

1 OVERTURE to JAMIE and BESS or The Laird in Disguise
Composed and adapted as a Lesson for the

HARPSICHORD or PIANO FORTE

BY
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Allegro

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a series of eighth-note chords and sixteenth-note runs. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The second system continues the piece with similar rhythmic patterns in both staves, including some sixteenth-note passages in the treble.

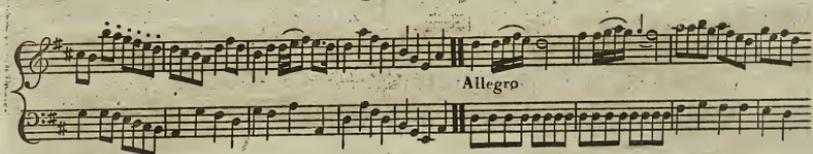
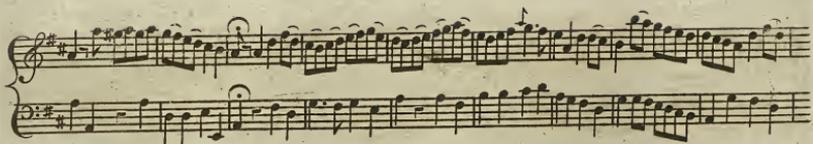
The third system features more complex sixteenth-note figures in the treble staff, while the bass staff maintains a consistent eighth-note accompaniment.

The fourth system includes a section marked "Pia" (Piano) in the treble staff, where the dynamics and articulation change.

The fifth system contains a section marked "For Pia" (For Piano), with intricate sixteenth-note passages in the treble.

Adagio

The sixth system is marked "Adagio" and shows a significant change in tempo and mood. The treble staff features slower-moving sixteenth-note lines, and the bass staff has a more spacious accompaniment.



Pia *For*

Allegretto

Allegro

Pia *For* *Pia* *For*

A handwritten musical score on aged paper, consisting of seven systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The piece is marked "Affetuolo" at the beginning. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and rests. There are several dynamic markings: "Pia" (piano) and "For" (forte) are placed above the bass staff in the fifth system. The sixth system is marked "Allegretto". There are also some handwritten annotations: a "b" above the first staff and an "x" above the second staff. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Affetuolo

Pia For Pia

Allegretto

DUETT sung By M^{RS} SUTHERLAND and M^R NEWBOUND.

In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or The LAIRD in Disguise.

Sym

S: M^{RS} SUTHERLAND.

S: My Si - mon's clear, That's ae thing fear; But it had bet - ter

been, Had he been wife, And ta'en ad - vice, I ne'er sic days had seen.

Some fight - ing said, Tho' they were glad, We're wae ye've tint your lad; 'Tis

hard that he sud take, fore thee, A Sax - pence and cock - ade.

Since first he fled,
The life I've led,
Has been a life of pain;
Some jeer'd me fair,
A' cried nae mair
Will he return again.

M^R NEWBOUND.
Ne'er mind their crack,
Now, I'm come back,
Let inward pining cease:
My folly past
May be the last,
That e'er will brak your peace.

DUETT Song By M^{RS} SUTHERLAND and M^R NEWBOUND.

In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or The LAIRD in Disguise.

M^R NEWBOUND.

Sym. Were't not for Kate's too pow'ful charms, I

lik'd the plaid and highland drefs; But ev'ry thought of war and arms I gladly quit for

M^{RS} SUTHERLAND.

her embrace. O honey'd accents far too sweet. They like enchant-ment to me seem; My

happinefs is too complete Ah! Simon sure I on-ly dream.

To what shall I my blifs compare!
In Simon I have ev'ry wish —

M^R NEWBOUND.

Then, in your blifs let Simon share,
And make him happy with a kiss.

M^{RS} SUTHERLAND.

If kisses gite him such relief,
I have a treasure for his sake,
And never need he taste of grief,
Since, at discretion, he may take.

M^R NEWBOUND.

Far hence be ilk intruding care,
While, thus, I press thee to my breast;
Ten thousand sweets ye have to spare,
And one to me, my Kate's a feast.

