







## THE GLEN COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

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28th January 1927.

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M<sup>r</sup> Braham!

Glen 81a

VOL. II

BINGLEY'S  
SELECT  
VOCALIST

CONTAINING

SONGS GLEES & DUETS

WITH

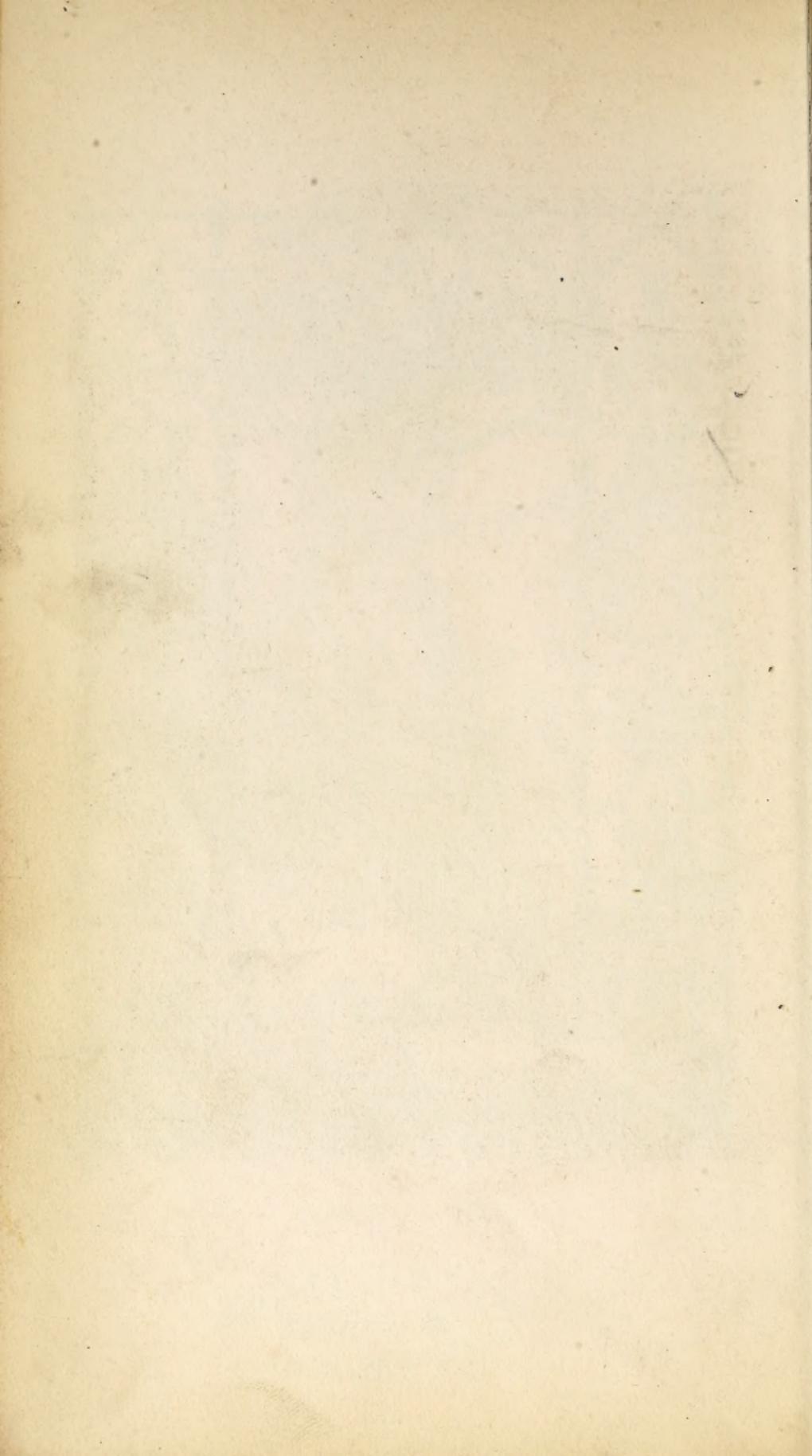
ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE  
PIANO FORTE.  
AND PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS

Engraved by J. Bingley.

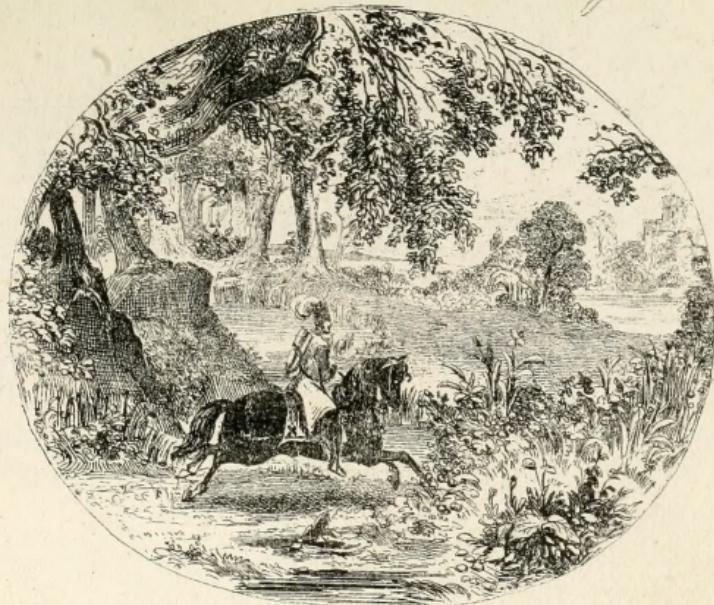
Drawn by A. Ashley.

LONDON; J. BINGLEY.

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EDINBURGH



# The Red Cross Knight



Glee

Colcott.

*Allegro.*

Blow Warter blow thy sounding horn And thy banner wave on,

in the Holy Land and have won the  
high in the Holy Land and have won the

For the christains have fought in the Holy Land and have won the  
victory and have won the victory

victory and have won the victory Loud loud the War der  
victory and have won the victory Loud loud the War der

blew his horn, And his banner wav'd on high.  
 blew his horn, his horn, And his banner wav'd on high. Let the  
 mass be sung, And the bells be rung, And the feast, the feast eat  
 Let the mass be sung, And the bells be rung, And the  
 mer ri ly. And the  
 feast, the feast eat mer ri ly. Let the mass be sung, And the  
 eat mer ri ly. Let the mass be sung, And the  
 feast, the feast eat mer ri ly. Let the mass be sung, And the  
 bells be rung, And the feast, the feast eat mer ri ly, the feast eat  
 bells be rung, And the feast, the feast eat mer ri ly, the feast eat  
 bells be rung, And the feast, the feast eat mer ri ly, the feast eat

mer ri ly, mer ri ly, mer ri ly. The warder lookd from the  
mer ri ly, mer ri ly, mer ri ly.

mer rily, mer rily, mer rily.

Tow'r on high, As far as he could see I see a bold Knight and by

I see a bold Knight and by

I see a bold Knight and by

his Red Cross, he comes from the East Coun - try. Then

his Red Cross, he comes from the East Coun - try.

his Red Cross, he comes from the East Conn - try.

lond the warder blew his horn, And calld till he was hoarse, I

I

sec a bold Knight, and on his shield bright, he beareth a flaming

sec a bold Knight, and on his shield bright, he beareth a flaming

sec a bold Knight, and on his shield bright, he beareth a flaming

sec a bold Knight, and on his shield bright, he beareth a flaming

CROSS

cross Then down the Lord of the Castle came the Red Cross

CROSS

Knight to meet And when the Red Cross Knight he espied Right

Thou'rt welcome here dear Red Cross

loving he did him greet

Thou'rt welcome here dear Red Cross

Knight dear Knight for thy fames well known to me And the

And the

Knight. for thy fames well known to me And the

mass shall be sung And the bells shall be rung And well feast right

mass. shall be sung And the bells shall be rung And well feast right

mass shall be sung And the bells shall be rung And well feast right

*rins'*

merrily, merrily, And we'll feast right merrily, merrily, mer..ri..ly.

merrily, merrily, And we'll feast right merrily, merrily, mer..ti..ly.

merrily, merrily, And we'll feast right merrily, merrily, mer..ri..ly.

Oh I am come from the Ho..ly land where Saints did live, And dic be

hold the device I bear on my shield, the Red Cross Knight am I, And

we have fought in the Ho..ly Land, and we've won the victory, for with

valiant might, did the Christians fight, and made the proud pagans fly.

Thou'rt welcome here dear Red Cross Knight, dear Knight come  
 Thou'rt welcome here dear Red Cross Knight, dear Knight come  
 Thou'rt welcome here dear Red Cross Knight, come  
 lay thy armour by, And for the good tidings thou do' st bring, We'll  
 lay thy armour by, And for the good tidings thou do' st bring, We'll  
 lay thy armour by, And for the good tidings thou do' st bring, We'll  
 feast us merrily, merrily, merrily, For all in my  
 feast us merrily, merrily, merrily, For all in my  
 feast us merrily, merrily, merrily, For all in my  
 Castle shall rejoice, That we've won the victory, that we've won the  
 Castle shall rejoice, That we've won the victory, that we've won the  
 Castle shall rejoice, That we've won the victory, that we've won the  
 victory.  
 victory.  
 victory and the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung, and the

And the mass shall be sung, and the

feast eat merrily, mer-ri-ly,

bells shall be rung, and the feast, the feast eat mer-ri-ly, and the

the feast eat mer-ri-ly, and the

and the feast, the feast eat mer-ri-ly, and the

mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung, and the feast the

mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung, and the feast the

mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung, and the feast the

feast eat merrily, the feast eat mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly.

feast eat merrily, the feast eat mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly.

feast eat merrily, the feast eat mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly.

### *Poor Johnny's dead.*

*Catch for 3 voices.*

*Largo.*

1 Poor Johnny's dead I hear his knell bim bim bim bim bome bell.

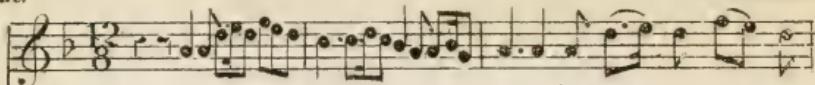
2 bome bome bim bome bell.

3 The bell doth toll O may his soul in heav'n for e- ver dwell.

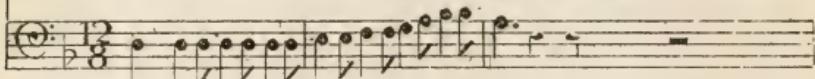
Siciliana.

*Let me wander not unseen!*

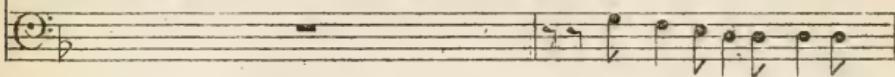
Handel.



Let me wan-der not un-



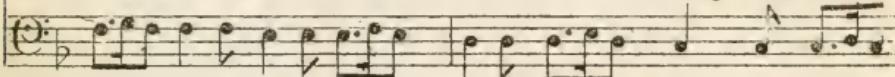
seen, By hedge row elms, on hillocks green:



There the ploughman near at



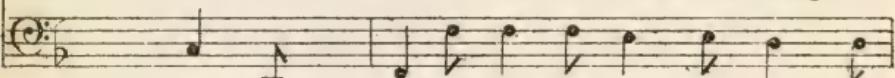
hand, Whistles o'er the furrow'd land, There the ploughman near at



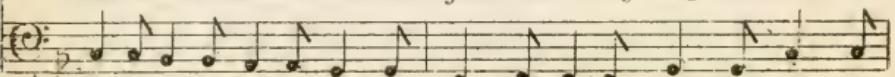
hand, Whistles o'er the furrow'd land.



And the milk maid sing eth.



blithe, And the mower whets his scythe, And e'very sheep herd tells his



*Sy.*

tale, Under the hawthorn in the dale.

And, e - ve - ry shep - herd tells his tale, Under the

haw - thorn in the dale.

*Sy.**p*

Or let the merry bells ring round,

*f*

*p**f*

*p*

*f**f*
*p**p*

Or let the mer ry bells ring

round And the jo\_cund re\_becks sound

And the jo\_cund re\_becks sound And the jo\_cund re\_becks

sound To many a youth and many a

maid Dancing in the chequer'd shade

To many a youth and many a maid dancing in the chequer'd

shade Dancing dan

c ing dancing in the che quer'd shade

To many a youth and many a maid

Dan\_cing in the che\_quer'd shade.

Dancing dan ----- cing dan cing

in the che\_quer'd shade.

*Wilt thou lend me thy mare.*

Catch for 3 voices.

D. Nares.

Wilt thou lend me thy mare to go a mile!

No! she's lam'd, leap ing o ver a stile. But if thou

wilt her to me spare, thou shalt have money for thy

mare. Oh! Oh! say you so! Money will make the

mare to go, money will make the mare to go.

*The weary hours How slowly.* Rossini.  
*Sung by M<sup>r</sup>. A. Shaw in the Lady of the Lake.*

*Allergo.*

The weary hours How slowly.  
 Sung by M<sup>r</sup>. A. Shaw in the Lady of the Lake.

How slowly hath thy sands Old Time been wasting; Absent from  
 thee, dear, no pleasure tasting. Nights sombre mantle, round me at  
 racking Ruddy Aurora still found me watching; This heart is  
 joy less, with anguish heavy - ing, thus from its fibres thy form be

reav... ing This heart is  
 joyless with anguish heaving Thus from its fibres Thy form be  
 reav... ing thee be reav... ing

El... len my souls fond trea... sure what

SORROW Alas they've torn diec...

from this bleed ing breast And  
 changed since when to my bo som prest How slow ly  
 haith thy sands Old time been wasting Absent from thee dear no plea sure  
 tast ing Nights sombre mantle Round me at taching Ruddy Au  
 ro ra Still found me watching This heart is joy less with anguish  
 heav ing Thus from its bres thy form be reav ing

This heart is joy less with an anguish  
 heavy ing Thus from its fi bres Thy form be reav  
 ing thee be reav ing El len my souls my souls fond  
 trea sure Alas what sor row Alas what sor  
 row a las they have

torn have torn have torn thee from my  
 heart yes from my heart my bleeding  
 heart my bleeding heart my bleeding heart

(C) 2:#



# Begone dull care.

Duet

*Allegretto*

The musical score consists of two staves of music for two voices. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The time signature varies between common time (indicated by '8') and 6/8 time. The vocal parts are written in soprano range. The lyrics are as follows:

Be-gone dull care, I prithee be gone from  
Be-gone dull care, I prithee be gone from  
me, Be-gone dull care you and I shall never a-  
me, Be-gone dull care you and I shall never a-  
gree. Long time hast thou been tarrying here, And  
gree. Long time hast thou been tarrying here, And  
fain thou wouldest me kill, But I faith dull  
fain thou wouldest me kill, But I faith dull  
care Thou ne-ver shall have thy will.  
care Thou ne-ver shall have thy will.

Too much care, will make a young man grey;

And too much care, will turn an old man to clay;

My wife shall dance; and I will sing, so merrily pass, the day

For I hold it one of the wisest things, to drive dull care away.

*Woodman, spare that tree!*



Words by P. Morrise.

Com.<sup>d</sup> by H. Russell.

*Andante.*

Sheet music for the first two staves of the piece. The key signature is F major (one sharp), and the time signature is common time (C). The music consists of eighth-note patterns.

Sheet music for the remaining two staves. The key signature changes to D major (two sharps), and the time signature changes to 2/4. The lyrics "Wood-man spare that tree... touch not a single" are written below the notes. The music consists of eighth-note patterns.

A handwritten musical score for 'The Old Oak' featuring two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music consists of eight measures per staff, with a common time signature indicated by a 'C'. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first staff contains the lyrics: 'bough; In youth it shel...erd me, And I'll protect it now. 'Twas my fore...fa...ther's'. The second staff contains the lyrics: 'Hand, That plac'd it near his cot, There wood man let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not.' The music concludes with a final staff consisting of four measures of rest.

That old familiar tree,  
Whose glory and renown  
Is spread o'er land and sea,  
Ah! would'st thou hack it down;  
Woodman, forbear that stroke  
Cut not its earth-bound ties;  
Oh! spare that aged oak!  
Now tow'ring to the skies.

When but a thoughtless child,  
I sought its grateful shade,  
With yonthful sports beguill'd.  
Here, too, my sister play'd  
My mother kiss'd me here  
My father press'd my hand;  
I ask, and with a tear,  
Oh! let that old oak stand!

# Green grow the Rashes, O!

Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Wilson at the London Concerts.

*L'pace ma non troppo*



There's nought but care In



ev'-ry han'. In ev'-ry hour that pas-ses O! What sig-ni-fies the



life o' man An'twere not for the las-ses, O! Green grow the



The musical score consists of four staves of music. The first two staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the last two are in common time with a key signature of one flat (indicated by a 'F'). The music includes various note values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes.

rash-es, O Green grow the rash-es O, The sweet-est hours that  
 cer I spent Where spent amang the lass-es, O!

2  
 The warly race may riches chase  
 An' riches still may flee them, O!  
 An' tho' at last they catch 'em fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!

Green grow, &c.

3  
 But gie me a canny hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie, O!  
 An' warly cares An' warly men  
 May a' gae tapsailteerie, O.

Green grow, &c.

4  
 For you sac douse ye sneer at this,  
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O!  
 The wisest man the warly e'er saw,  
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

5  
 And nature swears the lovely dears  
 Her noblest work she classes, O!  
 Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man,  
 An' then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

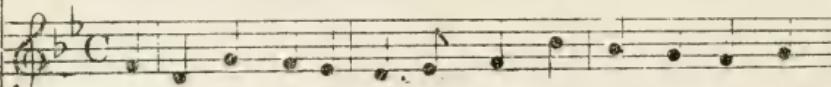
# To all you Ladies now at land!

Glee for 3 Voices.

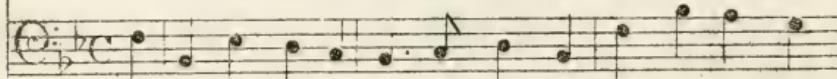
Dr. Calcott.



To all you ladies now at land, We men at sea in --



To all you ladies now at land, We men at sea in --



To all you ladies now at land, We men at sea in --



-dite, But first would have you un - der - stand, How hard it is to



-dite, But first would have you un - der - stand, How hard it is to



-dite, But first would have you un - der - stand, How hard it is to



write, The muses now and Neptune too we must implore to



write, The muses now and Neptune too we must implore to



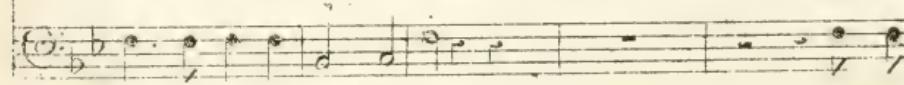
write, The muses now and Neptune too we must implore to



write to you to write to you with a fa la la la la la la with a



write to you to write to you with a fa la la la la la la with a



write to you to write to you with a

In justice you cannot refuse,

To think of our distress,

When we for hopes of honor lose,

### Our certain happiness,

All these designs are but to prove,

Ourselves more worthy of your love

3

And now we've told you all our loves,

And likewise all our fears,

In hopes this declaration may

Some pity for our tears.

Lets hear of no inconstancy,

We have enough of that at sea.

A musical score for a solo voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano C-clef, common time, with lyrics in three staves. The piano part is in bass F-clef, common time, with harmonic suggestions above the staff. The lyrics are: "worthy of your love.", "worthy of your love.", "worthy of your love.", "With a fa la la la &c.", "that at sea.", "that at sea.", "that at sea.", "With a fa la la la &c.".

# Oh! had I a Cave.

Written by R. Burns.

Duet.

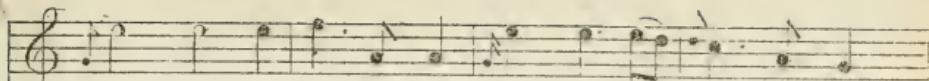
*Andante express.*

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The tempo is marked as *Andante express.* The key signature changes between the two staves. The music is written in common time. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

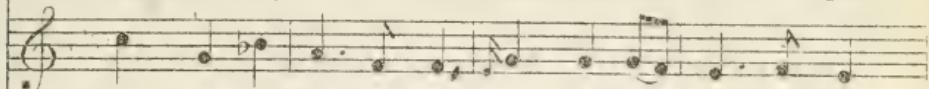
Oh! had I a cave on some wild distant shore.  
Oh! had I a cave on some wild distant shore.

The second section of lyrics is:

Where the winds howl to the waves dash-ing roar.  
Where the winds howl to the waves dash-ing roar.



There would I weep my woes, There seek my lost re - pose.



There would I weep my woes, There seek my lost re - pose.



Till grief my cyes should close, Ne'er to wake more.



Till grief my eyes should close, Ne'er to wake more.



Falsest of woman kind, canst thou declare,

All thy fond plighted vows fleeting as air.

To thy new lover lie,

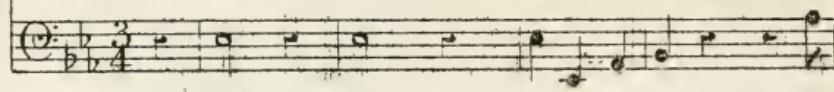
Laugh o'er thy perfidy,

Then in thy bosom try

What peace is there.

*Then farewell my trim built Wherry.*

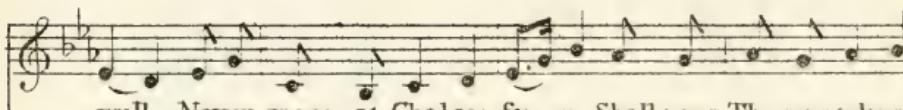
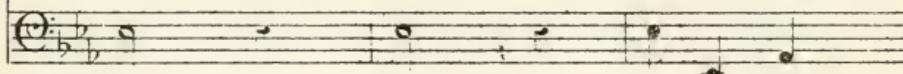
*Andantino.*



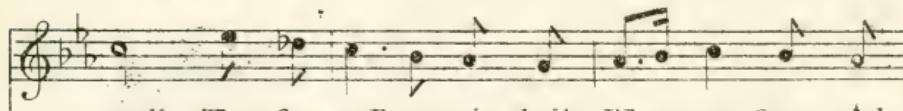
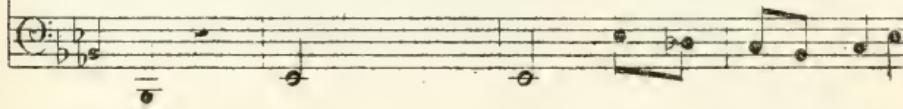
*Then fare-*



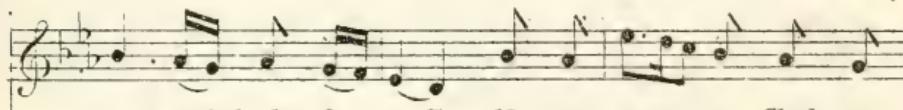
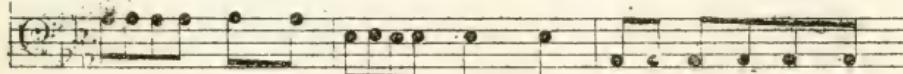
*-well my trim-built Wherry, Oars, and coat and badge fare-*



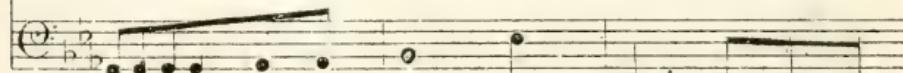
*-well; Never more at Chelsea fer-ry. Shall your Thomas take a*



*spell. Then fare-well my trim-built Wherry, Oars, and*



*coat and badge fare-well; Ne-ver more at Chel-sea*



fer-ry. Shall your Tho-mas take a spell. Shall your

Tho-mas take a spell.

