







*Selection*  
 of  
**SCOTS SONGS**  
*Harmoniz'd Improved with Simple*

and  
*Adapted Graces*  
 Most Respectfully Dedicated  
 to the

*Right Honourable*  
**Lady Lucy Ramsay**  
 BY

**PETER URBANI**  
*Profisfer of Music.*

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 Here's to thy  
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 On a bank of flow  
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 Farewell thou fairday

VOLUME. IV.

PRICE 12



# ADVERTISEMENT

ON Presenting the fourth Volume of this work to the perusal of the Public. The Author flatters himself that the Selection and Harmony will be found equal to the preceding three books; the whole of the Poetry in this Vol: (except two Songs) is from the inimitable pen of BURNS, Carefully adapted to the most suitable scots airs; seven of which are arranged as Duettos, so as to be sung by one or two voices at pleasure; as it is a Second only put to the Original Air.

The high estimation in which this work is held by the Public in general, is a great satisfaction to the Author and a sufficient inducement to continue the Publication; but from the Author intimating to the subscribers that the fourth Vol: was to complete his plan; nothing would have made him deviate from such, but the earnest solicitation of many of his friends (Lovers of the Scots Melody) who seeing it to be the only publication of the kind that has yet appear'd harmonized with the real national taste, they think that from the long residence of the Author in Scotland, the satisfaction he has previously given from his unwearied study of the scots music; that to stop such a publication would be depriving the Public of an opportunity that they may never have in their power again, and a laying dormant for ever many Songs of merit equally deserving of notice.

The Author therefore at the request of his friends, wishing to satisfy every party; proposes publishing a fifth Volume by subscription on the same plan of the former. — Those who wish to patronize it will please send their names to Urban & Liston N<sup>o</sup> 10 Princes Street where Subscribers Names are taken in

N.B. The whole of the preceding Volumes may be had as above adapted for one or two German Flutes or Violins

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# 1 The lovely Lads of Inverness.

by Burns.  
Air the gallant Weaver.

Violini Sotto voce mf. PP. mf. P. PP.

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano Sotto voce mf. PP. mf.

Largo Affettuoso

6 3 6 3 6 5 4 6 4 3 5 3 6 3 6 3 6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3 Tafto Solo

mancando PP.

The lovely Lads o' In-ver-ness, Nae joy nor pleasure can she see; For

PP.

mancando 6 3 6 3 2 6 3 3 6 3 3

e'en and morn she cries, A lads! And ay the saut tear blins her ee. Drum - of - fie moor Drum -

6 3 4 3 6 3 2 6 6 4 3 6

D



of sie day A waefu' day it was to me; For there I lost my father dear, My father dear - - and  
brethren three.

*F.* *P.* *F.* *PP.* *manando*

*F.* *PP.* *F.* *PP.* *manando*

*Tafto Solo*

(2)

Their winding sheet the bludy clay,  
 Their graves are growing green to see;  
 And by them lies the dearest lad  
 That ever blest a woman's e'e!  
 Now wae to thee thou cruel lord,  
 A bludy man I trow thou be;  
 For mony a heart thou hast made fair  
 That ne'er did wrang' to thine or thee!

To the same Air—by Burns.

Where Cart rins rowin to the sea,  
 By mony flow'r and spræding tree,  
 There lives a lad, the lad for me,  
 And he is a gallant Weaver.  
 Oh I had wooers aught or nine,  
 They gied me rings and ribbons fine;  
 And I was fear'd my heart would tine,  
 And I gied it to the Weaver.

(2)

My daddie fignd my tocher-band  
 To gie the lad that has the land,  
 But to my heart I'll add my hand,  
 And I'll give it to the Weaver.  
 While birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs;  
 While bees delight in op'ning flow'rs;  
 While corn grows green in simmer flow'rs,  
 I will love my gallant Weaver.

*The Gloomy Night.* For one or two Voices. by Burns  
Air - Caledonian Hunts Delight.

Violini

Primo

Secundo

Forte Piano

Larghetto

Espressivo

rf.

pp.

The

The

pp.

Gloomy night is gath'ring fast Loud roars the wild in - con - stant blast; Yon

Gloomy night is gath'ring fast Loud roars the wild in - con - stant blast; Yon

mur - ky cloud is foul with rain, I see it driv - ing o'er the plain. The  
 mur - ky cloud is foul with rain, I see it driv - ing o'er the plain. The

6

hunt - er now has, left the moor The scat - ter'd co - vey's meet secure While  
 hunt - er now has, left the moor The scat - ter'd co - vey's meet secure While

4 3 4 3

here I wan - der preft with care A - long the lone - ly banks of Ayr.  
 here I wan - der preft with care A - long the lone - ly banks of Ayr.

6

2  
 The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn  
 By early Winter's ravage torn;  
 Across her placid, azure sky,  
 She sees the scowling tempest fly:  
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,  
 I think upon the stormy wave,  
 Where many a danger I must dare,  
 Far from the bonie banks of Ayr.

3  
 'Tis not the surging billow's roar,  
 'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;  
 Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,  
 The wretched have no more to fear:

But round my heart the ties are bound  
 That heart transpierc'd with many a wound  
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,  
 To leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

4  
 Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,  
 Her heathy moors and winding vales;  
 The scenes where wretched fancy roves,  
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves!  
 Farewell, my friends, farewell, my foes!  
 My peace with these, my love with those,  
 The bursting tears my heart declare.  
 Farewell, the bonie banks of Ayr!

To the same Air — by Burns.

1  
 YE Banks and braes o' bonie Doon,  
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
 And I sae weary fu' o' care!  
 Thou'll break my heart thou warbling bird,  
 That wantons thro' the flow'ring thorn:  
 Thou mindst me o' departed joys,  
 Departed never to return.

