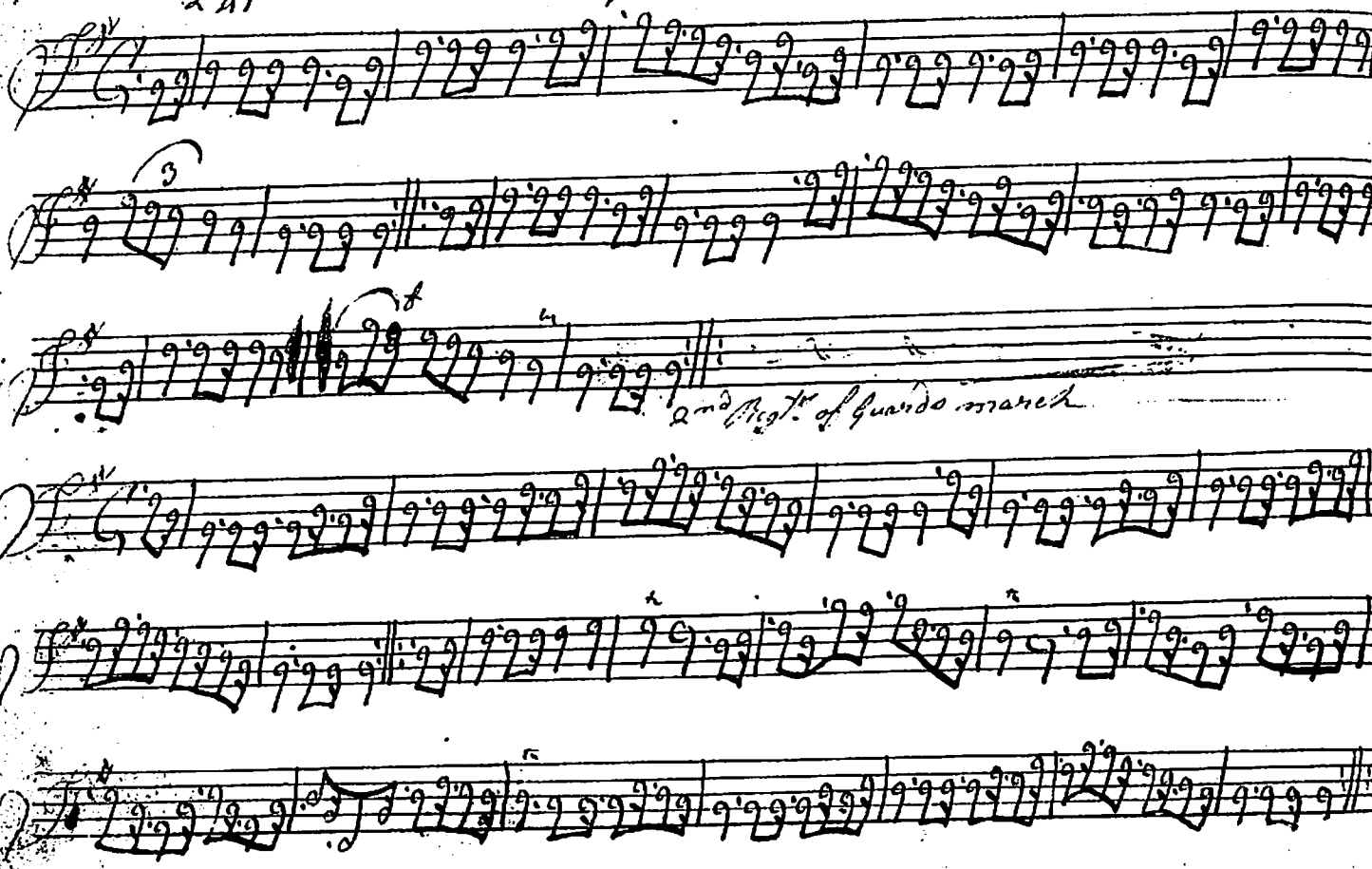
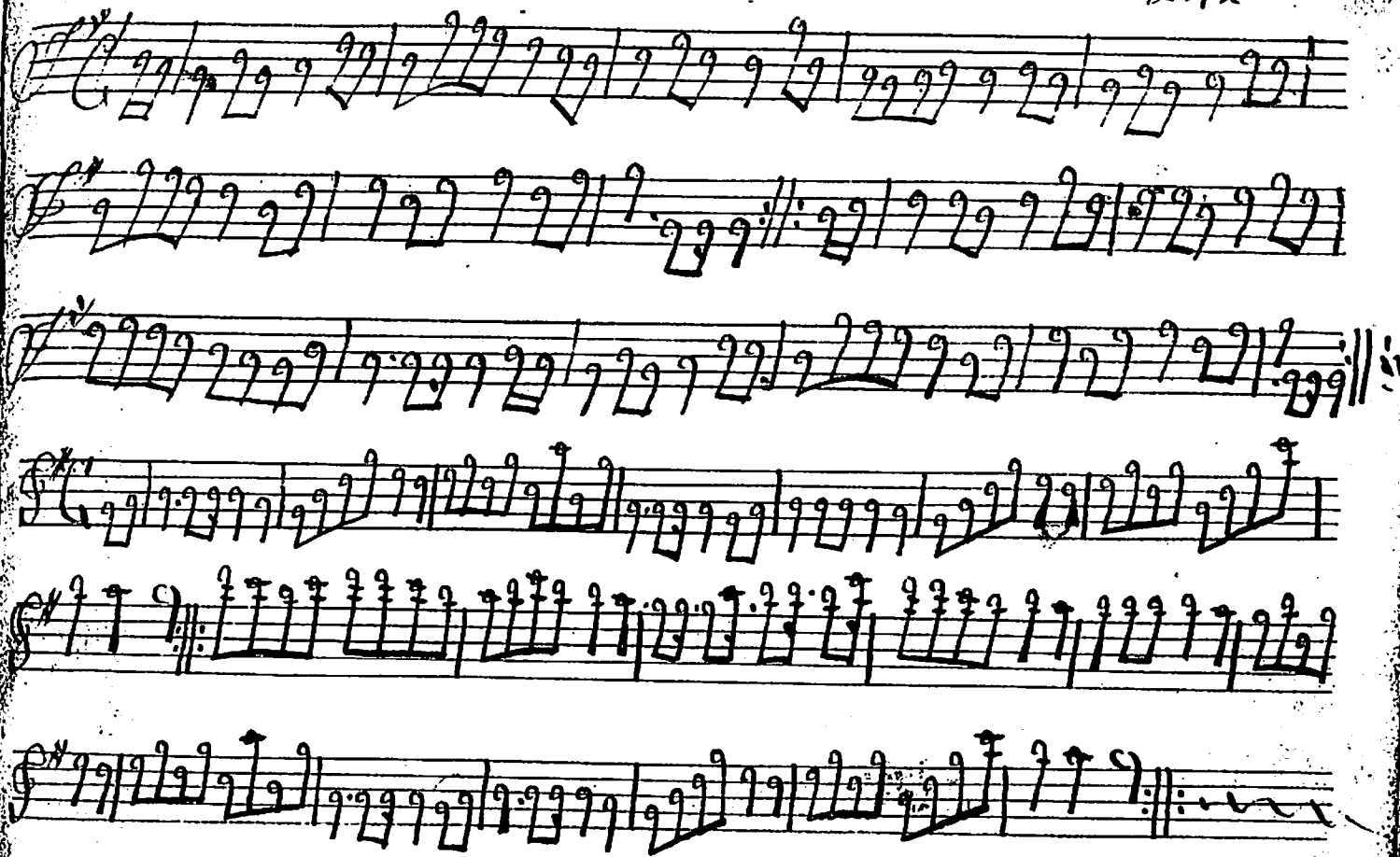
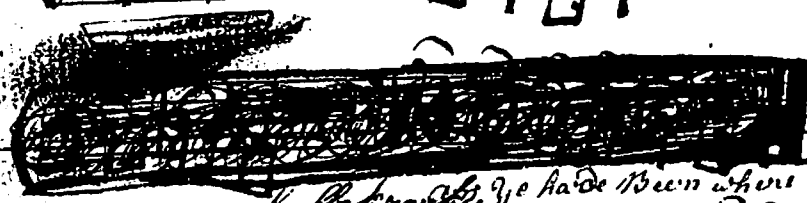
32nd Regt. March





