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

Koželuch
Thomson 4th Set (1799), 94

Vivace

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad, O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad; Tho'
fa-ther and mo- ther and a' shou'd gae mad, O_ whi-stle, and I'll___ come to you, my lad. But_

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

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

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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-jee;
Syne up the back-style, and let naebody see,
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,

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,

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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 Maxwellton, 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 Maxwellton; 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,
Old Loda,* still rueing 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,
Though Fate said a hero should perish in light;
But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers contend?
The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
He left the foul business to folks less divine.
A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
And every new cork is a new spring of joy;
"And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!"

Thus, Robert, victorious, the trophy has gained,
Which now in his house has for ages remained;
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.
Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.
Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
A bard was selected to witness the fray,
Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet lovely dame.
And knee-deep in claret he'd die e'er he'd yield.
And every new cork is a new spring of joy;
Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.
And every new cork is a new spring of joy;
"And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!"

Craigdarroch began with tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
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."

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,
"Comes, 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

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