

TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Countess of Balcarras,

One of the most excellent JUDGES of MUSICAL MERIT;

THIS COLLECTION OF SCOTCH SONGS

IS INSCRIBED,

AS A TESTIMONY OF HIS PROFOUND RESPECT,

BY

*THE AUTHOR.*

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**I**N presenting this Work to the Public, the Author thinks it necessary to state the Advantages he conceives it to possess above any other collection of the same kind hitherto published.

Having been struck with the elegant simplicity of the original Scotch Melodies, he applied himself, for several years, in attending to the manner of the best Scotch Singers; and having attached himself to that which was generally allowed to be the best, he flatters himself he has acquired the true national taste.

He sung, during a period of four years, the Scotch Airs in the Concerts of the HARMONICAL SOCIETY of Edinburgh, and for three years he likewise sung in the Concerts of Glasgow. In both places he received such marks of universal applause, as convinced him that his method of singing was approved by the best Judges.

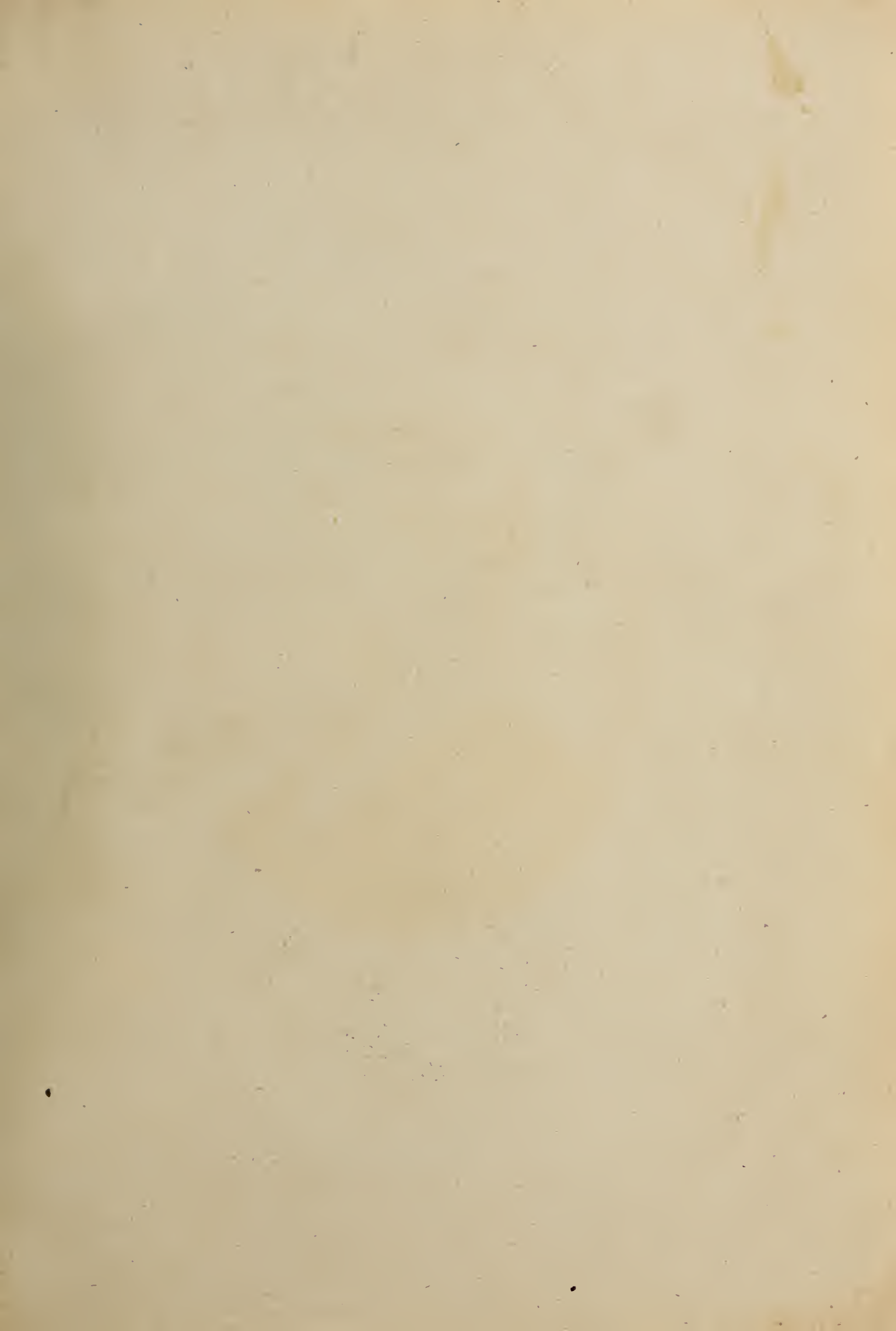
Emboldened by this general approbation, and the solicitation of many lovers of these delightful melodies, he determined to publish the following Collection, with the full and simple harmony; nothing so complete in this way having ever been done before.