2  
 Oft hae I rovd' by bonie Doon,  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,  
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;  
 And my fause Laver staw my rose,  
 But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

# O'wat ye wha's &c.

by Burns

6

Violini  
Sciolto

Viola

Canto

Forte  
Piano

Allegretto  
Brillante

6 3 4 3 3 6 4

pp.

O'wat ye wha's in yon town Ye see the e'enin'

6 7 3 6

sun a-pon, The dearest maid's in yon town That e'enin sun is shin- ing on.

4 3 D 5 7

Now happily down yon gay green shaw; She wanders by yon spreading tree How

blest ye flow'rs that round her blow - - - Ye catch the glances o' her ee.

Chorus

O wat ye wha's in yon town Ye see the e'enin' sun u-pon, The dear-est maids in.

O wat ye wha's in yon town Ye see the e'enin' sun u-pon, The dear-est maids in.

yon town That e'enin' sun is shining on.

yon town That e'enin' sun is shining on.

2

How blest ye birds that round her sing,  
 And welcome in the blooming year,  
 And doubly welcome be the spring,  
 The season to my Jeanie dear.

O wat ye wha's &c.

3

The sun blinks blytheon yon town,  
 Among the broomy braes sae green;  
 But my delight's in yon town,  
 And dearest pleasure is my Jean:

O wat ye wha's &c.

4

Without my fair, not a' the charms,  
 O' Paradise could yeild me joy;  
 But gie me Jeanie in my arms,  
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky;

O wat ye wha's &c.

8

For while life's dearest blood is warm,  
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,  
 And she — as fairest is her form,  
 She has the truest kindest heart.

O wat ye wha's &c.

To the same Air — by Burns.

1  
 ILL ay ca' in by yon town,  
 And by yon garden green, again;  
 I'll ay ca' in by yon town,  
 And see my bonie Jean again.  
 There's nane fall ken there's nane fall gues,  
 What brings me back the gate again,  
 But she my fairest faithfu' lass,

And stow'nline we fall meet again.

2

She'll wander by the aiken tree,  
 When tryftin time draws near again;  
 And when her lovely form I see,  
 O haith, she's doubly dear again!  
 I'll ay ca' &c.

D

# The small Birds rejoice.

by Burns.  
Air Captain Okain, Irish.

Violini *PE* *PP*

Viola

Canto

Forte

Piano

Andante

Softenuto

Espressivo

The small birds re

joice On the green leaves returning The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale, The

primroses blow in the dews of the morning And wild scatter'd cowlips be deck the green dale. But

D



what can give pleasure or what can seem fair, When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care; No

birds sweetly singing nor flow'rs gayly springing Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

2

The deed that I dar'd, could it merit their malice,  
 A King and a father to set on his throne? (Lies,  
 His right are these hills, and his right are these val-  
 Where wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find none.  
 But it's not my suff'rings thus wretched forlorn -  
 My brave gallant friends, it's your ruin I mourn!  
 Your faith stood so loyal, in the hot bloody trial  
 Alas! can I make you no sweeter return.

*A man's a man.*

by Burns  
Air For a' that

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

And<sup>c</sup> Softenuto

6 3 3 6 7

pp.

F. pp.

What though on hamely fare we dine Wear hoddin grey an' a' that, Giè

F. pp.

6 6 4 3 6 6 3 6

fools their silk and knaves their wine A mans a man for a' that. For a' that an' a' that Their tinsel show an'

D 6 4 3 3 7 6

a that, An' honest man tho' ne'er so poor Is chief o' men for a that.

Wha wad for honest poverty,  
 Hang down their heads an' a that,  
 The coward slave we pass him by  
 And dare be poor for a that.  
 For a that and a that,  
 Their purse-proud looks and a that,  
 In ragged coats ye'll often find  
 The noblest hearts for a that.

3

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord  
 Wha struts and stares and a that,  
 Tho' hundreds worship at his nod,  
 He's but a cuif for a that,  
 For a that and a that  
 His ribbon, star, and a that,  
 A man of independent mind  
 Can look and laugh at a that.

1

**N**OW Jenny lass my bonie burd,  
 My Daddie's dead an' a that,  
 He's snugly laid sneath the Yerd,  
 An' I'm his heir an' a that.  
 I'm now a laird an' a that,  
 I'm now a laird an' a that,  
 His gear an' lands at my command,  
 An' muckle mair than a that.

2

He left me, wi' his dying breath,  
 A dwelling house an' a that,  
 A barn, a byre, an' wabs o' claiith,  
 A big peat stack an' a that;  
 A mare a foal an' a that,  
 A mare a foal an' a that,  
 Sax gude fat kye, a ca'f forbye,  
 An' twa pet ewes an' a that.

## To the same Air — by Burns.

3

A yard, a meadow, lang braid lees,  
 An' stacks o' corn an' a that,  
 Inclosed weel wi' thorns an' trees,  
 An' carts an' cars an' a that  
 A pleugh an' graith an' a that,  
 A pleugh an' graith an' a that,  
 Gude harrows twa, Cock, hens an' a,  
 A gricie too, an' a that.

4

I've heaps o' claife for ilka days,  
 For sundays too an' a that,  
 I've bills an' ban's on lairds an' lands  
 An' filler, goud an' a that;  
 What think ye lass o' a that,  
 What think ye lass o' a that,  
 What wapt I now, my dainty dow,  
 But just a Wife to a that.

D

The King can mak a belted knight,  
 A Marquis, Duke, and a that,  
 An honest man's aboon his might  
 Guide faith he manna' fa that,  
 For a that and a that,  
 His dignities and a that,  
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
 Are grander far than a that.

