



Richard del.

Ransom sculpt.

Now Arthur-seat shall be my bed,
 St. Anton's well shall be my drink,
 The sheets shall never be warmed by me;
 Since my true Love's forsaken me.

T B C

SELECT MELODIES OF SCOTLAND,

INTERSPERSED WITH THOSE OF

Ireland and Wales,

UNITED TO THE SONGS OF

ROBT BURNS, SIR WALTER SCOTT BART
and other distinguished Poets;

WITH
Symphonies & Accompaniments

For the

PIANO FORTE

BY

Mozart, Haydn, Haydn & Beethoven

The whole Composed for & Collected by

GEORGE THOMSON, F.A.S.E.

IN FIVE VOLUMES

Ent'd at Sta-Hall

Price ~~14~~ 8

Vol 5.

For thythe & merris we'll be a . And dance till we be like to fa



Stothard Del.

W. H. Lazenby Sculp. et Sculp.

London.

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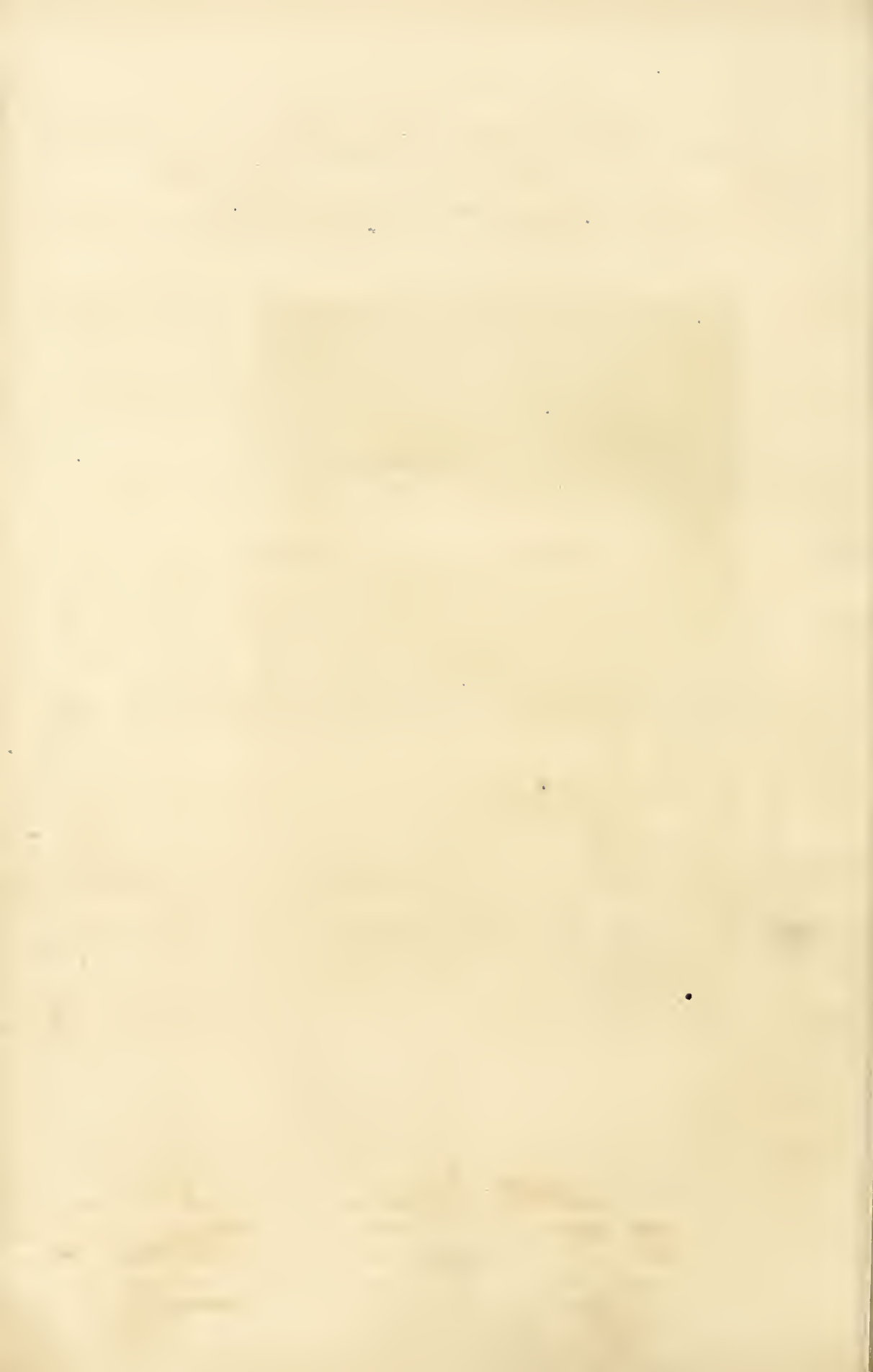
Designed by T. Stothard. R.A.

Engraved by D. S. Scott

DUNCAN GRAY.

*Shall I live a fool, quoth he
She may give to France for me
For a haughty hizzit die
Her hat the wooing o'*

1796 & 94, 8vo, by G. Thomson Edinburgh



ALLEGRO
PIUOSTO
VIVACE.



thou art the Lad of my heart Willy, There's love and there's life and glee; There's a

cheer in thy voice and thy bounding step and there's bliss in thy blythesome e.e. But

oh how my heart was tried Wil-ly, For little I thought to see; That the

Lad who won the Lass-es all, Would ever be won by me.

2^d

Adown this path we came, Willy,
'Twas just at this hour of eve;
And will he, or will he not, I thought
My fluttering heart relieve:
So oft he paused, as we saunter'd on,
'Twas fear—and hope—and fear;
But here at the wood, as we parting stood,
'Twas rapture his vows to hear.

3^d

Ah vows so soft—thy vows, Willy!
Who would not, like me, be proud!—
Sweet lark! with thy soaring echoing song,
Come down from thy rosy cloud.
Come down to thy nest, and tell thy mate,
But tell thy mate alone,
Thou hast seen a maid, whose heart of love,
Is merry and light as thine own.

DUETTO
GRAZIOSO.

Ped:



Be-hold my Love how green the groves, The primrose banks how fair; The

Be-hold my Love how green the groves, The primrose banks how fair; The

bal-my gales a-wake the flow'rs, And wave thy flax-en hair.

bal-my gales a-wake the flow'rs, And wave thy flax-en hair.

The lavrock shuns the pa-lace gay, And o'er the cot-tage sings; For
 The lavrock shuns the pa-lace gay, And o'er the cot-tage sings; For
 Na-ture smiles as sweet I ween, To shepherds as to kings.
 Na-ture smiles as sweet I ween, To shepherds as to kings.

2^d3^d

Let Minstrels sweep the skillful string,
 In Lordly lighted ha';
 The Shepherd stops his simple reed
 Blythe in the birken shaw.
 The princely revel may survey
 Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
 But are their hearts as light as ours
 Beneath the milk white thorn.

The Shepherd in the flowery glen
 In Shepherd's phrase will woo;
 The Courtier tells a finer tale,
 But is his heart as true.
 These wild wood flow'rs I've pu'd to deck
 That spotless breast o' thine:
 The Courtier's gems may witness love
 But 'tisna love like mine.

ANDANTINO
CON MOFO.

pp

Cres. *p* Why

Ju-lia say that pen-sive mien, I heard thy ho-som sigh-ing; How

quickly on thy cheek is seen the blush as quickly fly-ing, Why mark I in thy soften'd eye, Once

with light spirit beaming; A silent tear I know not why, In trem'ulous lustre gleaming.

8^{va}

pp

Loco.

Vol. 5.

* If the Voice cannot easily reach the G, then E may be substituted.

SYMPATHY.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

WHY, Julia, say, that pensive mien ?
 I hear thy bosom sighing ;
 How quickly on thy cheek is seen
 The blush, as quickly flying !
 Why mark I, in thy soften'd eye,
 Once with light spirit beaming,
 A silent tear—I know not why,
 In tremulous lustre gleaming ?

Come, tell me all thy bosom's pain—
 Perhaps some faithless lover,—
 Nay, droop not thus, the rose with rain
 May sink, yet still recover.—
 Oh, Julia ! I my words recal,
 My thoughts too rudely guide me ;
 I see afresh thy sorrows fall,
 They seem to plead and chide me.

I, too, the secret wound have known,
 That makes existence languish,
 Links to the soul one thought alone,
 And that, a thought of anguish ;
 Forgive, forgive, an aching heart,
 That vainly hoped to cheer thee—
 These tears may tell thee, while they start,
 How all thy griefs endear thee !

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

THERES nought hut care on ev'ry han',

In every hour that passes :

What signifies the life o' man

If t'were na for the lasses.

Green grow the rashes,

Green grow the rashes,

The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,

Are spent amang the lasses.

The warldly race may riches chase,

And riches still may fly them ;

And tho' at last they catch them fast,

Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them.

Green grow the rashes,

Green grow the rashes,

The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,

Are spent amang the lasses.

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,

My arms about my dearie ;

And warldly cares and warldly men,

May a' gae tapsalteerie.

Green grow the rashes,

Green grow the rashes,

The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,

Are spent amang the lasses.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,

Ye're nought hut senseless asses ;

The wisest man the warld saw,

He dearly lov'd the lasses.

Green grow the rashes,

Green grow the rashes,

The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,

Are spent amang the lasses.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears

Her noblest work she classes ;

Her prentice han' she tried on man,

And then she made the lasses.

Green grow the rashes,

Green grow the rashes,

The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,

Are spent amang the lasses.

4.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

Haydn.

ALLEGRO
PIUOSTO
VIVACE.

There's nought but care on ev^{ry} hand, In ev^{ry} hour that pass - es; What

sig - ni - fies the life of man, If 'twere na for the Lass - es.

Green grow the rash - es, Green grow the rash - es; The

sweetest hours that e'er I spent, Were spent a - mang the Lass - es.

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, Green grow the rashes; The sweet - est hours that

Green grow the rashes, Green grow the rashes; The sweet - est hours that

e'er I spent, Were spent among the Lasses.

e'er I spent, Were spent among the Lasses.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

Sleep'st thou or wak'st thou fair--est crea--ture, Ro--sy morn now
 lifts his eye; Num--bering ev'-ry bud which Na--ture,
 Wa--ters with the tears of joy; Now to the streaming fountain, or
 up the heathy mountain, The hart hind and roe freely wild-ly wan-ton
 stray: In--twining hazel bow'rs, his lay the linnet pours; The
 lav-rock to the sky as--cends wi' songs of joy, While the sun and thou a--
 --rise to bless the day. *p*

DEIL TAK' THE WARS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

The Heroine of this most exquisite Song, was Miss LORIMER of Craigieburn,
near Moffat.

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature;

Rosy morn now lifts his eye,

Numbering every bud which nature

Waters wi' the tears of joy.

Now, to the streaming fountain,

Or up the heathy mountain,

The hart, hind, and roe, freely wildly-wanton stray :

In twining hazel bowers

His lay the linnet pours ;

The lavrock to the sky

Aseends wi' sangs o' joy ;

While the sun and thou arise to bless the day !

Phœbus, gilding the brow of the morning,

Banishes ilk darksome shade,

Nature gladdening and adorning ;

Such to me my lovely maid.

When frae my Jeanie parted,

Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,

Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky :

But when she charms my sight,

In pride of beauty's light ;

When through my very heart

Her beaming glories dart ;

'Tis then--'tis then, I wake to life and joy !

O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY MISS JEAN GLOVER.

COMING thro' the craigs of Kyle,
 Amang the bonnie blooming heather,
 There I met a bonnie lassie
 Keeping a' her ewes thegither.
 O'er the muir amang the heather,
 O'er the muir amang the heather,
 There I met a bonnie lassie,
 Keeping a' her ewes thegither.

Said I, my dear, where is thy hame,
 In moor, or dale, pray tell me whether?
 She said, I tent the fleecy flocks
 That feed amang the blooming heather.
 O'er the muir amang the heather,
 O'er the muir amang the heather,
 She said, I tent the fleecy flocks
 That feed amang the blooming heather.

We sat us down upon a hank,
 Sae warm and sunny was the weather,
 She left her flocks at large to rove,
 Amang the honny blooming heather.

O'er the muir amang the heather,
 O'er the muir amang the heather,
 She left her flocks at large to rove,
 Amang the honnie blooming heather.

While thus we sat, she sung a sang,
 Till echo rang a mile and farther,
 And ay the burden o' the sang
 Was—o'er the muir amang the heather.
 O'er the muir amang the heather,
 O'er the muir amang the heather,
 And ay the hurden o' the sang
 Was o'er the muir amang the heather.

She charm'd my heart, and ay sinsyne
 I cou'd na think on ony ither:
 By sea and sky! she shall be mine!
 The bonnie lass amang the heather.
 O'er the muir amang the heather.
 O'er the muir amang the heather,
 By sea and sky! she shall be mine!
 The bonnie lass amang the heather!

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY JOHN RICHARDSON, ESQ.

BE mine a cot in some lone glen,
 Around it many a hrier hush growing;
 May dewy rosehuds fragrance lend,
 Among the grass sweet vi'lets blowing.
 There with thee contented living,
 There with thee contented living,
 I'll envy not the richest gifts
 In faithless fickle Fortune's giving.

To shield us from the winter's storm,
 An oak its lofty branches spreading,
 Around the door, (the songster's haunt,)
 The holly's verdure never fading.
 There with thee, &c.

Our garden water'd by a stream,
 Along a pehhled hed clear shining,
 Round every tree that decks its hank
 The woodbine and the ivy twining.
 There with thee, &c.

Let others through the world toil
 For honours, empty rank, and treasure,
 I'm bappier in my humble cot,
 My Jeanie's love my dearest pleasure.
 There with thee contented living,
 There with thee contented living,
 I'll envy not the richest gifts
 In faithless fickle Fortune's giving.

ANDANTINO
 PIUOSTO
 ALLEGRETTO.

Coming thro' the craigs of Kyle, A-mang the bonny blooming heather; There I met a
 bonny Las-sie, Keeping a' her ewes the gither. O'er the muir a-mang the heather,
 O'er the muir among the heather; There I met a bonny Lassie, Keeping a' her ewes the gither.

CHORUS.

O'er the muir a-mang the heather, O'er the muir among the heather, There I met a
 O'er the muir a-mang the heather, O'er the muir among the heather, There I met a
 bon-ny Lassie, Keeping a' her ewes the gither.
 bon-ny Lassie, Keeping a' her ewes the gither.

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ALLEGRETTO.

Bon - ny Las - sie will ye go, Will ye go will ye go;

Bon - ny Las - sie will ye go to the birks of A - - ber - - fel - - die.

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes, And o'er the chrystal streamlet plays; Come

let us spend the lightsome days, In the birks of A - ber - - fel - - die.

THE BIRKS OF ABERGELDIE.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

BONIE lassie, will ye go,

Will ye go, will ye go,

Bonie lassie, will ye go

To the birks of Abergeldy ?

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,

And o'er the chrystal streamlet plays ;

Come, let us spend the lightsome days

In the birks of Abergeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,

Will ye go, will ye go,

Bonie lassie, will ye go

To the birks of Abergeldy ?

The little birdies blythely sing,

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,

Or lightly flit on wanton wing

In the birks of Abergeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go, !

Will ye go, will ye go,

Bonie lassie, will ye go

To the birks of Abergeldy ?

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,

The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,

O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,

The birks of Abergeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,

Will ye go, will ye go,

Bonie lassie, will ye go

To the birks of Abergeldy ?

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,

White o'er the lin the burnie pours,

And rising, weets wi' misty showers

The birks of Abergeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,

Will ye go, will ye go, !

Bonie lassie, will ye go

To the birks of Abergeldy ?

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee.

They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,

Supremely blest wi' love and thee

In the birks of Abergeldy. *

* This is written in the same measure with the old Song, "The Birks of Abergeldie," from which nothing is borrowed but the first four lines.

THE MAID OF ISLA,

(IMITATED FROM THE GAELIC.)

