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# SONGS OF SCOTLAND

A SELECTION

BY

JOHN REID

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WITH AN ESSAY

BY

JOHN FOORD

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## **PREFACE.**

This collection is the outcome of many years' singing and enjoyable association with the songs and melodies of my native land—compiled without any idea of publication, but simply with a desire to bring together in permanent form for myself and friends, the songs as I have sung them, and which, I think, represent the flower of Scotland's lyric verse.

In publishing this book I have yielded to the strongly expressed desire of my many Scottish friends, especially relying upon the advice and assistance of my friend and countryman, Mr. John Foord, who, in consenting to write an essay on Scotland's Songs, has given an added value and charm to the work, which would in itself justify its publication and which I feel will be thoroughly appreciated by all lovers of Scotland and of Scotland's songs whoe'er and where'er they may be.

“For doth not song  
To the whole world belong?  
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,  
Wherever hearts can melt or blushes glow,  
Or mirth or sadness mingle as they flow,  
A heritage to all?”

JOHN REID.





# SCOTLAND'S SONGS.

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“O R sing a sang at least!” It seems but a simple thing and a little thing at best, because in its highest form it conveys no sense of effort and sounds as spontaneous as the note of a bird. But in this generation of ours in which the ingenuity of man has accomplished more than was ever done in any similar period of the world's history, this simple act of song-writing is a lost art. I mean song-writing of a kind that is imperishable, and the power and memory of which can fade only with the submergence of the people among whom the primary human passions and emotions found that way of becoming vocal. Though the ability to make songs that defy the changes of time and circumstance is no longer with us, the capacity abides to find in them a constant source of refreshment and delight for heart and brain, otherwise this collection would not have seen the light.

At the risk of appearing to bandy compliments, I must adduce the emotions excited among thousands of listeners by John Reid's rendering of these songs as proof of the vitality of the popular sentiment and feeling of which they are at once the product and expression. I have known of no such delicately and deeply sympathetic interpreter of Scottish song as the man whom all that in any way have shared his enthusiasm have been proud to call their friend. Nothing save the best could appeal to him, and the songs he deemed best are reproduced here. But the impression made by his singing of these, presupposes, on the part of his auditors, a perception of their beauty and their charm which age has not withered nor custom staled.

It is nevertheless, a fact which is suggestive, if not singular, that in the generation of whose triumphs the Forth Bridge is a typical example, there should be found no man or woman capable of putting together so simple a piece of lyric verse as “Aye Waukin' O!” The song—a mere rhythmic sigh—as slight and intangible a thing as human thought could beget,—will in all probability outlast the Bridge, because every vibration of the structure advances the granular deterioration of the steel of which it is composed, while every vibration of the heart-strings, responsive to the sentiment of the song, merely attests its immortality. But the men who built the Bridge, and thought out all its harmonies of stability, tension, re-

sistance, were not necessarily prosaic, because this was the supreme expression of their order of capacity. To every generation its own triumphs; to every age its own dominant impulses.

The industrial age—the age of machine-made products—had only begun to set its seal on Scottish life and character a century ago. For long generations before, the even tenor of the domestic habits of the Scottish people had undergone only a very gradual process of change. The amusements that brightened the long winter nights, and the “ploys” that found their place in the summer gloamings of the time of Burns, were not greatly different from those of two hundred years before. Social pleasures were, necessarily, of the simplest, and for the most part had to be home-made. It was in the circle around the cottage hearth that Scottish character was molded and educated—the gayer no less than the graver side of it. The readiest mode of appeal to that circle in their hours of relaxation was by music and song, and the character of both must have been very early fixed by the simple purpose they had to serve, and by the paucity of the means provided for their interpretation.

I am fully impressed with the difficulty of attempting anything like a well-ordered summary of the development of any of the impulses or influences that have gone to the making of the life, the literature or the history of Scotland. The rudimentary difficulty of accounting for the making, out of elements apparently so incongruous, of a people united by a certain intense consciousness of the possession of a common country and a common destiny, is so obvious that a pundit of our own race has recently declared that it is not too much to say that there never has been a national Scottish character. That I take to be equivalent to saying that Scottish history can be explained without assuming the existence of Scottish patriotism, and that the failure of the Plantagenets to make Scotland an appanage of the English Crown was solely due to the unaccountable objection of the Northumbrians who had settled in Lothian to be reunited with their brethren between Tweed and Humber.

It is doubtless hard to explain how a passionate devotion to national unity attained the power it did over races so diverse as those which peopled Scotland; how the overmastering desire for national independence swept away all the racial and tribal causes of division between Lowlander and Gael, Pict and Scot, Galwegian and Briton of Strathclyde; men of the Merse, of the Mearns, of the Border and the Kingdom of Fife. But a common attachment to the ideal, of which Scotland was, to the patriotism of our Fathers, the concrete expression, must be taken for granted, no less than the pervasive passion for freedom, else had our Motherland been as Ireland, and all its hopes of liberty and independence had collapsed before the first onset of the Norman chivalry.

And here let it be noted that in all the civil strife which figures so largely in the history of Scotland, there never was any thought of compromising the independence of the Kingdom, even though one side may have sought aid from France as the other did from England. The flame of Scottish patriotism glowed as clearly in the breasts of the men whose rallying cry was “Christ’s Crown and Covenant” as of those who fought for the cause of the exiled house of Stewart. It is probably an unconscious recognition of this fact to which our people owe their reputation for what outside observers have described by the somewhat misleading term of “clannishness.” For, the spirit of the clan or sept is a solvent and

not a cement of national organization, as has been frequently attested in the history of the Scotch themselves, and, most disastrously so, in the history of their first cousins, the Irish. If it be intended to mean that the term "Scotsman" describes one comprehensive clan, embracing Lowlander and Highlander, Borderer and Islander alike, the accuracy of the term need not be disputed.

Dr. Johnson was accustomed to accuse Scotsmen of having an intolerable propensity to exalt each other, comparing them in this respect unfavorably with the Irish, who, he said "are not in a conspiracy to cheat the world by false representations of the merits of their countrymen. No, Sir; the Irish are a fair people;—they never speak well of one another." Macaulay touches another manifestation of the same general characteristic, which, if it does not explain much that is otherwise inexplicable in Scottish history, nevertheless attests the essential unity of national sentiment which has gone to the making of the national heritage of Scottish song. In noting the fact that the Battle of Killiecrankie and the Battle of Newton Butler were fought in the same week; that both were victories of irregular over regular troops; that one was gained by Celts over Saxons and the other by Saxons over Celts, the historian points out that although the victory of Killiecrankie was neither more splendid nor more important than the victory of Newton Butler, it is far more widely renowned, and chiefly for this reason; in Scotland all the great actions of both races are thrown into a common stock and are considered as making up the glory which belongs to the whole country. Nothing is more usual than to hear a Lowlander talk with complacency and even with pride of the most humiliating defeat that his ancestors ever underwent. "When Sir Walter Scott mentions Killiecrankie he seems utterly to forget that he was of the same blood and of the same speech with Ramsay's foot and Annandale's horse; his heart swelled with triumph when he related how his own kindred had fled like hares before a smaller number of warriors of a different breed and of a different tongue."

I am not unmindful of the fact that what we speak of, and what is presented here, as Scottish song, is a twin product. Little as we know about the productions or the personality of the earliest Scottish minstrels, we are warranted in concluding that they had, to an unusual degree, the gift of poetic insight, and a quite exceptional range of poetic feeling. Burns, who was a diligent student of the work of his nameless predecessors said of them:

"There is a noble sublimity, a heart-melting tenderness, in some of our ancient ballads, which show them to be the work of a masterly hand; and it has often given me many a heart-ache to reflect, that such glorious old bards—bards who very probably owed all their talents to native genius, yet have described the exploits of heroes, the pangs of disappointment, and the meltings of love with such fine strokes of nature—that their very names are now 'buried among the wreck of things which were.'"

Regarding merely the musical part of the combination, the further we grope after the beginnings of Scottish melody, the more the wonder grows at its adaptiveness and variety. On what rests the fame of the best of our known Scottish song-writers? Certainly not on the composition of lyrics that others set to music. They wrote their songs to furnish words for the old airs with which every strath, and carse and glen of their country was vocal; many of them dance tunes, but many more also, or solely, the disembodied spirits of ancient Scottish song. However varied the moods of the greatest of Scottish song-writers, none of

them ever had any difficulty in finding an old air to be the vehicle of his pathos, his humor, his patriotism or his passion. We may at least hazard the conjecture that the coarseness and frank indecency which had become encrusted on many of the old airs, were of the nature of accumulated dross and not at all part of the original form of expression.

I am aware of the folly of making our conventional proprieties of speech the measure of delicacy or indelicacy in less prudish times. But it seems reasonable to hold it to be impossible that a beautiful and indestructible body of national music should come into existence without being accompanied by articulate words worthy of the soul that informed it. But why were the original words forgotten while the airs were kept alive? First, they were made before such productions were thought worthy of being preserved as literature, and second, because the people for whom they were made had changed their language without changing their traditions or character. The Teutonic dialect that became the speech of the Celts of Strathclyde and spread among the no less Celtic people between Lothian and the foot of the Grampians, changed many things, but it did not change the susceptibility of the Scottish heart to the influence of Scottish melody.

In groping our way amid the half light of early Scottish history, I do not think that we shall derive much assistance by invoking the spirit that is characteristically Celtic as contrasted with that which is fundamentally Teutonic. Conquest implies assimilation, just as surely as peaceful migration implies mixture. Thus, whatever theory we may adopt about the racial elements that have gone to the making of the Scottish people, I can see no escape from the conclusion that on either side of the Grampians, these elements were so blended as to yield an amalgam quite unlike any national product met with elsewhere, and, in all its familiar varieties having certain distinctive peculiarities which were shared by all alike. The physical aspects and conditions of the district of country in which they lived had probably more to do with molding the characteristics of this people than any dominant racial qualities, and the pervasive influence of a common history was doubtless as powerful as either. But we may safely assert from what we know of the songs of the Gael, that their rusticity had a finer and more imaginative fibre than those of the Lowland Scots, and, as I have already intimated, their tunes were preserved among people who, in the course of generations, associated them with words which were often totally unworthy of them.

From whatever source came the love of music among the people who inhabited Scotland, there can be no question about its antiquity. The vocation of the ballad-monger in the Land o' Cakes must have been a very popular one at a very early time. The parliament of 1449, in providing for the suppression of the hordes of "Maisterful strang and idle beggars" with which the country was infested, enumerated among these "bairdes and ither sik like rinnars about." That is to say, by the middle of the Fifteenth century the ancient and honorable order of Bards and Harpers had so increased that they swarmed over the country, and, because of the entertainment they could always command, were accused of eating up the people's substance. But, while the penalty of being scourged and "burnt throw the eare with ane hote iron" doubtless had a discouraging influence on the great army of vagrant bards, even parliament did not forget what it owed to the culture of the national music. Shortly after the accession of James VI. to the Scottish throne there was enacted this memorable statute:

"For instruction of the youth in the art of musik and singing, quhilk is almaist decayit, and sall schortly decay, without tymous remeid be providit, our Soverane Lord, with avise of his three estates of this present Parliament, requestes the Provost, baillies, counsale, and communitie of the maist speciall burrowis of this realme, and of the patronis and provestis of the collegis quhair sang scuillis are foundat, to erect and sett up ane sang scuill, with ane maister sufficient and able for instruction of the yowth in the said science of musik, and they will answer to his Hienes upoun the perrill of their foundationis, and in performing of his Hienes requeist do unto his Majestie acceptable and gude plesure."

Whether it was the wave of reforming zeal that swept over the land or the suppression of the bards and harpers, or both, that was responsible for the decay of the art of music and singing in the latter part of the Sixteenth century, it were bootless to inquire. Happily, though the "bairdes" had been thinned out, the pipers remained. For centuries the common minstrels were the Corporation pipers maintained at the public expense. There were three of them in Edinburgh at the end of the Fifteenth century, and any householder who found it inconvenient to billet them, when his turn came, had to pay ninepence, that is "to ilk piper three pence at the leist." A favourite air of these pipers from the earliest times was "Hey now the day dawes," which is better known as "Hey, Tuttie, Taitie," and is the tune of "Scots wha hae," in one measure and of "The Land o' the Leal" in another.

However low the pre-Reformation average of general culture may have been in Scotland, there is every evidence that the standard of musical education was high. In Sir David Lindsay's "Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis" there are numerous references to the popularity of part singing, as thus:

"I haue sic pleasour at my hart,  
That garris me sing THE TROUBILL PAIRT;  
Wald sum gude fallow fill the quart,  
It wad my hairt reioyce."

So also, in that memorable production "The complaynt of Scotland," published at St. Andrews in 1549, the company of shepherds with their wives and children whose hillside pastimes are graphically described, sang "sueit melodius sangis of natural music of the antiquite; . . . in gude accordis and reportis of dyapason, prolations, and dyatesseron." In rehearsing some of the sweet songs discoursed by the shepherds, the author mentions thirty-six which were presumably fairly representative of the popular music of the time, in the Scottish lowlands. Not more than half a dozen of these have been preserved, and it is a notable fact that all of them which have come down to us were the common property of the people on both sides of the border. It is perhaps natural that in these the Scottish vernacular should have no recognizable place. In the sixteenth century there may have been an interval as wide between the speech of the common people of England and Scotland as there was two centuries later, but the native lowland tongue when employed as a literary medium, differed but little from that used by the masters of English verse.

The "Scottis" into which, in 1513, Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, translated Virgil, differs only slightly from the English of Chaucer a century and a half earlier, and the songs mentioned in some of the prologues of the various books of the Aeneid appear

to have been the common property of both nations. "Hey now the day dawes" is thus referred to in one of Douglas's couplets:

"Thareto thir birdis singis in thare schawis,  
As menstralis playis, 'The ioly day now dawis' "

But in a collection of musical pieces made about the year 1500 there is a song which seems to have been written as a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., and wife to Henry VII., beginning thus:

"This day day dawes,  
This gentil day dawes,  
And I must home gone."

When this air came to be known in Scotland under the name of "Hey, Tuttie, Taitie," an obviously baseless tradition declared it to be Robert Bruce's March at the Battle of Bannockburn. The tenacity with which Burns adhered to his preference for this over "Lewie Gordon" as the air of "Scots wha hae," finally resulted in wedding one of the oldest of Scottish tunes to the imperishable and incomparable Scottish war-ode.

On the life of no people did the Protestant Reformation make a deeper impression than on the Scottish. But it did not extinguish the taste for song. The Clergy of the Reformed Church recognizing how literally this was bred in the bone, contrived to put the old secular airs to sacred uses. The "Gude and Godlie Ballatis" are a monument alike to the fecundity of the popular muse of Scotland, and to the hold which its products had taken on the minds of both gentle and simple. To fit the old airs and the old themes with words and sentiments of pious significance, might have seemed a hopeless task to men less earnest and less familiar with their country's songs than those who undertook it. But the work was by no means ill done, and the vogue which for a time was secured by these sublimated folk-songs bore testimony at least to the sympathetic touch of the pious lyrists.

It is hardly possible that the profoundly religious sentiment of our race should have been born with the Reformation, just as it is hardly conceivable that under the discipline of the Old Church the common people of Scotland should have been allowed to dwell in the night of intellectual and spiritual darkness. That the religious consciousness of Scotland had a new birth in the second half of the sixteenth century, is sufficiently plain. That the new religious life should be dominated by convictions of peculiar intensity is quite as much part of the national character as that there should be a somewhat intolerant thoroughness in the way the new edifice of a democratic religious policy was constructed. But, if the wave of a new-begotten zeal for the ideals of a sterner faith, which swept over the land, seems to have interrupted for a time the process of song-making, there is no reason to suppose that it dulled the appreciation of the people for their native lyrics.

