

My Nanny O. P. 40
 While some for pleas- Farewell to Loch.
 Locharber. P. 42
 Broom of Cowdenknos. P. 44
 Gilderoy P. 46
 Ah! Chloris could I How blyth was I
 As from a rock, past
 'Twas within a milé.
 Oh open the door.
 Oh open the door.
 Twine weel the Plaiden. An thou were. The last time I. Here awa, there awa.
 P. 4 P. 6 P. 8 P. 10
 I hae lost my An thou were, my. The last time I Here awa, there.
 P. 12
 Wae fu heart.
 Gin living.

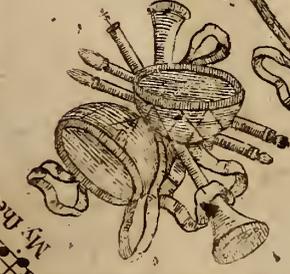


A Selection of
SCOTS SONGS.
*Harmonized & improved
 with simple, and
 Adapted Graces.*

Most Respectfully Dedicated
 to the
Right Honourable
The
Countess of Dalcairres.

BY
PETER URBANI
Professor of Music.
Book 1st

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Marys Dream. P. 14
 The moon had climb'd.
 Marys Dream New fet. P. 16
 The moon had climb'd. Quite over the noun.
 Love will find out. Thou art gane awa. P. 18
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 Both aboon Traquair. P. 24
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 Bulk ye bulk ye. P. 28
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Urban's Sister

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE.

THE

COUNTESS of BALCARRAS,

One of the most Excellent JUDGES of MUSICAL MERIT;

THIS COLLECTION of SCOTCH SONGS

IS INSCRIBED,

As A TESTIMONY OF HIS PROFOUND RESPECT,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

I N presenting this Work to the Public, the Author thinks it necessary to state the Advantages he conceives it to possess above any other collection of the same kind hitherto published.

Having been struck with the elegant simplicity of the Original Scotch Melodies, he applied himself, for several years, in attending to the manner of the best Scotch Singers; and having attached himself to that which was generally allowed to be the best, he flatters himself he has acquired the true national taste.

He sung, during a period of four years, the Scotch Airs in the Concerts of the *Harmonical Society* of Edinburgh, and for three years he likewise sung in the Concerts of Glasgow. In both places he received such marks of universal applause, as convinced him that his method of singing was approved by the best Judges.

Emboldened by this general approbation and the solicitation of many lovers of these delightful melodies, he determined to publish the following Collection, with the full and simple harmony, nothing so complete in this way having ever been done before.

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For those who sing the Songs without orchestra he has joined a Harpsichord accompaniment, which will produce the same effect with the complete Harmony. The simple graces added to the Songs are those he uses when singing in public, and which have been generally approved.

From these circumstances he hopes that his Work will be acceptable, not only to the Admirers of the Ancient Scotch Songs, but to the Lovers of Music in general; and from the favourable reception his public and private recitals of them have always met with, he flatters himself he will meet with the patronage and encouragement of the Public.

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Oh open the door Lord Gregory

Violini *dol* *mf.* *PP.*

Viola *Sempre Legato* *mf.* *PP.*

Basso

Harps.^d

Largo Lamentevole

PP. *è Legato* *mf.* *PP.*

Canto

Oh Op - en the door Lord Gre - go - - ry, oh o - - pen and

Basso 6 # #4 6 7

mf. *PP.* *mf.*

let me in the rain rains on my scar - let robes the dew drops o'er my chin.

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

pp. mf: pp. mf: pp.

mf: pp. mf:

If you are the lass that I lov'd once, as I true you are not she, come give me some of the.

mf: pp. P. mf: P. FF.

mf: pp. mf: Basso

to - - kens that past between you - - and me

2

Ah wae be to you, Gregory!
 An ill death may you die!
 You will not be the death of one,
 But you'll be the death of three.
 Oh don't you mind, Lord Gregory.
 'Twas down at you burn side
 We chang'd the ring of our fingers
 And I put mine on thine.

The Original Words of — Oh open the door LORD GREGORY.

1

O WHA will shoe thy bonny feet.
Or wha will glove thy hand.
Or wha will lace thy middle-jimp,
With a lang, lang London whang.
And wha will kame thy bonny head
With a Tabean birben kame.
And wha will be my bairns father,
Till love Gregory come hame.

- 2

Thy father'll shoe his bonny feet;
Thy mother'll glove his hand;
Thy brither will lace his middle jimp
With a lang lang London whang.
Myself will kame his bonny head
With a Tabean birben kame;
And the Lord will be the bairns father
Till Gregory come hame.

3

Then she's gart build a bonny ship,
It's a' cover'd o'er with pearl:
And at every needle-tack was in't
There hang a filler-bell.
And she's awa -----
To sail upon the sea:
She's gane to seek love Gregory
In lands whare'er he be.

4

She had na sail'd a league but twa,
Or scanty had she three,
Till she met with a rude rover
Was sailing on the sea.
O whether art thou the queen herself.
Or ane o' her Maries three.
Or are thou the Lass of Lochroyan
Seeking love Gregory.

5

O I am not the queen herself,
Nor ane of her Maries three;
But I am the Lass of Lochroyan
Seeking love Gregory.
O sees na thou, yon bonny bower,
It's a cover'd o'er with tin:
When thou hast sail'd it round about,
Love Gregory is within.

6

When she had sail'd it round about,
She tirl'd at the pin:
O open, open, love Gregory,
Open, and let me in!
For I am the Lass of Lochroyan.
Banish'd frae a' my kin.
(His mother speaks to her from the house,
and she thinks it him.)

7

If thou be the Lass of Lochroyan,
As I know na thou be,
Tell me some of the true takens
That past between me and thee.
Hast thou na mind, love Gregory,
As we sat at the wine,
We changed the rings aff ithers hands,
And ay the best was mine.

8

For mine was o' the gude, red gould,
But thine was o' the tin;
And mine was true and trusty-baith,
But thine was fause within.
And hast thou na mind, love Gregory,
As we sat on yon hill.
Thou twin'd me of my maidenhead
Right fair against my will.

9

Now open, open, love Gregory,
Open, and let me in,
For the rain rains on my gude cleeding,
And the dew stands on my chain.
If thou be the Lass of Lochroyan,
As I know na thou be,
Tell me some mair o' the takens
Past between me and thee.

10

Then she has turn'd her round about,
Well since it will be sae,
Let never woman who has born a son
Hae a heart sae full of wae.
Take down, take down that mast of gould,
Set up a mast of tree;
For it disna become a forsaken lady
To sail sae royallie,

11 (The Son speaks.)

I dreamt a dream this night, mother,
I wish it may prove true,
That the bonny Lass of Lochroyan
Was at the yate just now.
Lie still, lie still, my only son,
And sound sleep mayst thou get;
For it's but an hour or little mair
Since she was at the yate.

12

Awa, awa, ye wicked woman,
And an ill death may you die;
Ye might have letten her in,
Or else have wakened me.
Gar saddle to me the black, he said,
Gar saddle to me the brown;
Gar saddle to me the swiftest steed
That is in a' the town.

13

Now the first town he came to
The bells were ringing there;
And the neist town he came to,
Her corpse was coming there.
Set down, set down that comely corpse,
Set down, and let me see,
Gin that be the Lass of Lochroyan,
That died for love o' me.

14

And he took out his little penknife,
That hang down by his gare;
And he's ripp'd up her winding-sheet
A lang claith-yard and mair.
And first he kist her cherry-cheek,
And syne he kist her chin,
And neist he kist her rosy lips;
There was nae breath within.

15

And he has ta'en his little penknife,
With a heart that was fou fair,
He has given himself a deadly wound,
And word spoke never mair

Fine.

Twine weel the Plaiden.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Largo assai

pp.

O. I hae loft my

fil-ken snood, that tied my hair sae yel-low, I've gi'en my heart to the lad I loo'd, he

was a gal-lant fel-low. And twine it weel my bon-ny dow, And

twine it weel, the plai - - den, the lasie loft her filken snood in puing of the

bracken.

