

*Jay to Celia.*

# THE NATIONAL MELODIST

WITH

S Y M P H O N I E S & A C C O M P A N I M E N T S

FOR THE PIANO FORTE

Edited by

**J. G. KIESER**



EDINBURGH.

WILLIAM P. NIMMO



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Lella J. Gray  
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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE Publisher, in issuing the "NATIONAL MELODIST," feels confident that he is supplying to the Musical Public what has been felt to be a desideratum—namely, a collection of the best English, Irish, Scotch, and American Songs, with Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Pianoforte.

The aim of the Publisher is to present in ONE VOLUME, tastefully and carefully got up, what is only to be found scattered through the pages of some half-a-dozen or more different publications, and to offer this at a price hitherto unprecedented.

The Songs have been almost entirely re-arranged, principally under the care of J. C. KIESER, Esq., whose ability and fitness for the undertaking are well known and acknowledged. The Publisher would also acknowledge his obligations, in the preparation of this Volume, to other musical friends, and especially to JOHN GRAY, Esq., of London, who has kindly contributed some of his best compositions.

Simplicity in the harmonies has been more kept in view than the production of arrangements of a difficult and elaborate nature—all useless ornament being strictly avoided, and great care taken to preserve in the character of the Accompaniments, what it is generally allowed the Accompaniment of a song ought to be—a *support* to the voice; and thereby enabling any person who may have practised on the Pianoforte for a short time, to master the harmonies with very little difficulty. If any exception has been made in this respect, it is in those Songs selected from "Moore's Irish Melodies," arranged by the late Sir John Stevenson and Sir Henry Bishop; in such cases the original harmonies have been entirely retained.

Notice may also be taken of the American Songs—principally those sung by the celebrated Christy's Minstrels, the most popular of which form a portion of this Work—the Choruses being arranged for Treble, Alto, Tenor, and Bass, where not otherwise marked. These Songs have justly earned a world-wide reputation. There will also be found, occasionally throughout the Work, original compositions, all of which have had the approval of several scientific judges; as well as German and other compositions, with English words.

In this Work the trouble and interruption of continually turning the leaves—felt to be a great annoyance when sitting at the Pianoforte—is in most cases avoided, the majority of the songs being so printed as to meet the eye at once.

Believing that the various peculiarities above indicated, as well as the selection and general appearance of the "NATIONAL MELODIST," will commend themselves to the approbation of the Musical Public, the Publisher confidently commits the Work to their appreciation and patronage.

THE  
NATIONAL MELODIST.

Our National Defenders.

J. I. JONES.

J. GRAY.

*Martial.*

PIANOFORTE.

The musical score consists of four systems of music. The first system shows the piano part in G major with a forte dynamic, followed by a trumpet part in G major. The second system continues with the piano and trumpet parts. The third system begins with a vocal line: "Oh! the har-dy sons of Britain Will ga-ther far and near, Aye". The fourth system concludes the vocal line: "ready all to march or sail, Where'er their foes ap-pear, To fill our dauntless ranks on shore, Or". The trumpet part is present in the first three systems, while the piano part is continuous throughout.

\* \* By permission of J. GRAY, Esq., composer of the "Good Rhein Wine," &c.

conquer on the wave! Those hardy sons the world all o'er Are bravest of the brave.  
Trump.

**CHORUS.**

*f*

Then hurrah for the land where the freemen stand, And the heroes who rule the wave! Those  
Trump.

hardy ones on freedom's strand Are bravest of the brave, Are bravest of the brave.  
Trump.

Oh! the hardy sons of Britain,  
What gallant men are they—  
How stern in fight for truth and right  
While honour leads the way!  
From pole to pole, by land and sea,  
Their laurel'd banners wave!  
And still their stainless name shall be  
The bravest of the brave.  
Then hurrah for the land, &c.

*Trump.*  
*f*

Oh! the hardy sons of Britain,  
In truth it may be told!  
Have scatter'd blessings far and wide  
More rare than gems or gold.  
In peace or war, by land and sea,  
This mandate freedom gave—  
That Britain's hardy sons should be  
The bravest of the brave.  
Then hurrah for the land, &c.

# Has Sorrow thy Young Days Shaded.

DUET FOR TREBLE AND TENOR.

THOMAS MOORE.

*Simply and Tenderly.*

ARRANGED BY SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded, As clouds o'er the morn - ing fleet? Too

fast have those young days fad - ed, That e-ven in sor - row were sweet?

Does Time with his cold wing wi - ther Each feeling that once was dear? Come,

child of mis - for - tune! hi - ther, I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

Has love to that soul so tender  
Been like our Lagenian mine,  
Where a sparkle of golden splendour  
All over the surface shine?  
But if in pursuit you go deeper,  
Allur'd by the gleam that shone.  
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,  
Like love the bright ore is gone.

Has hope, like the bird in the story,  
That flitted from tree to tree  
With the talisman's glittering glory—  
Has hope been that bird to thee?  
On branch after branch alighting,  
The gem did she still display,  
And, when nearest and most inviting,  
Then waft the fair gen<sup>re</sup> way?

If thus the sweet hours have fleeting,  
When sorrow herself look'd bright;  
If thus the fond hope has cheated,  
That led thee along so light,  
If thus the unkind world wither  
Each feeling that once was dear.—  
Come, child of misfortune, come hither  
I'll weep with thee tear for tear!

# Of a' the Airts the Win' can Blaw.

BURNS.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*In moderate time.*

Of a' the airts the win' can blaw, I dear-ly like the west, For  
there the bon-nie las-sie lives, The las-sie I lo'e best; Tho' wild woods grow, and riv-ers row, Wi'  
mony a hill be-tween, Baith day and night my fancy's flight Is e-ver wi' my Jean.

Y see her in the dew-y flow'rs, Sae love-ly, fresh, and fair, Y hear her voice in il - ka bird Wi'

mu - sic charm the air; There's no a bonnie flow'r that springs By fountain, shaw, or green, Nor

yet a bonnie bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean.

Blaw, blaw, ye westlin' win's, blaw saft  
Amang the leafy trees;  
Wi' gentle breath, frae muir and dale,  
Bring hame the laden bees,  
And bring the lassie back to me,  
That's aye sae neat an' clean:  
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,  
Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows amang the knowes,  
He's pass'd awteen us twa!  
How fain to meet, how wae to part,  
The day she gaed awa'  
The pow'r's aboon can only ken,  
To whom the heart is seen,  
That name can be sae dear to me,  
As my sweet lovely Jean.

# Hard Times, Come Again no More.

*Moderato.*

S. C. FOSTER.

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears, While we all sup sorrow with the  
poor; There's a song that will linger for ever in our ears, "Oh! Hard Times, come again no more."

'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea - ry, "Hard Times, Hard Times, come a-gain no more; Many  
days you have linger'd a-round my cabin door; Oh! Hard Times, come a-gain no more."

## CHORUS.

Tis the song, the sigh of the wea - ry, "Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more; Many  
 Tis the song, the sigh of the wea - ry, "Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more; Many  
 days you have linger'd a-round my cabin door; Oh! Hard Times, come again no more."  
 days you have linger'd a-round my cabin door; Oh! Hard Times, come again no more."  
 Repeat Symphony.

While we seek mirth and music, and music light and gay,  
 There are frail forms fainting at the door;  
 Tho' their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say,  
 "Oh! Hard Times, come again no more."  
 "Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,—  
 "Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more;  
 Many days you have linger'd around my cabin door,  
 Oh! Hard Times, come again no more."

There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away,  
 With a worn heart whose better days are o'er;  
 Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day  
 "Oh! Hard Times, come again no more."  
 "Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,—  
 "Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more;  
 Many days you have linger'd around my cabin door;  
 Oh! Hard Times, come again no more."

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,  
 'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,  
 'Tis a dirge that is murmur'd around the lonely grave—  
 "Oh! Hard Times, come again no more."  
 'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,—  
 "Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more;  
 Many days you have linger'd around my cabin door;  
 Oh! Hard Times, come again no more."

# The Thorn.

MUSIC BY SHIELD.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chlo - e request-ed A sprig her fair breast to a-

dorn; From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chlo - e request-ed A

sprig her fair breast to a - dorn; No, by heav'n! I ex-

claim'd, may I per - ish, If ev - er I plant in that bo - som a thorn.

No, by heav'n! I ex - claim'd, may I per - ish, If ev - er I plant in that

bo - som a thorn.

Then I show'd her the ring, and implor'd her to marry  
 She blush'd like the dawning of morn;  
 Yes, I'll consent, she replied, if you'll promise  
 That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.

# Kathleen O'More.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Slow and expressive.*

My love, still I think that I

Musical score continuation in G major, 8/8 time. The vocal line continues with eighth-note patterns. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained chords and eighth-note patterns.

see her once more, But alas! she has left me her loss to deplore, My

Musical score continuation in G major, 8/8 time. The vocal line includes a melodic line with eighth-note patterns. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained chords and eighth-note patterns.

*ad lib.*

own little Kathleen, My poor lost Kathleen, My Kathleen O-

*colla voce*

Musical score continuation in G major, 8/8 time. The vocal line concludes with a melodic line. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained chords and eighth-note patterns. The instruction 'colla voce' is present in the vocal part.



Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,  
 Her colour still changing, her smiles ever new,  
 So pretty was Kathleen,  
 My sweet little Kathleen,  
 My Kathleen O'More.

She milk'd the dun cow that ne'er offer'd to stir,  
 Though wicked it was, it was gentle to her,  
 So kind was my Kathleen,  
 My poor little Kathleen,  
 My Kathleen O'More.

She sat at the door one cold afternoon,  
 To hear the wind blow and to look at the moon,  
 So pensive was Kathleen,  
 My poor little Kathleen,  
 My Kathleen O'More.

Cold was the night breeze that sigh'd round her bow'r;  
 It chill'd my poor Kathleen, she droop'd from that hour,  
 And I lost my poor Kathleen,  
 My own little Kathleen,  
 My Kathleen O'More.

The bird of all birds that I love the best,  
 Is the robin, that in the churchyard builds her nest,  
 For he seems to watch Kathleen,  
 Hops lightly on Kathleen,  
 My Kathleen O'More.

---

# The Braes Aboon Bonaw.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Lively.*

Wilt thou go, my bonnie las-sie,  
 Wilt thou go, my braw las-sie,  
 Wilt thou go, say ay or no,  
 To the braes a-boon Bo-naw, las-sie?  
 Tho'  
 Donald hae nae mickle frase, Wi'  
 law-land speeches fine, las-sie,  
 What he'll impart comes

frae the heart, Sae let it be frae thine, las-sie.

Wilt thou go, my bon-nie las-sie, Wilt thou go, my braw las-sie,

Wilt thou go, say ay or no, To the braes a-boon Bo-naw, las-sie ?

*Repeat Verses from ♫:*

When summer days cleed a' the braes  
Wi' blossom'd broom sae fine, lassie,  
At milking sheel we'll join the reel,  
My flocks shall a' be thine, lassie.  
Wilt thou go, my bonnie lassie,  
Wilt thou go, my braw lassie,  
Wilt thou go, say ay or no,  
To the braes aboon Bonaw lassie?

I'll hunt the roe, the hart, the doe,  
The ptarmigan sae shy, lassie;  
For duck and drake I'll beat the brake,  
Nae want shall thee come nigh, lassie.  
Wilt thou go, my bonnie lassie,  
Wilt thou go, my braw lassie,  
Wilt thou go, say ay or no,  
To the braes aboon Bonaw lassie?

For trout and par, wi' canny care,  
I'll wiley skim the flie, lassie,  
Wi' sic-like cheer I'll please my dear  
Then come awa wi' me, lassie,  
"Yes, I'll go, my bonnie laddie,  
Yes, I'll go, my braw laddie;  
Ilk joy and care wi' thee I'll share,  
'Mang the braes aboon Bonaw, laddie."

# We are coming, Sister Mary.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Moderato.*

On a stor - my night in win - ter, When the winds blew cold and wet, I heard some strains of



mu - sic That I nev - er shall for - get. I was sleep-ing in the ca - bin, Where liv'd



Ma - ry fair and young, When a light shone in the win - dow, And a band of singers sung,



## CHORUS.

We are coming, sis-ter Ma - ry, We are coming bye and bye; Be rea - dy, sis- ter  
 We are coming, sis-ter Ma - ry, We are coming bye and bye; Be rea - dy, sis- ter  
 Ma - ry, For the time is draw - ing nigh.  
 Ma - ry, For the time is draw - ing nigh.

I tried to call my Mary,  
 But my tongue would not obey,  
 When the song so strange had ended,  
 And the singers flown away.  
 As I watch'd I heard a rustling,  
 Like the rustling of a wing,  
 And beside my Mary's pillow  
 Very soon I heard them sing,—  
 We are coming, &c.

Then again I call'd my Mary,  
 But my sorrow was complete,  
 For I found her heart of kindness  
 Had for ever ceas'd to beat;  
 And I now am very lonely,  
 From summer round to spring,  
 And I oft, in midnight slumber,  
 Think I hear the same ones sing,—  
 We are coming, &c.

# All Things Love Thee, so do I.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Allegro Moderato.*

Musical score for the first system, featuring two staves. The top staff is treble clef, 2/4 time, key signature one flat. The bottom staff is bass clef, 2/4 time, key signature one flat. Dynamics include *f* and *p*.

Musical score for the second system, featuring two staves. The top staff is treble clef, 2/4 time, key signature one flat. The bottom staff is bass clef, 2/4 time, key signature one flat. Dynamics include *p* and *sforzando* (8va). The lyrics "Gen-tle waves up - on the deep," are written above the notes.

Musical score for the third system, featuring two staves. The top staff is treble clef, 2/4 time, key signature one flat. The bottom staff is bass clef, 2/4 time, key signature one flat. The lyrics "Mur-mur soft when thou dost sleep, Lit - tle birds up - on the tree, Sing their sweetest" are written below the notes.

Musical score for the fourth system, featuring two staves. The top staff is treble clef, 2/4 time, key signature one flat. The bottom staff is bass clef, 2/4 time, key signature one flat. The lyrics "songs for thee, their sweetest songs for thee. Cool - ing gales with" are written below the notes.

vol - ces low, In the tree tops gent - ly blow, When thou dost in slumbers lie,

All things love thee, so do I. When thou dost in slum - bers lie, All things love thee,

tempo. so do I, All things love thee, All things love thee, All things love thee, so do I.

rallen. f

Sva. . . . .

When thou wal'st, the sea will pour  
Treasures for thee to the shore,  
And the earth, in plant and tree,  
Bring forth fruit and flow'rs for thee,  
Whilst the glorious stars above,  
Shine on thee like trusting love,  
When thou dost in slumbers lie,  
All things love thee—so do I.

# Love's Young Dream.

THOMAS MOORE.

ARRANGED BY SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

*Moderate time, with expression.*

mild - er, calm - er beam, But there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young

dream! Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream!

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,  
When wild youth's past;  
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,  
To smile at last;  
He'll never meet  
A joy so sweet  
In all his noon of fame,  
As when first he sung to woman's ear  
His soul-felt flame,  
And at ev'ry close she blush'd to hear  
The one lov'd name!

Oh! that fairy form is ne'er forgot,  
Which first love traced;  
Still it ling'ring haunts the greenest spot  
On mem'ry's waste!  
 'Twas odour fled  
As soon as shed;  
 'Twas morning's winged dream!  
 'Twas a light, that ne'er can shine again  
On life's dull stream!  
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again  
On life's dull stream!

# Jock o' Hazeldean.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Moderately slow.*

"Why weep ye by the tide, la - dy, Why weep ye by the  
tide?

I'll wed ye to my young - est son, And ye shall be his  
tide;

And ye shall be his bride, la - dy, Sae  
bride;

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and a bass clef, separated by a brace. The lyrics for this section are: "come - ly to be seen;" "But aye she loot the tears down fa', For". The bottom staff uses a bass clef. The lyrics for the second section are: "Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.". The music includes various note values like eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,  
And dry that cheek so pale;  
Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
And lord of Langley dale.  
His step is first in peacefu' ha',  
His sword in battle keen :"  
But aye she loot the tears down fa',  
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain of gowd ye shall not lack,  
Nor braid to bind your hair,  
Nor mettled hound, 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.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,  
The tapers glimmer'd fair;  
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
But ne'er a bride was there.  
They sought her bath by bower and ha',  
The ladye was na seen;  
She's ovre the border and awa'  
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

# Willie, we have miss'd you.

S. C. FOSTER.

*Moderato*

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

Oh! Willie is it you, dear, Safe, safe at home? They did not tell me true, dear; They said you would not come. I  
 heard you at the gate, And it made my heart rejoice, For I knew that welcome footstep And that dear, familiar voice,  
 ritard.  
 Making music on my ear, In the lonely midnight gloom: Oh! Willie, we have miss'd you; Welcome, welcome home.  
 tempo. ritard. tempo. ritard.  
 Repeat Symphony.

We've long'd to see you nightly,  
 But this night of all;  
 The fire was blazing brightly,  
 And lights were in the hall.  
 The little ones were up  
 Till 'twas ten o'clock and past,  
 Then their eyes began to twinkle,  
 And they've gone to sleep at last;  
 But they listen'd for your voice,  
 Till they thought you'd never come:  
 Oh! Willie, we have miss'd you,  
 Welcome, welcome home!

The days were sad without you,  
 The nights long and drear;  
 My dreams have been about you:  
 Oh! welcome, Willie, dear.  
 Last night I wept and watch'd,  
 By the moonlight's cheerless ray,  
 Till I thought I heard your footstep,  
 Then I wip'd my tears away;  
 But my heart grew sad again  
 When I found you had not come:  
 Oh! Willie, we have miss'd you,  
 Welcome, welcome home!

# Will You Come to my Mountain Home?

F. H. BROWN.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESEE.

*Spiritoso.*

*f*

*Sforzando.*

Will you come to my moun - tain home, love! Will you come to the hills with me? In the  
 wild woods we will roam, love, With our spi - rits light and free. As  
 gay as the winds we'll dance a - long, Thy voice shall the mu - sic be; Its

tones shall ri - val the birds' sweet song, With its tune - ful mel - o - dy; I'll  
 calando.

deck thy hair with ro - ses rare, That grow on the gen - tle hills, And thy

ru - by lip shall the nec - tar sip, From the moun - tain spark - ling rills.  
 staccato.

Hark! 'tis the woods that shout re - joice, Will you come, love, come to - day? And

f

list, 'tis the sound of their woo - ing voice, To the hills, the hills a - way! And

list, 'tis the sound of their woo - ing voice, To the hills, to the hills, a - way, To the  
*8va.* . . . . . *loco.*

*staccatto.*

hills, to the hills, to the hills, to the hills, a - way, To the

hills, to the hills, to the hills, to the hills a - way.  
*8va.* . . . . . *loco.*

*staccatto.*

*staccatto.*

Oh ! sweet is the mountain air, love,  
 Where our bridal home shall be,  
 And the bloom on thy cheek so fair, love,  
 Shall not fail in the wild-wood free;  
 Our dreams shall be of a fairy land,  
 For we'll rest by a silv'ry lake,  
 And fays shall be waiting for thy command,  
 As each rosy morn shall break.  
 And thus we'll dwell in the peaceful dell,  
 Where our love shall unchanging be,  
 And at morning bright, or by pale moonlight,  
 I will ever be near to thee.  
 Hark ! 'tis the woods that shout, rejoice,  
 Will you come, love, come to-day?  
 And list, 'tis the sound of their wooing voice,  
 To the hills, to the hills away !

# The Meeting of the Waters.

FROM "MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES."

*With expression.*

There is not in the wide world a  
valley so sweet, As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet. Oh! the  
last rays of feeling and life must depart Ere the bloom of that valley shall

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (G major), and a 2/4 time signature. It features a vocal line with lyrics: "fade from my heart! Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!" The bottom staff starts with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (G major), and a 2/4 time signature. The music includes dynamic markings such as 'lentando.' and 'cres.' The vocal parts are divided into soprano/alto and bass/tenor.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene  
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green  
 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,  
 Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still:—

"Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,  
 Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear;  
 And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve  
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest  
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
 Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,  
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

# The Year that's Awa.

NEW VERSION.

J. GRAY.

*Moderato.*

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The first staff contains the treble clef, the second staff contains the bass clef, and the third staff contains the bass clef. The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes in a cursive script. The first measure of lyrics is "Here's to the year that's a -". The second measure of lyrics is "w We'll drink it in strong and in sma, And to each bonnie lass (Ere we". The third measure of lyrics is "quaff off the glass,) That we lo'ed in the year that's a - wa". The music concludes with a final measure ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Here's to the sod - ger that bled, To the sail - or wha brave-ly did fa'! Tho' their  
 spirits now are gone, Yet their fame will live on In the deeds o' the year that's a - wa, that's awa, In the  
 deeds o' the year that's a - wa!

Here's to the health o' the brave!  
 The red coats, the blue coats an' a',  
 And the bonnet an' the plaid,  
 For our foes will be laid  
 Wi' the days o' the year that's awa!  
 Here's to our ain fireside,  
 And the friends that are here an' awa,  
 Wha, if need should demand,  
 Gie their heart an' their hand,  
 Nor depart like the year that's awa!

Here's to the year three-score!  
 Our volunteers, riflemen an' a'  
 And the sailors aff the shore,  
 For the steer will blow o'er  
 Like the days o' the year that's awa.  
 Here's to the land o' the north!  
 To the Queen! wha's the pride o' us a';  
 May her glory still advance,  
 And our boat row wi' France  
 As in days o' the year that's awa!

S. C. FOSTER.

*Andante.*

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

## Gentle Annie.

Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie, Like a flow'r thy spirit did de - part; Thou art  
 gone, a - las ! like the many That have bloom'd in the summer of my heart. Shall we  
 nev-er more be - hold thee, Never hear thy winning voice a - gain, When the  
 Spring time comes, gentle Annie, When the wild flow'rs are scatter'd o'er the plain ?

## CHORUS.

Shall we nev - er more be-hold thee, Never hear thy winning voice a-gain, When the  
 Shall we nev - er more be-hold thee, Never hear thy winning voice a-gain, When the  
 Spring time comes, gentle An - nie, When the wild flow'rs are scatter'd o'er the plain?  
 Spring time comes, gentle An - nie, When the wild flow'rs are scatter'd o'er the plain?

We have roam'd and lov'd 'mid the bowers,  
 When thy downy cheeks were in their bloom :  
 Now I stand alone 'mid the flowers,  
 While they mingle their perfumes o'er thy tomb.  
 Shall we never more behold thee,  
 Never hear thy winning voice again,  
 When the Spring time comes, gentle Annie,  
 When the wild flowers are scatter'd o'er the plain ?

