



SAYS

from

STRATHEARN



Allen 391.

Glen 39/100

NEW EDITION.

Lays of Strathearn,

BY

CAROLINE BARONESS NAIRNE

THE GLEN COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

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& ACCOMPANIMENTS

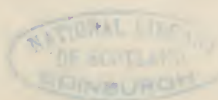
BY

FINLAY DUN.

PATERSON & SONS

27, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH. 152, BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

17 PRINCES STREET, PERTH, & 36 NEWMARKET STREET, AYR.



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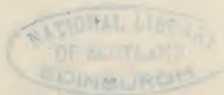
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NEW EDITION

Days of St. Nicholas

BY

CAROLINE BARONNESS NAIRNE

THE

BYRONIAN & ROMANTIC

BY

FINLAY DUN.

PATERSON & SON

25 ROYAL EXCHANGE PLACE, LONDON, W.

PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY AND COMPANY, BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

CONTENTS.

<i>FIRST LINES.</i>	<i>AIRS OR TITLES.</i>	<i>PAGE</i>
Oh, the auld house, the auld house!	The Auld House,	1
*Bonnie Charlie's now awa',	Will ye no come back again?	6
St Leonard's Hill was lightsome land,	Jeanie Deans,	8
I'm wearin' awa', John,	The Land o' the Leal,	11
Bonnie ran the burnie down,	Cawdor Fair,	13
We ha'e the crown without a head,	The Regalia,	15
Strathearn, O how shall I quit thy sweet groves!	Strathearn (No. 1), <i>Miss Carmichael</i> ,	17
Fair shone the rising sky,	Strathearn (No. 2),	19
Here's to them that are gane,	Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,	21
Oh never, oh never thou'lt meet me again!	Oh never thou'lt meet me again,	23
In all its rich wildness her home she is leaving,	Mordelia,	25
Wha'll buy caller herrin'?	Caller Herrin',	28
Would ye be young again!	Ailen Aroon,	31
Oh, wha will dry the dreeping tear!	The Lass of Livingstane,	33
What's this vain world to me,	Rest is not here,	35
Fell he on the field of fame,	M'Intosh's Lament,	37
The best o' joys maun hae an end,	Gude nicht, and joy be wi' ye a',	39
Oh, weet and weary is the night!	The Covenanter's Widow's Lament,	41
*Hech! hey! the mirth that was there,	Kitty Reid's House,	43
Saw ye ne'er a lanely lassie,	Will ye go and marry Katie,	45
*I'll no be had for naething,	Mo Leannan Faluich (<i>The Heiress</i>),	47
The mitherless lammie,	The Lammie,	49
There cam' a wee boatie,	Charles's landing at Barodale,	51
He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel,	He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel,	53
The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,	When she cam' ben she bobbit,	55
I wish I ken'd my Maggie's mind,	Tammy,	57
Row, row, ye sailors brave!	The Boat Song o' Clyde,	59
Oh come, come along,	Oh come, come along,	62
*There were twa doos sat in a dookit,	The twa Doos,	64
Oh, we're a' singin', blythely singin',	Nid noddin',	66
Ye'll mount, gudeman, ye'll mount an' ye'll ride,	Ye'll mount, gudeman,	68
Songs of my native land,	Songs of my native land,	71
*'Twas on a summer's afternoon,	The Lass o' Gowrie,	73
Oh, wha is this coming?	Oh, wha is this coming?	75
When royal power was hunted down,	Dunottar Castle,	78
*Joy of my earliest days,	Joy of my earliest days,	80
*There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard,	The brier bush,	82
Oh, Cairney burn, sweet Cairney burn,	The Bog o' Gight,	84
Oh say, is there ane wha does na rejoice?	The voice of spring,	86
The trump of war,	The trump of war,	88
The Fife Laird,	The Fife Laird,	93
A heavenly muse,	A heavenly muse,	95
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',	Hundred pipers,	97
The Pleughman,	The Pleughman,	100
Oh! rowan tree,	The Rowan Tree,	102

THE AULD HOUSE

FROM

LAYS OF STRATHEARN.

Symphonies & Accompaniments

By Elizabeth Rainforth

SLOW AND PLAINITIVE.

ANDANTE.

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system shows the beginning of the piano accompaniment in G major (one sharp) and common time. The second system introduces the vocal line with the lyrics "Oh the" and continues the piano accompaniment. The third system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "Auld house, the Auld house, What tho' the rooms were wee, Oh!" and the piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

kind hearts were dwell - ing there And bair - nies fu' o' glee; The

wild - rose and the jas - a - min Still hang up - on the wa', How

mo - ny cher - ish'd mem - o - ries Do they, sweet flowers, re - ca'.

Oh the

Auld Laird, the Auld Laird, Sae can - ty kind and crouse, How

mo - ny did he wel - come to his ain wee dear Auld House: And the

Led - dy too, sae gen - - ty, There sheltered Scotland's heir,* And

elipt a lock wi' her ain hand, Frae his lang yel - low hair.

* Prince Charles Edward.

The

Ma - vis still doth sweet_ly sing, The blue bells sweetly blow, The

bon - ny Earn's clear wind_ing still, But the Auld House is a - - wa'. The

Auld House the Auld House, De - sert - ed tho' ye be, There

ne'er can be a new house Will seem sae fair to me.

ad lib. *mf*

p

Still flourishing the auld pear tree
 The bairnies liked to see,
 And oh, how aften did they speer
 When ripe they a' wad be?
 The voices sweet, the wee bit feet
 Aye rinin' here and there,
 The merry shout_ oh! whiles we greet
 To think we'll hear nae mair.

For they are a' wide scattered now,
 Some to the Indies gane,
 And ane alas! to her lang hame;
 Not here we'll meet again_
 The kirk' yaird, the kirk' yaird!
 Wi' flowers o' every hue,
 Shelter'd by the holly's shade
 An' the dark sombre yew.

The setting sun, the setting sun!
 How glorious it gaed down;
 The cloudy splendour raised our hearts
 To cloudless skies aboon!
 The auld dial, the auld dial:
 It tauld how time did pass;
 The wintry winds hae dung it down,
 Now hid 'mang weeds and grass.

WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN.

IN
MODERATE
TIME.

Bon - nie Char - lie's

now a - wa; Safe - ly owre the friend - ly main; Mony a

heart will break in twa, Should he ne'er come back a - gain.

Cho^s *cres.* Will ye no come back a - gain? *a piacere.* Will ye no come back a - gain?

cres. *p*

The musical score is written in G major (one flat) and common time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a treble clef and a bass clef, with a dynamic marking of *p*. The vocal line starts with the lyrics 'Bon - nie Char - lie's' and continues with 'now a - wa; Safe - ly owre the friend - ly main; Mony a heart will break in twa, Should he ne'er come back a - gain.' The final section is a chorus marked 'Cho^s' with a crescendo (*cres.*) and a decrescendo (*a piacere.*) leading to the repeated question 'Will ye no come back a - gain?'. The piano accompaniment for the chorus includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and a decrescendo (*p*).

a tempo cres.

Bet - ter loed ye can - na be - Will ye no come

mf

p

back a - gain?

mf *cres.* *f*

Ye trusted in your Hieland men,
 They trusted you, dear Charlie!
 They kent your hiding in the glen,
 Death or exile braving.

Cho: Will ye no, &c.

English bribes were a' in vain,
 Tho' puir, and puirer, we maun be;
 Siller canna buy the heart
 That beats aye for thine and thee.

Cho: Will yeno, &c.

We watched thee in the gloaming hour,
 We watched thee in the morning grey;
 *Tho' thirty thousand pound they gie,
 Oh there is nane that wad betray!

Cho: Will ye no, &c.

Sweet's the Laverock's note and lang,
 Lilting wildly up the glen;
 But aye to me he sings ae sang,
 Will ye no come back again?

Cho: Will ye no, &c.

* A fact highly honourable to the Highlanders.

JEANIE DEANS.

IN
MODERATE
TIME
AND WITH
EXPRESSION.

St. Leonard's hill was lightsome land, Where
gowand grass was grow-in', For man and beast was food and rest, And
milk and hon-ey flow-in'. A father's blessing fol-low'd close, Where'er her
foot was treading, And Jean-ie's hum-ble harmless joys On ev'-ry side were

p *cres.* *p* *p*

cres.

legato.

cres. *mf* *cres.* *f* *p*

spreading wide, On ev'ry side were spreading.

p *p* *f*

The mossy turf on Ar-thur seat, St' Anthon's well aye springing, The

p

lammies play-ing at her feet, The bird-ies round her sing-ing. The

cres.
so_lemn haunts o' Ho_ly_road, Wi' bats and hou_lits ee_rie, The

legato.

B

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a *cres.* marking and contains the lyrics: "towr - ing craigs o' Sa - lis - bury, The low - ly wells o' Wea - ry, O, The". The piano accompaniment starts with a *mf* dynamic and includes *cres.*, *f*, and *p* markings. The second system continues the vocal line with "low - ly wells o' Wea - ry." and the piano accompaniment, which features *p* and *f* dynamics.

But evil days and evil men
 Came owre their sunny dwelling,
 Like thunder storms on sunny skies,
 Or wastefu' waters swelling.
 What ance was sweet is bitter now;
 The sun of joy is setting;
 In eyes that wont to glance wi' glee,—
 The briny tear is wetting fast,
 The briny tear is wetting.

Her inmost thought to Heaven is sent
 In faithful supplication;
 Her earthly stay's Macallummore,
 The guardian o' the nation.
 A hero's heart— a sister's love—
 A martyr's truth unbending;
 They're a' in Jeanie's tartan plaid,—
 And she is gane, her lifu' lane,
 To Lunnon toun she's wending.

The beautiful and romantic scenery, alluded to in this song, is in the immediate vicinity of the Queen's drive at Edinburgh.

*"The Wells o' Weary," an unfailing spring, near the Windy-Goul below Salisbury Craigs.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

Air—Hey tutti taiti.

