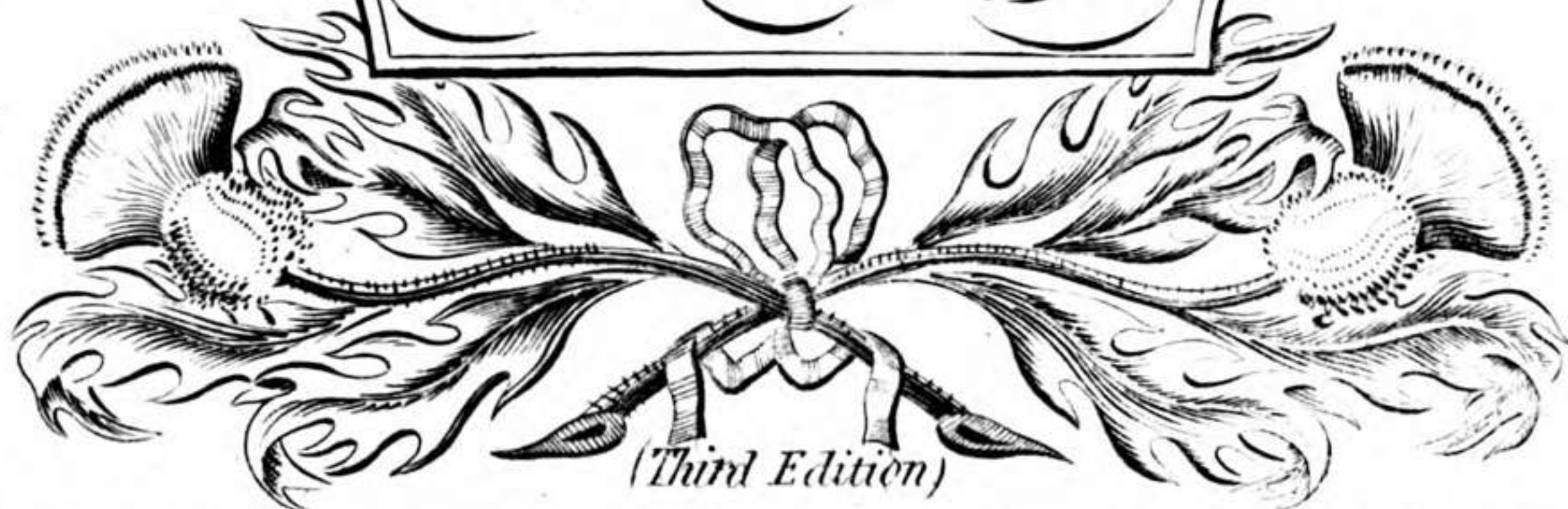


No. 20
OF

Goulding D'Almaine Potter & Co.
New & Correct Edition

OF
SCOTTISH SONGS,
arranged
With Accompaniments,
BY
JOHN PARRY.



(Third Edition)

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L O N D O N

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Arranged by John Barry.

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N ^o 1. John Anderson my Jo. Ye Banks and Braes.	N ^o 21. Donald. Flowers of Edinburgh.	N ^o 41. Cauld Kail of Aberdeen. Hear's a health to them that's awa.
N ^o 2. My Boy Tammy. Auld Lang Syne.	N ^o 22. Pinkey House. Saw ye my Father.	N ^o 42. O dear what can the matter be. Prince Charlie's farewell.
N ^o 3. Auld Robin Gray. Green grow the Rashes O.	N ^o 23. Corn riggs are bonny. O Say Bonnie Lassie.	N ^o 43. Gloomy winter's now awa. O! for Ane & twenty Tam.
N ^o 4. The Yellow hair'd Laddie. Whistle o'er the lave o't.	N ^o 24. Duncan Grey. The Gardner wi his Paidle.	N ^o 44. The Banks of Ayr. Kate of Aberdeen.
N ^o 5. Land O' the Leal. Shepherds I have lost my love.	N ^o 25. We sail for Prince Charlie. Gallia Water.	N ^o 45. Mary's Dream. My heart is sair.
N ^o 6. I canna like ye gentle sir. The Birks of Abergeldi.	N ^o 26. Lewie Gordon. The Little Davie.	N ^o 46. Auld King coul. Wae is my heart.
N ^o 7. My Lodging is on the cold ground. The Silver Crown.	N ^o 27. Come and see my Plady. O Willie brew'd a peck O' Maut.	N ^o 47. The Banks of the Dee. Lady Bothwell's lament.
N ^o 8. O Whistle & I'll come to thee. My Daddy is a Canker'd Carle.	N ^o 28. Scots wha hae. Ogie my love were yonder rose.	N ^o 48. Oh! weel may the boatie row. I'll make you be fain &c.
N ^o 9. Roy's Wife of Alldivaloch. Dumbarton's Drums.	N ^o 29. The Highland Laddie. Tocken Hame.	N ^o 49. Down the Burn davy &c. O Open the Door Lord Gregory.
N ^o 10. Jess Macfarlane. Woo'd and Married and A'.	N ^o 30. Roslin Castle. McPherson's Farewell.	N ^o 50. When wild war's Deadly Blast &c. The Palmer "Oh open the Door &c.
N ^o 11. Kenmure on and awa. Cumbernauld House.	N ^o 31. Maggy Lauder. The Waefu' heart.	N ^o 51. O Poorteth Cauld. She's fair and Fause.
N ^o 12. Oh Logie O Buchan. The Broom of Cowden knows.	N ^o 32. Welcome Royal Charlie. My heart's in the Highlands.	N ^o 52.
N ^o 13. Say ye Johnnie Coming? O'er the muir among the heather.	N ^o 33. The Blue Bells of Scotland. The last time I cam' o'er the muir.	N ^o 53.
N ^o 14. There's nae luck about the House. Here awa' there awa'.	N ^o 34. My Love is like the Red red Rose. Charlie cam' to our Laird's Castle.	N ^o 54.
N ^o 15. Lochaber no more. Loch Enoch side.	N ^o 35. Come boat me o'er to Charlie. The Campbell's are comin'.	N ^o 55.
N ^o 16. Queen Mary's Lamentation. O'er the Hills & far away.	N ^o 36. A highland lad my love was born. Prince Charlie he's cum frae France.	N ^o 56.
N ^o 17. Charlie is my Darling. When I think of this World's Pelf.	N ^o 37. And they're A' Noddin. The Miller.	N ^o 57.
N ^o 18. The Lass of Patie's Mill. My Ain kind Deary O.	N ^o 38. Carl an the King come. Mount and Go.	N ^o 58.
N ^o 19. Tweed Side. My Love she's but a Lassie yet.	N ^o 39. Mary of Castle Cary. St. Kilda's Song.	N ^o 59.
N ^o 20. The Birks of Endermay. Oscar's Ghost.	N ^o 40. Comin thro' the Rye. Of A' the Airts the Win' can blaw.	N ^o 60.

The whole of the above have Accompaniments for the Harp or Piano Forte & many are Harmonized for Two, Three and Four Voices, this Edition therefore may be considered the cheapest and most correct one published.

John Anderson my Jo, John.

as Sung by

M^r. BROADHURST.

Arranged by J. Parry

Moderato



John Anderson my Jo, John, When nature first be - gan To

The first system of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues from the introduction, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a steady eighth-note bass line.

try her canny hand John, her master work was man; And you among them

The second system continues the song. The vocal line has a melodic line with some grace notes. The piano accompaniment remains consistent, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a steady eighth-note bass line.

A' John so trig from top to toe She prov'd to be nae journey work John

The third system concludes the song. The vocal line ends with a final note and a fermata. The piano accompaniment also concludes with a final chord and a fermata. The right hand of the piano part features a series of chords, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note bass line.

Espress

Anderson, my Jo!

2

John Anderson my Jo, John, ye were my first conceit,
 I think nae shame to own John, I lov'd you ear' and late,
 They say ye are turning auld John, and what tho' it be so,
 Ye're ay the same kind man to me, John Anderson my Jo.

3

John Anderson my Jo, John, when we were first acquaint,
 Your locks were like the rav'n John, your bonny brow was brent,
 But now your brow is bald, John, your locks are like the snow,
 Yet blessings on your frosty pow John Anderson my Jo.

4

John Anderson my Jo, John, we clamb the hill together,
 And many a canty day John, we've seen wi' ane anither,
 Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep together at the foot—John Anderson my Jo.

Ye Banks & Braes O' Bonny Doon.

Sung by Miss Greene.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Andante

4

Ye banks and braes O' bonny Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair; How

can ye chant ye lit - tle birds, And I sae weary fu' O' care? You'll

break my heart ye warbling birds, That wanton thro' the flow'ring thorn,

mind me of departed joys, departed ne-ver to re-turn.

2

Oft hae I rov'd lang bonie Doon
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And fowly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 And my fause lover staw my rose,
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

The Banks & Braes O' Bonny Doon.

Harmonized for Two or Three Voices.

Arranged by J. Parry.

PRIMO
Ye banks and braes O' bonny Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair, How

SECONDO
Ye banks and braes O' bonny Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair, How

BASSO
Ye banks and braes O' bonny Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair, How

can ye chant ye lit - tle birds, And I sae weary fu' O' care, You'll

can ye chant ye lit - tle birds, And I sae weary fu' O' care, You'll

can ye chant ye lit - tle birds, And I sae weary fu' O' care, You'll

break my heart ye warbling birds that wanton thro' the flow'ring thorn, ye

break my heart ye warbling birds that wanton thro' the flow'ring thorn, ye

break my heart ye warbling birds that wanton thro' the flow'ring thorn, ye

mind me of de - parted joys, de - part - ed ne - ver to re - turn!

mind me of de - parted joys, de - part - ed ne - ver to re - turn!

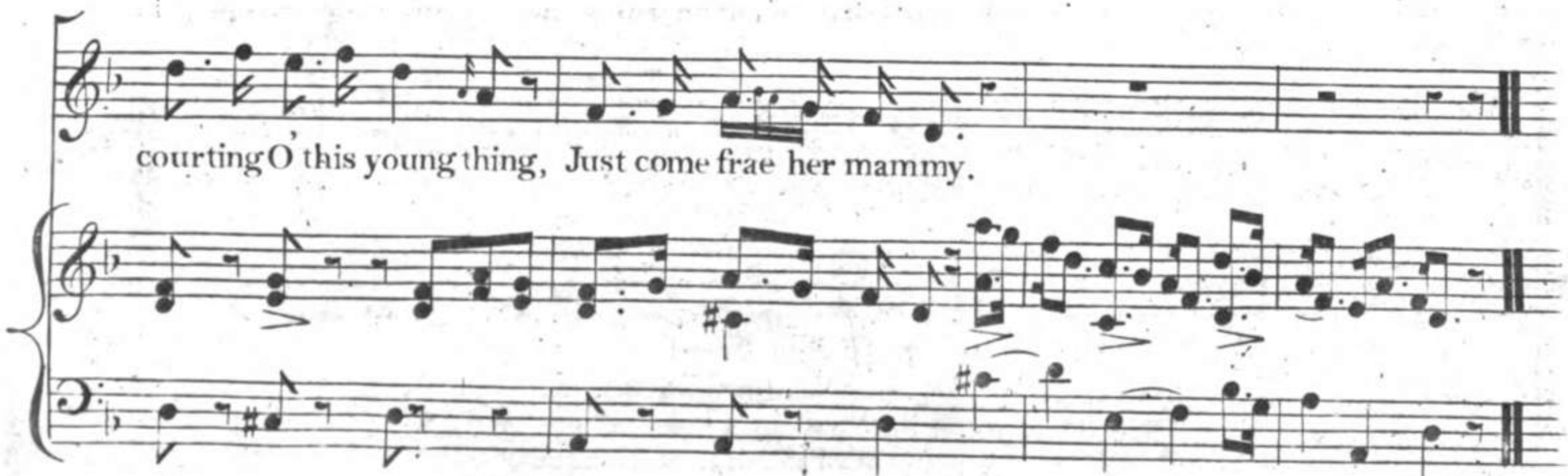
mind me of de - parted joys, de - part - ed ne - ver to re - turn!

6

*Whar hae ye been a' day my Boy Tammy,
Tung by Mrs Davison.*

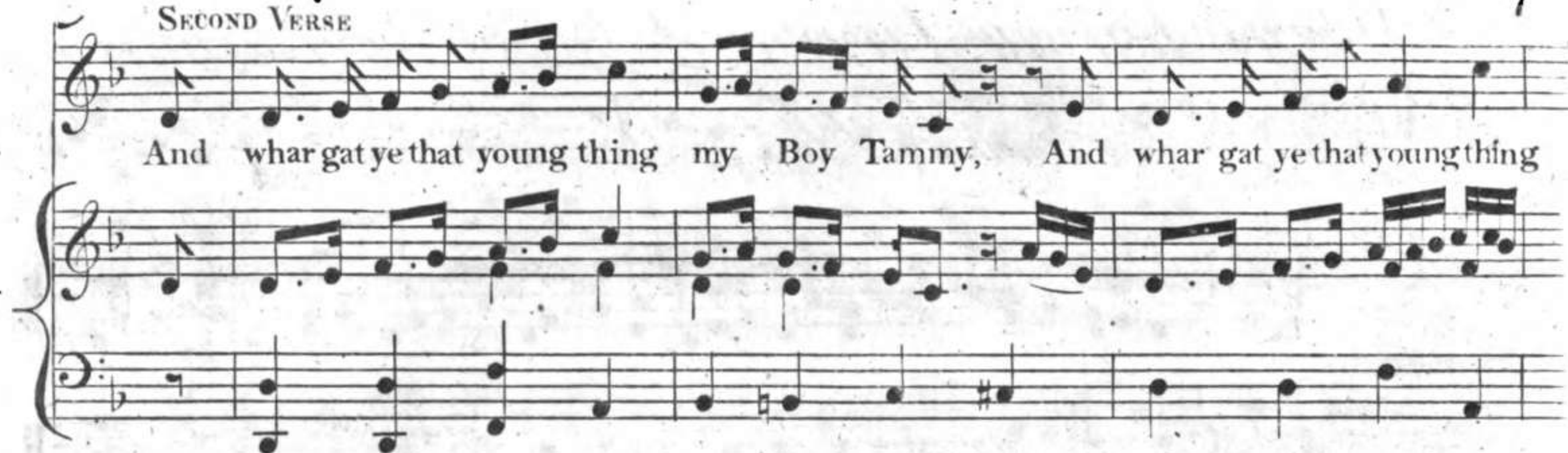
Arranged by J. Parry.

Moderato

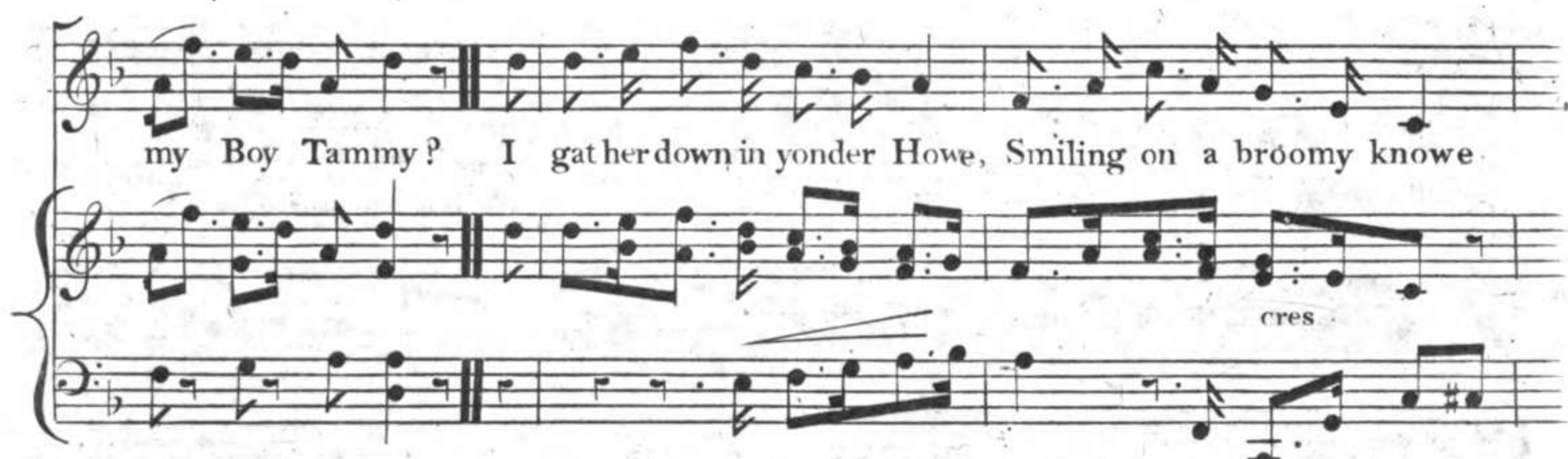


7

SECOND VERSE

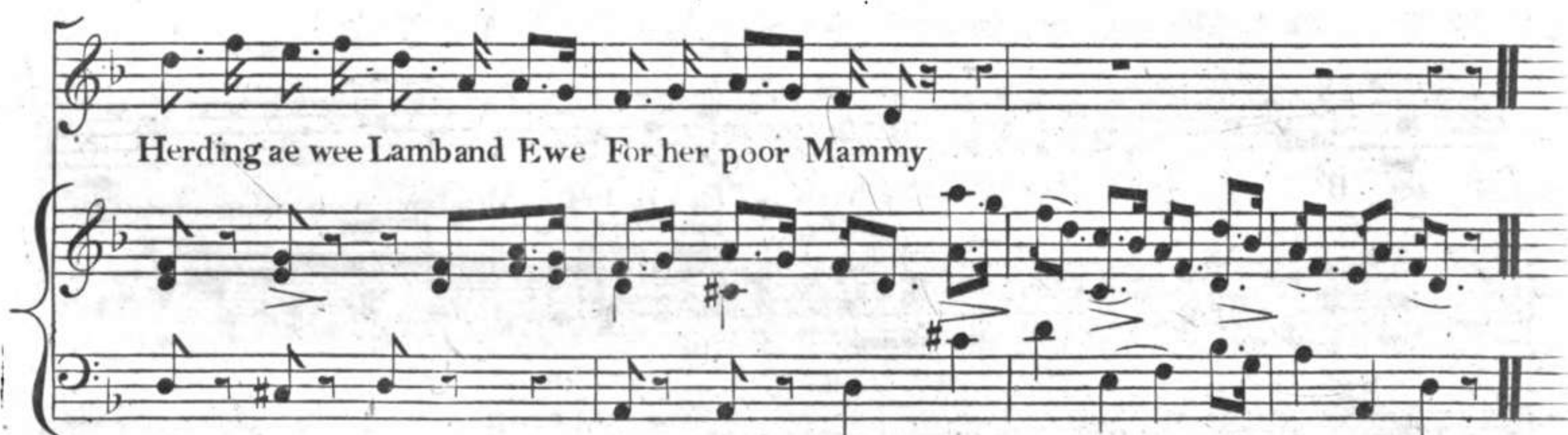


And whar gat ye that young thing my Boy Tammy, And whar gat ye that young thing



my Boy Tammy? I gather down in yonder Howe, Smiling on a broomy knowe

cres



Herding ae wee Lamb and Ewe For her poor Mammy

The 3^d & 4th Verses may be omitted.