5

Then let us pray that come it may  
 And come it shall for a that,  
 That sense and worth o'er a the earth,  
 Shall bear the gree for a that.  
 For a that and a that,  
 It's comming yet for a that  
 Whan Man and Man the world o'er  
 Shall brethren be for a that.

5

Now Jenny dear, my errand here,  
 Is to seek ye to a that,  
 My heart's a loupin' while I spier,  
 Gin yell tak' me wi' a that,  
 My fel' my gear an' a that,  
 My fel' my gear an' a that,  
 Come gies your loof, to be a proof,  
 Ye'll be the Wife to a that,

6

Syne Jenny laid her nieve in his,  
 Said, she'd tak' him wi' a that;  
 An' he gied her a hearty kifs,  
 An' dauted her an' a that;  
 They set the day an' a that,  
 They set the day an' a that,  
 When she'd gang hame to be his dame,  
 An' ha'e a rant an' a that.

*The Day returns.* For one or two Voices. by Burns.

Violini *pp.* *F.*

Primo

2<sup>d</sup>

Forte  
Piano

Larghetto  
Espressivo

6 7 — 4/3 — 3 — 4/3 *tasto solo*

*pp.* *pp. fr. pp.*

The day returns my bosom burns, The blifs\_ful day we twa did meet Tho' win\_ter wild in

The day returns my bosom burns, The blifs\_ful day we twa did meet Tho' win\_ter wild in

*pp. fr. pp.*

5 3

tempest toil'd Ne'er summer Sun was half sae sweet. Than a' the pride that loads the tide, And

tempest toil'd Ne'er summer Sun was half sae sweet. Than a' the pride that loads the tide, And

5 3 6 7 4 6 3 6 5 3

Crosses o'er the sultry line; Than king-ly robes, Than crowns and globes, Heav'n gave me  
 Crosses o'er the sultry line; Than king-ly robes, Than crowns and globes, Heav'n gave me  
 more it made thee mine.  
 more it made thee mine.

*F.* *PP.*  
*F.* *PP.*  
 4/3 *tasto solo*

2

While day and night can bring delight,  
 Or nature aught of pleasure give;  
 While joys above, my mind can move,  
 For thee and thee alone I live!  
 When that grim foe of life below  
 Comes in between to make us part;  
 The iron hand that breaks our band,  
 It breaks my bliss — it breaks my heart!

# My boy Tammy.

by H. Macniel.

Violini *pp.* *mf pp* *pp.* *marcato*

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano *pp.* *mf* *pp.* *pp.* *marcato*

Lento *pp.* *pp.* *pp.* *pp.* *marcato*

*6 4 3 3 6 7 6 5 7 3 2 2* *tasto solo*

*mf. pp.*

Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tam-my, Whar hae ye been a' day my boy Tam my.

I've been by burn and flowry brae, meadow green and mountain grey, Courting o' this young thing

*5 3 D 3 5 3 2 4*

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *F.* and *PP. marcando*. A tempo marking *quasi come frae her mammy.* is placed above the piano part. The score is written in a key with one flat and a common time signature.

2

And whar gat ye that yung thing my boy Tammy?  
 I gat her down in yonder how,  
 Smiling on a broomy knowe,  
 Herding ae wee Lamb and Ewe for her poor Mammy.

3

What said ye to the bonny bairn my boy Tammy?  
 I prais'd her een sae lovely blue,  
 Her dimpl'd cheek, and cherry mou; —  
 I preed it aft as ye may true — She said, she'd tell her Mammy.

4

I held her to my beating heart — my young my smiling Lammy!  
 "I hae a house — it coft me dear,  
 "I've walth o' plenishan and geer,  
 "Ye'fe get it a' wart ten times mair, gin ye will leave your Mammy."

5

The smile gade aff her bonny face — "I man-na leave my Mammy,  
 "She's ge'en me meat; she's ge'en me claife;  
 "She's been my comfort a' my days —  
 "My Fathers death brought mony wae's — I canna leave my Mammy.

6

"We'll tak' her hame and mak' her fain, my ain kind hearted Lammy,  
 "We'll gee her meat; we'll gee her claife,  
 "We'll be her comfort a' her days; —  
 The wee thing ge'es her hand and says" There! gang and ask my Mammy.

7

Has she been to kirk wi' thee my boy Tammy?  
 She has been to Kirk wi' me,  
 And the tear was in her ee, —  
 But Oh! she's but a yung thing just come frae her Mammy.

D

*Tibbie I hae seen &c.* With Chorus.

by Burns  
Air Invercalds Reel.

Violini *pp.* *mf*

Viola *pp.*

Canto

Forte Piano *pp.* *F.*

Andante *tafto Solo* *6* *3* *6* *6-7* *tafto Solo*

*1<sup>st</sup>*

seen the day Ye wad na been sae shy; For laik o' gear ye lightly me But trowth, I care na by. O

*2<sup>d</sup>*

trowth, I care na by. Yestreen I met you on the moor, Ye spak na, out gaed by like stoure; Ye geck at me be-

*2<sup>d</sup>* *tafto folo* *D* *6* *6* *6* *6* *3* *6* *tafto Solo*



## Chorus

Chorus

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day Ye wad - na been fae shy; For laik o'

cause I'm poor But fient a hair care I. O Tibbie, I hae seen the day Ye wad - na been fae shy; For laik o'

Chorus *tafto Solo*

gear ye lightly me, But trowth I care na by.

gear ye lightly me, But trowth I care na by.

Chorus *tafto Solo*

2  
I doubt na, lafs, but ye may think,  
Because ye hae the name o' clink,  
That ye can please me at a wink,  
Whene'er ye like to try  
O Tibbie, I hae &c.

