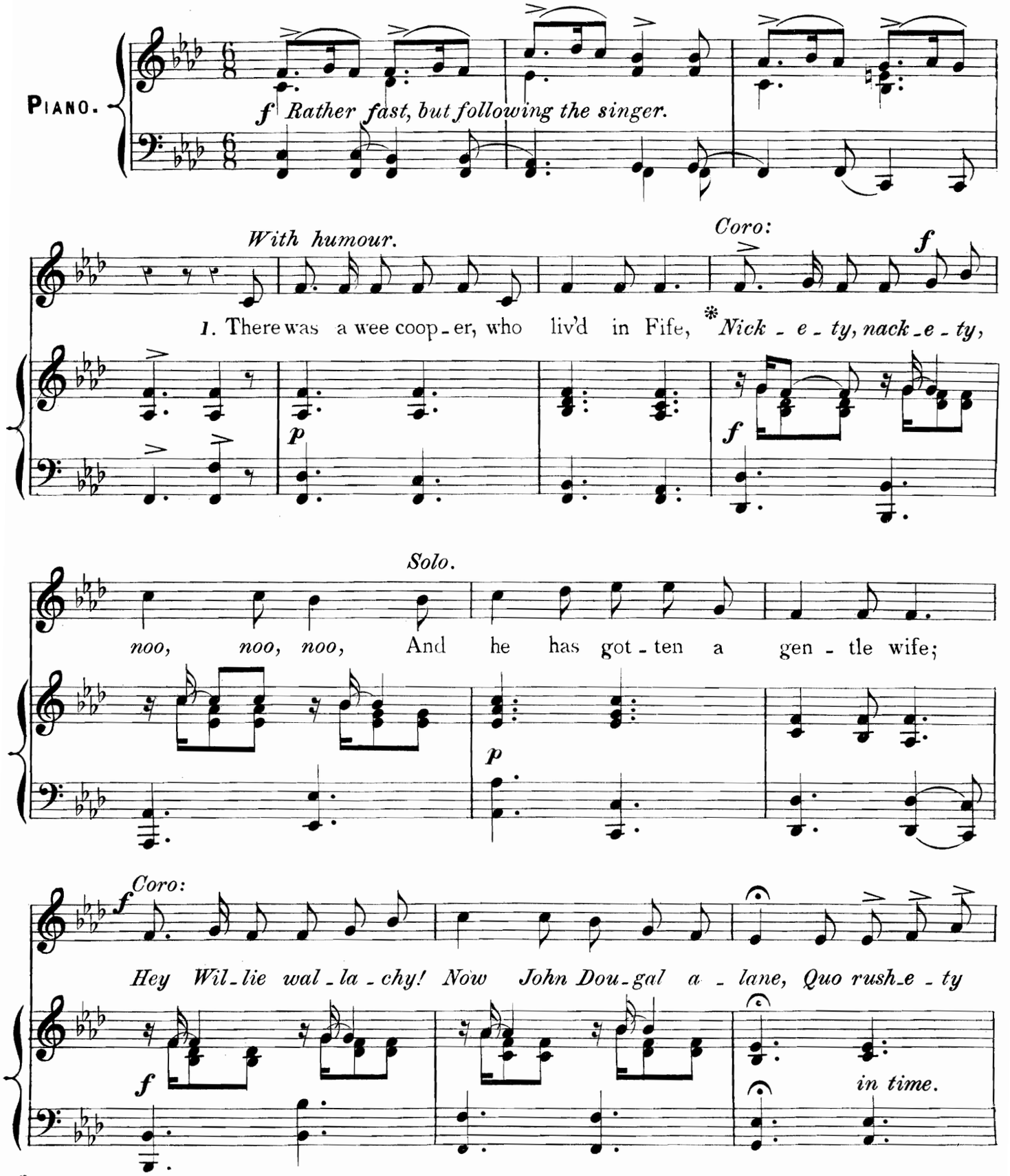
The Cooper o' Fife.

XIX.

THE COOPER O' FIFE.

Old Lowland Ballad.

Old Lowland air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.



*This chorus is often sung in the "Kingdom of Fife" to the accompaniment of one stroke of the elbow on a wooden table, followed by two of the fist—which will be found to be a very good imitation of the noise made by the movement of the shuttle in weaving. Perhaps, with this assistance, the uninitiated will find some elucidation of the meaning of the refrain.

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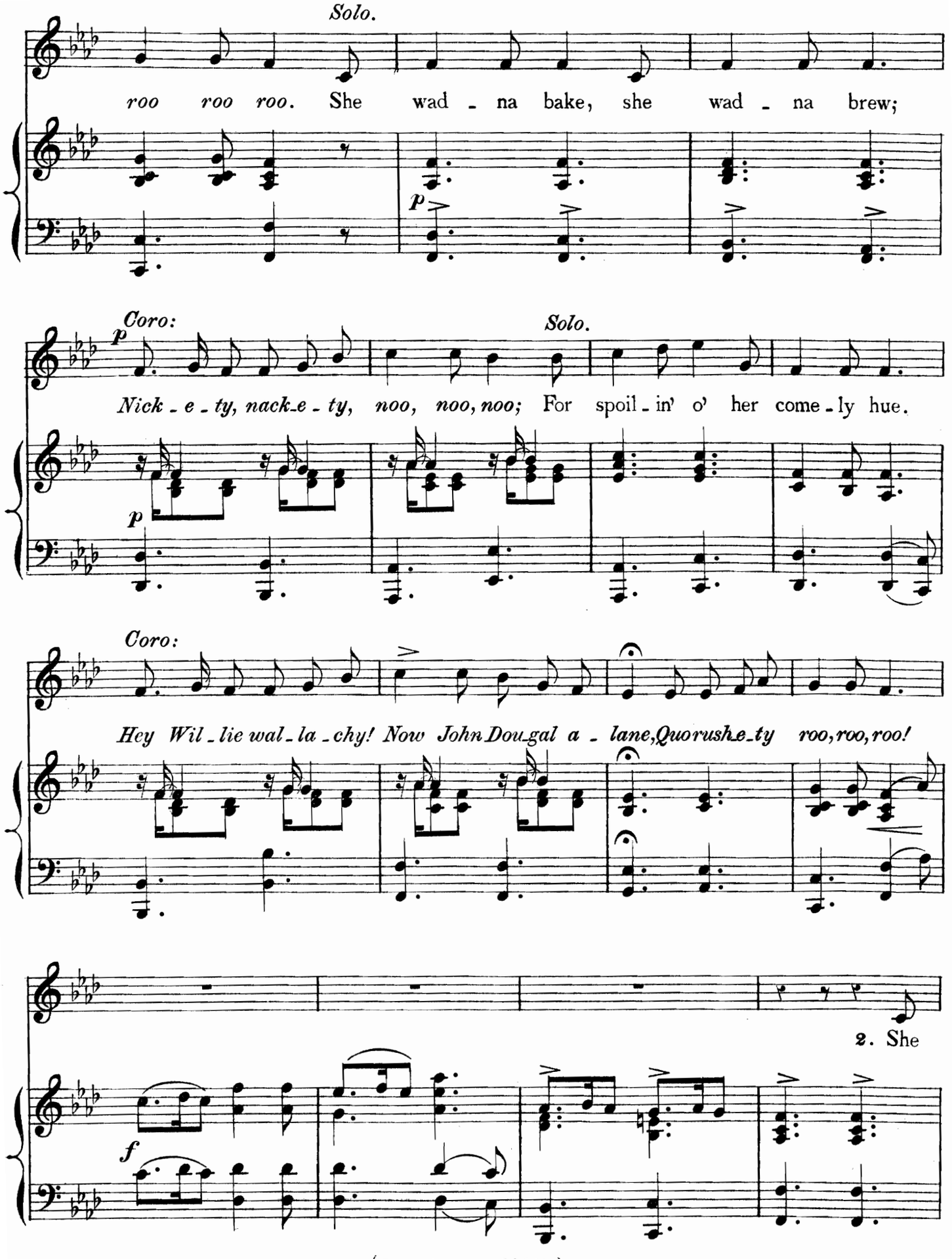
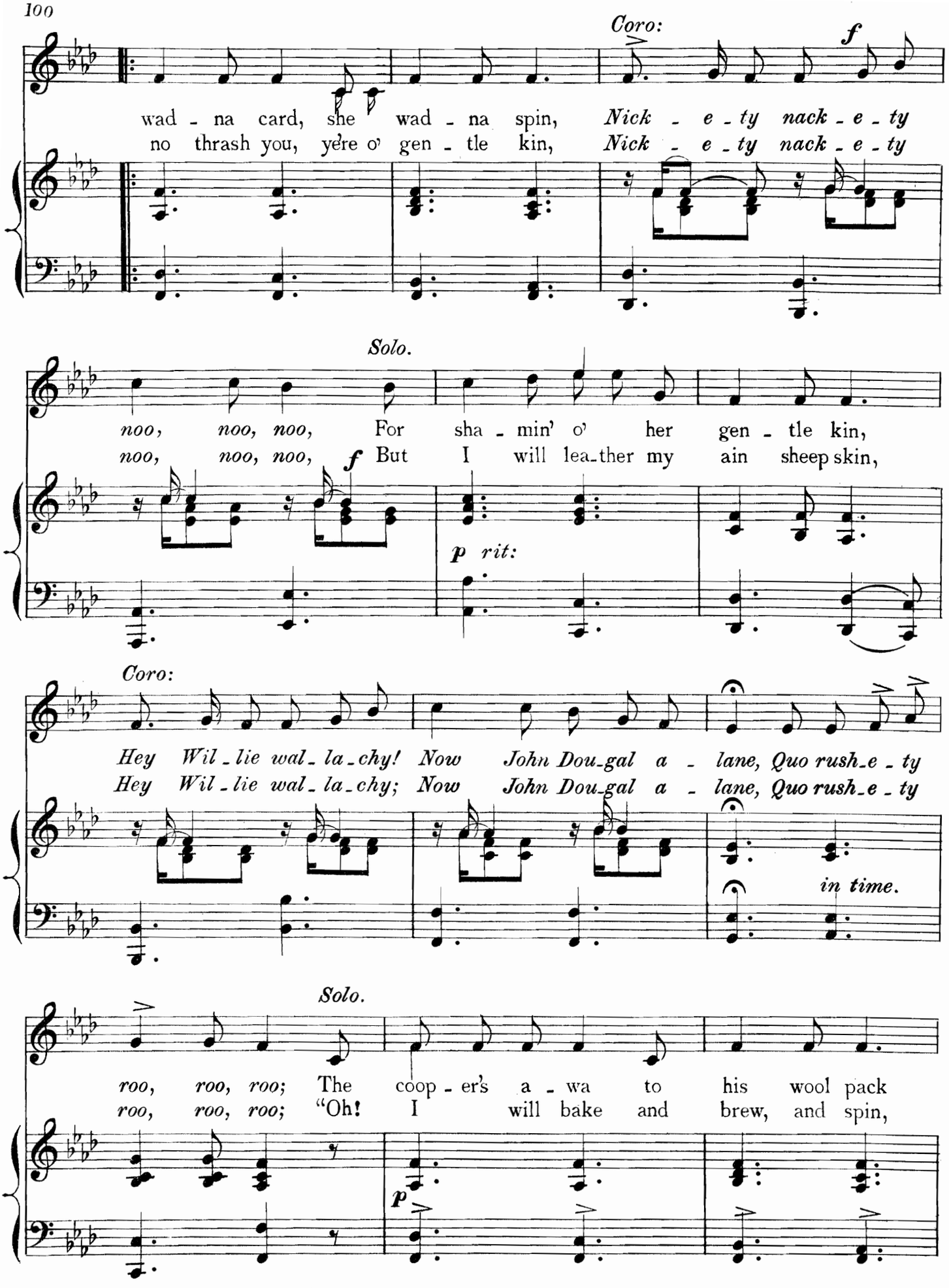
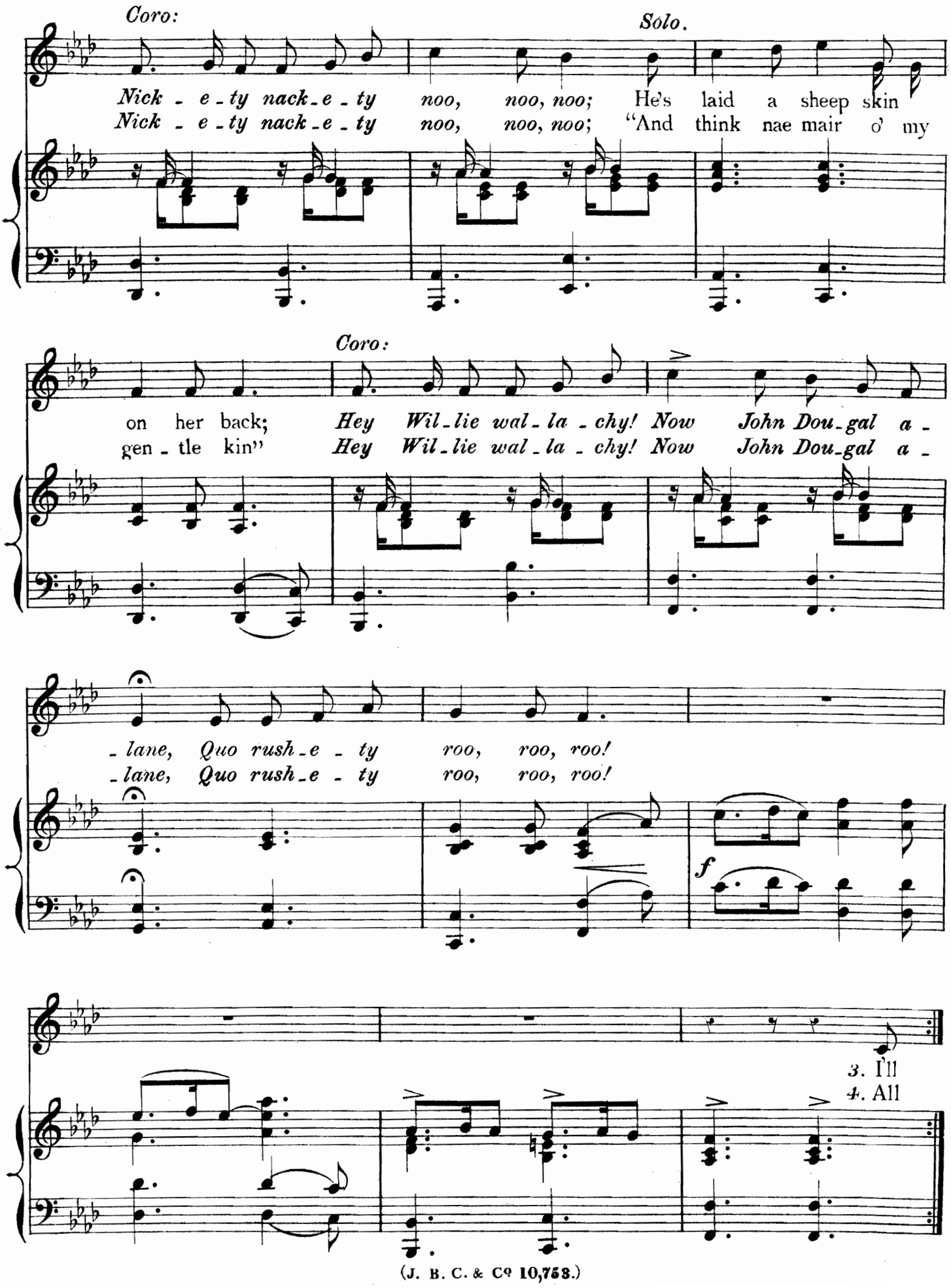
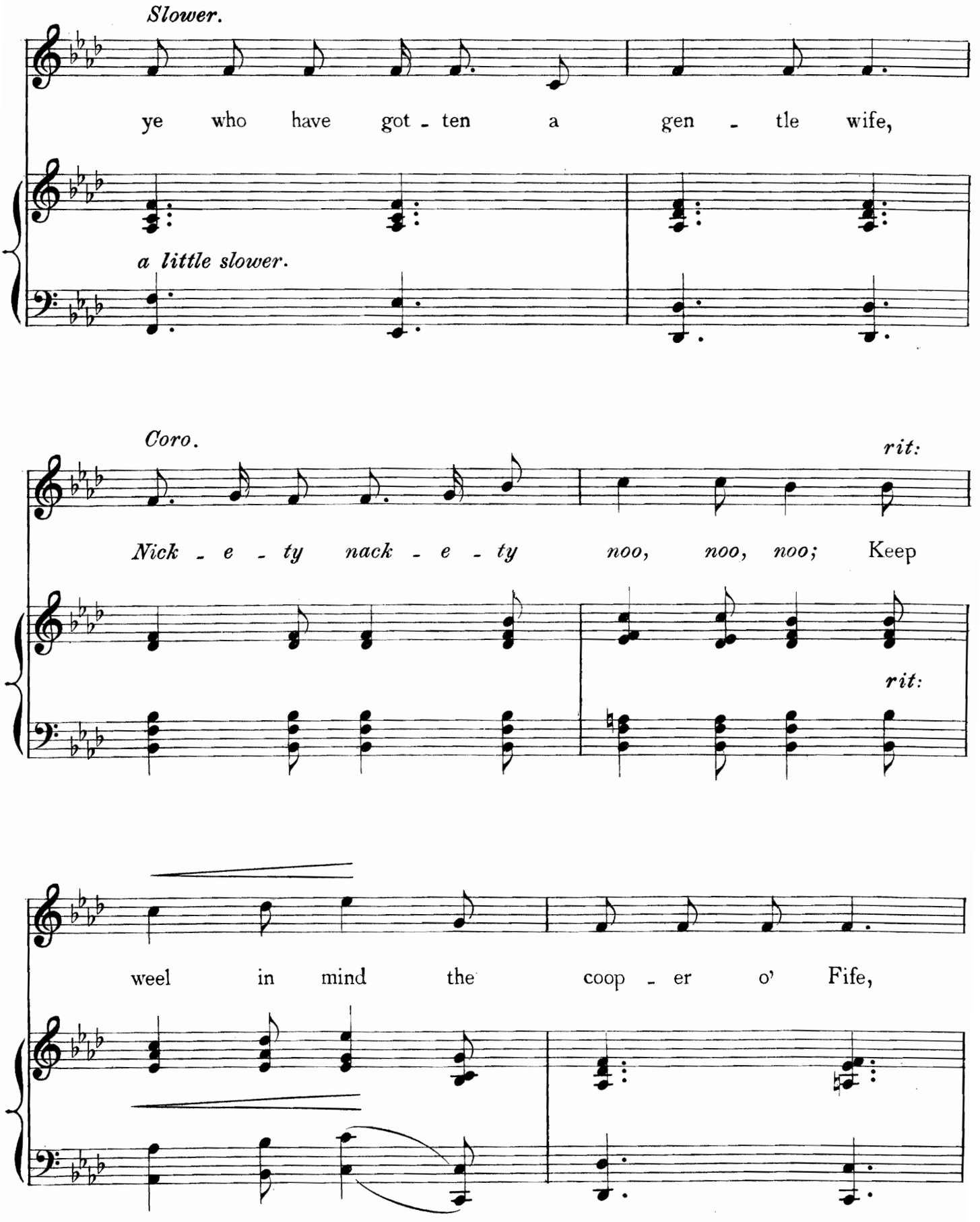
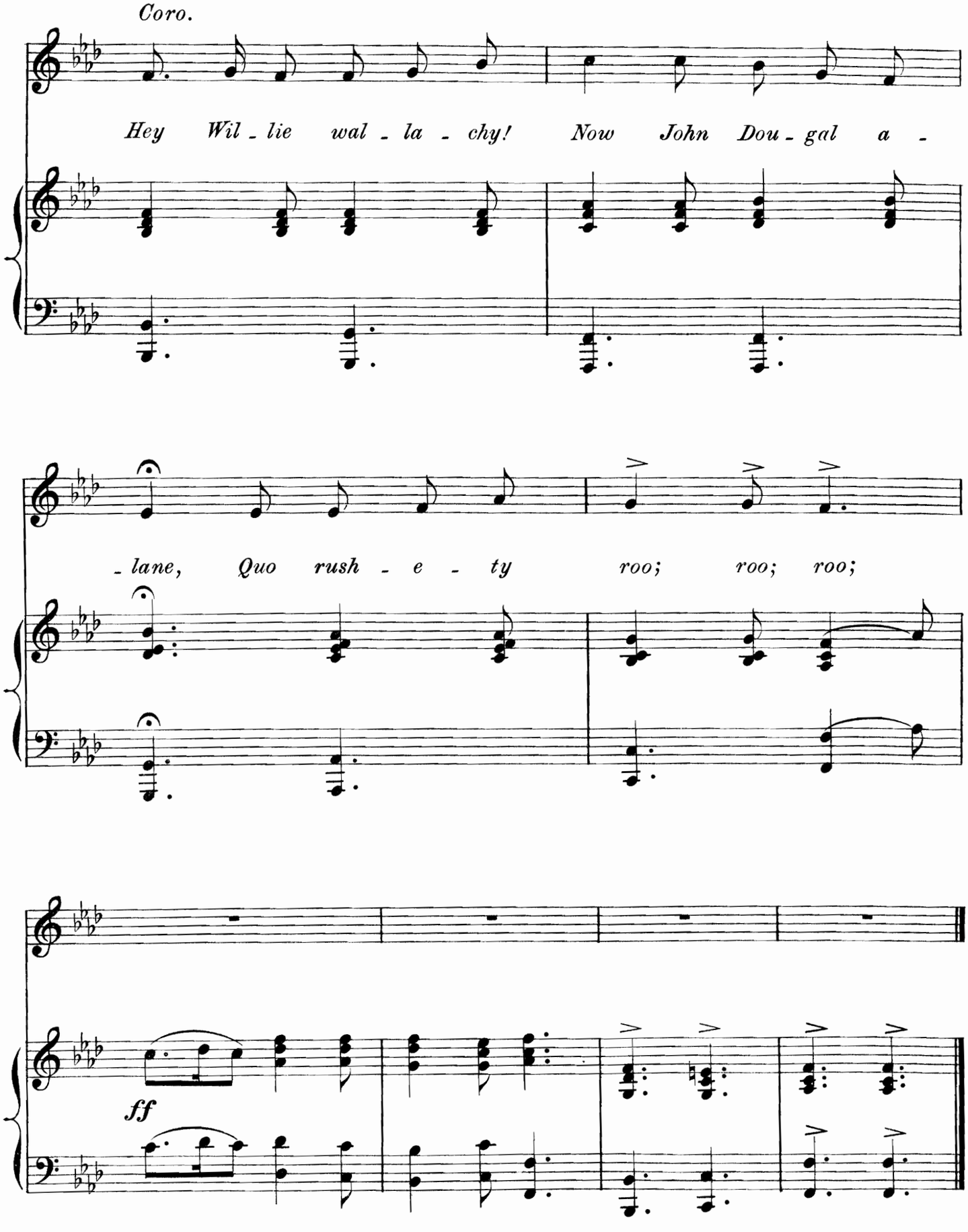

Solo.
roo roo roo. She wad - na bake, she wad - na brew;
p
Coro:
p
Solo.
Nick - e - ty, nack-e - ty, noo, noo, noo; For spoil - in' o' her come - ly hue.
p
Coro:
Hey Wil - lie wal - la - chy! Now John Dou-gal a - lane, Quorush-e-ty roo, roo, roo!
2. She
f


Coro:
f
wad - na card, she wad - na spin, Nick - e - ty nack - e - ty
no thrash you, ye're o' gen - tle kin, Nick - e - ty nack - e - ty
Solo.
noo, noo, noo, For sha - min' o' her gen - tle kin,
noo, noo, noo, f But I will lea-ther my ain sheep skin,
p rit:
Coro:
Hey Wil - lie wal - la - chy! Now John Dou-gal a - lane, Quo rush-e - ty
Hey Wil - lie wal - la - chy; Now John Dou-gal a - lane, Quo rush-e - ty
in time.
Solo.
roo, roo, roo; The coop - er's a - wa to his wool pack
roo, roo, roo; "Oh! I will bake and brew, and spin,
p


Coro:
Solo.
Nick - e - ty nack - e - ty noo, noo, noo; He's laid a sheep skin
Nick - e - ty nack - e - ty noo, noo, noo; "And think nae mair o' my
Coro:
on her back; Hey Wil - lie wal - la - chy! Now John Dou - gal a -
gen - tle kin" Hey Wil - lie wal - la - chy! Now John Dou - gal a -
- lane, Quo rush - e - ty roo, roo, roo!
- lane, Quo rush - e - ty roo, roo, roo!
f
3. I'll
4. All


Slower.
ye who have got - ten a gen - tle wife,
a little slower.
Coro.
rit:
Nick - e - ty nack - e - ty noo, noo, noo; Keep
rit:
weel in mind the coop - er o' Fife,


Coro.
Hey Wil - lie wal - la - chy! Now John Dou - gal a -
- lane, Quo rush - e - ty roo; roo; roo;
ff

THE COOPER O' FIFE.

THERE was a wee cooper wha lived in Fife,
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo!
And he has gotten a gentle wife,
Hey Willie Wallachy!
Now John Dougal alane,
Quo' rushety roo, roo, roo!

She wadna' bake, she wadna' brew,
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo!
For spoilin' o' her comely hue.
Hey Willie, &c.

She wadna' card, she wadna' spin,
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo!
For shamin' o' her gentle kin.
Hey Willie, &c.

Cooper's awa to his wool pack,
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo!
And he's laid a sheepskin on her back.
Hey Willie, &c.

"I'll no thrash you, you're o' gentle kin,"
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo!
"But I will leather my ain sheepskin."
Hey Willie, &c.

"Oh! I will bake, and brew and spin,"
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo!
"And think nae mair o' my gentle kin."
Hey Willie, &c.

All ye who hae gotten a gentle wife,
Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo!
Keep weel in mind the wee cooper o' Fife.
Hey Willie Wallachy!
Now John Dougal alane,
Quo' rushety roo, roo, roo!

Old Fife Ballad.

The Bonnie wee Rose.

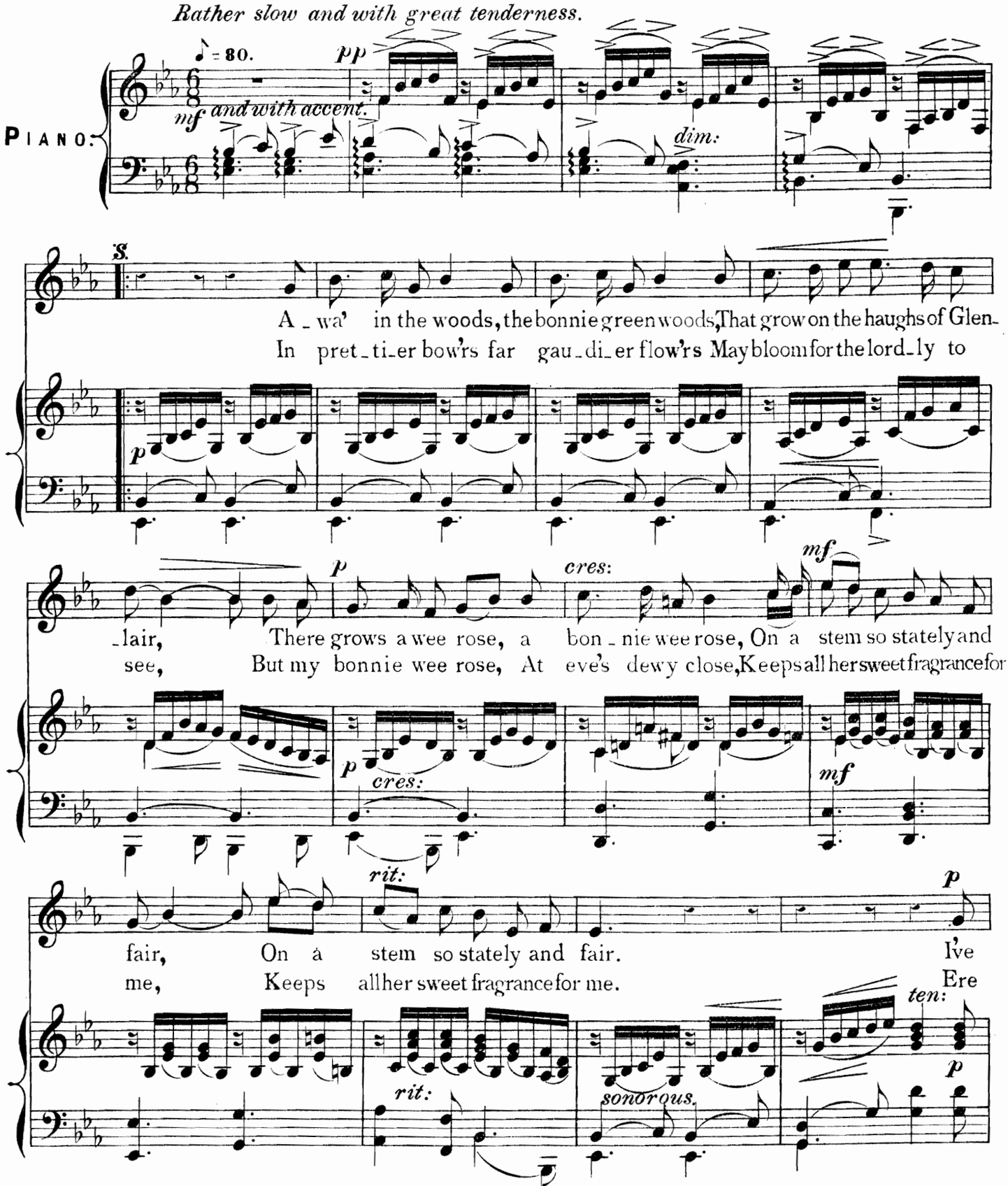
XX.

THE BONNIE WEE ROSE.

Words by
J. Stewart.

Music by
Malcolm Lawson.

Rather slow and with great tenderness.



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sweetly. *rit:*

tended that flow'r, that sweet bonnie flow'r As mis - er gloats ov - er his gold; And at
winter's cauld frost the woodland hath cross'd, To kill the wee flow'r with its smart, I will

rit:

a tempo. *cres:* *f* *rit:*

morn and at night, wi' fondest delight, I've watch'd all its beauties un - fold, I've
pluck the wee rose, the bon - nie wee rose, And wear it aye close to my heart, And

f *rit:*

a tempo. *cres:*

1st

watch'd all its beauties un - fold.
wear it aye close to my

rit: *f* *ten:*

D.S. *f* 2nd

heart.

D.S.

dim: *f* *dim:* *p* *pp*

THE BONNIE WEE ROSE.

AWA' in the woods, the bonnie green woods,
That grow on the haughs of Glenlair,
There grows a wee rose, a bonnie wee rose,
On a stem so stately and fair.

I've tended that flow'r, that sweet bonnie flow'r,
As miser gloats over his gold;
And at morn, and at night, wi' fondest delight
I've watched all its beauties unfold.

In prettier bow'rs, far gaudier flow'rs
May bloom for the lordly to see;
But my bonnie wee rose, at eve's dewy close,
Keeps all her sweet fragrance for me.

Ere winter's cauld frost the woodland hath cross'd,
To kill the wee flow'r with its smart,
I will pluck the wee rose, the bonnie wee rose,
And wear it aye close to my heart.

J. STEWART.

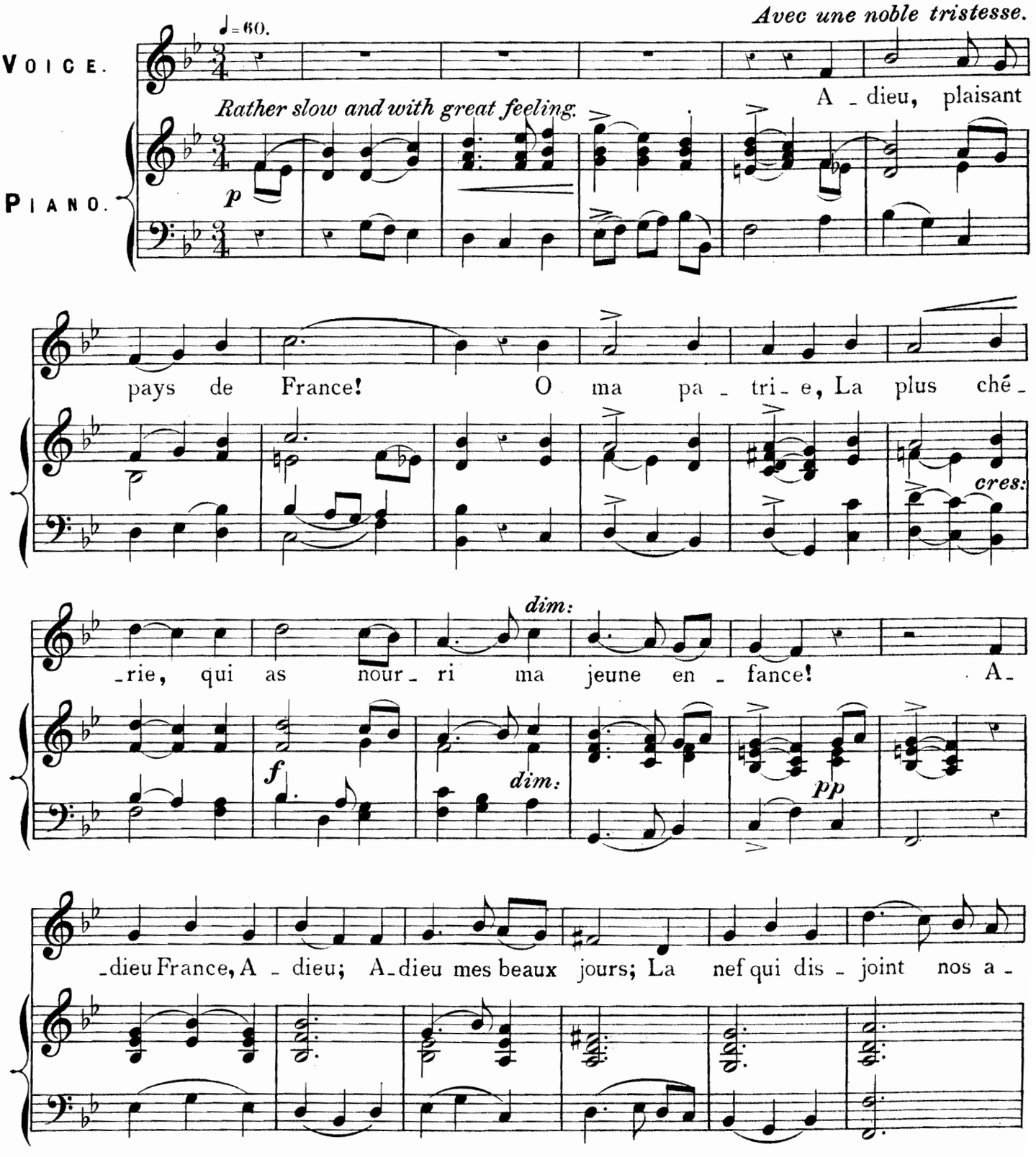
L'Adieu de Marie Stuart.

XXI.

L'ADIEU DE MARIE STUART

The Words attributed to
MARY of Scotland.

Music, in the style of the period,
by MALCOLM LAWSON.



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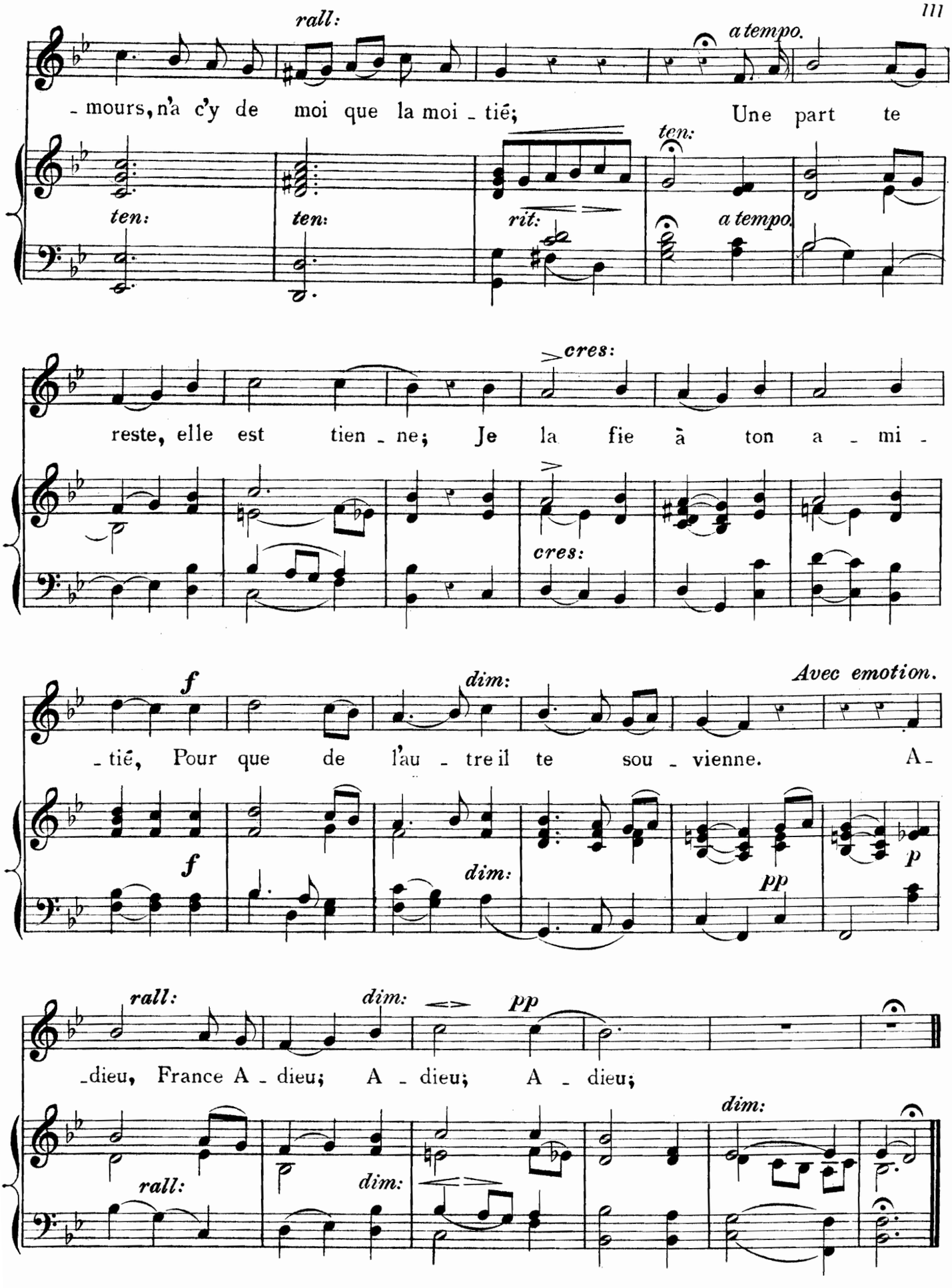
rall:
a tempo.
- mours, n'a c'y de moi que la moi - tié; Une part te
ten:
ten:
ten:
rit:
a tempo.
cres:
reste, elle est tien - ne; Je la fie à ton a - mi -
cres:
f
dim:
Avec emotion.
- tié, Pour que de l'au - tre il te sou - vienne. A -
f
dim:
pp
p
rall:
dim:
pp
-dieu, France A - dieu; A - dieu; A - dieu;
dim:
rall:
dim:

L'ADIEU DE MARIE STUART.

ADIEU, plaisant pays de France,
O ma patrie,
La plus chérie,
Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance!

Adieu, France, adieu mes beaux jours;
La nef qui disjoint nos amours,
N'a c'y de moi que la moitié;
Une part te reste, elle est tienne;
Je la fie à ton amitié,
Pour que de l'autre il te souvienne.

Attributed to MARY OF SCOTLAND.

Tarry Woo.

(CARDING SONG.)

XXII.

*TARRY WOO'.

A Carding Song.

DUET OR 2 PART CHORUS.

Words Anon.

Old Highland air arranged by MALCOLM LAWSON.

Quick and with monotonous precision. ♩ = 72.

PIANO.

f

1. Tar - ry woo', Oh! Tar - ry woo', Tar - ry woo' is ill to spin;
2. Sing, my bon - nie, harmless sheep that feed up-on the mountain steep;

1. Tar - ry woo', Oh! Tar - ry woo', Tar - ry woo' is ill to spin;
2. Sing, my bon - nie, harmless sheep that feed up-on the mountain steep;

p

Card it well, Oh card it well, Card it well ere
Bleat - ing sweet - ly as ye go, Through the win - ter's

p

Card it well, Oh card it well, Card it well ere
Bleat - ing sweet - ly as ye go, Through the win - ter's

p

* This is said to be the only song habitually sung by Sir Walter Scott.

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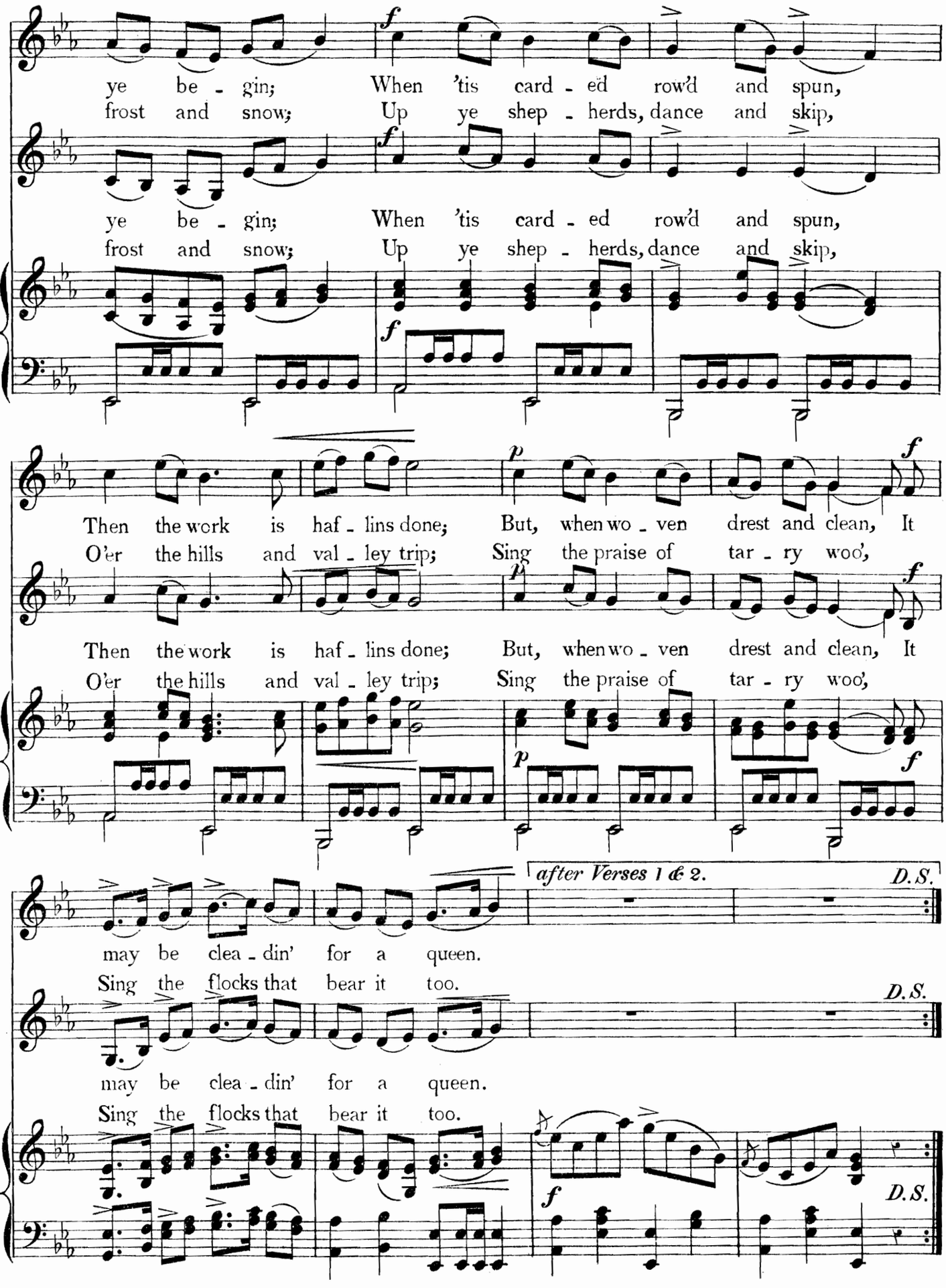
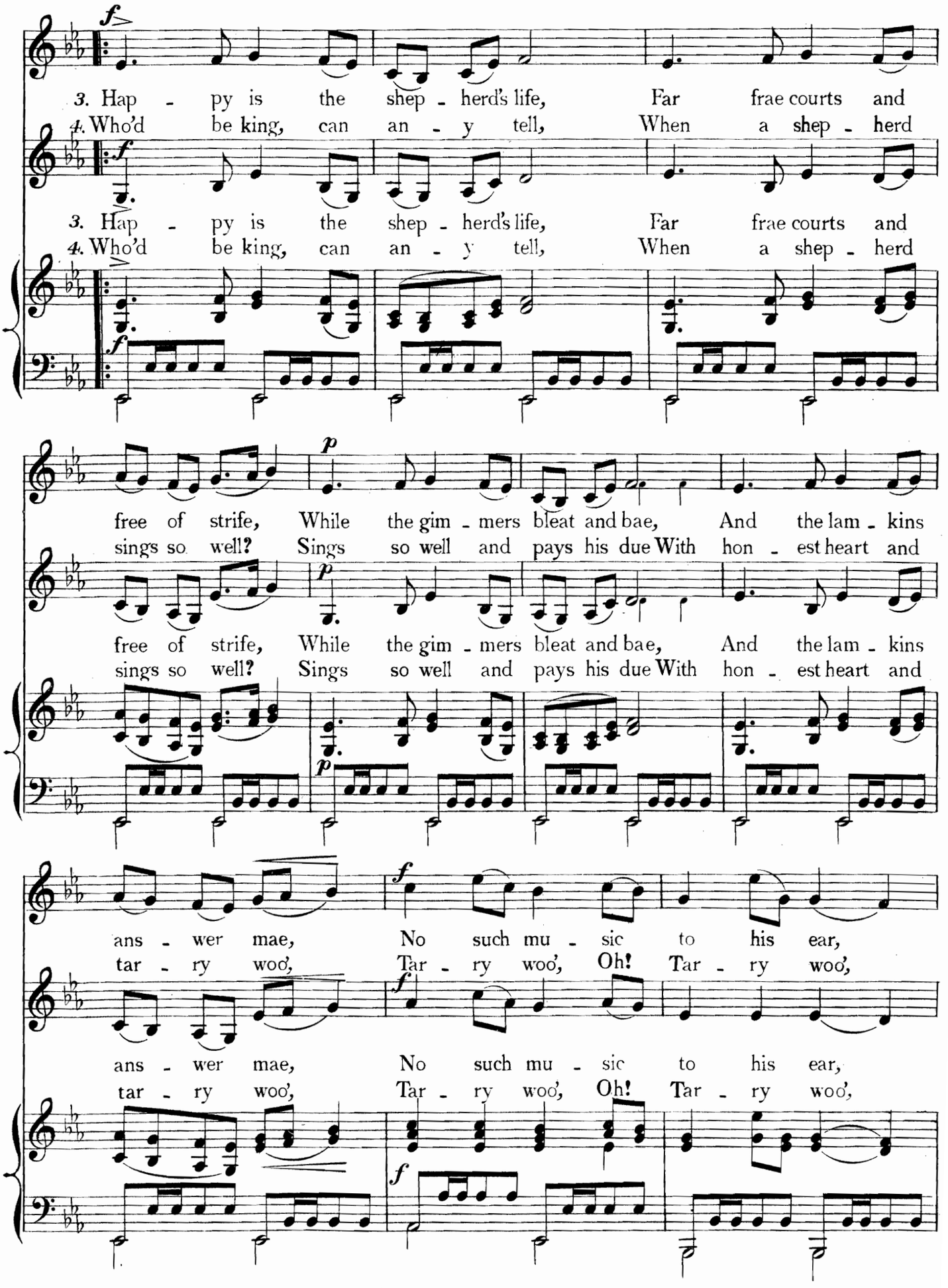
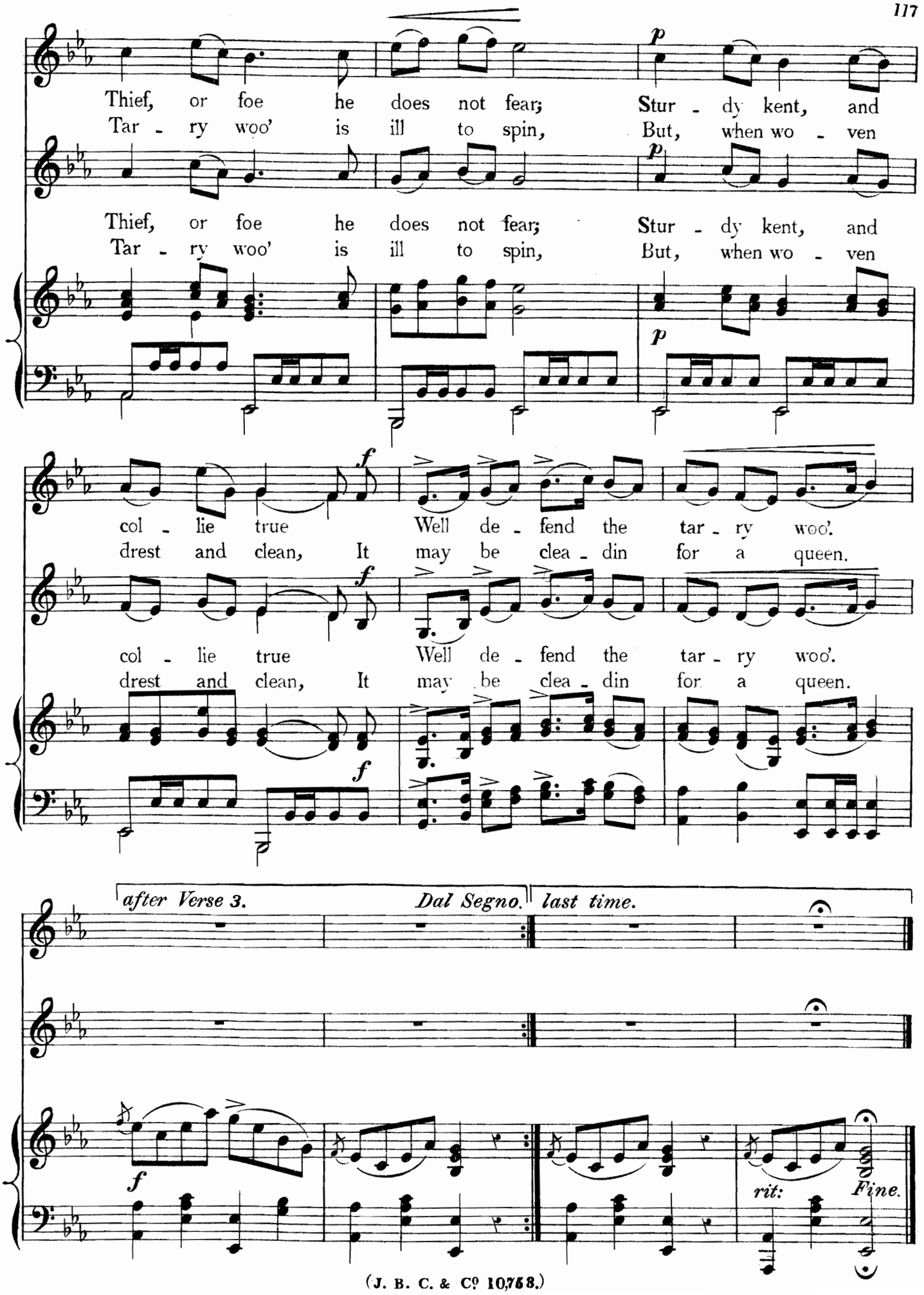

ye be - gin; When 'tis card - ed row'd and spun,
frost and snow; Up ye shep - herds, dance and skip,
ye be - gin; When 'tis card - ed row'd and spun,
frost and snow; Up ye shep - herds, dance and skip,
Then the work is haf - lins done; But, when wo - ven drest and clean, It
O'er the hills and val - ley trip; Sing the praise of tar - ry woo',
Then the work is haf - lins done; But, when wo - ven drest and clean, It
O'er the hills and val - ley trip; Sing the praise of tar - ry woo',
after Verses 1 & 2.
D.S.
may be clea - din' for a queen.
Sing the flocks that bear it too.
D.S.
may be clea - din' for a queen.
Sing the flocks that bear it too.
D.S.


3. Hap - py is the shep - herd's life, Far frae courts and
4. Who'd be king, can an - y tell, When a shep - herd
3. Hap - py is the shep - herd's life, Far frae courts and
4. Who'd be king, can an - y tell, When a shep - herd
free of strife, While the gim - mers bleat and bae, And the lam - kins
sings so well? Sings so well and pays his due With hon - est heart and
free of strife, While the gim - mers bleat and bae, And the lam - kins
sings so well? Sings so well and pays his due With hon - est heart and
ans - wer mae, No such mu - sic to his ear,
tar - ry woo', Tar - ry woo', Oh! Tar - ry woo',
ans - wer mae, No such mu - sic to his ear,
tar - ry woo', Tar - ry woo', Oh! Tar - ry woo',


Thief, or foe he does not fear; Stur - dy kent, and
Tar - ry woo' is ill to spin, But, when wo - ven
Thief, or foe he does not fear; Stur - dy kent, and
Tar - ry woo' is ill to spin, But, when wo - ven
col - lie true Well de - fend the tar - ry woo'.
drest and clean, It may be clea - din for a queen.
col - lie true Well de - fend the tar - ry woo'.
drest and clean, It may be clea - din for a queen.
after Verse 3.
Dal Segno.
last time.
rit:
Fine.

