THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-Brise to the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her brother, Major Lord George Stewart Murray, Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

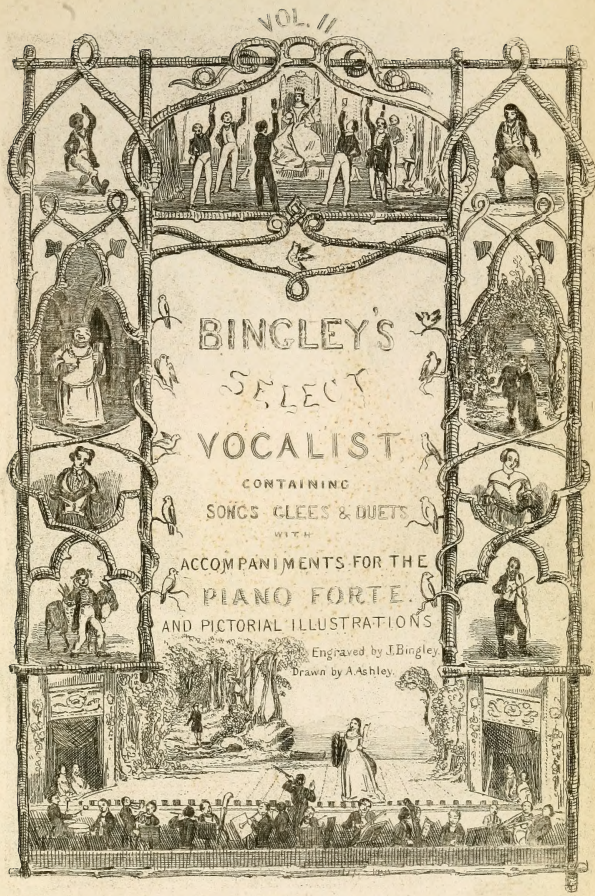
28*th January* 1927.

440526

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND

Mr. Braham.

Glen 81a



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The Red Cross Knight.

Glee

Callcott.

Allegro.

Blow Warder 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

run.

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 look'd from the

mer_ri_ly, mer_ri_ly, mer_ri_ly.

mer_ri_ly, mer_ri_ly, mer_ri_ly.

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 Coun_try.

loud the warder blew his horn, And call'd till he was hoarse, I

I

I

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

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

see 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

Thourt welcome here dear Red Cross

loving he did him greet

Thourt 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

rini

merrily, merrily, And we'll feast right merrily, merrily, mer_ri_ly.

merrily, merrily, And we'll feast right merrily, merrily, mer_ri_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 die 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 Christains 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, mer_ri_ly, mer_ri _ ly. For all in my

feast us merrily, mer_ri_ly, mer_ri _ ly. For all in my

feast us merrily, mer_ri_ly, mer_ri _ ly. 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

p

And the mass shall be sung, and the

feast eat merrily, mer_ri_ly,

f

bells shall be rung, and the feast, the feast eat mer_ri_ly, and the

the feast eat mer_ri_ly, and the

p.

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

rinf.

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

2 bome, bome, bim, bome, bell. 3

3 The bell doth toll O may his soul in heav'n for e_ver dwell. 1

Let me wander not unseen.

Siciliana. *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_ve_ry shep_herd tells his

Sy.

tale, Un_der the hawthorn in the dale,

And e_ve_ry shep_herd tells his tale, Un_der the

Sy.

haw_thorn in the dale.

Sy. p

Or let the merry bells ring round,

f p f

p f

p

Or let the mer ry bells ring

Sy.

round And the jo_cund re_becks sound

And the jo_cund re_becks sound And the jo_cund re_becks

Sy.

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 che_quer'd

shade Dancing dan_

_cing 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. *Dr. 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.

Sung by Mrs. A. Shaw in the Lady of the Lake.

Rossini.

Allegro.

p

How slowly hath thy sands Old Time been wasting, Absent from

f

thee dear, no pleasure tasting, Nights sombre mantle, round me at-

-taching Ruddy Aurora still found me watching; This heart is

joy-less, with anguish heav---ing, thus from its fi-bres, thy form be

reav ing This heart is

joyless with anguish heav ing Thus from its fibres Thy form be

reav ing thee be reav ing

p

El len my souls fond trea sure what

sorrow Al as the've torn thee

from this bleed_ing breast And

changed since when to my bo_som prest How slow_ly

hath 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 fi_bres thy form be_reav_ing

This heart is joy less with an guish

heav _ ing Thus from its fi bres Thy form be reav

_ing thee be _ reav _ ing El _ len my souls my souls fond

trea _ sure Al _ as what sor _ row Al _ as what sor

_ row a _ las they have

torn have torn have torn thee from my

heart yes from my heart my bleed ing

heart my bleed ing heart my bleed ing heart

Begone dull care.

Duet

Allegretto

Be_gone dull care, I prithee be gone from me, Be_gone dull care you and I shall never a_gree. Long time hast thou been tarrying here, And fain thou wouldst me kill, But I faith dull care Thou ne___ver shall have thy will.

Be_gone dull care, I prithee be_gone from me, Be_gone dull care you and I shall never a_gree. Long time hast thou been tarrying here, And fain thou wouldst me kill, But I faith dull care Thou ne___ver shall have thy will.

Too much care, will make a young man grey;

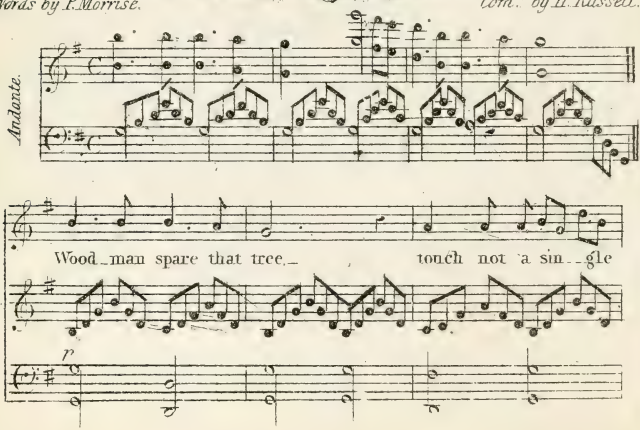
And too much care, will turn an old man to clay;

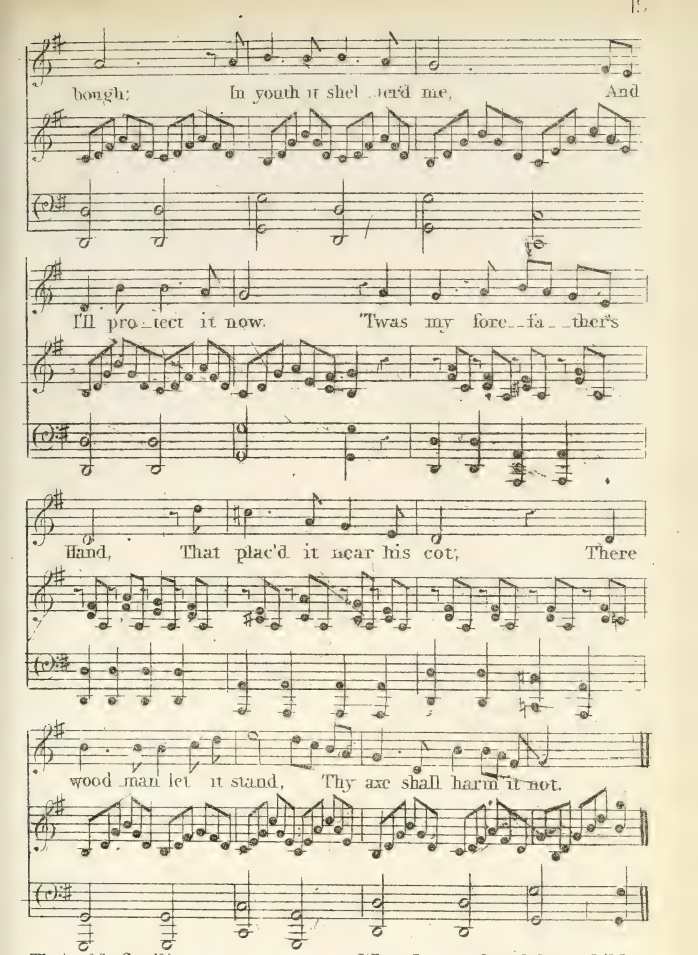
My wife shall dance, and I will sing, so merrily pass, the day

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

Woodman spare that Tree.

Words by P. Morrise. Com.d by H. Russell.





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 youthful sports beguil'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!

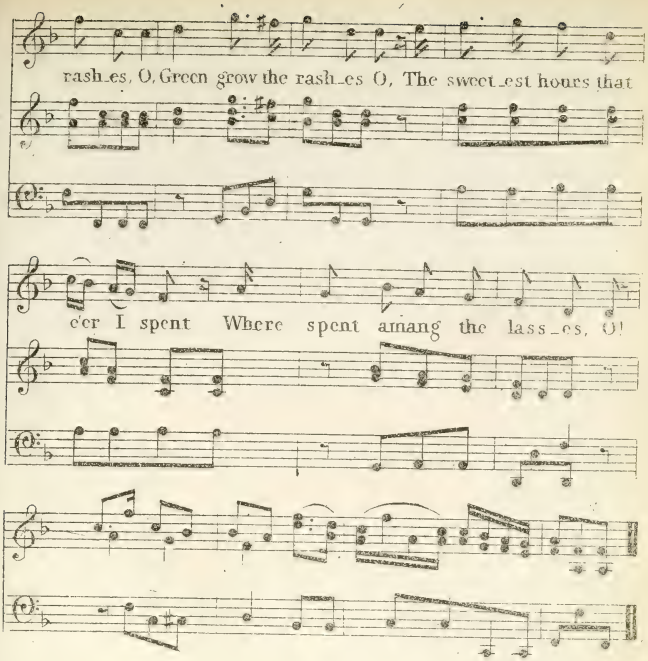
Sung by Mr Wilson at the London Concerts.

Vivace 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' 'were not for the las_ses, O! Green grow the



2

The warl'y 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 gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O!
An' warl'y cares An' warl'y men
May a' gae tapsailteerie, O.
Green grow, &c.

4

For you sae douse ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O!
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

5

Auld 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 Callcott.

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 la la la la la la la with a

write to you to write to you, with a la la la la la la la with a

write to you to write to you with a

fa _____ with a fa la la la la, with a fa la la la la, with a

fa la la la la la la with a fa la la la la la, with a fa la la la la la, with a

fa la la la la la la with a fa la la, with a fa la la, with a

fa la la la la la la, with a fa la la la la la la, with a fa ____

fa la la la la la la, with a fa la la la la la la, with a fa la la la

fa la la la la, with a fa la la la

___ with a fa la la la la la, with a fa la la la la la, with a fa la la la la la la la

la la la with a fa la la la la la, with a fa la la la la la, with a fa la la la la la la.

la la la with a fa la la, with a fa la la, with a fa la la la la.

2

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.

worthy of your love.
worthy of your love.
worthy of your love.
With a fa la la la&c.

3

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves,
Some pity for our tears,
Lets hear of no inconstancy,
We have enough of that at sea.

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.

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

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

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 eyes 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 hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there.

Then farewell my trim built Wherry.

Andantino.

p

f

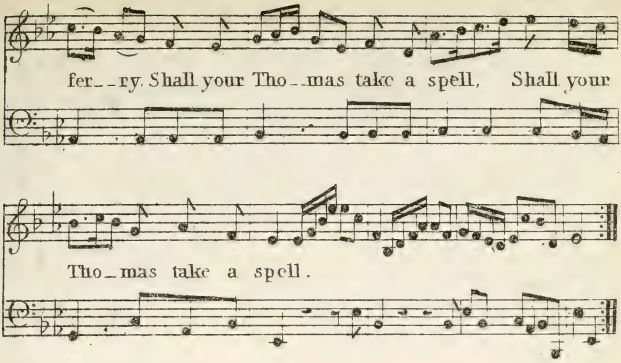
Then fare-

-well my trim-built Wher-ry, 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 Wher-ry, Oars, and

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



2

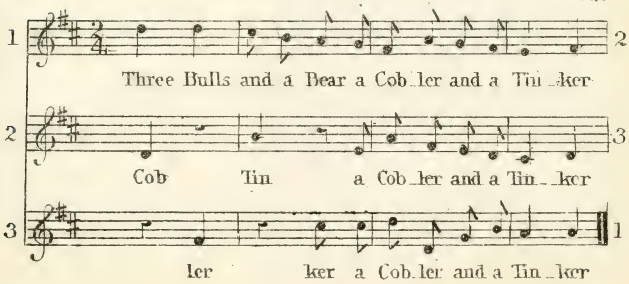
But to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I go;
Where expos'd to every danger,
Some friendly ball shall lay me low:

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



While the Lads in the Village.

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

C. Dibdin.

Allegretto.

While the lads in the Village shall merrily ah, sound their

Tabour, I'll hand thee a-long And I say unto thee that

ve__rily ah ve__rily ah ve__rily ah

ve - rily ah ve - rily ah thou and I will be first in the

throng, thou and I will be first in the

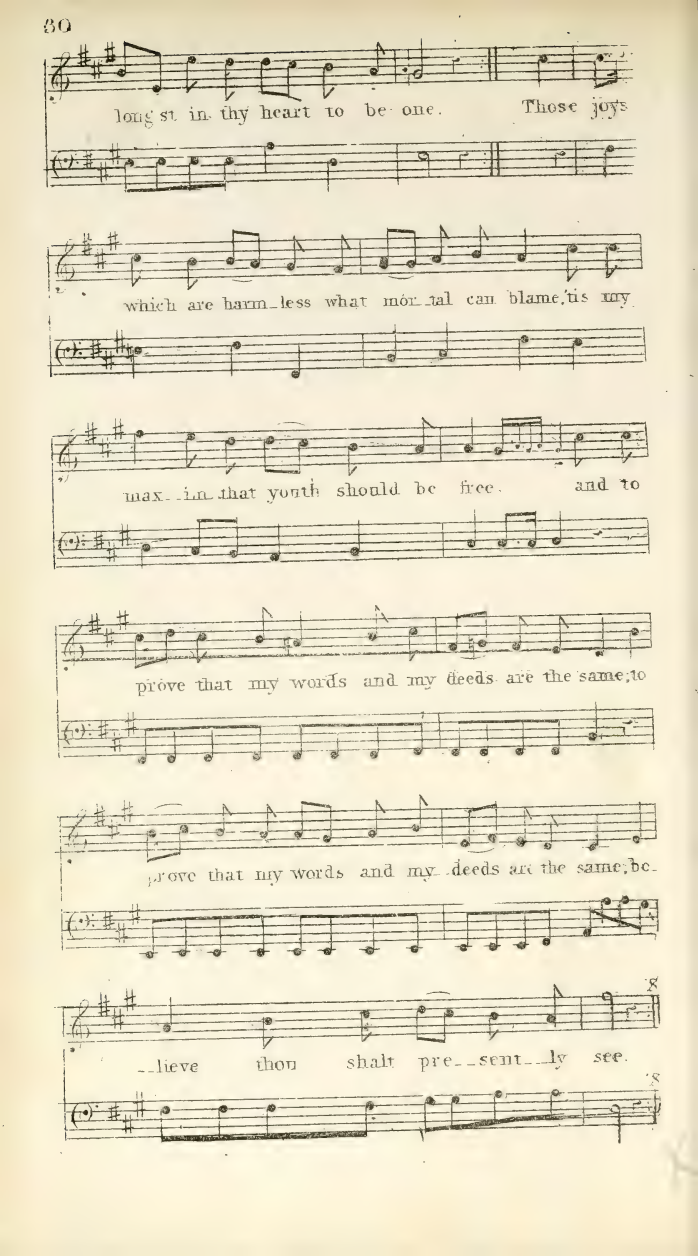
throng.

f

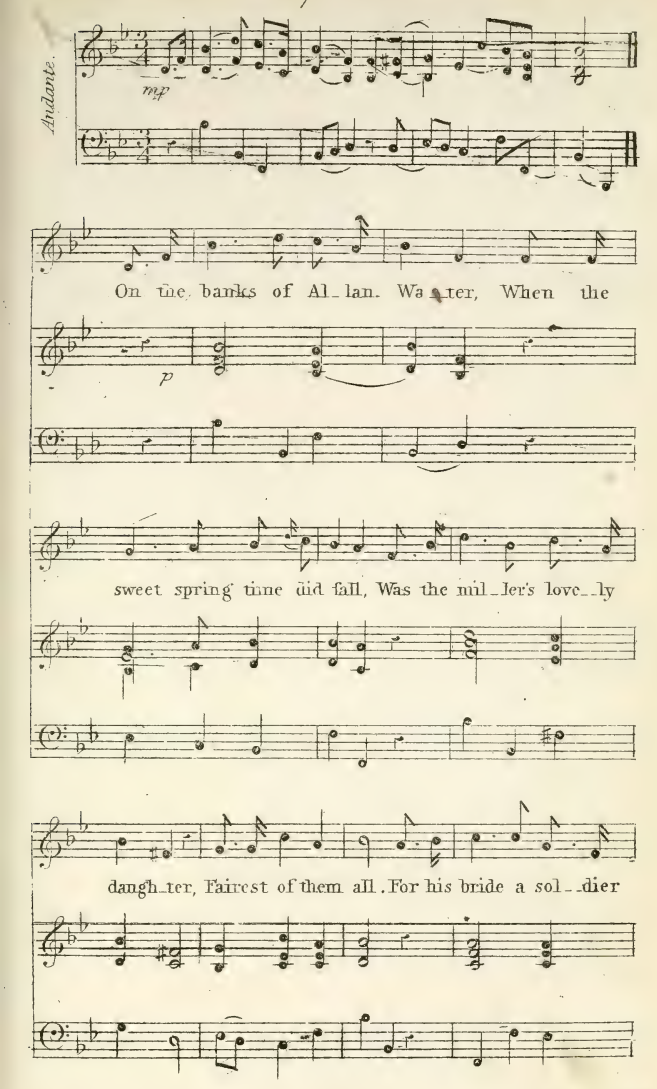
Just then when, the youth who last year won the dowe with his

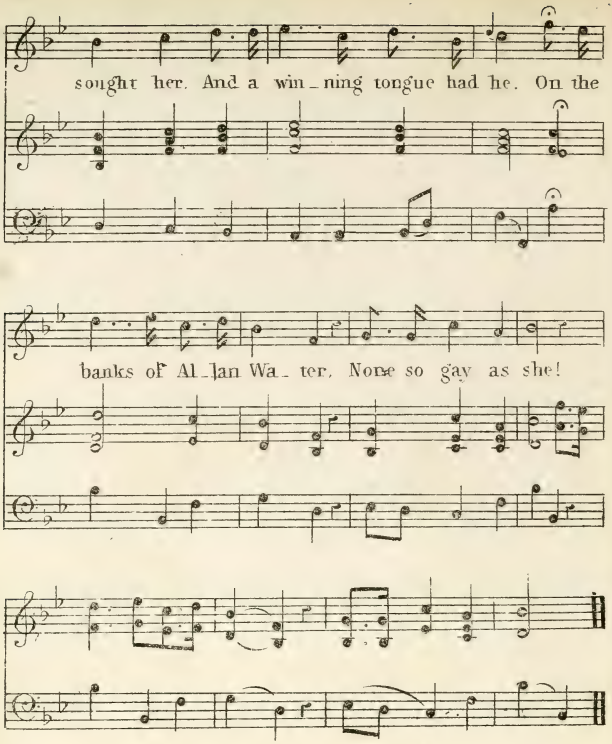
mate shall the sports have be - gun, When the

gay cries of glad ness is heard from each bow'r and thou


long st in thy heart to be one. Those joys
which are harm_less what mor_tal can blame, tis my
max_im that youth should be free. and to
prove that my words and my deeds are the same; to
prove that my words and my deeds are the same; be_
_lieve thou shalt pre_sent_ly see.

The Banks of Allan Water.





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 Trigoyti

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 mer ri ly sung and forgot for one whole

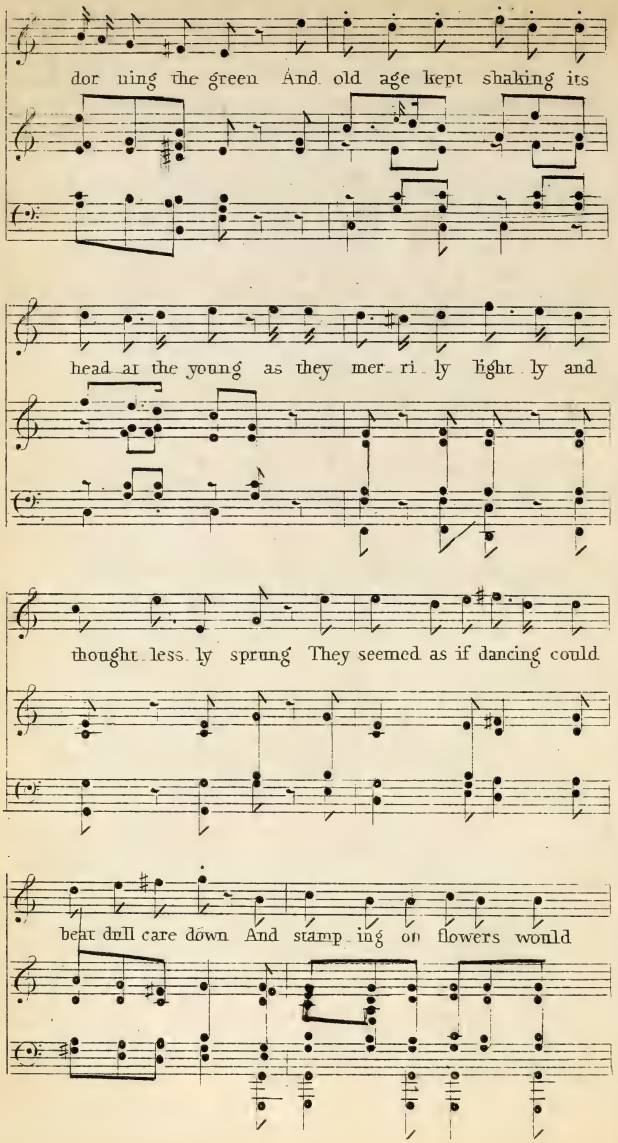
day, The cares their hearts for a year had wrung but it

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

old man could see, The buds of three weddings that

twin'd round his knee, And the matron so state_ly did

grace the fair scene With her boys like wild flowers a_


dor ning 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 drill care down And stamp ing on flowers would

smooth his wild frown fa la la la

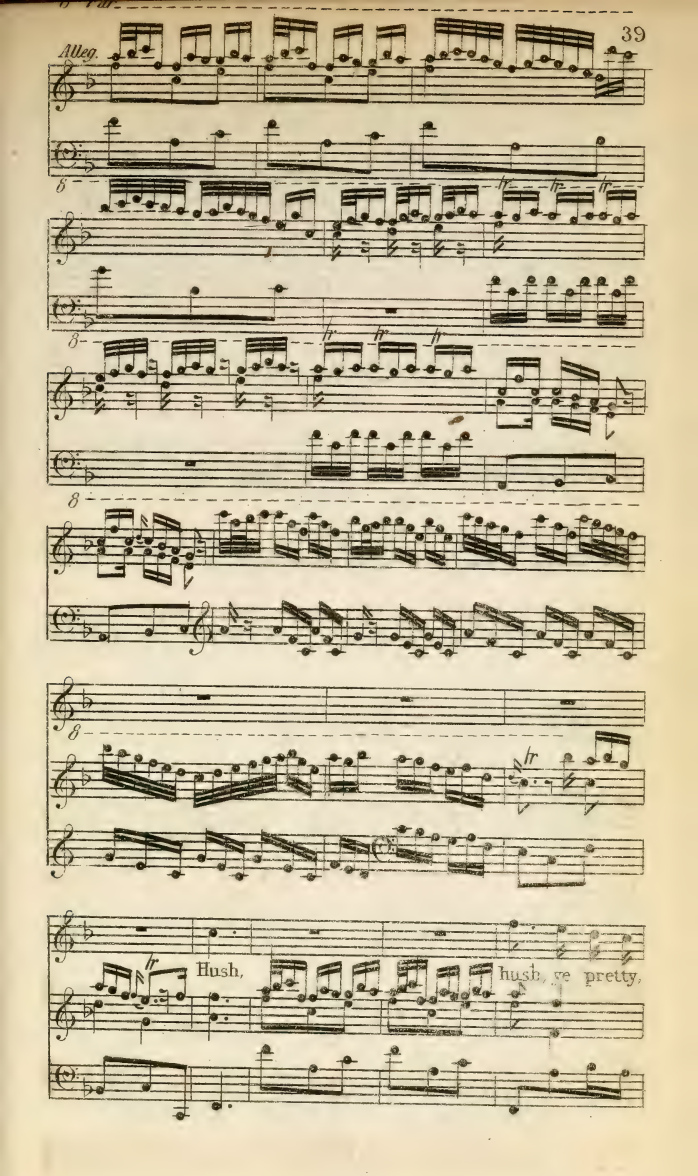
Hush ye pretty warbling choir!