3  
But sorrow tak' him that's fae mean,  
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,  
Wha follows ony faucy quean  
That looks fae proud and high.  
O Tibbie, I hae &c.

4  
Altho' a lad were e'er fae smart,  
If that he want the yellow dirt,  
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,  
And answer him fu' dry.  
O Tibbie, I hae &c.

5  
But if he hae the name o' gear,  
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,  
Tho' hardly he for sense or lear  
Be better than the kye.  
O Tibbie, I hae &c.

6  
But, Tibbie, lafs, tak' my advice,  
Your daddie's gear mak's you fae nice;  
The deil a ane wad spier your price,  
Were ye as poor as I.  
O Tibbie, I hae &c.

# Tam Glen.

by Burns  
Air - Mucking of Geordies Byer.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

Andante

pp mf pp

pp mf pp

6 3 6 6 3 6 6 6 5 6 6 5 4 3

mancando pp. pp.

pp.

My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie, Some counfel un to me come

mancando pp.

6 4 6 6 6 3 6

len', To anger them a' is a pity, But what will I do wi' Tam Glen. I'm thinking wi' fic a brow

6 3 6 6 6 3 D 6 6 4 6 3 6 6 6 4 3

The musical score is arranged in three systems. The first system consists of three staves: a vocal line, a piano accompaniment, and a bass line. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: "fellow, In poortith I might mak' a fen, What care I in riches to wallow If I manna marry Tam". The piano accompaniment features a complex rhythmic pattern with triplets and sixteenth notes. The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics: "Glen." and includes dynamic markings: *F.*, *pp.*, and *marcato P.*. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence. The bass line includes numerical figures: 3, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 5, 3, 4, 3, 4, #.

2

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,  
 "Gude day to you brute" he comes ben:  
 He brags and he blaws o' his filler,  
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen.  
 My Minnie does constantly deave me,  
 And bids me beware o' young men;  
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me,  
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen.

3

My Daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,  
 He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten:  
 But, if its' ordain'd I maun take him,  
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen.

Yestreen at the Valentines dealing,  
 My heart to my mon gied a ften;  
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,  
 And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

4

The last Halloween I was waukin  
 My droukit fark-sleeve, as ye ken;  
 His likeness cam' up the house staukin,  
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.  
 Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;  
 I'll gie you my bonie black hen,  
 Gif ye will advise me to Marry  
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

*Here's a health &c.* For one or two Voices, by a Gentleman.

Violini *fr. P. fr P. fr P. fr.P. P.*

Viola

Canto

Forte  
Piano

Andante  
Softenuto  
Espressivo

*6 7 6 4 3 6 7 5 taftoSolo 6 4*

*mancando PP. PP.*

Here's a health to them far a\_wa They are gane to wars fatal

Here's a health to them far a\_wa They are gane to wars fatal

*PP.*

plain, Here's a health to them that were here short syne That neer may return a\_gain no never.

plain, Here's a health to them that were here short syne That neer may return a\_gain no never.

*6 3 6 7 6 4 7 5 3 6 4 7 6 4*

Detailed description: This is a page of a musical score for a song. It features a vocal line (Canto) and a piano accompaniment (Violini and Viola). The score is written in G major and 6/8 time. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and 'Softenuto', and the expression is 'Espressivo'. The piano part includes various dynamics such as 'fr. P.', 'PP.', and 'taftoSolo'. The lyrics are: 'Here's a health to them far a\_wa They are gane to wars fatal' and 'plain, Here's a health to them that were here short syne That neer may return a\_gain no never.' The score includes fingerings and articulation marks throughout.

It's hard to be parted from those With whom we for ever would dwell, But bitter indeed is the

It's hard to be parted from those With whom we for ever would dwell, But bitter indeed is the

6 4 3 6 # 7 6 3

*F. marcando PP.*

Viola

sorrow that flows Perhaps we're saying farewell for ever.

sorrow that flows Perhaps we're saying farewell for ever.

6 4 7 7

2

They are gane the sword for to draw,  
 In defence of their country's Law,  
 But woe to the arm that does any harm,  
 To them thats gane far awa—for ever,  
 But why shou'd we live in despair,  
 Some Gaurdian may watch on the plain,  
 And shield them in battle from dangers to Ihare,  
 And send them to us safe hame—for ever.

*For the sake o' some body.*

by Burns

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

Andante  
Softenuo  
Amoroso

6 3-6-3-4

pp.

pp.

My heart is fair I dar-na tell, My heart is fair for some-body, O I could wake a

pp.

6

1. 2.

1st 2d

winter night A' for the sake o' some-body. some-body. Oh hon? for some-body

3 6 4 3 6 7 5 3 6 7 5 3 6

D

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef for the piano accompaniment and a single treble clef for the voice. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like 'F' (forte). The lyrics are written below the voice line.

oh hey? for some - body I could range the world around For the sake o' some body.

some - body.

2

Ye Pow'rs that smile on virtuous love,  
 O, sweetly smile on Somebody!  
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,  
 And send me safe my Somebody.

Oh\_hon! for Somebody!  
 Oh\_hey! for Somebody!

I wad do — what wad I not —  
 For the sake o' Somebody!





glen the mavis sang, All nature list'ning seem'd the while Except where green wood echoes rang A mair the

To the same Air.

(1)

Blest are the mortals above all,  
Who hear the charming Jackie sing;  
Her notes pathetic rise and fall,  
Sweet as the music of the spring.  
The graceful accents of her song,  
With raptures fill the youthful breast;  
E'en age revives, grows gayly young,  
And blithly joins the vocal feast..

