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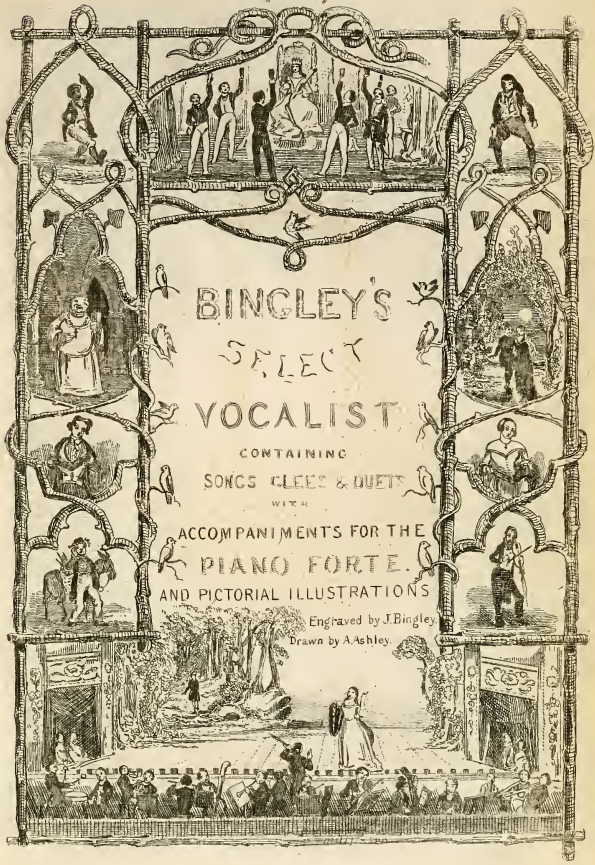




Mr. Braham.

Glen. 81a

VOL. II



BINGLEY'S
 SELECT
 VOCALIST
 CONTAINING
 SONGS GLEES & DUETS
 WITH
 ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE
 PIANO FORTE.
 AND PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS

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LONDON; J. BINGLEY.

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The Red Cross Knight



Glee

Callcott.

Allievo.

Blow War-der blow thy sonnding horn And thy hanner wave on.

high in the Holy Land and have won the

For the christains have fought in the Holy Land and have won the

victory and have won the victory

victory and have won the victory Loud loud the War der

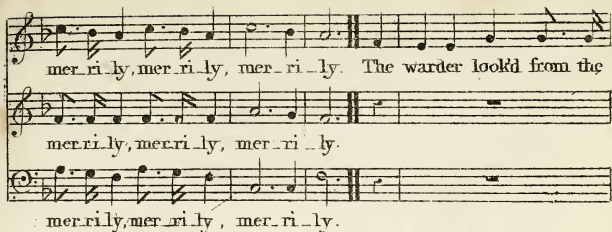
victory and have won the victory Loud loud the War der

blew his horn, And his banner wavy on high.
blew his horn, his horn, And his banner wavy on high. Let the

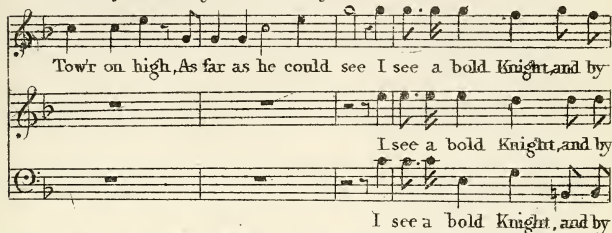
mass be sung, And the bells be rung, And the feast, the feast eat
Let the mass be sung, And the bells be rung, And the
mer ri ly. And the

feast, the feast eat mer ri ly. Let the mass be sung, And the
eat mer ri ly. Let the mass be sung, And the
feast, the feast eat mer ri ly. Let the mass be sung, And, the

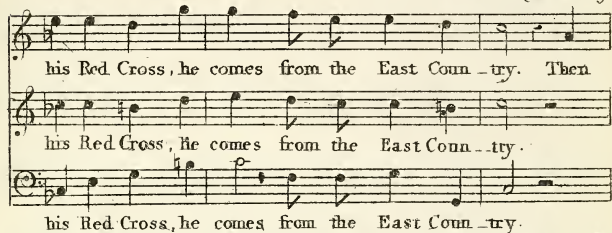
bells be rung, And the feast, the feast eat mer ri ly, the feast eat
bells be rung, And the feast, the feast eat mer ri ly, the feast eat
bells be rung, And the feast, the feast eat mer ri ly, the feast eat



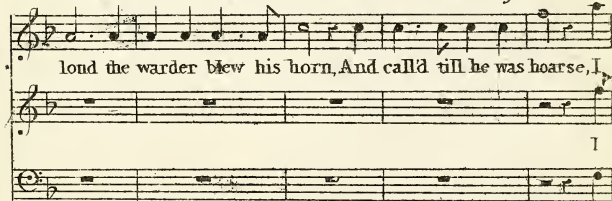
mer ri ly, mer ri ly, mer ri ly. The warder lookd from the
 mer ri ly, mer ri ly, mer ri ly.
 mer ri ly, mer ri ly, mer ri ly.



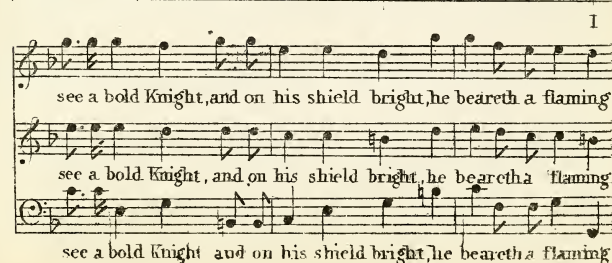
Tow'r on high, As far as he could see I see a bold Knight, and by
 I see a bold Knight, and by
 I see a bold Knight, and by



his Red Cross, he comes from the East Coun try. Then
 his Red Cross, he comes from the East Coun try.
 his Red Cross, he comes from the East Coun try.



loud the warder blew his horn, And calld till he was hoarse, I
 I



see a bold Knight, and on his shield bright, he beareth a flaming
 see a bold Knight, and on his shield bright, he beareth a flaming
 see a bold Knight and on his shield bright, he beareth a flaming

cross
cross Then down the Lord of the Castle came the Red Cross

cross
Knight to meet And when the Red Cross Knight he espied Fight

Thou'rt welcome here dear Red Cross
loving he did him greet
Thou'rt welcome here dear Red Cross

Knight dear Knight for, thy fames well known to me And the
And the
Knight. for thy fames well known to me And the

mass shall be sung, And the bells shall be rung, And well feast right
mass. shall be sung And the bells shall be rung, And well feast right
mass shall be sung, And the bells shall be rung, And well feast right

rini
 merrily, merrily, And we'll feast right merrily, merrily, mer-ri-ly.
 merrily, merrily, And we'll feast right merrily, merrily, mer-ti-ly.
 merrily, merrily, And we'll feast right merrily, merrily, mer-ri-ly.

