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with Simple, and
(Adapted Graces.)

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to the

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The
Countess of Dalcaires.

BY

PETER URBANI

Professor of Music.

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Several of the Subscription Papers not being yet returned, MR URBANI has it not in his power to make the present LIST compleat, especially with regard to those SUBSCRIBERS who reside in ENGLAND and IRELAND; but the additional NAMES will be given in the SECOND BOOK.

Oh open the door Lord Gregory

1

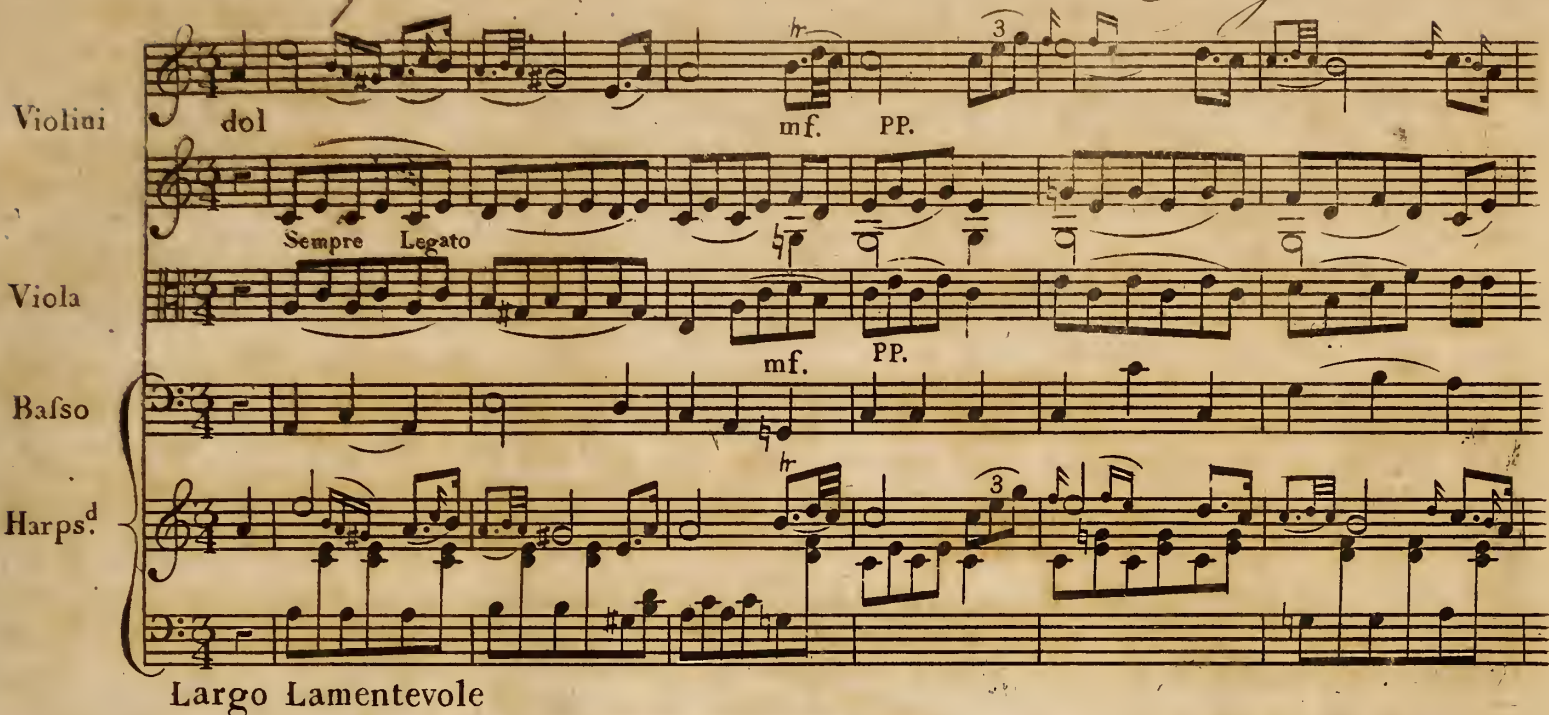
Violini *dol* *mf.* *PP.*

Viola *Sempre Legato* *mf.* *PP.*

Basso

Harps.^d

Largo Lamentevole



PP. *è Legato* *mf.* *PP.*

Canto

On Op - en the door Lord Gre - go - ry, oh o - pen and

PP. *mf.*

Basso



mf. *PP.* *mf.*

let me in the rain rains on my scar - let robes the dew drops o'er my chin.



PP. mf: PP. mf: PP. mf: PP. mf:

If you are the lafs that I lov'd once, as I true you are not she, come give me some of the.

mf: PP. P. mf: P. FF.

mf: PP. mf: Basso

to - - kens that past between you - - and me

6 6 6 4mf 6 4 3 4 2 6 # 2

6 7 #6 6 4 #

3

Ah wae be to you, Gregory!

An ill death may you die!

You will not be the death of one,

But you'll be the death of three.

Oh don't you mind, Lord Gregory.

'Twas down at yon burn side

We chang'd the ring of our fingers

And I put mine on thine.

The Original Words of — oh open the door LORD GREGORY.

1

O WHA will shoe thy bonny feet.
Or wha will glove thy hand.
Or wha will lace thy middle-jimp,
With a lang, lang London whang.
And wha will kame thy bonny head
With a Tabean birben kame.
And wha will be my bairns father,
Till love Gregory come hame.

- 2

Thy father'll shoe his bonny feet;
Thy mother'll glove his hand;
Thy brither will lace his middle jimp
With a lang lang London whang.
Myself will kame his bonny head
With a Tabean birben kame;
And the Lord will be the bairns father
Till Gregory come hame.

3

Then she's gart build a bonny ship,
It's a' cover'd o'er with pearl:
And at every needle-tack was in't
There hang a filler-bell.
And she's awa -----
To sail upon the sea:
She's gane to seek love Gregory
In lands whare'er he be.

4

She had na sail'd a league but twa,
Or scanty had she three,
Till she met with a rude rover
Was sailing on the sea.
O whether art thou the queen herself.
Or ane o' her Maries three.
Or are thou the Lass of Lochroyan
Seeking love Gregory.

5

O I am not the queen herself,
Nor ane of her Maries three;
But I am the Lass of Lochroyan
Seeking love Gregory.
O sees na thou, yon bonny bower,
It's a cover'd o'er with tin:
When thou hast sail'd it round about,
Love Gregory is within.

6

When she had sail'd it round about,
She tirl'd at the pin:
O open, open, love Gregory,
Open, and let me in!
For I am the Lass of Lochroyan.
Banish'd frae a' my kin.
(His mother speaks to her from the house,
and she thinks it him.)

7

If thou be the Lass of Lochroyan,
As I know na thou be,
Tell me some of the true takens
That past between me and thee.
Hast thou na mind, love Gregory,
As we sat at the wine,
We changed the rings aff ithers hands,
And ay the best was mine.

8

For mine was o' the gude red gould,
But thine was o' the tin;
And mine was true and trusty-baith,
But thine was fause within.
And hast thou na mind, love Gregory,
As we sat on yon hill.
Thou twin'd me of my maidenhead
Right fair against my will.

9

Now open, open, love Gregory,
Open, and let me in,
For the rain rains on my gude cleeding,
And the dew stands on my chain.
If thou be the Lass of Lochroyan,
As I know na thou be,
Tell me some mair o' the takens
Past between me and thee.

10

Then she has turn'd her round about,
Well since it will be sae,
Let never woman who has born a son
Hae a heart sae full of wae.
Take down, take down that mast of gould,
Set up a mast of tree;
For it disna become a forsaken lady
To sail sae royallie,

11 (The Son speaks.)

I dreamt a dream this night, mother,
I wish it may prove true,
That the bonny Lass of Lochroyan
Was at the yate just now.
Lie still, lie still, my only son,
And sound sleep mayst thou get;
For it's but an hour or little mair
Since she was at the yate.

12

Awa, awa, ye wicked woman,
And an ill death may you die;
Ye might have letten her in,
Or else have wakened me.
Gar saddle to me the black, he said,
Gar saddle to me the brown;
Gar saddle to me the swiftest steed
That is in a' the town.

13

Now the first town he came to
The bells were ringing there;
And the neist town he came to,
Her corpse was coming there.
Set down, set down that comely corpse,
Set down, and let me see,
Gin that be the Lass of Lochroyan,
That died for love o' me.

14

And he took out his little penknife.
That hang down by his gare;
And he's ripp'd up her winding-sheet
A lang claith-yard and mair.
And first he kist her cherry-cheek,
And syne he kist her chin,
And neist he kist her rosy lips;
There was nae breath within.

15

And he has ta'en his little penknife,
With a heart that was fou sair.
He has given himself a deadly wound,
And word spoke never mair

Fine.

Twine weel the Plaiden.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Largo assai

pp.

pp.

O. I hae loſt my

fil-ken ſnood, that tied my hair ſae yel-low, I've gi'en my heart to the lad I loo'd, he

was a gal-lant fel-low. And twine it weel my bon-ny dow, And

twine it weel, the plai - den, the lasie lost her filken snood in puing of the

bracken.

2

He prais'd my een sae bonny blue,
 Sae lilly white my skin O',
 And syne he pri'd my bonny mou,
 And swore it was nae sin O',
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
 And twine it weel the plaiden;
 The lasie lost her filken snood,
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

3

But he has left the las he loo'd,
 His ain true love forsaken,
 Which gare me fair to greet the snood,
 I lost among the bracken.
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
 And twine it weel the plaiden;
 The lasie lost her filken snood,
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

An thou were my ain thing,

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Adagio Espressivo

First system of the musical score. It includes staves for Violini (Violins), Viola, Canto (Singer), and Harps^d (Harp). The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo/mood is marked 'Adagio Espressivo'. Dynamics include *P.* (piano), *mf.* (mezzo-forte), *PP.* (pianissimo), and *dol.* (dolce). The harp part features arpeggiated chords with fingerings like 6, 4, 2 and 6, 3, 4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'An thou were my'.

Second system of the musical score. It continues the instrumental and vocal parts. The vocal line includes the lyrics 'ain thing, O I woud love thee, I woud love thee, An thou were my ain thing how'. The harp part continues with arpeggiated figures. The system concludes with a double bar line and the instruction 'col B:'.