There is no more fascinating phase of the study of what, *pace* Dr. Wallace, I must persist in calling Scottish character, than its singular compound of opposites. Dour and serious, but pawky and humorous withal; ascetic on one side of his mind, and jovial on the other; much given to hair-splitting logic, yet profoundly sentimental and intensely romantic, was the Scotsman of an older time, as is, to an only slightly modified extent, the Scotsman of to-day. How naturally and inevitably the flower of song bloomed in the Scottish heart even when filled with the gravest cares for the safety of Church and State, and deeply

touched with the fervor of the new faith, has a fine illustration in the life and environment of Lady Grisell Hume, the author of "Werena my heart licht I wad dee." Born and bred in the very thick of the Covenanting struggle, the daughter of a sturdy fighter for the cause, Grisell's girlhood years were darkened by close familiarity with persecution and danger, yet she bore through life a spirit as blithe and a gift as natural for the rendering of song as the mavis of her native land.

One likes to think, with Miss Findlay, of the Scottish exiles in Holland listening to Grisell as she sings in the oak-panelled room of the old house in Utrecht:

"Oh, the ewe-buchtin's bonnie baith e'ening and morn  
When our blithe shepherds play on the bog-reed and horn;  
While we're milking they're lilting baith pleasant and clear,  
But my heart's like to break when I think of my dear."

And, thinking of the brave men and devoted women who found in their banishment solace like this, one is tempted to conclude that, in some essential respects at least, there had not been so much of a breach after all between the old Scotland and the new.

Come down a century later, and by way of illustrating the same idea, consider the case of Carolina Oliphant of Gask, born in 1766, as Grisell Hume was in 1665. In the latter, the old gay fondness for dance and song dwells beside the austere virtues of the Covenanter; in the former, the spirit of the Cavalier and Jacobite is associated with the heart-searching piety of the Puritan. It is curious to read of the author of "He's ower the hills that I lo'e weel"; and "Will ye no come back again"? cradled in the heart of Jacobite Scotland and named "after the King," rebuking Sir Walter for being bold enough "to single out God's servants for derision as he did the Covenanters, placing them in a light so false." It is no less curious to recall the strict anonymity with which she guarded her authorship of some of the finest songs in our or any language, and most curious of all to find that her zeal for the purification of Scottish song should have carried her and certain worthy ladies associated with her, so far as seriously to contemplate the bowdlerizing of Burns.

The point which I am trying to press home is that of all the products of the Scottish mind, none has its roots quite so deep in the heart of the people as Scottish song; that it found clear and melodious expression under conditions apparently alien to it; that no matter in what grade of social condition, level of culture or phase of political or religious sentiment it had its origin, all of it that was fitted to stand the test of time made a direct appeal to the appreciation of the common people of Scotland. That is merely another way of saying, what has been often said before, that in Scottish song the singer, in his best estate, has been merely the spokesman of the people.

Pedants like Ritson have criticised Burns for his lack of conscientiousness in editing the old songs—for the freedom with which he adapted and transmuted them into new forms. Leaving out of sight the fact that in the alembic of the genius of Burns base metal was changed into gold,—that he adorned and, in most cases, refined all that he touched,—both the words and the music of Scottish songs have been subject to one long process of adaptation. They only became fixed in their form of expression when they were no longer orally transmitted, and when they ceased to be the one sure method of appeal to the pop

ular heart. While they passed from mouth to mouth, the text was a composite product of the changes made by successive generations. It may often have been the broadest, rather than the best, that survived in the wording of the songs, but it may be affirmed with some positiveness that no fine air which ever caught the popular ear was allowed to perish. It is true that if we are to look for names merely, we should have to conclude that oblivion had covered the tunes of practically the whole body of Scottish dance music—always interchangeable with song music—which was popular in the sixteenth century. But, rest assured that with few if any exceptions, the tunes to which the shepherds and their wives dance in "The Complaynt of Scotland" are with us still, though the titles of all of them have been changed.

Thus, when we speak of the "common inheritance" of Scottish song, it is well to remember how much of literal truth there is in the phrase. The reasons why Robert Burns found the construction of it peculiarly binding, seem to have eluded the comprehension of most of his critics and biographers. Even to the subtle intelligence of Robert Louis Stevenson it is quite incomprehensible why Burns should have refused to accept a penny for the songs he contributed to the collections of Johnson and Thomson. The practical common sense of Robert Chambers equally fails to find the true explanation for this apparent eccentricity. And yet, one need not search very deeply into the heart of Burns to see why he should regard the acceptance of fee or reward for this work as a "prostitution of soul." For one thing, he did not feel that the songs were entirely his own. He caught up the echoes of his country's minstrelsy and he made them live. Sometimes it was an old tune doing duty as a reel or strathspey, sometimes a melody less palpable than that, haunting the popular recollection like a disembodied spirit waiting reincarnation; sometimes there were vulgar and stupid words wedded to an air of exquisite sweetness, sometimes a fragmentary verse or two of an ancient ballad, but in all cases there was the expression in musical form of the thoughts and feelings of generations who had lived and loved before Burns was born. It may be a fine distinction, that between transmutation and authorship, and but few poets have stopped to make it, still it was not too fine for Robert Burns. To his ear, the Scottish air was vibrant with the tones of half-forgotten music, of wholly-forgotten authorship. It seemed to him that he owed it to the dead to do them the loving service of interpreting them to the living, but the duty was too sacred to be done for a fee. He felt in his heart that without them he had not been; that the mantle which the Poetic Genius of his country had thrown around him was brodered with many and various names, among them those of Kings and Bishops no less than of strolling beggars, of quiet home-loving folk as of feckless gangrel bodies, but all of whom had at least this in common that they loved Scotland and obeyed the impulse to perpetuate her fame in song. Burns knew more of the popular music of his country than any man of his time, but he had gleaned his knowledge from the most familiar sources. Now it was the singing of a country girl, now of a lady of high degree; now a dominie and then a strolling fiddler yielded him the rendering of an old air, and he was unable to divest himself of the idea that he, like they, was merely passing it on, and that it would be sacrilege to treat it as a thing of bargain and sale.

Nor was this feeling peculiar to Burns. Some touch of business calculation may



have entered into the enthusiasm with which Honest Allan Ramsay and the "ingenious young gentlemen," who participated in his labors, addressed themselves to the task of recreating the whole body of Scottish song by clothing it in the vernacular of their time. But such an enterprise could hardly have been long sustained by hope of reward, any more than was the later enterprise of James Johnson, a poor illiterate working engraver in Edinburgh, whose enthusiasm for the songs of Scotland prompted him to start what became the Scots Musical Museum, and into the making and enriching of which Burns threw himself with characteristic fervor, devoting to it the greater part of his time and energy for four years of his life. And though hard things have been said and written of George Thomson, the "conventional Government clerk," to the making of whose "Scotish Airs" Burns devoted the four years of life that remained to him, he was certainly not spurred to his ambitious endeavor by much expectation of gain. In short, just as our forefathers would have left us no such legacy as is to be found in the priceless possession of Scottish song, had the dominant notes of their character been prudent thrift and canny shrewdness, so the legacy never would have been guarded with care so reverent and so unselfish had the very nature of the thing itself not somehow excluded all thought of turning it to profitable account.

Ample evidence of the common bond which song supplied between the highest and the humblest of Scotsmen, is to be found both in its favorite themes and its most characteristic forms of expression. The life of the lowly yields most of the subject matter for the one, as the most perfect simplicity pervades and governs the other. It is true that the Scottish song writer sometimes made a specialty of what is known as Society verse, as did Hamilton of Bangour. But the fact that his fame lives in "The Braes of Yarrow," written in "the ancient Scottish manner," and not in the production of elegant trifles like

"Oh wouldst thou know her sacred charms,  
Who this destined heart alarms,"

is merely another illustration of the fact that the Scottish song which has defied time makes its direct appeal to the popular heart and the popular understanding. The doubt about the authorship of "Peblis to the Play" does not rest upon any assumption that its subject or its method was foreign to the taste of James Stewart, first of the name, King of Scotland, and it is at least suggestive of the fact that in the domain of song king's "caff" was not rated higher than other folk's corn, to find the "Gaberlunzie Man" and the "Beggars' Meal Pokes" attributed to James the Fifth.

The noble ladies who have enriched Scottish song affected neither preciosity of style nor of subject. The daughter of the Earl of Marchmont draws her inspiration from the songs that were treasured among the humble folk on her father's estate at Red-braes. To the granddaughter of the first Earl of Minto, brooding over the composition of a new ballad of Flodden field, there come out of the past two haunting lines—

"I've heard them lilting at our yowe-milking,

\* \* \* \* \*  
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away."

The daughter of the fifth Earl of Balcarres writes "Auld Robin Gray" as there sings in her ears the old tune of a typically broad Scottish ballad which she had from an eccentric kinswoman whose favorite avocation was the fabrication of shoes for the Earl's farm horses.

Lady Nairne, as aristocratic as she was pious, finds her real vocation of song-writer, of which she was through life half-ashamed, in composing a new version of the old song of "The Pleughman", and touches in "Caller Herrin'" the note of democracy though with less emphasis yet with not less force than Burns does in "A man's a man for a' that." If ever there was a true Republic of Letters it existed among the men and women who made the songs of Scotland, and the utter absence from it of class distinction is accentuated by the long fixed standard of excellence which it was the effort of both gentle and simple among them to attain. Joanna Baillie's "Plays of the Passions" belong to the dead things of literature because both in style and sentiment they walk on stilts, but her "Saw ye Johnny Comin'?" is for all time, because it is a transcript of the rustic human nature of Scotland. "Women," wrote Byron, "(save Joanna Baillie) cannot write tragedy." Alas! For the fleeting glory of "Montfort's hate and Basil's love," and hey for the immortality of the Scottish ploughman

"Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,  
And his doggie runnin'!"

There is food for thought in the reflection that, harsh and colorless as many of its aspects were, the daily life of the Scottish people had always lent itself easily and naturally to song. The inmates of the Ha' undertook its interpretation with as much fervor as the inmates of the cottage or the shieling. Even when the Ha' spoke for itself in words that live, it was in the terms of "The Auld Hoose" of Gask, which are drawn from the same vocabulary of sentiment and emotion as "The Cottar's Saturday Night" and the description given by that "gash and faithfu' tyke" Luath of his master's peasant home. And so, while titled folk sought their inspiration in humble life when they took to the making of Scottish song, the songs that were born among the humble folk themselves were, in the most conspicuous instances, informed by a delicacy and refinement which might seem foreign to their origin. Take the extreme case of poor, "stravagin'" Jean Glover whom Burns found leading a life that jarred even on his broad human toleration. Pathetic though the picture is, it does not come any nearer to the respectable, to have the testimony of an old woman who remembered having seen Jean at a fair in Irvine, gaudily attired and playing on a tambourine at the mouth of a close in which was situated the exhibition of the "sleight-of-hand blackguard" who was her husband. It adds not a little to the pathos of Jean's position to have the added testimony that she was "the brawest woman that ever stepped in leather shoon!" but had we more light on the subject it would not lessen the marvel that from such a soil should have sprung flowers of song of such tender and exquisite beauty as "Ower The Muir Among The Heather" and the half-forgotten "Cruik and Plaid."

But why multiply examples to illustrate the fact that Scottish song is of no class or degree; that it could bloom among shiftless vagrants as spontaneously as among the best in the land, when we know that "The Jolly Beggars" is a transcript from life? Doubtless the "merry core o' randie, gangrel bodies" who "in Poesie-Nansie's held the splore, to drink their orra duddies" stand revealed for all coming time in the light of the lambent flame of the genius of Robert Burns. It is in his opalescent language that they sing, and with his humor and imagination that they are inspired. But the raw material was there ready to the poet's hand, in the beggars' "ken" on which Burns and his two friends looked in that winter's

night at Mauchline in 1785. Compare all that has been attempted in the same line, from the "Beggar's Opera" down, with the indestructible reality and power of this wild and frowsy revel, in which there is no detail however minute which does not add to the general effect, and say whether the Scottish tinkler, strolling fiddler and knavish mendicant must not have possessed qualities which are non-existent among their like elsewhere, to lend themselves without either speaking or acting outside of their own character, to the production of the immortal "Cantata." And yet it is certain that Burns never intended to publish "The Jolly Beggars" and that the universal and pervasive influence of their national songs over the minds and hearts of his people was so much of a commonplace to him as entirely to exclude the thought of how convincingly the scene at Poesie-Nansie's might serve for an illustration.

No epitome of Scottish song could be fairly typical of the rich product of the National Muse if its dominant theme were not the passion of love. As a matter of fact, more than half of the songs contained in this volume find their subject and their inspiration in some phase or aspect of that mood of the heart's desire which is usually denominated as "tender." Burns quotes Aikin as saying that love and wine are the exclusive themes for song writing and in sending Thompson the lines of "A Man's A Man For A' That," says that as these are on neither subject, it is consequently no song but merely "two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme."

The emphatic avowal of Burns that the ever-flowing source of his inspiration was the charms of woman might have been made by most of his predecessors, but it is curious to trace the endless variations in the way with which the feminine note is touched by the song writers of Scotland. One is tempted to think that even before the essential democracy of the Reformed Kirk allowed the auld wives to be the most caustic critics of the sermon, woman held among the common people of Scotland a place not conceded to her elsewhere. It seemed a natural thing for the author of the "Complaynt of Scotland" to have the wife of one of his shepherds interrupt the lofty but rambling discourse of her husband concerning the philosophers of the ancient world after this fashion: "My veil belouit hisband, i pray the to decist fra that tideus melancolic orison quhilk surpasses thy ingyne, be rason that it is nocht thy factulte to disput in one profund mater, the quhilk thy capacite can nocht comprehend." The ballad of "Tak Your Auld Cloak About You!" is at least quite as old, and though it may be claimed as the common possession of the people on both sides of the border, there is an undeniably Scottish flavor in the surrender of the gude man:

"Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife;  
But she wad guide me, if she can,  
And to maintain an easy life,  
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman,  
Nocht's to be won at woman's hand,  
Unless ye gie her a' the plea:  
Then I'll leave aff where I began,  
And tak my auld cloak about me."

"Get up and bar the door"—of an antiquity which is probably equally respectable—suggests that the "better half" of the married pair was accustomed to live up to the title in days before it was commonly used to designate the wife. Testimony of a less agreeable kind to the lack of wifely subordination in Scotland of the olden time may be found in the "Scotch

Brawle" and the "Drucken Wife O' Galloway." The poem "Of Evill Wyffs" is said to have been written before 1568 and most of it is an invective more vigorous than polished on froward wives. But beneath all this girding at the follies of the female partner of the married state, there was doubtless a recognition of the fact that a good wife is the most precious of human possessions, and that the man who is cheated of it, by no fault of his own, has double cause for complaint. The prevalence of this note in early Scottish song suggests at least the importance of the role played by woman in the primitive society of the motherland.

That the lasses had decided ideas of their own about the placing of their affections is amply evidenced in songs like "Nae Dominies For Me, Laddie," "Scornfu' Nancy." "Haud Awa' Frae Me, Donald" and "For The Love O' Jean," of the older, and in still more copious instances in the later and more familiar repertoire. It is not without significance that "O Meikle Thinks My Love O' My Beauty" contains lines of a much older song; that "Last May A Braw Wooer" has for its model "The Lothian Lassie;" that "Whistle And I'll Come To You, My Lad" finds its air and sentiment in a song preserved in the Herd Mss., and that even "Tam Glen" is reputed to have had an earlier original. When one has said that the sentiment of all of them is characteristically Scottish, the statement is implied that from very early times the feminine mind in Scotland was permitted, nay, expected, to develop a marked degree of independence.