M^{RS} SUTHERLAND.

Such kisses as I thus bestow,
I only to my Simon leav;
When sweeter on his lips they grow,
He'll, kindly, pay them back again.

M^R NEWBOUND.

O never can those sweets increase,
Bestow'd like Nature's on the flows'r;
For what ye think my lips possess,
My Katty, only flows frae your's.

M^{RS} SUTHERLAND.

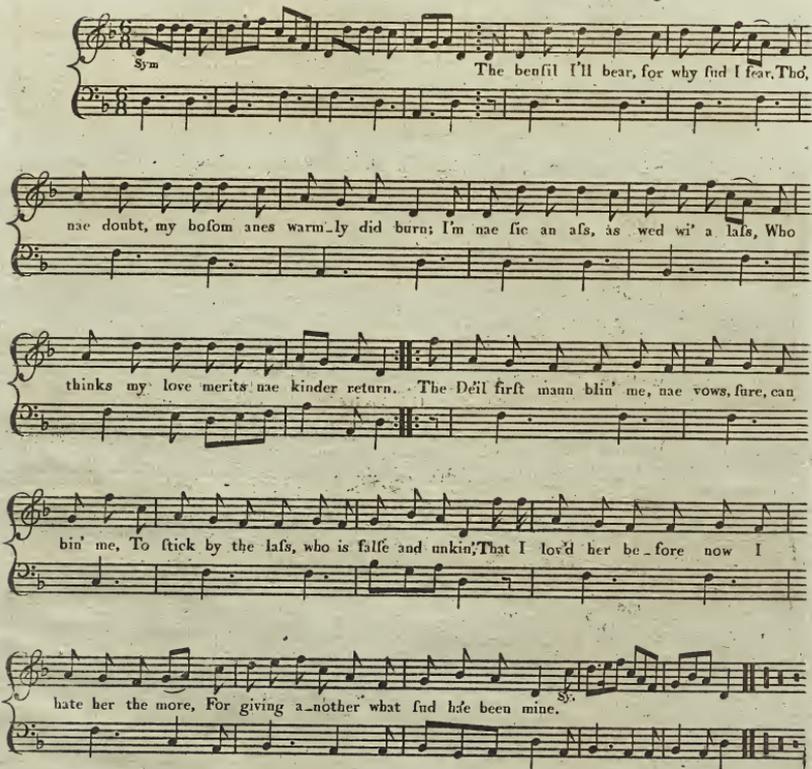
If freely g'ien, with loving heart,
They sweeter be, then, such are mine;
But never can my lips impart
A sweet not far excell'd by thine.

BOTH.

Soon may the happy day appear,
When we may kiss, nor care who ken't;
When greater blifs our hearts will share,
And we embrace without restraint.

Song Sung by M^{RS} TINGRY.

In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or The Laird in Disguise.



The benfil I'll bear, for why sud I fear, Tho'
 nae doubt, my bosom anes warm-ly did burn; I'm nae sic an afs, as wed wi' a lafs, Who
 thinks my love merits nae kinder return. The Deil first mann bliu' me, nae vows, sure, can
 bin' me, To stick by the lafs, who is fallc and unkin', That I lov'd her be-fore now I
 hate her the more, For giving a-nother what sud hae been mine.

It's my part to flight her, and his, sure, to right her,
 And, as he best can, he may do it himsell;
 I'd hae my throat nicked, ere I were sic tricked,
 Or the world, on me, gat sic stories to tell.

Had she constant prov'd, I still would have lov'd,
 But, that it is otherwise, I'm nae to blame;
 I scorn the Beauty, who kensna her duty,
 And wishes to play me so cunning a game.

Song Sung by M^r SUTHERLAND.

In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or The Laird in Disguise.

Sym

Thro'

Beggar's garb and doubt let mean The gentle man will still be seen; Whilst

Prince-ly robes are void of art; To hide a mean and fard id heart. Dis-

-cerning eyes will soon per-ceive The man of hon-our from the

knave How-ev-er much dis-guis'd they seem, They still e-mit some

na-tive beam.