2

He prais'd my een sae bonny blue,
 Sae lilly white my skin O',
 And syne he pri'd my bonny mou,
 And swore it was nae sin O',
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
 And twine it weel the plaiden;
 The lasie loft her filken snood,
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

3

But he has left the las he loo'd,
 His ain true love forfaken,
 Which gare me fair to greet the snood,
 I loft among the bracken.
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
 And twine it weel the plaiden;
 The lasie loft her filken snood,
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

from all harms for a - - -bove mor tals thou hast charms, how - - dear - ly

mf:

mf:

dc I love thee.

mf:

6 4 7 6 6 6 6 3 4 3

2

Of race divine thou needs must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee;
 For heaven's sake, then pity me,
 Who only lives to love thee.
 An thou were &c.

3

The Pow'rs one thing peculiar have,
 To ruin none whom they can save;
 O for their sake support a slave,
 Who ever on shall love thee.
 An thou were &c.

4

To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I love, and for your sake,
 What man can do I'll undertake;
 So dearly do I love thee.
 An thou were &c.

5

My passion, constant as the sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
 Till fate my thread of life have spun,
 Which breathing out I'll love thee.
 An thou were &c.

The last time I came o'er the Moor

Violini

Violini

pp.

Viola

Canto

Harp^s.^d

The last time I came

And^{te} Softenuto

6 5 6 6 7

o'er the moor I left my love be-hind me, ye pow'rs what pain do I en-dure when

6 4 3 6 6 3

soft I de-as mind me. Soon as the rudy morn display the beaming day en-

6 4 3 6 6 4 6

fu ing I met betimes my love-ly maid in fit re-trea-ts - - for woo-ing

fit re-trea-ts - - for woo-ing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing, and chaste sporting;
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 Till night spread her black curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Even kings, when she was nigh me,
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

3

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me,
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me;
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place,
 To let a rival enter:
 Since she excels in every grace,
 In her my love shall center:
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

5

The next time I go o'er the moor,
 She shall a lover find me;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me:
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain,
 My heart to her fair bosom,
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blissom

Here a-wa, there a-wa.

Violini

dol: rinf: PP. marcando

Viola

Canto.

Harps^d

dol: rinf: PP. marcando

Largo

6 6 3 6 3

PP.

Here a - wa', there a - wa' here a - wa Wil - lie; here a - wa

PP.

6

mf. P.

mf. P.

mf. P.

there a - wa', here a - wa', hame. Lang have I fought thee,

mf.

6 6 6 6 6 6 5 5

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "dear have I bought thee, now I ha'e got - ten my Wil - lie a -". The piano part includes fingering numbers: 6, 5, 3, 6, 6, 5, 6, 4, #. Dynamic markings include *mf.* and *pp.*. There are also hairpins and a *tr* marking.

2

Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,
 Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame,
 Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us,
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

3

Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie;
 Here awa', there awa', here awa', hame.
 Come love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,
 Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.

The Wae-fu' heart.

Violini

Musical notation for Violini, consisting of two staves. The first staff begins with a dynamic marking of *p.* and the second with *pp.*. The music is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C).

Viola

Musical notation for Viola, consisting of one staff in alto clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a dynamic marking of *pp.*.

Canto

Musical notation for Canto, consisting of one staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C).

Harpsd

Musical notation for Harpsd, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a dynamic marking of *pp.*.

Largo Lamentevole

Musical notation for the first system of the vocal and instrumental parts, including staves for Violini, Viola, Canto, and Harpsd. The Canto staff contains the lyrics: "Gin living worth cou'd".

Musical notation for the second system of the vocal and instrumental parts. The Canto staff contains the lyrics: "win my heart you wou'd nae spek in va - in, But in - the dark some grave its".

Musical notation for the third system of the vocal and instrumental parts. The Canto staff contains the lyrics: "laid ne - ver to rife a - gain. My wae - fu' heart lies low wi' his whose".

heart was on-ly mi-ne and oh! what a heart was that to lose - - but

I maun no re-pine.

2

Yet oh! gin heav'n in mercy soon
 Wou'd grant the boon I crave,
 And tak this life now naething worth
 Sin Jamie's in his grave.
 And see his gentle spirit come
 To show me on my way,
 Surpris'd nae doubt, I still am here,
 Sair wondring at my fay.

3

I come, I come, my Jamie dear
 And oh! wi' what gude will
 I follow, wharsoe'er ye lead,
 Ye canna lead to ill.
 She said, and soon a deadlie pale
 Her faded cheek possest,
 Her wae fu' heart forgot to beat
 Her sorrows sunk to rest.

Mary's Dream

Violini

p. *mf.* *P.* *mf.* *PP.* *PP.*

Viola

Canto

Härps^d

The moon had

Largo

mf. *P.*

climb'd the highest hill, which ris - es o'er the source of Dee, and from the east - ern

mf. *P.*

sum - mit shed her sil - ver light on tow'r and tree when Mary laid her down to sleep her

mf. *P.*

mf P.

thoughts on San-dy far at sea; when soft and low a voice was heard, say, Ma-ry weep no

6 6 6 4 2 6 # 6 4 2 6 6 3 7 4 6 5 6 6-6

mf. P. mf. P. PP

more for me.

6 4 # 6 5 5 5 6 4 #

2

She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head to ask, who there might be.
 She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
 With visage pale and hollow eye;
 O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
 'T lies beneath a stormy sea;
 'Far, far from thee, I sleep in death;
 'So Mary, weep no more for me.

3

'Three stormy nights and stormy days
 'We tofs'd upon the raging main
 'And long we strove our bark to save,
 'But all our striving was in vain

'Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
 'My heart was fill'd with love for thee:
 'The storm is past, and I at rest:
 'So Mary, weep no more for me.

4

'O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
 'We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 'Where love is free from doubt and care,
 'And thou and I shall part no more:
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shacow fled.
 No more of Sandy could she see;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 "Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."

Mary's Dream

New Set

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

pp.

The

Largo

moon had climb'd the highest hill, which rises oer the source of Dee, and

from the eastern summit shed her silver light on tow'r and tree. When Ma-ry laid her

The musical score is arranged in systems. The first system includes staves for Violini (two), Viola, Canto, and Harps (two). The Canto staff has a vocal line with lyrics. The Harps part includes a double bass line with figured bass notation (e.g., 5, 7, 6, 5). The second system continues the instrumental and vocal parts. The third system features the vocal line with lyrics: "moon had climb'd the highest hill, which rises oer the source of Dee, and". The fourth system continues the instrumental and vocal parts. The fifth system features the vocal line with lyrics: "from the eastern summit shed her silver light on tow'r and tree. When Ma-ry laid her". The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Mary, weep no more for me'. It consists of three systems of music. The first system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics for the first system are: 'down to sleep her thoughts on Sandy far at sea when soft and low a voice was heard, say'. The second system continues the piano accompaniment with a 'mf' dynamic marking. The third system includes the vocal line with the lyrics: 'Ma-ry weep no more for me.' The piano accompaniment in the third system has a '6' marking under the first measure and a '5' marking under the last measure.

2

She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head to ask, who there might be.
 She saw young Sandy shivering stand,
 With visage pale and hollow eye;
 'O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
 'It lies beneath a stormy sea;
 'Far, far from thee, I sleep in death;
 'So Mary, weep no more for me.

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 'My heart was fill'd with love for thee:
 'The storm is past, and I at rest:
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'O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
 'We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 'Where love is free from doubt and care,
 'And thou and I shall part no more!
 Loud crowd the cock, the shadow fled,
 'No more of Sandy could she see;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 "Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."

Love will send out the wings

Violini

Violini

pp.

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Largo

6 7 6 5 4 2 6 7 6 5 6 7

pp.

Quite o-ver the mountains, and o-ver the waves, Quite o-ver the fountains, and

6 5 7 6 5 4 2 6 6 3 5 7 6

tr

tr

un-der the graves. O'er floods that are deepest which Neptune o-bey, O'er

6 6 7 4

rocks that are steepest love will find out the way, O'er floods that are deepest which Neptune O-bey O'er

rocks thar are steepest, love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
 For the glow worm to lie;
 Where there is no space
 For the receipt of a fly;
 Where the midge dare not venture,
 Left herself fast she lay;
 But if love come, he will enter,
 And soon find out his way.

