

Selection of
SCOTS SONGS

Harmonized & Improved

with Simple and

Flora McLeod's — of Golbuck's
Adapted Graces

Most Respectfully Dedicated to the

Honourable

Sadry Carnegie

BY

PETER URBANI

Professor of Music

Book 3^d Flora McLeod's Pr. 12/

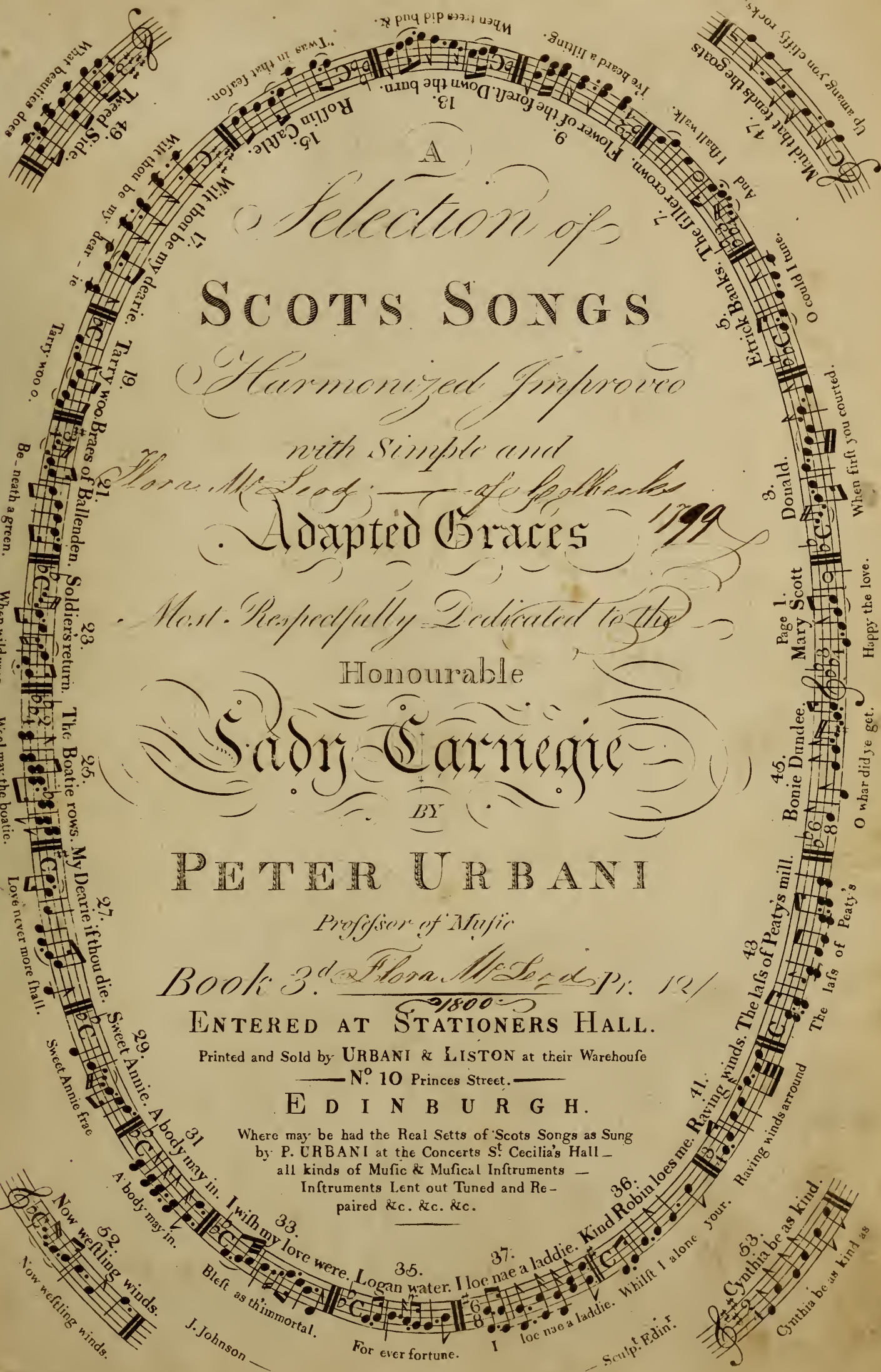
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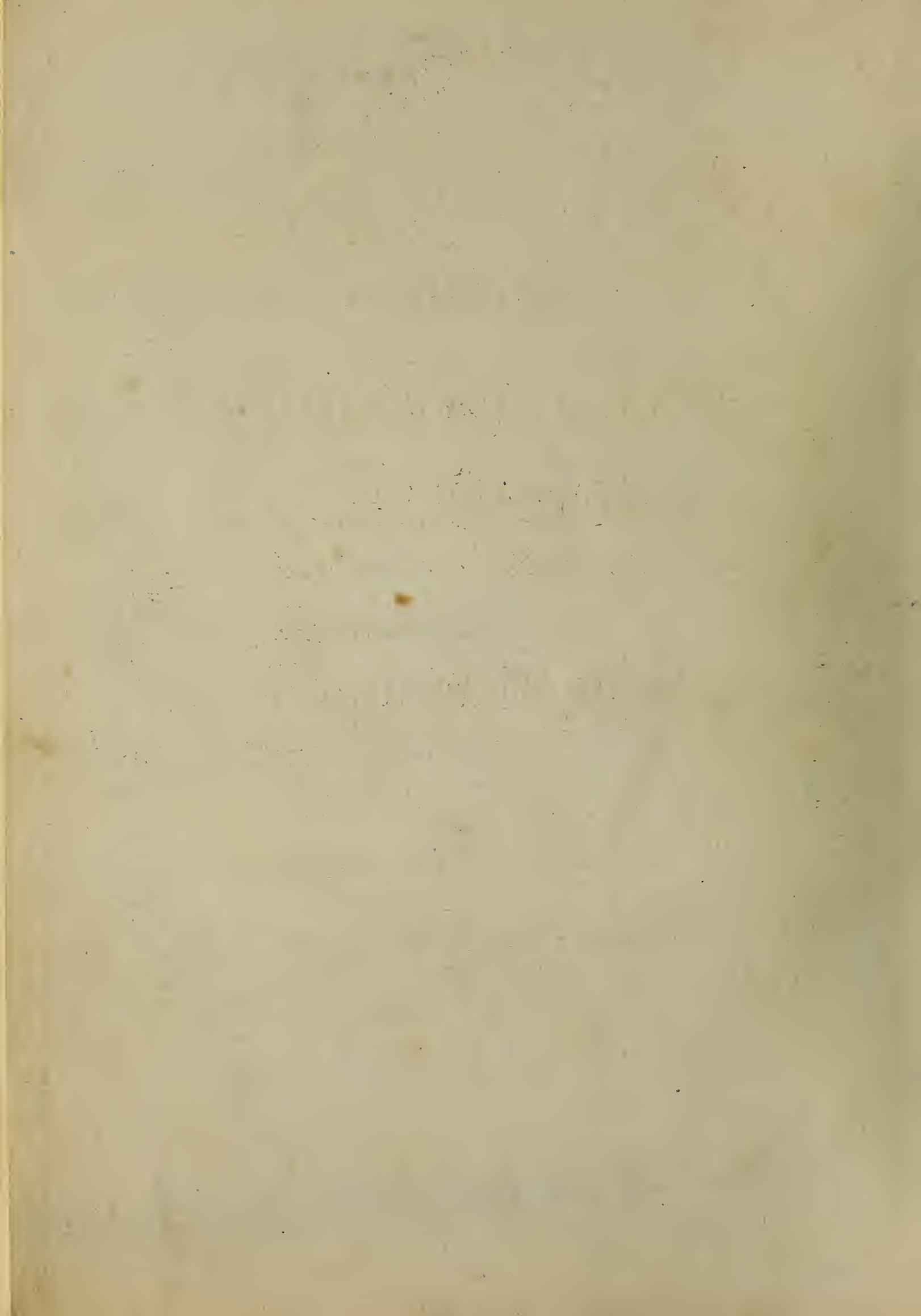
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Where may be had the Real Setts of 'Scots Songs as Sung
by P. URBANI at the Concerts St Cecilia's Hall —
all kinds of Music & Musical Instruments —
Instruments Lent out Tuned and Re-
paired &c. &c. &c.





