

MY AIN FOLK.

Words by
WILFRID MILLS.

Music by
LAURA G. LEMON.

Simply and pathetically.

p rull:

Far frae my hame I wander; But

still my thoughts re-turn To my ain folk ower yonder, In the sheiling by the

a tempo

burn. I see the co-sy in-gle, And the mist a-bune the brae: And

cres.

joy and sadness mingle, As I list some auld-world lay. And it's

oh! but I'm long-ing for my ain folk, Tho' they be but

The image shows a musical score for the song "The Boatman's Boy". It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs), and a basso continuo line (bass clef). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The tempo is marked "And." (Andante). The lyrics are: "low.ly, pui.r, and plain folk: I am far beyond the sea, But my". The music features various dynamics including "cres." (crescendo) and "deces" (decrescendo), and includes asterisks (*) indicating specific musical points. The piano accompaniment includes a prominent bass line with octaves in the left hand.

heart will ev - er be At hame in dear auld Scotland, wi' my ain folk!

My ain folk.

colla voce

Handwritten markings: *rall.*, *colla voce*, and various musical symbols like asterisks and slurs.

più mosso

O' their ab-sent ane they're tell-ing- The

p

Tad. * Tad. * Tad. *

auld folk by the fire: And I mark the swift tears well-ing, As the

Tad. * Tad. *

rud-dy flame leaps high'r. How the mi-ther wad ca-ress me Were

Tad. * Tad. * Tad. *

I but by her side: Now she prays that Heav'n will bless me, Tho' the

rall:

rall:

Tad. * Tad. * Tad. * Tad. *

My ain folk.

tranquillo

storm-y seas di - vide. And it's oh! but I'm long-ing for my

ain folk, Tho' they be but low - ly, puir, and

cres.

plain folk: I am far beyond the sea, But my heart will ev - er

be At hame in dear auld Scot - land, wi' my ain folk!

marcato

My ain folk.

piu lento

p A bon . nie lass is greet . ing, Tho' she

pp

Ted. * Ted. Ted. * Ted.

strives to stay the tears:— Ah! sweet will be our meet . ing Af . ter

Ted. * Ted. * Ted. * Ted. Ted. *

mon . y wea . ry years. Soon my fond arms shall en . fold ye, As I

Ted. * Ted. * Ted. *

ca' you ev . er mine— Still a . bides the love I told ye In the

Ted. * Ted. * Ted. * Ted. *

days of auld lang syne. And it's oh! but I'm long-ing for my

pp

pp

ain folk, Tho' they be but low-ly, puir, and plain folk: I am

red. * *red.* *red.* *red.* *

far a-cross the sea, But soon a-gain I'll be At

rall. *rall.* *colla voce.*

red. * *red.* * *red.* *

hame in dear auld Scot-land, wi' my ain folk!

piu lento *ppp* *rall.* *ppp*

red. * *red.* * *red.* *