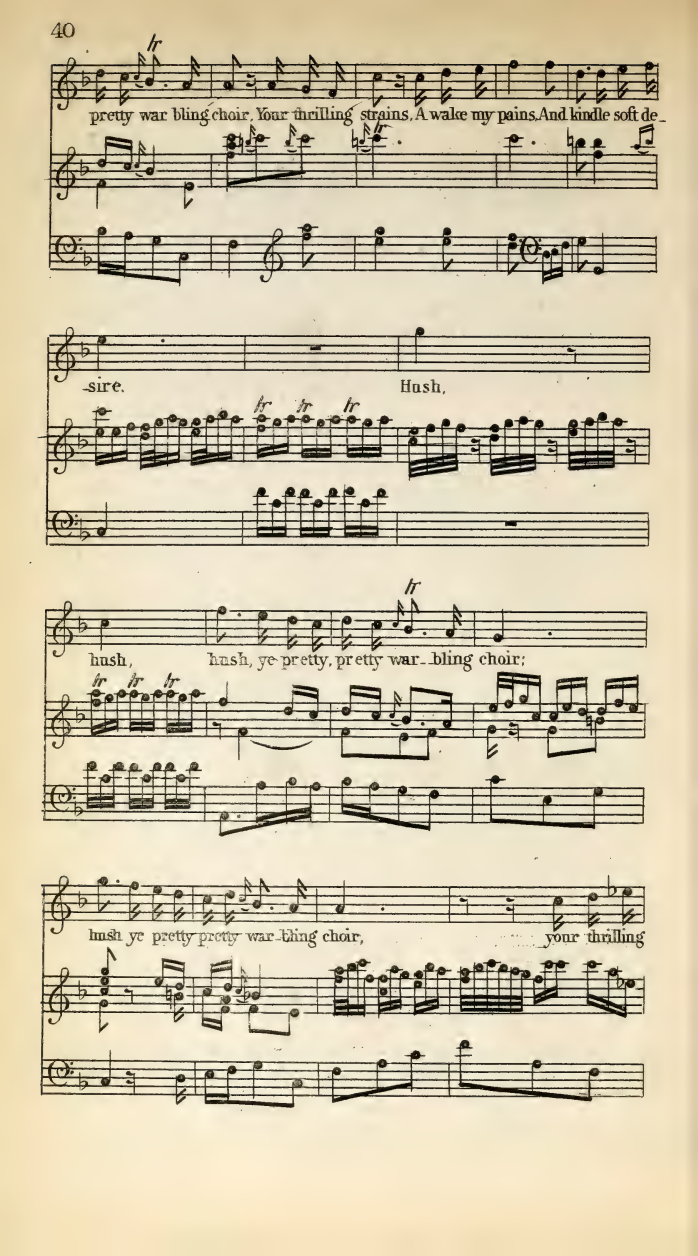
Words by Gay. *Sung by Miss Romer, in Acis & Galatea.* *Handel.*

Recitative

Piano Forte.

Ye verdant plains and woody mountains, Purling streams and bubbling 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.
Hush,
hush, ye pretty,

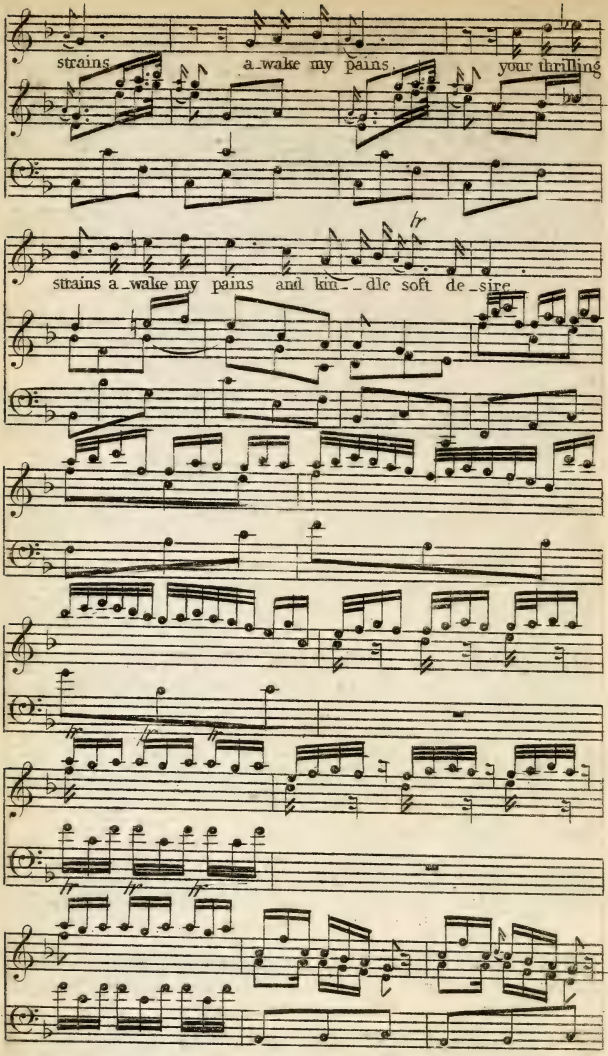

tr
pretty war bling choir, Your thrilling strains, A wake my pains, And kindle soft de-
tr
-sire.
Hush,
tr tr tr
hush,
hush, ye pretty, pretty war-bling choir;
tr
tr tr tr
hush ye pretty pretty war-bling choir,
your thrilling

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


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.

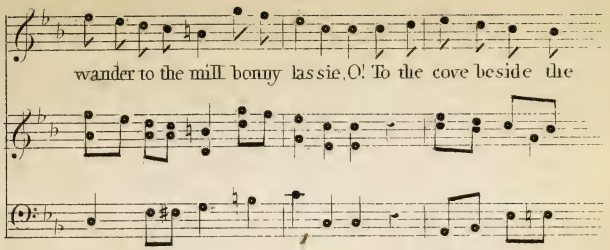
D.C.

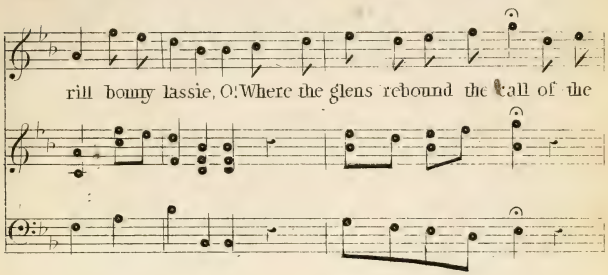
Let us haste to Kelvin Grove.

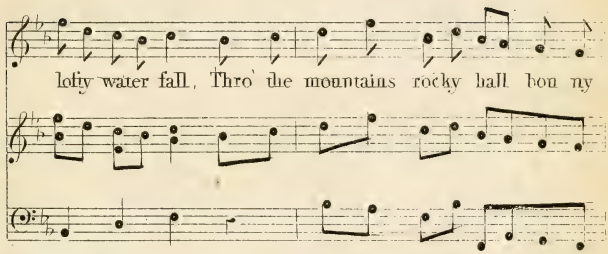
Sung by Mr Braham.

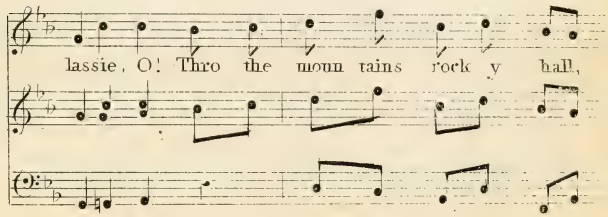
Affettuoso.

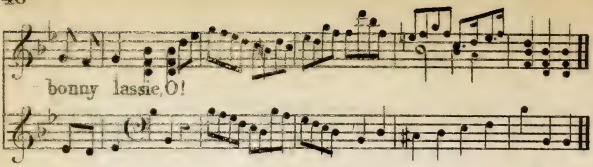
Let us haste to Kelvin Grove bonny lassie, O! Through its mazes let us rove, bonny lassie, O! Where the rose in all its pride Paints the hollow dingle side, Where the midnight fairies glide, bonny lassie, O! We will


wander to the mill bonny lassie, O! To the cove beside the


rill bonny lassie, O! Where the glens rebound the call of the


lofty water fall, Thro' the mountains rocky hall bon ny


lassie, O! Thro the moun tains rock y hall,

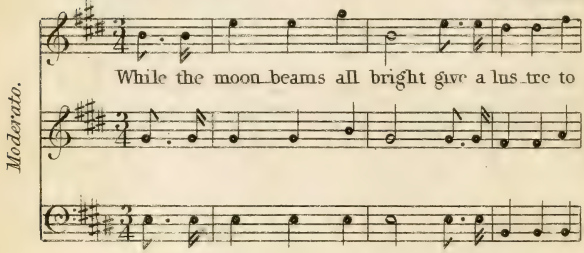


Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonny lassie, O!
Where so oft beneath the shade, bonny lassie, O!
With the songsters in the grove, we have told our tale of love,
And have sportive garlands wove, bonny lassie, O!
Ah! I soon must bid adieu, bonny lassie, O!
To this fairy scene and you, bonny lassie, O!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

A Favorite Glee. *Dr. Callcott.*



night, I'll weep on his dwell_ing so nar_row, And

high o'er his grave, the wil_low trees wave, Who died

on the banks of the Yarrow 'Twas un_der this

shade, hand in hand as we strayd, 'Twas un_der this

shade hand in hand as we strayd, he fell by the

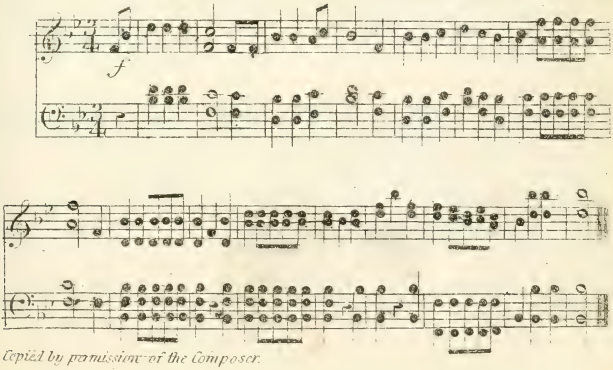
flight of an ar row And fast from the wound his

blood stain'd the ground Who died on the banks of the

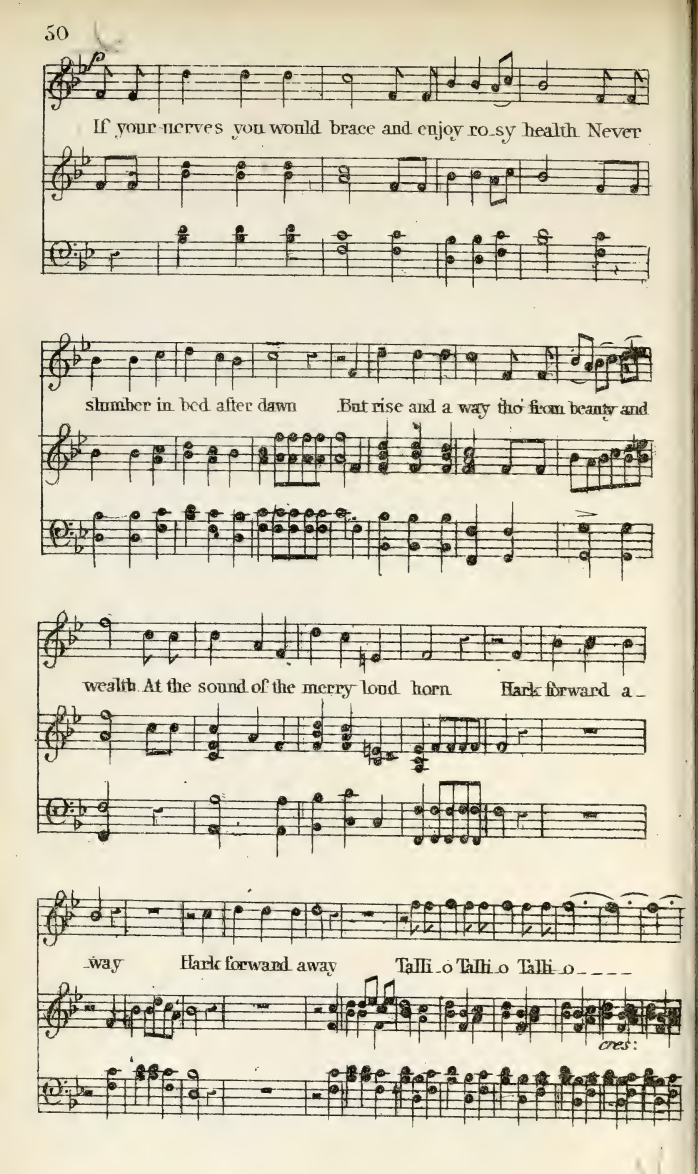
Yar row Who died on the banks of the Yar row

HARK FORWARD AWAY

Written by Charles Maitland Esq.r *Composed by James Cresley.*



Copied by permission of the Composer.


If your nerves you would brace and enjoy ro_sy 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____
ones:

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

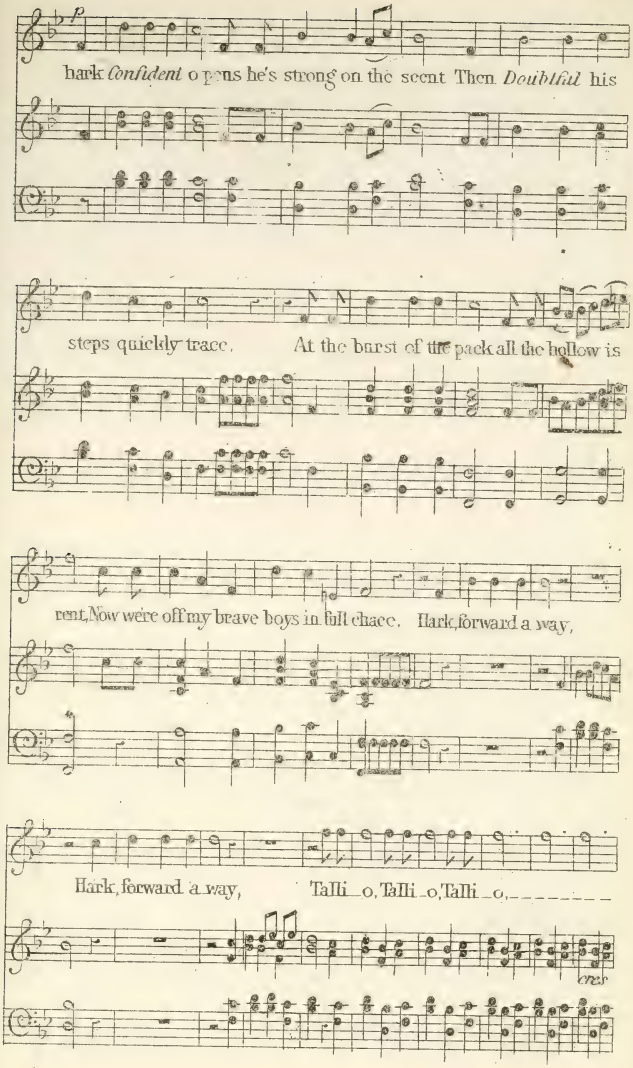
sound of her tuneful re ply; Hark, forward a way, Hark,

forward a way, Talli o, Talli o Talli o

cres

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

ff


p
hark *Confident* o pens he's strong on the scent Then *Doubtful* his
steps quickly trace, At the burst of the pack all the hollow is
rent, Now we're off my brave boys in full chace. Hark, forward a way,
Hark, forward a way, Talli_o, Talli_o, Talli_o,
cresc

Hark, forward a_way, Talli_o, Talli_o, Talli_o - - -

4th Verse

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

rivers we rush. Cheer up my brave spi_rits, 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 Mr. Braham. In the Merry Wives of Windsor.

Andante.

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 thy shadows make it May.
Oh! sweet Anne Page!

Here in Cool Grot.

Glee Composed by the Earl of Morington.

Slow 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 thro' yon limes her quiv'ring quiv'ring

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

high 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

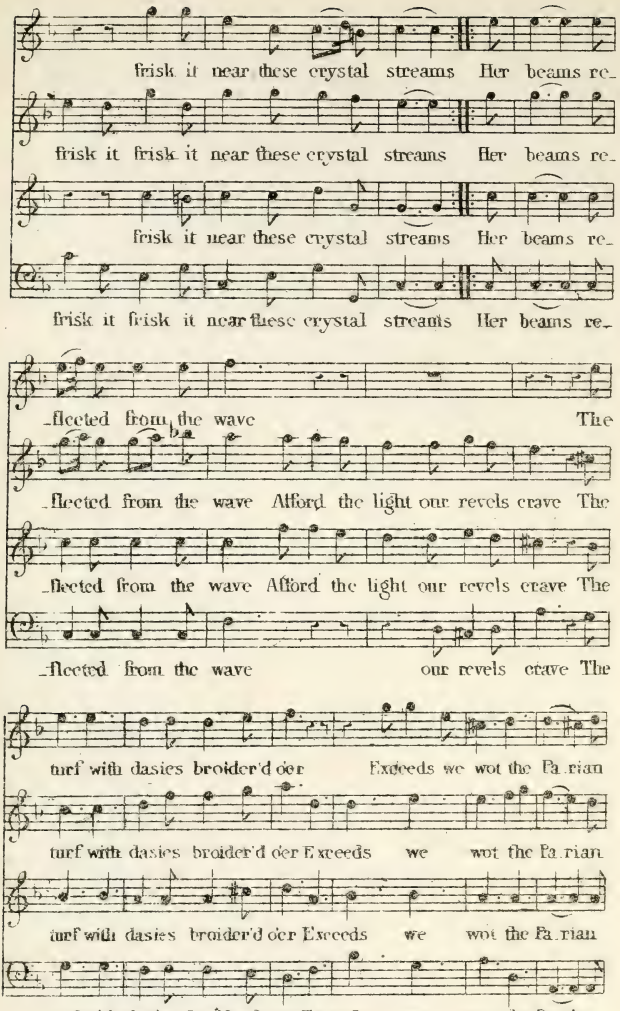
beams, We frisk it frisk it frisk it frisk it

near these crystal streams, frisk it frisk it

near these crystal streams, frisk it

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 art_ful

floor, Nor yet for artful strains, Nor yet for art_ful

floor, Nor yet for art ful strains, we

floor, Nor yet for artful strains, we call for art _ _ _ _ ful

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.

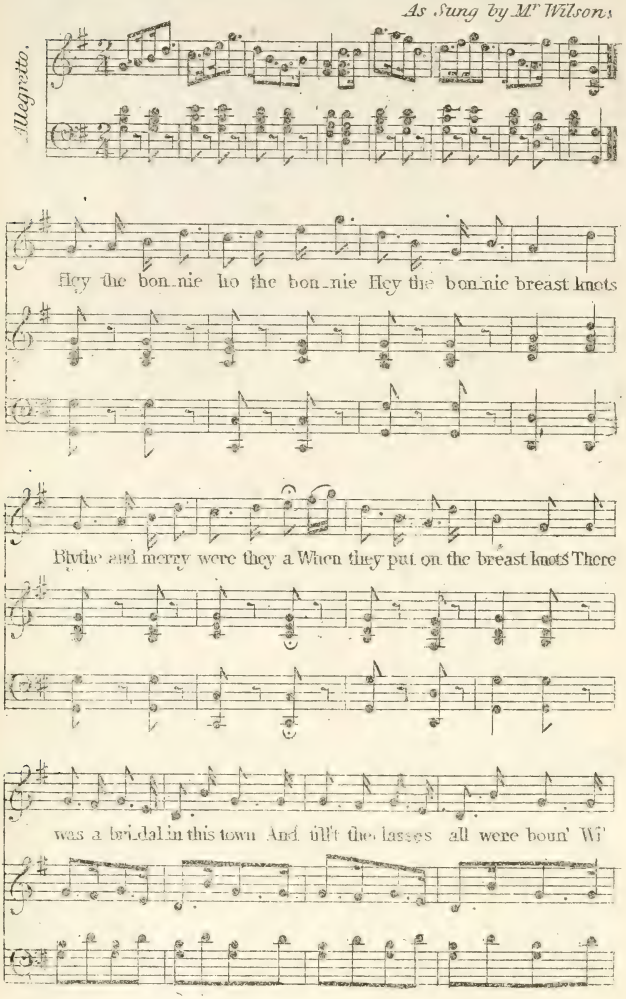
to the water fall listen listen listen listen to the water fall.

to the water fall listen listen listen listen to the water fall.

to the water fall listen listen listen listen to the water fall.

The Bonnie Breast Knots.

As Sung by Mr Wilson.



man_kie fa_cings 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,

Blythe and mer_ry were they a', When they put on the breast knots.

2

At nine O' clock the lads convene,
Some clad in blue and some in green,
Wi shining buckles in their sheen,
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.

3

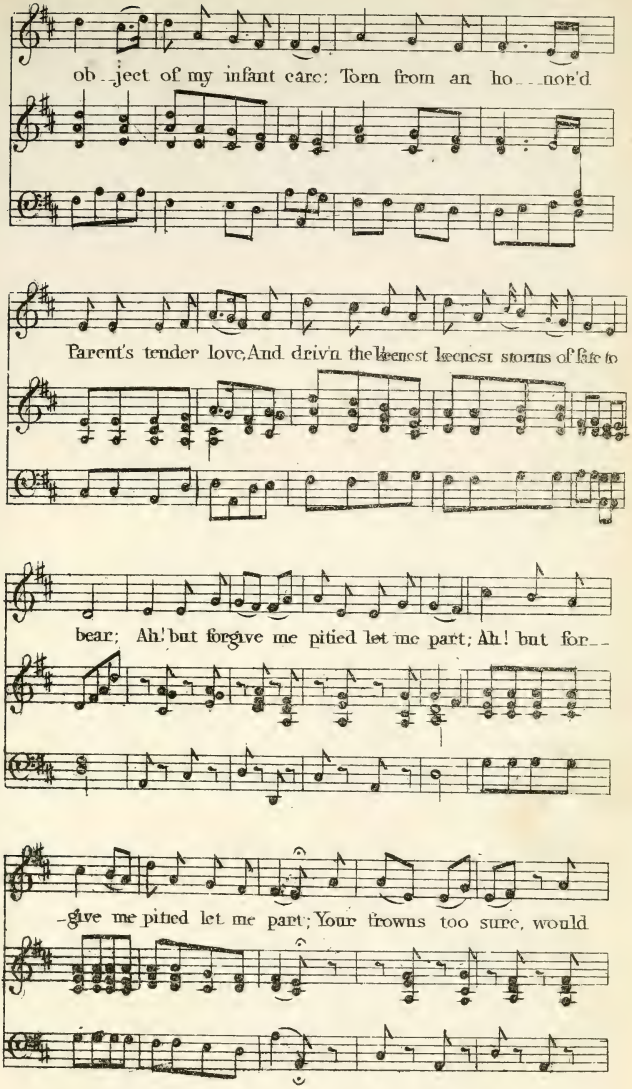
The bride she was baith young and fair,
Her neck outshone her pearlings rare,
A satin snood bound up her hair,
And flowers among the Breast Knots;
The bridegroom gazed but maist I ween,
He prized the glance of love's blue 'een,
That made him proud o' his sweet Jean,
When she'd got on her Breast Knots: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

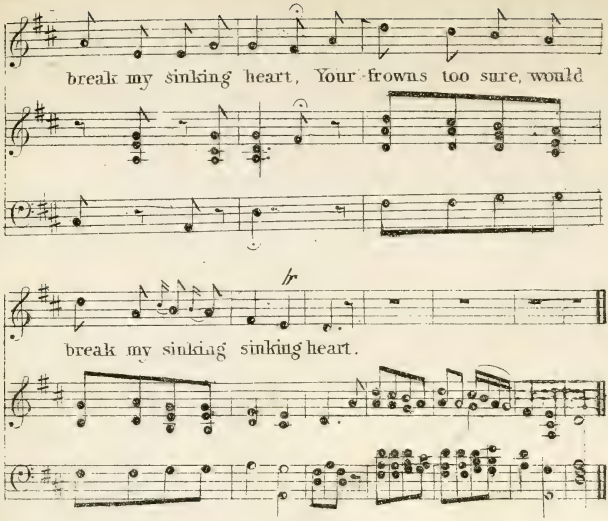
Since then I'm doom'd.

Shield.

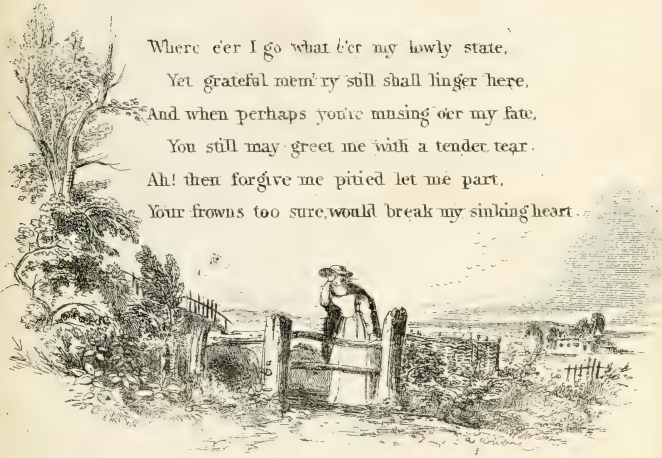
Allegretto.

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



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

2 bot_tom old chairs to mend old chairs to mend: New

3 new Mac__ke__rel new Mac_ke__rel.

1 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 thats turn ing up so

3 Down a gain and down a gain the

2 If I might have my will

3 fast on you der hill and falls

1 grownd it touch un till.

London: Boosey & Co. Monopolies St. E.C.

The Forester's horn.

Duet

Prepare your shaft and bend your bow the Stags at bay Soh

Prepare your shaft and bend your bow the Stags at bay

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

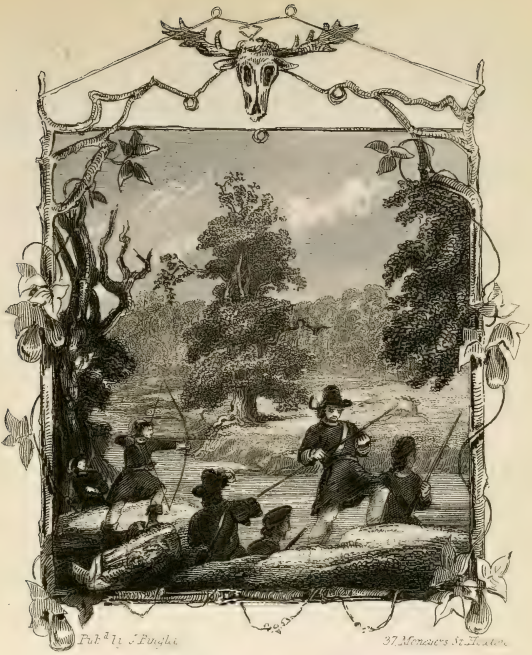
braves the foe The Forester's horn the

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 poor wounded Heart.