Oh I am come from the Ho-ly, land where Saints did live, And die be

hold the device I bear on my shield, the Red Cross Knight am I And

we have fought in the Ho-ly Land, and we've won the victory, for with

valiant might, did the Christians fight, and made the proud pagans fly:

Thou'rt welcome here dear Red Cross Knight, dear Knight come

Thou'rt welcome here dear Red Cross Knight, dear Knight come

Thou'rt welcome here dear Red Cross Knight, come

lay thy armour by, And for the good tidings thou do' st bring, We'll

lay thy armour by, And for the good tidings thou do' st bring, We'll

lay thy armour by, And for the good tidings thou do' st bring, We'll

feast us merrily, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly. For all in my

feast us merrily, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly. For all in my

feast us merrily, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly. For all in my

Castle shall rejoice, That we've won the victory, that we've won the

Castle shall rejoice, That we've won the victory, that we've won the

Castle shall rejoice, That we've won the victory, that we've won the

victory.

victory.

victory and the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung, and the

And the mass shall be sung, and the
 feast eat merrily, mer-ri-ly,
 bells shall be rung, and the feast, the feast eat mer-ri-ly, and the
 the feast eat mer-ri-ly, and the
 and the feast, the feast eat mer-ri-ly, and the
 mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung, and the feast the
 mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung, and the feast the
 mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung, and the feast the
 feast eat merrily, the feast eat mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly.
 feast eat merrily, the feast eat mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly.
 feast eat merrily, the feast eat mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly.

Poor Johnny's dead.

catch for 3 voices.

Largo.

1 Poor Johnny's dead I hear his knell bim. bim, bim, bim, bome, bell. 2
 2 bome, bome, bim, bome, bell. 3
 3 The bell doth toll O may his soul in heavn for e-ver dwell. 1

Siciliana. *Let me wander not unseen.* *Handel.*

Let me wan-der not un-

seen, By hedge row elms, on hillocks green;

There the ploughman near at

hand, Whistles o'er the furrow'd land, There the ploughman near at

hand, Whistles o'er the furrow'd land.

And the milk maid sing eth.

blithe, And the mower whets his scythe, And e-ve-ry shep-herd tells his

Sy.

tale, Un-der the hawthorn in the dale.

And e-ve-ry shep-herd tells his tale, Un-der the

Sy.

haw-thorn in the dale.

*Sy.**p*

Or let the merry bells ring round,

f *p* *f*

p *f*

p

Or let the mer ry bells ring

round And the jo_cund re_becks sound

And the jo_cund re_becks sound And the jo_cund re_becks

sound To many a youth and many a

maid Dancing in the chequer'd shade

To many a youth and many a maid dancing in the chequer'd

shade Dancing dan_

_cing dancing in the chequer'd shade

3

To many a youth and many a maid

Dan_cing in the che_quer'd shade.

Dancing dan _____ cing dan cing

in the 'che_quer'd shade.

Wilt thou lend me thy mare.

Catch for 3 voices.

D. Nares.

Wilt thou lend me thy mare to go a mile!

No: she's lam'd, leaping o-ver, a stile. But if thou

wilt her to me spare, thou shalt have money for thy

mare. Oh! Oh! say you so! Money will make the

mare to go, money will make the mare to go.

The weary hours. How slowly. Rossini.

Sung by Mrs. A. Shaw in the *Lady of the Lake.*

Allegro.

How slowly hath thy sands Old Time been wasting, Absent from thee, dear, no pleasure tast ing, Nights sombre mantle, round me at taching Ruddy An ro ra still found me watch ing; This heart is joy less with anguish heav - ing, thus from its fi - bres, thy form be

reav... ing This heart is

joyless with anguish heav ing Thus from its fibres Thy form be

reav... ing thee be reav... ing

p

El... len my souls fond trea sure what

sorrow Al as the've torn thee

from this bleed ing breast Ard
 changed since when to my bo som prest How slow ly
 hath thy sands Old time been wastung Absent from thee dear no plea sure
 last ing Nights sombre mantle Round me at taching Ruddy Au
 ro ra Still found me watchung This heart is joy less with anguish
 heav ing Thus from its ti bres thy form be reav ing

This heart is joy-less with an anguish

heav- ing Thus from its fi bres Thy form be-reav-

ing thee be-reav-ing El-len my souls my souls fond

treas-ure Al.as what sor-row Al.as what sor-

row a-las they have

torn have torn have torn thee from my
 heart yes from my heart my bleed ing
 heart my bleed ing heart my bleed ing heart

The musical score consists of three systems. Each system has three staves: a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and a piano accompaniment in G major. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a more active treble line with chords and melodic fragments. The third system includes triplets in the vocal line and a more complex piano accompaniment with some sixteenth-note patterns.



Begone dull care.

Duet

Allegretto

The musical score is written for two voices on two staves. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The score consists of 14 lines of music, with the lyrics aligned under the notes. The lyrics are: 'Be_gone dull care, I prithee be_gone from me, Be_gone dull care you and I shall never a_gree. Long time hast thou been tarrying here, And fain thou wouldst me kill, But I faith dull care Thou ne_ever shall have thy will.' The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Be_gone dull care, I prithee be_gone from
Be_gone dull care, I prithee be_gone from
me, Be_gone dull care you and I shall never a_
me, Be_gone dull care you and I shall never a_
gree. Long time hast thou been tarrying here, And
gree. Long time hast thou been tarrying here, And
fain thou wouldst me kill, But I faith dull
fain thou wouldst me kill, But I faith dull
care Thou ne_ever shall have thy will.
care Thou ne_ever shall have thy will.

Too much care, will make a young man grey;

And too much care, will turn an old man to clay;

My wife shall dance; and I will sing, so merrily pass, the day

For I hold it one of the wisest things, to drive dull care away.

Woodman spare that Tree!



Words by P. Morrise.

Com.^d by H. Russell.

Andante.



Wood-man spare that tree,— touch not a sin-gle

bough; In youth it shel-ter'd me, And

I'll pro-ject it now. 'Twas my fore-fa-ther's

Hand, That plac'd it near his cot; There

wood man let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
 Whose glory and renown
 Is spread o'er land and sea,
 Ah! would'st thou hack it down;
 Woodman, forbear that stroke
 Cut not its earth-bound ties;
 Oh! spare that aged oak!
 Now towering to the skies.

When but a thoughtless child,
 I sought its grateful shade,
 With youthful sports beguil'd.
 Here, too, my sister play'd
 My mother kiss'd me here
 My father press'd my hand:
 I ask, and with a tear,
 Oh! let that old oak stand!

Green grow the Rashers, O!

Sung by M. Wilson at the London Concerts.