He had often heard Scotch Songs performed at theatres and in concerts with false and unconnected Harmony, which entirely spoiled the beautiful simplicity of the original Air: To the following Songs he has published the true Harmony, which performers of every degree of proficiency may make use of.

For those who sing the Songs without orchestra, he has joined a Harpsichord accompaniment, which will produce the same effect with the complete Harmony. The simple graces added to the Songs are those he uses when singing in public, and which have been generally approved.

From these circumstances he hopes that this work will be acceptable, not only to the Admirers of the ancient Scotch Songs, but to the Lovers of Music in general; and from the favourable reception his public and private recitals of them have always met with, he flatters himself he will meet with the patronage and encouragement of the Public.

The second part will be ready in the month of March, and those who chuse to subscribe for it will please to send their names.



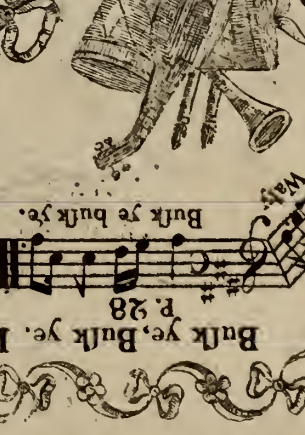
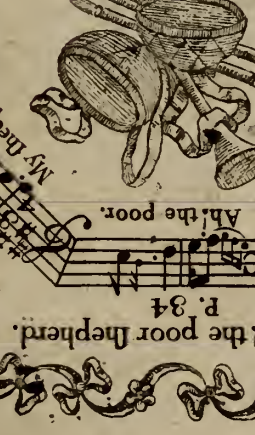




*Allan Ramsay Scotus,*



My Nanny O. P. 40  
 While some for pleaf- Farewell to Loch.  
 Lochaber. Broom of Cowdenknows. P. 44  
 Gilderoy P. 46  
 Peggy I muft love. P. 48  
 As from a rock, paft  
 Ah! Chloris could I  
 How blith was I  
 Oh open the door. P. 50  
 Oh open the door. Twine weel the Plaiden. An thou were. The laft time I. Here awa, there awa. P. 10  
 O I hae loft my An thou were, my. The laft time I Here awa, there. P. 12  
 Gin living. Wae fu heart. P. 14  
 Marys Dream. Marys Dream New fet. Love will find out. Thou art gane awa. She rofe and let me in. Buft aboon Traquair. P. 24  
 Hear me ye nymphs. The nigher silent. Thou art gane a-wa. The moon had climb'd. The moon had climb'd. Quite over the moun. P. 26  
 Waly, waly. P. 28  
 Bulk ye, Bulk ye. I'll never leave thee. Burks of Invermay. Ah! the poor Invermay. P. 30  
 Bulk ye bulk ye. One day I heard Ma- The fmiling morn. P. 32  
 Ah! the poor. P. 34  
 Apron Dearie. P. 37  
 My deep.



# A Selection of SCOTS SONGS.

Harmonized & Improved  
with Simple and  
(Adapted Graces.)

Most Respectfully Dedicated  
to the

Right Honourable  
The  
Countess of Balcarres.

BY

PETER URBANI

Professor of Music.

Book 1<sup>st</sup>

ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL

Price 12/

EDIN<sup>g</sup> Printed & Sold by URBANI &  
LISTON, at their Warehouse N<sup>o</sup> 10 Princes  
Street. Where may be had in the greatest va-  
riety all kinds of Music and Musical Instru-  
ments at the LONDON Prices.

Instruments lent out Tuned and Repaired  
&c. &c. &c.





# Oh open the door Lord Gregory

1

Violini

dol

mf. PP.

Sempre Legato

Viola

mf. PP.

Basso

Harps.<sup>d</sup>

Largo Lamentevole

PP. è Legato

mf. PP.

Canto

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

PP.

mf:

Basso

6

#

#

4

2

6

7

mf:

PP

mf.

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



PP. mf: PP. mf: PP.  
 mf: PP. mf:  
 If you are the lass that I lov'd once, as I true you are not she, come give me some of the.  
 6 6 6 4 mf: 6 4 3 6 4 2 6 4 2  
 mf: PP. P. mf: P. FF.  
 mf: PP. mf: Basso  
 to - - kens that past between you - - and me  
 6 7 #6 6 4 #

Ah wae be to you, Gregory!  
 An ill death may you die!  
 You will not be the death of one,  
 But you'll be the death of three.  
 Oh don't you mind, Lord Gregory.  
 'Twas down at yon burn side  
 We chang'd the ring of our fingers  
 And I put mine on thine.