It is permissible to believe, as has been already indicated, that such of the beginnings of Scotland's songs as came from Gaelic sources bore a stamp of delicacy and refinement superior to that which was later impressed on the airs by their lowland Scotch adapters. But it is certain that in the evolution of the song literature of the vernacular, the process was steadily from a lower to a higher stage of refinement. Here and there in the early collections, there is a touch, as delicate as it is beautiful, like that in the fragment beginning:

"O gin my love were yon red rose  
'That grows upon the castle wa' ;"

A large proportion of the older songs, however, because they were true to the human nature and the life of their time, partook of the coarseness of both. Among the Scottish Bacchanals which he is willing to let die, Thomson, in one of his letters to Burns mentions "Fy, Let Us A' To The Bridal," as "so coarse and vulgar that I think it fit only to be sung in a company of drunken colliers." Yet it seems to have been a highly popular ditty, and its author was Francis Semple of Beltrees who also wrote "Maggie Lauder" and passed for a gentleman and a scholar among people who thought themselves refined.

It is true that some of the old songs have been refined without being improved, nay even very much to their detriment. No one with a genuine taste for Scottish song would, for example, prefer Joanna Baillie's version of "Woo'd And Married And A'" to the original, however unconventional the latter may sound to modern ears. But, taking the contents of this volume as a fair presentation of the best that has survived of the work of the song-writers of Scotland, and it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the golden era of Scottish song was when all the rich inheritance of the past was still an inspiration, but when it was purified of its dross and made to conform to the eternal decencies of life and conduct. It needs but a slender acquaintance with the work of Burns to appreciate how pre-eminent is his title to be the great re-creator of his country's minstrelsy.

To the indebtedness of Burns to the past, I have already referred, and the present collection contains several instructive examples of the transforming effect of his work on older originals. Setting aside the cases in which he referred to his own verses as merely additions to an old song of which no original has been found, there can be no question about "Duncan Gray" being a variation on an older theme, any more than there can be about "Auld Lang Syne," "My Nannie O," "Willie Brewed," "My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose," "Here Awa', There Awa'," "Ca' The Ewes To The Knowes," and—not to repeat others already referred to—"John Anderson My Jo." The transformation of the last named from a vulgar and rather obscene ballad, suggestive of anything but connubial bliss, into the most delicate and beautiful lyric of wedded love in any language, is a shining example of the magic wrought by the alchemy of the genius of Robert Burns. Pitched in the higher key of spiritual exaltation "The Land O' The Leal," and instinct with the deep and true affection that binds the ties of home, "There's Nae Luck About The House" are worthy to take their place beside the work of the greatest of song writers.

The convivial side of the Scottish character has had copious expression in the songs of the people. But here again we must look to Burns in "Willie Brewed" for the consummate flower among the "bacchanals"—the drinking song that defies time and change of manners, and needs must transmit through all the ages the racy flavor of the revelry of the Scot who, even in his cups, preserves a sense of proportion, and an undimmed perception of things as they are. That "Auld Lang Syne" should have become the parting ditty for the social gatherings of all English-speaking people is a testimony not only to the sympathetic quality of the intuitions of the man who penned it, but to the wide range of human feeling covered by the song literature of which it is one of the most characteristic products. To compare the rather stilted commonplace of the older productions from which came the suggestion of "Auld Lang Syne," with the fine simplicity of diction and of sentiment in this immortal paean of human friendship, is to gain a new impression of the debt Scotland's songs owe to the Ayrshire ploughman.

It has been spoken of as a limitation of Burns that he gave no sign of being stirred, as Wordsworth was, by the emotions that came from the contemplation of natural scenery. But leaving his treatment of the beauty or terror of Nature in his poems out of the question, the fact should be borne in mind that Burns, like most of his fellow song-writers, drew by preference on Nature for images to adorn the human subjects of his verse withal. The broad statement is true, that throughout the whole course of Scottish song literature all Nature was drawn upon to aid in describing the charms of woman. From the stars of heaven to the flowers of earth, from the purple hillside to the pasture plain, from the wimplin' burnie to the mountain-girdled lake there was no gleam of beauty or radiant glow of splendor that was not pressed into the service of the enamored minstrel. It is a suggestive fact that in this whole collection there are no songs which deal with nature apart from a dominant human interest or sentiment.

Wordsworth is credited with having brought English poetry back to nature; but the poetry that was truly Scottish, that smacked of the soil and spoke of the language of the people, never strayed far from Nature. One reason of this was that it was made by folk mostly humble for other humble folk into whose blood had entered the beauty of "Bonnie

Scotland" and to whom her majesty and sublimity had given a certain elevation of soul. Allan Cunningham touches a characteristic note in the attitude of the Scottish exile in the lines:

"The sun rises bright in France,  
And fair sets he;  
But he has tint the blink he had  
In my ain countrie."

The beautiful companion song given here "Hame, Hame, Hame," takes its pathos from the sentiment of a lost cause rather than from the pangs of separation, but "O Why Left I My Hame," and "Scotland Yet" give in their different ways expression to the passionate attachment to home and country which had grown in the breast of the Scotsman through long generations of struggle for the freedom to possess the land and the chance to make its stubborn soil yield him a living.

The Gaelic note has a peculiar sadness of its own. "The Macgregors' Gathering" and "Lochaber No More" are Lowland interpretations of a spirit and a mood of mind which owing to a long struggle against superior strength became characteristic of all the branches of the great Celtic family. But the interpretation lacks nothing of sympathy or of truth, though the humorous rendering of the idiosyncracies of the Gael is much more common in Scottish vernacular song. On the gay side, without a touch of the satirical, "Alastair Mac-Alastair" and "Tullochgorum" have a charm which time does not lessen. But perhaps the most remarkable example of how the Lowland Muse has been inspired by Celtic enthusiasm is to be found in the Jacobite songs with which our National Minstrelsy has been so copiously enriched. Hardly any of these were contemporaneous with the fifty years' struggle for the restoration of the House of Stewart. The best of them, at least, were written after the final setting of the star of that ill-fated race. Devotion to the Stewarts was by no means confined to the Highlands, but it would never have taken the form it did had not the clans furnished the backbone for the fighting strength of "Charlie." Yet, curiously enough, it is the Lowland song-writer who weaves the chaplet that adorns the grave of the lost cause, the Highland lyrists, even if Hogg's Gaelic original of "Come O'er The Stream Charlie" had any real existence, being all but voiceless either before or after the dark day of Culloden.

To the Jacobite cycle Burns made no very notable contributions, probably because "the forty-five" was a subject about which he was more prone to reason than to feel. It was all over thirteen years before he was born, but a man whose blood was fired by the American struggle for independence and the dawning promise of the French Revolution, could not get up much enthusiasm for the cause of the Stewarts. In his broad-minded way, he was able to do them justice, and he asks whether the royal contemporaries of the Stewarts were more attentive to their subjects' rights. In the same letter, written in November, 1788, occurs the passage: "The Stewarts have been condemned and laughed at for the folly and impracticability of their attempts in 1715 and 1745. That they failed, I bless God; but cannot join in the ridicule against them." But this is hardly the mood in which Jacobite song had its origin. With Lady Nairne the lost cause was not to be disposed of by cool reasoning, but made its appeal directly to the heart. Cradled not only in the heart of Jacobite Scotland, but in the home of the chief of Jacobite lairds, literally from her birth she was enrolled among

the adherents of the ill-fated house, that event being thus noted in the family register:—  
“Carolina, after the King, at Gask, August 16th, 1766.”

Lady Nairne must have heard from her father's lips how he brought to Edinburgh the news of the victory of Prestonpans; of how he braved the perils of the year of vengeance when he and her grandfather hid in the caves of Buchan with a price set upon their heads, and how with their kinsfolk of Robertson and Nairne they escaped to France and passed long years of exile there. Albeit a puritan of the puritans, Lady Nairne must have found it impossible to recall the incidents of the forty-five without a responsive heart throb and a tighter tension of the nerves. They were already passing into the romance of history when she was born, but she was near enough to them to be conscious of their reality yet far enough removed from them to miss their crudeness and feel only the blind devotion, the reckless daring and the heroic self-sacrifice which made them part of what is surely the most extraordinary drama of modern history. Jacobitism was something more than a mere poetic enthusiasm with Lady Nairne, though hardly with Sir Walter Scott or James Hogg, both of whose contributions to the last Scottish song-cycle that grew out of the romance of the nation's history, form part of this collection. The cause of the Stewarts had irrevocably passed into the realm of shadows when William Glen wrote “Wae's Me For Prince Charlie,” and yet what is almost the last of the series is perhaps the most exquisite lyric of them all.

If we have ceased to make songs like these, the faculty for appreciating them, happily, remains. Amid all the toil and struggle of existence, the estrangement born of separation, and the forgetfulness fostered by new responsibilities, is there anything that touches a deeper vein of feeling in the Scot abroad than the songs he learned in the home of his youth? There are but few of us who can remember a time when some of them had not touched our heart and imprinted themselves on our memory. For, even as our mother sat beside our cradle or crooned us on her knee, it was the auld Scots sangs that made our lullaby.

Nor is their power and their charm perceptible only to men and women of Scottish birth or ancestry. Their empire is world-wide; their sway over the human heart universal. What Ralph Waldo Emerson said of the songs of Burns, may be said with equal truth of the work of the whole tuneful band among whose names that of Burns stands first. “The wind whispers them, the birds whistle them, the corn, barley, and bulrushes hoarsely rustle them; nay, the music-boxes at Geneva are framed and toothed to play them; the hand-organs of the Savoyards in all cities repeat them, and the chimes of bells ring them in the spires. They are the property and the solace of mankind.”

JOHN FOORD.





# THE AULD SCOTCH SANGS

# THE AULD SCOTCH SANGS

*Andante e con molto espress.*

O sing to me the

auld Scotch sangs, I' the braid... Scottish tongue, The sangs my faither loved to hear, The

sangs my mither sung, When she sat be-side my cradle, Or.... croond me on her

knee, And I wad - na sleep, she sang sae sweet The auld Scotch sangsto me,..... And I

*sempre stacc.*

*giusto*

*ritard.* *ad lib.*

wad - na sleep, she sang sae sweet The auld Scotch sangs to me.....

*p*

Sing o - ny o' the auld Scotch sangs, The

blithesome or the sad, They mak' me smile when I am wae, And greet when I am

*cresc.* *energico*

glad. My heart gaes back to auld Scot - land, The saut tears dim my e'e, And the

*ff accel.*

Scotch blood leaps in a' my veins, As ye sing the sangs to me, ..... And the Scotch blood leaps in

*ad lib.*

a' my veins, As ye sing the sangs to me, .....

*ff*

*p slower*

Sing on, sing mair o' thae auld sangs, For il - ka ane can

tell O' joy or sorrow i' the past, Where mem' - ry loves to dwell; Tho'

hair grow gray, and limbs grow auld, Un - til the day I dee Ill...

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "hair grow gray, and limbs grow auld, Un - til the day I dee Ill...". The piano part features chords and single notes in both hands.

bless the Scot - tish tongue that sings The auld Scotch songs to me,..... Ill... *p*

*espress.*

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "bless the Scot - tish tongue that sings The auld Scotch songs to me,..... Ill...". A piano dynamic marking (*p*) is present. The piano accompaniment includes a section marked *espress.* (espressivo).

*ad lib.*  
bless the Scot-tish tongue that sings The auld Scotch songs to me.....

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line is marked *ad lib.* (ad libitum) and continues with the lyrics: "bless the Scot-tish tongue that sings The auld Scotch songs to me.....". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line is mostly empty, indicating a long rest. The piano accompaniment continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.



# SONGS OF ROBERT BURNS.

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Robert Burns, the son of William Burnes and Agnes Brown, was born on the 25th day of January, 1759, in a small house about two miles from the town of Ayr. He died at Dumfries on the 21st of July, 1796. He published the first volume of his poems in 1786; the second edition appeared in 1787, and was followed by a third edition in 1793. In 1800, Dr. James Currie issued a complete edition in four volumes of the works of Burns, including his correspondence and some miscellaneous pieces. Since that date the editions issued of his poems are innumerable. Biographies of Burns have been written by Heron (1797), Currie (1800), Lockhart (1828), Allan Cunningham (1847), Chambers (1859), W. S. Douglas, W. E. Henley and others. From the memorable appreciation of his genius, contained in the essay of his fellow countryman, Thomas Carlyle, and written apropos of the publication of Lockhart's "Life," to the present time, Robert Burns has received the tributes of a greater number of men eminent in diverse fields of thought and effort than any other poet, Shakespeare alone excepted. The anniversary of his birthday is observed throughout the English-speaking world with a degree of fervid enthusiasm which the memory of no other writer ancient or modern, has ever inspired.

# SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED

Maestoso

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time, marked 'Maestoso'. The piano part features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands, with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The voice part enters with the lyrics '1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wal - lace bled! Scots, wham Bruce has aft - en led!.....'. The piano accompaniment continues with a strong, rhythmic pattern, marked 'f' (forte). The voice part then sings 'Wel - come to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - rie!'. The piano part concludes with a final chord and a double bar line.

*mf*

1. Scots, wha hae wi'

Wal - lace bled! Scots, wham Bruce has aft - en led!.....

Wel - come to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - rie!



*f* Now's the day, an' now's the hour: See, the front of

bat-tle our: See, ap-proach proud Ed-ward's power; Chains and sla-ver-

*rit.* *a tempo*

ie!

*f* *ff*

2.

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave,  
     Let him turn and flee!  
 Wha for Scotland's king and law,  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
 Freeman stand, or Freeman fa',  
     Let him on wi' me!

3.

By oppression's woes and pains!  
 By your sons in servile chains!  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
     But they shall be free!  
 Lay the proud usurpers low!  
 Tyrants fall in every foe!  
 Liberty's in every blow!  
     Let us Do, or Die!

# A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Is there, for hon-est

*mf*

pov - er - ty, That hangs his head, an' a' that? The

cow - ard slave, we pass him by; We dare be puir for a' that! For

*rit.*

a'..... that, an' a'..... that, Our toils obscure, an' a' that, The

rank is but the guin - ea stamp, The man's the gowd, for a' that.

*rit. colla voce* *a tempo*

*a tempo*

2.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hodden-grey, an' a' that;  
 Gie fools their silks, an' knaves their wine,  
 A man's a man, for a' that;  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Their tinsel show, an' a' that;  
 The honest man, though e'er sae puir,  
 Is king o' men, for a' that.

3.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
 Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;  
 Though hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a cuif, for a' that;  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 His ribbon, star, an' a' that,  
 The man o' independent mind,  
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

4.

A king can mak' a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that;  
 But an honest man's aboon his might;  
 Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Their dignities, an' a' that,  
 The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth,  
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

5.

Then let us pray, that come it may,  
 As come it will, for a' that,  
 That sense an' worth, o'er a' the earth,  
 May bear the gree, an' a' that!  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 It's comin' yet, for a' that,  
 That man to man, the warld o'er  
 Shall brithers be, for a' that!

# GAE BRING TO ME A PINT O' WINE

Moderato

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The score includes a piano introduction, followed by three lines of lyrics with corresponding musical notation. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and melodic lines in both hands. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

*f* *p* *mf*

*mf*

1. Gae bring to me a pint o' wine, And fill it in..... a sil - ver

tas - sie; That I may drink be - fore I go, A ser - vice to..... my bon - nie

las - sie. The boat rocks at..... the pier o' Leith; Fu' loud the wind blows frae the

Fer-ry; The ship rides by.... the Berwick Law, And I maun leave my bonnie Mary. Gae bring to

me a pint o' wine, And fill it in..... a sil-ver tassie, That I may drink be-fore I

go, A ser-vice to..... my bon-nie las-sie.

*col 8 va*

*f*

## 2.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
 The glittering spears are ranked ready;  
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
 The battle closes thick and bloody!  
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore  
 Wad mak' me langer wish to tarry,  
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,  
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.  
 Gae bring to me, &c.

## DUNCAN GRAY

Moderato

The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes in a descending pattern, while the left hand plays a similar pattern. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamics are marked 'p' (piano).

