

43816

THIRD EDITION.

VOL. II.

SONGS
OF THE NORTH,

GATHERED TOGETHER FROM

THE HIGHLANDS AND LOWLANDS
OF SCOTLAND.

Edited by

HAROLD BOULTON.

Music arranged by

MALCOLM LAWSON.



LONDON:

J. B. CRAMER & CO., REGENT STREET, W.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LIMITED.

NEW YORK: EDWARD SCHUBERTH & CO., 23, UNION SQUARE.

*Thou canst love another so.
While my heart is breaking.*



June 1845

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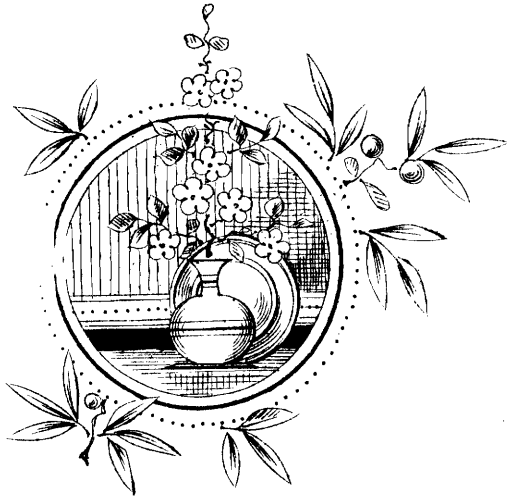


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Dedicated
by
Gracious Permission
to
HER MAJESTY
The Queen.



VOL II.

SONGS OF THE NORTH.

(PREFACE.)

IT is exactly ten years since the First Volume of "Songs of the North" made its appearance. The continuously kind reception accorded to that book, now in the twelfth edition, seemed to justify the undertaking of a further selection, on the same lines as before, from the almost inexhaustible sources of Caledonian minstrelsy.

That there are still beautiful old tunes not hitherto available to the modern singer, and beautiful old ballads as yet unmated to suitable music, it is thought that the present venture will demonstrate. Every effort has been made in the adaptations to retain the essential characteristics of traditional verse and melody.

Oral tradition and private manuscripts are responsible for some of the numbers, while students will recognise that others have been obtained from old collections of poetry or music; in such cases various versions have been collated, and what was thought to be the best edition has been evolved in the process. Some of the airs that have been set to words are to be found in Captain Fraser of Knockie's Highland collection, first published in 1816, which still holds its own as a most reliable depository of ancient music. In this connection it has been a pleasing coincidence that some of the work upon Highland songs was carried out at Ardachie, the birthplace of the talented compiler to whom his successors owe no small recognition.

Where Gaelic words occur in the songs an English equivalent, when possible, has been given.

With regard to the spelling of poems in Lowland Scots no definite rule can be adopted, both owing to the local and gratuitous variations sanctioned by custom, and to the exigencies of rhyme and rhythm, since most writers in that language have availed themselves of the extra wealth of expression at their command by using, as occasion served, either this or that form of Scoticism or the ordinary English word. With certain exceptions the spelling of the Southron has here been preferred, as it was considered that those more familiar with the vernacular might themselves supply in singing the necessary Northern flavour.

It is sad to call the roll of those old friends who both by their original work and literary aid added so much to the success of the first volume, and to be reminded that the silence of death has fallen on such lyrists as Principal Shairp and Professor Blackie; but we still have with us the cheery voice of "Nether Lochaber," who has contributed several charming poems; while there are fresh names on the title page, such as Jan. L. Lawson and J. Stewart, to testify to the undiminished vitality of the Lyric Muse of Scotland.

Of diligent helpers in the task of supplying and suggesting materials for this selection there is a goodly list to whom gratitude is due; amongst others (in addition to "Nether Lochaber") Mr. Bruce J. Home, an encyclopædic enthusiast, Mr. D. H. Edwards, Brechin, Mr. R. C. White, Alva, and Miss Florence Christie. Miss Lilian Creyke's literary co-operation has been of great value. The Rev. Hugh Maclachlan, Ardchattan, Argyllshire, has not only given us the benefit of considerable research, but has steered us through the troublous waters of Gaelic spelling.

We have been fortunate enough to secure a frontispiece, illustrative of Burns' song "Thou hast left me ever, Jamie," from Mr. J. H. Lorimer, whose illustration of "Loch Lomond" in the first edition of Vol. I is so well known.

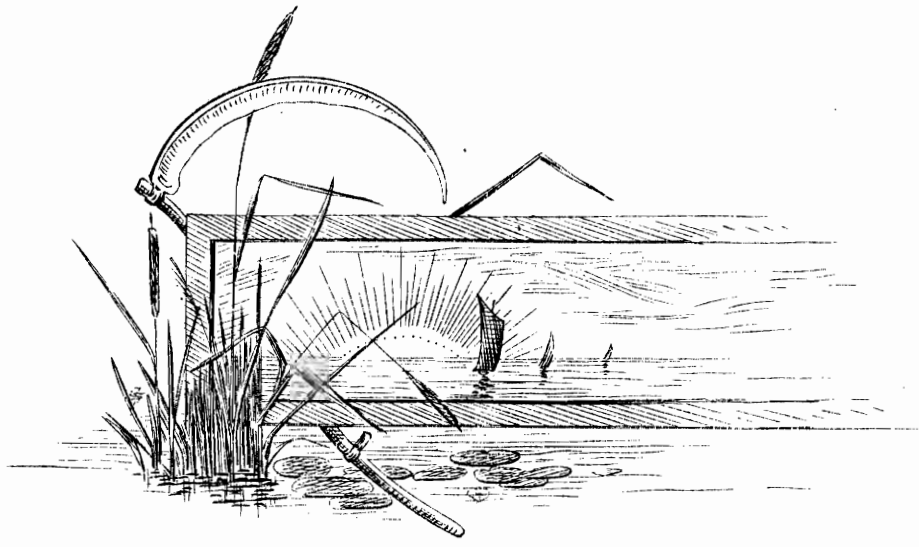
The first lady in the land has again been graciously pleased to accept the dedication ; and finally, in bringing to a close their pleasant labours, those responsible for the Second Volume of "Songs of the North" can only hope that it will find as many friends as its predecessor on both sides of the Tweed.

H. B.



IN the arrangement of the airs, the composition of the symphonies and accompaniments of this, the Second Volume of "Songs of the North," I have adhered to the method I adopted in the First Volume, which has met with such universal acceptance; firstly, a careful collation of all the variants of a given old air, with a view to find the best possible version as to its purity of origin and its adaptability for singing; secondly, the employment, as far as possible, of diatonic harmony and simplicity of treatment in bringing out the true character of the airs and the words both old and new. The time of each song I have suggested to the singer by the metronome marks. The character and appropriate expression I have freely described in English.

M. L



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THE "Songs of the North" (Vol. II.) are published in separate form by Messrs. Cramer & Co., 207, Regent Street, London, and may be had of all music sellers.

The arrangements both of the words and melodies in this Volume are strictly copyright.

What for No ?

I.

WHAT FOR NO?

Words after the Gaelic by the
REV. A. STEWART, LL.D., "NETHER LOCHABER."

Old Highland Air
adapted and arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Smooth and sweet. ♩ = 84.

PIANO. *mf*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked *mf*. It consists of four measures. The first two measures feature a flowing melody in the right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The last two measures end with a ten-measure rest, indicated by a 'ten:' marking above the staff.

