

THE
SCOTTISH ORPHEUS.



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.



George Mackenzie
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THE SCOTTISH ORPHEUS:

A SELECTION OF THE MOST ADMIRABLE

SCOTTISH SONGS

WITH

SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

FOR THE

PIANOFORTE

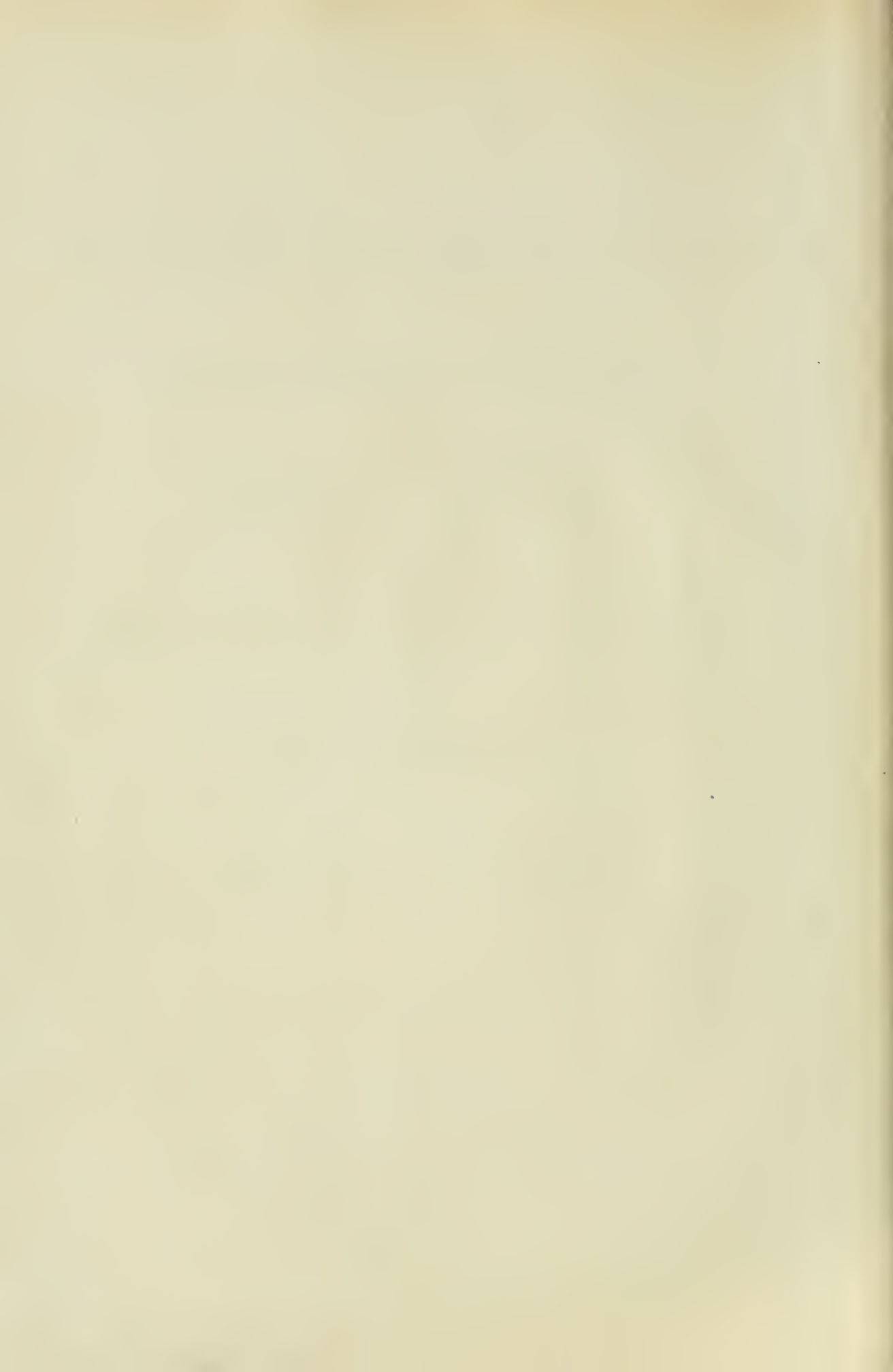
BY

ADAM HAMILTON.

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PREFACE.

So many different collections of Scottish Songs have been published during the present century, that at first sight it might be deemed impossible to produce a better than has already appeared, and that this now offered to the public was unnecessary. The publishers of the present Volume however believe that, on a cursory examination, it will be found to differ in many respects, and in some with decided advantage, from any collection that has preceded it.

The intention of the present selection is to bring together those Songs only of which the melodies are best adapted for singing, arranged in such keys as place them within the compass of almost all voices, and with symphonies and accompaniments that are in keeping with the simple and melodious character of Scottish vocal melodies. The publishers are proud to say, that the musical arrangement of the Songs has met with the approbation of high musical authorities both in this country and in Germany, where the work is also published.

The small quarto form has been adopted as a more convenient size than the ordinary music folio. The work has been elegantly engraved and printed from plates, in preference to the cheaper type printing, and this necessarily has greatly increased the expense: nevertheless, the publishers have fixed the price of the Volume so low that they feel confident it is the cheapest, and, they venture to hope, the best work of the kind ever offered to public patronage.



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JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.

Melody: by R. A. Smith.

Andante semplice.

The words by Tannahill.

Voice.

Piano.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Andante semplice'. The piano part begins with a soft 'p' dynamic. The lyrics are written below the voice staff and between the piano staves.

The sun has gane down . o'er the
 She's mod - est as on - ie, and

lof - ty Ben - lo-mond, And left the red clouds to pre - side o'er the scene, While
 blythe as she's bon-nie; For guile-less sim-ple - ei - ty marks her its ain; And

lone-ly I stray in the calm sim-mer gloamin', To muse on sweet Jes-sie, the
far be the vill - ain, di - vest - ed o' feel-ing, Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet

flower o' Dun-blane. How sweet is the brier wi' its saft fauld - in' blos-som! And
flower o' Dun-blane. Sing on, thou sweet ma-vis, thy hymn to the ev'ning, Thourt

sweet is the birk wi' its man - tle o' green; Yet sweet-er and fair - er, and
dear to the ech - oes of Cal - der-wood glen; Sae dear to this bo - som, sae

dear to this ho-som, Is love-ly young Jes-sie, the flower o' Dun-blane. Is
art-less and win-ning, Is charm-ing young Jes-sie, the flower o' Dun-blane. Is

love-ly young Jes-sie, Is love-ly young Jes-sie, Is love-ly young Jes-sie, the
charm-ing young Jes-sie, Is charm-ing young Jes-sie, Is charm-ing young Jes-sie, the

flower o' Dun-blane.
flower o' Dun-blane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

The words by Burns.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

Las - sie, wi' the lint-white locks,
Las - sie, wi' the lint-white locks,

Bon - nie las - sie, art - less las - sie; Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
Bon - nie las - sie, art - less las - sie; Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?

Wilt thou be my dea-rie, O? Now na-ture cleads the flow'-ry lea, And
Wilt thou be my dea-rie, O? And when the wel-come sim-mershow'r Has

a' is young and sweet like thee; O wilt thou share its joys wi' me, And
cheer'd ilk droo-ping lit-tle flow'r. We'll to the breathing wood bine bow'r, At

say thou'lt be my dea-rie, O.
sult-ry noon my dea-rie, O.

Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearers' hameward way,
Through yellow-waving fields we'll stray
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.

Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

The words by Burns.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

The first system of the musical score. The voice part (treble clef) begins with a whole rest. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand provides a simple bass line. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

The second system of the musical score. The voice part begins with the lyrics: "John An-der-son, my jo, John. When we were first ac-quent, Your John An-der-son, my jo, John, We clamb the hill the-gither, And". The piano accompaniment continues with the same texture, featuring chords and moving lines in both hands.

The third system of the musical score. The voice part continues with the lyrics: "locks were like the ra-ven, Your bon-nie brow was brent; But mony a can-ty day John, We've had wi' ane a-nither; Now". The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with sustained chords and a final cadence.

now your brow is beld, John. Your locks are like the snaw, But—
we maun tot - ter down, John. But hand in hand we'll go, And we'll

p

bless - ings on your fros - ty pow, John An - der - son, my
sleep the - gi - ther at the foot, John An - der - son, my

rall.

p

rall.

jo.
jo.

mf

p

dim.

