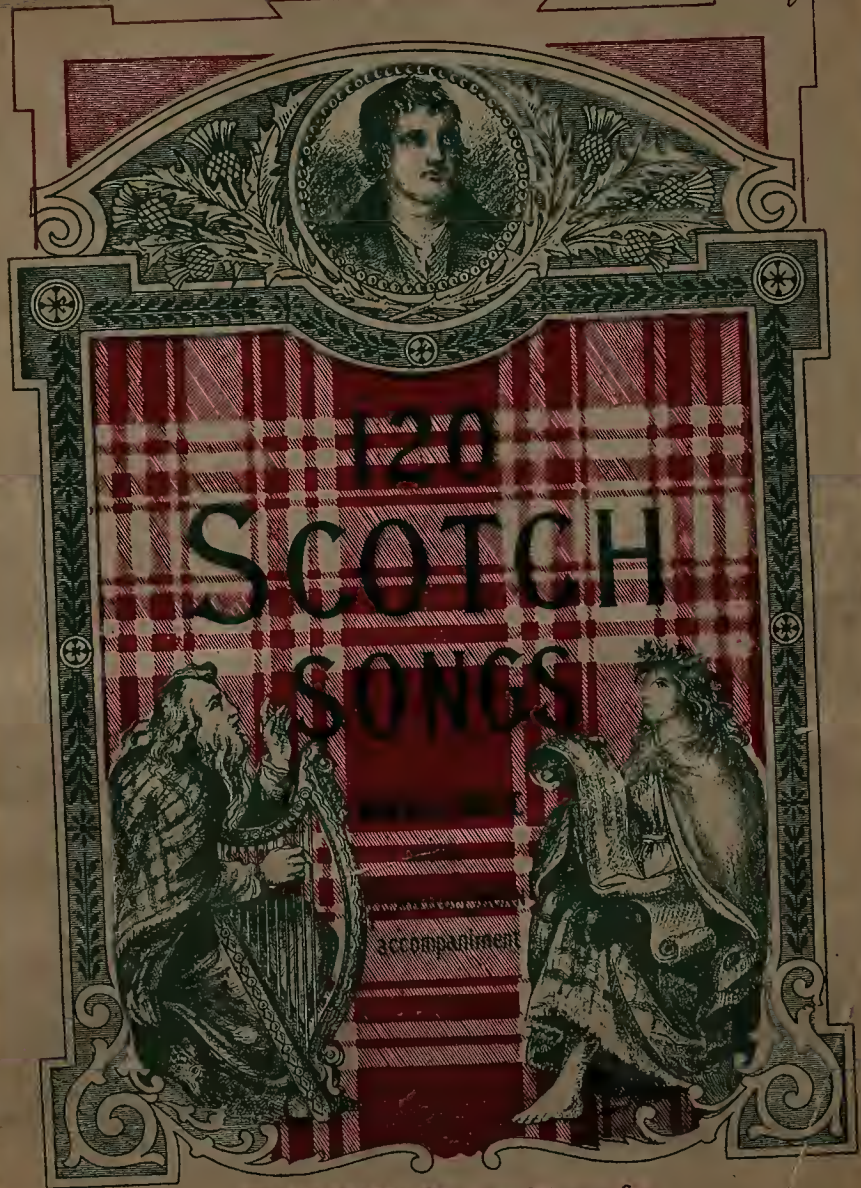


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THE AULD HOUSE.

By Caroline Baroness Nairne.

(1768-1845)

Andante.

Voice.

Piano. *p slow and plaintive*

1. Oh! the auld hooe, the auld_ hooe, What tho' the rooms were wee! Oh!
 2. Oh! the auld laird, the auld_ laird, Sae can-ty kind and crouse; How
 3. The_ ma-vis still doth sweetly sing, The hua-bells sweet-ly blaw; The

kind hearts were dwell-ing there, And bair-ies fu' o' glee; The
 mo-ny did he wel-come to His ain wee dear auld hooe! And the
 hon-nie Earn'clear wind-ing etill, But the auld hooe is a - wa, The

wild-rose and the jes - a - mine, Still hang up - on the wa', How -
 led - dy too, sae gen - ty, There shel - ter'd Scot-land's heir, And -
 auld house, the auld house, De - sert - ed tho' ye be, There

mo - ny cher-ish'd mam - o - ries, Do they, sweet flow'rs, re - ca!
 clipt a lock wi' her ain hand, Frae his lang yel - low hair.
 neer can be a new house, Will seem sae fair to me.

4. Still flourishing the auld pear tree,
 The bairnies liked to see;
 And, Oh! how aften did they spier,
 When ripe they a' wad be?
 The voices sweet, the wee bit feet,
 Aye rinnin' here and there;
 The merry shout Oh! whiles we greet,
 To think we'll hear nae mair.

5. For they are a' wide scatter'd noot!
 Some to the Indies gane;
 And ane alas! to her lang hame;
 Not here we'll meet again -
 The kirkyard, the kirkyard
 Wi' flowers o' every hue;
 Is sheltered by the holly's shade
 An' the dark sombre yew.

6. The setting sun, the setting sun!
 How glorious it gaed down!
 The cloudy splendour rais'd our hearts
 To cloudless skies aboon!
 The auld dial, the auld dial!
 It told how time did pass:
 The wintry winds ha'e dang it down,
 Now hid 'mang weeds and grass.

MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

Burns.

Air "Low down in the broom."

Andantino.

Voice.

Piano.

1. O my
Till—

love is like a red, red rose That's newly sprung in June; My love is like a mel-o-dy That's
a' the seas gang dry, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry; And I will love thee still, my dear, Till

sweetly play'd in tune. As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, So— deep in love am I; And
a' the seas gang dry. 2. Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun; And
3. But fare thee weel, my on-ly love, And— fare thee weel, a while; And

I will love thee still, my dear, Till— a' the seas gang dry.
I will love thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run.
I will come a-gain, my love, Tho'— 'twere ten thousand mile.

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBORO' TOWN.

Altered from a poem by Thomas D'Urvey.
(1648-1723)

Air by James Hook.
(1746-1827)

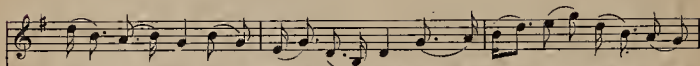
Voice.



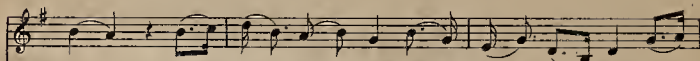
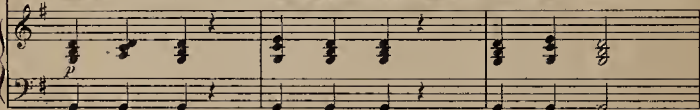
1. 'Twas with—
3. But—

Moderato.

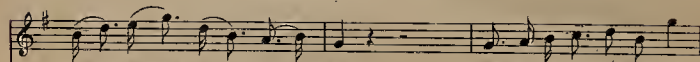
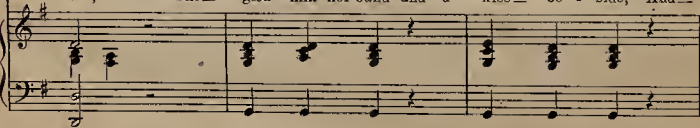
Piano.



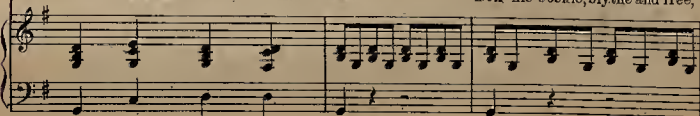
1. in— a— mile of— Ed-in-bo-ro' town. In the ro - sy— time of the
2. Jockie was a wag that nev-er wad wed, Though lang he had fol - lowed the
3. when he vow'd he wad— make her his bride, Though his flocks and— herds were not



year, Sweet flow - ers— hloom'd and the grass was— down, And—
lass; Con - tent - ed she earn - ed and ate her brown bread, And—
few, She— gie'd him her hand and a kiss— be - side, And—



each shepherd wou'd his— dear. Bon-nie Jockie, blythe and gay,
mer-ri - ly— turned up the grass. Bon-nie Jockie, blythe and free,
wou'd shed for ev-er be— true. Bon-nie Jockie, blythe and free,



Kiss'd young Jen - ny mak - ing hay; The las - sie blush'd, and frowning cried: "Na,
 Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; Yet still she hush'd, and frowning cried: "Na,
 Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; At kirk she no more frowning cried: "Na,

na, it win - na do; I can - na, can - na, win - na, win - na, maunna luck - le to!"

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'!

Traditional.

Allegro.

Voice.

Piano.

1. The Campbells are com - in', o - ho, o - ho, The
 2. The Campbells are com - in', o - ho, o - ho, The
 3. The Campbells are com - in', o - ho, o - ho, The

Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The Campbells are com-in' To bon-nie Lochle-ven; The
Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The Campbells are com-in' To bon-nie Lochle-ven; The
Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The Campbells are com-in' To bon-nie Lochle-ven; The

Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho. Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, — Up -
Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho. Great Ar - gyle, — he goes be - fore, — He
Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho. The Campbells they — are a' in arms, Their

on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, I look - ed down to bon-nie Loch-le-ven, and
makes the cannons and guns to roar; Wif sound o' frum-pet, pipe, — and drum, The
loy - al faith — and truth to show; Wif ban - ners rat - tlin' in — the wind, The

saw — three bon - nie pip - ers play.
Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho.
Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Allegretto.

Voice.

Piano.

mf *p*

1. Is there for hon-est
2. What though on hamely

pov-er-ty That hangs his head, an' a' that? The cow-ard slave we pase him by, We
fare we dine, Wear hod-in-grey, a' that, Gie fools their silke, and knave their wine. A

daur be puir for a' that. For a' that, and a' that, Our toils ob-ecure, and
mane a man for a' that. For a' that, and a' that, Their tin-sel show and

a' that, The rank is hut the gui-nea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.
a' that, The hon-est man, though ne'er sae puir, Is king o' men for a' that.

3. A king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranke than a' that.

4. Then let us pray that come it may,
Ae come it will, for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
When man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithere be for a' that.

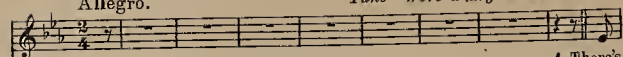
GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!

Burns.

Allegro.

Tune "We're a' dry wi' drinkin' o'!"

Voice.



1. There's
2. The
3. Gie

Piano.



nought but care on ev-ry han, In ev-ry hour that pass-es, O! What
 ward-ly race may rich-es chass, An' rich-es still may fly them, O! An'
 me a can-tie hour at e'en, My arms a-bout my dear-ie, O! An'

sig-ni-fies the life o' man, An'twere na' for the lass-es, O!
 though at last they catch them fast, Their hearts can ne'er en-joy them, O!
 ward-ly cares and ward-ly men May a' gae tap-sal-tee-rie, O!

Green grow the rash-es, O! Green grow the rash-es, O! The sweet-est hours that

ere I spent, Were spent amang the lass-es, O!

4. And you see dounce, wha sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O!
The wisest man the world e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O!
Green grow the rashes, O! etc.

5. Auld Nature swears the lovely dears,
Her noblest works she classes, O!
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O!
Green grow the rashes, O! etc.

FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.

Allan Ramsay. *Affettuoso.*

Piano. *p*

1. Fare - well to Loch - a - ber, fare - well to my Jean, Where heart - some wi' -
2. Tho' hur - ri - canes rise, and rise ev - 'ry wind, They'll ne'er make a -
3. Then glo - ry, my Jean - nie, man plead my ex - cuse: Since hon - or - com -

them - I hae mo - ny days been; For Loch - a - ber no - more, Loch - a - ber no -
tem - pestlike that in my mind; Tho' loud - est of thunders on loud - er waves
mands me, how can I re - fuse? With - out it I ne'er can have mer - it for -

more, We'll may-be re - turn to Loch - a - ber no - more. These tears that I
 roar, There's naeth-ing like leav-ing my love on the shore. To leave thee be -
 thee; And los-ing thy fa-vour, I'd bet-ter not - be. I gae, then, my

shed they are a' for my dear, And no - for the dan - gers at -
 hind me, my heart is sair pain'd; But by easethat's in - glo - rious no -
 lass, to - win hon - our and fame, And if - I should chance to - come

— tend-ing on - weir; Tho' borne on rough seas to a - far dis - tant -
 fame can be gain'd; And beau - ty and love's the re - ward of the -
 glo - rious - ly - hame, I'll - bring a heart to thee with love run - ning

shore, May - 'be to - re - turn to Loch - a - ber no - more.
 brave: And I maun de - serve it be - fore I can crave.
 oer, And then I'll leave thee and Loch - a - ber no - more.

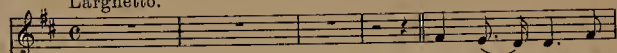
BRAW, BRAW LADS.

Words by Burns.

(Written in 1793)

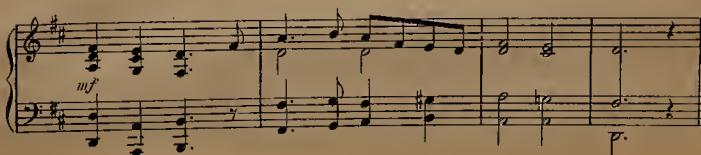
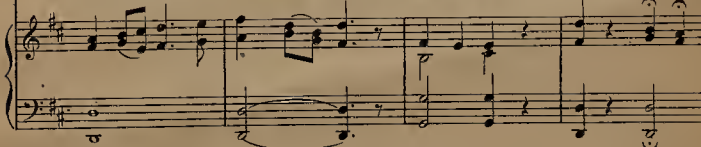
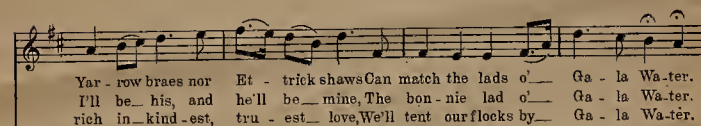
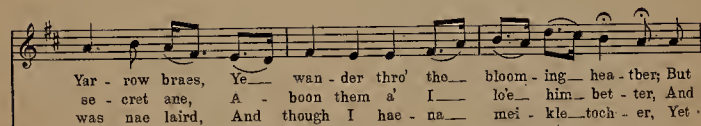
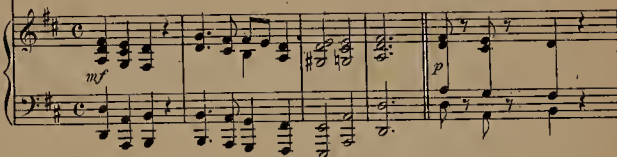
Larghetto.

Voice.



1. Braw, braw_ lads on
2. But there is ane, a
3. Al-though his dad - die

Piano.



THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Attributed to Julius Mickle.

Voice.

Allegro.

Piano.

1. And
2. Rise
3. There

are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is this a time to
up and mak' a clean fire-side, Put on the muck-le pot; Gie lit-tle Kate her
are twa hens up - on the bauk, Hae fed this month and mair, Mak' haste and thrash their

talk o' wark? Ye jades, fling by your wheel! Is this a time to
cot - tongown, And Jock his Sun-day coat; And mak' their shoon as
necks a - bout, That Co - lin weel may fare: And spread the ta - ble

talk o' wark, When Co-lin's at the door? Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay, And
black as slaes, Their hose as white as snaw; It's a' to please my ain gudeman, For
neat and clean, Gar il - ka thing look draw, For wha can tell how Co-lin fared, When

see him come a - shore.
he's been lang a - wa'. } For there's nae luck a - bout the house, There's
he was far a - wa'. }

nae luck at a, There's lit - tle plea - suro in the house, When

our gudeman's a - wa'.

4. Come, gie me down my bigonet,
My bishop-satin gown;
And rin and tell the Baillie's wife
That Colin's come to town:
My Turkey-slippers maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue,
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck, etc.

5. The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thirled through my heart,
They've a' blawn by, I hse him safe,
'Till death we'll never part:
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw!
For there's nae luck, etc.

6. Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wif the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, etc.

O, SAW YE MY WEE THING?

Hector Macneill.

Andante espressivo.

Piano.

1. O, saw ye my wee— thing? saw ye my ain thing?
 2. I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing, Nor
 3. It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing, It

Saw ye my true— love down by yon lea? Cross'd sbe the mea-dow yes—
 saw I your true— love down by yon lea; But I met a bon-nie thing
 was na my true love ye met by the tree: Proud is ber leal heart, an

treen at the gloamin'? Sought sbe the bur-nie whar flow's the law-tree? Her
 late in the gloamin', Down by the bur-nie whar flow's the law-tree. Her
 mod-est her na-ture, Sbe nev-er lo'ed on-y till ance she lo'ed me. Her

hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white, Dark is the blue o' her
 hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white, Dark was the blue o' her
 name it is Ma-ry, she's frae Cas-tle - Ca - ry, Aft has she sat when a

saft roll-ing e'e, Red, red her ripe lips, and sweet - er than ros - es!
 saft roll-ing e'e, Red were her ripe lips, and sweet - er than ros - es,
 bairn on my knee; Fair as your face is, wert' fif - ty times fair - er, Young


Whar could my wee thing, hae wan - der'd frae me?
 Sweet were the kiss - es that she gae to me.
 breg - ger, she ne'er wad gie kiss - es to thee.


4. It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,
 It was then your true love I met by the tree;
 Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
 Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me, [grew,
 Sair gloom'd his dark brow, dark-red his cheek
 And wild flask'd the fire frae his red rolling e'e,
 Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts and
 Defend ye, fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie. (your scornin',
5. Awa' wi' beguiling, cried the youth, smil'ing;—
 Aff went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom sbawing,
 Fair stood the lovd' maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.
 Is it my wee thing? is it my ain thing?
 Is it my true love here that I see?
 O, Jamie, forgie me, your heart's constant to
 I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee. (me,

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

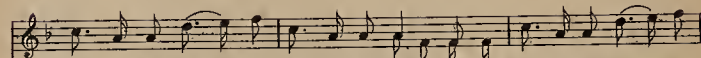
Sir Walter Scott.

Moderato.


Voice. 

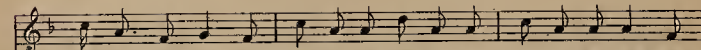
Piano. 

3. Leave un-




1. Pi-broch of Don-uil Dhu, Pi-broch of Don - uil, Wake thy wild voice a - new,
 2. Come from deep glen, and From mountain so rock - y, The war-pipe and pen-non Are
 3. tend - ed the herd, The flock without shelter, Leave the corpse un - in - ter - red, The






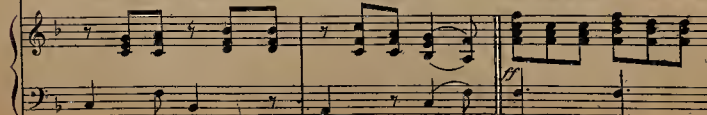
Summon Clan Con - uil. Come a - way, come a - way, Hark to the sum-mons!
 at In - ver-loch - y; Come ev - 'ry hill-plaid, and True heart that wears one,
 bride at the al - tar; Leave the deer, leave the steer, Leave nets and harg - es;



CHORUS.



Come in your war ar - ray, Gen - tles and commons! Come a - way, come a - way,
 Come ev - 'ry steel blade, and Strong hand that bears one! Come ev - 'ry hill-plaid, and
 Come with your fight - ing gear, Broad sword and targ - es! Leave the deer, leave the steer,



Hark to the sun - mons! Come in your war ar - ray, Gen - tles and com - mons!
 True heart that wears one, Come ev - ry steel blade, and Strong hand that bears one!
 Leave nets and barg - es; Comewith your fight - ing gear, Broad sword and targ - es!

4. Come as the winds come, when
 Forests are rended;
 Come as the waves come, when
 Navies are stranded;
 Faster come, faster come,
 Faster and faster;
 Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
 Tenant and master!

Chorus. — Faster come, etc.

5. Fast they come, fast they come,
 See how they gather!
 Wide waves the eagle plume,
 Blended with heather.
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set!
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
 Knell for the onset!

Chorus. — Cast your plaids, etc.

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

Andante moderato.

Anonymous.

Piano. *dolce*

1. Oh! where, tell me where is your Highland laddie gone? Oh! where, tell me where is your
 2. Oh! where, tell me where did your Highland laddie dwell? Oh! where, tell me where did your

High - land lad - die gone? He's gone with streaming ban - ners where
 High - land lad - die dwell? He dwelt in bon - nie Scot - land, where

cresc.

no - ble deeds are done, And it's oh! in my heart I — wish him safe at home, He's
blooms the sweet blue bell, And it's oh! in my heart I — lo'e my lad-die well, He .

gone with streaming ban - ners where no - ble deeds are done, And it's
dwelt in bon - nie Scot - land, where blooms the sweet blue bell, And it's

oh! in my heart I — wish him safe at home.
oh! in my heart I — lo'e my laddie well.

3. Oh! what, tell me what does your Highland laddie wear?
Oh! what, tell me what does your Highland laddie wear?
A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid,
And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland lad,
A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid,
And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland lad.

4. Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain?
Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain?
Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe again,
For it's oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain,
Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe again,
For it's oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain.

MY HEART IS SAIR FOR SOMEBODY.

Burns.

Moderato.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. It features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, starting with a forte (f) dynamic. The left hand (bass clef) provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes, starting with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.


The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, with lyrics: "1. My heart is sair, I daur-na tell, My heart is sair for some-bo-dy; 2. Ye pow'rs that smile on vir-tuous love, O! sweet-ly smile on some-bo-dy! Frae". The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, starting with a piano (p) dynamic. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal notes.

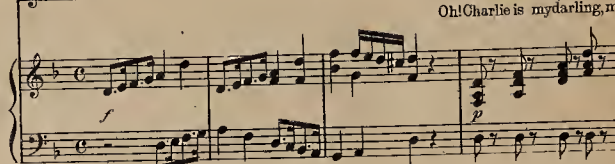
The second system continues the song. The vocal line (treble clef) has lyrics: "I could wake a win-ter night For the sake o' some-bo-dy. Oh hon, for somebo-dy! Il-ka danger keep him free, And send me safe my some-bo-dy. Oh hon, for somebo-dy!". The piano accompaniment (bass clef) continues with chords and single notes.

The final system of the song. The vocal line (treble clef) has lyrics: "Oh hey, for some-bo-dy! I could range the world a-round For the sake o' somebo-dy. Oh hey, for some-bo-dy! I wad do-what wad I-not, For the sake o' somebo-dy?". The piano accompaniment (bass clef) concludes the piece with a double bar line and repeat signs.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

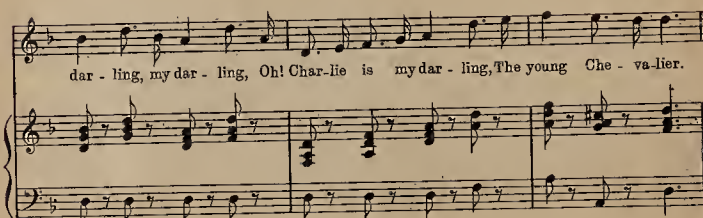
Words by Baroness Nairne.

Voice. 

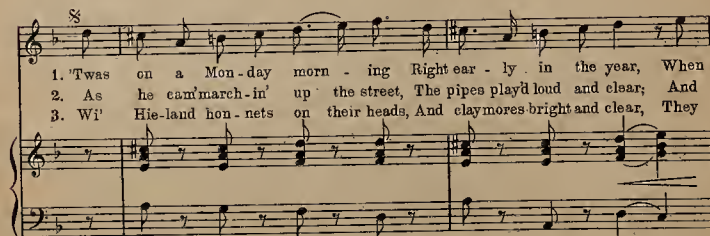
Piano. 

