

Glen 361 (1-2)

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.



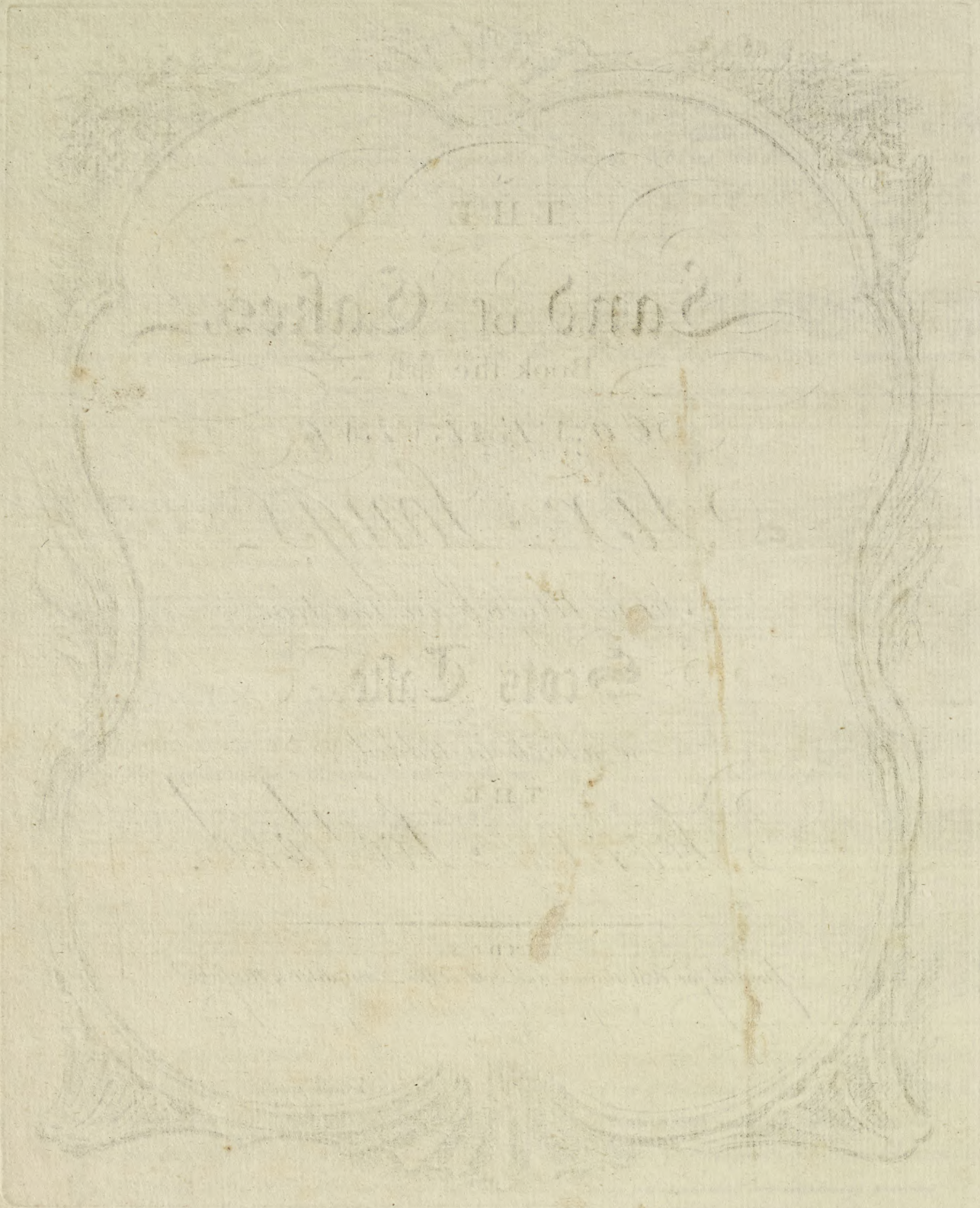
THE
Land of Cakes.
Book the first
CONTAINING
Six Songs
Set to Musick in the true
Scots Taste.
to which is Added,
THE
Tears of Scotland.

LONDON.

Printed for R. Williams and sold at the Pamphlet & Musick
Shops in Town and Country.

Price 1^s

Kitchin sculp.

