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THE GLEN COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady DOROTHEA RUGGLES-BRISE to
the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her
brother, Major LORD GEORGE STEWART MURRAY,
Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.





49. Theed Side. What beastes does
17. Will thou be my dearie. Tarry woo o.
19. Tarry woo. Bries of Ballenden. Soldiers return.
21. Be-neath a green. When wild wars
23. The Boatie rows. My Dearie Ithou die.
25. Weel may the boatie. Love never more the ill.
27. Sweet Annie. Sweet Annie trae
29. Sweet Annie. A body may in.
31. A body may in. I with my love were.
33. Bleft as thimmortal. J. Johnson
35. Logan water. I loe nae a laddie. Kind Robin loes me. Rainie winds. The lafs of Peaty's mill.
37. I loe nae a laddie. Whillt I alone year. Rainie winds around
39. Cynthia be as kind. Cynthia be as kind as

A
Selection of
SCOTS SONGS
Harmonized Improved
with Simple and
Adapted Graces

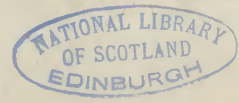
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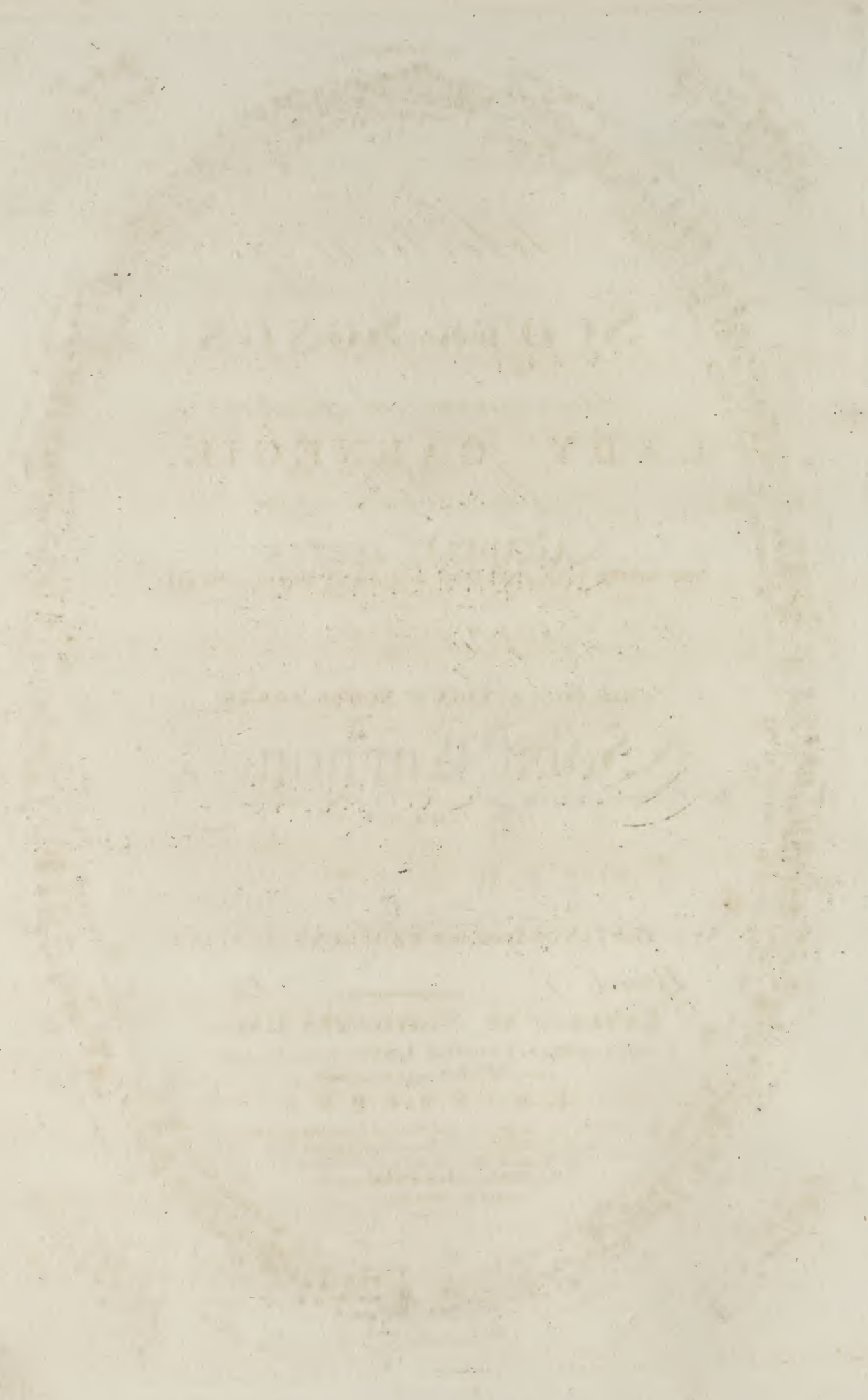
BY
PETER URBANI
Professor of Music

Book 3^d Pt. 121

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 by P. URBANI at the Concerts St Cecilia's Hall —
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 paired &c. &c. &c.