Third system of the musical score. It continues the instrumental and vocal parts. The vocal line includes the lyrics 'dear ly woud I love thee: Then I woud clasp thee in my arms, then I'd secure thee'. The harp part continues with arpeggiated figures. The system concludes with a double bar line and the instruction 'col B:'.

from all harms for a - - bove mor tals thou hast charms, how - - dear - ly

mf:

mf:

dc I love thee.

mf:

6 4 2 6 3 4 3

2

Of race divine thou needs must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee;
 For heaven's sake, then pity me,
 Who only lives to love thee.
 An thou were &c.

3

The Pow'rs one thing peculiar have,
 To ruin none whom they can save;
 O for their sake support a slave,
 Who ever on shall love thee.
 An thou were &c.

4

To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I love, and for your sake,
 What man can do I'll undertake;
 So dearly do I love thee.
 An thou were &c.

5

My passion, constant as the sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
 Till fate my thread of life have spun,
 Which breathing out I'll love thee.
 An thou were &c.

The last time I came o'er the Moor

Violini

pp.

Viola

Canto

Harps.^d

The last time I came

And.^{te} Softenuto

o'er the moor I left my love be- hind me, ye pow'rs what pain do I en- dure when

loft I - de - as mind me. Soon as the rudy morn display the beaming day en-

1st

ralentando

fu ing I met betimes my love-ly maid in fit re-trea-ts - - for woo-ing

ralentando

2^d

mf.

pp.

fit re-trea-ts - - for woo-ing.

mf.

2

4

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing, and chaste-ly sport-
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 Till night spread her black curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Even kings, when she was nigh me,
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

3

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me,
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me;
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

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

5

The next time I go o'er the moor,
 She shall a lover find me;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me:
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain,
 My heart to her fair bosom,
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom

Here a-wa, there a-wa.

Violini

dol: rinf: PP. mancando

Viola

Canto.

Harps^d

dol: rinf: PP. mancando

Largo

6 6 3 6 3

PP.

Here a - wa', there a - wa' here a - wa Wil - lie; here a - wa

PP.

6

mf. P.

mf. P.

mf. P.

there a - wa', here a - wa', hame. Lang have I fought thee,

mf.

6 6 6 6 6 6 5 5

dear have I bought thee, now I ha'e got - ten my Wil - lie a -
 - gain.

Musical score for piano and voice. The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has three staves (treble, alto, and bass). The second system has two staves (treble and bass). The third system has two staves (treble and bass). The piano part includes fingerings (6, 5, 6, 3, 6, 5, 6, 4, #) and dynamics (mf, pp, hr). The voice part includes lyrics and dynamics (mf, pp).

2

Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,
 Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame,
 Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us,
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

3

Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie;
 Here awa', there awa', here awa', hame.
 Come love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,
 Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.

The Wae-fu' heart.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harpsd

Largo Lamentevole

P. *pp.* *pp.* *pp.* *pp.*

Gin living worth cou'd

6 6 6 6 4 3

mf: *P.*

win my heart you wou'd nae spek in va - in, But in - the dark some grave it's

6 6 6 6 4 3 6 6 6 4 5

laid ne - ver to rise a - gain. My wae - fu' heart lies low wi' his whose

6 6 4 3

heart was on-ly mi-ne and oh! what a heart was that to lose - - but

I maun no re-pine.

2

Yet oh! gin heav'n in mercy soon
 Wou'd grant the boon I crave,
 And tak this life now naething worth
 Sin Jamie's in his grave.
 And see his gentle spirit come
 To show me on my way,
 Surpris'd nae doubt, I still am here,
 Sair wondring at my fay.

3

I come, I come, my Jamie dear
 And oh! wi' what gude will
 I follow, wharsoe'er ye lead,
 Ye canna lead to ill.
 She said, and soon a deadlie pale
 Her faded cheek possest,
 Her waefu' heart forgot to beat
 Her sorrows sunk to rest.

Mary's Dream

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Violini *p.* *mf.* *p.* *mf.* *pp.* *pp.*

Viola

Canto

Harps^d *The moon had*

Largo

6 5 6 #

mf. *p.*

climb'd the highest hill, which ris - es o'er the source of Dee, and from the east - ern

6 5 #6 4 3 6 6 4 2 6 6

sum - mit shed her sil - ver light on tow'r and tree when Mary laid her down to sleep her

7 4 6 5 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

mf P.

thoughts on San-dy far at sea; when soft and low a voice was heard, say, Ma-ry weep no

6 6 6 4 6 6 4 2 6 6 4 2 6 6 3 7 4 6 6 6 6-6

mf. P. mf. P. PP

more for me.

6 4 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 4

2

She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head to ask, who there might be.
 She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
 With visage pale and hollow eye;
 O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
 'T lies beneath a stormy sea;
 'Far, far from thee, I sleep in death;
 'So Mary, weep no more for me.

3

'Three stormy nights and stormy days
 'We tofs'd upon the raging main
 'And long we strove our bark to save,
 'But all our striving was in vain

'Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
 'My heart was fill'd with love for thee:
 'The storm is past, and I at rest:
 'So Mary, weep no more for me.

4

'O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
 'We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 'Where love is free from doubt and care,
 'And thou and I shall part no more:
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shacow fled.
 No more of Sandy could she see;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 "Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."

Mary's Dream

New Set

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

pp.

The

Largo

moon had climb'd the highest hill, which rises o'er the source of Dee, and

from the eastern summit shed her silver light on tow'r and tree. When Ma-ry laid her

down to sleep her thoughts on Sandy far at sea when soft and low a voice was heard, Say

Mary weep no more for me.

2

She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head to ask, who there might be.
 She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
 With visage pale and hollow eye;
 'O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
 'It lies beneath a stormy sea;
 'Far, far from thee, I sleep in death;
 'So Mary, weep no more for me.

3

'Three stormy nights and stormy days
 'We tofs'd upon the raging main;
 'And long we strove our bark to save,
 But all our striving was in vain.

'Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
 'My heart was fill'd with love for thee:
 'The storm is past, and I at rest:
 'So Mary, weep no more for me.

4

'O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
 'We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 'Where love is free from doubt and care,
 'And thou and I shall part no more!
 Loud crowd the cock, the shadow fled,
 'No more of Sandy could she see;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 "Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."

Love will find out the way.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Largo

pp.

Quite o-ver the mountains, and o-ver the waves, Quite o-ver the fountains, and

un-der the graves. O'er floods that are deepest which Neptune o-bey, O'er

rocks that are steepest love will find out the way, O'er floods that are deepest which Neptune O-bey O'er

rocks thar are steepest, love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow worm to lie;
Where there is no space
For the receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dare not venture,
Left herself fast she lay;
But if love come, he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

3

You may esteem him
A child in his force;
Or you may deem him
A coward, which is worse;
But if she, whom love doth honour,
Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
Which is too unkind;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that ye may,
Blind love, if so ye call him,
He will find out the way.

5

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The Phoenix of the east;
The Lionsess, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey,
But you'll never stop a lover,
He will find out his way.

Thou art gane awa.

Violini

a mezza voce

Viola

Canto

Harps^dAnd^e Largo

pp.

gane a - wa thou art gane a - wa thou art gane a wa frae me Ma - ry, nor

friends nor I could make thee stay thou hast chea - ted them and me Ma - ry Un -

till this hour I ne-ver thought, that ought could alter thee Ma-ry, Thou'rt still the Mistrifs

of my heart think what you will of me Ma-ry.

ff *mf* *mf* *mf*

2

3

What e'er he said or might pretend,
 That staw that heart o' thine, Mary;
 True love I'm sure was ne'er his end,
 Or nae sic love as mine Mary.
 I spake sincere nor flatter'd much,
 Nae selfish thoughts in me Mary,
 Ambition, wealth, nor neething such;
 No I lov'd only thee, Mary.

Tho' you've been false yet while I live,
 I'll lo'e nae maid but thee, Mary,
 Let friends forget, as I forgive
 Thy wrangs to them and me, Mary.
 So then fareweel! of this be sure,
 Since you've been false to me, Mary;
 For a' the world I'd not endure,
 Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

The rose, and let me in.

Violini

a meza, voce

mf: P.

pp.

Viola

mf: P.

Canto

Harps.^d

Largo

The

night her fi - lent fa - ble wore, And glo - omy were the skies. of

pp.

glittring stars ap - pear'd no more, than those in Nel - ly's eyes When

to her fathers door — I came, where I had of ten been I begg'd my fair my

love ly dame; to rife, and let me in. in.

2

But she, with accents all divine,
 Did my fond suit reprove;
 And while she chid my rash design,
 She but inflam'd my love:
 Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
 While her bright eyes did roll,
 But virtue only had the pow'r
 To charm my very soul.

3

Then who would cruelly deceive,
 Or from such beauty part!
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart.

My eager fondness I obey'd,
 Resolv'd she should be mine,
 Till Hymen to my arms convey'd
 My treasure so divine.

4

Now happy in my Nelly's love,
 Transporting is my joy,
 No greater blessing can I prove;
 So blest'd a man am I.
 For beauty may a while retain
 The conquer'd flatt'ring heart,
 But virtue only is the chain
 Holds; never to depart.

Violini

mezza voce

mf.

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Hear

Largo

pp.

mf. pp.

me ye nymphs and ev - - ry swain, I'll tell how Peggy grieves me tho' thus I lan-guish

and - - complain a-las she ne'er be-lieves me. My vows and sighs like fi-lent air, un-

head - ed ne - ver move her, the bon - ny bush a - boon - traquair, was where I first - did

love her. her.

pp. mf:

1st 2^d

6 6 6 6 4 3 5 6

6 7 1st 2^d 6 6 6

2

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame
 I meant not to offend her.

3

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
 The fields we then frequented,
 If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.

The bonny bush bloom'd fair in may,
 Its sweets I'll ay remember,
 But now her frowns make it decay:
 It fades as in december.

4

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me.
 Oh make her partner in my pains:
 Then let her smiles relieve me.
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender;
 I'll leave the bush aboon traquair.
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

Waly Waly

Violini

pp.

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Largo Sostenuto

up yon bank, and wa - ly wa - ly down yon brae, and wa - ly by yon

river fide, where I and my Love went to gae. O Wa - ly wa - ly

Love is bonny a little while when it is new but when 'tis auld, it waxes cauld and

wears a way like morning dew.