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

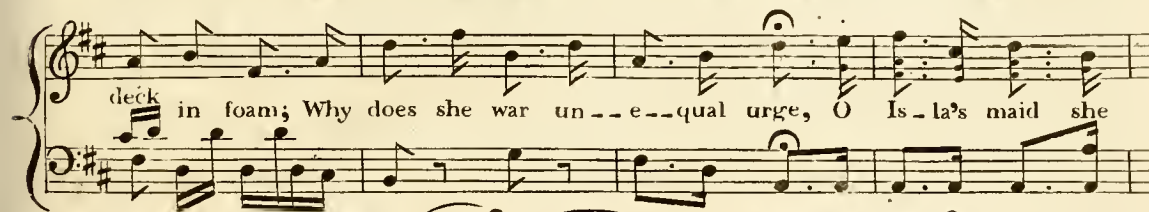
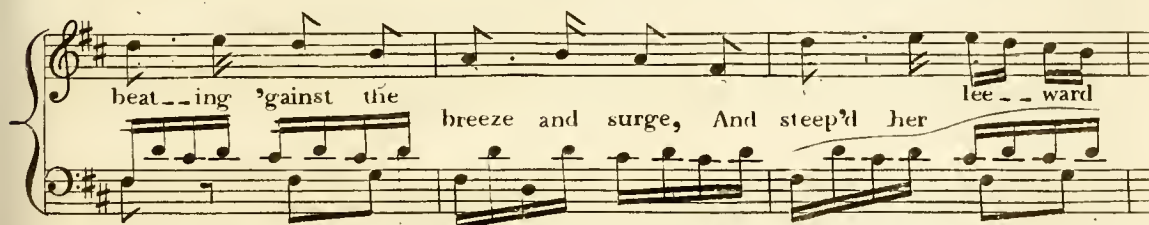
BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

O MAID of Isla, from yon cliff,
 That looks on troubled wave and sky,
 Dost thou not see yon little skiff,
 Contend with ocean gallantly?
 Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,
 And steep'd her leeward deck in foam,
 Why does she war unequal urge?
 O Isla's Maid, she seeks her home.

O Isla's Maid, yon sea-bird mark,
 Her white wing gleams through mist and spray,
 Against the storm-cloud, lowering dark,
 As to the rock she wheels her way.
 Where clouds are dark and billows rave,
 Why to the shelter should she come
 Of cliff exposed to wind and wave?—
 O Maid of Isla, 'tis her home.

As breeze and tide to yonder skiff,
 Thou'rt adverse to the suit I bring,
 And cold as is yon wintry cliff,
 Where sea-birds close their wearied wing.
 Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,
 Still, Isla's Maid, to thee I come;
 For in thy love, or in his grave,
 Must Allan Vourich find his home.

ALLEGRO
MA CON
ESPRESSIONE.



ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

Las-sie art thou sleep-ing yet, Or art thou waking I would wit; For

Love has bound me hand and foot, And I would fain be in Jo.

O let me in this a--e night, this a---e night this

a---e night; For pi--ty's sake this a---e night, O

rise and let me in Jo.

LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet,
Or art thou waking, I would wot,
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet;
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;
Take pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.

O let me in this ae night, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blows
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness of thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pine, jo.

O let me in this ae night, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O tell na me of wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' could disdain,
Gae back the gate ye came again,
I winna let you in, jo.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wanderer pours,
Is nought to what poor she endures
That's trusted faithless man, jo.

I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deek'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed,
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.

I tell you now, &c.