MEMORANDUM

TO THE HONORABLE SECRETARY OF STATE

FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY

DATE: [illegible]

SUBJECT: [illegible]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

TO

THE HONOURABLE

LADY CARNEGIE,

One of the most Excellent JUDGES of MUSICAL MERIT;

THIS COLLECTION of SCOTS SONGS,

IS INSCRIBED,

AS A TESTIMONY OF HIS PROFOUND RESPECT,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author on presenting the Third Volume of his Scots Songs to the Public, humbly solicits the same patronage of the former two Volumes, which from the general approbation they have met with, the Author is happy to find his trouble and expence has not been spent in vain, and hopes on perusing this Volume that the same endeavours to please will be found nothing deficient, but that every exertion has been used to merit a continuance of the Public favour.

This work, which the Author intends the fourth Volume to complete, will contain all the very best Original Scots Songs, In this Volume he has given seven Songs Arranged as Duets, which may be sung by one or two Voices as the first part is the original Air without the alteration of a single note, there is only one Song inserted which is not Scots viz. Now westling winds, sett to Music by the Author (The words of which are by the Celebrated Burns) which he hopes will not be unacceptable to the public, all the rest have the original words annexed excepting Duncan Gray, which the Author thought improper for this work.

N.B. It is requested, that those Ladies and Gentlemen who wished to continue their Subscriptions and have neglected to send in their names, will send to N^o 10 Princes Street where the Subscriptions for the fourth Volume is going on.

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Mary Scott

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

Largo

Lamentevole

Musical score for Violini, Viola, Canto, and Forte Piano. The score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats. It includes dynamic markings like "P." and "PP." and a tempo marking "Largo".

Hap-py's the

PP.

Musical score for Canto and Forte Piano. The Canto part includes the lyrics: "Love which meets re - turn, when in soft flame souls equal burn; but words are want ing".

Love which meets re - turn, when in soft flame souls equal burn; but words are want ing

Musical score for Canto and Forte Piano. The Canto part includes the lyrics: "to - Dif - co - ver, the torments of a hope- less lover. Ye re - gift - ers of".

to - Dif - co - ver, the torments of a hope- less lover. Ye re - gift - ers of

tutto solo.

heaven, re - late if look - ing o'er the rolls of Fate, Did you there see - - me mark'd to

tasto solo.

F.

mar - row Ma - ry Scott the flow'r of Yarrow.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment with figured bass. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment, featuring a repeat sign and a forte dynamic marking.

2

Ah, no, her form's too heav'nly fair,
 Her love the gods above must share;
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at a distance due adore her.
 O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile:
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

3

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My Mary's tender as she's fair;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish:
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the sky;
 When Mary Scott's become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise of Yarrow.

Donald.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

Largo

pp.

When first you courted me I own I fondly favor'd you; Ap-

parent worth and high renown, made me believe you true - Donald. Donald.

Each virtue then seem'd to a_dorn the man esteemd by me, - - but now the mark's thrown off; I

scorn to waltz one thought on thee - Donald. Donald

2

O then forever haste away,
 Away from love and me;
 Go seek a heart that's like your own,
 And come no more to me, Donald.
 For I'll reserve myself alone,
 For one that's more like me;
 If such a one I cannot find,
 I'll fly from love and thee, Donald.

O could I Tune &c.

Tune Etrick Banks.
words by M^r Jumor.

Violini *Dol.* *F.* *marcato*

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

Largo

Affettuoso

pp. *F.*

pp.

O could I tune the sweetest Lyre and sing in pure po- e- tic lays I'd warble

with an u- sual fire to tell my bonny Peggys praise. What mixt e- motions fill'd my breast when

first I saw her on the green she seem'd an angel earthly dress'd, or goddess of the flow'ry scene.

2

The live lang day with her I'd sit;
 To gaze upon her lovely charms,
 And night would crown my happy lot
 With her encircled in my arms
 I'd envy not the richest swain
 That dwells upon the banks of Tay
 No fordid cares my heart should gain
 But Peggy lovely Peggy gay.

3

On Ettrick banks ae summer's night,
 At gloaming when the sheep drave hame,
 I met my lassie braw and tight,
 While wandring through the mist her lane:
 My heart grew light I ran I sang
 My arms about her life neck,
 I kiss'd and chap'd her there fou' lang:
 My words they were na mouy, feck.