The second system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes in a descending pattern, while the left hand plays a similar pattern. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamics are marked 'sf' (sforzando).

1. Dun - can Gray cam' here to woo, Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't; On

The third system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "1. Dun - can Gray cam' here to woo, Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't; On".

blythe Yale night when we were fu', Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't,

The fourth system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "blythe Yale night when we were fu', Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't,".

Mag - gie coost her head fu' heigh, Look'd asklent and un - co skeigh,

Gart poor Dun - can stand a - beigh, Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't.

## 2.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,  
 Ha, ha, the wooin' o't;  
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,  
 Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.  
 Duncan sigh'd baith out an' in,  
 Grat his een baith bleer't an' blin',  
 Spak o' loupin' owre a linn,  
 Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

## 3.

Time and chance are but a tide,  
 Ha, ha, the wooin' o't;  
 Slighted love is sair to bide,  
 Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.  
 "Shall I like a fool," quo' he,  
 "For a haughty-hizzy, dee?"  
 She may gae to France for me!"  
 Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

## 4.

How it comes, let doctor's tell,  
 Ha, ha, the wooin' o't,  
 Meg grew sick as he grew well,  
 Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.  
 Something in her bosom wrings,  
 For relief, a sigh she brings;  
 An' O! her een they spak sic things!  
 Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

## 5.

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

## AFTON WATER

Andante grazioso

*p*

1. Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green... braes,..... Flow

gent - ly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My... Ma - ry's a-sleep by thy

*p*

mur-mur - ing stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet Af-ton, dis - turb not her dream.

*p* *mf*



Thou stockdove, whose ech-o re-

sounds... thro the glen, Ye wild whistling blackbirds, in yon thorny den, Thou

green-crested lap-wing, thy screaming for-bear, I charge you, disturb not my

slum-ber-ing fair.

## 2.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides,  
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
 As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

# O' A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW

Andante

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in D major, 2/4 time, marked 'Andante'. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The vocal melody enters in the second system with the lyrics '1. O' a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dear-ly lo'e the west; For there the bonnie lassie lives, The'. The melody is written in a single line with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment continues with chords. The third system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'las-sie I lo'e best; Tho' wild-woods grow, an' rivers row, Wi' mony a hill... be-tween, Baith'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords. The score ends with a final chord in the piano part.

1. O' a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dear-ly lo'e the west; For there the bonnie lassie lives, The

las-sie I lo'e best; Tho' wild-woods grow, an' rivers row, Wi' mony a hill... be-tween, Baith

day and night my fancy's flight Is ev-er wi' my Jean. 2. I see her in the dewy flow'rs, Sae

love-ly, sweet and fair; I hear her voice in il-ka bird, Wi' music charm the air; There's

no' a bonnie flow'r that springs By fountain, shaw or green, Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings, But

minds me o' my Jean.

3.

O blaw, ye westlin' winds, blaw soft,  
 Among the leafy trees;  
 Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,  
 Bring hame the laden bees;  
 An' bring the lassie back to me  
 That's aye sae neat an' clean;  
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care  
 Sae lovely is my Jean.

4.

What sighs an' vows among the knowes  
 Hae past atween us twa;  
 How fain to meet, how wae to part,  
 That day she gaed awa'.  
 The powers aboon can only ken,  
 To whom the heart is seen,  
 That nane can be sae dear to me  
 As my sweet, lovely Jean.

## MY AIN KIND DEARIE.

*Andantino*

*p* When

o'er the hill the east - ern star Tells bught - in - time.. is.... near, my jo, And

ow - sen frae the fur - row'd field Re - turn sae dowf and wea - ry, O! Down

*p* by... yon burn where scent - ed... birks Wi' dew.. are.. hang - ing.. clear, my jo, I'll...

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Andantino'. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes various musical notations such as chords, arpeggios, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano). The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words hyphenated across lines. The overall mood is tender and nostalgic, typical of a lullaby or a gentle love song.

meet thee on the lea - rig My ain kind dear - ie, O!

*p rit.*

*p colla voce*

*p*

*con Lea*

## 2.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,  
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,  
 If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,  
 My ain kind dearie, O!  
 Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,  
 And I were ne'er sae weary, O,  
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O!

## 3.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,  
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo,  
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,  
 Adown the burn to steer, my jo!  
 Gie me the hour o' gloamin' gray,  
 It maks my heart sae cheery, O,  
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O!

## MARY MORISON

Moderato espress.

Piano introduction in D major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a melody of eighth and quarter notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *pp* (pianissimo).

First vocal line: "1. O.... Ma - ry, at..... thy... win - dow be, It". The melody is in D major, 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment includes a *pp* (pianissimo) section.

Second vocal line: "is the wish'd, the... tryst - ed hour! Those smiles and glanc - es...". The piano accompaniment includes a *cresc.* (crescendo) section and a *p* (piano) section.

Third vocal line: "let me see, That mak' the mi - ser's trea - sure, poor.". The piano accompaniment includes a *cresc.* (crescendo) section.

How blythe-ly wad I bide the stoure, A wea - ry slave, frae sun to sun, Could

I the rich... re - ward se-cure, The love - ly Ma - ry Mor - i-son.

## 2.

Yestreen, when to the stented string  
 The dance gaed thro' the lichted ha',  
 To thee my fancy took its wing—  
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw.  
 Tho' this was fair and that was braw,  
 And yon the toast o' a' the toun,  
 I sighed and said amang them a',  
 "Ye are na Mary Morison!"

## 3.

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,  
 Wha, for thy sake, would gladly dee?  
 Or canst thou break that heart o' his,  
 Whase only faut is loving thee?  
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
 At least be pity to me shown;  
 A thought ungentle can na be  
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

## TAM GLEN

Moderato

1. My

*p* *mf* *f rit.* *p*

heart is a - break-in', dear tit-tie! Some coun-sel un - to me come len'; To...

*p*

an - ger them a' is a pit-y, But what will I do wi' Tam Glen? I'm

think-in', wi' sic a braw fel-low, In puirtith I might mak' a fen', What

*cresc.*

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The vocal line is in a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a key signature change from B-flat to E-flat. The second system contains the first line of lyrics. The third system contains the second line of lyrics. The fourth system contains the third line of lyrics and ends with a 'cresc.' marking. Dynamics include piano (p), mezzo-forte (mf), forte (f), and a crescendo (cresc.). There is also a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking in the first system.



care I in riches to wallow, If I mau-na marry Tam Glen?

*p* *rit.* *pp*

*rit.* *a tempo*

Concluding Symphony

*rit.* *al* *fine* *p*

## 2.

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drummeller,  
 "Good day to ye," cuif, he comes ben;  
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,  
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?  
 My minnie does constantly deave me,  
 And bids me beware o' young men;  
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me —  
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

## 3.

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,  
 He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten;  
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him,  
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?  
 Yestreen, at the valentines' dealin',  
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten';  
 For thrice I drew ane without failin',  
 And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

## 4.

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'  
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken,  
 His likeness cam' up the house staulkin',  
 The very gray breeks o' Tam Glen.  
 Come, counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry —  
 I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,  
 Gin ye will advise me to marry  
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

# YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON

Andante con espressione

*p*

1. Ye banks and braes..... o'

*piano throughout*

*And*

\*

*And*

\*

*And*

\*

bon - nie Doon,..... How can..... ye bloom.... sae fresh..... and

fair? How can ye chant,..... ye lit - tle birds,..... And

I..... sae wea - ry, fu'..... o' care. Ye'll break my

*left hand*

heart..... ye warb - ling birds..... That wan - ton through the

flow' - ry.... thorn; Ye mind me o'..... de - part - ed

joys,..... De - part - ed, nev - er to..... re - turn.

*Softly* *decrease.*

## 2.

Oft hae I rovd' by bonnie Doon  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
 And ilka bird sang o' its love.  
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,  
 But my fause lover stole my rose  
 And ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, JOHN.

Moderato



1. John



An - der - son, my jo, John, When we were first ac - 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 snow, Yet...

bless - ings on your fros - ty pow John An - der - son, my....

jo.

## 2.

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

# MY NANNIE'S AWA.

*Andante*

*p*

*con Ped.*

*rit.*

*p*

1. Now... in her green man-tle blythe Na-ture ar-rays, And

list-ens the lamb-kins that bleat owre the braes, While

birds war-ble wel-come in il-ka green shaw; But to

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part begins with a prelude in 6/8 time, marked 'Andante'. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with a 'p' (piano) dynamic and 'con Ped.' (con pedale) instruction. The vocal part enters with the first line of lyrics: '1. Now... in her green man-tle blythe Na-ture ar-rays, And'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a steady bass line. The second line of lyrics is 'list-ens the lamb-kins that bleat owre the braes, While'. The third line is 'birds war-ble wel-come in il-ka green shaw; But to'. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, key signatures (three flats), time signatures, dynamics, and articulation marks.

me it's de-light-less,— my Nan-nie's a-wa! But to

me... it's... de-light-less— my Nan-nie's a-wa!.....

*colla voce* *ritard.*

## 2.

The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,  
 And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn;  
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw!  
 They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa!

## 3.

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

## 4.

Come Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,  
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay:  
 The dark, dreary Winter, and wild-driving snaw,  
 Alane can delight me—my Nannie's awa.

# THE DEIL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN

Allegro

*mf*

1. The deil cam' fid - dlin'

through the toun, And danced a - wa' wi' th' Ex - cise - - man; And

il - ka wife..... cried, Auld... Ma - houn', I.... wish you luck o' the



prize, man! The deil's.... a - wa', the deil's.... a - wa', The

deil's a - wa' wi' th'Ex - cise - man; He's danced a - wa', he's

danced a - wa', He's danced a - wa' wi' th'Ex - cise - man.

## 2.

We'll mak' our maut, we'll brew our drink,  
 We'll laugh, sing and rejoice, man;  
 And many braw thanks to the muckle black deil,  
 That danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.  
 The deil's awa', the deil's awa',  
 The deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman;  
 He's danced awa', he's danced awa',  
 He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.

## 3.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,  
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;  
 But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the land,  
 Was the deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman.  
 The deil's awa', the deil's awa',  
 The deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman;  
 He's danced awa', he's danced awa',  
 He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.

## THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLE

Moderato

The piano introduction is in B-flat major, 4/4 time, marked Moderato. It consists of 8 measures. The right hand features a melody of eighth and quarter notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The dynamic is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte).

The first vocal line begins with the lyrics: "1. There was a lad was.... born in Kyle, But.... what - na day o'.....". The melody is in B-flat major, 4/4 time, and spans 8 measures. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady harmonic support.

The second vocal line continues with the lyrics: "what - na style, I doubt it's... hard - ly.... worth the.... while To....". The melody spans 8 measures in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment provides a consistent harmonic background.

be sae nice... wi'... Rob - in. For... Rob - in was... a...

rov - in'... boy, A... ran - tin', rov - in',... ran - tin', rov - in';

Rob - in... was a... rov - in'... boy; Oh,... ran - tin', rov - in',... Rob - in.

2.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane  
Was five-and-twenty days begun,  
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'  
Blew hansom in on Robin.

For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

3.

The gossip keekit in his loof,  
Quo' she, "Wha lives will see the proof,  
This waly boy will be nae coof,  
I think we'll ca' him Robin."

For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

4.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',  
But aye a heart aboon them a';  
He'll be a credit till us a'.

We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

5.

But sure as three times three mak' nine,  
I see by ilka score and line,  
This chap will dearly like our kin',  
So leeze me on thee, Robin.

For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

## MY NANNIE, O.

Andante

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part begins with a series of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The vocal melody enters in the third measure of the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The score consists of four systems of music. The first system shows the piano introduction. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The third system introduces the vocal melody with the lyrics: "1. Be - hind yon hills where Lu - gar.... flows, 'Mang moors an' moss-es... ma - ny,... O, The". The fourth system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment with the lyrics: "win - try sun... the... day has clos'd, And I'll a - wa'..... to Nan - nie,... O. The". The piano part features various chordal textures and melodic lines, while the vocal part is a simple, singable melody.

1. Be - hind yon hills where Lu - gar.... flows, 'Mang moors an' moss-es... ma - ny,... O, The

win - try sun... the... day has clos'd, And I'll a - wa'..... to Nan - nie,... O. The

west - lin' wind blows loud an'.... shrill, The night's baith mirk and rain - y..... O, But I'll

get my plaid.. and.. out I'll steal, And o'er the hills..... to Nan - nie,.... O.

## 2

My Nannie's charming, sweet and young;  
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;  
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue  
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.  
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O:  
 The opening gowan, wat wi'dew,  
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

## 3

A country lad is my degree,  
 And few there be that ken me, O,  
 But what care I how few they be?  
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.  
 My riches a's my penny fee,  
 And I maun guide it cannie, O,  
 But world's gear ne'er troubles me,  
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

## 4

Our auld gudeman delights to view  
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;  
 But I'm as blythe that hands his plough,  
 And has nae care but Nannie, O.  
 Come weel, come wae, I care na by,  
 I'll tak' what heav'n will send me, O,  
 Nae ither care in life hae I,  
 But live and love my Nannie, O.

# WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT

With Spirit.



1. O.... Wil - lie brew'd a.... peck o' maut, And Rob and Al - lan...

The first system of the song. The vocal melody is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: "1. O.... Wil - lie brew'd a.... peck o' maut, And Rob and Al - lan..."

cam' to pree; Three blith - er hearts that lee - lang night Ye wad - na find in...

The second system of the song. The vocal melody continues on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: "cam' to pree; Three blith - er hearts that lee - lang night Ye wad - na find in..."

Christ - en - die. We... are na fou, we're no... that fou, But just a wee... drup

The third system of the song. The vocal melody continues on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: "Christ - en - die. We... are na fou, we're no... that fou, But just a wee... drup"

in our..... ee; The... cock may crawl, the day... may... daw, But

aye we'll taste the... bar - ley bree.

## 2.

Here are we met three merry boys,  
 Three merry boys I trow are we;  
 And mony a nicht we've merry been  
 And mony mae we hope to be.  
 We are na fou, &c.

## 3.

It is the moon—I ken her horn,  
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;  
 She shines sae bricht to wyle us hame,  
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!  
 We are na fou, &c.

## 4.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',  
 A cuckold, coward loon is he!  
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',  
 He is the king amangus three!  
 We are na fou, &c.

## O, MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

*Andante*

*p*

1. O, my love is like a red, red rose, That's

new - ly sprung in June; O, my love is like a mel - o - die, That's

*colla voce*

sweet - ly play'd in tune. As fair art thou, my bon-nie lass, Sae

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in E-flat major, 6/8 time, marked 'Andante' and 'p'. The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal line enters with the first line of the song. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm, providing a harmonic foundation for the voice. The score includes lyrics for the first two lines of the song, with a double bar line indicating a pause or a change in the piano accompaniment. The tempo and dynamics are clearly indicated throughout the piece.



deep in love am I; And..... I will love thee still, my dear, Till

a' the seas gang dry. Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, Till

a' the seas gang dry, And..... I will love thee still, my dear, Till

a' the seas gang dry.

2.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
 O, I will love thee still, my dear,  
 While the sands o' life shall run.  
 And fare thee weel, my only love,  
 And fare thee weel, awhile!  
 And I will come again, my love,  
 Though it were ten thousand mile!  
 Though it were ten thousand mile, my love!  
 Though it were ten thousand mile!  
 And I will come again, my love,  
 Though it were ten thousand mile!

# BONNIE WEE THING

*Andante*

*p*

*cresc.*

*pp*

1. Bon - nie..... wee..... thing, can - nie.... wee thing, Love - ly..... wee..... thing,

wert thou... mine; I.... would... wear... thee in... my.... bo - som,

Lest.... my.... jew - el I should... tine. Wist - ful - ly.... I....