SLOW,
AND WITH
TENDER FEELING

I'm

wear - in' a - wa, John, Like snaw wreathes in thaw, John, I'm

wear - in' a - wa' To the land o' the leal. There's

nae sor - row there, John, There's nei - ther cauld nor care, John, The

day's aye fair I' the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
 She was baith gude and fair, John;
 And oh! we grudg'd her sair
 To the land o' the leal.
 But sorrow's sel wears past, John,
 And joy's a comin' fast, John,
 The joy that's aye to last
 In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
 Sae free the battle fought, John,
 That sinfu' man e'er brought
 To the land o' the leal.
 Oh! dry your glist'ning e'e, John,
 My saul lang's to be free, John,
 And angels beckon me
 To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John,
 Your day it's wearin' thro', John,
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
 Now fare ye weel my ain John,
 This world's cares are vain, John,
 We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
 In the land o' the leal.

BONNIE RAN THE BURNIE DOWN.

Air—Cawdor Fair

SLOWLY.

p *cres.*

This block contains the piano introduction. It features a treble clef staff with a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and consists of several measures. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, also in common time, and provides a steady harmonic support. The dynamics are marked *p* (piano) and *cres.* (crescendo).

Chorus.

Bon - nie ran the burn - ie down, Wan - drin' and wind - - in';

p

legato.

This block contains the first line of the chorus. The vocal line is in a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in a bass clef. The lyrics are "Bon - nie ran the burn - ie down, Wan - drin' and wind - - in'". The piano part is marked *p* and *legato.*

Sweet - ly sang the birds a - boon, Care nev - er mind - in'. The

This block contains the second line of the chorus. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "Sweet - ly sang the birds a - boon, Care nev - er mind - in'. The". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern.

gen - tle sim - mer wind Was their nur - sie soft and kind, And it

p

This block contains the third line of the chorus. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "gen - tle sim - mer wind Was their nur - sie soft and kind, And it". The piano accompaniment features a more active, rhythmic pattern in the bass clef, marked *p*.

rock - it them, and rock - it them, All in their bowers sae hie.

cres.

f *p*

The mossy rock was there,
 And the water lily fair,
 And the little trout would sport about
 All in the sunny beam.
 Bonnie ran, &c.

Tho' summer days be lang,
 And sweet the birdies' sang,
 The wintry night and chilling blight
 Keep aye their eerie roun'.
 Bonnie ran, &c.

And then the burnie's like a sea,
 Roarin' and reamin';
 Nae wee bit sangster's on the tree,
 But wild birdies screamin'.
 And my sweet sunny morn
 Was like the ripplin' burn,
 Or simmer breeze amang the trees,
 And linties liltin' blythely.
 Bonnie ran, &c.

THE RECALIA.*

IN MODERATE TIME.

We hae the crown without a head, The

sceptre's but a hand, O; The an-cient war-like roy-al blade, Might

be a wil-low wand, O! Gin they had tongues to tell the wrangs That

piu lento. *a tempo.*

laid them use-less by, a', Fu' weel I wot, there's neer a Scot Could

* Now to be seen in Edinburgh Castle.

Note—This song is discriptive of the wounded feelings of the Scottish nation at the time of the Union; see Lives of the Lyndsays &c.

Cho? Animated.

boast his cheek was dry a'. Then flourish this - tle, flour - ish fair, Tho'

ye've the crown nae lang - er, They'll hae the skaith that cross ye yet; Your

jags grow aye the strang - - er.

O for a touch o' Warlock's wand,
 The bye-gane back to bring a',
 And giè us ae lang simmer's day
 O' a true born Scottish King a';
 We'd put the crown upon his head,
 The sceptre in his hand a',
 We'd rend the welkin wi' the shout
 Bruce and his native land a'.

Cho? Then flourish Thistle, &c.

The Thistle ance it flourish'd fair,
 An' grew maist like a tree a',
 They've stunted down its stately tap
 That roses might luik hie, a'.
 But tho' its head lies in the dust,
 The root is stout and steady;
 The Thistle is the warrior yet,
 The rose its tocher'd Leddy.

Cho? Then flourish Thistle, &c.

The rose it blooms in safter soil,
 And strangers up could root it;
 Aboon the grund he ne'er was fand
 That pu'd the Thistle out yet.

Cho? Then flourish Thistle, &c.

STRATHEARN.

Air—Miss Carmichael.

SLOW,
AND WITH
EXPRESSION.

Strath - - earn oh!

p *p e legato.*

how shall I quit thy sweet groves? How

bid thee a long, oh! an end - - less a - - dieu?

Sad mem - o - ry o - ver such hap - pi - ness

c

roves, As not hope's own ma - - gic can

ev - - er re - - new.

Sweet scene of my childhood, delight of my youth!
 Thy far-winding waters no more I must see;
 Thy high-waving bowers, thy gay woodland flowers,
 They wave now, they bloom now, no longer for me!

A HEAVENLY MUSE.

Same Air.

A heavenly muse in green Erin is singing,
 His strains, all seraphic, ascend to the skies;
 Fair blossoms of Eden, around him all springing,
 The soft balmy ether perfume as they rise.

Sweet poet! be true to thy lofty aspiring.
 While bound by thy magic, the skies half unfurl'd,
 Youth, beauty and taste are with rapture admiring;
 O! spread not around them the fumes of this world!

*STRATHEARN. N^o 2.

SLOWLY
AND
EXPRESSIVELY.

Fair shone the ris - ing sky, The dew drops clad wi' mo - ny a dye,

Larks lilt - ing pib - rochs high, To wel - come day's re - turn - ing. The

spreading hills, the shad - ing trees, High wav - ing in the morning breeze; The

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of two systems. The first system features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: "wee Scotch rose wi' sweet per - fume, Earn's vale a - dor - ning." Above the vocal line, there are dynamic markings: *cres.* above the first measure and *p* above the final measure. The piano accompaniment starts with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system continues the piano accompaniment, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It includes dynamic markings *f* at the beginning and *p* later in the system. The piece concludes with a final double bar line.

Flow sweet Earn, row sweet Earn,
 Joy to a' thy bonny braes,
 Spring's sweet buds aye first do blow
 Where thy winding waters flow.
 Thro' thy banks, which wild flowers border,
 Freely wind, and proudly flow,
 Where Wallace wight fought for the right,
 And gallant Grahams are lying low.

O Scotland! nurse o' mony a name
 Revered for worth, renowned in fame;
 Let never foes tell to thy shame,
 Gane is their ancient loyalty.
 But still the true born warlike bands
 That guard thy high unconquered lands,
 As did their sires, join hand in hand,
 To fight for law and royalty.

Ne'er, ne'er for greed o' gear,
 Let thy brave sons, like fugies, hide
 Where lawless stills pollute the rills
 That o'er thy hills and vallies glide.
 While in the field they scorn to yield,
 And while their native soil is dear,
 O may their truth be as its rocks,
 And conscience, as its waters clear!

HERE'S TO THEM THAT ARE GONE.

Air— Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear.

SLOW
AND WITH
EXPRESSION.

The musical score is written in 6/8 time and consists of four systems. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features dynamic markings such as *mf*, *cres.*, *p*, and *pp*. The lyrics are as follows:

Here's to them, to them that are
gone, Here's to them, to them that are gone; Here's to them that were
here the faithful and dear, That will nev-er be here a-gain-no, nev-er.
But where are they now, that are gone; O! where are the faith-ful and

cres.
 true? They're gone to the light that fears not the night, An'their
cres.
ad lib.
 day o' re-joicing shall end—no, nev—er.
p *pp* *mf* *p*

Here's to them, to them, that were here,
 Here's to them, to them, that were here;
 Here's a tear, and a sigh, to the bliss that's gone by,
 But 'twas ne'er like what's coming, to last—for ever.
 Oh! bright was their morning sun,
 Oh! bright was their morning sun;
 Yet, lang ere the gloaming, in clouds it gaed down
 But the storm, and the cloud, are now past—for ever.

Fareweel, fareweel! parting silence is sad,
 Oh! how sad the last parting tear!
 But that silence shall break, where no tear on the cheek
 Can bedim the bright vision again—no, never.
 Then speed to the wings of old Time,
 That waft us, where pilgrims would be,
 To the regions of rest, to the shores of the blest,
 Where the full tide of glory shall flow—for ever!

OH NEVER, THOU'LT MEET ME AGAIN!

IN
MODERATE
TIME
AND WITH
FEELING.

The musical score is written in G major and 6/8 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system includes a vocal line starting with 'Oh' and a piano accompaniment with a dynamic marking of *p*. The second system has a vocal line with the lyrics 'nev - er, oh nev - er thou'lt meet me a - gain; Thy' and a piano accompaniment with a dynamic marking of *pp*. The third system has a vocal line with the lyrics 'spi - rit, for ev - er, has burst from its chain. The' and a piano accompaniment. The fourth system has a vocal line with the lyrics 'links thou hast bro - ken are all that re - main; For' and a piano accompaniment with dynamic markings of *mf* and *p*. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings.

Oh

nev - er, oh nev - er thou'lt meet me a - gain; Thy

spi - rit, for ev - er, has burst from its chain. The

links thou hast bro - ken are all that re - main; For

nev - er, oh nev - er, thou'lt meet me a - gain!

As the sound of the viol, that dies on the blast,
 As the shade of the dial, thy spirit has pass'd;
 The breezes blow round me, but give back no strain,
 The shade on the dial returns not again.

Where roses enshrined thee, in bright trellised shade,
 Still hoping to find thee, how oft have I strayed:
 Thy desolate dwelling I traverse in vain,
 The stillness has whispered, thou'lt ne'er come again!

I still haste to meet thee, when footsteps I hear,
 And start, when, to greet me, thou dost not appear;
 Then fresh o'er my spirit steals mem'ry of pain,
 For never, oh never, thou'lt meet me again!

HER HOME SHE IS LEAVING.

Air—Mordelia.

IN
MODERATE
TIME.