2

I said, my lassie, will ye go
 To the highland hills the Euse to learn?
 I'll baith gie thee a cow and ewe,
 When ye come to the brig of Earn.
 At Leith, auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herrings at the Broomy Law;
 Clear up your heart my bonny lass,
 There's gear to win we never saw.

3

All day when we have wrought enough,
 When winter, frosts, and thaw begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when you sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes and play a spring:
 And thus the weary night will end,
 Till the tender kid and lamb time bring
 Our pleasant summer back again

4

Syne when the trees are in their bloom
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lass among the broom,
 And lead you to my summer shield.
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That make the kindly hearts their spout
 We'll laugh and kiss, and dance and sing,
 And gar the langest day seem short.

The Silken Corron.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte
Piano

Larghetto
Espressivo

And

ye shall walk in silk at-tire, And fil-ler hae to- spare, gin ye'll con-

-sent to be his bride, nor think o Do-nald mair. O wha wad buy a silk-

gown, wi' a poor brok-en heart, or what's to me a fil-ler crown, gin frae my

love I part.

2

The mind whae every wish is pure
 Far dearer is to me,
 And e'er I'm forc'd to break my faith,
 I'll lay me down and die:
 For I hae pledg'd my virgin troth
 Brave Donald's fate to share,
 And he has gi'en to me his heart
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.

3

His gentle manners wan my heart,
 He, gratefu' took the gift;
 Cou'd I but think, to seek it back
 It wou'd be war than theft.
 For langest life, can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me,
 And e'er I'm forc'd to break my troth,
 I'll lay me down and die.

The Flowers of the Forest.

For two Voices
Original Words

Violini

Primo

Seco

Forre Piano

Largo

Amoroso

Musical notation for the instrumental introduction. It features five staves: Violini (Violins), Primo (Violin I), Seco (Violin II), Forre Piano (Piano), and Largo (Cello/Double Bass). The key signature is B-flat major and the time signature is 4/4. The Largo section includes fingerings (6 6, 6 6, 6 3) and a 'tasto Solo' instruction.

Musical notation for the first vocal entry. It includes two vocal staves and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "I've heard a liltin' at the ewes milkin' Lassies a liltin' be-fore the break o' day. But now I hear". The piano part includes fingerings (3, 6, 6, 6, 3) and a 'pp.' dynamic marking.

Musical notation for the second vocal entry. It includes two vocal staves and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "moan - ing on il - ka green loanin' since our bra' fo - rest - ers are a' wed a - - way." The piano part includes fingerings (3, 6, 6, 6, 7) and a 'pp.' dynamic marking.

At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads are scorning the lasses are lonely dowie and wae nae

At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads are scorning the lasses are lonely dowie and wae nae

6 6 4 6 6 6 4 3

daffin nae gabbing but fighting and sabbing Ilk aye lifts her leg - lin, and hies her a - way. At

daffin nae gabbing but fighting and sabbing Ilk aye lifts her leg - lin, and hies her a - way. At

3 6 3 6 6 6 4 3

e'en in the gloaming nae swankies are roaming 'mang stacks with the lasses at bo - gle to play. for

e'en in the gloaming nae swankies are roaming 'mang stacks with the lasses at bo - gle to play. for

6 2 6 6 3

O dule for the orders sent our lads to the borders the English for ares by guile wan the

O dule for the orders sent our lads to the borders the English for ares by guile wan the

6 - 3 6 6 - 3

day the flow'rs of the forest wha aye shone the foremo' the prime o' the land lie cold in the

day the flow'rs of the forest wha aye shone the foremo' the prime o' the land lie cold in the

6 - 3 6 6 6 4 2

F.

clay.

clay.

trio Solo

free, gang down the burn Davie love, and I shall follow thee.

Presto Solo

2
 Now Davie did each lad surpass,
 That dwelt on yon burn side,
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride;
 Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue;
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

3
 As down the burn they took their way,
 What tender tales they said!
 His cheek to her's he aft did lay,
 And with her bosom play'd;

Till baith at length impatient grown
 To be mair fully blest,
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down;
 Love only saw the rest.

4
 What pass'd, I guess was harmless play,
 And naithing sure unmeet;
 For ganging hame, I heard them say,
 They lik'd a wa'k sae sweet:
 And that they aften shou'd return,
 Sic pleasure to renew,
 Quoth Mary, Love I like the burn,
 And ay shall follow you.

Roslin Castle.

words by Hewitt.

Violini *pp.* *F.* *pp.* *F.* *marcato*

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano *pp.* *F.* *pp.* *marcato*

Lento

pp.

in that season of the year, when all things gay and sweet appear that Co-lin with the

morning ray A-rose and sung his ru-ral lay. Of Nanny's charms the Shepherd sung the

hills and dales with Nanny rung, while Roslin Castle heard the Swain, and echod back the

chearfull strain.