3

What said ye to the Bonny Bairn, my Boy Tammy,
I prais'd her Een so lovely blue,
Her cherry cheek and bonny Mout,
I prie'd it aft, as ye may trow
She said "she'd tell her Mammy?"

4

I held her to my beating heart, my young my smiling Lammy,
I hae a house it cost me dear,
I hae wealth and muckle gear,
Yese get it a' wast ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your Mammy.

5

Mammy

The smile gae'd aff her bonny Face, I maun nae leave my
"She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me Claes,
"She's been my comfort a' my days,
"My Father's death brought mony waes,
"I maun nae leave my Mammy?"

6

Lammy,

"We'll tak her hame and mak her fain, my ain kind hearted
"We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her Claes,
"We'll be her comfort a' her days,
"The wee thing gie's her hand and says,
"There gang and ask my Mammy?"

7

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

Auld Lang Syne *Sung by M^r. Broadhurst.* *Arranged by J. Paris.*

Moderato



Should Auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to

mind, Should auld acquaintance be forgot and days o' lang syne For

auld lang syne my friends, for auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o'

kindness yet for auld lang syne

Chorus

PRIMO
E
SECONDO

BASSO

For auld lang syne my friends for auld lang syne We'll

For auld lang syne my friends for auld lang syne We'll

2^{do}

tak' a cup o' kindness yet for auld lang syne.

tak' a cup o' kindness yet for auld lang syne.

2

We twa hae run about the braes
And pu'd the gowans fine
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne &c:

3

And surely ye'll be your pint — stoup
And surely I'll be mine
And we'll tak' a cup O' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne &c:

4

And there's a hand my trustie friend
And gie's a hand O'thine
And we'll tak a right gude — wale — waught
For auld lang syne
For auld lang syne &c:

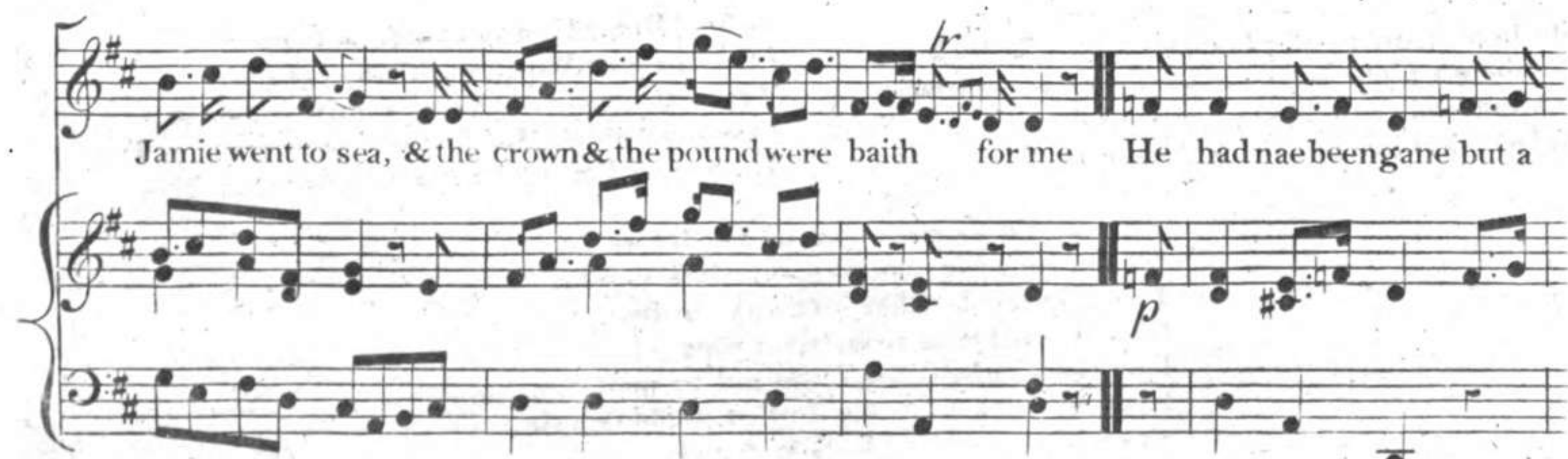
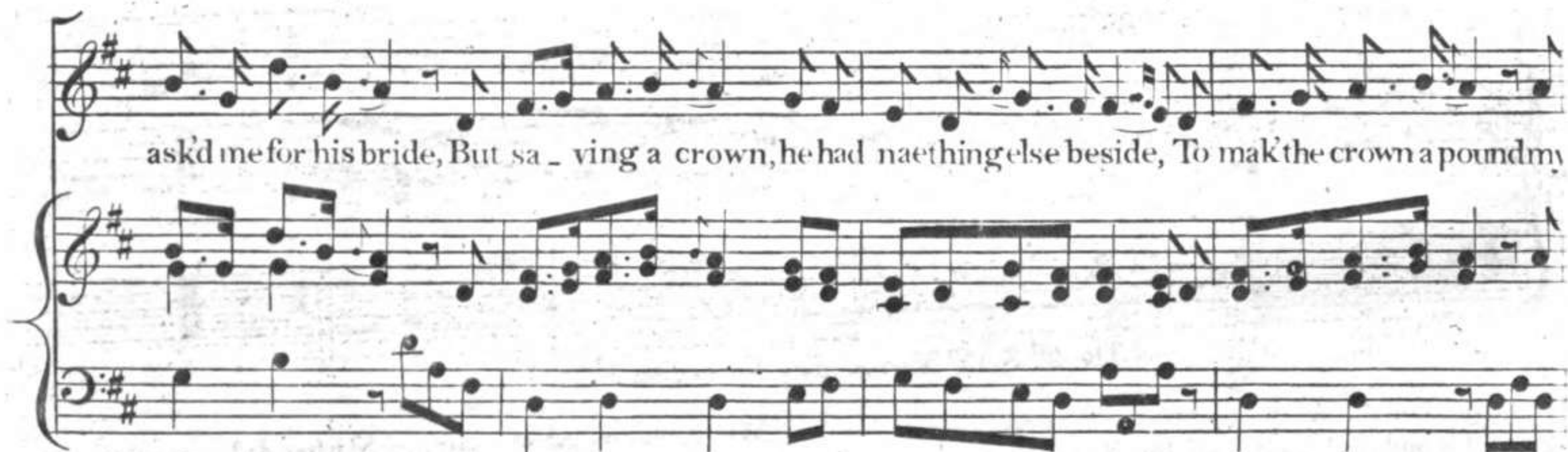
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SCOTSDOR
LONDON

Auld Robin Gray.

Sung by Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens & Miss Carew.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Larghetto



year and a day, When my Father brake his arm, and our Cow was stole away! My

Mither she fell sick, And Jamie at the sea, And Auld Robin Gray came a

court - - - ing me

(The 3^d. & 4th Verses may be omitted.)

2

My Father cou'dna work, my Mother cou'dna spin
I toil'd day and night, but their Bread cou'dna win
Auld Rob maintain'd ém baith and with tears in his Ee
Said Janie for their sakes oh marry me:
My heart it said nay, for I looked for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew hard and his Ship was a wrack,
His ship was a wrack, why didna Jamie die
Ah! why do I live to say— Ah! wae's me?

3

My Father ur'd me sair, my Mither didna speak
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break
They gived him my hand, tho my heart was at sea
So Auld Robin Gray is a Guidman to me;
I had na been a Wife a week but only four
When sitting so mournfully at mine ain door
I saw my Jamie's Wraith for I cou'dna think it He
Till he said, I'm come hame love, to marry Thee

4

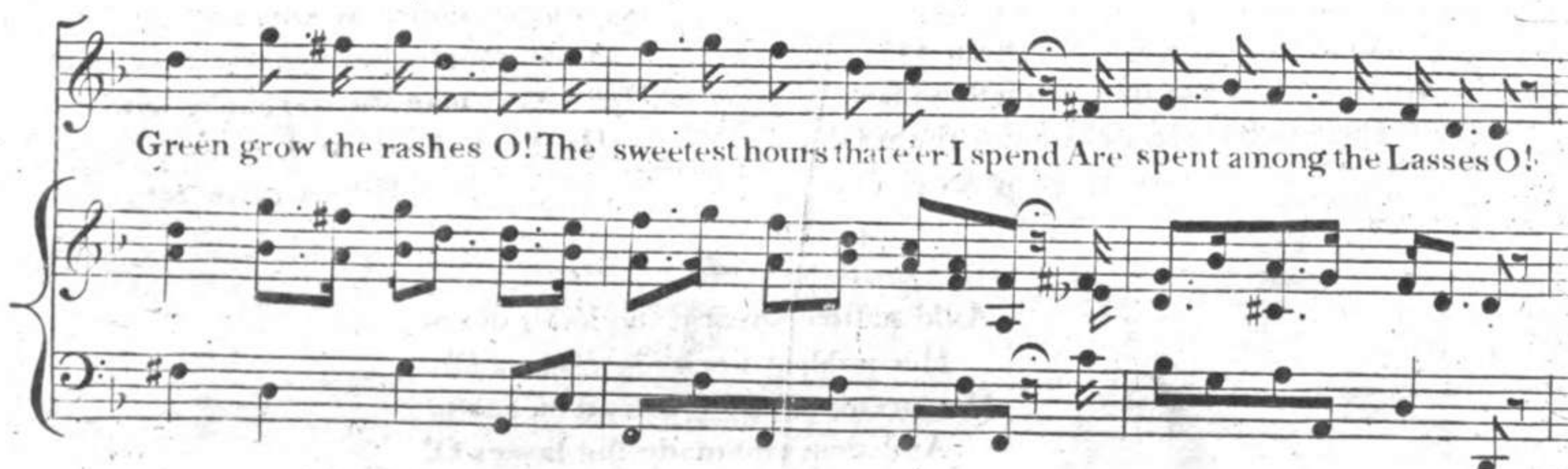
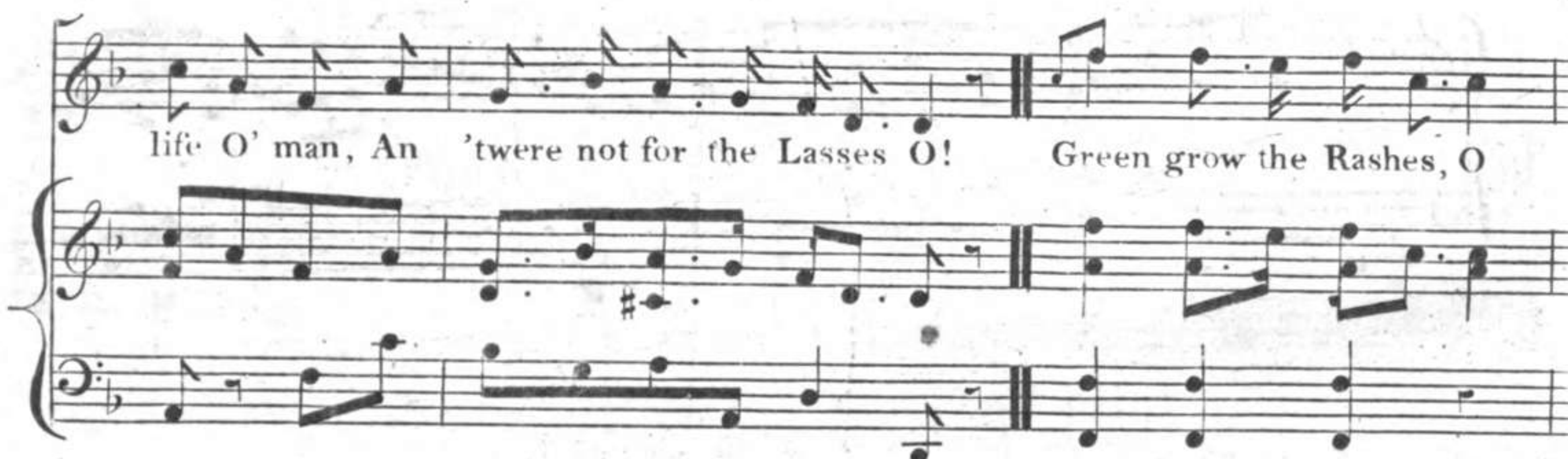
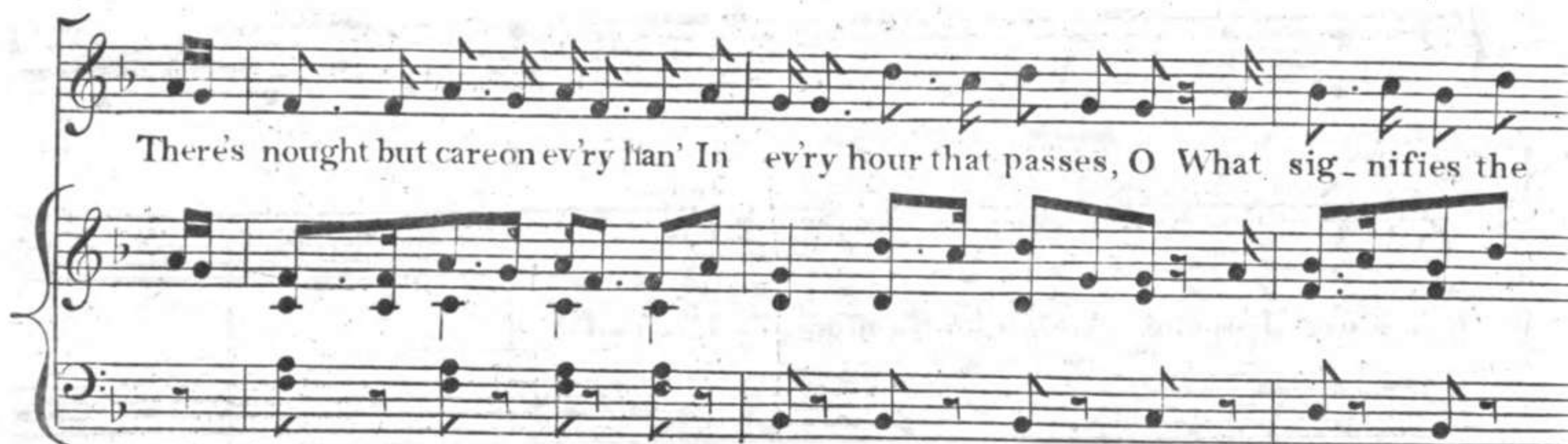
Sair sair did we greet, and mickle did we say
We tuk but a kiss, and tore ourselves away;
I wish I were dead but am na like to die,
Oh why was I born to say wae's me:
Igang like a ghaist and I care not to spin
I dare na think on Jamie for that would be a sin
So I will do my best a Gude Wife to be,
For Auld Robin Gray's so kind to me.

Green grow the Rashes O!

Sung by Mr. Broadhurst & Mr. Collyer.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Allegretto



13

Chorus

Green grow the rashies O! Green grow the rashies O! the sweetest hours that

Green grow the rashies O! Green grow the rashies O! the sweetest hours that

e'er I spend Are spent among the Lasses O!

e'er I spend Are spent among the Lasses O!

2

The wardly they may riches chase
And riches still may fly them O!
An' though at last they catch them fast
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them O!
Green grow &c:

3

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

4

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes O!
Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man
And then she made the lasses O!
Green grow &c:

The Yellow Hair'd Saddle

Sung by
Miss Stephens & Mrs. Salmon.

Arranged by J. Purry.

Andante

In A - pril when prim - ro - ses

paint the sweet plain, And summer ap - - proaching, re - joic - eth the

swain The yel - low hair'd Lad - die would of - - ten times go To

15

wilds and deep glens Where the Hawthorn trees grow glens where the
hawthorn trees grow.

2

There, under the shade of an old sacred oak
With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn,
He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound
That sylvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

(The following are not sung in general.)

3

The Shepherd thus sung "Tho' young Mary be fair
Her beauty is dash'd wi a scornfu proud air
But Susie was handsome and sweetly could sing
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring

4

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth
Like the Moon, was inconstant, and never spoke truth
But Susie was faithful, good humour'd and free
And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea

5

That Mama's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;
Then sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree
That witty sweet Susan his mistress might be.

The Yellow Hair'd Laddie.

Harmonized for Three Voices by John Parry.

PRIMO
In A-pril when primroses paint the sweet plain, And summer ap-proaching re-

SECONDO
In A-pril when primroses paint the sweet plain, And summer ap-proaching re-

BASSO
In A-pril when primroses paint the sweet plain, And summer ap-proaching re-

joiceth the swain The yellow hair'd Laddie would of-ten times go To wilds & deep

joiceth the swain The yellow hair'd Laddie would of-ten times go To wilds & deep

joiceth the swain The yellow hair'd Laddie would of-ten times go To wilds & deep

1st
glens Where the hawthorn trees grow glens where the hawthorn trees grow

2^d
glens Where the hawthorn trees grow glens where the hawthorn trees grow

glens Where the hawthorn trees grow glens where the hawthorn trees grow

2

There under the shade of an old sacred oak
With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn
He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound
That Sylvens and fairies unseen danced around

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

17

Arranged by J. Purry

Mod^o

p *cres* *pp*

First when Maggy

was my care, Heav'n I thought was in her air Now we're married, Spier nae mair, But whistle o'er the

lave o't, Meg was meek & Meg was mild Sweet & harmless as a child, Wiser men than me's beguiled, So

whistle o'er the lave o't.

2

How we live, my Meg and Me
How we love and how we gree
I care na by how few may see
Whistle o'er the lave o't

Wha I wish were maggot's meat
Dish'd up in her winding sheet
I could write but Meg maun seet
Whistle o'er the lave o't

The Land O' the Leal.

Sung by Miss Stephens, Mr. Salmon & Miss Carew.

Arranged by J. Purry.

Largo

I'm wearin a -

wa John, like snaw when it's thaw John, I'm wearin a wa John, to the land O' the leal

There's nae sorrow there John, There's neither could nor care John, The days aye fair John, I the

land O' the leal.

cres

SECOND VERSE

Oh dry your glist'ning Ee John, my soul lang's to be free John, And Angels beckon

me John, To the land O' the leal - Ye've been leal & true John, Your task is near done now John, &

soon I'll welcome you John, To the land O' the leal.

3

But sorrow's sell wears past John
 And joys come in fast John
 The joys that's aye to last John
 I' the land O' the leal
 Now fare ye weel my ain John
 This warld's cares are vain John
 We'll meet and we'll be fain John
 I' the land O' the leal.

The last 4 lines may be sung instead of the 4 last of the 2^d verse, when only two Stanzas are performed.

Shepherds I have lost my Love.

Sung by M^{rs}. Collyer.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Slow

p *cres*

Shepherds I have

lost my love have you seen my An - - na? Pride of ev' - ry sha - dy grove up -

cres

- on the Banks of Ban - - na I for her my home forsook Near yon misty mountain

Left my flock my pipe my crook Greenwood shade and Fountain

p

2

Never shall I see them more, Until her returning
 All the joys of life are o'er, From gladness chang'd to mourning
 Whither is my charmer flown? Shepherds tell me whither?
 Ah woe is me, perhaps she's gone, For ever and for ever.

Shepherds, I have lost my Love!

21

Harmonized for Three Voices by John Parry.

