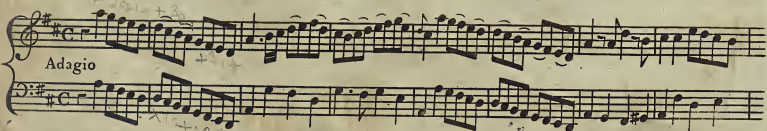
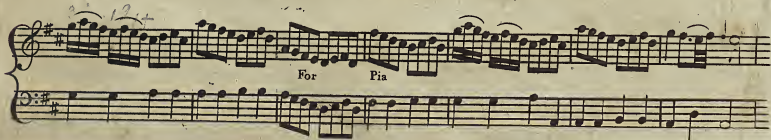
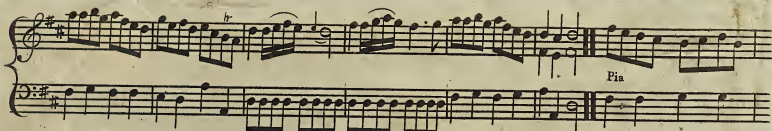
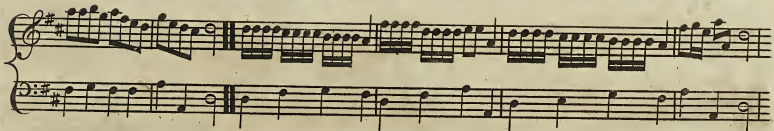
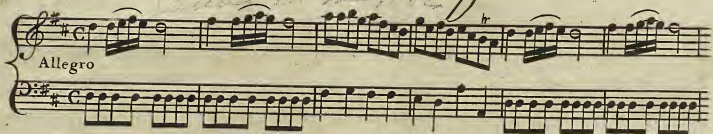


1 OVERTURE to JAMIE and BESS or The Laird in Disguise
Composed and adapted as a Lesson for the

HARPSICHORD or PIANO FORTE

BY
Andrew Shirreff A.M.



Handwritten musical score on two staves, featuring treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a tempo marking of "Allegro". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines, with a "Vol: Sub:" instruction at the bottom right.

This page contains a handwritten musical score for piano and forte dynamics. The notation is arranged in seven systems, each consisting of a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first system is marked 'Pia' and 'For'. The second system is marked 'Allegretto'. The third system is marked 'Allegro'. The fourth system is marked 'Pia' and 'For'. The fifth system is marked 'Pia' and 'For'. The sixth system is marked 'Pia' and 'For'. The seventh system is marked 'Pia' and 'For'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

Pia For

Allegretto

Allegro

Pia For

Pia For

Pia For

Pia For

Affettuoso

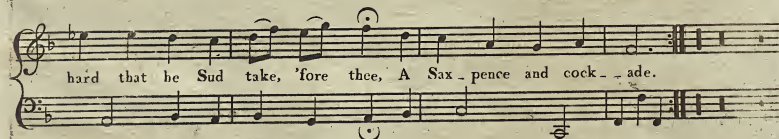
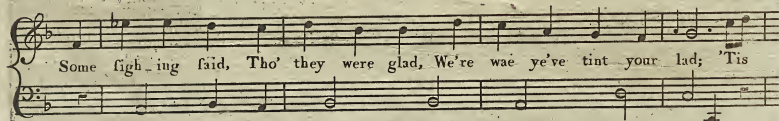
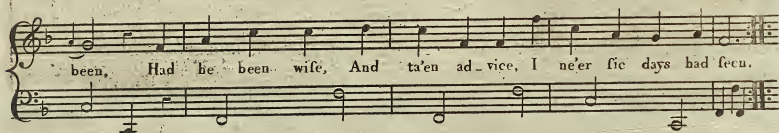
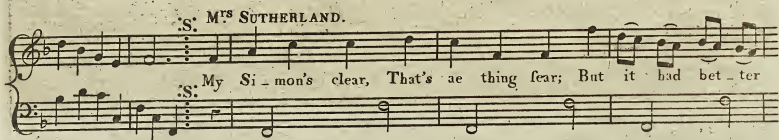
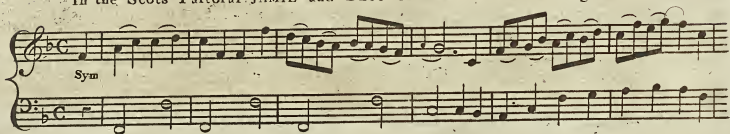
Pia *For* *Pia*