2

Awake, sweet muse. the breathing spring
 With rapture warms; awake and sing!
 Awake and join the vocal throng,
 Who hail the morning with a song;
 To Nanny raise the chearful lay,
 O. bid her haste and come away;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn!

3

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng;
 And love inspires the melting song.

Then let my raptur'd notes arise;
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

4

O! come, my love. thy Colin's lay
 With rapture calls, O come away!
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine
 Around that modest brow of thine,
 O! hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.

Wilt thou be my Dearie.

words by Burns.

Violini *pp.* *mf.*

Primo

2do

Forte Piano *mf.*

Largo *pp.* 6 4 3 6 6 6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3 7 6 6

Appassionato

marcato

Wilt thou be my Dearie when sorrow wrings thy gen- tle heart, O

Wilt thou be my Dearie when sorrow wrings thy gen- tle heart, O

marcato

wilt thou let me chear thee. By the treasure of my soul that's the love I bear thee. I swear and

wilt thou let me chear thee. By the treasure of my soul that's the love I bear thee. I swear and

vow, that only thou shall ever be my dear-ie. Only thou I swear and vow shall

vow, that only thou shall ever be my dear-ie. Only thou I swear and vow shall

ever be my Dear-ie

ever be my Dear-ie

2

Lafsie, say thou lo'es me;
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
 Say na thou'lt refuse me:
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou for thine may chuse me,
 Let me, Lafsie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me
 Lafsie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me

Tarry Woo

Violini

Sotto Voce

Viola

Canto

Forte
Piano

And^e

Softenuto

Musical notation for Violini, Viola, Canto, and Forte Piano parts. The Violini part is marked *Sotto Voce*. The Forte Piano part includes fingering numbers: 6-3, 3, 6, 6-4, 3.

Musical notation for Violini, Viola, and Forte Piano parts.

Musical notation for Canto and Forte Piano parts with lyrics: *Tar-ry woo, O tar-ry woo, Tarry woo is ill to spin - Card it well, oh*. The Forte Piano part includes fingering numbers: 6-4, 3, 6.

Musical notation for Violini, Viola, and Forte Piano parts.

Musical notation for Canto and Forte Piano parts with lyrics: *card it well, Card it well eer ye be - gin when tis card-ed, rowd and spun,*. The Forte Piano part includes fingering numbers: 4, 3, 2, 3, 6, 6, 3, 6.

then the work is haf lens done; but when woven, drest, and clean, it may be cleading
for a queen.

2
Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep,
Bleating sweetly as ye go,
Thro' the winter's frost and snow;
Hart, and hynd, and fallow-deer,
No be haf-so useful are:
Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

3
Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip,
Sing up the praise of tarry woo:
Sing the flocks that bear it too:
Harmless creatures, without blame,
That clead the back and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fou;
Leese me on the tarry woo.

4
How happy is the shephrds life,
Far frae courts, and free of strife,
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae:
No such music to his ear:
Of thief or fox he has no fear;
Sturdy kent, and colly true,
We'll defend the tarry woo.

5
He lives content, and envies none;
Not e'en a monarch on his throne,
Tho' he the royal sceptre sways,
Has not sweeter holidays.
Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
When a shepherd sings sae well;
Sings sae well, and pays his due,
With honest heart and tarry woo.

The Braes of Ballerden.

words by Blacklock.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

Larghetto Amorofo

5 6 6 6 4 3 5 4 3

neath a green shade a lovely young swain, one ev'ning re-clind to dis-cov-er his

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

pp.

pain. So fad, yet lo sweetly, he warbled his woe, The wind ceas'd to breath, and the

6 6 5 4 3 6 2 6 6

fountains to flow: rude winds with com- pafsion could hear him complain yet . Chloë left

gentle was deaf to his ftrain.

2

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
 E're Chloë's bright charms firft flaſh'd in my view.
 Thoſe eyes then with pleaſure the dawn could ſurvey,
 Nor ſmild the fair Morning more chearful than they,
 Now ſcenes of diſtreſs pleaſe only my fight,
 I'm tortur'd in pleaſure, and languish in light.

3

Thro' changes in vain relief I purſue,
 All, all but conſpire my griefs to renew;
 From ſunſhine to zephyrs and ſhades we repair,

To ſunſhine we fly from too piercing an air;
 But love's ardent fever burns always the ſame,
 No winter can cool it, no ſummer inflame.

4

But ſee the pale moon all clouded retires.
 The breezes grow cool; not Strephon's deſires:
 I fly from the dangers of tempeſt and wind,
 Yet nourish the madneſs that preys on my mind!
 Ah wretch! how can life be worthy thy care?
 To lengthen its moments, but lengthens deſpair.

The Soldiers Return.

Tune Mill Mill O.
words by Hamilton.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte
Piano

Andante

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte
Piano

Andante

pp.

