

Published as the Act directs, by G. Thomson Edinburgh 1822.



Her mother then hastily spake, I had nae a plack in my pouch
The lassie is gladdet we pride; That night I was a bride.

Designed & Engraved by D. Allan.

THE

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, Handel & Beethoven

The whole Composed for & Collected by

GEORGE THOMSON, F.A.S.E.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

Ent'd at Sta. Hall.

Vol. 2.

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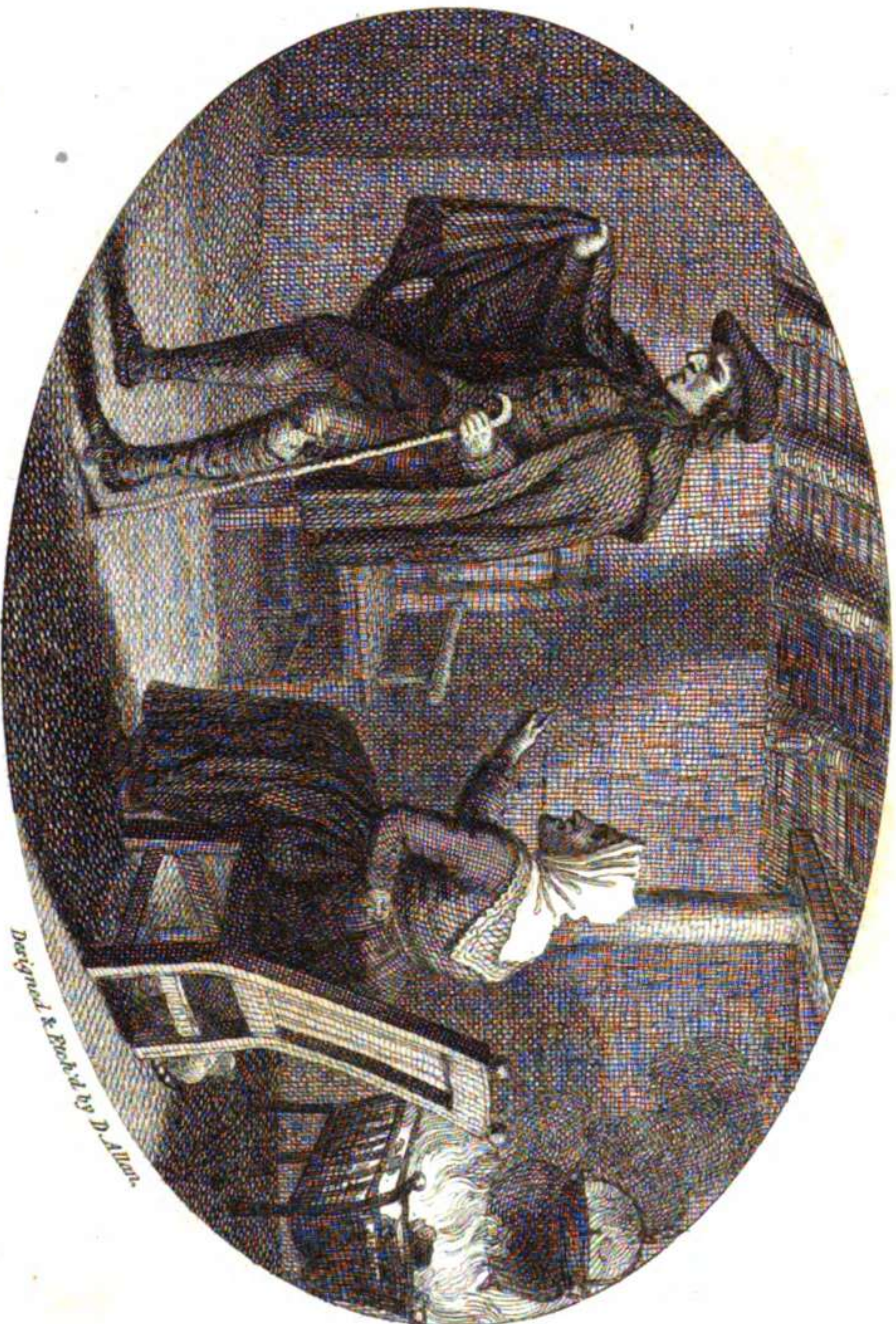
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BAYERISCHE
STAATS-
BIBLIOTHEK
MÜNCHEN

Published as the Act directs by G. Thomson Edinburgh 1872



*Naught's to be won at womans hand. Then I'll leave aff where I began,
Unless ye gie her a the plea. And tak my auld Cloak about me.*



1.

O CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

The Vocal harmony & the Sym^y & Accom^t by Beethoven.
First publ^d in 1822.

ALLEGRO
CON

ANIMA.

For:

Pia:

CHORUS.

2^d
O Char-lie is my dar--ling, my dar--ling my dar--ling; O

1st
O Char-lie is my dar--ling, my dar--ling my dar--ling; O

Char-lie is my dar--ling, The young Che--va--li-er.

Char-lie is my dar--ling, The young Che--va--li-er.

SOLO.

'Twas on a Mon-day morn--ing, When birds were singing clear, That

Char-lie to the highlands came, The gal-lant Che--va--li-er.

Vol: 2.

Eng^d by W^m Balbirnie, 105 High St^l Edin^l

2^d 1.

CHORUS.

2^d O Char-lie is my dar--ling, my dar--ling my dar--ling, O

1st O Char-lie is my dar--ling, my dar--ling my dar--ling, O

Char-lie is my dar--ling, The young Che-va--lier.

Char-lie is my dar--ling, The young Che-va--lier.

AIR to be repeated with each Verse.

S. When Char-lie to glen-fin-nin came, To chase the hart and hind; O

many a Chief his ban-ner braid, Was way-ing in the wind.

CHORUS.

2^d O Char-lie is my dar--ling, my dar--ling my dar--ling; O

1st O Char-lie is my dar--ling, my dar--ling my dar--ling; O

Char-lie is my dar--ling, The young Che-va--lier.

Char-lie is my dar--ling, The young Che-va--lier.

O CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

A JACOBITE BALLAD,

From a Manuscript communicated to the Editor, here first
published, 1822.

CHORUS.

*O Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
O Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.*

'Twas on a Monday morning,
When birds were singing clear,
That Charlie to the Highlands came,
The gallant Chevalier.—*O Charlie, &c.*

When Charlie to Glenfinnin came,
To chase the hart and hind,
O many a chief his banner braid
Was waving in the wind.—*O Charlie, &c.*

They wou'dna bide to chase the roes,
Or start the mountain deer,
But aff they march'd wi' Charlie,
The gallant Chevalier.—*O Charlie, &c.*

Now up the wild Glenevis,
And down by Lochy side,
Young Malcolm leaves his shealing,
And Donald leaves his bride.—*O Charlie, &c.*

Out o'er the rocky mountain,
And down the primrose glen,
Of naething else our lasses sing,
But Charlie and his men.—*O Charlie, &c.*

When Charlie to Dunedin came,—
In haste to Holyrood
Came many a fair and stately dame,
Of noble name and blood.—*O Charlie, &c.*

They proudly wore the milk-white rose,
For him they lo'ed sae dear,
And gied their sons to Charlie,
The young Chevalier.—*O Charlie, &c.*

And many a gallant Scottish chief,
Came round their Prince to cheer,
For Charlie was their darling,
The young Chevalier.—*O Charlie, &c.*

And when they feasted in the ha',
Each loyal heart was gay,
And ay where Charlie cast his een
They shed a kindly ray.—*O Charlie, &c.*

Around our Scottish thistle's head,
There's many a pointed spear,
And many a sword shall wave around
Our young Chevalier.

*O Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling.
O Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.*

FROM THE BROWN CREST OF NEWARK, &c.

WRITTEN

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

On the lifting of the Banner of the House of Buccleuch, at a great foot-ball match on Carterhaugh.

HERE PUBLISHED BY EXPRESS PERMISSION.

AIR, BY NATHANIEL GOW.

FROM the brown crest of Newark its summons extending,
Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame;
And each forester blithe, from his mountain descending,
Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the game.

*Then up with the banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.*

When the southern invader spread waste and disorder,
At the glance of her crescents he paused and withdrew,
For around them were marshall'd the pride of the Border,
The Flowers of the Forest, the Bands of Buccleuch.
A stripling's weak hand to our revel has borne her,*
No mail-glove has grasp'd her, no spearmen surround;
But ere a bold foeman should scathe or should scorn her,
A thousand true hearts would be cold on the ground.

Then up with the banner, &c.

We forget each contention of civil dissension,
And hail like our brethren, Home, Douglas, and Car;
And Elliot and Pringle in pastime shall mingle,
As welcome in peace as their fathers in war.
Then strip lads and to it, though sharp be the weather,
And if by mischance you should happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,
And life is itself but a game at foot-ball.

Then up with the banner, &c.

And when it is over, we'll drink a blithe measure,
To each laird and each lady that witness'd our fun,
And to every blithe heart that took part in our pleasure,
To the lads that have lost and the lads that have won.
May the forest still flourish, both Borough and Landward,
From the hall of the Peer to the herd's ingle-nook;
And huzza! my brave hearts, for Buccleuch and his standard,
For the King and the Country, the Clan and the Duke.

Then up with the banner, &c.

* Mr WALTER SCOTT, the Poet's eldest son.

2. THE AIR BY NATH: GOW. THE HARMONY BY BEETHOVEN

First publ in 1822.

SPRITOSO
ALLA MARCIA.

For:

From the brown crest of Newark its summons ex--tending, Our sig-nal is

wav--ing in smoke and in flame; And each for-est-er blythe from his

mountain de--scending, Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the game.

CHORUS.

2^d Then up with the ban-ner let forest winds fan her, She has blaz'd over

1st Then up with the ban-ner let forest winds fan her, She has blaz'd over

Et-trick eight a--ges and more; In sport we'll at--tend her in

Et-trick eight a--ges and more; In sport we'll at--tend her in

bat-tle de--fend her, With heart and with hand like our fa-ther's be--fore.

bat-tle de--fend her, With heart and with hand like our fa-ther's be--fore.

3.

THE SILLER CROWN.

Koz:

GRAZIOSO.

And ye shall walk in silk at tire, And
sil-ler ay shall hae to spare; Gin ye'll consent to be his bride, Nor
think o' Do-nald mair. Oh! wha wou'd buy a sil-ken gown, To
hide a pin-ing bro-ken heart, or what's to me a
sil-ler crown, Gin frae my love I--- part.

Vol: 2.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song titled 'The Siller Crown'. It is arranged for piano and voice. The score is written in 6/8 time and features a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo/mood is marked 'GRAZIOSO'. The music is presented in a grand staff format, with a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score consists of eight systems of music. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics 'And ye shall walk in silk at tire, And'. The third system continues the melody with 'sil-ler ay shall hae to spare; Gin ye'll consent to be his bride, Nor'. The fourth system contains the lyrics 'think o' Do-nald mair. Oh! wha wou'd buy a sil-ken gown, To'. The fifth system has the lyrics 'hide a pin-ing bro-ken heart, or what's to me a'. The sixth system concludes the vocal line with 'sil-ler crown, Gin frae my love I--- part.'. The seventh system is a piano solo, marked with a forte 'f' dynamic, and the eighth system is the final instrumental cadence, marked with a piano 'p' dynamic. The score ends with a double bar line.

THE SILLER CROWN.

Several of the lines of these Verses in their original state were too short to be properly sung with the Melody, and therefore have been slightly altered, 1822.

AND ye shall walk in silk attire,
 And siller ay shall hae to spare,
 Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
 Nor think o' Donald mair.
 Oh ! wha wou'd buy a silken gown,
 To hide a pining, breaking heart ?
 Or what's to me a siller crown,
 Gin frae my Love I part.

The mind whose every wish is pure,
 Is dearer far than gold to me,
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith,
 I'll lay me down and die :
 For I hae pledg'd my virgin troth,
 My ain brave Donald's fate to share ;
 And he has gi'en to me his heart,
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners won my heart,
 He, gratefu', took the willing gift ;
 I wou'dna seek my pledge again
 For a' below the lift.
 For langest life can ne'er repay
 The well tried love he bears to me ;
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my troth,
 I'll lay me down and die.

THE SHEPHERD'S SON.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE gowan glitters on the sward,
 The lavrock's in the sky,
 And Colley on my plaid keeps ward,
 And time is passing by.
 Oh no! sad and slow!
 I hear nae welcome sound;
 The shadow of our trysting bush
 It wears so slowly round!
 My sheep-bell tinkles frae the west,
 My lambs are bleating near,
 But still the sound that I lo'e best,
 Alack! I canna hear.
 Oh no! sad and slow!
 The shadow lingers still,
 And like a lanely ghaist I stand
 And croon upon the hill.
 I hear below the water roar,
 The mill wi' clacking din,
 And Luckey scolding frae her door
 To bring the bairnies in.
 Oh no! sad and slow!
 These are nae sounds for me;
 The shadow of our trysting bush,
 It creeps sae drearily.
 I coft yestreen, from Chapman Tam,
 A snood of bonnie blue,
 And promised, when our trysting cam,
 To tie it round her brow.
 Oh no! sad and slow!
 The time it winna pass:
 The shadow of that weary thorn
 Is tether'd on the grass.
 O now I see her on the way,
 She's past the Witches' knowe:
 She's climbing up the Brownie's brae,
 My heart is in a lowe.
 Oh no! 'tis na so!
 'Tis glamrie I hae seen:
 The shadow of that hawthorn bush
 Will move nae mair till e'en.
 My book o' grace I'll try to read,
 Tho' conn'd wi' little skill;
 When Colley barks I'll raise my head,
 And find her on the hill.
 Oh no! sad and slow!
 The time will ne'er be gane:
 The shadow of the trysting bush
 Is fix'd like ony stane.

4..

THE SHEPHERD'S SON.

Haydn.

First publish'd in 1822.

ALLEGRO
CON MOTO.

The gowan glit - ters on the sward, The lav - rock's in the sky And
Colley on my plaid keeps ward And time is pass - ing by.

2^d
Oh no sad and slow I hear no wel - come sound The
1st
Oh no sad and slow I hear no wel - come sound The

shadow of our trysting bush It wears so slowly round.
shadow of our trysting bush It wears so slowly round.

Vol: 2.

p *f*

5.

I HAD A HORSE, AND I HAD NAE MAIR.

Koz:

ANDANTINO
 ESPRESSIVO
 CON MOTO.

O poortith cauld and restless love Ye wreck my peace be- tweenye: Yet
 poortith a' I could forgive, An' twere na for my Jeanie.
 O why should fate sic pleasure have, Life's dearest bands un-
 twining! Or why sae sweet a flow'r as love, De-
 pend on For - - - tune's shining. *mf*

Vol: 2.

I HAD A HORSE AND I HAD NAE MAIR.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
 Ye wreck my peace between ye;
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
 An' 'twere na for my Jeanie.
 O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining?
 O why sae sweet a flower as love,
 Depend on Fortune's shining?

This world's wealth when I think on,
 It's pride, and a' the lave o't;
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,
 That he should be the slave o't! *O why, &c.*

Her een sae bonny blue betray,
 How she repays my passion;
 But prudence is her o'erword ay,
 She talks of rank and fashion. *O why, &c.*

O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him;
 O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am? *O why, &c.*

How blest the humble cotter's fate,
 He wooes his simple dearie;
 The silly bogles, wealth and state,
 Can never make them eerie. *O why, &c.*

HERE'S A HEALTH TO MY TRUE LOVE.

THE SONG

Although it passed for sometime as Dr Blacklock's, is at length
ascertained to have been written

BY BURNS.

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark-winding rill:
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year.

The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown;
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.

How long I have liv'd,—but how much liv'd in vain;
How little of life's scanty span may remain;
What aspects old Time in his progress has worn;
What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn.

How foolish, or worse, 'till our summit is gain'd!
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!
Life is not worth having with all it can give,
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

6. HERE'S A HEALTH TO MY TRUE LOVE.

Koz:

ANDANTE.



7.

RISE UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

Koz:

The Sym: and Accom^t now first publish'd.

**MAESTOSO
CON SPIRITO.**

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat Then let the Loons beware Sir

There wooden walls up on our seas And Volunteers on shore Sir

The Nith shall run to Cor. sin. con And Criffel sink in Sol. way

E'er we per. mit a fo. reign foe On British ground to ral. ly.

RISE UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

THE SONG WRITTEN IN 1795,

BY BURNS.

The Symphonies and Accompaniments new, and first united to the Song in 1822.

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?
 Then let the loons beware, sir,
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,
 And Volunteers on shore, sir.
 The Nith shall run to Corsincon,*
 And Criffel† sink in Solway,
 Ere we permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally.

O let us not, like snarling curs,
 In wrangling be divided,
 'Till slap come in an unco loon,
 And wi' a rung decide it.
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Among ourselves united;
 For never but by British hands
 Must British wrongs be righted.

* A high Hill at the source of the river Nith.

The kettle of the Kirk and State,
 Perhaps a claut may fail in't;
 But de'il a foreign tinkler loon
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
 Our fathers blood the kettle bought,
 And who wou'd dare to spoil it?
 By heav'n, the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it!

The wretch that wou'd a tyrant own,
 And the wretch, his true-born brother,
 Who'd set the mob aboon the throne,
 May they be damn'd together.
 Who will not sing, "God save the King,"
 Shall hang as high's the steeple;
 But while we sing, "God save the King!"
 We'll ne'er forget the people.

† A Mountain at the mouth of the same river, on the Solway Firth.

THE OLD SONG TO THE SAME AIR.

In the following Song the interjection O is commonly put at the end of the second and fourth lines of each verse by the Singer, as the Air requires the addition of a monosyllable to those lines.

IT was about the Martimas time;
 And a gude time it was then,
 When our gudewife had puddings to make,
 And she boil'd them in the pan.
 The wind it blew baith cauld and raw,
 And it blew into the floor;
 Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
 "Get up and bar the door."
 "My hand is in my hussy'f-skap,
 "Gudeman, as ye may see;
 "Should it nae be barr'd this hunder year,
 "It's nae be barr'd for me."
 They made a paction 'tween them twa,
 They made it firm and sure,
 That the first of them that spake a word,
 Shou'd rise and bar the door.
 Then by there came twa gentlemen,
 At twelve o'clock at night,
 And they could see nor house nor ha',
 Nor coal nor candle light.

"Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
 "Or whether is 't a poor?"—
 But never a word wad ane o' them speak,
 For barring of the door.
 Then first they ate the white puddings,
 And syne they ate the black;
 Tho' muckle thought the gudewife to hersel',
 Yet ne'er a word she spake.
 Then said the one unto the other,
 "Here, man, tak' ye my knife;
 "Do you tak' aff the auld man's beard,
 "And I'll kiss the gudewife."
 "But there's nae water in the house,
 "And what shall we do then?"
 "What ails you at the pudding-bree,
 "That boils into the pan?"
 O up then started our gudeman,
 An angry man was he:
 "Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
 "And scald me wi' pudding-bree?"

O up then started our gudewife,
 Gied three skips on the floor;
 "Gudeman you've spoke the foremost word
 "Get up and bar the door!"

BONNY DUNDEE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

Miss JESSIE STAIG of *Dumfries*, afterwards Mrs Major MILLER, Dalswinton, was the heroine of this song.

TRUE hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow,
 And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr;
 But by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river,
 Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair.
 To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over;
 To equal young Jessie, you seek it in vain;
 Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,
 And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

Oh! fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
 And sweet is the lily at evening close;
 But in the fair presence of lovely young Jessie,
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
 Love sits in her smile, a wizzard ensnaring;
 Enthron'd in her eyes he delivers his law;
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger!
 Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a'.

MARY O' CASTLE-CARY,

WRITTEN BY H. MACNIEL, FOR THE SAME AIR.

"SAW ye my wee thing? saw ye mine ain thing?
 "Saw ye my true love down on yon lea!
 "Cross'd she the meadow, yestreen at the gloaming?
 "Sought she the burnie, where flow'rs the haw-tree?
 "Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white?
 "Dark is the blue o' her saft-rolling e'e!
 "Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses!
 "Where could my wee thing wander frae me?"
 'I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
 'Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
 'But I met *my* bonny thing, late in the gloaming,
 'Down by the burnie, where flow'rs the haw-tree.
 'Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
 'Dark was the blue o' her saft-rolling e'e!
 'Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses!
 'Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me!
 "It was na my wee thing! it was na mine ain thing!
 "It was na my true love ye met by the tree!
 "Proud is her leal heart, modest her nature;
 "She never loo'd ony, till ance she loo'd me.
 "Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,
 "Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee!
 "Fair as your face is, were 't fifty times fairer,
 "Young bragger! she ne'er would gi'e kisses to thee!"
 'It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary;
 'It was then your true love I met by the tree!
 'Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
 'Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me!
 Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
 Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling e'e;
 "Ye's rue sair this morning, your boasts and your scorning,
 "Defend ye, fause traitor; fu' loudly ye lie!"
 'Awa' wi' beguiling,' cried the youth, smiling:
 Aff went the bonnet,—the lint-white locks flee—
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark-rolling e'e!
 "Is it my wee thing? is it mine ain thing?
 "Is it my true love here that I see?
 'Oh Jamie! forgi'e me, your heart's constant to me:
 'I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!'

8.

BONNY DUNDEE.

Koz:

LARGHETTO.

True hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow, And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr, but
by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river, are lovers as faithful, And maidens as fair.

To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all o'er, To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain, Grace
beauty and elegance fetter her Lover, And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

Vol: 2.

9.

TAM GLEN.

Koz:

The orig! Air with Burns's Verses.

ALLEGRETTO.

My heart is a breaking dear TITTY, Some counsel un-to me come len; To anger them a'tis a

pity, But what will I do wi' TAM GLEN.

THE MUCKING OF GEORDIE'S BYRE. Haydn.

Haydn.

Here first united with Burns's Verses.

ANDANTINO QUASI ALLEGRETTO.

A down winding Nith I did wander, To mark the sweet flow'rs as they spring; A

down winding Nith I did wander, Of PHIL-LIS to muse and to sing.

A-wa' wi' your belles and your beauties, They ne-ver wi' her can com-pare: Wha

e-ver has met wi' my PHIL-LIS, Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

TAM GLEN.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

My heart is a-breaking, dear titty,
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak' a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen.

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Dumeller,
"Good day to you," (coof) he comes ben;
He brags and he blows o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen.

My minny does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten;
But if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him,
O wha' will I get but Tam Glen.

Yestreen at the Valentines dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen!

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam' up the house stalking,
And the very grey brecks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear titty, don't tarry;
I'll gi'e you my bonny black hen,
Gin ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

THE MUCKING OF GEORDIE'S BYRE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

The Heroine of these admirable verses was Miss PHILLIS MACMURDO, Drumlanrig, now Mrs NORMAN LOCKHART.

Adown winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.
Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare:
Whae'er has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daizy amus'd my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, of my Phillis,—
For she is simplicity's child.
The rose-bud's the blush of my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast.

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Yon knot of gay flow'rs in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
Her breath is the breath of the woodbine,
Its dew-drop of diamond her eye.
Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove;
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth, in the mind of my Phillis,
Will flourish without a decay.
Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare:
Whae'er has met wi' my Phillis
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

c

MY JO JANET.

' SWEET Sir, for your courtesie,
 ' When ye come by the Bass, then,
 ' For the love ye bear to me,
 ' Buy me a keeking glass then.'
 " Keek into the draw-well,
 " Janet, Janet ;
 " And there ye'll see your bonny sel',
 " My jo Janet."

' Keeking in the draw-well clear,
 ' What if I shou'd fa' in, Sir ?
 ' Syne a' my kin will say an' swear,
 ' I drown'd mysel' for sin, Sir.'
 " Haud the better by the brae,
 " Janet, Janet ;
 " Haud the better by the brae.
 " My jo Janet."

' Good Sir, for your courtesie,
 ' Coming through Aberdeen, then,
 ' For the love ye bear to me,
 ' Buy me a pair of sheen, then.'
 " Clout the auld, the new are dear,
 " Janet, Janet ;
 " Ae pair may gain you ha'f a year,
 " My jo Janet,"

' But what if dancing on the green,
 ' And skipping like a mawkin,
 ' If they should see my clouted sheen,
 ' Of me they will be tawkin.'
 " Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
 " Janet, Janet ;
 " Syne a' their fau'ts will no be seen,
 " My jo Janet."

' Kind Sir, for your courtesie,
 ' When ye gae to the cross, then,
 ' For the love ye bear to me,
 ' Buy me a pacing horse, then.'
 " Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
 " Janet, Janet,
 " Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
 " My jo Janet."

' My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
 ' The rock o't winna stand, Sir ;
 ' To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
 ' Employs aft my hand, Sir.'
 " Mak' the best o't that ye can,
 " Janet, Janet ;
 " Mak' the best o't that ye can,
 " My jo Janet."

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK BY BURNS.

' HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
 ' Nor longer idly rave, Sir ;
 ' Though I am your wedded wife,
 ' Yet I am not your slave, Sir.'
 " One of two must still obey,
 " Nancy, Nancy ;
 " Is it man or woman, say,
 " My spouse Nancy ?"

' If 'tis still the lordly word,
 ' Service and obedience ;
 ' I'll desert my sov'reign lerd,
 ' And so good b'ye, allegiance !'
 " Sad will I be so bereft,
 " Nancy, Nancy ;
 " Yet I'll try to make a shift,
 " My spouse, Nancy."

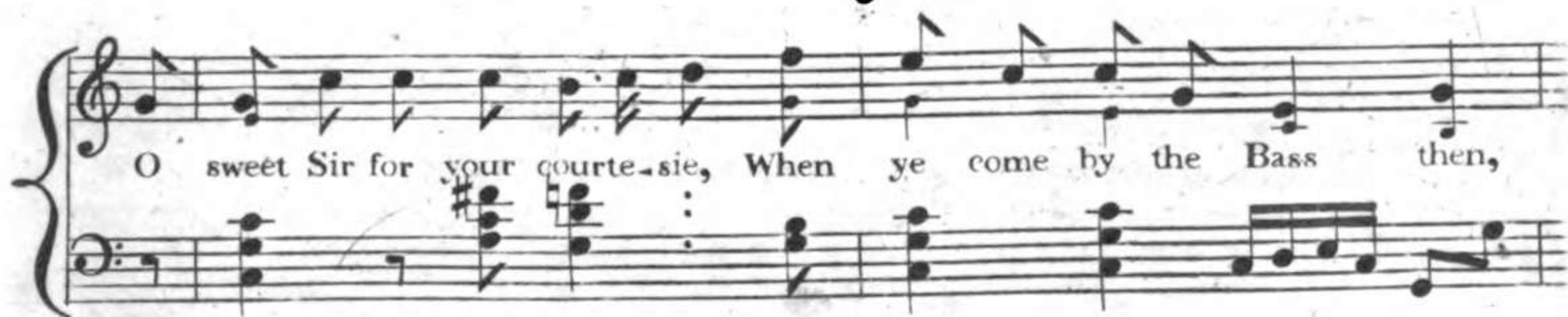
' My poor heart then break it must,
 " My last hour, I am near it ;
 ' When you lay me in the dust,
 ' Think, think how you will bear it !'
 " I will hope and trust in Heaven,
 " Nancy, Nancy ;
 " Strength to bear it will be given,
 " My spouse Nancy."

' Well, Sir, from the silent dead,
 ' Still I will try to daunt you ;
 ' Ever round your midnight bed
 ' Horrid sprites shall haunt you.'
 " I'll wed another like my dear
 " Nancy, Nancy,
 " Then all hell will fly for fear,
 " My spouse Nancy !"

10.

MY JO JANET.

Koz:

ALLEGRO
SCHERZANDO.

II.

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

Koz:

ALLEGRO
MODERATO.

On a bank of flow'rs on a summer day, For Summer lightly drest; The
youthful blooming Nel-ly lay, With love and sleep op- - - prest.
When Wil-lie wand'ring thro' the wood, Who for her fa-vour oft had sued, He
gaz'd he wish'd he fear'd he blush'd, And trembled where he stood.

Vol: 2.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of eight systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRO MODERATO'. The lyrics are written below the treble staff of each system. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of the eighth system.

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS, &c.

WRITTEN BY BURNS.

The subject taken from an Old Song, beginning in the same manner.

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
 For summer lightly drest,
 The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
 With love and sleep opprest ;
 When Willie, wand'ring through the wood,
 Who for her favour oft had sued ;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
 Were seal'd in soft repose ;
 Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,
 It richer dy'd the rose.
 The springing lilies sweetly prest,
 Wild, wanton kiss'd her rival breast ;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
 Her tender limbs embrace ;
 Her lovely form, her native ease,
 All harmony and grace :
 Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
 A faltering ardent kiss he stole ;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
 On fear-inspired wings ;
 So Nelly, starting, half awake,
 Away affrighted springs :
 But Willie follow'd,—as he should,
 He overtook her in the wood :
 He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
 Forgiving all, and good.

THE QUAKER'S WIFE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

BLYTHE hae I been on yon hill,
 As the lambs before me ;
 Careless ilka thought and free,
 As the breeze flew o'er me.
 Now nae langer sport and play,
 Mirth or sang can please me ;
 Leslie is sae fair and coy,
 Care and anguish seize me.

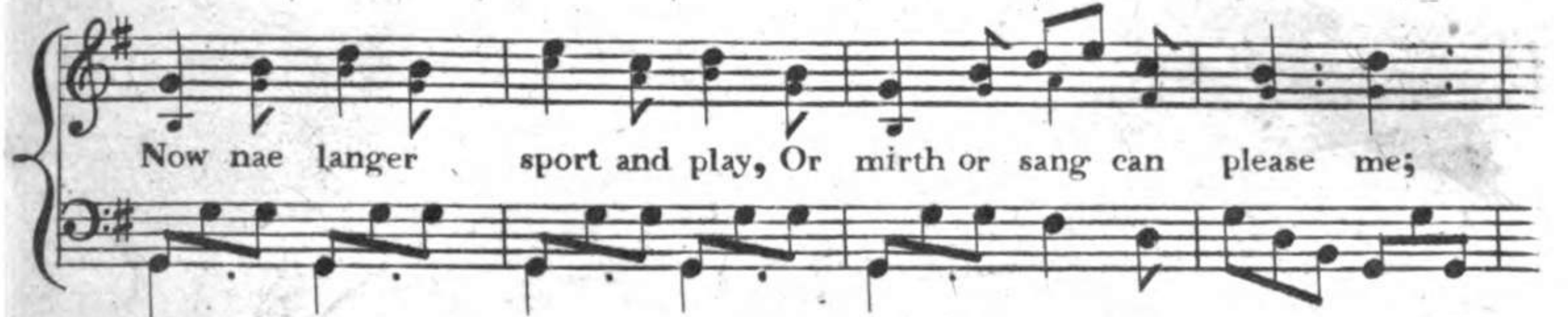
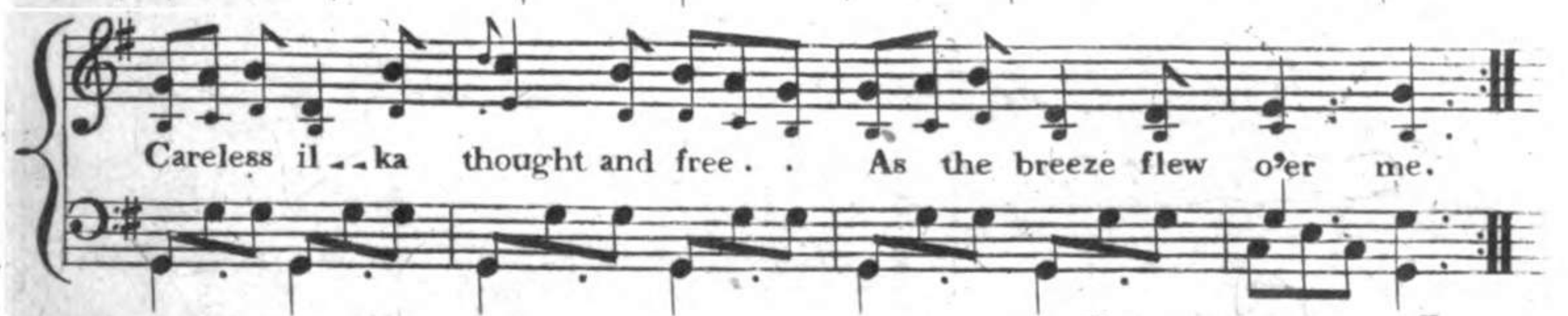
Heavy, heavy is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring ;
 Trembling, I do nought but glowr,
 Sighing, dumb, despairing !
 If she winna ease the throes
 In my bosom swelling,
 Underneath the grass-green sod,
 Soon maun be my dwelling !

12.

THE QUAKER'S WIFE.

Koz:

ALLEGRO.



13.

SERENADE from the Pirate.

From a M.S. by Smith, 1822.

ANDANTE
CON
ESPRESSONE.

Cres.

Love wakes and weeps, While Beauty
sleeps! O for Mu-sic's soft-est numbers, O for Mu-sic's
soft-est numbers.

To prompt a theme for Beau-ty's dream, Soft as the pil-low of her

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Andante con Espressione'. The score includes a crescendo marking 'Cres.' and a piano marking 'p'. The lyrics are: 'Love wakes and weeps, While Beauty sleeps! O for Mu-sic's soft-est numbers, O for Mu-sic's soft-est numbers. To prompt a theme for Beau-ty's dream, Soft as the pil-low of her'.

14.

slumbers, To prompt a theme for Beau-ty's dream, Soft as the pil--low

Ralento Espress:

of her slumbers, Soft as the pil--low of her slumbers.

rinf:

2^d

Through groves of palm,
Sigh gales of balm,
Fire—flies on the air are wheeling;
While through the gloom,
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

3^d

O wake and live,
No dream can give,
A shadow'd bliss, the real excelling;
No longer sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that love is telling.

15.

ANDREW AND HIS CUTTY GUN.

Koz:

ALLEGRO.

Blythe, blythe and merry was she,

Blythe was she but and ben; Blythe by the banks of Earn, And

blythe in Glen-turit glen. By Och-ter-tyre grows the aik, On

Yar-row banks the birken shaw; But PHEMIE was a bonnier lass, Than

braes o' Yar-row e-ver saw.

Vol: 2.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of eight systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRO.' and the key signature is G major. The lyrics are written below the treble staff of each system. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign in the final system.

ANDREW AND HIS CUTTY-GUN.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

BLYTHE, blythe, and merry was she,
 Blythe was she but and ben,
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.
 By Ochertyre grows the aik,
 On Yarrow banks the birken shaw,
 But Phemie was a bonnier lass
 Than braes of Yarrow ever saw.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
 Blythe was she but and ben,
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.
 Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
 Her smile was like a summer morn;
 She tripped by the banks of Earn,
 As light 's a bird upon a thorn.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
 Blythe was she but and ben,
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.
 Her bonnie face it was as meek
 As ony lamb upon the lea!
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
 As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
 Blythe was she but and ben,
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.
 The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
 And o'er the Lawlands I ha'e been;
 But Phemie was the blythest lass,
 That ever trode the dewy green.

THE OLD VERSES TO THE SAME AIR.

BLYTHE, blythe, blythe was she,
 Blythe was she but and ben:
 And weel she lik'd a Hawick gill,
 And leugh to see a tappit hen.
 She took me in, and set me down,
 And hegt to keep me lawin-free;
 But cunning carlin that she was,
 She gart me birle my bawbee.

We loo'd the liquor weel enough;
 But, waes my heart! the cash was done
 Before that I had quench'd my drowth,
 And laith was I to pawn my shoon!
 When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
 And the neist chappin new begun,
 In started, to heeze up our hope,
 Young Andro' wi' his cutty-gun.

The carlin brought her kebbock ben,
 With girdle-cakes weel toasted brown:
 Weel does the canny kimmer ken
 They gar the swats gae glibber down.
 We ca'd the bicker aft about;
 Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun;
 And ay the clearest drinker out,
 Was Andro' wi' his cutty-gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,
 And as I in his oxter sat,
 He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
 And mony a sappy kiss I gat.
 I ha'e been east, I ha'e been west,
 I ha'e been far ayont the sun;
 But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,
 Was Andro' wi' his cutty-gun.