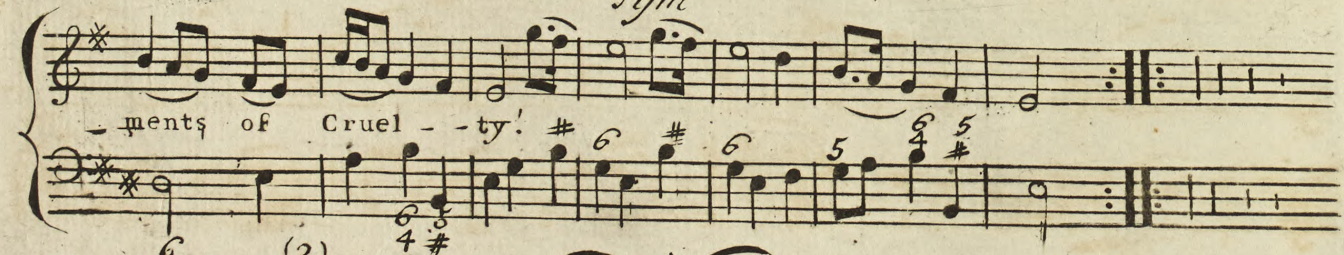
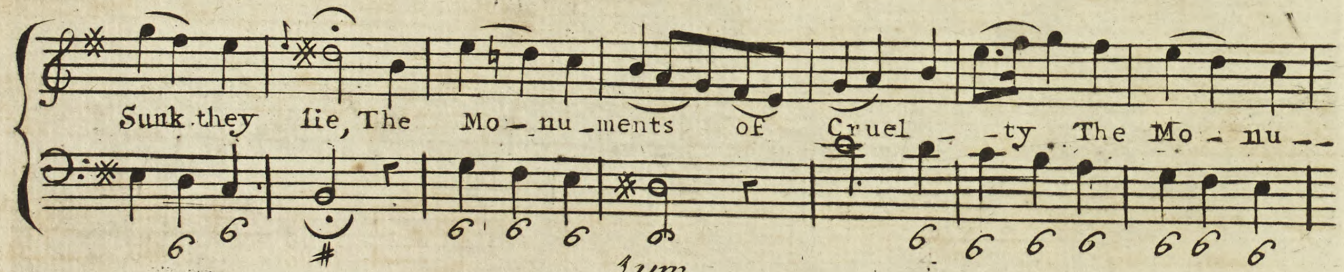
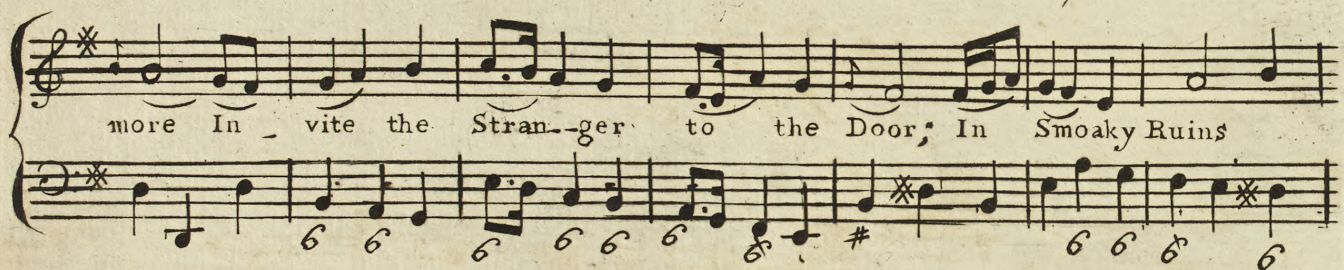
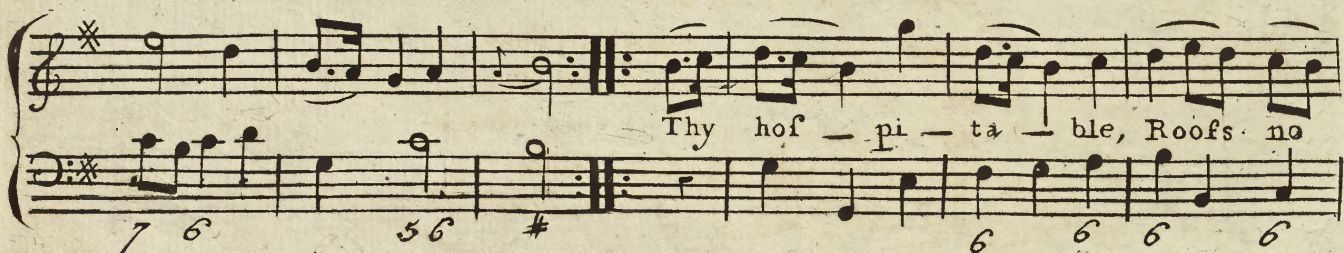
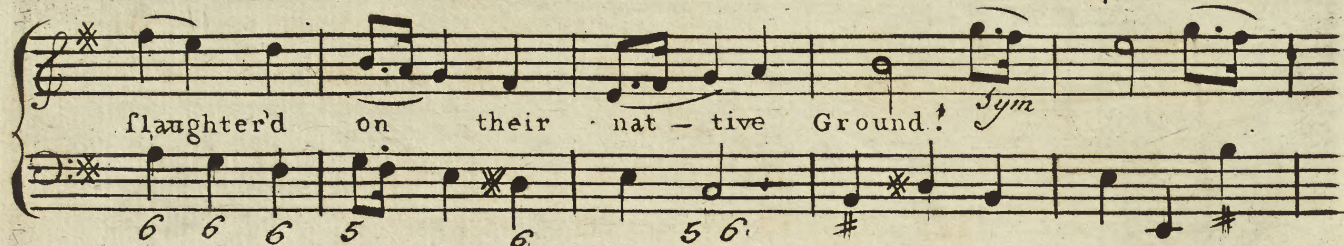
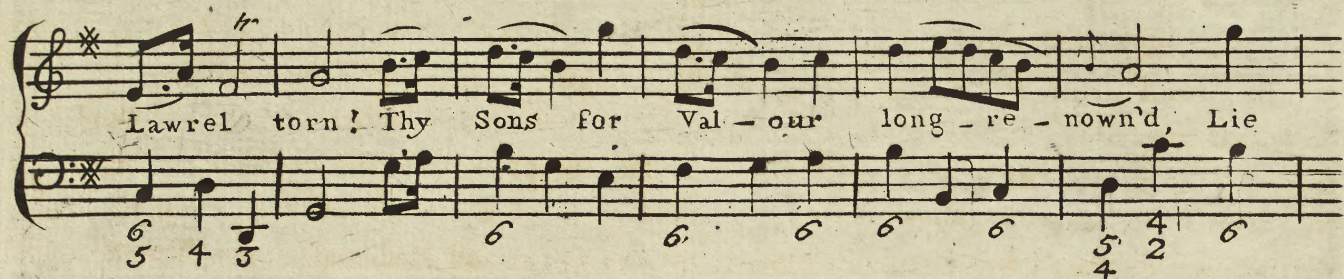
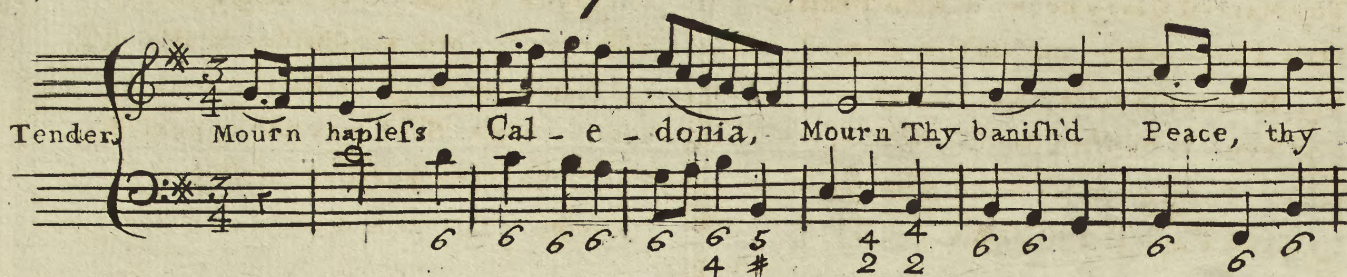


