

SCOTTISH SONGS. 6 — THOMSON

M1746.18

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vol. 6

Alan Tyson

John Dicks

VOLUME SIXTH
 OF
 THE MELODIES OF SCOTLAND,
 With Symphonies and Accompaniments for the
 PIANO FORTE, VIOLIN, &c.
 BY
 PLEYEL, HAYDN, BEETHOVEN,
 WEBER, HUMMEL, &c.
 The Poetry chiefly by
BURNS.

The Whole collected by G. Thomson, F.A.S.E.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

*Air—Wit ye wha I ma' ye mean
 The young LAIRD, and Edinburgh KATY.*



Let's take a walk up to the hill dear Kate.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 18/-

London, Printed & Sold by Coventry & Hollier, 71, Dean Street Soho,
 and by George Thomson, (late of Edinburgh) the Editor, 7, Pelham Place, Brompton.

PREFACE TO THE CONCLUDING VOLUME OF SCOTTISH
MELODIES AND SONGS.

MR. GEORGE THOMSON, in presenting to the Public this sixth and last volume of his Scottish work, takes leave to state that he has thus enlarged it because he could not include in the preceding volumes a number of the Songs of BURNS; and he felt that his Collection might justly be deemed incomplete if those Songs had no place in it.

He was in similar circumstances with respect to the Music, being in possession of about half a volume of Melodies with the Symphonies and Accompaniments which had been composed for them by those greatest of masters, Haydn and Beethoven. And having withheld these so long from the public eye, he thought he would be inexcusable in allowing such charming things to remain longer dormant in his portfolio.

In his researches for the materials of this National Collection, and in securing for it the talents of the most distinguished Poets and Musical Composers of the age, Mr. Thomson was engaged in a correspondence with those individuals for many years, and has spared neither exertions nor expense to render the work acceptable and interesting to his fair countrywomen, and a lasting honour to the musical and poetical genius of his country. He thinks, with Dr. Burney, that "it should be a principal object of mankind to attach the fair sex by every means to music, as it is the only amusement that may be enjoyed to excess, and the heart still remain virtuous and uncorrupted."

In singing the touching melodies of Scotland and Ireland, the pleasing ballads and glees of England, or the admirable songs of Handel or Mozart, how much more real pleasure our young ladies give to their friends than by attempting to execute the brilliant and most difficult compositions of Rossini's school! by which they can have little hope of pleasing the *Uninitiated*, who hear such music with perfect indifference: while they can just as little hope to gratify the *Cognoscenti*, who have been accustomed to hear the music so admirably performed at the Opera Houses of London and Paris: and thus neither class of hearers receive the pleasure which the fair vocalists are desirous of giving. The graceful, highly-polished melodies, and brilliant concerted pieces of Rossini's and Bellini's operas, when warbled by the mellow, flexible, finely-cultivated voices of Grisi, Persiani, Rubini, Tamburini, or Lablache, afford the utmost delight; because these and the other great Italian singers unite to their exquisite voices *the practice of a lifetime*, under the most able instructors in the Land of Song; while, with respect to amateur performers, at least in this

country, it necessarily happens that a very limited portion of instruction and practice falls to their lot, altogether insufficient for enabling them to grapple with the difficulties, or to execute the roulades, cadenzas, and graces of such ornate and gay compositions. Would they not therefore do well and wisely to make choice of such music as is suited to their powers and practice? They may rely upon it that in this way only are they sure to please.

Do we not see at our theatres and concert-rooms that even our highly respectable English professional singers, in following the present custom (by far too prevalent) of endeavouring to imitate the vocal achievements of the Italian School, merely shew, that with all their merit, which is certainly very great, how incapable they are of contending with their foreign rivals on their own ground? The universal and heartfelt plaudits bestowed on our native vocalists when they have the good sense to introduce our own native and other simple Melodies, afford them a lesson which surely ought to be more generally profited by.

The POETRY of this work comprises not only the choicest songs of ancient Bards, but all the inimitable songs of Burns, a large portion of which were written expressly for this work; together with many songs of great beauty by Campbell, Scott, Byron, Smyth, Joanna Baillie, and other admired lyrical authors. Among the whole number, whether playful, humorous, amatory, descriptive, or pathetic, the Editor knows not one which may not be read or sung by the most innocent without a blush—not one “which dying he could wish to blot.”

A portion of the Music and Poetry of this volume was engraved and printed in 1839, and (with the exception of a very few copies that were distributed) has been lying by the Editor until he might collect as many more Melodies and Songs as were requisite to complete the present volume. He has at length accomplished this, and he flatters himself that, upon attentive examination, it will be found not less interesting than any of the five preceding volumes.

The Embellishments of the Work will be found worthy of the Poetry and Music. The “St. Cecilia” of Sir Joshua Reynolds forms the Frontispiece to the first volume, and each of the other volumes is preceded by a characteristic Engraving; besides a variety of smaller subjects and vignettes from the graceful pencil of T. Stothard, Esq., R.A. The classical subject which embellishes this volume was engraved long since at Rome, under the eye of the Painter himself, Mr. David Allan, the particular friend of Mr. George Thomson. Mr. A. took but a few impressions from the plate and kept it by him till his death, after which Mr. T. was fortunate enough to purchase it.

G. THOMSON.

LONDON, *September* 1841.

JOHNIE COPE & THE CLANS

A new version of the Ballad

By

GEORGE THOMSON

The Symphonies & Accompaniments

BY

George Hogarth

Respectfully Inscribed to

Sir Adam Ferguson

KEEPER OF THE REGALIA OF SCOTLAND



*Then, on like lightning Johnie flew
The clans in vain might now pursue*

London

PRINTED & SOLD BY COVENTRY & HOLLIER, 71 DEAN STR. SOHO.
& BY R. PURDIE, & A. & J. ROBERTSON, EDINBURGH.

Where may be had the *Melodies of Scotland* in 6 Vols. with the *Songs of Burns & Syme* & *Accompaniments of Haydn, Beethoven, Weber, &c.* also the *Welsh & Irish Melodies* arrang'd by the same great Masters

JOHNNIE COPE & THE CLANS,

*a new version of the Ballad. 1841.**Ent. Sta. Hall.**MARZIALE, con molto spirito.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G minor, common time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include a forte (*f*) marking at the beginning and a piano (*p*) marking towards the end.

Hey Johnnie Cope are ye wak.ing yet, Or are ye sleep..ing I... would wit? Get

The vocal line is written on a single staff in G minor, common time. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The lyrics are: "Hey Johnnie Cope are ye wak.ing yet, Or are ye sleep..ing I... would wit? Get".

up, get up, for the Clans are on foot, To meet you in the mor....ning.

The vocal line is written on a single staff in G minor, common time. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The lyrics are: "up, get up, for the Clans are on foot, To meet you in the mor....ning." A forte (*f*) dynamic is marked at the beginning of the piano accompaniment.

Cope wrote a challenge from Dum.bar, Come meet me Charlie if you dare, And I'll learn you the

The vocal line is written on a single staff in G minor, common time. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The lyrics are: "Cope wrote a challenge from Dum.bar, Come meet me Charlie if you dare, And I'll learn you the".

art of war, If you'll meet me in the mor...ning.

The vocal line is written on a single staff in G minor, common time. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The lyrics are: "art of war, If you'll meet me in the mor...ning." A piano (*p*) dynamic is marked at the end of the piano accompaniment.

It appearing to the Ed: of the Scotch Songs that none of the old copies of Johnie Cope tell the little story of the recreant knight either happily or connectedly, he has presumed to give a new version of the ballad, in which he has retain'd (with the slightest change) a couple of stanzas or so of the old words. - The 2^d 3^d 4th 5th & 6th stanzas, and the concluding four lines are

By GEORGE THOMSON,

The Syms & Acc!

By GEORGE HOGARTH.

1841

1

Hey Johnie Cope are ye waking yet,
Or are ye sleeping I would wit?
Get up, get up, the Clans are on foot
To meet you in the morning.
Cope wrote a challenge from Dunbar,
"Come meet me Charlie if you dare,
"And I'll learn you the art of war,
"If you'll meet me in the morning."

2

When Charlie look'd the letter o'er,
He sped defiance back, and swore,
"By the kingly crown my fathers wore
"I'll meet you in the morning.
"Come on Sir knight, forbear your taunt
"Until you have some cause to vaunt,
"And that we hope you'll sorely want
"On the battle field in the morning."

3

Between the dawn and rising sun,
The gallant Prince and Clans rush'd on,
With souls on fire the prize to win
On Preston field that morning.
Cope, when he saw the highland lads
Come pouring on in thick'ning squads,
With broadswords, dirks, and white cockades,
So boldly in the morning:

4

His heart was sickend by the view
Of such a fierce-like, barbarous crew, -
Tho' he tried his courage up to screw,
To face them now in the morning.
'Twas vain - it seem'd a hope forlorn, -
By gloomy thoughts his mind was torn,
And fears that this ill fated morn
Might make him rue his scorning.

5

Brave deeds were done, - and legends tell
What numbers nobly fighting, fell,
Unflinching mid the battle's yell
Upon that bloody morning.
And how Sir John soon scamper'd off,
His troops pursued by Clansmen rough,
For foes so grim, so gruff, so tough,
They ne'er had met in a morning.

6

Cope therefore thought it wise to rin
That he might sleep in a hale skin,
And ne'er again might hear the din
Of bagpipes and their droning.
So at a gallop off he rade
As if the Deil had been his guide,
For England's wealth he wou'd na stay'd
Mang the Scots another morning.

7

When Johnie Cope to Berwick came
They speer'd at him, where's a' your men?
The Deil confound me if I ken,
For I left them in the morning.
Troth Johnie man ye are na blate
To bring us the news of your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait
To flee from the Clans in the morning.

8

In faith quoth he I got my flegs
With their curs'd claymores, dirks, philabegs,
If I face them again Deil break my legs,
So I wish you a good morning.
Then off like light'ning Johnie flew, -
The Clans in vain might now pursue,
Tho' they might scoff full well he knew
At his art of war in the morning.

My heart is light.

The Song by Joanna Baillie The Sy^s & Acc^s by G. Hogarth

Allegretto

My heart is light my limbs are light, My purse is light my dear, Yet

fol-low me my mai-den bright, In faith thou need'st not fear. The wal-let on a

Ro-ver's back, Is scan-ty dower for thee But we shall have what lord-ies lack, For

all their gold-en fee.

MY HEART IS LIGHT.

By JOANNA BAILLIE.

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY HER EXPRESS PERMISSION.

My heart is light, my limbs are light,
My purse is light, my dear ;
Yet follow me, my maiden bright —
In faith! thou need'st not fear.
The wallet on a rover's back,
Is scanty dower for thee,
But we shall have what Lordies lack
For all their golden fee.

The plume upon my bonnet bound,
And broadsword by my side,
We'll follow to the war-pipe's sound,
With Fortune for our guide.
Light are my limbs, my purse, my heart,
Yet follow me, my dear ;
Bid Care goodby, with kinsfolk part, —
In faith! thou need'st not fear.

