

Selection of SCOTS SONGS

*Harmonized & improved
with Simple and*

Adapted Graces

Most Respectfully Dedicated to the

Right Honourable

Lady Katherine Douglas

BY

PETER URBANI

Professor of Music

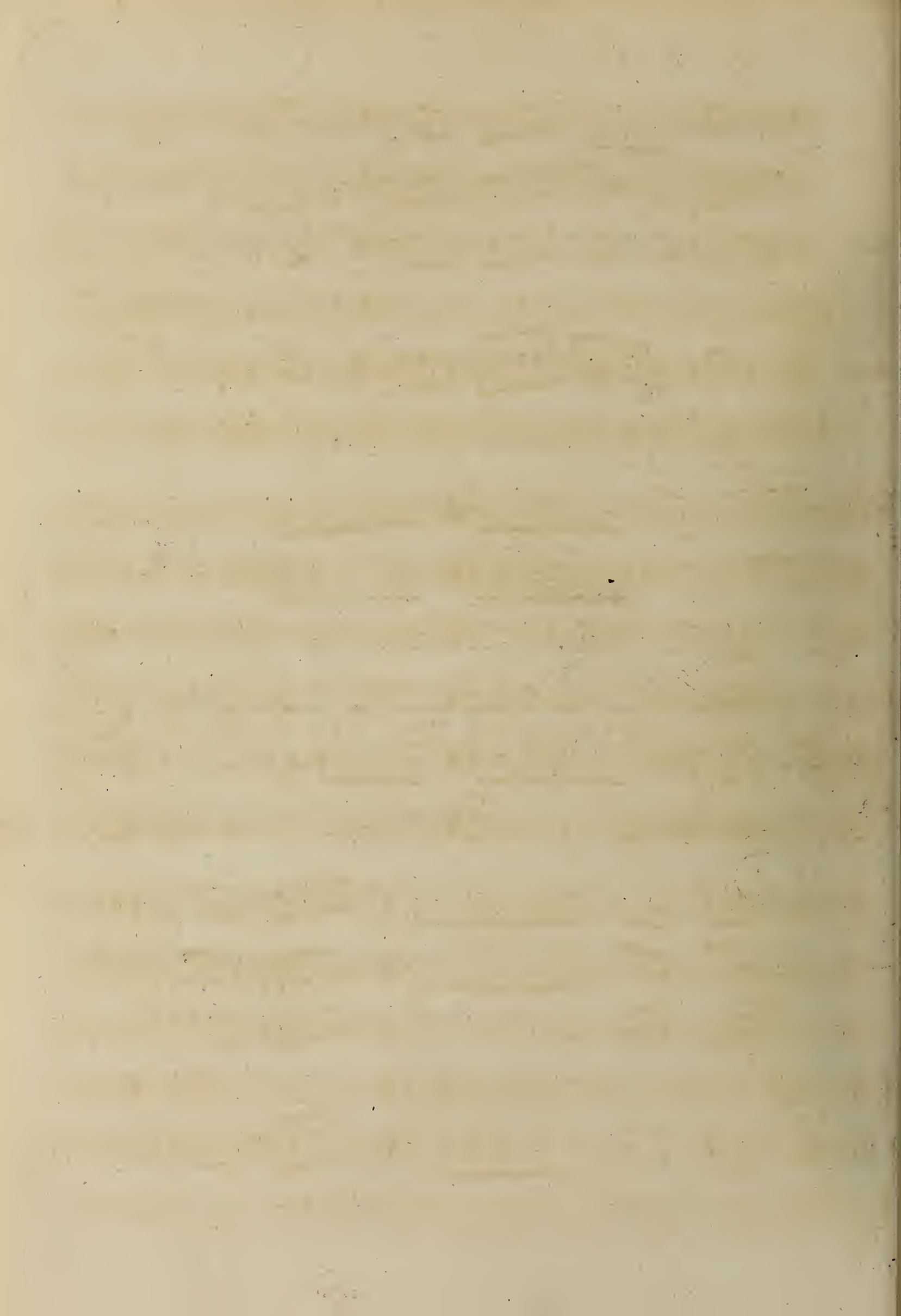
Book 2^d

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Musical Instruments — Scots Songs &c. the Real Setts
as Sung by P. URBANI at the Concerts S^t Cecilias
Hall. — Instruments lent out Tuned
and Repaired &c.



by waking etc.

1

Violini

pp.

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Ay waking oh! waking ay and wearie

Largo con molta espressione

Sleep I can na' get for thinking on my dearie. When I sleep I dream; When I wake I'm irie.

rf.

Rest I can na get, For thinking o' my dearie.

Roy's wife of Alldivaloch,

For two Voices.

Violini

pp.