Sym

Song Sung By M^{RS} SUTHERLAND.

In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS, or The Laird in Disguise.

Sym My Si - mon's come

back, and my cares are all o - ver; He twear by his Kate he'll nae

mair be a ro - ver, But strive what he can still to add to her pleasure, What

lafs, but wad think such a lad is a treasure. But strive what he can still to

add to her pleasure, What lafs but wad think such a lad is a treasure. Sym

Tho' late, in his absence, I pin'd and lamented,
 Now, he's safe return'd, my heart is contented;
 The pleasure, I have in this day's happy meeting,
 Repays me for a' my past sobbing and greeting.

Ane mair now, delighted, I view the green fields,
 And taste a' the sweets which kind Nature still yields;
 Nae langer sic beauties are irksome to me,
 Altho' they remind me, dear Simon, of thee.

Flow on then, sweet river, your murmurs now please me,
 Nae langer, in vain, will ye strive, now, to ease me;
 Tho' late on your banks I sat sighing and mourning,
 Nae mair, now, I sigh for my Simon's returning.

Song Sung By M^{RS} HAMILTON.

10

In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or The Laird in Disguise.

Sym

met my dear Jamie re- turning to day, And with him retir'd to yon grove: Where with

Sy

pleasure, I heard what the youth had to say, For all his discourse was of love.

Sy

With pleasure heard all the youth had to say Sy For

all his discourse was of love. With pleasure I heard what the youth had to say, For all his dis-

Sy

-course was of love.

So warmly he pres'd, that ere I was aware,
He slyly had stowen a kils;
Yet, I fan my heart could not blame him so far,
As allow me to take it amifs.

His love, with such sweetness endearing, he told,
I heard his kind tale with content;
And thought it but vain to appear longer cold,
When I found my heart beating consent.

In his arms I fell, and with look of regard,
For I could be no longer unkind;
To Jamie my feelings I freely declar'd,
And honestly open'd my mind.

With rapture he heard the confession I made,
And swore he would love me thro' life; (glad,
And, with the sweet hope, my fond heart now is
That to Jamie I'll soon be a wife.

Song Sung By M^R BIGGS.

In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or The Laird in Disguise.

Sym O I like bon-ny Bess, But

ah, a-las! wae's me! Oh! I like bon-ny Bess, But Bessy like- na me.

Firft, when I taul' my mind, She leugh at a' my care; But now her Jo's unkind, And

laughs at her as fair. Firft, when I taul' my mind, She leugh at a' my care; But

now her Jo's un-kind, And laughs at her as fair.

To flight fae sweet a prize,
 O what an ails is he!
 I wad be far mair wife,
 Cud she but think o' me.

Were she o' me as fain,
 I'd nae be cauld nor shy;
 He ne'er cud shaw disdain,
 Gin he had lov'd as I.

Song Sung By M^r BIGGS.

In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or The Laird in Disguise.

Sym. O A' the night I sigh and mourn,

Bon-ny lassie, low-land lass, Nor find my rest with day re- turn, My

bon-ny low-land lassie. It brings fresh marks of your dis- dain,

bon-ny lassie, low-land lass, Which fair but to in- crease my pain, My

bon-ny low-land lassie. Sym.

When'er I speak of love, ye frown,
Bonny lassie, &c.
And that pits a' my courage down;
My bonny lowland lassie.

Gin ye ae kindly look wad wear,
Bonny lassie, &c.
A' this gloom wad disappear;
My bonny lowland lassie.

But, gin ye dinna deign to smile,
Bonny lassie, &c.
There's naught, in life, that's worth my while;
My bonny lowland lassie!

In Death's embrace, then only kind,
Bonny lassie, &c.
I my rest and peace maun find;
My bonny lowland lassie!

Song Sung By M^R. TINGEY.