*Fine.*

*Fine.*

*p*

look.... and... lan - guish, In that bon - nie..... face of..... thine;.....

And my heart it stounds with an - guish, Lest... my..... wee..... thing

be na..... mine. § Finish with the first strain.

Ritornel.

*p*

*To be sung with second strain*

2

Wit and grace and love and beauty

In ae constellation shine

To adore thee is my duty

Goddess of this soul o' mine

Bonnie wee thing, &c.

## GREEN GROW THE RASHES

Moderato



1. There's nought but care on ev' - ry han', In

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note C4, and then eighth notes D4, E4, F4, G4, A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and a melody in the right hand.

ev' - ry hour that pass-es, O! What sig - ni - fies the life o' man, An'

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with eighth notes C4, D4, E4, F4, G4, A4, and B4, followed by a half note C5. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note bass line and a melody in the right hand.

'twere - na for the las - ses, O! Green grow the rash - es, O!

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with eighth notes C4, D4, E4, F4, G4, A4, and B4, followed by a half note C5. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note bass line and a melody in the right hand.

Green grow the rash-es, O! The sweet-est hours that ere I spent, Were

spent a-mang the las-ses, O!

2.

The worldly race may riches chase,  
 An' riches still may fly them, O;  
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.  
 Green grow the rashes, O! &c.

3.

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie, O;  
 An' worldly cares an' worldly men,  
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.  
 Green grow the rashes, O! &c.

4.

An' you sae douce, wha sneer at this,  
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;  
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,  
 He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.  
 Green grow the rashes, O! &c.

5.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
 Her noblest work she classes, O;  
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
 An' then she made the lasses, O.  
 Green grow the rashes, O! &c.

# AE FOND KISS

Slow and expressive

1. Ae fond kiss, and then... we

sev - er! Ae fare - weel, a - las, ... for - ev - er!

Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, War - ring sighs and groans I'll

wage... thee. Who shall say that for - tune grieves him

*mf* *p* *f* *dim.* \*

*cresc.*

While the star of hope she leaves him? Me, nae cheer - fu' twin - kle

*f* *p*

lights me, Dark des-pair a-round be-nights.... me.

*rall.* *p rall.*

*pp*

Ae..... fond..... kiss!

*pp* *mp rall.*

## 2.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,  
 Naething could resist my Nancy;  
 But to see her, was to love her;  
 Love but her, and love forever.  
 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,  
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,  
 Never met or never parted,  
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.  
 Ae fond kiss!

## 3.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!  
 Fare thee weel thou best and dearest!  
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
 Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure;  
 Ae fond kiss and then we sever;  
 Ae fareweel, alas, forever!  
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.  
 Ae fond kiss!

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER

Allegretto

The first system of the musical score for 'The Little Boat' is in 6/8 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a half note F#4. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with chords. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present at the start of the first measure.

1. Last May, a braw woo - er cam' down the lang glen, And sair wi' his love he did

deave me; I said, "There was naething I ha-ted like men!" The deuce gae wi' him to be-

lieve me, be-lieve me, The deuce gae wi' him to be-lieve me.

*cresc.* *f*

*D.S.* *f*



## 2.

He spak' o' the darts o' my bonnie black e'en,  
 And vow'd for my love he was deen'.  
 I said he micht dee when he liked for Jean;  
 The guid forgi'e me for leein', for leein',  
 The guid forgi'e me for leein'!

## 3.

A weel-stockit mailin', himsel' o't the laird,  
 And marriage aff-hand, was his proffer.  
 I never loot on that I kenn'd it or cared;  
 But thocht I micht ha'e a waur offer, waur offer,  
 But thocht I micht ha'e a waur offer.

## 4.

But what do ye think, in a fortnicht or less—  
 The diel's in his taste to gang near her!—  
 He up the Gateslack to my black cousin Bess—  
 Guess ye how, the jaud! I could bear her, could bear her,  
 Guess ye how, the jaud! I could bear her!

## 5.

But a' the next week, as I fretted wi' care,  
 I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock;  
 And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there?  
 Wha glower'd as if he'd seen a warlock, a warlock,  
 Wha glower'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

## 6.

Out ower my left shouther I gi'ed him a blink,  
 Lest neebors micht say I was saucy;  
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
 And vow'd that I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,  
 And vow'd that I was his dear lassie.

## 7.

I speir'd for my cousin, fu' couthie and sweet,  
 Gin she had recovered her hearin'?  
 And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchled feet?  
 Gude sauf us! how he fell a-swearin', a-swearin',  
 Gude sauf us! how he fell a-swearin'.

## 8.

He begged for gudesake! I wad be his wife,  
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;  
 Sae, e'en to preserve the puir body in life,  
 I think I maun wed him to morrow, to morrow,  
 I think I maun wed him to morrow.

# HERE AWA', THERE AWA'.

Andante

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in B-flat major, 3/4 time, marked 'Andante'. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The voice part enters with the lyrics '1. Here a - wa',... there a - wa', wan - der - ing Wil - lie!'. The piano accompaniment continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with a dynamic marking of *rit.* (ritardando). The voice part continues with the lyrics 'Here a - wa',... there a - wa', haud a - wa' hame! Come to my'. The piano accompaniment continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

*p*

1. Here a - wa',... there a - wa', wan - der - ing Wil - lie!

*rit.*

Here a - wa',... there a - wa', haud a - wa' hame! Come to my

bo - som my ain on - ly dear - ie; Tell me thou bring'st me my

Wil - lie the same.

*D.S. § Concluding symphony*

## 2.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our partin';  
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e:  
 Welcome now, summer, and welcome, my Willie,  
 The summer to nature, my Willie to me.

## 3.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers!  
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!  
 Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!  
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

## 4.

But, oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,  
 Flow still between us, thou wide roarin' main!  
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,  
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

# CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES

*Andante con espressione*

*p*

1. Ca' the ewes to the knowes, Ca' them whaur' the heather grows,

*p*

Ca' them whaur' the burn - ie rows, My bon - nie dear - ie.

*f*

Hark, the ma - vis ev' - ning sang, Sound - in' Clu - den's woods a - mang;

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo/mood is 'Andante con espressione'. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system continues the melody. The third system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features arpeggiated chords and moving lines in both hands, often with slurs and ties. The overall style is a traditional Scottish folk song.

Then a - fauld - in' let us gang, My bon - nie dear - ie! Ca' the ewes

to the knowes, Ca' them whaur' the heather grows, Ca' them whaur' the burnie rows,

My bon - nie dear - ie! D.S.

2

We'll gang down by Cluden side,  
Through the hazels spreading wide,  
O'er the waves that sweetly glide  
To the moon sae clearly.  
Ca' the ewes, &c.

3

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,  
Where, at moonshine midnight hours,  
O'er the dewy-bending flowers  
Fairies dance sae cheerie.  
Ca' the ewes, &c.

4

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,  
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,  
Nocht o' ill may come thee near,  
My bonnie dearie.  
Ca' the ewes, &c.

5

Fair and lovely as thou art,  
Thou hast stoun my very heart:  
I can die—but canna part,  
My bonnie dearie.  
Ca' the ewes, &c.

# BRAW, BRAW LADS.

Molto lento

*f con espressione e poco ritenuto*

*con Ped.*

The piano introduction consists of three measures. The right hand plays a series of chords and moving lines, while the left hand provides a steady bass accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Molto lento' and the dynamics are 'f con espressione e poco ritenuto' with a 'con Ped.' (pedal) instruction.

1. Braw, braw.... lads on Yar - row braes, Ye.... wan - der through the...

The first vocal line is set in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and common time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a dotted note on 'lads'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

bloom - ing..... hea - ther: But Yar - row... braes, nor Et - trick shaws, Can

The second vocal line continues the melody, with a dotted note on 'hea'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

match the..... lads o'..... Ga - la Wa - ter. Braw, braw.... lads.

*rit.* *molto rit.* D.C.

*sf rit.* *molto rit.* D.C.

2.

But there is ane, a secret ane,  
 Aboon them a', I lo'e him better:  
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,  
 The bonnie lad o' Gala Water.  
 Braw, braw lads.

3.

Although his daddie was nae laird,  
 An' though I hae nae meikle tocher;  
 Yet, rich in kindest, truest love,  
 We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water.  
 Braw, braw lads.

4.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,  
 That coft contentment, peace or pleasure;  
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,  
 O that's the chiefest world's treasure!  
 Braw, braw lads.

## CORN RIGS

Allegretto

*p*

1. It was up-on a... Lam - mas... night, When corn... rigs... are... bon - nie,... O, Be -

neath the moon's un - cloud - ed... light, I held... a - wa'... to... An-nie,... O: The

time flew by... wi'... tent - less... heed, Till 'tween the... late and ear - ly,... O, Wi'

sma' per - sua - sion she... a - greed... To see... me... thro' the... bar - ley,... O.



Corn.... rigs,... and... bar - ley... rigs, Corn.... rigs.... are... bon - nie,... O: I'll

*a piacere*  
ne'er for - get... that hap - py... night,... A - mang... the... rigs wi'.. An - nie,... O.  
*f colla voce*

*D.S.*

## 2.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,  
 The moon was shining clearly, O:  
 I set her down wi' right good will,  
 Amang the rigs o' barley, O:  
 I ken't her heart was a' my ain;  
 I loved her most sincerely, O;  
 I kiss'd her ower and ower again,  
 Amang the rigs o' barley, O.  
 Corn rigs, &c.

## 3.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace!  
 Her heart was beating rarely, O:  
 My blessings on that happy place,  
 Amang the rigs o' barley, O!  
 But by the moon and stars so bright,  
 That shone that hour so clearly, O!  
 She aye shall bless that happy night,  
 Amang the rigs o' barley, O!  
 Corn rigs, &c.

## 4.

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear,  
 I hae been merry drinkin', O;  
 I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;  
 I hae been happy thinkin', O:  
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,  
 Tho' three times doubled fairly, O,  
 That happy night was worth them a',  
 Amang the rigs o' barley, O.  
 Corn rigs, &c.

## O WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

Allegretto spiritoso

8.....

*p*

1. O.... whis-tle an' I'll..... come to you, my lad, O....

whis-tle an' I'll..... come to you, my lad; Tho' fa-ther, an' mi-ther, an'

a' should gae mad, O..... whis-tle an' I'll..... come to you, my lad.

But wa-ri-ly tent when ye come to court me, And come na un-less the back-

yett be a-jee; Syne up the back-style, and let nae-bod-y see, And

come as ye were..... na com-in' to me, And... come as ye were... na

com - in' to me.

*mf*

2.

O whistle, an' I'll come to you my lad,  
 O whistle, an' I'll come to you my lad;  
 Tho' father, an' mither, an' a' should gae mad,  
 O whistle, an' I'll come to you my lad.  
 At kirk or at market, where'er ye meet me,  
 Gang by me as tho' that ye cared na a flie;  
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,  
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,  
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

3.

O whistle, an' I'll come to you my lad,  
 O whistle, an' I'll come to you my lad;  
 Tho' father, an' mither, an' a' should gae mad,  
 O whistle, an' I'll come to you my lad.  
 Ay vow an' protest that ye care na for me,  
 And whiles ye may lightlie my beauty a' wee;  
 But court nae anither, tho' jokin' ye be,  
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me,  
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.

# RATTLIN' ROARIN' WILLIE

*Allegretto*

1. O rat - tlin' roar - in' Wil - lie, O,

he held to..... the fair, An' for to sell..... his fid - dle, An'

buy..... some ith - er ware; But part - in' wi'..... his fid - dle, The

saut tear blint' his e'e; And rat - tlin' roar - in' Wil - lie, Ye're

wel - come hame to me!

## 2.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
 O sell your fiddle sae fine;  
 O Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
 And buy a pint o' wine!  
 If I should sell my fiddle,  
 The warl' would think I was mad;  
 For mony a rantin' day  
 My fiddle an' I ha'e had.

## 3.

As I cam' by Crochallan,  
 I cannily keekit ben—  
 Rattlin' roarin' Willie  
 Was sitting at yon board en';  
 Sitting at yon board en',  
 And amang guid companie;  
 Rattlin' roarin' Willie,  
 Ye're welcome hame to me!

## AULD LANG SYNE

Moderato

*p* *affettuoso*

1. Should auld acquaint-ance be for-got, And nev - er brought to min' ? Should

auld acquaint - ance be for-got, And days o' lang.... syne? For

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

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in B-flat major, 2/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a melody in the right hand. The voice part enters with the first line of the song. The lyrics are: '1. Should auld acquaint-ance be for-got, And nev - er brought to min' ? Should auld acquaint - ance be for-got, And days o' lang.... syne? For auld..... lang..... syne, my dear, For auld.... lang..... syne; We'll'. The score includes a repeat sign at the end of the first line of music.

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

2.

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

3.

We twa hae paidl't in the burn,  
 Frae mornin' sun till dine;  
 But seas between us braid hae roard  
 Sin' auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne &c.

4.

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

5.

And here's a hand my trusty frien',  
 And gie's a hand o' thine;  
 And we'll tak' a right gude-willie waught,  
 For auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, &c.





# SONGS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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Sir Walter Scott, poet, novelist, historian, biographer and essayist, was born in 1771 and died in 1832. His first ventures in literature were a translation of Bürger's Ballads, published in 1796, and a version of one of Goethe's plays, published in 1799. With the appearance of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," in 1805, Scott definitely took his place among the great poets of his time, and with the appearance of Waverley, in 1814, he began the series of novels which have made him immortal. But though the novels have overshadowed his fame as a poet, Scott attained eminent success in one of the rarest and most difficult aims of poetry—sustained vigor, clearness and interest in narration. He is the least conscious of all modern poets and the one who exhibits the closest affinity with the great masters of the art who wrote before the ages of criticism.

## JOCK O' HAZELDEAN

Andante espressivo

1. "Why

*p*

weep ye by the tide, la - dye? Why weep ye by the

*p*

tide?..... I'll wed ye to my young - est son, And ye shall be his

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Andante espressivo'. The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The lyrics are: '1. "Why weep ye by the tide, la - dye? Why weep ye by the tide?..... I'll wed ye to my young - est son, And ye shall be his'.

bride: And ye shall be his bride, la - dye, Sae come - ly to.... be  
seen." But aye she loot the tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha - zel-

dean.

2.

"Now let this wilfu'grief be done,  
And dry that cheek so pale;  
Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
And lord of Langley-dale.  
His step is first in peacefu' ha',  
His sword in battle, keen"  
But aye she loot the tears down fa',  
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

3.

"A chain o' gold ye shall not lack,  
Nor braid to bind your hair,  
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;  
And you, the foremost o' them a',  
Shall ride, our forest queen"  
But aye she loot the tears down fa',  
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

4.