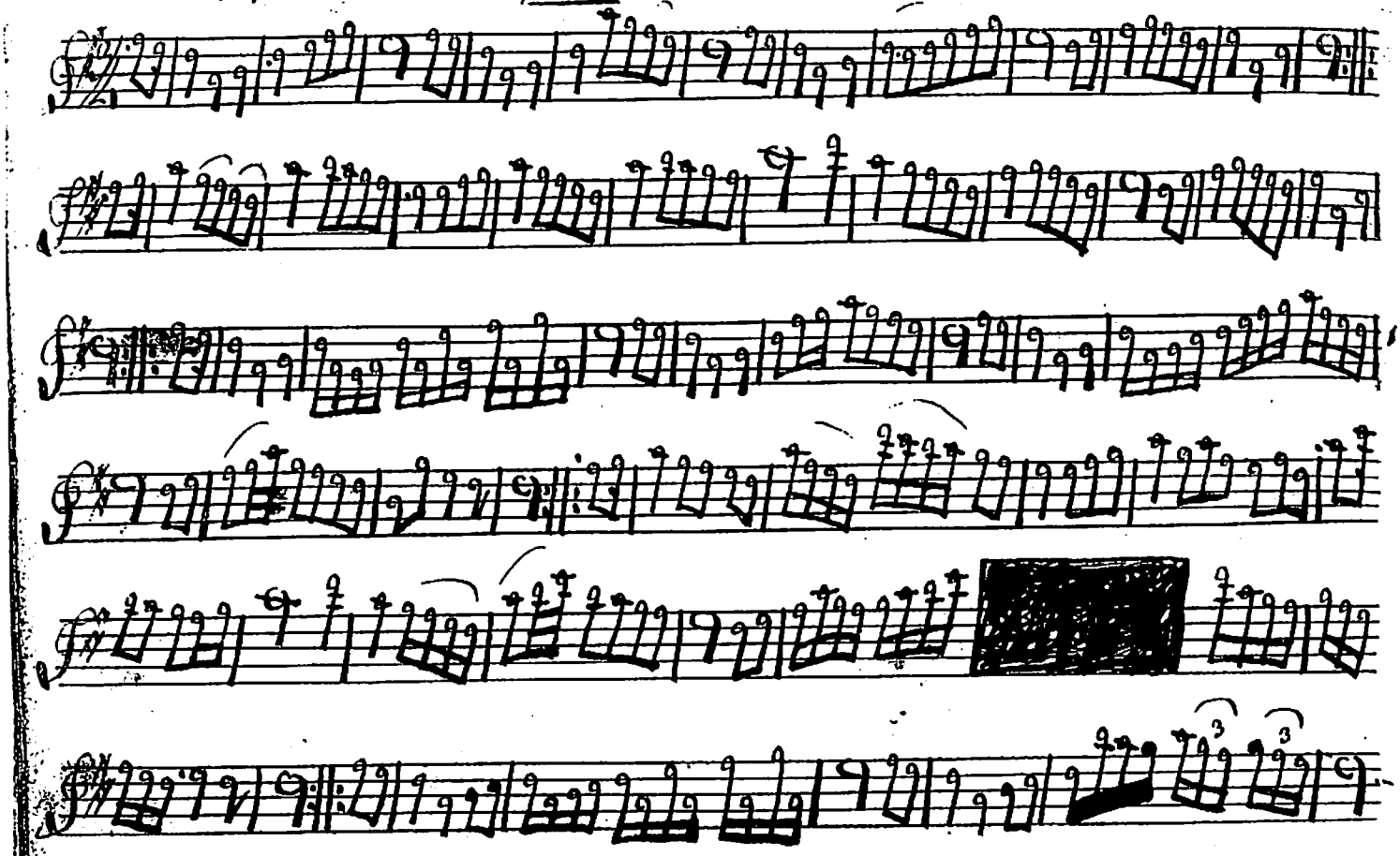
213 Lofting Castle



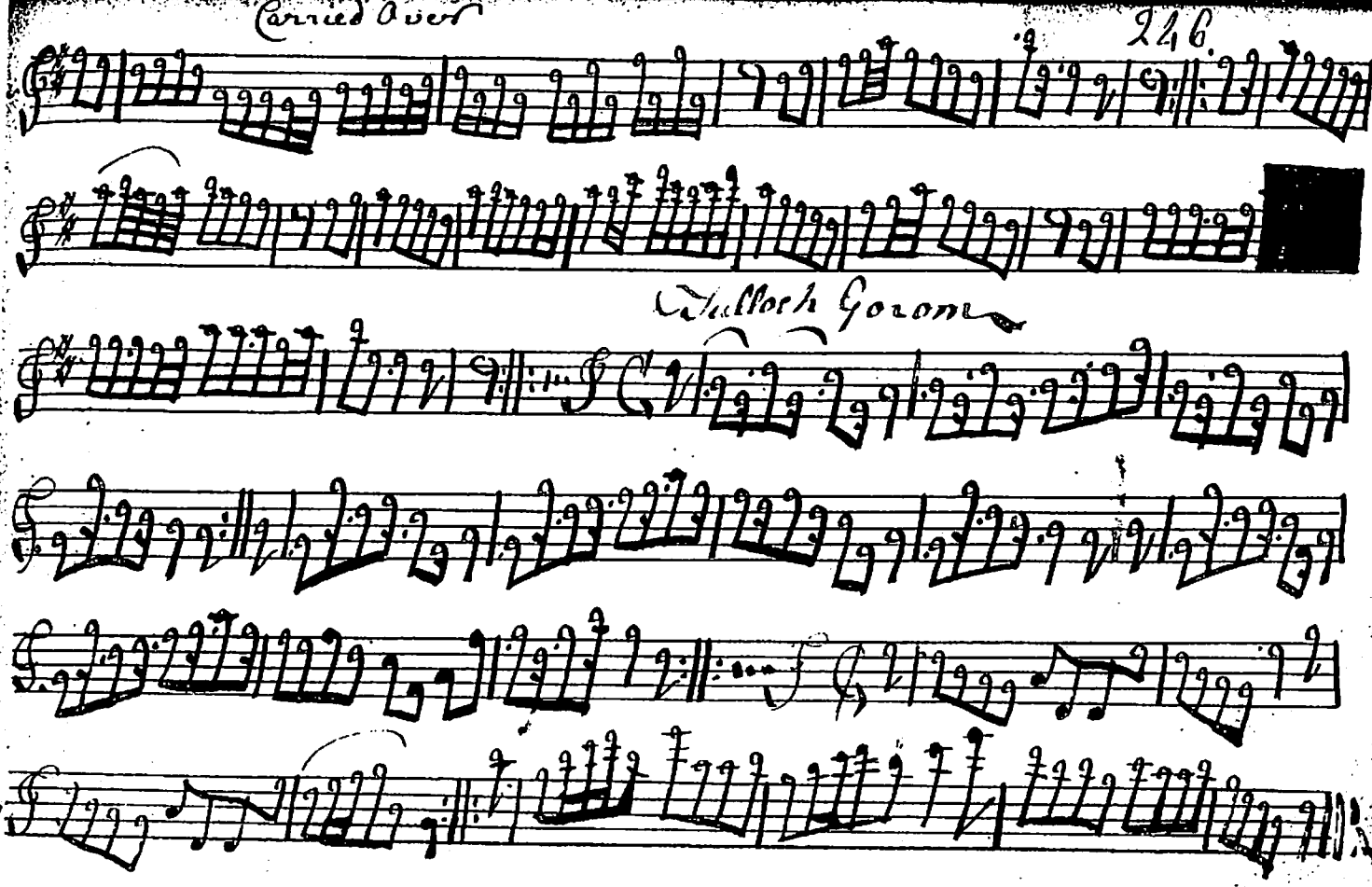
Ye Lads & Lasses Ye Lads & Beau whose I have Been You would not Been so Canty