DAINTY DAVIE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
 To deck her gay green spreading bowers;
 And now come in my happy hours,
 To wander wi' my Davie.
 The chrystal waters round us fa',
 The merry birds are lovers a',
 The scented breezes round us blaw,
 A-wandering wi' my Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
 Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear dainty Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
 To steal upon her early fare,
 Then through the dews I will repair,
 To meet my faithful Davie.
 When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws of Nature's rest,
 I'll flee to 's arms I loe the best,
 And that's my ain dear Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
 Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear dainty Davie.

SONG ALTERED TO SUIT THE SAME AIR,

BY BURNS.

It was the charming month of May,
 When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
 One morning by the break of day,
 The youthful charming Chloe,
 From peaceful slumber she arose,
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,
 And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
 The youthful charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful charming Chloe.

The feather'd people, you might see,
 Perch'd all around on every tree;
 In notes of sweetest melody
 They hail the charming Chloe:
 Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
 The glorious sun began to rise;
 Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
 Of youthful charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful charming Chloe.

16.

DAINTY DAVIE.

Koz:

VIVACE.

Now ro-sy May comes in wi flow'rs To
deck her gay green spreading bow'rs And now come in my happy hours To
wander wi' my Da-vie. The chrystal waters round us fa' The merry birds are
lovers a' The scented breezes round us blaw, A wand'ring wi' my Da-vie.

CHORUS.

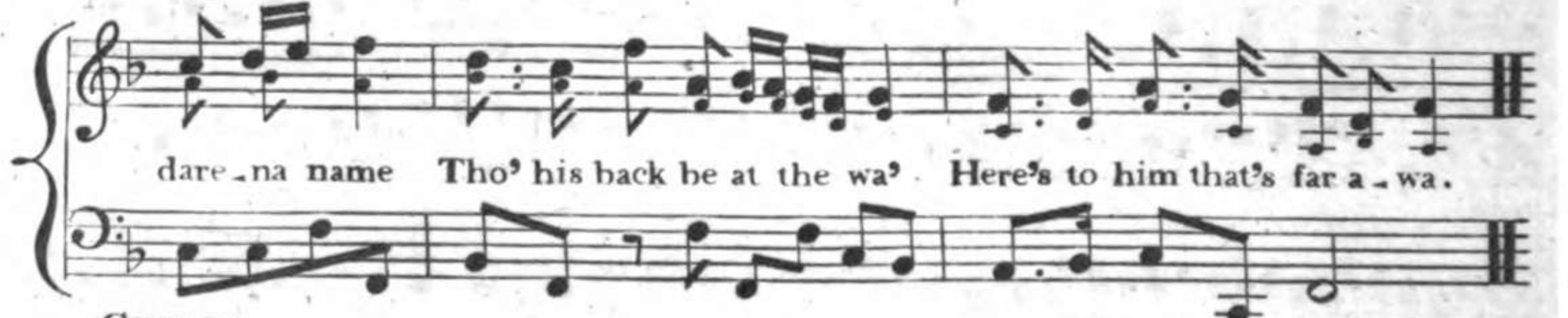
2d
Meet me on the warlock knowe Dain-ty Da-vie Dain-ty Da-vie

1st
Meet me on the warlock knowe Dain-ty Da-vie Dain-ty Da-vie

There I'll spend the day wi' you My Ain dear dain-ty Da-vie.

There I'll spend the day wi' you My Ain dear dain-ty Da-vie.

ANDANTE.



CHORUS.



Vol: 2.