TO.

THE HONOURABLE

LADY CARNEGIE,

One of the most Excellent JUDGES of MUSICAL MERIT;

THIS COLLECTION of SCOTS SONGS,

IS INSCRIBED,

AS A TESTIMONY OF HIS PROFOUND RESPECT,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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THE Author on presenting the Third Volume of his Scots Songs to the Public, humbly solicits the same patronage of the former two Volumes, which from the general approbation they have met with, the Author is happy to find his trouble and expence has not been spent in vain, and hopes on perusing this Volume that the same endeavours to please will be found nothing deficient, but that every exertion has been used to merit a continuance of the Public favour.

This work, which the Author intends the fourth Volume to complete, will contain all the very best Original Scots Songs, In this Volume he has given seven Songs Arranged as Duetts, which may be sung by one or two Voices as the first part is the original Air without the alteration of a single note, there is only one Song inserted which is not Scots viz. Now westling winds, sett to Music by the Author (The words of which are by the Celebrated Burns) which he hopes will not be unacceptable to the public, all the rest have the original words annexed excepting Duncan Gray, which the Author thought improper for this work.

N.B. It is requested, that those Ladies and Gentlemen who wished to continue their Subscriptions and have neglected to send in their names, will send to N^o 10 Princes Street where the Subscriptions for the fourth Volume is going on.

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Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte
PianoLargo
Lamentevole

P.

PP.

Hap-py's the

PP.

Love which meets re-turn, when in soft flame souls equal burn; but words are want-ing

to Dis-co-ver, the torments of a hope-less lover. Ye re-gift-ers of

tasto solo.

heaven, re - late if look - ing o'er the rolls of Fate, Did you there see - - me mark'd to

tasto solo.

mar - row Ma - ry Scott the flow'r of Yarrow.

