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AND OF
IRELAND & WALES
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BY
PLEYEL, HAYDN, BEETHOVEN &c
THE WHOLE COMPOSED FOR, & COLLECTED BY
GEORGE THOMSON F.A.S. EDINBURGH.

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R.A. Stothard

LONDON.

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G. Thomson

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Editor of this Work, in presenting to the Public the Sixth, and probably the last, Volume of it, begs leave respectfully to offer a few parting words. And, first, he feels himself entitled to say, that he has faithfully performed the duty which, at the outset of his labours, he imposed on himself, not to admit into his Work any Song inimical to the purity and delicacy of the female mind.

Although it might perhaps be in the Editor's power, by much research, and the assistance of his poetical friends, to add another good Volume to his work, yet he is very little inclined to extend it beyond its present limits; and would much rather hear the Public say that it is too short, than that it is too long. He knows how difficult a task it would be to glean many more Scottish Melodies of a class equal to those contained in his Six Volumes;—and were he to swell his work by the trashy tunes, and wretched doggerel rhymes, with which some Scottish Collections overflow, he would utterly debase it in his own eyes, and in the opinion of every person whom he is ambitious to please.

In these six Volumes are comprised the choicest Music and Poetry of his Folio Scottish, Welsh, and Irish Collections; and above fifty additional Melodies and Songs, acquired by him since the publication of his folio works; the greater part of which are from original MSS. Ten of the Melodies in this Volume, which have been harmonized, all but two of them, by Beethoven, for three voices, are novelties equally original and beautiful, which cannot fail to afford peculiar delight to the lovers of vocal harmony.

The Engravings which embellish this Work, from the Designs of D. Allan and T. Stothard, will be found peculiarly meritorious. Those of Mr Allan, a warm and much valued friend of the Editor, were executed for this work *con amore*: they have been many years reserved for it, owing to the unavoidable delay which has occurred in its publication. Burns saw them, and felt them to be so finely characteristic of the Scottish Peasantry, that he thus expressed his admiration of the Artist: "Pride in Poets is nae sin, and I will say it, that I look on Mr Allan and Mr Burns to be the only genuine painters of Scottish costume in the world." Allan's groupes display much of the truth and nature which we find in Teniers, and in humour he sometimes approaches Hogarth.

To the Poets who have enriched this Work by their Songs, more particularly Burns, Sir Walter Scott, Joanna Baillie, and William Smyth, the Editor feels himself under the deepest obligations; for, without their kind and liberal aid, and the indescribable trouble which they took with the Songs, it would not have been in his power to complete the Work with satisfaction either to himself or the Public.

The following brief account of the Work is extracted from the Edinburgh Review:

"It was on the suggestion of the Editor of the Work before us, that Burns engaged in the composition of those exquisite lyrics which now constitute the noblest monument to his memory. They are often full of ardent and overwhelming passion, but they never tend

“ to unsettle the principles of the young, by
 “ throwing down the barriers between vice and
 “ virtue. They may be sung by the purest
 “ without a blush, and listened to by the most
 “ innocent without danger.... Besides the best
 “ specimens of the older Scottish Poetry, and
 “ almost the whole of the Songs of Burns. this
 “ Work contains a great number of original
 “ compositions by the most celebrated Poets of
 “ the present day, many of which are exceed-
 “ ingly beautiful; and the Work has thus ac-
 “ quired a high degree of value in a literary
 “ point of view, independently of its value as a
 “ musical publication.... By obtaining the assist-
 “ ance of the great Masters (Haydn, Beethoven,
 “ &c.) Mr Thomson has produced a body of Ae-
 “ companiments for his Melodies, which, in re-
 “ spect to originality and beauty, we conceive to
 “ be wholly unrivalled.”—*Edinburgh Review*,
 October 1825.

*Mr Thomson is re-engraving most of the Music
 Plates of his Folio Works, and will very soon
 publish New Editions of*

The FOLIO SCOTTISH SONGS, in Five Vols.
 21s. each ;

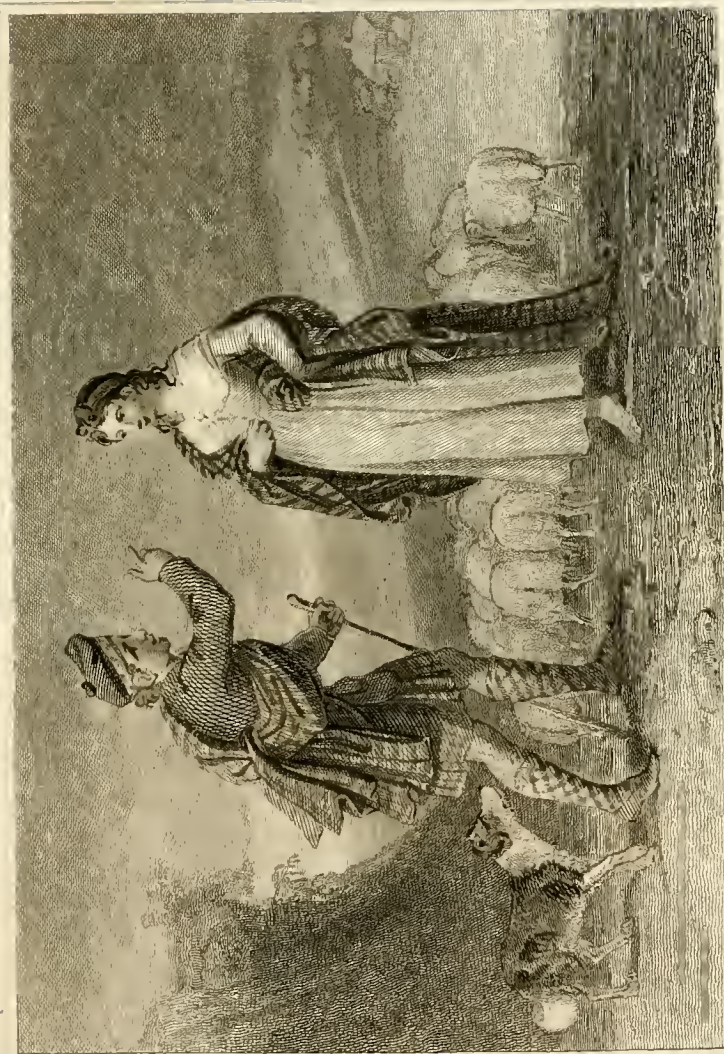
The FOLIO WELSH SONGS, in Three Vols.
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 15s. each ;

with the Songs of BURNS, JOANNA BAILLIE,
 SCOTT, SMYTH, &c. and with the Symphonies
 and Accompaniments of HAYDN, BEETHOVEN,
 &c. for the Piano-Forte, and for the Violin and
 Violoncello. And the Editor will venture to
 say, with confidence, that Violin and Violon-
 cello players have never met with any compo-
 sitions more full of matter perfectly original,
 exhibiting combinations more rich, fanciful,
 and beautiful, than they will find in these Ac-
 companiments. The Scottish Folio Work is
 embellished by a newly engraved Frontispiece,
 the ST CECILIA of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, and
 other fine Engravings.

These Works put the Public in possession of
 all that appeared to the Editor most valuable
 and worthy of preservation in the Native ME-
 LODIES of SCOTLAND, and of WALES, with a con-
 siderable portion of those of IRELAND; united
 to the most interesting SONGS that could be
 obtained from the first Lyric Poets of the
 age ; including also the best SONGS of the older
 Scottish Poets, Ramsay, Hamilton, Thomson,
 Mallet, Smollet, Skinner, Macneill, &c.; and
 united also to Symphonies and Accompaniments
 composed by the greatest Musicians in Europe.
 And the Editor flatters himself that these
 Works will thus prove equally delightful to
 Singers, to Instrumental Performers, and to the
 lovers of Poetry ; and he found no less worthy
 of a place on the Music-desk, than in the Li-
 brary of the man of taste.

Edinburgh, No. 5, Royal Exchange, May 2. 1825.



Engraved by T. Hanson

PETTRICK BANKS.

Said I, my Lassic will ye go
To the Ettyland hills & be my bride

Printed 2d May 1835 by G. Thomson Edinburgh.

Drawn by T. Nicholson R.A. from a sketch by D. Allan.



Drawn by T. Stothard R.A. from a sketch by D. Allan

Engraved by T. Ranson

KINT ROBIN LOES ME

*"Happy happy was the showy
That led me to his birken bow"*

Pubd 24 May 1825, by G. Thomson Edinburgh

Low down in the Broom.

I.

FOR THREE VOICES

BY BEETHOVEN

First Published in 1824.

The Verses by Burns.

* In this & the other Scottish Trios, each Verse should first be sung by the Canto voice singly, and then repeated by the three voices together.

**ALLEGRO
CON MOTO.**

CANTO.
The Lav-rock shuns the pa-lace gay, And o'er the cot-tage sings; For

TENORE.
The Lav-rock shuns the pa-lace gay, And o'er the cot-tage sings; For

BASSO.
The Lav-rock shuns the pa-lace gay, And o'er the cot-tage sings; For

Na-ture smiles as sweet I ween, To Shep-herds as to Kings.

Na-ture smiles as sweet I ween, To Shep-herds as to Kings.

Na-ture smiles as sweet I ween, To Shep-herds as to Kings.

Let min-strels sweep the skill-ful string, In

Let min-strels sweep the skill-ful string, In

Let min-strels sweep the skill-ful string, In

Lord-ly light-ed ha': The Shep-herd stops his sim-ple reed, Blithe

Lord-ly light-ed ha': The Shep-herd stops his sim-ple reed, Blithe

Lord-ly light-ed ha': The Shep-herd stops his sim-ple reed, Blithe

in the birk-en shaw. *p* The

in the birk-en shaw. *p* The

in the birk-en shaw. *p* The

Prince-ly re-vel may sur-vey, Our rus-tic dance wi' scorn; But

Prince-ly re-vel may sur-vey, Our rus-tic dance wi' scorn; But

Prince-ly re-vel may sur-vey, Our rus-tic dance wi' scorn; But

are their hearts as light as ours, Be-neath the milk-white thorn.

are their hearts as light as ours, Be-neath the milk-white thorn.

are their hearts as light as ours, Be-neath the milk-white thorn.

The first page to be again repeated as it stands; And the Music of the 2nd & 3rd Pages to be then sung with the 8 lines below.

The Shepherd in the flow'ry glen,
In Shepherd's phrase will woo;
The Courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true.

These wildwood flow'rs I've pu'd to deck,
That spotless breast o' thine;
The Courtier's gems may witness love,
But 'tis na love like mine.

SWEET ANNIE
 FOR THREE VOICES
 BY BEETHOVEN.—1822.

Set to Loch na Garr written by Lord Byron.

* See the Note prefix'd to the first Trio.

ANDANTE
CON MOTO.

CANTO.
 TENORE.
 BASSO.

A---way ye gay land--scapes ye gar--dens of ro--ses, In
 A---way ye gay land--scapes ye gar--dens of ro--ses, In
 A---way ye gay land--scapes ye gar--dens of ro--ses, In

you let the min--ions of lux--u--ry rove; Re--
 you let the min--ions of lux--u--ry rove; Re--
 you let the min--ions of lux--u--ry rove; Re--

--store me the rocks where the snow flake re--po--ses, For
 --store me the rocks where the snow flake re--po--ses, For
 --store me the rocks where the snow flake re--po--ses, For

still they are sa-cred to free-dom and love.

still they are sa-cred to free-dom and love.

still they are sa-cred to free-dom and love.

And yet Ca-le-do-nia be-lov'd are thy moun-tains, A--

And yet Ca-le-do-nia be-lov'd are thy moun-tains, A--

And yet Ca-le-do-nia be-lov'd are thy moun-tains, A--

-round their white sum-mits tho' e-le-ments war; Tho'

-round their white sum-mits tho' e-le-ments war; Tho'

-round their white sum-mits tho' e-le-ments war; Tho'

ca-ta-racts foam 'stead of smooth flow-ing foun-tains, I

ca-ta-racts foam 'stead of smooth flow-ing foun-tains, I

ca-ta-racts foam 'stead of smooth flow-ing foun-tains, I

sigh for the val-ley of dark Loch-na-gar.

sigh for the val-ley of dark Loch-na-gar.

sigh for the val-ley of dark Loch-na-gar.

Sym:

p Ah there my young foot-steps in in-fan-cy wan-der'd, My

p Ah there my young foot-steps in in-fan-cy wan-der'd, My

p Ah there my young foot-steps in in-fan-cy wan-der'd, My

cap was the bon-net, my cloak was the plaid; On

cap was the bon-net, my cloak was the plaid; On

cap was the bon-net, my cloak was the plaid; On

Chief__tains long per__ish'd my me__mo__ry pon__der'd, As

Chief__tains long per__ish'd my me__mo__ry pon__der'd, As

Chief__tains long per__ish'd my me__mo__ry pon__der'd, As

dai__ly I strode through the pine co__ver'd glade.

dai__ly I strode through the pine co__ver'd glade.

dai__ly I strode through the pine co__ver'd glade.

f I sought not my home 'till the day's dy__ing glo__ry, Gave

f I sought not my home 'till the day's dy__ing glo__ry, Gave

f I sought not my home 'till the day's dy__ing glo__ry, Gave

place to the rays of the bright po__lar star; For

place to the rays of the bright po__lar star; For

place to the rays of the bright po__lar star; For

Fan--cy was cheer'd by tra--di-tion--al sto---ry, Dis--

--clos'd by the na---tives of dark Loch--na--Garr.

Sym:
--clos'd by the na---tives of dark Loch--na--Garr.

Last Stanza.

Years have roll'd on, Loch-na-Garr, since I left you,
 Years must elapse ere I tread you again;
 Nature of verdure and flow'rs has bereft you,
 Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
 England! thy beauties are tame and domestic,
 To one who has rov'd on the mountains afar;
 Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
 The steep frowning glories of dark Loch-na-Garr.

*** The Editor regrets that he has not room for the intermediate stanzas of the noble Author.

SHE'S FAIR & FAUSE
FOR THREE VOICES
BY BEETHOVEN. — 1822.

Set to the Verses of W. Smyth Esq.

* See the Note prefixed to the first Trio.

ANDANTE
 CON MOTO ED
 CON ESPRESSIONE.

Pia:

CANTO.

The He-ro may per-ish his Coun-try to save, And he

TENORE.

The He-ro may per-ish his Coun-try to save, And he

BASSO.