LEWIE GORDON.

~~~~~

O SEND Lewie Gordon hame,  
 And the lad I winna name;  
 Tho' his back be at the wa',  
 Here's to him that's far awa'.

O hon my Highlandman,  
 O my bonny Highlandman,  
 Weel wou'd I my true-love ken  
 Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O to see his tartan trews,  
 Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,  
 Philabeg aboon his knee;  
 That's the lad that I'll gang wi.'

O hon my Highlandman,  
 O my bonny Highlandman,  
 Weel wou'd I my true-love ken  
 Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

This lovely youth of whom I sing,  
 Is fitted for to be a king:  
 On his breast he wears a star,—  
 You'd take him for the god of war.

O hon my Highlandman,  
 O my bonny Highlandman,  
 Weel wou'd I my true-love ken  
 Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O to see this princely one  
 Seated on a royal throne!  
 Disasters a' would disappear;  
 Then begins the jub'lee year.

O hon my Highlandman,  
 O my bonny Highlandman,  
 Weel wou'd I my true-love ken  
 Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.



## TODLIN HAME.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,  
IN 1821,  
BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

It affords peculiar satisfaction to the Editor, to have obtained these uncommonly beautiful Verses for one of the most pleasing of the Scottish Melodies;—a Melody to which he must ever be partial, from a recollection of the matchless way in which it was sung by the most exhilarating of all Scottish songsters, the late MR JAMES BALFOUR.

WHEN white was my o'erlay as foam on the lin,\*  
And siller was chinking my pouches within;  
When my lambkins were bleating on meadow and brae,  
As I gaed to my Love in new cleeding so gay:  
Kind was she, and my friends were free,  
But poverty parts good company.

How swift pass'd the minutes and hours of delight,  
When piper play'd cheerly, and cruisy burnt bright!  
And link'd in my hand was the maiden so dear,  
As she footed the floor in her holy-day geer.  
Woe is me! and can it then be,  
That poverty parts sic company!

We met at the fair, and we met at the kirk;  
We met i' the sun-shine, we met i' the mirk;  
And the sound o' her voice, and the blinks o' her ey'n,  
The cheering and life o' my bosom ha'e been.  
Leaves frae the tree at Martinmas flee,  
And poverty parts sweet company.

At bridal and infare I've braced me wi' pride,†  
The bruse I ha'e won, and a kiss of the bride;‡  
And loud was the laughter gay fellows among,  
When I utter'd my banter or chorus'd my song.  
Dowie and dree are jesting and glee,  
When poverty spoils good company.

Wherever I gaed the blythe lasses smiled sweet,  
And mithers and aunties were unco discreet,  
While kebbuck and beaker were set on the board,  
But now they pass by me, and never a word!  
So let it be,—for the warldly and slie  
Wi' poverty keep na company.

But the hope of my love is a cure for its smart;  
The spae-wife has tell'd me to keep up my heart,  
For wi' my last saxpence her loof I ha'e cross'd:  
And the bliss that is fated can never be lost.  
Cruelly tho' we ilka day see  
How poverty parts dear company.

\* *O'erlay*, a neckcloth.

† *Infare*, the entertainment made for the reception of a bride in the house of the bridegroom.

‡ *Bruse*, a race at country weddings, the winner of which has the privilege of saluting the bride.

## THE OLD SONG, TODLIN HAME.

WHEN I ha'e a saxpence under my thumb,  
O then I'll get credit in ilka town;  
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by;  
O! poverty parts good company!  
Todlin hame, todlin hame,  
Cou'dna my love come todlin hame?

Fair fa' the gudewife, and send her good sale;  
She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale;  
Syne if her typenny chance to be sma,'  
We'll tak' a gude scour o't, and ca't awa'.  
Todlin hame, todlin hame,  
As round as a neep we gang todlin hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep  
And twa pint stoups at our bed-feet;  
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry;  
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?  
Todlin hame, todlin hame.  
Sae round as my love comes todlin hame.

Leeze me on liquor, my todlin dow,  
Your're ay sae good-humour'd when weeting your mou';  
When sober sae sour, ye'll feght wi' a flee,  
That it's a blythe sight to the bairns and me,  
When todlin hame, todlin hame,  
When round as a neep ye come todlin hame.



18.

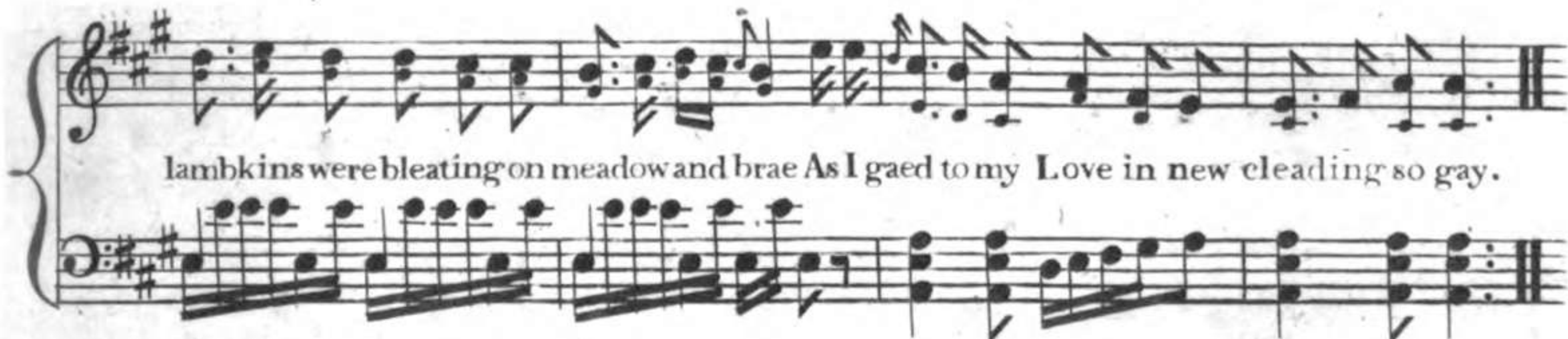
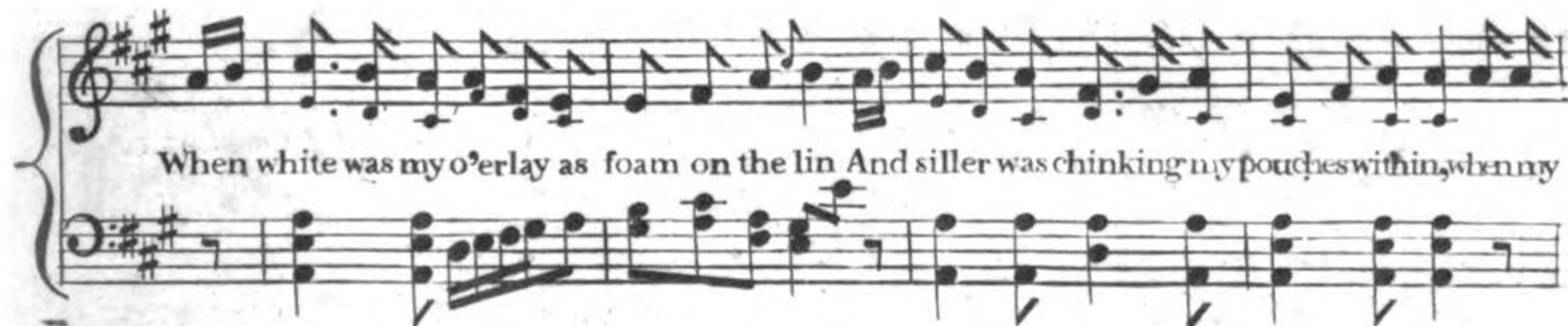
## POVERTY PARTS GOOD COMPANY. Koz:

First publish'd in 1822.

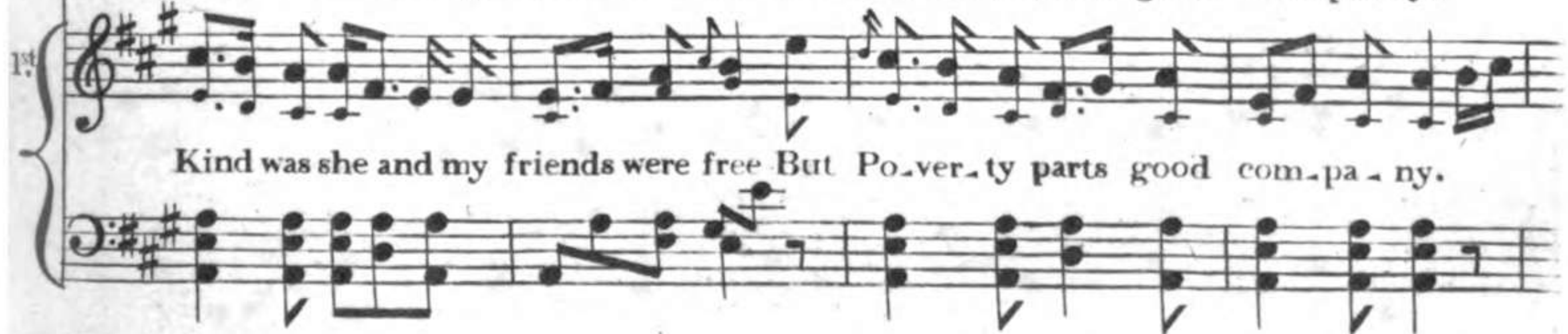
ANDANTINO

QUASI

ALLEGRETTO.



## CHORUS.





19.

## AULD LANG SYNE.

Kor:

ALLEGRO.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, featuring a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRO'.

mind; Should auld acquaintance be forgot And days o' lang syne.

CHORUS.

The vocal entry begins with the lyrics 'mind; Should auld acquaintance be forgot And days o' lang syne.' The melody is simple and memorable, with a clear harmonic accompaniment.

2<sup>d</sup> For auld lang syne my dear For auld lang syne, We'll

1<sup>st</sup> For auld lang syne my dear For auld lang syne, We'll

The first chorus is marked '2<sup>d</sup>' and '1<sup>st</sup>'. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

tak a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

tak a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

The second chorus is marked 'tak a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.' It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Vol: 2.

The piano conclusion is in 2/4 time, featuring a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRO'.



## AULD LANG SYNE.

FROM A MS. IN THE EDITOR'S POSSESSION.

The following exquisitely beautiful Song was sent by BURNS to the Editor, with information, that "it is an old Song of the olden time, which had never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until he took it down from an old man's singing." It is more than probable, however, that he said this in a playful humour; for the Editor cannot help thinking that the Song affords full evidence of BURNS himself being the author.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS.—For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,  
Sin' auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

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

And there's a hand, my trusty feire,  
And gi'es a hand o' thine:  
And we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught,  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

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



## A SOLDIER AM I, &amp;c.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION, IN 1822, WITH THE  
AIR—LUMPS O' PUDDING.

A SOLDIER am I, all the world o'er I range,  
And would not my lot with a monarch exchange;  
How welcome a Soldier wherever he roves,  
Attended like Venus, by Mars and the Loves;  
How dull is the ball, and how cheerless the fair,  
What's a feast, or a frolic, if we are not there:  
Kind, hearty, and gallant, and joyous we come,  
And the world looks alive at the sound of the Drum.

"The Soldier's are coming," the villagers cry,  
All trades are suspended to see us pass by;  
Quick flies the glad sound to the maiden up stairs,  
In a moment dismissed are her broom and her cares;  
Outstretch'd is her neck, till the Soldiers she sees,  
From her cap the red ribbon plays light on the breeze,  
But lighter her heart plays, as nearer we come,  
And redder her cheek at the sound of the Drum.

The veteran half dozing awakes at the news,  
Hobbles out, and our column with triumph reviews;  
Near his knee, his young grandson, with ecstasy bears,  
Of majors, and generals, and fierce brigadiers;  
Of the marches he took, and the hardships he knew,  
Of the battles he fought, and the foes that he slew;  
To his heart spirits new in wild revelry come,  
And make one rally more at the sound of the Drum.

Who loves not a Soldier—the generous, the brave,  
The heart that can feel, and the arm that can save;  
In peace, the gay friend with the manners that charm,  
The thought ever liberal, the soul ever warm;  
In his mind nothing selfish or pitiful known,  
'Tis a temple, which honour can enter alone;  
No titles I boast, yet wherever I come,  
I can always feel proud at the sound of the Drum.

## SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK BY BURNS.

CONTENTED wi' little, and canty wi' mair,  
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,  
I gi'e them a skelp as they're creeping alang,  
W'a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish sang.  
I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,  
But man is a soldier, and life is a faught:  
My mirth an' good-humour are coin in my pouch,  
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',  
A night o' gude fellowship southers it a';  
When at the blythe end of our journey at last,  
Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past.  
Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;  
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae;  
Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain,  
My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again!"



20.

## A SOLDIER AM I.

Koz:

The Air and Verses here first united.

SPIRITOSO.

A musical score for the song 'A Soldier Am I' by Koz. The score is written for piano and voice, featuring a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single staff for the voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo/mood is marked 'SPIRITOSO.' The score consists of seven systems of music, each with a piano accompaniment and a corresponding vocal line. The lyrics are: 'A Soldier am I all the world o'er I range And wou'd not my lot with a Monarch ex-change How welcome a Soldier where-ever he roves At-tended like Ve-nus by Mars and the Loves. How dull is the ball and how cheerless the fair What's a feast or a fro-lie if we are not there Kind, hearty, and gallant and joyous we come, And the world looks a-live at the sound of the drum.' The score ends with a double bar line.

A Soldier am I all the world o'er I range And wou'd not my lot with a  
Monarch ex-change How welcome a Soldier where-ever he roves At-  
tended like Ve-nus by Mars and the Loves. How dull is the ball and how  
cheerless the fair What's a feast or a fro-lie if we are not there Kind,  
hearty, and gallant and joyous we come, And the world looks a-live at the  
sound of the drum.

Vol: 2.



## DUET.

ANDANTINO  
QUASI  
ALLEGRETTO.

2<sup>d</sup>

1<sup>st</sup>

ROY'S wife of Al-dival-loch, ROY'S wife of  
 ROY'S wife of Al-dival-loch, ROY'S wife of  
 Al-divalloch Wat ye how she cheated me As I came o'er the braes of Balloch  
 Al-divalloch Wat ye how she cheated me As I came o'er the braes of Balloch  
 She vow'd she swore she wou'd be mine She said that she lo'ed me best of ony But oh the fickle  
 She vow'd she swore she wou'd be mine She said that she lo'ed me best of ony But oh the fickle  
 faithless quean She's taen the carle and left her Johnie ROY'S wife of Al-divalloch,  
 faithless quean She's taen the carle and left her Johnie ROY'S wife of Al-divalloch,  
 ROY'S wife of Al-divalloch Wat ye how she cheated me As I came o'er the  
 ROY'S wife of Al-divalloch Wat ye how she cheated me As I came o'er the  
 braes of Balloch.  
 braes of Balloch.

Vol: 2.



## ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

WRITTEN

BY MRS GRANT OF CARRON.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Wat ye how she cheated me,  
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.  
 She vow'd, she swore she wou'd be mine;  
 She said that she lo'ed me best of ony;  
 But, oh, the fickle, faithless quean,  
 She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnie.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Wat ye how she cheated me,  
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.  
 O she was a canty quean,  
 And weel cou'd she dance the Highland walloch;  
 How happy I, had she been mine,  
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Wat ye how she cheated me,  
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.  
 Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,  
 Her wee bit mou', sae sweet and bonny,  
 To me she ever will be dear,  
 Tho' she's for ever left her Johnie.

## SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

CANST thou leave me thus my Katy,  
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?  
 Well thou know'st my aching heart,  
 And canst thou leave me thus for pity?  
 Is this thy plighted, fond regard,  
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?  
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward,—  
 An aching, broken heart, my Katy?

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy,  
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?  
 Well thou know'st my aching heart,  
 And canst thou leave me thus, for pity?  
 Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear  
 That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!  
 Thou may'st find those will love thee dear,—  
 But not a love like mine, my Katy!



## MORAG.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK  
BY BURNS.

O WAT ye wha that lo'es me,  
And has my heart a-keeping?  
O sweet is she that lo'es me,  
As dew's o' summer weeping,  
In tears the rose-buds steeping:  
O that 's the lassie o' my heart,  
My lassie, ever dearer;  
O that 's the queen o' woman-kind,  
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie  
In grace and beauty charming;  
That e'en *thy* chosen lassie,  
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,  
Had ne'er sic powers alarming:  
O that 's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast heard her talking,  
And thy attention 's plighted,  
That ilka body talking  
But her by thee is slighted,  
And thou art all delighted:  
O that 's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,—  
When frae her thou hast parted,  
If every other fair one,  
But her, thou hast deserted,  
And thou art broken-hearted:  
O that 's the lassie, &c.

## FOR THE SAME AIR.

BY BURNS.

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,  
The snaws the mountains cover,  
Like winter on me seizes,  
Since my young Highland rover  
Far wanders nations over.  
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,  
May heaven be his warden;  
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,  
And bonnie Castle-Gordon.  
The trees now naked groaning,  
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging!  
The birdies dowie moaning,  
Shall a' be blythely singing,  
And ev'ry flow'r be springing.  
Sae I'll rejoice the lee lang day,  
When, by his mighty warden,  
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,  
And bonnie Castle-Gordon.



22.

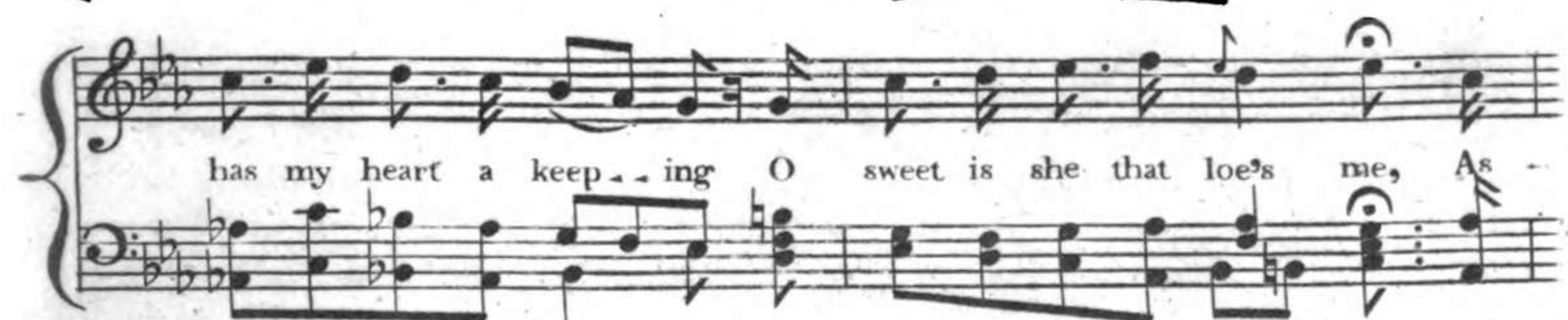
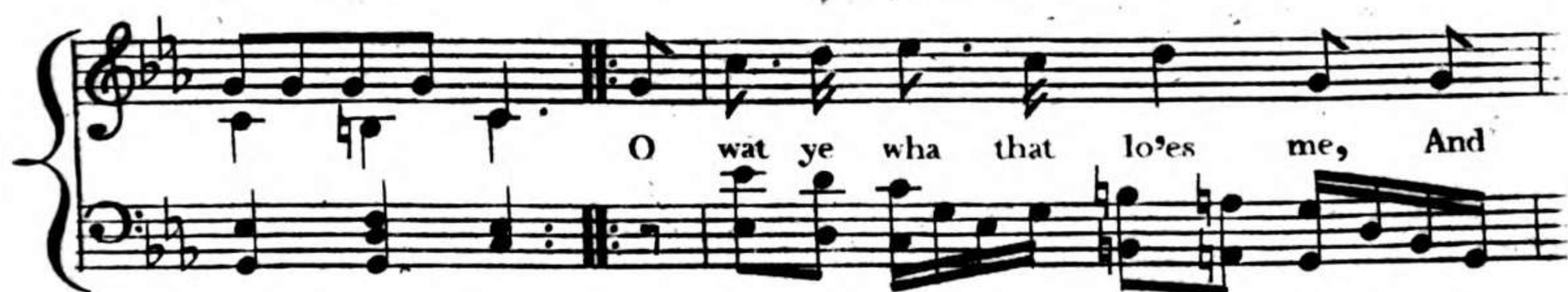
MORAG.

Koz:

ANDANTE

CON

ESPRESSIONE.



Vol:2.

\* Instead of F &amp; G, voices of limited compass may sing B &amp; E.



23.

## FOR THE SAKE OF GOLD.

Koz:

ANDANTE.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE.' The score consists of eight systems of music. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system continues the instrumental. The third system begins with the vocal melody, with the lyrics 'For the sake of gold she's left me O, And of all that's dear be- left me O, She me forsook for'. The fourth system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'Athol's Duke, And to endless woe she's left me O, A Star and Garter have more art Than'. The fifth system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'youth, a true and faithful heart For empty ti- tles we must part For glittering shew she's'. The sixth system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'left me O,'. The seventh system continues the vocal melody. The eighth system is the final instrumental section, marked 'Vol: 2.' at the bottom left.

For the sake of gold she's left me O, And of all that's dear be- left me O, She me forsook for

Athol's Duke, And to endless woe she's left me O, A Star and Garter have more art Than

youth, a true and faithful heart For empty ti- tles we must part For glittering shew she's

left me O,

Vol: 2.



# FOR THE SAKE OF GOLD.

These Verses are said to have been written by the late Dr AUSTIN, physician in Edinburgh, upon losing the lady to whom he had paid his addresses,—Miss DRUMMOND of Megginch; who was first married to the Duke of ATHOL, and afterwards to Lord ADAM GORDON. An old lady of the Editor's acquaintance recollects a line of a song upon this celebrated beauty, "Bonnie Jeanie Drummond, she tow'rs aboon them a'."

FOR the sake of gold she's left me,  
And of all that's dear bereft me;  
She me forsook for Athol's duke,  
And to endless woe she's left me.  
A star and a garter have more art,  
Than youth, a true and faithful heart;  
For empty titles we must part;  
For glittering show she's left me.

No cruel fair shall ever move  
My injured heart again to love;  
Thro' distant climates I must rove,  
Since Jeany she has left me.  
Ye Powers above, I to your care  
Resign my faithless lovely fair;  
Your choicest blessings be her share,  
Tho' she has ever left me.



## JOHN COME KISS ME NOW.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY THOMSON.

If those who live in shepherd's bower,  
 Press not the rich and stately bed ;  
 The new mown hay and breathing flower  
 A softer couch beneath them spread.  
 If those who sit at shepherd's board,  
 Soothe not their taste by wanton art ;  
 They take what Nature's gifts afford,  
 And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,  
 No high and sparkling wines can boast ;  
 With wholesome cups they cheer the soul  
 And crown them with the village-toast.  
 If those who join in shepherd's sport,  
 Gay dancing on the daizied ground,  
 Have not the splendour of a court,  
 Yet Love adorns the merry round.

## SONG FOR THE SAME AIR,

BY BURNS.

In simmer when the hay was mawn,  
 And corn wav'd green in ilka field,  
 While clover blooms white o'er the lea,  
 And roses blaw in ilka bield ;  
 Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel,  
 Says " I'll be wed, came o't what will !"  
 Out spak' a dame in wrinkled eild,  
 ' Of gude advisement comes nae ill.

' It's ye hae woovers mony ane,  
 ' And lassie ye're but young, ye ken ;  
 ' Then wait a wee, and cannie wale  
 ' A routhie butt, a routhie ben :  
 ' There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,  
 ' Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre ;  
 ' Tak' this frae me, my bonnie hen,  
 ' It's plenty beets the lover's fire.'

" For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,  
 " I dinna care a single flie ;  
 " He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,  
 " He has nae love to spare for me :  
 " But blythe 's the blink o' Robie's e'e,  
 " And weel I wat he lo'es me dear ;  
 " Ae blink o' him I wadna gie  
 " For Buskie-glen and a' his gear."

' Oh ! thoughtless lassie, life's a feght,  
 ' The canniest gate, the strife is sair ;  
 ' But ay fu' han't is feghtin best,  
 ' A hungry care 's an unco care ;  
 ' But some will spend, and some will spare,  
 ' And wilfu' fouk maun hae their will ;  
 ' Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,  
 ' Keep mind that ye maun drink the ale !'

" O gear will buy me rigs o' land,  
 " And gear will buy me sheep and kye ;  
 " But the tender heart o' leesome love,  
 " The gowd and siller canna buy :  
 " We may be poor, my Rob and I,  
 " Light is the burden love lays on :  
 " Content and love bring peace and joy,  
 " What mair hae queens upon a throne ?"



ALLEGRETTO.

*p* *f*

If those who live in Shepherd's bow'r Press not the rich and state-ly bed The  
new mown hay and breathing flow'r A softer couch beneath them spread.  
If those who sit at Shepherd's board Soothe not their taste by wanton art They  
take what Nature's gifts afford And take it with a cheerful heart.

*p*



ANDANTINO  
QUASI  
ALLEGRETTO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with an instrumental introduction in G major, 4/4 time, marked 'ANDANTINO QUASI ALLEGRETTO.'. The introduction consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The second system continues the piano accompaniment, marked with a forte dynamic (fz). The vocal melody enters in the third system, with the lyrics 'JOHN AN-DE-RSON my Jo JOHN, When we were first ac-quaint; Your'. The piano accompaniment continues with the lyrics. The fourth system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'locks were like the ra-ven, Your bonnie brow was brent.'. The fifth system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'But now your brow is bald JOHN, Your locks are like the snow; Yet'. The sixth system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'bless-ings on your fros-ty pow, JOHN ANDERSON my Jo.'. The seventh system concludes the piece with a final piano accompaniment marked with a forte dynamic (fz).

JOHN AN-DE-RSON my Jo JOHN, When we were first ac-quaint; Your

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

But now your brow is bald JOHN, Your locks are like the snow; Yet

bless-ings on your fros-ty pow, JOHN ANDERSON my Jo.



## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

BY BURNS.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John, when we were first acquaint,  
 Your locks were like the raven, your bonny brow was brent;  
 But now your brow is bald, John, your locks are like the snow,  
 Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, we clamb the hill thegither,  
 And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither;  
 Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go,  
 And sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my jo.

## ANOTHER SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

How cruel are the parents who riches only prize,  
 And to the wealthy booby poor woman sacrifice:  
 Meanwhile the hapless daughter has but a choice of strife,  
 To shun a tyrant father's hate, become a wretched wife!

The rav'ning hawk pursuing, the trembling dove thus flies,  
 To shun impelling ruin a while her pinions tries;  
 'Till of escape despairing, no shelter or retreat,  
 She trusts the ruthless falconer, and drops beneath his feet.



## THE LOTHIAN LASSIE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

LAST May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,  
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me;  
 I said there was naething I hated like men,  
 The deuce gae wi' him to believe me, believe me,  
 The deuce gae wi' him to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonny black een,  
 And vow'd for my love he was dying;  
 I said he might die when he liked for Jean:  
 The Lord forgi'e me for lying, for lying,  
 The Lord forgi'e me for lying!

A weel stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird,  
 And marriage aff hand, were his proffers:  
 I never loot on that I ken'd it, or cared,  
 But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,  
 But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wou'd ye think? in a fortnight, or less,  
 The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her!  
 He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,  
 Guess ye how, the jade! I could bear her, could bear her,  
 Guess ye how, the jade! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care,  
 I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock;  
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,  
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,  
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

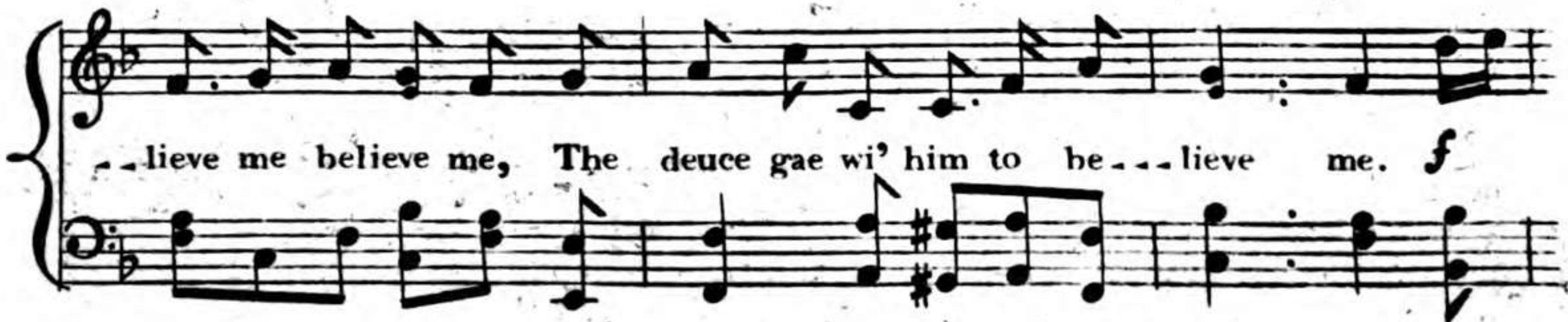
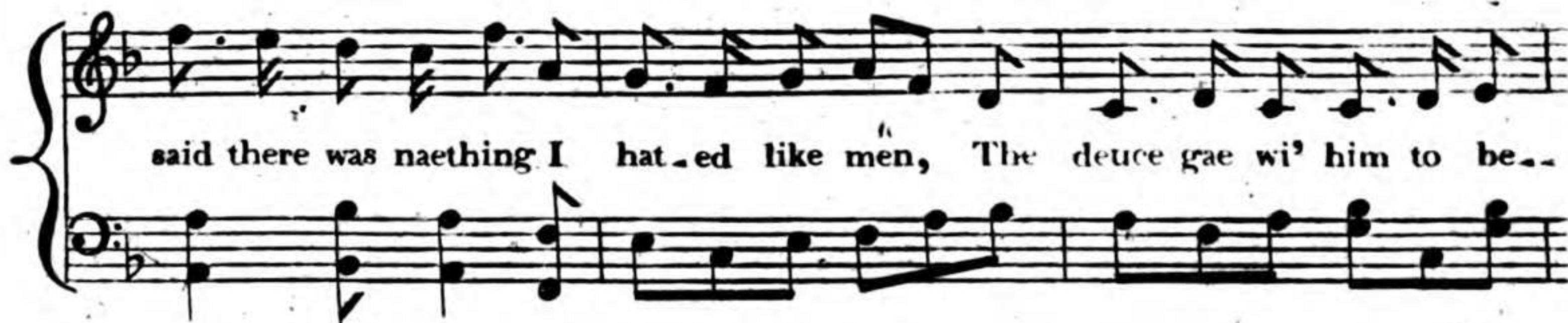
But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,  
 Lest neebours might say I was saucy:  
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,  
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,  
 If she had recovered her hearing;  
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet;  
 But heavens! how he fell a-swearing, a swearing,  
 But heavens, how he fell a-swearing.

He begged for gude-sake! I wad be his wife,  
 Or else I wou'd kill him wi' sorrow:  
 So, e'en to preserve the poor body in life,  
 I think I maun wed him—to-morrow, to-morrow,  
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.



VIVACE.





*GRAZIOSO.*

*mf*

O LOGIE o' BUCHAN, O LOGIE the Laird, They've taen a--wa

O LOGIE o' BUCHAN, O LOGIE the Laird, They've taen a--wa

JAMIE that delv'd in the yard! Wha play'd on the pipe and the

JAMIE that delv'd in the yard! Wha play'd on the pipe and the

vi-ol sae sma' They've taen a--wa JAMIE the flow'r o' them a'.

vi-ol sae sma' They've taen a--wa JAMIE the flow'r o' them a'.

He said think na lang lassie tho' I gang a--wa For I'll come and

He said think na lang lassie tho' I gang a--wa For I'll come and

see thee in spite of them a'.

see thee in spite of them a'. *mf*

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## LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

O LOGIE o' Buchan, O Logie the Laird,  
 They hae ta'en away Jamie that delv'd in the yard,  
 Wha play'd on the pipe, wi' the viol sae sma' ;  
 They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a' !  
 He said, think nae lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa',  
 For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye,  
 A house and a haddin, and siller forby ;  
 But I'd tak' my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,  
 Before I'd ha'e him wi' his houses and land.  
 He said, think nae lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa',  
 For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour,  
 They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor ;  
 Tho' I like them as weel as a daughter should do,  
 They're nae half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.  
 He said, think nae lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa',  
 For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

I sit on my creepie and spin at my wheel,  
 And think on the laddie that likes me sae weel ;  
 He had but ae saxpence, he brake it in twa,  
 And he gi'ed me the half o't when he gaed awa'.  
 But simmer is coming, cauld winter 's awa',  
 And he'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.



## DUNCAN GRAY.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

DUNCAN GRAY came here to woo,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
 On new-year's night, when we were fu',  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,  
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,  
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,\*  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Duncan sigh'd, baith out and in,  
 Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',  
 Spake o' loup'ing o'er a linn,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

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

How it comes, let Doctors tell,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Meg grew sick,—as he grew heal,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Something in her bosom wrings,  
 For relief a sigh she brings;  
 And oh! her een they spake such things!  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

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

\* A great insulated Rock to the south of the Island of Arran.

## SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

LET not woman e'er complain  
 Of inconstancy in love;  
 Let not woman e'er complain,  
 Fickle man is apt to rove:  
 Look abroad through Nature's range,  
 Nature's mighty law is change;  
 Ladies, would it not be strange  
 Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies;  
 Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow;  
 Sun and moon but set to rise;  
 Round and round the seasons go:  
 Why then ask of silly Man  
 To oppose great Nature's plan?  
 We'll be constant while we can—  
 You can be no more, you know.



ALLEGRETTO.

A musical score for a piano piece. The title 'The Rose Tree' is written in a decorative, cursive font at the top. Below the title, the key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melody with various note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lower staff is in bass clef and features a continuous, rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. A large, ornate brace on the left side groups the two staves together. The music concludes with a double bar line and a fermata over the final notes.

A musical score for a piano piece. The title 'The Rose Tree' is written in a decorative, cursive font at the top. Below the title, the key signature is indicated as two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The score consists of two staves, treble and bass, connected by a brace on the left. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Duncan Gray came here to woo, Ha ha the wooing o't On

new year's night when we were fou, Ha ha the wooing o't.

Maggie coost her head fu' high, Look'd asklent and un-co skiegh

Gart poor Dun-can stand a-biegh Ha ha the wooing o't.

A handwritten musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in 2/4 time. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The handwriting is in ink on aged paper.



29.

## FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

Haydn.

DUET.

With new Verses.

**ANDANTINO  
GRAZIOSO.**

O Nancy wilt thou  
O Nancy wilt thou

leave the town And go with me where Nature dwells I'll lead thee to a  
leave the town And go with me where Nature dwells I'll lead thee to a

fairer scene than painter feigns or poet tells. In spring I'll place the  
fairer scene than painter feigns or poet tells. In spring I'll place the

snow drop fair U - pon thy fair - er sweeter breast With love - ly ro - ses  
snow drop fair U - pon thy fair - er sweeter breast With love - ly ro - ses

round thy head At summer eve shalt thou be drest.  
round thy head At summer eve shalt thou be drest.

Vol: 2.



## FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY JOHN RICHARDSON, ESQ.

O NANCY wilt thou leave the town,  
 And go with me where Nature dwells;  
 I'll lead thee to a fairer scene  
 Than painter feigns, or poet tells.  
 In spring, I'll place the snow-drop fair  
 Upon thy fairer, sweeter breast;  
 With lovely roses round thy head  
 At summer eve shalt thou be drest.

In autumn when the rustling leaf  
 Shall warn us of the parting year,  
 I'll lead thee to yon woody glen,  
 The redbreast's ev'ning song to hear.  
 And when the winter's dreary night  
 Forbids us leave our shelter'd cot,  
 Then in the treasure of thy mind  
 Shall Nature's charms be all forgot.



## THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

O THIS is no my ain lassie,  
 Fair tho' the lassie be :  
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,  
 Kind love is in her e'e.  
 I see a form, I see a face,  
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place,—  
 It wants to me the witching grace,  
 The kind love that 's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,  
 Fair tho' the lassie be ;  
 Weel ken I my ain lassie,  
 Kind love is in her e'e.  
 She's bonny, blooming, straight, and tall ;  
 And lang has had my heart in thrall,  
 And ay it charms my very saul,  
 The kind love that 's in her e'e.

O this no my ain lassie,  
 Fair tho' the lassie be ;  
 Weel ken I my ain lassie,  
 Kind love is in her e'e.  
 A thief sae pawky is my Jean  
 To steal a blink by a' unseen ;  
 But gleg as light are lovers e'en,  
 When kind love is in the e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,  
 Fair tho' the lassie be ;  
 Weel ken I my ain lassie,  
 Kind love is in her e'e.  
 It may escape the courtly sparks,  
 It may escape the learned clerks :  
 But weel the watching lover marks  
 The kind love that 's in her e'e.



30.

## THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

Koz:

VIVACE.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of seven systems of staves. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The subsequent systems contain vocal lines with lyrics. The music is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'VIVACE.' The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, time signatures, key signatures, and dynamic markings. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

O this is no my ain Lassie

Fair tho' the lassie be; O weel ken I my ain las - sie,

Kind love is in her e'e. I see a form, I see a face, Ye

weel may wi' the fairest place, It wants to me the witching grace The

kind love that's in her e'e.



31.

## FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Koz:

The words &amp; music here first united.

ALLEGRETTO.

Piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time. The music is marked *ALLEGRETTO*. It begins with a treble clef and a bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble, and the accompaniment is in the bass. The piece starts with a *p* (piano) dynamic and ends with a *f* (forte) dynamic.

Is there for honest po-ver-ty, That hangs his head and a' that, The

coward slave we pass him by, We dare be poor for a' that.

CHORUS.

2<sup>d</sup> For a' that and a' that, Our toils ob-scure and a' that; The  
1<sup>st</sup> For a' that and a' that, Our toils ob-scure and a' that; The

rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gow'd for a' that.  
rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gow'd for a' that. *f*

Vol: 2.

\* Such voices as cannot reach G, may sing E.



## FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

Is there for honest poverty  
 That hangs his head and a' that ?  
 The coward slave we pass him by,  
 We dare be poor for a' that !  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Our toils obscure, and a' that,  
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
 The man's the gowd for a' that. *For a' that, &c.*  
 What though on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hoddin grey, and a' that,  
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
 A man's a man for a' that :  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their tinsel shew, and a' that,  
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,  
 Is king o' men, for a' that. *For a' that, &c.*  
 Ye see yon birkie ca'd a Lord,  
 Wha struts and stares, and a' that ;  
 Though hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a coof for a' that :  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 His ribband, star, and a' that,  
 The man of independent mind,  
 He looks and laughs at a' that. *For a' that, &c.*  
 A prince can make a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, and a' that,  
 But an honest man's aboon his might,  
 Gude faith he maunna fa' that !  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their dignities and a' that ;  
 The pith of sense and pride of worth,  
 Are higher rank than a' that. *For a' that, &c.*  
 Then let us pray, that come it may,  
 As come it will for a' that,  
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
 May bear the gree, and a' that !  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 It's coming yet for a' that,  
 That man to man, the world o'er,  
 Shall brothers be for a' that. *For a' that, &c.*



## HE'S DEAR TO ME THO' FAR FRAE ME.

THE SONG WRITTEN BY

*BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.*

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY EXPRESS PERMISSION.