Ah ! the hours grow sad while I ponder,  
 Near the silent spot where thou art laid,  
 And my heart bows down when I wander  
 By the streams and the meadows where we stray'd.  
 Shall we never more behold thee,  
 Never hear thy winning voice again.  
 When the Spring time comes, gentle Annie,  
 When the wild flowers are scatter'd o'er the plain ?

# The Lass of Richmond Hill.

WRITTEN BY McNALLY—COMPOSED BY JAMES HOOK.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIGGEL.

*Lively.*

Continuation of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords. The lyrics 'On Richmond Hill there lives a lass More' are written below the vocal line.

Continuation of the musical score. The vocal line begins with eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords. The lyrics 'bright than May-day morn, Whose charms all o - ther maids surpass, A rose with-out a thorn.' are written below the vocal line.

Continuation of the musical score. The vocal line begins with eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords. The lyrics 'This lass so neat, with smile so sweet, Has' are written below the vocal line.

won my right good - will; I'd crowns re-sign to call her mine, Sweet  
lass of Richmond Hill. Sweet lass of Richmond Hill, Sweet lass of Richmond  
Hill, I'd crowns re-sign to call her mine, Sweet lass of Richmond Hill. *Sva.*  
*f* *p* *rall.*

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,  
And wanton through the grove,  
Oh! whisper to my charming fair  
I die for her and love.  
This lass so neat, &c.

How happy will the shepherd be  
Who calls this nymph his own!  
Oh, may her choice be fix'd on me—  
Mine's fix'd on her alone.  
This lass so neat, &c.

# Oh! Breathe not his Name.

## DUET FOR TREBLE AND TENOR.

FROM "MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES."

*Pensively.*

pp                              f                              p

*espress.*                                                    cres.

*a tempo.*

Oh! breathe not his name—let it

Oh! breathe not his name—let it

*f*                                *dim.*                              *p*

sleep in the shade Where cold and un - hon-our'd his re - lics are laid! Sad,

sleep in the shade Where cold and un honour'd his re - lics are laid! Sad,

si - lent and dark, be the tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the  
 si - lent and dark, be the tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the

grass o'er his head!

grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,  
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;  
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,  
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

# Lochaber no More.

ARRANGED BY J. GRAY.

*Andante.*

Fare - well to Loch - a - ber, fare - well to my Jean, Where  
 heart - some wi' her I ha'e mo - ny day been; For Loch - a - ber no  
 more, Loch - a - ber no more, We'll may - be re - turn to Loch -

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the soprano voice, the middle staff is for the piano, and the bottom staff is for the basso continuo. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal part begins with "a - ber no more. These tears that I shed they are all for my dear, And no for the dan - gers at - tend-ing on war; Tho' borne on rough seas to a far dis - tant shore, May - be to re- turn to Loch - a - ber no more." The piano and basso continuo provide harmonic support throughout the piece.

Though hurricanes rise, though rise ev'ry wind,  
No tempest can equal the storm in my mind;  
Though loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,  
There's naething like leavin' my love on the shore.  
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;  
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can gain'd;  
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;  
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

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

# Beautiful Star.

S. M. SAYLES.

*Andante Moderato.*

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in G major, 8/8 time. The top staff is for Treble clef and the bottom staff is for Bass clef. The music is arranged in measures, with lyrics appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

Beauti - ful star in heav'n, so bright, Soft - ly falls thy silv - 'ry light,

As thou mov - est from earth a' - far, Star of the eve - ning, beauti - ful star,

Star of the eve - ning, beau - ti - ful star, Beau - ti - ful star, Beau - ti - ful

star, Star of the eve - - - ning, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful star.

Accompanying dynamics include *poco cres.*, *cres. e rall.*, and slurs indicating sustained notes.

**CHORUS.**

Beau - ti - ful star, Beau - ti - ful star,  
Beauti - ful star, Beau - ti - ful star,

Star of the eve - ning, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful star.  
Star of the eve - ning, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful star.

In fancy's eye thou seem'st to say,  
Follow me, come from earth away,  
Upward thy spirit-pinnions try,  
To realms of love beyond the sky.  
Beautiful star, &c.

Shine on, O star of love divine,  
And may our soul's affection twine  
Around thee as thou mov'st afar,  
Star of the twilight, beautiful star.  
Beautiful star, &c.

# Comin' thro' the Rye.

ARRANGED BY J. GRAY.

Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy, Com-in' thro' the rye,

Gin a bo-dy kiss a bo-dy, Need a bo-dy cry? Il - ka las-sie

has her lad-die, Nane, they say, ha'e I! Yet a' the lads they

smile at me, When com - in' thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin' frae the well,  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
Need a body tell?  
Ilka lassie has her laddie,  
Ne'er a ane ha'e I;  
But a' the lads they smile on me  
When comin' thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin' frae the town,  
Gin a body greet a body,  
Need a body gloom?  
Ilka lassie has her laddie,  
None, they say, ha'e I;  
But a' the lads they lo'e me wéel,  
And what the waur am I?

We subjoin the following song, which is very frequently sung to the same air :-

DINNA ASK ME GIN I LO'E THEE.

Oh! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee:  
Troth, I daurna tell;  
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye;  
Ask it o' yourself.  
Oh! dinna look sae sair at me,  
For weel ye ken me true:  
Oh, gin ye look sae sair at me,  
I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw, braw town,  
And bonnier lasses see,  
Oh, dinna, Jamie, look at them,  
Lest you should mind na me,  
For I could never bide the lass  
That ye'd lo'e mair than me;  
And oh, I'm sure, my heart would break,  
Gin ye'd prove false to me.

# Dear Harry of Erin.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*In moderate time, with feeling.*



May

rall. fz

thy sweet voice at evening hour, Be heard in youth and beau-ty's bow'r; While

notes of glad - ness win the smile, From hearts that wept in E - rin's isle.

rall. fz

WORDS WRITTEN FOR THE "MELODIST" BY A. SMART.

COMPOSED BY MENDELSSOHN.

*Andante con moto.*

Gem on the

dew - spangled chap - let of May, Aye fore - most to blos - som, and first to de-

cay, Oh, sweet - scented vio - let! close to my breast Thy fragrance was

che - rish'd, thy beau - ty ca - ress'd; Oh, sweet scented vio - let! close to my

breast . . . . . Thy frag - rance was che-ri-h'd, thy beau - - - ty ca-

*p*

ress'd.

*cres.*

*dim e ritard.*

*pp*

They fled with the spring-time, they died in their bloom, . . . . . they died in their

*a tempo.*

*pp*

*cres.*

bloom,— Thy soft eye of blue, and breath of per - fume; But, swee - ter than

*p*

*cres.*

summer, still mem - 'ry will cling Round the violet, the vio-let, that died in the

*fz*

*cres.*

*f*

The sheet music consists of four staves of musical notation for voice and piano. The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass F-clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of the song includes the lyrics "spring. . . . . The vio - - - - let, the sweet - scented vio - - let, that died in the spring. The sweet - - - - scented vio - let, the vio - - - - let, that died in the spring." The second section begins with "ad lib." and ends with "dim e ritard. pp". The piano part features various dynamics and harmonic changes throughout the piece.

spring. . . . . The vio - - - - let, the sweet - scented  
vio - - let, that died in the spring. The sweet - - - - scented  
vio - let, the vio - - - - let, that died in the spring.  
ad lib.  
dim e ritard. pp

# Fly not Yet.

FROM "MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES."

*Lively.*

*f*

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When

*p*

plea - sure, like the mid - night flow'r, That scorns the eye of vul - gar light, Be-

gins to bloom for sons of night, And maids who love the moon! 'Twas

D

but to bless these hours of shade That beau - ty and the moon were made; 'Tis  
then their soft at - trac - tions glow - ing Set the tides and gob - lets flow - ing.  
Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— Joy so sel - dom weaves a chain Like  
this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.  
Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— Joy so sel - dom weaves a chain Like

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd,  
In times of old, through Ammon's shade,  
Though icy cold by day it ran,  
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began  
To burn when night was near;  
And thus should women's heart and looks  
At noon be cold as winter brooks,  
Nor kindle till the night, returning,  
Brings their genial hour for burning.  
Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—  
When did morning ever break,  
And find such beaming eyes awake,  
As those that sparkle here!

# My Sister Dear.

WORDS WRITTEN FOR THE "MELODIST" BY A. SMART.

COMPOSED BY AUBER.

*Andante con espress.*

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top two staves are for the piano, showing bass and treble clef staves with various chords and rests. The bottom two staves are for the voice, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are:

My sis - - ter  
dear, in days gone by, The tear of sor - - row  
dimm'd my eye, To see thy droop - ing lids o'er - flow In

The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal line starts on a low note and moves through several octaves, with some melodic lines extending across the page. The piano parts provide harmonic support throughout the piece.

si - - - leut el - - o - quence of woe, And, oh! the  
*crescendo.*

sym - - - pa - the - - tic tear So - - lac'd thee, my

*rallentando.*

sis - ter dear, So - - lac'd thee, my sis - - ter dear.

Apart from thee I now must mourn,  
 My heart with sad forebodings torn,  
 While busy fancy crowds the scene,  
 And phantom terrors rise between,  
 Seen through unavailing tear,  
 Shed for thee, my sister dear.

# My Nannie's Awa'.

ARRANGED BY J. GRAY.

*Moderato.*

The musical score consists of six staves of music in common time and G major. The first staff contains the vocal line, while the other five staves provide harmonic support from the piano. The vocal line begins with a melodic line featuring eighth-note patterns and some grace notes. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, starting with "Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays, And listens the lambkins that bleat ower the braes, While". The piano accompaniment features sustained chords and rhythmic patterns that complement the vocal line.

The snowdrop and primrose our woodlands adorn,  
And violets bathe in the wee' o' the morn;  
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blow!  
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'.

Thou lav'rock, that springs frae the dews of the lawn,  
The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn,  
And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa';  
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,  
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay:  
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,  
Alane can delight me—my Nannie's awa'

# Rosalie, the Prairie Flower.

G. F. WUMZEL.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Moderato.*

The musical score consists of three systems of music, each with two staves: treble and bass. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time (indicated by a 'C').

**System 1:** The first system begins with a treble clef, a B-flat key signature, and a common time signature. The lyrics are:

On the dis-tant prai -rie, where the heather wild, In its qui - et beau-ty liv'd and smil'd,

**System 2:** The second system continues with the same key and time signature. The lyrics are:

Stands a lit - tle cot -tage, and a creeping vine Loves around its porch to twine;

**System 3:** The third system concludes the song with the same key and time signature. The lyrics are:

In that peaceful dwel-ling was a love-ly child, With her blue eyes beaming soft and mild,

And the waving ring-lets of her flax-en hair, Float-ing in the summer air.

Fair as a li - ly, joy - ous and free, Light of the prai-rie home was she.  
*f staccato.*

Ev' - ry one who knew her, felt the gen-tle pow'r Of Ros - a - lie the prai-rie flow'r.  
*p legato.*

## CHORUS.

Fair as a li - ly, joy - ous and free, Light of the prai-rie home was she,

Fair as a li - ly, joy - ous and free, Light of the prai-rie home was she.

*f*

Ev' - ry one who knew her, felt the gen-tle pow'r Of Ros - a - lie, the prai-rie flow'r.  
p

On that distant prairie, when the days were long,  
 Tripping like a fairy, sweet her song,  
 With the sunny blossoms, and the birds at play,  
 Beautiful and bright as they;  
 When the twilight shadows gather'd in the west,  
 And the voice of nature sank to rest,  
 Like a cherub kneeling, seem'd the lovely child,  
 With her gentle eyes so mild.  
 Fair as a lily, joyous and free,  
 Light of the prairie home was she.  
 Ev'ry one who knew her, felt the gentle pow'r  
 Of Rosalie, the prairie flow'r.

But the summer faded, and a chilly blast  
 O'er that happy cottage swept at last,  
 When the autumn song-birds woke the dewy morn,  
 Little prairie flow'r was gone!  
 For the angels whisper'd softly in her ear,  
 "Child, thy Father calls thee, stay not here!"  
 And they gently bore her, rob'd in spotless white,  
 To their blissful home of light.  
 Though we shall never look on her more,  
 Gone with the love and joy she bore,  
 Far away she's blooming in a fadeless bow'r,  
 Sweet Rosalie, the prairie flow'r.

COMPOSED BY JOHN SINCLAIR.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Moderato.*

Come, sit thee down, my bonnie, bonnie love,  
Come, sit thee down by me, love, And I will tell thee many a tale Of the dangers of the  
sea, love. Of the perils of the  
deep, love, Where the angry tem - pests roar, And the rag - ing bil - lows

wild - ly dash Up - on the groan-ing shore. *agitato.*

wild - ly dash Up - on the groan-ing shore, . . . . . Come, sit thee

down, my bonnie, bonnie love, Come, sit thee down, by me, love, And

I will tell thee ma - ny a tale, Of the dan - gers of the sea, love.

*Repeat Symphony from :||:*

The skies are flaming red, my love,  
 The skies are flaming red!  
 And archly rolls the mountain-wave,  
 And rears his monstrous head:  
 While skies and ocean blending,  
 And bitter howls the blast,  
 And the daring tar, 'twixt life and death,  
 Clings to the shatter'd mast.  
 Come, sit thee down, my bonnie, bonnie love,  
 Come, sit thee down by me, love,  
 And I will tell thee many a tale  
 Of the dangers of the sea.

# The Last Rose of Summer.

FROM "MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES."

*Feelingly.*

The music is arranged for two voices (Soprano and Alto) and piano. The key signature is A major (three sharps). The time signature starts at 3/4 and changes to 2/4. The vocal parts are in soprano and alto clefs. The piano part is in bass clef. The lyrics are as follows:

'Tis the last rose of summer,  
Left bloom - ing a -  
lone; All her love - ly com - pan - ions Are fad - ed and  
gone; No flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is

sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
 To pine on the stem ;  
 Since the lovely are sleeping,  
 Go, sleep thou with them ;  
 Thus kindly I scatter  
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
 Where thy mates of the garden  
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
 When friendships decay,  
 And from love's shining circle  
 The gems drop away !  
 When true hearts lie wither'd  
 And fond ones are flown,  
 Oh ! who would inhabit  
 This bleak world alone ?

# Come o'er the Stream, Charlie.

ARRANGED BY J. GRAY.

*Moderato.*

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave

Char - lie, Come o'er the stream, Char - lie, and dine with Mac - lean; And though you be

wea - ry, we'll make your heart chee - ry, And wel - come our Charlie and his loy - al train.

Well bring down the red deer, we'll bring down the black steer, The lamb from the  
breck-an, and doe from the glen; The salt sea we'll har - ry, And bring to our  
Char-lie, The cream from the bo - thy and curd from the pen.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,  
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with MacLean :  
And though you be weary, we'll make your heart cheery,  
And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.  
And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-Sheerly,  
That stream in the star-light, when kings dinna ken ;  
And deep be your need of the wine that is red,  
To drink to your sire and his friend the MacLean.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,  
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with MacLean ;  
And though you be weary, we'll make your heart cheery,  
And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.  
If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,  
• "Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highlandmen  
Shall range on the heather, with bonnet and feather,  
Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.

# Darling Nelly Gray.

B. R. HANBY.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*p* *espress.*

There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore, There I've whiled ma-ny hap-py hours a-

way, A sitting and a singing by the lit-tle cottage door, Where liv'd my darling Nel-ly

Gray. Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away, And I'll never see my darling any more. I'm

sitting by the riv-er, and I'm weeping all the day, For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

*cres.* *p colla voce.*

## CHORUS.

Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away, And I'll never see my darling a - ny more. I'm

Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away, And I'll never see my darling a - ny more. I'm

sitting by the riv-er, and I'm weeping all the day, For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

sitting by the riv-er, and I'm weeping all the day, For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climb'd the mountain, and the stars were shining too,

Then I'll take my darling Nelly Gray,  
And we'd float down the river in the little red canoe,

While my banjo sweetly I would play.

Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, &c.

One night I went to see her, but "she's gone," the neighbours say,

The white man bound her with his chain;  
They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away

As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, &c.

My canoe is under water, and my banjo is unstrung,

I'm tired of living any more;

My eyes shall look downward and my song shall be unsung,  
While I stay on the old Kentucky shore.

Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, &c.

My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way;

Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door—

Oh! I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray,

Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Oh! my darling Nelly Gray, up in heaven there they say,

That they'll never take you from me any more,

I'm a coming, coming, coming, as the angels clear the way,  
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

# Farewell, my Trim-built Wherry.

COMPOSED BY DIBBIN.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Andante.*

Then farewell, my trimbuilt wherry, Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell; Never more at Chelsea Ferry, Shall your Thomas take a spell; Then farewell my trimbuilt wherry, Oars, and coat, and badge, fare-well; Never more, at Chelsea Fer - ry, Shall your Tho-mas take a spell, . . . Shall your Thomas take a spell.

*Repeat Symphony.*

But to hope and peace a stranger,  
In the battle's heat I go;  
Where, expos'd to ev'ry danger.  
Some friendly bair will lay me low.

Then, mayhap, when homeward steering  
With the news my messmates come,  
Even you, the story hearing,  
With a sigh, may cry, Poor Tom.

## Gala Water.

BURNS.

Moderato.

ARRANGED BY J. GRAY.

Braw, braw lads on Yar - row braes, Ye wan-der through the blooming hea-ther; But  
 Yar - row braes, nor Et - trick shaws, Can match the lads o' Ga - la wa-ter.  
 Braw, braw lads.

But there is ane, a secret ane,  
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;  
 An' I'll be his, an' he'll be mine,  
 The bonnie lad o' Gala water.

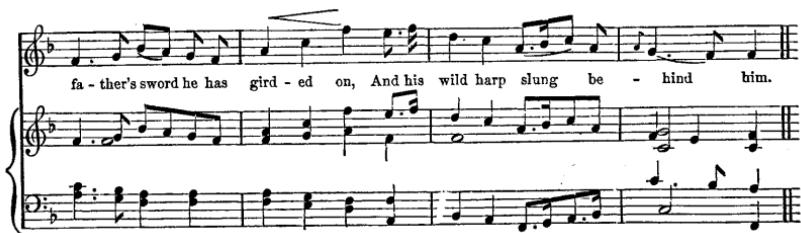
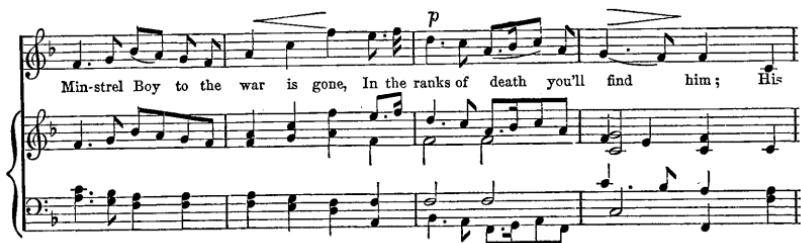
Altho' his daddie was nae laird,  
 An' tho' I hae nae meikle tocher;  
 Yet, rich in kindest, truest love,  
 We'll tent our flocks by Gala water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,  
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;  
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,  
 O that's the chiefest world's treasure!

\* \* \* The singer may adopt or reject the concluding bar, to the words "Braw, braw lads." Although it does not belong to the original melody, we insert it because the air is generally sung so at the present time.

# The Minstrel Boy.

FROM "MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES."

*With strength and spirit.*

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The top staff is for the voice, the middle staff is for the piano right hand, and the bottom staff is for the piano left hand. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line.

"Land of song!" said the war - rior bard, "Though all the world be-  
trays thee, One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall  
praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain  
Could not bring that proud soul under;  
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,  
For he tore its chords asunder;  
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,  
Thou soul of love and bravery!  
They songs were made for the pure and free,  
They shall never sound in slavery."

---

# Seeing Nelly Home.

P. S. GILMORE.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

In the sky the bright stars glitter'd, On the grass the moonlight fell, Hush'd the  
Jet - ty ring - lets soft - ly flutter'd, O'er a brow as white as snow, And her

sound of day-light's bus-tle, Clos'd the pink-ey'd pim - per - nell, As  
cheek, the crim-son sun-set Scarce - ly had a warm - er glow, 'Mid her

down the moss-grown woodpath, Where the cat - tie love to roam, From Aunt  
part - ed lips' ver - million, White teeth flash'd like o - cean's foam, All I

Pat - tie's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see-ing Nel - ly home. When I  
 mark'd with pul - ses throbbing, As I saw sweet Nel - ly home. When I

saw sweet Nel - ly home, When I saw sweet Nel - ly home, How I

bless the Au-gust eve - ning When I saw sweet Nel-ly home.

## CHORUS.

When I saw sweet Nel - ly home, When I saw sweet Nel - ly

When I saw sweet Nel - ly home, When I saw sweet Nel - ly

f

A musical score for a voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano range, mostly in G major with some changes in key signature. The piano accompaniment is in G major. The vocal line consists of two staves of music, each ending with a repeat sign and a double bar line. The lyrics are repeated after the first ending. The vocal part begins with a dynamic of *f*. The piano part includes a crescendo marking (*cres.*) at the beginning of the second ending.

When the autumn ting'd the greenwood,  
 Turning all the leaves to gold,  
 In the lawn by alders shaded,  
 I my love to Nelly told.  
 As we stood together, gazing  
 On the star-bespangled dome,  
 How I bless'd the August evening,  
 When I saw sweet Nelly home.  
 When I saw sweet Nelly home,  
 When I saw sweet Nelly home,  
 How I bless the August evening,  
 When I saw sweet Nelly home.

White hairs mingle with my tresses,  
 Furrows steal upon my brow,  
 But a love-smile cheers and blesses  
 Life's declining moments now.  
 Matron in a snowy kerchief,  
 Closer to my bosom come,  
 Tell me, dost thou still remember  
 When I saw sweet Nelly home?  
 When I saw sweet Nelly home,  
 When I saw sweet Nelly home,  
 How I bless the August evening,  
 When I saw sweet Nelly home.

# The Cottage by the Sea.

J. R. THOMAS.

*Andante Cantabile.*

Child - hood's days now pass be - fore me, Forms and scenes of long a - go;

Like a dream they ho - ver o'er me, Calm and bright as ev'ning's glow.

Days that knew no shade of sor - row, When my young heart, pure and free, Joy-ful

hail'd each coming mor - row, In the cottage by the sea. Joy - ful  
 stringendo. a tempo.

hall'd each com-ing mor - row, In the cot-tage, the cot-tage by the  
 f dim.

sea.