The He-ro may per-ish his Coun-try to save, And he

lives in the re-cords of fame; — — — — The Sage may the

lives in the re-cords of fame; — — — — The Sage may the

lives in the re-cords of fame; — — — — The Sage may the

dun-geons of Ty-ran-ny brave, E-ver honour'd and blest be his

dun-geons of Ty-ran-ny brave, E-ver honour'd and blest be his

dun-geons of Ty-ran-ny brave, E-ver honour'd and blest be his

name. But Vir-tue that si-lent-ly

name. But Vir-tue that si-lent-ly

name. But Vir-tue that si-lent-ly

toils and ex-pires, No wreath no wreath for the

toils and ex-pires, No wreath no wreath for the

toils and ex-pires, No wreath no wreath for the

brow to a-----dorn; That asks but a smile but a

brow to a-----dorn; That asks but a smile but a

brow to a-----dorn; That asks but a smile but a

fond sigh re-----quires, O Wo-man that vir--tue is

fond sigh re-----quires, O Wo-man that vir--tue is

fond sigh re-----quires, O Wo-man that vir--tue is

thine.-----

thine.-----

thine.-----

sf sf

THE MILLER OF DEE

FOR THREE VOICES:

BY BEETHOVEN.—1824.

* See the Note prefix'd to the first Trio.

ALLEGRETTO
CON BRIO.

Pia:

CANTO.

There was a jol-ly Mill-er once liv'd on the ri-ver

TENORE.

There was a jol-ly Mill-er once liv'd on the ri-ver

BASSO.

There was a jol-ly Mill-er once liv'd on the ri-ver

For:

Dee, He wrought and sung from morn 'till night; No

Dee, He wrought and sung from morn 'till night; No

Dee, He wrought and sung from morn 'till night; No

lark more blythe than he, And this the bur- den

lark more blythe than he, And this the bur- den

lark more blythe than he, And this the bur- den

of his song for ev- er used to be I care for

of his song for ev- er used to be I care for

of his song for ev- er used to be I care for

no- bo- dy no not I, If no- bo- dy cares for me.

no- bo- dy no not I, If no- bo- dy cares for me.

no- bo- dy no not I, If no- bo- dy cares for me.

Verse 2nd

Then like the Mill-er blythe and free, Let us re-joice and

Then like the Mill-er blythe and free, Let us re-joice and

Then like the Mill-er blythe and free, Let us re-joice and

For:

sing; The days of youth are made for glee, And

sing; The days of youth are made for glee, And

sing; The days of youth are made for glee, And

Time is on the wing. *p* This song shall pass from

Time is on the wing. *p* This song shall pass from

Time is on the wing. *p* This song shall pass from

me to thee, A--long this jov--ial ring; --- Let heart and

me to thee, A--long this jov--ial ring; --- Let heart and

me to thee, A--long this jov--ial ring; --- Let heart and

voice and all a--gree, To sing long live the King. ---

voice and all a--gree, To sing long live the King. ---

voice and all a--gree, To sing long live the King. ---

voice and all a--gree, To sing long live the King. ---

DUNCAN GRAY
FOR THREE VOICES
BY BEETHOVEN.-1822.

The Verses by Burns.

* See the Note prefixed to the first Trio.

ALLEGRETTO.

Pia:

CANTO.

TENORE.

BASSO.

Dun-can Gray came here to woo, Ha ha the woo-ing o't;

Dun-can Gray came here to woo, Ha ha the woo-ing o't;

Dun-can Gray came here to woo, Ha ha the woo-ing o't;

On blythe Yule night when we were fu', Ha ha the

On blythe Yule night when we were fu', Ha ha the

On blythe Yule night when we were fu', Ha ha the

woo-ing o't. Maggie coost her head fu' high,

woo-ing o't. Maggie coost her head fu' high,

woo-ing o't. Maggie coost her head fu' high,

Look'd ask - lent and un - co skeigh, Gart poor Dun - can stand a - -

Look'd ask - lent and un - co skeigh, Gart poor Dun - can stand a - -

Look'd ask - lent and un - co skeigh, Gart poor Dun - can stand a - -

- beigh, Ha, ha, the woo - ing o't.

- beigh, Ha, ha, the woo - ing o't.

- beigh, Ha, ha, the woo - ing o't.

2nd

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

3rd

Time and chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
 Slighted love is sair 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.

4th

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

5th

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

UP QUIT THY BOWER
FOR THREE VOICES
BY BEETHOVEN. - Pub^d in 1824.

The Verses by Joanna Baillie.

* See the Note prefix'd to the first Trio.

CANTO.

TENORE

BASSO.

ALLEGRETTO
 SPIRITOSO.

Up quit thy bower, late wears the hour, Long have the rooks caw'd

Up quit thy bower, late wears the hour, Long have the rooks caw'd

Up quit thy bower, late wears the hour, Long have the rooks caw'd

round the tower.

Cres: On flower and tree loud

round the tower.

Cres: On flower and tree loud

round the tower.

Cres: On flower and tree loud

hums the bee, The wild-ing kid sports merry merry merrily!

hums the bee, The wild-ing kid sports merry merry merrily!

hums the bee, The wild-ing kid sports merry merry merrily!

f. A day so bright, so fresh, so clear, Shines

f. A day so bright, so fresh, so clear, Shines

f. A day so bright, so fresh, so clear, Shines

sweet...ly when good for...tune's near; A day so bright, so
 sweet...ly when good for...tune's near; A day so bright, so
 sweet...ly when good for...tune's near; A day so bright, so
 fresh, so clear, Shines sweet...ly when good for...tune's near.
 fresh, so clear, Shines sweet...ly when good for...tune's near.
 fresh, so clear, Shines sweet...ly when good for...tune's near.

Ped: *p*

2nd

Up Lady fair, and braid thy hair,
 And rouse thee in the breezy air;
 The lulling stream, that sooth'd thy dream,
 Is dancing in the sunny beam;
 And hours so sweet, so bright, so gay,
 Will waft good fortune on its way.
 And hours &c.

3rd

Up! time will tell; the friar's bell,
 Its service-sound hath chimed well;
 The aged crone keeps house alone,
 And reapers to the fields are gone;
 The active day so boon and bright,
 May bring good fortune ere the night.
 The active day &c.

THE QUAKERS WIFE

FOR THREE VOICES

BY BEETHOVEN. 1824.

The Verses from a MS. of M^{rs} Hunter.

* See the Note prefixed to the first Trio.

CANTO.

TENORE.

BASSO.

ANDANTINO
CON MOTO.

Dark was the morn and black the sea, When my dear lad -- die

Dark was the morn and black the sea, When my dear lad -- die

Dark was the morn and black the sea, When my dear lad -- die

left me; The swell -- ing sails how swift they flee, Of

left me; The swell -- ing sails how swift they flee, Of

left me; The swell -- ing sails how swift they flee, Of

all my joy be -- -- reft me: Me -- thinks I see him

all my joy be -- -- reft me: Me -- thinks I see him

all my joy be -- -- reft me: Me -- thinks I see him

take his stand, On deck so firm and stea---dy; And dist---ant

when he wav'd his hand, I knew his tar---tan plai---dy.

when he wav'd his hand, I knew his tar---tan plai---dy.

2nd Stanza.

Alas! how heavy are the days,
 In absence and in sorrow;
 While war and death a thousand ways,
 Still make me dread tomorrow.
 O that ambition were at rest,
 While I, the Captain's Lady;
 Should with my Soldier be so blest,
 All gay in tartan plaidy.

BONNY WEE THING

FOR THREE VOICES

*BY HAYDN-1824.**The Verses by Burns.*

* See the Note prefixd to the first Trio.

CANTO.
TENORE.
BASSO.

ANDANTINO
QUASI
ALLEGRETTO.

Bon--ny wee thing can--ny wee thing, Love--ly wee thing

Bon--ny wee thing can--ny wee thing, Love--ly wee thing

Bon--ny wee thing can--ny wee thing, Love--ly wee thing

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

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

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

jew--el I should tine. Wish--ful--ly I look and lan-guish,

jew--el I should tine. Wish--ful--ly I look and lan-guish,

jew--el I should tine. Wish--ful--ly I look and lan-guish,

Cres:

In that bon--ny face of thine; And my heart it

In that bon--ny face of thine; And my heart it

In that bon--ny face of thine; And my heart it

sounds with an-guish, Lest my wee thing be na mine.

sounds with an-guish, Lest my wee thing be na mine.

sounds with an-guish, Lest my wee thing be na mine.

2nd Stanza.

Bonny wee thing, canny wee thing, &c.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,

In one constellation shine!

To adore thee is my duty,

Goddess of this soul of mine.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

FOR THREE VOICES

BY BEETHOVEN. - 1822.

ALLEGRO
CON ANIMA.

For:

CANTO.

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

CANTO 2^{do}

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

BASSO.

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

Pia:

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

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

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

8.

8. 'Twas on a Mon-day morn-ing, When birds were sing-ing, clear; That

8. 'Twas on a Mon-day morn-ing, When birds were sing-ing clear; That

8. 'Twas on a Mon-day morn-ing, When birds were sing-ing clear; That

8.

Char-lie to the high-lands came, The gal-lant Che--va--li-er.

Char-lie to the high-lands came, The gal-lant Che--va--li-er.

Char-lie to the high-lands came, The gal-lant Che--va--li-er.

CHORUS.

O Char-lie he's my dar--ling, my dar--ling, my dar--ling; O

O Char-lie he's my dar--ling, my dar--ling, my dar--ling; O

O Char-lie he's my dar--ling, my dar--ling, my dar--ling; O

Char-lie he's my dar--ling, The young Che--va--li-er.

Char-lie he's my dar--ling, The young Che--va--li-er.

Char-lie he's my dar--ling, The young Che--va--li-er.

* The Editor suggests the following mode of singing this piece. The 3 Voices to sing the music once through, as it stands:—And the Verses engraved below, to be sung by one voice singly with the upper line of the music, from the mark *S*. to the word Chorus:—The 3 Voices repeating the Chorus, “O Charlie,” at the end of each Verse.

2nd

And many a gallant Scottish Chief,
Came round their Prince to cheer;
For Charlie was their darling,
The young Chevalier.

CHO: O Charlie &c.

3rd

They wou'd na bide to chase the roes,
Or start the mountain deer;
But aff they march'd wi' Charlie,
The gallant Chevalier.

CHO: O Charlie &c.

4th

Now up the wild Glenevis,
And down by Lochy side;
Young Malcom leaves his shealing,
And Donald leaves his bride.

CHO: O Charlie &c.

5th

Around our Scottish thistle's head,
There's many a pointed spear;
And many a sword shall wave around,
Our young Chevalier.

CHO: O Charlie &c.

AULD LANG SYNE

FOR THREE VOICES

The Sym.^d Accomp.^t & Vocal harmony new. 1824.

THE VERSES BY BURNS.

* See the Note prefix'd to the first Trio.

ALLEGRETTO.

Pia: *fz*

For:

CANTO.
Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind; Should

TENORE.
Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind; Should

BASSO.
Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind; Should

auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And days o' lang syne.

auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And days o' lang syne.

auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And days o' lang syne.

For auld lang syne my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll
 For auld lang syne my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll
 For auld lang syne my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll
 take a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.
 take a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.
 take a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

The musical score is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics 'For auld lang syne my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll take a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.' repeated three times. The piano accompaniment consists of a simple harmonic pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

Verse 2nd

* If the young Player find the following elegantly varied Accompaniment difficult, the simple one to Verse 1st may be substituted.

WERE twWO ha'e run a-bout the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans
 WERE twWO ha'e run a-bout the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans
 WERE twWO ha'e run a-bout the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans

The musical score is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics 'We two ha'e run a-bout the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans' repeated three times. The piano accompaniment consists of a simple harmonic pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

fine; But we've wan-der'd mony a wea-ry foot, Sin'

fine; But we've wan-der'd mony a wea-ry foot, Sin'

fine; But we've wan-der'd mony a wea-ry foot, Sin'

CHORUS.

auld lang syne. For auld lang

auld lang syne. For auld lang

auld lang syne. For auld lang

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

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

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

take a cup of kind-ness yet, For auld lang

syne.

syne.

We twa ha'e paid't in the burn,
 Frae morning sun 'till dine;
 But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,
 Sin' auld lang syne.

CHO^s For auld lang syne. &c.
 4th

And there's a hand my trusty fiere,
 And gie's a hand o' thine;
 And we'll take a right gude-willie waught,
 For auld lang syne.

CHO^s For auld lang syne. &c.
 5th

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

CHO^s For auld lang syne. &c.

With new Symph^y & an Accompt^t and Verses written by G. Thomsen . 1824.

Piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a flowing melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *Cres:* (crescendo), and *pp* (pianissimo).

First system of the song. The vocal melody begins with the lyrics "O these charms no longer hide, my Lassie dear, By the lonely Car-ron". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern.

Second system of the song. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics "side, my Lassie dear, Come with me to Kelvin grove, Thou shalt". The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

Third system of the song. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics "be my on-ly Love, And I never from thee will rove, my". The piano accompaniment continues with the same accompaniment.

Fourth system of the song. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics "Lassie dear, Ah! who could faith-less prove to thee my Lassie dear." The piano accompaniment continues with the same accompaniment.

Piano conclusion in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a flowing melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. Dynamics include *Cres:* (crescendo).

KELVIN GROVE.

THE VERSES WRITTEN FOR THE MELODY,

BY GEORGE THOMSON,—1824.

This Melody, which, 'till of late was not much known to the Public, has long been familiar to lovers of Song in the west of Scotland, though very little sung, owing to its union with verses of a vulgar and exceptionable cast, beginning, "O the shearin's no for thee, bonnie lassie, O." And though it has recently been published with other verses, yet the Editor, presuming they are property, has been induced to write the verses which are here offered to the Public; in the hope that they may be found not unsuitable to the simple character of the melody.

O THESE charms no longer hide,
 My lassie dear,
 By the lonely Carron side,
 My lassie dear,
 Come with me to Kelvin grove,
 Thou shalt be my only Love,
 And I ne'er from thee will rove,
 My lassie dear;
 Ah! who to thee could faithless prove,
 My lassie dear.

I have fields of golden grain,
 My lassie dear,
 My flocks range o'er the plain,
 My lassie dear,
 I've an orchard, and a mill,
 By the softly purling rill,
 And my eot's screen'd hy the hill,
 My lassie dear,
 By the sweetly wooded hill,
 My lassie dear.

There the woodlark and the thrush,
 My lassie dear,
 Chaunt their loves from ev'ry bush,
 My lassie dear,
 Through the grove and greenwood glade
 Rings the artless serenade;
 Then how sweet the ev'ning shade,
 My lassie dear,
 While the sky's bright liveries fade,
 My lassie dear.