2

But to hope and peace a stranger,

In the battle's heat I go;

Where expos'd to every danger,

Some friendly ball shall lay me low:

3

Then mayhap when homeward steering,

With the news my messmates come;

Even you my story hearing,

With a sigh may cry poor Tom!

## *Three Bulls and a Bear.*

*Catch*

1 Three Bulls and a Bear a Cob-ler and a Tin-ker 2

2 Cob Tin a Cob-ler and a Tin-ker 3

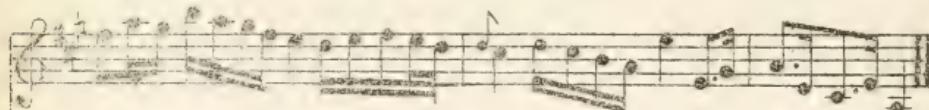
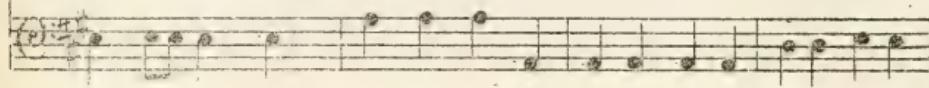
3 ler ker a Cob-ler and a Tin-ker 1

# While the Lads in the Village.

Sung at the London Concerts by Mr. C. Brahma.

C. Dibdin.

*Allegretto.*



While the lads in the Village shall merrilyah sound their



Tabor, I'll hand thee along And I say unto thee that



merrily ah merrily ah merrily ah



verily ah verily ah thou and I will be first in the

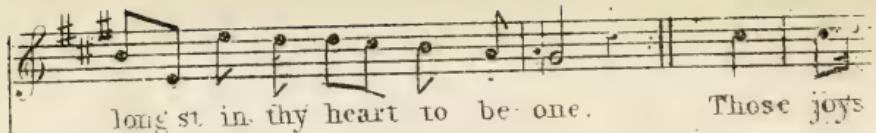
throng. thou and I will be first in the

throng.

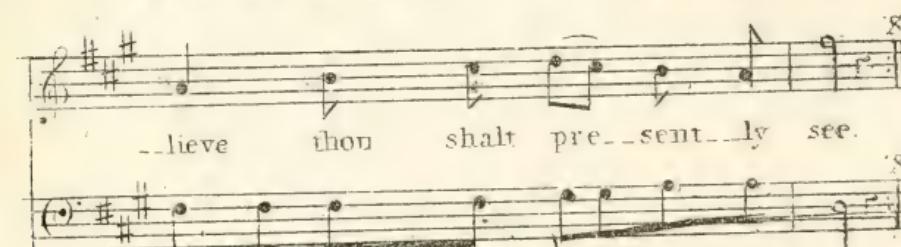
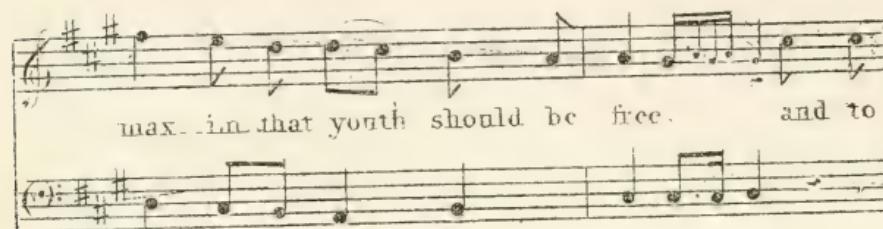
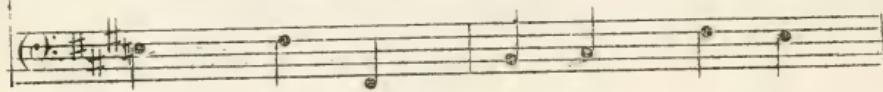
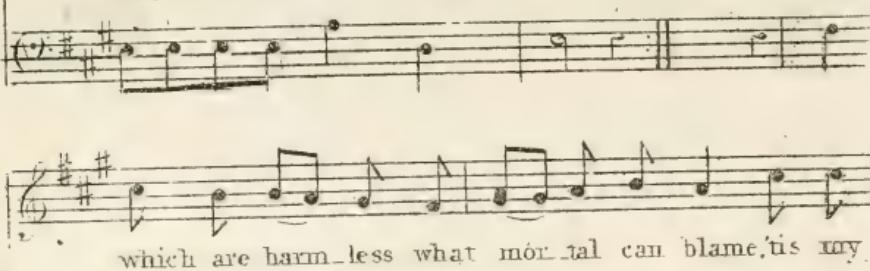
Just then when the youth who last year won the down with his

mate shall the sports have begun. When the

gay voice of gladness is heard from each bower and thou



Those joys



# The Banks of Allan Water

*Andante.*



On the banks of Allan Water, When the

sweet spring time did fall, Was the mil-ler's love-ly

dang-h-ter, Fairest of them all. For his bride a sol-dier

sought her. And a win-ning tongue had he. On the

banks of Allan Wa- ter. None so gay as she!

On the banks of Allan Water

When brown Autumn spreads its store,

There I saw the Miller's daughter,

But she smil'd no more :

For the Summer grief had brought her,

And her soldier false was he,-

On the banks of Allan Water

None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water

When the Winter snow fell fast,

Still was seen the Miller's daughter ;

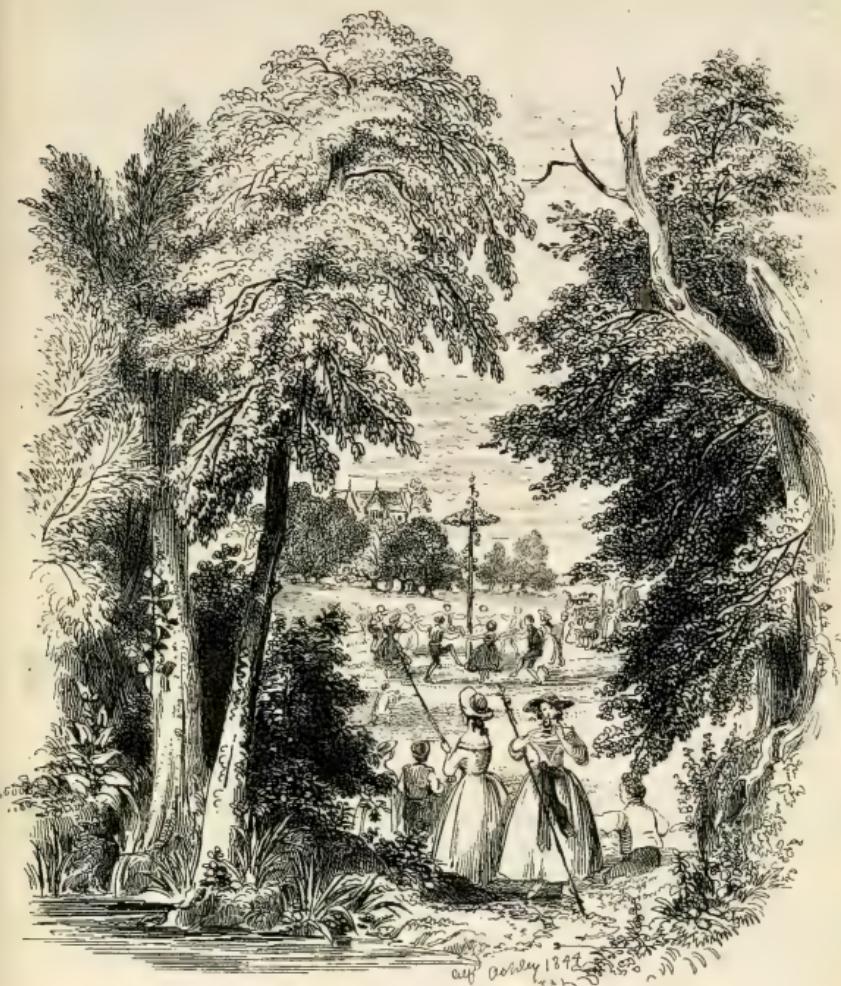
Chilling blew the blast,

But the Miller's lovely daughter

Both from cold and care was free;

On the banks of Allan Water

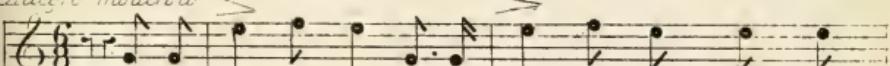
There a corse lay she.



Words by L.I.de Trigoyti.

Music by F. de Trigoyt.

*Allegro moderato*



Oh the first of May in the days of yore What a

glorious time it must have been, when the true English mirth that's  
 now no more, smiled on the joy---ous scene: When  
 old and young merrily sung and forgot for one whole  
 day, The cares their hearts for a year had wrung but it

ceased on the first of May. The children were there, and the

old man could see, The buds of three weddings that

twind round his knee, And the matron so state-ly did

grace the fair scene With her boys like wild flowers a-

dor uing the green And old age kept shaking its

head at the young as they mer ri ly light ly and

thought less ly sprung They seemed as if dancing could

beat dull care down And stamp ing on flowers would

But now merry month we are grown far too wise  
To dance on the daisies beneath the blue skies.  
Alas - on the spot, where the sport was so sweet,  
Where linger the traces of right merry feet,  
We build up our mansions and Cits may now poll,  
Where once stood the dancers, around the May pole,  
But still we've left what will ne'er pass away,  
Women quite as lovely and flow'rs just as gay.

Fa la la la &c

*Follow me my jovial boys.*

### *Catch.*

### Nelham.

Neumann.

1 Follow me my jovial boys and let us now be mer-ry 2

2 Run a pace and do not stay un-til that thou be weary and 3

3 Cry ho Boys fill a quart of Sherry 1

# Hush ye pretty warbling choir!

Words by Gay.

Sing by Miss Romer, in *Acis & Galatea*.

Handel.

Recitative

Ye verdant plains and woody mountains, Furling streams

Piano

Forte.

and babbling fountains, Ye painted glories of the field,

Vain are the pleasures which ye yeald: Too thin the shadow

of the grove, Too faint the gales to cool my love.

Alleg. 39

Hush, hush, ye pretty,

pretty war bling choir, Your thrilling strains, A wake my pains, And kindle soft de-

sire. Hush,

hush, hush, ye pretty, pretty war bling choir;

hush ye pretty pretty war bling choir, your thrilling

A musical score for voice and piano, consisting of five staves of music. The top two staves are for the piano, showing bass and treble clef staves with various note patterns and rests. The bottom three staves are for the voice, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are:

strains, a.wake my pains, your thrilling strains, a.wake my  
pains and kin..dle soft de.sire.  
your thrilling strains a.wake my pains  
and kin..dle soft de.sire. your thrilling

The music includes dynamic markings like *hr* (hairpin) and *p* (piano), and various note values such as eighth and sixteenth notes.

strains a wake my pains your thrilling  
strains a wake my pains and kin-dle soft de-sire

Cease your song and take your  
 flight, Bring back my A-cis to my sight, bring back my  
 A-cis to my sight, cease your song and take your flight, cease your  
 song and take your  
 flight, bring back my A-cis bring back my A-cis to my sight. *S.*  
*r.* *s.*  
*DC.S.*

# Let us haste to Kelvin Grove!

Sung by Mr. Braham.

*Affetuoso.*

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The top staff uses a treble clef, and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, with rests and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes in a cursive font.

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove bonny lassie, O! Through its  
 mazes let us rove, bonny lassie, O! Where the rose in all its pride Paints the  
 hollow dingle side, Where the midnight fairies glide, bonny lassie, O! We will

wander to the mill bonny lassie, O! To the cove beside the  
 rill bonny lassie, O! Where the glens rebound the fall of the  
 lofy water fall, Thro' the mountains rocky hall bon ny  
 lassie, O! Thro the moun tains rock y hall,

bonny lassie, O!

Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonny lassie, O!  
 Where so oft beneath the shade, bonny lassie, O!  
 With the songsters in the grove, we have told our tale of love,  
 And have sportive garlands wove, bonny lassie, O!  
 Ah! I soon must bid adieu, bonny lassie, O!  
 To this fairy scene and you, bonny lassie, O!  
 To the streamlet winding clear, to the fragrant scented briar,  
 E'en to thee of all most dear, bonny lassie, O!

---

For the frowns of fortune lour, bonny lassie, O!  
 On thy lover at this hour, bonny lassie, O!  
 Ere the golden orb of day wake the warblers on the spray,  
 From this land I must away, bonny lassie, O!  
 And when on a distant shore, bonny lassie, O!  
 Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonny lassie, O!  
 Wilt thou, Julia, when you hear of thy lover on his bier,  
 To his mem'ry drop a tear, bonny lassie, O!

## The Banks of Yarrow:

*A Favorite Glee.*

*D<sup>r</sup>. Callcott.*

*Moderato.*

While the moon beams all bright give a lustre to

A handwritten musical score for a three-part setting (Treble, Alto, Bass) in common time and G major. The music consists of eight staves of music with corresponding lyrics.

The lyrics are:

- night, I'll weep on his dwelling so narrow, And
- high o'er his grave, the willow trees wave, Who died
- on the banks of the Yarrow Twas under this
- shade, hand in hand as we strayd, Twas under this
- shade hand in hand as we stray'd, he fell by the

flight of an arrow And fast from the wound his  
 blood stain'd the ground Who died on the banks of the  
 Yarrow Who died on the banks of the Yarrow





## HARK FORWARD AWAY

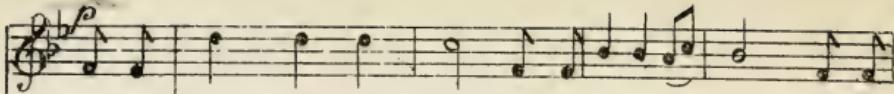
Written by Charles Maitland Esq<sup>r</sup>

composed by James Cresley.

(G) *f*

C

Copied by permission of the Composer.



If your nerves you would brace and enjoy rosy health Never



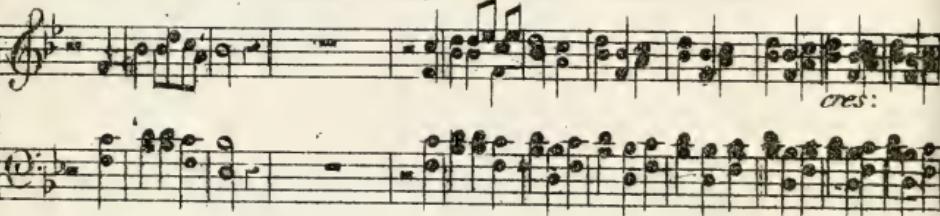
slumber in bed after dawn But rise and a way tho' from beauty and



wealth At the sound of the merry loud horn Hark forward a -



way Hark forward away Talli-o Talli-o Talli-o - - -



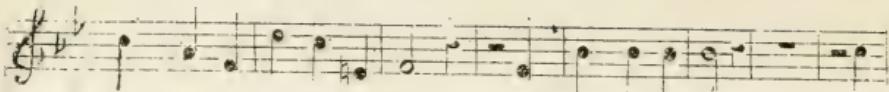
Hark forward a way Talli o Talli o Talli o

ff

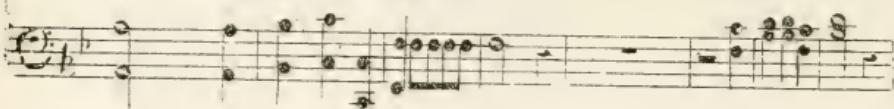
Awoke by

the sound of the Bugles sweet voice We mount and to cover we

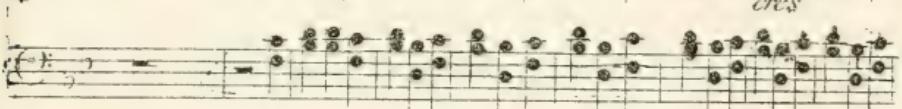
fly While echoes first strain makes our hearts all re joice At the



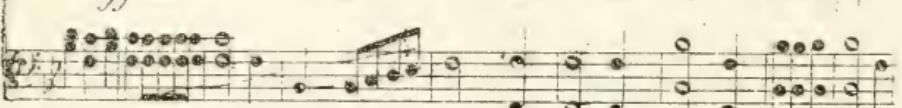
sound of her tuneful re ply; Hark forward a way, Hark,



forward a way, Talli-o, Talli-o Talli-o -----.

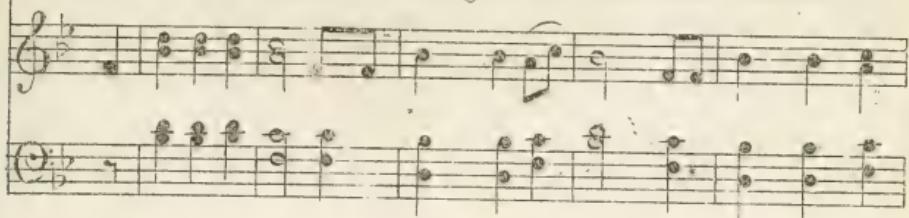


Hark, forward a way, Talli-o, Talli-o Talli-o -----.

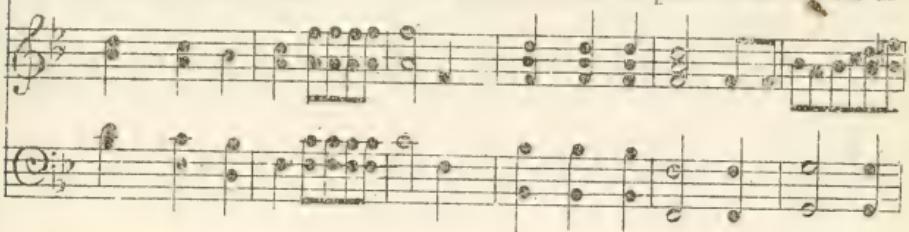




hark *Confident* opens he's strong on the scent Then *Doubtful* his



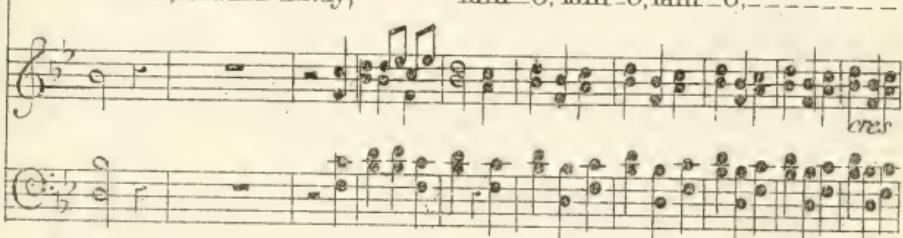
steps quickly trace. At the burst of the pack all the hollow is



rent, Now were off my brave boys in full chase. Hark, forward a way,



Hark, forward a way, Talli-o, Talli-o, Talli-o,



Hark forward a-way, Talli-o, Talli-o, Talli-o - - -

Hark forward a-way, Talli-o, Talli-o, Talli-o - - -

4<sup>th</sup> Verse

Still forward he dashes through panting for breath Over ditches, thro'

rivers we rush. Cheer up my brave spirits, be in at the

death, Talli-o, I am in for his brush. Hark, forward a-way,

Hark, forward a-way, Talli-o, Talli-o, Talli-o - - -

Hark, forward a-way, Talli-o, Talli-o, Talli-o - - -

# Sweet Anne Page.

Sung by M. Graham.

In the Merry Wives of Windsor;

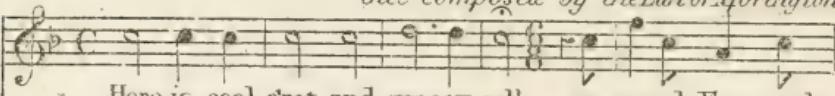
*Andante.*

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The first staff begins with a treble clef, the second with an alto clef, and the third with a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

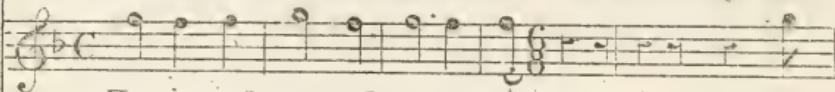
With thee fair Summer's joy appears Oh! sweet Anne  
 Page But thou a way dread Winter's near Oh! sweet Anne Page  
 And all a round is dark and drear The leaves look pale and  
 shepherds mourn All nature droops till you return Oh! sweet Anne Page.

When April's glories shine on me,  
 Oh! sweet Anne Page!  
 And violets bloom, Oh! none I see,  
 Oh! sweet Anne Page!

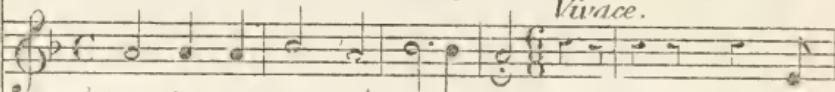
But sweets or colors stol'n from thee;  
 Yet though tis Winter thou away  
 Still there fly shadows make it May,  
 Oh! sweet Anne Page!