Fan - cy sees the rose-tree twin - ing, Round the old and rus-tic door,  
 And, be - low, the white beech shin - ing, Where I gather'd shells of yore;

Hears my mother's gentle warning, As she took me on her knee; And I

feel again life's morn - ing, In the cottage by the sea. And I

*stringendo.* *a tempo.*

feel a - gain life's morn - ing, In the cot-tage, the cot-tage by the

*f* *dim.*

*sea.*

*p*

What though years have roll'd above me,  
Though 'mid fairer scenes I roam,  
Yet I ne'er shall cease to love thee,  
Childhood's dear and happy home!  
And when life's long day is closing,  
Oh! how pleasant would it be,  
On some faithful breast reposing,  
In the cottage by the sea.

# When Daylight was yet Sleeping.

FROM "MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES."

*Moderate time.*

When day - light was yet sleeping un - der the bil - low, And stars in the hea -vens still



lin - ger-ing shone, Young Kit - ty, all blush - iug, rose up from her pil - low, The



last time she e'er was to press it a - lone: For the youth whom she trea - sur'd her



heart and her soul in, Had pro-mis'd to link the last tie be-fore noon; And when  
 once the young heart of a maid-en is stol-en, The maid-en her-self will steal  
 af-ter it soon!

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,  
 Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,  
 A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,  
 Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.  
 Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,  
 She brush'd him—he fell, alas! never to rise:—  
 “Ah! such,” said the girl, “is the pride of our faces,  
 For which the soul's innocence too often dies!”

While she stole through the garden, where heart's-ease was growing,  
 She cul'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;  
 And a rose, further on, looked so tempting and glowing,  
 That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too:  
 But, while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,  
 Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost:—  
 “Ah! this means,” said the girl (and she sighed at its meaning),  
 “That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!”

# The Flowers of the Forest.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Adagio mesto.*

**C** I've seen the smil-ing of
   
*p* slentando.
   
 For - tune be - guil-ing, I've felt all its fa-vours, and found its de-cay;
   
 Sweet was its bless - ing, kind its ca - ress - ing, But now 'tis fled, 'tis
   
 fled far a-way; I've seen the fo - rest a - dor - ned the fore - most, With

flow - ers of the fair - est, most plea - sant and gay, See bon - ny was their blooming, their  
 scent the air per - fum - ing, But now they are wi - thered and a' wede a-way.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorping,  
 And the dread tempest roaring before parting day;  
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams  
 Glittering in the sunny beams,  
 Grow drumble and dark as they roll'd on their way.  
 O fickle Fortune! why this cruel sporting?  
 O why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day?  
 Thy frowns cannot fear me,  
 Thy smiles cannot cheer me,  
 For the Flowers of the Forest are withered away.

---

# Farewell, Dear Old Village.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. W. CHERRY.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top staff shows a piano part with dynamic markings *p*, *rall.*, *fz*, and *dim.*. The second staff shows a vocal line with lyrics: "Fare - well, dear old vil-lage, Fare - well, dear old spot! Bright". The third staff shows a piano part with dynamic *p*. The fourth staff shows a vocal line with lyrics: "home of my childhood! Thou'l ne'er be for - got; Each haunt where I've lin - ger'd Shall". The fifth staff shows a piano part with dynamic *p*. The sixth staff shows a vocal line with lyrics: "mem - 'ry re - tain, Till I, in the fu - ture, Re - turn once a - gain; Fare-". The piano accompaniment includes various dynamics like *slen.*, *a tempo.*, and *dolce.*

well, dear old village, One last fond a - dieu, Wher - e'er I may wan - der, My  
heart dwells with you; Wher - e'er I may wan - der, My heart, my heart dwells with you.

*dolce rall.*

*colla voce.*

*rall.*

What joy, or what sorrow,  
What grief, or what pain  
May come, e'er I visit  
This dear spot again!  
And oft shall the blossoms  
Return with the Spring,  
The wild birds revisit  
Their old haunts to sing,  
Ere I view the valleys,  
The hills and the grove,  
The forms and the features  
Of those that I love.

Farewell, dear old village,  
How hard 'tis to part  
From all thy lov'd treasures  
That cling round my heart!  
Though bright lands of beauty  
I now go to see,  
They never can banish  
One fond thought of thee.  
And, true as the needle,  
Where'er I may roam,  
My thoughts will point ever  
To my village home.

# The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.

FROM "MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES."

*Slow.*

(The harp that once, thro' Tara's halls, The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls As if that soul were fled: So sleeps the pride of for-mer days, So glo-ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more!)

*Repeat Symphony.*

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
 The harp of Tara swells :  
 The chord, alone, that breaks at night,  
 Its tale of ruin tells :—  
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,  
 The only throb she gives  
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
 To show that still she lives !

# Toll the Bell.

## REPLY TO LILLY DALE.

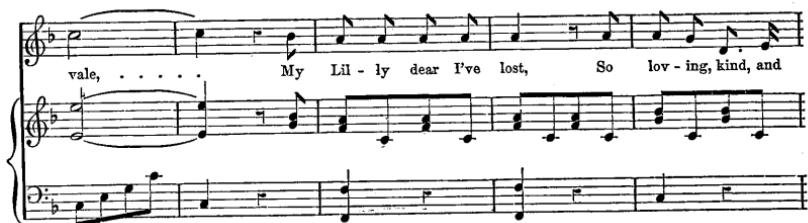
C. C. CONVERSE.

*Moderato.*

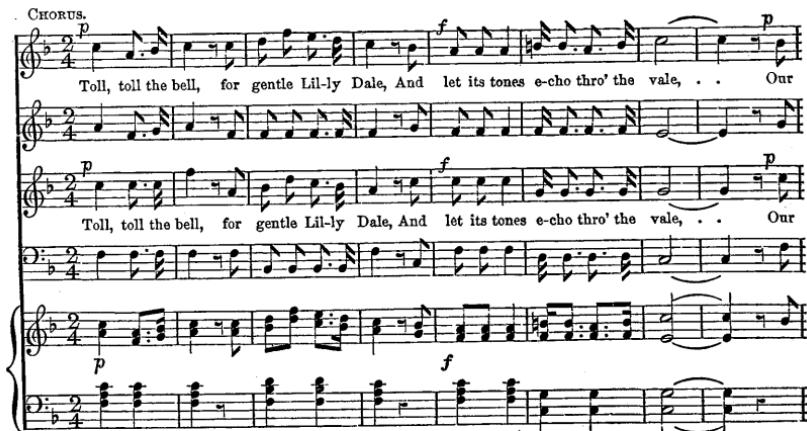
ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

My Lil - ly dear is  
sleep-ing 'Neath the old chest-nut tree; The spot where oft she wander'd, When  
in - no - cent and free; The wild rose and the myr - tle Still clus-ter round the  
spot, But my heart's fill'd with sor - row, And lone - ly is my lot.  
espress. dim.

Toll, toll the bell, for gen-tle Lil - ly Dale, And let its tones echo through the  


vale, . . . . . My Lil - ly dear I've lost, So lov - ing, kind, and  


*calando.* true, Sing to - day one sad lay, Lost, Lil - ly Dale!  


CHORUS.  


Lil-ly dear we've lost, So lov-ing, kind, and true; Sing to-day one sad lay, Lost, Lil-ly Dale!

Lil-ly dear we've lost, So lov-ing, kind, and true; Sing to-day one sad lay, Lost, Lil-ly Dale!

'Tis spring, the birds are warbling  
A sad and mournful tale,  
Of beauty once so blooming,  
Now lying cold and pale.  
The streamlet ripples onward,  
So quiet through the vale;  
The wild rose drops a dewy tear,  
For earth-lost Lilly Dale.  
Toll, toll the bell, for gentle Lilly Dale,  
And let its tones echo through the vale;  
My Lilly dear I've lost,  
So loving, kind, and true;  
Sing to-day one sad lay,  
Lost, Lilly Dale!

My Lilly dear, I'm watching,  
Oh, wilt thou never come,  
To greet me with a blessing  
From thy far angel home.  
My sad heart now is aching  
With heavy care oppress;  
Oh, may I quickly meet thee  
In that pure land of rest!  
Toll, toll the bell, for gentle Lilly Dale,  
And let its tones echo through the vale;  
My Lilly dear I've lost,  
So loving, kind, and true;  
Sing to-day one sad lay,  
Lost, Lilly Dale!

---

# I hae lost my Heart.

WORDS BY JAMES BALLANTYNE.

MUSIC BY J. C. KIESER.

*Andante.*

I hae lost my heart, I hae lost my heart, Whaur  
has the wand'-rer flown? I'm sad and wao for the silly wee thing, I  
wish it be na stown. It's a - wa' to the las-sie blythe and sweet, Wi'

*dim.*

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the voice in G major. The middle staff is for the bassoon or piano in F major. The bottom staff is for the piano. The lyrics are written below the vocal line:

sun-light in her ee, And, oh! gin the wil-fu' wee thing ye meet, Gaa  
 bring it bring it back to me. *Sva.*

Oh! it's unco sair a lassie to lo'e,  
 Wha's fickle as the wind;  
 An' it's unco sair when ye tyne your heart,  
 Anither no to find:  
 But, oh! it's heaven the lassie to lo'e,  
 Wha gi'es ye love again  
 Then strive ye to gain a maiden's heart,  
 An' niffer't wi' your ain.

# Oh, Promise me to Sing, Love.

G. M. FITZGERALD.

COMPOSED BY THE LATE A. HUME.—ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Andante affetuoso.*

The musical score consists of four systems of music for voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The key signature changes from common time to G major, then to F major, and back to G major. The tempo markings include *Andante affetuoso*, *p*, *ritard.*, *colla voce.*, *dim.*, *a tempo*, and *a tempo.*. The lyrics are:

pro - mise me to sing, love, My songs in af - ter years; When the  
*legato.*

qui - et eve shall bring, love, The hour for bliss - ful tears; When the  
*colla voce.* *dim.*

bu - syl world is still, love, When a few dear friends are nigh, When the  
*a tempo.*

moon is on the hill, love, And the stars are in the sky, When the  
 moon is on the hill, love, And the stars are in the  
 8va. . . . . loco.

sky.

When the hearts where I would dwell, love,  
 With a thought of me may thrill,  
 When the eyes that knew me well, love,  
 With silent tears may fill;  
 When the few who ne'er forgot, love,  
 Will fondly name my name,  
 And should they blame me yet, love,  
 Will love me while they blame.

I care not for the praise, love,  
 So sweet to minstrel's ear,  
 For the laurel and the bays, love.  
 The critic, or his sneer;  
 For the plaudits wealth can buy, love,  
 Or the wealth that fame can bring,  
 When you sing them, if you sigh, love,  
 And sigh them when you sing.

# Whistle o'er the Lave O't.

BURNS.

*Moderato.*

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses an bass clef. The music is divided into three distinct sections by lyrics. The first section starts with a forte dynamic. The second section begins with a piano dynamic and includes a 'rall.' instruction. The third section concludes with a forte dynamic.

How we live, my Meg and me,  
How we love, and how we gree,  
I care-na-by how few may see;  
Sae, whistle o'er the lave o't.  
Wha I wish were maggots' meat,  
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,  
I could write—but Meg maun see't;  
Sae, whistle o'er the lave o't.

# Erin, the Tear and the Smile in thine Eyes.

FROM "MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES."

*Slow.*

E - rin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes  
 Blend like the rain - bow that  
 hangs in the skies; Shin - ing through sor - - row's stream, Sadd' - ning through  
 plea - sure's beam, Thy suns, with doubt - ful gleam, Weep while they rise!

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,  
 Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,  
 Till, like the rainbow's light,  
 Thy various tints unite,  
 And form, in Heaven's sight,  
 One arch of peace.

# The Lament of Flora MacDonald.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Feelingly.*

Far  
o - ver youn hills of the heather sae green, An'down by the cor-rie that sings to the sea, The  
bonnie young Flora sat sigh-ing her lane, The dew on her plaid an'the tear in her e'e.  
She look'd at a boat wi' the breezes that swung, A-way on the wave, like a bird of the main; An'

The musical score is a three-staff piece in G major and 2/4 time. The top staff features a soprano vocal line with eighth-note patterns and a piano accompaniment. The middle staff continues the melody with eighth-note patterns. The bottom staff provides harmonic support with sustained notes and eighth-note chords. The lyrics are written below each staff, corresponding to the musical phrases.

The moorcock that crows on the brows o' Ben-Connal,  
 He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;  
 The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs o' Clan-Ronald,  
 Unawed and unhunted his eyrie can claim;  
 The solan can sleep on the shelfe of the shores;  
 The cormorant roosts on his rock of the sea;  
 But, ah ! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,  
 No house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he;  
 The conflict is past, and our name is no more,  
 There's naught left but sorrow for Scotland an' me!

The target is torn from the arm of the just,  
 The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,  
 The claymore for ever in darkness must rust;  
 But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;  
 The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,  
 Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue  
 Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud  
 When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?  
 Farewell, my young hero, the gallant and good!  
 The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow

# Let me Kiss him for his Mother.

L. O. EMERSON.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Andante affetuoso.*

Let me  
kiss him for his mother, Let me kiss his youth - ful brow, I will  
love him for his mother, And seek her blessing now. Kind  
friends have sooth'd his pillow, Have watch'd his ev' - ry care, Be-

Loco.

The verses of the above Ballad were suggested by a touching incident which is said to have occurred at New Orleans during the last fever season. A young man, who had died there, lonely and a stranger, was about to be carried to the grave when a lady slipped to the coffin and pressed her lips to his forehead, saying, "Let me kiss him for his mother."

*ad lib.*

neath the weep - ing willow, O lay him gent - ly there.

Sleep, dear-est, sleep, I love you as a brother;

Kind friends a - round you weep, I've kiss'd you for your mother.

**CHORUS.**

Sleep, dear-est, sleep, I love you as a bro - ther,

Sleep, dear-est, sleep, I love you as a bro - ther,

(Copyright, 1900, by Charles C. H. Smith)

Musical score for "Kind friends around you weep" in G major, common time. The score consists of four staves. The first three staves are soprano voices, and the fourth staff is a basso continuo (bassoon) part. The vocal parts are in common time, while the bassoon part is in 2/4 time. The vocal parts begin with a dynamic of  $\frac{p}{\#}$ , followed by  $f$  and  $>$ . The bassoon part begins with  $p$ , followed by  $f$  and  $>$ .

Let me kiss him for his mother,  
 What though left a stranger here;  
 She has lov'd him as none other,  
 I feel her blessing near.  
 Though cold that form lies sleeping,  
 He wears an angel's crown;  
 Dear friends around are weeping,  
 O lay him gently down.  
 Sleep dearest, sleep,  
 I love you as a brother;  
 Kind friends around you weep,  
 I've kissed you for your mother.

Let me kiss him for his mother,  
 Or perchance a fond sister dear;  
 If a father or a brother,  
 I feel their blessings here.  
 Then kiss him for his mother,  
 'Twill soothe her after years;  
 Farewell, dear stranger brother,  
 Our requiem our tears.  
 Sleep dearest, sleep,  
 I love you as a brother;  
 Kind friends around you weep,  
 I've kissed you for your mother.

# The Hundred Pipers.

"Charles Edward entered Carlisle preceded by 100 pipers. Two thousand Highlanders crossed the Esk at Longton; the tide being swollen, nothing was seen of them but their heads and shoulders; they stemmed the force of the stream, and lost not a man in the passage. When landed, the pipers struck up, and they danced reels until they were dry."—Authentic account of the occupation of Carlisle, by George G. Moncey.—See *Blue Bell*.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*With strength and spirit.*

With strength and spirit.

f Ped. \*

Wi' a hun - dred pip - ers an' a', an' a', Wi' a

\*

hun - dred pip - ers an' a', an' a', Well up and gie them a'

blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pip - ers an' a', an' a'.

Oh! it's ower the Bor - der a -  
 wa', a - wa', It's ower the Bor - der a - wa', a - wa', We'll on and we'll march to  
 \*  
 Car - - lisle Ha', Wi' its yetts, its cas - tell an' a', an' a'.  
 CHORUS.  
 Wi' a hun - dred pip - ers an' a', an' a', Wi' a hun - dred pipers an'  
 a', an' a', We'll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a'

hun - dred pip - ers an' a', an' a'.

Oh! our sodger lads look'd braw, look'd braw,  
Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an a';  
Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glittering gear;  
An' pibrochs sounding sweet an' clear.  
Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?  
Will they a' return, our Hieland men?  
Second-sighted Sandy look'd fu' wae,  
And mothers grat when they march'd away.  
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', &c.

Oh! wha is foremaist o' a', o' a'?  
Oh! wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?  
Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurra!  
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.  
His bonnet an' feather he's wavin' high,  
His prancin' steed maist seems to fly,  
The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,  
While the pipers blow in an unco flare!  
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', &c.

The Esk was swollen sae red an' sae deep;  
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep:  
Twa thousand swam over, to fell English ground,  
An' danc'd themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.  
Dumfounder'd, the English saw, they saw,  
Dumfounder'd, they heard the blaw, the blaw,  
Dumfounder'd, they a' ran awa', awa'  
Frae the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'!  
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', &c.

# Farewell! but whenever you Welcome the Hour.

FROM "MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES."

*With expression.*

Fare - well ! but whene- ver you      wel-come the hour, Which a - wak - ens the night-song of



mirth in your bow'r, Then think of the friend who once welcom'd it too, And for - got his own griefs to be



happy with you. His griefs may re - turn—not a hope may re - main Of the



The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature varies between common time and 6/8. The first section of lyrics is set with dynamic markings: *dim.*, *ad lib.*, and *a tempo*. The second section begins with a dynamic of *p*.

few that have brighten'd his path-way of pain— But he ne'er will for - get the short  
 vi - sion that threw Its en - chant - ment a - round him, while ling - ring with you!

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up  
 To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,  
 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,  
 My soul, happy friend! shall be with you that night;  
 Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,  
 And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles!  
 Too blest if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,  
 Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,  
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy—  
 Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,  
 And bring back the features that joy used to wear.  
 Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!  
 Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—  
 You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,  
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still!

# In Hour with Thee.

WORDS FROM "WOODSTOCK."\*

MUSIC BY J. C. KIESER.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, featuring a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The vocal line begins with a melodic line in the upper staff, accompanied by a piano or harpsichord line in the lower staff. The vocal part includes lyrics such as "An hour with thee!—When ear - liest day," "Dapples with gold the eas-tern grey, Oh, what can frame my mind to bear The," and "toil and tur - - moil, cark and care, New." The piano part provides harmonic support with sustained notes and rhythmic patterns. The score concludes with a final cadence on the piano staff.

\* By permission of the proprietors of the copyright of Sir Walter Scott's Works.

. . . . .  
 griefs, which com - ing hours un-fold, And sad re-mem-brance of the old? One  
 . . . . .

hour, one hour with thee, One hour, one hour with thee!

One hour with thee!—When burning June  
 Waves his red flag at pitch of noon;  
 What shall repay the faithful swain,  
 His labour on the sultry plain;  
 And, more than cave or sheltering bough,  
 Cool feverish blood, and throbbing brow?—  
 One hour with thee!

One hour with thee!—When sun is set,  
 Oh! what can teach me to forget  
 The thankless labours of the day;  
 The hopes, the wishes, flung away;  
 The increasing wants, and lessening gains;  
 The master's pride, who scorns my pains?—  
 One hour with thee

---

## Massa's in de Cold Ground.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

C. C. CONVERSE.

*Poco lento.*

Round de meadows am a ring - ing, De darkies' mournful song, While democking bird am sing - ing,

Happy as de day am long. Where de ivy am a creep - ing, O'er de gras-sy mound,

Dare old massa am a sleep-ing, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground. Down in de corn - - field,

Hear dat mournful sound; All de darkies am a weep - ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

## CHORUS.

Down in de corn - field, Hear dat mourn - ful sound;  
 Down in de corn - field, Hear dat mourn - ful sound;

All de darkies am a weep - ing, Massa's in de cold, cold ground.  
 All de darkies am a weep - ing, Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling,  
 When de days were cold,  
 'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,  
 Cayse he was so weak and old.  
 Now de orange tree am blooming,  
 On de sandy shore;  
 Now de summer days are coming,  
 Massa neber calls no more.  
 Down in de corn-field, &c.

Massa made de darkies love him,  
 Cayse he was so kind;  
 Now dey sadly weep above him,  
 Mourning cayse he leave dem behind.  
 I cannot work before to-morrow,  
 Cayse de tear-drop flow;  
 I try to drive away my sorrow,  
 Pickin' on de old banjo.  
 Down in de corn-field, &c.

# Thou art gane Awa' frae Me, Mary.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*With feeling.*

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with three staves: Treble, Bass, and Organ. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (indicated by a 'C'). The vocal parts are in 2/4 time, while the organ part is in 4/4 time.

**System 1:** The vocal parts begin with a dotted half note followed by a half note rest. The lyrics are: "Thou art gane a - wa', thou'rt". The organ part provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords.

**System 2:** The vocal parts continue with eighth-note patterns. The lyrics are: "gane a - wa', Thou art gane a - wa' frae me, Ma - ry; Nor friends nor I could".

**System 3:** The vocal parts continue with eighth-note patterns. The lyrics are: "make thee stay; Thou hast cheat-ed them an' me, Ma - ry! Un - til this hour I".

**System 4:** The vocal parts continue with eighth-note patterns. The lyrics are: "ne - ver thought, That ought could al - ter thee, Ma - ry; Thou'rt still the mis - tress". The organ part concludes with a final chord.

Whate'er he said or might pretend,  
 That stole that heart o' thine, Mary  
 True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,  
 Or nae sic love as mine, Mary.  
 I spoke sincere, nor flatter'd much,  
 Nae selfish thought's in me, Mary,  
 Ambition, wealth, nor naething such;  
 No, I lov'd only thee, Mary!

Though you've been false, yet, while I live,  
 I'll lo'e nae maid but thee, Mary;  
 Let friends forget, as I forgive,  
 Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary;  
 So then, farewell! o' this be sure,  
 Since you've been false to me, Mary,  
 For a' the world I'd not endure  
 Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

# Believe Me, if all those Endearing Young Charms.

DUET FOR TREBLE AND TENOR.

FROM "MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES."

*With feeling.*

Believe me, if all those en - dear-ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond-ly to -  
 Believe me, if all those en - dear-ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond-ly to -  
 day,  
 Were to change by to - mor-row, and fleet in my arms, Like fai-ry gifts fad-ing a -  
 day,  
 Were to change by to - mor-row, and fleet in my arms, Like fai-ry gifts fad-ing a -

way,— Thou wouldst still be a - dor'd as this moment thou art, Let thy love - li-ness fade as it  
way,— Thou wouldst still be a - dor'd as this moment thou art, Let thy love - li-ness fade as it

will; And a-round the dear ru-in each wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver-dant-ly  
will; And a-round the dear ru-in each wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver-dant-ly

still !

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,  
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,  
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,  
To which time will but make thee more dear!  
Oh! the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close;  
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,  
The same look which she turn'd when he rose!

# Rule Britannia!

COMPOSED BY DR ARNE.