In

Detailed description: This system contains the first musical notation. It features a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'IN MODERATE TIME'. The piano part begins with a dynamic marking of *mf* and includes a *p* marking later in the system. The vocal line starts with a whole note rest followed by a half note G5.

all its rich wild - ness, her home she is leav - ing, With

Detailed description: This system continues the musical notation. The vocal line has the lyrics 'all its rich wild - ness, her home she is leav - ing, With'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.

sad and tear - - ful, si - - lent griev - ing, And

Detailed description: This system continues the musical notation. The vocal line has the lyrics 'sad and tear - - ful, si - - lent griev - ing, And'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.

still as the mo - ment of part - ing is near - er. Each

Detailed description: This system contains the final musical notation on the page. The vocal line has the lyrics 'still as the mo - ment of part - ing is near - er. Each'. The piano accompaniment concludes with chords and moving lines in both hands.

long - cher - ish'd ob - ject is fair - er and dear - er. Not a

grove or fresh stream - let but wa - kens re - flec - tion Of

hearts still and cold, that glow'd with af - fec - tion; Not a

breeze that blows o - ver the flow'rs of the wild - wood, But

tells, as it pass - es, how blest was her child - hood.

And how long must I leave thee, each fond look expresses,
 Ye high rocky summits, ye ivy'd recesses,
 How long must I leave thee, thou wood shaded river,
 The echoes all sigh—as they whisper—for ever!
 Tho' the autumn winds rave, and the seared leaves fall,
 And winter hangs out her cold icy pall—
 Yet the footsteps of spring again ye will see,
 And the singing of birds—but they sing not for me.

The joys of the past, more faintly recalling,
 Sweet visions of peace on her spirit are falling,
 And the soft wing of time, as it speeds for the morrow,
 Wafts a gale, that is drying the dew drops of sorrow.
 Hope dawns—and the toils of life's journey beguiling,
 The path of the mourner is cheered with its smiling,
 And there her heart rests, and her wishes all centre,
 Where parting is never—nor sorrow can enter!

CALLER HERRIN.

Air by Nath. Gow.

IN
MODERATE
TIME.

The piano introduction consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music begins with a *mf* dynamic and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. A *p* dynamic marking appears later in the piece.

Whall buy cal-ler her - - rin'? They're bon-nie fish and hale-some fa - rin',

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "Whall buy cal-ler her - - rin'? They're bon-nie fish and hale-some fa - rin'". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the introduction, marked with a *p* dynamic.

Whall buy cal-ler her - - rin', New drawn frae the Forth? When

The second line of the song features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "Whall buy cal-ler her - - rin', New drawn frae the Forth? When". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, marked with a *p* dynamic.

ye were sleep-in' on your pil-lows, Dream'd ye ought o' our puir fel-lows,

The third line of the song features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "ye were sleep-in' on your pil-lows, Dream'd ye ought o' our puir fel-lows,". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, marked with a *p* dynamic.

Dark-ling as they fac'd the bil-lows, A' to fill the wo-ven wil-lows,

cres.

Buy my cal-ler her-rin', New drawn frae the Forth. Wh'all

Animated.

buy my cal-ler her-rin'? They're no brought here with-out brave dar-ling;

Buy my cal-ler her-rin', Hauld thro' wind and rain.. Wh'all

buy my cal - ler her - - rin'? Oh ye may ca' them vul - gar fa - rin',

Wives and mith - ers maist de - spair - ing, Ca' them lives o' men.

mf *cres.* *p* *r*

The musical score consists of three systems. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The first system includes dynamic markings *cres.* and *p*. The second system includes *cres.* and *p*. The third system includes *mf*, *cres.*, and *r*. The piano part features a prominent bass line with a walking bass pattern.

When the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.

Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.

Caller herrin's no got lightlie,
Ye can trip the spring fu' tightlie,
Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
Gow has set you a' a-singin'.

Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.

Neebour wives, now tent my tellin',
When the bonny fish ye're sellin',
At ae word be in ye're dealin'—
Truth will stand when a' thing's failin'.
Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.

WOULD YE BE YOUNG AGAIN.

Air—Ailen Aroon.

SLOWLY.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). It consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano) in the first system, and *cres.* (crescendo) in the subsequent systems. The lyrics are: "Would ye be young a - gain? So would not I One tear to mem' - ry giv'n, On - ward I'd hie. Life's dark flood ford - ed o'er All but at".

Would ye be

young a - gain? So would not I

One tear to mem' - ry giv'n, On - ward I'd hie.

Life's dark flood ford - ed o'er All but at

rest on shore, Say would you plunge once more

With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
 Tread o'er your way?
 Wander thro' stormy wilds,
 Faint and astray?
 Night's gloomy watches fled,
 Morning all beaming red,
 Hope's smiles around us shed,
 Heav'nward — away.

Where there are those dear ones,
 Our joy and delight —
 Dear and more dear, tho' now
 Hidden from sight.
 Where they rejoice to be,
 There is the land for me;
 Fly time, fly speedily,
 Come life and light.

THE LASS OF LIVINGSTONE.

SLOWLY.

The musical score is written in a three-system format. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'SLOWLY.'.

p *cres.* Oh! wha will

p e legato.

dry the dreep - ing tear, She sheds her lane, she

sheds her lane? Or wha the bon - nie lass will cheer, Of

Liv - ing - stane, Of Liv - ing - stane? The crown was half on

E

Char - lie's head, Ae glad - some day, ae glad - some day; The
 lads that shout - ed joy to him, Are in the clay are
 in the clay.

Her waddin' gown was wyl'd and won,
 It ne'er was on, it ne'er was on;
 Culloden field, his lowly bed,
 She thought upon, she thought upon.
 The bloom has faded frae her cheek
 In youthfu' prime, in youthfu' prime,
 And sorrow's with'ring hand has done
 The deed o' time, the deed o' time.

REST IS NOT HERE.

SLOWLY
AND WITH
FEELING.

The musical score is written in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and piano-piano (*pp*) in the first system, and crescendo (*cres.*) in the third system. The lyrics are: "What's this vain world to me - Rest is not here; False are the smiles I see, The mirth I hear. Where is youth's joy - - ful glee? Where all once".

What's this vain
world to me - Rest is not here;
False are the smiles I see, The mirth I hear.
Where is youth's joy - - ful glee? Where all once

dear to me? Gone as the shadows flee —

p

p a piacere.

Rest is not here.

pp *mf* *p* *rall.*

Why did the morning shine
 Blythely and fair?
 Why did those tints so fine
 Vanish in air?
 Does not the vision say?
 Faint, lingering heart away,
 Why in this desert stay —
 Dark land of care!

Where souls angelic soar,
 Thither repair;
 Let this vain world no more
 Lull and ensnare.
 That heav'n I love so well
 Still in my heart shall dwell;
 All things around me tell,
 Rest is found there.

FELL HE ON THE FIELD OF FAME.

Air—M^c Intosh's Lament.SLOWLY
AND WITH
MOURNFUL
EXPRESSION.

Fell he on the field of fame,

Glo - ry rest - ing on his name? O'er his young and daunt - less heart,

Does the sculptur'd mar - ble rest? Sad and si - lent pass - ing by

Ask not where his ash - es lie; Blooming gay, in man - ly prime, Lowly

Slow.

Note— Written on hearing of a quarrel at the mess table at Piers Hill Barracks and consequent duel.

laid be - fore his time.

Slow p

p

p

pp

pp

Smiling on the parent knee,
 Beaming hope was linked with thee;
 Grown at last her pride and boast,
 Hope itself in joy was lost.
 Where his youthful footsteps roved,
 Thro' the woodland bowers he loved;
 Once her dear delight and care—
 Mothers say—what now they are!

Honour's laws have dealt the blow;
 Fear of man has laid him low;
 Bound by human maxims vile,
 Braving highest Heaven the while.
 Fear of man has brought the snare,
 Deathless souls entangled there,
 Scorning mandates from on high,
 Rush into eternity!

Christian Hope, tho' high she spring,
 Here must stoop the soaring wing;
 Murderous laws, which men approve,
 Pass not Heaven's courts of love!
 O! might dark oblivion's power,
 Shadow o'er this anguished hour,
 And aid the wretched, hope forlorn,
 To forget he e'er was born!

GUDE NIGHT AND JOY BE WI' YE A'*

IN
MODERATE
TIME.

The best o' joys maun

hae an end The best o' friends maun part I trow; The lang-est

day will wear a-way, And I maun bid fare-weel to you. The

tear will tell when hearts are fu', For words, gin they hae

* Generally played at the breaking up of a party.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sense a - va, They're bro - ken, fal - ter - ing and few - Gude night and". The second system continues the piano accompaniment with the lyrics: "joy be wi' you a'." The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a harmonic line in the left hand, with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The score ends with a double bar line.

O we hae wandered far and wide,
 O'er Scotia's lands o' firth and fell,
 And mony a simple flower we've pu'd,
 And twined it wi' the heather bell:
 We've ranged the dingle and the dell,
 The cot-house and the baron's ha';
 Now we maun tak a last farewell,
 Gude night and joy be wi' you a'.

My harp fareweel, thy strains are past,
 Of gleefu' mirth, and heartfelt wae;
 The voice of song maun cease at last,
 And minstrelsy itsel' decay.
 But, oh, whar sorrow canna win,
 Nor parting tears are shed ava,
 May we meet neighbour, kith and kin
 And joy for aye be wi' us a'.

THE COVENANTERS WIDOW'S LAMENT.

SLOWLY
AND WITH
MOURNFUL
EXPRESSION.

O weat and wea - ry

is the night, Wi' sough - ing wind and rain, O; And he that

was sae true to me, Is on the hill side slain, O! O

that the hand that did the deed, Had laid me where he's

F

ly - - ing, The green turf o'er my peace - fu' head, The night winds

round me sigh - - ing.

mf

But I maun hear and I maun grieve,
 And I maun thole the morrow;
 This heart's no made o' flesh and blood,
 It winna break wi' sorrow.
 What's a' this gaudy warld to me,
 I canna bide the glare o't;
 O gin it were the high decree
 That I micht see nae mair o't.

For he had taen the Covenant
 For Scotland's sake to dee, O,
 Death to him was gain we ken,
 But oh! the loss to me, O.
 But hush, hush, my rebellious heart,
 Tho' the deed was foully done —
 Oh let me say, oh let me pray,
 Thy holy will be done!

KITTY REID'S HOUSE.

Air—Country Bumpkin.

LIVELY.

