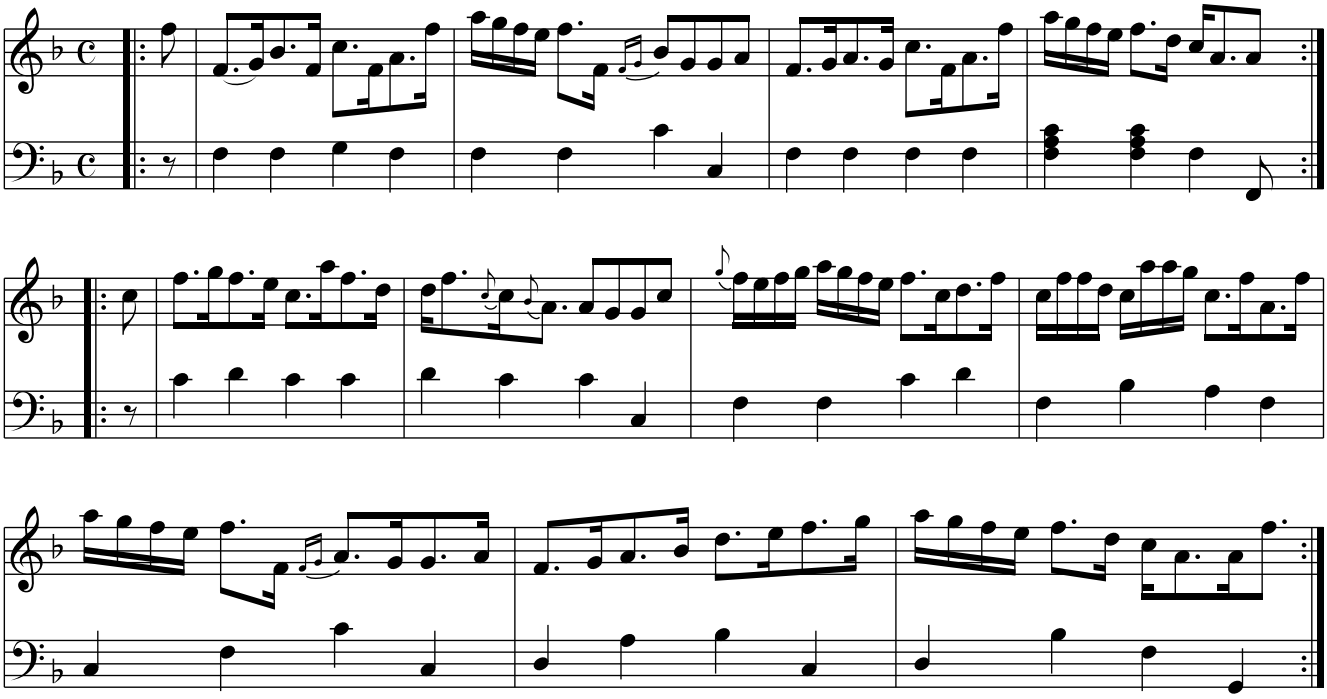
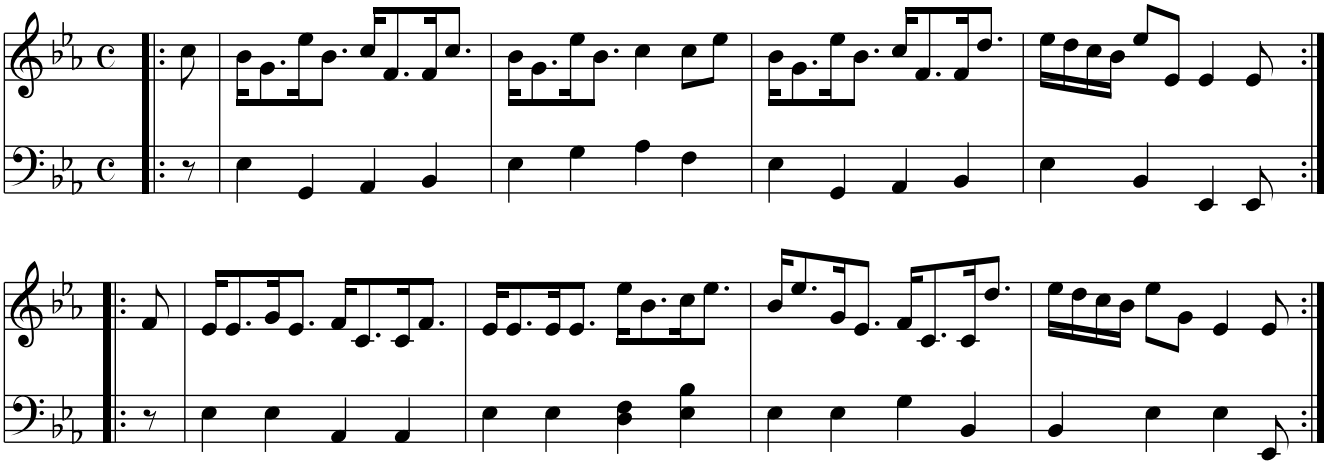
Mrs Macintyres Strathspey. 2 Voices. Dix.01

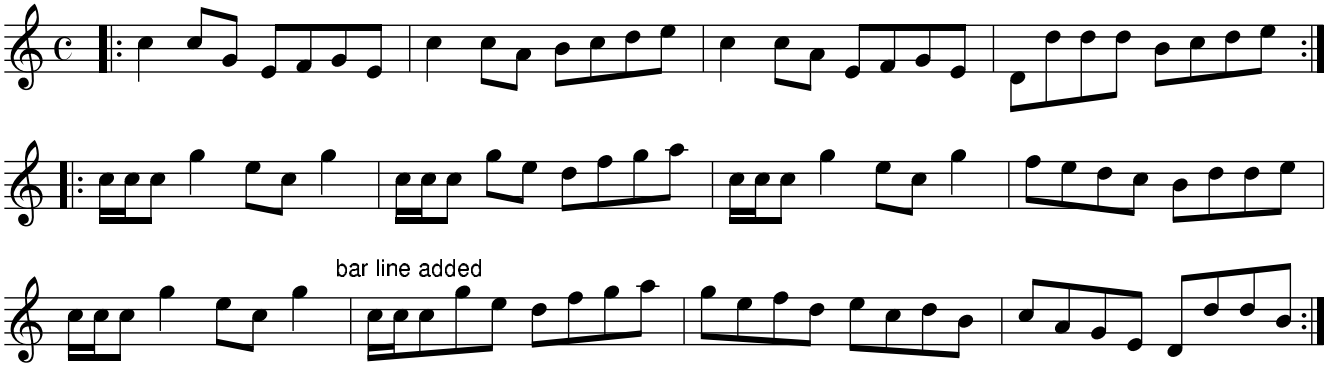


Neil Gow's Reel. 2voices. Dix.02



Lady Montgomery. Dix.03

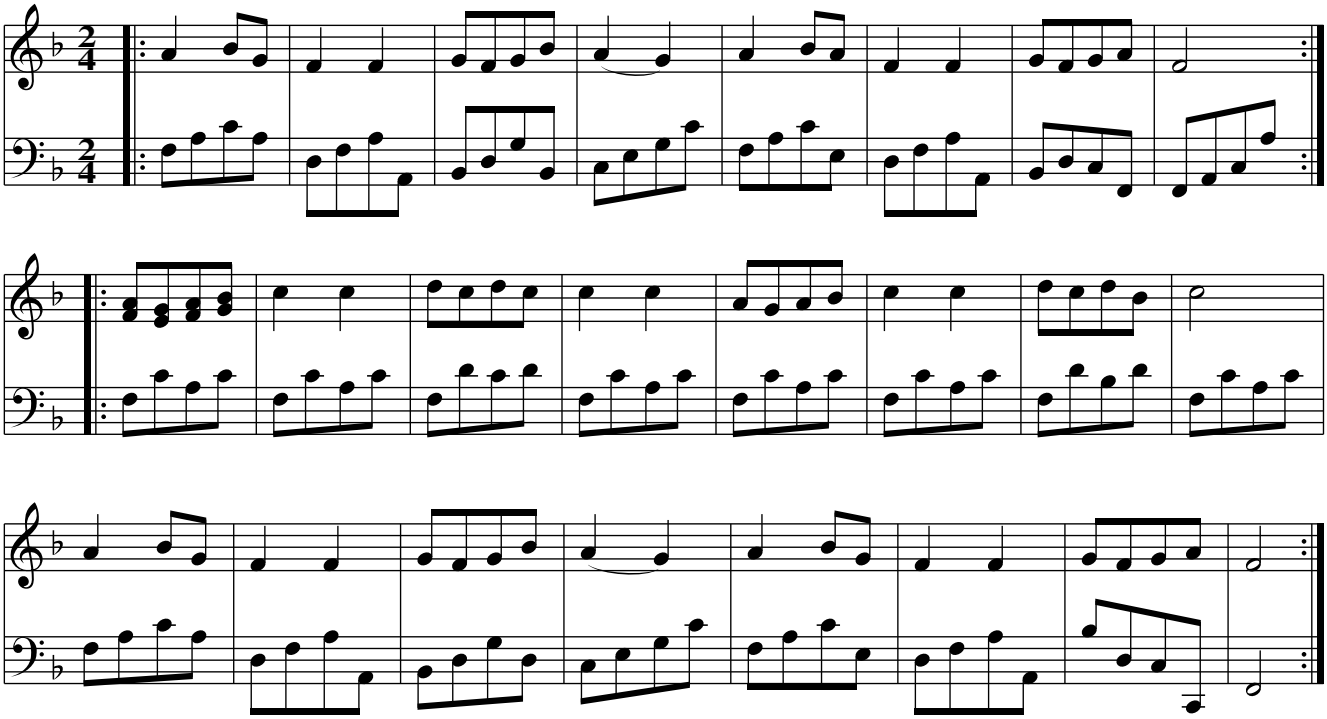
'A Reel' by 12th Earl of Eglintoun (Col. Hugh Montgomerie)



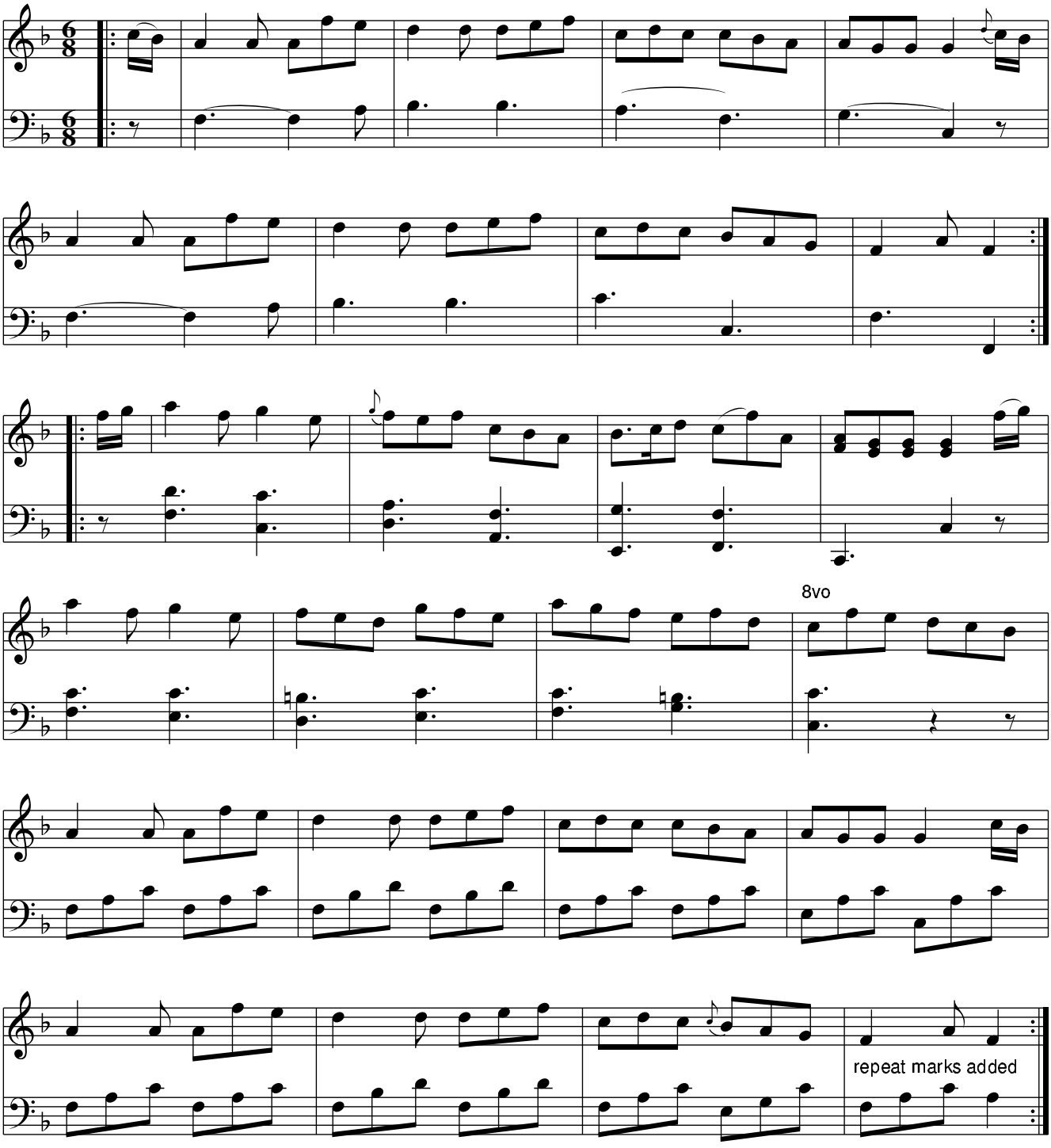
Italian. 2voices. Dix.04

Go Tell Aunt Rhody,aka. Dix.04

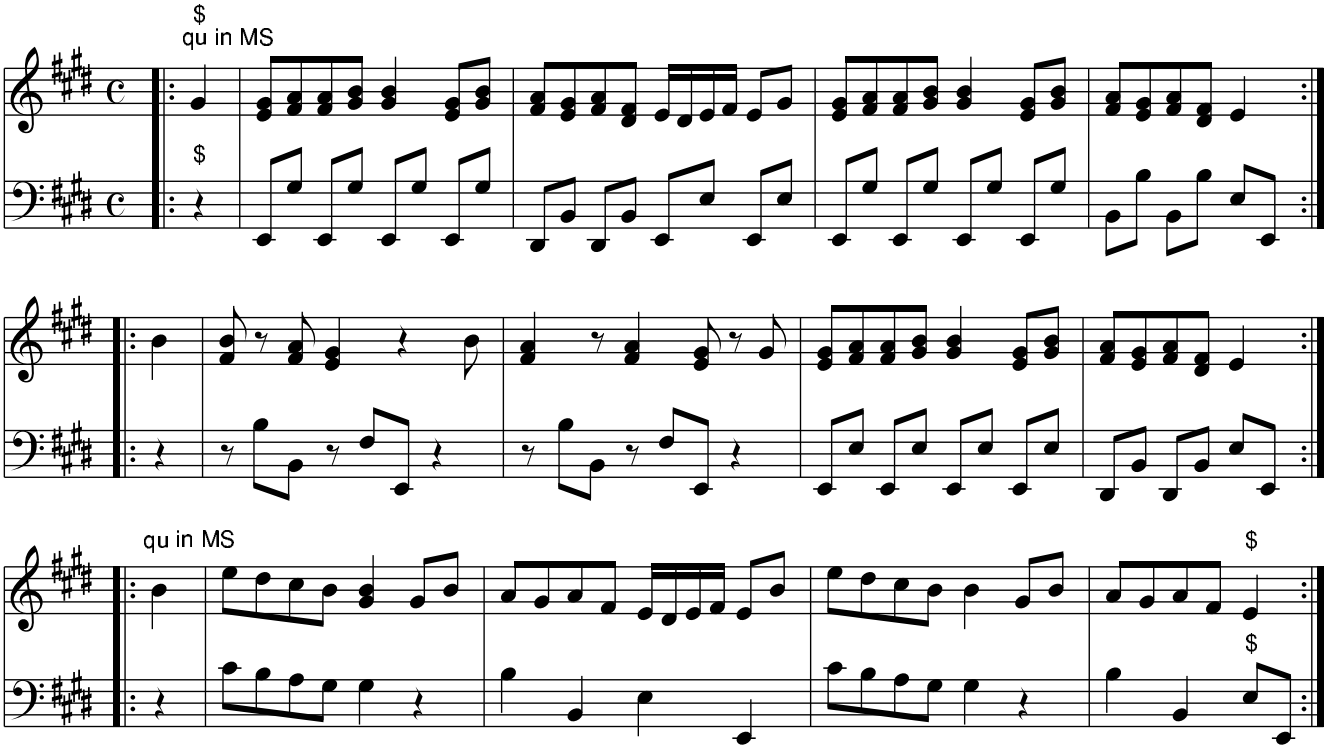
Rousseaux's Dream,aka. Dix.04



Ap Shenkin. 2voices. Dix.05

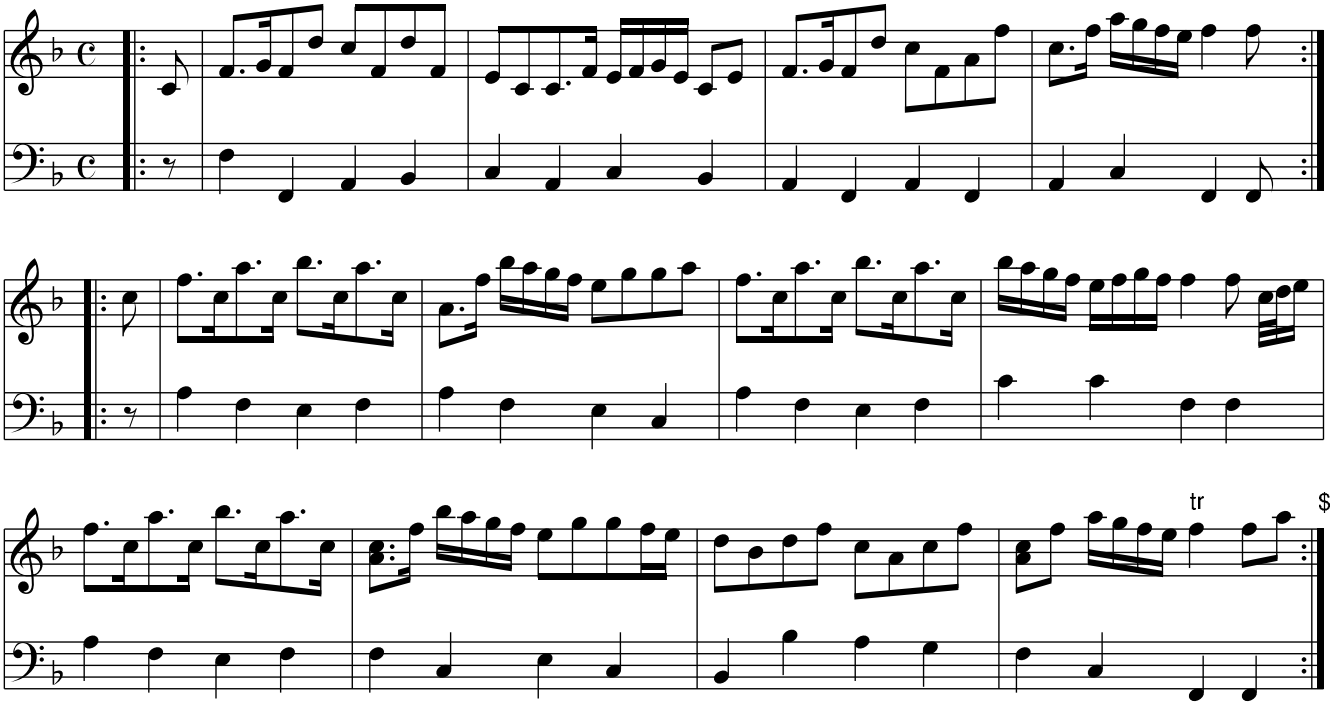


Italian Dance. 2voices. Dix.06



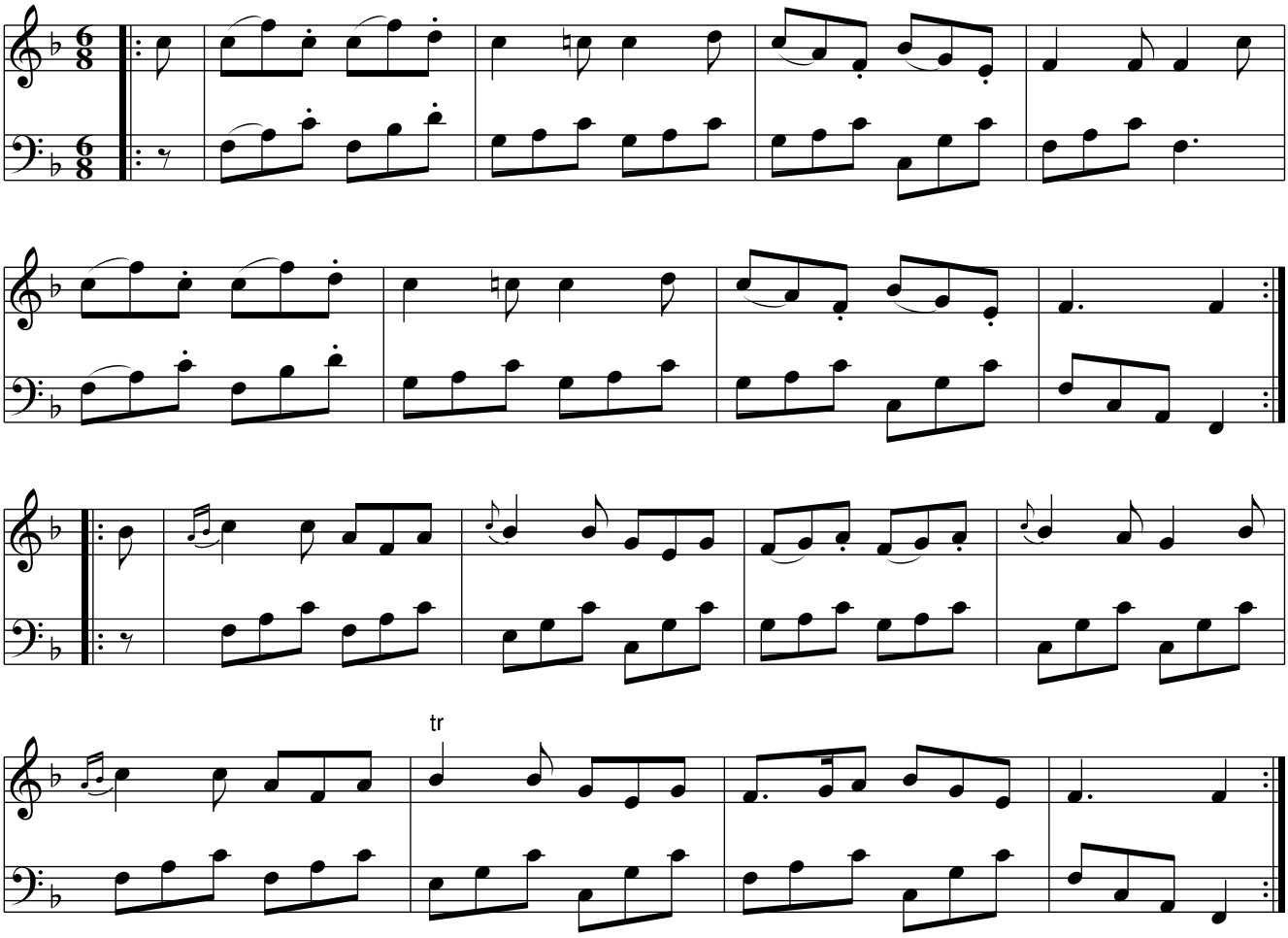
Mrs Garden (of Troops) Strathspey. 2voices. Dix.07

(Robert Petrie 1767–1830)