2

Ah, no! her form's too heav'nly fair,
Her love the gods above must share;
While mortals with despair explore her,
And at a distance due adore her.
O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bless me with a smile:
Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

3

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
My Mary's tender as she's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
She is too good to let me languish:
With success crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the sky;
When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradise of Yarrow.

Donald.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte
Piano

Largo

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte
Piano

Largo

6 7 7

pp.

When first you courted me I own I fondly favor'd you; Ap-

3

7 4 3 6 7 6 5 4 3

1st 2^d

-parent worth and high renown, made me believe you true - Donald. Donald.

3

4 3 6 7 1st 2^d

Each virtue then seem'd to adorn the man esteem'd by me, - - but now the mask's thrown off; I

scorn to waste one thought on thee - - Donald. Donald.

2

O then forever haste away,
 Away from love and me;
 Go seek a heart that's like your own,
 And come no more to me, Donald.
 For I'll reserve myself alone,
 For one that's more like me;
 If such a one I cannot find,
 I'll fly from love and thee, Donald.

I could I. Tune &c.

Tune Etrick Banks.
words by M^r Junor.

Violini

Dol.

F.

marcando

Viola

Canto

Forte

Piano

Largo

Affettuoso

PP.

F.

O could I tune the sweetest Lyre and sing in pure po - e - tic lays I'd warble

PP.

with un - u - sual fire to tell my bonny Peggys praise. What mixt e - motions fill'd my breast when

first I saw her on the green she seem'd an angel earthly dress'd, or goddess of the flow'ry scene.

On Ettrick banks ae summer's night,
 At gloaming when the sheep drave hame,
 I met my lalsie braw and tight,
 While wandring through the mist her lane:
 My heart grew light I ran I sang
 My arms about her lily neck,
 I kiss'd and clasp'd her there fou' lang:
 My words they were na mony, feck.

2

I said, my lalsie, will ye go
 To the highland hills the Earle to learn?
 I'll baith gie thee a cow and ewe, -
 When ye come to the brig o' Earn.
 At Leith, auld meal comes in, ne'er fash.
 And herrings at the Broomy Law;
 Chear up your heart my bonny lals,
 There's gear to win we never saw.

2

The live lang day with her I'd sit,
 To gase upon her lovely charms,
 And night would crown my happy lot
 With her encircled in my arms
 I'd envy not the richest swain
 That dwells upon the banks of Tay
 No sordid cares my heart should gain
 But Peggy lovely Peggy gay.

3

All day when we have wrought enough,
 When winter, frosts, and snaw begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when you sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes and play a spring:
 And thus the weary night will end.
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
 Our pleasant summer back again.

4

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lals among the broom,
 And lead you to my summer shield.
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh and kiss, and dance and sing,
 And gae the longest day seem short.

The Filler (Gaelic)

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte

Piano

Larghetto

Espressivo

And

ye shall walk in filk at-tire, And fil-ler hae to - spare, gin ye'll con -

-sent to be his bride, nor think o' Do-nald mair. O wha wad buy a fill- en.

gown, wi' a poor brok'en heart, or what's to me a fil - ler crown, gin frae my
love I part.

2

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

3

His gentle manners wan my heart,
He, gratefu' took the gift;
Could I but think, to seek it back
It wou'd be war than theft.
For langest life, can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me,
And e'er I'm forc'd to break my troth.
I'll lay me down and die.

moan - ing on il - ka green loaning since our bra' fo - rest - ers are a' wed a - - way.

moan - ing on il - ka green loaning since our bra' fo - rest - ers are a' wed a - - way.

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

At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads are scorning the lasses are lonely dowie and wae nae

At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads are scorning the lasses are lonely dowie and wae nae

5 7 6 4 3 6 b7 6 - 6 4 3

daffin nae gabbing but fighing and fabbing Ilk ane lifts her leg - lin, and bies her a - way. At

daffin nae gabbing but fighing and fabbing Ilk ane lifts her leg - lin, and bies her a - way. At

b7 3 6 4 3 6 6 6 4 - 3 7

e'en in the gloaming nae swankies are roaming 'mang stacks with the lasses at bo - gle to play. for

e'en in the gloaming nae swankies are roaming 'mang stacks with the lasses at bo - gle to play. for

6 4 2 6 6 3

ilk ane sits drearie la-menting her dearie the flow'rs o' the Forest wha're a' wed a-way. In

ilk ane sits drearie la-menting her dearie the flow'rs o' the Forest wha're a' wed a-way. In

6 - 4 6 6 6 4 - 3

har'ft at the shearing nae blythe lads are jeering the bansters are lyart, and runkl'd and grey at

har'ft at the shearing nae blythe lads are jeering the bansters are lyart, and runkl'd and grey at

b7 - 6 - 4 6 b7 7

fairs nor at preaching nae wooing nae fleeching since our brä fo-rest-ers are a' wed a-way.