~~~~~

O HUSH thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose:
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

O hush thee, my baby, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

DUET.

2d. O hush thee my ba-bie, Thy sire was a knight; Thy

1st. O hush thee my ba-bie, Thy sire was a knight; Thy

mo-ther a la-dy, Both love-ly and bright, The woods and the glens from the

mo-ther a la-dy, Both love-ly and bright, The woods and the glens from the

towers which we see, They all are be-long-ing dear ba-bie to thee.

towers which we see, They all are be-long-ing dear ba-bie to thee.



The orig! Air with Burns's Verses.

ALLEGRO.
ALLEGRETTO.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of eight systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRO' and 'ALLEGRETTO'. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words hyphenated across lines. The piece ends with a double bar line.

O wat ye wha's in yon town Ye see the ev'n'ing sun upon The
fair-est maid's in yon town That ev'n-ing sun is shin-ing on.
Now hap-ly down yon gay green shaw, She wanders by yon spreading tree, How
blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw, Ye catch the glances of her e'e! How
blest ye birds that round her sing, And wel-come in the blooming year, And
dou-bly wel-come be the spring, The sea-son to my Lu-cy dear.

WE'LL GANG NAE MAIR TO YON TOWN.

WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

O WAT ye wha's in yon town,
 Ye see the ev'ning sun upon ?
 The fairest maid's in yon town
 That ev'ning sun is shining on.
 Now, haply down yon gay green shaw,
 She wanders by yon spreading tree ;
 How blest, ye flowers, that round her blaw,
 Ye catch the glances of her e'e !
 How blest, ye birds that round her sing,
 And welcome in the blooming year,
 And doubly welcome be the spring,
 The season to my Lucy dear !

The sun blinks blythe on yon town,
 And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr ;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest joy, is Lucy fair.
 Without my Love, not a' the charms
 Of Paradise could yield me joy ;
 But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky !
 My cave would be a lover's bower,
 Though raging winter rent the air ;
 And she a lovely little flower
 That I would tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
 Yon sinking sun's gane down upon ;
 A fairer than's in yon town,
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.
 If angry fate is sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear,
 I careless quit aught else below,
 But spare me, spare me, Lucy dear !
 And while life's dearest blood is warm,
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart ;
 For she, as fairest is her form,
 She has the truest, kindest heart !

The Heroine of the above song, Mrs OSWALD of Auchincruive, formerly Miss Lucy JOHNSTONE, died in the prime of life at Lisbon. This most accomplished and most lovely woman was worthy of this beautiful strain of sensibility, which will convey some impression of her attractions to after generations. The Poet, in his first fervour, thought of sending his song to the Heroine ; but gave up the idea, because, said he, in a letter to Mr SYME, "perhaps what I offer as the honest incense of genuine respect, might, from the well known character of poverty and poetry, be construed into some modification of that servility which my soul abhors."

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

My daddy is a canker'd carle,
 He'll nae twine wi' his gear;
 My minny she's a scolding wife,
 Hads a' the house a-steer:
 But let them say, or let them do,
 It's a' ane to me;
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 That's waiting on me.
 Waiting on me, my love,
 He's waiting on me;
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 That's waiting on me.

My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,
 And sair she lightlies me;
 But weel ken I it's a' envy,
 For ne'er a jo has she.
 But let them, &c.

My Cousin Kate was sair beguil'd
 Wi' Johny i' the glen;
 And ay sinsyne she cries, "Beware
 "Of false deluding men."
 But let them, &c.

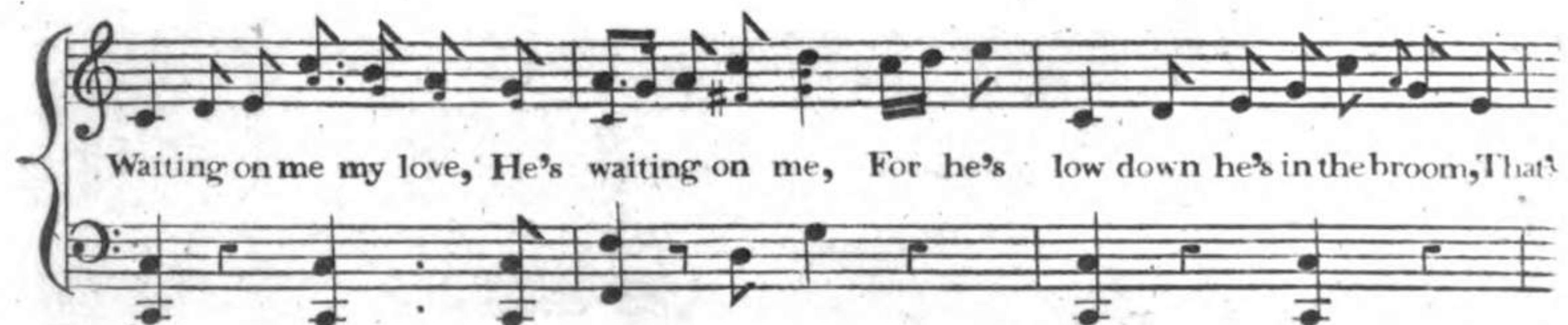
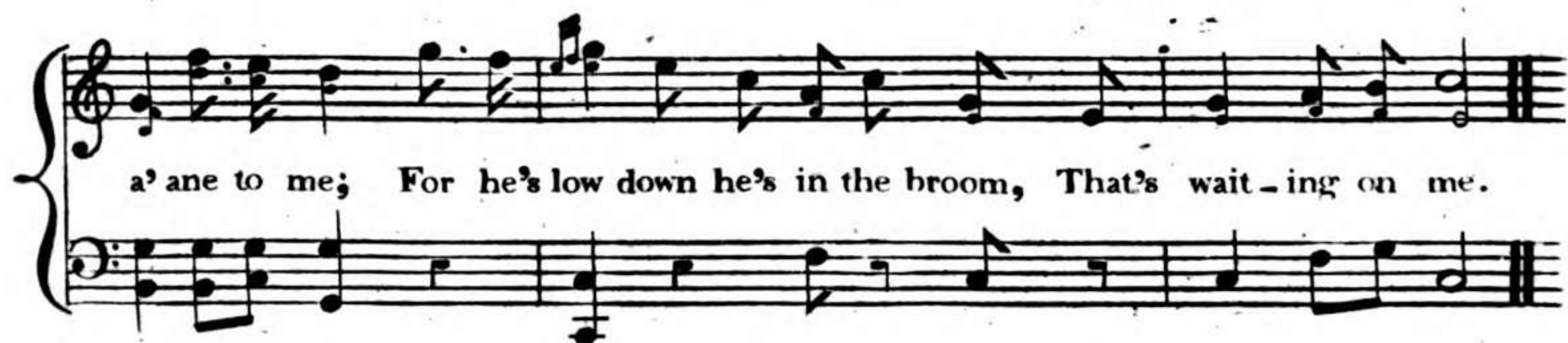
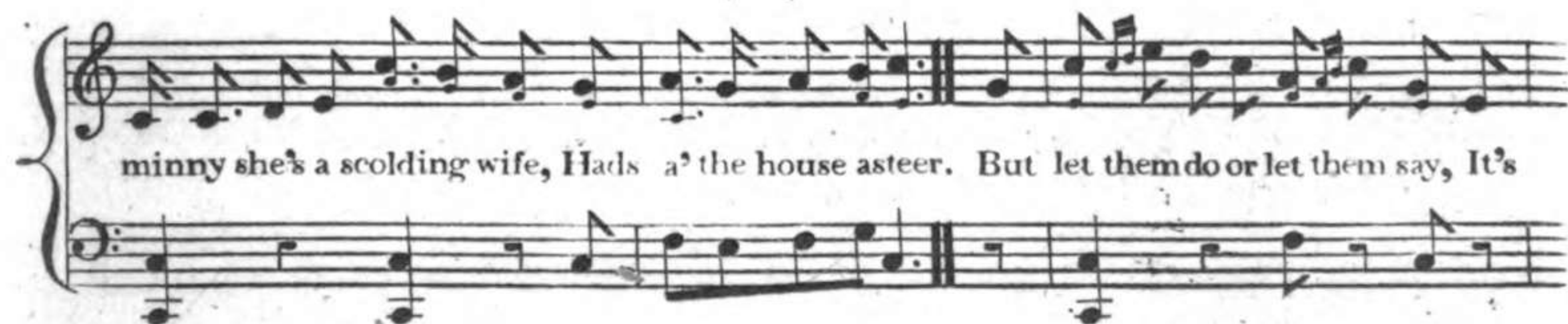
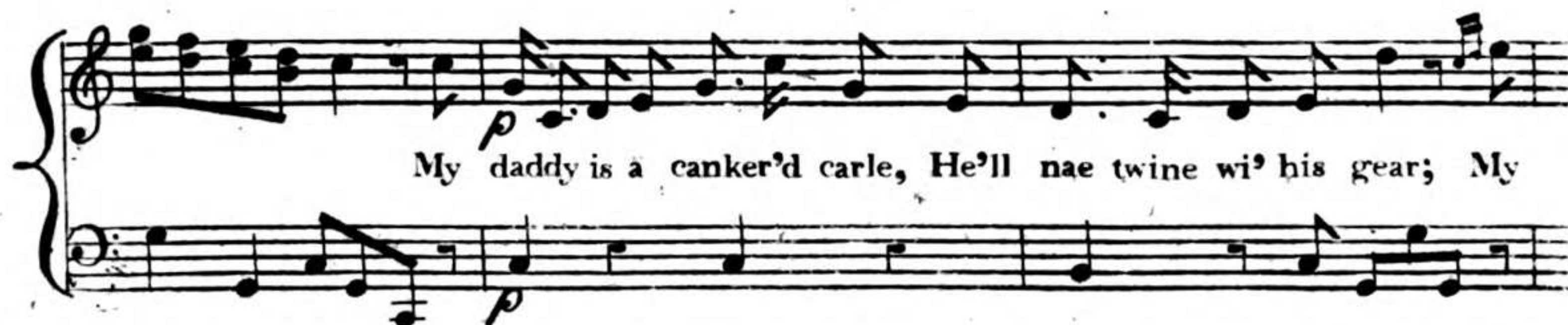
Gleed Sandy he came west ae night,
 And speir'd when I saw Pate;
 And ay sinsyne the neighbours round
 They jeer me ear' and late.
 But let them, &c.

34.

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

Plevel.

ANDANTINO.



ALLEGRETTO.

Cauld blaws the wind from north to south The
 drift is driv--ing sair--ly The sheep are cour--ing
 in the heugh O Sirs 'tis win--ter fair--ly.
 Now up in the morning's no for me Up in the morn--ing
 ear--ly I'd ra--ther gae supperless to my bed Than
 rise in the morning ear--ly. *fz*

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UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Part of the following first Stanza was taken from an old song: The other Stanzas were written

BY JOHN HAMILTON.

CAULD blaws the wind frae north to south,
The drift is driving sairly,
The sheep are couring in the heugh,
O! Sirs, 'tis winter fairly.
Now up in the morning 's no for me,
Up in the morning early,
I'd rather gae supperless to my bed,
Than rise in the morning early.

Loud roars the blast amang the woods,
And tirls the branches barely,
On hill and house hear how it thuds—
The frost is nipping sairly.
Now up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early,
To sit a' night wou'd better agree,
Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps o'er yon southlan' hills,
Like ony timorous carlie,
Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,
And that we find severely.

Now up in the morning 's no for me,
Up in the morning early,
When snaw blaws in to the chimly cheek,
Wha'd rise in the morning early?

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush,
Poor things! they suffer sairly,
In cauldife quarters a' the night,
A' day they feed but sparely.
Now up in the morning 's no for me,
Up in the morning early,
A pennyless purse I wou'd rather dree,
Than rise in the morning early.