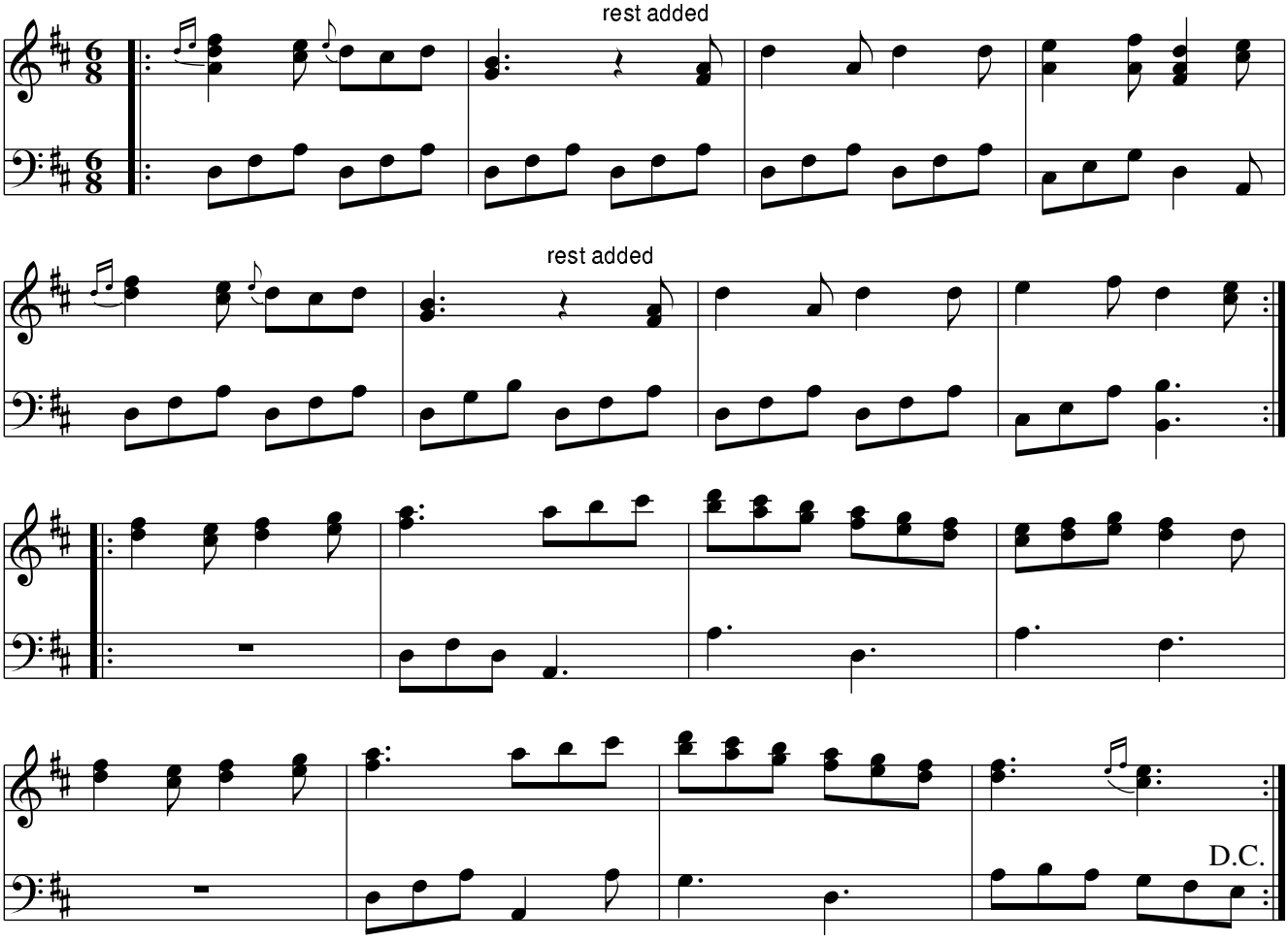


Colonel Baird. 2voices. Dix.08

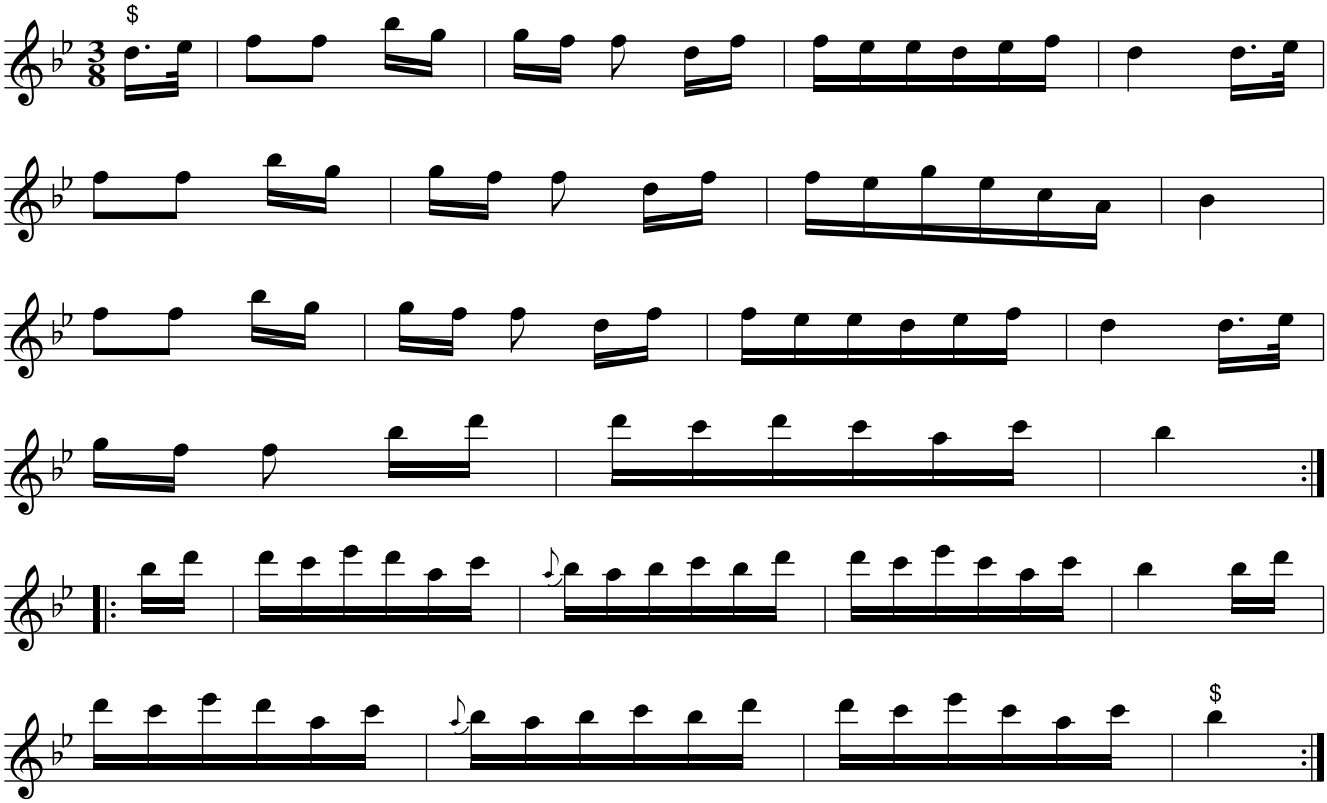
Mrs Oswald



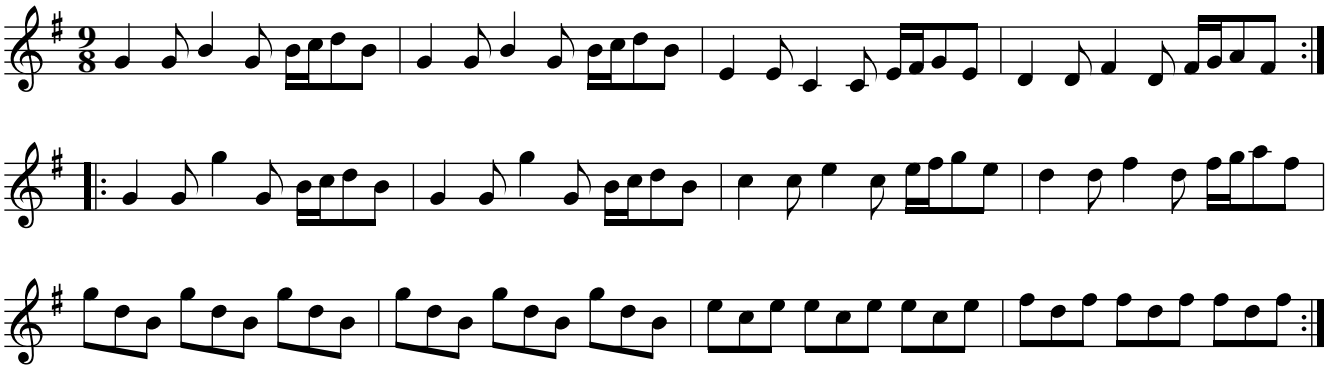
Welch Air. 2voices. Dix.09



Waltz. Dix.10

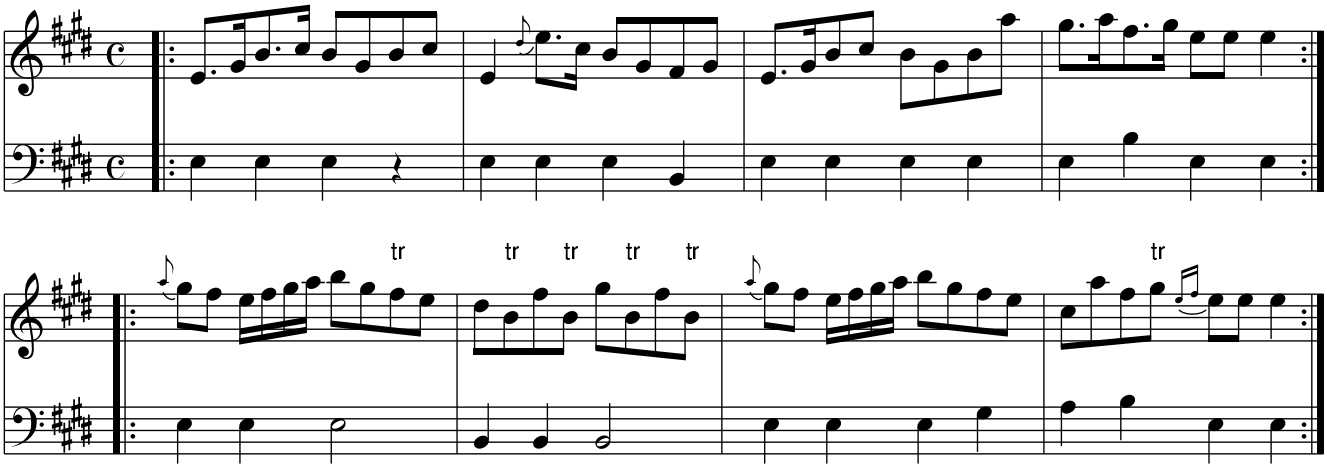


New Claret. Dix.11

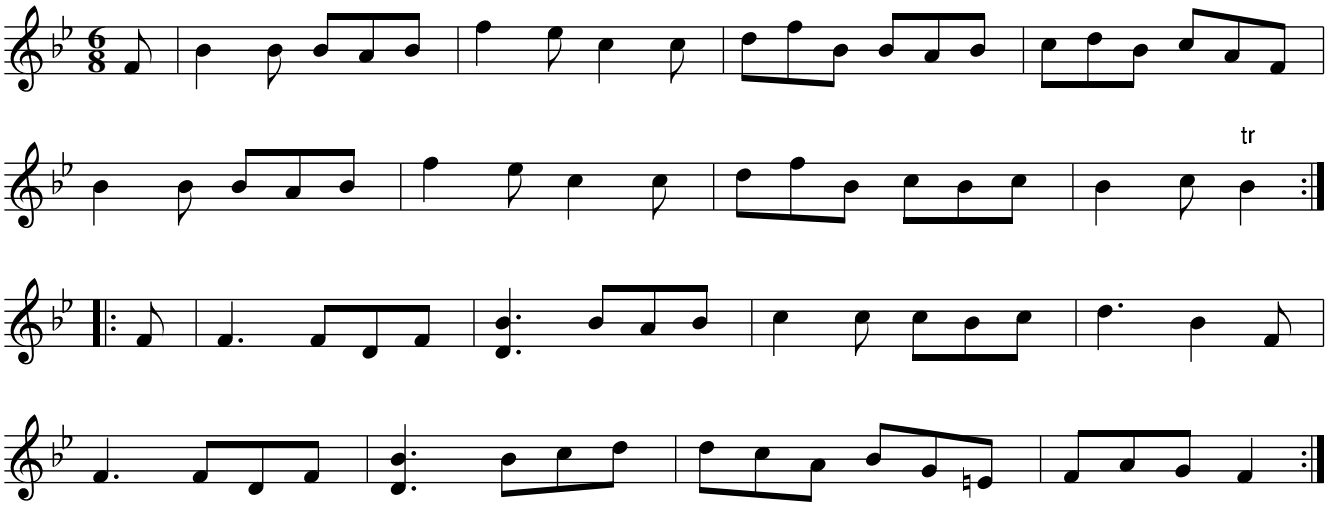


Duncan Davidson. 2voices. Dix.12

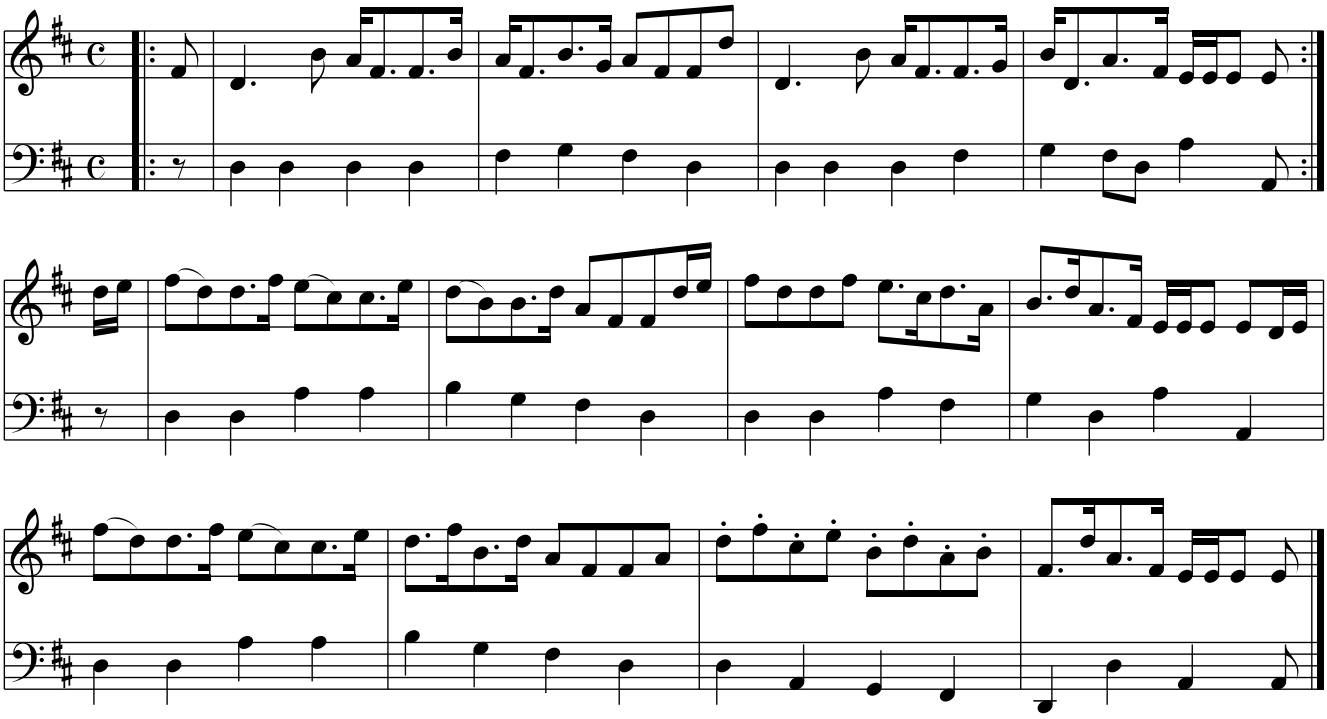
a Strathspey
an extremely rude song by Robbie Burns