3

You may esteem him
 A child in his force;
 Or you may deem him
 A coward, which is worse:
 But if she, whom love doth honour,
 Be conceald from the day,
 Set a thousand guards upon her,
 Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
 Which is too unkind;
 And some do suppose him,
 Poor thing to be blind;
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
 Do the best that ye may,
 Blind love, if so ye call him,
 He will find out the way.

5

You may train the eagle
 To stoop to your fist;
 Or you may inveigle
 The Phoenix of the east;
 The Lions, ye may move her
 To give o'er her prey,
 But you'll never stop a lover,
 He will find out his way.

Thou art gone awa.

Violini *a mezza voce*

Viola

Canto

Harp^s

And^e Largo

6/4 3 6/4 - 6/4 3 6 6 6/4 7

PP.

gane a - wa thou art gane a - wa thou art gane a wa frae me Ma - ry, nor

6/4 3 6 6/4 6/4 3 6 6 6/4 7

friends nor I could make thee stay thou hast cheated them and me Ma - ry Un -

3 6 6/4 6/4 6/4 7

till this hour I ne-ver thought, that ought could alter thee Ma-ry, Thou'rt still the Mistrefs

of my heart think what you will of me Ma-ry.

2

3

What e'er he said or might pretend,
 That staw that heart o' thine, Mary;
 True love I'm sure was ne'er his end,
 Or nae sic love as mine Mary.
 I spake sincere nor flatter'd much,
 Nae selfish thoughts in me Mary,
 Ambition, wealth, nor neething such;
 No I lov'd only thee, Mary.

Tho' you've been false yet while I live,
 I'll lo'e nae maid but thee, Mary,
 Let friends forget, as I forgive
 Thy wrangs to them and me, Mary.
 So then fareweel! of 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.

The rose, and let me in.

Violini *a meza, voce* mf: P. PP.

Viola mf: P.

Canto

Harps.^d The

Largo

night her si - lent fa - ble wore, And glo - omy were the skies. of

glittring stars ap - peard no more, than those in Nel - ly's eyes When

PP.

to her fathers door - I came, where I had of - ten been I begg'd my fair my
love - ly dame; to rife, and let - me in. in.

2

But she, with accents all divine,
Did my fond suit reprove;
And while she chid my rash design,
She but inflam'd my love:
Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
While her bright eyes did roll,
But virtue only had the pow'r
To charm my very soul.

3

Then who wou'd cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part!
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart.

My eager fondness I obey'd,
Resolv'd she should be mine,
Till Hymen to my arms convey'd
My treasure so divine.

4

Now happy in my Nelly's love,
Transporting is my joy,
No greater blessing can I prove;
So blest'd a man am I.
For beauty may a while retain
The conquer'd flatt'ring heart,
But virtue only is the chain
Holds; never to depart.

The Bushy-leaved Bay-tree.

Violini *mezza voce* *mf.* *P.*

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Largo

Hear

pp. *mf.* *pp.*

me ye nymphs and ev - - - ry swain, I'll tell how Peggy grieves me tho' thus I lan-guish

and - - complain a-las she ne'er be-lieves me. My vows and sighs like fi-lent air, un-

head-ed ne-ver move her, the bon-ny bush a-boon - traquair, was where I first - did

love her. her.

2

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame
 I meant not to offend her.

3

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
 The fields we then frequented,
 If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.

The bonny bush bloom'd fair in may,
 Its sweets I'll ay remember,
 But now her frowns make it decay:
 It fades as in december.

4

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear 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.

Waly Waly

Violini

pp.

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Largo Sostenuto

O Wa - ly wa - ly

up yon bank, and wa - ly wa - ly down yon brae, and wa - ly by yon

river side, where I and my Love went to gae. O Wa - ly wa - ly

6 5 6 6 3 5 6 6

Love is bonny a little while when it is new but when 'tis auld, it waxes cauld and wears a way like morning dew.

2
 I leant my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree;
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
 And fae did my fause love to me.
 When cockle-shells turn filler bells,
 And mussels grow on ev'ry tree;
 When frost and snaw shall warm us a,
 Then shall my love prove true to me.

3
 Now Arthur's feat shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyld by me,
 Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
 Since my true-love's forsaken me.
 O Mart' mas wind, when wilt thou blow,
 And shake the green leaves off the tree.
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come,
 And tak a lif- that wearies me!

4
 'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;
 'Tis not the cauld that makes me cry;
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
 When we came in by Glasgow town,
 We were a comely fight to see;
 My love was cled in veivet black
 And I mysel in cramasie.

5
 But had I wist before I kiss'd,
 That love had been fae ill to win;
 I'd lockt my heart in a case of gold,
 And pin'd it with a silver pin.
 Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee;
 And I mysel were dead and gane;
 For auld ag'in I'll never be.

Busk ye busk ye.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps:

p *pp* *mf* *pp*

p *mf*

Largo 6 4 3 6 6 6 4 6 4 3

Busk ye busk ye my

mf *pp*

mf

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

bon - ny bride, Busk ye busk ye my win some marrow, Busk ye busk ye my bon - ny bride, and

mf *pp*

mf

6 4 3 6 4 3 6 6 4 2 6

let us to the braes of yarrow. There will we sport and ga - ther dew, Dancing while

lav'rocks sing in the morning; there learn frae tur - tles to prove true, O Bell ne'er vex me

with thy scorn - ing.

6 6 6 5 6 6 6 4 2 6 PP

FF. PP.

6 4 3 6 4 3 2 6 6 3 PP 6 4 3

2

3

To westlin breezes Flora yields,
 And when the beams are kindly warming,
 Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
 And Nature looks more fresh and charming,
 Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
 Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,
 Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,
 And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,
 Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee
 Wi' free consent my fears repel,
 I'll wi' my love and care reward thee.
 Thus sang I fastly to my fair,
 Who rais'd my hopes with kind relenting,
 O queen of smiles, I ask' nae mair,
 Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.

I'll never leave thee,

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harp^s^d

Cantabile

mf: P.

6 6 7 5 6 4 7 6 3

pp. hr

One day I heard Mary say how shall I leave thee Stay; dearest A

6 4 3 6 6 7 5 6 4 3 6

hr

donis, stay; why wilt thou grieve me. grieve me. A-las! my fond heart will break,

6 3 6 6 3 5 6 4 1st 3 6 4 2d 6

dol:

B:

if thou should leave me, I'll live and die for thy sake, yet ne- - ver

leave thee.

mf: pp. hr

mf: pp. hr

mf: pp. hr

6 3 3 6 6 6 3 5

6 4 3 F 3 PP. 6 4 3

2

Say, lovely Adonis, say,
 Has Mary decid'd thee.
 Did e'er her young heart betray
 New love to grieve thee.
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
 Thou may believe me;
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
 And never leave thee.

3

Adonis, my charming youth,
 What can relieve thee.
 Can Mary thy anguish soothe.
 This breast shall receive thee.

My passion can ne'er decay,
 Never deceive thee;
 Delight shall drive pain away,
 Pleasure revive thee.

4

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
 How shall I leave thee!
 O! that thought makes me sad;
 I'll never leave thee.
 Where would my Adonis fly.
 Why does he grieve me!
 Alas! my poor heart will die,
 If I should leave thee.

The Bells of Jericho

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harp^d

Violini *pp.*

Viola *pp.*

Canto

Harp^d

Largo

6 4 3 6 5 6 6 5 6 4 3

The smiling moru the

breathing spring, In-vite the tuneful birds to sing, and while they warble from each spray, Love

pp.

melts the u-ni-ver-sal lay. Let us, A-man-da-time-ly wise, like them im-prove the

6 6 7 6 3 6 4 5 6 6 6 6 4 2

hour that flys, and in soft rap_tures waste the day, A_mong the birks of
In - der - may.