A cosey house and canty wife
Ay keep a body cheerly,
And pantries stowd wi' meal and maut,
They answer unco rarely.
But up in the morning, na, na, na!
Up in the morning early,
The gowans maun glent on bank and brae,
When I rise in the morning early.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

BY BURNS.

AND O for ane and twenty, Tam!
And hey, sweet ane and twenty,
I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,
Gin I saw ane and twenty.
They snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie,
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
And then comes ane and twenty.

And O for ane and twenty, Tam!
And hey, sweet ane and twenty,
I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,
Gin I saw ane and twenty.

A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie,
At kith or kin I need na speir,
Gin I saw ane and twenty.

And O for ane and twenty, Tam!
And hey, sweet ane and twenty,
I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,
Gin I saw ane and twenty.
They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof.
Tho' I mysel' ha'e plenty;
But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane and twenty!

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S
AWA'.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

Miss LEWARS, now Mrs THOMSON, of Dumfries, is the JESSY of this singularly beautiful song: She was a true friend and a great favourite of the Poet; and, at his death, one of the most sympathizing friends of his afflicted widow.

HERE's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy.
Altho' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside--Jessy.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy.
I mourn through the gay gaudy day,
As hopeless I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock'd in thy arms—Jessy.

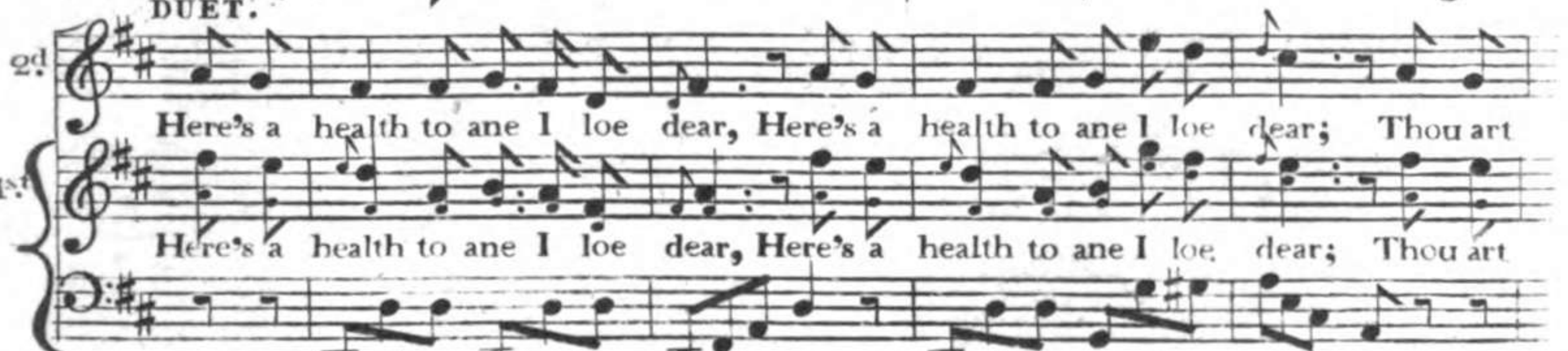
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy.
I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e:—
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst Fortune's stern, cruel decree!

36. HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWAY. Koz:

GRAZIOSO.



DUET.



Here's a health to ane I loe dear, Here's a health to ane I loe dear; Thou art

Here's a health to ane I loe dear, Here's a health to ane I loe dear; Thou art

sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, And soft as their parting tear-- JESSY.

sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, And soft as their parting tear-- JESSY.

Al--tho' thou maun never be mine, Al--tho' even hope is de--nied; 'Tis

Al--tho' thou maun never be mine, Al--tho' even hope is de--nied; 'Tis

sweeter for thee des--pair--ing, Than aught in the world be--side JESSY.


sweeter for thee des--pair--ing, Than aught in the world be--side JESSY.

ANDANTINO
QUASI
ALLEGRETTO.



DUET. Tenor Voice.
2d
1st
Soprano.

Wilt thou be my dearie, When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart; O wilt thou let me



cheer thee, By the treasure of my soul; That's the love I bear thee, I

cheer thee, By the treasure of my soul; That's the love I bear thee, I



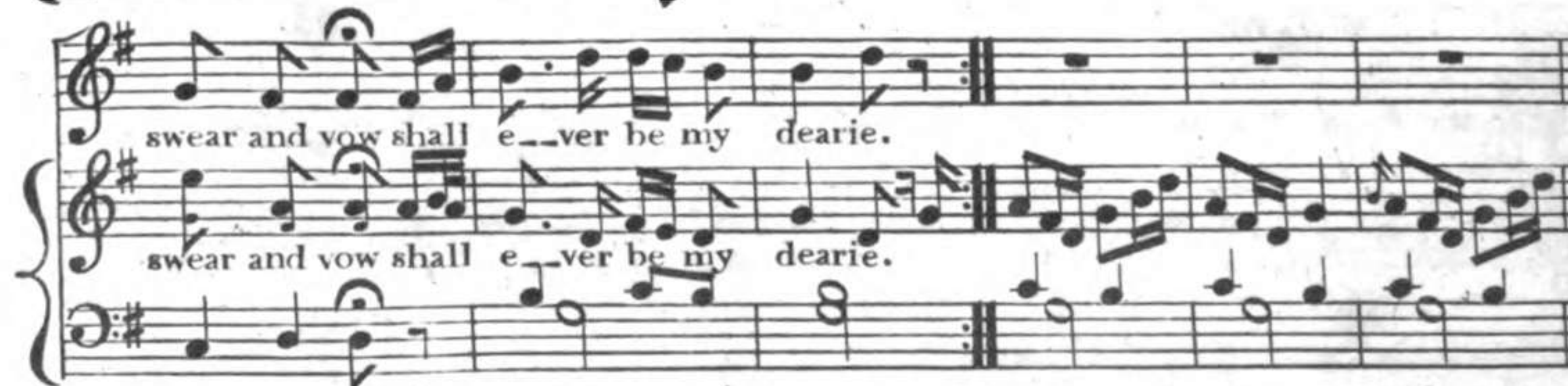
swear and vow, that on-ly thou shall ever be my dearie, On-ly thou I

swear and vow, that on-ly thou shall ever be my dearie, On-ly thou I



swear and vow shall e-ver be my dearie.

swear and vow shall e-ver be my dearie.



THE SOUTER'S DOUGHTER.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

WILT thou be my dearie ?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
O wilt thou let me cheer thee ?
By the treasure of my soul,
That 's the love I bear thee !
I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie :
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me ;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Sayna thou'lt refuse me.
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me ;
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me :
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me !

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine,
But O they're vain and idly gaudy;
How much unlike the graceful mien,
And manly looks of my Highland laddie.

The brawest beau in burrow' town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him is but a clown;
He's finer far in 's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

*O my bonny Highland laddie,
My handsome charming Highland laddie;
May heaven still guard, and love reward,
Our Lawland lass and her Highland laddie.*

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland kin and daddy;
Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

* * * * *

If I were free at will to choose,
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
I'd tak' young Donald in his trews,
With bonnet blue and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While heaven preserves my Highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

AH! sure a pair was never seen
So justly form'd to meet by nature!
The youth excelling so in mien,
The maid in ev'ry graceful feature!
O how happy are such lovers,
When kindred beauties each discovers!
For surely she was made for thee,
And thou to bless this charming creature!

So mild your looks, your children thence
Will early learn the task of duty;
The boys with all their father's sense,
The girls with all their mother's beauty!
O how charming to inherit
At once such graces and such spirit!
Thus while you live, may Fortune give
Each blessing equal to your merit.

ANDANTINO.

Dol:

DUET.

2d. The law-land lads are fine, But

1st. The lawland lads think they are fine, But

O they're vain and I-dly gaudy; unlike that graceful mien, And

O they're vain and I-dly gaudy; How much unlike that graceful mien, And

manly looks of my highland laddie, O my bonny highland laddie, My

manly looks of my highland laddie, O my bonny highland laddie, My

handsome charming highland laddie, May heaven still guard and love reward, Our

handsome charming highland laddie, May heaven still guard and love reward, Our

law-land lass and her highland laddie.

law-land lass and her highland laddie.

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39.

JINGLING JOHNIE.

Haydn.

ALLEGRETTO.

Al-lan stream I chanc'd to rove, While Phoebus sunk be-yond Ben-ledi; The
winds were whisp'ring through the grove, The yellow corn was wav-ing ready; I
lis-ten'd to a Lover's sang, And thought on youthful plea-sures many, And
ay the wild wood e-choes rang, O dear-ly do I love thee Annie.

Vol: 2.

JINGLING JOHNIE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

This pleasing Air, with the Symphonies and Accompaniments of HAYDN, was first published in the folio work of the Editor in 1817, instead of the Air called Allan water; because the latter was found to exceed the compass of most voices, and of course was very rarely sung.

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove
While Phœbus sunk beyond Benledi;*
The winds were whispering through the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready :
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthful pleasures many ;
And ay the wild wood echoes rang,
" O dearly do I lo'e thee, Annie."

O happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie ;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie !

Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said, " I'm thine for ever !"
While many a kiss the seal imprest,
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring 's the primrose brae,
The summer joy 's the flocks to follow ;
How cheery, thro' her shortening day,
Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow :
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure ;
Or through each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure.

* A Mountain west of Strathallan, upwards of 3000 Feet high.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN

BY ROBERT CRAWFORD, ESQ.

WHAT numbers shall the Muse repeat ?
What verse be found to praise my Annie ?
On her ten thousand graces wait ;
Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.
Since first she trod the happy plain,
She set each youthful heart on fire ;
Each nymph does to her swain complain,
That Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely darling, dearest care,
This new delight, this charming Annie,
Like summer's dawn, she 's fresh and fair,
When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
All day the am'rous youths convene,
Joyous they sport and play before her ;
All night, when she no more is seen,
In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came ;
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie ;
His rising sighs express his flame,
His words were few, his wishes many.
With smiles the lovely maid replied,
" Kind shepherd, why shou'd I deceive ye ?
" Alas ! your love must be denied,
" This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye ?
" Young Damon came, with Cupid's art,
" His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling ;
" He stole away my virgin-heart,—
" Cease, poor Amyntor, cease bewailing !
" Some brighter beauty you may find,
" On yonder plain the nymphs are many ;
" Then chuse some heart that 's unconfin'd,
" And leave to Damon his own Annie."

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

WRITTEN

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

The Editor having observed, that the second stanza of this admired Song, in its original form, is always pass'd over by the Singer, as exceptionable,—he has on that account here taken the liberty to alter a few of the lines. It is so desirable to prevent a standard old song from falling into neglect, that he hopes the critical reader will pardon the slight alteration.

THE last time I came o'er the muir,
 I left my Love behind me ;
 Ye powers, what pain do I endure,
 When soft ideas mind me !
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 In fit retreats for wooing.

We stray'd beside yon wandering stream,
 And talk'd with hearts o'erflowing ;
 Until the sun's last setting beam,
 Was in the ocean glowing.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me ;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me ;
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me ;
 Yet hopes again to see my Love,
 Unalter'd, true, and tender ;
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 Where'er I'm doom'd to wander.

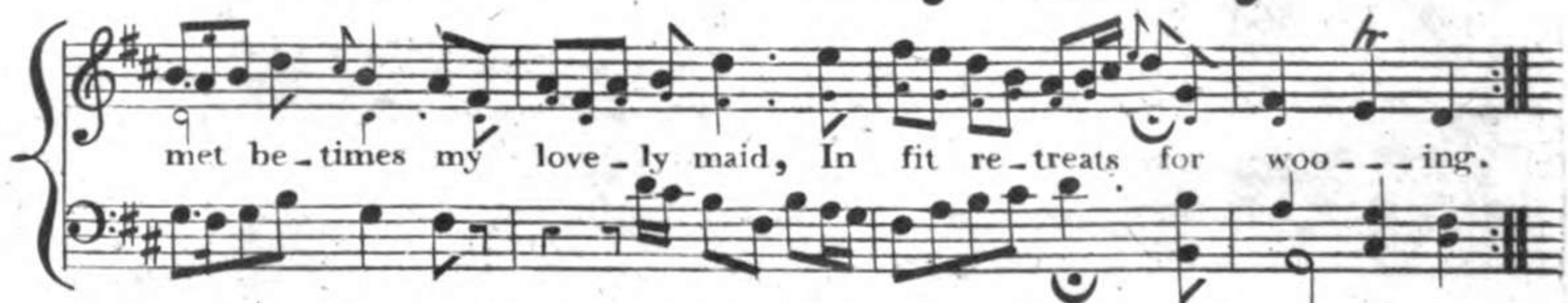
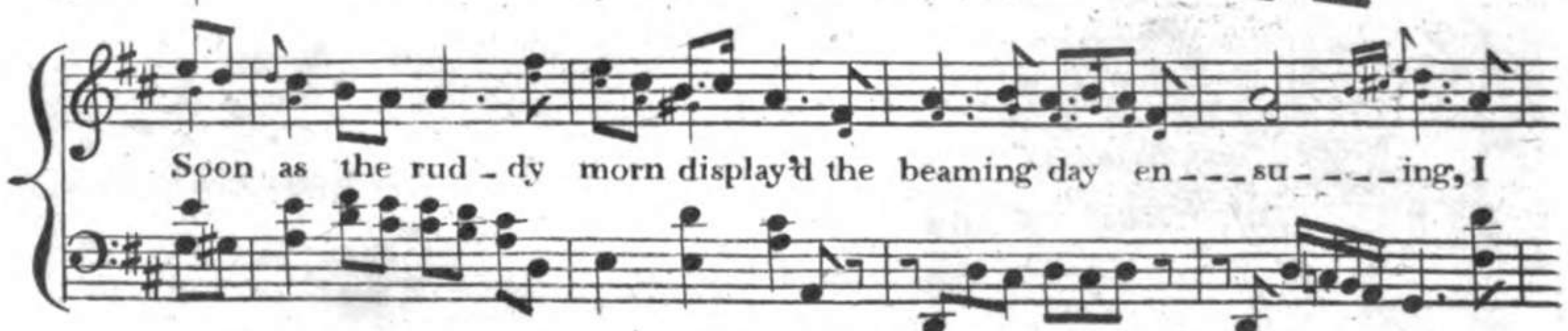
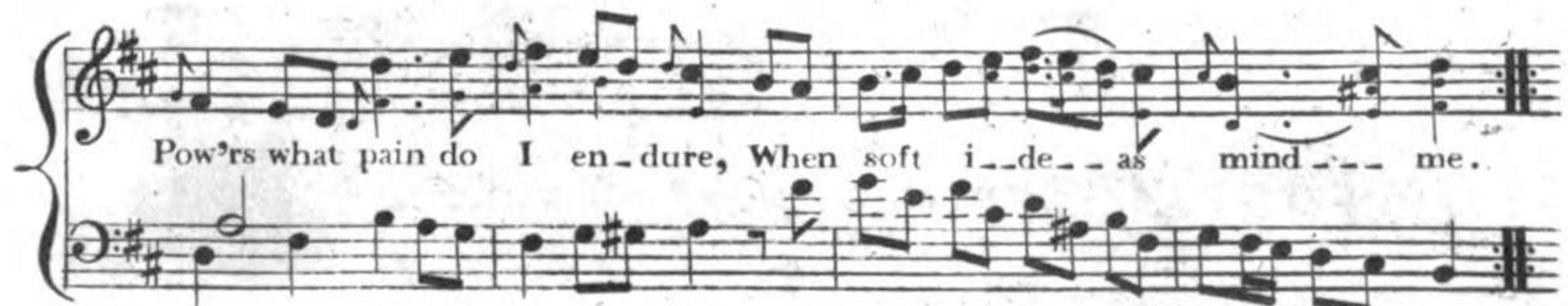
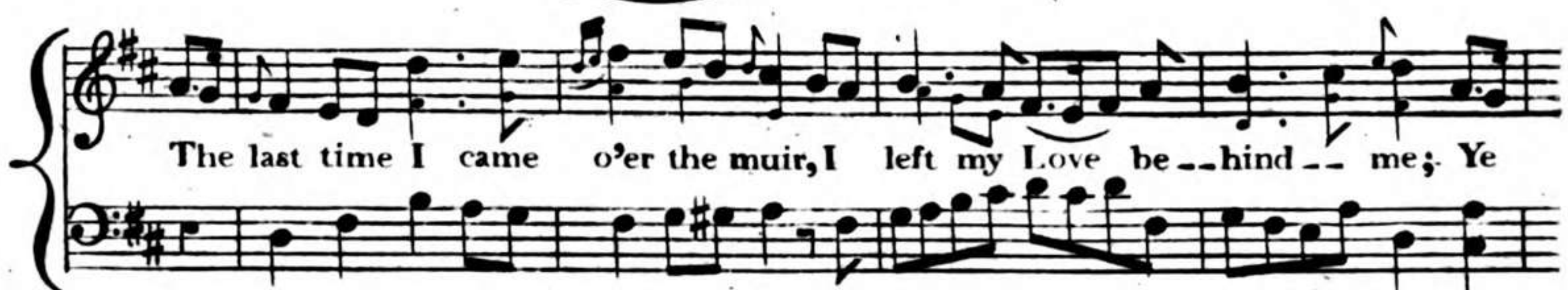
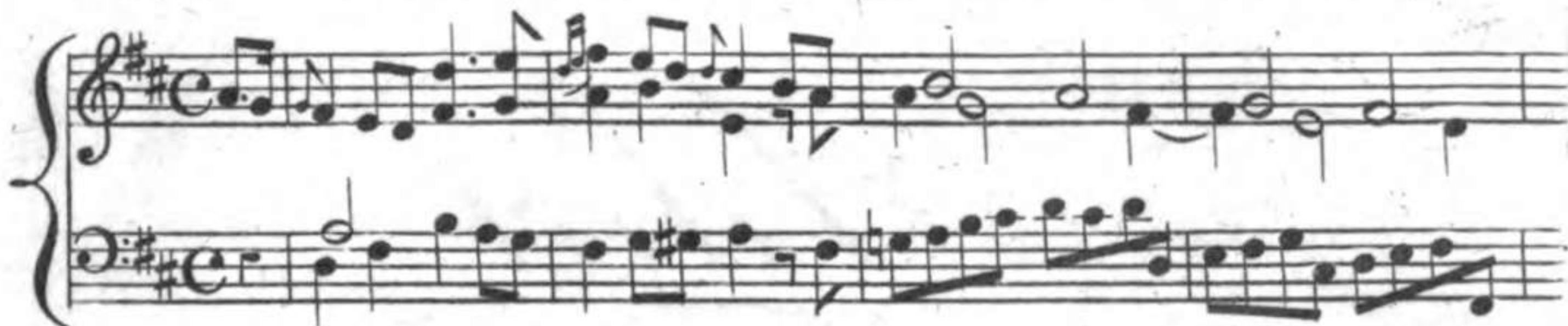
In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter ;
 Since she excels in every grace,
 In her my love shall center.
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
 She shall a lover find me ;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Though I left her behind me.
 Then Hymen's sacred bands shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom ;
 There, while my being doth remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

40.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR. Haydn.