Allegretto

The image shows a handwritten musical score on page 4. The page contains six systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first system is marked 'Affettuoso'. The second and third systems continue the piece. The fourth system has a double bar line. The fifth system has a double bar line and is marked 'Pia', 'For', and 'Pia'. The sixth system is marked 'Allegretto' and ends with a double bar line. There are various musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

DUETT Sung By M^{RS} SUTHERLAND and M^R NEWBOUND.

In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or The LAIRD in Disguise.



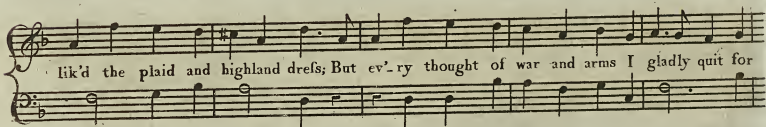
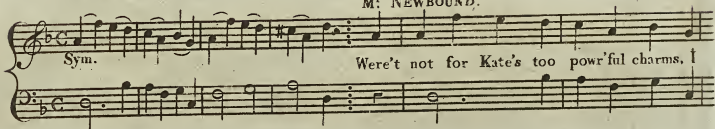
Since first he fled,
The life I've led,
Has been a life of pain;
Some jeer'd me fair,
A' cried nae mair
Will he return again.

MR. NEWBOUND.
Ne'er mind their crack,
Now, I'm come back,
Let inward pining cease:
My folly past
May be the last,
That e'er will break your peace.

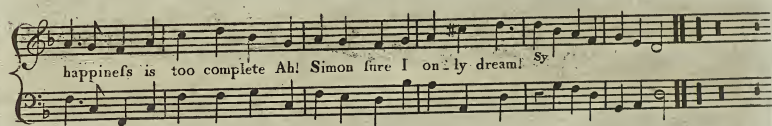
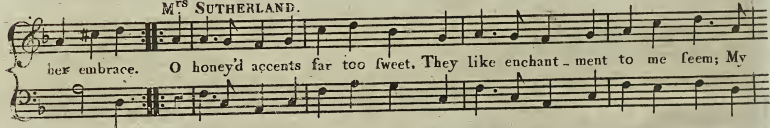
DUETT Sung By M^{RS} SUTHERLAND and M^R NEWBOUND.

In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or The LAIRD in Disguise.

M^R NEWBOUND.



M^{RS} SUTHERLAND.



To what shall I my blifs compare!
In Simon I have ev'ry wish —

M^R NEWBOUND.

Then, in your blifs let Simon share,
And make him happy with a kiss.

M^{RS} SUTHERLAND.

If kisses gife him fuch relief,
I have a treasure for his fake,
And never need be tafte of grief,
Since, at difcretion, he may take.

M^R NEWBOUND.

Far hence be ilk intruding care,
While, thus, I prefs thee to my breaft;
Ten thoufand sweets ye have to fpare,
And one to me, my Kate's a feaft.

M^{RS} SUTHERLAND.

Such kifses as I thus beftow,
I only to my Simon lea;
When fweeter on his lips they grow,
He'll, kindly, pay them back again.

M^R NEWBOUND.

O never can thofe sweets increafe,
Beftow'd like Nature's on the flows;
For what ye think my lips poffefs,
My Katty, only flows frae your's.

M^{RS} SUTHERLAND.

If freely gife, with loving heart,
They fweeter be, then, fuch are mine;
But never can my lips impart
A fweet not far excell'd by thine.