TARRY WOO'.

(CARDING SONG.)

TARRY woo', O tarry woo'!
Tarry woo' is ill to spin;
Card it well, card it well,
Card it well ere ye begin.
When it's carded, row'd and spun,
Then the work is halflins done;
But when woven, dressed and clean,
It may be cleadin' for a queen.

Sing, my bonnie, harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountain steep,
Bleating sweetly as we go
Through the winter's frost and snow.
Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valley trip;
Sing the praise of tarry woo',
Sing the flocks that bear it too.

Happy is the shepherd's life,
Far frae courts and free of strife,
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae;
No such music to his ear!
Thief or fox he does not fear,
Sturdy kent or collie true
Well defend the tarry woo'.

Who'd be king, can ony tell,
When a shepherd sings sae well?
Sings sae well, and pays his due
With honest heart and tarry woo'.
Tarry woo', O tarry woo'!
Tarry woo' is ill to spin,
But when woven, dress'd and clean,
It may be cleadin' for a queen.

Anonymous.

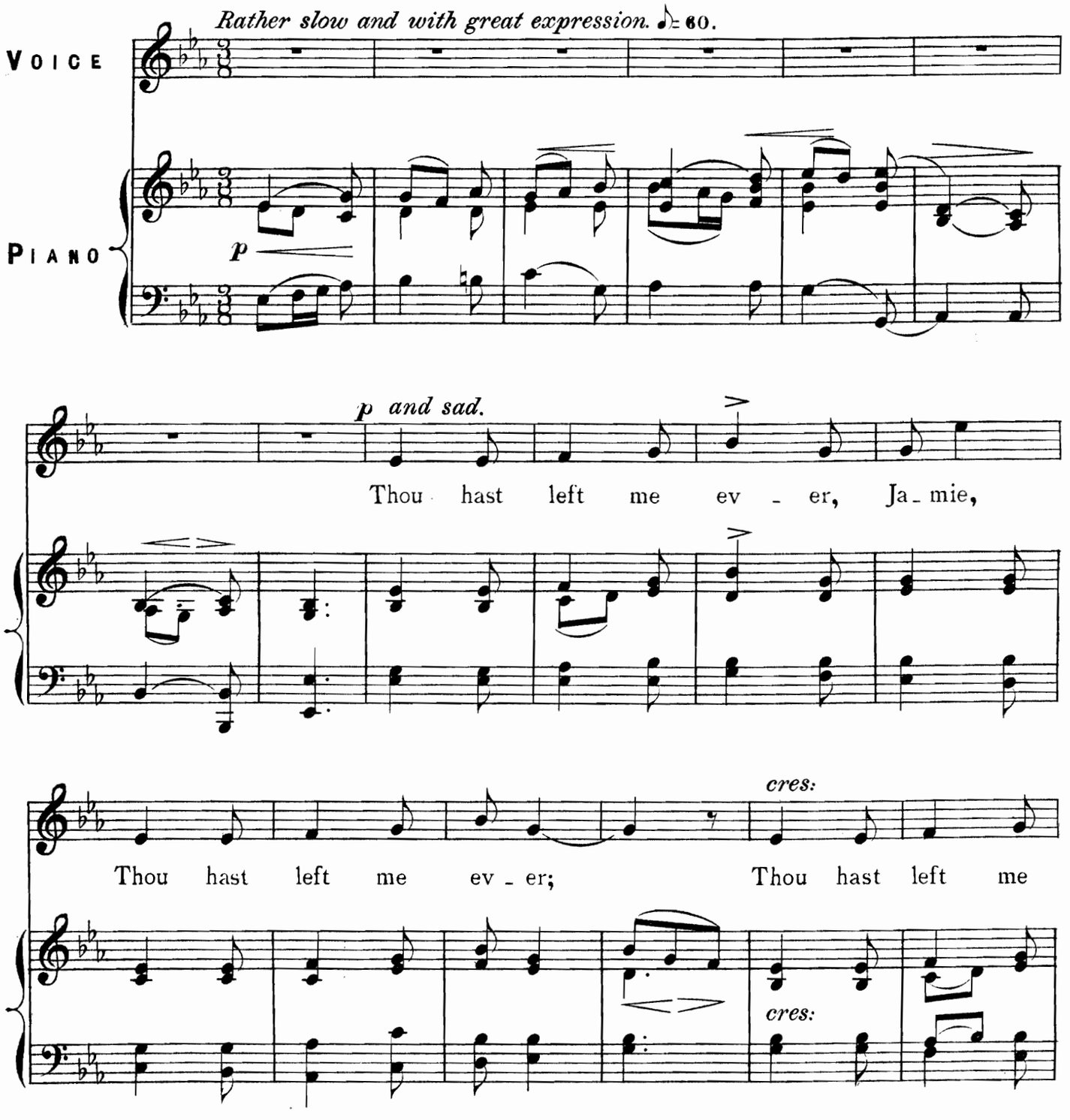
Thou hast left me ever,
Jamie.

XXIII.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

Words by
ROBERT BURNS.

Old Gaelic air arranged
by MALCOLM LAWSON.



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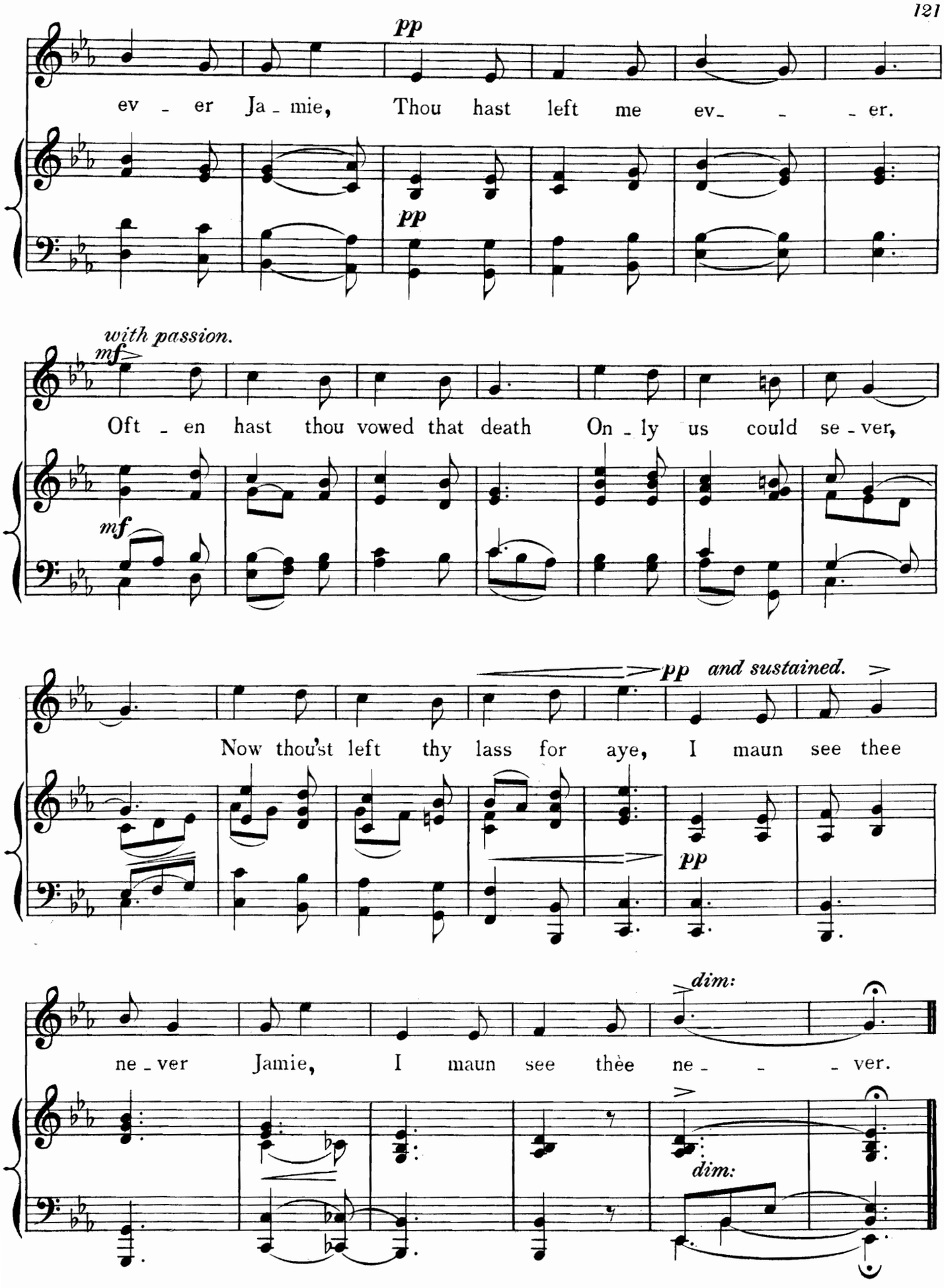
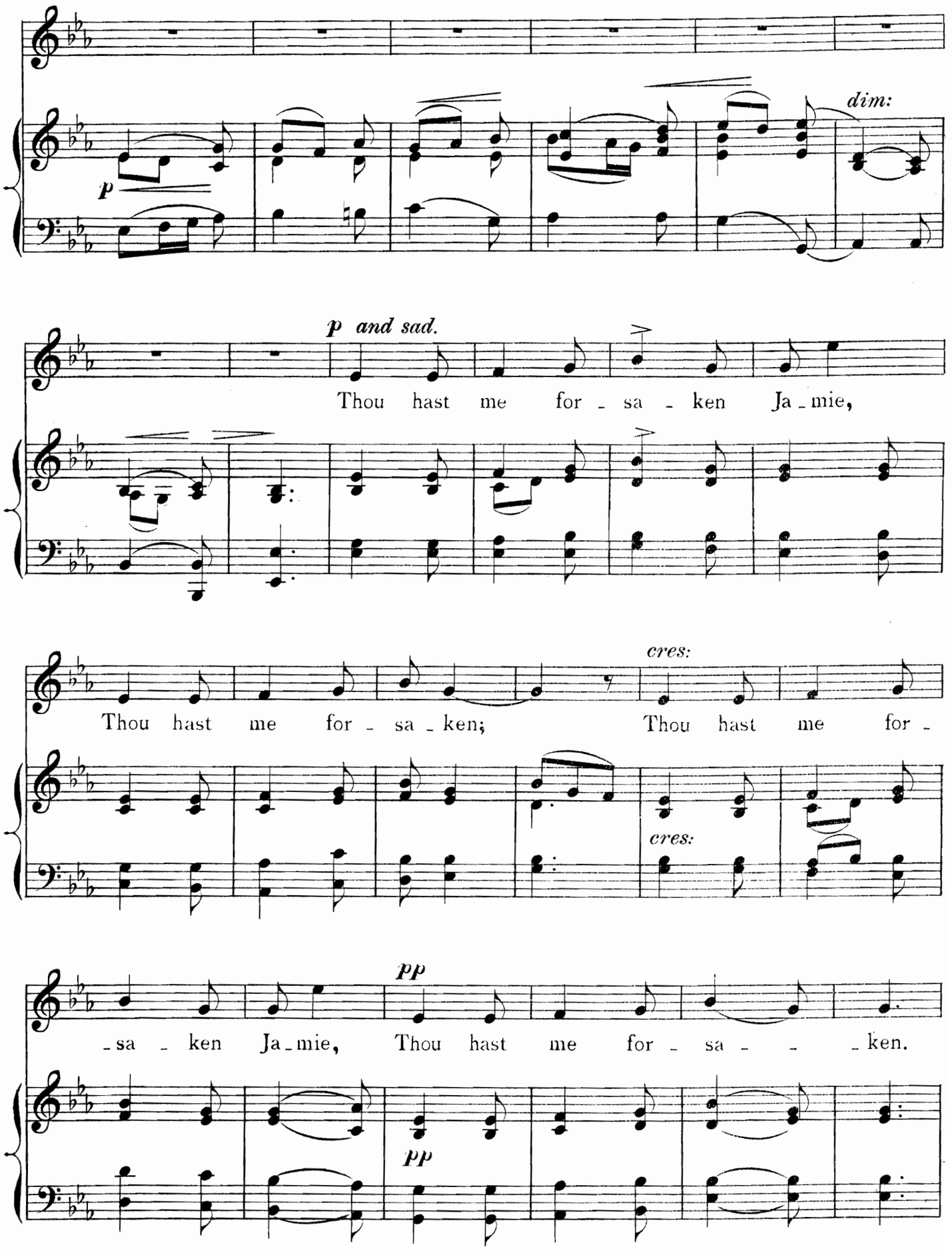
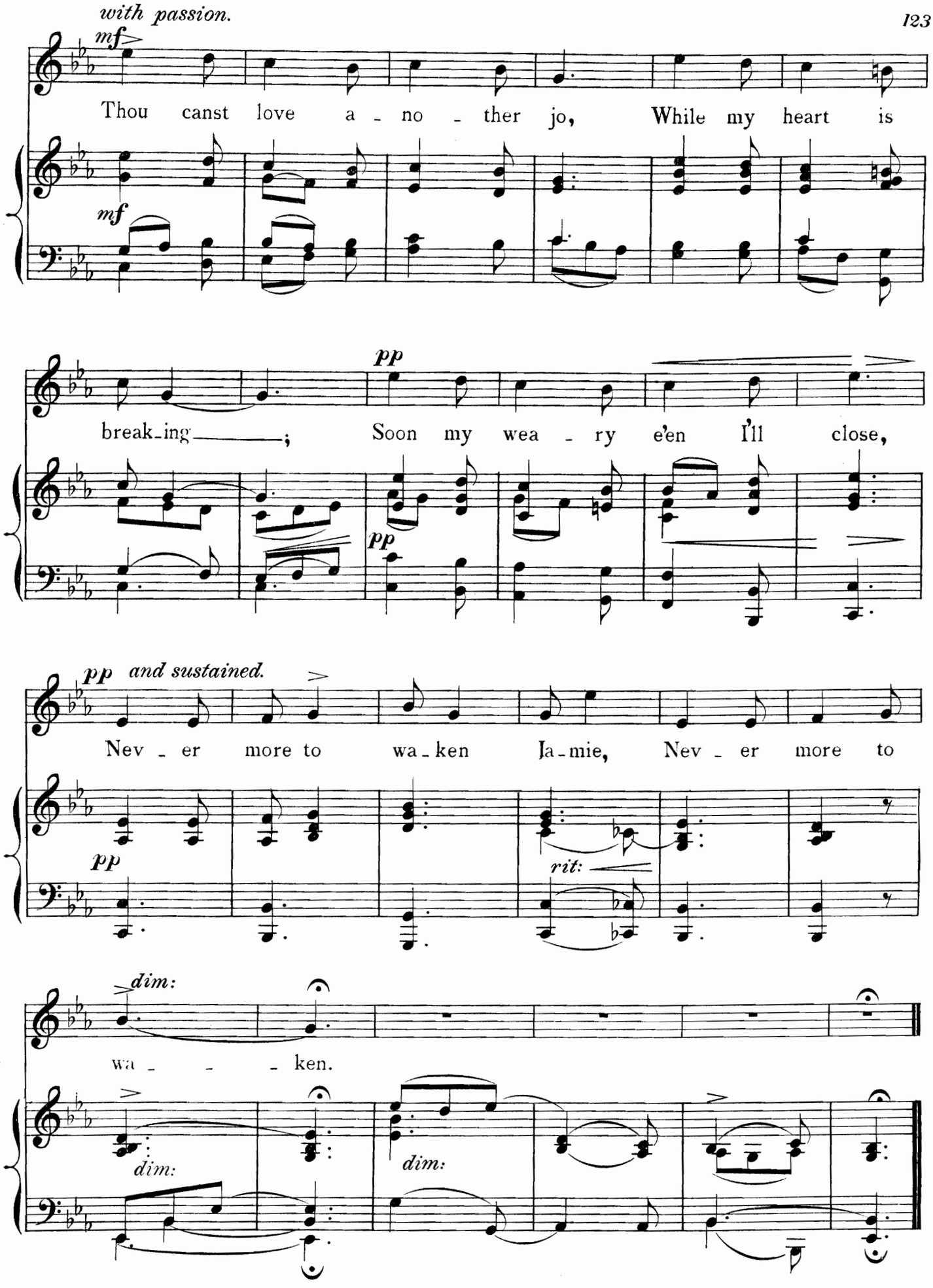

pp
ev - er Ja - mie, Thou hast left me ev- - - er.
pp
with passion.
mf
Oft - en hast thou vowed that death On - ly us could se - ver,
mf
pp and sustained.
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye, I maun see thee
pp
dim:
ne - ver Jamie, I maun see thee ne- - - ver.
dim:


dim:
p
p and sad.
Thou hast me for - sa - ken Ja - mie,
cres:
Thou hast me for - sa - ken; Thou hast me for -
cres:
pp
- sa - ken Ja - mie, Thou hast me for - sa - - - ken.
pp


with passion.
mf
Thou canst love a - no - ther jo, While my heart is
mf
pp
break-ing ——; Soon my wea - ry e'en I'll close,
pp
pp and sustained.
Nev - er more to wa-ken Ja-mie, Nev - er more to
pp
rit:
dim:
wa - - - ken.
dim:
dim:

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever.
Often hast thou vowed that death
Only should us sever,
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye—
I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I maun see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken.
Thou can'st love another jo,
While my heart is breaking;
Soon my weary e'en I'll close,
Never more to waken, Jamie,
Never more to waken.

ROBERT BURNS.

The Lad with the Curly Black Hair.

(AN GILLIE DUBH CIAR DHUBH.)

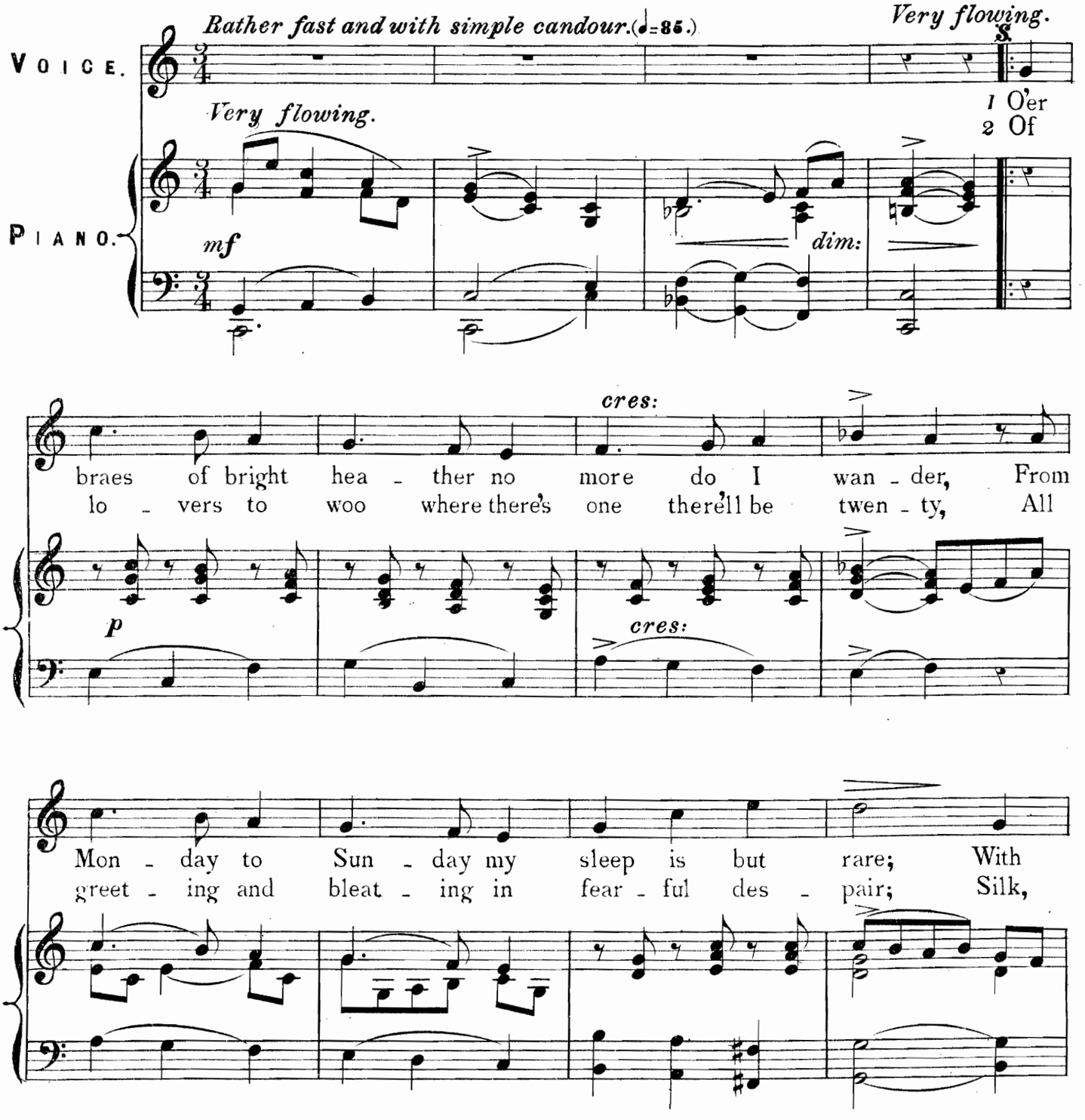
XXIV.

THE LAD WITH THE CURLY BLACK HAIR.

(An Gillie dubh ciar dhubh.)

The Words from the Gaelic, by
HAROLD BOULTON.

The Music on an old Gaelic air by
MALCOLM LAWSON.



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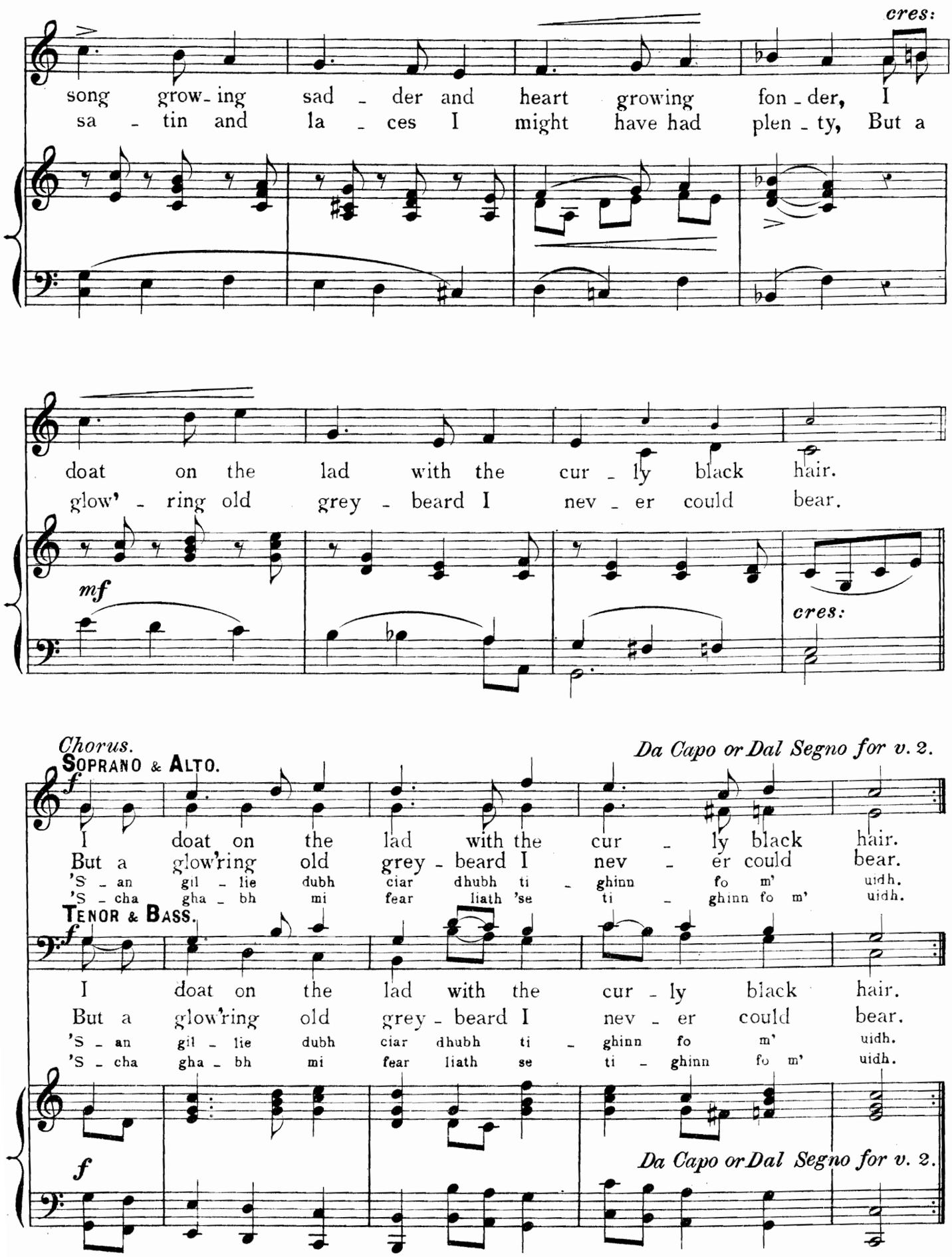

cres:
song grow_ing sad _ der and heart growing fon _ der, I
sa _ tin and la _ ces I might have had plen _ ty, But a
doat on the lad with the cur _ ly black hair.
glow' _ ring old grey _ beard I nev _ er could bear.
mf
cres:
Chorus.
Da Capo or Dal Segno for v. 2.
SOPRANO & ALTO.
f
I doat on the lad with the cur _ ly black hair.
But a glow'ring old grey _ beard I nev _ er could bear.
'S _ an gil _ lie dubh ciar dhubh ti _ ghinn fo m' uidh.
'S _ cha gha _ bh mi fear liath 'se ti _ ghinn fo m' uidh.
TENOR & BASS.
f
I doat on the lad with the cur _ ly black hair.
But a glow'ring old grey _ beard I nev _ er could bear.
'S _ an gil _ lie dubh ciar dhubh ti _ ghinn fo m' uidh.
'S _ cha gha _ bh mi fear liath se ti _ ghinn fo m' uidh.
f
Da Capo or Dal Segno for v. 2.

The crotchet a little quicker.

mf

3. Were he weal - thy and fam - ous, and kind - ly and clev - er, A

mf

cres:

glow'ring old grey - beard I nev - er could bear; 'Mid

cres:

f

rit:

five times five thou - sand, There's one I'd choose ev - er, My

f

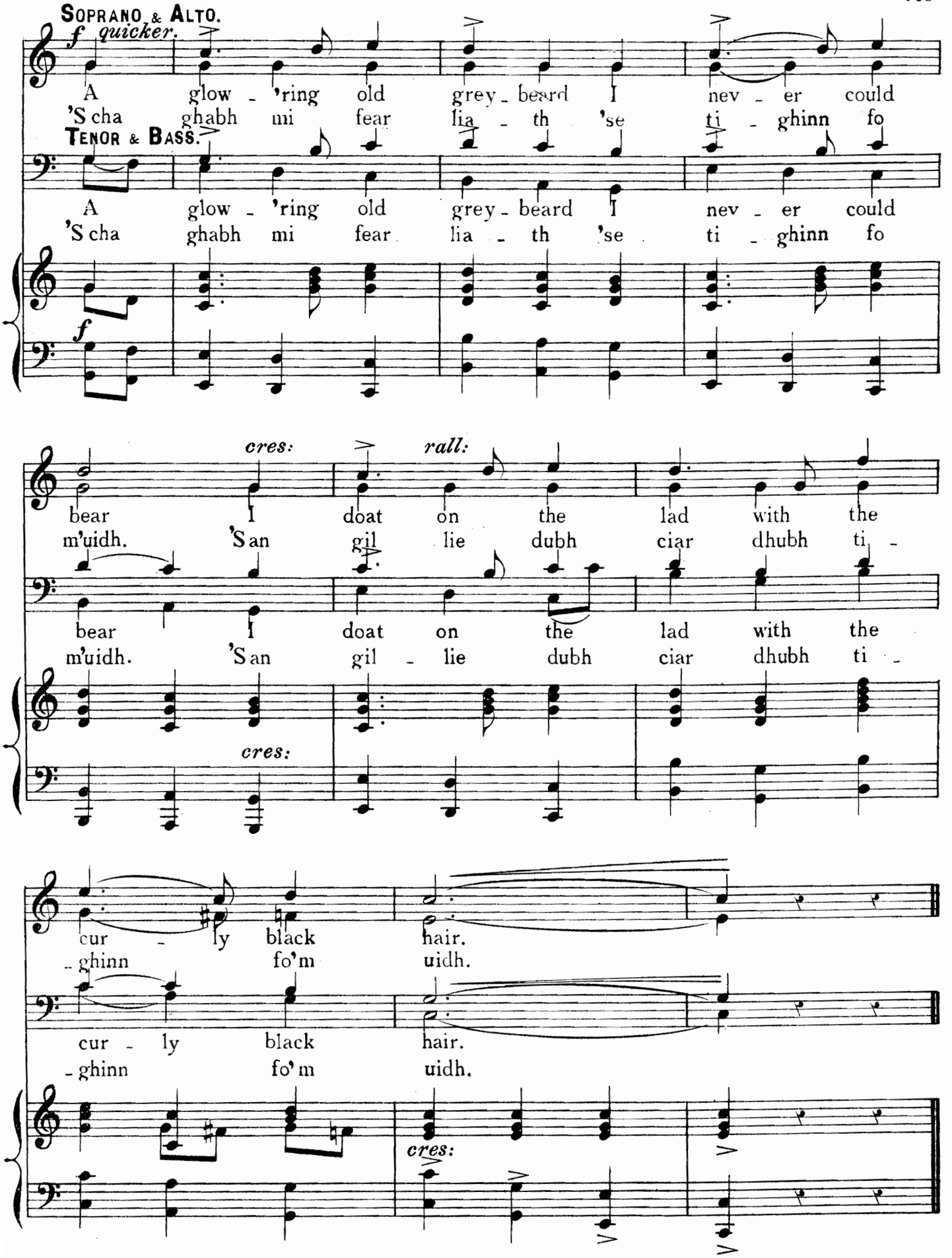
with the singer.

rit:

come - ly dark lad with the cur - ly black hair.

ten:

cres:


SOPRANO & ALTO.
f quicker.
A glow - 'ring old grey - beard I nev - er could
'S cha ghabh mi fear lia - th 'se ti - ghinn fo
TENOR & BASS.
A glow - 'ring old grey - beard I nev - er could
'S cha ghabh mi fear lia - th 'se ti - ghinn fo
f
cres:
rall:
bear I doat on the lad with the
m'uidh. 'San gil lie dubh ciar dhubh ti -
bear I doat on the lad with the
m'uidh. 'San gil - lie dubh ciar dhubh ti -
cres:
cur - ly black hair.
- ghinn fo'm uidh.
cur - ly black hair.
- ghinn fo'm uidh.
cres:

THE LAD WITH THE CURLY BLACK HAIR.

(AN GILLIE DUBH CIAR DHUBH.)

O'ER braes of bright heather no more do I wander,
From Monday to Sunday my sleep it is spare;
With song growing sadder, and heart growing fonder,
I doat on the lad with the curly black hair.

Chorus. I doat on the lad, &c.

Gaelic. 'S an gillie dubh ciar dhubh tighinn fo m' uidh.

Of lovers to woo where there's one there'll be twenty,
All greeting and bleating in fearful despair;
Silk, satin and laces, I might have had plenty,
But a glow'ring old greybeard I never could bear.

Chorus. But a glow'ring, &c.

Gaelic. 'S cha ghabh mi fear liath 's e tighinn fo m' uidh

My comely dark lad, I adore thee so madly,
I'd camp in a desert if thou would be there;
To the back of the North wind I'd follow thee gladly,
For I doat on the lad with the curly black hair.

Chorus. I doat on the lad, &c.

Gaelic. 'S an gillie dubh ciar dhubh tighinn fo m' uidh.

Were he wealthy and famous, and kindly and clever,
A glow'ring old greybeard I never could bear.
Mid five times five thousand there's one I'd choose ever
My comely dark lad with the curly black hair.

Chorus. A glow'ring old greybeard I never could bear,
I doat on the lad with the curly black hair!

Gaelic. 'S cha ghabh mi fear liath 's e tighinn fo m' uidh,
'S an gillie dubh ciar dhubh tighinn fo m' uidh.

From the Gaelic by
HAROLD BOULTON.

The Royal Rose.

XXV

THE ROYAL ROSE.

Words ANON.

Aberdeenshire air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

With dreamy fervour.

VOICE.

Andante con moto. ♩ = 76.

PIANO.

f

S.

1. There is a flow'r in yon gar - den Smells sweet - er than the thyme; It
2. It's sweet - er in De - cem - ber bleak, Than a - ny flow'r in May, And

dim:

p

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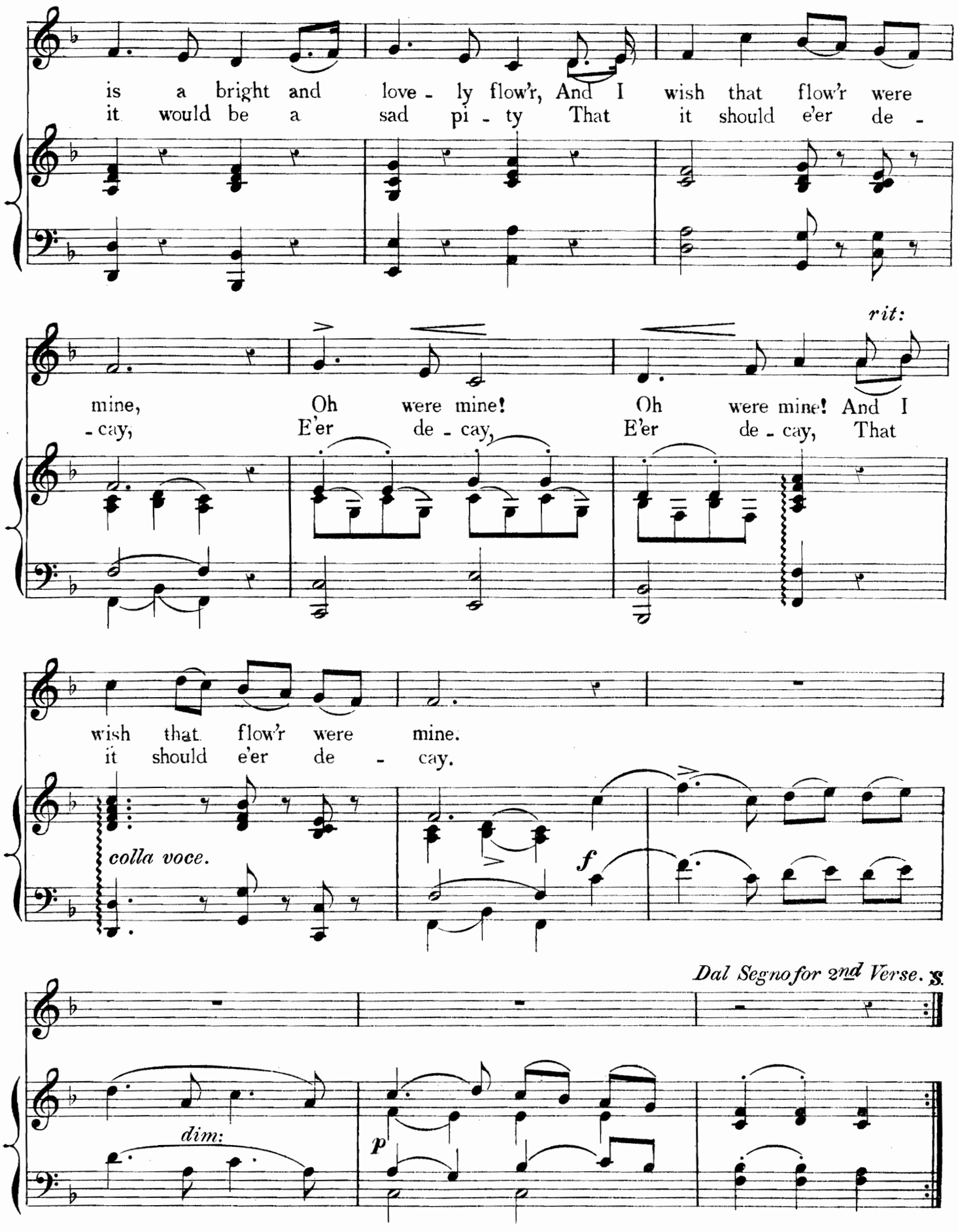
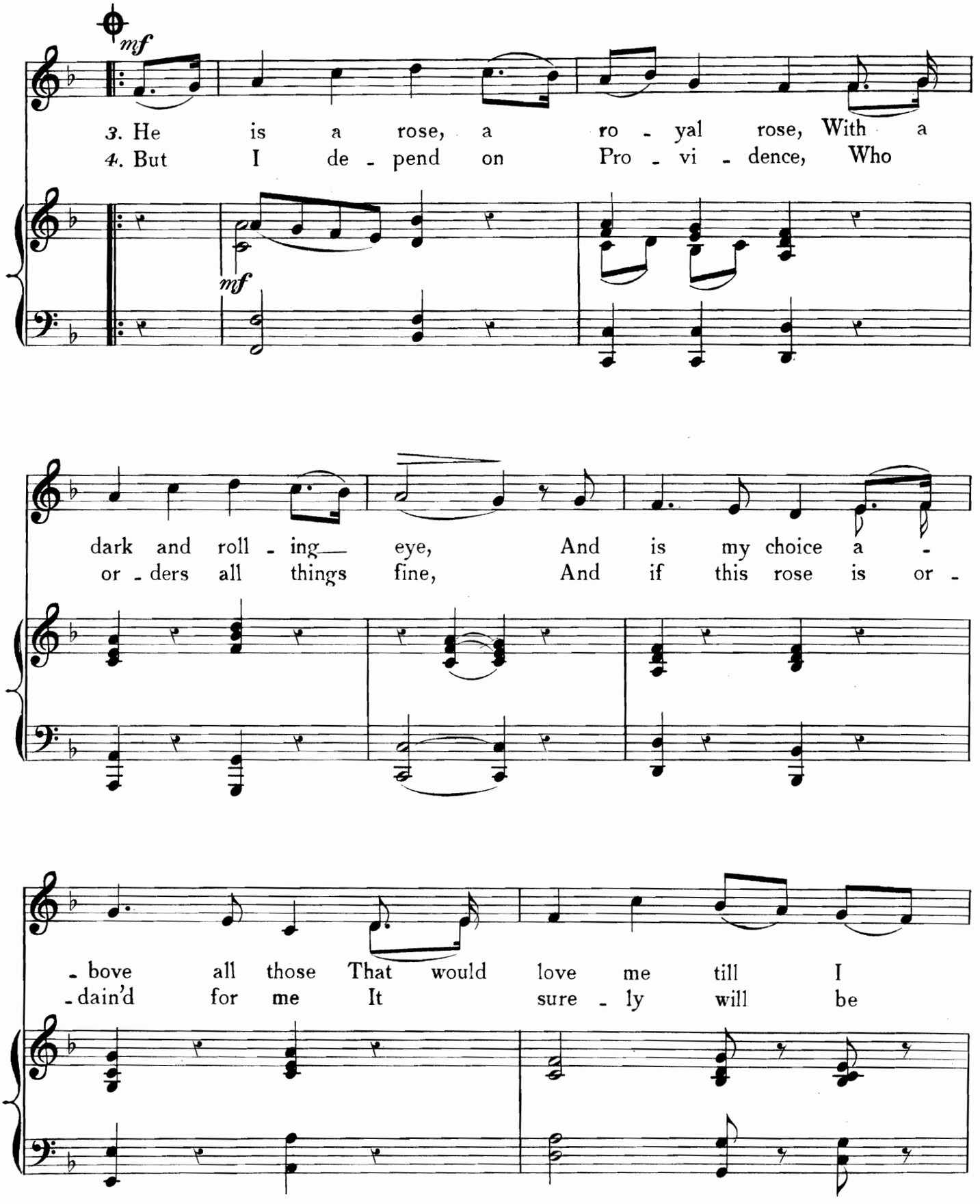
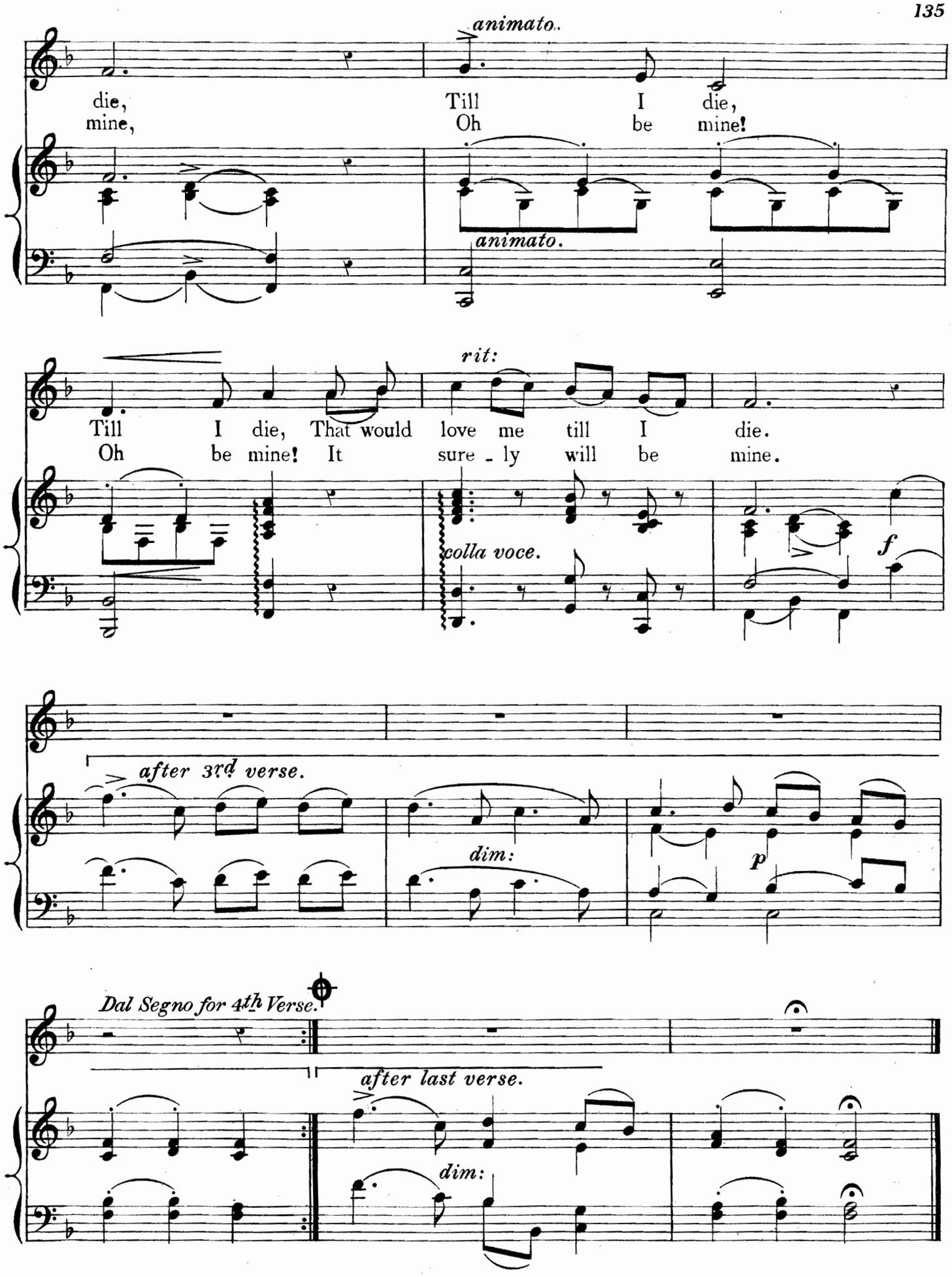

is a bright and love - ly flow'r, And I wish that flow'r were
it would be a sad pi - ty That it should e'er de -
rit:
mine, Oh were mine! Oh were mine! And I
- cay, E'er de - cay, E'er de - cay, That
wish that flow'r were mine.
it should e'er de - cay.
colla voce.
f
Dal Segno for 2nd Verse. 𝄋
dim:
p


mf
3. He is a rose, a ro - yal rose, With a
4. But I de - pend on Pro - vi - dence, Who
mf
dark and roll - ing— eye, And is my choice a -
or - ders all things fine, And if this rose is or -
- bove all those That would love me till I
- dain'd for me It sure - ly will be


animato.
die,
mine,
Till I die,
Oh be mine!
animato.
rit:
Till I die, That would love me till I die.
Oh be mine! It sure - ly will be mine.
colla voce.
f
after 3rd verse.
dim:
p
Dal Segno for 4th Verse.
after last verse.
dim:

THE ROYAL ROSE.

THERE is a flower in yon garden
Smells sweeter than the thyme;
It is a bright and lovely flower,
And I wish that flower were mine.

Oh! It's sweeter in December bleak
Than any flower in May,
And it would be a sad pity
That it should ere decay.

He is a rose, a royal rose,
With a dark and rolling eye;
And is my choice above all those
That would love me till I die.

But I depend on Providence,
Who orders all things fine;
And if this rose is ordained for me,
It surely will be mine.

Anonymous.

The Sun rises bright in France.

XXVI.

THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

Words by
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Old Highland Air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

The Symphony slower than the song. ♩ = 60.

PIANO.

pWith great pity *ten:* *pp* *ten:* *pp*

a little more animated but sad.

mf

The sun ri - - ses bright in France, and
not my ain ru - - in that
bird comes back to sum - - mer, the

ten: *mf* *piu animato*

fair sets he, But he's lost the blythe
sad - dens aye my e'e, But the love I left in
blos - som to the tree! But I win back, oh

cres:

look he had in my ain coun - - trie. Oh!
Gal - lo - way wi' my bon - nie bair - nies three. My
nev - - er! To my ain coun - - trie; I'm

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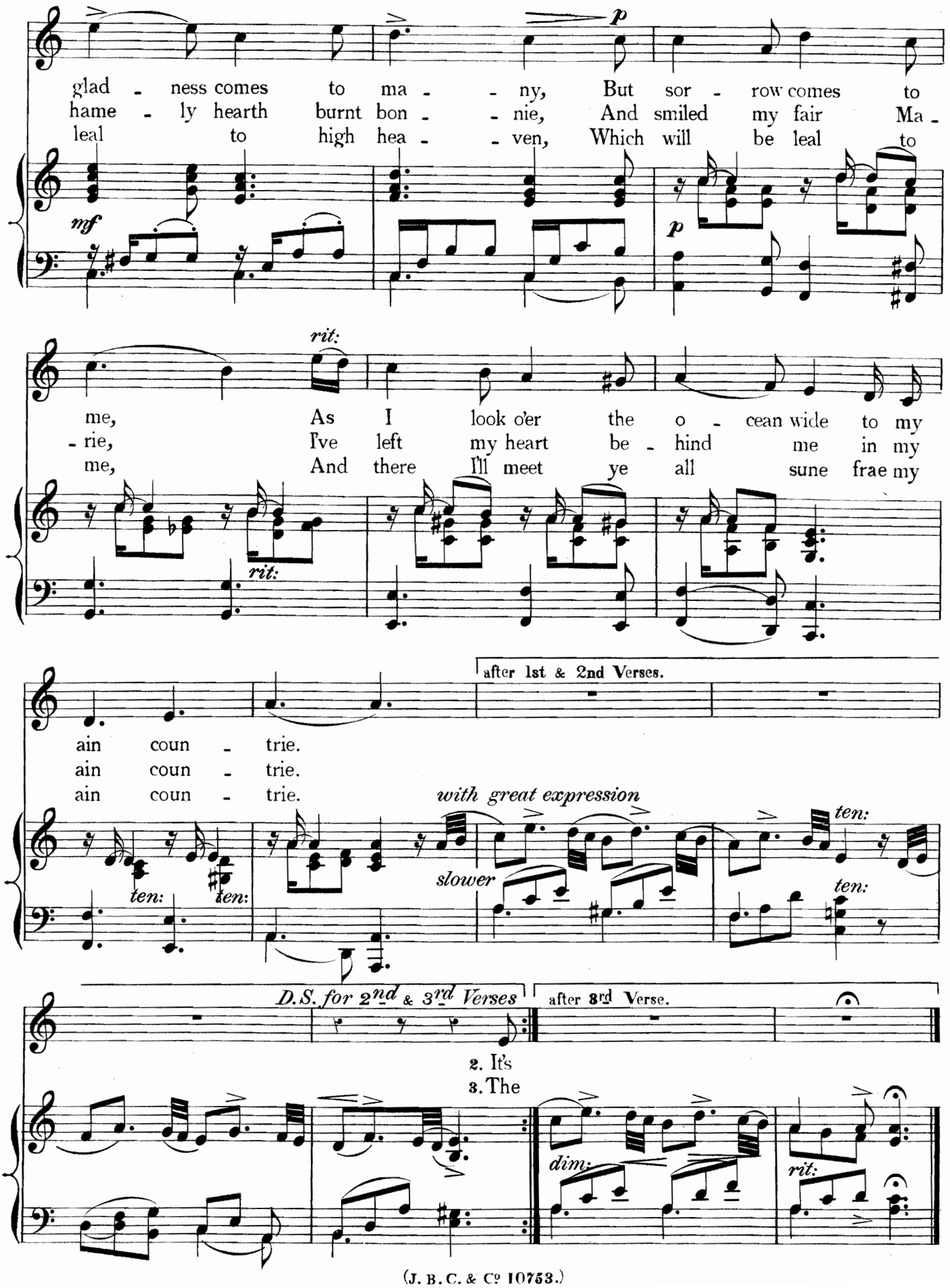
glad - ness comes to ma - - ny, But sor - row comes to
hame - ly hearth burnt bon - - nie, And smiled my fair Ma -
leal to high hea - - ven, Which will be leal to
mf
p
rit:
me, As I look o'er the o - cean wide to my
- rie, I've left my heart be - hind me in my
me, And there I'll meet ye all sune frae my
rit:
after 1st & 2nd Verses.
ain coun - trie.
ain coun - trie.
ain coun - trie.
with great expression
slower
ten:
ten:
ten:
ten:
D.S. for 2nd & 3rd Verses
after 3rd Verse.
2. It's
3. The
dim:
rit:

THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

THE sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he,
But he has lost the blythe blink he had
In my ain countrie.
Oh! Gladness comes to many,
But sorrow comes to me
As I look o'er the wide ocean
To my ain countrie.

Oh! It's no my ain ruin
That saddens aye my e'e,
But the love I left in Galloway
Wi' bonnie bairns three.
My hamely hearth burnt bonnie,
And smiled my fair Marie;
I've left my heart behind me
In my ain countrie.

The bud comes back to summer,
And the blossom to the tree;
But I win back—oh never!
To my ain countrie.
I'm leal to high heaven,
Which will be leal to me;
And there I'll meet ye a' sune
Frae my ain countrie.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

John, the Braggart.

(BREIGEIN BINNEACH)

XXVII.

JOHN THE BRAGGART.

(BREIGEIN BINNEACH.)

**Words after the Gaelic.*

An old Gaelic Air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Rather fast and with humour.

PIANO.

f

1. I went a-way with Breigein Bin-neach (John the Brag-gart) And Mc Gre-gor Clai - ry; He
2. But not a house or hall saw I, Save on the hill-side ai - ry, A

Follow the singer.

boast-ed of his splen-did house, His kit-chen and his dai - ry.
lit - tle bo - thy where he lived, With his sis - ter Ma - ry.

Coro after each Verse.
Rather fast.

In a-la o-ro - i, o inn al - a-la, In a-la o-ro - i,

* The first three verses taken by permission from "Popular Songs of the Highlands," (Glasgow, J. Muir Wood & Cº) the fourth and fifth verses by H.B.