Primo

Secondo

Harps.^dLargo Softenuto. $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$

Roy's wife of

Roy's wife of

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

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

She vow'd she swore she wad be mine She said that she lo'd me best of ony but oh the fickle faithless queen she's

She vow'd she swore she wad be mine She said that she lo'd me best of ony but oh the fickle faithless queen she's

taen the carl and left her Johnnie Roy's wife of Alldivaloch Roy's wife of Alldivaloch wat ye haw she
 taen the carl and left her Johnnie Roy's wife of Alldivaloch Roy's wife of Alldivaloch wat ye haw she

6 3 6 4 6 3 7 7

cheated me as I came o'er the braes of Balloch
 cheated me as I came o'er the braes of Balloch

rf. rf.

6 3 7 6 4

2

O she was a canty quean
 And we'll could she dance the highland walloch,
 How happy I, had she been mine
 Or I'd been Roy of Alldivaloch.
 Roy's wife &c.

3

Her hair fae fair, her e'en fae clear,
 Her wee bit mou', so sweet and bonny
 To me she ever will be dear
 Tho' she's forever left her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife &c.

4

But Roy's age is three times mine
 I'd think his days will nae be mony
 And when the Carl's dead and gane
 She'll may be rue and tak her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife &c.

The Banks o' Doon.

By R. Burns.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

p^o *mf.*

Ye Banks and braes o'

Largo Espressivo 6 4 5 6 3 6 6 4 6 4

bo-nie Doon, How can ye bloom fae fresh and fair; How can ye chant ye

3 6 3 6 6 4 3 6 4

little birds, And I fae weary fu' o' care! Thou'll break my heart thou warbling bird, That

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

wantons thro' the flowering thorn; Thou minds me o' de-par-ted joy's De-par-ted

ne-ver to re-turn.

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

The Same Air with the Original words to be Sung Quicker.

Violini mf. pp.

Viola

Canto

Harps.^d When

Andante Con Moto

3 6 3 6 4 3

I hae a fax - pence under my thum, Then I'll get cred - it in il - ka town.

6 4 3 6 3 6 4 3

But ay when I'm poor they bid me gae by; O! poverty parts good

4 3 3 6 7 6 4 3

com - pa - ny Tod - len hame tod - len hame, O. condna my Love come

rf.

rf.

rf.

6 4 3 6 3 6

2

3

Fair fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,
 She gie's us white bannocks to drink her ale,
 Syne if her tippony chance to be sma',
 We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa',
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 As round as a neep comes todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
 And twa pint stoups at our bed feet;
 And ay when we waken'd we drank them dry:
 What think you of my wee kimmer and I.
 Todlenbutt and todlen ben,
 Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

4

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
 Ye're ay sae good-humour'd when weeting your mou;
 When sober sae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
 That's a blyth fight to the bairns and me.
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

O can ye see Cushions,

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Largo

pp.

pp.

pp.

O can ye see cushions and can ye see sheets, and can ye sing

balla loo when the bairny greets. and hee and baw birdie, and hee and baw

1st 2^d Mod^{to} PP.

lamb, And hee and baw birdie, my bonny wee lamb? lamb. Hee O! wee O!

Mod^{to} PP.

what wou'd I do wi' you? Black's the life that I lead wi' you; Monny o' you, little for to

Largo PP.

Largo

gi' you, Hee o! wee o! what wou'd I do wi' you?

Largo

The bonny Brucket Lalsie

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps.^d

Largo

The Bonny Brucket Lalsie, She has the tearfull e'en; She was the fairest

Lalsie that danc'd on the green. A lad he loo'd her dearly, She did his love re-

turn; But he his vows has broken, And left her for to mourn.

2

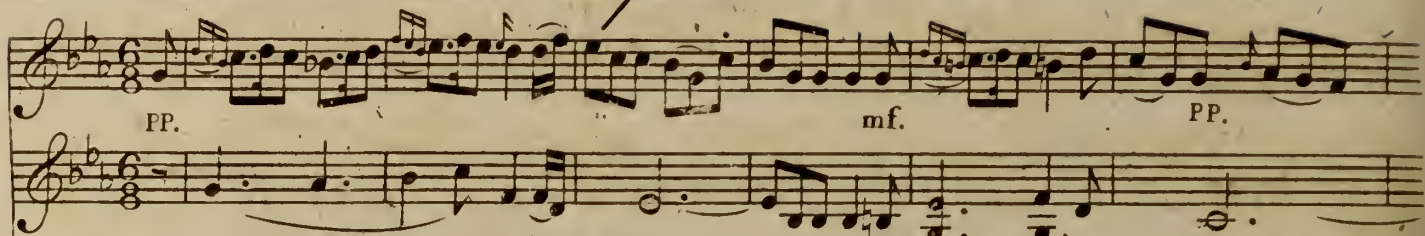
"O! could I live in darkness,
 "Or hide me in the sea;
 "Since my love is unfaithful
 "And has forsaken me;
 "No other love I suffer'd
 "Within my breast to dwell,
 "In nought I have offended
 "But loving him too well."