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

I tell you now, &c.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

~~~~~  
This beautiful Song was written on Mrs BURNS.

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
 I dearly like the west,  
 For there the bonny lassie lives,  
 The lassie I lo'e best ;  
 There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,  
 And mony a hill between ;  
 But day and night my fancy's flight  
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
 I see her sweet and fair ;  
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
 I hear her charm the air.  
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs,  
 By fountain, shaw, or green ;  
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
 But minds me o' my Jean.

*Added by Mr RICHARDSON for this Work.*

Her lips are like the red-rose bud,  
 Sweet blushing to the morn,  
 Her breath is fresher than the bean,  
 The fragrance of the thorn.  
 The dew-drop in the morning sun,  
 It canna match her e'en ;  
 Oh ! life would hae nae joys for me,  
 If 'twere na for my Jean.

Dear is the spot I saw her first,  
 The grove where aft we met,  
 But where I bade her last fareweel,  
 That place I'll ne'er forget ;  
 For there within my arms she vow'd,  
 (The tear was in her e'e,)  
 That heav'n and earth, and a' wou'd change,  
 Ere she prov'd fause to me !



ANDANTINO  
ESPRESSIVO.

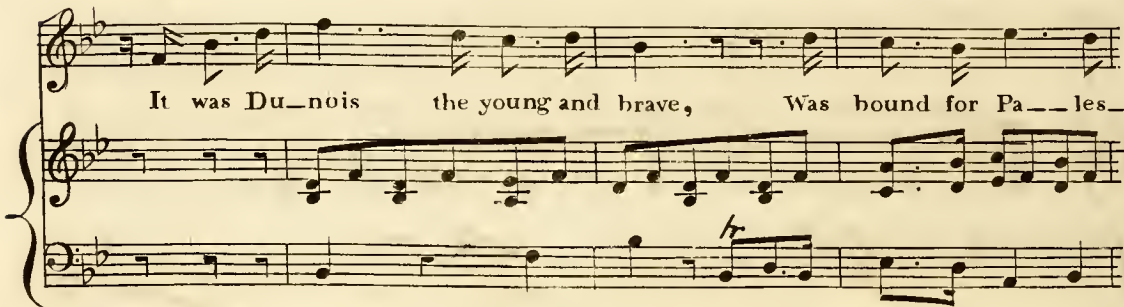
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dear-ly like the  
west; For there the bonny Lassie lives, the Las-sie I loe best; There  
wild-woods grow and rivers row, And many a hill be-tween; But day and night my  
fancy's flight, Is e-ver wi' my Jean. I see her in the dewy flow'rs, I  
see her fresh and fair; I hear her in the tuneful birds, I hear her charm the  
air; There's not a bonny flow'r that springs, By fountain shaw or green; There's  
not a bon-ny bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean. *p*

The words from the French by SIR WALTER SCOTT Bart.

The Music composed by G. F. GRAHAM Esq! in 1822.

MODERATO  
ASSAI.

It was Du-nois the young and brave, Was bound for Pa--les-



--tine, But first he made his o-ri-sons Be-fore Saint Ma-ry's

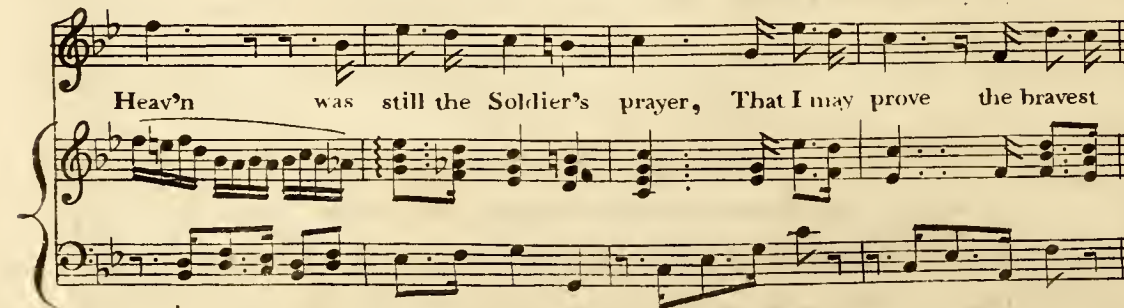


shrine.

"And grant immor--tal queen of



Heav'n was still the Soldier's prayer, That I may prove the bravest



2<sup>d</sup> 11.

knight, And love the fair—est fair; That I may prove the  
bravest knight, And love the fair—est fair.

*p* *Cres?* *f*

## 2

His oath of honour on the shrine he graved it with his sword,  
And follow'd to the Holy land the banner of his Lord;  
Where faithful to his noble vow, his war-cry fill'd the air,  
"Be honour'd ay the bravest knight, belov'd the fairest fair?"

## 3

They owed the conquest to his arm, and then his liege—lord said,  
"The heart that has for honour beat, by bliss must be repaid;—  
"My daughter ISABEL and thou shall be a wedded pair,  
"For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of the fair?"

## 4

And then they bound the holy knot before Saint MARY'S shrine,  
That makes a paradise on earth, if hearts and hands combine;  
And every Lord and Lady bright, that were in Chapel there,  
Cried, "Honour'd be the bravest knight, belov'd the fairest fair.



The Song presented to the Editor by Joanna Baillie.

ANDANTE  
 POCO  
 ALLEGRETTO.

O swift-ly glides the  
 bonny boat, Just parted from the shore; And to the Fisher's chorus note, Soft  
 moves the dipping oar. His toils are borne with happy cheer, And ever may they speed, That  
 feeble Age and Helpmate dear, And tender bairnies feed; We cast our lines in Largo bay, Our  
 nets are floating wide. Our bonny boat with yielding sway, Rocks lightly on the  
 Our bonny boat with yielding sway, Rocks lightly on the

Dolce. *p* Dolce. *f* *p* Dolce.

Vol: 5.

## CHORUS.

tide, And happy prove our dai-ly lot, Up--on the summer sea; And  
 tide, And happy prove our dai-ly lot, Up--on the summer sea; And  
 And happy prove our dai-ly lot, Up--on the summer sea; And  
 And happy prove our dai-ly lot, Up--on the summer sea; And  
 blest on land our kindly Cot, Where all our treasures be.  
 blest on land our kindly Cot, Where all our treasures be.  
 blest on land our kindly Cot, Where all our treasures be.  
 blest on land our kindly Cot, Where all our treasures be.

## Second Stanza.

The Mermaid on her rock may sing,      It safely bears its scaly store  
 The Witch may weave her charm,      Thro' many a stormy gale,  
 Nor Water-Sprite nor eldrich thing,      While joyful shouts rise from the shore,  
 The bonny boat can harm.      Its homeward prow to hail.

We cast our lines in Largo bay, &c.



ANDANTINO  
UN POCO  
ALLEGRETTO.

The sweetest Lad was Ja--mie, The sweet--est the  
 dear--est; And well did Jamie love me, And not a fault has he. Yet  
 one he had, it spoke his praise, He knew not Wo-man's wish to teize; He  
 knew not all our sil-ly ways, A---las the woe to me.



## O WILT THOU BE MY AIN.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

THE sweetest lad was Jamie,  
 The sweetest, the dearest,  
 And well did Jamie love me,  
 And not a fault has he.—  
 Yet one he had,—it spoke his praise,  
 He knew not woman's wish to tease,  
 He knew not all our silly ways,  
 Alas! the woe to me!

For though I loved my Jamie  
 Sincerely and dearly,  
 Yet often when he wooed me,  
 I held my head on high;  
 And huff'd and toss'd with saucy air,  
 And dane'd with Donald at the fair,  
 And placed his ribbon in my hair—  
 And Jamie!—pass'd him by.

So when the war-pipes sounded,  
 Dear Jamie—he left me,  
 And now some other maiden  
 Will Jamie turn to woo.  
 My heart will break,—and well it may,  
 For who would word of pity say  
 To her who threw a heart away,  
 So faithful and so true.

Oh! knew he how I loved him,  
 Sincerely and dearly;  
 How I would fly to meet him!—  
 Oh! happy were the day!  
 Some kind, kind friend, oh, come between,  
 And tell him of my alter'd mien!  
 That Jeanie has not Jeanie been  
 Since Jamie went away.

## THE RUN-AWAY BRIDE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

By William late offended,  
 I blamed him, I allow,—  
 And then my anger ended,  
 And he is angry now.  
 And I in turn am chided  
 For what I ne'er design'd ;  
 And tho' by Love misguided,  
 Am called myself unkind.

So now when I am nigh him,  
 My looks must coldness wear ;  
 They tell me, I must fly him,  
 At market and at fair ;  
 Nor near the thorn tree meet him,  
 At evening, I suppose,  
 Nor in the morning greet him,  
 As by the door he goes :

Nor at the kirk perceive him,  
 But ponder on my book ;  
 With downcast eyes deceive him,  
 Tho' stealing oft a look.—  
 Alas ! how long must Nature  
 This cruel war maintain ?  
 Content in every feature,  
 While writhes my heart with pain ?

O William, dost thou love me ?—  
 Oh ! sure I need not fear ;  
 How, dearest, would it move thee  
 To see this falling tear !  
 Too heedless, thoughtless Lover,—  
 From what thyself must feel  
 Why canst thou not discover  
 What Jeanie must conceal.

ANDANTINO

QUASI

ALLEGRETTO.

By William late of-fend-ed, I blam'd him I al-low; And

then my an-ger end-ed, And he is an-gry now. And

I in turn am chi-ded, For what I ne'er de-sign'd; And

tho' by Love mis-guid-ed, Am call'd my-self un-kind.



Written for this work by J. HOGG on the Highlanders' return from Waterloo.

SPIRITOSO  
E MARZIALE

Old Scotia wake thy mountain strain, In all its wildest splendors; And

welcome back the lads again, Your honour's dear defenders. Be

every harp and viol strung, 'Till all the woodlands quaver; Of

many a hand your Bards have sung, But never hail'd a braver.

**CHORUS.**

*Tenore*  
Then raise the pibroch Donald Bane, We're all in key to cheer it; And

*Basso.*  
Then raise the pibroch Donald Bane, We're all in key to cheer it; And

Then raise the pibroch Donald Bane, We're all in key to cheer it; And

let it be a martial strain, That Warriors hold may hear it.

let it be a martial strain, That Warriors hold may hear it.

let it be a martial strain, That Warriors hold may hear it.

*f* *f* *fp* *Cres.*

*mezzo piano.* *dim Sempre.*

*sem pia*

*pp* *ancora piu piano.* *ppp*

2. 3.

Ye lovely maids, pitch high your notes,  
 As virgin voice can sound them,  
 Sing of your brave, your noble Scots,  
 For glory kindles round them.  
 Small is the remnant you will see,  
 Lamented be the others!  
 But such a stem of such a tree,  
 Take to your arms like brothers.

CHORUS.—Raise high the pibroch, Donald Bane,  
 Strike all our glen with wonder;  
 Let the chaunter yell, and the drone note swell,  
 Till music speaks in thunder.

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What storm can rend your mountain rock,  
 What wave your headlands shiver!  
 Long have they stood the tempest's shock,  
 Thou know'st they will for ever.  
 Sooner your eye these cliffs shall view,  
 Split by the wind and weather,  
 Than foeman's eye the bonnet blue,  
 Behind the nodding feather.

CHORUS.—O raise the pibroch, Donald Bane,  
 Our caps to the sky we'll send them;  
 Scotland, thy honour who can stain,  
 Thy laurels who can rend them.



ANDANTE  
RISOLUTO.

Thick - est night sur - round my dwell - ing, Howling tem - pests o'er me

rave; Turbid tor - rents wintry swell - ing, Roaring by my lone - ly Cave.

Chrysal streamlets gently flow - ing, Bu - sy haunts of base man - kind; Western

breez - es soft - ly blow - ing, Suit not my dis - tract - ed mind.

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## STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

The Poet here supposes Lord Strathallan giving vent to his sorrows, while he lay concealed in some cave of the Highlands after the defeat and dispersion of his party, in following the fortunes of the Chevalier de St GEORGE. In the Poet's Memoranda respecting Scottish songs, we find the following notice of Strathallan's Lament : " This air is the composition " of one of the worthiest and best hearted men living, Allan Masterton, " schoolmaster in Edinburgh. As he and I were both sprouts of Jacobitism, we agreed to dedicate the words and air to that cause. But, " to tell the truth, except when my passions were heated by some accidental cause, my Jacobitism was merely by way of *vive la bagatelle*."

**T**HICKEST night o'erhang my dwelling !

Howling tempests o'er me rave !

Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,

Still surround my lonely cave.

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,

Busy haunts of base mankind,

Western breezes softly blowing,

Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,

Wrongs injurious to redress,

Honour's war we strongly waged,

But the Heavens denied success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,

Not a hope that dare attend ;

The wide world is all before us,

But a world without a friend !

## LAMENT FOR DRUMOSSIE DAY

WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

AIR,—FINGAL'S LAMENT.

THE lovely lass of Inverness,  
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;  
 Fore'en and morn she cries, alas !  
 And ay the salt tear blinds her e'e :  
 Drumossie muir, Drumossie day,\*  
 A waefu' day it was to me ;  
 For there I lost my father dear,  
 My father dear and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bloody clay,  
 Their graves are growing green to see :  
 And by them lies the dearest lad  
 That ever blest a woman's e'e !  
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,  
 A bloody man I trow thou be ;  
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair,  
 That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.

---

\* Drumossie Muir, or Culloden Field, which proved so fatal to the Highland Clans, fighting under Prince CHARLES EDWARD STUART, against the English army commanded by the Duke of CUMBERLAND.

AFFETTUOSO  
ASSAI.

The lovely lass of Inver-ness, No joy nor pleasure can she see; For

e'en and morn she cries a-las, And ay the sa't tear blinds her e'e.

Drum-ossie moor Drum-ossie day, A wae fu' day it

was to me; For there I lost my father dear, My father dear and brothers three.

8

*f* Ped: *p* Dim:Sem: *pp* Ped.



## 18. I CANNA COME ILKA DAY TO WOO.

Haydn.

ALLEGRETTO.

Now bank and brae are cloth'd in green, And  
 scat-ter'd cowslips sweetly spring; By Gir-van's fai-ry haunted stream, The  
 bir-dies flit on wanton wing. To Cassil's banks when ev'ning fa's, There  
 with my MA-ry let me flee; There catch her il-ka glance of love, The  
 bon-ny blink o' MA-ry's e'e.

*fz* *fz*

## I CANNA COME ILKA DAY TO WOO.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

Now bank and brae are clothed in green,  
 And scattered cowslips sweetly spring;  
 By Girvan's fairy haunted stream  
 The birdies flit on wanton wing.  
 To Cassills' banks when ev'ning fa's,  
 There with my Mary let me flee,  
 There eatch her ilka glanee of love,  
 The bonny blink o' Mary's e'e.

The man wha boasts o' warld's wealth,  
 Is aften laird o' meikle care;  
 But Mary she is a' my ain,  
 Ah, Fortune canna gie me mair!  
 Then let me range by Cassills' banks,  
 Wi' her the lassie dear to me,  
 And eatch her ilka glanee o' love,  
 The bonny blink o' Mary's e'e.

## SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

The following Song was written after a week's shooting and fishing, in which the Poet had been engaged with some friends.

On Ettrick forest's mountains dun,  
 'Tis blythe to bear the sportman's gun,  
 And seek the heath-frequenting brood  
 Far through the noon-day solitude;  
 By many a cairn and trenched mound,  
 Where chiefs of yore sleep lone and sound,  
 And springs, where grey-hair'd shepherds tell,  
 That still the Fairies love to dwell.

Along the silver streams of Tweed,  
 'Tis blythe the minnie fly to lead,  
 When to the hook the salmon springs,  
 And the line whistles through he rings;  
 The boiling eddy see him try,  
 Then dashing from the current high,  
 'Till watchful eye and cautious hand  
 Have led his wasted strength to land.

'Tis blythe along the *midnight* tide,  
 With stalwart arm the boat to guide;  
 On high the dazz'ling blaze to rear,  
 And heedful plunge the barbed spear;  
 Rock, wood, and seaur, emerging bright,  
 Fling on the stream their ruddy light,  
 And from the bank our band appears  
 Like Genii, armed with fiery spears.

'Tis blythe at eve to tell the tale  
 How we succeed, and how we fail,  
 Whether at ALWYN'S \* lordly meal,  
 Or lowlier board of Ashesteel;†  
 While the gay tapers cheerly shine,  
 Bickers the fire, and flows the wine,—  
 Days free from thought and nights from care,  
 My blessing on the forest fair.

\* *Alwyn*, the seat of Lord Sommerville.

† *Ashesteel*, the Poet's residence at the time.

## MISS FORBES'S FAREWELL.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

O how can I be blythe and glad,  
 Or how can I gang brisk and braw;  
 When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best  
 Is o'er the hills and far awa'?

It's no the frosty winter wind,  
 It's no the driving drift and snaw;  
 But ay the tear comes in my e'e,  
 To think on him that's far awa.

My father put me frae his door,  
 My friends they ha'e disown'd me a';  
 But I ha'e anc will take my part,  
 The bonnie lad that's far awa.

The weary winter soon will pass,  
 And spring will clead the birken shaw;  
 And a' my tears be tears of joy,  
 When he comes hame that's far awa.

## ENGLISH VERSES FOR THE SAME AIR,

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSEND, ESQ.

THE hour is come, the cherish'd hour,  
 When from the busy world set free,  
 I seek at length my lonely bower,  
 And muse in silent thought on thee.

And, oh, how sweet to know, that still,  
 Tho' fate has torn us widely far,  
 The self same thought our minds can fill,  
 Our eyes yet seek the self same star.

The constant Dove, where'er by day  
 Through fields of air his pinions rove,  
 Still seeks, when day-light dies away,  
 The shelter of his native grove.

So at the sweet and soothing hour,  
 Whatever scenes I turn to see,  
 My heart, its joyless wanderings o'er,  
 Returns unalter'd still to thee.

Some rude hand from its wonted course  
 The magnet may a while detain;  
 No sooner rescued from the force,  
 It trembles to its point again.

Thus, tho' the tedious world may hold  
 My fetter'd thoughts a while from thee;  
 To thee they spring, when uncontrol'd,  
 In all the warmth of Liberty.



ANDANTINO  
POCO  
ALLEGRETTO.

Ped: Dolce.

O how can I be blythe and glad, Or how can I gang

brisk and braw; When the bonie lad that I lo'e best, Is o'er the hills and