LARGHETTO.



Select Irish & Welch MELODIES

THE HUMOURS OF GLEN.

Kor:

ANDANTINO.

Irish.

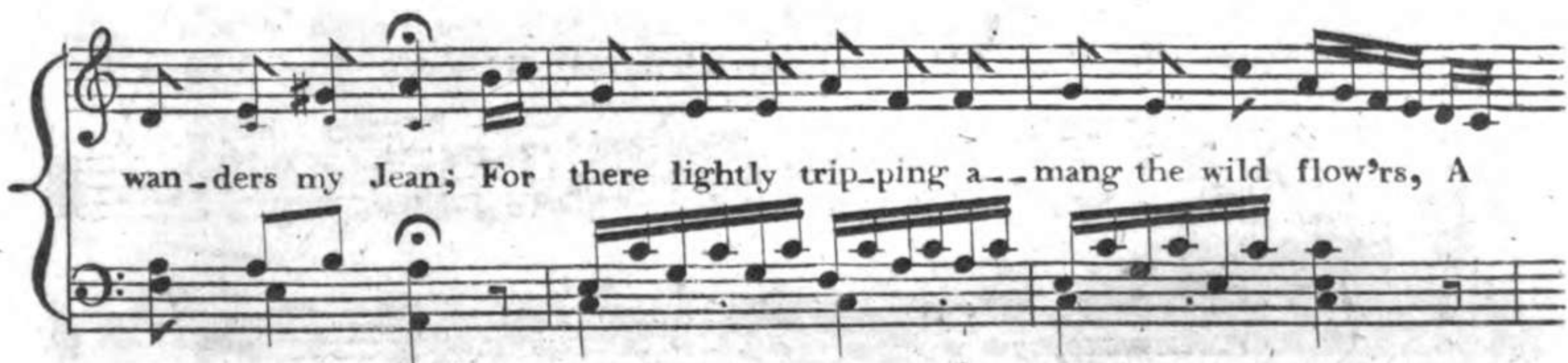
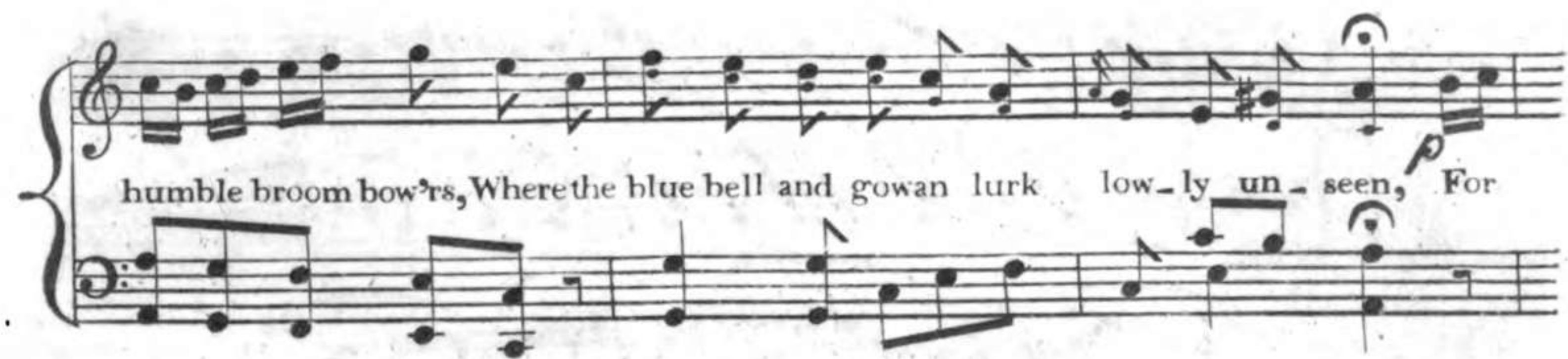
The musical score is written in 6/8 time and consists of four systems. Each system has a piano accompaniment on the left and a vocal line on the right. The piano part is written in treble and bass clefs, while the vocal part is in treble clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon, Where bright beaming Summers ex-

-alt the per-fume, Far dear-er to me yon lone glen o' green breckan, Wi'the

burn steal-ing un-der the lang yel-low broom, Far dear-er to me are yon

2^d 41.



2^d

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny vallies,
And could Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they. — The haunt of the Tyrant and Slave!
The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views with disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save Love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean.

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BURNS.

42.

COOLUN.

Kor:

Irish.

ANDANTE.

Now in her green man-tle blythe Na-ture ar-rays---, And
lis-tens the lamb-kins that bleat o'er the braes;
While birds war-ble wel-comes in il-ka green shaw---, To
me it's de-light-less my Na-nie's a-wa.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of seven systems of music. Each system has a piano part (left hand) and a vocal part (right hand). The piano part is written in treble and bass clefs, and the vocal part is written in treble clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE.' and the style is 'Irish.' The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano). The lyrics are: 'Now in her green man-tle blythe Na-ture ar-rays---, And lis-tens the lamb-kins that bleat o'er the braes; While birds war-ble wel-comes in il-ka green shaw---, To me it's de-light-less my Na-nie's a-wa.'

Vol: 2.

COOLUN.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
 While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw;
 But to me it 's delightless—my Nanie's awa'.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
 And violets bathe in the weet of the morn;
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
 They mind me o' Nanie—and Nanie's awa'.

Thou lavrock that starts frae the dewes of the lawn,
 The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn;
 And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
 Give over, for pity—my Nanie's awa'!

Come autumn sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay;
 The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
 Alone can delight me—now Nanie's awa'!

GARYONE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY MR T. TOMS.

FROM Garyone, my happy home,
 Full many a weary mile I've come,
 To sound of fife and beat of drum,
 And more shall see it never.
 'Twas there I turn'd my wheel so gay,
 Could laugh, and dance, and sing, and play,
 And wear the circling hours away,
 In mirth or peace for ever.

But Harry came, a blythsome boy,
 He told me I was all his joy,
 That love was sweet, and ne'er could cloy,
 And he would leave me never :
 His coat was scarlet, tipp'd with blue,
 With gay cockade and feather too,
 A comely lad he was to view ;
 And won my heart for ever.

My mother cried, Dear Rosa, stay,
 Ah ! do not from your parents stray ;
 My father sigh'd, and nought would say,
 For he could chide me never :
 Yet, cruel, I farewell could take,
 I left them for my sweetheart's sake,
 And came,—'twas near my heart to break—
 From Garyone for ever.

But poverty is hard to bear,
 And love is but a summer's wear,
 And men deceive us when they swear
 They'll love and leave us never :
 Now sad I wander through the day,
 No more I laugh, or dance, or play,
 But mourn the hour I came away
 From Garyone for ever.

43.

GARYONE.

Beethoven.

Irish.

MODERATO
CON

ESPRESSIONE.

Dol:

From Ga--ry--one my hap-py home, Full

ma-ny a wea--ry mile I've come; To sound of fife and beat of drum, And

more shall see it ne-ver, 'Twas there I turn'd my wheel so gay, Could

laugh and dance and sing and play; And wear the circling hours a--way, In

mirth or peace for e-ver.

Cres:

p

Vol: 2.

Irish.

ANDANTO
ESPRESSIVO.

The small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning, The murmuring streamlet winds
 clear thro' the vale, The prim-roses blow in the dews of the morning, And
 wild scatter'd cowslips be-deck the green dale. But what can give plea-sure or
 what can seem fair, When the lingering moments are num-ber'd wi' care, Nor
 birds sweetly singing nor flow'rs gayly springing, Can soothethe sad bosom of
 joy-less des-pair.

CAPTAIN O'KAIN.

THE SONG FROM A MANUSCRIPT OF
BURNS.

These admirable Stanzas are supposed to be spoken by the young Prince Charles Edward, when wandering in the Highlands of Scotland, after his fatal Defeat at Culloden.

THE small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale,
The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale.
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care?
Nor birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gaily springing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice?
A king and a father to place on his throne!
His right are these hills, and his right are these vallies,
Where wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find none!
But 'tis not *my* sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,
My brave gallant friends, 'tis *your* ruin I mourn;
Your faith proved so loyal, in hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make it no better return!

SONG TO THE SAME AIR,

WRITTEN BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION.

ALONE to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube,
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er;
'O whither,' she cried, 'hast thou wander'd my lover,
'Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?
'What voice did I hear! 'twas my Henry that sigh'd,'
All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd afar,
When bleeding and low on the heath she descried,
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded hussar.

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar,
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war:
How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
"Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful night,
"To cheer the lone heart of your wounded hussar."

'Thou shalt live,' she replied, 'Heaven's mercy relieving
'Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn!'
"Ah no! the last pang in my bosom is heaving,
"No light of the morn shall to Henry return;
"Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true!
"Ye babes of my love, that await me afar—"
His falt'ring tongue scarce could murmur adieu,
When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded hussar!

SAVOURNA DEELISH.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill :
 For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate ! said the heart-broken stranger,
 The wild-deer and wolf to a covert can flee ;
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
 A home and a country remain not to me.
 Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
 Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh !

Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;
 But alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more !
 Oh cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me !
 Never again, shall my brothers embrace me ?
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore !

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood ?
 Sisters and sire ! did ye weep for its fall ?
 Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood ?
 And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all ?
 Oh ! my sad heart ! long abandon'd by pleasure,
 Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure ?
 Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure ;
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recal.

Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw :
 Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing !
 Land of my forefathers ! Erin go bragh !
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
 Green be thy fields—sweetest isle of the ocean !
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion—
 Erin mavournin !—Erin go bragh !*

* Ireland my darling—Ireland for ever.

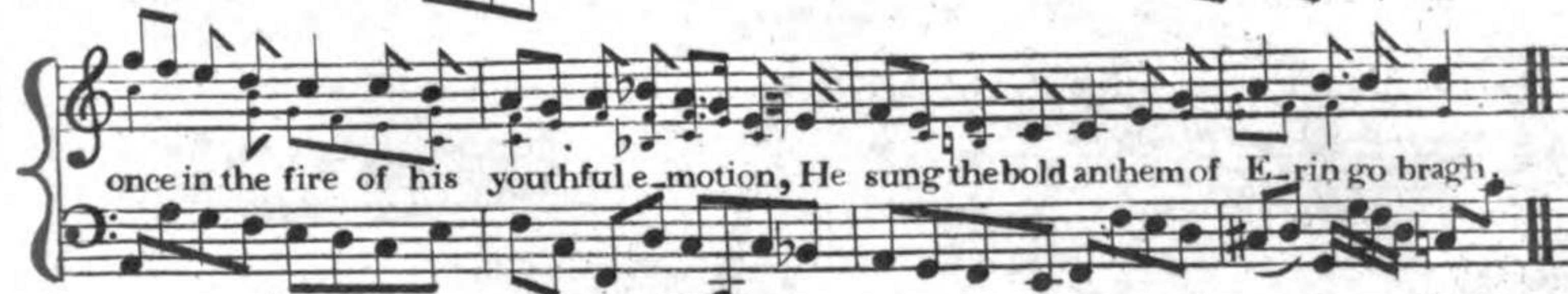
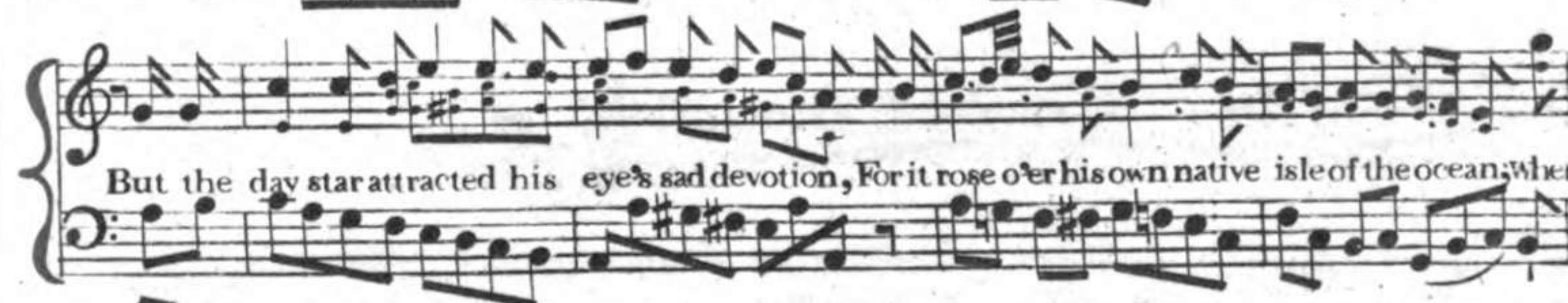
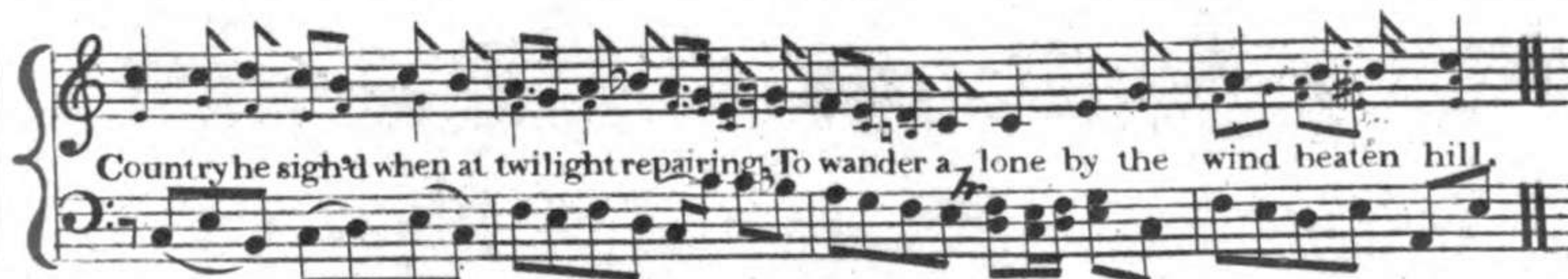
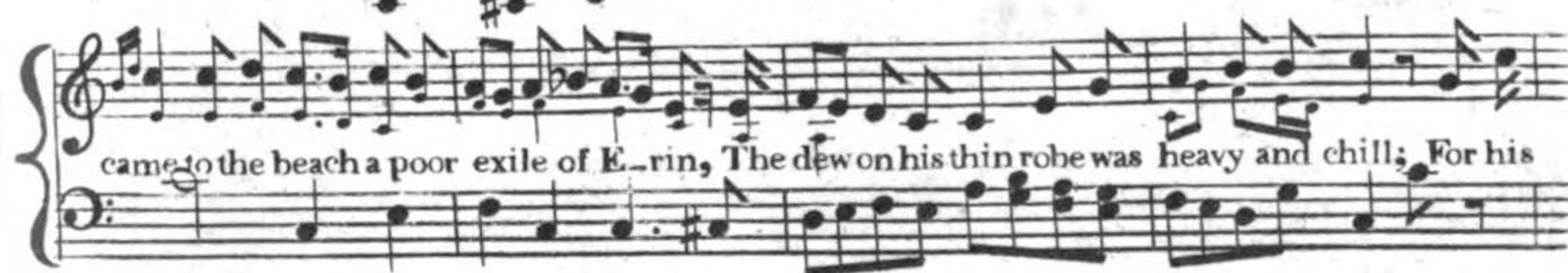
45.

SAVOURNA DEELISH.

Haydn.

Irish.

AFFETTUOSO.



46.

THE ASH GROVE.

Haydn.

Welch.

ALLEGRETTO.

Sir Watkyn intending the morning befriending through
woodlands descending, to hunt the wild deer. Now slumb'ring of course Sir, dreams
of his bay horse, sir, and proud of his force sir, he begins his career, And
forth as he sallies, up hills and down vallies, a--round him he rallies a
train like a peer.

Vol: 2.