THROUGH THE WOOD, LADDIE.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

THIS FINE OLD MELODY SHOULD HAVE MADE PART OF THE LAST EDITION OF THE WORK, BUT SOMEHOW IT
ESCAPED THE NOTICE OF THE EDITOR.

O SANDY, why thus leave thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy presence could ease me,
When naething can please me;
Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,
Or through the wood, laddie, until thy return.

Though woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lavrocks are singing,
And primroses springing,
Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell;
I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning;
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When through the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow
Haste here to thy marrow;*
She's living in languor till that happy day,
When through the wood, laddie, together we'll stray.

* In singing, the Editor takes leave to alter this couplet, and to give the song a local habitation and a name on the banks of one of our classic streams,—thus

Return like an arrow
To Nelly and Yarrow.

255

Through the wood Laddie. By Allan Ramsay.
Haydn

Violino

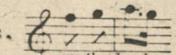
Piano Forte

Andante

O San-dy why thus leave thy Nel-ly to mourn, Thy presence could ease me when

naething can please me, Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the burn, Or thro' the wood

Laddie un-til thy re-turn. turn.

* In the original shape of the Air, it was here carried up to A, thus,  and when the Voice can thus sing it, 'tis no doubt very good; but as few Voices can reach to A with facility, Mr Thomson has modified the passage as above, so as to suit all Voices.

Come all ye jolly Shepherds.

Written by the Fatrick Shepherd.

Allegretto con anima

Haydn

Come all ye jolly shepherds that whistle thro' the glen, I'll tell ye of a secret that courtiers dinna ken, What is the greatest bliss that the tongue of man can name, 'Tis to meet a bonnie lassie when the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, when the kye come hame 'Tween the gloamin and the mirk when the kye come hame, Gie me the highest joy that the heart of man can frame, My bonnie bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.

2. Then the eye shines sae bright, the soul to beguile,
 There's love in every whisper, and joy in every smile;
 O, wha would choose a crown, wi' its perils and its fame,
 And miss a bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame.
 See, yonder pawky shepherd that lingers on the hill,
 His ewes are in the fauld, and his lambs are lying still:
 Yet he downa gang to rest, for his heart is in a flame
 To meet his bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.

The Maid that tends the goats

257

Written for this Work by Burns.

The 1st & 2^d by Haydn

Andantino
quasi
Allegretto

Piano introduction in G minor, 3/4 time. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a steady accompaniment in the left hand and a more active melody in the right hand.

Hark the Ma-vis ev'ning sang, Sounding Clouden's woods a-mang, Then a faulding let us gang,

The first system of the song, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a simple, rhythmic accompaniment.

My bonnie dear-ie. Ca' the ewes to the knowes, Ca' them where the heather grows

The second system of the song, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the same simple, rhythmic accompaniment.

Ca' them where the burn-ie rows, My bonnie bonnie dearie. Ca' them where the burn rows

The third system of the song, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the same simple, rhythmic accompaniment.

My bonnie dear-...ie.

The fourth system of the song, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the same simple, rhythmic accompaniment.

2
We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide;
O'er the waves that sweetly glide,
To the moon sae clearly.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

3
Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

4
Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,
Thou'rt to love and heav'n sae dear,
Nought of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

5
Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart,
I can die—but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

Awa Whigs awa

The last two Verses by Burns. — The Sy^s & Acc^s by G Hogarth.

Vivace.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a piano accompaniment and two vocal parts. The score is divided into several systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines. The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* and *ff*, and articulation marks like slurs and accents. The piece concludes with a final piano accompaniment.

Awa Whigs³ awa', &c.
 Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust,
 Deil blind them wi' the stoure o't,
 And write their names in his black book.
 Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.

Awa' Whigs² awa', &c.
 Our sad decay in kirk and state
 Surpasses my describing;
 The Whigs came o'er us like a blight,
 And we have done wi' thriving.

Awa' Whigs⁴ awa', &c.
 Grim Vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
 But we may see him wauken.
 Gude help the day when royal heads
 Are hunted likè a maukin!

Charming Anne

The Sym^s & Acc^s by Haydn. — The two last Verses by Burns.
Air, Green sleeves

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, rhythmic style characteristic of the 'Green sleeves' air.

Vivace.

The first system of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "It was the charming month of May: When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay; One

The second system continues the song with the lyrics: "morning by the break of day, The youthful charming Anne. From peaceful slum-ber

The third system continues with the lyrics: "she a-rose Girt on her man-tle and her hose, And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes, The

The fourth system concludes the main part of the song with the lyrics: "youthful charming Anne."

2
O lovely was she by the dawn,
The sweetly smiling charming Anne;
When tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful charming Anne.
The feather'd people you might see,
Perch'd all around on ev'ry tree
In notes of sweetest melody,
They hail the charming Anne.

3
O lovely was she by the dawn,
The sweetly smiling charming Anne;
When tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful charming Anne.
Till painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious Sun began to rise,
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes,
Of youthful charming Anne.

The 2 last Verses by BURNS.

Young Peggy Blooms.

The Sym^o & Acc^s by Haydn. The Words written by Burns.

Allegretto spiritoso

Young Peg-gy blooms our bon-niest lass, Her
 blush is like the morn-ing, The ro-sy dawn, the springing grass, With ear-ly gems ha--
 dorning. Her eyes outshine the ra-diant beams That gild the pass-ing show-er And
 glit-ter o'er the cry-stal streams And cheer each fresh'ning flow-er.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,
 A richer dye has graced them;
 They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
 And sweetly tempt to taste them:
 Her smile is as the evening mild,
 When feather'd tribes are courting,
 And little lambkins wanton wild,
 In playful bands disporting.

Ye pow'rs of honour love and truth
 From ev'ry ill defend her;
 Inspire the highly favour'd youth
 The destinies intend her.
 Still fan the sweet connubial flame
 Responsive in each bosom,
 And bless the dear parental name
 With many a filial blossom.

Sing on thou little bird.

261

The Sys. & Acc. composed by G. Hogarth Esq.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked 'Grazioso'. The lyrics are: 'Sing on sing on thou lit-tle bird That wing'st the bal-my air; Sing out thy sang thou blithesome bird That tells thou'rt-free of care. Its good to have a lightsome heart, A heart that's full of glee; And well I like thy gladsome notes, Tho' sorrow dwells with me.'

2
Thou sings to see the gowans bloom,
And leaves that cleed the tree,
Thou sings to woo thy gentle mate
A sang that's sweet to me.
And wilt thou, gentle, win her love
By warbling notes like these,
Nor ever learn, as I have done,
How hard it is to please.

3
O dinna langer strain thy throat,
Sweet sangster of the grove;
I, too, have sung my blithesome note
To win a woman's love.
And as thy gentle mate does now,
She listen'd to the lay,
And I sang on, and she prov'd false;—
O cease thy roundelay.

Sae merry as we hae been.

The Song by D. Vedder. The Sy.^s & Acc.^s by G. Hogarth.

Andante con Espressione

A bon-ny lass la-den with care, Sat pensive-ly un-der a thorn; Un-seen by the

sor-row-ful fair, I heard her be-gin thus to mourn. When-e'er my dear Jam-ie was

near, The birds seem'd more sweetly to sing, And cold dreary win-ter to wear A

face that re-semb-led the spring. Sae mer-ry as we twa hae been, Sae hap-py as

sempre legato e dolce.

we twa hae been, With sorrow my heart's like to break, When I think on the days we hae seen.

p *f* *b* *p*

SAE MERRY AS WE HA'E BEEN.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK IN 1838,

By DAVID VEDDER, Esq.

WHO HAS RETAINED THE FIRST STANZA OF THE OLD VERSION OF THE SONG, SLIGHTLY CHANGED BY HIM AND DIVESTED OF ITS STIFF PHRASEOLOGY.

A BONNY lass, laden with care,
 Sat pensively under a thorn ;—
 Unseen by the sorrowful fair,
 I heard her begin thus to mourn :—
 “ Whene'er my dear Jamie was near,
 The birds seem'd more sweetly to sing,
 And cold dreary winter to wear
 A face that resembled the spring.
 Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
 Sae happy as we twa ha'e been,
 With sorrow my heart's like to break
 When I think on the days we ha'e seen.

“ 'Tis sweet in a morning in May,
 To roam through the green leafy bowers ;
 'Tis sweet at the closing of day
 To drink in the breath of the flowers :
 But sweeter at gloaming, by far,
 To sit near our ain trysting tree,
 To gaze on the bright ev'ning star,
 And greet my dear Jamie, for thee.
 Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
 Sae happy as we twa ha'e been,
 With sorrow my poor heart will break,
 When I think on the days that are gane.”

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

WRITTEN

By THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.

THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS BY HAYDN.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC FIRST UNITED IN THIS NEW EDITION, 1839.

AIR—ERIN GO BRAGH.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:
 For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
 But the daystar attracted his eye's sad devotion,
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh!

"Sad is my fate!" said the heart-broken stranger,
 "The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
 A home and a country remain not to me.
 Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

"Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
 But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
 Oh, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me?
 Never again shall my brothers embrace me?—
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

"Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
 Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
 Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
 And where is the bosom-friend dearer than all?
 Oh! my sad heart, long abandon'd by pleasure,
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure!
 Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

"Yet, all its sad recollection suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
 Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
 Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
 Green be thy fields—sweetest isle of the ocean!
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion—
 Erin, mavournin!—Erin go bragh!*"

* Ireland, my darling—Ireland for ever.

The Exile of Erin

263

Campbell. - Haydn.

*Andante
espressivo.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with various ornaments and dynamics, including *p* and *f*. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

There came to the beach a poor Ex...ile of E...rin, The
f *p*

dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill, For his country he sigh'd when at twi-light re-pair-ing, To

wander alone by the wind beaten hill. But the day-star attract.ed his eye's sad de-vo-tion; It

rose o'er his own native isle of the o...cean, Where once in the fire of his youthful e...mo-tion, He

sung the bold an-them of E...rin go brach.
p *f* *p*

The final system shows the piano accompaniment concluding with a series of chords and a final cadence. Dynamics include *f* and *p*.

actually first appeared in 1839

WoO 156, No 5

Cease your funning.

The Sym^s & Acc^s by Beethoven; and now first published from his M.S.
Violin.

The musical score is written for violin and piano. It consists of several systems of staves. The violin part is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The score includes dynamic markings such as *p*, *f*, *cres:*, *dol:*, *sf*, and *f*. The lyrics are written below the violin staff.

p *f* *dol:* *dol:*

p *cres:* *p* *f* *dol:*

p *cres:* *f* *p*

sf *dol:* *sf*

p *cres:* *8va*

dol: *cres:* *f* *8va*

No other Verse.

By yon Castle wa'

265

By Burns The Sys. & Acc. composed by G. Hogarth.