Oh! Charlie is my darling, my

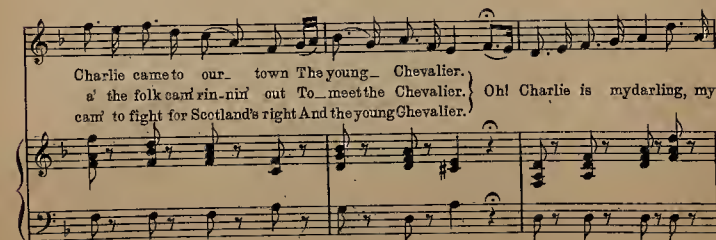
dar - ling, my dar - ling, Oh! Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young Che - va - lier.



1. 'Twas on a Mon - day morn - ing Right ear - ly in the year, When
 2. As he cam' march - in' up the street, The pipes play'd loud and clear; And
 3. Wi' Hie - land hon - nets on their heads, And claymores bright and clear, They



Charlie cameto our town The young Chevalier,
 a' the folk cam' rin - nin' out To meet the Chevalier. } Oh! Charlie is my darling, my
 cam' to fight for Scotland's right And the young Chevalier.



dar - ling, mydar - ling, Oh! Char - lie is mydar - ling, The young Che - valier.

Fine.

4. They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,
The young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, etc.

5. Oh! there were mony beating hearts,
And mony a hope and fear;
And mony were the pray'rs put up
For the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, etc.

O' A' THE AIRTS THE WIN' CAN BLAW.

The first verse is written by Burns (1761-1814)
The second by John Hamilton

Air "Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey"

Voice.

1. O'
2. O'

Allegro.

Piano.

a' theairts the win' can blaw I dear - ly lo'e the west, For therethe bon - nie las - sie lives, The blaw, ye west in winds, blaw saft A - mang the leaf - y trees, Wi' gen - tle gale frae hill and dale Bring

las - sie I lo'e best: Tho' wild woods grow and rivers row, And mo - ny a hill be - tween, Baith hamethe la - den bees; And bring the las - sie back to me That's aye sae neat and clean; Ae'

day and night my fan - cy's flight Is ev - er wi' my Jean. I
smile o' her wad ban - ish care, Sae love - ly is my Jean. What

see her in the dew - y flow'rs, Sae love - ly, sweet, and fair, I
sighs and vows a - mang the krowes Hae passed a - tween us, twa! How

hear her voice in il - ka bird What's mu - sic charm the air: There's not a bonnie flow'r that springs By
fain to meet, how waet o' part, That day she gaed a - wa. The pow'r ae be can on - ly ken To

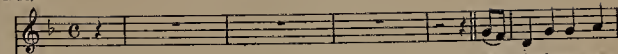
fountain, shaw, or green, There's not a bon - nie bird that sings But minds me o' my Jean.
whom the heart is seen, That nae can be sae dear to me, As my sweet love - ly Jean.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

Burns.

(Written in 1789)

Voice.

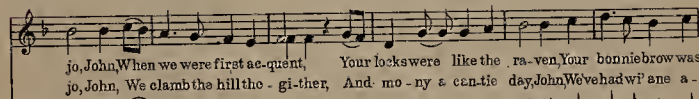


1. John Anderson, my

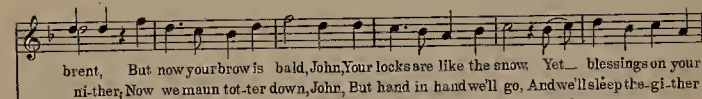
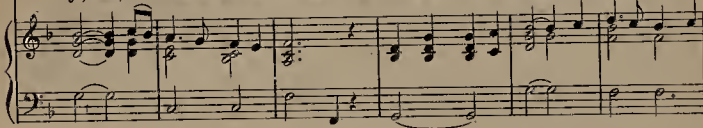
2. John Anderson, my

Andante.

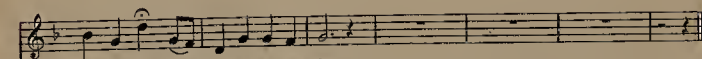
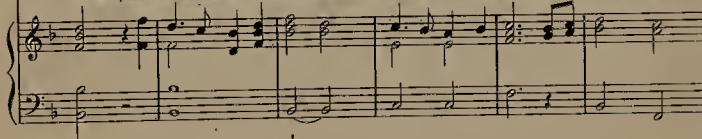
Piano.



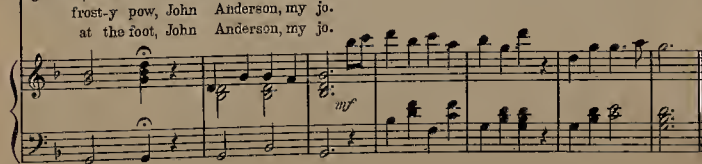
jo, John, When we were first ac-quent, Your locks were like the ra-ven, Your bonnie brow was
jo, John, We clamb the hill tho-gi-ther, And mo-ny a can-tie day, John, We've had wi' a-



brent, But now your brow is bald, John, Your locks are like the snow. Yet_ blessings on your
ni-ther, Now we maun tot-ter down, John, But hand in hand we'll go, And we'll sleep the-gi-ther



frost-y pow, John Anderson, my jo.
at the foot, John Anderson, my jo.



ANNIE LAURIE.

Words altered and written by Lady John Scott.

Air by Lady John Scott.

Andante moderato.

Voice.

2. Her
3. Like

Piano. *mf*

1. Max-well-ton braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And its
2. brow is like the snaw-drift, Her neck is like the swan, Her—
3. dew on the gow-an ly-ing Is the fa' o' her fai-ry feet; And like

there that An-nie Lau-rie, Gie'd me her prom-ise true, Gie'd me her prom-ise
face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on— That e'er the sun shone
winds in summer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet— Her voice is low and

cresc. true, Which ne'er for-got will be;
on, And dark blue is her ee: } And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd—
sweet, And she's a' the world to me; }

cresc. *sf* *p*

pp ad lib.

lay me doon and dee.

colla voce

pp

The first system of music shows a vocal line with the lyrics "lay me doon and dee." and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *pp* and *colla voce*. The music is in a minor key with a common time signature.

THE FLOWERS O' THE FOREST.

Written by Mrs Cockburn. (1712-1794)

Larghetto.

Voice.

Piano.

doice

The second system of music begins with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *doice*. The music is in a minor key with a common time signature.

1. I've seen the smiling Of for - tune be - guiling, I've
2. I've seen the morning With gold the hills a - dorning, And

The third system of music contains the first two verses of the song. The piano accompaniment is marked *p*. The music is in a minor key with a common time signature.

fast - ed her pleasures and felt her de - cay; Sweet was her bless - ing And
loud tempests storm - ing be - fore part - ing day, I've seen Tweed's sil - ver streams,

The fourth system of music contains the second two verses of the song. The piano accompaniment is marked *p*. The music is in a minor key with a common time signature.

kind her ca-ress - ing, But now they are fled, they are fled far a - way.
Glit-ter in the sun-ny beams, Grow drum-ble and dark as they roll'd on their way.

I've sent the for-est A - dorn - ed the fore-most, Wit' flow'rs o' the fair-est baith
O fick-le for - tune! Why this cru-el sport-ing? Oh! why thue per-plex us poor

pleasant and gay, Sae bonnie was their bloom-ing, Their scent the air per-fum-ing, But
sons of a day? Thy frown can-na fear me, Thy smile can-na cheer me, Since the

now they are with-er'd and a' wede a-way.
flow'rs o' the for-est are a' wede a-way.

dim.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Words by Burns. Allegro moderato.

Air "The Miller's daughter."

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves of music. The right hand plays a melody with eighth notes and quarter notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *mf* (mezzo-forte). A section marker \S is placed above the first staff.

1. Gin a ho - dy meet 'a bo - dy Com - in' thro' the rye,
 2. Gin a ho - dy meet a ho - dy Com - in' frae the town,
 3. A - mang the train there is a swain I dear - ly lo'e my - sel; But

The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment is on two staves below, with a *p* dynamic marking.

Gin a bo - dy kiss a ho - dy, Need a ho - dy cry? Il - ka lassie has her laddie,
 Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy, Need a ho - dy frown? Il - ka lassie has her laddie,
 what his name, or whaur his name, I din - na care to tell. Il - ka lassie has her laddie,

The vocal line continues with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves.

Nane, they say, hae I, Yet a' the lads they smile at me When comin' thro' the rye.
 Nane, they say, hae I, Yet a' the lads they smile at me When comin' thro' the rye.
 Nane, they say, hae I, Yet a' the lads they smile at me When comin' thro' the rye.

The vocal line concludes with lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking and ends with *p* and *mf* dynamics. A section marker \S is placed above the first staff.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

James Hogg

Allegretto con spirito.

Air "Put up your dagger, Jamie!"

Piano.

mf

1. My love she's but a lassie yet, A—
 2. She's neith-er proud nor sau-ry yet, She's
 3. I'm jeal-ous o' what bless-es her, The—

lightsome love-ly lassie yet; It scarce wd do To sit an' woo Down
 neith-er plump nor gau-ry yet; But just a jink-in; Bon-nie Blink-in'
 ver-y breeze that kiss-es her; The flow-ry beds On which she treads, Tho'

by_ the stream sae glas-sy yet, But there's a braw time com-in' yet, When
 Hil-ty-skil-ty lassie yet. But O her art-less smile's mair sweet Than
 wae for aye that miss-es her. Then O to meet my lassie yet, Up—

we may gang a - roam - in' yet, An' hint wi' glee O' joys to be, When
hin - ny or than mar - ma - lete; An' right or wrang, Ere it be lang, I'll
in yon glen sae gras - sy yet, For all - I see Are naught to me Save

fa's the mo - dest gloam - in' yet.
bring her to a par - ley yet.
her that's but a las - sie yet!

HEY, JOHNNIE COPE.

Anonymous.

Allegro.

Piano.

marcato

1. Cope
2. When

sent a chal - lenge frae Dun - bar, — "Charlie meet me an' ye daur, And
Char - lie look'd the let - ter up - on, — Hedrew his sword the scabbard from," Come,

I'll learn you the art o' war, If you'll meet wi' me i' the morn-ing." Hey!
fol - low me, my mer - ry men, And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morn-ing!"

Johnnie Cope, are ye wauk-in' yet? Or are your drums a - beat-in' yet? If

ye were wauk-in' I wad wait, To gang to the coals i' the morning.

3. "Now, Johnnie, he as good as your word,
Come, let us try haith fire and sword,
And dinna flee like a frightened hird
That's chased frae its nest i' the morning"
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.
4. When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be a-miss
To hae a horse in readiness
To flee awa' i' the morning.
Hey! Johnnie Cops, etc.
5. Fye, now, Johnnie, get up an' rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak' a din;
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidie morning.
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.
6. When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speir'd at him, "Where's a' your men?"
"The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning"
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.
7. Now, Johnnie, troth, ye were na blats,
To some wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in a sic a strait,
So early i' the morning.
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.
8. "In faith," quo' Johnnie, "I got sic fiegs,
Wi' their claymores and filabegs,
If I face them deil break my legs,
So I wish you a' a good morning"
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.

HERE AWA', THERE AWA'.

Burns.

Affettuoso.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Affettuoso' and the dynamics are 'Piano'.

1. Here a - wa, there a - wa, wan - der - ing Wil - lie, Here a - wa,
 2. Win - ter windsblew loud and cauld at our part - ing, Fears for my

The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

there a - wa, haud a - wa' hams. Come to my ho - som, my
 Wil - lie hrought tears to my ee; Wel - come, now sim - mer, and

The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

ain on - ly dear - ie, Tell me thou bringst me my Wil - lie the same.
 wel - come, my Wil - lie, The sim - mer to na - ture, and Wil - lie to me.

The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

nie.

3. Rest, ye wild storms in the caves of your slumbers; 4. But oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nan-
 How your dread howling a lover alarms! Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main!
 Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows! May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms. But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

ALLISTER MACALLISTER.

James Hogg.

Voice. *Marcato.*

Piano.

Oh, Al-lis - ter Mac Al-lis - ter, Your chant - er sets us a' a - steer, Get

out your pipes an' hlaw w' hirr, We'll dance the High-land fling.

⊗

1. Now Al-lis - ter has turr'd his pipes, And thrang as humbees fraeth'r hikes, The
2. The mil-ler Rab was fidg-ing fain, To dance the High-land fling his lane, He
3. As round a - hout the ring he wuds, He cracke his thumbs, and shakes his duds, The

lads and lass - es loup the dykes; An' ga - ther on the green. Ob, —
 lap, he danced w' might and main, The like was nev - er seen. Oh, —
 meal flew frae his tail in cluds, And blind - ed a' tbeir een. Ob, —

Al - lis - ter Mac Al - lis - ter, Your chant - er sets us a' a - steer; Then

to your bags and blaw w' birr, We'll dance the Highland fling.

4. Neist rackle handed smitby Jock,
 A' blacken'd o'er with coom an' smoke,
 W' bletherin' bleer - e'd Bess did yoke,
 That harum scarum queen.
 Oh, Allister, etc.

5. He shook his doublets in the wind,
 His feet like hammers strak the grund;
 The very moudie warts were stunn'd
 Or kenn'd what it could mean.
 Oh, Allister, etc.

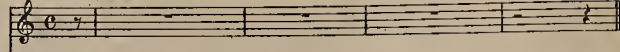
6. Now wanton Willie was na blate,
 For he got haud o' winsome Kate;
 "Come here," quo' he, "I'll show the gate
 To dance the Highland fling!"
 Oh, Allister, etc.

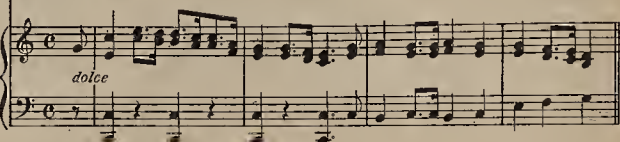
7. Now Allister has done his best,
 And weary stumps are needin' rest;
 Besides w' drouth they're sair distress'd,
 W' dancing sae I ween.
 Oh, Allister, etc.

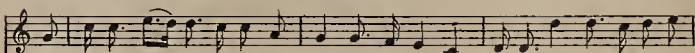
8. I trow the gauntree got a lift;
 An' round the bickers flew like drift;
 An' Allister that very nicht,
 Could scarcely stand his lane.
 Oh, Allister, etc.


O, DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.


*Ancient and Anonymus.**Andantino.*

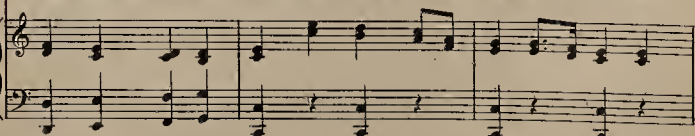
Voice. 

Piano. *dolce* 


1. O, din-na think, bon-nie las-sie, I'm gaun to leave you; Din-na think, bon-nie las-sie,




I'm gaun to leave you; Din-na think, bon-nie las-sie, I'm gaun to leave you; I'll -




tak' a-stick in - to my hand, and come a-gain and see you. Far's the gate, ye hae to gang,



dark's the night an' ee - rie! Far's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night an' ee - rie:

Owre the mair and thro' the glen ghaists may hap will fear ye; O, etay at hame, it's late at night, an'

din - na gang an' leave me.

2. It's but a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 But a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 But a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 When the sun gae west the loch I'll come again an' see thee.
 O, dinna think, etc.

3. Waves are rising o'er the sea, winde blaw loud an' fear me;
 Waves are rising o'er the sea, winde blaw loud an' fear me;
 While the waves and winde do roar, I am was and dreary;
 An' gin ye lo'e me ae ye say, ye winna gang an' leave me.
 O, dinna think, etc.

4. O, dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 For let the world gae as it will, I'll come again and see you.
 O, dinna think, etc.

WELCOME, ROYAL CHARLIE.

Allegro.

Piano.

1. When
2. A -
3. From

p

France had her as - sist - ance lent, A roy - al prince to Scot - land sent, To -
r - ouse ilk va - liant kilt - ed clan, Let High - land hearts lead on the van, And
a' the wilds o' Ca - le - don We'll gath - er ev - 'ry har - dy son, Till

wards the north his course he bent, His name was Roy - al Char - lie. Our
charge the ice, clay - more in hand, For sake o' Roy - al Char - lie. O
thou - sands to his stan - dard run, And ral - ly round Prince Char - lie. Come

gal-lant Scot-tish prince was clad Wi' bon-net blue and tar-tan plaid, An'
wel-come, Char-lie, o'er the main, Our Highland hills are a' your ain, Thrice
let the flow-ing quash go round, And bold-ly bid the pi-broch sound. Till

oh, he was a hand-some lad, Few could compare wi' Char-lie.)
wel-come to our isle a-gain, Our gal-lant Roy-al Char-lie.) An'
ev-ry glen and rock re-ound The name o' Roy-al Char-lie.)

oh, but ye've been lang o' com-in' Lang, lang, lang o' com-in',

Oh, but ye've been lang o' com-in', Wel-come Roy-al Char-lie.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

The words by Sir Walter Scott. (1771-1832)

Andante moderato.

Voice.

1. Why weep ye by the
2. Now let this wil-fu'

tide, la - dye? Why weep ye by the tide? — I'll wed ye to my
grief be done, And dry that cheek so pale, — Young Frank is chief of

young-est son, And ye shall be his bride. And ye shall be his
Er-ring-ton, And lord of Lang-ley-dale. His step is first in

bride, la-dye, Sae come-ly to he seen — But aye she loot the tears down fa', For
peace-ful ha', His sword in bat-tle keen — But aye she loot the tears down fa', For

Jock o' Ha-zel - dean.
Jock o' Ha-zel - dean.

3. A chain o' gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled heund, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen -
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

4. The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,
The taper glimmer'd fair,
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha',
The lady was not seen;
She's o'er the border and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

Words by John Ewen. (1741-1821)

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

mf con espress.

p

1. O
2. I
3. O

weel may the boa-tie row, And bet-ter may she speed; O weel may the
cuist my lines in Lar-go Bay, And fish-es I caught nine; They're hret to roast, and
weel may the boa-tie row That fills a heav-y creel, And cleadus a' frae

boa-tie row, That wins the bairn's bread. 1. The boa-tie rows, the boatie rows, The three to boil, And three to bait the line. 2.&3. The boa-tie rows, the boatie rows, The head to feet, And buys our par-ritchmeal.

boa-tie rows fu' weel; And muckle luck at-tend the boat, The mur-lan and the
boa-tie rows in-deed; And happy be the lot of a' That wish the bca-tie

creel.
speed.

4. When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,
And wan my youthful heart;
O muckle lighter grew my creel!
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And muckle lighter is the lade
When love bears up the creel.

5. My kurtch I put upon my head,
And dress'd mysel' fu' braw,
I trow my heart was dowf and wae
When Jamie gaed awa'
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the lassie's care
That has an honest heart.

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

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

HUNTINGTOWER; or "WHEN YE GANG AWA', JAMIE"

Air "The Duke of Athol's Courtship." Andantino.

Piano.

Jeanie. When ye gang a - wa', Jamie, Far a-cross the sea, laddie,
Jamie. I'll send ye a brow new gown, Jeannie, The brow-est in the town, lassie, And

When ye gang to Ger-ma-nie, What will ye send to me, — lad-die?
 it shall be o' silk and gowd, W' Val - en-ciennes act round, las-sie.

Jeanie. That's nae gift ava, Jamie,
 Silk and gowd and a', laddie,
 There's n'er a gown in a' the land
 I'd like when ye're awa', laddie.

Jamie. When I come back again, Jeanie,
 Frae a foreign land, lassie,
 I'll bring wi' me a gallant gay,
 To be your ain gudeman, lassie.

Jeanie. Be my gudeman yoursel, Jamie,
 Merry me yoursel, laddie,
 And tak' me ower to Germanie,
 W' you at hame to dwell, laddie.

Jamie. I dinna ken how that wad do, Jeanie,
 I dinna see how that can be, lassie,
 For I've a wife and bairnies three,
 And I'm no sure how ye'd agree, lassie.

Jeanie. Ye should hae telt me that in time, Jamie, *Jamie.* Bleir in Athol's mine, lassie,
 Ye should hae telt me that lang ayne,
 For had I kent o' your fause heart, laddie,
 Ye n'er bad gotten mine, laddie.

Jamie. Your een were like a spell, Jeanie,
 Mair sweet than I could tell, lassie,
 That ilka day bewitch'd me sae,
 I couldna help mysel, lassie.

Jeanie. Gae back to your wife and bane, Jamie,
 Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie,
 And I will pray they n'er may thole
 A braken heart like me, laddie.

Jamie. Dry that tearfu' e'e, Jeanie,
 Grieve nae mair for me, lassie,
 I've neither wife nor bairnies three,
 And I'll wed nane but thee, lassie.

Jeanie. Think weel, for fear you rue, Jamie,
 Ye'll no get a mair true, laddie;
 But I have neither gowd nor lands,
 To be a match for you, laddie.

Jamie. Bleir in Athol's mine, lassie,
 Fair Dunkeld is mine, lassie,
 Saint Johnatoun's bower, and Huntingtower,
 And a' that's mine is thine, lassie.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

Words by George Halket.

(-1758) Moderato.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B-flat4. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes, including a 'cresc.' marking. The left hand starts with a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature, playing a simple accompaniment of quarter notes: G3, B-flat3, and D4.

dolce

The first system of lyrics is accompanied by a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are:

1. It's Lo-gie o' Buchan It's Lo-gie the Laird, He has'ten a-wa'
2. Though San-dy has ous-en, has gear, and has kye, A house and a
3. My dad-die looks sul-ky, my min-nie looks sour, They flyte up-on

The second system of lyrics is accompanied by a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are:

Jam-ie that delvd in the yard; Wha play'd on the pipe and the
hadden and sil-ler for-bye; Yet I'd tak' my ain lad wi' his
Jam-ie be-cause he is poor; Tho' I lo'e them as weel as a

The third system of lyrics is accompanied by a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are:

vi-ol sae sma', He has ta'en a-wa' Jam-ie, the flow'r o' them
staff in his hand, Be-fore I'd hae San-dy wi' hous-es and
daughter should do, They're no half sae dear to me, Jam-ie, as

piu mosso

a. Hesaid,
land. Say-ing, "Think nae lang, lassie, though I gang a - wa', For I'll come back and
you. Say-ing,

see ye, in spite o' them a'.

4. I sit on my creepie and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'es me sae weel;
He had but ae six-pence, he brak' it in twa,
And gied me the half o't when he gaed awa'.
Saying, "Think nae lang, lassie," etc.

5. Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
The simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.
Ye said, "Think nae lang, lassie," etc.

BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

Sir Walter Scott. Allegretto con spirito.

Voice.

March! march!

Piano.

mf

Ett-rick and Teviot-dale, Why, my lads, din - na ye march for-ward in or - der?

March! march! Esk-dale and Lid-des-dale, All the blue bon-nets are

1. Ma-ny a ban-ner spread flut-ters a-bove your head,
o-ver the bbr-der, 2. Come from the hills where your hir-sels are graz-ing,
3. Trumpets are sound-ing, war-steeds are bound-ing,

Ma-ny a crest that is fa-mous in sto-ry: Mount and make rea-dy then,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe; — Come to the crag where the
Stand to your arms, and march in good or-der; Eng-land shall many a day

sons of the moun-tain glen, Fight for your Queen and the old Scot-tish glo-ry.
bea-con in blaz-ing, Comewith the buck-ler, the lance, and the bow. —
tell of the bleed-y fray, When the blue bon-nets came o-ver the bor-der.