Laurette. Dix.13

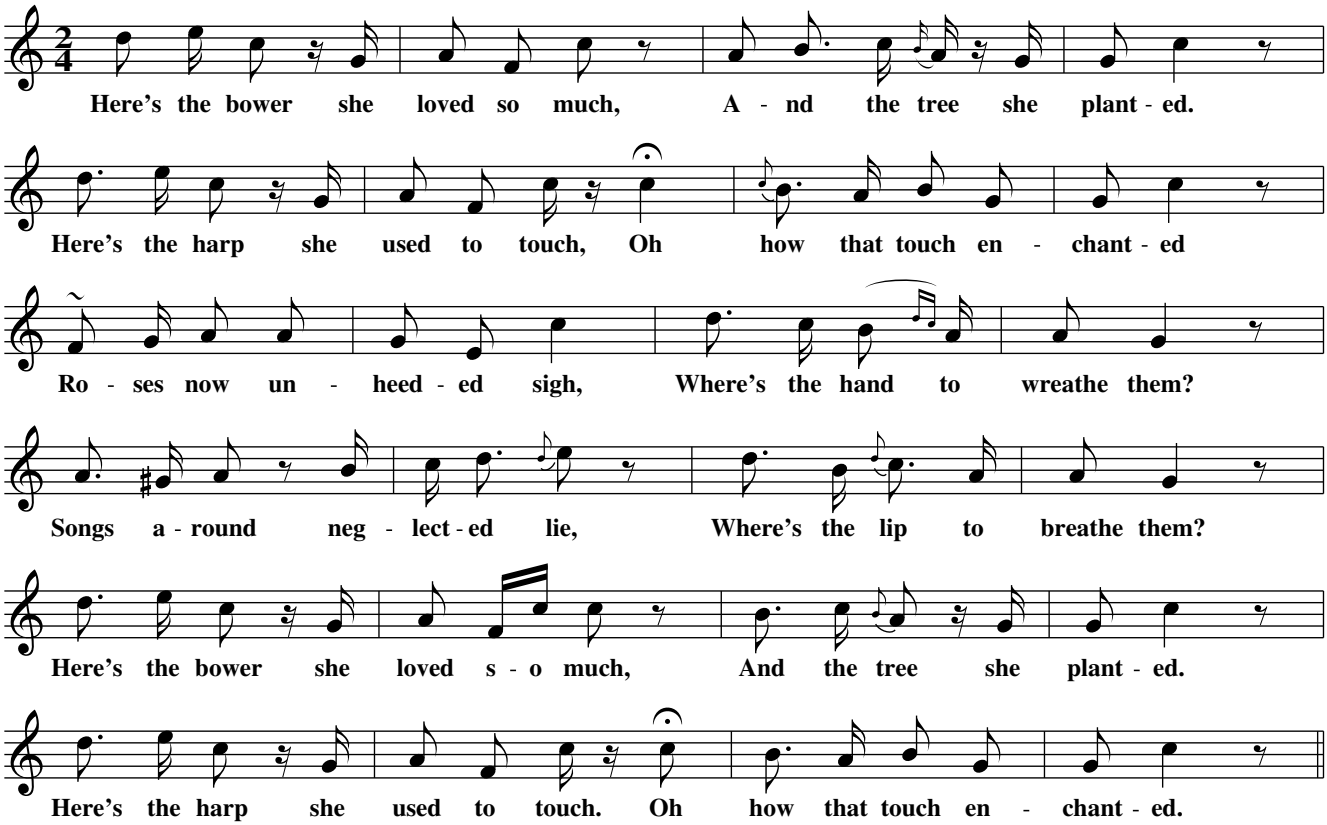


Lady Mary Ramsays Reel. 2voices. Dix.12

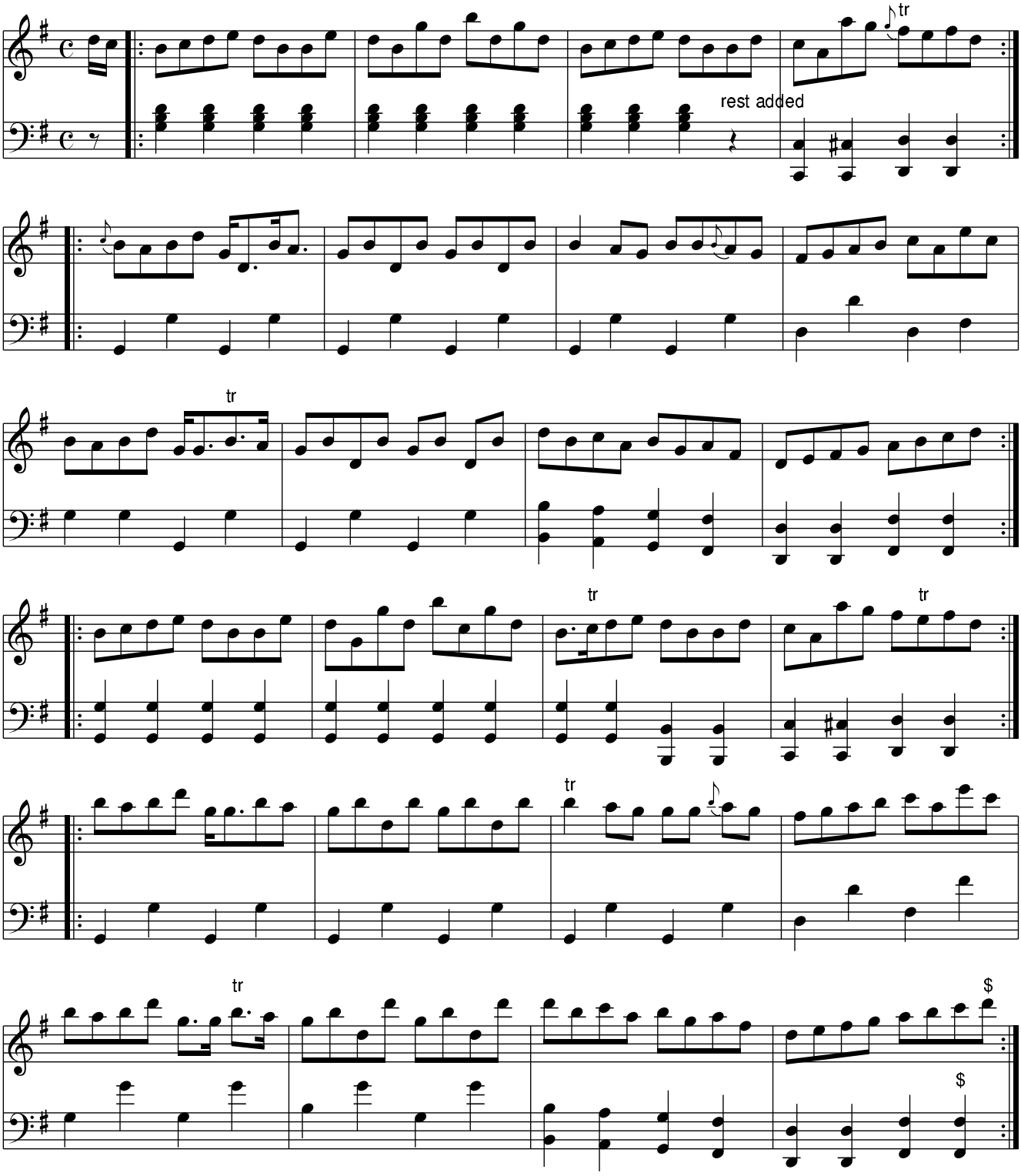


Heres the Bower. Dix.15

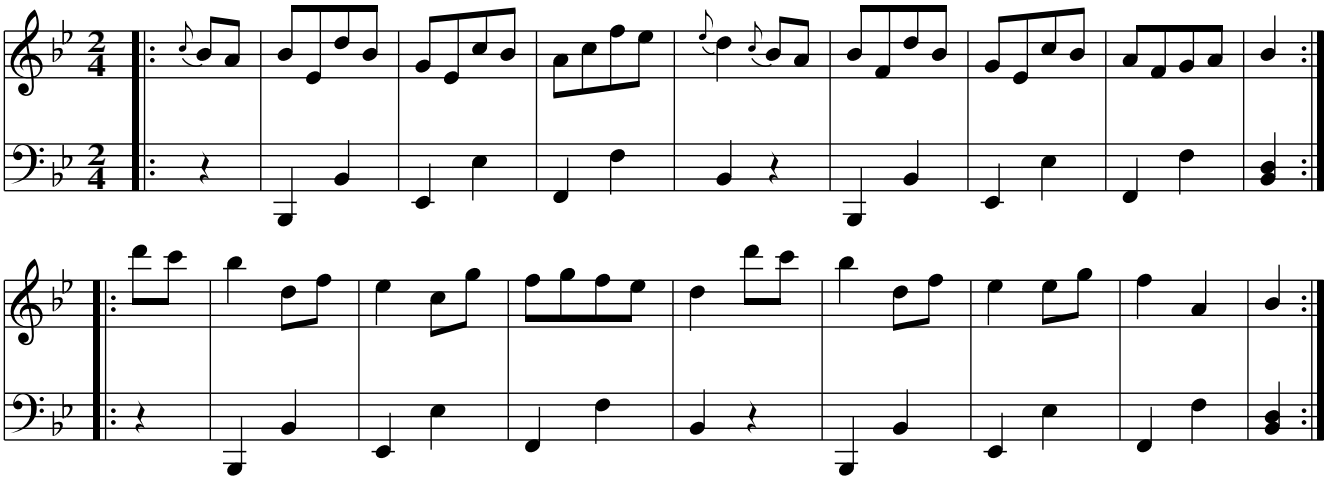
T. Moore



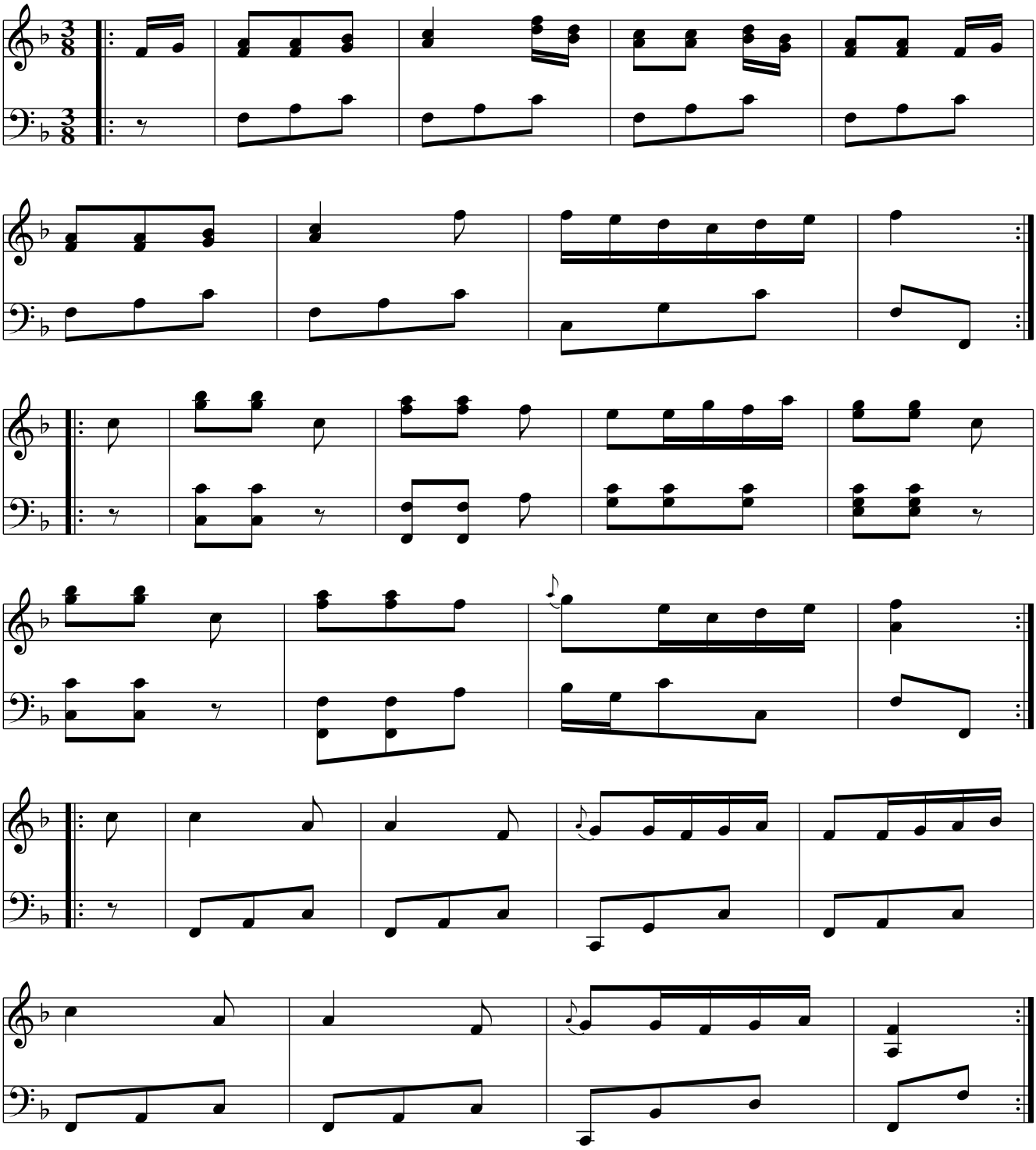
Miss Johnson's Reel. 2voices. Dix.16



Caro Dolce. 2voices. Dix.17

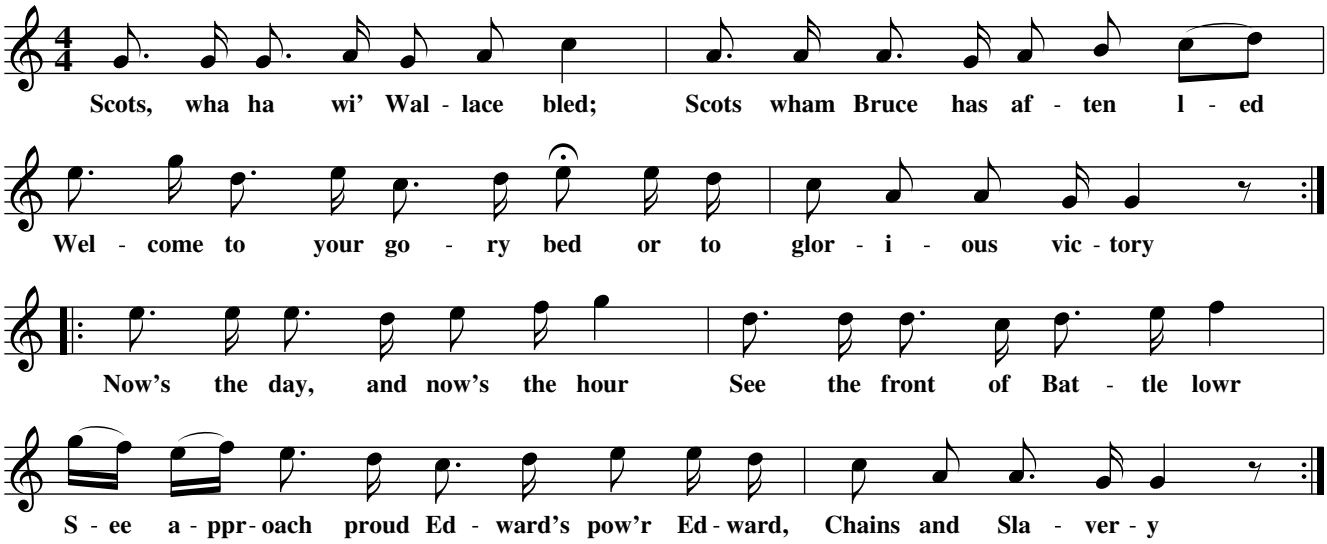


Waltz. 2voices. Dix.18



King Roberts Address. Dix.19

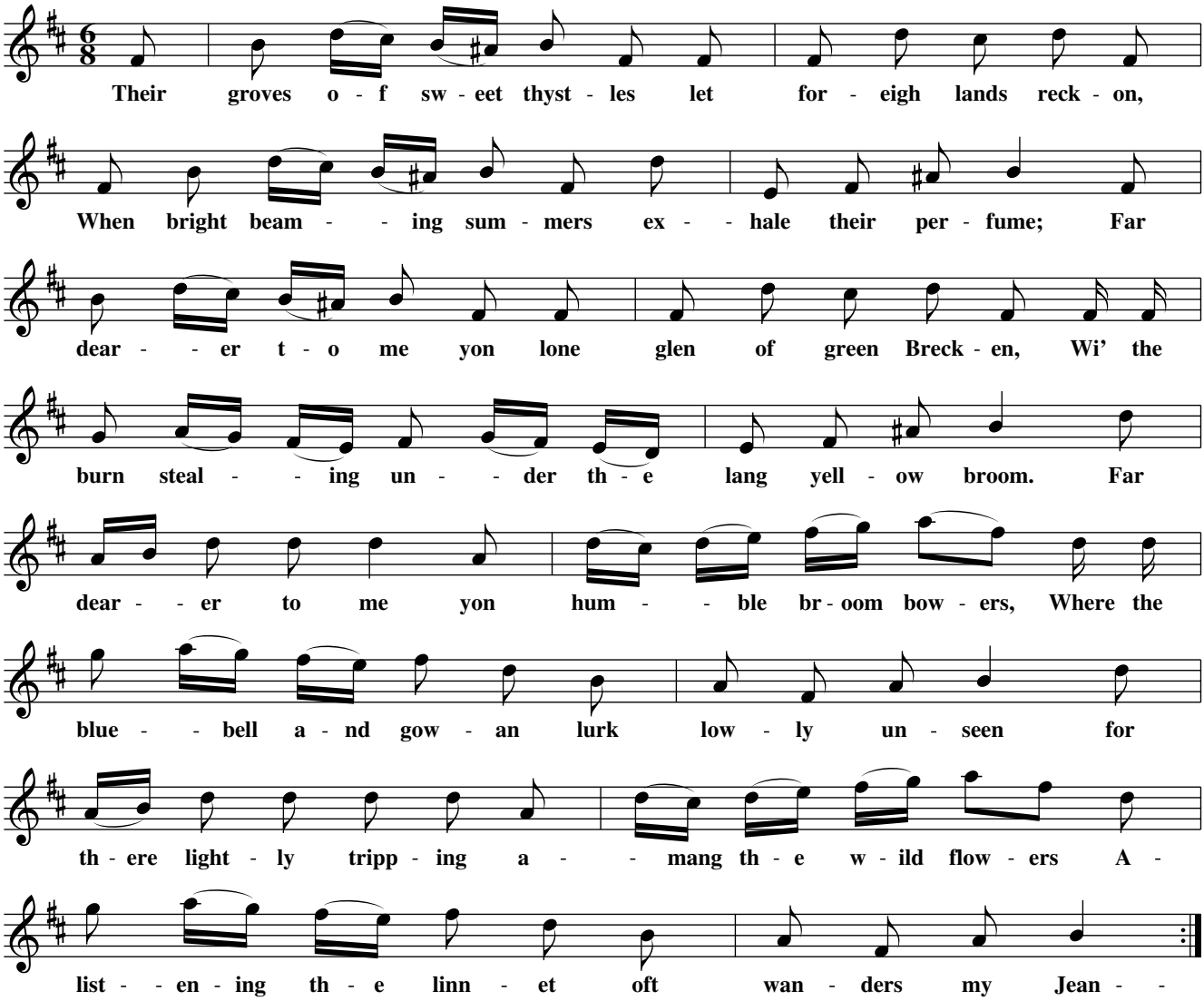
Scots Wha Ha,aka. Dix.19



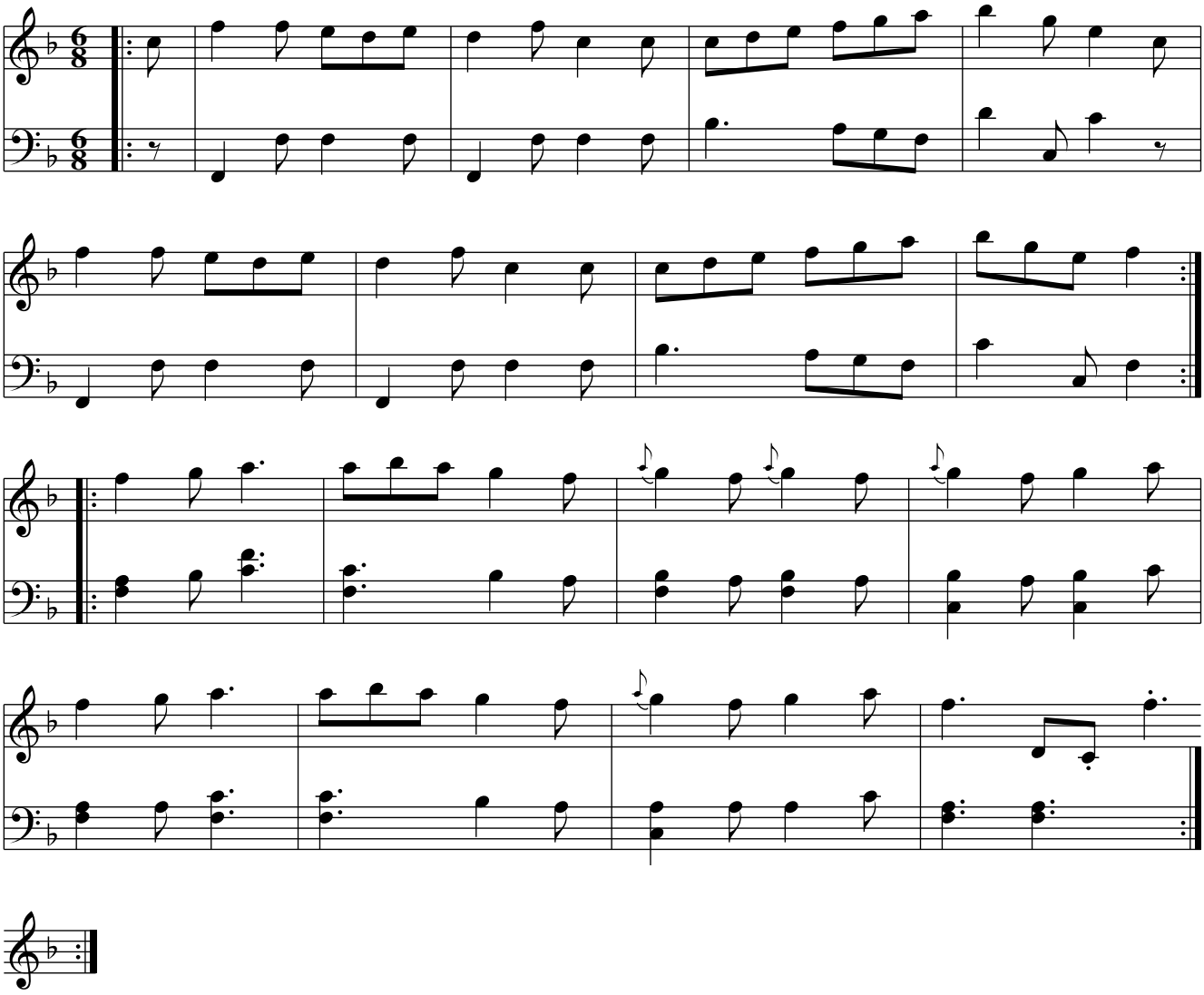
Wha will be a traitor–knave?
Wha can fill a cowards' grave?
Wha sae base as be a Slave?
Let him turn and flee.–
Wha for Scotland's King and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freemen stand, or freeman fa',
Caledonian on wi' me–

By Oppression's woes and pains
By your sons in servile chains
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be, shall be free
Lay the proud oppressers low
Tyrants fall in every blow,
Liberty s in every blow
Onward let us do or die.

Caledonia Dix.20

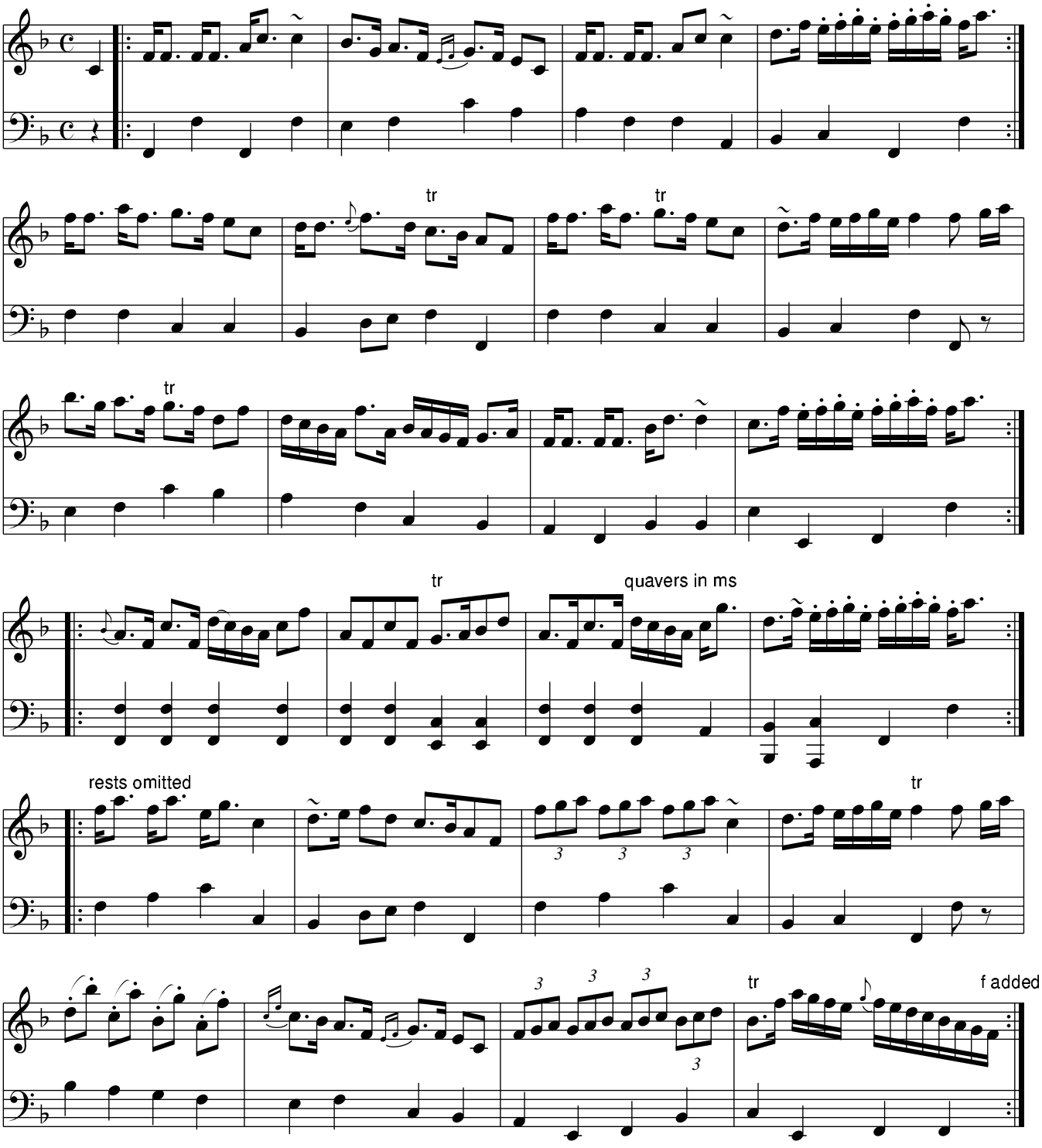


Tekeli. 2voices. Dix.21



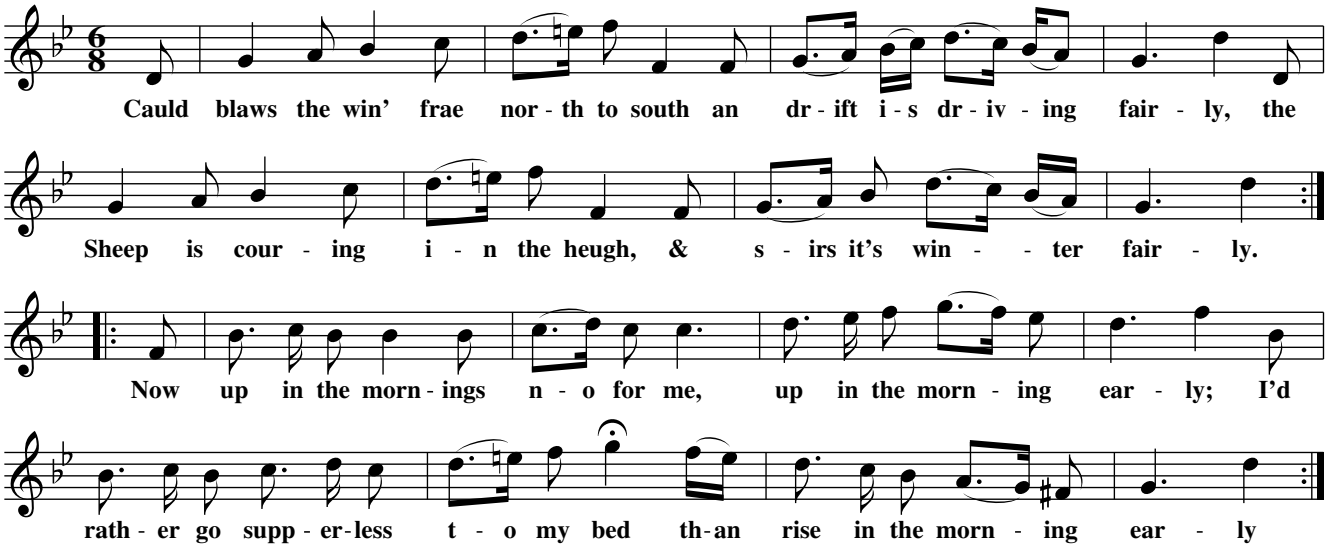
Lord Moira's Welcome to Scotland. 2voices. Dix.22

Duncan MacIntyre
Athole Collection credits A. Duff



Up in the Morning Early Dix.23

'Scotch', Burns



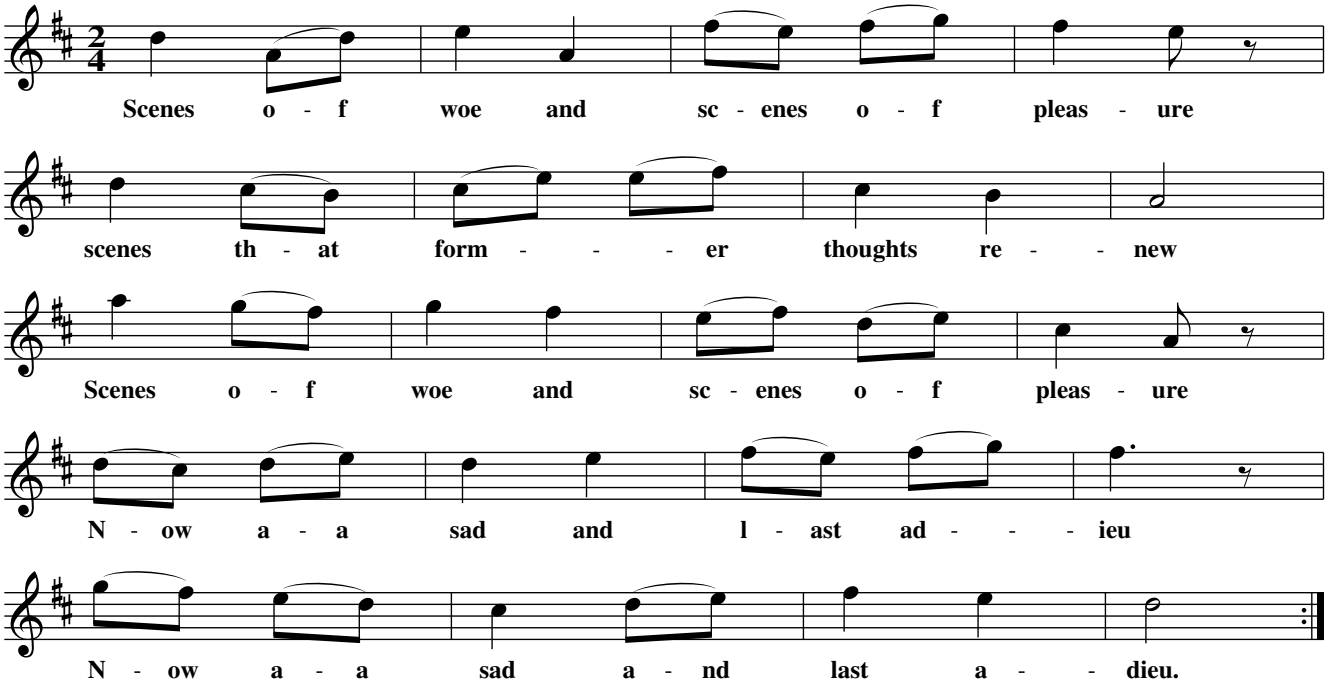
Ruder airs the blast amang the woods
The branches tirlin' barely;
Amang the chimney tops it thuds,
An' frost is nippin sairly.
Now up in the mornings, no for me,
Up in the morning early,
To sit a' the night wad better agree,
Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps o'er the southlan hills
Like ony timorous carlie,
Just blinksa wee, then sinks again
An that we fin' severely;
Now up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early
When snaw blaws in to the chimley cheek
Wha'd rise in the morning early.