When wae fir' war wi' deadly breath, had thind our racks le- vere - ly An' Peace re- leiv' us ane an'

a' an' made us look fir' cheer - ly. I left (wi' mony toil woru cheeks) y' field o' blood an' danger, where

il ka sweet in social life, was lang to me a Stranger.

2

I thought upon the banks o' Clyde,
 Where dwelt my aged Mother,
 An' little Sister's twa, wi' her,
 Baith grievin' for their Brother;
 But ane still dearer to my heart,
 Ran in my mind forever,
 My Jean! the sweetest on Clyde side,
 Forget her shall I never.

3

At length, I breath'd my native air,
 An' trudg'd the road fu' cheary;
 Her Image kept my heart aboon,
 Nae toil cou'd mak me weary;
 Came hame — She was the first I met,
 She spake, my tongue it falter'd,
 But kent na me, wi' heat an' cauld,
 My face it was fae alter'd.

4

I said, "sweet lass, is this your house,
 (Clad like a marchin' Soger)
 "I've travel'd sen' the break o' day,
 "Will ye tak in a Lodger;
 "Ye see the Sun will soon be set,
 "To lie without is dreary,
 "Tho' I'm a Soger, yet perhaps,
 "A Soger is your deary."

5

She blush'd an' sigh'd; at last I saw
 The tears her een bedimin',
 An' said, "I ne'er loe'd a' my life,
 "A Soger yet, nor nae man;

"This is my Mother's little Cott,
 "She'll be as kind as ony,
 "An' mak ye welcome for a night,
 "We quarter strangers mony."

6

Her looks bespake the mind's ill ease,
 My nap-sack as untyn';
 She a' the time wi' steady ee,
 Into my face was pryin';
 The crimson colour left her cheek,
 An' quick her bosom pantet;
 I cry'd "my Jean," an' clasp'd her fast,
 Wi' joy amais't enchanted.

7

Quoth she, "I lang hae pin'd wi' grief,
 "A' for your sake my lover,
 "My friends ay tell'd me ye was slain,
 "Or marrid to another;
 "But I cou'd ne'er forget our vows,
 "The last time that we parted,
 "An' if ye'll stay, I'll keep them still,
 "Gin ye be still true hearted."

8

"I swear (said I) by you bright orbs,
 "That fails the azure theatre,
 "Nae mair to leave the Banks o' Clyde,
 "Nor you my lovely creature;
 "The war is o'er, I am discharged,
 "For life, a pension yearly,
 "An' ilka thought, an' ilka will,
 "Is Jean to love thee dearly."

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Merlin and the Creel'. It consists of five staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom three staves are for the piano accompaniment. The music is in a 6/8 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The lyrics are written below the piano part.

2
I cast my line in Largo bay,
And fishes I catch'd nine,
'Twas three to boll, and three to fry,
And three to bait the lire.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed,
And happy be the lot of a'
Who wishes her to speed.

3
O weel may the boatie row,
That fills a heavy creel,
And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
And buys our pottage meal;
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed,
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

4
When Jamie vow'd he wou'd be mine,
And wan frae me my heart,
O muckle lighter grew my creel,
He swore we'd never part:
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel,
And muckle lighter is the load,
When love bears up the creel.

5
My kurtch I put upo' my head,
And dress'd mysel' fu' brow,
I true my heart was douf an' wae,
When Jamie gaed' awa;
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the lassie's care,
That yields an honest heart.

6
When Sawney, Jock, an' Janetie,
Are up and gotten lear;
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel,
And lightsome be her heart that bears,
The Merlin, and the creel.

7
And when wi' age we're worn down,
And hirpling round the door,
They'll row to keep us dry and warm,
As we did them before;
Then weel may the boatie row
She wins the bairn's bread;
And happy be the lot o' a'
That wish the boat to speed.

My dearie if thou die.

words by Crawford.

Violini

Violini

P. F.

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

Andante

6 3 4 3 6 4 6 3

Softenato

pp. pp.

Love never more shall give me pain, my fancy's fix'd on thee, nor

6 6 4 3 6 6

e-ver maid my heart shall gain, my Peg-gy if thou die. Thy beauty doth such

6 6 6 6 6

pleasure give, thy love's so true to me. without thee I can ne'er live, my deary if thou

F. cres PP

die. F

2

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray:
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
 In sighs, the silent day.
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see:
 Then I'll renounce all woman kind,
 My Peggy, after thee.

3

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
 With Cupid's raving rage;
 But thine, which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage.

'Twas this that like the morning sun,
 Gave joy and life to me;
 And when it's destin'd day is done,
 With Peggy let me die.

4

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 And in such pleasure share;
 You who it's faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair:
 Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me.
 Oh! never rob them from these arms:
 I'm lost, if Peggy die.

Sweet Annie frae the sea beach came.

Violini *Sotto voce* *F.* *PP.* *fr.*

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

Adagio

PP. *FP.*

PP.