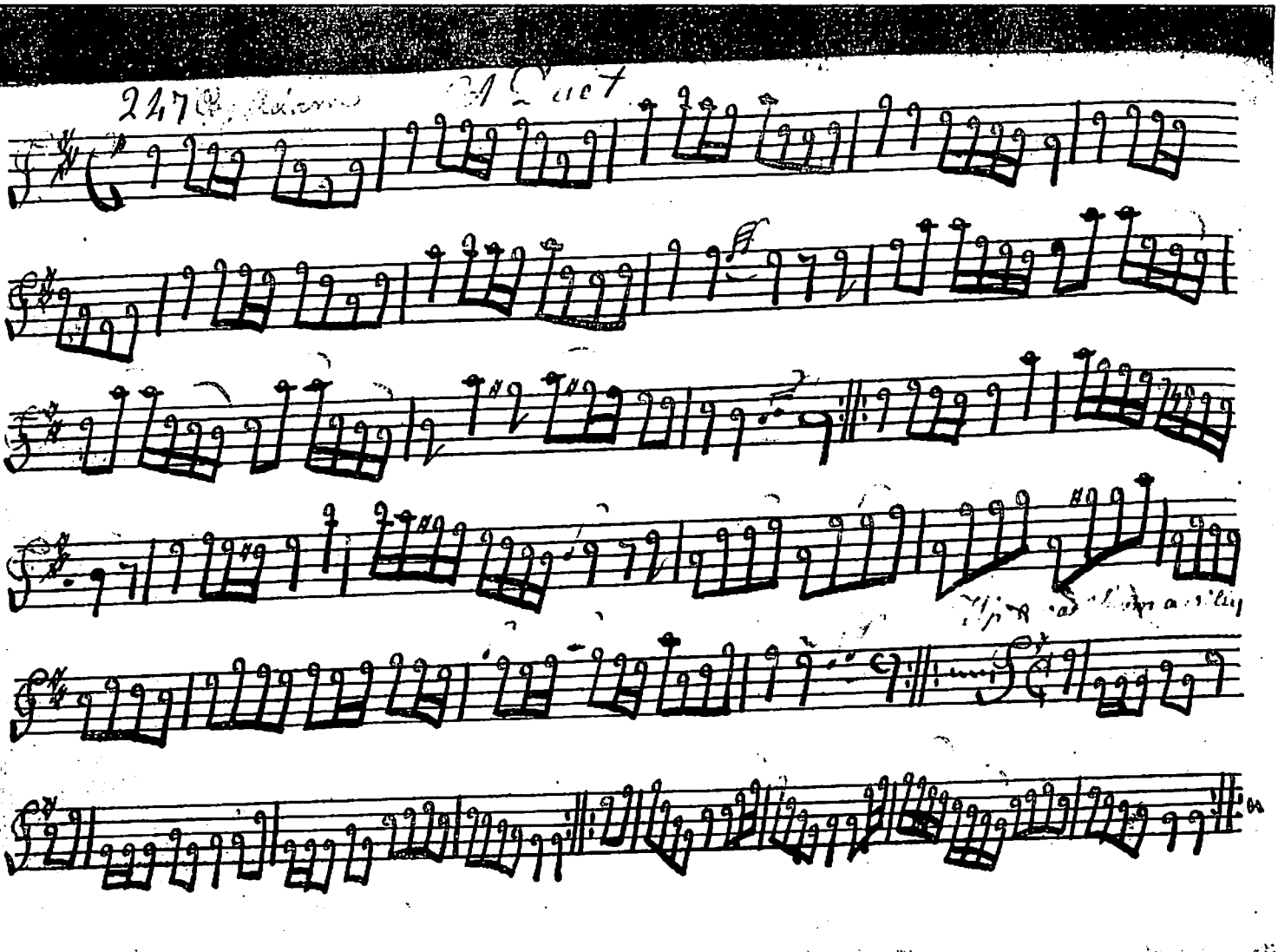
Duncan of Ulbster's March 214

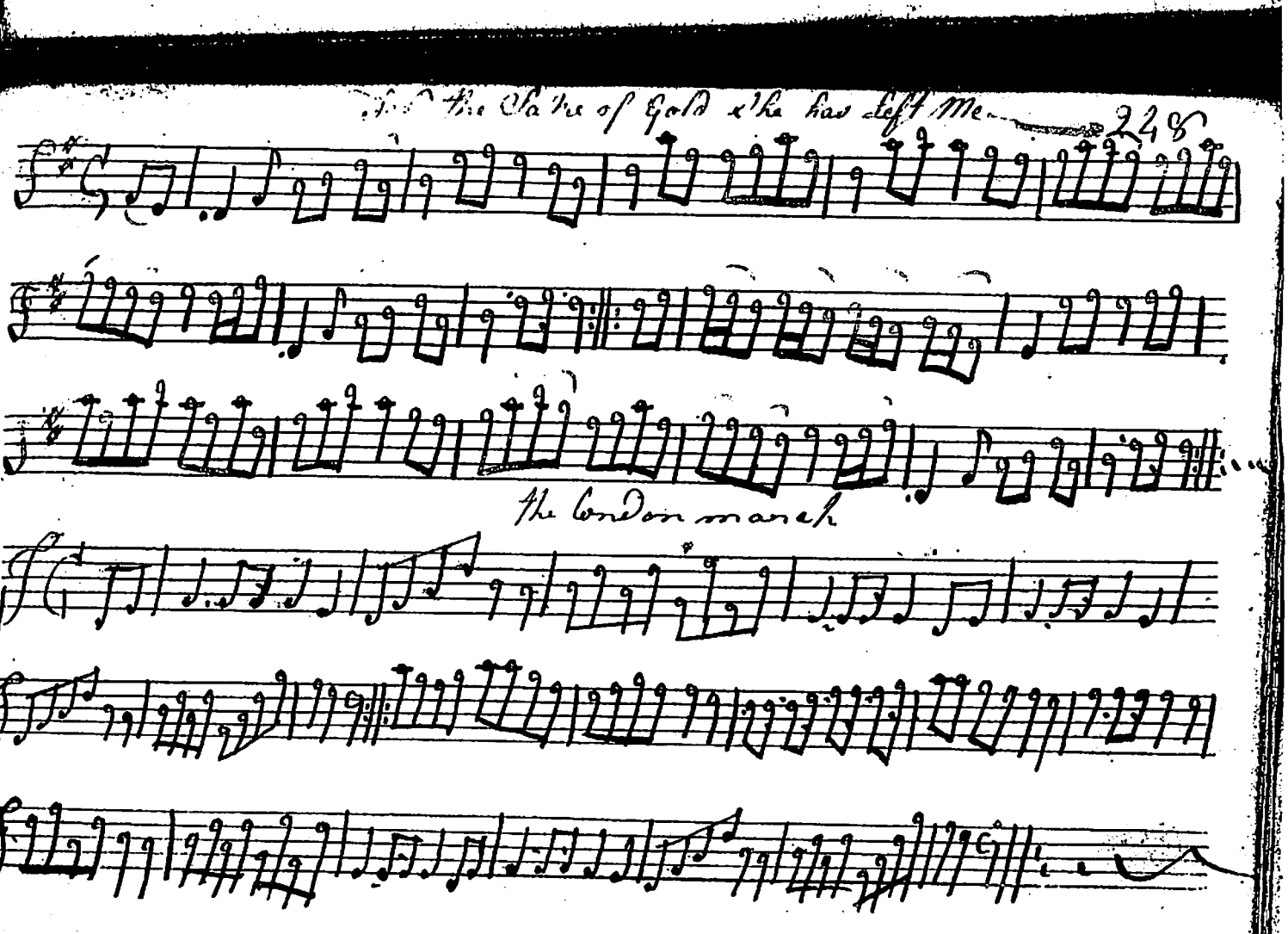
245 Turn Side

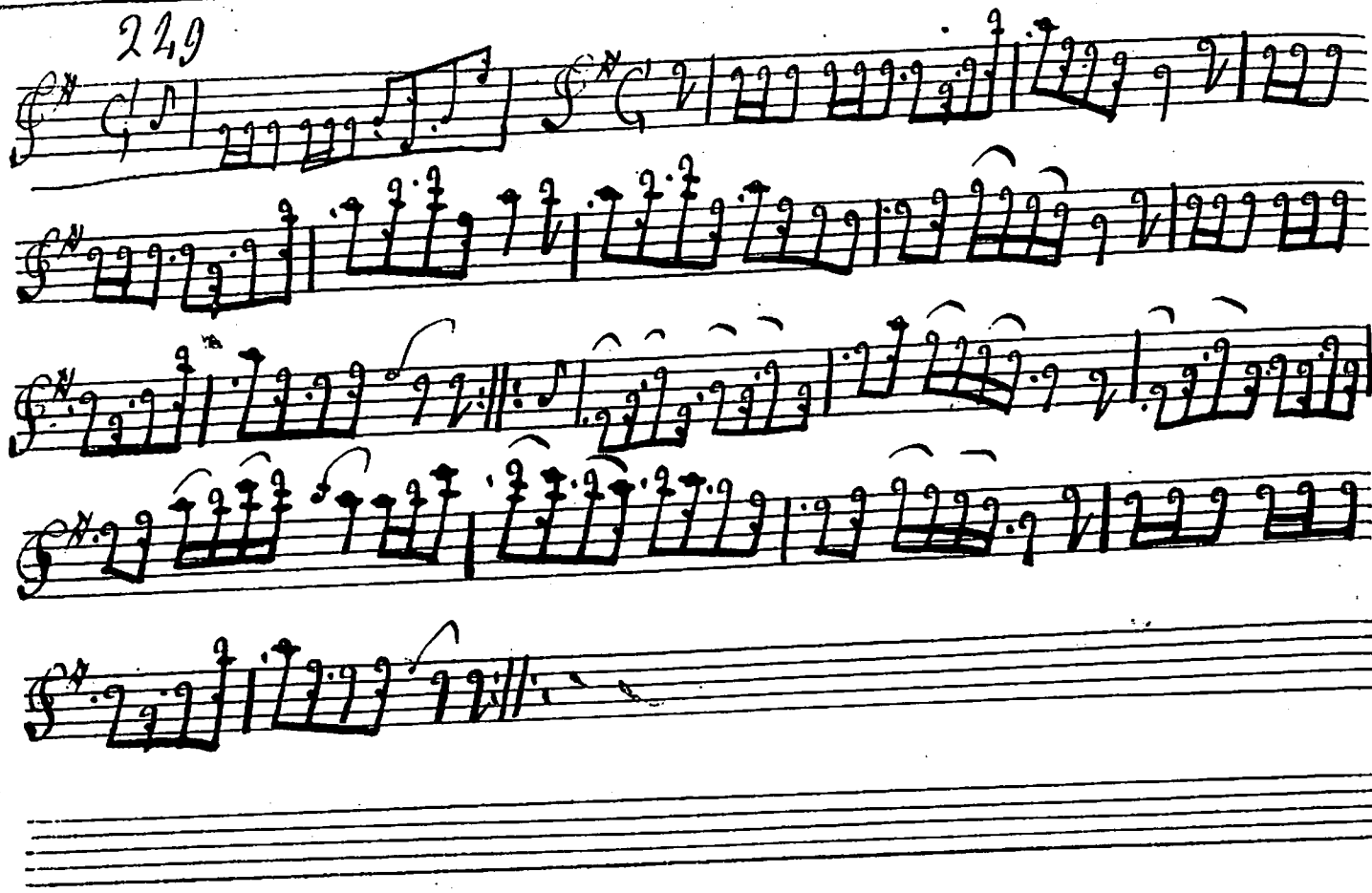


Carried Over 246.