PRIMO
SHEPHERDS I have lost my love Have you seen my An - - na

SECONDO
SHEPHERDS he has lost his love Have you seen his An - - na

BASSO
SHEPHERDS he has lost his love Have you seen his An - - na

Pride of ev' - ry sha - dy grove up - on the banks of Ban - - na

Pride of ev' - ry sha - dy grove up - on the banks of Ban - - na

Pride of ev' - ry sha - dy grove up - on the banks of Ban - - na

I for her my home forsook Near yon mis - ty moun - tain

He for her his home forsook Near yon mis - ty moun - tain

He for her his home forsook Near yon mis - ty moun - tain

Left my flock my pipe my crook Greenwood shade and Foun - tain

Left his flock his pipe and crook Greenwood shade and Foun - tain

Left his flock his pipe and crook Greenwood shade and Foun - tain

Scotch Songs N^o 5.

To preserve consistency, the words have been altered a little—for it is not likely that three Swains should mourn the loss of the same shepherdess.

PRINTED BY GOULDING &
SONOSON
LONDON

*I canna like ye, Gentle Sir,
Sung by Mrs. Blands.*

Arranged by J. Purry.

Allegretto

I can - na like ye

gen - tle sir Al - tho a laird ye be I like a bon - ny Scottish Lad Wha

brought me frae Dun - dee Had awa wi Jamie Had awa wi Jamie Had awa wi Jamie o'er the

Lee . . . I'll gang a - lang wi free gude will He's A' the world to
me.

cres

2

I'se gang wi Jamie frae Daundee
To cheer the lanesome way.
His cheeks are ruddy O'er wi health
He's rolick as the May
Had awa wi Jamie &c:

3

The Lav'rock mounts to hail the morn
The lint-white swells her throat
But neither are sae sweet sae clear
Ar Jamie's tunfu note
Had awa wi Jamie
Had awa wi Jamie
Had awa wi Jamie O're the lee
I gang'd along we free gude will
He's a' the world to me.

The Birks of Abergeldie

Sung by Mrs. Davison.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Moderato

p *cres*

Bonny Lassie, will ye go, will ye go will ye go Bon-ny Lassie

will ye go to the birks of A-bergeldie Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes &

o'er the crystal streamlet plays, Come let us spend the lightsome days On the birks of Abergeldie

25

Chorus

PRIMO
Bon - ny Las - sie will ye go will ye go will ye go

SECONDO
Bon - ny Las - sie will ye go will ye go will ye go

BASSO
Bon - ny Las - sie will ye go will ye go will ye go

Bon - ny Lassie will ye go To the birks of Abergel - die?

Bon - ny Lassie will ye go To the birks of Abergel - die?

Bon - ny Lassie will ye go To the birks of Abergel - die?

2

The little birds blythely sing
While o'er their heads the hazels hing
Or lightly flit on wanting wing,
In the birks of Abergeldy.

Bonny Lassie &c:

3

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep - roarng fa's,
O'er hung wi fragrant spreading shaws
'Mang the birks of Abergeldy.

Bonny Lassie &c:

4

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi flow'rs.
White o'er the linns the burnie pours
And, rising, weets wi misty show'rs
A' the birks of Abergeldy.

Bonny Lassie &c:

5

Let fortune's gifts at random flee
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me
Supremely blest wi love & thee
Mang the birks of Abergeldy.

Bonny Lassie &c:

My Lodging is on the Cold Ground.
M^{rs} Salmon ^{Sung by} & Miss Stephens.
Arranged by

Sung by

Sung by
Mrs. Salmon & Miss Stephens.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Andante

Arranged by J. F. Barry.

p

[illegible]

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for a piano, with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a repeat sign at the beginning. The accompaniment consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a repeat sign at the beginning. The score is written in a simple, clear style, with a large, bold treble and bass clef on the left. The notes are black dots on a white staff, with stems and beams. The key signature is indicated by a flat symbol on the B line of the treble staff and the F line of the bass staff. The time signature is indicated by a 2/4 symbol at the beginning of the treble staff. The score is written in a single system, with the treble and bass staves joined by a brace on the left. The notes are written in a clear, legible font, with a consistent size and style throughout. The overall appearance is that of a professional musical score, with a clean and organized layout.

that which grieves me more, Love, Is the coldness of my dear, Yet still he cried, O,

turn my love I prithee love, turn to me For thou art the on - ly girl love That

SECOND VERSE

is adord by me With a garland of straw I will

crown thee love, I will marry thee with a rush ring Thy frozen heart shall melt with love so

merrily I will sing, Yet still he cried Oh turn to me, I prithee love turn to me For

thou art the on - ly girl love that is adord by me.

The Silver Crown

Arranged for One or Two Voices by J. Parry.

PRIMO

SECONDO

Andante

And ye shall walk in

And ye shall walk in

silk attire, And sil - ler hue to spare Gin ye'll consent to be his bride, Nor

silk attire, And sil - ler hue to spare Gin ye'll consent to be his bride, Nor

think of Donald mair Oh who wad buy a silken gown, wi a poor broken heart Or

think of Donald mair Oh who wad buy a silken gown, wi a poor broken heart Or

what's to me a sil - - ler crown, Gin frae my love I part

what's to me a sil - - ler crown, Gin frae my love I part

2

The mind whasevery wish is pure
 Far dearer is to me;
 And ere I'm fore'd to brake my faith
 I'll lay me down and die.
 For I hae pledged my virgin troth
 Brave Donald's fate to share;
 And he has gi'en to me his heart
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.

3

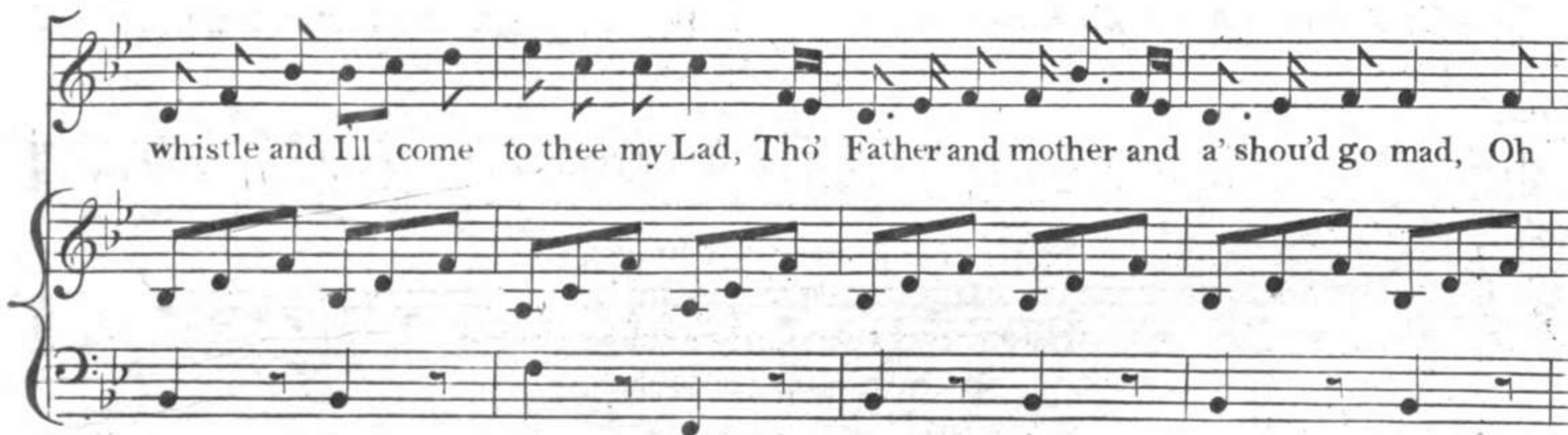
His gentle manners won my heart,
 He gratefu' took the gift;
 Could I but think to seek it back
 It would be war than thift.
 For langest life can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me;
 And ere I'm forc'd to brake my troth
 I'll lay me down and die.

Whistle and I'll come to thee my Lad.

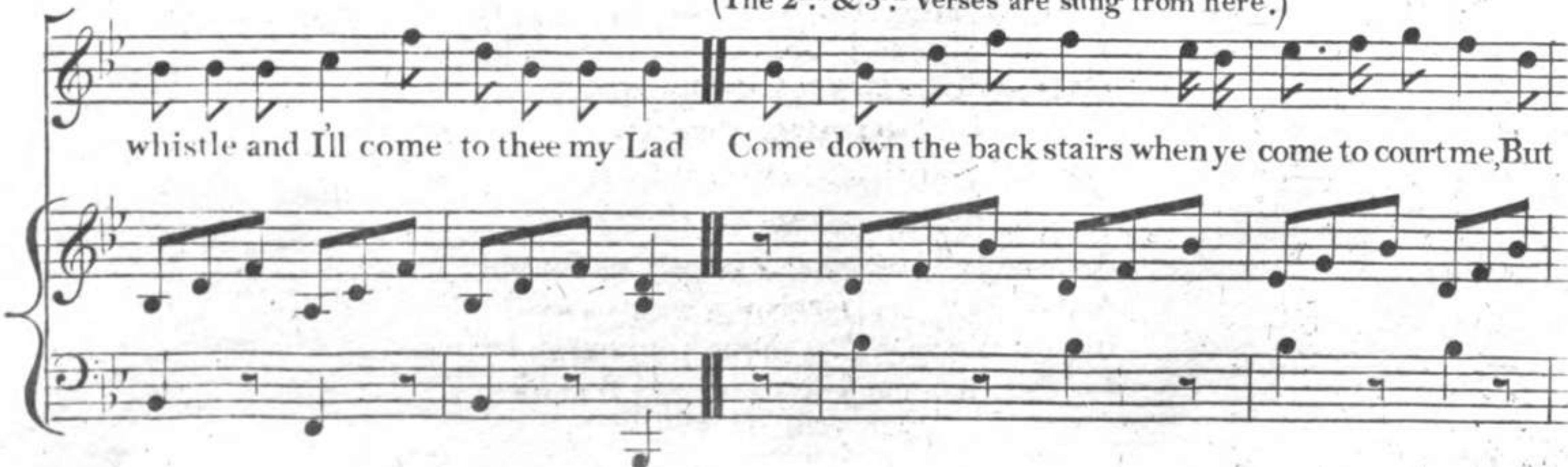
Sung by M. Gibbon.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Allegro



(The 2nd & 3rd Verses are sung from here.)



come not unless the back gate be agee, Come down the back stairs & let nobody see And come as ye

were na coming to me, Then whistle & I'll come to thee my Lad, Oh whistle & I'll come to thee my Lad, Tho'

Father & mother & a should gaemad Oh whistle & I'll come to thee my Lad

2

At kirk or at Market, where'er ye meet me
 Gang by me as though that ye car'd na' a flee
 But gi me a blink wi your bonnie black Ee
 Yet look as ye were na' looking at me
 Oh Whistle &c:

3

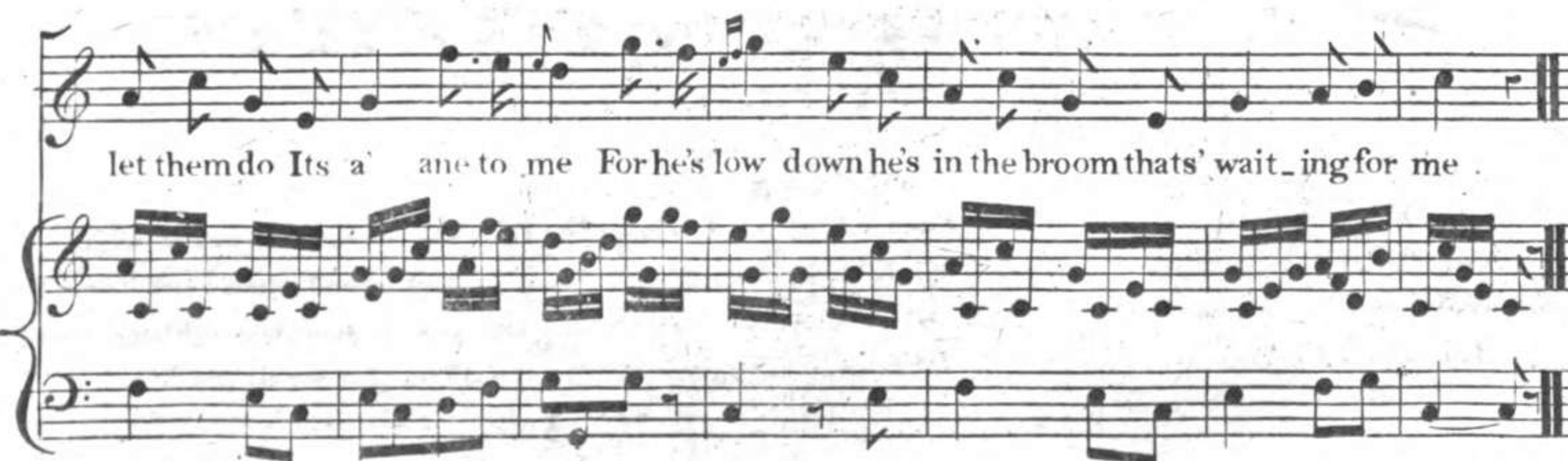
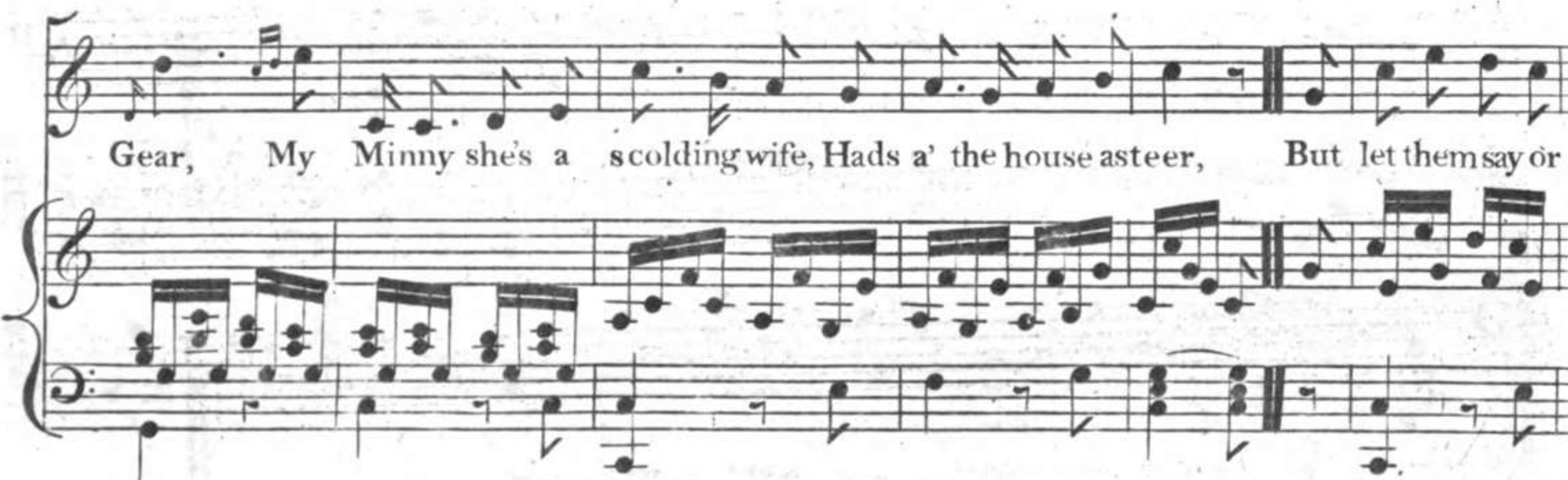
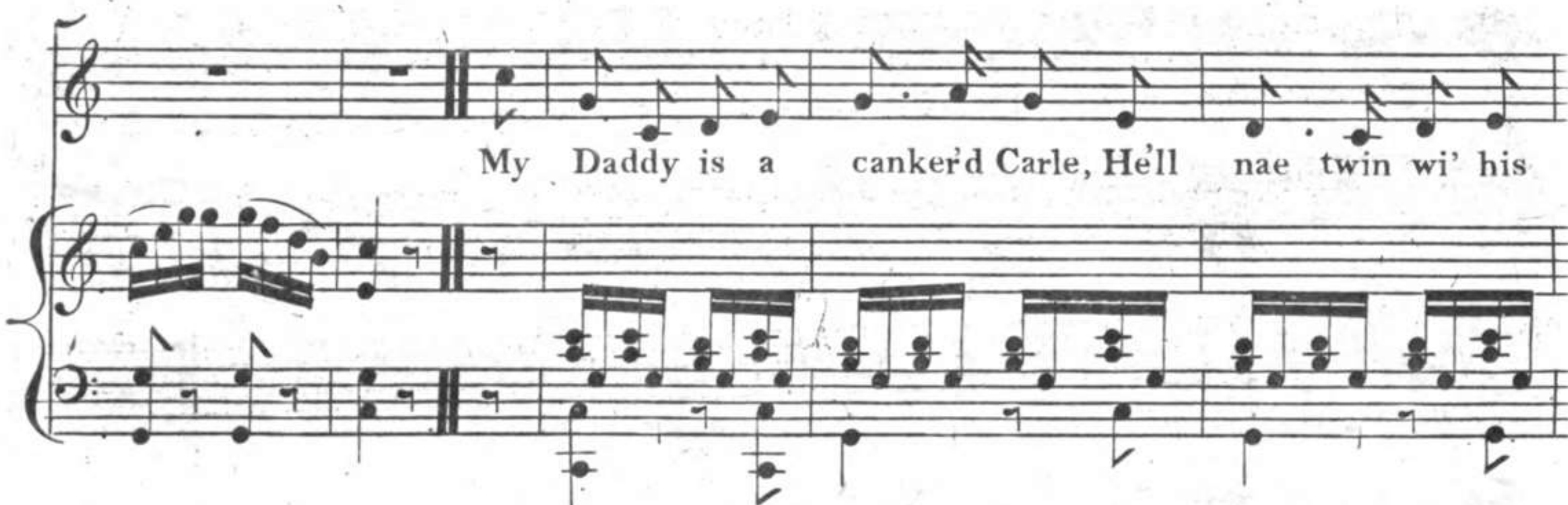
Ay vow and protest, that ye care na for me
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
 But court nae anither though joking ye be
 For fear that she wile your fane frae me
 Oh Whistle &c:

My Daddy is a Canker'd Carle.

OR
Low down in the Broom.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Moderato



Chorus

Wait-ing for me my love he's waiting for me, For he's low down he's in the broom that

wait - ing for me.

wait - ing for me.

wait - ing for me.

cres

2

My Aunty Kate sits at her wheel
And fair she lightlies me
But weel ken I it's a'envy
For ne'er a Jo has she,
But let them say &c:

3

My Cousin Nell was fair beguil'd
Wi Johnnie in the glen
And aye since syne, she cried "beware
Of false deluding men".
But let them say &c:

4

Gley'd Sandy he came wast æ night
And spier'd when I saw Pate
And aye since syne the neighbours round
They jeer me air and late.
But let them say &c:

Roy's Wife of Alldivaloch.

Arranged for One or Two Voices.

BY John Parry.

Andante

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature (C). It starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left staff begins with a bass clef, the same key signature, and common time, providing a harmonic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes. A crescendo (*cres*) marking is placed above the right staff towards the end of the introduction.

The first system of the song features two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and common time. The lyrics are: "Roy's wife of Alldivaloch Roy's wife of Alldivaloch Wat ye how she cheated me as". The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a steady accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present at the beginning of the piano part.