Andante espres.^o con moto

By yon Cas_tle wa' at the close of the day, I heard a man sing tho' his

head it was grey; And as he was sing_ing the tears down came, There will

nev_er be peace 'till Jam_ie comes hame,

2

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yard,
It brake the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame,
There will' never be peace 'till Jamie comes hame.

3

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Since I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown,
But 'till my last moments my words are the same,
There will never be peace 'till Jamie comes hame.

Out over the Forth.

Burns. — Hegarth.

Andantino
Grazioso.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in a 6/8 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. It includes a forte (*f*) section and returns to piano (*p*) towards the end.

Out o-ver the Forth I look to the north, But what is the north and its highlands to me, The

The first system of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line is in a 6/8 time signature with a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

south nor the east give ease to my breast, The far foreign land or the wide rolling sea. But I

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line maintains the 6/8 time signature and two-flat key signature. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic chordal texture.

look to the West when I gae to rest, That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be, For far in the west lives

The third system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line maintains the 6/8 time signature and two-flat key signature. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic chordal texture.

he I lo'e best, The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

The fourth system concludes the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line maintains the 6/8 time signature and two-flat key signature. The piano accompaniment includes a forte (*f*) section and returns to piano (*p*) towards the end.

No other Verse.

Phillis the fair.

The Air by G. Thomson. — The Song by Burns.

267

Hogarth.

Allegretto.

The piano introduction is written for a grand piano in G minor, 3/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The music features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands, with a dynamic marking of 'p' (piano) at the beginning.

The first line of the song features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: "While larks with lit-tle wing fann'd the pure air, Tasting the". The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass clef with a 3/4 time signature.

The second line of the song continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line lyrics are: "breathing spring forth I did fare. Gay the Sun's gol-den eye". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

The third line of the song continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line lyrics are: "peep'd o'er the mountains high, Such thy morn did I cry, Phillis the". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

The fourth line of the song continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line lyrics are: "fair." The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord and a fermata. There are markings '2' and '3' below the piano part, likely indicating fingerings or measures.

In each bird's careless song,
Glad did I share;
While you wild flow'rs among,
Chance led me there;
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
Such thy bloom did I say,
Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooing were;
I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare;
So kind may fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair.

I'm o'er young to marry.
As alter'd by G. Thomson The Sy.^s & Acc.^s by G. Hogarth.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Vivace'. The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a forte (*f*) section. The lyrics are as follows:

I'm o'er young I'm o'er young I'm
o'er young to mar-ry yet, They tell me Sir, 'twould be a sin, To tak me frae my mammy yet;
I am my mammy's ae bairn, She nev-er lets me wea-ry Sir, I've been her dar-ling
a' my days, To leave her I am eer-ie Sir.

2

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
They tell me Sir 'twould be a sin,
To tak me frae my mammy yet.
Tho' Hallowmas is come and gane,
And nights are lang in winter, Sir,
And tho' you'd fain make me your ain,
In troth I'm fear'd to venture, Sir.

3

I'm o'er young, my mammy says,
I'm o'er young to marry yet,
I've been but three years in my teens;
Isn't rather soon to marry yet?
Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws through the leafless timmer, Sir;
But if you come this gate again
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.

* The last four lines are Burns's.

Allan Masterton's bonny Anne.
Burns. Haydn.

Allegretto.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (one sharp) and common time. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The music features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords and trills.

Ye gallants bright I rede ye right, Beware o' bonnie Anne, Her

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff in treble clef. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "Ye gallants bright I rede ye right, Beware o' bonnie Anne, Her".

comely face sae fu' o' grace Your hearts she will trepan. Her een sae bright, like

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff in treble clef. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "comely face sae fu' o' grace Your hearts she will trepan. Her een sae bright, like".

stars by night, Her skin's fair hue is like the swan; Sae jimply lac'd her gen.ty waist That

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff in treble clef. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "stars by night, Her skin's fair hue is like the swan; Sae jimply lac'd her gen.ty waist That".

sweetly ye might span.

The fourth system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff in treble clef. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "sweetly ye might span."

Youth, grace, and love attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van,
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonnie Anne.
The captive hands may chain the hands,
But powerful Love enslaves the man:
Ye gallants braw I rede ye a',
Beware o' bonnie Anne.

Age and Youth.

The Sym⁵ & Acc⁵ by Haydn. The Song by Burns.

Allegretto scherzo.

What can a young las-sie what shall a young las-sie, What can a young las-sie do wi' an auld man;

Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie, To sell her poor Jen-ny for sil-ler an' lan'.

DUO.

Bad luck on the penny that tempted our minnie, To sell her poor Jen-ny for sil-ler an' lan'.

Bad luck on the penny that tempted our minnie, To sell her poor Jen-ny for sil-ler an' lan'.

2.
He's always compleenin' frae morning to eenin',
He hoasts and he hirlples the weary day lang,
He's doited, he's crazy, he's dowff and he's lazy,
Wae's me to have got sic a silly auld man,
He's doild, &c.

3.
He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows,
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man.
He's peevish, &c.

4.
My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan,
I'll cross him and wrack him until I heart break him.
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.
I'll cross him, &c.

Woo 156, N^o 6

O! for him back again.

Highland Harry 271

The Sym. & Acc^s by Beethoven. — The Song by Burns.

Violin. Basso.

Allegretto con moto

My Harry was a gal-lant gay, Fu' state-ly strode he on the plain, But now he's ban-ish'd far a-way, I'll ne-ver see him back a-gain, O for him back a-gain, O for him back a gain I wou'd gie a Knock-has-pie's land For Loy-al Har-ry back a gain.

p *f* *f* *cres:* *f* *p* *espress:* *sf* *sf* *dimin:* *p* *cres:* *f* *piz:* *piz:* *p*

When a' the lave gae to their bed
 I wander dowie up the glen;
 I sit me down and greet my fill,
 And aye I wish him back again.

2^d
 O for him back again,
 O for him back again!
 Kind Fortune ease a breaking heart
 And send my laddie back again.

Mischievous Woman.

Op. 108, No 16

By the Ettrick Shepherd. The Sys. by Beethoven

*Allegretto
scherzoso*

p *cres:*

f *p* *cres:*

Could this ill world hae been contriv'd To stand without that Mischief, Woman; How

peaceful bo_dies wou'd hae liv'd Re_leas'd frae a' the ill's sae common. But

since it is the wae_fur case, That Man maun hae this teas_ing cro_ny, Why

such a sweet be_witching face? Oh had they no been made sae bon_ny.

h *cres:* *cres:* *f* *h*

MISCHIEVOUS WOMAN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

This song of pleasant humour ought to have appeared in the last edition, but was accidentally overlooked by the Editor.

COULD this ill world ha'e been contrived
 To stand without that Mischief, Woman,
 How peaceful bodies would ha'e liv'd,
 Releas'd frae a' the ills sae common!
 But since it is the waefu' case,
 That man must have this teasing crony,
 Why such a sweet bewitching face?
 Oh! had they no been made sae bonny!

I might have roam'd wi' cheerful mind,
 Nae sin nor sorrow to betide me,
 As careless as the wandering wind,
 As happy as the lamb beside me.
 I might have screw'd my tuneful pegs,
 And carol'd mountain airs fu' gaily,
 Had we but wanted a' the Megs,
 Wi' glossy een sae dark and wily.

I saw the danger, — fear'd the dart, —
 The smile, the air, and a' sae taking,
 Yet open laid my wareless heart,
 And got the wound that keeps me waking.
 My harp waves on the willow green,
 Of wild witch notes it has nae ony,
 Since e'er I saw that pawky quean,
 Sae sweet, sae wicked, and sae bonny.

O FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!

BY BURNS.

The Air communicated by Robert, the Poet's eldest son, who wrote it from his mother's singing; here first published with Symphonies and Accompaniments composed for it

BY BISHOP—1841.

AND O for ane and twenty, Tam!
 And hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam!
 I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,
 Gin I saw ane and twenty, Tam.
 They snool me sair, and haud me down,
 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam;
 But three short years will soon wheel round,
 And then comes ane and twenty, Tam.

And O for ane and twenty, Tam!
 And hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam!
 I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,
 Gin I saw ane and twenty, Tam.
 A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear,
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
 At kith or kin I needna spier,
 Gin I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

And O for ane and twenty, Tam!
 And hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam!
 I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,
 Gin I saw ane and twenty, Tam.
 They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
 Though I mysel' ha'e plenty, Tam;
 But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
 I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam.

And O for ane & twenty Tam.

Burns Bishop.

Allegretto, piu tosto Vivace.

The piano introduction is in G major and 6/8 time. It features a lively melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. Dynamics include *f*, *rf*, and *ff*. There are triplet markings in the right hand.

And oh, for ane and twenty Tam And hey sweet ane and twenty Tam, I'll learn my kin a rattling sang, If

The vocal line is in G major and 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment is in G major and 6/8 time. Dynamics include *p*.

I saw ane and twenty Tam. They snool me sair and ha'd me down And gar me look like bluntie Tam, But

The vocal line is in G major and 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment is in G major and 6/8 time. Dynamics include *rf*.

three short years will soon wheel round, And then comes ane and twenty Tam.

The vocal line is in G major and 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment is in G major and 6/8 time. Dynamics include *cres:*, *f*, *p*, *f*, and *rf*.

The piano conclusion is in G major and 6/8 time. It features a lively melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. Dynamics include *rf*, *p*, *ralldo*, and *f*. There are triplet markings in the right hand.

Prince Charles Edward,

A fugitive in the Highlands,

Burns — Beethoven.

Irish Air.

Andante
Espressivo.

The small birds re-joice on the green leaves re-turn-ing, The mur-mur-ing

streamlet winds clear through the vale; The prim-roses blow in the

dews of the morning, And wild scatter'd cowslips be-deck the green dale.

But what can give pleasure or what can seem fair,
When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care
Nor birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gaily springing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared could it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne!
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where wild beasts find shelter, though I can find none.

But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn,
Your faith prov'd so loyal, in hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make it no better return.

Highland Mary.

275

Burns. — Haydn.

Andante
Espressivo
con moto.

Sempre piano.

Powers ce...les...tial whose pro...tec...tion E...ver guards the vir...tuous fair,

While in dis...tant climes I wan...der, Let my Ma...ry be your care.

Let her form so fair and fault...less, Fair and faultless as your own,

Let my Ma...ry's kin...dred spi...rit Draw your choic...est influence down.

2^d
Make the gales you waft around her
Soft and peaceful as her breast,
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Soothe her bosom into rest:

Guardian angels! O protect her,
When in distant lands I roam;
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home.

* In the Poet's MSS. this song is called "A prayer for Mary," doubtless meaning Mary Campbell.

The merry Bachelor.

Joanna Baillie.

Koz.

Allegro.

O Willie was a wanton wag, The blythest lad that

e'er I saw, Of field and floor he was the brag, And carried a' the gree a-wa'. And was na Willie

stark and keen When he gaed to the wea-pon shaw, He won the pri-zes on the green, And

cheerd the feasters in the ha'.