fairs nor at preaching nae wooing nae fleeching since our brä fo-rest-ers are a' wed a-way.

b7 - 6 - 4 6 6 6 - 4 - 7 -

O dule for the orders sent our lads to the borders the English for anes by guile wan the

O dule for the orders sent our lads to the borders the English for anes by guile wan the

6 — $\frac{4}{3}$ 6 6 — 3

day the flow'rs of the forest wha aye shone the foremost the prime o' the land lie cold in the

day the flow'rs of the forest wha aye shone the foremost the prime o' the land lie cold in the

6 — $\frac{4}{3}$ 6 6 6 — $\frac{4}{4}$ 3 —

F.

clay.

clay.

taste Solo

Down the burn Davie.

words by Crawford.

Violini

Dol.

PP.

Viola

Dol.

Canto

Forte

Piano

Largo

Con molta espressione

When trees did bud and

PP.

fields were green and broom bloom'd fair to see, when Mary was com-pleat fifteen - - and

love laugh'd in her ee.

Blythe Davies blinks her heart did move to speak her mind thus

free, gang down the burn Da - vie love, - - and I shall fol - low thee.

tafto Solo

2

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
 That dwelt on yon burn side,
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride;
 Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue;
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

3

As down the burn they took their way,
 What tender tales they said!
 His cheek to her's he aft did lay,
 And with her bosom play'd;

Till baith at length impatient grown
 To be mair fully blest,
 In yonder vale they leand them down;
 Love only saw the rest.

4

What pass'd, I guess was harmless play,
 And naithing sure unmeet;
 For ganging hame, I heard them say,
 They lik'd a wa'k sae sweet:
 And that they aften shoud' return,
 Sic pleasure to renew,
 Quoth Mary, Love I like the burn,
 And ay shall follow you.

Roslin Castle.

words by Hewitt

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte
Piano

Lento

pp.

f

pp.

f

mancando

'Twas

pp.

f

pp.

mancando

pp.

in that season of the year, when all things gay and sweet appear that Co- lin with the

morning ray A- rose and sung his ru- ral lay Of Nanny's charms the Shepherd sung the

hills and dales with Nanny - rung, while Roslin Castle heard the Swain, and echod' back the

chearfull strain.

mancando

2

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

3

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng;
 And love inspires the melting song:

Then let my raptur'd notes arise;
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

4

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

Wilt thou be my Dearie.

words by Burns.

Violini *pp.* *mf.*

Primo

2do

Forte Piano *mf.*

Largo *pp.* *mf.*

Appassionato

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

manando

Wilt thou be my Dearie when sorrow wrings thy gen - tle heart, O

Wilt thou be my Dearie when sorrow wrings thy gen - tle heart, O

manando

6 4 3 6 6 6 4 3

wilt thou let me chear thee. By the treasure of my soul that's the love I bear thee! I swear and

wilt thou let me chear thee. By the treasure of my soul that's the love I bear thee! I swear and

6 4 3 6

vow, that only thou shall ever be my dear-ie. Only thou I swear and vow shall

vow, that only thou shall ever be my dear-ie. Only thou I swear and vow shall

ever be my Dear-ie

ever be my Dear-ie

marcando

marcando

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;

Or if thou wilt na be my sin,

Say na thou'lt refuse me:

If it winna, canna be,

Thou for thine may chuse me,

Let me, Lassie, quickly die,

Trusting that thou lo'es me

Lassie, let me quickly die,

Trusting that thou lo'es me

Tarry Woo.

Violini

Sotto Voce

Viola

Canto

Forte
PianoAnd.^e

Sostenuto

Tar-ry woo, O tar-ry woo, Tar-ry woo is ill to spin - Card it well, oh

Card it well. Card it well ere ye be- gin when 'tis card-ed, row'd and spun.

then the work is haf-lens done; but when woven, drest, and clean, it may be cleading
for a queen.

2
Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep,
Bleating sweetly as ye go,
Thro' the winter's frost and spow;
Hart, and kynd, and fallow-deer,
No be haf so useful are:
Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

3
Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip,
Sing up the praise of tarry woo:
Sing the flocks that bear it too:
Harmless creatures, without blame,
That clead the back and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fou;
Lesse me on the tarry woo.

4
How happy is the shephrds life,
Far frae courts, and free of strife,
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae:
No such music to his ear:
Of thief or fox he has no fear;
Sturdy kent, and colly true,
We'll defend the tarry woo.

5
He lives content, and envies none;
Not e'en a monarch on his throne,
Tho' he the royal sceptre sways,
Has not sweeter holidays.
Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
When a shepherd sings sae well;
Sings sae well, and pays his due,
With honest heart and tarry woo.

The Braes of Ballerudine

words by Blacklock.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte
Piano

Larghetto Amorofo

neath a green shade a lovely young swain, one ev'ning re-clin'd to dis-cov-er his

PP.

pain. So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe, The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the

fountains to flow: rude winds with com_pasion could hear him complain yet Chloe lefs

gentle was - - deaf to his strain.