3

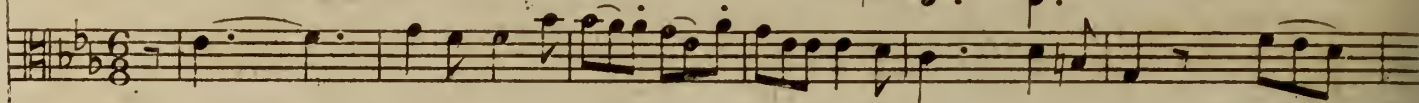
Her lover heard her mourning,
 As by he chanc'd to pass;
 And press'd unto his bosom,
 The lovely brucket lass;
 "My dear," he said, "cease grieving
 "Since that your love's so true,
 "My bonny brucket lassie,
 "I'll faithful prove to you."

The Rose that weeps.

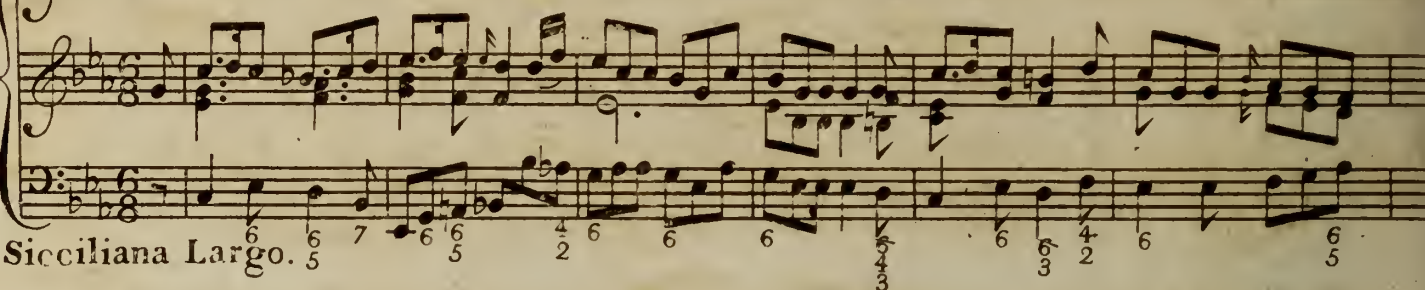
Violini



Viola



Canto

Harps^d*Siciliana Largo**pp.**pp.*

The rose that weeps with morning dew and glitters in the

*pp.**rf.**p.*

funny ray in tears and smiles re-sembles you when love breaks sorrows cloud a-

- way. The dew's that bend the blushing flower en-rich the scent re-

- new the glow, So loves sweet tears en-crease his power fo blifs more bright-

- ly shines by wae.

rf.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Largo Lamenteuole

pp.

pp.

O the hours I have pass'd in the arms of my Dear can

ne - ver be thought of but with a sad tear. Oh for - bear, oh? for -

- bear then to mention her name it re-calls to my mem'ry the cause of my
 pain.

2

How often to love me she fondly has sworn,
 And when parted from me wou'd ne'er cease to mourn
 All hardships for me she wou'd cheerfully bear
 And at night on my bosom forget all her care.

3

To some distant climate together we'll roam,
 And forget all the hardships we meet with at home
 Fate, now be propitious, and grant me thine aid,
 Give me my Pastora, and I'm more then repaid.

The red red Rose.

The Music by P. Urbani.

Violini

pp.

rf.

Viola

rf.

Canto

Harps^d

Largo con molta Espressione

6

5

6

4

3

6

6

4

3

O my love's like the red, red rose, That's new-ly sprung in June O my love's like the

6

5

6

4

3

7

rf.

pp.

ff.

me-lo-dy, That's sweet-ly play'd in tune, As fair art thou my bonie lass, So

6

4

3

1

6

5

deep in love am I; And I can love thee still, my Dear, Till a - the seas gang

rf.

dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
 I can love thee still, my Dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.
 And fare thee weel, my dearest Love,
 O fare thee weel a while.
 And I will come again, My Love,
 Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

Craigieburn Wood.

Barns

Violino

Viola

Canto

Harps.^d

Largo Esprssivo

Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn-wood, And blythely awakens the

morrow; But the pride of the spring in the Craigieburn wood, Can yield me nothing but for- row.

see the spreading leaves and flowers, I hear the wild birds sing - ing; But pleasure they hae

nane for me while care my heart is wring - ing.

FF.

FF.

FF.