GALA WATER.

The words by Burns.

Andante con moto.

Voice.

Braw, braw lads on
But there is ane, a

Piano.

mf *p* *p*

Yar - row braes, Ye wan - der through the bloom - ing hea - ther; But
se - cret ane, A - boon them a' I lo'e him bet - ter; And

Yar-row braes, nor Et-trick shaws, Can match the lads o' Ga-la wa-ter.
I'll be his, an' he'll be mine, The bon-nie lad o' Ga-la wa-ter.

Braw, braw lads.
Braw, braw lads.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
An' though I hae nae meikle tocher;
Yet, rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Gala water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!

YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON.

The words by Burns.

Andante semplice.

Voice.

Piano.

con espressione

Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How ean ye bloom sae
Oft ha'e I roved by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and

fresh and fair; How can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry,
woodbine twine; And il - ka bird sang o' its love, And fond - ly sae did

p

fu' o' care! Ye'll break my heart, ye warb-ling birds, That wan-ton, through the
I o' mine. Wi' light-some heart I pu'd a rose, Fu' sweet up - on its

p

flow'ry thorn; Ye mind me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed ne - ver
thorn-y tree; But my fause lov - er stole my rose, And ah! he left the

poco rall.

to re - turn.
thorn wi' - me.

rall. mf dimin. p

ANNIE LAURIE.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

dolce

Max-well-ton braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the
Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her neck is like the

dew, And it's there that An-nie Lau-rie Gied me her pro-mise
swan, Her— face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone

p *con espres-*

true; Gied me her pro-mise true, Which ne'er for-got will be, And for
on; That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e; And for

stone *p*

bon - nie An - nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
bon - nie An - nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

p *mf* *p*

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet:
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLEED.

Melody: "Hey Tuttie Tattle."

The words by Burns.

Maestoso.

Voice.

Piano.

con energia

Scots wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled!
Wha will be a trai-tor knave?

Scots, wham Bruce has af-ten led! Wel-come to your go-ry bed.
Wha can fill a cow-ard's grave? Wha sae base as be a slave,

Or to vic - to - rie! Now's the day, an' now's the hour:
Let him turn an' flee! Wha for Scot - land's king an' law,

See the front of bat - tle lour: See ap - proach proud Ed - ward's power;
Free dom's sword will strong ly draw, Free - man stand or free - man fa,

Chains and sla - ver - ie!
Let him fol low me!

By oppression's woes an' pains,
By our sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

HERE AWA', THERE AWA'.

The words by Burns.

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

Here a - wa', there a - wa', wan - der - ing Wil - lie!
Win - ter winds blew loud and could at our part - in';

Here a - wa', there a - wa', Haud a - wa' hamel
Fears for my Wil - lie brought tears in my e'e:'

Come to my bo - - som, my ain on - ly
Wel - come now, sum - - mer, and wel - come my

dear - - ie; Tell me thou bring'st me my Wil - lie the
Wil - - lie; The sum - mer to na - ture, my Wil - lie to

same.
me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers! But, oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
How your dread howling a lover alarms! Flow still between us, thou wide roarin' main!
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows! May I never see it, may I never trow it,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms. But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

The words by Burns.

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

con dolore

She's fair and fause that caus-es my smart, I lo'ed her mei-kle and
Wha-e'er ye be that wo-man love, To this be ne-ver

lang;— She's bro-ken her vow, She's bro-ken my heart, And I may e'en gae
blind,— Nae fer-lie 'tis tho' fic-kle she prove, A wo-man has't by

mf *p*

hang. — A coof came in wi' routh o' gear, And I hae tint my
kind. — O wo-man love-ly wo-man fair, An An-gel form's faun

dear-est dear, But wo-man is but world's gear, Sae let the bon-nie lass
to thy share? Twad been o'er mei-kle to gien thee mair. I mean an an-gel

gang. —
mind. —

p



FROM THEE, ELIZA.

Melody: "Donald."

The words by Burns.

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

The first system of the musical score. The voice part begins with a whole rest. The piano accompaniment starts with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature. It features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include a piano (*p*) marking in the right hand.

con molta espress.

The second system of the musical score, containing the first line of lyrics. The voice part has a melodic line with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. Dynamics include a piano (*p*) marking.

From thee, E - li - za, I must go, And ' from my na - tive
Fare - well, Farewell E - li - za dear, The maid that I a -

The third system of the musical score, containing the second line of lyrics. The voice part continues with a melodic line. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. Dynamics include a piano (*p*) marking.

shore; The cru - el fates be - tween us throw A
dore! A bo - ding voice is in mine ear, We

mf.

bound-less o - cean's roar. But bound-less o - ceans,
part to meet no more! But the last throb that

p

roar-ing wide, Be-tween my love — and me; They ne-ver, ne-ver
leaves my heart, While death stands vic-tor by. That throb, E-li-za,

can di-vide My heart and soul from thee.
is thy part, And thine, that lat-est sigh!

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Moderato.

The words by Burns.

Voice.

Piano.

Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy
Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy

Com - in' thro' the rye, Gin - a bo - dy kiss a bo - dy
Com - in' frae the well, Gin - a bo - dy kiss a bo - dy

Need a bo - dy cry? Ilk - a las - sie has her lad - die,
 Need a bo - dy tell? Ilk - a las - sie has her lad - die,

Nane, they say, ha'e I! Yet a' the lads they smile at me, When
 Ne'er a ane ha'e I; But a' the lads they smile on me, When

rall.

tempo.
 com-in' thro' the rye.
 com-in' thro' the rye.


Gin a body meet a body
 Comin' frae the town,
 Gin a body greet a body,
 Need a body gloom?
 Ilka lassie has her laddie,
 Nane, they say, ha'e I;
 But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,
 And what the waur am I?

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

The words by Allan Ramsay.

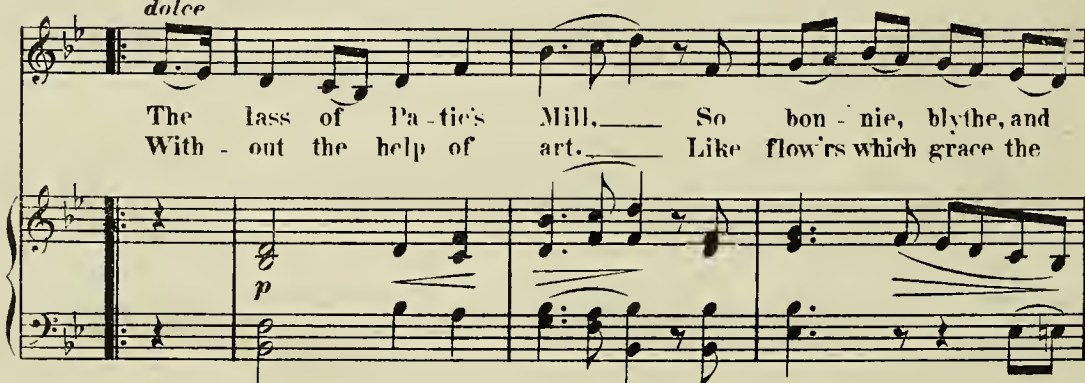
Andante espressivo.

Voice. 

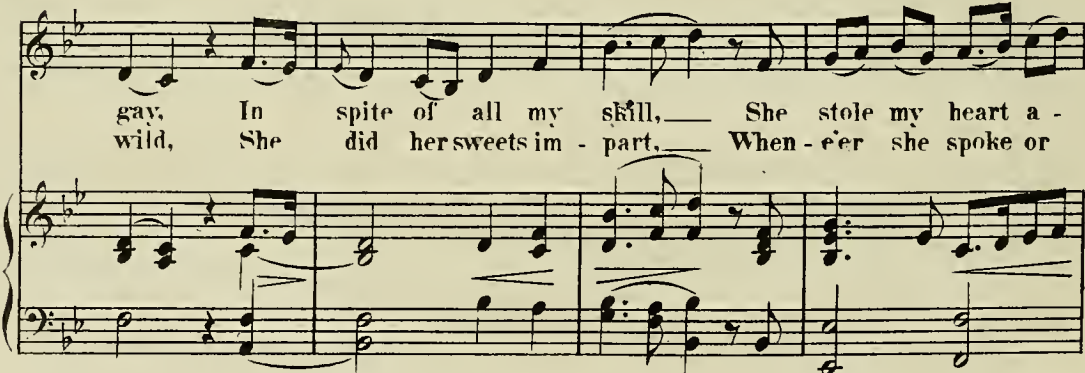
Piano. 

dolce

The lass of Pa-tie's Mill, — So bon-nie, blythe, and
With-out the help of art, — Like flow'rs which grace the



gay, In spite of all my skill, — She stole my heart a -
wild, She did her sweets im-part, — When-er she spoke or



way. When ted - ding of the hay, Bare - head - ed on the
smiled. Her looks they were so mild, Free from af - fect - ed -

green, Love 'midst her locks did play, And wan - ton'd in her
pride, She me to love be - guiled; I wish'd her for my

e'en. _____
bride. _____

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

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

Melody: "The Shepherd's Wife."