I leant my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree;
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
 And fae did my fause love to me.
 When cockle-shells turn filler bells,
 And mussels grow on e'very tree;
 When frost and snaw shall warm us a,
 Then shall my love prove true to me.

3

Now Arthur's feat shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyld by me,
 Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
 Since my true-love's forsaken me.
 O Mart' mas wind, when wilt thou blow,
 And shake the green leaves off the tree.
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come,
 And tak a life that wearies me!

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;
 'Tis not the cauld that makes me cry;
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
 When we came in by Glasgow town,
 We were a comely sight to see;
 My love was cled in velvet black
 And I mysel in cramasie.

5

But had I wist before I kiss'd,
 That love had been sae ill to win;
 I'd lockt my heart in a case of gold,
 And pin'd it with a silver pin.
 Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee;
 And I mysel were dead and gane;
 For auld ag'in I'll never be.

Busk ye busk ye.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps:

Violini: *p.* *pp.* *mf.* *pp.*

Viola: *B.*

Canto: Busk ye busk ye my

Harps: *p.* *mf.* *mf.*

Largo. 6 4 3 6 6 6 4 6 6 4 3

mf. *pp.* *mf.*

bon - ny bride, Busk ye busk ye my win some marrow, Busk ye busk ye my bon - ny bride, and

mf.

6 5 6 7 6 3 6 6 4 3 6 6 5 6

let us to the braes of yarrow. There will we sport and ga - ther dew, Dancing while

6 4 3 6 3 6 6 4 2 6

lav'rocks sing in the morning; there learn frae tur-tles to prove true, O Bell ne'er vex me

with thy scorn-ing.

FF. PP.

2

To westlin breezes Flora yields,
 And when the beams are kindly warming,
 Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
 And Nature looks more fresh and charming,
 Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
 Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,
 Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,
 And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

3

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,
 Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee
 Wi' free consent my fears repel,
 I'll wi' my love and care reward thee.
 Thus sang I fastly to my fair,
 Who rais'd my hopes with kind relenting,
 O queen of smiles, I ask nae mair,
 Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.

I'll never leave thee,

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Cantabile

mf: P.

PP.

One day I heard Mary say how shall I leave thee Stay; dearest A -

donis, stay; why wilt thou grieve me. grieve me. A - las! my fond heart will break,

The musical score is written on ten staves. The first two staves are for the vocal line, with a 'dol:' marking above the second staff. The next two staves are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'if thou should leave me, I'll live and die for thy sake, yet ne- - ver' are written below the vocal staves. The piano part includes various musical notations such as 'mf:', 'pp.', and 'hr' (hairpins). The bottom two staves continue the piano accompaniment with lyrics 'leave thee.' and 'F.' (forte). The score includes various musical symbols like notes, rests, and bar lines.

2

Say, lovely Adonis, say,
Has Mary decid'd thee.
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love to grieve thee.
My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
Thou may believe me;
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
And never leave thee.

3

Adonis, my charming youth,
What can relieve thee.
Can Mary thy anguish soothe.
This breast shall receive thee.

My passion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee;
Delight shall drive pain away,
Pleasure revive thee.

4

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
How shall I leave thee!
O! that thought makes me sad;
I'll never leave thee.
Where would my Adonis fly.
Why does he grieve me!
Alas! my poor heart will die,
If I should leave thee.

The Bells of Germany

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harp^d

Largo

The smiling moru the

breathing spring, In - vite the tuneful birds to sing, and while they warble from each spray, Love

melts the u - ni - ver - sal lay. Let us, A - man - da time - ly wife, like them im - prove the

hour that flys, and in soft rap-tures waste the day, A-mong the birks of

In-der-may.

2

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's, winter, will appear;
 At this, thy living bloom will fade,
 As that, will strip the verdant shade,
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er
 The feather'd songsters are no more;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of Invermay.

3

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound;
 The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,
 Gambol and dance about their dams;

The busy bees with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice:
 Let us, like them, then sing and play
 About the birks of Invermay.

4

Hark, how the waters, as they fall,
 Loudly my love to gladness call;
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams,
 The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance:
 Let us, as jovial be as they,
 Among the birks of Invermay.

34. Ah! the poor Shepherd's mournful fate.

Violini

PP.

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Largo Affettuoso

Ah! the poor

Shepherds mournful fate, when doom'd to Love, and doom'd to languish to bear the scornful

dol:

fair one's hate, nor dare disclose his anguish. Yet ea - ger looks, and

dy - ing sighs, my sec - ret soul dis - co - ver, while rap - ture trem - bling

6 b7 5 6 4 b5 4b7 6 6

through mine eyes, Re - veals how much I love her: The ten - der

6 6 b5 6

glance, the red - ning cheek, o'er - spread with ris - ing blush - es a

6 6 6 6 b2 6

thousand vari_ous ways they speak a thousand vari_ous wish_ es.

mf:

2

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush, and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling!
 Thy every look, and every grace,
 So charm whene'er I view thee;
 Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.
 Then when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of Heaven!

My Spoken Dream.

3.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Larghetto *P.*

dol:

pp.

My sheep I've for-saken, and left my sheep

pp.

hook, and all the gay haunts of my youth I've for-sook, No

more. for A - myn - ta fresh gar - lan - ds I wove, for am - bition I said, wou'd soon.

cure me of Love. O what had my youth, with am - bi - tion - to -

do! why left I A - myn - ta! why broke I my yow! O

give me my sheep and my sheep hook restore, and I'll wander from love and A

mf.

- myn - ta no more.

Through regions remote, in vain do I rove,
 And bid the wide ocean secure me from love;
 O fool, to imagine that ought can subdue
 A love so well founded, a passion so true!
 O what had my youth with ambition to do!
 Why left I Amynta! why broke I my vow!
 O give me my sheep, and my sheep hook restore,
 I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine!
 Poor shepherd! Amynta no more can be thine;
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain;
 The moments neglected return not again.
 O what had my youth with ambition to do!
 Why left I Amynta! why broke I my vow!
 O give me my sheep, and my sheep hook restore,
 I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

