

SCHIRMER'S EDITION.

12

Favorite Scotch Songs

Harmonized

BY

MAX VOGRICH.

FOR MEN'S VOICES..... Pr. 75¢ net
FOR WOMEN'S VOICES..... 75¢ ..
FOR MIXED VOICES..... 75¢ ..

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Auld Robin Gray.

(Lady Ann Lindsay.)

Harmonized by MAX VOGRICH.

Andante.

TENOR I. *p* *pp*

1. Young Ja-mie lo'ed me weel, and saught me for his bride, But
2. My fa-ther couldna work, my mith-er couldna spin; I

TENOR II. *p* *pp*

BASS I. *p* *pp*

1. Young Ja-mie lo'ed me weel, and saught me for his bride, But
2. My fa-ther couldna work, my mith-er couldna spin; I

BASS II. *p* *pp*

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

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

make the crown a pound my Ja - mie gaed to sea, And the
Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e, Said

make the crown a pound my Ja - mie gaed to sea, And the
Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e, Said

crown and the pound were baith for me. He
 Jen - ny, for their sakes, will you no' mar - ry me. My

had na been gane a week but on - ly twa, When my
 heart it said na, for I lookd for Ja - mie back; But the

fa - ther brake his arm, and our cow was stown a - wa'; My
 wind it blew high and the ship it was a - wrack; The

mith-er she fell sick, and my Ja-mie at the sea, and
ship it was a wrack! Why did na Jen-ny dee? Oh

auld Rob-in Gray cam' a court-ing me.
why do I live to say, O wae's me.

3. My fa-ther ar-gued sair my mith-er did na speak, But
4. O sair did we greet, and mic-kle did we say; We

she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break; They
took but ae kiss, and we tore our-selves a - way. I

gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea, And auld
wish that I were dead, but I'm not like to dee; Oh why

Rob - in Gray is gude - man to me. I
do I live to say, O wae's me! I

had na been his wife a week but on-ly four, When mournfu' as I sat on the
gang like a ghaist, and I care na to spin, I dare nathink o' Ja-mie, for

stane at the door, I saw Ja-mie's ghaist I
that wad be a sin. But I will do my best a

could-na think it he, Till he said: "I'm come hame my love, to mar-ry thee?"
gude wife aye to be For auld Rob-in Gray is a kind man to me.

Mary Morison.

(Burns.)

Andante con moto.

Harmonized by MAX VOGRICH.

ptenderly.

TENOR I.

1. Oh— Ma— ry, at the win— dow be, It is the wish'd, the
2. Yes—reen, when to the trembling string The dancegaed thro' the

ptenderly.

TENOR II.

ptenderly.

BASS I.

1. Oh— Ma— ry, at the win— dow be, It is the wish'd, the
2. Yes—reen, when to the trembling string The dancegaed thro' the

ptenderly.

BASS II.

tryst— ed hour, Those smiles and glan— ces— let me see, That
light— ed ha', To thee my fan— cy— took its wing, I

tryst— ed hour, Those smiles and glan— ces— let me see, That
light— ed ha', To thee my fan— cy— took its wing, I

cresc. *p*
mak' the mi— ser's treas— ure poor. How blithe— ly wad I
sat, but nei— ther heard nor saw. Tho' this was fair, and

cresc. *p*
mak' the mi— ser's treas— ure poor. How blithe— ly wad I
sat, but nei— ther heard nor saw. Tho' this was fair, and

cresc. *p*
mak' the mi— ser's treas— ure poor. How blithe— ly wad I
sat, but nei— ther heard nor saw. Tho' this was fair, and

bide the stoure A wear - y slave frae sun to sun, Could
that was braw, And you the toast of a' the town, I

p

cresc. *frit.* *>* *>*
I the rich re - ward se - cure The love - ly Ma - ry Mor - i - son.
sigh'd, and said a - mang them a' "Ye are na Ma - ry Mor - i - son."

cresc. *frit.* *>* *>*

cresc. *frit.* *>* *>*

I the rich re - ward se - cure The love - ly Ma - ry Mor - i - son.
sigh'd, and said a - mang them a' "Ye are na Ma - ry Mor - i - son."