Hech! hey! the

Detailed description: This system contains the first musical notation. It features a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The piano part begins with a triplet of eighth notes marked with a forte 'f' dynamic. The vocal line starts with a rest followed by the lyrics 'Hech! hey! the'.

mirth that was there, The mirth that was there, The mirth that was there;

Detailed description: This system continues the musical notation. The vocal line has the lyrics 'mirth that was there, The mirth that was there, The mirth that was there;'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Hech! how! the mirth that was there, In Kit-ty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

Detailed description: This system contains the third musical notation. The vocal line has the lyrics 'Hech! how! the mirth that was there, In Kit-ty Reid's house on the green, Jo.'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'cres.' (crescendo) marking above the staff.

There was laughin' and sing-in', and dan-cin' and glee, In Kit-ty Reid's house, In

Detailed description: This system contains the final musical notation on the page. The vocal line has the lyrics 'There was laughin' and sing-in', and dan-cin' and glee, In Kit-ty Reid's house, In'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment.

Kit - ty Reid's house, There was laugh-in' and sing-in', and dan-cin' and glee, In

Kit - ty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

Hech! hey! the fright that was there,
 The fright that was there,
 The fright that was there,
 Hech! how! the fright that was there,
 In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.
 The light glimmer'd in thro' a crack i' the wa',
 An' a' body thought the lift it wad fa',
 An' lads an' lasses they soon ran awa
 Frae Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

Hech! hey! the dule that was there,
 The dule that was there,
 The dule that was there;
 The birds an' beasts it wauken'd them a'
 In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.
 The wa' gaed a hurly and scatter'd them a',
 The piper, the fiddler, auld Kitty, an' a',
 The kye fell a routin', the cocks they did craw,
 In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

SAW YE NE'ER A LANELY LASSIE

Air—Will ye go and marry Katie?

IN
MODERATE
TIME.

Saw ye ne'er a lanely lassie,

Think-in' gin she were a wife, The sun o' joy wad

ne'er gae down, But warm and cheer her a' her life.

Saw ye ne'er a wea-ry wi-fie, Think-in' gin she were a lass,

She wad aye be blythe and cheer - ie, Light - ly as the

day wad pass.

mf

Wives and lasses, young and aged,
 Think na on each ithers' state;
 Ilka ane it has its crosses,
 Mortal joy was ne'er complete.
 Ilka ane it has its blessings,
 Peevish dinna pass them bye,
 Seek them out like bonnie berries,
 Tho' amang the thorns they lie.

* THE HEIRESS.

Gaelic Air—Mo Leannan Faluich.

IN
MODERATE
TIME.

I'll no be had for nae_thing, I'll no be had for nae_thing,

I tell ye, lads, that's ae_thing, So ye need na fol_low me.

Oh the change is most sur_pris_ing; Last year I was Bet_sy Brown; Now

a piacere.

to my hand they're a' as-pir-ing, The fair E-liz-a I am grown!

mf *p*

Oh! the change is most surprising,
 Nane o' them e'er look'd at me;
 Now my charms they're a' admiring,
 For my sake they're like to dee!
 But I'll no, &c.

The Laird, the Shirra, and the Doctor,
 And twa-three Lords o' high degree;
 Wi' heaps o' writers, I could mention,
 Surely, sirs, it is no me!
 But I'll no, &c.

But there is ane, when I had naething,
 A' his heart he gied to me;
 And sair he toiled, to mak a wee thing,
 To gie me when he cam frae sea.
 Sae I'll no, &c.

And if e'er I marry ony,
 He will be the lad for me;
 For oh he was baith gude and bonny,
 And he thocht the same o' me.
 Sae I'll no, &c.

* THE LAMMIE.

SLOWLY
AND WITH
SIMPLICITY.

The mi - ther - less

lam - mie ne'er miss't its ain mam - mie, We ten - ted it kind - ly by

nicht and by day; The bair - nies made game o't, it had a blythe hame o't, Its

food was the gow - an, wi' dew drops o' May. With - out tie or fet - ter, it

The musical score is written in 6/8 time and consists of four systems. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written in treble and bass clefs. Dynamics include *p*, *mf*, *Legato.*, and *cres.*. The lyrics are: "The mi - ther - less lam - mie ne'er miss't its ain mam - mie, We ten - ted it kind - ly by nicht and by day; The bair - nies made game o't, it had a blythe hame o't, Its food was the gow - an, wi' dew drops o' May. With - out tie or fet - ter, it".

could na been bet ter, But it wad gae wit less the warld to see, The
 foe that it feard not, it saw not it heard not, Was watching its wandring frae
 Bon ning ton Lea.

O what then befell it, 'twere waefu' to tell it,
 *Tod Lowrie kens best, wi' his lang head sae sly;
 He met the pet lammie, that wanted its mammie,
 And left its kind hame, the wide warld to try.
 We miss't at day dawin', we miss't at night fauin';
 Its wee shed is tenantless under the tree;
 Ae nicht i' the gloamin', it wad gae a roamin';
 'Twill frolic nae mair upon Bonnington Lea.

*The Scotch word, for Fox.

THE WEE BOATIE OR CHARLIE'S LANDING AT BARODALE.

Air—When wild wars.

IN
MODERATE
TIME.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written in treble and bass clefs. Dynamics include piano (*p*), crescendo (*cres.*), and mezzo-forte (*mf*). The tempo is marked 'IN MODERATE TIME'. The lyrics are: 'There cam a wee boat_ie owre the sea, Wi' the winds an' waves it strove sair - ly; But oh! it brought great joy to me, For wha was there but Prince Char - lie. The wind was hie, an' un - co chill, An' a' thing luik - et'.

There cam a wee boat_ie

owre the sea, Wi' the winds an' waves it strove sair - ly; But oh! it

brought great joy to me, For wha was there but Prince Char - lie. The

wind was hie, an' un - co chill, An' a' thing luik - et

bare - ly; But oh we cam wi' right good will, To wel - come

cres. *p*

bon - nie Char - lie.

f

Waes me, puir lad, ye're thinly clad,
 The waves yere fair hair weeting;
 We'll row ye in a tartan plaid,
 An' gie ye Scotland's greeting.
 Tho' wild an' bleak the prospect round,
 We'll cheer yere heart, dear Charlie;
 Ye're landed now on Scottish grund,
 Wi' them wha lo'e ye dearly.

O lang we've prayed to see this day:
 True hearts they maist were breaking;
 Now clouds, an' storms, will flee away.
 Young Hope again is waking.
 We'll sound the Gathering, lang an' loud,
 Your friends wi' joy will greet ye;
 Tho' now they're few,—their hearts are true,
 They'll lieve or dee for ye, Charlie.

*HE'S OWRE THE HILLS THAT I LO'E WEEL.

LIVELY.

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and accents.

He's owre the hills that

I lo'e weel, He's owre the hills we dar - na name; He's

owre the hills a - yont Dunblane, Wha soon will get his welcome hame.

My fa - ther's gane to fight for him, My bri - ther's win - na

bide at hame; My mi-ther greets and prays for them And 'deed she
thinks they're no to blame.

The Whigs may scoff, the Whigs may jeer,
But, ah! that love maun be sincere,
Which still keeps true whate'er betide,
An' for his sake leaves a' beside.

Cho: He's owre the hills, &c.

His right these hills, his right these plains;
O'er Hieland hearts secure he reigns;
What lads e'er did our laddies will do;
Were I a laddie, I'd follow him too.

Cho: He's owre the hills, &c.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,
Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair:
Oh! did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done;
Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run.

Cho: He's owre the hills, &c.

Then draw the claymore, for Charlie then fight,
For your Country, Religion, and a' that is right;
Were ten thousand lives now given to me,
I'd dee as aft for ane o' the three.

Cho: He's owre the hills, &c.

* THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

Air—When she cam' ben, she bobbed.

LIVELY.

The
 laird o' Cock - pen, he's proud an' he's great, His
 mind is ta'en up wi' things o' the state; He want - ed a
 wife his braw house to keep, But fa - vour wi' woo - in' was

fash_ous to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
 At his table head he thought she'd look well,
 M^c Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
 A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouter'd, and as guid as new;
 His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
 He put on a ring, a sword and cock't hat,
 And wha could refuse the laird wi' a' that.

He took the grey mare, and rade cannily,
 An' rapt at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee;
 "Gae tell mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
 She's wanted to speak to the laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine,
 "An' what brings the laird at sic a like time?"
 She put aff her aprin, and on her silk gown,
 Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa down.

An' when she cam' ben he bowed fu' low,
 An' what was his errand he soon let her know;
 Amazed was the laird when the lady said Na,
 And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa.

Dumfounder'd he was, nae sigh did he gie,
 He mounted his mere — he rade cannily,
 And aften he thought, as he gaed thro' the glen,
 She's daft to refuse the laird o' Cockpen.

* TAMMY.

LIVELY.

I wish I ken'd my
Mag - gie's mind, If she's for me or Tam - - my; To
me she is but pass - ing kind, She's cauld - er still to Tam - - my.
An' yet she lo'es me no that ill, If I be - lieve her

mf *p*

H

Gran - - - ny; O sure she maun be won_d'rous nice If she'll
nei_ther hae me nor Tam - - my.

I've spier'd her ance, I've spier'd her twice,
And still she says she canna;
I'll try her again and that maks thrice,
And thrice, they say, is canny.
Wi' him she'll hae a chaise and pair,
Wi' me she'll hae shanks-naggie;
He's auld and black, I'm young and fair;
She'll surely ne'er tak Tammy.

But if she's a fuil, and lightlies me,
Ise e'en draw up wi' Nancy;
There's as gude fish into the sea
As e'er cam out, I fancy.
And tho' I say't that shou'dna say't,
I'm owre guid a match for Maggie;
Sae mak up your mind without delay,
Are ye for me, or Tammy?

* THE BOAT SONG O' CLYDE.

Cho^s

Row, row ye sail - or's brave!

f *p*

IN
MODERATE
TIME
AND WELL
MARKED.

Row, re - gard - less of the wave, Fear - less, tho' a tem - pest blow,

Solo.

Down the Clyde we'll go, we'll go. And oh, what bus - tle, and what din, A -

f *p*

fore the folk can a' win in, The bairnies, gen - try, great an' sma', Are

The musical score is written in 2/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. Dynamics include forte (f) and piano (p). The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system includes the tempo and performance instructions. The second system has a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system includes a solo section for the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

* Boat songs in the Highlands, are sung in alternate Verses, by different Voices, - All joining in the Chorus.