A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN.

49

Burns.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

mf

1. A — High-land lad my love was born, The Lawland laws he held in scorn; But he
 2. With his phil - a - beg and tar - tan plaid, And gude clay more doon by his side; The
 3. They banished him be - yond the sea, But ere the bud was on the tree, A -

f

still was faith - ful — to his clan, My gal - lant brow John Highland-man, Sing,
 la - dies' hearts he — did tre - pan. My gal - lent brow John Highland-man. Sing
 down my cheeks the — pearlys ran, Em - brace - ing my John Highland-man. Sing

hey, my brow John Highlandman, Sing ho, my brow John Highlandman; There's no' a lad in —

mf

a' the lair' Was match wi' my John Highlandman.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

The words by Wm. Reid.

Moderato.

Piano.

mf

1. 'Twas on a sim-mer's af - ter-noon, A wee be-fore the
2. I had nae thought to do her wrang, But round her waist my
3. Saft kiss-es on her lips I laid, The blush up-on her

p

sun gaed down, My las-sie in a brow new gown Cam' o'er the hills to—
arms I flang, And said, my las-sie, will ye gang To see the Carsae o'—
cheeks soon spread, She whisper'd mod-est - ly and said, I'll gang wi' you to—

Gow-rie. The rosebud wut wi' morn - ing show'r Blooms fresh with-in the
Gow-rie? I'll tak' ye to my fa - ther's ha', In yon greenfield be -
Gow-rie. The sauld folk scon gied their con-sent, Syne for Mess John they

sun-ny bow'r, But Ka-tie was the fair-est flow'r That ev-er bloom'd in Gow-rie.
 side the shaw, And mak'ye la-dy o' them a'- The brewest wife in Gow-rie.
 quickly sent, What tied us to our heart's con-tent, And now she's La-dy Gow-rie.

WHAT'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

Anonymous.

Allegro.

Rebellion Song of 1745.

Piano.

1. The news frae Mo'ldart cam' yestreen, Will soon gar mo-ny
 2. The High-land clans w' sword in hand, Frae John o' Groat's to
 3. The Low-lands a' bath great and sma', W' mo-ny a lord and

fer- lie, For ships o' war hae just come in And land-ed Roy-al Charlie! Come
 Air- lie, Hae to a man de-clar'd to stand, Or fa' wi' Roy-al Charlie. Come
 laird, hae De-clar'd for Scot-land's king and law, An' spier ye wha but Charlie? Come

thro' the heather, a - round him gather, Ye're a' the wel-com-er ear - ly; A -

round him cling wi' a' your kin, For wha'll be king but Char - lie? Come

thro' the heather, a - round him gather, Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' the - gither, And

crown your right - fu, law - fu' king; For wha'll be king but Char - lie?

4. There's ne'er a lass in a' the land
But vows baith late and early,
To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand
Wha wadna fight for Charlie.
Come thro' the heather, etc.

5. Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
And be't complete and early;
His very name my heart's blood warms -
To arms for Royal Charlie!
Come thro' the heather, etc.

SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED!

The words by Burns.

Written in 1793. Andante moderato.

Air "Hey tutti tutti!"

Piano.

The first system of the piano accompaniment, starting with a treble clef and a 2/4 time signature. The music begins with a series of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. The dynamic marking is *mf*.

The second system, featuring the vocal line on a single staff and the piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are:

1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has at-ten led,
2. Wha would be a traitor-knave? Wha would fill a coward's grave?
3. By opp-ression's woes an' pains, By your sons in servile chains,

 The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes, with dynamic markings *dim.* and *p*.

The third system, featuring the vocal line on a single staff and the piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are:

Welcome to your go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-ry! Now's the day an' now's the hour.
 Wha sae base as be a slave? Let him turn and flee! Wha, for Scotland's king an' law,
 We will drain our dear-est veins, But they shall be free. Lay the proud u-surp-ers low!

 The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes, with a dynamic marking of *mf*.

The fourth system, featuring the vocal line on a single staff and the piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are:

See the front of bat-tle-lour, See approach proud Edward's pow'r, Chains and sla-ve-riè!
 Freedom's sword would strongly draw, Freeman stand, and free-man fè, Let him on wi' me!
 Tyrants fall in ev-ry foel Lib-er-ty's in ev-ry blow! Let us do or dee!

 The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

O WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

Burns.

Allegro.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked 'Allegro'. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, quarter note C5, eighth notes B4-A4, quarter note G4. The bass line consists of eighth notes G2-A2-B2, quarter note C3, eighth notes B2-A2, quarter note G2. Dynamics include *f* and *p*.

1. O_ whistle and I'll come
2. O_ whistle and I'll come
3. O_ whistle and I'll come

The vocal line is in 6/8 time, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, quarter note C5, eighth notes B4-A4, quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment is in 6/8 time, with a bass line of eighth notes G2-A2-B2, quarter note C3, eighth notes B2-A2, quarter note G2. Dynamics include *p*.

to you, my lad, O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad; Tho' fa-ther and mother, and
to you, my lad, O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad; Tho' fa-ther and mother, and
to you, my lad, O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad; Tho' fa-ther and mother, and

The vocal line continues with the same melody as the first system. The piano accompaniment is in 6/8 time, with a bass line of eighth notes G2-A2-B2, quarter note C3, eighth notes B2-A2, quarter note G2. Dynamics include *p*.

a should gae mad, O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad. But wa-ri-ly tent when ye
a should gae mad, O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad. At kirk or at mar-ket, when-
a should gae mad, O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad. Aye vow and protest that ye

The vocal line continues with the same melody as the first system. The piano accompaniment is in 6/8 time, with a bass line of eighth notes G2-A2-B2, quarter note C3, eighth notes B2-A2, quarter note G2. Dynamics include *p*.

come to court me, And come na un-less the back yett be a-joe; Syze up the back style and let
 e'er ye meet me, Gang by me as tho' that ye care d'na a flie; But steal me a blink o' your
 care na for me, And whyles ye may licht-ly my beau-ty a wee; But court na an-ith-er, tho'

nae-bo-dy see, And come as ye were na eom-in' to me. O- whis-tle and I'll come
 bonnie blacke'e, Yet look as ye were na look-in' at me, Yet look as ye were na
 jok-in' ye be, For fear that che wyle yur fan-cy frae me, For fear that se wyle yur

to you, my lad,
 look-in' at me, } O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad, Tho' fa-ther and mother and
 fan-cy frae me.

a' should gae mad, O w whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

The words by R. Hewitt.

Andante espressivo.

Voice.

Piano.

mf

1. 'Twas
2. A -

in that sea-son of the year, When all things gay and sweet ap-pear, That
wake, sweet Muse! the breath-ing spring With rap-ture warms, a - wake and sing, A -

Co - lin, with the morn-ing ray, A - rose and sun his rural lay: Of Nan-nie's charm the
wake and join the vo - cal throng, Who hail the morning with a song! To Nan-nie raise the

shep-herd's sung, The hills and dales with Nan-nie - rung, While Ros - lin Cas - tle
cheer-ful lay, Oh, bid her haste and come a - way! In sweet-est smiles her -

heard the swain, And ech-oed back the cheerful strain.
 self a - dorn, And add new graces to the morn!

3. O hark, my love! on every spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay:
 'Tis beauty fires the ravished throng,
 And love inspires the melting song.
 Then let my raptured notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes,
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

4. O come, my love! thy Colin's lay
 With rapture calls, o come away!
 Come, while the Muse his wreath shall twine
 Around that modest brow of thine.
 Oh, hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravished heart of mine.

Words by Henry S. Riddle.
 (1798-1870)

SCOTLAND YET.

Air by Peter McLeod (1787-1858)

With Spirit.

Piano.

1. Gae bring my gude auld harp ance mair, Gae bring it free and
 2. The heath waves wild up - on her hills; And foam-ing frae the

fast: For I maun sing a - nith-er sang, Ere a' my glee be past; And
 fells, Her fountains sing o' freedom still, As they dance down the dells; And

trow ye as I eing, my lads, The bur-den o't shall be And Scotland's howes and
weel I lo'e the land, my lads, That's gird-ed by the sea: Then Scotland's dales and

ad lib.
#

Scotland's knowea, And Scotland's hille for me: I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet, Wf
Scotland's vales, And Scotland's hills for me: I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet, Wf

a' the hon - ours three.
a' the hon - curs three.

3. Her thistle wags upon the fields,
Where Wallace bore his blade,
That gave her foemen's dearest bluid,
To dye her auld grey plaid.
And looking to the lift, my lads,
He sang this doughty glee,
Auld Scotland's right and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hille for me:
I'll drink a cup to Scotland, etc.

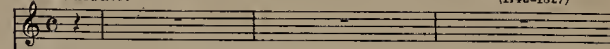
4. They tell o' lande wi' brighter skies,
Where freedom's voice ne'er rang,
Gie me the hille where Ossian dwelt,
And Colla's minstrel sang!
For I've nae skill o' lande, my lads,
That ken na to be free;
Then Scotland's right and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hille for me:
I'll drink a cup to Scotland, etc.

DOUN THE BURN, DAVIE LOVE.

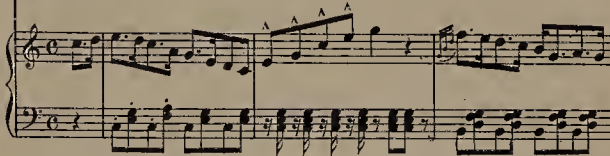
Words by R. Crawford. (1835?-1733?)
Moderato.

Air by James Hook.
(1746-1827)

Voice.



Piano.



1. When trees did bud and fields were green, And
2. Now Da - vie did each lad sur - pass, That

broom bloom'd fair to see, — When Ma - ry was com -
dwelt on this burn side, — And Ma - ry was the —

plete fif - teen, And love laugh'd in her_ e'e. —
 bon - niest lass, Just meet to be a_ bride. —

Blithe Da - vie's blinks her heart did move To speak_ her mind thus
 Blithe Da - vie's blinks her heart did move To speak_ her mind thus

free, — } Gang down the burr, Da-vie love, down the burr, Da-vie love,
 free, — }

down the burr, Da-vie love, And I will fol - low thee. Down the burr, Da-vie love,

rall.

doun the burn. Da - vis love, doun the burn, Da - vis love, Gang doun the burn, Davielove, And

I will fol - low thee.

rall. *mf*

3. Her cheeks were rosy red and white,
Her een was bonny blue,
Her locks were like Aurora brigbt;
Her lips like dropping dew.
Blithe Davis's blinks ber heart did move
To speak her mind thus free,
Gang doun the burn, Davis love, etc.

4. As fate had dealt to bim a routh,
Straight to the kirk he led her,
There plighted her his faith and truth,
And a bonny bride he made her.
No more asharn'd to own her love
Or speak ber mind thus free,
Gang doun the burn, Davis love, etc.

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

Written by
William Glen.

Andantino.

Air "The Gypsy Laddie"

Piano.

1. A wee bird cam' to our ha' door, He warbled sweet and clear - ly, An'
2. Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird, Is that a sang ye ber - row; Are

aye the o'er-come o' his sang Was, "Wae's me for Prince Char - lie!" Oh!
these some words ye've learnt by heart, Or a lilt o' dool an' sor - row?" "Oh!

when I heard the bonnie, bonnie bird, The tears cam' drappin' rare - ly, I
no, no, no," the wee - bird sang, "I've flown sin' mornin' ear - ly; But

took my bon - net aff my head, For weel I lo'ed Prince Char - lie!
sic a day o' wind an' rain - Oh! wae's me for Prince Char - lie!

3. "On hills that are by right his ain,
He roves a lanely stranger,
On ev'ry side he's press'd by want,
On ev'ry side is danger.

Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart maist burstit fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he -
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

4. "Dark night cam' on, the tempest roar'd,
Loud o'er the hills an' valleys,
And where was't that your Prince lay down,
Wha's hame should been a palace?

He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
Which cover'd him but sparely,
An' slept beneath a bush o' broom -
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

5. But now the bird saw some red coats,
An' he shook his wings wi' anger,
"Oh! this is no a land for me;
I'll tarry here nae langer!"
He hover'd on the wing a while
Ere he departed fairly,
But weel I mind the fareweel strain
Was, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

THE EWE-BUGHTS.

Anonymous. Andante.

Piano.

Musical notation for the first system, piano accompaniment. It consists of a treble and bass clef staff with a 2/4 time signature. The music is in a minor key and begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking.

Musical notation for the first system, vocal line. It is a single treble clef staff with a 2/4 time signature, starting with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking.

1. Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion, And ware in the sheep wi' me? The sun shines
 2. There's gowd in your gar-ters, Marion, And silk on your white hause-bane, Fu' fain wad
 3. There's braw lads in Earn-slaw, Marion, Wha gape and glowr with their e'e At kirk, when

Musical notation for the second system, piano accompaniment. It consists of a treble and bass clef staff with a 2/4 time signature. The music is in a minor key and begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking.

Musical notation for the second system, vocal line. It is a single treble clef staff with a 2/4 time signature, starting with a piano (p) dynamic marking.

- sweet, my Marion, But nae half sae sweet as thee! The sun shines sweet, my
 I kiss my Marion, At e'en when I come hame. Fu' fain wad I kiss my
 they see my Marion; But nane of them lo'es like me. At kirk, when they see my

Musical notation for the third system, piano accompaniment. It consists of a treble and bass clef staff with a 2/4 time signature. The music is in a minor key and begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking.

Musical notation for the third system, vocal line. It is a single treble clef staff with a 2/4 time signature, starting with a piano (p) dynamic marking.

- Marion, But nae half sae sweet as thee.
 Marion, At e'en when I come hame.
 Marion, But nane of them lo'es like me.

Musical notation for the fourth system, piano accompaniment. It consists of a treble and bass clef staff with a 2/4 time signature. The music is in a minor key and begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking.

4. I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
 A cow and a brawny quay;
 I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
 Just on her bridal day.
5. And ye's got a green sey apron,
 And waistcoat o' London brown,
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring
 When'er ye gang to the town.
6. I'm young and stout, my Marion,
 Nane dances like me on the green;
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
 I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.
7. Sae put on your pearlina, Marion,
 And kirtle o' cramasie;
 And when ev'ning comes, my Marion,
 Then I'll come west and see thee.

O WALY, WALY UP THE BANK.

Larghetto.

Voice.



1. O wa-ly, wa-ly
2. O wa-ly, wa-ly,
3. Now Arthur's seat shall

Piano.



up the bank, And wa-ly, wa-ly down the brae, And wa-ly by yon
love is bon-nie A lit-tle time while it is new; But when't's auld it
be my bed,— The sheets shall ne'er be press'd by me; St. An-ton's well shall

riv-er-side, Where I and my love went to gae. I leant my back un-
wax-es could, And fadde a-wa' like morn-ing dew. O, where-fore should I
be my drink, Since my true love's for-sak-en me. Mar-tin-mas wind, when

to an aik, I—thought it was a trus-ty tree! But first it bow'd and
busk my head? Or—where-fore should I kame my hair? For my true love has
wit thout blaw, An' shake the green leaves aff the tree? O gen-tle death, when

syne it brak', And sae did my true love to me.
 me for - sook, And says he'll nev - er lo'e me mair.
 wilt thou come? For o' my life I am wea - rie.

4. 'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawin' snaw's inclemencie,
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.
 When we cam' in by Glasgow town,
 We were a comely sight to see;
 My love was clad in the black velvet,
 An' I mysel' in cramasie.

5. But had I wist before I kiss'd
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I'd lock'd my heart in a case o' gold,
 An' pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
 And oh! if my young babe were born,
 An' set upon the nurs's knee,
 An' I mysel' were dead an' gane,
 An' the green grass growin' over me!

Joanna Baillie. **WOOD AND MARRIED AND A'.**
Allegro.

Piano.

1. The bride she cam' out o' the byre, An' O, as she dight'd her cheeks; Sirs,
 2. Out spake the auld - gude - man, As he - cam' in frae the pleugh; O
 3. The mith - er she - spake neist What needs sae - mickle pride? I

I'm to be mar - ried the night, An' have nei - ther blan - kets nor sheets. Have
 doch - ter, baid - your tongue, And - ye'se get gear - e - nough: The
 had - na a plack in my pouch That - night I was - a bride; My

uei - ther blan-kets nor sheets, Nor bare-ly a cov-er-let too; The
 etirk that stands in the byre, And our__ braw cowte for-bye- Keep
 gown was lin - sey-wool-ey, And pet - ti-coats on - ly twa; An'

bride that has a' things to bor-row, Has e'en right mick-le a - do.
 up__ your heart, - my lase, - Ye's hae baith horse and kye.
 ye__ hae rib-bons an' bus-kins, What wad ye be at a - va?

Wo'd and mar-ried and a', Mar-ried and wo'd and a'; And

ie she nae ver-y well off That ie wo'd and mar-ried and a'.

4. Out epake the bride's brither,
 Ae he cam' in wi' the kye -
 Poor Willie wad ne'er hae ta'en ye
 Had he kent ye as weel as I;
 For ye're baith proud and saucy,
 And no for a poor man's wife;
 Gin I canna get a better,
 I'ee ne'er tak' ane f' my life.
 Wo'd and married, etc.

5. The bridegroom he epake neist,
 And he epake up wi' pride -
 'Twas no for gowd or gear
 I sought you for my bride;
 I'll be prouder o' you at hame,
 Although our haddin' be sma',
 Than gin I had Kate o' Croft,
 Wi' per pearlins and brooches an' a'.
 Wo'd and married, etc.

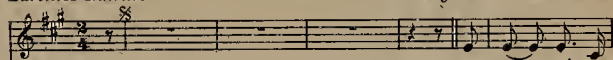
THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

67

Words by Baroness Nairne.

Air (Hey tattie tattie) Ancient.

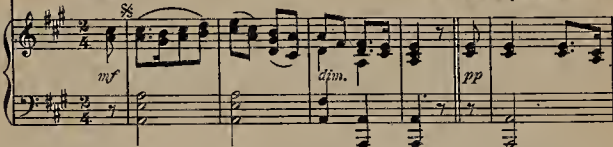
Voice.



1. I'm wear - in' a -
2. Ye ayewereleal and
3. Then dry that tear-fu'

Adagio.

Piano.

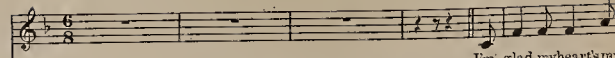



wa, Jean, Like snaw-wreatbs in thaw, Jean, I'm wear - in' a - wa' To the
 true, Jean, Your task's end - ed noo, Jean, And I'll wel - come you To the
 ee, Jean, My soul lings to be free, Jean, And an - geis wait on me To the

land o' the leal. There's nae sor - row there, Jean, There's nei - ther could nor
 land o' the leal. Our bon - nie bairn's there, Jean, She was baith, gude and
 land o' the leal. Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean, This world's care is

care, Jean, The day is aye fair In the land o' the leal.
 fair, Jean, And we grudg'd her sair To the land o' the leal.
 vain, Jean, We'll meet and aye be fain In the land o' the leal.

I'M GLAD MY HEART'S MY AIN YET.

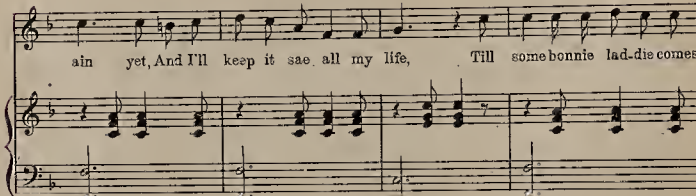
Voice. 

Piano. 

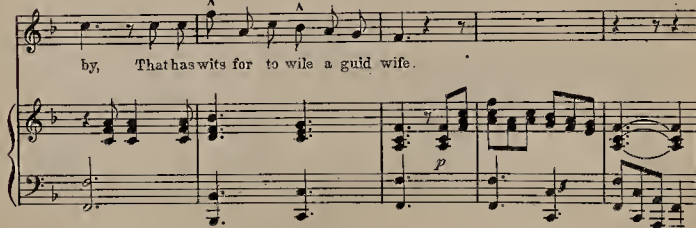
dolce

I'm glad my heart's my

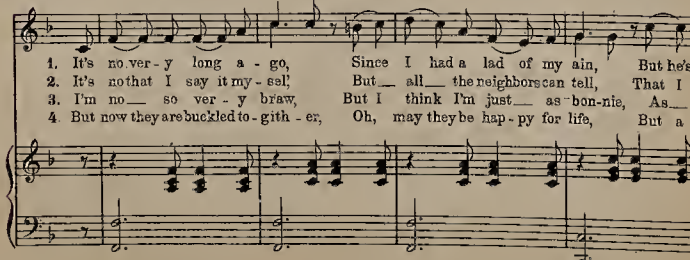
ain yet, And I'll keep it sae all my life, Till some bonnie lad comes



by, That has wits for to wile a guid wife.



1. It's no ver-y long a-go, Since I had a lad of my ain, But he's
 2. It's no that I say it my-eal, But all the neighbors can tell, That I
 3. I'm no so ver-y braw, But I think I'm just as bon-nie, As
 4. But now they are buckled to-gith-er, Oh, may they be hap-py for life, But a



off with an - ith - er las.sie, And he's left me all a - lane.
 hae no a gown nor a hame, But I shape it and shoe it my - sell.
 Jen-nie wif' a - her sil-ler, That's ta - 'en my lad die a - wa'.
 man that will marry for sil-ler, Will nev - er be guid to his wife.

CHORUS.

But I'm glad my heart's my ain yet, And I'll keep it see all my

life, Till some bon-nie lad-die comes by, That has

wits for to wile a guid wife.

TULLOCHGORUM.

Rev. John Skinner.

Allegro.

Piano.

1. Come gie's a sang, Montgomerie cried, And lay your disputes a' a-side; What
 2. O, Tul-loch-go-rum's my de-light, it gars us a' in ane u-nite, And
 3. There needs na he sae great a fraise, Wi' dringing dull I-tal-ian lays; I
 4. Let warldly minds themselves oppress Wi' fears o' want and double cess, And

sig-ni-fie'd for folks to chide For what's been done he-fore them. Let
 on-y sump that keeps up spite, In can-science I ah-hor him. For
 wad-na gie our ain strathspeys For hauf-a-hun-der score o' them. They're
 sil-ly sots themselves dis-tress Wi' keep-ing up de-co-rum. Shall

Whig and To-ry a' a-gree, Whig and To-ry, Whig and Tor-ry,
 blythe and mer-ry we'll he a', Blythe and mer-ry, blythe and mer-ry,
 dowf and dow-ie at the best, Dowf and dow-ie, dowf and dow-ie, They're
 we sae sour and sul-ky sit? Sour and sul-ky, sour and sul-ky,

Whig and To - ry a' a - gree To drop thair Whig - mig - mo - rum, Let
Blythe and mer - ry we'll be a', And make a cheer - fu' quo - rum. For
dowf and dow - ie at the best, WP' a' their va - ri - o - rum. They're
Sour and sul - ky shall we sit, Lika suld Phil - es - e - pho - rum? Shall

Whig and To - ry a' a - gree To spend thair night with mirth and glee, And
blythe and mer - ry we'll be a', As lang as we hae breath to draw, And
dowf and dow - ie at the best, Their *Al - le - gros*, and a' the rest: They
we see sour and sul - ky sit, WP' nei - ther sense, nor mirth, nor wit, Nor

cheer - fu' sing a - lang wi' me The reel o' Tul - loch - go - rum.
dance till we be like to fa' The reel o' Tul - loch - go - rum.
can - na please a High - land taste, Com - pared wi' Tul - loch - go - rum.
ev - er rise to shake a fit To the reel o' Tul - loch - go - rum.