cresc. *frit.* *>* *>*

p
3. Oh Ma - ry canst thou wrack his peace Wha for thy sake would

p
3. Oh Ma - ry canst thou wrack his peace Wha for thy sake would

p
3. Oh Ma - ry canst thou wrack his peace Wha for thy sake would

p
3. Oh Ma - ry canst thou wrack his peace Wha for thy sake would

glad - ly dee? Or canst thou break that heart of his, Whase

glad - ly dee? Or canst thou break that heart of his, Whase

glad - ly dee? Or canst thou break that heart of his, Whase

glad - ly dee? Or canst thou break that heart of his, Whase

cresc. on - ly fault is lov - ing thee. *p* If love for love thou

cresc. on - ly fault is lov - ing thee. *p* If love for love thou

cresc. on - ly fault is lov - ing thee. *p* If love for love thou

cresc. on - ly fault is lov - ing thee. *p* If love for love thou

p canst na gie, At least be pit - y to me shown, A

p canst na gie, At least be pit - y to me shown, A

p canst na gie, At least be pit - y to me shown, A

p canst na gie, At least be pit - y to me shown, A

cresc. *f rit.* > thought un - gen - tle can - na be The thought o' Ma - ry Mor - i - son.

cresc. *f rit.* > thought un - gen - tle can - na be The thought o' Ma - ry Mor - i - son.

cresc. *f rit.* > thought un - gen - tle can - na be The thought o' Ma - ry Mor - i - son.

cresc. *f rit.* > thought un - gen - tle can - na be The thought o' Ma - ry Mor - i - son.

A Highland Lad my Love was born.

(Burns.)

Allegro.

Harmonized by MAX VOGRICH.

TENOR I. *p*

1. A High-land lad, my love was born, The
2. With his phil - a - beg and tar - tan plaid, And

TENOR II. *p*

BASS I. *p*

1. A High-land lad, my love was born, The
2. With his phil - a - beg and tar - tan plaid, And

BASS II. *p*

Law-land laws he held in scorn; But he still was faith - fu' to his clan, My
gude clay-more down by his side; The La-dies 'heart he did tre-pan, My

Law-land laws he held in scorn; But he still was faith - fu' to his clan, My
gude clay-more down by his side; The La-dies 'heart he did tre-pan, My

gal - lant braw John High-land man. Sing hey, my braw John High-land man, Sing
gal - lant braw John High-land man. Sing hey, my braw John High-land man, Sing

gal - lant braw John High-land man. Sing hey, my braw John High-land man, Sing
gal - lant braw John High-land man. Sing hey, my braw John High-land man, Sing

f sempre.

ho, my braw John High - land man, There's no' a lad in__
 ho, my braw John High - land man, There's no' a lad in__

f sempre.

ho, my braw John High - land man, There's no' a lad in__
 ho, my braw John High - land man, There's no' a lad in__

f sempre.

f

a' the lan' Was match wi' my John High - land man.
 a' the lan' Was match wi' my John High - land man.

f

a' the lan' Was match wi' my John High - land man.
 a' the lan' Was match wi' my John High - land man.

f

p

3. They ban - ish'd him be - yond the sea; But

p

3. They ban - ish'd him be - yond the sea; But

p

3. They ban - ish'd him be - yond the sea; But

p

12 3. They ban - ish'd him be - yond the sea; But

ere the bud was on the tree, A - down my cheeks the pearls ran, Em -

ere the bud was on the tree, A - down my cheeks the pearls ran, Em -

ere the bud was on the tree, A - down my cheeks the pearls ran, Em -

ere the bud was on the tree, A - down my cheeks the pearls ran, Em -

brac-ing my John Highland man. Sing hey, my braw John High-land man, Sing

brac-ing my John Highland man. Sing hey, my braw John High-land man, Sing

brac-ing my John Highland man. Sing hey, my braw John High-land man, Sing

brac-ing my John Highland man. Sing hey, my braw John High-land man, Sing

ho, my braw John High-land man, There's no' a lad in

ho, my braw John High-land man, There's no' a lad in

ho, my braw John High-land man, There's no' a lad in

ho, my braw John High-land man, There's no' a lad in

a' the lan' Was match wi' my John High-land man.

a' the lan' Was match wi' my John High-land man.

a' the lan' Was match wi' my John High-land man.

a' the lan' Was match wi' my John High-land man.

My love is like a red, red rose.

(Burns.)

Andante molto moderato.