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system includes the lyrics 'blythe to leave the Broom - ie - law. Row, row ye sail - ors brave!'. The piano part features a 'cres.' marking and a 'Cho²' marking above the vocal line. The second system includes the lyrics 'Row, re - gard - less of the wave; Fear - less, tho' a tem - pest blow,'. The piano part features a 'p' marking. The third system includes the lyrics 'Down the Clyde we'll go, we'll go.'. The piano part features a 'cres.' marking and a 'f' marking.

Countless boats, and steamer's ply,
 Flags frae every nation fly,
 Wi' pipers, fiddlers, noise and clatter,
 Doune we a' gang, doune the water!
 An' oh! how sweet, in flow'ry June,
 To leave auld Glasgow's smoky toune,
 Wi' cloudless sky, an' fav'ring gale,
 Doune the bonny Clyde to sail!

Row, row, &c.

What stately mansions come in view,
 Elderslie, and Scotston too;
 Blythswood, on her lawn sae green,
 Where Cart and Clyde are mingling seen.
 An' oh! how fair on every side,
 Spread the waters o' the Clyde,
 Where Blantyre's noble woods appear,
 Reflected in her waters clear.

Row, row, &c.

The wee waves ripple as they pass
 The ivy'd wa's o' auld Dunglass;
 Dumbarton Castle, brave doth stand,
 An' overlooks baith sea an' land!
 The woods embowering half do hide
 Ardgowan, in its beauty's pride,
 An' Kelly House looks sweetly doune
 On wooded braes, an' yellow broom.

Row, row, &c.

Sailing on to Rothsay Bay,
 Where sun-beams owre the Cum'raes play;
 Or thro' the wooded straits o' Kyle,
 Where rocks on rocks fantastic pile.
 Nature's pencil never drew
 Aught mair charming than the view,
 Where sun and shadow ever change,
 O'er that Hieland mountain range!

Row, row, &c.

How soft an' grand in azure hue,
 Arran's peaked hills we view;
 Oh, what are all Italia's dyes,
 To Scotland's cloudy sunset skies!
 Ye talk o' charms o' foreign clime,
 O' a' the beauties o' the Rhine;
 They may a' be grand an' fine,
 But oh, they'll ne'er compare wi' thine.

Row, row, &c.

Fair Roseneath, the mountains' screen,
 'Neath Argyle's rude bowling green,
 'Mang heath, and rocks, and moss, and fell,
 Where eagles and the wild deer dwell!
 Sail we up, or sail we doune,
 By Kilmun, or sweet Dunoon,
 By Arrancaple, or the Row,
 By Gairloch an' her mountain blue!

Row, row, &c.

The Holy Loch, where buried lie,
 A' that could o' Martyrs die,
 Where the auld trees mournfu' wave,
 Owre the Covenanters' grave!
 Sequestered yont dark Cowal hill,
 Thy waters, Echt, lie deep an' still,
 Thy rocks an' woods reflected there,
 Wi' water lilies spreading fair.

Row, row, &c.

How many lovely scenes are thine,
 Inverary, and Loch Fine!
 Loch Goil, Artinee, and Loch Long,
 A' are worthy of a song.
 Loch Loman, and the sweet Rosedhue,
 Taret's boats wi' herrin' fu';
 O, let a grateful thought arise
 To Him, who sends our rich supplies.

Row, row, &c.

Who has not felt the soothing power,
 O' Scotia's calm and gloamin' hour,
 When, closed the eye of garish day,
 The moon-beams on the waters play!
 The Largs, and bonnie Fairlie lay
 In the hues of parting day.
 The shadows gathering o'er Wemyss' Bay,
 The sailors shout—Away, away.

Row, row, &c.

Auld Clyde, ye mony sights ha'e seen,
 Scenes o' joy, and grief, I ween;
 A' kinds o' folk on Clyde ha'e been,
 An' last, not least, Hail! comes the QUEEN.
 Fareweel, fareweel, auld Clyde to thee,
 Enchanting is thy scenery!
 Were I to tell your beauties a',
 My Sang could ha'e nae end at a'!

Row, row, &c.

* O COME, COME ALONG.

A GATHERING SONG.

IN
MODERATE
TIME
AND WELL
MARKED.

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is divided into two systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line is written in a single staff with a soprano clef. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano). The tempo is marked 'IN MODERATE TIME AND WELL MARKED'. The lyrics are: 'Oh, come, come along, An' join in our song, An' march wi' our lads, a long, an' a long; He's wait-ing us there, Where hea-ther grows fair, An' the clans they are gath-ring strong and strong. He should be a King, Ye'. The score includes a 'Solo.' section for the vocal line and a 'cres.' (crescendo) marking for the piano accompaniment.

Cho:
Oh, come, come a

long, An' join in our song, An' march wi' our lads, a

long, an' a long; He's wait-ing us there, Where hea-ther grows fair, An' the

clans they are gath-ring strong and strong. He should be a King, Ye

Solo. *cres.*

cres.

ken wha I mean, Tho' Whigs that win - na al - low, al - low; We

dar - na speak out, But ye need - na dout, That a' that we tell is

Repeat Chorus.

true is true.

* On the steep mountain breast, where shadows oft rest,
 An' burnies are tumblin' down, and down;
 In that deep recess, there's ane we can guess,
 That's heir to our ain auld Scotland's crown.

Cho: Oh, come, &c.

Like a sun-beam to cheer, he soon will appear,
 Gracefu' and fleet, like a mountain deer;
 Come gather, a' gather, along and along,
 The clans, and the echoes, will join in our song.

Cho: Oh, come, &c.

* Repeat from Solo, then Chorus.

THE TWA DOOS.

IN
MODERATE TIME
AND WITH
MOCK
SOLEMNITY.

There were twa doos sat

in a doo-kit; Twa wise-like birds, and round they luik-et; An'

says the ane un-to the i-ther; What do ye see,

my gude brither?

I see some pickles o' gude strae,
 An' wheat, some fule has thrown away;
 For a rainy day they should be boukit,
 Sae down they flew frae aff their dookit.

The snaw will come an' cour the grund,
 Nae grains o' wheat will then be fund;
 They pickt a' up, an' a' were boukit,
 Then round an' round, again they luiket.

O lang he thocht, an' lang he luiket,
 An' aye his wise-like head he shook it;
 I see, I see, what ne'er should be,
 I see what's seen by mair than me.

Wae's me, there's thochtless, lang Tam Grey,
 Aye spending what he's no to pay;
 In wedlock, to a taupie, hookit,
 He's taen a doo, but has nae dookit.

When we were young it was na sae;
 Nae rumulgumshion folk now hae;
 What gude for them can e'er be luiket,
 When folk tak doos that hae nae dookit.

WE'RE A' SINGIN'

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

Air—Nid noddin'.

IN
MODERATE
TIME
AND WELL
MARKED.

Cho^s

Ped. * *Ped.* * O we're a' singin'

blythe-ly sing-in', O we're a' singin' at oure house at hame. The

leddies a' are singin', baith auld an' young, An'the laird tak a les-son a

lang wi' his son, The lawyers an' the doc-tors are singin' wi their fees; An'Pre-

p *sf* *p* *sf* *cres.* *mf* *sf* *cres.*

cen_tors are learn_in', be_lieve it if you please. *Ped.* * *Ped.*

p *mf* *cres.* *f*

Repeat Chorus.

The gudeman gies the air, tho' aft put oot is he,
 Wi' folk singin' low, an' ithers singin' hi'—
 Nae skill has he in oure new-fangled ways;
 But wha's owre auld to learn? is aye what he says.

Cho: So we're a' singin', &c.

Oure Jeanie sings the treble, — and she sings bonnilie;
 An' Jamie tak's the bass, for a bass voice has he;
 Oure mither an' oure auntie sing like the lave,
 Wi' the bairnies on their knee, to see they weel behave.

Cho: So we're a' singin', &c.

The pussie likes to purr, and the doggies like to bark,
 An' the burdies a' sing, frae the corbie to the lark;
 Tunefu' is their melodie, nae roarin' wi' their voice,
 So oh! freen's mind ye, that music is not noise.

Cho: So we're a' singin', &c.

Oh! dear are oure mountains, oure banks, and oure braes,
 An' dear are oure Scottish sangs, aboon a' ither lays;
 But we'll sing nae mair in praise o' barley bree,
 For that is Scotia's skaith, we're a' noo come to see.

Cho: So we're a' singin', &c.

On cauld winter nichts, around our ain fire,
 Wi' oure knittin' an' oure singin', we hae nae time to tire;
 On Saturday e'en there's a hantle aye to do,
 But, wi' willing hearts an' hands, the job is soon got thro'.
 So we're a' singin', &c.

When the mendin', an' washin', an' a' the wark is done,
 Then slowly, an' solemnly, the psalmodie's begun;
 In sweet simmer time, aneath the ancient tree,
 The blackbird an' mavis join our harmonie!

Final Cho: Then we're a' singin', thankfully singin',
 Thankful and joyful, at oure house at hame;
 Oh! we're a' singin', blythely singin',
 We're a' singin', at oure house at hame.

*¹ YE'LL MOUNT GUDEMAN'.

WITH SPIRIT, BUT NOT TOO FAST.

Ye'll mount gude-

man, ye'll mount an' ye'll ride, Ye'll cross the Earn, syne

doune the loch side, Then up 'mang the hills and thro' muir an'

heather, An' join great Ar-gyle where loy-al men ga-ther. In-

Laird.

¹ A Dialogue between a Whig Gude-wife and a Jacobite Gude-man.

deed, hon - est luc - kie, I think ye're no blate, To bid loy - al

men gang o - ny sic gate; For I'm gaun to fecht for

true loy - al - tie, Had the Prince ne'er an - ith - er, he still will hae

me.

p

cres.

f

* *Leddy.* "About Charlie Stuart we ne'er could agree;
But, dearie, for ance, be counsell'd by me;
Tak nae pairt at a'; bide quietly at hame,
An' ne'er heed a Campbell, M^c Donal', or Graham."

Laird. 'Na, na, gudewife, for that winna do,
My Prince is in need, his friends they are few:
I aye lo'ed the Stuarts; I'll join them the day;
Sae gi'e me my boots, for my boots I will ha'e.'