THE MERRY BACHELOR.

FOUNDED ON THE OLD SONG OF "WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG,"—WRITTEN BY AND HERE PUBLISHED
WITH THE EXPRESS PERMISSION OF

JOANNA BAILLIE.

The same Air will be found in a preceding volume, set to different words and different accompaniments; but the merit of Mrs. Joanna's Song has induced the Editor to re-publish the Air in union with it, and with Symphonies and Accompaniments which he long since received from KOZELUCH.

WILLIE was a wanton wag,
The blithest lad that e'er I saw;
Of field and floor he was the brag,
And carried a' the gree* awa'.

And was na' Willie stark and keen,
When he gaed to the weapon-shaw!
He won the prizes on the green,
And cheer'd the feasters in the ha'.

His head was wise, his heart was leal,
His truth was fair without a flaw;
And aye by every honest chiel
His word was holden as a law.

And was na' Willie still our pride
When, in his gallant gear arrayed,
He won the bruise† and kiss'd the bride,
While pipes the wedding welcome played!

And aye he led the foremost dance,
Wi' winsome maidens buskit braw,
And gave to each a merry glance
That stole, awhile, her heart awa'.

The bride forgot her simple groom,
And every lass her trysted‡ jo;
Yet nae man's brow on Will could gloom,
They liked his rousing blitheness so.

Our good Mess John laughed wi' the laive;
The dominie, for a' his lear,
Could scarcely like himsel behave,
While a' was glee and revel there.

A joyous sight was Willie's face,
Baith far and near in ilka spot;—
In ha' received wi' kindly grace,
And welcomed to the lowly cot.

The carlin left her housewife's wark,
The bairnies shouted Willie's name;
The colley, too, would fidge, and bark,
And wag his tail when Willie came.

But Willie now has cross'd the main,
And he has been ower lang awa'!
Oh! would he were returned again,
To drive the doufness§ frae us a'!

* *Gree*, honour or preference.

† *Bruise*, a race at a country wedding, the winner being rewarded with the first kiss of the bride.

‡ *Trysted*, met by appointment.

§ *Doufness*, dulness.

SAW YE JOHNNIE COMING?

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD SCOTTISH SONG, WRITTEN BY AND HERE PUBLISHED WITH THE EXPRESS
PERMISSION OF

JOANNA BAILLIE,—1841.

The Air is given in a preceding volume with the old song of "Johnie Coming," and with verses by Burns; but Mrs. Joanna's pleasant new version of "Johnie Coming" has induced Mr. Thomson to republish the air in union with her song.

"SAW ye Johnie comin'?" quo' she,
"Saw ye Johnie comin',
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his doggie runnin'?
Yestreen about the gloamin' time
I chanced to see him comin',
Whistling merrily the tune
That I am a' day hummin'," quo' she,
"I am a' day hummin'."

"Fee him, father, fee him," quo' she;
"Fee him, father, fee him;
A' the wark about the house
Gaes wi' me whan I see him:
A' the wark about the house,
I gang sae lightly through it;
And though ye pay some merks o' gear,
Hoot! ye winna rue it," quo' she;
"No; ye ne'er can rue it."

"What wad I do wi' him, hizzy?
What wad I do wi' him?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I hae nane to gie him."
"I hae twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gie him;
And for a merk o' mair fee,
Oh, dinna stand wi' him," quo' she,
"Dinna stand wi' him."

"Weel do I lo'e him," quo' she,
"Weel do I lo'e him;
The brawest lads about the place
Are a' but haverels to him.
Oh, fee him, father; lang I trow
We've dull and dowie been;
He'll haud the plough, thrash in the barn,
And crack wi' me at e'en," quo' she;
"Crack wi' me at e'en."

Saw ye Johnie coming.

Joanna Baillie.

Allegretto.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) and later changes to *f* (forte). The lyrics are as follows:

Saw ye Johnie comin, quo' she, Saw ye Johnie comin, Wi' his blue bonnet on his head
 And his dog-gie runnin. Yestreen about the gloamin time, I chane'd to see him
 comin, Whistling mer-ri-ly the tune I am a' day hummin quo' she,
 I am a' day hummin.

1st appearance of this setting by Beethoven.

WoO 156, No. 7

Polly Stewart,

Burns. — Beethoven.

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*Allegretto
piu tosto
Vivace.*

O lovely Polly Stewart, O... charming Pol. ly Stewart, There's not a flower that

blooms in May, That's half so fair as thou art. The flower it blaws, it fades and fa's, And

Art can ne'er re...new it, But Worth and Truth e...ternal Youth Will give to Polly Stewart.

2^d * If the Voice cannot reach G - take B.

May he who wins thy matchless charms
Possess a leal and true heart;
To him be given to ken the heav'n
He gains in Polly Stewart!

O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half so sweet as thou art.

The imploring Lover.

Wogarth

Burns.

Andante
Espressivo.

Treble clef, 2/4 time signature. The piece begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a forte (*f*) dynamic. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

Vocal line: O lay thy loof in mine lass, in mine lass, in mine . . . lass; And
 Piano accompaniment continues with the same dynamics as the introduction.

Vocal line: swear on thy white hand lass, That thou wilt be my ain. A slave to love's un-
 Piano accompaniment continues, marked *f*.

Vocal line: bound sway, He oft has wrought me meikle wae; But now he is my
 Piano accompaniment continues.

Vocal line: dead ly fae Un less thou lt be my ain.
 Piano accompaniment continues, marked *p* and *f*.

2^d

O lay thy loof in mine lass,
 In mine lass, in mine lass,
 And swear on thy white hand lass,
 That thou wilt be my ain.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
 That for a blink I hae loed best,
 But thou art queen within my breast
 For ever to remain.

Wae is my heart. — Burns.

The Air by G. Thomson, 1841.

Hogarth.

Andante Affettuoso.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and moving lines, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include piano (p) and forte (f).

Wae is my heart and the tear's in my e'e Lang lang joy's been a stranger to me; For —

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Wae is my heart and the tear's in my e'e Lang lang joy's been a stranger to me; For —"

— saken and friendless my burden I bear, And the sweet voice of pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "— saken and friendless my burden I bear, And the sweet voice of pity ne'er sounds in my ear."

O Love thou hast pleasures and deep have I lov'd, O Love thou hast sorrows and
 (2^d time) O if I were hap...py where happy I have been, Down by yon...der streams and yon

The third line of the song includes a second ending marked "(2^d time)". The lyrics are: "O Love thou hast pleasures and deep have I lov'd, O Love thou hast sorrows and (2^d time) O if I were hap...py where happy I have been, Down by yon...der streams and yon"

sair have I prov'd; But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast I can
 bonnie cas...tle green; For there he is wand'ring and mu...sing on me Wha wou'd

The fourth line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sair have I prov'd; But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast I can bonnie cas...tle green; For there he is wand'ring and mu...sing on me Wha wou'd"

feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest. (No other Verse.)
 soon dry the tear frae his Phil...lis's e'e.

The fifth line of the song concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest. (No other Verse.) soon dry the tear frae his Phil...lis's e'e."

Peggy Chalmers,

Burns. — Haydn.

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Allegretto.

Where braving an-gry winter's storms The lof-ty O...chils rise Far in their shade my
Peg-gy's charms First blest my wond'ring eyes. As one who by some
sa...vage stream a lone...ly gem sur...veys As...tonish'd doubly marks its beam With
Art's most po..lish'd blaze.

* Or E if the Voice cannot reach G.

2^d

Blest be the wild sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
Where first I felt their power.

The tyrant Death with grim control
May seize my fleeting breath,
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

The Brier Bush.

Chambers—Bishop.

Allegretto. *ralldo*

p *pp*

There grows a bon...nie brier bush in our kail yard, There grows a bon...nie

bri...er bush in our kail yard. And on that bonnie bush there's twa....

mf

roses I lo'e dear, Al.....tho' they are but blossoms yet in our kail yard.

f *cres:* *ff* *p* *ralldo ed Espress:*

In this sweet little Allegory of 3 Verses, the Author refers to two of his infant girls, twins, who for 4 or 5 years past have been the flowers and delight of his home. It *begins* in the words of an old Scotch song, very little known.

THE BRIER BUSH.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS, Esq.—1841.

AIR—THE BRIER BUSH IN OUR KAIL-YARD.

THERE grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard,
 There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard;
 And on that bonnie bush there's twa roses I lo'e dear,
 Although they are but blossoms yet in our kail-yard.

Oh saft the opening flowries, and pearl-white their hue,
 They're fanned by simmer's breezes, and nursed by morning's dew;
 They hang upon ae stalk, like twa bonnie sisters dear,
 Wi' cheeks to other pressing, mair near and near.

My bonnie, bonnie flowries, how fair yet ye'll be,
 How happy in yoursels, and how pleasant to me;
 The gay garden roses are flaunting and braw,
 But our bonnie brier blossoms shall ding them a'.

Note.—The Editor has reason to believe that in the above sweet little allegory the author refers to two living blossoms, twin girls, who for four or five years past have been the ornament and delight of his home.— ED.

YOUNG RANDAL.

WRITTEN BY

ROBERT CHAMBERS, Esq.

BY WHOSE KIND PERMISSION MR. THOMSON HAS THE PLEASURE OF HERE UNITING THE SONG WITH
THE AIR FOR WHICH HE WROTE IT, BEING THE SAME AIR FOR WHICH HE INDITED
"THE BRIER BUSH" LITTLE SONG. — ARRANGED IN 1841

By BISHOP.

YOUNG Randal was a bonnie lad when he gaed awa',
Young Randal was a bonnie lad when he gaed awa';
'Twas in the sixteen hundred year o' grace and thirty-twa,
That Randal, the Laird's youngest son, gaed awa'.

It was to seek his fortune in the High Germanie,
To fecht the foreign loons in the High Germanie,
That he left his father's tower o' sweet Willanslee,
And mony wae friends i' the North Countrie.

He left his mother in her bower, his father in the ha',
His brother at the outer yett, and waefu' sisters twa,
And his bonnie cousin Jean, that look'd owre the castle wa',
And mair than a' the lave, loot the tears down fa'.

"Oh, when will ye be back?" sae kindly did she spier,
"Oh, when will ye be back, my hinny and my dear?"
"Whenever I can win eneugh o' Spanish gear,
To dress ye out in pearlins and silks, my dear."

Oh, Randal's hair was coal-black when he gaed awa',
Oh, Randal's cheeks were roses red when he gaed awa';
And in his bonnie e'e a spark glintit high,
He was merrie like the lark in the morning sky.

Oh, Randal was an alter'd man when he came hame,
A sairly alter'd man when he came hame;
Wi' a riband at his breast, and a *Sir* at his name,
And grey — grey cheeks, did he come hame.

He lightet at the outer yett, and rispet wi' the ring,
And down came a ladye to see him come in,
And after the ladye came bairns feifteen:—
"Can this muckle wife be my true love Jean?"