My Nanny

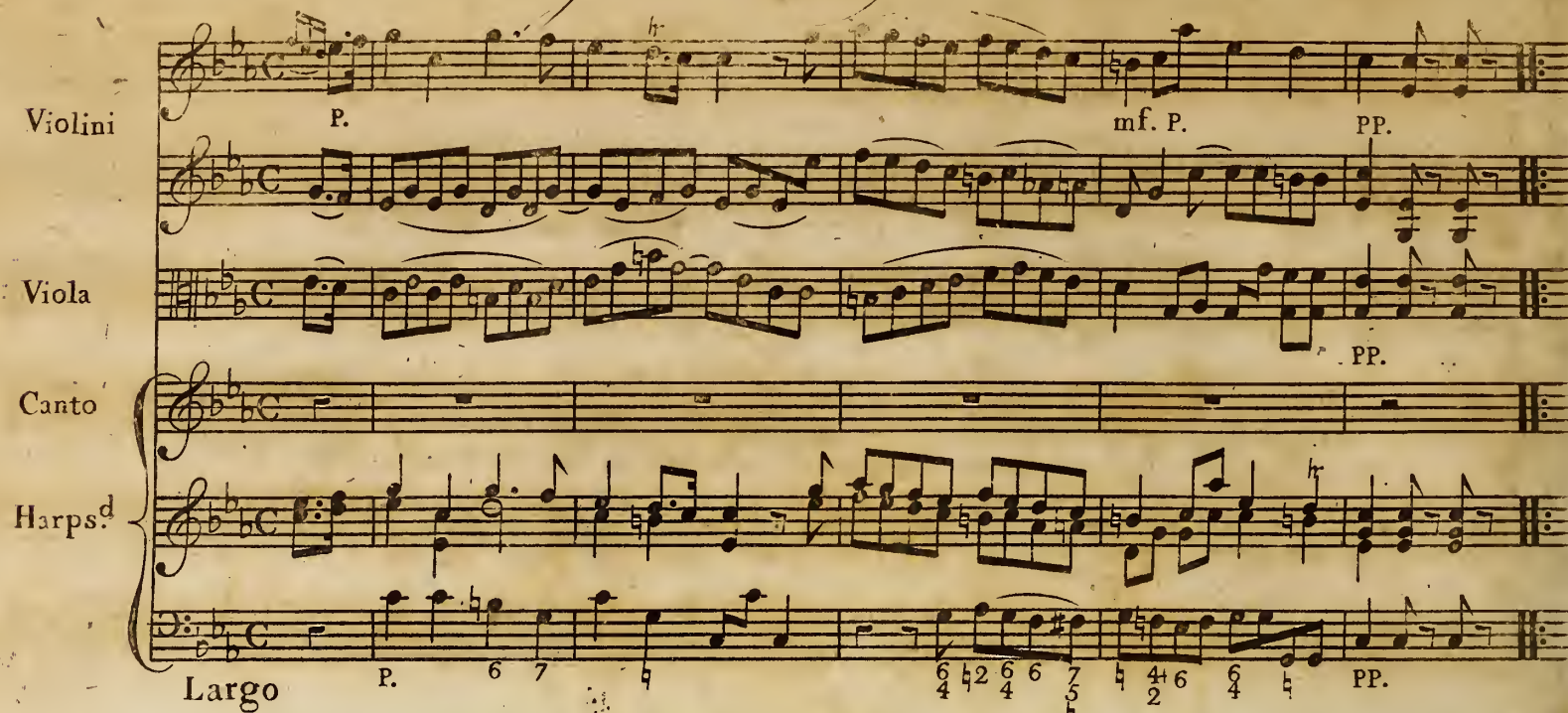
Violini *P.* *mf. P.* *PP.*

Viola *PP.*

Canto

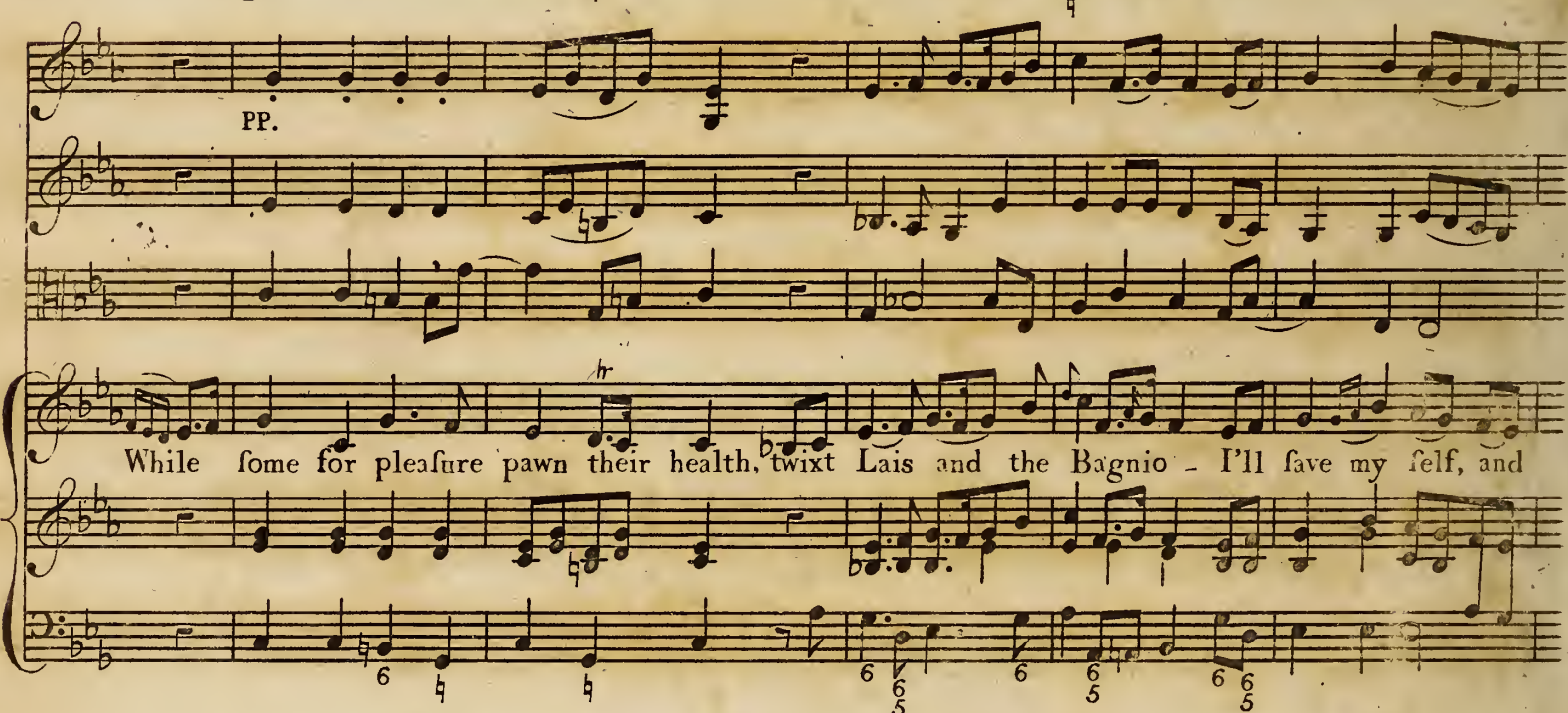
Harps.^d

Largo *P.* 6 7 *PP.*

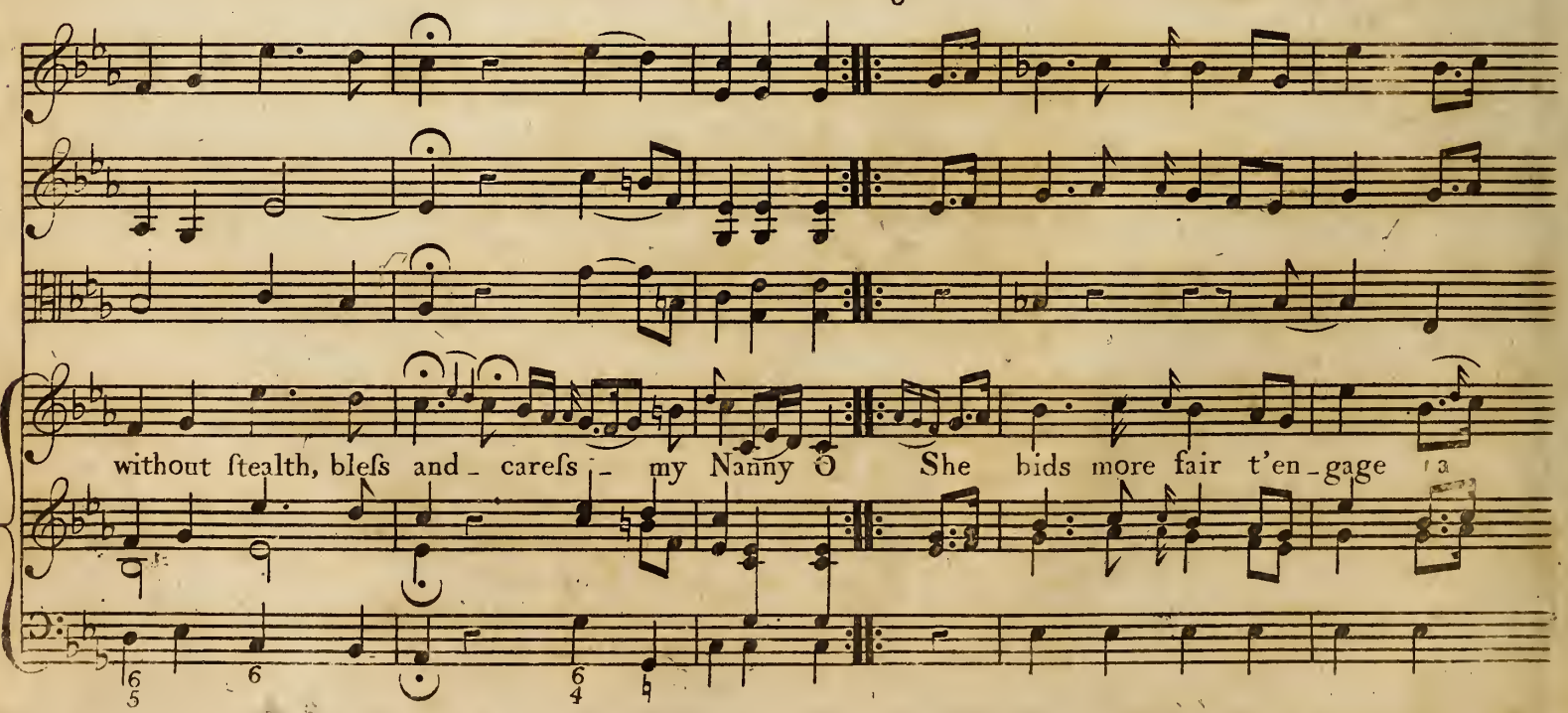


PP.

While some for pleasure pawn their health, twixt Lais and the Bagnio - I'll save my self, and



without stealth, blefs and - carefs - my Nanny O She bids more fair t'en - gage



Jove, than Leda did or Danae O, Were I to paint the Queen of Love, none else should

fit but Nanny O.

pp. mf. pp. mo

2

How joyfully my spirits rise,
 When dancing she moves finely-O
 I guess what heav'n is by her eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely-O
 Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
 Breathe in the blest Britannia,
 None's happiness I shall envy,
 As long's ye grant me Nanny-O.

My bonny, bonny, Nanny-O!
 My lovely charming Nanny-O!
 I care not tho' the world know
 How dearly I love Nanny-O.

Lochaber.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps.^d

Largo

pp.

pp.

pp.

pp.

pp. Farewell to Loch - a - ber and farewell, my Jean, where heartsome with thee I have mo - ny days

been; For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more well may be re - turn to Lochaber no more.

3 6 6 3 6 6 7 6 6 7

5 4 3 4 7

6 5 6 4 3 5 6 6 6 4 5 6 7

6 3 6 6 6 3 6 6 3 5 4 3 6 7

mf: pp. mf. pp.

These tears that I shed, they are a' for my Dear and no for the dangers at-tending on weir; tho'

6/5 6/5 7 6 6 6 4

mf:

bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore, may be to re turn to Loch-a-ber no more.

b6/5 b7 6/5 6/4 3 6/5 6/4 7 6/5 6/4 7

2

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind.
Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naithing like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd;
By ease that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd:
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

3

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,
Since Honour commands me, how can I refuse!
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee;
And without thy favour, I'd better not be!
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame.
A heart I will bring thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

The Broom of Bonnickmorn.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

pp.

Largo

How blyth was I each

morn to see my swain come o'er the hill, he leap'd the burn, and flew to me I

met him wi' good wi - ll. O the broom the bonny, bonny broom, the broom of the

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of three staves each. The first system includes the lyrics: "Cow - - den - knows I wish I were with my dear swain with his pipe and - - my ew - es." The second system includes the lyrics: "O the broom the bon - ny bon - ny broom." The piano part features various chords and fingerings, including 6, 6 4 3, 6 6, 6 4 3, and 6 4. Dynamic markings include *mf.* and *hr.*

2
I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flock near me lay;
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me a' the day.
O the broom, &c.

3
He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by;
E'en the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
Charm'd wi' his melody.
O the broom, &c.

4
While thus we spent our time, by turns
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

5
Hard fate! that I shoud banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.
O the broom, &c.

6
He did oblige me ev'ry hour;
Cou'd I but faithfu' be.
He staw my heart; cou'd I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me
O the broom, &c.

7
My doggie, and my little kit,
That held my wee soup whey,
My plaidy, broach, and crooked stic
May now ly useleß by.
O the broom, &c.

8
Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
Farewel a' pleasures there;
Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
Is a' I crave, or care.
O the broom, &c.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Lento

sf.

mf.

pp.

pp.

Ah! Chloris could I now but sit as un-concern'd as when Your in-fant beau ty

could beget no happiness nor pain. When I thy dawning did admire, and prais'd the

com-ing day, I lit-tle thought that rise-ing fire wou'd take my rest a-way. way.

pp.

mf.

mf.