The words by Burns.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

con espressione

A rose - bud by my ear - ly walk, A - down a corn in -
With - in the bush, her cov - ert nest, A lit - tle lin - net

clos - ed bawk, Sae gent - ly bent its thorn - y stalk. All
fond - ly prest, The dew sat chil - ly on her breast Sae

on a dew - y morn - ing. Ere twice the shades o'
ear - ly in the morn - ing. She soon shall see her

dawn are fled. In a' its crim - son glo - ry spread, And
tend - er brood, The pride, the plea - sure o' the wood, A -

droop - ing rich the dew - y head, It scents the ear - ly morn - ing.
mang the fresh green leaves be - dew'd, A - wake the ear - ly morn - ing.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeanie fair!
On trembling string, or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tends thy early morning.
So thou sweet rose bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

O WALY, WALY.

Voice. *Andante.*

Piano. *p* *Fine.*

dolente

O wa - ly, wa - ly, up the bank, And wa - ly, wa - ly,
O wa - ly, wa - ly, love is sweet, A lit - tle time when

down the brae, And wa - ly, wa - ly, yon burn side When
it is new, But when its auld it wax - eth cauld, And

I and my love wont to gae. I leant my back un -
fades a - wa like morn - ing dew. O where - fore should I

to an aik, I thocht it was a trus - ty tree; But
busk my head? Or - where fore should I kame my hair? For

first it bow'd and syne it brake; And sae did my true love to me.
my true love has me for-sook, And says he'll nev - er lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur's seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be press'd by me;
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true love's forsaken me.
O, martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O, gentle death, when wilt thou come?
And take a life that wearies me?

ROSLIN CASTLE.

Larghetto.

The words by R. Hewitt.

Voice.

Piano.

'Twas in the sea - son of the year, When all things gay and
A - wake, sweet muse! the breath-ing spring With rap-ture warms; a -

sweet ap-pear. That Co - lin, with the morning ray, A - rose and sung his
wake, and sing! A - wake, and join the vo - cal throng Who hail the morning

ru-ral lay. Of Nan-ny's charms the shep-herd sung, The hills and dales with
with a song; To Nan-ny raise the cheer-ful lay, O bid her haste and

Nan - ny ——— rung; And Ros - lin Cas - tle heard the swain, And
come a - - way; In sweet-est smiles her self a - dorn, And

e - cho'd back the cheer-ful strain.
add new grac-es to the morn.

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

O THE EWE-BUGHTING'S BONNIE.

Melody: "The Yellow Hair'd Laddie."

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The piano part begins with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The voice part enters in the second measure. The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

mf *p* *p*

O the ewe - bught ing's bon - nie both e'en - ing and
 O the shep-herd's take — plea - sure to blow on the
 morn, When our blithe shep-herd's play on the bog-reed and
 horn, To — raise up their flocks i' the fresh sim-mer

horn; While we're milk - ing they're lilt - ing sae jo - cund and
morn: On the steep fer - ny banks they feed plea - sant and

clear; But my heart's like to break when I think on my
free. But a - las! my dear heart, all my sigh-ing's for

dear!
thee!

O the sheep-herding's lightsome amang the green braes,
Where Cayle wimples clear 'neath the white-blossomed slaes,
Where the wild-thyme and meadow queen scent the saft gale,
And the cushat croods leesome down in the dale.

There the lintwhite and mavis sing sweet frae the thorn,
And blithe lirts the laverock aboon the green corn,
And a' things rejoice in the simmer's glad prime
But my heart's wi' my love in the far foreign elime.

LOGAN WATER.

Andante affettuoso.

The words by John Mayne.

Voice.

Piano.

By Lo - gan's streams, that rin sae deep, Fu' aft wi' glee I've
Nae mair, at Lo - gan kirk, will be, A - tween the preach-ings,

herd - ed sheep; Herd - ed sheep, or ga - ther'd slaes, Wi'
meet wi' me; Meet wi' me, or, when it's mirk, Con

my dear lad— on Lo-gan braes. But waes my heart! thae days are gane, And
voy me hame frae Lo-gan kirk. I weel may sing, thae days are gane; Fræ

fu' o' grief, I herd—my lane, While my dear lad maun face his faes, Far,
kirk and fair I come— a-lane, While my dear lad maun face his faes, Far,

far frae me—and Lo-gan braes.
far frae me—and Lo-gan braes.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
I daunder dowie an' forlane,
Or sit beneath the trystin'-tree,
Where first he spak o' love to me.
O! could I see thae days again,
My lover skaithless, an' my ain;
Rever'd by friends, an' far frae faes,
We'd live in bliss, on Logan braes!

O THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

The words by Burns.

Allegro moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

O this is no my ain las-sie, Fair tho' the las-sie be; O
O this is no my ain las-sie, Fair tho' the las-sie be, O

weel ken I my ain las-sie, Kind—love is in her e'e. I
weel ken I my ain las-sie, Kind—love is in her e'e. She's

see a form, I see a face, Ye weel may wi' the fair-est place; It
bon-nie, blooming, straight and tall, And lang has had my heart in thral; An'

wants to me the witch-ing grace, The kind love that's in her e'e.
aye it charms my ver-y saul, The kind love that's in her e'e.

D.C.

O this is no &c.
A thief sae pauky is my Jean,
To steal a blink by a' unseen;
But gleg as light is lovers' een.
When kind love is in the e'e.

O this is no &c.
It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in the e'e.

BONNIE JEAN.

Andante espressivo.

Voice.

Piano.

See spring her gra - ces wild disclose, Birds sweet - ly chant on
Ye Rel - burn groves, by spring at-tired, Where ze - phyr's sport a -

ilk - a spray: Mang broo - my knowes the shepherd goes, While sport - ive lamb - kins
mang the flow'rs. Your fair - y scenes I've aft admired, While jo - cund pass'd the

round him play. En - rap - tur'd now I take my way. While
sun - ny hours. But doub - ly hap - py in your bowers. When

joy en - liv - ens a' the scene; Down by yon shad - ed stream I stray, To
fragrance scents the dew - y e'en, I wan - der where your streamlet pours, To

meet an' hail my bon - nie Jean.
meet an' hail my bon - nie Jean.

Let grandeur rear her lofty dome,
Let mad ambition kingdoms spoil,
Through foreign lands let avarice roam,
An' for her prize unceasing toil;
Give me fair nature's vernal smile,
The shelter'd grove and daisied green,
I'll happy tread my native soil,
To meet an' hail my bonnie Jean.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

Andante quasi Allegretto.

Voice.

Piano.

O Lo-gie o' Buch-an, O Lo-gie the laird, They ha'e
Though San-die has ows-en, has gear, and has kye, A—

ta'en a-wa' Ja-mie, that delved in the yard, Wha play'd on the pipe, an' the
house, an' a had-den, an' sil-ler for-bye, Yet I'd tak' my ain lad, wi' his

vi - ol sae sma; They ha'e ta'en a - wa' Jam - ie, the flow'r o' them a'. He said
staff in his hand, Be - fore I'd ha'e him, wi' his hous - es an' land. But

think na lang, lass - ie, tho' I gang a - wa'; For I'll come an'
sim - mer, is com - in', cauld win - ter's a - wa', An' he'll come an'

see thee in spite o' them a'.
see me in spite o' them a'.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour.
They gloom upon Jamie because he is puir:
Though I lo'e them as weel as a daughter should do,
They are no half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.
He said, think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa',
For I'll come an' see thee in spite o' them a'

I sit on my creepie, an' spin at my wheel.
An' think on the laddie that lo'es me sae weel;
He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
An' he ga'e me the half o't when he gaed awa'.
But the simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',
Then haste ye back, Jamie, an' bide na awa'.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA.