TENOR I. *p* 1. O my love is like a red, red rose That's newly sprung in June, My

TENOR II. *p* 1. O my love is like a red, red rose That's newly sprung in June, My

BASS I. *p* 1. O my love is like a red, red rose That's newly sprung in June, My

BASS II. *p* 1. O my love is like a red, red rose That's newly sprung in June, My

love is like a mel - o - dy That's sweet - ly played in tune. As *f*

love is like a mel - o - dy That's sweet - ly played in tune. As *f*

love is like a mel - o - dy That's sweet - ly played in tune. As *f*

fair art thou my bon - nie lass, So deep in love am I;

fair art thou my bon - nie lass, So deep in love am I;

fair art thou my bon - nie lass, So deep in love am I; And *p*

fair art thou my bon - nie lass, So deep in love am I;

pp I'll love thee still Till *cresc.* a' the seas gang dry. *f*

pp I'll love thee still Till *cresc.* a' the seas gang dry. *f*

pp I will love thee still, my dear, Till *cresc.* a' the seas gang dry. *f*

pp I will love thee still, my dear, Till *cresc.* a' the seas gang dry. *f*

p

2. Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, and the rocks melt wi' the sun; And

p

2. Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, and the rocks melt wi' the sun; And

pp

2. Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, and the rocks melt wi' the sun; And

pp

2. Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, and the rocks melt wi' the sun; And

I will love thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run. But

I will love thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run. But

I will love thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run. But

I will love thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run. But

fare thee weel, my on - ly love; And fare thee weel a - while,

fare thee weel, my on - ly love; And fare thee weel a - while,

fare thee weel, my on - ly love; And fare thee weel a - while, And

fare thee weel, my on - ly love; And fare thee weel a - while, And

pp *cresc.*

I'll come a - gain Tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile.

pp *cresc.*

I'll come a - gain Tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile.

pp *cresc.*

I will come a - gain, my love, Tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile.

pp *cresc.*

I will come a - gain, my love, Tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile.

Jock o'Hazeldean.

(Walter Scott.)

Allegretto.

Harmonized by MAX VOGRICH.

TENOR I.



1. Why weep ye by the tide, la - dye? Why
2. Now let this wil - fu' grief be done, And

TENOR II.



BASS I.



1. Why weep ye by the tide, la - dye? Why
2. Now let this wil - fu' grief be done And

BASS II.



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 Er- rington 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 Er- rington And

ye shall be his bride; And ye shall be his
lord of Lang - ley - dale. His step is first in

ye shall be his bride; And ye shall be his
lord of Lang - ley - dale. His step is first in

bride, la - dye, Sae come - ly to — be seen. 1 2. But
 peace - fu' ha', His sword in bat - tle keen.

bride, la - dye, Sae come - ly to — be seen. 1 & 2. But
 peace - fu' ha', His sword in bat - tle keen.

più lento. **Tempo I.**

aye, she loot the tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.
 aye, she loot the tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.

f *p*

3. A chain of gold ye shall not lack, Nor braid to bind your
 4. The kirk was deck'd at morn - ing tide; The ta - per glim - mer'd

3. A chain of gold ye shall not lack, Nor braid to bind your
 4. The kirk was deck'd at morn - ing tide; The ta - per glim - mer'd

hair... Nor met-tled hound, nor man-aged hawk, Nor pal-frey fresh and fair;—The priest and bridegroom wait the bride, And dame and knight are

hair... Nor met-tled hound, nor man-aged hawk, Nor pal-frey fresh and fair;—The priest and bridegroom wait the bride, And dame and knight are

fair; And you, the fore-most of them a', Shall ride our for-est there. They sought her baith by bower and ha' The la-dye was not

fair; And you the fore-most of them a', Shall ride our for-est there. They sought her baith by bower and ha' The la-dye was not

più lento. **Tempo I.** queen. But aye, she loot the tears down fa', For Jock o Hazel-dean. seen; She's o'er the bord-er and a-wa', With Jock o Hazel-dean.

più lento. queen. But aye, she loot the tears down fa', For Jock o Hazel-dean. seen; She's o'er the bord-er and a-wa', With Jock o Hazel-dean.

più lento. queen. But aye, she loot the tears down fa', For Jock o Hazel-dean. seen; She's o'er the bord-er and a-wa', With Jock o Hazel-dean.

John Anderson, my jo.

(Burns.)

Harmonized by MAX VOGRICH.

Adagio.

TENOR I.

TENOR II.

BASS I.

BASS II.