(2)

Go, on sweet maid, improve the lay,  
Attund to strains of plaintive woe;  
They always bear resistless sway  
When sung by charming Jackie O.  
Lang may she bless her parents ear,  
And always prove their mutual joy,  
May no beguilers artful snare,  
The peace of innocence annoy.

(4)

O gif she were a country maid,  
And I the happy country swain,  
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shade,  
That ever rose on Scotia's plain;  
Thro' weary Winter's wind and rain,  
With joy, with rapture would I toil,  
And nightly to my bosom strain,  
The bonny Lass of Ballochmyle.

(5)

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,  
Where wealth and honours lofty shine,  
And thirst for gold might tempt the deep,  
Or downwards dig the Indian mine;  
Give me the Cot below the pine,  
To tend the flocks, or till the soil,  
And every day brings joy divine  
The bonny Lass of Ballochmyle.

braes of Ballochmyle

(2)

With careless step I onward stray'd,  
My heart rejoic'd in Nature's joy;  
Till wand'ring in a lonely glade,  
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy.  
Her look was like the morning's eye;  
Her air like Nature's vernal smile;  
The lily's hue and rose's dye  
Bespoke the Lass of Ballochmyle.

(3)

Sweet is a morn in flow'ry May,  
And soft a night in harvest mild,  
When wand'ring in the garden gay,  
Or roaming thro' the lonely wild;  
But woman, Nature's darling child!  
There all her charms she doth compile,  
And all her other works are foild,  
By the sweet Lass of Ballochmyle.

*Farewell thou fair day*

For one or two Voices by Burns  
Air by Urbani

Violini *pp.* *fz* *pp.* *rf*

Primo

2<sup>do</sup>

Forte Piano

Sicilian a Larghetto *pp.* *fz* *pp.*

Espressivo

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth; and ye skies, Now gay with the broad setting

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth; and ye skies, Now gay with the broad setting

fun! Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties! our race of existence is run. Thou

fun! Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties! our race of existence is run. Thou

grim king of terrors thou life's gloomy foe, Go frighten the coward and slave Go teach them to

grim king of terrors thou life's gloomy foe, Go frighten the coward and slave Go teach them to

tremble, fell tyrant! but know No terrors hast thou to the brave.

tremble, fell tyrant! but know No terrors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,  
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name:  
 Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!  
 He falls in the blaze of his fame.  
 In the field of proud honour our swords in our hands,  
 Our King and our Country to save,  
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,  
 O, who would not die with the Brave!

2

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,  
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name:  
 Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!  
 He falls in the blaze of his fame.  
 In the field of proud honour our swords in our hands,  
 Our King and our Country to save,  
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,  
 O, who would not die with the Brave!

*O for ane & twenty Tam.*

by Burns.  
Air Up in the morning Early.

Violini *F. pp* *pp*

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

Andantin

twenty Tam, An' hey sweet ane and twen-ty, I'll learn my kin a rat-ting sang Gin

I saw ane and twen-ty. They snool me fair and haud me down And gar me look like

blun\_tie But three short years will soon wheel roun' And then comes ane and twen\_ty.

2

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,  
 Was left me by my Auntie,  
 At kith or kin I need na spier,  
 Gin I saw ane and twenty,  
 An' O, for &c.

3

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,  
 Tho' I mysel hae plenty,  
 But hearst thou, laddie, there's my loof,  
 I'm thine at ane and twenty,  
 An' O, for &c.

*Evan Banks.*

by Burns.  
Air Miss Forbes's Farewell.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

Andante

Softenuto

6 3 4 3 3 3 4 3

PP.

Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires, The sun from indias shore retires; To

PP.

6 3 4 3 4 3 4 3

E\_van banks, with temp'rate ray, Home of my youth, he leads the day Oh! banks to me for

4 3 D 6

Musical score for a song, featuring vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The score includes dynamic markings like "rinf." and "pp.", and articulation like "f.". The lyrics are: "ever dear! Oh! stream whose murmurs still I hear! All, all my hopes of bliss resides Where E\_van mingles with the Clyde."

2

And she, in simple beauty drest,  
 Whose image lives within my breast;  
 Who trembling heard my parting sigh,  
 And long pursued me with her eye;  
 Does she with heart unchang'd as mine,  
 Oft in the vocal bow'rs recline,  
 Or where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,  
 Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde?

3

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound!  
 Ye lavish woods that wave around,  
 And o'er the stream your shadows throw,  
 Which sweetly winds so far below;

What secret charm to mem'ry brings,  
 All that on Evan's border springs,  
 Sweet banks, ye bloom by Mary's side:  
 Blest stream, she views thee haste to Clyde.

4

Can all the wealth of India's coast  
 Alone for years in absence lost?  
 Return, ye moments of delight,  
 With richer treasures bless my fight!  
 Swift from this desert let me part,  
 And fly to meet a kindred heart!  
 Nor more may aught my steps divide  
 From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

33 *Sae Far Awa.*

By Burns  
Air at setting day

Violini dolce *mf*

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano *mf.*

Larghetto

Espressivo

5 3 - 4 7 4 4 6 6 4 3 - 4 3 5

*mancando.* *pp.* *pp.*

*mancando* *pp.* *pp.*

O sad and heavy should I part But

2 6 4 3 4 - 4 3 6 7 3 4

for her sake sae far awa; Un knowing what my way may thwart, My native land sae far a wa.

3 4 6 3 4 3 6 3 6 D 6 - 7 6 7



Thou that of a things maker art, That form'd, this fair fae far a wa, Gin bo dy strength, then

I'll neer start, At this my way fae far awa

2

How true is love to pure desert,  
 So love to her, fae far awa:  
 And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,  
 While, Oh, she is fae far awa.  
 Nae other love, nae other dart,  
 I feel, but her's fae far awa;  
 But fairer never touch'd a heart  
 Than her's, the Fair fae far awa.