(The 2nd and 3^d Verses begin here.)

The second system of the song continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "I came o'er the braes of Balloch She vow'd she swore she wad be mine, & said she loo'd me best of ony, But". The musical notation follows the same format as the first system, with two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment in the same key signature and time signature. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present at the beginning of the piano part.

35

Quicker

oh the fickle faithless quean She's ta'en the Carl & left her Johnny, Oh Roys wife of Alldivaloch

oh the fickle faithless quean She's ta'en the Carl & left her Johnny, Oh Roys wife of Alldivaloch

cres

Slow

Roy's wife of Alldivaloch Wat ye how she cheated me as I came o'er the braes of Balloch.

Roy's wife of Alldivaloch Wat ye how she cheated me as I came o'er the braes of Balloch.

Slow

Slow

2

O She was a canty quean
 And weel could dance the highland walloch
 How happy I had she been mine
 Or I'd been Roy of Alldivaloch
 Oh Roys Wife &c:

3

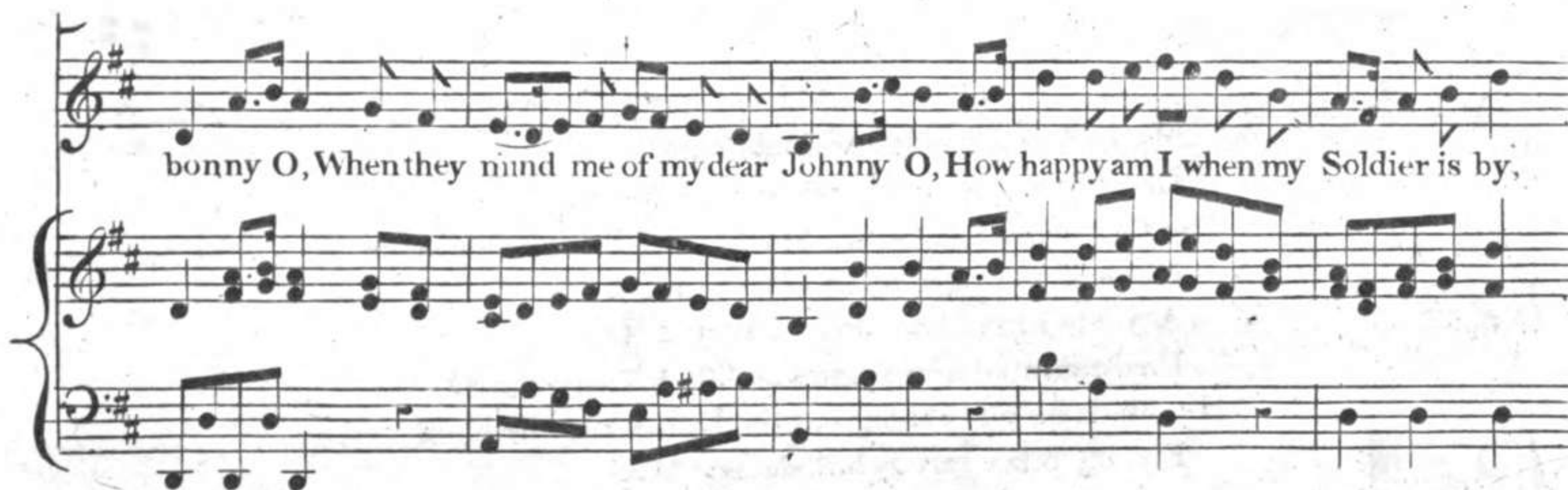
Her hair sae fair her e'en sae clear
 Her wee bit mou' so sweet and bonny
 To me she ever will be dear
 Tho' she's forever left her Johnnie
 Oh Roys Wife &c:

Dumbarton's Drums.

Arranged by John Perry.

Mod^o

Dum - barton's Drums beat



bonny O, When they mind me of my dear Johnny O, How happy am I when my Soldier is by,



When he kisses & blesses his Annie O' Tis a Soldier alone, can de light me O, For his graceful locks do in

vite me O, While guarded in his arms, I'll fear no wars alarms, Neither dan - ger - nor

cres

death shall e'er fright me O.

2

My Love is a handsome Laddie — O
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy — O
 Tho' Commissions are dear Yet I'll buy him one this year
 He shall no longer serve as a cadie — O
 A Soldier has honor and bravery — O
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery — O
 He minds no other thing but the Ladies and the King
 For any other care is but slavery O —

3

Then I'll be the Captain's Lady — O
 Farewell all my friends and Daddy — O
 I'll stay no more at home, but I'll follow with the Drum
 And whene'er it beats, I'll be ready — O
 Dumbarton's Drums sound bonny — O
 They are sprightly like my dear Johnny — O
 How shall I be when on my Soldiers knee
 And he kisses and he blesses his Annie O —

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 SOHO SQUARE
 LONDON

Jess Macfarlane
Arranged for One or Two Voices
BY John Parry.

Moderato *p*

When first she came to town, They call'd her Jess Macfarlane, But now she's come & gone, They
 When first she came to town, They call'd her Jess Macfarlane, But now she's come & gone, They

call her the wandering darling Oh this love this love Of this love I'm weary sleep I can get none, For
 call her the wandering darling Oh this love this love Of this love I'm weary sleep I can get none, For

thinking of my deary O this love, this love.

thinking of my deary O this love, this love.

Slow

cres

2

Her father loves her well,
 Her mother loves her better,
 And I like the girl mysel,
 But alas! I canna get her
 Oh this love this love.

&c: &c:

3

I took it in my head
 To write my love a letter
 But alas! she canna read
 And I like her a' the better
 Oh this love this love!

&c: &c:

4

Then since I canna rest
 For thinking of my darling
 I'll wander too in quest
 Of Lovely Jess Macfarlane
 Oh this love this love!
 Of this love I'm weary
 Sleep I can get none
 For thinking o my deary
 Oh this love this love.

Wood and Married and a'

Arranged by J. Parry.

Allegro

The Bride came out of the

byre, And O as she dight her cheeks, Sirs I'm to be married to night And has neither blankets nor

sheets, Has neither blankets nor sheets, Nor scarce a coverlet too, The bride that has a thing to borrow, Has

e'en right meikle to do, Wood & married & a' Wood & married & a' And was she nae very weel off, That was

Chorus

wood & married & a Wood & married & a wood & married & a An was nae Shevery weel off

Wood & married & a wood & married & a An was nae Shevery weel off

Wood & married & a wood & married & a An was nae Shevery weel off

that was wood & married & a

that was wood & married & a

that was wood & married & a

2
 Out spake the Bride's father
 As he came in frae the plough
 O! had ye're tongue my daughter
 And ye's get gear enough
 The stirk that stands i'th tether
 And our bra' basin'd Jade
 Will carry ye hame your corn
 What wad be at, ye Jade
 Woo'd and married & a' &c:

3
 Out spake the Bride's mither
 What de'el need a' this pride
 I had nae a plack in my pouch
 That night I was a Bride
 My gown was linsey woolsey
 And ne'er a sark ava'
 And ye ha' ribbons and bus kins
 Mae than ane or twa
 Woo'd and married and a' &c:

4
 Out spake the Bride's brither
 As he came in wi the kie
 Poor Willie had ne'er a tane ye
 Had ye kept ye as weel as I;
 For ye're baith proud and saucy
 And nae for a poor man's wife
 Gin I canna get a better
 I se never take ane i' my life
 Woo'd and married and a' &c:

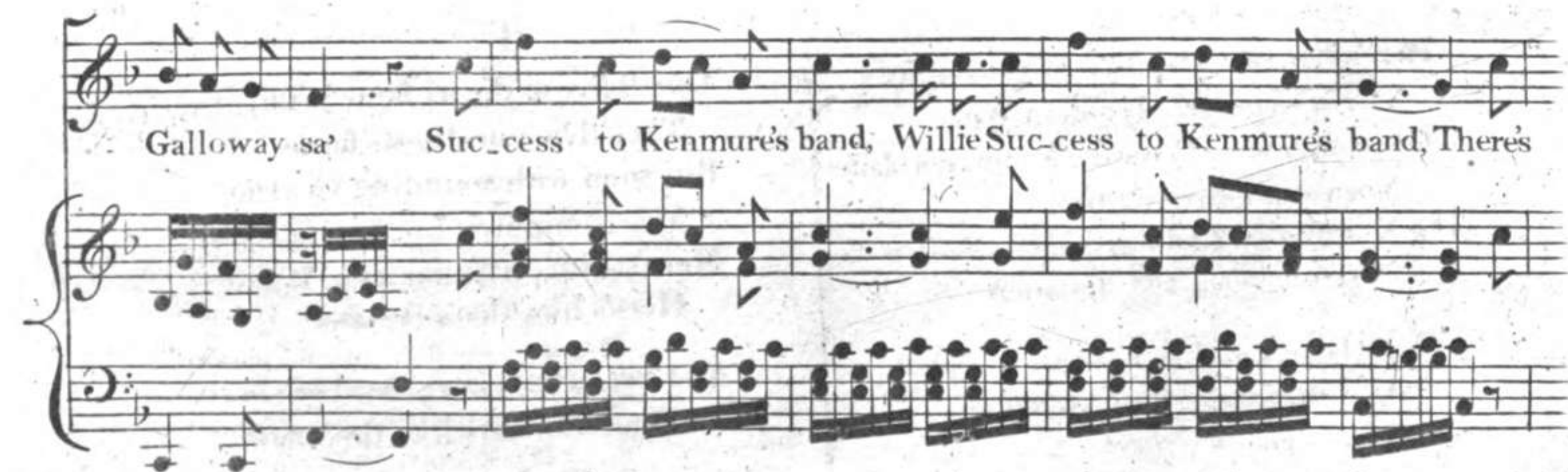
5
 Out spake the Bride's sister
 An she came in frae the byre
 O! gin I were but married,
 It's a' that I desire
 But we poor folk maun live single
 And do the best we can
 I dinna care what I should want
 If wed to a bonny man
 Woo'd and married and a' &c:

Kenmure's on and awa'

Sung by Miss Greene.

Arranged by J. Parry

Allegretto



no' a heart that fears a Whig, that rides by Kenmure's hand

Chorus
Success to Kenmure's

cres

band Willie Suc - cess to Kenmure's band, There's no' a heart that fears a Whig, that

band Willie Suc - cess to Kenmure's band, There's no' a heart that fears a Whig, that

band Willie Suc - cess to Kenmure's band, There's no' a heart that fears a Whig, that

rides by Kenmure's hand

rides by Kenmure's hand

rides by Kenmure's hand

2

Here's Kenmure's health in Wine, Willie
 Here's Kenmure's health in Wine,
 There ne'er was a Coward o' Kenmure's blade
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line
 O Kenmure's Lads are men, Willie
 O Kenmure's Lads are men

Their hearts and swords are metal
 And that their Faes shall ken

Cho^s

O Kenmure's Lads &c:
 Scotch Songs No. 11.

3

They'll live or die wi' fame Willie
 They'll live or die wi' fame
 But soon with sounding victorie
 May Kenmure's Lord come hame
 Here's him that's far awa, Willie
 Here's him that's far awa

And here's the flow'r that I lo'e best
 The rose that's like the snaw

Cho^s

Here's him that's far &c:

Cumbernauld House,

Arranged for One or Two Voices by John Parry.

Andante

Where winding Forth a
Where winding Forth a

dorns the vale, Fond Strephon once a shepherd gay, Did to the rocks his lot bewail, And
dorns the vale, Fond Strephon once a shepherd gay, Did to the rocks his lot bewail, And

thus address'd his plaintive lay "Oh Ju - lia more than li - ly fair, more blooming than the
thus address'd his plaintive lay "Oh Ju - lia more than li - ly fair, more blooming than the

op'ning rose, How can thy breast re - lentless wear, A heart more cold than winter snow Oh

op'ning rose, How can thy breast re - lentless wear, A heart more cold than winter snow Oh

Ju - lia more than li - ly fair, more blooming than the op'ning rose, How can thy breast re - lentless

Ju - lia more than li - ly fair, more blooming than the op'ning rose, How can thy breast re - lentless

wear, A heart more cold than winter snow

wear, A heart more cold than winter snow

cres

Oh Logie O' Buchan, Sung by Mrs. Davison.

Arranged by J. Parry

Andante



think na lang Lassie Tho' I gang a -wa, For the Simmer is coming and winter's a -wa, And

Chor's

I'll come and see thee in spite of them a', For the simmer is coming and winter's a -

For the simmer is coming and winter's a -

-wa, And I'll come and see thee in spite of them a'

-wa, And I'll come and see thee in spite of them a'

2

My Daddy looks sulky, my Minny looks sour
 They frown upon Jamie because he is poor
 Tho' I love them as well as a daughter should do
 They are nae half so dear to me, Jamie as you
 He said think na long &c:

3

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel
 And think on the Laddie that loo'd me so weel;
 He had but a six pence, he brak it in twa,
 And he gied me the ha'f o't, when he gaed awa,
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa'
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa
 For simmer is coming, could winter's awa
 And ye'll come and see me in spite O' them A'

Cho? For Simmer &c:

The Broom of Cowdenknows.

Sung by Miss Greene.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Andante

p *cres*

How blyth was I each morn to see, My

swain come o'er the hill, He leapt the brook, And flew to me, I met him with good

Espres

will. O the broom, the bonny bonny broom, the broom of the Cow-den knows, I

wish I was with my dear swain, With his pipe . . . and my Ewes

Oh the broom the bonny bon - - ny broom

2
I neither want ewe nor lamb
When his flocks round me lay
He gather'd in my sheep at night
And cheer'd me a'the day
Oh the Broom.

3
He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet
The birds stood listening by
The fleecy sheep stood still & gaz'd
Charmed with his melody
Oh the Broom.

6
Hard fate that I must banish'd be
Gang heavily and mourn
Because I loved the kindest swain
That ever yet was born
Oh the Broom.

4
While thus we spent our time by turns
Betwixt our flocks and play
I envied not the fairest dame
Tho' e'er so rich and gay
Oh the Broom.

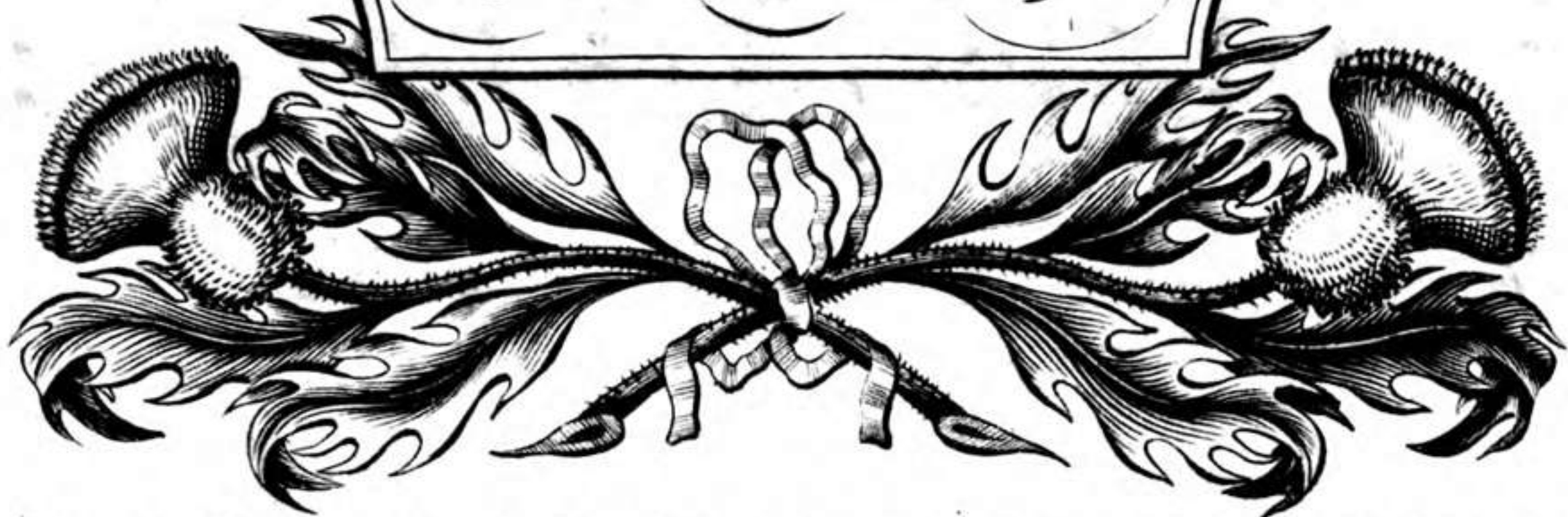
5
He did oblige me every hour
Could I but faithful be
He won my heart, could I refuse
What e'er he ask'd of me?
Oh the Broom.

End of Book I.

Scotch Songs N^o 12. The 3^d, 5th and 6th Stanzas may be omitted.



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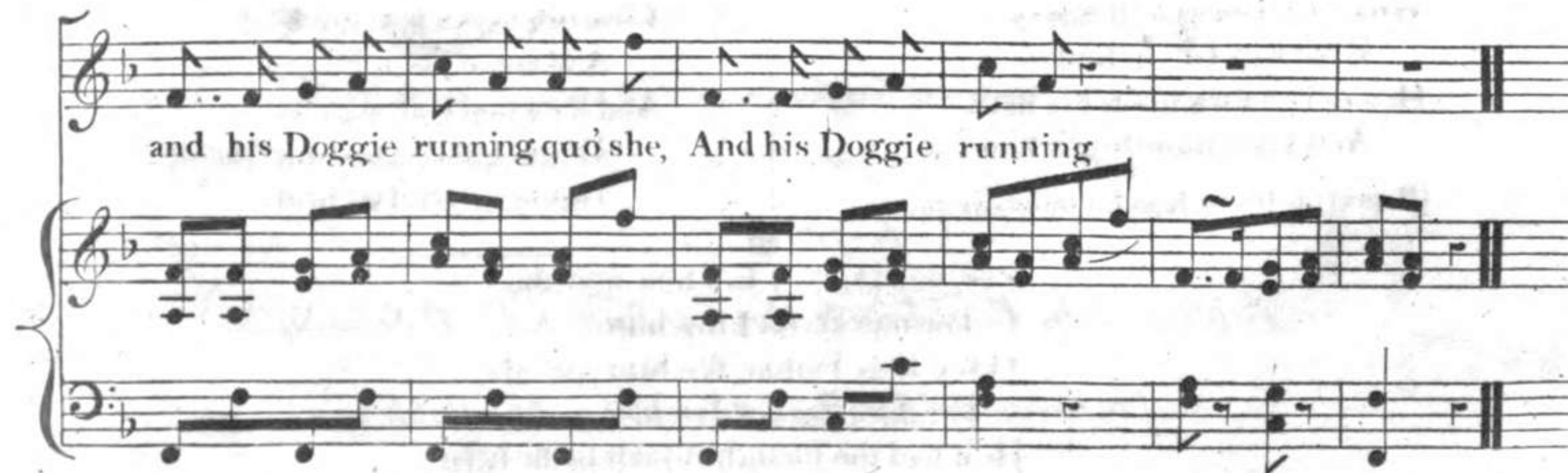
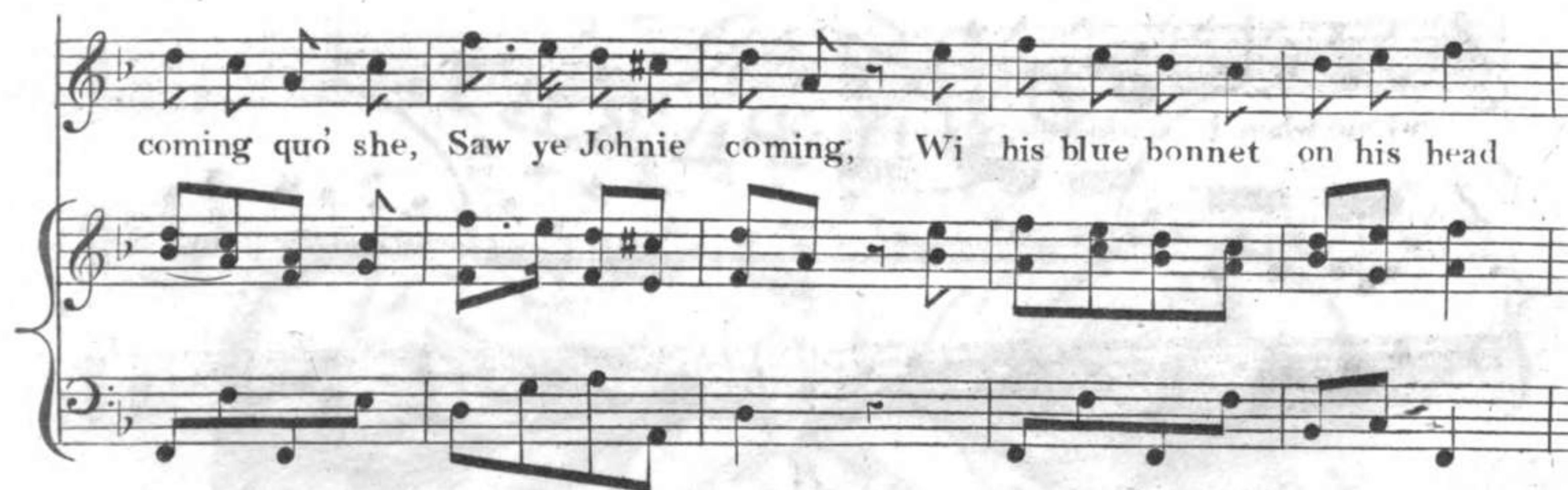
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Saw ye Johnie coming?
Sung by Miss Copeland

Arranged by J. Parry.