2

I can na tell, I maun na tell,
 I dare na for your anger:
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.
 I see thee gracefu' straight and tall,
 I see thee sweet and bonie,
 But oh, what will my torments be,
 If thou refuse thy Johnie!

3

To see thee in another's arms,
 In love to lie and languish,
 'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
 My heart wad burst wi' anguish.
 But Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
 Say, thou loes nane before me;
 And a' my days o' life to come,
 I'll gratefully adore thee.

Could Kail in Aberdeen

D. of G.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Basso

Andante



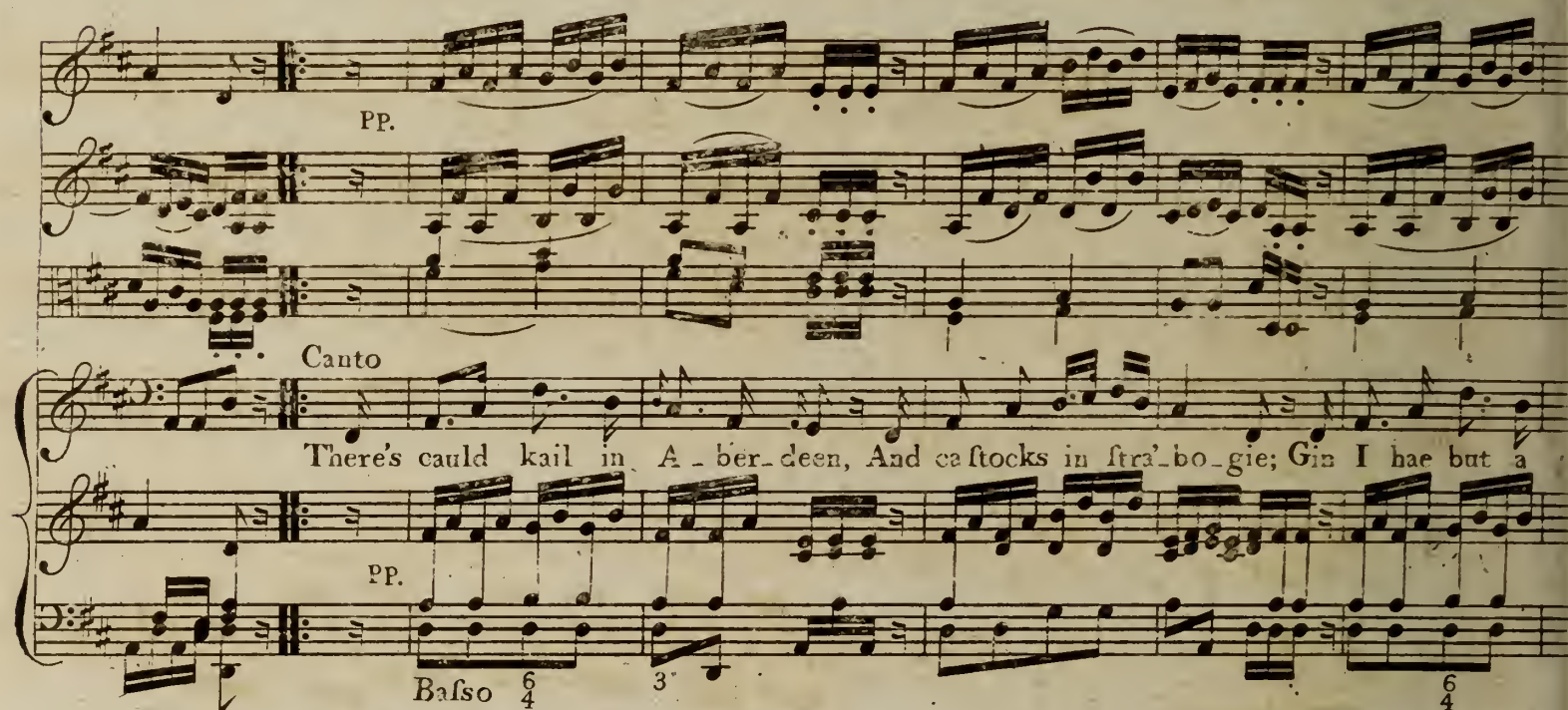
pp.