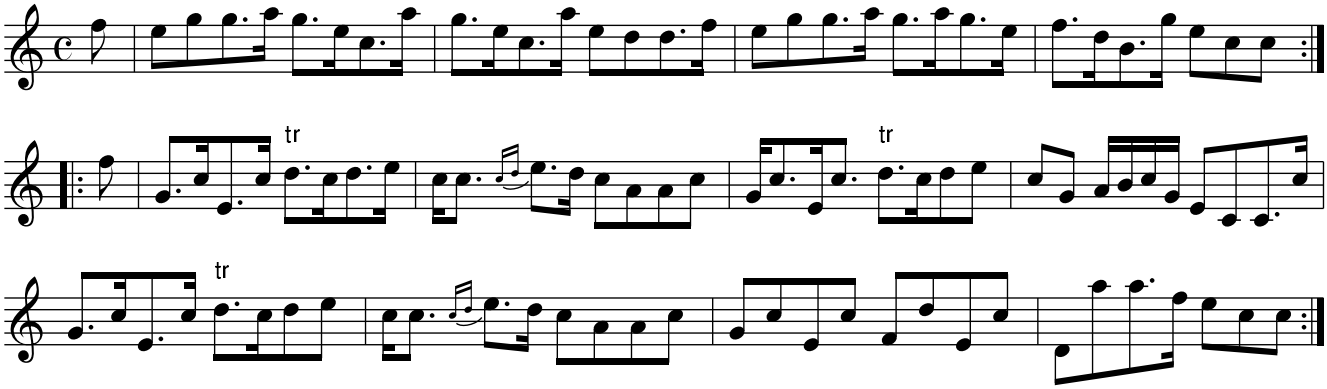
Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush
Poor things they suffer sairly;
In caudrife quarters a' the night
A' day they feed but sparely
Now up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early
No fate can be war', in the winter time
Than rise in the morning early

A cosey house an' a canty wife
Keep s ay a body cheerly;
An' pantry stow'd wi' meal &maut
It answers unco rarely.
But up in the Morning, Na Na Na
Up in the morning early
The gowans maun glint on bank an' bra'
When I rise in the morning early

Burn's Farewell to Ayrshire Dix.24

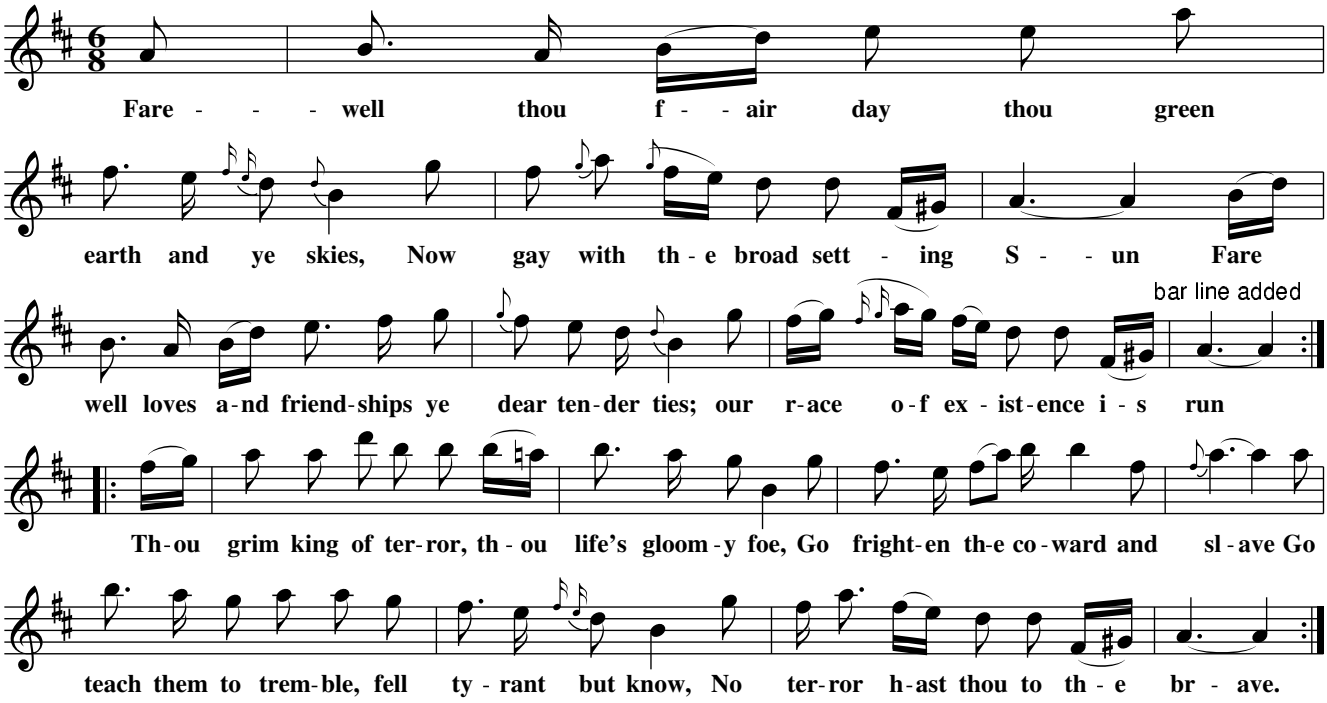


Lady Lucy Ramsays Reel Dix.25



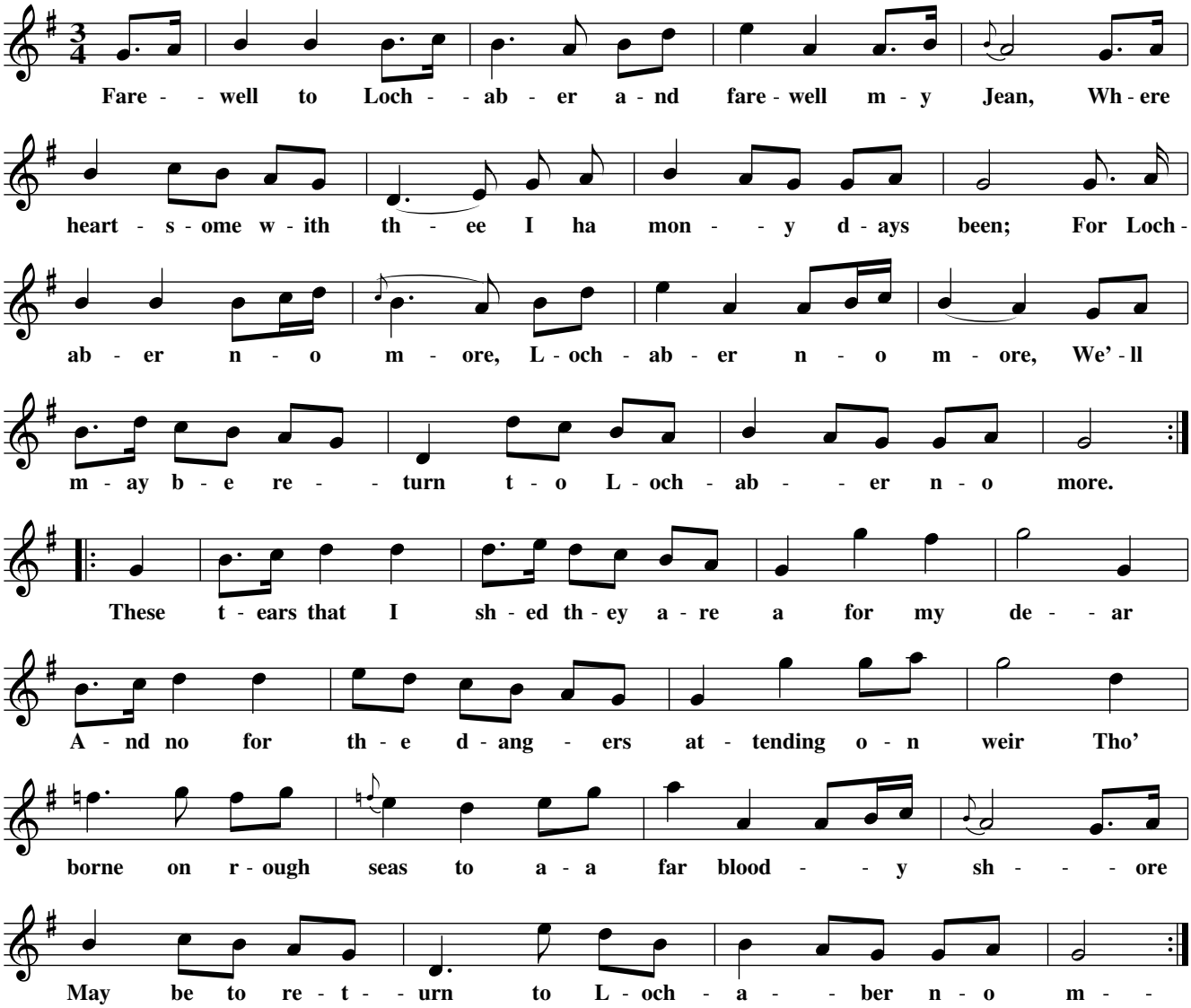
The Song of Death. Dix.26

Words by Burns



Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark
Nor saves even the wreck of a Name:
Thou strikest the young hero, a glorious mark
He falls in the blaze of his fame.
In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
Our King and our country to save,
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O, who would not die with the brave.

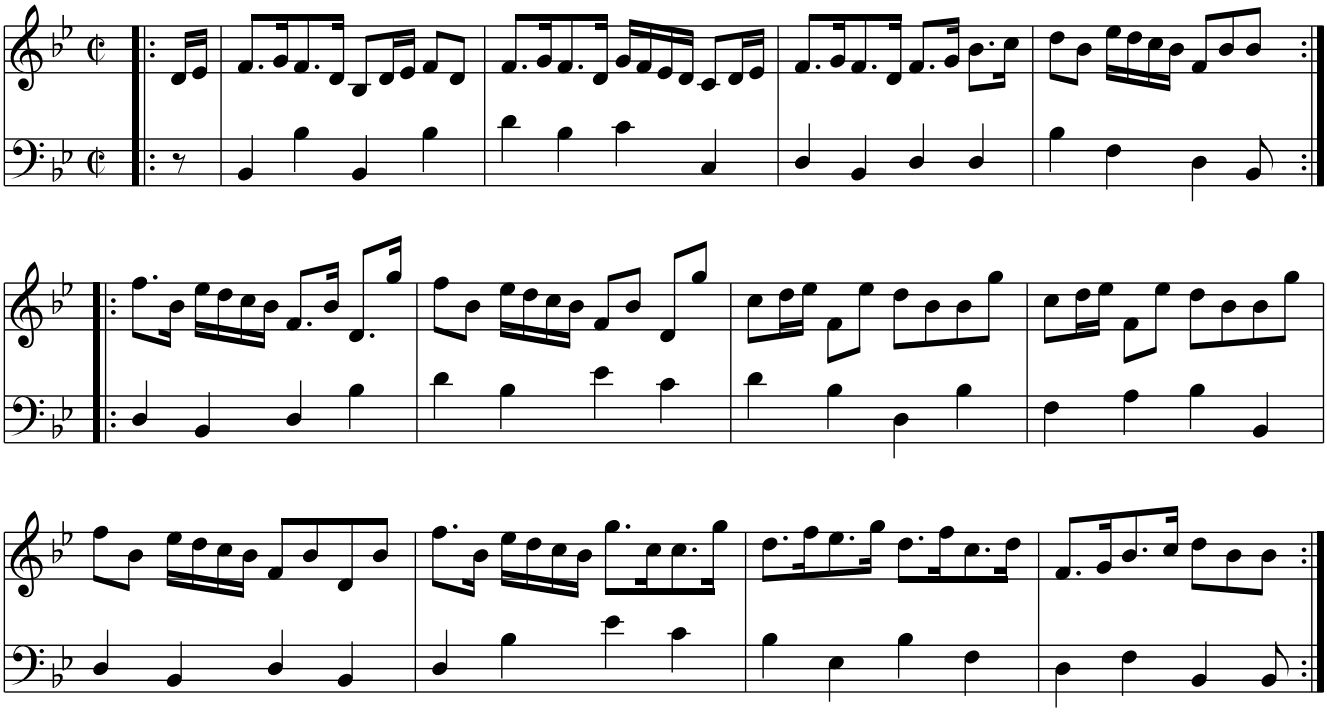
Farewell to Lochaber Dix.27



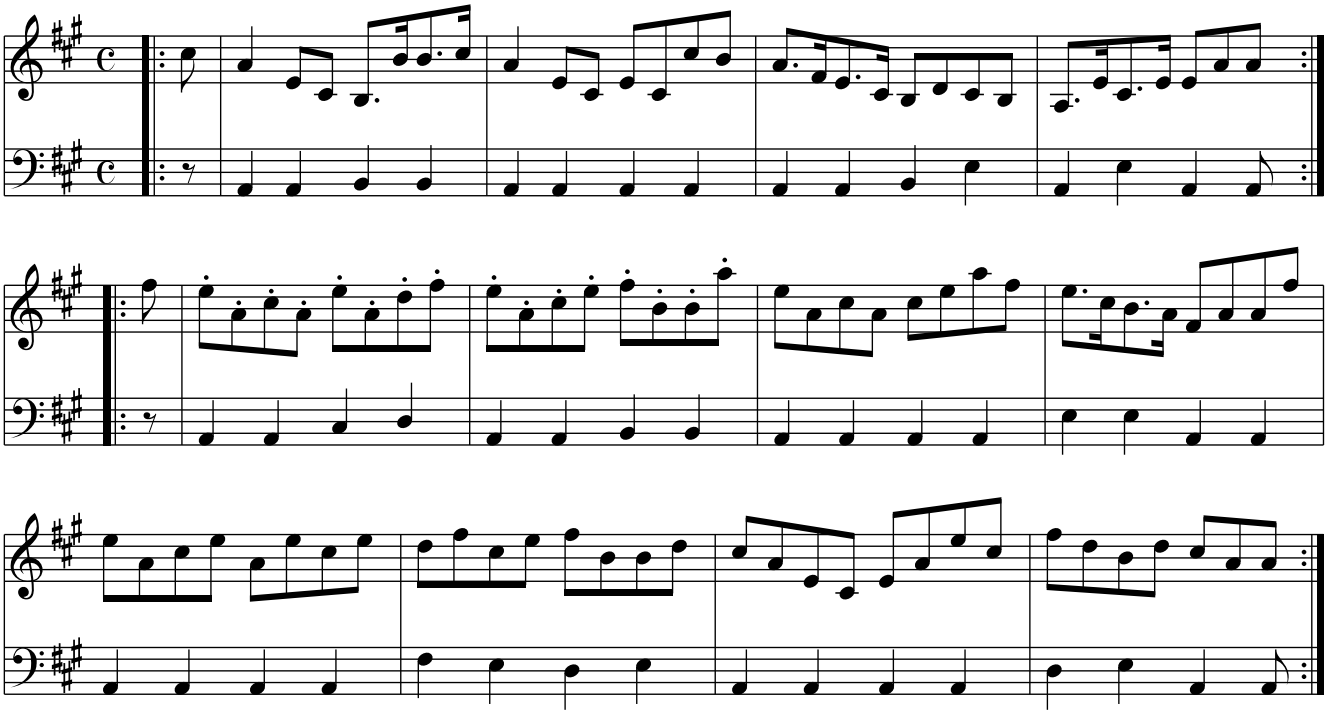
Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise every wind
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore;
To have thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd
But beauty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

Then glory, my Jenny 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 favour, I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass to win glory 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.

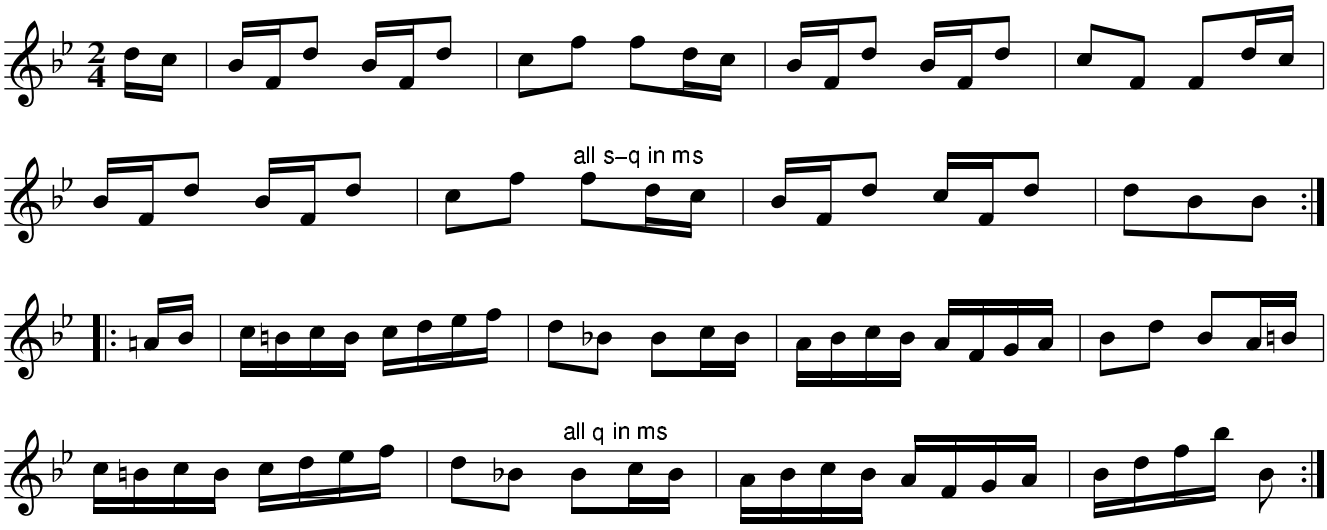
The Prince of Wales Strathspey. 2voices. Dix.28