The Original Words of — Oh open the door **LORD GREGORY.**

1

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

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

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

6

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

7

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

8

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

9

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

10

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

11

(The Son speaks.)

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

12

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

13

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

14

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

15

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

Fine.



# *Twine with the Shudron*

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps<sup>d</sup>

Largo assai

PP.

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

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



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

bracken.

2

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

3

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



Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps<sup>d</sup>

Adagio Espressivo

P. mf. P. PP. dol:

An thou were my

dol:

ain thing, O I woud love thee, I woud love thee, An thou were my ain thing how

dear-ly woud I love thee. Then I woud clasp thee in my arms, then I'd secure thee



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

do I love thee.

mf:

mf:

mf:

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

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



*The last time I came o'er the Moor*

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps<sup>d</sup>And<sup>te</sup> Soltenuto

pp.

The last time I came

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

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



1<sup>st</sup>

ralentando

ralentando

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

6 2 6 1<sup>st</sup> 4 3

2<sup>d</sup>

mf. PP

mf.

fit re-treats for woo-ing.

mf.

2<sup>d</sup> 2 6 4 3 6 4 3

2 4

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

3

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

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

5

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



*Here a-wa, there a-wa*

Violini.

Viola

Canto

Harps<sup>d</sup>

Largo

dol:

rinf:

PP.

mancando

dol:

rinf:

PP.

mancando

PP.

PP.

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

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



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

mf. pp. mf. pp.

mf pp.

- gain. mf pp.

mf 6 6 5 6 7

2

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

3

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



# The Wae-fu' heart.

Violini

P.

PP.

Viola

PP.

PP.

Canto

Harps<sup>d</sup>

Gin' living worth could

PP.

Largo Lamentevole

mf;

P.

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

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



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

I maun no re-pine.

2

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

3

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



# Mary's Dream.

P. mf. P. mf. FP. PP.

The moon had

Largo 6 5 6

mf. P.

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

6 5 6 4 6 6 4 6 6

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

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6



thoughts on San\_dy far at sea; when soft and low a voice was heard, say, Ma\_ry weep no

more for me.

mf P. mf. P. pp

2

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

3

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

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

4

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



# Mary's Dream

New Set

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps.<sup>d</sup>

pp.

The

Largo

moon had climb'd the highest hill, which ris - es o'er the fource of Dee, and

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



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

Ma-ry weep no more for me.

2

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

3

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

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

4

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



*Love will find out the way,*

Violini

pp. mf:

Viola

Canto

Harps<sup>d</sup>

Largo

6 7 6 6 5 4 2 6 7 6 6 6 4 7

pp.

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

5 7 6 6 5 4 2 6 6 6 7 6

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

6 6 4 7



pp.

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

6

ff.

mf.

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

mf.

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

2 4

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

3

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

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

5

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



# Thou art gane awa

Voce *a mezza voce*

Canto

Harpsd

And<sup>e</sup> Largo

6 4 3 6 4 3 6 6 6 4 7

:S: Thou art

pp.

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

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

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

3 6 4 3 6 4 7



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

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

2

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

3

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



*The rose, and let me in.*

Violini

a meza, voce

mf: P.

pp.

Viola

Canto

Harps<sup>d</sup>

Largo

The

night her si - lent fa - ble wore, And gloom - y were the skies. of

pp.

glit - ting stars ap - peard no more, than those in Nel - ly's eyes When



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

love-ly dame; to rise, and let-me in. in.

1<sup>st</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> PP.

2

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

3

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

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

4

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



*The Bushabeen Ragguair.*

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps<sup>d</sup>

Largo

Hear

pp.

mf: pp.

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

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



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

love her. her.

pp. mf:

1<sup>st</sup> 2<sup>d</sup>

6 6 6 6 4 3 5 6

6 4 7 1<sup>st</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> 6 6 6

2

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

3

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

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

4

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



*Waly Waly*

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps<sup>d</sup>

pp.

Largo Softenuto

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

river side, where and my Love wont to gae. O Wa - ly wa - ly



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

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

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

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



# Busk ye busk ye

Violino

Viola

Canto

Harps:

Largo

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

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



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

with thy scorn-ing.