Sweet An - nie frae the sea beach came where Jock - y speel'd the

Vesels fide; an' wha can keep their heart at hame when Jocky's toft a - boon the tide: Far aff to

The musical score is written in G major and 2/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "distant realms he gangs; yet I'll be true as he has been; and when ilk iais about him thrang he'll think on Annie his faithful ain." The score includes dynamic markings such as *mf.*, *fr.*, and *pp.* and contains various musical notations like slurs, ties, and fingerings.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,
 Wi' goud in hand he tempted me,
 He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
 And made a brag of what he'd gee:
 What tho' my Jocky's far away,
 Toft up and down the dialome main,
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jocky may return again.

Nae mair, false Janie, sing nae mair,
 And fairly cast your pipe away;
 My Jocky wad be troubled fair,
 To see his friend his love betray:

For a' your songs and verse are vain,
 While Jocky's notes do faithful flow;
 My heart to him shall true remain,
 I'll keep it for my constant Jo.

Bla' fast, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
 And gar your waves be calm and still;
 His hameward sail with breezes speed,
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill!
 What tho' my Jocky's far away,
 Yet he will bra' in filler shine:
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jocky may again be mine.

A body may in simple way For two Voices.

Violini *pp.* *rf.*

Primo

2^{do}

Forte Piano

Largo

Softenuto

pp.

Viola col Basso

A bo-dy may in simple way bind love in Stre- phons
 Gin- dy may in simple way bind love in Stre- phons

eyes A bo-dy may ah well a day find love tho' in dif- guife; There is a -bo-dy
 eyes A bo-dy may ah well a day find love tho' in dif- guife; There is a bo-dy

loves a baidy I could tell you who But if a bo dy loves a bo dy

Let him come and woo.

2

I'll never wed I've often said
 A lad who canna speak
 Yet somethings running in my head
 Which prudence canna check
 There is a body &c.

3

An humble cot and simple lot
 Are suited to my mind
 No wealth I seek so let him speak
 He'll find a body kind
 There is a body &c.

To the foregoing Tune.

1

Gin a body meet a body, Comin thro' the rye.
 Gin a body kifs a body, need a body cry;
 Ilka body has a body, ne'er a ane has I;
 But a' the lads they loe me And what the war am I.

2

Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the well,
 Gin a body kifs a body, need a body tell;
 Ilka body has a body, ne'er a ane has I,
 But a' the lads they loe me, and what the war am I.

3

Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the town,
 Gin a body kifs a body, need a body gloom;
 Ilka Jenny has her Jockey, ne'er a ane has I,
 But a' the lads they loe me, and what the war am I.

NB. When the other sett of words are used the finger must begin with the first bar as shewn (Gin a)

I wish my love were in a maze

Translated from
Sappho by Philips.

Violini *a MEZZA VOCE* PP.

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

Largo

Amoroso

Blest as th'

mor-tal gods is he, the youth who fond-ly sits by thee, and hears and sees thee,

all the while, so soft-ly speak, and sweetly smile. 'Twas this bereav'd my soul of

The musical score is arranged in systems. The first system includes staves for Violini (Violins), Viola, Canto (Soprano), Forte Piano (Right Hand), and Largo (Left Hand). The tempo is marked 'Largo' and the mood 'Amoroso'. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score features various musical notations including slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'a MEZZA VOCE' and 'PP.'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line and are split across several systems. The bottom of the page shows some handwritten annotations in the left margin, including the number '5' and some symbols.

Logan Water

words by Thomson.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte
Piano

Adagio

Solo voce *pp* *pp* *marcato* *pp*

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

e - ver, fortune wilt soon prove, an un - re - lent - ing foe to love, and when we meet a

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

mu - tual heart, come in be - tween, and bid us part bid us sigh on from day to day, and

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

with and with the soul a way till youth and genial years are flown, and all the life of

love is gone

pp. f. pp. marcato

pp. marcato

2

But busy, busy still art thou
 To bind the loveless, joyless vow;
 The heart from pleasure to delude,
 And join the gentle to the rude.
 For once, O Fortune! hear my pray'r,
 And I absolve thy future care;
 All other blessings I resign,
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.

Loe nae a Laddie

For two Voices.

Violini *Dol.*

Primo

Secondo

Forte Piano

Tempo Siciliana Largo

pp.

I loe nae a laddie but ane, he loe's na a ladsie but

I loe nae a laddie but ane, he loe's na a ladsie but

me, nes wil lin to make me his ain an his ain I am willing to be He

me, nes wil lin to make me his ain an his ain I am willing to be He

coft me a roxiey o' blue - - a pair o' mittens o' green An' his price was a kiss o' my mou; An' I
 coft me a rokley o' blue - - a pair o' mittens o' green An' his price was a kiss o' my mou; An' I
 paid him the debt yef-reen.
 paid him the debt yef-reen.