*Here in Cool Grot.**Glee Composed by the Earl of Merton.**Soprano and Piano.*

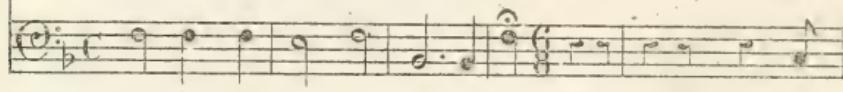
Here in cool grot, and mossy cell, we rural Fays and



Here in cool grot, and mossy cell, we

*Vivace.*

Here in cool grot, and mossy cell, we



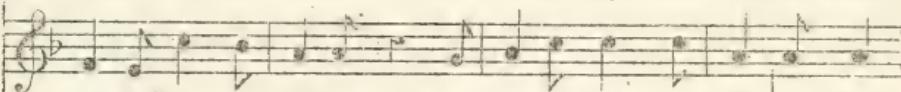
Here in cool grot, and mossy cell, we



Fairies we rural Fays we rural Fays and Fairies dwell,



rural Fays and Fairies we rural Fays and Fairies dwell,



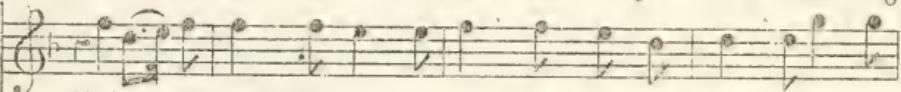
rural Fays and Fairies we rural Fays and Fairies dwell,



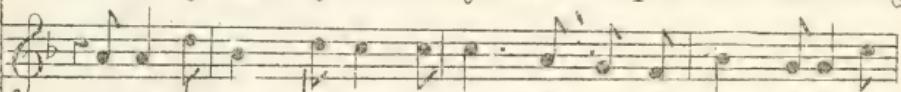
rural Fays and Fairies we rural Fays and Fairies dwell,



Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye, When the pale moon ascending



Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye, When the pale moon ascending



Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye, When the pale moon ascending



Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye, When the pale moon ascending

high darts darts thro' yon limes her quiv'ring quiv'ring  
 high darts darts thro' yon limes her quiv'ring quiv'ring  
 high darts darts thro' yon limes her quiv'ring quiv'ring  
 high darts darts thro' yon limes her quiv'ring quiv'ring

beams. We frisk it frisk it frisk it frisk it frisk it  
 beams. We frisk it frisk it frisk it frisk it  
 beams. We frisk it frisk it frisk it frisk it  
 beams. We frisk it frisk it frisk it frisk it

near these crystal streams, frisk it frisk it  
 near these crystal streams, frisk it frisk it  
 near these crystal streams, frisk it frisk it  
 near these crystal streams, frisk it

frisk it near these crystal streams Her beams re-  
 frisk it frisk it near these crystal streams Her beams re-  
 frisk it near these crystal streams Her beams re-  
 frisk it frisk it near these crystal streams Her beams re-

-flected from the wave The  
 -flected from the wave Afford the light our revels crave The  
 -flected from the wave Afford the light our revels crave The  
 -flected from the wave our revels crave The

turf with dasies broider'd o'er Exceeds we wot the Pa.rian  
 turf with dasies broider'd o'er Exceeds we wot the Pa.rian  
 turf with dasies broider'd o'er Exceeds we wot the Pa.rian  
 turf with dasies broider'd o'er Exceeds we wot the Pa.rian

floor. Nor yet for artful  
 floor, Nor yet for artful strains, Nor yet for artful  
 floor. Nor yet for artful strains, we  
 floor, Nor yet for artful strains, we call for artful  
 strains, we call, we call, we call, And listen listen listen listen  
 strains, we call, we call, we call, And listen listen listen listen  
 call, we call, we call, we call, And listen listen listen listen  
 strains we call, we call, we call, And listen listen listen listen  
 to the water fall, listen listen listen listen to the water fall  
 to the water fall, listen listen listen listen to the water fall  
 to the water fall, listen listen listen listen to the water fall

# The Bonnie Breast Knots.

As sung by Mr Wilson.

*Allegretto.*



Hey the bonnie ho the bonnie Hey the bonnie breast knots



Blythe and merry were they a When they put on the breast knots There



was a bridal in this town And tillt the lasses all were boun' Wi'



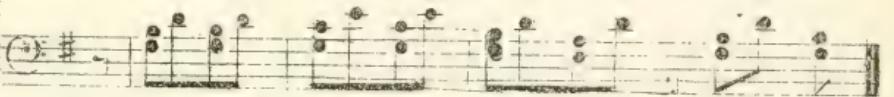
man lie facings on their Gown And some of them had breast knots.



singing Hey the bon\_nie, ho the bon\_nie, Hey the bon\_nie, breast knots,



Blydie and mer\_ry were they a'When they put on the breast knots.



At nine O'clock the lads convene,  
 Some clad in blue and some in green,  
 Wi shining buckles in their shoen,  
 And flowers upon their waistcoats;  
 Out came the wives a wi a phrase  
 And wished the lassie happy days,  
 And muckle thought they o' her claes,  
 Especially, The breast Knots.  
 Singing Hey the Bonnie, &c.

The bride she was baith young and fair,  
 Her neck outshone her pearlings rare,  
 A satin snood bound up her hair,  
 And flowers among the Breast Knots;  
 The bridegroom gazed but maist I ween,  
 He prized the glance of love's blue 'een,  
 That made him proud o' his sweet Jean,  
 When she'd got on her Breast Knots.

Singing Hey the Bonnie, &c.

*Since then I'm doom'd.*

*Shield.*

*Allegretto.*

Since then I'm doom'd this sad reverse to prove, To quit each

ob...ject of my infant care; Torn from an ho...nor'd

Parent's tender love, And driv'n the keenest keenest storms of life to

bear; Ah! but forgive me pitied let me part; Ah! but for...

-give me pitied let me part; Your frowns too sure, would

Musical score for "Break my sinking heart." The score consists of four staves of music in G major, common time. The vocal line (treble clef) has lyrics: "break my sinking heart, Your frowns too sure, would break my sinking sinking heart." The piano accompaniment (bass and treble staves) provides harmonic support. The piece concludes with a forte dynamic.

Where e'er I go what e'er my lowly state,

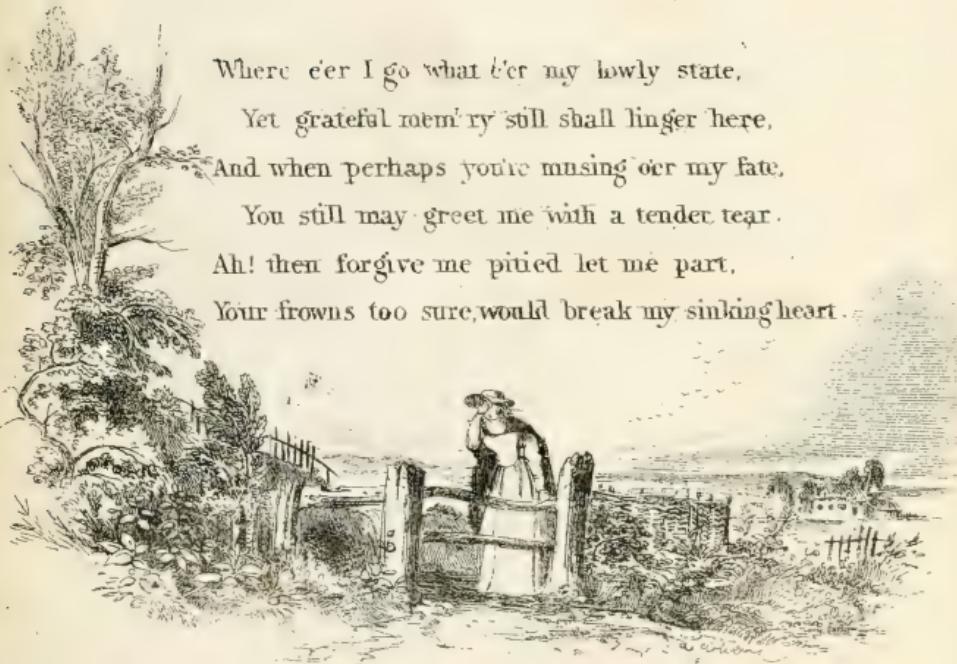
Yet grateful mem'ry still shall linger here,

And when perhaps you're musing o'er my fate,

You still may greet me with a tender tear.

Ah! then forgive me pitied let me part,

Your frowns too sure would break my sinking heart.



# *Chairs to mend.*

1 Chairs to mend old chairs to mend rush or cane

2 Mac - ke - rel new Mac - ke - rel

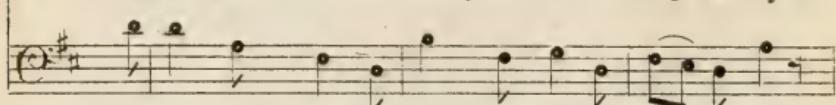
3 Old rags any old rags take money for your  
bot - tom old chairs to mend old chairs to mend : New  
new Mac - ke - rel new Mac - ke - rel.  
old rags, any hare skins or rabbit skins.

# *Slaves to the World.*

1 Slaves to the world should be tossd in a blan ket

2 Like to the mill that's turn ing up so

3 Down a gain and down a gain the  
If I might have my will  
fast on you der hill and falls  
ground it touch un till.

*The Forester's Horn.**Duet*

ho So ho the Stags at bay in bold defiance

A way a way in bold defiance

braves the foe The forester's horn invites this morn the

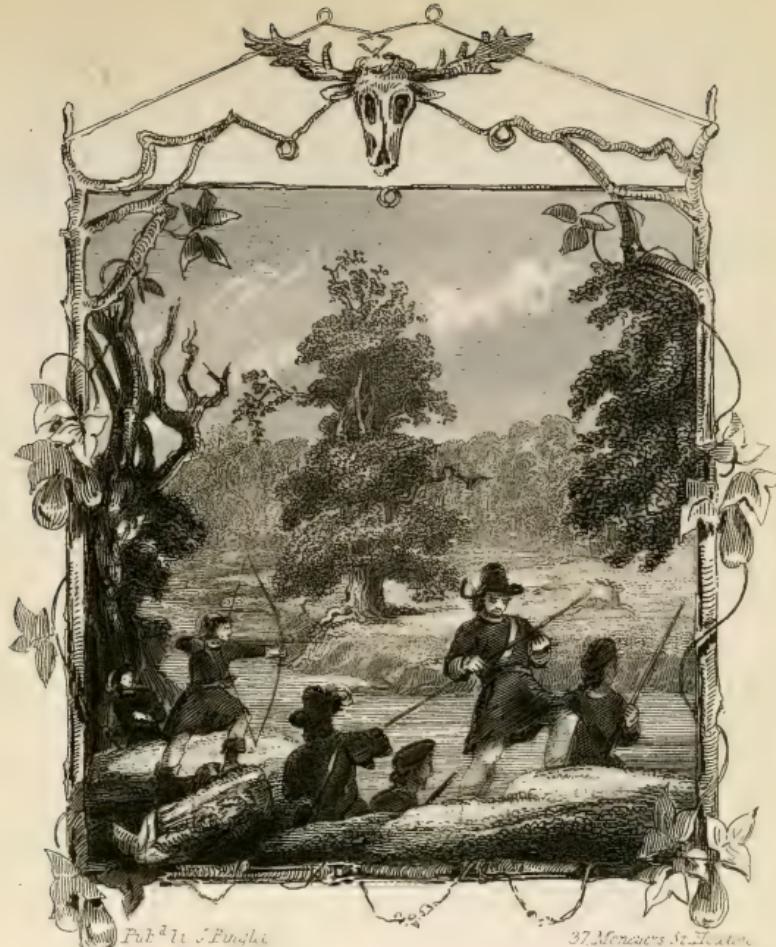
braves the foe The Forester's horn the

forester's horn invites this morn Come in come in slay

forester's horn invites this morn Come in come in slay

Buck and Doe come in come in slay Buck and Doe.

Buck and Doe come in come in slay Buck and Doe.



The jolly horn the rosy morn the rosy morn,  
The jolly horn the rosy morn,

With harmony of deep mouth'd hounds,  
These these my boys are heavenly joys,  
These, &c.

The Foresters pleasure knows no bounds,  
The Foresters, &c.

The horn shall be the husbands fee the husbands fee,  
The horn shall be the husbands fee,

And let him take it not in scorn,  
The great and sage in every age,  
The great &c.

Have not disdain'd to wear the horn,  
Have not, &c.

*This fair wounded heart.*

My heart is in an-guish and tears fill my

eyes, de-jeet-ed I lan-guish tho' fruit-less my sighs;

Yet the bur-den of sor-row, still hope-less I

bear, and the sweet voice of pi-ty ne'er

sounds in mine ear, yet the bur-den of

SOP. now still hope less I bear, and the

sweet voice of pi - tv ne'er sounds in mine.

ear, ne'er sounds ne'er sounds in mine ear, ne'er sounds ne'er

sounds in mine ear.

O, love, thou hast pleasures,  
And deeply I've lov'd;  
O, love, thou hast sorrows,  
Which sorely I prov'd.  
But this poor wounded heart,  
That now bleeds in my breast;  
I can feel by its flut'ring;  
Will soon be at rest.



## AULD LANG SYNE.

Treble clef, 2/4 time, key signature of one flat. The music consists of four staves of musical notation. The lyrics are as follows:

Should auld acquaintance be for got, And

never brought to mind. Should auld acquaintance be for got, And

71

days of lang syne For auld lang syne my dear for  
auld lang syne We'll tak a cup o'  
kindness yet for auld lang syne for  
auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne, we'll tak a cup o' kindness  
yet for auld lang syne.

We twa run about the braces,  
And pud the gowans fine:  
But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt,  
Sin auld lang syne,  
For auld langsyne, &c.

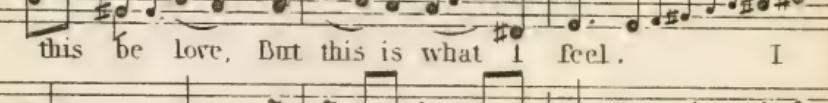
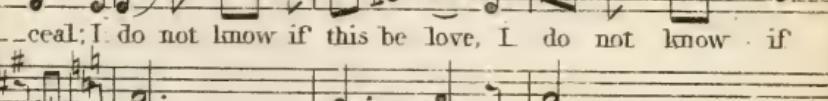
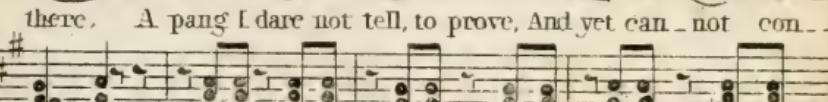
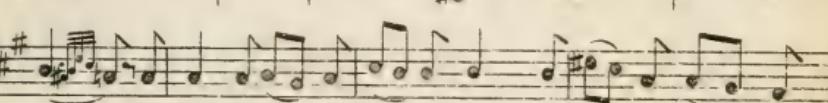
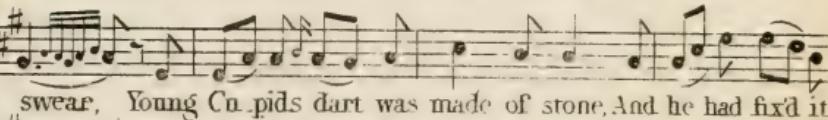
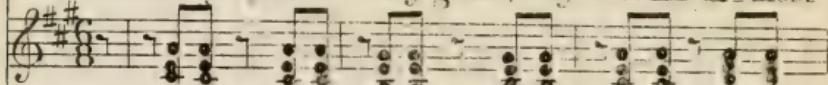
We twa a paidelt in the burn,  
When simmer days were prime,  
But seas between us braid ha' roard,  
Sin auld langsyne,  
For auld &c.

And there's a hand my trusty frien',  
And gies a hand o' thine,  
And toom the cup to friendships growth  
And auld langsyne.  
For auld &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint stomp,  
As sure as I'll be mine,  
And we'll tak a right guid willie waught,  
For auld langsyne,  
For auld &c.

*Is this Love.*

To feel my heart so heavy grown, Why I could al \_ most



do not know if this be love, but this is what I feel

this is what I feel ..... this is what I

feel .....

A secret influence to bear  
Makes me one form pursue,  
As if that form the loadstone were  
And I the needle true.

That pleasing melody to prove  
None but its self can heal;  
I do not know if this be love,  
But this is what I feel.

*We love no more!*

*Andantino.*  
*Con Espressione.*



Continuation of the musical score. The piano part features eighth-note chords. The vocal part begins with "We love no more! there was a time when". Dynamics include *s.* (soft), *p* (piano), and *sf* (fortissimo).

Continuation of the musical score. The piano part continues with eighth-note chords. The vocal part continues with "pleasure shone in our eyes at meeting, and the beat of youthful".

Continuation of the musical score. The piano part continues with eighth-note chords. The vocal part concludes with "hearts attun'd to love's - own mea - sure, Ring sor row's".

Knell at part ing hour, and yet, — We love no

Cres & Apiacere.

more! We love no more!

Rall Colla Voce

S. p

My thoughts are cold, but Oh! the past appearing

One silvery smile sheds lightly o'er this brow,

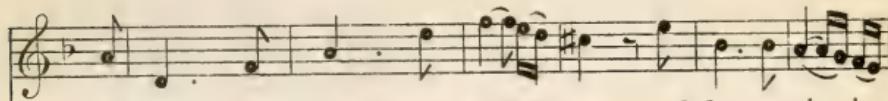
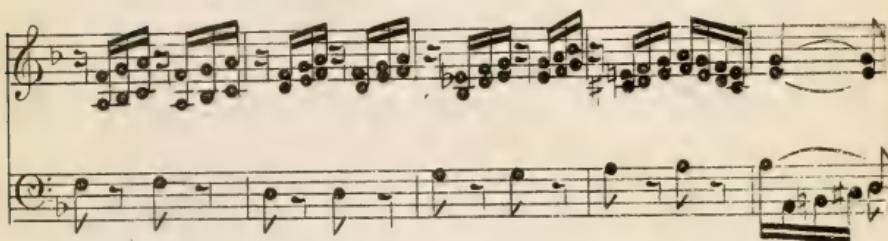
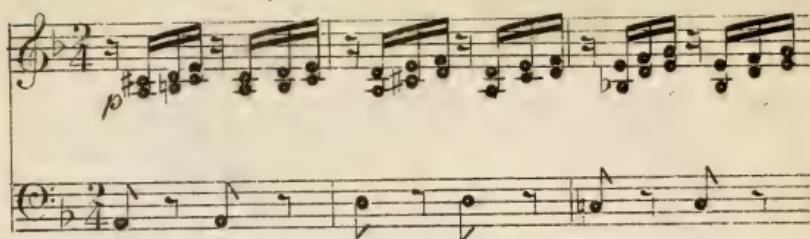
And weans my soul with recognitions cheering,

And haply thine, with dreams of old, but now, —

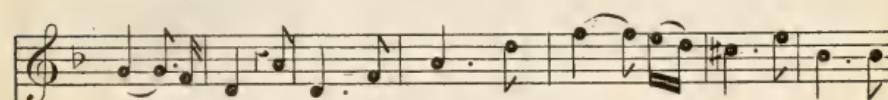
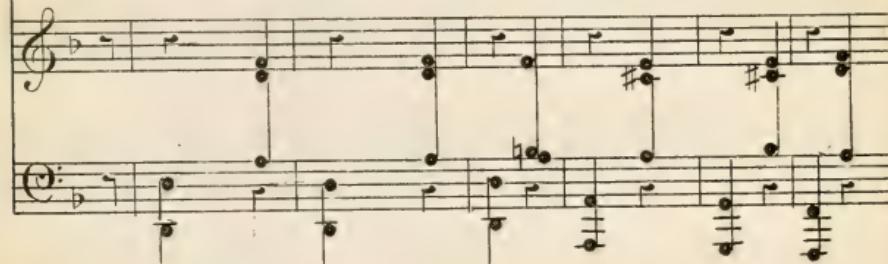
We love no more —We love no more!

If what has pass'd were all a dream.

*Andantino  
con dolor.*



If what has pass'd were all a dream, And love a vi-sion



brief as fair; If pas-sion pure young hearts could deem A phantom



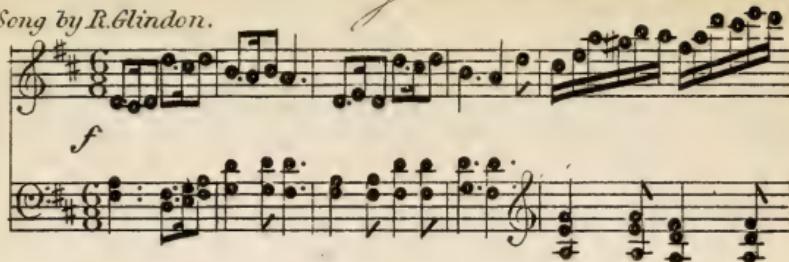
of the air; My bro\_ken spi\_rit would not  
mourn. And fai\_ry hope a\_gain would dawn!

But oh! my torturd bosom tells,  
Too plainly, 'tis reality!  
One burning thought there ever dwells,  
With painful constancy.  
Ah! no, I ne'er shall cease to mourn,  
Sweet hope for me no more will dawn!

# The Funny Dinn.

Comic Song by R. Glindon.

*Allegro  
con Spirto.*



Ladies, and Gentlemen



how do you do Pop in to my comic mu-seum Of things rare and curious I've



got not a few Pop in and you quickly shall see 'em Call when



The musical score consists of five staves of music in G major. The first staff features a treble clef, the second a bass clef, and the third, fourth, and fifth staves feature a C-clef. The music includes various note values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings like a forte sign. The vocal line follows the lyrics provided.

Did you e'er see the Lord Mayor a trundling a Mop

Did you e'er see a bull row a boat sirs,

Did you e'er see a Minister spinning a top,

Or a Member a turning his coat sirs.

Shew them I can &c.

Did you e'er see a black with a face white as snow,

Or an old woman whacking her daughter,

Did you e'er see O'Connell jumping Jim Crow,

Or Mathew get drunk on pump water,

Shew them, &c.

Did you e'er see a Princess roasting a duck,

Or blind people leading the blind sirs,

Did you e'er see a Jew that was dragging a truck

And a Quaker a pushing behind sirs.

Shew them I can, &c.

Did you e'er see a cripple a bowling a hoop,

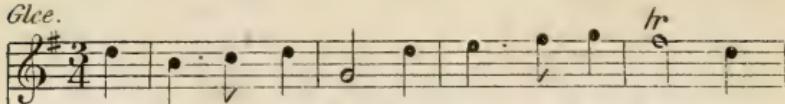
Or a horse drinking punch with a ladle,

Did you e'er see her Majesty making pease soup,

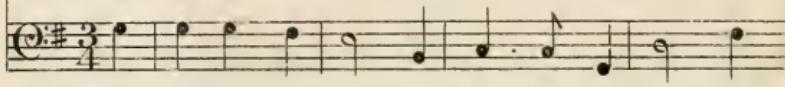
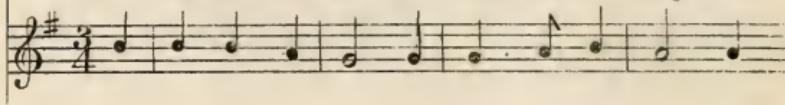
And Prince Albert a rocking the cradle,

Shew them, &c.

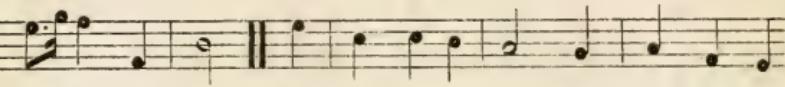
*Let's live and lets love.*

*Glee.*

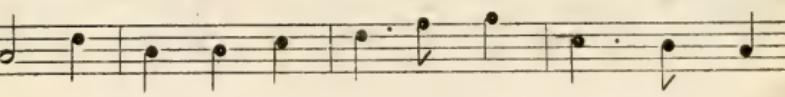
Let's live and lets love, let's laugh and lets sing whilst

*Briskly.*

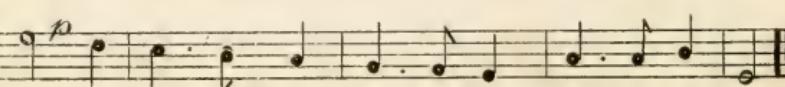
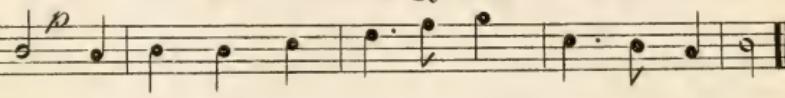
shril e-cho's ring. Our humours agree from cares we are



free and none are more hap-py more hap---py than



we and none are more hap-py more hap---py than we.