6 6 6 7 4 # 5 6 4 # 1st 2^d

2

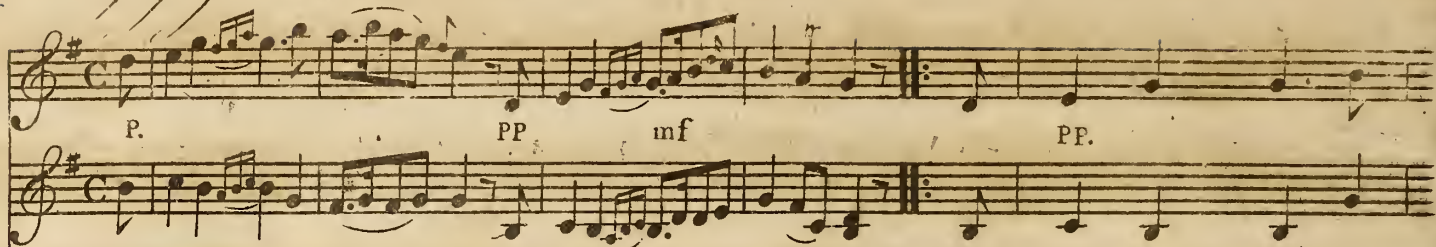
Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
 As metals in the mine;
 Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine:
 But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection press'd;
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.

3

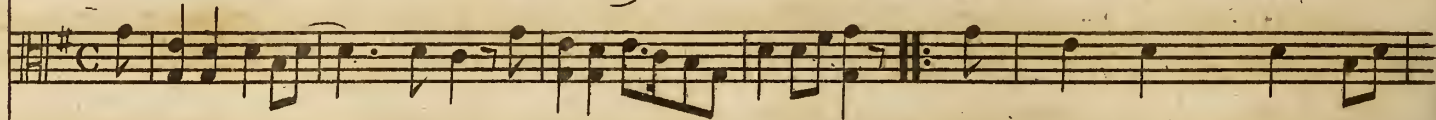
My passion with your beauty grew,
 While Cupit at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart.
 Each gloried in their wanton part;
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art;
 To make a beauty, she.

Peggy. I must love thee.

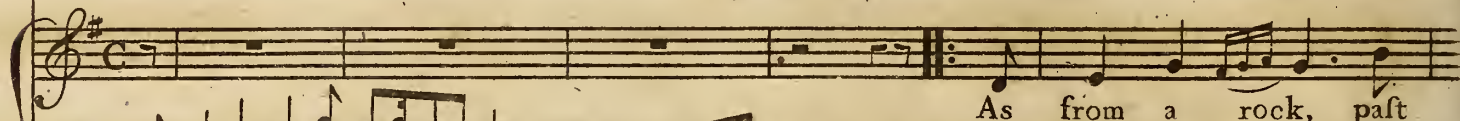
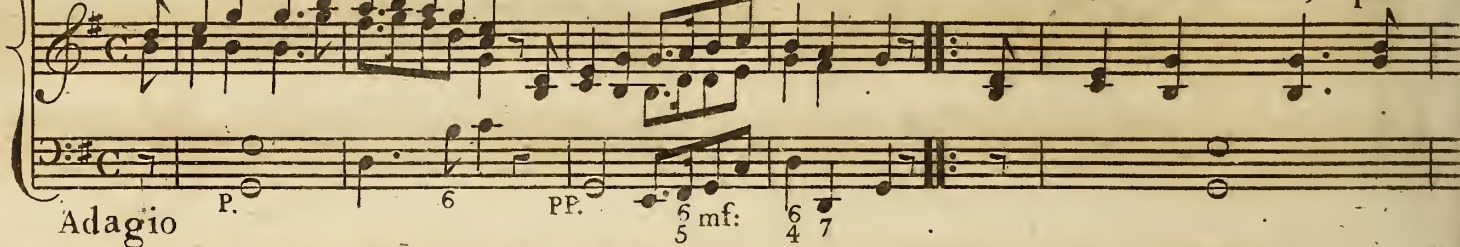
Violini



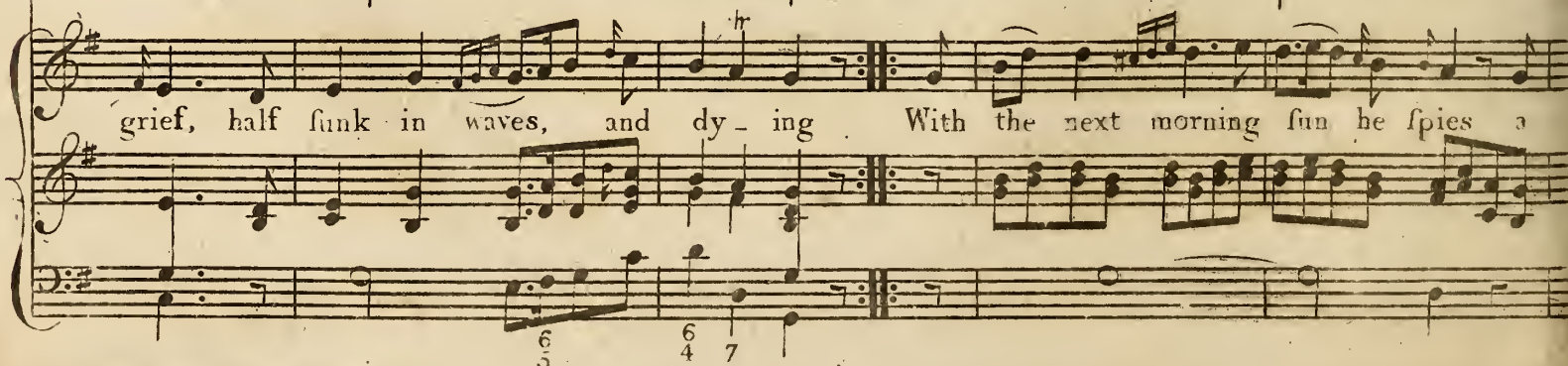
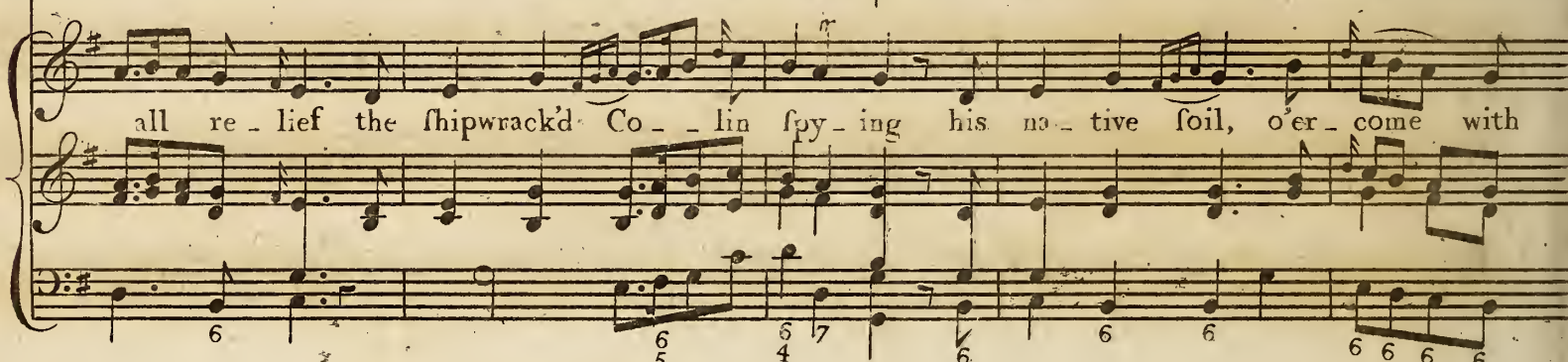
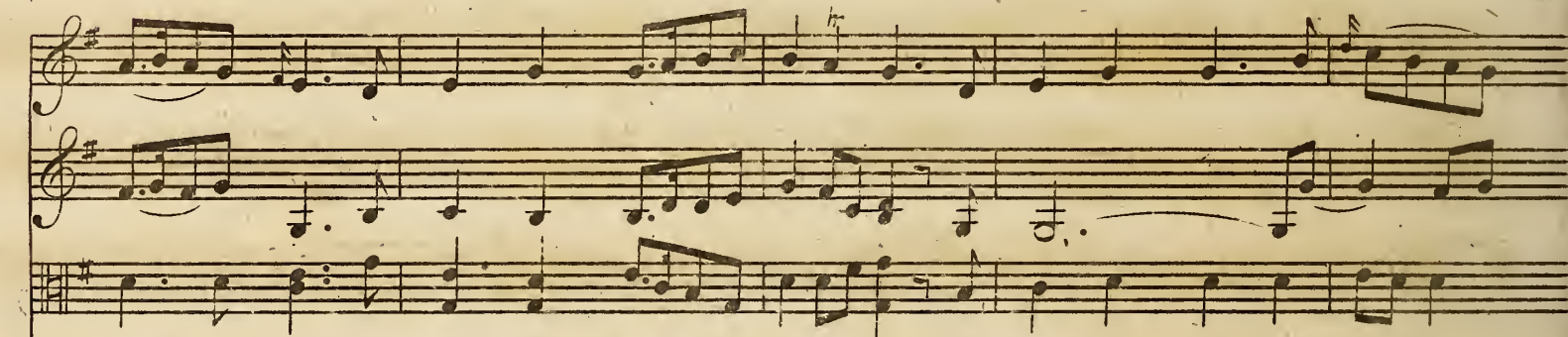
Viola



Canto

Harps^d

Adagio



ship which gives un hop'd sur-prise, new life springs up, he lifts his eyes with

joy, and waits her mo - tion.

mf.

6 5 4 7 6 6 7

2

So when by her, whom long I lov'd,
I scorn'd was and deserted;
Low with despair, my spirits mov'd,
To be forever parted:
Thus droop'd I, till diviner grace
I found in Peggy's mind and face;
Ingratitude appear'd then base,
But virtue more engaging.

3

Then now, since happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying;
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We lose ourselves in staying;

I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
Since marriage can my fears oppose:
Why should we happy minutes loss,
Since Peggy, I must love thee.

4

Men may be foolish if they please,
And deem't a lover's duty
To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,
Doating on a proud beauty:
Such was my case for many a year,
Still hope succeedig to my fear;
False Betty's charms now disappear,
Since Peggy's far outshine them.

Within a Mile of Edinburgh,

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harp^d

Largo

6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3

S. PP.

S. 'Twas with

S.

in a mile of Edinburgh town, in the ro-ly time of the year, sweet flowers

6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3

bloom'd, and the grafs was down; and each shepherd woo'd his dear bonny Jocky blith and gay,

6 4 3 6 4 3 7

kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay the lassie blush'd and frowning cry'd, no no it will not do, - - - I

cannot, cannot wonnot wonnot mannot buckle too.