When thy graceful form I view,
 My lassie dear,
 And thine eye so mild and blue,
 My lassie dear,
 I think; if thou wert mine,
 I should ne'er again repine,
 Let the world storm or shine,
 My lassie dear,
 With thee I'd ne'er repine,
 My lassie dear.

She rais'd her lovely een,
 The lassie dear,
 Shew'd a face might grace a queen,
 The lassie dear:
 Her blushes spoke consent
 And soon to church they went,
 And they're rich in sweet content,
 And peace and love;
 A happier pair were never kent
 In Kelvin grove.

THE CONSTANT MAID.

THE SONG AND THE MELODY BOTH WRITTEN

BY GEORGE THOMSON,—1824.

SPRING'S primrose banks, and wood-notes wild,
 And summer bright, and autumn mild,
 And winter nights, with jest and glee,
 Were all in turn right dear to me.
 But warblers now unheeded sing,
 And flow'rs and fruits untented spring,
 And nights that once seem'd short, are lang,
 Nae langer cheer'd by Norman's sang.

My Norman won the hearts of a',
 He was sae gallant, kind, and free ;
 At kirk, in camp, or Chieftain's ha',
 The match of him ye cou'd na see.
 But woe to dark Drummoossie muir,*
 And eruel deeds of that sad day,
 When right to might was forc'd to cour,
 And captive he' was borne away.

'Till then, a blyther lass than I
 Ne'er led the sprightly Highland dance ;
 And lighter foot or merrier eye,
 Than Norman's, ne'er came out of France.
 To me how chang'd those laughing hours !
 I seek no more the village train,
 But fly to lonely birken bowers,
 To muse upon my faithful swain.

To those lov'd haunts, at gloaming grey,
 I ofttimes steal, by all unscen ;
 There sorrow's sweet, ah ! well-a-day,
 When none can mark my downcast mien.
 There, I look back with many a sigh,
 On meetings, vows, and partings dear—
 Ah, me ! were my brave soldier nigh,
 He'd soon " kiss off this falling tear."

Hope ! still I fondly cling to thee,
 Sweet cordial of the aching heart ;
 That bliss is yet in store for me,
 When we shall meet, no more to part.
 Time ! like an arrow wing thy flight,—
 O haste to change my wayward lot ;
 Bring Norman back to glad my sight,
 And then, what palace like our eot !

* The field on which the battle of Culloden was lost by the Highland Clans.

The Melody & the Song both written by G. Thomson, 1824.

ANDANTE
CON MOTO
MA CON
ESPRESSONE.

Spring's primrose banks and woodnotes wild, And Summer bright and Autumn mild, And

Win-ter nights with jest and glee, Were all in turn right dear to me.

But warblers now un-heed-ed sing, And flow'rs and fruits un-tented spring; And

nights that once seem'd short are long, Nae langer cheer'd by NOR-MAN'S sang.

Cres: *f* *p*

*The Symph.^s & Accompan.^t new-1824.*GRAZIOSO
E SEMPLICE.

O were my Love yon li-lac fair, With pur-ple blos-soms
to the spring; And I a bird to shel-ter there, When
wea-ried on my lit-tle wing. How I would mourn when
it was torn, By au-tumn wild and win-ter rude! But I would
sing on wan-ton wing, When mer-ry May its bloom re-new'd.

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR

The first Stanza by BURNS, the second by JOHN RICHARDSON, and both written for this Work: The last Stanza is old.—The Air, as comprised in the first eight bars, was communicated by a lady of Kinross-shire to the Editor: the other half of the Air has been added by himself.

O WERE my Love yon lilac fair,
 With purple blossoms to the spring;
 And I a bird to shelter there,
 When wearied on my little wing.
 How I would mourn when it was torn,
 By autumn wild, and winter rude!
 But I would sing on wanton wing,
 When merry May its bloom renew'd.

O were my Love yon vi'let sweet,
 That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray,
 And I mysel' the zephyr's breath,
 Among its bonnie leaves to play;
 I'd fan it wi' a constant gale,
 Beneath the noontide's scorching ray;
 And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews,
 At morning dawn and parting day.

O gin my Love were yon red rose,
 That grows upon the castle wa'!
 And I mysel' a drap of dew,
 Into her bonnie breast to fa'!
 Oh, there, beyond expression blest,
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
 Seal'd on her silk-saft folds to rest,
 Till fle'y'd awa' by Phoebus' light.

ANOTHER SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

BY BURNS.

MY Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
 The frost of hermit age might warm;
 My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind
 Might charm the first of human kind.
 I love my Peggy's angel air,
 Her face so truly heav'nly fair,
 Her native grace so void of art,
 But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
 The kindling lustre of an eye,
 Who but owns their magic sway?
 Who but knows they all decay?
 The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
 The gen'rous purpose, nobly dear,
 The gentle look that rage disarms,—
 These are all immortal charms.

THE SOLDIER LADDIE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH ESQ.—1824.

OUR Gallants may think of their wine and their pleasures,
 Our Lords and our Barons of titles and treasures,
 Our Pastor may think of his books and his learning,—
 My Father may think of the penny he's turning.
 But I think of true Love, my joy and my blessing,
 The title, the treasure, alone worth possessing,
 And Fortune may frown, and however severely
 I care not, while Jamie still loves me so dearly.

Oh! when was I wretched?—then only believe me,
 When Jamie was listed and going to leave me :—
 And when was I happy, and gay, and light-hearted?
 It was when he told me, we should not be parted.—
 What cared I for marching,—when patting my shoulder,
 He call'd me “ brave Lassie, and worthy a Soldier ;”
 What cared I for sickness, when still he sat near me,
 And tried, the poor fellow, to nurse me and cheer me.

But, Oh! for the battle! O how have I trembled,
 And sunk in my heart, while my fears I dissembled—
 Yet true love supported, and warm'd me, and guarded,
 Tho' sometimes half breaking the heart it rewarded :
 But how did my life and my spirits recover,
 When Jamie was safe and the battle was over!
 Oh, blessing! to hang on his neck and to languish,
 They never knew transport who never knew anguish.

The wars are now over—and calmer the weather,
 And smoother the road that we travel together;
 The journey of life—to the point gently bending,
 Where true love itself must at last find an ending.
 Yet leave us not, true love! for still thou can'st bless us,
 Can'st cheer us when sickness and sorrows distress us,
 Light up the dark clouds that old age may hang o'er us,
 And shew the far world that is bright'ning before us.

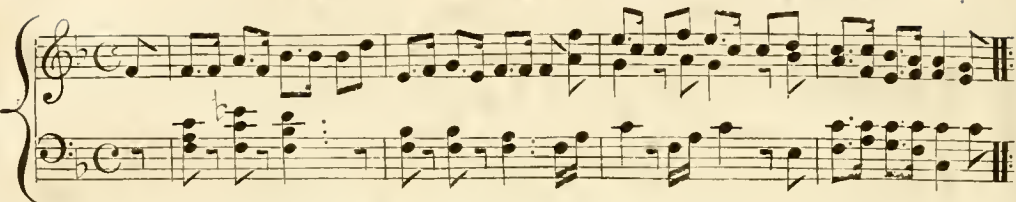
THE SOLDIER LADDIE.—HAYDN.

33.

With new Verses written by W. Smyth Esq. 1824.

ALLEGRETTO.

Our Gallants may think of their wine and their pleasures, Our
 Lords and our Ba-rons of titles and treasures; Our Pas-tor may think of his
 books and his learn-ing, My. Fa-ther may think of the pen-ny he's turn-ing.
 But I think of true love, my joy and my blessing, The title the trea-sure a--
 --lone worth possessing; And Fortune may frown and how--e-ver se-vere-ly, I
 care not while JA-MIE still loves me so dear-ly. *p* *f*

ALLEGRO
PIU TOSTO
VIVACE.

But are you sure the news is true, And are you sure he's weel; Is this a time to

think o' wark, Ey lass fling by your wheel. Is this a time to think o' thrift, When

COLIN'S at the door; Reach me my cloak I'll down the quay, And see him come ashore.

CHORUS.

For there's nae luck about the house, There's nae luck at a', There's lit-tle pleasure

For there's nae luck about the house, There's nae luck at a', There's lit-tle pleasure

in the house, When our good-man's a-wa'.

in the house, When our good-man's a-wa'.

UP AND WAR THEM A', WILLIE.

The following simple and beautiful ballad first came into public view about the year 1771, and was probably composed not much anterior to that period.

BUT are you sure the news is true !

And are you sure he's weel ?

Is this a time to think o' wark ?

Fy, lass, fling by your wheel !

Is this a time to think o' thrift,

When Colin's at the door ?

Rax me my cloak, I'll down the quay,

And see him come ashore.

There's nae luck about the house,

There's nae luck at a' ;

There's nae luck about the house,

When our goodman's awa'.

Rise up, and mak' a clean fire-side,

Put on the muckle pot ;

Gie little Kate her cotton gown,

And Jock his Sunday's coat :

Mak' their shoon as black as slaws,

Their stockings white as snaw ;

It's a' to pleasure our goodman,

He likes to see them braw.—*There's nae, &c.*

There are twa hens into the crib,

Ha'e fed this month and mair ;

Mak' haste, and thraw their necks about,

That Colin weel may fare.

Bring down to me my bigonet,

My bishop-satin gown ;

And then gae tell the bailie's wife,

That Colin's come to town.—*There's nae, &c.*

My turkey slippers I'll put on,

My stockings pearl blue ;

And a' to pleasure our goodman,

For he's baith leal and true.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,

His breath's like cauler air ;

His very tread has music in't,

As he comes up the stair.—*There's nae, &c.*

And will I see his face again !

And will I hear him speak !

I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,

In troth I'm like to greet !—*There's nae, &c.*

JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.

WRITTEN

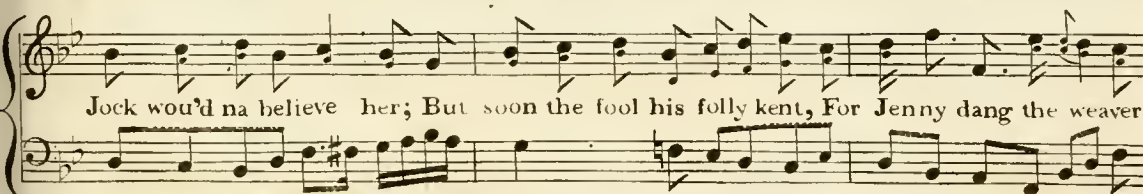
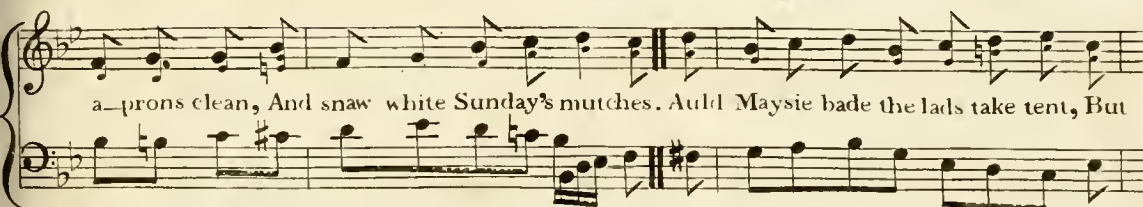
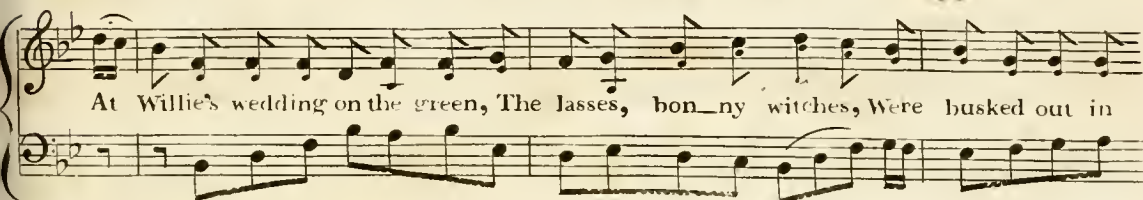
BY SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

AND PRESENTED BY HIM TO THE EDITOR.

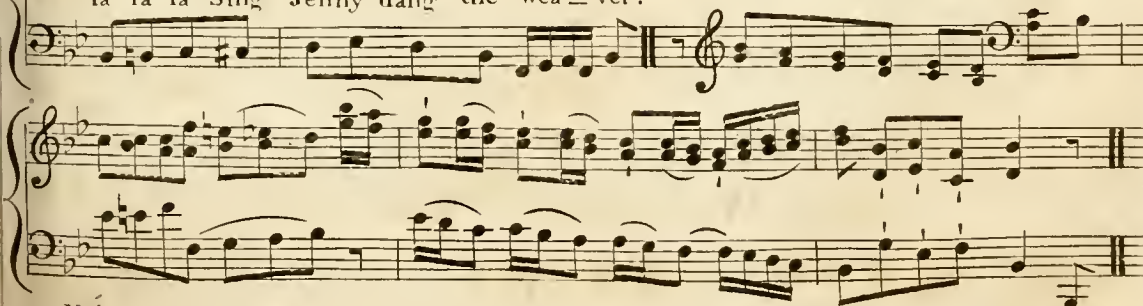
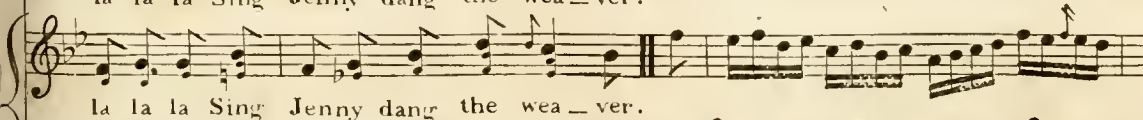
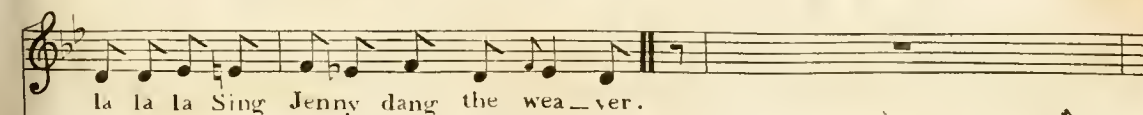
AT Willy's wedding on the green,
 The lasses, bonny witches,
 Were buskit out in aprons clean,
 And snaw-white Sunday's mutches.
 Auld Mysic bade the lads tak' tent,
 But Jock wad nae believe her;
 And soon the fool his folly kent,
 For—Jenny dang the weaver.
 Sing, Jenny dang, &c.