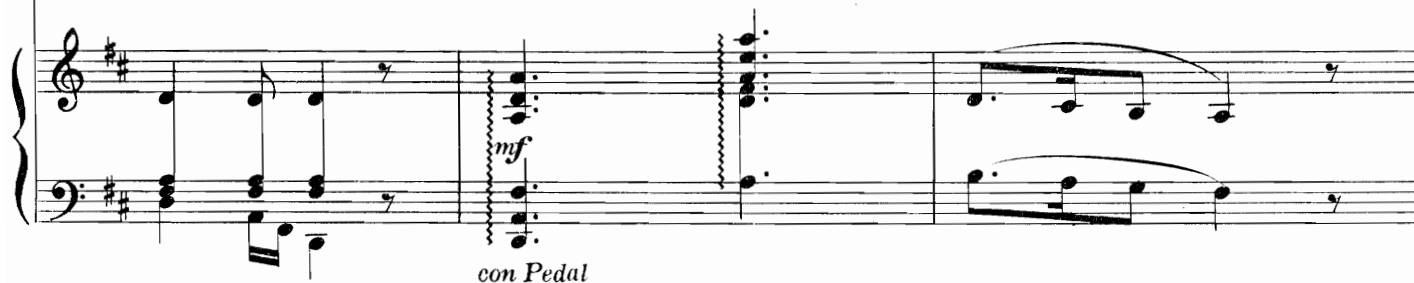
The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,  
The tapers glimmer'd fair;  
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
And dame and knight were there.  
They sought her baith by bower and ha',  
The ladye was not seen!—  
She's o'er the Border, and awa'  
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

# BONNIE DUNDEE

*Con spirito*



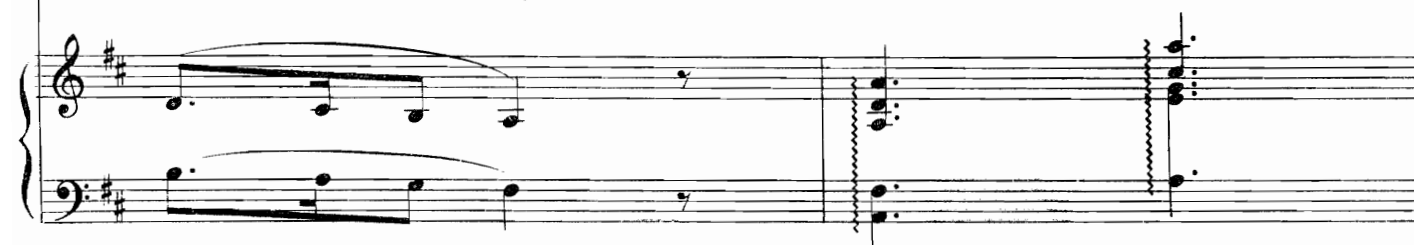
*mf*  
1. To the Lords of Con-ven-tion 'twas Clav-er-house spoke: "Ere the



King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke, Then each ca-va-lier who loves



hon-our and me, Let him fol-low the bon-nets of



Bon-nie Dun-dee!" Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come

sad - dle my hor - ses, and call out my men, Un - hook the west port, and

let us gae free, For it's up wi' the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dun-dee.

## 2.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,  
 The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat,  
 But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let it be,  
 For the toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee!"

Come fill up my cup, &c.

## 3.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,  
 If there's Lords in the south, there are Chiefs in the north;  
 There are brave Duinnewassals three thousand times three,  
 Will cry, "Hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee!"

Come fill up my cup, &c.

## 4.

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,  
 Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch with the fox:  
 And tremble, false whigs, in the midst o' your glee,  
 Ye ha'e no seen the last o' my bonnets and me.

Come fill up my cup, &c.

# BLUE BONNETS ARE OVER THE BORDER

Allegretto

*8va*

*f*

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble staff with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a time signature of 6/8. It begins with a series of chords and eighth-note patterns. The bass staff also features chords and eighth-note patterns, with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The second system continues the musical themes, with the treble staff showing more melodic development and the bass staff providing harmonic support.

*f*  
March! March! Ett- rick and Te - vi - ot - dale, Why my lads, din-na ye march

This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal line is on a single treble staff, starting with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass). The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and chords in the treble.

*ff*  
for - ward in or - der? March! March! Esk - dale and Lid - des - dale,

This system contains the second line of the song. The vocal line continues on the treble staff, marked with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment on the grand staff continues with the same rhythmic pattern, also marked with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic in the bass staff.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is primarily in the voice part, with piano accompaniment in the right and left hands. The lyrics are: "All the blue bon-nets are o-ver the Bor-der. 1. Ma-ny a ban-ner spread, flut-ters a-bove your head, Ma-ny a crest that is fa-mous in sto-ry: Mount and make rea-dy then, Sons of the moun-tain glen, Fight for your Queen and the old Scot-tish glo-ry!" The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *sfz* (sforzando). The piano part consists of chords and moving lines that support the vocal melody.

All the blue bon-nets are o-ver the Bor-der.

1. Ma-ny a ban-ner spread, flut-ters a-bove your head, Ma-ny a crest that is

fa-mous in sto-ry: Mount and make rea-dy then,

Sons of the moun-tain glen, Fight for your Queen and the old Scot-tish glo-ry!

2.

March! March! &amp;c.

Come from the hills, where your hirsels are grazing,

Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;

Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,

Come with the buckler, the lance and the bow.

March! March! &amp;c.

3.

March! March! &amp;c.

Trumpets are sounding, war-steeds are bounding,

Stand to your arms and march in good order;

England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,

When the blue bonnets came over the Border.

March! March! &amp;c.

## MACGREGOR'S GATHERING

Allegro

*pp*

*cresc.*

*tutti*

*ff*

*pp*

1. The moon's on the lake and the mist's on the brae, And the clan has a name that is

The musical score is written for piano and features a variety of musical notations. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegro'. The score is divided into five systems. The first system shows the piano introduction with a piano (*pp*) dynamic. The second system includes a crescendo (*cresc.*) and a fortissimo (*ff*) section, with the word 'tutti' appearing above the treble staff. The third system returns to a piano (*pp*) dynamic. The fourth system continues the piano accompaniment. The fifth system introduces the vocal melody with the lyrics '1. The moon's on the lake and the mist's on the brae, And the clan has a name that is'. The piano accompaniment for the vocal entry consists of chords and eighth notes in the bass line.



nameless by day; Our... sig - nal for fight, which from Monarchs we drew, Must be

heard but by night in our venge-ful ha-loo! Then ha-loo, ha-loo,

ha-loo!... Gre-ga-lach! If they rob us of name and pur-

sue us with bea-gles, Give their roofs to the flamè, and the flesh to the ea-gles! Then

gath-er, gather, gather, gather, gather, gather!..... While there's

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note G4. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand, with chords. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

leaves in the for-est, and foam on the riv-er, Mac-greg-or, de-spite them, shall

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with quarter notes D5, E5, F#5, G5, A5, B5, and C6. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, featuring chords. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

flourish for-ev-er.

*ff*

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with a half note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, featuring chords. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

*Fine*

*ff*

*Fine*

The fourth system of the musical score. The piano accompaniment features a flourish marked *ff* (fortissimo) and concludes with a final cadence marked *Fine*. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

Glen - or - chy's proud moun - tain, Col - churn and her tow - ers, Glen -

strae and Glen - ly - on, No long - er are ours; We're Landless, land - less,

land - less, Gre - ga - lach! Land - less, land - less, land - - less! D.S.

## 2.

Thro'the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career;  
 O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer;  
 And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,  
 Ere our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance unfelt.

Then haloo, haloo, haloo, Gregalach!

If they rob us of name and pursue us with beagles,  
 Give their roofs to the flame and the flesh to the eagles!  
 Then gather, gather, gather, gather, gather, gather!  
 While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,  
 Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish forever!

## HAIL, TO THE CHIEF!

Con moto moderato.

1. Hail, to the chief who in triumph ad - van - ces! Hon - our'd and blest be the

ev - er-green pine; Long may the tree in his ban - ner that glan - ces

Flour - ish the shel - ter, and grace of our line. Heav'n send it hap - py dew,

Earth send it sap a-new, Gai - ly to bourgeon and broad - ly to grow;

*f* *mf*

While ev'-ry High-land glen Sends our shout back a-gain, Rode-rich Vich Al-pine dhu

*cresc.* *f*

ho! ie - roe! Rode - rich! Rode - rich! Rode - rich! Rode - rich!

*mp* *p*

Rode - rich Vich Al - pine dhu ho! ie - roe!

*f*

## 2.

Ours is no sapling chance sown by the fountain,  
 Blooming in Beltane, in winter to fade  
 When the whirl-wind has stript ev'ry leaf on the mountain,  
 The more shall Clan Alpine exult in her shade.  
 Moored in the rifted rock,  
 Proof to the tempest shock,  
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blows;  
 Monteith and Breadalbin' then,  
 Echo his praise again,  
 Roderich Vich Alpine dhu ho! ie-ro!

## 3.

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands,  
 Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine!  
 Oh! that the rosebud that graces yon island  
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine.  
 Oh! that some seedling gem,  
 Worthy such noble stem,  
 Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow;  
 Loud should Clan Alpine then,  
 Ring from her deepmost glen,  
 Roderich Vich Alpine dhu ho! ie-ro!

## PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

Allegretto e molto energico



1. Pi - broch of Don - uil Dhu, Pi - broch of Don - uil, Wake thy wild voice a - new,

 The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line is in D major, 6/8 time, with lyrics under the notes. The piano accompaniment supports the melody with chords and rhythmic patterns.

Summon Clan Con - uil. Come a-way, come a-way, Hark to the sum - mons!

 The second system continues the song with a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes fortissimo (ff) markings and accents in the bass line.

Come in your war array, Gen-tles and Com-mons. Come a-way, come a-way,

 The third system concludes the song with a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a fortissimo (ff) marking in the final measure.

Hark to the sum - mons! Come in your war ar - ray, Gen - tles and Com - mons.

2.

Come from deep glen, and  
 From mountain so rocky,  
 The war-pipe and pennon  
 Are at Inverlochy.  
 Come every hill-plaid, and  
 True heart that wears one;  
 Come every steel-blade, and  
 Strong hand that bears one.  
 Come every hill-plaid, &c.

3.

Leave untended the herd,  
 The flock without shelter;  
 Leave the corpse uninterr'd,  
 The bride at the altar.  
 Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
 Leave nets and barges;  
 Come with your fighting gear  
 Broadswords and targes.  
 Leave the deer, leave the steer, &c.

4.

Come as the winds come, when  
 Forests are rended:  
 Come as the waves come, when  
 Navies are stranded.  
 Faster come, faster come,  
 Faster and faster:  
 Chief, vassal, page and groom,  
 Tenant and master.  
 Faster come, faster come, &c.

5.

Fast they come, fast they come;  
 See how they gather!  
 Wide waves the eagle plume,  
 Blended with heather.  
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
 Forward each man set;  
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
 Knell for the onset!  
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades, &c.

## YOUNG LOCHINVAR

*Con spirito*

1. Oh, young Loch-in-var is come

out of the west; Through all the wide bor-der his steed was the best; And,

save his good broad-sword, he wea-pon had none; He rode all unarmed, and he

rode all a-lone. So faith-ful in love, and so daunt-less in war, There

nev-er was knight like the young Lochinvar.

*f* *mf* *p*

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 tempo/mood is marked 'Con spirito'. The score consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a mix of chords and moving lines, with some passages marked with dynamics: *f* (forte), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *p* (piano). The piece concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.



## 2.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,  
 He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;  
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
 The bride had consented,—the gallant came late:  
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

## 3.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,  
 Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.  
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,  
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)  
 "Oh! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

## 4.

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—  
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—  
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine  
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
 There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,  
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

## 5.

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,  
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup;  
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,  
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.  
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,  
 "Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

## 6.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;  
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;  
 And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far  
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

## 7.

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
 When they reached the hall door and the charger stood near;  
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!—  
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur!  
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

## 8.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;  
 Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;  
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,  
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see!  
 So daring in love and so dauntless in war,  
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?



# SONGS OF LADY NAIRNE.

---

Carolina Oliphant, who became by marriage the Baroness Nairne, was born in the "Auld Hoose" of Gask in Perthshire, and named "after the King," on August 16, 1766. She was twenty-seven years old when the impulse seized her to try to purify the national songs which she found circulating among the common people. From her first successful attempt at making a new version of the then popular ditty, "The Pleughman," to her last contribution to the "Scottish Minstrel" in 1824, Lady Nairne enriched the language with a greater number of songs that will not die than any other writer save Burns. To the "Scottish Minstrel" Lady Nairne contributed under the nom-de-plume of Mrs. Bogan of Bogan, and it was only at the time of her death—October 27, 1845—that a volume entitled "Lays from Strathearn"—bearing her name was in course of being prepared for publication. As a matter of fact she had consented to the publication of this collection only on the condition that her name should not appear, but after her death her only remaining sister gave permission that the volume should be published with the author's name attached.

## THE LAND O' THE LEAL

Andante affettuoso

Piano introduction in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and piano-piano (*pp*).

First vocal line with lyrics: "1. I'm wear - in' a - wa',.... Jean, Like snaw wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm". The melody is in B-flat major, 4/4 time, with a piano accompaniment. Dynamics include piano (*p*).

Second vocal line with lyrics: "wear - in' a - wa'..... to the land.... o' the leal. There's". The melody continues in B-flat major, 4/4 time, with a piano accompaniment. Dynamics include piano (*p*).

nae sor - row there,... Jean, There's neith - er cauld nor care,... Jean, The

day's..... aye..... fair..... in the land... o' the leal.

## 2.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,  
 She was baith gude and fair, Jean,  
 And we grudged her sair  
     To the land o' the leal.  
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,  
 And joy is comin' fast, Jean,  
 A joy that's aye to last  
     In the land o' the leal.

## 3.

O dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,  
 My saul lang's to be free, Jean,  
 And angels wait for me  
     To the land o' the leal.  
 Now fare ye weel, my ain, Jean,  
 This world's care is vain, Jean,  
 We'll meet and aye be fain  
     In the land o' the leal.

# THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

*Allegro*



1. The Laird o' Cock - pen, he's

The first system of the song. The vocal melody is on a single staff, starting with a half rest followed by a quarter note. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The treble staff has a series of eighth notes, and the bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

proud an' he's great; His mind is taen up wi' the things o' the state: He

The second system of the song. The vocal melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first system, providing a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

want - ed a wife his braw house to keep; But fav - or wi woo - in was

The third system of the song. The vocal melody concludes with a half note. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment pattern.



## 2.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,  
 At his table-head he thought she'd look well:  
 M' Cleish's ae dochter o' Clavers'-ha' Lee,  
 A pennyless lass, wi' a lang pedigree.

## 3.

His wig was weel-pouther'd, as gude as when new,  
 His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;  
 He put on a ring, a sword, an' cock'd hat;  
 An' wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

## 4.

He mounted his mare, an' he rade cannilee;  
 An' rapp'd at the yett o' Clavers'-ha' Lee.  
 "Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben;  
 She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen!"

## 5.

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine —  
 "What brings the Laird here at siccan a time?"  
 She put aff her apron, an' on her silk gown,  
 Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' down.

## 6.

An' when she cam' ben, he boo'd fu' low;  
 An' what was his errand he soon let her know.  
 Amazed was the Laird when the lady said—"Na!"  
 An' wi' a laigh curtsie, she turn'd awa'.

## 7.

Dumfounder'd was he-but nae sigh did he gie;  
 He mounted his mare, and he rade cannilie;  
 An' aften he thocht, as he gaed thro' the glen,  
 "She was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen!"

## CALLER HERRIN'

Moderato

1. Wha'll buy cal - ler her - rin', They're

The first system of the song, marked 'Moderato'. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics '1. Wha'll buy cal - ler her - rin', They're' are written below the vocal line.

bonnie fish and hale-some fa - rin'; Wha'll buy cal - ler her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'bonnie fish and hale-some fa - rin'; Wha'll buy cal - ler her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth.' are written below the vocal line.

When ye were sleep - in' on your pil - lows, Dream'd ye aught o' our puir fel-lows,

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'When ye were sleep - in' on your pil - lows, Dream'd ye aught o' our puir fel-lows,' are written below the vocal line.

Dark-ling as they fac'd the bil - lows, A' to fill the wov - en wil - lows?

The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'Dark-ling as they fac'd the bil - lows, A' to fill the wov - en wil - lows?' are written below the vocal line.

Chorus. animato

Buy my cal - ler her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth. Wha'll buy my cal - ler her - rin', They're

The fifth system, marked 'Chorus. animato', continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'Buy my cal - ler her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth. Wha'll buy my cal - ler her - rin', They're' are written below the vocal line.





no brought here without brave darin', Buy my cal-ler her-rin', Hauld through wind and rain; Wha'll  
buy my cal-ler her - rin'? Oh, ye may ca' them vulgair farin', Wives and mithers maist despairin',  
Ca' them lives o' men.