Dall 'S.

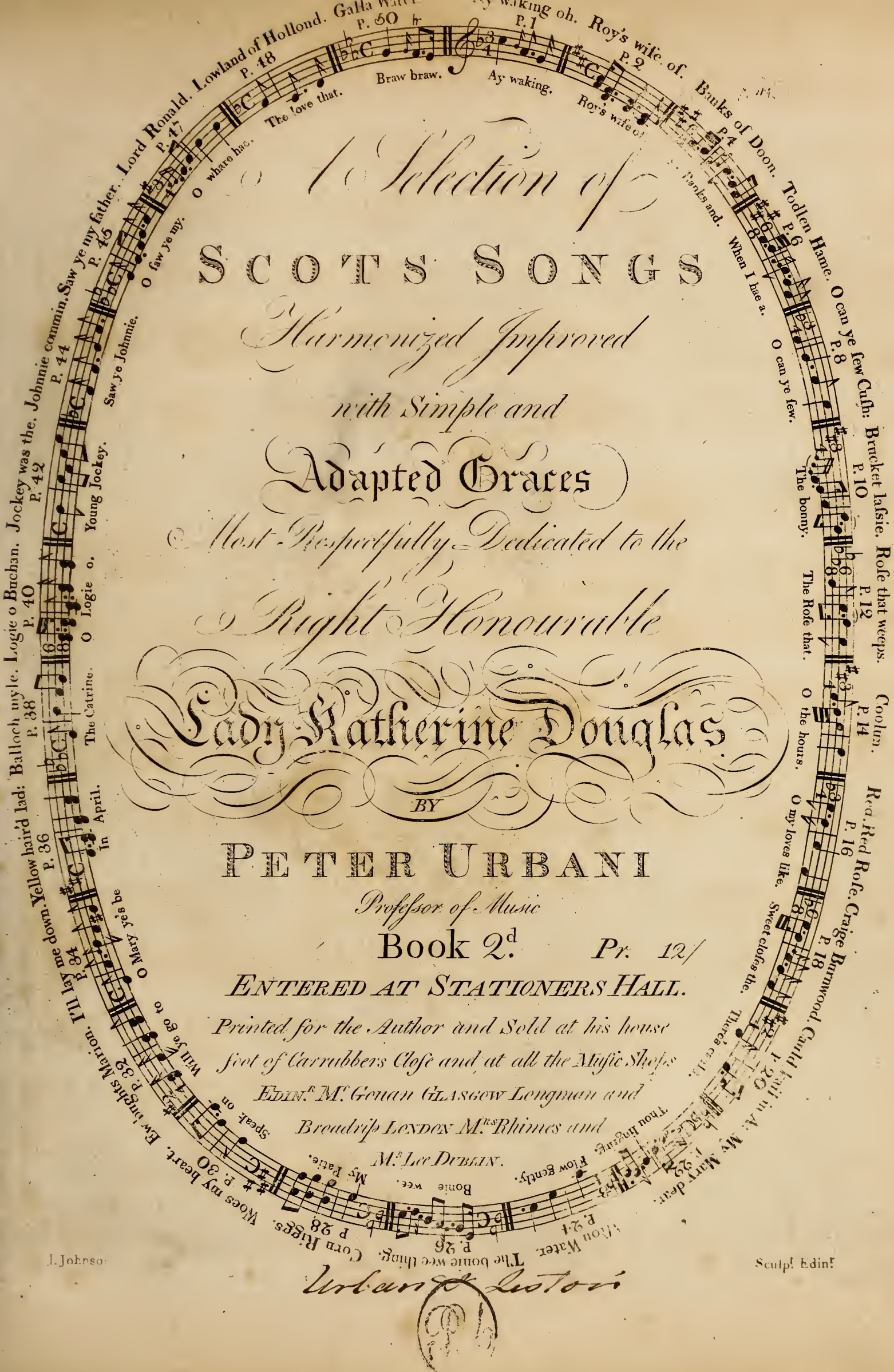
Dall 'S.

Dall 'S.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
 Tho' long he had follow'd the lass,
 Contented she earn'd and eat her brown bread,
 And merrily turn'd up the grafs.
 Bonny Jockey blith and free
 Won her heart right merrily,
 Yet still she blush'd and frowning cry'd No no, it will not do,
 I cannot cannot wonnot wonnot mannot buckle too.

3

But when he vow'd he wou'd make her his Bride,
 Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,
 She gave him her hand and a kiss beside,
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
 Bonny Jockey, blith and free,
 Won her heart right merrily,
 At Church she no more frowning cry'd No no it will not do,
 I cannot cannot wonnot wonnot mannot buckle too.



Selection of
SCOTS SONGS

Harmonized Improved

with Simple and

Adapted Graces

Most Respectfully Dedicated to the

Right Honourable

Lady Katherine Douglas

BY

PETER URBANI

Professor of Music

Book 2.^d Pr. 12/-

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Broadrip LONDON M.^{rs} Rhimes and

M. Lee DUBLIN.

Urban & Lister



in waking etc.

Violini

pp.

Viola

Canto

Più mosso

Ay waking oh! waking ay and wearie

Largo con molta espressione

6 4 3 6 4 7 6 5

sleep I can na' get for thinking on my dearie. When I sleep I dream; When I wake I'm irie

6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3 6 5 6

rf.

Rest I can na get, For thinking o' my dearie.

6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3 6 3 4 3

Roy's wife of Alldivalloch

For two Voices

Violini

pp.

Primo

Secondo

Harps^d

Roy's wife of

Roy's wife of

Largo Softenuto. $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$

Alldivalloch Roy's wife of Alldivalloch wat ye how she cheated me as I came o'er the braes of Balloch.

Alldivalloch Roy's wife of Alldivalloch wat ye how she cheated me as I came o'er the braes of Balloch.

She vow'd she swore she wad be mine. She said that she lo'd me best of ony but oh the fickle faithless queen she's

She vow'd she swore she wad be mine. She said that she lo'd me best of ony but oh the fickle faithless queen she's

$\frac{4}{2}$ $\frac{6}{5}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$

taen the carl and left her Johine Roy's wife of Alldivaloch Roy's wife of Alldivaloch wat ye how she

taen the carl and left her Johine Roy's wife of Alldivaloch Roy's wife of Alldivaloch wat ye how she

6 3 6 4 6 4 3 7 7

cheated me as I came o'er the braes of Balloch

cheated me as I came o'er the braes of Balloch

rf. rf.

6 3 7 6 3 7

2

O She was a can-ty quean,
 And we'll cou'd she dance the highland walloch,
 How happy I, had she been mine
 Or I'd been Roy of Alldivaloch.
 Roy's wife &c.

3

Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear
 Her wee bit mou', so sweet and bonny
 To me she ever will be dear.
 Tho' she's forever left her Johnie.
 Roy's wife &c.

The Banks O' Green

By R. Burns.

Violini

po

mf.

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Ye Banks and braes o'

Largo Espressivo

4 5 6 3 6 6 4 6 4

bo-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair: How can ye chant ye

little birds, And I sae weary fu' o' care! Thou'll break my heart thou warbling bird, That

wantons thro' the flowering thorn; Thou minds me o' de-par-ted joy's De-par-ted

ne-ver to re-turn.

2

Oft hae I rovd bonie Doon,

To see the rose and woodbine twine;

And ilka bird sang o' its luv,

And fondly fae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,

Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,

And my fause lover staw my rose,

But, ah he left the thorn wi' me

The Same Air

with the Original words to be Sung Quicker

Violini

mf.

pp.

Viola

Canto

Organo

When

Andante Con Moto

I hae a fax - pence under my thum, Then I'll get cred - it in il ka town.

But ay when I'm poor they bid me gae by; O. poverty parts good

com - pa - ny Tod - len hame tod - len hame, O. conda my Love come

6 4 3 6 3 6

rf.

rf.

rf.

2 3

Fair fa' the goodwife, and send her good fale,
 She gies us white bannocks to drink her ale,
 Syne if her tippony chance to be sma',
 We'll tak a good secur o't, and ca't awa',
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
 And twa pint stoups at our bed feet;
 And ay when we waken'd we drank them dry:
 What think you of my wee kimmer and I.
 Todle butt and todlen ben,
 See round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
 Ye're ay fae good-humour'd when weeting your mou;
 When sober fae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
 That it's a blyth fight to the bairns and me.
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

Can ye see Cushions,

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Largo

6 6 6 6 6 6 7

pp.

pp.

pp.

O can ye see cushions and can ye see sheets, and can ye sing

4 4 7

balla loo when the bairny greets. and hee and baw birdie, and hee and baw

6 4 7 4 3 4 6

1st 2^d Mod^{to} pp.

lamb, And hee and baw birdie, my bonny wee lamb? lamb. Hee O! wee O!

6 4 3 4 6 - 6 - 6 4 7

Mod^{to} pp.

what wou'd I do wi' you? Black's the life that I lead wi' you; Monny o' you, little for to

7 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Largo pp.

Largo

gi' you, Hee o! wee o! what wou'd I do wi' you?

5 6 6 7

Largo

The Bonny Brucket Lasses

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps.^d

Largo

The Bonny Brucket Lassie, She has the tearfull e'en; She was the fairest

Lassie that danc'd on the green. A lad he loo'd her dearly, She did his love re-

turn; But he his vows has broken, And left her for to mourn.

rf.

6 4 3

2

"O! could I live in darkness,
 "Or hide me in the sea;
 "Since my love is unfaithful-
 "And has forsaken me;
 "No other love I suffer'd
 "Within my breast to dwell,
 "In nought I have offended
 "But loving him too well."

3

Her lover heard her mourning,
 As by he chanc'd to pass;
 And press'd unto his bosom,
 The lovely brucket lass;
 "My dear," he said, "cease grieving
 "Since that your love's so true,
 "My bonny brucket lassie,
 "I'll faithful prove to you"

The Rose that weeps.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Siciliana Largo.

pp.

mf.

pp.

pp.

pp.

The rose that weeps with morning dew and glitters in the

pp.

rf.

p.

funny ray in tears and smiles re-sembles you when love breaks sorrows cloud a

way. The dews that bend the blushing flower en-rich the scent re-

- new the glow, So loves sweet tears en-crease his power fo blifs more bright-

- ly shines by wae.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps.^d

Largo Lamentevole

pp.

pp.

