicked, and sae bonny.

James Hogg

[17] No. 17. O Mary, at thy window be

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.

Robert Burns

[18] No. 18. Enchantress, farewell

Enchantress, farewell, who so oft hast decoy'd me,
 At the close of the evening through woodlands to roam,
 Where the forester, 'lated, with wonder espied me
 Explore the wild scenes he was quitting for home.
 Farewell and take with thee thy numbers wild speaking
 The language alternate of rapture and woe:
 Oh! none but some lover, whose heartstrings are breaking
 The pang that I feel at our parting can know.
 Each joy thou couldst double, and when there came sorrow,
 Or pale disappointment to darken my way,
 What voice was like thine, that could sing of tomorrow,
 Till forgot in the strain was the grief of today!
 But when friends drop around us in life's weary waning,
 The grief, Queen of Numbers, thou canst not assuage;
 Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remaining,
 The languor of pain, and the chillness of age.
 'Twas thou that once taught me, accents bewailing,
 To sing how a warrior I lay stretch'd on the plain,
 And a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,
 And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain;
 As vain thy enchantments, O Queen of wild Numbers
 To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
 And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers
 Farewell, then, Enchantress I'll meet thee no more!

Sir Walter Scott

[19] No. 19. O swiftly glides the bonny boat

O swiftly glides the bonny boat
 Just parted from the shore,
 And to the fisher's chorus note
 Soft moves the dipping oar.
 His toils are borne with happy cheer
 And ever may they speed,
 That feeble age and helpmate dear
 And tender bairnies feed.

REFRAIN:

We cast our lines in Largo Bay,
 Our nets are floating wide,
 Our bonny boat with yielding sway
 Rocks lightly in the tide.
 And happy prove our daily lot
 Upon the summer sea,

And blest on land our kindly Cot
Where all our treasures be.

The mermaid on her rock may sing,
The witch may weave her charm,
Nor watersprite nor eldritch thing
The bonny boat can harm.
It safely bears its scaly store
Thro many a storm gale,
While joyful shouts rise from the shore,
Its homeward prow to hail.

Joanna Baillie, 1762–1851

[20] No. 20. Faithful Johnie (2nd version)

When will you come again, ma faithfu' Johnie,
When will you come again?
'When the corn is gathered,
And the leaves are withered,
I will come again, ma sweet and bonny,
I will come again.'
Then will you meet me here, ma faithfu' Johnie,
Then will you meet me here?
'Though the night were Hallowe'en,
When the fearfu' sights are seen,
I would meet thee here, ma sweet and bonny,
I would meet thee here.'
O come na by the muir, ma faithfu' Johnie,
O come na by the muir.
'Though the wraiths were glist'ning white
By the dim elfcandles' light
I would come to thee, ma sweet and bonny,
I would come to thee.'
And shall we part again, ma fathfu' Johnie?
Shall we part again?
'So lang's my eye can see, Jean,
That face so dear to me Jean,
We shall not part again, ma sweet and bonnie,
We shall not part again.'

Anne Grant, 1755–1838

[21] No. 21. Jeanie's Distress

By William late offended,
I blam'd him, I allow
And then my anger ended,
And he is angry now.
And I in turn am chided,
For what I ne'er design'd;
And tho' by love misguided,
Am call'd myself unkind.
So now, when I am nigh him,
y looks must coldness wear;
They tell me I must fly him
At market and at fair;
Nor near the thorn-tree meet him,
At evening, I suppose,
Nor in the morning greet him,
As by the door he goes.
Nor at the kirk perceive him,
But ponder on my book;
With downcast eyes deceive him,
Tho' stealing oft a look.
Alas! How long must nature
This cruel war maintain?
Content in every feature,
While writhes my heart with pain?
O William, dost thou love me?
Oh! Sure I need not fear;
How, dearest, would it move thee
To see this falling tear!
Too heedless, thoughtless lover,

From what thyself must feel,
Why canst thou not discover,
What Jeanie must conceal?

William Smyth

[22] No. 22. The Highland Watch

Old Scotia, wake thy mountain strain
In all its wildest splendours!
And welcome back the lads again,
Your honour's dear defenders!
Be every harp and viol strung',
Till all the woodlands quaver:
Of many a band your Bards have sung,
But never hail'd a braver.

REFRAIN:

Then raise the pibroch, Donald Bane,
We're all in key to cheer it;
And let it be a martial strain,
That warriors bold may hear it.

Ye lovely maids, pitch high your notes
As virgin voice can sound them,
Sing of your brave, your noble Scots,
For glory kindles round them.
Small is the remnant you will see,
Lamented be the others!
But such a stem of such a tree,
Take to your arms like brothers.

REFRAIN:

Raise high the pibroch, Donald Bane,
Strike all our glen with wonder;
Let the chanter yell, and the drone notes swell,
Till music speaks in thunder.

What storm can rend your mountain rock,
What wave your headlands shiver?
Long have they stood the tempest's shock,
Thou knowst they will forever.
Sooner your eye these cliffs shall view
Split by the wind and weather,
Than foeman's eye the bonnet blue
Behind the nodding feather.

REFRAIN:

O raise the pibroch, Donald Bane,
Our caps to the sky we'll send them.
Scotland, thy honours who can stain,
Thy laurels who can rend them!

James Hogg

[23] No. 23. The Shepherd's Song

The gowan glitters on the sward,
The lavrock's in the sky,
And Colley on my plaid keeps ward,
And time is passing by.
Oh no! Sad and slow!
I hear nae welcome sound!
The shadow of our trysting bush,
It wears so slowly round.
My sheepbell tinkles frae the west,
My lambs are bleating near,
But still the sound tha I lo'e best,
Alack! I canna hear.
Oh no! Sad and slow!
The shadow lingers still,
And like a lonely ghaist I stand
And croon upon the hill.
I hear below the water roar,

Th mill wi' clakkin' din,
And Lukky scolding frae her door,
To bring the bairnies in,
Oh no! Sad and slow!
These are nae sounds for me;
The shadow of a trysting bush,
It creeps sae drearily.

Joanna Baillie

[24] No. 24. Again, my lyre

Again my lyre, yet once again!
With tears I wake thy thrilling strain
O sounds to sacred sorrow dear,
I weep, but could for ever hear!
Ah! cease! nor more past scenes recall,
Ye plaintive notes! thou dying fall!
For lost, beneath thy lov'd control,
Sweet Lyre! is my dissolving soul.
Around me airy forms appear,
And Seraph songs are in mine ear!
Ye Spirits blest, oh bear away
To happier realms my humble lay!
For still my Love may deign to hear
Those human notes that once were dear!
And still one angel sigh bestow
On her who weeps, who mourns below.

William Smyth

[25] No. 25. Sally in Our Alley

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley!
There's not a lady in the land
That's half so sweet as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart
And she lives in our alley.
Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And through the street does cry' em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy' em
How could such folks the parents be
Of such a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart
And she lives in our alley.
When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely:
But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes between
The Saturday and Monday,
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally.
She is the darling of my heart
And she lives in our alley.
My master carries me to church,
And often am I blam'd
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is nam'd;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
When Christmas comes about again,

O, then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey:
I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And but for her I'd better be
A slave, and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
Oh! Then I'll marry Sally;
She is the darling of my heart
And she lives in our alley.

Henry Carey, c.1687–1743