Leddy. "Oh! saftly, gudeman, I think ye're gane mad;
I ha'e na the heart to prin on your cockaude;
The Prince, as ye ca' him, will never succeed;
Ye'll lose your estate, and may be your head!"

Laird. 'Come, cheer ye, my dear, an' dry up your tears!
I ha'e my hopes, an' I ha'e my fears;
But I'll raise my men, an' a' that is given,
To aid the gude cause—then leave it to Heaven!'

'But, haste ye now, haste ye, for I maun be gaun,
The mare's at the yett, the bugle is blawn;
Gi'e me my bannet, it's far in the day,
I'm no for a dish there's nae time to stay.'

Leddy. "Oh! tak but ane, it may do ye gude!"
'But what ails the woman? she surely is wud!'
She's lifted the kettle, but somehow it couped
On the legs o' the laird, wha roared, and wha louped.

Laird. 'I'm brent! I'm brent! how cam it this way?
I fear I'll no ride for mony a day, —
Send aff the men, and to Prince Charlie say,
My heart is wi' him, but I'm tied by the tae.'
The wily wife fleech'd, and the laird didna see
The smile on her cheek, thro' the tear in her e'e —
"Had I kent the gudeman wad hae had siccan pain,
The kettle, for me, sud ha'e couped its lane!"

* This lady was one of the Home's of Wedderburn.

*SONGS OF MY NATIVE LAND.

ANDANTE.  **SYMPHONY.**

 **ANDANTE.**
-96.

Songs of my na-tive land To me how dear! Songs of my



in - fan - cy sweet to mine ear! En - twined with my

rall.



2nd Verse. Soothed the pang of mi - ser - - y Wing - ing ra - pid

youth-ful days, Wi' the bon - ny banks and braes, Where the wind - ing



*This song is original and composed expressly for this work.

thought a - - way.

bur - nie strays Mur - mur - ing near.

rall

Strains of my native land
 That thrill the soul,
 Pouring the magic of
 Your soft control!
 Often has your minstrelsy
 Soothed the pang of misery
 Winging rapid thought away
 To realms on high.

Weary pilgrims *there* have rest,
 Their wand'rings o'er;
 There the slave no more oppressed,
 Hails Freedom's shore.
 Sin shall there, no more deface,
 Sickness, pain, and sorrow cease
 Ending in eternal peace,
 And songs of joy!

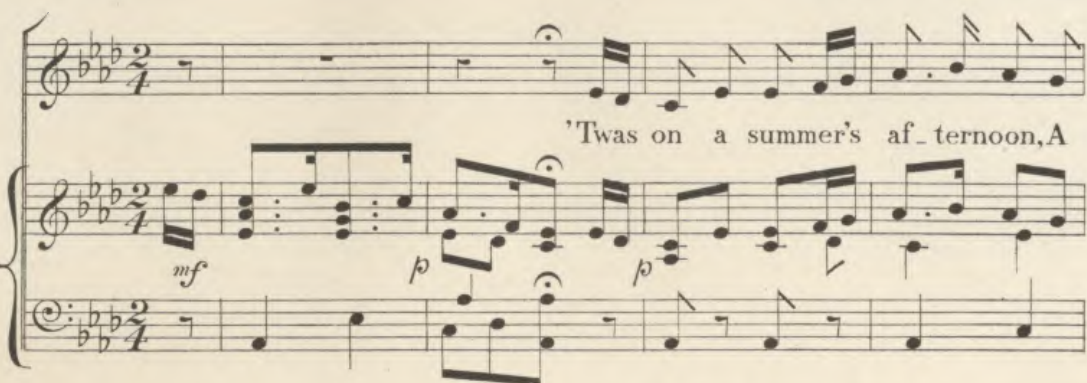
There where the seraphs sing
 In cloudless day,—
 There where the higher praise,
 The ransomed pay.
 Soft strains of the happy land,
 Chanted by the heavenly band
 Who can fully understand
 How sweet ye be!

*Repeat the first Symphony after the last verse.

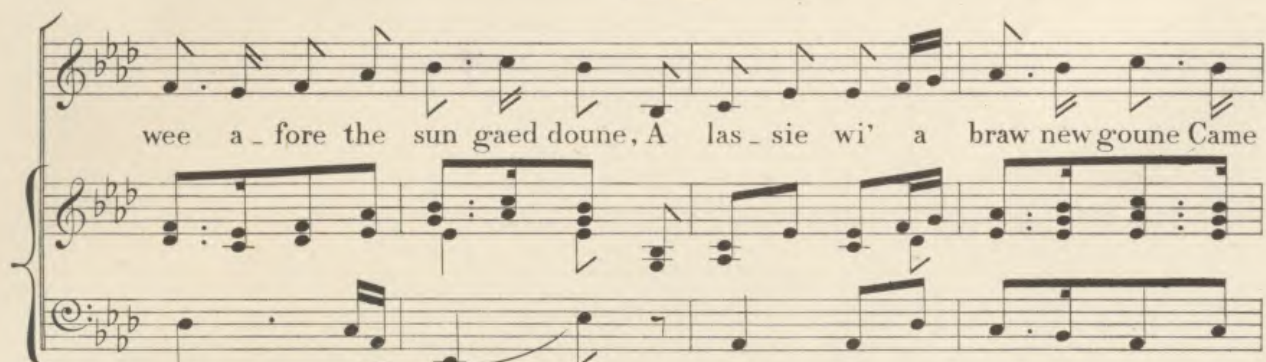
* THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

Air—Loch Erroch side.

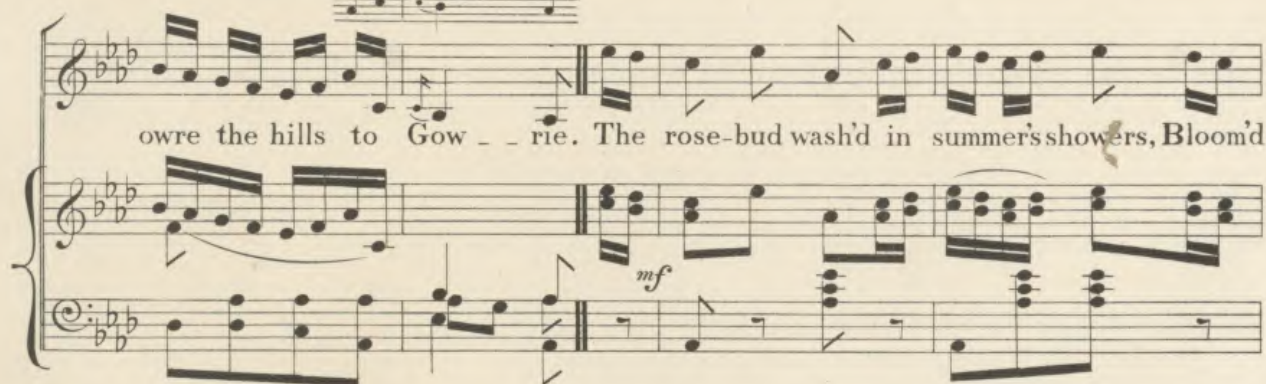
IN
MODERATE
TIME.



'Twas on a summer's af-ternoon, A



wee a-fore the sun gaed doune, A las-sie wi' a braw new gounne Came



owre the hills to Gow-rie. The rose-bud wash'd in summer's showers, Bloom'd



fresh wi-thin the sun-ny bower; But Kit-ty was the fair-est flower That

* THESE WORDS ARE COPYRIGHT.

ere was seen in Gow - - rie.

To see her cousin she cam' there,
 An' oh! the scene was passing fair;
 For what in Scotland can compare
 Wi' the Carse o' Gowrie?

The sun was setting on the Tay,
 The blue hills melting into grey,
 The mavis and the blackbird's lay
 Were sweetly heard in Gowrie.

O lang the lassie I had lo'ed,
 An' truth and constancy had vowed,
 But cam' nae speed that see I could,
 Until she saw fair Gowrie.
 I pointed to my faither's ha',
 Yon bonnie bield ayont the shaw,
 Sae loun' that there nae blast could blaw,
 Wad she no bide in Gowrie.

Her faither was baith glad and wae;
 Her mither she wad naething say;
 The bairnies thocht they wad get play,
 If Kitty gaed to Gowrie.
 She whiles did smile, she whiles did greet,
 The blush and tear was on her cheek —
 She naething said, an' hung her head;
 But now she's Leddy Gowrie.

O, WHA IS THIS COMIN'!

Piano introduction in G major, 6/8 time. The right hand features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line. Dynamics range from *p* to *f*. The piece begins with a *p* dynamic and a *Crescendo.* marking, reaching a *f* dynamic by the end of the introduction.

Vocal line: O wha is this com in', The folk are a' rin - nin', I
 Piano accompaniment: *f Ped.* * *Ped* ^

Vocal line: won - der wha it can be; Rin Jean - ie rin fast or the
 Piano accompaniment: *Ped*

Vocal line: show will be past, Rin, rin an' bring word to me, For there's
 Piano accompaniment: *Cho?*

some-bo-dy com-in', There's fif-in an drum-in', The folk are a rin-nin' to

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are: "some-bo-dy com-in', There's fif-in an drum-in', The folk are a rin-nin' to". The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords marked with a wedge-shaped accent.

see, If ye din-na rin fast, the show will be past, Oh! I

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics: "see, If ye din-na rin fast, the show will be past, Oh! I". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns and includes some slurs and accents.

won-der wha it can be.

The third system concludes the vocal line with the lyrics: "won-der wha it can be.". The piano accompaniment continues, ending with a double bar line. There are some slurs and accents in the piano part.

The fourth system shows the piano accompaniment continuing. The vocal line is empty. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with various slurs and accents.

Sandy. O! is it the Provost, and Toune Counsel a',
 Or is it the Shirra, wi' limbs o' the Law;
 Or the bra' paper Lords, in their wigs and their robes,
 An trumpets that loudlie do blaw!
 The bells are a' ringin' the folk are a singin'
 Sic a steer, the Toune never saw,
 A guess you will see 'tis our ain M.P.
 That's chaired in spite o' them a'

Cho: For there's somebody comin',
 There's fifin' an' drummin',
 The folk are a' rinnin' to see;
 If ye dinna rin fast, the show will be past,
 Oh! I wonder wha it can be.