*With strength and spirit.*

When Bri - tain first at heav'n's command, A - rose . . . from out the a - - zure main, A -

rose, arose, arose, from out the a - zure main, This was the charter, the charter of the land, And

guard - ian an - - an ges sung this strain, — Rule Bri - tan - nia, Bri -

tan - nia rule the waves, Bri - tons ne - - ver shall be slaves.

## CHORUS.

Rule Bri-tannia, Bri - tannia rule the waves, Bri - tons ne - - ver shall be slaves.  
 Rule Bri-tannia, Bri - tannia rule the waves, Bri - tons ne - - ver shall be slaves.

*Repeat Symphony.*

The nations not so blest as thee,  
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall,  
 While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all.  
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,  
 As the loud blast, the blast that rends the skies,  
 Serves but to root thy native oak.  
 Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,  
 Shall to thy happy coast repair,  
 Blest Isle, with beauty, with matchless beauty crown'd,  
 And many hearts to guard the fair.  
 Rule Britannia, &c.

# My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night.

S. C. FOSTER.

*Moderato.*

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

The musical score consists of eight staves of music. The first two staves show the harmonic progression with bass and treble clef. The subsequent six staves provide the vocal melody. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts, with each line of text appearing under its corresponding musical phrase. The key signature is G major throughout.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home, 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay, The

corn top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day. The

young folk roll on the lit-tle ca-bin floor, All merry, and hap-py, and bright; By'n

by hard times comes a-knocking at the door, Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh, weep no more to - day, We will

Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh, weep no more to - day, We will

*p*

*f*

sing one song for the old Kentucky home, For the old Kentucky home far a-way.

sing one song for the old Kentucky home, For the old Kentucky home far a-way.

*p*

*f*

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,  
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;  
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,  
On the bench by the old cabin door.  
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,  
With sorrow where all was delight;  
The time has come when the darkies have to part,  
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.  
Weep no more, &c.

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,  
Wherever the darky may go:  
A few more days and the trouble all will end,  
In the field where the sugar-canies grow.  
A few more days for to tote the weary load,  
No matter, 'twill never be light;  
A few more days till we totter on the road,  
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.  
Weep no more, &c.

# Kind Robin Lo'es Me.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Moderato.*

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with two staves: treble and bass. The key signature is C major throughout. The tempo is indicated as *Moderato*.

**System 1:** The vocal line begins with "Ro - - bin is my". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass staff and eighth-note chords in the treble staff.

**System 2:** The vocal line continues with "on - ly joe, For Ro - - bin has the art to lo'e, So to his suit I". The piano accompaniment maintains its eighth-note bass line and eighth-note chords.

**System 3:** The vocal line continues with "mean to bow, Be - cause I ken he lo'es me. Hap - py, hap - py". The piano accompaniment continues its eighth-note bass line and eighth-note chords.

**System 4:** The vocal line concludes with "was the show'r That led me to his bir - ken bow'r, Where". The piano accompaniment concludes with a final eighth-note chord in the bass staff.

first of love I fand the pow'r, And kend that Ro - bin  
lo'ed me.

He's tall and soncy, frank and free,  
Lo'ed by a', and dear to me;  
Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd dee,  
Because my Robin' lo'es me!  
My sister Mary said to me,  
Our courtship but a joke wad be,  
And I, of lang, be made to see,  
That Robin didna lo'e me.

But little kens she what has been  
Me and my honest Rob between,  
And in his wooing, oh, so keen  
Kind Robin is that lo'es me.  
Then fy ye lazy hours away,  
And hasten on the happy day,  
When, "Join your hands," Mess John shall say,  
And mak' him mine that lo'es me.

# Oh the Shamrock!

FROM "MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES."

*Moderate time.*

The musical score consists of four staves of music in G major, common time. The first staff features a treble clef, the second a bass clef, the third an alto clef, and the fourth an bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the vocal line in each section. The first section starts with a piano introduction followed by the vocal line. The second section begins with a piano introduction followed by the vocal line. The third section begins with a piano introduction followed by the vocal line. The fourth section begins with a piano introduction followed by the vocal line.

Through

ERIN's Isle, To sport awhile, As LOVE and VALOUR wander'd, With WIR, the sprite, Whose quiver bright A thousand arrows squander'd; Where'er they pass, A tri - ple grass Shoots up with dew-drops streaming, As soft - ly green As em'ralds seen, Thro' pur - est crys-tal gleam-ing! Oh, the sham - rock. the

green im-mor-tal Sham - rock ! Cho - sen leaf Of Bard and Chief, Old E - RIN's na - tive Sham - rock !

Says VALOUR, "See,  
They spring for me,  
Those leafy gems of morning!"  
Says LOVE, "No, no,  
For me they grow,  
My fragrant path adorning!"

But WIT perceives  
The triple leaves,  
And cries, "Oh do not sever  
A type that blends  
Three god-like friends,  
LOVE, VALOUR, WIT, for ever!"

Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !  
Chosen leaf  
Of Bard and Chief,  
Old ERIN's native Shamrock !

So firmly fond  
May last the bond  
They wove that morn together,  
And ne'er may fall  
One drop of gall  
On WIT's celestial feather !

May LOVE, as twine  
His flow'r's divine,  
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em !

May VALOUR ne'er  
His standard rear

Against the cause of Freedom !  
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !  
Chosen leaf  
Of Bard and Chief,  
Old ERIN's native Shamrock !

# Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep.

COMPOSED BY J. P. KNIGHT.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KESER.

*With expression.*

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep, . . . I lay me down . . . in peace to sleep; Se-



cure I rest up-on the wave, . . . For Thou, O Lord! hast power to save; I



know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall, And



The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The top staff features a soprano vocal line, the middle staff an alto vocal line, and the bottom staff a basso continuo line. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts, with the first two staves sharing the same text and the third staff continuing the melody. The vocal parts begin with eighth-note patterns, followed by sixteenth-note patterns, and then return to eighth-note patterns. The basso continuo part provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords.

calm and peaceful shall I sleep, . . . . Rock'd in the cradle of the deep, And

calm and peace-ful shall I sleep, . . . . Rock'd in the cradle of the

deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,  
Though stormy winds sweep o'er the brine,  
Or though the tempest's fiery breath,  
Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death!  
In ocean cave still safe with thee,  
The germ of immortality!  
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,  
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

# Kate Kearney.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Andante.*

Oh, should you e'er meet with Kate  
 Kearney, Who lives near the banks of Killarney, Of her dark eyes beware, for love's witching snare Lies  
 hid in the glance of Kate Kearney. For those eyes so se-duc-ing-ly beam-ing, Will kill ere of mischief you're  
 dreaming; And who dares to view her check's ro-sy hue, Must die by the spell of Kate Kearney.

*Repeat Symphony.*

At eve should you meet this Kate Kearney,  
 On the balm breathing banks of Killarney,  
 Of her smile, oh, beware, for fatal's the snare  
 Conceal'd in the smile of Kate Kearney.

Though her hair's o'er her snowy neck streaming,  
 Her looks with simplicity teeming,  
 Beware ere you sip the balm from her lip,  
 For fatal's the breath of Kate Kearney.

## Where the Bee Sucks.

COMPOSED BY DR ARNE.

*Andante ma non troppo.*

Andante ma non troppo.

Composed by DR ARNE.

(Where the bee sucks, there lurk I, In a cow-slip's bell I  
 lie; There I couch when owls do cry, when owls do)

The musical score consists of four staves of music, likely for voice and piano. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line. The vocal parts are in common time, with the piano part providing harmonic support.

**Lyrics:**

- Top staff: cry, when owls do cry; On a bat's back do I
- Second staff: fly, . . . Af - ter
- Third staff: sun - set mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Af - ter sun - set mer - ri -
- Fourth staff: ly. Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, shall I live
- Fifth staff: f now, Un - der the blossom that hangs on the bough; Mer - ri - ly,

**Piano Accompaniment:**

- Staff 1: Harmonic support with eighth-note chords.
- Staff 2: Harmonic support with eighth-note chords.
- Staff 3: Harmonic support with eighth-note chords.
- Staff 4: Harmonic support with eighth-note chords.
- Staff 5: Harmonic support with eighth-note chords.

mer - ri - ly, shall I live now, Un - der the blos-som that hangs on the  
bough; Un - der the blossom that hangs on the bough.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the voice, starting in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the notes. The middle staff is for the piano, showing bass and treble clefs with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is also for the piano, showing bass clef with a key signature of one sharp. The music continues across three systems. The first system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second system begins with a forte dynamic (f) at the start of the piano's bass line. The third system concludes with a final double bar line.

# The time I've lost in Wooing.

FROM "MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES."

Moderate time.

Her smile when beauty granted,  
I hung with gaze enchanted,  
Like him, the sprite,  
Whom maids by night  
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.  
Like him, too, beauty won me,  
But, while her eyes were on me,  
If once their ray  
Was turn'd away,  
O! winds could not outrun me.

And are these follies going?  
And is my proud heart growing  
Too cold or wise  
For brilliant eyes  
Again to set it glowing?  
No—vain, alas! th'endeavour  
From bonds so sweet to sever;—  
Poor wisdom's chance  
Against a glance  
Is now as weak as ever!

## My Heart is Sair.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Andante non troppo.*

My  
heart is sair, I daur-na tell, My heart is sair for some - bo-dy; I could wake a win - ter night,  
For the sake o' some - bo-dy. Oh - hon, for some - bo-dy! Oh hey, for some - bo-dy!  
I could range the world a - round, For the sake o' some-bo-dy!

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love.  
O sweetly smile on somebody!  
Frae ilka danger keep him free,  
And send me safe my somebody.  
Oh-hon, for somebody!  
Oh hey, for somebody!  
I wad do—wad wad I not?—  
For the sake o' somebody.

# Come where my Love lies Dreaming.

COMPOSED BY S. C. FOSTER.

*Andante.*

The musical score consists of four staves of music for voice and piano. The top two staves are for the piano, with the left hand providing harmonic support and the right hand playing melodic patterns. The bottom two staves are for the voice. The key signature changes from common time (C) to G major (one sharp), then to A major (two sharps), and finally to E major (three sharps). The tempo is marked *Andante*. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the vocal line. The score concludes with a section marked *ritard.* and *colla voce.*

*p*

Come where my love lies dream - ing, Dreaming the happy hours a - way, In  
 visions bright re - deem - ing The fleeting joys of day;

Dream - ing the happy hours, Dream - ing the happy hours a - way; . . .

*ritard.*

*colla voce.*

A musical score for voice and piano. The vocal line starts with a crescendo (cres.) followed by a melodic line with eighth-note patterns. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords. The vocal part continues with a melodic line, and the piano part provides harmonic support with eighth-note chords. The vocal line concludes with a final melodic phrase.

### CHORUS.

A musical score for three voices and piano. The vocal parts are in soprano, alto, and bass. The piano part is at the bottom. The music consists of four systems of staves. The first system starts with a forte dynamic (f) and includes lyrics: "My own love is sweetly dreaming, Her beauty beaming, Come where my love, my". The second system starts with a forte dynamic (f) and includes lyrics: "Come where my love lies dreaming, Come with a lute-ton'd lay; Come where my love lies". The third system starts with a piano dynamic (p) and includes lyrics: "Come where my love lies dreaming, Come with a lute-ton'd lay; Come where my love lies". The fourth system starts with a forte dynamic (f) and includes lyrics: "Come where my love lies dreaming, Come with a lute-ton'd lay; Come where my love lies". The score concludes with a crescendo dynamic (cres.) and a final piano dynamic (p).

A musical score for four voices and piano. The vocal parts are in soprano, alto, tenor, and bass. The piano part is at the bottom. The lyrics are: "My own love is sweetly dream-ing the happy hours a-way." The tenor and bass sing the same line: "dream-ing, Dream-ing the happy hours a-way. Come with a lute, come with a lay, dream-ing, Dream-ing the happy hours a-way. Come with a lute, come with a lay,"

*p*

cres.

own love is sweetly dreaming, Her beauty beaming; Come where my love, my own love is sweetly

*p*

Come, Come where my love lies dreaming,

*p*

Come, Come where my love lies dreaming,

*p*

*f*

*rall.*

dream-ing the happy hours a-way. Dream-ing the happy hours a-way. . . .

Dream-ing the happy hours a-way. Dream-ing the happy hours a-way. . . .

Dream-ing the happy hours a-way. Dream-ing the happy hours a-way. . . .

*colla voce.*

## SOLO.

Soft is her slumber, Thoughts, bright and free, Dance thro' her dreams like gushing mel-o-dy,

*p*

## COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING.

129

*ritard.*

Light is her young heart, Light may it be, Come where my love lies dream - ing,

*colla voce.*

*a tempo.*

Dream - ing the happy hours, Dream - ing the happy hours a - way; . . .

*a tempo.*

*colla voce.*

*cres.*

Come where my love lies dream - ing, so sweetly dream-ing the happy hours a - way.

*cres.*

*ad lib.*

*colla voce.*

*dim.*

*Repeat Chorus.*

# How, isn't it a Pity?

COMPOSED BY JOHN WHITTAKER.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Allegretto.*

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The first staff contains the vocal line, while the other three provide harmonic support. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line.

**Lyrics:**

- I love a lad, a
- handsome lad, And love him too sin - cere-ly; He play'd a part that won my heart, And vow'd to love me
- dearly. I love a lad, a handsome lad, And love him too sin-cere-ly; He play'd a part that
- won my heart, And vow'd to love me dearly, And vow'd to love me dear-ly.

But aunt's consent she will de - ny; In - deed, it's ve - ry pretty; And I'm so vex'd that  
*legato*

I could cry. And I'm so vex'd that I could cry; Now, is - n't it a pi - ty? Now,  
*cres.*

is - n't it a pi - ty? Now, is - n't it a pi - ty? And I'm so vex'd that  
*p*

I could cry; Now, is - n't it a pi - ty?

My cruel aunt will jeer and taunt,  
 And say, Young girls should tarry,  
 Because she yet could never get  
 A man in mind to marry!  
 It's right down spite, you can't deny;  
 Indeed, it's very pretty;  
 And you may laugh, but I could cry.  
 Now, isn't it a pity?

# I'd Mourn the Hopes that Leave Me.

FROM "MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES."

*Tenderly.*

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me, If thy smiles had left me too; I'd  
 weep, when friends deceive me, If thou wert like them, un-true. But while I've thee be-fore me, With  
 heart so warm and eye so bright, No clouds can linger o'er me, That smile turns them all to light!

'Tis not in fate to harm me,  
 While fate leaves thy love to me;  
 'Tis not in joy to charm me,  
 Unless joy be shar'd with thee.  
 One minute's dream about thee  
 Were worth a long and endless year  
 Of waking bliss without thee,  
 My own love, my only dear!

And, though the hope be gone, love,  
 That long sparkled o'er our way,  
 Oh! we shall journey on, love,  
 More safely, without its ray.  
 Far better lights shall win me  
 Along the path I've yet to roam,  
 The mind, that burns within me,  
 And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted  
 The traveller, at first goes out,  
 He feels awhile benighted,  
 And looks round in fear and doubt.  
 But soon, the prospect clearing,  
 By cloudless star-light on he treads,  
 And thinks no lamp so cheering  
 As that light which Heaven shods!

## Leezie Lindsay.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Andante.*

Willye gang to the Hielands, Lee-zie Lind-say? Will ye gang to the Hie-lands wi'

me? Willye gang to the Hie - lands, Lee-zie Lind - say? My bride and my

dar-ling to be."

rall.

"To gang to the Hielands wi' you, Sir,  
Wad bring the saut tear to my e'e,  
At leaving the green glens and woodlands,  
And streams o' my ain countrie"

"Oh! I'll shew you the red-deer roaming,  
On mountains where waves the tall pine;  
And, far as the bound of the red-deer,  
lik moorland and mountain is mine.

"A thousand claymores I can muster,  
Lik blade and its bearer the same;  
And, when round their chieftain they rally  
The gallant Argyle is my name."

There's dancing and joy in the Hielands,  
There's piping, and gladness, and glee,  
For Argyle has brought hame Leezie Lindsay.  
His bride and his darling to be!"

# The Hazel Dell.

MUSIC BY G. F. WURZEL.

*Moderato.*

In the Hazel Dell my Nelly's sleep-ing, Nelly lov'd so long; And my lonely, lonely watch I'm keep-ing—

*p*

Nelly lost and gone: Here in moonlight often we have wander'd Thro' the si-lent shade, Now where

leaf-y branches drooping downward, Little Nelly's laid All a lone my watch I'm keeping,

In the Ha-zel Dell, For my darling Nelly's near me sleep-ing, Nel-ly dear, fare-well!

## CHORUS.

All a - lone my watch I'm keep - ing, In the Ha - zel Dell, For my  
 All a - lone my watch I'm keep - ing, In the Ha - zel Dell, For my  
 dar - ling Nel - ly's near me sleep - - ing, Nel - ly dear, fare - well!  
 dar - ling Nel - ly's near me sleep - - ing, Nel - ly dear, fare - well!

In the Hazel Dell my Nelly's sleeping,  
 When the flowers wave,  
 And the silent stars are nightly weeping  
 O'er my Nelly's grave  
 Hopes that once my bosom fondly cherish'd,  
 Smile no more for me;  
 Ev'ry dream of joy, alas! has perish'd,  
 Nelly dear, with thee.  
 All alone my watch I'm keeping, &c.

Now I'm weary, friendless, and forsaken,  
 Watching here alone;  
 Nelly thou no more wilt fondly cheer me,  
 With thy loving tone;  
 Yet for ever shall thy gentle image  
 In my mem'ry dwell;  
 And my tears thy lonely grave shall moisten,  
 Nelly dear, farewell!  
 All alone my watch I'm keeping, &c.

# Pray Goody.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Moderate time.*

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major, common time, arranged by J. C. Kieser. The first staff uses a treble clef, the second a bass clef, and the third an alto clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes in a cursive font. The first section of lyrics is:

Pray Goody please to mo-derate the rancour of your tongue, Why flash thosesparks of fury from your eyes?

The second section of lyrics is:

Re - member when the judgment's weak the preju-dice is strong, A stran-ger why will you despise?

The third section of lyrics is:

Ply me, try me, prove e'er you de - ny me, If you cast me off you'll blast me ne-ver more to

Pray goody please to moderate the rancour of your tongue, Why flash those sparks of  
rise . . . . . Pray goody please to moderate the rancour of your tongue, Why flash those sparks of

fury from your eyes? Remember when the judgment's weak the prejudice is strong, A stran - ger  
why will you despise.

8va. . . . .

f

loco.

# The Faded Rose.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Slowly with expression.*

Poor em-blэм

Continuation of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by eighth-note chords. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth-note patterns. The vocal part includes the lyrics 'Poor em-blэм'.

of de-part-ed pleasure, I view thee with a mourn-ful eye! Thy fad-ed

*p legato.*

Continuation of the musical score. The vocal line begins with eighth-note chords. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth-note patterns. The vocal part includes the lyrics 'of de-part-ed pleasure, I view thee with a mourn-ful eye! Thy fad-ed' and 'p legato.'

form I still will treasure,— It tells of bliss long since gone by.

Continuation of the musical score. The vocal line begins with eighth-note chords. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth-note patterns. The vocal part includes the lyrics 'form I still will treasure,— It tells of bliss long since gone by.'

Thou bring'st to mind bright visions, cherish'd  
When youth and fan - cy were mine own; Thou tell'st of  
*8va.* *loco.*

joys too ear - ly perish'd, Of pleasures fad - ed, hopes o'er-thrown.

*ritard.*

Poor hapless flow'r, I still will wear thee;  
While life remains, we ne'er must part;  
And death's rude hand alone shall tear thee  
From this sad, lonely, broken heart!  
Thy hour of pride was quickly shaded,  
Thy balmy sweetness soon was o'er,  
In one short night thy beauties faded,  
And now thou charm'st the eye no more.

The guardian thorns which close caress thee  
Wound not this tortur'd breast of mine;  
Ah, no! the heart to which I press thee  
Has felt a deeper sting than thine!  
Poor emblem of departed pleasure,  
I view thee with a mournful eye!  
Thy faded form I still will treasure,—  
It tells of bliss long since gone by.

# Oh, what is this that racks my Breast?

WORDS BY JAMES BALLANTINE.

MUSIC BY J. C. KIESER.

*Moderato ed express.*

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top two staves are for the piano, showing bass and treble clef staves with various chords and rests. The bottom two staves are for the voice, with lyrics written below them. The first staff of the vocal line begins with a rest followed by a single note. The second staff begins with a melodic line consisting of eighth and sixteenth notes. The third staff begins with a piano dynamic 'p' followed by a sustained note. The fourth staff begins with a melodic line consisting of eighth and sixteenth notes.

what is this that racks my breast, And feys my peace o' mind a - wa', An'  
 maks me tyne my night - ly rest, An' wea - ry for the morn - in' daw?

I daun - der down the dow - ie glen, I lin - ger on the lane - ly lee, An'  
in some dark an' ee - rie den I fain wad lay me down to dee.

*ad lib.*

I heave nae sigh, I mak' nae mane,  
I let nae tear bedim my e'e.  
But mix wi' follies light an' vain,  
To wyle awa' my misery.  
Few ken the hearts they meet wi' here,  
Few trow there's grief they canna see,  
An' e'en the maid I lo'e sae dear,  
Shall never guess the dool I dree.

"Tis hopeless love an' sad despair,  
Cast by the glamour o' thine e'e,  
That clude my waukrie dreams wi' care,  
An' mak's the daylight dark to me.  
I canna' hope nor ask for mair  
Than as wee pearly tear frae thee,  
An' gin thy een ha'e ane to spare,  
In pity let it fa' for me.

# Melinda May.

COMPOSED BY S. C. FOSTER.

*Poco lento.*

Lub - ly Melin - da,

come, now, my dear, I'm waiting, I'm watching for you; Shut down de win-dow, dry up de tear, And

walk wid me o - ber de dew. Lub - ly Melin - da, Melin - da, Melinda, my

sweet Melinda May, I could work in de field and be happy all de day, If you would only smile again, my sweet Melinda May.

**CHORUS.**

Lub - ly Melin - da, Melin-da, Melin-da, my sweet Melin-da May! I could  
Lub - ly Melin - da, Melin-da, Melin-da, my sweet Melin-da May! I could  
work in de field and be hap-py all de day, If you would only smile again, my sweet Melin-da May!  
work in de field and be hap-py all de day, If you would only smile again, my sweet Melin-da May!

Laugh in de sunshine, weep in de rain,  
And walk wha de lily bud bloom;  
Down in de meadow, ober de lane,  
Oh! come, my Melinda, lub, come.  
Lubly Melinda, my sweet Melinda May!

I could work in de field and be happy all de day,  
If you would only smile again, my sweet Melinda May!

