

A Birthday Hansel, Op. 92
Robert Burns (1759–1796)

[1] **I. Birthday Song**

Health to our well-lo'ed Hielan Chief!
Health, ay sour'd by care or grief:
Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf,
This natal morn,
I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
Scarce quite half-worn:

All hail, all hail, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
And then the De'il, he daurna steer ye:
Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye,
For me, shame fa' me,
If neist my heart I dinna wear ye,
While BURNS they ca' me.

[2] **II. My Early Walk**

A rose bud by my early walk,
Adown a corn-inclosèd bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the dewy morning.

Within the bush her covert nest
A little linnèd fondly prest,
The dew sat chill on her breast
Sae early in the morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet Rose bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the Parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

[3] **III. Wee Willie Gray**

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Peel a willow-wand, to be him boots and jacket:
The rose upon the breer will be him trews and doublet,
The rose upon the breer will be him trews and doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Twice a lily-flower will be him sark and cravat;
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

[4] **IV. My Hoggie**

What will I do gin my Hoggie die,
My joy, my pride, my Hoggie?
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And vow but I was vogie.

The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
Me and my faithfu' doggie;
We heard nocht but the roaring linn,
Among the braes sae scroggie.

But the howlet cry'd frae the castle wa'.
The blitter frae the boggie,
The tod reply'd upon the hill—
I trembled for my Hoggie.

When day did daw, and cocks did craw,
The morning it was foggie;
An unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,
And maist has killed my Hoggie.

[5] **V. Afton Water**

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair.

[How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where, wild in the woodlands, the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.]

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

[6] **VI. The Winter**

The Winter it is past,
and the summer comes at last,
And the small birds, they sing on ev'ry tree;
Now ev'ry thing is glad,
while I am very sad,
Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier,
by the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnèd or the bee;
Their little loves are blest,
and their little hearts at rest,
But my true love is parted from me.

[7] **VII. Leezie Lindsay**

Will ye go to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay?
Will ye go to the Hielands wi' me?
Will ye go to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
My pride and my darling to be?

Who Are These Children?, Op. 84

William Soutar (1898–1943)

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[8] **I. A Riddle (The Earth)**

There's pairt o' it young
And pairt o' it auld:
There's pairt o' it het
And pairt o' it cauld:

There's pairt o' it bare
And pairt o' it claid:
There's pairt o' it quick
And pairt o' it dead.

[9] II. A Laddie's Song

O! it's owre the braes abüne our toun
Whan the simmer days come in;
Whaur the blue-bells grow, and the burnies row,
And gowdan¹ is the whin².
The gowk³ sings frae the birken-schaw⁴,
And the laverock far aboon:
The bees bummer by, the peesies⁵ cry,
And the lauchin linn⁶ lowps⁷ doun.

[10] III. Nightmare

The tree stood flowering in a dream:
Beside the tree a dark shape bowed:
As lightning glittered the axe-gleam
Across the wound in the broken wood.

The tree cried out with human cries:
From its deepening hurt the blood ran:
The branches flowered with children's eyes
And the dark murderer was a man.

There came a fear which sighed aloud;
And with its fear the dream-world woke:
Yet in the day the tree still stood
Bleeding beneath the axe-man's stroke.

[11] IV. Black Day

A skelp⁸ frae his teacher
For a' he cudna spell:
A skelp frae his mither
For cowpin owre the kail⁹.

A skelp frae his brither
For clourin¹⁰ his braw bat:
And a skelp frae his faither
For the Lord kens what.

[12] V. Bed-time

Cuddle-doun, my bairnie;
The dargie day¹¹ is düne:
Yon's a siller sternie
Ablow the siller müne:

Like a wabster body¹²
Hingin on a threed,
Far abüne my laddie
And his wee creepie-bed.

[13] VI. Slaughter

Within the violence of the storm
The wise men are made dumb:
Young bones are hollowed by the worm;
The babe dies in the womb.

Above the lover's mouth is pressed
The silence of a stone:
Fate rides upon an iron beast
And tramples cities down.