In ilka countra-dance and reel,
 Wi' her he wad be babbin;
 When she sat down, then he sat down,
 And till her wad be gabbin:
 Whare'er she gaed, or but or ben,
 The coof wad never leave her,
 Ay cacklin like a clockin hen,
 But—Jenny dang the weaver.
 Sing, Jenny dang, &c.

Quoth he, "My lass, to speak my mind,
 "Good haith! I need na swither:
 "You've bonny een, and, gif you're kind,
 "I needna court anither."
 He humm'd and ha'd—the lass cried feugh!
 And bade the fool no deave her;
 Then snapt her thumb, and lap and leugh,
 And—dang the silly weaver!
 Sing, Jenny dang, &c.

VIVACE
SCHERZANDO.

CHORUS.



*The Symph.^s & the Accompan^t now first pub^d 1824.*ALLEGRETTO
QUASI
VIVACE.

My loy---al heart is light and free, I feel it beat---ing
 rare---ly, Come haste with me o'er land and sea, To
 wel--come hame Prince CHAR--LIE. We'll o--ver the wa--ter we'll
 o--ver the sea, We'll o--ver the wa--ter to CHAR---LIE; Come
 weal come woe we'll ga--ther and go, And live or die wi' CHAR--LIE.

OVER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

The two first verses from a Manuscript—now first published, 1824.

MY loyal heart is light and free,
 I feel it beating rarely,
 Come haste wi' me o'er land and sea,
 To welcome hame Prince Charlie.
 We'll over the water, we'll over the sea,*
 We'll over the water to Charlie,
 Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
 And live or die wi' Charlie.

The red-coat lads wi' black cockades,
 Nae mair shall lord it o'er us;
 The snaw-white rose, the dread of foes,
 Shall make them skip before us.
 Over the water, and over the sea,
 We'll over the water to Charlie;
 Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
 And live or die wi' Charlie.

Oh! I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
 Though some there be that abhor him;
 But O to see auld Nick gang hame
 Wi' Charlie's foes before him.
 We'll over the water, we'll over the sea,
 We'll over the water to Charlie;
 Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
 And live or die wi' Charlie.

I swear by moon and stars so bright,
 And sun that glances early,
 If I had twenty thousand lives,
 I'd gi'e them a' to Charlie.
 We'll over the water, we'll over the sea,
 We'll over the water to Charlie;
 Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
 And live or die wi' Charlie.

* The Ferry of Balachulish is the water or sea here alluded to; for, in the common parlance of the Highlands, every little firth or arm of the sea, was called the sea.

THE HAPPY TRIO.

THE SONG BY BURNS.

THE AIR BY ALLAN MASTERTON.

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan came to see ;*
 Three blither hearts, that lee lang night,
 Ye wad na found in Christendie.
 We're are na fou, we're nae that fou,
 But just a drappy in our e'e ;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree.
 We are na fou, &c.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys, I trow, are we ;
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be.
 We are na fou, we're na that fou,
 But just a drappy in our e'e ;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

It is the moon,—I ken her horn,
 That's blinking in the lift sae hie ;
 She shines sae bright, to wyle us hame,
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee !
 We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
 But just a drappy in our e'e ;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A silly coward loun is he !
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three.
 We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
 But just a drappy in our e'e ;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

* The PoET,—the CoMPosER of the Air,—and Mr WILLIAM NICOL, one of the Masters of the High School, Edinburgh.

THE HAPPY TRIO. — HAYDN.

VIVACE.

O WILLY brew'd a peck o' ma't, And ROB and ALLAN came to see; Three

blyth-er hearts that lee lang night, Ye wou'd na found in Christ-en-dee.

CHORUS.

1st We are na fu' we're no that fu', But just a drap-py in our e'e; The
2^d We are na fu' we're no that fu', But just a drap-py in our e'e; The

Cock may crawl the day may daw, And ay we'll taste the bar-ley bree.
Cock may crawl the day may daw, And ay we'll taste the bar-ley bree.

PARTING. — BEETHOVEN.

*The Song by Sir Walter Scott Burd*ANDANTE
AFFETUOSO
ASSAI.*p* Dol:

Cres:

Dim:

pp

The heath this night must be my bed, The brack--en cur--tain

Sempre Piano.

for my head; My lul--la--by the war--der's tread, Far

far from love and thee MA--RY.

To--

Cres:

Dim:

pp

--mor--row eve more stil--ly laid, My couch may be my

Cres:

bloo - - dy plaid; My ves - - per song thy

wail sweet maid, It will not wa - - ken me MA - - RY.

Cres:

Cres:

pp

Ped:

2nd

I may not, dare not, fancy now
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
 I dare not think upon thy vow,
 And all it promised me, MARY.
 No fond regret must NORMAN know,
 When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
 His heart must be like bended bow,
 His foot like arrow free, MARY.

3rd

A time will come with feeling fraught!
 For, if I fall in battle fought,
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought
 Shall be a thought on thee, MARY.
 And if returned from conquered foes,
 How blithely will the evening close,
 How sweet the linnet sing repose,
 To my young bride and me, MARY.

POLWARTH ON THE GREEN.—HAYDN.

DUET.

ANDANTE
GRAZIOSO.

CANTO.

TENORE.

Hail beau-teous stran-ger of the grove, Thou mes-sen-ger of

Hail beau-teous stran-ger of the grove, Thou mes-sen-ger of

Spring; Now Heav'n re-pairs thy ru-ral seat, And woods thy wel-come

Spring; Now Heav'n re-pairs thy ru-ral seat, And woods thy wel-come

ring. What time the dai-sy decks the green, Thy cer-tain voice we

ring. What time the dai-sy decks the green, Thy cer-tain voice we

hear; Hast thou a star to guide thy path, Or mark the roll-ing year.

hear; Hast thou a star to guide thy path, Or mark the roll-ing year.

POLWARTH ON THE GREEN.

SET TO THE REV. MR LOGAN'S ODE TO THE
CUCKOO.

The exquisite beauty of these Verses has long made the Editor desirous of uniting them with appropriate Music; and such, he thinks, will be found in that upon the opposite page.

HAIL beauteous stranger of the grove !
Thou messenger of Spring !
Now Heav'n repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome ring.
What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear :—
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful stranger, now with thee,*
I hail the time of flowers ;
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.
The school-boy wand'ring through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest the vocal vale ;
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.
Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

Oh ! could I fly, I'd fly with thee ;
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

* The line, as originally written, was "*Delightful visitant with thee*,"—but the word *visitant* could not here be sung without putting the accent on its last syllable, which, to a critical hearer, would be insufferable. To render the line fit for singing, therefore, the Editor has taken the liberty slightly to alter it as above.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT PRESENTED BY THE AUTHOR TO THE EDITOR,
AND NOW FIRST PUBLISHED, 1824.

THE Song is founded on the following tradition, given in the Statistical Account of the Parish of Methven, Perthshire.

"Bessy Bell was the daughter of the Laird of Kinvaid, and Mary Gray daughter of the Laird of Lednock. Being near neighbours, a great intimacy subsisted between the young ladies. When they were together at Lednock, in 1645, the plague broke out, to avoid which they retired to a romantic spot called Burn Braes, where they lived for some time, but afterwards caught the infection from a young gentleman, an admirer of both, who came to visit them in their solitude. Here they died, and were buried at some distance from their bower, near a beautiful bank of the Almond. Major Berry, the late proprietor of Lednock, inclosed, with pious care, the spot of ground, and consecrated it to the memory of these famed and amiable friends."

The romantic spot thus hallowed by the Muse, the Editor had the satisfaction of visiting some years ago. The name, Lednock, was changed to *Lyndoch* by its present owner, the gallant General who won and wears that now baronial title.

The Author has retained the first four lines only of Allan Ramsay's Bessy Bell, which lines are supposed to have been part of an old Song, now irrecoverable. If it existed in Ramsay's days, it is to be regretted that he did not preserve it, instead of substituting one of the poorest of his own compositions. It is more than probable that the Old Song related to the above-mentioned tradition, and a conjecture may be allowed that it was somewhat in the following strain :

O BESSY BELL, and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonny lasses;
They biggit a bower on yon burn brae,
And theekit it o'er wi' rashes.
"Frae town and plague we're far away,
There's naething now to fear us,
On our ain Almond's broomy brae
Nae ill thing dare come near us."

All night beneath the bower they bade,—
The lee lang day they wander'd
In green Glen-Almond's forest shade,
Or by the burnie daunder'd.
The dew their footsteps scarcely shook
From off the morning heather;
The moon they gazed on in the brook
Was not more pure than either.

He came—one short sweet hour he staid,
Beneath the bower of rashes,
And mony a gentle word was said
'Twixt him and these fair lasses.
They brought him all their best of ebeer—
Nor malvoisie nor sherries,
But water from the fountain clear,
And wilding mountain-berries.

Three hearts were heavy when he turn'd
From them and their lone shealing;
Alas! within each bosom burn'd
Twa ills that knew no healing:
For love was there, that flower'd in joy,
But must have grown in sorrow,—
And pestilence came with the boy,
And death came on the morrow.

Cold lies he in proud Hunting-tower,
That bore the plague-spot thither,
And cold lie they within their bower,
Hand link'd in hand together.
The burn runs clear their pillow near,
And the auld thorn tree is shady—
Dig deep, dig deep, but let them sleep
Still row'd in the same plaidie.

BESSY BELL & MARY GRAY. — HAYDN.

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With new Verses: 1824.

ANDANTINO
PIUOSTO
ALLEGRETTO.

Oh! BES--SY BELL and MA--RY GRAY, They were twa bon--nie
las--ses; They bigget a bower on yon burn brae, And
theikit it owre wi' ra--shes. Frae Town and Plague we're
far a--way, There's nae--thing. now. to fear us; On
our. ain Al--mond's broom--y brae, Nae ill thing
dare come near us.

p *f*

ANNAN WATER.

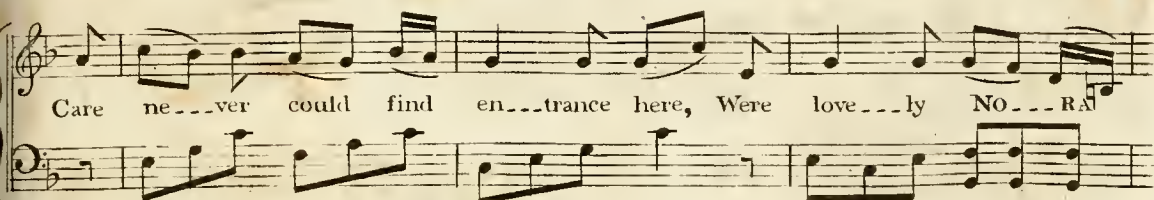
*The Music by D. Thomson. — The Words by G. Thomson.**Now first published. — 1824.*ANDANTE
GRAZIOSO.

Dear NO --- RA see, The bower I've rear'd for
 thee, A --- dorn'd by ev' --- ry syl --- van grace, That
 Art's nice hand can trace; By AN --- NAN'S sweet --- ly
 wind --- ing stream, Where night and day I dream Of

FINE.



Pa--ra--dise with thee dear maid, And joys that ne--ver fade.



Care ne--ver could find en--trance here, Were love--ly NO--RA

ESPRESSIVO.



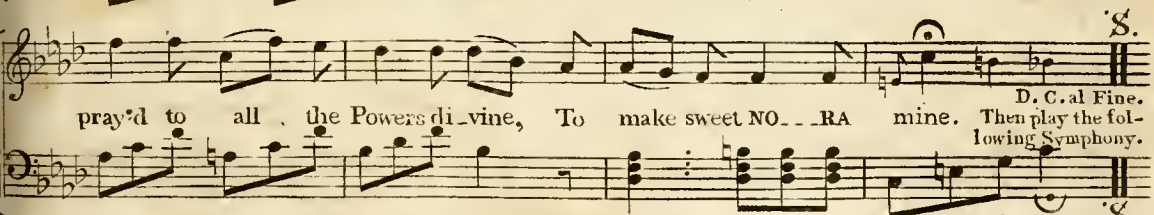
near; O scorn not then my faith--ful heart, That



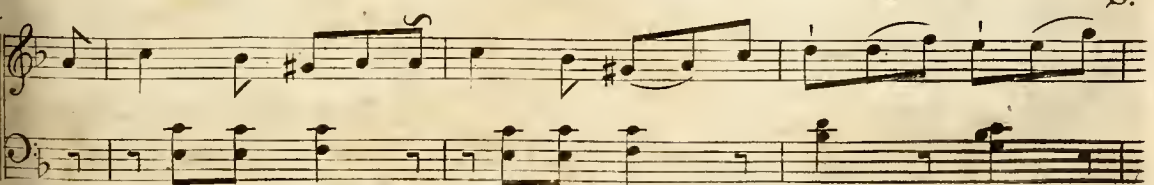
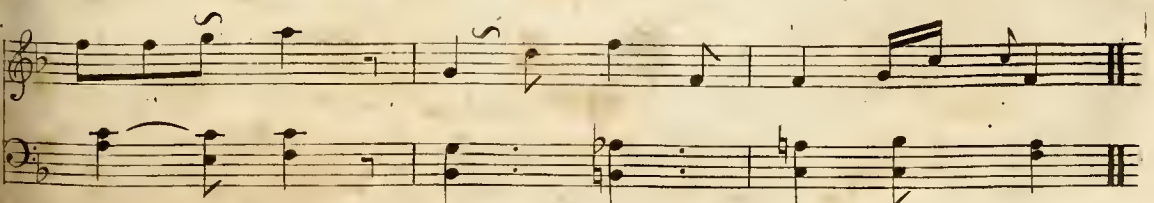
bleeds if e'er we part. Since first I saw thine



An--gel face, That beams en--chant--ing grace, I've



pray'd to all the Powers di--vine, To make sweet NO--RA mine. Then play the fol--
lowing Symphony.

The Sym^e, the Accompt^e & the Song new first pub^d - 1824.

VIVACE.

My Love's a win-some wee thing, She is a hand-some wee thing; She

is a bon--nie wee thing, She promis'd right soon to be mine. I

ne--ver saw a fair--er, I ne--ver lov'd a dear--er; And

neist my heart I'll wear her, For fear the jewel should time.

f *fz* *fz* *p*

MY LOVE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.*

THE FIRST STANZA BY BURNS—THE OTHER TWO BY GEORGE THOMSON,

AND FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1824.

MY Love's a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 She has promis'd right soon to be mine.
 I never saw a fairer,
 I never lo'ed a dearer,
 And neist my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine.

O blessings on my wee thing,
 My kindly blythesome wee thing,
 With the hand and heart o' my wee thing,
 My lot will be almost divine.
 In Roslin's fairest bower,
 I'll shelter this sweet flower,
 Nae blast nor sleety shower
 Shall blight this rose of mine.