Lubly Melinda is bright as de beam,  
No snow-drop was ebber more fair,  
She smiles like de roses dat bloom round de stream,  
And sings like de birds in de air.  
Lubly Melinda, my sweet Melinda May!

I could work in de field and be happy all de day,  
If you would only smile again, my sweet Melinda May!

If I was a hero, and people would fall  
Where ebber I'd tell dem to lie,  
I'd make my Melinda de queen ob dem all,  
And lib on de light ob her eye.  
Lubly Melinda, my sweet Melinda May!

I could work in de field and be happy all de day,  
If you would only smile again, my sweet Melinda May!

# Will ye go to the Ewe-Bughts, Marion?

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Andante.*

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is for the voice and the bottom staff is for the piano. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, appearing at the beginning of each verse and repeated in the second part of the song. The music is in common time and includes various dynamics and articulations.

Will ye go to the ewe - bughts, Ma - rion, And wear in the sheep wi'

me? The sun shines sweet, my Ma - rion, But nae halfsae sweet as

thee! The sun shines sweet, my Ma - rion, But nae halfsae sweet as theel

*Repeat Symphony.*

O Marion's a bonnie lass,  
And the blythe blink's in her e'e;  
And fain wad I marry Marion,  
Gin Marion wad marry me.  
  
There's brave lads in Earsnlaw, Marion,  
Wha gape, and glow'r wi' their e'e,  
At kirk, when they see my Marion;  
But nae o' them loe's like me.  
  
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

And ye'se get a green sey apron,  
And waistcoat o' the London brown.  
And wow but ye will be vap'rin'  
Whene'er ye gang to the town.  
  
I'm young an' 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.  
  
Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,  
And kyrtle o' the cramasie;  
And soon as the sun's down, my Marion,  
I shall come west, and see ye.

# My Mother bids me Bind my Hair.

*Allegretto.*

COMPOSED BY HAYDN.

My mo - ther bids me  
bind my hair With bands of ro - sy hue, Tie  
up my sleeves with rib - - bons rare, And lace my bod - dice

blae; Tie up my sleeves with rib - bons

rare, And lace, and lace, my bod - dice blue.

"For why," she cries, "sit still and weep, While

o - thers dance and play?" A-

p las! I scarce can go or creep, While Lu -- bin is a-

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key signature of two sharps, and G major. The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, the piano accompaniment in bass F-clef, and the bassoon part in bass F-clef. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, with 'way.' appearing at the beginning of each verse, 'A - las!' preceding the first line of the melody, and 'Lu - - bin is a - way.' appearing in the middle of the second staff. The piano part includes a dynamic instruction 'f' (fortissimo) and a bassoon part that begins in the middle of the third staff.

way.  
A - las! I scarce can go or creep, While  
Lu - - bin is a - way. While Lu - - bin is a -  
way, is a - way, is a - way.

'Tis sad to think the days are gone,  
When those we love were near;  
I sit upon this mossy stone,  
And sigh when none can hear.  
And while I spin my flaxen thread,  
And sing my simple lay,  
The village seems asleep or dead,  
Now Lubin is away.

# Ye Friendly Stars that rule the Night.

WORDS BY TANNAHILL.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

Cheerily.

Ye friend - ly stars that rule the night, And hail my glad re - turn - ing, Ye  
 nev - er shone so sweet - ly bright, Since gay Saint Pat - rick's morn - ing. My  
 life hung hea - vy on my mind, Des - pair sat brood - ing o'er me; Now

## YE FRIENDLY STARS THAT RULE THE NIGHT

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The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the voice (soprano) in G major, 2/4 time. The middle staff is for the piano right hand. The bottom staff is for the piano left hand. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line.

all my cares are full behind, And joy is full be - fore me. Gam - ba O - ra,

Gam - ba O - ra, How my heart ap - proves me! Gam - ba O - - ra,

Gam - ba O - ra, Cath-lien owns she loves me!

Were all the flow'ry pastures mine,  
 That deck fair Limerick county,  
 That wealth, dear Cathlien, should be thine,  
 And all should share our bounty.  
 But fortune's gifts I value not,  
 Nor grandeur's highest station;  
 I would not change my happy lot  
 For all the Irish nation.  
 Gamba Oru, &c.

# O'er the Water to Charlie.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Lively.*

Come, boat me o'er, come, row me o'er, Come, boat me o'er to Char - lie; I'll  
give John Ross an - o-ther baw - bee, To boat me o'er to Char - - lie.  
We'll o'er the wa-ter, we'll o'er the sea, Well o'er the wa-ter to Char - lie; Come

weel, come woe, we'll ga-ther and go, And live or die wi' Charlie. 8va.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,  
Though some there be abhor him;  
But oh, to see auld nick gaun hame,  
And Charlie's faes before him.  
We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,  
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;  
Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,  
And live or die wi' Charlie.

I swear and vow, by moon and stars,  
And sun that shines so early,  
If I had twenty thousand lives,  
I'd die as aft for Charlie.  
We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,  
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;  
Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,  
And live or die wi' Charlie.

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# The Moonlight Invitation.

WORDS FROM "BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE."

MUSIC BY J. C. KEISER.

*Andantino e Legatissimo.*

The bird is in her nest, and the stars are in the sky, And the  
sleeping fields are blest with the moon's soft eye. Then come, my sweet Ma - ry, with  
bless - ings to me, to me, Then come, my sweet Ma - ry, with bless - ings to  
me. How tranquil all a - bove, how tran - quil is the earth, Like a

*calando.*      *pp*

*slentando.*

*colla voce.*

child in heaven's love crad-ed sweetly from its birth. O come, dearest Ma - ry, with

blessings to me, with blessings to me, O come, dear-est Ma - ry, with bless - ings to me.

How stil - ly sounds the sea, of

rallentando.

toll and labours o'er, And the waves so mad and free, now calmly seek the shore. Then

come, my sweet Ma - ry, with bless-ings to me, to me, Then come, my sweet Ma - ry, with

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time and G major. The top staff is for the soprano voice, the middle staff for the alto or tenor, and the bottom staff for the bass. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, with rests and dynamic markings like f (fortissimo), pp (pianissimo), and rallentando. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, appearing below the vocal parts. The first section of lyrics is: "child in heaven's love crad-ed sweetly from its birth. O come, dearest Ma - ry, with blessings to me, with blessings to me, O come, dear-est Ma - ry, with bless - ings to me." The second section begins with "How stil - ly sounds the sea, of" followed by a dynamic marking "rallentando." The third section continues with "toll and labours o'er, And the waves so mad and free, now calmly seek the shore. Then" and ends with "come, my sweet Ma - ry, with bless-ings to me, to me, Then come, my sweet Ma - ry, with". The bass staff provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords.

bless - ings to me. There is no waking eye, there is no list'ning ear, All  
creatures sleep-ing lie, all is ours far and near. O come, dearest Ma - ry, with  
blessings to me, with blessings to me, O come, dear-est Ma - ry, with bless - ings to me.  
*ad lib.*

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top two staves are for voices (Soprano and Alto/Tenor) and the bottom two are for piano. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal parts enter at different times, with the piano providing harmonic support. The vocal entries correspond to the lyrics: "bless - ings to me", "There is no waking eye", "All creatures sleep-ing lie", "O come, dearest Ma - ry, with", "blessings to me, with blessings to me", and "O come, dear-est Ma - ry, with". The piano part includes dynamic markings like *tres.*, *f*, and *ff*, and a section labeled *ad lib.* The score concludes with a final piano cadence.

## Here Awa', there Awa'.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our partin';  
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e;  
 Welcome now, summer, and welcome, my Willie;  
 The summer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers!  
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!  
 Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!  
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But, oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,  
 Flow still between us, thou wide roarin' main!  
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,  
 But, dyin', believe that my Willie's my ain!

# Abenging and Bright.

FROM "MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES."

*Boldly.*

A - veng - ing and

bright fall the swift sword of E - rin, On him, who the brave sons of

Us - na be - tray'd! For ev' - ry fond eye which he wak - en'd a  
espress.

tear in, A drop from his heart - wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

By the red cloud which hung over Conor's dark dwelling,  
 When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore;  
 By the billows of war which, so often high swelling,  
 Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore!

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,  
 The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,  
 Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,  
 Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,  
 Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;  
 Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes and affections,  
 Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

# Kiss me Quick, and Go.

COMPOSED BY F. BUCKLEY.

*Allegretto moderato.*

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

The o-ther night while I was sparkling Sweet Turlina

Spray, The more we whisper'd our lovetalking, The more we had to say; The old folks and the lit - tie folks We  
Sva.

cres.  
thought were fast in bed,— We heard a footstep on the stairs, And what d'ye think she said? "O! kiss me quick and  
Sva.

go, my honey, Kiss me quick and go! To cheat surprise and prying eyes, Why, kiss me quick and go."

CHORUS.

Kiss me quick and go, my hon-ey, Kiss me quick and go; To  
 Kiss me quick and go, my hon-ey, Kiss me quick and go; To  
 cheat sur-prise and pry-ing eyes, Why, kiss me quick and go.  
 cheat sur-prise and pry-ing eyes, Why, kiss me quick and go.

Soon after that I gave my love  
 A moonlight promenade;  
 At last we fetch'd up to the door,  
 Just where the old folks stay'd;  
 The clock struck twelve, her heart struck two (too),  
 And, peeping overhead,  
 We saw a night-cap raise the blind,  
 And what d'y'e think she said?  
 "O kiss me quick and go," &c.

One Sunday night we sat together,  
 Sighing side by side,  
 Just like two wilted leaves of cabbage  
 In the sunshine fried;  
 My heart with love was nigh to split  
 To ask her for to wed,  
 Said I: shall I go for the priest,  
 And what d'y'e think she said?  
 "O kiss me quick and go," &c.

# Bow Weel, my Boatie, Bow Weel.

COMPOSED BY R. A. SMITH.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIKSER.

*Andante.*

Row

weel, my boatie, row weel, Row weel, my merry men a', For there's

dooland there's wae in Glen - fio - rich's bow'r's, And there's grief in my fa - ther's ha'.

*animated.*

And the skiff it danc'd light on the merry wee waves. And it flew o'er the wa-ter sae blue, And the

*Leggiero e staccato.*

p

Slowr.

wind it blew light, and the moon it shone bright, But the boatie ne'er reach'd Allan - dhu. O -  
8va. loco.

Slower.

hon! for fair El-len, o - hon! O - - hon! for the pride of Strath - coe! In the

*p p* expressivo.

deep, deep sea, In the salt, salt bree, Lord Reoch, thy El-len lies low.

## Good News from Home.

MUSIC BY P. S. GILMORE.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Moderato.*

Good news from home, good news for me, Has come a - cross the deep blue sea, From friends that  
No father's near to guide me now, No mother's tear to soothe my brow, No sis - ter's

I have left in tears, From friends that I've not seen for years; And since we part - ed long a -  
voice falls on mine ear, Nor brother's smile to give me cheer: But tho' I wan - der far a -

go, My life has been a scene of woe, But now a joy - ful hour has come, For I have  
way, My heart is full of joy to - day, For friends a - cross the ocean's foam, Have sent to

heard good news from home: Good news from home, good news for me, Has come a - cross the deep blue  
me good news from home: Good news from home, good news for me, Has come a - cross the deep blue

ritard.

sea, From friends that I have left in tears, From friends that I've not seen for years.  
sea, From friends that I have left in tears, From friends that I've not seen for years.

ritard.

## CHORUS.

*f*

Good news from home, good news for me, Has come a - cross the deep blue  
*f*  
Good news from home, good news for me, Has come a - cross the deep blue  
*f*

*f*

ritard.

sea, From friends that I have left in tears, From friends that I've not seen for years.  
sea, From friends that I have left in tears, From friends that I've not seen for years.

colla voce.

# Dear Harp of my Country.

FROM "MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES."

*With feeling.*

Dear Harp of my coun - try! in

dark - ness I found thee, The cold chain of si - lence had hung o'er thee long, When

proud - ly, my own is - land harp! I un - bound thee, And gave all thy chords to light,

free-dom, and song! The warm lay of love and the light note of glad-ness Have

wak-en'd thy fond - est, thy live - li - est thrill; But so oft hast thou e - chô'd the

*lentando.*

deep sigh of sad - ness, That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

*espress.*

Dear harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,  
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;  
 Go,—sleep, with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,  
 Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.  
 If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,  
 Have throb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;  
 I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,  
 And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own!

# The Bonnie House o' Airlie.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIDNER.

*Andante.*

*p*

*mf*

It fell on a day, a bonnie summerday, When the corn grew green and yel - low, That

*p*

there fell out a great dis - puts Be - tween Ar - gyle and Air - ly. The

Duke o' Montrose has written to Argyle To come in the morn - ing ear - ly, An'

*Leggiero.*

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff uses a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written in a mix of regular and bold text below the notes.

The lady look'd o'er her window sae hie,  
And, oh! but she look'd weary,  
And there she espied the great Argyle  
Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airly.

"Come down, come down, Lady Margaret," he says,  
"Come down and kiss me fairly,  
Or before the morning clear day-light,  
I'll no leave a standing stane in Airly."

"I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,  
I wadna kiss thee fairly,  
I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,  
Gin you shouldna leave a standing stane in Airly."

He has ta'en her by the middle sae sma'  
Says, "Lady, where is your drary?"  
"It's up and down the bonnie burn side,  
Amang the planting of Airly."

They sought it up, they sought it down,  
They sought it late and early,  
And found it in the bonnie balm-tree,  
That shines on the bowling-green o' Airly

He has taen her by the left shoulder,  
And, oh! but she grar sailry,  
And led her down to yon green bank,  
Till he plunder'd the bonnie house o' Airly.

"O! it's I ha'e seven braw sons," she says,  
"And the youngest ne'er saw his daddie,  
And although I had as mony mae,  
I wad gi'e them a' to Charlie.

"But gin my good lord had been at hame,  
As this night he is wi' Charlie,  
There durst na a Campbell in a' the west  
Ha'e plunder'd the bonnie house o' Airly."

# Sheelah in Sorrow.

WORDS BY ALEXANDER LAING.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Moderato.*

"I cannot be happy,  
Oh! how can I be?  
My father's so cruel  
To mother and me.  
She gave me some trifles,  
And what did he say?  
She would sure give me all  
Ere she got me away."

"Oh! Sheelah, my jewel,  
Be good as you're fair;  
They are ailing and old,  
They have little to spare;  
We are healthy and young;  
We are loving and true,  
And their blessing is all  
That I wish for with thee."

# The Merry Months of Spring.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LENTY.

COMPOSED BY S. W. NEW.

*Moderato.*

*mf*

cres.

The mer - ry months are nigh,— The

mer - ry months of spring, When sun - beams gild the sky, And

woods with mu - sic ring. The mer - ry months are nigh,— The

mer - ry months of spring, When sun - beams gild the sky, And

woods with mu - sic ring; When fra - grance fills each breeze, That

plays round trel - lis'd bow'rs, Or re - vels mid the trees, To

p kiss the new - born flow'rs. These mer - ry months are nigh,— These

mer - ry months of spring, When sun - beams gild the sky, And

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time and G major. The top staff features a soprano vocal line with lyrics: "woods with mu - sic ring. The mer - ry months are nigh,— The". The middle staff contains a harmonic bass line. The bottom staff contains a harmonic bass line. The lyrics continue on the second page of the music.

mer - ry months of spring. . . . . > >  
colla voce.

cres. f p rall.

The merry months are nigh,—  
The merry months of spring,  
When nature charms each eye,  
And bids the poet sing  
When earth around is fair  
And joy to all imparts,  
And sunshine drives despair  
From once desponding hearts;  
These merry months are nigh,  
These merry months of spring,  
When sunbeams gild the sky,  
And woods with music ring;  
The merry months are nigh—  
The merry months of spring.

# Lesbia has a Beaming Eye.

FROM "MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES."

*With lightness and expression.*

The music is composed for two voices, indicated by two staves. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef and common time (indicated by a '8'). The bottom staff uses an alto F-clef and common time. The lyrics are written below the notes, corresponding to the melody. The first section of lyrics is: "Les - bia has a beam - ing eye, But no one knows for whom it beam - eth; Right and left its arrows fly, But." The second section starts with "what they aim at no one dream - eth! Sweeter 'tis to gaze up - on My No - ra's lid, that sel - dom ris - es; Few her looks, but ev' - ry one, Like un - ex-pect-ed light sur-pris-es!" The music concludes with a final section of notes.

espress.

Les - bia has a beam - ing eye, But  
no one knows for whom it beam - eth; Right and left its arrows fly, But.  
what they aim at no one dream - eth! Sweeter 'tis to gaze up - on My No - ra's lid, that  
sel - dom ris - es; Few her looks, but ev' - ry one, Like un - ex-pect-ed light sur-pris-es!

Oh, my No - ra Crei - na dear! My gentle, bash-ful No - ra Crei - na! Beauty lies In many eyes, But  
love in yours, my No - ra Crei - na!

espress.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,  
But all so close the nymph has lae'd it,  
Not a charm of beauty's mould  
Presumes to stay where nature plac'd it!  
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,  
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,  
Leaving ev'ry beauty free  
To sink or swell as heaven pleases!  
Yes, my Nora Creina dear!  
My simple, graceful Nora Creina!  
Nature's dress  
Is loveliness,  
The dress you wear, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia has a wit refin'd,  
But, when its points are gleaming round us,  
Who can tell if they're design'd  
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?  
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,  
In safer slumber love reposes;—  
Bed of peace! whose roughest part  
Is but the crumpling of the roses!  
Oh, my Nora Creina dear!  
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!  
Wit, though bright,  
Has not the light  
That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!

# Gloomy Winter's now Awa.

WRITTEN BY TANNAHILL.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Andante con moto.*

The musical score consists of two staves of piano music. The top staff uses a treble clef (G clef) and the bottom staff uses a bass clef (F clef). The music is in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The score includes lyrics in parentheses below the notes:

(Gloo-my win-ter's now a-wa, Saft the west-lin' breez-es blaw,  
'Mang the birk's o' Stanley shaw, The ma-vis sings fu'-cheer-ie, O. Sweet the craw flow'r's ear-ly bell,  
Decks Glenif-fer's dew-y dell, Blooming like thy bon-nies sel', My young, my art-less dear-ie, O.)

Come, my las-sie, let us stray  
O'er Glenkillock's sunny brae,  
Blythely spend the gowden day 'Midst  
joys that ne- ver wearie, O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,  
Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds;  
Siller saughs wi' downy buds,  
Adorn the banks see briery, O.

Round the sylvan fairy nooks,  
Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks,  
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,  
And ilka thing is cheerie, O.

Trees may bud, and birds may sing,  
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,  
Joy to me they canna bring,  
Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

# The Old Folks are Gone.

MUSIC BY G. F. WURZEL.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KISSEK.

*Moderato.*

The musical score consists of eight staves of music for two voices (Soprano and Alto) and piano. The key signature is one flat, and the time signature varies between common time and 6/8. The vocal parts are in soprano and alto voices. The piano part provides harmonic support and includes basso continuo lines. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the vocal staves.

Far, far in many lands I've wander'd, Sad - ly and lone, My heart was ever turning southward,

To all the dear ones at home; Here after all my weary roaming, At ear - ly dawn,

I've come and found the cot still standing, But, oh! the old folks are gone. Here I wander sad and lone-ly,

In the dear old home, Those that I lov'd so well and fondly, All, all the old folks are gone.

## CHORUS.

Here I wan - der sad and lone - ly, In the dear old home,  
 Here I wan - der sad and lone - ly, In the dear old home,

Those that I lov'd so well and fond - ly, All, all the old folks are gone.  
 Those that I lov'd so well and fond - ly, All, all the old folks are gone.

Here's where I frolick'd with my brother,  
 Under the tree,  
 Here's where I knelt beside my mother,  
 From care and sorrow free;  
 Still sing the little birds as sweetly,  
 At night and morn,  
 Still runs the little brook so fleetly,  
 But, oh! the old folks are gone.  
 Here I wander, &c.

Down where the old banana's waving,  
 They're laid to rest,  
 Where Swanee's peaceful waters laving,  
 The green turf o'er their breast;  
 But there's a home, I know, where parting  
 Never can come,  
 Oh, for that home I must be starting,  
 There's where the old folks are gone.  
 Here I wander, &c.

# It is thine Eye.

WORDS AND MELODY BY J. ADAIR.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Moderato.*

The musical score consists of eight staves of music. The first two staves begin with a dynamic of *f*. The third staff begins with *cres.*, followed by *dim.* The fourth staff begins with *f*. The vocal line starts with "Oh! dost thou know, or canst thou tell," followed by "Dear - est Ro - si - na! How thou o'er me holdst such a spell, Love - ly Ro - si - na?" Then it asks "Is it thy beau - ty? fair thou art! Is it thy good-ness? pure's thy heart! Ah". The music includes various dynamics like *f*, *p*, *mp*, and *cres.*, and performance markings like *dim.* and slurs.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the Soprano, the middle for the Alto, and the bottom for the Bass. The piano accompaniment is in the basso continuo style, indicated by the bass clef and the bass staff. The score includes dynamic markings such as *p*, *f*, *cres.*, *decres.*, *rall.*, *pp a tempo.*, and *dim.*. The vocal parts sing in three-part harmony, with the soprano often taking the lead in melodic lines.

I love to gaze within its depths,  
Dearest Rosina!  
And 'neath its glance my poor heart leaps  
In startled joy, Rosina!  
Now op'ning full its flashes vie  
With those that fall from mid-day sky,  
Now from its half-closed curtain, sly,  
It shov'r's its sparks, Rosina!  
Ah! 'tis thine eye, thy soft blue eye,  
Brighter than the azure sky;  
To it the starry gems on high  
Must second rank, Rosina!

And wilt thou say to me, I'm thine,  
Dearest Rosina?  
For me alone will those eyes shine  
With lustrous light, Rosina?  
With such bright beams on life's track  
No joy or blessing shall I lack,  
Care's hideous form shall start aback  
From 'neath their blaze, Rosina!  
Ah! then, those eyes, those soft blue eyes,  
Brighter than the azure skies,  
Shall make this world a paradise,  
And thou'l be queen, Rosina!

## Alice Lee.

H. S. THOMPSON.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Andante.*

On a cliff by the sea there stands a cot - tage, Lonely beneath the lo-cust tree, And 'twas  
 there liv'd the fisher's lovely daugh - ter, Gentle, loving, fai-ry A - lice Lee.  
 Moan ye winds of summer ey - ning, O'er the rolling, e-ver restless sea; While I  
 mourn for my lov'done, lost for e - - ver, Gentle, loving, fai-ry A-llice Lee.

