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SEVENTY SCOTTISH SONGS

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SEVENTY SCOTTISH SONGS

EDITED WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS BY

HELEN HOPEKIRK

FOR HIGH VOICE



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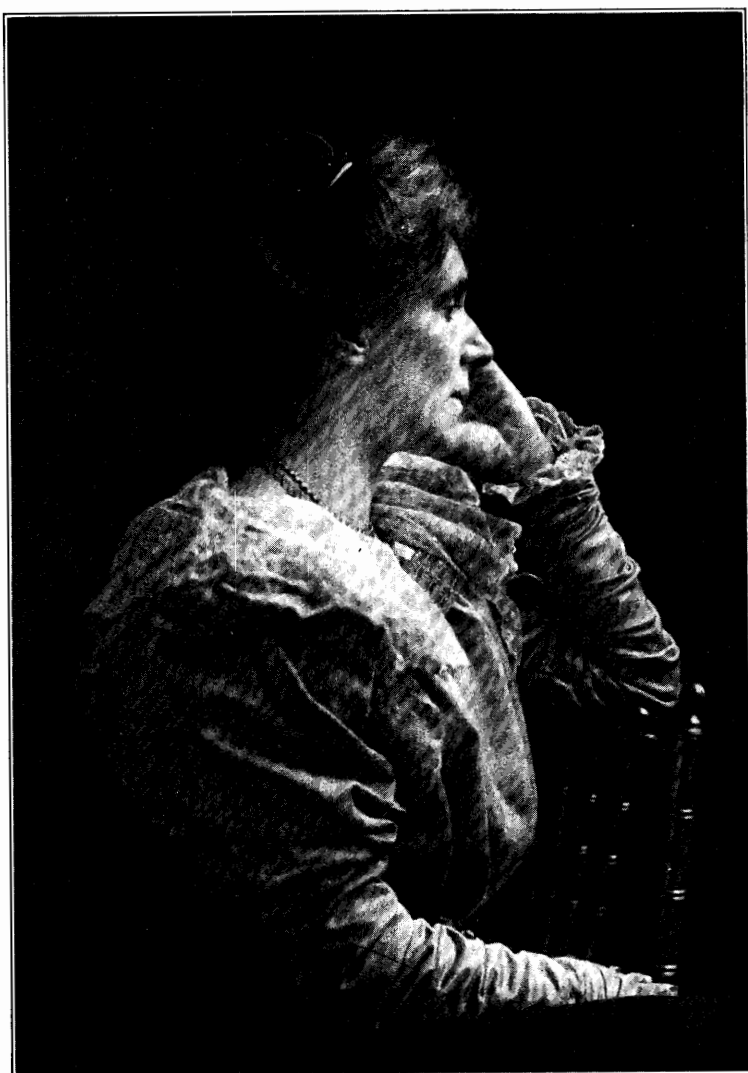
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Helen Hopewell

SCOTTISH FOLK-SONGS



OF the Scottish folk-songs here gathered together, I feel it is unnecessary, even were it possible, to enter into a detailed history. The origin of many has been long since lost sight of, owing to their having been orally bequeathed from one family or generation to another, and also to the confusion of races in the country. But as there is some misconception of the nature of Scottish folk-song, belonging as it does to two racially different peoples, the Celtic Scot and the Lowland Scot, a word or two about the general characteristics of both races and their ways of living may help to a better appreciation of their songs, the most beautiful of which are the least known. To many, mention of Scottish music merely recalls to mind a few melodies such as *Auld Lang Syne*, *Blue Bells of Scotland*, *Annie Laurie*, etc. They, and such as they, are only a small part, and not the most beautiful or significant by any means.

Lowland Scottish music and Celtic music, although talked of collectively, are widely different in character. The Lowlander is placid, pastoral, canny, pawkily humorous, somewhat matter of fact, good-hearted, reserved. The Celt is imaginative, "dreaming dreams and seeing visions," unpractical, superstitious, tender, of quick perception, living an inner life, a good lover, a good hater. The Lowlander would die for a dogma, the Celt would die for a dream. The origin of many of their melodies has been lost sight of, some of the so-called Lowland ones having been brought over from Ireland by the settlers about Galloway, and others from England. They are easily discernible by any one who has the scent; for those who have not, it does not much matter. In spite of the beauty of many of the real Lowland melodies, which are principally of an idyllic and pastoral character, it cannot be denied that the Gaelic music far exceeds it in interest and in emotional, weird quality. The old melodies of the Gael have little affinity with the modern major and

minor modes, and that makes them seem strange to those who have been nurtured on these scales. What seems bizarre and curious in them to some people becomes perfectly clear when referred to the ancient modes. In many arrangements the melodies have been altered, lowered sevenths raised, etc., to make them smooth for "cultivated ears," thereby taking the very life out of them. Apropos of this, a curious incident happened some years ago. Some one rearranged the Gaelic church service hymns, raising the sevenths, to make them more "modern." But when it came to practice, the discord, that resulted between the few who could sing the raised seventh and the many who could not, made them quickly return to the old way.

The use of the "snap" is also a characteristic of many of the Scottish songs, but is not so prevalent as believed, although largely used by composers who wish to write in Scottish style. A melody written on the pentatonic scale, introducing one or two snaps, is not quite enough to produce the requisite atmosphere, as is proven by the banal melody of *Within a mile o' Edinburgh Town*, written in the eighteenth century by an Englishman, James Hook. There are more sad than gay melodies in the Celtic music of Scotland. "The brain of the Gael hears a music sadder than any music there is," says Fiona MacLeod. When a lady in Edinburgh played *Lochaber no more* to Robert Burns, he cried out, with tears in his eyes, "That's a fine song for a broken heart." This could be said of many of the old Celtic songs, whether of France, Ireland, or Scotland. The Celts delight in songs of unhappy love, parting, death, the might-have-been; and their melodies are full of the sadness and beauty of the long, tender, melancholy northern twilight.

The manner of singing of the Scottish Gaelic people is also something strange. They stand or sit very quietly, with an utter absence of self-con-

sciousness, and the tones come out rather monotonously; but as the song goes on, one is strangely moved by a subtle something—a wild irregularity of rhythm, something ancient, remote, more easily felt than expressed. The quaint Gaelic language, the old-world melodies, the quiet and pathos of the way of singing, are haunting. In their festive gatherings, the company make a sort of circle, reaching their plaids or handkerchiefs to each other; and as they sing they sway their bodies from side to side, gently waving their plaids about to the rhythm of the song. There are also queer little grace notes introduced between the notes of the melody. As a child I remember hearing a beautiful old Highland lady over eighty years of age sing Jacobite songs to her own accompaniment on an old spinet-like piano, with such a little, sweet, pathetic voice, and with so many of these little grace notes, that it has ever since been one of the outstanding memories of my childhood. My maternal grandmother also had that quaint way of singing, and it used to be *the* pleasure of the church service to me to hear “Granny’s graces” added to the decorous performances of the others.

Two influences have been powerful in stifling that impulse towards expression in music which has been for years the inheritance of both Gael and Lowlander. The first was the introduction of a hard, merciless Calvinism at the time of the Reformation. The aim of that seemed to be, not to “glorify God and enjoy Him” and His gifts of the beautiful “forever,” but to glorify Him by despising these gifts as a sacred duty. Scotland is only now recovering from that blight. Another influence was the Anglicizing of everything Scottish since the Union—“girdling the world with Brixton,” as George Moore expresses it. England brings material prosperity when she sets her foot on a lesser nation, but it is generally accompanied by a waning of interest in the real things, which are the inward things—utilitarianism versus beauty, and a spiritual falling off, concealed by large religious machinery. Nowadays, when formerly the family would sing their own old songs, the vulgar strains of English music-hall ditties are heard,

with a wretched accompaniment drummed out on a wretched instrument.

I have often wondered if the introduction of the cheap piano has anything to do with the decline of song as a means of expression amongst the people. Before the era of universal piano-playing, the people used to *think* music; and from thinking to expressing is but a step. They improvised little strains over their work, and by repetition and addition the little song grew unconsciously. Now, their ambition is to have a piano, and to have their children learn to play. “Learning music” to them means learning to play the piano, and so that unfortunate instrument has become to them, as to the vast majority, a substitute for music in the brain. I talk more of the townspeople in this regard, many of whom think it a mark of inferiority to confess acquaintance with their own songs, when they can have English music and a piano. Even the “educated” classes are lamentably ignorant of their own treasures of folk-music, forgetting that the true and vigorous in art can only evolve from a nation’s own inheritance of poetry and song; everything else must be exotic and transient. William Butler Yeats in his *Celtic Twilight* speaks much of this: “Folk art is indeed,” he says, “the oldest of the aristocracies of thought, and because it refuses what is passing and trivial, the merely clever and pretty, as certainly as the vulgar and insincere, and because it has gathered into itself the simplest and most unforgettable thoughts of the generations, it is the soil where all great art is rooted. Wherever it is spoken by the fireside, or sung by the roadside, or carved upon the lintel, appreciation of the arts that a single mind gives unity and design to spreads quickly when its hour is come.”

Probably there is more latent music in the peasant people in the remote mountainous parts, and in the Western Isles, where pianos and harmoniums are little known, than anywhere else in the country. In these districts singing still constitutes part of the daily life of the people. They have songs for their different tasks: their sheiling song (*Oran Airidh*), dumping song in weaving (*Oran Luaidh*), crooning song (*Crònan*), boating

song (*Iorram*). In the Isle of Iona, at evening milking-time can be heard the longing strains of *Colin's Cattle* (*Crodh Chailleán*) sung by some girlish voice; and fascinating is it in the long, sweet twilight, with the senses steeped in the most delicate, ethereal coloring, to listen to the quaint strains of a *Iorram* stealing across the calm waters of the Sound, as the boats come home. Neither England nor John Knox has been able to rob these people entirely of their beauty feeling, and so long as that is in their hearts, at any moment the needed touch can waken it into artistic expression. They love their mountains, their fields, their seas and lochs with a passionate love. The very first night of many I have spent in one of the Western Isles was one of those wonderful, dreamy, charmed evenings with a tender rosy light over everything. As I sat outside our cottage I noticed during the evening an old woman pass and repass, walking slowly with her knitting in her hand, but with eyes looking far away, out to sea and the distant hills. Once as she passed, she turned to me, and with a smile on her heavily wrinkled face, said, "God has made it so beautiful, I cannot go into my lonely room, and leave it all;" and then she stood beside me, quite silent, gazing with dreaming eyes across to the glowing rocks of Mull. The poor woman had had much trouble, as I afterwards learned, but the peace of that evening had passed into her. In this sense they are all poets by nature, sensitively alive to beauty, to whom inward life is more than material prosperity; therefore considered by many unprogressive and lazy. One old Gael, who used to sit on the rocks and have long "thinks" every day, said once to me, "The English say that we are lazy, but it will be because they do not understand us."

One reason for the Gaelic melodies being so little known outside of the Gaelic-speaking people is the difficulty of translating the verses into English without losing the peculiar flavor and the oneness with the music. Then the majority of the melodies have, until recently, been published only in little paper editions without accompaniment, or in large expensive ones. These little editions of the *Celtic Lyre*, edited by Mr. Henry

Whyte ("Fionn") of Glasgow, and the *Songs of the Gael*, by Mr. Lachlan MacBean, in which the melodies are written as sung by the people, are in every cottage in the Highlands and Western Isles, and the long winter nights are spent in singing, seated round the glowing peat fires.

Many of the older songs were improvised by the bards to a harp accompaniment, and handed down by memory from generation to generation. The early kings had all their attendant harpers, as had also the Highland chiefs. One of the last, Murdoch MacDonald, died about 1736 in Quinish, Mull. A bard had not only to play and sing, but was expected to improvise on the exciting incidents of the time. This may explain, as has been suggested, the curious closes of many of the melodies, on different degrees of the scale, as between the verses a full close may have been avoided. This facility in verse-making is still a characteristic of the Scottish Gael. Every New Year's night, in certain parts, after the hour of midnight, the people visit one another, and standing on the threshold, recite original verses before entering.

Numbers of the more modern melodies owe their birth to the bagpipes, which superseded the harp within the last three hundred years. The piper to a chief was a highly important personage, who owned lands, and whose pipes were always carried for him by a servant. The Macrimmon family, who served the Macleods, were quite renowned. A school for pipers, founded by them, was for long in existence in the Isle of Skye, and contrary to the custom of most modern schools of music, "no pupil was admitted who had not an ear for music," fees being quite secondary in importance. It was one of the Macrimmon family who was daring enough to penetrate into a sea cave inhabited by the fairies. As he marched in, he played on his pipes, and his friends outside listened in awe as they heard the sounds becoming fainter and fainter, when suddenly his dog rushed out, panting with terror. His master never returned, though at times the sound of his pipes is heard.

Up to the middle of the nineteenth century, the pipers were the keepers of the old traditions,

and every springtime and harvest they journeyed through the different districts, entertaining the people with their music and legends, in return for which they were generously welcomed and lodged. The shepherds also, in the solitudes of the mountains, had large stores in their memory of the war-like songs of their fathers. In those days, those who occupied themselves with music, even in the rudest and simplest way, never complained of bad memories! The songs and stories were in their hearts, that is all.

The reign of Queen Anne and those of the first two Georges were again prolific in Scottish song-making of the more modern types. Allan Ramsay, Lady Wardlaw, Lady Grizzel Baillie, Robert Crawford, and others lived in that time, and song, such as it was, was zealously cultivated by the aristocracy. It is told of Lady Murray, daughter of Lady Grizzel Baillie, that, in her evening assemblies in the Old Parliament Close, Edinburgh, she sang her native melodies, accompanying herself on the spinet, with such touching sweetness, that she rarely closed without a sympathetic sob from some of her hearers.

To the ancient Celt the study of music was a primary part of education. Bude tells us that at all the ancient entertainments the harp was passed round, and so great was the disgrace attached to any one who could not sing or play that the one who was conscious of inability generally disappeared before his turn came. At a funeral, a Coronach was indispensable; without it the soul would restlessly wander about the neighborhood of its earthly remains. Later, the bagpipes took the place of harps and voices at funerals, and now, with the decadence of Calvinism, these poetic customs are again being revived, although at present rather by exception than by rule.

In many of the mountainous parts the burying-places were islands out on the lochs, and one can well picture the scene as the boat containing the coffin glided over the quiet waters, while the mournful laments were echoed from the listening hills. Some years ago the funerals of Professor Blackie and Mrs. Mary MacKellar, a Gaelic poetess, were a revival of ancient customs in the

city of Edinburgh; the coffins covered with tartan plaids, and strewn with heather, being carried shoulder-high by Highlanders through the streets, while the pipers marched in front, playing wild, weird laments. Two summers ago I witnessed a funeral in one of the Western Isles, where the coffin was carried by the mourners to a little boat, while all stood on the beach with uncovered heads, as it slowly sailed through the mist to one of the other islands. Everything was calm and beautiful, but I missed the final touch that would have been added by the wail of the pipes. For a chief they would have been played.