*In summer No.* For one or two Voices by Burns  
Air The Wince Cuckade.

Violini

Primo

2<sup>do</sup>

Forte  
Piano

Allegretto  
Brillante

pp.

In summer when the hay was mawn, And corn wav'd green in il-ka field While cla-ver

In summer when the hay was mawn, And corn wav'd green in il-ka field While cla-ver

blooms white o'er the lea, And ro-fes blaw in il-ka bield. Blythe Bef-sie in the

blooms white o'er the lea, And ro-fes blaw in il-ka bield. Blythe Bef-sie in the

milking shiel, Says I'll be wed come o't what will; Out spak' a dame in wrink-led eild; Of  
 milking shiel, Says I'll be wed come o't what will; Out spak' a dame in wrink-led eild; Of  
 gude advisement comes nae ill.  
 gude advisement comes nae ill.

2

It's ye hae woovers mony ane,  
 And lalsie ye're but young ye ken;  
 Then wait a wee, and canie wale,  
 A routhie butt, a routhie ben:  
 There's Johnie o' the Buskie glen,  
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;  
 Tak' this frae me, my bonnie hen,  
 It's plenty beets the luv'er's fire.

3

For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,  
 I dinna care a single flie;  
 He loes fae weel his craps and kye,  
 He has nae louve to spare for me:  
 But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,  
 And weel I wat he loes me dear;  
 Ae blink o' him I wad na gie  
 For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

4

O thoughtless lalsie, life's a faught,  
 The canniest gate, the strife is fair;  
 But ay fu' han't is fechtin best,  
 A hungry care's an unco care:  
 But some will spend, and some will spare,  
 An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will;  
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,  
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

5

O gear will buy me rigs' o' land,  
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye;  
 But the tender heart o' leesome loove,  
 The gowd and siller canna buy.  
 We may be poor, Robie and I,  
 Light is the barden Leove lays on;  
 Content and Loove brings peace and joy,  
 What mair hae Queens upon a throne.

Clarinda mistress of my soul.

by Burns

Violini *pp.* *mf.* *pp.*

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano *p.* *mf.* *pp.*

Largo Amorofo *pp.*

*pp.*

Clarinda, mistress of my soul The measure'd time is run. The

wretch beneath the dreary pole So marks his latest fun. To what dark cave of frozen

*D*

night Shall poor Syl-van-der-hie De-priv'd of thee his life and light The sun of all his

*mf* *pp.*

*joy.*

6 6 6 6 4 3 6 7

3 3 3 3 3 6 3

2

We part-but by these precious drops,  
 That fill thy lovely eyes.  
 No other light shall guide my steps,  
 Till thy bright beams arise.  
 She, the fair Sun of all her sex,  
 Has blest my glorious days;  
 And shall a glimm'ring Planet fix  
 My worship to its ray?

D.

# Behind you hills.

by Burns  
Air Cumberland House

Violini *pp.* *mf.*

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

Largo

*pp.* *pp.*

Be - hind you hills where Stinchar flows, mang moors an' noises mon-ay

O The wintry sun the day has clos'd And I'll a - wa to Nanie, O. The westlin wind blows

lond' an' shill; The nights baith mirk and rainy O. I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal An' o'er the

hill to Nanie O

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99

100

My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young;

Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:

May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue

That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,

As spotless as she's bonie, O;

The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,

Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

3

A country lad is my degree,

An' few there be that ken me, O;

But what care I how few, they be,

I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

My riches a's my penny fee,

An' I maun guide it cannie, O;

But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,

My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.

4

Our auld Guidman delights to view

His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O;

But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,

An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weel come woe, I care na by,

I'll tak' what Heav'n will sen' me, O;

Nae ither care in life have I,

But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

*On a Bank of flow'rs.*

by Burns.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte

Piano

Andante

Mofso

pp.

q.

On a bank of flow'rs one fummer day For fummer light-ly drest, The youthful

pp.

blooming Nel-ly lay With love and fleep op-preft. When Wil-lie wand'ring thro' the

D



wood, Who for her favour oft had sued He gaz'd he wish'd he fear'd he blush'd And trembled

where he stood.

Her clos'd eyes like weapons sheath'd  
 Were seal'd in soft repose;  
 Her lips, still as the fragrant breath'd  
 It richer dy'd the rose.  
 The springing lilies sweetly prest,  
 Wild, wanton kiss'd her rival breast;  
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd he blush'd,  
 His bosom ill at rest.

3

Her robes light waving in the breeze,  
 Her tender limbs embrace;  
 Her lovely form, her native ease,  
 All harmony and grace.

Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,  
 A falt'ring, ardent kiss he stole;  
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,  
 And sigh'd his very soul.

4

As flies the partridge from the brake  
 On fear-inspired wings,  
 So Nelly starting, half-awake,  
 Away affrighted springs:  
 But Willy follow'd, — as he should,  
 He overtook her in the wood;  
 He vow'd, he found the maid  
 Forgiving all and good.

*Here's to thy health.* For one or two Voices. by Burns  
Air Loggan Burn.

Violini

Primo

2do

Forte

Piano

Andante

The first system of the score contains five staves. The top two staves are for Violini (Primo and 2do). The bottom three staves are for Forte Piano and Andante. The music is in G major and common time. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fourth staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fifth staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The dynamics are 'Forte' and 'Piano'. The first staff has a 'Here's' marking. The second staff has a 'Here's' marking. The third staff has a 'Here's' marking. The fourth staff has a 'Here's' marking. The fifth staff has a 'Here's' marking. The first staff has a 'Here's' marking. The second staff has a 'Here's' marking. The third staff has a 'Here's' marking. The fourth staff has a 'Here's' marking. The fifth staff has a 'Here's' marking.