**CHORUS.**

Moan ye winds of summer ev - 'ning, O'er the rolling, e-ver restless sea, While I  
Moan ye winds of summer ev - 'ning, O'er the rolling, e-ver restless sea, While I

mourn for my lov'd one lost for e - - - ver, Gentle, loving, fai-ry A-lie Lee.  
mourn for my lov'd one lost for e - - - ver, Gentle, loving, fai-ry A-lie Lee.

**P**

When the dim ev'ning shadows were approaching,  
I'd hie me to the cottage by the sea,  
And there list to the old man's tales of ocean,  
And gaze on loving, fairy Alice Lee.  
Moan ye winds, &c.

With her soft hand within his hard palm resting,  
And gently leaning on his bended knee,  
While her bright eyes were upward sweetly gazing,  
She seem'd an angel, fairy Alice Lee.  
Moan ye winds, &c.

Now, at night, by the rock-bound shore I wander,—  
And fancy that the fisher's boat I see,  
Sinking slowly beneath the dark blue waters  
With him, and loving, fairy Alice Lee.  
Moan ye winds, &c.

But one night when the stormy winds were blowing,  
Across the wild and foamlit moaning sea,  
To the cot 'neath the locust tree I hurried  
To sit once more with fairy Alice Lee.  
Moan ye winds, &c.

All was dark in the fisher's lonely cottage  
No answer to my call came back to me,  
For the thin arms of ocean had entwin'd them—  
The father and his fairy Alice Lee.  
Moan ye winds, &c.

# O Love will venture in.

WRITTEN BY BURNS.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Andante.*

O love will venture in where it daur-na weel be seen;



love will venture in where wisdom ance has been; But I will doun yon



ri - ver rove, a - mang the woods sae green, And a' to pu' a po - sie to my





The primrose I will pu', the firstlin' o' the year;  
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;  
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer:—  
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the buddin' rose, when Phoebus peeps in view,  
For its like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';  
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchangin' blue:—  
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,  
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;  
The daisy's for simplicity, of unaffected air:—  
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,  
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;  
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take away:—  
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'enin' star is near,  
And the diamond-draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear;  
The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear:—  
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love,  
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by n' above,  
That to my latest breath o' life the band shall ne'er removo —  
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

# When in Death I shall calm recline.

FROM "MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES."

*With Feeling and Gaiety.*

Musical score for the first section of the song, featuring two staves. The top staff is for the voice and the bottom staff is for the piano. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time (indicated by '8'). The vocal line consists of eighth-note patterns. The piano accompaniment features eighth-note chords and sixteenth-note patterns. A dynamic marking 'mf' (mezzo-forte) is placed above the piano staff.

Musical score for the second section of the song, featuring two staves. The top staff is for the voice and the bottom staff is for the piano. The key signature changes to A major (no sharps or flats). The vocal line continues with eighth-note patterns. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords. The lyrics are: "When in death I shall calm re-cline, O bear my heart to my mis-tress dear;"

Musical score for the third section of the song, featuring two staves. The top staff is for the voice and the bottom staff is for the piano. The key signature changes to F major (one sharp). The vocal line consists of eighth-note patterns. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords. The lyrics are: "Tell her it liv'd up-on smiles, and wine Of the bright-est hue, while it lin-ger'd here;"

Musical score for the fourth section of the song, featuring two staves. The top staff is for the voice and the bottom staff is for the piano. The key signature changes to C major (no sharps or flats). The vocal line consists of eighth-note patterns. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords. The lyrics are: "Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow To sul-y a heart so brilliant and light; But"

balm - y drops from the red grape bower, To bathe the re - lic from morn till night.

*mf*

When the light of my song is o'er,  
 Then take my harp to your ancient hall;  
 Hang it up at that friendly door  
 Where weary travellers love to call:  
 Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,  
 Revive its soft note in passing along;  
 Oh! let one thought of its master waken  
 Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,  
 To grace your revel when I'm at rest;  
 Never, oh ! never, its balm bestowing  
 On lips that beauty hath seldom blest!  
 But when some warm devoted lover  
 To her he adores shall bathe its brim,  
 Oh! then my spirit around shall hover,  
 And hallow each drop that foams for him.

---

# The Wood-Pecker.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS MOORE.

COMPOSED BY MICHAEL KELLY.

*Amoroso.*

*I knew by the smoke, which so gracefully curl'd A-*

*bove the green elms, that a cottage was near; And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world, A*

*heart that was humble might hope for it here! The heart that was humble might hope for it here!" Ev'-ry'*

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, mostly in G minor (indicated by a 'b' in the key signature) with some sections in F major (no sharps or flats). The vocal part (Soprano) has lyrics in parentheses. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and rhythmic patterns. The vocal line includes eighth-note and sixteenth-note figures, while the piano uses eighth-note chords and sustained notes.

leaf was at rest, And I heard not a sound But the wood-pecker tapping the  
 hollow beech-tree. Ev'-ry leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound, Ev'ry leaf was at rest, and I  
 heard not a sound But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree, But the woodpecker tapping the  
 hollow beech-tree, But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.  
*8va.*

*loco*

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips  
 In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,  
 And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,  
 Which ne'er had been sigh'd on by any but mine  
 Ev'ry leaf was at rest, &c.

"And here, in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,  
 "With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,  
 Who would blush when I praise'd her, and weep if I blam'd.  
 How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!"  
 Ev'ry leaf was at rest, &c.

# The Gloamin' Hour.

WRITTEN BY JAMES BALLANTINE.

MUSIC BY J. C. KISER.

*Andante moderato.*

Cantabile. Ped. \* scherzando.

The

wee freckl-ed cluds ower the blue lift are roam - in', The waves rip - ple

Ped.

light ripple light ower the sea, And the pear - ly man - tie o'

crescendo.

dark grey gloam - in' Fa's silk - en - ly saft a - cound me;  
 diminuendo. *p* pp ritard.

*Allegretto e leggiero.*  
 And wow but my heart dances bound-in' and licht, And my bo - som beats blythesome and  
 chee - ry, When I see the black locks o' the paw - ky-ee'd nicht, When I  
 sva. . .

*p*  
*crescendo.*  
 see the black locks o' the paw - ky-ee'd nicht, When I see the black locks o' the  
 sva. . .

*crescendo.*  
 paw - ky-ee'd nicht, That sae kind - ly haps me and my dear - ie, That sae  
 sva. . . loco.  
 sva. . . loco.

Your birdies an' bardies may warble and sing,  
 And praise the bricht glories o' day,  
 But lovers, true lovers, can do nae sic thing,  
 For they weary till daylight's away;  
 Then in the lone glen, whaur there's naething to start.  
 Oh, 'tis sweet when there's naebody near ye,  
 An' naething is heard but the beat o' your heart,  
 Echoed back by the heart o' your dearie.

O love! thou canst licht up the darkness o' nicht,  
 Thou canst brichtien the mirkest hour;  
 And the heaven o' bliss, in a stown modest kiss,  
 Brings sunshine when dark shadows lower.  
 Then let him wha complains o' life's troubles and pains  
 And feels himself dowie an' eerie,  
 Gae down the lane glen, and let naebody ken  
 But himself an' his ain lovin' dearie!

# She is Far from the Land.

FROM "MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES."

*With melancholy expression.*

She is far from the land where her young he-ro sleeps, And lovers are round her  
 sigh - ing; But cold - ly she turns from their gaze, and weeps, For her heart in his grave is  
 ly - ing!

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,  
 Ev'ry note which he lov'd awaking.—  
 Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,  
 How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,  
 They were all that to life had entwin'd him.—  
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
 Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest.  
 When they promise a glorious morrow;  
 They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,  
 From her own lov'd island of sorrow!

# My Dear, my Native Home.

J. R. THOMAS.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Andante affetuoso.*

Though I be - beneath a southern sky A kind - ly welcome meet, Or nor -thern snow - clad  
 mountains high Sup - port my wea - ry feet, Dear na-tive land, all thoughts of thee Pur-  
 sue wher-e'er I roam, And, oh! I long, I long to see My dear, my na - tive home.

Could I my roving steps retrace  
 To thee, far distant shore,  
 And rest me in my native place,  
 I ne'er would wander more;  
 Not all the wealth this world can boast,  
 Should tempt me then to roam,  
 For all this heart now values most  
 Surrounds my native home.

# Oh! Blame not the Bard.

## DUET FOR TREBLE AND TENOR.

FROM "MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES."

*With expression.*

Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bow'r Where  
 Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bow'r Where  
 ple - sure lies care-less-ly smil - ing at fame; He was born for much more, and, in  
 ple - sure lies care-less-ly smil - ing at fame; He was born for much more, and, in

hap - pi - er hours, His soul might have burn'd with a ho - li - er flame,  
 hap - pi - er hours, His soul might have burn'd with a ho - li - er flame.

The string which now lan - guish - es loose on the lyre, Might have  
 The string which now lan - guish - es loose on the lyre, Might have

bent a proud bow to the war - - - ri - or's dart; And the  
 bent a proud bow to the war - - - ri - or's dart; And the

lip that now breathes but the song of de - sire Might have pour'd the full tide of the  
 lip that now breathes but the song of de - sire Might have pour'd the full tide of the

But, alas for his country! her pride is gone by,  
 And that spirit is broken which never would bend:  
 O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,  
 For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend!  
 Unprized are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray,  
 Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires:  
 And the torch that would light them through dignity's way  
 Must be caught from the pile where their country expires!

Then blame not the bard, if, in pleasure's soft dream,  
 He should try to forget what he never can heal!  
 Oh I give but a hope—let a vista but gleam  
 Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!  
 That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down  
 Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored;  
 While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,  
 Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.

But, though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,  
 Thy name, loved Erin! shall live in his songs;  
 Not ev'n in the hour when his heart is most gay  
 Will he loose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs!  
 The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;  
 The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,  
 Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,  
 Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

# The Moonlit Sea.

J. R. THOMAS.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Moderato.*

8va.

Oh come, love, with me, O'er the bright moon - lit sea, No long - er de -  
lay, love, I'm wait - ing for thee; The winds are all hush'd, not a cloud's in the  
sky, And the moon in her beau - ty is beam-ing on high, I'll sing thee soft

lays while I sit by thy side, As o'er the still wa-ters we si - lent ly

glide. . . Then come, love, with me, O'er the bright moonlit sea, No long - er de-

lay, love, I'm wait-ing for thee. Sva.

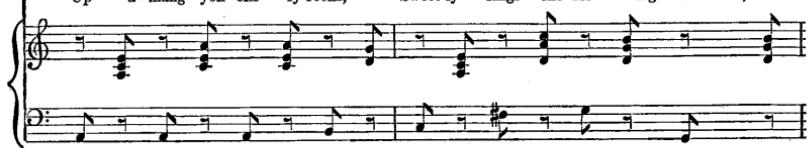
Come, away love, away,  
Oh, why dost thou stay?  
 'Tis love's witching hour, love, oh, haste thee, I pray;  
 Above and below, all is calm and serene,  
 It wants but thy presence to perfect the scene;  
 My bosom is burning with eager delight,  
 To gaze on thy beauty, thou queen of the night.  
 Then come, love, with me,  
 O'er the bright moonlit sea,  
 No longer delay, love,  
 I'm waiting for thee.

# Up amang yon Cliffy Rocks.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Andante con espress.*

Up a-mang yon clif - fy rocks, Sweet-ly rings the ris - ing e - cho,



To the maid that tends the goats, Lilt-ing o'er her na - tive notes.



Hark! she sings, "Young San - dy's kind, An' he's promis'd aye to lo'e me;



Here's a brotch I ne'er shall tine, 'Till he's fair - ly mar - ried to me;

Drive a - wa, ye drone, time, And bring a-bout our bri - dal day.

" Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,  
After does he blow the whistle  
In a strain sae safty sweet,  
Lammies list'ning dare nae bleat.  
He's as fleet's the mountain roe,  
Hardy as the highland heather,  
Wading thro' the winter snow,  
Keeping aye his flocks thegither.  
But a plaid wi' bare knees  
He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

" Brawly he can dance and sing,  
Canty glee or highland cronach ;  
None can ever match his fling  
At a reel or round a ring :  
Wightly can he wield a rung ;  
In a brawl he's aye the bangster ;  
A' his praise can ne'er be sung  
By the langest winded sangster :  
Songs that sing o' Sandy  
Seem short, tho' they were e'er sae lang."

# Ellen Bayne.

S. C. FOSTER.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Ardante con espress.*

Soft be thy slumbers, Rude cares de-

part, Vi - sions in num - bers, Cheer thy young heart. Dream on while bright hours And

fond hopes re - main, Bloom - ing like smiling bow'rs For thee, El-len Bayne. Gentle slumbers

o'er thee glide, Dreams of beauty round thee bide, While I lin-ger by thy side, Sweet El-len Bayne.

## CHORUS.

Gen - tie slum - bers o'er thee glide, Dreams of beau - ty round thee bide,

Gen - tie slum - bers o'er thee glide, Dreams of beau - ty round thee bide,

While I lin - ger by thy side, Sweet El - len Bayne.

While I lin - ger by thy side, Sweet El - len Bayne.

Dream not in anguish,  
Dream not in fear,  
Love shall not languish,  
Fond ones are near.  
Sleeping or waking,  
In pleasure or pain,  
Warm hearts will beat for thee,  
Sweet Ellen Bayne.  
Gentle slumbers, &c.

Scenes that have vanish'd,  
Smile on thee now,  
Pleasures once banish'd,  
Play round thy brow;  
Forms long departed,  
Greet thee again,  
Soothing thy dreaming heart,  
Sweet Ellen Bayne.  
Gentle slumbers, &c.

# The Cruiskeen Lawn.

IRISH AIR.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*With Spirit.*

Let the farmer praise his grounds, Let the huntsman praise his hounds, And the  
shepherd his dew-scented lawn; But I more blest than they, Spend each  
happy night and day, With my charming little cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn, O! My smiling lit-tle cruis-keen

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is for voice and piano, and the bottom staff is for piano. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

lawn. Slanthu gal ma - vourneen, Augus gra-ma - cou - lin, Gramachree ma cruis - keen lawn, lawn,  
8va. loco.

The second section of lyrics is:

lawn, O! Gra - machree ma cruis - keen lawn.

Immortal and divine, great Bacchus, god of wine!  
Create me, by adoption, thy son;  
In hopes that you'll comply, that my glass shall ne'er run dry,  
Nor my smiling little cruiskeen lawn.  
Slanthu gal mavourneen, &c.

And when grim death appears, after few but happy years,  
To tell me my glass it has run,  
I'll say, begone, you knave, for great Bacchus gave me leave  
To take another cruiskeen lawn.  
Slanthu gal mavourneen, &c.

Then fill your glasses high, let's not part with lips adry,  
Though the lark now proclaims it is dawn :  
And since we can't remain, may we shortly meet again,  
To fill another cruiskeen lawn.  
Slanthu gal mavourneen, &c.

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# Sally in our Alley.

HENRY CAREY.

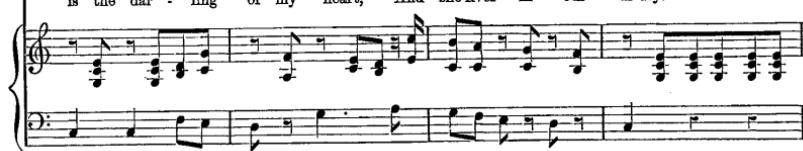
ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Cheerfully.*

Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pret - ty Sally; She



is the dar - ling of my heart, And she lives in our al-ley. There's



ne'er a la - - dy in the land That's half so sweet as Sally; She



The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is for the voice, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The lyrics "is the dar - ling of my heart, And she lives in our al - ley." are written below the notes. The lower staff is for the piano, starting with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It features a continuous pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,  
And through the streets does cry 'em ;  
Her mother she sells laces small,  
To such as please to buy them ;  
But sure such folks could never have  
So sweet a girl as Sally.  
She is the darling, &c.

Of all the days that's in the week,  
I dearly love but one day,  
And that's the day that comes between  
A Saturday and Monday ;  
For then I'm drest all in my best,  
To walk abroad with Sally.  
She is the darling, &c.

When Christmas comes about again,  
Oh ! then I shall have money,  
I'll hoard it up, and, box and all,  
I'll give it to my honey :  
And would it were ten thousand pound !  
I'd give it all to Sally.  
She is the darling, &c.

# The Auld Beggar Man.

WRITTEN BY JAMES BALLANTINE.

MUSIC BY J. C. KISER.

*Cheerfully.*

8va.

The auld cripple beggar cam jump - in', jump - in',

Hech how the bo-die was stumpin', stumpin', His wee wooden leggie was thump - in', thump - in',

Saw ye e'er sic a queer auld man? An' aye he hirpled and hoast - it, hoast - it,

By permission of JAMES BALLANTINE, Esq.

Aye he stampit his fit, and he boast-it, Il - ka wo-man and maid he ac - cost - it,-

Saw ye e'er sic a queer auld man?

The auld wives cam hirplin' in scores frae the clachan,  
The young wives cam rinnin', a' gigglin' an' laughin',  
The bairnies cam toddlin', a' jinkin' an' daffin',  
An' pookit the poocks o' the queer auld man.  
Out cam the young widows a' blinkin' fu' meekly,  
Out cam the young lassies a' smirkin' fu' sweetly,  
Out cam the auld maidens a' bobbin' discreetly,  
An' gat a sree smack frae the queer auld man.

Out cam the big blacksmith, a' smikit and duddy,  
Out cam the fat butcher, a' greasy an' bluidy,  
Out cam the auld cartwright, the wee drucken bodie,  
An' swore they would flangher the queer auld man.  
Out cam the lang weaver, wi' his biggest shuttle,  
Out cam the short nab, wi' his sharp cutty whittle,  
Out cam the young herd, wi' a big tattie beetle,  
An' swore they would devel the queer auld man.

The beggar he coost aff his wee wooden peg,  
An' he shaw'd them a brawny an' sturdy leg,  
I wat but the carle was strappin' and gleg;—  
Saw ye e'er sic a stieve auld man?  
He thumpit the blacksmith hame to his wife;  
He dumpit the butcher, wha ran for his life;  
He chased the wee wright wi' the butcher's sharp knife;—  
Saw ye e'er sic a brave auld man?

He puff'd on the weaver, he ran to his loom;  
He shankit the nab hame to cobble his shoon;  
He skeipt the herd, on his bog-reed to croon.—  
Saw ye e'er sic a stuffy auld man?  
The wives o' the toun then a' gather'd about him,  
An' loundly an' blithely the bairnies did shout him,  
They hooted the loons wha had threaten'd to clout him;  
Kenn'd ye e'er sic a lucky auld man?

# Our Own Laughing Nell.

R. PERCY.

*Moderato.*

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

Down by the bab - bing brook 'Mid dales and bloom-ing bow'rs, Liv'd in a lit - tle nook, The  
 sweet - est of all flow'rs Sing-ing all the day, Hap-py and so gay,  
 Was the lit - tle belle, Our own laugh-ing Nell. Sing-ing all the day,  
 Hap - py and so gay, Was the lit - tle belle, Our own laugh-ing Nell.

## CHORUS.

Sing - ing all the day, Hap - py and so gay,  
 Sing - ing all the day, Hap - py and so gay,

Was the lit - tle belle, Our own laugh - ing Nell.  
 Was the lit - tle belle, Our own laugh - ing Nell.

Her eyes as bright and clear,  
 As stars in summer night,  
 Her smile as sweet and clear,  
 As sun in May-day bright,  
 Singing all the day, &c.

But May-day bright, and summer,  
 Are going soon to rest,  
 And winter sings to slumber,  
 The children we love best,  
 Singing all the day, &c.

Sleeping in the vale below,  
 Lies our lovely belle,  
 Under stone and winter snow,  
 Rests our darling Nell.  
 Singing all the day, &c.

# Saw ye my Wee Thing.

WRITTEN BY HECTOR MACNEIL.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Andante con espress.*

A musical score for piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves in G major, 8/8 time. The vocal part is in G major, 8/8 time. The vocal line begins with a melodic line featuring eighth-note patterns and sixteenth-note figures.

Saw ye my wee thing? Saw ye mine ain thing? Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?

The vocal line continues with a melodic line featuring eighth-note patterns and sixteenth-note figures. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained chords and rhythmic patterns.

Cross'd she the meadow yes - treeen at the gloamin'? Sought she the burn-ie whar flow'rs the haw-tree?

The vocal line continues with a melodic line featuring eighth-note patterns and sixteenth-note figures. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained chords and rhythmic patterns.

Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white; Dark is the blue o' her

The vocal line concludes with a melodic line featuring eighth-note patterns and sixteenth-note figures. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained chords and rhythmic patterns.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, key signature of one sharp. The top staff features a soprano vocal line with lyrics: "soft rolling e'e; Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than ros - es; Whar could my wee thing wan - der frae me?". The bottom staff provides harmonic support with a basso continuo line.

I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,  
 Nor saw I your true love down on you lea ;  
 But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloamin',  
 Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw-tree.  
 Her hair it was lint-white ; her skin it was milk-white ;  
 Dark was the blue o' her soft-rolling e'e ;  
 Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses :  
 Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.

It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,  
 It was na my true love ye met by the tree ;  
 Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature,  
 She never lo'ed onis till ance she lo'd me.  
 Her name it is Mary ; she's frae Castle-Cary :—  
 Aft has she sat, when a bairn on my knee :—  
 Fair as your face is, w'er't fifty times fairer,  
 Young braggart, she ne'er would gi'e kisses to thee.

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 ga'e to me.  
 Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,  
 Wild flash'd the fir frae his red rolling e'e !—  
 Ye's rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorning ;  
 Defend ye, fause trator ! fu' loudly ye lie.

Awa' wi' beguiling, cried the youth, smiling :—  
 Aff went the bonnet ; the lint-white locks flec :  
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing.  
 Fair stood the loved 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, forgi'e me ; your heart's constant to me ;  
 I'll never mair wander, my true love, frae thee !

# Oh, Erin, my Country!

WRITTEN BY D. WEIR.

IRISH AIR.

*Cheerfully.*

Oh, E - rin, my country! for - get for a - while The

tears which thy children have shed o'er thy woes; For a light seems to break round the em-er-ald isle, And

o - ver the o - cean how sweetly it glows! The dark robe of night Is fring'd with light, And the

whirlwind is hush'd, and the storms are a-way; No more we de-spair, For hope is there; And,

oh, my dear country! tho' darkness hang o'er thee, How fondly we gaze on the promising ray; No

more will the isles of the ocean deplore thee, For the sunburst of freedom will come with the day.

Then, children of Erin, remember no more  
The hearts that have wrong'd you—forgive and forget;  
For the dove with the branch is in search of your shore,  
Then bless the hour when your isle it has met.  
On the wings of love,  
That peaceful dove  
Hath wearied its pinions far far o'er the wave;  
Ere morning smile,  
'Twill reach your isle;  
And, then, my dear country, no more will you hear  
The sighs of your children, the groans of the brave;  
Your hopes will grow bright, and the bow will appear,  
As the olive waves green o'er the patriot's grave.