2

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's, winter, will appear;
At this, thy living bloom will fade,
As that, will strip the verdant shade,
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er
The feather'd songsters are no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

3

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,
Gambol and dance about their dams;

The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice:
Let us, like them, then sing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

4

Hark, how the waters, as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call;
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams,
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance:
Let us, as jovial be as they,
Among the birks of Invermay.

34. Ah! the poor Shepherd's mournful fate.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Largo Affettuoso

pp.

Ah! the poor

6 6 6 5 6 6 4 3

Shepherds mournful fate, when doom'd to Love, and doom'd to languish to bear the scornful

6 6 5 5 6 6 7 6 6 6

dol:

fair one's hate, nor dare disclose his anguish. Yet ea - get looks, and

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

dy - ing sighs, my sec - ret soul dif - co - ver, while rap - ture trem - bling

6 b7 6 5 6 4 b5 6b7 6

through mine eyes, Re - veals how much I love her: The ten - der

6 6 b5 6

glance, the red - ning cheek, o'er - spread with ris - ing blush - es a

6 6 6 6 b2

thoufand vari_ous ways they speak a thoufand vari_ous wish_ es.

mf:

2

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush, and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling!
 Thy every look, and every grace,
 So charm when'er I view thee;
 Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.
 Then when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of Heaven!

My Sheep I've Fought

Violini *P.*

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Larghetto *P.*

6 6 $\frac{4}{2}$ 3 6 6

dol: *pp.*

My sheep I've for_saken, and left my sheep

pp.

6 6 *pp.* 6 6 5

hook, and all the gay haunts of my youth I've for_sook, No

$\frac{3}{4}$ 13 6 6 6 4

more. for A - myn - ta fresh gar - lan - ds I wove, for am - bition I said, wou'd soon.

6 6 6 4 2 3 6 6 3

cure me of Love. O what had my youth, with am - bi - tion - to -

6 4 2 6 6 5# 6 4 3

do! why left I A - myn - ta! why broke I my yow! O

6 6 6 6 4 3

give me my sheep and my sheep hook restore, and I'll wander from love and A -

mf.

- myn - ta no more.

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment with lyrics. The second system features a piano solo section marked 'mf.' with a repeat sign. The third system continues the piano accompaniment with lyrics. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 below the notes.

Through regions remote, in vain do I rove,
 And bid the wide ocean secure me from love;
 O fool, to imagine that ought can subdue
 A love so well founded, a passion so true!
 O what had my youth with ambition to do!
 Why left I Amynta! why broke I my vow!
 O give me my sheep, and my sheep hook restore,
 I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine!
 Poor shepherd! Amynta no more can be thine;
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain;
 The moments neglected return not again.
 O what had my youth with ambition to do!
 Why left I Amynta! why broke I my vow!
 O give me my sheep, and my sheep hook restore,
 I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

My Nanny

Violini P. mf. P. PP.

Viola PP.

Canto

Harps.^d P. 6 7 4 6 4 2 6 6 7 5 4 4 6 6 4 PP.

Largo

PP.

While some for pleasure pawn their health, twixt Lais and the Bagnio - I'll save my self, and

without stealth, blefs and - carefs - my Nanny O She bids more fair t'en - gage

Jove, than Leda did or Danae O, Were I to paint the Queen of Love, none el - - - se should

6 6 4 3 6 6 6 4 7 6 6

pp. mf. pp^{mo}

pp.

fit but Nanny O.

pp.

6 4 7 6 4 2 6 6 7 3 4 6 6 4 4

2

How joyfully my spirits rise,
 When dancing she moves finely-O
 I guess what heav'n is by her eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely-O
 Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
 Breathe in the blest Britannia,
 None's happiness I shall envy,
 As lang's ye grant me Nanny-O.

My bonny, bonny, Nanny-O!
 My lovely charming Nanny-O!
 I care not tho' the world know
 How dearly I love Nanny-O.

mf: PP. mf. PP.

These tears that I shed, they are a' for my Dear and no for the dangers at-tending on weir; tho'

6 5 6 7 6 6 6 4

mf:

bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore, may be to re turn to Loch_a_ber no more.

b5 b7 6 5 4 3 6 5 4 7 5 4 7

2

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind.
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naithing like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd;
 By ease that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd:
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

3

7 6 6 6 4 7

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,
 Since Honour commands me, how can I refuse!
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee;
 And without thy favour, I'd better not be!
 I gae then, my las, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 A heart I will bring thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

The Broom of Bonnickburn

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harp^s

How blyth was I each

Largo

morn to see my swain come o'er the hill, he leap'd the burn, and flew to me I

met him wi' good wi - - ll. O the broom the bonny, bonny broom, the broom of the

Cow - - den - knows I wish I were with my dear swain with his pipe and - - my ew - es.

mf.

6 6 6 4 7 3 6 6 6 4 3 6 mf3

O the broom the bon - ny bon - ny broom.

mf.

2 4 7

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
 While his flock near me lay;
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And chear'd me a' the day.
 O the broom, &c.

3

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by;
 Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd wi' his melody.
 O the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time, by turns
 Betwixt our flocks and play,
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.
 O the broom, &c.

5

Hard fate! that I shou'd banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.
 O the broom, &c.

6

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be.
 He staw my heart; cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me
 O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit,
 That held my wee soup whey,
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stic
 May now ly usefess by.
 O the broom, &c.

8

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
 Farewel a' pleasures there;
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
 Is a' I crave, or care.
 O the broom, &c.

Gilderoy

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps.^d

Lento

sf.

mf.

pp.

pp.

Ah: Chloris cou'd I now but sit as un-concern'd as when Your in-fant beau ty

cou'd beget no happinets nor pain. When I thy dawning did admire, and prais'd the

com-ing day, I lit-tle thought that rise-ing fire wou'd take my rest a-way. way.

pp.

mf.

mf.

6 6 6/7 5 6/4 1st 2d

6 6/7 5 6/4

2

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
 As metals in the mine;
 Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine:
 But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection press'd;
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.

3

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While Cupit at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart.
 Each gloried in their wanton part;
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art;
 To make a beauty, she.

Peggy. I must love thee.

Violini *P.* *PP* *mf* *PP.*

Viola

Canto

Harps.^d

Adagio *P.* 6 *PP.* 6 *mf:* 5 6 7 4 7

As from a rock, past

all re - lief the shipwreck'd Co - lin spy - ing his na - tive soil, o'er - come with

6 5 4 7 6 6 6 6 6

grief, half sunk in waves, and dy - ing With the next morning sun he spies a

6 5 6 4 7

ship which gives un hop'd sur-prise, new life springs up, he lifts his eyes with
 joy, and waits her mo-tion.

2

So when by her, whom long I lov'd,
 I scorn'd was and deserted;
 Low with despair, my spirits mov'd,
 To be forever parted:
 Thus droop'd I, till diviner grace
 I found in Peggy's mind and face;
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,
 But virtue more engaging.

3

Then now, since happily I've hit,
 I'll have no more delaying;
 Let beauty yield to manly wit,
 We lose ourselves in staying;

I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
 Since marriage can my fears oppose:
 Why shou'd we happy minutes loss,
 Since Peggy, I must love thee.

4

Men may be foolish if they please,
 And deem't a lover's duty
 To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,
 Doating on a proud beauty:
 Such was my case for many a year,
 Still hope succeedig to my fear;
 False Betty's charms now disappear,
 Since Peggy's far outshine them.

Within a Mile of Edinburgh,

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harp^d

Largo

6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3

S. PP.

S.

S.

S.

S.

S.

'Twas with

in a mile of Edinburgh town, in the ro-ly time of the year, sweet flowers

6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3

bloom'd, and the grafs was down; and each shepherd wood his dear bonny Jocky blith and gay,

6 4 3 6 4 4 7

kifs'd sweet Jenny making hay the lasie blufhd and frowning cryd, no no it will not do, - - - I

cannot, cannot wonnot wonnot mannot buckle too.

Dall 'S.