The first verse either as chorus or solo.

p

Will ye gang wi' me, my las-sie? Bon-nie las-sie will ye go?

p

Will ye gang wi' me, my las-sie? Bon-nie las-sie will ye go?

p

Will ye gang wi' me, my las-sie? Bon-nie las-sie will ye go?

p

Will ye gang wi' me, my las-sie? Bon-nie las-sie will ye go?

The vocal melody is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Will ye gang wi' me, my las-sie? Bon-nie las-sie will ye go?'. The melody is in 2/4 time, marked *p*. The piano accompaniment is in 2/4 time, marked *p*. The melody is simple and catchy, with a clear emphasis on the words 'las-sie' and 'go?'.

Will ye gang wi' me, my las-sie? Bon-nie las-sie will ye go?

p

Rather stacc:

The piano accompaniment for the first verse is in 2/4 time, marked *p*. It features a simple harmonic accompaniment with a 'Rather stacc:' marking above the staff, indicating a staccato style.

cres:

f *rit:*

Will ye gang wi' me, my las-sie, Up to Cla-chaig in Glen-coe?

cres: *f* *rit:*

Will ye gang wi' me, my las-sie, Up to Cla-chaig in Glen-coe?

cres: *f* *rit:*

Will ye gang wi' me, my las-sie, Up to Cla-chaig in Glen-coe?

cres: *f* *rit:*

Will ye gang wi' me, my las-sie, Up to Cla-chaig in Glen-coe?

The vocal melody for the second verse is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Will ye gang wi' me, my las-sie, Up to Cla-chaig in Glen-coe?'. The melody is in 2/4 time, marked *cres:* and *f*. The piano accompaniment is in 2/4 time, marked *cres:* and *f*. The melody is more complex than the first verse, with a clear emphasis on the words 'Up to Cla-chaig' and 'in Glen-coe?'.

Will ye gang wi' me, my las-sie, Up to Cla-chaig in Glen-coe?

cres: *f* *rit:*

The piano accompaniment for the second verse is in 2/4 time, marked *cres:* and *f*. It features a simple harmonic accompaniment with a 'rit:' marking above the staff, indicating a ritardando style.

SOLO.
Earnest and Tender.

3

Hand in hand we'll go thro' Carnoch, mak - ing love and what for no?

While the ev - 'ning birds are sing - in' their sweet luineags (car - ols) in Glen - coe.

rit: *f*

CHORUS.
a tempo.

Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie? Bon - nie las - sie will ye go?

mf

Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie? Bon - nie las - sie will ye go?

mf a tempo.

cres: *f* *rit:* *dim:* *S.*

Will ye gang wi' me, my las-sie, Up to Clachaig in Glen-coe?

cres: *f* *rit:* *dim:*

Will ye gang wi' me, my las-sie, Up to Clachaig in Glen-coe?

cres: *f* *rit:* *dim:*

Will ye gang wi' me, my las-sie, Up to Clachaig in Glen-coe?

Will ye gang wi' me, my las-sie, Up to Clachaig in Glen-coe? *When sung with chorus these 2 bars to be omitted.*

cres: *f* *rit:* *dim:*

SOLO. con espress:

2. Dear, your eyes are bright as dew-drops, White your neck as driven snow;

3. See, our pictures are not parted In the sparkling river Coe;

rit:

Not a fair-er wild-flower blossoms In the length of all Strathcoe.

Let our lives be one for ever Hand and heart, and what for no?

rit:

p

Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie? Bon - nie las - sie will ye go?

p

Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie? Bon - nie las - sie will ye go?

p

Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie? Bon - nie las - sie will ye go?

p

Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie? Bon - nie las - sie will ye go?

Dal Segno Page 4 for 3rd Solo Verse.

cres:

f *rit:*

Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie, Up to Clachaig in Glen - coe?

cres: *f* *rit:*

Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie, Up to Clachaig in Glen - coe?

cres: *f* *rit:*

Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie, Up to Clachaig in Glen - coe?

cres: *f* *rit:*

Will ye gang wi' me, my las - sie, Up to Clachaig in Glen - coe?

cres: *f* *rit:* *Fine.*

WHAT FOR NO?

WILL ye gang wi' me, my lassie,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go?
Will ye gang wi' me, my lassie,
Up to Clachaig in Glencoe?

Hand in hand we'll go thro' Carnoch,
Making love, and what for no?
While the evening birds are singing
Their sweet luineags in Glencoe.
Will ye gang wi' me, &c.

Dear, your eyes are bright as dewdrops,
White your neck as driven snow,
Not a fairer wild-flower blossoms
In the length of all Strathcoe.
Will ye gang wi' me, &c.

See, our pictures are not parted
In the sparkling river Coe;
Let our lives be one for ever,
Hand and heart, and what for no?
Will ye gang wi' me, &c.

After the Gaelic by the
REV. A. STEWART, LL.D.
"Nether Lochaber."



Ayont yon Hill.

II.

AYONT YON HILL.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Adapted and arranged from old Northern Air by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

VOICE.

(♩ = 70.)
Very smooth and with tender expression.

PIANO.

mf

ten:

mf

ten:

mf

simili.

p

p

las - sie I lo'e weel; And gin I were a
fame the world can give, I'd change them all for

*Red **

wandering wind, A - wa' to her I'd steal. Her
her bright smile, that bids me hope and live. In

hair's a wab o' soft - est silk, Her face a muir - land
dool or joy what - e'er be - fall, What - e'er the weird I

rit:

ten:

flow'r; Her een like stars that glint sae mild At the
dree, My je - wel rare I'll woo and win, And

a tempo. cres:

rit:

ten:

a tempo. cres:

melt - ing twi - light hour.
wear un - til I

dim: e rall:

1st. D.C. for verse 2. 2nd.

dim: colla voce.

1st. D.C. for verse 2. 2nd.

dee!

dim:

pp

AYONT YON HILL.

AYONT yon hill the lassie bides,
The lassie I lo'e weel,
And gin I were a wandering wind,
Awa' to her I'd steal.

Her hair's a wab o' saftest silk,
Her face a muirland flower,
Her e'en like stars that glint sae mild
At the melting twilight hour.

Oh! had I wealth of gold and gear,
Or fame the world can give,
I'd change them all for her bright smile
That bids me hope and live.

In dool or joy whate'er befall,
Whate'er the weird I dree,
My jewel rare I'll woo and win,
And wear until I dee.

HAROLD BOULTON.



May Colvin.

III.

MAY COLVIN.

Old Ballad
adapted for singing.

Old Scottish Air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Rather slow. (♩ = 68.)

With naive and appropriate expression.

VOICE.



May
"Loup
Then

Sonorous and sustained.

dim:

PIANO.



Col - vin was her fa - ther's heir, And wou'd by one and a', Till
off your steed "quo' fause Sir John: Your bri - dal bed ye see; Seven
fause Sir John he turned his face, May Col - vin bent her knee, But she



fause Sir John her heart beguiled, To mount and ride a -
brides as fair lie drown - ed there, And the eighth I'll make of
twined her arms a - bout his waist, And threw him in - to the



rit: *a tempo.*

- wa' thee!" And they ha'e ta'en her fa - ther's gold, And his
sea. "Oh! Turn ye round, ye fause Sir John, And
"Now lie ye there, ye fause Sir John, Wi' your

rit: *a tempo.*

mf

good black horse to ride; They won a - wa' o'er
hide your fause, fause, face, While I kneel me down up -
se - ven brides, quo' she. "But gin ye want a -

mf

ten: *ten:*

rit: *1st. & 2nd. D.C.* *3rd.* *Slow*

Gir - van hill, till they came to the steep sea side.
- on the ground, And pray for Heav-en's grace."
- no - ther one, May Col - vin it win - na be, May

1st. & 2nd. D.C. *3rd.* *f Slow*

and with fire. *slower.*

Col - vin it win - na be."

slower.

ten: *f* *ff* *fff*

MAY COLVIN.