I doat on ilka feature
 Of this dear artless creature,
 This darling child of Nature,
 More precious than light to my eye
 In vain I've roam'd for pleasure,
 Througb follies without measure;
 But now I've found a treasure
 Too rich for a king to buy.

* Changed from the old name of the air, "My wife's a wanton wee thing."

MY MOTHER'S AY GLOWRING O'ER ME.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK IN 1824,

BY PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, ESQ.

THOUGH Summer's a glorious season,
 With his flow'rs and his fruits the trees on,
 Yet Winter so grey
 Is good in his way,
 With pleasures as german to reason.
 The ingle burning bright then,
 Transforms to day the night then;
 When shutters are fast,
 We can laugh at the blast,
 For his fury but doubles delight then.

Hark,—hark,—how the storm is careering,
 The day-light is quick disappearing,
 The breeze from the hill
 Pipes mournful and chill,
 Then, Home! thou'rt especially cheering.
 When a snug warm roof is o'er us,
 And our friends and bairns before us,
 We'll enliven our hearth
 With innocent mirth,
 And strike up a catch or a chorus.

I grant in the genial soft weather,
 The small birds sing sweetly together,
 But Man's voice divine,
 When mellow'd with wine,
 Excels birds of every feather.
 Come Jeanie set down the bicker,
 And draw us a stoup of good liquor,
 Then we'll strike up a chime
 Of the brave olden time,
 Such strains as made blood flow the quicker.

First give us that Pæan of glory,
 The landmark in Scotia's story,
 When Robert the Bruce
 Bade his followers chuse
 Between freedom, or sepulchre gory.

Then change to some pastoral ditty,
 Or legend of sorrow and pity,
 When brave Gilderoy,
 The beautiful boy,
 Was dragg'd from his hills to the city.

Next sing of that frolicksome billy
 The brave wooer; Muirland Willy,
 Whose frank winning way,
 And scorn of delay,
 Is a lesson to lads slow and silly.
 Unlike to our modern example,
 Of humming and hawing so ample,
 He soon preed her mou',
 And wed her, I trow,
 Of the old time a notable sample.

Then change to that dirge for the dying,
 Sweet Ettrick the voice of thy sighing,
 When coffin'd in steel,
 The brave and the leal,
 Thy flowers on Flodden were lying.
 Or tell us the horrible taking
 Of Cope in his moment of waking,
 Amid shot and shell,
 And the pibroch's loud yell,
 His cause and his colours forsaking.

'Tis from music like this we borrow
 A med'cine for trouble and sorrow,
 Teach old father Care
 Our revels to share,
 And smooth of his brow ev'ry furrow.—
 So Jeanie, set down the bicker,
 And draw us a stoup of good liquor,
 Then we'll strike up a chime
 Of the good olden time,
 Such strains as make blood flow the quicker:

THE OLD SONG FOR THE SAME AIR,

WRITTEN BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

MY mither's ay glowrin o'er me,
 Though she did the same before me,
 I canna get leave to look at my Love,
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.
 Right fain wad I tak your offer,
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tane my tocher;
 Then, Sandy, you'll fret, and wyte your poor Kate,
 Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For though my father has plenty
 Of siller, and plenishing dainty;
 Yet he's unco swear to twiñ wi' his gear,
 And sae we hae need to be tenty.
 Tutor my parents wi' caution,
 Be twylie in ilka motion;
 Brag weel o' your land, and there's my leal hand,
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

With new Verses 1824.

ALLEGRETTO.

Tho' Summer's a glo--rious sea--son, With his flow'rs and his fruits the
trees on; Yet Winter so grey is good in his way, With
plea--sures as ger--man to rea--son. The in--gle burn--ing
bright * then, Trans--forms to day the night then; When
shut--ters are fast, We can laugh at the blast, For his
fu--ry but dou--bles de--light then.

The Melody by G. Thomson.—the Song by a Friend—written in 1824.

ANDANTE
CANTABILE
CON MOTO.

I know not why that gen...tle voice, Is e...ver in my ear; Why
thy soft notes so oft should rise, And I thy sim...plest words should prise, A--
bove aught else I hear. I know not why that peace...ful smile, For
e...ver haunts my mind; Why mid the hours of pain or toil, It
still should cheer me all the while, So con...stant and so kind.

ESK MOUNT.

A MELODY WRITTEN BY GEORGE THOMSON,
FOR THE MANUSCRIPT VERSES OF A FRIEND, 1824.

I know not why that gentle voice
Is ever in my ear ;
Why thy soft notes so oft should rise,
And I thy simplest words should prize
More than aught else I hear.
I know not why that peaceful smile
For ever haunts my mind ;
Why 'mid the hours of pain or toil,
It still should cheer me all the while—
So constant and so kind.

I know not why, when thou dost sing
The song of other years,
Albeit no master sweeps the string,
Thy tones do such deep musings bring,
As fill mine eyes with tears.
But I do know that I should be
With joy too deeply tried,
If thou wouldst bend that smile on me,
And swear with that sweet voice to be
My own adopted bride.

O SWEET WERE THE HOURS.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH ESQ.

THE MELODY WRITTEN FOR THE SONG BY G. THOMSON, 1824.

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Oh! sweet were the hours when, in mirth's frolic throng,  
 I led up the revels with dance and with song;  
 When brisk from the fountain, and bright as the day,  
 My spirits o'erflow'd, and ran sparkling away.

Wine—wine—wine—come bring me wine to cheer me,  
 Friend of my heart, come pledge me high!  
 Wine! 'till the dreams of youth again are near me;  
 Why must they leave me, tell me why?

Return ye sweet hours! once again let me see  
 Your airy light forms of enchantment and glee:  
 Come give an old friend, while he crowns his gay glass,  
 A nod as you part, and a smile as you pass.

Wine—wine—wine—come bring me wine to cheer me,  
 Friend of my heart, come pledge me high!  
 Wine, 'till the dreams of youth again are near me;  
 Why must they leave me, tell me why?

I cannot forget you,—I would not resign,—  
 There is health in my pulse, and a spell in my wine;  
 And sunshine in Autumn, tho' passing too soon,  
 Is sweeter and dearer than sunshine in June.

Wine—wine—wine—come bring me wine to cheer me,  
 Friend of my heart, come pledge me high!  
 Wine! till the dreams of youth again are near me;  
 Why must they leave me, tell me why?

# O SWEET WERE THE HOURS.

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*The Song by W. Smyth Esq!—the Melody written for it by G. Thomson.—1824.*

ANDANTE  
GRAZIOSO.

O sweet--- were the hours when in Mirth's frolic throng, I led up the re--vels with

dance and with song; When brisk from the fountain and bright as the day, My

spi--rits o'er--flow'd and ran spark-ling a---way.

ALLEGRO MODERATO E BEN MARCATO.

Wine Wine Wine come bring me wine to cheer me, Friend of my heart come pledge me high;

Wine 'till the dreams of Youth again are near me Why must they leave me tell me why.

## THE THREE CAPTAINS.—DAYD.

*With new Verses by W. Smyth Esq.—1824.*

ALLEGRETTO  
CON  
SPIRITO.

And if from me a song you choose, And

if my hum--ble care--less Muse; Must not so slight a boon refuse, While

Plea--sure rules the hour: My theme is Love, my theme is Wine, Oh

give me but my wont--ed fire; The fro--lic Mirth that once was mine, When

youth--ful was my Lyre.

## THE THREE CAPTAINS.

WITH A NEW SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.—1824.

AND if from me a song you choose,  
 And if my humble careless Muse  
 Must not so slight a boon refuse,  
     While pleasure rules the hour,—  
 My theme is love,—my theme is wine,—  
 Oh ! give me but my wonted fire,  
 The frolic mirth that once was mine,  
     When youthful was my lyre.

O happy years ! when visions bright,  
 Dear visions, danced before my sight ;  
 Unheeded were the chimes of night,  
     While sparkling wine went round.  
 And *still* at social evening's close,  
 When cares not rudely intervene,  
 Life takes the colours of the rose,  
 As thro' my nectar seen.

And gone too, gone, the happy years,  
 When love, with all its hopes and fears,  
 With all its raptures, sighs, and tears,  
     My ardent soul possest :  
 Forever gone ; and welcome now  
 The milder hour, the softer ray,  
 The star that shines on evening's brow,  
     When set the burning day.

But thou gay Youth, with jocund air,  
 Tho' I no more the revels share,  
 O thou that still canst laugh at care,  
     Go join the festive throng.  
 And thou sweet Maid, with blushing cheek,  
 With beaming eye and smile divine,  
 With all that to the heart can speak,  
     Love, happy love, be thine.

## THE LAIRD OF COCKPEN.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT COMMUNICATED TO THE EDITOR BY SIR ADAM FERGUSON

THE Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,  
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the State;  
He wanted a wife now his hraw house to keep,  
But favour wi' wooing was fashious to seek.

He mounted his mare, he rode caunilie,  
And rap't 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."

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

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

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

And when she cam in, the Laird boo'd 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 eurtsey she then turn'd awa.

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

## ANOTHER SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, ESQ.—1824.

Reflections of a young Lady after a Ball, who, while putting in her papillots, is casting a hurried glance over her prospects in life.

I THINK it is time to marry,  
I think it is time to marry;  
The bloom of eighteen  
Will ne'er more be seen,  
And my views are beginning to vary.

'Tis true, that I'm only twenty,  
'Tis true that I'm only twenty;  
But a lovelier she  
May come on the tapis,  
And suitors may not be so plenty.

Let's count o'er the list of my gay men,  
Let's count o'er the list of my gay men;  
But names give offence,  
So I'll dub them at once,  
Philip, Corydon, Thyriss, and Damon.

For Philip, he's just a Noodle,  
For Philip he's just a Noodle,  
A thing to be sure  
Who has made the grand tour,  
With a Tutor, a Cook, and a Poodle.

Then Corry's the richest of any,  
An Indian,—but shrivell'd and yawny,  
Who talks long and loud  
Of the Nabob of Oude,  
And the way to make Mullakatawny.

Next comes the poetical Thyriss,  
Next comes the poetical Thyriss,  
With his "lines to the Moon,"  
And his voice out of tune,  
And his visage as sad as a hearse is.

But Damon, dear Damon—heigho, Sirs!  
But Damon, dear Damon—heigho, Sirs!  
Is manly and pleasing,  
And gallant, though teasing,  
And none of your pedants or posers.

I'll have him—the matter is settled,  
I'll have him—the matter is settled;  
And when I look sweet,  
With my friend at my feet,  
How that minx, little Sue, will be nettled.

# THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

49.

*The Symp<sup>h</sup> & Accompan<sup>t</sup> by Ferrari - 1824.*

ALLEGRO.

The Laird o' Cock---pen, He's proud and he's great, His

mind is ta'en up wi' the things of the State, He

want--ed a Wife now his brow house to keep, But fa---vour with

woo--ing was fash---ious to seek.

## THE SAME AIR WITH A NEW SONG

*By P.F. Tytler Esq<sup>r</sup> 1824.*

*The Syph<sup>s</sup> & Accompan<sup>t</sup> as above.*

I think it is time to mar-ry, I think it is time to mar-ry; The

## THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

With new Symph.<sup>s</sup> & Accomp<sup>t</sup>: 1824.

The Song by Burns.

SEMPLICE  
ESPRESSIVO.

*p* *f* *fz* Dim:

The Win-ter it is past, And the Summer comes at

last, And the small birds sing on ev<sup>2</sup>-----ry tree,

Now ev<sup>2</sup>---ry thing is glad, While I am ve---ry

sad, Since my true love is part---ed from me.

*fz* *p* *f*

2<sup>nd</sup>

The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear,  
 May have charms for the linnet or the bee;  
 Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,  
 But my true love is parted from me.

*The Song from the Minstrelsy of the border.*

*The Melody communicated to the Editor by a Lady.—the Sym<sup>d</sup> & Accomp<sup>t</sup> by Ferrari-B25.*

GRAZIOSO  
CON MOTO.

If dar...ing\* deeds my La...dy please, Right  
soon I'll mount my steed; And strong his arm and fast his seat, That  
bears from me the need.

2<sup>nd</sup>

I'll wear thy colours in my cap,  
Thy picture in my heart;  
And he that bends not to thine eye,  
Shall rue it to his smart.

3<sup>rd</sup>

If gay attire delight thine eye,  
I'll dight me in array;  
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,  
And squire thee all the day.

4<sup>th</sup>

If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,  
These sounds I'll strive to catch;  
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thyself,  
That voice that nane can match.

5<sup>th</sup>

But if fond love thy heart can gain,  
I never broke a vow;  
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,  
I never lov'd but you.

6<sup>th</sup>

For you alone I ride the ring,  
For you I wear the blue;  
For you alone I strive to sing,  
O tell me how to woo.

7<sup>th</sup>

Then tell me how to woo thee, Love,  
O tell me how to woo thee,  
For thy dear sake nae care I'll take,  
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* daring, instead of doughty; the latter word being now only used ironically or in burlesque.

# SELECT

## IRISH & WELSH

### MELODIES.

*THE GROVES OF BLARNEY:—BY BEETHOVEN.*

*The Song written for this Work by W. Smyth Esq.*

ANDANTE  
ESPRESSIVO  
ASSAI.

*p* *p*

Sad and

luck--less was the sea-son, When to Court fair ELLEN flew;

Flew from Love and Peace and Reason, Would'st to see of promise

new. Back she comes, each grace is finer, Every

charm that crowds a dore; All the Form divine, di-

vine, er; But the heart is there no more.