2

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
 E're Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view!
 Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey,
 Nor smild the fair Morning more chearful than they,
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

3

Thro' changes in vain relief I pursue,
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew;
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,

To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;
 But love's ardent fever burns always the same,
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

4

But see the pale moon all clouded retires,
 The breezes grow cool; not Strephon's desires:
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.
 Ah wretch! how can life be worthy thy care?
 To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.

The Soldiers' Return.

Tune Mill Mill O
words by Burns

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte
Piano

Andante

pp.

When wild-wars deadly blast was blawn, and gentle peace re- turn - ing, and eyes again with pleasure

beard, that had been bleard with mourning; I left the lines & tented field, where long I'd been a lodger, my

humble knapsack a' my wealth A poor but honest Sol- dier.

2

A leal light heat in my breast,
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,
 I cheery on did wander
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
 I thought upon my Nancy,
 I thought upon her witching smile
 That caught my youthful fancy.

3

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
 Where early life I sported,
 I past the mill, and trysting thorn,
 Where Nancy aft I courted.
 Wha spied I but mine ain dear maid
 Down by her mother's dwelling!
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood
 That in my een was swelling.

4

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,
 O! bappy, happy may he be,
 That's dearest to thy bosom.
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,
 Fain wad I be thy lodger;
 I've serv'd my King and country lang,
 Take pity on a Soldier.

5

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
 And lovelier grew than ever;
 Quo' she, a Soldier ance I lo'd,
 Forget him I shall never.

Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake it,
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

6

She gaz'd — she reddend like a rose —
 Syne pale like ony lily,
 She sank within mine arms, and cried,
 Art thou mine ain dear Willie?
 By him who made yon sun and sky,
 By whom true love's regarded,
 I am the man! — and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded.

7

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
 And find thee still true hearted;
 Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And mair, we'll ne'er be parted.
 Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailin' plenish'd fairly;
 Come then, my faithful Soldier lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

8

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor;
 But glory is the Soldier's prize,
 The Soldier's wealth is honour;
 The brave poor Soldier ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger;
 Remember, he's his country's stay,
 In day and hour of danger.

The Boatie row.

For two Voices.

Violini

Primo

2^{do}

Forte

Piano

Largo

Espressivo

Weel

Weel

PP.

may the Boatie row, and better may it speed, weel may the Boatie row that gains the bairn's bread.

may the Boatie row, and better may it speed, weel may the Boatie row that gains the bairn's bread.

PP.

PP.

The boatie rows the boatie rows the boatie rows fu' weel. - meickle luck at - tend the boat, the

The boatie rows the boatie rows the boatie rows fu' weel. - meickle luck at - tend the boat, the

merlin and the creel.

merlin and the creel.

The musical score consists of five staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last three are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is a simple, folk-like tune. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex, syncopated pattern in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some lines of music continuing without lyrics.

2

I cast my line in Largo bay,
 And fishes I catch'd nine,
 'Twas three to to boil, and three to fry,
 And three to bait the line.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed,
 And happy be the lot of a'
 Who wishes her to speed.

3

O weel may the boatie row,
 That fills a heavy creel,
 And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
 And buys our pottage meal;
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed,
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wish the boatie speed.

4

When Jamie vow'd he wou'd be mine,
 And wan frae me my heart,
 O muckle lighter grew my creel,
 He swore we'd never part:
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel,
 And muckle lighter is the load,
 When love bears up the creel.

5

My kurtch I put upo' my head,
 And dress'd mysel' fu' braw,
 I true my heart was douf an' wae,
 When Jamie ga'ed awa;
 But weel may the boatie row,
 And lucky be her part;
 And lightsome be the lassie's care,
 That yields an honest heart.

6

When Sawney, Jock, an' Janetie,
 Are up and gotten lear;
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,
 And lighten a' our care.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel,
 And lightsome be her heart that bears,
 The Merlin, and the creel.

7

And when wi' age we're worn down,
 And hirpling round the door,
 They'll row to keep us dry and warm,
 As we did them before;
 Then weel may the boatie row
 She wins the bairn's bread;
 And happy be the lot o' a'.
 That wish the boat to speed.

My dearie if thou die.

words by Crawford

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte
PianoAndante
Softenuto

The musical score is written for Violini, Viola, Canto, and Forte Piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the dynamics are 'Softenuto'. The score is divided into several systems. The first system shows the Violini and Viola parts, with dynamics 'P.' and 'F.' indicated. The Canto part is shown with a treble clef and a common time signature. The Forte Piano part is shown with a treble and bass clef, and a common time signature. The lyrics 'Love never more shall give me pain, my fancy's fix'd on thee, nor' are written below the Canto part. The second system shows the Violini and Viola parts, with dynamics 'PP.' indicated. The Forte Piano part is shown with a treble and bass clef, and a common time signature. The lyrics 'e-ver maid my heart shall gain, my Peg-gy if thou die. Thy beauty doth such' are written below the Canto part. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Violini P. F.

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

Andante Softenuto

PP. PP.