MAY Colvin was her father's heir,
And woo'd by one and a',
Till fause Sir John her heart beguiled,
To mount and ride awa'.
And they hae ta'en her father's gold,
And his good black horse to ride ;
They won awa' o'er Girvan hill,
Till they came to the steep sea-side.

"Loup off your steed " quo' fause Sir John,
"Your bridal bed ye see,"
"Seven brides as fair lie drowned there,"
"And the eighth I'll make of thee!"
"Oh! turn ye round, ye fause Sir John,"
"And hide your fause, fause face,"
"While I kneel me down upon the ground,"
"And pray for Heaven's grace."

Then fause Sir John he turned his face,
May Colvin bent her knee,
But she twined her arms about his waist,
And threw him into the sea.
"Now lie ye there, ye fause Sir John,"
"Wi' your seven brides," quo' she,
"But gin ye want another one,"
"May Colvin it winna be."

Old Ballad adapted for Singing.



The Languor of Love.

(THA MI TINN LEIS A' GHAOL.)

IV.

THE LANGOUR OF LOVE.

(Tha mi tinn leis a'ghaol.)

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

The air adapted from old Gaelic air
by MALCOLM LAWSON.

Rather slow and with dreamy fervour.

PIANO.

f *p* *f*

The symphony a little slower than the song.

p Più moto.

O - ver the sound wails the wind, Curling the crests of

dim:

Più moto.

cres:

an - gry bil - lows, Croons to me a love - lorn song, 'Mid the rowans

cres. very smooth.

grv ad lib:

and the wil - lows; Shril - ling high, and moaning low, Sobs the lilt of

Più animato.

ten:

ten - der woe; Won - drous things that love can do;

Can it join two lov - ers true? The symphony a little slower than the song.

mf *rit:* *mf* *p*

mf *rit:* *cres:* *rall:*

Ped

p *dim:* Would I be blithe, noon and night,

cres: Laughing in byre, and fold, and shieling? Sweet - er far a - part to roam,

cres: very smooth.

gv ad lib:

Impatient and animated.

Up the hill at twilight stealing. What to me are trumpet and song?

dim: *accel:* *ten:*

What the merry dancing throng? Wondrous things that love hath done.

cres: *cres:*

mf a tempo. dim: rit: I am dead to all but one. The symphony a little slower than the song.

a tempo. mf *rit:* *cres: rall* *mf* *p* *cres:*

Qed

More animated.

dim: When in the wave sinks Lis - more,

Più mosso. The air in R. H. well marked.

With passion.
cres:

19

When Duart rocks to dust shall dwindle, Laoth mo chree, 'tis not till then
Heart of hearts,

cres:

rit:

A little more animated.

Love will cease my soul to kin_dle. In the cloud thy form I trace,

rit: *Piu animato.*

ten: *ten:*

cres:

In the wa_ ters find thy face; Though two hearts a_ while have pain,

cres: *ten:*

ques -----

rit:

Heart to heart they'll thro_b a_ gain.

f *ten:* *p slow.* *ten:*

with the singer.

THE LANGOUR OF LOVE.

(THA MI TINN LEIS A' GHAOL.)

OVER the sound wails the wind,
Curling the crests of angry billows,
Croons to me a love-lorn song
'Mid the rowans and the willows.
Shriiling high, and moaning low,
Sobs the lilt of tender woe;
Wondrous things that love can do;
Can it join two lovers true?

Would I be blithe, noon and night,
Laughing in byre, and fold, and shieling?
Sweeter far apart to roam,
Up the hill at twilight stealing.
What to me are trump and song,
What the merry dancing throng?
Wondrous things that love hath done,
I am dead to all but one.

When in the wave sinks Lismore,
When Duart rocks to dust shall dwindle,
Laogh mo chree, 'tis not till then
Love will cease my soul to kindle.
In the cloud thy form I trace,
In the waters find thy face;
Though two hearts awhile have pain,
Heart to heart they'll throb again.

HAROLD BOULTON.



My Uncle's Deid.

v.

MY UNCLE'S DEID.

Words traditional.

Arranged from an old Lanarkshire Air by

MALCOLM LAWSON.

With wit and candour (♩ = 80.)

VOICE.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked as 80 beats per minute. The piano part begins with a forte (f) dynamic and includes several 'ten:' (tenuto) markings. The voice part has lyrics written below the notes. The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the beginning of the melody. The second system contains the first verse of lyrics. The third system contains the second verse of lyrics and ends with a forte (f) dynamic marking.

tender

un - cle's deid, I've lads e - neugh That ne'er be - fore cam' here to woo, But
 laird he's but a sil - ly gowk; Al - though my Jock he has - na stock, He
 noo we're tied baith hard and fast, We'll think nae mair a - bout the past, I've

and smooth *rit:* *f*

to the lad - die I'll be true That lo'ed me first o' on - y oh! I've
 is the flower of a' the flock, And pride of Ca - le - do - nie oh! Noo
 got my heart's de - sire at last, Since I hae got my John - nie oh! Noo

lads e-neugh since I got gear, And mo-ny for my hand do speer, But
fiddler, ye cast aff y'r coat, We'll hae a reel up-on the spot, For
lad-dies a' your las-sies tilt, An' las-sies a' y'r coat-ies kilt, For

f

to the lad-die I'll be dear, That lo'ed me first o' on-y oh!
Jock has made a wed-ding o't, An' I'm to get my John-nie oh!
we will hae a mer-ry lilt, An' "Peace-crown'd Ca-le-do-nie oh!"

mf colla voce. *rit.* *f rit.*

1st. & 2nd. 3rd.

2. The
3. And

1st. & 2nd. 3rd.

f and brilliant. *sfz* *sfz* *sfz*

MY UNCLE'S DEID.

MY uncle's deid, I've lads eneugh
That ne'er before cam' here to woo,
But to the laddie I'll be true
That lo'ed me first o' ony, oh !

I've lads eneugh since I got gear,
And mony for my hand do speer,
But to the laddie I'll be dear,
That lo'ed me first o' ony, oh !

The laird he's but a silly gowk ;
Although my Jock he has na stock,
He is the flower of a' the flock,
And pride of Caledonie, oh !

Noo fiddler, ye cast aff y'r coat,
We'll hae a reel upon the spot,
For Jock has made a wedding o't,
And I'm to get my Johnnie, oh !

And noo we're tied baith hard and fast,
We'll think nae mair about the past :
I've got my heart's desire at last,
Since I hae got my Johnnie, oh !

Noo, laddies, a' your lassies tilt,
An' lassies a' y'r coaties kilt,
For we will hae a merry lilt,
An' peace-crown'd Caledonie, oh !

Traditional.



Morag.