5. May choicest blessings e'er attend
Each honest, open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's gude watch o'er him.
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
Peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' em;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot,
And may he never want a groat,
That's fond o' Tullochgorum!

6. But for the discontented fool
Who loves to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
Dool and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say, wae's me for him:
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that came frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
The reel o' Tullochgorum!

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

Words, by Burns.

Written in 1732. Moderato.

"The Lea Rig."

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamics are 'mf'.

The first vocal line is set in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in a bass clef. The lyrics are:

1. When o'er the hill the eastern star Tells bugitir' time is near, my jo; And
 2. In a mirk-est glen, at midnigh' hour, I'd rove and ne'er be ce-rie, O; If
 3. The hun-ter does the morning sun, To rouse the mountain deer, my jo; At

The second vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line. The lyrics are:

ow - sen frae the fur-row'd field Re - turn sae dōwf and wea - ry, O; Down
 through that glen I gaed to thee, My ain - kind - dear - ie, O! Al -
 noon the fish - er seeks the glen, A - long the burn to - steer, my jo; Gi'e

The third vocal line concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment remains consistent. The lyrics are:

by the burn where scent-ed birks W' dew are hang-ing clear, my jo; I'll
 though the night were ne'er sae wild, And I were ne'er sae wea-ry, O, I'd
 me the hour o' gloam-in' gray, It mak's my heart sae cheer-ie, O, To

meet thee on the lea - rig, My_ ain_ kind_ dear - ie, O!
 meet thee on the lea - rig, My_ ain_ kind_ dear - ie, O!
 meet thee on the lea - rig, My_ ain_ kind_ dear - ie, O!

BONNIE JEAN.

Burns.

Andante.

Piano.

1. There was a_ lass and she was fair, At_ kirk or mar - ket_
 2. But_ hawks will_ rob the tend - er_ joys That bless the lit - tle_

to_ be_ seen, When_ a' the_ fair - est maids were met The
 lint - white's nest, And frost will_ blight the fair - est flower, And

fair - est maid was bon - nie Jean. And aye she wrought her
love will break the sound - est rest. Young Ro - bie was the

mam - mie's work, And aye she sang ssa - mer - ri - lie; The
braw - est lad, The flower and pride of a' the glen; And

blyth - est bird up - on the bush Had ne'er a light - er heart than she.
he had ow - sen, sheep, and kye, And wan - ton nag - gies nine or - ten.

3. He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danced wi' Jeanie on the down,
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.
As, in the bosom o' the stream
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

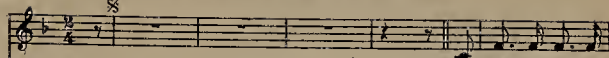
4. And now she works her mammie's work,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wistna what her all might be,
Or what wad mak' her weel again.
But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,
And didna joy blink in her ee,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
Ae e'enin' on the hly lea?


5. The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove,
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:
"O, Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear!
O, canst thou think to fancy me?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' mo?"

6. "At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee,
But stray among the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me."
Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na;
At length she blushed a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

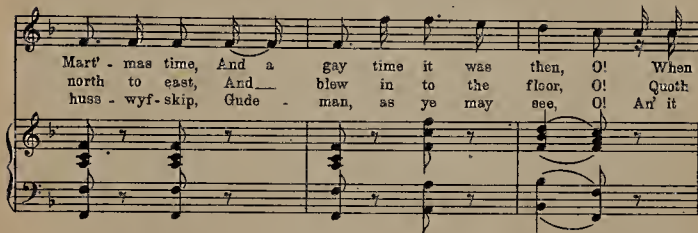
Anonymous.

Voice. 

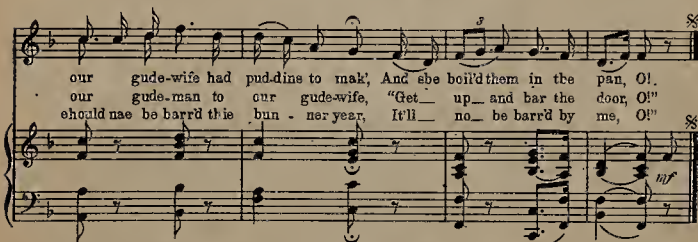
Piano. 

1. It fell a-bout the
2. The wind blew cauld frae
3. "My band is in my

Mart - mas time, And a gay time it was then, O! When
north to east, And blew in to the floor, O! Quoith
huss - wyf - skip, Gude - man, as ye may see, O! An' it



our gude-wife had puddins to mak, And ebe boill'd them in the pan, O!
our gude-man to our gude-wife, "Get up and bar the door, O!"
should nae be barr'd this bun - ner year, It'll no be barr'd by me, O!"



4. They made a paction tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure, O!
Wha-ever should speak the foremost word,
Should rise and bar the door, O!
5. Then by there cam' twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night, O!
And they could see neither house nor ha,
Nor coal nor candle light, O!
6. Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor, O?
But naer a word wad aen o' them speak,
For barring o' the door, O!
7. And first they ate the white puddins,
And syne they ate the blask, O!
Tho' muckle thought the gudewife to hersel',
Yet naer a word she spak', O!
8. Then the aen unto the other said—
"Here, man, tak' ye my knife, O!
Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the gudewife, O!"
9. "But there's nae water in the house,
And what will we do thet, O!"
"What ails you at the puddin' broo,
That holls into the pan, O?"
10. O up then started our gudeman,
And an angry man was be, O!
"Will ye kiss my wife before my ean,
And scaud me wi' puddin' bree, O!"
11. Then up and started our gudewife,
Gied three skips on the floor, O!
"Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word
Get up and bar the door, O!"

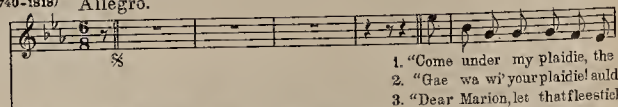
COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

Words by Hector Macneill.

Air "Johnnie Macgill"

(1740-1818) Allegro.

Voice.



1. "Come under my plaidie, the
2. "Gae wa wi' your plaidie! auld
3. "Dear Marion, let that fleestick

Piano.



night's gaun to fa; Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw; Come
 Don-aid, gae 'wa, I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, or the snaw; Gae.
 fast to the wa, Your Jock's but a gowk, and has nas-thing a t' wa; The

un-der my plaidie and sit down be-side me, There's room in't, dear las sie, be-
 'wa wi' your plaidie! I'll no sit be-side ye, Ye might be my gutch-er- auld
 hale o' his pack he has now on his back, He's thret-ty, and I am but

lieve me, for twa. Come un-der my plaidie and sit down be-side me, I'll
 Don-aid, gae 'wa. I'm gaun to meet Johnnie, he's young and he's bon-nie, He's
 three-score and twa. Be franknow, and kin-ly, I'll bask ye aye fine-ly, To

hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blast that can blow; Come un-der my plaidie, and
been at Meg's bridal fu' trig and fu' braw! Nane danc-es sae light-ly, sae
kirk or to market they'll few gang sae braw, A___ bienhouse to bide in, a

sit down be-side me, There's room in't, dear las-sie, be-lieve me, for twa'
grace-ful or tight-ly, His cheek like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw,
chaise for to ride in, An' flun-kies to'tend ye as aft as ye ca'

4. My father aye taald me, my mither an' e,
Ye'd mak' a gude husband and keep me aye braw;
It's true I lo'e Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie,
But wae's me, I ken, he has naething ava!
I hae little tocher, ye've made a gude offer,
I'm now mair than twenty, my time is but sma'
Sae gie me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye,
I thought ye'd been aulder than three-score and twa'.
5. She crep in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
Where Johnnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a;
The day was appointed!— his proud heart it danted,
And strak 'gainst his side as if burstin' in twa.
He wander'd home weary, the night it was dreary,
And thowless he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw;
The howlet was screamin', while Johnnie cried, "Women
Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw."
6. O! the deil's in the lasses! they gang now sae braw,
They tak' up wi' auld men o' four-score and twa;
The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage,
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blow.
Auld dotards, be wary! tak' tent wha you marry,
Young wives, wi' their coaches, they'll whup and they'll ca';
Till they meet wi' some Johnnie that's youthful and bonnie,
When they'll wish that their auld men were dead and awa'."

BONNIE LADDIE, HIGHLAND LADDIE.

Charles Walker. Allegretto.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth notes in a 2/4 time signature, starting with a forte (f) dynamic and ending with a decrescendo (dim.) dynamic. The left hand plays a simple accompaniment of eighth notes.

1. Where hae ye been o' the day, Bon-nie lad-die,—
 2. When he drew his gude braid sword, Bon-nie lad-die,—
 3. Wea-ry frae the Law-land loon, Bon-nie lad-die,—

The vocal line is written in a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment is in two staves, with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The music continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the introduction.

High-land lad-die? Saw ye him that's far a-way,— Bon-nie lad-die,
 High-land lad-die, Then he gave hie roy-al word, Bon-nie lad-die,—
 High-land lad-die, Wha took frae him the Brit-ish crown, Bon-nie lad-die,

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment remains in two staves.

High-land lad-die? On hie head a bon-net blue, Bon-nie lad-die,
 High-land lad-die, That frae the field he ne'er would flee, Bon-nie lad-die,
 High-land lad-die, But bless-ings on the kilt-ed-Clane, Bon-nie lad-die,

The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues in two staves.

Highland lad-die; Tsr-tan plaid and Highland trew, Bon-nie lad-die,
 Highland lad-die; But wif his friends would live or_ dea, Bon-nie lad-die,
 Highland lad-die, That fought for him at Pres-ton-pans, Bon-nie lad-die,

Highland lad-die!
 Highland lad-die!
 Highland lad-die!

f *dim.*

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

The words by Burns.

Written in 1787. Moderato.

Piano. *f*

Bon-nie las-sie, will ye go,-- Will ye go,-- will ye go,--

p

Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go To the birks of A - ber - fel - dy? 1. Now
2. While
3. The

simmer blinks on flow'ry braes, And o'er the cry - stal streamlet plays, Come
o'er their heads the ha - zels hing; The lit - tle bir - dies blythely - sing, Or
braes as - cend like lof - ty was, The foam - ing stream deep roar - ing fás. O'er -

let us spend the lightsome days In the birks of Aber - fel - dy.
light - ly - flit on wan - ton wing, In the birks of Aber - fel - dy.
hung wif fragrant spreading shaws The birks of Aber - fel - dy.

lento

4. The hoary cliffs are crown'd wif flow'rs,
White o'er the linnas the burnie pours,
And, rising, weets wif misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie etc.

5. Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wif love and thee
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie etc.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

81

Hamilton.

Andantino.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in 6/8 time, starting with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a half note F4. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

O, — I hae scen great anes and sat in great ha's, — 'Mang lords and 'mang la-dies a

The first line of the song features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a half note F4. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

cov-er'd wi' brows; But a sight sae de-lightful I trow I ne'er spied As the

The second line of the song continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a half note F4. The piano accompaniment provides a steady accompaniment.

bon-nye blythe blink o' my ain fire-side; My ain fire-side, my

The third line of the song continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a half note F4. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

ain fire-side, O — sweet in the blink o' my ain fire-side.

The fourth line of the song continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a half note F4. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

2. Ance mair, heaven be praised! round my ain
 Wi' the frisen o' my youth I cordially mingle;
 Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
 I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm
 My ain fireside, etc. (sad.)

3. Nae falsehood to dread, nae malice to fear,
 But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer,
 O' a' roads to happiness ever were tried
 Theree nane balf sae sure as ane's air fireside.
 My ain fireside, etc.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

John Hamilton.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

1. Caud
2. Loud
3. The

blows the wind frae north to south, The drift is driv-in' sair-ly; The
roars the blast a-mang the woods, And tirls the branches bare-ly; On
sun peeps ower yon south-land hills Like ony tim-o-rous carl-ie; Just

sheep are cow-ring in the heuch, O sirs, 'tis win-ter fair-ly. Then
hill and house hear how it thuds! The frost is nip-pling sair-ly. Now
blinks a wee, then sinks a-gain, And that we find se-vere-ly. Now

up in the morn-ing's no for me, Up in the morn-ing ear - ly, I'd
 up in the morn-ing's no for me, Up in the morn-ing ear - ly, To
 up in the morn-ing's no for me, Up in the morn-ing ear - ly, When

ra - ther gae supper less to my bed Than rise in the morning ear - ly.
 sit a' night wad bet - ter a - gree Than rise in the morning ear - ly.
 snaw - blows in at the chim - ley - cheek Whad rise in the morning ear - ly?

4. Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush,
 Poor things, they suffer sairly,
 In cauldrite quarters o' the night,
 A' day they feed but sparely.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 A pennyless purse I wad rather dree
 Than rise in the morning early.

5. A cosie house and cantie wife
 Aye keep a body cheerly;
 And pantries stowed wi' meet and drink,
 They answer unco rarely.
 But up in the morning— na, na, na!
 Up in the morning early,
 The gowans maun glent on bank and brae
 When I rise in the morning early.

MARY'S DREAM.

John Lowe. (1772)

Larghetto.

Piano.

1. The moon had climb'd the high - est hill Which ris - es e'er the source of Dea, And
 2. She from her pil - low gen - tly raised Her head, to ask who there might be, And

from the east - ern sum - mit shed Her sil - ver light on towr and tree; When
saw young San - dy shivering stand, With vis - age pale, and hol - low e'e. "O,

cresc.

Ma - ry laid her down to sleep, Her thoughts on San - dy far at sea; When
Ma - ry dear, cold is my clay, It lies be - neath a storm - y sea; Far,

p *cresc.* *a tempo*

soft and low, a voice was heard, Say, "Ma - ry, weep no more for me!"
far from thee, I sleep in death, So, Ma - ry, weep no more for me!

p *colla voce*

3. Three stormy nights and stormy days,
We tosed upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Even then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee;
The storm is past, and I at rest;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

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

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

Anonymous.

Lento.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes in a 3/4 time signature, starting with a half note chord (F, C, F) and moving through various intervals. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with a bass line of quarter notes and chords. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *dim.* (diminuendo).

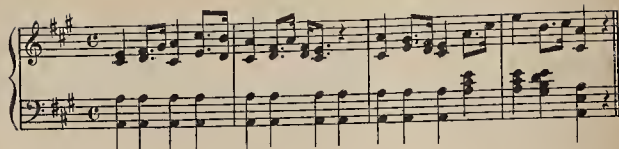
The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "The wea-ry pund, the wea-ry pund, The wea-ry pund o' tow; I think my wifewill". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with chords and a bass line.

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "end her life Be-fore she spin her tow. 1. I bought my wife a stane o' lint, Ae. 2. There sat a bct-tle in a bole, Be- 3. Quo' I, Forshamo, ye dor-tydsma, Gae 4. At last her feet, I sang to see't, Gaed". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "guid as e'er did grow. An' a' that she has made o' that Is ae pair pund o' tow. yont the in-gle lowe, An' aye she took the tith-er souk To drink the stou-rie tow. spin your tap o' tow! She took the rock, and wi' a knock, She brak it o'er my pow. fore-most o'er the knowe; An' or I'll wed a-nith-er jade, I'll wal-lep in a tow." The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

THE HIGHLANDMAN'S TOAST.

Piano.



1. Scotland, the land of the thistle and heather, Scot-land the land of the
 2. Fardie the name of our own hero, Wallace Whose graveheart to Scot-land was
 3. Wave on, stern thistle! wave on, hon-nis heather! Grow o'er the graves where

 The first system of the song features a vocal line with three verses of lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the same eighth-note melody and quarter-note accompaniment as the introduction.

mountain and flood; Scot-land, the hirthplace of true heart-ed he-roes Who
 loy-al and true; Who liv'd for her glo-ry, who died that dis-hon-our Might
 dar-ing once lie; Bloom there to show them, our friends and our foe-men, How

 The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous system.

paid for thy free-dom their last drop o' blood. Well may each Scotchman, while
 nev-er de-scend on the bon-nets o' blue. And the Bruce we still mourn, who at
 Scotchmen can fight, and how Scotchmen can die. Bid them re-mem-ber we

 The third system concludes the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

life lasts, remember The brave ones who fell against the num-ber-less host Who
 fam'd Bannockhurn, With his brave lit-tle band the u-surp-ers de-fied, Who
 want no de-fender, Our hearts are as true as the brave ones of yore, Whose

tried to enslave her, in sla-very de-grade her, And whose name shall for-ever be the
 fought like a li-on, vast armies de-fy-ing Till the field with the hood of her
 names we will cherish till mem-o-ry per-ish, So— let the toast resound from the

CHORUS.

high-land-man's toast.
 foe-men was dyed. Here's to the health, the hill, and the heather, The
 hill to the shore.

hon-net, the plai-die, the kilt, and the feather; Here's to the he-ros that

Scot-land can boast; May their names nev-er die that's a high-land-man's toast.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER.

Piano.

 The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in treble clef, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, F4-E4, D4-C4, B3-A3, G3-F3, E3-D3, C3-B2, A2-G2, F2-E2, D2-C2, B1-A1, G1-F1, E1-D1, C1-B0. The left hand plays a bass line in bass clef, starting with a quarter note G2, followed by eighth notes A2-B2, C3-B2, A2-G2, F2-E2, D2-C2, B1-A1, G1-F1, E1-D1, C1-B0.

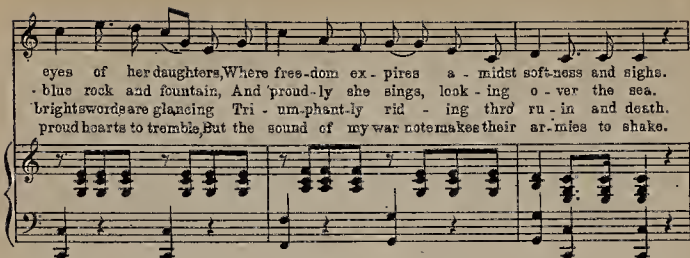
This system shows the piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The right hand continues the melody from the introduction. The left hand plays a bass line with chords and single notes.

1. Let It - a - ly boast of her gay gild - ed wat - ers, Her
 2. En - thron'd on the peak of her own High-land moun-tains, The
 3. But see how - proud - ly her war steeds are pranc - ing, Deep
 4. When kings of the na - tions in coun - cil as - sem - ble, The

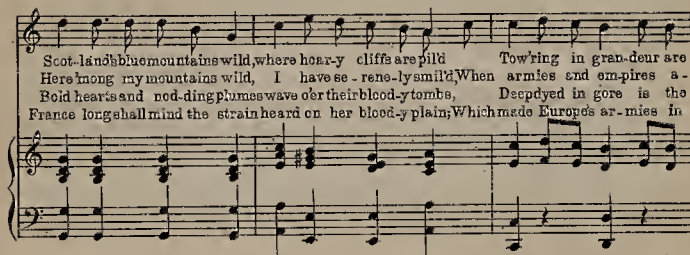
 This system shows the piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The right hand continues the melody. The left hand plays a bass line with chords and single notes.

vines, and her bows, and her soft sun - ny skies, Her sons drinking love from the
 spir - it of Seo - tia reigns fear - less and free, Her green tar-tan wav - ing 'o'er
 groves of - steel trod - den down in their path, The eyes of my sons, like their
 frown of my brow makes the brav - est to quake, The flash of my eye makes their

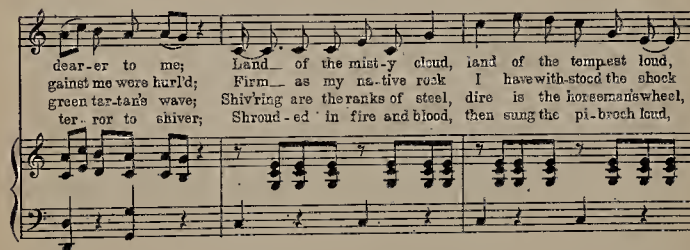
 This system shows the piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The right hand continues the melody. The left hand plays a bass line with chords and single notes.



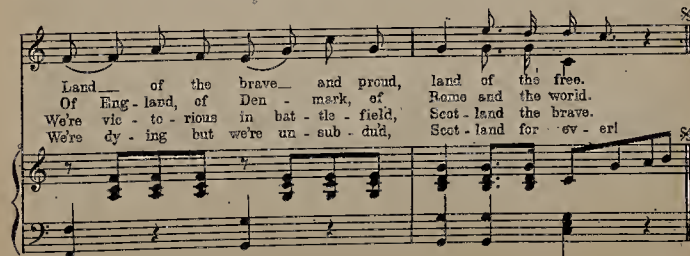
eyes of her daughters, Where free-dom ex-pires a-midst soft-ness and sighs.
 - blue rock and fountain, And 'proud-ly she sings, look-ing o-ver the sea.
 Brightswords are glancing Tri-umphant-ly rid-ing thro' ru-in and death.
 proud hearts to tremble, But the sound of my war note makes their ar-mies to shake.



Scot-land's blue mountains wild, where hoar-y cliffs are piled Tow'ring in grandeur are
 Here among my mountains wild, I have seen re-nu-lysmild, When armies end empires a-
 Bold hearts and nod-ding plumes wave o'er their blood-y tombs, Deep dyed in gore is the
 France long a hall mind the strain heard on her blood-y plain; Which made Europe's ar-mies in



dear-er to me; Land of the mist-y cloud, land of the tempest loud,
 gains me were hurl'd; Firm as my na-tive rock I have withstood the shock
 green tar-tan's wave; Shivering are the ranks of steel, dire is the horseman's wheel,
 ter-ror to shiver; Shroud-ed in fire and blood, then sang the pi-broch loud,



Land of the brave and proud, land of the free.
 Of Eng-land, of Den-mark, of Rome and the world.
 We're vic-tor-ious in bat-tle-field, Scot-land the brave.
 We're dy-ing but we're un-sub-dued, Scot-land for-ev-er!

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

M^{rs} Grant.

Moderato.

Piano.

mf

Roy's wife of Al-di-valloch, Roy's wife of

p

Al-di-valloch, Wat ye how she cheat-ed me As I cam' o'er the braes o' Balloch.

1. She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine, She said she lo'd me best of o-ry; But,
 2. I wat she was a can-ty quean, And wae! could dance the High-land walloch; How
 3. Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear, Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie; To

ohl the fic - kie, faith-less quean, She's ta'en the Carle, and left her Johnnie.
hap - py I, had she been mine, Or I'd been Roy of Al - di - valloch.
me she ev - er - will be dear, Tho' she's for ev - er left her Johnnie.

Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch, Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch,

Wat ye how she cheat-ed me, As I cam' o'er the braes o' Bal-loch.

mf

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

Written by
James Hogg.
(1770-1835)

Allegro con spirito.

Air by Neil Gow J^r (1795-1823)

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time. The right hand features a rhythmic melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

1. Cam' ye by A - thol, lad wi' the phil - a - beg?
 2. I hae but ae son, my gal - lant young Do - nald; But
 3. I'll to Loch - iel, and Ap - pin, and kneel to them;
 4. Down thro' the Low - lands, down wi' the whig - a - more

The first system of lyrics is accompanied by musical notation. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano).