The second system of the score contains five staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts. The bottom three staves are for the piano accompaniment. The music is in G major and common time. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fourth staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fifth staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The dynamics are 'Forte' and 'Piano'. The first staff has a 'Here's' marking. The second staff has a 'Here's' marking. The third staff has a 'Here's' marking. The fourth staff has a 'Here's' marking. The fifth staff has a 'Here's' marking.

to thy health my bon-ie lafs, Gude night and joy be wi' thee I'll  
to thy health my bon-ie lafs, Gude night and joy be wi' thee I'll

The third system of the score contains five staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts. The bottom three staves are for the piano accompaniment. The music is in G major and common time. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fourth staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fifth staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The dynamics are 'Forte' and 'Piano'. The first staff has a 'Here's' marking. The second staff has a 'Here's' marking. The third staff has a 'Here's' marking. The fourth staff has a 'Here's' marking. The fifth staff has a 'Here's' marking.

come nae mair to thy bow'r door, To tell thee that I loe thee. O dinna think my  
come nae mair to thy bow'r door, To tell thee that I loe thee. O dinna think my

D

pretty pink, But I can live with-out thee: I vow and fwear, I din-na care - - how

pretty pink, But I can live with-out thee: I vow and fwear, I din-na care - - how

lang ye look a-bout ye.

lang ye look a-bout ye.

(2)

Thou art ay fae free informing  
 Thou hast nae mind to marry.  
 I'll be as free informing thee,  
 Nae time hae I to tarry.  
 I ken thy friends try ilka means  
 Frae wedlock to delay thee;  
 Depending on some higher chance,  
 But fortune may betray thee.

(3)

I ken they scorn my low estate,  
 But that does never grieve me;  
 For I'm as free as any he,  
 Sma' filler will relieve me.

I'll count my health my greatest wealth,  
 Sae lang as I'll enjoy it:  
 I'll fear nae scant, I'll boad nae want,  
 As lang's I get employment.

(4)

But far aff fowls hae feathers fair,  
 And ay until ye try them:  
 Tho' they seem fair, still have a care,  
 They may prove as bad as I'm <sup>(bright,</sup>  
 But at twelve at night, when the moon shines -  
 My dear, I'll come and see thee;  
 For the man that loves his mistress weel,  
 Nae travel makes him weary.

*She's fair and fause.*

by Burns.

Violini *pp.* *rf.* *pp.*

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano *pp.* *rf.* *pp.*

Sicilianiana  
Larghetto  
Espressivo

*pp.*

*pp.*

She's fair and fause that causes my smart, I loed her meikle and lang; She's

broken her vow, she's broken my heart, And a' is een gaen wrang. A coof cam'

*tafto Solo*

in wi' routh o' Gear, And I hae tint my dearest, dear, But women is but warld's gear, Sae

let the bonnie Lads gang.

*rf.* *F.*

*rf.* *F.*

2

Wha'er ye be that woman love,  
 To this be never blind,  
 Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,  
 A woman has't by kind:  
 O woman lovely woman fair!  
 An angel form's faun to thy share.  
 'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair,  
 I mean an angel mind.

Could aught of Song

by Burns  
Air Johnny Faa

Violini *pp.* *mf.* *pp.*

Viola

Canto

Contabile *pp.* *pp.*

Espressivo

*pp.*

Could' aught of song de-clare my pains, Could artful numbers move thee, The

mase should tell, in labour'd strains, O Mary how I love thee. They who but feign a

*D*

wounded heart, May teach the lyre to languish; But what avails, the pride of art, When wastes the

mf. pp.

soul with anguish.

F.

(2)

Then let the sudden bursting sigh  
 The heart-felt pang discover;  
 And in the keen, yet tender eye,  
 O read th' imploring lover.  
 For well I know thy gentle mind  
 Disdains art's gay disguising;  
 Beyond what Fancy e'er refin'd  
 The voice of Nature prizing.

# Castle Gordon

by Burns  
Air Morag

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte  
Piano

Largo

Musical notation for Violini, Viola, Canto, and Forte Piano sections. The Canto line is mostly empty. The Forte Piano section includes a bass line with fingerings: 5, 6, 6, 7, 3, 6, 5, 3, 6, 5, 3, 3, 3, 3, 6, 3, 4, 7.

Musical notation for the first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a piano (*pp.*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment includes a bass line with fingerings: 6, 6, 5, 7, 3, 6, 5, 3, 6, 5, 3, 3, 3, 3, 6, 3, 4, 7.

Musical notation for the second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "Loud blaws the frofty breezes, The snaw the mountains cover, Like winter on me feizes Since". The piano accompaniment includes a bass line with fingerings: 6, 6, 5, 7, 3, 6, 5, 3, 6, 5, 3, 3, 3, 3, 6, 3, 4, 7.

Musical notation for the third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "my young Highland Rover far wan-ders nations o-ver Where e'er he go where e'er he stray, May,". The piano accompaniment includes a bass line with fingerings: 6, 7, D, 4, 3, 6, 4, 3, 6, 6, 4, 3, 3, 4, 3.

Musical notation for the fourth system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "my young Highland Rover far wan-ders nations o-ver Where e'er he go where e'er he stray, May,". The piano accompaniment includes a bass line with fingerings: 6, 7, D, 4, 3, 6, 4, 3, 6, 6, 4, 3, 3, 4, 3.