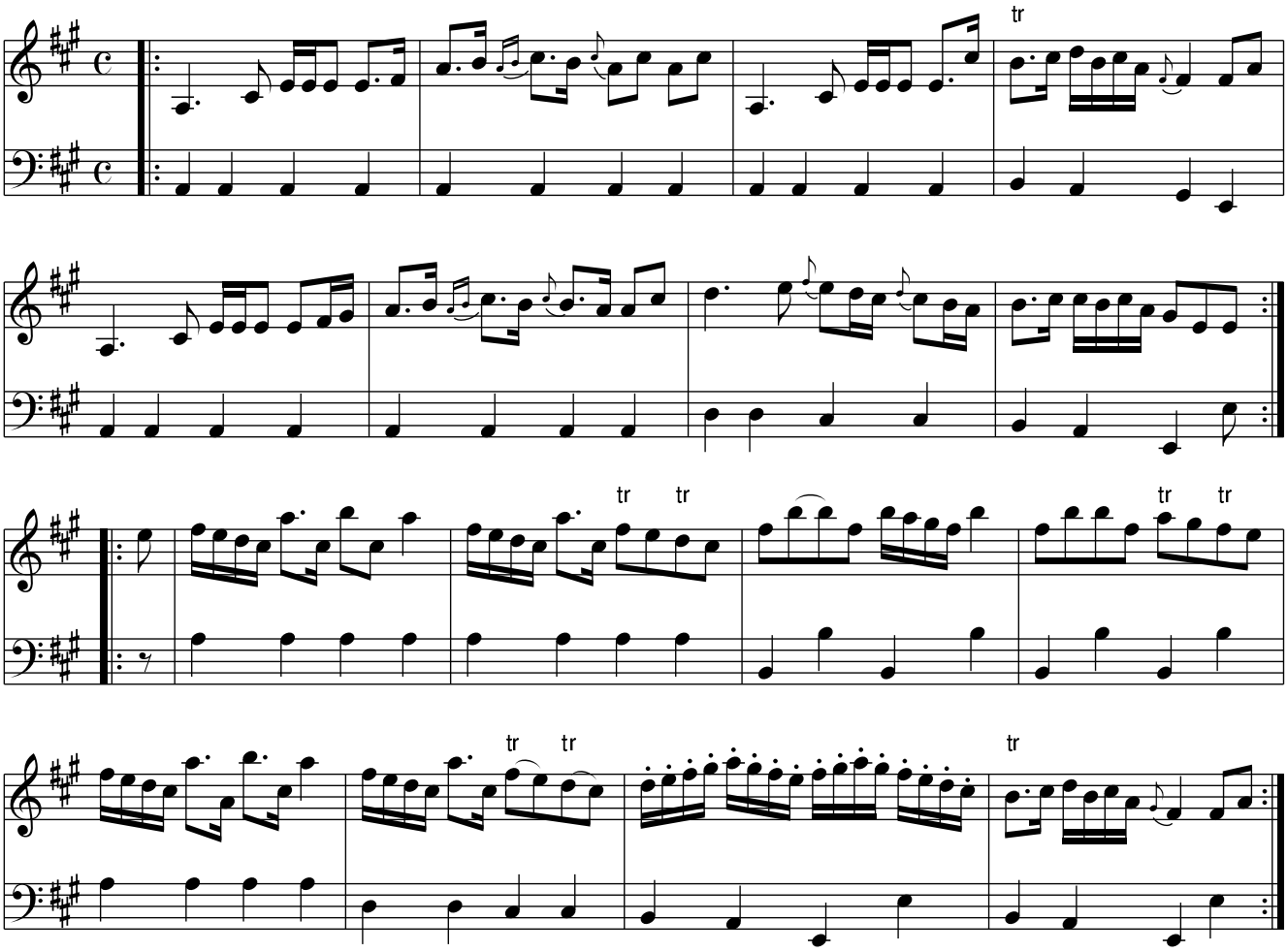
Miss Vearie Hay's Reel. 2voices Dix.29



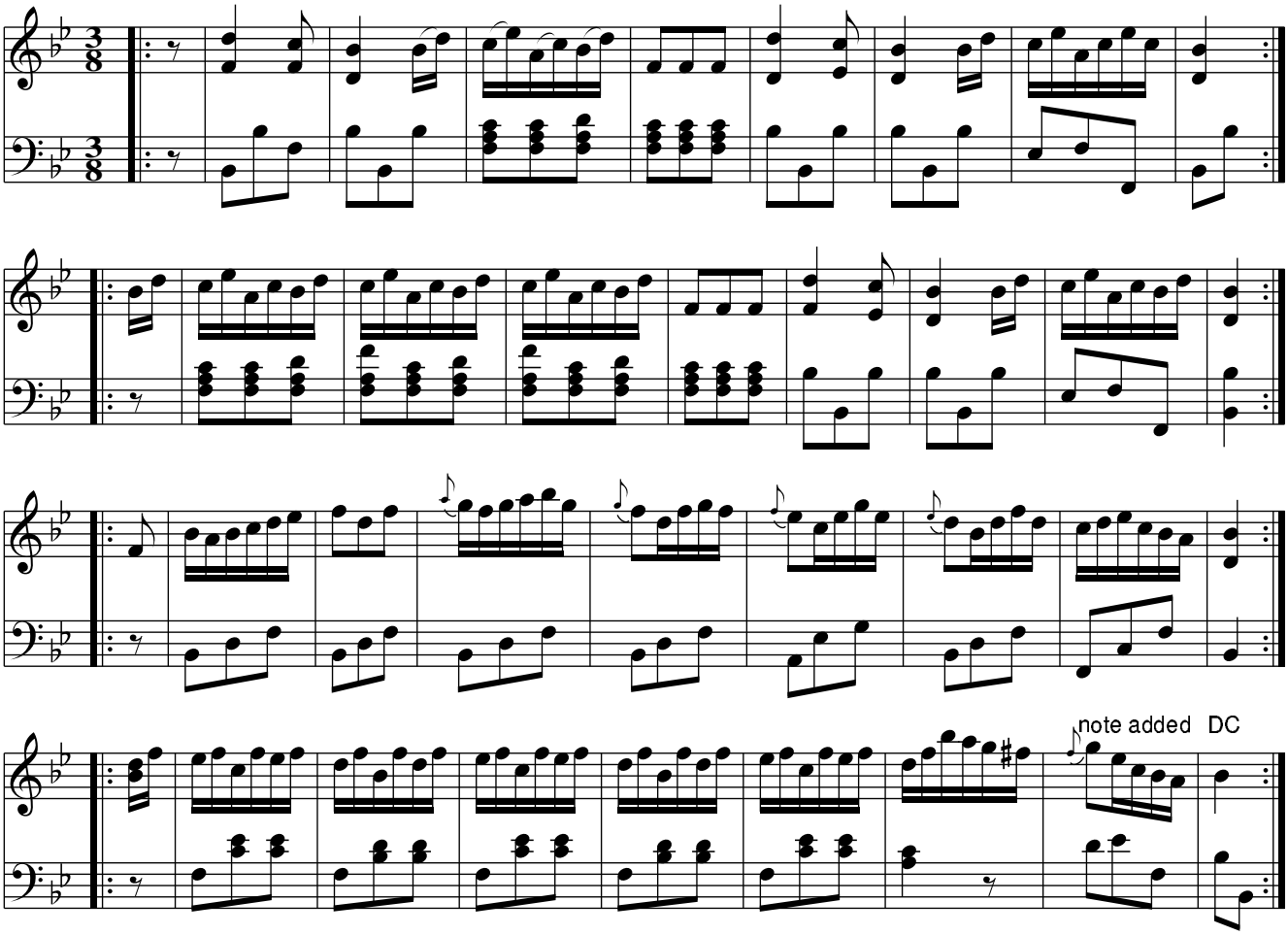
Laura and Lenza Dix.30



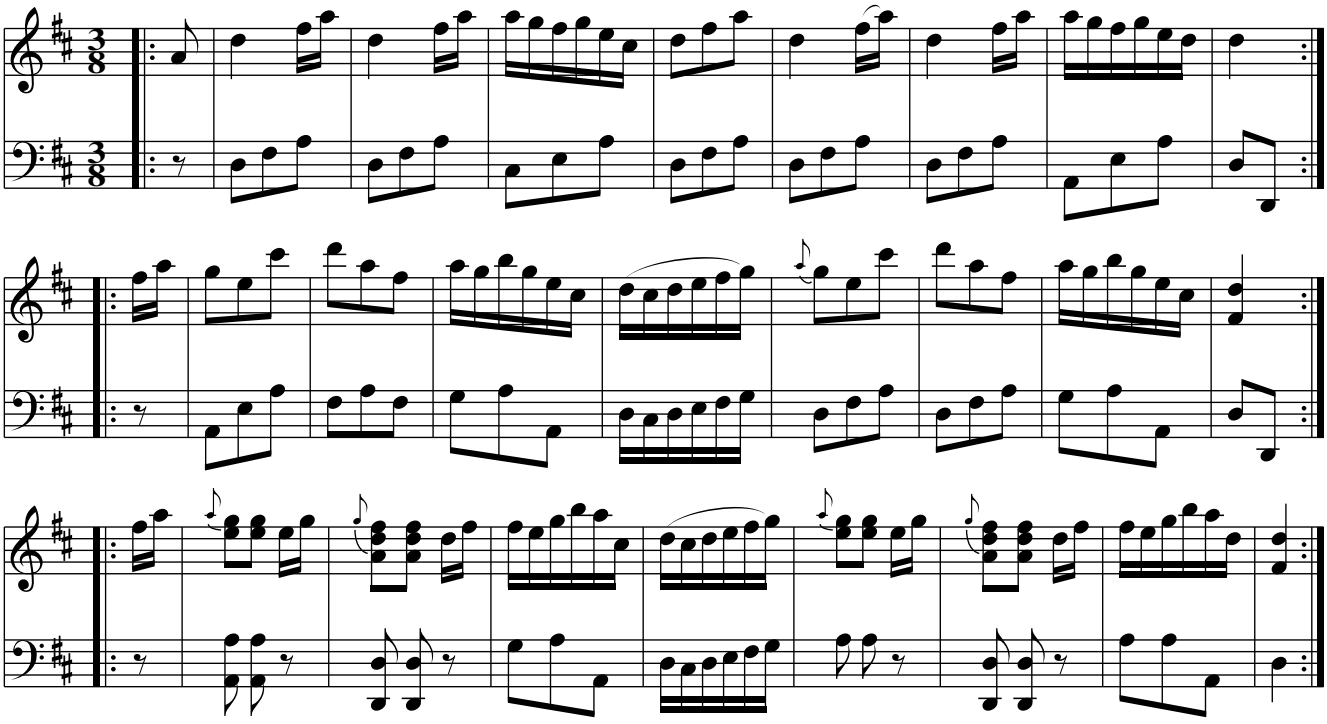
The Marquis of Huntly's Favourite. 2voices. Dix.31



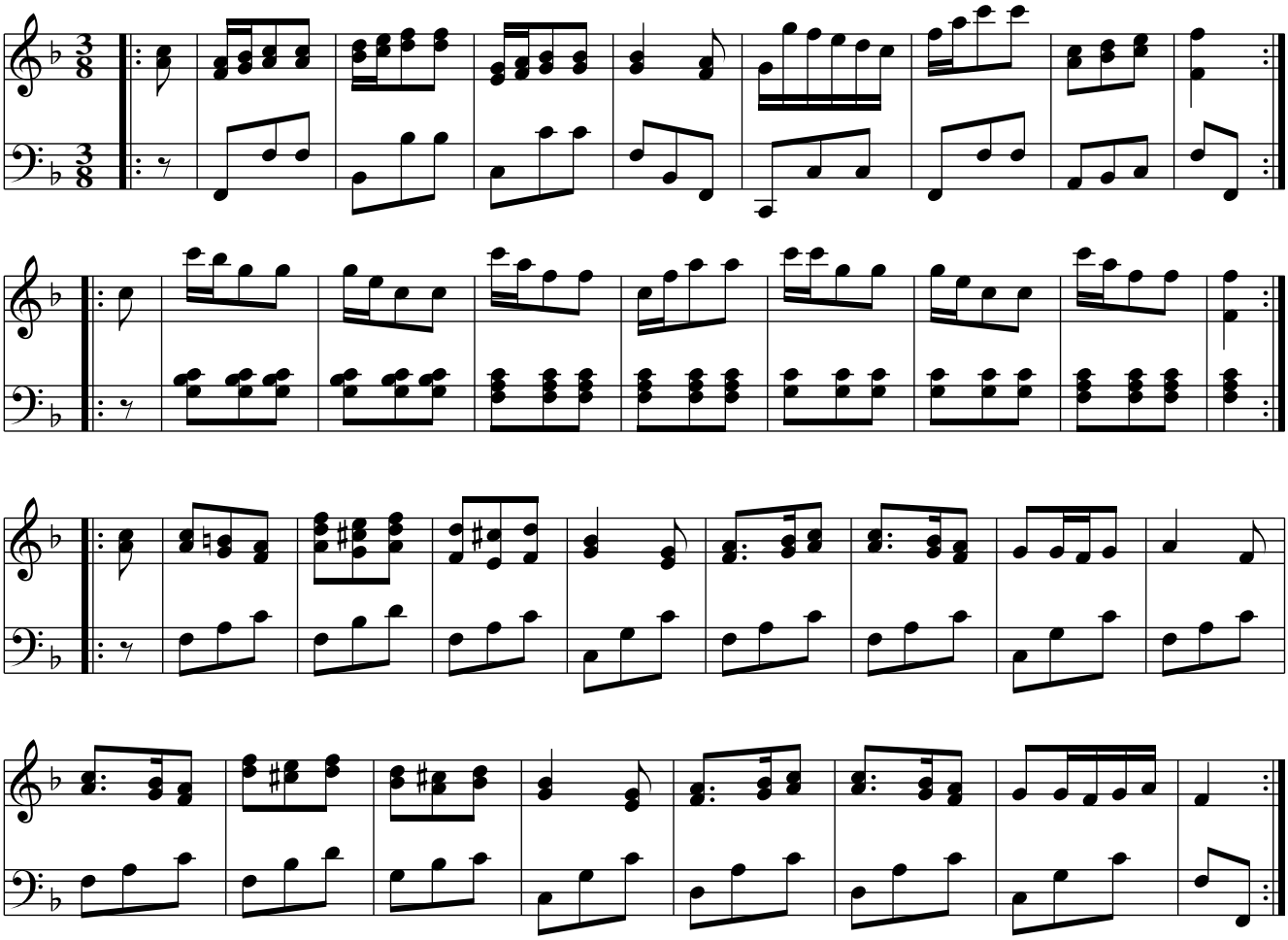
Waltz. 2voices Dix.32



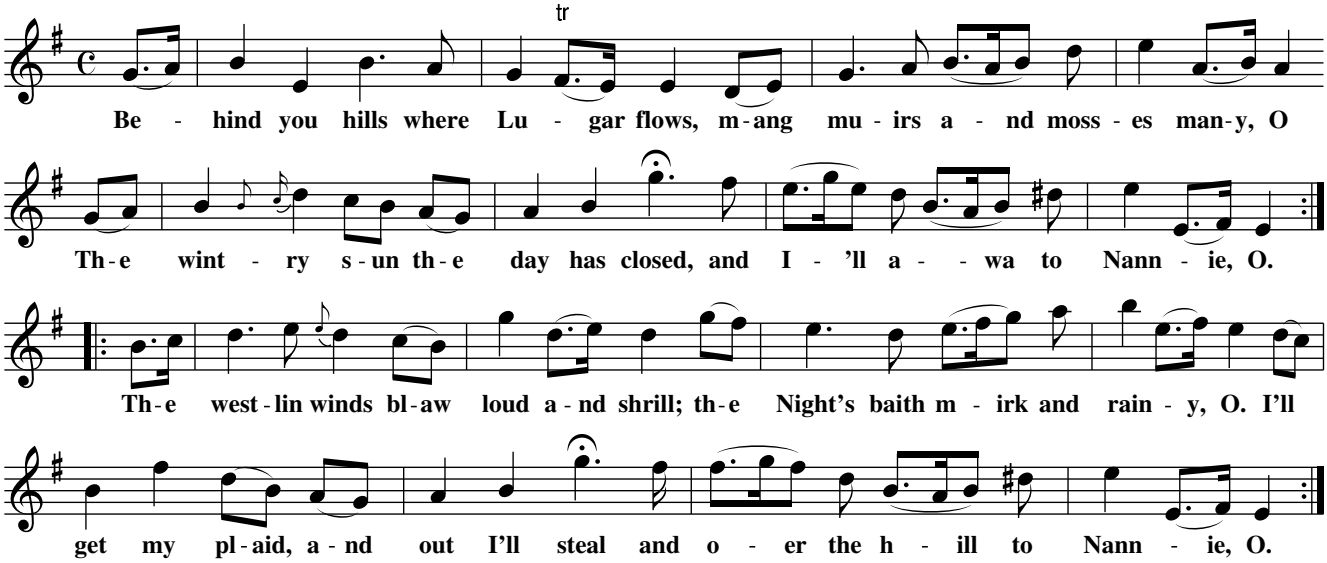
Waltz. 2voices Dix.33



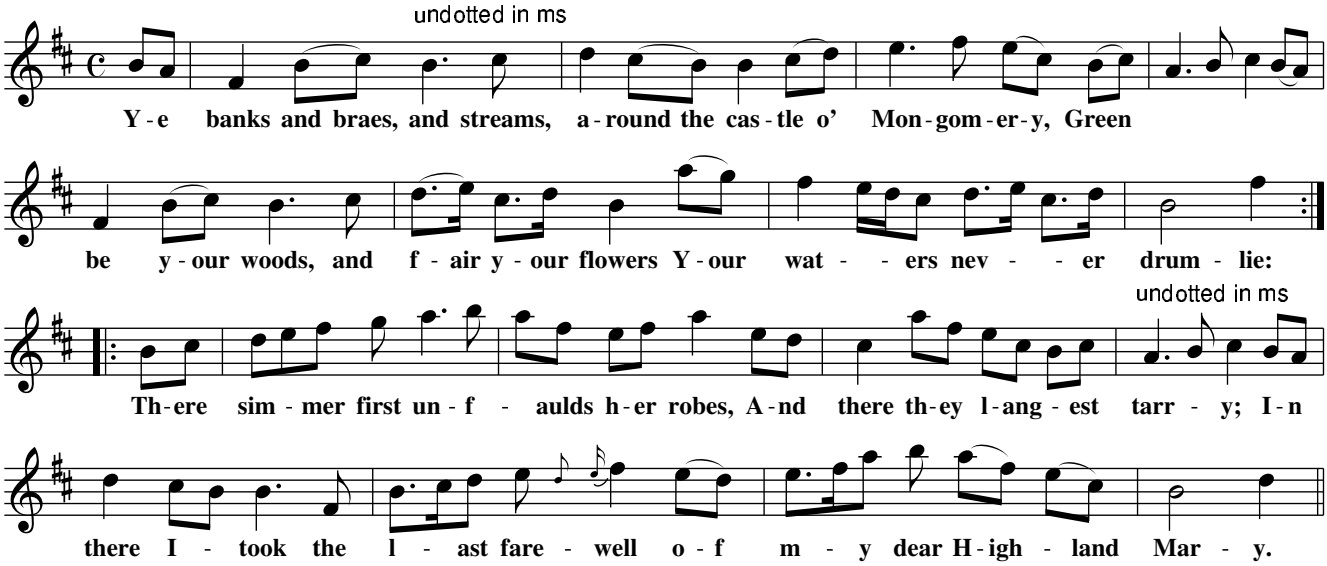
Waltz. 2voices Dix.34



Behind yon hills. Dix.35



Highland Mary to the tune of Kathrine Ogie. Dix.36



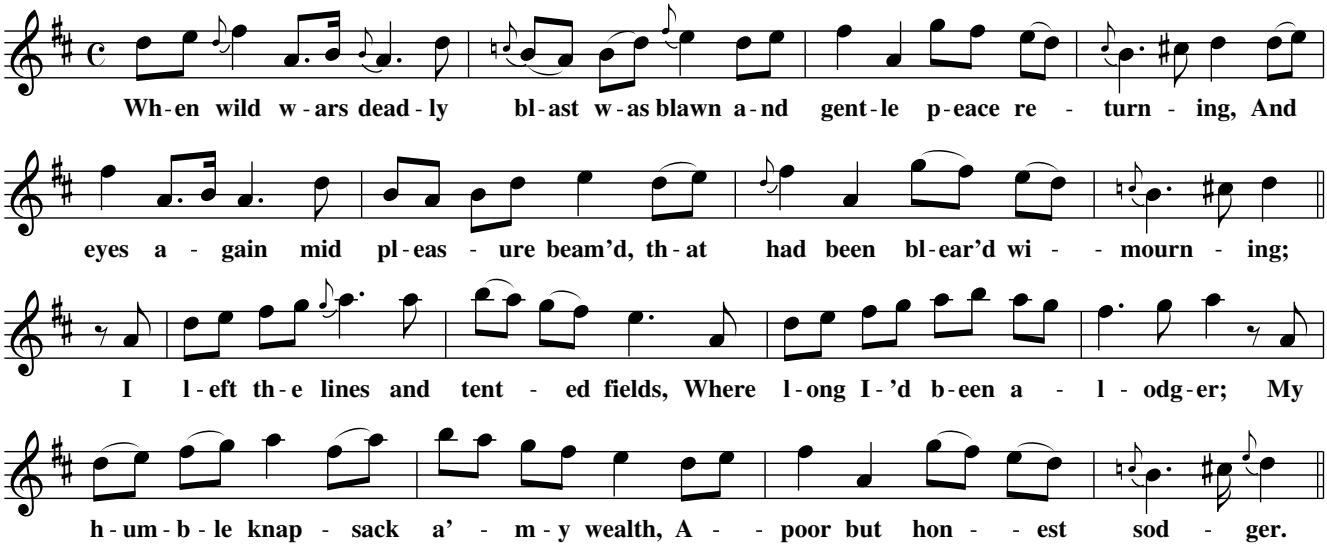
How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossoms,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasped her to my bosom
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder:
But O', fell deaths untimely frost,
That nip't my flower so early
Now green's the sod, and caulds the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary

0 pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft ha kissed so fondly
And closed for aye, the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me so kindly
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that loed me dearly
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

The Soldiers Return. Dix.37

Burns



A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And to dear Scotia hame again,
I cheerly on did wander:
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

3

At length I reached the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported;
I passed the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy oft I courted:
Wha' spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in mine eye was swelling.

4

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,
O happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom
My purse is light, I hae far to gang,
Fain would I be thy lodger;
Ive served my King and country lang–
Tak' pity on a sodger."

5

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him I shall never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it;
That gallant badge–the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

6

She gaz'd–she redden'd like the rose–
Syne pale like only lilly;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie
By him who made yon sun and sky
By whom true love's regarded–,
I am the man– and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

7

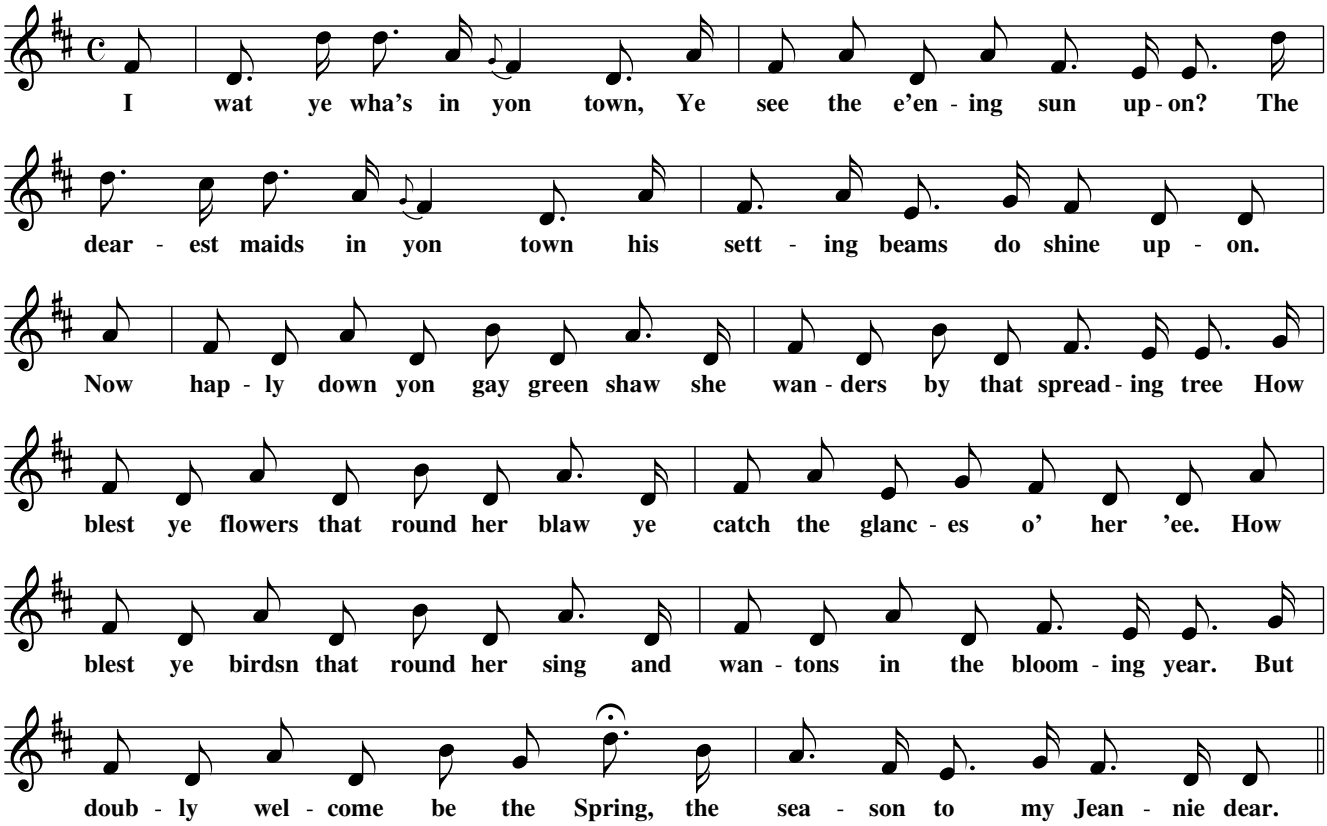
The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true–hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And, mair, we'se ne'er be parted."
Quo' she, "My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly;
Come then, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly"

8

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodgers prize,
The sodger's wealth is honor:
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay,
In day and hour of danger.

The Lass in Yon Town. Dix.38

(Burns)

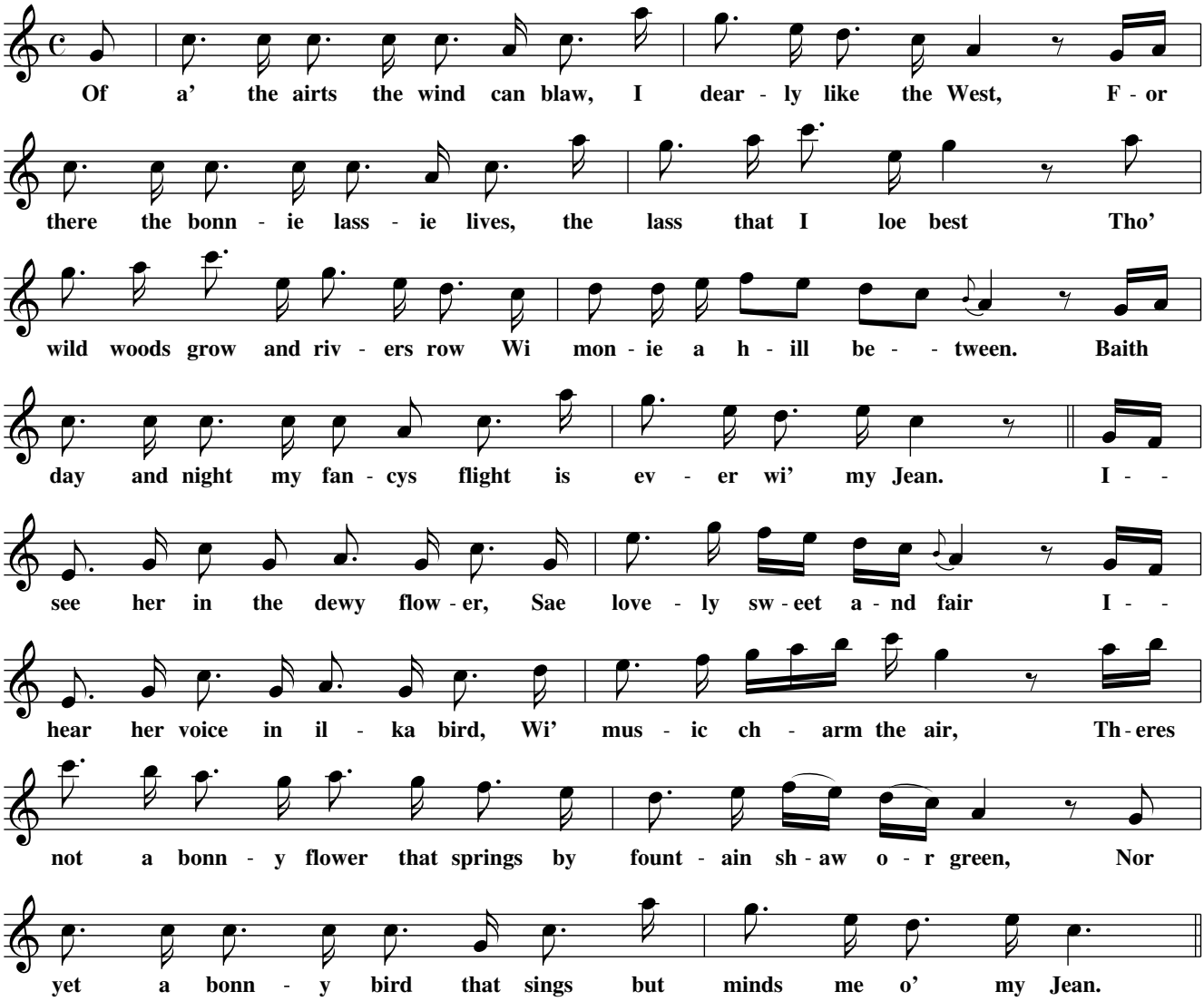


The sun blinks blithe in you town,
Amang the broomy braes so green
But my delight's in yon town,
And dearest pleasure is my Jean.
Without my fair, not a' the charms
Of paradise could yield me joy.
But gie me Jenny in my arms
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.
My cave would be a lovers bower,
Tho' raging Winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
The sinkin suns gaun down upon;
The dearest maids in yon town,
His setting beams e'er shone upon.
If angry fate be sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear,
I'd careless quit aught here below,
But spare O spare my Jeanie dear
For while life's dearest blood runs warm,
My thoughts fra' her shall ne'er depart;
For as most lovely is her form
She has the kindest truest heart.