In Ireland, at the present day, more than in Scotland, they are seeking to revive the old legends, and preserve the ancient characteristics of the people. The Gaelic League, and the efforts of such men as Yeats, Douglas Hyde, A. E. (George Russell), and others, and such women as Lady Gregory, Lady Charlotte Guest, etc., are doing much to interest the Irish in their own history and traditions by the preservation in a literary form of the old legends and beliefs of the people. Scotland, also, has the exquisite writings of Fiona MacLeod, who has led us to far-off dreaming isles and rock-bound coasts, and allowed those who have the vision to see into the heart of the Gael, and to dream his dream. A sympathetic study of her works, and Mr. Alexander Carmichael's *Carmina Gadelica*, in which he has translated and preserved old runes, incantations, records of old customs, etc., will surely bring about a closer understanding of the Scottish Gael, his feelings and his aspirations.

And has not Edward MacDowell, in his later style, given unique and beautiful expression in music to the Celtic spirit? Celtic Scotland and Ireland may well claim him, although born in America, as the one who has most artistically expressed the old poetic atmosphere. In his *Celtic Sonata*, one feels wrapped in the elemental atmosphere of the old heroic times, with all the largeness, and pathos, and tragedy of ancient loves and wars. One feels something in his music that is born of the Celtic past; he has allowed his race to speak clearly through him. It seems a long way from

Scottish folk-song to Edward MacDowell's art music; but would it be fanciful to go a little further and say that I believe that no sensitive musical temperament, nourished from childhood on the old Gaelic songs, and musically developed on art lines later, could ever find the works of the most modern French composers incomprehensible or unsympathetic? The tonal characteristics of such music, the spirit of it, could not seem new and strange to such an one, but would appeal to him as something familiar, home-like, near.

I have dwelt more upon the Celtic music of Scotland because it is much less known than the Lowland, and I think has more musical significance and relation to art development. In a book arranged to give a general idea of Scottish folk-song, the best known Lowland airs had also to be included, but I hope that some, when searching for old favorites, will now and again meet with

pleasant little surprises in these quaint old Gaelic songs, which surely they will come to love.

Very many widely different versions exist of all of the old Scottish melodies and verses, but I feel that the sources from which I have drawn present the best and most singable combinations. I should like to acknowledge the kindness of Mr. Alfred Moffat and his publishers, Messrs. Augener, who have permitted me to use many of his versions of the well-known airs and verses; also, the courtesy of Mr. Henry Whyte, of the *Celtic Lyre*, and Mr. Lachlan MacBean, of *Songs of the Gael*, who generously placed their Gaelic melodies and translations of verses at my disposal. My thanks are also due to Mr. Stronach, of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, for helping me to make acquaintance with many interesting old manuscripts and books bearing on the subject.

Helen Hopekirk

Boston, February, 1905.

*They sang those wailing old Scotch songs that set
The heart-strings all a-tremble for their harp;
In which melodious passion breaks its heart
For evermore.*

GERALD MASSEY

SEVENTY SCOTTISH SONGS

ADIEU, DUNDEE

CHARLES NEAVES

Air from Skene MS (1630)

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE *Lento* *mp*

A - dieu, Dun - dee, from

PIANO *p* *mp*

Ma - ry part - ed, Here nae mair my lot - may be.

Wha - can bear, when brok - en - heart - ed, Scenes that speak o'

joys - gone by. *cresc.* A' - things ance were sweet and smil - ing

p cresc.

tenderly *rit.* *a tempo*

In — the light o' Ma - ry's e'e, Fair - est seem - ings

f

maist be - guil - ing Love, a - dieu! a - dieu, Dun - dee.

p very quietly

Like — yon wa - ter

soft - ly glid - ing, When the winds are laid to sleep;

cresc.

Such_ my life, when I con - fid-ing Gave to her my

cresc.

heart_ to keep. Like_ yon wa - ter wild - ly rush - ing

f

f sf

sf

When_ the north - wind stirs_ the sea, Such_ the change my

p rit.

p rit.

heart now crush-ing, Love, a - dieu! a - dieu, Dun - dee.

f a tempo

rit.

f a tempo

rit.

AYE WAKIN', O!

First verse traditional
Second verse by ROBERT BURNS

Ancient Scottish Air^(*)
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Slowly and expressively

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. Aye wak - in', O!
2. Aye wak - in', O!

Wak - in' aye, an' eer - ie, Sleep I can-na get For think - in' on my dear - ie,
Wak - in' aye, an' eer - ie, Sleep I can-na get For think - in' on my dear - ie,

p rit. *a tempo* *rit.*

Aye wak - in', O! Sure - ly night comes on, A' the lave are sleep-in', I
Aye wak - in', O! Spring's a pleas - ant time, Flow'rs o' ev - 'ry col - or, The

p rit. *a tempo* *rit.*

^(*) Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
by permission of Messrs Augener, Limited, London.

think on my bon-nie lad, An' bleer my een wi' greet-in',
wa-ter rins owre the heugh, And I long for my lov-er,

mf

p Aye wak-in', O! Wak-in' aye an' eer-ie, Sleep I can-na get For
Aye wak-in', O! Wak-in' aye an' eer-ie, Sleep I can-na get For

f

p *f*

p *rit.*
think-in' on my dear-ie, Aye wak-in', O!
think-in' on my dear-ie, Aye wak-in', O!

p *rit.* *pp*

A WEE BIRD CAM' TO OUR HA' DOOR

(WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE)

WILLIAM GLEN (1789-1826)

One of the versions of
Lady Cassilis Lilt (Skene MS)
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE *Sadly and plaintively* *p*

1. A wee bird_cam' to
2. Quoth I "My_bird, my
3. "On hills that_are, by

PIANO *p*

our_ ha'_ door, He war - bled sweet_ and_ clear - ly An'
bon - nie, bon - nie bird, Is that a sang_ ye_ bor - row, Are
right, his_ ain, He roves a lane - ly_ stran - ger. On

aye the_ o'er - come o'_ his sang Was "Wae's me for_ Prince
these some_ words ye've learnt_ by heart, Or a lilt o' dool and_
ev - 'ry_ side he's press'd_ by want, On ev - 'ry side_ is_

cresc.

Char - lie!" Oh! when I heard the bon-nie, bon - nie bird, The
 sor - row?" "Oh! no, no, no," the wee_ bird sang, "I've
 dan - ger. Yes - treen I met him in a glen, My

cresc.

cresc.

tears cam' drap - pin' rare - ly, I took my_ bon - net
 flown sin' morn - in' ear - ly, But sic a_ day o'
 heart maist burst - it fair - ly, For sad - ly_ chang'd in -

cresc.

p espress. rit.

off_ my_ head, For weel I lo'ed Prince Char - lie.
 wind and_ rain, Oh! wae's me for_ Prince Char - lie.
 deed was_ he, Oh! wae's me for_ Prince Char - lie.

p rit. a tempo

*slightly quicker**f*

4: Dark night came on, the tem - pest - roar'd, Loud
 5. But now the bird saw some red coats, An' he

o'er the hills and val - leys. An' where was't that your
 shook his wings wi' an - ger, "Oh, this is no' a

Prince lay down, Wha's hame should been a pal - ace. He
 land for me; I'll tar - ry here nae long - er!" He

row'd him in a High - land plaid, That cov - er'd him but
hov - er'd on the wing a - while, Ere he de - part - ed

spare - ly. An' slept be - neath a bush o' broom, Oh!
fair - ly. But weel I mind the fare - weel strain, Was,

pp rit.

wae's me for Prince Char - lie!"
"Wae's me for Prince Char - lie!"

pp

AILIE BAIN O' THE GLEN

(EILIDH BHÀN)

From the Gaelic of
EVAN MAC COLL (The Lochfyne Bard)
Translated by Malcolm MacFarlane.

Air from the "Celtic Lyre"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Very marked and with freedom ***f* CHORUS**

VOICE

Ai - lie Bain o' the glen,

PIANO.

f

rit.

bon-nie las-sie, win-some las-sie; Ai - lie Bain o' the glen, Wha' could help but lo'e her?

p *f* *rit.*

SOLO
mf a tempo *rit.*

1. Herew' lips fore-tok'ning kiss-es, wait-ing dull and wear-ie; 'Tis nae won-der my heart's wish is—
 2. A' the lads are daft a - boot ye; A' the bardies praise ye; Were I ane my-sel', I doubt na

mf *rit.*

a tempo CHORUS *f* *p*

Quick-ly come, my dear-ie.)
I'd gangrhy-m-in' craz-y.)

Ai-lie Bain o' the glen, Bon-nie las-sie, win-some las-sie;

a tempo *f* *p*

Pa. * *Pa.* *

f

Ai-lie Bain o' the glen, Wha' could help but lo'e her?

f

Pa. * *Pa.* * *Pa.* * *Pa.* *

mf SOLO *rit.*

3. On the cauld nchts tho' my plaid - ie Shel - ter'd us but spare - ly,
4. What tho' mon - ied cuifs en - deav - or Wi' their gowd tae lure ye;

mf *rit.*

a tempo

Yet my part - in' frae be - side ye Seem'd tae come owre ear - ly.
True tae me yer heart beats ev - er; Ne'er shall they se - cure ye!

CHORUS

f *p* *f*

Ai - lie Bain o' the glen, Bon-nie las-sie, win-some las-sie; Ai - lie Bain o' the glen,

Wha'could help but lo'e her?

f

BALOOLOO, MY LAMMIE

Lady CAROLINA NAIRNE (1766-1845)

Air from "Grieg's Minstrelsy"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Crooning

VOICE

PIANO

p

La. *

p

1. Ba - loo - loo, my lam - mie, ba - loo - loo, my dear, Now
2. Ba - loo - loo, my lam - mie, now ba - loo, my dear, Does

ba - loo - loo, lam - mie; ain min - nie is here. What
wee lam - mie ken that its dad-die's no here? Ye're

ails my wee bairn - ie, what ails it this nicht? What
rock - in' fu' sweet - ly on mam - mie's warm knee, But

ails my wee bairn - ie, is bairn - ie no richt?
dad - die's a - rock - in' up - on the saut sea.

rit.
La. *

3. Now hush - a - ba, - lam - mie; Now hush - a, my dear; Now
4. Sing ba - loo, my lam - mie, Sing ba - loo, my dear; Sing

p a tempo

hush - a - ba, lam - mie, ain min - nie is here; The
ba - loo, my lam - mie, ain min - nie is here; My

wild wind is rav - in; and mam - mie's heart's sair; The
wee bairn - ie's doz - in'; it's doz - in' now fine, And,

wild wind is rav - in' And ye din - na care.
oh! may its wauk - in' be blyth - er than mine.

pp rit.

1. last time

pp

BLYTHE, BLYTHE AND MERRY WAS SHE

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

Old bagpipe tune*

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Gaily

VOICE

PIANO

f

Blythe, blythe and

mer-ry was she, Blythe was she but and ben, Blythe by the banks o' Earn, And

blythe in Glen-tur-rit glen. *mf*

1. By Auch - ter - tyre there grows the aik, On
 2. Her looks were like a flow'r in May, Her
 3. The Hie - land hills I've wan - der'd wide, And

mf

*Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
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Yar - row banks the bir - ken - shaw; But Phe - mie was a
 smile was like a sim - mer morn; She trip - pit by the
 o'er the Low - lands I hae been; But Phe - mie was the

bon - nier lass, Than braes o' Yar - row ev - er saw.
 banks o' Earn, As licht's a bird up - on a thorn.
 blyth - est lass, That ev - er trod the dew - y green.

CHORUS

Blythe, blythe and mer - ry was she, Blythe was she but and ben,

Blythe by the banks o' Earn, And blythe in Glen - tur - rit glen.

Repeat from

BY THE STREAM SO PURE AND CLEAR

(SONG OF THE ISLE OF SAINT KILDA)

From "Johnson's Museum"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Longingly *p*

VOICE

PIANO

p *pp* *rit.* *a tempo*

By the stream so

pure and clear, And through the caves where breez - es lan - guish

Sooth - ing still — my ten - der an - guish, Hop - ing still to

find my lov - er, *p* I have wan - der'd far — and near, O, *rit.*

p *rit.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The voice part begins with a long note marked 'Longingly' and 'p'. The piano accompaniment starts with a series of chords and moving lines, marked with 'p', 'pp', 'rit.', and 'a tempo'. The lyrics are: 'By the stream so pure and clear, And through the caves where breez - es lan - guish Sooth - ing still — my ten - der an - guish, Hop - ing still to find my lov - er, I have wan - der'd far — and near, O,'. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings.

f a tempo

where shall I — the youth dis - cov - er?

f a tempo

mf

Keeps he in your breez - y shade, Ye rocks and moss and i - vy wav - ing,

mf

p

On some bank where wild waves lav - ing Mur - mur through the twist - ed wil - low?

p

pp tenderly rit.

On that bank, oh, were I laid, How soft should be — my lov - er's — pil - low!

pp rit.

BY YON BONNIE BANKS

*) Traditional Scottish Ballad

Old Melody: source unknown
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Moderato

VOICE

By yon bon-nie banks and by

PIANO

p *mf*

La *

cresc.

yon bon-nie braes; Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond, Where

cresc.

p *rit.*

me and my true love were ev - er wont to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch

p *rit.*

La *

*) Lady John Scott has stated that she and Sir John picked up both words and air from a poor little boy, who was singing in the streets of Edinburgh.

a tempo
f
 Lo - mond! O, ye'll tak' the high road, An' I'll tak' the low road, An'

marcato
p
 I'll be in Scot - land a - fore ye; But me an' my true love will

rit.
mp
Expressively
 nev-er meet a - gain On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo-mond! 'Twas

cresc.
f
 there that we part-ed in yon shad-y glen, On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lo - mond, Where

dim. *f*

in pur-ple hue the Hie-land hills we view, And the moon looks out frae the gloam - in'. O,

dim. *f*

La. *

a tempo *marcato* *p*

ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the low road, an' I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye: But

a tempo

rit.

me an' my true love will nev-er meet a-gain On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o Loch Lo-mond!

rit.

a tempo

The wild bird-ies sing and the wild flowers spring, And in sun-shine the wa-ters are

p

p *rit.* *dim.*

sleep - ing; But the brok - en heart it kens nae sec - ond spring, Tho' the

dim. *a tempo*

wae - fu' may cease frae their greet - in' O, ye'll tak' the high road, an'

cresc. *p*

I'll tak' the low road, An' I'll be in Scot - land a - fore ye; But

rit. *p* *rit.*

me an' my true love will nev - er meet a - gain, On the bon - nie, bon - nie banks o' Loch Lo - mond!