In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or The Laird in Disguise.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are as follows:

Sym
How happy the youth, when to

love he's in - clin'd, Who finds his dear fair, like my

Bess - - y prove kind; So ex - treme is his joy, his

plea - sure so great, Tho' I feel, I can't tell you how

hap - py his state. Sy.

All description it baffles, no words can impart
 One half of the bliss, which he feels in his heart;
 Her consent obtain'd, such emotions arise,
 He would burst, if they found not a vent at his eyes!

Song Sung By M^r. TINGEY.

In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or The Laird in Disguise.

Sym. The lad who gaes courting for greed of the

cash, Looking less at the lass than the gold, Aft barthers his peace for a bun-dle of

trash, And I think it but right that he should, I'll ne'er gae a wooing for sake of the gear, Let the

lassie but please me herself, I ne-ver will slight her be-cause she is poor, And has not a

pen-ny of pelf.

Nor will I e'er think it below me to wed,
 When a lass of true merit I find:
 Nor care I farthing how humble the maid,
 If she is but loving and kind.

Tho' proud-hearted Coxcombs may say it is mean,
 To marry beneath my degree:
 I care not, by such, how my conduct is seen,
 It is of no moment to me.

In choosing a darling companion for life,
 For myself, I'm determin'd to judge;
 And if I am pleas'd to make Betsy my wife,
 Who else has a title to grudge?

Song Sung By M^{RS} NEWBOUND.

In the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or The Laird in Disguise.

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first system begins with a 'Sym.' (Symphony) marking. The lyrics are: 'Tho' Boreas lang may rudely blaw, And hill and dale be clad wi' fna', Yet gloomy winter wears a-wa, And joyfu' Spring appears.' The second system continues: 'Then, Nature, anes mair, smiling, ilk sil - ly fear be - guil - ing, With plenty, crowns the' The third system concludes: 'toil - ing of bu - fy In - duf - try. Sym.'

Tho' lang she's bow'd neath Fortune's blast,
My Bessy will won up, at last,
My Bessy, now, won's up, at last,
And happier days appear.

Soon, shall I see her smiling,
A' my past fears beguiling,
The thought repays my toiling,
For her, this' mony day.

This night, I'll tell a story,
Will make them blyth and sorry,
Will make them blyth and sorry,
At the strange turns of Fate!

While hearing, they shall wonder,
And ca't a wylly blunder,
But, kent for truth, like thunder,
Will strike them wi' amaze.

It, then, will be nae spring of wol!
Cause he has wedded ane o'er low,
Cause he has wedded ane o'er low,
And far beneath his rank.

Her, soon, his equal he shall see,
And, wi' the tale, delighted he
His heart and hand, content, shall gie,
And blifs his bappy fate.

And, when, in wedlock they are join'd,
May they ilk comfort in it find,
May they ilk comfort in it find,
Which e'er that state could yield.

Love, wi' their days, increasing,
Lang may they live, possessing,
Ilk joy, and earthly blissing,
Kind Heav'n can bestow.

O Providence! now, hear me,
And, in the evening, cheer me,
And, in the evening, cheer me,
Of my declining age!

Thy Goodness, then, admiring,
To greater joys aspiring,
I'll pleas'd, frae life, retiring,
Ly down among the Dead!

FINALE to the Scots Pastoral JAMIE and BESS or the Laird in Disguise.

M^S NEWBOUND.

Sym May no re-mem-brance

of the past, The rising buds of pleasure blast; But purest blifs at-tend the pair, Un-

M^S TINGEY.

- tincturd with the gall of care. Soon as the nuptial knot is ty'd, Let ev'-ry

M^S HAMILTON.

pain-ful thought sub-side; May this blyth night our for-rows end, And

For-tune henceforth, prove our friend. Sym.

M^S SUTHERLAND.

May ev'ry gen'rous lover find
His darling fair, like Betsy, kind;
And ever meet the due reward
Of an unfeign'd and pure regard.

First all the Female Voices, Piano — Then Da. Cap: Male and Female Voices, Forte.

What heart: but will, with rapture, join
To supplicate the Power Divinel
Which sends such blessings from above,
As the reward of gen'rous love.