Andante non troppo.

The words by R. Tamahill.

Voice.

Piano.

Gloo-my win-ter's now- a - wa, Saft the west-lin breez-es blaw,
 Tow'ring o'er the New-ton woods, Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds;

'Mang the birks o' Stan-ley shaw The Ma-vis sings fu' cheer-ie O, Sweet the craw-flow'r's earl'y bell,
 Sil-ler saughs, wi'dow-ny buds A-dorn the banks sae briery O: Round the syl-van fai-ry nooks,

Decks Glen - if - fer's dew - y - dell, Bloom - ing like thy bôn - nie sel', My
Feath' - ry breck - ans fringe the rocks, 'Neath the brae the bur - nie jouks, And

young, my art - less dea - rie O. Come, my las - sie, let us stray
il - ka thing is chee - rie, O. Trees may bud, and birds may sing,

con moto

mf

O'er Glen - kil lock's sun - ny brae, Blythe ly spend the gowd - en day 'Midst
Flow'rs may bloom, and ver - dure spring, Joy to me they can - na bring Un -

p

joys that ne - ver wea - rie O.
less wi' tbee, my dea - rie O.

p

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

Larghetto espressivo.

Voice.

Piano.

dolce

I've seen the smiling of For - tune be - guil - ing, I've tast - ed her pleasures, and
I've seen the morning with gold the hills a - dorn - ing, And loud tem - pest roar - ing be -

felt her de - cay: Sweet was her bless - ing and kind her ca - ress - ing, But
fore part - ing day; I've seen Tweed's silver streams glitt'ring in the sunny beams, Grow

now they are fled, fled far a-way. I've seen the for-est a -
drum-lie and dark as they roll'd on their way. O fie-kle for-tune!

dorned the fore-most, Wi' flow'rs o' the fair-est, baith pleas-ant and gay, Sae
why this cru-el sport-ing? O why thus per-plex us, poor sons of a day? Thy

bon-ny was their blooming, their scent the air per-fum-ing, But now they are with-er'd and
frowns can-not fear me. Thy smiles cannot cheer me, For the Flowers of the For-est are

a' wede a-way,
a' wede a-way.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Moderato.

The words by Burns.

Voice.

Piano.

Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And
We twa ha'e run a - bout the braes, And

ne - ver brought to mind? Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And
pu'd the gow - ans fine, But we've wan - der'd mony a wear - y foot Sin'

animato

days o' lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang
 auld lang syne. For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang

syne; We'll tak' a eup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang
 syne; We'll tak' a eup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang

syne.
 syne.

mf *p*

We twa ha'e paidelt in the burn,
 Frae morning sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,
 Sin' auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, &c.

And here's a hand my trusty fere,
 And gies a hand o' thine;
 And we'll take a richt gude willie-waught,
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
 And surely I'll be mine;
 And we'll tak' a eup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, &c.

THOU ART GANE AWA'.

Voice. *Andante.*

Piano. *p*

con espress.

Thou art gane a - wa', thou art gane a - wa', Thou art gane a - wa' frae
 What - e'er he said or might pre-tend, That stole that heart o'

p

me, Ma - ry! Nor friends nor I could make thee stay; Thou hast cheat-ed them and
 thine, Ma - ry, True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end, Or nae sic love as

me, Ma - ry! Un - til this hour I ne - ver thought That ought could al - ter
mine, Ma - ry. I spoke sin - cere, nor flat - ter'd much, Nae self - ish thoughts in

thee, Ma - ry; Thou'rt still the mis - tress o' my heart, Think
me, Ma - ry, Am - bi - tion, wealth, nor nae - things such: No,

what you will o' me, Ma - ry.
I loved on - ly thee, Ma - ry.

Though you've been false, yet while I live,
I'll lo'e nae maid but thee, Mary;
Let friends forget, as I forgive.
Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary;
So then, farewell! o' this be sure,
Since you've been false to me, Mary;
For a' the world I'd not endure
Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

The words by Burns.

Andante con moto.

Voice.

Piano.

Now in her green man-tle blythe Na-ture ar-rays. And
The 'snaw-drap and prim-rose our wood-lands a-dorn, And

lis-tens the lamb-kins that bleat o'er the braes, While birds war-ble wel-come in
vio-lets bathe in the weat o' the morn; They pain my sad bo-som, sae

il - ka green shaw; But to me it's de - light - less, my
sweet - ly they blaw! They mind me o' Nan - nie - and

Nan-nie's a - wa'. But to me it's de-light-less, my Nan-nie's a - wa'.
Nan-nie's a - wa'. They mind me o' Nan-nie-and Nan-nie's a - wa'.

Thou laverock, that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou, mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa';
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay:
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—my Nannie's awa'.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

Melody: "Loch Eroch side."

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

'Twas on a sim - mer's af - ter - noon, A
I praised her beau - ty loud an' lang, Then

wee be - fore the sun gaed down, My las - sie, wi' a braw new gown, Cam'
round her waist my arms I flang, And said, My dear - ie, will ye gang To

o'er the hills to see the Carse o' Gow-rie. The rose-bud tinged wi' morn-ing show'r. Blooms Gow-rie? I'll tak' ye to my fa-ther's ha'. In

fresh with - in the sun - ny bow'r. But Ra-tie was the fair - est flow'r That yon green field be - side the shaw; I'll mak' you la - dy o' them a'. The

ev - er bloom'd in Gow-rie. braw - est wife in Gow-rie.

Soft kisses on her lips I laid,
 The blush upon her cheeks soon spread,
 She whisper'd modestly, and said,
 I'll gang wi' ye to Gowrie!
 The auld folks soon ga'e their consent,
 Syne for Mess John they quickly sent,
 Wha tyed us to our heart's content,
 And now she's Lady Gowrie.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

mf

con anima

O! Char - lie is my
O! Char - lie is my

p

dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling: O! Char - lie is my
dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling, O! Char - lie is my

dar - ling, The young Che - va - lier. 'Twas on a Mon - day
dar - ling, The young Che - va - lier. As he came march - ing

mor - ning, Right ear - ly in the year, When Char - lie came to
up the street, The pipes play'd loud and clear, And a' the folk came

our town, The young Che - va - lier. *dimin.* O! Char - lie is my
rin - nin' out To meet the Che - va - lier. *p* O! Char - lie is my

dar-ling, My dar-ling, my dar-ling, O! Char-lie is my dar-ling, The
dar-ling, My dar-ling, my dar-ling, O! Char-lie is my dar-ling, The

young Che - va - lier.
young Che - va - lier.

mf *dim.* *p*

O! Charlie is my darling, &c.
Wi' Highland bonnets cock'd ajeer,
And braidswords shining clear,
They cam to fight for Scotland's right
And the young Chevalier.
O! Charlie is my darling, &c.

O! Charlie is my darling, &c.
They've left their bonnie Highland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw their sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Chevalier.
O! Charlie is my darling, &c.

O! Charlie is my darling, &c.
O! there were mony beating hearts,
And mony hopes and fears,
And mony were the prayers put up
For the young Chevalier.
O! Charlie is my darling, &c.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Andante.

The words by Lady Anne Lindsay.

Voice.

Piano.

con molta espressione

Young Jam - ie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride, But
My fa - ther cou'd - na work; my mo - ther cou'd - na spin. I

sav - ing a crown, he had nae-thing else be - side; To
toild day and night, but their bread I could - na win; Auld

make the crown a pound my Jam - ie gaed to sea, And the
Rob main-tain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e, Said,

crown and the pound were baith for me. He had - na been gane a
Jen - ny for their sakes, 'O mar - ry me'. My heart it said na; I

week but on - ly twa. When my fa-ther brake his arm, and our cow was stown a - wa'; My
look'd for Jam-ie back, But the wind it blew high and the ship it was a wreck: The

mother she fell sick, and my Jam-ie at the sea. And auld Rob-in Gray cam a
ship it was a wreck, why did - na Jen-ny die? Oh! why was I spard to

court - ing me.
cry, waes me?

My father urged me sair: my mother didna speak,
But she lookd in my face till my heart was like to break;
So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray is a gude man to me.
I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at my ain door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'dna think it he
Till he said I'm come hame for to marry thee.

O sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away;
I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to die;
And why do I live to say, waes me!
I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin,
I darena think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

Andante non troppo.

The words by W. Crawford.

Voice.

Piano.

con espress.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev' - ry swain, I'll tell how Peg - gy
That day she smiled and made me glad, No maid seem'd e - ver

grieves me: Though thus I lan - guish and complain, A - las! she ne'er be -
kind - er; I thought my - self the luck - iest lad, So sweet - ly there to

lieves me. My vows and sighs, like si-lent air, Un-heed-ed, ne-ver
find her. I tried to soothe my amor-ous flame, In words that I thought

move - - her: The bon-nie bush a-boon Tra-quair, Was
ten - - - der; If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame, I

where I first did meet her.
meant not to of-fend her.

Ye rural powers, who bear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair.
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair.
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, she shows disdain.
And looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonnie bush bloom'd fair in May.
Its sweets I'll aye remember;
But now her frowns make it decay.
It fades as in December.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDIE.

The words by Burns.

Allegretto.

Voice.

Piano.

Bon-nie las-sie, will ye go. Will ye go, will ye go, Bon-nie las-sie, will ye go To the
Bon-nie las-sie, will ye go, Will ye go, will ye go, Bon-nie las-sie, will ye go To the

birks of A-ber-fel-die? Now simmer blinks on flow ry braes, And o'er the crystal streamlet plays; Come
birks of A-ber-fel-die? While o'er their head the hazels hing, The lit-tle burdies blythely sing; Or

con anima

let us spend the light some days in the birks of A-ber-fel-die. Bon-nie las-sie, will ye go.
light-ly flit on wan-ton wing, in the birks of A-ber-fel-die. Bon-nie las-sie, will ye go.

Will ye go, will ye go, Bon-nie las-sie, will ye go To the
Will ye go, will ye go, Bon-nie las-sie, will ye go To the

birks of A-ber-fel-die?
birks of A-ber-fel-die?

Bonnie lassie, &c.
The braes ascend like lofty wa's.
The foam' stream deep-roaring fa's.
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreadin' shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldie.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

Bonnie lassie, &c.
The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow'rs.
White o'er the linn the burnie pours.
And, risin', weets wi' misty show'rs
The birks of Aberfeldie.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

Bonnie lassie, &c.
Let fortune's gifts, at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely bless'd wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldie.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'.

Andante quasi Allegretto.

Voice.

Piano.

Saw ye Joh nie com-in'? quo-she, Saw ye Joh-nie com-in'?
Fee him, fa-ther, fee him; quo'-she, Fee him, fa-ther, fee him,

Saw ye Joh - nie com - in'? quo' - she, Saw ye Joh - nie com - in'? Wi'
Fee him, fa - ther, fee him; quo' - she, Fee him, fa - ther, fee him,

his blue bon - net on his head, And his dog - gie rin - nin'? Wi'
For he is a gal - lant lad, And a weel do - in'. And

his blue bon - net on his head, And his dog - gie rin - nin'? quo' she,
a' the wark a bout the house Gaes wi' me when I see him; quo' she,

And his dog - gie rin - nin'?
Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, quo' he
What will I do wi' him?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I ha'e nane to gie him.
I ha'e twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gie him;
And for a merk o' mair fee,
Dinna stand wi' him; quo' she,
Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him; quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him;
For weel do I lo'e him; quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him;
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
He'll haud the plough, thrash in the barn,
And crack wi' me at e'en; quo' she,
Crack wi' me at e'en.

MY LOVE'S IN GERMANY.

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

"My love's in Ger-ma-ny; Send him hame, send him hame, My
 "He's brave as brave can be, Send him hame, send him hame, He's

love's in Ger-ma-ny, Send him hame: My love's in Ger-ma-ny, Fight-
 brave as brave can be, Send him hame: He's brave as brave can be, He wad

con anima
p *mf*

p con espressivo

ing for roy-al-ty; He may ne'er his Jean-ie see; Send him hame, send him hame; He may rather fa' than flee; But his life is dear to me, Send him hame, send him hame; Oh! his

ne'er his Jean-ie see, Send him hame.
life is dear to me, Send him hame.

"Our faes are ten to three,
Send him hame, send him hame;
Our faes are ten to three,
Send him hame.
Our faes are ten to three,
He maun either fa', or flee,
In the cause o' loyalty,
Send him hame, send him hame;
In the cause o' loyalty,
Send him hame."

"Your love ne'er learnt to flee,
Bonnie dame, winsome dame,
Your love ne'er learnt to flee,
Winsome dame.
Your love ne'er learnt to flee,
But he fell in Germany,
Fighting brave for loyalty,
Mournfu' dame, mournfu' dame,
Fighting brave for loyalty,
Mournfu' dame."

"He'll ne'er come owre the sea,
Willie's slain, Willie's slain;
He'll ne'er come owre the sea,
Willie's gane!
He'll ne'er come owre the sea,
To his love and ain countrie—
This world's nae mair for me,
Willie's gane, Willie's gane!
This world's nae mair for me,
Willie's slain!"

KELVIN GROVE.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

Let us haste to Kel-vin grove, bon-nie las-sie, O, Through its
Let us wan-der by the mill, bon-nie las-sie, O, To the

ma-zes let us rove, bon-nie las-sie, O, Where the rose in all her pride. Paints the
cove be side the rill, bon-nie las-sie, O, Where the glens rebound the call Of the

hol - low din - gle side, Where the mid - night fai - ries glide, bon - nie
 roar - ing wa - ters' fall. Through the moun - tain's rock - y hall, bon - nie

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a crescendo leading to a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.

las - sie, O.
 las - sie, O.

The second system continues the musical score. It includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking followed by a crescendo and then a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The system concludes with a double bar line.

O Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O,	But the frowns of fortune lour, bonnie lassie, O,
When in summer we are there, bonnie lassie, O.	On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O.
There, the May-pink's crimson plume	Ere yon golden orb of day
Throws a soft, but sweet perfume,	Wake the warblers on the spray,
Round the yellow banks of broom, bonnie lassie, O.	From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.
Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O,	Then farewell to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O.
As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O.	And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O.
Yet with fortune on my side,	To the river winding clear,
I could stay thy father's pride,	To the fragrant scented brier,
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O.	Even to thee, of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.
When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O.	
Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,	
Then, Helen! shouldst thou hear	
Of thy lover on his bier,	
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O.	

ARGYLE IS MY NAME.

Melody: "Bannocks o' Barley-Meal."

Allegretto.

Voice.

Piano.

The first system of the musical score. It features a voice part on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The piano part begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The voice part has a whole rest for the first two measures, followed by a half note in the third measure, and then a quarter note in the fourth measure.

con spirito

The second system of the musical score. It includes the voice part and piano accompaniment. The piano part starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "Ar - gyle is my name, and you may think it strange, To Ye ri - ots and re - vels of Lon - don, a - dieu! And". The music continues with eighth and sixteenth notes in the voice part and chords in the piano part.

The third system of the musical score. It includes the voice part and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "live at a court, yet ne - ver to change: To Fol - ly, ye foplings. I leave her to you! For". The music concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

fac - tion, or ty - ran - ny, e - qual - ly foe; The
 Scot - land I ming - led in bus - tle and strife For my -

good of the land's the sole mo - tive I know. The
 self. I seek peace and an in - no - cent life: I'll

foes of my coun - try and King I have faced; In ci - ty or bat - tle I
 haste to the Highlands, and vis - it each scene With Mag - gie, my love, in her

ne'er was dis-graced: I've done what I could for my
rock-lay o' green: On the banks o' Glen-a-ray what

coun-try's weal: Now I'll feast up-on bannocks o' bar-ley-meal,
plea-sure I'll feel, While she shares my bannock o' bar-ley-meal!

And if it chance Maggie should bring me a son,
He shall fight for his King as his father has done;
I'll hang up my sword with an old soldier's pride
Oh, may he be worthy to wear't on his side!
I pant for the breeze of my loved native place,
I long for the smile of each welcoming face
I'll aff to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,
And feast upon bannocks o' barley-meal.

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

Animato.

Voice.

Piano.