Sym:

far a - - wa'.

Ped:

Its no the fros--ty

win-ter wind, Its no the dri-ving drift and snaw; But ay the tear comes

in my e'e, To think on him that's far a - - wa'.

Ped:

20. THERE'S THREE GOOD FELLOWS AYONT YON GLEN. Beethoven.

ALLEGRO  
CON  
SPIRITO.

Come fill fill my good fellow, Fill high high my good fellow; And

*Cres.* *f* *Cres.*

let's be merry and mellow, And let us have one bottle more; When warm the heart is flowing, &

*fp*

bright the Fancy glowing; Oh shame on the Dolt would be going, Nor tarry for one bottle more.

CHORUS.

1<sup>st</sup> Come fill fill my good fellow, Fill high high my good fellow; And

Come fill fill my good fellow, Fill high high my good fellow; And

Come fill fill my good fellow, Fill high high my good fellow; And

*Cres.* *fp*

let's be merry and mellow, And let us have "one bottle more.

let's be merry and mellow, And let us have one bottle more.

let's be merry and mellow, And let us have one bottle more.

*fp*



THERE'S THREE GOOD FELLOWS  
AYONT YON GLEN.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

COME fill, fill, my good fellow,  
Fill high, high, my good fellow,  
And let's be merry and mellow,  
And let us have one bottle more.  
When warm the heart is flowing,  
And bright the fancy glowing,  
Oh shame on the dolt would he going,  
Nor tarry for one hottle more.

CHORUS.

Come fill, fill, my good fellow,  
Fill high, high, my good fellow,  
And let's be merry and mellow,  
And let us have one bottle more.

My Heart, let me hut lighten,  
And Life, let me hut brighten,  
And Care, let me hut frighten—  
He'll fly us with one hottle more.  
By day, tho' he confound me,—  
When friends at night have found me  
There's Paradise around me,  
But let me have one bottle more.

CHORUS.

Come fill, fill, my good fellow,  
Fill high, high, my good fellow,  
And let's be merry and mellow,  
And let us have one hottle more.

So now, here's to the Lasses,  
See—see, while the toast passes,  
How it lights up our beaming glasses,  
Encore—to the Lasses—encore.  
We'll toast the welcome greeting  
Of hearts in union heating,—  
And oh! for our next merry meeting,  
Huzza then for one hottle more.

CHORUS.

Come fill, fill, my good fellow,  
Fill high, high, my good fellow,  
And let's be merry and mellow,  
And let us have one bottle more.



## WHEN SHE CAME BEN SHE BOBBIT.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

OH! was I to blame to love him!  
 Oh! was I to blame to love him!  
     So gallant, so kind,—  
     I could not be blind,—  
 I was not to blame to love him.

My heart it may break with sorrow,  
 My heart it may break with sorrow,  
     'Tis lost for his sake,  
     No complaint will I make,  
 My heart it may break with sorrow.

Oh! saw you yon tree's sweet blossom,  
 Oh! saw you yon tree's sweet blossom,  
     Like me to your sight  
     It fades with the blight,  
 Yet blame not the love or the blossom.

O pride of my heart! I love thee,  
 O pride of my heart! I love thee;  
     The zephyr,—the sky,  
     May alter—not I,—  
 I was not to blame to love thee.

ALLEGRO  
GRAZIOSO.

Oh was I to blame to love him, Oh was I to blame to

love him; So gallant so kind I could not be blind, I was not to blame to

love him. My heart it may break with sorrow, My heart it may break with

sorrow; 'Tis lost for his sake, No complaint will I make, My heart it may break with sorrow.

*s f* *s f* *s f* *s f*

The Words written for this work by W. Smyth Esq.

**ALLEGRO  
PIUOSTO  
VIVACE.**

**First Voice.**  
O let me Mu-sic hear, Night and day!

Let the voice and let the Lyre, Dis-solve my heart my spir-its fire;

Mu-sic and I ask no more, Night and day.

**SECOND VOICE.**

Hence with this colder world,

Hence adieu!

Give me, give me but the while,

The brighter Heav'n of Ellen's smile;

Love—and then I ask no more,

Oh would you?

**THIRD VOICE.**

Hence with this world of Care,

I say too!

Give me but the blissful dream,

That mingles in the goblet's gleam;

Wine—and then I ask no more,

What say you?

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**FIRST VOICE. 4<sup>th</sup> Verse.**

Music may gladden Wine,

What say you!

Tendrils of the laughing Vine,

Around the Myrtle well may twine;

Both may grace the Lyre divine,

What say you?

**SECOND VOICE.**

What if we all agree,

What say you!

I will list the Lyre with thee,

And he shall dream of love like me;

Brighter then the Wine will be,

What say you?



Love Music Wine agree, True true true! Round then round the glass the glee, And

Love Music Wine agree, True true true! Round then round the glass the glee, And

Love Music Wine agree, True true true! Round then round the glass the glee, And

The first system of the musical score features three vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts enter with the lyrics "Love Music Wine agree, True true true!" followed by "Round then round the glass the glee, And". The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines.

Ellen in our toast shall be; Music Wine and Love agree, True true true.

Ellen in our toast shall be; Music Wine and Love agree, True true true.

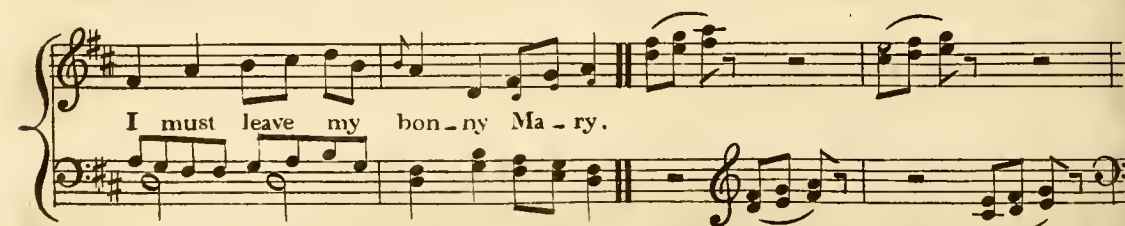
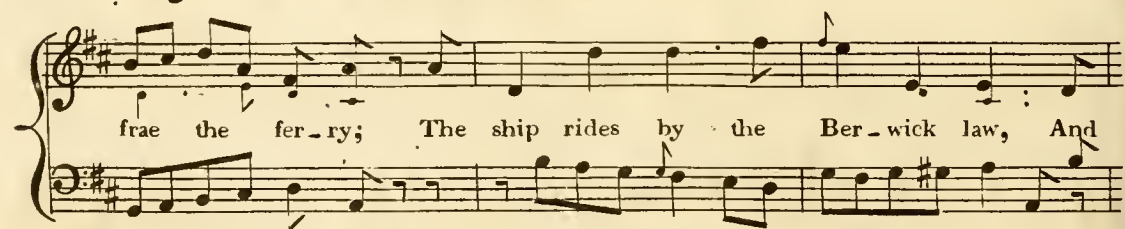
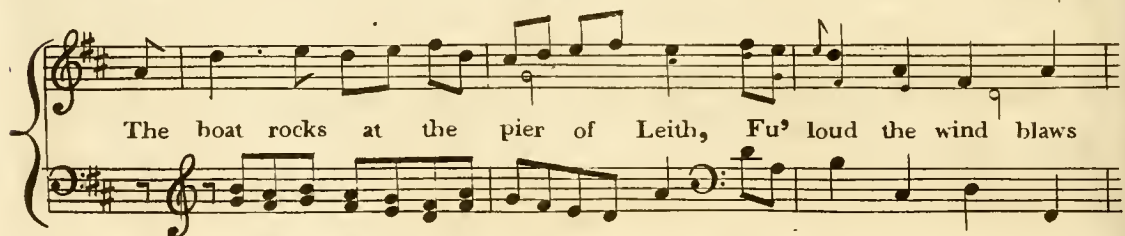
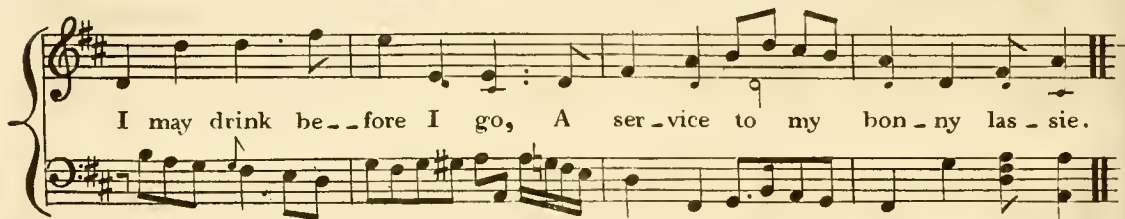
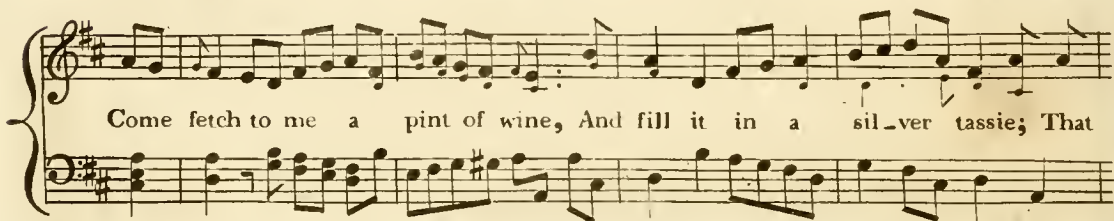
Ellen in our toast shall be; Music Wine and Love agree, True true true.

The second system continues the musical score with the same three vocal parts and piano accompaniment. The lyrics change to "Ellen in our toast shall be; Music Wine and Love agree, True true true." The piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures and arpeggiated figures.

Cres. Dim.

The third system concludes the musical score. It includes dynamic markings "Cres." (Crescendo) and "Dim." (Diminuendo) for the piano accompaniment. The vocal parts have a final melodic flourish before ending. The piano accompaniment features a dense, arpeggiated texture that builds up and then tapers off.

ALLEGRO.



## THE OLD HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

COME, fetch to me a pint o' wine,  
 And fill it in a silver tassie,  
 That I may drink before I go  
 A service to my bonny lassie.  
 The boat rocks at the pier of Leith,  
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry,  
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,  
 And I maun leave my bonny Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
 The glitt'ring spears are ranked ready,  
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
 The battle closes deep and bloody:  
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore  
 Wou'd make me longer wish to tarry;  
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,  
 It's leaving thee, my bonny Mary.

## JACOBITE SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

Presented to the Editor in Manuscript, by a Friend who wrote it, and now first published—1823.

SWEET carols wake the blythe at Yule,\*  
 To pleasing past and happy morrow;  
 To me they only tell of dule,  
 My absent Love,—and ceaseless sorrow:  
 For he is far beyond the sea,  
 That gain'd my heart at life's young dawin;  
 When muster'd at the brig o' Dee,  
 He was the pride of a' the shawin.

For Charlie's cause, the rose of white  
 Wav'd graceful in his highland bonnet;  
 Had Scotland's crown been Valour's right,  
 Allan for Charlie would have won it.  
 At Prestonpans he foremost stood,  
 He fell not at the Carlisle mellay,  
 And ay his heart and hand held good,  
 Till drear Culloden left nae rally.

The sun was sinking in the west,  
 The ship was rocking in the river,  
 When to his bursting bosom prest,  
 We tore ourselves apart for ever!  
 Sweet carols wake the blythe at Yule,  
 To pleasing past and happy morrow,  
 To me they only tell of dule,  
 My absent Love, and ceaseless sorrow.

\* In Edinburgh, a set of humble Minstrels occasionally perambulate the streets during part of the night, and perform Scottish airs upon wind instruments; they are commonly called *Waits*, and at Christmas they generally receive a small douceur from the principal inhabitants.



# BONNY LADDIE, HIGHLAND LADDIE.

A JACOBITE BALLAD.

WHERE ha'e ye been a' day,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie ;  
Saw ye him that's far away,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie ?  
On his head a honnet blue,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
Tartan plaid and highland trews,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

When he drew his gude braid sword,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
Then he gave his royal word,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
That frae the field he ne'er would flee,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
But wi' his friends wou'd live or die,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

Weary fa' the lawland loon,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
Wha took frae him the British crown,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie ;  
But blessings on the kilted clans,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
That fought for him at Prestonpans,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

Geordie sits in Charlie's chair,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
Deil cock him gin he bide there,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.  
Charlie yet shall mount the throne,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
Weel ye ken it is his own,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

Ken ye the news I ha'e to tell,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
Cumberland's awa to ——  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.  
When he came to the Stygian shore,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
The deil himsel wi' fright did roar,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

They put him then upon a speet,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
And roasted him baith head and feet,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.  
They ate him up baith stoop and roop,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
And that's the gate they serv'd the duke,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

Charon grim came out to him,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
Ye're welcome here, ye devil's limb,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.  
He tow'd him o'er wi' curse and han,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
Whiles he sank, and whiles he swam,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

On him they put a philabeg,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
And in his lug they ram'd a peg,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.  
How he did skip and he did roar,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
The deils ne'er saw sic fun before,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

They took him neist to Satan's ha',  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
There to lilt wi' his grand papa,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.  
Says Cumberland I'll no gang ben,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
For fear I meet wi' Charlie's men,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

O nought of that ye ha'e to fear,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
For fient a ane o' them comes here,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.  
The deil sat girn in the neuk,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
Riving sticks to roast the duke,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

They clapp'd him in an iron chair,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
And fast in chains they bound him there,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.  
And ay they kept it hot below,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie  
Wi' peats and divots frae Glencoe,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

NOTE.—No one, who has not lived in Scotland, can form an idea of the detestation in which the name of the Duke of Cumberland was held in this country, after the battle of Culloden; not only by all who were connected with the gallant followers of Prince Charles, but by the liberal and humane of the other party, whose feelings led them to sympathize with the many unhappy individuals who, long after the battle had ceased, were sacrificed to the bloodthirsty rage of the victor.

ALLEGRETTO

QUASI  
VIVACE.

Where ha'e ye been a' day, Bon-nie lad-die, highland laddie; Saw ye him that's



far a-way, Bonnie laddie, highland laddie, On his head a bonnet blue, Bonnie laddie,



highland laddie, Tartan plaid and highland trews, Bonnie laddie, highland laddie.



The Song, the Sym<sup>y</sup> and the Accom<sup>y</sup> new, and here first publish'd 1822.

ANDANTE  
GRAZIOSO.

O mount and go, Mount and make you  
O mount and go, Mount and make you  
rea\_dy; O mount and go, And be a Sol\_dier's La\_dy.  
rea\_dy; O mount and go, And be a Sol\_dier's La\_dy.  
By the trumpet's sound, And the cannons rat\_tle, Monarchs  
By the trumpet's sound, And the cannons rat\_tle, Monarchs  
hold their crowns, And brave men rule the bat\_tle. O  
hold their crowns, And brave men rule the bat\_tle. O

*p* *f* *cresc.* *Espress.*



mount and go, Mount and make you rea—dy, O

mount and go, And he a Sol—dier's La—dy.

mount and go, And he a Sol—dier's La—dy.

2<sup>d</sup> 4<sup>th</sup>

O hide at hame,  
 Bide at hame my dearie,  
 Sore sore I've sigh'd  
 And sobb'd 'till I am weary.  
 I hear trumpets sound,  
 In my chamber sleeping,  
 I hear orphans' cries,  
 And many Widows weeping.  
 O hide at hame, &c.

3<sup>d</sup>

O mount and go,  
 Where the flags are streaming;  
 O mount and go,  
 And see the helmets gleaming.  
 Hear the Captains shout,  
 See heroic Honour,  
 Thron'd mid cannon smoke,  
 With Kings to wait upon her.  
 O mount and go, &c.

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O hide at hame,  
 Bide at hame my dearie,  
 I've dream'd a dream  
 That makes me sad and eerie.  
 High I saw thy plume  
 O'er the war-smoke sailing,  
 Low I saw it fall  
 And heard thy Captains wailing.  
 O hide at hame, &c.

5<sup>th</sup>

Proud, proud he bowed,  
 Bowed, and went in sorrow;  
 Long, long she look'd  
 Noon and Night and Morrow.  
 Streams shall cease to flow,  
 Suns shall cease to warm her,  
 Ere her Love returns  
 To cheer her and to charm her.  
 Proud, proud he bowed, &c.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM:

ANDANTE  
CON MOTO ED  
ESPRESSIVO.

The piano introduction consists of two systems of grand staves. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, starting with a half note F#4, followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords. The second system continues the melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, leading to a repeat sign at the end.

A highland lad my Love was born, The law-land laws he held in scorn; But he

The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The melody for the first line of lyrics is written in the treble staff. The piano accompaniment is in the bass staff, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern. The dynamic marking *pp* (pianissimo) is placed below the piano staff.

still was faith-ful to his clan, My gal-lant braw John Highlandman. With his

The vocal line continues with the second line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings: *Cres.* (crescendo), *p* (piano), *Dol:* (dolce), and *Scherzoso.* (scherzoso).

phi-la-beg, and tar-tan plaid, And gude claymore down by his side; The

The vocal line continues with the third line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes the dynamic marking *Smorz.* (smorzando).

la-dies hearts he did tre-pan, My gal-lant braw John High-land-man.

The vocal line concludes with the fourth line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a final cadence with a repeat sign.



Soprano 2<sup>do</sup> or alto an 8<sup>ve</sup> higher. Sing hey for braw John Highlandman, Sing ho for braw John Highlandman, There's

Tenore. Sing hey for braw John Highlandman, Sing ho for braw John Highlandman,

Basso. Sing hey for braw John Highlandman, Sing ho for braw John Highlandman, There's

Sing hey for braw John Highlandman, Sing ho for braw John Highlandman, There's

not a lad in a' the lan' Was match for our John Highlandman.

There's not a lad in a' the lan' Was match for our John Highlandman.

not a lad in a' the lan' Was match for our John Highlandman.

not a lad in a' the lan' Was match for our John Highlandman.