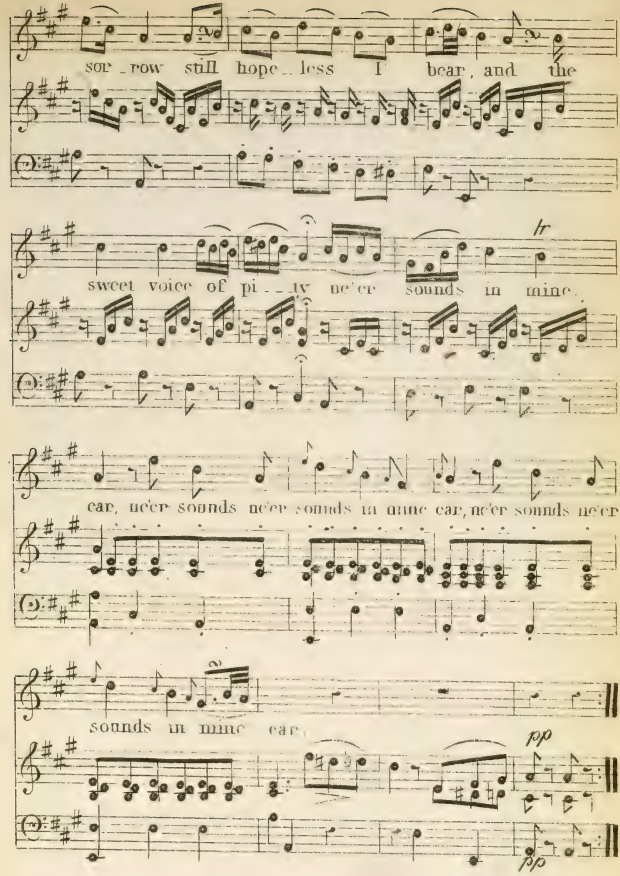
My heart is in an_ _guish and tears fill my

eyes, de_ _ject_ 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

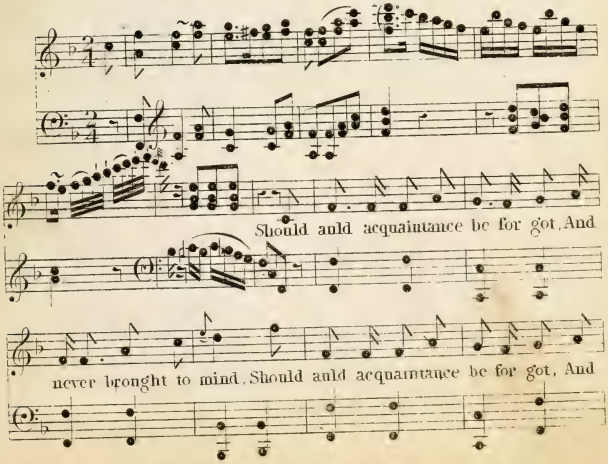
sounds in mine ear, yet the bur_ _den of

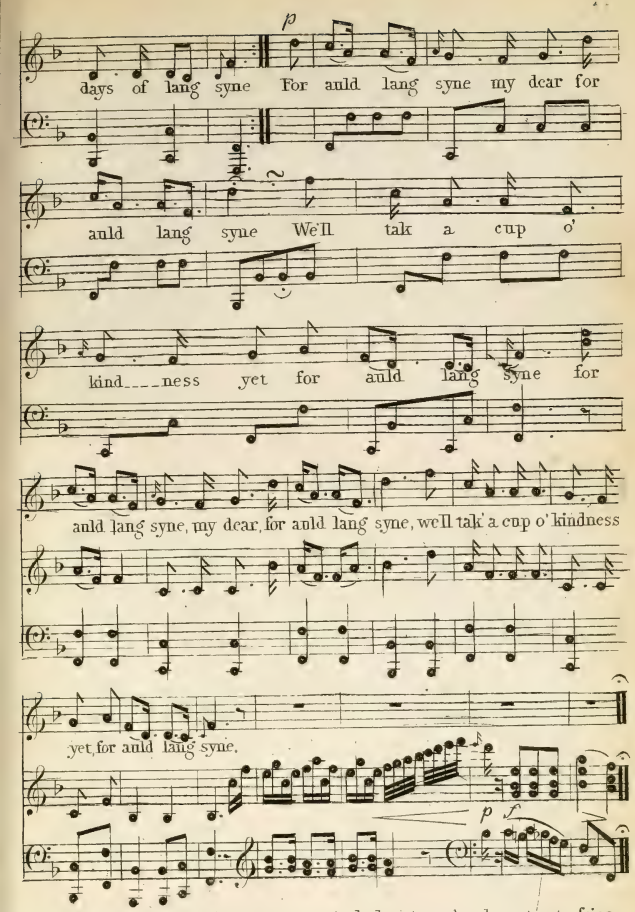


O, love, thou hast pleasures,
And deeply I've lov'd;
O, love, thou hast sorrows,
Which sorely I prov'd.
But this poor wounded heart,
That now bleeds in my breast;
I can feel by its flutt'ring;
Will soon be at rest.

London: Ivery & Mo[illegible]

AULD LANG SYNE.





We twa run about the braes,
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 hae roar'd,
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 stoup,
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 swear, Young Cu_pids dart was made of stone, And he had fix'd it there. A pang I dare not tell, to prove, And yet can_not con__ceal; I do not know if this be love, I do not know if this be love, But this is what I feel. I

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

this is what I feel this is what I

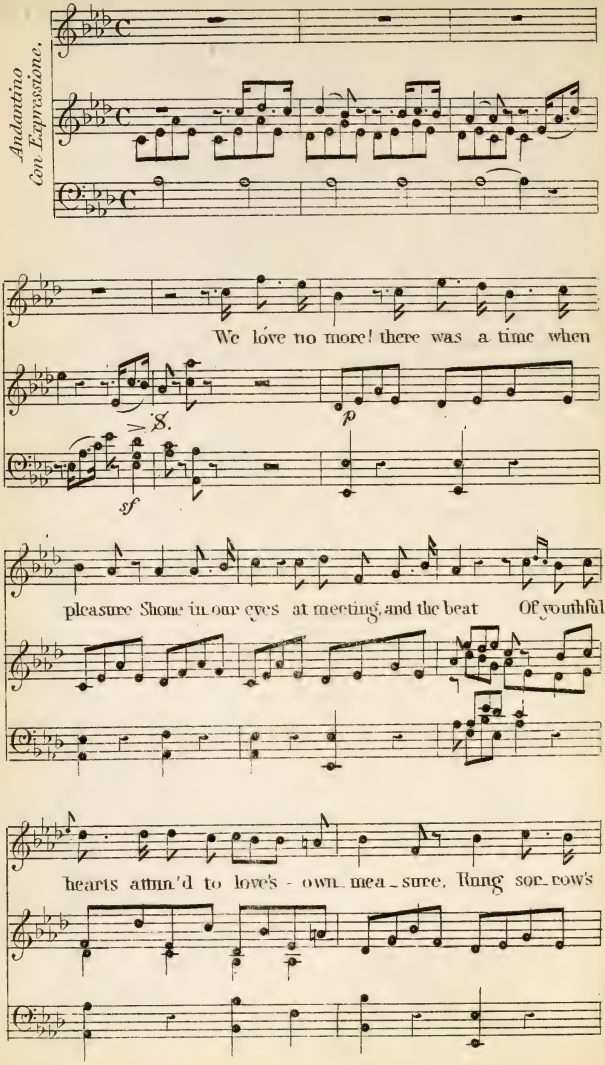
feel

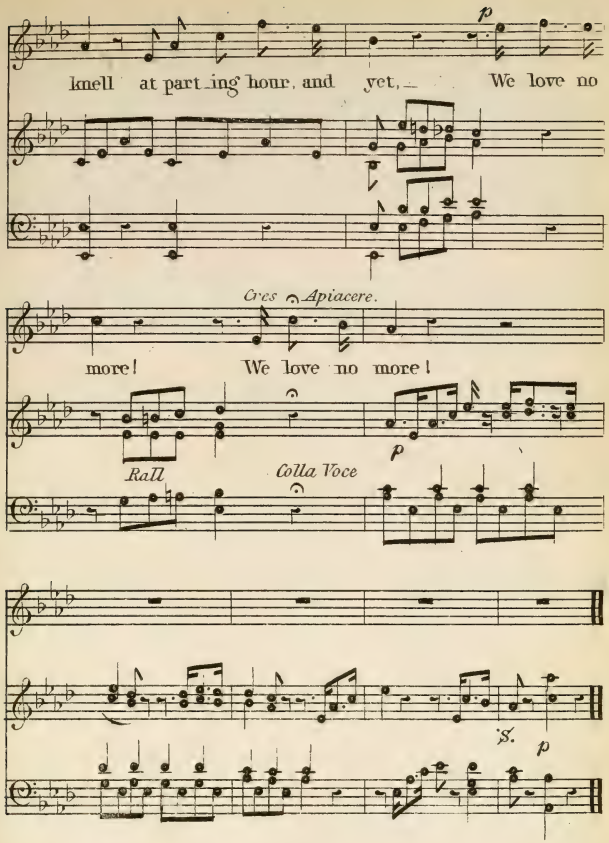
f

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.





My thoughts are cold, but Oh! the past appearing

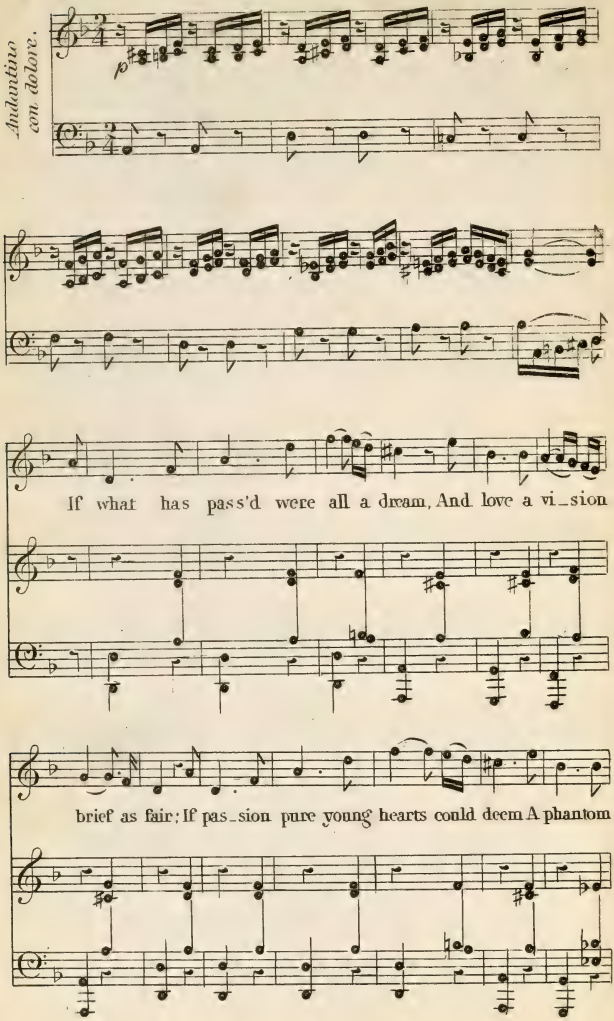
One silvery smile sheds lightly o'er this brow,

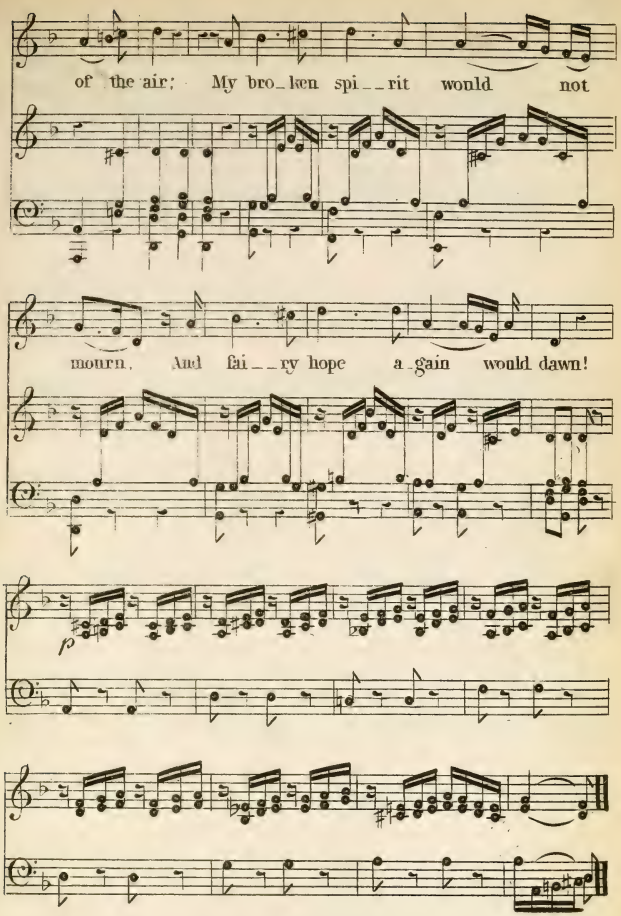
And weans my soul with recognitions cheering,

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.



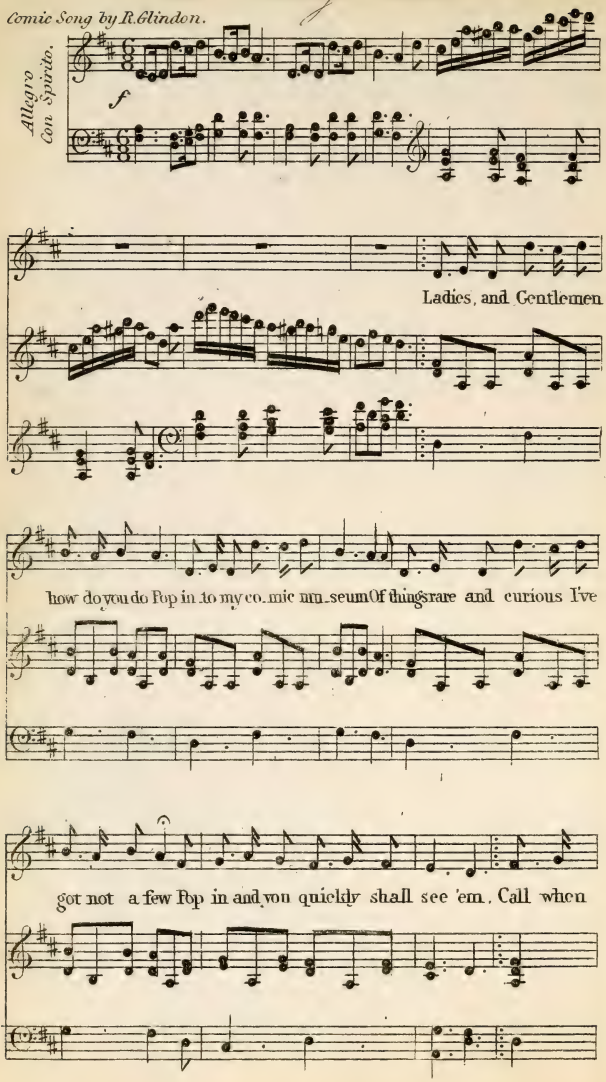


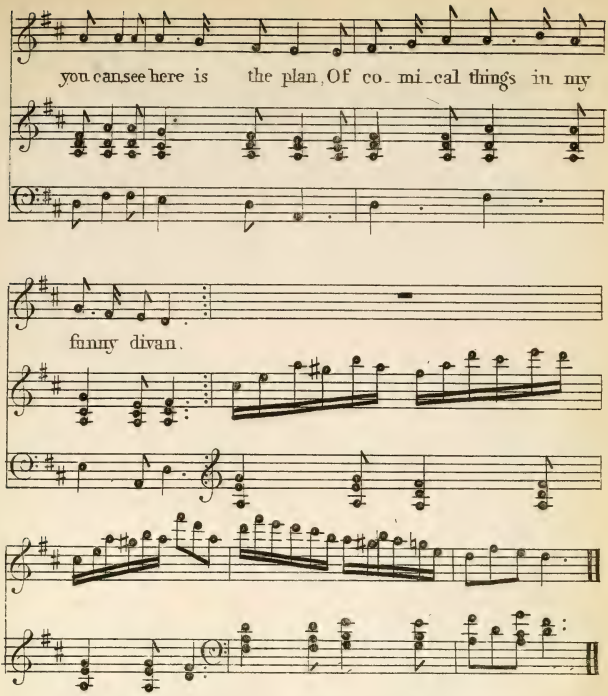
But oh! my tortur'd bosom tells,
Too plainly, 'tis reality!
One burning thought there ever dwells,
With painful constancy.
Ah! no, I ne'er shall cease to mourn,
Sweet hope for me no more will dawn!

London, Pub.d by J. Bingley, 37 Mongyers St. Hoxton.

The Funny Divan.

Comic Song by R. Glindon.





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.

Lets live and lets love.

Glee.

Briskly.

lr

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

shrill e_cho's ring. Our humours a_gree from cares we are

lr

free and none are more hap__py more hap___py than

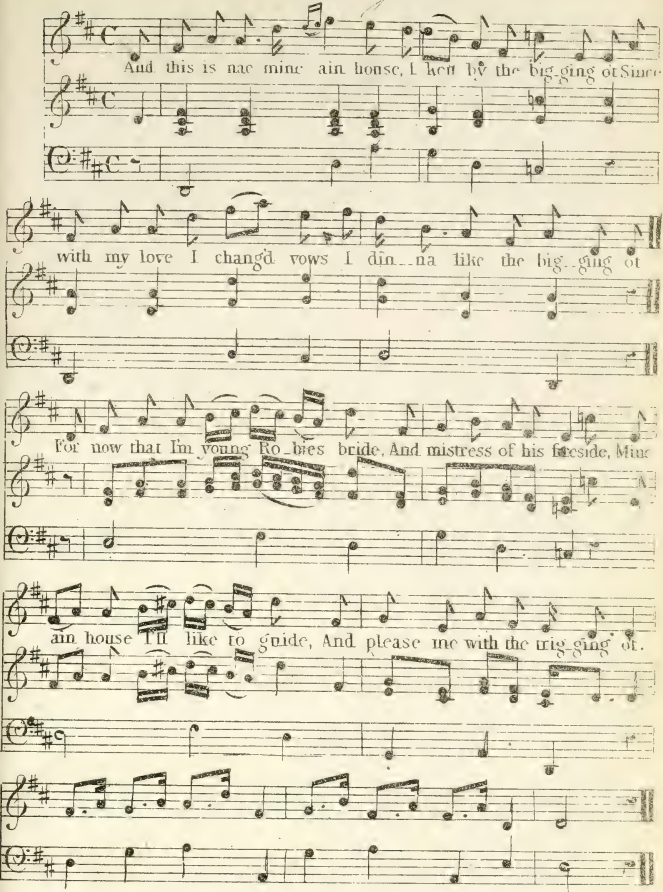
p

we and none are more hap_py more hap__py than we.

p

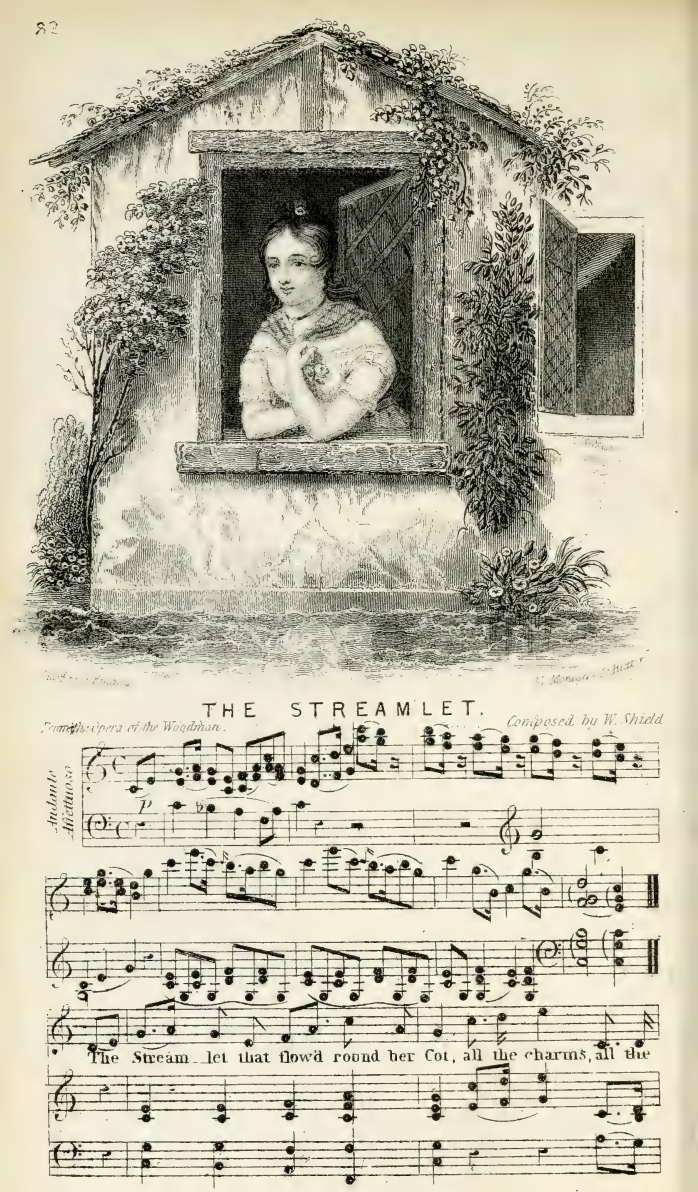
London, J. Finglay, 37 Mansgers St. Hoxton.

And this is nae my ain House.



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

charms of my E mi ly knew How oft has its course been for

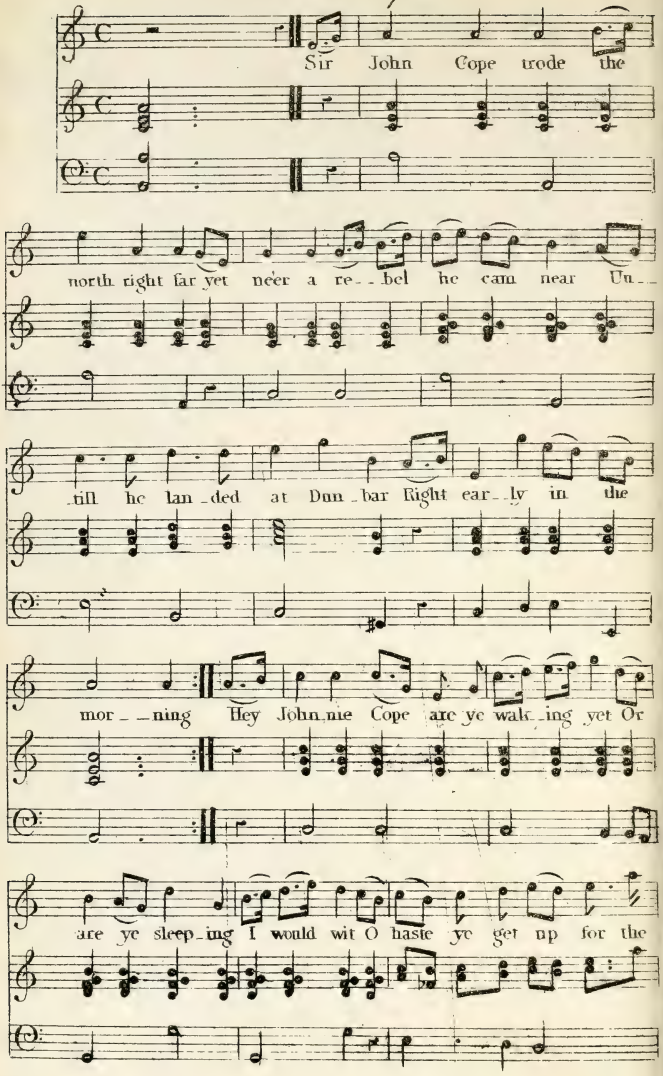
got While it pans'd While it pans'd her dear Image to woo. How

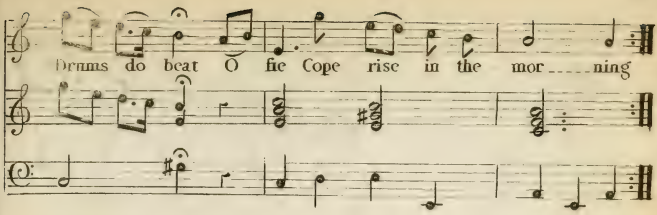
oft has its course been for got While it pans'd while it pans'd

her dear Image to woo.

Believe me the fond silver tide,
Knew from whence it derivd the fair prize,
For silently swelling with pride,
It reflected her back to the skies.

Johnnie Cope.