# ① Charlie is my Darling.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*With Spirit.*

*Sva.*

O Charlie is my dar - ling, My

dar - ling, my dar - ling; O Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young Che - va - lier!

Twas on a Mon - day morn - ing, Right ear - ly in the year, When

Char - lie came to our town, The young Che - va - lier, . O

Charlie is my dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling, O Char-lie is my dar - ling, The  
young Che - va - lier!

As he came marching up the street,  
The pipes play'd loud and clear;  
And a' the folks came rinnin' out  
To meet the Chevalier.  
O Charlie, &c.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,  
And claymores bright and clear,  
They came to fight for Scotland's right,  
And the young Chevalier.  
O Charlie, &c.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,  
Their wives and bairnies dear,  
To draw the Sword for Scotland's lord.  
The young Chevalier.  
O Charlie, &c.

Oh there were mony beating heart,  
And mony hopes and fears;  
And mony were the prayers put up  
For the young Chevalier.  
O Charlie, &c.

# The Bonnie Blue Forget-me-not.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS LYLE.

IRISH AIR.

*Moderato.*

(*f*)

How bonnie is the glen in the greenwood shaw, Where the wild roses bloom, and the breezes blow, Thro' the sunny summer dells When the woodland music swells, O'er the li - ly and the bonnie blue for-get-me-not.

(*p*)

O tell me a flow'r, in the garden or wild,  
So modest, and so peerless, as summer's fair child;

Not a brighter floweret blows—

Even the blush celestial rose,  
Must yield to the bonnie blue forget-me-not.

By the cross-cover'd fountain, where its sparkling waters run,  
Thy azure star with golden breast is smiling to the sun,

While the violets that bloom

Round the fane at beauty's tomb,  
Are gemm'd with the bonnie blue forget-me-not.

Dearest emblem of friendship, thou beauty of the grove,  
Thy pale blue eye, like my Laura's, beams with love;  
And when Laura courts the shade,  
Whisper softly to the maid,  
That thy name, lovely flow'r, is forget-me-not.

# Light as Thistle Down Moving.

FROM THE OPERA OF "ROSINA."—COMPOSED BY SHIELD.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Allegro.*

*mf leggiero.*

Light as this - tle down mov - ing, Which floats on the air, Sweet  
gra - titude's debt To this cot - tage I bear. Light as this - tle down mov - ing, Which  
floats on the air, Sweet gra - titude's debt To this cot - tage I bear. Of  
Sva.

Au - tumn's rich store I bring home my part, The weight on my head, But gay  
 joy in my heart. . . . . Light as  
 thistle down moving, Which floats on the air, Sweet gra - ti - tude's debt To this  
 cot - tage I bear. Of Au - tumn's rich store . . . . . I  
 bring home my part, . . . . . The weight on my head. . . . . But gay

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor/Bass) and piano. The music is in common time, key signature of two sharps (F major). The vocal parts are in soprano, alto, and tenor/bass. The piano part is at the bottom, featuring bass and harmonic chords. The lyrics are:

joy in my heart. . . . The weight on my head, But gay  
joy in my heart. The weight on my head, But gay joy in my heart. Gay  
joy in my heart, Gay joy in my heart.

The piano part includes dynamic markings *f* and *ff*.

## Erim go Bragh.

WRITTEN BY CAMPBELL.

*Andante.*

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

There came to the beach a poor ex - ile of E - rin, The dew on his thin robe was  
 hea - vy and chill; For his coun - try he sigh'd, when at twi - light re - pair - ing To  
 wan - der a - lone by the wind - beaten hill. But the day - star at - trac - ted his  
 eye's sad de - vo - tion, For it rose o'er his own na-tive isle of the o - cean, Where

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff features a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line: "once in the fire of his youth-ful e - mo - tion He sung the bold an - them of" followed by a piano accompaniment. The bottom staff features a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. It continues the piano accompaniment. The vocal line resumes with "E - rin - go-bragh!" followed by another piano section.

Oh sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,  
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,  
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
A home and a country remain not for me.  
Ah ! never again in the green shady bowers,  
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours,  
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,  
And strike the sweet numbers of Erin-go-Bragh !

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

Where is the cabin door, fast by the wild wood ?  
Sisters and sire, did you weep for its fall ?  
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood ?  
And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all ?  
Ah, my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure,  
Why didst thou doat on a fast-fading treasure ?  
Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure,  
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

But yet, all its fond recollections suppressing,  
One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw,  
Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,  
Land of my forefathers—Erin-go-Bragh !  
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,  
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,  
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion.  
Erin mavourneen. Erin-go-Bragh !

# My Boy, Tammy.

WRITTEN BY HECTOR MACNEIL.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIDSEL.

*Moderato.*

Whar' hae ye been a' day,

My boy, Tammy? An' whar' hae ye been a day, My boy, Tammy? I've

been by burn and flow - 'ry brae, Mea - dow green, and moun - tain grey,

Court - in' o' this young thing, Just come frae her mam - my.



An' whar' gat ye that young thing,  
My boy, Tammy?  
I gat her down in yonder howe,  
Smiling on a broomy knowe,  
Hherding ae wee lamb and ewe,  
For her puir mammy.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn.  
My boy, Tammy?  
I praised her een, sae lovely blue,  
Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou';—  
An' pree'd it aft, as ye may trow!—  
She said, she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beatin' heart,  
My young, my smilin' lammie!  
I ha'e a house, it cost me dear,  
I've walth o' plenishin' an' gear;  
Ye'se get it a', wer't ten times mair,  
Gin ye will leave your mammy.

The smile gaed aff her bonnie face—  
I manna leave my mammy.  
She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claes,  
She's been my comfort a' my days:—  
My father's death brought monie waes!—  
I canna leave my mammy.

We'll tak her hame, an' mak' her fain,  
My ain kind-hearted lammie.  
We'll gi'e her meat, we'll gi'e her claes,  
We'll be her comfort a' her days.  
The wee thing gi'es her hand, an' says—  
There! gang and ask my mammy.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,  
My boy, Tammy?  
She has been to the kirk wi' me,  
An' the tear was in her e'e;  
For O! she's but a young thing,  
Just come frae her mammy.

# Farewell my Lilly Dear.

S. C. FOSTER.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Moderato.*

The sheet music consists of ten staves of musical notation for voice and piano. The vocal line starts with a melodic line in 2/4 time, followed by lyrics in 4/4 time, and then returns to 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support throughout. The lyrics describe a person leaving their loved one, mentioning 'Old massa sends me roaming' and 'Farewell for ever'. The music concludes with a final verse where the singer asks the listener not to weep for them.

Oh, Lilly dear! it grieves me The tale I have to tell, Old massa sends me roamin - ing, So,

Lilly, fare you well. Oh, fare you well, my true love, Fare-well, old Ten - ne-

see, Then let me weep for you, love, But do not weep for me. Farewell for ever, To

old Ten-ne-see, Fare - well, my Lil - ly dear, Don't weep for me!

## CHORUS.

Fare - well for ev - er to old Te - nes - see; Fare - well my

Fare - well for ev - er to old Te - nes - see; Fare - well my

Lil - ly dear, Don't weep for me. Fare - well, Fare - well.

Lil - ly dear, Don't weep for me. Fare - well, Fare - well.

I's 'guine to roam the wide world,  
In lands I've never hood,  
With nothing but my banjo  
To cheer me on the road ;  
For when I'm sad and weary,  
I'll make the banjo play,  
To mind me of my true love,  
When I am far away.  
Farewell for ever, &c

I wake up in the morning,  
And walk out on the farm ;  
Oh, Lilly am a darling,  
She take me by the arm.  
We wander through the clover,  
Down by the river side ;  
I tell her that I love her,  
And she must be my bride.  
Farewell for ever, &c.

Oh ! Lilly dear, 'tis mournful  
To leave you here alone ;  
You'll smile before I leave you,  
And weep when I am gone.  
The sun can never shine, love,  
So bright for you and me ;  
As when I work'd beside you,  
In good old Tennessee.  
Farewell for evr. &c.

# The Autumn Dirge.

WRITTEN BY J. RUMLEY.

MUSIC BY J. C. KIESER.

*Mournfully.*

Hark ! the gent - ly murmur'ring breeze, Faint - ly whisp'ring through the trees,



Scat - ters round the with - er'd leaves, Now fal - ling fast, Now fal - ling fast.



See ! the dew - drop - na-ture's tear, Sad - ly weeps the



clos - ing year; So - ber au-tumn, brown and sear, Is come at last, Is  
come at last.

rall.

Mark the symptoms of decay  
O'er the flaunting leafy spray  
Bear its glories all away,  
That once have been.  
Peaceful sets the weary sun  
At evening, when his race is run,  
And flings his mournful beams upon  
The dying scene.

Laughing summer's revel's o'er;  
Gather'd home is autumn's store;  
Wild flow'r's gay are found no more  
To weave the wreath.  
Summer's birds now take their flight;  
The evenings, pure, and calm, and bright,  
Sink in the damp and dewy night—  
The damp of death!

# O might I but my Patrick love.

IRISH AIR

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*With simplicity.*

O might I but my Pat - rick love ! My mother chides se - vere-ly, And tells me I must wretched prove, Be-

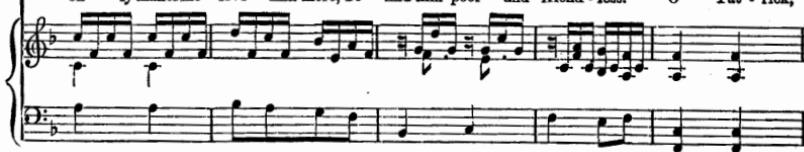


cause I love him dear - ly. In vain she rates me o'er and o'er, With les-sons cold and end - less, Which

8va.



on - ly makes me love him more, To find him poor and friend - less. O Pat - rick,



The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics for this section are: "fly from me, Or we are lost for e - ver! O for - tune, kind - er prove, Nor". The bottom staff uses a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics for this section are: "thus two lov - ers se - ver!". The music includes various dynamics like forte and piano, and performance markings like slurs and grace notes.

And then my Patrick says to me,  
 In truth he has not riches ;  
 That true love is but seldom prized  
 By those whom gold bewitches.  
 He tells me he enough can earn,  
 And that I need not fear it,  
 That scanty stores should serve his turn,  
 If I would only share it.  
 O Patrick, fly from me, &c.

He tells me when the bosom's warm,  
 We mock the storm that's blowing ;  
 That honest hearts need fear no harm,  
 Though hard the world is going,  
 He tells me—but ah, me ! I fear  
 I will from duty falter ;—  
 I wish he could as soon persuade  
 The mother—as the daughter,  
 O Patrick, fly from me, &c.

# Wha wadna fecht for Charlie?

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*With Spirit.*

Musical score for the second system. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in common time (C) and treble clef, with a vocal entry marked '8va.'. The middle staff is in common time (C) and treble clef, showing a harmonic progression. The bottom staff is in common time (C) and bass clef. The lyrics 'Wha wad-na fecht for Charlie? Wha wad-na draw the sword?' are written below the top staff.

Musical score for the third system. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in common time (C) and treble clef. The middle staff is in common time (C) and treble clef. The bottom staff is in common time (C) and bass clef. The lyrics 'Wha wad-na up and ral-ly At the roy-al Prince's word? Think on Sco-tia's an-cient he-roes,' are written below the top staff.

Musical score for the fourth system. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in common time (C) and treble clef. The middle staff is in common time (C) and treble clef. The bottom staff is in common time (C) and bass clef. The lyrics 'Think on fo-reign foes repell'd, Think on glorious Bruce and Wallace, Who the proud usurpers quell'd.' are written below the top staff.

Wha wad-na fecht for Charlie? Wha wad-na draw the sword? Wha wad-na up and ral-ly  
 At the roy - al Prince's word.

8va.

Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!  
 Rouse, ye heroes of the north!  
 Rouse, and join your chieftains' banners—  
 'Tis your Prince that leads you forth!  
 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, &c.

See the northern clans advancing!  
 See Glengarry and Lochiel!  
 See the brandish'd broadswords glancing!—  
 Highland hearts are true as steel!  
 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, &c.

# Home, Sweet Home.

SICILIAN AIR.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*With expression.*

'Mid pleas - ures and pa - la - ces, Though we may  
roam, Be it e - ver so hum - ble, there's no place like  
home. A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, That seek through the  
8va . . .

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major (two sharps) and common time. The top staff is for the voice, the middle staff is for the piano right hand, and the bottom staff is for the piano left hand. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line. The first section of lyrics is: "world is ne'er met with else - where. Home, home, sweet, sweet". An instruction "8va." is placed above the vocal line. The second section of lyrics is: "home, There's no place like home, There's no place like home". The piano parts provide harmonic support with chords and rhythmic patterns.

An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain,  
 O give me my lowly built cottage again,  
 The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,  
 But give me the peace of mind dearer than all.  
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

# The Bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.

WRITTEN BY SCOTT.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*With Spirit.*  
8va.

To the Lords of Con-ven-tion 'twas Cla - verhouse spoke, Ere the king's crown go down there are

crowns to be broke; Then each ca - va - lier who loves honour and me, Lethim follow the bonnets o'

bonnie Dun-dee. Come fill up my cup, Come fill up my can, Come sad - dile my hor - sea and

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,  
 The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat,  
 But the provost (douce man) said, "Just e'en let it be,  
 For the town is weel rid o' that deil o' Dundee."  
 Come fill up my cup, &c.

There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth ;  
 If there's lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north ;  
 There are brave Duinhewassels three thousand times three,  
 Will cry "Hey for the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee."  
 Come fill up my cup, &c.

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,  
 Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch with the fox ;  
 And tremble, false whigs, in the midst o' your glee,  
 Ye ha'e no' seen the last o' my bonnets and me.  
 Come fill up my cup, &c.

# If the World were Unkind.

WRITTEN BY D. WEIR.

*With expression.*

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

If the world were un-kind and its smiles prov'd un-true, Wouldst thou, my dear Ma - ry, re -

mem-ber me then? Might this heart that is thine turn in sor - row to you, And

breathe from thy kindness a joy out of pain?

For the love that can smile when the morning is clear,  
Yet will frown when a cloud o'er its brightness may stray  
Is as false as the hopes which at noon disappear,  
When we look'd for their promise to shine on our way.

But oh ! I have known thee, dear maid of my heart,  
From the first of our loves till thin moment the same ;  
And found thee unchanged, even now as thou art,  
Though the cloud of misfortune o'ershadows my name.

# Saw ye Johnnie Comin'?

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

Saw ye Johnnie comin'? quo' she, Saw ye Johnnie comin'? Saw ye Johnnie comin'? quo' she, Saw ye Johnnie comin'? Wi'

his blue bon - net on his head, and his dog - gie rin - nin'; Wi' his blue bon - net on his head,

And his dog-gie rinnin'? quo she, And his doggie rin - nin'?

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
 Fee him, father, fee him;  
 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,  
 Gaees wi' me when I see him,  
 Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, quo' he.  
 What will I do wi' him?  
 He's ne'er a sark upon his back—  
 And I ha'e nane to gie' him.  
 I ha'e twa sarks into my kist,  
 And aye o' them I'll gie' him;  
 And for a merk o' mair fee  
 Dinna stand wi' him, quo she,  
 Dinna stand wi' him.

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 fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
 Fee him, father, fee him;  
 He'll hand the plough, thrash in the barn,  
 And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,  
 And crack wi' me at e'en.

# Marion Lee.

H. S. THOMPSON.

*Andante.*

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

Come to me, love, for here I am waiting, Sad - ly and lone by the dark rolling  
 sea; Cold winds are blowing, and strange voi - ces moaning, And fast flow the tears of thy  
 Ma - ri-on Lee. Oh why dost thou tarry so long on the o - cean? My poor heart is  
 breaking in sorrow for thee! Come to me, love, for here I am waiting, And

fast flow the tears of thy Ma - ri-on Lee! Ma - ri-on Lee,

Ma - ri - on Lee, Ne - ver a - gain shall his bark ride the bil - low; Peace-ful he

sleeps where the sea-flow'rs are blooming, And mermaids are watching his bright co-ral pil - low.

## CHORUS.

Ma - ri - on Lee, Ma - ri - on Lee, Ne - ver a - gain shall his

Ma - ri - on Lee, Ma - ri - on Lee, Ne - ver a - gain shall his

Ma - ri - on Lee, Ma - ri - on Lee, Ne - ver a - gain shall his

bark ride the bil - low, Peace - ful he sleeps, where the sea - flow'rs are  
**p**

bark ride the bil - low, Peace - ful he sleeps, where the sea - flow'rs are  
**p**

blooming, And mer-maids are watch-ing his bright co - ral pil - low.  
**p**

blooming, And mer-maids are watch-ing his bright co - ral pil - low.

Long have I watch'd through the night's gloomy shadows,  
 Gazing far out o'er the dark rolling sea;  
 Striving in vain, through the mists that are hovering,  
 To catch but one glance of thy proud bark and thee.  
 Oh why dost thou tarry so long on the ocean?  
 My poor heart is breaking in sorrow for thee!  
 Come to me love, for here I am waiting,  
 And fast flow the tears of thy Marion Lee.  
 Marion Lee, &c.

# Smiles and Tears.

COMPOSED BY CHARLES DIBBIN.

*Allegretto.*

The

weather, the land, and all those that dwell in it, Like our minds, that are chequer'd by

hopes and by fears, In ra - pid suc - ces - sion change ev - e - ry mi - nute,—A

constant ro - ta - tion of smiles and of tears,— A con - stant ro - ta - tion of

smiles and of tears. But the smiles and the tears, the same  
 mo - tive re - veal - ing, Though op-po-site, si - mi - lar pas - sions ex - cite;— The  
 smiles and the tears, the same mo-tive re - veal-ing, Though op - po - site, si - mi - lar  
 pas-sions ex - cite; One the off-spring of boun-ty, the o - ther of feel - ing, Take  
 dif - fer - ent tracks to the road of de - light,— One the off - spring of boun - ty the

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major, 2/4 time. The top staff features a soprano vocal line with lyrics: "o - ther of feel - ing, Take dif - fer - ent tracks to the". The middle staff contains a piano accompaniment with bass notes. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. The lyrics "road of de - light." appear below the first staff. The music concludes with a final piano cadence.

When pants the parch'd earth, as its wounds require healing,  
 For the show'r to put forward fresh blossoms and leaves,  
 Nature, parent to all, with affectionate feeling,  
 Beningly sheds tears as its wants she relieves:  
 And when kindly refresh'd, as new beauties are springing,  
 And the sun in rich smiles glads the gratified sight,  
 Thankful birds on the glistening verdure are singing,  
 And the smiles and the tears expand equal delight.

And so, 'twixt friend and friend; when a heart-wounding sorrow  
 Resolution o'ercomes, and sinks deep in the mind,  
 From the tears of a friend flatt'ring comfort we borrow,  
 For the motive's sincere, and the action is kind:  
 Nor when friendship's warm efforts o'ercome the vexation,  
 Do our smiles, how'er grateful, more pleasure excite;  
 For they both have their source in the same sweet sensation,  
 And convey to the mind the same gen'rous delight.

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# The Beam on the Streamlet was Playing.

IRISH AIR.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*With expression.*

The beam on the streamlet was play-ing, The dew-drop still hung on the thorn, When a  
 bloom-ing young cou-ple were straying, To taste the mild fra-grance of morn.  
 He sigh'd as he breath'd forth his ditty, And she felt her breast sweetly glow; Oh,

The musical score is presented in two staves. The upper staff uses a treble clef and is in G major. It contains a vocal line with lyrics: "look on your lov - er with pi-ty, Ma co - leen dhas croo-the na moe." The lower staff uses a bass clef and is in D minor. It provides harmonic support with a continuous series of chords.

Whilst green is yon bank's mossy pillow,  
Or ev'ning shall weep the soft tear;  
Or the streamlet shall steal 'neath the willow,  
So long shall thy image be dear.  
O fly to these arms for protection,  
If pierc'd by the arrows of woe;  
Then smile on my tender affection,  
Ma coleen dhas croothe na moe.

He sigh'd as his ditty was ended,  
Her heart was too full to reply;  
Oh! joy and compassion were blended,  
To light the mild beam of her eye.  
He kiss'd her soft hand, "What above thee  
Could Heav'n in its kindness bestow?"  
He kiss'd her sweet cheek, O I love thee,  
Ma coleen dhas croothe na moe.

# Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane.

WRITTEN BY TANNAHILL.

COMPOSED BY R. A. SMITH.

The sun has gone down o'er the lof - ty Ben - lo-mond, And left the red clouds to pre-side o'er the scene, While  
 lone - ly I stray in the calm simmer gloamin', To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane. How  
 sweet is the brier wi' its saft fauldin' blossom! And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green; Yet

sweet - er and fair - er, and dear to this bo-som, Is love-ly young Jes - sie, the  
 flower o' Dun-blane. Is love - ly young Jes-sie, Is love - ly young Jes-sie, Is  
 lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

She's modest as onie, and blythe as she's bonnie ;  
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain :  
 And far be the villain, divestit o' feeling,  
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dunblane.  
 Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the ev'ning,  
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen ;  
 See dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,  
 Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie !  
 The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain ;  
 I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,  
 Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.  
 Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,  
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,  
 And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,  
 If reckon sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

# Lulu is our Darling Pride.

C. JARVIS.

ARRANGED BY J. C. KIESER.

*Allegretto Moderato.*

*p Staccato.*

Lu - lu is our dar - ling pride, Lu - lu bright, Lu - lu gay, Dane - ing light - ly at our side,

All the livelong day. Not a bird that wings the air, Soar - ing to the sun, . . .

Fre - er is from ev' - ry care, Than our dar - ling one. Oh! Lu - lu is our darling pride,

Lu - lu bright, Lu - lu gay— Dane-ing light - ly, at our side, All the live-long day.

## CHORUS.

Oh! Lu - lu is our dar - ling pride, Lu - lu bright, Lu - lu gay -

Oh! Lu - lu is our dar - ling pride, Lu - lu bright, Lu - lu gay -

Danc - ing light - ly at our side, All the live - long day.

Danc - ing light - ly at our side, All the live - long day.

As the flow'rs of early spring,  
Seem more gay, seem more bright,  
As their perfume first they fling  
Fragrant at our feet :  
So tho' others lov'd there be,  
Blooming in our bow'r,  
Lulu wins our hearts, for she  
Is our loveliest flower.  
Oh! Lulu, &c.

When the clouds of trouble come,  
Lulu soothes all our care ;  
Ah ! how dark would be our home,  
Were not Lulu there !  
Lulu, with her sunny smiles,  
Cheering ev'ry heart,  
Till each trouble she beguiles,  
And the clouds depart.  
Oh ! Lulu, &c.