And shall the multitudinous grave
Our enmity inter;
These dungeons of misrule enslave
Our bitterness and fear?

All are the conquered; and in vain
The laurel binds the brow:
The phantoms of the dead remain
And from our faces show.

[14] VII. Riddle (The child you were)

It was your faither and mither,
Yet it wasna weddit:
It was your sister or brither
Though nane were beside it.

Wit and wisdom it lent ye,
Yet it wasna lairéd:
And though it dee'd or it kent ye
It was never buried.

[15] VIII. The Larky Lad

The larky lad frae the pantry
Skipp't through the muckle¹³ ha';
He had sma' fear o' the gentry,
And his respec' was sma'.

He cockit his face richt merry;
And as he jiggit on
His mou' was round as a cherry
Like he whistled a braw tune.
And monie a noble body
Glower'd doun frae his frame o' gowd
On the plisky¹⁴ pantry-laddie
Wha was sae merry and royd¹⁵.

[16] IX. Who are these children?

With easy hands upon the rein,
And hounds at their horses' feet,
The ladies and the gentlemen
Ride through the village street.

Brightness of blood upon the coats
And on the women's lips:
Brightness of silver at the throats
And on the hunting whips.

Is there a dale more calm, more green
Under this morning hour;
A scene more alien than this scene
Within a world at war?

Who are these children gathered here
Out of the fire and smoke
That with remembering faces stare
Upon the foxing folk?

[17] X. Supper

Steepies¹⁶ for the bairnie
Sae moolie¹⁷ in the mou':
Parritch for a strappan lad
To mak his beard grow.

Stovies¹⁸ for a muckle man
To keep him stout and hale:
A noggin for the auld carl
To gar him sleep weel.

Bless the meat, and bless the drink,
And the hand that steers the pat¹⁹:
And be guid to beggar-bodies
Whan they come to your yett²⁰.

¹ golden
² furze
³ cuckoo
⁴ birchcopse
⁵ peewits
⁶ waterfall
⁷ leaps
⁸ smack
⁹ spilling the broth
¹⁰ bashing
¹¹ working day
¹² spider

¹³ great
¹⁴ cheeky
¹⁵ mischievous
¹⁶ curds
¹⁷ crumbly
¹⁸ potatoes
¹⁹ stirs the pot
²⁰ gate

[18] XI. The Children

Upon the street they lie
Beside the broken stone:
The blood of children stares from the broken stone.

Death came out of the sky
In the bright afternoon:
Darkness slanted over the bright afternoon.

Again the sky is clear
But upon earth a stain:
The earth is darkened with a darkening stain:

A wound which everywhere
Corrupts the hearts of men:
The blood of children corrupts the hearts of men.

Silence is in the air:
The stars move to their places:
Silent and serene the stars move to their places:

But from earth the children stare
With blind and fearful faces:
And our charity is in the children's faces.

[19] XII. The Auld Aik

The auld aik's²¹ doun:
The auld aik's doun:
Twa hunner year it stüde, or mair,
But noo it's doun, doun.

The auld aik's doun:
The auld aik's doun:
We were sae shair it wud aye be there,
But noo it's doun, doun.

[20] Cradle Song (Sleep, my darling, sleep)

Louis MacNiece (1907–1963)

(We regret that we are unable to reproduce this text.)

[21] O that I'd ne'er been married

Robert Burns (1759–1796)

O that I'd ne'er been married,
I wad never had nae care,
now I've gotten wife an' weans,
an' they cry 'Crowdie' evermair.

*Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
three times crowdie in a day
gin ye crowdie ony mair,
ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.*

Waefu' Want and Hunger fley me,
glowrin' by the hallan en';
Sair I fecht them at the door,
But aye I'm eerie they come ben.

[22] Ca' the yowes

Traditional. Anon.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather growes,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark the mavis evening sang,
Sounden Clouden's woods amang;
Then a-folding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

We'll gang down by Clouden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stol'n my very heart;
I can die but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

[23] There's none to soothe

Traditional. Anon.