Lovely Jean Dix.39

Burns, 1790

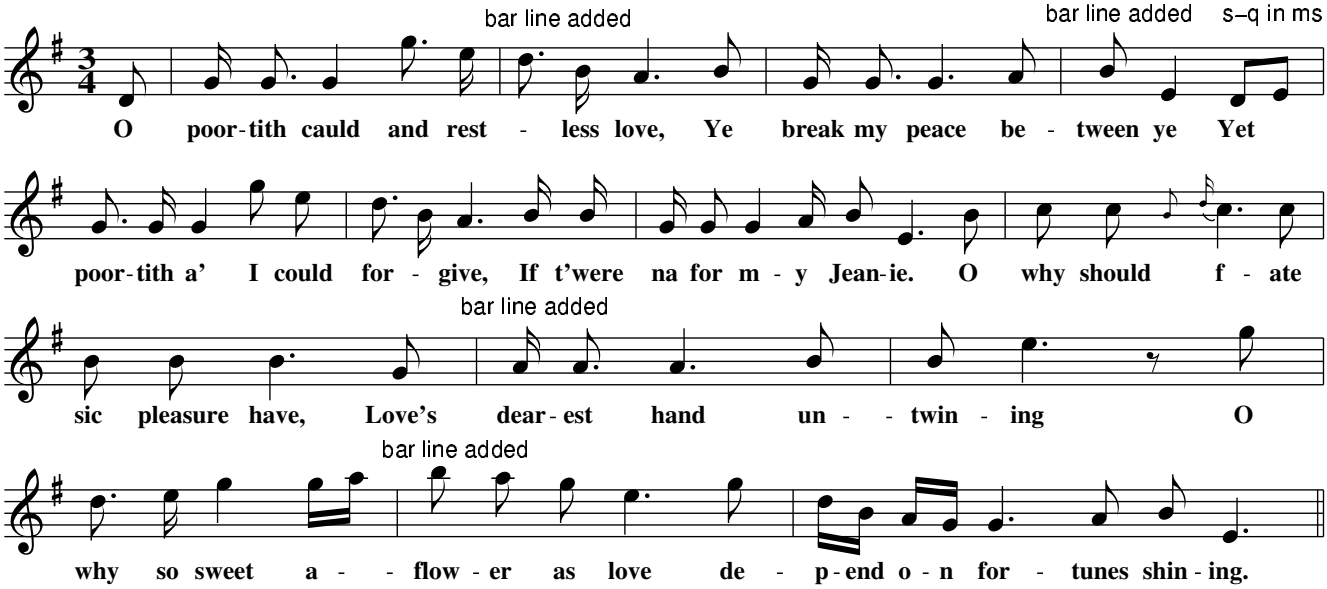


On the banks of flowing Clyde,
The lasses busk them braw,
But when their bestt they ha put on,
My Jeanie dangs them a';
In hamely weeds she far exceeds
The fairest o' the town;
Baith grave and gay confess it so,
Tho' dressed in russet gown.
The gamesome lamb that sucks its dam,
Mair harmless can na' be,
She has na faut, (if sic we ca't)
Except her love for me:
The sparkling dew, of cleanest hue,
Is like her shining e'en;
In shape and air, wha can compare
Wi' my sweet lovely Jean.

O blaw ye westlin winds, blaw soft
Amang the leafy trees;
Wi gentle breath, fra muir an' dale,
Bring hame the laden bees;
And bring the lassie back to me,
That's aye so neat and clean,
A blink o' her wad banish care,
So lovely is my Jean.
What sighs and vows, amang the knows
Hae past atween us twa
How fain to meet How wae to part
That day she gaed awa:
The Powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be, sae dear to me,
As my sweet lovely Jean

Poortith Cauld,O. Dix.40

Burns, to the tune of "I had a horse"



The world's wealth, when I think on't,
It's pride and a' the lave o't;
Fie, Fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't
O whyshould fate &c.

Her e'en, sae bonie blue, betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword ay,
She talks o' rank and fashion.
O why, &c.

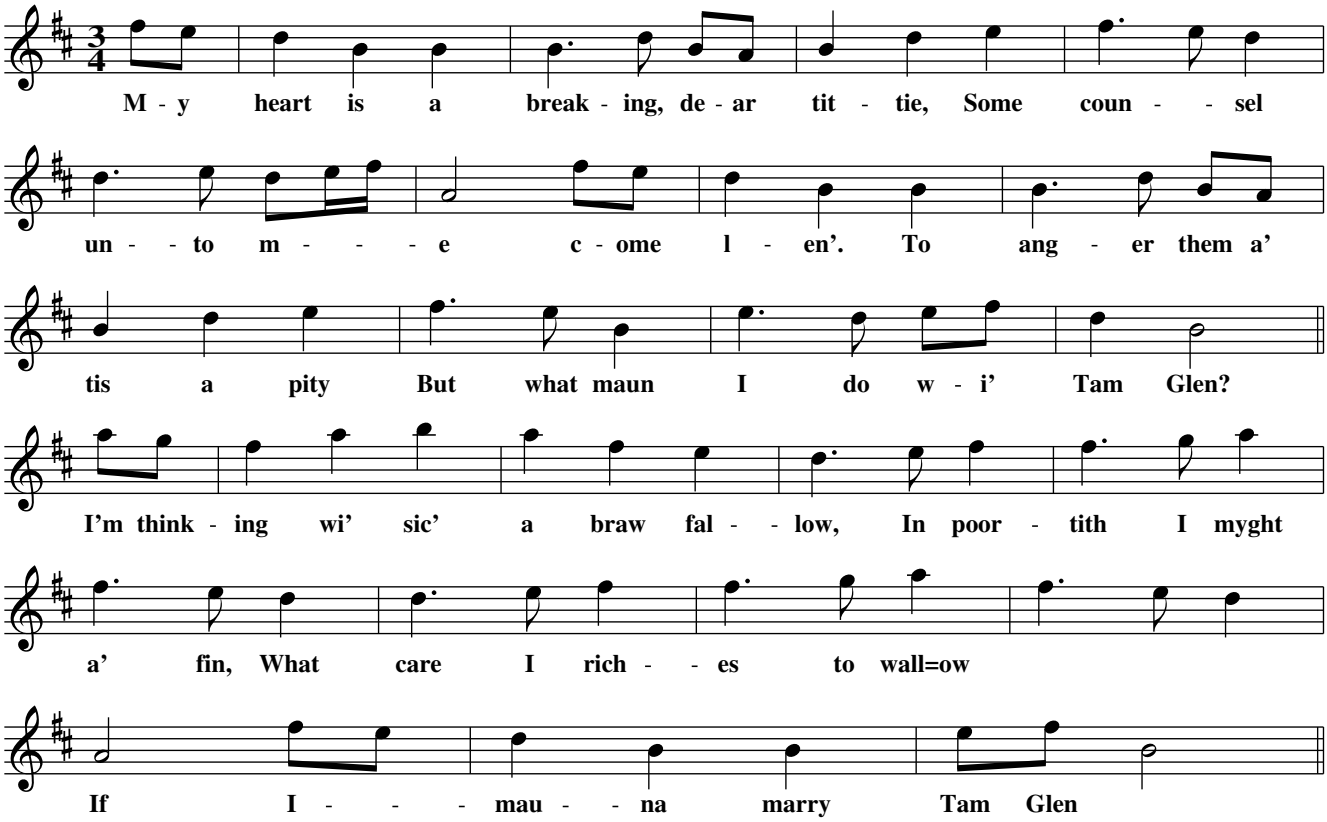
O wha can prudence think upon,
Wi' sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon
Wi' sic a lassie by him, (2)
And sae in love as I am. (1)
O why, &c.

How blest the humble cotters fate
He woos his simple dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make him eerie,
O why, &c.

Then why should fate sic pleasure have,
Loves pleasant hand untwining,
Or sic a tender flower as love,
Depend on fortunes shining.
O Why &c

Tam Glen Dix.41

Burns



There's Lowrie the Laird o' Dummeller–
Gude day to you, brute he comes ben;
He brags and he blaws 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 betray me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen

3

My Daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten;
But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him,
O wha' will get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten';
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written Tam Glen

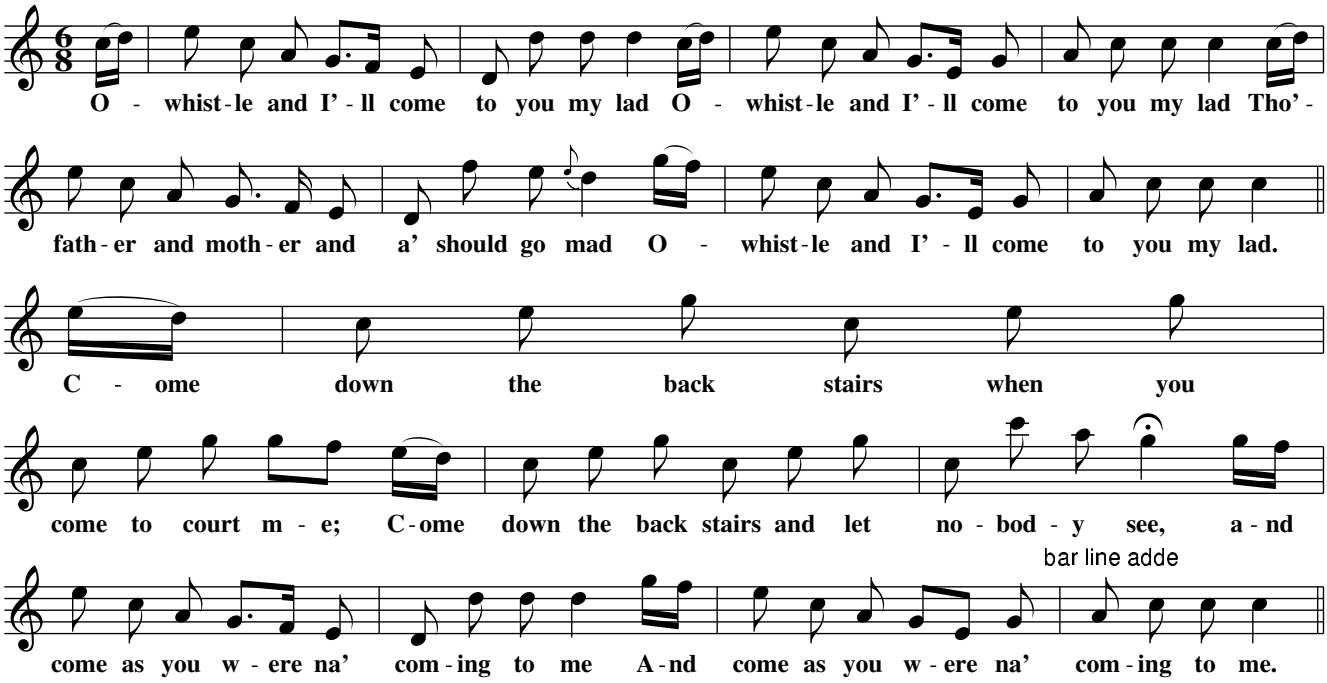
4

The last Halloween I was waukin
My drouk it sark–sleeve, as ye ken,
His likeness came up the house staukin,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen

Come, counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie ye my bonie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

Whistle and I'll come to you. Dix.42

Burns

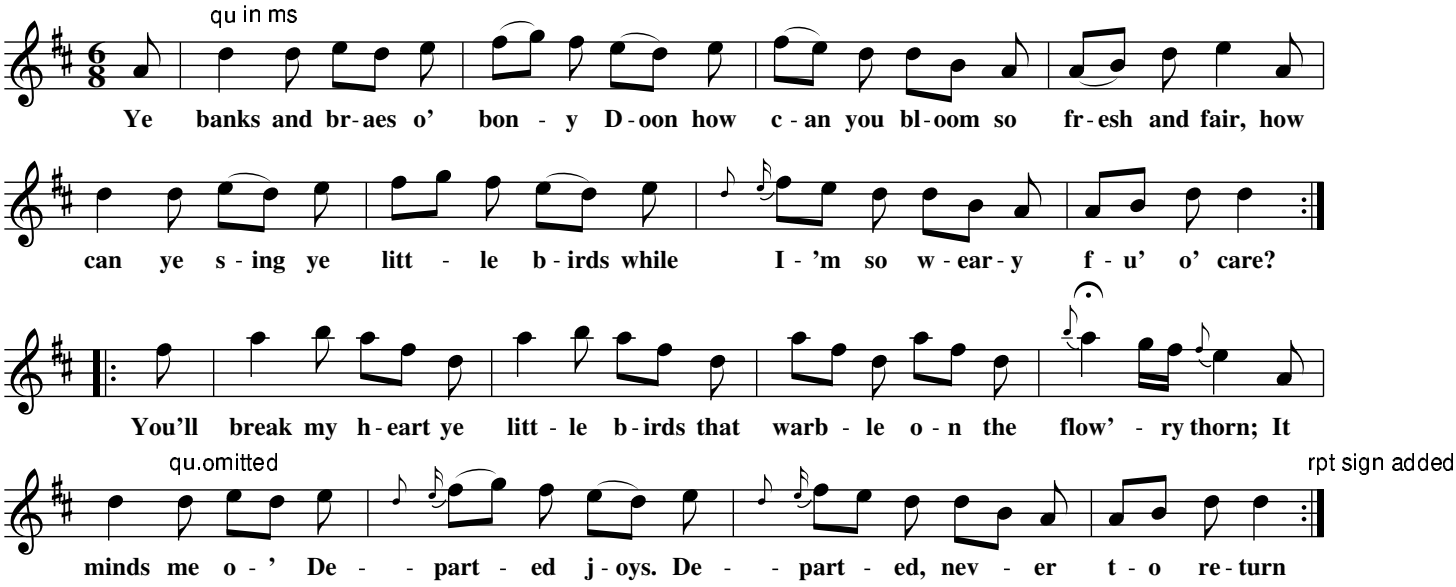


O Whistle, an' I'll come to ye, my lad,
O whistle, an' I'll come to ye, my lad,
Tho' father an' mother an' a' should gae mad,
O whistle, an' I'll come to ye, my lad.
At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Go by me as tho' ye carE'd na' a flee;
But steal me a look o' your bonny black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' to me,
Yet look as ye were na' looking at me.
O Whistle , &c. &c

O Whistle, an' I'll come to ye, my lad,
O whistle, an' I'll come to ye, my lad,
Tho' father an' mother an' a' should go mad,
O whistle, an' I'll come to ye, my lad.
Ay vow and protest that ye care na' for me,
An' whyles ye may lightly my beauty a–wee;
But court na' anither, tho' joking ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
O Whistle &c. &c

Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon Dix.43

Burns



Aft ha I stray'd by bonny Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine
And hear ilk bird sing of its love,
As fondly so did I of mine;
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd arose,
So sweet upon its thorny tree;
But my fause love has stou'n the rose,
And left the sharpest thorn to me

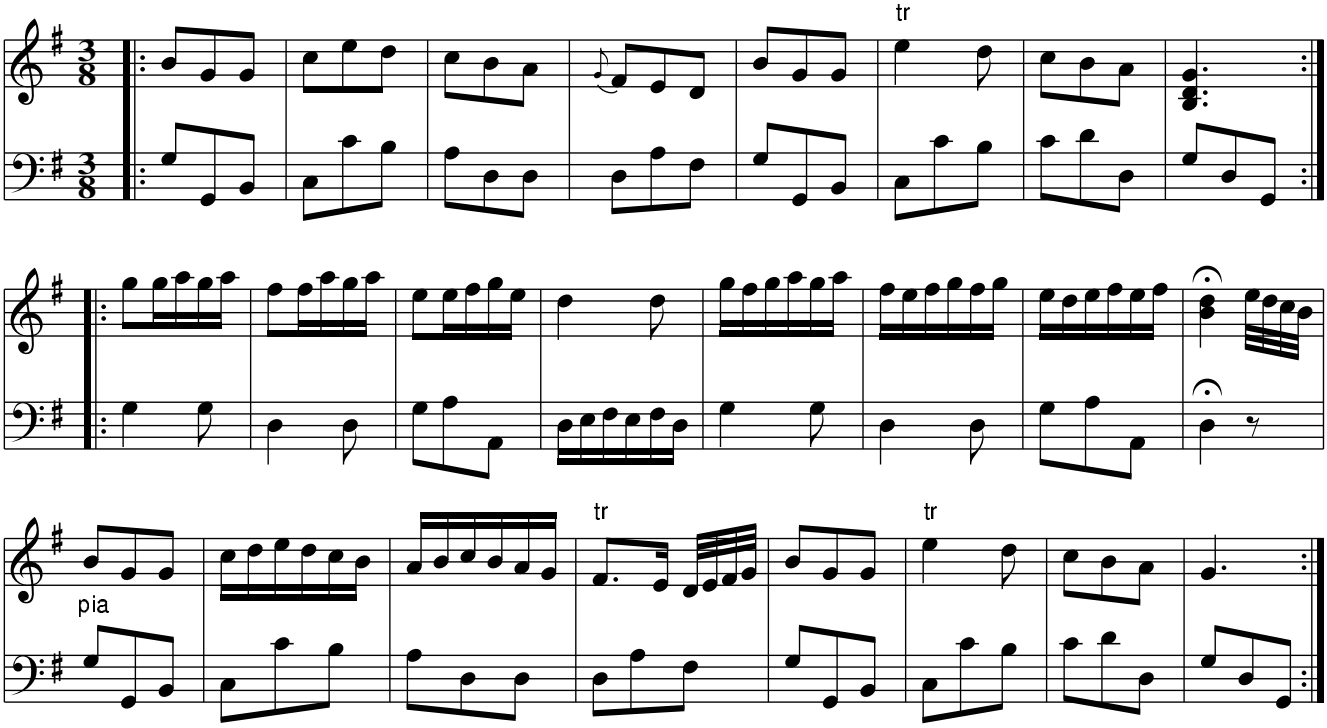
3

O blaw ye flowers, your bonny blooms,
And draw the wild birds by the Doon
For Lumon promised me a ring,
And ye maun rid me, shou'd I mourn,
O na na na, ye need na' bloom,
My e'en are dim an' drawing worn
Ye bonny birds ye need na' sing
For Lumon never will return.

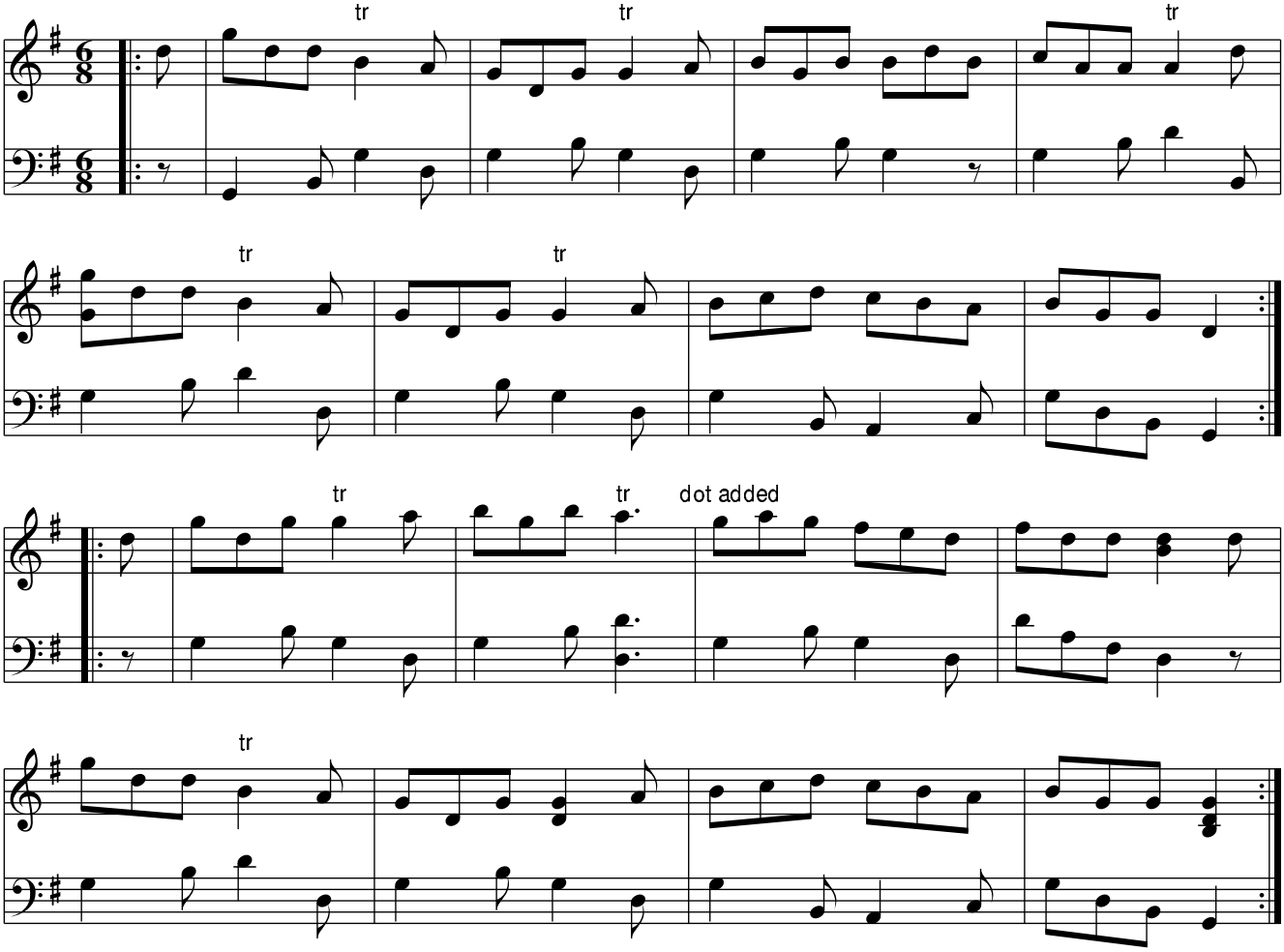
4

My Lumon's love, in broken sighs,
At closing day by Doon ye'se hear
And Mid' day by the Willow green
For him I'll shed a silent tear
Sweet birds I ken ye'll pity me
An' join me wi a plaintive sang
While echoes wake, an' pour the mane
I make for him I lo'ed so long.