Playful



SECOND VERSE

Fee him Father fee him quo' she Fee him Father fee him For ah he is a

Gallant Lad, And ah he's a' well doing, And a' the wark a-bout the house Gaes

wi me when I see him quo' she wi me when I see him.

FATHER.

What will I do wi him hussy
 What will I do wi him
 He's ne'er a sark upon his back
 And I hae none to gie him.

(Repeat the first 4 Bars for the abovelines)

3

DAUGHTER.

I hae twa sarks into my Kist
 And ane o' them I'll gie him
 And for a mark of mair fee
 Dinna quarrel wi him Daddy
 Dinna quarrel wi him.

4

For muckle do I lo'e him quo' she
 For muckle do I lo'e him
 O fee him Father, fee him quo' she
 Fee him Father fee him
 He'll had the Pleugh, thrash in the barn
 And bless us a' at E'en my Daddy
 And bless us a' my Daddy.

O'er the muir among the Heather;
Sung by M^r Broochurst.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Allegretto



Coming thro' the craigs O' Kyle, Among the bonnie blooming heather There I met a bonnie Lassie

Keeping a' the yowes together O'er the muir among the heather, O'er the muir a - -

- mang the heather There I met a bonnie Lassie Keeping a' her yowes together

Chorus

PRIMO
O'er the muir amang the heather O'er the muir amang the heather There I met a

SECONDO
O'er the muir amang the heather O'er the muir amang the heather There I met a

BASSO
O'er the muir amang the heather O'er the muir amang the heather There I met a

bonnie Lassie Keeping a' her yowes together.

bonnie Lassie Keeping a' her yowes together. *cres*

bonnie Lassie Keeping a' her yowes together.

2

Says I— my dear whare is thy hame
In muir or dale pray tell me whether?
Said she— I tent the fleecy flocks
That feed amang the blooming heather
O'er the muir &c:

3

We laid us down upon a bank
Sae warm & sunny was the weather
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonnie blooming heather
O'er the muir &c:

4

While thus we lay she sang a sang
Till echo rang a mile or farther
And aye the burthen O' the sang
Was, o'er the muir amang the heather
O'er the muir &c:

5

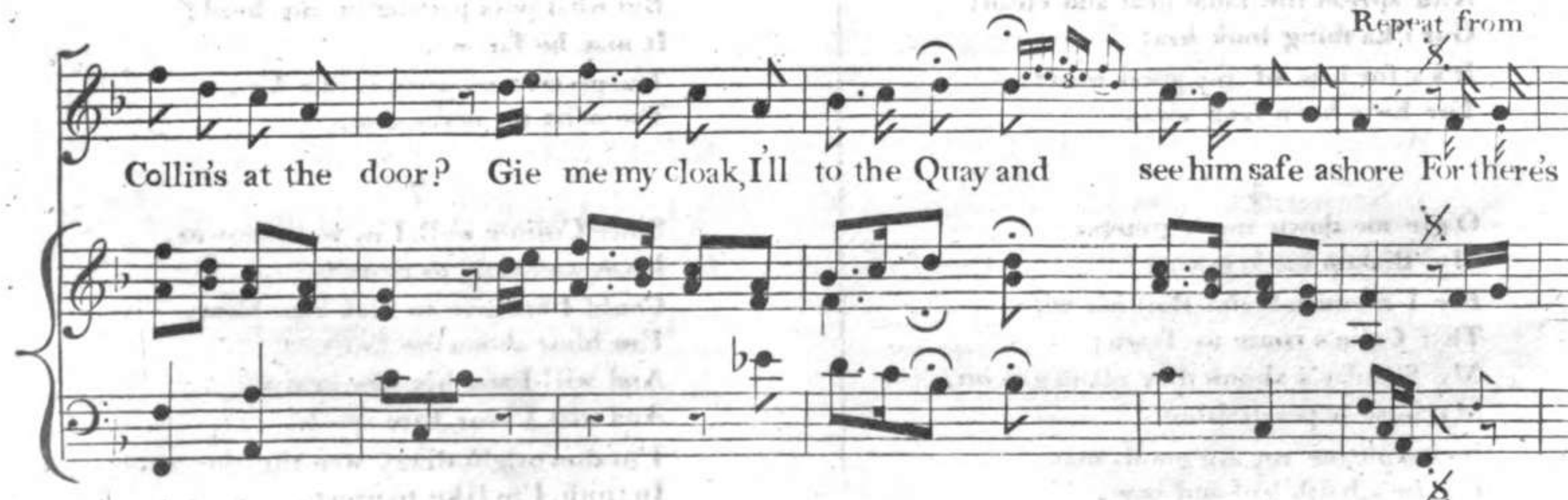
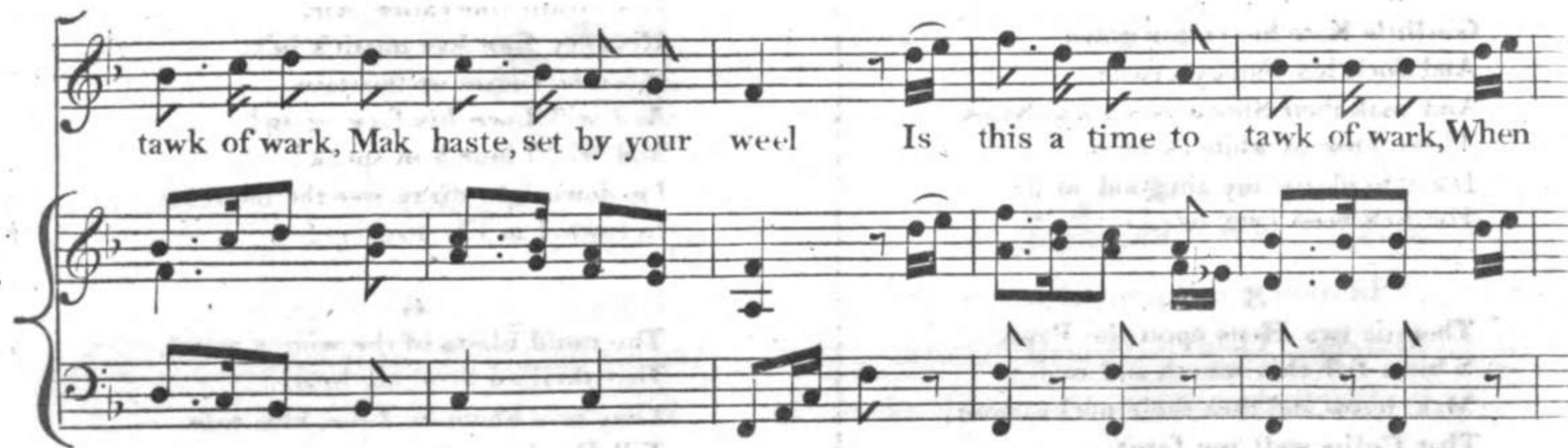
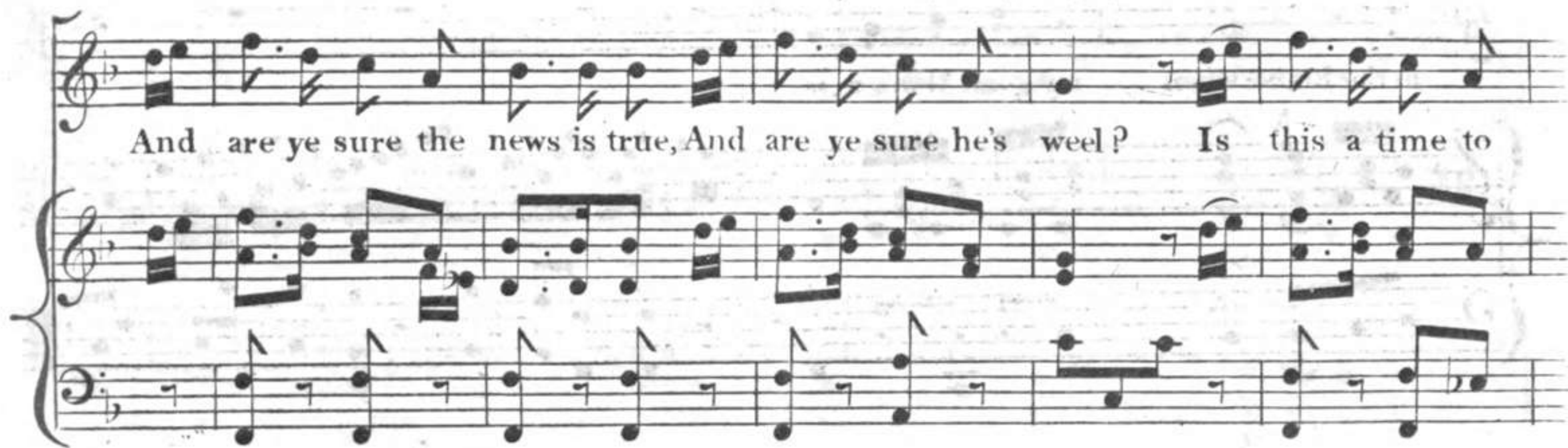
She charmd my heart, & aye sinsyne
I could na think on any ither
By sea & sky she shall be mine
The bonnie Lass amang the heather
O'er the muir &c:

There's nae luck about the House.

Sung by Mrs. Davison.

Arranged by J. Purry.

Allegro



here in Chorus—the 2^d & 3^d Voices taking the small notes.

nae luck a-bout the house, There's nae luck at a' Theres little pleasure

in the house when my good Man's a-wa

Repeat in Chorus, a little quicker.

2

Rise up and make a clean fire side,
Put on the mukle Pat:
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat;
And mak their Shoon as black as Slaes,
There hose as white as snaw,
It's a' to please my ain good man;
For he's been lang awa.

3

There is twa Hens upon the Bawk
S'been fed this month and mair;
Mak' haste, and thra their necks about,
That Colin well my fare;
And spread the Table neat and clean;
Gar ilka thing look bra;
It's a' for love of my good man;
For he's been lang awa.

4

O gie me down my bigonets,
My Bishop sattin gown;
For I maun tell the Baillie's wife
That Colin's come to Town;
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearly blue,
It's a' to please my ain good man,
For he's baith leel and true.

Scotch Songs N^o 14.

5

Sae true his word, Sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller Air,
His very foot has musick in't,
When he comes up the stair;
And will I see his face again!
And will I hear him speak!
I'm downright dizzy wee the thought;
In troth, I'm like to greet.

6

The cauld blasts of the winter wind,
That thrilled thro' my heart,
They're a' blaun by, I hae him safe
Till Death we'll never part
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa,
The present moment is our Ain,
The neist we never saw.

7

Since Colin's well, I'm well, content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave;
And will I see his face again
And will I hear him speak!
I'm downright dizzy wee the thought;
In troth, I'm like to greet.

Here awa' there awa'
Tungby. Miss Greene & Miss Caren.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Largo

Here awa' there awa' here awa' Willie; Here awa' there awa' here awa' hame Long have I sought thee, Dear have I bought thee Now I have gotten my Willie a - gain.

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.
 Scotch Songs N^o 14.

3

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

Here awa' there awa'
Harmonized for Three Voices by John Parry

57

PRIMO
 Here awa' there awa' here awa' Willie here awa'

SECONDO
 Here awa' there awa' here awa' Willie here awa' 3

BASSO
 Here awa' there awa' here awa' Willie here awa'

there awa' here awa' hame Lang have I sought thee, Dear have I bought thee

there awa' here awa' hame Lang have I sought thee, Dear have I bought thee

there awa' here awa' hame Lang have I sought thee, Dear have I bought thee

Now I ha'e gotten thee Willie a - gain

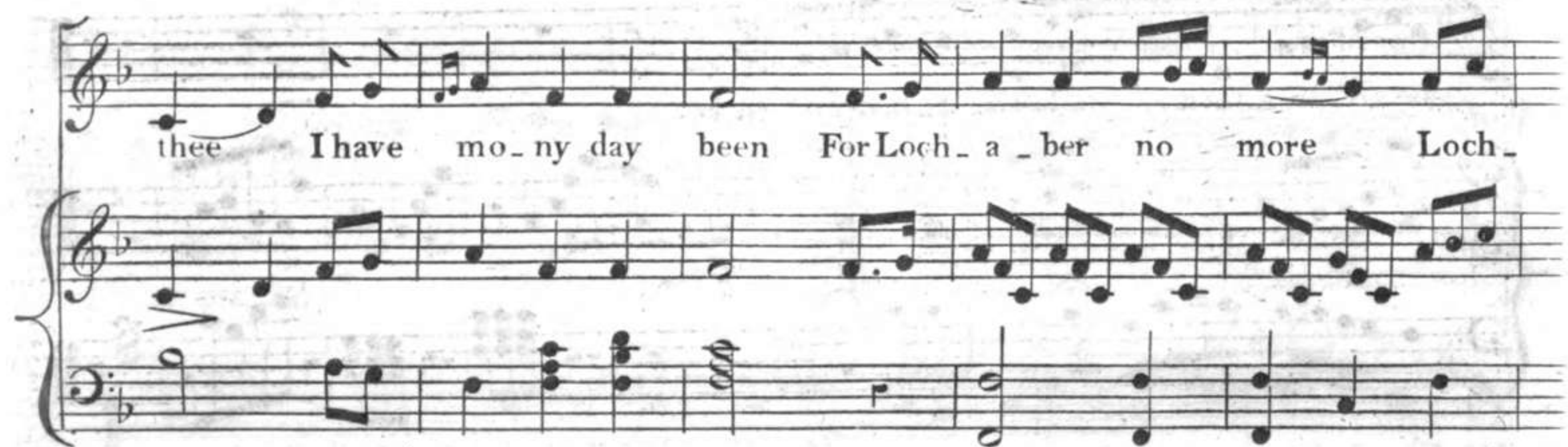
Now I ha'e gotten thee Willie a - gain

Now I ha'e gotten thee Willie a - gain

*Lochaber, No more,
Sung by M. Collyer*

Arranged by J Parry.

Largo



These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear, And no' for the dangers' at -

-tending the weir, Tho' borne on rough seas to a far distant shore may

be to re - turn to Loch - a - ber no more.

2

Tho' hurricanes rise, & raise 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 naething like leaving my love on the shore
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is sair pain'd
 But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave

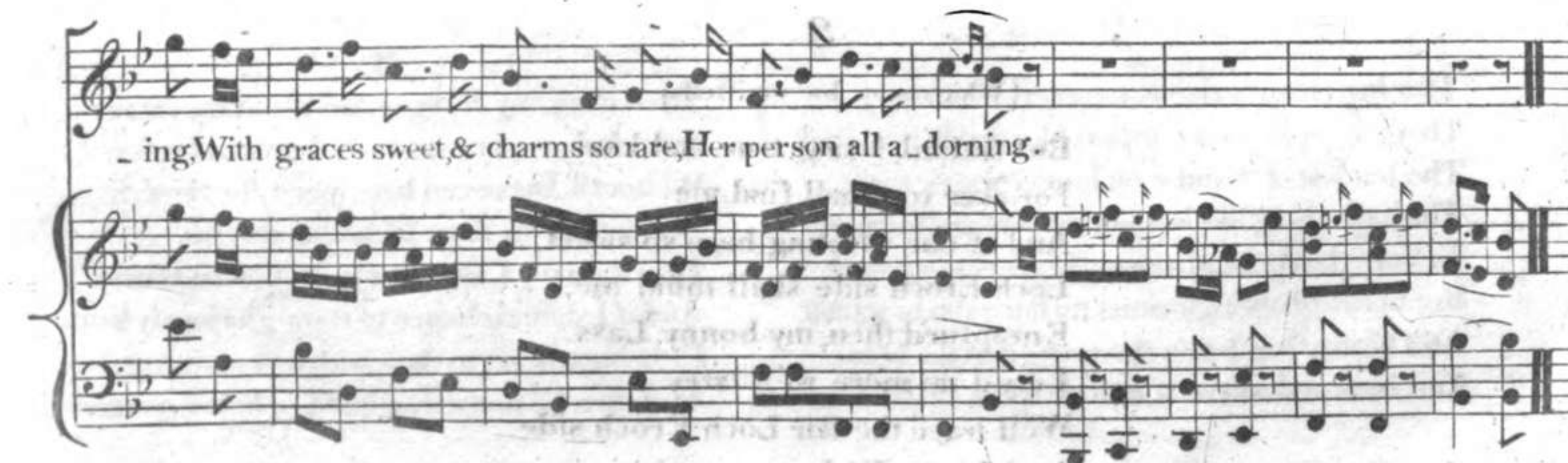
3

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse
 Since honor commands me how can I refuse?
 Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee
 And losing thy favor I'd better not be
 I gae then my Lass, to win honor and fame
 And if I should chance to come gloriously hame
 I'll bring a heart to thee, with love running o'er
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

*Loch Eroch side,
Tung by W. T. T. T. T. T.*

Arranged by J. Parry.

Allegro



SECOND VERSE.