"Oh, what stoure carl is this," quo' the matronly dame,
"Sae gruff, and sae grand, sae feckless, and lame?"
"Oh tell me, fair madam, are ye bonnie Jeanie Grahame?"
"In troth," quo' the ladye, "sweet sir, the very same."

He turn'd him about, wi' a waeful e'e,
And a heart as sair as sair could be;
He lap on his horse, and awa' did wildly flee,
And never mair came back to sweet Willanslee.

Oh, dule on the poortith o' this countrie,
And dule on the wars of the High Germanie,
And dule on the love that forgetfu' can be,
For they've wreck'd the bravest heart in this hale countrie!

Young Randal.

Chambers—Bishop.

Allegretto.

p

rall do

pp *p*

Young Randal was a bonnie lad when

he gaed a...wa', Young Randal was a bonnie lad when he gaed a...

wa', - 'Twas in the sixteen hundred year of grace and thirty twa, That Randal the

Laird's youngest son gaed a...wa'.

rall do *f* *dim:* *pp*

The War Enthusiast.

The Air by George Thomson. The Sys. & Accs. by Bishop.

Marziale
con
molto spirito.

A steed, a steed of matchless speed, A

sword of me..tal keen; All else to no..ble hearts is dross, All else on earth is mean.- The

neighing of the war horse proud, The rowling of the drum, The clangour of the trumpet loud, Be

sounds from heav'n that come.

THE WAR ENTHUSIAST.

The following strain of martial enthusiasm, from Minstrels ancient and modern, edited by Mr. Motherwell, was found written in an old hand, in a copy of Lovelace's "Lucaste:" London, 1679. The orthography is here modernised.

THE AIR WRITTEN FOR THE WORDS BY GEORGE THOMSON.

THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENT COMPOSED

By BISHOP.—1841.

A STEED! a steed of matchless speed!
 A sword of metal keen;
 All else to noble hearts is dross,—
 All else on earth is mean:
 The neighing of the war-horse proud,
 The rowling of the drum,
 The clangour of the trumpet loud,
 Be sounds from Heav'n that come.

And oh, the thundering press of knights,
 When, as their war-cries swell,
 May toll from Heav'n an angel bright,
 And rouse a fiend from Hell.
 Then mount! then mount, brave gallants all!
 And don your helms amain;
 Death's couriers, Fame and Honour, call
 Us to the field again.

No shrewish tears shall fill our eye
 When the sword-hilt's in our hand;
 Heart whole we'll part, without one sigh,
 For the fairest of the land.
 Let piping swain, and craven wight,
 Go weep and puling cry;
 Our business is like men to fight,
 And like to heroes, die.

THE CONTENTED COTTAGER.

By BURNS.

THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS BY GEORGE HOGARTH—1841.

AIR—THE CARDING O'T.

OH leeze me on my spinning-wheel,
 Oh leeze me on my rock and reel;
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
 And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
 I'll set me down and sing and spin,
 While laigh descends the simmer sun,
 Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
 Oh leeze me on my spinning-wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
 And meet below my bonnie cot;
 The scented birk and hawthorn white,
 Across the pool their arms unite,
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
 And little fishes' caller rest:
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
 Where blithe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
 And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
 Delighted, rival other's lays:
 The craik amang the clover hay,
 The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley,
 The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
 Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
 Aboon distress, below envy,
 Oh wha wad leave this humble state
 For a' the pride of a' the great?
 Amid their flaring, idle toys,
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys;
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?

The contented Cottager.

Burns.

Allegretto.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a dynamic shift to forte (*f*) in the middle. The lower staff is in bass clef with a common time signature (C) and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

O leeze me on my spinning wheel, O leeze me on my rock and reel; Frae

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are: "O leeze me on my spinning wheel, O leeze me on my rock and reel; Frae". The music is in common time and begins with a treble clef.

tap to tae that cleeds me bien, And haps me fiel and warm at e'en. Ill set me down and

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "tap to tae that cleeds me bien, And haps me fiel and warm at e'en. Ill set me down and". The music continues in common time.

sing and spin, While laigh de..scends the simmer sun, Blest with con..tent and

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sing and spin, While laigh de..scends the simmer sun, Blest with con..tent and". The music continues in common time.

milk and meal O leeze me on my spinning wheel.

The fourth system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "milk and meal O leeze me on my spinning wheel." The music continues in common time.

Handsome Nell,

Burns.—The Air by G. Thomson—1841.

Allegretto.

O once I lov'd a bonnie lass, Ay and I love her still, And whilst that ho..nour
 warms my breast, I'll love my handsome NELL. As bonnie lasses I hae seen, And mony full as
 braw, But for a modest graceful mein, Her like I never saw.

My hearts in the Highlands,

Air—Hey Jennie come down.

Vivace.

My heart's in the highlands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the highlands a chasing the deer, A
 chasing the wild deer and following the roe, My heart's in the highlands wher..e..ver I go.
 Farewell to the highlands, Farewell to the North, The birthplace of valour the country of worth, Wher-
 ..e..ver I wander, Wher....e...ver I rove, The hills of the highlands for e...ver I love.

HANDSOME NELL.

This was Burns's very first attempt in verse. 'T was composed, according to his own account, in his sixteenth year, on a "bonnie, sweet, sonsy lass, who was his companion on the harvest-field."—See his interesting letter to Dr. Moore. He says elsewhere, that he had no thoughts of turning poet 'till he once got heartily in love, and then that rhyme and song were in a manner the spontaneous language of his heart. Although this juvenile production is much inferior to the after Lyrics of the Poet, yet its romantic little history and its pleasing simplicity, Mr. Thomson thinks, will recommend it to most singers. Not knowing a suitable Air for it, he wrote the one he has here united with it:—July, 1841.

O ONCE I lov'd a bonnie Lass,
Ay, and I love her still,
And whilst that honour warms my heart,
I'll love my handsome Nell.
As bonnie Lasses I ha'e seen,
And mony full as braw,
But for a modest, graceful mien,
Her like I never saw.

A bonnie Lass, all will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e,
But without better qualities
She's no the Lass for me,
But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet,
And, what is best of a',
Her reputation is complete
And fair without a flaw.

* * * * *

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart,
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.
'T is this in Nelly pleases me,
'T is this enchants my soul,
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without control.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

By BURNS.

AIR — HEY, JENNY, COME DOWN.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

WRITTEN

By DAVID VEDDER, IN 1841.

This Air is a duplicate of one in a preceding volume ("Todlin Hame"), but the peculiar beauty of the following Song, which was written for Mr. Thomson's work by Mr. Vedder, has induced him to republish that Air here, along with his friend's Song.

THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS BY GEORGE HOGARTH.

I NEITHER got promise of siller nor land
 With the bonnie wee darling who gave me her hand ;
 But I got a kind heart with my sweet blushing bride,
 And that's proved the bliss of my ain fireside :
 My ain fireside, my dear fireside,
 There's happiness aye at my ain fireside.

Ambition once pointed my view towards rank,
 To meadows, and manors, and gold in the bank ;—
 'T was but for an hour,—and I cherish with pride
 The sweet lowly flower at my ain fireside :
 My ain fireside, my happy fireside,
 My Jeanie's the charm of my ain fireside.

Her accents are music, there's grace in her air,
 And purity reigns in her bosom so fair ;
 She's lovelier now than in maidenly pride,
 Tho' she's long been the joy of my ain fireside :
 My ain fireside, my happy fireside,
 There's harmony still at my ain fireside.

Let the minions of fortune and fashion go roam,
 I'm content with the sweet simple pleasures of home ;
 Tho' their wine, wit, and humour flow like a spring tide,
 What are these to the bliss of my dear fireside ?
 My ain fireside, my cheery fireside,
 There are pleasures untold at my ain fireside.

My ain Fireside.

D. Vedder.

Allegretto.

p *f*

I... neither got promise of siller nor land With the bonny wee darling who

gave me her hand, But I got a kind heart with my sweet blushing bride, And

that's prov'd the bliss of my ain fireside. My ain fireside, My dear fireside, There's

hap-piness ay at my ain... fireside.

f

The faithful Dove.

Lady Anne Lindsay-Balcarras.

Andantino
Semplice
ed
Espressivo.

Why tar...ries my Love Ah where does he rove? My Love's long

ab...sent from me. Come hi...ther my Dove, I'll

write to my Love And send him a let...ter by thee.

THE FAITHFUL DOVE.

WRITTEN

By LADY ANNE LINDSAY, BALCARRAS.

 THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS COMPOSED BY GEORGE HOGARTH IN 1841.

“WHY tarries my Love?—
 Ah! where does he rove?
 My Love is long absent from me!
 Come hither, my dove,
 I'll write to my Love,
 And send him a letter by thee.

To find him, swift fly!
 The letter I'll tie
 Secure to thy leg with a string.”

“Ah! not to my leg,
 Fair lady, I beg;
 But fasten it under my wing.”

Her dove she did deck,
 She drew o'er his neck
 A bell and a collar so gay;
 She tied to his wing
 The scroll with a string,
 Then kissed him and sent him away.

It blew and it rain'd,
 The pigeon disdain'd
 To seek shelter; undaunted he flew
 Till wet was his wing,
 And painful his string,
 So heavy the letter it grew.

He flew all around,
 Till Colin he found,
 Then perched on his head with the prize;
 Whose heart, while he reads,
 With tenderness bleeds
 For the pigeon that flutters, and dies.

AS I WAS A WAND'RING.

By BURNS.

HIGHLAND AIR.

 THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1841, COMPOSED

By BEETHOVEN.

As I was a wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning,
 The pipers and youngsters were making their game,
 Amang them I spied my faithless, fause lover,
 Which bled all the wounds of my dolour again.

Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him,
 I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;
 I flatter my fancy I may get another,
 My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

I cou'dna get sleeping 'till dawning, for greeting,
 The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain;
 Had I no got greeting, my heart wou'd hae broken,
 For oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.

Altho' he has left me for greed o' the siller,
 I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
 I rather wou'd bear a' the load o' my sorrow
 Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.

1st printing as by Beethoven.

(117-119)

but under Haydn's name in Welsh Mus. 1817.

As I was a wand'ring,

289

Burns — Beethoven,

The Air by G Thomson.

Violino.

Andantino
Espressivo.

p *dol.* *p*

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is for the Violino, marked *Violino.* and *p*. The bottom two staves are for piano accompaniment, marked *Andantino* and *Espressivo.* with a *dol.* (dolce) marking. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4.

As I was a wand'ring on a

p

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth staves. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom two staves are the piano accompaniment. The lyrics "As I was a wand'ring on a" are written under the vocal line. A *p* (piano) dynamic marking is present in the piano part.