The Town of Richmond

This is a handwritten musical score on aged, yellowed paper. The title 'The Town of Richmond' is written at the top in a cursive hand. The score consists of ten systems, each with two staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines. The ink is dark, and the paper shows signs of age, including foxing and staining. The handwriting is elegant and typical of the 18th or 19th century.

The printed Overture is in the style of the French Opera. It is a grand and magnificent piece, and is well adapted to the grandeur of the subject. The music is in the style of the French Opera, and is well adapted to the grandeur of the subject.

(1) The Tears of Scotland



(2)
The wretched Owner sees afar,
His All become the Prey of War,
Bethinks him of his Eabes and Wife,
Then Smiles his Breast, and curses Life!

Thy Swains are famish'd on the Rocks
Where late, they fed their wanton Flocks!
Thy ravish'd Virgins Shreik in vain,
Thine Infants perish on the Plain!

3

What boots it, that in ev'ry Clime,
Thro' the wide spreading Waste of Time,
Thy Martial Glory crown'd with Praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd Blaze?
Thy Towering Spirit now is broke,
Thy Neck is bended to the Yoake!
What Foreign Arms could never quell,
By Civil Rage and Rancour fell!

4

The rural Pipe and merry Lay
No more shall cheer the happy Day.
No Social Scenes of Gay Delight,
Beguile the dreary Winter Night!
No Strains but Those of Sorrow flow,
And Nought be heard but Sounds of Woe!
While the Pale Phantomes of the Slain,
Glide nightly o'er the Silent Plain!

5

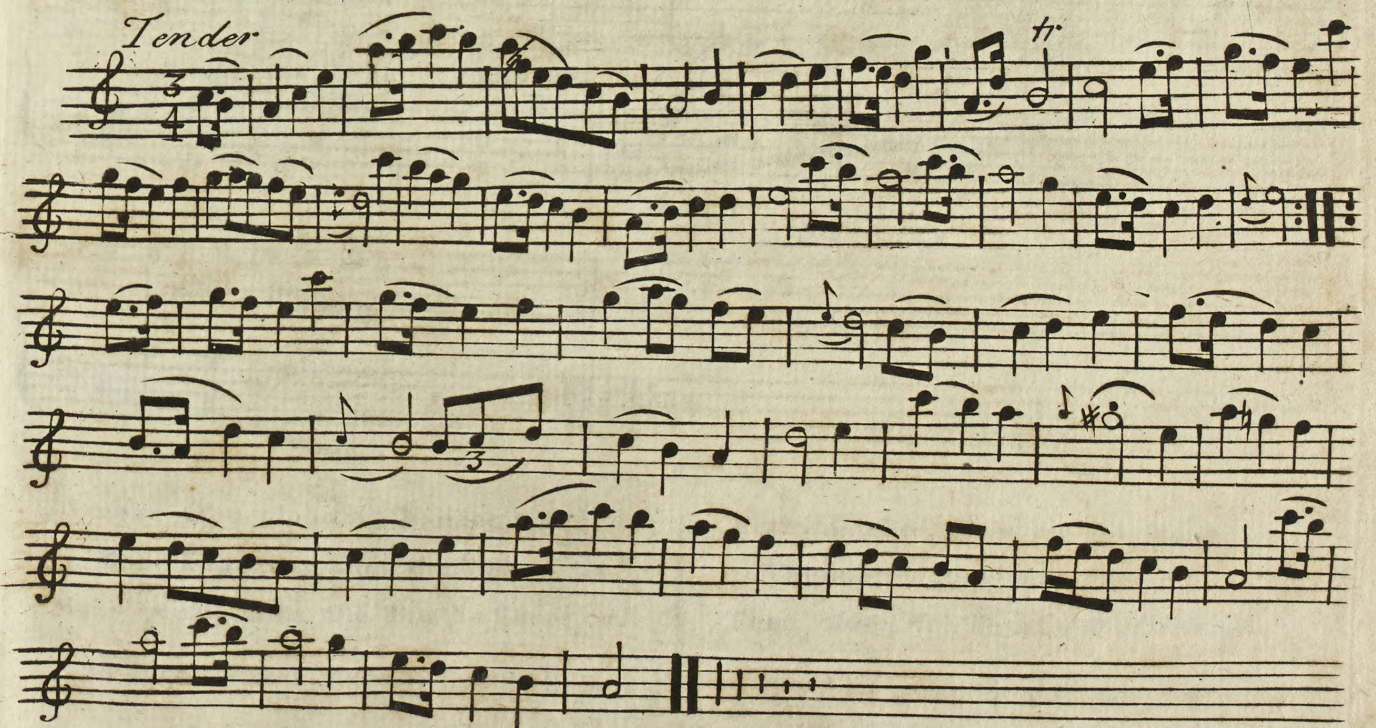
O baleful Cause! O fatal Morn
Accurs'd to Ages yet unborn!
The Sons against their Father stood!
The Parent shed his Children's Blood!
Yet when the Rage of Battle ceas'd,
The Victor's Soul was not appeas'd;
The Naked and Forlorn must feel
Devouring Flames And murd'ring Steel!