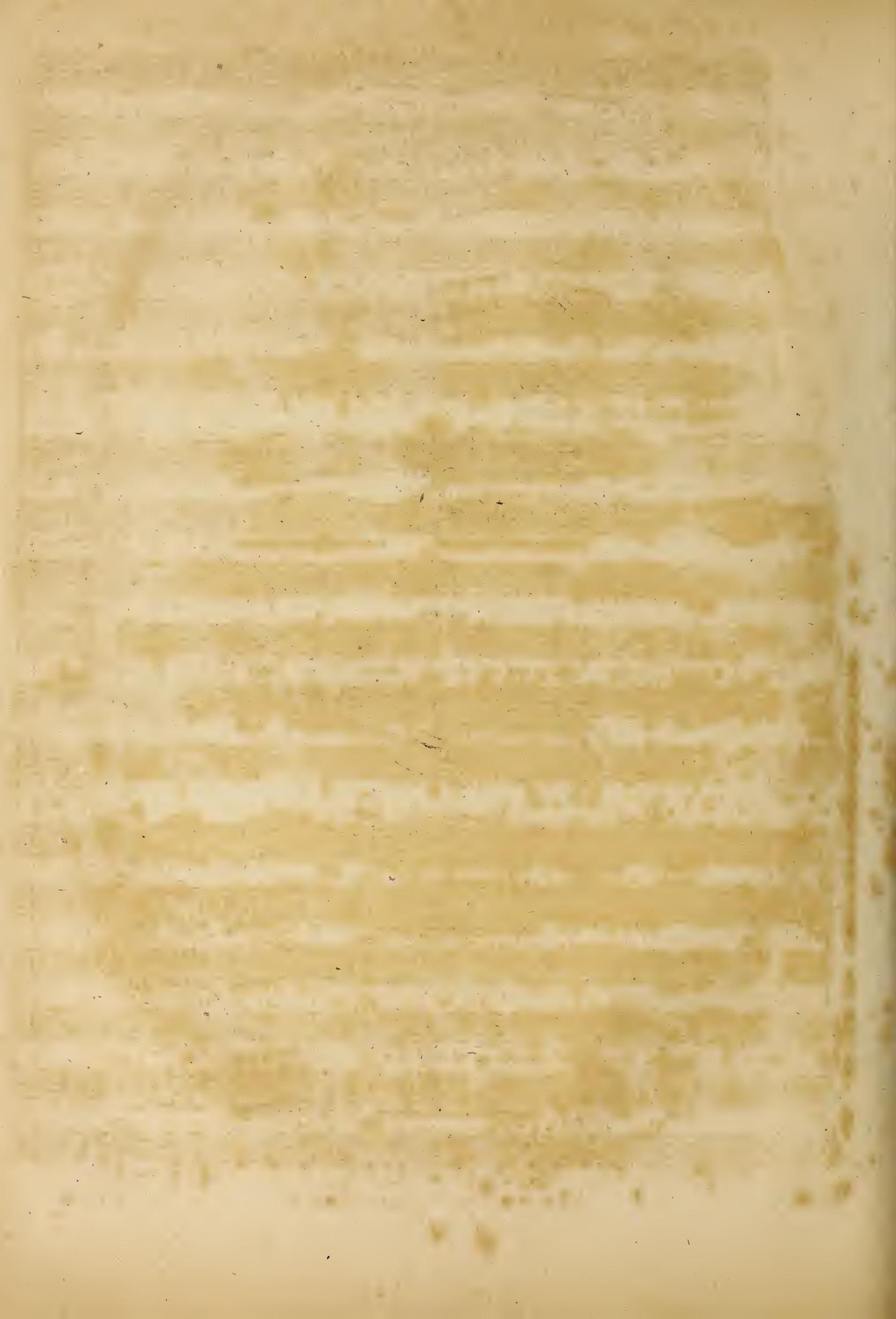
Dall 'S.

Dall 'S.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
 Tho' long he had follow'd the las,
 Contented she earn'd and eat her brown bread,
 And merrily turn'd up the grafs.
 Bonny Jockey blith and free
 Won her heart right merrily,
 Yet still she blufhd and frowning cryd No no, it will not do,
 I cannot cannot wonnot wonnot mannot buckle too.

3

But when he vow'd he wou'd make her his Bride,
 Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,
 She gave him her hand and a kifs beside,
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
 Bonny Jockey, blith and free,
 Won her heart right merrily,
 At Church she no more frowning cryd No no it will not do,
 I cannot cannot wonnot wonnot mannot buckle too.



in waking etc.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Piano

pp.

Ay waking oh! waking ay and wearie

Largo con molta espressione

6 4 3 6 4 7 6 5

sleep I can na' get for thinking on my dearie. When I sleep I dream; When I wake I'm irie

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

rf.

Rest I can na get, For thinking o' my dearie.

6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3

Roy's wife of Alldivaloch

For two Voices

Violini

pp.

Primo

Secundo

Harps^d

Roy's wife of

Roy's wife of

Largo Softenuto. ⁶4 ₃

Alldivaloch Roy's wife of Alldivaloch wat ye how she cheated me as I came o'er the braes of Balloch.

Alldivaloch Roy's wife of Alldivaloch wat ye how she cheated me as I came o'er the braes of Balloch.

She vow'd she swore she wad be mine. She said that she lo'ed me best of ony but oh the fickle faithless queen she's

She vow'd she swore she wad be mine. She said that she lo'ed me best of ony but oh the fickle faithless queen she's

⁴6 ⁶5
₂4 ₃

taen the carl and left her Johine Roy's wife of Alldivaloch Roy's wife of Alldivaloch wat ye how she

taen the carl and left her Johine Roy's wife of Alldivaloch Roy's wife of Alldivaloch wat ye how she

6 3 6 4 6 4 3 7 7

cheated me as I came o'er the braes of Balloch

cheated me as I came o'er the braes of Balloch

rf. rf.

4 3 7 4 3

2

O She was a can-ty quean,
 And we'll cou'd she dance the highland walloch,
 How happy I, had she been mine
 Or I'd been Roy of Alldivaloch.
 Roy's wife &c.

3

Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear
 Her wee bit mou', so sweet and bonny
 To me she ever will be dear.
 Tho' she's forever left her Johnie.
 Roy's wife &c.

The Banks o' Green

By R. Burns.

Violini *pp* *mf.*

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Ye Banks and braes o'

Largo Espressivo

bo-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair: How can ye chant ye

little birds, And I sae weary fu' o' care! Thou'll break my heart thou warbling bird, That

wants thro' the flowering thorn; Thou minds me o' de-par-ted joy's De-par-ted

ne-ver to re-tur-.

2

Oft hae I rovd bonie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its luv,
 And fondly fae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,
 And my fause lover staw my rose,
 But, ah he left the thorn wi' me

The Same Air with the Original words to be Sung Quicker

Violini *mf.* *pp.*

Viola

Canto

Harps^d When

Andante Con Moto

I hae a fax - pence under my thum, Then I'll get cred - it in il ka town.

But ay when I'm poor they bid me gae by; O. poverty parts good

com - pa - ny Tod - len hame tod - len hame, O. conda my Love come

tod - len hame.

2

Fair fa' the goodwife, and send her good fale,
 She gies us white bannocks to drink her ale,
 Syne if her tippony chance to be sma',
 We'll tak a good secur o't, and ca't awa',
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 As round as a neep come todlen hame.

3

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
 And twa pint stoups at our bed feet;
 And ay when we waken'd we drank them dry:
 What think you of my wee kimmer and I.
 Todle butt and todlen ben,
 See round as my love comes todlen hame.

4

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
 Ye're ay fae good-humour'd when weeting your mou;
 When sober fae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
 That it's a blyth fight to the bairns and me.
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 When round as a neep ye come todlen hame:

Can ye see Cushions,

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Largo

O can ye see cushions and can ye see sheets, and can ye sing

balla loo when the bairny greets. and hee and baw birdie, and hee and baw

The musical score is arranged in systems. The first system includes staves for Violini, Viola, Canto, and Harps. The Harps part is written in two staves (treble and bass clef). The Canto part is a single staff. The second system continues the instrumental parts and includes the vocal line with the lyrics: "O can ye see cushions and can ye see sheets, and can ye sing". The third system continues the instrumental parts. The fourth system continues the instrumental parts and includes the vocal line with the lyrics: "balla loo when the bairny greets. and hee and baw birdie, and hee and baw". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, slurs, and dynamic markings like "pp.". The tempo is marked "Largo".