Vivace ma non troppo

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The time signature is 2/4. The music begins with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment of quarter notes.

There's nought but care In

The second system continues the piece with two staves. The treble staff contains the vocal line, which includes a double bar line. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The music is in a 2/4 time signature.

ev'ry han'. In ev'ry hour that pas_ses O, What sig_ni_fies the

The third system features two staves. The treble staff contains the vocal line with lyrics. The bass staff provides accompaniment. The time signature remains 2/4.

life o' man Au'twere not for the las_ses, O! Green grow the

The fourth system consists of two staves. The treble staff contains the vocal line with lyrics. The bass staff provides accompaniment. The time signature is 2/4.

rash-es, O, Green grow the rash-es O, The sweet-est hours that

e'er I spent Where spent among the lass-es, O!

2

The warly race may riches chase
 An' riches still may flee them, O!
 An' tho' at last they catch 'em fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!
 Green grow, &c.

3

But gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O!
 An' warly cares An' warly men
 May a' gae tapsailteerie, O.
 Green grow, &c.

4

For you sae douse ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O!
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

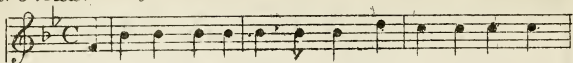
5

And nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O!
 Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

To all you Ladies now at land

See for 3 Voices.

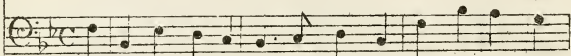
D^r Callcott.



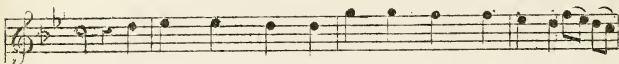
To all you ladies now at land, We men at sea in --



To all you ladies now at land, We men at sea in --



To all you ladies now at land, We men at sea in --



_dite, But first would have you un _der _stand, How hard it is to



_dite, But first would have you un _der _stand, How hard it is to



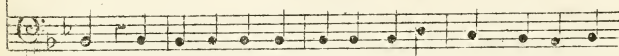
_dite, But first would have you un _der _stand, How hard it is to



write, The muses now and Neptune too, we must implore to



write, The muses now and Neptune too, we must implore to



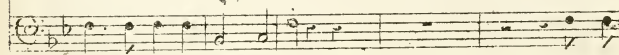
write, The muses now and Neptune too, we must implore to



write to you to write to you, with a la la la la la la la with a



write to you to write to you, with a la la la la la la la with a



write to you to write to you

with a

fa ----- with a fa la la la la, with a fa la la la la, with a
 fa la la la la la la with a fa la la la la, with a fa la la la la, with a

fa la la la la la la with a fa la la, with a fa la la, with a
 fa la la la la la la, with a fa la la la la la la, with a fa -----
 fa la la la la la la, with a fa la la la la la la, with a fa la la la

fa la la la la, with a fa la la la
 ----- with a fa la la la la
 with a fa la la la la, with a fa la la la la, with a fa la la la la la la
 fa la la la with a fa la la la la, with a fa la la la la, with a fa la la la la la la

la la la with a fa la la, with a fa la la with a fa la la la la.

2

In justice you cannot refuse,

To think of our distress,

When we for hopes of honor lose,

Our certain happiness,

All these designs are but to prove,

Ourselves more worthy of your love.

3

And now we've told you all our loves,

And likewise all our fears,

In hopes this declaration moves,

Some pity for our tears,

Lets hear of no inconstancy,

We have enough of that at sea.

worthy of your love.

worthy of your love.

worthy of your love.
 With a fa la la la &c.

that at sea.

that at sea.

that at sea.
 With a fa la la la &c.

Oh! had I a Cave.

Written by R. Burns.

Duet.

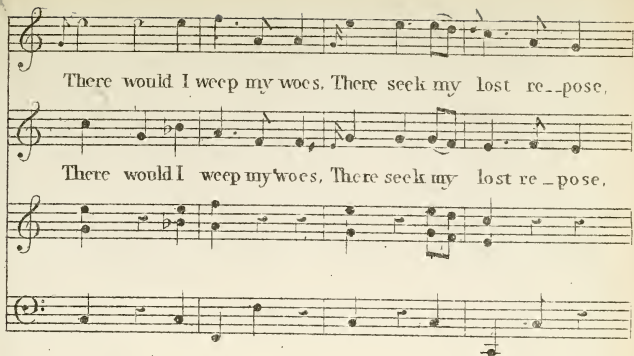
Andante espress.

Oh! had I a cave on some wild dis...tant shore.

Oh! had I a cave on some wild dis...tant shore.

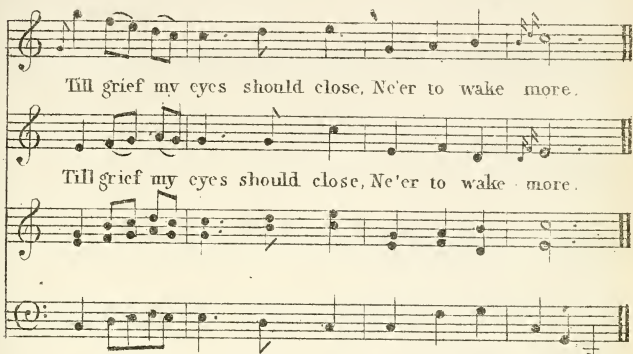
Where the winds howl to the waves dash...ing roar.

Where the winds howl to the waves dash...ing roar.



There would I weep my woes, There seek my lost re-pose,

There would I weep my woes, There seek my lost re-pose,



Till grief my eyes should close, Ne'er to wake more.

Till grief my eyes should close, Ne'er to wake more.



Falsest of woman kind, canst thou declare,
 All thy fond plighted vows fleeing as air,
 To thy new lover lie,
 Laugh o'er thy perjury,
 Then in thy bosom try
 What peace is there.

Then farewell, my trim built Wherry.

Andantino.

Then fare...

...well my trim-built Wherry, Oars, and coat and badge fare...

...well; Never more at Chelsea ferry, Shall your Thomas take a

...spell. Then farewell my trim-built Wherry, Oars, and

coat and badge, farewell; Never more at Chelsea

fer--ry. Shall your Tho--mas take a spell, Shall your

Tho--mas take a spell.

2

But to hope and peace a stranger,

In the battle's heat I go;

Where expos'd to every danger,

Some friendly ball shall lay me low:

3

Then mayhap when homeward steering,

With the news my messmates come;

Even you my story hearing,

With a sigh may cry poor Tom!

Three Bulls and a Bear.

Catch

1 Three Bulls and a Bear a Cob-ler and a Tin-ker

2 Cob Tin a Cob-ler and a Tin-ker

3 ler ker a Cob-ler and a Tin-ker

While the Lads in the Village.

Sung at the London Concerts by M^r. C. Brahms.