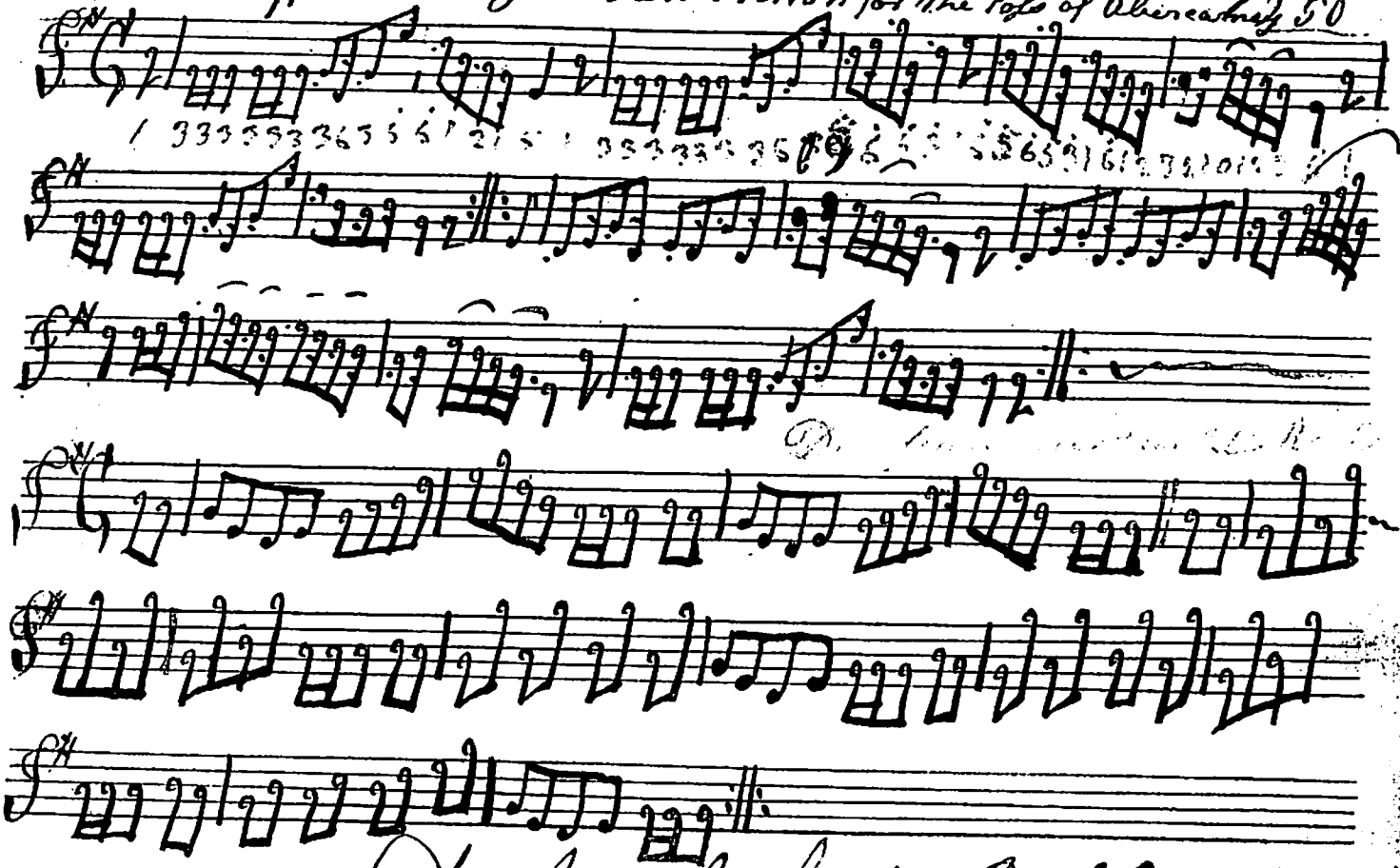



247
A Duet


the Slave of Gold who has left me
248
the London march



This Tune they for Real good Lamentation for the Loss of Abercastle 50



Dumfries Shire Lunt a Reel

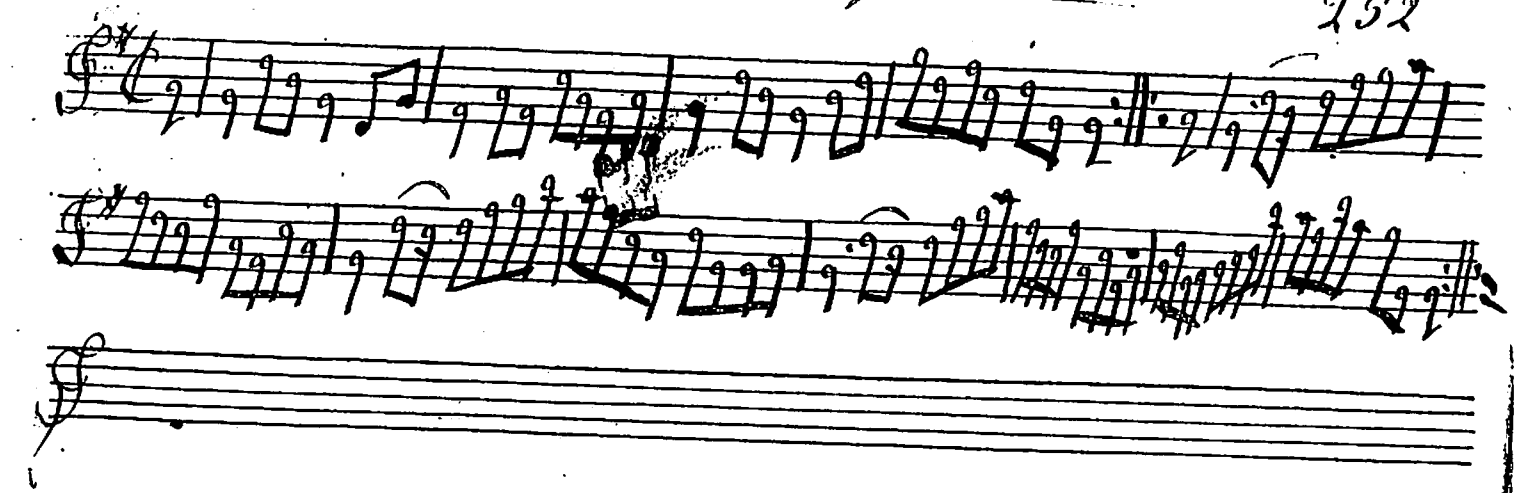
251