Canto

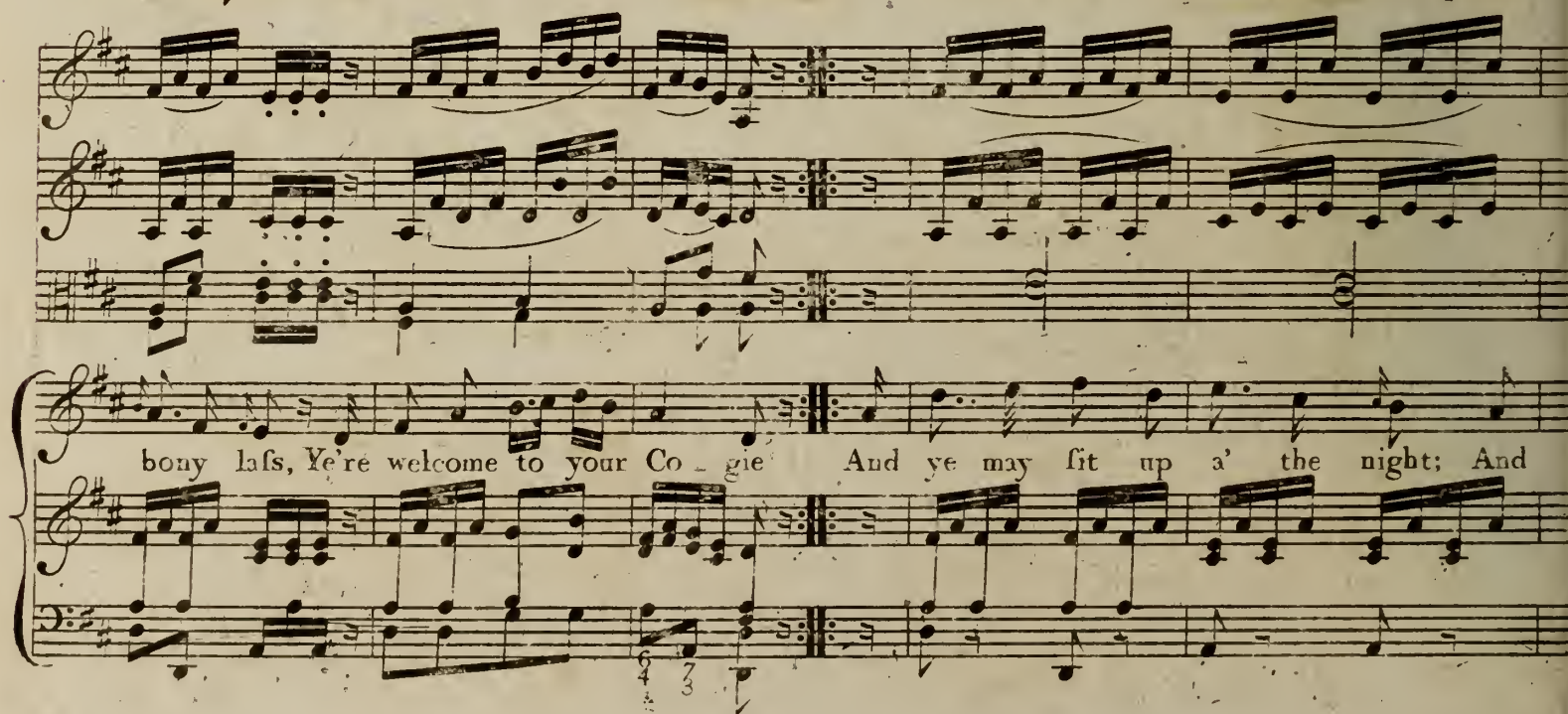
There's could kail in A - ber - deen, And ca'stacks in stra'bo-gie; Gin I hae but a

pp.

Basso



bony lafs, Ye're welcome to your Co - gie And ye may fit up a' the night; And



drink till it be braid day light; Gie me a lafs baith clean and tight, To

rf.

Bafso

dance the Reel of Bo-gie.

6 2 6 4 3

6 4 3

6 4 3

4

In Cotillons the French excel;
 John Bull, in Countra dances;
 The Spaniards dance Fandangos well,
 Mynheer an All mande prances:
 In foursome Reels the Scots delight,
 The Threesome maist dance wondrous light;
 But Twasome ding a' out o' sight,
 Danc'd to the Reel of Bogie.

3

Come, Lads, and view your Partners well,
 Wale each a blythsome Rogie;
 I'll tak this Lassie to mysel,
 She seems sae keen and vogie:
 Now, Piper lad, bang up the Spring;
 The Countra fashion is the thing,
 To prie their mou's e're we begin
 To dance the Reel of Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lafs,
 Save yon auld doited Fogie,
 And ta'en a fling upo' the grafs,
 As they do in Stra'bogie.
 But a' the lasses look sae fain,
 We canna think oursel's to hain;
 For they mann hae their Come-again,
 To dance the Reel of Bogie.

5

Now a' the lads hae done their best,
 Like true men of Stra'bogie;
 We'll stop a while and tak a rest,
 And tippie out a Cogie:
 Come now, my lads, and tak yon glafs,
 And try ilk other to surpafs,
 In wishing health to every lafs
 To dance the Reel of Bogie.

My Mary dear departed Shade.

Burns.

The Music by Miss Johnston of Hilton.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps.^d

pp.