*p* *legati.* *Dol.*

2.

3.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,  
 And liv'd like Lords and Ladies gay,  
 For a lowland face he feared nane  
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.  
 They banish'd him beyond the sea,  
 But ere the bud was on the tree  
 Adown my cheeks the pearls ran  
 Embracing my John Highlandman.

CHORUS Sing hey &amp;c.

Vol: 5.

But oh! they catch'd him at the last,  
 And bound him in a dungeon fast,  
 My curse upon them ev'ry one,  
 They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.  
 And now a Widow I must mourn  
 Departed joys that ne'er return;  
 No comfort but a hearty can,  
 When I think on John Highlandman.

CHORUS Sing hey &amp;c.



ANDANTE  
ESPRESSIVO.



DUET.

1<sup>st</sup> Be—hold the hour the boat ar—rive, Thou goest thou darling of my heart; Ah! sever'd from

2<sup>d</sup> Be—hold the hour the boat ar—rive, Thou goest thou darling of my heart; Ah! sever'd from

thee can I sur—vive, But fate has will'd and we must part. I'll of—ten greet this

thee can I sur—vive, But fate has will'd and we must part. I'll of—ten greet this

surging swell, Yon distaut Isle will of—ten hail; E'en here I took the last fare—

surging swell, Yon distant Isle will of—ten hail; E'en here I took the last fare—

—well, There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail.

—well, There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail.

## ORAN GAOIL.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive !  
 Thou goest, thou darling of my heart :  
 Sever'd from thee, can I survive ?  
 But fate has will'd, and we must part !  
 I'll often greet this surging swell ;  
 Yon distant isle will often hail ;  
 " E'en *here*, I took the last farewell ;  
 " *There*, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,  
 While flitting sea-fowls round me cry,  
 Across the rolling, dashing roar,  
 I'll westward turn my wistful eye :  
 Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,  
 Where now my Nancy's path may be !  
 While through thy sweets she loves to stray,  
 O tell me, does she muse on me !

## THE CYPRESS WREATH.

THE WORDS

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

The AIR by Mr A. BALLANTYNE.

The Symphonies and Accompaniments by Mr G. F. GRAHAM.

First Published in 1822.

O LADY, twine no wreath for me,  
 Or twine it of the cypress tree !  
 Too lively glow the lilies light,  
 The varnished holly's all too bright ;  
 The May-flower and the eglantine,  
 May shade a brow less sad than mine ;  
 But, lady, weave no wreath for me,  
 Or weave it of the cypress tree !

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine,  
 With tendrils of the laughing vine ;  
 The manly oak, the pensive yew,  
 To patriot and to sage be due ;  
 The myrtle bough bids lovers live,  
 But that MATILDA will not give :  
 Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,  
 Or twine it of the cypress tree !

Let merry England proudly rear  
 Her blended roses, bought so dear ;  
 Let Albin bind her bonnet blue,  
 With heath and hair-bell dipped in dew ;  
 On favour'd Erin's crest be seen  
 The flower she loves of emerald green,—  
 But, lady, twine no wreath for me,  
 Or twine it of the cypress tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare  
 The ivy meet for minstrel's hair ;  
 And, while his crown of laurel leaves  
 With bloody hand the victor weaves,  
 Let the loud trump his triumph tell ;  
 But when you hear the passing bell,  
 Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,  
 And twine it of the cypress tree.

Yes ! twine for me the cypress bough ;  
 But O, MATILDA, twine not now.  
 Stay till a few brief months are past  
 And I have looked and lived my last !  
 When villagers my shroud bestrew  
 With pansies, rosemary, and rue,—  
 Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,  
 And weave it of the cypress tree.



The Sym: & Accom<sup>t</sup> by M<sup>r</sup> G. F. Graham.First pub<sup>d</sup> in 1822.

ADAGIO.

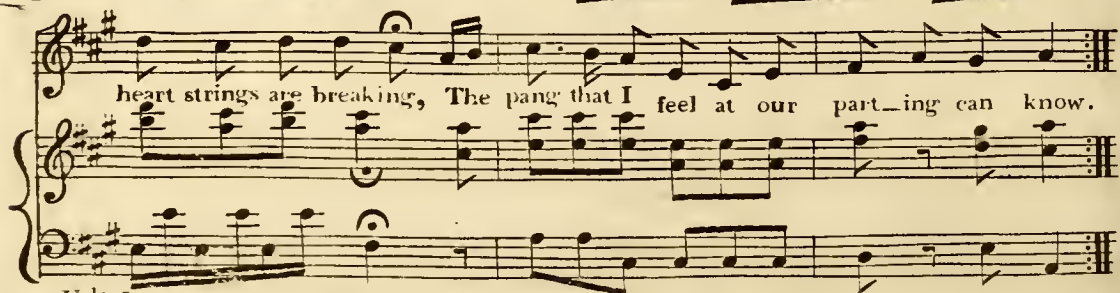
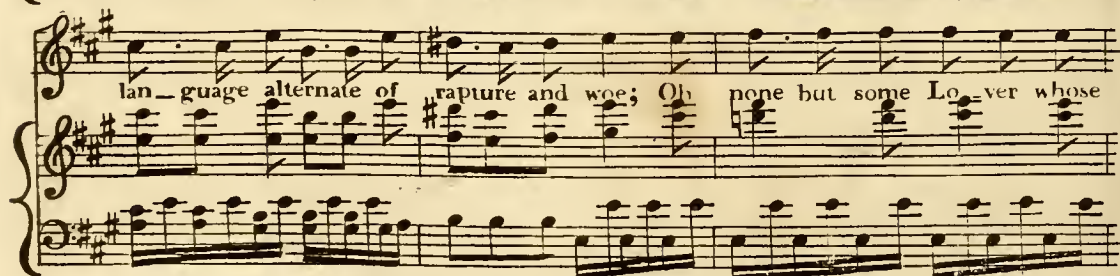
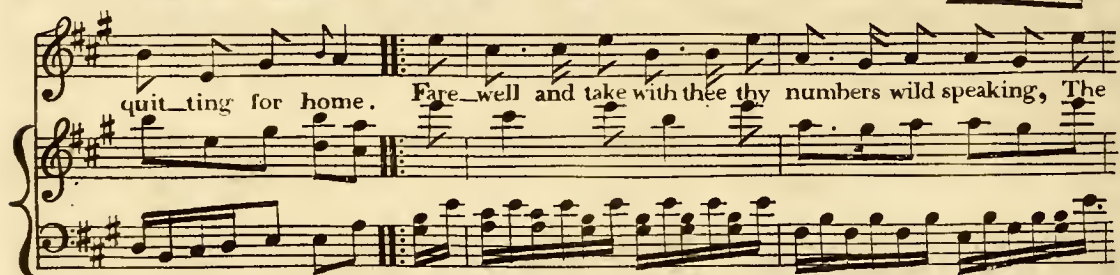
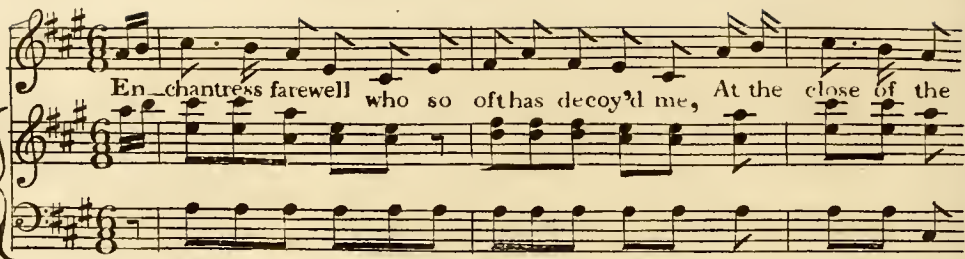
La-dy twine no wreath for me, Or twine it of the cy-press tree; Too

live-ly glows the li-ly's light, The var-nish'd hol-ly's all too bright.

The May-flow'r and the e-glantine, May shade a brow less sad than mine; But

La-dy weave no wreath for me, Or weave it of the cy-press tree.

ANDANTINO  
GRAZIOSO  
CON  
ESPRESSIONE.



## K I N L O C H.

The following FAREWELL TO THE MUSE was written for this work  
during illness,

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

---

The AIR composed by GEORGE KINLOCH, Esq. of Kinloch.

ENCHANTRESS, farewell, who so oft has decoy'd me,  
At the close of the evening, through woodlands to roam,  
Where the forester, lated, with wonder espied me  
Seek out the wild scenes he was quitting, for home.  
Farewell, and take with thee thy numbers wild speaking,  
The language alternate of rapture and woe ;  
Oh ! none hut some lover whose heart-strings are breaking,  
The pang that I feel at our parting can know.

Each joy thou could'st double, and when there came sorrow,  
Or pale disappointment, to darken my way,  
What voice was like thine that could sing of to-morrow,  
'Till forgot in the strain was the grief of to-day !  
But when friends drop around us in life's weary waneing,  
The grief, Queen of numbers, thou can'st not assuage ;  
Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remaining,  
The languor of pain, and the chillness of age.

'Twas thou that once taught me, in accents bewailing,  
To sing how a warrior lay stretch'd on the plain,  
And a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,  
And held to his lips the cold gohlet in vain.  
As vain those enchantments, O Queen of wild numbers,  
To a hard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,  
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers—  
Farewell then, Enchantress !—I meet thee no more.



## GANG TO THE KYE WI' ME MY LOVE.

THE VERSES PRESENTED TO THE EDITOR IN MANUSCRIPT.

BY THE AUTHOR,

THOMAS PRINGLE, ESQ.

And first published in 1822.

For this beautiful Melody the Editor is indebted to the politeness of Mr SHIELD, the celebrated English composer, in whose Appendix to the Introduction to Harmony it first appeared—Mr S. appreciates it so highly, as to think it sufficient to enhance the value of the most voluminous collection.—It differs much from a Scottish air which the Editor has met with bearing a similar name, and is vastly superior to it.

THE soothing shades of gloaming  
 With gladsome heart I see,  
 When by the streamlet roaming,  
 To meet, my Love, with thee.  
 Oh, then, each flow'ret closing  
 Seems fairer than by day ;  
 It tells, by its reposing,  
 Thou wilt not long delay.

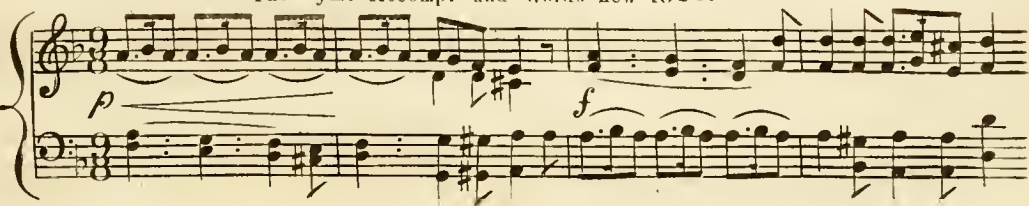
Each bird its vesper singing,  
 Delights my listening ear ;  
 It tells the hour is bringing  
 My lovely Mary here.  
 Methinks more brightly beaming,  
 The stars look from above ;  
 Each like a fond eye gleaming  
 With joy to see my Love.

O come then, Love, nor linger,  
 For day has gone to rest ;  
 And night, with dewy finger,  
 The woods in grey has drest :  
 The moon has sought the fountain,  
 Thy shadowy form to see,  
 And the cloudlet on the mountain,  
 A curtain spreads for thee.

# 31. GANG TO THE KYE WIP ME MY LOVE.

The Sym<sup>d</sup> Accom<sup>t</sup> and Words new 1822.

SEMPLE  
PASTORALE.



The soothing shades of gloam\_ing, With glad\_some heart I see; When

by the stream\_let roam\_ing, To meet, my love, with thee. Oh!

then each flow'et clos\_ing, Seems fair\_er than by day; It

tells by its re\_pos\_ing, Thou wilt not long de\_lay.

*Cres:*

*fz*

The Verses by G. Thomson.

ANDANTE  
CON  
ESPRESSONE.

Poor flutt'ring heart ah! wilt thou ne'er, Thy master's burden learn to bear! Ah,

cru-el Mem'ry why re\_trace The an\_gel fea\_tures of that face.

Those eyes that could a wound impart More fa\_tal than a foeman's dart, Which



ends at once the painful strife That he who loves en—dures through life.

\* Take A if G is found too high.

2<sup>d</sup>

My MARY was the sweetest rose,  
 That in Love's beauteous garden grows;  
 Her form, her mien, her soul so pure  
 Enchanted me beyond all cure:  
 So graceful, artless, modest, mild;  
 She ev'ry eye and heart beguil'd;  
 Yet blush'd to meet th' admiring gaze  
 Of all who sought to speak her praise.

3<sup>d</sup>

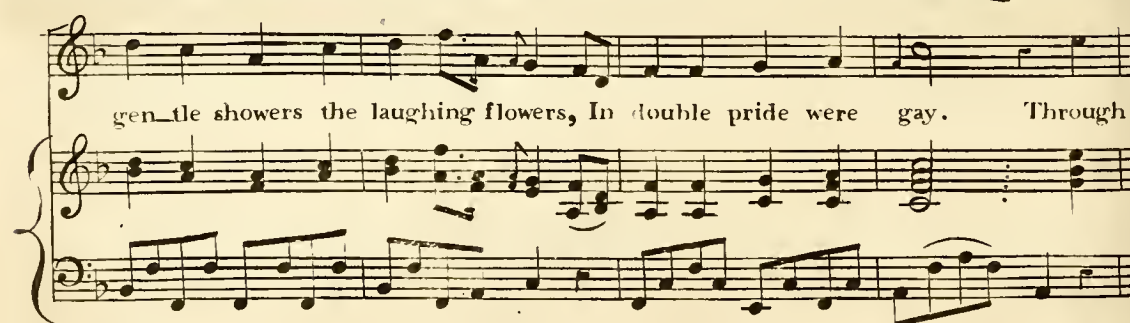
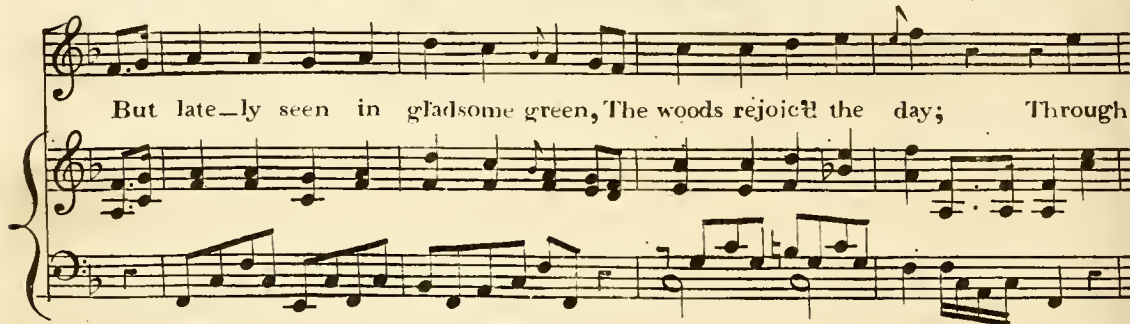
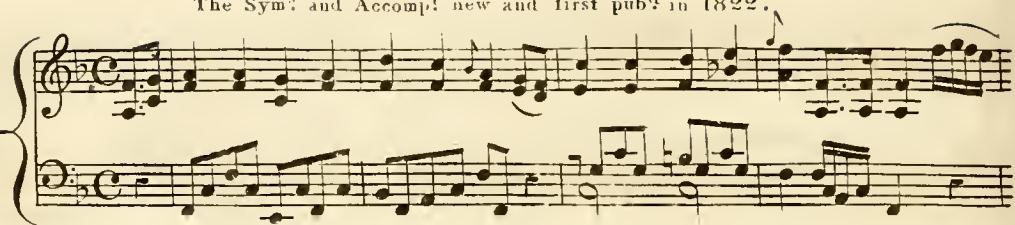
Through sleepless nights in vain I strove  
 To quench the flame of ardent love:  
 In vain I tried to shun her sight,—  
 To seek my lost repose in flight!  
 My falt'ring tongue full soon reveal'd  
 The truth my eyes had ill conceal'd;  
 And in the bower, at eve's decline,  
 I trembling ask'd her to be mine.

4<sup>th</sup>

What rapture fill'd my throbbing breast,  
 When she a mutual flame confest!  
 I envied not the honours won  
 By Britain's far-fam'd WELLINGTON.—  
 Ah, wretched me,—our bridal day  
 Beheld her changed to lifeless clay!  
 And joy has ever, ever fled  
 From ev'ry spot on which I tread.

The Sym<sup>l</sup> and Accom<sup>t</sup> new and first pub<sup>d</sup> in 1822.

ANDANTINO  
CON MOTO.



## GIL MORRICE.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

The Editor thinking the Melody of GIL MORRICE more suitable to these beautiful verses of BURNS, than that before attached to them, has here united the one to the other; along with new Symphonies and an Accompaniment by KOZELUCH, now first published, 1822.

BUT lately seen, in gladsome green,  
The woods rejoic'd the day,  
Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers  
In double pride were gay.—*Through gentle, &c.*

Tho' now all Nature's sweets are fled\*  
On winter blasts awa';  
Yet maiden May, in rich array,  
Again shall bring them a'.—*Yet maiden, &c.*

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe  
Shall melt the snaws of age;  
My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,  
Sinks in Time's wintry rage.—*My trunk, &c.*

Oh! age has weary, weary days,  
And nights o' sleepless pain!  
Thou golden time o' youthful prime,  
Why com'st thou not again!—*Thou golden, &c.*

## SONG TO THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN

BY MR MOORE.

WHEN Damon languish'd at my feet,  
And I believ'd him true,  
The moments of delight how sweet!  
But ah, how swift they flew!  
The sunny hill, the flow'ry vale,  
The garden and the grove,  
Have echo'd to his ardent tale,  
And vows of endless love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,  
He left her to complain;  
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,  
And measure time by pain.  
But Heav'n will take the mourner's part,  
In pity to despair;  
And the last sigh that rends the heart  
Shall waft the spirit there.

\* In the Author's copy the 5th line of this stanza is, "But now our joys are fled," which, being too short for the Air, the Editor has taken the liberty of altering as above.



QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

I sigh and lament me in vain,  
 These walls can but echo my moan ;  
 Alas ! it increases my pain,  
 When I think on the days that are gone.  
 Thro' the grate of my prison I see  
 The birds as they wanton in air ;  
 My heart how it pants to be free,  
 My looks they are wild with despair !

Above, tho' opprest by my fate,  
 I burn with contempt for my foes ;  
 Though Fortune has alter'd my state,  
 She ne'er can subdue me to those !  
 False woman ! in ages to come,  
 Thy malice detested shall be ;  
 And, when we are cold in the tomb,  
 Some heart still will sorrow for me !

Ye roofs ! where cold damps and dismay,  
 With silence and solitude dwell,  
 How comfortless passes the day,  
 How sad tolls the evening bell !  
 The owls from the battlements cry,  
 Hollow winds seem to murmur around,  
 " O Mary prepare thee to die !"  
 My blood it runs chill at the sound.

AFFETTUOSO.



I sigh and la-ment me in vain, These walls can but e-cho my

moan; A--las! it in-creases my pain, When I think of the

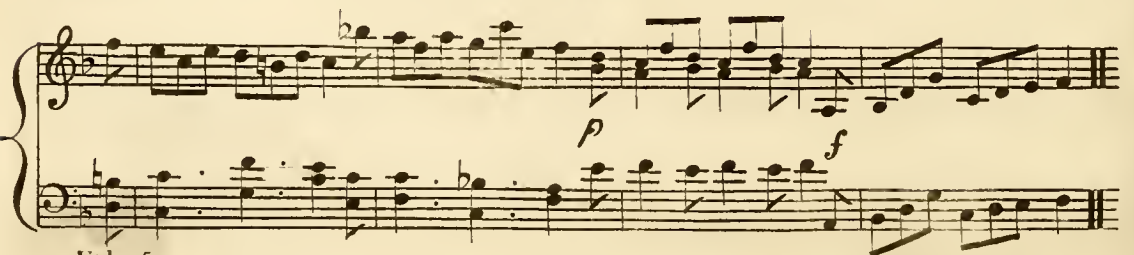
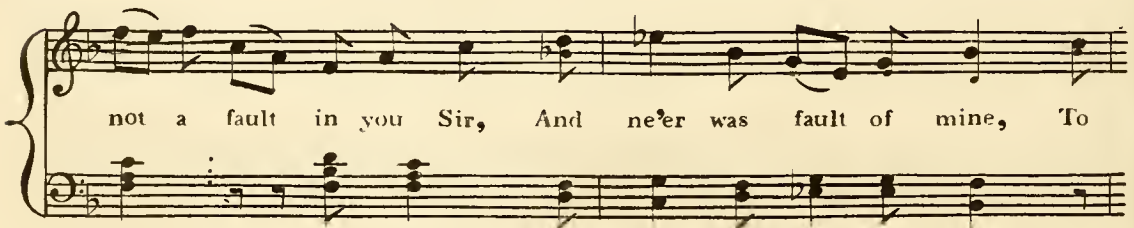
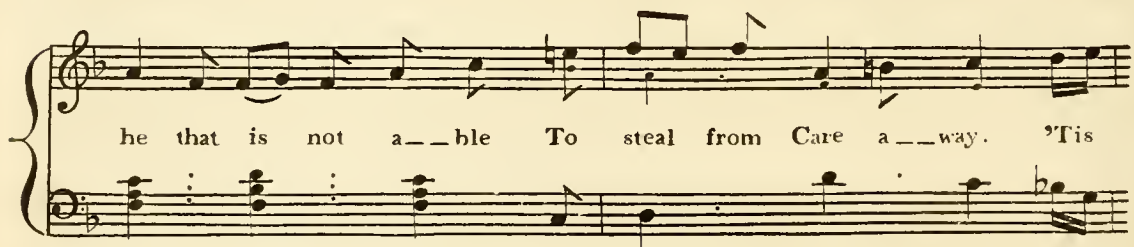
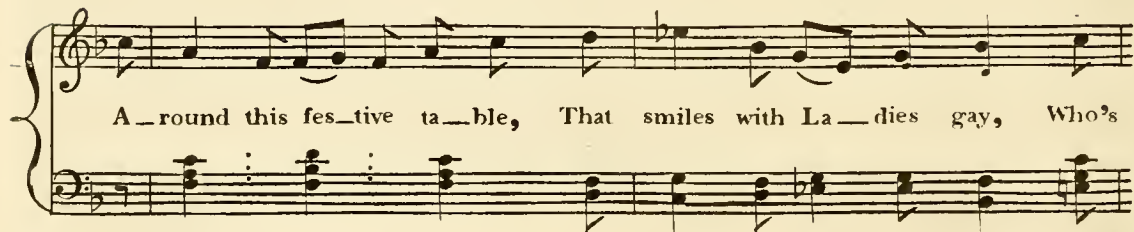
days that are gone. Thro' the grate of my prison I see, The

birds as they wan--ton in air; My heart how it pants to be

free, My looks they are wild with des--pair.

With new Verses written in 1822.

VIVACE.





## RATTLING ROARING WILLY.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK, IN 1822,

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

AROUND this festive table  
 That smiles with Ladies gay,  
 Who's he that is not able  
 To steal from care away.  
 'Tis not a fault in you, Sir,  
 And ne'er was fault of mine,  
 To fail in honour due, Sir,  
 To Mirth, and Love, and Wine.

How often have I found thee,  
 Thou kind and social bowl,  
 When clouds have darken'd round me,  
 A sunshine to my soul.  
 And Love ! that still hast ruled me  
 From Youth's first dawning day,  
 Though often thou hast fooled me,  
 How blest has been thy sway.

What charm to Love is second,—  
 'Tis generous Friendship thine ;  
 The sweetest mixture reckon'd,  
 To make the cup divine.  
 Then Ladies, thus invited,  
 Come pledge me Ladies gay,  
 Drink Friendship, Love, united,  
 Or singly, as you may.

We are not always meeting,  
 We are not always gay,  
 Life's pleasures are but fleeting,  
 Enjoy them while we may.  
 For sure 'tis no great treason,  
 With Beauty, Mirth, and Wine,  
 To steal an hour from reason  
 And make one night divine.

## AIKENDRUM.

THE VERSES WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM,

IN 1822.

A wooer came to our town,  
 To our town, to our town,  
 His beard was black, bis boots brown,  
 And gaily did be come.  
 His garb was good grey hodden,  
 His bonnet was a broad one,  
 And ay bis bead gaed noddin,—  
 His name was Aikendrum.

He bowed fu' laigh at our door,  
 At our door, at our door,  
 Came ben, and stood on our floor,  
 All motionless and dumb.  
 He gaped and glower'd on Nannie,  
 Till up got Madge, our grannie,  
 "Lord, carle, are ye cannie?"  
 'Mang maids, quo' Aikendrum.

He sighed and praised my sma' waist,  
 My round waist, my jimp waist,  
 My lips he would right fain taste,  
 But doughtna closer come.  
 Frae words he came to daffin,  
 But sic a fit o' coughin!  
 I couldna keep frae laughin,  
 At ancient Aikendrum.

"O gin ye'll come to our town,  
 "To our town, to our town,  
 "Ye'll ay be queen of our town,  
 "Then busk, my bride, and come.  
 "Wi' steed, and siller bridle,  
 "And gowd on your side-saddle,—  
 "Through gifts and grace a cradle,"  
 Sigbed gallant Aikendrum.

'There came a lad to my bower,  
 'To my bower, to my bower;  
 'A bonnie lad, a quiet bour  
 'Work like a spell wi' some.  
 'But, commend me to the cattle,  
 'Who clink down current metal,—  
 "There be charms in sign and settle,"  
 Quo' sicker Aikendrum.

There's wit aneath his grey bair,  
 His grey bair, his grey hair,  
 To gather gowd, and make mair,—  
 He still said Nannie come.  
 His bead all bald and hoary,  
 He wav'd in all its glory,  
 Laid lands and bonds afore me,  
 —I've wedded Aikendrum.

*LIGHT AND PLAYFUL.*

*p* *Cres:*

*f* *A*

woo—er came to our town, To our town to our town; His

heard was black his boots brown, And gai—ly did he come.

His garb was good grey hod—den, His bon—net was a broad one; And

ten.

ay his head gaed nod—din, His name was Aik—en—drum.

*p* *f*



ANDANTINO  
AMOROSO  
MA CON  
FORZA.

Musical score for "The Sailor's Lady" by Haydn. The score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It begins with a piano introduction marked "ANDANTINO AMOROSO MA CON FORZA." The piano part features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with dynamic markings *f* and *p*. The vocal part enters with the lyrics "Come busk you gal-lant-". The piano accompaniment includes triplet figures. The lyrics continue: "lie, Busk and make you ready; Maid-en busk and come, And he a Sai-lor's La-dy." The piano part has a "Sym:" marking and a forte *f* dynamic. The lyrics then are: "The foamy ocean's ours, From Hebride to Ha-vannah; And thou shalt be my Queen, And reign upon it Anna." The score concludes with a piano part marked "Cres:" and "sf" (sforzando), ending with a final chord.

## THE SAILOR'S LADY.

THE WORDS BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE MUSIC BY G. F. GRAHAM.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1822.