Allemand Braul

Mrs Henderson of Fordell's Reel

The Honourable Jemce

252



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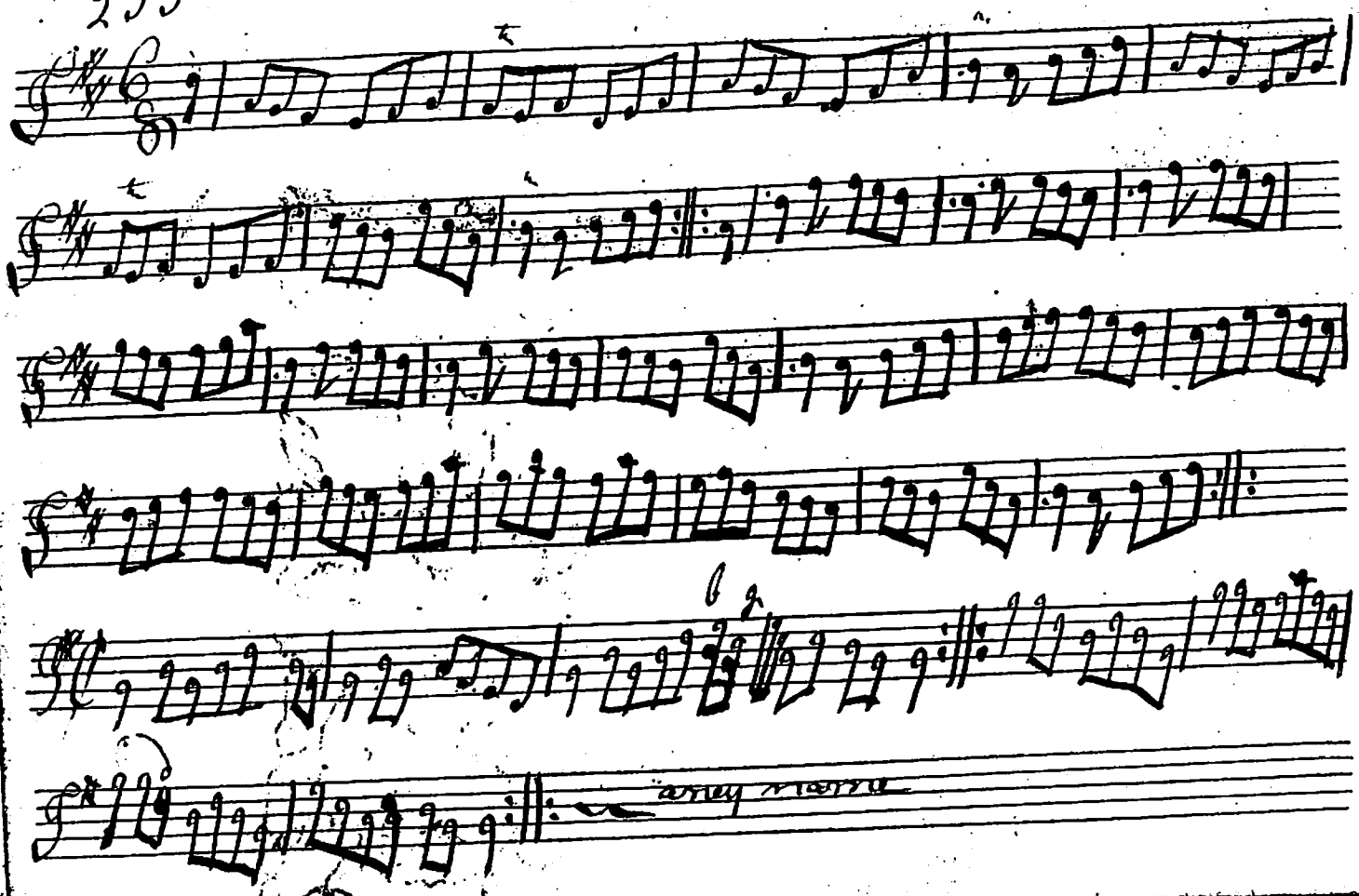

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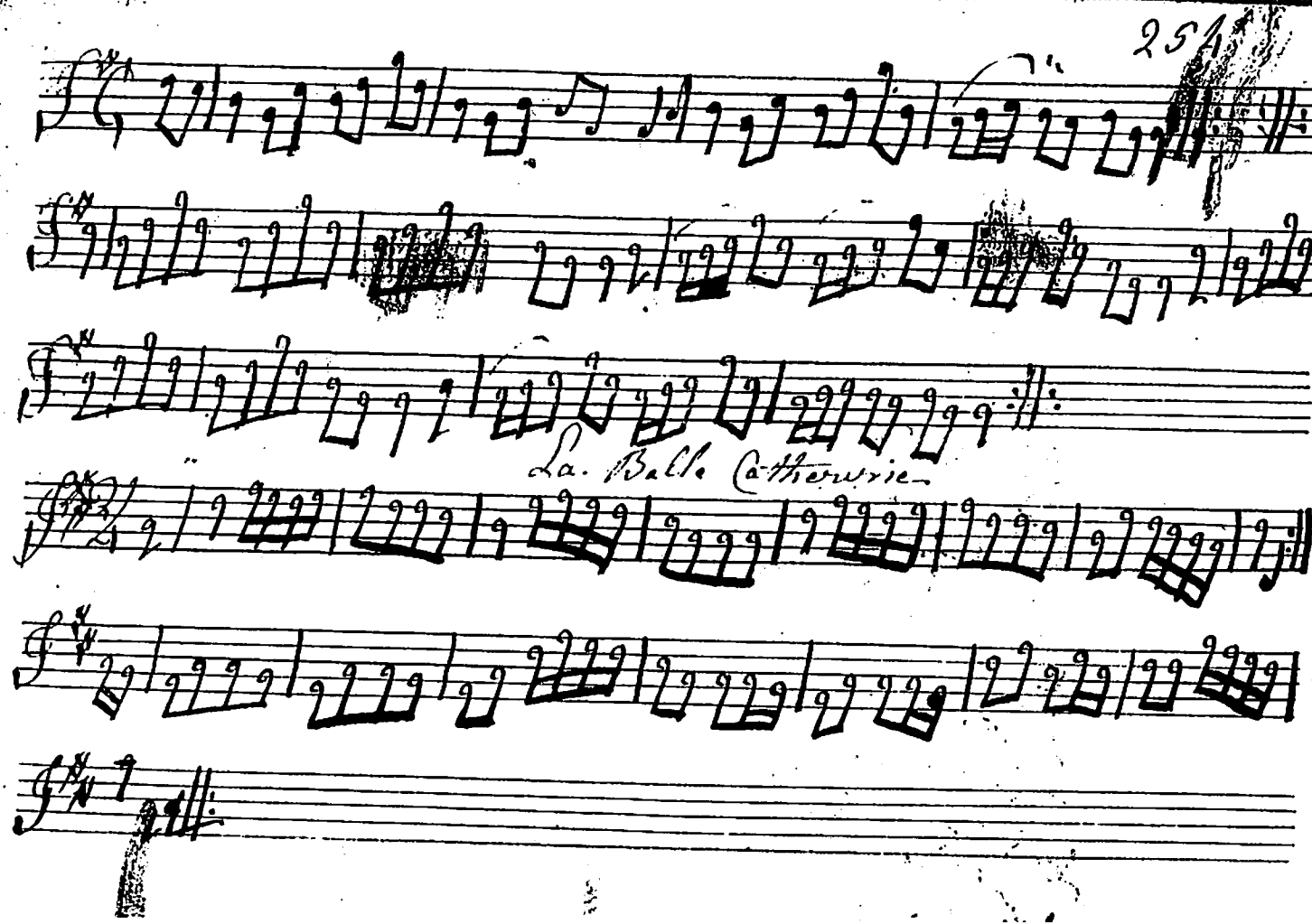