Jeanie. It's nane o' them a' but it's better than a',
 'Tis our ain dear Laird, that's come hame;
 Wi' a heart, that is true to Scotland's true blue,
 We'll welcome him back to his ain,
 Oh! the banner o' blue, the banner o' blue,
 Aye he held by the banner o' blue
 A' Scotland's strife, and perils he shared
 An Heaven be praised his life has been spared

Cho: An that's wha is comin',
 Nae wonder we're rinnin',
 Baith Laddies, and Lassies and a'
 Wi' fifin' an' drummin', the folk are a comin',
 To welcome the Laird to his ha'

Sandy. The Laird! o' it's oure gude news to be true—
 Oh Jeanie I'll now, rin faster than you,
 Wi' oure band, and oure flags, and banner o' blue,
 We'll bring back the Laird to his ha'

Cho: Sae loudlie we'll cheer,—
 The hills far and near
 Will echoe oure hearty hurra
 He's been lang awa, but he's back mang us a',
 Wave your bannets, and join oure hurra!

DUNOTTOR CASTLE.

Air—Earl Marischal.

IN
MODERATE
TIME.

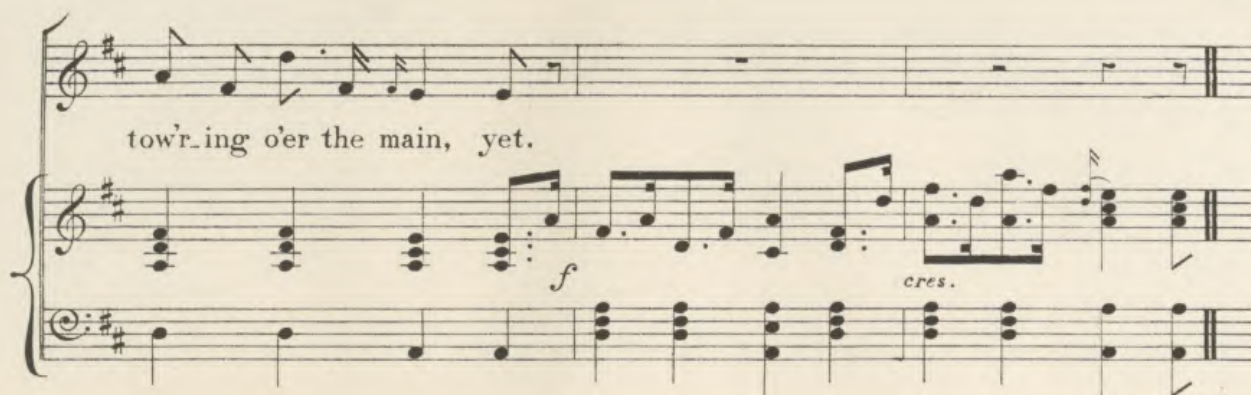
When roy - al pow'r was hunt-ed down, And

p *leggiero.*

Crom-well bore the bell, Sir, How safe and sound lay Scot-land's crown, Be-

had, I'm gaun to tell, Sir; On fair Kin-car-dine's rock - y coast, There's

few that din - na ken, yet, Dun - ot - tor cas - tle, bauld and strong, Stands



*There Keith, Earl Marischal, warlike wight, The crown, the sceptre, sword, and a',
 Sae noble and sae loyal, The lint she happit round them
 He gat the guardin' o' them a', And a' unkend to Ogilvie,
 Auld Scotia's ensigns royal. Safe in the sack she bound them.

When arms like his could ill be spared,
 And he fought for the Stewart,
 He ga'e them owre to Ogilvie,
 A trusty and a true heart.
 A simple lass upon her back,
 Withouten fear or danger,
 Soon brought them to the minister
 Of Kinneff, gude James Grainger.

Strong to the stronger aye maun yield,
 The rebels ruled the nation,
 Brave Ogilvie and a' his men,
 They could na keep their station.
 Aneath the pulpit's sel they're laid,
 To mak the secret faster,
 As low as lay the royal head,
 Short syne their rightfu' maister.

His Leddy wi' a manly heart,
 She tuik it a' upon her,
 To save from skaith her captain dear,
 And eke her country's honour.
 The darkest night will wear awa,
 Monk ga'e the bowls a row, man,
 And monarchy was up again,
 And roundheads down I trow, man.

The Marischal he cam frae the wars,
 Sae blythe was he that day, Sir,
 When Ogilvie ga'e back his trust,
 In spite o' a' the fray, Sir.

In the summer of 1685, a body of persecuted Presbyterians were confined in a vault in Dunottar Castle, where a number of them died; their grave is marked by a stone in the church-yard of the castle. This castle is now a beautiful ruin, equally interesting in a historical and picturesque point of view.

*The cushion on which the Regalia was laid, is in the possession of Lady Keith, at Ravelstone House near Edinburgh.

JOY OF MY EARLIEST DAYS.

Air—One day I heard Mary sing.

IN
MODERATE
TIME.

p e legato.

Joy of my ear - - liest days, Why must I

cres.

grieve thee? Theme of my fond - - est lays,

Mary I maun leave thee! Leave thee love

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble clef for the voice and a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'IN MODERATE TIME'. The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the piano introduction with the instruction 'p e legato.' The second system contains the first two lines of the vocal melody with lyrics: 'Joy of my ear - - liest days, Why must I'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'cres.' (crescendo) marking. The third system contains the final two lines of the vocal melody with lyrics: 'grieve thee? Theme of my fond - - est lays, Mary I maun leave thee! Leave thee love'. The piano accompaniment concludes with a double bar line.

leave thee love, How shall I leave thee,

Ab - - sence thy truth will prove, For oh! I maun

leave thee!

f *p*

When on yon mossy stane,
 Wild weeds o'er growin',
 Ye sit at e'en your lane,
 And hear the burnie rowin';
 Oh! think on this partin' hour,
 Down by the Garry,
 And to Him that has the pow'r
 Commend me, my Mary.

A beautiful stream in Peebleshire.

* THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

Air—The brier bush.

IN
MODERATE
TIME.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble clef for the voice line and a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'IN MODERATE TIME'. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'There grows a bon-nie brier bush in our kail-yaird, And white are the blossoms o't in our kail-yaird. Like wee bit white coc-kauds to deck our hie-land lads, And the lass-es lo'e the bon-nie bush in'. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *cres.* (crescendo). The score ends with a double bar line and a small 'k' in the bottom right corner.

There

grows a bon-nie brier bush in our kail-yaird, And white are the

blossoms o't in our kail-yaird. Like wee bit white coc-kauds to

deck our hie-land lads, And the lass-es lo'e the bon-nie bush in

k

our kail - yaird

An' its hame, an' its hame to the north countrie,
 An' its hame, an' its hame to the north countrie,
 Where my bonnie Jean is waiting for me,
 Wi' a heart kind and true, in my ain countrie.

"But were they a' true that were far awa?
 Oh! were they a' true that were far awa?
 They drew up wi' glaikit Englishers at Carlisle ha',
 And forgot auld frien's that were far awa.

"Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye've been,
 Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Atholl's green,
 Ye lo'ed owre weel the dancin at Carlisle ha',
 And forgot the hieland hills that were far awa.

'I ne'er lo'ed a dance but on Atholl's green,
 I ne'er lo'ed a lassie but my dorty Jean,
 Sair, sair against my will did I bide sae lang awa,
 And my heart was ay in Atholl's green at Carlisle ha'.

* * * * *

The brier bush was bonny ance in our kail-yaird;
 The brier bush was bonny ance in our kail-yaird;
 A blast blew owre the hill, that ga'e Atholl's flowers a chill,
 And the bloom's blawn aff the bonny bush in our kail-yaird.

*CAIRNEY BURN.

Air—The Bog o' Gight.

IN
MODERATE
TIME.

Oh, Cair - ney burn, sweet

Cair - ney burn, Thou ma - kest mony a wind - ing turn; How sweet thy

mur - mur - ings to hear, Like plain - tive mu - sic to mine ear. Tho'

things sair chang'd we mourn to see, Yet burn - ie there's nae

cres.

† The small notes are for a second voice; the two voices to sing the same note where the small note is not given. — Ed.

change in thee, Still, still thy wa-ters clear rin on 'Mang wood-y
braes and mos-sy stone.

Oh, Cairney burn, sweet Cairney burn,
Half blythe, half wae, to thee I turn;
But where are they wha sat wi' me,
Sae pleased aneath thy shady tree.
Oh! where are they whose wee bit feet
Wad wade delighted thro' the weat?
Scrambling up 'mang thorns and beech,
The nits and brambles a' to reach.

Oh, Cairney burn, sweet Cairney burn,
May Mammon's hand ne'er come to turn
Thy waters clear to dingey dye,
Nor smoky clouds obscure thy sky!
Let no rude revelling intrude
To break this holy solitude;
Here may no Still—no barley-bree—
Here bring poor Scotia's misery.

Oh, Cairney burn, sweet Cairney burn,
Still, still to thee my heart doth turn;
Wider, deeper streams I see,
But nane sae sweet, sae dear to me.
Here first we heard the Cuckoo sing,
With all the melodies of spring;
Here her footsteps first were seen,
Strewing flowers upon thy green.

*THE VOICE OF SPRING.

IN
MODERATE
TIME
AND WITH
EXPRESSION.

Ped.

p *cres.* *f* *p*

* O say is there

ane wha does na re-joice To hear the first note o' the

wee burd-ies voice; When in the grey mor-nin' o' cauld ear-ly

p *p* *rall^o*

spring, The snaw-drops ap-pear, an' the wee burd-ies sing. The

cres. *rall^o*

voice o' the spring, O how does it cheer! The winter's a - wa - The

sim - mer is near.

cres.

f *p*

In your mantle o' green, we see thee, fair spring,
 O'er oure banks an' oure braes, the wild flow'rs ye fling;
 The crocus sae gay, in her goolden hue;
 The sweet violets hid 'mang the moss an' the dew;
 The bonnie white gowan, an' oh! the sweet brier,
 A' tell it is spring, an' simmer is near.