1. John— Anderson, my jo, John, When we were first ac-

1. John— Anderson, my jo, John, When we were first ac-

1. John— Anderson, my jo, John, When we were first ac-

1. John— Anderson, my jo, John, When we were first ac-

quaint; Your locks were like the ra-ven, Your bonnie brow was brent; But

quaint; Your locks were like the ra-ven, Your bonnie brow was brent; But

quaint; Your locks were like the ra-ven, You bonnie brow was brent;

quaint; Your locks were like the ra-ven, Your bonnie brow was brent;

now your brow is bald, John, Your locks are like the snow, Yet,—

now your brow is bald, John, Your locks are like the snow, Yet,—

Your locks are like the snow, Yet,

Your locks are like the snow, Yet,—

bles-sings on your frost-y pow, John— An-der-son, my jo.

bles-sings on your frost-y pow, John— An-der-son, my jo.

bles-sings on your frost-y pow, John— An-der-son, my jo.

bles-sings on your frost-y pow, John— An-der-son, my jo.

pp

2. John— An-der-son, my jo, John, We— clamb the hill to -

pp

2. John— An-der-son, my jo, John, We clamb the hill to -

pp

2. John— An-der-son, my jo, John, We clamb the hill to -

pp

2. John— An-der-son, my jo, John, We clamb the hill to -

gither; And monie a canty day, John, We've had wi' ane an - ither. Now

gither; And monie a canty day, John, We've had wi' ane an - ither. Now

gither; And monie a canty day, John, We've had wi' ane an - ither.

gither; And monie a canty day, John, We've had wi' ane an - ither.

we maun tot-ter down, John, But hand in hand we'll go, And we'll

we maun tot-ter down, John, But hand in hand we'll go, And we'll

But hand in hand we'll go, And we'll

But hand in hand we'll go, And we'll

sleep to - gith - er at the foot, John— An - der - son, my jo.

sleep to - gith - er at the foot, John— An - der - son, my jo.

sleep to - gith - er at the foot, John— An - der - son, my jo.

sleep to - gith - er at the foot, John— An - der - son, my jo.

Logie o'Buchan.

(G. Halket.)

Harmonized by MAX VOGRICH.

Moderato allegretto.

TENOR I. *p*

1. It's — Lo - gie o' Bu - chan, it's Lo - gie the
 2. Though San - dy has ous - en, has gear and has

TENOR II. *p*

BASS I. *p*

1. It's — Lo - gie o' Bu - chan, it's Lo - gie the
 2. Though San - dy has ous - en, has gear and has

BASS II. *p*

laird, He has ta'en a - wa' Ja - mie that delv'd in the
 rye, A — house and a had - den, and sil - ler for -

laird, He has ta'en a - wa' Ja - mie that delv'd in the
 rye, A — house and a had - den, and sil - ler for -

yard; Wha — play'd on the pipe and the vi - ol sae
 bye; Yet I'd tak' my ain lad wi' his staff in his

yard; Wha — play'd on the pipe and the vi - ol sae
 bye; Yet I'd tak' my ain lad wi' his staff in his

rit.

sma', He has ta'en a - wa' Ja - mie, the flow'r o' them
 hand, Be - fore I'd hae San - dy wi' hous - es and

rit.

sma', He has ta'en a - wa' Ja - mie, the flow'r o' them
 hand, Be - fore I'd hae San - dy wi' hous - es and

rit.

p. *più mosso.* *f*

a', He said:
 land, Say - ing: 1&2: "Think nae lang, las - sie, though I gang a -

p. *più mosso.* *f*

a', He said:
 land, Say - ing: 1&2: "Think nae lang, las - sie, though I gang a -

p. *più mosso.* *f*

wa', For I'll come back and see ye, in spite o' them a."

wa', For I'll come back and see ye, in spite o' them a."

p

3. My — dad - die looks sul - ky, my min - nie looks
 4. I — sit on my creep - ie and spin at my

p

3. My — dad - die looks sul - ky, my min - nie looks
 4. I — sit on my creep - ie and spin at my

p

3. My — dad - die looks sul - ky, my min - nie looks
 4. I — sit on my creep - ie and spin at my

sour, They flyte up - on Ja - mie be - cause he is
 wheel, And think on the lad - die that lo'es me sae

sour, They flyte up - on Ja - mie be - cause he is
 wheel, And think on the lad - die that lo'es me sae

f

poor; Though I lo'e them as weel as a daugh - ter should
 weel; He — had but a sax - pence, he brak' it in

f

poor; Though I lo'e them as weel as a daugh - ter should
 weel; He — had but a sax - pence, he brak' it in

f

poor; Though I lo'e them as weel as a daugh - ter should
 weel; He — had but a sax - pence, he brak' it in

do, They'-re no half sae dear to me, Ja - mie, as
 twa, And gied me the half o't when he gaed a -

rit.