2

My mither's ay makin' a phraze,
 That I'm lucky young to be wed;
 But lang e'er she countit my days,
 O' me she was brought to bed:
 Sae mither, just settle your tongue,
 An' dinna be flytin' sae bauld;
 For we can do the thing when we're young,
 That we canna do weel when we're auld.

Kind Robin loes me.

Violini *pp.* *f* *pp.* *pp.* *marcato.*

Viola *f*

Canto

Forte Piano *pp.* *f* *pp.* *pp.* *marcato.*

Largo *pp.* *f* *pp.* *pp.* *marcato.*

Affettuoso

6 4 3 7

pp.

Whilt I adore your foul posses'd and none more lov'd your bosom press'd ye powrs what king like me was

6 7 6 6-6 3 6 6

pp.

bles'd, when kind Annie loes me hey ho Annie quo he for kind Robin loed me Whilt you ador'd no

4-3 7 74 7 6 74 7 4-3

other fair nor Kate with me your heart did share, what queen with Annie could compare, when kind Robin lo'ed me

hey ho Robin quo' he your kind Annie lo'ed thee.

2

ROBIN.
 Young Katie now commands my heart,
 Sweet Kate who sings with so much art
 Whose life, to save with mine I'd part
 For kind Katie lo'es me.
 Hey, ho, Annie quo' he,
 For kind Katie lo'es me.

ANNIE.
 Gay Patie now delights my eyes,
 For he with equal ardour dies
 Whose life to save I'd perish twice,
 For kind Patie lo'es me!
 Hey, ho, Robin quo' she,
 For kind Patie lo'es me.

3

ROBIN.
 What if I Kate for thee diddain,
 And former love returns again,
 To link us in the strongest chain,
 For kind Robin lo'es thee!
 Hey, ho, Annie quo' he,
 Your kind Robin lo'es thee.

ANNIE.
 Tho' Patie's kind as kind can be,
 And thou more stormy than the sea,
 I'd chuse to live and die with thee,
 If kind Robin lo'es me!
 Hey, ho, Robin quo' she,
 Your kind Annie lo'es thee.

41. *Whining Winds &c.*

words by Burns

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

Soave

4 3 4 3 6 6 4 7

pp

pp

Whining winds a-round her blowing, yel-low leaves the wood-lands

6 4 3 6 4 3

It rowing, by a ri-ver hoarsely roaring I fe-bel-la stray'd de-plor-ing, Farewell.

7 6 6

hours that late did measure sun shine days of joy and pleasure; Hail, thou gloomy night of

forrow - cheerless night that knows no morrow.

ff

h

2

O'er the Past too fondly wand'ring,
 On the hopeless Future pond'ring;
 Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes,
 Fell Despair my fancy seizes.
 Life, thou soul of ev'ry blessing,
 Load to Mis'ry most distressing,
 Gladly how would I resign thee,
 And to dark Oblivion join thee!

The Lads of Peaty's Mill.

For two Voices.
words by Ranley.

Violini

pp F pp

Primo

2^{do}

Forte
Piano

And^{te}

Softenuato

6 5 4 3

The lads of Peaty's mill - so bon-ny blythe and gay In

The lads of Peaty's mill - so bon-ny blythe and gay In

6 4 7 2 3 6 5 4 3

spite of all my skill she stole my heart a-way When ted-ding of the

spite of all my skill she stole my heart a-way When ted-ding of the

6 3

hay - bare head ed on the green, Love midft her locks did play and wanton'd in her

hay - bare head ed on the green, Love midft her locks did play and wanton'd in her

e - en;

e - en;

pp.

2

Her arms, white round and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To press them with his han'
Through all my spirits ran
An ecstacy of blifs,
When I such sweetness find,
Wrapt in a balmy kifs.

3

Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whence the spoke, or smild.

Her looks, they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguild;
I wish'd her for my bride.

4

O! had I all that wealth,
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasure's at my will;
I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of Peaty's mill,
Shou'd share the same with me.

Bonnie Dundee

Violini *pp.* *ff.*

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano *f.*

Siciliana Largo 6 5 3 6 3 4 3 4

f. *marcato* *pp.*

O whar did ye get that hauber-meal bannock? O fil-ly blind bo-dy. O

f. *pp.* *pp.*

3 4 3 6 6

dinna ye see? I gat it frae a young brisk Sodge'r laddie, between Saint Johnston and bonie Dun-dee. O

6 4 5 6 6 6 4 3

gin I saw the laddie that gae me? aft his he donld me upon his knee; may hearen protect my bonnie Scots

laddie, and fend him fae hame to his babie and me.