Mid-summer ev'ning, The pipers and youngsters were making their game, Among them I

fp *fp*

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth staves. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom two staves are the piano accompaniment. The lyrics "Mid-summer ev'ning, The pipers and youngsters were making their game, Among them I" are written under the vocal line. *fp* (fortissimo piano) dynamic markings are present in the piano part.

soon spied my faithless fause Lover Which bled all the wounds of my do-lour a-

Detailed description: This system contains the seventh and eighth staves. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom two staves are the piano accompaniment. The lyrics "soon spied my faithless fause Lover Which bled all the wounds of my do-lour a-" are written under the vocal line.

Violino.

gain.

dol.

Detailed description: This system contains the ninth and tenth staves. The top staff is for the Violino, marked *Violino.* and "gain.". The bottom two staves are for piano accompaniment, marked *dol.* (dolce). The system concludes with double bar lines.

Anna,

Burns. — Beethoven.

*Andante
amoroso
espressivo.*

An-na thy charms my bo - som fire, And waste my soul with care But

ah how bootless to ad-mire, When fated to des-pair. Yet in thy presence

love-ly Fair, to hope may be for-giv-en; For sure 'twere impious to des-pair, So

much in sight of Heaven.

cres:

* There is no additional Verse.

Nithsdale's welcome home.

Burns.

Vivace.

The noble Maxwells and their Powers Are coming o'er the
 bor...der, And they'll gae build Ter...reagle's towers, And set them a' in or.....der.
 And they declare Ter...reagle's fair, For their a-bode they chuse it; There's no a heart in
 a' the land But's lighter at the news o't.

Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
 And angry tempests gather,
 The happy hour may soon be near
 That brings us pleasant weather.

2^d

The weary night o' care and grief
 May have a joyful morrow;
 So dawning day has brought relief—
 Fareweel our night o' sorrow.

Music, Love & Wine.

Written for this Work by W^m Smyth Esq.

Beethoven.

*Allegretto
piu tosto
Vivace*

First system of piano introduction, featuring treble and bass staves with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

Second system of piano introduction, ending with a *ritard:* marking.

FIRST VOICE.

First system of the vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: "O let me Music hear, Night and day, Let the voice and let the lyre dis..."

Second system of the vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "solve my heart, my spirits fire; Music, and I ask no more, Night or day."

SECOND VOICE.
 Hence with this colder world,
 Hence adieu!
 Give me, give me but the while,
 The brighter Heav'n of Ellen's smile,
 Love—and then I ask no more,
 Oh would you?

THIRD VOICE.
 Hence with this world of Care,
 I say too;
 Give me but the blissful dream,
 That mingles in the goblet's gleam,
 Wine—and then I ask no more.
 What say you?

FIRST VOICE. 4th Verse.
 Music may gladden Wine,
 What say you?
 Tendrils of the laughing Vine
 Around the Myrtle well may twine,
 Both may grace the Lyre divine,
 What say you?

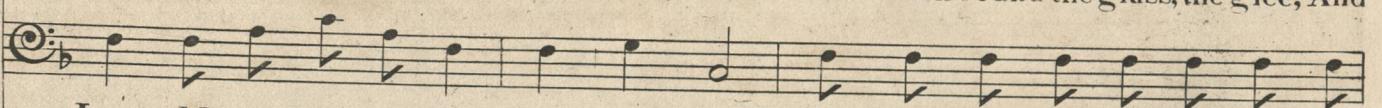
SECOND VOICE.
 What if we all agree,
 What say you?
 I will list the Lyre with thee,
 And he shall dream of love like me,
 Brighter then the Wine will be,
 What say you?

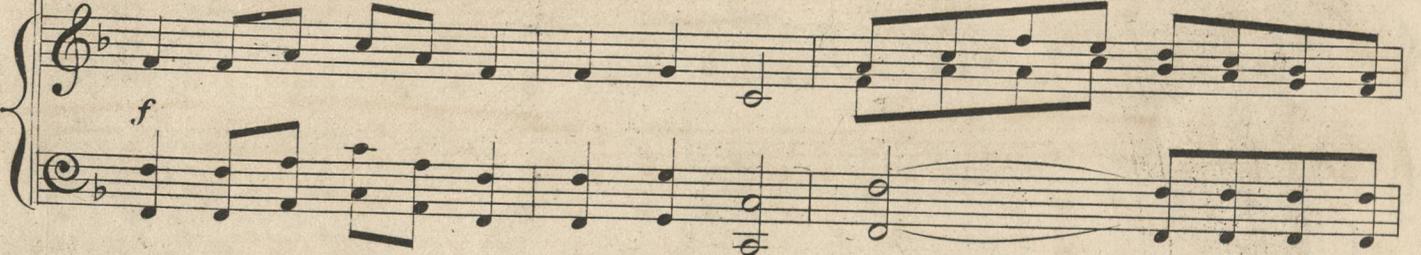
Chorus

for three Voices

Soprano. 
Love, Music, Wine a-gree, True, true, true; Round then round the glass, the glee, And

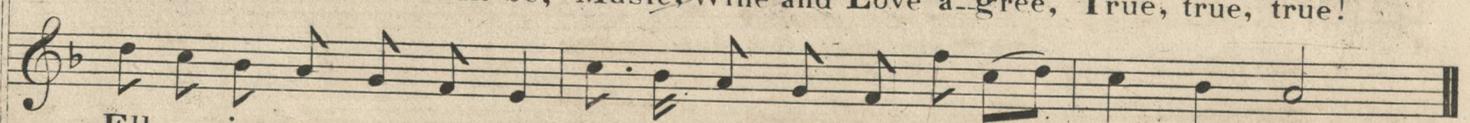
Tenor. 
Love, Music, Wine a-gree, True, true, true; Round then round the glass, the glee, And

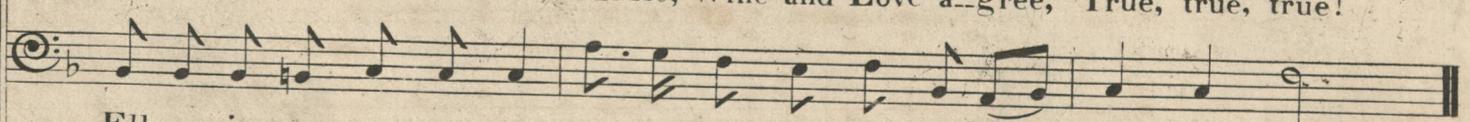
Bass. 
Love, Music, Wine a-gree, True, true, true; Round then round the glass, the glee, And



f


Ell-en in our toast shall be; Music, Wine and Love a-gree, True, true, true!


Ell-en in our toast shall be; Music, Wine and Love a-gree, True, true, true!


Ell-en in our toast shall be; Music, Wine and Love a-gree, True, true, true!



cres: *p* *cres:* *dim:* *pp*

Woman-kind

Written for this Work by Professor Smyth. — The Sys. & Accs. by Beethoven.

Larghetto
con moto ed
espressione

Canto.

The He-ro may per-ish his Coun-try to save, And he lives in the re-cords of

Tenore.

The He-ro may per-ish his Coun-try to save, And he lives in the re-cords of

Basso.

The He-ro may per-ish his Coun-try to save, And he lives in the re-cords of

fame; ----- The Sage may the dun-geons of Ty-ran-ny brave, E-ver

fame; ----- The Sage may the dun-geons of Ty-ran-ny brave, E-ver

fame; ----- The Sage may the dun-geons of Ty-ran-ny brave, E-ver

honour'd and blest be his name. ----- But

honour'd and blest be his name. ----- But

honour'd and blest be his name. ----- But

Vir-tue that si-lent-ly toils and ex-pires, No wreath no wreath for the
Vir-tue that si-lent-ly toils and ex-pires, No wreath no wreath for the
Vir-tue that si-lent-ly toils and ex-pires, No wreath no wreath for the

brow to a--dorn; That asks but a smile but a fond sigh re--quires, O
brow to a--dorn; That asks but a smile but a fond sigh re--quires, O
brow to a--dorn; That asks but a smile but a fond sigh re--quires, O

Wo-man that vir-tue is thine.....
Wo-man that vir-tue is thine.....
Wo-man that vir-tue is thine.....

Sichnagar. by Lord Byron.
Beethoven.

Andante con espressione e energia

Canto.

A...way ye gay landscapes ye gar...dens of ro...ses, In you let the min...ions of

Tenore.

A...way ye gay landscapes ye gar...dens of ro...ses, In you let the min...ions of

Basso.

A...way ye gay landscapes ye gar...dens of ro...ses, In you let the min...ions of

lux...ry rove; Re...store me the rocks where the snow flake re...po...ses, For still they are

lux...ry rove; Re...store me the rocks where the snow flake re...po...ses, For still they are

lux...ry rove; Re...store me the rocks where the snow flake re...po...ses, For still they are

sa...cred to freedom and love. And yet Ca...le...do...nia be...lov'd are thy mountains, A...

sa...cred to freedom and love. And yet Ca...le...do...nia be...lov'd are thy mountains, A...

sa...cred to freedom and love. And yet Ca...le...do...nia be...lov'd are thy mountains, A...

round their white sum-mits tho' e-le-ments war; Tho' ca-ta-racts foam 'stead of
 round their white sum-mits tho' e-le-ments war; Tho' ca-ta-racts foam 'stead of
 round their white sum-mits tho' e-le-ments war; Tho' ca-ta-racts foam 'stead of

smooth flowing fountains, I sigh for the val-ley of dark Loch-na-gar.
 smooth flowing fountains, I sigh for the val-ley of dark Loch-na-gar.
 smooth flowing fountains, I sigh for the val-ley of dark Loch-na-gar.

2

Ah there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
 On Chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
 As daily I strode through the pine cover'd glade.
 I sought not my home 'till the day's dying glory
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
 For Fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
 Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch-na-gar.

3

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

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

The Marquis of Montrose!

TO HIS MISTRESS.

For this, the Original Air, dated 1686, M^r. T is indebted to M^r. Chappell.

Allegretto.

My

dear and on...ly Love I pray, This lit...tle world of thee..., Be go...vern'd by no

o...ther way, But purest monar...chy..... For if confu...sion have a part, Which

vir...tuous souls ab...hor..... And hold a sy...nod in thy heart, I'll ne...ver love thee

more.....

THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE'S ADDRESS TO HIS MISTRESS.

THE ORIGINAL AIR COPIED FROM A SCARCE MUSICAL WORK PRINTED IN 1686 ;

KINDLY COMMUNICATED TO MR. THOMSON BY MR. CHAPPELL, LONDON.

JAMES GRAHAM, Marquis of Montrose, was born in 1612, and executed, by order of the Republican Government, for treason against the state, in 1650. Clarendon says he well deserved to have his memory preserved and celebrated amongst the illustrious persons of the age in which he lived.

My dear and only love, I pray
 This little world of thee
 Be govern'd by no other sway
 But purest monarchy :
 For if confusion have a part,
 Which virtuous souls abhor,
 And hold a synod in thy heart,
 I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
 And I will reign alone,
 My thoughts shall evermore disdain
 A rival on my throne.
 He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 Who dares not put it to the touch
 To win or lose it all.