Heaven be his warden; Re-turn him safe to fair Strathspey and bonnie castle Gor-don

The trees now naked groaning,  
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,  
 The birdies dowie moaning,  
 Shall a' be blythely singing,  
 And ev'ry flow'r be springing.  
 Cho<sup>s</sup>. Sae I'll rejoice the lee lang day,  
 When by his mighty Warden  
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,  
 And bonnie Castle Gordon.

To the same Air by Burns.

**STREAMS** that glide in orient plains,  
 Never bound in winter's chains;  
 Glowing here on golden sands,  
 There immix'd with foulest stains  
 From tyranny's empurpl'd hands:  
 These, their richly-gleaming waves,  
 I leave their tyrants and their slaves;  
 Give me the stream that sweetly-laves  
 The banks, by Castle Gordon.

2  
 Torrid forests ever gay,  
 Shading from the burning ray  
 Happy wretches sold to toil;  
 Or the ruthless native's way  
 Bent on ravage, blood and spoil:  
 Woods, that ever-verdant wave  
 I leave the savage and the slave  
 Give me the groves that, lofty, brave  
 The storms, by Castle Gordon.

3  
 Wildly here, without control,  
 Nature reigns, and rules the whole;  
 In that sober pensive mood,  
 Dearest to the feeling soul,  
 She plants the forest, pours the flood.  
 Life's poor day I'll musing rave,  
 And find, at night, a sheltering cave,  
 Where waters flow, and wild woods wave  
 By bonnie Castle Gordon.

D

\* N.B. When the other set of words are used the Singer must begin with the first bar as shewn.

*The winter of Life* For one or two Voices. by Burns

Violini

Primo

2<sup>do</sup>

Forte Piano

Larghetto

Espressivo

6 7 4 3 5 6 6 4 7

But late-ly seen in gladfome green, The woods rejoic'd the day Thro' gentle show'rs the

But late-ly seen in gladfome green, The woods rejoic'd the day Thro' gentle show'rs the

6 4 7

laughing flow'rs In double pride were gay. But now our joys are fled On

laughing flow'rs In double pride were gay. But now our joys are fled On

6 7 D

winter blafsa - wa Yet Maiden may, in rich ar - ray, A - gain shall bring them  
 winter blafsa - wa Yet Maiden may, in rich ar - ray, A - gain shall bring them

1<sup>st</sup> 2<sup>d</sup>

1<sup>st</sup> 2<sup>d</sup>

But my white pow nae kindly thowe  
 Will melt the snaws of Age  
 My trunk of eild, by basf or build,  
 Sinks in Time's wintry rage.  
 Oh, Age has weary days!  
 And nights o' sleepless pain!  
 Thou golden time o' Youthfu' prime,  
 Why comes thou not again!

*Willie Wastle*

by Burns

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

Allegretto Brillante

pp.

Willie Wastle dwelt on Tweed, The

pp.

spot they ca'd it Linkumoddie: Willie was a wabster gude, Cou'd stow'n a clue wi' o - ny boddie.

D

He had a wife was dour and din, O Tinkler Maggie was her mither Sic a wife as Willie had I

wad na gie a button for her.

(2)

She has an e'e, she has but ane,  
 The cat has twa the very colour;  
 Five rusty teeth forbye a stump,  
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;  
 A whiskin beard about her mou,  
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither;  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wad na gie a button for her.

(3)

She's bow-hough'd, she's hem shind,  
 Ae limpin leg a hard breed shorter;  
 She's twisted right soe's twisted left,  
 To balance fair in ilka quarter.

She has a hump upon her breast,  
 The twin o' that upon her shouther,  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wad na gie a button for her.

(4)

Auld baudrans by the ingle fits,  
 An' wi' her loof her face a washin;  
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,  
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion,  
 Her walie nieves like midden-creels,  
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-water;  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wad na gie a button for her.

# Of a' the airts,

by Burns  
Air by M<sup>r</sup> Marshall.

Violini

Viola

Caro

Forte Piano

Andante

Maestof

F. PP. PP.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dear-ly like the west, For

there the bonny Lalsie lives the Lalsie I lo'e best: There's wild-woods grow, and rivers row, and

D

monny hill between; But day and night my fan\_cy's flight is e\_ver wi' my Jean

6 6 6 7

I see her in the dewy flow'rs I see her sweet an' fair; I hear her in the

6 4 3 6

tune\_fu birds, I hear her charm the air; There's not a bonny flow'r, that springs by

6 3

fountain, fhaw, or green, There's not a bonny bird that sings, but minds me O' my Jean.

F. PP. F.

6 4 7/4 2 3 — 6 4 7/4 2 3 — 6 (2) 6 6 7

Upon the banks of flowing Clyde, the lasses busk them braw  
 But when their best they hae put on, my Jeanie dings them a,  
 In hamely weeds she far exceeds, the fairest of the town,  
 Baith grave and gay confess it fae, tho' dress't in rustic gown  
 The gamefome lamb that sucks the dam, mair harmless canna be.  
 She has nae fault (if sic we ca't) except her love for me.  
 The sparkling dew, of clearest hue, is like her shining een,  
 In shape an' air wha can compare, wi' my sweet lovely Jean?

(3)

O blaw, ye westlin' winds, blaw fast, among the leafy trees,  
 Wi' gentle breath frae muir an' dale bring hame the laden'd bees,  
 An' bring the lassie back to me that's aye fae neat an' clean,  
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care, fae charming is my Jean.  
 What sighs an' vows among the knowes hae past atween us twa  
 How fain to meet, how wae to part, that day she gade awa;  
 The pow'r's aboon can only ken, to whom the heart is seen,  
 That name can be fae dear to me, as my sweet lovely Jean.