Thou ling'ring, star, with

Largo Lamenteaole

lefs'ning ray, That lov'd to greet the ear-ly morn, A- gain thou usher'd in the day My

Mary from my soul was torn. O Ma-ry dear de- par- ted Shade. Where 's thy

place of blisful rest. Seest thou thy Lover low-ly layd Hear't thou the groans that

rend his breast.

2

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove
 Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
 To live one day of parting love.
 Eternity cannot efface

Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace,
 Ah, little thought we 'twas our last!

3

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhanging with wild woods thickening green;
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
 Twined amorous round the raptur'd scep:

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray,
 Till too, too soon the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

4

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes
 And fondly broods with miser care;
 Time but th'impresion stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear:
 My Mary, dear departed Shade!
 Where is thy place of blisful rest.
 Seest thou thy Lover lowly layd.
 Hear't thou the groans that rend his breast.

Glen Water

Violin

Viola

Basso

Harps^d

Largo Affettuoso

Canto

Flow gent-ly sweet Af-ton a-mong thy green braes, Flow gent-ly, I'll

sing thee a song in thy praise, O My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy

murmuring stream Flow gently, sweet Afton disturb not her dream.

rf.

Basso

dream.

2

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
 Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair.

3

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.

4

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;

There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea
 The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me

5

Thy chrystal 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.

6

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays;
 My Mary's asleep by the murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

The Bonnie wee thing

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Largo

pp.

Bonie wee thing, can- ie wee thing, Lovely wee thing

was thou mine I wad wear thee in my bo- som, Leaft my Jew- el I should tine.

Wishful-ly I lock and languish in that bon- ie face of thine, and my heart it

founds wi' anguish Left my wee thing be na mine.

2

Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,

In ae constellation shine;

To adore thee is my duty,

Goddeffs o' this soul o' mine!

Bonnie wee &c.

Corn Riggs

For Two Voices, Ramfay.

Violini

Basso

Primo

2do

Harps^d

Andante.

T.S.

My Patie is a lo-ver gay; His mind is never mud-dy, his breath is sweeter

My Patie is a lo-ver gay; His mind is never mud-dy, his breath is sweeter

Basso

6 6 6 4 3

than new hay, His face is fair and rud-dy. His shape is handsome mid-dle size, He's

than new hay, His face is fair and rud-dy. His shape is handsome mid-dle size, He's

state-ly in his waking, The shining of his een sur-prise; 'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

state-ly in his waking, The shining of his een sur-prise; 'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

rf

Basso

T.S. - - - - - 6 5 2 6 6 4 3

2

Last night I met him on the bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a glowing.
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,
 "O corn-riggs are bonny."

3

Let maidens of a filly mind,
 Refuse what maist they're wanting;
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chastely should be granting;
 Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
 And syne my cokernony,
 He's free to touzle, air or late,
 Where corn-riggs are bonny.

Hear my heart that we should wonder Basso

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harpsd

Basso

Largo Espressivo

pp.

B.

Canto

Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief hold up a

Basso

6

4

6

6

6

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6

6

heart that's sinking under These fears, that soon will want relief. When Fate must from his Peggy sunder.

A gentler face and filk at_tire a la_dy rich in beauty's blossoms a lake poor me will now con-

Basso

spire to steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd, who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell,
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder,
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet-scented rocks round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

3

Again, ah! shall I never creep
 Around the know with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty.
 Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wand'ring lover,
 Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.

WITH broken words and down cast eyes,
 Poor Colin spoke his passion tender,
 And parting with his Grisy cries,
 Ah woes my heart that we shou'd sunder;
 To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder,
 From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go,
 It breaks my heart that we shou'd sunder.

2

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
 No beauty now my love shall hinder,
 Nor time, nor place, shall ever change
 My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.
 The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauties which invite our wonder,
 Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
 Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.

3

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder,
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,
 Always to love me, tho' we sunder.
 Ye powers, take care of my dear lass,
 That as I leave her I may find her,
 When that bless'd time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again, and never sunder.

Go to the Ew-bughts. Marion.

For two Voices.

Violini

pp.

Primo

2do

Harps^d

Will ye

Will ye

Adagio Sostenuto

go to the ew - bughts Ma - rion, and wear in the sheep wi'

go to the ew - bughts Ma - rion, and wear in the sheep wi'

me. The sun shines sweet my Ma - rion but nae half sae sweet as

me. The sun shines sweet my Ma - rion but nae half sae sweet as

thee, The sun shines sweet my Ma- rion but nae half fae sweet as
thee, The sun shines sweet my Ma- rion but nae half fae sweet as

manando

PP.

thee.

thee.

T.S.

O Marion's a bonny lass,
And the blyth blink's in her eye;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

3

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And filk on your white haufe bane;
Fu' fain wad I marry my Marion,
At ev'n when I come hame!