# And this is nae my ain House.

And this is nae mine ain house, I left by the big ging of Since  
 with my love I chang'd vows I din na like the big ging of  
 For now that I'm young Robies bride, And mistress of his freaside, Mine  
 ain house I'll like to guide, And please me with the trig ging of.

The farewell to my fathers house,  
 I gang where love invites me,  
 The strictest duty this allows  
 When love with honour meets me;  
 When Hymen moulds us into ane  
 My Robies nearer than my kin,  
 And to refuse him were a sin,  
 Sae lang he kindly treats me.

When I'm in my ain house,  
 True love shall be at hand ay,  
 To make me still a prudent spouse  
 And let my man command ay,  
 Avoiding every cause of strife,  
 The common pest of married life,  
 That makes man wearied of his wife  
 And breakes the kindly band, ay



### THE STREAMLET.

From the Opera of the Woodman.

Composed by W. Shield

*Andante*

*Moderato*

The Stream let that flow'd round her Cot, all the charms, all the

charms of my Emily knew How oft has its course been for  
got While it paus'd While it paus'd her dear Image to woo. How  
oft has its course been for got While it paus'd while it paus'd  
her dear Image to woo.

Believe me the fond silver tide,

Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize,  
For silently swelling with pride,  
it reflected her back to the skies.

*Johnnie Cope!*

Sir John Cope trode the  
 north right far yet ne'er a re-bel he cam near Un-

till he lan-ded at Dun-bar Right ear-ly in the  
 mor-ning Hey John-nie Cope are ye wak-ing yet Or

are ye sleep-ing I would wit O haste ye get up for the



When Charlie looked the letter on,  
He drew his sword the scabbard from,  
Come follow me my merry merry men,  
To meet Johnnie Cope in the morning.  
Hey Johnnie Cope are ye walking yet,  
Or are your drums a beating yet?  
Wi' claymore sharp and music sweet,  
Well make ye mirth I the morning.

Atween the gray day and the sun  
The highland pipes came skirling on:  
Now fyfe Johnnie Cope get up and run,  
Twill be a bloody morning.  
O yon is the warpipes deadlie strum,  
It quells our pipe and drouns our drum,  
The bonnets blue and broadswords come,  
'Twill be a bloody morning.

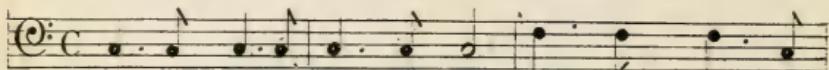
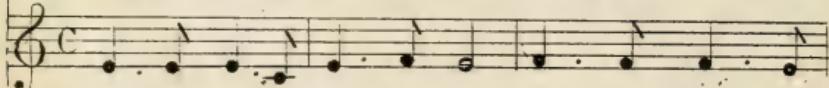
Now Johnnie Cope be as goods your word,  
And try our fate wi fire and sword,  
And tak na wing like a frighten'd bird,  
That's chased frae its nest in the morning.  
The war pipes gave a wilder screed,  
The clans came down wi' wicked speed,  
He laid his leg out o'er a steed,  
I wish you a good morning.

Moist wi' his fear and spurring fast,  
An auld man speered as Johnnie past,  
How speeds it wi' your gallant host!  
I trow they've got their corning,  
I faith quo Johnnie I got a fleg  
Frae the claymore and Philabeg  
If I face them again, Deil break my leg,  
So I wish you a good morning.

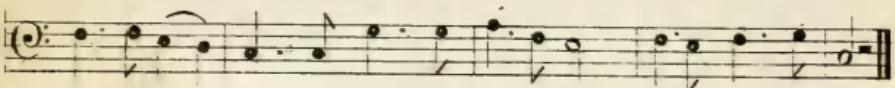
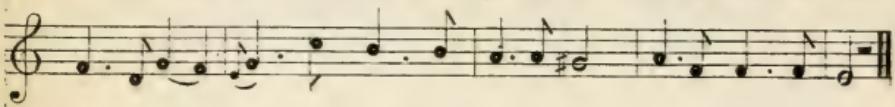
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled:



Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has



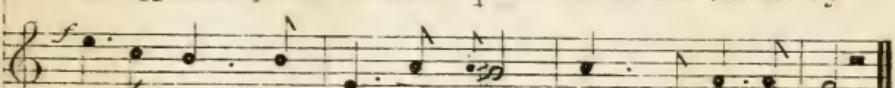
of-ten led; Wel-come to your go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-ry!



Now's the day and now's the hour! See the front of batle lour!



See approach proud Ed-wards pow'r Chains and Sla-ve-ry.





SCOTS WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLEED.

*Sung by M<sup>r</sup>. Wilson.*

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

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 ev'ry foe!  
Liberty's in every blow!  
    Let us do or die!



*Pub<sup>d</sup> by J. Bingley, Moneycais St. Hoxton.*

# Waes me for Prince Charlie.

A wee bird came to our ha' door, he warb-led sweet an' clear lie, and  
 aye the o'er come o' his sang was "Waes me for Prince Char lie" Oh!  
 when I heard the bonnie bonnie bird, The tears cam' drap-pin rare ly, I  
 took my ban..net aff my head, for weel I loed Prince Char lie.

Quo' I bird my bonnie bonnie bird,  
 Is that a tale ye borrow;  
 Or is't some words ye've learnt by rote,  
 Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow?  
 "Oh! no, no, no, the wee bird sang,  
 "I've flown sin' mornin' earlie;  
 "But sie a day o' win' an' rain,  
 "Oh! waes me for Prince Charlie!"

"On hills that are by right his ain  
 "He roams a lonely Stranger  
 "On illa hand he's press'd by want  
 "On illa side by danger  
 "Yestreen I met him in a Glen  
 "My heart near bursted fairly  
 "For sadly chang'd indeed was he  
 "Oh waes me for Prince Charlie!"

Dark night came on the tempest howld  
 Out owre the hills and vallies,  
 "And whar wast that your Prince lay down,  
 "Wha's hame should been a Palace?  
 "He row'd him in a highland plaid,  
 "Which covered him but sparely,  
 "And slept beneath a bush o'broom:  
 "Oh waes me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red coats,  
 "And he shook his wings wi' anger;  
 "Oh, this is no aland for me,  
 "I'll tarry here nae langer;"  
 Awhile he hoverd on the wing  
 Ere he departed fairly;  
 But weel I mind the farewell strain  
 "Twas "Waes me for Prince Charlie!"

# *Wha wadna fight for Charlie?*

*Wha wadna fight for Charlie; Wha wadna*

*draw the sword? Wha wadna up and rally At their royal Prince's word?*

*Think on Scotia's ancient heroes Think on foreign foes repell'd Think on glorious*

*Bruce and Wallace Wha the proud usurpers quell'd.*

Wha wadna &c.

Rouse, rouse ye killed warriors!

Rouse, ye heroes of the north

Rouse and join your Cheiftain's banners,

'Tis your Prince that leads you forth.

Wha wadna &c.

Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?

Shall we own a foreign sway?

Shall a royal Smart be banish'd?

While a stranger rules the day.

Wha wadna &c.

See the northern clans advancing,

See Glengary and Lochiel!

See the brandish'd broad swords glancing!

If Highland hearts are true as steel.

Wha wadna &c.

Now our Prince has rear'd his banner;

Now triumphant is our cause,

Now the scottish Lion rallies,

Let us strike for Prince and laws.

# My boy Tammy.

Sung by M<sup>r</sup>. Wilson.



Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy! Whar hae ye been a' day,

my boy Tammy! I've been by burn and flowry brae,

Meadow green and mountain gray; Courting o' this young thing,

Just come frae her mammy.

And whar gat ye that young thing, my Boy Tammy;  
 I gat her down in yonder How,  
 Smiling on a bonny know,  
 Herding ae wee Lamb and Ewe,  
 For her poor Mammy.

What said ye to the Bonny Bairn, my Boy Tammy;  
 I prais'd her E'en, so lovely blue  
 Her cherry cheek and bonny mou'  
 I pree'd it aft, as ye may true,  
 She said, she'd tell her Mammy.

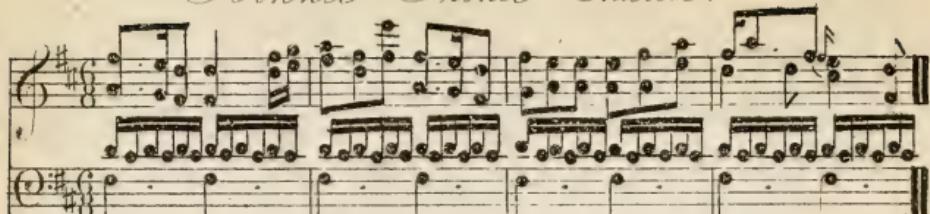
I held her to my beating heart, my young, my smiling lammy;  
 I hae a houſe, it eost me dear,  
 I've walſt o' plenishan and gear.  
 Ye'se get it a' was't ten times mair,  
 Gin ye will leave your Mammy.

The smiel gae'd aff her bouny face, I mann nae leave my Mammy,  
 She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claes,  
 She's been my comfort a' my days,  
 My father's death brought mony waes,  
 I mann nae leave my Mammy.

We'll tak her hame, and mak her fain, my ain kind-hearted lammy,  
 We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claes,  
 We'll be her comfort a' her days,  
 The we thing gies her hand, and says,  
 There, go and ask my Mammy.

Has she been to the Kirk wi' thee, My Boy Tammy,  
 She has been to the Kirk wi' me,  
 And the tear stood in her Ee,  
 But oh! she's but a young thing.  
 Just come frae her Mammy.

# Bonnie Prince Charlie.



Came ye by Ath...old lad wi the Phil...a beg Down by the Tummel or

Musical notation for the second system of 'Bonnie Prince Charlie'. The key signature changes to D major (no sharps or flats). The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bassoon part is in the bass clef. The lyrics begin with 'Came ye by Ath...old lad wi the Phil...a beg Down by the Tummel or'.

banks o'the Garry, Saw ye the lad wi his bonnet and white cockade Leaving his mountains to

Musical notation for the third system of 'Bonnie Prince Charlie'. The key signature remains D major. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bassoon part is in the bass clef. The lyrics continue with 'banks o'the Garry, Saw ye the lad wi his bonnet and white cockade Leaving his mountains to'.

fol low Prince Charlie, Follow thee follow thee wha wad na follow thee Lang hast thou

Musical notation for the fourth system of 'Bonnie Prince Charlie'. The key signature remains D major. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bassoon part is in the bass clef. The lyrics continue with 'fol low Prince Charlie, Follow thee follow thee wha wad na follow thee Lang hast thou'.

lov'd and trusted us fair...ly Char...lie Char...lie wha wad na fol...low the e

Musical notation for the fifth system of 'Bonnie Prince Charlie'. The key signature remains D major. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bassoon part is in the bass clef. The lyrics continue with 'lov'd and trusted us fair...ly Char...lie Char...lie wha wad na fol...low the e'.

King o' the Highland hearts bonny Prince Charlie.

I hae but a son my brave young Donald But if I had ten they

would follow Glengarry Health to Mc Donald and gallant Clanronald For they are

the lads that would die for Prince Charlie Follow thee follow thee wha wadna follow thee

Lang hast thou lovd and trust ed ns fair ly Char lie Char lie wha wadna follow thee

King o' the Highland Hearts bonny Prince Charlie.

*And ye shall walk in silk attire.*



And ye shall walk in silk attire,  
And silker hae to spare. Gin  
ye'll consent to be his bride, Nor think of Donald mair. Oh!

Musical score continuation for two voices and piano, showing measures 5-8. The vocal parts continue their melody, and the piano provides harmonic support.

wha wou'd buy a silk-en gown, Wi a poor broken heart. Or

Musical score continuation for two voices and piano, showing measures 9-12. The vocal parts continue their melody, and the piano provides harmonic support.

Musical score continuation for two voices and piano, showing measures 13-16. The vocal parts continue their melody, and the piano provides harmonic support.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) and piano. The vocal parts are in common time, and the piano part is in 2/4 time. The vocal parts sing in unison. The piano part features eighth-note chords in the bass and treble staves.

The mind whose every wish is pure,

Far dearer is to me;

And ere I'm forced to break my faith,

I'll lay me down and die;

For I haec pledged my virgin troth,

Brave Donalds fate to share;

And he has given to me his heart,

Wi a its virtues rare.

His gentle manners won my heart,

He, gratesfu' took the gift;

Could I but think to seek it back,

It would be war than theft.

For langest life can neer repay

The love he bears to me;

And ere I'm forced to break my troth,

I'll lay me down and die.

# Charlie is my darling.

Charlie is my dar... ling my dar... ling my dar... ling Oh! Charlie is my dar... ling The  
 young Chevalier Twas on a Monday morn... ing Ragu early in the year When Charlie came to  
 our Town, the young Chevalier Oh! Charlie is my dar... ling my  
 dar... ling my dar... ling Oh! Charlie is my darling The young Chevalier.

As he came marching up the street,  
 The pipes play'd loud and clear,  
 And a' the folk came running out,  
 To meet the Chevalier.  
 Wi' Highland bonnets on their heads,  
 And claymores lang and clear,  
 They came to fight for Scotland's right,  
 And the young Chevalier.

Oh! Charlie, &c.

Now ha'd awa' ye Lowland loon,  
 And court nae lassie here,  
 The Highland man's came back again,  
 Wi' the young Chevalier.  
 And its up yon heathery Mountain,  
 And down yon craggy glen,  
 We dare nae go a milking  
 For Charlie and his men.

Oh! Charlie, &c.

# Welcome Royal Charlie!

97

The man that should our  
King ha' been he wore the royal red and green A braver lad ye wad na seen Than  
our young royal Charlie O ye've been lang o' coming Lang lang lang o' coming  
O ye've been lang o' coming Wel come royal Charlie

When Charlie in the Highland shiel  
Forgathrit wi' the great Lochiel,  
O sic kindness did prevail  
Atween the cheif and Charlie,  
O ye've been lang o' coming &c.

But at Falkirk and Preston Pans,  
Supported by our Highland clans,  
He brak the Hanoverian bands,  
Our brave young royal Charlie,  
O ye've been lang o' coming &c.

We daurna brew a peck o' man  
But Geordie he mann cat a fan't.  
And to our kail wi' scarce get sate,  
For want o' Royal Charlie,

O ye've been lang o' coming &c.

Since our true King was turnd awa,  
A doited German rales us a.  
And we are forc'd against the law,  
For the right belangs to Charlie,  
O ye've been lang o' coming &c.



## My Valentine

Music score for two voices (Soprano and Alto) and piano.

The score consists of eight staves of music, divided into four systems of two staves each. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature varies between common time (indicated by a 'C') and six-eight time (indicated by a '6/8').

**Soprano Part:**

- System 1: Treble clef, 8 measures.
- System 2: Treble clef, 6/8 time, 8 measures.
- System 3: Treble clef, 8 measures.
- System 4: Treble clef, 8 measures.

**Alto Part:**

- System 1: Bass clef, 8 measures.
- System 2: Bass clef, 6/8 time, 8 measures.
- System 3: Bass clef, 8 measures.
- System 4: Bass clef, 8 measures.

**Piano Part:**

- System 1: Treble clef, 8 measures.
- System 2: Treble clef, 6/8 time, 8 measures.
- System 3: Treble clef, 8 measures.
- System 4: Treble clef, 8 measures.

**Text:**

Come Hope and sweep the trembling strings.

drop from thy pin...ions balm di vine, while  
droop ing o'er my Lyre I sing. The  
graces of my Valen...ine, my Valen...ine, my  
Valen...ine, the graces of my Valen...ine.

The frozen brook, the mountain snow,  
The pearls that on the thistle shine,  
The northern winds that chilly blow,  
Are emblems of my Valentine.

Pale sorrow shades the quivering flame,  
That gleams on tru's neglected shrine,  
Faint by those sighs which still proclaim,  
How much I love thee Valentine!

Whene'er the icy hand of death,  
Shall grasp this sensate frame of mine  
On my cold lip, the fleeting breath,  
Shall murmur forth, dear Valentine.

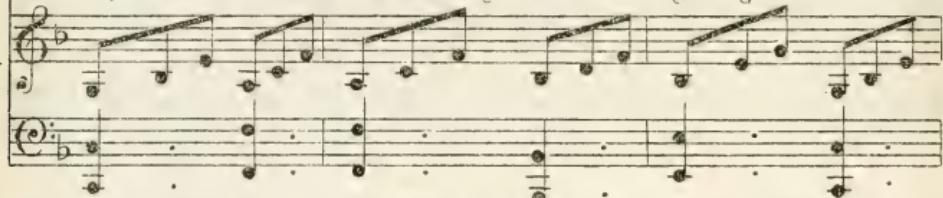
The lament of Flora Macdonald.

Far o-ver you hills of the heather so green, And down by the correi that

*Expressivo.*



sings to the sea, The bonny young Flora sat sighing her lane, The



dew on her plaid and the tear in her ee. She lookid at a boat with the



breezes that swing A-way on the wave, Like a bird of the main, And



aye as it les-sen'd she sigh'd and she sung, Fare-well to the lad I shall



ne'er see a gain, Fare weel to my he-ro, the gal lant and young! Fare-  
 weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a gain.

"The moorcock that crans on the brow of Ben Connal,

"He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy haune;

"The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs o' Clan Ronald,

"Unaw'd and unhnnted, his eiry can claim.

"The Solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore;

"The Cormorant roost on the rock of the sea;

"But ho! there is ane whose hard fate I deplore;

"Nor house, ha!nor hame, in this country has he.

"The conflict is past, and our name is no more;

"There's naught left but sorrow for Scotland and me.

"The target is torn from the arms of the just,

"The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,

"The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,

"But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;

"The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,

"Have trode o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blae.

"Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,

"When tyranny revell'd in blood of the tene?

"Fareweel my young hero, the gallant and good!

"The crown of thy Father is torn from thy brow.





*The Laird o' Cockpen.*

Music score for two voices. The top staff is in G major, common time, with a treble clef. The bottom staff is in G major, common time, with a bass clef.

The Laird o' Cock pen, He's proud and he's great, His mind is taen up wi the

Music score for two voices. The top staff is in G major, common time, with a treble clef. The bottom staff is in G major, common time, with a bass clef.

Down by the burn side a Lady did dwell,  
At the head o'his table he thought shēd look well,  
M<sup>r</sup>. Jean she was makin the elder flower wine,  
And what brings the Laird here at sic a like time.  
Macleishis ae Danghter o' Clavers ha lee  
She put off her apron, and on her silk gown,  
A pennyless lass wi a lang pedigree.  
Her mooth wi'red ribbons, and gaed awa down.

His wig was well pouther'd, and as guude as new.  
His waistcoat was red, and his coat it was blne.  
And when she came in, the Laird lookd fu low,  
And what was his errand he soon let her know.  
A ring on his finger, his sword, and cock'd hat,  
But oh how he stared when the Lady said na,  
And wha could refuse the auld Laird wi'a that.  
And wi'a laigh Gartsey she then turned awa

He mounted his mare, he rode cannilie,  
The Laird was dum founder'd nae sigh did he goe  
And rapt at the yett o' Clavers ha lee;  
He mounted his mare, he rode cannilie;  
Gae tell M<sup>r</sup>. Jean to come speedily ben.  
And often he thought as he gaed thro' the glen.  
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.  
She is daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

# Duncan's Ladd.

Words by Burns.

Duncan Gray came here to woo Ha ha the wooing O't. On  
 blythe yale night when we were fu', Ha ha the wooing O't. Maggie coost her  
 head fu' high Lookid asldent and un-co skeigh. Gart poor Dun-can  
 stand a-beigh Ha ha the wooing O't.

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing O't.  
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing O't.  
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in.  
 Grat his een baith bleest and blinn  
 Spak o' loupung o'er a linn  
 Ha, ha, the wooing O't.

Time and chance are but a tide,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing O't.  
 Slighted love is sare to bide,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing O't.  
 Shall I like a fool quoth he,  
 For a haughty hizzie die,  
 She may gae to France for me,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing O't.

How it comes let Doctors tell,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing O't.  
 Meg grew sick as he grew heal,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing O't.  
 Somthing in her bosom wrings,  
 For relief a sigh she brings,  
 And oh, her een they speak sic things,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing O't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing O't.  
 Maggies was a pitous case  
 Ha, ha, the wooing O't.  
 Duncan condna be her death,  
 Duncan condna be her death,  
 Swelling pity sinno'd his wrath,  
 Now they're crouse and canty baith,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing O't.

Young Peggy blooms our Bonniest Lass. 105

Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,  
Her blush is like the morning, With rosy dawn the  
springing grass, With early gems adorning, Her eyes outshine the radiant beams That  
gild the passing shower, And glitter o'er the crystal streams And cheer each freshning flower.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,  
A richer dye has graced them,  
To charm the admiring gazer's sight,  
And sweetly tempt to taste them;  
Her smile is as the evening mild,  
When feath'red pairs are courting,  
And little lambs wanton wild,  
In playful bands disporting.

Were fortune lovely Peggy's foe,  
Such sweetness would relent her.  
As blooming spring unbends the brow  
Of sulky savage winter.  
Distractions eye no aim can gain  
Her winning pow'rs to lessen,  
And fretfull envy gins in vain.  
The poison'd woth to fasten.

Ye pow'rs of honour, love and truth,  
From every ill defend her,  
Inspire the highly favour'd youth  
The destinies intend her;  
Still fan the sweet connubial flame,  
Responsive in each bosom,  
And bless the dear paternal name  
With many a filial bosom.

*Royal Charlie.**Spiritoso.*

*mf*      *p*      *f*

The musical score consists of five systems of music, each with three staves: Treble, Bass, and Cello/Bassoon. The key signature varies by system. The first system starts in G major (two sharps) and ends in F major (one sharp). The second system starts in F major (one sharp) and ends in E major (no sharps or flats). The third system starts in E major (no sharps or flats) and ends in D major (one sharp). The fourth system starts in D major (one sharp) and ends in C major (no sharps or flats). The fifth system starts in C major (no sharps or flats) and ends in B major (two sharps). The tempo is marked as *Spiritoso*. The dynamics include *mf*, *p*, and *f*.

Theres news frae Moidart cam' yestreen, Will  
 soon gar mony fer lie; For ships o' war ha'e just come in. An'  
 land ed royal Charlie. Come thro' the heather, a--  
 round him gather, Ye're a the wel com er ear ly; A-

The musical score consists of four staves of handwritten notation on five-line staff paper. The first three staves are in common time, while the fourth staff begins with a 'fz' (fortissimo) dynamic and is in common time. The lyrics are written below the staves, corresponding to the music. The first two staves have lyrics in the first section, while the third and fourth staves have lyrics in the second section. The fourth staff starts with a forte dynamic and includes a tempo marking 'Animato poca più lento' above the staff.

round him cling wi' your kin for whall be King bat Char lie come  
 thro' the heather a round him gith er Come Ronald come Donald come  
*Expression*

*Animato poca più lento*

3 the gither Ail crown your right in law in Eng For whall be King bat Charlie

The Highland laddie wi' sword in hand,  
 Frae John o' Groat's to Airthy,  
 Hale to a man declar'd to stand  
 Or fa' wi' royal Charlie.  
 Come thro' the Heather, &c.