BOTH.

Soon may the happy day appear,
When we may kifs, nor care who ken't;
When greater blifs our hearts will fshare,
And we embrace without reftraint.

Song Sung by M^{RS}. TINGEY.

In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or The Laird in Disguise.

Sym The benfil I'll bear, for why sud I fear, Tho,
 nae doubt, my bosom anes warm-ly did burn; I'm nae sic an afs, as wed wi' a lafs, Who
 thinks my love merits nae kinder return. The Deil first mann blin' me, nae vows, sure, can
 bin' me, To stick by the lafs, who is fallc and unkin', That I lov'd her be-fore now I
 hate her the more, For giving a-nother what sud hae been mine.

It's my part to flight her, and his, sure, to right her,
 And, as he best can, he may do it himsell;
 I'd hae my throat nicked, ere I were sic tricked,
 Or the world, on me, gat sic stories to tell.

Had she constant prov'd, I still would have lov'd,
 But, that it is otherwise, I'm nae to blame;
 I scorn the Beauty, who kensna her duty,
 And wishes to play me so cunning a game.

Song Sung by M^r SUTHERLAND.

In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or The Laird in Disguise.

Sym

Thro'

Beggar's garb and doubt let mean The gentle man will still be seen; Whilst

Prince-ly robes are void of art; To hide a mean and fard-ly heart. Dis-

-cerning eyes will soon per-ceive The man of hon-our from the

knave How-ev-er much dis-guis'd they seem, They still e-mit some

na-tive beam.

Sym

Song Sung By M^{RS} SUTHERLAND.

In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS, or The Laird in Disguise.

Sym My Si - mon's come

back, and my cares are all o - ver; He twear's by his Kate he'll nae

mair be a ro - ver, But strive what he can still to add to her pleasure, What

lafs, but wad think such a lad is a treasure, But strive what he can still to

add to her pleasure, What lafs but wad think such a lad is a treasure. Sym

Tho' late, in his absence, I pin'd and lamented,
 Now, he's safe return'd, my heart is contented;
 The pleasure, I have in this day's happy meeting,
 Repays me for a' my past sobbing and greeting.

Ane mair now, delighted, I view the green fields,
 And taste a' the sweets which kind Nature still yields;
 Nae langer sic beauties are irksome to me,
 Altho' they remind me, dear Simon, of thee.

Flow on then, sweet river, your murmurs now please me,
 Nae langer, in vain, will ye strive, now, to ease me;
 Tho' late on your banks I sat sighing and mourning,
 Nae mair now, I sigh for my Simon's returning.

Song Sung By M^{RS} HAMILTON.

10

In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or The Laird in Disguise.

Sym

met my dear Jamie re- turning to day, And with him reti'd to yon grove: Where with

Sy

pleasure, I heard what the youth had to say, For all his dis- course was of love.

Sy

With pleasure heard all the youth had to say Sy For

all his dis- course was of love. With pleasure I heard what the youth had to say, For all his dis-

Sy

- course was of love.

So warmly he press'd, that ere I was aware,
He flyly had stowen a kils;
Yet, I fan my heart could not blame him so far,
As allow me to take it amiss.

His love, with such sweetness endearing, he told,
I heard his kind tale with content;
And thought it but vain to appear longer cold,
When I found my heart beating consent.

In his arms I fell, and with look of regard,
For I could be no longer unkind;
To Jamie my feelings I freely declar'd,
And honestly open'd my mind.

With rapture he heard the confession I made,
And swore he would love me thro' life; (glad,
And, with the sweet hope, my fond heart now is
That to Jamie I'll soon be a wife.

Song Sung By M^r. BIGGS.

In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or The Laird in Disguise.

Sym O I like bon - ny Bess, But

ah, a - las! wae's me! Oh I like bon - ny Bess, But Bessy like - na me.

First, when I taul' my mind, She leugh at a' my care; But now her Jo's unkind, And

laughs at her as fair. First, when I taul' my mind, She leugh at a' my care; But

now her Jo's un - kind, And laughs at her as fair.