CAM' YE BY ATHOLL

JAMES HOGG (1770-1835)
(The Ettrick Shepherd)

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With spirit

VOICE

PIANO

f

1. Cam' ye by Ath-oll,
2. I hae but ae son, my

lad wi' the phil - a - beg, Down by the Tum-mel, on banks of the Gar - ry,
gal - lant young Don - ald; But if I had ten they should fol - low Glen - gar - ry!

rit.

Saw ye our lads wi' their bon-nets and white cockades, Leav-ing their moun-tains To
Health to MacDon-nel and gal-lant clan Ron - ald For these are the men that will

rit.

fa tempo

fol - low Prince Char-lie? Fol - low thee! fol - low thee! Wha wad - na fol - low thee?
die for their Char-lie!

fz *sfa tempo* *sf* *sf*

Lang hast thou loved and trust - ed us fair - ly! Char - lie, Char - lie,

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It features a vocal melody on a treble staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves. The piano part includes chords and single notes, with dynamic markings of *sf* (sforzando) in the right hand.

wha wad - na fol - low thee, King o' the High - land hearts, bon-nie Prince Char-lie.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano part features more complex chordal textures and moving lines in both hands, with *sf* markings.

This system shows the continuation of the piano accompaniment. The vocal line is absent, and the piano part consists of sustained chords and moving bass lines.

3. I'll to Loch-iel and Ap - pin and kneel to them Down by Lord Mur - ray, and
4. Down through the Low-lands, down wi' the Whig - a - more, Loy - al true High - land - ers,

The fourth system begins with a vocal melody marked *f* (forte). The piano accompaniment also starts with a *f* marking. The system concludes with the lyrics for the third and fourth verses.

Roy of Kil - dar - lie; Brave Mac - in - tosh he shall fly to the field with them,
down wi' them rare - ly. Ron - ald and Don - ald, drive on, wi' the broadclay - more,

rit. These are the lads I can trust wi' my Char - lie. } *fa tempo* Fol - low thee, fol - low thee,
O - ver the reeks o' the foes o' Prince Char - lie. }

wha wad - na fol - low thee? Langhast thou loved and trust - ed us fair - ly! Char - lie, Char - lie,

wha wad - na fol - low thee, King o' the High - land hearts, bon - nie Prince Char - lie.

COME, ALL YE JOLLY SHEPHERDS (WHEN THE KYE COME HAME)

27

JAMES HOGG (1770-1835)
(The Ettrick Shepherd)

An old Border Air (*)
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Rather quick, with freedom

PIANO

f *f*

La * La *

1. Come, all ye jol - ly shep - herds, that whis - tle thro' the glen, I'll
2. There the black - bird biggs his nest for the mate he loves to see, And,

f *f*

La * La *

accel. *rit. dim.* *a tempo*

tell ye o' a se - cret that cour-tiers din - na ken; What is the greatest bliss that the
up up-on the top-most bough, oh, hap - py bird is he! Then he pours his melt - ing dit - ty, and

accel. *rit.* *p a tempo*

cresc. *rit.* *a tempo*

tongue o' man can name?" 'Tis to woo his bon-nie las-sie when the kye comes hame.} When the
love, 'tis a' the theme, An' he'll woo his bon-nie las-sie when the kye comes hame.}

rit.

*) Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
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kye come hame, when the kye come hame, 'Tween the gloam - in' and the mirk, when the

a tempo f *sf* *p*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

rit. *mf*

kye come hame.

3. See — yon-der pawk-y shepherd that
4. Then — since all na-ture joins in this

rit. *a tempo sf* *mf*

rit. *a tempo* *rit.*

lin-gers on the hill, His — ewes are in the fauld and his lambs are ly - in' still; Yet he
love with - out al - loy, Oh, — wha would prove a trai - tor to na-ture's dear - est joy! Or —

rit. *a tempo* *rit.*

a tempo *rit.* *p a tempo*

dow - na gang to rest, for his heart is in a flame to — meet his bon-nie las-sie, when the
 wha would choose a crown, Wi' its per - ils and its fame, And miss his bon-nie las-sie, when the

a tempo *rit.* *p*

rit. a tempo f

kye come hame! } When the kye come hame, when the kye come hame, 'Tween the
 kye come hame! }

mf

rit. *p a tempo*

gloam-in' and the mirk, when the kye come hame.

rit. *p a tempo* *sf*

COPE SENT A LETTER FRAE DUNBAR

(JOHNNIE COPE)

Old Scottish Air
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Vigorously

VOICE

PIANO

sf *sf*

1. Cope sent a let-ter
2. When Char lie look'd the
3. Now, John-nie, be as

frae Dun - bar: O Char - lie, meet me an' ye daur, And
let-ter up - on, He drew his sword the scab - bard from: Come,
gude's your word, Come, let us try baith fire and sword, And

Mockingly

I'll learn ye the art o' war, 'Gin ye'll meet me in the morn - ing.
fol - low me, my mer - ry men, And we'll meet Cope in the morn - ing. Hey,
din - na run like a fright-ed bird, That's chased frae its nest in the morn - ing.

John-nie Cope, are ye wauk-in' yet? Or are your drums a - beat - in' yet? If

rit. ye were wauk - in', I wad wait, *a tempo* To go to the couls i' the

morn - ing.

4. When John - nie Cope he heard of this, He
5. Fye, John - nie, now get up and rin, The
6. When John - nie Cope to Ber - wick cam', They

thocht it wad - na be a - miss To have a horse in
 High - land bag - pipes mak' a din; It's best to sleep in a
 speer'd at him, - Where's a' your men?" The de'il con-found me,

La *

Mockingly

read-i - ness To flee a - wa' i' the morn - ing.)
 hale skin, For'twill be a bluid-y morn - ing.) Hey, - John-nie Cope, are ye
 'gin I ken, For I left them a' i' the morn - ing.)

La * *La* *

wauk - in' yet Or are your drums a - beat - in' yet: If

rit. *a tempo*

ye were wauk - in' I wad wait To go to the couls i' the morn - ing.

rit. *a tempo* *sf*

CRO-CHALLAIN WOULD GIE ME

(COLIN'S CATTLE)

From the Old Gaelic
Translated by C. M. P.

Old Highland Melody
From the "Celtic Lyre"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With simplicity

VOICE

PIANO

mp

Leg.

*

p

1. Cro - Chal - lain would gie me, Sae can - nie and free Their
2. Cro - Chal - lain wad gie me, Where ev - er they browse, Their

p

milk on the hill - top When nane's bye tae see. Cro -
milk with - out fet - ter, A - mong the green knowes. Cro -

cresc.

Chal - lain are bon - nie, Cro - Chal - lain are—
 Chal - lain sae can - nie, In the heat o' the—

cresc.

p.

braw,
 day,
 Like the wing o' the muir - hen Brown -
 They lie 'mang the heath - er, While their

Ad.

*

spot - ted an' a'.
 calves 'round them play.

p

3 There's a load on my bos - om; There's a tear in my
 4 Nae sleep - in', nae sleep - in', Nae sleep - in' for

p

ee; me I am wae and for - toch - ten; There's nae
me Till they come that I'm seek - in, I maun

sleep - in' for me. Cro - Chal - lain are bon - nie, Cro -
ne'er close an ee. Cro - Chal - lain sae bon - nie, Cro -

Chal - lain are braw; Like the wing o' the muir - hen Brown -
Chal - lain sae dear; They aye fill the milk - pail, What

spot - ted an' a. braw calves they rear.

FAREWELL TO LOCHABER

(LOCHABER NO MORE)

ALLAN RAMSAY (1686 - 1758)

Old Highland Air

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Sadly

VOICE

PIANO

p

mp

mp

rit.

rit.

1. Fare - well to Loch - a - ber, Fare - well to my —
 2. Tho' hur - ri - canes rise, — And raise — ev - 'ry
 3. Then glo - ry, my — Jean, — Maun plead — my ex -

Jean, — Where heart - some with — thee I have mon - y — days —
 wind, — They'll ne'er make a — tem - pest like that in — my —
 cuse; — Since hon - our — com - mands me, how can I — re -

a tempo

been; mind; fuse? For Loch - a - ber no more, Loch - a - ber no
 mind; Tho' loud - est of thun - ders on loud - er waves
 With - out it, I ne'er can have mer - it for

p *a tempo*

rit.

more, We'll may - be re - turn to Loch - a - ber no
 roar, That's nae - thing like leav - ing my love on the
 thee, And los - ing thy fav - our I'd bet - ter not

rit.

a tempo

more. These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear, And
 shore. To leave thee be - hind me my heart is sore pain'd, But by
 be. I gae then, my lass, to win hon - our and fame, And

a tempo

cresc.

no__ for the dan - gers at - tend - ing on__ weir; Tho' bore on rough
 ease that's in - glor - ious no__ fame can be__ gain'd; And beau - ty and
 if__ I should chance to come glo - rious - ly__ hame, I'll bring__ a__

cresc. *f*

Ped. *

seas__ to a__ far__ blood-y__ shore, May - be to__ re - turn to Loch -
 love's the re__ ward of the__ brave, And I maun de - serve it be -
 heart to thee with love__ run - ning o'er, And then I'll leave thee and Loch -

p *rit.*

p *rit.*

a - ber no__ more.
 fore I can__ crave.
 a - ber no__ more.

pp *rit.*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

FAR OVER YON HILLS

(FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT)

39

JAMES HOGG (1770-1835)
(The Ettrick Shepherd)

Air by NIEL GOW *
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Plaintively *p*

VOICE

1. Far o - ver yon hills o' the
2. The moor-cock that crows on the
3. The tar - get is torn from the

PIANO *p* *rit.* *a tempo p*

heath - er sae green, — And down by the cor - rie that sings by the sea, The
brows o' Ben Con - nal, He kens o' his bed in a sweet moss-y hame; The
arm of the just, — The hel - met is cleft on the brow of the brave, The

bon - nie young Flo - ra sat sigh - ing her lane, — The
ea - gle that soars on the cliffs o' Clan Ron - ald, Un -
clay - more for ev - er in dark - ness must rust, — But

*Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"

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rit. *a tempo cresc.*

dew on her plaid, an' the tear in her e'e. She look'd at a boat wi' the
 aw'd and un-hunt-ed his ey-rie can claim. The so-lan can sleep on the
 red is the sword of the stranger and slave. The hoof of the horse and the

rit. *a tempo cresc.*

breez-es that swung,— A-way on the waves like a
 shelf of the shores,— The cor-mo-rant roost on his
 foot of the proud,— Have trode o'er the plumes on the

rit. p

bird on the main;— An' ay as it les-sen'd she sigh'd as she sung, "Fare -
 rock of the sea;— But ah! there is one whose hard fate I de-plore, Nor
 bon-net of blue;— Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud When

rit. p

a tempo *f marcato*

weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain! — Fare - weel to my he - ro, the
house, ha', nor hame in his coun-try has he, — The con - flict is past and our
ty - ran-ny rev - ell'd in blood of the true? — Fare - weel my young he - ro, the

a tempo *f*

p

gal - lant and young, — Fare - weel to the lad I shall
name is no more, — There's nought left but sor - row for
gal - lant and good! — The crown of thy fa - thers is

sf *p*

rit. *1. & 2.* *last time*

ne'er see a - gain!"
Scot-land and me!
torn from thy brow!

a tempo *rit.* *p*

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

(AFTON WATER)

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

Composer of air unknown*
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Tenderly and tranquilly *p*

VOICE

1. Flow gen - tly sweet Af - ton, a -
 2. Thou stock - dove, whose ech - o re -

PIANO

p

mong thy green braes,— Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a
 sounds thro' the glen,— Ye wild whis - tling black-birds in

song in— thy— praise; My— Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy
 yon flow' - ry— den; Thou green - crest - ed— lap - wing, thy

Burns sent the air with his poem to Johnson for the "Scot's Museum."

*Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"

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mur - mur - ing - stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis -
scream - ing for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my -

turb not her dream. slum - ber - ing fair. 3. How

mp

p

La * La * La *

loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bour - ing hills Far

mark'd with the cours - es of sweet wind - ing rills! There

cresc. *rit.*

dai - ly I wan - der as morn ris - es high, My

cresc. *rit.*

a tempo

flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye.

a tempo

p

4. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a -

p *p*

mong thy green braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet

riv - er, the theme of my lays; My

Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing

stream, Flow gen - tly sweet Af - ton, dis -

turb not her dream.

La *

GIN A BODY MEET A BODY

(COMIN' THRO' THE RYE)

ROBERT BURNS (1759 - 1796)

Old Scottish Air

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Naively

VOICE

PIANO

p

ten.

p

rit.

1. Gin a bod-y meet a bod-y Com-in' thro' the rye,
 2. Gin a bod-y meet a bod-y Com-in' frae the well,
 3. Gin a bod-y meet a bod-y Com-in' frae the toun,

p

rit.

pp

a tempo cresc.

p rit.

Gin a bod-y kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry?
 Gin a bod-y kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y tell?
 Gin a bod-y greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y gloom?

a tempo

rit.

pp

f a tempo *rit. dim.* *a tempo*

Il - ka las-sie has her lad-die, Nane they say— ha'e I; Yet
 Il - ka las-sie has her lad-die, Ne'er a ane— ha'e I; But
 Il - ka las-sie has her lad-die, Nane they say— ha'e I; But

f *rit.*

La. * La. * La. * La. *

cresc. *p*

a' the lads they smile to me, When com-in' thro' the rye.
 a' the lads they smile on me, When com-in' thro' the rye.
 a' the lads they lo'e me weel, And what the waur am I?

a tempo *p* *rit.* *pp*

mf a tempo *p a tempo*

HAME, HAME, HAME!

Original Version
by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM (1784-1842)

Old Air^(*)
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Yearningly *mp*

VOICE

Hame, hame, hame, O— hame fainwad I be, —

PIANO

p *mp*

cresc. *cresc.*

Hame, hame, hame, to my ain coun-trie! There's an eye that ev-er weeps, and a

L.H. *p* *cresc.*

f *p*

fair face will be fain, As I pass thro' An-nan wa-ter wi my bon-nie bands a-gain; When the

L.H.

^{*)} Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
by permission of Messrs Augener, Limited, London.

flow'r is in the bud, and the leaf up-on the tree, The lark shall sing me hame to my

ain coun-trie. *mp* Hame, hame, hame, O —

L.H.

p

La * *La* * *La* *

hame fain — wad I be — Hame, hame, hame to my ain coun-trie! The green

cresc.