O the hours I have pass'd in the arms of my Dear can

ne ver be thought of but with a sad tear! Oh for bear, oh? for

bear then to mention her name it re.. calls to my mem'ry the cause of my
 How often to love me she fondly has sworn,
 And when parted from me wou'd ne'er cease to mourn
 All hardships for me she wou'd chearfully bear
 And at night on my bosom forget all her care.
 To some distant climate together we'll roam,
 And forget all the hardships we meet with at home
 Fate, now be propitious, and grant me thine aid,
 Give me my Pastora, and I'm more then repaid.

2

How often to love me she fondly has sworn,
 And when parted from me wou'd ne'er cease to mourn
 All hardships for me she wou'd chearfully bear
 And at night on my bosom forget all her care.

3

To some distant climate together we'll roam,
 And forget all the hardships we meet with at home
 Fate, now be propitious, and grant me thine aid,
 Give me my Pastora, and I'm more then repaid.

The red red Rose

The Music by P. Urbani.

Violini

pp.

rf.

Viola

rf.

Canto

Harp^d.*Largo con molta Espressione*

First system of the musical score. It includes staves for Violini, Viola, Canto, and Harp^d. The tempo is marked 'Largo con molta Espressione'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 3/4. The lyrics 'O my love's like the red, red rose, That's new-ly sprung in June O my love's like the' are written under the Canto staff. The Harp^d part features arpeggiated chords. Fingerings are indicated with numbers 3, 4, 5, 6.

Second system of the musical score. It continues the staves for Violini, Viola, Canto, and Harp^d. The lyrics 'me lo dy. That's sweet-ly play'd in tune. As fair art thou my bonie lass, So' are written under the Canto staff. The Harp^d part continues with arpeggiated chords. Dynamics include 'rf.', 'pp.', and 'ff.'. Fingerings are indicated with numbers 3, 4, 5, 6.

deep in love am I; And I can love thee still, my Dear, Till a - the seas gang

rf.

dry.

2

Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,

And the rocks melt wi' the sun:

I can love thee still, my Dear,

While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my dearest Love,

O fare thee weel a while.

And I will come again, My Love,

Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

Craigie-burn Wood,

Burns

Violini *pp.* *rf*

Viola

Canto

Harps^d *pp.* *rf*

Largo Esprfsivo 6 6 *rf* 6 6

pp.

Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn-wood, And blythely awn-kens the

morrow; But the pride of the spring in the Craigieburn wood, Can yield me nothing but for-row. I

see the spreading leaves and flowers, I hear the wild birds sing - ing; But pleasure they hae

name for me while care my heart is wring - ing.

2

I can na tell, I maun na tell,
 I dare na for your anger:
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.
 I see thee gracefu' straight and tall,
 I see thee sweet and bonie,
 But oh, what will my torments be,
 If thou refuse thy Johnie!

3

To see thee in another's arms,
 In love to lie and languish,
 'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
 My heart wad burst wi' anguish.
 But Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
 Say, thou loes nane before me;
 And a' my das o' life to come,
 I'll gratefully adore thee.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps.^d

Andante

pp.

Canto

There's could kail in A - ber - deen, And ca'stacks in stra' - bo - gie; Gin I hae but a

pp.

Basso

6
4

bony lafs, Ye're welcome to your Co - gie And ye may fit up a' the night; And

drink till it be braid day light; Gie me a lafs baith clean and tight, To

rf.

Bafso

dance the Reel of Bo-gie.

6 2 6 4 3

6 4 3

4

In Cotillons the French excel;
 John Bull, in Countra dances;
 The Spaniards dance Fandangos well,
 Mynheer an All mande prances:
 In foursome Reels the Scots delight,
 The Threesome maist dance wondrous light;
 But Twasome ding a' out o' sight,
 Danc'd to the Reel of Bogie.

3

Come, Lads, and view your Partners well,
 Wale each a blythsome Rogie;
 I'll tak this Lafsie to mysel,
 She seems fae keen and vogie:
 Now, Piper lad, bang up the Spring;
 The Countra fashion is the thing,
 To prie their mou's e're we begin
 To dance the Reel of Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lafs,
 Save you auld doited Fogie,
 And ta'en a fling upo' the grafs,
 As they do in Stra'bogie.
 But a' the lasses look fae fain,
 We canna think oursel's to hain;
 For they maun hae their Come-again,
 To dance the Reel of Bogie.

5

Now a' the lads hae done their best,
 Like true men of Stra'bogie;
 We'll stop a while and tak a rest,
 And tippie out a Cogie:
 Come now, my lads, and tak yor glafs,
 And try ilk other to surpafs,
 In wishin' health to every lafs
 To dance the Reel of Bogie.

My Mary dear departed Shade

BURNS.

The Music by Miss Johnston of Milton.

Violin.

pp.

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Thou ling'ring, star, with

Largo Lamenteaole

6
4

3

6
4

3

6
4

7

6
4

3

lefs'ning ray, That lov'd to greet the ear-ly morn, A - gain thou usher'd in the day My

Mary from my soul was torn, O Ma-ry dear de - par - ted Shade! Where is thy

place of blissful rest. Seest thou thy Lover lowly laid. Hear'st thou the groans that

rend his breast.

FF.

F.

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove
 Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
 To live one day of parting love!
 Eternity cannot efface

Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace,
 Ah, little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods thickening green;
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray,
 Till too, too soon the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes
 And fondly broods with miser care;
 Time but th' impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear:
 My Mary, dear departed Shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest.
 Seest thou thy Lover lowly laid.
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast!

Glen Water

Violini

Viola

Basso

Harps.^d

Largo Affettuoso

PP.
Canto

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

mar - mar - ing stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - to dis - turb not her dream.

rf.

Basso

2

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
 Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair.

3

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet Cot in my eye.

4

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;

There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea
 The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me

5

Thy chrystal 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 the stems thy clear wave.

6

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes.
 Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays;
 My Mary's asleep by the murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream

The Bonnie wee thing,

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps.^d

Largo

pp.

Bonnie wee thing, can-ic wee thing, Lovely wee thing

was thou mine I wad wear thee in my bo-som, Lest my Jew-el I wad lose

Wishful-ly I look and languish in that bon- ie face of thine, and my heart it

stounds wi' anguish Left my wee thing be na mine.

2 -

Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,

In æ constellation shine;

To adore thee is my duty, :

Goddeffs o' this soul o' mine!

Bonnie wee &c.

Violini

Basso

Primo

2do

Harpsd.

Andante.

T.S. -

My Patie is a lo-ver gay; His mind is never mud-dy, his breath is sweeter

My Patie is a lo-ver gay; His mind is never mud-dy, his breath is sweeter

Basso

than new hay, His face is fair and rud-dy. His shap is handsome mid-dle size, His

than new hay, His face is fair and rud-dy. His shap is handsome mid-dle size, His

state-ly in his waking, The shining of his een sur-prise; 'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

state-ly in his waking, The shining of his een sur-prise; 'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

rf

Bafso

T.S. - - - - - 6 4 3 6 5 2 6 6 4 3

2

Last night I met him on the bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a glowing.
 He kifs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing sinfyne,
 "O corn-riggs are bounny."

3

Let maidens of a filly mind,
 Refuse what maist they're wanting;
 Since we for yielding are design'd
 We chastely should be granting.
 Then I'll comply, and marry Pae,
 And fyne my cokernony,
 He's free to touzle, air or late
 Where corn-riggs are bounny.

Was my heart that we should sunder

Rimley

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps.^d

Basso

Largo Espressivo

pp.

B:

Canto

Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief hold up a

Basso

B:

heart that's sinking under These fears, that soon will want relief. When Fate must from his Peggy sunder.

A gentler face and filk at tire a la dy rich in beauty's blossom a lake poor me will now con-

Basso

spire to steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd, who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell,
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder,
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet-scented rocks round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

3

Again, ah! shall I never creep
 Around the know with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty.
 Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wand'ring lover,
 Tho' life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.

WITH broken words and down cast eyes,
 Poor Colin spoke his passion tender,
 And parting with his Grisy cries,
 Ah woes my heart that we shoud sunder;
 To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder,
 From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go,
 It breaks my heart that we shoud fundier.

2

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
 No beauty now my love shall hinder,
 Nor time, nor place, shall ever change
 My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.
 The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauties which invite our wonder,
 Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
 Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.

3

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder,
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,
 Always to love me, tho' we sunder.
 Ye powers, take care of my dear love,
 That as I leave her I may find her
 When that blest time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again, and never sunder.

Violini

Primo

2do

Harps.^d

pp.

Will ye

Will ye

Adagio Softenuto

go to the ew-buichts Ma-rion, and wear in the sheep wi'

go to the ew-buichts Ma-rion, and wear in the sheep wi'

me. The sun shines sweet my Ma-rion but nae half fae sweet as

me. The sun shines sweet my Ma-rion but nae half fae sweet as

thee, The sun shines sweet my Ma- rion but nae half fae sweet as
thee, The sun shines sweet my Ma- rion but nae half fae sweet as

manando
pp.

thee.
thee.

T.S.

6 5 4 2 6 7 4 #

O Marion's a bonny lass,
And the blyth blink's in her eye;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

3

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white haufe bane;
Fu' fain wad I marry my Marion,
At ev'n when I come hame!

4

There's braw lads in Earnsflaw, Marion,
Wha gape, and glowr with their eye,
At kirk, when they see my Marion;
But nae of them lo'es like me.

5

I've nine milk ews, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey,

I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
Juft on her bridal day;

6

And ye's get a green sey Apron,
And waistcoat of the London brown,
And vow but ye will be vapping,
When'er ye gang to the town!

7

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
Nane dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean:

8

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kyrtle of the cramasie;
And soon as my chin has uae hair on,
I shall come west and see ye.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps.^d*Largo Softenuto Con molta Espressione.**pp.*

Oh Ma-ry ye's be clad in filk, And Diamonds in your hair Gin ye'll con- sent to

be my bride nor think o' Arthar mair Oh! wha wad wear a filken gown wi'

tears blinding their ee' Be-fore I'll brack my truelove's heart I'll lay me down and

die.