4

There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Wha gape, and glowr with their eye,
At kirk, when they see my Marion;
But naye of them lo'es like me.

5

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey,

I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day;

6

And ye's get a green sey Apron;
And waistcoat of the London brown,
And vow but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town!

7

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:

8

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kyrtle of the cramassie;
And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
I shall come west and see ye.

I'll lay me down & Die,

The Music Composed by

M: G: C:

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps.^d*Largo Softenuto Con molta Espressione.*

pp.

Oh Ma-ry ye's be clad in filk, And Diamonds in your hair Gin ye'll con..sent to

be my bride nor think o' Arthur mair Oh! wha wad wear a filken gown wi'

tears blinding their ee' Be-fore I'll brack my truelove's heart I'll lay me down and

die.

2

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

3

So trust me when I swear to thee,
 By a' that is on high,
 Though ye had a' this world's gear,
 My heart ye could na buy;
 For langest life can ne'er repay,
 The love he bears to me:
 And e'er I'm forc'd to break my troth,
 I'll lay me down and die.

The yellow haired Laddie

For two Voices
Ramfay

Violini

Primo

2^{do}

Harp^{sd}

Largo Amoroso.

pp.

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

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

swain joic - eth the swain. The yellow haired laddie wou'd of - ten times go, To

swain joic - eth the swain. The yellow haired laddie wou'd of - ten times go, To

wilds and deep glens, where the haw-thorn tree grow. haw-thorn tree grow.

wilds and deep glens, where the haw-thorn tree grow. haw-thorn tree grow.

6/4 6/4 3 6/4 3/7 6/4 3/7 2

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

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Mary be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

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

That mamma's fine daughters, with all her great dow'r
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently four;
Then sighing he wished, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

Peggy

WHEN first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill.
To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

Patie

When corn-rigs wad yellow, and blue hether bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or brechens gae trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

Peggy

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka sport manly gae pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

Patie

Our Jenny sings fastly the Cowden broom knows,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the milking the ewes;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing,
At thro' the wood laddie, Bess gars our lugs ring;
But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,
The boatman, Tweedside, or the lads of the mill,
'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasant to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

Peggy

How easy can lasses trow what they desire!
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire:
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

The Braes of Ballechnyle.

Violini

a mezza Voce

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Largo

The

Catrine woods were yellow seen, The flower's decayd on Catrine lee, Nae lav' rocks fang on

hil-lock green, But nature fick - end on the ee. Thro' faded groves Ma - ri - a fang, her -

T.S.

pp.

- fel in beauty's bloom the while, and ay the wild wood echoes rang, Fare-well the

T.S.

braes o' Balloch-mile.

2

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
 But here alas! for me nae mair;
 Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
 Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

Logie o' Buchan.

For two Voices.

Violini

Primo

2^{do}Harps^d

Largo Espressivo.

Ts.

6 7
4

O Logie o' Buchan and

O' Logie o' Buchan and

Logie the laird, they've taen awa Jamie that delv'd in the yard. Wha play'd on the Pipe & the

Logie the laird, they've taen awa Jamie that delv'd in the yard. Wha play'd on the Pipe & the

Ts.

6 7
4

Viol fae sma they've taen a wa Jamie the flow'r o' them a'. Saying think nae lang Lalsie tho'

Viol fae sma they've taen a wa Jamie the flow'r o' them a'. Saying think nae lang Lalsie tho'

6 3
4

I be awa an' think nae lang lafsie tho' I be awa, the simmer will come when the winter's a-wa, and
I be awa an' think nae lang lafsie tho' I be awa, the simmer will come when the winter's a-wa, and

T.S.

rf

I'll be to see thee in spite o' them a'.

I'll be to see thee in spite o' them a'.

rf.

6
4 7

2

I sit on my fankie I spin on my wheel,
I think on my Jamie wha lo'es me fae weel,
He had but ae saxpence he brak it in twa,
And geed me the hauf o't when he gaed awa.
Saying think nae lang lafsie tho' I be awa,
And think nae lang lafsie tho' I be awa,
The simmer will come when the winters awa,
And I'll be to see thee in spite o' them a'.

3

My daddy look'd sulky my minnie look'd sour,
They gloom'd on my Jamie because he was poor,
I loo them as weel as a dochter can dee,
But wha is fae dear as my Jamie to me.

Saying think nae lang lafsie tho' I be awa,
An think nae lang lafsie tho' I be awa,
The simmer will come when the winters awa,
And I'll be to see thee in spite o' them a'.

4

The comfort I wanted he needed himsell,
For what we baith suffer'd there's nae ane can tell,
Wi' the smill on his cheek, and the tear in his ee
I ne'er will forget how he parted frae me.
Saying think nae lang lafsie tho' I be awa,
An think nae lang lafsie tho' I be awa,
The simmer will come when the winters awa,
And I'll tak ye wi' me in spite o' them a'.