*pp* Poco ritard:

2nd 5th

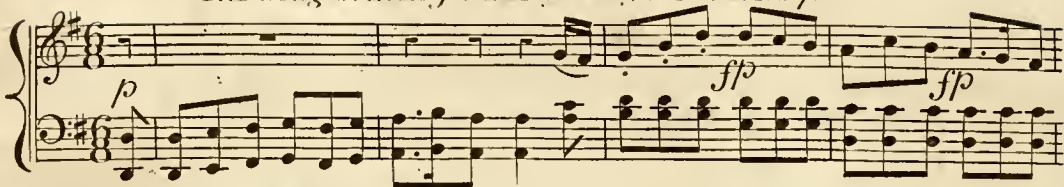
Oh! 'tis gone, the temper even,  
 Careless nature, artless ease!  
 All that makes retirement heaven—  
 Pleasing, without toil to please.  
 Hope no more, sweet lark, to cheer her,  
 Vain to her these echoing skies—  
 Bloom no more, ye violets, near her,  
 Yours are charms she would not prize:

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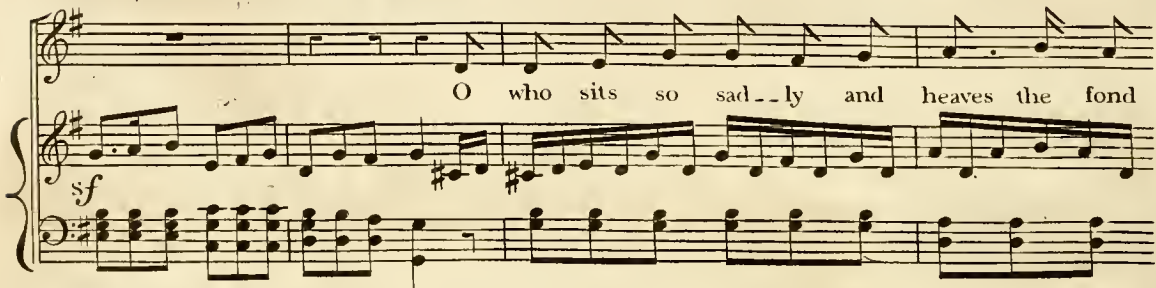
ELLEN! go where crowds admire thee,  
 Chariots rattle, torches blaze;  
 Here our dull content would tire thee,  
 Worthless be our village praise.  
 Go! yet oh, that thought's soft season  
 ELLEN'S heart might but restore!  
 Hard the task—whate'er the reason—  
 Hard the task to love no more.

## THE BLACK JOKE:—BEETHOVEN.

IRISH.

*The Song written for this work by T. Toms Esq<sup>r</sup>*ALLEGRETTO  
SCHERZANDO.

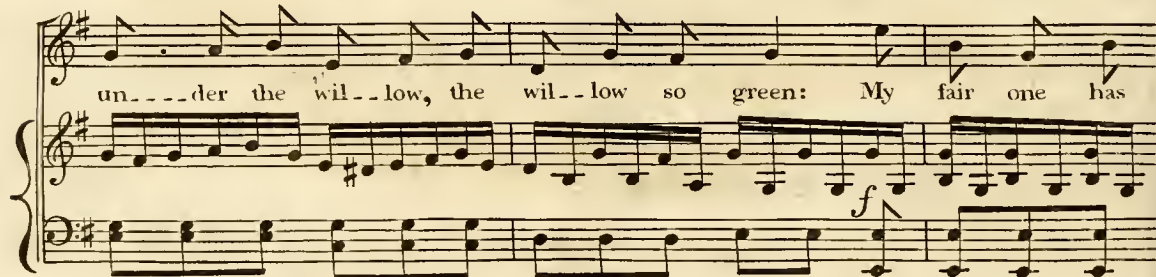
O who sits so sad-ly and heaves the fond



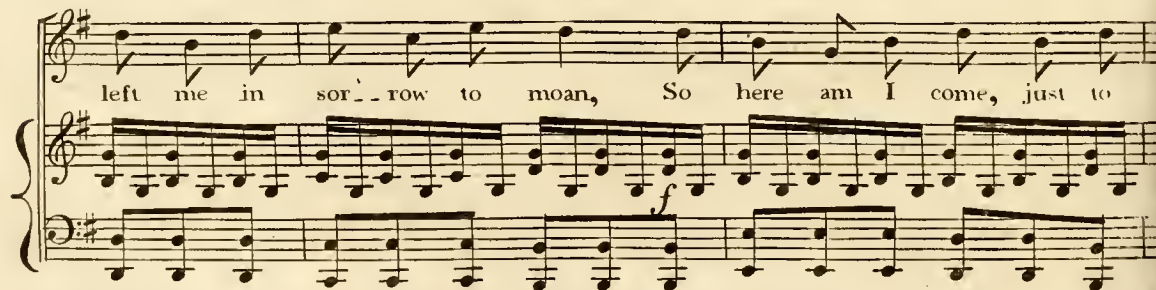
sigh, A-las, cried young DER-MOT 'tis on-ly poor I; All



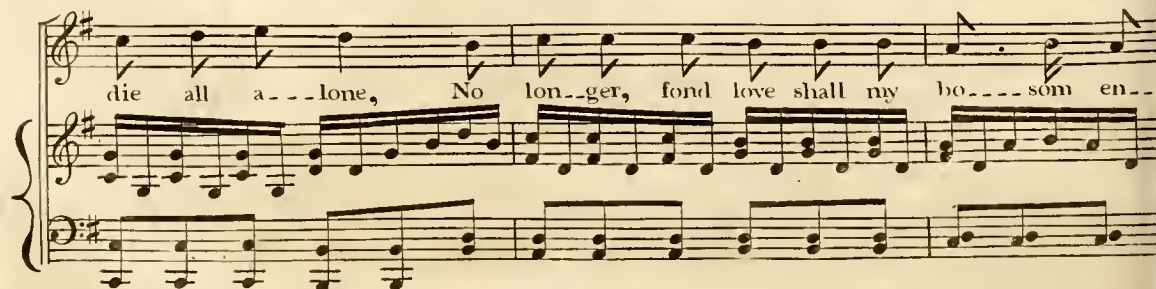
un-der the wil-low, the wil-low so green: My fair one has



left me in sor-row to moan, So here am I come, just to



die all a-lone, No lon-ger, fond love shall my bo-som en-



--- slave, I'm weav--ing a gar---land to hang o'er my grave, All

un---der the wil--low the wil--low so green.

2<sup>nd</sup>

The fair one you love is, you tell me, untrue,  
 And here stands poor SHELAH, forsaken, like you,  
 All under the willow, the willow so green:  
 O take me in sadness to sit by your side,  
 Your anguish to share, and your sorrows divide;  
 I'll answer each sigh, and I'll echo each groan,  
 And 'tis dismal, you know, to be dying alone,  
 All under the willow, the willow so green.

3<sup>rd</sup>

Then close to each other they sat down to sigh,  
 Resolving in anguish together to die,  
 All under the willow, the willow so green:  
 But he was so comely, and she was so fair,  
 They somehow forgot all their sorrow and care;  
 And, thinking it better a while to delay,  
 They put off their dying, to some other day,  
 All under the willow, the willow so green.

*The Song, from a Manuscript presented by the Author to the Publisher.*ALLEGRETTO  
PIUOSTO  
VIVACE.

Och!

have you not heard PAT of ma-ny a joke, That's made by the wits 'gainst your

own country folk; They may talk of our BULLS, but it must be con-fest, That of

all the bull-makers JOHN BULL is the best. I'm just come from London their

ca-pi-tal town, A fine place it is faith, I'm sor-ry to own, For

there you can't shew your sweet face in the street, But a BULL is the ve-ry first

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man that you meet.

*f*

*p*

2<sup>nd</sup>

Now, I went to St Paul's,—'twas just after my landing,  
 A great house they've built, that has scarce room to stand in;  
 And there, gramachree! woult you think it a joke,  
 The lower I whisper'd, the louder I spoke!  
 Then I went to the tower, to see the wild beasts,  
 Thinking out of my wits to be frighten'd at least;  
 But these wild beasts I found standing tame on a shelf,  
 Not one of the kit half so wild as myself.

3<sup>rd</sup>

Next I made for the bank, Sir, for there, I was told,  
 Were oceans of silver, and mountains of gold;  
 But I soon found this talk was mere bluster and vapour,  
 For the gold and the silver were all made of paper.  
 A friend took me into the Parliament house,  
 And there sat the Speaker as mum as a 'mouse;  
 For in spite of his name, woult you think this a joke too,  
 The Speaker was he whom they all of them spoke to.

4<sup>th</sup>

Of all the strange places I ever was in,  
 Was'nt that now the place for a hubbub and din;  
 While some made a bother to keep others quiet,  
 And the rest call'd for "Order?"—meaning just, make a riot.  
 Then should you hereafter be told of some joke,  
 By the Englishmen made 'gainst your own country folk;  
 Tell this tale, my dear honey, and stoutly protest,  
 That of all the bull-makers, JOHN BULL is the best.

## IRISH.

ANDANTE  
 AMOROSO  
 CON  
 ESPRESSIONE.

Cantabile.

Hide not thy an-guish thou

must not de-ceive me, Thy for-tunes have frown'd and the strug-gle is

Cres:  $f$   $p$

o'er; Come then the ru-in for no-thing shall grieve me, If

Cres: Tenuto.

thou art but left me I ask for no more.

$ffp$   $f$   $f$   $p$   $sf$   $sf$   $p$   $ffp$

## DERMOT.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

~~~~~

HIDE not thy anguish,—thou must not deceive me,
 Thy fortunes have frown'd,—and the struggle is o'er;
 Come then the ruin! for nothing shall grieve me,
 If thou art but left me, I ask for no more.

Hard is the world, it will rudely reprove thee;
 Thy friends will retire when the tempest is near;
 Now is *my* season,—and now will I love thee,
 And cheer thee when none but thy Mary will cheer.

Come to my arms,—thou art dearer than ever!
 But breathe not a whisper of sorrow for me:
 Fear shall not reach me, nor misery sever,
 Thy Mary is worthy of love and of thee.

THE BOLD DRAGOON.

THE PLAIN OF BADAJOS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK DURING THE WAR IN SPAIN,

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

'T WAS a Marechal of France, and he fain would honour gain,
 And he long'd to take a passing glance at Portugal from Spain;
 With his flying guns this gallant gay,
 And boasted corps d'armée,
 O he fear'd not our dragoons with their long swords boldly riding.
 Whack fal de ral, &c.

To Campo Mayor come, he had quietly sat down,
 Just a fricassee to pick, while his soldiers sack'd the town,
 When 'twas peste! morbleu! mon General,
 Hear th' English bugle call!
 And behold the light dragoons with their long swords boldly
 riding.
 Whack fal de ral, &c.

Right about went horse and foot, artillery and all,
 And as the devil leaves a house they tumbled through the wall;*
 They took no time to seek the door,
 But best foot set before,
 O they ran from our dragoons with their long swords boldly riding.
 Whack fal de ral, &c.

Those valiant men of France they had scarcely fled a mile,
 When on their flank there sous'd at once the British rank and file.
 For Long, de Grey, and Otway then
 Ne'er minded one to ten,
 But came on like light dragoons with their long swords boldly riding.
 Whack fal de ral, &c.

Three hundred British lads they made three thousand reel,
 Their hearts were made of English Oak, their swords of Sheffield steel,
 Their horses were in Yorkshire bred,
 And Beresford them led;
 So huzza for brave dragoons with their long swords boldly riding.
 Whack fal de ral, &c.

Then here's a health to Wellington, to Beresford, to Long,
 And a single word of Bonaparte before I close my song:
 The eagles that to fight he brings
 Should serve his men with wings,
 When they meet the brave dragoons with their long swords boldly
 riding.
 Whack fal de ral, &c.

* In their hasty evacuation of Campo Mayor, the French pulled down a part of the rampart and marched out over the glacis.

IRISH.

**VIVACE
SCHERZANDO.**

f 'Twas a Marechal of France, and he
fain would honour gain, And he long'd to take a passing glance at Por-tu-gal from
Spain, With his flying guns this gallant gay, And boasted corps d'armée, O he
fear'd not our dra-goons with their long swords bold-ly ri-ding, Whack fal de
ral la la, la, la la la la, And Whack fal de ral la la
la la la la la. *f* *p* *p* *8vo* *Loco.* *Pedal* *pp* *3*

f *p* *f*

Vol: 6.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

DUET.

Dear-est Love ah! droop not so, Tho' we're doom'd a while to part;

Dear-est Love ah! droop not so, Tho' we're doom'd a while to part;

For-tune long has prov'd my foe, But ne-ver can sub-due my heart.

For-tune long has prov'd my foe, But ne-ver can sub-due my heart.

Forc'd to dis-tant climes I fly, Climes where gold and dia-monds grow; For

Forc'd to dis-tant climes I fly, Climes where gold and dia-monds grow; For

these to toil, for thee to sigh, Till that blest day which seals my vow.

these to toil, for thee to sigh, Till that blest day which seals my vow.

THE BANKS OF BANNA.

THE VERSES WRITTEN FOR THE MELODY,

BY GEORGE THOMSON, 1824.



DEAREST ANNA, grieve not so,
 Tho' we're doom'd this hour to part;
 Fortune long has prov'd my foe,
 But never can subdue my heart.
 Forc'd to distant climes, I fly,—
 Climes where gold and diamonds grow;
 For these to toil, for thee to sigh,
 'Till that blest day which seals my vow.

No ship shall leave those sunny seas
 Without some token kind and true;
 And I will hail the fav'ring breeze
 That brings sweet tidings back from you.
 Thus ling'ring years their course will roll,
 And absence only more endear
 Those ties which bind us soul to soul,—
 'Till Fate again shall waft me here.

COME DRAW WE ROUND A CHEERFUL RING.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

The Air, communicated without a name, by a Friend.

COME, draw we round a cheerful ring,
 And broach the foaming ale,
 And let the merry maiden sing,
 The heldame tell her tale :
 And let the sightless harper sit
 The blazing faggot by ;
 And let the jester vent his wit,
 His tricks the urchin try.

Who shakes the door with angry din,
 And would admitted be ;
 No,—Gossip Winter, snug within,
 We have no room for thee.
 Go scud it o'er Killarney's lake,
 And shake the willows bare ;
 The water-elf his sport doth take,
 Thou'lt find a comrade there.

Will-o'-the-wisp skips in the dell,
 The owl hoots on the tree ;
 They hold their nightly vigil well,
 And so the while will we.
 Then strike we up the rousing glee,
 And pass the beaker round,
 While ev'ry head right merrily
 Is moving to the sound.

COME DRAW WE ROUND A CHEERFUL RING.—BEETHOVEN. 61.

IRISH.

ALLEGRO
CON BRIO.

p *fp*

Come

draw we round a cheer-ful ring, And broach the foam-ing ale; And

let the mer-ry maid-en sing, The bel-dame tell her tale. And

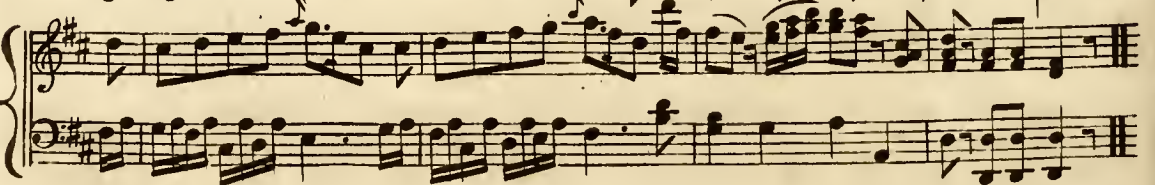
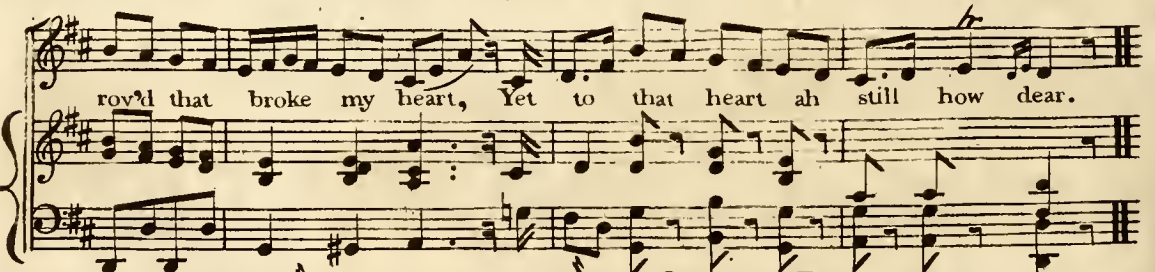
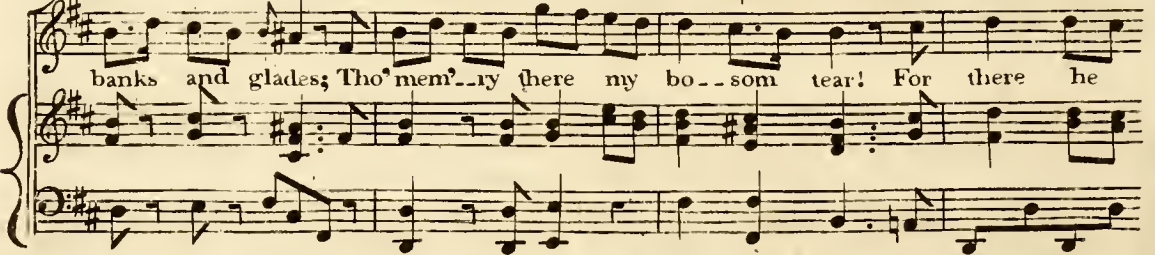
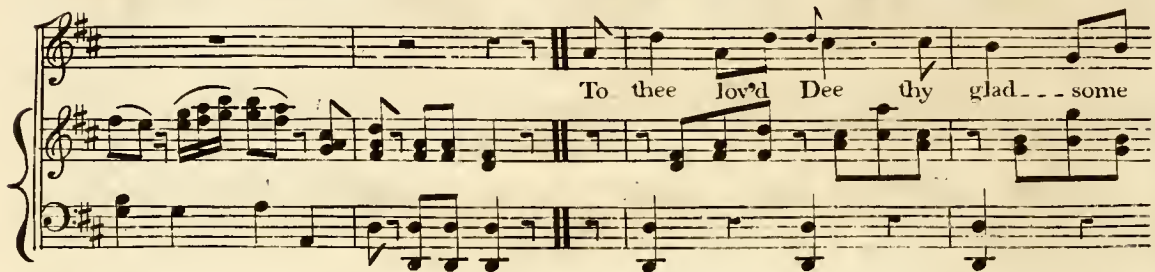
let the sight-less harp-er sit, The blaz-ing fag-got by; And

let the jes-ter vent his wit, His tricks the ur-chin try. *p*

Cres: *fp* Dimin:

pp

WELCH.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

THE ALLUREMENT OF LOVE.

THE FIRST STANZA BY BURNS.

To thee, lov'd Dee, thy gladsome vales,
 Where late with careless steps I rang'd,
 Tho' prest with care, and sunk in woe,
 To thee I bring a heart unchang'd.
 I love thee, Dee, thy hanks and glades;
 Tho' memory there my bosom tear ;
 For there he rov'd that broke my heart,
 Yet to that heart, ah ! still how dear.

Ye shades that echo'd to his vows,
 And saw me once supremely hlest,
 Oh yield me now a peaceful grave,
 And give a love-lorn maiden rest.
 And should the false-one hither stray,
 No vengeful Spirit hid him fear ;
 But tell him, though he broke my heart,
 Yet to that heart he still was dear !

THE VISIONARY.

WRITTEN AND COMMUNICATED TO THE EDITOR,

BY THE HON. W. R. SPENCER.

THE SAME AIR.

WHEN midnight o'er the moonless skies
 Her pall of transient death has spread ;
 When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
 And nought is wakeful but the dead !
 No shiv'ring ghost my way pursues,
 No bloodless shape my couch annoys,—
 Visions more sad my fancy views,
 Visions of long departed joys !

The shade of youthful Hope is there,
 That lingered long, and latest died ;
 Ambition all dissolved to air,
 With phantom Honour at her side.
 What empty shadows glimmer nigh !
 They once were Friendship, Truth, and Love.—
 Oh ! die to thought, to mem'ry die,
 Since lifeless to my heart ye prove !

NED PUGH'S FAREWELL.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY MRS HUNTER.