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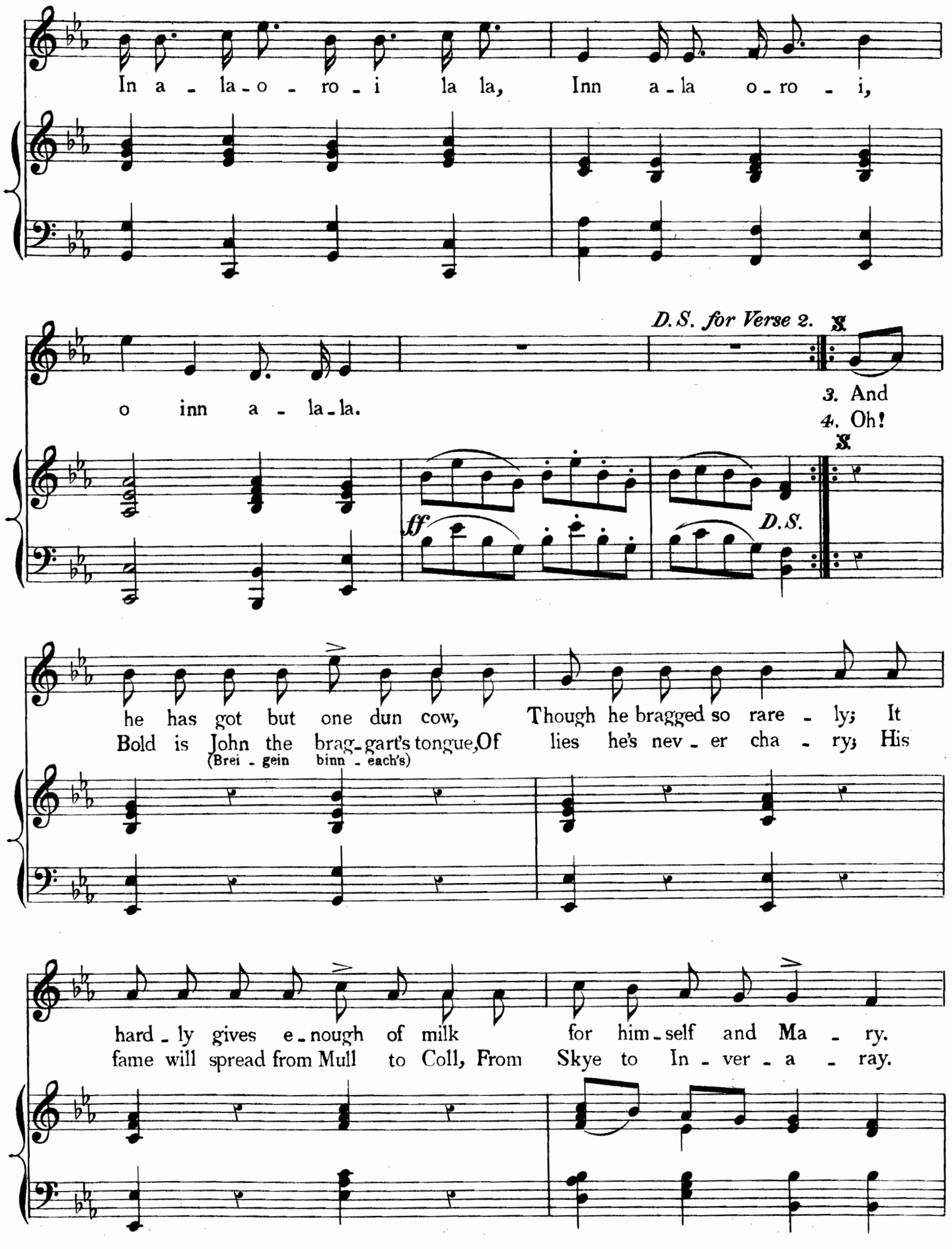

In a - la - o - ro - i la la, Inn a - la o - ro - i,
o inn a - la - la.
D.S. for Verse 2.
3. And
4. Oh!
ff
D.S.
he has got but one dun cow, Though he bragged so rare - ly; It
Bold is John the brag - gart's tongue, Of lies he's nev - er cha - ry; His
(Brei - gein binn - each's)
hard - ly gives e - nough of milk for him - self and Ma - ry.
fame will spread from Mull to Coll, From Skye to In - ver - a - ray.

Coro after each Verse.

Rather faster.

f

In a - la o - ro - i, o inn a - la - a, In a - la o - ro - i,

f

In a - la o - ro - i la la, Inn a - la o - ro - i, o inn a - la - la!

D. S. for Verse 4.

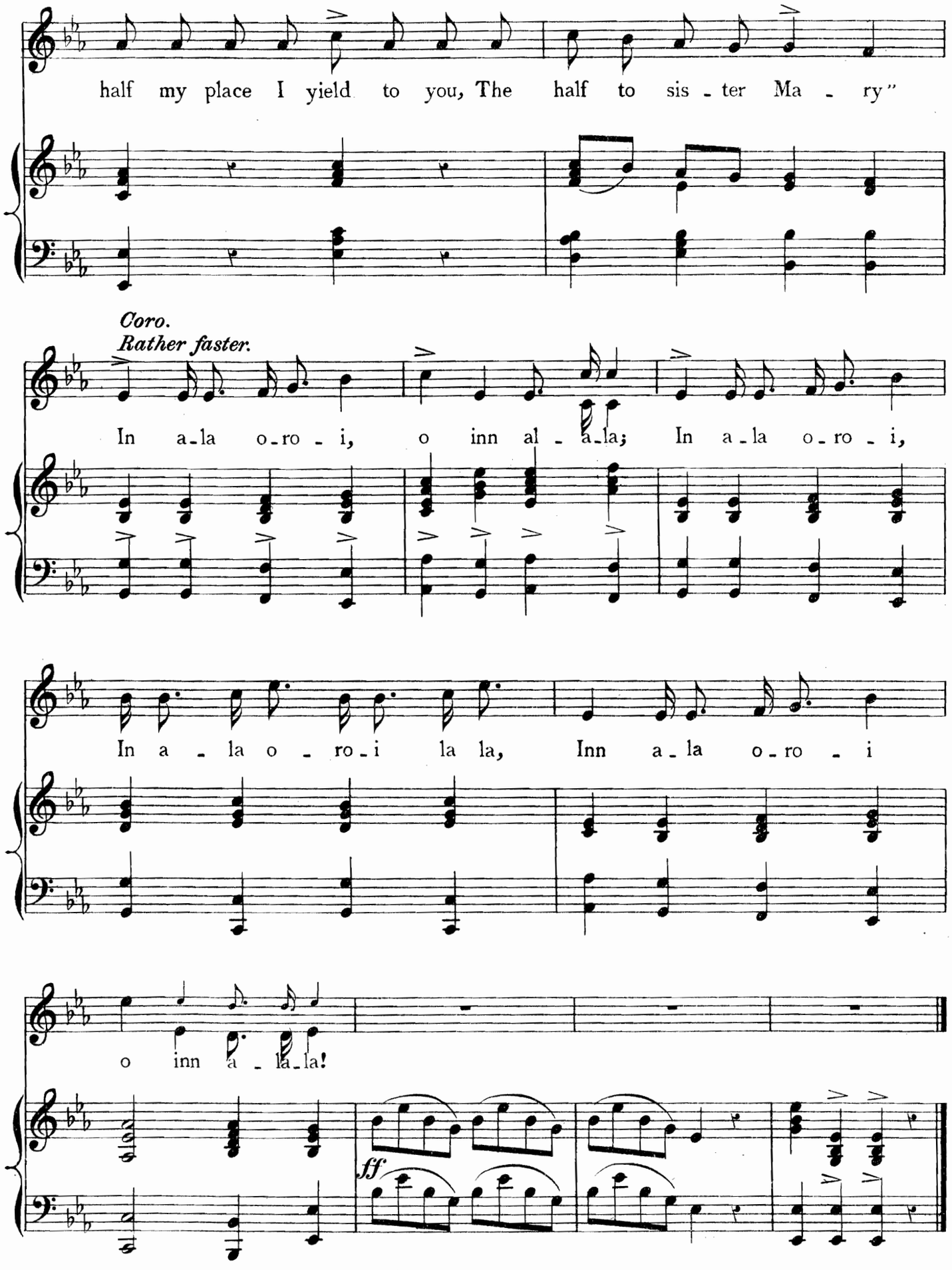
5. Till

ff

ff D. S.

when he dies the Prince of lies Says "John you've beat me fair - ly, The

Follow the singer.


half my place I yield to you, The half to sis - ter Ma - ry"
Coro.
Rather faster.
In a-la o-ro - i, o inn al - a-la; In a-la o-ro - i,
In a - la o - ro-i la la, Inn a-la o-ro - i
o inn a - la-la!
ff

JOHN THE BRAGGART.

(BREIGEIN BINNEACH.)

I WENT away with breigein binneach
And Macgregor Clairy;
He boasted of his splendid house,
His kitchen and his dairy.
Inn ala oroi,
O inn ala la!

But not a house or hall saw I,
Save, on the hillside airy,
A little bothy, where he lived
With his sister Mary.
Inn ala oroi, &c.

He has got but one dun cow,
Though he bragged so rarely;
It hardly gives enough of milk
For himself and Mary.
Inn ala oroi, &c.

Oh! Bold is John the braggart's tongue,
Of lies he's never chary;
His fame will spread from Mull to Coll,
From Skye to Inverary.
Inn ala oroi, &c.

Till when he dies, the Prince of lies
Says, "John, you've beat me fairly;
The half my place I yield to you,
The half to sister Mary."
Inn ala oroi, &c.

The first three verses taken by permission from
"Popular Songs of the Highlands," Muir, Wood & Co., Glasgow;
the fourth and fifth by H. B.

Lady Anne Bothwell's Lullaby.

XXVIII.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LULLABY.

Traditional words (17th century)
Adapted for singing.

Adapted and arranged from old Northern Air by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Rather slow and rocking (♪ = 76.)

VOICE.

PIANO.

mp *very smooth and tender.* *ten:*

Ped

Ba -
Would
Ba -

-loo my babe, lie still and sleep, It grieves me sair to see thee weep;
I had been in yon dark field, Where he lay dy - ing 'neath his shield;
-loo my babe, I'll weep for thee; Too soon, a - las! Thou'lt weep for me.

p The chords in the right hand arpeggioed yet held. *simile.*

If thou be si - lent, I'll be glad, Thy fa - ther's star for aye hath set, Thy griefs are grow - ing to a sum, God

ten:

1895 by J.B.Cramer & Co.

Murmuring.

moan - ing makes my heart full sad. Ba - loo my
mo - ther's heart can ne'er for - get.
grant thee pa - tience when they come.

pp

cres:

dar - ling, rest a - while; And when thou wak - est, sweet - ly

ten:

rit:

a tempo.

smile; Ba - loo my boy, lie still and sleep, It

rit:

ten: *a tempo.*

rit:

D. C. for 2nd & 3rd verses. after last verse.

grieves me sair to see thee weep.

rit:

D. C. for 2nd & 3rd verses

rall:

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LULLABY.

BALOO, my babe, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to see thee weep;
If thou be silent I'll be glad,
Thy moaning makes my heart full sad.

Baloo, my darling, rest awhile,
And when thou wakest sweetly smile!
Baloo, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to see thee weep.

Would I had been in yon dark field,
Where he lay dying 'neath his shield;
Thy father's star for aye hath set,
Thy mother's heart can ne'er forget.

Baloo, my darling, &c.

Baloo, my babe, I'll weep for thee,
Too soon alas, thou'lt weep for me;
Thy griefs are growing to a sum,
God grant thee patience when they come.

Baloo, my darling, &c.

Traditional Words
(17th Century), adapted for singing.

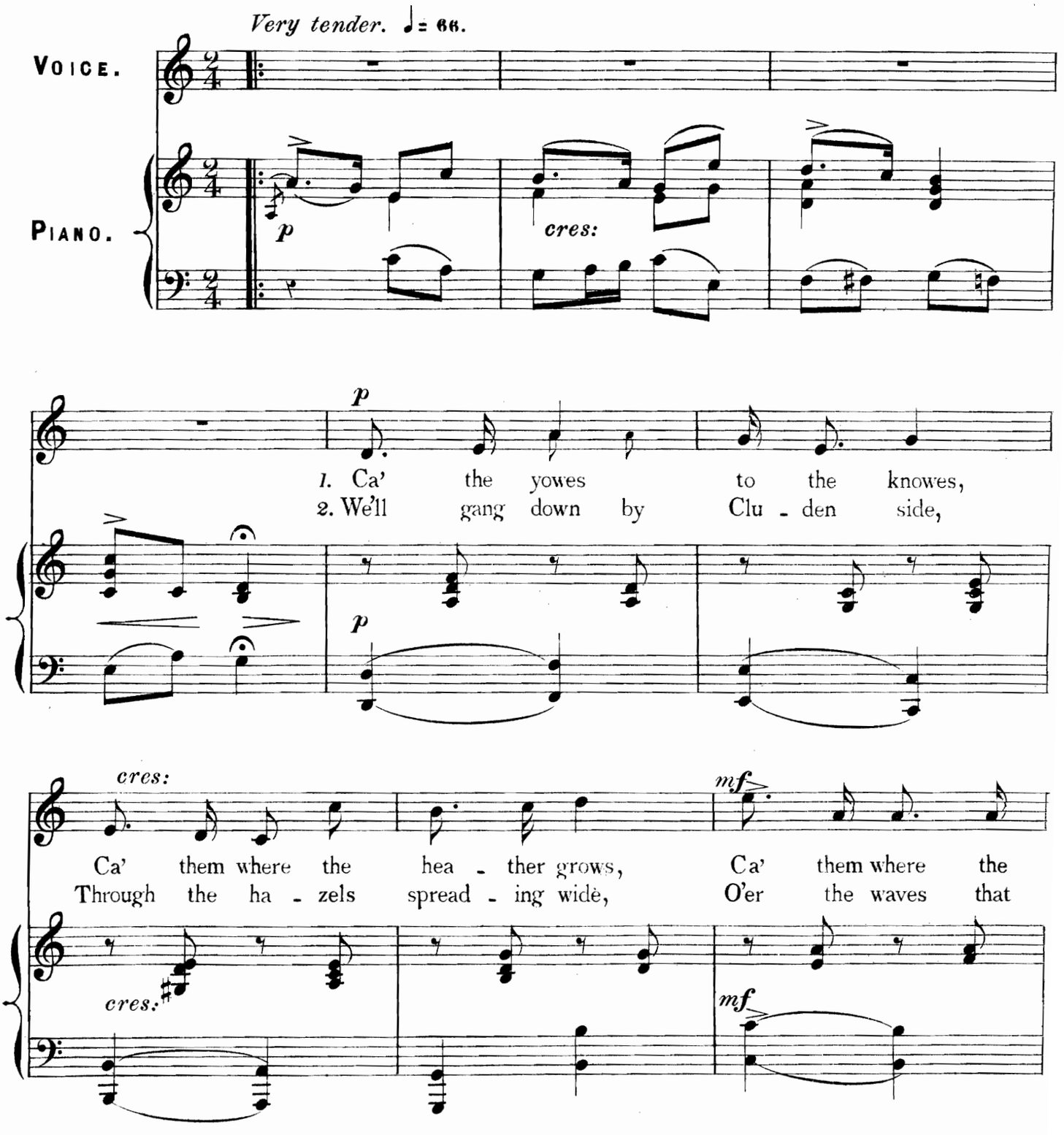
Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes.

XXIX.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

Words by ROBERT BURNS.

Ancient Pastoral air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.



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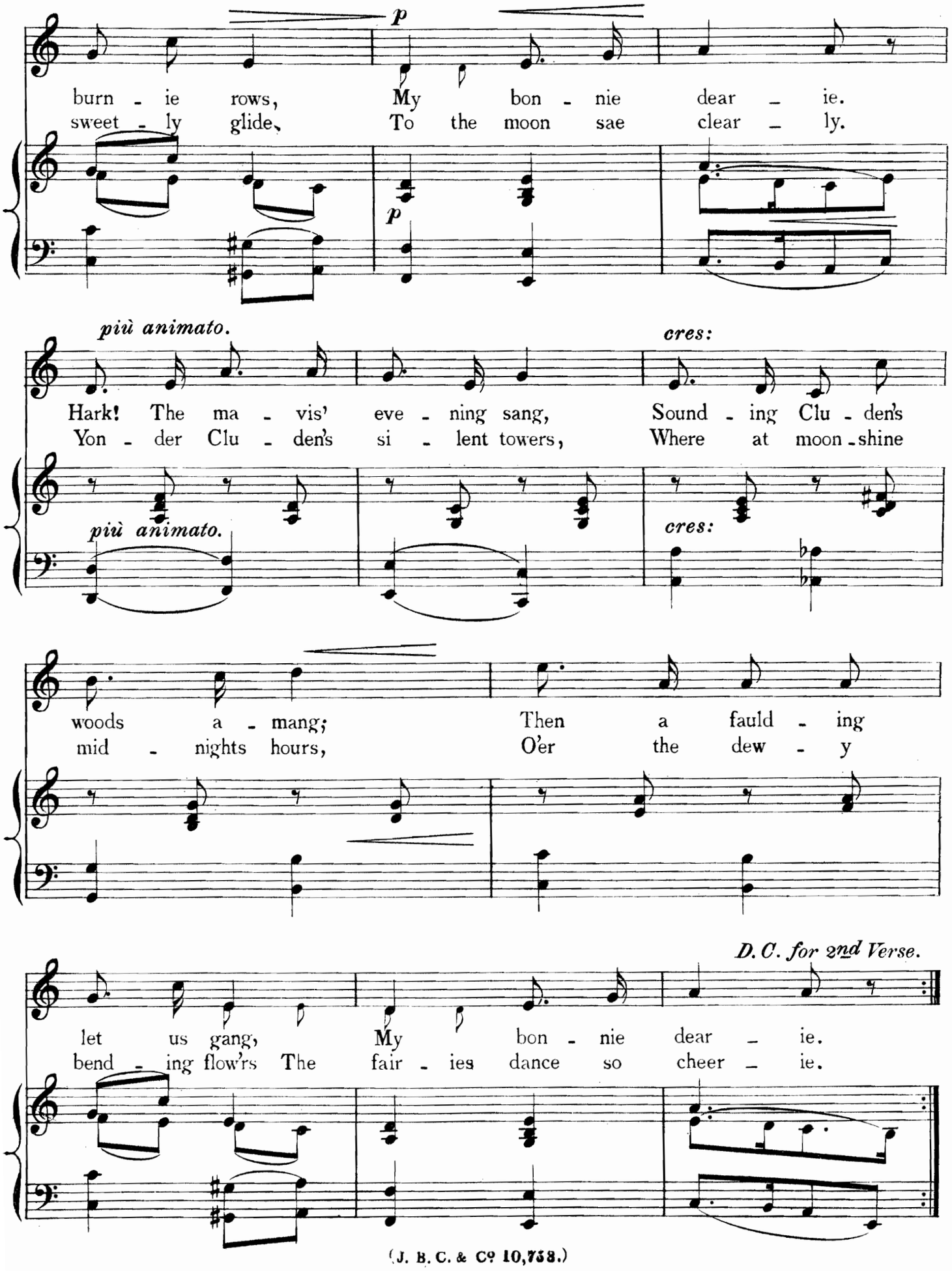
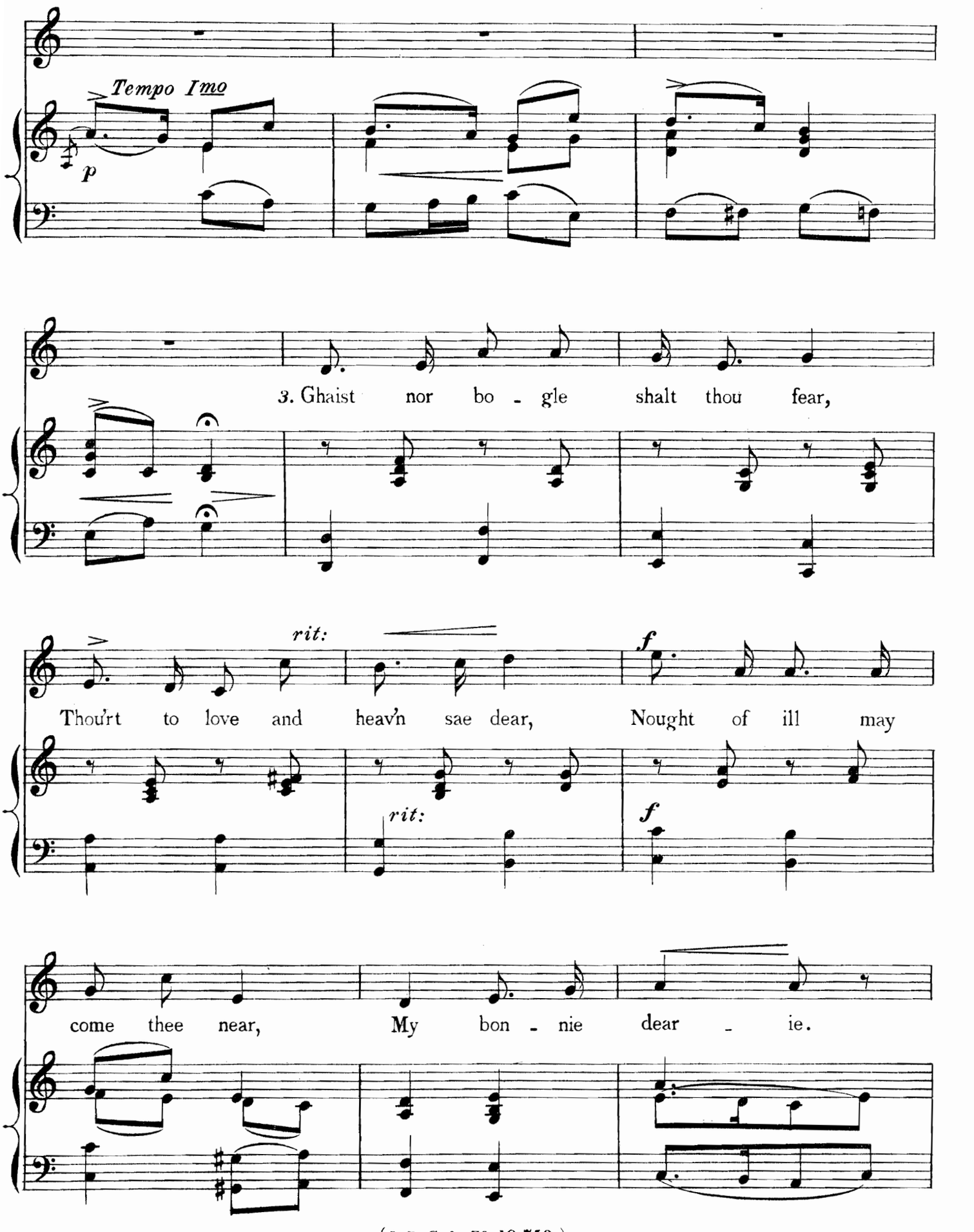

p
burn - ie rows, My bon - nie dear - ie.
sweet - ly glide, To the moon sae clear - ly.
p
più animato.
cres:
Hark! The ma - vis' eve - ning sang, Sound - ing Clu - den's
Yon - der Clu - den's si - lent towers, Where at moon - shine
più animato.
cres:
woods a - mang; Then a fauld - ing
mid - nights hours, O'er the dew - y
D. C. for 2nd Verse.
let us gang, My bon - nie dear - ie.
bend - ing flow'rs The fair - ies dance so cheer - ie.


Tempo Imo
p
3. Ghaist nor bo - gle shalt thou fear,
rit:
f
Thou'rt to love and heav'n sae dear, Nought of ill may
rit:
f
come thee near, My bon - nie dear - ie.

With emotion.

Fair and love - ly as thou art, Thou has stoun my

mf *rit:*

ve - ry heart; I can die but can - not part,

mf *rit:*

rit:

My bon - nie dear - ie.

rit:

con espress:

pp *rit:*

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

CA' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.
Hark the mavis' evening sang,
Sounding Cluden's woods amang;
Then a faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

We'll gang doun by Cluden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.
Yonder Cluden's silent towers
Where, at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers
The fairies dance sae cheerie.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear;
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.
Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stoun my very heart;
I can die—but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

ROBERT BURNS.

The Fairy of Ben-a'-vreek.

(CAILLEACH BEINN A' BHRIC.)

XXX.

THE FAIRY OF BEN A' VREEK.

(CAILLEACH BEINN A' BHRIC.)

Words from the Gaelic by
REV. A. STEWART. LLD. "NETHER LOCHABER."

Old Highland Air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Rather fast and with a light grace. ♪ = 88.

PIANO.

8va *ten:* *ten:*

mf *p* *cres:* *ten:* *f* *ten:*

Refrain Chorus.

Fai - ry of the up - land dell, Fai - ry of the haun - ted well,

mp

Glad the bond - age, sweet the spell, That en - thralls me, dear, to thee.

Solo. With tender expres:

1. Oh! To meet my fai - ry queen, By the shi - an knoll so green,
2. There to dance in glad - some round, To thy mu - (fairy) sic's dul - cet sound,
3. Then we climb the moun - tain steep, While the world lies hush'd in sleep,

well sustained

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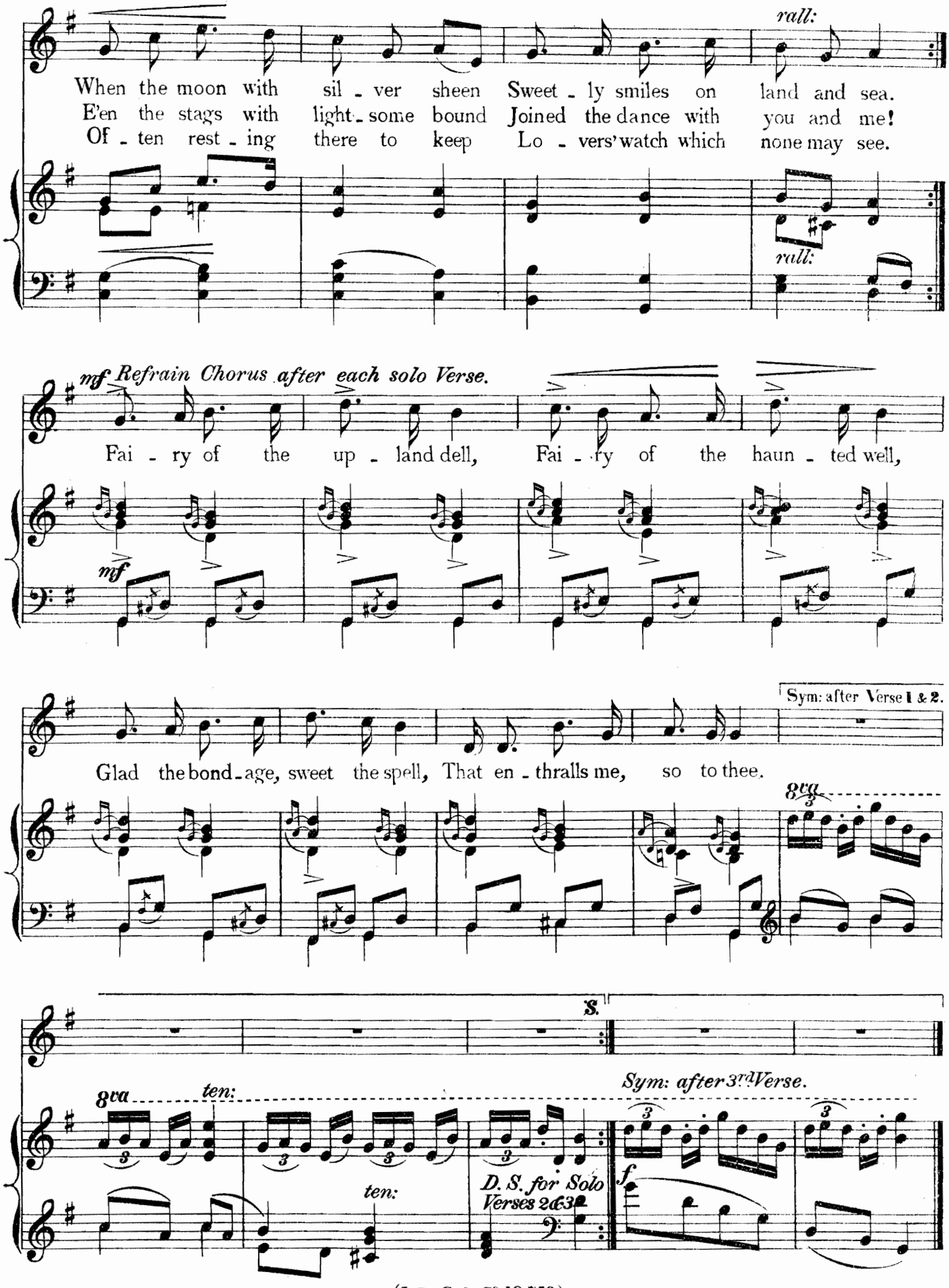

When the moon with sil - ver sheen Sweet - ly smiles on land and sea.
E'en the stags with light - some bound Joined the dance with you and me!
Of - ten rest - ing there to keep Lo - vers' watch which none may see.
rall:
rall:
mf Refrain Chorus after each solo Verse.
Fai - ry of the up - land dell, Fai - ry of the haun - ted well,
mf
Sym: after Verse 1 & 2.
Glad the bond - age, sweet the spell, That en - thralls me, so to thee.
8va
S.
8va
ten:
ten:
Sym: after 3rd Verse.
D. S. for Solo Verses 2 & 3
f

THE FAIRY OF BEN-A'-VREEK.

(CAILLEACH BEINN-A'-BHRIC.)

FAIRY of the upland dell,
Fairy of the haunted well,
Glad the bondage, sweet the spell
That enthralls me, dear, to thee!

Oh! To meet my fairy queen
By the Shian-knoll so green,
When the moon with silver sheen
Sweetly smiles on land and sea.
Fairy of the, &c

There to dance in gladsome round
To thy music's dulcet sound—
E'en the stags with lightsome bound
Joined the dance with you and me!
Fairy of the, &c.

Then we wander through the brake,
Then we sail upon the lake,
Smooth thy waters fair Loch Treig
To my fairy-love and me.
Fairy of the, &c.

Then we climb the mountain steep,
While the world lies hushed in sleep,
Often resting there to keep
Lovers' watch which none may see.
Fairy of the, &c.

All the cattle on the hill
Know my love and love her still;
She may milk them at her will
In a golden pail for me.
Fairy of the, &c.

By Ben-a'-Vreek and Corrie Sheen,
In our shieling mossy green,
I will meet my fairy queen
But in an hour that none may see.
Fairy of the, &c.

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

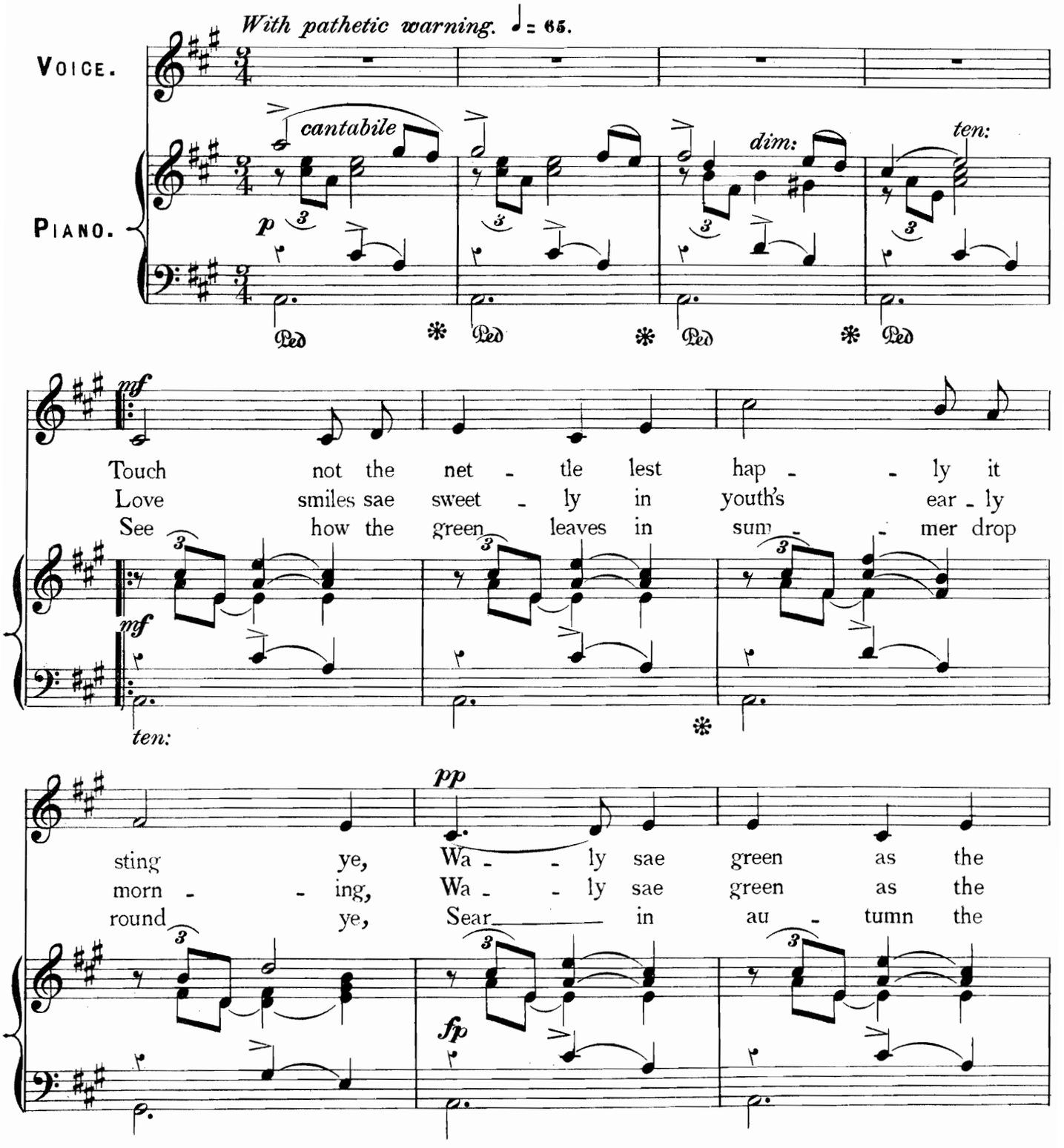
Touch not the Nettle.

XXXI.

TOUCH NOT THE NETTLE.

Words traditional.

An old Northern air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.



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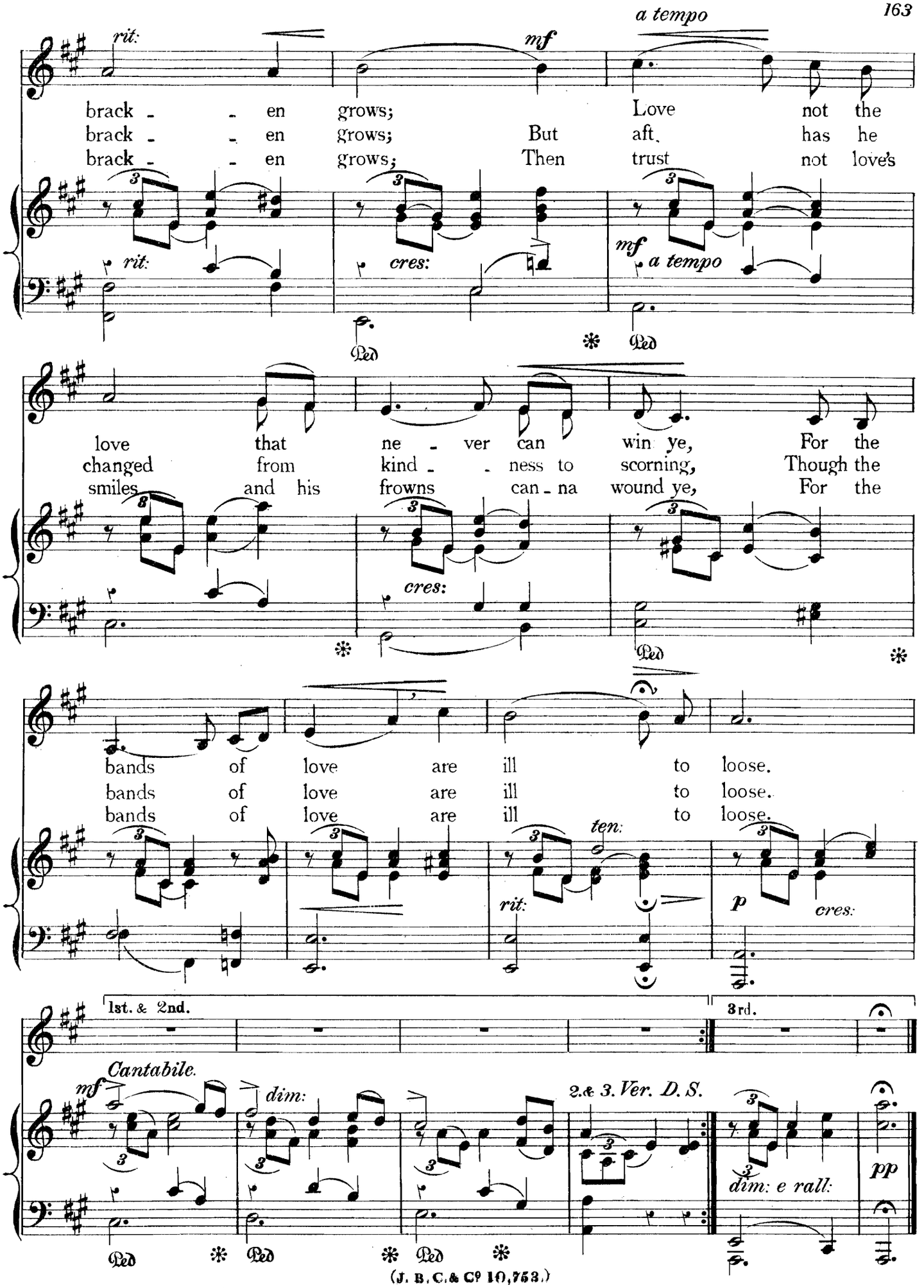
rit:
mf
a tempo
brack - - en grows; Love not the
brack - - en grows; But aft. has he
brack - - en grows; Then trust not love's
rit:
cres:
mf
a tempo
Ped
love that ne - ver can win ye, For the
changed from kind - - ness to scorning, Though the
smiles and his frowns can - na wound ye, For the
cres:
Ped
bands of love are ill to loose.
bands of love are ill to loose.
bands of love are ill to loose.
ten:
rit:
p
cres:
1st. & 2nd.
3rd.
Cantabile.
mf
dim:
2.& 3. Ver. D. S.
dim: e rall:
pp
Ped
Ped
Ped

TOUCH NOT THE NETTLE.

TOUCH not the nettle lest haply it sting ye,
Waly sae green as the bracken grows;
Love not the love that never can win ye,
For the bands of love are ill to loose.

Love smiles sae sweetly in youth's early morning,
Waly sae green as the bracken grows;
But aft has he changed from kindness to scorning,
Though the bands of love are ill to loose.

See how the green leaves in summer drop round ye,
Sear in Autumn the bracken grows;
Then trust not love's smiles, and his frowns canna wound ye,
For the bands of love are ill to loose.

Traditional.

My Auld Mither.

XXXII.

MY AULD MITHER.

Old Border Ballad.

Music on old Border Air by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Rather fast. ♩ = 50.

PIANO.

Loud and complaining.

p *With righteous sorrow.*

1. I ance was a wan - ter as hap - py's a bee, I
sound may she sleep, a douce wum - min was she, Wi' her
dim: mi - ther was gane, for a while I was wae, But a

p

med - dl'd wi' nane, and nane med - dl'd wi' me, I whiles had a crack o'er a
wheel and her pipe, and her cup - pie o' tea, My ing - le she keep - it as
young man was I and a wife I maun hae; A wife soon I got and I

rall: *In time.*

cog o' guid yill, Whiles a bick - er o' swats, Whiles a heart - hee - zin gill; And I
neat as a preen, And she ne'er speir'd a ques - tion as, "Whar hae ye been?" Or
aye hae her yet, And folk i' the warld think we un - co weel fit; But I

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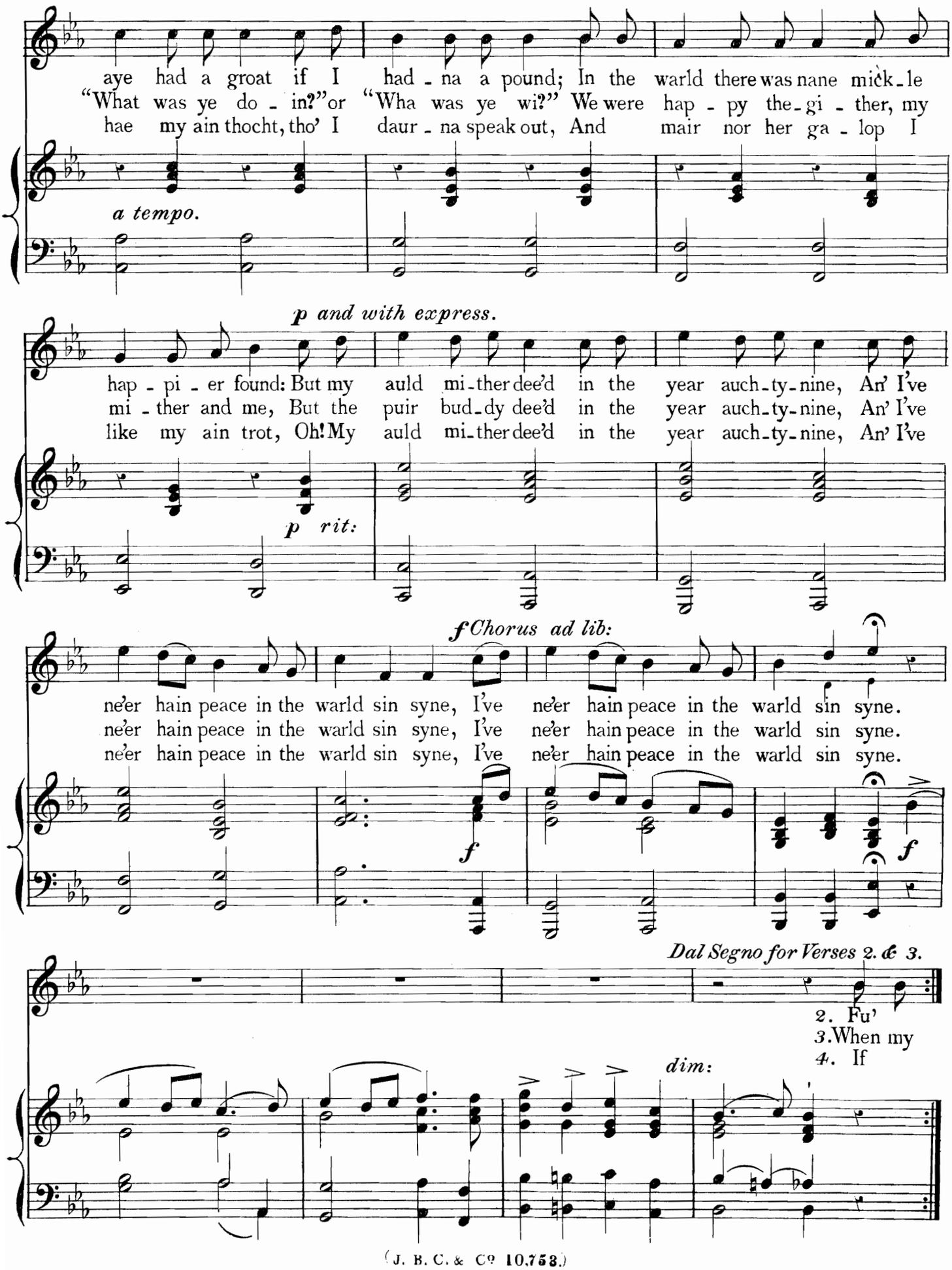
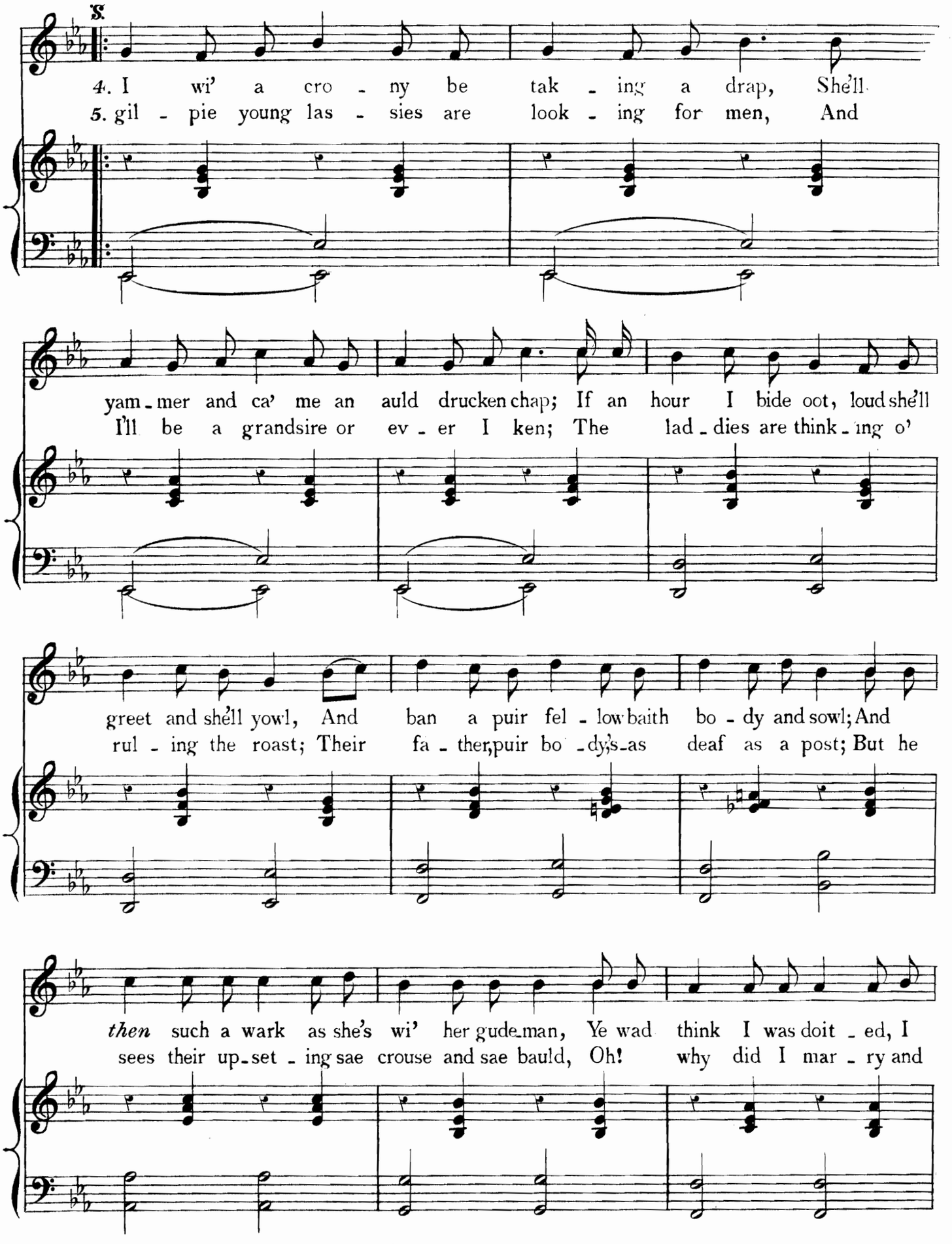
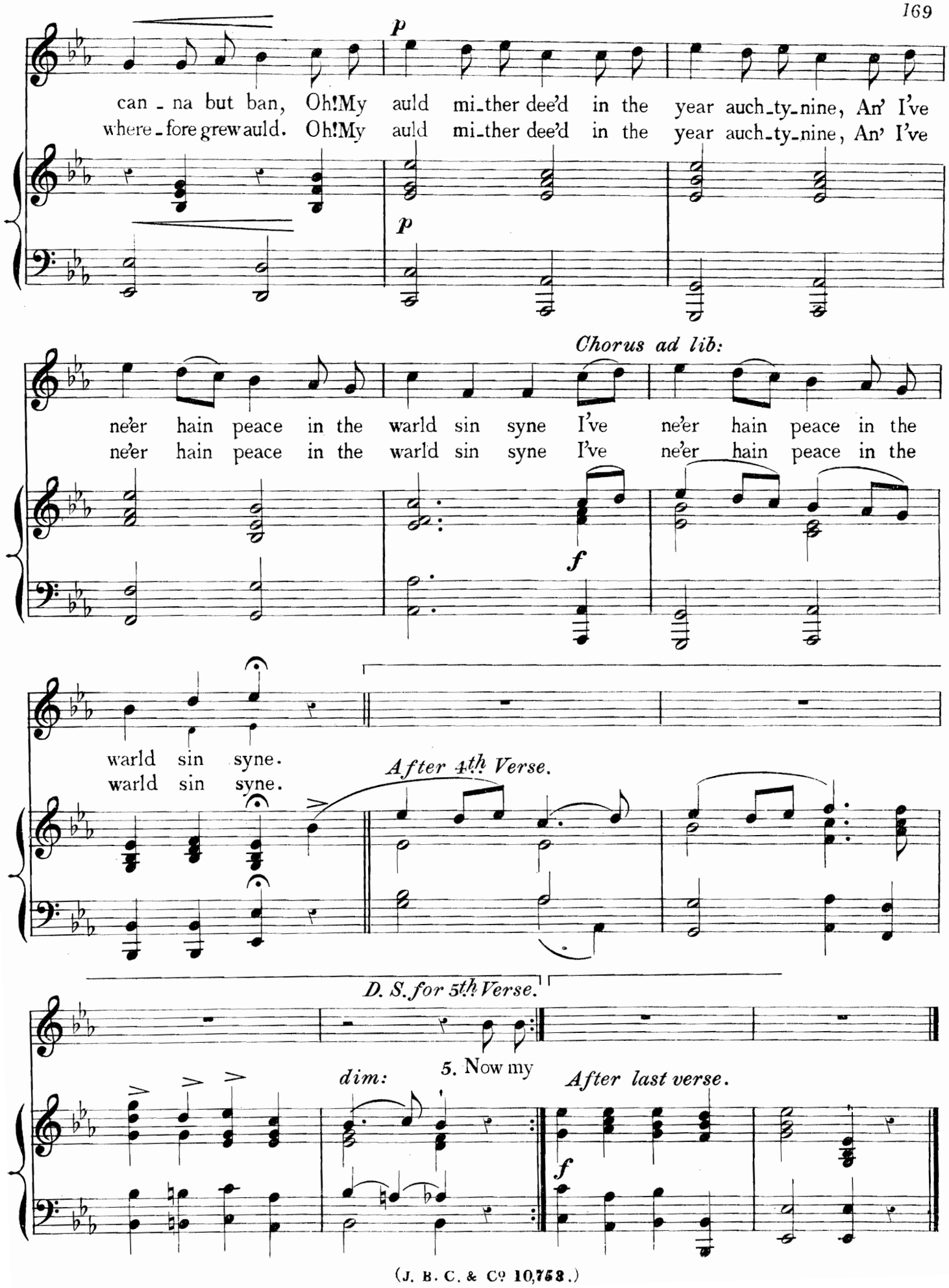

aye had a groat if I had - na a pound; In the warld there was nane mick - le
"What was ye do - in?" or "Wha was ye wi?" We were hap - py the - gi - ther, my
hae my ain thocht, tho' I daur - na speak out, And mair nor her ga - lop I
a tempo.
p and with express.
hap - pi - er found: But my auld mi - ther dee'd in the year auch - ty - nine, An' I've
mi - ther and me, But the puir bud - dy dee'd in the year auch - ty - nine, An' I've
like my ain trot, Oh! My auld mi - ther dee'd in the year auch - ty - nine, An' I've
p rit:
f Chorus ad lib:
ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne, I've ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne.
ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne, I've ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne.
ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne, I've ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne.
f
f
Dal Segno for Verses 2. & 3.
2. Fu'
3. When my
4. If
dim:


S.
4. I wi' a cro - ny be tak - ing a drap, She'll
5. gil - pie young las - sies are look - ing for men, And
yam - mer and ca' me an auld drucken chap; If an hour I bide oot, loud she'll
I'll be a grandsire or ev - er I ken; The lad - dies are think - ing o'
greet and she'll yowl, And ban a puir fel - low baith bo - dy and sowl; And
rul - ing the roast; Their fa - ther, puir bo - dy's as deaf as a post; But he
then such a wark as she's wi' her gude-man, Ye wad think I was doit - ed, I
sees their up-set - ing sae crouse and sae bauld, Oh! why did I mar - ry and


p
can - na but ban, Oh! My auld mi-ther dee'd in the year auch-ty-nine, An' I've
where-fore grew auld. Oh! My auld mi-ther dee'd in the year auch-ty-nine, An' I've
p
Chorus ad lib:
ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne I've ne'er hain peace in the
ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne I've ne'er hain peace in the
f
warld sin syne.
warld sin syne.
After 4th Verse.
D. S. for 5th Verse.
5. Now my
dim:
After last verse.
f

MY AULD MITHER.

I ANCE was a wanter as happy 's a bee,
I meddled wi' nane and nane meddled wi' me;
I whiles had a crack o'er a cog o' guid yill,
Whiles a bicker o' swats, whiles a heart-heezin gill.
And I aye had a groat if I hadna a pound,
In the warld there was nane mickle happier found;
But my auld mither dee'd in the year aughty-nine,
An' I've ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne.

Fu' sound may she sleep, a douce wummin was she,
Wi' her wheel and her pipe and her cuppie o' tea.
My ingle she keepit as neat as a preen,
And she ne'er speired a question as—"Whar hae ye been?"
Or, "What was ye doin'?" or, "Wha was ye wi'?"
We were happy thegither, my mither and me;
But the puir buddy dee'd in the year aughty-nine,
And I've ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne.

When my mither was gane, for a while I was wae,
But a young man was I and a wife I maun hae.
A wife soon I got, and I aye hae her yet,
And folk i' the warld think we unco weel fit;
But I hae my ain thocht, tho' I daurna speak out,
And mair nor her galop I like my ain trot.
Oh! My auld mither dee'd in the year aughty-nine,
An' I've ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne.

If I wi' a crony be taking a drap,
She'll yammer and ca' me an auld drucken chap;
If an hour I bide oot, loud she'll greet and she'll yowl,
And ban a puir fellow baith body and sowl;
And *then* such a wark as she's wi' her gudeman,
Ye wad think I was doited, I couldna but ban.
Oh! My auld mither dee'd in the year aughty-nine,
An' I've ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne.

Our young gilpie lassies are looking for men,
And I'll be a grandsire or ever I ken;
Our laddies are thinking o' ruling the roast,
When their faither, puir buddy's, as deef as a post;
But he knows their upsetting sae crouse and sae bauld—
Oh! Why did I marry and wherefore grew auld?
Oh! My auld mither dee'd in the year aughty-nine,
An' I've ne'er hain peace in the warld sin syne.