VI.

con espress:

lights the dawn - ing day; But all the world looks
 deep - est sum - mer blue; But where's the hope of
 - turn my wand' - ring dear; Or through the world I'll

*Red * Red * Red **

dim:

drear and dun, While Mo - rag bides a - way.
 heart's con - tent, When clouds de - ny the view?
 fol - low thee, Till I be - hold thee near.

dim:

f with passion. *dim:* 1st: & 2nd: *rit.*

O Mho - rag I am lone - ly, My heart desires thee on - ly.

f *dim:*

For v. 2 and 3 D.S. 3rd: *rit:* *dim:*

on - ly *rit:*

D.S. *dim:* *pp*

MORAG.

O *MHORAG, I am lonely,
My heart desires thee only.*
Thy hair was like the golden sun,
That lights the dawning day ;
But all the world looks drear and dun
While Morag bides away.

*O Mhorag, I am lonely,
My heart desires thee only.*

Thine eyes were like the firmament
Of deepest summer blue ;
But where's the hope of heart's content
When clouds deny the view ?

*O Mhorag, I am lonely,
My heart desires thee only.*

If thou art gone beyond the sea,
Return my wandering dear ;
Or through the world I'll follow thee
Till I behold thee near.

*O Mhorag, I am lonely,
My heart desires thee only.*

After the Gaelic by
HAROLD BOULTON.



Hollin, Green Hollin.

VII.

HOLLIN, GREEN HOLLIN.

Words by

JAMES DOUGLAS OF CAVERS.

Old Border Air arranged by

MALCOLM LAWSON.

Rather slow and pathetic. ♩ = 10.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. A - lone in green - wood must I roam, *Hol - lin, green*
 2. Where nought is seen but boundless green, *Hol - lin, green*

hol - lin! A shade of green leaves is my home,
hol - lin! And spots of far blue sky be - tween,

D. C. for 2nd Verse. x

Birk and green hol - lin!
Birk and green hol - lin!

Sym: after 2nd & 3rd Verses.

p

cres:

3. A wea - ry head soft
 4. E - nough for me, e -

rit:

pil - low finds, *Hol - lin, green Hol - lin!* Where leaves fall green in
 - nough for me, *Hol - lin, green Hol - lin!* To live at large with

rit: *a tempo* *rit:*

x Final Symphony.

summer winds, *Birk and green hol - lin!*
 li - ber - ty, *Birk and green hol - lin!*

rit:

HOLLIN, GREEN HOLLIN.

A LONE in greenwood must I roam,
Hollin, green hollin !

A shade of green leaves is my home,
Birk and green hollin !

Where nought is seen but boundless green,
Hollin, green hollin !

And spots of far blue sky between,
Birk and green hollin !

A weary head soft pillow finds,
Hollin, green hollin !

Where leaves fall green in summer winds,
Birk and green hollin !

Enough for me, enough for me,
Hollin, green hollin !

To live at large with liberty,
Birk and green hollin !

JAMES DOUGLAS of Cavers.



*Lament for Macgregor
of Ruaro.*

VIII.

LAMENT FOR MACGREGOR OF RUARO.

Words adapted from various editions by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Old Highland Lament arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

With passionate sorrow. ♩ = 60.

PIANO. *f*

gives ad lib:

cres: *ff*

Chorus before and after each Solo Verse. except the last.

s.f.

Tha mu - lad, tha mu - lad tha mu - lad ga m' lion adh, Tha
With sor - row, deep sor - row my heart is sore shat - ter'd, For the

Tha mu - lad, tha mu - lad tha mu - lad ga m' lion adh, Tha
With sor - row, deep sor - row my heart is sore shat - ter'd, For the

Tha mu - lad, tha mu - lad tha mu - lad ga m' lion adh, Tha
With sor - row, deep sor - row my heart is sore shat - ter'd, For the

acc: ad lib: *f*

dim:

mu - lad. bochd truagh orm nach dual domh chaoidh di - readh.
 Chief - tain is dead and the clans - men are scat - ter'd.

dim:

mu - lad. bochd truagh orm nach dual domh chaoidh di - readh.
 Chief - tain is dead and the clans - men are scat - ter'd.

dim:

mu - lad. bochd truagh orm nach dual domh chaoidh di - readh.
 Chief - tain is dead and the clans - men are scat - ter'd.

dim:

mu - lad. bochd truagh orm nach dual domh chaoidh di - readh.
 Chief - tain is dead and the clans - men are scat - ter'd.

dim:

SOLO.

mf

1. Oh! Grieve for Mac - gre - gor, Clan Al - pine's brave sci - on, Whose
 2. With war - pipe and ban - ner he trod the wild hea - ther, He
 3. In sleep - ing in wak - ing, Mac - gre - gors be wa - ry, Drink
 4. We are out - law'd and or - phan'd of home and of fa - ther, By

mf

with great express.

cres:

cres:

badge was the pine - tree that waves in Glen - ly - on; But the
 wing'd his swift ar - row with strong ea - gle's fea - ther; But he
 one doch an dor - ras, and a - way to your ey - rie; For the
 day stir - rup we cup shel - ter, by night must we ga - ther, Till from

rit: Intime. p

rit: Intime. (p last v.)

pine - tree is reft of the branch that it cher - ish'd, And Mac -
 hears not the pi - broch, nor heeds bow and ar - row, For the
 squir - rel lives sec - ret, yet trap - pers will find her, The
 rug - ged Glen - ly - on to the shores of Loch Lom - on' (*f*) Re -

(Last verse f e cres:)

Dal Segno after verses 1. 2. & 3.

- gre - gor of Rua - ro, with - out Ei - righ has per - ish'd.
 bed where he slum - bers is cheer - less and nar - row.
 hawk's flight is lof - ty, yet fal - con - ers bind her.
 -venge, like a tor - rent, rush down on the foe - man. *ff*

rit: (last v. ff)

Chorus after fourth or last Verse.

37

A little slower and diminishing in power to the end.

Tha mu - lad, tha mu - lad, tha mu - lad, ga m' lion - adh, Tha
 With sor - row, deep sor - row my heart is sore shat - ter'd For the

Tha mu - lad, tha mu - lad, tha mu - lad, ga m' lion - adh, Tha
 With sor - row, deep sor - row my heart is sore shat - ter'd For the

Tha mu - lad, tha mu - lad, tha mu - lad, ga m' lion - adh, Tha
 With sor - row, deep sor - row my heart is sore shat - ter'd For the

A little slower and diminishing in power to the end.

f acc: ad lib: sempre dim:

mu - lad, bochd truagh orm, nach dual domh chaoidh di - readh
 Chief - tain is dead and the clans - men are scat - ter'd.

mu - lad, bochd truagh orm, nach dual domh chaoidh di - readh
 Chief - tain is dead and the clans - men are scat - ter'd.

mu - lad, bochd truagh orm, nach dual domh chaoidh di - readh
 Chief - tain is dead and the clans - men are scat - ter'd.

dim: pp

LAMENT FOR MACGREGOR OF RUARO.

OH! Grieve for Macgregor, Clan Alpine's brave scion
Whose badge was the pine-tree that waves in Glenlyon;
But the pine-tree is reft of the branch that it cherished,
And Macgregor of Ruaro without eirigh has perished.
Tha mulad, tha mulad, tha mulad, ga m' lionadh,
Tha mulad bochd truagh orm nach dual domh chaoidh direadh.
With sorrow, deep sorrow my heart is sore shattered,
For the chieftain is dead and the clansmen are scattered,

With war-pipe and banner he trod the wild heather,
He winged his swift arrow with strong eagle's feather;
But he hears not the pibroch, nor heeds bow and arrow,
For the bed where he slumbers is cheerless and narrow.