rit.

rit.

rit.

p *più mosso.* *f* *>*
 you. Say - ing: 3&4 Think nae lang, las - sie, though I gang a -
 wa', Say - ing: 3&4 Think nae lang, las - sie, though I gang a -

p *più mosso.* *f* *>*

p *più mosso.* *f* *>*

p *più mosso.* *f* *>*

wa', For I'll come back and see ye, in spite o' them a'."

wa', For I'll come back and see ye, in spite o' them a'."

p

5. Then— haste ye back, Ja - mie, and bide na a -

p

5. Then— haste ye back, Ja - mie, and bide na a -

p

5. Then haste ye back, Ja - mie, and bide na a -

p

5. Then haste ye back, Ja - mie, and bide na a -

wa'. Then— haste ye back, Ja - mie, and bide na a -

wa'. Then— haste ye back, Ja - mie, and bide na a -

wa'. Then haste ye back, Ja - mie, and bid na a -

wa'. Then haste ye back, Ja - mie, and bid na a -

f

wa'; The— sim - mer is com - in', cauld win - ter's a -

f

wa'; The— sim - mer is com - in', cauld win - ter's a -

f

wa'; The sim - mer is com - in', cauld win - ter's a -

f

wa'; The— sim - mer is com - in', cauld win - ter's a -

wa', And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them *rit.*

wa', And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them *rit.*

wa', And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them *rit.*

wa', And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them *rit.*

p. *più mosso.* *f* a'; Ye said, "Think nae lang, las - sie, though I gang a -

p. *più mosso.* *f* a'; Ye said, "Think nae lang, las - sie, though I gang a -

p. *più mosso.* *f* a'; Ye said, "Think nae lang, las - sie, though I gang a -

p. *più mosso.* *f* a'; Ye said, "Think nae lang, las - sie, though I gang a -

wa', For I'll come back and see ye, in spite o' them a'."

wa', For I'll come back and see ye, in spite o' them a'."

wa', For I'll come back and see ye, in spite o' them a'."

wa', For I'll come back and see ye, in spite o' them a'."

Comin' thro' the rye.

Allegretto.

Harmonized by MAX VOGRICH.

TENOR I.

TENOR II.

BASS I.

BASS II.

1. Gin a bod - y meet a bod - y Com-in' thro' the rye;

1. Gin a bod - y meet a bod - y Com-in' thro' the rye;

1. Gin a bod - y meet a bod - y Com-in' thro' the rye;

1. Gin a bod - y meet a bod - y Com-in' thro' the rye;

Gin a bod - y kiss a bod - y Need a bod - y cry?

Gin a bod - y kiss a bod - y Need a bod - y cry?

Gin a bod - y kiss a bod - y Need a bod - y cry?

Gin a bod - y kiss a bod - y Need a bod - y cry?

Il - ka las - sie has her lad - die, Nane they say, hae I, Yet

Il - ka las - sie has her lad - die, Nane they say, hae I, Yet

Il - ka las - sie has her lad - die, Nane they say, hae I, Yet

Il - ka las - sie has her lad - die, Nane they say, hae I, Yet

pp poco più lento.

Tempo I.

a' the lads they smile at me When com - in' thro' the rye.

a' the lads they smile at me When com - in' thro' the rye.

a' the lads they smile at me When com - in' thro' the rye.

a' the lads they smile at me When com - in' thro' the rye.

p
2. Gin a bod - y meet a bod - y Com - in' frae the town,
p
2. Gin a bod - y meet a bod - y Com - in' frae the town,
p
2. Gin a bod - y meet a bod - y Com - in' frae the town,
p
2. Gin a bod - y meet a bod - y Com - in' frae the town,

Gin a bod - y meet a bod - y Need a bod - y frown?
Gin a bod - y meet a bod - y Need a bod - y frown?
Gin a bod - y meet a bod - y Need a bod - y frown?
Gin a bod - y meet a bod - y Need a bod - y frown?

f Il - ka las - sie has her lad - die, Nane they say, hae I, Yet
p
f Il - ka las - sie has her lad - die, Nane they say, hae I, Yet
f H - ka las - sie has her lad - die, Nane they say, hae I, Yet
f Il - ka las - sie has her lad - die, Nane they say, hae I, Yet

pp poco più lento.