Peggys Daughter. 2voices. Dix.44

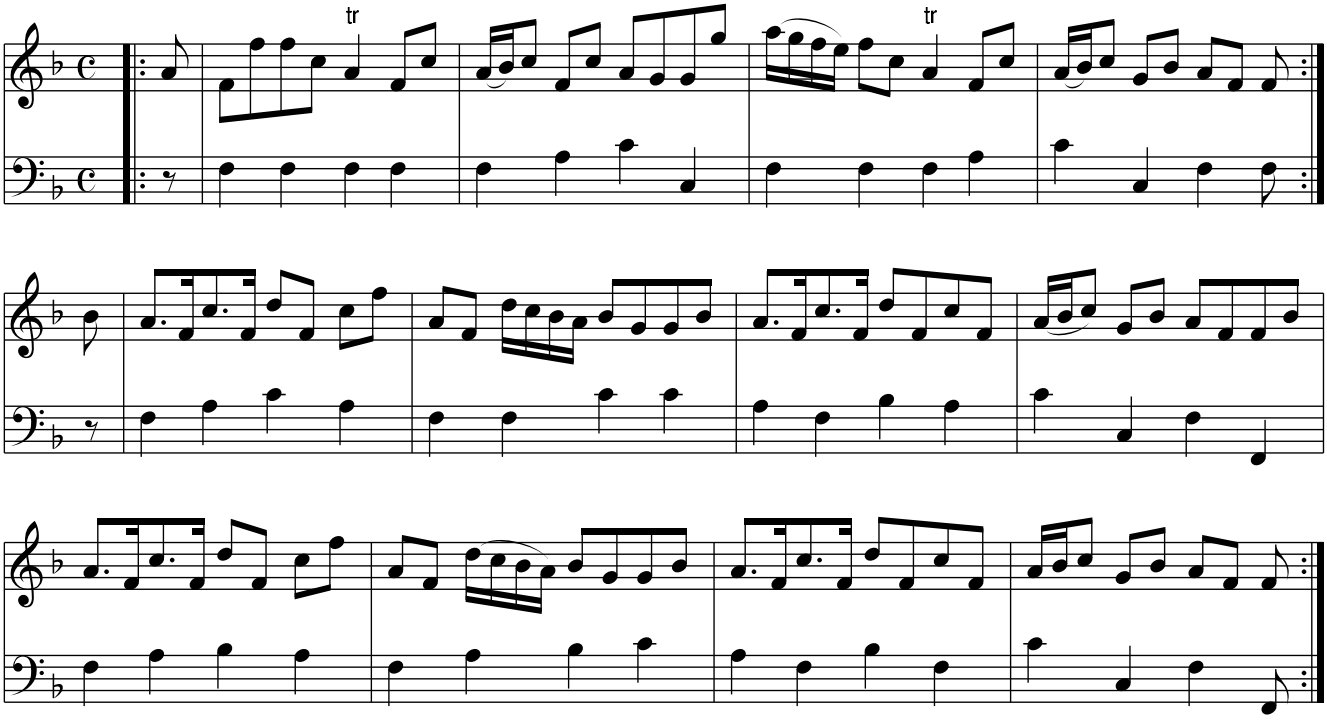


A Trip to the Ferry. 2voices Dix.45



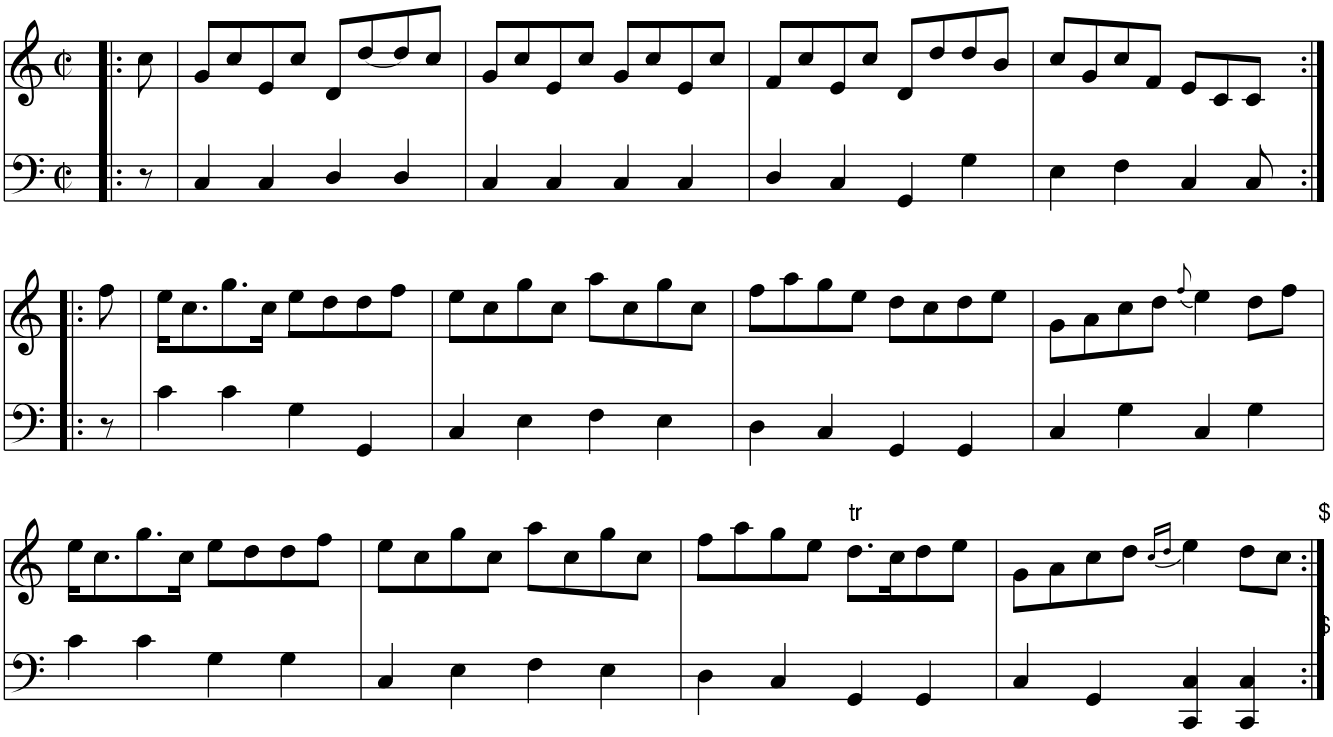
I'll go no more to yon town. 2voices. Dix.46

MS attributes Gow, possibly the arrangement



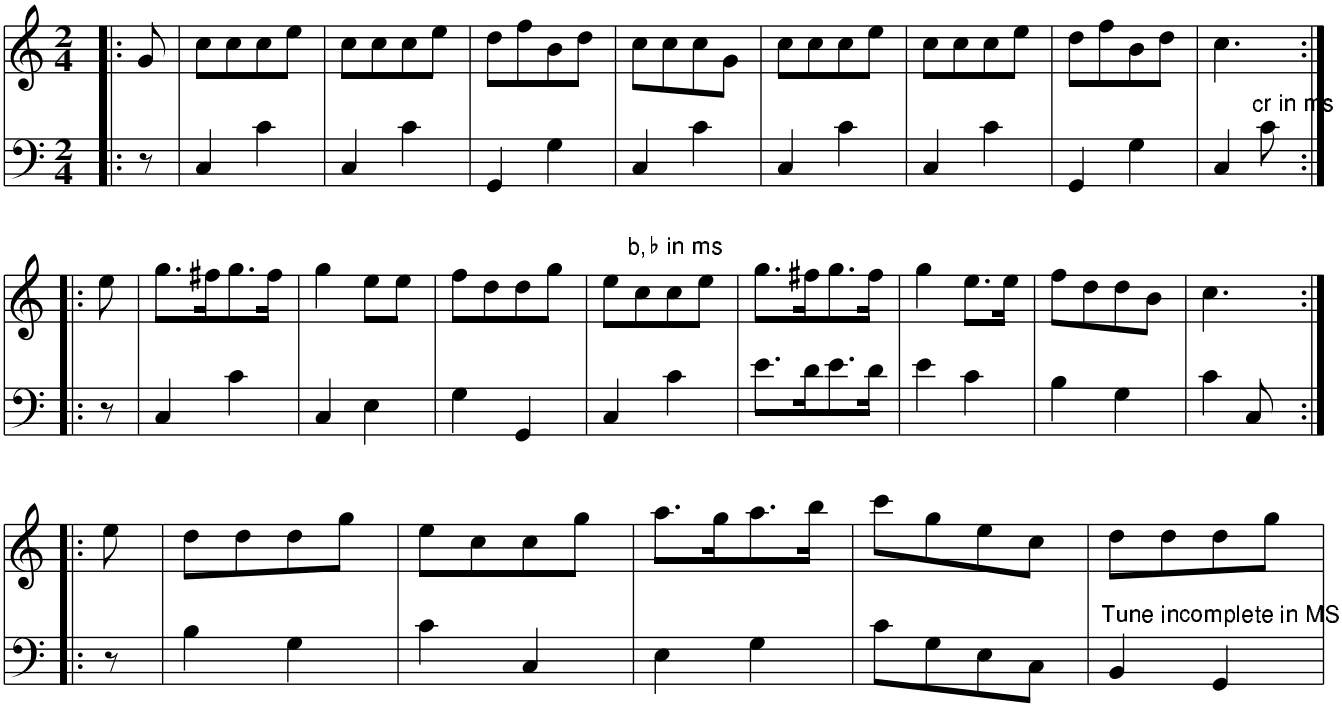
Fight about the fire side. 2voices. Dix.47

