

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBORO'

ILLUSTRATED SONG NUMBER 17

From a Drawing by FRED PEGRAM



THE original words of this famous song were supposed to have been written by Thomas (or Tom) D'Urley in 1698; but have been revised so many times that they have probably lost much of their first appearance. D'Urley was a dramatist and humorous poet, who was born and died in England (1650-1723). A collection of his songs bore the title, "Pills to Purge Melancholy."

Musical notation for the song, including a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The notation consists of a single melodic line with lyrics written below it.

1. 'Twas with-in a mile of Ed-in-bor-town, In the ro-sy time of the
 2. Jock-ie was a wag that never wad wed, Though lang he had fol-low'd the
 3. But when he vow'd he wad make her his bride, Though his flocks and herds were not

THE music was composed by James Hook, born in England in 1746, who was one of the best known composers of his day. He produced numerous sonatas, concertos, and comic operas, as well as no less than two thousand melodies. His English ballads were unusually successful. He died in 1827. He was the father of Theodore Edward Hook, the English humorist and novelist.

'Twas within a mile of Edinboro' town,
 In the rosy time of the year;
 Sweet flowers bloom'd and the grass was down,
 And each shepherd woo'd his dear.

Bonnie Jockie, blithe and gay,
 Kiss'd young Jennie making hay;
 The lassie blush'd, and frowning cried,
 "Na, na, it winna do—
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, mauna buckle to."

Jockie was a wag that never wad wed,
 Though lang he had follow'd the lass;
 Contented she earn'd and ate her brown bread,
 And merrily turn'd up the grass.

Bonnie Jockie, blithe and free,
 Won her heart right merrily;
 Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried,
 "Na, na, it winna do—
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, mauna buckle to."

But when he vow'd he wad make her his bride,
 Though his flocks and herds were not few,
 She gie'd him her hand and a kiss beside,
 And vow'd she'd forever be true.

Bonnie Jockie, blithe and free,
 Won her heart right merrily;
 At kirk she no more frowning cried,
 "Na, na, it winna do—
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, mauna buckle to."