Hearken and I will
his gray mare as

tell you how Young Muir-land Wil-lie cam' here to woo. Tho'
he did ride. Wi' dirk and pis - tol by his side. He

he could nei - ther say nor do; The truth I tell to
prick'd her on wi' mei - kle pride, Wi' mei - kle mirth and

you. glee, But aye he cries, What - e'er he - tide,
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,

Mag - gie I'll ha'e to be my bride, With a fal da ra, fal
Till he cam' to her dad - die's door, With - a fal da ra, fal

lal da ra, la fal lal da ra, lal da ra la.
lal da ra, la fal lal da ra, lal da ra la.

2nd Verse On

Gudeman, quoth he, be ye within?
I'm come your dochter's love to win,
I carena for making meikle din;
What answer gie ye me?
Now, wooer, quoth he, would ye light down,
I'll gie ye my dochter's love to win,
With a fal da ra, &c.

Now, wooer, sin' ye are lighted down,
Where do ye wou, or in what town?
I think my dochter wiuna gloom,
On sic a lad as ye.
The wooer he stepp'd up the house,
And wow but he was wondrous crouse,
With a fal da ra, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town:
I wat on him she didna gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waist,
With a fal da ra, &c.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu' law,
She hadna will to say him na,
But to her daddie she left it a'.
As they twa could agree.
The lover gied her the tither kiss,
Synce ran to her daddie, and tell'd him this,
With a fal da ra, &c.

The bridal day it came to pass,
W'mony a blythsome lad and lass;
But siccan a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never seen.
This winsome couple straked hands,
Mess John ty'd up the marriage bands,
With a fal da ra, &c.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

The words by Sir Walter Scott.

Andante non troppo.

Voice.

Piano.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante non troppo.' The voice part starts with a whole rest for the first measure, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with various chords and arpeggiated figures. Dynamics include piano (p) and fortissimo (fff). The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

“Why weep ye by the tide, la - dye? Why
 “Now let this wil - ful grief be done, And
 weep ye by the tide? I’ll wed ye to my young - est son, And
 dry that cheek so pale: Young Frank is chief of Err - ing - ton, And

ye sall be his bride; And ye sall be his bride, fa - dye, Sae
lord of Lang - ley dale; His step is first in peace - ful ha'. His

come - ly to be seen: But aye she loot the tears down fa', For
sword in bat - tle keen:' But aye she, loot the tears down fa', For

poco rall.
Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.
Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.

"A chain o' gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen:"
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight were there;
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladye was not seen!—
She's o'er the border and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean!

DUNCAN GRAY.

The words by Burns.

Allegretto con spirito.

Voice.

Piano.

Dun-can Gray eam' here to woo,
Dun-can fleech'd, and Dun-can pray'd,

Ha, ha, the woo-ing o't; On blythe Yule night, when we were fu', Ha, ha, the
Ha, ha, the woo-ing o't, Meg was deaf as - Ail-sa Craig, Ha, ha, the

woo - ing o't. Mag-gie coost her head fu' heigh, Look'd a - silent, and
woo - ing o't. Dun-can sigh'd baith out and in, Grat his een baith

un - co skeigh, Gart poor Dun-can stand a - beigh; Ha, ha, the
bleer'd and blin'. Spak' o' lowp - in' o'er a him, Ha, ha, the

woo - ing o't.
woo - ing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quo' he,
For a baughty hizzie die?
She may gae to - France for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes, let doctors tell.
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg grew sick as he grew well,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her e'en, they spak' sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath.
Now they're crouse and canty baith
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

IT WAS UPON A LAMMAS NIGHT.

Melody: "Corn Rigs."

The words by Burns.

Allegretto.

Voice.

Piano.

mf

It was up - on a Lam-mas night, When corn rigs are
The sky was blue, the wind was still. The moon was shin - ing

p

bon - nie, O. Be - neath the moon's un - cloud - ed light, I held a - wa to
ear - ly, O: I set her down wi' right good will, A - mang the rigs o'

An - nie, O: The time flew by wi' tent - less heed, Till
bar - ley, O: I ken't her heart was a' my ain; I

'tween the late and ear - ly, O, Wi' sma' per - sua - sion
loved her most sin - cere - ly, O; I kiss'd her ower and

she a - greed To see me through the bar - ley, O.
ower a - gain, A - mang the rigs o' bar - ley, O.

animato

Corn rigs, and bar - ley rigs, Corn rigs are
 Corn rigs, and bar - ley rigs, Corn rigs are

mf

bon - nie, O: I'll ne'er for - get that hap - py night, A -
 bon - nie, O: I'll ne'er for - get that hap - py night, A -

mang the rigs wi' An - nie, O.
 mang the rigs wi' An - nie, O.

I lockd her in my fond embrace!
 Her heart was beating rarely, O;
 My blessings on that happy place,
 Among the rigs o' barley, O!
 But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour so clearly, O!
 She aye shall bless that happy night,
 Among the rigs o' barley, O!
 Corn rigs, &c.

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear;
 I hae been merry drinkin', O;
 I hae been joyfu' gathrin' gear;
 I hae been happy thinkin', O;
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Tho' three times doubled fairly, O,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Among the rigs o' barley, O.
 Corn rigs, &c.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

Allegretto.

Voice.

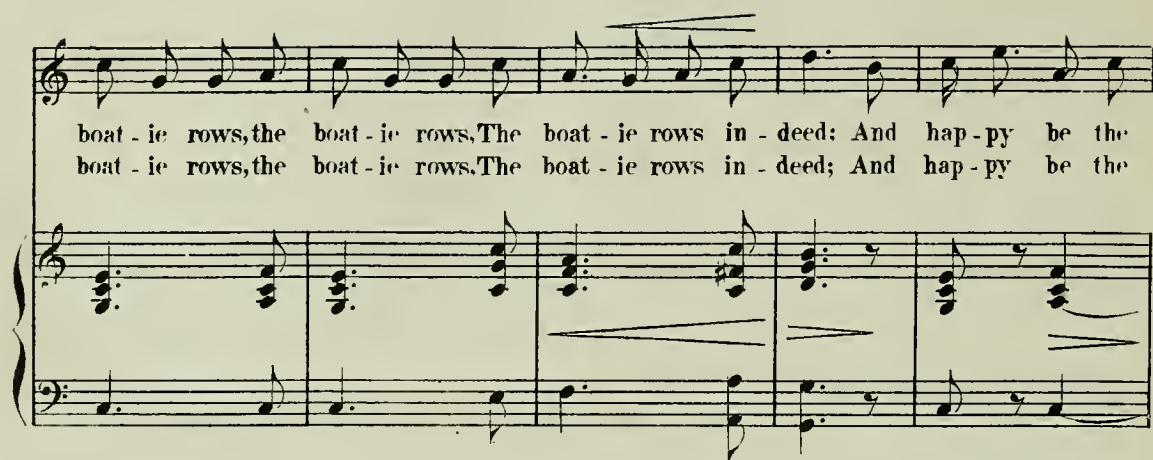
Piano.

mf

O weel may the boat - ie row, And bet - ter may she
O weel may the boat - ie row, That fills a heav y

Fine. *p*

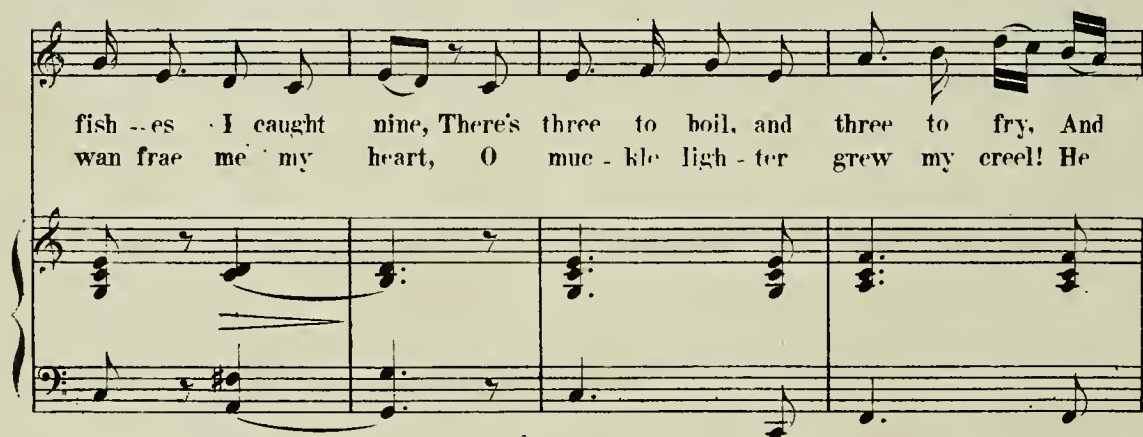
speed: And weel may the boat - ie row, That wins the bairns bread. The
creel, And cleeds us a' frae head to feet, And buys our parritch meal. The



boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, The boat - ie rows in - deed; And hap - py be the
boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, The boat - ie rows in - deed; And hap - py be the



lot of a' That wish the boat - ie speed. I cuist my line in Lar - go bay, And
lot of a' That wish the boat - ie speed. When Jam - ie vow'd he would be mine, And



fish - es I caught nine, There's three to boil, and three to fry, And
wan frae me my heart, O muc - kle ligh - ter grew my creel! He

animato

three to bait the line. The boat-ie rows, the boat-ie rows, The boat-ie rows in -
swore we'd nev - er part. The boat-ie rows, the boat-ie rows, The boat-ie rows fu'

deed; And hap - py be the lot of a' That wish the boat - ie speed.
weel; And mne - kle ligh - ter is the lade When love bears up the creel.

D.C.

My kurtch I put upo' my head,
And dress'd mysel' fu' braw;
I trow my heart was dowf and wae
When Jamie gaed awa.
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part:
And lightsome be the lassie's eare,
That yields an hon st heart.

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

When we are auld, and sair bow'd down,
And hirplin at the door,
They'll row, to keep us dry an' warm,
As we did them before.
Then weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairns bread;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

The words by Burns.

Andante con espressione.

Voice.

Piano.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw I dear - ly like the west: For
O blaw, ye west-lin winds, blaw saft A - mang the leaf - y trees; Wi'

there the bon - nie las - sie lives. The lass that I lo'e best: Tho' wild woods grow an' ri - vers row, Wi'
gen - tle gale, frae muir and dale. Bring hame the laden bees; An' bring the las - sie back to me "Wi'

mo-nie a hill be-tween. Baith day an' night, my fan-cy's flight Is e-ver wi' my Jean. I
her twa witch-in' een;" Ae blink o' her wad ban-ish care, Sae love-ly is my Jean! What

see her in the dew-y flow'r, Sae love-ly, sweet, an' fair; I hear her voice in il-ka-bird. Wi'
sighs an' vows among the knowes. Ha'e past a-tween us twa! How fain to meet, how wae-to part. That

mu-sic charm the air: There's not a bon-nie flow'r that springs. By fountain, shaw, or green. Nor
day she gaed a-wa'! The powers a-boon ean on-ly ken, To whom the heart is seen, That

yet a bon-nie bird that sings. But minds me o' my Jean.
nane can be sae dear to me, As my sweet lovely Jean!

MY NANNIE O.

The words by Burns.

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

Be - hind yon hills where Lu - gar flows, 'Mang muirs and mess - es
My Nan - ny's charm - ing, sweet, and young; Nae art - fu' wiles to

ma - ny, O. The win - try sun the day has clos'd, And I'll a - wa to
win ye, O: May ill be - fa' the flatt'ring tongue, That wad be guile my

Nan - ny, O. The west - lin wind blows loud and shrill The night's baith mirk and
Nan - ny, O. Her face is fair, her heart is true, As spot - less as she's

rain - y, O; But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal, And owre the hills to
bon - nie O; The op'ning gow-an wat wi' dew, Nae pur - er is than

Nan - ny, O.
Nan - ny, O.

A country lad is my degree,
And faw there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome aye to Nanny, O.
My riches a's my penny fee,
And I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warld's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nanny, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view,
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hands his plough,
And has na care but Nanny, O.
Come weel, come wae I care na by,
I'll tak' what heav'n will send me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, and love my Nanny, O.

MY BOY TAMMY.

Moderato.

The words by Hector Macneill.

Voice.

Piano.

“Whar’ hae ye been a’ day, my boy Tam-my?
whar’ gat ye that young thing, my boy Tam-my? And

Whar’ hae ye been a’ day, my boy Tammy?” ‘I’ve been by burn and flow’ ry brae,
whar’ gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy?” ‘I gat her down in yon-der howe,

Meadowgreen and mountain grey, Court-in' o' this young thing just come frae her mammy.
Smil-ing on a broomyknowe, Herding æ weelamb and ewe, for her spuir mammy.

2nd Verse .. And

mf *dimin.* *pp*

"What said ye to the bonny bairn, my boy Tammy?"

'I praised her een sae bonny blue,
Her dimpled cheek an' cherry mou,
And preed it aft as ye may trow, she said "she'd tell her mammy."

'The smile gaed aff her bonny face—"I marna leave my mammy!
She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claise.
She's been my comfort a' my days,
My father's death brought mony waes—I canna leave my mammy."

'We'll tak her hame an' mak her fain, my ain kind hearted lammy,
We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,
We'll be her comfort a' her days:
The wee thing gies her hand, and says, "There gang and ask my mammy."

"Has she been to kirk wi' thee, my boy Tammy?"

'She has been to kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her ee,
But oh! she's but a young thing just come frae her mammy.'

COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

Melody: "Johnnie McGill."

Animato.

The words by Hector Macneill.

Voice.

Piano.

mf

Come
Gae

un - der my plaid - ie, the night's gaun to fa; Come in frae the cauld blast, the
'wa wi' your plaid - ie! and Don - ald, gae 'wa; I fear na the cauld blast, the

p

drift, an' the snaw; Come un - der my plaid - ie, and sit down be - side me. There's
drift, nor the snaw! Gae 'wa wi' your plaid - ie! I'll no sit be - side ye; Ye

room in't, dear las - sie, be - lieve me, for twa. Come un - der my plaid - ie, and
might be my gutch - er! auld Don - ald, gae 'wa. I'm gaun to meet John - nie - he's

sit down be - side me, I'll hap ye frae ev' - ry cauld blast that can blaw; Come
young; and he's bon - nie, He's been at Meg's brid - al, fu' trig and fu' braw! Nane

un - der my plaid - ie, and sit down be - side me, There's room in't, dear las - sie, be -
danc - es sae licht - ly, sae grace - fu', or ticht - ly. His cheek's like the new rose, his

lieve me, for twa,
brow's like the snaw!

Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa';
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;
The haill o' his pack he has now on his back;
He's thretty, and I am but three score and twa.
Be frank now and kindly— I'll busk ye aye finely,
To kirk or to market there'll few gang sae braw;
A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
And flunkies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ea'.

My father aye tell'd me, my mither and a',
Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me aye braw;
It's true I lo'e Johnnie, he's gude and he's bonnie,
But wae's me! ye ken he has naething ava!
I ha'e little tocher, you've made a gude offer,
I'm now mair than twenty, my time is but sma'.
Sae gie me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye,
I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa.

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
Whar Johnnie was list'nin', and heard her tell a';
The day was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,
And struck 'gainst his side as if burstin' in twa.
He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary;
And thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw;
The howlet was screamin', while Johnnie cried "Women
Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw!"

"O the deil's in the lasses! they gang now sae bra'.
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;
The haill o' their marriage, is gowd and a carriage,
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!
But lo'e them I canna, nor marry I winna,
Wi' ony daft lassie, though fair as a queen:
Till love ha'e a share o't, the never a hair o't,
Shall gang in my wallet at morning or e'en."

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

Voice. *Moderato.*

Piano. *mf* *p* *mf*

con

In
My

anima

win - ter when the rain rain'd cauld, An' frost and snaw on ilk - a hill, An'
Crum-mie is a use - fu' cow, An' she is come o' a gude kin; Aft

p

Bo - reas, wi' his blasts sae bauld, Was threat'-ning a' our
has she wet the bai - rns's mou', An' I am laith that

kye to kill, Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es na strife, She
she should tyne; Get up, gude man, it is fu' time, The

said to me, right has - ti - ly, Get up, gude - man, save
sun shines in the lift sae hie; Sloth ne - ver made a

Crum-mie's life, An' tak' your auld cloak a - bout ye.
gra - cious end, Gae, tak' your auld cloak a - bout ye.

mf *p* *mf*

f *p*

My cloak was ance a gude grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scanty worth a groat,
For I hae worn't this thretty year.
Let's spend the gear that we hae won.
We little ken the day we'll die:
Then I'll be proud, sin' I hae sworn
To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when gude King Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half-a-crown;
He said they were a groat o'er dear,
An' e'd the tailor thief and loun:
He was the king that wore the crown,
An' thou't a man of laigh degree:
It's pride puts a' the country down;
Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Ilka land has its ain lauch,
Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool:
I think the world is a' gane wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule:
Do ye no see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
How they are girded gallantlie,
While I sit hurklin i' the neuk?
I'll hae a new cloak about me!