The Lowlands a' baith great an' smal'  
 Wi' mony a lord an' laird, hae  
 Declar'd for Scotia's Eng an' tare,  
 An' speir ye wha bat Charlie  
 Come thro' the Heather, &c.

There's never a lass in a the land,  
 'But vows baith late an' early  
 To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand  
 Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.  
 Come thro' the Heather, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlies cause,  
 An' be't compleat an early,  
 His very name our hearts' blood warms  
 To arms for royal Charlie.  
 Come thro' the Heather &c.

## If a' the airts the wind can blow.

*Andante  
Moderato*

Of a' the airts the wind can blow I dear...ly like the west For  
 there the bonny Lassie lives the Lassie I loe best, Theres  
 wild woods grow and ri...vers flow and mon...ny hill be tween But  
 day and night my fan...cys flight is e...ver wi... my Jean

I see her in the dew-y flow'rs I see her sweet an fair;  
 hear her in the tune-ful birds, I hear her charm the Air There's  
 not a bon-ny flow'r that spring by foun-tain shaw or green There's  
 not a bon-ny bird that sings but mind's me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks of flowing clyde, the lasses bush them braw,  
 But when their best they hae put on my Jeanie dings them a'  
 In hamely weeds she far exceeds, the fairest of the town,  
 Baith grave and gay confess it sae, tho' drest in rustic goun;  
 The ganiesome lambs that sucks the dam mair hamless canna be  
 She has nae fault (if sic we cat) except her love for me.  
 The sparkling dew of clearest hue is like her shining e'en.  
 In shape an air wha can compare wi' my sweet lovely Jean.

O blaw ye westlin' winds, blaw saft among the leafy trees.  
 Wi' genic breath frae muir an dale bring hame the laden bees,  
 An bring the lassie back to me that's ave sae neat an clean,  
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care see charming is my Jean.  
 What sighs an vows among the knowes hae past between us twa,  
 How fair's to meet, how wae to part, that day she gade awa.  
 The pow'as aboon can only Jean, to whom the heart is seen,  
 That name can be sae dear to me, as my sweet lovely Jean.

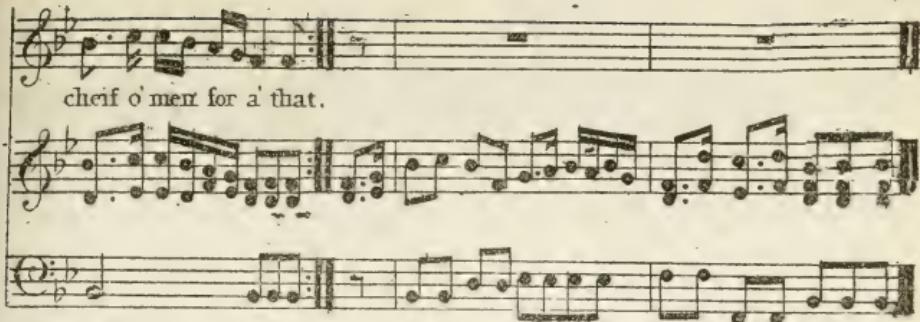
# A Man's a Man for a' that.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The instruments include a treble clef part, an alto clef part, a bass clef part, and a cello/bass part. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the bass and cello parts.

What though on hame ly fare we dine Wear hod den gray an'a' that Gie

fools their silk and knaves their wine A man's a man for a' that For a' that an a' that Their

tin sel show an a' that An honest man tho' ne'er so poor ls



cheif o' merr for a' that.

Wha wad for honest poverty,  
Hang down their heads an a' that,  
The coward slave we pass him by  
And dare be poor for a' that,

For a' that and a' that,  
Their purse proud looks and a' that  
In ragged coats ye'll often find  
The noblest hearts for a' that

Ye see yan birkie ca'd a lord  
Wha struts and stares and a' that,  
Tho hunderds worship at his word,  
He's but a cuif for a' that,  
For a' that and a' that,  
His ribbon star and a' that,  
A man of independent mind,  
Can look and laugh and a' that.

The King can make a belted knight,  
A Marquis Duke and a' that  
The honest mans above his might,  
Guid faith he manna' fa' that,  
For a' that and a' that,  
His dignities and a' that,  
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth,  
Are grander far than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
And come it shall for a' that,  
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth.  
Shall baith agree for a' that,  
For a' that and a' that,  
Its coming yet for a' that,  
When man and man the world o'er,  
Shall bretheren be and a' that.

## Oh Tibbie I haer seen thi day.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, key signature of one sharp. The first staff uses a treble clef and the second staff uses a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts:

O Tibbie I haer seen the day ye wad na been sa shy Fa laiko gear ye lightly me But  
 troth I care na by O troth I care na by Yes tern I met you on the moor Ye  
 spak na but gaid by like stonse Ye geek at me be cause I'm poor But  
 faint a hair I care

I doubt na lass but ye may think  
 Because ye haer my name o' clink.  
 That ye can please me at a wink.  
 Whenever ye like to try.  
 O Tibbie &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean.  
 Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean.  
 Wha follows ony saucy quean.  
 That looks sae prond and high.  
 O Tibbie &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart.  
 If that he want the yellow dirt.  
 Yell cast your head anither airt.  
 And answer him fa dry.  
 O Tibbie &c.

But if he haer the name o' gear.  
 Yell fasten to him like a brier.  
 Tho' hardly he for sense or leat.  
 Be better than the kye.  
 O Tibbie &c.

But Tibbie lass tak my advice.  
 Your daddies gear makes you sae nice.  
 The deil a ane wad spier your price.  
 Were ye as poor as I.  
 O Tibbie &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park.  
 I would na gie her in her sark.  
 For thec wi' a thy thousand mark.  
 Ye need na look sae high.  
 O Tibbie &c.

# Gala Water.

113

Braw, braw lads on Yar\_row braes That wander thro the  
blooming hea\_ther But Yar\_row braes nor Et\_trick shaws Can  
match the lads o' Galla wa\_ter

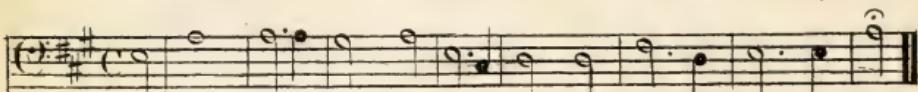
But there is ane, a secret ane,  
Aboon them a' I loe him better;  
And I'll be his and he'll be mine,  
The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

Although his daddie was nac laird,  
And tho' I hae meikle tocher;  
Yet rich in kindest, trnest love,  
We'll tent our flocks by Gala water.

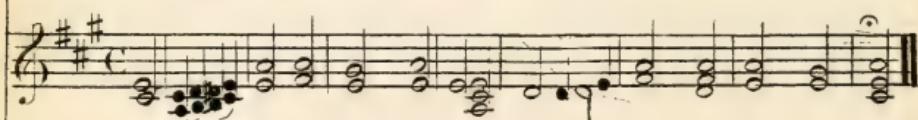
It ne'er was wealth it ne'er was wealth,  
That coft contentment, peace or pleasure,  
The bands and bliss o'mnial love,  
O that's the chiefest wold's treasure.



## THE BOAR'S HEAD SONG.



The Boars head in hand bear I Edeckd with bays and rose-ma-ry



And I pray you, my masters, be merry, Quo<sup>t</sup>es tis in con<sub>v</sub>i<sub>v</sub>o.

Ca<sub>-</sub>put A<sub>-</sub>pri de<sub>-</sub>fe<sub>-</sub>ro, Red<sub>-</sub>dens lau<sub>-</sub>des Do<sub>-</sub>mi<sub>-</sub>no

The Boar's head, as I understand,  
Is the bravest dish in all the land.  
When thus bedeck'd with a gay garland,  
Let us servire cantico.

Caput, &c.

Our steward hath provided this  
In honour of the King of bliss,  
Which on this day to be served is  
In Reginensi Atrio.

Caput, &c.

*Logan Braes.*

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, with lyrics integrated into the vocal line. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The key signature changes throughout the piece, indicated by various sharps and flats. The lyrics are as follows:

O Lo-gan sweet-ly didst thou glide The  
day I was my Wil-lies bride And years sin-syne hae  
o'er us run like Lo-gan to the sum-mer sun  
But now thy flow-ry banks ap-pear Like drum-lie win-ter.

dark and drear While my dear lad man face his faes Far  
far trae me and lo-gan braes

Again the merry month of May  
Has made our hills and valleys gay;  
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,  
The bees hum round the breathing flowers:  
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,  
And evenings tears are tears of joy;  
My soul, delightless, a' surveys.  
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within you milk white hawthorn bush,  
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush  
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil  
Or wi' his sang her care begidle  
But I wi' my sweet nurshings here  
Nae mate to help nae mate to cheer  
Pass widow'd nights and joy less days  
While Willies far frae Logan braes

O, wae upon you, man o' state,  
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!  
As ye make many a fond heart mourn,  
Sae may it on your heads return,  
How can your flinty hearts enjoy  
The widow'd tear the orphan's cry,  
But soon may peace bring happy days,  
And Wilhe hame to Logan braes!



Ga...ther your rose buds whilst you may old Time is still a

*(Musical score for three staves in common time, C major, featuring a melody line, a bass line, and a harmonic line.)*

fly ing, And that same flow'r that smiles to day to mor...row  
 may be dy...ing, The gloriou...s lamp of heav'n the sun, The  
 higher he is get...ting, The soon...er  
 will his race be run, And near...er he's to set...ting.

# My ain kind dearie O'

The sheet music consists of ten staves of musical notation for voice and piano. The key signature changes from G major to C major to F# major throughout the piece. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines.

When o'er the hills the eastern star, Tells bright in time is  
near, my jo; And owsen frae the furrow'd field, Return sae donff and weaey, O; Down  
by the burn, where scented birkis Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo, I'll meet thee on the  
lea rig, My ain kind dearie, O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,  
I'd rove and neer be eerie, O,  
If through the glen I gaed to thee,  
My ain kind dearie, O,  
Altho' the night were neer sae wild;  
And I were neer sae weane, O,  
I'd meet thee on the lea rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O.

# Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?

Does haughty Gaul in vasion threat Then let the loons be ware Sir

There's wooden walls upon our seas And vo lun teers on shore Sir

The Nith shall run to Cor sin con And Crif fel sink in Solway

Ere we per mit a fo reign foe On Bri tish ground to ral ly

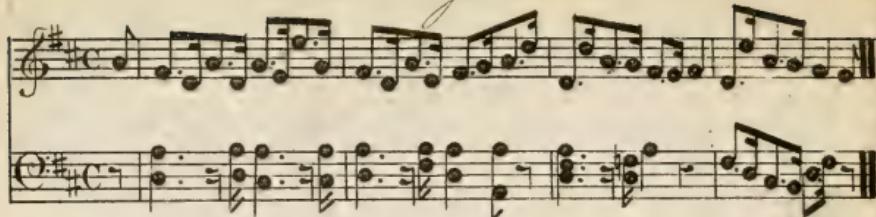
O let us not like snarling eurs,  
In wrangling be divided, O,  
'till slap come in an unco loon,  
And wi' a rung decide it, O.  
Be Britain still to Britain true,  
Among ourselves united;  
For never but by British hands  
Must British wrongs be righted.

The wretch that wou'd a tyrant own,  
And the wretch his me born brother  
Who'd set the mob aboon the throne  
May they be hanged to gether.

The kettle of the kirk and state,  
Perhaps a clanb may fail int, O.  
But deil a foreign tinkler loon  
Shall ever ea' a nail int, O.  
Our fathers blood the kettle bought  
And who wou'd dare to spoil it?  
By heav'n, the sacrilegious dog  
Shall fuel be to boil it!

Who will not sing "God save the King,"  
Shall hang as high as the steeple;  
But while we sing "God save the King"  
We'll ne'er forget the people.

*Tulloingorum:*



Come gie's a sang Montgomery cried, And lay your disputes all aside, What

non-sense 'tis for folks to chide, For what's been done before them?

Let Whig and To ry all a-gree, Whig and To ry, Whig and To ry,

Whig and To ry all a-gree, To drop their Whig-meg-mo-rum. Let

O Tullochgorum's my delight,  
It gars us a' in aine unite,  
And ony sumph that keeps up spite  
In conscience I abhor him.  
For blythe and merry we's be a,  
Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,  
Blythe and merry we's be a,  
And mak' a cheerfu' quorum.  
Elythe and merry we's be a,  
As lang as we hae breath to draw,  
And dance till we be like to fa',  
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

There need na be sae great a phraize,  
Wi dringing duff Italian lays;  
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys  
For half a hundred score o' em  
There douff and dowie at the best,  
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,  
They're douff and dowie at the best,  
Wi a their variorum.  
They're douff and dowie at the best,  
Their allegros, and a' the rest,  
They camma please a Highland taste  
Compard wi Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool  
Who wants to be oppression's tool,  
May envy gnaw his rotten soul  
And discontent devour him!  
May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,

Let worldly minds themselves oppress.  
Wi' fear o' want, and double cess,  
And silly sauls themselves distress  
Wi' keeping up decorum.  
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky  
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit  
Like old Philosophorum.  
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit  
Wi' neither sense nor mirth nor wit  
Nor ever try to shake a fit  
To the reel o' Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend  
Each honest hearted open friend  
And calm and quiet be his end  
And a thots good watch oer him  
May peace and plenty be his lot  
Peace and plenty peace and plenty  
May peace and plenty be his lot  
And dainties a great store o' em  
May peace and plenty be his lot  
Unstaind by any vicious blot  
And may he never want a groat  
Thats fond o' Tullochgorum.

May dool and sorrow be his chance  
And honest souls abhor him  
May dool and sorrow be his chance  
And a the ills that come frae France  
Whae'er he be that winna dance  
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

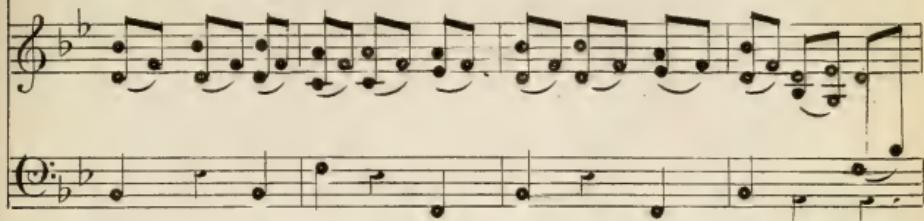
*Robin Adie.*

What's this dull town to me, Robbin's not near;

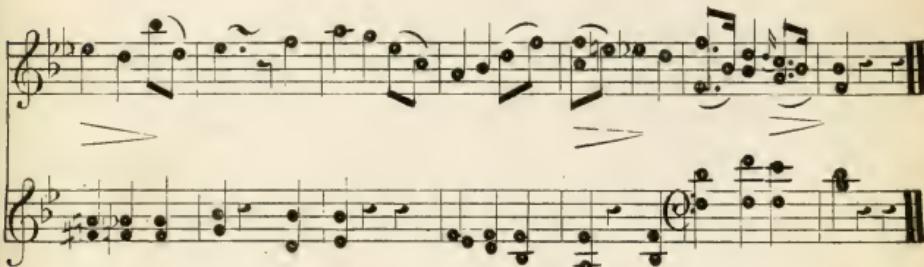
What wast I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear;



Where's all the joy and mirth, Made this town a heav'n on earth,



Oh! they're all fled with thee, Roбин Adair.



What made th' assembly shine,  
Robin Adair.

What made the ball so fine,  
Robin was there.

What when the play was o'er,

What made my heart so sore,

Oh! it was parting with

Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,  
Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,  
Robin Adair.

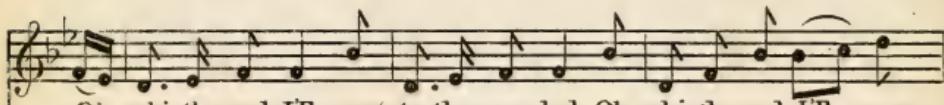
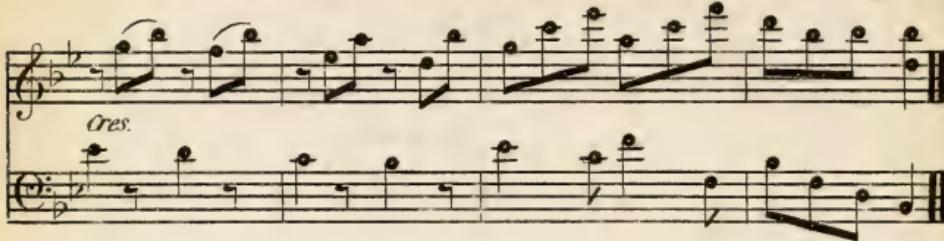
Yet him I lov'd so well,

Still in my heart shall dwell,

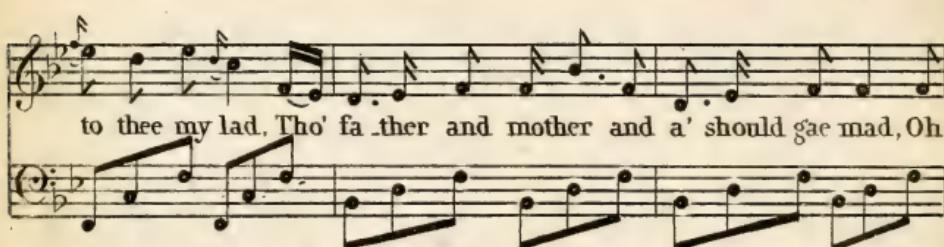
Oh! I can ne'er forget

Robin Adair.

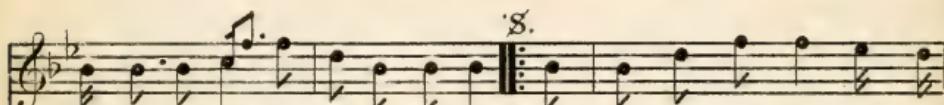
*Oh whistle and I'll come to thee my lad.*



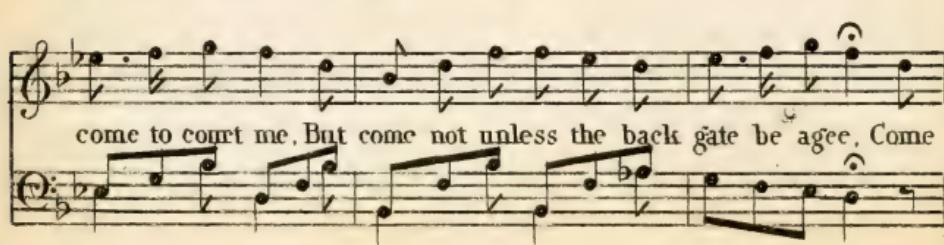
Oh whistle and I'll come to thee my lad, Oh whistle and I'll come



to thee my lad, Tho' fa .ther and mother and a' should gae mad, Oh



whistle and I'll come to thee my lad. Come down the back stairs when you



come to court me, But come not unless the back gate be agreee, Come

The musical score consists of six staves of music in common time and G major. The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass F-clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The score is divided into two sections by a vertical bar line.

down the back stairs and let no body see, And come as you were na  
 com ing to me, Then whistle and I'll come to thee my lad, Oh  
 whistle and I'll come to thee my lad, Tho' fa ther and mother and  
 a' should gae mad. Oh whistle and I'll come to thee my lad.

S. At Kirk or at Market, whene'er ye meet me  
 Gang by me as though that ye card na a flee,  
 But gie me a blink wi your bonie black ee,  
 Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

Oh whistle, &c.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,  
 And why ye may lightly my beauty a wee,  
 But court nae anither, though joking ye be  
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me,

Oh whistle, &c.

# *Her partial taste.*

1

Her par\_tial taste whene'er I touch'd the  
 Still in my song her par\_tial  
 By none but her my crook with flowr's was

lyre still in my song found some-  
 taste whene'er I touch'd the lyre when\_e'er I touch'd  
 crown'd by none but her my brows

thing to ad\_mire her partial taste her par\_tial  
 I touch'd the lyre still in my  
 with ro\_ses bound by none but her by none but

2

taste when e'er I touch'd the lyre  
 song found some\_thing to ad\_mire.

3

her my brows with ro\_ses bound.

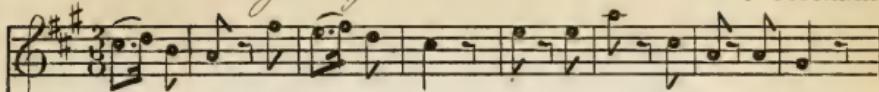
Glee.

# Lightly Tread.

129

J. Scotland.

Andante.



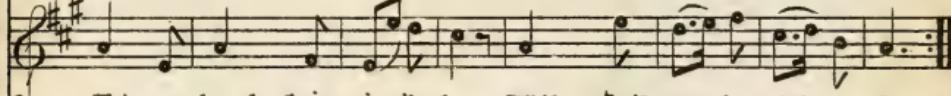
Lightly tread 'tis hallow'd ground, Hark above, below, a round,

Lightly tread 'tis hallow'd ground, Hark above, below, a round,

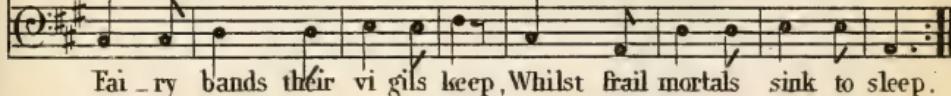
Lightly tread 'tis hallow'd ground, Hark above, below, a round,



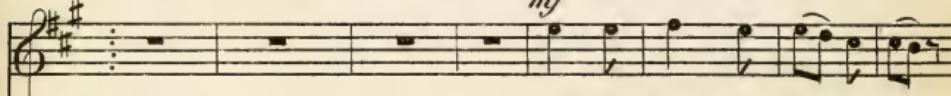
Fai - ry bands their vi gils keep, Whilst frail mortals sink to sleep.



Fai - ry bands their vi gils keep, Whilst frail mortals sink to sleep.

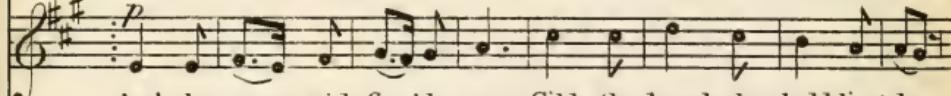


Fai - ry bands their vi gils keep, Whilst frail mortals sink to sleep.