C. Diabelli.

Allegretto.

While the lads in the Village shall merrily ah, sound their

labour, I'll hand thee a long And I say unto thee that

ve...rily ah ve...rily ah ve...rily ah

ve...rily ah ve...rily ah thou and I will be first in the

throng, thou and I will be first in the

throng.

Just then when, the youth who last year won the dowr with his

mate shall the sports have be_gun. When the

gay voice of glad ness is heard from each bowr and thou

long st in thy heart to be one. Those joys

which are harm less what mor tal can blame, tis my

max im that youth should be free. and to

prove that my words and my deeds are the same, to

prove that my words and my deeds are the same, be

- lieve thou shalt pre sent ly see. 8

The Banks of Allan Water.

Andante.

mp

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a melodic line of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

On the banks of Allan Water, When the

p

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics "On the banks of Allan Water, When the" are written below the vocal staff. The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

sweet spring time did fall, Was the mil-ler's love-ly

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "sweet spring time did fall, Was the mil-ler's love-ly". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

daugh-ter, Fairest of them all. For his bride a sol-dier

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "daugh-ter, Fairest of them all. For his bride a sol-dier". The piano accompaniment provides the final harmonic support.

sought her. And a win-ning tongue had he. On the

banks of Al-lan Wa-ter. None so gay as she!

On the banks of Allan Water

When brown Autumn spreads its store,

There I saw the Miller's daughter,

But she smil'd no more :

For the Summer grief had brought her,

And her soldier false was he, —

On the banks of Allan Water

None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water

When the Winter snow fell fast,

Still was seen the Miller's daughter ;

Chilling blew the blast.

But the Miller's lovely daughter

Both from cold and care was free ; —

On the banks of Allan Water

There a corpse lay she.



Words by L. I. de Yrigoyen.

Music by F. de Yrigoyen.

Allegro moderato

Oh the first of May in the days of yore What a

glorious time it must have been, when the true English mirth that's

now no more, smiled on the joy--ous scene: When

old and young mer-ri-ly sung and forgot for one whole

day. The cares their hearts for a year had wrung but it

ceased on the first of May, The children were there, and the

old man could see, The buds of three weddings that

twi'd round his knee, And the matron so state-ly did

grace the fair scene With her boys like wild flowers a-

dor ning the green And old age kept shaking its

This system contains the first line of music. It consists of a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are "dor ning the green And old age kept shaking its".

head at the young as they mer ri ly light ly and

This system contains the second line of music. It consists of a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The lyrics are "head at the young as they mer ri ly light ly and".

thought less ly sprung They seemed as if dancing could

This system contains the third line of music. It consists of a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The lyrics are "thought less ly sprung They seemed as if dancing could".

beat dull care down And stamp ing on flowers would

This system contains the fourth line of music. It consists of a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The lyrics are "beat dull care down And stamp ing on flowers would".

smooth his wild frown fa la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

la la

But now merry month we are grown far too wise
 To dance on the daisies beneath the blue skies,
 Alas_ on the spot, where the sport was so sweet,
 Where linger the traces of right merry feet,
 We build up our mansions and Cits may now poll,
 Where once stood the dancers, around the May pole,
 But still we've left what will ne'er pass away,
 Women quite as lovely and flow'rs just as gay.
 Fa la la la &c

Follow me my jovial boys.

Catch. *Nelham.*

1 Follow me my jovial boys and let us now be mer...ry 2

2 Run a pace and do not stay un...til that thou be weary and 3

3 Cry ho Boys fill a quart of Sher...ry 1

Hush ye pretty warbling choir!

Words by Gay.

Sung by Miss Romer, in *Acis & Galatea*.

Handel.

Recitative

Ye verdant plains and woody mountains, Furling streams

Piano

Forte!

and babbling fountains, Ye painted glories of the field,

Vain are the pleasures which ye yeald: Too thin the shadow

of the grove, Too faint the gales to cool my love.

Alleg.

This musical score is arranged in systems of three staves each. The first two staves in each system are for piano accompaniment, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The third staff in each system is for a vocal line in treble clef. The score begins with a tempo marking of *Alleg.* and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a more complex right-hand melody. The vocal line enters in the third system with the lyrics "Hush, hush, ye pretty". The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like *h* and *h*.

pretty warbling choir, Your thrilling strains, A wake my pains, And kindly soft de-

-sire. Hash,

hush, hush, ye pretty, pretty warbling choir;

hush ye pretty pretty warbling choir, your thrilling

strains, a_wake my pains, your thrilling strains, a_wake my

This system contains the first line of music. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: a right-hand treble clef staff and a left-hand bass clef staff. The lyrics are: "strains, a_wake my pains, your thrilling strains, a_wake my".

pains and kin_dle soft de_sire.

This system contains the second line of music. The vocal line continues with a slur over "pains" and a trill (tr) over "and kin_dle soft de_sire.". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern. The lyrics are: "pains and kin_dle soft de_sire.".

your thrilling strains a_wake my pains

This system contains the third line of music. The vocal line has a slur over "your thrilling strains" and another slur over "a_wake my pains". The piano accompaniment continues. The lyrics are: "your thrilling strains a_wake my pains".

and kin_dle soft de_sire, your thrilling

This system contains the fourth line of music. The vocal line has a slur over "and kin_dle soft de_sire," and another slur over "your thrilling". The piano accompaniment continues. The lyrics are: "and kin_dle soft de_sire, your thrilling".

strains a_wake my pains. your thrilling

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics "strains a_wake my pains. your thrilling" are written below the notes. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with a key signature of one flat. The piano part features a complex texture with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes.

strains a_wake my pains and kin_dle soft de_sire

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics "strains a_wake my pains and kin_dle soft de_sire" are written below the notes. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with a key signature of one flat. The piano part continues with intricate rhythmic patterns.

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with a key signature of one flat. The piano part continues with intricate rhythmic patterns.

The fourth system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with a key signature of one flat. The piano part continues with intricate rhythmic patterns.

The fifth system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with a key signature of one flat. The piano part continues with intricate rhythmic patterns.

The sixth system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with a key signature of one flat. The piano part continues with intricate rhythmic patterns.

Cease your song and take your

flight, Bring back my A-cis to my sight, bring back my

A-cis to my sight, cease your song and take your flight, cease your

song and take your

flight, bring back my A-cis bring back my A-cis to my sight.

tr *g.*
DC. g.

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove!

Sung by M^r. Braham.

Allegro.