THE ASH GROVE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY MRS HUNTER.

~~~~~

SIR WATKYN intending,  
 The morning befriending,  
 Through woodlands descending,  
     To hunt the wild deer;  
 Now slumb'ring, of course, Sir,  
 Dreams of his bay horse, Sir,  
 And, proud of his force, Sir,  
     Begins his career.  
 And forth as he sallies,  
 Up hills and down vallies,  
 Around him he rallies  
     A train like a peer.

His hunter goes featly,  
 His stag-hounds run fleetly,  
 The bugle sounds sweetly,  
     They raise a fat doe.  
 Now turning and winding,  
 Then losing, then finding,  
 No obstacle minding,  
     Still forward they go.  
 All danger subduing,  
 Impatient pursuing,  
 With ardour renewing,  
     Yet ever too slow.

Deep woods lay before them,  
 Now soon closing o'er them,  
 The knight to explore them,  
     Dismounting moves on:  
 There found the doe lying,  
 Bemoaning and crying,

As if she were dying,  
     Behind a grey stone.  
 When stooping to raise her,  
 Before the dogs seize her,  
 As brisk as a bee, Sir,  
     Away she was gone!

With whoop and with hollo,  
 His merry men follow,  
 She skims like a swallow,  
     And flies like the wind.  
 Sir Watkyn, however,  
 Who quits the chase never,  
 Swam over a river,  
     And left them behind.  
 The day was fast closing,  
 His way he was losing,  
 The road was so posing,  
     No path could he find.

A castle high frowning  
 The lofty rock crowning,  
 Dim twilight embrowning,  
     Hung over his head.  
 And thitherward bending,  
 With steps slow ascending,  
 The courser attending,  
     He cautiously led.  
 Now darkness o'ertaking,  
 And craggs the way breaking,  
 He fell,—and awaking,  
     The vision was fled.



## JENNY'S MANTLE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

O WELCOME bat and owlet gray,  
Thus winging low your airy way ;  
And welcome moth and drowsy fly,  
That to mine ear come humming by.  
And welcome shadows long and deep,  
And stars that from the pale sky peep !  
O welcome all ! to me ye say,  
My woodland love is on her way.

Upon the soft wind floats her hair ;  
Her breath is in the dewy air ;  
Her steps are in the whisper'd sound,  
That steals along the stilly ground.  
O dawn of day in rosy bower,  
What art thou to this witching hour !  
O noon of day in sun-shine bright,  
What art thou to the fall of night !



47.

## JENNY'S MANTLE.

Haydn.

Welch.

ALLEGRO.

O wel - come bat and ow - let grey, Thus wing - ing low your  
ai - - - ry way, And wel - come moth and drow - - sy fly, That  
to mine ear come hum - ming by. And wel - - come sha - - dows  
long and deep, And stars that from the pale sky peep; O  
wel - come all to me ye say, My woodland Love is on her way.

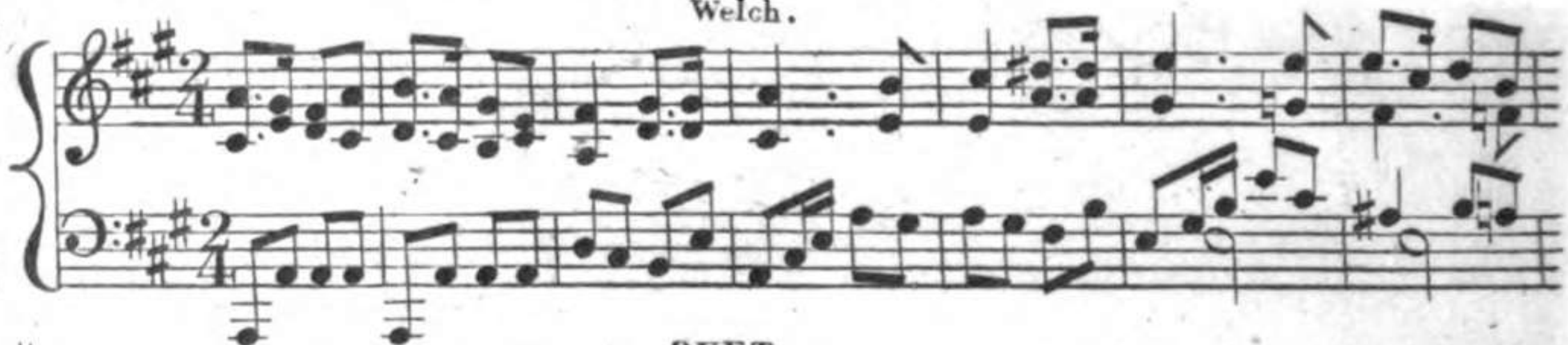


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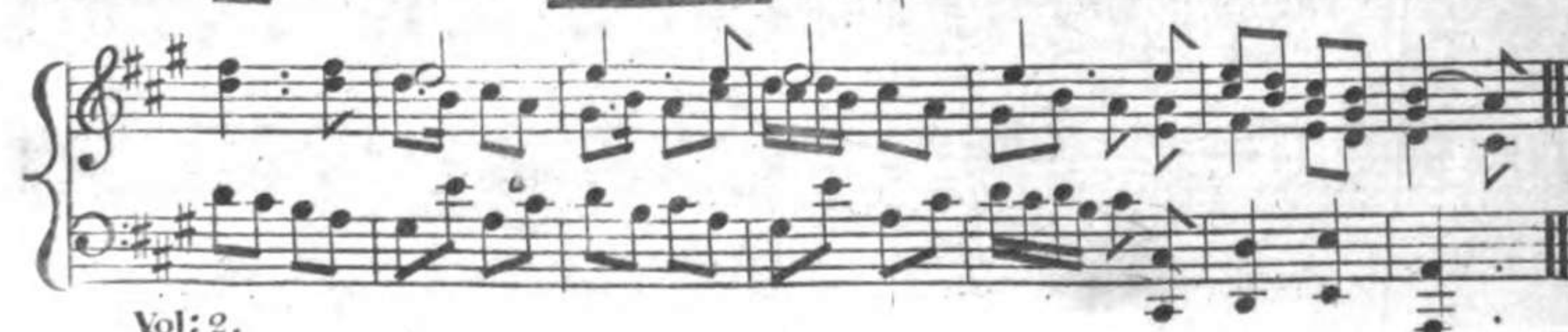
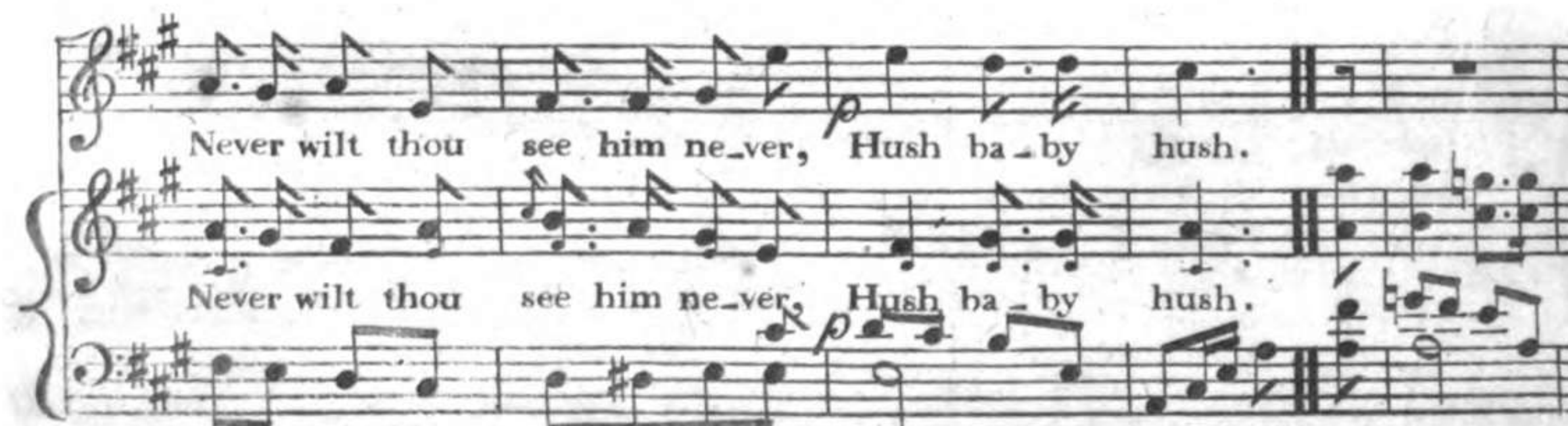
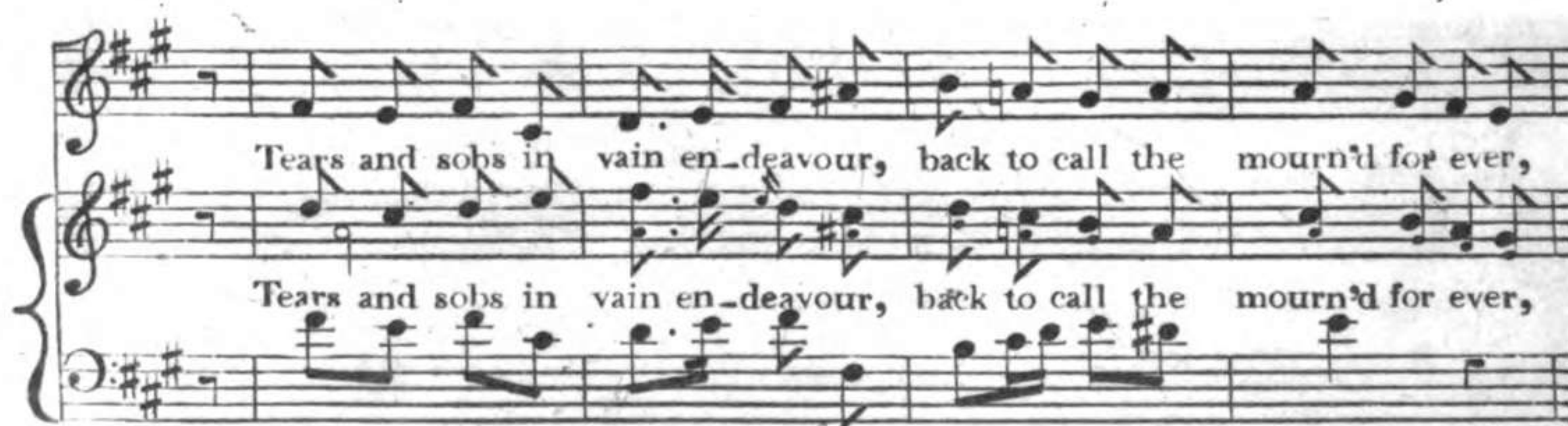
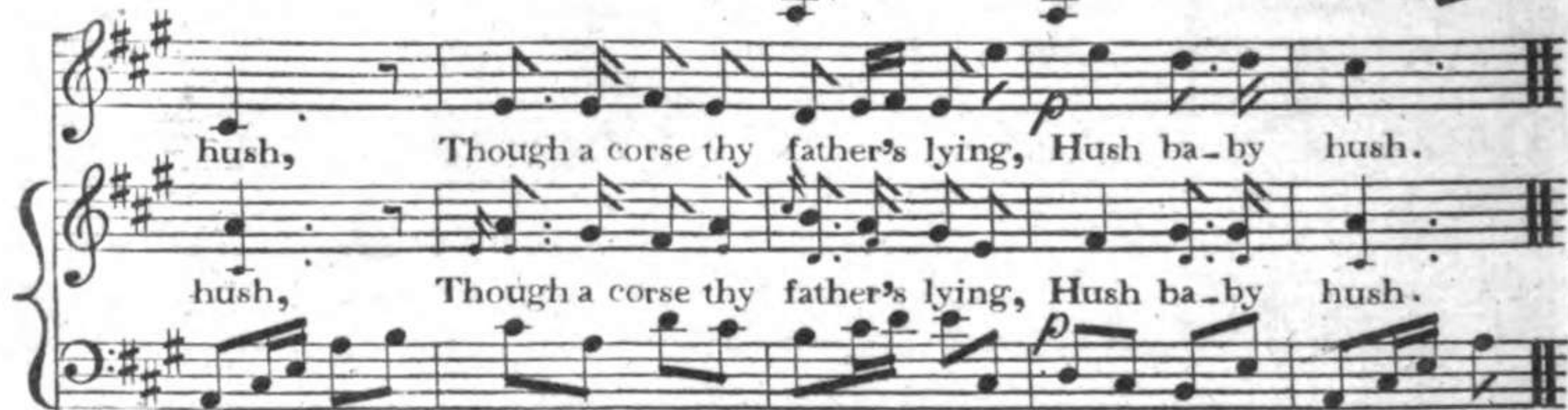
## THE LIVE LONG NIGHT.

Haydn.

Welch.

ANDANTE  
AFFETTUOSO.

DUET.





## THE LIVE LONG NIGHT.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.

~~~~~

WHAT avails thy plaintive crying,
 Hush, baby, hush !
 Though a corse thy father's lying,
 Hush, baby, hush !
 Tears and sobs in vain endeavour
 Back to call the mourn'd for ever !
 Never wilt thou see him, never !
 Hush, baby, hush !

See ! my grief no tears are telling :
 Hush, baby, hush !
 Hark ! my breast no sighs are swelling ;
 Hush, baby, hush !
 No complaint or murmur making ;
 Nought betrays my heart is aching ;
 Yet it's breaking, sweet one, breaking.
 Hush, baby, hush !

Did the lightnings flash alarm you ?
 Hush, baby, hush !
 While I hold you, nought shall harm you :
 Hush, baby, hush !
 Close, and closer, still I'll press thee !
 Soothe thee still, and still caress thee !
 See ! he smiles ! Oh ! bless thee, bless thee !
 Nay, hush, baby, hush !

SOFTLY, SOFTLY SING.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY MRS HUNTER.

We find the opening part of this Air introduced by **HANDEL** in
the Duet of "Happy we," in **ACIS** and **GALATEA**.

SOFTLY, softly sing;
Hand in hand glide swiftly round;
Gaily, gaily, gaily,
Mark the measur'd sound:
Let us skim the meadows fair,
Now on waving pinions rise;
Lightly beat the wanton air,
And breathing sweets ascend the skies.

Softly, softly, sing;
Hand in hand glide swiftly round;
Gaily, gaily, gaily,
Mark the measur'd sound:
On the breast of yonder rose,
Let us rest our wearied wings;
Not a flower in spring that blows,
Around so mild an odour flings.

Softly, softly, sing,
Hand in hand glide swiftly round;
Gaily, gaily, gaily,
Mark the measur'd sound:
Blooming rose, thy beauty's pride,
Fades before the noontide hour:
Zephyrs rise on ev'ry side,
And fan your lovely drooping flower.

49.

THE RISING SUN.

Haydn.

Welch.

ALLEGRETTO

PIU TOSTO

VIVACE.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked 'ALLEGRETTO PIU TOSTO VIVACE'. The piano part features a lively melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal part enters with the lyrics 'Soft-ly softly sing, Hand in hand glide swiftly round; Gay-ly'. The piano part continues with a similar melody, and the vocal part repeats the lyrics. The piano part then plays a series of eighth notes, and the vocal part repeats the lyrics 'gay-ly gay-ly mark the measur'd sound, Let us skim the meadows fair'. The piano part continues with a similar melody, and the vocal part repeats the lyrics. The piano part then plays a series of eighth notes, and the vocal part repeats the lyrics 'now on wav-ing pinions rise, Lightly beat the wan-ton air, And'. The piano part continues with a similar melody, and the vocal part repeats the lyrics. The piano part then plays a series of eighth notes, and the vocal part repeats the lyrics 'breathing sweets as-cend the skies.' The piano part continues with a similar melody, and the vocal part repeats the lyrics. The piano part then plays a series of eighth notes, and the vocal part repeats the lyrics 'breathing sweets as-cend the skies.' The piano part continues with a similar melody, and the vocal part repeats the lyrics. The piano part then plays a series of eighth notes, and the vocal part repeats the lyrics 'breathing sweets as-cend the skies.'

DUET.

2^d Soft-ly softly sing, Hand in hand glide swiftly round; Gay-ly

1st Soft-ly softly sing, Hand in hand glide swiftly round; Gay-ly

gay-ly gay-ly mark the measur'd sound, Let us skim the meadows fair

gay-ly gay-ly mark the measur'd sound, Let us skim the meadows fair

now on wav-ing pinions rise, Lightly beat the wan-ton air, And

now on wav-ing pinions rise, Lightly beat the wan-ton air, And

breathing sweets as-cend the skies.

breathing sweets as-cend the skies.

50.

CAPTAIN MORGAN'S MARCH.

Haydn.

Welsh.

MAESTOSO.

Dost not hear the mar-tial hum, Dost not hear the

distant drum; Yes they come our warriors come, Glor-ying in their vic-to-ry.

CHORUS.

2^d Ho-nour'd be the sol-dier's grave, Glo-ry to the fal-len brave;

1st Ho-nour'd be the sol-dier's grave, Glo-ry to the fal-len brave;

Wave tri-umphant ban-ners wave, En-gland has the vic-to-ry.

Wave tri-umphant ban-ners wave, En-gland has the vic-to-ry.

Cres: f

Vol: 2.

CAPTAIN MORGAN'S MARCH.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.

Dost not hear the martial hum?
 Dost not hear the distant drum?
 Yes, they come! our warriors come,
 Glorying in their victory!
 Honour'd be the soldier's grave!
 Glory to the fallen brave!
 Wave, triumphant banners, wave!
 England has the victory!

Soon shall many a wife with glee,
 Haste her soldier love to see;
 Soon his babes shall clasp his knee,
 Prattling of the victory.
 Honour'd be, &c.

Soon must many a bosom swell,
 High with grief, while hearing tell
 How a sire or husband fell,
 On the field of victory.
 Honour'd be, &c.

Yet their fame their fall endears—
 Widows, orphans, hush your fears;
 England's hand shall dry those tears
 Which obscure her victory.
 Honour'd be, &c.

Rest, poor mourners, safely rest
 On your grateful country's breast;
 England feels for the distress'd,
 Midst the swell of victory.
 Honour'd be, &c.

England's pleasure, England's pride,
 Is through life to aid and guide
 Those who lov'd the men who died
 Glorying in her victory.
 Honour'd be, &c.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

Edinburgh :

PRINTED BY JOHN MOIR,
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 1822.

THE MELODIES,

VOLUME SECOND.

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.

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If those who live, &c. . . .	<i>Thomson</i>	24	The last time I came o'er, &c.	<i>Ramsay</i>	40
In summer when the hay, &c.	<i>Burns</i>	ib.	The lazy mist, &c.	<i>Burns</i>	6
John Anderson my Jo, . . .	<i>Ditto.</i>	25	The small birds rejoice, &c. .	<i>Ditto</i>	44
It was the charming month, &c.	<i>Ditto</i>	16	Their groves of sweet myrtle	<i>Burns</i>	41
It was about the Martinmas time	<i>Anon.</i>	7	What avails thy plaintive crying	<i>Lewis M.G.</i>	48
Last May, &c.	<i>Burns</i>	26	What numbers shall, &c. . .	<i>Crawford, Mr</i>	39
Let not woman, &c.	<i>Ditto</i>	28	When I hae a saxpence, &c.	<i>Anon.</i>	18
Loud blaw the frosty breezes	<i>Ditto</i>	22	When white was my o'erlay, &c.	<i>Baillie, Joanna</i>	18
My daddy, &c.	<i>Anon.</i>	54	Where's he for honest poverty?	<i>Burns</i>	31
My heart is a breaking, &c.	<i>Burns</i>	9	Wilt thou be my dearie? . .	<i>Ditto</i>	57
Now in her green mantle, &c.	<i>Ditto</i>	42	Ye shepherds, &c.	<i>Hamilton, W.</i>	34
Now rosy May, &c.	<i>Ditto</i>	16			