How kind her looks, how blest was I, whilst in my arms I press'd her, & she her wishes scarce conceal'd, As

fondly I caress'd her She said, if that your heart be true, If constantly you'll love me I

heed not cares, nor fortune's frowns; Nor ought but death shall move me

3

(Which may be omitted.)

But faithful, loving, true and kind
 For ever you shall find me
 And of our meeting here so sweet,
 Loch Eroch side shall mind me."
 "Enraptur'd then, my bonny Lass
 I cry'd no more we'll tarry
 We'll leave the fair Loch Eroch side
 And hie to Kirk to marry.

Queen Mary's Lamentation!
W. Braham Miss Greene & Mrs. Smith.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Largo



I sigh and la-ment me in vain, Those walls can but e-cho my moan, A -

las! it in-creases my pain, When I think of the days that are gone, Thro' the

grate of my pri-son I see the birds as they wanton in air My

heart now it pants to be - free, My looks they are wild with des - pair.

2

Altho' I'm oppress'd by my Fate,
 I burn with contempt for my Foes,
 Tho' Fortune has alter'd my state,
 She ne'er can subdue me to those,
 False woman in Ages to come,
 Thy malice detested shall be,
 And when we are cold in our tomb
 Some heart still will sorrow for me.

3

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay
 With silence and solitude dwell,
 How comfortless pass'es the day,
 How sad tolls the Evening Bell,
 The Owls from the Battlements cry,
 Hollow Winds seem to murmur around,
 "O Mary prepare thee to die,"
 My Blood it runs cold at the sound.

*O'er the Hills and far away,
 Sung by W. Bland* Arranged by J. Parry.

Lively

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a lively melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. A 'cres' (crescendo) marking is placed above the final few notes of the right hand.

Jockey met with Jenny fair, Aft by the dawning

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics 'Jockey met with Jenny fair, Aft by the dawning' are written below the vocal line. The piano part continues with a similar rhythmic pattern to the introduction.

of the day, But Jocky now is fu' of care, Since Jenny staw his heart a-way,

The second system continues the song with the lyrics 'of the day, But Jocky now is fu' of care, Since Jenny staw his heart a-way,'. The musical notation follows the same format as the first system, with a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Al- tho' she promis'd to be true, She proven has a - lak! unkind, Which

The third system concludes the song with the lyrics 'Al- tho' she promis'd to be true, She proven has a - lak! unkind, Which'. The musical notation continues with the vocal and piano parts.

Chorus

gars poor Jocky often rue, That e'er he lovd a fickle mind And its over the hills & far away, Over the hills & far away Over the hills & far away The wind has blawn my plaid away.

2

Now Jocky was a bonny Lad
 As e'er was born in Scotland fair
 But now poor man, he's e'en gane sad
 Since Jenny has ga't him to despair
 Young Jocky was a piper's son
 And fell in love when he was young
 But a the springs that he could play
 Was o'er the hills and far away
 And its o'er the hills &c.

3

Since Jenny will nae pity take
 I maun gae wander for her sake
 And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove
 Ill sighing sing Adieu to Love
 Since she is fause whom I adore
 Ill never trust a woman more
 Frae a their charms Ill flee away
 And on my pipe Ill sweet play.
 O'er hills & dales & far away.

Charlie is my Darling.

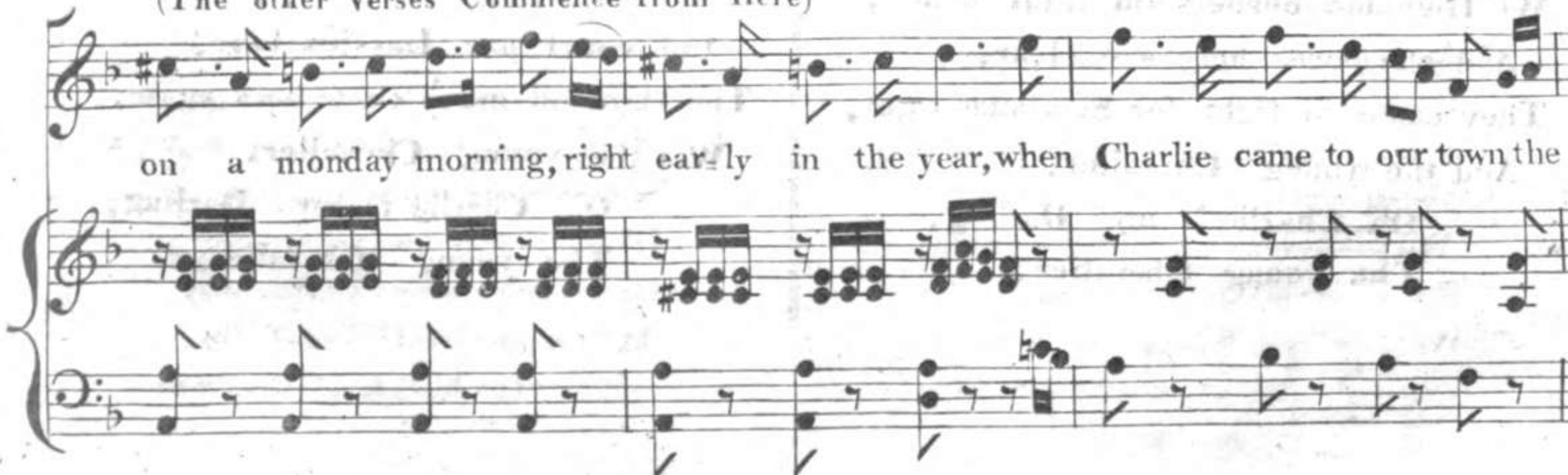
Sung by Mrs. Selma. Miss. Stephens & Miss. Greene

Arranged by J. Parry.

MODERATO



(The other Verses Commence from Here)



young Che-val-ier Oh Charlie is my darling my dar-ling my dar-ling Oh!

Charlie is my darling the - - - young Chevalier.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of one flat. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The first system ends with a repeat sign, and the second system ends with a double bar line.

(The following verses are sung from the 4.th Bar of the Melody.)

2

As he came marching up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear,
And a' the folk came running out,
To meet the Chevalier;
Oh Charlie is my Darling,
The young Chevalier;

3

Wi Highland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores long and clear,
They came to fight for Scotlands right,
And the young Chevalier;
Oh Charlie is my Darling,
The young Chevalier;

4

They've left their bonnie highland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,
The young Chevalier;
Oh Charlie is my Darling,
The young Chevalier;

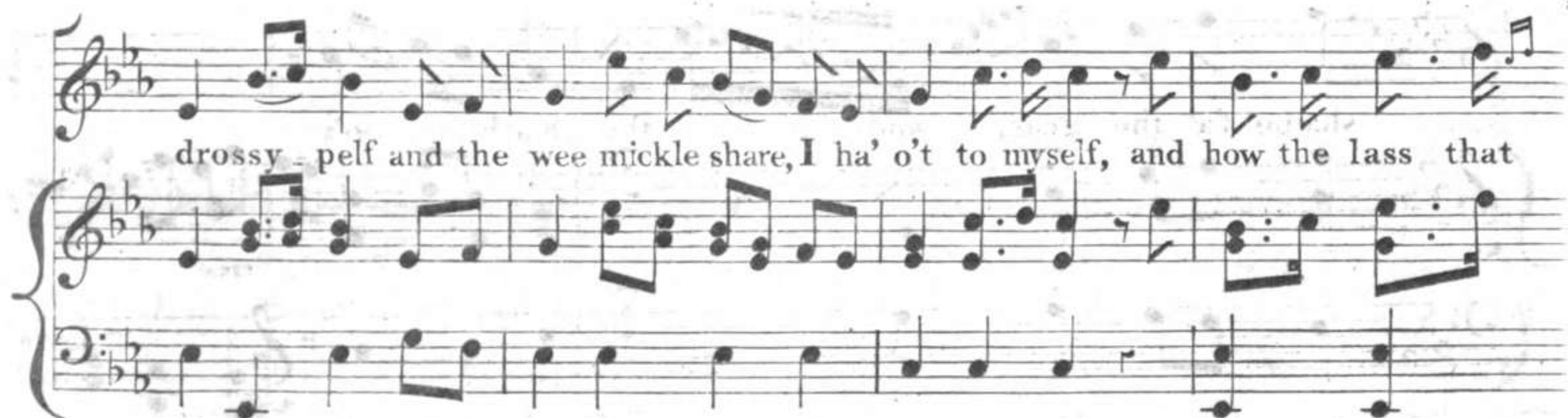
5

Now ha'd awa' ye Lowland loon,
And court-nae Lassies here,
The highland man's come back again,
Wie the young Chevalier;
Oh Charlie is my Darling,
The young Chevalier;

*When I think on this World's pelf,
or the Blathrie o't!*
Sung by Miss Greene.

Arranged by J. Parry.

MODERATO



2^d VERSE.

Jocky was the laddie that held the plough but now he's got gow'd and
 gear enough he thinks nae mair of me that wears the plaiden coat may the
 shame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't

3

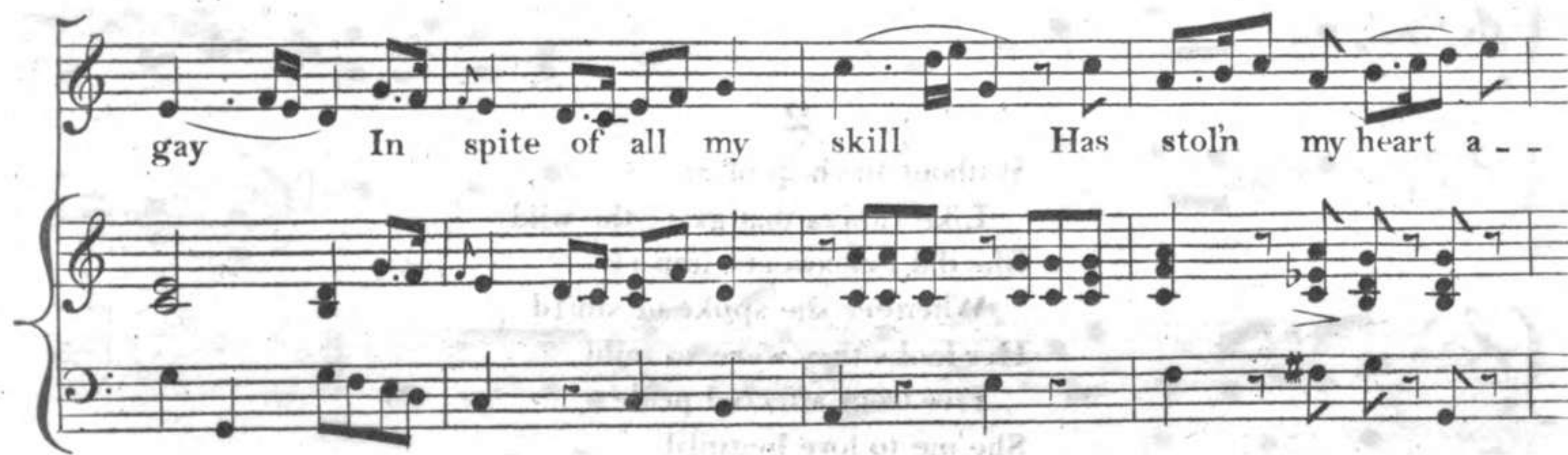
Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,
 But now she is clad in her silken attire,
 And jocky says he loes her, and swears he's me forgot,
 May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.

4

But all this shall never danton me,
 Sae lang as I keep my fancy free,
 For the lad that's sae inconstant, he's not worth a groat,
 May the shame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't.

The Lass of Patie's Mill
Sung by M. John Smith. Arranged by J. Parry.

Andante



midst her locks did play, And wanton'd in her Een.

cres p

2

Without the help of art
 Like flow'rs that grace the wild
 She did her sweets impart
 Whene'er she 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.

3

Oh had I all the wealth
 Hoptoun's high mountains fill
 Insur'd long life and health
 And pleasure at my will
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she
 The Lass of Patie's mill
 Should share the same wi' me.

The Lass of Patie's Mill.
Harmonized for Three Voices by J. Parry.

PRIMO
 The Lass of Patie's mill, So bonny blithe and gay In spite of all my
 SECONDO
 The Lass of Patie's mill, So bonny blithe and gay In spite of all his
 BASSO
 The Lass of Patie's mill, So bonny blithe and gay In spite of all his

skill has stol'n my heart a way When tedding of the hay Bare
 skill his skill has stol'n his heart a way When tedding of the hay Bare
 skill his skill has stol'n his heart a way When tedding the hay Bare

headed on the green Love midst her locks did play, And wan - ton'd in her E'en!
 headed on the green Love midst her locks did play, And wan - ton'd in her E'en!
 headed on the green Love midst her locks did play, And wanton'd in her E'en!

2

Without the help of art

Like flow'rs that grace the wild

She did her sweets impart

Whene'er she spoke or smild

Her looks they were so mild

Free from affected pride

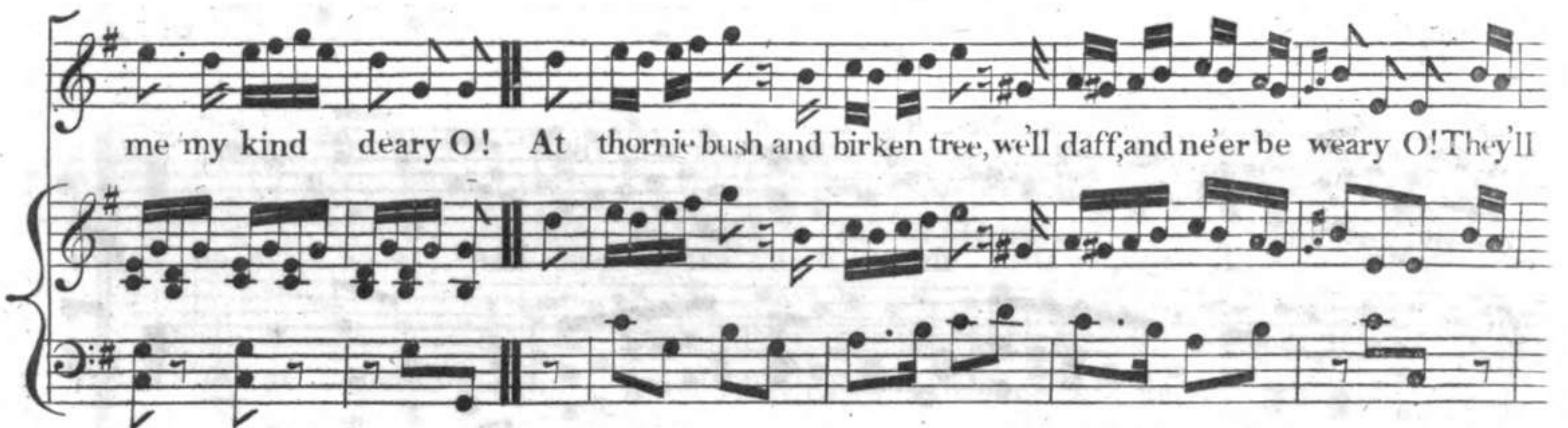
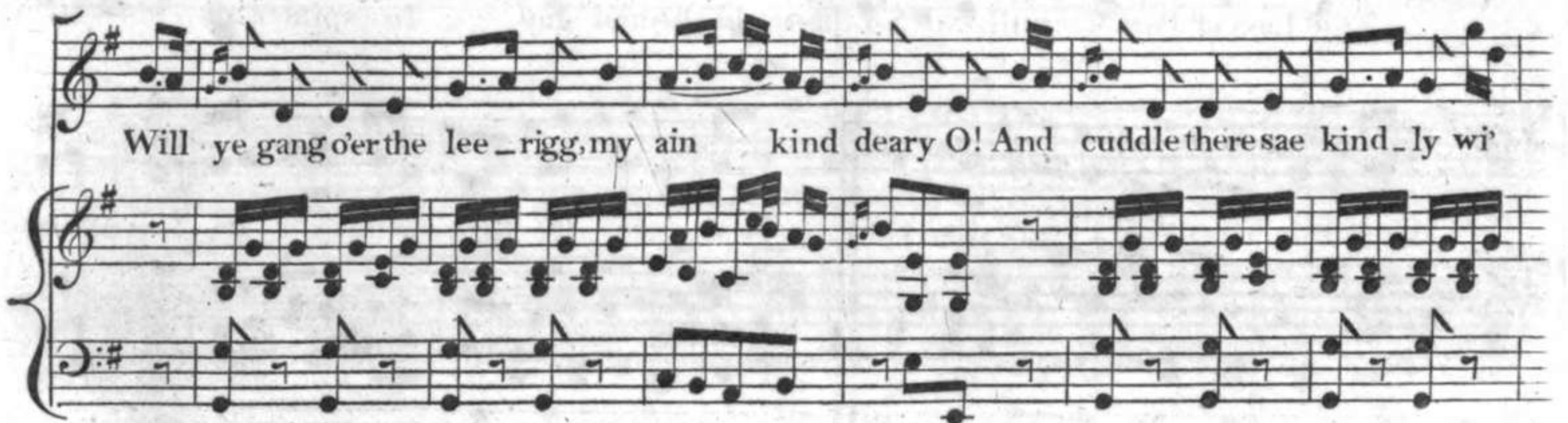
She ^{me} _{him} to love beguil'd

He wish'd her for ^{his} _{my} Bride.

My Ain kind Deary O!

Sung by Mr. Collyer.

Arranged by J. Parry.



Nae herds, wi' Ket or copy there
Shall ever come to fear ye O!
But lay' rocks whistling in the air
Shall woo like me, their deary O!

Scotch Songs N^o 18.

2

While others herd their lambs & Ewes
And toil for wardly gear my Jo,
Upon the lee my pleasure grows
Wi' you wy ain kind deary O!

Tweed Side.

Sung by M. Collyer.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Moderato

What beauties does Flo-ra dis-close, How sweet are her smiles up-on Tweed! Yet

Mary's still sweeter than those, Both nature and fan-cy ex-ceed. Nor

dai-sy, nor sweet blushing rose, Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor

Tweed gliding gently thro' those, Such beauty and pleasure can yield.

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics 'Tweed gliding gently thro' those, Such beauty and pleasure can yield.' The piano accompaniment features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

2

Oh! Mary does all maids excel,
 No beauty with her can 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 plesanter banks of the Tweed?

Tweed Side.

Harmonized for three Voices by. John Barry.

Primo. What beauties does Flo-ra dis-close, How sweet are her smiles up-on Tweed! Yet

2ndo. What beauties does Flo-ra dis-close, How sweet are her smiles up-on Tweed! Yet

Bass. What beauties does Flo-ra dis-close, How sweet are her smiles up-on Tweed! Yet

The musical score is for three voices: Primo, 2ndo, and Bass. It is in G major, 3/4 time. The lyrics are 'What beauties does Flo-ra dis-close, How sweet are her smiles up-on Tweed! Yet'.