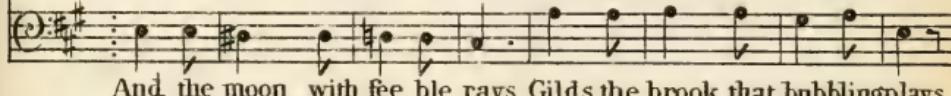


*mf*

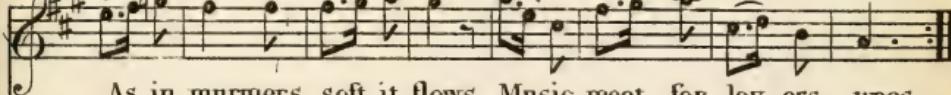
Gilds the brook that bubbling plays,



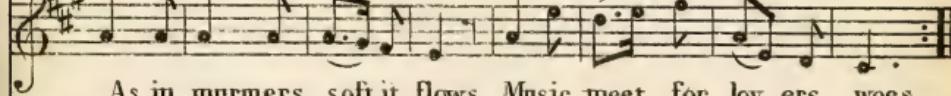
And the moon with fee ble rays, Gilds the brook that bubbling plays.



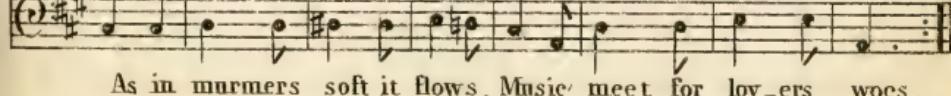
And the moon with fee ble rays, Gilds the brook that bubbling plays.



As in murmers soft it flows, Music meet for lov ers woes.



As in murmers soft it flows, Music meet for lov ers woes.



As in murmers soft it flows, Music meet for lov ers woes.



*John Anderson my joe.*

John Anderson my joe, John I wonder what ye mean,  
To rise so ear ly in the morn, And sit sae late at een Yell

C: C: C: C: C: C:

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is: "bleer out a your e'en John, and why should ye do so, Gang" followed by a repeat sign. The second section continues: "sooner to your bed at e'en Jolin Ander...son my joe." The music concludes with a final section of lyrics: "John Anderson, my joe, John, whan namre first began, To try her canny hand, her master work was man; And you amang them a John so trig frae top to toe She prov'd to be nae journey work, John Anderson my joe."

John Anderson, my joe, John, whan namre first began,  
To try her canny hand, her master work was man;  
And you amang them a John so trig frae top to toe  
She prov'd to be nae journey work, John Anderson my joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, ye were my first conceit,  
And ye need na think it strange, John, tho' I ca' ye trim and neat;  
Tho' some foke say ye're anld John I never think ye so,  
But I think ye're aye the same to me, John Anderson my joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, we've seen our bairns, bairns,  
And yet my dear John Anderson, I'm happy in your arms;  
And sae are ye in mine, John, I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,  
Tho' the days are gane that we hae seen, John Anderson my joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, what pleasure does it gie,  
To see sae mony sprouts, John, spring up 'tween you and me;  
And ilka lad and lass, John, in our footsteps to go.  
Make perfect heaven here on earth, John Anderson my joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, when we were first acquaint,  
Your looks were like the raven, your bonny brow was brent;  
But now your heads turnd bald, John, your locks are like the snow,  
Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson my joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, frae year to year we've past,  
And soon that year maun come, John, will bring us to our last:  
But let na' that affright us John, our hearts were ne'er our foe.  
While in innocent delight we liv'd, John Anderson my joe.

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

*An' thou wert my ain' thing.*

Musical score for "An' thou wert my ain' thing." The score consists of two staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The top staff is for the vocal part, and the bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

The lyrics are:

An' thou wert my ain... thing, O I would  
 dolce.  
 love thee, I would love thee; An' thou wert my  
 ain... thing, How dear... ly would I love... thee!

The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The piano part includes chords and bass notes. The vocal line has several melodic phrases with slurs and grace notes.

Of race di... vine thou need'st, must be, Since  
nae thing earth ly equals thee; For Hea... ven's sake, then  
fa... vour me, Who on... ly lives to love... thee.

The gods one thing peculiar have,  
To ruin none whom they can save;  
Then for their sake, support a slave,  
Who only lives to love thee.

An thou wert, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,  
But that I love, and for your sake  
What man can name I'll undertake,  
So dearly do I love thee.

An thou wert, &c.

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



glee. *O' all the brave birds.*

*N. Freeman 1667.*

Of all the brave birds that e-\_\_ver I see, The  
 Of all the brave birds that e-\_\_ver I see, The  
 Of all the brave birds that e-\_\_ver I see, The

Owl is the fair-est in her de-gree. For all The day long she

Owl is the fair-est in her de-gree. For all The day long she

Owl is the fair-est in her de-gree. For all The day long she

sits in a tree. And when the night comes a-way flies she,

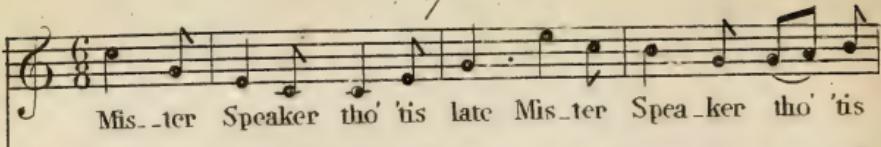
sits in a tree. And when the night comes a-way flies she,

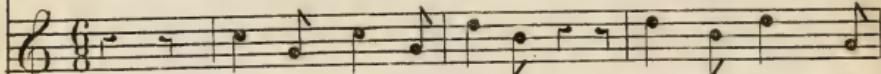
sits in a tree. And when the night comes a-way flies she,

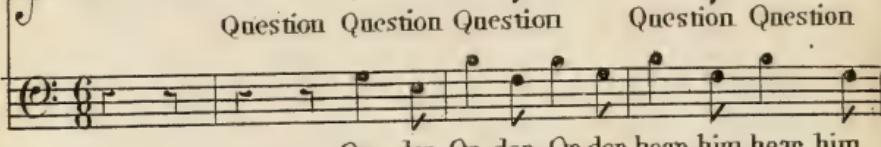
Te whoo Sir Knave to thee This  
 whit to whom drinks thou This  
 whit Te whoo This  
 song is well sung I make you a vow And he is a knave that  
 song is well sung I make you a vow And he is a knave that  
 song is well sung I make yon a vow And he is a knave that  
 drink eth now Nose nose nose nose and  
 drink eth now Nose nose nose nose and  
 drink eth now Nose nose nose nose and  
 who gave thee that jolly red nose  
 who gave thee that jolly red nose Cinnamon and gin ger  
 who gave thee that jolly red nose  
 nutmegs and cloves and that gave me this jolly red nose.  
 nutmegs and cloves and that gave me this jolly red nose  
 nutmegs and cloves and that gave me this jolly red nose

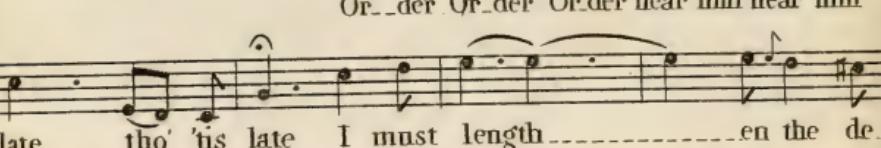
*M'r Speaker.*

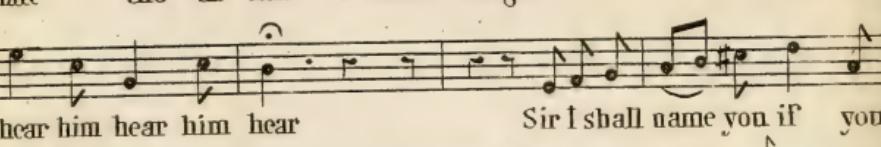
Vivace

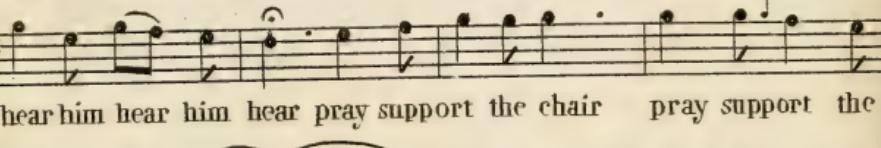
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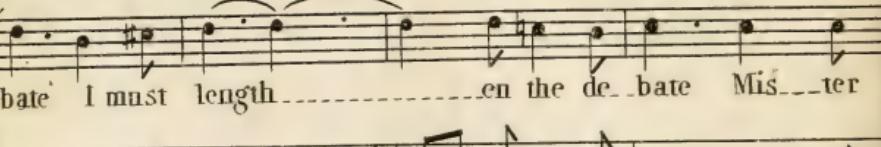
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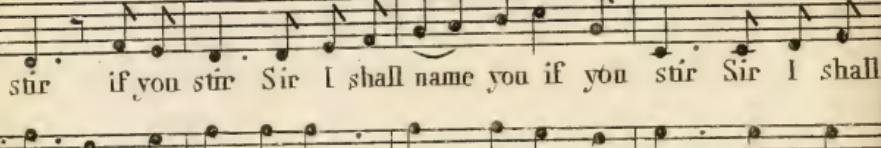
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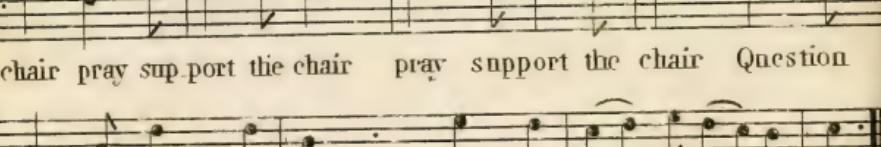


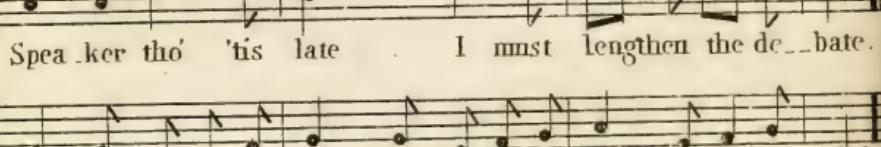


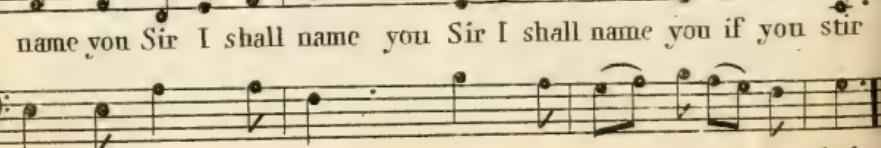


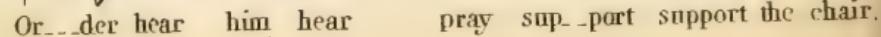












# Drink to me only.

Drink to me only with thine eyes And I will pledge with mine.

Drink to me only with thine eyes And I will pledge with mine.

Drink to me only with thine eyes And I will pledge with mine.

Or leave a kiss with in the cup And I'll not look for wine

Or leave a kiss with in the cup And I'll not look for wine

Or leave a kiss with in the cup And I'll not look for wine

Drink to me only with thine eyes and I will pledge with mine.

Drink to me only with thine eyes and I will pledge with mine.

Drink to me only with thine eyes and I will pledge with mine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath

Not so much honouring thee

As giving it a hope that there

It would not wither'd be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,

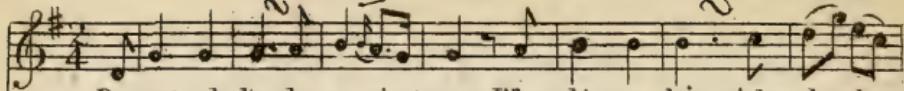
And sent it back to me

Since when it grows it looks and smells

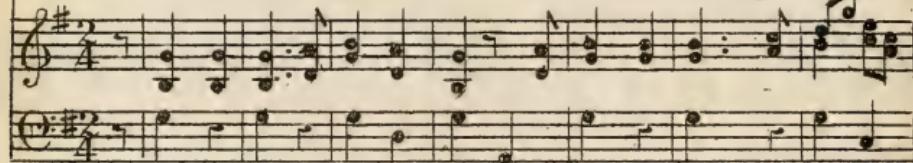
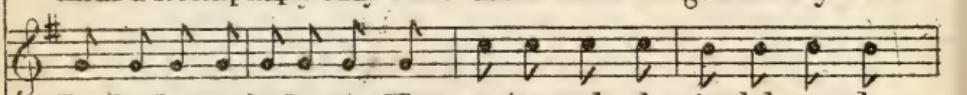
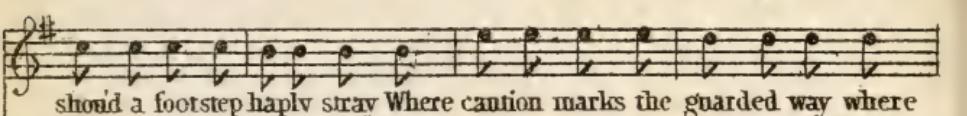
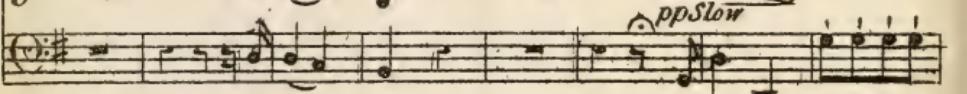
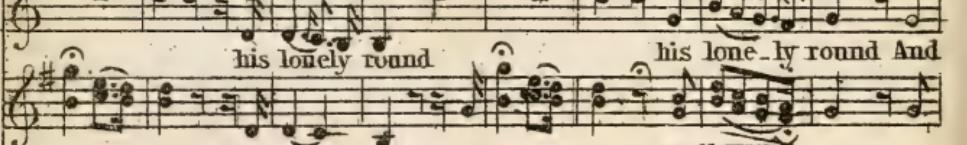
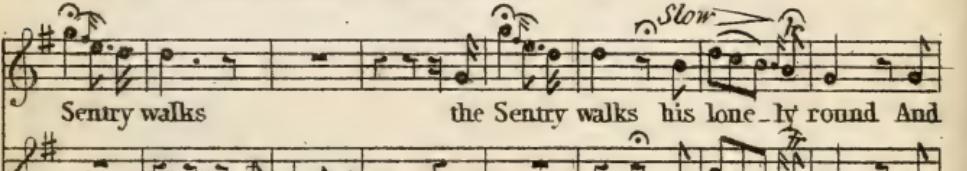
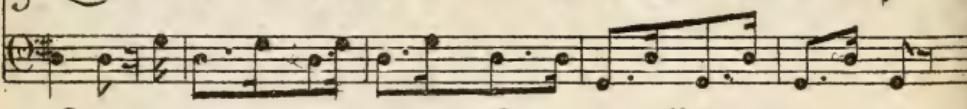
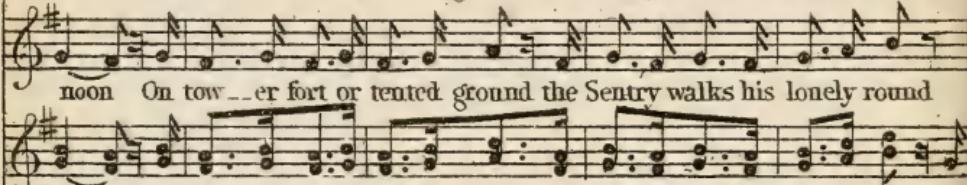
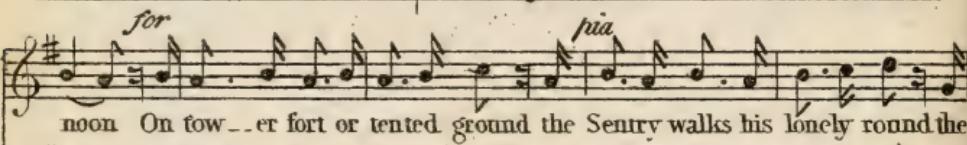
Not of itself but thee.

*All's well.*

J. Graham.



When skies proclaim nights cheerless

*for**pia*

caution marks the guarded way the guard-ed way Who goes there  
 caution marks the guarded way the guard-ed way  
 "Stranger quickly tell" the word All's well  
 A Friend good night  
 All's well The word All all's well  
 All's well good night

*2<sup>nd</sup> Verse (a little quicker).*

Or sailing on the midnight deep,  
 While weary messmates soundly sleep,  
 The careful watch patroles the deck.  
 To guard the ship from foes or wreck;  
 And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,  
 Some friendly voice salutes his ear:  
 Some well known voice salutes his ear:  
 "What cheer, Brother, quickly tell!"  
 "Above!" "Below!" "Good night!"  
 "All's well!"

# Roslin Castle:

A handwritten musical score for 'Roslin Castle' featuring two staves of music and lyrics. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The first staff begins with a treble clef, followed by a bass clef, and then continues with a treble clef. The second staff begins with a bass clef, followed by a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the music, corresponding to the notes.

Twas in that sea\_ son of the year When all things gay and  
 sweet ap\_p ear That Co\_llin with the morn ing ray A  
 rose and sung his ru\_r al lay Of Nan\_nys charms the  
 shep herd sung The hills and dales with Nan\_ny rung While

A musical score for a three-part composition. The top part is a soprano vocal line with lyrics. The middle part is a basso continuo line with basso and treble staves. The bottom part is another basso continuo line. The music consists of six measures of a 6/8 time signature.

Roslin cas\_tle heard the swain And e\_chod back the  
cheer ful strain.

Awake, sweet muse the breathing spring  
With rapture warms, awake and sing ;  
Awake and join the vocal throng,  
Who hail the morning with a song ;  
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,  
O bid her haste and come away ;  
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,  
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on every spray,  
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;  
Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng  
And loves inspires the melting song :  
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,  
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,  
And love my rising bosom warms,  
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

Come my love, thy Collins lay,  
With rapture calls, O come away ;  
Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine,  
Around that modest brow of thine,  
O hither haste, and with thee bring,  
That beauty blooming like the spring,  
Those graces that divinely shine,  
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

# My Name: O.

Burns

*f*

Be...lind yon hills, where

Lu...gar flows, Mang muirs and mosses many, O, The win...try sun the

day has clos'd, And I'll a...wa to Nan...mie, O. The wes...lin'wind blows

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time and G major. The top staff uses a treble clef, the second and third staves use a bass clef, and the bottom staff uses a tenor clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

lond and shrill; The night's baith mirk and rainny, O; I'll  
 get my plaid, and out I'll steal, And o'er the hills to Nannie, O.

The second section of lyrics is:

My Nannie's charmin', sweet, and young ;  
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O ;  
 May ill besa' the flatterin' tongue,  
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O !  
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O ;  
 The openin' gowan, wet wi' dew,  
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O .

The third section of lyrics is:

A country lad is my degree,  
 And few there be that ken me, O ;  
 But what care I how few there be  
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O .  
 My riches a' w's my penny fee,  
 And I manna guide it caanie, O ;  
 But warld's gear ne'er troubles me,  
 My thochts are a' my Nannie, O .

Our auld gudeman delights to view  
 His sheep and lye thrive bonnie, O .  
 But I'm as blyth, that hands his plough,  
 And has nae care but Nannie, O .  
 Come weel, come wae, I carena by,  
 I'll tak what heaven will send me, O .  
 Nae other care in life hae I,  
 But live and love my Nannie, O .

*Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.*

The musical score consists of eight staves of music in common time, treble clef, and G major. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes in three distinct sections. The first section starts with the title and continues through the end of the first staff. The second section begins with "Al di val loch" and ends with "As I came o'er the". The third section begins with "braes of Ballcoh" and ends with "She's". The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The accompaniment consists of a basso continuo part with bassoon and cello parts.

Roy's wife of Al di val loch Roy's wife of

Al di val loch Wat ye how she cheat ed me As I came o'er the

braes of Ballcoh She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine She

said that she loed me best of ony but oh the fickle faithless quean She's

ta'en the earle and left her Johnnie, Roy's wife of Al-di-val-loch.

Roy's wife of Al-di-val-loch, What ye how she cheated me, as I came o'er the  
braes of Balloch?

Braes of Balloch?

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch,  
Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch,  
Wat ye how she cheated me,  
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.  
O she was a canty queen,  
Weel could she dance the Highland Wellock:  
How happy I had she been mine,  
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch,  
Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch,  
Wat ye how she cheated me,  
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.  
Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,  
Her wee bit mon' sae sweet and bonnie,  
To me she ever shall be dear,  
Tho' she's for ever left her Johnnie.



## Black Eyed Susan.

Comp.<sup>d</sup> by Henry Carey.

Moderato.

All in the Downs the fleet was moord, The streamers wa...ing  
in the wind, When black eyed Su...san came on board

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is in G major, the middle staff is in C major, and the bottom staff is in F major. The music is in common time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first line of lyrics is "All in the Downs the fleet was moord, The streamers wa...ing". The second line of lyrics is "in the wind, When black eyed Su...san came on board". The music is in a moderate tempo, as indicated by the "Moderato" marking on the left side of the page.

Oh where shall I my true love find;  
Tell me ye jovial Sailors  
*p*

tell me true, If my sweet William If my sweet William

sails among your crew.

William who high upon the yard,  
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,  
Soon as her well known voice he heard.  
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;  
The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hands.  
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands,

So the sweet lark high pois'd in air,  
Shnts close his pinions to his breast;  
If chance his mates shrill call he hear,  
And drops at once into her nest.  
The noblest Captain in the British Fleet,  
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear.  
My vows shall ever true remain:  
Let me kiss off that falling tear,  
We only part to meet again.  
Change as ye list, ye winds my heart shall be  
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
The sails their swelling bosom spread;  
No longer must she stay on board,

Believe not what the landmen say,  
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;  
They'll tell thee Sailors when away,  
In every port a mistress find;  
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
For thou art present whereso'er I go.

If to far India's coast we sail,  
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;  
Thy breath is Alrick's spicy gale,  
Thy skin is Ivory so white:  
Thus evry beauteous object that I view,  
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle calls me from thy arms,  
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;  
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,  
William shall to his dear return.  
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
Lest precious tears should drop from Susans eye.

They kiss'd she sigh'd he hung his head.  
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land,  
Adien she cries and wav'd her lily hand.

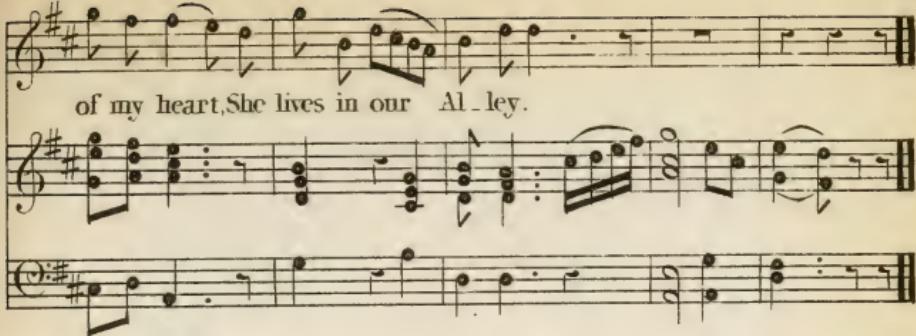
Sung by M<sup>r</sup>. Braham. *Sally in our Alley.* Written and  
composed by G.S. Carey.