Gudeman, I wat it's thretty year,
Sin' we did aye anither ken:
An' we hae had atween us twa
Of lads an' bonnie lasses ten:
Now they are women grown an' men,
I wish an' pray weel may they be;
An' if you'd prove a gude husband,
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
But she would guide me, if she can;
An' to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman:
Nocht's to be won at woman's han',
Unless ye gie her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
An' tak' my auld cloak about me.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

Allegretto con spirito.

Voice.

Piano.

Wha wad - na be in love Wi'
Maggie, quo' he, and by my bags, I'm

bon - nie Mag - gie Lau - der? A pip - er met her gaun to Fife And
fidge - in' fain to see thee; Sit down, by me, my bon - nie bird, In

speir'd what was't they ca'd her, Right scorn-ful-ly she ans-wer'd him; "Be-troth I win-na steer thee: For I'm a pip-er to my trade, My

gone ye hal-lan-sha-ker! Jog on your gate, ye blad-der-skate, My name is Rob the Ran-ter: The lass-es loup as they were daft, When

name is Mag-gie Lau-der."
I blaw up my chan-ter.

Piper, quo' Meg, hae ye your bags?
Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
Live you upon the border?
The lasses a', baith far and near,
Have heard o' Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right gude will,
Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it.
Weel done! quo' he—play up! quo' she;
Weel bobbd! quo' Rob the Ranter;
'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
When I hae sic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quo' Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
Since we lost Habbie Simson.
I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin ye should come to Anster fair,
Speir ye for Maggie Launder.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

Melody: "When she cam' ben, she bobbed."

Allegretto.

Voice.

Piano.

giocoso

The Laird o' Cock-pen he's
Down by the burn side a

prond and he's great, His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state, He
la - dy did dwell. At head o' his ta - ble he thought she'd look well; Mac -

want-ed a wife now his braw house to keep, But fa-vour wi' woo-in' was
leish's ae daughter o' Clav-ers - ha'-lee A pen - ny-less lass wi' a'

fash-ous to seek.
lang pe - di - gree.

His wig was weel pouter'd, and as gude as new,
His waistcoat was red, and his coat it was blue,
A ring on his finger, his sword, and cock'd hat,
And wha could refuse the auld Laird wi' a' that.

He mounted his mare, he rode cannillie,
And rapt at the yett o' Clavers-ha'-lee;
„Gae tell M^{rs} Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.“

M^{rs} Jean she was making the elder-flower win,
„And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?“
She pat aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa down.

And when she cam in, the Laird boo'd fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know;
But oh! how he stared, when the Lady said „Na,“
And wi' a laigh curtsey she then turn'd awa.

The Laird was dumfounder'd, nae sigh did he gie,
He mounted his mare, he rode cannillie;
And aften he thought as he gaed thro' the glen,
She is daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

O LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

The words by Burns.

Andante espressivo.

Voice.

Piano.

p

p

O Las-sie, art thou sleep-in' yet, Or art thou wa-kin, I would wit? For
Thou hear'st the win-ter wind and weet: Nae starblinks thro' the driv-ing sleet; Tak'

p

p

love has bound me hand and foot, And I would fain be in, Jo. O
pi - ty on my wea - ry feet, And shield me frae the rain, Jo. O

p

let me in this ae night, This ae night, this ae night, For
let me in this ae night, This ae night, this ae night, For

pi-ty's sake this ae night O rise and let me in, Jo.
pi-ty's sake this ae night O rise and let me in, Jo.

The bitter blast that round me blows
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
O' a' my grief and pain jo.
O, let me in this ae night, &c.

Her Answer.

O tell na me o' wiind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
Gae back the gate ye cam' again:
I winna let you in, jo.
I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night:
And, ance for a', this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'r'er pours,
Is nought to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed,
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting woman say,
How aft her fate's the same, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Melody: "The Mill, Mill, O."

The words by Burns.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

When wild war's dead - ly blast was blawn. And gen - tle peace re - turn - ing. Wi'
A leal, light heart was in my breast. My hand un - stain'd wi' plun - der; And

mo - ny a sweet babe fa - ther - less. And mo - ny a wi - dow mourn - ing I
for fair Sco - tia, hame a - gain. I cher - ry on did wan - der. I

left the lines and tent-ed field. Where lang I'd been a lod-ger; My
thought up - on the banks of Coil, I thought up - on my Nan - cy; I

hum - ble knap - sack a' my wealth; A poor and hon - est sod - ger.
thought up - on the witch - ing smile That caught my youth - ful fan - ey.

rall. *a tempo*

rall. *D.C.*

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, and trystin' thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I bul my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turu'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, 'Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger.
I've serv'd my king and country lang;
Tak' pity on a sodger.'

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, "a sodger anee I lo'ed
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble eot and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake o't;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

She gaz'd, she redden'd like a rose,
Synce pale as ony lily,
She sank within my arms, and cried,
"Art thou my ain dear Willy?"
'By him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man, and thus may still,
True lovers be rewarded.

'The wars are o'er and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair, we'se ne'er be parted!
Quo' she, "my grandsire left me gowd,
A mailin' plenish'd fairly;
Then come, my faithful sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly."

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor,
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour.
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember he's his country's stay,
In day and hour of danger.

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND .

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

O where, and O where does your Highland lad-die dwell? O where, and O where does your
O where, and O where, is your Highland lad-die gane! O where, and O where, is your

High-land lad-die dwell? He dwells in mer-ry Scot-land, where the
High-land lad-die gane? He's gane to fight for George, our King, and

blue-bells sweetly smell, And Oh! in my heart I love my lad-die well. He
left us all a-lane, For no-ble and brave's my loy-al Highland-man. He's

dwells in mer-ry Scot-land, where the blue-bells sweet-ly smell, And
gane to fight for George, our King, and left all us a-lane, For

Oh! in my heart I love my lad-die well.
no-ble and brave's my loy-al Highland-man.

O what, lassie, what, if your Highland lad be slain?
O what, lassie, what, if your Highland lad be slain?
O no! true love will be his guard, and bring him safe again,
For I never could live without my Highland-man.

O when, and O when, will your Highland lad come hame?
O when, and O when, will your Highland lad come hame?
Whene'er the war is o'er, he'll return to me with fame,
And I'll plait a wreath of flowers for my lovely Highland-man.

I LO'E NA A LADDIE BUT ANE.

Voice. *Moderato.*

Piano. *mf*

con anima

I lo'e na a lad-die but ane, He lo'es na a las-sie but
Let ith-ers brag weel o' their gear, Their land and their lord-ly de-

p

me; He's wil-lin' to mak me his ain; And his ain I am wil-lin' to
gree; I care-na for ought but my dear, For he's il-ka thing lord-ly to

be. He coft me a roke-lay o' blue, And a pair o' mit-tens o'
me. His words are sae sug-ar'd, sae sweet! His sense drives ilk fear far a -

green; He vow'd that he'd e-ver be true; And I plight-ed my troth yes-
wa! I lis-ten, poor fool! and I greet; Yet how sweet are the tears as they

treen.
fa!

cre - seen - do *p*

"Dear lassie," he cries, wi' a jeer,
"Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;
Though we've little to brag o'—ne'er fear;
What's gowd to a heart that is wae?
Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
Yet see how he's dwining wi' care;
Now we, though we've naething but health,
Are cantie and leal evermair.

"O Menie! the heart that is true
Has something mair costy than gear;
Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,
Ilk morn it has naething to fear.
Ye warldlings, gae hoard up your store,
And tremble for fear ought ye tyne,
Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,
True love is the guardian o' mine."

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile—
Wae's me, can I tak' it amiss!
My laddie's unpractised in guile,
He's free aye to daut and to kiss!
Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment
Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,
Play your pranks— I ha'e gi'en my consent,
And this night I am Jamie's for life.

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