Love never more shall give me pain, my fancy's fix'd on thee, nor

PP.

e-ver maid my heart shall gain, my Peg-gy if thou die. Thy beauty doth such

pleasure give, thy love's so true to me. without thee I can never live, my deary if thou

F. cres pp.

die.

F.

2

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray!
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
 In sighs, the silent day.
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see:
 Then I'll renounce all woman kind,
 My Peggy, after thee.

3

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
 With Cupid's raving rage;
 But thine, which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage.

'Twas this that like the morning sun,
 Gave joy and life to me;
 And when it's destin'd day is done,
 With Peggy let me die.

4

Ye pow'rs that smile on virtuous love,
 And in such pleasure share;
 You who it's faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair:
 Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me!
 Oh! never rob them from these arms:
 I'm lost, if Peggy die.

Sweet Annie frae the sea beach came

Violini *Sotto voce* *F.* *PP.* *fr.*

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

Adagio

PP. *PP.* *PP.*

Sweet An - nie frae the sea-beach came where Jock - y speel'd the

Vessels lide; ah! wha can keep their heart at hame when Jocky's toft a-boon the tide: Far aff to

distant realms he gangs; yet I'll be true as he has been; and when ilk lass a-bout him thangs he'll think on

mf. *fr.* *pp.*

Annie - his faithful ain.

fr. *pp.*

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,
 Wi' goud in hand he tempted me,
 He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
 And made a brag of what he'd gee:
 What tho' my Jocky's far away,
 Toft up and down the dinfome main,
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jocky may return again.

Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair,
And fairly cast your pipe away;
My Jocky wad be troubled fair,
To see his friend his Love betray:

For a' your songs and verse are vain,
While Jocky's notes do faithful flow;
My heart to him shall true remain,
I'll keep it for my constant Jo.

Bla' fast, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
And gar your waves be calm and still;
His hameward sail with breezes speed,
And dinna a' my pleasure spill!
What tho' my Jocky's far away,
Yet he will bra' in filler, shine:
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jocky may again be mine.

A body may in simple way For two Voices.

Violini

pp.

rf.

Primo

Viola

2do

Forte

Piano

Largo

Sostenuto

pp.

Viola col Basso

A bo-dy may in simple way bind love in Stre-phons

A bo-dy may in simple way bind love in Stre-phons

eyes A bo-dy may ah well a day find love tho' in dif-guise; There is a bo-dy

eyes A bo-dy may ah well a day find love tho' in dif-guise; There is a bo-dy

loves a bo-dy I could tell you who But if a bo-dy loves a bo-dy

loves a bo-dy I could tell you who But if a bo-dy loves a bo-dy

Let him come and woo.

Let him come and woo.

2

I'll never wed I've often said
A lad who canna speak
Yet somethings running in my head
Which prudence canna check

There is a body &c.

3

An humble cot and simple lot
Are suited to my mind
No wealth I seek so let him speak
He'll find a body kind
There is a body &c.

To the foregoing Tune.

1

Gin a body meet a body, Comin thro' the rye.
Gin a body kifs a body need a body cry;
Ilka body has a body, ne'er a ane has I;
But a' the lads they loe me And what the war am I.

2

Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the well,
Gin a body kifs a body, need a body tell;
Ilka body has a body, ne'er a ane has I.
But a' the lads they loe me, and what the war am I.

3

Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the town,
Gin a body kifs a body, need a body gloom;
Ilka Jenny has her jockey, ne'er a ane has I,
But a' the lads they loe me, and what the war am I.

I wish my love were in a muse Translated from
Sappho by Phillips.

Violini

a mezza voce

PP.

Viola

Canto

Forte
Piano

Largo

Amoroso

Blest as th' im-

mor-tal gods is he, the youth who fond-ly sits by thee, and hears and sees thee;

all the while, so soft-ly speak, and sweetly smile: 'Twas this bereav'd my soul of

rest and rais'd such tumults in my breast; For while I gaz'd, in transport tofs'd my breath was

gone my voice was lost.

6 4 2 6 6 4 6 4 3 3 3 6

P.

7 6 4 5 6 4 7 # 6 4

2

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame,
 Ran quick thro' all my vital frame,
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung;
 In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
 My feeble pulse forgot to play;
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away!

Logan Water

words by Thomson.

Violini

Solo voce

pp

pp.

mancando

pp.

Viola

pp.

Canto

Forte
Piano

Solo voce

pp.

mancando

For

Adagio

e-ver, fortune wilt thou prove, an un-re-lent-ing foe to love, and when we meet a
 mu-tual heart, come in be-tween, and bid us part bid us fight on from day to day, and

pp.

with and with the soul a way till youth and genial years are flown, and all the life of

pp. F. pp. marcando

love is gone? marcando

F. pp.

2

But busy, busy still art thou
 To bind the loveless, joyless vow;
 The heart from pleasure to delude,
 And join the gentle to the rude.
 For once, O Fortune! hear my pray'r,
 And I absolve thy future care;
 All other blessings I resign,
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.