~~~~~

To leave my dear girl, my country, and friends,  
 And roam o'er the ocean, where toil never ends;  
 To mount the high yards, when the whistle shall sound,  
 Amidst the wild winds as they bluster around!  
 My heart aches to think on't,—but still I must go,  
 For duty now calls me to face the proud foe:  
 And so to my WINNY I must bid adieu,  
 In hopes when I'm gone she will think of NED PUGH.

That still she will think she is near to my heart,  
 Tho' far from each other, alas! we must part,  
 That, next to my duty, my thoughts she will share,  
 My love and my glory both centre in her!  
 And should I return with some hits from Mounseer,  
 I know I shall meet with a smile and a tear;  
 Or if I should fall—then dear WINNY adieu!  
 I know when I'm gone you'll remember NED PUGH.

ANDANTINO  
CON MOTO.

WELCH.

Dot:

To leave my dear

girl my coun-try and friends, And roam o'er the o--cean where toil ne--ver

ends; To mount the high yards when the whistle shall sound, A - -

midst the wild winds as they bluster a - - - round. My heart aches to

think on't, But still I must go, For du--ty now calls me to face the proud

foe; And so to my WIN-NY I must bid a---dieu, In hopes when I'm

gone she will think of NED PUGH.

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WELCH.

VIVACE.

ev-ry shep-herd with his Love, And court the west-ern gale; Come  
let us seek the oak-en grove, In sweet Llan-gol-len vale.  
There with a sigh the ar-dent youth may urge his  
ten-der tale, The ev-ning hours in joy be-guile,

## CHORUS.

And hap-py he be-neath the tree, Whose fair re-wards him with a smile.  
And hap-py he be-neath the tree, Whose fair re-wards him with a smile.

AWAY, MY HERD, UNDER THE GREEN OAK.

THE VERSES WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

~~~~~

COME every shepherd with his Love,
 And court the western gale;
 Come let us seek the oaken grove
 In sweet Llangollen Vale.
 There with a sigh the ardent youth
 May urge his tender tale;
 The evening hours in joy beguile,
 And happy he,
 Beneath the tree,
 Whose fair rewards him with a smile.

The pipe shall cheer with merry strain,
 The harp in concert sound,
 And lightly ev'ry maid and swain,
 Trip on the grassy ground:
 Or, seated in a ring, we'll pass
 The cheerful song around:
 Come, let us court the western gale,
 And joyful haste,
 Awhile to taste,
 The sweets of lov'd Llangollen vale.

MY LORD IS GRAVE, AND I AM GAY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ. 1824.

My Lord is grave, and I am gay,
 He hates what he calls riot ;
 And I sit yawning half the day,
 Amid this rural quiet.
 Oh ! welcome is to me the hour,
 (And now it fast approaches)
 That takes me far from lake and bower,
 To streets of crowded coaches,
 Of coaches,
 To streets of crowded coaches.

'Tis but in town I seem to breathe,
 New objects still pursuing ;
 My Lord can sit a tree beneath
 Whole hours the landscape viewing !
 He'll pore upon the brook at noon,
 And yet what can he see there ;
 And gaze at night upon the moon,
 As if he ought to be there,
 To be there,
 As if he ought to be there.

And when in town, he grows so wise
 Amid his books and papers,
 A mountain on his table lies,
 The sight gives me the vapours ;
 And when I mention ball or play,
 To my great admiration,
 He'd rather in his Study stay,
 And write about the nation,
 The nation,
 And write about the nation !

For me, I own, the Notes I write
 Are manuscripts in plenty ;
 And books—beyond some novel light,
 Who reads, at one and twenty !
 And for the nation—where's the need
 To talk of its distresses ;
 Last birth day, as we all agreed,
 Ne'er were such splendid dresses,
 Such dresses,
 Ne'er were such splendid dresses.

But, strange to say, this Lord of mine,
 He is the dearest creature,
 He votes me something so divine,
 Lord bless him for good nature !
 He stands my dancing to admire,
 My taste in dress discovers ;
 And sits and listens to my lyre,
 As used to do my lovers,
 My lovers,
 As used to do my lovers.

He tells me, he can quiet wait,
 'Till past is Folly's season ;
 That I shall be his own true mate,
 When comes my hour of reason :
 His own true mate !—What, sit hum drum,—
 Oh ! how shall I endeavour,—
 And “ hour of reason,”—will it come ?
 Lord help me, will it ever ?
 Oh ever,
 Lord help me, will it ever ?

Well—Cupid—Hymen—you have made
 On earth some alterations ;
 Nor know I how may be display'd
 In me your transformations.
 But if my Darby should prevail
 To make me Joan hereafter ;
 Through all the town, when flies the tale,
 What quizzing ! and what laughter !
 What laughter,
 What quizzing ! and what laughter !

MY LORD IS GRAVE & I AM GAY.—BEETHOVEN.

WELCH.

The Verses written by H. Smyth Esq. 1824.

65.

ALLEGRO
SCHERZANDO.

My Lord is grave and I am gay, He hates what he calls ri-ot; And I sit
yawn-ing half the day, A-mid this ru-ral qui-et. Oh! wel-come is to
me the hour, And now it fast ap-proach-es, That takes me far from lake and
bower, To streets of crowd-ed coaches of coaches, To streets of crowd-ed coaches.

8^{va} alto.

Loco.

pp

f

pp

p

Vol: 6.

WELCH.

ALLEGRETTO.

p Dolce.

A spreading hawthorn shades the seat, Where I have fix'd my cool re-treat; And

when the Spring with sun-ny show'rs, Ex-pands the leaves and paints the flow'rs! A

thou-sand shrubs a-round it bloom, And fill the air with wild per-fume; The

light winds thro' the branch-es sigh, And lim-pid rills run tink-ling by.

p

f

THE DAIRY HOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY MRS HUNTER.

A SPREADING hawthorn shades the seat
 Where I have fixed my cool retreat ;
 And when the Spring, with sunny show'rs,
 Expands the leaves, and paints the flowers,
 A thousand shrubs around it bloom,
 And fill the air with wild perfume :
 The light winds through the branches sigh,
 And limpid rills run tinkling by.

There, by the twilight dimly seen,
 The fairies dance upon the green ;
 And as they glide in airy ring,
 The beetle plies his drowsy wing ;
 And watching 'till the day retires,
 The glow-worm lights her elfin fires ;
 While Mab, who guards my milky store,
 Her cream-bowl finds before the door.

The grateful Fay ! she is so kind,
 No caterpillar there you find,
 No creeping thing, nor wasp, nor fly
 The lattic'd windows dare come nigh ;
 No long-legg'd Spinner nightly weaves
 Her flimsy web beneath the eaves ;
 But clean and neat, as by a charm,
 The fairies keep my dairy farm.

SWEET RICHARD.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK.

BY MRS OPIE.

~~~~~

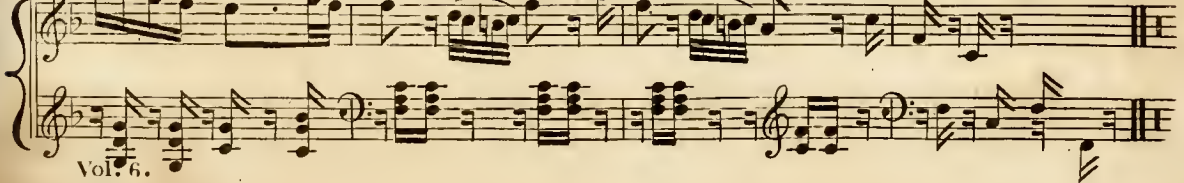
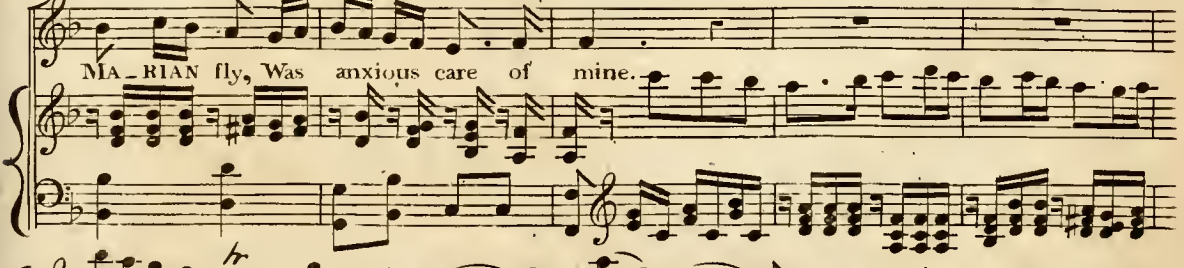
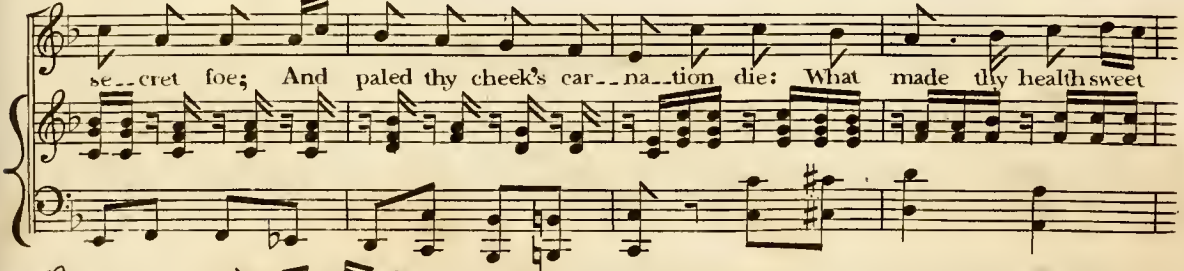
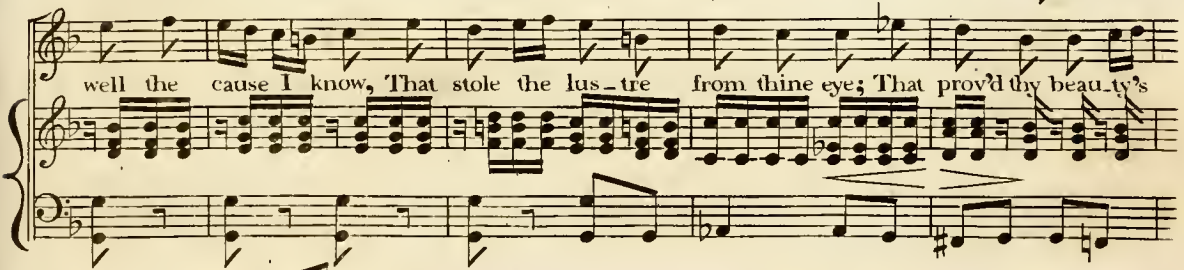
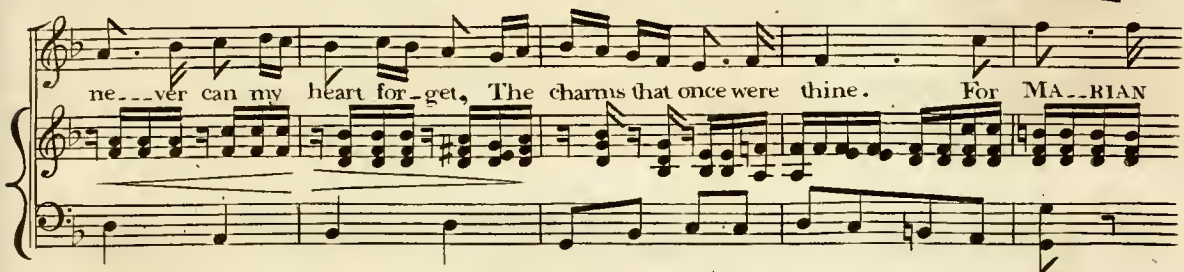
YES, thou art chang'd since first we met,  
 But think not I shall e'er regret,  
 Though never can my heart forget,  
     The charms that once were thine.  
 For, MARIAN, well the cause I know  
     That stole the lustre from thine eye,  
 That prov'd thy beauty's secret foe,  
     And paled thy cheek's carnation dye :  
     What made thy health, sweet MARIAN, fly,  
     Was anxious care of mine.