Ma-ry is sweeter than those, Both na-ture and fan-cy ex-ceed Nor

Ma-ry is sweet er than those, and fan-cy ex-ceed Nor

is sweeter than those, Both na-ture and fan-cy ex-ceed Nor

dai-sy, nor sweet blushing rose, Nor all the gay flowrs of the field, Nor

dai-sy, nor sweet blushing rose, Nor all the gay flowrs of the field, Nor

dai-sy, nor sweet blushing rose, Nor all the gay flowrs of the field,

Tweed gliding gently thro' those, Such beau-ty and plea-sure can yield

Tweed gliding gently thro' those, Such beau-ty and plea-sure can yield

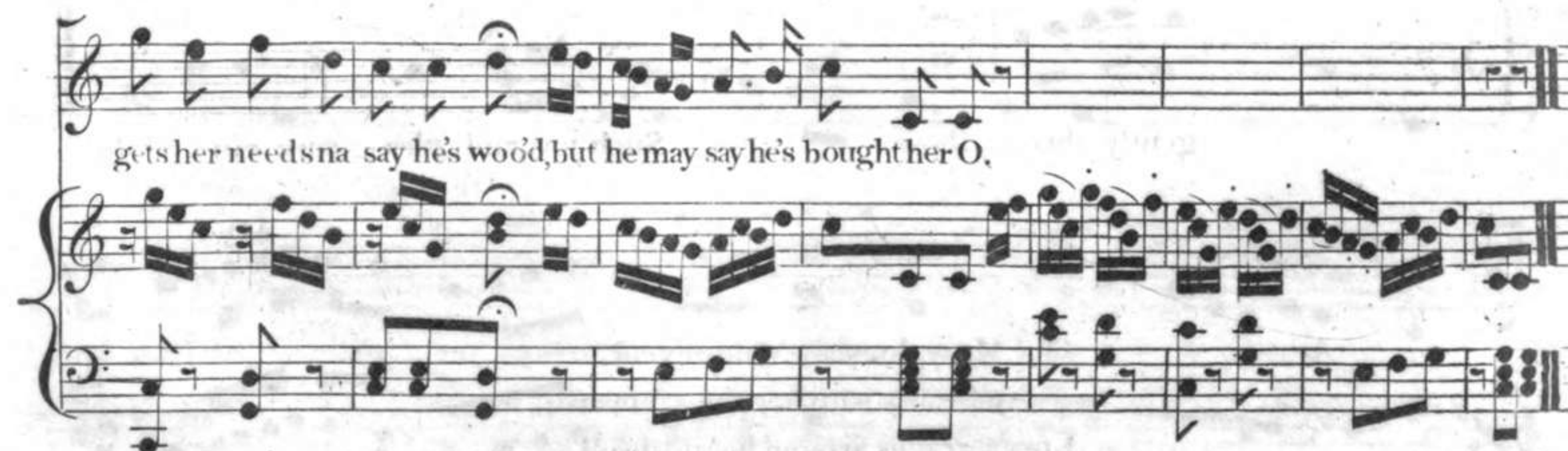
gently thro' those, Such joy and plea-sure can yield

2

Oh! Mary does all Maids excel,
 No beauty with her can compare;
 Love's graces around her do dwell,
 She's fairest, where thousands are fair!
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray
 Oh! tell me, at noon where they feed
 Is it on the sweet winding Tay
 Or pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

My Love she's but a Lassie yet.
Arranged by John Barry

77



2

Come draw a drap O'the best O't yet
 Come draw a drap O'the best O't yet
 Gae seek for pleasure where you will
 But here I never miss'd it yet

We are a'dry wi drinking o't.
 We are a'dry wi drinking o't.
 The Laird he kiss'd the ploughman's wife
 And could na sleep for thinking o't!

The Birks of Endermay.

Sung by

M^r Broadhurst. Arranged by J. Parry.

Andante



The . smi - ling morn, the breathing spring, In - vite the tuneful birds to sing, And

while they war - ble from each spray, Love melts the u - ni - ver - sal lay. Let

us . Aman - da time - ly wise, Like them improve the hour that flies, And

in soft rap - tures waste the day, A - mong the birks of En - - dermay

p

cres

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single staff for the voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Andante' (And - - -). The score includes lyrics and musical notation with various dynamics like *p* (piano) and *cres* (crescendo).

NB The 3rd and 4th Stanzas may be omitted.

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 Endermay!

3

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks about
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 Endermay

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 Endermay.

Oscar's Ghost,

Arranged by John Barry.

Largo

Oh! see that form that faintly gleams! Tis Os-car come to

cheer my dreams; On wings of wind he flies a-way; O stay my love-ly Os-car stay.

2

Wake Ossian, last of Fingal's line
And mix thy tears and sighs with mine;
Awake the harp to doleful lays
And soothe my soul with Oscar's praise

3

The shell is ceas'd in Oscar's hall,
Since gloomy Kerbar wrought his fall;
The Roe on morven lightly bounds,
Nor hears the cry of Oscar's hounds.

Oscar's Ghost

81

Harmonized for Three Voices by John Parry:

Largo

Primo
O see that form that faintly gleams, Tis Oscar comes to cheer my dreams, On

Secondo
O see that form that faintly gleams, Tis Oscar comes to cheer my dreams, On

Basso
O see that form that faintly gleams, Tis Oscar comes to cheer my dreams, On

wings of wind he flies a - way O stay my love - ly Os - car stay!

wings of wind he flies a - way O stay my love - ly Os - car stay!

On wings of wind he flies a - way O stay my lovely Os - car stay!

2

Wake Ossian, last of Fingal's line
And mix thy tears and sighs with mine;
A wake the harp to doleful lays
And soothe my soul with Oscar's praise.

The shell is hush'd in Os - car's hall, Since gloomy Kerbar wrought his fall, The

The shell is hush'd in Os - car's hall, Since gloomy Kerbar wrought his fall,

The shell is hush'd in Os - car's hall, Since gloomy Kerbar wrought his fall, The

Roe on mor - ven lightly bounds, Nor hears the cry of Os - car's hounds

The Roe on mor - ven lightly bounds, Nor hears the cry of Os - car's hounds

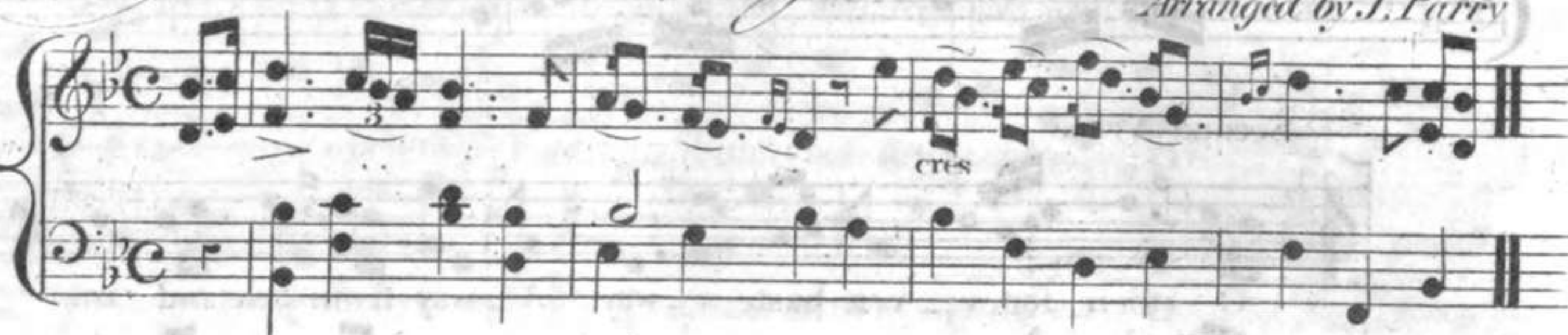
Roe on mor - ven lightly bounds, Nor hears the cry of Os - car's hounds

Donald.

Sung by
Miss Stephens & Miss Carey.

Arranged by J. Parry

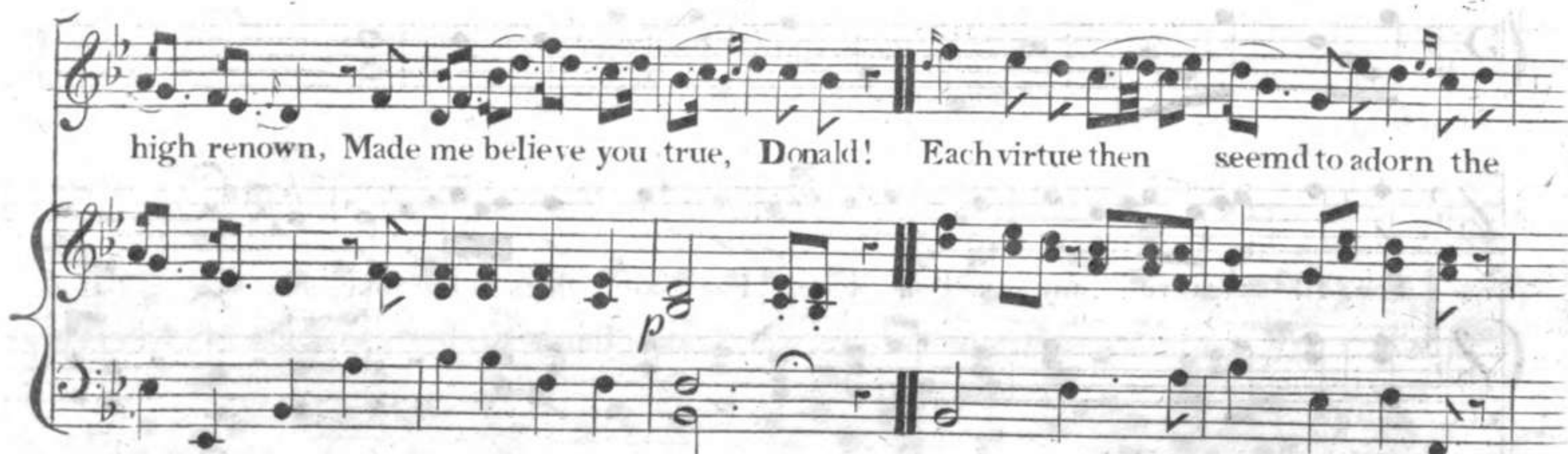
Leghetto



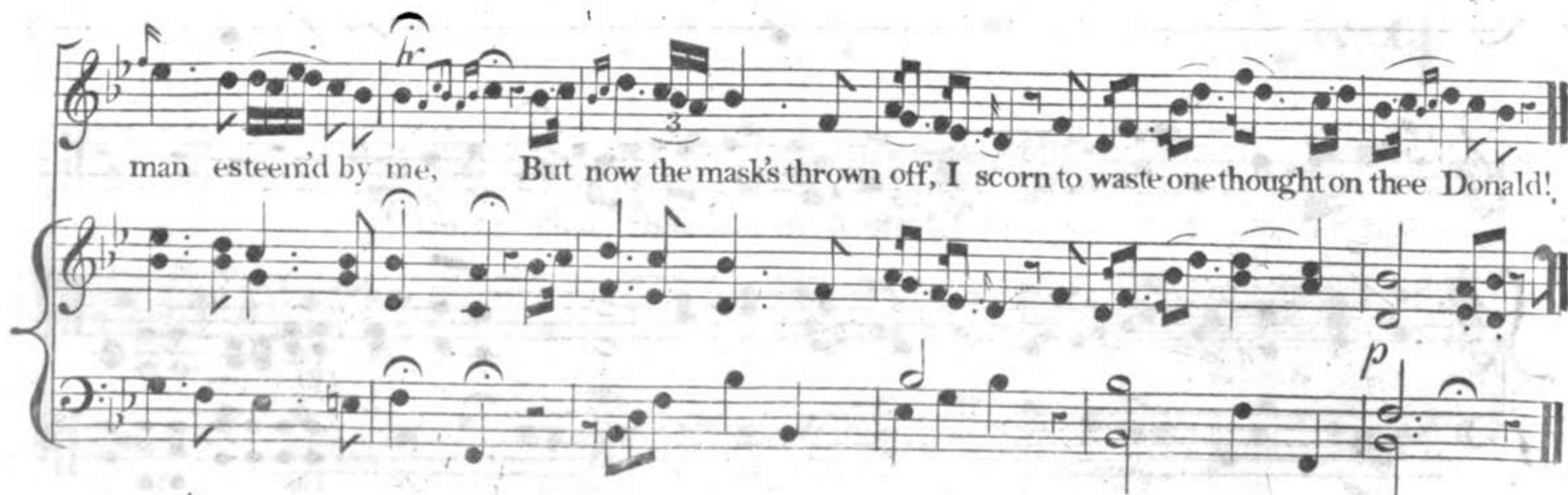
When first you courted me, I own, I fondly favor'd you; Ap - pa - rent worth, And



high renown, Made me believe you true, Donald! 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!



cres *p*

Second Verse

O then for e - ver haste a - way, A - way from love and me Go

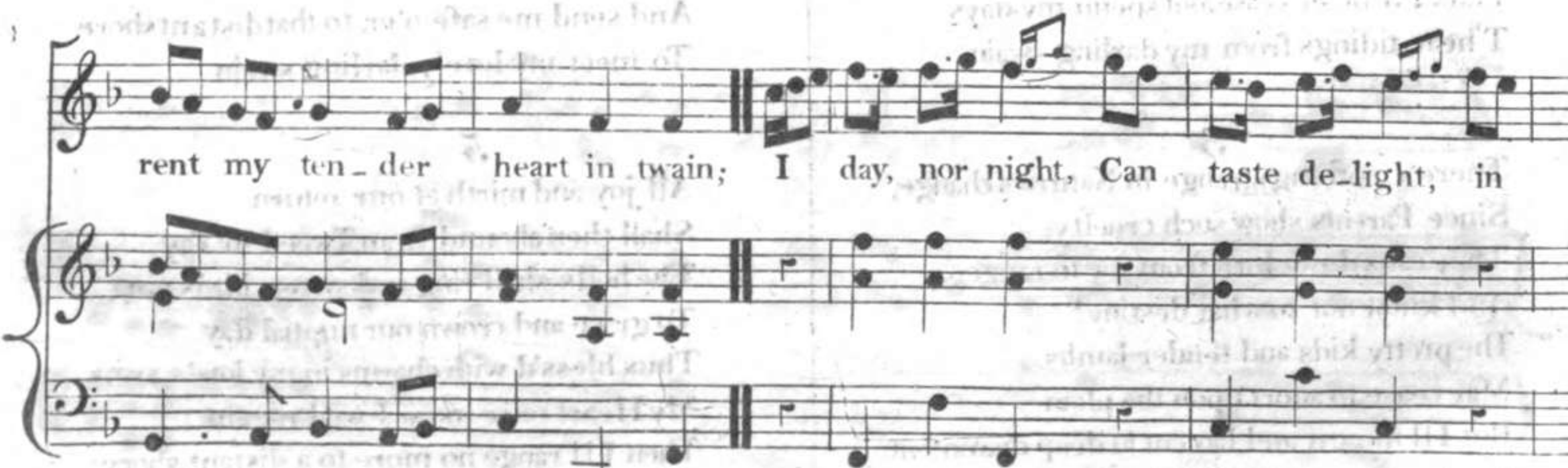
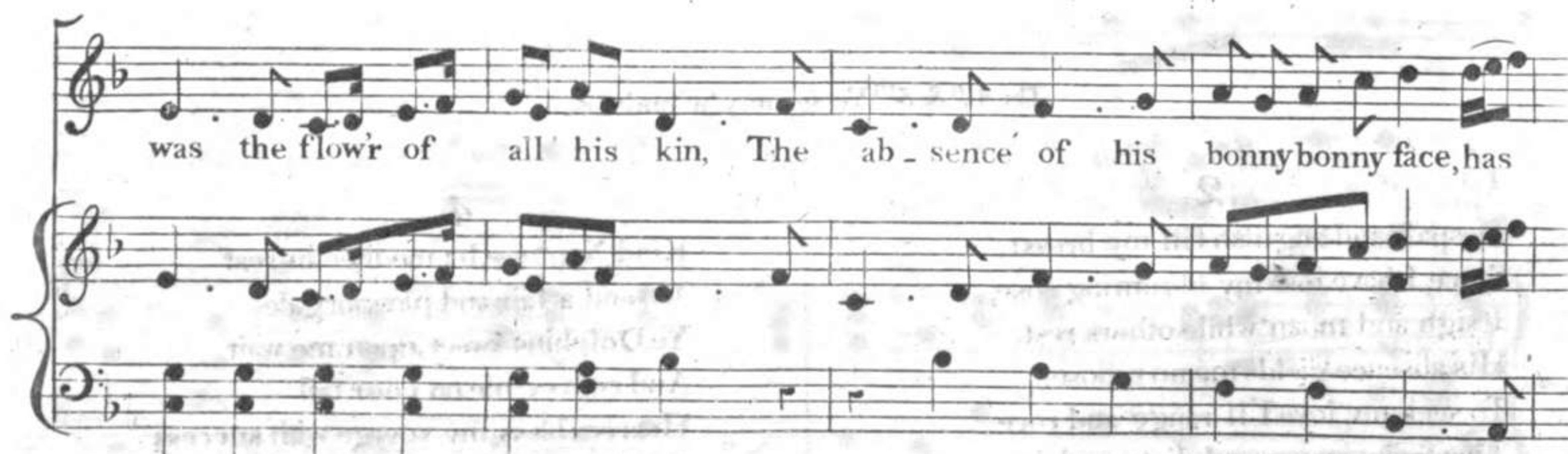
seek a heart that's like your own, And come no more to me Donald!

For I'll reserve my self a - lone, For one that's more like me If

such a one I cannot find I'll fly from love and thee Donald! *pp*

The Flowers of Edinburgh.
Arranged by John Barry.

Moderato



si - lent tears I still complain, And exclaim 'gainst those my ri - val foes, That ha'e ta'en from

me my darling swain.

cres

The 4th & 5th Verses may be omitted.

2

Despair and anguish fill my breast,
 Since I have lost my blooming rose,
 I sigh and moan while others rest,
 His absence yields me no repose:
 To seek my love I'll range and rove
 Thro' ev'ry grove and distant plain
 Thus I'll ne'er cease, but spend my days
 T'hear tidings from my darling swain.

3

There's nothing strange in Nature's change,
 Since Parents show such cruelty;
 They caus'd my love from me to range,
 And know not to what destiny!
 The pretty kids and tender lambs
 May cease to sport upon the plain
 But I'll mourn and lament in deep discontent
 For the absence of my darling swain

Scotch Songs N^o 21.

4

Kind Neptune, let me thee intreat
 To send a fair and pleasant gale
 Ye Dolphins sweet, upon me wait
 And convey me on your tail
 Heavens bless my voyage with success
 While crossing of the raging main
 And send me safe o'er, to that distant shore
 To meet my lovely darling swain

5

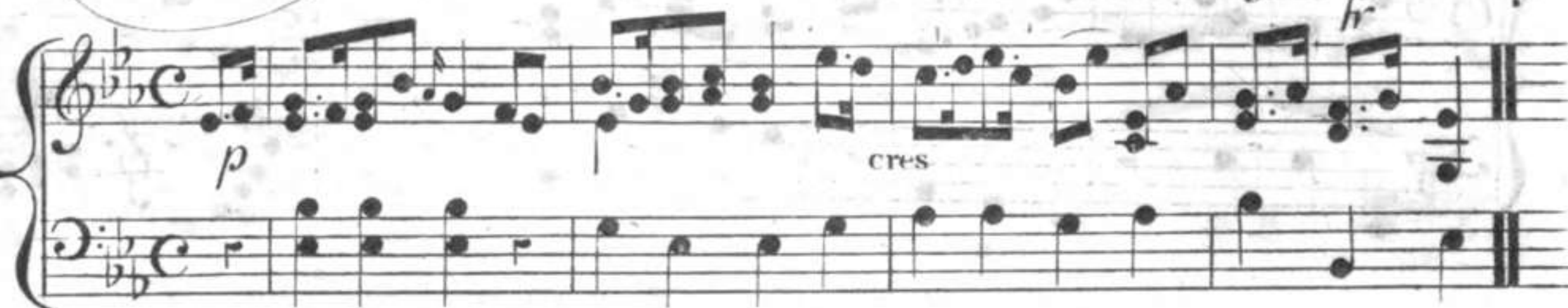
All joy and mirth at our return
 Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay
 The bells shall ring and sweet birds sing
 To grace and crown our nuptial day
 Thus bless'd with charms in my love's arms
 My Heart once more I will regain
 Then I'll range no more to a distant shore
 But in love will enjoy My darling swain

Linky House?