## 2.

Wha'll buy caller herrin'?  
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';  
Wha'll buy caller herrin',  
New drawn frae the Forth.  
And when the creel o' herrin' passes,  
Ladies clad in silks and laces,  
Gather in their braw pelisses,  
Cast their heads and screw their faces.  
Buy my caller herrin'  
New drawn frae the Forth.  
Cho. Wha'll buy &c.

## 3.

Wha'll buy caller herrin'?  
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';  
Wha'll buy caller herrin',  
New drawn frae the Forth.  
Gude caller herrin's no' got lichtlie,  
Ye can trip the spring fu' tichtlie,  
Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',  
Gow has set you a' a-singin'.  
Buy my caller herrin'  
New drawn frae the Forth.  
Cho. Wha'll buy &c.

## 4.

Wha'll buy caller herrin'?  
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';  
Wha'll buy caller herrin',  
New drawn frae the Forth.  
But neibor wives now tent my tellin',  
At ae word be in ye're dealin',  
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',  
Truth will stand when a' things failin'.  
Buy my caller herrin'  
New drawn frae the Forth.  
Cho. Wha'll buy &c.

## THE BRIER BUSH

Moderato

1. There

*cresc.*

grows a bon - nie brier.... bush in our kail - yaird, And

white are the blos - soms o't in our kail - yaird; Like.....

wee bit white cock - auds..... to..... deck our hie - land lads, And the

lass - es lo'e the bon-nie bush in our kail - yaird.

2. An' it's hame, an' it's hame to the North Countrie,  
An' it's hame, an' it's hame to the North Countrie;  
Where my bonnie Jean is waiting for me,  
Wi' a heart kind and true, in my ain Countrie.
3. "But were they a' true that were far awa'?"  
Oh! were they a' true that were far awa'?"  
They drew up wi' glaikit Englishers at Carlisle Ha',  
And forgot auld frien's that were far awa'.
4. Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye ha'e been,  
Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Athol's green;  
Ye lo'ed owre weel the dancin' at Carlisle Ha',  
And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa'.
5. I ne'er lo'ed a dance but on Athol's green,  
I ne'er lo'ed a lass but my ain dorty Jean,  
Sair, sair against my will did I bide sae lang awa',  
And my heart was ay in Athol's green, at Carlisle Ha'.
6. The brier bush was bonny ance in our kail-yaird,  
The brier bush was bonny ance in our kail-yaird;  
A blast blew owre the hill, gae'd Athol's flowers a chill,  
And the bloom's blawn aff the bonny bush in our kail-yaird.

# THE ROWAN TREE

Andante

Piano introduction in C major, 4/4 time, marked Andante. The right hand features a flowing melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present in the fourth measure.

First vocal line with piano accompaniment. The melody begins with a repeat sign. The lyrics are: "1. Oh! Row-an Tree, Oh! Row-an Tree! thou't aye be dear to me,... En-". The piano part continues with chords and single notes, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

Second vocal line with piano accompaniment. The melody continues with the lyrics: "twind thou art wi' mo - ny ties, o' hame and in - fan - cy. Thy". The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

Third vocal line with piano accompaniment. The melody concludes with the lyrics: "leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy flow'rs the sim - mer's pride; There". The piano part continues with chords and single notes.

was nae sic a' bon - ny tree, in a' the coun - trie side. Oh!

Row - an Tree!

2.

How fair wert thou in simmer time, wi' a' thy clusters white,  
 How rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi' berries red and bright.  
 On thy fair stem were many names, which now nae mair I see,  
 But they're engraven on my heart, forgot they ne'er can be!  
 Oh! Rowan Tree!

3.

We sat aneath thy spreading shade, the bairnies round thee ran,  
 They pu'd thy bonny berries red, and necklaces they strang.  
 My mother! Oh! I see her still, she smild' our sports to see,  
 Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, and Jamie at her knee!  
 Oh! Rowan Tree!

4.

Oh! there arose my father's prayer, in holy evening's calm,  
 How sweet was then my mother's voice, in the Martyr's psalm;  
 Now a' are gane! we meet nae mair aneath the Rowan Tree!  
 But hallowed thoughts rounds thee twine o' hame and infancy.  
 Oh! Rowan Tree!

## WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN ?

*Moderato*

1. Bon - nie Char - lies now a - wa',

Safe - ly owre the friend - ly main; Mo - ny a heart will break in twa,

*Chorus*  
*cresc.*

Should he ne'er come back a - gain. Will ye no' come back a - gain?

*a piacere* *a tempo cresc.*

Will ye no' come back... a - gain? Bet - ter lo'ed ye can - na be,

*p* *mf*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Moderato'. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'Safe - ly owre the friend - ly main; Mo - ny a heart will break in twa,'. The third system introduces the 'Chorus' with a 'cresc.' marking. The fourth system continues the chorus with 'Will ye no' come back a - gain?' and includes dynamic markings 'p' and 'mf'. The piano accompaniment features arpeggiated chords and moving bass lines. There are repeat signs at the beginning of the first and second systems.

Will ye no' come back... a-gain? *p* *mf* *cresc.* *D.S.*

For 2d. Verse. 2. Ye *D.S.*

## 2

Ye trusted in your Hieland men,  
 They trusted you, dear Charlie!  
 They kent your hiding in the glen,  
 Death or exile braving.  
 Will ye no, &c.

## 3

English bribes were a' in vain,  
 Tho' puir and puirer we maun be;  
 Siller canna buy the heart  
 That beats aye, for thine and thee.  
 Will ye no, &c.

## 4

We watched thee in the gloamin' hour,  
 We watched thee in the morning grey;  
 Tho' thirty thousand pound they'd gie,  
 Oh, there is nane that wad betray!  
 Will ye no, &c.

## 5

Sweet's the laverock's note and lang,  
 Lilting wildly up the glen;  
 But aye to me he sings ae sang,  
 "Will ye no come back again?"  
 Will ye no, &c.

# THE HUNDRED PIPERS

*Allegro moderato*

*mf* 1. Wi' a

hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a', Wi a' hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a', We'll

*cresc.* up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a'; Oh! it's

*cresc.* ower the Bor - der a - wa', a - wa', It's ower the Bor - der a - wa', a - wa', We'll

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato'. The piano part begins with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both marked *mf*. The vocal line enters with the lyrics '1. Wi' a' and continues with the main melody. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines. The score includes three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. Dynamic markings include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *cresc.* (crescendo). The piece concludes with a final chord in the piano part.



on and we'll march to Car - lisle Ha', Wi' its yetts, its cas - tle an' a', an' a', Wi' a

hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a', Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a'; We'll

up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a'.

## 2.

Oh! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,  
 Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a',  
 Wi' their bonnets an' feathers, an' glitterin' gear,  
 An' pibrochs sounding sweet an' clear.  
 Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?  
 Will they a' return our Hieland men?  
 Second-sighted Sandy looked fu' wae,  
 And mithers grat when they marched away.  
 Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

## 3.

The Esk was swollen, sae red, an' sae deep;  
 But shouter to shouter the brave lads keep;  
 Twa thousand swam ower to fell English ground,  
 An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.  
 Dumfounder'd, the English saw, they saw,  
 Dumfounder'd, they heard the blaw, the blaw;  
 Dumfounder'd, they a' ran awa', awa',  
 Frae the hundred pipers, an' a', an' a'.  
 Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

# THE AULD HOUSE

Andante con espressione

*p* Oh! the

Auld house, the Auld... house, What tho' the rooms were wee! Oh!...

kind hearts were dwell - ing there, And bairn - ies fu' o' glee: The

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo/mood is 'Andante con espressione'. The first system shows the vocal line starting with a rest followed by a half note 'Oh!' and a quarter note 'the'. The piano accompaniment begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands. The second system contains the lyrics 'Auld house, the Auld... house, What tho' the rooms were wee! Oh!...'. The third system contains the lyrics 'kind hearts were dwell - ing there, And bairn - ies fu' o' glee: The'. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment throughout.

wild rose and the jes - sa-mine Still hang up - on the wa'. How...

mo - ny cher - ish'd mem - o - ries Do they, sweet flow'rs, re - ca'.

## 2.

Oh, the Auld Laird, the Auld Laird,  
 Sae canty, kind and crouse,  
 How mony did he welcome  
 To his ain wee dear Auld house;  
 And the Leddy, too, sae genty,  
 There shelter'd Scotland's heir,  
 And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand  
 Frae his lang yellow hair.

## 3.

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,  
 The blue-bells sweetly blaw,  
 The bonny Earn's clear winding still,  
 But the Auld house is awa'.  
 The Auld house, the Auld house,  
 Deserted tho' ye be,  
 There ne'er can be a new house  
 Will seem sae fair to me.

## 4.

Still flourishing the auld pear tree  
 The bairnies liked to see,  
 And oh, how often did they speer  
 When ripe they a'wad be?  
 The voices sweet, the wee bit feet  
 Aye rinin' here and there,  
 The merry shout—oh! whiles we greet  
 To think we'll hear nae mair!

## O CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

*Andante*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The piano accompaniment starts with a series of chords and moving lines in both hands, marked with dynamics *p*, *mf*, and *f*. The vocal line enters with a single note 'O'. The lyrics are: 'Char - lie is my dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling, O'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm, featuring a 'tenuto' marking in the bass line. The lyrics continue: 'Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young Che - va - lier. 'Twas on a Mon - day morn - ing, Right ear - ly in the year, When'. The score ends with a double bar line.

O

Char - lie is my dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling, O

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

on a Mon - day morn - ing, Right ear - ly in the year, When

*tenuto*

Char - lie cam' to our..... toun, The... young... Chev - a - lier. O

Char - lie is my dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling, O

Char-lie is my dar - ling, The young Chevalier.

Succeeding verses begin at §

As he cam' marching up the street,  
The pipes play'd loud and clear;  
And a' the folk cam' rinnin' oot  
To meet the Chevalier.  
O Charlie, &c.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,  
And claymores bright and clear,  
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right  
And the young Chevalier.  
O Charlie, &c.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,  
Their wives and bairnies, dear,  
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,  
The young Chevalier.  
O Charlie, &c.

Oh! there was mony a beating heart,  
And mony a hope and fear,  
And mony were the prayers put up  
For the young Chevalier!  
O Charlie, &c.



# SONGS OF ROBERT TANNAHILL.

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Robert Tannahill was born in Paisley in 1774 and died in 1810. He was early sent to the loom, and continued to follow the staple trade of his native town until his twenty-sixth year, when, with one of his younger brothers, he removed to Lancashire. There he continued two years, till, hearing of his father's ill health, he returned in time to receive his dying blessing. Tannahill had been an enthusiastic student of Ramsay, Fergusson and Burns and composed verses from a very early age. But he was nearly thirty until he wrote anything above mediocrity. It was largely due to the encouragement of R. A. Smith, a musician and composer, that he applied himself sedulously to song-writing. When Smith had set some of his songs to original airs, he ventured, in 1807, on the publication of a volume of poems and songs, of which the first edition, consisting of nine hundred copies, was sold in a few weeks. Disappointment over the difficulty experienced in getting out a new edition of his poems, intensified by physical ailments, produced a state of mind which ended in suicide one night in May, 1810.

# JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE

Andante semplice

1. The

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Andante semplice'. The piano accompaniment starts with a series of chords in the left hand and a melodic line in the right hand. The voice enters with the lyrics: 'sun has gane down o'er the loft - y Ben-Lomond, And left the red clouds to pre-'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm of chords. The voice continues: 'side o'er the scene: While lane - ly I stray in the calm simmer gloamin', To...'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords. The voice concludes: 'muse on sweet Jes-sie, the flower o' Dun-blane. How sweet is the brier wi' its'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord. The dynamic marking 'mf' (mezzo-forte) is indicated in the piano part towards the end of the piece.

sun has gane down o'er the loft - y Ben-Lomond, And left the red clouds to pre-

side o'er the scene: While lane - ly I stray in the calm simmer gloamin', To...

muse on sweet Jes-sie, the flower o' Dun-blane. How sweet is the brier wi' its

*mf*



soft fauld-ing blos-som, And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green; But

sweet - er and fair-er, and dear to this bo-som, Is love - ly young Jes-sie, the

flower o' Dunblane, Is... love - ly young Jes-sie, Is... love-ly young Jessie, Is

love - ly young Jes-sie, the flower o' Dun-blane.

## 2.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonnie,  
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;  
 And far be the villain, divested of feeling,  
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dunblane.  
 Sing on thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'enin',  
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen;  
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,  
 Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.  
 Is charming young Jessie, &c.

## O ARE YE SLEEPIN,' MAGGIE?

Moderato

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The piano accompaniment starts with a series of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. The vocal line enters in the second measure with the lyrics '1. Mirk and rain - y is the nicht, No a star in a' the car - ry,'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Lightning's gleam a-thwart the lift, And winds drive wi' win - ter's fu - ry;'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

1. Mirk and rain - y is the nicht, No a star in a' the car - ry,

Lightning's gleam a-thwart the lift, And winds drive wi' win - ter's fu - ry;

O are ye sleep - in, Mag-gie? O are.... ye.... sleep-in, Mag-gie?

Let me in, for loud the linn Is roar - in' o'er.. the warlock craigie.

2.  
 Fearfu' soughs the bourtree bank,  
 The rifted wood roars wild an' drearie,  
 Loud the iron yett does clank,  
 And cry o' howlets mak's me eerie.  
 O are ye sleepin', Maggie? &c.

3.  
 Aboon my breath I daur na speak,  
 For fear I rouse your waukrife daddy;  
 Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,  
 O rise, rise my bonnie lady!  
 O are ye sleepin' Maggie? &c

4.  
 She oped the door, she let him in;  
 He cuist aside his dreepin' plaidie;  
 "Blaw your warst ye rain, ye win',  
 Since Maggie now I'm in aside ye!"  
 Noo since ye're waukin' Maggie,  
 Noo since ye're waukin' Maggie,  
 What care I for howlet's cry,  
 For bourtree bank or warlock craigie?

# GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'

Moderato

Piano introduction in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The music features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *cresc.* (crescendo), and *f* (forte).

First vocal line with piano accompaniment. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: "1. Gloom - y Win - ter's now a - wa', Saft the west - lin' breez - es blaw,"

Second vocal line with piano accompaniment. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: "'Mang the birks o' Stan - ley shaw The ma - vis sings fu' cheer - ie, O;

Third vocal line with piano accompaniment. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Sweet the craw - flow'rs ear - ly bell Decks Glen - if - fer's dew - y dell,"

Blooming like thy bonnie sel', My young, my artless dearie, O. Come, my lassie, let us stray'

O'er Glen-kil-loch's sun-ny brae, Blythe-ly spend the... gow-den day 'Midst

joys that nev-er... wea-ry, O.

*p espressivo*

D.S.

## 2.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,  
 Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds,  
 Siller saughs, wi' downy buds,  
     Adorn the banks sae briery, O;  
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks  
 Feathery braikens fringe the rocks,  
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,  
     And ilka thing is cheerie, O;  
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,  
 Flow'rs may bloom, and verdure spring,  
 Joy to me they canna bring,  
     Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

## WE'LL MEET BESIDE THE DUSKY GLEN

Moderato

The piano introduction is in B-flat major, 2/4 time, marked Moderato. It consists of four measures. The right hand features a flowing melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with quarter notes. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present in the second measure of the right hand.

The first vocal line begins with the lyrics: "1. We'll meet beside the dusk - y glen, on yon burn - side, Where the". The melody is in B-flat major, 2/4 time, and consists of eight measures. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady harmonic support.

The second vocal line continues the melody with the lyrics: "bush - es form a co - zie den, on yon burn - side; Tho' the". This section also consists of eight measures in B-flat major, 2/4 time, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support.

broom - y knowes be green, Yet..... there we may be seen; But we'll...