Tha mulad, &c.

With sorrow, &c.

In sleeping, in waking, Macgregors, be wary,
Drink one doch an dorras, and away to your eyrie;
For the squirrel lives secret, yet trappers will find her;
The hawk's flight is lofty, yet falconers bind her.

Tha mulad, &c.

With sorrow, &c.

We are outlawed and orphaned of home and of father,
By day must we shelter, by night must we gather;
Till from rugged Glenlyon to the shores of Loch Lomon'
Revenge, like a torrent, rush down on the foeman.

Tha mulad, &c.

With sorrow, &c.

Adapted from various editions by

HAROLD BOULTON.



Mallie Lee.



IX.

*MALLIE LEE.

Air by HAROLD BOULTON.

Words ANON. (about 1737.)

Arranged by MALCOLM LAWSON.

Sprightly and with gallant humour. ♩=70.

mf

VOICE.

1. As Mal-lie Lee cam'
2. A' down a-lang the

PIANO.

down the street her cap - u - chin did flee, She cast a look be -
Can - non-gate were beaux of ilk de - gree, And mo - ny a ane turn'd

-hind her back to see her ne - gli - gee; She had twa lap-pets at her heid, that
round a-bout the come - lysicht to see, At il - ka bab her ping-pong gie each

flaunted gal-lant - lie, And rib-bonknots at back and breast o' bon-nie Mal-lie
lad thocht that's to me? But fient a ane was in the thocht o' bon-nie Mal-lie

Chorus.

Lee! And we're a' gane east and west, We're a' gane a -

Lee! And we're a' gane east and west, We're a' gane a -

And we're a' gane east and west, We're a' gane a -

And we're a' gane east and west, and west We're a' gane a -

D. C. or Dal Segno ad lib: for 2nd Verse
rit: for 3rd Verse T.O.

- gee, For we're a' gane east, we're a' gane west, a - court - in' Mal-lie Lee.

- gee, For we're a' gane east, we're a' gane west, a - court - in' Mal-lie Lee.

- gee, For we're a' gane east, we're a' gane west, a - court - in' Mal-lie Lee.

- gee, For we're a' gane east, we're a' gane west, a - court - in' Mal-lie Lee.

*Sym: after 2nd Verse.**p with grace.*

3. The dame gaed through the

Pa - lace ha', and wha sae braw as she? A Prince speired leave to

dance wi' her, and Ear - lies twa or three; But Hie - land Bro - die fleered them a' wi'

proud and glancin' ee, He's won for aye the heart and hand o' bon - nie Mallie

> *With the singer.*

Chorus.

Lee. And we're a' gane east and west, We're a' gane a - gee, For we're

And we're a' gane east and west, We're a' gane a - gee, For we're

And we're a' gane east and west, We're a' gane a - gee, For we're

And were a' gane east and west, and west, We're a' gane a - gee, For we're

f *ff rit:*

a' gane east, we're a' gane west a - court - in' Mal - lie Lee.

a' gane east, we're a' gane west a - court - in' Mal - lie Lee.

a' gane east, we're a' gane west a - court - in' Mal - lie Lee.

a' gane east, we're a' gane west a - court - in' Mal - lie Lee.

rit: *ff*

MALLIE LEE.

AS Mallie Lee cam' doun the street her capuchin did flee,
She cast a look behind her back to see her negligee ;
She had twa lappets at her heid, that flaunted gallantlie,
And ribbon-knots at back and breast o' bonnie Mallie Lee !

And we're a' gane east and west, we're a' gane agee,
We're a' gane east and west, a-courtin' Mallie Lee.

A' doun along the Cannongate were beaux o' ilk degree,
And mony a ane turned round about the comely sicht to see,
At ilka bab her ping-pong gied, ilk lad thocht "That's to me,"
But fient a ane was in the thocht o' bonnie Mallie Lee.

And we're a' gane, &c.

The dame gaed through the Palace ha', and wha sae braw as she ?
A Prince speired leave dance wi' her, and Earlies twa or three ;
But Hieland Brodie fleered them a' wi' proud and glancin' e'e,
He's won for aye the heart and hand o' bonnie Mallie Lee.

And we're a' gane, &c.

Anon (about 1737).



The Earlie's Son.

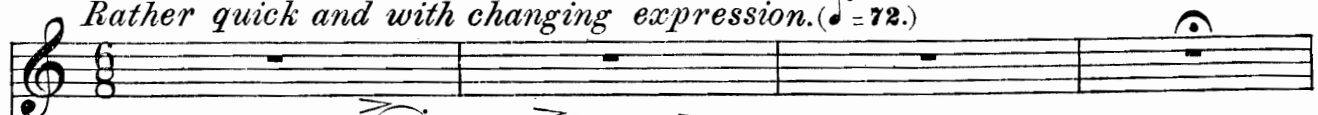
X.

THE EARLIE'S SON.

Words by
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Old Highland Air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Rather quick and with changing expression. (♩ = 72.)

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

p Quasi recit: f a tempo.

Hear what Highland No - ra said, "The Earli - es son I will not wed. Though



rit: rit: rit:

all the race of Na - ture die, And none be left but he and I."

simile. rit:



p and calm.

"A mai - den's vows," her kins-man spoke, "Are light - ly made, and

dim: p



light - ly broke; and No - ra, ere the spring is gone, May blithe - ly wed the

Earli - e's son."

A little quick; proud and angry.

f "For all the gold, for all the gear, And all the lands, both

f *simili.*

far and near, That ev - er valour lost or won, I would not wed the

rit: *a tempo.* *rit:* *a tempo.*

A little more speed and gathering fire.

or
fore their foes may

Earl - ie's son! Our kilt-ed clans, when blood is high, Be - fore their foes may

accel: e cres:

turn and fly; but

turn and fly; But I, were all these mar - vels done, Would ne - ver wed the

Earl - ie's son."

p

rall:

dim:

ten:

a tempo.

dim: sempre.

The quaver a little slower than in the $\frac{6}{8}$ ($\text{♩} = 60$.)

p
The heather on the mountain height Be - gins to bloom in

pp dim

pur - ple light; The frost - wind long has swept a-way The lus - tre-drop from

sonorous.

ten: ten: ten: ten:

a little animated.

glen and brae. To shun the clash of foeman's steel, No highland brogue has

più moto.

rit: *pp sustained.* *Suddenly*

turned the heel; But No - ra's heart is lost and won, She's

rit: *dim:* *pp e cantabile.*

quick and loud.

wed - ded to the Earl - ie's son!

f with the singer. *f brilliant.* *dim:* *sfz*

THE EARLIE'S SON.

HEAR what Highland Nora said,—
“The Earlie’s son I will not wed,”
“Should all the race of Nature die,”
“And none be left but he and I.”
“For all the gold, for all the gear,”
“And all the lands both far and near,”
“That ever valour lost or won,”
“I would not wed the Earlie’s son.”

“A maiden’s vows,” old Callum spoke,
“Are lightly made, and lightly broke ;”
“The heather on the mountain’s height”
“Begins to bloom in purple light ;”
“The frost-wind soon shall sweep away”
“That lustre deep from glen and brae ;”
“Yet Nora, e’er its bloom be gone,”
“May blithely wed the Earlie’s son.”