Down by the Tum - mel, or banks o' the Gar - ry;
 if I had ten they should fol - low Glen - gar - ry;
 Down by Lord Mur - ray and Roy - o' Kil - dar - lie;
 Ley - al true High - land - ers, down wi' them rare - ly!

The second system of lyrics is accompanied by musical notation. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves.

Saw ye the lads wi' their bon - nets an' white cock - ades,
 Health to Mc - Don - ald and gal - lant Clan Ron - ald, For
 Brave Mack - in - tash he shall fly to the field wi' them;
 Ron - ald and Don - ald, drive on wi' the broad clay - more,

The third system of lyrics is accompanied by musical notation. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves.

Leav - ing their moun - tains to fol - low Prince Char - lie?
 these are the men that will die for their Char - lie.
 They are the lads I can trust wi' my Char - lie.
 O - ver the necks of the foes of Prince Char - lie.

Fol - low thee, fol - low thee, w'ha wad na fol - low thee? Lèng hast thou lov'd, an'

rall. *p*

dim. *colla voce*

trust-ed us fair - ly! Char - lie, Char - lie, w'ha wad na fol - low thee?

p

King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Char - lie!

rall.

Fine.

COME O'ER THE STREAM, CHARLIE.

James Hogg.

Gaelic Air.

Voice. *Allegro moderato.*

Come o'er the stream, Charlie dear

Piano.

Char-lie, brave Char-lie, Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with McLean, And

though you be wea-ry, we'll make your heart cheery, And wel-come our Charlie, and

his ley-al train. 1. We'll bring down the red deer, we'll bring down the black steen The
 2. And you shall drink free-ly the dews of Glen-Sheer-ly, That
 3. If aught will in-vite you, or more will de-light you, 'Tis

lamb from the breckan, and doe from the glen; The salt sea we'll har-ry, and stream in the starlight, when kings din-na ken; And deep be your meed of the rea-dy—a troop of our bold Highland-men Shall range on the heather with

bring to our Charlie The cream from the bo- thy, and curd from the pen. wine that is red,— To drink to your sire and his friend the McLean. bon-net and feather, Strong arms and broad claymores, three hun-dred and ten.

MY BOY TAMMIE.

The words by Hector Macneill.

Voice.

Piano.

Maestoso.

1. Whaur' hae ye been a' day, My boy Tam-my?
2. Whaur' gat ye that young thing, My boy Tam-my?

Whaur' has ye been a— day, My boy Tammie? I've been by burn and flow'ryhrae,
Whaur' gat ye that young thing, My boy Tammie? I got hsrdown in yonder howe,

Meadowgreen an' mountsain grey, Court-in' o' this young thing, Just come frae her mammie.
Smiling on a hroon-icknowe, Herd-ing ae wee lamb and ewe, For— her puir mammie.

3. What said ye to the honnie bairn,
My boy Tammie?
I praised her een, sae lovely hluas,
Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou;
An' preed it aft; as ye may trow!—
She said she'd tell her mammie.

4. I held her to my beatin' heart,
My young, my smiling lammie!
I hae a house, it cost me dear,
I've wealth o' plenishin' and gear,
Ye'se get it a', were't ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your mammie.

5. The smile gaed aff her honnie face—
I maunna leave my mammie.
She's gien me meat, she's gien me class,
She's been my comfort a' my days:—
My father's death brought mony waes!
I canna leav' mammie.

6. We'll tak' her hame and mak' her fain,
My ain kind-hearted lammie.
We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her class,
We'll be her comfort a' her days.
The wee thing gies her hand, and says,
There! gang and ask my mammie.

7. Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
My boy Tammie?
She has been to the kirk wi' me,
An' the tear was in her ee:
For O! she's but a young thing,
Just come frae her mammie.

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

Anonymous.

Affettuoso.

Piano.

dolce

1. Will ye gang to the Hie-lan's, Lee-zie Lind-say? Will ye gang to the
 2. To— gang to the Hie-lan's wi'— you, sir, I— din - na ken
 3. O— Lee - zie, laes, ye maun ken— lit - tle If sae be that ye
 4. She-hae kilt - ed her coats o' green— sa - tin, She hae kilt - ed them

Hie-lan's wi' me? Will ye gang to the Hie-lan's, Lee-zie Lindsay, My
 how that may be, For I ken na' the lan' that ye— live in, Nor
 din - na ken me, My— name is Lord Ro-nald Mac - Do-nald, A
 up to the krees, And che's siff wi' Lord Ro-nald Mac - Do-nald, Hie

bride and my dar - ling to— be?
 ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.
 chief - tan o' high— de - gree.
 bride and his dar - ling to— be.

pp

BURNS AND SCOTLAND YET!

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major, starting with a quarter note G, followed by a half note A-B, and then a quarter note C. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

1. Old Eng-land boasts Will Shakespear's name, A glo-ry time can ne'er ob-scure, And
 2. He rais'd and prais'd the Cot-tar's hearth, And hallow'd aye the lov-er's scene; The
 3. The lave-rock in the sum-mer lift, The dai-ry on the moun-tain sod, The

The piano accompaniment for the first verse features a steady rhythmic pattern in the right hand, primarily using chords, and a more active line in the left hand with eighth notes.

Ire-land's dark-eyed daughters claim As there's the ly-ric muse of Moore; But
 cre-dit gave to hon-est worth, And held mere rank no worth a preen. He
 ro-bin 'mang the snaw-y drift, The field-mouse skirt-in' ower the clod. The

The piano accompaniment for the second verse continues with the same harmonic structure as the first, providing a consistent accompaniment for the vocal line.

here's to rhyming Rob-bie Burns Whose sun of fa're shall nev-er set; And
 sang wi' pride our hills and vales, And made our streams in mu-sic flow, His
 auld plough-horse, the hood-ie craw, The cat-tle cow-ying frae the storm, A

The piano accompaniment for the third verse concludes the piece with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained note in the left hand.

rit.

ev - er as this day re - turns, The cry be Burns, and Scot - land yet.
mag - ic mem - 'ry nev - er falle To mak' the Scot - tish bo - eom glow.
heart of love he had for a, A word of pi - ty, - kind and warm.

CHORUS.

Then, here's to rhyming Rob-bie Burns, Whose sun of fame shall nev - er est; And

rit.

ev - er, as this day re - turns, The cry be Burns and Scot - land yet.

4. This night, where - ever Scotchmen meet,
At home, or far ayont the brine,
Fond hearts the claims of memory greet,
Wi' "Bonnie Doon" and "Auld lang syne,"
Far, far from Scotland's lowly homes
The exile owns their melting charm;
For still, where - ever the Scotchman roams,
His heart wi' Burns's songs is warm.
Then, here's to rhyming Robbie Burns, etc.

5. There may be grander names than Burns,
But none that comes the heart so near;
And while the "twentyfifth" returns,
We'll hail it wi' a social cheer,
As first of men, and best of bards,
Sense, wit, and humour on his side.
Wha claims this night our warm regards?
It's Robbie Burns, and Scotland's pride!
Then, here's to rhyming Robbie Burns, etc.

THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMON!

Written by a Lady.

(Old Scotch Song)

Arr. by ARTHUR POOPE.

Not too slowly.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, and a quarter note D5. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords. Dynamics include a piano (*p*) marking and a *rit.* (ritardando) marking.

p

1. By yon bon-nie banks and by yon bon-nie braes, Where the
 2. 'Twas there that we part-ed in yon sha-dy glen, On the
 3. The-wee bird-ies sing, and the wild flow-ers spring, An' in

The first three lines of the song are set to a piano accompaniment. The right hand has a simple melody, and the left hand has a steady accompaniment. A piano (*p*) dynamic is indicated.

mf

sun shines bright on Loch Lo-mon, Where me and my true love were
 steep, steep side o' Ben Lo-mon, Where, in pur-ple bus- the
 sun-shine the wa-ters are sleep-in', But the bro-ken heart, it kens- nae

The next three lines of the song continue the melody and accompaniment. A mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic is indicated.

p

ev-er want to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo-mon,
 Hie-land hills we view, An' the moon com-in' out in the gloam-in'. } Ob!
 sec-ond spring a-gain, Tho' the was-fu' may cease frae their greet-in'.

The final three lines of the song conclude the piece. A piano (*p*) dynamic is indicated.

Brisker.

ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the low road, An' I'll be in Scot-land a-

rit. *

dolente

fore ye; But me an' my true love will nev-er meet a-gain, On the

pp

1st & 2nd Verses.

bon-nie, hon-nie banks o' Lech Lo mon'.

Last Verse.

Lo - mon'.

rit.

rit. * * * *

O, WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

Burns.

Allegro.

Piano.

musical notation for the piano introduction, marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

musical notation for the first system, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a repeat sign (⌘) and a fermata. The piano accompaniment is marked *p* (piano). The lyrics for the first two lines are: 1. O,— 2. Here

musical notation for the second system, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: Wil- lie brew'd a— peck o' maut, And Rob and Al- lan cam' to pree; Three are we met, three mer- ry boys, Three mer- ryboys I trow are we; And

musical notation for the third system, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: blyth- er hearts that lee- land night Ye— wad - na find in Christen- die, mony a nicht we've mer- ry been, And mon- y mae we hope to be. } We—

are na fou, we're no that fou, But just a drap-ple in our ee; The

cock may craw, the day may daw, But aye we'll taste the bar-ley bree.

3. It is the moon... I ken her horn—
That's blinking in the lift sae hie;
She shines ae hricht to wile us hame,
But hy my sooth she'll wait a wee.
We are na fou, etc.

4. Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall sit,
He is the king among us three!
We are na fou, etc.

Words by Burns.

MARY MORISON.

Written in 1782. *Affettuoso.*

Voice.

1. Oh—
2. Yes—
3. Oh—

Piano.

Ma - ry, at thy win - dow be, It is the wish'd, the tryst - ed hour, Those
treen when to the tremb - ling string The dance gaed thro' the light - ed ha', To—
Ma - ry, canst thou wreck his peace, Wha for thy sake would glad - ly des? Or—

cresc. *p*

smiles and glances let me see, That mak the mis - er's treasure poor. How
 thee my fan - cy took its wing, I sat, but neith - er heard nor saw. Tho'
 canst thou break that heart of his, Whase on - ly fault is lov - ing thee? If

blithe - ly wad I bide the stoure, A wea - ry slave frae sun to sun, Could
 this was fair, and that was brow, And yon the toast of a' the town; I
 love for love thou wilt na gie, At least be pit - y to meshow; A

I the rich re - ward se - cure, The love - ly Ma - ry
 sigh'd, and said a - mang them a', "Ye are na Ma - ry
 thought un - gen - tle can - na be, Tho' thot o' Ma - ry

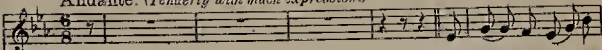
1. & 2. *Last Verse.*

Mo - ri - son. Mo - ri - son.

THE FOUR MARIES.

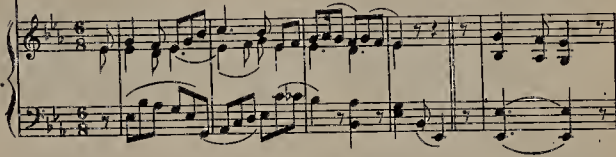
Andante. (Tenderly with much expression.)

Voice.



1. Last nicht there were four
2. Oh lit - tle gid my
3. They'll tie a nap-kin

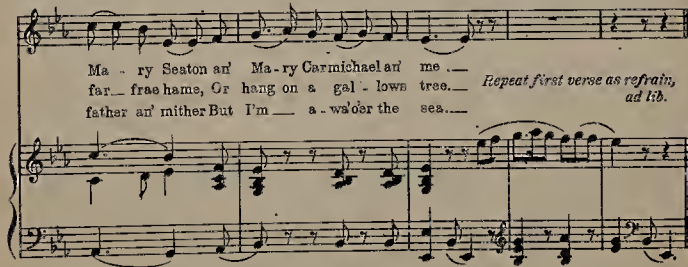
Piano.



Ma - ries, This nìcht there'll be but three, There was Ma - ry Beaton an' mither think When first she cradled me, That I would dee - sas round my'e'n, An' they'll no let me see to dee, An' they'll ne'er let on to my



Ma - ry Seaton an' Ma - ry Carmichael an' me — Repeat first verse as refrain, far - frae hame, Or hang on a gal - lows tree. ad lib.
father an' mither But I'm a - wa' o'er the sea...



4. I wish I could lie in our ain kirk-yard,
Aneath the auld yew tree, . . . rowans
Where we pu'd the gowans, an' thread the
My brothers, my sisters an' me.

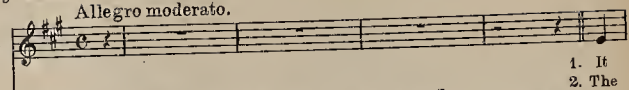
5. But little care I for a nameless grave,
If I've hope for eternity,
So I'll pray that the faith o' the deesir' thief
May be granted thro' grace unto me.

CORN RIGS ARE BONNIE.

Words by Burns.

Allegro moderato.

Voice.

1. It
2. The

Piano.



was up - on a Lam-mas night, When corn - rigs are bon - nie, Be -
sky was blue, the wind was still, The moon was shin - ing clear - ly, I

neath the moon's un - clouded light, I held a - wa' to An - nie: The
set her down wi' right good-will A - mang the rigs o' bar - ley: I

time flew by - wi' tent - less heed Till 'tween the late and ear - ly, WI'
kent her heart was a - my ain, I loved her most sin - cere - ly, I

sma per - sup - sion she a - greed To see me through the bar - ley.
kissed her ower and ower a - gain, A - mang the rigs o' bar - ley.

Corn_ rigs, and bar - ley rigs, Corn_ rigs are bon - nie; I'll

neer for - get that hap - py night, A - mang the rigs wi' An - nie.

3. I lock'd her in my fond embrace,
Her heart was beating rarely;
My blessing on that happy place
Among the rigs o' Barley.
But, by the moon and stars so bright
That shone that hour so clearly,
She eye shall bless that bappy night
Among the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, etc.

4. I hae been blytho wi' comrades dear,
I hae been merry drinkin';
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear,
I hae been happy thinkin';
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Among the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, etc.

HERE'S TO THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'

Words by Dunlop of Port Glasgow.

Tune by W. H. Moore.

Moderato.

Voice.

1. Here's to the year that's a-

wa! We'll drink it in strong and in sma'; And here's to ilk bonnie young

las-sie we loed, Whiles swift flew the year that's a - wa! And here's to ilk bonnie young

las-sie we loed, Whiles swift flew the year that's a - wa.

2. Here's to the soldier who bled—

To the sailor who bravely did fe! (fled When the storms of adversity blow! hearts,
 Their fame is alive, though their spirits have May they live in our song, and be nearest our
 On the wings of the year that's awa'. Nor depart like the year that's awa'.
 Their fame is alive, etc. May they live in our song, etc.

3. Here's to the friends we can trust

THE SCOTTISH BLUE BELLS.

Words by Charles Doyne Sillery.
(1807-1836) Moderato.

Composed by George Barker.
(1812-1878)

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 6/8 time signature. It starts with a *mf* dynamic and includes a *cresc.* marking. The left hand begins with a bass clef and a 6/8 time signature, playing a steady accompaniment. The introduction concludes with a *dim. e rall.* marking.

1. Let the proud In-dian boast of his jes - as - mine bow - ers, His -
2. Sub - lime are your hills when the young day is beam - ing, And -

The first two lines of the song are shown with vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with a *mf* dynamic. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 6/8 time signature.

past - ures of per - fume and - rose cov - er'd dells; While
green are your groves with their - cool crys - tal wells; And -

The next two lines of the song continue the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains the same accompaniment style. The vocal line continues in the same key and time signature.

hum - bly I sing of those wild lit - tle flow - ers, The
bright are your broad swords like morn - ing dewe gleam - ing On

The final two lines of the song conclude the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the same accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a final note on the word 'On'.

ad lib.

blue bells of Scotland, the Scot-tish blue bells. Wave, wave your dark plumes, ye proud
blue bells of Scotland, on Scot-tish blue bells. A - wake, ye - light fair - ies, that

sons of the mountains, For brave is the chieftain your prowess who quells, And
trip o'er the heath-er; Ye mer-maids, a - rise from your cor-al - line cells; Come

dread-ful your wrath as the foam fleeching foun-tain, That calms its wild waves mid the
forth with your chor-us, all chant-ing to - ge - ther, The blue bells of Scot-land, the

ad lib.
With animation.

Scot-tish blue bells. Then strike the loud harp to the land of the riv-er, The
Scot-tish blue bells.

colla voce *mf*

mountain, the val-ley, with all their wild spells, And shout in the cho-rus for

ad lib.
ev-er and ev-er, The blue bells of Scot-land, the Scot-tish blue bells.

WE'RE A' NODDIN'

Anonymous.

Moderato.

Voice. And we're a' noddin',

Piano. *mf*

1. nid, nid, noddin', And we're a' noddin' at our house at hame. 4. Gude een — to ye, kimmer And
2. Oh, — sair — ha'e I fought, Ear'land
3. When he knocket at the door, I —

cresc.

are ye a-lans? Oh, come and see how by the sea we, For Jamie's cam' hame, And late did I toil, My bairnies for to feed and lead, My comfort was their smile! When I thoct I kent the rap, And lit-tle Ka-tie cried a-loud, "My daddie, he's cam' back!" A—

oh, but he's been lang a-we', And oh, my heart was sair As I could cut a lang faro-weel, May thoct on Jamie far a-we', An' o' his love sa' fain, A bodin' thrill cam' thro' my heart, We'd stoungaed thro' my anxious breast, As thoctful-ly I sat, Lraise, I gas'd, fell in his arms, And

2nd time f

be to meet nae mair,
may be mae a-gain, (Noo we're a' nod-din', nid, nid, nod-din' And we're a' noddin' at
bursted out and grat.)

our house at hame.

WHA WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE?

413

Maestoso.

Piano. *mf cresc.*

Wha wad - na fecht for Charlie? Wha wad - na draw the sword? Wha wad - na up and ral - ly

At the royal Prince's word? 1. Think on Scotia's ancient heroes, Think on foreign foes re - pell'd,

Think on glo - rious Bruce and Wal - laco, Who the proud u - surp - ers quell'd.

2. Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!
Rouse, ye heroes of the North!
Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,
'Tis your Prince that leads you forth!
Wha wadna fecht, etc.

3. Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
Shall we own a foreign sway?
Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,
While a stranger rules the day?
Wha wadna fecht, etc.

4. See the northern clans advancing!
See Glengarry and Lochiel!
See the brandish'd broadswords glancing!
Highland hearts are true as steel.
Wha wadna fecht, etc.


5. Now our Prince has raised his banner,
Now triumphant is our cause:
Now the Scottish lion rallies,
Let us strike for Prince and laws!
Wha wadna fecht, etc.

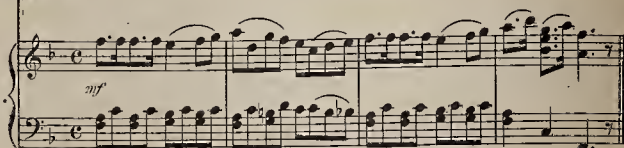
CALLER HERRIN!

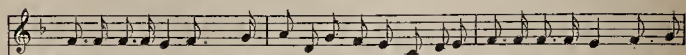
Words by Lady Nairne. (1766-1846)

Air by Nath. Gow. (1768-1831)

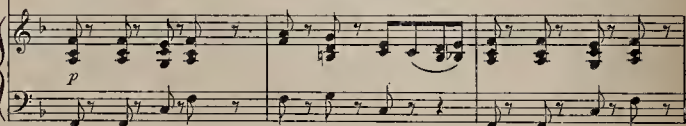
Moderato.


Voice. 

Piano. 

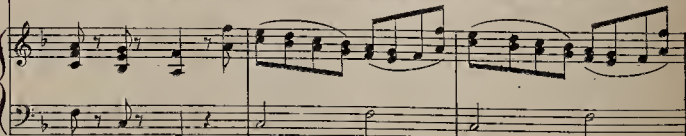



Whall buy caller herrin? They're bonnie fish and halesome farin'; Buy my caller her - rin', New



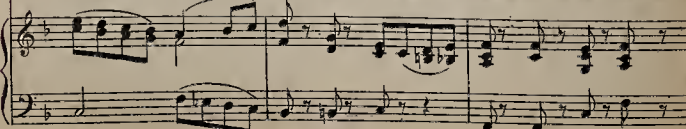


drawn frae the Forth. When ye were sleeping on your pillows, Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fellows,





Darling as they face the billows, A' to fill our woven willows, Buy my cal-ler her - rin', They're



bonnie fish and halesome farin; Buy my cal-ler her - rin, New drawn frae the Forth. Cal-ler

The first system consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in both hands.

her - rin, Cal-ler her - rin. An

colla voce

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a fermata over the word 'her - rin'. The piano accompaniment includes the instruction 'colla voce' and shows a more active melodic line in the right hand.

when the creel o' her-rin' passes, Ladies clad in silk and la-ces, Gather in their braw pe-lis-ses,

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a prominent arpeggiated figure in the right hand.

Toss their heads and screw their faces; Buy my caller her-rin' They're bonnie fish and halesome farin.

The fourth system concludes the piece with the final vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment returns to a rhythmic pattern similar to the first system.

Buy my caller her - rin, New drawn frae the Forth.

cresc.

Noo neebor wives, come, tent my tell-in, When the bonnie fish ye're sell-in,

At a word be aye your dealer, Truth will stand when a' things failin, Buy my caller her-rin, They're

bonnie fish and halesome fa-rin, Buy my caller her - rin, New drawn frae the Forth. Wha'll

buy my caller her - rin? They're nobrought here without bravedarin', Buy my caller her - rin', Ye

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "buy my caller her - rin? They're nobrought here without bravedarin', Buy my caller her - rin', Ye". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

lit-tle kent their worth. Whall buy my caller her - rin? O ye may ca' them vulgar fer-in',

dim.

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "lit-tle kent their worth. Whall buy my caller her - rin? O ye may ca' them vulgar fer-in'". A dynamic marking of *dim.* (diminuendo) is placed below the piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

Wives and mith-ers maist dis-pair - in', Ca' them lives o' men. Cal - ler

The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Wives and mith-ers maist dis-pair - in', Ca' them lives o' men. Cal - ler". The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic structure.

her - rin', Cal-ler her - rin.

colla voce

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "her - rin', Cal-ler her - rin.". A dynamic marking of *colla voce* is placed below the piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with sixteenth-note runs.

YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON.

The Words by Burns. (Written in 1791)

Air "The Caledonian Hunt's Delight"

Andante cantabile.

Voice.

1. Ye
2. Oft

Piano.

banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt, ye
hae I rovd' by bonnie Doon, By morning and by evening shine To hear the birds sing

lit - tle birds, And I'm sae wea - ry fu' o' care? Ye'll break my heart, ye
o' their loves. As fond - ly once I sang o' mine. Wi' light - some heart I

warbling bird, That war - bles on the flow - ry thorn, Ye mind me o' de -
stretch'd my hand, And pu'd a rose - bud from the tree; But my fause lov - er

part-ed joys, De-parted nev - er to - return.
stole the rose, And left the thorn, the thorn wi' me.

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

James Hogg

Andante moderato.

Voice.