~~~~~

COME busk you gallantlie,
 Busk and make you ready,
 Maiden, busk and come,
 And be a sailor's lady.
 The foamy ocean's ours,
 From Hebride to Havannah,
 And thou shalt be my queen,
 And reign upon it, Anna.

See my bonny ship,
 So stately and so steady;
 Thou shalt be my queen,
 And she maun be my lady:
 The west wind in her wings,
 The deep sea all in motion,
 Away she glorious goes,
 And crowns me king of ocean.

The merry lads are mine,
 From Thames, and Tweed, and Shannon,
 The Bourbon flowers grow pale
 When I hang out my pennon;
 I'll win thee gold and gems,
 With pike and cutlass clashing,
 With all my broad sails set,
 And all my cannon flashing.

Come with me and see
 The golden islands glowing,
 Come with me and hear
 The flocks of India lowing;
 Thy fire shall be of spice,
 The dews of eve drop manna,
 Thy chamber floor of gold,
 And men adore thee, Anna.

LOW GERMANIE.

THE WORDS BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE MUSIC BY G. F. GRAHAM.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1822.

As I sail'd past green Jura's isle,
 Among the waters lone,
 I heard a voice—a sweet low voice,
 Atween a sigh and moan :
 With ae babe at her bosom, and
 Another at her knee,
 A woman wail'd the bloody wars
 In Low Germanie.

Oh woe unto these cruel wars
 That ever they began,
 For they have swept my native isle
 Of many a gallant man :
 For first they took my brethren twain,
 Then wiled my love frae me.
 Woe, woe unto the cruel wars
 In Low Germanie !

Oh, say, ye maidens, have ye seen,
 When swells the battle cry,
 A stately youth with bonnet blue,
 And feather floating high,—
 An eye that flashes fierce for all,
 But ever mild to me ?—
 Oh that's the lad who loves me best
 In Low Germanie.

Where'er the cymbal's sound is heard,
 And cittern sweeter far,—
 Where'er the trumpet blast is blown,
 And horses rush to war ;
 The blythest at the banquet board,
 And first in war is he,
 The bonny lad whom I love best
 In Low Germanie.

I sit upon the high green land,
 When mute the waters lie,
 And think I see my true-love's sail
 Atween the sea and sky.
 With ae bairn at my bosom, and
 Another at my knee,
 I sorrow for my soldier lad
 In Low Germanie.

LENTO
ED ESPRESSIVO.

As I sailed past green Jura's isle, A_mong the waters lone; I

heard a voice a sweet low voice, A_tween a sigh and moan.

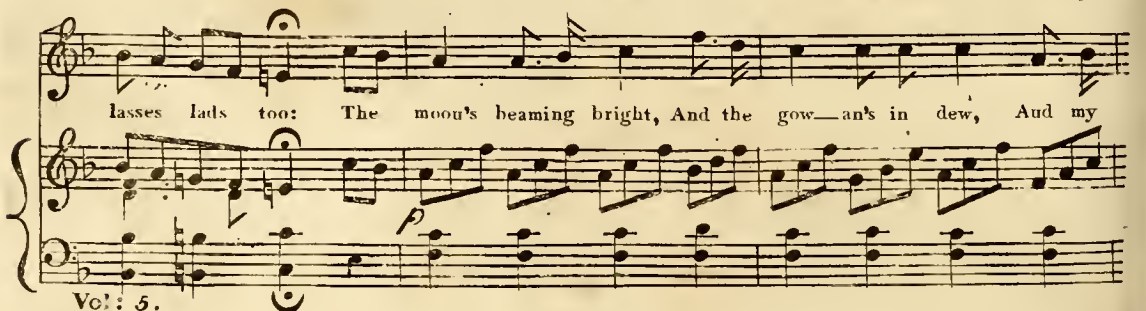
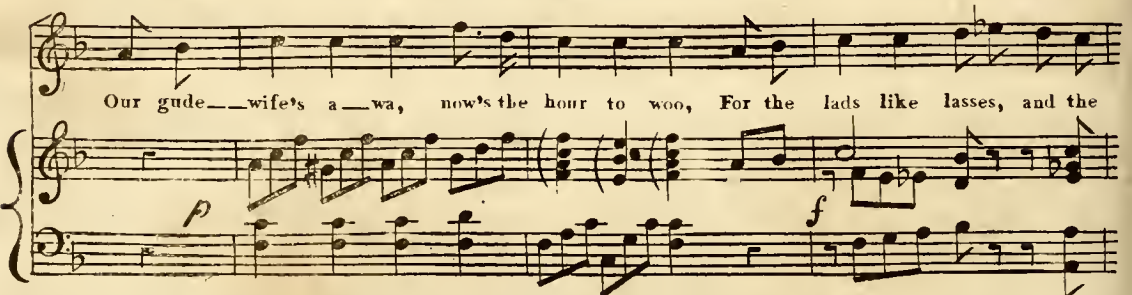
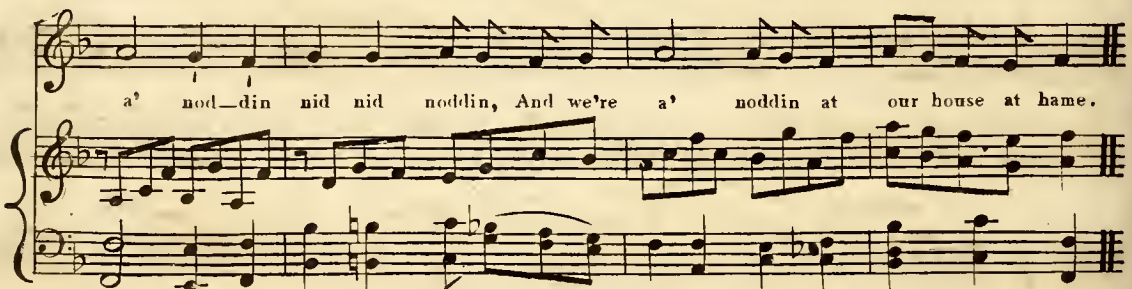
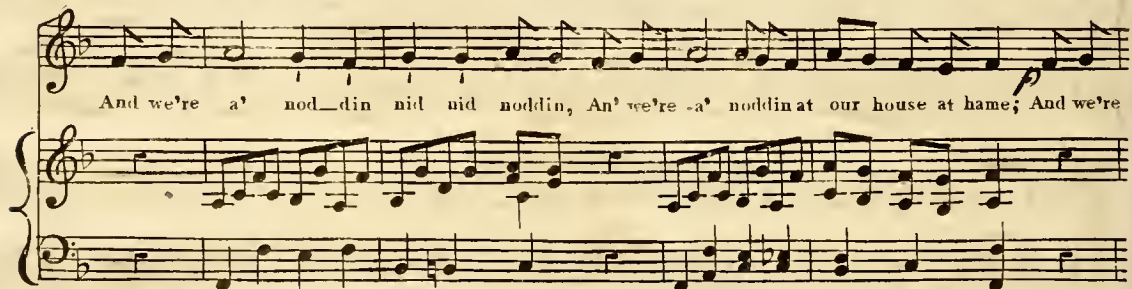
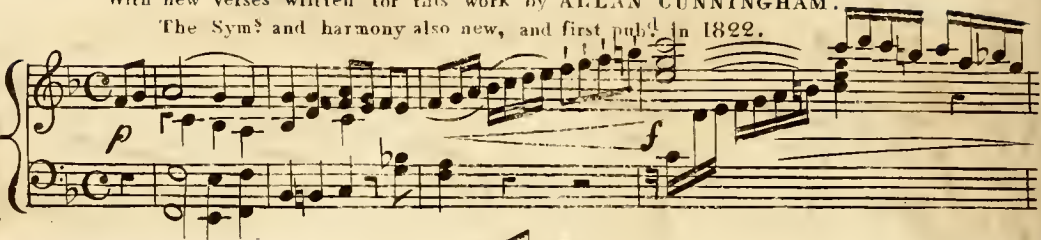
With ae .babe at her ho_som, And an_oth_er at her

knee; A Wo_man wailed the bloody wars, In low German_ie; A

Wo_man wailed the bloody wars, In low German_ie.

p *pp*

With new Verses written for this work by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The Sym^y and harmony also new, and first publ^d in 1822.ALLEGRO
SCHERZANDO.

Love's by my side and we're a' hap — — py now.

Soprano. CHORUS.

And we're a' nod — din nid nid noddin, And we're a' noddin at

Tenor and Bass.

And we're a' nod — din nid nid noddin, And we're a' noddin at

p

1st time. 2^d time.

our house at hame, And we're our house at hame.

our house at hame, And we're our house at hame.

p

f

2^d

And we're a' noddin &c.
 I have wale of Loves,
 Nannie rich and fair,
 Bessie brown and bonnie,
 And Kate wi' curling hair;—
 And Bell young and proud
 Wi' gold aboon her brow,
 But my Jean has twa e'en
 That glow'r me thro' and thro'.
 CHO? And we're a' noddin &c.

3^d

And we're a' noddin &c.
 Sair she slights the lads,
 Three lie like to die,
 'Four in sorrow listed,
 And five flew to the sea;
 Nigh her chamber door,
 A' night they watch in deol,
 Ae kind word frae my love
 Wou'd charm frae Yule to Yule.
 CHO? And we're a' noddin &c.

4th

And we're a' noddin &c.
 Our gudewife's come hame
 Now mute maun I woo,
 My true Love's bright glances
 Shine a' the chamber thro'.
 O sweet is her voice
 When she sings at her wark,
 Sweet the touch of her hand
 And her vows in the dark.
 CHO? And we're a' noddin &c.

The Words written for this work by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.
 The Sym^s & Harmony by R. A. SMITH. — First published in 1822.

CON
SPIRITO.

Here's to the lake and the hill and the heath—er, The

kilt and the plaid and the bon—net and feath—er, The

dirk the clay— more and the mar—tial pipe charm—ing, The

clans to the dance, and the charge, and the storm— ing.

Soprano 1st
Lads who cry on-ward but ne-ver cry par-ley, Bold high-land lads wi' their

Soprano 2^d
Lads who cry on-ward but ne-ver cry par-ley, Bold high-land lads wi' their

Tenore.
Lads who cry on-ward but ne-ver cry par-ley, Bold high-land lads wi' their

Bass.
Lads who cry on-ward but ne-ver cry par-ley, Bold high-land lads wi' their

bannocks of bar-ley.

bannocks of bar-ley.

bannocks of bar-ley.

bannocks of bar-ley.

2d

In Brussels of late, when the wine-cup was glowing,
The trump sung at midnight, when music was flowing,
Bold Murat's plume waved n'er his war horses foaming,
And, Britain, he shouted, "thy day's at the gloaming"
Who was't cried, Scotland! and rushed on them rarely.—
Who, but the lads wi' their bannocks o' barley.

3d

And France, when thy best blood was flowing like water,
Amid the fierce onset, the chase, and the slaughter,
When matrons were wailing, and maidens were weeping,
And Death the rich harvest of heroes was reaping;—
Who spared thee at Laon, and saved thee at Marli?
Who, but the lads wi' their bannocks o' barley.

4th

Merry are they as the bird of the forest,
Steadfast are they when the trial is sorest,
Their pipes playing loudly, their flags flying gaily,
Success like the Sun comes and shines on them daily.
On all who gainsay them the raven feeds rarely,
Here's to the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.

5th

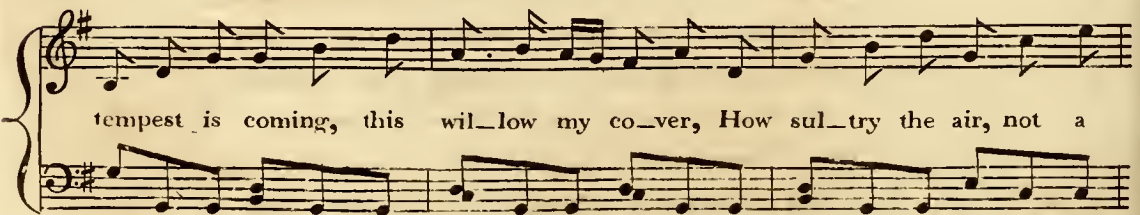
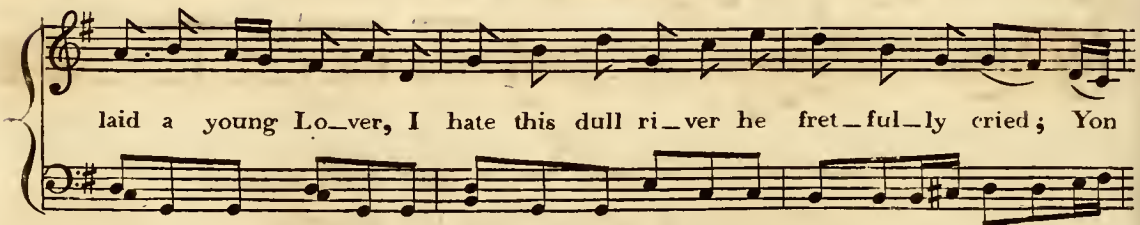
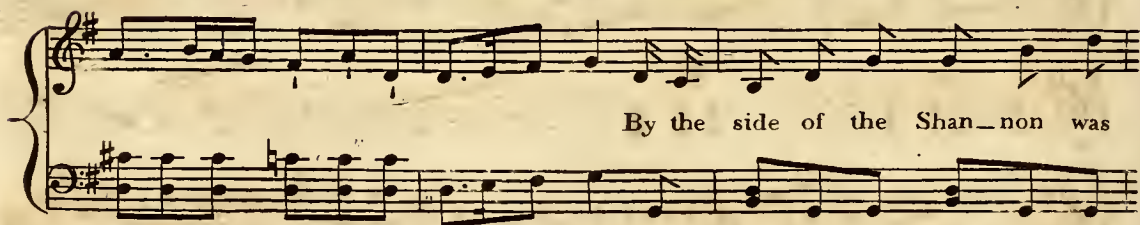
Think ye I dare not step prouder and prouder,
Wake a martial strain more, and sing louder and louder,
Of Cluny, Clanranald, Glengary and Airley,
Lochiel, and the lads who drew Claymores for Charlie,
They fought as none flught, they rued it as sairly,
So here's to the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.