Old Border Ballad.

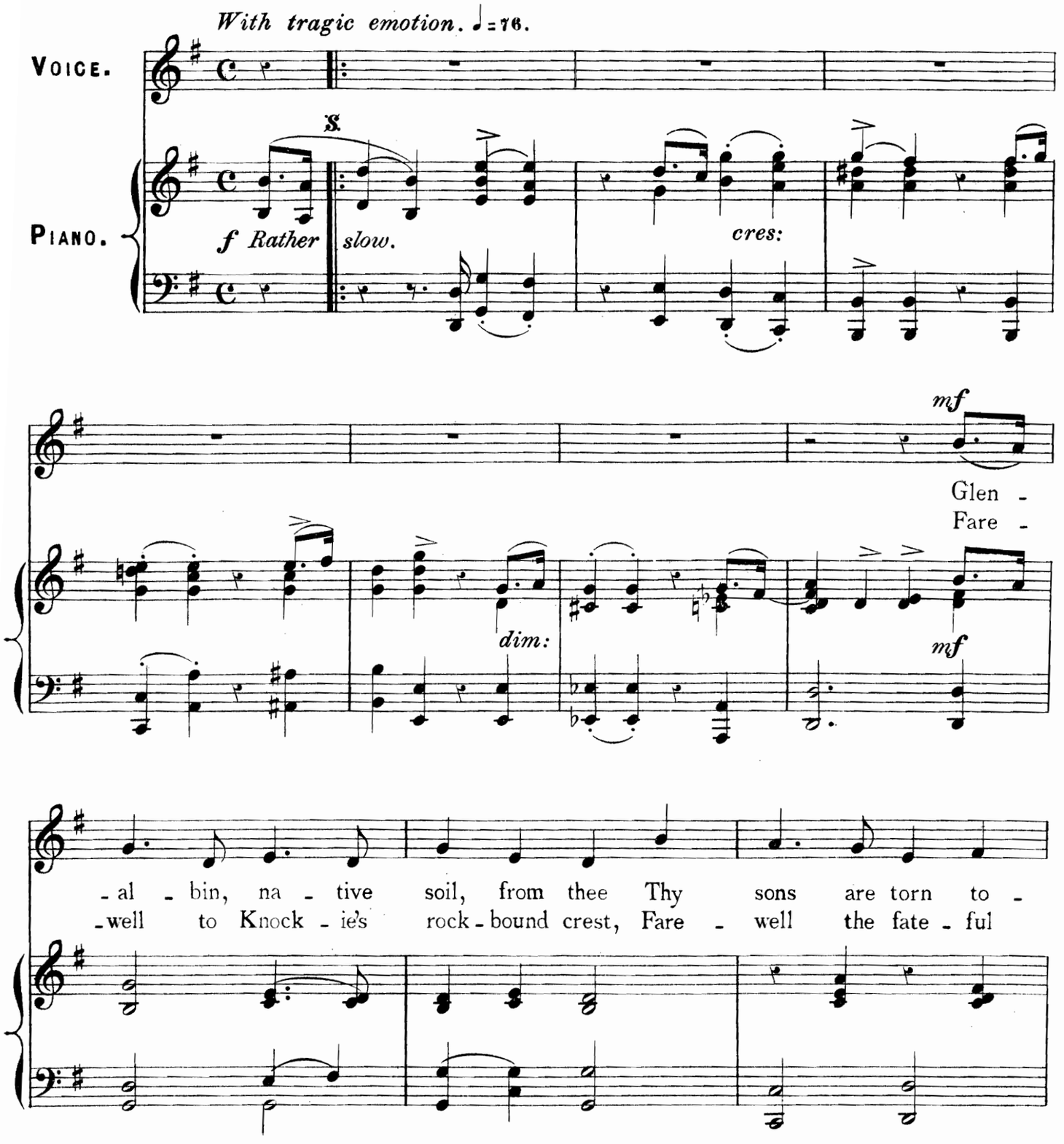
Farewell Glenalbin.

XXXIII.

FAREWELL GLENALBIN.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Music on an old Gaelic theme arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.



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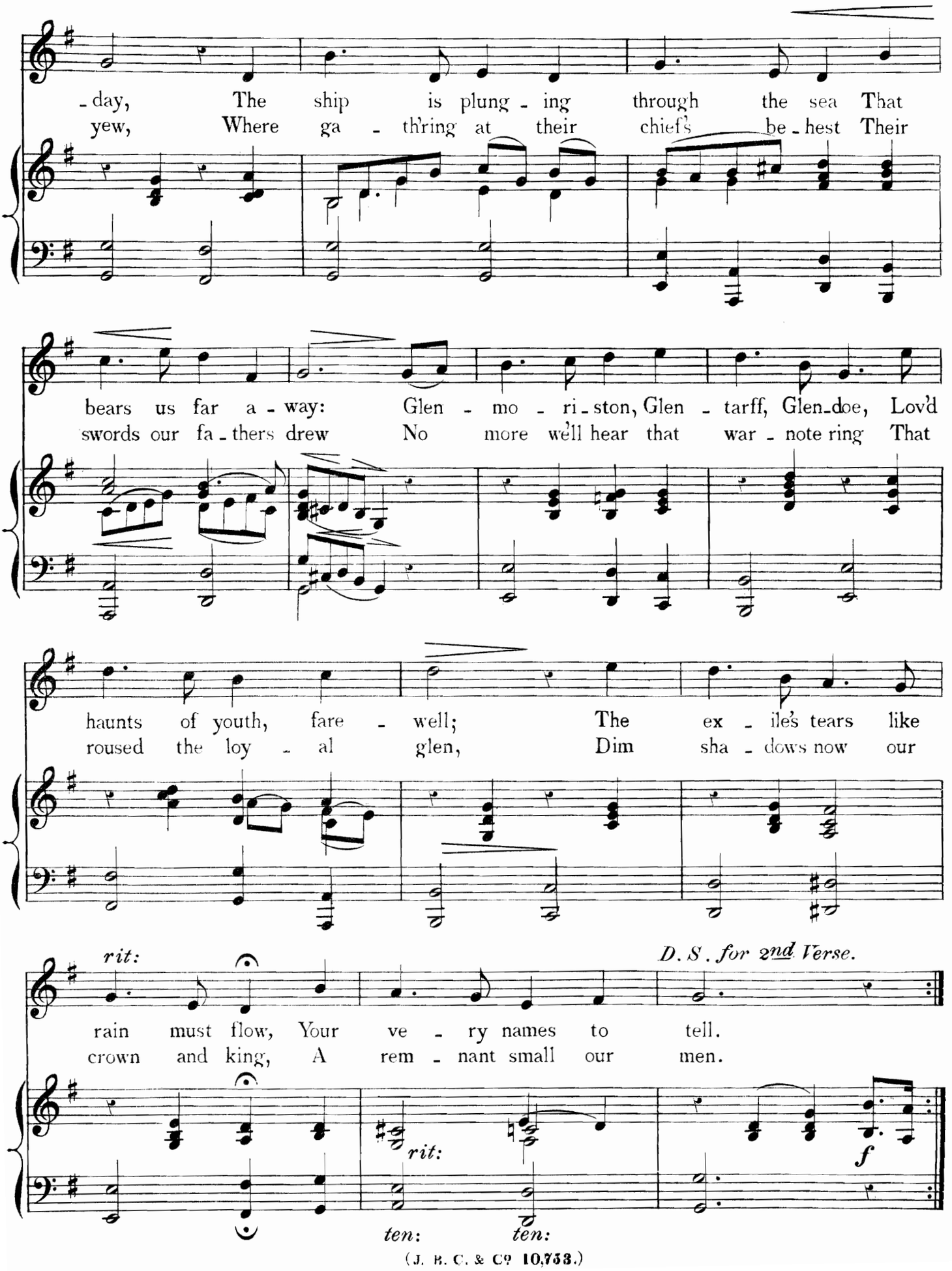
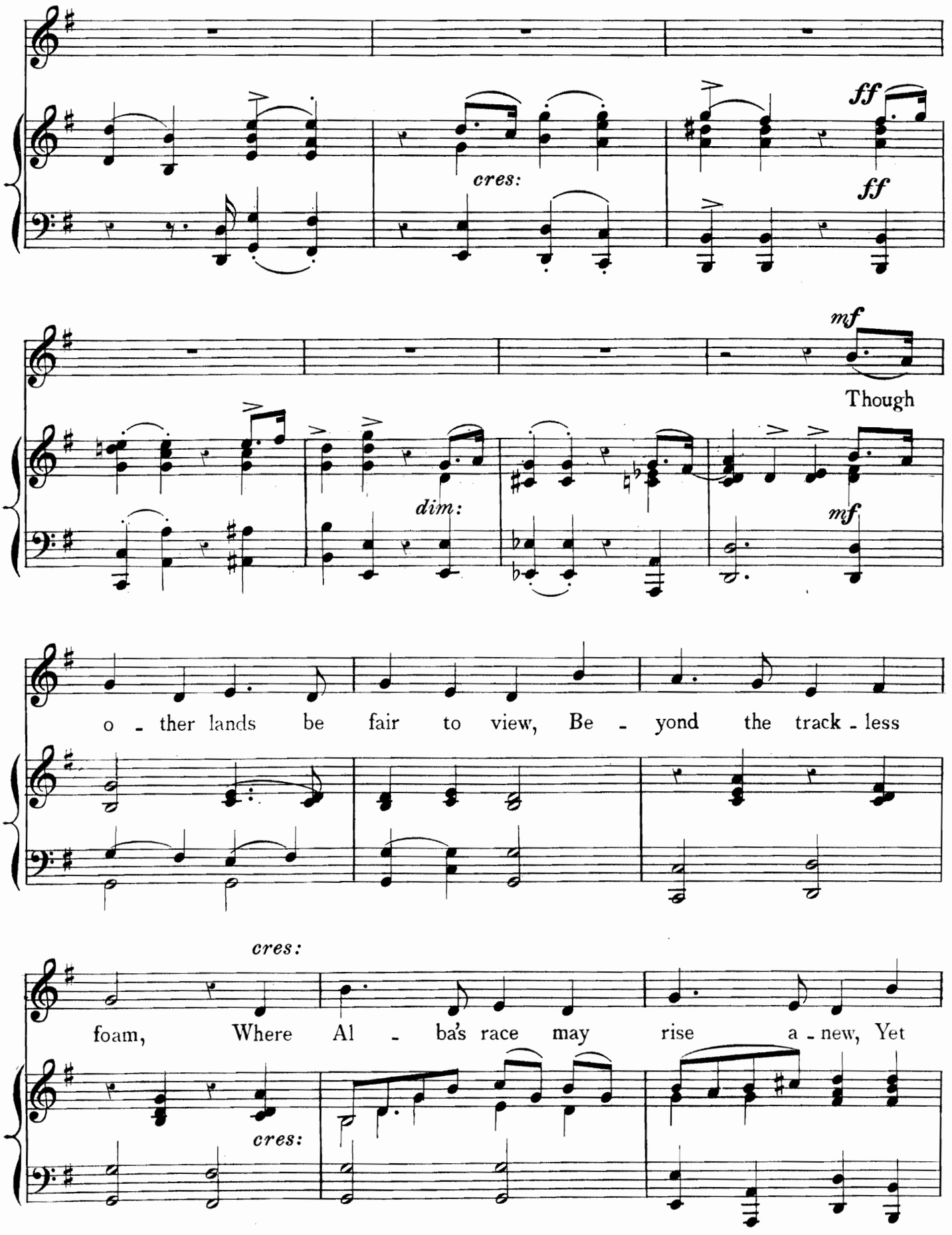
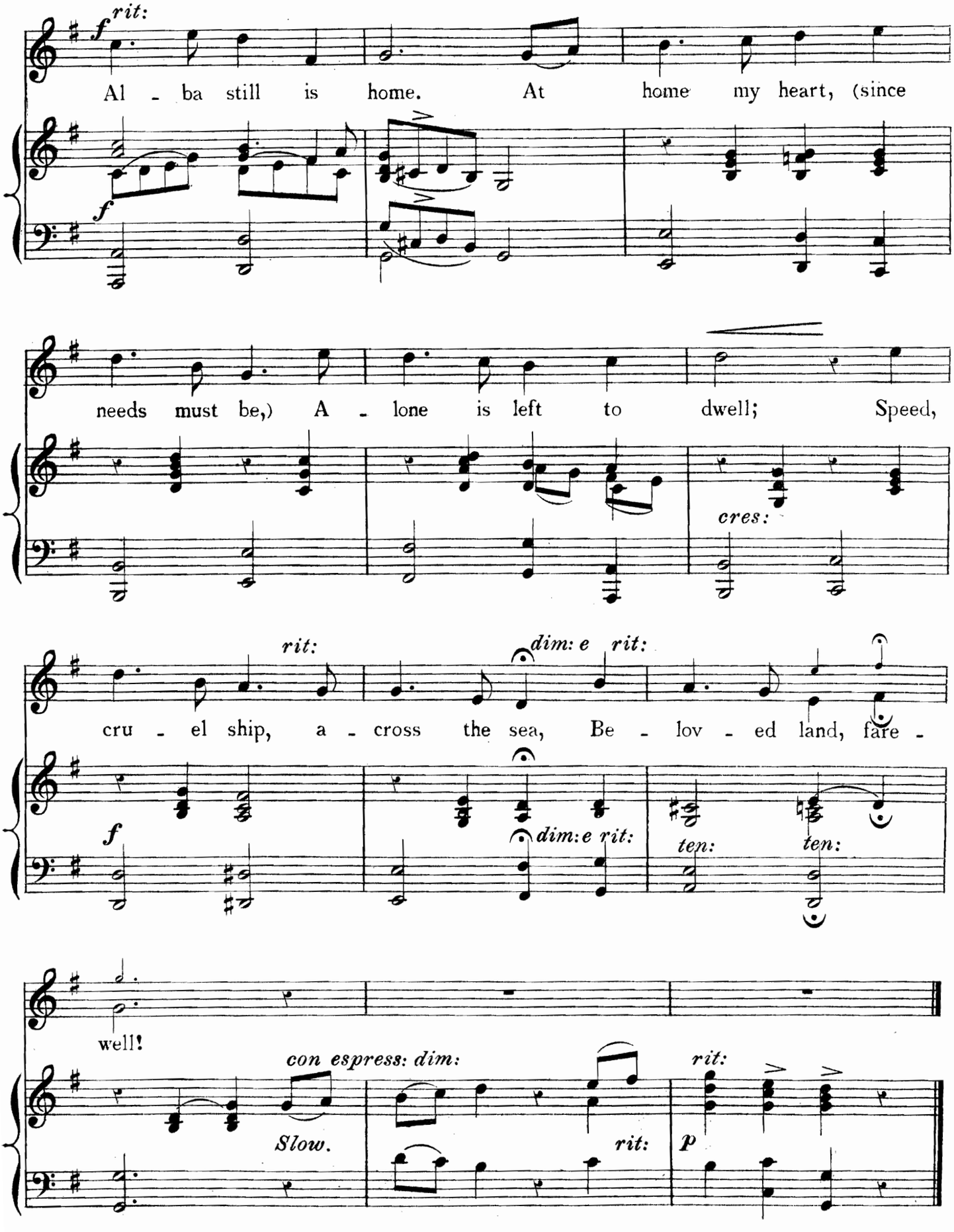

-day, The ship is plung - ing through the sea That
yew, Where ga - th'ring at their chief's be - hest Their
bears us far a - way: Glen - mo - ri - ston, Glen - tarff, Glen-doe, Lov'd
swords our fa - thers drew No more we'll hear that war - note ring That
haunts of youth, fare - well; The ex - ile's tears like
roused the loy - al glen, Dim sha - dows now our
rit:
D. S. for 2nd Verse.
rain must flow, Your ve - ry names to tell.
crown and king, A rem - nant small our men.
rit:
f
ten: ten:


cres:
ff
ff
mf
Though
dim:
mf
o - ther lands be fair to view, Be - yond the track - less
cres:
foam, Where Al - ba's race may rise a - new, Yet
cres:


f rit:
Al - ba still is home. At home my heart, (since
f
needs must be,) A - lone is left to dwell; Speed,
cres:
rit:
dim: e rit:
cru - el ship, a - cross the sea, Be - lov - ed land, fare -
f
dim: e rit:
ten: ten:
well!
con espress: dim:
rit:
Slow.
rit:
p

FAREWELL GLENALBIN.

GLENALBIN, native soil, from thee
Thy sons are torn to-day;
The ship is plunging through the sea
That bears us far away.
Glenmoriston, Glentarff, Glendoe,
Loved haunts of youth, farewell;
The exile's tears like rain must flow
Your very names to tell.

Farewell to Knockie's rock-bound crest,
Farewell the fateful yew,
Where, gathering at their chief's behest,
Their swords our fathers drew.
No more we'll hear that war-note ring
That roused the loyal glen;
Dim shadows now our crown and king,
A remnant small our men.

Though other lands be fair to view
Beyond the trackless foam,
Where Alba's race may rise anew,
Yet Alba still is home.
At home my heart, since needs must be,
Alone is left to dwell;
Speed, cruel ship, across the sea,
Beloved land, farewell!

HAROLD BOULTON.

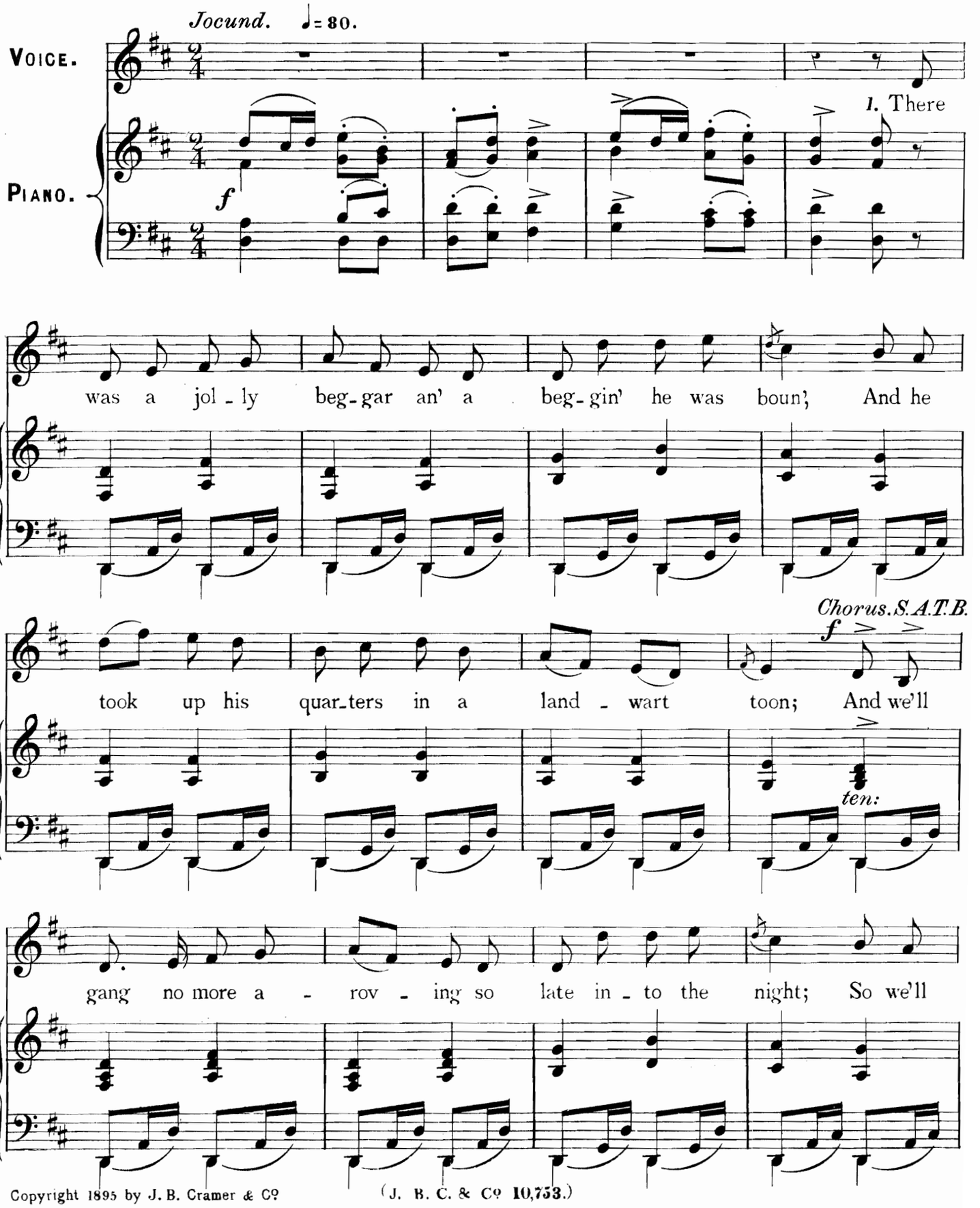
The Jolly Beggar.

XXXIV.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR

Words attributed to JAMES V. of Scotland

Old Scottish air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.



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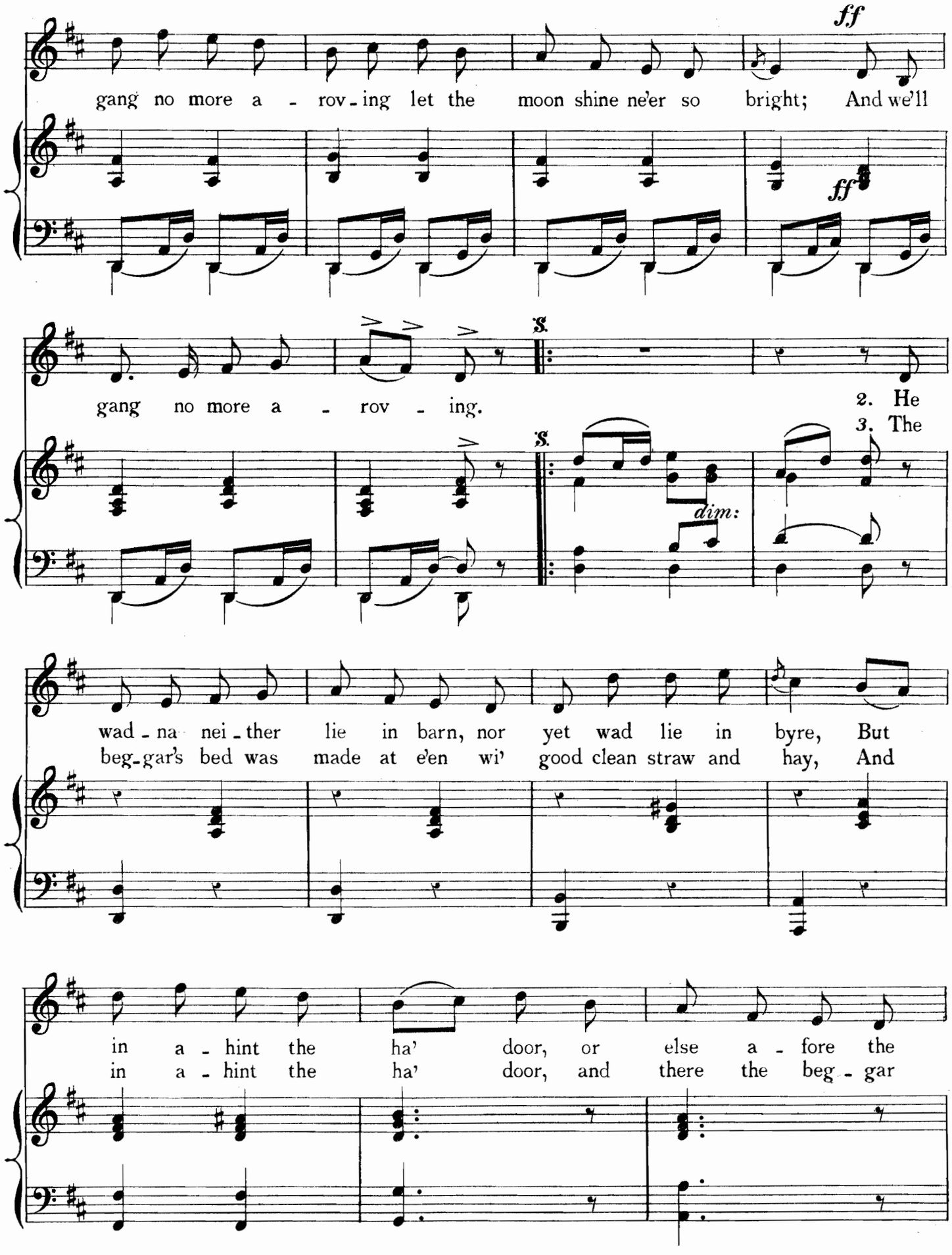
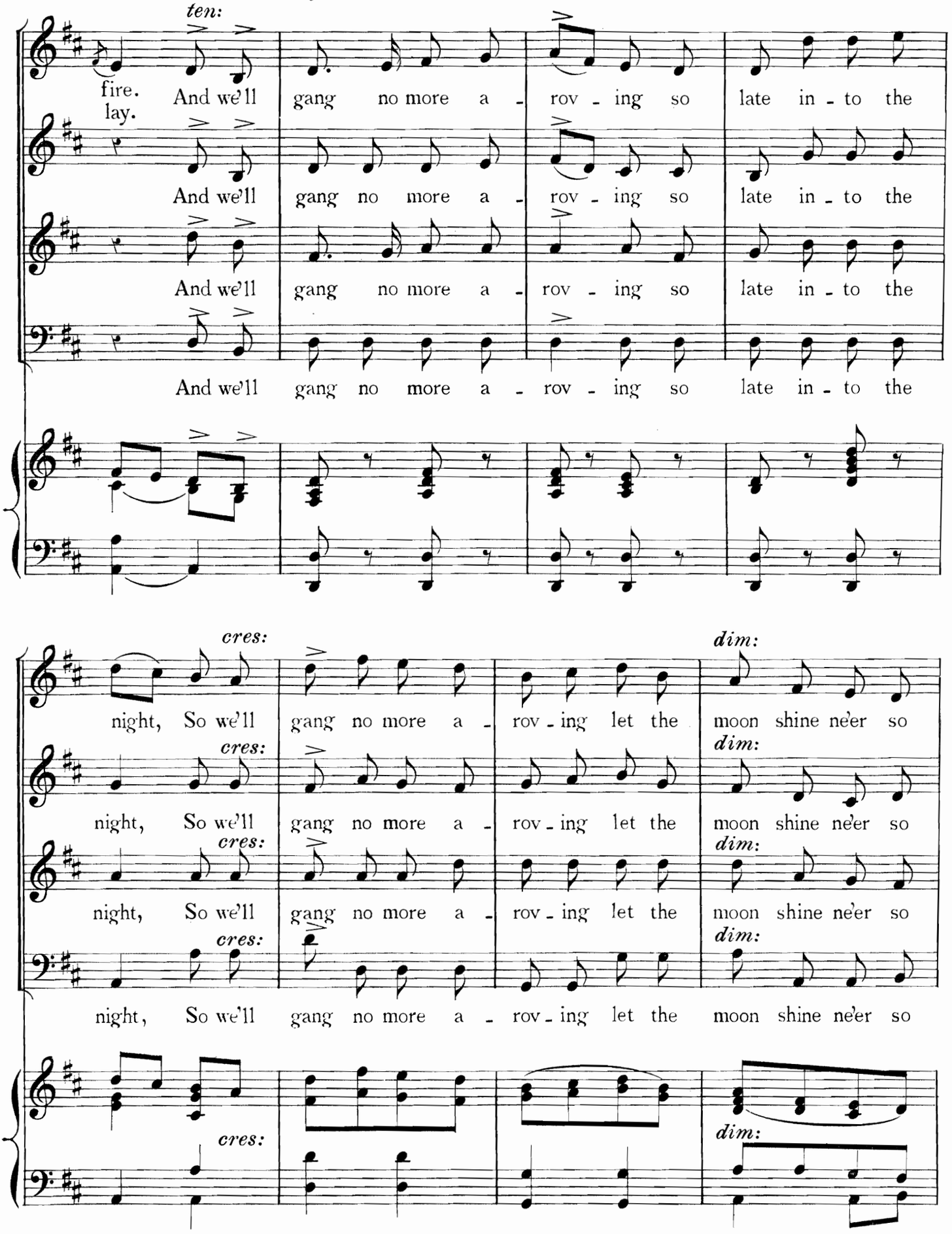

ff
gang no more a - rov - ing let the moon shine ne'er so bright; And we'll
ff
gang no more a - rov - ing.
S.
2. He
3. The
S.
dim:
wad - na nei - ther lie in barn, nor yet wad lie in byre, But
beg - gar's bed was made at e'en wi' good clean straw and hay, And
in a - hint the ha' door, or else a - fore the
in a - hint the ha' door, and there the beg - gar

CHORUS. After verses 2. & 3.



Dal Segno for verse 3.

bright, And we'll gang no more a - rov - ing.

bright, And we'll gang no more a - rov - ing.

bright, And we'll gang no more a - rov - ing.

bright, And we'll gang no more a - rov - ing.

dim.

4. Up raise the good-man's doch - ter, an' a' to bar the
5. He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and
6. And he took out his lit - tle knife, let a' his dud-dies

door, And there she saw the beg - gar man was stand - in' on the
shrill, And four and twen - ty bel - ted knights came skip - ping o'er the
fa', And he stood the braw-est gen - tle - man that was a - mang them

CHORUS. After verses 4. 5. 6.

ten:

floor.
hill.
a'!

And we'll gang no more a - rov - ing so late in - to the

And we'll gang no more a - rov - ing so late in - to the

And we'll gang no more a - rov - ing so late in - to the

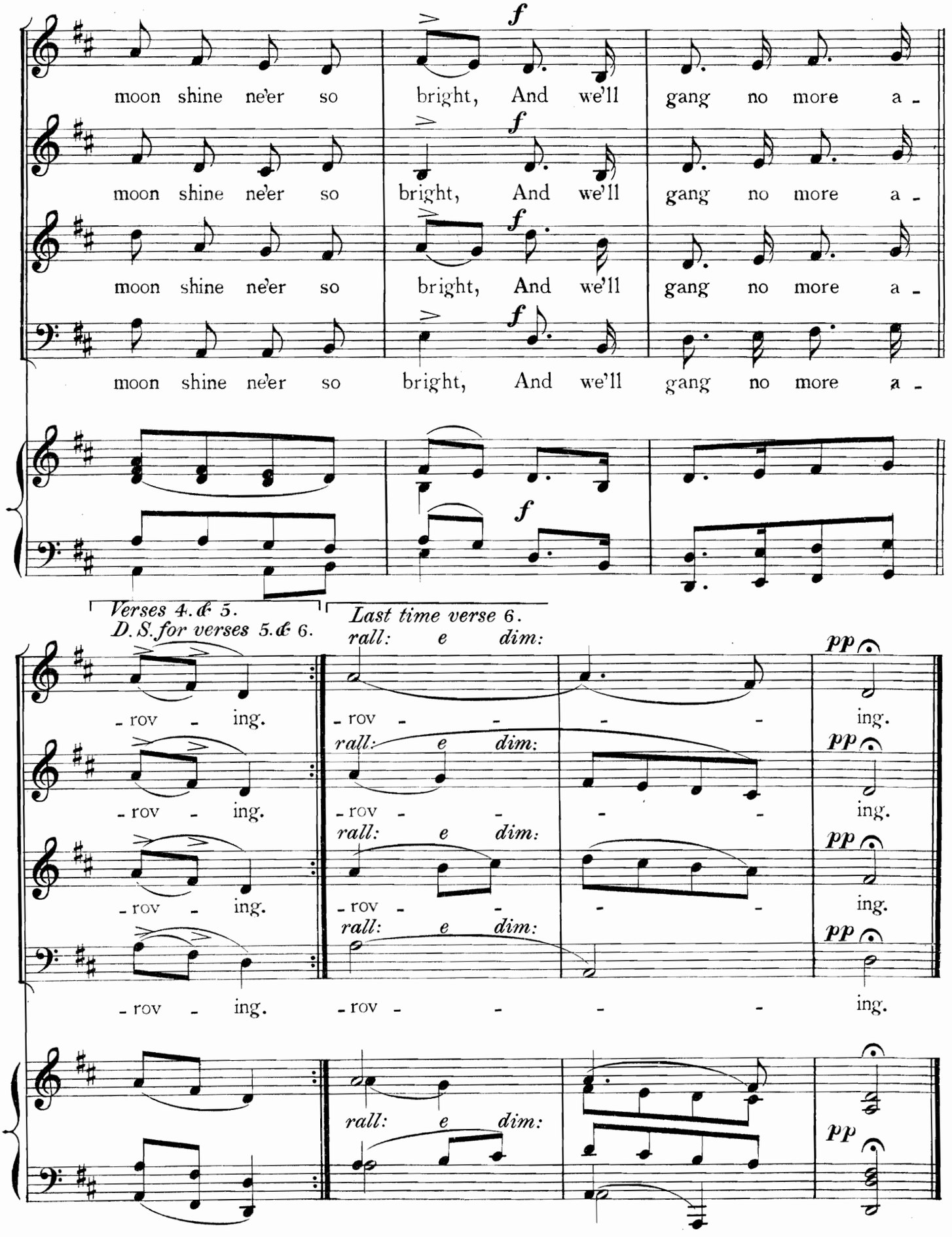
And we'll gang no more a - rov - ing so late in - to the

night, So we'll gang no more a - rov - ing let the

night, So we'll gang no more a - rov - ing let the

night, So we'll gang no more a - rov - ing let the

night, So we'll gang no more a - rov - ing let the


moon shine ne'er so bright, And we'll gang no more a -
moon shine ne'er so bright, And we'll gang no more a -
moon shine ne'er so bright, And we'll gang no more a -
moon shine ne'er so bright, And we'll gang no more a -
f
Verses 4. & 5.
D. S. for verses 5. & 6.
Last time verse 6.
rall: e dim:
- rov - ing.
pp

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

THERE was a jolly beggar, an' a' beggin' he was boun',
And he took up his quarters in a landwart toon.
And we'll gang no more a roving
So late into the night.
So we'll gang no more a roving,
Let the moon shine ne'er so bright;
And we'll gang no more a roving!

He would neither lie in barn, nor yet would lie in byre,
But a' ahint the ha' door; or else afore the fire.
And we'll gang, &c.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en, wi' good clean straw and hay,
And in ahint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.
And we'll gang, &c.

Up raise the goodman's dochter all for to bar the door,
And there she saw the beggar man a standin' on the floor.
And we'll gang, &c.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew forth loud and shrill,
And four and twenty belted knights came skipping o'er the hill.
And we'll gang, &c.

And he took out his little knife, let a' his duddies fa';
And he was the bravest gentleman that was among them a'.
And we'll gang, &c.

Attributed to JAMES V. OF SCOTLAND.

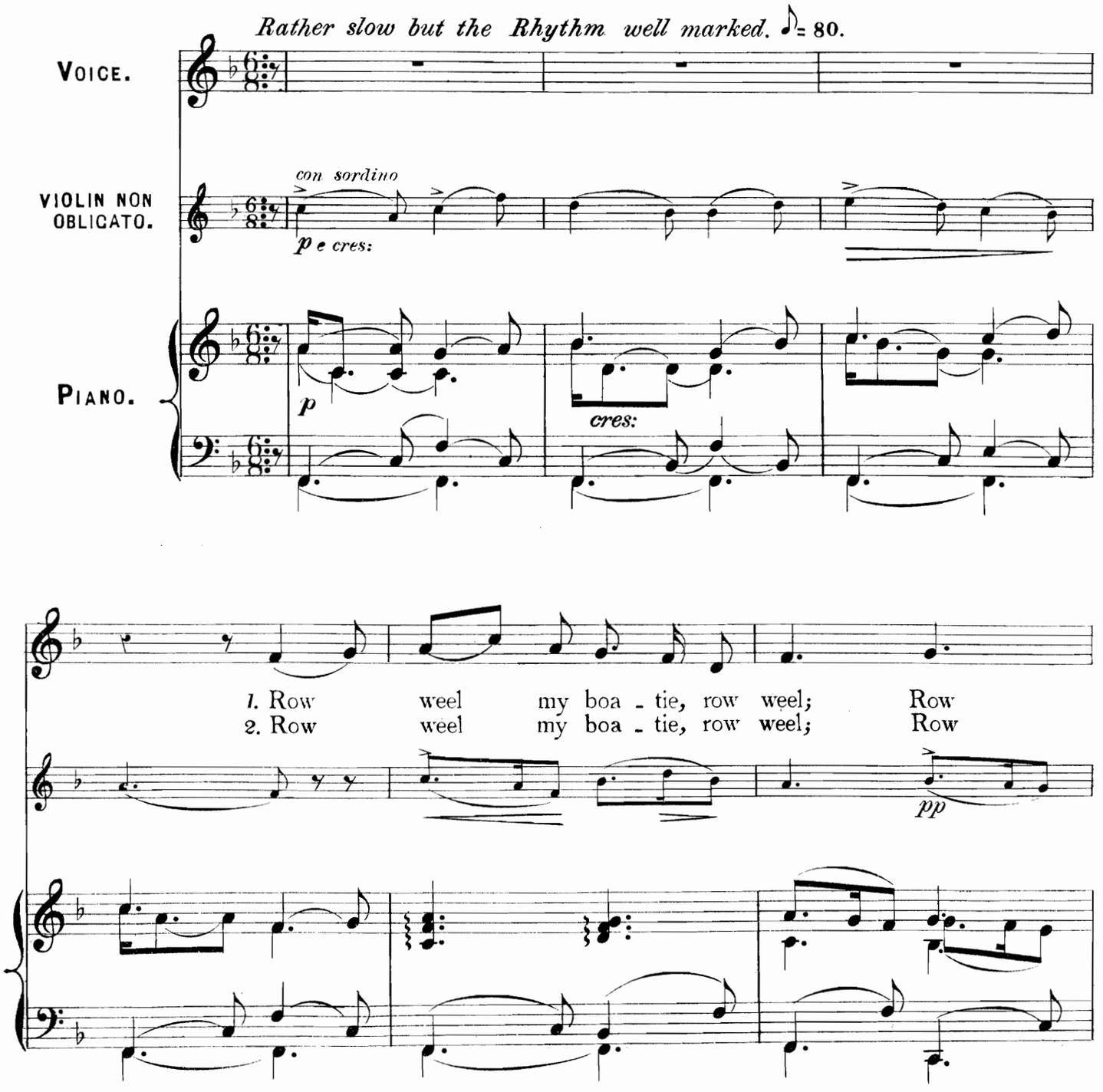
Lord Reoch's Daughter.

XXXV.

LORD REOCH'S DAUGHTER.

Words by
WALTER WEIR. (1818).
(with additional lines.)

Air by R. A. SMITH.
Arranged by MALCOLM LAWSON.



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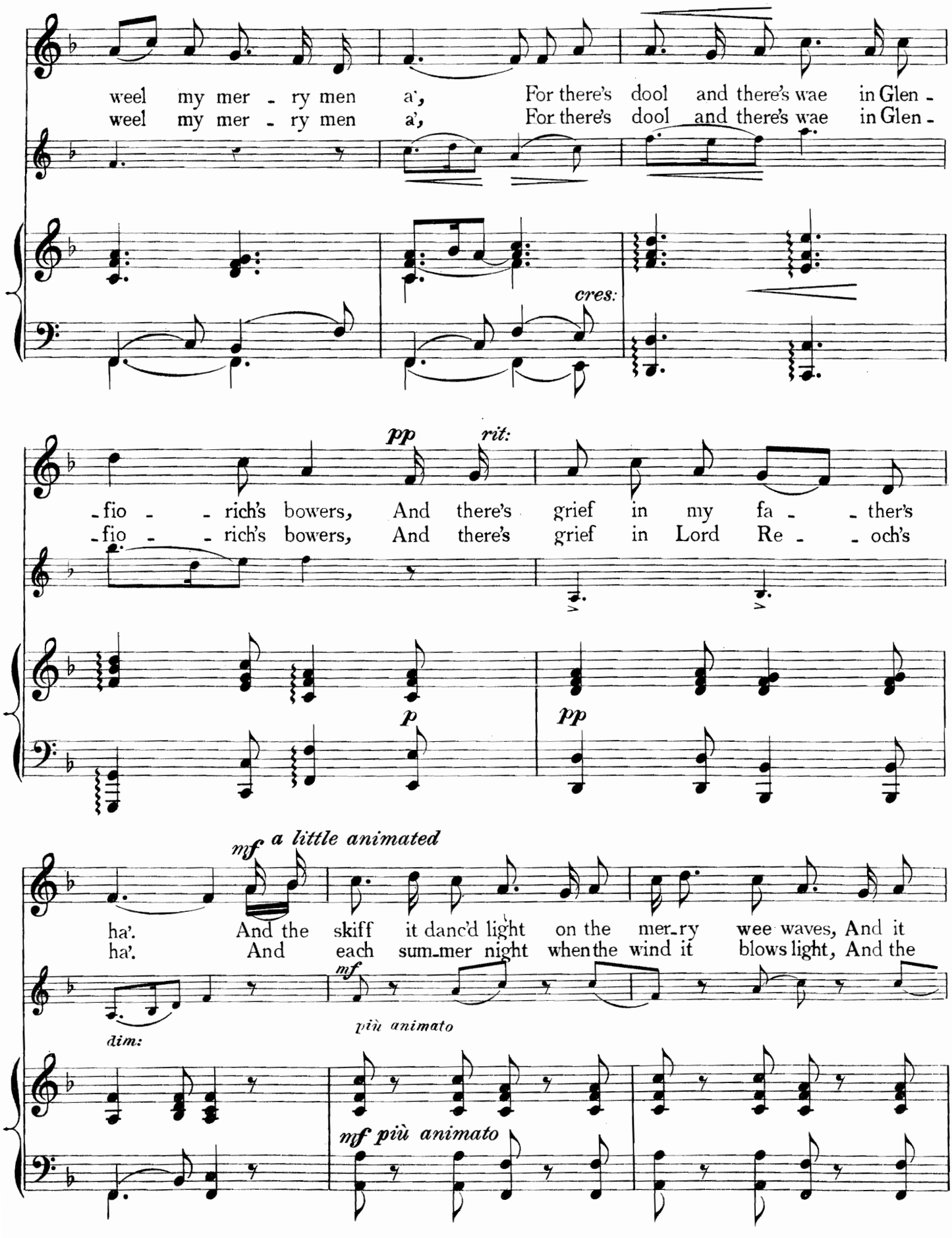
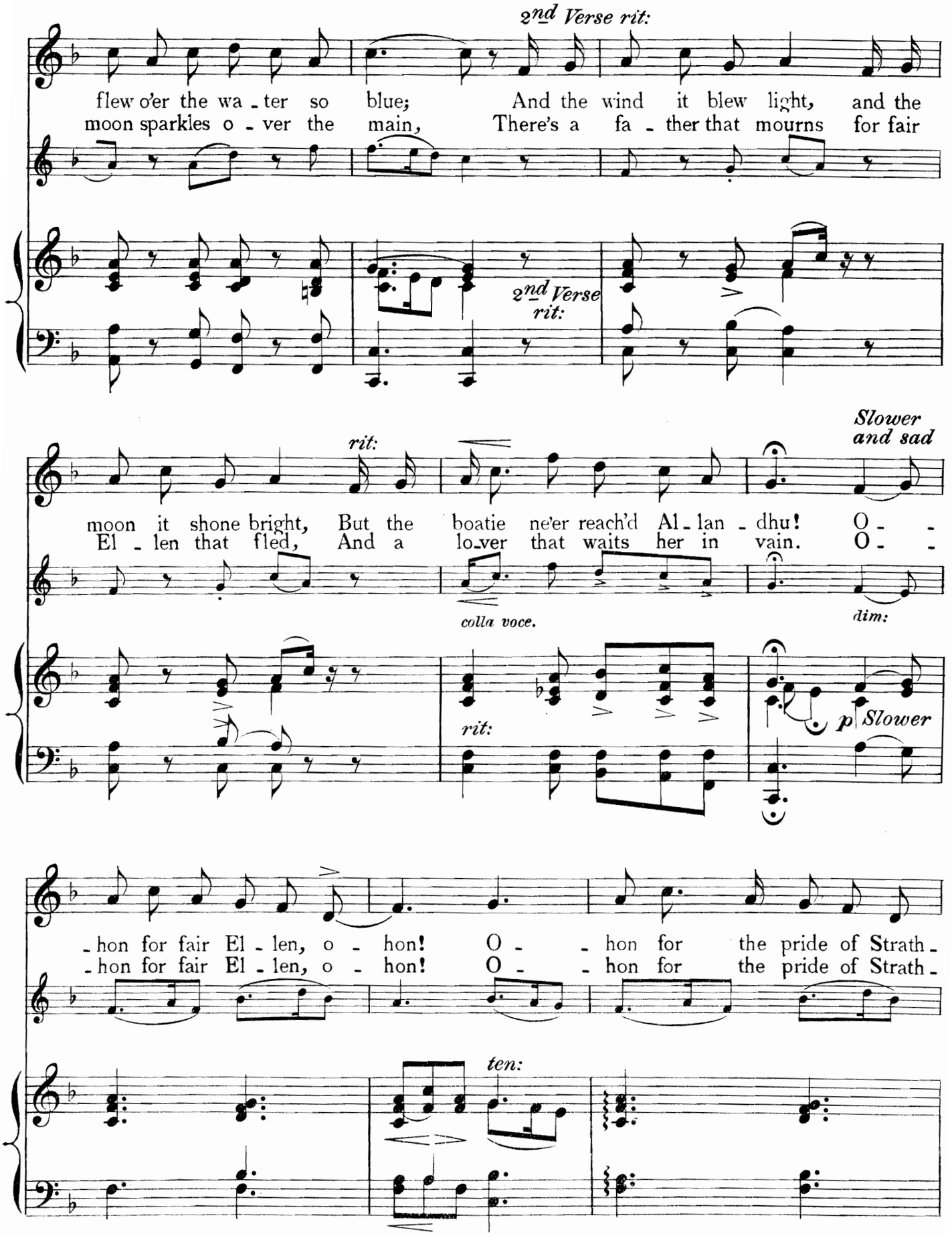
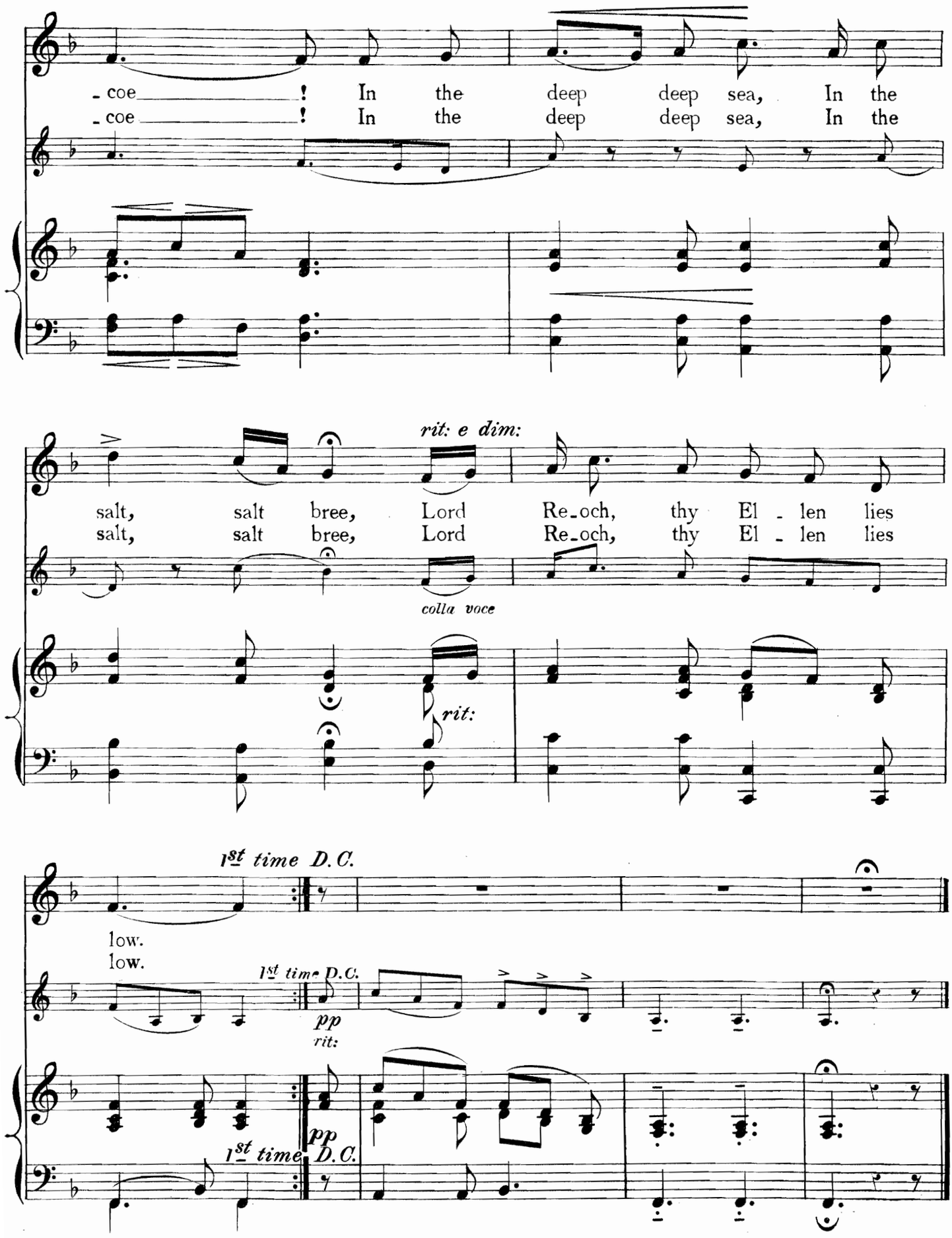

weel my mer - ry men a',
weel my mer - ry men a',
For there's dool and there's wae in Glen -
For there's dool and there's wae in Glen -
cres:
pp
rit:
- fio - - rich's bowers, And there's grief in my fa - - ther's
- fio - - rich's bowers, And there's grief in Lord Re - - och's
p
pp
mf a little animated
ha'. And the skiff it danc'd light on the mer-ry wee waves, And it
ha'. And each sum-mer night when the wind it blows light, And the
dim:
mf
più animato
mf più animato


2nd Verse rit:
flew o'er the wa - ter so blue; And the wind it blew light, and the
moon sparkles o - ver the main, There's a fa - ther that mourns for fair
2nd Verse rit:
rit:
Slower and sad
moon it shone bright, But the boatie ne'er reach'd Al - lan - dhu! O - -
El - len that fled, And a lo-ver that waits her in vain. O - -
colla voce.
dim:
rit:
p Slower
- hon for fair El - len, o - hon! O - - hon for the pride of Strath -
- hon for fair El - len, o - hon! O - - hon for the pride of Strath -
ten:


- coe ! In the deep deep sea, In the
- coe ! In the deep deep sea, In the
rit: e dim:
salt, salt bree, Lord Re-och, thy El - len lies
salt, salt bree, Lord Re-och, thy El - len lies
colla voce
rit:
1st time D.C.
low.
low.
1st time D.C.
pp
rit:
pp
1st time D.C.

LORD REOCH'S DAUGHTER.

ROW weel, my boatie, row weel,
Row weel, my merry men a',
For there's dool and there's wae in Glenfiorich's bowers,
And there's grief in my father's ha'.
And the skiff it danced light on the merry wee waves,
And it flew o'er the water so blue;
And the wind it blew light, and the moon it shone bright,
But the boatie ne'er reached Allandhu!
Ohon for fair Ellen, ohon!
Ohon for the pride of Strathcoe!
In the deep, deep sea, in the salt, salt bree,
Lord Reoch, thy Ellen lies low.

Row weel, my boatie, row weel,
Row weel, my merry men a',
For there's dool and there's wae in Glenfiorich's bowers,
And there grief in Lord Reoch's ha'.
And each summer night when the wind it blows light,
And the moon sparkles over the main,
There's a father that mourns for fair Ellen that fled,
And a lover that waits her in vain.
Ohon for fair Ellen, ohon!
Ohon for the pride of Strathcoe!
In the deep, deep sea, in the salt, salt bree,
Lord Reoch, thy Ellen lies low.

WALTER WEIR (1818).
(With additional lines.)

The auld hoodie Craw.