1st 2d Mod^{to}
PP.

lamb, And hee and baw birdie, my bonny wee lamb? lamb. Hee O! wee O!
C Mod^{to} pp.

6 4/3 1 6-6-6 6 4 7

7 6 5 4 5 4

Largo PP.

Largo 6 7

The Bonny Brucket Laysie

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harp^d

Largo

6 4 3 6 4 4 2 6 4 2 6 4 3

The Bonny Brucket Laysie, She has the tearfull e'en; She was the fairest

6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3

Laysie that danc'd on the green. A lad he loo'd her dearly, She did his love re-

6 4 6 4 6 6 4 6 6

turn; But he his vows has broken, And left her for to mourn.

2

"O! could I live in darkness,
 "Or hide me in the sea;
 "Since my love is unfaithful-
 "And has forsaken me;
 "No other love I suffer'd
 "Within my breast to dwell,
 "In nought I have offended
 "But loving him too well."

3

Her lover heard her mourning,
 As by he chanc'd to pass;
 And press'd unto his bosom,
 The lovely brucket lass;
 "My dear," he said, "cease grieving
 "Since that your love's so true,
 "My bonny brucket lassie,
 "I'll faithful prove to you."

The Rose that weeps.

Violini *pp.* *mf.* *pp.*

Viola

Canto

Harp^d

Siciliana Largo. 6 7 6 5 4 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 5

pp.

pp.

The rose that weeps with morning dew and glitters in the

pp. 6 6 5 7 6 5 4 2 6 6

rf. *P.*

funny ray in tears and smiles re-sembles you when love breaks forrows cloud a

6 6 6 5 7 6 4 2 6 6 6 5 6

The first system of music features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and phrasing slurs.

- way. The dew's that bend the blushing flower en - rich the scent re -

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff. There are some fingerings indicated below the piano part, such as '6', '7', '4', '2', and '3'.

The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a two-flat key signature. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff. The music continues with similar rhythmic patterns and phrasing.

- new the glow, So loves sweet tears en - crease his power so blifs more bright -

The fourth system features the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a two-flat key signature. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff. Fingerings are indicated below the piano part, including '6', '4', '3', and '6'.

rf.

The fifth system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a two-flat key signature. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff. The music is marked with 'rf.' (ritardando).

- ly shines by wae.

The sixth system features the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a two-flat key signature. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff. Fingerings are indicated below the piano part, including '6', '4', '7', '6', '5', '4', '2', '6', '5', '4', '7', and '7'.

Colum.

Violinⁱ

Viola

Canto

Harp^s^d

Largo Lamentevole

pp.

pp.

O the hours I have pass'd in the arms of my Dear can

ne ver be thought of but with a sad tear! Oh for bear, oh? for

bear then to mention her name it re.. calls to my mem'ry the cause of my
 bear then to mention her name it re.. calls to my mem'ry the cause of my
 bear then to mention her name it re.. calls to my mem'ry the cause of my

2

How often to love me she fondly has sworn,
 And when parted from me wou'd ne'er cease to mourn
 All hardships for me she wou'd cheerfully bear
 And at night on my bosom forget all her care.

3

To some distant climate together we'll roam,
 And forget all the hardships we meet with at home
 Fate, now be propitious, and grant me thine aid,
 Give me my Pastora, and I'm more then repaid.

The red red Rose

The Music by P. Urbani.

Violini *pp.* *rf.*

Viola *rf.*

Canto

Harp^s.^d

Largo con molta Espressione

O my love's like the red, red rose, That's new-ly sprung in June O my love's like the

me lo dy. That's sweet-ly play'd in tune. As fair art thou my bonie lass, So

me lo dy. That's sweet-ly play'd in tune. As fair art thou my bonie lass, So

me lo dy. That's sweet-ly play'd in tune. As fair art thou my bonie lass, So

deep in love am I; And I can love thee still, my Dear, Till a -- the seas gang

dry.

rf.

2

Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
 I can love thee still, my Dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.
 And fare thee weel, my dearest Leve,
 O fare thee weel a while.
 And I will come again, My Love,
 Tho' twere ten thousand mile.

Craigie-burn Wood,

BURNS

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Largo Esprfsivo

pp.

rf

pp.

rf

6

6

pp.

Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn-wood, And blythely awa-kens the

morrow; But the pride of the spring in the Craigieburn wood, Can yield me nothing but sor- row. I

7

6

6

6

6

7

6

see the spreading leaves and flowers, I hear the wild birds sing - ing; But pleasure they hae

name for me while care my heart is wring - ing.

2

I can na tell, I maun na tell,
 I dare na for your anger:
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.
 I see thee gracefu' straight and tall,
 I see thee sweet and bonie,
 But oh, what will my torments be,
 If thou refuse thy Johnie!

3

To see thee in another's arms,
 In love to lie and languish,
 'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
 My heart wad burst wi' anguish.
 But Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
 Say, thou loes nane before me;
 And a' my das o' life to come,
 I'll gratefully adore thee.

Cauld-Kail in Aberdeen.

D. of G.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Basso

Harps.^d

Andante

pp.

Canto

There's cauld kail in A - ber - deen, And ca'stacks in stra' - bo - gie; Gin I hae but a

pp.

Basso

bony lafs, Ye're welcome to your Co - gie And ye may fit up a' the night; And

drink till it be braid day light; Gie me a lafs baith clean and tight, To

rf.

Basso

dance the Reel of Bo-gie.

6 2 6 4 7 3

6 4 3

4

In Cotillons the French excel;
 John Bull, in Countra dances;
 The Spaniards dance Fandangos well,
 Mynheer an All mande prances:
 In foursome Reels the Scots delight,
 The Threesome maist dance wondrous light;
 But Twasome ding a' out o' sight,
 Danc'd to the Reel of Bogie.

3

Come, Lads, and view your Partners well,
 Wale each a blythsome Rogie;
 I'll tak this Lafsie to mysel,
 She seems fae keen and vogie:
 Now, Piper lad, bang up the Spring;
 The Countra fashion is the thing,
 To prie their mou's e're we begin
 To dance the Reel of Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lafs,
 Save you auld doited Fogie,
 And ta'en a fling upo' the grass,
 As they do in Stra' bogie.
 But a' the lasses look fae fain,
 We canna think oursel's to hain;
 For they maun hae their Come-again,
 To dance the Reel of Bogie.

5

Now a' the lads hae done their best,
 Like true men of Stra' bogie;
 We'll stop a while and tak a rest,
 And tippie out a Cogie:
 Come now, my lads, and tak yor glafs,
 And try ilk other to surpafs,
 In wishin' health to every lafs
 To dance the Reel of Bogie.

My Mary dear departed Shade

BURNS.

The Music by Miss Johnston of Milton.

Violin

Viola

Canto

Harp^d

pp.

Thou ling'ring star, with

Largo Lamentevole

6/4

3

6/4

3

6/4

7

6/4

3

le's'ning ray, That lov'd to greet the ear-ly morn, A - gain thou usher'd in the day My

Mary from my soul was torn, O Ma-ry dear de - par - ted Shade! Where is thy

place of blisful rest. Seest thou thy Lover lowly laid. Hear'st thou the groans that

rend his breast.

2

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove
 Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
 To live one day of parting love!
 Eternity cannot efface

Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace,
 Ah, little thought we 'twas our last!

3

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods thickening green;
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray,
 Till too, too soon the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

4

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes
 And fondly broods with miser care;
 Time but th'impresion stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear:
 My Mary, dear departed Shade!
 Where is thy place of blisful rest.
 Seest thou thy Lover lowly laid.
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast!

Flow Water

Violini

Viola

Basso

Harp^d

Largo Affettuoso

PP.
Canto

Flow gent-ly sweet Af-ton a-mong thy green braes. Flow gent-ly, I'll

'sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy

mar - mar - ing stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - to dif - turb not her dream.

rf.