L.H.

cresc.

p

cresc.

leaf o' loy-al-tie is be - gin-ning for to fa', And the bon-nie white rose it is

cresc.

f enthusiastically

with-er - ing and a! But I'll wa - ter't wi' the bluid o' u - surp-ing tyr - an - nie, And—

f

green— it will grow in my ain coun - trie.

L.H.

f

pp

Hame, hame, hame, O — hame fain — wad I be, —

pp

p sadly

Hame, hame, hame to my ain coun - trie! The great now are gane, a' who

*rit.**cresc.*

ven-tur'd for to save, And the new grass is grow-ing a - bove their bluid-y grave, But the

rit.

sun in the mirk blinks blythe in my e'ee, I'll

shine on ye yet in yer ain coun - trie.

HEAVY THE BEAT OF THE WEARY WAVES

(OLD DIRGE FROM THE ISLE OF MULL)

Air: "An cronan Muillach"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

PIANO

Mournfully

f

mp

Heav - y the beat of the wear - y waves, Fall - ing fall - ing

pp

o'er and o'er up - on the rock-y shore, When he comes no more, a -

las! no more. Och-one! Ev - er more, Och -

f

dim.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. The first system is a piano introduction marked 'Mournfully' and 'f'. The second system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics 'Heav - y the beat of the wear - y waves, Fall - ing fall - ing'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand. The third system continues the vocal melody with 'o'er and o'er up - on the rock-y shore, When he comes no more, a -'. The piano accompaniment includes a triplet of eighth notes. The fourth system concludes the piece with 'las! no more. Och-one! Ev - er more, Och -'. The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes and a final chord. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, time signatures, dynamic markings, and articulation marks.

* Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
by permission of Messrs Augener, Limited, London.

one. *p* Tears of de - spair from the

weep - ing sky, Fall - ing to the earth be-neath, And o'er — the gloom-y

pp heath Hangs a mist - y pall of death, of death! Och-one! Ev -

rit. er more, Och - one!

rit. *p a tempo*

HUSH-A-BY, DARLING

The verses by Lachlan MacBean
are relics of an old Lochaber Lullaby

Ancient Lochaber Lullaby
from "Songs of the Gael"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Tenderly

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. Hush - a - by, darl - ing, and
2. Lul - la - by, lit - tle one,

hush - a - by, dear O, Hush - a - by, dar - ling will yet be a he - ro,
bon - nie wee ba - by, He'll be a he - ro, and fight for us may - be;

Nonewill be big - ger or brav - er or strong - er Lul - la - by, lit - tle one,
Cat - tle and hors - es and sheep will his prey be, None will be bold - er or

rit. dim.

cry - ing no long - er.
brav - er than ba - by.

a tempo

rit. dim.

p

Tea *

Tea *

Tea *

Tea *

p a tempo

3. Soft - ly and si - lent - ly eye - lids are clos - ing, Dear - est wee
 4. Plac - id - ly, peace - ful - ly, slum - ber has bound him, An - gels are

a tempo

La *

p

jew - el, so gen - tly he's doz - ing; Soft - ly he's rest - ing, by
 lov - ing - ly watch - ing a - round him; Beau - ti - ful spir - its, his

p

dim. *rit.*

slum - ber o'er - tak - en, Sound - ly he's sleep - ing, and sweet - ly he'll
 sor - row be - guil - ing, Sweet - ly they whis - per, and ba - by is

pp *rit.*

1. wak - en.
 smil - ing.

2.

a tempo *pp rit.* *pp*

La *

HUSH YE, MY BAIRNIE

(CAGARAN GAOLACH)

Old Gaelic (Lochaber) Lullaby
Translated by Malcolm Mac Farlane

From the "Celtic Lyre"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Andantino

VOICE

Hush ye, my bairn - ie, my bon - nie wee lad - die,

PIANO

p

rit.

When ye're a man ye shall fol - low your dad - die; Lift me a coo, And a

goat and a weth - er, Bring - ing them hame to yer min - nie the-gith - er.

rit.

And

p Hush ye, my bairn - ie my

p a tempo

p

La * La *

bon - nie wee lam - mie; Routh o' guid things ye shall

rit. bring tae yer mam - mie; Hare frae the mea - dow, and

p a tempo

rit.

p a tempo

deer frae the moun - tain, Grouse frae the muir - lan', and

trout frae the foun - tain.

Pia. *rit.*

p
Hush ye, my bairn - ie, my bon - nie wee dear - ie, Sleep! come and close the een

pp

rit. - *pp* - - -
heav - y and wear - ie; Closed are the wear - ie een, rest ye are tak - in'

rit. *ppp*

Sound be yer sleep - in', and bright be yer wak - in'.

I CLIMB THE MOUNTAINS

(FHIR A BHÀTA)

59

Translated from the Gaelic
by Lachlan MacBean

Old Gaelic Air
From the "Celtic Lyre"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Rather slow and steadily

PIANO

f *p*

mf

1. I climb the moun - tain and scan the o - cean, For thee, my
2. From pass - ing boat - men I'd fain dis - cov - er If they have

mf *f*

boat - man, with fond de - vo - tion; When shall I see thee? to - day? to -
heard of, or seen my lov - er; They nev - er tell me, I'm on - ly

cresc. f

f

mor - row? O! do not leave me in lone - ly sor - row, } O my
chid - ed, And told my heart has been sore mis guid - ed. }

f

boat - man, na hó - ro ei - le, O my boat - man, na hó - ro ei - le, O my

boat - man, na hó - ro ei - le, - Joy a - wait thee when-e'er thou sail-est!

3. My lov - er pro - mis'd to bring his la - dy A silk - en
4. I may not hide it_ my heart's de - vo - tion Is not a
5. My heart is wear - y with cease - less wail - ing Like wound - ed

gown and a tar - tan plaid - ie. A ring of gold which would show his
sea - son's_ brief e - mo - tion; Thy love in child-hood be - gan to
swan when her strength is fail - ing Her notes of an - guish the lake a -

sem - blance; But oh! I fear me for his re - mem - brance,
seize me, And ne'er shall fade un - til death re - lease me.
wak - en; By all her com - rades at last for - sak - en. } O, my

mf

La

boat - man, na hó - ro ei - le, O my boat - man, na hó - ro

f

ei - le, O my boat - man, na hó - ro ei - le, — Joy a -

cresc. f

La

wait thee when - e'er thou sail - est!

I LEFT MY DARLING LYING HERE

"(A FAIRY LULLABY)

(AN COINEACHAN)

Old Gaelic Verses

Translated by Lachlan MacBean

From the "Celtic Lyre"

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Very simply *mp*

VOICE

1. I left my dar - ling ly - ing here, a -
2. I found the track of the swan on the lake, the

PIANO

p *mp*

ly - ing here, a - ly - ing here, I left my dar - ling ly - ing here, To
swan on the lake, the swan on the lake, I found the track of the swan on the lake, But

go and gath-er blae-ber-ries. I've
not the track of ba-by, O! I

p

* Sung by a mother whose child was stolen by the fairies.

mf

found the wee brown ot-ter's track, the ot-ter's track, the ot-ter's track, I've
found the track of the yel-low fawn, the yel-low fawn, the yel-low fawn, I

mf

p rit.

found the wee brown ot-ter's track But ne'er a trace o' ba-by, O!
found the track of the yel-low fawn But could not trace my ba-by, O!

p rit.

mp

3. I

a tempo

rit.

found the trail of the moun-tain mist, the moun-tain mist, the moun-tain mist; I

a tempo

found the trail of the moun - tain mist, But ne'er a trace of

p *rit.*

ba - by, O! Hó - van, Hó - van Gor - ry òg O,

a tempo

a tempo

Gor - ry òg O, Gor - ry òg O, Hó - van, Hó - van,

Gor - ry òg O, I've lost my dar - ling ba - by, O.

rit.

rit.

I'M WEARIN' AWA', JEAN

65

(THE LAND O' THE LEAL)

The original poem by
Lady Carolina Nairne (1766-1845)
(Robert Burns' version)

A version of an old air
"Hey, tuttie, tattie"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With pathos

VOICE

PIANO

pp

p

p

1. I'm wear - in' a - wa', Jean, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm
2. To me ye hae been true, Jean, Your task's end - ed noo, Jean, For

wear - in; a - wa', To the land o' the leal. There's
near kythes my view O' the land o' the leal. Our

La * *La* * *La* * *La* *

La * *La* *

cresc.

nae sor - row there, Jean, There's nei - ther could nor care, Jean, The
 bon - nie bairn's there, Jean, She was baith gude and fair, Jean, And,

p *rit.*

day's— aye— fair— I' the land o' the leal. —
 oh! we grudg'd her sair— To the land o' the leal. —

pp *rit.* *a tempo*

Ped * *Ped* *

With animation *mf*

3. But dry that tear-fu' ee— Jean, Grieve

mf

Ped * *Ped* *

cresc.

na for her and me, Jean, Frae sin and sor - row free... I' the

cresc.

p *poco*

land o' the leal. Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean! This warld's cares are

p *poco*

dim. *pp* *rit.*

vain, Jean, We'll meet and aye be fein I' the land o' the leal.

dim. *rit.*

I WISH I WERE WHERE HELEN LIES

(FAIR HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL)

Old Ballad

Ancient Air^{*}

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE *Sadly* *mp*

I

PIANO *p*

cresc.

wish I were where Hel - en lies, For night and day on — me she cries, O! —

mp

dim.

that I were where Hel - en lies, On fair Kirk - con - nel Lea!

dim. *p*

La. *

La. *

^{*} Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
by permission of Messrs Augener, Limited, London.

f accel.

Cursed be the heart that thought the thought And

mf

rit.

cursed the hand that fired the shot When in my arms burd Hel-en dropt, And

rit.

dim.

died to suc - cor me. But

dim. pp

a tempo p

think-na ye my heart was sair When my love dropt down and spake nae mair There

p a tempo

did she swoon wi' mei - kle care On fair Kirk - con - nel

Lea. *p* I

longingly
wish I were where Hel - en lies, For night and day on — me she cries, And

pp

rit.
I am wear - y — of theskies For her sake thatdied for me.

rit. *pp*

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, JOHN

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

Ancient Melody*

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE *Quietly and tenderly* *p*

PIANO *p*

John An-der-son, my
jo, John, When we were first a - quent; Your locks were like the ra - ven, Your
bon - nie brow was brent; But now your brow is beld, John, Your locks are like the
snaw, But bless - ings on your frost - y pow, John An-der-son, my jo!

rit.

rit.

*La **

*) Formerly used as a Roman Catholic Church Melody in Scotland before the Reformation.

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mp

John An-der-son, my jò, John, We clamb the hill the -

a tempo

mf

La *

cresc.

gith - er And mo - ny a can - ty day, John, We've had wi' ane an -

cresc.

dolce

ith - er Now we maun tot - ter down, John, But hand in hand we'll

p

sempre dim. e rit.

go; And sleep the-gith-er at the foot, John An-der-son, my jo.

sempre dim. e rit.

MAXWELLTON BRAES ARE BONNIE

73

(ANNIE LAURIE)

Verses and Melody
by Lady JOHN SCOTT
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Simply

VOICE

PIANO

p

p *cresc.*

1. Max-well-ton braes are bon-nie Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And it's
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her neck is like the swan, Her

p *pp*

there that An-nie Lau-rie Gi'd me her prom-ise true; Gi'd
face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on; That

cresc.

*Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
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ML-963-3

me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be, And for
e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e, And for

f

bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doon an'
bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doon an'

dim. *rit.*

dee.
dee.

a tempo

3. Like dew on the gow - an ly - ing Is the fa' o' her fair - y

p *pp*

feet; And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing Her

voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, She's

p

a' the world to me, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, Id

lay me down an' dee.

rit. *pp*

MY BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN

(MO NIGHEAN DONN, BHÒIDHEACH)

Verses from the Gaelic
Translated by Lachlan MacBeann

Old Gaelic Melody
From "Songs of the Gael"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE *Moderato* *f*

1. Ho - ro, my brown-haired
2. Though far from thee I'm
3. Thy smile is bright - est,

PIANO *f*

maid - en, Hee - ree, my bon - nie maid - en, My sweet - est, neat - est
rang - ing, My love is not es - trang - ing, My heart is still un -
pur - est, Best, kind - li - est, de - mur - est, With which thou still al -

maid - en, I'll wed none but thee. O maid, whose face was
chang - ing, And aye true to thee. O, blest was I when
lur - est My heart's love to thee. Where High - land hills are

fair - - est, The beau - ty that thou bear - est, Thy
 near the, To see thee and to hear thee, These
 swell - - ing, My dar - ling has her dwell - ing, A

witch - ing smile, the rar - est, Are ev - - er with me.
 mem' - ries still en - dear thee For - ev - - er to me.
 fair wild rose ex - cel - ling In sweet - ness is she.

After 3^d verse
 Ho - ro, my brown-haired maid - en, Hee - ree, my bon - nie maid - en, My

sweet - est, neat - est maid - en, I'll wed none but thee.

MY LOVE, SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET

JAMES HOGG (1770-1835)
(The Ettrick Shepherd)

Old Scottish Air^(*)
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With spirit and delicacy

VOICE

PIANO

p

My—

rit. *a tempo* *rit.* *a tempo*

Love, she's but a las-sie yet, A— light-some love-ly las-sie yet, It—

p *rit.* *a tempo* *rit.* *a tempo*

La * La * La *

rit. *a tempo*

scarce wad do to sit and woo, Down by— the— stream sae glass-y yet. But—

rit. *a tempo*

La * La *

^{*)} Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
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f

there's a braw time com-in' yet, When we may gang a - roam-in' yet, An'

*La * La **

rit.

hint wi' glee O' joys to be, When fa's the mod-est gloam-in' yet.

rit. *p a tempo*

*La * La **

She's

nei-ther proud nor sau-cy yet, She's nei-ther plump nor gau-cy yet; But

mp

just a jink - in', Bon-nie blink-in', Hil - ty - skil - ty las - sie yet. But—

O! her art - less smile's mair sweet, Than hin - ny or than mar-ma - lete, An'—

p

right or wrang E'er it be lang, I'll bring her— to a par-ley yet.

p

I'm—

expressively *rit.* *a tempo*

jeal-ous o' what bless-es her, The ver-y breeze that kiss-es her: The

p *rit.* *a tempo*

La *

rit. *a tempo*

flow-ry beds on which she treads, Tho' wae— for— aye that miss-es her. Then

rit. *a tempo*

La *

Cresc.

