

26. Logie o' Buchan

Koželuch

Thomson 3rd Set (1799), 57

Grazioso

Violin

Voice

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

6

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O Lo - gie o' Bu - chan, O

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11

Lo - gie the Laird, They've ta'en a - wa Ja - mie that delv'd in the

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16

yard! Wha_ play'd on the pipe, and the vi - ol sae sma'; They've

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21

ta'en a - wa Ja - mie, the flow'r o' them_ a!' He said, think na lang,

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26

lass - ie, tho' I gang a - wa', For_ I'll come and see ye in

lass - ie, tho' I gang a - wa', For I'll come and see ye in

31

spite of them a'.

spite of them a'.

mf

p

O LOGIE O' BUCHAN, &c.

[BY ROBERT BURNS.]

AIR. - LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

O LOGIE o' Buchan, O Logie the Laird,
They hae ta'en awa Jamie that delv'd in the yard!
Wha play'd on the pipe, wi' the viol sae sma';
They hae ta'en awa Jamie, the flower o' them a'!
He said, think nae lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa',
For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye,
A house and a haddin, and siller forby;
But I'd tak' my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd ha'e him wi' his houses and land.
He said, think nae lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa';
For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor;
Tho' I like them as weel as a daughter should do,
They're nae half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.
He said, think na lang lassie, &c.

I sit on my creepie and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that likes me sae weel;
He had but ae saxpence, he brak' it in twa,
And he gied me the ha'f o't, when he gaed awa'.
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
The simmer is coming, cauld winter 's awa', [**]
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

[** The third strain (bars 25-32) should be repeated in verse 4 of the Burns song in order to accommodate the final couplet.]

WHEN JOCKY WAS BLESS'D, &c.

THE SAME AIR.

JOCKY.

WHEN Jocky was bless'd with your love and your truth,
 Not on Tweed's pleasant banks dwelt so blythsome a youth,
 With Jenny I sported it all the day long,
 And her name was the burden and joy of my song,

JENNY.

Ere Jocky had ceas'd all his kindness to me,
 There liv'd in the vale not so happy a she:
 Such pleasures with Jocky his Jenny had known,
 That she scorn'd in a cot the fine folks of the town.

JOCKY.

Ah, me! what a fear now possesses my mind,
 That Jenny, so constant, to Willy's been kind!
 When dancing so gay with the nymphs on the plain,
 She yielded her hand and her heart to the swain.

JENNY.

You falsely upbraid, but remember the day
 With Lucy you toy'd it beneath the new hay,
 When alone with your Lucy, the shepherds have said,
 You forgot all the vows that to Jenny you made.

JOCKY.

Believe not, sweet Jenny, my heart stray'd from thee,
 For Lucy the wanton was ne'er form'd for me:
 From a lass that's so true your Jocky ne'er rov'd,
 Nor once cou'd forsake the kind Jenny he lov'd.

JENNY.

My heart for young Willy ne'er panted nor sigh'd;
 For you of that heart was the joy and the pride.
 While Tweed's waters glide, shall your Jenny be true,
 And love, my dear Jocky, no shepherd but you.

[JOCKY & JENNY]

No shepherd e'er met with so faithful a fair;
 For kindness no youth can with Jocky compare.
 We'll love, then, and live from fierce jealousy free,
 And none on the plain shall be happy as we.