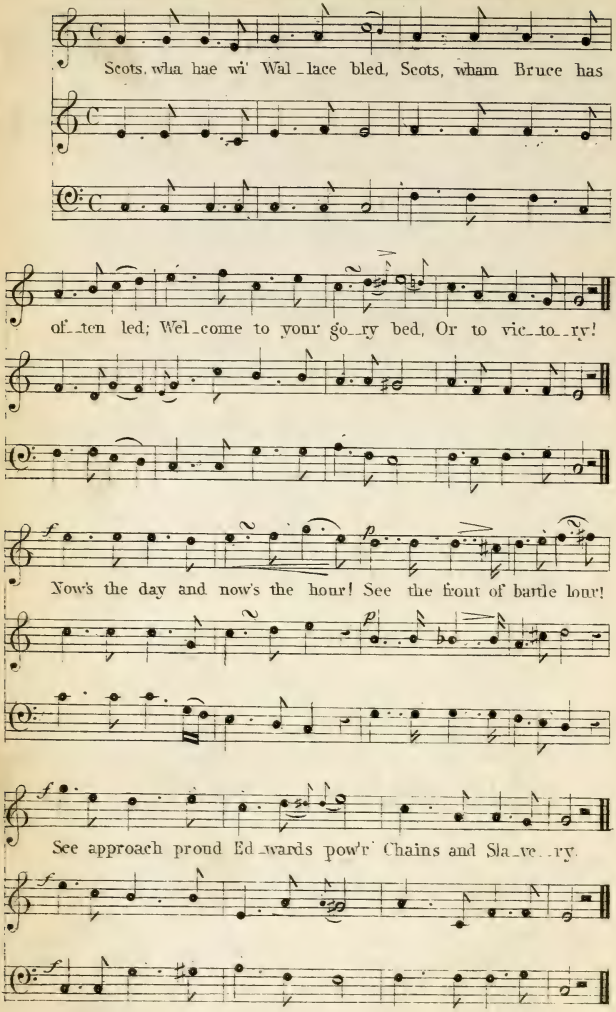
When Charlie looked the letter on,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
Come follow me my merry merry men,
To meet Johnnie Cope in the morning.
Hey Johnnie Cope are ye walking yet,
Or are your drums a beating yet?
Wi' claymore sharp and music sweet,
Well make ye mirth I the morning.

Atween the gray day and the sun
The highland pipes came skirling on:
Now fye Johnnie Cope get up and run,
Twill be a bloody morning.
O yonis 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 likeafrighten'd bird,
Thats 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' WALLACE BLED.

Sung by Mr. 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 Scotlands 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 every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

Pub.d by J. Bingley, Moneyers 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 bon_nie bon_nie 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 ilka hand hes pressd by want
"On ilka 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 howl'd
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 a land 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!"

Pub.d by J. Bingley 37, Moneyers Str. Hoxton.

Wha wadna fight for Charlie.

Wha wad_na fight for Charlie; Wha wad_na

draw the sword? Wha wad_na up and ral_ly At their roy_al Prin_ces word?

Think on Sco_tia's ancient heroes Think on foreign foes repell'd Think on glo_rious

Bruce and Wallace Wha the proud u_sur_pers quell'd.

Wha wadna &c.
Rouse, rouse ye Kilted warriors!
Rouse, ye heroes of the north
Rouse and join your Cheiftain's banners,
'Tis your Prince that leads you forth.

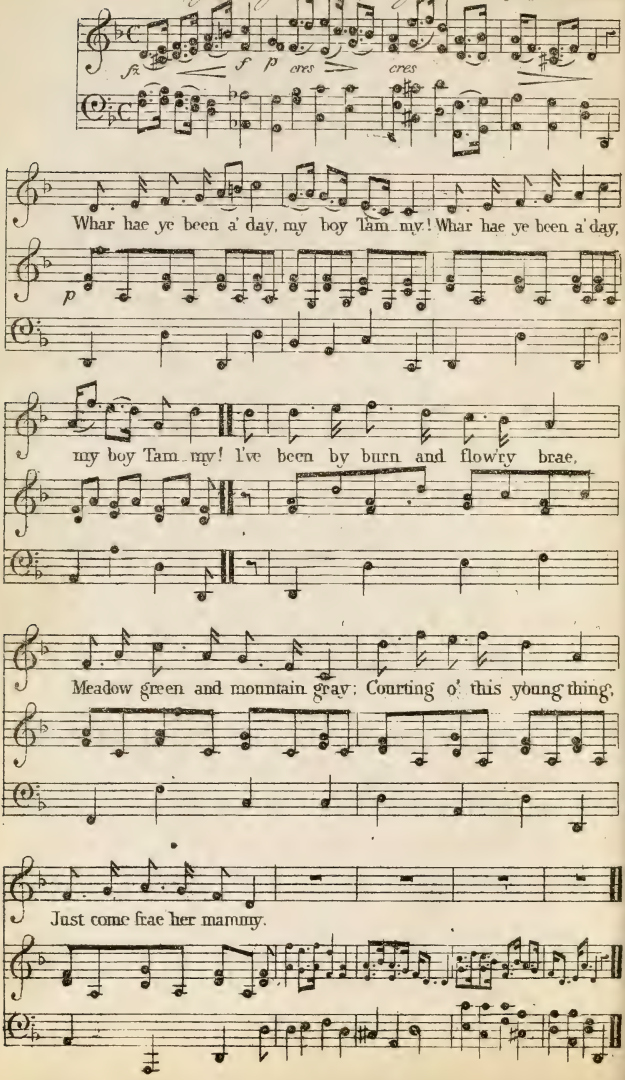
Wha wadna &c.
Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
Shall we own a foreign sway?
Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd
While a stranger rules the day.

Wha wadna &c.
See the northern clans advancing,
See Glengary and Lochiel!
See the brandish'd broad swords glancing!
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 Mr. Wilson.



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.

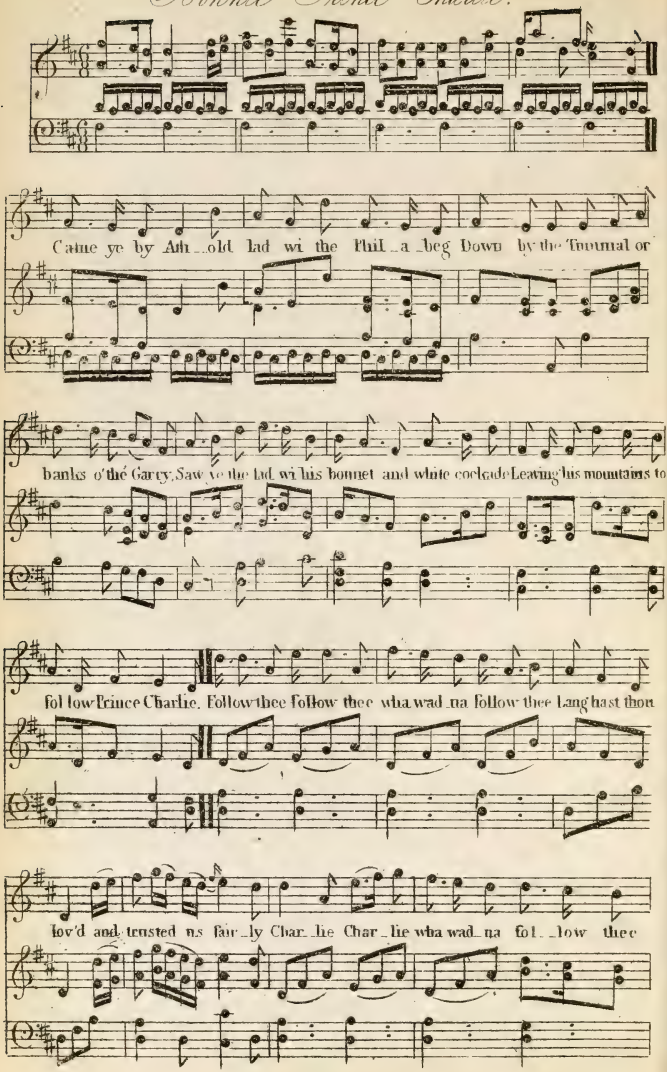
I held her to my beating heart, my young, my smiling lammy;
I hae a house, it cost me dear,
I've walth o' plenishan and gear,
Ye'se get it a' was't ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your Mammy.

The smiel gae'd aff her bonny face, I mainn 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.



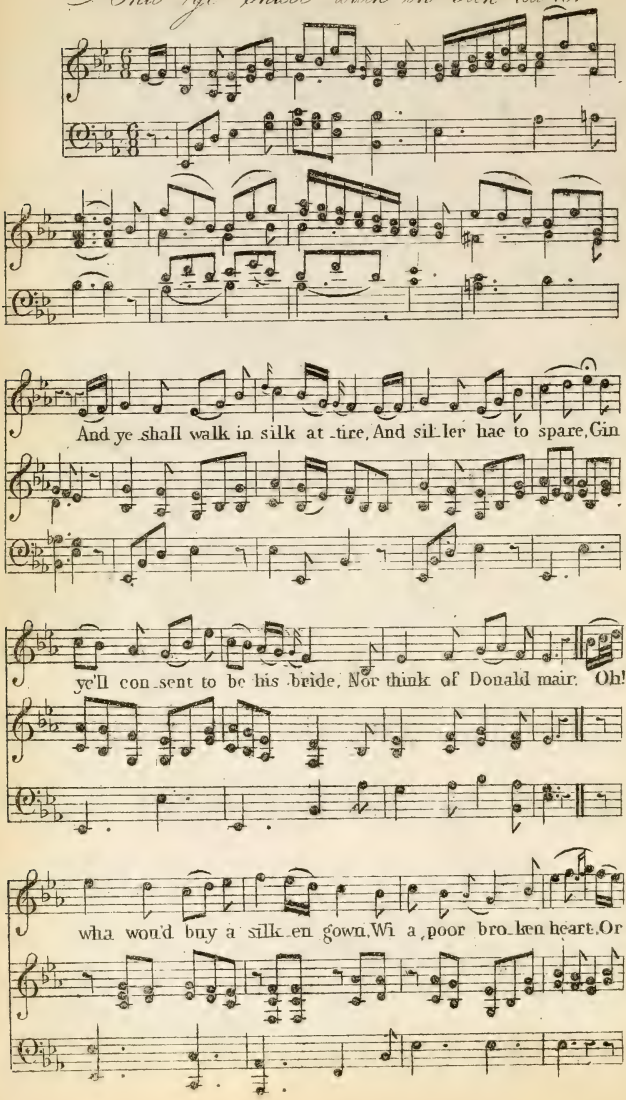
King o' the Highland hearts bonny Prince Charlie.

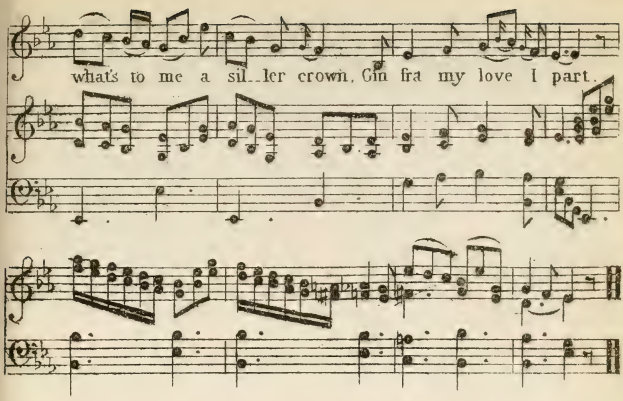
I hae but a son my brave young Donald But if I had ten they would follow Glengarry Health to Mc Donald and gallant Clanronald For they are the lads that would die for Prince Charlie Follow thee follow thee wha wadna follow thee

lang hast thou lov'd and trust_ed us 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.

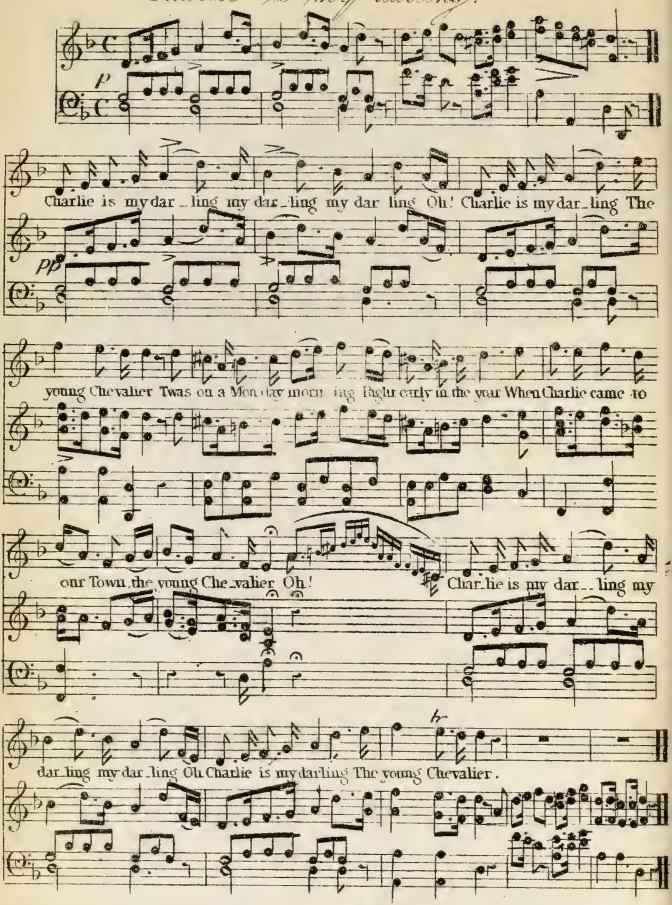




The mind whose every wish is pure,
  Far dearer is to me;
And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
  I'll lay me down and die;
For I hae pledged my virgin troth,
  Brave Donalds fate to share;
And he has given to me his heart,
  Wi a its virtues rare.

His gentle manners won my heart,
  He, grateful 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.



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 had' 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!

The man that should our king hae 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 Laug lang lang o com-ing O ye've been lang o coming Wel come roy-al Char-lie.

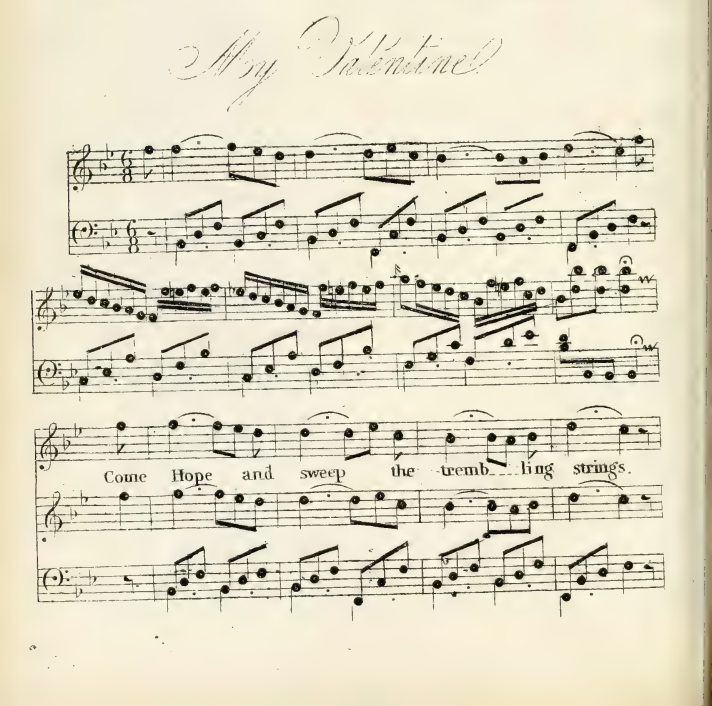
When Charlie in the Highland shiel
Forgathrit wi' the great Lochiel,
O sic kindness did prevail
Atween the cheif and Charlie,
O ye've been lang o' coming &c.

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' maut
But Geordie he mann cat a fau't,
And to our kail wi' scarce get saut,
For want o' Royal Charlie,
O ye've been lang o' coming &c.

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

My Valentine.



drop from thy pin___ions balm___di___vine, while

droop_ing o'er my Lyre I sing, The

graces of my Va___lentine, my Valen__tine, my

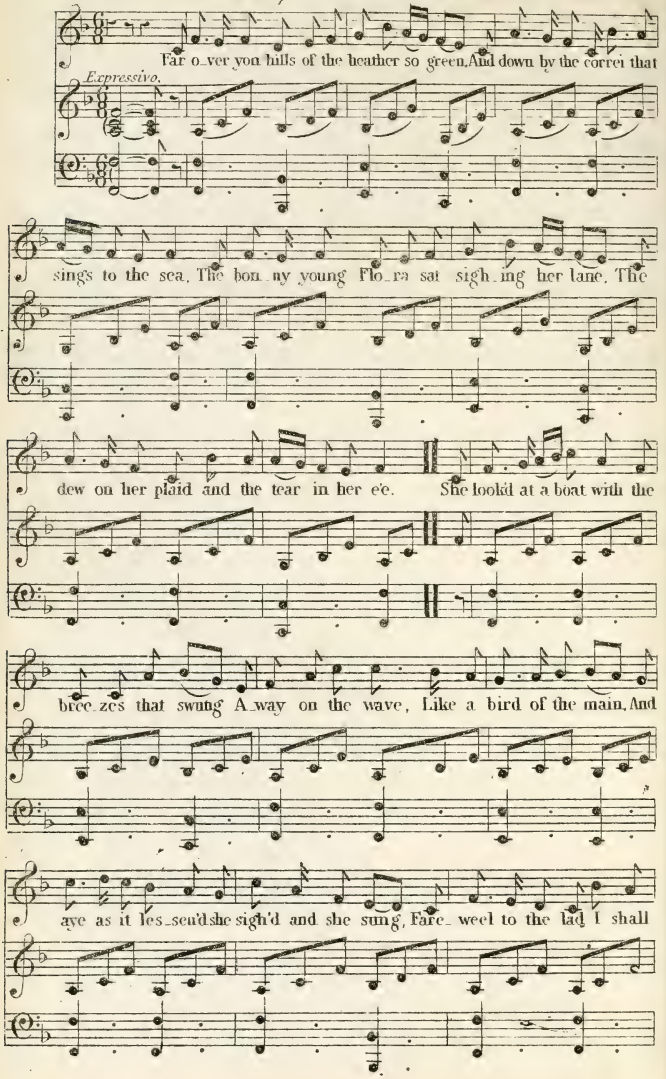
Valen__tine, the graces of my Valen_tine.

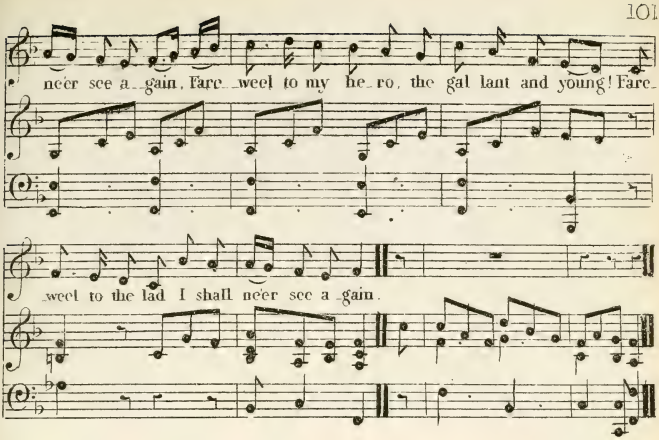
The frozen brook, the mountain snow,
The pearls, that on the thistle shine,
The northern winds that chilly blow,
Are emblems of my Valentine.

Pale sorrow shades the quivring flame,
That gleams on truth's neglected shrine,
Fanned 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.





"The moorcock that crans on the brow of Ben Connal,
"He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;
"The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs o' Clan Ronald,
"Unaw'd and unhunted, 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 nought 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 blue.
"Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
"When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?
"Fareweel my young hero, the gallant and good!
"The crown of thy Fathers is torn from thy brow.

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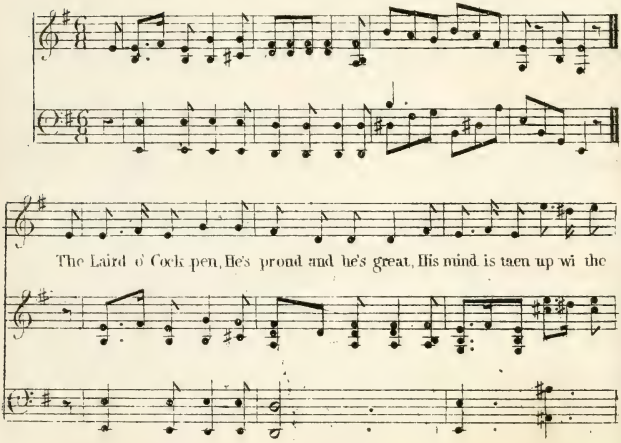
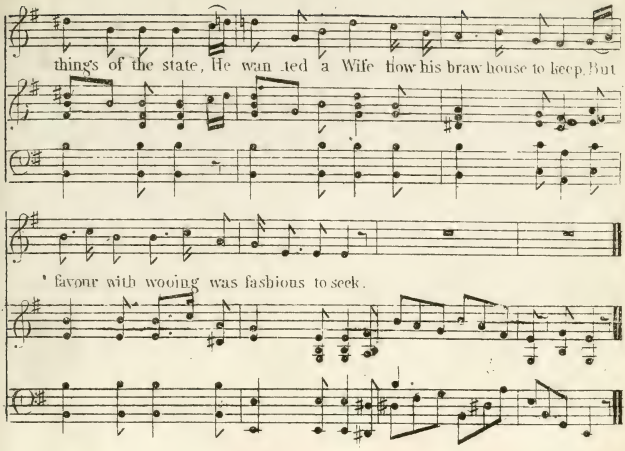
The Laird o' Cockpen.





Down by the burn side a Lady did dwell,
At the head o'his table he thought shé'd look well,
Macleish's ae Daughter o' Clavers ha lee
A pennyless lass wi a lang pedigree.

His wig was well poutherd, and as gude as new,
His waistcoat was red, and his coat 'it was blue,
A ring on his finger, his sword, and cockd hat,
And wha could refuse the auld Laird wi'a that.

He mounted his mare, he rode cannilie,
And rapt at the yett o' Clavers ha lee;
Gae tell Mrs. Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o'Cockpen.

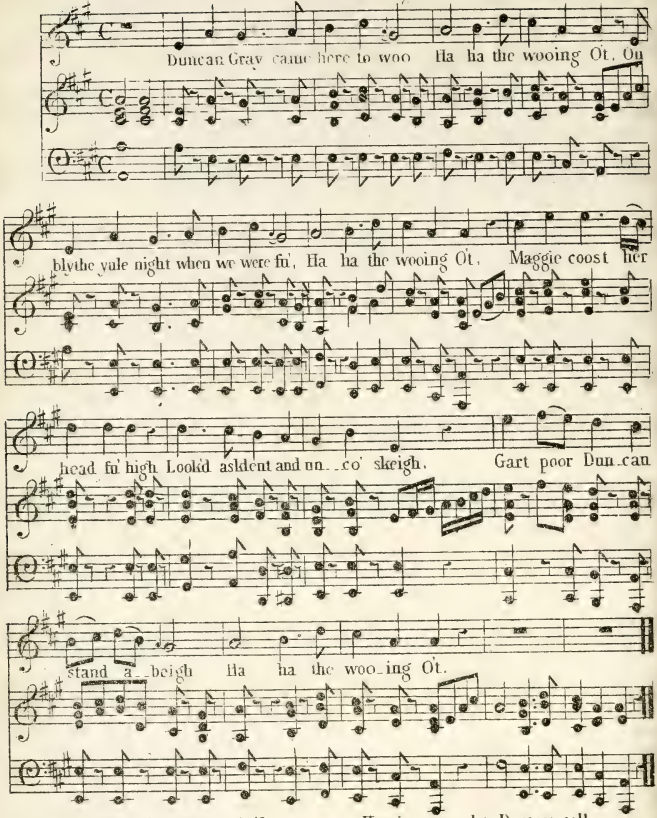
Mrs. Jean she was making the elder flower wine,
And what brings the Laird here at sic a like time,
She put off her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi'red ribbons, and gaed awa down.

And when she came in, the Laird lookd fu low
And what was his errand he soon let her know,
But oh how he stared when the Lady said na,
And wi' a laigh Curtsey she then turned awa

The Laird was dum founder'd nae sigh did he goe
He mounted his mare, he rode cannilie;
And often he thought as he gaed thro' the glen,
She is daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

Duncan Gray.

Words by Burns.



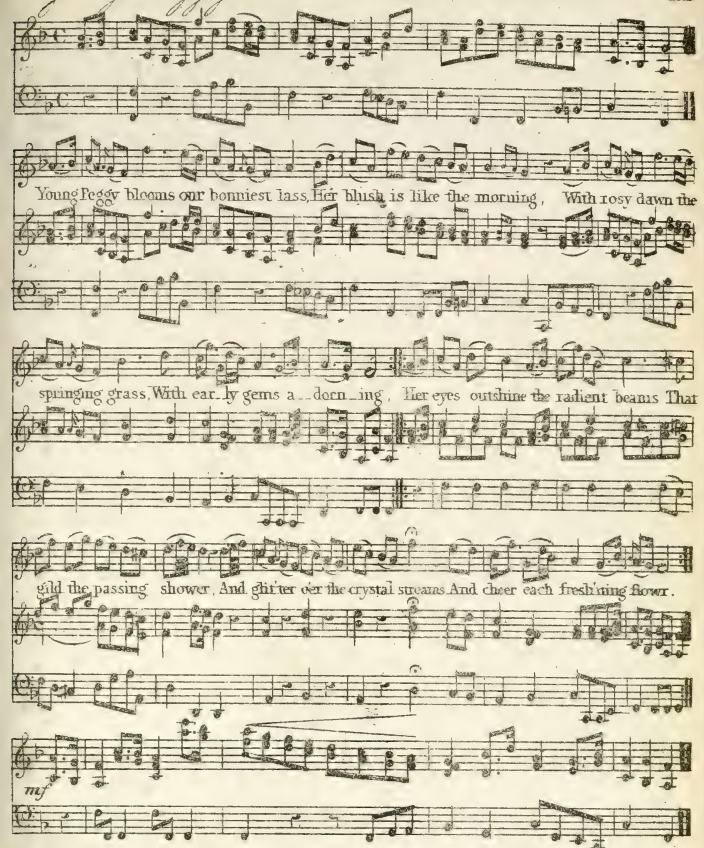
Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd,
Ha, ha, the wooing Ot,
Meg was deaf as Adsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing Ot,
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his e'en baith bleest and blinn
Spak o' louping o'er a linn
Ha, ha, the wooing O't.