Tempo I.

pp a the lads they smile at me When com - in' thro' the rye.
pp poco più lento. *pp*
pp poco più lento. *pp*
pp poco più lento. *pp*
pp poco più lento. *pp*
a the lads they smile at me When com - in' thro' the rye.

p

3. Mang the train there is a swain I dear - ly lo'e my - sel'; But

p

3. Mang the train there is a swain I dear - ly lo'e my - sel'; But

p

3. Mang the train there is a swain I dear - ly lo'e my - sel'; But

p

3. Mang the train there is a swain I dear - ly lo'e my - sel'; But

what his name, or whaur his hame, I din - na care to tell.

what his name, or whaur his hame, I din - na care to tell.

what his name, or whaur his hame, I din - na care to tell.

what his name, or whaur his hame, I din - na care to tell.

f Il - ka las - sie has her lad - die, Nane they say, hae I, Yet

p

f Il - ka las - sie has her lad - die, Nane they say, hae I, Yet

p

f Il - ka las - sie has her lad - die, Nane they say, hae I, Yet

p

f Il - ka las - sie has her lad - die, Nane they say, hae I, Yet

pp poco più lento.

Tempo I.

pp

pp poco più lento.

pp

pp poco più lento.

pp

pp poco più lento.

pp

a' the lads they smile at me When com - in' thro' the rye.

a' the lads they smile at me When com - in' thro' the rye.

a' the lads they smile at me When com - in' thro' the rye.

a' the lads they smile at me When com - in' thro' the rye.

Auld lang syne.

(Burns.)

Con spirito.

Harmonized by MAX VOGRICH.

TENOR I.



1. Should auld acquaint-ance be for-got, And nev-er brought to
2. We twa hae run' a - bout the braes, And pu'd the go - wans

TENOR II.



BASS I.

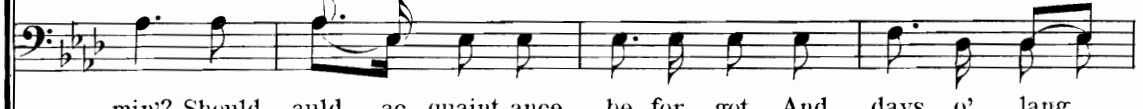


1. Should auld acquaint-ance be for-got, And nev-er brought to
2. We twa hae run' a - bout the braes, And pu'd the go - wans

BASS II.



min'? Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days o' lang—
fine; But we've—wan-der'd mo-ny a wea-ry foot, Sin' auld lang



min'? Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days o' lang—
fine; But we've—wan-der'd mo-ny a wea-ry foot, Sin' auld lang



syne.
syne. 1&2. For auld lang— syne, my dear, For auld lang— syne, We'll



syne.
syne. 1&2. For auld lang— syne, my dear, For auld lang— syne, We'll



rit.
tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.
rit.
tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.
rit.
tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.
rit.
tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

f
3. We twa hae paid - It in the burn, Frae morn - ing sun till
4. And there's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o'
f
3. We twa hae paid - It in the burn, Frae morn - ing sun till
4. And there's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o'
f

dine; But seas, be-tween us braid hae roard Sin' auld lang
thine; And we'll tak' a right gude wil - ly - waught For auld lang
dine; But seas, be-tween us braid hae roard Sin' auld lang
thine; And we'll tak' a right gude wil - ly - waught For auld lang

syne.
syne. *f* 3&4. For auld—lang—syne, my dear, For auld—lang—syne, We'll

syne.
syne. *f* 3&4. For auld—lang—syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll

rit.
tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld—lang—syne.

rit.
tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang—syne.

rit.
tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld—lang—syne.

rit.
tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang—syne.

f
5. And sure - ly ye'll be your pint stoup As sure - ly I'll be

f
5. And sure - ly ye'll be your pint stoup As sure - ly I'll be

f
5. And sure - ly ye'll be your pint stoup As sure - ly I'll be

f
5. And sure - ly ye'll be your pint stoup As sure - ly I'll be

mine! And we'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang
 mine! And we'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang
 mine! And we'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang
 mine! And we'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang

syne. For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll
 syne. For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll
 syne. For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll
 syne. For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll

tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne. *rit.*
 tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne. *rit.*
 tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne. *rit.*
 tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne. *rit.*

Afton Water.

