

49a. O whistle, and I'll come to you my lad

Koželuch

Thomson 4th Set (1799), 94

Vivace

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

5

fz

p

f

fz

9

whi- stle, and I'll— come to you, my lad, O— whi- stle, and I'll— come to you, my lad; Tho'.

13

fa-ther and mo - ther and a' shou'd gae mad, O__ whi-sle, and I'll__ come to you, my lad. But_

17

wa - ri - ly tent, when ye come to court me,_ And_ come na un - less the back -

20

yett be a - jee; Syne up the back - style and let nae - bo - dy see, And_

23

come,— as ye were na com-ing to me, And— come,— as ye were na com-ing to me.

27

O WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - O WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
 Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
 But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
 And come na unless the back-yett be a-je;
 Syne up the back-style, and let naeboddy see,
 And come, as ye were na coming to me,
 And come, as ye were na coming to me.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
 Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
 At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie;
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were na looking at me,
 Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
 Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
 Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me,
 And *whyles* ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
 But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

THE WHISTLE, - A BALLAD,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

*AS the authentic Prose history of the WHISTLE is curious, we shall here give it.-**In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle, which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table; and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany, and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwelton, ancestor to the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days and three nights, hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table, "And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill."**Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's. On Friday, the 16th October 1790, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwelton; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert, which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.*

I SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
 I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the north,
 Was brought to the court of our good, Scottish king,
 And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.
 Old Loda,* still ruling the arm of Fingal,
 The god of the bottle sends down from his hall -
 "This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,
 "And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!
 "And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!"

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
 What champions ventured, what champions fell;
 The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
 And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill.
 Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
 Unmatched at the bottle, unconquered in war,
 He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,
 No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.
 No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus, Robert, victorious, the trophy has gained,
 Which now in his house has for ages remained;
 Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
 The jovial contest again have renewed.
 Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw;
 Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth and law,
 And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins;
 And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old wines.
 And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began with tongue smooth as oil,
 Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
 Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
 And once more, in claret, try which was the man.
 "By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies,
 "Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
 "I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rory More,+
 "And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er.
 "And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
 But he ne'er turned his back on his foe, or his friend,
 Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
 And knee-deep in claret he'd die e'er he'd yield.
 To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
 So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
 But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
 Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet lovely dame.
 Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
 And tell future ages the feats of the day;
 A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
 And wished that Parnassus a vineyard had been.
 The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
 And every new cork is a new spring of joy;
 In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
 And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.
 And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
 Bright Phebus ne'er witnessed so joyous a corps,
 And vowed that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
 Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.
 Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
 When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
 Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
 And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.
 And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
 No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage;
 A high ruling elder to wallow in wine!
 He left the foul business to folks less divine.
 The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
 But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers contend?
 Though Fate said a hero should perish in light;
 So uprose bright Phebus - and down fell the knight.
 So uprose bright Phebus - and down fell the knight.

Next uprose our bard, like a prophet in drink: -

"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink!

"But if thou wouldst flourish immortal in rhyme,

"Come, one bottle more, and have at the sublime!

"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,

"Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:

"So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;

"The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!

"The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!"

* See *Ossian's Carric-thura*

+ See *Johnston's Tour to the Hebrides*