An' they, wha in sorrow or sickness do pine,
 Feel blythe wi' the flowers an' sunshine o' spring.
 Tho' aft, in dear Scotia, the cauld wind will blaw,
 An' cow'r a' the blossoms, wi' frost and wi' snaw,
 Yet the cloud it will pass, the sky it will clear,
 An' the burdies will sing—the simmer is near.

THE TRUMP OF WAR

The trump of war is sound - ing We hear, we hear the
 The hos - tile foes ad - vanc - ing In glit - ter - ing ar -

strain; The steed im - pa - tient bound - ing
 ray The sharp - en'd steel is glanc - ing

Speeds to the bat - tle plain. Scot - land's clans - men
 With dread ar - til - ler - y Hope our youth in -

ga ther, Wi' the ban - net and the fea - ther In
spir - ing The bat - tle field de - sir - ing And

grey and tar - tan plaidie. Hang - ing sae grace - fu - lie.
with a zeal un - tir - ing They shout for vic - - to - ry.

CHORUS.

Hey tut - ti tie - ti for our ain dear land.
Hey tut - ti tie - ti for our ain dear land.

Ped. f *

Hey tut - ti tie - ti we fall where we stand.

Hey tut - ti tie - ti we fall where we stand.

dim. p *fz*

ff *Ped.* *

The Vic - to - ry is glor - - ious - Bri - ton still vic -

1

to - ri - ous While we re - joice in cho - rus Oh

f

rall.
let us pray for peace, Then he - roes of the

p

land and sea Re - turn - ing to their ain coun - trie, We'll

live in peace and li - ber - ty And strife and war - fare cease.

CHORUS.

Hey tut-ti tie-ti for our ain dear land. Hey tut-ti

Hey tut-ti tie-ti for our ain dear land. Hey tut-ti

f Ped *

tie-ti, We fall where we stand. We fall, we fall, We

tie-ti, We fall where we stand. We fall. we fall, We

dim. p pp pp

fall where we stand.

fall where we stand.

f Ped. ffp dim pp *

THE FIFE LAIRD.

Air. The Fife Hunt.

Chorus.

LIVELY.

Ye should na ca' the Laird daft, tho'

daft like he may be— Ye should na' ca' the Laird daft he's just as wise as me— Ye

should na ca' the Laird daft he's bannet has a *bee*—He's just a wee bit Fife-ish like

some Fife Lairds that be— Last Lammas when the Laird set out, to see Auld Reekies toune, The

rall. ----- *a tempo.*

Firth it had nae waves at a' the waves were sleepin'soune; But wicket witches bide a bout gude

rall. *Da Capo Chorus.*

auld Saint Andrews toune, An' they steer'd up an unco blast o'ure aine dear Laird to droune.

* Afore he got to Inchkeith Isle, the waves were white an' hie—
 "O weel I ken thac witches wud hae aye a spite at me!"
 They drove him up, they drove him down the Fife tounes a' they pass,
 And up and round Queensferry toune, then doune unto the Bass.
 The sailors row, but row in vain, Leith port they canna win—
 Nae meat or beds they hae on board, but *there* they maun remain;
 O mirk and cauld the midnight hour, how thankfu' did they see
 The first blush o' the dawnin' day, fair spreadin' o'ure the sea.
Chorus. Ye should na ca' the Laird daft. &c.

"Gae hame, gae hame," the Laird cried out, "as fast as ye can gang,
 Oh! rather than wi' witches meet, I'd meet an *ournatang*
 A nicht an' day I've been away, an naething could I see,
 But auld wives' cantrips on broomsticks, wild cap'ring owre the sea.
 I hæ'e na had a mouth o' meat, nor yet had aff my claes—
 Afore I gang to sea again some *folk* maun mend their ways;"
 The Laird is hame wi' a' his ain, below the Lomon hill,
 Richt glad to see his sheep again, his douket, and his mill!
Chorus Ye should na ca' the Laird daft. &c.

* Begin each verse to the same part of the tune as the chorus.

* A HEAVENLY MUSE.

ANDANTINO.

A hea - ven - ly muse in green

E - rin is sing - ing His strains all se - ra - phic, a -

scend to the skies; Fair blos - soms of E - den a -

round him all springing The soft balm - y e - ther per - fume as they rise, Sweet

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features dynamic markings such as *fz* (forzando), *p* (piano), and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The vocal line includes lyrics that describe a heavenly muse and the strains of an angel named Erin.

* Composed expressly for this work.

po - et! be true to thy lof - ty as - pir - ing, While

bound by thy ma - gic, the sky's half un - furld, Youth, beau - ty, and taste are with

rall *a tempo.*

cres! *fz*

rap - - ture ad - mir - ing; O! spread not a - round them the

ri -

fumes of this world!

- tardo. *fz* *p*

THE HUNDRED PIPERS.

Arranged expressly for this Edition.

LIVELY
AND WITH
SPIRIT.

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a lively melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *fz* (forzando), and *dim.* (diminuendo). The introduction concludes with a final cadence.

The first vocal line of the first verse, starting with the lyrics: "1st Verse. Wi' a hundred pipers an' a' an' a' Wi' a hun_dred pipers an' a' an' a', We'll

The first vocal line of the second verse, starting with the lyrics: "2nd Verse. Oh! our Sod_ger lads looked braw, looked braw, Wi'their Tar_tans, Kilts, an' a' an' a', Wi'their

The piano accompaniment for the first two verses. It features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. Pedal markings include *f Ped.* and ** Ped.* The music is in 6/8 time and one flat.

The first vocal line of the third verse, starting with the lyrics: "up an gie them a blaw a blaw Wi'a hun_dred pi_pers an' a' an' a'.

The first vocal line of the fourth verse, starting with the lyrics: "bonnets, an' feathers, An'glittering gear An' Pibrochs sound_ing sweet and clear.

The piano accompaniment for the third and fourth verses. It continues the rhythmic accompaniment from the previous sections. Dynamics include *fz* (forzando). The piece concludes with a final chord.

Oh its ower the Bor-der a - wa', a - wa', Its
 Will they a' re - turn to their ain dear Glen? Will they

f Ped.

ower the Bor-der a - wa' a wa' We'll on and we'll march to
 a' re - turn our Hie - land men? Second sight - - ed Sand - y

f *cres.*

Car - lisle Ha' Wi' its Yetts, its Cas - tell an' a', an' a'.
 look'd fu' wae, And mo - thers grat when they marched a - way.

rall. *fz* *fz*

Chorus.

Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a', Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an'

a', an' a' We'll up an gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a

hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a'.

3rd Verse.

Oh wha—is foremaist o' a' o' a' ?
 Oh wha—does follow the blaw, the blaw?
 Bonnie Charlie, the King o' us a', hurra!
 Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'!
 His bonnet an' feather, he's wavin' high!
 His prancin' steed maist seems to fly!
 The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair!
 While the pipers blaw, in an unco flare!

Chorus. Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', &c.

4th Verse.

The Esk was swollen, sae red and sae deep;
 But shouter to shouter, the brave lads keep.
 Twa thousand swam oure, to fell English ground.
 An danced themselves dry to the Pibroch's sound.
 Dumfounder'd the English saw they saw—
 Dumfounder'd—they heard the blaw, the blaw!
 Dumfounder'd—they a' ran awa—awa!
 Frae the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

Chorus. Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', &c.

THE PLEUGHMAN.

LIVELY.

p *cres.*

There's

high and low, there's rich and poor, There's trades and crafts a - new, man, But

sempre legato

east and west his trade's the best, That kens to guide the pleugh, man. Then,

come, weel speed my pleughman lad, And hey my mer - ry pleugh - - man; Of

a' the trades that I do ken, Com-mend me to the pleugh - man.

mf *cres.*

His dreams are sweet upon his bed,
 His cares are light and few, man;
 His mother's blessing's on his head,
 That tents her weel, the pleughman.
 Then, come, weel speed, &c.

The lark sae sweet, that starts to meet
 The morning fresh and new, man;
 Blythe tho' she be, as blythe is he
 That sings as sweet, the pleughman.
 Then, come, weel speed, &c.

All fresh and gay, at dawn of day
 Their labours they renew, man;
 Heaven bless the seed, and bless the soil,
 And heaven bless the pleughman.
 Then, come, weel speed, &c.

THE ROWAN TREE.*

This melody is now published for the first time.

Arranged by FINLAY DUN.

MODERATELY
SLOW
AND WITH
MUCH FEELING.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major and common time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *cres.* (crescendo). The piece concludes with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic.

Oh! Row-an Tree, Oh! Row-an Tree! thou'lt aye be dear to me, In-

The first system of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The piano part consists of chords and single notes in the right hand, and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Oh! Row-an Tree, Oh! Row-an Tree! thou'lt aye be dear to me, In-".

twind' thou art wi' mo-ny ties, o' hame and in-fan-cy. Thy

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "twind' thou art wi' mo-ny ties, o' hame and in-fan-cy. Thy".

leaves were aye the first o' spring, Thy flow'rs the sim-mer's pride; There

The third system concludes the vocal and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "leaves were aye the first o' spring, Thy flow'rs the sim-mer's pride; There".

*The Mountain Ash.

was nae sic a' bon-ny tree, in a' the coun-trie side. Oh!

Row - - an tree. 2nd How
3rd We

fair wert thou in sim-mer time, wi' a' thy clus-ters white, How
sat a-neath thy spread-ing shade, the bairn-ies round thee ran, They

rich and gay thy au-tumn dress, wi' ber-ries red and bright. On
pu'd thy bon-ny ber-ries red, and neck-la-ces they strang. My

thy fair stem were mon - y names, which now nae mair I see, But
Moth - er! Oh! I see her still, she smild oure sports to see, Wi'

they're en - grav - en on my heart - For - got they ne'er can be! Oh!
lit - tle Jean - ie on her lap, Wi' Jam - ie at her knee! Oh!

Row - - an tree.
Row - - an tree.

Oh! there arose my Father's prayer, in holy evening's calm,
How sweet was then my Mother's voice, in the Martyr's psalm;
Now a' are gane! we meet nae mair aneath the Rowan Tree;
But hallowed thoughts around thee twine o' hame and infancy
Oh! Rowan Tree!