(Burns.)

Andante.

Harmonized by MAX VOGRICH.

pp sempre.

TENOR I.

1. Flow gen - tly sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green
2. Thou stock-dove, whose ech - o re - sounds through the—

pp sempre.

TENOR II.

pp sempre.

BASS I.

1. Flow gen - tly sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green
2. Thou stock-dove, whose ech - o re - sounds through the—

pp sempre.

BASS II.

braes, Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a song in thy
glen, Ye wild whis - tling black - birds in yon thorn - y—

braes, Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a song in thy
glen, Ye wild whis - tling black - birds in yon thorn - y—

praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing
den, Thou green - crest - ed lap - wing, thy screaming for -

praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing
den, Thou green - crest - ed lap - wing, thy screaming for -

rit.

stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton dis - turb . not her dream.
 bear, I charge you dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.

rit.

stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton dis - turb not her dream.
 bear, I charge you dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.

rit.

pp sempre

3. How lof - ty, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bour - ing
 4. How pleas - ant thy banks and green val - leys be

pp sempre

3. How lof - ty, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bour - ing
 4. How pleas - ant thy banks and green val - leys be -

pp sempre

hills, Far marked with the cours - es of clear - wind - ing
 low, Where wild in the woodlands the prim - ros - es

hills, Far marked with the cours - es of clear - wind - ing
 low, Where wild in the woodlands the prim - ros - es

rills! There dai - ly I wan - der as morn ris - es.
 blow! There oft as mild ev'n - ing creeps o - ver the

high, My flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye.
 lea, The sweet-scent - ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.

5. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it
 6. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green

glides And winds by the cot where my Ma - ry re -
braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my

sides! How wan - ton thy wa - ters her snow - y feet
lays. My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing

lave As gath'ring sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.
stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

più Lento.

mid - night fair - ies glide, — bon - nie las - sie, O.
 moun - tains' rock - y hall, — bon - nie las - sie, O.

più Lento.

mid - night fair - ies glide, — bon - nie las - sie, O.
 moun - tains' rock - y hall, — bon - nie las - sie, O.

più Lento.

p

3. O Kel - vin banks are fair, — bon - nie
 4. Though I dare not call thee mine, — bon - nie

p

3. O Kel - vin banks are fair, — bon - nie
 4. Though I dare not call thee mine, — bon - nie

p

las-sie, O; When the sum-mer we are there, bon-nie las-sie, O; There the
 las-sie, O; As the smile of fortune's thine, bon-nie las-sie, O; Yet with

las-sie, O; When the sum-mer we are there, bon-nie las-sie, O; There the
 las-sie, O; As the smile of fortune's thine, bon-nie las-sie, O; Yet with

poco

May-pink's crimson plume, Throws a soft but sweet per - fume Round the
for - tune on my side, I could stay thy fa - ther's pride, And

poco

May-pink's crimson plume, Throws a soft but sweet per - fume Round the
for - tune on my side, I could stay thy fa - ther's pride, And

poco

più lento.

yel - low banks o' broom, — bon - nie las - sie, O.
win thee for my bride, — bon - nie las - sie, O.

più lento.

più lento.

yel - low banks o' broom, — bon - nie las - sie, O.
win thee for my bride, — bon - nie las - sie, O.

più lento.

p

5. But the frowns of for - tune lour, — bon - nie
6. Then fare - well to Kel - vin Grove, — bon - nie

p

p

5. But the frowns of for - tune lour, — bon - nie
6. Then fare - well to Kel - vin Grove, — bon - nie

p

las-sie, O; On thy lov-er at this hour, bon-nie las-sie, O, Ere yon
 las-sie, O; And a - dieu to all I love, bon-nie las-sie, O, To the

las-sie, O; On thy lov-er at this hour, bon-nie las-sie, O, Ere yon
 las-sie, O; And a - dieu to all I love, bon-nie las-sie, O, To the

gold - en orb of day Wake the war-blers on the spray, From this *poco*
 riv - er wind - ing clear To the fra-grant scent-ed brier, E'en to *poco*

gold - en orb of day Wake the war-blers on the spray, From this *poco*
 riv - er wind - ing clear To the fra-grant scent-ed brier, E'en to *poco*

più lento.
 land I must a - way, — bon - nie las - sie, O.
 thee of all most dear, — bon - nie las - sie, O.