MS attributes Gow



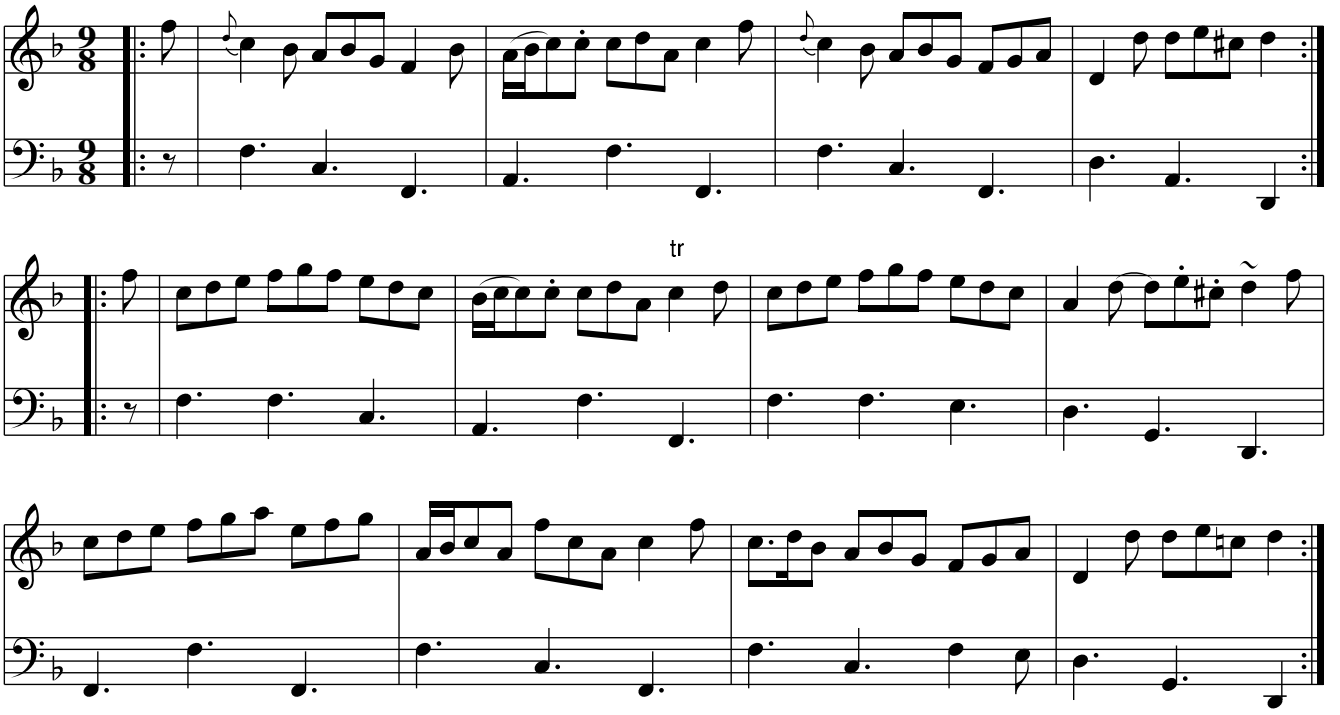
Captain Fleming Dix.48

MS attributes Gow

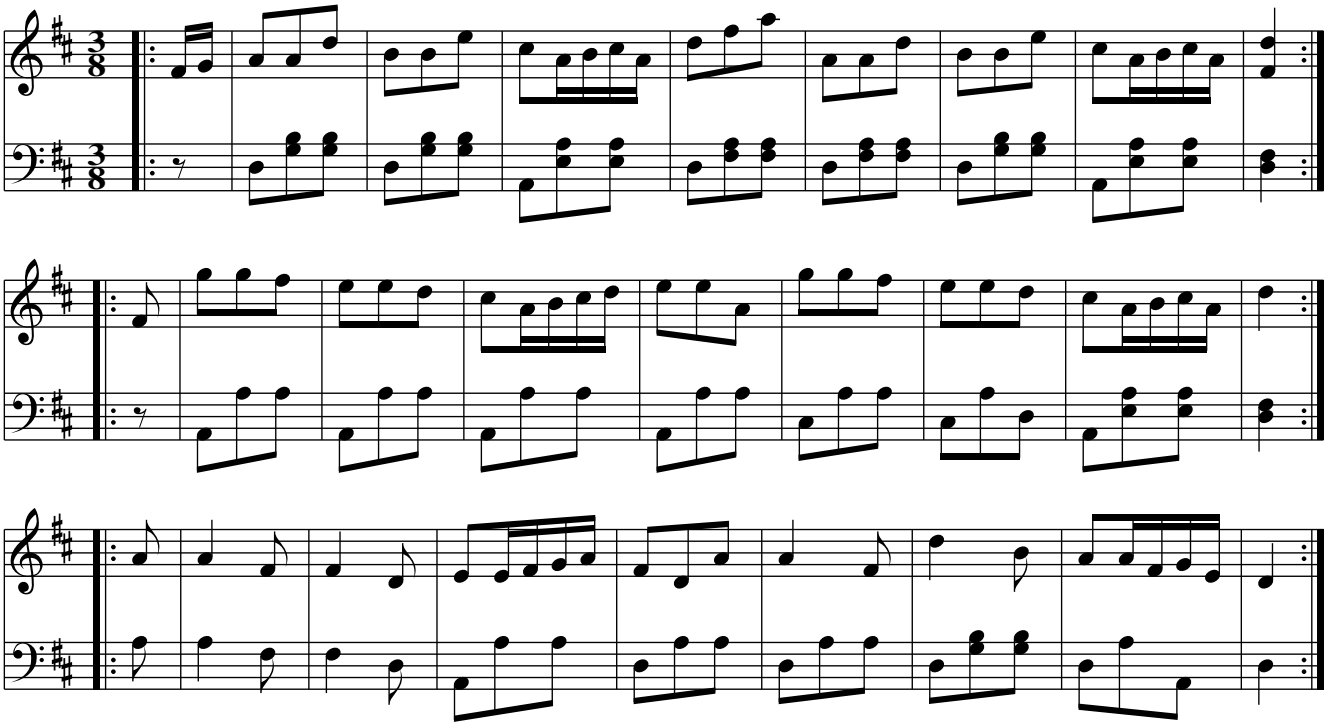


Woo'd and married and a'. 2voices. Dix.49

MS Attributes Gow

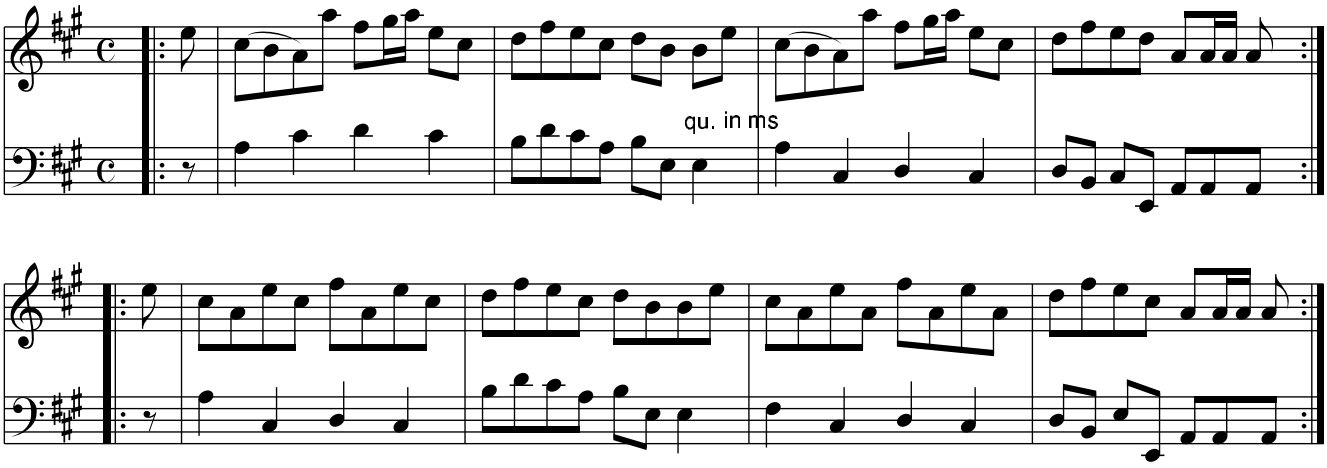


Lady Cholmondley's Reel. 2voices. Dix.50

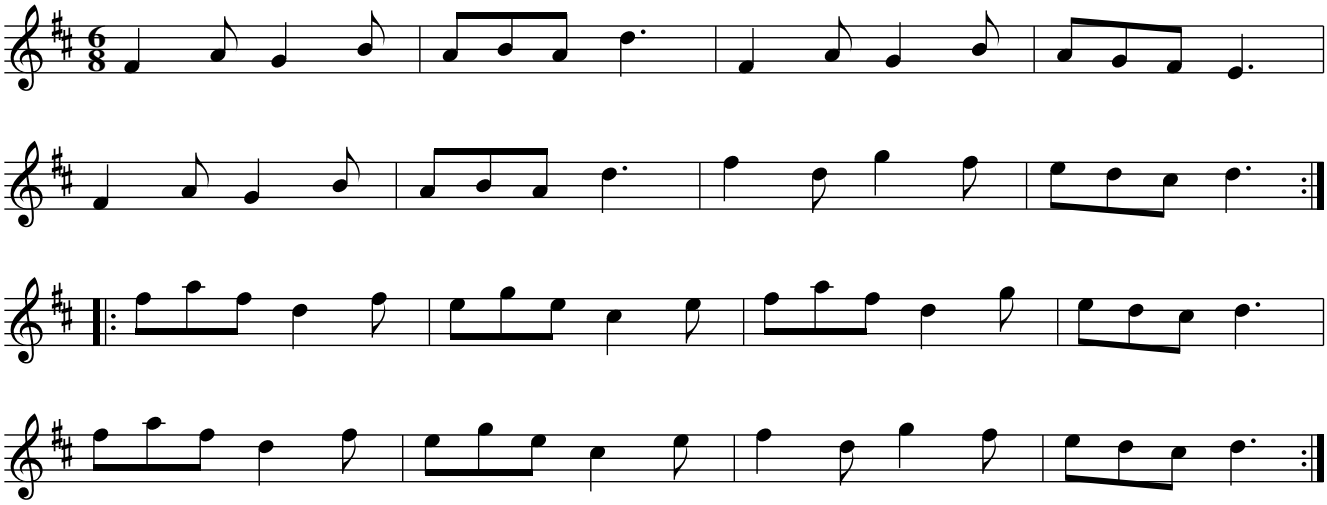


Bonny Lads. 2voices. Dix.51

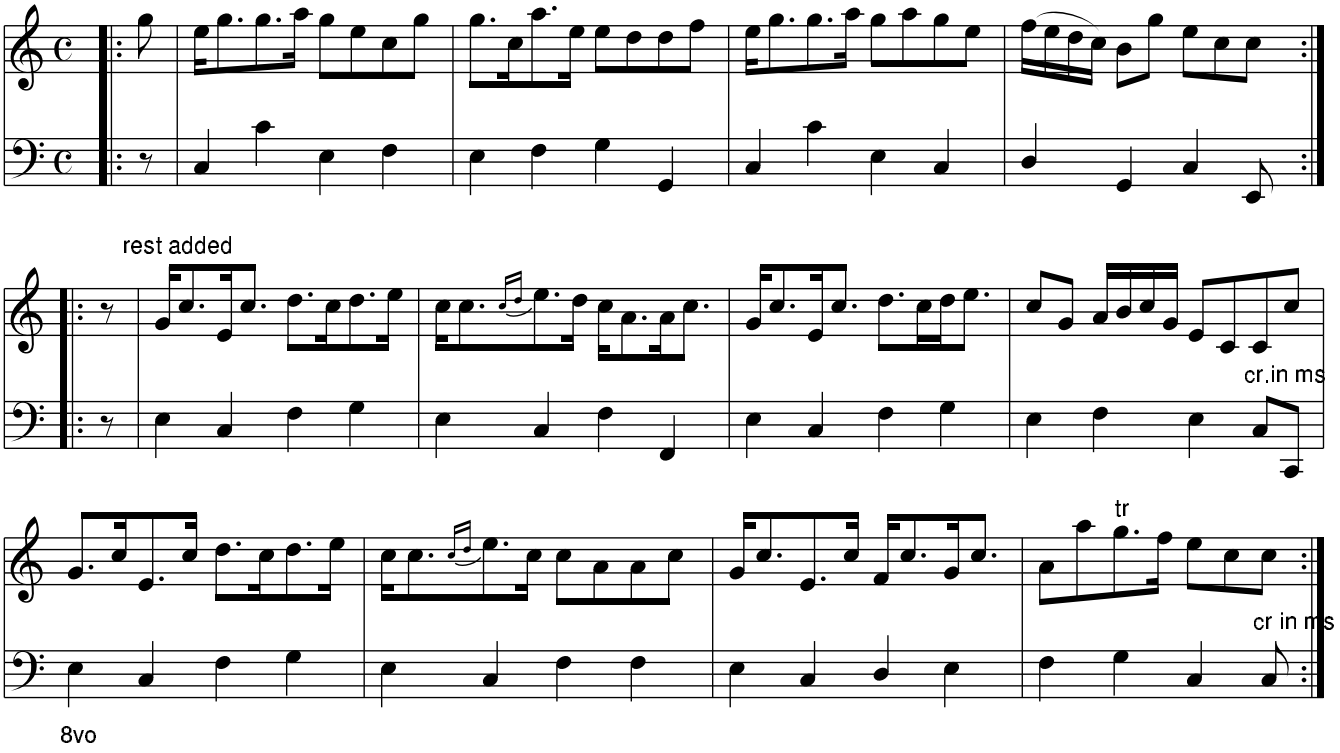
Because He Was A Bonny Lad,aka. Dix.51



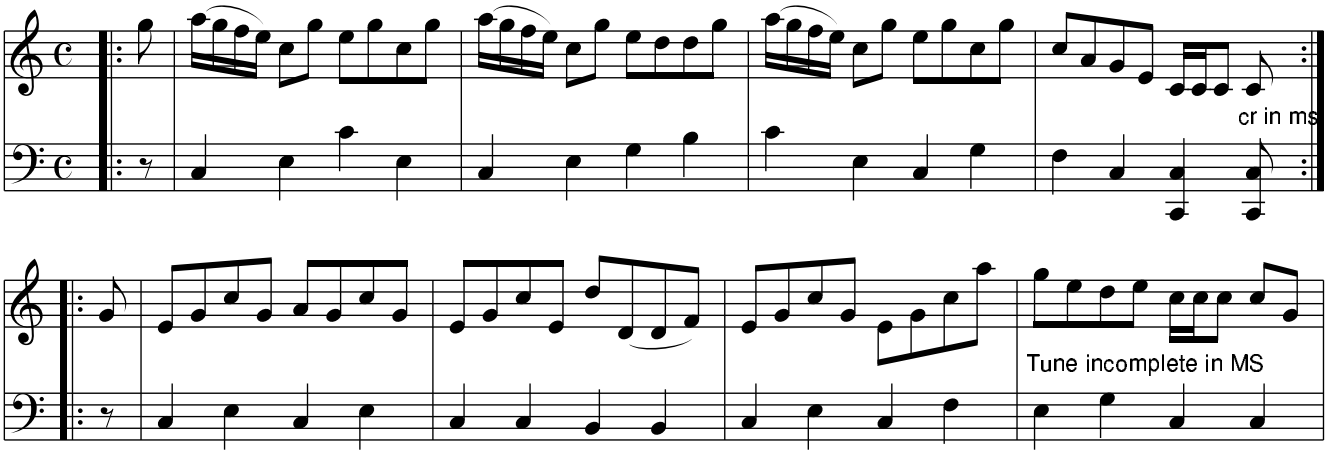
Off she goes. Dix.52



Lady Louisa Ramsay's Strathspey. 2voices. Dix.53

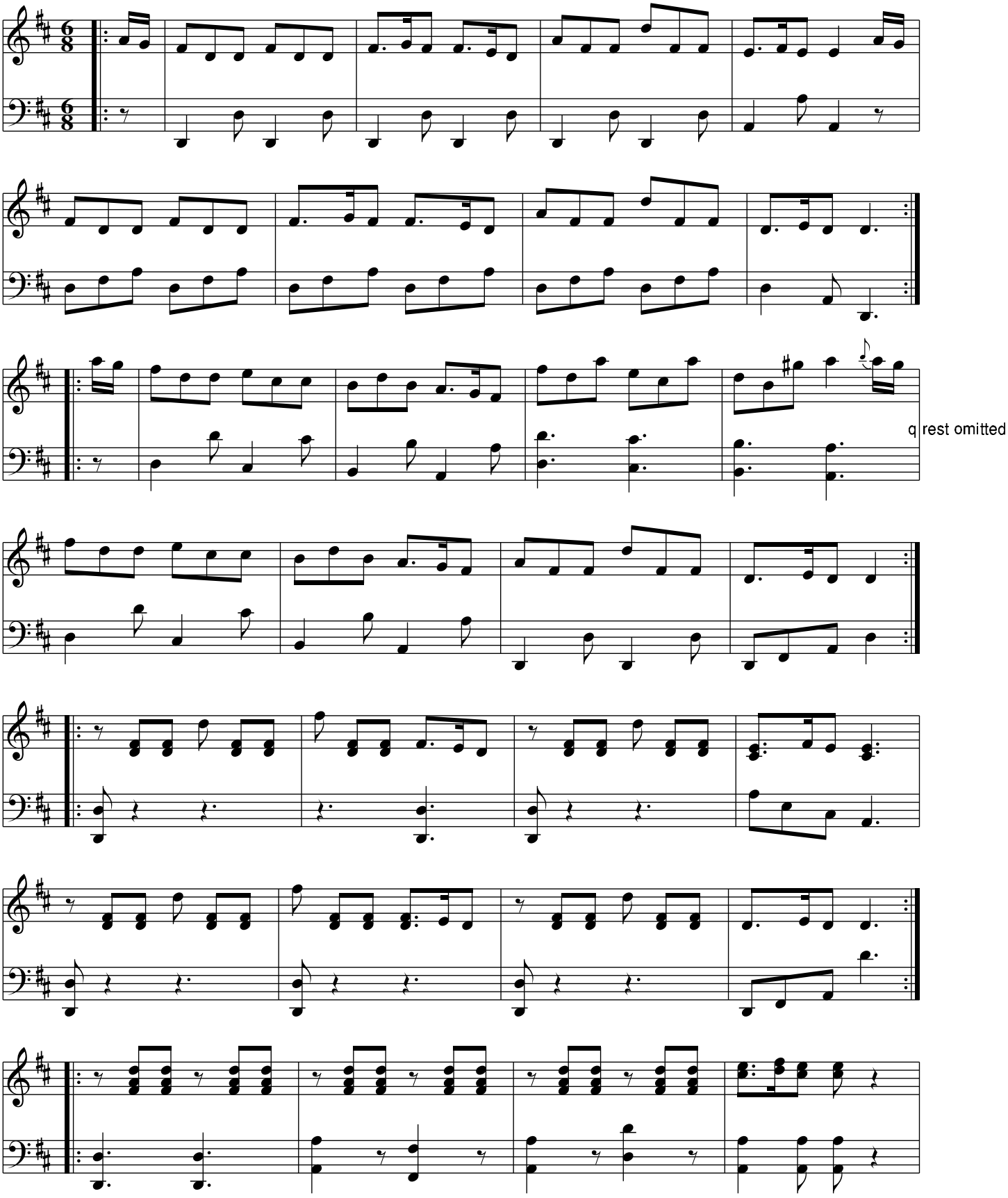


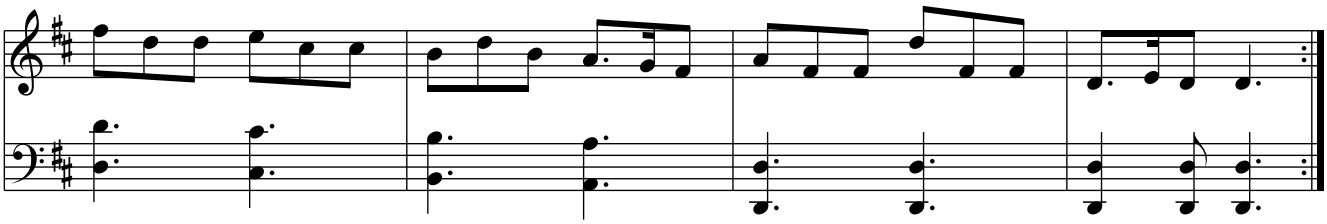
Kiss Me Sweetly. 2voices. Dix.54



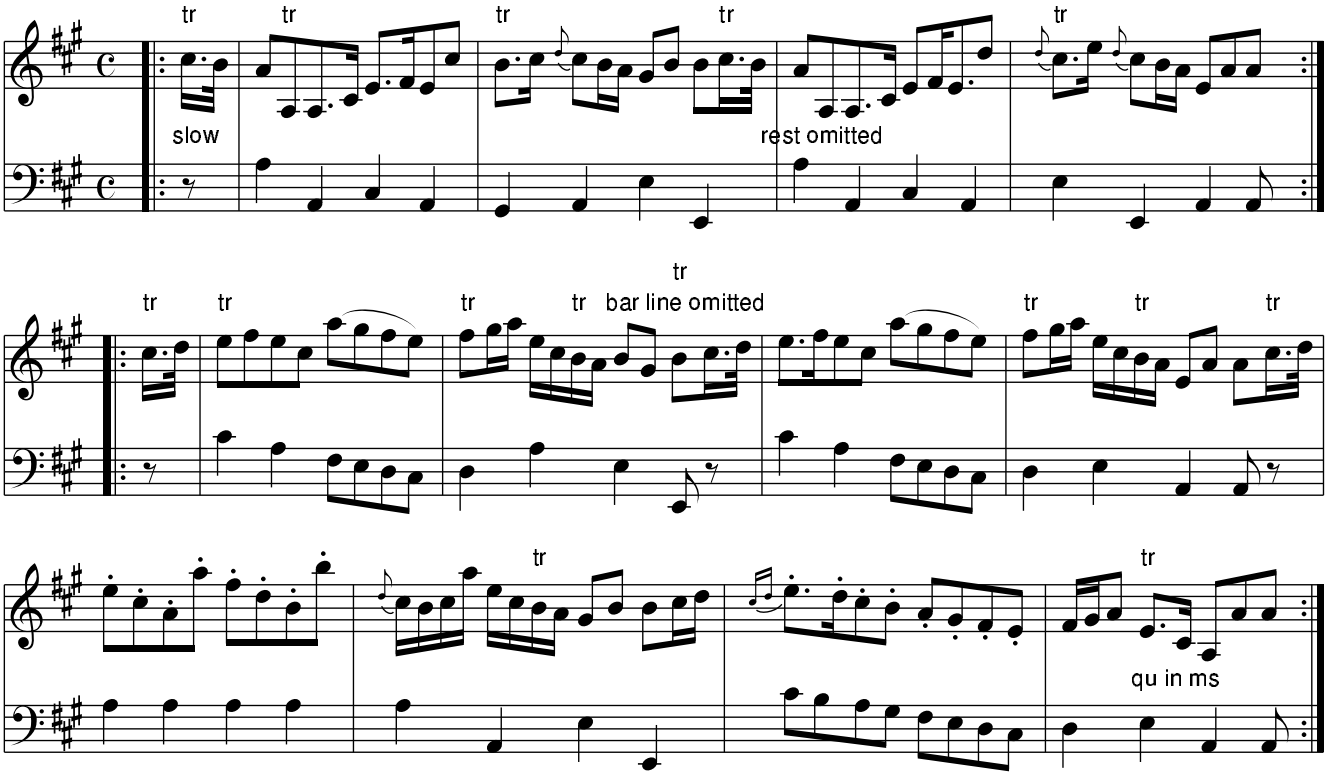
Paddy O'Carrol. 2voices. Dix.55

Inscription on page "Islington Feby 21st 1811"



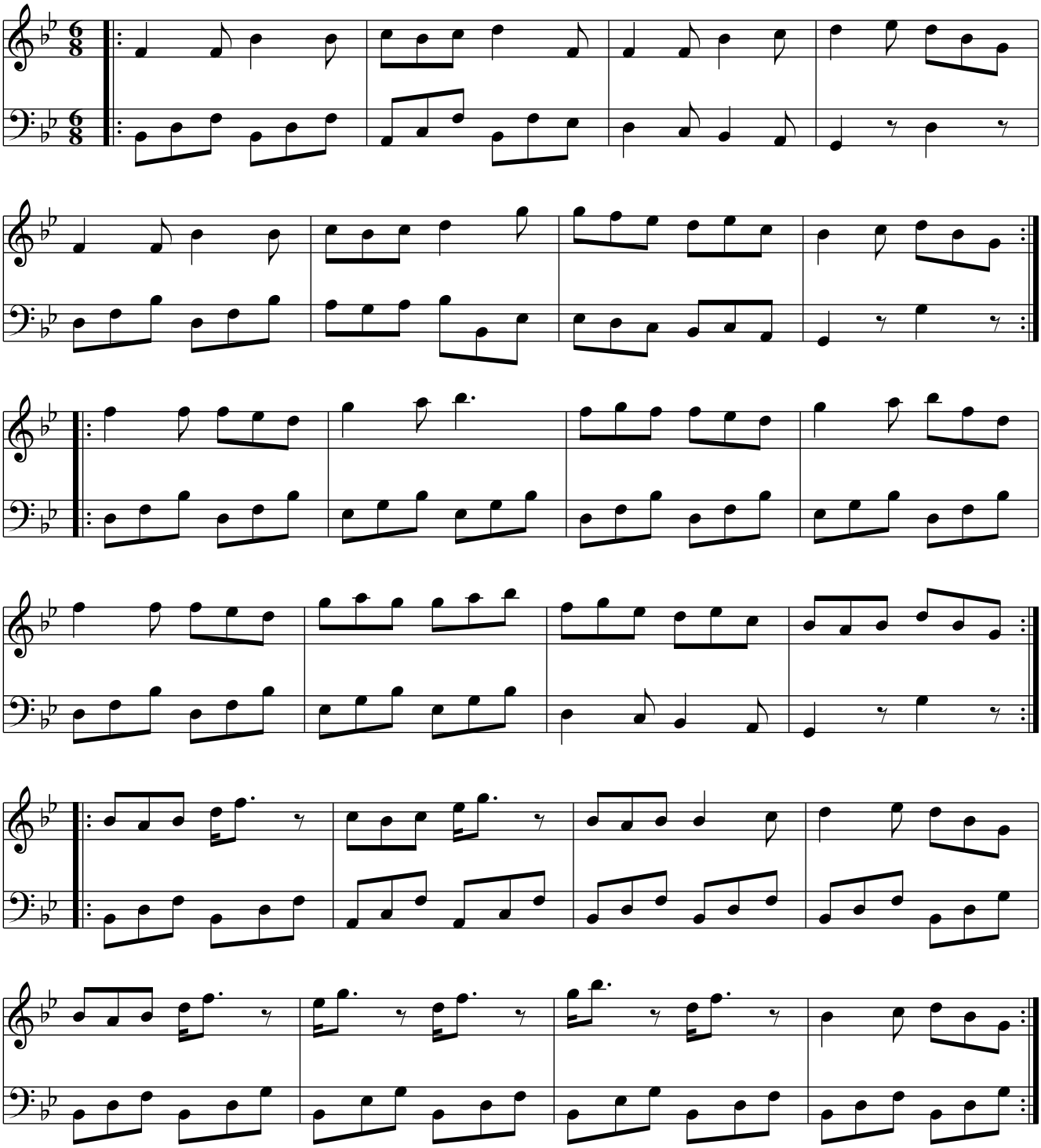


Lady Cunningham's Strathspey. 2voices. Dix.56

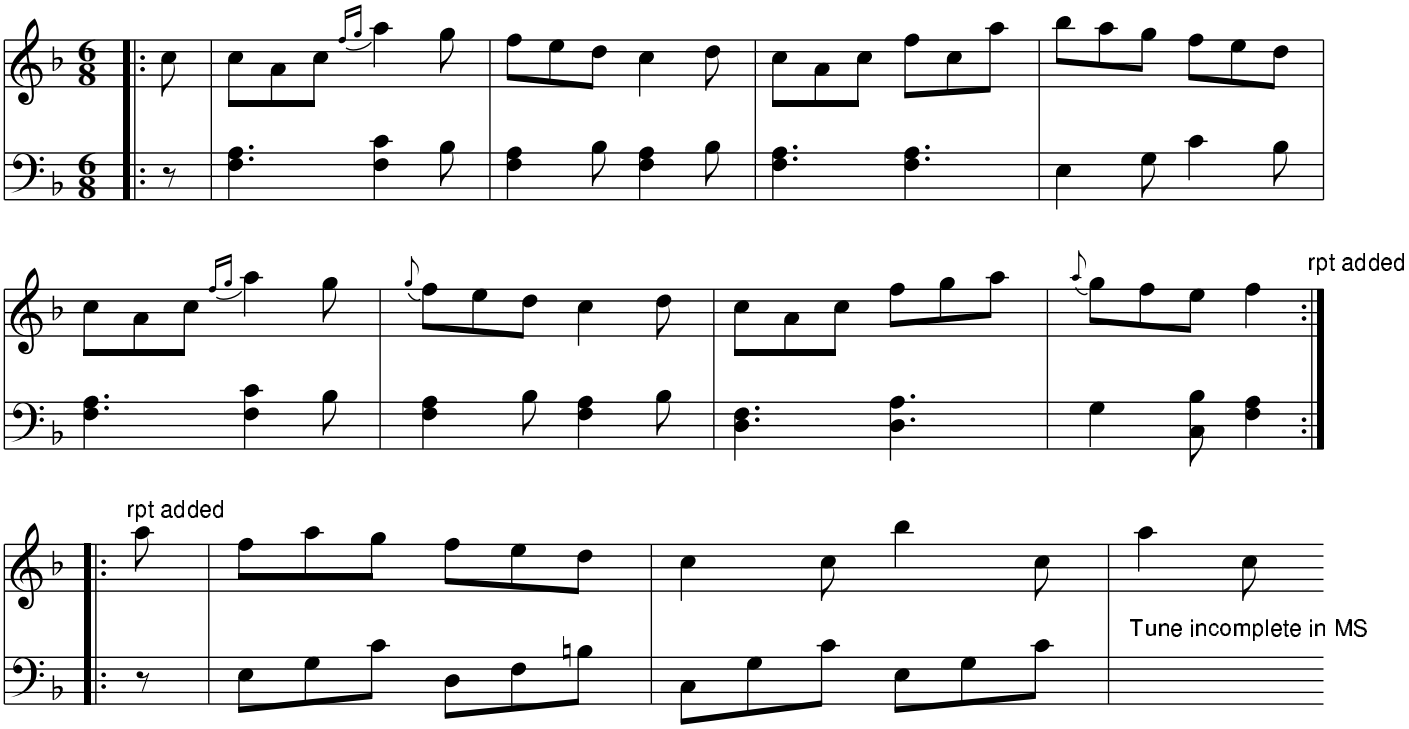


Morgiana in Ireland. 2voices. Dix.57

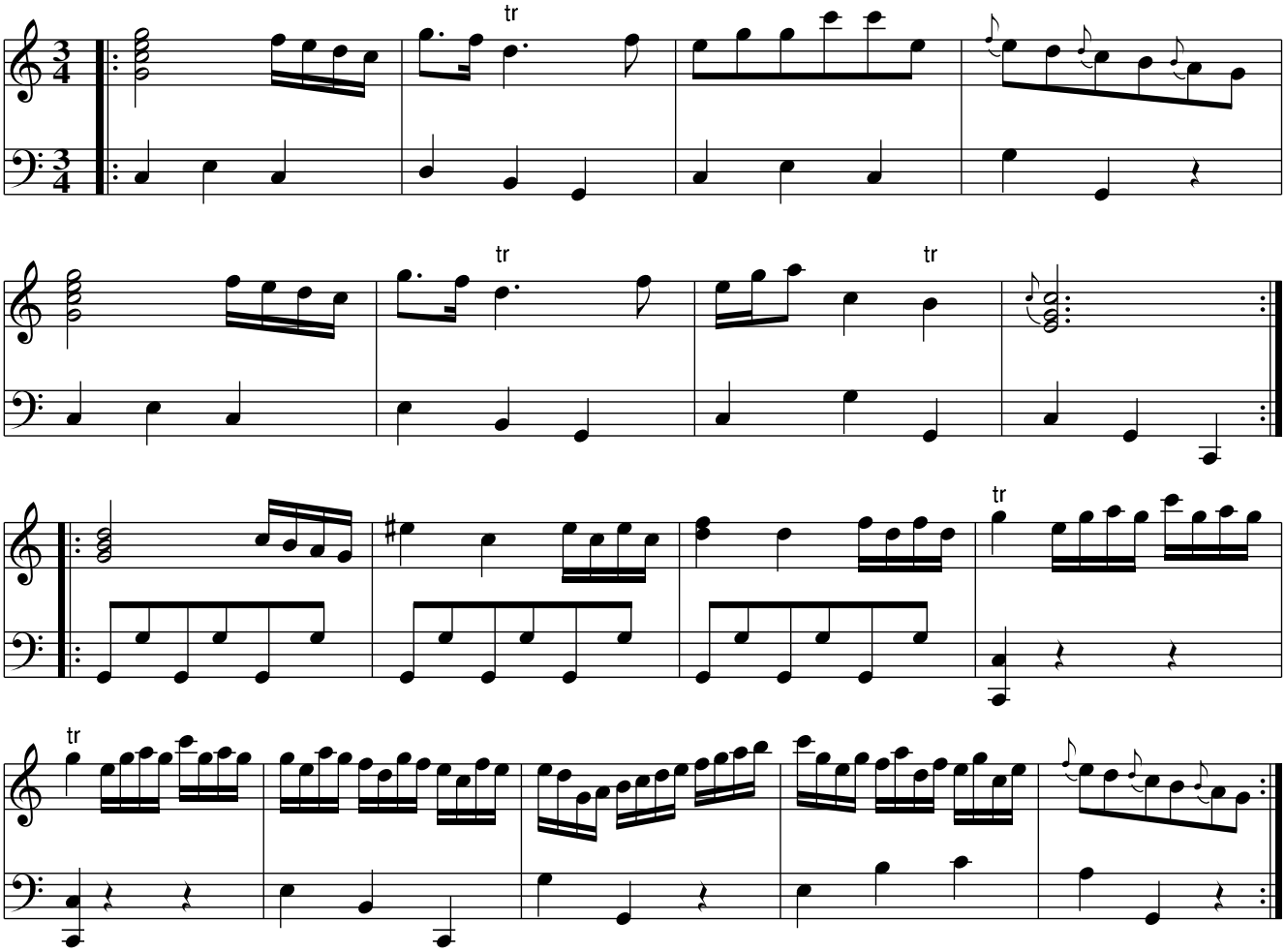
Dated July 18th 1811 at bottom of ms page



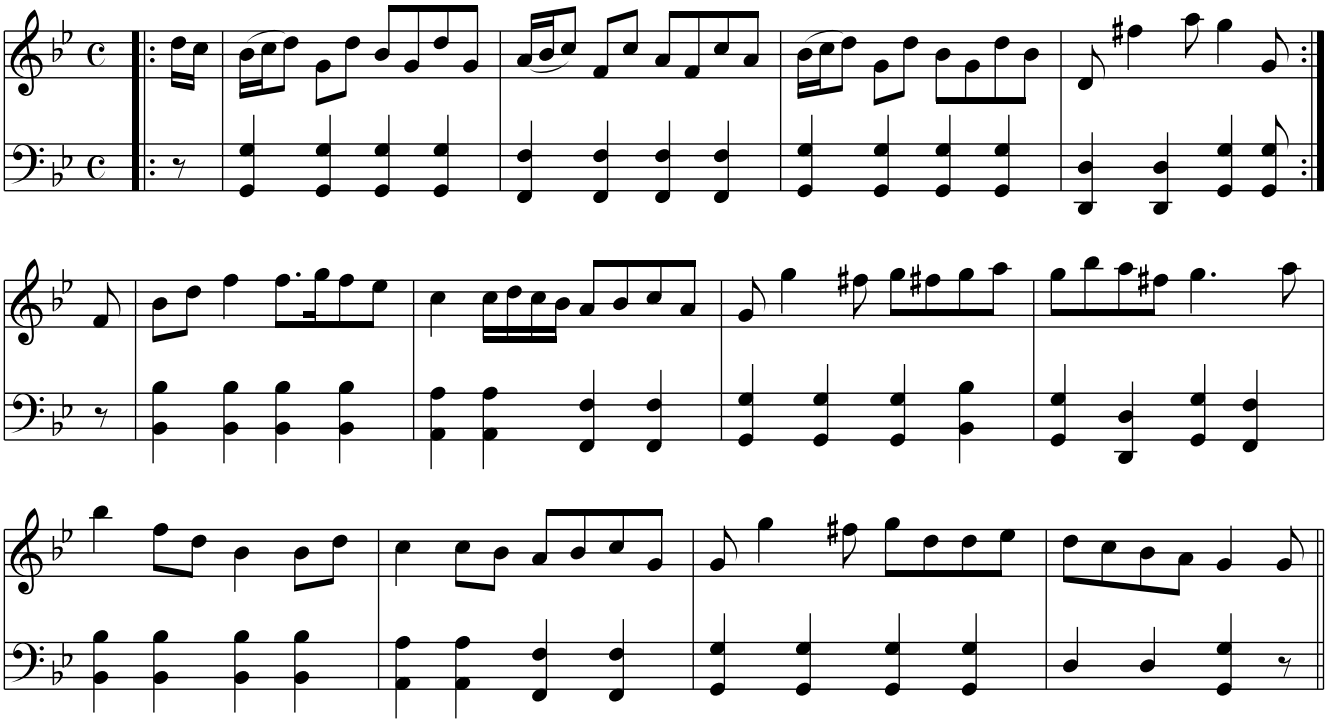
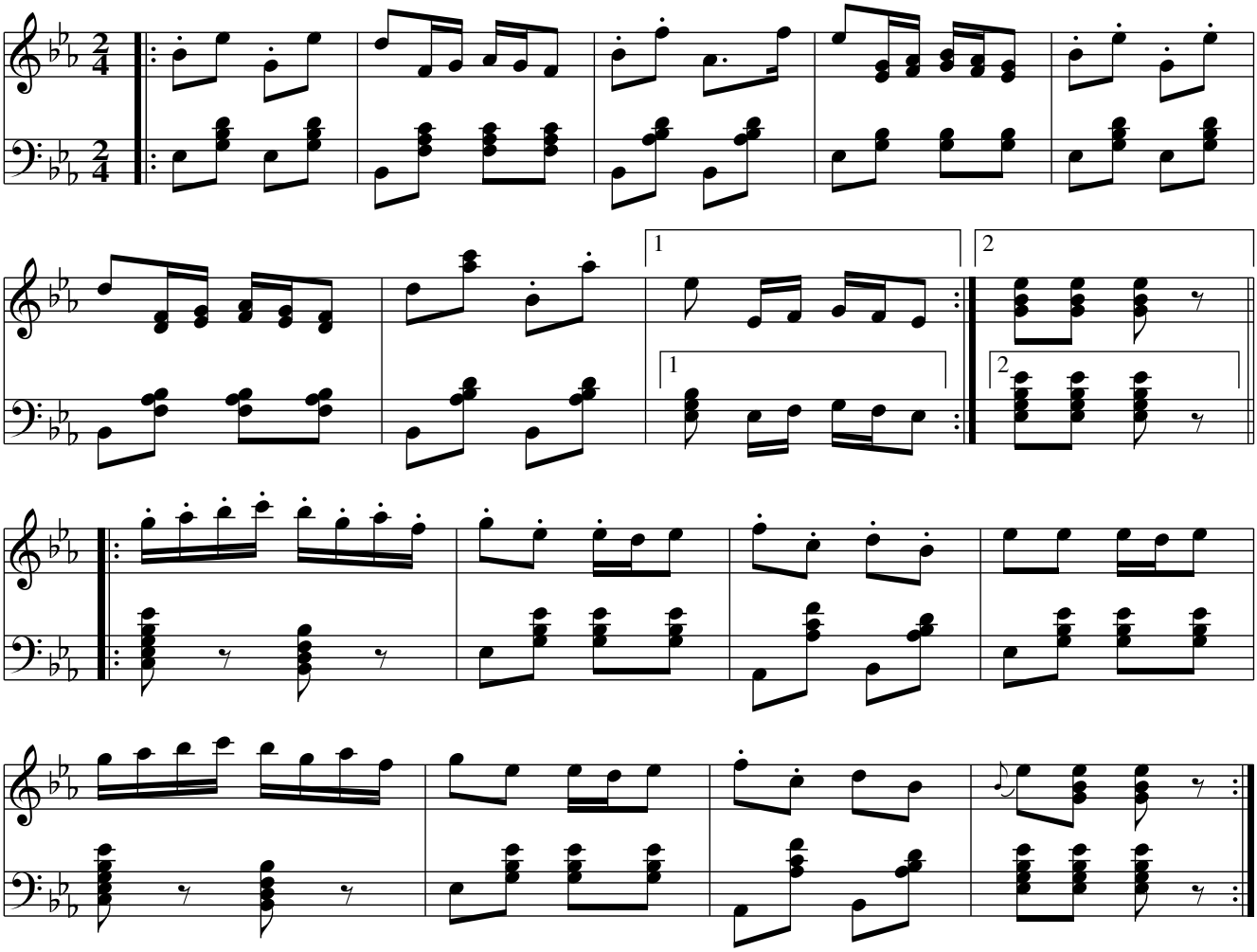
Morgiana. 2voices. Dix.58



Fisher's Minuet. 2voices. Dix.59



Coln McBean's Reel. 2voices. Dix.60



Untitled 2voices. Dix.61