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove bonny lassie, O! Through its

mazes let us rove, bonny lassie, O! Where the rose in all its pride paints the

hollow dingle side, Where the midnight fairies glide, bonny lassie, O! We will

wander to the mill bonny lassie, O! To the cove beside the

rill bonny lassie, O! Where the glens rebound the call of the

lofty water fall, Thro' the mountains rocky hall bon ny

lassie, O! Thro the moun tains rock y hall,



Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonny lassie, O!
 Where so oft beneath the shade, bonny lassie, O!
 With the songsters in the grove, we have told our tale of love,
 And have sportive garlands wove, bonny lassie, O!
 Ah! I soon must bid adieu, bonny lassie, O!
 To this fairy scene and you, bonny lassie, O!
 To the streamlet winding clear, to the fragrant scented brîr,
 E'en to thee of all most dear, bonny lassie, O!



For the frowns of fortune lour, bonny lassie, O!
 On thy lover at this hour, bonny lassie, O!
 Ere the golden orb of day wake the warblers on the spray,
 From this land I must away, bonny lassie, O!
 And when on a distant shore, bonny lassie, O!
 Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonny lassie, O!
 Wilt thou, Julia, when you hear of thy lover on his bier,
 To his mem'ry drop a tear, bonny lassie, O!

The Banks of Yarrow.

A Favorite Glee.

D^r. Callcott.

Moderato.

While the moon beams all bright give a lus-tre to

night, I'll weep on his dwell- ing so nar- row, And

high o'er his grave, the wil- low trees wave, Who died

on the banks of the Yar- row 'Twas un- der this

shade, hand in hand as we stray'd, 'Twas un- der this

shade hand in hand as we stray'd, he fell by the

flight of an ar row And fast from the wound his

blood stain'd the ground Who died on the banks of the

Yar row Who died on the banks of the Yar row





HARK FORWARD AWAY

Written by Charles Maitland Esq^r

Composed by James Cresley



Copied by permission of the composer

If your nerves you would brace and enjoy ro-sy health Never

slumber in bed after dawn But rise and a way thro' from beauty and

wealth At the sound of the merry loud horn Hark forward a-

way Hark forward away Tali o Tali o Tali o ---

cres:

Hark forward a way Tali o Tali o Tali o

Awake by

the sound of the Bugles sweet voice We mount and to cover we

fly While echoes first strain makes our hearts all re joice At the

sound of her tuneful re ply; Hark, forward a way, Hark,

foward a way, Talli_o, Talli_o Talli_o

cres

Hark, forward a way, Talli_o, Talli_o Talli_o

ff

Final system of piano accompaniment.

hark Confident opens he's strong on the scent Then *Doubtful* his

steps quickly trace. At the burst of fire pack all the hollow is

rent, Now we're off my brave boys in full chace. Hark, forward a way,

Hark, forward a way, Tali o, Tali o, Tali o, -----

Hark, forward a way, Tali-o, Tali-o, Tali-o---

4th Verse

Still forward he dashes though panting for breath Over ditches, thro'

rivers we rush. Cheer up my brave spi-rits, be in at the

death, Tali-o, I am in for his brush. Hark, forward a way,

Hark, forward a way, Tali-o, Tali-o, Tali-o---

Hark, forward a way, Tali-o, Tali-o, Tali-o---

Sweet Anne Page.

Sung by M. Graham.

In the Merry Wives of Windsor.

Andante

With thee fair Summer's joy appears Oh! sweet Anne

Page. But thou a way dread Winter's near Oh! sweet Anne Page

And all a round is dark and drear The leaves look pale and

shepherds mourn All nature droops till you return Oh! sweet Anne Page.

When April's glories shine on me,
Oh! sweet Anne Page!
And violets bloom, Oh! none I see,
Oh! sweet Anne Page!

But sweets or colors stol'n from thee;
Yet though tis Winter thou away
Still there thy shadows make it May,
Oh! sweet Anne Page!

Here in Cool Grot.

Glee Composed by the Earl of Mornington.

Slow and Piano.

Here in cool grot, and mossy cell, we rural Fays and
 Here in cool grot, and mossy cell, we
Vivace.
 Here in cool grot, and mossy cell, we
 Here in cool grot, and mossy cell, we

Fairies we rural Fays we rural Fays and Fairies dwell,
 rural Fays and Fairies we rural Fays and Fairies dwell,
 rural Fays and Fairies we rural Fays and Fairies dwell,
 rural Fays and Fairies we rural Fays and Fairies dwell,

Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye, When the pale moon ascending
 Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye, When the pale moon ascending
 Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye, When the pale moon ascending
 Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye, When the pale moon ascending

high darts darts thro' yon limes her quiv'ring quiv'ring

high darts thro' yon limes her quiv'ring quiv'ring

high darts thro' yon limes her quiv'ring quiv'ring

high darts thro' yon limes her quiv'ring quiv'ring

beams. We frisk it frisk it frisk it frisk it frisk it

beams, We frisk it frisk it frisk it frisk it

beams, We frisk it frisk it frisk it frisk it

beams, We frisk it frisk it frisk it frisk it

near these crystal streams, frisk it frisk it

near these crystal streams, frisk it

near these crystal streams, frisk it frisk it

near these crystal streams, frisk it

frisk it near these crystal streams Her beams re-

frisk it frisk it near these crystal streams Her beams re-

frisk it near these crystal streams Her beams re-

frisk it frisk it near these crystal streams Her beams re-

-flected from the wave The

-flected from the wave Afford the light our revels crave The

-flected from the wave Afford the light our revels crave The

-flected from the wave our revels crave The

turf with dacies broider'd oer Exceeds we wot the Pa rian

turf with dacies broider'd oer Exceeds we wot the Pa rian

turf with dacies broider'd oer Exceeds we wot the Pa rian

turf with dacies broider'd oer Exceeds we wot the Pa rian

floor, Nor yet for art ful
 floor, Nor yet for artful strains, Nor yet for art ful
 floor, Nor yet for artful strains, we
 floor, Nor yet for artful strains, we call for art ful

strains, we call, we call, we call, And listen listen listen listen
 strains, we call, we call, we call, And listen listen listen listen
 call, we call, we call, we call, And listen listen listen listen
 strains we call, we call, we call, And listen listen listen listen

to the water fall, listen listen listen listen to the water fall.
 to the water fall listen listen listen listen to the water fall.
 to the water fall listen listen listen listen to the water fall.
 to the water fall listen listen listen listen to the water fall.

The Bonnie Breast Knots.

As Sung by M^r Wilsons

Allegretto.



Hey the bon-nie ho the bon-nie Hey the bon-nie breast knots

Blythe and merry were they a When they put on the breast knots There

was a bridal in this town And ullt the lasses all were boun' Wi'

man lie fa_cings on their Gown, And some of them had breast knots.

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal line in the upper staff with lyrics and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

singing Hey the bon_nie, ho the bon_nie, Hey the bon_nie, breast knots.

This system contains the second line of music. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are "singing Hey the bon_nie, ho the bon_nie, Hey the bon_nie, breast knots."

Blythe and mer_r-y were they a'When they put on the breast knots.

This system contains the third line of music. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "Blythe and mer_r-y were they a'When they put on the breast knots."