Sung by M. Foster.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Moderato



By Pin - ky House, Oft let me walk, While cir - cled in my arms I

hear my Jes - sy sweet - ly talk, And gaze on all her charms. O

let me e - ver fond behold The gra - ces void of art, Those

cheerful smiles that sweetly hold In wil ling chains my heart.

Second Verse

O come my love, and bring anew, That gen_tle turn of mind, That gracefulness of air in

you By Na_ture's hand de_sign'd. That beauty, like the blushing rose, First lighted up this flame,

Which like the sun for e_ver glows, With_in my breast, the same.

Saw ye my father.
Sung by M^r Davison.

Arranged by J. Parry.

Moderato

p

O saw ye my Fa - ther, Or saw ye my mi - ther, or saw ye my true love

John? I saw not your fa - ther I saw not your mither but I saw your

true love John.

2

It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light
 And the bells ring, ding dong;
 He's met with some delay, that causeth him to stay
 But he will be here ere long.

3

That surly old carl did naething but snarl,
 And Johnny's face it grew red;
 Yet tho' he often sigh'd ne ne'er a word replied
 Till all were asleep in bed.

4

Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes
 And gently tirl'd the pin:
 The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went
 And she open'd, and let him in.

5th Verse.

89

And are ye come at last, And do I hold ye fast, And is
my John -- ny true? I have nae time to tell, But sae lang's I
like my -- sel, sae lang shall I like you.

(The following may be omitted)

6

Flee up, flee up my bonny gray bird
And craw when it is day;
Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold
And your wings of the sillar gray.

7

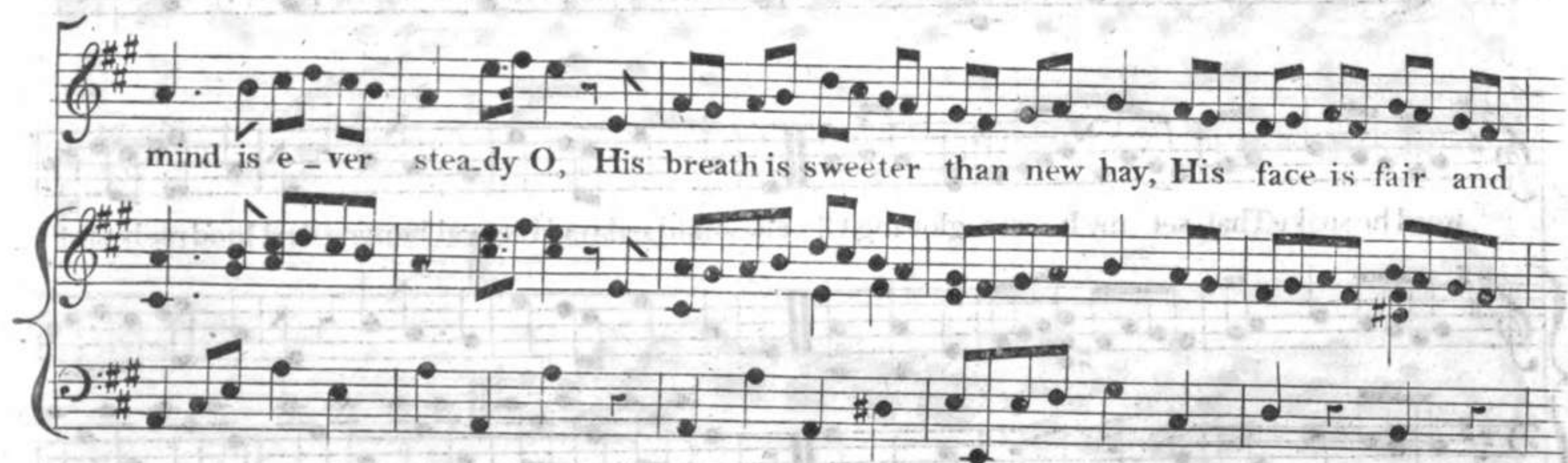
The bird provd false, and untrue he was
For he crew an hour o'er soon away
The lassie thought it day, when she sent her love
And it was but a blink of the moon.

Corn-Riggs are Bonny.

Sung by Mr. Bland.

Arranged by J. Parry

Allegro



shining of his Een surprize, Tis heav'n to hear him ta'king O!

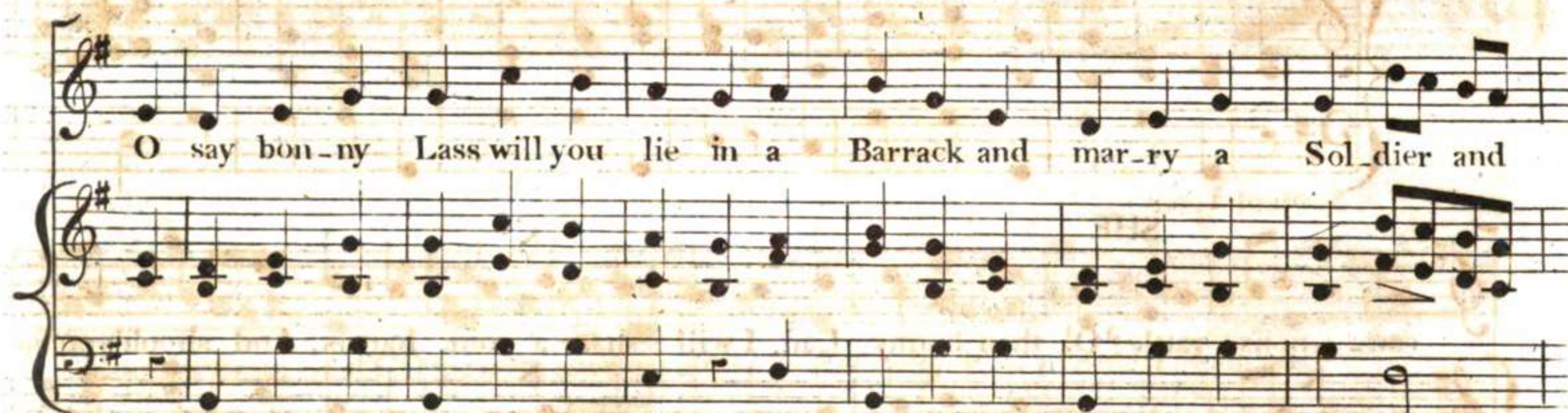
Second Verse

Last night I met him on the baw, Where yellow corn was growing O! There mony a kindly

word he spake That set my heart a glowing O! He smild, and vow'd he wad be mine, And lood me best of

o - ny O! That gars me like to sing sin syne O corn riggs are bonny O!

Oh say Bonny Lassie!
Arranged for Two Voices by John Barry.



SHE

O! yes bonny Lad, I could lie in a Barrack
 And marry a soldier, and carry his wallet;
 I'd neither ask leave of my mither nor Daddy
 But follow the camp with my soldier Laddy

HE

Oh! say bonny Lass, would you go a campaigning
 And bear all the hardships of battle & famine
 When wounded and bleeding, then would you draw ^{near me}
 And kindly support me and tenderly cheer me

SHE

93

O! yes bonny Lad, I'll think nothing of it
 But follow my Henry and carry his wallet;
 Nor dangers nor famine nor wars can alarm me
 My Soldier is near me, and naething can harm me

HE

But say, bonny Lass, When I go in to battle, Where dying men groan, and loud

SHE

can - - nons rattle? O! then bonny Lad, I will share a' your harms, And should you be

kill'd, I will die in your arms, O then bon-ny Lad, I will share a' your harms, And
 O then my sweet Lassie, Would share a' my harms, And

should you be kill'd, I will die in your arms!
 should I be kill'd, she will die in my arms!

Duncan Gray.

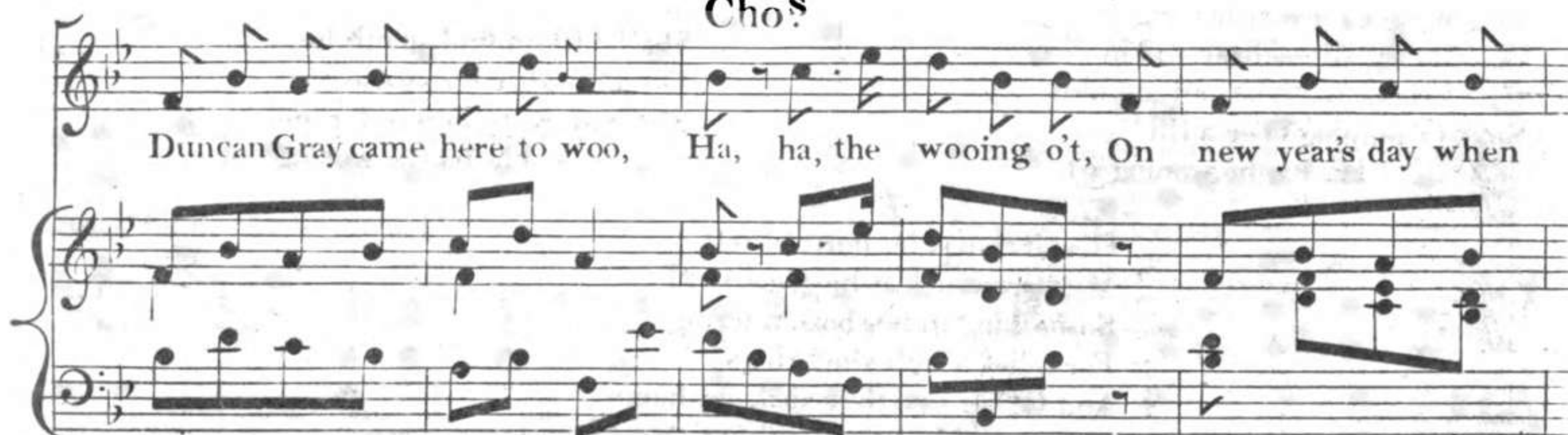
Sung by Mr. Broadhurst.

Arranged by J. Parry

Moderato



Chorus



Chorus



Chorus





2

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd
 Meg was deaf as Ailfa craig
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in
 Grat his een baith blear'd and blin
 Spak O' loupin O'er a lin
 Ha ha, the wooing o't

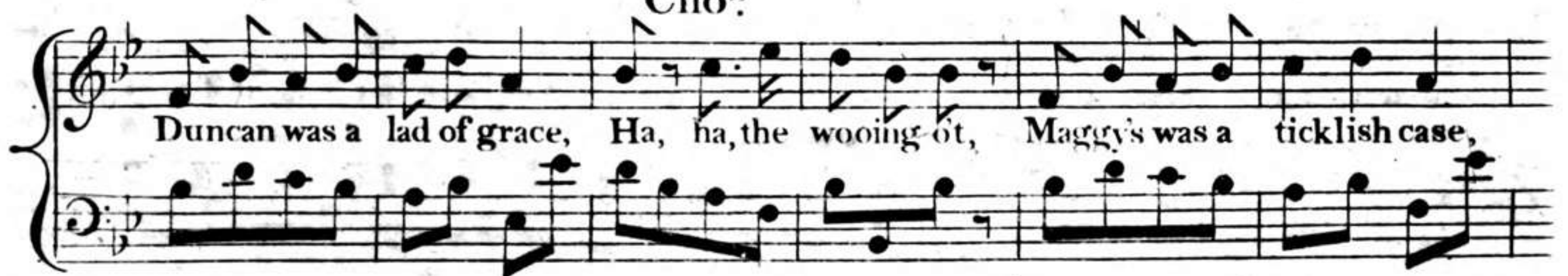
3

Time and chance are but a tide
 Slighted love is sair to bide
 Shall I like a fool quoth he
 For a haughty hussy die
 She may go to France for me
 Ha ha, the wooing t'o

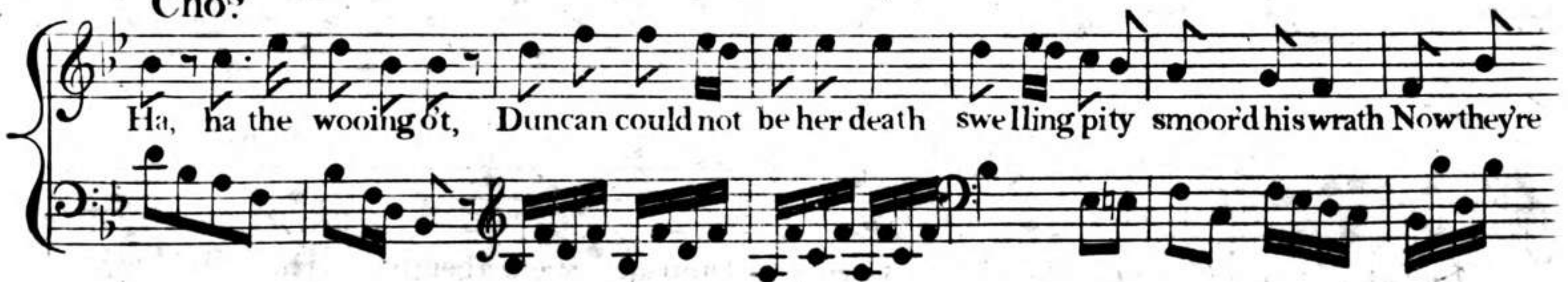
4

How it comes let dorton tell,
 Meg grew sick, as he grew well
 Something in her bosom wrings
 For relief a sigh she brings
 And O! her een they spak sic things
 Ha, ha, the wooing t'o

Cho's



Cho's



Cho's



The Gardner wi his Paille?
Arranged for Two Voices by John Perry.

Treble

Tenor

Moderato

Piano Forte

When ro-sy May comes

When ro-sy May comes

in wi flow'rs, To deck her gay green spreading bow'rs. Then busy, busy are his hours, The Gard'ner

in wi flow'rs, To deck her gay green spreading bow'rs. Then busy, busy are his hours, The Gard'ner

wi his Pai-dle The crystal waters gently fa', The merry birds are lov-ers a The

wi his Pai-dle The crystal waters gently fa', The merry birds are lov-ers a The

scented breezes round him blaw, The Gard'ner wi' his Pai - dle.

scented breezes round him blaw, The Gard'ner wi' his Pai - dle.

2

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare
Then through the dews he maun repair
The Gard'ner wi' his Paidle.

3

When day expiring in the west
The curtain draws O' nature's rest,
He flees to her arms, he loves the best
The Gard'ners wi' his Paidle.

For a Tenor and a Bass

Mod^o

When ro - - sy May comes in wi' flow'rs, To deck her gay green spreading bow'rs, Then

When rosy May comes in wi' flow'rs, To deck her gay green spreading bow'rs, Then

bu - sy bu - sy are his hours, The Gard'ner wi' his Pai - dle The

bu - sy bu - sy are his hours, The Gard'ner wi' his Pai - dle

crystal wa - - ters gent - ly fa, The mer - ry birds are lov - ers a' The

The crystal waters gent - ly fa, The mer - ry birds are lov - ers a'

scen - - ted breezes round him blaw, The Gard'ner wi' his Pai - dle.

The scented breezes round him blaw, The Gard'ner wi' his Pai - dle.

Goulding, L. Munroe, & Potter & Co.

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(Arranged by John Barry.)

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Price One Shilling each.

N ^o 1. John Anderson my Jo, Ye Banks and Braes.	N ^o 21. Donald, Flowers of Edinburgh.	N ^o 41.
N ^o 2. My Boy Tammy, Auld Lang Syne.	N ^o 22. Pinkey House, Saw ye my Father.	N ^o 42.
N ^o 3. Auld Robin Gray, Green grow the Rashes O.	N ^o 23. Corn riggs are bonny, O Say bonnie Lassie.	N ^o 43.
N ^o 4. The Yellow hair'd Laddie, Whistle o'er the lave o't.	N ^o 24. Duncan Grey, The Gardner wi his Paddle.	N ^o 44.
N ^o 5. Land O' the Leal, Shepherds I have lost my love.	N ^o 25. Waes me for Prince Charlie, Galla Water.	N ^o 45.
N ^o 6. I canna like ye gentle sir, The Birks of Abergeldi.	N ^o 26. Lewie Gordon, Daintie Davie.	N ^o 46.
N ^o 7. My Lodging is on the cold ground, The Siller Crown.	N ^o 27. Come under my Plaidy, O Willie brew'd a peck O Maut.	N ^o 47.
N ^o 8. O whistle & I'll come to thee, My Daddy is a Canker'd Carle.	N ^o 28. Scots wha hae, O gin my love were yonder rose.	N ^o 48.
N ^o 9. Roys Wife of Alldivalock, Dumbarton's Drums.	N ^o 29. The Highland Laddie, Todden Hame.	N ^o 49.
N ^o 10. Jess Macfarlane, Wood and Married and A'.	N ^o 30. Roslin Castle, Mc Phersons Farewell.	N ^o 50.
N ^o 11. Kenmure on and awa', Cumbernauld House.	N ^o 31. Maggy Lauder, The Waefu' heart.	N ^o 51.
N ^o 12. Oh Logie O Buchan, The Broom of Cowden knows.	N ^o 32. Welcome Royal Charlie, My heart's in the Highlands.	N ^o 52.
N ^o 13. Saw ye Johnnie Coming? O'er the muir among the heather.	N ^o 33. The Blue Bells of Scotland, The last time I cam' o'er the muir.	N ^o 53.
N ^o 14. There's nae luck about the House, Here awa' there awa'.	N ^o 34. My Love is like the Red red Rose, Charlie cam' to our Laird's Castle.	N ^o 54.
N ^o 15. Lochaber no more, Loch Eroch side.	N ^o 35. Come boat me o'er to Charlie, The Campbell's are comin'.	N ^o 55.
N ^o 16. Queen Mary's Lamentation, O'er the Hills & far away.	N ^o 36. A highland lad my love was born, Prince Charlie he's cum frae France.	N ^o 56.
N ^o 17. Charlie is my Darling, When I think of this Worlds Pelf.	N ^o 37. And they're A' Noddin, The Miller.	N ^o 57.
N ^o 18. The Lass of Patie's Mill, My Ain kind Deary O.	N ^o 38. Carl, an the King come, Mount and Go.	N ^o 58.
N ^o 19. Tweed Side, My Love she's but a Lassie yet.	N ^o 39.	N ^o 59.
N ^o 20. The Birks of Endermay, Oscar's Ghost.	N ^o 40.	N ^o 60.

The whole of the above have Accompaniments for the Harp or Piano Forte, & many are Harmonized for Two, Three, and Four Voices, this Edition therefore may be considered the cheapest and most correct one published.