6

The pious Mother doom'd to Death,
Forfaken wanders O'er the Heath,
The bleak Wind whistles round her Head,
Her helpless Orphans cry for Bread,
Bereft of Shelter, Food and Friend,
She views the Shades of Night descend;
And Stretch'd beneath inclement Skies,
Weeps O'er her tender Babes and dies!

While the warm Blood bedews my Veins,
And unimpair'd Remembrance reigns,
Repentment of my Country's Fate,
Within my filial Breast shall beat;
And Spite of her Insulting Foe,
My Sympathizing Verse shall flow.
Mourn hapless Caledonia! mourn
Thy banish'd Peace, thy Laurel torn!

Flute



1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 1, 1861. It is a copy of the original letter, and is signed by the President.

...

1871

1870

1885

[Faint handwritten notes at the bottom of the page]

1888

1875

1875

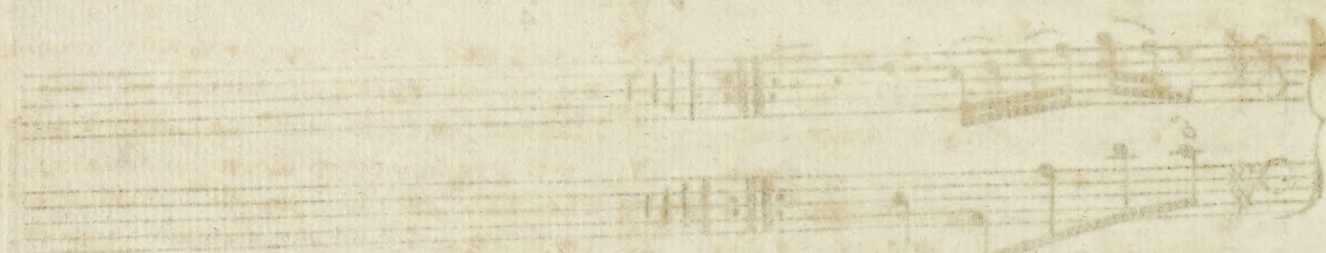
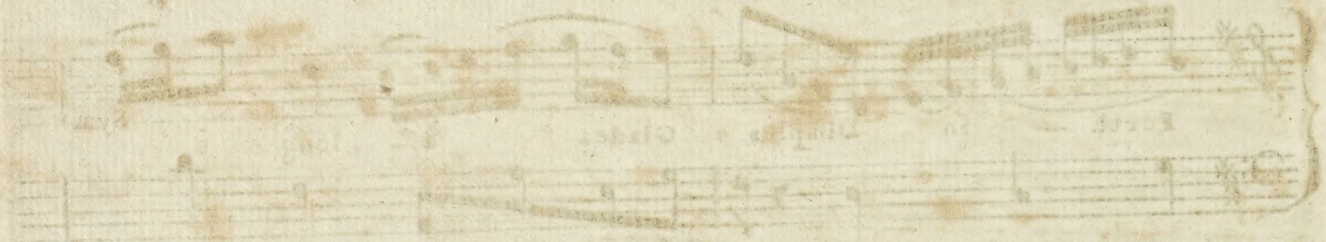
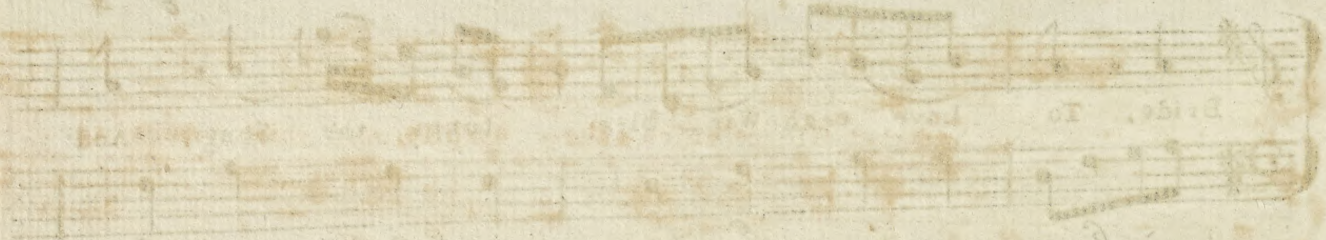
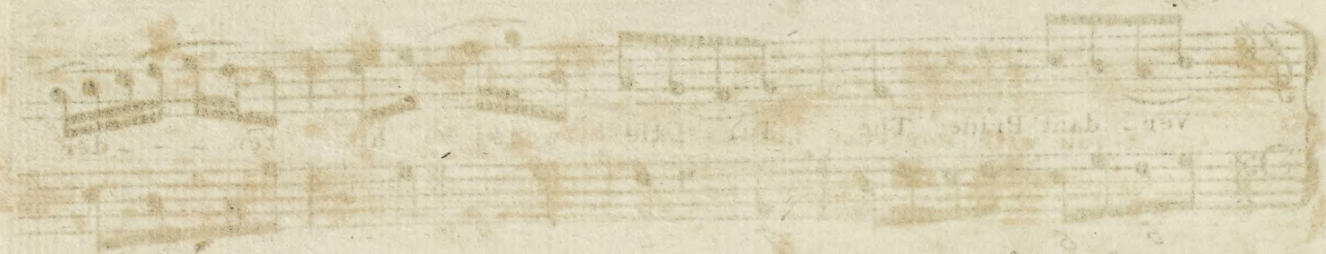
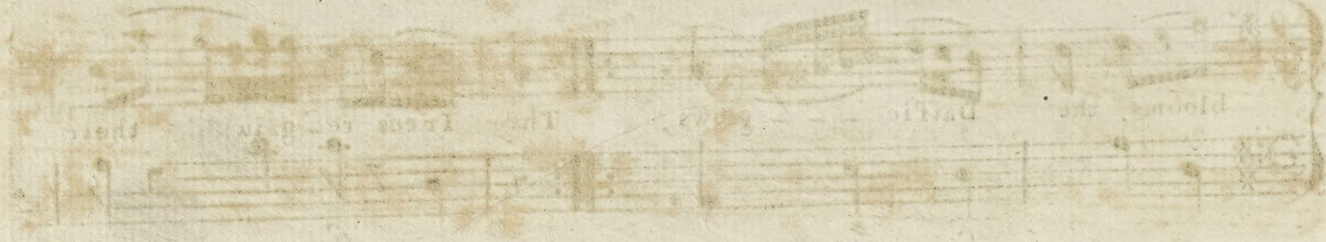
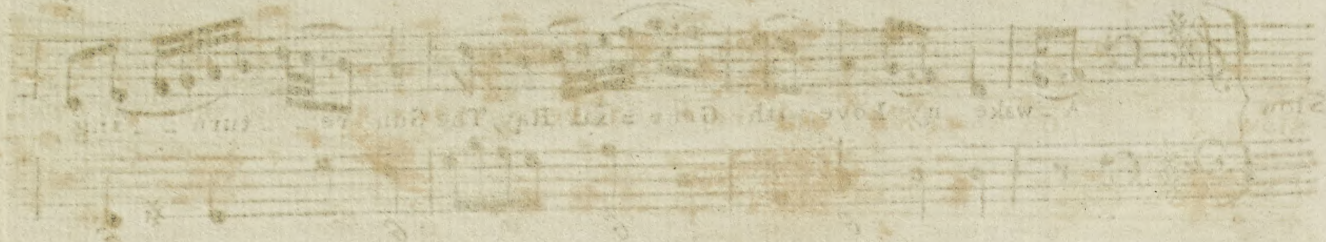
102

3

O more than blooming Daifies, fair !
More Fragrant than the Vernal Air !
More gentle than the Turtle Dove,
Or Streams that Murmur thro' the Grove !

Bethink Thee all is on the Wing,
These Pleasures wait on waſting Spring.
Then come, the Tranſient Blifs enjoy,
Nor fear, what fleets ſo faſt, will cloy.

The Beauty of the South



The South is mine, the South is mine
 The South is mine, the South is mine
 The South is mine, the South is mine
 The South is mine, the South is mine

The South is mine, the South is mine
 The South is mine, the South is mine
 The South is mine, the South is mine
 The South is mine, the South is mine

Allover House

4

Slow

Oh how could I venture to Love one like thee Or, thou not Con-

- temn a poor Conquest like me; On Lords thy admirers couldst look with dis-

- dain, And know I was nothing yet pi-ty my pain; You said while they

teaz'd you with nonsense and drefs, When real the Passion the Va-ni-ty's

lefs; You saw thro' that silence which others despise, And while Beaux were

talking read Love in my Eyes,

Oh when shall I fold you, and kiss all ^r Charms,
Till fainting with pleasure, I die in ^y arms;
Thro' all the wild rapturs of extacy tost,
Till sinking together, together we're lost:
Oh where is the Maid ^t like thee ne'er can cloy,
Whose wit can enliven ^y dull pause of Joy;
And when the short transports are all at an end,
From Beautiful Mistress, turn sensible friend.