But I must rule and govern still,
 And always give the law ;
 And have each subject at my will,
 And all to stand in awe.
 But 'gainst my battery if I find
 Thou storm or vex me sore,
 As if thou set me as a blind,
 I'll never love thee more.

Or in the empire of thy heart,
 Where I should solely be,
 If others do pretend a part,
 And dare to vie with me ;
 Or if committees thou erect,
 And go on such a score,
 I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
 And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
 Thy love and constant word,
 I'll make thee famous by my pen,
 And glorious by my sword.
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways
 As ne'er was heard before ;
 I'll crown and deck thy head with bays,
 And love thee evermore.

GLENCOE.

WRITTEN FOR MR. THOMSON,

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

THE lady, from whose singing Mr. Thomson took this touching Air, knew not its name. It has been commonly called "Oft in the stilly Night," ever since the appearance of the beautiful song which Mr. Moore wrote for it. Mr. Thomson, in here uniting it with the sorrowful tale of truth written by Sir Walter, takes leave to give it the name of "Glencoe."

THE SYMPHONIES, ACCOMPANIMENTS, AND VOCAL HARMONY

BY BEETHOVEN.

AND HERE FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1841.

O TELL me, Harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the desert of Glencoe,

Where none may list their melody?
Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle, that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?

No, not to these, for they have rest,—
The mist-wreath has the mountain crest,
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,—
Abode of lone security.

But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild-wood deep, nor mountain grey,
Not this deep dell that shrouds from day,
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.

Their flag was furl'd, and mute their drum,
The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay at guests that come
In guise of hospitality.

His blythest notes the piper plied,
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,
The dame her distaff flung aside,
To tend her kindly housewifery.

The hand that mingled in the meal
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel
Meed for his hospitality.

The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand,
At midnight arm'd it with the brand
That bade Destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazonry.

Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,
Nor infancy's unpitied plain
More than the warrior's groan, could gain
Respite from ruthless butchery.

The winter wind that whistled shrill,
The snows that night that cloked the hill,
Though wild and pitiless, had still
Far more than southron clemency.

Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
Few are its strings and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
Their grey-hair'd master's misery.

Were each grey hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
'Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
"Revenge for blood and treachery!"

Mr appearance of this Beethoven setting

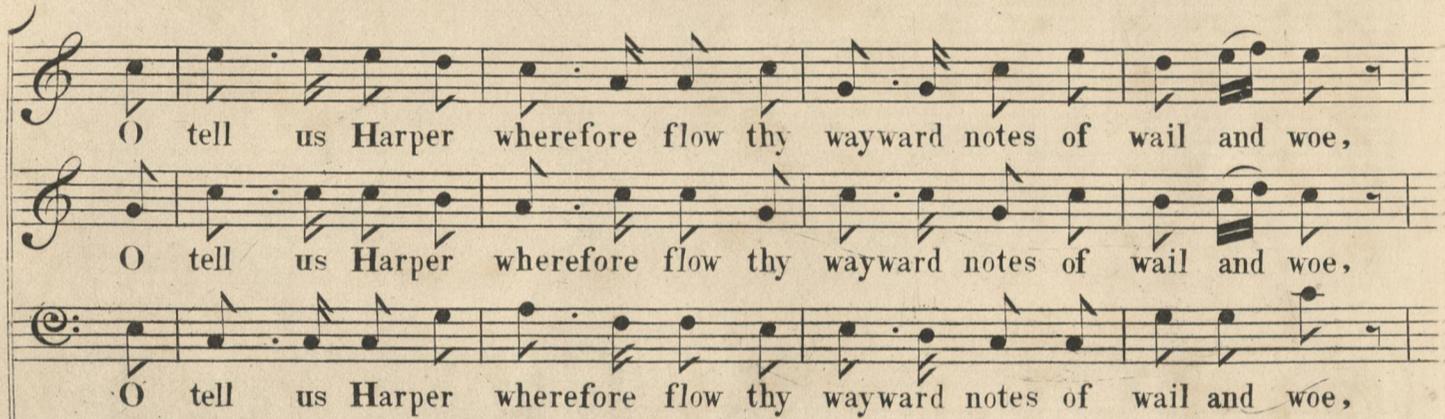
Glencoe.

Sir Walter Scott.—Beethoven.

Andante
con molto
espressione.



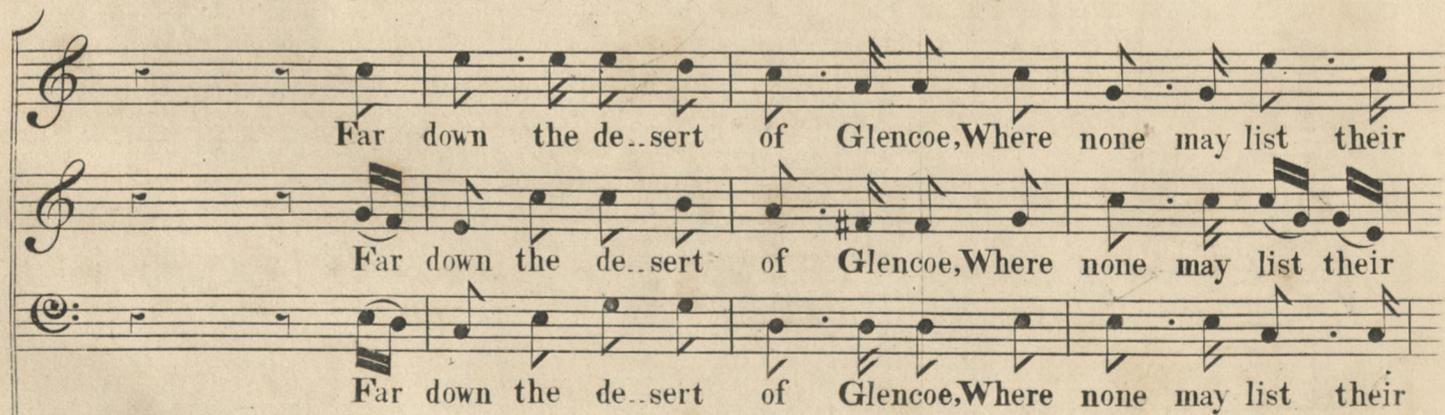
The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of eighth-note chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is present at the beginning.



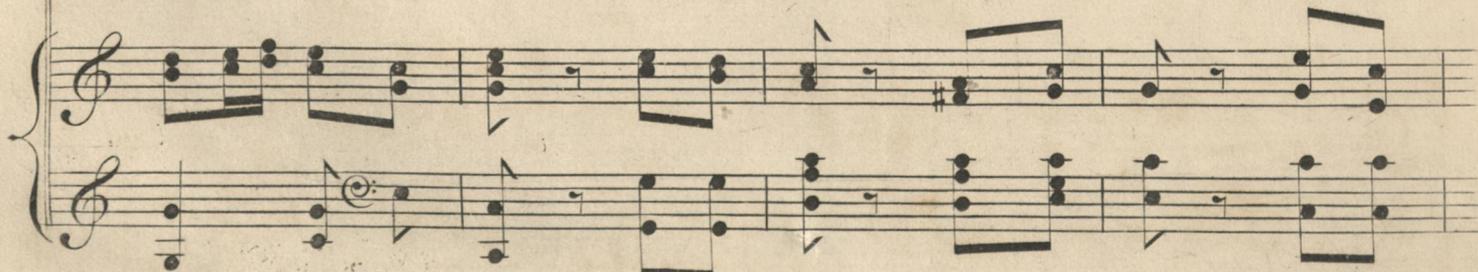
O tell us Harper wherefore flow thy wayward notes of wail and woe,
O tell us Harper wherefore flow thy wayward notes of wail and woe,
O tell us Harper wherefore flow thy wayward notes of wail and woe,



The piano accompaniment for the first part of the song, consisting of two staves. It provides harmonic support for the vocal lines with chords and moving lines in both hands.



Far down the de..sert of Glencoe, Where none may list their
Far down the de..sert of Glencoe, Where none may list their
Far down the de..sert of Glencoe, Where none may list their

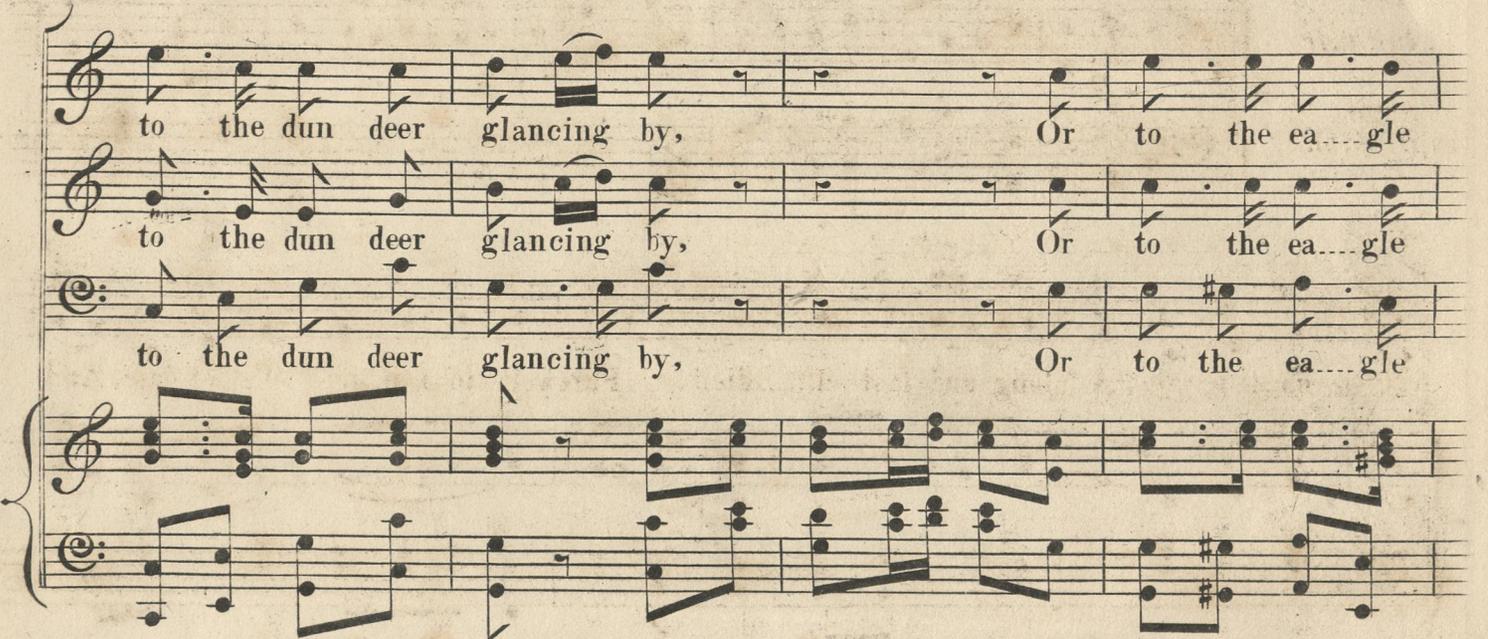


The piano accompaniment for the second part of the song, consisting of two staves. It continues the harmonic support for the vocal lines with chords and moving lines in both hands.

me...lo dy. Say harp'st thou to the mists that fly, Or
me...lo...dy. Say harp'st thou to the mists that fly, Or
me...lo...dy. Say harp'st thou to the mists that fly, Or



to the dun deer glancing by, Or to the ea...gle
to the dun deer glancing by, Or to the ea...gle
to the dun deer glancing by, Or to the ea...gle



that from high screams cho...rus to thy minstrelsy.
that from high screams cho...rus to thy minstrelsy.
that from high screams cho...rus to thy minstrelsy.