1. Come—
2. 'Tis—
3. Then the

Piano.

all ye jol - ly shep - herds that whis - tle thro' the glen, I'll -
not be - neath the bur - go - nes, nor yet be - neath the crow - 'Tis -
eye shines sae bright - ly the hale soul so be - guile, There's

tell ye o' a se - cret that ccur - tiers din - na ken; What -
not a couch of vel - vet, nor yet on bed of down; 'Tis be -
love in ev - ry whis - per and joy in ev - 'ry smile; 'O! -

is the great-est bliss that the tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to
neath the spreading birch, in the dell with-out a name, Wi' a
wha would choose a crown wi' its per-ile and its fame, And—

woo a bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame. }
bon-nie, bon-nie lae-sie when the kye come hame. } When the kye come hame, when the
mies a bon-nie lae-eie when the kye come hame. }

kye come hame, Tween the gloamin' and the mirk, When the kye come hame.

dim.

4. See yonder pawky shepherd that lingers on the hill—
His yowes are in the fauld, and his lamhe are lying still;
But he downa gang to rest, for his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.
When the kye come hame, etc.

5. Awa wi' fame and fortune—what comfort can they gie?
And a' the arte that prey upon man's life and libertie!
Gie me the highest joy that the heart o' man can frame,
My honnie, bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.
When the kye come hame, etc.

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

Andantino.

Voice.

1. And ye shall walk in
2. The mind whose meanest
3. His mind and manners

Piano. *dolce* *p*

silk at-tire, and sil-ler ba'e to spare, Gin ye'll con-sent to be my bride, Nor
wish is pure, Fardear-er is to me;—And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith I'll
wan my heart, He grate-ful took the gift,—And did I wish to see it back, It

think on Do-nald mair. Oh, wha wad buy a silk-en gown, Wf a poor bro-ken
lay me down and dee. For I ba'e vow'd a vir-gin-vow My lov-er's fate to
wad be waur than theft; For lang-est life can ne'er re-pay The love he bears to

heart?— Or wbat's to me a sil-ler crown, Gin free my love I part?
share:— And he has gi'en me his heart, And what can man do mair?
me. And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith I'll lay me down and dee.

THE BRAES OF BALQUHIDDER.

Tannahill.

Allegro.

Voice.

1. Let us go, las-sie,
2. I will twine thee a

Piano.

go To the braes of Bal-quid-der, Where the blaе-ber-ries
bowr, By the clear sil-ler foun-tain, And I'll cov-er it

grow 'Mang the bon-nie High-land hea-ther, Where the deer_ and the
o'er Wi' the flow-ers o' the mountain; I will range through the

rae, Light-ly bound-ing to-gether, Sport the lang sim-mer day 'Mang the
wilds, And the deep glensae dreary, And re-turn wi' the spoils To the

animato

braes o' Bal-quhiddor, } Will ye go, las-sie, go To the braes o' Bal-
 bower o' my dear-ie. }

quhiddor, Where the blaе-bar-ries grow 'Mang the bon-nie bloom-in' hea-ther?

3. When the rude wintry win
 Idly raves round our dwelling,
 And the roar of the linn
 On the night-breeze is swelling;
 Sae merrily we'll sing
 As the storm rattles o'er us,
 Till the deer shieling ring
 Wi' the light hiltin' chorus.
 Will ye go, etc.

4. Now the summer is in prime
 Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,
 And the wild mountain thyme
 A' the moorlands perfuming;
 To our dear native scenes
 Let us journey together,
 Where glad innocence reigns,
 'Mang the braes o' Balquhiddor.
 Will ye go, etc.

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

Burns.

Marcato.

Piano.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes, Ca' them whaur' the

hea-ther grows. Ca' them whaur' the burn-ie rows, My bon-nie-dear-ie.

1. Hark, the ma-vis evn-in' sang Sound-in' Clu-den's woods a-mang;
2. We'll gae down by Clu-den side, Through the ha-zels spread-ing wide,

Then a fauld-in' let us gang, My bon-nie dear-ie.
O'er the waves that sweet-ly glide To the moon sae clear-ly.

3. Yonder Cluden's silent-towers,
Where, at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers
Fairies dance sae cheerie.
Ca' the ewes, etc.


4. Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht o' ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the ewes, etc.

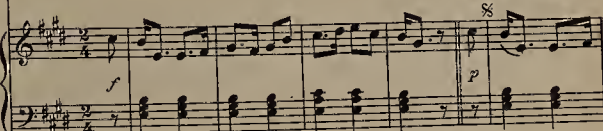
5. Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die, but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the ewes, etc.

FM OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

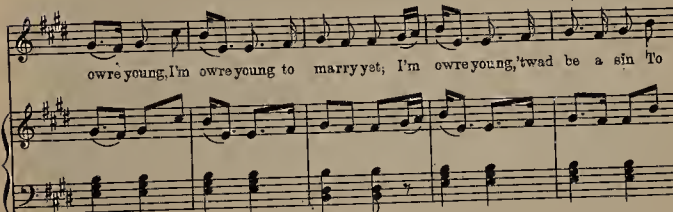
Burns.

Allegro moderato.

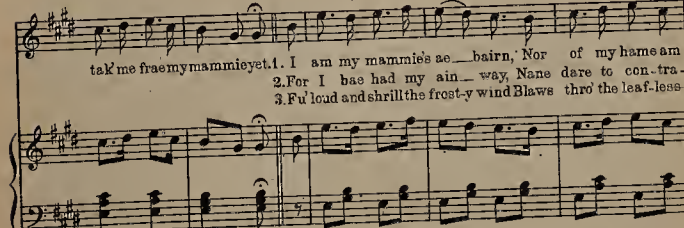
Voice. 

Piano. 

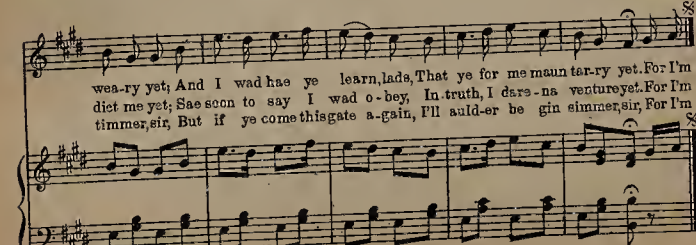
I'm owre young, I'm



owre young, I'm owre young to marry yet; I'm owre young, 'twad be a sin To



tek me frae my mamin' yet. 1. I am my mamin's ae bairn, Nor of my hame am
 2. For I bae had my ain way, Nane dare to con-tra-
 3. Fu' loud and shrill the frost-y wind Blaws thro' the leaf-less



wea-ry yet; And I wad hae ye learn, lads, That ye for me maun ter-ry yet. For I'm
 dict me yet; Sae soon to say I wad o-bey, In truth, I dare-na venture yet. For I'm
 timmer, sir, But if ye come this gate a-gain, I'll auld-er be gin simmer, sir, For I'm

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

Written by Lady Nairne.
Allegro.

Melody "When she cam' ben she bobbit"

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left hand (bass clef) starts with a forte (f) dynamic and plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The first system of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern.

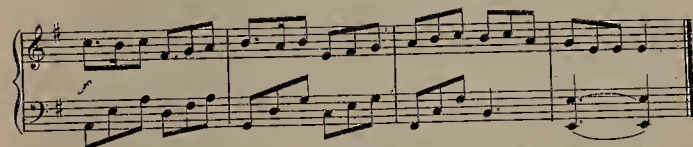
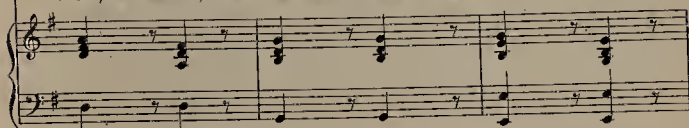
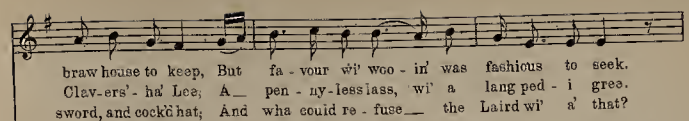
1. The
2. Doun
3. His

Laird o' Cock - pen — he's prou'd an' he's great, His
by the dyke - side — a la - dy did dwell, At
wig was weel - pouter-ed, as gude as when new, His

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a dynamic marking of piano (p) and continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.

mind is taen up wi' the things o' the state; He want-ed a wife — his
his tab - le - head — he thoct she'd look well: M' - Cleish's ae dochter a'
waist-coat was white, his coat it was blue; He put on a ring, — a

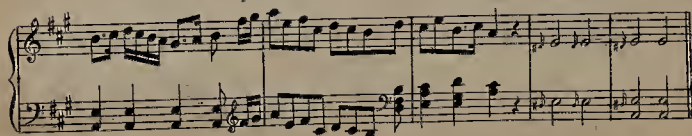
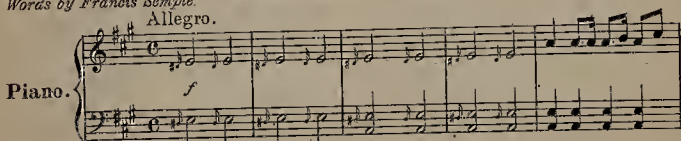
The third system concludes the vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.



4. He mounted his mare, and he rade cannilie;
 An' rapp'd at the yett o' Clavers-ba' Lee.
 "Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben;
 She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."
5. Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower ^{wine-}
 "What the deil brings the Laird here at sic a
 [like time?]
 She put aff her apron, an' on her silk gown,
 Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' down.
6. An' when she came ben, he bobbit fu' low;
 An' what was his errand he soon let her know.
 Amazed was the Laird when the lady said - "Na"
 An' wi' a leigh curtsie she turned awa'.
7. Dumbfounder'd was he - but nae sigh did he gie;
 He mounted his mare, and he rade cannilie;
 An' aften he thocht, as he gaed through the glen,
 "She was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen"
8. And now that the Laird his exit had made,
 Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
 "Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten -
 I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen!"
9. Neist time that the Laird and the Lady were seen,
 They were gaun arm in arm to the kirk on the ^{green}
 Now she sits in the ba' like a weel-tappit hen,
 But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at
 (Cockpen.)

Words by Francis Simple.

MAGGIE LAUDER.



1. Wha wad-na be in love Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder? A pi-per met hergaint to Fife, And

spier'd what wast they ca'd her, Right scornfully she answer'd him, "Begone, you hallan shak-er, Jog

on your gate, ye bladderscate, My name is Maggie Lauder."

2. Maggie, quo' he, and by my bags
I'm fiddin' fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
In troth I winna steer thee:
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter,
The lasses leup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.

3. Piper, quo' Meg, hae ye your bags,
Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
Live ye upon the border?
The lasses a' baith far and near,
Hae heard o' Rob the Ranter,
I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,
Gif ye'll blaw up your chanter.

4. Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drons he twistid;
Meg up and walloped o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it.
Weel done, quo' he: play up, quo' she:
Weel bobbd, quo' Rob the Ranter;
It's worth my while to play indseer,
When I has sic a dancer.

5. Weel has you play'd your part, quo' Meg,
Your cheeks ars like the crimson;
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
Sin' we lost Habby Simson.
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin ye should come to Anster fair,
Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

Anonymous.

Moderato.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment in bass clef. The music is marked 'Moderato' and 'Piano'.

1. Wilt thou be my dear-ies? When sor-row wrings thy gentle heart, Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
 2. Las-sie, say thou lo'es me; Or, if thou wilt - na be my ain, - Say nathout re-fuse me.

The first system includes a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The piano part is marked 'Piano'.

By the treasure of my soul, That's the love I - bear thee, I swear and vow that on-ly thou Shall
 If it win-na, canna be, Thou for thine may choose me, - Let me, las-sie, quickly dee, -

The second system includes a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef.

ev-er be my dear-ies. On-ly thou, I swear and vow, Shall ev-er be my dear-ies.
 Trusting that thou lo'es me. Las-sie, let me quick-ly dee, - Trusting that thou lo'es me.


The third system includes a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef.


BARBARA ALLAN.

Anonymous.

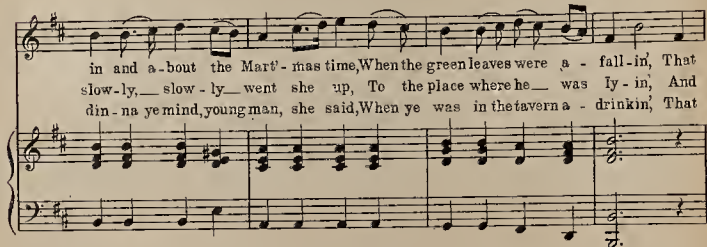
Larghetto.

(Ancient.)

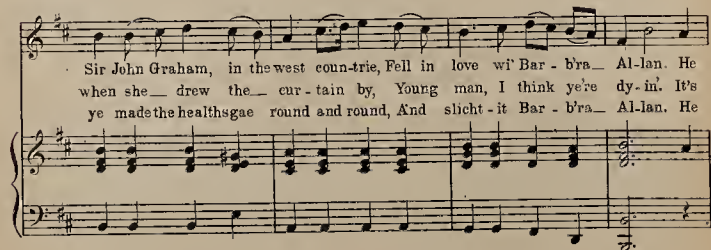
Voice. 

Piano. 

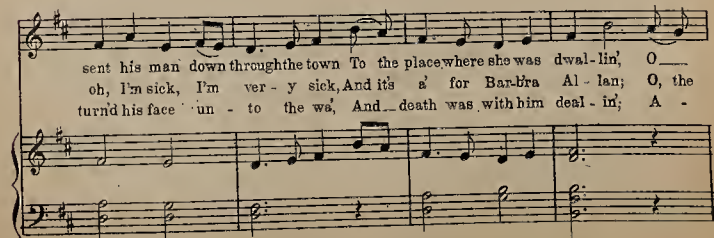
It was
O,—
O,—



in and a-bout the Mar'-mas time, When the green leaves were a-fall-in', That
slow-ly, slow-ly went she up, To the place where he was ly-in', And
din-na ye mind, young man, she said, When ye was in the tavern a-drinkin', That



Sir John Graham, in the west coun-trie, Fell in love wi' Bar-bra Al-lan. He
when she drew the cur-tain by, Young man, I think ye're dy-in'. It's
ye made the healths gae round and round, And slicht-it Bar-bra Al-lan. He



sent his man down through the town To the place where she was dwal-lin', O—
oh, I'm sick, I'm ver-y sick, And it's a' for Bar-bra Al-lan; O, the
turn'd his face 'un-to the wa', And death was with him deal-in'; A—

haste and come to my mas - ter dear, Gin - ye be Bar - bra Al - lan.
bet - ter for me ye'se nev - er be Tho' your heart's bluid were a - spill - in'.
dieu, a - dieu, my - dear friends a' And be kind to Bar - bra Al - lan.

And slowly, slowly rase she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighin', said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had-na gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the deid-bell ringin',
And ev'ry jow the deid-bell gied
It cried, Wae to Barbara Allan.

O mother, mother mak' my bed,
And mak' it saft and narrow;
Since my love died for me to-day
I'll die for him to-morrow.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

Written by Sir Walter Scott. (1771-1832)
Allegretto.

Composed by Dr E. E. Rimbault.

Voice.

1. To the
2. Dun -

Piano. *mf*

Lords of Con-ven-tion 'twas Cla-ver-house spoke: Ere the King's crown go dow there are
dee he is mounted, he rides up the streat, The - bells they ring backward, the

p

crowns to be broke, Then each cav-a-lief who loves hon-our and me, Let him
drums they are beat, But the provost (douce man) said, "Just een let it be, For the

fol-low the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee, (Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come
toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee.)

saddle my horses, and call out my men; Un-hook the west port, and let us gaefree, For it's

up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

3. There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond ^{Forth,} 4. Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north; Ere I own a usarper I'll crouch with the fox;
There are brave Duinnewassels three thousand times And tremble, false whigs, in the midst o' your
Will cry, "Hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee!" ^{three,} Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets and me. ^{glee,}
Come fill up my cup, etc. Come fill up my cup, etc.

SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'?

Anonymous.

Andantino.

Voice.

1. Saw ye Johnnie com-in'? quo' she,
2. Fee him, fa-ther, fee him, quo' she,

Piano.

Saw ye Johnnie com - in'? Saw ye Johnnie com - in'? quo' she,
Fee him, fa-ther, fee him; Fee him, fa-ther, fee him, quo' she,

Saw ye Johnnie comin'? O, saw ye Johnnie com-in'? quo' she, Saw ye Johnnie comin', Wl'
Fee him, fa-ther, fee him. For he is a gallant lad, — And a weel do-in'; And

his blue honnet on his head, And his doggie rin-nin'? quo' she, And his doggie rin-nin'?
a' the wark a-hout the house Gae w' me when I see him, quo' she, Wl' mewhen I see him.

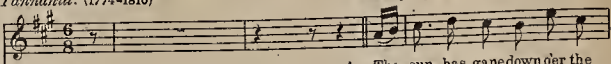
3. What will I do w' him? quo' he,
What will I do w' him?
He's neer a sark upon his back,
And I hae name to gie him.
I hae twa sarks into my kist,
And ene o' them I'll gie him,
And for a merk o' mair fee,
Dinna stand w' him, quo' she,
Dinna stand w' him.

4. For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him;
For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him.
O fae him, fa-ther, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, fa-ther, fee him;
He'll haud the plough, thrash in the barn,
And crack w' me at e'en, quo' she,
And crack w' me at e'en.

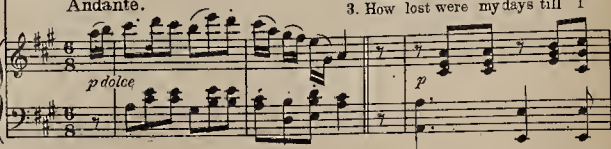
JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

Words by Tannahill. (1774-1810)

Melody by R. A. Smith. (1780-1829)

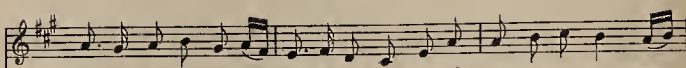
Voice. 

Andante.

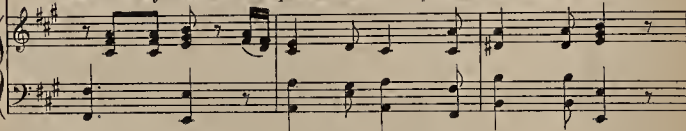
Piano. 


p dolce *p*

1. The sun has ganedown o'er the
2. She's mo-dest as o - nyand
3. How lost were mydays till I

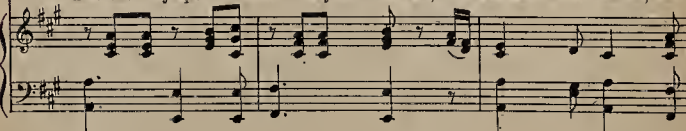


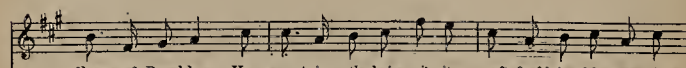
lof - ty Ben - Lomond, And left the redclouds to pre - side o'er the scene: While
blythe as sbè's bon-nie, For guile-less sim-ply - ci - ty marks her its ain; And
met wi' my Jes - sie! The sports o' the ci - ty seem'd foo - lish and vain; I -






lane-ly I stray in the calm simmer gloam-in', To - muse on sweet Jes - sie, the
far be the vil-lain, di - vest - ed of feel-ing, Whad blight in its bloom, the sweet
ne'er saaw a nymph I would ca' my dear las - sie, Till charmd wi' sweet Jes - sie, the





flower of Dumblane. How sweet is the brier wi' its saft fauld-ing blossom, And
flower of Dumblans Sing on, thou sweet ma'-vis, thy hymn to the e'en-in', Thou'rt
flower of Dumblane. Tho' mine were the station o' lof - ti - est grandeur, A -



sweet is the birk wi' its man-tle o' green; But sweet-er and fair-er, and
 dear to the e-choes o' Cal-der-wood glen; Sae dear to this bo-som, sae
 midst its pro-fu-sion I'd languish in pain, And reck-en as naething the

dear to this bo-som, Is love-ly young Jes-sie, the flower o' Dumblane, Is—
 art-less and win-ning, Is charming young Jes-sie, the flower o' Dumblane, Is—
 height o' its splendour, If want-ing sweet Jes-sie, the flower o' Dumblane, If—

love-ly young Jessie, Is love-ly young Jes-sie, Is love-ly young Jes-sie, the
 charming young Jessie, Is charming young Jes-sie, Is charming young Jes-sie, the
 want-ing sweet Jessie, If want-ing sweet Jes-sie, If want-ing sweet Jes-sie, the

flower of Dum-blane.
 flower of Dum-blane.
 flower of Dum-blane.

THE ROWAN TREE.

Words by Lady Nairne.

Andante non troppo. *p*

Voice. *p*

1. Oh! Row-an Tree, Oh!
2. How fair wert thou 'in

Piano. *p*

Row-an Tree! thou't aye be dear to me,— En - twind thou art wi'
simmertime, wi' a' thy clust-er white, How rich and gay thy

mo - ny ties, o' hame and in - fan - cy. Thy leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy
autumn dress, wi' ber-ries red and bright. On thy fair stem were mo - ny names, which

flow'r the sim-mer's pride; There was nae sic a' bon-nie tree, in
now nae mair I — see,— But they're en-grav-en on my heart, for -

P

a' the coun-trie síds. Oh! Row - an Tree!
got they ne'er can he! Oh! Row - an Tree!

p

Musical score for 'Oh! Rowan Tree' featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p*.

3. We sat aneath they spreading shade, the bairnies round thee ran,
They pu'd thy bonnie herries red, and necklaces they strang,
My mither! oh! I see her still, she smil'd onr sports to see,
Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, and Jamie at her knees!
Oh! Rowan Tree!

4. Oh! there arose my father's prayer, in holy evening's calm,
How sweet was then my mither's voice, in the martyre's psalm,
Now a' are gane! we msat nae mair aneath the Rowan Tree!
But hallowed thoughts around thee twine o' hame and infancy.
Oh! Rowan Tree!

Words by Burns.
Written in 1792.

DUNCAN GRAY.

Voice.

1. Dun-can Gray cam'
2. Dun-can! lechù ar'
3. Time and chance are

Allegro.

Musical score for 'Duncan Gray' featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked *Allegro.* The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *mf*.

Piano.

here to woo, Ha, ha, the woo-in' c't; On hly the Yule night, when we were fu,
Dun-can pray'd, Ha, ha, the woo-in' s't; Meg was deaf as Ail-sa Craig,
hut a tide, Ha, ha, the woo-in' c't; Slight-ed love is sair to hide,

Musical score for 'Duncan Gray' featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't. Mag - gie coost her head fu heigh,
 Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't. Dun - can sigh'd baith out an' in,
 Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't. "Shall I, like a fool?" quo' he,

Look'd a - sklent, and un - co skeigh, Gart poor Dun - can stand a - beigh, Ha, ha, the
 Grat his een baith beard and blin, Spak' o' leup - ing o'er a linn, Ha, ba, the
 "For a haugh - ty hiz - zie dee? She may gae to - France - for mel Ha, ba, the

woo - in' o't.
 woo - in' o't.
 woo - in' o't!"

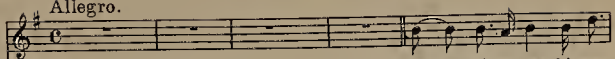
4. How it comes let Doctors tell,
 Ha, ba, the wooin' o't;
 Meg grew sick as he grew bale,
 Ha, ba, the wooin' o't.
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigb she brings;
 And, O! her een, they spak' sis things,
 Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

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

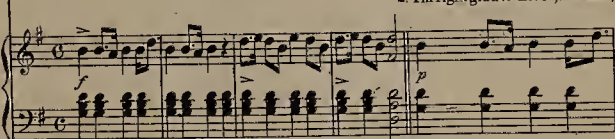
WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER?