To flight fae sweet a prize,
 O what an ails is he!
 I wad be far mair wife,
 Cud she but think o' me.

Were she o' me as fain,
 I'd nae be cauld nor shy;
 He ne'er cud shaw disdain,
 Gin he had lov'd as I.

Song Sung By M^r BIGGS.

In the Scots' Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or The Laird in Disguise.

Sym. O A' the night I sigh and mourn,

Bon - ny lass - ie, low - land lass, Nor find my rest with day re - turn, My

bon - ny low - land lass - ie. It brings fresh marks of your dis - dain,

bon - ny lass - ie, low - land lass, Which fair but to in - crease my pain, My

bon - ny low - land lass - ie. Sym

When'er I speak of love, ye frown,
Bonny lassie, &c.
And that pits a' my courage down;
My bonny lowland lassie.

Gin ye ae kindly look wad wear,
Bonny lassie, &c.
A' this gloom wad disappear;
My bonny lowland lassie.

But, gin ye dinna deign to smile,
Bonny lassie, &c.
There's naught, in life, that's worth my while;
My bonny lowland lassie!

In Death's embrace, then only kind,
Bonny lassie, &c.
I my rest and peace maun find;
My bonny lowland lassie!

Song Sung By M^R. TINGEY.

In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or The Laird in Disguise.

Sym How happy the yonth, when to

love he's in-clin'd, Who finds his dear fair, like my

Bess - y prove kind; So ex-treme is his joy, his

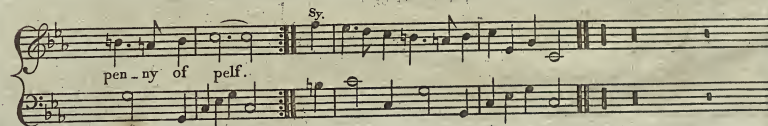
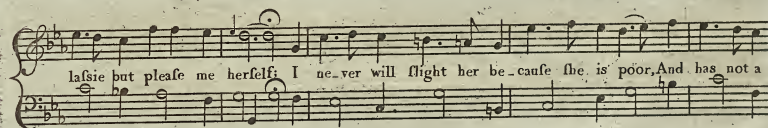
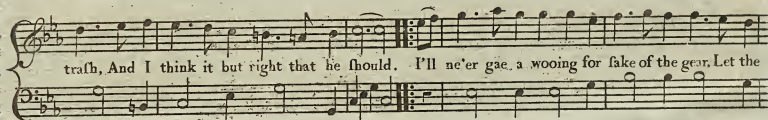
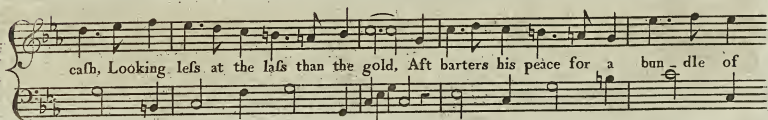
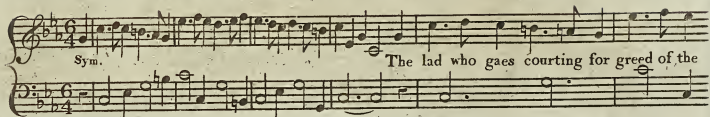
plea-sure so great, Tho' I feel, I can't tell you how

hap-py his state. Sy.

All description it baffles, no words can impart
 One half of the bliss, which he feels in his heart;
 Her consent obtain'd, such emotions arise,
 He would burst, if they found not a vent at his eyes!

Song Sung By M^r. TINGEY.

In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or The Laird in Disguise.



Nor will I e'er think it below me to wed,
 When a lass of true merit I find:
 Nor care I farthing how humble the maid,
 If she is but loving and kind.

Tho' proud-hearted Coxcombs may say it is mean,
 To marry beneath my degree:
 I care not, by such, how my conduct is seen,
 It is of no moment to me.