There's none to soothe my soul to rest,
There's none my load of grief to share,
Or wake to joy this lonely breast,
Or light the gloom of dark despair.

The voice of joy no more can cheer,
The look of love no more can warm
Since mute for aye's that voice so dear,
And closed that eye alone could charm.

[24] O can ye sew cushions?

Traditional. Anon.

O can ye sew cushions and can ye sew sheets,
And can ye sing ballulow when the bairn greets?
And hie and baw, birdie, and hie and baw, lamb,
And hee and baw, birdie, my bonnie wee lamb.

I've placed my cradle on yon hilly top,
And aye as the wind blew my cradle did rock.
O hush-a-by, babie, O baw lily loo,
And hee and baw, birdie, my bonnie wee doo.

Hie-o, wie-o, what will I do wi' ye?
Black's the life that I lead wi' ye,
Many o' you, little for to gi' ye,
Hie-o, wie-o, what will I do wi' ye?

[25] The Bonny Earl o' Moray

Traditional. Anon.

Ye Hielands and ye Low-lands,
O where hae ye been?
Thay hae slain the Earl o' Moray,
And laid him on the green.
He was a braw gallant
And he rade at the ring;
And the bonnie Earl o' Moray ...
He might have been a king.

O wae tae ye, Huntley,
And where-fore did ye sae?
I bade ye bring him wi' you
And forbade ye him to slay.
He was a braw gallant
And he played at the glove;
And the bonnie Earl o' Moray ...
He was the Queen's love.

O lang will his Lady
Look frae the Castle Doune,
Ere she see the Earl o' Moray
Come sound-in' thru' the toon.

²¹ oak

[26] **Bonny at Morn**
Traditional. Anon.

The sheep's in the meadows,
The kye's in the corn,
Thou's ower lang in thy bed,
Bonny at morn.
Canny at night, bonny at morn,
Thou's ower lang in thy bed,
Bonny at morn.

The bird's in the nest,
The trout's in the burn,
Thou hinders thy mother
In many a turn.

We're all laid idle
Wi' keeping the bairn,
The lad winnot work
And the lass winnot lairn.

[27] **Come you not from Newcastle?**
Traditional. Anon.

Come you not from Newcastle?
Come you not there away?
Oh, met you not my true love,
Riding on a bonny bay?

Why should I not love my love?
Why should not my love love me?
Why should I not speed after him,
Since love to all is free?

[28] **Dawtie's Devotion**
William Soutar (1898–1943)
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Keep me leal²², and keep me weel,
And keep me bricht and bonnie;
Be day and be nicht and be cannel-licht,
And awa frae the bogey-mannie.

A bitie bake, and a bitie cake,
And a bitie for daddy and mammie;
And at leerie-law²³ and at beddie-baw
I'll aye be your ain wee lammie.

[29] **The Gully**²⁴
William Soutar (1898–1943)
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And wudna onie lad
Be gled noo he'd been born
As Bengie noo was gled
On his ain birthday morn:

To hae on his birthday morn,
Richt there in his lufe²⁵ sae ticht,
The bonnie heft²⁶ o' horn
And the blade sae glinty bricht?

He tried it on a raip:
He tried it on a stick:
And wow! it gar'd ye gape
Te see it wark sae snick.

He thocht he's hae a try
At Grannie's muckle chair:
And maybe, by and by,
He'll try his hurdies there.

[30] **Tradition**
William Soutar (1898–1943)
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"Heh! young folk arena what they were";
Wheeng'd the auld craw to his cronie:
"Sic galivantin here and there,
Sic wastrie and aye wantin mair:
Their menners far frae bonnie.

Eh me! it's waur and waur they get
In gumption and decorum:
And sma' respec' for kirk or state."
Wi' that the auld craw wagg'd his pate
As his faither did afore him.

Four Burns Songs
Robert Burns (1759–1796)

[31] **I. Afton Water**

[32] **II. Wee Willie**

[33] **III. The Winter**

[34] **IV. My Hoggie**

Please refer to texts of tracks 3–6

²² true
²³ cork-crow
²⁴ knife
²⁵ fist
²⁶ handle