Anonymous.


Allegro.


Voice. 

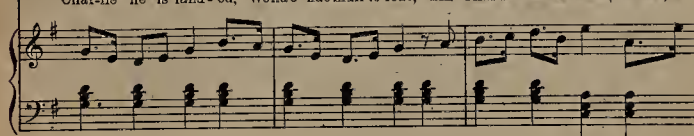
1. What's a' the steer, kimmer.
2. I'm right glad to hear, kimmer.

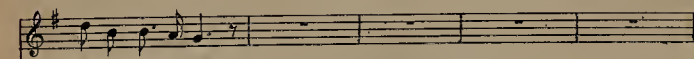
Piano. 



 What's a' the steer? Charlie he is land - ed, And haith he'll soon be here; The
 I'm right glad to hear; I hae a gude braid claymore, And for his sake I'll wear; Sin'




 win was at his back, Carle, The win was at his back, I care-na, sin' he's come, Carle, We
 Char-lie he is land-ed, We ha'e nae mair to fear; Sin' Charlie he is come, Kimmer, We'll




 were na worth a plack.
 hae a jub-lee year.



THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLE.

Air taken from an old pre-Reformation Song
 "O gin ye were dead, guidman?"

Words by Robert Burns.
 Born near Ayr, January 25th 1759.
 Died at Dunfriess July 21st 1796.

Moderato.

Piano.

The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The right-hand staff is in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It begins with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left-hand staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *mf* is placed at the beginning of the right-hand staff.

The second system features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "1. There was a lad was born in Kyle, But what-na day, o' what-nastyle? I". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand. A dynamic marking of *p* is present in the left hand.

The third system shows the piano accompaniment for the second line of the song. It consists of two staves. The right-hand staff contains chords and the left-hand staff contains a bass line. A dynamic marking of *p* is present in the left hand.

The fourth system features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "doubt it's hard-ly worth the while To be saasice wi' Ro-bin. For-". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

The fifth system features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Robin was a rov-in' boy, A-ran-tin', rov-in', ran-tin', rov-in'". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

Ro - bin_ was a__ rov - in, boy; O__ ran-tin', rov - in'_ Ro - bin.

2. Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar'win'
Blew hamsel in on Robin.
For Robin was, etc.

3. The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' schu, "Wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof;
I think we'll ca' him Robin!"
For Robin was, etc.

4. "He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a',—
We'll a' be proud o' Robin!"
For Robin was, etc.

5. "But sure as three times three mak' nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin!"
For Robin was, etc.

KELVIN GROVE.

Written by Thomas Lyle.

Air "O the shearin's no for you!"

Piano. *Andante.* *mf*

1. Let us haste to Kel - vin grove, bon - nie las - sie, O; Thro' its
2. Let us wan - der, by the mill, bon - nie las - sie, O, To the
3. O__ Kel - vinbanks are fair, bon - nie las - sie, O, When the

ma - zes let us rove, — bon - nie las - sie, O; Where the
cove be - side the rill, — bon - nie las - sie, O, Where the
sum - mer we are there, bon - nie las - sie, O, There the

ro - ses in their pride Deck the bon - nie din - gle side, Where the
glens re - bound the call Of the roar - ing wa - ter's fall, Thro' the
May - pink's crim - son plume Throws a soft but sweet per - fume Round the

mid - night fai - ries glide, bonnie las - sie, O.
mountains rock - y hall, bonnie las - sie, O.
yel - low banks o' broom, bonnie las - sie, O. mf

4. Tho' I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O, 6. Then farewell to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O,
As the smile of fortune's ethine, bonnie lassie, O, And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,
Yet with fortune on my side, To the river winding clear,
I could stay thy father's pride, To the fragrant scented brier,
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O. Even to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

5. But the frowne of fortune lour, bonnie lassie, O, 7. When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O, Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,
Ere yon golden orb of day Tben, Helen, shouldst thou hear
Wake the warblers on the spray. Of thy lover on his bier,
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O. To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O!

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Partly by Burns. Andante.

Air from the Gaelic.

Voice.

1. My heart's in the
2. Fare-well to the
3. Fare-well to the
4. My heart's in the

Piano.

High-lands, my heart is net here; My heart's in the High-lands, a -
High-lands, fare-well to the north; The birth-place of val-our, the -
moun-tains high eev-ered wi' snow; Fare-well to the straths and green
High-lands, my heart is net here; My heart's in the High-lands, a -

chas-ing the deer; A - chas-ing the wild deer, and fol-low-ing the
coun-try of worth; Wher - ev - er I wan-der, wher - ev - er I
val-leys be - low; Fare-well to the for-ests and wild-hang-ing
chas-ing the deer; A - chas-ing the wild deer, and fol-low-ing the

roe, — My heart's in the High-lands wher - ev - er I ge-
reve, — The hills of the High-lands for ev - er I leve.
weeds; Fare-well to the tor-rents and leud pour-ing floods.
ree, — My heart's in the High-lands wher - ev - er I go.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

Air modification of the Old Melody
 "Bonnie Jean O' Aberdeen"
 Andante.

Words by James Ballantine.
 (1803-1877)

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Con sentimento.

1. The bon-nie, bon-nie bairn, wha sits po-king in the aae,

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano).

Glow'ring in the fire_ w' his wee_ round face; Laughing at the fuffin' lowe,

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a prominent bass line with eighth notes.

what sees he there? Ha! the young dreamer's bigging cas-tles in the air. His

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment.

wae chub-by face, and his tou-zie cur-ly pow, Are laugh-ing and nod-ding

to the dancing lowe; He'll brow his ro-sy cheeks, and singe his sun-ry hair,

Glow'ring at the imps wi' their cas-tles in the air.

2. He sees muckle castles towering to the moon!
 He sees little sodgers pu'ing them a' doun!
 Worlds whombling up and doun, bleezing wi' a flare,-
 See how he loup! as they glimmer in the air.
 For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?
 He's thinking upon naething, like mony mighty men;
 A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's us stare,
 There are mair folk than him bigging castles in the air.

3. Sic a night in winter may weel mak' him cauld:
 His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak' him auld;
 His brew is brent sae braid, O pray that daddy Care,
 Would let the wean alone wi' his castles in the air!
 He'll glower at the fire! and keek at the light!
 But mony sparkling stars are swallow'd up by Night;
 Aulder een than his are glamoured by a glare,
 Hearts are broken, heads are turn'd, wi' castles in the air!

FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT.

Written by James Hogg. (1770-1835)
Andantino.

Music by Neil Gow, Jun.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Far
2. "The
3. "The

o - ver yon hills of the heath-er so - green, And down by the cor-rie that
Moor-cock that craws on the brows o' Ben - Con-nal He kens o' his bed in a
tar-get is torn from the arm of the - just, - The hel-met is cleft on the

sings to the sea, The bon-ny young Flo-ra sat sigh-ing her lane, - The
sweet mos-sy hame, The Ea-gle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan-Ronald Un-
brow of the brave, The clay-more for ev-er in dark-ness must rust; - But

legato

dew on her plaid an' the tear in her e'e, She look'd at a - boat, with the
aw'd and un-hunt-ed, his ey-rie can claim The So-lan can sleep on the
red is the sword of the strang-er an' slave The hoof of the horse, and the

breez-es that swung, A - way on the waves, like a bird of the main, And
shelve of the shore, The Cor-mo-rant roost on his rock of the sea;— But
foot of the proud Have trode o'er the plumes on the bon-net of blue:— Why

aye as it lea-sen'd she sigh'd and she sung, "Fare-weel to the lad I shall
oh! there is a-ne whose hard fate I de-plore, Nor house, ha, nor hame, in his
slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud, When ty-ran-ny rev-ell'd in

ne'er see a - gain,— Fare-weel to my he-ro, the gal-lant and young, Fare-
coun - try has he — The con - flict is past, and our name is no more There's
blood of the true?— Fare-weel my young he-ro, the gal-lant and good! The

weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain!
nought left but sor-row for Scot-land and me!"
crown of thy fa-ters is torn from thy brow!"

GAE BRING TO ME A PINT O' WINE.

Words by Robert Burns.

Moderato.

Piano: *f*

Animato.

1. Gae bring to me a pint o' wine, And fill it in a sil-ver
2. The trumpets sound, the ban-ners fly, The glitt-ring spears are rank-ed

mf

tas-sie; That I may drink be-fore I go, A ser-vice
rea-dy, The shouts o' war are heard a - far, The bat-tle

to my bon-nie las-sie. The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith; And keen the
closes deep and bloody; It's not the roar o' sea or shore, Wad mak' me

colla voce

wind blows frae the Fer-ry: The ship rides by—the Berwick-Law, And I maun
lan - ger wish to tar-ry, Nor shouts o' war—that's heard a - far, It's leaving

leave... my bon-nie Ma-ry. } Gae bring to me a pint o' wine, And fill it
thee... my bon-nie Ma-ry. }

in—a sil-ver tas-sie, That I may drink be-fore I go, A ser-vice

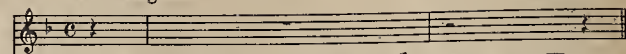
to— my bon-nie las-sie.

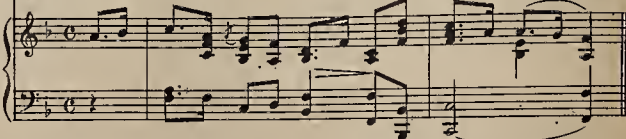
colla voce *f* *rall.*

MARY OF ARGYLE.

Written by O. Jefferys. (1807-1865)
Poco Allegretto.

Air by S. Nelson.
(1800-1862)

Voice. 

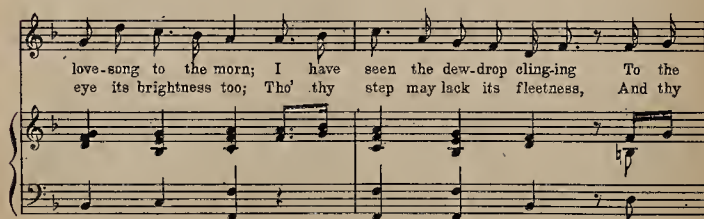
Piano. 

1. I have heard the ma - vis sing - ing His
2. Tho' thy voice may lose its sweet - ness, And thine

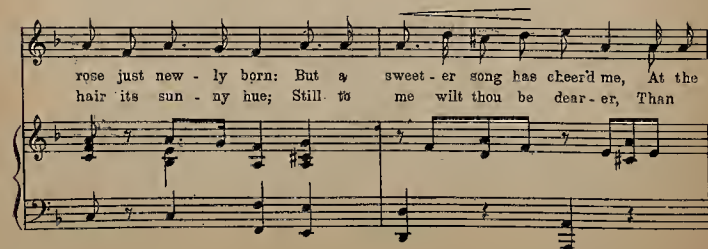


P

love-song to the morn; I have seen the dew-drop cling - ing To the
eye its brightness too; Tho' thy step may lack its fleetness, And thy



rose just new - ly born: But a sweet - er song has cheer'd me, At the
hair its sun - ny hue; Still to me wilt thou be dear - er, Than



ev-ning's gen-tle close; And I've seen an eye still bright-er, Than the
all the world shall own. I have lov'd thee for thy beau-ty, But

dew-drop on the rose: 'Twas thy voice, my gen-tle Ma-ry, And thine
not for that a-lone: I have watch'd thy heart, dear Ma-ry, And its

rall.

art-less win-ning smile, That made this world an E-den, Bon-nie
good-ness was the wile, That has made thee mine for ev-er, Bon-nie


Ma-ry of Ar-gyle.
Ma-ry of Ar-gyle.

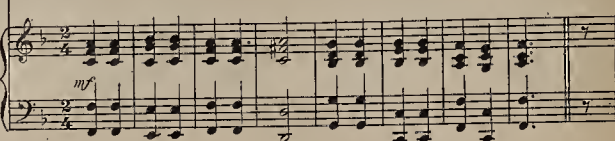
rit.


MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROW.


James Hogg. Allegretto.

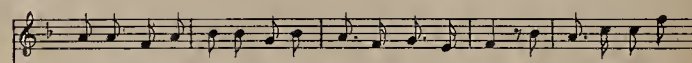
Border Song


Voice.  1. As

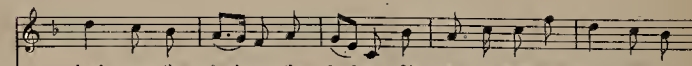
Piano.  *mf*


 I came down the Can-on-gate, the Can-on-gate, the Can-on-gate, As

 *p*

 I came down the Can-on-gate I heard a las-sie sing. Oh mer-ry may the



 keel row, the keel row, the keel row, Oh mer-ry may the keel row, The



ship that my love's in. Oh merry may the keel row, The keel row, the

keel row, Oh mar-ry may the keel row, The ship that my love's in.

2. He wears a blue bonnet,
Blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
A snow-white rose upon it,
A dimple in his chin;

And merry may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
And merry may the keel row
The ship that my love's in.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

Hamilton.

Andantino.

Piano. *dolce*

1. Busk ye, — busk ye, my bonnie, bon-nie bride, Busk ye, — busk ye, my
2. Weep not, — weep not, my bonnie, bon-nie bride, Weep not, — weep not, my
3. Lang maun — she weep lang, lang — maunche weep, Lang maun — she weep wi'
4. Fair was — thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love, In flowery bands thou —

win - some mar - row, Busk ye, — busk ye, my bon-nie, bon-nie bride, And
 win - some mar - row, Nor let thy beart la - ment to — leave, Pu'ing
 dule — and sor - row, And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen, Pu'ing
 didst — him fet - ter, Tho' he — was fair and well - beloved a - gain, Than

think nae mair o' the braes of Yarrow. Where got — ye that bonnie, bonnie bride?
 the birks on — the braes of Yarrow. Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?
 the birks on the braes o' Yarrow: For she has tint her lov-er, lov-er dear,
 me he — did not love thee bet-ter. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,

Where got — ye that win - some mar - row? I got — her — where I —
 Why does she weep, thy win - some mar - row? And why — daur — ye nae —
 Her lov - er dear, the cause o' — sor - row; And I — hae — slain the —
 Busk ye, then, busk ye, my win - some mar - row, Busk ye, — and loe me on the —

dare - na well be seen, Pu - ing the birks on the braes of Yar - row.
 mair weel be seen, Pu' - ing the birks on the braes of Yar - row?
 com - li - est swain That — e'er pu'd birks on the braes o' Yar - row.
 harks — o' the Tweed, And think nae — mair o' the braes o' Yar - row.

BONNIE WEE THING.

Words by Burns.

Air (1627-1628?)

Voice.

Affettuoso. 1. Bon-nie wee thing, can-nie wee thing,

Piano.

Lovely weething wertthou mine, I would wear thee in my bo-som, Lest my jewel

Fine.
I should thee? 2. Wist-ful-ly I look and languish In that bon-nie face o' thine,
3. Wit and grace and love and beau-ty In one star-ry cluster shine,

D.C.
And my heart it stounds wi' an-guish, Lest my weething be na-mine.
To a-dore thee is my du-ty, God-deas o' this soul o' mine.

BONNIE SWEET BESSIE.

Words by Arabella Root.

Music by J. L. Gilbert.

Voice.

Piano.

1. A high-land lad die there liv'd o'er the way, A laddie both no-ble, and
 2. Ere years or e - ven months had fled, This laddie and las-sie were
 3. But sor - row came to her heart one day, And her dear dar-lin' was

gal - lant and gay, Who lov'd a las-sie as no - ble as he, A
 hap - pi - ly wed, Nae het - ter wi - fey e'er liv'd on the lea, Then
 ta - ken a - way, Then oh, how sad and lone was she, Poor

hon-nie sweet las-sie, the maid o' Dun-dee; This las-sie had lands, but the
 "bon-nie sweet Bes-sie, the maid o' Dun-dee? A hap-pi-er hame nae
 "bon-nie sweet Bes-sie, the maid o' Dun-dee? And when in the ground her

lad-die had nane, And yet— to her it was all— the same, For
 man ev-er had, Than this— which held twa— hearts so glad, And
 dar-ling they laid, Her heart— then broke, and she fer-vent-ly pray'd "O

dear-ly she lov'd him, and said— she knew This laddie, dear lad-die, was
 ne'er— did Bes-sie have cause to rue Her wedding this lad-die, sae
 God— in heav-en, let me— go too, And be wi' my lad-die, sae

gude and true.
 gude and true.
 gude and true."

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

The Words by Lady Anne Lindsay.

(1750-1825)

Air by Rev. William Leves.

(1748-1828)

Andante.

Piano. *p*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth notes in a descending pattern, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the dynamics are 'piano' (p).

Gon molto espressione.

1. Young Jam - ie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride, But
 2. My fa - ther cou'd - na work, my moth - er cou'd - na spin, I

The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The dynamics are marked 'piano' (p).

sav - ing a crown, he had naething else be - side; To make the crown a pound my
 toild day and night, but their bread I cou'd - na win; Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wif

The vocal line continues on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The dynamics are marked 'piano' (p).

Jam - ie gaed to sea, And the crown and the pound, were baith for - me, He
 tears in his e'e, Said, Jen - ny, for their sakes, 'O mar - ry - me" My

The vocal line concludes on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The dynamics are marked 'piano' (p).

had-na been gane a week but on-ly twa, When my fã-ther brake his arm, and our
heart it said na; I look'd for Jamie back, But the wind it blew high and the

rall.
cow was stown a - wa; My moth-er she fell sick, and my Jam-ie at the sea, And
ship it was a wreck: The ship it was a wreck, why did-na Jen-ny die? Oh!

mf *rall.*

auld Rob-in Gray cam a - court-ing- me.
why was I spar'd to - cry, waes me?


3. My father urged me sair, my mother didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray is a gude man to me.
I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at my ain door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'dna think it he
Till he said, I'm come hame for to marry thee.


4. O sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away;
I wish I were dead but I'm no like to die;
And why do I live to say, waes me!
I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin,
I darena think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

GOOD-NIGHT, AND JOY BE WIP' YE A'.

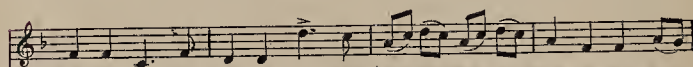
Sir Alexander Boswell.

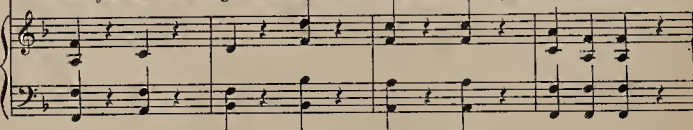
Moderato.


Voice. 

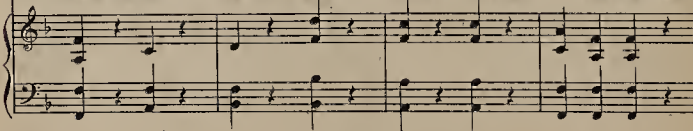
Piano. 

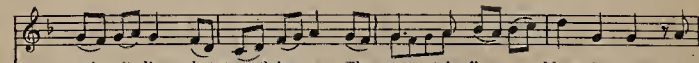
1. Good-
2. When

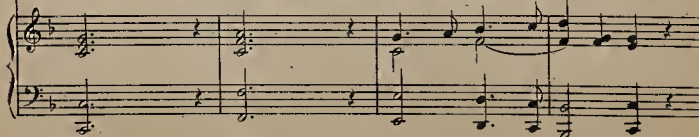

 night, and joy be wip' ye a', Your harrless mirth has cheerd my heart; May
 on yon muir our gal-lant clan Frae boast-ing foes their ban-ners tore, Who




 life's fell blasts out-der ye 'blaw! In sor-row may ye nev-er part! My
 show'd him-sel' a bet-ter man. Or fiere-er_wav'd the red claymore? But




 spi-rit lives, but strength is gone, The moun-tain-fires now blaze in vain; Re-
 when in peace then mark me there, When thro' the glen the wanderer came, I.



mem-ber, sone, the deeds I've done, And in your deeds I'll live a - gain!
gave him of our hard - y - fare, I - gave him here a - wel - come hame.

3. The auld will speak, the young maun hear,
Be canty, but be good and leal;
Your ain ille ay hae's heart to bear,
Anither's ay hae's heart to feel;
So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
I'll see you triumph ere I fa;
My parting breath shall boast you mine,
Good-night, and joy be wi' you a.
4. This night is my departing night,
For here nae langer must I stay;
There's neither friend nor foe o' mine
But wishes, wishes me away.
What I have done thro' lack o' wit,
I never, never can recall;
I hope ye're a' my friends as yet,
Good-night, and joy be wi' ye a'.

WILL YE NO' COME BACK AGAIN.

Words by Lady Nairne.

Music by Neil Gow, junr.

Voice.

2. Ye

Moderato.

Piano

1. Bon - nie Char - lie's now a - wa'; Safe - ly owre the
2. trust - ed in your His - land men, They trust - ed you, dear
3. Eng - lish bribes were a' in vain, Tho' puir, and puir - er

friend - ly main; Mo - ny a heart will break in twa,
 Char - lie! They kent your hid - ing in the glen,
 we maun be; Sil - ler can - na buy the heart That

Should he neer come back a - gain.
 Death or e - xile brav - ing. } Will ye no' come back a - gain?
 beats aye for thine and thee. }

cresc.

Will ye no' come back a - gain? Bet - ter lo'ed ye can - na be,
rall.

Will ye no' come back a - gain?
P

4. We watched thee in the gloaming hour,
 We watched thee in the morning grey;
 Tho' thirty thousand pound they'd gie,
 Oh, there is nane that wad betray!
 Will ye no' etc.

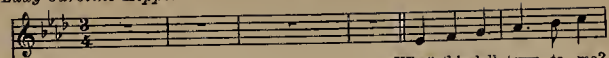
5. Sweet's the laverock's note and lang,
 Liltin' wildly up the glen;
 But aye to me he sings ae sang,
 Will ye no come back again?
 Will ye no' etc.

ROBIN ADAIR.

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Words by Lady Caroline Keppel.

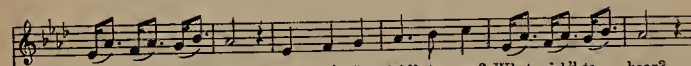
Voice.



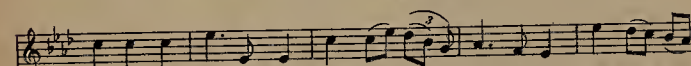
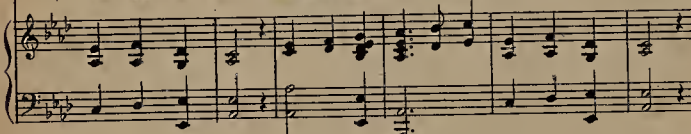
1. What's this dull town to me?
2. What made the ball so fine?
3. But now thou'rt cold to me,

Andante.

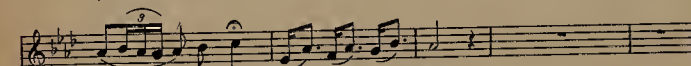
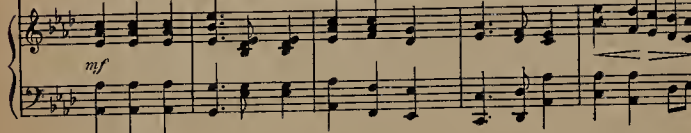
Piano.