O! to meet my las-sie yet, Up— in that glen so grass-y yet, For—

rit. *a tempo*

all I see are nought to me Save her— that's but a las-sie yet.

rit. *a tempo*

La

MY LOVE TO MY BRIDE

(FAIR YOUNG MARY)

(MÀIRI BHÀN ÒG)

From the Gaelic of D (Bàn) McIntyre*
Translated by Lachlan MacBean

Melody from "Songs of the Gael"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Gently and not too slowly (about $\text{♩} = 69$) *p*

VOICE

1. My love to my bride with
2. Where wood-lands are green with

PIANO

p

La. * La. *

dear ca - resses, And pride, shall ev - er be shown, ——— Each
trees well nour-ish'd, A scene of beau - ty to view, ——— I

* La. * La. *

vir - tue most rare her soul pos - sess-es, And fair and sweet has she
found with de - light one stem that flour-ish'd, Of bright and beau - ti - ful

rit.

La. * La. *

* To his newly wedded wife.

a tempo

grown. _____ My thoughts used to rove in boy - ish fol - ly Ere
 hue: _____ That bough from a - bove, de - sir - ing great-ly, With

a tempo

Lead * *Lead*

ev - er her love I had known, _____ But now I'm her own, my
 love un - to me _____ I drew; _____ None else could have mov'd that

Lead * *Lead* *

rit.

heart is whol - ly My dar - ling's a - lone, a - lone. _____
 tree so state-ly 'Twas on - ly for me that it grew. _____

pp *rit.* *pp* *3* *R.H.*
3 *L.H.*

Lead * *Lead* * *Lead* *

MY OWN DEAR ONE'S GONE

(DH' FHALBH MO LEANNAN FHÉIN)

From the Gaelic of "Fionn" (Henry Whyte)
Translated by A. M. Rose

Old Gaelic Air
From the "Celtic Lyre"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Mournfully

VOICE

1. My own dear one's gone! My true love's de - part - ed;
2. Wail - ing aye for thee, I'm heart - sick with sor - row;

PIANO

p

Hap - py be his lot, Though I'm bro - ken heart - ed. My own dear one's gone.
Sleep - less now my eyes, From the eve till mor - row. My own dear one's gone.

rit.

rit.

All my weal went then,
Sad, sad news I hear,

a tempo

p

Naught re-main'd but sad-ness; Till thou come a-gain I can ne'er know glad-ness.
Pierc-ing like an ar-row, That be-neath the wave Sleeps "my win-some mar-row."

rit.
My own dear one's gone.
My own dear one's gone.

rit. *p* *Led* * *Led* *

after 2nd verse
Sad the tale to me; Need I long-er tar-ry? Death, to rest, and thee,

rit. *rit.*
Soon my soul will car-ry. My own dear one's gone!

rit. *rit.*

MY BROWN MAID

(MO NIGHEAN DONN)

From the Gaelic
Translated by C.M. P.

Air from the "Celtic Lyre"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With spirit (♩ = 84)

VOICE

PIANO

mf

f CHORUS

Sing-ing hó, ro-va hó

SOLO

mp The solo always somewhat slower and as if spoken, in free time

Let's be go-ing, Mo neen donn. 'Tis time to go home-ward Far too long was my

CHORUS

f *a tempo*

so - journ Mo neen donn. Sing-ing hó ro-va hó Let's be go-ing Mo neen donn.

L.H.

f

SOLO

f Roll the crest-ed waves hoar-y to the shore with weird moan - ing Mo

f

La

CHORUS

f a tempo

neen donn. Sing-ing hó, ro - va hó, Let's be go - ing Mo neen donn.

L.H.

f

*

SOLO

p In the woods the sweet sing-ers un-der wing their heads stow them Mo

p

CHORUS

a tempo

rit. *p* neen donn. Sing-ing hó, ro - va hó, Let's be go - ing Mo neen donn.

rit. *a tempo*

SOLO *mp* *rit.*

In the land of old Os-sian, my sad loss I'm de - plor - ing Mo

mp

La

CHORUS *a tempo*

neen donn. Sing-ing hó, ro - va hó Let's be go - ing Mo neen donn.

L.H. *a tempo*

SOLO *very slowly* *p*

Where I left — her, my dear one, my own peer-less a - dor'd one Mo

p

La *La* *La* *La*

L.H. *R.H.*

CHORUS *f a tempo*

neen donn. Sing-ing hó, ro - va hó Let's be go - ing Mo neen donn.

a tempo *f*

MY PRETTY MARY

(MÀIRI BHÒIDHEACH)

Old Melody of the Hebrides

From the "Celtic Lyre"

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

From Sinclair's "Oranaiche"

Translated by C. M. P.

VOICE

Ardently

Sp

1. My pret-ty Ma - ry, my love - ly
2. Could I but so - journ with thee

PIANO

p

Ma - ry, O who can meas - ure the love I bear thee? My charm - ing
on - ly, In some green glen, — se - cure and lone - ly, Then nei - ther

rall. *a tempo*

Ma - ry, I great-ly fear me, A-way from thee there is nought can cheer me. In storm or
glo - ry, fame, nor trea - sure Could ev - er bring me — half such pleas-ure. Thy ab-sence

rall. *a tempo*

sun - shine, wher - e'er I wan - der, My wont is on thy charms to
has ——— of joy be - reft me, And nought but sor - row now is

pon - der; Thy im - age ris - es up be - fore me, And throws love's
left me; From day to day 'tis sigh - ing, pin - ing, For thy sweet

witch - ing gla - mour o'er me.
face like a sun - beam shin - ing.

Tr *

D.S.

3. Who ev - er saw thee but felt thy pow - er? Of Beau - ty's

L.H.
p

handmaids thou art the flow-er; And sense and worth, all else ex-cel - ling, With - in thy

rall. *a tempo*

vir - tu - ous mind are dwell - ing. O ne'er may e - vil chance come

rall. *a tempo*

near thee, With grief or gloom - y doubts to fear thee, But pleas-ant hopes and mus-ings

thine be, To cheer the days - un-til thou mine be.

L.H.

NAE MAIR WE'LL MEET AGAIN

Highland Melody: "Robi donna Gorach"
 Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE *Sorrowfully*

1. Nae mair we'll meet a-gain, my love, by yon burnside, Nae
 2. Yet mem'-ry oft will fond-ly brood, on yon burnside, O'er
 3. Now far re-mov'd from ev-'ry care, 'boon yon burnside, Thou

PIANO *p* *rit.* *a tempo*

*Lead * Lead **

mair we'll wan-der thro' the grove, by yon burn-side; Ne'er a - gain the ma - vis' lay Will we
 haunts which we sae aft hae trod, by yon burn-side; Still the walk wi' me thou't share, Tho' thy
 bloom'st, my love, an an - gel fair, 'boon yon burn-side; And, if an - gels pit - y know, Sure the

p *rit.* *a tempo*

hail at close of day, For we ne'er a - gain will stray down by yon burn-side.
 foot can nev - er mair Bend to earth the gow - an fair, down by yon burn-side.
 tear for me will flow, Who must lin - ger here be - low, down by yon burn-side.

p *rit.*

*Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
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O'ER COOLIN'S FACE THE NIGHT IS CREEPING

(MACCRIMMON'S LAMENT)

*Translated from the Gaelic
by Lachlan MacBean*

*From "Songs of the Gael"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK*

Slowly and sadly *p*

VOICE

1. O'er Cool - in's face the night is creep - ing, The
2. The breeze of the bens is gen - tly blow - ing, The
3. Its dir - ges of woe the sea - is sigh - ing, The

PIANO *p*

La * La * La * La *

ban - shee's wail is round us sweep - ing; Blue eyes in Duin are
brooks in the glens are soft - ly flow - ing; Where boughs their dark - est
boat un - der sail un - mov'd is ly - ing; The voice of the waves in

La * La *

dim - with weep - ing Since thou art gone and ne'er re - turn - est.
shades are throw - ing, Birds mourn for thee who ne'er re - turn - est.
sad - ness dy - ing Say, thou art a - way and ne'er re - turn - est.

^{*)} The verses were written on the departure of Donald MacCrimmon, piper to the MacLeods, in the year 1745 by his sister; the melody was composed for the same occasion.

CHORUS

*with emphasis**mf*

No more, no more, no more re - turn-ing, In peace nor in war is

mf

La * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* *

he re - turn-ing; Till dawns the great day of doom and burn-ing, Mac -

La * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* *

rit.

Crim - mon is home no more re - turn-ing.

rit.

a tempo

La * *La* * *La* *

p

4. We'll see no more Mac - Crim-mon's re-turn - ing In peace nor in war is

p

cresc.

he — re - turn - ing Till dawns the great day of woe — and burn - ing, For

cresc.

dim. rit.

him, — for him there's no — re - turn - ing.

rit.

OH, CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

Lady CAROLINA NAIRNE (1766-1845)

Old Melody *)

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With spirit

VOICE

Oh, Char-lie is my dar - ling, my

PIANO

f

sf

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

sf

1.'Twas on a Mon-day morn - ing Right ear - ly in the year, When
 2. As he cam' march-in' up the street, The pipes play'd loud and clear; And
 3. Wi' Hie-land bon-nets on their heads, And clay-mores bright and clear; They

*) Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
 by permission of Messrs Augener, Limited, London

Char - lie came to our town, The young Che - va - lier.
 a' the folks cam' rin - nin out, To meet the Che - va - lier. Oh,
 cam' to fight for Scot-land's right, And the young Che - va - lier.

Char-lie is my dar - ling, my dar - ling, my dar - ling! Char-lie is my dar - ling, the

young Che - va - lier.

4. They've left their bon - nie Hie - land hills, Their wives and bairn - ies dear, To
 5. Oh, there were mon - y beat - ing hearts, And mon - y hope and fear, And

draw the sword for Scot - land's lord, The gay — Che - va - lier. } Oh, Char - lie is my dar - ling, my
 mon - y were the pray'rs put up For the young Che - va - lier. }

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

O HEARKEN, AND I WILL TELL YOU HOW

(SCOTTISH WEDDING)

99

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

West of Scotland Melody*
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Gaily and with spirit *mp*

VOICE

PIANO

1. O
2. On
3. Now,

heark - en, and I will tell — you how Young Muir - land Wil - lie cam'
his gray yade as he — did ride, Wi' dirk and pis - tol
woo - er, sin' ye're light - ed down, Where do ye won, or

here — to woo, Tho' he could nei - ther say nor do, The
by — his side, He prick'd her on wi' meik - le pride, Wi'
in — what town? I think my doch - ter win - na gloom On

rit. *a tempo*

rit.

* Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
by permission of Messrs Augener, Limited, London.

truth I tell to you. But aye he cries "What -
meik - le mirth and glee. Out owre yon moss, out
sic a lad as ye." The woo - er he stepp'd

a tempo *sf*

e'er be - tide Mag - gie I'se hae to be my bride,"
owre yon muir, Till he cam to her dad - die's door, } With a
up the house, And wow but he was won - drous crouse, }

rit. *a tempo*

fal - da - ra, fal - lal - da - ra, la - fal - lal - da - ra, lal - da - ra - la!

sf a tempo *sf*

4. The maid - en blush'd, and bing'd fu' law She had na will to say him na, But
5. The brid - al day it cam' to pass, Wi' mon - y a blythesome lad and lass; But

mp *mp*

to her dad-die she left it a' As they twa could a - gree. — The
 sic a day — there nev - er was, Sic mirth was nev - er seen. — This

rit. lov - er gie'd her then a kiss, Syne ran to her dad-die and tell'd him this, *a tempo*
 win some cou - ple strak - ed hands, Mess John — tied up — the mar-riage bands, {With a

fal - da - ra, fal - lal-da - ra, la - fal - lal-da - ra, lal-da - ra - la! —

a tempo sf

OCH, OCH, MAR THA MI!

(THE ISLAY MAIDEN)

Translated from the Gaelic
by Thomas Pattison (1828-1865)

Ancient Melody of Islay
From the "Celtic Lyre"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

PIANO

Sadly

p

rit.

p

p a tempo

mf

1. Och, och, mar tha mi! here so lone - ly, De - spair has
2. When sleep-ing sweet - ly the rest are ly - ing, Wild dreams of

seized me and keeps his hold, — Oh, were I near thee in Is - lay
an - guish my mind is weav - ing I'm like the swan that drops wound-ed, —

on - ly, Be - fore thou'st tak - en that man for gold. —
dy - ing; My love ex - hausts me with bit - ter griev - ing.

3. A - las, thy
4. Since thou hast

rit.
a tempo

kind eye, so bright - ly shin - ing; Thy neck so come - ly like ca-nach
left me, and with - out warn - ing, A - las, and tak - en a man for

blow - ing; Those eb - on eye - brows thy fore-head lin - ing; Thy cheeks like
gold! Had I been by thee, false wis - dom scorn - ing, Thy - self, my

rit.
rit.
dim.

ber - ries or row - ans blow - ing.
dear one, thou had'st not sold.

OH, LOVE WILL VENTURE IN

ROBERT BURNS (1759 - 1796)

West of Scotland Melody*
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE *Daintily* *mp*

1. Oh, lovewillventure in,where it
2. The lil - y it is pure, an' the

PIANO *mf* *mp*

daur - na weel be seen; Oh, love will ven-ture in where wis-domance has been; But
lil - y it is fair, And in her love-ly bos - om I'll place the lil - y there; The

I will down yon riv - er rove, a - mang the woods sae green, An' a' to pu' a po-sie to my
dai - sy's for sim- pli - ci - ty of un - af - fect - ed air, An' a' to be a po-sie to my

*Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
by permission of Messrs Augener, Limited, London

rit. *mp* *a tempo*

ain dear May. I'll pu' the bud-ding rose-bush, when Phœ-bus peeps in view, For it's
ain dear May. I'll tie the po-sie round wi' the silk-en cord o' love, An' I'll

rit. *mp* *a tempo*

rit. *mp* *a tempo*

p

like a balm-y kiss o' her sweet bon-ny mou'; The hy-a-cinth's for con-stan-cy, wi'
place it in her breast, An' I'll swear by all a-bove, That to my lat-est breath o' life the

p

rit.

its un-chang-ing blue, An' a' to be a po-sie for my ain dear May.
band shall ne'er re-move; An' a' to be a po-sie for my ain dear May.

rit.