Select Irish & Welsh MELODIES

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

Beethoven.

Irish.

ALLEGRETTO
GRAZIOSO.

Sym:

zephyr he sigh'd. Go Bee! get a long, why so
idly remaining, For here are no roses thou troublesome thing, Peace
Night-ingale peace to that dit-ty-com-plain-ing, Oh can it be thus that those
Night-ingales sing.

2^d

But now a light form, with a smile archly playing,
All beaming in beauty, before him appear'd—
"O Ellen!" he cried, "why thus strangely delaying,
"My dearest, my Ellen,—what have I not fear'd?"
And then so majestic the Shannon came flowing,
The bee flew unchided the blossoms among,
The sky was serene, and the zephyrs soft blowing,
And oh! how enchanting the nightingale's song.

Irish.

ALLEGRO
SCHERZANDO.

Morning a cruel turmoiler is, Banishing ease and re- pose; Noon day a roaster and broil-er is,

How we pant under his nose! Ev'ning for lover's soft measures, Sighing and begging a boon;

But the blythe season for pleasures, Laughing, lies under the moon. Och! then you rogue Pat O'Flannagan,

Kegs of the whiskey we'll tilt, Murtoch, replenish our can again, Up with your heart-cheering lilt.

MORNING A CRUEL TURMOILER IS.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

The Editor knows not the name of this Air; but the Air itself is well known, having been sung for years in public, by the inimitable JOHNSTONE, to words beginning, "I was the boy for bewitching them."

MORNING a cruel turmoiler is,
 Banishing ease and repose ;
 Noon-day a roaster and broiler is,
 How we pant under his nose !
 Evening for lovers' soft measures,
 Sighing and begging a boon ;
 But the blythe season for pleasures,
 Laughing, lies under the moon.
 Och! then you rogue Pat O'Flannaghan,
 Kegs of the whisky we'll tilt,
 Murtoch, replenish our ean again,
 Up with your heart-cheering lilt !

Myrtles and viues some may prate about,
 Bawling in heathenish glee,
 Stuff I wont bother my pate about,
 Shamrock and whisky for me !
 Faith, but I own I feel tender ;
 Judy, you jilt, how I burn !
 If she wont smile, devil mend her !
 Both sides of chops have their turn.
 Och! then you rogue Pat O'Flannaghan,
 Kegs of the whisky we'll tilt,
 Murtoch, replenish the ean again,
 Up with your heart-cheering lilt !

Fill all your eups till they foam again,
 Bubbles must float on the brim ;
 He that steals first sneaking home again,
 Day-light is too good for him.
 While we have goblets to handle,
 While we have liquor to fill,
 Mirth, and one spare inch of candle,
 Planets may wink as they will.
 Och! then you rogue Pat O'Flannaghan,
 Kegs of the crature we'll tilt ;
 Murtoch, replenish our can again,
 Up with your heart-cheering lilt !

THE MOREEN.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

THEN, soldier ! come ! fill high the wine,
 For we reck not of to-morrow ;
 Be ours to-day, and we resign
 All the rest to the fools of sorrow.
 Gay be the hour 'till we beat to arms,
 Then comrade, death or glory !
 'Tis victory in all her charms,
 Or 'tis fame in the world's bright story.

'Tis you—'tis I—that may meet the ball ;—
 And *me* it better pleases
 In battle, brave, with the brave to fall,
 Than to die of dull diseases ;
 Driveller to be in my fireside chair,
 With saws and tales unheeded ;
 A tottering thing of aches and care,
 No longer lov'd nor needed.

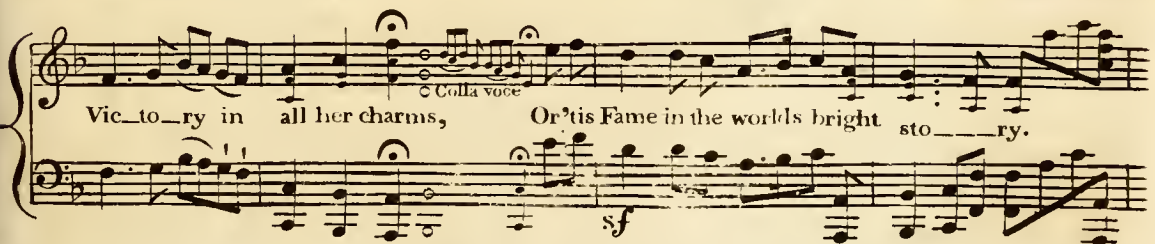
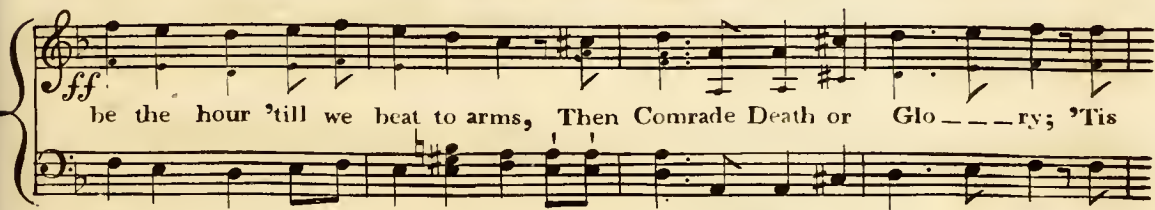
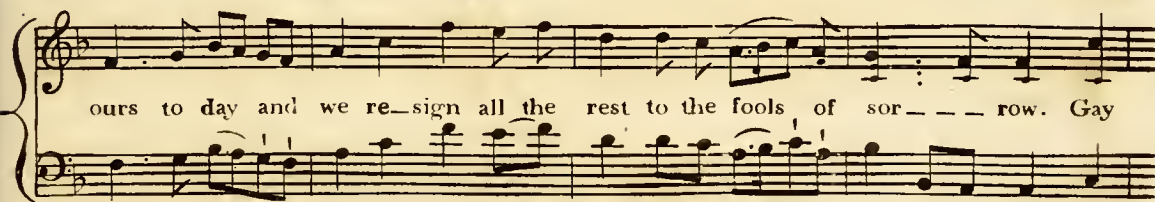
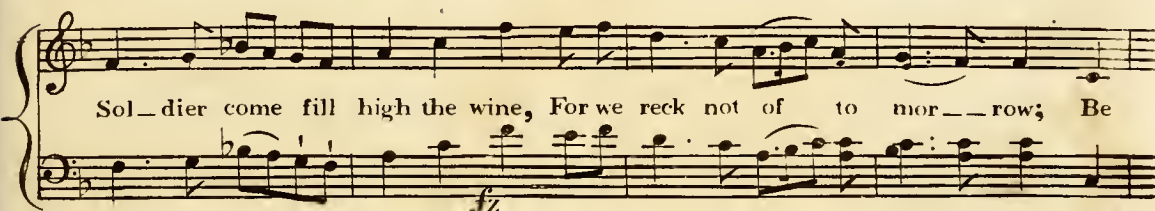
But thou—oh dark is thy flowing hair,
 And thine eye with fire is streaming,
 And o'er thy cheek,—thy looks,—thine air,
 Sits health in triumph beaming.
 Soldier ! high, fill high the wine,
 Fill high to love and beauty ;
 Love,—friendship,—honour,—all are thine,
 Thy country and thy duty.

Irish.

MAESTOSO
RISOLUTO

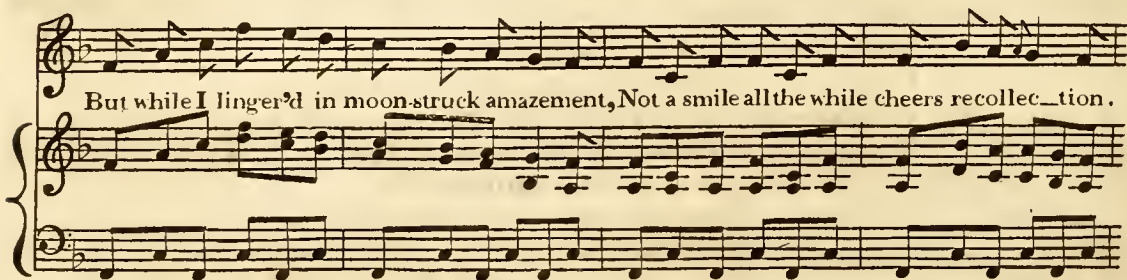
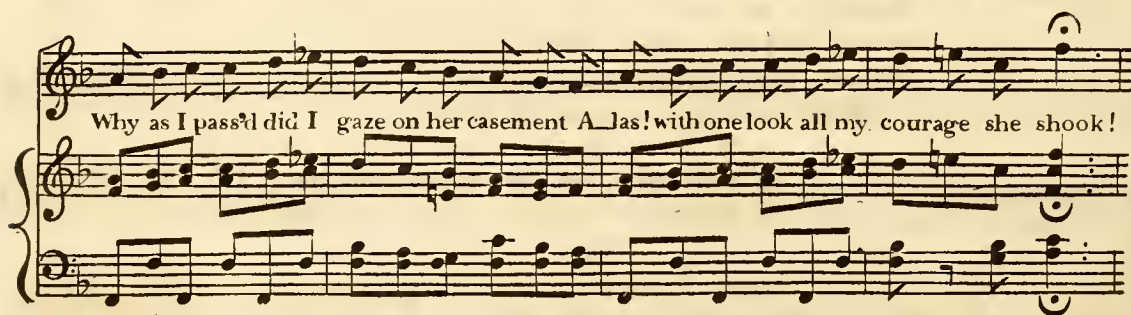
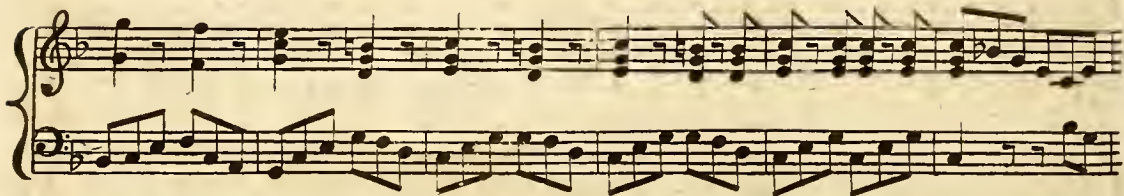
CON

MOLTO SPIRITO.



Irish.

ALLEGRETTO.



2^d 44.

CHORUS.

Tenor.
Bass.
Soprano.

Love, love wins us by treachery, Yet leaves no choice but humble submission;
Love, love wins us by treachery, Yet leaves no choice but humble submission;
What spell can conquer this witchery, Woman, our bane's the only physician.
What spell can conquer this witchery, Woman, our bane's the only physician.

pp sf

2^d

Far, far hence tho' I fly from her,
Where other shores are kiss'd by the ocean,
Blest powers! draw but one sigh from her,
Let her not live thus dead to emotion.
Yet I must steal a last glance ere I leave her,
Perhaps at her heart she may grieve when we part;
Hope, ah I dread thee, deluding deceiver,
Fair thy cup, but turn'd up, bitter the potion.

CHORUS.— Love, love wins us by treachery,
Yet leaves no choice but humble submission;
What spell can conquer this witchery,
Woman, our bane, is the only physician.

3rd

Ah me! had we the agency
Of a kind-hearted feat little fairy,
Good bye then to thy regency,
Norah, the witch of Balamagairy!
Looks she, or speaks she, the lads are all sighing,
She scatters her spells, and thence every heart swells;
Not a young clown but is pining and dying,
Ah! the fools, thus she rules Balamagairy.

CHORUS.— Love, love wins us by treachery,
Yet leaves no choice but humble submission;
What spell can conquer this witchery,
Woman, our bane, is the only physician.

Irish.

ALLEGRETTO.

8^{va}

Loco. He

promis'd me at part—ing to meet me at the Spring time here, Yet

see yon roses bloom—ing; The blossoms how they dis—ap—pear: Re—

—turn my dearest Der—mot, Or sure the Spring will soon be o'er; Fair

fair have blown the bree—zes, Oh when shall I see thee more.

Cres: *p*

Vol: 5.

KILLEAVY.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

HE promis'd me at parting,
 To meet me at the spring time here ;
 Yet see yon roses blooming,
 The blossoms how they disappear.
 Return, my dearest Dermot !
 Or sure the spring will soon be o'er ;
 Fair long have blown the breezes,
 Oh ! when shall I see thee more.

He went to look for treasures,
 They're found they say in London town ;
 And 'tis for me he means them,
 Both golden store and silken gown.
 I want but *thee*, my Dermot !
 Nor silken gown, nor golden store ;—
 Fair long have blown the breezes,
 Oh ! when shall I see thee more.

No longer have I pleasure,
 Nor at the wake, nor merry fair,—
 They mock me at the bridal,—
 And why indeed is Norah there !
 I sit as if I heard not
 The planxty I so lov'd before,—
 Fair long have blown the breezes,
 Oh ! when shall I see thee more.

Why go to that great city,
 Oh why so far from Norah roam,
 Return to those that love thee,
 There's little love so far from home.
 Thou art not faithless, Dermot,
 Yet sure the spring is almost o'er,—
 Fair long have blown the breezes,
 Oh ! when shall I see thee more.

THE CORNISH MAY-SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

The following verses refer to a custom of the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood of Helston in Cornwall, who, on the 8th of May annually, hail the glad appearance of Summer, and devote the day, from dawn till midnight, to mirth and dancing, during which this traditional May Tune is frequently played. The Editor hopes that the Song here presented, with the tune, will add to the pleasure of the day.

YE maids of Helston, gather dew,
While yet the morning breezes blow ;
The fairy rings are fresh and new,
Then cautious mark them as ye go.

CHORUS.

Arise, arise, awake to joy !
The sky-lark hails the dawn of day,
Care, get thee hence, from Helston fly !
For mirth rules here the morn of May !

Ye youths, who own love's ardent power,
To yonder shelter'd bank repair,
There seek the early op'ning flower,
To deck the bosoms of the fair.

Chorus.—Arise, &c.

Or from the thicket in the glade,
Go pluck with speed the hawthorn bough,
And twine a wreath to deck the maid
Who has thy troth and plighted vow.

Chorus.—Arise, &c.

If on your way some drudge you meet,
Who lifts the spade, or drives the team,
Aloft in air the culprit seat,
And bear him quickly to the stream.

Chorus.—Arise, &c.

There let him o'er the current vault,
From bank to bank with active bound,
Or plunging wash away the fault,
And trip with you the merry round.

Chorus.—Arise, &c.

With song and dance, in festive band,
Each happy lad may lead his lass,
With mirthful smiles, and hand in hand
O'er ev'ry threshold freely pass.

Chorus.—Arise, &c.

Tho' ages elose and manners fade,
And ancient revels pass away ;
In Helston, let it not be said,
Forgotten is sweet Flora-day.

Chorus.—Arise, &c.

Welch.

ALLEGRETTO

PIUOSTO

VIVACE.

Ye maids of Helston ga-ther dew, While yet the morning breezes blow; The

fai-ry rings are fresh and new, Then cautious mark them as you go.

CHORUS.

