

INSCRIBED TO THE FOLK-SONG QUARTET.

# There's nae luck about the house

FOUR-PART SONG.

Arranged by CHARLES MACPHERSON.

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*Con spirito.* *mf*

SOPRANO. And are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's

ALTO. *mf* And are ye sure . . . the news is

TENOR. *mf* And are ye sure . . . the news is

BASS. *mf* And are ye sure . . . the news is

(For practice only.) *Con spirito.* *mf*

weel? . . . Is this a time to think o' wark? Ye jades,\* fling by your wheel! Is

*mf* true! . . . Is this . . . a time to wark? Ye jades, fling by your wheel!

*mf* true? . . . Is this . . . a time to wark? Ye jades, fling by your wheel! Is this a

*mf* true? Is this a time . . . to think o' wark? Ye jades, fling by your wheel! When

\* Jade = shrew.

It is not thought necessary to add more than a few marks of general expression, as the rendering should vary with the humour of the performers.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

this a time to think o' wark, When Col-in's at the door? Rax\* mo my cloak, I'll  
 Is this, is this a time to think o' wark? I'll  
 time to think o' wark, When Col-in's at the door? I'll . .  
 Col-in's at the door? I'll . . to the . .

*Poco allargando.* *accel.*  
 to the quay, And see him come a - shore, For there's nae luck a - bout the house, There's  
 to the quay, And see him come a - shore, There's nae luck a - bout the house, There's  
 to the quay, And see him come a - shore, There's nae luck a - bout the house, There's  
 quay, And see him come a - shore, There's nae luck a - bout the house, There's  
*Poco allargando.* *accel.*

nae luck at a', There's lit-tle plea-sure in the house, When our gude-man's a - wa'!  
 nae luck at a', There's lit-tle plea-sure in the house, When our gude-man's a - wa'!  
 nae luck at a', There's lit-tle plea-sure in the house, When our gude-man's a - wa'!  
 nae luck at a', There's lit-tle plea-sure in the house, When our gude-man's a - wa'!

\* Rax = reach.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

*Tempo lmo.*

Rise up, rise up and mak' a clean fire-side, Gie  
 Rise up, rise up and mak' a clean fire-side, Gie lit-tle  
 Rise up and mak' a clean fire-side, Put on the muckle pot; Gie Kate  
 Rise up, rise up and mak' a clean fire-side, . . . Gie

lit-tle Kate her cot-ton gown, And Jock his Sun-day coat; Rise up and mak' their  
 Kate . . . her . . . cot-ton gown; Rise up and mak' their  
 . . . her cot-ton gown, And Jock his Sun-day . . . coat; And mak' their shoon as  
 lit-tle Kate her gown, And Jock his Sun-day coat; Rise up and mak' their

shoon as black as slaes,\* It's a' to plea-sure our gude-man, He  
 shoon as black as . . . slaes, and mak' their shoon . . . as . . .  
 black as slaes, Their stockings white as snaw; It's a' . . . to plea-sure our gude-man, He  
 shoon as black as slaes, . . . It's a' to plea-sure our gude-man, He

\* Slaes = sloes.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

*Poco allargando.*

likes to see them braw. For there's nae luck a - bout the house, There's nae luck at  
 black as slacs. For there's nae luck, . . . there's . . . nae . . .  
 likes them braw. For there's nae luck, . . . there's . . . nae . . .  
 likes them braw. For there's nae luck, . . . nae

*Poco allargando.*

a', There's lit - tle plea - sure in the house, When our gudeman's a - wa'!  
 luck, . . . nae luck at a', When our gudeman's a - wa'!  
 luck, . . . nae luck at a', When our gudeman's a - wa'!  
 luck, there's nae luck, When our gudeman's a - wa'!

*Tempo 1mo.*

*mf* There's twa fat hens up - on the corf,\* Been fed this month and mair, *f* Make  
*mf* Twa hens, there's twa fat hens, . . . *f* Make haste and thraw† their  
*mf* There's twa fat hens, there's twa fat hens, . . . *f* Make haste and thraw their  
*mf* There's twa fat hens, . . . *f* Make haste and thraw their

\* Corf = shed.

† Thraw = twist.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

haste and thraw their necks a-bout, That Col-in weel may fare. Bring doon to me my  
 necks a-bout, make haste, That Col-in weel may fare. There's nae luck a-  
 necks a-bout, make haste, Bring doon my bi-go-net,\* my  
 necks a-bout, make haste, That Col-in weel may fare.

bi-go-net, My bish-op-sa-tin goon,† And then gae tell the Bail-lie's wife That  
 - bout the house, There's nae luck at a', Gae tell the Bail-lie's wife That  
 bi-go-net, My bishop-sat-in goon, Gae tell the Bail-lie's wife That  
 Gae tell the Bail-lie's wife That

*Poco allargando.*  
 Col-in's come to toon. For there's nae luck a-bout the house, There's nae luck at  
 Col-in's come to toon. There's nae . . luck, there's nae . . luck at  
 Col-in's come to toon. There's nae . . luck, nae  
 Col-in's come to toon. There's nae . . luck, nae . . luck at . .  
*Poco allargando.*

\* Bigonet = a white linen cap.

† Goon = gown.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

a', There's lit - tle plea - sure in the house, When our gude-man's a - wa' !

a', . . . There's nae luck at a', When our gude-man's a - wa' !

luck at a', . . . nae . . . luck at a', When our gude-man's a - wa' !

a', there's nae luck at a', When our gude-man's a - wa' !

*Poco meno mosso.*

*dolce.*  
*mf*

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue, His breath's like cal - ler \*

*legato.*  
*p*

Sae sweet his . . . voice, . . . . . sae smooth . . .

*legato.*  
*p*

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue, . . .

*Poco meno mosso.*  
*p*

\* Callor = fresh,

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

*accel.*

And

air! His ve - ry tread has mu - sic in't As he comes up the stair : And will I

his tongue, . . His breath's like cal - ler air! . . And will I see his

His breath's like cal - ler air! . . . And

*accel.*

will I see his face a - gain? And will I hear him speak? I'm down-right diz - zy

hear his voice, his voice . . a - gain? I'm down - right

face a - gain? And will I hear him speak? I'm down-right diz - zy wi' the

will . . . I see . . . his face a -

*accel.*

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

*poco rit.* *pp* *a tempo ma poco allargando.*

wi' the joy, In troth I'm like to greet.\* . . . For there's nae luck a - bout the house, There's

*poco rit.* *pp*

diz - zy, I'm like to greet. . . . For there's nae . . . luck a - bout the

*poco rit.* *pp*

joy, In troth I'm like to . . . greet. . . . For there's nae luck a - bout the house, There's

*poco rit.* *pp*

- gain? In troth I'm like to greet. . . . For there's nae . . .

*poco rit.* *pp* *a tempo ma poco allargando.*

*molto rit.*

nae luck at a', There's lit-tle plea - sure in the house, When our gude-man's a - wa'!

*molto rit.*

house at a', There's lit-tle plea - sure in the house, When our gude-man's a - wa'!

*molto rit.*

nae luck at a', There's lit-tle plea - sure in the house, When our gude-man's a - wa'!

*molto rit.*

luck at a', There's lit-tle plea - sure in the house, When our gude-man's a - wa'!

*molto rit.*

\* Greet = weep.