OH, MIRK, MIRK IS THE MIDNIGHT HOUR

(LORD GREGORY)

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

Ancient Galloway Song*)
 Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE *Lento*

1. Oh, mirk, mirk is the
 2. Oh, hard is thy heart, Lord

PIANO *f* *mf*

mid - night hour, An' loud the tem - pest's roar; A
 Gre - go - ry, An' flint - y is thy breast; Thou

wae - fu' wan - d'r'er seeks thy tow'r, Lord Gre - go - ry,
 dart of heav'n that flash - est by, O wilt thou

cresc. *3* *cresc.*

*) Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
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ope thy door! An ex - - ile
gie me rest? Ye mut - - tring
a tempo

rit. *p*

frae her fa - - ther's ha', An' a' - for
thun - ders from a - bove, Your will - - ing

lov - - ing thee; At least some pit - y
vic - - tim see! But spare and par - don

on me shaw If love it may na be!
my fause love His wrangs to heav'n and me!

rit. *dim.* *pp*

OH, WHERE, TELL ME WHERE

(THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND)

Verses from
"Johnson's Museum"

Popular Scottish Air
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Allegro

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. "Oh, where, tell me where, is your High - land lad - die
2. "Oh, what, las - sie, what, does your High - land lad - die
3. "Oh, what, will you claim for your con - stan - cy to

cresc.

gone?"
wear?"
him?"

"Oh, where, tell me where, is your
"Oh, what, las - sie, what, does your
"Oh, what, will you claim for your

cresc.

f

High - land lad - die gone?" "He's gone wi' stream - ing
High - land lad - die wear?" "A scar - let coat and
con - stan - cy to him?" "I'll claim a priest to

f

ban - ners, where_ no - ble deeds are done; And it's
 bon - net wi' bon - nie yel - low hair, And there's
 wed us, And a clerk to say 'A - men!' And I'll

rit. oh! in my heart I wish him safe at
 nane in the world can wi' my love com -
 ne'er part a gain From my bon - nie High - land -
dim.

home."
 pare."
 man."
p a tempo

OH, MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

Old Scottish Song
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Warmly and tenderly

VOICE

Oh, my

PIANO

mf

love's like a red, red rose That's new - ly sprung in June; Oh, my —

mp

love's like the mel - o - die, That's sweet - ly play'd in tune. As

p

cresc. fair art thou, my bon-nie lass, So deep in love am I; *rit.* And

cresc. *rit.*

a tempo I will love thee still, my dear, Till *dim.* a' the seas gang dry. *rit.*

a tempo *dim.* *rit.* *a tempo*

mf Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the

mf

rocks melt wi' the sun: Oh, I will love thee still, my dear, While the

rit.

sands o' life shall run. And fare thee weel, my on - ly love! And

rit.

rit. *a tempo*

fare thee weel a - while! And I will come a - gain, my love, Tho'

rit. *a tempo*

p

't were ten thou - sand miles! Oh, my love is like a red, red rose, that's

p

p

new - ly sprung in June; Oh, my love's like the mel - o - die that's sweet - ly play'd in tune.

f

OH, WHY LEFT I MY HAME?

R. GILFILLAN

^{*)}Air adapted by PETER MACLEOD (1797-1859)
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Plaintively

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. Oh, —
 2. Oh, —

why left I my hame? Why did I cross the deep? Oh, —
 here no Sab - bath bell A - wakes the Sab - bath morn, No —

why left I the land Where my fore - fa - thers sleep? I —
 song of reap - ers heard A - mang the yel - low corn; For the

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cresc.

sigh for Sco - tia's shore, - And I gaze a - cross the
ty - rant's voice is here, - And the wail of sla - ver -

cresc.

p rit.

sea, But I can - na get a blink O' my - ain - coun - trie!
ie; But the sun of Free - dom shines, In my - ain - coun - trie!

rit.

mf

3. There's a hope for ev - 'ry

p

woe, And a balm for ev - 'ry pain, But the first joys of our

heart Come — nev - er back a - gain. There's a track up - on the

deep, — And a path a - cross the sea, But the

pp

rit.

wear - ie ne'er re - turn To their ain — coun - trie.

rit.

PUT OFF, AND ROW WI' SPEED

ROBERT ALLAN (1774-1841)

Highland Boat Song^{*}
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With animation

VOICE

PIANO

f *sf* *sf*

1. Put off,— put off,— and row with speed, For now is the time and the
 2. Those pon - drous keys shall the Kel - pins keep, And lodge in their cav - erns

mf

hour— of need; To oars,— to oars,— and trim— the bark,— Nor
 dark— and deep; Nor shall— Loch Le - ven's tow'rs— or hall— Hold

sf *sf*

^{*} Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
 by permission of Messrs Augener, Limited, London.

Scot - land's Queen be a war - der's mark! Yon light that plays round the
thee, — our love - ly Queen, — in thrall; Or be — the haunt of

cas - tle's moat Is on - ly the ward - er's ran - dom shot; Put
trai - tors, sold, While Scot - land has hands and hearts so bold; Then

off, — put off, — and row_ with speed, For now is the time and the hour_ of need.
steers - man, steers - man, on — with speed, For now is the time and the hour_ of need.

3. Hark, hark the a - lar - um bell hath rung, The

war - der's voice hath trea - son sung! The ech - oes to — the fal - con-et's roar, Chime

sweet - ly to — the dash - ing oar: Let tow'r and hall and bat-tle-ments gleam, We

steer by the light of the ta - per's beam; For Scot-land and Ma - ry on with speed, For

now is the time and the hour — of need.

RED, RED IS THE PATH TO GLORY

(STU MO RÙN)

Dr. ROBERT COUPER (1750-1818)

Old Highland Melody^{*}
 Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With nobility

VOICE

PIANO

mf

p

p

1. Red, — red — is the path to glo - ry! Thick yon — ban - ners
 2. Turn, — and — see thy tar - tan plaid - ie Ris - ing — o'er my

meet the sky! O my Geor - die, death's be - fore ye!
 break - ing heart! O my bon - nie Hie - land lad - die!

La * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La*

La * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La*

La * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La*

^{*} Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
 by permission of Messrs Augener, Limited, London.

Turn_ and_ hear my bod - ing_ cry, Joy of my heart;
 Wae_ was_ me, wi' thee_ to_ part!

rit. *mf a tempo*

rit. *mf*

La * *La* *

Geor - die, A - gam, Joy of my heart,

La * *La* * *La* * *La* *

'Stu mo Rùn!

rit. *mf* *pp rit.* *f*

rit. *mf* *pp rit.* *f*

La * *La* *

SAD AM I, AND SORROW-LADEN

121

(SOIRIDH!)

Written by a young Gael on
leaving his native isle

Old Air of the Hebrides
From the "Celtic Lyre"

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With pathos

VOICE

PIANO

1. Sad am I, and sor-row-
2. Ben of peaks the clouds that

lad-en, For the maid I love so well; I a-dore thee, dear-est maid-en, But my
sev-er, Oft thy steep have wear-ied me; Must I leave thy shade for-ev-er? Then fare-

rit. *a tempo*

thoughts I dare not tell. Why de-ny my heart is rend-ing For the fair one of the
well, fare-well to thee! Ev-'ry cor-rie, crag and hol-low, Heath-'ry brae and flow-'ry

lea; Aft-er all my care-ful tend-ing She has now for-sak-en me.
dell, Now a-wak-en pangs of sor-row, But my thoughts I dare not tell.

mf

3. Moun-tain bold! thy form sur-pass-es Ev-'ry

p

rit.

ben that eye can see; Long may deer fre-quent thy pass-es, Near thee I would ev-er be. Sad am

rit.

a tempo

I and sor-row-lad-en, For the maid I love so well; I a-dore thee, dear-est

a tempo

p

maid-en, But my thoughts I dare not tell.

p

pp rit.

SEE AFAR YON HILL ARDMORE

123

(THE PRAISE OF ISLAY)

MOLADH NA LANDAIDH

Old Gaelic Verses

Translated by Thomas Pattison (1828-1865)

Ancient Gaelic Air
From the "Celtic Lyre"

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With marked rhythm

VOICE

PIANO

mf *p* *rit.*

mf *sf* *sf* *rit.*

1. See a - far yon hill Ard-more, Beat-ing bil - lows wash its shore;
 2. Tho' its shore is rock - y, drear, Ear - ly doth the sun ap-pear On
 3. Ea - gles rise on soar - ing wing, Hez-ons watch the gush - ing spring,

But its beau - ties bloom no more For me, now far from Is - lay.
 leaf - y brake and fal - low deer, And flocks and herds in Is - lay.
 Heath - cocks with their whir - ring, bring Their own de - light to Is - lay.

CHORUS
with enthusiasm

f

O, my Is - land! O, my Isle! O, my dear, my na - tive soil!

fa tempo

sf *sf*

Naught from thee my heart can wile, That's wed with love to Is - lay.

mf

4. Bir - ken branch - es there are gay, Haw - thorns wave their sil - ver'dsray;
5. Ma - vis sings on ha - zel bough, Lin - nets haunt the glen be - low;

mf

Ev - 'ry bough the breez - es sway, A - wak - ens joy in Is - lay.
O, may long their wild notes flow With mel - o - dies in Is - lay.

CHORUS

O, my Is - land, O, my Isle, O, my dear, my na - tive soil;

Naught from thee my heart can wile, That's wed with love to Is - lay.

p

SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLEED

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

A version of an old air

"Hey, tuttie tattie"

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

In a martial spirit

VOICE

1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wal - lace bled! Scots, wha Bruce has
2. Wha will be a trai - tor knave? Wha can fill a
3. By op - pres - sion's woes and pains! By our sons in

PIANO

af - ten led! — Wel - come to your go - ry bed,
cow - ard's grave? — Wha sae base as be a slave?
ser - vile chains! We will drain our dear - est veins,

Or to vic - to - ry! Now's the day, an'
Let him turn and flee! Wha for Scot - land's
But they shall be free! Lay the proud u -

*Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"

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now's the hour; See the front of
king and law Free - dom's sword will
surp - ers low! Ty - rants fall in

La * *La* * *La* * *La* *

bat - tle lour! See ap - proach proud Ed - ward's power,
strong - ly draw, Free - man stand, or free - man fa',
ev - 'ry foe! Li - ber - ty's in ev - 'ry blow!

La * *La* *

Chains an' sla - ver - ie!
Let him fol - low me!
Let us do or die!

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT

(AULD LANG SYNE)

Old verses, partly rewritten
by ROBERT BURNS (1759 - 1796)

Old Tune *)
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Slowly and tenderly

VOICE

1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And
2. We twa hae paid-elt in the burn Frae

PIANO

p

nev - er brought to mind? Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And—
morn - in' sun till dine; But seas be-tween us braid hae roar'd Sin'—

rall. *a tempo*

days o' auld lang syne? } For auld lang— syne, my dear, For
auld— lang— syne. }

rall. *a tempo*

*) Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
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auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness now, For

rall.

auld lang syne..

f a tempo

p

3. We twa hae run a - bout the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine; We've
4. And here's a hand, my trust - y fere, And gi'es a hand o' thine; We'll

wan-der'd mon-y a wear-y foot, Sin' auld lang syne. } For
tak' a richt gude wil - lie waught For auld lang syne. }

rall.

a tempo

auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne We'll

rall.
tak' a cup o' kind-ness now, For the days o' auld lang syne.
rall. *a tempo*

5. And sure - ly, ye'll be

your pint-stoup, And sure - ly I'll be mine, We'll tak' a cup o'
rall. *a tempo*

rall. *a tempo*

kind - ness yet For the sake o' auld lang syne. For auld lang

rall.

syne my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o'

very quickly

kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne. For auld lang syne, my dear, For

rall.

auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet For auld lang syne.

SINCE MY LOVED ONE HAS GONE

(MO NIGHEAN CHRUINN, DONN)

From the old Gaelic
Translated by "Fionn" (Henry Whyte)

Old Gaelic Air
From the "Celtic Lyre"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

PIANO

Andante

L.H.

p

La. * La. * La. *

1. Since my lov'd one has gone I am drear - y!
2. Had I sheep on the hill I might woo thee;

Since my lov'd one has gone, Who was pure as the swan; Here I'm
Had I sheep on the hill, By each foun - tain and rill, Then—

pp

sigh-ing, all a - lone, Sad and wear - y! Were I now with my
of thine own free will Thou would'st choose me! Thou art now far a -

f

pp

La. * La. *

love, free - ly roam - ing; Were I now with my
way in Glen Lu - ray; Thou art now far a -

cresc.

L.H.

cresc.

La * *La* * *La* *

love, 'Neath the shade of the grove, To hear the coo-ing dove In the
way— Sad by night and by day— While here I pine al - way, Naught can

rit. *p a tempo*

rit. *a tempo*

La * *La* *

gloom - ing.
cure me.

L.H. *L.H.* *L.H.*

p

La * *La* * *La* * *La* *

3. Bear my love to the maid, once so cheer - ful; Bear my love to the

mf

p rit.

maid, whom I'll nev - er up-braid, For now she's low-ly laid, Sad and

p rit.

a tempo

tear - ful. Tis an old carl, I hear, wooed my maid - en, Tis an old carl, I

a tempo

pp *rit.*

hear, With his gold and his gear, And now he's left my dear Sor-row-

pp *rit.*

lad - en.

L.H. *a tempo* *L.H.* *rit.* *L.H.*

SMILE NA SAE SWEET, MY BONNIE BABE

(FINE FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY)

Old Scottish Ballad

Ancient Air
from "Johnson's Museum"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE *Quietly and weirdly* *mp*

1. She sat down be -
2. Smile na sae sweet, my

PIANO *p* *mp*

pp *mp*

low a thorn, (Fine flow'rs in the val - ley) And there she has her
bon - nie babe, (Fine flow'rs in the val - ley) An'ye smile sae sweet, ye'll

pp

sweet babe born, (And the green leaves they grow rare - ly.)
smile me dead, (And the green leaves they grow rare - ly.)

pp *Ped.* *

mp *pp*

3. She's tak - en — out her wee pen - knife, (Fine flow'rs in the
 4. She's how - kit a grave by the licht o' the moon, (Fine flow'rs in the
 5. As she was — go - ing to the church, (Fine flow'rs in the

mp *pp*

mp *pp*

val - ley) And twin'd the sweet babe o' its life: (And the
 val - ley) And there she bur - ied her sweet babe: (And the
 val - ley) She saw a wee babe in the porch: (And the

pp

green leaves they grow rare - ly.)
 green leaves they grow rare - ly.)
 green leaves they grow rare - ly.)

p

mp *pp*

6. O my sweet babe, an' thou wert mine, (Fine flow'rs in the
 7. O mith - er dear, when I was thine, (Fine flow'rs in the

mp *pp*

mp *pp*

val - ley) I wad clead thee in — the silk sae fine: (And the
 val - ley) Ye — did na prove to me sae kin': (And the

mp *pp*

1. last time

green leaves they grow rare - ly.)
 green leaves they grow rare - ly.)

p

SING THE PRAISES O' MY DEARIE

(THE PEERLESS MAIDEN)

(A' MHAIGHDEAN ÀLUINN)

From the Gaelic of "Fionn" (Henry Whyte)
Translated by *Malcolm MacFarlane*

Old Gaelic Air
From the "Celtic Lyre"
Accompaniment by *HELEN HOPEKIRK*

VOICE

Simply
mf

1. Sing the prais - es o' my dear - ie, Aye sae
2. When she sings there's nane sings sweet - er; E'en the

PIANO

mf

win - ning, blithe, and cheer - ie; In her pres - ence wha_ wad
ma - vis can - na beat her: Wha'd be dow - ie ga' - in tae

wear - ie; For her a' wad rich - es gie. She was
meet her: Wha could part frae her wi' glee? Liked by

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the treble clef, and the piano part is in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the beginning of the song with two verses of lyrics. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *f* (forte). The piano part features arpeggiated chords and sustained notes.

rear'd a - mang the Hie - lans, Land o' crofts and sum - mer
il - ka ane comes near her, And the long - er kenn'd the

shie - lins; How it charms and warms the feel - ins When she
dear - er; North or south there's nane— can peer her; And she's

Gael - ic speaks tae me.
a' the world tae me.

rit.