*colla voce*

meet, we'll meet at e'en... down by yon burn-side.

2.

I'll lead thee to the birken bow'r, on yon burn-side,  
 Sae sweetly wove wi' woodbine flow'r, on yon burn-side;  
     There the mavis we will hear,  
     And the blackbird singin' clear,  
 As on my arm ye lean, down by yon burn-side.

3.

Awa', ye rude unfeeling crew, frae yon burn-side;  
 Those fairy scenes are no for you, by yon burn-side;  
     There fancy smooths her theme,  
     By the sweetly murmuring stream,  
 And the rock lodged echoes skim, down by yon burn-side

4.

Now the plantin' taps are tinged wi' gowd, on yon burn-side,  
 And gloamin' draws her foggy shroud o'er yon burn-side;  
     Far frae the noisy scene,  
     I'll through the fields alane;  
 There we'll meet, my ain dear Jean! down by yon burn-side.

# THOU BONNIE WOOD O' CRAIGIELEA

Lento e grazioso

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major (one sharp) and common time. The right hand features a flowing melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The first vocal entry begins with the lyrics: "Thou bon - nie wood o' Craig - ie-lea, Thou bon - nie wood o'... Craigie - lea, Near". The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and a more active melody in the right hand.

The second vocal entry continues the melody with the lyrics: "thee I pass'd life's ear - ly day, And won my Ma - ry's heart in thee. 1. The". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar texture, supporting the vocal line.

The third vocal entry concludes the phrase with the lyrics: "broom, the brier, the birk - en bush Bloom bon-nie o'er the flow' - ry.....lea. And". The piano accompaniment features a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic, with a more pronounced bass line in the left hand.



a' the sweets that ane can wish Frae Na-ture's hand, are strew'd on thee. Thou

bon - nie wood o' Craig - ie - lea, Thou bon - nie wood o'... Craig - ie - lea, Near

thee I pass'd life's ear-ly day, And won my Ma-ry's heart in thee.

2.

Far ben thy dark green planting's shade,  
The cushat croodles an'rously,  
The mavis down the bughted glade  
Gars echo ring, frae every tree.  
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

3.

Awa ye thoughtless murd'ring gang,  
Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!  
They'll sing ye yet a canty sang,  
Then, O in pity let them be.  
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

4.

When Winter blows in sleety show'rs  
Frae aff the Norlan hills sae hie,  
He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bow'rs,  
As laith to harm a flow'r in thee.  
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

5.

Tho' fate should drag me south the line,  
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,  
The happy hours I'll ever mind,  
That I in youth hae spent in thee.  
Thou bonnie wood, &c.



# SONGS OF JAMES HOGG.

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James Hogg, better known as the "Ettrick Shepherd," was born in 1772 and died in 1835. His first contributions to verse were published in 1801, and the most notable of his poetical works, "The Queen's Wake," bears date of 1813. The "Shepherd," whom Professor Wilson has made immortal in the *Noctes Ambrosianae*, is not the James Hogg of real life, but has enough in common with him to make the delineation a recognizable piece of personal portraiture. Hogg's poems are probably open to the charge of diffuseness which have been brought against them, and certainly lack sustained vigor, liveliness and strength of style. But no such charge can lie against the best of his songs and certainly not against any of those which are here presented.

## CAM' YE BY ATHOL ?

*Allegro*

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *dim.* (diminuendo).

1. Cam' ye by A - thol, lad wi' the phi - la-beg, Down by the Tummel, or

The first system of the song. The vocal melody is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "1. Cam' ye by A - thol, lad wi' the phi - la-beg, Down by the Tummel, or".

banks o' the Ga - ry? Saw ye the lads wi' their bon-nets an' white cock-ades,

The second system of the song. The vocal melody continues, and the piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support. The lyrics are: "banks o' the Ga - ry? Saw ye the lads wi' their bon-nets an' white cock-ades,".

Leav - ing their mountains to fol - low Prince Char - lie. Fol - low thee, fol - low thee,

The third system of the song. The vocal melody concludes with a final note, and the piano accompaniment ends with a few chords. The lyrics are: "Leav - ing their mountains to fol - low Prince Char - lie. Fol - low thee, fol - low thee,".

wha wad - na fol - low thee? Lang hast thou lo'ed an'.. trust-ed us... fair - ly!

Char - lie, Char - lie, wha wad - na fol - low thee? King o' the Highland hearts,

bon - nie Prince Char - lie.

2.

I hae but ae son, my gallant young Donald;  
 But if I had ten they should follow Glengary;  
 Health to Macdonald and gallant Clanronald,  
 For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.  
 Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

3.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them;  
 Down by Lord Murray and Roy of Kildarlie;  
 Brave Mackintosh, he shall fly to the field wi' them;  
 These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.  
 Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

4.

Down thro' the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore,  
 Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely;  
 Ronald and Donald drive on wi' the braid claymore,  
 Over the necks of the foes o' Prince Charlie.  
 Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

# WHEN THE KYE COME HAME

Allegretto

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in B-flat major, 4/4 time, marked 'Allegretto'. The introduction features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The first vocal line begins with the lyrics: '1. Come, all ye jol - ly shep - herds That whis - tle thro' the glen, I'll.....'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line. The second vocal line begins with the lyrics: 'tell ye of a secret That courtiers din-na ken: What is the greatest bliss That the'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line. The third vocal line begins with the lyrics: 'tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie When the kye come hame, When the'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line.

1. Come, all ye jol - ly shep - herds That whis - tle thro' the glen, I'll.....

tell ye of a secret That courtiers din-na ken: What is the greatest bliss That the

tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie When the kye come hame, When the

kye come hame, When the kye come hame, 'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk, When the

kye come hame.

2

'Tis not beneath the burgonet,  
 Nor yet beneath the crown,  
 'Tis not on couch of velvet,  
 Nor yet on bed of down;  
 'Tis beneath the spreading birk  
 In the dell without a name,  
 Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie  
 When the kye come hame,  
 When the kye come hame,  
 When the kye come hame,  
 'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,  
 When the kye come hame.

3

See yonder pawkie shepherd,  
 That lingers on the hill,  
 His ewes are in the fauld,  
 And his lambs are lying still;  
 But he downa gang to rest,  
 For his heart is in a flame  
 To meet his bonnie lassie  
 When the kye come hame,  
 When the kye come hame,  
 When the kye come hame,  
 'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk  
 When the kye come hame.

4

Awa' wi' fame and fortune,  
 What pleasure can they gie,  
 And a' the arts that prey upon  
 Man's life and liberty?  
 Gie me the highest joy  
 That the tongue of man can name,  
 My bonnie, bonnie lassie  
 When the kye come hame,  
 When the kye come hame,  
 When the kye come hame,  
 'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,  
 When the kye come hame.

# COME OE'R THE STREAM, CHARLIE.

Animato

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, marked *mf*. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody begins with a quarter note, followed by eighth and sixteenth notes, and includes some triplets. The bass line consists of quarter and eighth notes.

The first vocal line is marked with a section symbol (§). The lyrics are: "1. Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie, Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and". The piano accompaniment is marked *p* and features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody is a simple, steady line.

The second vocal line continues the melody. The lyrics are: "dine wi' Mac Lean; And though you be wea-ry, we'll make your heart cheer-y, And". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line and a supporting melody in the right hand.

The third vocal line concludes the phrase. The lyrics are: "wel - come our Char-lie and his loy - al train. We'll bring down the". The piano accompaniment is marked *mf* and features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody is a simple, steady line.



red deer, we'll bring down the black steer, The lamb from the breck-an and doe from the

glen; The salt sea we'll har-ry, and bring to our Charlie, The cream from the

bo - thy and curd from the pen.

*p*

*nf*

*D.S.*

*f*

*D.S.*

## 2.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,  
 Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine wi' Mac Lean!  
 And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen Sheerly,  
 That stream in the starlight where kings dinna ken;  
 And deep be your meed o' the wine that is red,  
 To drink to your sire and his friend the Mac Lean.

## 3.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,  
 Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine wi' Mac Lean!  
 If aught will invite you or more will delight you,  
 'Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highland men  
 Shall range on the heather, with bonnet and feather,  
 Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.

# MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET

*Allegretto scherzoso*



1. My... love, she's but a las - sie, yet, A... light-some, love - ly

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a fermata on the first note, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

las - sie, yet; It... scarce wad do To sit an' woo Down by... the.. stream sae

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment maintains the rhythmic and harmonic structure established in the first system.

glas - sy, yet. But.. there's a braw time com - in' yet, When

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic support for the phrase.

we may gang a - roam - in' yet, An' hint wi' glee O' joys to be, When

fa's... the... mod - est gloam - in' yet.

## 2.

She's neither proud nor saucy yet,  
 She's neither plump nor gaucy yet;  
     But just a jinkin',  
     Bonnie blinkin',  
 Hilty-skilty lassie yet.  
 But O her artless smile's mair sweet  
 Than hinny or than marmalete;  
     An' right or wrang,  
     Ere it be lang,  
 I'll bring her to a parley yet.

## 3.

I'm jealous o' what blesses her,  
 The very breeze that kisses her,  
     The flowery beds  
     On which she treads,  
 Though wae for ane that misses her.  
 Then O to meet my lassie yet,  
 Up in yon glen sae grassy yet;  
     For all I see  
     Are nought to me,  
 Save her that's but a lassie yet!



# SONGS OF HECTOR MACNEIL.

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Hector Macneil was born in 1746 and died in 1818, and was the son of an old captain of the Forty-second Regiment who turned farmer in Stirlingshire. He spent some years in the West Indies, was from 1780 to 1786 Assistant Secretary on the Admiral's Flagship, and after two visits to Jamaica settled in Edinburgh on an annuity given him by a friend. He wrote a legendary poem called "The Harp," in 1798, and a poem descriptive of the Carse of Forth, in 1796, but his name is most closely associated with "Scotland's Skaith, or the History o' Will and Jean," telling how a husband reduces a happy family to beggary by drinking, and recovers himself after a spell of soldiering and the loss of a leg. Still better known are Macneil's lyrics, the best of which are reproduced here and whose popularity will endure as long as Scottish song has power to charm.

## MY BOY TAMMY

Moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in D major (two sharps) and common time. The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *mf*, *pp*, and *f*. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The vocal melody enters in the second system with the lyrics '1. Whar hae ye been a' the day,'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm. The third system features the vocal melody with the lyrics 'My.....boy... Tammy? Whar hae ye been a' the day My.....boy..... Tammy?'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support throughout.

1. Whar hae ye been a' the day,

My.....boy... Tammy? Whar hae ye been a' the day My.....boy..... Tammy?

I've been by burn and flow'ry brae, Meadow green and mountain gray, Courtin' o' this young thing,

Just come frae her mammy.

*mf* *pp*

2.

And whar gat ye that young thing,  
 My boy Tammy?  
 I gat her down in yonder howe,  
 Smiling on a broomy knowe,  
 Herding ae wee lamb and ewe,  
 For her poor mammy.

3.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn,  
 My boy Tammy?  
 I prais'd her een, sae lovely blue,  
 Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou,—  
 I pree'd it aft, as ye may trow!—  
 She said she'd tell her mammy.

4.

I held her to my beating heart,  
 My young, my smiling lammie!  
 I hae a house, it cost me dear,  
 I've wealth o' plenishin' and gear;  
 Ye'se get it a', wer't ten times mair,  
 Gin ye will leave your mammy.

5.

The smile gaed aff her bonny face—  
 I maunna leave my mammy:  
 She's gien me meat, she's gien me claes,  
 She's been my comfort a' my days—  
 My father's death brought mony waes,  
 I canna leave my mammy.

6.

We'll tak' her hame and mak' her fain,  
 My ain kind-hearted lammie;  
 We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claes,  
 We'll be her comfort a' her days.  
 The wee thing gi'es her hand and says—  
 "There! gang and ask my mammy."

7.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,  
 My boy Tammy?  
 She has been to the kirk wi' me,  
 And the tear was in her e'e:  
 For, O! she's but a young thing,  
 Just come frae her mammy.

## COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE

With animation

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked 'With animation'. The introduction features a lively melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

The vocal melody begins with the lyrics: "1. Come un-der my plaid-ie, the nicht's gaun to fa'; Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift and the snaw: Come un-der my plaid-ie, and sit down be-side me, There's room in't, dear las-sie, be-lieve me, for twa. Come un-der my plaid-ie, and sit down be-side me, I'll". The piano accompaniment continues throughout, providing a steady harmonic and rhythmic foundation for the voice. The score concludes with a final piano chord in the right hand.

1. Come un-der my plaid-ie, the

nicht's gaun to fa'; Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift and the snaw: Come

un-der my plaid-ie, and sit down be-side me, There's room in't, dear las-sie, be-

lieve me, for twa. Come un-der my plaid-ie, and sit down be-side me, I'll



hap ye frae ev'-ry cauld blast that can blaw; Come un - der my plaid - ie, and

sit down be - side me, There's room in't, dear las - sie, be - lieve me for twa.

2.

"Gae'wa wi'yer plaidie! auld Donald, gae'wa;  
 I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw!  
 Gae'wa wi'yer plaidie! I'll no' sit beside ye;  
 Ye might be my gatcher! auld Donald, gae'wa.  
 I'm gaun to meet Johnnie—he's young and he's bonnie;  
 He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig and fu' braw!  
 Nane dances sae lichtly, sae gracefu', sae tichtly,  
 His cheeks like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw!"

3.

"Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa';  
 Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;  
 The hale o' his pack he has now on his back;  
 He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.  
 Be frank noo, and kindly—I'll busk ye aye finely;  
 To kirk or to market there'll few gang sae braw;  
 A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,  
 And flunkeys to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'!"

4.

"My faither aye tauld me, my mither and a',  
 Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me aye braw.  
 It's true I lo'e Johnnie; he's young and he's bonnie;  
 But, wae's me! I ken he has naething ava!  
 I hae little tocher; ye've made a gude offer;  
 I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!  
 Sae gie me your plaidie; I'll creep in beside ye;  
 I thocht ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa!"

5.

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',  
 Whare Johnnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a';  
 The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,  
 And strack 'gainst his side, as if bursting in twa.  
 He wander'd hame weary, the nicht it was dreary,  
 And, thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw:  
 The howlet was screamin', while Johnnie cried, "Women  
 Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw!"

# I LO'E NA A LADDIE BUT ANE

*Andante*  
*Legato*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the piano part is marked 'Legato'. The score consists of five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

1. I.... lo'e na a lad-die but ane,..... He lo'es na a las-sie but  
me;..... He's will - in' to mak' me his ain,..... And his  
ain I am will - in' to be..... He coft me a roke - lay o'  
blue,..... And a pair... o' mit-tens o' —green;..... He vow'd that he'd ev - er be



## 2.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,  
 Their land, and their lordly degree;  
 I carena for ought but my dear,  
 For he's ilka thing lordly to me.  
 His words are sae sugar'd, sae sweet!  
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa'!  
 I listen, poor fool! and I greet;  
 Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

## 3.

"Dear lassie," he cries, wi' a jeer,  
 "Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;  
 Though we've little to brag o'—ne'er fear;  
 What's gowd to a heart that is wae?  
 Our laird has baith honours and wealth,  
 Yet see how he's dwining wi' care;  
 Now we, though we've naething but health,  
 Are cantie and leal evermair."

## 4.

"O Menie! the heart that is true,  
 Has something mair costly than gear;  
 Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,  
 Ilk morn it has naething to fear.  
 Ye warldlings, gae hoard up your store,  
 And tremble for fear ought ye tyne,  
 Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,  
 True love is the guardian o' mine."

## 5.

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile—  
 Wae's me, can I tak' it amiss!  
 My laddie's unpractised in guile,  
 He's free aye to daut and to kiss!  
 Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment  
 Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,  
 Play your pranks—I ha'e gi'en my consent,  
 And this night I am Jamie's for life.