Basso

2

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den, The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me
 Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear, I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair.

3

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills, Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills; And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
 There daily I wander as noon rises hig, How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet Cot in my eye. As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

4

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below, Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes.
 Where wild in the woodlads the primroses blow; Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays;
 My Mary's asleep by the murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream

The Bonnie wee thing,

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps.^d

The first system of the score features four staves. The Violini and Viola parts are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The Canto part is in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The Harps. part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is marked 'Largo' and includes various rhythmic patterns and ornaments.

Largo

pp.

B:

Bonie wee thing, can-ic wee thing, Lovely wee thing

was thou mine I wad wear thee in my bo-som, Leaft my Jew-el I wad wear thee

The second system continues the musical score with four staves. It includes the vocal line with lyrics and the harp accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Bonie wee thing, can-ic wee thing, Lovely wee thing" and "was thou mine I wad wear thee in my bo-som, Leaft my Jew-el I wad wear thee". The harp part includes fingerings such as 6, 7, 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 6, 7, 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 7, 6, 7.

Wishful-ly I look and languish in that bon-ie face of thine, and my heart it

stounds wi' anguish Left my wee thing be na mine.

2 -

Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,

In æ constellation shine;

To adore thee is my duty, :

Goddeffs o' this soul o' mine!

Bonnie wee &c.

Am. Hay

For Two Voices, Ramfay.

Violini

Basso

Primo

2do

Harp.^d

T.S. - - - - -

Andante.

T.S. - - - - -

My Patie is a lo-ver gay; His mind is never mud-dy, his breath is sweeter

My Patie is a lo-ver gay; His mind is never mud-dy, his breath is sweeter

Basso

6 6 6 4 - 3

than new hay, His face is fair and rud-dy. His shap is handsome mid-dle size, His

than new hay, His face is fair and rud-dy. His shap is handsome mid-dle size, His

state-ly in his waking, The shining of his een sur-prise; 'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

state-ly in his waking, The shining of his een sur-prise; 'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

rf

Basso

T.S. - - - - - $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{5}$ 2 6 $\frac{6}{4}$ 3

2

Last night I met him on the baw,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a glowing.
 He kifs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing sinfyne,
 "O corn-riggs are bouny."

3

Let maidens of a filly mind,
 Refuse what maist they're wanting;
 Since we for yielding are design'd
 We chastely should be granting.
 Then I'll comply, and marry Pae,
 And fyne my cokernony,
 He's free to touzle, air or late
 Where corn-riggs are bouny.

Was my heart that we should sunder

Ranfey

Violini

Viola

Basso

Canto

Harp.^d

Largo Espresivo

pp.

B:

Canto

Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief hold up a

Basso

B:

heart that's sinking under These fears, that soon will want relief. When Fate must from his Peggy sunder.

A gentler face and filk at tire a la dy rich in beauty's blosom a lake poor me will now con-

spire to steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd, who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell,
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder,
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet-scented rocks round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

3

Again, ah! shall I never creep
 Around the know with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty.
 Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wand'ring lover,
 Tho' life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.

WITH broken words and down cast eyes,
 Poor Colin spoke his passion tender,
 And parting with his Grisy cries,
 Ah woes my heart that we shoud' sunder;
 To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder,
 From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go,
 It breaks my heart that we shoud' sunder.

2

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
 No beauty now my love shall hinder,
 Nor time, nor place, shall ever change
 My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.
 The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauties which invite our wonder,
 Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
 Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.

3

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder,
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,
 Always to love me, tho' we sunder.
 Ye powers, take care of my dear love,
 That as I leave her I may find her
 When that bless'd time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again, and never sunder.

Go to the Ew-bughts, Marion,

For two Voices.

Violini

Primo

2do

Harps.^d

Adagio Softenuto

Will ye

Will ye

go to the ew - bughts Ma - rion, and wear in the fheep wi'

go to the ew - bughts Ma - rion, and wear in the fheep wi'

me. The sun shines sweet my Ma - rion but nae half fae sweet as

me. The sun shines sweet my Ma - rion but nae half fae sweet as

thee, The sun shines sweet my Ma- rion but nae half fae sweet as
 thee, The sun shines sweet my Ma- rion but nae half fae sweet as

6 5 4 2 6 6 4 7 6 #

pp. *marcato*
 thee.
 thee.

T.S.

O Marion's a bonny lass,
 And the blyth blink's in her eye;
 And fain wad I marry Marion,
 Gin Marion wad marry me.

3

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
 And silk on your white haufe bane;
 Fu' fain wad I marry my Marion,
 At ev'n when I come hame!

4

There's braw lads in Earnsflaw, Marion,
 Wha gape, and glowr with their eye,
 At kirk, when they see my Marion;
 But naye of them lo'es like me.

5

I've nine milk ews, my Marion,
 A cow and a brawny quey,

I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
 Juft on her bridal day;

6

And ye's get a green sey Apron,
 And waistcoat of the London brown,
 And vow but ye will be vapring,
 When'er ye gang to the town!

7

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
 Nane dances like me on the green;
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
 I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean:

8

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
 And kyrtle of the cramafie;
 And soon as my chin has uae hair on,
 I shall come west and see ye.

I'll lay me down & Die,

The Music Composed by

M: G: C:

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps.^d

Largo Sostenuto Con molta Espressione.

pp.

Oh Maury ye's be clad in filk, And Diamonds in your hair Gin ye'll consent to

be my bride nor think o' Arthar mair Oh! wha wad wear a filken gown wi'

tears blinding their ee' Be-fore I'll brack my truelove's heart I'll lay me down and

die.

2

For I have pledg'd my virgin troth,
 Brave Arthur's fate to share,
 And he has gi'en to me his heart
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.
 The mind whafs' every wifh is pure,
 Far dearer is to me,
 And e'er I'm forced to break my faith,
 I'll tay me down and die.

3

So trust me when I swear to thee,
 By a' that is on high,
 Though ye had a' this world's gear,
 My heart ye could na buy;
 For langeft life can ne'er repay,
 The love he bears to me;
 And e'er I'm forc'd to brack my troth,
 I'll lay me down and die.

The yellow haired Laddie

For two Voices
Ramfay

Violini

Primo

2do

Harp.^{sd}

Largo Amorofo.

pp. ^{1st}

April when primroses paint the sweet plain, And summer ap-proaching re-joic-eth the

April when primroses paint the sweet plain, And summer ap-proaching re-joic-eth the

swain joic-eth the swain. The yellow haired laddie wou'd of-ten times go, To

swain joic-eth the swain. The yellow haired laddie wou'd of-ten times go, To

wilds and deep glens, where the haw-thorn tree grow. haw-thorn tree grow.

wilds and deep glens, where the haw-thorn tree grow. haw-thorn tree grow.

There under the shade of an old faced thorn.
With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn;
He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,
That silvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

There under the shade of an old faced thorn.
With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn;
He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,
That silvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Mary be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly cou'd sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
But Susie was faithful, good humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddesses who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughters, with all her great dow'r
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently four;
Then sighing he wished, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

Peggy

WHEN first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill.
To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

Patie

When corn-rigs wad yellow, and blue hether bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland, and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or brechens gae trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

Peggy

When thou ran, or wrestled, or pitted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka sport manly gae pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

Patie

Our Jenny sings fastly the Cowden broom knows,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the milking the ewes;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing,
At thro' the wood laddie, Bess gars our lugs ring;
But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,
The boatman, Tweedside, or the lads of the mill,
'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasant to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

Peggy

How easy can lasses trow what they desire!
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire:
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

The Braes of Ballochmyle

Violini *a mezza Voce*

Viola

Canto

Harp^d

Largo

6 4 — 3 6 3 6 4 — 3 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 4 7

The

6 4 — 3 6 3 6 4 3 2 5 6 4 6 6 4 6 6 4 3 6 6

Catrine woods were yellow seen, The flower's decayd on Catrine lee, Nae lav'rocks fang on

F

6 4 6 6 3 6 6 6 6 6 6 4 7

hil-lock green, But nature fick- - end on the ee. Thro' faded groves Ma-ri-a fang, her-

T.S. — — — — — 6 4 3

pp.