This system contains the fourth and final line of music on the page. It concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment with a double bar line.

At nine O'clock the lads convene,
 Some clad in blue and some in green,
 Wi shining buckles in their sheen,
 And flowers upon their waistcoats;
 Out came the wives a wi a phrase
 And wished the lassie happy days,
 And muckle thought they o' her claes,
 Especially, The breast knots.
 Singing, Hey the Bonnie, &c.

The bride she was baith young and fair,
 Her neek outshone her pearlings rare,
 A satin snood bound up her hair,
 And flowers among the Breast Knots;
 The bridegroom gazed but maist I ween,
 He prized the glance of love's blue 'een,
 That made him proud o' his sweet Jean,
 When she'd got on her Breast Knots.
 Singing Hey the Bonnie, &c.

Since then I'm doom'd.

Allegretto. *Shield.*

Since then I'm doom'd this sad reverse to prove, To quit each

ob...ject of my infant care; Torn from an ho...nor'd

Parent's tender love, And driv'n the keenest keenest storms of fate to

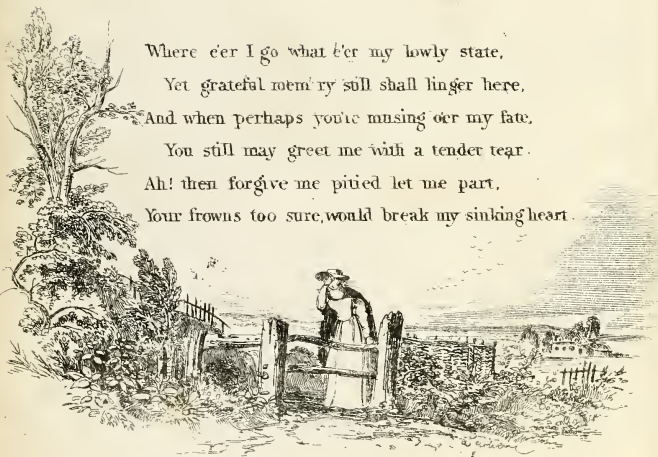
bear; Ah! but forgive me pited let me part; Ah! but for--

-give me pited let me part; Your frowns too sure, would

break my sinking heart, Your frowns too sure, would

break my sinking sinking heart.

Where e'er I go what e'er my lowly state,
 Yet grateful mem'ry still shall linger here,
 And when perhaps you're musing o'er my fate,
 You still may greet me with a tender tear.
 Ah! then forgive me pity'd let me part,
 Your frowns too sure, would break my sinking heart.



Chairs to mend.

1
Chairs to mend old chairs to mend rush or cane

2
Mac--ke--rel new Mac--ke--rel

3
Old rags any old rags take money for your

2
bot tom old chairs to mend old chairs to mend; New

3
new Mac--ke--rel new Mac--ke--rel.

1
old rags, any hare skins or rabbit skins.

Detailed description: This is a three-part musical score for the song 'Chairs to mend'. It is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The score consists of three staves. The first staff is labeled '1' and contains the lyrics 'Chairs to mend old chairs to mend rush or cane'. The second staff is labeled '2' and contains the lyrics 'Mac--ke--rel new Mac--ke--rel'. The third staff is labeled '3' and contains the lyrics 'Old rags any old rags take money for your'. Below these are three more staves, each with a measure number on the right: '2' (lyrics: 'bot tom old chairs to mend old chairs to mend; New'), '3' (lyrics: 'new Mac--ke--rel new Mac--ke--rel.'), and '1' (lyrics: 'old rags, any hare skins or rabbit skins.'). The music features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some rests and phrasing slurs.

Slaves to the World.

1
Slaves to the world should be tossd in a blan ket

2
Like to the mill thats turn ing up so

3
Down a gain and down a gain the

2
If I might have my will

3
fast on you der hill and falls

1
ground it touch un till.

Detailed description: This is a three-part musical score for the song 'Slaves to the World'. It is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). The score consists of three staves. The first staff is labeled '1' and contains the lyrics 'Slaves to the world should be tossd in a blan ket'. The second staff is labeled '2' and contains the lyrics 'Like to the mill thats turn ing up so'. The third staff is labeled '3' and contains the lyrics 'Down a gain and down a gain the'. Below these are three more staves, each with a measure number on the right: '2' (lyrics: 'If I might have my will'), '3' (lyrics: 'fast on you der hill and falls'), and '1' (lyrics: 'ground it touch un till.'). The music features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some rests and phrasing slurs.

*The Forester's horn.**Duet*

Prepare your shaft and bend your bow the Stags at bay Soh

Prepare your shaft and bend your bow the Stags at bay

ho So ho the Stags at bay in bold defiance

A way a way in bold defiance

braves the foe The forester's horn invites this morn the

braves the foe The Forester's horn the

forester's horn invites this morn Come in come in slay

forester's horn invites this morn Come in come in slay

Buck and Doe come in come in slay Buck and Doe.

Buck and Doe come in come in slay Buck and Doe.



The jolly horn the rosy morn the rosy morn,
The jolly horn the rosy morn,

With harmony of deep mouth'd hounds,
These these my boys are heavenly joys,
These, &c.

The Foresters pleasure knows no bounds,
The Foresters, &c.

The horn shall be the husbands fee the husbands fee,
The horn shall be the husbands fee,

And let him take it not in scorn,
The great and sage in every age,
The great &c.

Have not disdain'd to wear the horn,
Have not, &c.

This poor wounded Heart.

My heart is in an-guish and tears fill my

The first system of the musical score, featuring a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are 'My heart is in an-guish and tears fill my'. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: a right-hand treble staff and a left-hand bass staff.

eyes, de-ject-ed I lan-guish thro' fruit-less my sighs;

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'eyes, de-ject-ed I lan-guish thro' fruit-less my sighs;'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same two-staff structure.

Yet the bur-den of sor-row, still hope-less I

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'Yet the bur-den of sor-row, still hope-less I'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same two-staff structure.

bear, and the sweet voice of pi-ty ne'er

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'bear, and the sweet voice of pi-ty ne'er'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same two-staff structure.

sounds in mine ear, yet the bur-den of

The fifth and final system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'sounds in mine ear, yet the bur-den of'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same two-staff structure.

sor-row still hope-less I bear, and the

sweet voice of pi-ty ne'er sounds in mine.

ear, ne'er sounds ne'er sounds in mine ear, ne'er sounds ne'er

sounds in mine ear.

O, love, thou hast pleasures,
 And deeply I've lov'd;
 O, love, thou hast sorrows,
 Which sorely I prov'd.
 But this poor wounded heart,
 That now bleeds in my breast;
 I can feel by its flutt'ring;
 Will soon be at rest.



AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be for got, And
 never brought to mind, Should auld acquaintance be for got, And

days of lang syne For auld lang syne my dear for
 auld lang syne We'll tak a cup o'
 kind-ness yet for auld lang syne for
 auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne, we'll tak a cup o' kindness
 yet, for auld lang syne.

We twa run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine:
 But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt,
 Sin auld lang syne,
 For auld langsyne, &c.

We twa a paidelt in the burn,
 When simmer days were prime,
 But seas between us braid hae roard,
 Sin auld langsyne,
 For auld. &c.

And there's a hand my trusty frien,
 And gies a hand o' thine,
 And toom the cup to friendships growth
 And auld langsyne.
 For auld &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
 As sure as I'll be mine,
 And we'll tak a right guid willie waught,
 For auld langsyne,
 For auld &c.

Is this Love?

To feel my heart so heavy grown, Why I could al-most

The first system of the score features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are "To feel my heart so heavy grown, Why I could al-most". The accompaniment consists of a piano part in treble clef and a bass part in bass clef, both in the same key and time signature.

swear, Young Cupids dart was made of stone, And he had fix'd it

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "swear, Young Cupids dart was made of stone, And he had fix'd it". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.

there. A pang I dare not tell, to prove, And yet can-not con-

The third system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "there. A pang I dare not tell, to prove, And yet can-not con-". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.

---ceal; I do not know if this be love, I do not know if

The fourth system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "---ceal; I do not know if this be love, I do not know if". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.

this be love, But this is what I feel. I

The fifth system concludes the vocal line with the lyrics "this be love, But this is what I feel. I". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.

do not know if this be love, but this is what I feel-----

this is what I feel----- this is what I

feel-----

A secret influence to bear
 Makes me one form pursue,
 As if that form the loadstone were
 And I the needle true.

That pleasing melody to prove
 None but its self can heal;
 I do not know if this be love,
 But this is what I feel.

We love no more!

*Andantino
Con Espressione.*

We love no more! there was a time when

pleasure Shone in our eyes at meeting, and the beat Of youthful

hearts attun'd to love's - own mea - sure, Rang sor - row's

knell at parting hour, and yet, — We love no

more! We love no more!

Cresc. & Adiacere.

Rall *Colla Voce*

p

My thoughts are cold, but Oh! the past appearing

One silvery smile sheds lightly o'er this brow,

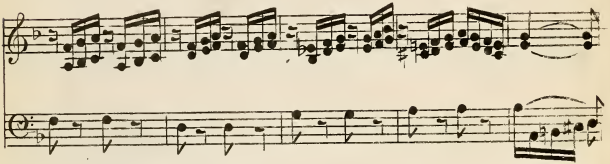
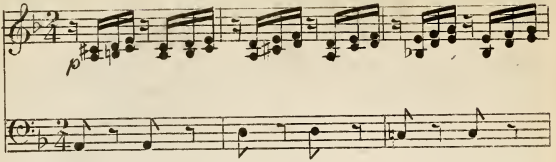
And weans my soul with recognitions cheering,

And haply thine, with dreams of old, but now, —

We love no more — We love no more!

If what has pass'd were all a dream.

*Andantino
con dolore.*



If what has pass'd were all a dream, And love a vi_sion

brief as fair; If pas_sion pure young hearts could deem A phantom

of the air; My bro_ken spi__rit would not

mourn, And fai__ry hope a gain would dawn!

But oh! my tortur'd bosom tells,
 Too plainly, 'tis reality!
 One burning thought there ever dwells,
 With painful constancy.
 Ah! no, I ne'er shall cease to mourn,
 Sweet hope for me no more will dawn!

The Funny Divan.

Comic Song by R. Glendon.

*Allegro
Con Spirito.*

f

Ladies, and Gentlemen

how do you do Pop in to my co. mic mu. seum Of things rare and curious I've

got not a few Pop in and you quickly shall see 'em. Call when

you can see here is the plan, Of co-mi-cal things in my

funny divan.

Did you e'er see the Lord Mayor a trundling a Mop
 Did you e'er see a bull row a boat sirs,
 Did you e'er see a Minister spinning a top,
 Or a Member a turning his coat sirs,
 Shew them I can, &c.

Did you e'er see a black with a face white as snow,
 Or an old woman whacking her daughter,
 Did you e'er see O'Connell jumping Jim Crow,
 Or Mathew get drunk on pump water,
 Shew them, &c.

Did you e'er see a Princess roasting a duck,
 Or blind people leading the blind sirs,
 Did you e'er see a Jew that was dragging a truck
 And a Quaker a pushing behind sirs,
 Shew them I can, &c.

Did you e'er see a cripple a bowling a hoop,
 Or a horse drinking punch with a ladle,
 Did you e'er see her Majesty making pease soup,
 And Prince Albert a rocking the cradle,
 Shew them, &c.

Lets live and lets love.

Glee.

Briskly.

Lets live and lets love, lets laugh and lets sing whilst

shrill e-cho's ring. Our humours a-gree from cares we are

free and none are more hap-py more hap-py than

we and none are more hap-py more hap-py than we.

And this is nae my ain House.

And this is nae mine ain house, I left by the big-ging of Since
 with my love I chang'd vows I dinna like the big-ging of
 For now that I'm young Robies bride, And mistress of his fireside, Mine
 an house I'll like to guide, And please me with the trig-ging of.

The musical score consists of six systems of three staves each. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

The farewell to my fathers house,
 I gang where love invites me,
 The strictest duty this allows
 When love with honour meets me;
 When Hymen moulds us into one
 My Robies nearer than my kin,
 And to refuse him were a sin,
 Sae lang he kindly treats me.

When I'm in my ain house,
 True love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent spouse
 And let my man command ay,
 Avoiding every cause of strife,
 The common pest of married life,
 That makes man wearied of his wife
 And breakes the kindly band, ay



Pub^d by I. B. Baker.

37, Monroes St. Boston.

THE STREAMLET.

From the opera of the Woodman.

Composed by W. Shield.

Andante
Allegretto

P

The Stream let that flow'd round her Cot, all the charms, all the

charms of my E. mi. ly knew How oft has its course been for

got While it paus'd While it paus'd her dear Image to woo. How

oft has its course been for got While it paus'd while it paus'd

her dear Image to woo.

Believe me the fond silver tide,

Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize,

For silently swelling with pride,

It reflected her back to the skies.

Johnnie Cope.