3. Though a - far frae her I

p

wan - der, On my dear ane still_ I pon - der; Il - ka day but makes me

fond - er Love like mine can nev - er die. From the day when first I

rit. *a tempo*

met her, My de - sire has been to get her; Come what may I'll ne'er for -

get her, Un - til death shall close my e'e.

pp

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

141

Lady CAROLINA NAIRNE (1766-1845)

Very ancient Scottish Melody*
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With humor

PIANO

f

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, featuring a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The melody begins with a quarter rest followed by a dotted quarter note, then continues with eighth and quarter notes. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note pattern.

mf

1. The Laird o' Cock-pen, he's proud and he's great, His mind is ta'en up wi' the
2. Now doon by the dyke-side a la-dy did dwell, At his ta-ble head he

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is in 6/8 time and begins with a half note followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in both hands.

things o' the state; He want-ed a wife—his braw house to keep, But—
thocht she'd look well; Mac-Cle-ish's ae doch-ter o' Cla-vers-ha' Lee, A—

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The melody includes some grace notes and rests, while the piano accompaniment maintains the harmonic structure with various chordal textures.

fa-vour wi' woo-in' was fash-ious to seek.
pen-ny-less lass wi' a lang ped-i-gree.

p

The third system concludes the song. The piano accompaniment ends with a series of chords in the right hand and a final bass note in the left hand. The key signature remains three flats throughout.

* Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
by permission of Messrs Augener, Limited, London

mf

3. He mount-ed his mare an' he rade can - ni - lie, An' rapp'd at the yett o'
 4. Mistress Jean she was mak - in' the el - der-flow'r wine, "What the deil brings the Laird here at

mf

Cla-vers - ha' Lee. "Gae— tell mis-tress Jean to come speed - i - ly ben, She's—
 sic a like time?" She— put off her a - pron, and on her silk gown, Her—

want - ed to speak wi' the Laird o' Cock-pen."
 mutch wi' red rib-bons, an' gae'd a - wa' doon.

p

5. An' when she came ben she bob-bit fu' low, And what was his er-rand he
6. Dumb-found-ed was he, but nae sigh did he gie; He mount-ed his mare an' he

soon let her know; A - maz'd was the Laird, when the la - dy said "Na?" An'—
rode can - ni - lie; An'— af - ten he thocht, as he gae'd thro' the glen, "She was

wi' a laigh curt - sie she turn - ed a - wa'.
daft to re - fuse— the Laird o' Cock-pen."

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'

Verses written about 1715,
at the period of the Scottish Rebellion

Melody of an old Scottish Dance
Accompaniment by *HELEN HOPEKIRK*

Enthusiastically ***ff***

VOICE

PIANO

The

Campbells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! The

Camp-bells are com-in', to bon-nie Loch Leven; The Campbells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho!

1. Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, — Up - on the Lomonds I
 2. The great Ar - gyle — he goes be - fore, — He makes the can-nons and
 3. The Camp - bells they — are a' in arms, Their loy - al faith — and

*) Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
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ML-989-2

lay, I lay, I look - ed down - to bon - nie, Loch Lev - en, And
guns to roar Wi' sound - o' trump - et pipe - and drum, - The
truth to show; Wi' ban - ners rat - tling in - the wind, - The

saw - three bon - nie perch - es play.)
Campbells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho! The Campbells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho! The
Campbells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho! The

Campbells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho! The Campbells are com - in', to bon - nie Loch Leven; The

Campbells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho!

THE DE'IL CAM' FIDDLIN' THRO' THE TOUN

(THE DE'IL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN)

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

*Melody probably Old English
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With spirit

PIANO

1. The De'il cam' fid - dlin'
 2. We'll mak' our maut and
 3. There's three - some reels, and

thro' the toun, And danc'd a - wa' wi' th' ex - cise - man; And
 brew our drink, We'll dance, and sing, and re - joice, man! And
 four - some reels, There's horn - pipes, and strath - speys, man; But

*Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
 by permission of Messrs Augener, Limited, London.

f

il - ka auld wife_ cried "Auld Ma - houn_ We wish you luck o' the prize, man!"
 mon - y braw thanks to the muck - le black De'il, _ That's danc'd a - wa' wi' th' Ex - cise - man!" } The
 aye the best dance_ e'er came to our land Was the De'il's a - wa' wi' th' Ex - cise - man!" }

sf

faster

De'il's a - wa', _ the De'il's a - wa' He's danc'd a - wa' wi' th' Ex - cise - man! O

sf

mon - y braw thanks to the muck - le black De'il, That's danc'd a - wa' wi' th' Ex - cise - man!

sf

f

dim. *dim. rit.* *pp*

Ped. *

THE NEWS FRAE MOIDART CAM' YESTREEN

(WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?)

Lady CAROLINA NAIRNE (1766-1845)

*Melody common in Ireland and Scotland

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With animation

PIANO

1. The news frae Moidart cam' yestreen, Will some garmony
2. The Highland clans, wi' sword in hand, Frae John-o'-Groats to

fer - lie, For ships o' war hae just come in, And land - ed Roy - al
Air - lie, Ha'e to a man de - clar'd to stand Or fa' wi' Roy - al

Char - lie! } Come through the heath - er, a - round him gath - er, Ye're a' the wel - com - er
Char - lie! }

*Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
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ML-993-4

ear - ly, A - round him cling wi' a' your kin, For wha'll be King_ but

a tempo

rit. *a tempo*

Char - lie? Come through the heath-er, a - round him gath-er, Come Ronald, come Donald, come

f *f* *sf*

a' the-gith - er, And crown your right - fu', law-fu' King! For wha'll be King, but

rit. *a tempo* *rit.* *a tempo*

rit. *a tempo* *rit.* *a tempo*

Char - lie?

sf

f

3. The Low-lands a', baith great and sma', Wi' mon-y a lord and laird, Hae' de -
 4. Then here's a health to Char-lie's cause, An' be it com-plete an' ear - ly, His

f

clar'd for Sco-tia's king and law, And spier ye wha, but Char - lie! Come
 ver - y name our heart's bluid warms; To arms for Roy - al Char - lie!

f

through the heath - er, a - round him gath - er, Ye're a' the wel - com - er ear - ly. A -

f

round him cling wi' a' your kin, For wha'll be King but Char - lie? Come

rit. *a tempo* *f*

rit. *a tempo* *sf*

rit.

through the heath-er, a - round him gath-er, Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' the gith-er, And

f *f* *sf* *rit.*

And *

a tempo *rit.* *a tempo*

crown your right - fu', law - fu' King! For wha'll be king - but Char - lie?

a tempo *rit.* *a tempo* *sf*

After 3rd verse

f

After last verse

f *sf*

THE WINTER IT IS PAST

Verses from "Johnson's Museum"

Melody from "Johnson's Museum"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Simply

VOICE

PIANO

p

p

1. The win-ter it is
2. The rose up-on the

past, and the sum-mer's come at last, And the small birds sing on ev-'ry
brier, by the wa-ters run-ning clear, May have charms for the lin-net or the

tree: — The hearts of these are glad, but mine is ver-y
bee: — Their lit-tle loves are blest, their lit-tle hearts at

rit.

rit.

And

sad, For my true love is part-ed from me.
rest, But my true love is part-ed from me.

3. My— love is like the sun that—
 4. All— you that are in love, and—

a tempo *p*

in the sky doth run, For— ev - er as con - stant and true; But—
 can-not it re - move, I — pit - y the pains you en - dure, For ex -

his is like the moon that wan-ders up and down, And— ev - 'ry—
 pe-rience makes me know your hearts are full of woe, A — woe that no

rit. *rit.*

month it is new. ————
 mor-tal can cure. ————

a tempo *p*

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER-BUSH

Lady CAROLINA NAIRNE (1766-1845)

*) Air sent by Burns
to "Johnson's Museum"

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With feeling *smf*

VOICE

PIANO *p* *mp*

1. There grows a bon-nie bri-er-bush in
3. The bri-er-bush was bon-nie ance in

oor Kail-yaird, And— white are the blos-soms on't, in oor Kail-yaird; Like
oor Kail-yaird, The— bri-er-bush was bon-nie once in oor Kail-yaird; A

wee bit white cock-ades — for our loy-al Hie-land lads; And—
blast blew owre the hill that gaed— A-tholl's flow'rs a chill; And the—

rit.

a tempo *Fine*

lass-es lo'e the bon-nie bush in oor Kail-yaird.
bloom's blawn off the bon-nie bush in oor Kail-yaird.

a tempo

*) Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
by permission of Messrs Augener, Limited, London.

f

2. He's com-in' frae the north that's to fan- cy_ me; He's_

f *p* *f*

cresc.

com-in' frae the north that's to fan - cy_ me; A feath - er in his bon - net, a

cresc.

rit. *a tempo*

rib - bon at his knee, He's a — bon - nie Hie - land lad - die, and

rit. *a tempo*

D.S. al Fine (for 3rd Verse)

you'll na be he!

pp *L.H.*

THREE SCORE O' NOBLES RADE UP THE KING'S HA' (GLENOGIE)

Verses from
the "Scottish Minstrel"

Ancient Air^(*)

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Romantically

VOICE

PIANO

f *p* *f*

1. Threescore o' no-bles rade up the King's ha', But
2. "Haud your tongue, doch-ter, there's better than he." "O
3. "There is, Glen-o-gie, a let-ter for thee, O

bon-nie Glen-o-gie's the flow'r o' them a'! Wi' his milk-white steed and his
say na sae, mith-er, for that can-na be; Tho' Doum-lie is great-er and
there is, Glen-o-gie, a let-ter for thee! The first line he look'd at, a

bon-nie black e'e, "Glen-o-gie, dear mith-er, Glen-o-gie for me!"
rich-er than he, Yet if I maun tak' him, I'll cer-tain-ly dee."
licht lauch lauched he, But ere he had read thro't, tears blind-ed his e'e.

rit.

^(*) Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
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a tempo

4. Then to Glen-fel - dy's, but sma' mirth was there, An'
 5. Pale and wan was she when Glen - o - gie gae'd ben, But

bon-nie Jean's mith - er was tear - in' her hair. "Ye're wel - come, Glen - o - gie, ye're
 ros - y red - grew she when - e'er he sat down; She turn - ed a - wa' wi' a

wel - come!" quo' she, "Ye're wel - come, Glen - o - gie, your Jean - ie to see."
 smile in her e'e, "O din - na fear, mith - er, I'll may - be no dee!"

rit.

after 4th verse *after last verse*

p *f*

THE MOON HAD CLIMBED THE HIGHEST HILL

(MARY'S DREAM)

ALEXANDER LOWE
(*f* Galloway)

From "Johnson's Museum"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE *Quietly and weirdly*

1. The moon had climb'd the—
2. She from her pil - low—

PIANO *p* *pp*

high - est hill Which ris - es o'er the source of Dee, And
gen - tly rais'd Her head to ask who there might be, She—

from her east - ern sum - mit shed Her sil - ver light on tower and tree.
saw young San - dy shiv' - ring stand, With vis - age pale and hol - low eye.

pp *pp*

When Ma - ry laid her down to sleep Her thoughts on San - dy
Ah, Ma - ry dear, cold is my clay; It lies be - neath a

far at sea When soft and low a voice was heard say,
storm - y sea, Far, far from thee, I sleep in death, So,

"Ma - ry, weep no more for me."
"Ma - ry, weep no more for me."

3. O maid - en dear, thy - self pre - pare, We soon shall meet up -

on that shore Where love is freed from doubt and care, And

thou and I shall part no more. Loud crowd the cock, the

shad-ow fled, No more of San-dy could she see, But soft the pass-ing

spir-it said "Sweet Ma-ry, weep no more for me."

TURN YE TO ME

JOHN WILSON (*Christopher North*) 1785-1854

Melody from "Songs of the North"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With motion (about $\text{♩} = 120$)

VOICE *mf*

The stars are

PIANO *p* *mf*

shin - ing cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly, Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhu,

rit. *p a tempo*

turn ye — to me. The sea - mew is moan - ing drear - i - ly,

rit. *p a tempo*

rit. *a tempo* *mf*

drear - i - ly, Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye — to me. Cold is the

rit. *a tempo* *mf*

mp *rit.* *expressively*

storm-wind that ruf-fles his breast, But warm are the down - y plumes

mp *rit.* *expressively*

a tempo *pp* *rit.*

lin - ing his nest. Cold blows the storm — there, soft falls the

a tempo *pp* *rit.*

a tempo *rit.*

snow — there, Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye — to me.

a tempo *rit.*

mf

The

a tempo

waves are danc - ing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,

p

Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye — to me. The sea-birds are

rit. *a tempo*

wail - ing wear - i - ly, wear - i - ly, Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhu,

rit. *a tempo*

turn ye — to me. *p* Hushed by thy moan-ing, lone bird of the

sea, *cresc.* Thy home on the rocks is a shel-ter to thee. Thy

home is the an - gry wave, mine but the lone - ly grave, Ho - ro

Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye — to me. *rit.*

THY CHEEK IS O' THE ROSE'S HUE

RICHARD GALL (1776-1801)

Melody of the 18th Century
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE

Simply *mf*

1. Thy cheek is o' the
3. When we were bairn-ies

PIANO

p *mf*

ro - se's hue, My on - ly jo and dear - ie, O! Thy neck is like the
on yon brae, And youth was blink-in' bon - nie O! Aft we would daff the

pp *mf* *pp* *mf*

sil - ler dew, Up - on the bank sae brier - ie, O. Thy teeth are o' the
lee - lang day, Our joys fu' sweet and mon - ie, O. Aft wad I chase thee

pp *cresc.*

^{*)} Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
by permission of Messrs Augener, Limited, London.

i - vo - ry, O, sweet's the twin - kle_ o' thine e'e Nae_ owre the lee, And round a - bout the_ thorn - y tree, Or_

rit. joy, nae pleas - ure_ blinks on me, My on - ly jo_ and_ dear - ie, O.
 pu' the wild - flow'rs a' for thee, My on - ly jo_ and_ dear - ie, O.
rit. *p a tempo* *pp* *p*

mp 2. The bird - ie sings up - on the thorn, It
 4. I hae a wish I_ can - na tine, 'Mang
mp *pp* *mp*

cresc. sang o' joy_ fu_ cheer - ie, O, Re - joi - cing in_ the_
 a' the cares_ that_ grieve me, O, A wish that thou_ wert_
pp *mp*

sim - mer morn, Nae care to mak' it eer - ie, O. Ah!
 ev - er mine, And nev - er mair to leave thee O. Then

lit - tle kens the sang - ster sweet, Aught o' the cares I
 I wad dawt thee night and day, Nae ith - er world - ly

cresc. hae to meet, That gars my rest - less bos - om beat, My
 care I'd hae, Till life's warm stream for - gat to play, My
rit. *p*

a tempo on - ly jo and dear - ie, O.
 on - ly jo and dear - ie, O.
a tempo *pp*

WHY WEEP YE BY THE TIDE, LADYE?