The Emigrant's Farewell, T. Pringle

The Sym^s & Acc^s by

Beethoven.

The Words & Music here first united in 1841.

Andante
con
espressione.

Our native land our

p *cres:* *p* *p*

na...tive vale, A long and last a.....dieu, Farewell to bon...ny Teviot dale, And

Cheviot mountains blue. Farewell ye hills of glorious deeds, And streams renown'd in

cres:

song ! Farewell ye braes and blossom'd meads, Our hearts have lov'd so long.

Farewell the blythsome broom .y knowes Where thyme and hare-bells grow; Fare..

..well the hoary haunted howes, O'erhung with birk and sloe: The mossy cave and

mould'ring tower that skirt our native dell, The martyr's grave, and lover's bower, We

bid a sad fare..well.

2^d stanza .

Home of our love, our father's home,
 Land of the brave and free;
 The sail is flapping on the foam
 That bears us far from thee!
 We seek a wild and distant shore
 Beyond the western main; —
 We leave thee to return no more,
 Nor view thy cliffs again. —

[To conclude by a repetition of the first 8 lines of the song.]

WoD 156, N° 11.

1st appearance of this Beethoven setting

Auld lang syne, Burns.

The Sym.^s Acc.^s & vocal Harmony by

Beethoven.

Now first Pub. 1841.

Allegretto.

p *f* *p* *p*

mezza voce.

Soprano.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot And never brought to

Tenore.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot And never brought to

Basso.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot And never brought to

mind Should auld acquaintance be forgot And days o' lang syne.

mind Should auld acquaintance be forgot And days o' lang syne.

mind Should auld acquaintance be forgot And days o' lang syne.

CHORUS.

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

tak a cup o' kind...ness yet, For auld lang syne.
 tak a cup o' kind...ness yet, For auld lang syne.
 tak a cup o' kind...ness yet, For auld lang syne.

2^d

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.

CHO^s For auld lang syne, &c:

3^d

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn
 Frae morning sun 'till dine;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin' auld lang syne.

CHO^s For auld lang syne, &c:

4th

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

CHO^s For auld lang syne, &c:

5th

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

CHO^s For auld lang syne, &c:

* This admirable song is differently accompanied in a preceding volume *

God save the Queen!

The Accompaniments and vocal Harmony

Composed for this Work by

H. R. BISHOP, 1841,

The new Verses by

D. M. MOIR ESQ.

The Scotland has no claim to this national Air, yet its beauty, with the pure harmony of Bishop, & the elegance of the Scotch Verses, will, the Editor hopes, render it an acceptable Finale to this Collection.

MAESTOSO, Con Spirito.

VOICE .

PIANO-
FORTE .

God save our Gracious Queen, Long live our no...ble Queen, God save the

Queen. Hap...py and glo...ri...ous, E...ver vic...to...ri...ous,

Long to... reign o...ver us, God bless the Queen.

CHORUS.

SOPRANO 1. *f*
God save our gracious Queen, Long live our noble Queen,

SOPRANO 2. *f*
God save our gracious Queen, Long live our noble Queen,

BASSO. *f*
God save our gracious Queen, Long live our noble Queen,

PIANO-
FORTE.

God save the Queen. Hap-py and glo-ri-ous, E-ver vic-

God save the Queen. Hap-py and glo-ri-ous, E-ver vic-

God save the Queen. Hap-py and glo-ri-ous, E-ver vic-

to-ri-ous, Long to- reign o-ver us, God bless the Queen.

to-ri-ous, Long to- reign o-ver us, God bless the Queen.

to-ri-ous, Long to- reign o-ver us, God bless the Queen.

The New Verses.

SOLO .

HEAD of our roy..al line, Blessings be e...ver thine - Long live the Queen! Twined with the

lau..rel bough, Still may the o...live glow, Garland to grace thy brow - God save the Queen!

CHORUS .

HEAD of our roy..al line, Blessings be e...ver thine - Long live the Queen! Twined with the
HEAD of our roy..al line, Blessings be e...ver thine - Long live the Queen! Twined with the
HEAD of our roy..al line, Blessings be e...ver thine - Long live the Queen! Twined with the

laurel bough, Still may the o..live glow, Garland to grace thy brow - God save the Queen!
laurel bough, Still may the o..live glow, Garland to grace thy brow - God save the Queen!
laurel bough, Still may the o..live glow, Garland to grace thy brow - God save the Queen!

SOLO.

Ne'er may the eye of day Close o'er thy boundless sway.* Long live the Queen! South and north,

east and west, Under thy sceptre blest, Strive which shall love thee best. God save the Queen!

CHORUS.

Ne'er may the eye of day Close o'er thy boundless sway. Long live the Queen! South and north,
 Ne'er may the eye of day Close o'er thy boundless sway. Long live the Queen! South and north,
 Ne'er may the eye of day Close o'er thy boundless sway. Long live the Queen! South and north,

east and west, Under thy sceptre blest, Strive which shall love thee best. God save the Queen!
 east and west, Under thy sceptre blest, Strive which shall love thee best. God save the Queen!
 east and west, Under thy sceptre blest, Strive which shall love thee best. God save the Queen!

*It was the sublime saying of Burke, that "on the British dominions the sun never sets."

SOLO.

Never shall foeman's foot Britain's free soil pollute - Long live the Queen! May war for

e...ver cease, And in thy sway of peace Plenty to all increase - God save the Queen!

CHORUS.

Never shall foeman's foot Britain's free soil pollute - Long live the Queen! May war for
 Never shall foeman's foot Britain's free soil pollute - Long live the Queen! May war for
 Never shall foeman's foot Britain's free soil pollute - Long live the Queen! May war for

e...ver cease, And in thy sway of peace Plenty to all increase - God save the Queen!
 e...ver cease, And in thy sway of peace Plenty to all increase - God save the Queen!
 e...ver cease, And in thy sway of peace Plenty to all increase - God save the Queen!

SOLO.

Still, as in days of yore, Ours shall be freedom's shore - Long live the Queen! Rose, Thistle,

Shamrock twine, And, to inwreath thy line, Beauty and strength combine. God save the Queen!

CHORUS.

Still, as in days of yore, Ours shall be freedom's shore - Long live the Queen! Rose, Thistle,
 Still, as in days of yore, Ours shall be freedom's shore - Long live the Queen! Rose, Thistle,
 Still, as in days of yore, Ours shall be freedom's shore - Long live the Queen! Rose, Thistle,

Shamrock twine, And, to inwreath thy line, Beauty and strength combine - God save the Queen!
 Shamrock twine, And, to inwreath thy line, Beauty and strength combine - God save the Queen!
 Shamrock twine, And, to inwreath thy line, Beauty and strength combine - God save the Queen!

FINE.

Addenda

2 Irish Airs

Beethoven

JUDY LOVELY MATCHLESS CREATURE.

Beethoven

No. 58

Andant^o
quasi
Allegretto

Sempre dolce
p dolce

JU - DY love - ly matchless creature Beauty shines thro' ev' - ry fea - ture Like yon

cres

light the pride of na - ture Thro' the morning dew - - - - - Come then to your

p

Patrick's dwelling All a - round the buds are swelling Ev - - ry lit - - tle linnets

cres *p* *cres* *p*

tell - ing 'Tis the time to woo - - - - -

p dol.

cres

p *dol:* *cres* *dim:* *ped pp*

Judy, lovely, matchless Creature.

RUSTIC COURTSHIP.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 58.)—SLAUNT RI PLULIB.

JUDY, lovely, matchless creature,
 Beauty shines thro' ev'ry feature,
 Like yon light, the pride of nature,
 Thro' the morning dew.
 Come, then, to your Patrick's dwelling;
 All around the buds are swelling,
 Ev'ry little linnet's telling
 'Tis the time to woo.

Dame O'Flyn, sweet Judy's mother,
 Would you bid me passion smother!
 Sure I'll speak as well's another,
 Tho' poor Pat O'Doyle.

Love within my breast is teasing,
 Were I dumb—'t would be amazing;
 Sooner, when the coals are blazing,
 Bid your pot not boil.

Thy Ship must sail, my Henry dear.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By **WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.**

AIR, (No. 59.)—*The name unknown to the Editor.*

<p>THY ship must sail, my Henry dear, Fast comes the day, too soon, too sure; And I, for one long tedious year, Must learn thy absence to endure. Come let me by my pencil's aid Arrest thy image ere it flies; And like the fond Corinthian maid, Thus win from Art what Fate denies.</p>	<p>And I will hang with fondness warm O'er all that there I pictur'd see; To others but a mimic form,— But oh! my life, my love to me. Or let me sing the song so dear, The song that told thy bosom's fire, When first, our favourite willows near, I bade thee wake thy ready lyre.</p>
--	--

Yes, o'er and o'er, I'll sing and play
 The song beneath those willow trees,
 When thou, alas! art far away,
 And nought but thoughts of thee can please.
 Dear sister Arts! of power divine,
 To soothe the heart when cheerless found,
 And near, with moon-light gleam to shine,
 When all the world is darkness round.

THY SHIP MUST SAIL MY HENRY DEAR

No. 59
Andantino
con
espressione

Bath.

First system of musical notation. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass line. Dynamics include piano (p), accent (>), forte (f), and piano (p).

Thy ship must sail my Henry dear Fast comes the day too

Second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with quarter notes D5, E5, F5, and G5. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth notes. Dynamics include piano (p).

soon too sure And I for one long tedious year must learn thy absence to endure.

Third system of musical notation. The vocal line has a half note G4, quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth notes. Dynamics include piano (p) and crescendo (cres).

Come let me by my pen-cil's aid Ar-rest thy i-mage as it flies And like the

Fourth system of musical notation. The vocal line has a half note G4, quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth notes. Dynamics include piano (p) and crescendo (cres).

fond Co-rin-thian maid Thus win from Art what Fate de-nies. See frontispiece

Fifth system of musical notation. The vocal line has a half note G4, quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth notes. Dynamics include piano (p) and crescendo (cres).

Sixth system of musical notation. The vocal line has a half note G4, quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth notes. Dynamics include piano (p), crescendo (cres), and diminuendo (dimin.).

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