A-rise a-rise a--wake to joy, The sky-lark hails the dawn of day; Care

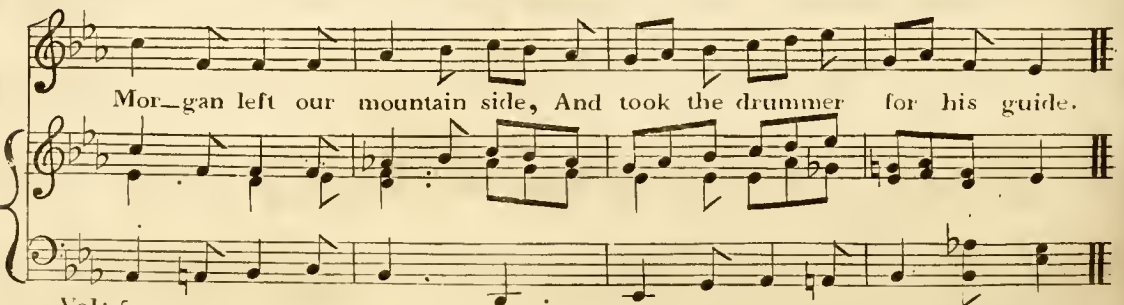
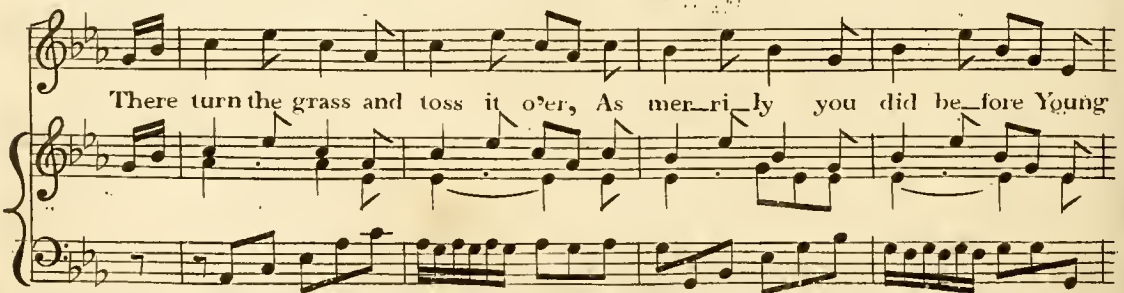
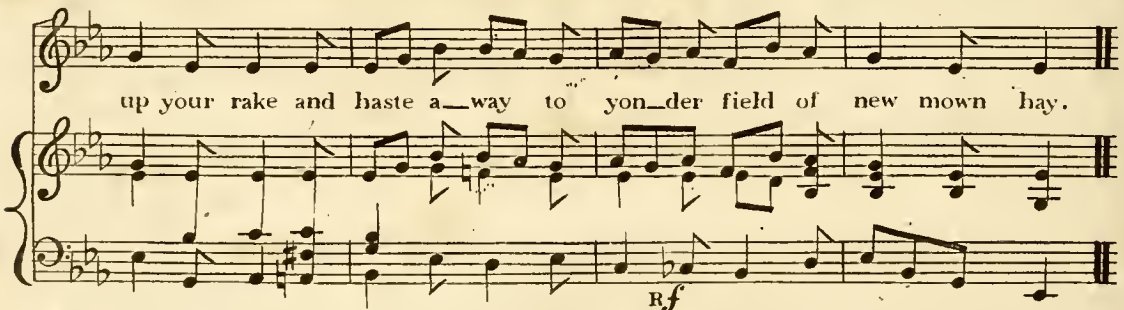
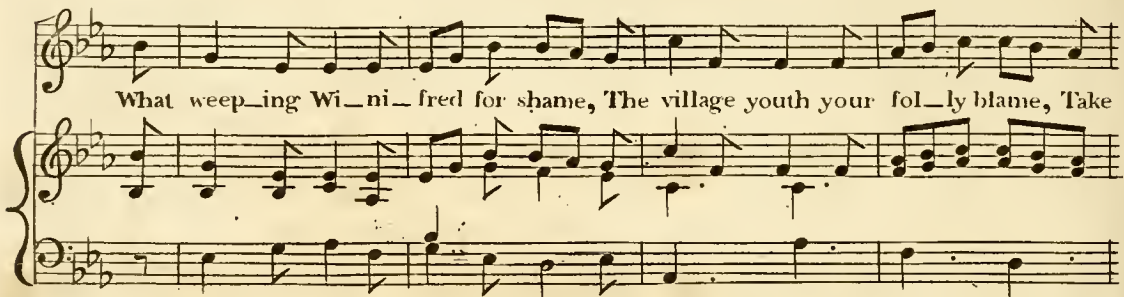
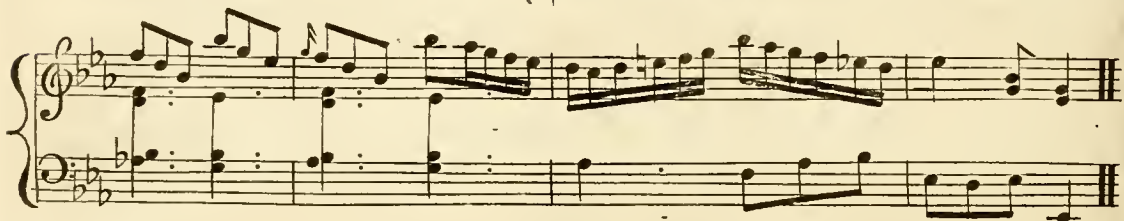
A-rise a-rise a--wake to joy, The sky-lark hails the dawn of day; Care

get thee hence from Hel-ston fly, For mirth rules here the morn of May.

get thee hence from Hel-ston fly, For mirth rules here the morn of May.

Welsh.

ALLEGRETTO.



THE MELODY OF CYNWYD.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK.

BY MRS HUNTER.

' WHAT! weeping, Winifred!—for shame!
 ' The village youth your folly blame:
 ' Take up your rake, and haste away
 ' To yonder field of new-mown hay,
 ' There turn the grass, and toss it o'er,
 ' As merrily you did before
 ' Young Morgan left our mountain side,
 ' And took the drummer for his guide.'

" Good dame, I cannot work to-day,
 " And have no heart for making hay;
 " I feel quite sad, and out of sorts,
 " And neither fit for toil nor sports:
 " The hardest task you've set me yet
 " Is love, and Morgan, to forget!
 " And yet I try, and try, and still
 " I think of him, against my will!"

PEGGY'S DAUGHTER.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY MRS HUNTER.

IN the white cot where Peggy dwells,
 Her daughter fair the rose excels
 That round her casement sweetly blows,
 And on the gale its fragrance throws.
 O were she mine, the lovely maid !
 She soon should leave the lonely shade.

I'd bear her where the beams of morn
 Should with their brightest rays adorn
 Each budding charm and op'ning grace,
 That moulds her form and decks her face.
 O were she mine, the lovely maid !
 I'd bear her from the lonely shade.

But, should the sultry orb of day
 Too fiercely dart his fervid ray,
 The rose upon its stalk might die,
 And zephyr o'er its ruins sigh !
 No—I would keep my lovely maid
 Secure beneath the friendly shade.

Welch.

ALLEGRETTO.

In the white Cot where Peg—gy dwells, Her daugh—ter fair the

p *Cres.* *fz*

rose ex—cells; That round her case—ment sweet—ly blows, And

p

on the gale its frag—rance throws. O were she mine, the

Cres. *Dol.*

love—ly maid she soon should leave the lone—ly shade.

fp

Cres.

p *Cres.* *p*

p

Welch.

The Song written for the Air by W. SMYTH Esq!

ANDANTINO

QUASI
ALLEGRETTO.

Piano introduction in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *p*, *Cres.*, and *fp*.

First vocal entry: "Oh let the Night my blushes hide, While thus my sighs re—veal; What". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

Second vocal entry: "mo—dest Love and, mai—den pride for e—ver would con—ceal. What". The piano accompaniment features a more active eighth-note pattern. A marking "8va" is present above the piano part, and "Loco" is written below it.

Third vocal entry: "can he mean how can he bear, Thus fault'ring to de—lay; How". The piano accompaniment continues with eighth-note patterns. Dynamics include *fp* and *Cres.*

Fourth vocal entry: "can his eyes his eyes so much de—clare, His". The piano accompaniment features a more active eighth-note pattern. Dynamics include *f* and *fp*.

2^d 49.

tongue so lit_tle say, His tongue so lit_tle say.

pp

sf

Cres.

2^d

3^d

Our parents old,— for so I guess,
His thoughtful mind alarm;
A thousand spectres of distress,—
The ruined crops and farm!
But must we wait till age and care,
Shall fix our wedding day;
How can his eyes 'so much declare,
His tongue so little say.

The times are hard,— an odious word,
I'm wearied with the sound;—
A cuckoo note, for ever heard
Since first the sun went round;
Well pleas'd a happier mind I bear,
A heart for ever gay;
How can his eyes so much declare,
His tongue so little say.

4th

What reck's it that the times are hard,
Try fortune and be blest—
Let Hope still cheer and Honour guard,
And Love will do the rest.
Far better load the heart with care,
Than waste it with delay;
How can his eyes so much declare,
His tongue so little say.

Welsh.

The Song written for the Air by Joanna Baillie.

VIVACE.

Now bar the door, shut out the gale, And fill the
horn with foam—ing ale. A cheer—ful cup, and
rous—ing fire, And thril—ling harp, my soul in—spire!

2^d 3^d

Dark rusted arms of ancient proof,
Hang clanging from the breezy roof;
And tell of many a Welchman bold,
And long remember'd deeds of old.

Come, mountain-maid, in Sunday gown,
With healthy cheek of rosy brown;
Here sit thou gaily by the while,
And nod thy head, and sweetly smile.

4th

Draw closer, friends, the table round,
And cheerly greet the rising sound;
Love, arms, and ale, and rousing fire,
And thrilling harp my soul inspire.

THE MELODIES,

VOLUME FIFTH.

INDEX TO THEIR NAMES IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

THE MELODIES, ACCORDING TO THE PRINCIPLES STATED IN THE DISSERTATION, MAY BE CLASSED IN THE FOLLOWING MANNER: THOSE MARKED

A, as the oldest, and of remote antiquity.

B, as the productions of more recent periods.

C, as modern productions, not older than the 18th century.

D, as English imitations of Scottish melodies.

NAMES OF THE MELODIES.	Marks above referred to.	Page.	NAMES OF THE MELODIES.	Marks above referred to.	Page.
Aikendrum	A	36	Oran Gaoil, <i>Duct</i> . . . <i>Highland</i>		28
Away to bonnie Tweedside, <i>Duct</i>	B	2	O mount and go, <i>Duct</i>	C	25
Bannocks o' barley, <i>and Chorus</i> . . .	B	40	O wilt thou be my ain	C	13
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie, <i>Highland</i>		24	Peggy's daughter	<i>Welsh</i>	48
Deil tak the wars	D	5	Queen Mary's lamentation	C	34
Gang to the kye wi' me, my Love . . .	B	51	Rattling roaring Willy	B	35
Gil Morrice	A	55	Romance of Dunois (<i>by G. F. Graham</i>)	C	11
Gogerddan	<i>Welsh</i>	49	Strathallan's lament	C	16
Green grow the rashes, <i>and Chorus</i>	B	4	Sympathy	B	3
Halloween	C	32	There's three good fellows, <i>and Chorus</i>	B	20
I canna come ilka day to woo . . .	B	18	The birks of Abergeldie	B	7
I love my Jean	C	10	The boatie rows, <i>and Chorus</i>	C	12
Kenmure's on and awa	B	1	The Cornish May song		46
Killeavy	<i>Irish</i>	45	The cypress wreath, (<i>by A. Ballantyne</i>)	C	29
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Kitty of Coleraine	<i>Irish</i>	41	The humour of Balamagairy, & <i>Chorus</i> , <i>Irish</i>		44
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Miss Forbes's farewell	C	19	The Morcen	<i>Irish</i>	43
Morning a cruel turmoiler is	<i>Irish</i>	42	The old Highland laddie	B	23
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			The white cockade, <i>and Chorus</i>	B	27
			We're a' noddin, <i>and Chorus</i>	C	39
			When she cam ben she bobbit	B	21



THE POETRY,

VOLUME FIFTH.

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINE OF EACH OF THE SONGS.

FIRST LINES.	AUTHORS.	PAGE.	FIRST LINES.	AUTHORS.	PAGE.
A Highland lad my love, .	<i>Burns</i>	27	Oh was I to blame to love him	<i>Smyth, W. Esq.</i>	21
Around this festive table	<i>Smyth, W. Esq.</i>	55	O lassie art thou sleeping yet	<i>Burns</i>	9
As I sailed past, &c. . .	<i>Cunningham, A.</i>	58	Old Scotia, wake, &c. .	<i>Hogg, James</i>	15
A wooer came, &c. . .	<i>Cunningham, A.</i>	36	O let me music hear, &c..	<i>Smyth, W. Esq.</i>	22
Behold, my love, how &c.	<i>Burns</i>	2	O let the night, &c. . .	<i>Ditto</i>	49
Behold the hour the boat, &c.	<i>Ditto</i>	28	O maid of Isla, from yon cliff	<i>Scott, Sir W.</i>	8
Be mine a cot, &c. . .	<i>Richardson, J.</i>	6	O mount and go, . . .	<i>Cunningham, A.</i>	25
Bonnie lassie will ye go .	<i>Burns</i>	7	On Ettrick forest's, &c. .	<i>Ditto</i>	18
But lately seen in, &c. .	<i>Burns</i>	55	O swiftly glides, &c. . .	<i>Baillie, Joanna</i>	12
By the side of the Shannon,	<i>Smyth, W. Esq.</i>	41	O thou art the lad, &c. .	<i>Smyth, W. Esq.</i>	1
By William late offended	<i>Ditto</i>	14	O lady twine no wreath, &c.	<i>Scott, Sir W.</i>	29
Come busk you gallantlie	<i>Cunningham, A.</i>	57	Poor fluttering heart, &c.	<i>Thomson, G.</i>	32
Come fetch to me a pint, &c.	<i>Burns</i>	25	Sleep'st thou or wak'st thou,	<i>Burns</i>	5
Come fill, fill my good fellow	<i>Smyth, W. Esq.</i>	20	Sweet carols wake, &c. .	<i>Anon</i>	25
Coming through the craigs, &c.	<i>Glover, Miss</i>	6	The hour is come, &c.	<i>Townsend, C. H. Esq.</i>	19
Enchantress farewell, &c.	<i>Scott, Sir W.</i>	50	The lovely lass of Inverness	<i>Burns</i>	17
Farewell mirth and hilarity	<i>Boswell, Sir A.</i>	44	Then soldier come, &c. .	<i>Smyth, W. Esq.</i>	43
He promised me at parting	<i>Smyth, W. Esq.</i>	45	There's nought but care, &c.	<i>Burns</i>	4
Here's to the lake, &c. .	<i>Cunningham, A.</i>	40	The sweetest lad was Jamie	<i>Smyth, W. Esq.</i>	15
In the white cot, &c. .	<i>Hunter, Mrs</i>	48	The soothing shades, &c. .	<i>Pringle, T. Esq.</i>	51
I sigh and lament me, &c.	<i>Anon.</i>	54	Thickest night o'erliang, &c.	<i>Burns</i>	16
It was Dunois the young, &c.	<i>Scott, Sir W.</i>	11	We're a' noddin, &c. . .	<i>Cunningham, A.</i>	59
Morning a cruel turmoiler is	<i>Boswell, Sir A.</i>	42	What, weeping Winifred,	<i>Hunter Mrs</i>	47
Now bank and brae, &c. .	<i>Burns</i>	18	When Damon languish'd,	<i>Moore, Mr</i>	55
Now bar the door, &c. . .	<i>Baillie, Joanna</i>	50	Where hae ye been a' day	<i>Anon.</i>	24
Of a' the airts the wind, &c.	<i>Burns</i>	10	Why Julia say, &c. . .	<i>Smyth, W. Esq.</i>	5
O how can I be blythe, &c.	<i>Ditto</i>	19	Ye maids of Helston, &c.	<i>Boswell, Sir A.</i>	46