(JOCK O' HAZELDEAN)

Sir WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

Melody of the 17th Century
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Freely and tenderly *mp*

VOICE

PIANO *p*

1. "Why
2. "Now
3. "A

weep ye by the tide, la - dye? Why weep ye by the tide? — I'll
let this wil - fu' grief be done, And dry that cheek so pale; — Young
chain o' gold ye sall not lack, Nor braid to bind your hair, — Nor

mp

wed ye to my young - est son, And ye sall be his bride. And
Frank is chief of Er - ring - ton, And lord o' Lang - ley Dale. His
met - tled hound, nor man - ag'd hawk, Nor pal - frey fresh and fair. And

ye sall be his bride, la - dye, Sae come - ly to — be seen!" But
 step is first in peace - fu' ha', His sword in bat - tle keen!" But
 you the fore - most o' them a', Shall ride our for - est queen!" But

rit. aye she loot the tears down fa' For Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.
 aye she loot the tears down fa' For Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.
 aye she loot the tears down fa' For Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.

rit. a tempo

mf

4. The

mf

kirk was deck'd at morn-ing tide, The ta - pers glim - mer'd fair; — The

mf

priest and bride-groom wait the bride, And dame and knight were there; They

p

sought her baith by bow'r and ha', The la - dye was not seen! She's

pp rit. *a tempo* *f*

pp rit.

o'er the bor - der and a - wa' Wi' Jock o' Ha - zel - dean!

f a tempo *ff* *p* *cresc.* *f*

WINSOME MARY

(MAIRI LAGHACH)

171

From the Gaelic of J. Macdonald
Translated by *Evan Mc Coll*

From the "Celtic Lyre"
Accompaniment by *HELEN HOPEKIRK*

VOICE

Simply and tenderly *mp*

1. Hey, my win-some Ma - ry, Ma - ry fond - ly free!
2. Longere in my bos-om Lodged love's ar - rows keen,

PIANO

p *mp*

La. * *La.* *

f *p*

Hey, my win-some Ma - ry, Ma - ry, mine to be! Win - some, hand - some Ma - ry
Of - ten with my Ma - ry, In Glens-moil I've been; Hap - py hours suc - ceed - ed

f *p*

Who so fair as she - My own High - land las - sie, Dear as life to me.
By af - fec - tion true, Till there seem'd 'neath Heav - en No such lov - ing two!

L.H.

La. *

f *p*

mf

3. What al-though all Al - binn And its wealth were mine, How, with-out thee, dar - ling,
 4. What a wealth of tress - es Ma - ry dear can show! Crown of lus - tre rar - er

mf

p

Could I fail to pine? As my bride to kiss thee I would prize far more
 Ne'er graced maid-en brow! 'Tis but lit - tle dress - ing Need those tress - es rare

p

Than the all of treas - ure Eu - rope has in store.
 Fall - ing fond - ly, proud - ly O'er her shoul-ders fair.

L.H. *p*

pp *rit.*

La * La * La * La * La *

mf

5. No mere mu - sic art-born e'er our pleas - ure crowned, Mu - sic far more cheer - ing

a tempo

La * La *

p *cresc.*

Na - ture for us found. Larks in air, and thrush - es On each flow - 'ring thorn,

p *cresc.*

f *L.H.* *pp* *rit.*

And the cuck - oo hail - ing Sum - mer's gay re - turn!

La *

WHAR' HA'E YE BEEN A' THE DAY

(MY BOY TAMMY)

HECTOR MACNEILL

^{*)} Melody of the 17th Century
 Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Artlessly

VOICE

1. Whar' ha'e ye been a' the day,
 2. An' whar' gat ye that young-thing,
 3. What said ye to the bon-nie bairn,

PIANO

mp *pp* *mf*

rit.

My— boy— Tam-my? An' whar' ha'e ye been a' the day, My— boy— Tam-my? I've
 My— boy— Tam-my? An' whar' gat ye that young-thing, My— boy— Tam-my? I
 My— boy— Tam-my? What said ye to the bon-nie bairn, My— boy— Tam-my? I

rit.

a tempo

been by burn and flow' - ry brae, Mead - ow green and moun - tain grey,
 gat her down in yon - der howe, Smil - ing on a broom - y knowe,
 praised her e'en, sae love - ly blue, Her dim - pled cheek an' cher - ry mou', An'

a tempo

^{*)} Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"
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Court - in' o' this young thing Just come frae her mammie.
 Herd - ing ae wee lamb an' yowe For her puir — mammie.
 pree'd it aft as ye may trow! She said she'd tell her mammie.

4. I held her to my beat - in' heart, My young my smil - ing lammie; I
 5. Has she been to the kirk wi' thee, My — boy — Tammy? Has

held her to my beat - in' heart, My young, my smil - ing lammie. I hae a house, it cost me dear, I've
 she been to the kirk wi' thee, My — boy — Tammy? O, she's been to the kirk wi' me,

wealth o' plen - ish - ing an' gear, Ye'se get it a; wer't ten times mair, Gin ye will leave your mammie.
 An' the tear was in her e'e, For O! she's but a young — thing, Just come frae her mammie!

WHAT'S THIS DULL TOWN TO ME?

(ROBIN ADAIR)

• Old Celtic Air, common
to Scotland and Ireland

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Andantino

PIANO

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, marked Andantino. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. The melody is marked *p* (piano) and ends with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking.

1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near;
2. What made th'as sem bly shine? Rob - in A - dair;
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair;

The piano accompaniment for the first verse is in 3/4 time, marked *p a tempo*. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. The melody is marked *p* (piano).

- What was't I wish'd to see? What wish'd to hear?
What made the ball so fine? Rob - in was there.
But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair.

The piano accompaniment for the second verse is in 3/4 time, marked *p*. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. The melody is marked *p* (piano).

* Air from Moffat's "Minstrelsy of Scotland"

by permission of Messrs Augener, Limited, London.

cresc. agitato

Where's all the joy and mirth Made this town
 What, when the play was o'er, What made my
 Yet he I lov'd so well, Still in my

cresc.

f *p* *rit.*

heav'n on earth? O they're all fled wi' thee, Rob - in A -
 heart so sore? O, it was part - ing with Rob - in A -
 heart shall dwell; Oh, I can ne'er for - get Rob - in A -

f *p* *rit.*

1st and 2nd time Last time

dair.
dair.
dair.

pp L.H. L.H.

dair.
dair.
dair.

pp L.H. L.H.

WHERE SLEEPEST THOU, MY DEARIE?

Translated from the Gaelic
by "Fionn" (Henry Whyte)

Melody from the "Celtic Lyre"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Andantino

VOICE

mp

1. O, where art thou, my
2. In song or dance I

PIANO

p *mp*

love, to night, Where sleep - est thou my dear - ie? Where
take no part, And mu - sic can - not cheer me; Nor

e'er thou art, my la - dy bright, O would that I were
maid - en's smile can raise my heart, Since ab - sent from my

p *rit.*

rit.

a tempo *mf*

near . thee. My ship is float - ing on — the tide, And pros - per - ous winds are
 dear - ie. My sails are set; — blow, breez - es, blow! All thoughts of dan - ger

mf a tempo

cresc.

blow - ing; If thou wert on - ly by my side, My
 scorn - ing; Where dwells my love I'll quick - ly go And

cresc.

tears would not be flow - ing.
 wed her in the morn - ing.

pp

WILL YE GANG TO THE HIELANDS, LEEZIE LINDSAY?

Old Scottish Ballad

 Air from "Johnson's Museum"
 Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE

Simply

mf

1. "Will ye gang— to the
3. O, — Lee-zie, lass, —

PIANO

p

mf

Hie-lands, Lee-zie Lind-say? Will ye gang— to the Hie-lands wi' me? Will ye
ye maun ken — lit - tle, If — sae — ye — din - na ken me? For my

gang — to the Hie-lands, Lee-zie Lind-say, My bride and my dar - ling to
name is Lord — Ron-ald Mac - Don-ald, A chief-tain o' high — de -

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in 3/4 time, starting with a 'Simply' tempo marking. The piano accompaniment is in 3/4 time, starting with a 'p' (piano) dynamic. The score includes two systems of music. The first system shows the voice part with two verses of lyrics. The second system shows the voice part with two verses of lyrics. The piano part provides harmonic support throughout.

be?
gree?"

mf

2. "To —
4. She has

gang — to the Hie-lands wi' you, sir, I din — na ken —
kilt — ed her coats o' green sa — tin, She has kilt — ed them

mf *p* *mf*

how that may be; For I ken — na the land that you —
up to her knee; And she's off wi' Lord Ron — ald Mac —

live in, Nor ken I the lad — I'm gaun wi' —
Don-ald, His bride and his dar — ling to be.

pp *mf*

WITH THE LOORGEEN O HEE

(LEIS AN LURGAINN)

Translated from Sinclair's "Oranaiche"
by Malcolm Mac Farlane of Paisley

Old Boat song of the West Coast of Scotland
From the "Celtic Lyre"

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Strongly marked and with vigour

VOICE

PIANO

f *sf* *f*

1. With the
2. Is - lay
3. Crowd her

Loor - geen o hee, With the Loor - geen, o ho, In the gray dusk of
loom - ing, o hee, In the gloam - ing, o ho, Our ship's com - pass set
sails on o hee, And though gales come, o ho, Light as sea - gull will

eve, O'er the waves let us go.
we, And our lights we did show.
she O'er the heav - ing waves go.

f

On the o - cean, o hee, Waves in mo - tion, O
 A - ros pass - ing, o hee, Twas ha - rass - ing, O
 Bil - lows lash - ing, o hee, Wa - ters crash - ing, O

f

ho, Nought but clouds could we see O'er the blue sea be - low.
 ho, The strong bil - lows to see High as mast - head to ' flow.
 ho, With - out blench - ing we see There be stout hearts on board.

f

f

dim.

YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON

ROBERT BURNS (1759 - 1796)

Air composed by JAMES MILLER
(Published in 1788)

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With pathos

With pathos

VOICE

PIANO

p

rit.

1. Ye
2. Oft

1. Ye
2. Oft

The image shows a musical score for the song "The Bonnie Doon". It consists of two systems of music. The first system features a vocal melody in the treble clef and lyrics underneath. The second system features a piano accompaniment in grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae ha'e I rov'd by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and".

System 1: Vocal Melody

Key: F# (one sharp)
Time: 4/4

Lyrics: banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae
ha'e I rov'd by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and

System 2: Piano Accompaniment

Key: F# (one sharp)
Time: 4/4

The piano accompaniment is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The right hand melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand bass line consists of quarter and eighth notes.

fresh and fair; How can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, And
wood - bine twine; And ilk - ka bird sang o' its love, And

rit. *a tempo* *cresc.*

I _____ sae wear - y, fu' _____ o' care! Thou'll break my heart, thou
fond - ly sae _____ did I _____ o' mine! Wi' light - some heart I

rit. *a tempo* *cresc.*

war - bling bird, — That wan - tons through the flow' - ring thorn; Thou
pu'd a rose, — Fu' sweet up - on its thorn - y tree; But

p

rit.

minds me o' _____ de - part - ed joys, — De - part - ed, nev - er to _____ re-turn!
my fause lov - er stole my rose, — But ah! he left the thorn wi' me!

rit.

YOUNG JAMIE LO'ED ME WEEL

(AULD ROBIN GRAY)

Lady ANNE LINDSAY (1750-1825)

Air by WILLIAM LEEVES

(First Published in 1812)

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Expressively *mp*

VOICE

1. Young Ja-mie lo'ed me weel,— and
2. My fa-ther could-na work,— and my

PIANO *p* *rit.* *mp*

soughtme for his bride, But sav - ing a crown he had nae-thingelse be - side;— To
moth - er could-na spin, I toild_ day and night, but their bread I could - na win;— Auld

make that crown a pound,— my Ja - mie gaed to sea,— And the
Rob main - tain'd them baith,— And wi' tears_ in his e'e — Said,

agitato

crown and the pound were baith for — me. He had-na been a - wa' a —
 "Jen-ny, for their sakes, O — mar - ry — me." My heart it said — nay, for I

week but on - ly twa, When my fa - ther brak his arm, — and the
 look'd for Ja - mie back, But the wind it blew high — and the

p

cow was stown a - wa'; My mith - er she fell sick, — and
 ship it was a wrack. The ship it was a wrack, — why

p

rit. *a tempo* *rit.*

Ja - mie at the sea, — And auld Rob-in Gray cam' a - court in' me.
 did - na Ja - mie dee? — And why do I live to — say, wae's — me!

rit. *a tempo*

a tempo

3. My fa-ther urged me sair,— my
4. O sair— did we greet,— and

mith - er did - na speak— But look'd— in my face— till my
meik - le did we say,— We took— but ae kiss— and we

heart was like to break;— So they gi'ed— him my hand,— my
tore our - selves a - way;— I wish— I were deid,— but

rit. *a tempo*

heart it was at sea,— And auld— Rob - in Gray— is a
I'm no like to dee;— Oh! why— do I live— to —

rit. *a tempo*

gude - man to me. I had - na been a wife a
say, wae's me! I gang like a ghaist, and I

rit. *a tempo*

week but on - ly four, When sit - ting sae mourn - ful - ly ae
care na to spin, I dare - na think o' Ja - mie, for

p

night at the door, I saw my Ja - mie's wraith, I
that wad be a sin! But I'll do my best a

p

rit. *a tempo* *rit.*

could - na think it he, Till he said "I'm come back to mar - ry thee!"
gude wife to be, For auld Rob-in Gray is a kind man to me!

rit. *a tempo*