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 Ot,
Meg grew sick as he grew heal,
Ha, ha, the wooing Ot,
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings,
And oh, her e'en they speak sic things,
Ha, ha, the wooing Ot.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing Ot,
Maggies was a piteous case
Ha, ha, the wooing Ot,
Duncan coudna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath,
Now they're crouse and canty baith,
Ha, ha, the wooing Ot.

Young Peggy blooms our Bonniest Lass.



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 fearfu'red pairs are courting,
And little lambkins wanton, wild,
In playful bands disporting.

Were fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her
As blooming spring unbends the brow,
Of surly, savage winter.
Distraction's eye no aim can gain
Her winning pow'rs to lessen,
And fretfull envy grins in vain,
The poison'd wo'th 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 bossom,
And bless the dear paternal name
With many a filial bosom.

Royal Charlie.

Spiritoso.

mf *p* *f*

Theres news frae Moid_art cam' yestreen, Will

soon gar mo_ny fer_lie; For ships o' war hae just come in, An'

land_ed roy_al Char____lie. Come thro' the heather, a___

_round him gather, Ye're a the wel_com_er ear__ly; A-

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

thro' the heather, a-round him gath-er Come Ronald come Donald, come

Espression

Animato poco più lento

a' the gither An' crown your right-fu' law-fu' King For wha'll be King but Charlie

fz

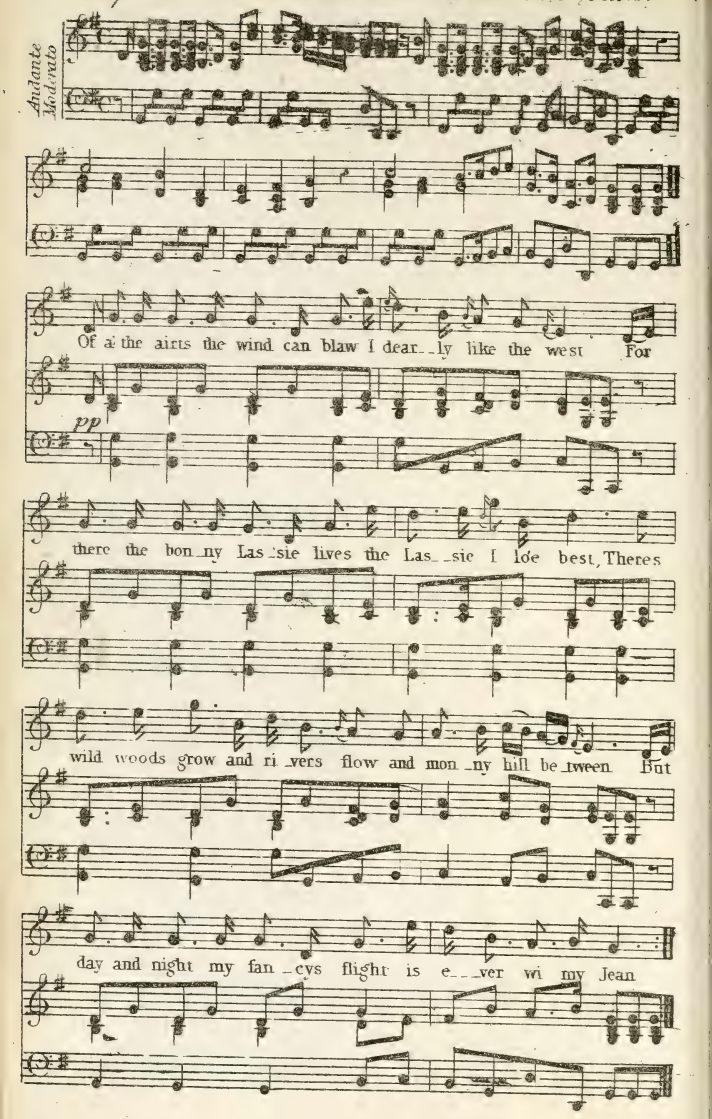
The Highland clans wi' sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groat's to Airly,
Hae to a man declar'd to stand
Or fa' wi' royal Charlie.
Come thro' the Heather, &c.

The Lowlands a' baith great an' sma',
Wi' mony a lord an' laird, hae
Declar'd for Scotia's King an' law,
An' speir ye wha his Charlie
Come thro' the Heather, &c.

There's ne'er 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 Charlie's cause,
An' be't compleat an' early,
His very name our hearts' blood warms
To arms for royal Charlie.
Come thro' the Heather, &c.

Of a' the airts the Wind can blow.

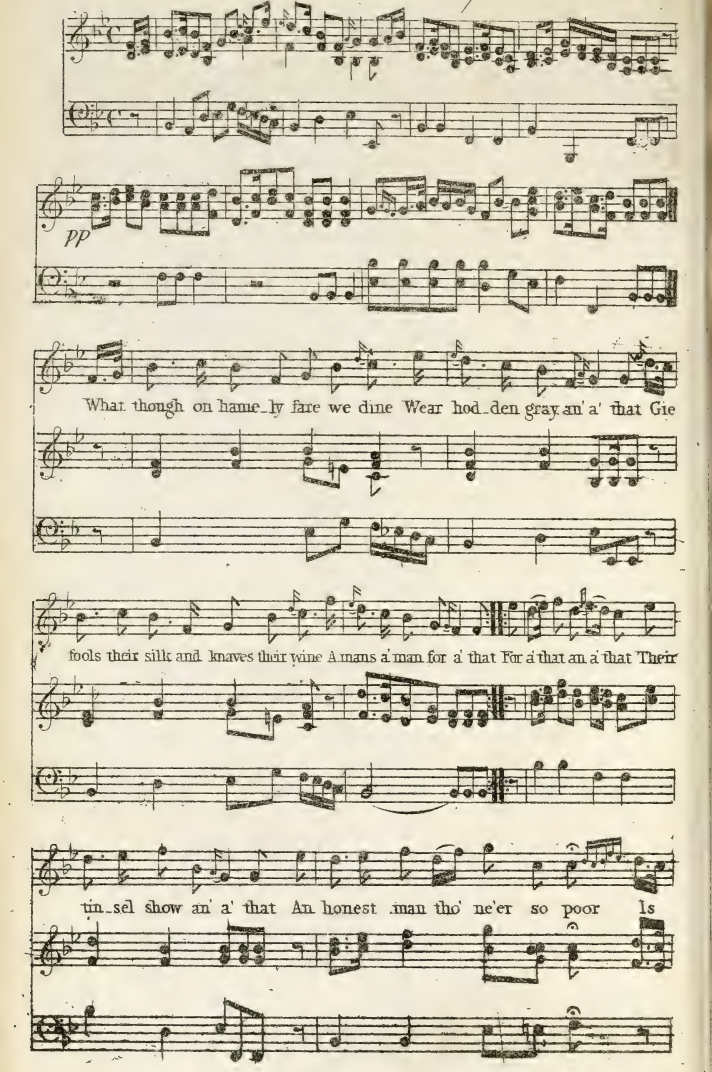


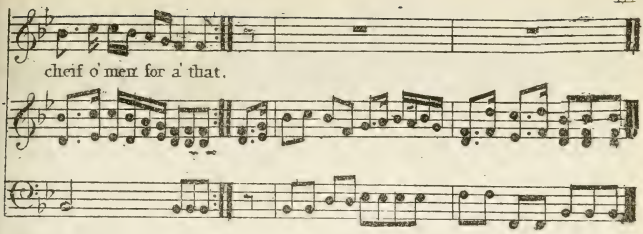
I see her in the dew_y flow'rs I see her sweet an fair;
hear her in the tune_ful birds, I hear her charm the Air There's
not a bon_ny flewr that spring by foun_tain shaw or green There's
not a bon_ny bird that sings but mind's me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks of flowing clyde, the lasses busk 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 toun,
Baith grave and gay confess it sae, tho' drest in rustic goun;
The gamesome lambs that sucks the dam mair hameless canna be
She has nae faut (if sic we cat) except her love for me,
The sparkling dew of clearest hue is like her shining een,
In shape an air wha can compare wi' my sweet lovely Jean.

O blaw ye westlin' winds, blaw saft, among the leafy trees,
Wi' gentle breath frae muir an dale bring hame the laden'd bees,
An bring the lassie back to me thats aye 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 atween us twa,
How fain's to meet, how wae to part, that day she gade awa,
The pow'as aboon can only ken, to whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me, as my sweet lovely Jean.

A Man's a Man for a' that.





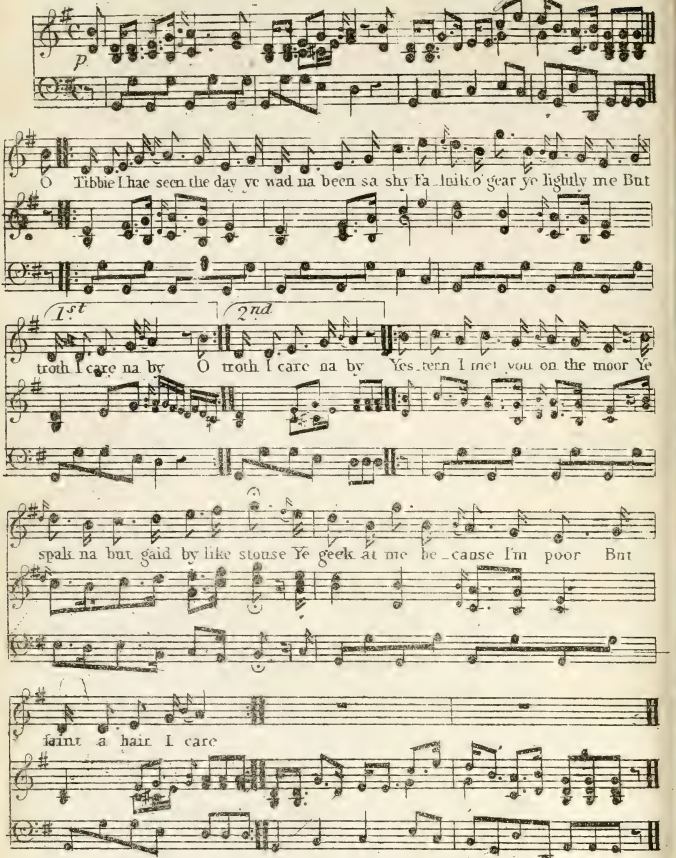
Wha wad for honest poverty,
Hang down their heads an a' that,
The coward slave we pass him by
And dare be poor for a' that,
For a' that and a' that,
Their purse proud looks and a that
In ragged coats yell often find
The noblest hearts for a that

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord
Wha struts and stares and a' that,
Tho hundreds 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 comming yet for a that,
When man and man the warld o'er,
Shall bretheren be and a' that.

Oh Tibbie I hae seen the day.



I doubt na, lass but ye may think,
Because ye hae 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 proud and high.
O Tibbie, &c.

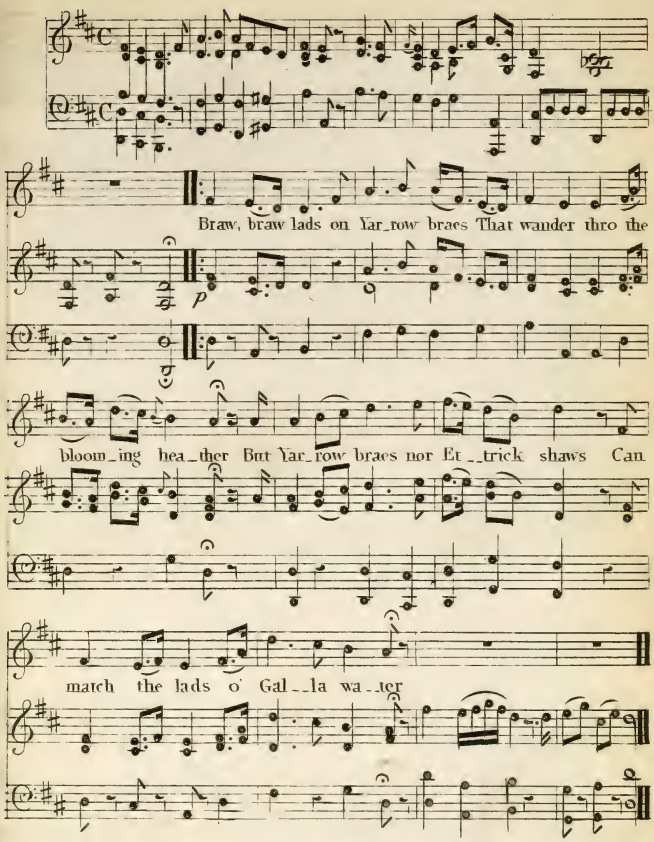
Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fa' dry.
O Tibbie, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Yell fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he for sense or lear;
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 thee wi' a thy thousand mark,
Ye need na look sae high.
O Tibbie &c.

Gala Water.

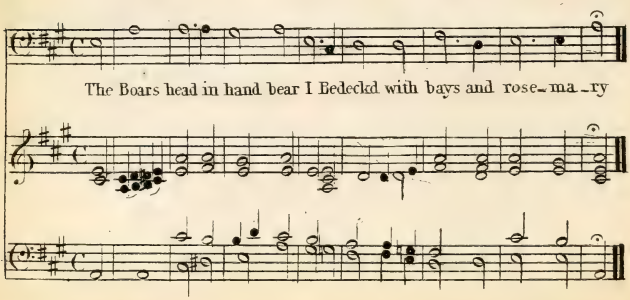


But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I loe him better;
And I'll be his and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae meikle tocher;
Yet rich in kindest, truest 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' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure.

THE BOAR'S HEAD SONG.



And I pray you, my mas_ters, be mer_ry, Quot_es tis in con_vi_vi__o.

Ca_put A_pri_de_fe__ro, Red_dens lau_des Do_mi__no

Ca__put A_pri_de_fe__ro, Red_dens lau_des Do_mi__no

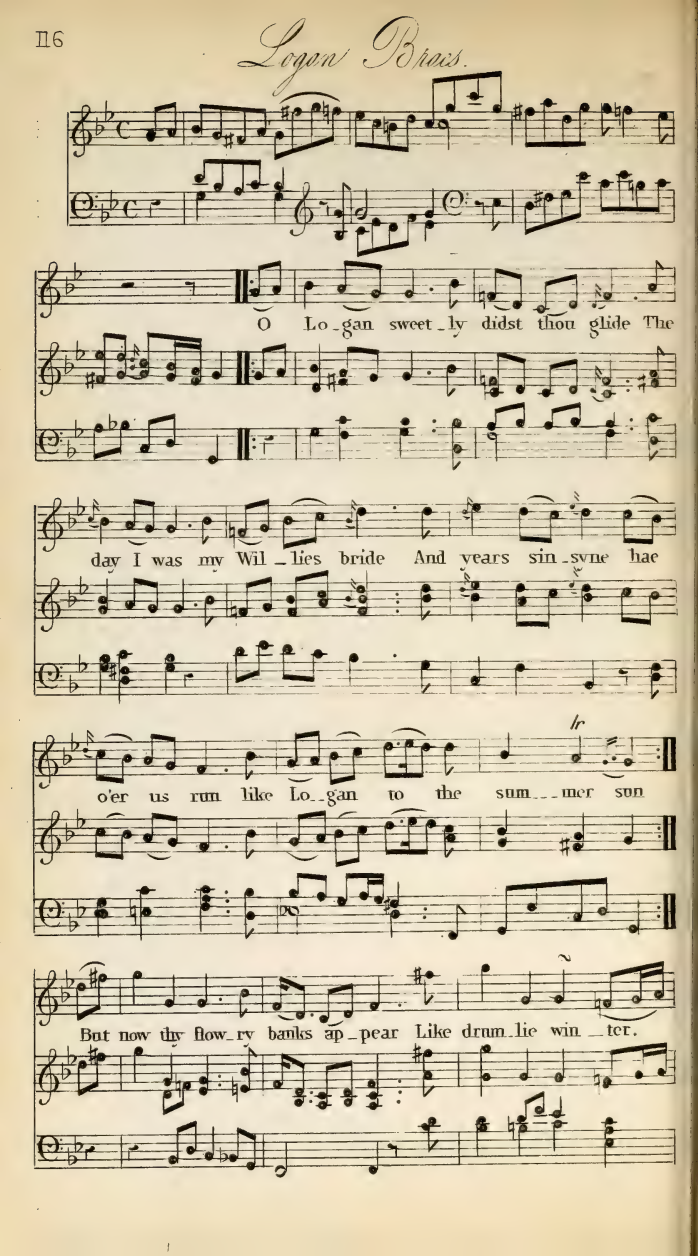
Ca_put A_pri de_fe_ro, Red_dens lau_des Do_mi__no

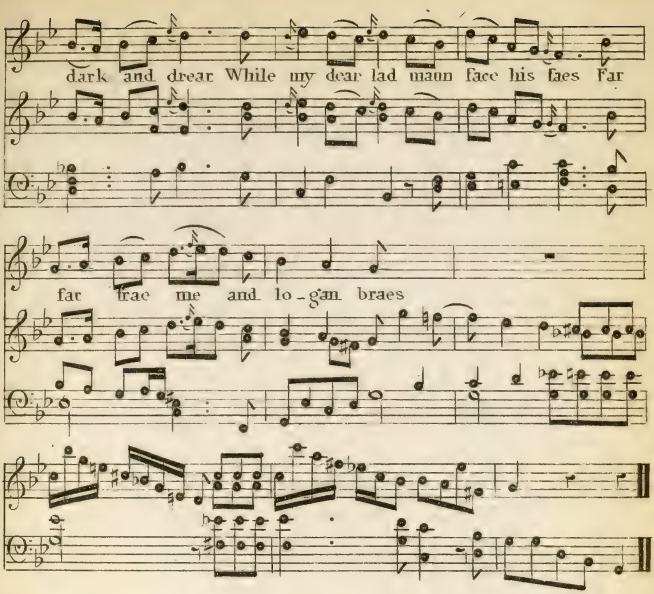
Ca_put A_pri de_fe__ro, Red_dens lau_des Do_mi__no

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.


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 son
But now thy flow_ry banks ap_pear Like drum_lie win _ ter.

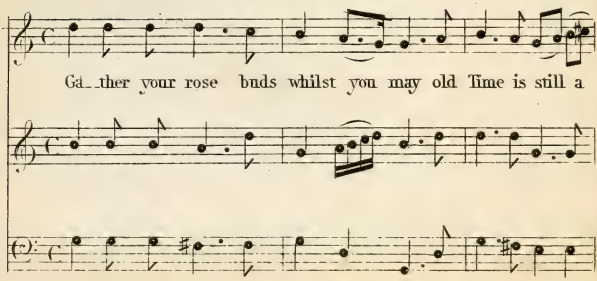


Again the merry month of May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers:
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evenings tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush
Her faithfu mate will share her toil
Or wi his sang her care beguile
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here
Nae mate to help nae mate to cheer
Pass widowd nights and joyless 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 widowd tear the orphan's cry,
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

GATHER YOUR ROSE BUDS


Ga_ther your rose buds whilst you may old Time is still a

fly_ing, And that same flow'r that smiles to day to mor___row

tr

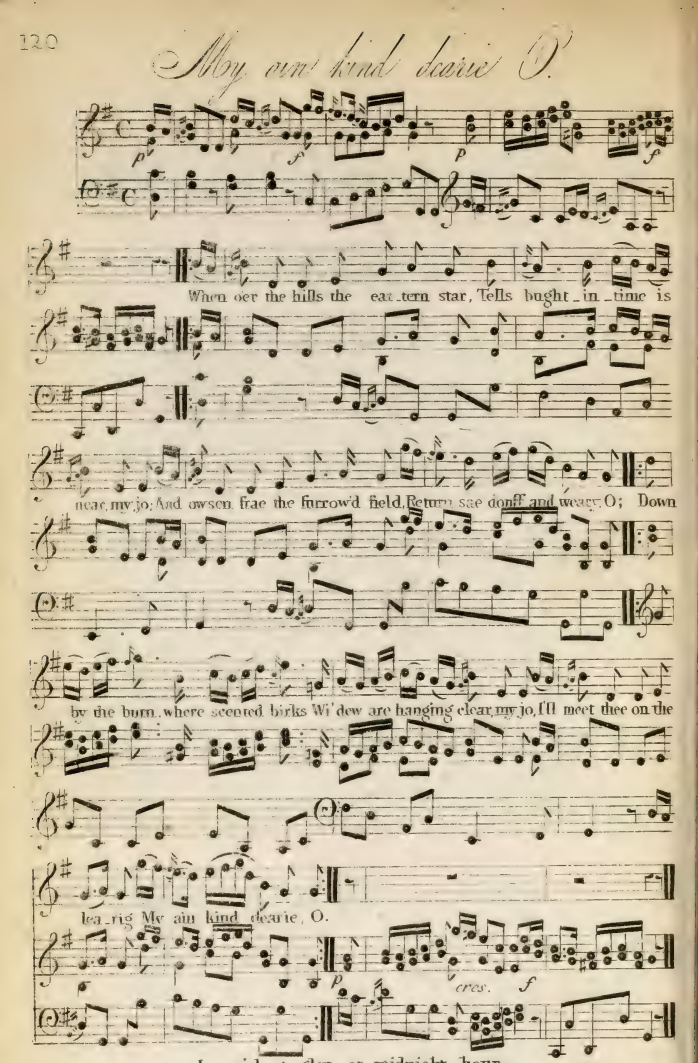
may be dy_ing, The glorious lamp of heav'n the sun, The

higher he is get____ting, The soon_____er

tr

will his race be run, And near__er he's to set__ting.

My ain kind dearie O.



In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove and ne'er be eerie, O,
If through the glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O,
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae weanie, 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

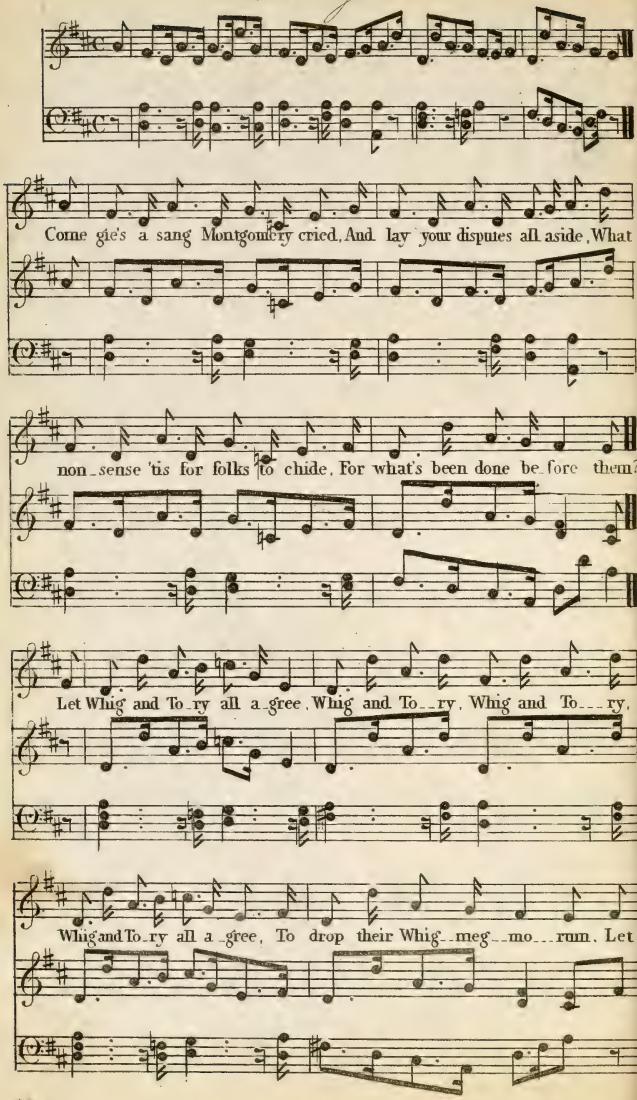
O let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided, O,
'Till slap come in an unco loon,
And wi' a rung decide it, O.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Among ourselves united;
For never but by British hands
Must British wrongs be righted.

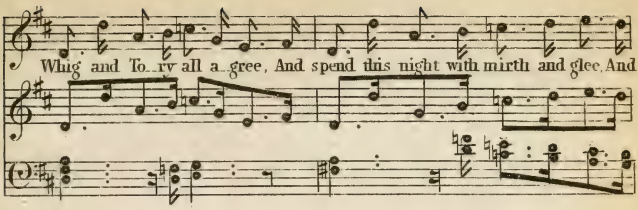
The wretch that won'd a tyrant own,
And the wretch his true born brother
Who'd set the mob aboon the throne
May they be hanged to gether.

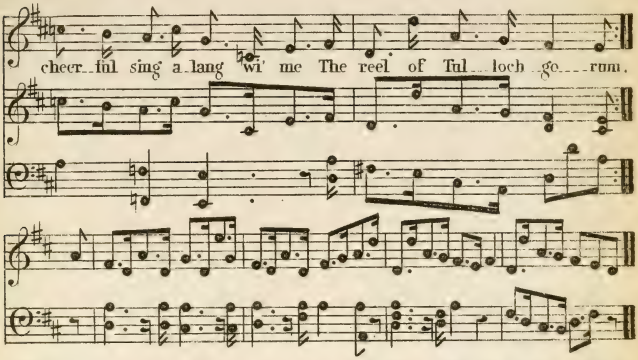
The kettle of the kirk and state,
Perhaps a clanb may fail in't, O.
But deil a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in't, O.
Our fathers blood the kettle bought
And who won'd dare to spoil it?
By heav'n, the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!

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.

Tullochgorum.







O Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane 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.
Blythe 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.