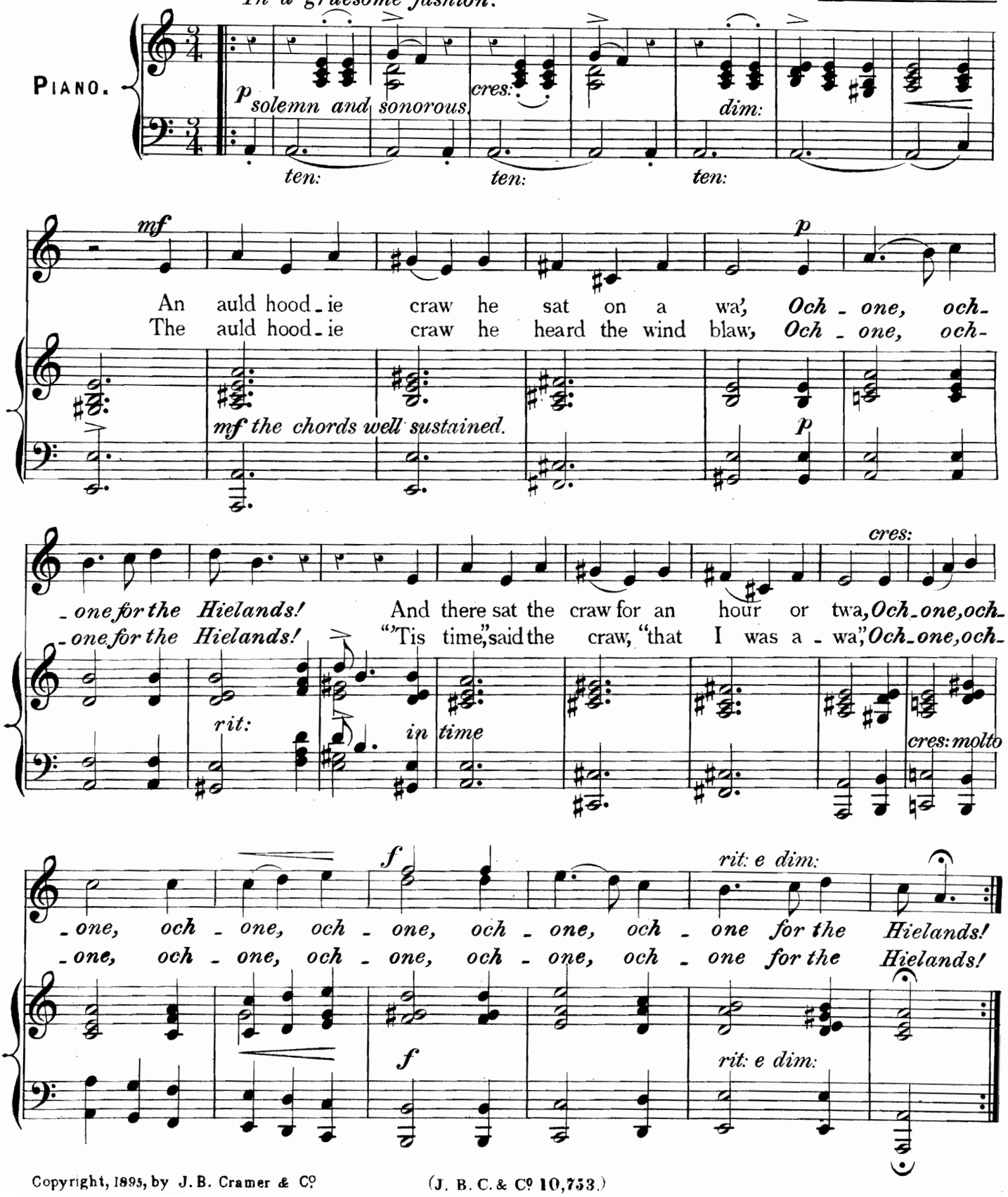
XXXVI.

THE AULD HOODIE CRAW.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

In a gruesome fashion.

Music by
HAROLD BOULTON.



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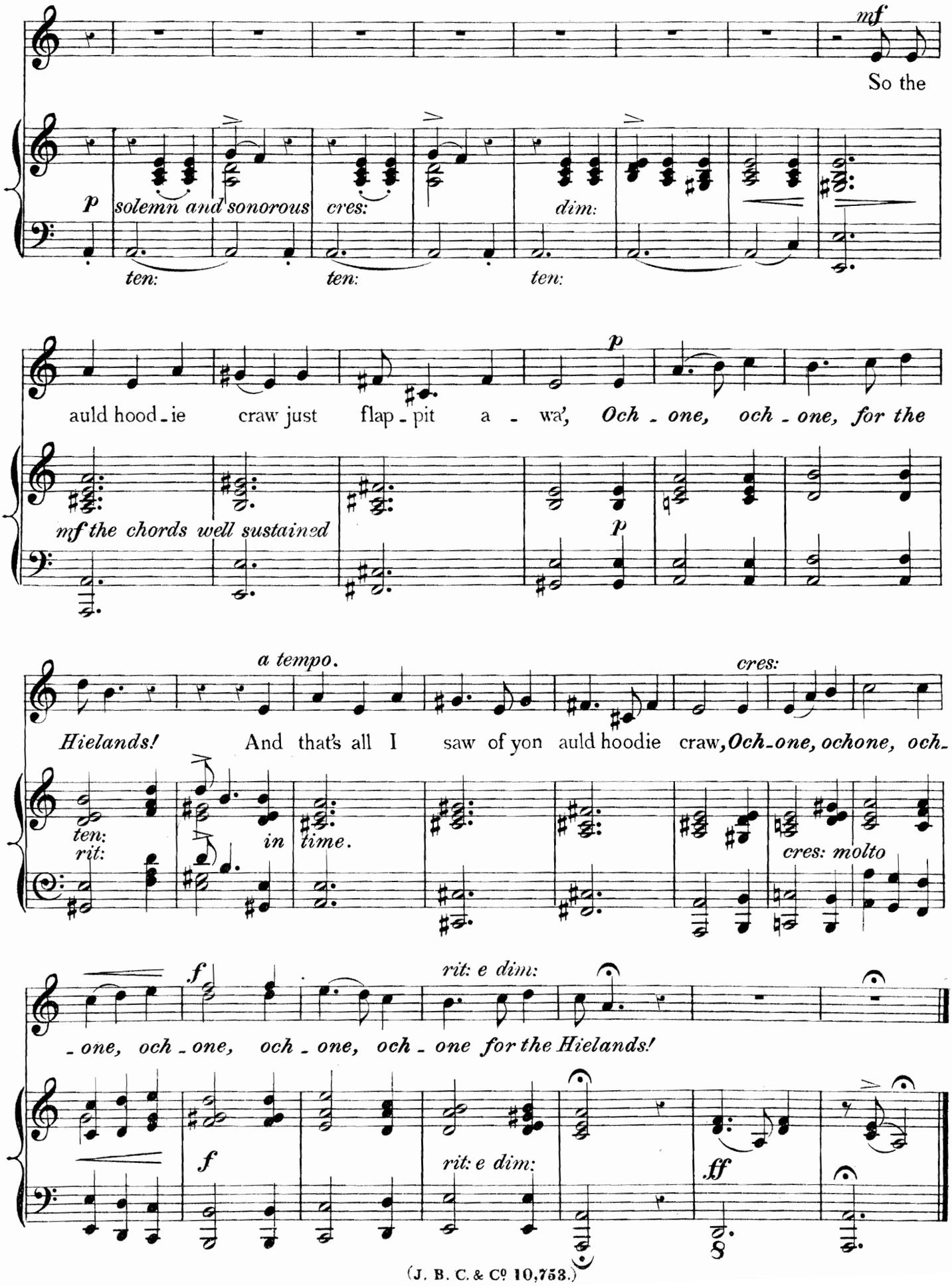

mf
So the
p
solemn and sonorous
cres:
dim:
ten:
ten:
ten:
auld hood - ie craw just flap - pit a - wa', Och - one, och - one, for the
mf the chords well sustained
p
a tempo.
cres:
Hielands! And that's all I saw of yon auld hoodie craw, Och-one, ochone, och-
ten:
rit:
in time.
cres: molto
f
rit: e dim:
- one, och - one, och - one, och - one for the Hielands!
f
rit: e dim:
ff

THE AULD HOODIE CRAW.

AN auld hoodie craw he sat on a wa';
Ochone, ochone, for the Hielands!
And there sat the craw for an hour or twa,
Ochone, ochone, for the Hielands!

The auld hoodie craw he heard the wind blaw,
Ochone, ochone for the Hielands!
'Tis time, said the craw, that I was awa',
Ochone, ochone for the Hielands!

So the auld hoodie craw just flappit awa',
Ochone, ochone for the Hielands!
And that's all that I saw of yon auld hoodie craw,
Ochone, ochone for the Hielands!

HAROLD BOULTON.

Herding Song.

XXXVII.

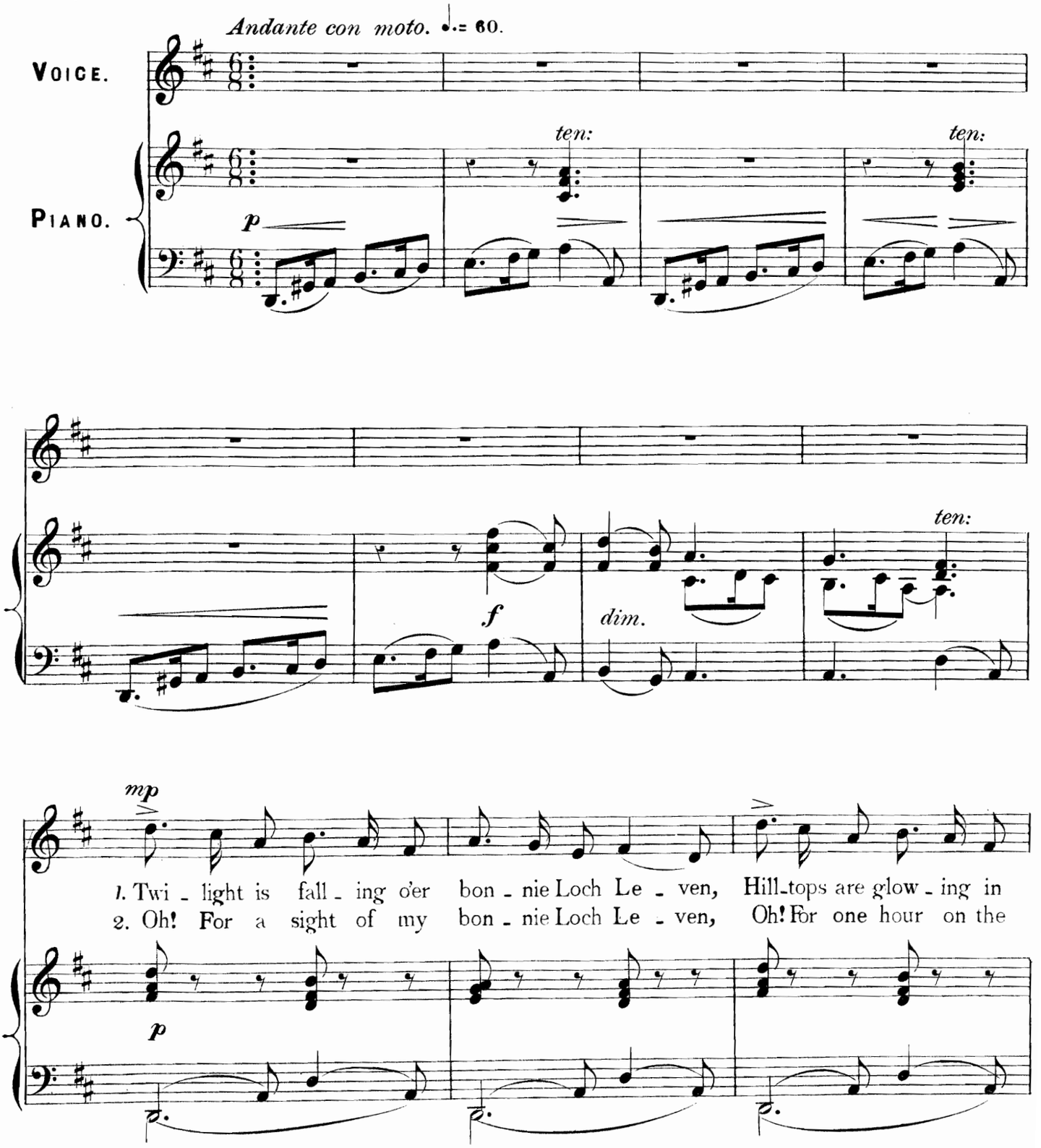
HERDING SONG.

Words by

Jan. L. Lawson.

Old Highland air arranged

by Malcolm Lawson.



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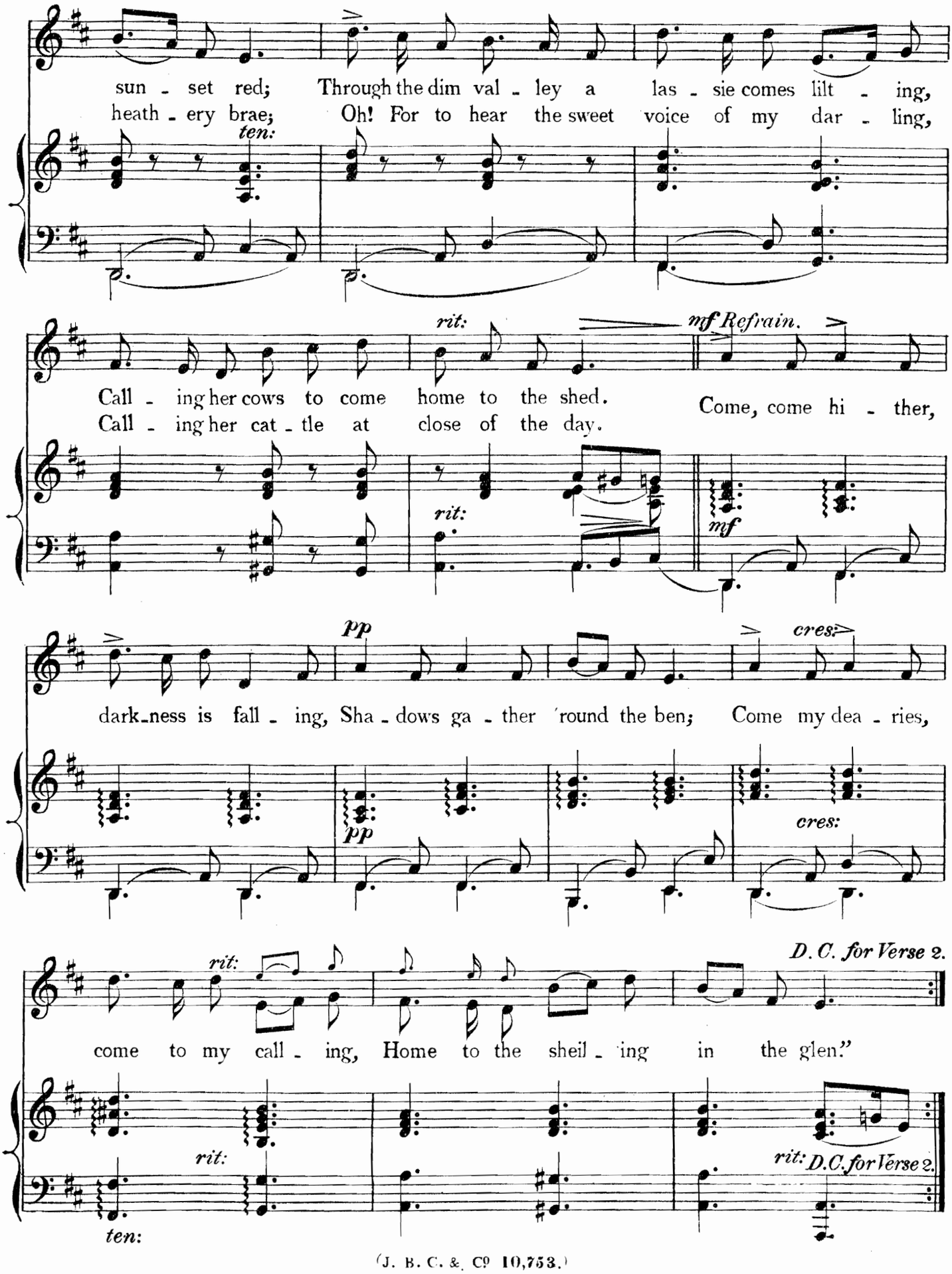
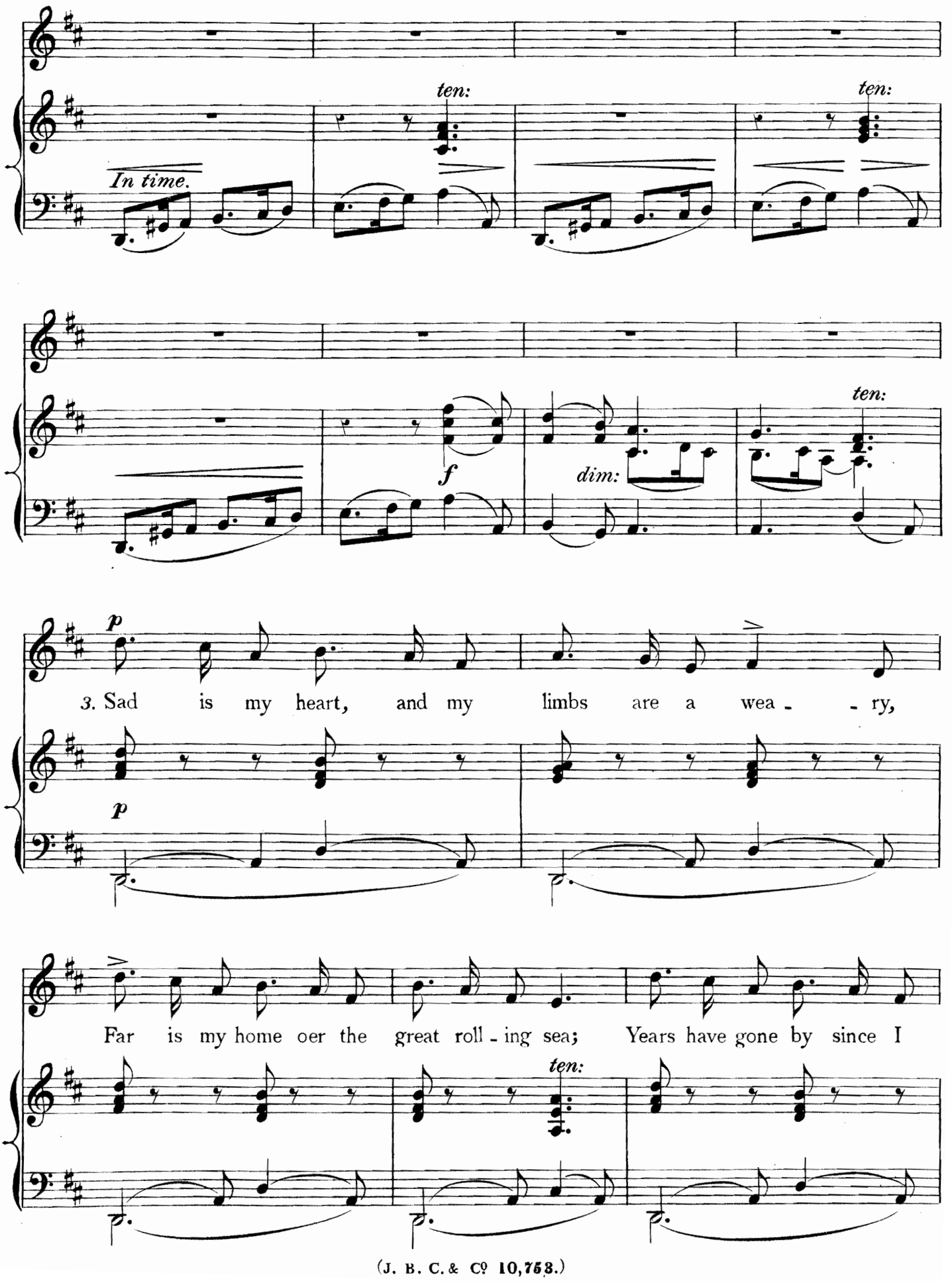
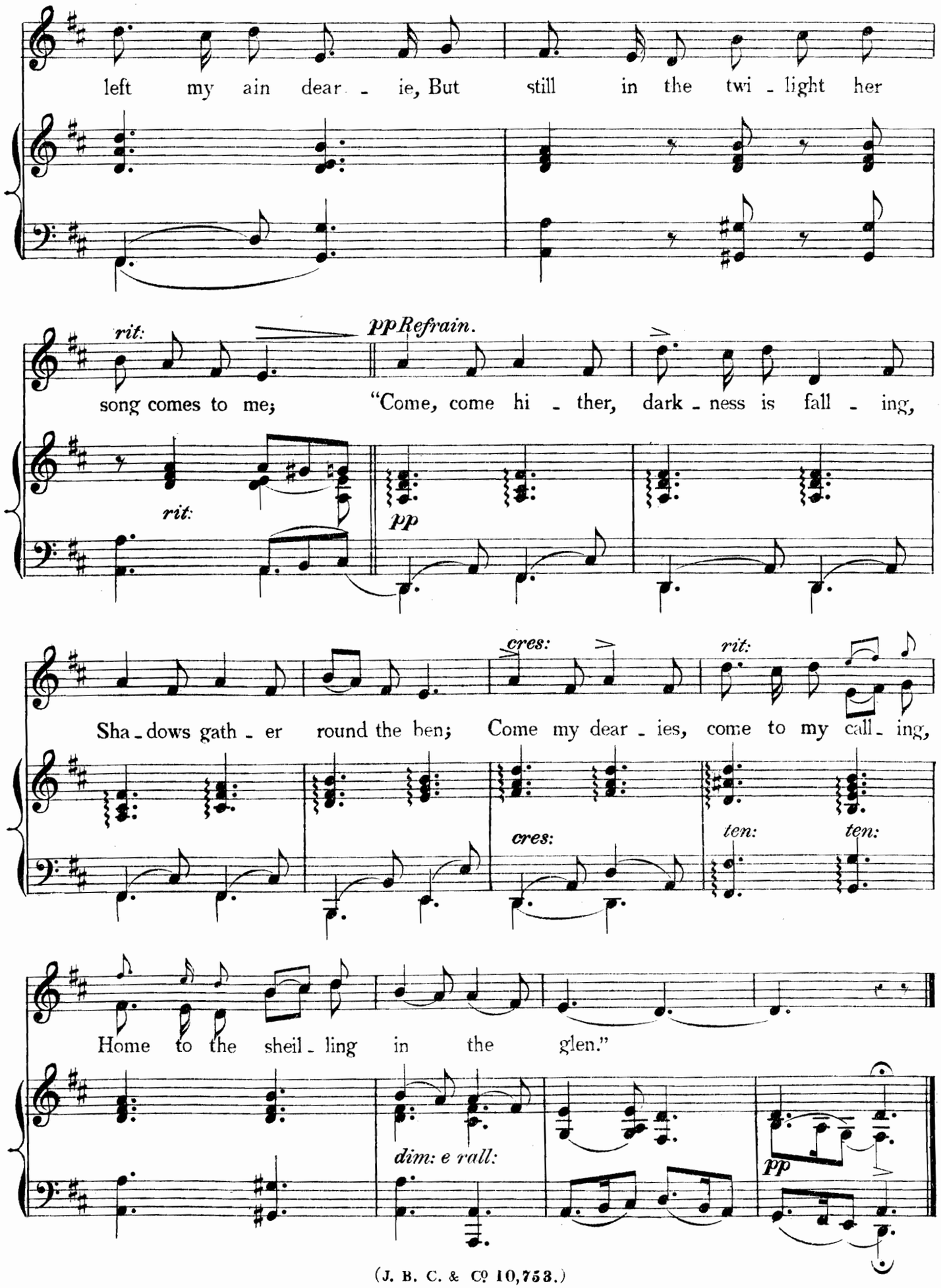

sun - set red; Through the dim val - ley a las - sie comes lilt - ing,
heath - ery brae; Oh! For to hear the sweet voice of my dar - ling,
ten:
rit:
mf Refrain.
Call - ing her cows to come home to the shed. Come, come hi - ther,
Call - ing her cat - tle at close of the day.
rit:
mf
pp
cres:
dark-ness is fall - ing, Sha - dows ga - ther 'round the ben; Come my dea - ries,
pp
cres:
D. C. for Verse 2.
rit:
come to my call - ing, Home to the sheil - ing in the glen."
rit:
rit: D.C. for Verse 2.
ten:


ten:
ten:
In time.
ten:
f
dim:
p
3. Sad is my heart, and my limbs are a wea - - ry,
p
Far is my home oer the great roll - ing sea; Years have gone by since I
ten:


left my ain dear - ie, But still in the twi - light her
rit:
pp Refrain.
song comes to me; "Come, come hi - ther, dark - ness is fall - ing,
rit:
pp
cres:
rit:
Sha - dows gath - er round the ben; Come my dear - ies, come to my call - ing,
cres:
ten:
ten:
Home to the sheil - ling in the glen."
dim: e rall:
pp

HERDING SONG.

TWILIGHT is falling on bonnie Loch Leven,
Hill-tops are glowing in sunset red;
Through the dim valley a lassie comes lilting,
Calling her cows to come home to the shed.
"Come, come hither, darkness is falling,"
"Shadows gather round the ben;"
"Come, my dearies, come to my calling,"
"Home to the sheiling in the glen."

Oh! For a sight of my bonnie Loch Leven,
Oh! For one hour on the heathery brae;
Oh! For to hear the sweet voice of my darling,
Calling her cattle at close of day!
"Come, come hither," &c.

Sad is my heart, and my limbs are aweary,
Far is my home o'er the great rolling sea;
Years have gone by since I left my ain dearie,
But still in the twilight her song comes to me.
"Come, come hither," &c.

JAN L. LAWSON.

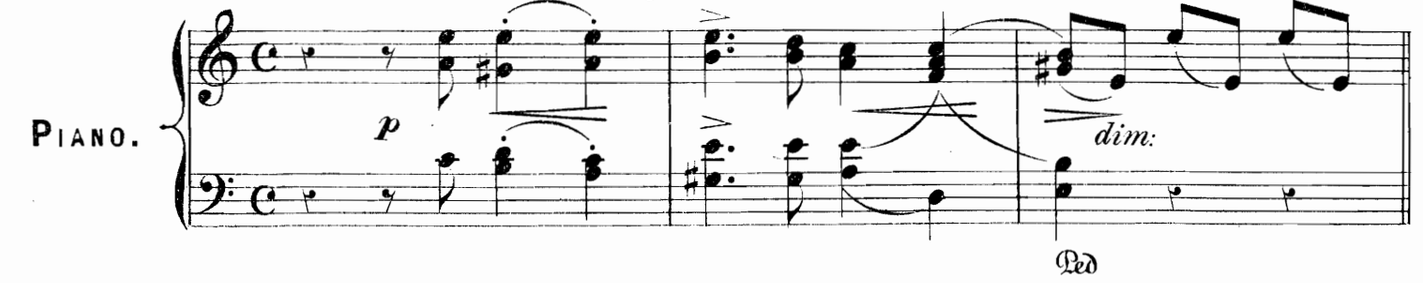
Thyme in my Garden.

XXXVIII.

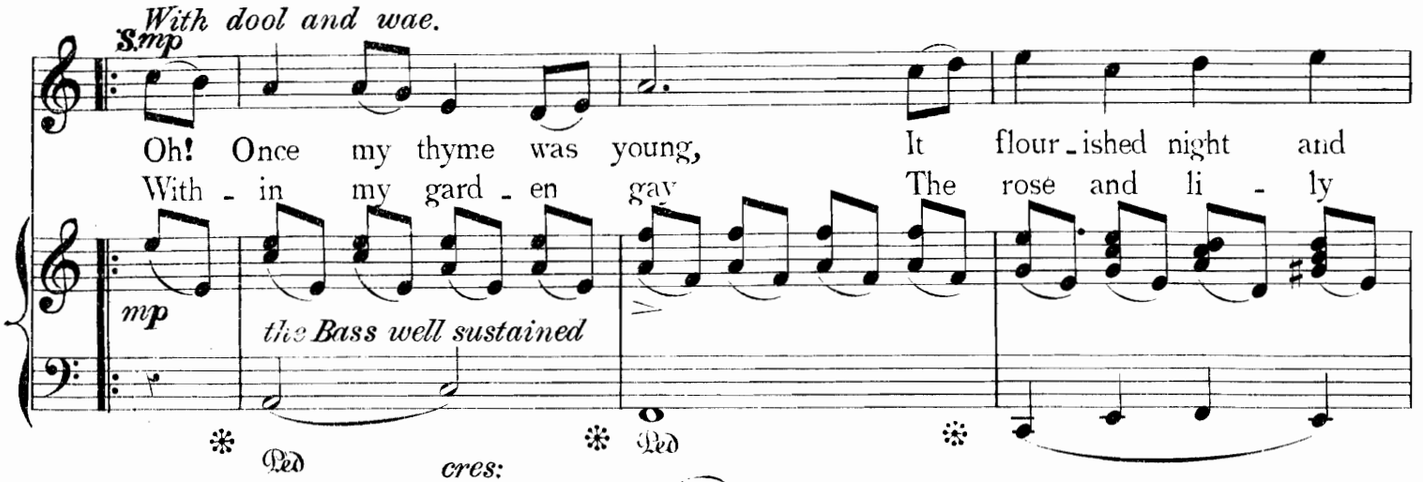
THYME IN MY GARDEN.

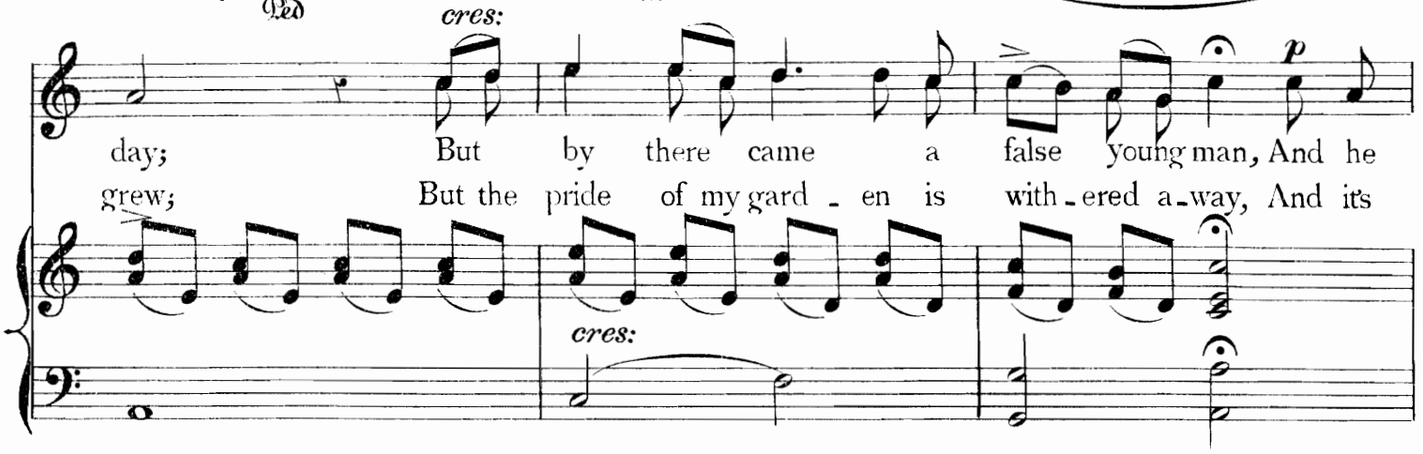
Words traditional. *Old Northern Air arranged by*

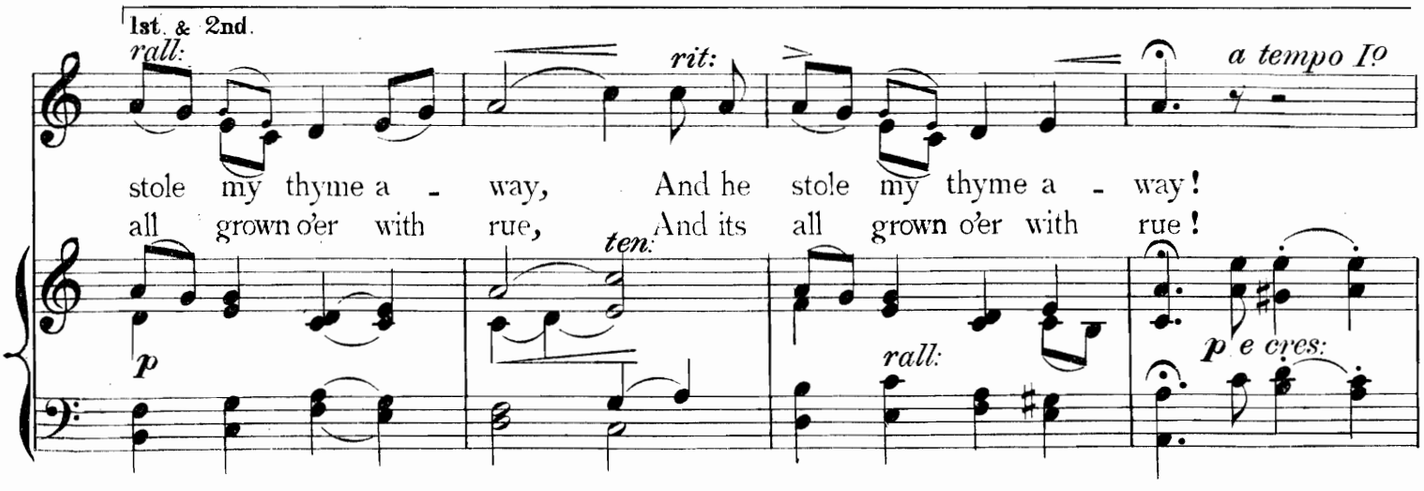
Rather slow and dreamily. ♩ = 60. MALCOLM LAWSON.



With dool and wae.







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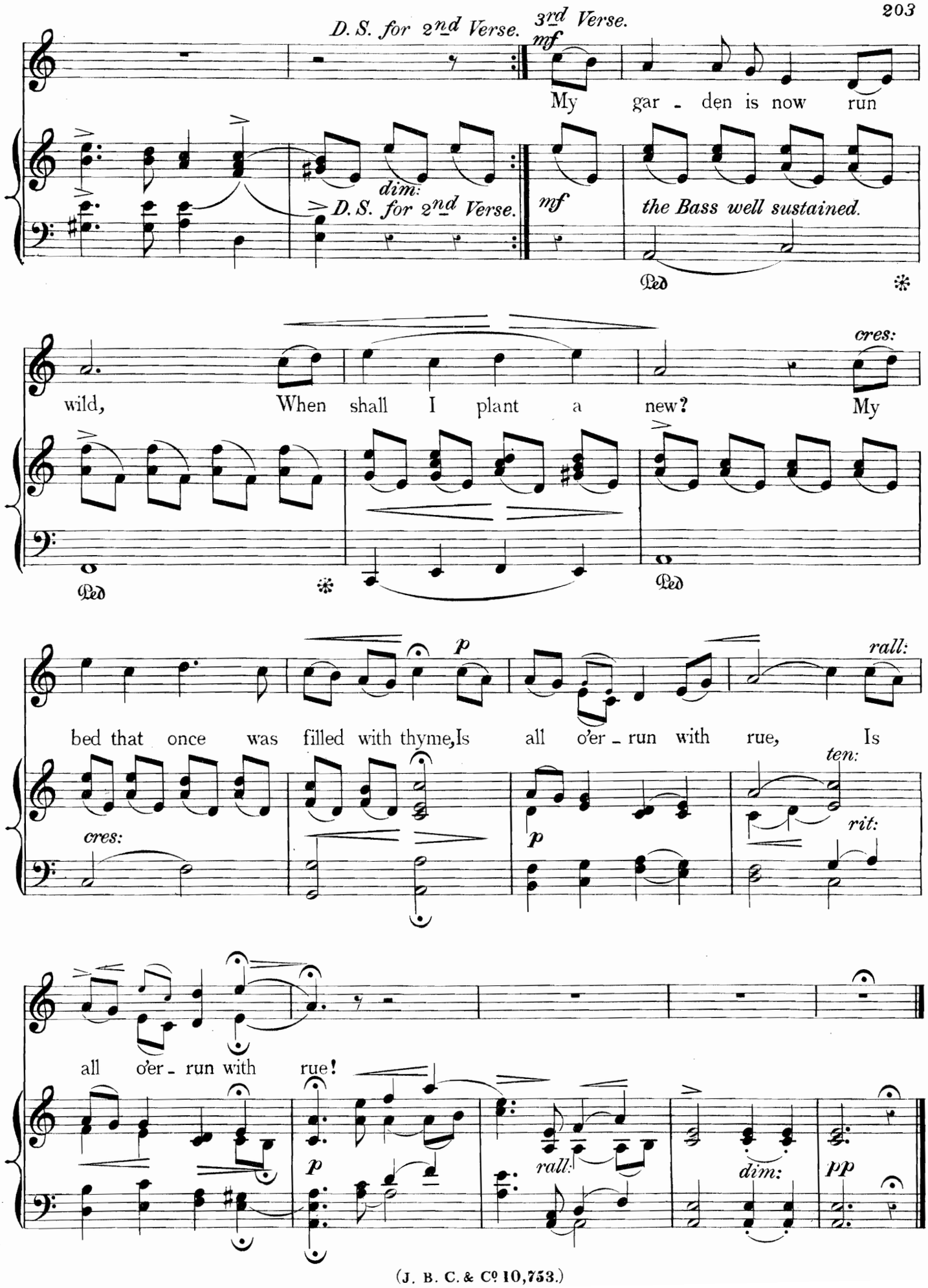
D. S. for 2nd Verse.
3rd Verse.
mf
My gar - den is now run
dim:
D. S. for 2nd Verse.
mf
the Bass well sustained.
Ped
*
cres:
wild, When shall I plant a new? My
Ped
*
Ped
p
rall:
bed that once was filled with thyme, Is all o'er - run with rue, Is
cres:
p
ten:
rit:
all o'er - run with rue!
p
rall:
dim:
pp

THYME IN MY GARDEN.

OH! Once my thyme was young,
It flourished night and day;
But by there came a false young man,
And he stole my thyme away.

My garden is now run wild,
When shall I plant anew?
My bed that once was filled with thyme,
Is all o'er-run with rue!

Traditional.

Bessie Bell and Mary Gray.

XXXIX.

BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

The Words by
ALLAN RAMSAY.

Old Scottish Tune
(called 7th of November)
Arranged by MALCOLM LAWSON.

With pathetic humour and in moderate time. ♩ = 72.

VOICE.

PIANO.

f

mf rit: *In time*

Oh! Bes - sie Bell and

rit:

mf In time

Ma - ry Gray, They were twa bon - nie las - - sies; They

ten: *ten:*

biggit
built a bower on yon burn - brae; And theeked it owre with

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Earnestly

rash - es. Oh,

f *dim:*

Bes - sie Bell I loved yes - treen, And thought I ne'er could

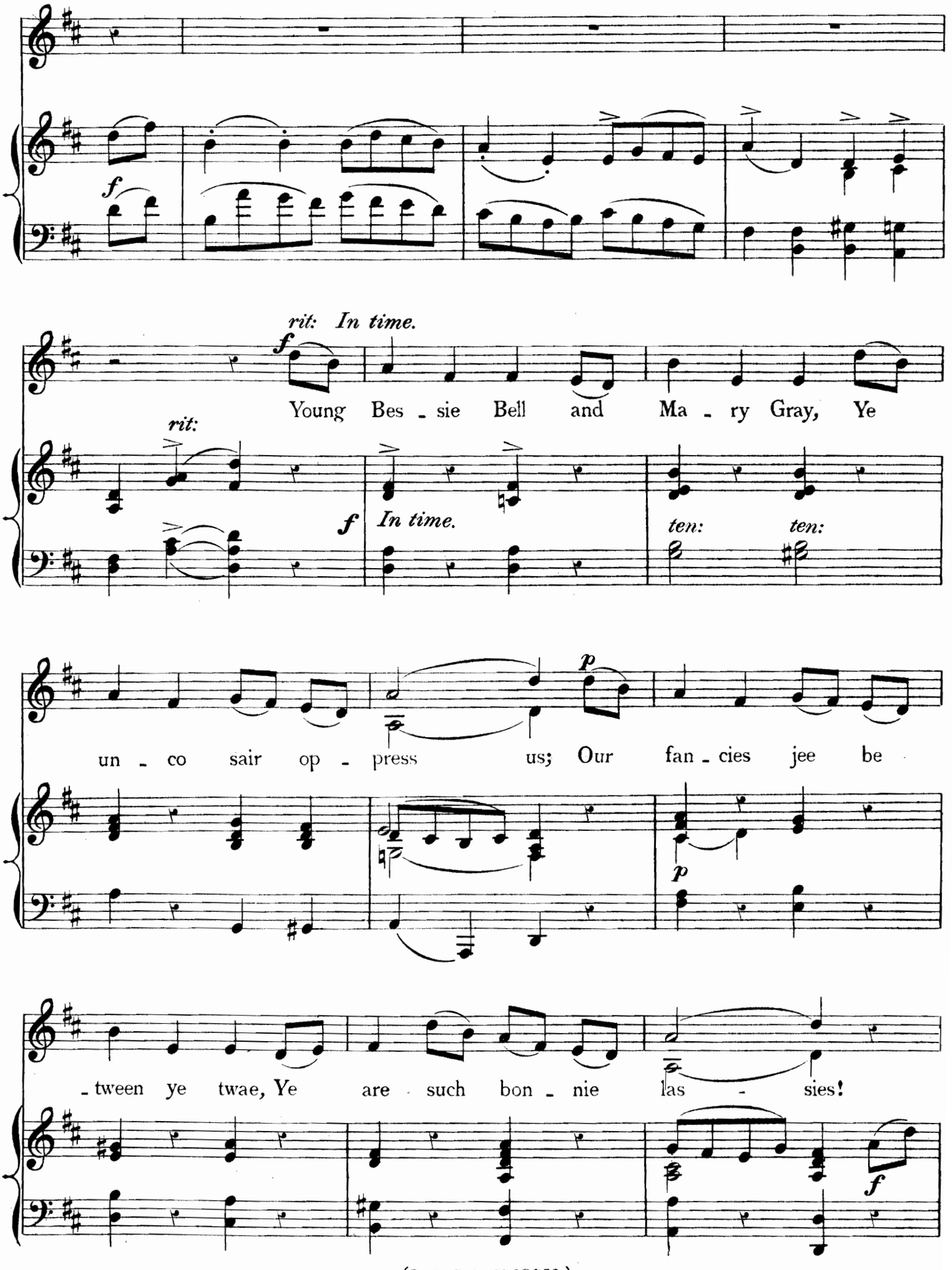
f *rit:*

tenderly

al - - ter; But Ma - ry Gray's twa paw - ky een gar'd

p *rit:* *p* *ten:*

all my fan - - cy fal - - ter.


f
rit: In time.
Young Bes - sie Bell and Ma - ry Gray, Ye
rit:
f
In time.
ten: ten:
un - co sair op - press us; Our fan - cies jee be
p
p
- tween ye twae, Ye are such bon - nie las - sies!
f

Pathetic.

mf

Wae's me! For baith I

dim:

mf

can - na get, To ane by law we're sten - - tit; Then

f

rit:

I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate, And be wi ane con -

f

ten:

ten:

- ten - - tit.

rall:

rit:

f

rall:

BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

OH! Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lasses;
They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theekit it owre wi' rashes.
Bessie Bell I lo'ed yestreen,
And thocht I ne'er could alter;
But Mary Gray's twa pawky e'en
Gar'd a' my fancy falter.

Bessie's hair's like a lint-tap,
She smiles like a May mornin',
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adornin'
White is her neck, soft is her hand,
Her waist and feet fu' genty,
With ilka grace she can command,
Her lips, O, wow! They're denty.

Mary's locks are like the craw,
Her e'en like diamond's glances;
She's aye sae clean, redd up and braw,
She kills whene'er she dances.
Blythe as a kid, wi' wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is,
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still;
O Jove, she's like thy Pallas!

Young Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco sair oppress us;
Our fancies jee between ye twae,
Ye are sic bonnie lasses.
Wae's me! For baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're stentit;
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,
And be wi' ane contentit.

ALLAN RAMSAY

The Disdainful Poet.

(ROB DONN.)

XL.

THE DISDAINFUL POET.

(Rob Donn.)

Words after a Gaelic story, by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Old Highland air
Adapted and arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

With pride and caustic humour. ♩= 90.

VOICE.

PIANO.

f

fwell marked.

S. mf

Blithe was my song and my step it was proud, When
'Twas not a sai - lor nor sol - dier so smart, That

ten:

mf

beau - ti - ful An - na my court - ing al - low'd. Van - ish'd, a - las, is the
lur'd light - some An - na to per - jure her heart; Ne'er a fine gal - lant the

p

dim:

p

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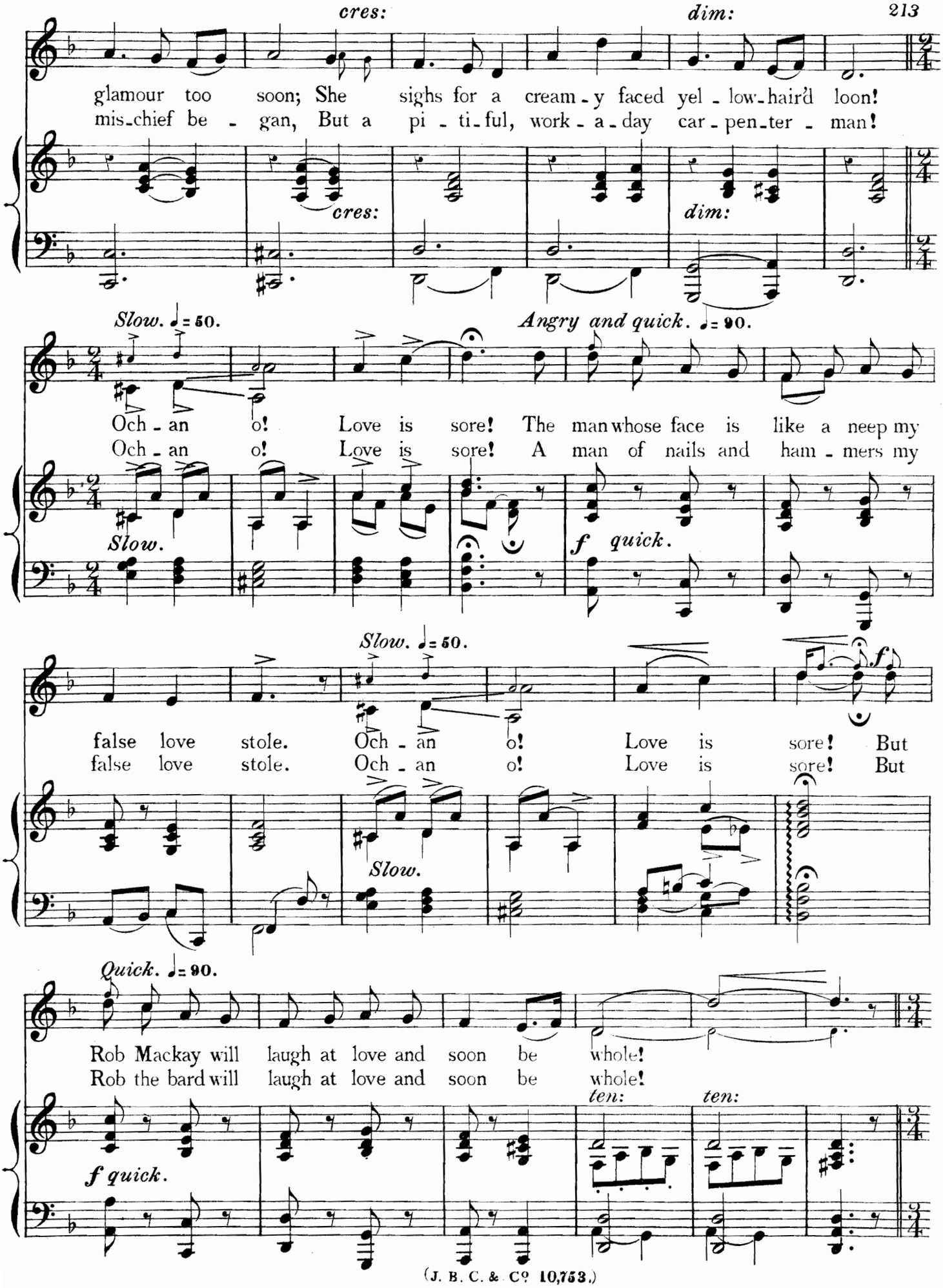

cres:
dim:
glamour too soon; She sighs for a cream-y faced yel-low-hair'd loon!
mis-chief be-gan, But a pi-ti-ful, work-a-day car-pen-ter-man!
cres:
dim:
Slow. ♩= 50.
Angry and quick. ♩= 90.
Och-an o! Love is sore! The man whose face is like a neep my
Och-an o! Love is sore! A man of nails and ham-mers my
Slow.
f quick.
Slow. ♩= 50.
f
false love stole. Och-an o! Love is sore! But
false love stole. Och-an o! Love is sore! But
Slow.
Quick. ♩= 90.
Rob Mackay will laugh at love and soon be whole!
Rob the bard will laugh at love and soon be whole!
ten:
ten:
f quick.

Tempo primo. *D. S. for 2nd Verse.* **S** *mf*

Bad as it is, there is

f *Tempo primo.* *mf*

cres:

worse I must bear Than his hammers and his nails and his lank yel-low

cres:

p

hair; The man that courts An-na a fault has so bad, To think it or

p

Slow. ♩ = 50.

speak it I'm fair-ly gone mad! Och-an o!

Slow.

Angry and quick. ♩= 90.

Love is sore! A *Low-land-er* that wears the breeks, my

f quick.

Slow. ♩= 50.

false love stole! Och - an o! Love is

Slow.

Quick. ♩= 90.

f

sore; The Hie-land-man will laugh at love and soon be

f

whole

ten: *ten:*

ff *rit:*

THE DISDAINFUL POET.

(ROB DONN.)

BLITHE was my singing, my step it was proud,
When beautiful Anna my courting allowed;
Vanished, alas, is the glamour too soon,
She sighs for a creamy-faced, yellow-haired loon!
Ochan O! Love it is sore!
The man whose face is like a neep my false love stole.
Ochan O! Love it is sore!
But Rob Mackay will laugh at love and soon be whole.

'Twas not a sailor, nor soldier so smart,
That lured lightsome Anna to perjure her heart;
Ne'er a fine gallant the mischief began,
But a pitiful, work-a-day carpenter man.
Ochan O! Love it is sore!
A man of nails and hammers my false love stole.
Ochan O! Love it is sore!
But Rob the bard will laugh at love and soon be whole.

Bad as it is, there is worse I must bear
Than his hammers, his nails, and his lank yellow hair;
The man that courts Anna a fault has so bad,
That to think it and speak it, I'm fairly gone mad!
Ochan O! Love it is sore!
A *Lowlander*, that wears the breeks, my false love stole.
Ochan O! Love it is sore!
The Hielandman will laugh at love and soon be whole.

After a Gaelic story, by
HAROLD BOULTON.

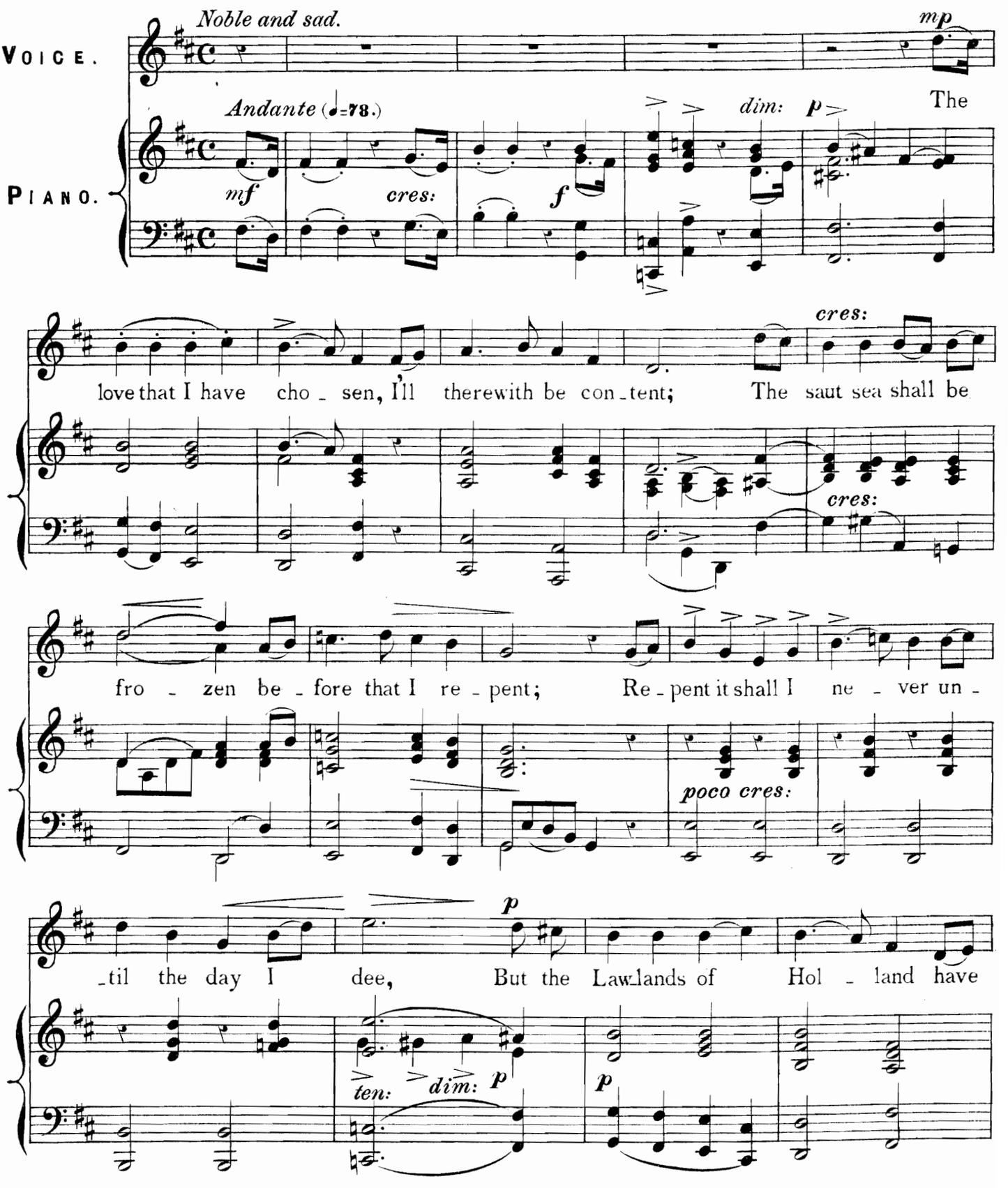
The Lawlands o' Holland.