più lento.
 land I must a - way, — bon - nie las - sie, O.
 thee of all most dear, — bon - nie las - sie, O.

più lento.

p

7. When up - on a for - eign shore, — bon - nie

p

7. When up - on a for - eign shore, — bon - nie

p

7. When up - on a for - eign shore, — bon - nie

p

7. When up - on a for - eign shore, — bon - nie

las-sie, O; Should I fall midst bat-tle's roar, bonnie las-sie, O; Then

las-sie, O; Should I fall midst bat-tle's roar, bonnie las-sie, O; Then

las-sie, O; Should I fall midst bat-tle's roar, bonnie las-sie, O; Then

las-sie, O; Should I fall midst bat-tle's roar, bonnie las-sie, O; Then

poco

Hel - en, shouldst thou hear, of thy lov - er on his bier, To his

poco

Hel - en, shouldst thou hear, of thy lov - er on his bier, To his

poco

Hel - en, shouldst thou hear, of thy lov - er on his bier, To his

poco

Hel - en, shouldst thou hear, of thy lov - er on his bier, To his

più lento.

mem - 'ry shed a tear, — bon - nie las - sie, O.

rit.

più lento.

mem - 'ry shed a tear, — bon - nie las - sie, O.

rit.

più lento.

mem - 'ry shed a tear, — bon - nie las - sie, O.

rit.

più lento.

mem - 'ry shed a tear, — bon - nie las - sie, O.

Ye Banks and Braes o'bonny Doon.

(Burns.)

Andante soave.

Harmonized by MAX VOGRICH.

TENOR I.



1. Ye banks and braes o' bon-ny Doon, How can ye bloom sae

TENOR II.



1. Ye banks and braes o' bon-ny Doon, How can ye bloom sae

BASS I.



1. Ye banks and braes o' bon - ny Doon, How can ye bloom sae

BASS II.



1. Ye banks and braes o' bon - ny Doon, How can ye bloom sae



fresh and fair! How can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, An



fresh and fair! How can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, An



fresh and fair! How can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, An



fresh and fair! How can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, An



I sae wea - ry fu' of care! Thou'lt break my heart, thou



I sae wea - ry fu' of care! Thou'lt break my heart, thou



I sae wea - ry fu' of care! Thou'lt break my heart, thou



I sae wea - ry fu' of care! Thou'lt break my heart, thou

warbling bird That wan - tons thro' the flower - ing thorn, Thou

warbling bird That wan - tons thro' the flower - ing thorn, Thou

warbling bird That wan - tons thro' the flower - ing thorn, Thou

warbling bird That wan - tons thro' the flower - ing thorn, Thou

sempre. minds me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn. *rit.* *ppp*

sempre. minds me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn. *rit.* *ppp*

sempre. minds me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn. *rit.* *ppp*

sempre. minds me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn. *rit.* *ppp*

p 2. Aft hae I rov'd by bon - ny Doon, To see the rose and

p 2. Aft hae I rov'd by bon - ny Doon, To see the rose and

p 2. Aft hae I rov'd by bon - ny Doon, To see the rose and

p 2. Aft hae I rov'd by bon - ny Doon, To see the rose and

wood-bine twine; And il - ka bird sang o' its luv And
 wood-bine twine; And il - ka bird sang o' its luv And
 wood-bine twine; And il - ka bird sang o' its luv And
 wood - bine twine; And il - ka bird sang o' its luv And

fond - ly sae did I of mine. *più appassion.* Wi' light - some heart I
 fond - ly sae did I of mine. *più appassion.* Wi' light - some heart I
 fond - ly sae did I of mine. *più appassion.* Wi' light - some heart I
 fond - ly sae did I of mine. *più appassion.* Wi' light - some heart I

pu'd the rose, Fu' sweet up - on its thorn - y tree; And *pp*
 pu'd the rose, Fu' sweet up - on its thorn - y tree; And *pp*
 pu'd the rose, Fu' sweet up - on its thorn - y tree; And *pp*
 pu'd the rose, Fu' sweet up - on its thorn - y tree; And *pp*

sempre. my fause luv - er stole the rose, But ah! he left the thorn wi' me. *rit. PPP*
sempre. my fause luv - er stole the rose, But ah! he left the thorn wi' me. *rit. PPP*
sempre. my fause luv - er stole the rose, But ah! he left the thorn wi' me. *rit. PPP*
sempre. my fause luv - er stole the rose, But ah! he left the thorn wi' me. *rit. PPP*