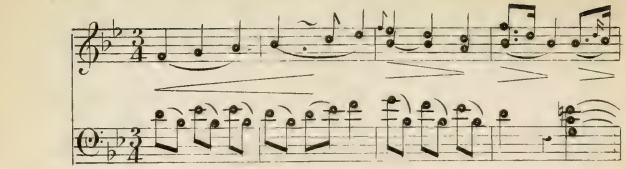
There need na be sae great a phraize,
Wi dringing dull Italian lays;
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
For half a hundred score o'em
They douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
There douff and dowie at the best,
Wi a their variorum.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their allegros,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

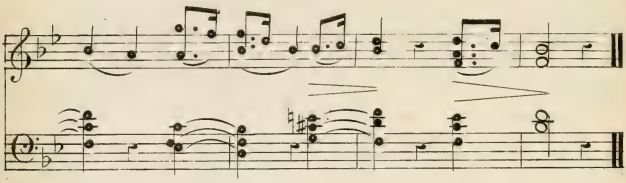
Let warldly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fear o' want, and double cess,
And silly sauls themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit
Like old Philosophorum
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit
Wi neither sense nor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

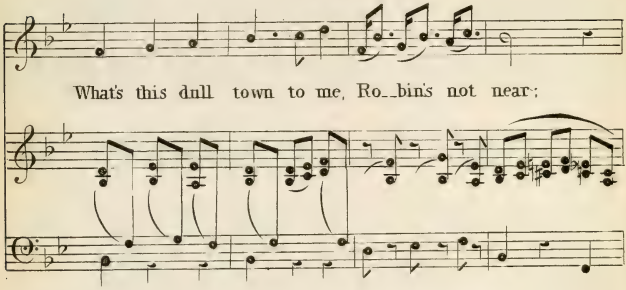
May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest hearted open friend
And calm and quiet be his end
And a thats good watch oer him
May peace and plenty be his lot
Peace and plenty peace and plenty
May peace and plenty be his lot
And dainties a great store o em
May peace and plenty be his lot
Unstaind by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

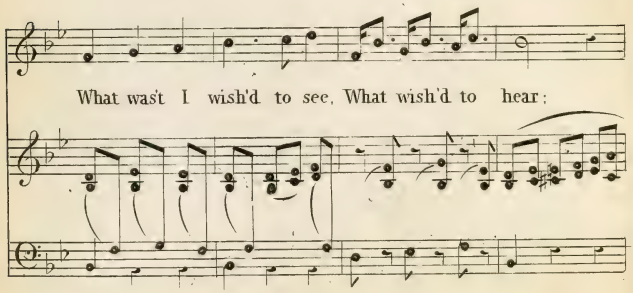
But for the discontented fool
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul
And discontent devour him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
May dool and sorrow be his chance
And honest souls abhor him
May dool and sorrow be his chance
And a the ills that come frae France
Whaeer he be that winna dance
The reel o Tullochgorum.

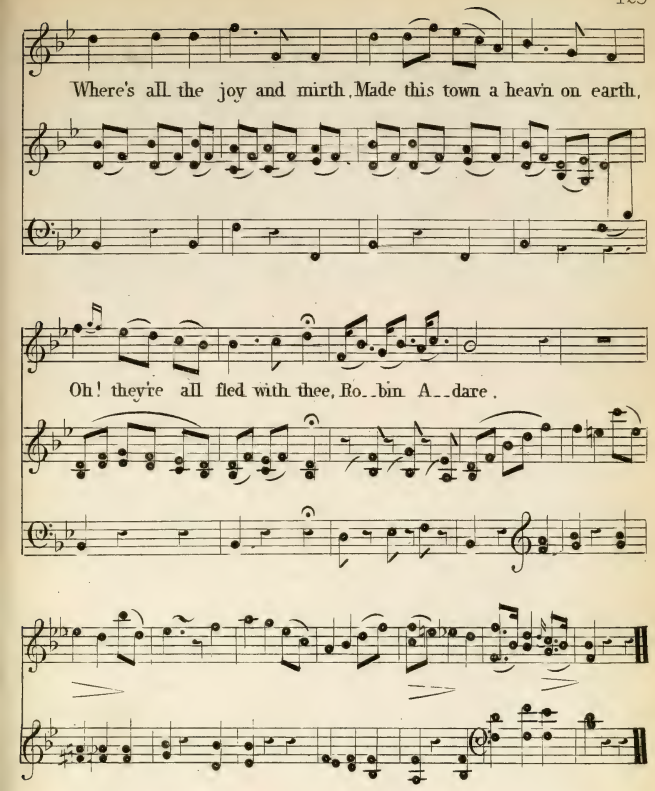
Robin Adair.






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


What was't I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear;



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.

pia

Cres.

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

S.

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 agee, Come

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.

8. At Kirk or at Market, whene'er ye meet me
Gang by me as though that ye cared 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

2 Still in my song her par__tial

3 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

taste when e'er I touch'd the lyre 2

song found some___thing to ad_____mire. 3

her my brows with ro_____ses bound. 1

Lightly Tread.

Glee. J Scotland.

Andante.

Light ly tread 'tis hal lowd ground, Hark a bove, be low, a round,

Light ly tread 'tis hal lowd ground Hark a bove, be low, a round,

Light ly tread 'tis hal lowd ground Hark a bove, be low, 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,

p

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

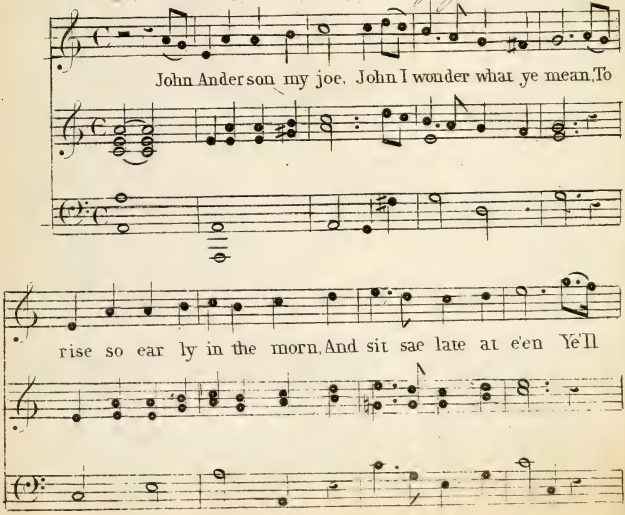
And the moon with fee ble rays, Gilds the brook that bubbling plays,

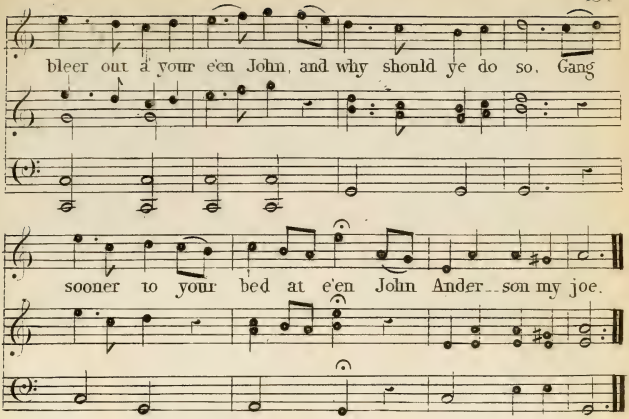
As in murmers soft it flows, Music meet for lov ers woes.

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, whan nature 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 journay 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.

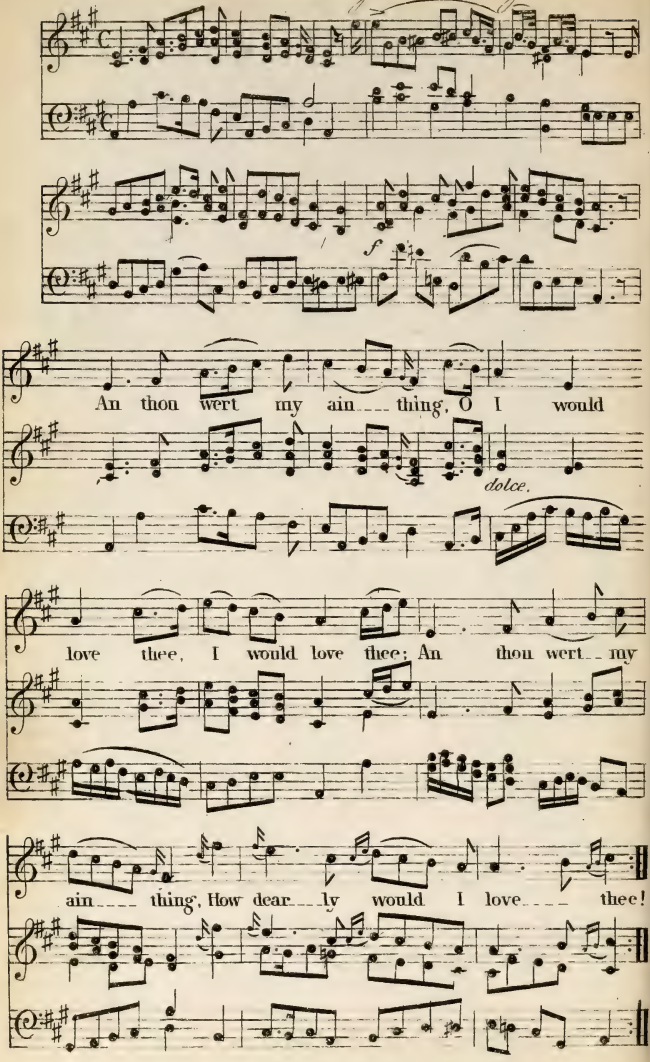
John Anderson, my joe, John, what pleasure does it gie,
To see sae mony sprouts, John, spring up 'tween you and me;
And ilka lad and lass, John, in our footsteps to go,
Make perfect heaven here on earth, John Anderson my joe.

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 turn'd 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 mann 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 ane anither:
Now we mann totter down John but hand in hand we'll go,
And we'el sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson my joe.

An thou wert my ain thing.



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.

f

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. *Of 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, Te

sits in a tree. And when the night comes a__way flies she, Te

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 you 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 jol ly red nose.

nutmegs and cloves and that gave me this jol ly red nose

nutmegs and cloves and that gave me this jol ly red nose

Mr. Speaker.

Vivace.

1 Mis_ter Speaker tho' 'tis late Mis_ter Spea_ker tho' 'tis

2 Question Question Question Question Question

3 Or_der Or_der Or_der hear him hear him

late tho' 'tis late I must length_____en the de_

hear him hear him hear Sir I shall name you if you

hear him hear him hear pray support the chair pray support the

_bate I must length_____en the de_bate Mis_ter

stir if you stir Sir I shall name you if you stir Sir I shall

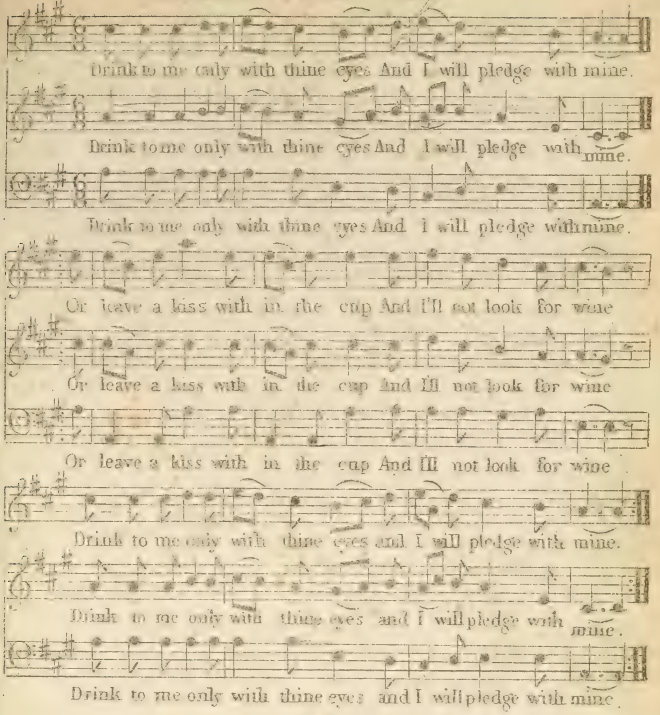
chair pray sup_port the chair pray support the chair Question

Spea_ker tho' 'tis late I must lengthen the de_bate. 3

name you Sir I shall name you Sir I shall name you if you stir 2

Or_der hear him hear pray sup_port support the chair. 1

Drink to me only.



I sent thee late a rosy wreath
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It would not wither'd be.

But thou thereon did'st 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. Braham.

De_sert_ed by the wa_ning moon When skies proclaim nights cheerless

When skies proclaim nights cheerless

for *pia*

noon On tow__er fort or tented ground the Sentry walks his lonely round the

noon On tow__er fort or tented ground the Sentry walks his lonely round

Slow

Sentry walks the Sentry walks his lone_ly round And

his lonely round his lone_ly round And

ppSlow

should a footstep haply stray Where caution marks the guarded way where

Should a footstep haply stray Where caution marks the guarded way where

caution marks the guarded way the guard_ed way Who goes there

caution marks the guarded way the guard_ed way

dol

"Stranger quickly tell!" the word Alls well

A Friend good night

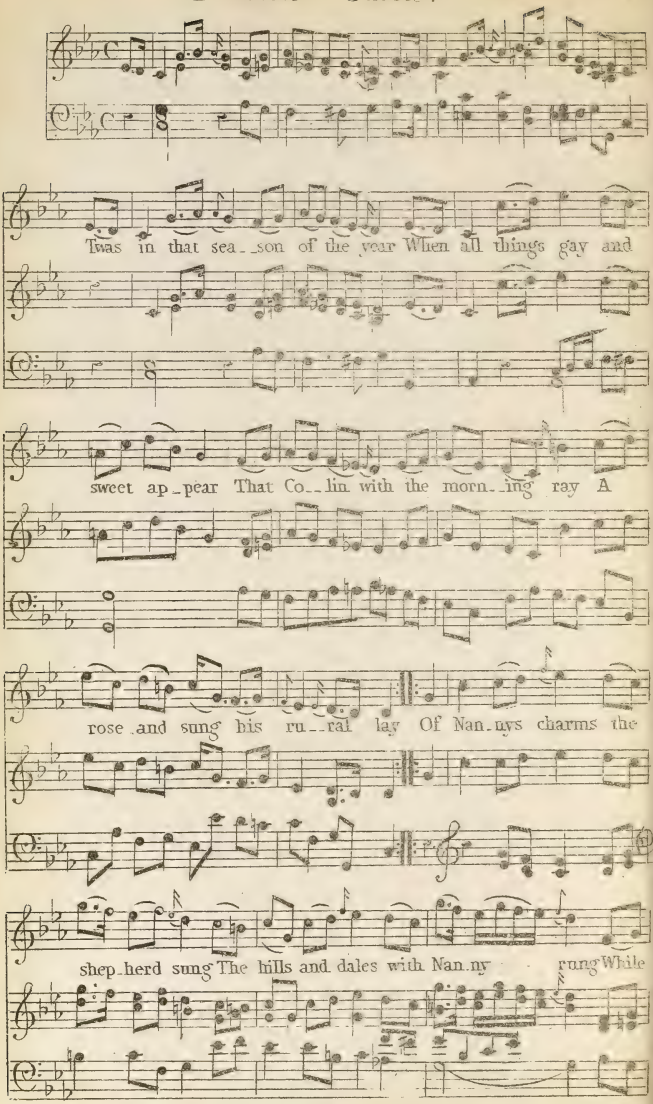
Alls well The word All alls well

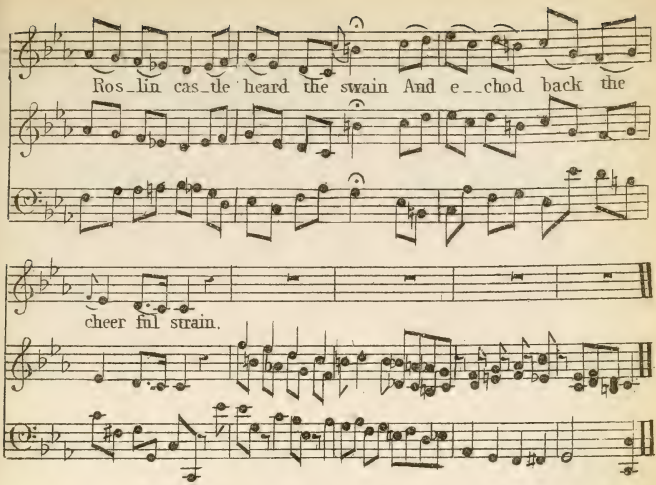
Alls well good night

2nd 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!"
"Alls well!"

Roslin Castle.





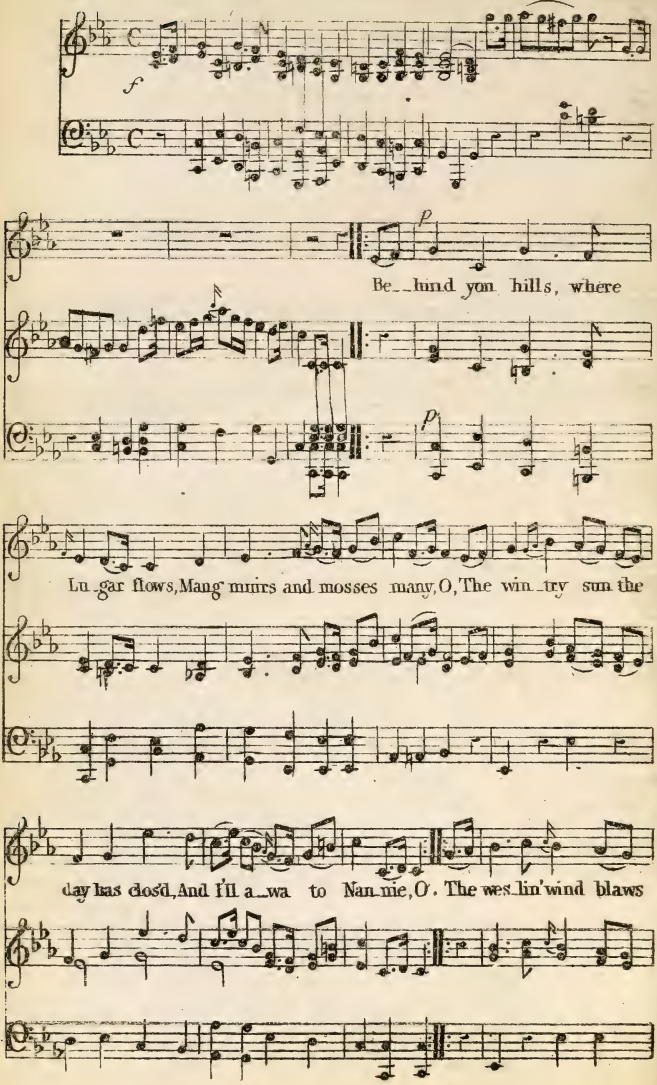
Awake, sweet muse the breathing spring
With rapture warms, awake and sing;
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a song;
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
O bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

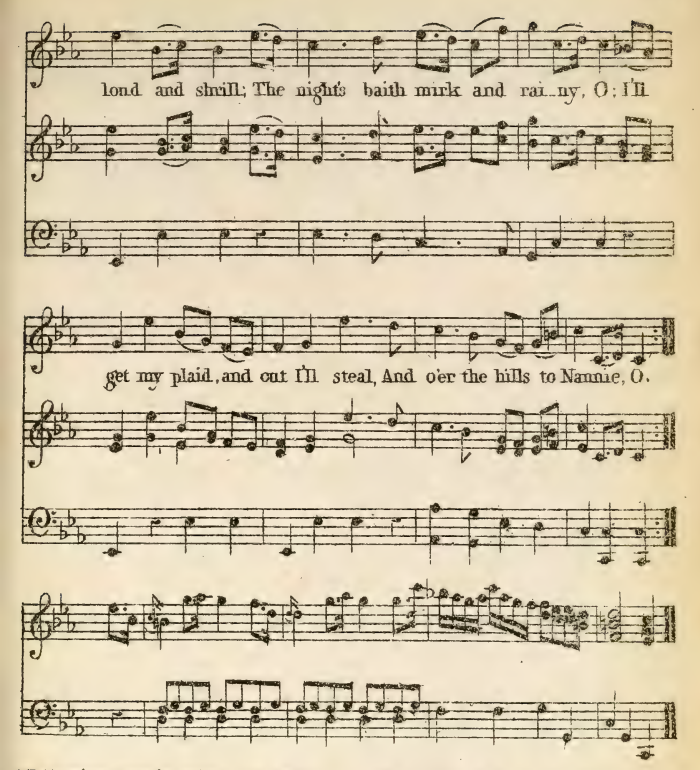
O hark, my love, on every spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng
And loves inspires the melting song:
Then let my rapture'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

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 Nannie O.

Burns



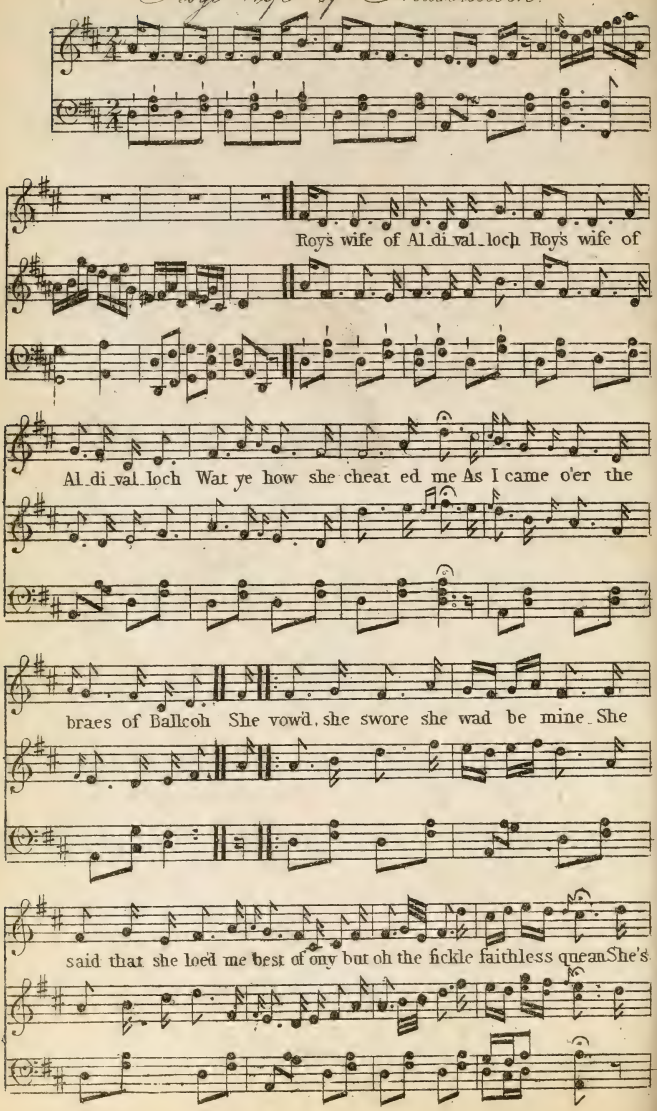


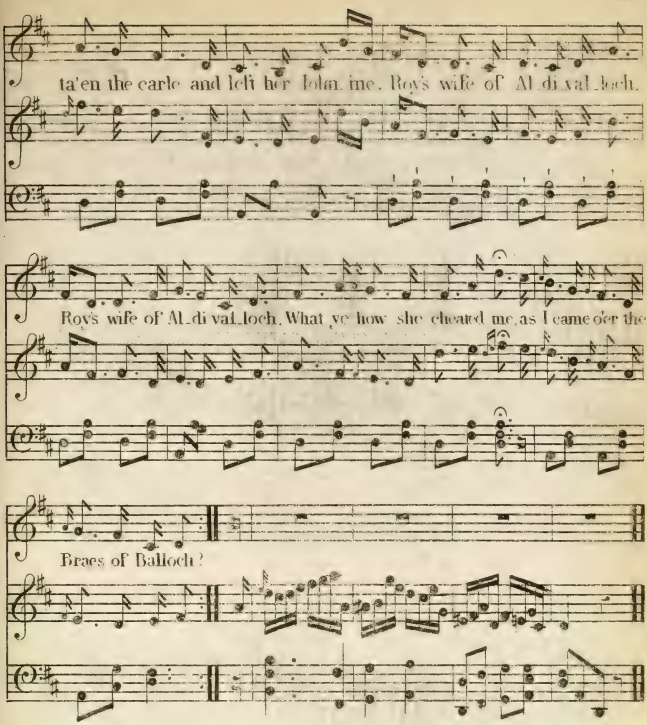
My Nannie's charmin', sweet, and young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
May ill befa' the flatterin' tongue,
That wad beguile my Nannie, O!
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
The openin' gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

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 mann guide it cannie, 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 kye 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.





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 Walloch;
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 mou' sae sweet and bonnie,
To me she ever shall be dear,
Tho' she's for ever left her Johnnie.

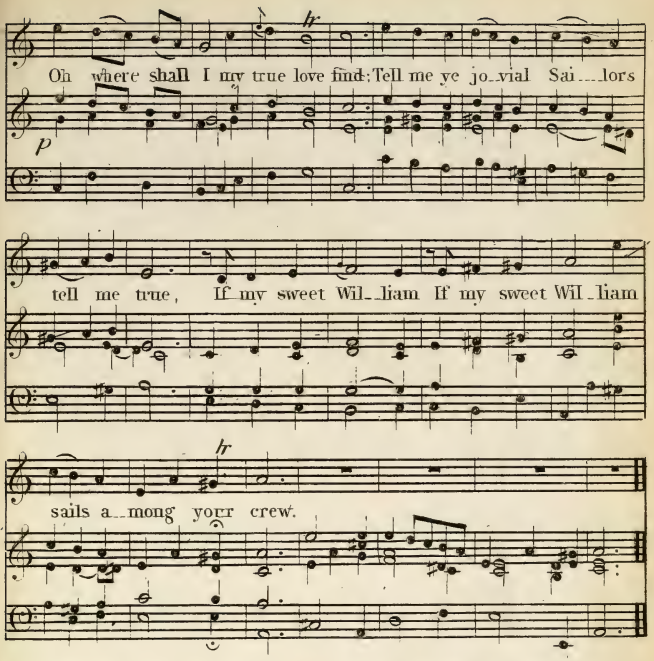
Black Eyed Susan.