Yes,—o'er my couch I saw thee bend,  
 The duteous wife, the tender friend,  
 And each capricious wish attend  
     With soft incessant care.  
 Then trust me, Love, that pallid face  
     Can boast a sweeter charm for me,  
 A truer, tenderer, dearer grace  
     Than blooming health bestow'd on thee :  
 For there thy well-tried love I see,  
     And read my blessings there.

## WELCH.

ANDANTINO  
AFFETUOSO.

Dim:



## GOOD NIGHT.—BEETHOVEN.

WELCH.

*The Verses by the Hon. W. R. Spencer.*

AIR, Drive the world before me.

ALLEGRO  
SCHERZANDO.*p* Dol:

Ere yet we slum - ber

Leggiermente.

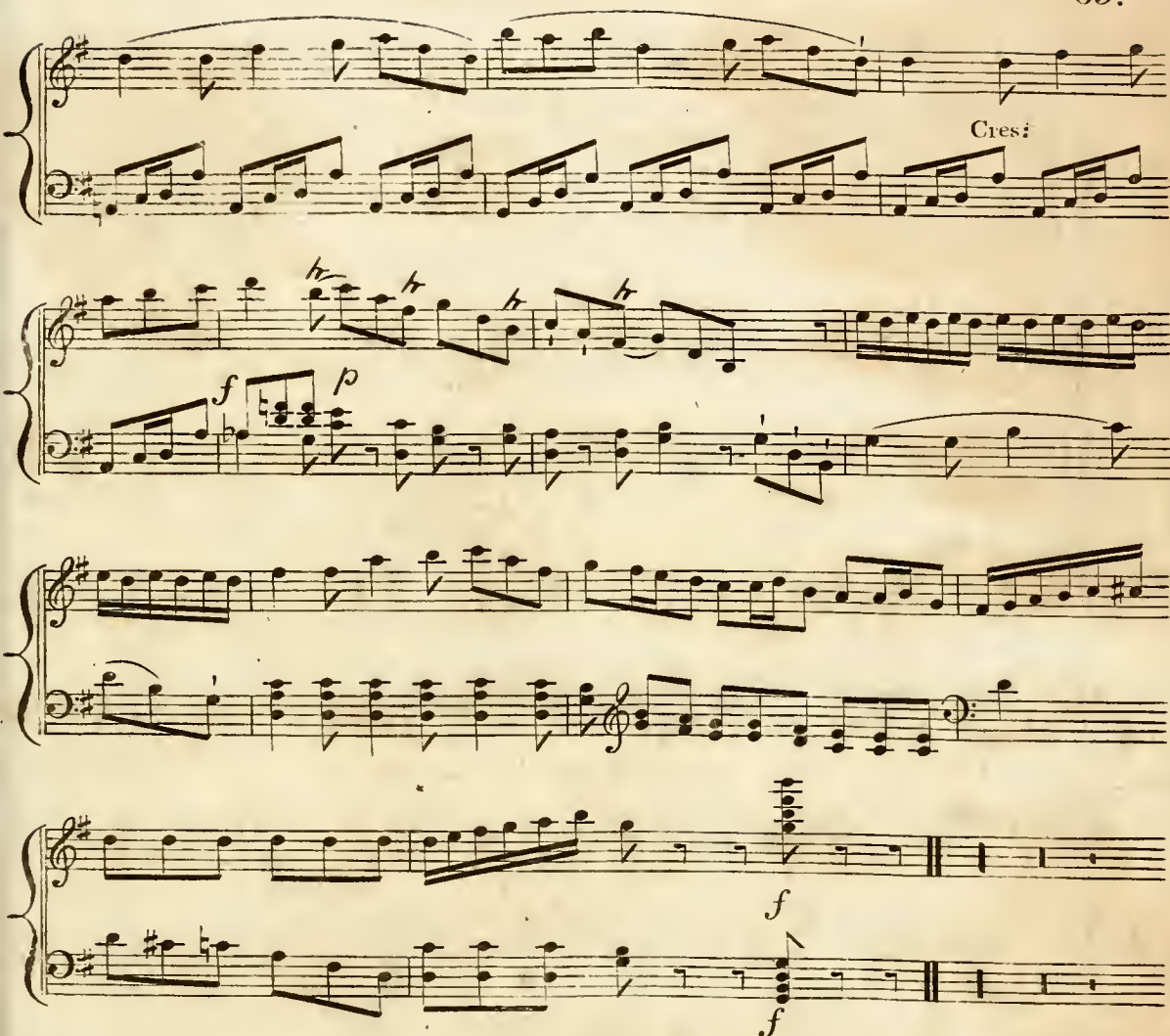
seek, Blest queen of song de - scend; Thy shell can sweet - est speak, Good

night to guest and friend! 'Tis pain 'tis pain to part, For e'en one

fleet - ing night; But mu - sic's match - less art, Can turn it to de - light.

Cres:

*f**>**p*



2nd

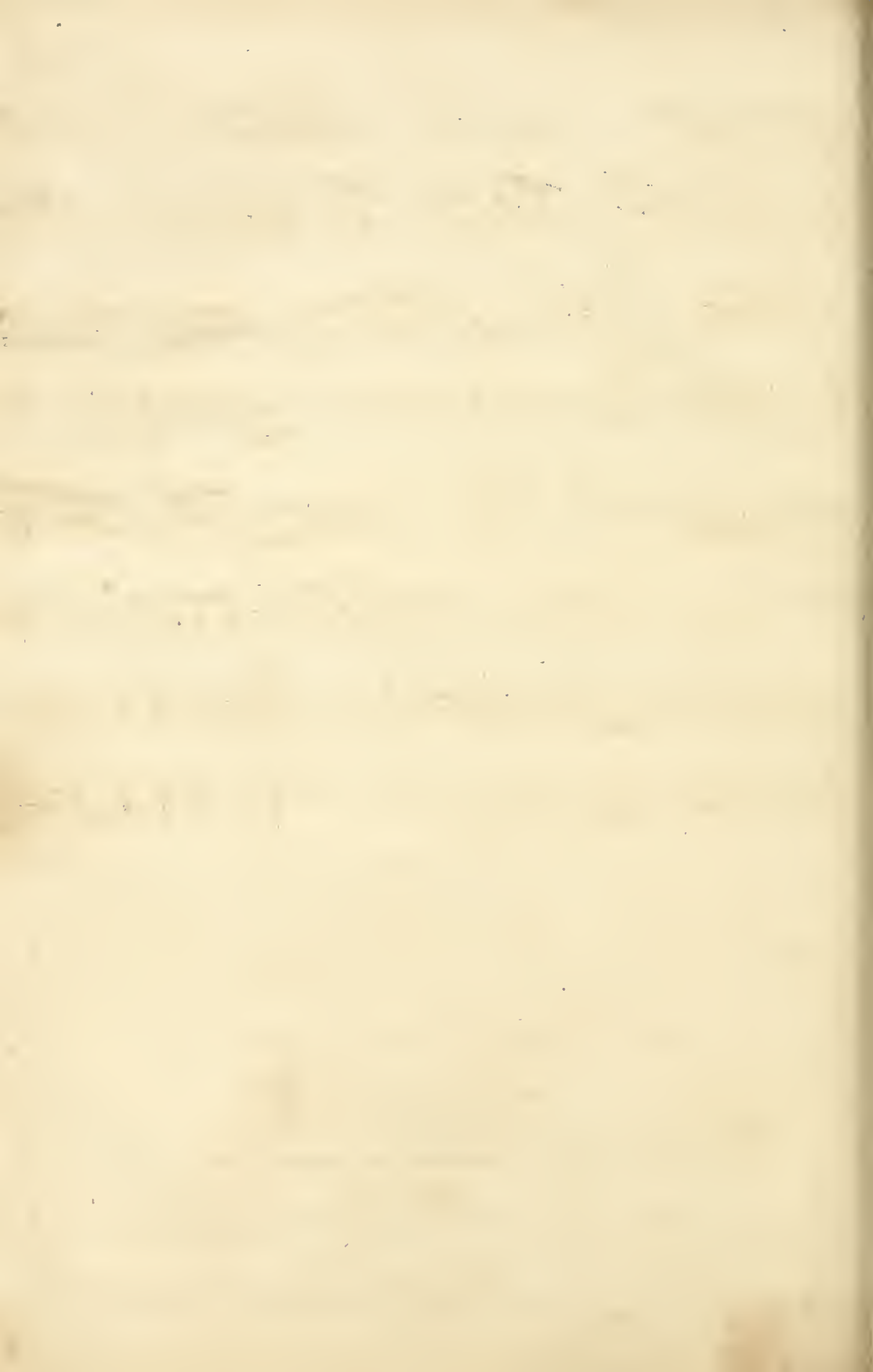
How sweet the farewell glass,  
 When Music gives it zest!  
 How sweet their dreams who pass,  
 From harmony to rest!  
 Dark thoughts that scare repose,  
 At Music's voice give place;  
 And Fancy lends her rose,  
 Sleep's poppy wreath to grace.

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# THE POETRY,

## VOLUME SIXTH.

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# THE MELODIES,

## VOLUME SIXTH.

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THE MELODIES, ACCORDING TO THE PRINCIPLES STATED IN THE DISSERTATION, MAY BE CLASSED  
IN THE FOLLOWING MANNER: THOSE MARKED

- A, as the oldest, and of remote antiquity.  
B, as the productions of more recent periods.  
C, as modern compositions, not older than the 18th century.  
D, as English imitations of Scottish Melodies.

| NAMES OF THE MELODIES.              | Marks above referred to. | Page. | NAMES OF THE MELODIES.            | Marks above referred to. | Page. |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|-------|-----------------------------------|--------------------------|-------|
| Annan water, (by D. Thomson)        | C                        | 42    | Over the water to Charlie         | C                        | 36    |
| Auld lang syne,—Trio                | A                        | 26    | O were my love yon lilac fair     | B                        | 32    |
| Away my herd                        | Welsh                    | 64    |                                   |                          |       |
| Bessy Bell and Mary Gray            | A                        | 41    | Paddy whack                       | Irish                    | 56    |
| Bonny wee thing,—Trio               | B                        | 22    | Parting                           | C                        | 33    |
|                                     |                          |       | Polwarth on the green             | C                        | 40    |
| Charlie is my darling,—Trio         | C                        | 24    |                                   |                          |       |
| Come draw we round                  | Welsh                    | 61    | She's fair and fause,—Trio        | B                        | 9     |
|                                     |                          |       | Sweet Annie,—Trio                 | D                        | 4     |
| Dermot                              | Irish                    | 58    | Sweet Richard                     | Welsh                    | 67    |
| Duncan Gray,—Trio.                  | B                        | 16    |                                   |                          |       |
|                                     |                          |       | The allurement of love            | Welsh                    | 62    |
| Esk Mount (by G. Thomson)           | C                        | 46    | The banks of Banna,—Duet          | Irish                    | 60    |
|                                     |                          |       | The black joke                    | Irish                    | 54    |
| Good night                          | Welsh                    | 68    | The bold dragoon                  | Ditto                    | 59    |
|                                     |                          |       | The constant maid (by G. Thomson) | C                        | 51    |
| Jenny dang the weaver               | B                        | 55    | The dairy house                   | Welsh                    | 66    |
|                                     |                          |       | The groves of Blarney             | Irish                    | 52    |
| Kelvin grove                        | C                        | 30    | The happy trio, (by A. Masterton) | C                        | 37    |
|                                     |                          |       | The laird o' Cockpen              | B                        | 49    |
| Low down in the broom,—Trio         | B                        | 1     | The Miller of Dee,—Trio           | English                  | 12    |
|                                     |                          |       | The noble cavalier                | C                        | 51    |
| My Lord is grave and I am gay       | Welsh                    | 65    | The Quaker's wife,—Trio           | B                        | 20    |
| My love's a winsome wee thing       | B                        | 44    | The soldier laddie                | B                        | 33    |
| My mother's ay glowering o'er me    | A                        | 45    | The three captains                | Irish                    | 48    |
|                                     |                          |       | The winter it is past             | C                        | 50    |
| Ned Pug h's farewell                | Welsh                    | 63    |                                   |                          |       |
|                                     |                          |       | Up and war them a' Willy          | C                        | 34    |
| O sweet were the hours (G. Thomson) | C                        | 47    | Up quit thy bower,—Trio           | C                        | 18    |