2

3

To westlin breezes Flora yields,

And when the beams are kindly warming,  
Blythness appears o'er all the fields,

And Nature looks more fresh and charming,  
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,

Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,  
Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,

And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,

Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee  
Wi' free consent my fears repel,

I'll wi' my love and care reward thee.  
Thus sang I fastly to my fair,

Who rais'd my hopes with kind relenting,  
O queen of smiles, I ask nae mair,

Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.



*I'll never leave thee.*

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps<sup>d</sup>

Cantabile

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps<sup>d</sup>

Cantabile

pp.

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

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

B:



dol:

If thou should leave me, I'll live and die for thy sake, yet ne- - ver

mf:

pp.

leave thee.

mf:

pp.

2

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

3

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

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

4

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



# The Barks of Juvermay

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harp<sup>d</sup>

Largo

The smiling morn the

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

PP:

B:

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



hour that flies and in soft rap\_tures walle the day, A - mong the birks of

*mf:*

In - ver - may.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment includes various fingerings and articulations such as *hr* (harmonic) and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

2

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

3

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

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

4

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



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

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps<sup>d</sup>

*Largo Affettuoso*

pp.

Ah! the poor

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

dol:

fair one's hate, nor dare dis- close his an- guish. Yet ea- ger looks, and



dy - ing sighs, my se - cret soul dis - co - ver, while rap - ture trem - bling

6 b7 6 4 b5 4b7 6

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

6 6 b5 6

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

6 6 b5 6 6 b5



thousand va-rious ways they speak a thousand vari-ous with-ess.

mf:

2

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



*My Spoken Lament*

37

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps<sup>d</sup>

Larghetto *P.*

*dol:*

*pp.*

My sheep I've for\_saken, and left my sheep

*pp.*

hook, and all the gay haunts of my youth I've for\_sook, No



more. for A - myn - ta fresh gar - lan - ds I wove, for am - bi - tion I said, would soon

6 6 6 4 3 6 6 6 3

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

6 4 2 6 6 5# 6 4 3

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

6 6 6 6 4 3



give me my sheep and my sheep hook re-store, and I'll wander from love and A -

- myn - ta no more.

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

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



*My Nanny O*

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps<sup>d</sup>

Largo

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

without stealth, bless and - caress - my Nanny O She bids more fair t'en - gage a



Jove, than Leda did or Danae O, Were I to paint the Queen of Love, none el - - - se shon'd

fit but Nanny O.

pp. mf. pp.<sup>mo</sup> pp.

2

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

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



# Lochaber.

Violini

P.

Viola

Canto

Harps.<sup>d</sup>

Largo

PP.

PP.

PP.

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

PP.

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



mf: pp. mf. pp.

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

6/5 6/5 7 6 6 6 4

mf:

bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore, may be to re turn to Loch\_a\_ber no more.

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

2

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

3

7 6 6 6 7

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



# The Broom of Cowdenknows.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps<sup>d</sup>

pp.

Largo

How blyth was I each

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

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



Cow - den - knows I wish I were with my dear swain with his pipe and - my ew - es.

O the broom the bon - ny bon - ny broom.

2

4

7

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

3

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

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

5

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

6

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

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

8

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



# Gilderey

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps<sup>d</sup>

Lento

sf.

mf.

pp.

pp.

Ah! Chloris could I now but sit as un-concern'd as when Your infant beauty

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



com-ing day, I lit-tle thought that ris-ing fire would take my rest a-way. way.

pp.

mf.

1<sup>st</sup> 2<sup>d</sup>

6 6 6 5 6 4 # 1<sup>st</sup> 2<sup>d</sup>

6 6 7 4 # 6 5 6 4 #

2

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

3

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



*Peggy, I must love thee.*

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps<sup>d</sup>

Adagio

As from a rock, past

all re - lief the shipwreck'd Co - lin spy - ing his na - tive foil, o'er - come with

grief, half sunk in waves, and dy - ing With the next morning sun he spies a



ship, which gives un-hop'd sur-prise, new life springs up, he lifts his eyes with  
joy, and waits her mo-tion.

2

So when by her, whom long I lov'd,  
I scorn'd was and deserted;  
Low with despair, my spirits mov'd,  
To be forever parted:

Thus droop'd I, till diviner grace  
I found in Peggy's mind and face;  
Ingratitude appear'd then base,  
But virtue more engaging.

3

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

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

4

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



# *Within a Mile of Edinburgh.*

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harp<sup>d</sup>

Largo

PP.

'Twas with

in a mile of Edinburgh town, in the rosy time of the year, sweet flowers

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



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

Dall 'S.

cannot, cannot wonnot wonnot mannot buckle too.

Dall 'S.

6 4 3 6

6 4 3 7 2 6 4 3

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

3

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