With thee in my Bosom, how can I despair,
I'll gaze on thy Beauty, and look away Care;
I'll ask thy advice, when with trouble oppress'd,
Which never displeases, yet always is best:

In vain could I praise you, or strive to reveal,
Too nice for expression what only we feel;
In all that you do, in each look, and each mien,
The Graces in waiting adorn you unseen;
When I see you, I love you, but hearing adore,
I wonder, and think you a woman no more,
Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
And kissing those Lips, you grow woman again.

In all that I write, Ill thy Judgment require,
Thy Taste shall correct what thy Love did inspire,
I'll kiss thee, and press thee, till youth is all o'er
And then live on friendship, w. Passions no more.

St. James's Palace

slow
 O how could I venture to love one like thee O, thou art
 G. 2

The Shepherd's Invitation

(5)

Moderata

Come live with

me and be my Love, And we will all the pleasure Prove that Hills and

Valleys, Dales and Fields, and all the Craggy Mountains yeild

There will we Sit upon the Rocks and See the Shepherds feed their

Flocks By shallow Rivers to whose falls Me - lodious Birds Sing

Mad - ri - gals Me - lodious Birds Sing Madrigals

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderata'. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words appearing above the staff for better fit. The score includes various musical notations such as trills (tr), triplets (3), and fingerings (6, 5, 4, 3). The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A Belt of Straw and Jvy Buds
 With Coral Clafps and Amber Suds,
 And if those Pleasures may thee move
 Then live with me and be my Love,
 The Shepherds Swains shall Dance and fmg
 For thy Delights each May Morning
 If those Delights thy Mind may move,
 Then live with me and be my love,
 Then live with and be my love .:8.

The Shepherd's Pastoral

And - ri - gals me - lio - nious birds sing merrily
Flocks by yellow rivers to whose banks meadow birds sing
There will we sit upon the rocks and see the shepherds feed their
Flocks of Doves and Fawns, and all the Country Mountains wild
we and be my love and we will all the pleasure know that Hills and
come live with

A Belt of stars and Jov's Bands
With Coral Claps and Amber Bands
And if those Pleasures may then move
Then let us with us and be my love
The Shepherd's Swain will Dance and sing
For thy Delight each Night
It is the Delights of the Night
Then live with me and be my love
Then live with me and be my love

Amanda

6

The words by M^r. Thomson

Sym
Andante

Fore-ver, Fortune, wilt thou prove, An un-relin-ting Foe to Love.
And when we meet a mu-tual Heart Come in, be-tween & bid us Part.

Bid us fight on from Day, to Day, And with and with the Soul a -

- way, Till youth and genial years are flown, and all the Life of

Life is gone:

But busy busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless Vow,
The Heart from pleasure to Delude
To join the Gentle to the Rude,

For once O-Fortune, hear my Prayer,
And I absolve thy future Care,
All other Blessings I resign;
Make but the Dear AMANDA mine.