2

My blefsin's upon thy sweet, wee lippie!
 My blefsin's upon thy bonnie'e brie.
 Thy smiles are fae like my blythe Sodger laddie,
 Thou's ay the dearer, and dearer to me.
 But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonnie banks,
 Where Tay rins wimplin by fae clear;
 And I'll clead thee in the tartan fae fine,
 And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

The Maid that tends the Goats.

words by Dudgeon.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte-Piano

Largo

Espressivo

Up among you cliffy rocks, sweetly rings the rising echo to the maic that tends the

goats liting oer her native notes. Hark, she sings, "young Sandy's kind," An' he's promis'd ay to lo'e me;

here's a brotch, I ne'er shall tiné till he's fairly married to me; "Drive away ye dron' time "An

bring about our bridal day.

2

"Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
 "Aften does he blaw the whistle,
 "In a strain sae saftly sweet,
 "Lam'mies listning dare nae bleat;
 "He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
 "Hardy, as the highland heather,
 "Wading thro' the winter snow,
 "Keeping ay his flock together;
 "But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
 "He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

3

"Brawly he can dance and sing
 "Canty glee or highland cronach;
 "Nane can ever match his fling
 "At a reel, or round a ring;
 "Wightly can he wield a rung
 "In a brawl he's ay the bangster:
 "A' his praise can ne'er be sung
 "By the langest winded sangster.
 "Sangs that sing o' Sandy
 "Come short, tho' they were e'er sae lang.

Tweed Side

For two Voices.
words by Oswald.

Violini

Primo

2do

Forte
Piano

Largo

Amoroso

P. rf. pp.

6 3 6 3 6 7

What beauties does Flora disclose how sweet are her smiles up on Tweed yet

6 3 6 3 6 5 4 3

Mary's still sweeter than those, Both nature and fancy exceed. No dai-ly nor

Marys still sweeter than those, Both nature and fan-cy ex-ceed. No dai-ly nor

6 3 6 3 6 6 4

sweet blushing rose nor all the gay flow'rs of the field nor Tweed glid-ing gen-tly thro'

sweet blushing rose nor all the gay flow'rs of the field nor Tweed glid-ing gen-tly thro'

those such beauty and pleasure does yield;

those such beauty and pleasure does yield;

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnæ, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let's see how the primroses spring,
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love, while the feather'd folks sing.

3

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does Mary not 'tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep?

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
 Kind Nature indulging my bliss,
 To ease the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

4

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her may compare,
 Love's graces around her do dwell,
 She's fairest, where thousands are fair,
 Say, charmer, where do thy flock stray,
 Oh! tell me, at noon where they feed,
 Is it on the sweet winding Tay,
 Or pleasanter banks of the Tweed.

Now westling winds.

words by Burns.
music by Urbani.

Violini

Pizzicato

arco

Viola

Basso

Forte
Piano

And^e

Softenuto

pp.

Canto pp.

Now westling winds, and slaughter-guns bring Autumn's pleasant

Basso

weather the gormcock springs, on whirring wings among the blooming heather. Now waving grain, wide

arco

er the plain delights the weary Farmer, the moon shines bright as 'rope by night - to muse

Basso

up - on my charmer.

2

The Partridge lo'es the fruitfu' fells;
 The Plover lo'es the mountains;
 The Woodcock haunts the lanely dells;
 The soaring Hern the fountains
 Thro' lofty groves the Cuckoo roves,
 The path o' Man to shun it;
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
 The spreading thorn the Linnet.

3

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
 The savage and the tender;
 Some, social join; and leagues combine,
 Some solitary wander:
 Awaunt, away! the cruel sway,
 Tyrannic Man's dominion;
 The Sportsman's joy, the murdering cry,
 The snuffing ring gory pinion.

4

But Peggy dear the ev'ning's dear,
 Thick lies the skimming swallow;
 The sky is blue the fields in view
 All fading-green and yellow:
 Come let us stray our gladsome way,
 And view the charms o' Nature,
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
 And ilka happy creature.

5

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
 While the silent moon shines clearly;
 I'll clasp thy waist, and fondly prest,
 Swear how I lo'e thee dearly!
 Not vernal flowers to budding flow'rs
 Not Autumn to the Farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair my lovely Charmer.

Cynthia be as kind as fair.

words by Peter Lindon.
Tune Thomas Gray.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte
Piano

Andante

Sostenuto

Cynthia be as kind as fair Bid me not with tears depart, 'Twas thy graces laid the base,

'Twas thy beauty caught my heart, caught my heart. Let the world thy justice found

'tis but common justice sure As thine eyes have giv'n the wound Those sweet lips shoud

give the cure. give the cure.

FF.

2 by M^r Junor.

Kindness with your beauty join
 Love now let thy bosom warm
 Be O Cynthia O be mine
 Let not doubt my soul alarm
 Think of loves extatic joy
 Heal O heal the wound you gave
 Think of sweets that ne'er can cloy
 Think of Damon you can save.