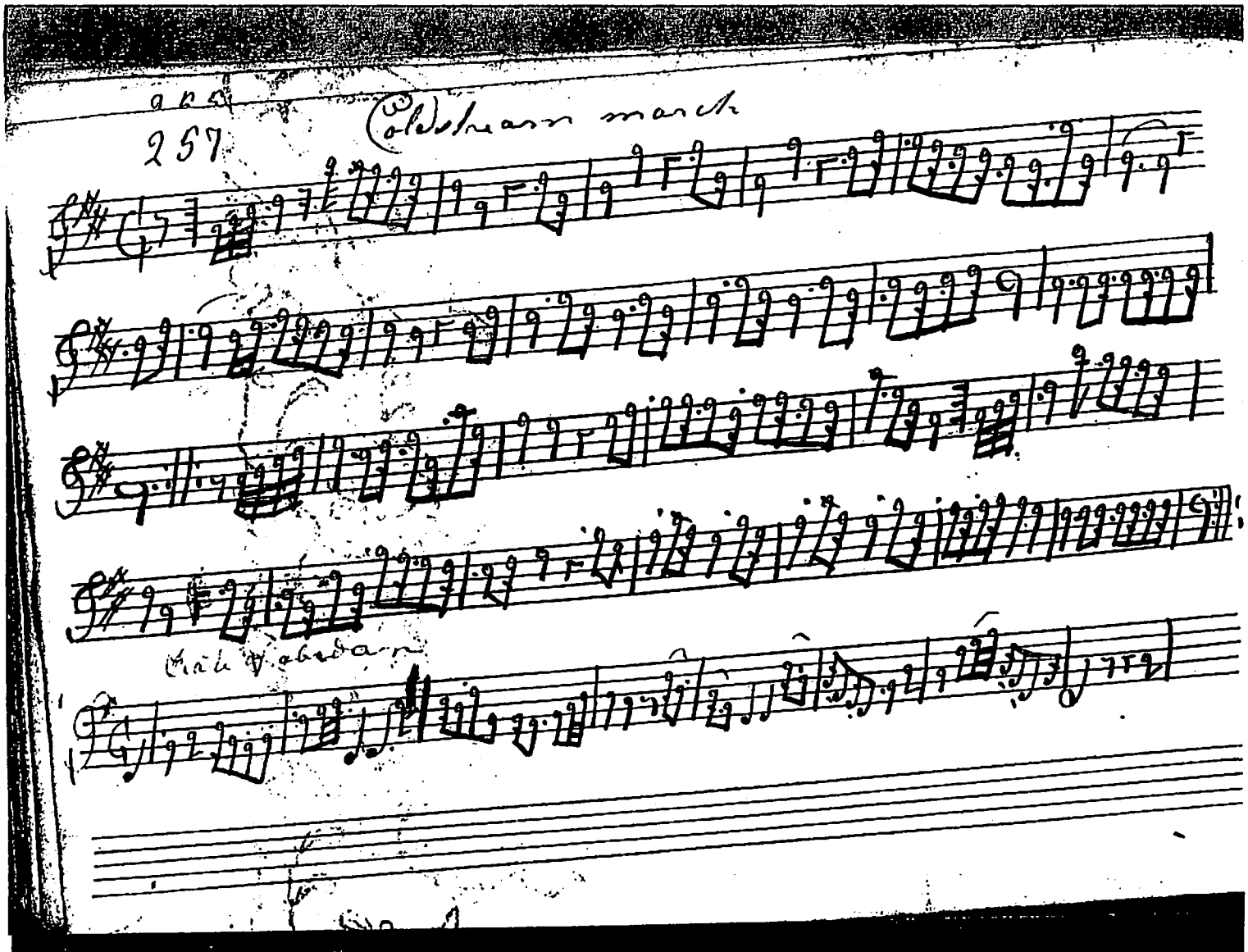
255

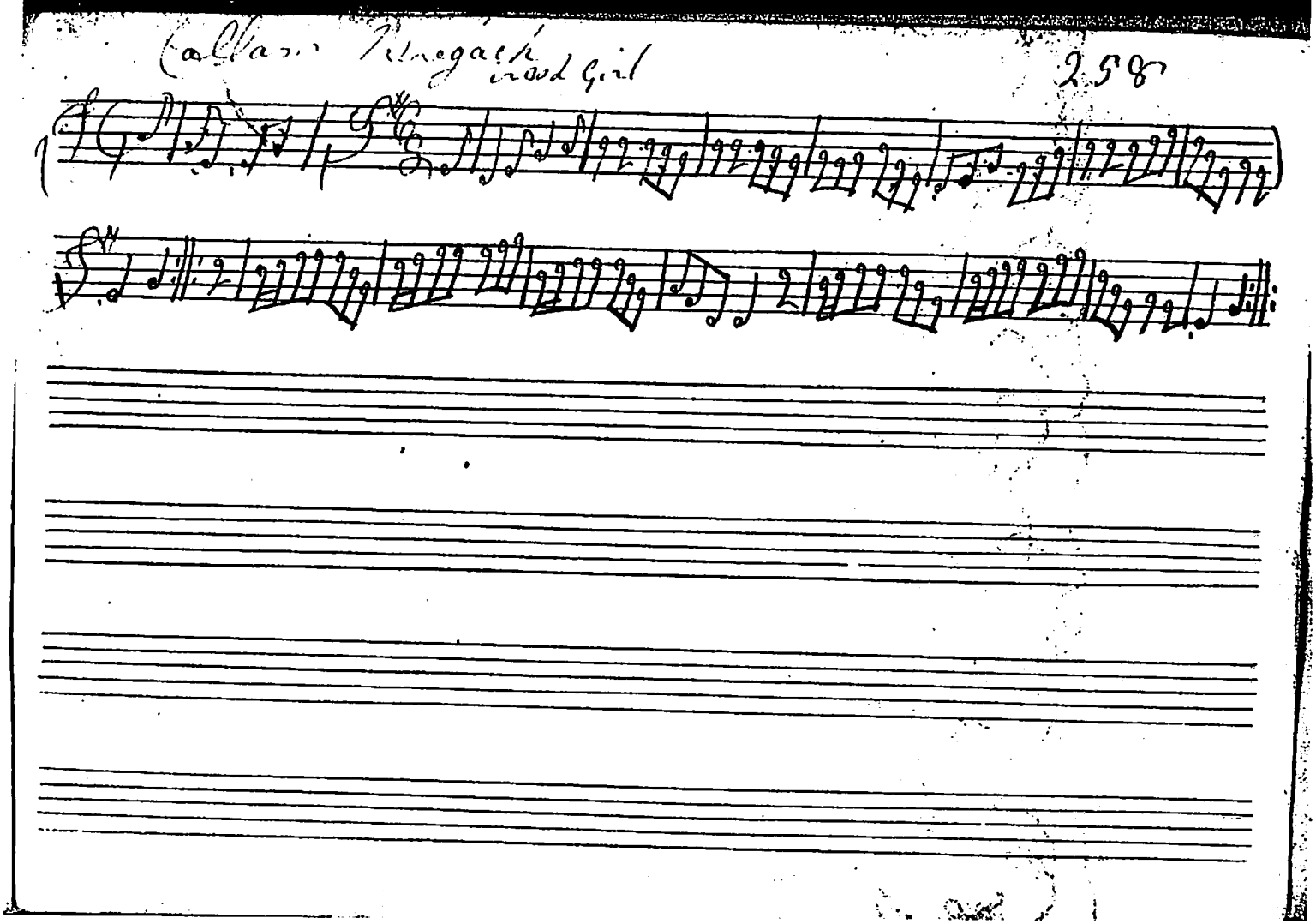
1st 2nd

Light and Airy

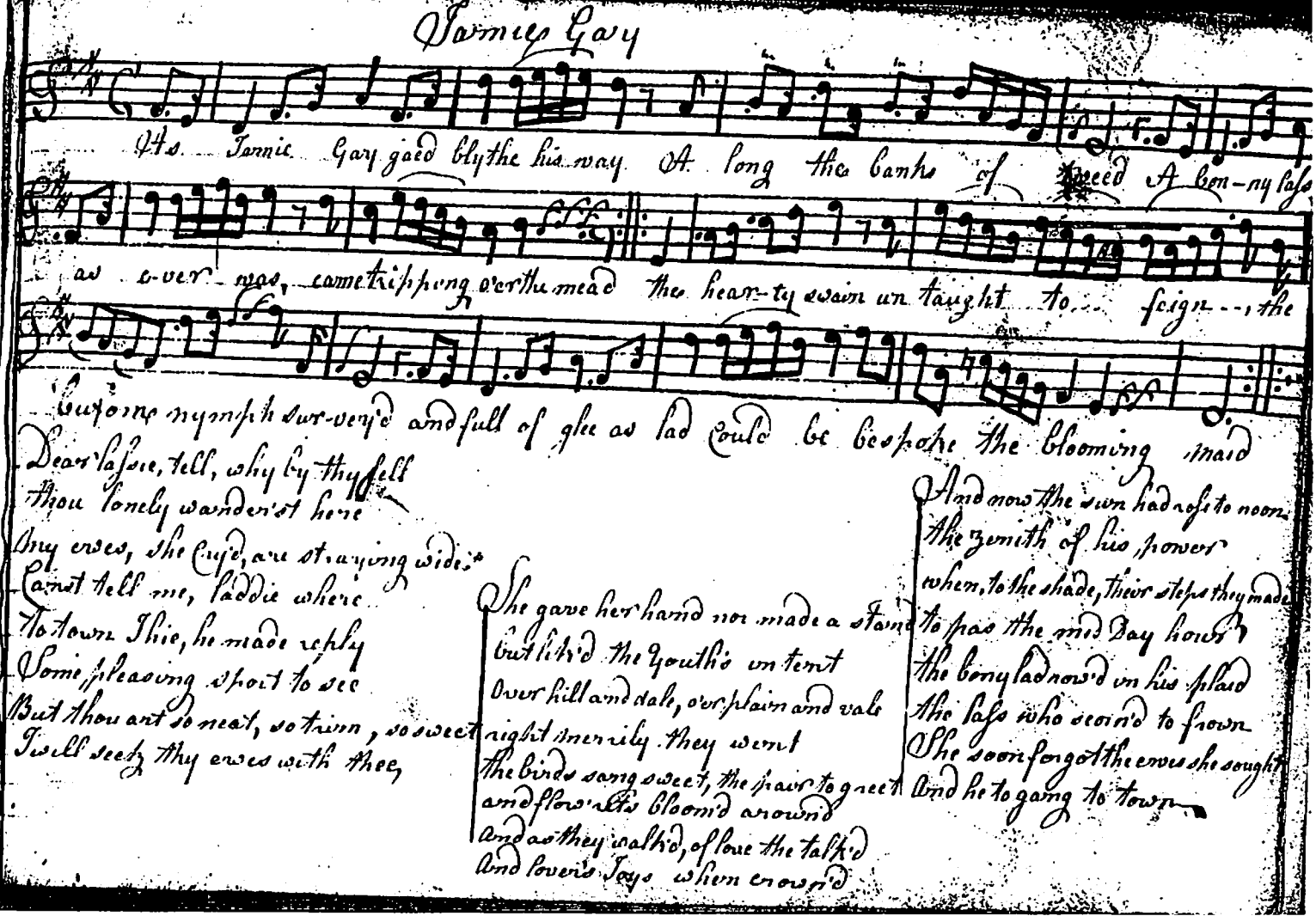
Jigg

256

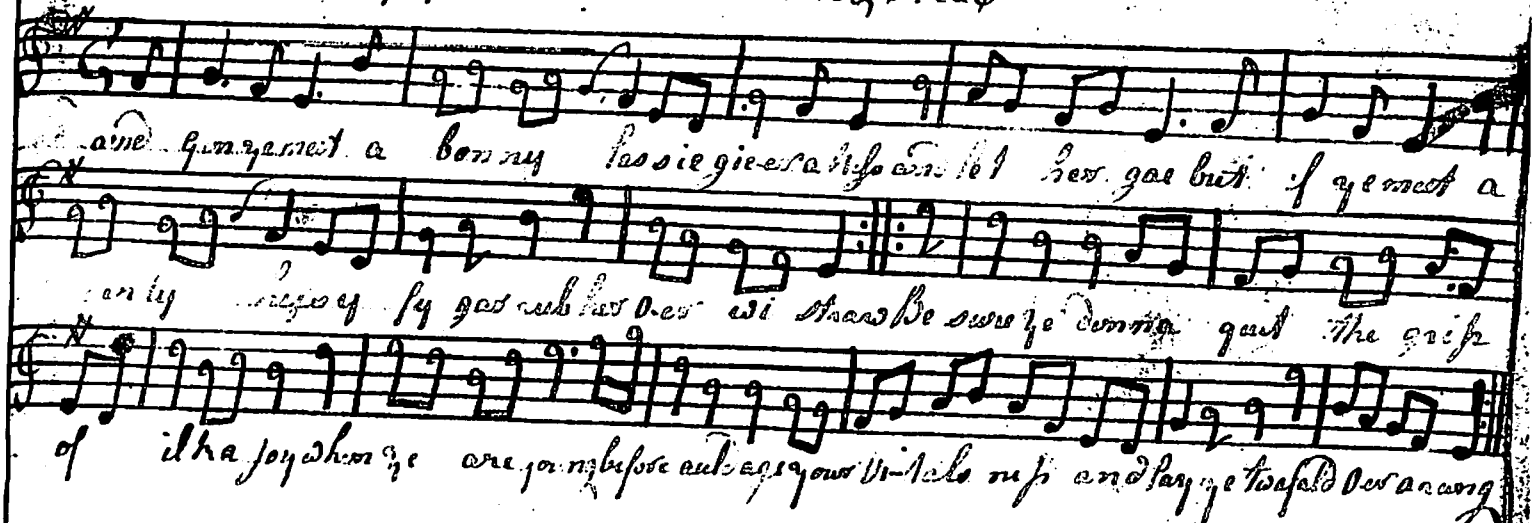

257
Coldstream march

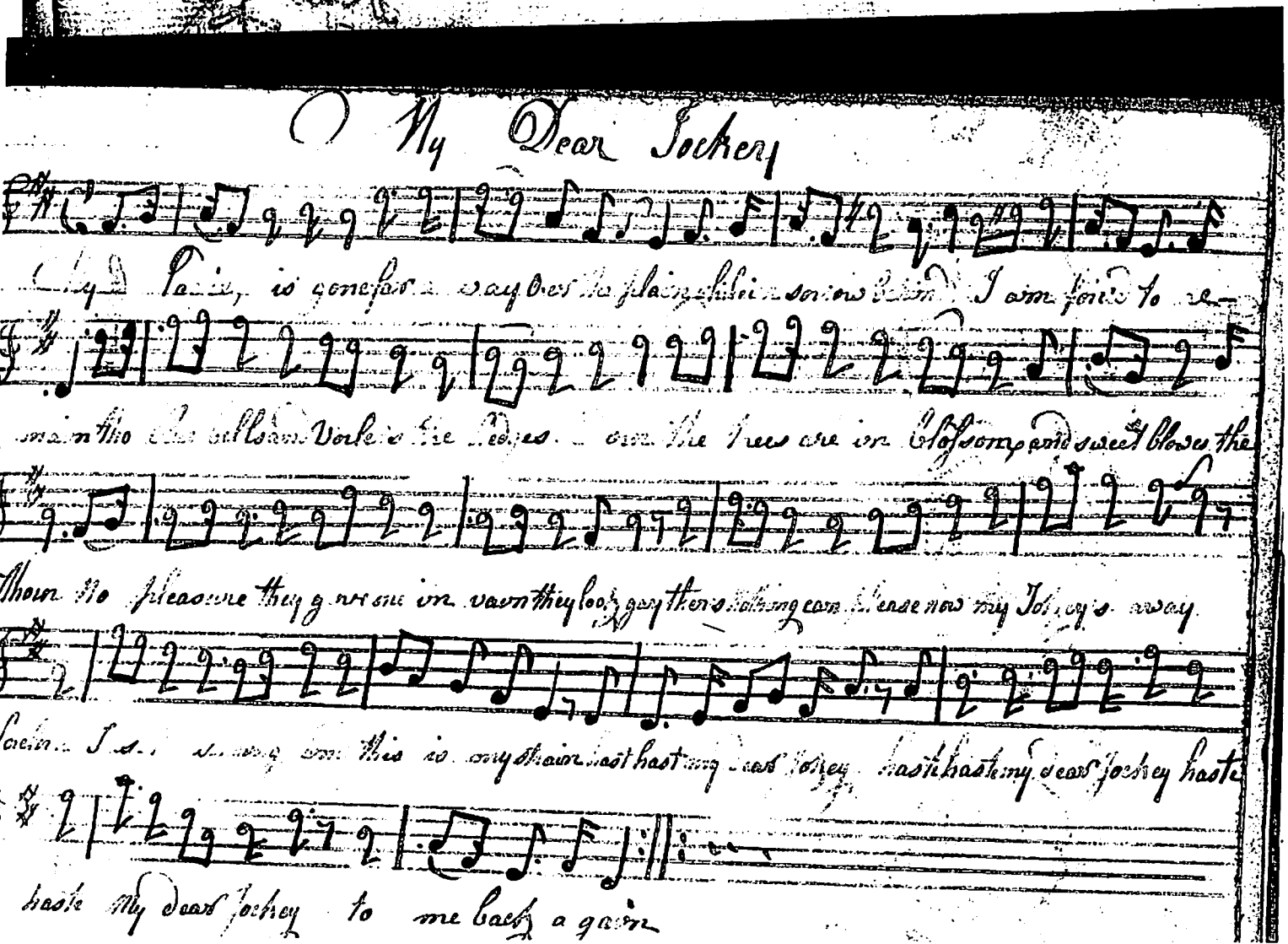
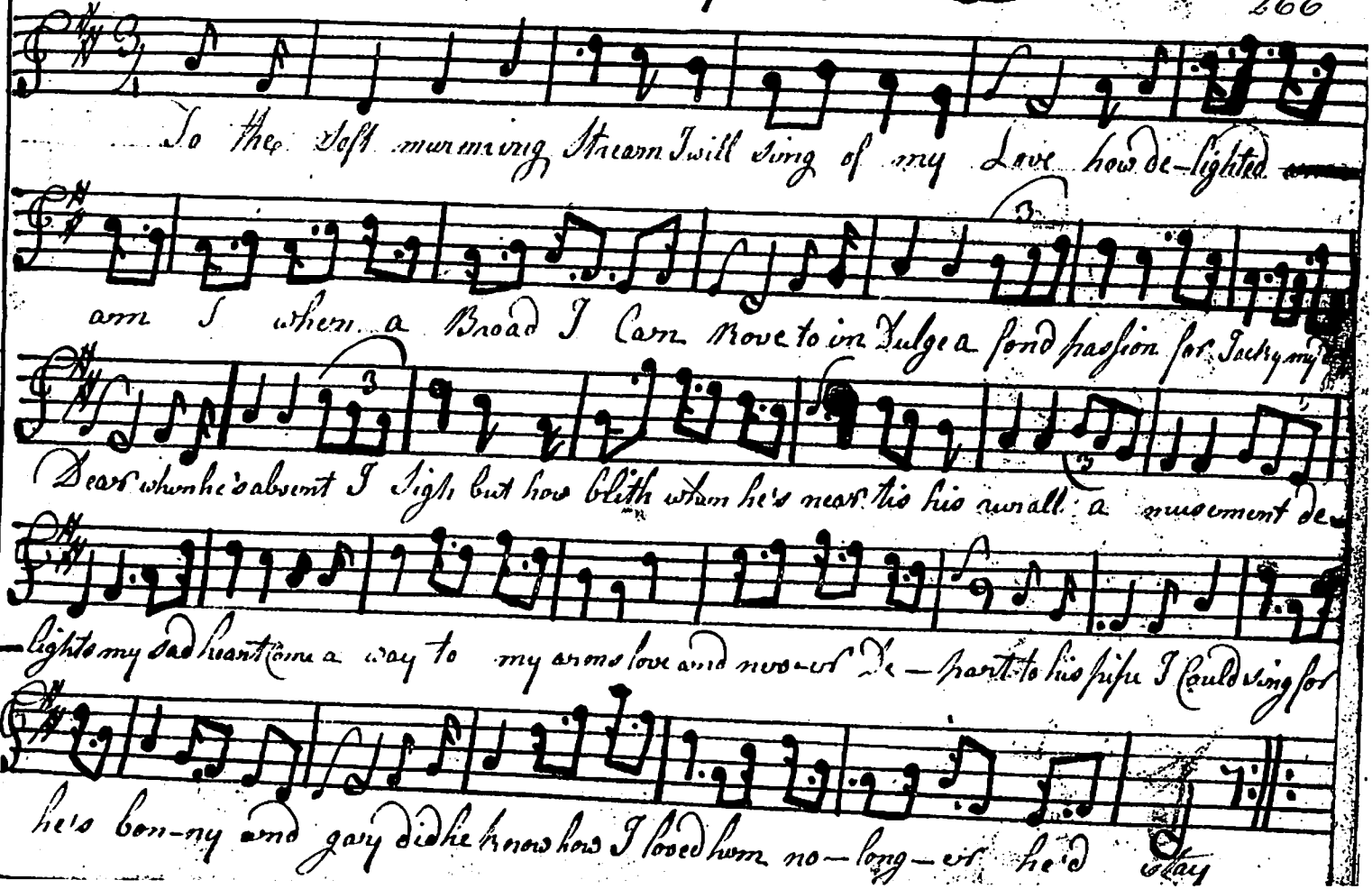

258

Stair 259


Jamie Gay
As Jamie Gay gaed blythe his way Along the banks of Tweed A bon-ny lass
as ever was, came tripping o'er the mead the hear-ty swain unthought to... feign... the
Custome nymph surveyd and full of glee as lad could be bespoke the blooming maid
Dear lassie, tell, why by thy self
Thou lonely wanderst here
Any ewes, the Cuyd, are straying wide*
Canst tell me, laddie where
To town I hie, he made reply
Some pleasing sport to see
But thou art so neat, so trim, so sweet
I will seek thy ewes with thee
She gave her hand nor made a stand
But lik'd the youthie on tent
Over hill and dale, o'er plain and vale
right merrily they went
The birds sang sweet, the flow'rs to greet
and flow'rets bloom'd around
And as they walk'd, of love the talk'd
And lovers Joys when crown'd
And now the sun had rose to noon
The Zenith of his power
when, to the shade, their steps they made
to pass the mid Day hours
The bony lad now'd on his plaid
The lass who scorn'd to frown
She soon forgot the ewes she sought
And he to gang to town

Ty Gar Rub Her Over wi Straw




O My Dear Jockey
My Love, is gone far away Over the plain, whilst sorrow Pains I am sick to see
him tho all Nature Puts on her Beauties now the Trees are in Blossom and sweet blows the
Thorn No pleasure they give me in vain they look gay there's nothing can please now my Jockey's away
farewell Sorrow now this is my chief cause of hasting dear Jockey haste haste my dear Jockey haste
haste My dear Jockey to me back again

The Banks of Tweed