Jockey was the Blythest Lad.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

PP.

PP.

Basso

Voce

Young Jockey

Basso

And^e Softenuto

was the blythest lad in a our Town or here a-wa; Fu' blyth he whistled at the

gaud, Fu' light ly danc'd he in the ha. He roof'd my een fae bon-nie blue he

roof'd my waist fae gen - ty sma; An aft my heart came to my mou when ne'er a

bo - dy heard or saw

2.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw,
And o'er the lee I look fu' fain,
When Jockey's owfen hameward ca'.
An' ay the night comes round again,
When in his arms he takes me a'
An' ay he vows he'll be my ain,
As lang's he has a breath to draw.

Saw ye Johnnie cummin quo' she,

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harps.^d

Largo

pp.

pp.

Saw ye John - nie cum - min. quo' she,

pp.

Saw ye John - nie cum - min, O saw ye Johnnie cum - min, quo' she; saw ye Johnnie

T.S.

'com - min, wi' his blue bonnet on his head, And his dog - gie run - ning, quo' she;

and his dog - gie run - ning.

2

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;
 Fee him, father, fee him,
 For he is a' gallant lad,
 And a weel doin;
 And a' the wark about the house
 Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she;
 Wi' me when I see him.

3

What will I do wi' him, huffy.
 What will I do wi' him.
 He'd ne'er a fark upon his back,
 And I hae nane to gie him.

I ha'e twa fark into my kist,
 And ane o' them I'll gie him,
 And for a mark of mair fee
 Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she;
 Dinna stand wi' him.

4

For well do I lo'e him, quo' she;
 Well do I lo'e him;
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;
 Fee him, father, fee him,
 He'll bad the pleugh, thrash in the barn
 And lie wi' me at e'en, quo' she;
 Lie wi' me at e'en.

O saw ye my Father,

Violino

Viola

Canto

Harps

Largo

Espressivo

pp.

O saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother, or saw ye my true love John. I saw not your father I

saw not your mother, But I saw your true love John.

rf.

rf.

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

And are you come at last, and do I hold ye fast,
 And is my Johnny true?
 I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like my self,
 Sae lang shall I love you.

6

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

7

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

The Lowlands of Holland.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Harp^{sd}

pp.

The love that I have

Largo Espressivo.

chosen I'll therewith be content, The fault - sea shall be fro - zen be - fore that I repent.

Re - pent it, shall I ne - ver un - till the day I die, But the Low - lands of

Musical score for the song "Holland hae twinn'd my love and me." The score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single staff for the voice. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked "rf." (rhythmically free). The lyrics are: "Holland hae twinn'd my love and me." The piano part includes fingerings 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 4, 3, 6, 4, 7.

2

My love lies in the saut sea,
 And I am on the side,
 Enough to break a young thing's heart
 Wha lately was a bride:
 Wha lately was a bonie bride
 And pleasure in her e'e;
 But the lowlands of Holland
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

3

New Holland is a barren place,
 In it there grows no grain;
 Nor any habitation
 Wherein for to remain:
 But the sugar canes are plenty,
 And the wine draps frae the tree;
 And the lowlands of Holland
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

4

My love he built a bonie ship
 And set her to the sea,
 Wi' seven score brave mariners
 To bear her companie:
 Threescore gaed to the bottom,
 And threescore did at sea;
 And the lowlands of Holland
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

5

My love has built another ship
 And set her to the main,
 He had but twenty mariners
 And all to bring her hame:
 The stormy winds did roar again,
 The raging waves did rout,
 And my love and his bonie ship
 Turn'd widdershins about.

6

There shall nae mantle cross my back,
 Nor kame gae in my hair,
 Neither shall coal nor candle light
 Shine in my bower mair;
 Nor shall I chuse anither love
 Until the day I die,
 Since the lowlands of Holland
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

7

Now had your tongue my dochter dear,
 Be still and be content,
 There's mair lads in Galloway
 Ye need nae fae lament.
 O there is nane in Galloway,
 There's nane at a' for me,
 For the lowlands of Holland,
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

Braw braw lads o' Galla water.

Violini

PP.

PP.

Viola

Canto

Harps^d

Braw, braw lads o' Galla water: O braw

Largo Softenuto

lads o' Galla water I'll kilt my coats a-boon my knee, And follow my love thro' the water.

2

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie;
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
The mair I kifs, the's ay my dearie.

3

O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon mofs among the heather;
I'll kilt my coat aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.

4

Down among the broom, the broom,
Down among the broom, my dearie.
The lassie lo't a filken hood,
That co't her mony a blit and bleary.