*Moderato.*

Of all the Girls that are so smart, there's none like pretty Sally. She

is the darling of my heart She lives in our Alley. There

is no lady in the land is half so sweet as Sally. She is the darling



Her Father he makes cabbage nets,  
And through the Streets does cry 'em;  
Her Mother she sells laces long  
To such as please to buy 'em;  
But sure such folks could ne'er beget  
So sweet a girl as Sally,  
She is the darling of my heart,  
She lives in our Alley.

When she is by I leave my work,  
I love her so sincerely;  
My master comes like any Turk,  
And bangs me most severely;  
But let him bang his belly full.  
I'll bear it all for Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
She lives in our Alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,  
I dearly love but one day,  
And that's the day that comes betwixt  
A saturday and monday;  
For then I'm drest all in my best,  
To walk abroad with Sally,  
She is the darling of my heart,  
She lives in our Alley.

My Master carries me to church,  
And often am I blamed;  
Because I leave him in the lurch,  
As soon as text is named;  
I leave the church in sermon time  
To walk abroad with Sally,  
She is the darling of my heart,  
She lives in our Alley.

When christmas comes about again,  
O then I shall have money;  
I'll hoard it up with box and all,  
And give it to my honey;  
Would it were twice ten thousand pounds,  
I'd give it all to Sally,  
She is the darling of my heart,  
She lives in our Alley.

My master and the neighbours all,  
Make game of me and Sally;  
And but for her I'd better be,  
A slave and row a galley;  
But when my seven long years are out,  
I then will marry Sally,  
O then we'll wed and then we'll bed,  
But not in our Alley.



## Savourna! Deelish!

Sung by Miss Cubitt.

*Andantino  
Adagio*

Sheet music for piano, featuring two staves of musical notation. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The key signature is A major (no sharps or flats). The tempo is indicated as Andantino Adagio. The dynamic is marked with a 'p' (pianissimo) below the first note of the top staff.

Oh the moment was sad when my love and I part-ed, Sa-

Sheet music for piano, continuing from the previous page. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The key signature is A major (no sharps or flats). The tempo is indicated as Andantino Adagio. The dynamic is marked with a 'pp' (pianississimo) below the first note of the top staff.

vour-na dee-lish shigh-an oh! As I kiss'd off her tears I was

Sheet music for piano, continuing from the previous page. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The key signature is A major (no sharps or flats). The tempo is indicated as Andantino Adagio.

nigh broken hearted, Sa\_vour\_na dee\_lish shigh\_an oh! Wan was her cheek which  
hung on my shoulder, Damp was her hand, no marble was colder; I  
felt that I ne\_ver a gain should be\_hold her, Sa\_vour\_na dee\_lish  
shigh\_an oh!

When the word of command put our men into motion,  
Savourna deelish shighan oh!

I buckled my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,

Savourna deelish shighan oh!

Brisk were our troops all roaring like thunder:

Fleas'd with the voyage impatient for plunder,

My bosom with grief was almost torn astunder,

Savourna deelish shighan oh!

Long I fought for my Country far, far from my true love,  
Savourna deelish shighan oh!

All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you, love,  
Savourna deelish shighan oh!

Peace was proclaimed: escap'd from the slaughter:

Landed at home my sweet girl! I sought her:

But sorrow alas to her cold grave had brought her,

Savourna deelish shighan oh!

*What makes this poor bosom!*

comp'd by Louis Spohr.

*Impassionato ma non  
Troppo Lento.*

What makes this poor bosom so heavy and sad Why sit I thus pensive and

tear-fu ful While all are so cheerful so sportive and glad While all are so cheerful and glad The

birds in the bushes sit warbling a way And seem to accuse me of folly They

bid me like them feel the freshness of May And banish all dark melan-choly

*fz*

But how can this bosom be sportive and gay When he who my fond heart pos

ses-ses, Whose absence distresses, Is far away? Is far a-way far away. Should  
 he but return like yon songsters so gay, I'll bid an adieu to all sad-ness; This  
 heart shall revive with the freshness of May, And beat with renew'd warmth and gladness. Yes,  
 then like yon songsters, so blythesome and gay, I'll bid an adieu to all sadness. This heart shall re-  
 vive with the freshness of May, And beat beat beat with renew'd warmth and glad-ness.



## The Garden Gate.

Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Waylett & Madam Vestris.

*Andante*

Musical score for two voices (Soprano and Alto) and piano. The score consists of eight staves of music, divided into four systems of two parts each. The vocal parts are in common time, treble clef, and G major. The piano part is in common time, bass clef, and G major.

The lyrics are as follows:

The day was clos'd, the moon shone bright, The Vil lage clock struck

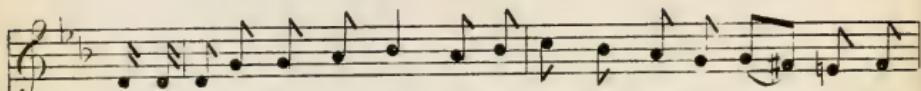
eight When Lucy hasten'd with delight To ope the gar-den gate But  
 sure as if to drive her mad The gate was there but not the lad Which  
 made poor Lucy grieve-ing cry "Was e-ver maid so us'd as I?"

She paced the garden here and there,  
 The village clock struck nine;  
 When Lucy cried in wild despair,  
 "He shan't, he shan't be mine!"  
 Last night he vow'd, the garden gate  
 Should find him there, this eve at eight,  
 But this I'll let the creature see  
 He ne'er shall make a fool of me."

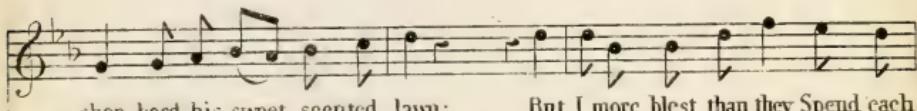
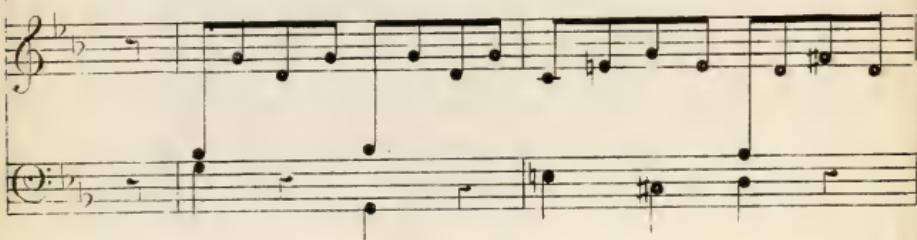
She ceas'd a noise her ear alarms,  
 The village clock struck ten;  
 When William caught her in his arms,  
 And ne'er to part again.  
 He shew'd the ring, to wed next day,  
 He'd been to buy, a long, long way;  
 How then could Lucy cruel prove,  
 To one that did so fondly love!

*Crooskeen! Lawn!*

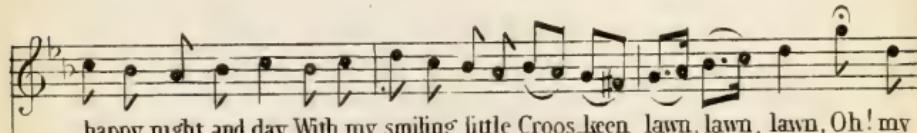
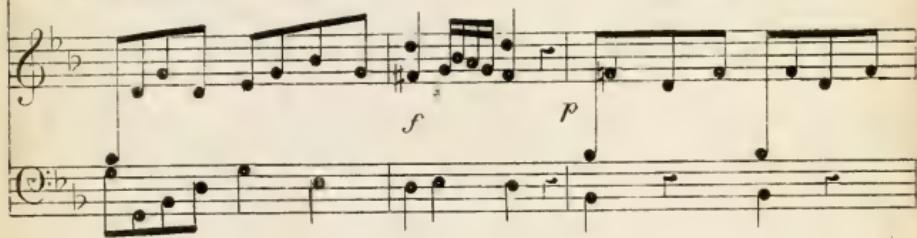
*Moderato.*



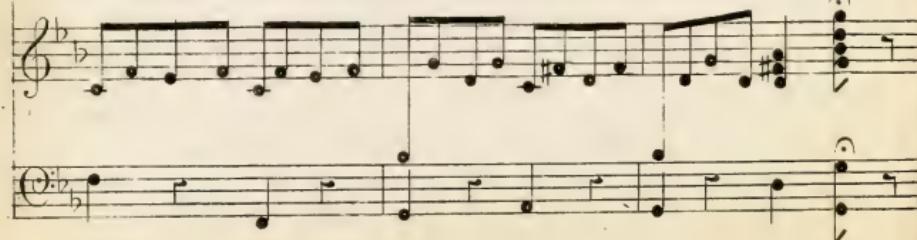
Let the farmer praise his grounds, as the huntsman doth his hounds, And the



shep herd his sweet scented lawn; But I more blest than they Spend each



happy night and day With my smiling little Croos keen lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh! my



gma-----

gma-----

Immortal and divine, great Bacchus, god of wine!  
 Create me, by adoption, thy son;  
 In hopes that you'll comply that my glass shall neer run dry,  
 Nor my smiling little Crooskeen lawn.  
 Slantha gal mavourneen, &c.

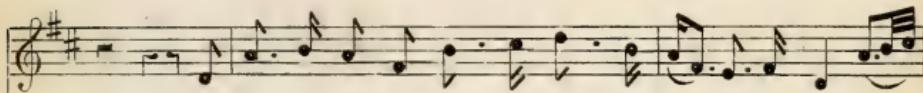
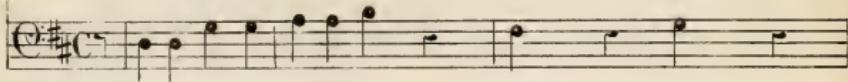
And when grim death appears, after few but happy years,  
 And tells me my glass is run;  
 I'll say, begone, you slave for great Bacchus gives us leave,  
 To drink another Crooskeen lawn.  
 Slantha gal mavourneen, &c.

Then fill your glasses high, let's not part with lips adry,  
 Tho' the lark now proclaims it is dawn,  
 And since we can't remain, may we shortly meet again,  
 To fill another Crooskeen lawn.  
 Slantha gal mavourneen, &c.

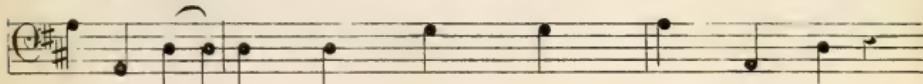
# Molly Astree.

A favourite Irish Ballad.

Sung by Mr. Horncastle.

*Andante.*

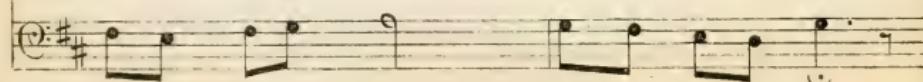
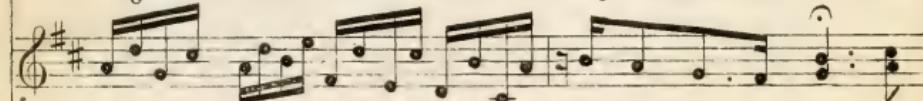
As down on Banna's banks I stray'd one ev'ning in May, The



little birds in blisthest notes made vocal ev'ry spray, They



sung their little tales of love, They sung them o'er and o'er, Ah





The daisy pied and all the sweets,  
The dawn of nature yields,  
The primrose pale and violet blue,  
Lay scatter'd o'er the field:  
Such fragrance in the bosom lies,  
Of her whom I adore,  
Ah Gramachree &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,  
Bewailing my sad fate,  
That doom'd me thus the slave of love  
And cruel Mollys hate;  
How can she brake the honest heart  
That wears her in its core,  
Ah Gramachree &c.

You said you lov'd me Molly dear,  
Ah! why did I believe,  
Yet who could think such tender words  
Were meant but to deceive,  
That love was all I ask'd on earth,  
Nay heav'n could give no more,  
Ah Gramachree &c.

Oh had I all the flocks that graze,  
On yonder yellow hill,  
Or low'd for me the num'rous herds,  
That yon green pasture fill,  
With her I love I'd gladly share,  
My kine and fleecy store,  
Ah Gramachree &c.

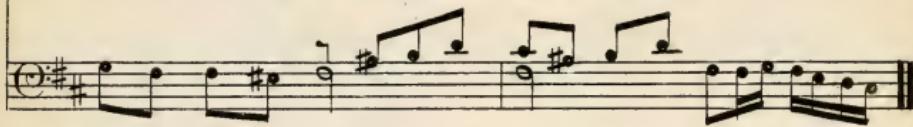
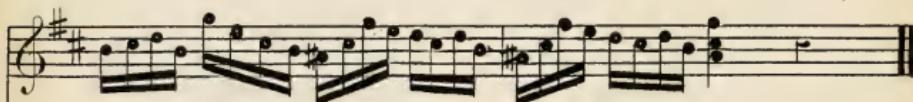
Two Turtle doves above my head,  
Sat courting on a bough,  
I envied them their happiness,  
To see them bill and coo,  
Such fondness once for me she shew'd,  
But now alas ! 'tis o'er,  
Ah Gramachree &c.

Then fare thee well my Molly dear,  
Thy loss I e'er shall mourn,  
Whilst life remains in Stophon's heart,  
'Twill beat for thee alone;  
Tho' thou art false may heav'n on thee,  
Its choicest blessings pour,  
Ah Gramachree &c.

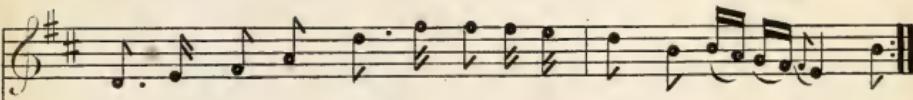
# The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Words by Burns.

Sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Allegretto.*

Bon\_nie las\_sie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,



Bon\_nie las\_sie, will ye go, to the Birks of A ber\_fel\_dy.



Nor simmer blinks on flow'ry braes And o'er the crystal streamlets plays, Come  
let us spend the light-some days In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

While o'er their head the hazels hing,  
The little birdies blythely sing,  
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,  
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's  
The foamin' stream deep roaring fa's  
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreadin' shaws,  
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

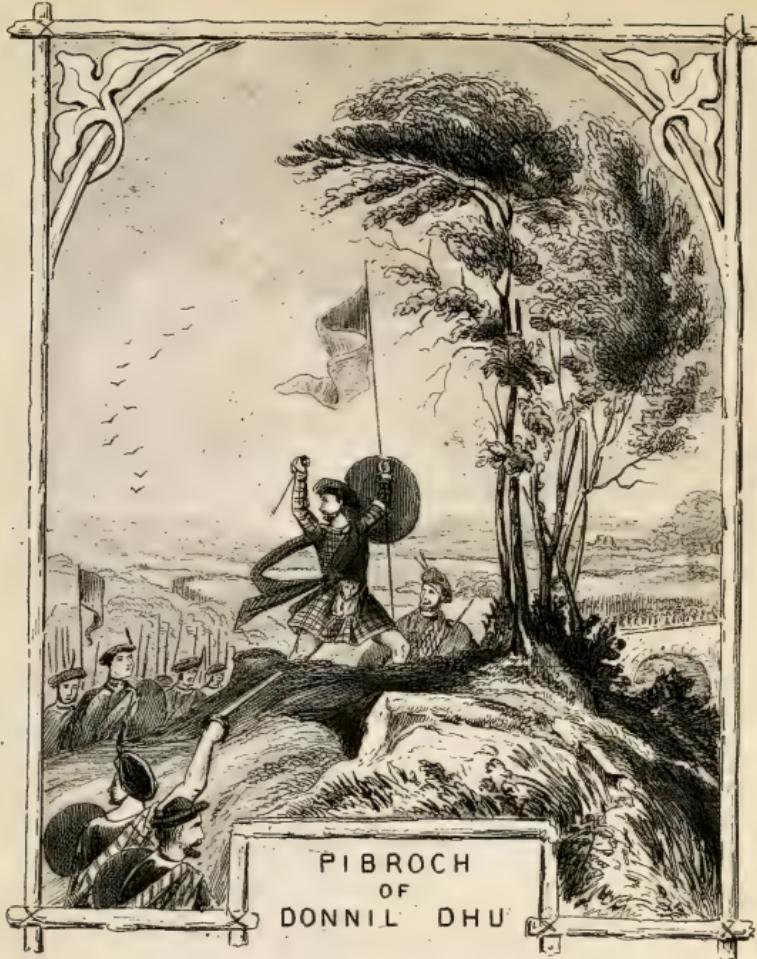
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow'rs  
White ower the lin the burnie pours,  
And risin', weeds wi' misty show'r's  
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

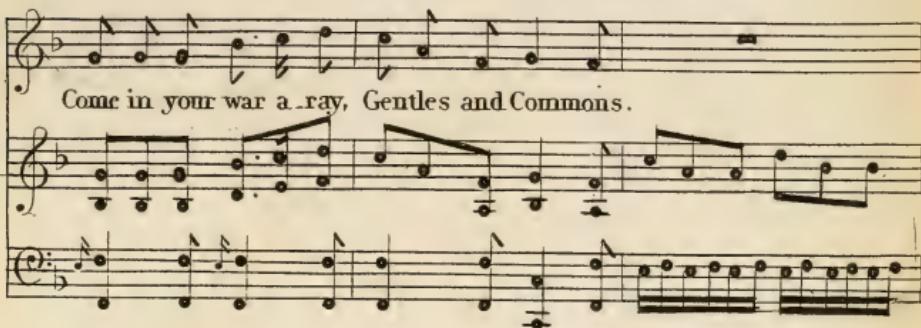
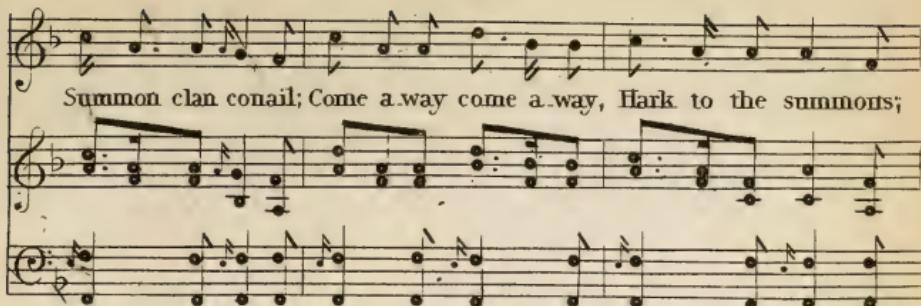
Let fortune's gifts at random flee,  
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me.  
Supremely bless'd wi' love and thee,  
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.



Music score for the first system of the Pibroch. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. Both staves show eighth-note patterns with various rests and dynamic markings.

Music score for the second system of the Pibroch. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics "Pi...broch of Donnil Dhu Pibroch of Don nil; Wake thy lond voice anew," are written below the top staff.



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.

Leave untended the herd,  
The flock without shelter,  
Leave the corpse uninter'd  
The bride at the alter;  
Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
Leave nets and barges,  
Come with your fighting gear  
Broad swords and targes.

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, vassel, page, and groom,  
Tenant and master.

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,  
Fibroch of Donnil Dhu  
Knell for the onset.

# Allister Mc Allister.

*f*

O Allis\_ ter Mc Al lis\_ ter, Your chant\_ er sets us a' a\_steer, Get  
out your pipes and blaw' wi' birr, We'll dance the High land fling. Now  
Allis ter has tun'd his pipes, And thrang as bum bees frae their bikes, The  
lads and lassie loup the dykes, And ga\_ther on the green. Oh

The musical score consists of five staves of music in common time, key signature of one sharp, and dynamic markings of *f* (fortissimo) and *p* (pianissimo). The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, appearing below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef, the second with a bass clef, and the third with a bass clef. The fourth and fifth staves continue the melody in common time.

Allis-ter Mc Allis-ter, Your chant-er sets us a' a-steer, Then  
 to your bags and blaw wi' birr, Well dance the High-lan-d fling.

The miller Rab was fidgin' fain  
 To dance the Highland fling his lane,  
 He lap and danced wi' might and main,  
 The like was never seen, O.

As round about the ring he whuds,  
 He cracks his thumbs, and shake his duds,  
 The meal flaw frae his tail in cluds,  
 And blinded a' their een, O.

No Allister has done his best,  
 And weary stumps are needin' rest,  
 Besides, with drouth they're sair distress'd  
 Wi' dancing sae, I ween, O.



*The Words by Sir W. Scott.*

*French Air;*

*Tempo di Maria.*

Glowing with love on fire for  
fame, A Troubadour that hated sorrow, Beneath his Lady's window came, and thus he

London, J. Birley, 37, Monseyers Street, Hexton.

D.C.

sung his last good Morrow; My arm it is my Country's right, My heart is in my

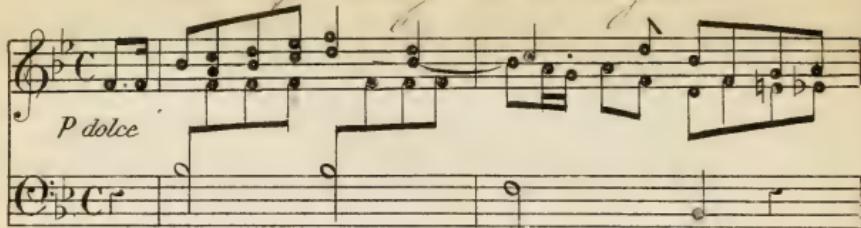
true love's bower, Gaily for love and fame to fight, Befits the gallant Troubadour.

And while he march'd with helm on head,  
And harp in hand the descant rung,  
As faithful to his fav'rite maid,  
The minstrel burthen thus he sung;  
My arm it is my country's right,  
My heart is in my Lady's bower;  
Resolv'd for love and fame to fight,  
I come a gallant Troubadour.

Alas upon the bloody field!  
He fell beneath the foeman's glaive,  
But still reclining on his shield,  
Expiring sung the exulting stave;  
My life it is my country's right,  
My heart is in my Lady's bower;  
For love and fame to fall in fight,  
Becomes the valiant Troubadour.

E'en when the battle's roar was deep,  
With dauntless heart he hew'd his way,  
Mid splintering lance and falchion sweep,  
And still was heard the warrior lay;  
My life it is my country's right,  
My heart is in my Lady's bower;  
For love to die for fame to fight,  
Becomes the valiant Troubadour.

*Other Eyes may be as bright.*



Other eyes may be as bright, but

Piano part: Dynamics: *ff*.

not for me Other lips may give de-light, but

Piano part: Dynamics: *ff*.

not for me Yes, yes, my love is all her own, my

Piano part: Dynamics: *ff*.

heart, and feel\_ings, beat alone for E\_mi\_ly, Yes my

love is all her own, dear E\_mily, my heart and

feelings beat alone, for E\_mily.

Other smiles may joy impart,  
But not for me,  
Other forms may win the heart,  
But not with me:  
Oh! that heart can never never now,  
A thought of change which beats alone,  
For Emily,  
Yes my love is all her own,  
Dear Emily!  
My heart and feelings beat alone,  
For Emily.