XLI.

THE LAWLANDS O' HOLLAND.

Words traditional.

Music by
MALCOLM LAWSON.



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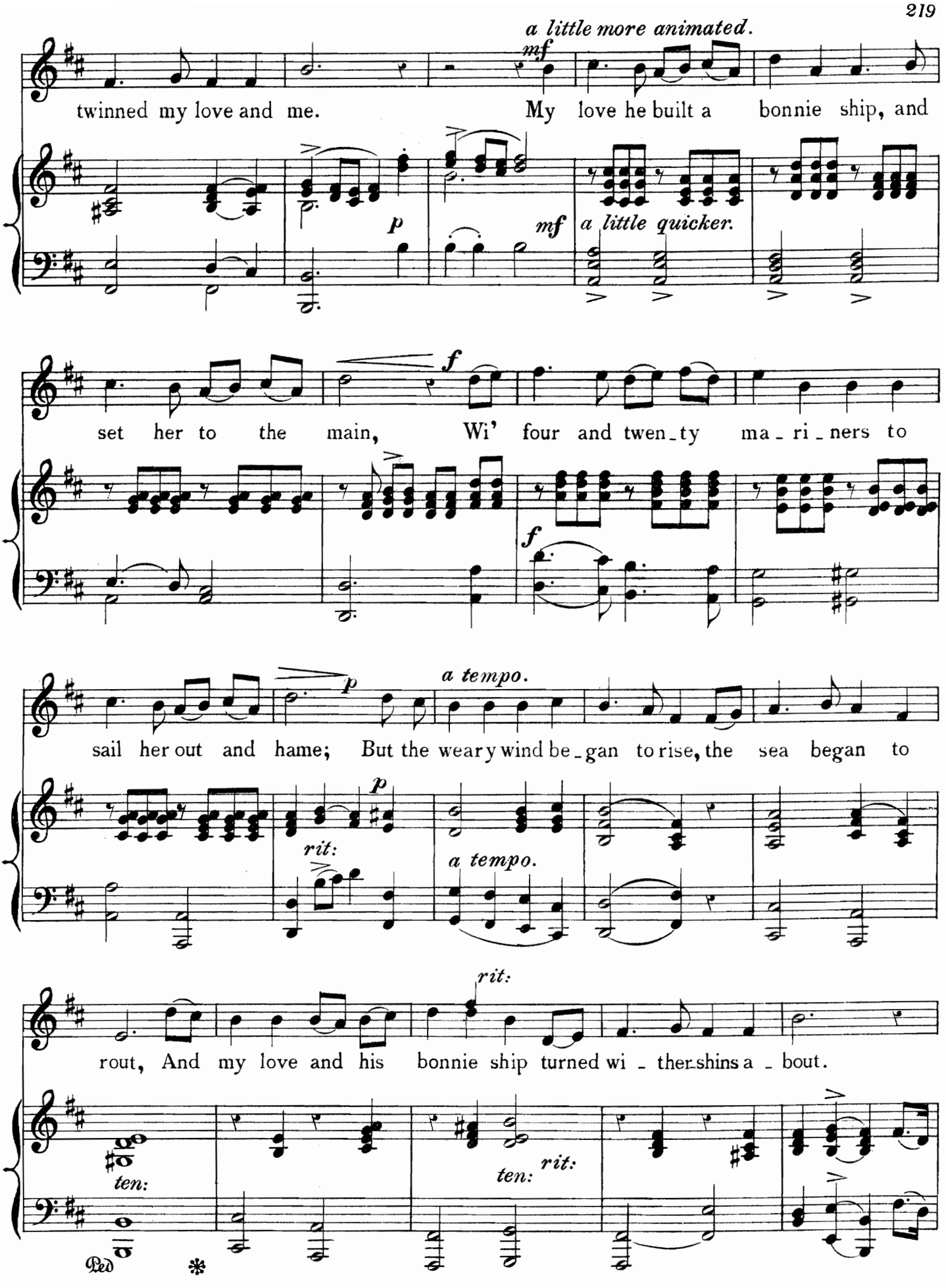
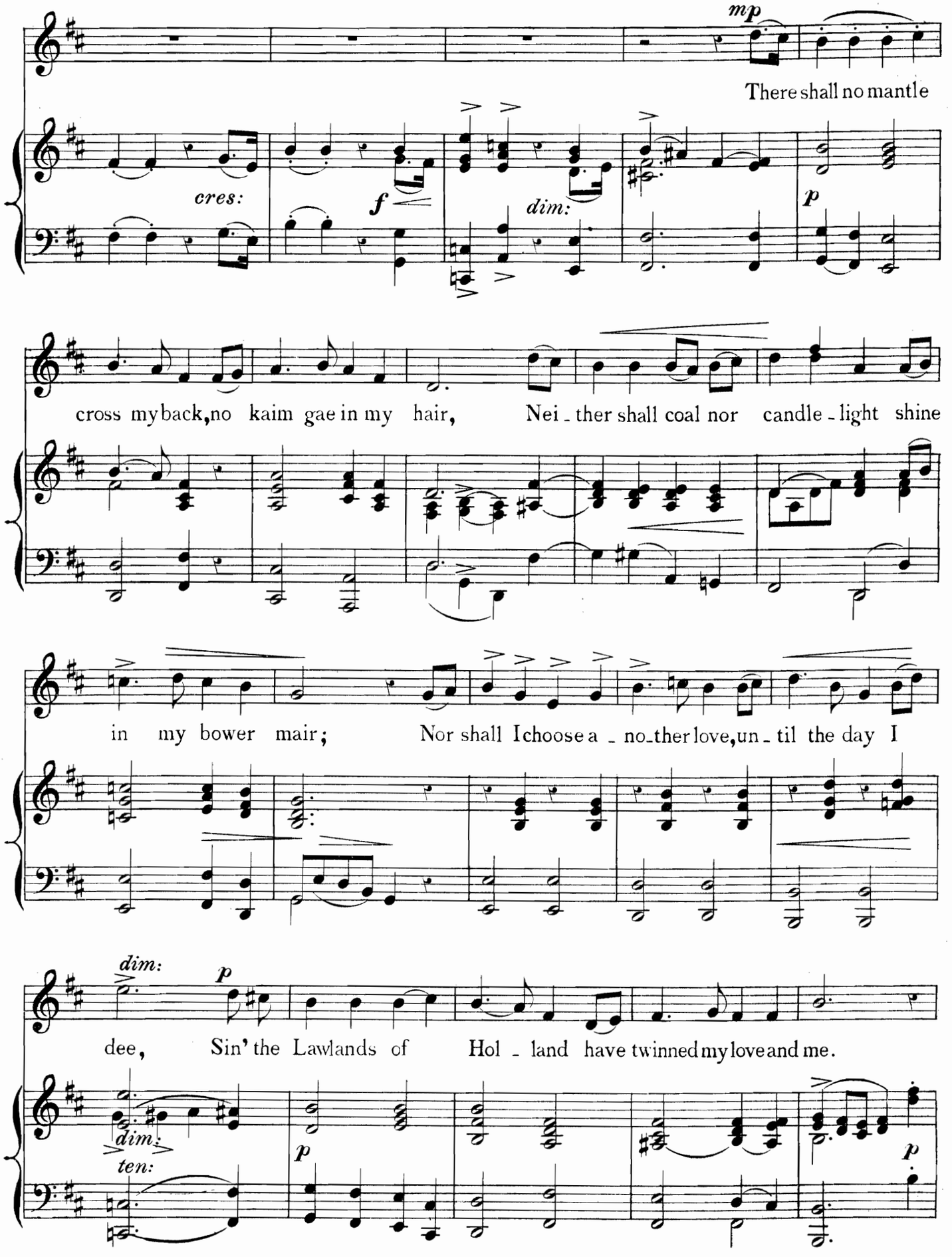
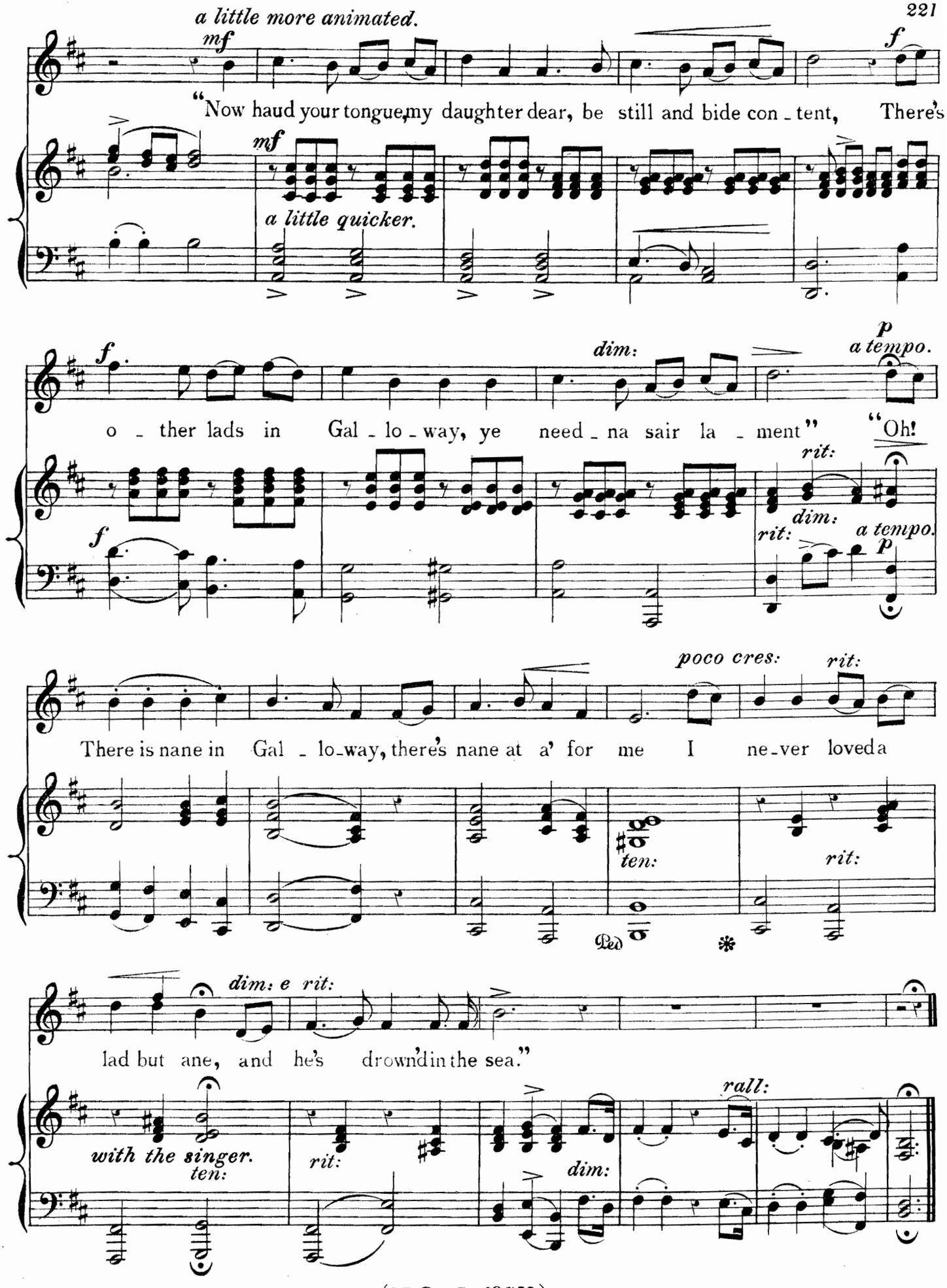

a little more animated.
mf
twinned my love and me. My love he built a bonnie ship, and
p
mf
a little quicker.
f
set her to the main, Wi' four and twen_ty ma_ri_ners to
f
p
a tempo.
sail her out and hame; But the weary wind be_gan to rise, the sea began to
p
rit:
a tempo.
rit:
rout, And my love and his bonnie ship turned wi_ther_shins a_bout.
ten:
ten:
rit:
Ped
*


mp
There shall no mantle
cres:
f
dim:
p
cross my back, no kaim gae in my hair, Nei - ther shall coal nor candle - light shine
in my bower mair; Nor shall I choose a - no-ther love, un - til the day I
dim:
p
dee, Sin' the Lawlands of Hol - land have twinned my love and me.
dim:
ten:
p
p


a little more animated.
mf
"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear, be still and bide con - tent, There's
mf
a little quicker.
f
dim:
p
a tempo.
o - ther lads in Gal - lo - way, ye need - na sair la - ment"
"Oh!
rit:
dim:
rit:
a tempo.
p
f
poco cres:
rit:
There is nane in Gal - lo-way, there's nane at a' for me I ne-ver loved a
ten:
rit:
Ped
*
dim: e rit:
lad but ane, and he's drown'd in the sea."
with the singer.
ten:
rit:
dim:
rall:

THE LAWLANDS O' HOLLAND.

THE love that I have chosen, I'll therewith be content,
The saut sea shall be frozen before that I repent;
Repent it shall I never, until the day I dee,
But the Lawlands o' Holland have twinned my love and me.

My love he built a bonnie ship and set her to the main,
Wi' four and twenty mariners to sail her out and hame;
But the weary wind began to rise, the sea began to rout,
And my love and his bonnie ship turned withershins about.

There shall no mantle cross my back, no kame gae in my hair,
Neither shall coal nor candle-light shine in my bower mair;
Nor shall I choose another love until the day I dee,
Sin' the Lawlands o' Holland have twinned my love and me.

"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear, be still and bide content,"
"There's other lads in Galloway, ye need na sair lament."
"Oh! There is none in Galloway, there's none at a' for me,"
"I never loved a lad but ane, and he's drowned in the sea."

Traditional.

Jennie's Bawbee.

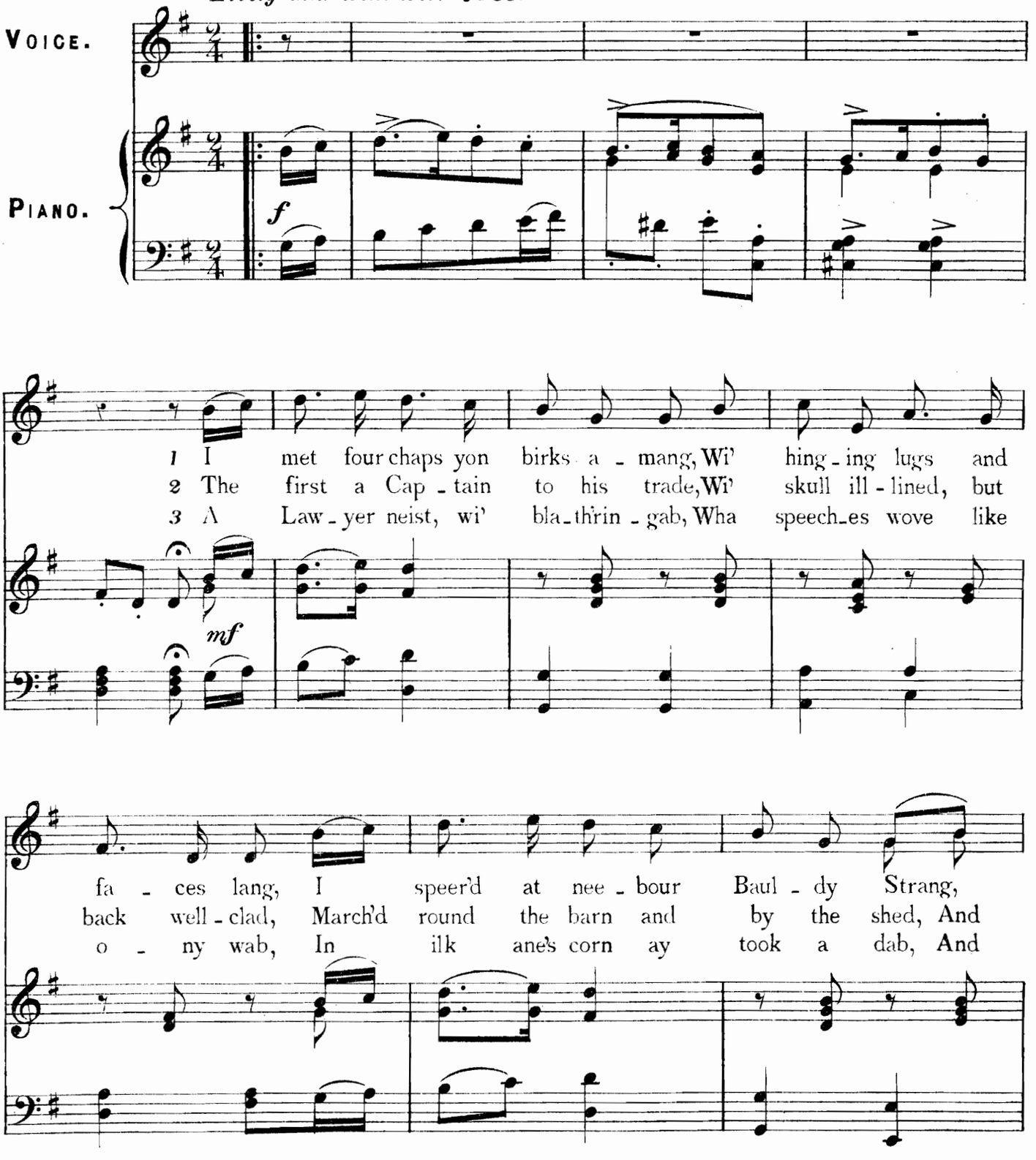
XLII.

JENNIE'S BAWBEE.

Words by
Sir Alexander Boswell.(1775–1822)

Old Scottish dancing air
Arranged by
Malcolm Lawson.

Lively and with wit. ♩= 88.



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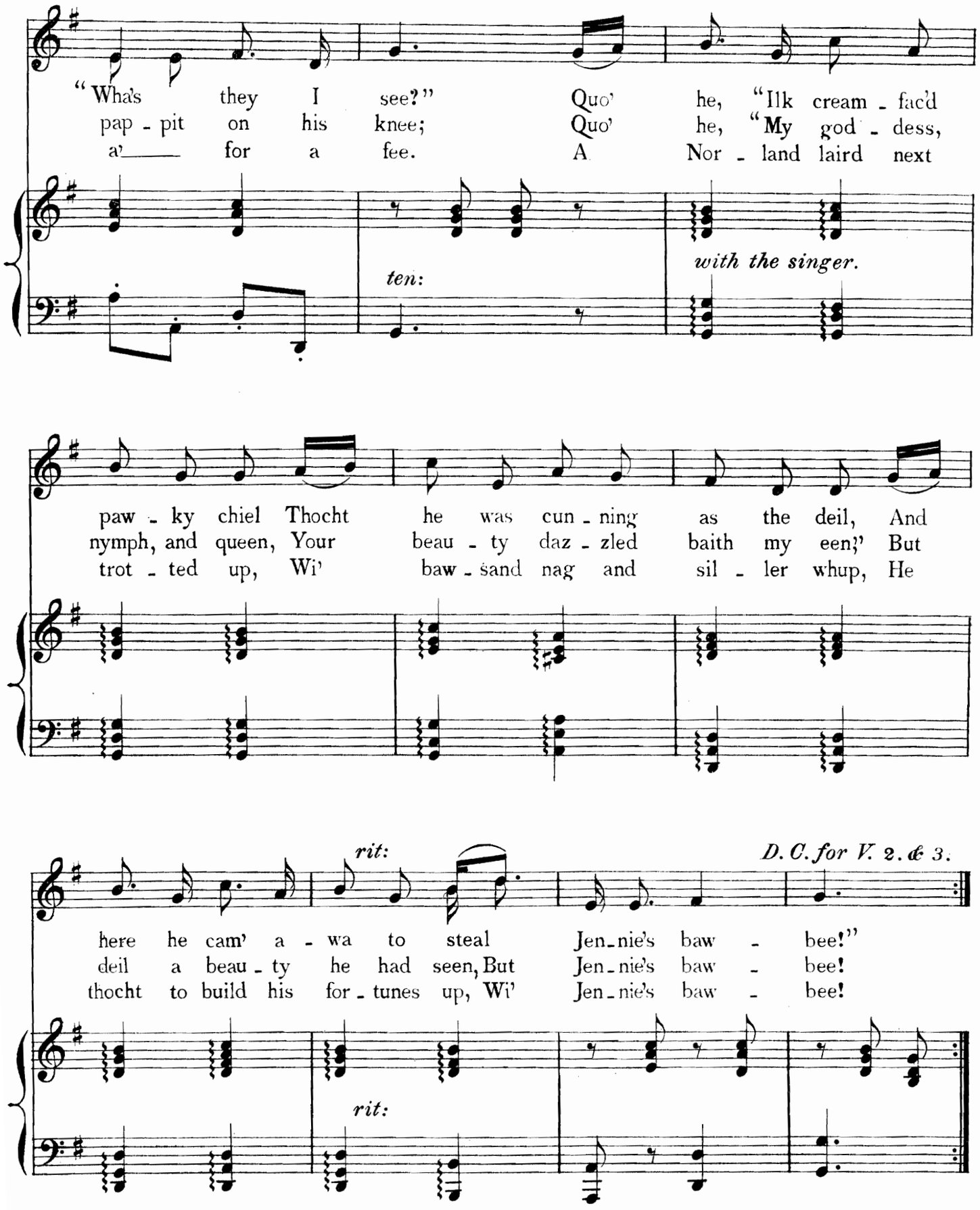
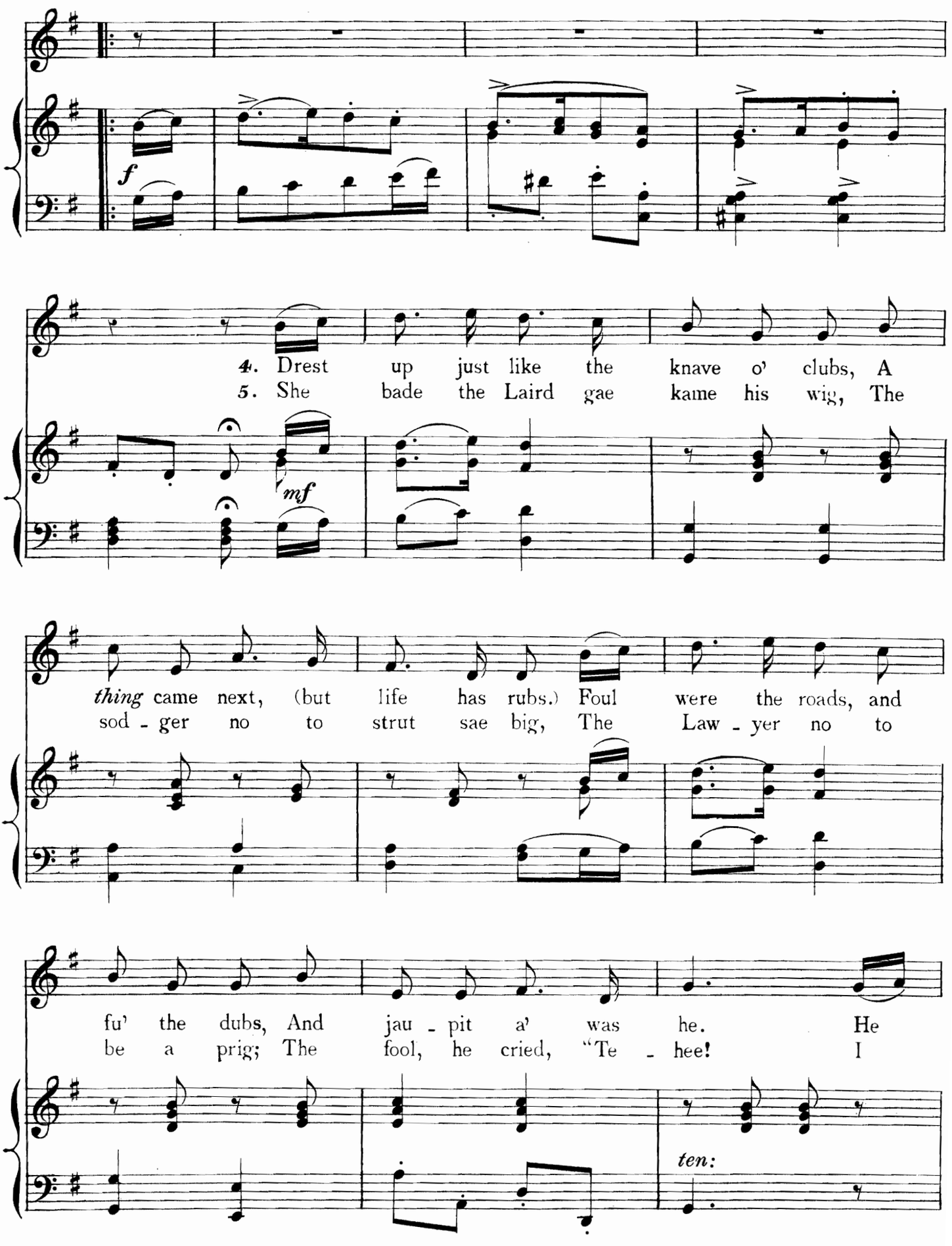
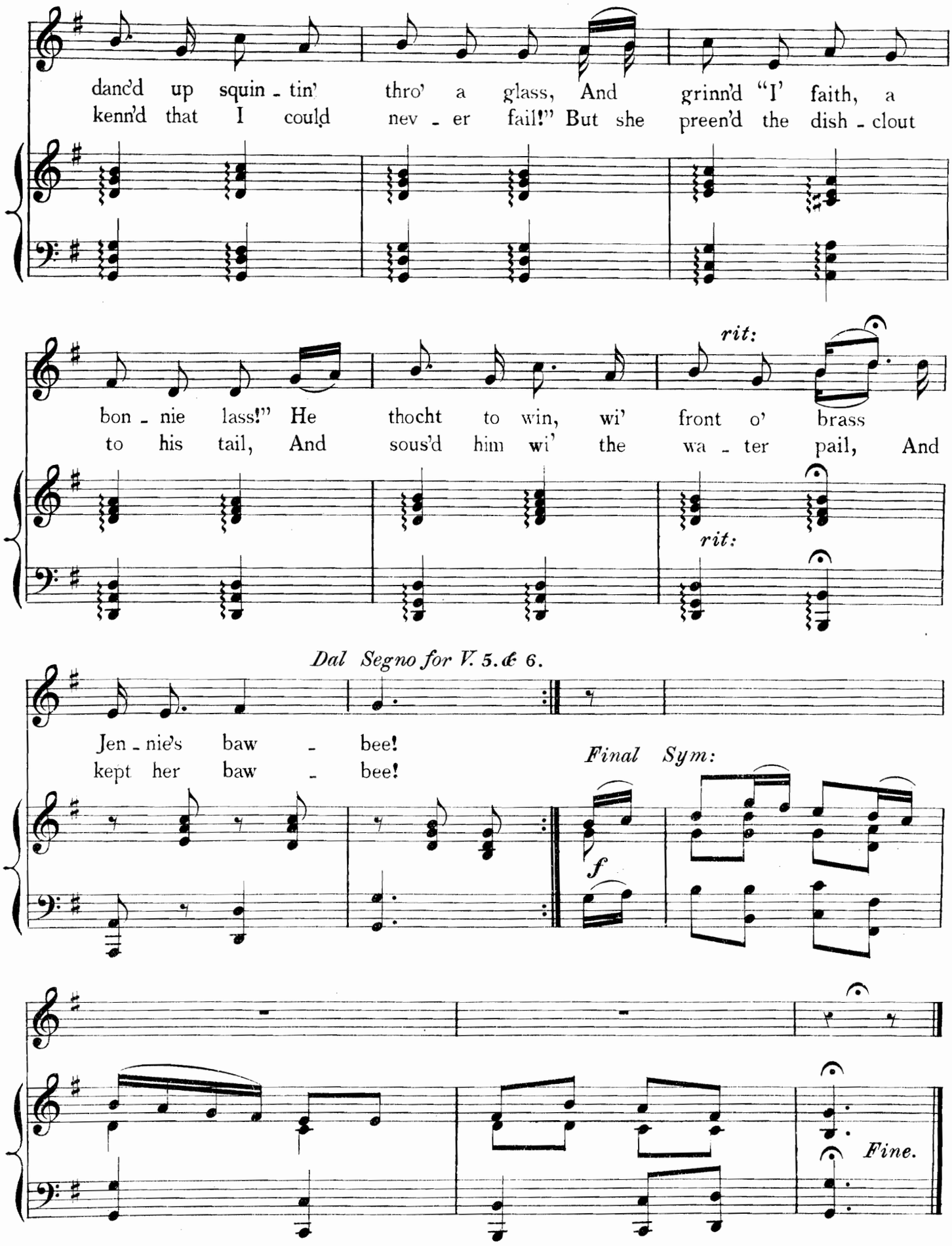

"Wha's they I see?" Quo' he, "Ilk cream - fac'd
pap - pit on his knee; Quo' he, "My god - dess,
a'___ for a fee. A Nor - land laird next
with the singer.
ten:
paw - ky chiel Thocht he was cun - ning as the deil, And
nymph, and queen, Your beau - ty daz - zled baith my een;' But
trot - ted up, Wi' baw - sand nag and sil - ler whup, He
rit:
D. C. for V. 2. & 3.
here he cam' a - wa to steal Jen - nie's baw - bee!"
deil a beau - ty he had seen, But Jen - nie's baw - bee!
thocht to build his for - tunes up, Wi' Jen - nie's baw - bee!
rit:


f
4. Drest up just like the knave o' clubs, A
5. She bade the Laird gae kame his wig, The
mf
thing came next, (but life has rubs.) Foul were the roads, and
sod - ger no to strut sae big, The Law - yer no to
fu' the dubs, And jau - pit a' was he. He
be a prig; The fool, he cried, "Te - hee! I
ten:


danc'd up squin - tin' thro' a glass, And grinn'd "I' faith, a
kenn'd that I could nev - er fail!" But she preen'd the dish - clout
rit:
bon - nie lass!" He thocht to win, wi' front o' brass
to his tail, And sous'd him wi' the wa - ter pail, And
rit:
Dal Segno for V. 5. & 6.
Jen - nie's baw - bee!
kept her baw - bee!
Final Sym:
f
Fine.

JENNIE'S BAWBEE.

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hinging lugs and faces lang;
I speered at neebour Bauldy Strang,
"Wha's they I see?"
Quo' he: "Ilk cream-faced pawky chiel,"
"Thocht he was cunning as the deil,"
"And here he cam' awa' to steal"
"Jennie's Bawbee!"

The first a captain to his trade,
Wi' skull ill-lined, but back weel clad,
March'd round the barn, and by the shed,
And pappit on his knee:
Quo' he: "My goddess, nymph and queen,"
"Your beauty's dazzled baith my een!"
But deil a beauty he had seen
But—Jennie's Bawbee.

A lawyer neist wi' blatherin' gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab;
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a fee.
A Norland laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsand naig and siller whup;
He thought to build his fortunes up
Wi'—Jennie's Bawbee.

Drest up just like a knave o' clubs
A *thing* cam' neist (but life has rubs),
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,
And jaupit a' was he.
He danced up squintin' thro' a glass,
And grinned: "I' faith, a bonnie lass!"
He thought to win wi' front o' brass,
Jennie's Bawbee.

She bade the Laird gae kame his wig,
The Sodger no to strut sae big,
The Lawyer no to be a prig,
The fool, he cried "Te-hee!"
"I kenn'd that I could never fail!"
But she preen'd the dish-clout to his tail,
And soused him wi' the water pail,
And *kept* her bawbee.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL (1775-1822).

Coronach.

XLIII.

CORONACH.

On the death of a child chieftain the last of his race.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Adapted and arranged from old Highland air
by MALCOLM LAWSON.

Slow and solemn and with marching rhythm.
The symphony slower than the song ♩=50.

PIANO.

mf *sfz* *sfz* *cres:* *sfz* *f* *sfz* *sfz* *sfz* *sfz*

S.

The eag - let is torn from his nest in the rock, The bud by the black frost is bit - ten; For
Bear him out from the halls where the ta - pers burn low, Where the dawn threatens murk-some and chil - ly; The
A - las For the race of the no - ble, the strong, That ne'er bred a doi - tard or cra - ven, Whose
Lay a - bove him his plaid, and the badge of his clan, And bon - net with true ea - gle's fea - ther; On

S.

rit: ♩=65. *the upper notes held.*

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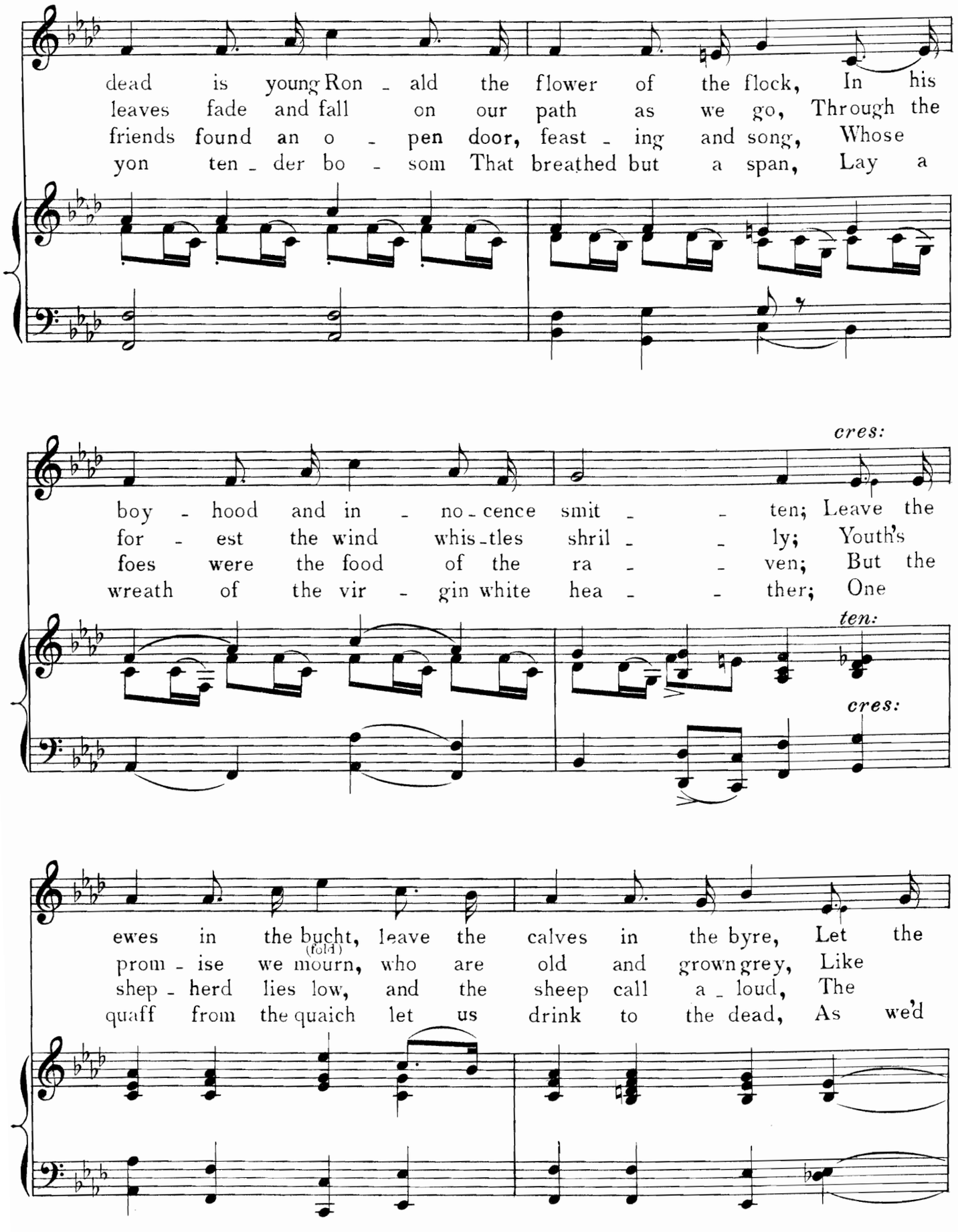
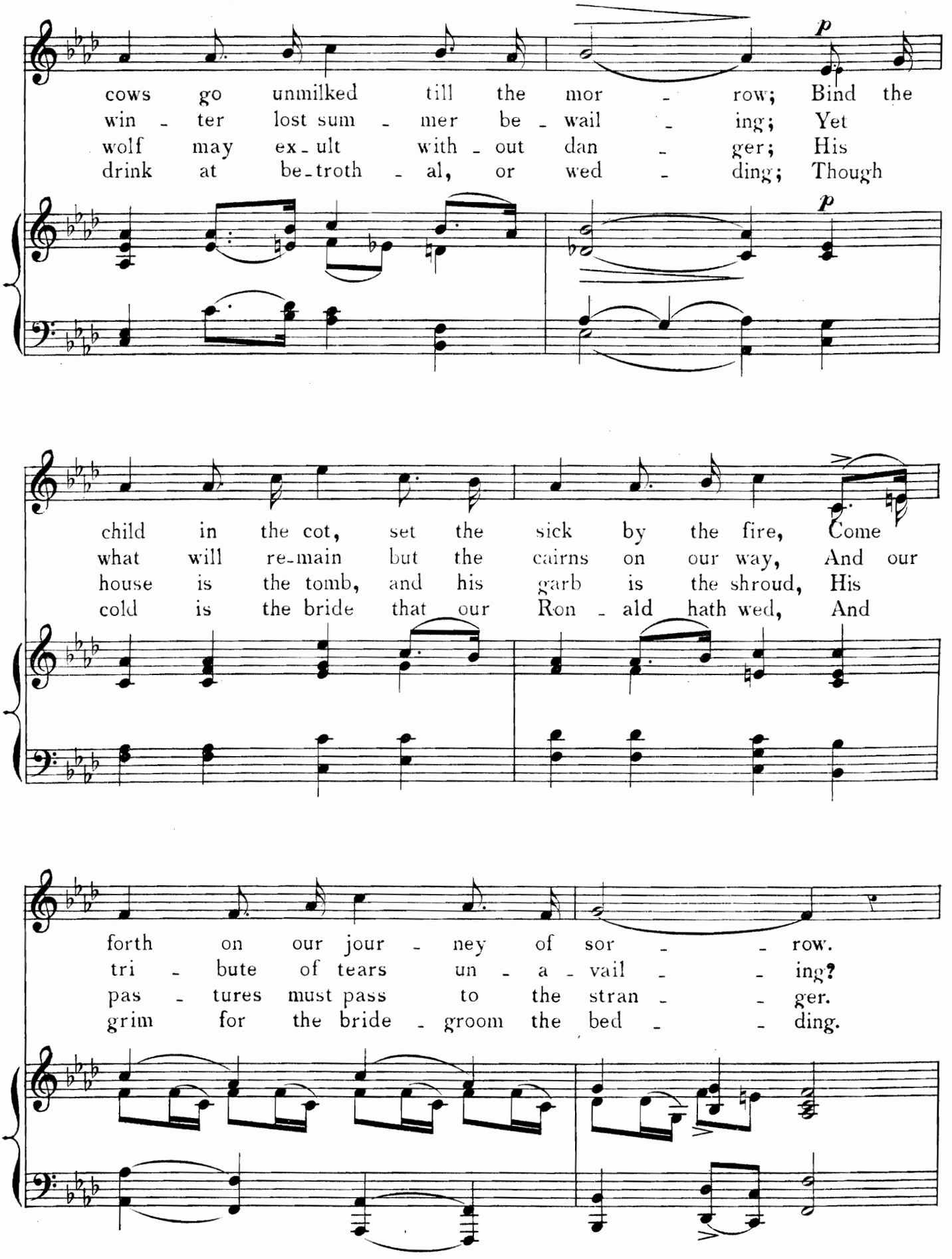
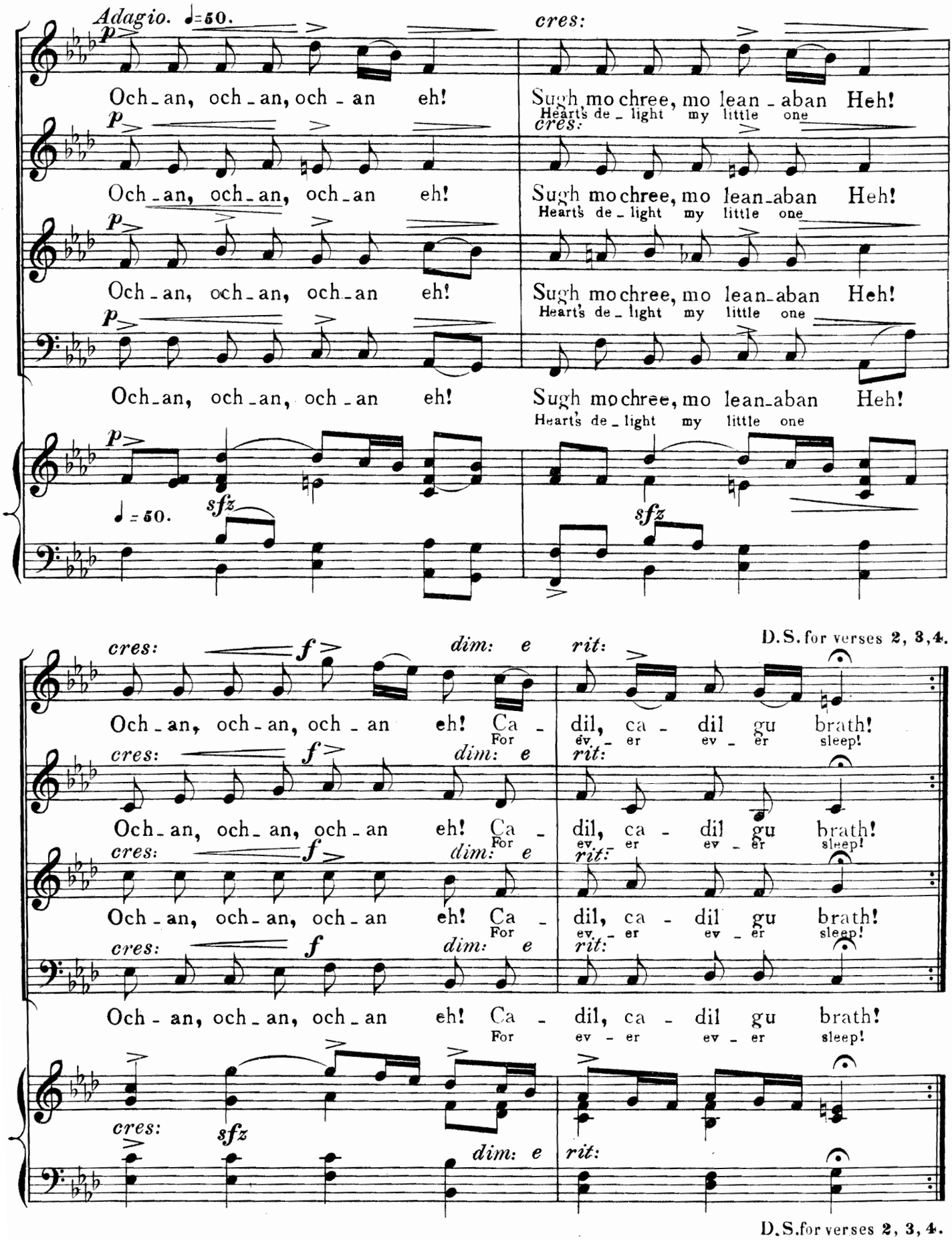

dead is young Ron - ald the flower of the flock, In his
leaves fade and fall on our path as we go, Through the
friends found an o - pen door, feast - ing and song, Whose
yon ten - der bo - som That breathed but a span, Lay a
cres:
boy - hood and in - no - cence smit - - ten; Leave the
for - est the wind whis - tles shril - - ly; Youth's
foes were the food of the ra - - ven; But the
wreath of the vir - gin white hea - - ther; One
ten:
cres:
ewes in the bucht, (fold) leave the calves in the byre, Let the
prom - ise we mourn, who are old and grown grey, Like
shep - herd lies low, and the sheep call a - loud, The
quaff from the quaich let us drink to the dead, As we'd


cows go unmilked till the mor - row; Bind the
win - ter lost sum - mer be - wail - ing; Yet
wolf may ex - ult with - out dan - ger; His
drink at be - troth - al, or wed - ding; Though
p
p
child in the cot, set the sick by the fire, Come
what will re - main but the cairns on our way, And our
house is the tomb, and his garb is the shroud, His
cold is the bride that our Ron - ald hath wed, And
forth on our jour - ney of sor - - row.
tri - bute of tears un - a - vail - - ing?
pas - tures must pass to the stran - - ger.
grim for the bride - groom the bed - - ding.

This Wail Chorus may be sung in unison or in harmony after each verse; In the absence of a chorus the Pianoforte alone takes the place of the dirge.



This verse can be sung as a Solo with or without Chorus of 3 parts or as a full Chorus.

A little slower than 1st: verse

pp

Then fold, lit - tle chief - tain, thy li - ly-white hands, That

Coro ad lib: sempre pp

Then fold, lit - tle chief - tain, thy li - ly-white hands, That

Then fold, lit - tle chief - tain, thy li - ly-white hands, That

Then fold, lit - tle chief - tain, thy li - ly-white hands, That

A little slower than 1st verse.

pp and very sweet.

ne'er struck at foe - man or quar - ry, Where the hill of thy fa - thers a

ne'er struck at foe - man or quar - ry, Where the hill of thy fa - thers a

ne'er struck at foe - man or quar - ry, Where the hill of thy fa - thers a

ne'er struck at foe - man or quar - ry, Where the hill of thy fa - thers a

a little slower.

pp

sen - ti-nel stands O'er green strath, and clachan, and cor - rie; Lie

pp slower.

sen - ti-nel stands O'er green strath, and clachan, and cor - rie; Lie

pp slower.

sen - ti-nel stands O'er green strath, and clachan, and cor - rie; Lie

pp slower.

sen - ti-nel stands O'er green strath, and clachan, and cor - rie; Lie

rit:

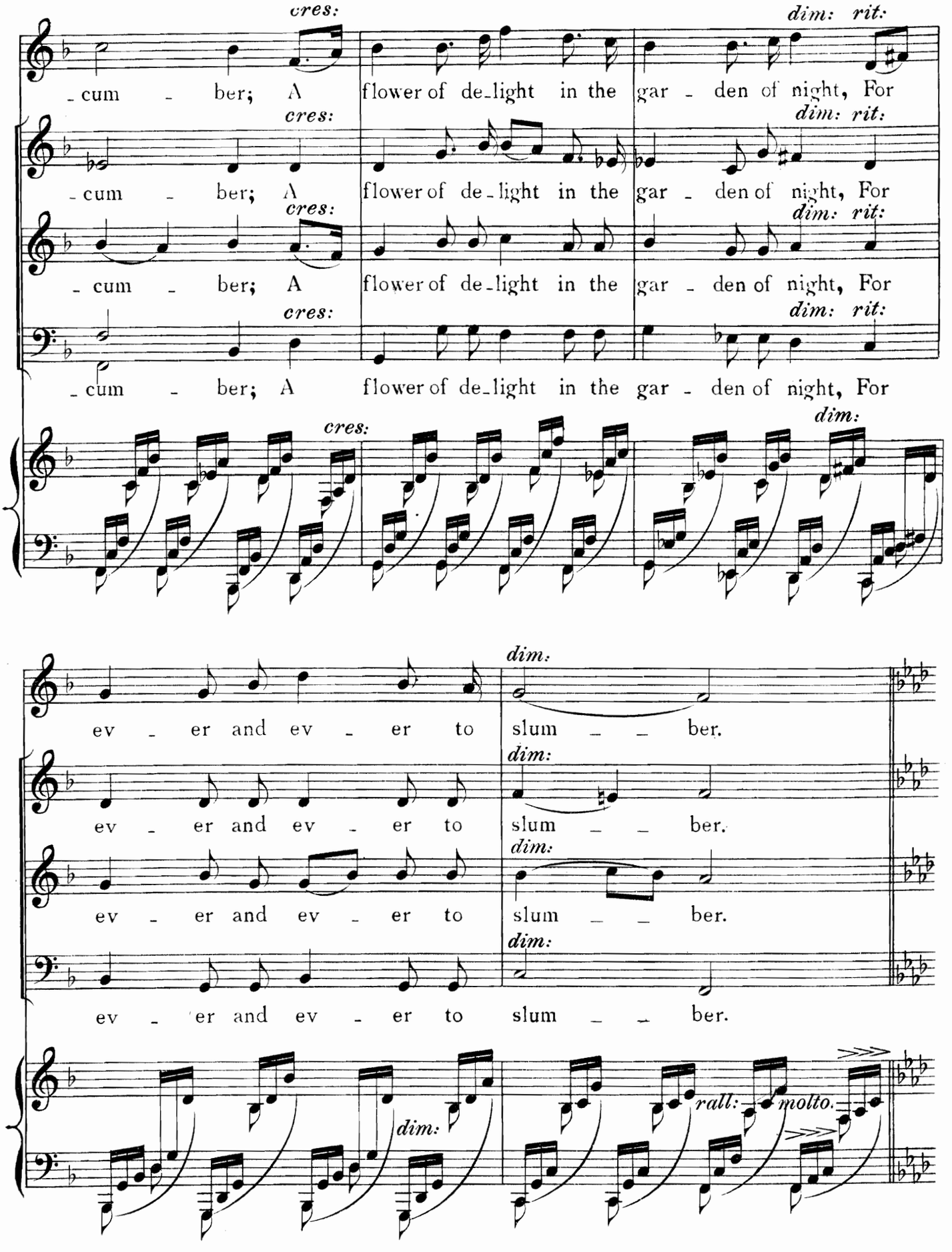
Ped *

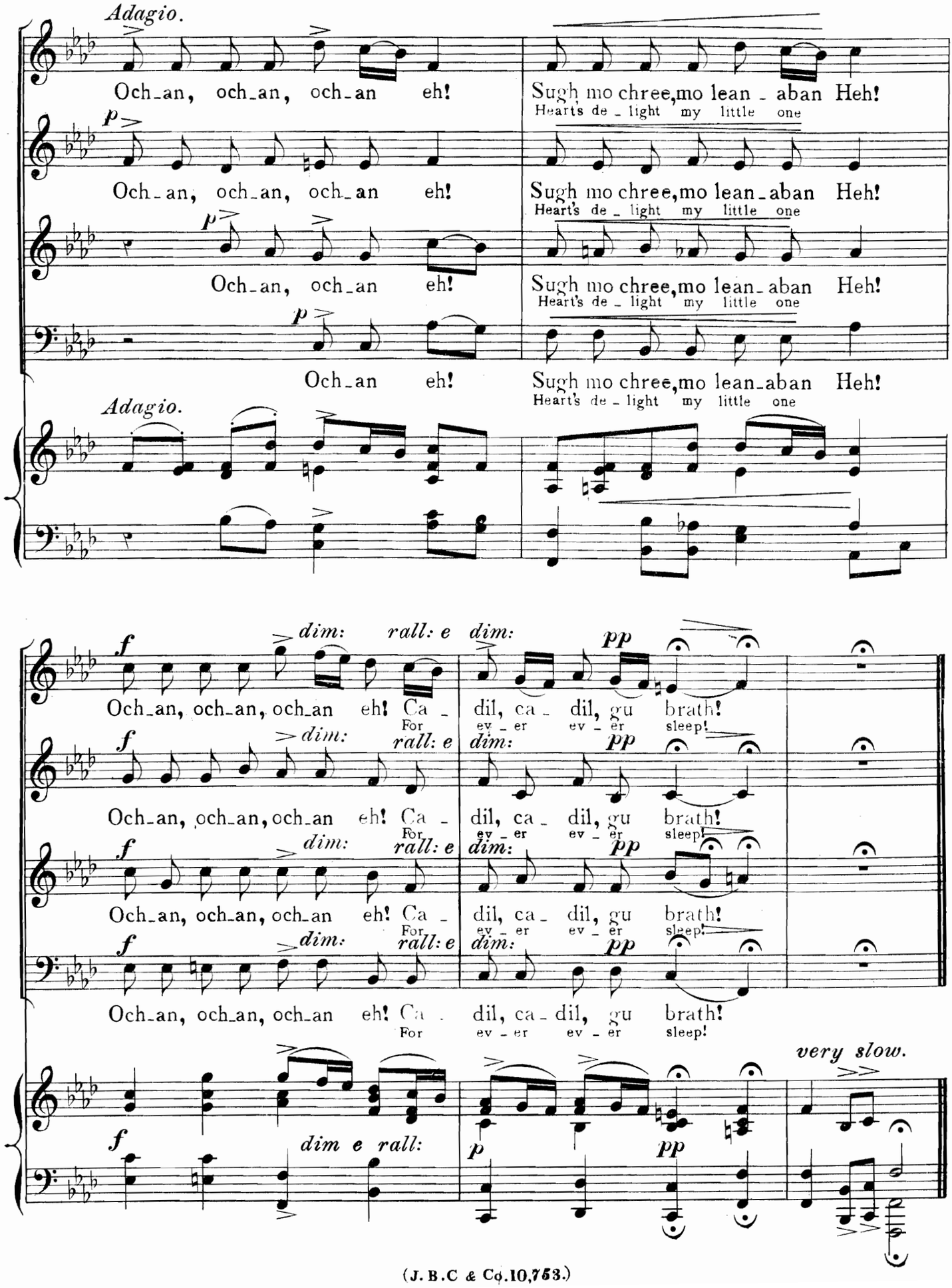
si - lent, and dream by the clear-sing-ing stream, The dream that no care can en-

si - lent, and dream by the clear-singing stream, The dream that no care can en-

si - lent, and dream by the clear-singing stream, The dream that no care can en-

si - lent, and dream by the clear-singing stream, The dream that no care can en-


cres:
dim: rit:
-cum - ber; A flower of de-light in the gar - den of night, For
-cum - ber; A flower of de-light in the gar - den of night, For
-cum - ber; A flower of de-light in the gar - den of night, For
-cum - ber; A flower of de-light in the gar - den of night, For
cres:
dim:
ev - er and ev - er to slum - - ber.
ev - er and ev - er to slum - - ber.
ev - er and ev - er to slum - - ber.
ev - er and ev - er to slum - - ber.
dim:
rall: molto.