# I'll Aye Remember Thee.

WORDS AND MELODY BY W. MILLAR.

ARRANGED BY JAMES MAY.

*Andante con espress.*

*p dolce.*

*cres.* *f* *p ritard*

Thou'rt far a - way, far from me gone, To me all's dark and  
drear, No spark - ling eye to cheer my soul, Thy voice no more I hear.  
Yet still I see thee in my dreams, Al - though thou'rt far from

*tempo*

*rit.*

>

>

*cres*

>

*p*

*rit.*

How happy was I when I stray'd,  
 When thou wert by my side;  
 I lov'd to list the gentle tones,  
 That from sweet lips did glide.  
 Perhaps no more I'll hear thy voice,  
 Thy form no more may see;  
 Yet, in my breast, my only love,  
 I'll aye remember thee,  
 I'll aye remember thee, love,  
 I'll aye remember thee.

---

# Ay! Sheelah thou'rt my Darling.

WRITTEN BY TANNAHILL.

IRISH AIR.

*Moderato.*

Ah!

Shee - lah, thou'rt my dar - ling, The gol - den im - age of my heart, How  
cheer - less seems this morn - ing, It brings the hour when we must part.  
Though doom'd to cross the o - cean, And face the proud in - sult - ing foe, Thou

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the soprano voice, the middle for the alto, and the bottom for the bass. The music is in common time with a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts. The first section of the song begins with the soprano line:

hast my soul's de - vo - tion My heart is thine wher - e'er I go; Ah! Shee - lah, thou'r't my  
dar - ling, My heart is thine wher - e'er I go.

When toss'd upon the billow,  
And angry tempests round me blow,  
Let not the gloomy willow  
Overshade thy lovely lily brow;  
But mind the seaman's story,  
Sweet William and his charming Sue;  
I'll soon return with glory,  
And, like Sweet William, wed thee too.  
Ah! Sheelah, thou'r't my darling,  
My heart is thine where'er I go.

Think on our days of pleasure,  
While wand'ring by the Shannon side,  
When summer days gave leisure  
To stray amidst their flow'ry pride;  
And while thy faithful lover  
Is far upon the stormy main,  
Think, when the wars are over,  
These golden days shall come again;  
Ah! Sheelah, thou'r't my darling,  
These golden days shall come again.

Farewell, ye lofty mountains,  
Your flow'ry wilds we wont to rove;  
Ye woody glens and fountains,  
The dear retreats of mutual love.  
Alas! we now must sever—  
O! Sheelah, to thy vows be true!  
My heart is thine for ever—  
One fond embrace, and then adieu;  
Ah! Sheelah, thou'r't my darling,  
One fond embrace, and then adieu!

## Logie o' Buchan.

*Slow with expression.*



O Lo - gie o' Buchan, O Lo - gie the laird, They ha'e ta'en a - wa'

Ja - mie that delv'd in the yard, Wha' play'd on the pipe, and the vi - ol sae'

sma'; They ha'e ta'en a - wa' Ja - mie, the flow'r o' them a', He said, Think na lang

las - sie, tthough I gang a - wa'; For I'll come and see thee in  
 spite o' them a'.

Though Sandie has owsen, has gear, and has kye,  
 A house, an' a hadden, an' siller forby,  
 Yet I'd tak' my ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,  
 Before I'd ha'e him, wi' his houses an' land.  
 But simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',  
 An' he'll come an' see me in spite o' them a'.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,  
 They gloom upon Jamie because he is puir :  
 Though I lo'e them as weel as a daughter should do,  
 They are no half so dear to me, Jamie, as you.  
 • He said, Think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa',  
 For I'll come an' see thee in spite o' them a'.

I sit on my creepie, an' spin at my wheel,  
 An' think on the laddie that lo'e me sae weel ;  
 He had but ae saxponce, he bruk it in twa,  
 An' he ga'e me the half o't when he gaed awa',  
 But the simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',  
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, an' bide na awn .

# Dear Mother, I'll come Home Again.

F. WILSON.

ARRANGED BY J. C. RAITT.

*Moderato.*

*p legato.*

Oh! mother dear, I sigh in vain, To live my child-hood o'er again, And see thy clear love-beaming

eye Outshine the stars up in the sky; Oh! mother dear, each sunny ray, That gives such

joy and heav'nly bliss, As by thy knee I used to pray, Or clim'd to steal affection's kiss.

## CHORUS.

Oh! mo-ther dear. I sigh in vain, To live my child - hood o'er a -  
 Oh! mo-ther dear, I sigh in vain, To live my child - hood o'er a -

gain, And see thy clear love-beaming eye. Outshine the stars up in the sky.  
 gain, And see thy clear love-beaming eye Outshine the stars up in the sky.

Oh! mother dear, each early scene,  
 The flow'ry field, and meadow green,  
 As thoughts come back I heave a sigh,  
 And wish for happy days gone by;  
 Long since I left my native shore,  
 But now my heart beats just as then,  
 Though miles of sea between us roar,  
 Dear mother, I'll come home again.

# The Jolly Young Waterman.

COMPOSED BY CHARLES DIBBON.

*Allegretto.*

And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,  
Who at Blackfriar's Bridge used for to ply, And who  
feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity, Winning each heart and delighting each eye. He look'd so neat, and  
row'd so stea-di-ly. The maidens all flock'd in his boat so read-i-ly, And he

ey'd the young rogues with so charming an air, He ey'd the young rogues with so charming an air, That this

water-man ne'er was in want of a fare.

*f colla voce.*

What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,  
 'Twas clean'd out so nice, and so painted withal;  
 He was always first cars when the fine city ladies  
 In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.  
 And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering,  
 But 'twas all one to Tom, their jibing and jeering,  
 For loving or liking he little did care,  
 For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet but to see now how strangely things happen,  
 As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,  
 He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,  
 That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he did fall.  
 And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow  
 He'd wed her to-night, before to-morrow;  
 And how should this waterman ever know care,  
 When he's married and never in want of a fare?

# Within a Mile o' Edinburgh Town.

*Moderato.*

"Twas with -

in a mile of E-din-burgh town, In the ro - sy time of the year; Sweet

flow - ers bloom'd, and the grass was down, And each shepherd woo'd his

dear. Bonnie Jockie, blythe and gay, Kiss'd young Jenny making hay; The

las - sie blush'd, and frowning cried, "Na, na, it winna do; I canna, canna, winna, winna,  
maunna buckle to."

Young Jockie was a wag that never wad wed,  
Though lang he had followed the lass;  
Content'd she earn'd and eat her brown bread,  
And merrily turn'd up the grass.  
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,  
Won her heart right merrily:  
Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried, "Na, na, it winna do;  
I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to,"

But when he vow'd he wad make her his bride,  
Though his flocks and herds were not few,  
She giv'd him her hand and a kiss beside,  
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.  
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,  
Won her heart right merrily;  
At kirk she no more frowning cried, "Na, na, it winna do;  
I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to."

# Go where Glory waits Thee.

FROM "MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES."

*Tenderly.*

The musical score consists of six staves of music for voice and piano. The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass F-clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time (indicated by '4'). The vocal part begins with a melodic line featuring eighth-note patterns and grace notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and rhythmic patterns. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the vocal line at various points. The overall style is lyrical and expressive, as indicated by the performance instruction 'Tenderly'.

Go where glo - ry waits thee; But, while fame e - lates thee, Oh! still re - member me.

When the praise thou meetest, To thine ear is sweetest, Oh! then re - mem - ber

me. O - ther arms may press thee, Dear - er friends ca - ress thee,

All the joys that bless thee Sweet-er far may be; But when friends are near-est,  
 And when joys are dear-est, Oh! then re-member me.

When, at eve, thou rovest,  
 By the star thou lovest,  
 Oh, then remember me.  
 Think, when home returning,  
 Bright we've seen it burning,  
 Oh, thus remember me.  
 Oft, as summer closes,  
 When thine eye reposes  
 On its ling'ring roses,  
 Once so lov'd by thee,  
 Think of her who wove them,  
 Her who made thee love them ;  
 Oh, then remember me.

When around thee, dying,  
 Autumn leaves are lying,  
 Oh, then remember me :  
 And, at night, when gazing  
 On the gay hearth blazing,  
 Oh, still remember me.  
 Then should Music, stealing  
 All the soul of Feeling,  
 To thy heart appealing,  
 Draw one tear from thee ;  
 Then let Mem'ry bring thee  
 Strains I used to sing thee ;  
 Oh, then remember me.

---

# There grows a Bonnie Brier Bush.

*Cheerfully.*

There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard, And white are the blossoms on't in  
 our kail-yard; Like wee bit white cockades, to deck our Highland lads; The  
 las-ses lo'e the bonnie bush in our kail-yard.

But were they a' true that were far awa'?  
 Oh, were they a' true that were far awa'?  
 They drew up wi' glaikit Englishers at Carlisle ha',  
 And forgot auld friends when far awa'.

Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye has been,  
 Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Athol Green,  
 Ye lo'ed our weel the dancing at Carlisle ha',  
 And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa'.

He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me;  
 He's 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 yon be he.

# The Neighb'ring Convent's Bell.

## DUET FOR TREBLE AND TENOR.

FROM THE "PADLOCK," COMPOSED BY DIBDIN.

*Andante con moto.*

(Hark! hark! hark! the neighb'rинг convent's bell Tolls  
 Hark! hark! hark! the neighb'rинг convent's bell Tolls  
 ped \*p ped \* ped  
 8va.  
 the ves-per hour to tell, Tolls the ves-per hour to tell.  
 the ves-per hour to tell, Tolls the ves-per hour to tell.  
 \* ped f \*p ped p  
 8va. 8va. 8va. 8va. 8va. 8va. 8va. 8va.  
 The clock now chimes, the clock now  
 The clock now  
 \*p  
 8va. 8vn. 8vn. 8vn. 8vn. 8vn. 8vn. 8vn.)

chimes, A thou - sand, thou - sand, thousand times farewell! A thou - sand  
 chimes, A thou - sand, thou - sand, thousand times farewell! A thou - sand  
 ped \* ped

8va. 8va. 8va. 8va. 8va. 8va.

thou - sand, thousand times farewell!  
 thou - sand, thousand times farewell!

\* ped

8va. 8va. 8va. 8va. 8va. 8va.

Hark! the neigh'ring convent's bell, Tolls the ves-per hour to tell.  
 Hark! the neigh'ring convent's bell, Tolls the ves-per hour to tell.

\*

ped

8va. 8va. 8va. 8va. 8va. 8va.

The clock now chimes, the clock now chimes, A thou - sand  
 The clock now chimes, A thou - sand

\*

8va. 8va. 8va. 8va. 8va. 8va.

thou-sand, thousand times farewell! The clock now chimes, the clock now chimes, A thou-sand,  
thou-sand, thousand times farewell! The clock now chimes, A thou-sand,

thou-sand, thousand times fare-well! A thou-sand, thou-sand, thou-sand times fare-well!  
thou-sand, thousand times fare-well! A thou-sand, thou-sand, thou-sand times fare-well!

well! A thou-sand, thou-sand, thousand times fare-well!  
well! A thou-sand, thou-sand, thousand times fare-well!

ped \* ped

O mine be a Cottage.

IRISH AIR.

Moderato.

The sheet music consists of four systems of musical notation for voice and piano, set in common time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal line begins with a rest followed by a melodic line. The piano accompaniment features sustained notes and chords. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the vocal line in each system.

**System 1:**

mine be a cot - tage with - in the vale, Where a clear streamlet is flow - ing,

**System 2:**

Whilst a - round the frag - rant gale, Sweet health from its wing is be - stow - ing.

**System 3:**

When mild - ly the hea -vens are beam - ing, And eve's pur - ple tin - ges are

gleam - ing, Oft I'll list the pil - grim's tale, And

strew him a couch for his dream - ing.

Oh ! sweetly the woodbine shall wind along,  
 Blossoms each lattice adorning,  
 Whilst the lark's melodious song  
 Salutes the bright beam of the morning  
 Now, tell me, ye minions of pleasure,  
 As night's lagging moments you measure,  
 Can ye, 'midst the city throng,  
 Bestow on your hearts such a treasure ?

---

# Up in the Morning Early.

*Moderato.*

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with three staves: Treble, Bass, and Organ. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The time signature is common time (indicated by '8'). The tempo is 'Moderato'. The vocal parts (Treble and Bass) sing in unison. The organ part provides harmonic support. The lyrics are as follows:

Cauld  
blaws the wind frae north to south, The drift is drift-ing sair ly; The  
sheep are cow'r-ing in the heugh, O, sirs! its win - ter fair ly.  
Now up in the morn - ing's no for me, Up in the morn - ing

ear - - ly, I'd ra - ther gae sup - per - less to my bed, Than

rise in the morn-ing ear - - ly.

Loud roars the blast amang the woods,  
And tirls the branches barely;  
On hill and house hear how it thuds!  
The frost is nipping sairly.  
Now up in the morning's no for me,  
Up in the morning early;  
To sit a' nicht wad better agree  
Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps owre yon southland hills,  
Like ony timorous carlie.  
Just blinks a wee, then sinks again ;  
And that we find severely.  
Now up in the morning's no for me,  
Up in the morning early;  
When snaw blows in at the chimney choek,  
Wha'd rise in the morning early?

Nae linties lit on hedge or bush ;  
Puir things, they suffer sairly :  
In cauldrie quarters a' the nicht ;  
A' day they feed but sparsely.  
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.

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

# Down by the River.

STORACE.

*Larghetto.*

Down by the ri - ver there

grows a green willow; Sing O! for my true love, my true love O!

I'll weep out the night there, the

bank for my pillow, And all for my true love, my true love, O!

When

mez.

chill blows the wind, and tempests are beat-ing, I'll count all the clouds as I mark them retreat-ing; For  
 p f

true lovers' joys, well-a - day! are as fleeting. Sing all for my true love, my true love, O! For  
 true lov-ers' joys, well-a - day! are as fleeting. Sing O! for my love, Sing O! for my true love, my  
 true love, O!

cres. dim.

Maids come in pity, when I am departed;  
 Sing O! for my true love, my true love, O!  
 When dead on the bank I am found, broken-hearted,  
 And all for my true love, my true love, O!  
 Make, make me a grave, all while the winds howling,  
 Close to the stream, where my tears once were flowing,  
 And over my corse keep the green willow growing; .  
 'Tis all for my love, my true love, O!  
 And over my corse keep the green willow growing;  
 'Tis all for my love,  
 'Tis all for my love, my true love, O!

## Serenade: Good-Morrow.

## DUET.

MOZART.

1ST VOICE.

2D VOICE.

from the wind to please her mind, Notes from the lark I'll bor - row; Bird,  
 bird and thrush, in ev' - ry bush, Stare, lin - net, and blythe spar - row, Ye

prune thy wing, gay warb - lers sing, To give my love good - mor - row! To  
 pret - ty elves, a - mong your - selves, Sing my sweet love good - mor - row! Sing

give my love good-morrow!  
 my sweet love good-morrow!

# The Standing Toast.

COMPOSED BY CHARLES DIBBIN.

Musical score for 'The Standing Toast' in G major, common time. The vocal line begins with eighth-note patterns, followed by sixteenth-note patterns. The dynamic 'mf' is indicated at the start, and 'cres.' is indicated near the end of the section.

Continuation of the musical score. The vocal line continues with eighth-note patterns. The lyrics 'The moon on the ocean was dimm'd by a ripple, Af-ford-ing a chequer'd de-' are written above the notes. The dynamic 'mf' is indicated at the start of the section.

Continuation of the musical score. The vocal line continues with eighth-note patterns. The lyrics 'light; The gay jolly tars pass'd the word for the tip-ple, And the' are written above the notes. The dynamic 'mf' is indicated at the start of the section.

Continuation of the musical score. The vocal line continues with eighth-note patterns. The lyrics 'toast-for 'twas Sa-tur-day night; Some sweet-heart or wife that he lov'd as his life Each' are written above the notes.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is common time. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines. The first section of lyrics is: "drank, while he wish'd he could hail her; But the stand - ing toast that". The second section starts with "pleas'd the most Was The wind that blows, The ship that goes, And the". The third section ends with "lass that loves a sai - lor." The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The piano accompaniment is indicated by the bass and alto staves.

Some drank the king and his brave ships,  
And some the constitution;  
Some, May our foes and all such rips  
Own English resolution!  
That fate might bless some Poll or Bess,  
And that they soon might hail her;  
But the standing toast, &c.

Some drank our queen, and some our land,  
Our glorious land of freedom!  
Some that our tars might never stand  
For heroes brave to lead 'em I  
That beauty in distress might find  
Such friends as ne'er would fail her;  
But the standing toast, &c.

# Thou Bonnie Wood o' Craigie-Lea.

WRITTEN BY TANNAHILL.

COMPOSED BY JAMES BARR.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, G clef, and B-flat key signature. The lyrics are integrated into the melody:

Thou  
bon - nie wood o' Craig - ie - lea, Thou bon - nie wood o' Craig - ie - lea, Near  
thee I pass'd life's ear - ly day, And won my Ma - ry's heart in thee. The  
broom, the brier, the birk - en bush, Bloom bon - nie o'er the flow' - ry lea; And

a' the sweets that ane can wish Frae na-ture's hand are strew'd on thee.

The following stanzas begin at the mark ::

Far ben thy dark green plantings' shade,  
The cushat croodles am'rously;  
The mavis, down thy buighted glade,  
Gars echo ring frae ev'ry tree.  
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Awa', ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,  
Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!  
They'll sing you yet a canty sang,  
Then, O in pity let them be!  
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

When winter blaws in sleety show'rs,  
Frae aff the Norlan hills see hie,  
He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bow'rs,  
As laith to harm a flow'r in thee.  
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Though fate should drag me south the line,  
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,  
The happy hours I'll ever mind,  
That I in youth ha'e spent in thee.  
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

# Oh Hanny, wilt thou gang wi' Me?

WRITTEN BY THOMAS PERCY.

COMPOSED BY THOMAS CARTER.

*Andante.*

The musical score consists of three systems of music, each with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The first system starts with a piano introduction followed by a vocal line. The second system begins with the lyrics "Nan - ny, wilt thou gang wi' me, Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town? Can si - lent glens have". The third system continues with the lyrics "charms for thee, The low-lycot, and rus - set gown? No long - er drest in silk - en sheen, No". The fourth system concludes with the lyrics "long - er deck'd with jew - els rare, Say, can'st thou quit each court - ly scene, Where". The piano accompaniment features sustained notes and chords throughout the piece.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major, common time. The top staff features a soprano vocal line with lyrics: "thou wert fair - est of the fair? Say, canst thou quit, the court-ly scene, Where". The middle staff shows a piano accompaniment with bass and treble clef. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are repeated in the second section: "thou wert fair - est of the fair? Where thou wert fairest, Where thou wert fairest, Where thou wert fair - est of the fair." The piano part includes a dynamic instruction "ff" (fortissimo) at the beginning of the second section.

O, Nanny, when thou'rt far away,  
Wilt thou not cast a look behind?  
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,  
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?  
O, can that soft and gentle mein  
Severest hardships learn to bear,  
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O, Nanny, canst thou love so true,  
Through perils keen wi' me to go?  
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
To share with him the pang of woe?  
And when invading pains befall,  
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,  
Nor wistful those gay scenes re-call,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,  
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?  
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
And wilt thou o'er his much-lov'd clay  
Strew dowers, and drop the tender tear;  
Nor thou regret those scenes so gay,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

# The Birks of Invermay.

*Andante.*



The e'e - nin' sun was glint - in' bright, On  
In - ver - may's sweet glen and stream, The rocks and woods, in

rud - dy licht, Were kyth - in like a fai - ry dream. In

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the soprano voice, the middle staff is for the piano, and the bottom staff is for the bass. The music is in common time and G major. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line. The piano part includes harmonic support and rhythmic patterns.

lov - in' fear I took my gate, To seek the tryst that  
 hap - py day, Wi' bon - nie Ma - ry., young and blate, A -  
 mang the birks o' In - ver - may.

It wasna till the skleint-moon's shine  
 Was glancin' deep in Mary's e'e.  
 That, a' in tears, she said, "I'm thine,  
 And ever will be true to thee!"  
 Ae kiss, the lover's pledge, and then  
 We spak o' a' that lovers say,  
 Syne linger'd hameward through the glen,  
 Amaug the birks o' Invermaya.

# My Mother's Smile.

J. GRAY.

I love to see my mother smile, At  
rall.

ear - ly dawn of day, When birds their mat-in songs be-gin, And all is fresh and

gay. Oh! then I wan - der through the woods, With joy I climb each stile, And

By permission of J. GRAY, Esq.

mother dear is o - ver near, To greet me with a smile, To greet me with a  
rall.

smile.

At noon on high the rolling sun,  
 (Whose power doth all pervade,)  
 Throws kindly o'er our chilly earth,  
 His glory, light, and shade.  
 Oh then we seek the cool retreat,  
 We play and sing awhile;  
 And mother dear, &c.

At close of day the setting sun  
 With twilight fills the sky;  
 And flowerets yield their sweet perfume,  
 Tho' shaded from the eye.  
 Oh then we feel the power divine,  
 We pause and muse awhile;  
 And mother dear, &c.

# Auld Lang Syne.

*Moderato.*

Piano accompaniment (two staves, treble and bass) in common time, key signature of one flat. The vocal part begins with "Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And days o' lang syne."

SOPRANO.

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

ALTO.

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

TENOR.

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

BASS.

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

Piano accompaniment (two staves, treble and bass) in common time, key signature of one flat.

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

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

We twa ha'e paidelt in the burn,  
Frae morning sun till dine;  
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,  
Sin' auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, &c.

And here's a hand my trusty friend,  
And gi'es a hand o' thine;  
And we'll take a richt-gude-willie waught,  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,  
And surely I'll be mine;  
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, &c.

# The Evening Star.

NEUKOMM.

*Andantino.*

How sweet thy mo - dest light to view, Fair star, to love and lov'ers dear! While  
 trembling on the fal - ling dew, Like beau - ty shin - ing through a tear, Like  
 beau - ty shin - ing through a tear.

Or, hanging o'er that mirror-stream,  
 To mark that image trembling there,  
 Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam,  
 To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though, blazing o'er the arch of night,  
 The moon thy timid beams outshine,  
 As far as thine each starry light;—  
 Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours,  
 When twilight lingers on the plain,  
 And whispers to the closing flowers  
 That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland  
 As music, wafts the lover's sigh,  
 And bids the yielding heart expand  
 In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair star! though I be doom'd to prove  
 That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain,  
 Ah, still I feel 'tis sweet to love!  
 But sweeter to be lov'd again.