*Come unto these yellow sands.*



*Song & Chorus  
From the Tempest*

*Henry Purcell*

Music score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) and piano.

The vocal parts are in common time, treble clef for Soprano and Alto, bass clef for Bass. The piano part is in common time, bass clef.

The lyrics are:

Come un to these vel low sands, And

Ges p pp

there take hands; Foot itfeat ly here and there, And let the rest the burden hear.

*p Chorus*

Hark! hark! the watch dogs bark, Hark, hark, I hear the strain of Chan-ti-clear, Hark, hark, I hear the strain of Chan-ti-clear.

Hark! hark! the watch dogs bark, Hark, hark, I hear the strain of Chan-ti-clear, Hark, hark, I hear the strain of Chan-ti-clear.

*f p gres dim*

*f gres dim*

*s gres dim*

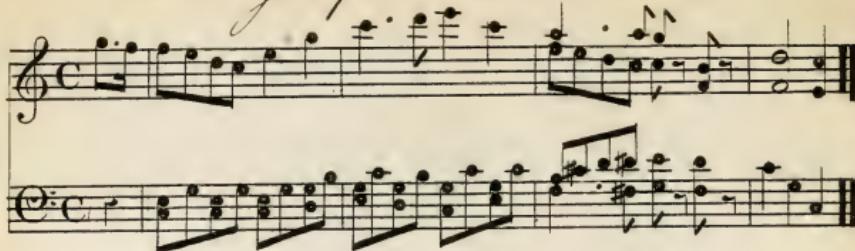
*f gres dim*

There while half the world doth sleep  
 Our sports we'll keep,  
 And till morning's dawn doth glance  
 Well to the sea shells music dance.

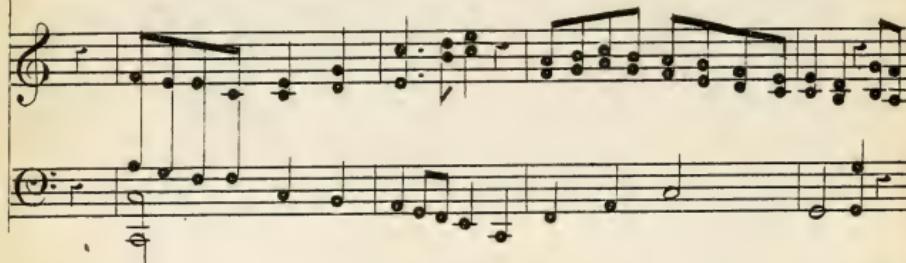
Hark! hark! &c.

# The Lass of Peaties Mill.

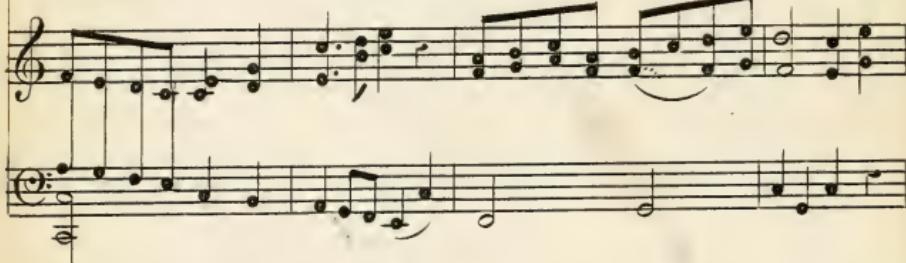
Sostenuto.



The Lass of Peaties Mill, So Bonny, blyth, and gay, In



s spite of all my skill, She stole my heart a-way, When



tend-ing of the Hay, Bare-headed on the Green, Love



The musical score consists of two systems of music. The first system starts with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (G major). It contains lyrics: "midst her looks did play, And wan-tond in her e'en." The second system starts with a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one flat (C major). It continues the narrative.

Her arms, white, round and smooth,  
Breasts, rising in their down,  
To age, it would give youth,  
To press them with his hand;  
Thro' all my spirits ran,  
An extacy of Bliss,  
When I such sweetness find,  
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the aid of art,  
Like flow'r's, that grace the wild,  
She did her sweets impart,  
When e'er she spoke or smil'd;  
Her looks, they were so mild,  
Free from affected pride,  
She me to love beguil'd,  
I wish'd her for my bride.

---

O! had I all the wealth,  
Hope towns high mountains fill,  
Insur'd long life, and health,  
And pleasure at my will;  
I promise and fulfil,  
That none but bonny she,  
The lass of Peaties Mill,  
Should share the same with me.

174

Farewell Good Night.

Sung by Mr. Braham.

Composed by Weber.

*Andante  
Moderato.*

The musical score consists of six staves of music for voice and piano. The vocal line begins with a melodic line featuring eighth-note patterns and grace notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and rhythmic patterns. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the vocal line. The score is set in common time, with key changes indicated by key signatures.

O'er Mountains, thro' Forests I rove, The Huntsman's delight is the  
 field, Adverse fate has re-cent-ly strove, For my  
 Gun, no sport it will yield, Adverse fate has re-cent-ly strove, For my  
 Gun, no sport it will yield.

The medows I rove with delight, The Cot where sweet Linda doth

dwell In silence I whisper good night Thro' the lattice she smiled fare-

well, The Cot where sweet Linda doth dwell, In si\_lence I whisper

good night, Thro the lattice she smild farewell.

Again dearest Linda good night,  
Love's Seraph will guard the dear Cot.  
Tomorrow, if destiny's bright  
My bride proclaim by trial shot;  
The harvest moon in splendour rose,  
The Forest's gloom was checr'd with light,  
And twinkling stars their orbs disclose,  
Each fondly gaz'd and breath'd good night.

Round.

*O beauteous eyes.*

1 O beau...teous eyes dis...co...ver

2 Youll ne...ver find a lo...ver

3 No no no ne...ver

2 why so much cru...el...ty

3 not one that loves like me.

1 one that loves like me.

Round. *The wise men were but seven.*

Round.

*The wise men were but seven.*

1 The wise men were but Se.

2 The Mu...ses were but Nine

3 And three mer...ry Boys and three mer...ry

2 Ne'er more shall be for me

3 The wor...thies three times three

1 boys and three mer...ry boys are we.

Glee - 3 Voices.

## Time fly with greater speed! Words by Cowley.

Cheerfully.

Time, fly with greater speed a-way, Add feathers to thy wings, Un-

Til thy haste in fly ing brings That long ex-pect-ed day, That

Til thy haste in fly ing brings That long ex-pect-ed day, That

long ex-pect-ed day. Then pleasure's sun we soon shall see, Though

long ex-pect-ed day. Then pleasure's sun we soon shall see, Though

first it darken'd be, For soon as passing clouds are gone, Our

first it darken'd be, For soon as passing clouds are gone, Our

day will put his lus-tre on, will put his lus-tre on.

day will put his lus-tre on, will put his lus-tre on.



*Popular Song from Genarvon.*

### *Waters of Elle?*

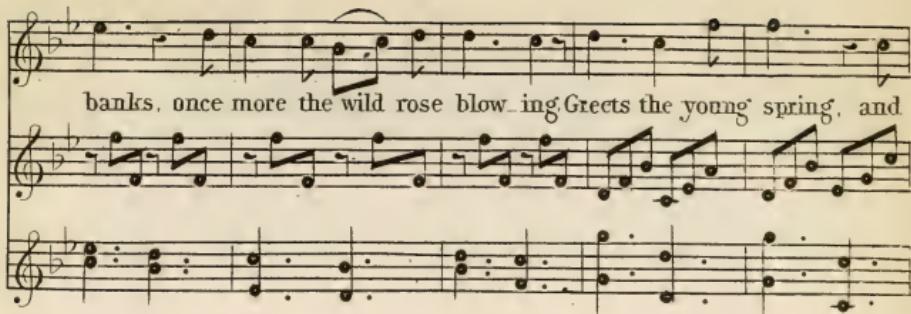
*Andante.*

W-a-t-e-r-s o-f E-l-l-e, thy limpid streams are flow-ing,

*G* *C* *B*

smooth and un-troubled, through the flowry Vale, On thy green

*G* *C* *B*



scents the passing gale. Greets the young spring, and scents the

passing Gale.

Here 'twas at eve, near yonder tree reposing,

One, still too dear first breathed his vows to thee,

Wear this, he cried his guileful love disclosing,

Near to thy heart, in memory of me.

Love's cherish'd gift, the Rose he gave, is faded;

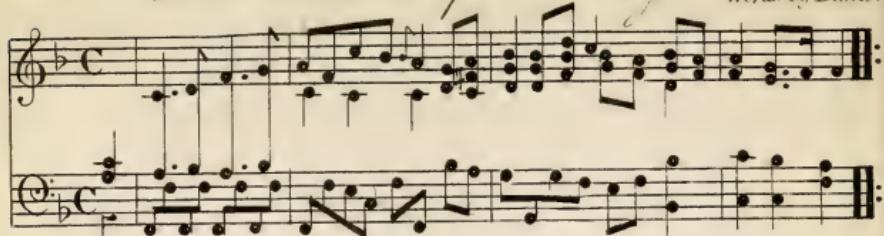
Loves blighted flower, can never bloom again!

Weep for thy fault, in heart, in mind degraded,

Weep, if thy tears can wash away the stain.

*The Flowers of Edinburgh.* Words by Burns.

*Andante.*



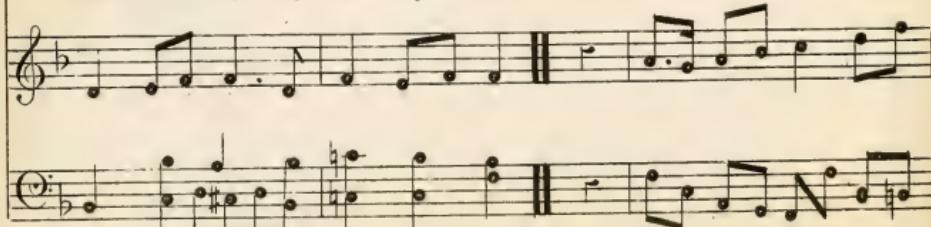
Here is the glen and here the bower All un...der...neath the

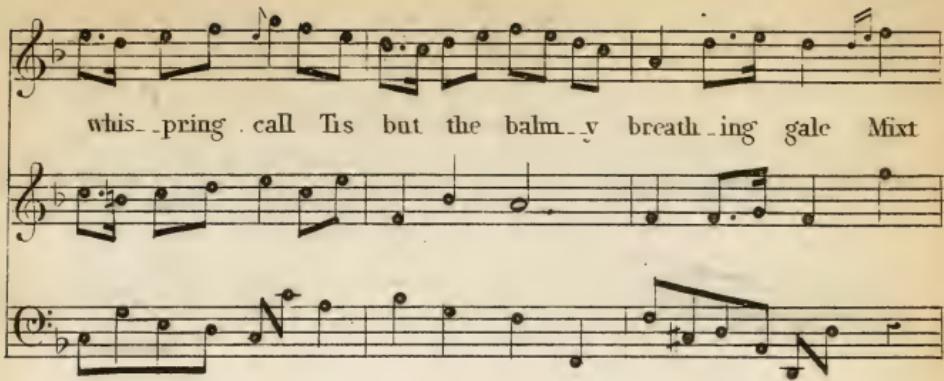


birch...en shade The vil...lage bell has told the hour O



what can stay my love...ly maid Tis not Ma...ri...as





Continuation of the musical score. The vocal parts continue their melody, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. The lyrics mention warblers in the fall.

Final section of the musical score. The piano part features a prominent bass line. The dynamics are marked with a 'p' (piano).

It is Maria's voice I hear!

So calls the woodlark in the grove,  
His little faithful mate to cheer,

At once 'tis music and 'tis love!  
And art thou come, and art thou true?  
O welcome dear to love and me!  
And let tis all our vows renew,

Along the flowery banks of Cree.

*Mary's Dream!*



Sung by M<sup>r</sup>. Wilson.

*Larghetto.*

Composed by M<sup>r</sup>. Relfe.

The moon had climb'd the  
highest hill, Which ri-ses o'er the source of Dee, And from the east-ern

Music score for 'Mary's Dream' in C minor, 2/4 time. It consists of four staves of musical notation. The first staff begins with a treble clef, the second with a bass clef, the third with a treble clef, and the fourth with a bass clef. The music is labeled 'Larghetto.' and 'Composed by M<sup>r</sup>. Relfe.'

summit, shed her sil-ver light on tow'r and tree,

When Mary laid her down to sleep, Her thoughts on Sandy

far at sea, Then soft and low a voice was heard, Say Mary, weep no

more for me.

S.

S.

S.

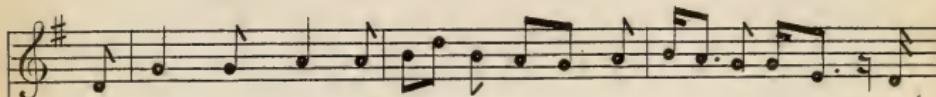
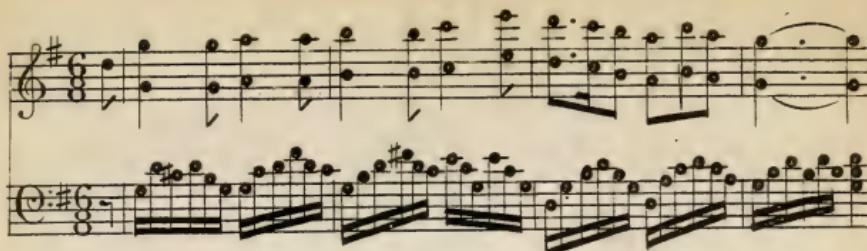
She from her pillow gently rais'd  
 Her head, to ask who there might be,  
 And saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,  
 With pallid cheek and hollow eye,  
 O! Mary dear, cold is my clay,  
 It lies beneath a stormy sea,  
 Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,  
 So Mary weep no more for me.

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

O! Maiden dear, thyself prepare,  
 We soon shall meet upon that shore,  
 Where love is free, from doubt or care,  
 And thou and I shall part no more,  
 Loud crow'd 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.

*Ye Banks and Braes.*

*Allegretto*  
*Non Tanto.*



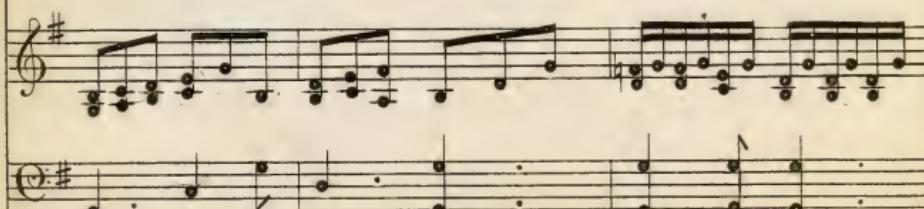
Ye banks and braes of bon \_nie doon How can ye bloom sae



fresh and fair How can ye chant ye lit \_tle birds And



I sae wea \_ ry fu o' care Thou'll brake my heart thou



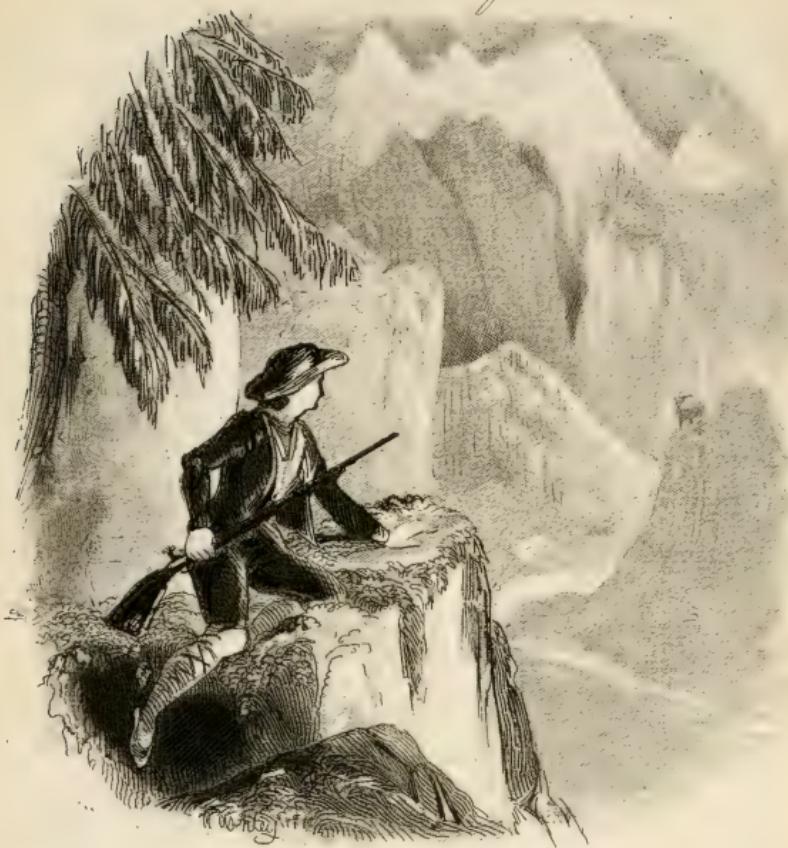
war\_bling birds That wan\_tons thro' the flower\_ing thorn, Thou

minds me o'\_ de \_part \_ed joys, De \_part \_ed ne \_ver

to re \_turn.

Oft' hae I rov'd by bonnie doon,  
 To see the rose, and woodbine twine,  
 And ilk a bird sang o' its love  
 And fondly sae did I o' mine;  
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
 En sweet upon its thorny tree,  
 And my fause lover staw my rose,  
 But Ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

miss Tony.



*Animate.*

*Ur de Berg-en-isch guet le-be odl de o u, odl de o u,*  
 Sweet to live a-mid the mountains,/burthen as above.)

*d'Chüe-jer juch-zé uit ver-ge-be, odl de o u, odl de u, Hie wo-n*  
 Cheer'd by mu-sic of the foun-tains; Sweet to

üs d'Fliep-ler die sin-ge hie wo d'Gem-schü vor üs sprin-ge,  
 hear the Alp/ horn sound ing, And to see the cha-mois bound ing,

wie de Vög-le-ni-de Lüf-te ich hie o-be nüüs so wohl, olti  
 Rocks and woods with joy re-bound ing, While our hearts are blythe as they.

hodl dahu ol.ti odl di o odl di odl ti ho odl di odl di ho odl di odl di odl di

odl di odl di odl di o ludd di odl di ho ludd di odl di o ola hu ola hu jo!

Light, at morn, from slumbers springing, *Odel de ou* (bis)  
 Sweet to hear the wild birds singing! do.  
 And when the dewy eve descending,  
 Calls us home, from toil unbending,  
 Oh, what genfle joys are blending  
 In each heart at that soft hour. *Olti hodl, &c.*

*The last time I cam o'er the muir.*



The last time I cam o'er the muir, I left my love be-

hind me Ye pow'r's, what pains do I en...dure, When

soft i...de...as mind! me Soon as the rud...dy

morn dis... play'd The beam... ing day en-su... ing I  
met be times my love... ly maid In fit re... treats for woo... ing

We stray'd beside yon wandring stream,  
And talk'd with hearts o'erflowing;  
Until the suns last setting beam  
Was in the ocean glowing,  
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.

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 evry grace,  
In her my love shall centre.  
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.

The neist time I gang' ewer the mair,  
She shall a lover find me;  
And that my faith is firm and pure,  
Though I left her behind me;  
Then Hymens sacred bonds shall chain  
My heart to her fair bosom;  
There, while my being does remain,  
My love more fresh shall blossom.

# Rule Britanniæ.

*Con. Spiritio.*

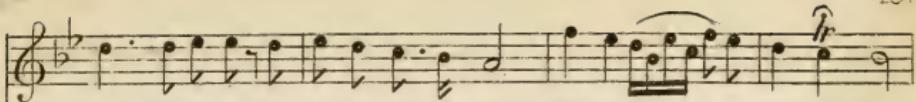
When Bri-tain first at Heav'n's command,

rose from out the a-zure main,

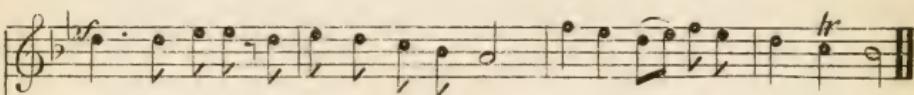
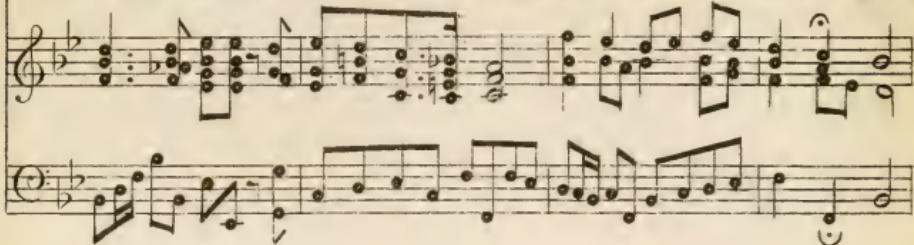
a-zure main.

This was the Charter, the

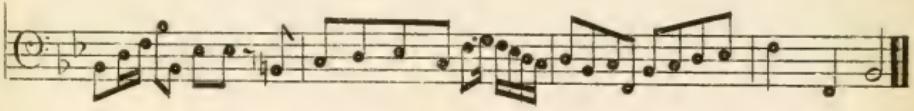
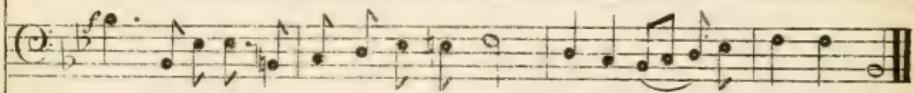
Charter of the Land, And guardian An-gel's sung this strain.



Rule, Britannia, Bri...tannia rule the waves, Britons ne...ver shall be slaves.



Rule, Britannia, Bri...tannia rule the waves, Britons ne...ver shall be slaves.



The Nations not so blest as thee,  
Must in their turn to tyrants fall;  
While thou shall flourish great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.  
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,  
All their attempts to bend thee down;  
Will but arouse thy generous flame,  
And work their woe, and thy renown.  
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;  
As the loud blast that tears the skies,  
Serves but to root thy native oak.  
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,  
Thy Cities shall with commerce shine;  
All thine shall be the subject Main,  
And every shore it circles thine.  
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muses still with freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair;  
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
Rule, Britannia, &c.

*Non Nobis Domine.*

W.Bird.

canon.

*Non Nobis Domine, non nobis sed nomini tu o da glori am sed nomini tu o da glori am non nobis sed nomini tu o da glori am Non nobis Domine non nomini tu o da glori am Non nobis Domi am sed nomini tu o da glori am Non.*

*Great Tom is cast.*

H.Lawes.

catch.

1 Great Tom is cast, and  
2 Christ Church Bells ring One, tow, three, four, five,  
3 six, and Tom comes last.