I loe nae a Laddie

For two Voices.

Violini

Dol.

Primo

Secondo

Forte
Piano

Tempodi

Sicilliana Largo

5

6

pp.

I loe nae a laddie but ane, - he loe's na a lalsie but
I loe nae a laddie but ane, - he loe's na a lalsie but

me, hes wil - lin' to make me his ain - an his ain I am willing to be - He
me, hes wil - lin' to make me his ain - an his ain I am willing to be - He

6

6

7

coft me a rokley o' blue - - a pair o' mittens o' green An his price was a kifs o' my mou; An' I

coft me a rokley o' blue - - a pair o' mittens o' green An his price was a kifs o' my mou; An' I

paid him the debt yef_ treen.

paid him the debt yef_ treen.

2

My mither's ay makin' a phraze,
 That I'm lucky young to be wed;
 But lang e'er she countit my days,
 O' me she was brought to bed:
 Sae mither, jast settle your tongue,
 An' dinna be flytin' fae bauld;
 For we can do the thing when we're young,
 That we canna do weel when we're auld.

Kind Robin loes me.

Violini *pp.* *f* *pp.* *pp.* *marcando.*

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano *pp.* *f* *pp.* *pp.* *marcando.*

Largo Affettuoso

6 6 4 3 7

pp.

Whilst I alone your soul possess'd and none more loed your bosom press'd ye pow'rs what king like me was

6 7 6 6 4 3 6 6

pp.

bles'd, when kind Annie loes me hey ho Annie quo be for kind Robin loed me. Whilst you adord no

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

other fair nor Kate with me your heart did share, what queen with Annie could compare, when kind Robin lo'ed me

hey ho Robin quo she your kind Annie lo'ed thee.

2

ROBIN,

Young Katie now commands my heart,
 Sweet Kate who sings with so much art
 Whose life to save with mine I'd part
 For kind Katie lo'es me!
 Hey, ho, Annie quo' he,
 For kind Katie lo'es me.

ANNIE.

Gay Patie, now delights my eyes,
 For he with equal ardour dies,
 Whose life to save I'd perish twice,
 For kind Patie lo'es me!
 Hey, ho, Robin quo' she,
 For kind Patie lo'es me.

3

ROBIN.

What if I Kate for thee disdain,
 And former love return again,
 To link us in the strongest chain,
 For kind Robin lo'es thee!
 Hey, ho, Annie quo' he,
 Your kind Robin lo'es thee.

ANN'E.

Tho' Patie's kind as kind can be,
 And thou more stormy than the sea,
 I'd chuse to live and die with thee,
 If kind Robin lo'es me!
 Hey, ho, Robin quo' she,
 Your kind Annie lo'es thee.

41. Raving Winds &c.

words by Burne.

Violini

Viola

Canto

For^{te}
Piano

Soave

pp.

Raving winds a-round her blowing, yel-low leaves the wood-lands

pp.

strowing, by a ri-ver hoarfely roaring I-fa-bel-la stray'd de-plor-ing. Farewell,

hours that late did measure sun shine days of joy and pleasure; Hail, thou gloomy night of

sorrow - cheerless night that knows no morrow.

ff.

2

O'er the Past too fondly wand'ring,
 On the hopeless Future pond'ring;
 Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes,
 Fell Despair my fancy seizes.
 Life, thou soul of ev'ry blessing,
 Load to Mis'ry most distressing,
 Gladly how would I resign thee,
 And to dark Oblivion join thee!

The Lass of Peaty's Mill.

For two Voices.
words by Ramsay.

Violini

Primo

2^{do}Forte
PianoAnd^c.

Sostenuto

The lass of Peaty's mill - so bon-ny blythe and gay In

spite of all my skill she stole my heart a-way When ted-ding of the

hay - bare-head-ed on the green, Love midst her locks did play and wanton'd in her

hay - bare-head-ed on the green, Love midst her locks did play and wanton'd in her

pp.

e - en;

e - en;

2

Her arms, white round and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth,
 To press them with his hau'
 Through all my spirits ran
 An ecstasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fund,
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

3

Without the help of art,
 Like flow'rs, which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 When ear the spoke, or smild.

Her looks, they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguild;
 I wish'd her for my bride

4

O! had I all that wealth,
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasure's at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Peaty's mill,
 Should share the fame with me.

Bonnie Dundee.

Violini

PP.

FF.

Viola

Canto

Forte

Piano

Siciliana Largo

5

43

6

6

43

6

6

43

6

6

43

6

f.

mancando

PP.

O whar did ye get that hauer meal bannock? O fil-ly blind bo-ay, O

f.

PP.

PP.

3

3

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3

linna ye see? I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger laddie, between Saint Johnston and bonie Dun-dee. O

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4

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics for the first system are: "gie I saw the laddie that gae met? aft has he don'd me upon his knee; may heaven protect my bonie Scots". The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics for the second system are: "laddie, and send him fae hame to his babie and me." The piano accompaniment features various fingerings and articulations, including slurs and accents.