“The swan,” she said, “the lake’s clear breast”
“May barter for the eagle’s nest ;”
“The Awe’s fierce stream may backward turn,”
“Ben Cruachan fall and crush Kilchurn ;”
“Our kilted clans, when blood is high,”
“Before their foes may turn and fly ;”
“But I, were all these marvels done,”
“Would never wed the Earlie’s son.”

Still in the water-lily’s shade,
Her wonted nest the wild-swan made ;
Ben Cruachan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe’s fierce river ;
To shun the clash of foeman’s steel,
No Highland brogue has turned the heel ;
But Nora’s heart is lost and won,
—She’s wedded to the Earlie’s son !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



Bonnie S.^t Johnston.

XI.

BONNIE SAINT JOHNSTON.

Old Scots Ballad.

Old Northern Air arranged by

MALCOLM LAWSON.

Andante. ♩ = 72.

VOICE. *S. mf*

PIANO. *mp* *mf*

fell ance up - on a day,) E - din - bro'!
ba - bies gin ye were mine,)

rit: *p*

E - din - bro'! "O fell ance up - on a day,) Stir - ling for
"O ba - bies gin ye were mine,)

p

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante' with a quarter note equal to 72 beats per minute. The voice part is in soprano clef, and the piano part is in grand staff. The lyrics are in Scots Gaelic. The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a piano introduction. The second system contains the first line of lyrics. The third system contains the second line of lyrics, including a 'ritardando' (rit) marking and a piano (p) dynamic.

p With expression.

aye! "It fell ance up on a day, A
"O Ba - bies gin on ye were mine, I'd

la - dy saw ba - bies at their play, And Bon - nie Saint
cleathe ye in silk sae fine?"

John - ston stands fair up - on Tay.

D.S. for Ver. 2. p
3 "O
4 "But
p

rit: *dim:*

"mo - ther when we were thine;" *E - din - bro'!*
 "now were in the hea - vens high;"

a tempo.

E - din - bro'! "O mo - ther when we were thine,
 "But now - were in the hea - vens high,

a tempo.

Sad.

Stir - ling for aye! "O mo - ther, when
 "But now were in the

cres: *rit:* *a tempo.*

we were thine You cleathed us not in silks sae fine") *And*
 hea - vens high, And you'll have sor - row soon to try")

cres: *rit:*

Last time slower and dim:

Bon - nie Saint John - ston stands fair up - on

dim:

Tay.

cres:

f

1st

D.S. for Ver:4.

2nd

f

dim:

BONNIE SAINT JOHNSTON.

IT fell ance upon a day,
 Edinboro! Edinboro!
It fell ance upon a day,
 Stirling for aye!
It fell ance upon a day
A lady saw babies at their play,
And Bonnie Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

O babies, gin ye were mine,
 Edinboro! Edinboro!
O babies, gin ye were mine,
 Stirling for aye!
O babies, gin ye were mine,
I'd cleathe ye in silk sae fine—
And Bonnie Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

O mother, when we were thine,
 Edinboro! Edinboro!
O mother, when we were thine,
 Stirling for aye!
O mother, when we were thine,
Ye cleathed us not in silks sae fine—
And Bonnie Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

But now we're in the heavens high,
 Edinboro! Edinboro!
But now we're in the heavens high,
 Stirling for aye!
But now we're in the heavens high,
And you'll have sorrow soon to try,
And Bonnie Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

Old Scots Ballad.



*The Lament of
the Border Widow.*

XII.

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

Old Ballad.

Music by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

With tragic but restrained pathos.

VOICE.

♩=60. *Slow and with great expression.*

PIANO.

p Sym: to verses 1 and 2. cres: dim:

p

1 My love he built me a bon - nie bower, And
2 I sewed his sheet, ma - king my mane, I

p well held.

clad it all with li - ly flower; A braw - er bower ye
watched the corpse my - self a - lane; I watched his bo - dy

ne'er did see, Than my true love he built for me.
 night and day, No liv - ing crea - ture came that way.

With the singer. *ten:*

pp *rit:* *cres:*
 There came a man by mid - dle day, He
 I took his bo - dy on my back, And

pp *cres:*

dim:
 spied his sport, and went a - way, And brought the King that
 whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat; I digged a grave, and

dim: *ten:* *sempre.*

rit: *From the beginning for verse 2.*
 ve - ry night, Who brake my bower and slew my Knight.
 laid him in, And happ'd him with the sod sae green.

ten: *rit:*

Third verse.

f *dim:* *p*

3 But think na ye my heart was sair, When I

p *well held.*

laid the mould on his yel - low hair? O think na ye my

rall: heart was wae, When I turned a - bout a - wa' to gae?

rall: *ten:*

pp

rit. No liv - ing man I'll love a - gain, Since

pp

that my love - ly Knight is slain; Wi ae lock o' his

ten.

rit. yel - low hair I'll chain my heart for e - ver - mair, I'll

slower e dim.

ten. *rit.* *very slow.*

rall. chain my heart for e - ver - mair!

rall. *pp*

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

MY love he built me a bonnie bower,
And clad it a' wi' lily flower ;
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away ;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear,
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear ;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremetie.

I sew'd his sheet, making my mane ;
I watch'd the corpse myself alane ;
I watch'd his body night and day ;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat ;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him wi' the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair
When I laid the mould on his yellow hair ?
Oh ! think na ye my heart was wae
When I turned about awa' to gae ?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain ;
Wi' ae lock o' his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

Old Ballad.



*My Heart's in the
Highlands.*

(AIR FAILLIRIN ILLIRIN UILLIRIN O.)

XIII.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

(AIR FAILLIRIN ILLIRIN.)

Old Highland lilt

Words written by
ROBERT BURNS (with old Refrain)

(to which Burns probably wrote the Words)
arranged by MALCOLM LAWSON.

Moderately fast and with fervour. ♩ = 60.

PIANO.

mf

1. My heart's in the High-lands, my heart is not here; My
2. Fare - well to the High-lands, fare - well to the North, The

heart's in the High-lands a - chas - ing the deer; A -
birth - place of va - lour, the coun - try of worth; Where -

cres.

8va ad lib.

- chas - ing the wild deer and follow - ing the roe, My
- ev - er I wan - der, where - ev - er I rove, The

ten.

rit. *CORO.*

heart's in the High-lands where - ev - er I go. *Air,*
 hills of the High-lands for ev - er I love. *f*

rit. *f*

A little quicker and well marked.

fail - li - rin, il - li - rin, uil - li - rin, O! *Air,* fail - li - rin,

well marked.

f

il - li - rin, uil - li - rin, O! *Air,* fail - li - rin, il - li - rin, uil - li - rin,

f

D. C. for 2. Verse.

O! My heart's in the High-lands where - ev - er I go.

D. C.

With express:

3. Fare -

f *dim:*

- well to the moun - tains high cov - er'd with snow, Fare -

p

- well to the straths and green val - leys be - low; Fare -

cres: *cres:*

8va ad lib:

- well to the for - ests, and wild - hang - ing woods; Fare -

dim: *p* *dim:* *p*

CORO.
 well to the tor - rents, and loud - pour - ing floods. *Air,*

A little quicker and well marked.
Fail - li - rin, il - li - rin, uil - li - rin, O! Air, fail - li - rin, il - li - rin, uil - li - rin,

Well marked.

f
O! Air, fail - li - rin, il - li - rin, uil - li - rin, O! My heart's in the Highlands where.

- ev - er I go. *Final Sym:* *ten:* *ten:*

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

(AIR FAILLIRIN ILLIRIN.)