For the *Andante*
German Flute

615151A

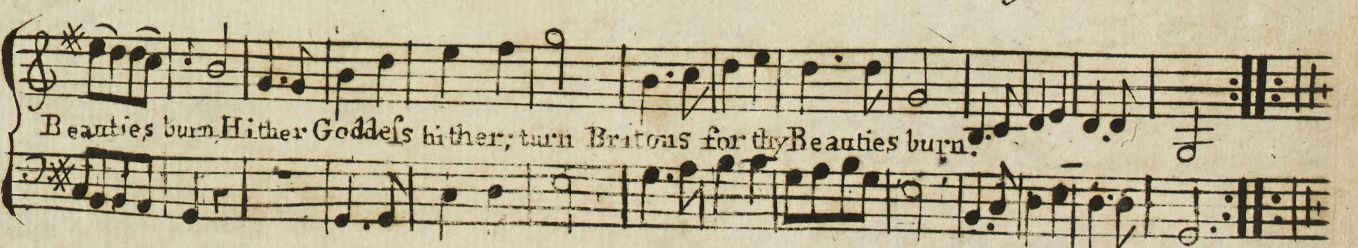
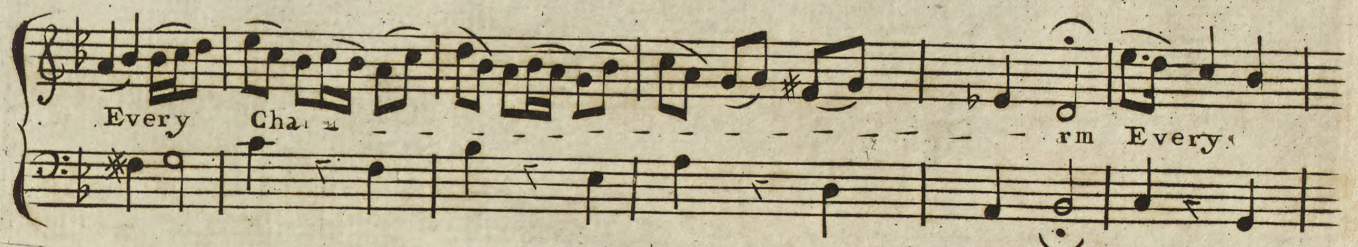
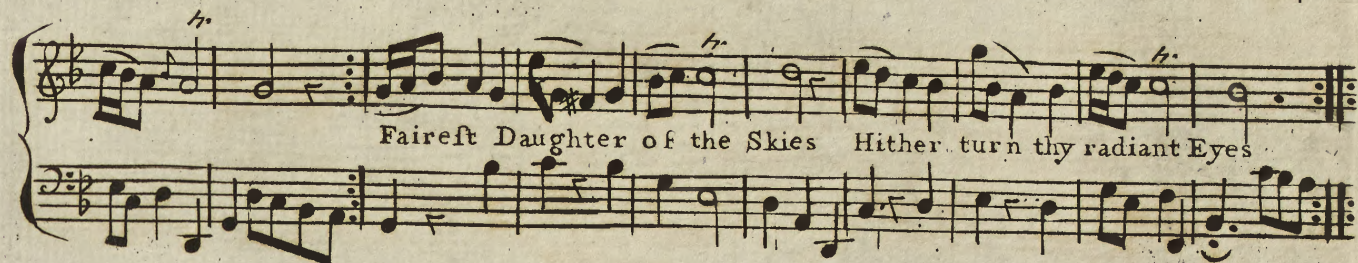
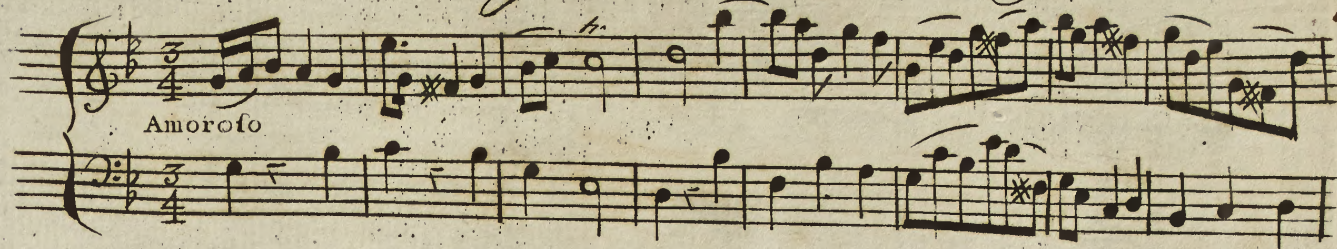
Fortune will soon prove An' so-re-lying To'

A single staff of handwritten musical notation on aged paper. The notation consists of a series of notes and rests, with some notes beamed together. The paper shows signs of wear, including stains and discoloration.