Adagio.
Och-an, och-an, och-an eh!
Sugh mo chree, mo lean-aban Heh!
Heart's de-light my little one
Och-an, och-an, och-an eh!
Sugh mo chree, mo lean-aban Heh!
Heart's de-light my little one
Och-an, och-an eh!
Sugh mo chree, mo lean-aban Heh!
Heart's de-light my little one
Och-an eh!
Sugh mo chree, mo lean-aban Heh!
Heart's de-light my little one
Adagio.
dim: rall: e dim:
Och-an, och-an, och-an eh! Ca-dil, ca-dil, gu brath!
For ev-er ev-er sleep!
Och-an, och-an, och-an eh! Ca-dil, ca-dil, gu brath!
For ev-er ev-er sleep!
Och-an, och-an, och-an eh! Ca-dil, ca-dil, gu brath!
For ev-er ev-er sleep!
Och-an, och-an, och-an eh! Ca-dil, ca-dil, gu brath!
For ev-er ev-er sleep!
very slow.
dim e rall:

CORONACH.

(Being the lament for the death of a child chieftain, the last of his race.)

THE eaglet is torn from his nest in the rock,
The bud by the black frost is bitten;
For dead is young Ronald, the flower of the flock,
In his boyhood and innocence smitten.
Leave the ewes in the bucht, leave the calves in the byre,
Let the cows go unmilked till the morrow,
Bind the child in the cot, set the sick by the fire;
Come forth on our journey of sorrow.

Bear him out from the halls where the tapers burn low,
Where the dawn threatens murksome and chilly;
The leaves fade and fall on our path as we go,
Through the forest the wind whistles shrilly.
Youth's promise we mourn who are old and grown grey,
Like winter lost summer bewailing;
Yet what will remain but the cairns on our way,
And our tribute of tears unavailing?

Alas! For the race of the noble, the strong,
That ne'er bred a doitard or craven,
Whose friends found an open door, feasting, and song,
Whose foes were the food of the raven!
But the shepherd lies low, and the sheep cry aloud,
The wolf may exult without danger;
His home is the tomb and his garb is the shroud,
His pastures must pass to the stranger.

Lay above him his plaid and the badge of his clan,
And bonnet with true eagle's feather,
On yon tender bosom, that breathed but a span,
Lay a wreath of the virgin white heather.
One quaff from the quaich let us drink to the dead,
As we'd drink at betrothal, or wedding;
Though cold is the bride that our Ronald hath wed,
And grim for the bridegroom the bedding.

Then fold, little chieftain, those lily-white hands
That ne'er struck at foeman nor quarry,
Where the hill of thy fathers a sentinel stands
Over green strath and clachan and corrie.
Lie silent, and dream by the clear-singing stream
The dream that no care can encumber,
A flower of delight in the garden of night,
For ever and ever to slumber.

Ochan, ochan, ochan eh!
Sugh mo chree, mo leanaban Heh!
Ochan, ochan, ochan eh!
Cadil, cadil gu brath.

HAROLD BOULTON.

Gie my gown room.

(I'LL GAR OUR GUDEMAN TREW.)

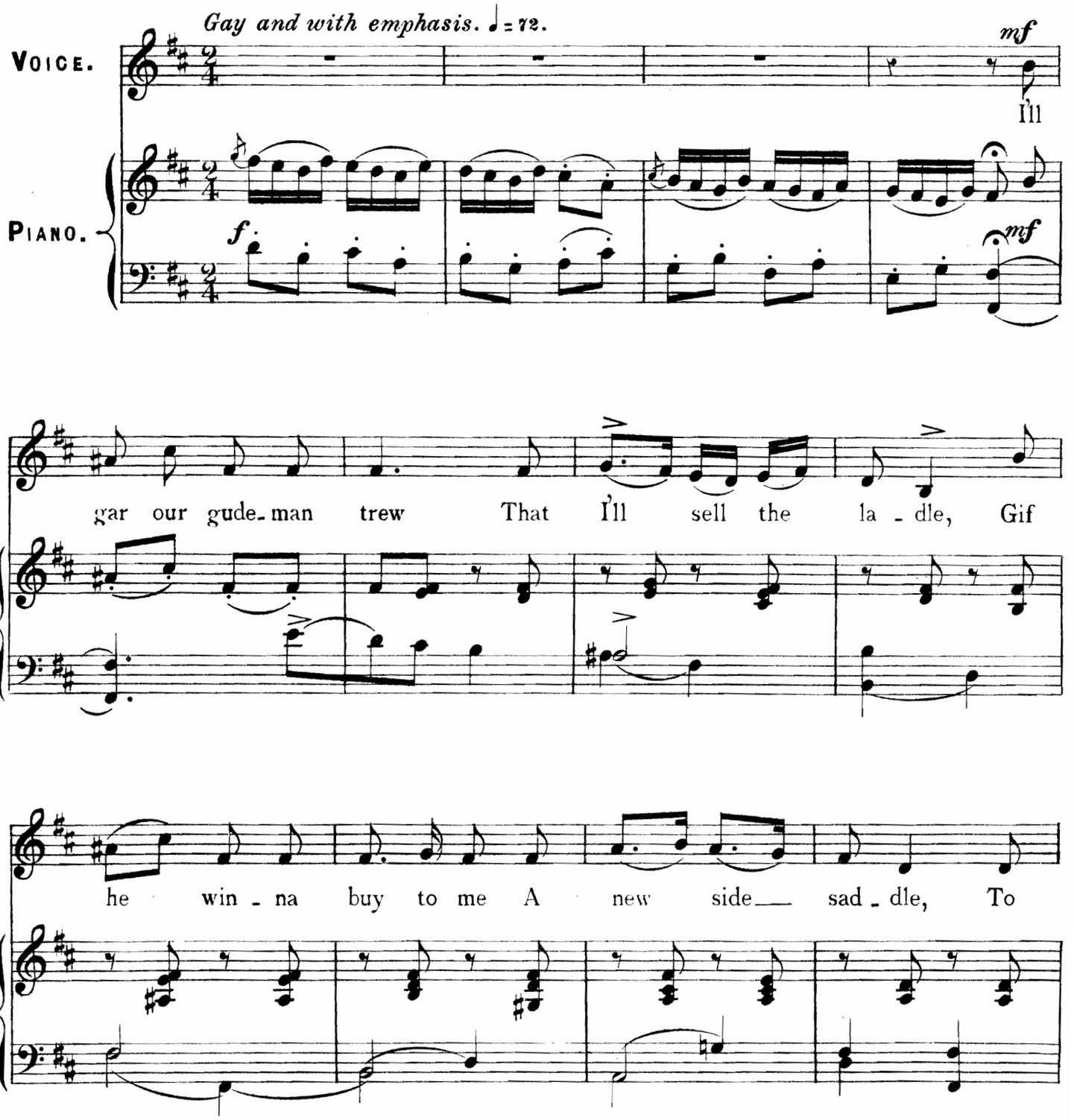
XLIV.

GIE MY GOWN ROOM.

(I'll gar our Gudeman trew.)

Words ANON.

Music by
MALCOLM LAWSON.



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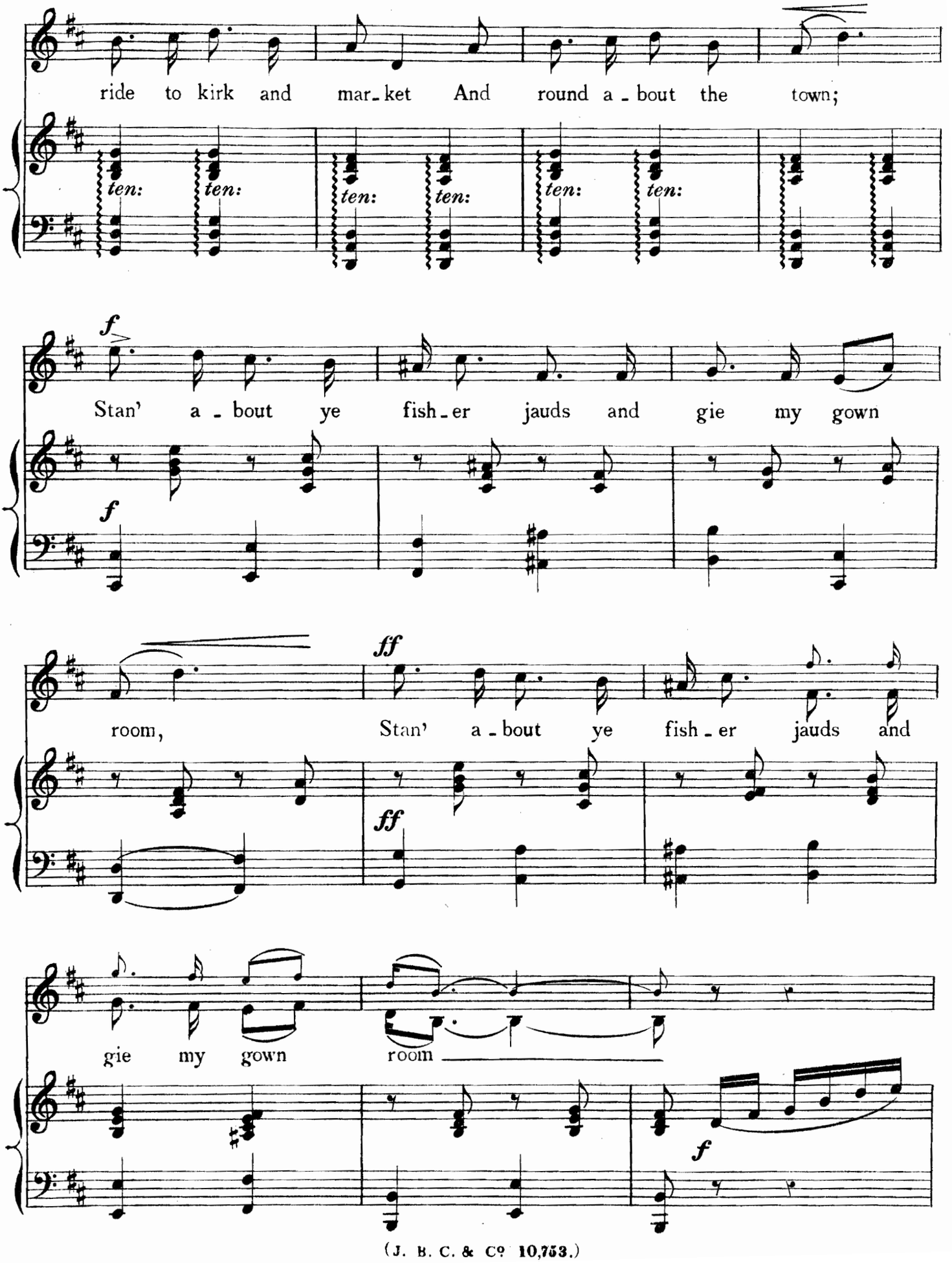
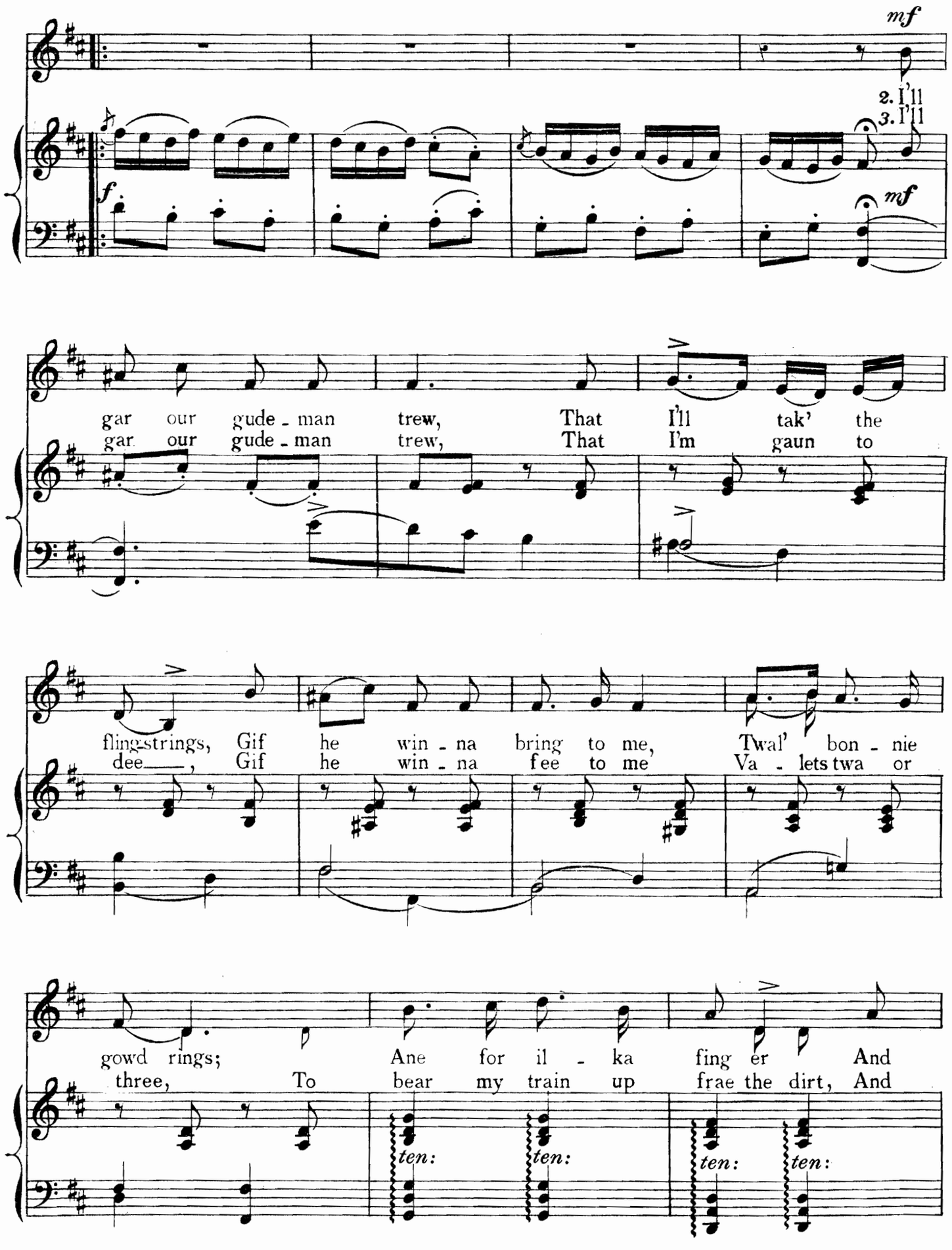
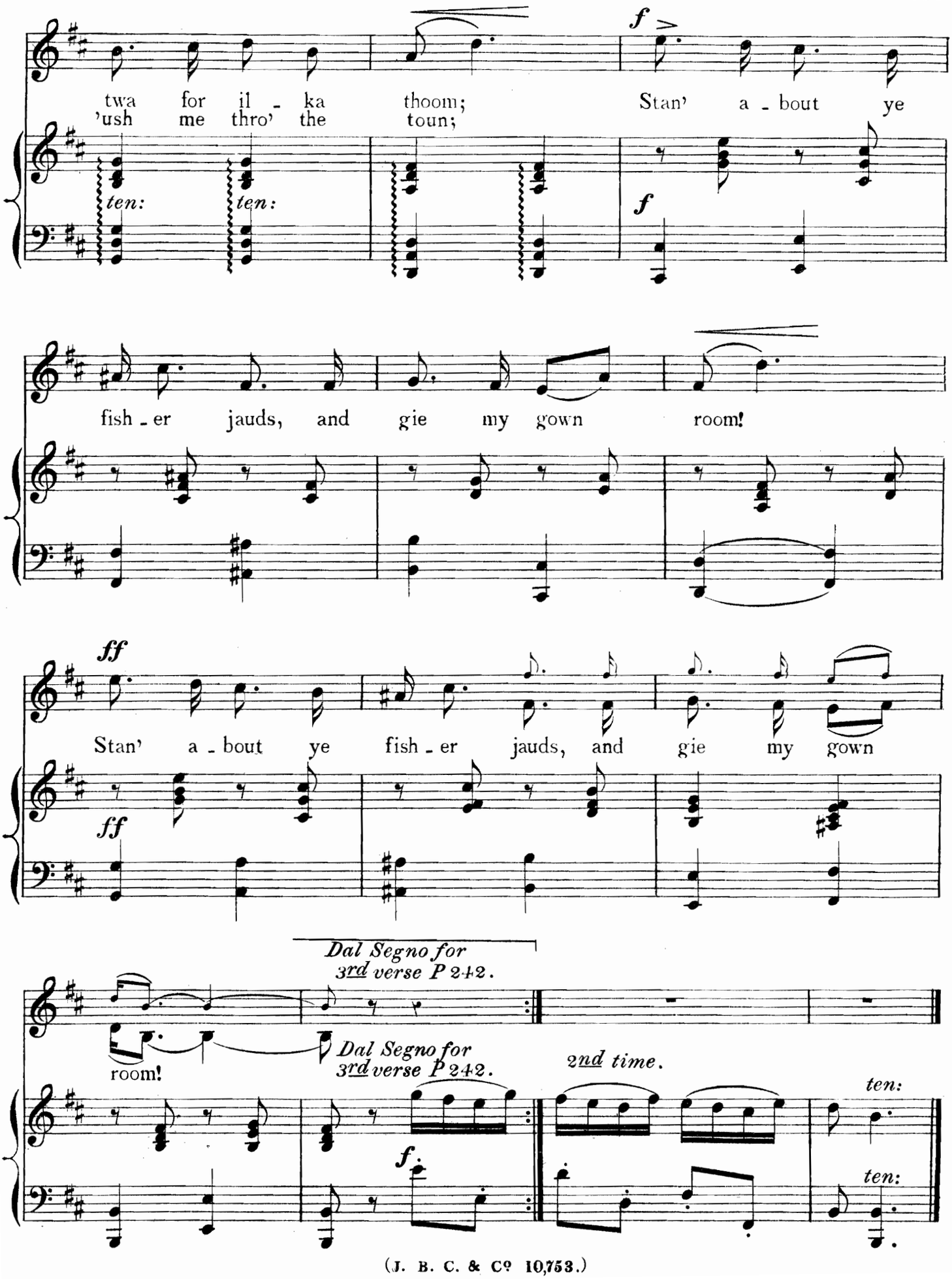

ride to kirk and mar-ket And round a-bout the town;
ten: ten: ten: ten: ten: ten:
f
Stan' a-bout ye fish-er jauds and gie my gown
f
ff
room, Stan' a-bout ye fish-er jauds and
ff
gie my gown room
f


mf
2. I'll
3. I'll
f
mf
gar our gude - man trew, That I'll tak' the
gar our gude - man trew, That I'm gaun to
fling strings, Gif he win - na bring to me, Twal' bon - nie
dee——, Gif he win - na fee to me Va - lets twa or
gowd rings; Ane for il - ka fing er And
three, To bear my train up frae the dirt, And
ten:
ten:
ten:
ten:


twa for il - ka thoom; Stan' a - bout ye
'ush me thro' the toun;
ten: ten:
f
f
fish - er jauds, and gie my gown room!
ff
Stan' a - bout ye fish - er jauds, and gie my gown
ff
Dal Segno for 3rd verse P 242.
room!
Dal Segno for 3rd verse P 242.
2nd time.
f
ten:
ten:

GIE MY GOWN ROOM!

(I'LL GAR OUR GUDEMAN TREW.)

I'LL gar our gudeman trew,
That I'll sell the ladle
Gif he winna buy to me
A new side-saddle;
To ride to kirk and market,
And round about the toun;
Stan' about ye fisher jauds
And gie my gown room!

I'll gar our gudeman trew,
That I'll tak' the fling-strings,
Gif he winna bring to me
Twal bonnie gowd rings,
Ane for ilka finger
And twa for ilka thoom;
Stan' about ye fisher jauds
And gie my gown room!

I'll gar our gudeman trew,
I'm gaun to dee,
Gif he winna fee to me
Valets twa or three,
To bear my train up frae the dirt
And 'ush me through the toun;
Stan' about ye fisher jauds
And gie my gown room!

Anonymous.

The Wren.

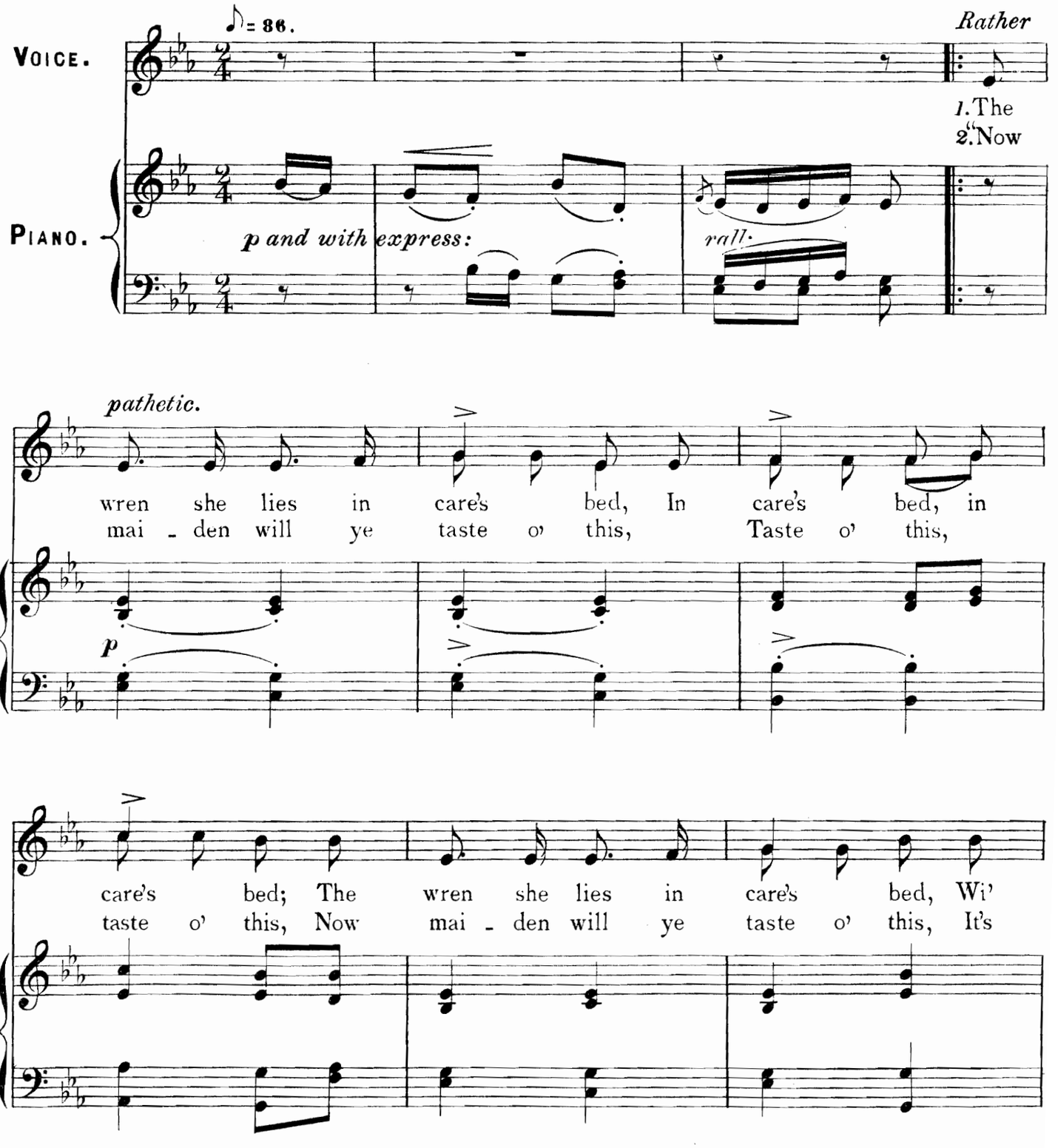
XLV.

THE WREN.

(A Child's Song.)

Old Scottish Air
Arranged by
Malcolm Lawson.

Old Song (altered and adapted)



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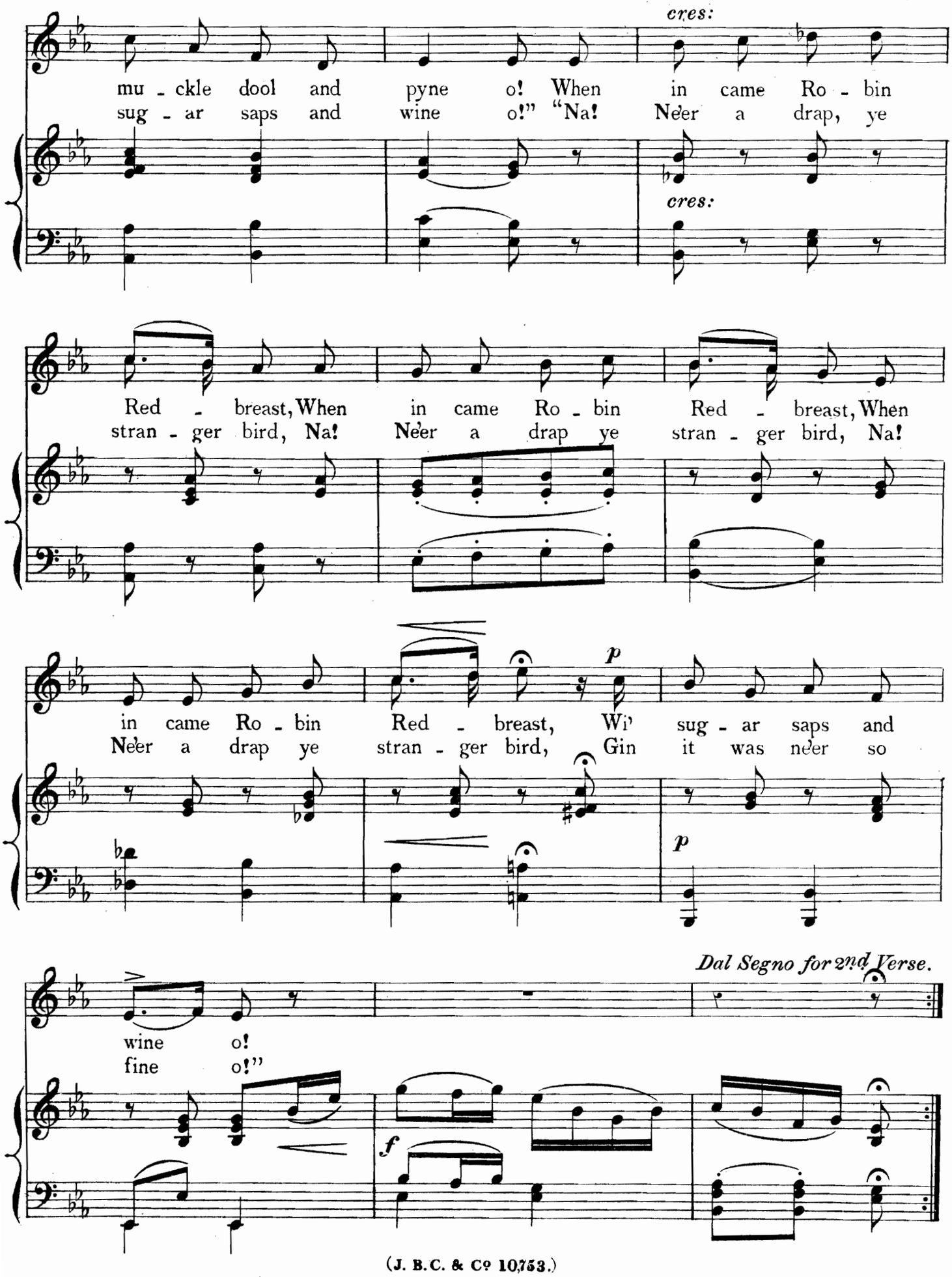
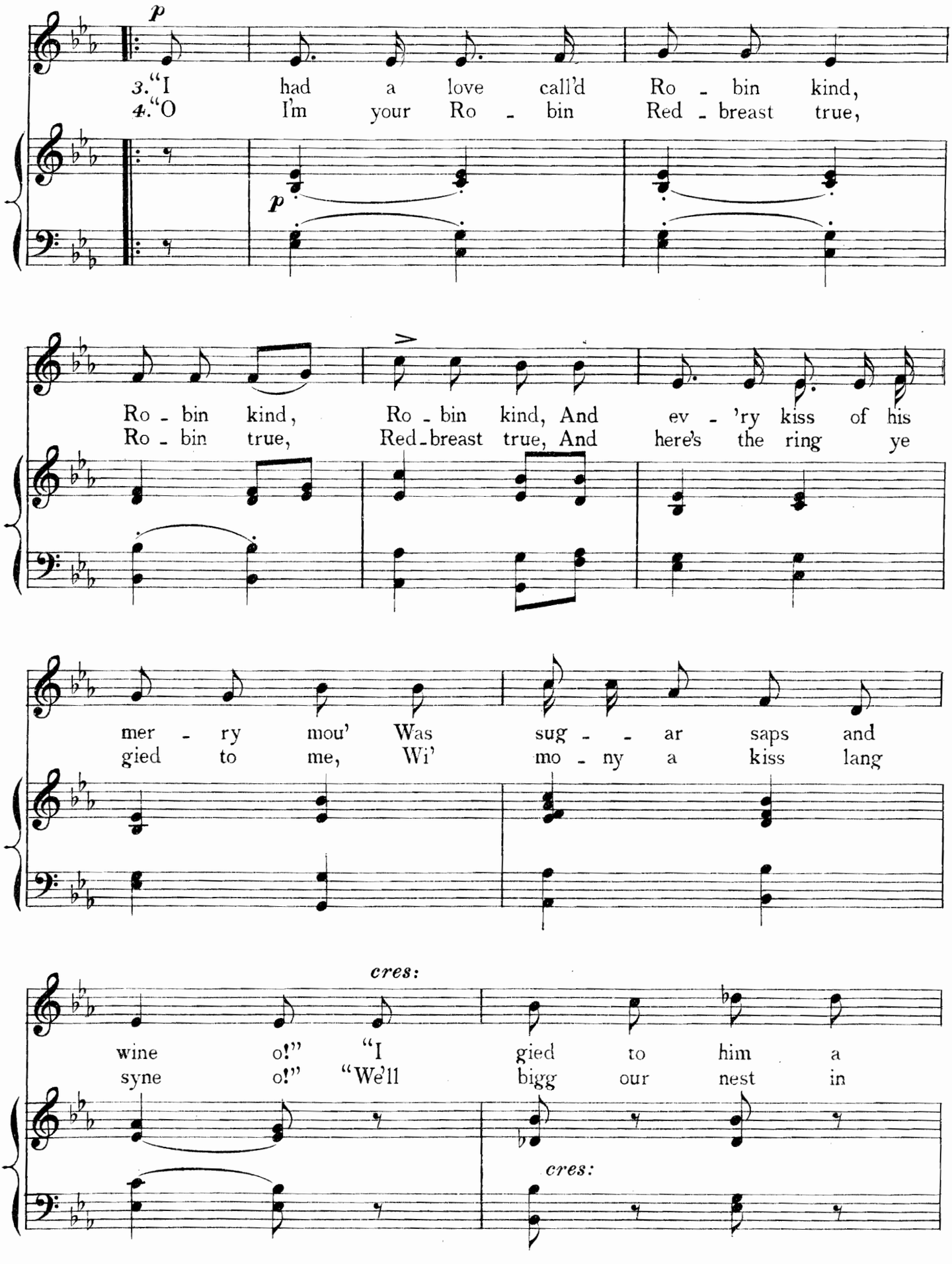
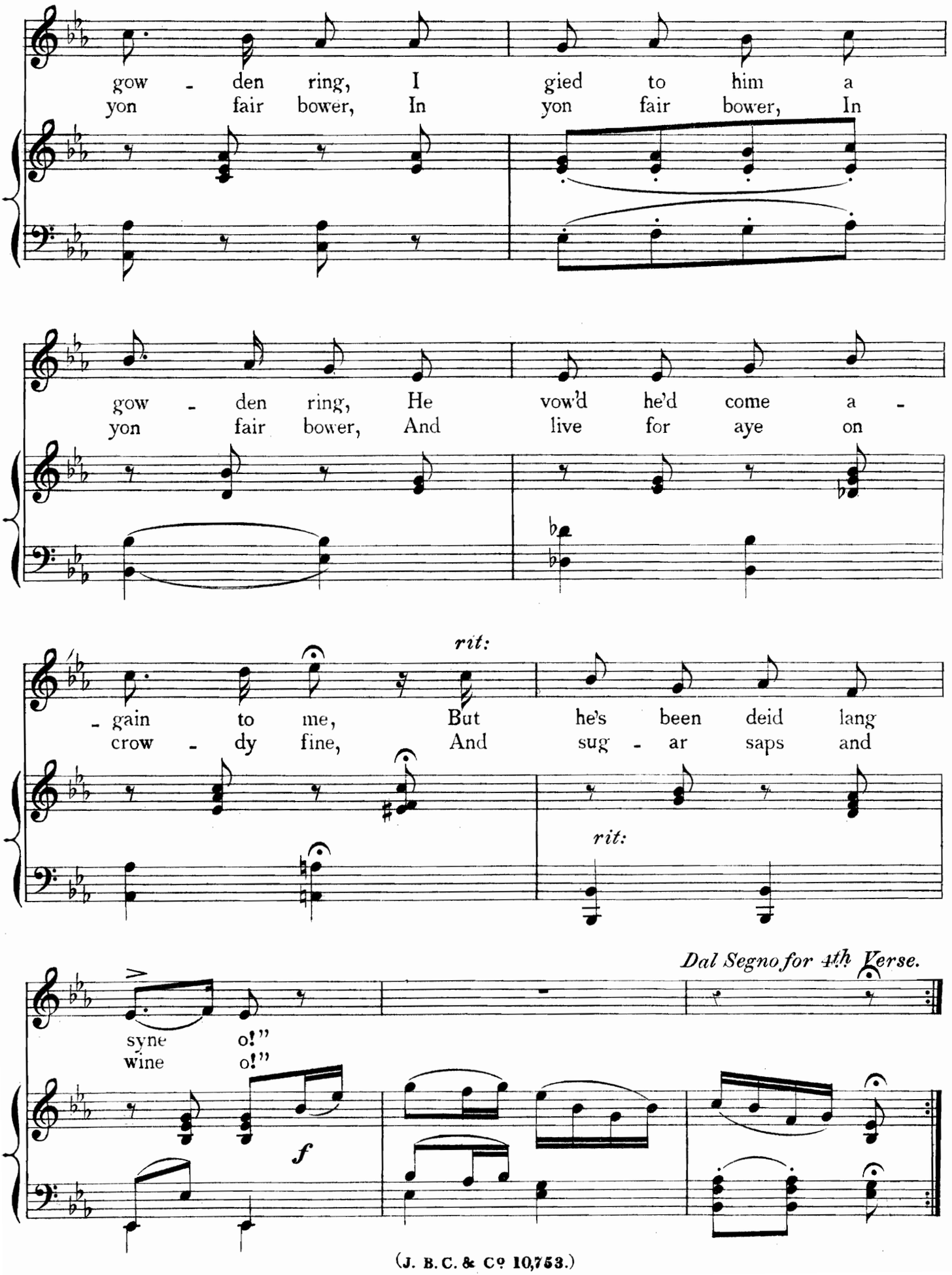

cres:
mu - ckle dool and pyne o! When in came Ro - bin
sug - ar saps and wine o!" "Na! Neer a drap, ye
cres:
Red - breast, When in came Ro - bin Red - breast, When
stran - ger bird, Na! Neer a drap ye stran - ger bird, Na!
in came Ro - bin Red - breast, Wi' sug - ar saps and
Neer a drap ye stran - ger bird, Gin it was neer so
p
p
Dal Segno for 2nd Verse.
wine o!
fine o!"
f


p
3. "I had a love call'd Ro - bin kind,
4. "O I'm your Ro - bin Red - breast true,
p
Ro - bin kind, Ro - bin kind, And ev - 'ry kiss of his
Ro - bin true, Red-breast true, And here's the ring ye
mer - ry mou' Was sug - - ar saps and
gied to me, Wi' mo - ny a kiss lang
cres:
wine o!" "I gied to him a
syne o!" "We'll bigg our nest in
cres:


gow - den ring, I gied to him a
yon fair bower, In yon fair bower, In
gow - den ring, He vow'd he'd come a -
yon fair bower, And live for aye on
rit:
- gain to me, But he's been deid lang
crow - dy fine, And sug - ar saps and
rit:
Dal Segno for 4th Verse.
syne o!"
wine o!"
f

THE WREN.

(A CHILD'S SONG.)

THE wren she lies in care's bed, in cares bed, in care's bed,
The wren she lies in care's bed, in muckle dool and pyne O!
When in came Robin redbreast, when in came Robin redbreast,
When in came Robin redbreast, wi' sugar saps and wine O!

"Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this? taste o' this, taste o' this?"
"Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this? it's sugar saps and wine O!"
"Na', ne'er a drop, ye stranger bird! na', ne'er a drop, ye stranger bird!"
"Na', ne'er a drop, ye stranger bird, gin it was ne'er so fine O!"

"I had a love called Robin kind, Robin kind, Robin kind,"
"And every kiss o' his merry mou' was sugar saps and wine O!"
"I gied to him a gouden ring, I gied to him a gouden ring,"
"He vowed he'd come again to me, but he's been dead lang syne O!"

"Oh! I'm your Robin redbreast true, robin true, redbreast true,"
"And here's the ring ye gied to me, wi' mony a kiss lang syne O!"
"We'll bigg our nest in yon fair bower, in yon fair bower, in yon fair bower,"
"And live for aye on crowdy fine and sugar saps and wine O!"

Old song altered and adapted..

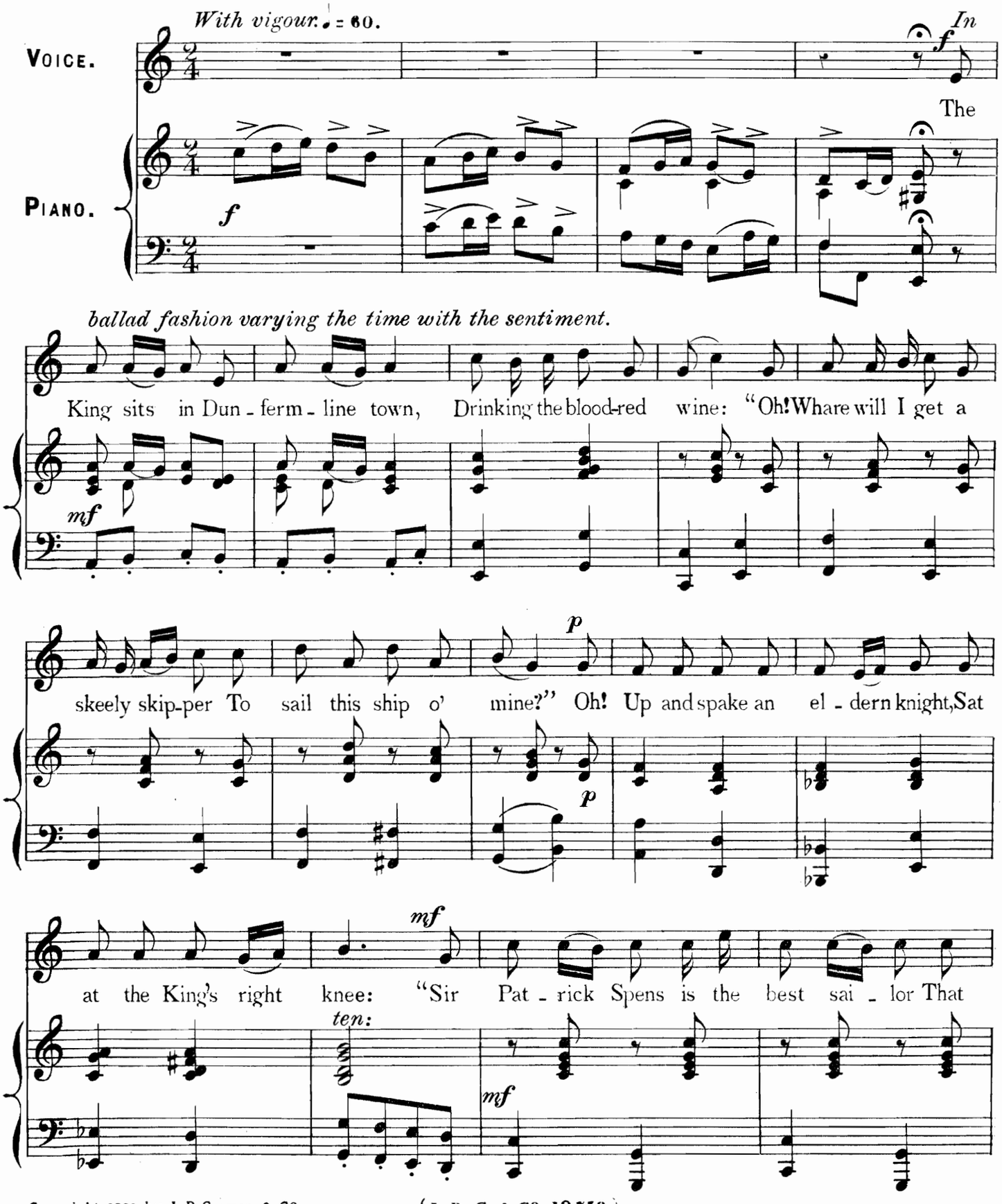
Sir Patrick Spens.

XLVI.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

Old Scots Ballad. (adapted for singing)

Music founded on an Old Northern Air by MALCOLM LAWSON.



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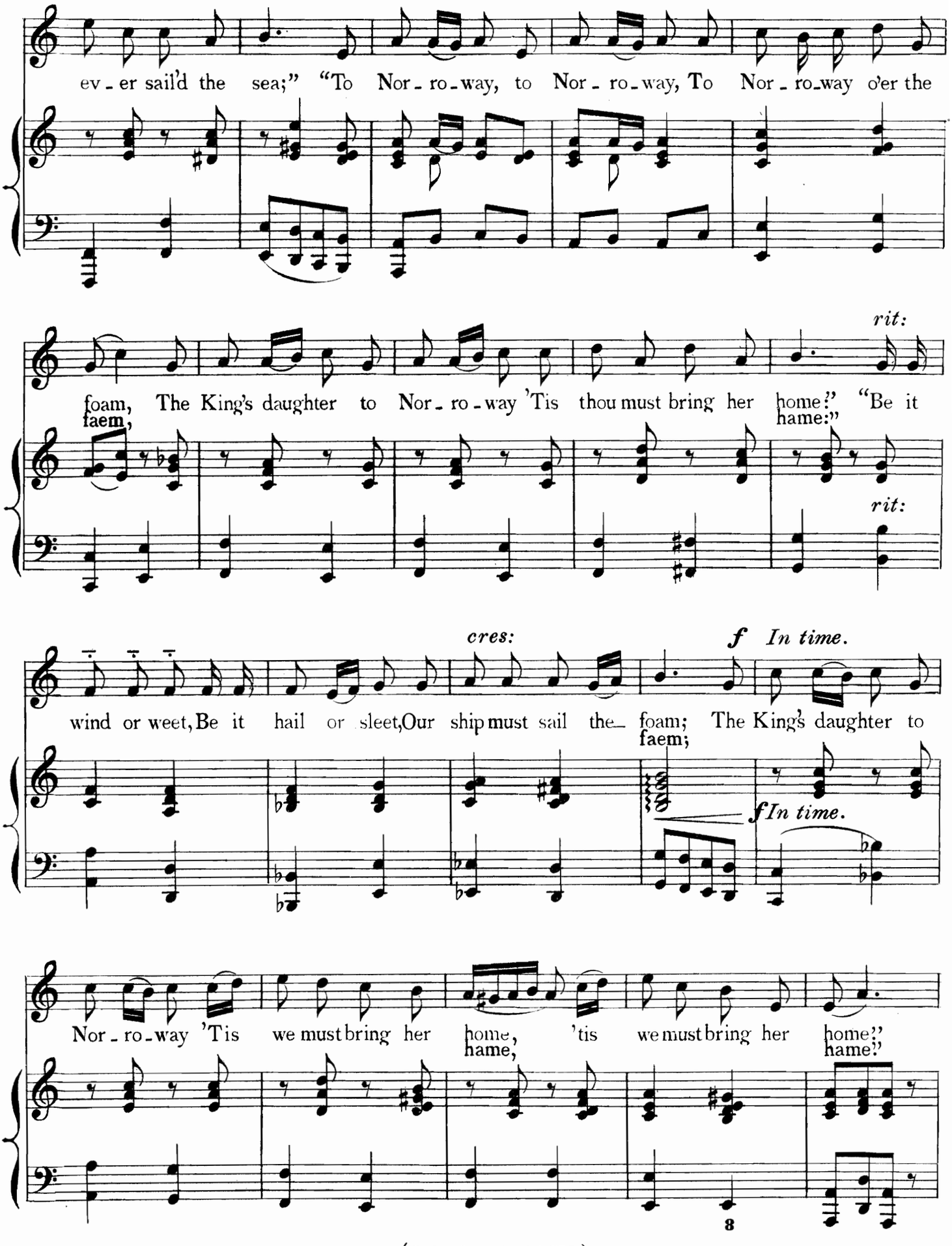
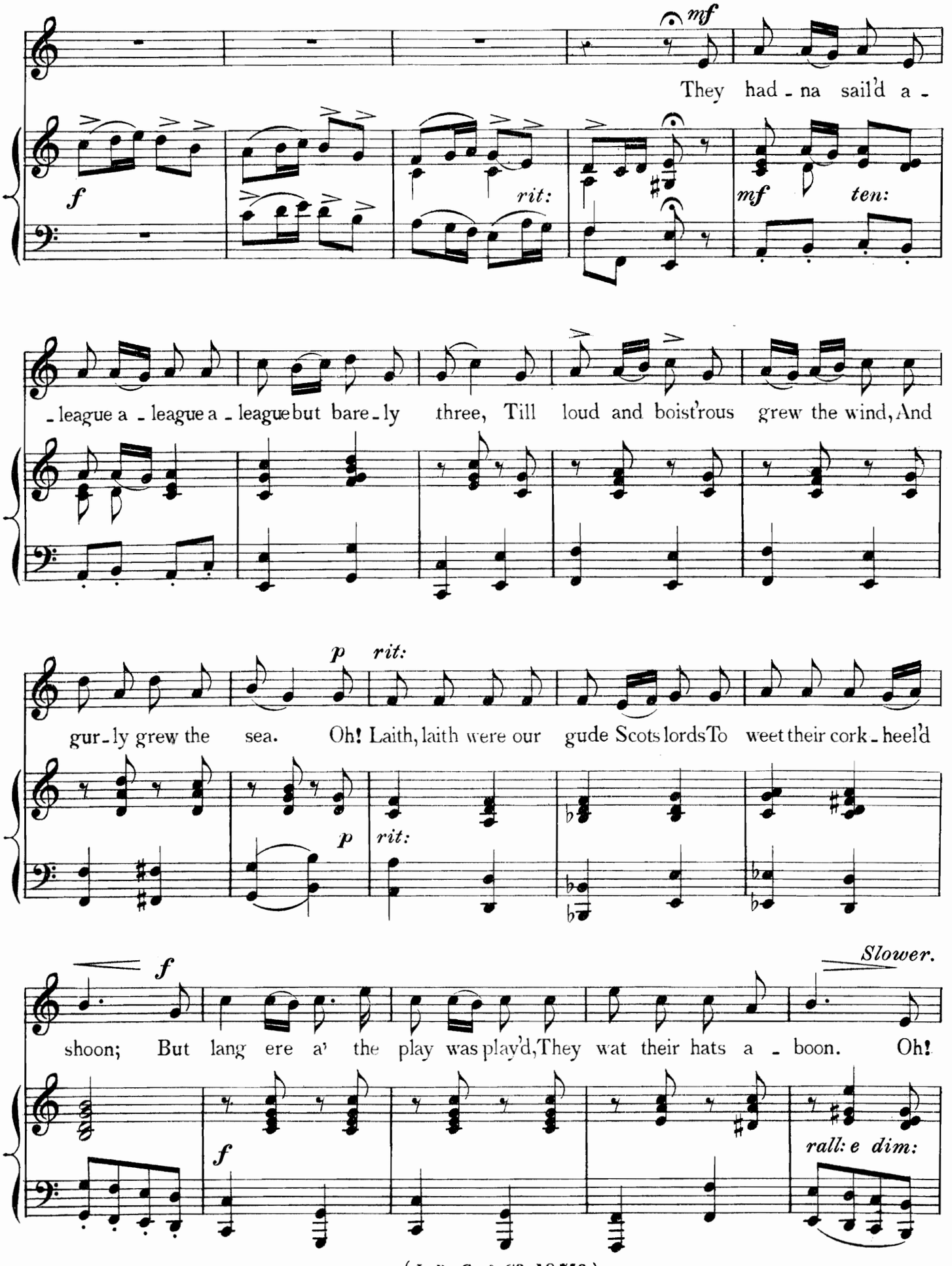
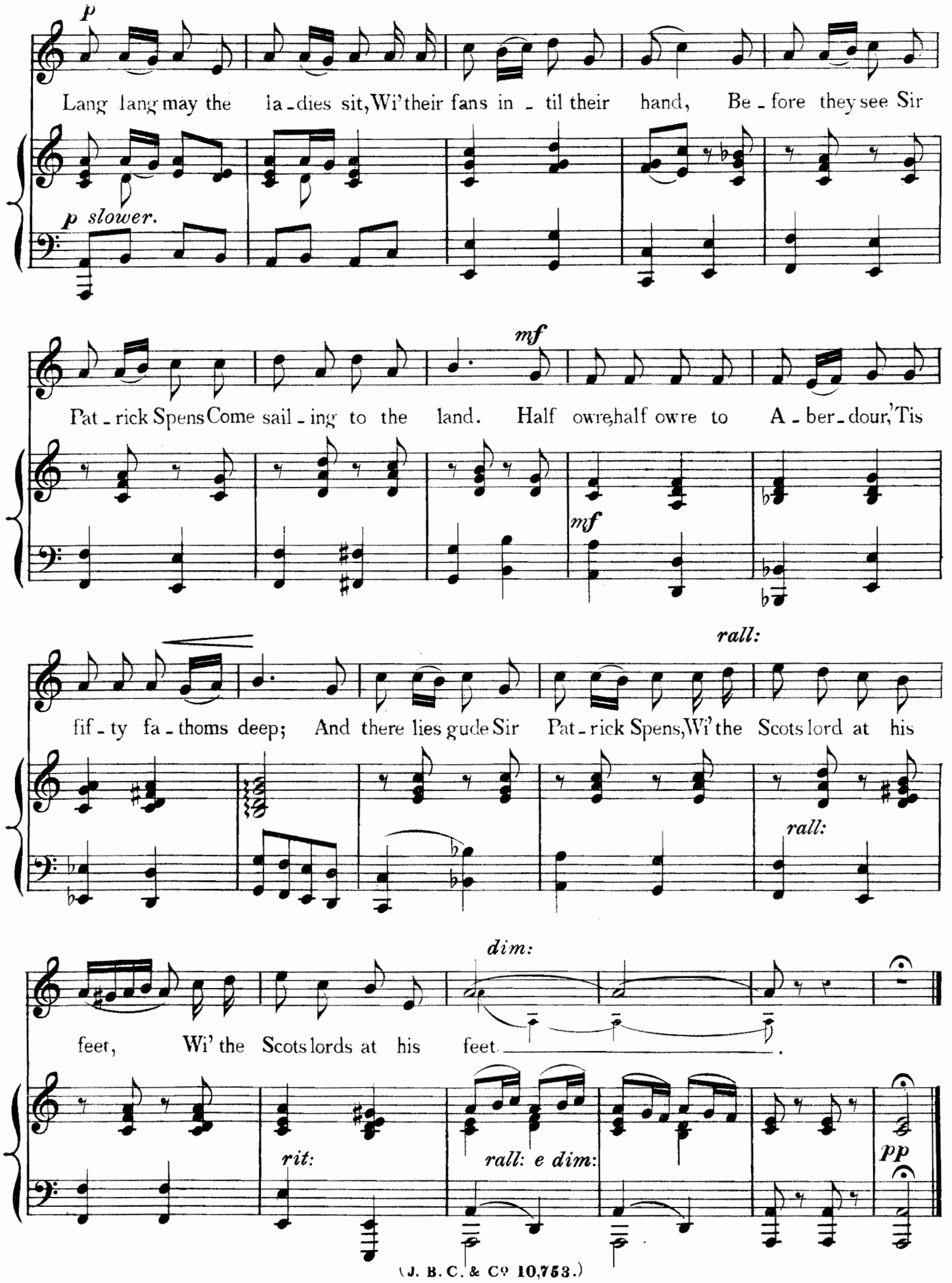

ev - er sail'd the sea;" "To Nor - ro - way, to Nor - ro - way, To Nor - ro - way o'er the
rit:
foam, The King's daughter to Nor - ro - way 'Tis thou must bring her home!" "Be it
faem,
hame:"
rit:
cres:
f In time.
wind or weet, Be it hail or sleet, Our ship must sail the foam; The King's daughter to
faem;
f In time.
Nor - ro - way 'Tis we must bring her home, 'tis we must bring her home!"
hame,
hame;
8


mf
They had - na sail'd a -
f
rit:
mf
ten:
- league a - league a - league but bare - ly three, Till loud and boist'rous grew the wind, And
p
rit:
gur - ly grew the sea. Oh! Laith, laith were our gude Scots lords To weet their cork - heel'd
p
rit:
f
Slower.
shoon; But lang ere a' the play was play'd, They wat their hats a - boon. Oh!
f
rall: e dim:


p
Lang lang may the la-dies sit, Wi' their fans in-til their hand, Be-fore they see Sir
p slower.
mf
Pat-rick Spens Come sail-ing to the land. Half owre, half owre to A-ber-dour, 'Tis
mf
rall:
fif-ty fa-thoms deep; And there lies gude Sir Pat-rick Spens, Wi' the Scots lord at his
rall:
dim:
feet, Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.
rit:
rall: e dim:
pp

(J. B. C. & Co 10,753.)