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer ;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin O !

Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin O !

Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin O !

My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the north,
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth ;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin O ! &c.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow ;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin O ! &c.

ROBERT BURNS,

With old refrain.



Jingling Johnnie.

XIV.

JINGLING JOHNNIE.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Old Scottish Air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

VOICE. $\text{♩} = 80.$

Well marked and jocund.

PIANO. *f*

mf

Wi' joke and song he tramps a - long, A

ten.

mf

traveller rare, a power-ful think - er; Free as a bird, fears

ten.

no man's word, That's John Mac - fie, the Hie - lan' tin - ker!

ten:

p

Pots and pans to keel and mend, Jugs, and mugs, and
 2. chaf - ferin's done, and night be - gun, His camp's far up a -
 3. Mac - in - tosh be king at Moy, Let Lo - vat rule the

p

The upper notes in the bass slightly marked.

ten:

cres:

crocks so bon - nie; Ev' - ry - one's the tin - ker's friend, The
 - mong the hea - ther, Where Jean, braw wo - man, brews the brose, And
 roast in Beau - ly, For real con - tent and care - less joy, Och!

cres:

f

bairns are mad for Jing - ling John - nie; Wi'
 calls her red-haired weans to - ge - ther; They'll
 John Macfie's the chief - tain tru - ly; His

f

this note to be held ad lib. or the rests observed.

broom, and brush, and wo - ven rush, He cracks wi' hen - wives
gather round, a home - ly brood, And drink a dram to the
clans' as fam - ous as the best, For fear - less, fight - in'
ten:

rit. a tempo cres. rit. ten:
in the gloamin'; And if the fowls be scarce the morn, Well!
tribe o' tin - kers; But have no fear, ye un - co' good, The
ro - vin' reavers; May Jing - ling John - nie find his rest 'Mid

f a tempo. rit. f Coro.
Cocks and hens will aye be roamin'
clan Mac - fie's all *moderate* drinkers! Wi' joke and song he tramps a - long, A
hear - ty souls and true be - lie - vers!

traveller rare, a power-ful think-er, Free as a bird, fears

no man's word, That's John Macfie the Hie-lan' tin-ker!

rit: *In time.* 1st. & 2nd.

rit: *In time.* *ff*

D.S. 3rd.

2 When Hie-lan' tin-ker.
3 Let

D.S.

f brillante. *cres:* *sfz* *ff*

JINGLING JOHNNIE.

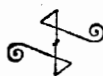
Wi' joke and song he tramps along,
A traveller rare, a powerful thinker,
Free as a bird, fears no man's word,
That's John Macfie the Hielan' tinker !

Pots and pans to keel and mend,
Jugs, and mugs, and crocks so bonnie,
Everyone's the tinker's friend,
The bairns are mad for Jingling Johnnie ;
Wi' broom, and brush, and woven rush,
He cracks wi' henwives in the gloamin',
And if the fowls be scarce the morn,
Well ! cocks and hens will aye be roamin' !
Wi' joke and song, &c.

When chafferin's done and night begun,
His camp's far up among the heather,
Where Jean, braw woman, brews the brose,
And calls her red-haired weans together.
They'll gather round, a homely brood,
And drink a dram to the tribe o' tinkers,
But have no fear ye unco' good,
The clan Macfie's all *moderate* drinkers !
Wi' joke and song, &c.

Let Mackintosh be king at Moy,
Let Lovat rule the roost in Beauly,
For real content and careless joy,
Och ! John Macfie's the chieftain truly.
His clan's as famous as the best,
For fearless, fightin' rovin' reavers ;
May Jingling Johnnie find his rest
'Mid hearty souls and true believers.
Wi' joke and song, &c.

HAROLD BOULTON.



My dear and only Love.

(MONTROSE'S LOVE SONG.)

XV.

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.

(Montrose's Love Song.)

*The words by JAMES GRAHAM,
Marquis of Montrose (1614-1650.)*

Old air to which the words were originally written

Arranged by MALCOLM LAWSON.

VOICE. $\text{♩} = 90.$

Gallant and earnest.

PIANO. *f With fire.*

mf

1 My dear and on - ly
2 As Al - ex - an - der

ten:

dim: *ten:* *mf*

love, I pray That lit - tle world of thee Be
I will reign, And I will reign a - lone; My

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 90. The voice part begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment starts with a forte (f) dynamic and includes various musical notations such as accents, slurs, and dynamic markings like mf, ten, and dim. The lyrics are arranged in two verses, with the first verse ending on a longer note that carries into the second line of the piano part.

go - veyed by no oth - er sway, But pur - est mon - ar -
thoughts did ev - er - more dis - dain A ri - val on my

- chy; throne; For if con - fus - ion have a part, Which
He ei - ther fears his fate too much, Or

pesante.

vir - tuous souls ab - hor, I'll call a sy - nod
his de - serts are small, Who dares not put it

rit:

in my heart, and ne - ver love thee more.
to the touch, To gain or lose it all.

cres:

D.C. for 2nd Verse.

f *with fire.* *dim:*

3 And in the em - pire of thy heart, Where
4 But if no faith - less ac - tion stain Thy
ten:
ten: 4th ver: p

I should sole - ly be, If o - thers do pre -
love and con - stant word, *cres:* I'll make thee fa - mous
4th ver: cres:

-tend a part, Or dare to share with
by my pen, And glo - rious by my
4th ver: rit: cres:

me: sword. Or if com-mit - tees thou e - rect, Or
 sword. *f* I'll serve thee in such no - ble ways As

pesante. *f*

go on such a score, I'll smil - ing mock at
 ne'er was known be - fore; I'll deck and crown thy

thy neg - lect, And ne - ver love thee
 head with bays, (*rit.:*) And love thee more and

D. S. for ver: 4.

more.
 more.

Symphony after last verse.

D. S. for ver: 4. *f*

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.

(MONTROSE'S LOVE SONG.)

MY dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be govern'd by no other sway,
But purest monarchy :
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone ;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe ;
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou storm or vex me sore,
As if thou set me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me :
Or if committees thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling, mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
As ne'er was known before ;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

JAMES GRAHAM,

Marquis of Montrose (1614—1650).



*The Flowers of
the Forest.*

(AFTER FLODDEN.)

XVI.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

or After Flodden.

The words written on the old fragments
of "The Flowers of the Forest" and
"I've heard them tilting," by JANE ELLIOT. (1727-1805.)

Old Scottish Harp air arranged
by MALCOLM LAWSON.

Sorrowful and dreamy. (♩ = 50.) **S.**

VOICE.

Cantabile and sad.

PIANO. *p*

dim.

1 I've heard them
2 At e'en in the
3 We'll hear nae mair

lilt - in' at our ewe milk - in;
gloom - in' nae youngers are roam - in; 'Bout
lilt - in' at our ewe milk - in;

Red * *Red* * *Red* * *Red* *

rit.;

Las - ses a' lilt - in' be - fore the dawn of
 stacks with the las - ses at bo - gle to
 Wo - men and bairns . . . are heart - less and.

ten:

*Red * Red * Red * Red **

pp With dool and wae.

day; But now they are moan - in' on
 play, But il - ka maid sits drear - ie, la -
 wae, Sigh - in' and moan - in' on

pp

*Red * Red **

cres:

il - ka green loan - in'; The Flow'rs of the
 - ment - in' her dear - ie, The Flow'rs of the
 il - ka green loan - in'; The Flow'rs of the

cres:

*Red * Red * Red * Red * Red * Red **

dim: e rall: *Dal Segno for 2nd & 3rd Verses.*

For - est are a' wede a - way.
 For - est are a' wede a - way.
 For - est are a' wede a - way.

ten: *dim: e rall:* *cres:* *Dal Segno.* *rit:* *ten:*

*Red * Red * Red * Red * Red * Red **

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

(AFTER FLODDEN.)