German Flute. For the Andante

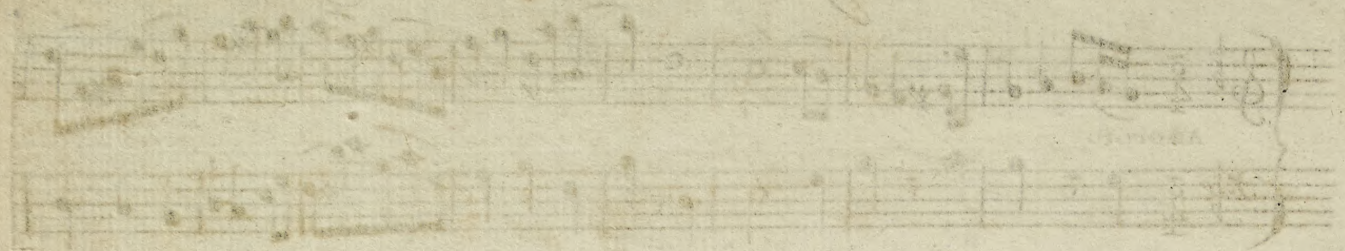
An Address to Liberty

7

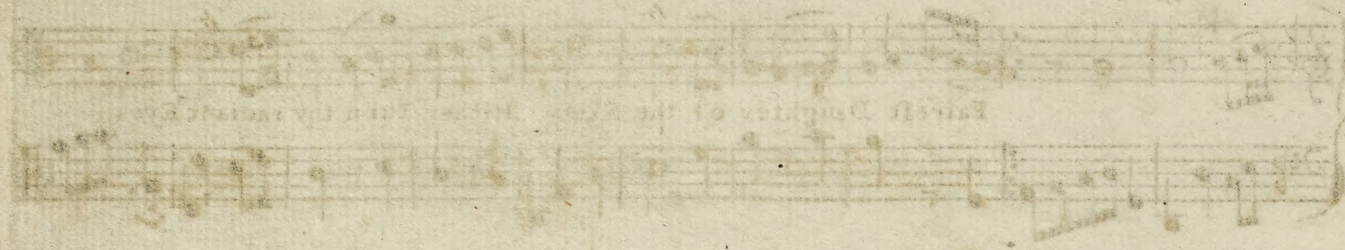


The Village of Liberty

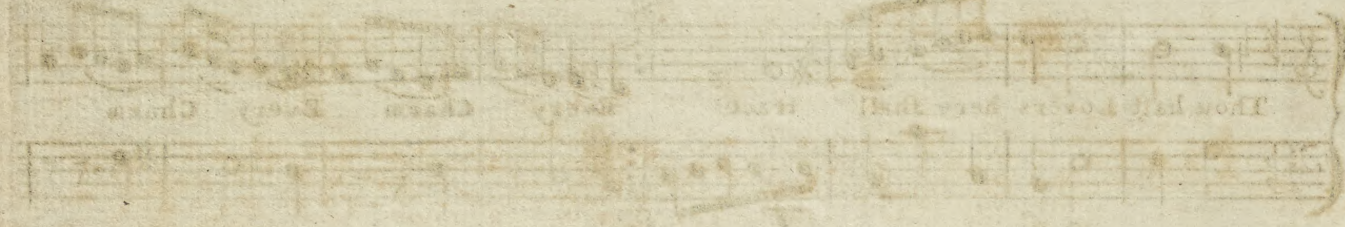
First Part of the Song



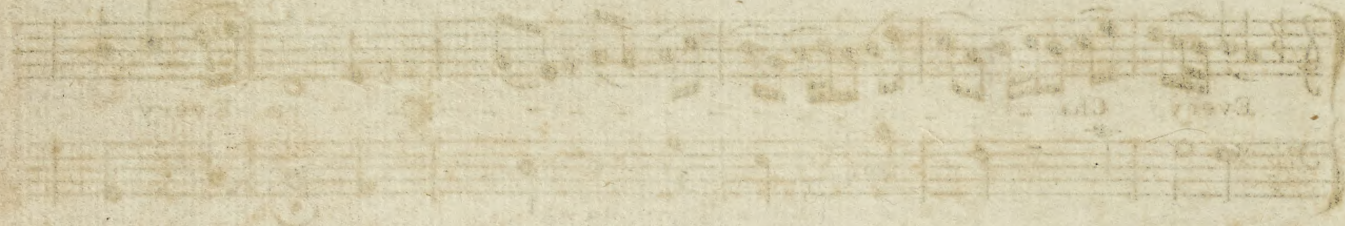
Second Part of the Song



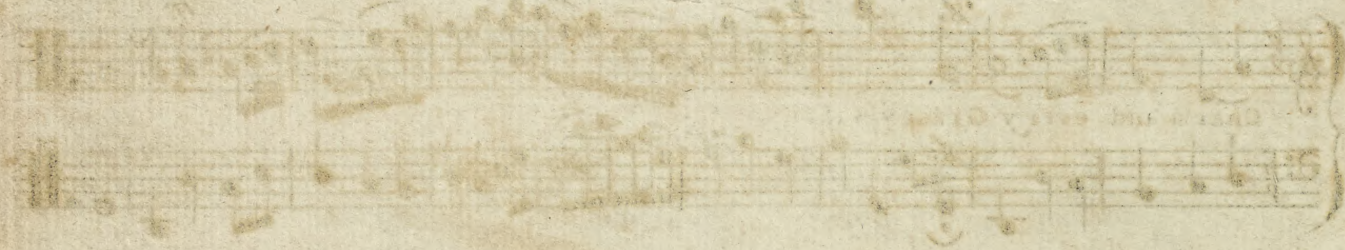
Third Part of the Song



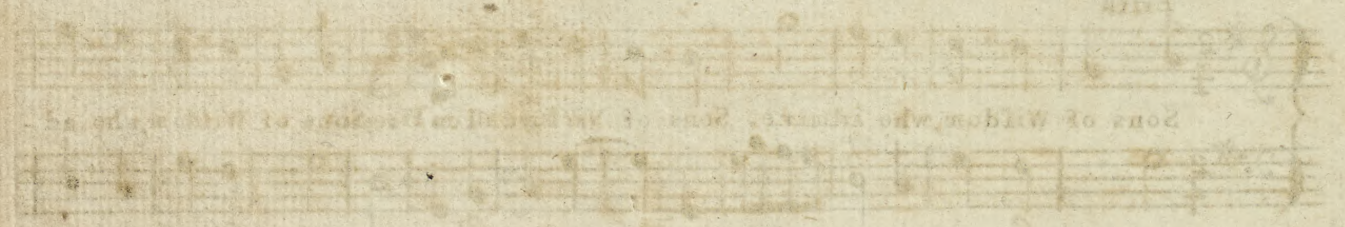
Fourth Part of the Song



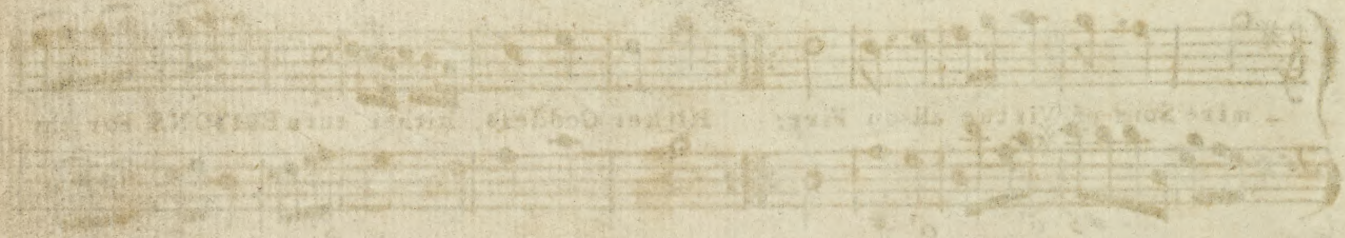
Fifth Part of the Song



Sixth Part of the Song



Seventh Part of the Song



Eighth Part of the Song