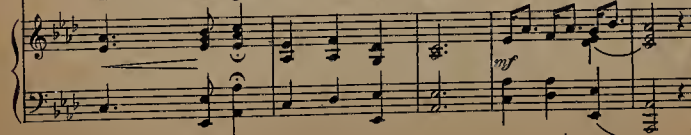
Ro - hin not near, What was't I wish'd to see? What wish'd to hear?
 Ro - bin A - dair, What made this - sem - bly shine? Ro - hin was there.
 Ro - bin A - dair, But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro - hin A - dair.



Where's all the joy and mirth, Made this town a heav'n on earth? Oh! they've all
 What when the play was o'er, Made my fond heart so sore? Oh! it was
 Yet him I lov'd so well, Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh! I can



fled — with thee, Ro - bin A - dair.
 part - ing with Ro - hin A - dair.
 ne'er — for - get Ro - bin A - dair.



HIGHLAND MARY.

Tune "Gathering Ogie."

Burns.

Lento.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Ye—
2. How

banks, and braes, and streams a - round The cas - tle o' Mont -
sweet - ly bloom'd the gay green birk, How rich the haw - thorn's

go - me - ry, Green be your woods and fair your flow'rs, Your
blos - som, As un - der - neath their fra - grant shade I

wa - ters nev - er drum - lie! There sim - mer first un - faults her robes, And
clasp'd her to my bo - som! The gold - en hours, on an - gel wings, flew

there they lang-est tar-ry, For there I took the last-farewell, O—
o'er me and my dear-ie; For dear to me as light and life Was

my sweet High-land Ma-ry.
my sweet High-land Ma-ry.

3. W' mony a vow and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' tender,
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder:
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary.

4. O pale, pale now these rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwell on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'd me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

THE HUNDRED PIPERS.

Written by Caroline Baroness Nairne.

Vivace.

Piano.

Con spirito.

1. W' a hun-dred pipers, an' a',— an' a', W' a hun-dred pipers, an'
2. Oh! our eed-ger lads lock'd braw, look'd braw, W' their tar-tans, kilts, an'
3. Oh! wha is foremaist' a',— 'o' a'? Oh— wha does fol-low the
4. The Esk was swollen sae red an' sae deep, But— souther to souther, the

a', an' a', We'll up an' gie them a hlaw, a hlaw, WI' a
 a', an' a', Wi' their bonnets, an' fea-thers an' glitt-'rin' gear, An'
 hlaw, the blaw? Bon-nie Charlie, the King o' ns a', hur-ral WI' his
 brave lads keep; Twa thousand swamowre to fell Eng-lish ground An'

hun-dred pipers an' a', an' a'
 pi-broch sound-ing sweet an' clear.
 hun-dred pipers an' a', an' a'
 danced themlselves dry to the pi-hroch sound.

Oh! it's owre the Bor-der a-wa, a-wa, Its
 Will they a-re-turn to their ain dear glen? Will they
 His bon-net an' feath-er, he's waw-in' high! His
 Dum-found-er'd the Eng-lish saw, they saw, Dum-

owre the Bor-der a-wa, a-wa, Well on an' we'll march to
 a-re-turn, our hie-land men? Se-cond-sight-ed San-dy
 pranc-in' steed maist seems to fly! The nor' wind plays wi' hie
 found-er'd they heard the hlaw, the hlaw; Dura-found-er'd, they a-ran a-

Car - lisle Ha, Wi' its yetts, its cas - tle an' s', an' a.
 look'd . fu' wae, And moth - ers grat when they march'd a - wa'.
 cur - ly hair! While the pi - pers blaw in an un - co fiare!
 wa', a - wa', Frae the hun - dred pi - pers an' s', an' s'.

CHORUS.

Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers, an' a', — an' a', Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an'

a', an' a', We'll up an' gie them a blaw — a blaw, Wi' a

hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a'.

MY NANNIE, O.

Burns.

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Be -
2. My -

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a single treble clef with a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is written in two staves, with the right hand in a treble clef and the left hand in a bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The key signature has two flats. The piano part begins with a piano dynamic marking 'p'.

hind you hills where Luu-gar flows, 'Mang moors and moss-es—
Nan-nie's charm-in', sweet, and young; Nae art-fu' wiles to—

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "hind you hills where Luu-gar flows, 'Mang moors and moss-es— Nan-nie's charm-in', sweet, and young; Nae art-fu' wiles to—". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.

ma-ny, — O, The win-try sun—the day has clos'd, And
win ye, — O, May ill be-fa—the flatt'ring tongue That

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "ma-ny, — O, The win-try sun—the day has clos'd, And win ye, — O, May ill be-fa—the flatt'ring tongue That". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.

Fil-a-wa' to Nan-nie, O. The west-lin' wind blows loud and shrill, The
wad be guils my Nan-nie, O. Her face is fair, her heart is true. As

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Fil-a-wa' to Nan-nie, O. The west-lin' wind blows loud and shrill, The wad be guils my Nan-nie, O. Her face is fair, her heart is true. As". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.

night's baith mirk and rain-y— O, But I'll get my plaid and out I'll steal, And
spot-less as— shee bon-nie, O; The— op-'nin' gow-an, wat wif dew, Nae

owrs the hills to— Nan-nie, O.
pur-er is— than Nan-nie, O.

3. A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be?
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.
My riches ae my penny-fee,
'And I maun guide it cannie, O;
But world's gear never troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

4. Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm so blythe that haude his plough,
An' hae nae care but Nannie, O.
Come weel, come wae, I care na by,
I'll tak' what Heav'n will send me, O;
Nae ither care in life hae I,
But live and love my Nannie- O.

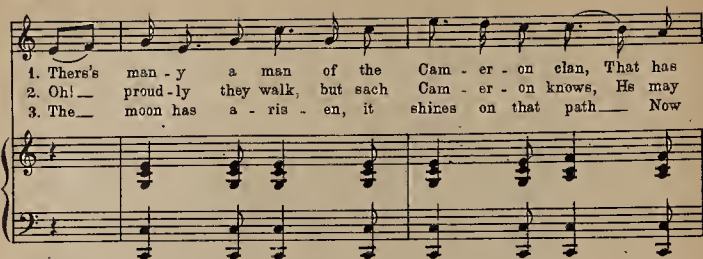
THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN.

Words and Music by Mary M. Campbell.

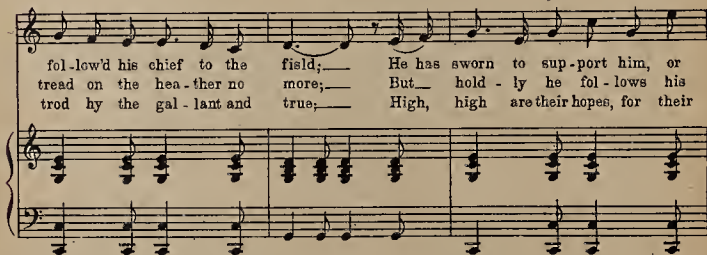
Voice.

Alla marcia.

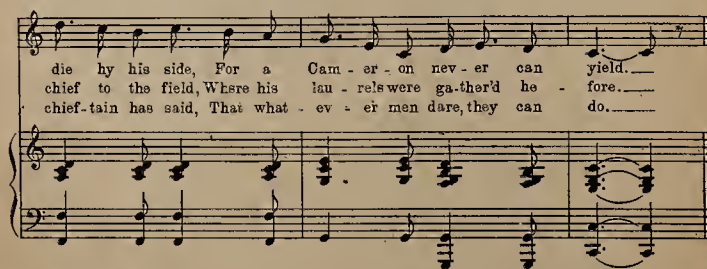
Piano.



1. There's man - y a man of the Cam - er - on clan, That has
 2. Oh! — proud - ly they walk, but sath Cam - er - on knows, He may
 3. The — moon has a - ris - en, it shines on that path — Now

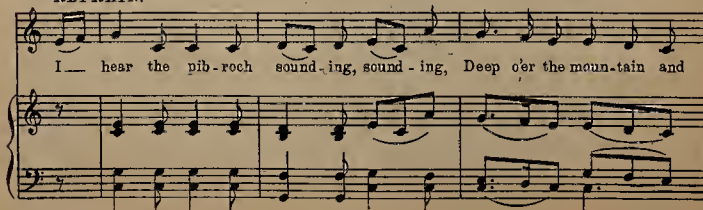


fol - low'd his chief to the field; — He has sworn to sup - port him, or
 tread on the hea - ther no more; — But — hold - ly he fol - lows his
 trod by the gal - lant and true; — High, high are their hopes, for their



die by his side, For a Cam - er - on nev - er can yield. —
 chief to the field, Where his lau - rels were ga - ther'd he - fore. —
 chief - tain has said, That what - ev - er men dare, they can do. —

REFRAIN.



I — hear the pib - roch sound - ing, sound - ing, Deep o'er the moun - tain and

glen, — While light springing foot-steps are trampling the heath, 'Tis the

march of the Cam - er - on men, — 'Tis the march, — 'tis the

march, — 'tis the march of the Cam - er - on men. —

MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

Words by Sir Walter Scott.

Music by Alexander Lee.

Allegro.

Piano.

ff

The first system of the piano accompaniment, marked 'Piano.' and 'ff'. It consists of two staves: a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a rhythmic accompaniment of chords and eighth notes. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/8.

The first system of the song, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae, And the clan has a name that is depths of Loch Ka-trine the steed shall ca-reer, O'er the peak of Ben Lo-mond the".

The second system of the song, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "nameless by day; Our sig-nal for fight, which from monarchs we drew, Must be gal-ley shall steer, And the rocks of Craig Roy-ston like i-ci-cles melt, Ere our".

The third system of the song, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "heard but by night in our venge-ful hal-loo, } Then hal-loo, hal-loo, wronge be for-got, or our ven-geance un-felt. }

hal-loo, Grega-lach. If they rob us of name, and pur-

The first system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment is in two staves (treble and bass clefs). The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and chords in the treble. Dynamics include *ff* and *p*.

con valor
sue us with Eagles, Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the Eagles. Then

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is marked *con valor*. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. Dynamics include *pp*.

ga-ther, ga-ther, ga-ther, ga-ther, ga-ther,

The third system features the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic line with some grace notes. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and eighth notes. Dynamics include *pp*.

ga-ther. While there's leaves in the fo-rest, and foam on the riv-er, Mac-

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic line with some grace notes. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and eighth notes.

gre - gor, despite them, shall flour-ish for ev - er.

ff

Glen - orchy's proud mountain, Col-

Fine.

churn and her towers, Glen-straes and Glenly - on, no long-er are ours; We're landless, land-less,

land - less, Gre - ga-lach, land - less, land - less, land - less. Through the

ad lib. *a tempo* *D.S.*

JESSIE'S DREAM.

175

Words by Grace Campbell.

Music by John Blookley.

Moderato.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line starting with a quarter rest, followed by eighth and quarter notes. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include a piano (*p*) marking and a *dim. o rall.* (diminuendo and rallentando) marking towards the end of the introduction.

1. Far a - wa' to bon-rie Scot - land Has my spi - rit ta'en its flight,
 sure - ly I'm no wild - ly dream - in', For I hear it plain - ly now,
 near - er still, an' near - er still, An' now a - gain 'tis "Auld Lang Syne" Its

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The music is in a minor key and maintains a moderate tempo.

An' I saw my Mither, spin - nin', In our High - land hame at night; I
 Ye can - not, ye nev - er heard it On the far off moun - tains brow; For
 kind - ly notes like life - bluid rin, Rin thro' this pair sad heart o' mine, Oh!

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. It includes a *dolce* (dolce) marking in the right hand towards the end of the section.

saw the kye a brows - ing | My Fa - ther at the plough, An' the
 in your southern childhóod Ye were nour - ish'd eaf and warm,
 led - dy, din - na swoon a - wa' Look up! the e - vil's past, They're

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line concludes the piece with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass line in the left hand.

espress. *dolce*

grand auld hills a-hoon them a', Wad I could see them now! Oh! led-dy while up-
 watch'd up - on the cauld hill-side The ri-sin' o' the storm - Aynow the sol-diers
 com - in' now to dee wi' us, Or save us at the last - Then let us hum - bly,

p *pp*

on your knees Ye held my sleep - in' head, I saw the lit-tle
 hear - it, An' an-swer with a cheer, As "The Camp-bells are a -
 thank-ful - ly, Down on our knees an' pray, For those who come thro'

cresc.

Kirk at hame, Where Tam an' I were wed; I heard the tune the
 com - in' Falls on each an - xious ear - The can - nons roard their
 bluid an' fire, To res - cue us this day. That He may o'er them

mf

animato

pipers play'd, I ken'd its rise an' fa. Twas the wild Mac-gre - gor's
 thunder, And the sap-pers work in vain, For high a-boon the
 spread His shield, Stretch forth His arm an' save Bold Havelock and his

f

Symphony after 1st verse.

slo-gan— 'Tis the grand-est o' them
din o' war— Re - sounds the wel-come
High-landers, The_ brav - est o' the

Distant March of Highlanders.
(The Campbells are coming.)

f *pp* *Very soft.*

2. Hark

dim. e rall.

Symphony after 2nd verse.

strain. Advance of the Highlanders. (Auld Lang Syne.)

3. An'

pp *dim. e rall!* *pp*

Symphony after 3rd verse.

brave!

f

THE STANDARD ON THE BRAES O' MAR.

Music by John Devoar.

Bold, with animation.

Piano. *mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a rhythmic melody of eighth notes in a G major key signature. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

1. The Stand-ard on the Braes o' Mar, Is

The first system of the song features a vocal line starting with a fermata on a whole note, followed by a melody of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern.

up and streaming rare - ly, The ga - thring pipe on Loch - na - gar Is

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a fermata on a chord in the left hand.

sound - ing loud and sair - ly, The Hie - land - men, frae hill an' glen Wi'

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a fermata on a chord in the left hand.

belt - ed plaids and glit - t'ring blades, Wi' bon - nets blue and hearts sae true, Are

The fourth system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a fermata on a chord in the left hand and a *rit.* marking.

coming late and ear-ly. *a tempo* *D.S.* $\text{\$}$

2. I
3. Our

D.S.

2. I saw our chief come ower the hill,
Wi' Drummond and Glengarry,
And thro' the pass came brave Lochiel,
Pannure and gallant Murray,
Mac Donald's men, Clan Ronald's men,
Mac Kenzie's men, Mac Gilvray's men,
Strathallan's men, the Lowland men,
O' Callander and Airley.

3. Our Prince has made a noble vow,
To free his country fairly,
Then wha would be a traitor now,
To ans we le'e sae dearly?
We'll go, we'll go, an' seek the foe,
By land or sea, where'er they be,
Then man to man, and in the van,
We'll win or die for Charlie.

THE PIPER OF DUNDEE.

Allegro.

Piano. *f*

1. The pi - per came to our town, To our town, to our town, The

pi - per came to our town, And he play'd bon - nie - lie. He

play'd a spring, the laird to please, A spring brent new frae yont the seas; And

then he gae bis bags a wheeze, And play'd an - i - ther key. And

was-na be a ro - guy, A ro - guy, a ro - guy, And was-na he a ro - guy, The

pi - per o' Dundee?

2. He play'd "The Welcome owre the Main",
 And "Ye'se be fou and I'es be fain",
 And "Auld Stuart's back again",
 Wi' muckle mirth and glee.
 He play'd "The Kirk", he play'd "The Queer",
 "The Mulin Dhu" and "Chevalier",
 And "Lang away, but welcome here",
 Sae sweet, sae bonnilie,
 And wasna, etc.

3. It's some gat swords, and some gat nane,
 And some were dancing mad their lane,
 And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en
 That nicht at Amulrie.
 There was Tullibardine and Burleigh,
 And Struan, Keith, and Ogilvie,
 And brave Carnegie, wha but he,
 The piper o' Dundee,
 And wasna, etc.

THE LASS O' PATIE'S MILL.

Andantino.

Voice.

Piano.

dolce

p

1. The lass o' Patie's
2. With-out the aid of
3. Oh! had I a the

mill, — Sae bon-nie, blythe, and gay, In spite of a my skill, — She
 art, — Like flow'rs that grace the wild, She did hersweetsim-part — When
 wealth — Hopetoun's highmoun-tains fill, In - sured long life and health — And

stole my heart a - way When ted-din' o' the hey, — Barehead-ed on the
 o'er she spoke or smil'd. Her looks they were so mild, — Free from af-fect-ed
 pleasure at my will, I'd prom-ise and ful - fil That none but bon-nie

green, Love 'midst her locks did play, An' wanton'd in her een.
 pride, She me to love be-guiled, I — wish'd her for my bride.
 she, The lass o' Pa-tie's mill, Should share the same with me.

dim.

WHERE HATH SCOTLAND FOUND HER FAME.

John Fulcher.

Maestoso.

Piano.

Trumpets. *cresc.*

f

1. Where hath Scot-land found her fame? Why is she en-shrind in glo-ry?
 2. Where hath Scot-land found her fame? Ev-er brave she rides the o-cean;

By the deeds of many a name, Sing the theme of death-lesse sto-ry.
 Where's the dastard dare, de-claim, Na-tions own her high pre-mo-tion;

By her moun-tains wild and grand, By her lakes so calm ly flow-ing;
Maid - ens - nat - u - ral and fair, Love as warm as sum-mer wea-ther,

con espress.

By the peace that rules the land, And her hearts so tru-ly glow-ing,
Sons that will all dan-gers dare, Roam a-mong the bloom-ing hea-ther.

Tempo I.

By the free-dom she can claim, And her an-cient bards so hoa-ry;
Art and sci-ence crown her name, Ge-nius and ro-man-tic sto-ry;

There has Sco-tia found her fame, There hath Sco-tia found her glo-ry.
There hae Sco-tia found her fame, There hath Sco-tia found her glo-ry.

AFTON WATER.

Words by Burns. (Written in 1791)

Composed by Alexander Hume.

(1811-1859)

Andante grazioso.

Voice.

Piano. *P*

1. Flow gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, a - mong thy green braes, Flow gent-ly, I'll sing thee a

song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy mur-mur - ing stream, Flow

P

gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, dis - turb not her dream.

mf

f Thou stock-dove, whose e-cho re - sounds thro' the glen, Ye wild whistling black-birds, in *rall.* *rall.*

Cadenza ad lib. *a tempo* *p*
 you thorny den, Thou green crested lapwing, thy screaming for-bear, I —

pp rall.
 charge you, dis-turb not my slumber - ing fair.

2. How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
 There daily I wander, as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.
 How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
 Where, wild in the woodlands, the primroses blow!
 There oft as mild evening creeps over the lea,
 The sweet-scented birch shades my Mary and me.

3. Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays,
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E DEAR.

*Turns.**Andante.*

Piano.

The piano introduction for the first system is written in a 6/8 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, and a quarter note C5. The accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "1. Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, — Here's a health to ane I, lo'e dear; — Thou art". The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic structure as the introduction.

The second line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, And saft as their part-ing tear, 'Jes-sie, Al-". The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic structure.

The third line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "tho' thou maun never be mine, — Al - tho' e - ven hope is de - nied; — 'Tis". The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic structure.

The fourth line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "sweet-er for thee de - spair - ing, Than aught in the world be - side, Jes-sie!". The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic structure.

2. I mourn through the gay gaudy day,
As hopeless I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock'd in thy arms, Jessie!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling ée; —
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree? — Jessie!

THE AULD SCOTCH SANGS.

Words by Rev. Dr. Esthane.

Melody by J. F. Leeson.

Andante con espress.

Piano.

1. O sing to me the auld Scotcheange, I' the braid— Scot-tish
 2. Sing on - y o' the auld Scotcheangs, The blithe-some or the
 3. Sing on, sing mair o' theae auld saungs, For il - ka ane can

tongue, The saung my Fa-ther wish'd to hear, The saungs my Mi-ther
 sad, They mak' me smile when I am wae, And greet when I am
 tell O' joy or sor-row i' the past Where man - 'ry loos to

saung, When she sat be-side my cra-dle, Or— croon'd me on her
 glad, My heart goes back to auld Scot-land The saunt teardime my
 dwell Tho' hair grows grey and limbs grow auld Un - til the day I

knee, And I wad - na sleep, she sang sae sweet The
 e'e, And the Scotch blood leaps in a' my veins As ye
 dee I'll - bless the Scot - tish tongus that sings The

auld Scotch sangs to me, — And I wad - na sleep, she
 sing the sangs to me, — And the Scotch blood leaps in
 auld Scotch sangs to me, — I'll bless the Scot - tish

sang sae sweet The auld Scotch sangs to me.
 a' my veins As ye sing the sangs to me.
 tongue that sings The auld Scotch sangs to me.

p *colla voce* *p*

Symphony after 1st verse.

Symphony after 2nd verse.

Symphony after 3rd verse.

OH, WHY LEFT I MY HAME?

Written by R. Gilfillan. (1799-1850)

The melody by Peter McLeod.

Slow, with feeling.

(1797-1859)

Piano.

p

1. Oh, — why left I my hame? Why
2. The — palm - tree wav - eth high, And

did I cross the deep? Oh, — why left I the land Where my
fair the myr - tle springs, And — to the In - dian maid The —

fore - fa - ther's sleep? I sigh for Sea - tia's shore, And I
*bul - bul sweet - ly sings: But I din - na see the broom, WI' its

gaze a - cross the sea, But I can - na get a blink O' my
tas - sels on the lea, Nor hear the lin - tie's sang O' my

rit.
ain - coun - trie.
ain - coun - trie.

*) The Indian Nightingale.

3. Oh! here no sabbath bell
Awakes the sabbath morn,
Nor song of reaper's heard
Among the yellow corn:
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail of slaverie:
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie.

4. There's a hope for ev'ry woe,
And a balm for ev'ry pain,
But the first joys of our heart
Come never back again
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea,
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie.

THE BONNIE BRIER-BUSH.

Anonymous.

Andante moderato.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major, starting with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, and C. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'Andante moderato' and the dynamics are 'mf'.

The first system of the song features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "1. There grows a bon-nie brier-bush, in our kail-yard, And —". The piano accompaniment is in G major and follows the melody of the vocal line.

The second system continues the song. The vocal line has the lyrics "white are the blossoms ort in our kail-yard, Like wee bit wite cock-ades for our". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

The third system concludes the song. The vocal line has the lyrics "loy-al Hie-land lads; And the lasses lo'e the bon-nie bush in our kail yard." The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

2. But were they a' true that were far awa'?

Oh! were they a' true that were far awa'?
They drew up wi' glaiket Englishers at Carlisle
And forgot auld friends when far awa'.

3. Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft yé hae been,

Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Athol Green;
Ye l'ed owre weel the dancin' at Carlisle ha,
And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa'.

4. He'e comin' frae the north that's to fancy me,
He'e comin' frae the north that's to fancy me,
A feather in his bonnet, and a ribbon at his knee;
He's a bonnie Hieland laddie, and you be nae he.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Words by Burns. (Written in 1788)

Air "I feeld a lad at Michaelmas" (1753-1798)

Voice.

Affettuoso.

1. Should
2. We
3. We

Piano.

auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And ney-er brought to min'? Should auld ac-quaintance
 twa hae run a-bout the braes, And pu'd the go-wans fine; But we've wander'd mony a
 twa hae paid-it in the burn Frae morning sun till dine; But seas be-tween us

be for-got, And days o' lang syne? } For auld lang syne, my dear, For
 wea-ry foot, Sin' auld lang syne. }
 braid ha'e roard' Sin' auld lang syne.

auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

4. And there's a hand, my trusty frien,
 And gie's a hand o' thine;
 And we'll tak' a right gude willy-waught
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, etc.

5. And surely ye'll be your pint stoup
 As surely I'll be mine!
 And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, etc.

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