Comp.d by Henry Carey.

Moderato.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The streamers wa---ving

in the wind, When black eyed Su---san came on board



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,
Shuts 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 wheresoe'er I go.

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

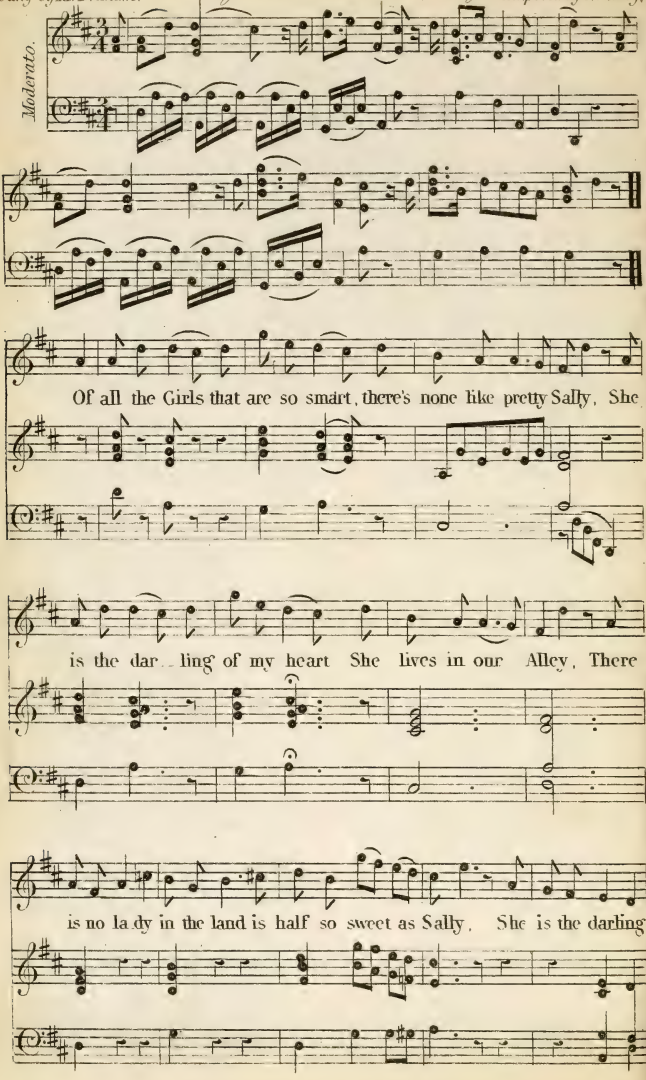
Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susans eye.

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

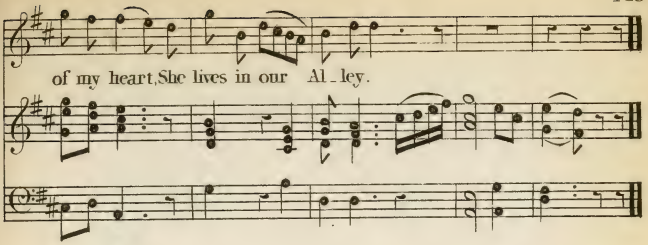
Sally in our Alley.

Sung by Mr. Braham.

Written and Composed by G. S. Carey.



London, J. Ringley, 37, Monsyer's Street, Hoxton.



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.

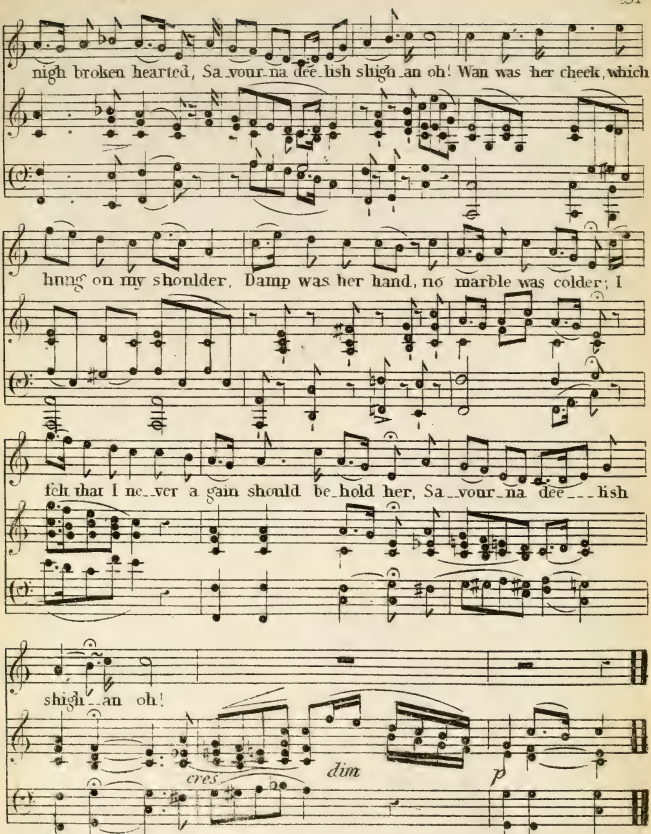
Andantino Affettuoso.

p

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

pp

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



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:
Pleas'd with the voyage impatient for plunder,
My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder,
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.

Appassionato ma non Troppo Lento.

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

f *p* *f*

tear_ful While all are so cheerful so sportive and glad While all are so cheerful and glad The

f

birds in the bushes sit warbling a way And seem to ac_cuse me of fol_ley They

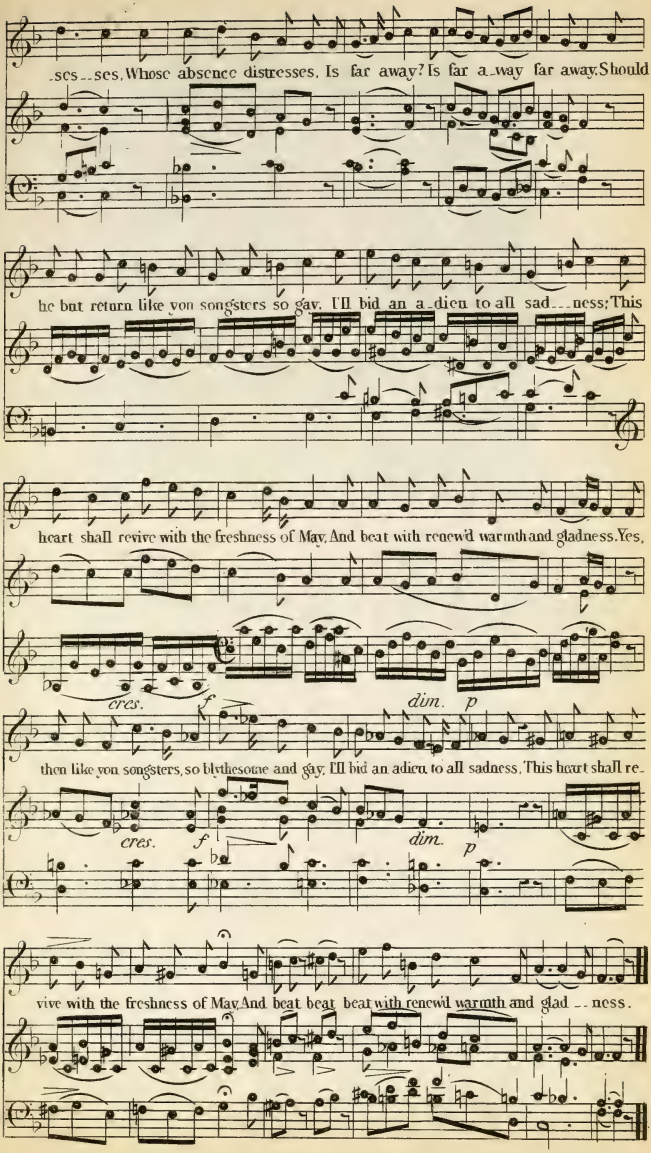
bid me like them feel the freshness of May And banish all dark melan_cho_ly

cres. *dim.* *p*

fz

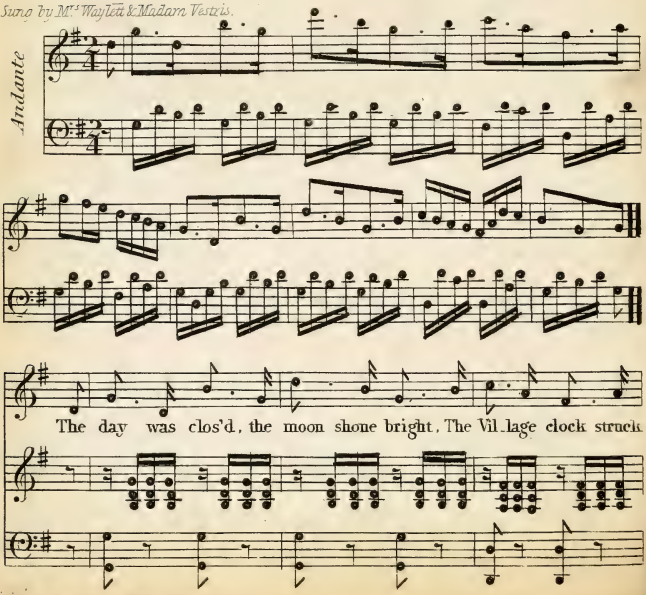
But how can this bosom be sportive and gay When he who my fond heart pos

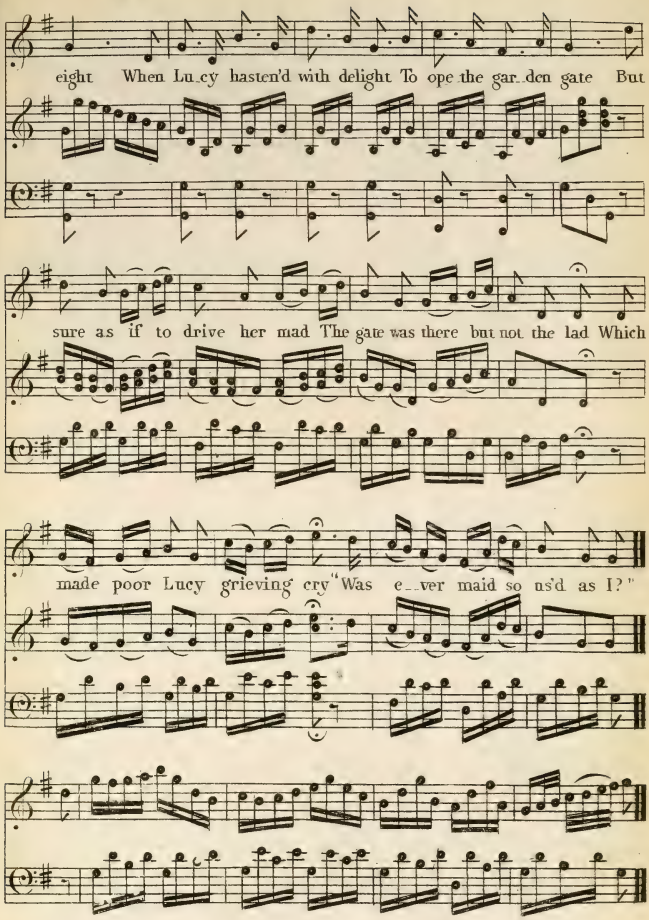
mf *dim.*


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 a dieu to all sad ness; This
heart shall revive with the freshness of May, And beat with renew'd warmth and gladness. Yes,
cres. f dim. p
then like yon songsters, so blythesome and gay, I'll bid an adieu to all sadness, This heart shall re-
cres. f dim. p
vive with the freshness of May, And beat beat beat with renew'd warmth and glad ness.

The Garden Gate.

Sung by Mrs. Wayletz & Madam Vestris.

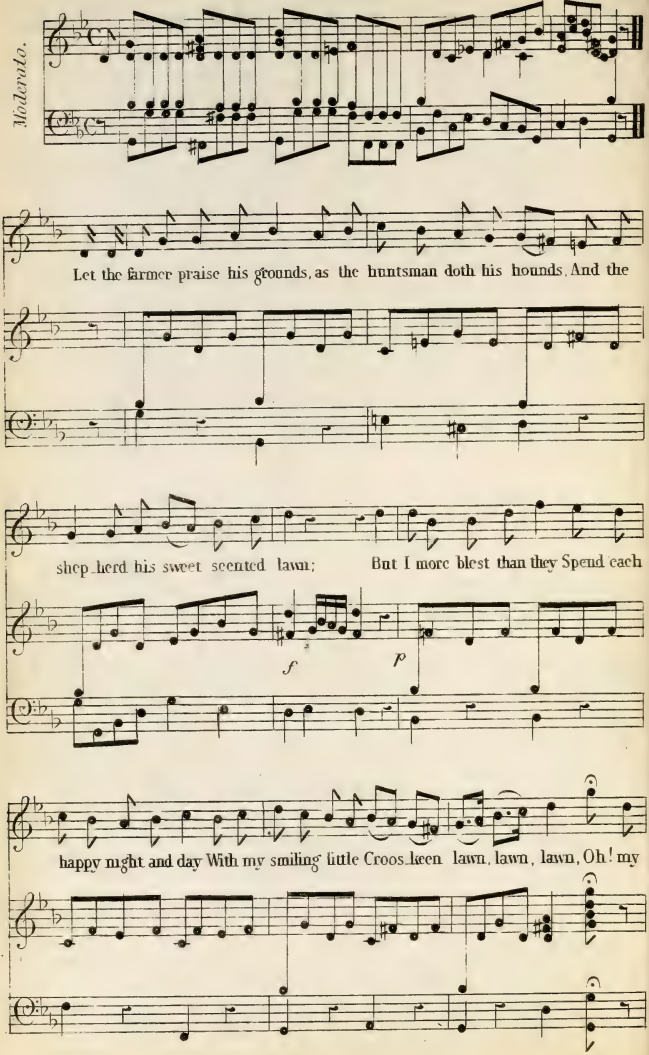




She paced the garden here and there,
The village clock struck nine;
When Lucy cried in wild despair,
"He shan't, he shan't be mine!
Last night he vow'd, the garden gate
Should find him there, this eve at eight,
But this I'll let the creature see
He ne'er shall make a fool of me."

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 shewed 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!

Croosheen! Lawn!



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smi_ling lit_tle Crooskeen lawn. Slan_tha gal ma___vour__neen

8va

Au_gus gramma Con_lin Grammachree ma Croos__keen lawn lawn

lawn Och! grammachree ma Crooskeen lawn.

8va 8va

Immortal and divine, great Bacchus, god of wine!
Greate 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 Astore.

A favourite Irish Ballad. *Sung by Mr. Horncastle.*

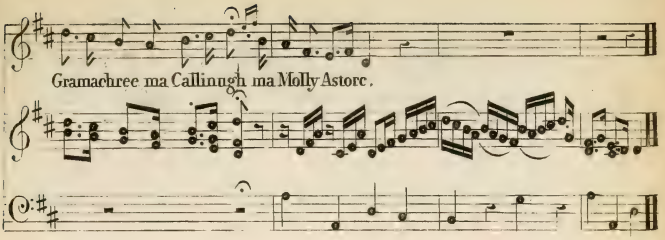
Andante.

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

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

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

London, J. Dingley 37 Newgate Street Boston



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

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.

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.

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

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

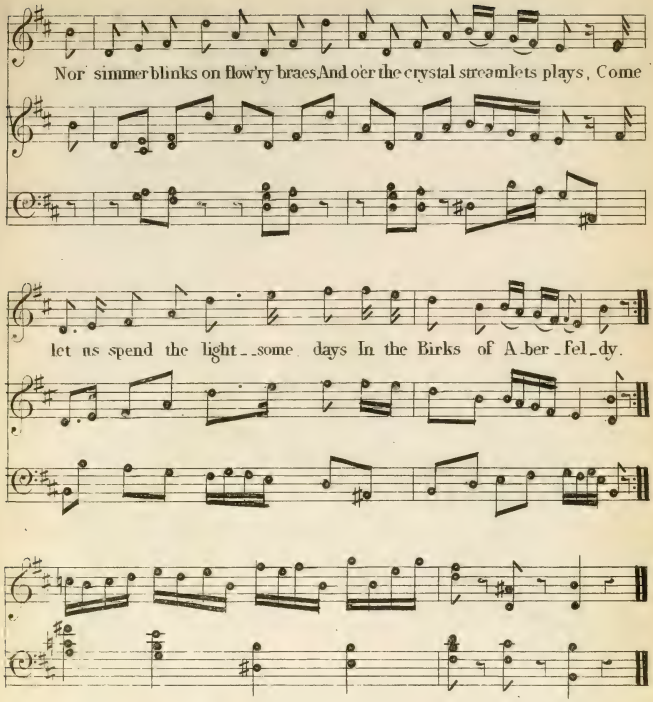
The Birks of Abrifelldy.

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.

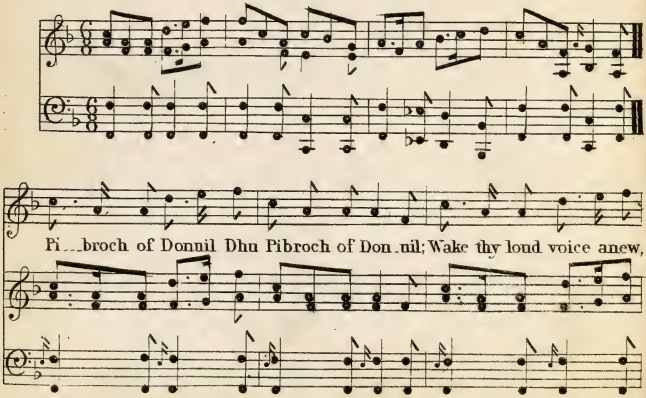


While o'er their head the hazels hing,
The little birdies blythely sing,
Or lichtly flit on wanton wing,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

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', weets wi' misty showr'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.



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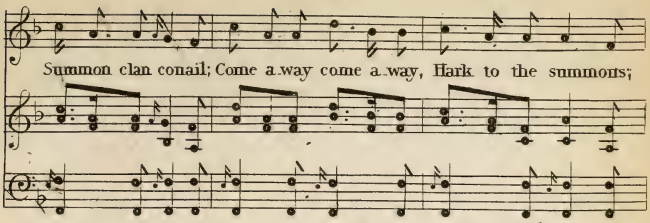
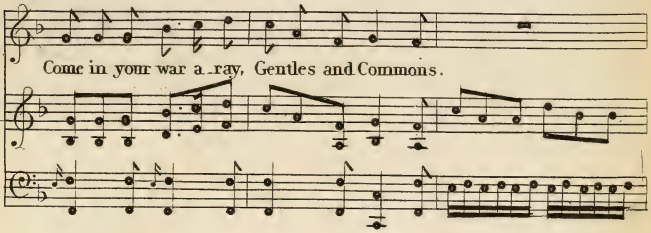
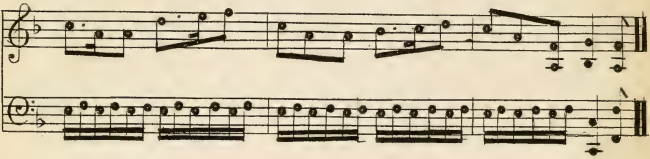






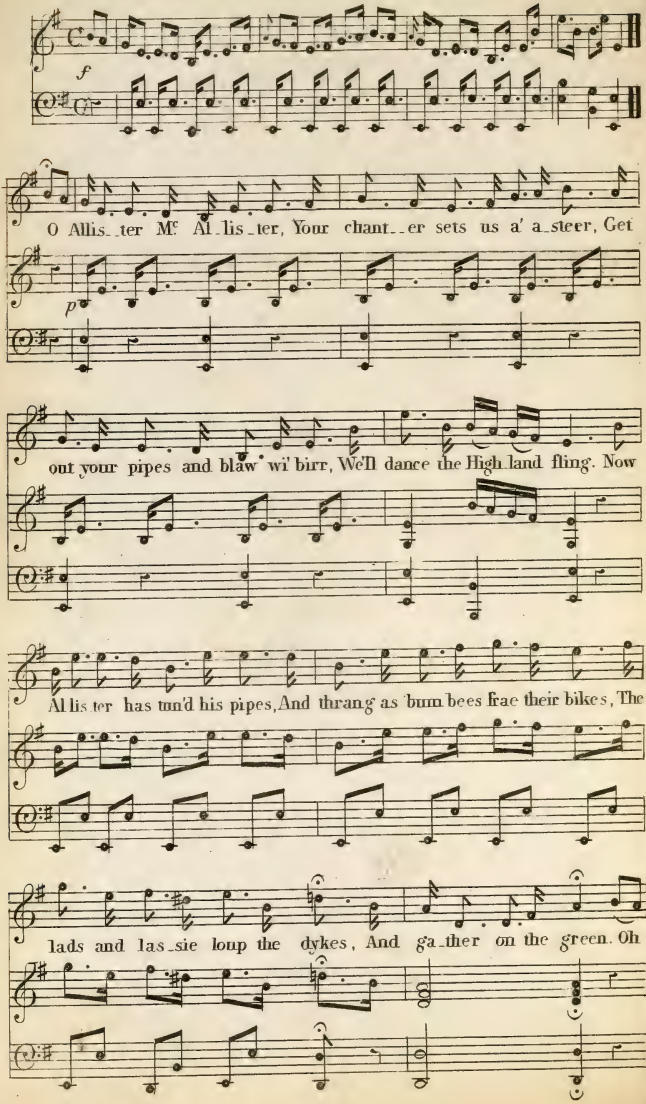
Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy;
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

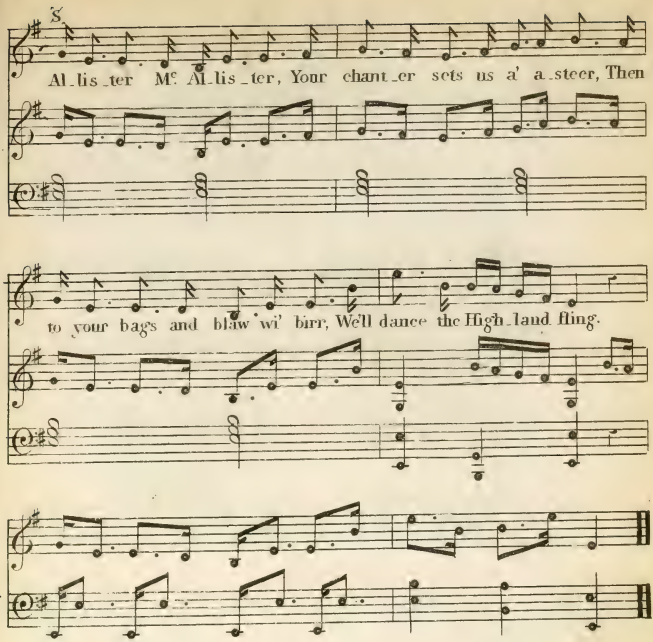
Leave untented the herd,
The flock without shelter,
Leave the corpse uninter'd
The bride at the alter;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges,
Come with your fighting geer
Broad swords and targes.

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,
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Knell for the onset.

Allister Mc Allister.





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 clouds,
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 GALLANT TROUBADOUR

The Words by Sir W. Scott. *French Air.*

Tempo di Marcia.

Glowing with love on fire for

fame, A Troubadour that hated sorrow, Beneath his Lady's window came, and thus he

London, J. Bingley, 37, Moneyers Street, Hoxton.

D.C.

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

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

D.C.

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.

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.

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.

Other Eyes may be as bright.

P dolce

Other eyes may be as bright, but

ff

not for me Other lips may give de_light, but

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

f

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 a_lone, for E_mi_ly.

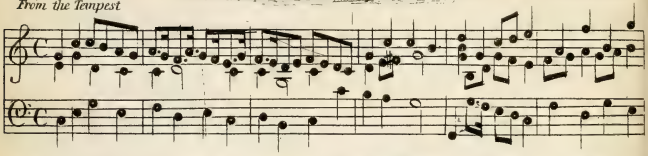
mf *ff*

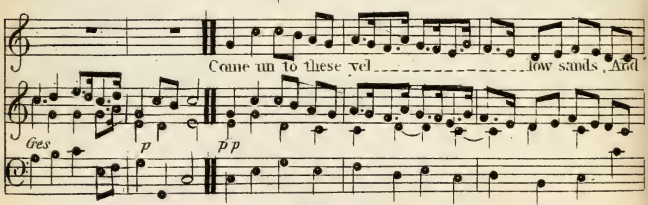
Other smiles may joy impart,
  But not for me,
Other forms may win the heart,
  But not with me:
Oh! that heart can never never now,
A thought of change which beats alone,
  For Emily,
Yes my love is all her own,
  Dear Emily!
My heart and feelings beat alone,
  For Emily.

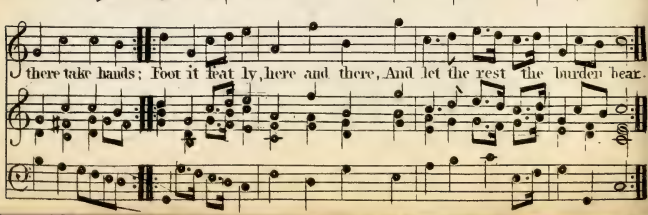
Come unto these yellow sands.