- fel in beauty's bloom the while, and ay the wild wood echoes rang, Farewell the

T.S. 4+ 6 6 4 6 6 4 3 6 6

braes o' Balloch-mile.

6 6 6 6 6 6 4 7

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
 But here alas! for me nae mair;
 Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
 Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

Logie o' Buchan.

For two Voices.

Violini

Primo

2do

Harps^d

O Logie o' Buchan and
O' Logie o' Buchan and

Largo Espressivo.

Ts. 6 7

Logie the laird, they've taen awa Jamie that delv'd in the yard. Wha play'd on the Pipe & the
Logie the laird, they've taen awa Jamie that delv'd in the yard. Wha play'd on the Pipe & the

Ts. 6 7

Viol sae sma they've taen a_wa Jamie the flow'r o' them a'. Saying think nae lang Lalsie tho'
Viol sae sma they've taen a_wa Jamie the flow'r o' them a'. Saying think nae lang Lalsie tho'

6 4 3

I be awa an' think na lang lafsie tho' I be awa, the fimmer will come when the winter's a_wa, and
 I be awa an' think na lang lafsie tho' I be awa, the fimmer will come when the winter's a_wa, and

T.S.

I'll be to see thee in spite o' them a'.
 I'll be to see thee in spite o' them a'. rf.

6
4 7

2

I fit on my fankie I spin on my wheel,
 I think on my Jamie wha lo'es me sae weel,
 He had but ae saxpence he brak it in twa,
 And geed me the hauf o't when he gaed awa.
 Saying think nae lang lafsie tho' I be awa,
 And think nae lang lafsie tho' I be awa,
 The fimmer will came when the winters awa,
 And I'll be to see thee in spite o' them a'.

3

My daddy look'd sulky my minnie look'd four,
 They gloom'd on my Jamie becaufe he was poor,
 I loo them as weel as a dochter can dee,
 But wha is sae dear as my Jamie to me.

Saying think nae lang lafsie tho' I be awa,
 An think nae lang lafsie tho' I be awa,
 The fimmer will come when the winters awa,
 And I'll be to see thee in spite o' them a'.

4

The comfort I wanted he needed himsell,
 For what we baith suffer'd there's nae aue can tell,
 Wi' the smill on his cheek, and the tear in his ee
 I ne'er will forget how he parted frae me.
 Saying think nae lang lafsie tho' I be awa,
 An think nae lang lafsie tho' I be awa,
 The fimmer will come when the winters awa,
 And I'll tak ye wi' me in spite o' them a'.

12 Jockey was the blythest Lad.

Violini

Viola

Basso

Canto

Harp.^d

Voce

Young Jockey

And.^e Softenuto

Basso

was the blythest lad in a our Town or here a wa; Fu' blyth he whistled at the

gaud, Fu' light ly danc'd he in the ha. He roof'd my een for bonnie blue he

roof'd my wait fae gen-ty sma; An aft my heart came to my mou when ne'er a

bo--dy heard or saw

2

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
 Thro' wind and weat, thro' frost and snaw,
 And o'er the lee I look fu' fain,
 When Jockey's owfen hameward ca'.
 An' ay the night comes round again,
 When in his arms he takes me a'
 An' ay he vows he'll be my ain,
 As lang's he has a breath to draw.

Saw ye Johnnie cummin quo' she,

Violini

Viola

Conto.

Harp&C

PP. PP.

Saw ye John - nie cum - min. quo' she,

Largo

Saw ye John - nie cum - min, O saw ye Johnnie cum - min, quo' she; saw ye Johnnie

6 T.S.

com - min, wi' his blue bonnet on his head, And his dog - gie run - ning, quo' she;

and his dog-gie run-ning.

2
 Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;
 Fee him, father, fee him,
 For he is a gallant lad,
 And a weel doin;
 And a' the wark about the house
 Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she;
 Wi' me when I see him.

3
 What will I do wi' him, huffy.
 What will I do wi' him.
 He'd ne'er a fark upon his back,
 And I hae nane to gie him.

I ha'e twa fark into my kist,
 And ane o' them I'll gie him,
 And for a mark of mair fee
 Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she;
 Dinna stand wi' him.

4
 For well do I lo'e him, quo' she;
 Well do I lo'e him:
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;
 Fee him, father, fee him,
 He'll bad the pleugh, thrash in the barn
 And lie wi' me at e'en, quo' she;
 Lie wi' me at e'en.

O san' ye my Father,

Violino
 Viola
 Canto
 Harps^d
 Largo
 Espressivo

pp.

O saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother, or saw ye my true love John. I saw not your father I

6 5 2 6 6 6 4 3

rf.

saw not your mother, But I saw your true love John.

rf.

6 6 6 4 3

2 5

It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light,
 And the bells they ring ding dong;
 He's met wi' some delay, that causeth him to stay,
 But he will be here ere long.

3

The surly auld carl did naething but snarl,
 And Johnny's face it grew red;
 Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd,
 Till all were asleep in bed.

4

Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,
 And gently tirl'd the pin;
 The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,
 And she open'd, and let him in.

And are you come at last, and do Iold ye fast,
 And is my Johnny true!
 I have nae time to tell, but fae lang's I like mysell,
 Sae lang shall I love you.

6

Flee up, flee up, my bonny gray cock,
 And craw when it is day;
 Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,
 And your wings of the silver gray.

7

The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,
 For he crew an hour o'er soon;
 The lassie thought it day, when she sent her love awy,
 And it was but a blink of the moon.

The Lowlands of Holland

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harp^{sd}

pp.

The love that I have

Largo Espressivo

chosen I'll therewith be content, The fault shall be frozen before that I repent.

Re - pent it shall I ne - ver un - till the day I die, But the Low - lands of

rf.

hr

Holland hae twinn'd my love and me.

6 7 6 6 6 4 7

2

My love lies in the fast sea,
 And I am on the side,
 Enough to break a young thing's heart
 Wha lately was a bride:
 Wha lately was a bonie bride,
 And pleasure in her e'e;
 But the lowlands of Holland
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

3

New Holland is a barren place,
 In it there grows no grain;
 Nor any habitation
 Wherein for to remain:
 But the sugar canes are plenty,
 And the wine draps frae the tree;
 And the lowlands of Holland,
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

4

My love he built a bonie ship
 And set her to the sea,
 Wi' seven score brave mariners
 To bear her companie:
 Threescore gaed to the bottom,
 And threescore di'd at sea;
 And the lowlands of Holland
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

5

My love has built another snip
 And set her to the main,
 He had but twenty mariners
 And all to bring her hame:
 The stormy winds did roar again,
 The raging waves did rout,
 And my love and his bonie ship
 Turn'd widdershins about.

6

There shall nae mantle cross my back,
 Nor kame gae in my hair,
 Neither shall coal nor candle light
 Shine in my bower mair;
 Nor shall I chuse anither love
 Until the day I die,
 Since the lowlands of Holland
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

7

Now had your tongue my dochter dear,
 Be still and be content,
 There's mair lads in Galloway
 Ye need nae fae lament.
 O there is nane in Galloway,
 There's nane at a' for me,
 For the lowlands of Holland,
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

Braw braw lads o' Galla water

Violini *pp.*

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Largo Softenut

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

Braw, braw lads of Galla water: O braw

lads of Galla water I'll kilt my coats a-boon my knee, And follow my love thro' the water.

2
 Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
 Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie;
 Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
 The mair I kifs, she's ay my dearie.

3
 O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,
 O'er yon mofs among the heather;
 I'll kilt my coat aboon my knee,
 And follow my love thro' the water.

4
 Down among the broom, the broom,
 Down among the broom, my dearie.
 The ladsie lost a filken suood,
 That cost her mony a blit and deary

6 4 3 6 7 6 3 6 4 3 6 4 3 6 6 6 6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3

rf

6 4 3 6 3 5 - 3