2

My blefsins upon thy sweet, wee lippie!
 My blefsins upon thy bonie e'e brie!
 Thy smiles are fae like my blythe Sodger laddie,
 Thou's ay the dearer, and dearer to me!
 But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks,
 Where Tay rins wimplin by fae clear;
 And I'll cleed thee in the tartan fae fine,
 And mak thee a man like thy dadie dear.

The Maid that tends the Goats.

words by Dudgeon.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte
Piano

Largo

Espressivo

PP.

FF.

PP.

PP.

FF.

PP.

PP.

PP.

Up among yon cliffy rocks, sweetly rings the rising echo to the maid that tends the

goats liting o'er her native notes. Hark, she sings, "young Sandy's kind," An' he's promis'd ay to lo'e me;

here's a brotch, I ne'er shall time till he's fairly married to me; "Drive away ye dron' time "An

bring about our bridal day.

2

3

"Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
 "Aften does he blaw the whistle,
 "In a strain fae fastly sweet,
 "Lam'mies listning dare nae bleat;
 "He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
 "Hardy, as the highland heather,
 "Wading thro' the winter snow,
 "Keeping ay his flock together;
 "But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
 "He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

"Brawly he can dance and sing
 "Canty glee or highland cronach;
 "Nane can ever match his fling
 "At a reel, or round a ring;
 "Wightly can he wield a rung
 "In a brawl he's ay the bangster:
 "A' his praise can ne'er be sung
 "By the langest winded sangster.
 "Sangs that sing o' Sandy
 "Come thort, tho' they were e'er fae lang.

Tweed. Side.

For two Voices.
words by Crawford.

Violini

Primo

2do

Forte

Piano

Largo

Amoroso

Violini: P., rf., PP.

Primo: (rests)

2do: (rests)

Forte Piano: 4 3 6 4 3 6 7

What beauties does Flora disclose how sweet are her smiles upon Tweed yet

What beauties does Flora disclose how sweet are her smiles upon Tweed yet

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

Mary's still sweeter than those, Both nature and fancy exceed. No daisy nor

Mary's still sweeter than those, Both nature and fancy exceed. No daisy nor

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

sweet blushing rose nor all the gay flow'rs of the field nor Tweed glid-ing gen-tly thro'

those such beauty and pleasure does yield;

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let's see how the primroses spring,
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love, while the feather'd folks sing.

3

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
 Do they ever carelessly stray?
 While happily she lies asleep?

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
 Kind Nature indulging my bliss,
 To ease the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

4

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her may compare,
 Love's graces around her do dwell,
 She's fairest, where thousands are fair,
 Say, charmer, where do thy flock stray,
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed,
 Is it on the sweet winding Tay,
 Or pleasanter banks of the Tweed.

Now westling winds.

words by H. W. H.
music by U. L. H.

Violini

Pizzicato

arco

Viola

Basso

Forte
PianoAnd^e

Softenuto

PP.

Canto

PP.

Now westling winds, and flaught'ring guns bring Autumn's pleasant

Basso

weather the gorcock springs, on whirring wings among the blooming heather. Now waving grain, wide

arco

o'er the plain delights the weary Farmer, the moon shines bright as I rove by night - - to muse

F.

Basso

up - - on my charmer.

7 2 F. 6 6 7

2

The Pairtrick lo'es the fruitfu' fells;
 The Plover lo'es the mountains;
 The Woodcock haunts the lanely dells;
 The soaring Hern the fountains
 Thro' lofty groves the Cushtat roves,
 The path o' Man to shun it;
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
 The spreading thorn the Linnet.

3

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
 The savage and the tender;
 Some, social join, and leagues combine,
 Some solitary wander;
 Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
 Tyrannic Man's dominion;
 The Sportsman's joy, the murdering cry,
 The flutt'ring gory pinion.

4

Bat Peggy dear the ev'ning's clear,
 Thick flies the skimming swallow;
 The sky is blue the fields in view
 All fading-green and yellow:
 Come let us stray our gladsome way,
 And view the charms o' Nature,
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
 And ilka happy creature.

5

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
 While the silent moon shines clearly;
 I'll clasp thy waist, and fondly prest,
 Swear how I lo'e thee dearly!
 Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs
 Not Autumn to the Farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair my lovely Charmer.

Cynthia be as kind as fair.

words by Peter Lindner.
Tune Duncan Gray.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte
Piano

Andante

Softenuto

Cynthia be as kind as fair bid me not with tears depart, 'Twas thy graces laid the snare,

'Twas thy beauty caught my heart. caught my heart. Let the world thy justice sound

'tis but common justice sure As thine eyes have giv'n the wound Those sweet lips should

give the cure. give the cure.

1st 2^d FF. 1st 2^d

2 by M^r Junor.

Kindness with your beauty join
 Love now let thy bosom warm
 Be O Cynthia O be mine
 Let not doubt my soul alarm
 Think of loves extatic joy
 Heal O heal the wound you gave
 Think of sweets that ne'er can cloy
 Think of Damon you can save.