Song & Chorus
From the Tempest

Henry Purcell







p *Chorus*

Hark! hark! the watch dogs bark, Hark, hark, I hear the

Hark! hark! the watch dogs bark, Hark, hark, I hear the

p *f* *p*

f *Cres* *Dim*

strain of Chan_ti_cleer, Hark, hark, I hear the strain of Chan ti cleer.

f *Cres* *Dim*

f *Cres* *Dim*

strain of Chan_ti_cleer, Hark, hark, I hear the strain of Chan ti cleer.

f *Cres* *Dim*

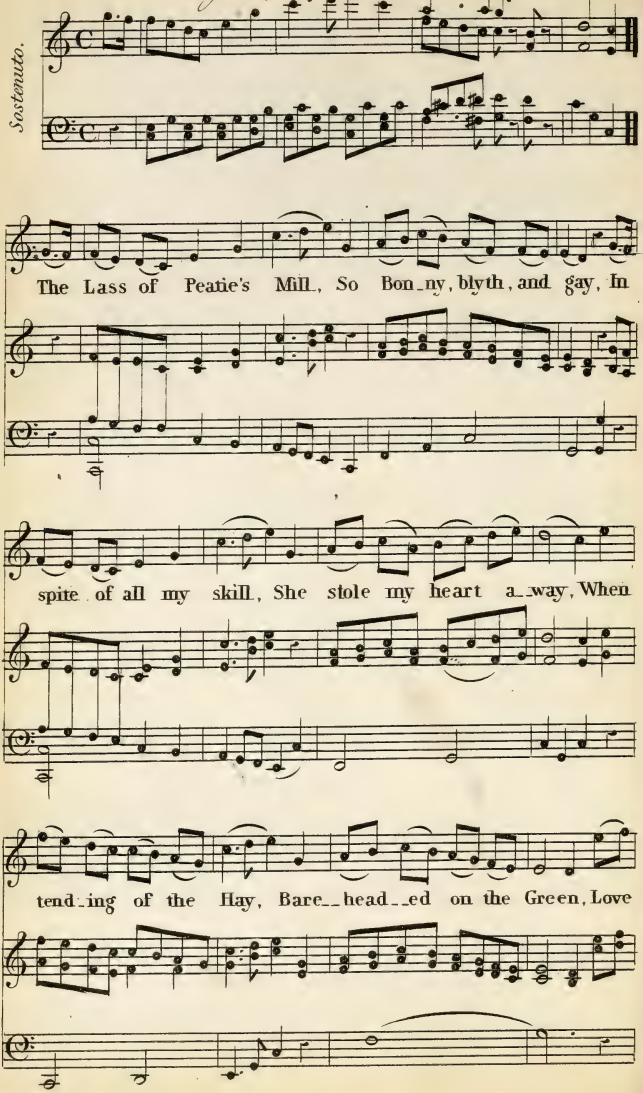
Cres

f *Dim*

There while half the world doth sleep
Our sports we'll keep.
And till mornings dawn doth glance
We'll to the sea shells music dance.

Hark! hark! &c.

The Lass of Peaties Mill.



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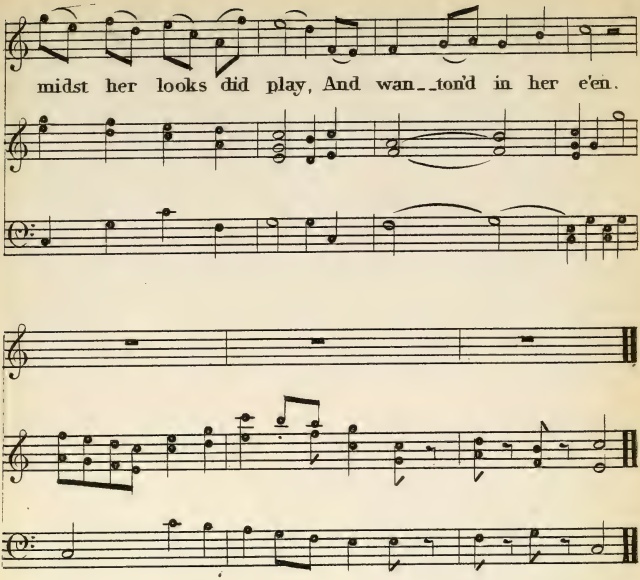


Her arms, white, round and smooth,
Breasts, rising in their down,
To age, it would give youth,
To press them with his hand;
Thro' all my spirits ran,
An extacy of Bliss,
When I such sweetness find,
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the aid of art,
Like flowr'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 touns 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 Peatie's Mill,
Should share the same with me.

Farewell Good Night.

Sung by Mr Braham. Composed by Weber.

Andante Moderato.

p cres

O'er Mountains, thro' Forests I rove, The Huntsman's delight is the

p

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

p

Gun no sport it will yield,

p

London, J. Bingley 37 Moneyers Street Hoxton.

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

p

good night, Thro' the lattice she smild farewell.

cres

p

Again dearest Linda good night,
Loves 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 cheer'd with light,
And twinkling stars their orbs disclose,
Each fondly gaz'd and breath'd good night.

O beauteous eyes.

Round.

1 O beau__teous eyes dis____co____ver

2 You'll 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.

The wise men were but seven.

Round.

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 __ven Ne'er more shall be for me

3 The wor____thies three times three

1 boys and three mer__ry boys are we.

London, J. Bingley 37, Moneyers Street Hoxton.

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_

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.

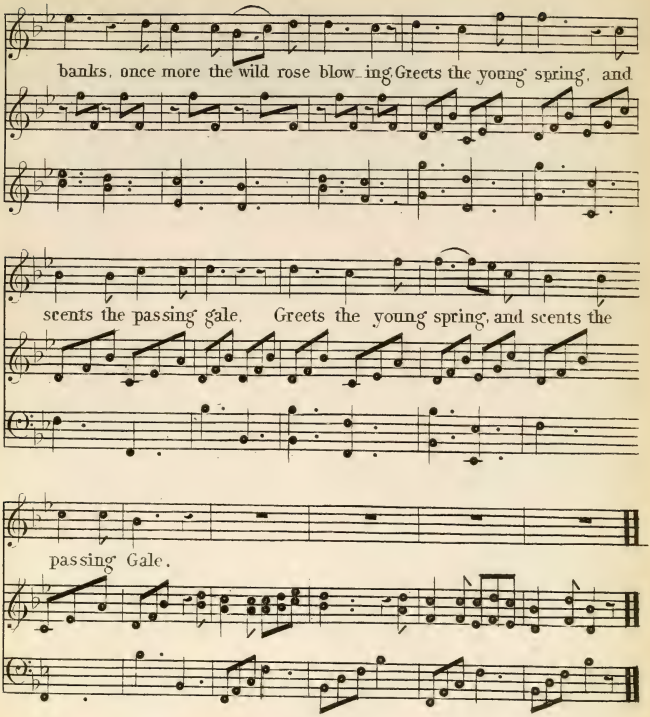
Popular Song from Glenarvon.

Waters of Elle

Andante.

Wa--ters of Elle, thy limpid streams are flow---ing,

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



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.

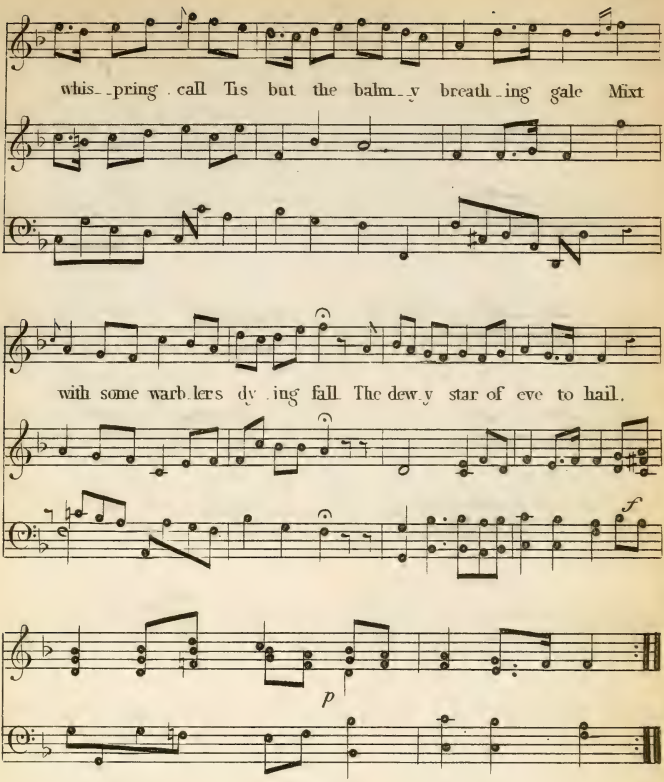
Love's cherish'd gift, the Rose he gave, is faded;
Loves blighted flower, can never bloom again!
Weep for thy fault, in heart, in mind degraded,
Weep, if thy tears can wash away the stain.

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



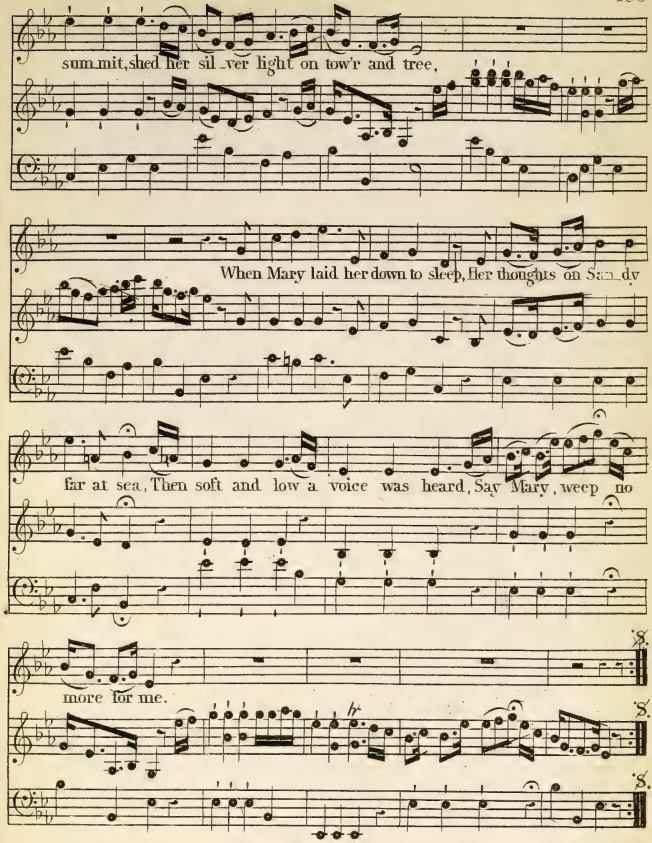
It is Maria's voice I hear!
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer,
At once 'tis music and 'tis love!
And art thou come, and art thou true!
O welcome dear to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew,
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

Mary's Dream!

Sung by Mr. Wilson. *Composed by Mr. Relfe.*

Larghetto.

The moon had climb'd the high_est hill, Which ri_ses o'er the source of Dee, And from the east_ern

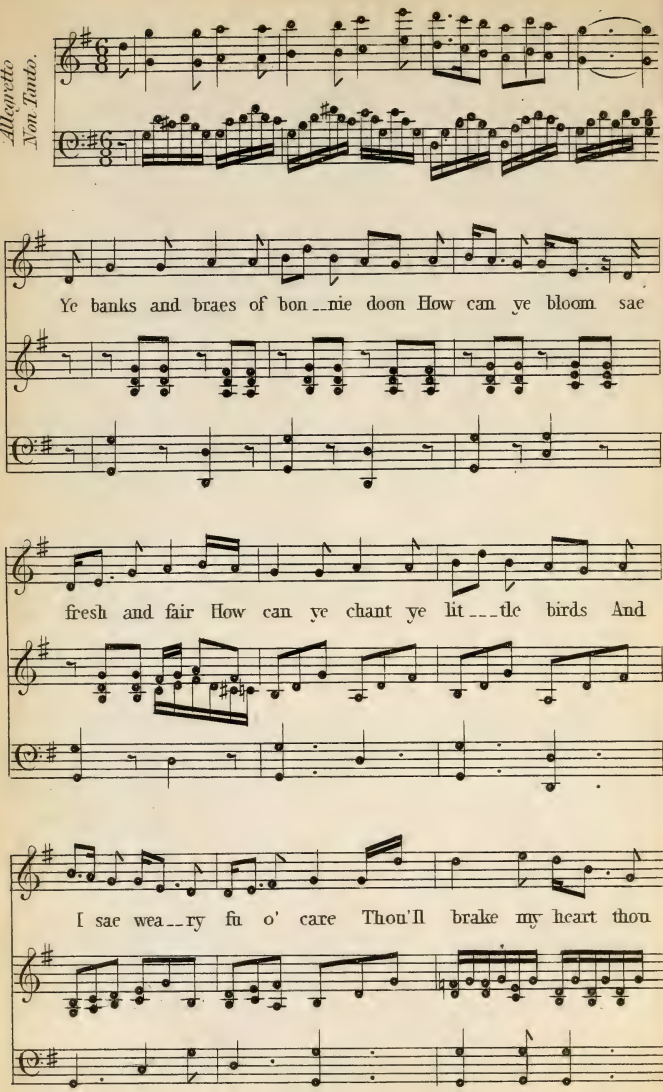


She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With pallid cheek and hollow eye,
O! Mary dear, cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea,
Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,
So Mary weep no more for me.

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.

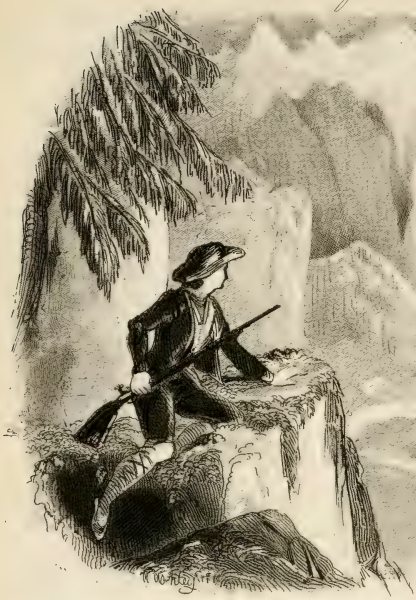


war_bling birds That wan_tons thro' the flower_ing thorn, Thou

minds me o' de__part___ed joys, De__part_ed ne__ver

to re__turn.

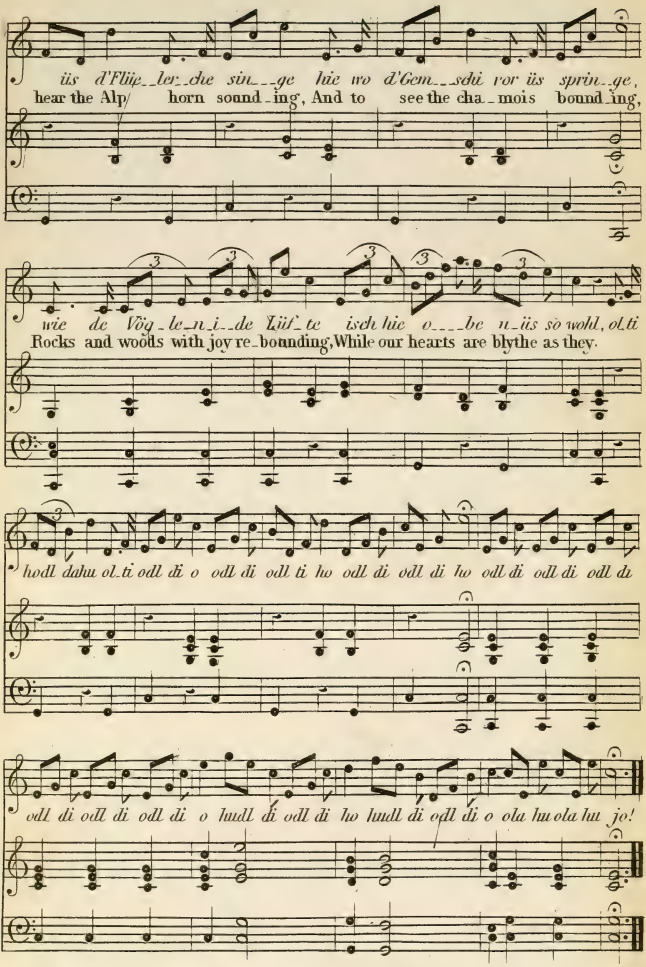
Oft' hae I rov'd by bonnie doon,
To see the rose, and woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love
And fondly sae did I o' mine;
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,
And my faise lover staw my rose,
But Ah! he left the thorn wi' me.



Animato.

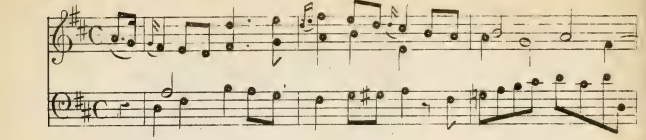
Ur de Ber_ge_n_isch guet le_be odl de o u, odl de o u,
Sweet to live a_mid the mountains,/*burthen as above.*

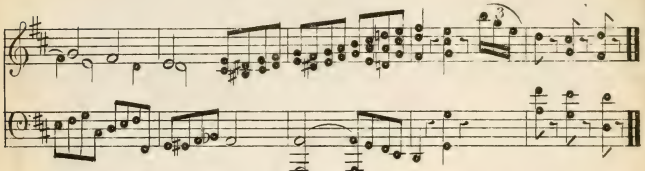
*d'Chüe_jer juch_zè nit ver_ge_be, odl de o u, odl de u, Hie wo_n_*
Cheer'd by the mu_sic of the foun_tains; Sweet to

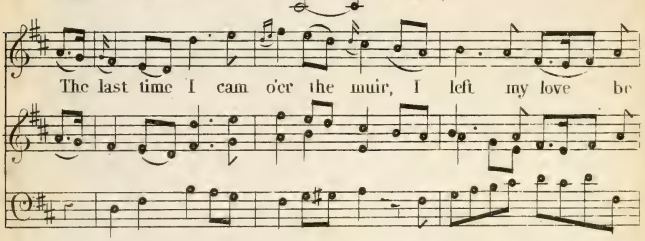


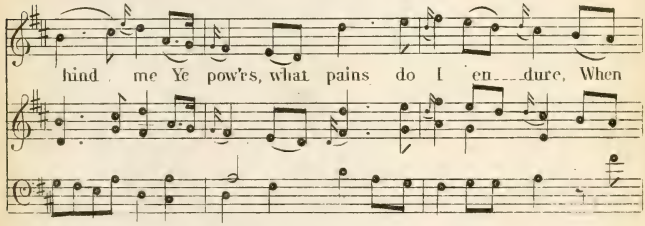
Light, at morn, from slumbers springing, *Odel de ou* (bis.)
Sweet to hear the wild birds singing! do.
And when the dewy eve descending,
Calls us home, from toil unbending,
Oh, what gentle joys are blending
In each heart at that soft hour. *Olti hodl, &c.*

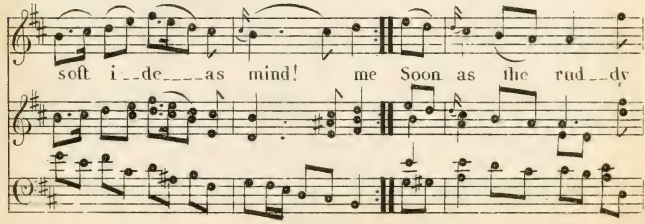
The last time I cam o'er the muir.

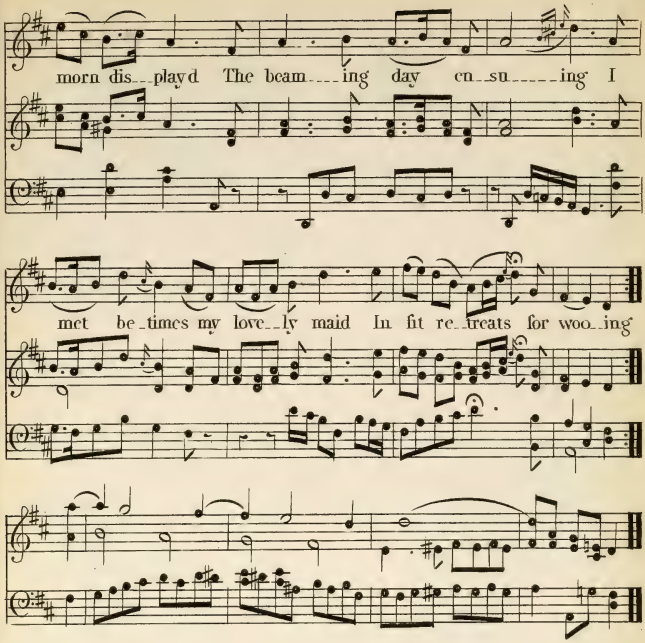












We stray'd beside yon wandring stream,
And talk'd with hearts o'erflowing;
Untill the suns last setting beam
Was in the ocean glowing,
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Even Kings, when she was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

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 muir,
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 Britannia.

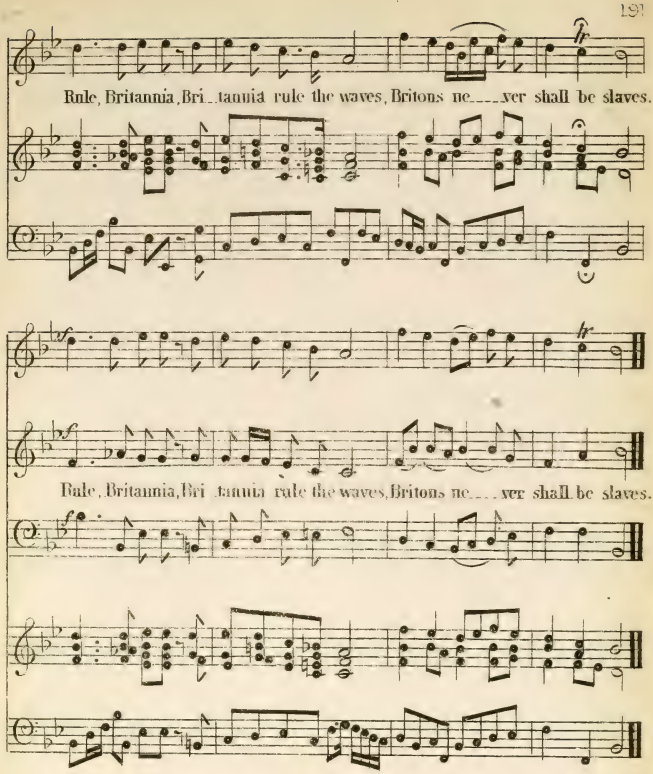
Con. Spirito.

When Bri_tain first at Heav'ns command, A

rose____ from out the a___zure main, arose, arose, from out the

a_zure main. This was the Charter, the

Charter of the Land, And guardian An___gels sung this strain.



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.

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.

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.

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.

Canon. *W. Bird.*

Non no_bis Domi_ne, non no_bis sed

Non no_bis Do_mi_ne, non no_bis

Non no_bis Do_mi_ne, non

nomi_ni tu_o da glo_ri_am sed no_mi_ni

sed nomini tu_o da glo_ri_am sed

no_bis sed nomini tu_o da glo_ri_

tu_o da glo_ri_am Non nobis Domi_ne non

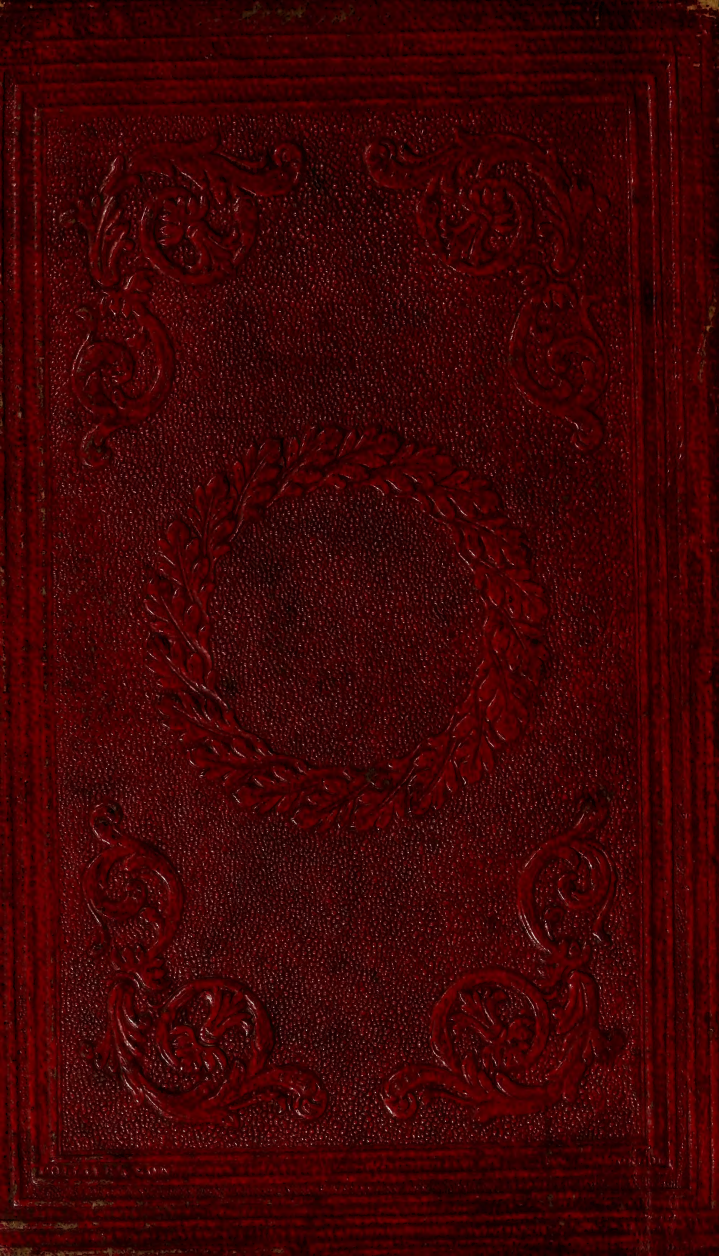
nomini tu_o da glo_ri_am Non nobis Domi

_am sed nomini tu_o da glo_ri_am Non.

Great Tom is cast.

Catch. *H. Lawes.*

1 Great Tom is cast, and 2

2 Christ Church Bells ring One, tow, three, four, five, 3

3 six, and Tom comes last. 1