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THE King sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
"Oh! Whare will I get a skeely skipper
"To sail this ship o' mine?"

Oh! Up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the King's right knee,
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor"
"That ever sailed the sea."

"To Noroway, to Noroway,"
"To Noroway o'er the faem;"
"The King's daughter to Noroway,"
"'Tis thou must bring her hame."

"Be it wind or weet, be it hail or sleet,"
"Our ship must sail the faem;"
"The King's daughter to Noroway,"
"'Tis we must bring her hame."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Till loud and boisterous grew the wind,
And gurly grew the sea.

Oh! Laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heel'd shoon,
But lang ere a' the play was play'd,
They wat their heads aboon.

Oh! Lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans intil their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the land.

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
Awaiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour
'Tis fifty fathoms deep.
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

Old Ballad arranged for Singing.

Aiken Drum.

XLVII.

AIKEN DRUM.

Old political squib.
(Traditional.)

Ancient Lanarkshire Air arranged by
Malcolm Lawson.

With sarcastic Humour. ♩ = 80.

VOICE.

PIANO.

f quick and jocund

1. There cam' a man to our toun, to our toun, to our toun, Oh! A
2. And his coat was made o' the gude roast beef, the gude roast beef, the gude roast beef, Oh! His
3. And his breeks were made o' the hag-gis bags, the hag-gis bags, the hag-gis bags, Oh! His
4. And his buttons were made o' the baw-bee baps, the baw-bee baps, the baw-bee baps, Oh! His

mf

queer man cam' to our toun, And they ca'd him Ai-ken Drum.
coat was made o' the gude roast beef, And his name was Ai-ken Drum.
breeks were made o' the hag-gis bags, And they ca'd him Ai-ken Drum.
buttons were made o' the baw-bee baps, And his name was Ai-ken Drum.

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CORO. after V. 1. 2. 3. 4.

SOPRANO. *f* And he played up-on a la - dle, a lang, lang la - dle, And he played up-on a *cres:*

ALTO. *f* And he played up-on a la - dle, a lang, lang la - dle, And he played up-on a *cres:*

TENOR. *f* And he played up-on a la - dle, a lang, lang la - dle, And he played up-on a *cres:*

BASS. *f* And he played up-on a la - dle, a lang, lang la - dle, And he played up-on a *cres:*

f *cres:*

8va *ad lib:*

D. S. for V. 2. 3. 4.

la - dle, And his name was Ai-ken Drum.

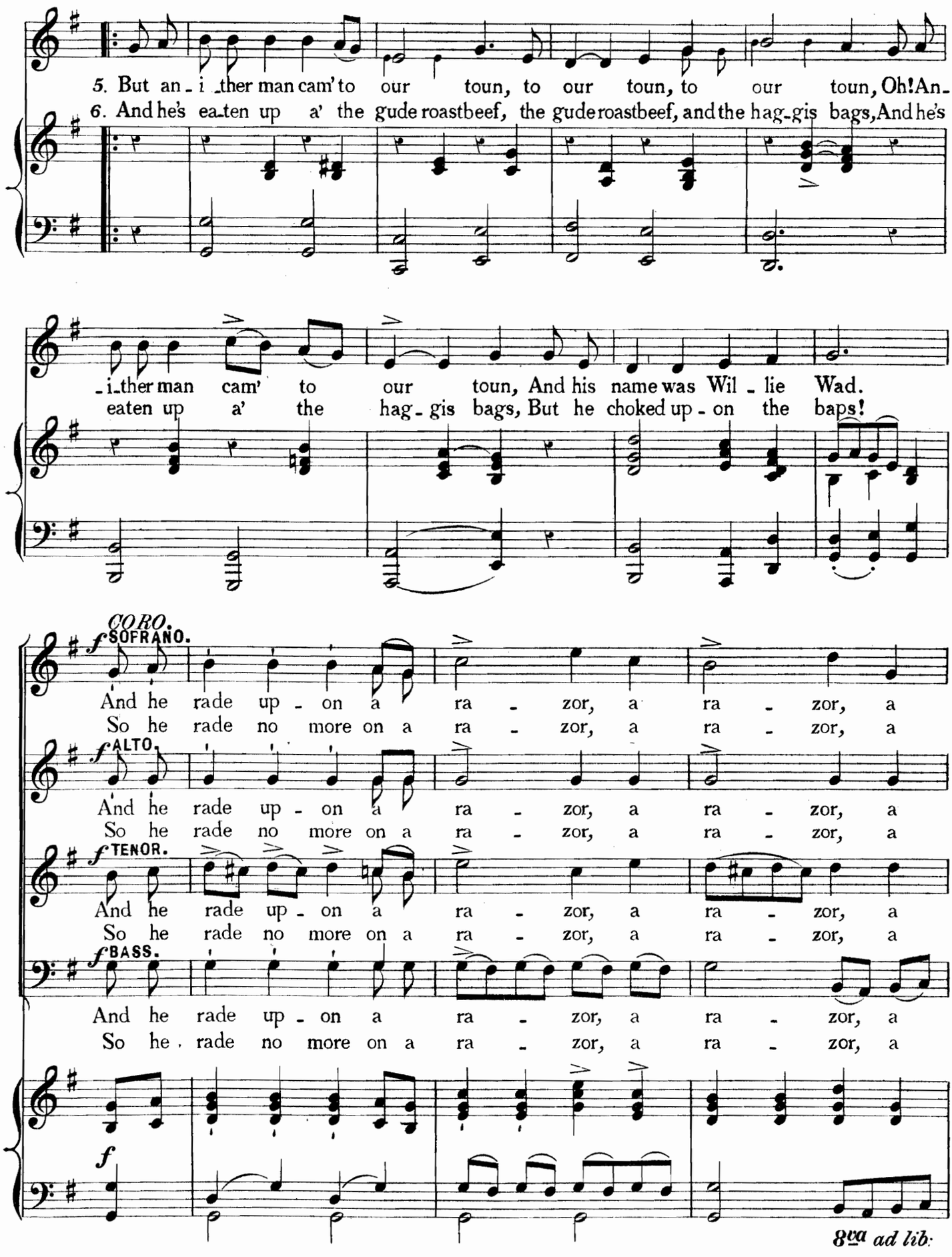
la - dle, And his name was Ai-ken Drum.

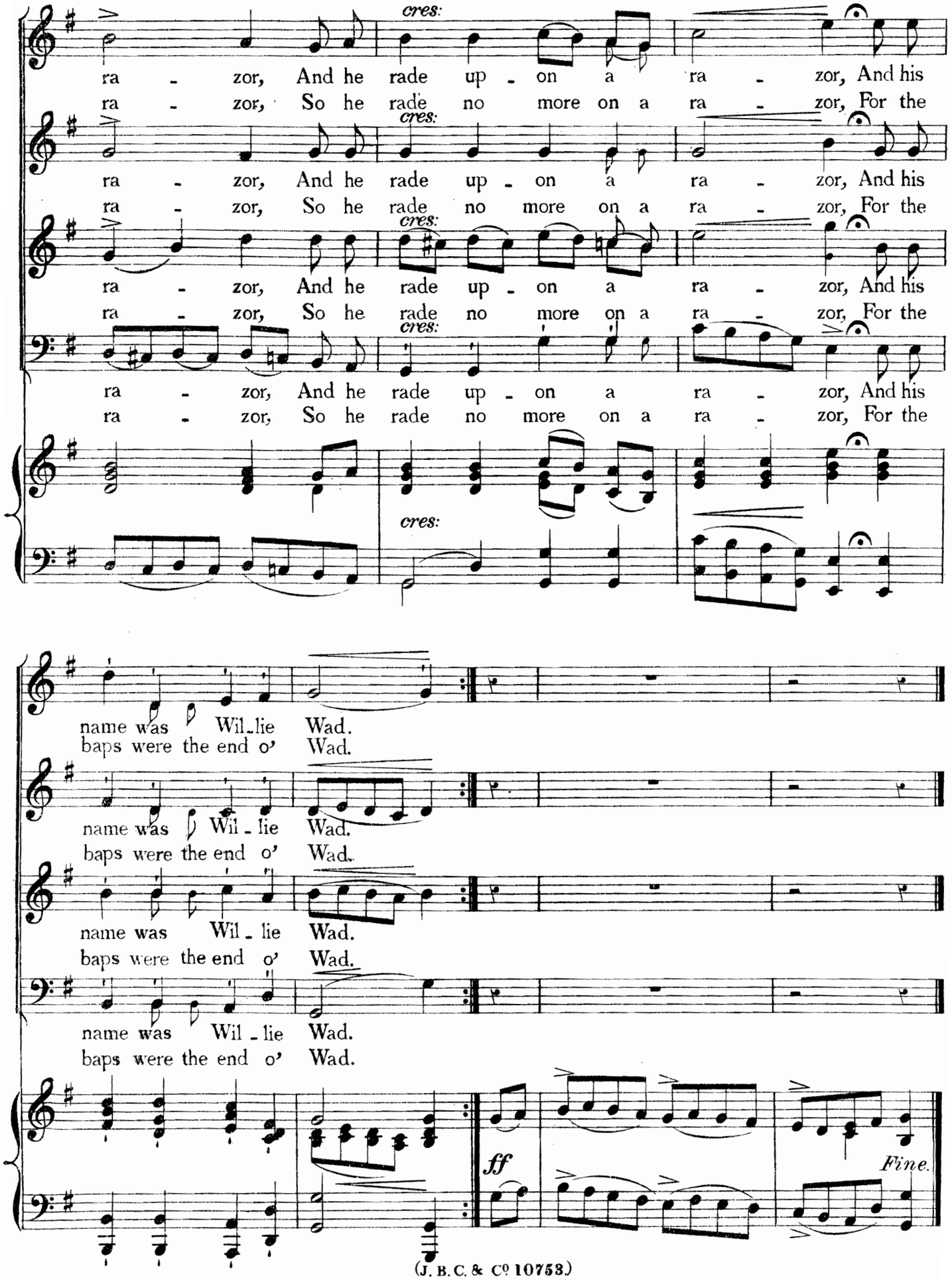
la - dle, And his name was Ai-ken Drum.

la - dle, And his name was Ai-ken Drum.

Sym: after each verse if necessary.

ff


5. But an - i - ther man cam' to our toun, to our toun, to our toun, Oh! An-
6. And he's ea-ten up a' the gude roastbeef, the gude roastbeef, and the hag-gis bags, And he's
- i-ther man cam' to our toun, And his name was Wil - lie Wad.
eaten up a' the hag - gis bags, But he choked up - on the baps!
CORO.
f SOFRANO.
And he rade up - on a ra - zor, a ra - zor, a
So he rade no more on a ra - zor, a ra - zor, a
f ALTO.
And he rade up - on a ra - zor, a ra - zor, a
So he rade no more on a ra - zor, a ra - zor, a
f TENOR.
And he rade up - on a ra - zor, a ra - zor, a
So he rade no more on a ra - zor, a ra - zor, a
f BASS.
And he rade up - on a ra - zor, a ra - zor, a
So he rade no more on a ra - zor, a ra - zor, a
f
8va ad lib.


cres:
ra - zor, And he rade up - on a ra - zor, And his
ra - zor, So he rade no more on a ra - zor, For the
name was Wil-lie Wad.
baps were the end o' Wad.
ff
Fine.

AIKEN DRUM.

THERE cam' a man to our toun,
To our toun, to our toun,
Oh! A queer man cam' to our toun,
An' they ca'd him Aiken Drum.
And he played upon a ladle,
A lang, lang ladle,
He played upon a ladle,
And his name was Aiken Drum.
And his coat was made o' the gude roast beef,
O' the gude roast beef, o' the gude roast beef,
His coat it was made o' the gude roast beef,
And his name was Aiken Drum.
And he played upon a ladle, &c.

And his breeks were made o' the haggis bags,
O' the haggis bags, o' the gude haggis bags,
His breeks they were made o' the gude haggis bags,
And they ca'd him Aiken Drum.
And he played upon a ladle, &c.

And his buttons were made o' the bawbee baps,
O' the bawbee baps, o' the bawbee baps,
Oh! His buttons were made o' the bawbee baps,
And his name was Aiken Drum.
And he played upon a ladle, &c.

But anither man cam' to our toun,
To our toun, to our toun,
O anither man cam' to our toun,
And his name was Willie Wad.
And he rade upon a razor,
A razor, a razor,
He rade upon a razor,
And they ca'd him Willie Wad!

And he's eaten up a' the gude roast beef,
The gude roast beef and the haggis bags;
He's eaten up a' the gude haggis bags,
But he choked upon the baps!
So he rade nae mair on a razor,
A razor, a razor,
He rade nae mair on a razor,
For the baps were the end o' Wad!

Old Political Squib (Traditional).

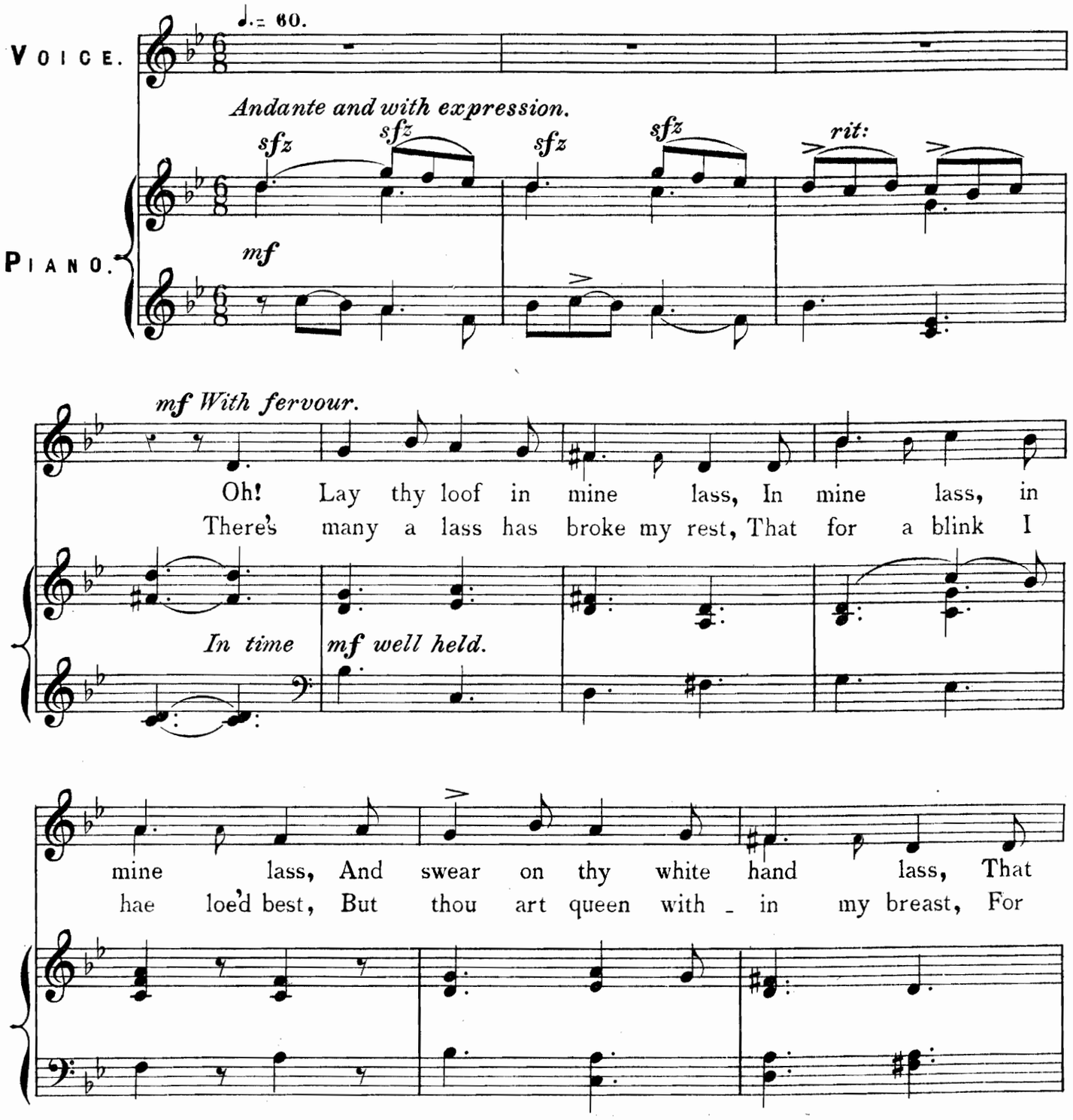
Oh! lay thy Loof in mine Lass.

XLVIII.

OH! LAY THY LOOF IN MINE LASS.

Words by
ROBERT BURNS.

Old Highland air arranged
by MALCOLM LAWSON.



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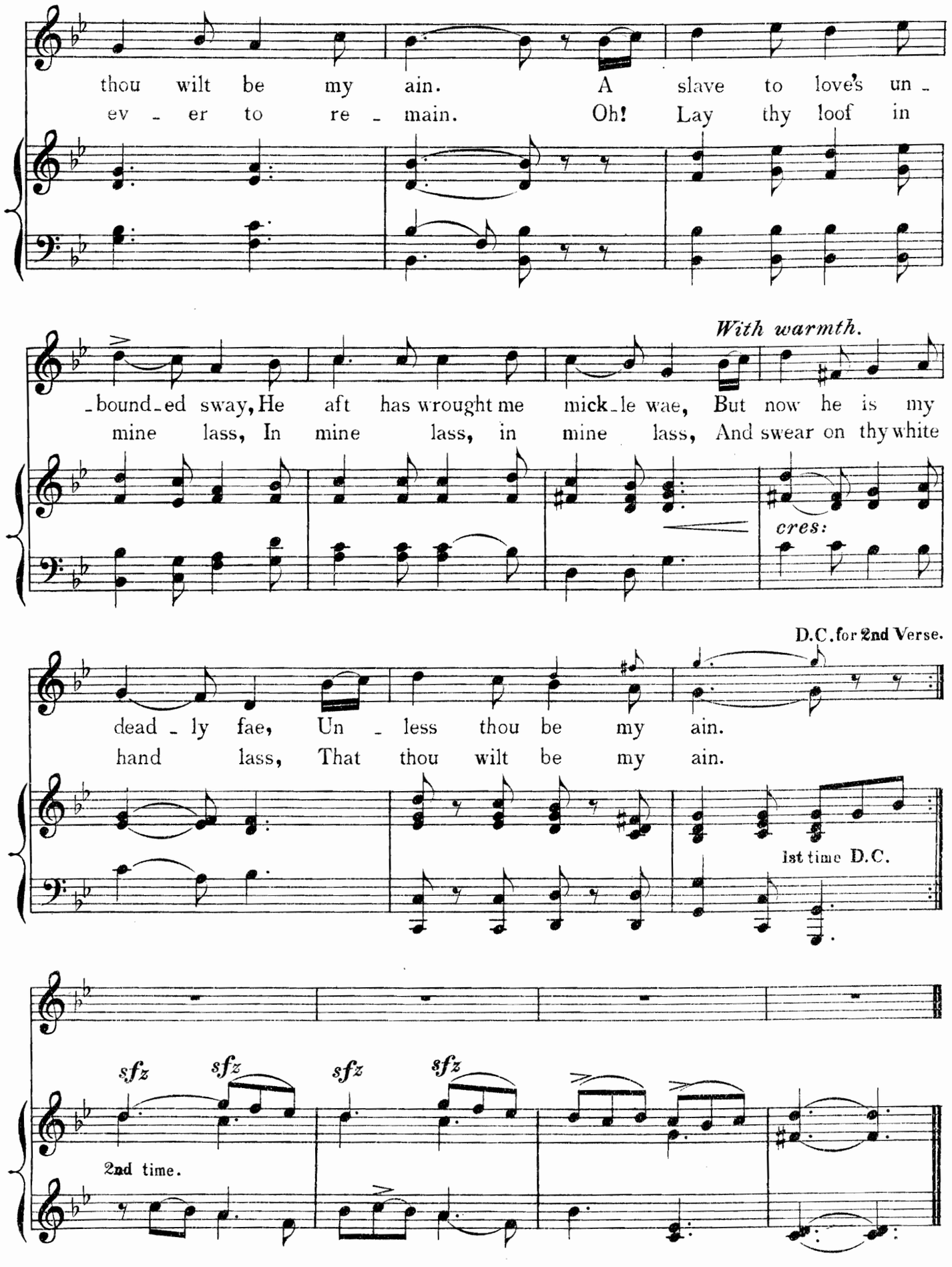

thou wilt be my ain. A slave to love's un -
ev - er to re - main. Oh! Lay thy loof in
With warmth.
- bound - ed sway, He aft has wrought me mick - le wae, But now he is my
mine lass, In mine lass, in mine lass, And swear on thy white
cres:
D.C. for 2nd Verse.
dead - ly fae, Un - less thou be my ain.
hand lass, That thou wilt be my ain.
1st time D.C.
sfz sfz sfz sfz
2nd time.

OH! LAY THY LOOF IN MINE.

OH! Lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

A slave to love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me mickle wae;
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unless thou be my ain.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best;
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.

Oh! Lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

ROBERT BURNS.

O Bothwell Bank.

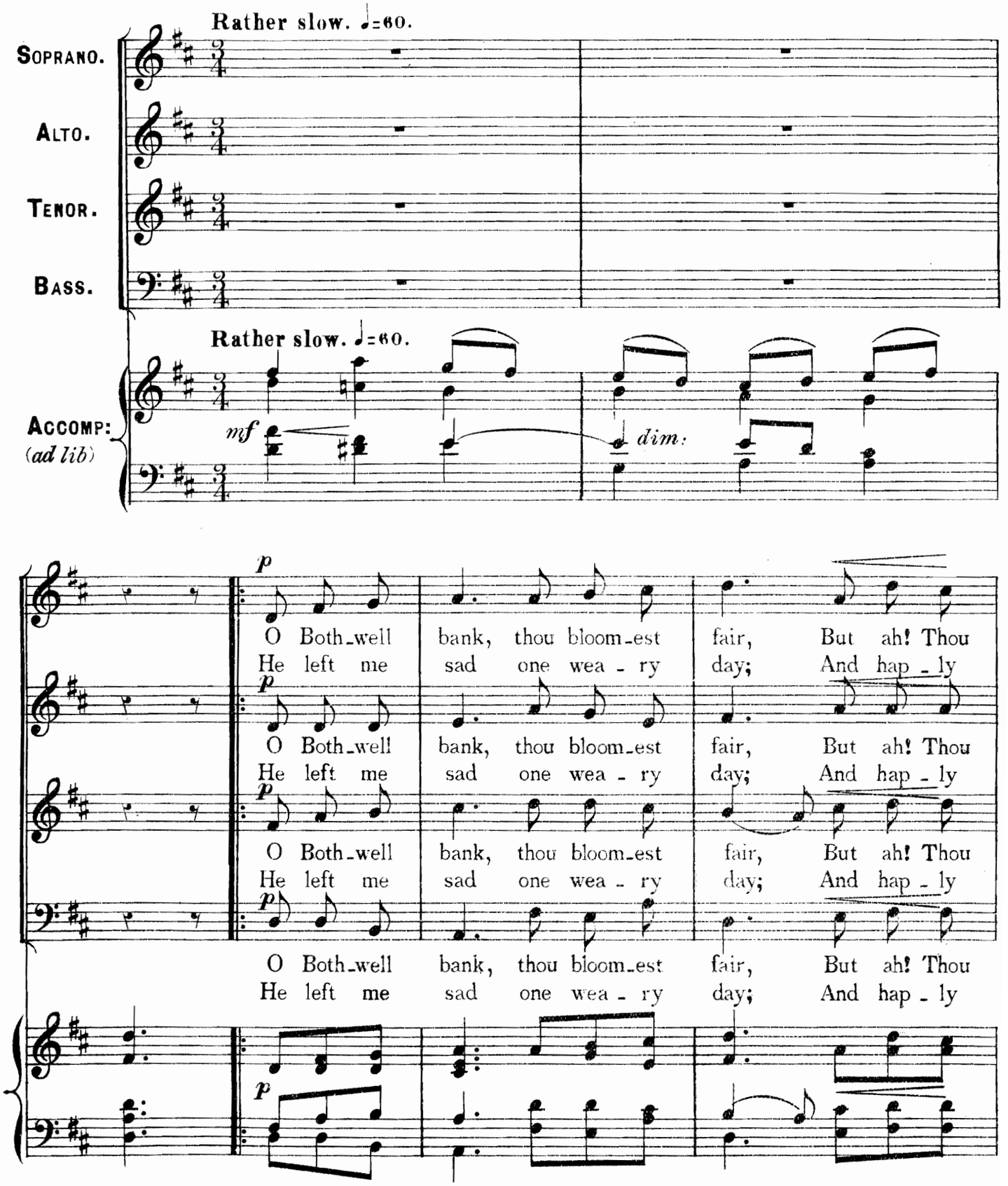
XLIX.

O BOTHWELL BANK.

(QUARTETT.)

Words by
JOHN PINKERTON. (1758–1825)

Air by JOHN FERGUS.
Arranged as a Quartett by
MALCOLM LAWSON.



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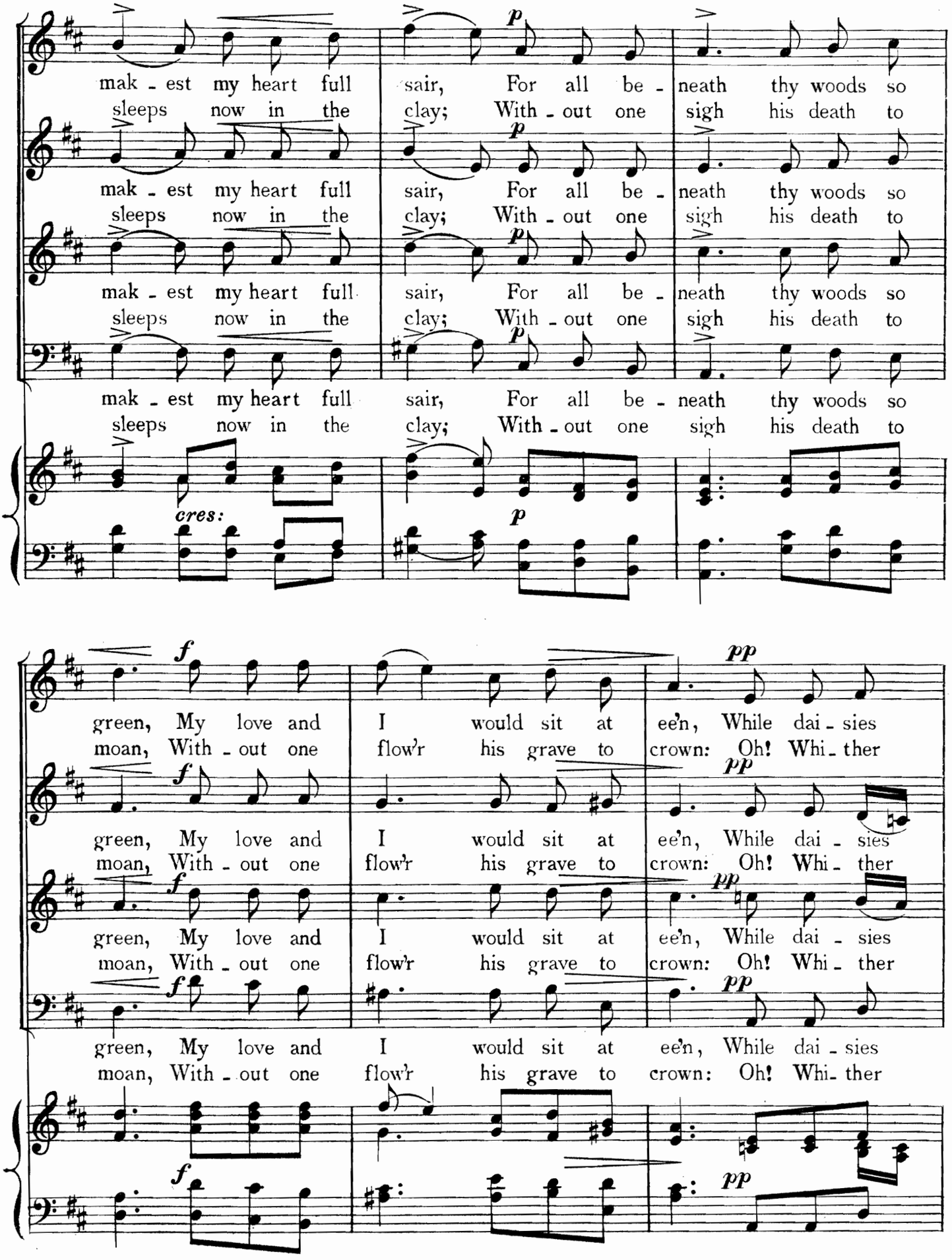
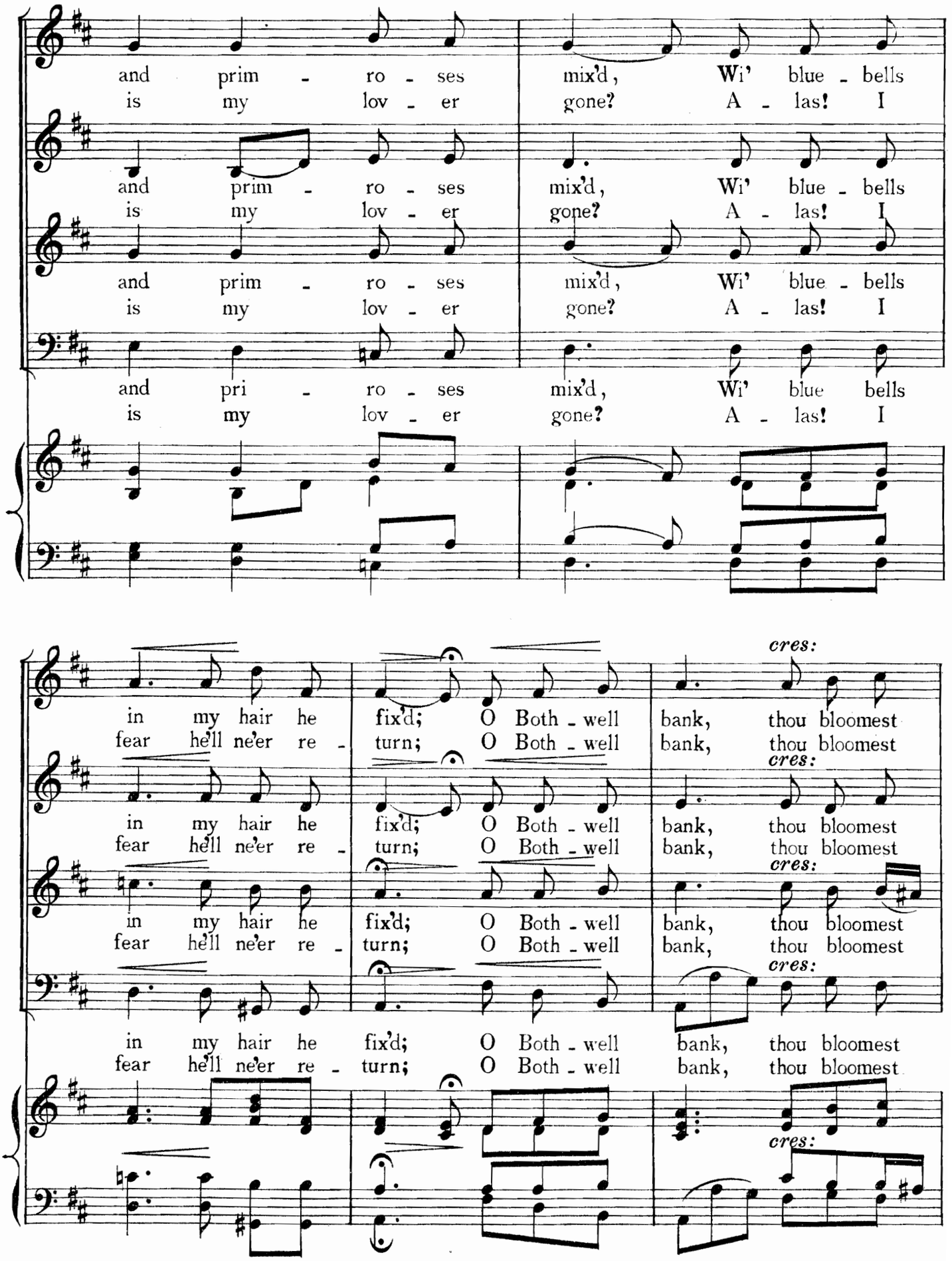
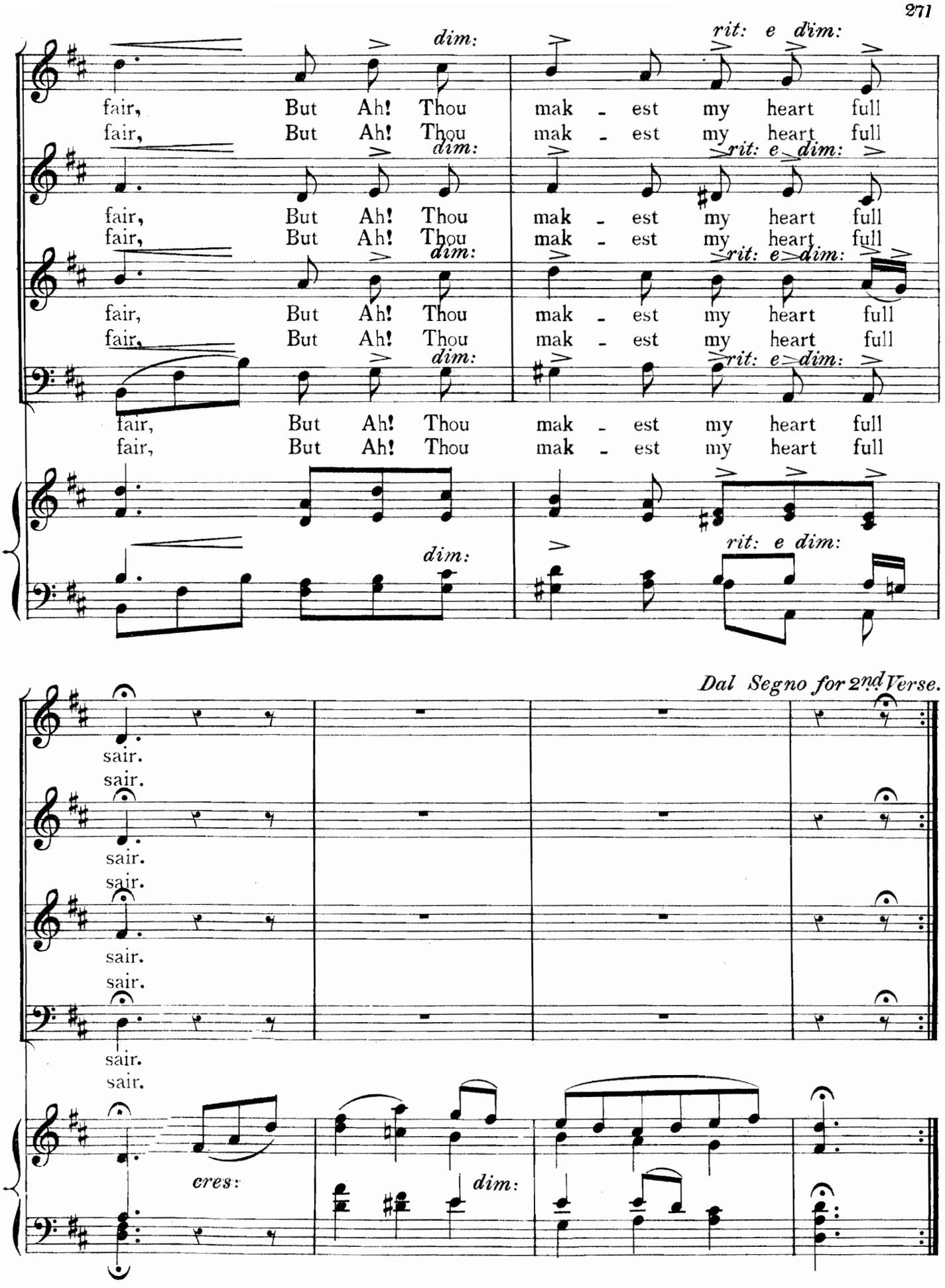

mak - est my heart full sair, For all be - neath thy woods so
sleeps now in the clay; With - out one sigh his death to
cres:
green, My love and I would sit at ee'n, While dai - sies
moan, With - out one flow'r his grave to crown: Oh! Whi - ther


and prim - ro - ses mix'd, Wi' blue - bells
is my lov - er gone? A - las! I
and prim - ro - ses mix'd, Wi' blue - bells
is my lov - er gone? A - las! I
and prim - ro - ses mix'd, Wi' blue - bells
is my lov - er gone? A - las! I
and pri - ro - ses mix'd, Wi' blue bells
is my lov - er gone? A - las! I
in my hair he fix'd; O Both - well bank, thou bloomest
fear he'll ne'er re - turn; O Both - well bank, thou bloomest
cres:
in my hair he fix'd; O Both - well bank, thou bloomest
fear he'll ne'er re - turn; O Both - well bank, thou bloomest
cres:
in my hair he fix'd; O Both - well bank, thou bloomest
fear he'll ne'er re - turn; O Both - well bank, thou bloomest
cres:
in my hair he fix'd; O Both - well bank, thou bloomest
fear he'll ne'er re - turn; O Both - well bank, thou bloomest
cres:


dim:
rit: e dim:
fair, But Ah! Thou mak - est my heart full
fair, But Ah! Thou mak - est my heart full
Dal Segno for 2nd Verse.
sair.
cres:
dim:

O BOTHWELL BANK.

O BOTHWELL bank, thou bloomest fair,
But ah! Thou makest my heart full sair!
For all beneath thy woods so green
My love and I would sit at ee'n,
While daisies and primroses mixed
Wi' blue-bells in my hair he fixed;
O Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair,
But ah! Thou makest my heart full sair!

He left me sad one weary day;
And haply sleeps now in the clay;
Without one sigh his death to moan,
Without one flow'r his grave to crown.
Oh! Whither is my lover gone?
Alas, I fear he'll ne'er return!
O Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair,
But ah! Thou makest my heart full sair!

JOHN PINKERTON (1758—1825).

Oscar.

(DEATH SONG.)

L.

*OSCAR.

(DEATH SONG.)

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Adapted and arranged from an ancient Fingalian Air by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Calm and fateful. ♩ = 60.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

On Crom - la's hill dark broods the cloud; From Ol - la's harp the death - notes rise; A - bove my head there floats a shroud, My hounds make moan in pi - teous wise;

Rather slow, and grandiose.

S.

sfz *sfz* *mf*

Laugh while ye may, a lit - tle while, Ye daughters of Mor - ven's wood - clad - realm, Blue - eyed Mal - vi - na, bright - ly smile, Ere tears thy sun - ny thoughts o'er - whelm;

p *p*

mf slow and emphatic.

Let Fate pre-vail.
Let Fate pre-vail.

mf slow. *pp* (Let Sym:

* Oscar, son of Ossian, was according to Fingalian tradition, invited to a feast by Caribar, king of Erin, and thereat treacherously set upon and slain. He is described by Ossian as prescient of his coming doom when he approached the banqueting hall. It is only fair to say that Irish writers give a different version of his death.

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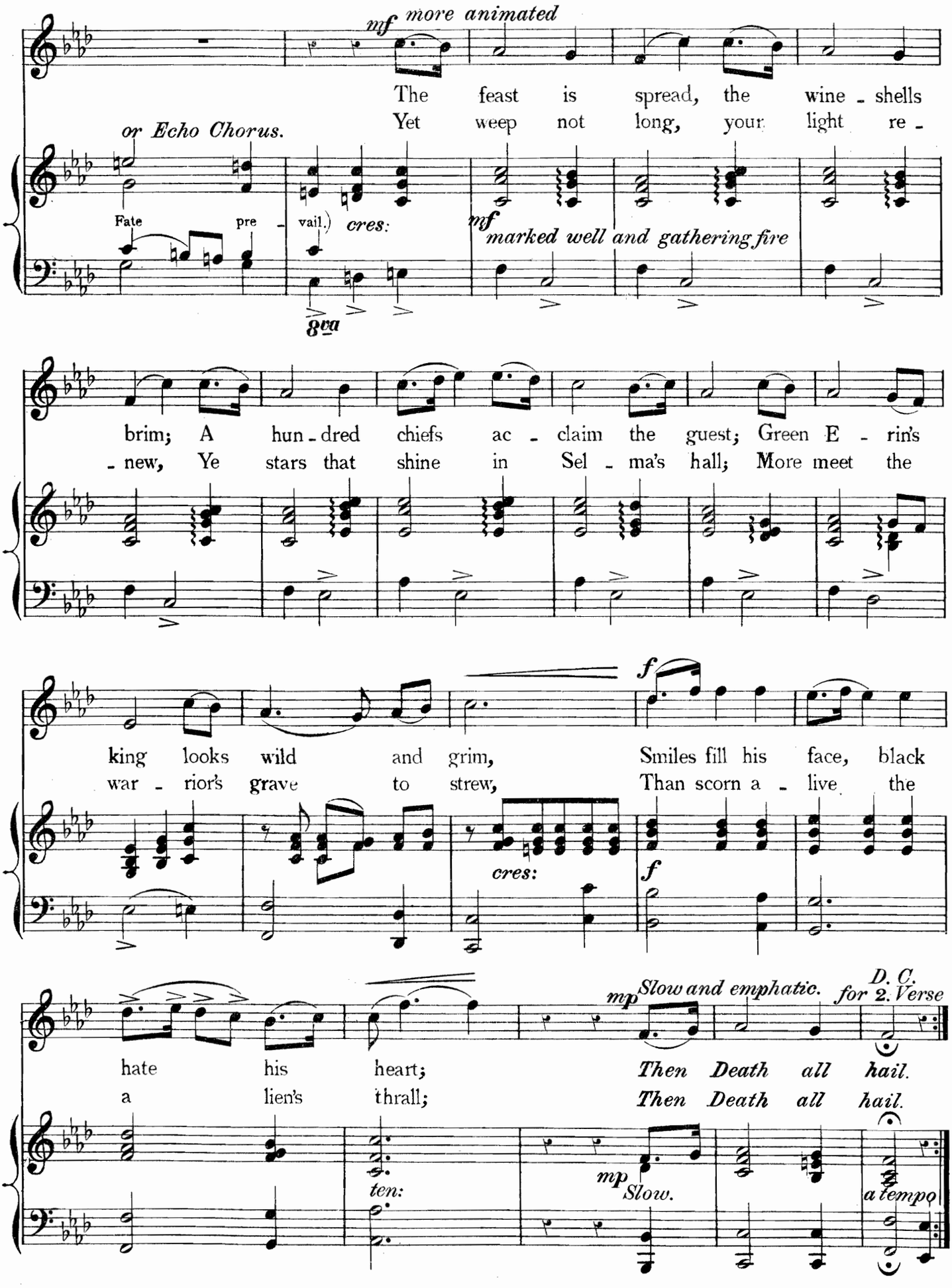
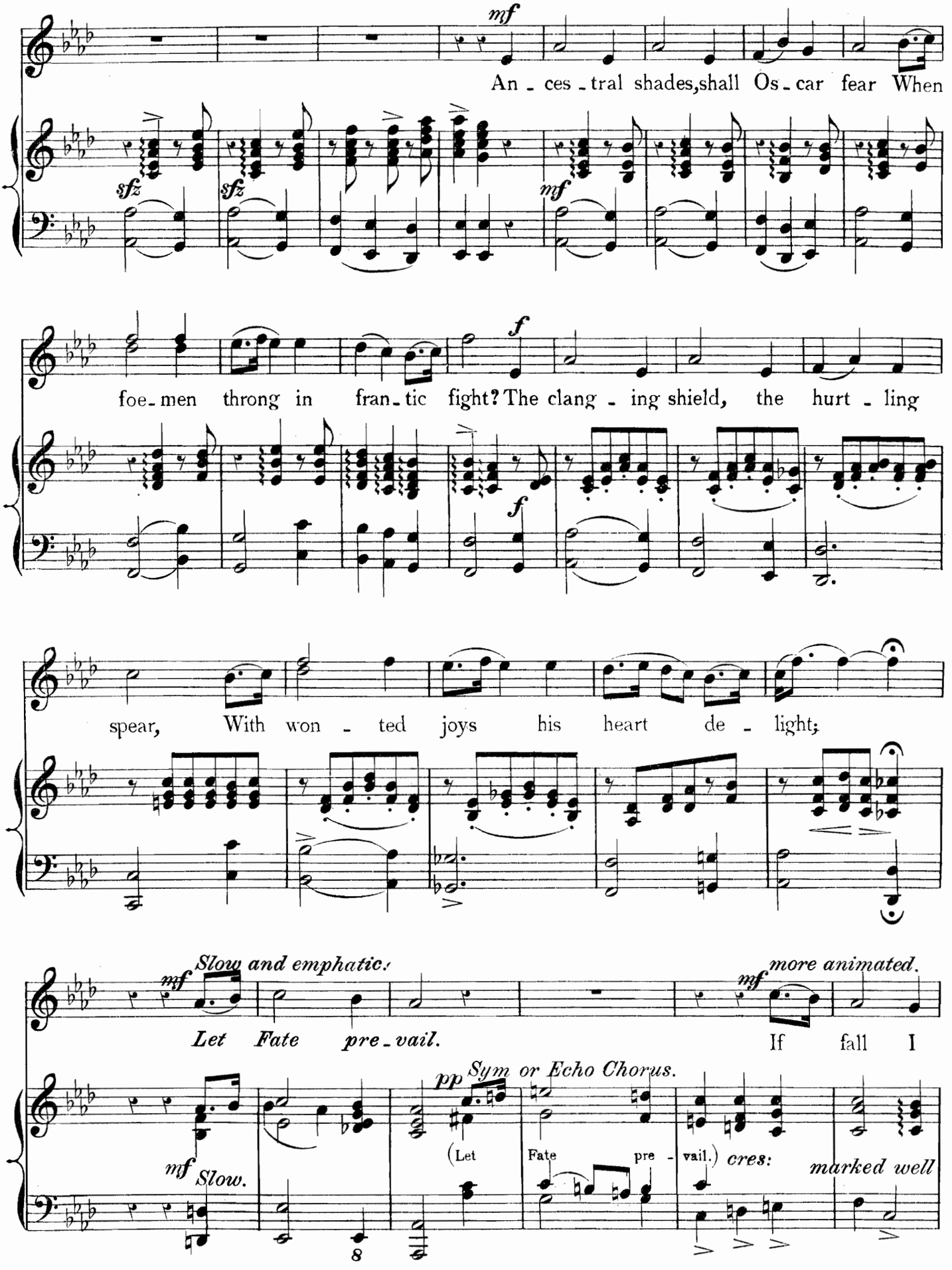
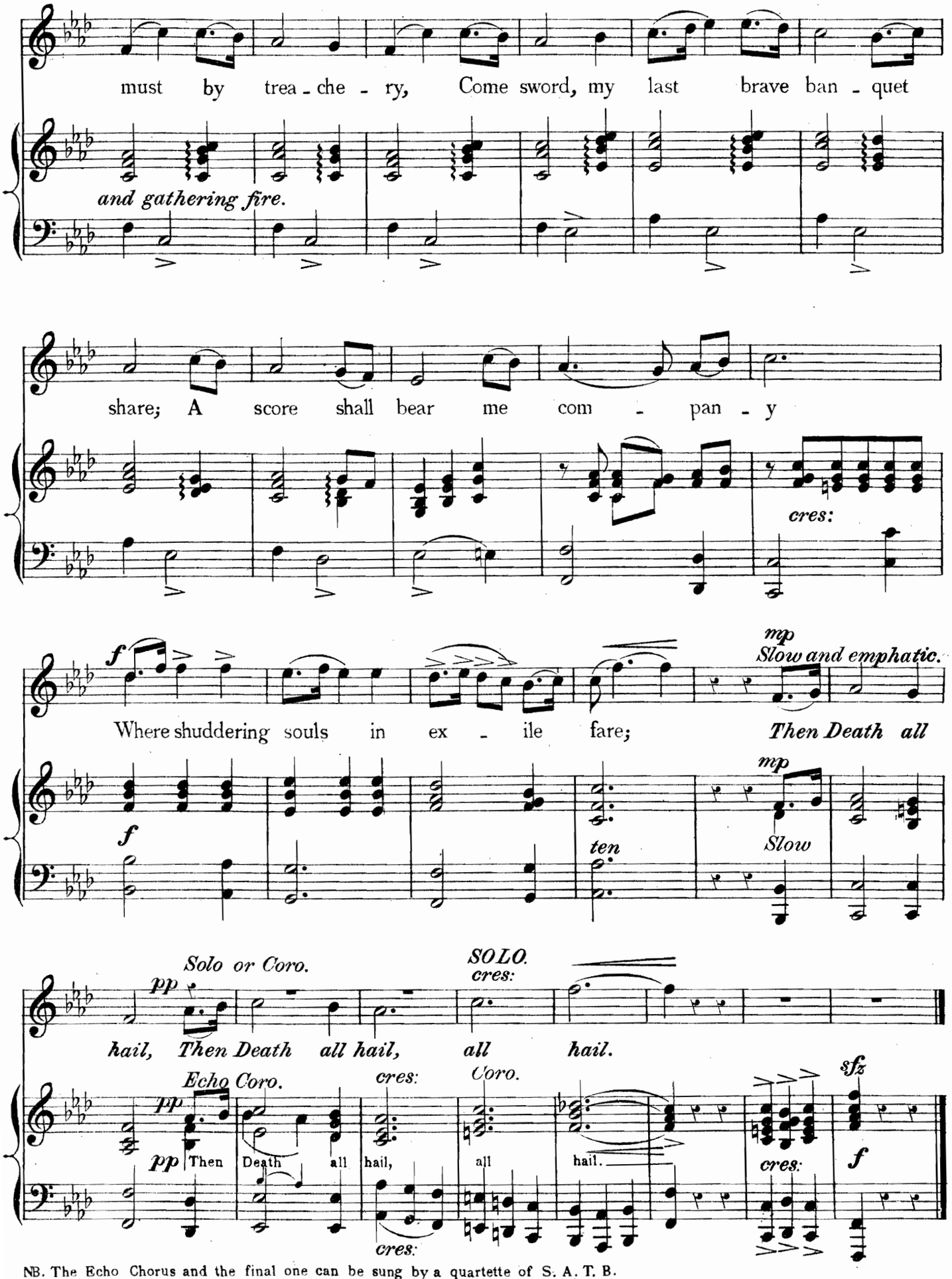
(J. B. C. & Co 10758.)


mf more animated
The feast is spread, the wine - shells
Yet weep not long, your light re -
or Echo Chorus.
Fate pre - vail.)
cres:
mf marked well and gathering fire
8va
brim; A hun - dred chiefs ac - claim the guest; Green E - rin's
- new, Ye stars that shine in Sel - ma's hall; More meet the
f
king looks wild and grim, Smiles fill his face, black
war - rior's grave to strew, Than scorn a - live the
cres:
f
mp Slow and emphatic.
D. C. for 2. Verse
hate his heart; Then Death all hail.
a lien's thrall; Then Death all hail.
ten:
mp Slow.
a tempo


mf
An - ces - tral shades, shall Os - car fear When
sfz
sfz
mf
f
foe - men throng in fran - tic fight? The clang - ing shield, the hurt - ling
f
spear, With won - ted joys his heart de - light;
mf Slow and emphatic.
more animated.
mf
Let Fate pre - vail.
If fall I
pp Sym or Echo Chorus.
(Let Fate pre - vail.)
mf Slow.
cres:
marked well
8



NB. The Echo Chorus and the final one can be sung by a quartette of S. A. T. B.

OSCAR.

(DEATH-SONG.)

ON Cromla's hill dark broods the cloud,
From Olla's harp the death-notes rise,
Above my head there floats a shroud,
My hounds make moan in piteous wise,
Let Fate prevail!
The feast is spread, the wine-shells brim,
A hundred chiefs acclaim the guest;
Green Erin's King looks wild and grim,
Smiles fill his face, black hate his breast.
Then Death all hail!

Laugh while ye may, a little while,
Daughters of Morven's wood-clad realm;
Blue-eyed Malvina, brightly smile,
Ere tears thy sunny thoughts o'erwhelm.
Let Fate prevail!
Yet weep not long; your light renew,
Ye stars that shine in Selma's hall;
More meet the warriors grave to strew
Than scorn alive the alien's thrall.
Then Death all hail!

Ancestral shades, shall Oscar fear,
When foeman throng in frantic fight?
The clanging shield, the hurtling spear,
With wonted joys his heart delight.
Let Fate prevail!
If fall I must by treachery,
Come, sword, my last brave banquet share;
A score shall bear me company
Where shuddering souls in exile fare
Then Death all hail!

HAROLD BOULTON.