In choos'ing a darling companion for life,
 For myself, I'm determin'd to judge;
 And if I am pleas'd to make Betsy my wife,
 Who else has a title to grudge?

Song Sung By M^{rs} NEWBOUND.

In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or The Laird in Disguise.

Sym. Tho' Boreas lang may rudely blaw, And
hill and dale be clad wi' snaw, Yet gloomy winter wears a-wa, And joyfu' Spring appears.
Then, Nature, anes mair, smiling, ilk fil - ly fear be - guil - ing, With plenty, crowns the
toil - ing of bu - fy In - duf - try. Sym.

Tho' lang she's bow'd 'neath Fortune's blast,
My Bessy will won up, at last,
My Bessy, now, won's up, at last,
And happier days appear.

Soon, shall I see her smiling,
A' my past fears beguiling,
The thought repays my toiling,
For her, this mony day.

This night, I'll tell a story,
Will make them blyth and sorry,
Will make them blyth and sorry,
At the strange turns of Fate!

While hearing, they shall wonder,
And ca't a wylie blunder,
But, kent for truth, like thunder,
Will strike them wi' amaze.

It, then, will be nae spring of wol!
'Cause he has wedded ane o'er low,
'Cause he has wedded ane o'er low,
And far beneath his rank.

Her, soon, his equal he shall see,
And, wi' the tale, delighted he
His heart and hand, content, shall gie,
And blifs his happy fate.

And, when, in wedlock they are join'd,
May they ilk comfort in 'it find,
May they ilk comfort in 'it find,
Which e'er that state could yield.

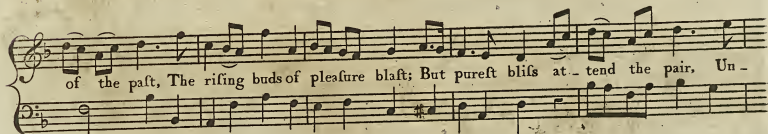
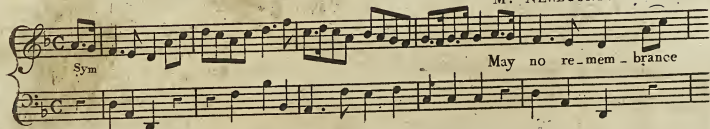
Love, wi' their days, increasing,
Lang may they live, possessing,
Ilk joy, and earthly blissing,
Kind Heav'n can bestow.

O Providence! now, hear me,
And, in the evening, cheer me,
And, in the evening, cheer me,
Of my declining age!

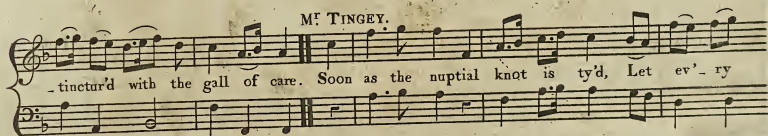
Thy Goodness, then, admiring,
To greater joys aspiring,
I'll pleas'd, frae life, retiring,
Ly down among the Dead!

FINALE to the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or the Laird in Disguise.

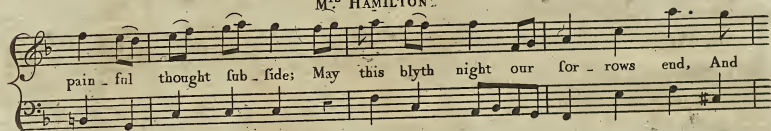
MR^S NEWBOUND.



MR^S TINGEY.



MR^S HAMILTON.



MR^S SUTHERLAND.

May ev'ry gen'rous lover find
His darling fair, like Betsy, kind;
And ever meet the due reward
Of an unfeign'd and pure regard.

First all the Female Voices, Piano — Then Da. Cap: Male and Female Voices, Forte.

What heart! but will, with rapture, join
To supplicate the Power Divine!
Which sends such blessings from above,
As the reward of gen'rous love.