I'VE heard them lilting, at our ewe-milking,
Lasses a' lilting, before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning, on ilka green loaning,
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning;
Lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;—
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her legling and hies her away.

In hair'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
Bandsters are runkled and lyart or grey;
At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae younkers are roaming,
'Bout stacks with the lassies at bogle to play;
But ilk maid sits drearie, lamenting her dearie,
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day,
The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,
The prime of our land are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewe-milking;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae,
Sighing and moaning, on ilka green loaning,
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

JANE ELLIOT (1727—1805).



The Heiress.

XVII.

THE HEIRESS.

Words by
LADY NAIRNE.

Music on old Gaelic Air by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

With vigour and wit.

PIANO. *f e cres:*

f (Refrain.)

Twas na so when I had nothing, Ere I got my gold and gear; Now I'll no be

had for ask - ing, Though they all come courting here! Oh! The change is most surprising,

ten: ten: *f* ten: ten:

rit:

Last year I was plain Bess Brown; Now to my hand they're all aspiring, The "Fair E-liz-a-

with the singer

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'PIANO.' and 'f e cres:'. The tempo is indicated as 'With vigour and wit.' and the time signature is 2/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The piano part consists of two staves. The vocal part is on a single staff with lyrics. The lyrics are: 'Twas na so when I had nothing, Ere I got my gold and gear; Now I'll no be had for ask - ing, Though they all come courting here! Oh! The change is most surprising, ten: ten: f ten: ten: Last year I was plain Bess Brown; Now to my hand they're all aspiring, The "Fair E-liz-a- with the singer'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

*(Refrain.)**In time.*

- beth "I'm grown; But 'twas na so when I had nothing, Ere I got my gold and gear;

p *In time.*

Now I'll no be had for asking, Though they all come courting here.

f

declaiming.

The Laird, the Sher.iff, and the Doctor, And twa Lords of high degree, Wi'

p *sustained well:*

solemn *rit:* *In time and with candour.*

heaps of Dandies and the Bishop, Surely, Sirs, its no forme! But oh! The change is most surprising,

rit: *a tempo.*

None of them e'er look'd at me; Now my charms they're all admiring, For my sake they're

f

ten:

like to dee; But 'twas na so when I had nothing, Ere I got my gold and gear;

p *In time.*

Now I'll no be had for asking, Though they all come courting here. *grv*

ten: ten: f and brilliant.

p *a little slower and with express:*

loco. But there's one when I had nothing, All his heart he gied to me; And

p *well sustained and a little slower.*

*rit.**In time.*

89

sair he toiled to mak' a wee thing, To gie me when he came from sea. And if I ev - er

with the singer.

rit. *a tempo.*

mar - ry on - y, He shall be the lad for me, For oh! He was both good and bonnie,

mf *f*

f (Refrain.) *a little quicker.*

And he thought the same of me; And it was so when I had nothing And his heart he

f

gied to me; So if e'er I mar - ry on - y, He will be the lad for me!

rit. *quick.*

ten:

with the singer.

ff

marked well and quick.

THE HEIRESS.

'T WAS na so when I had nothing,
Ere I got my gold and gear,
Now I'll no be had for asking
Though they all come courting here !
Oh ! The change is most surprising,
Last year I was plain " Bess Brown,"
Now to my hand they're all aspiring,
The " Fair Elizabeth " I'm grown.

But 'twas na so, &c.

The Laird, the Sheriff, and the Doctor,
And twa Lords of high degree,
Wi' heaps of Dandies, and the Bishop,
Surely, sirs, it's no for me ?
But oh ! The change is most surprising,
None of them e'er looked at me,
Now my charms they're all admiring,
For my sake they're like to dee !

But 'twas na so, &c.

But there's one when I had nothing
All his heart he gied to me,
And sair he toiled to mak' a wee thing
To gie me when he came from sea ;
And if I ever marry ony,
He shall be the lad for me,
For oh ! He was both good and bonnie,
And he thought the same of me !

And it was so when I had nothing,
And his heart he gied to me,
So if e'er I marry ony,
He will be the lad for me !

LADY NAIRNE.



Roderic vic Alpine Dubb.

XVIII.

RODERIC VIC ALPINE DUBH.

Words by
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Music founded on an old Gaelic air
by MALCOLM LAWSON.

With marked rhythm and great fire. (♩=80.)

VOICE.

PIANO.

f and fierce

Hail to the Chief who in tri - umph ad - van - ces,
Proud - ly our pi - broch has thrilled in Glen Fru - in,
Row, vas - sals, row, for the pride of the High - lands,

Well marked and slightly detached.

f

cres:

f

Hon - oured and blest be the ev - er - green pine;
 Ba - noch - ar's groans to our slo - gan re - plied; Glen
 Stretch to your oars, for the ev - er - green pine!

f *dim:*

cres:

Long may the tree in his ban - ner that glan - ces
 Luss and Ross-dhu are smok - ing in ru - in, The
 Oh! That the rōse - bud that gra - ces yon is - lands, Were

cres: *cres:*

f

Flour - ish, the shel - ter and grace of our line.
 best of Loch Lo - mond lie dead on her side.
 wreath'd in a gar - land a - round him to twine.

f

p

Heaven send it hap - py dew, Earth lend it sap a - new,
 Wi - dow, and Sax - on maid Long shall lament our raid,
 Oh! That some seedling gem Worth - y such no - ble stem

Gai - ly to bour - geon, and broad - ly to grow,
 Think of Clan Al - pine with fear and with woe;
 Ho - noured and bless'd in their sha - dow might grow!

p e cres:

While ev - ry High - land glen Sends our shout back a - gain,
 Len - nox and Lev - en - glen Shake when they hear a - gain,
 Loud should Clan Al - pine then Ring from her deep - est glen,

p e cres:

ff *Coro.*

Ro - de - ric Vic Al - pine dubh, Ho! Ie - roe,

ff

mf

Ro - de - ric Vic Al - pine dubh, Ho! Ie - roe!

mf

cres:

Ro - de - ric Vic Al - pine dubh, Ho! Ie - roe!

cres:

ff *rit:* *D.C. for v. 2 and 3.* *D.C.*

Ho! ie - roe, Ie - roe!

ff *fff* *D.C.* *Final Sym:* *ten:* *ff*

RODERIC VIC ALPINE DUBH.

HAIL to the chief who in triumph advances !
Honoured and blessed be the ever-green pine !
Long may the tree in his banner that glances
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow ;
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
“ Roderic Vic Alpine dubh, ho ! Ieroe ! ”

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Banochar's groans to our slogan replied :
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan Alpine with fear and with woe ;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear agen,
“ Roderic Vic Alpine dubh, ho ! Ieroe ! ”

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands,
Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green pine !
Oh ! That the rosebud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine.
Oh ! That some seedling gem
Worthy such noble stem,
Honoured and blessed in their shadow might grow !
Loud should Clan Alpine then
Ring from her deepmost glen,
“ Roderic Vic Alpine dubh, ho ! Ieroe ! ”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