For I have pledg'd my virgin troth,
 Brave Arthur's fate to share,
 And he has gi'en to me his heart
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.
 The mind wha's every wish is pure,
 Far dearer is to me,
 And e'er I'm forced to break my faith,
 I'll lay me down and die.

So trust me when I swear to thee,
 By a' that is on high,
 Though ye had a' this world's gear,
 My heart ye could na buy;
 For langest life can ne'er repay,
 The love he bears to me;
 And e'er I'm forc'd to brack my troth,
 I'll lay me down and die.

The yellow haired Laddie

For two Voices

Ramfay

Violini

Primo

2do

Harp^{sd}

Largo Amorofo.

pp.

April when primroses paint the sweet plain, And summer ap - proaching re-joic - eth the

April when primroses paint the sweet plain, And summer ap - proaching re-joic - eth the

swain joic - eth the swain. The yellow haired laddie wou'd of - ten times go, To

swain joic - eth the swain. The yellow haired laddie wou'd of - ten times go, To

wilds and deep glens, where the haw-thorn tree grow. haw-thorn tree grow.

wilds and deep glens, where the haw-thorn tree grow. haw-thorn tree grow.

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn.
With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn;
He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,
That silvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Mary be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly cou'd sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
But Susie was faithful, good humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughters, with all her great dow'r
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently four;
Then sighing he wished, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

Peggy

WHEN first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill.
To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

Patie

When corn-rigs waird yellow, and blue hether bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland, and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or brechens gae trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

Peggy

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka sport manly gae pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

Patie

Our Jenny sings fastly the Cowden broom knows,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the milking the ewes;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing,
At thro' the wood laddie, Bess gars our lugs ring;
But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,
The boatman, Tweedside, or the las of the mill,
'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasant to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

Peggy

How easy can lasses trow what they desire!
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire:
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

The Braes of Ballochmyle.

Violini

a mezza Voce

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Largo

The

Catrine woods were yellow seen, The flower's decayd on Catrine lee, Nae lav' rocks fang on

hil-lock green, But nature fick- - end on the ee. Thro' faded groves Ma-ri-a fang, her-

T.S.

pp.

B:

- fel in beauty's bloom the while, and ay the wild wood echoes rang, Fare_well the

T.S.

braes o' Balloch - mile.

The musical score is written on ten staves. The first three staves are for the piano introduction, marked 'pp.' and 'B:'. The next four staves contain the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first line of the song. The final three staves continue the piano accompaniment for the second line. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, key signatures (one flat), time signatures (4/4 and 3/4), and dynamic markings.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
But here alas! for me nae mair;
Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

Violini

Primo

2do

Harps^d

O Logie o' Buchan and

O' Logie o' Buchan and

Largo Espressivo.

Ts. 6 4 7

Logie the laird, they've taen awa Jamie that delv'd in the yard. Wha play'd on the Pipe & the

Logie the laird, they've taen awa Jamie that delv'd in the yard. Wha play'd on the Pipe & the

Ts. 6 4 7

Viol fae sma they've taen a_wa Jamie the flow'r o' them a'. Saying think nae lang Lassie tho'

Viol fae sma they've taen a_wa Jamie the flow'r o' them a'. Saying think nae lang Lassie tho'

6 4 3

I be awa an' think na lang lalsie tho' I be awa, the simmer will come when the winter's a-wa, and
I be awa an' think na lang lalsie tho' I be awa, the simmer will come when the winter's a-wa, and

T.S.

I'll be to see thee in spite o' them a'.
I'll be to see thee in spite o' them a'. rf.

rf.

6 4 7

2

I sit on my fankie I spin on my wheel,
I think on my Jamie wha lo'es me sae weel,
He had but ae saxpence he brak it in twa,
And geed me the hauf o't when he gaed awa.
Saying think nae lang lalsie tho' I be awa,
And think nae lang lalsie tho' I be awa,
The simmer will come when the winters awa,
And I'll be to see thee in spite o' them a'.

3

My daddy look'd sulky my minnie look'd foor,
They gloom'd on my Jamie because he was poor,
I loo them as weel as a dochter can dee,
But wha is sae dear as my Jamie to me.

Saying think nae lang lalsie tho' I be awa,
An think nae lang lalsie tho' I be awa,
The simmer will come when the winters awa,
And I'll be to see thee in spite o' them a'.

4

The comfort I wanted he needed himsell,
For what we baith suffer'd there's nae aue can tell,
Wi' the smill on his cheek, and the tear in his ee
I ne'er will forget how he parted frae me.
Saying think nae lang lalsie tho' I be awa,
An think nae lang lalsie tho' I be awa,
The simmer will come when the winters awa,
And I'll tak ye wi' me in spite o' them a'.

Jockey was the Blythest Lad.

Violini

pp.

Viola

pp.

Basso

Voce

Canto

Young Jockey

Harps.^dAnd.^e Softenuto

Basso

was the blythest lad in a' our Town or here a-wa; Fu' blyth he whistled at the

gaud, Fu' light ly danc'd he in the ha'. He roof'd my een fae bonnie blue he

roo'd my wait fae gen-ty sma; An' aft my heart came to my mou when ne'er a

bo-dy heard or saw

2.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
 Thro' wind and weat, thro' frost and snaw,
 And o'er the lee I look fu' fain,
 When Jockey's owfen hameward ca'.
 An' ay the night comes round again,
 When in his arms he takes me a'
 An' ay he vows he'll be my ain,
 As lang's he has a breath to draw.

1-1 Saw ye Johnnie cummin quo' she,

Violini

pp.

pp.

Viola

Conto.

Harpsd

Saw ye John - nie cum - min. quo' she,

pp.

Largo

7

Saw ye John - nie cum - min, O saw ye Johnnie cum - min, quo' she; saw ye Johnnie

6

T.S.

com - min, wi' his blue bonnet on his head, And his dog - gie run - ning, quo' she;

and his dog - gie run - ning.

2

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;
 Fee him, father, fee him,
 For he is a gallant lad,
 And a weel doin;
 And a' the wark about the house
 Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she;
 Wi' me when I see him.

3

What will I do wi' him, huffy.
 What will I do wi' him.
 He'd ne'er a fark upon his back,
 And I hae nane to gie him.

I hae twa fark into my kist,
 And ane o' them I'll gie him;
 And for a mark of mair fee
 Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she;
 Dinna stand wi' him.

4

For well do I lo'e him, quo' she;
 Well do I lo'e him:
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;
 Fee him, father, fee him,
 He'll bad the pleugh, thrash in the barn
 And lie wi' me at e'en, quo' she;
 Lie wi' me at e'en.

O san' ye my Father,

Violino

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Largo

Espressivo

pp.

O saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother, or saw ye my true love John. I saw not your father I

rf.

saw not your mother, But I saw your true love John.

rf.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light,
And the bells they ring ding dong;
He's met wi' some delay, that causeth him to stay,
But he will be here ere long.

3

The furly auld carl did naething but snarl,
And Johnny's face it grew red;
Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd,
Till all were asleep in bed.

4

Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,
And gently tirl'd the pin;
The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,
And she open'd, and let him in.

And are you come at last, and do Iold ye fast,
And is my Johnny true!
I have nae time to tell, but fae lang's I like mysell,
Sae lang shall I love you.

6

Flee up, flee up, my bonny gray cock,
And crawl when it is day;
Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,
And your wings of the silver gray.

7

The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour o'er soon;
The lassie thought it day, when she sent her love awy,
And it was but a blink of the moon.

Lord Ronald my son.

Violini

pp

Viola

Canto

Harp^{sd}

Largo Sostenuto

O where hae ye been Lord Ronald, my son? O

where hae ye been, Lord Ronald my son. I hae been wi' my sweetheart, mother, make my bed soon, for I'm weary wi' the

rf.

2

What got ye frae your sweetheart Lord Ronald, my son
What got ye frae your sweetheart Lord Ronald, my son
I hae got deadly poison, mother, make my bed soon
For life is a burden that soon I'll lay down

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

6 7 6 6 6 7 rf.

The Lowlands of Holland

Violini

pp.

Viola

Canto

Harp^{sd}

The love that I have

Largo Espressivo

chosen I'll therewith be content, The fault sea shall be fro - zen be - fore that I repent.

Re - pent it shall I ne - ver un - till the day I die, But the Low - lands of

rf.

hr.

Holland hae twinn'd my love and me.

2

My love lies in the fast sea,
And I am on the side,
Enough to break a young thing's heart
Wha lately was a bride:
Wha lately was a bonie bride,
And pleasure in her e'e;
But the lowlands of Holland
Hae twinn'd my love and me.

3

New Holland is a barren place,
In it there grows no grain;
Nor any habitation
Wherein for to remain:
But the sugar canes are plenty,
And the wine draps frae the tree;
And the lowlands of Holland,
Hae twinn'd my love and me.

4

My love he built a bonie ship
And set her to the sea,
Wi' seven score brave mariners
To bear her companie:
Threescore gaed to the bottom,
And threescore di'd at sea;
And the lowlands of Holland
Hae twinn'd my love and me.

5

My love has built another ship
And set her to the main,
He had but twenty mariners
And all to bring her hame:
The stormy winds did roar again,
The raging waves did rout,
And my love and his bonie ship
Turn'd widdershins about.

6

There shall nae mantle cross my back,
Nor kame gae in my hair,
Neither shall coal nor candle light
Shine in my bower mair;
Nor shall I chuse anither love
Until the day I die,
Since the lowlands of Holland
Hae twinn'd my love and me.

7

Now had your tongue my dochter dear,
Be still and be content,
There's mair lads in Galloway
Ye need nae fae lament.
O there is nane in Galloway,
There's nane at a' for me,
For the lowlands of Holland,
Hae twinn'd my love and me.

Braw Braw Lads o' Galla Water.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Largo Softenut

pp. pp.

Braw, braw lads of Galla water: O braw

6 7 6 6 4 3 - 6 4 3 - 6 4 3 - 6 7 6 6

lads of Galla water I'll kilt my coats a-boon my knee, And follow my love thro' the water.

6 4 3 6 3 6 7 6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3

rf

2

3

4

6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie;
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
The mair I kifs, she's ay my dearie.

O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon mofs among the heather;
I'll kilt my coat aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.

Down among the broom, the broom,
Down among the broom, my dearie.
The ladsie lost a silken snood,
That cost her mony a blint and deary