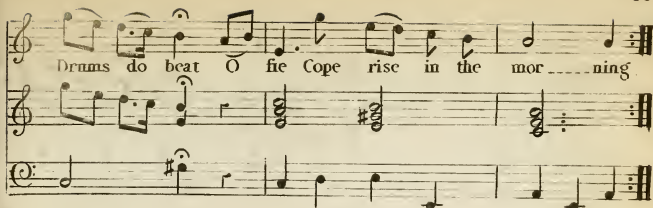
Sir John Cope trode the

north right far yet neer a re - bel he can near Un -

till he lan - ded at Dun - bar Right ear - ly in the

mor - - ning Hey Johnnie Cope are ye wak - ing yet Or

are ye sleep - ing I would wit O haste ye get up for the



When Charlie looked the letter on,
 He drew his sword the scabbard from,
 Come follow me my merry merry men,
 To meet Johnnie Cope in the morning.
 Hey Johnnie Cope are ye waking yet,
 Or are your drums a beating yet?
 Wi' claymore sharp and music sweet,
 We'll make ye mirth I the morning.

Atween the gray day and the sun
 The highland pipes came skirling on:
 Now fye Johnnie Cope get up and run,
 'Twill be a bloody morning.
 O ye wis the war pipes deadlie strum,
 It quells our pipe and drowns our drum,
 The bonnets blue and broadswords come,
 'Twill be a bloody morning.

Now Johnnie Cope be as goods your word,
 And try our fate wi' fire and sword,
 And tak na wing like a frighten'd bird,
 That's chased frae its nest in the morning.
 The war pipes gave a wilder screed,
 The clans came down wi' wickèd speed,
 He laid his leg out o'er a steed,
 I wish you a good morning.

Moist wi' his fear and spurring fast,
 An auld man speered as Johnnie past,
 How speeds it wi' your gallant host!
 I trow they've got their corning,
 I faith, quo Johnnie I got a fleg
 Frae the claymore and Philabeg
 If I face them again, Deil break my leg,
 So I wish you a good morning.

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wal_lace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has

of_ten led; Wel_come to your go_ry bed, Or to vic_to_ry!

Now's the day and now's the hour! See the front of battle lour!

See approach proud Ed_wards pow'r Chains and Sla_ve_ry.



SCOTS WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLEED.

Sung by M. Wilson.

Wha will be a traitor knave,
 Wha can fill a cowards grave,
 Wha sae base as be a slave,
 Let him turn and flee!
 Wha for Scotlands King and law,
 Freedoms sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand or freeman fa',
 Let him on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains;
 By your sons in servile chains;
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free.
 Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do or die!



Printed by J. Bingley, Minerva's St. Horton.

Waes me for Prince Charlie.

A wee bird came to our ha' door, he warb. led sweet an' clear. lie, and

aye the oer come o' his sang was "Waes me for Prince Char. lie" Oh!

when I heard the bon-nie bon-nie bird, The tears cam' drap-pin rare-ly, I

took my ban-net aff my head, for weel I loed Prince Char- lie.

Quo' I bird my bonnie bonnie bird,
Is that a tale ye borrow;
Or is't some words ye've learnt by rote,
Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow?
"Oh! no, no, no, the wee bird sang,
"I've flown sin' mornin' carlie;
"But sie a day o' win' an' rain,
"Oh! waes me for Prince Charlie!"

"On hills that are by right his ain
"He roams a lonely Stranger
"On ilka hand he's pressd by want
"On ilka side by danger
"Yestreen I met him in a Glen
"My heart near bursted fairly
"For sadly chang'd indeed was he
"Oh waes me for Prince Charlie!"

Dark night came on the tempest howld
Out owre the hills and vallies,
"And whar wast that your Prince lay down,
"Wha's hame should been a Palace?
"He row'd him in a highland plaid,
"Which covered him but sparely,
"And slept beneath a bush o' broom:
"Oh waes me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red coats,
And he shook his wings wi' anger;
"Oh! this is noaland for me,
"I'll tarry here nae langer;"
Awhile he hover'd on the wing
Ere he departed fairly;
But weel I mind the farewell strain
'Twas "Waes me for Prince Charlie!"

Wha wadna fight for Charlie:

Wha wadna fight for Charlie; Wha wadna

draw the sword? Wha wadna up and rally At their royal Princes ward?

Think on Scotia's ancient heroes Think on foreign foes repell'd Think on glorious

Bruce and Wallace Wha the proud n. sur. pers quell'd.

Wha wadna &c.

Rouse, rouse ye Killed warriors!

Rouse, ye heroes of the north

Rouse and join your Chieftain's banners.

'Tis your Prince that leads you forth.

Wha wadna &c.

Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?

Shall we own a foreign sway?

Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd

While a stranger rules the day.

Wha wadna &c.

See the northern clans advancing,

See Glengary and Lochiel!

See the brandish'd broad swords glancing!

Highland hearts are true as steel.

Wha wadna &c.

Now our Prince has rear'd his banner:

Now triumphant is our cause,

Now the scottish Lion rallies,

Let us strike for Prince and laws.

My boy Tammy.

Sung by M. Wilson.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the melody with dynamic markings: *f*, *p*, *cres*, and *cres*. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

Second system of musical notation, including the lyrics: "Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tam my! Whar hae ye been a' day,". The treble staff has a dynamic marking of *p*. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation, including the lyrics: "my boy Tam my! I've been by burn and flowry brae,". The treble staff has a dynamic marking of *p*. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation, including the lyrics: "Meadow green and monntain gray: Courting o' this young thing,". The treble staff has a dynamic marking of *p*. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Fifth system of musical notation, including the lyrics: "Just come frae her mammy." The treble staff has a dynamic marking of *p*. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

And whar gat ye that young thing, my Boy Tammy;
 I gat her down in yonder How,
 Smiling on a bonny know,
 Herding ae wee Lamb and Ewe,
 For her poor Mammy.

What said ye to the Bonny Bairn, my Boy Tammy;
 I prais'd her E'en, so lovely blue
 Her cherry cheek and bonny mou'
 I pree'd it aft, as ye may true,
 She said, she'd tell her Mammy.

I held her to my beating heart, my young, my smiling lammy;
 I hae a house, it eost me dear,
 I've walth o' plenishan and gear,
 Ye'se get it a' was't ten times mair,
 Gin ye will leave your Mammy.

The smiel gae'd aff her bouny face, I maun nae leave my Mammy,
 She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claes,
 She's been my comfort a' my days,
 My father's death brought mouy waes,
 I maun nae leave my Mammy.

We'll tak her hame, and mak her fain, my ain kind hearted lammy,
 We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claes,
 We'll be her comfort a' her days,
 The we thing giès her hand, and says,
 There, go and ask my Mammy.

Has she been to the Kirk wi' thee, My Boy Tammy,
 She has been to the Kirk wi' me,
 And the tear stood in her Ec,
 But oh! she's but a young thing,
 Just come frae her Mammy.

Bonnie Prince Charlie.

The first system of music consists of a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written in eighth notes. Below it is a bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature, containing a bass line with eighth notes.

The second system of music continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are: "Came ye by Ath old lad wi the Phil a beg Down by the Tounal or".

The third system of music continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are: "banks o' the Garty. Saw ye the lad wi his bonnet and white coekade Leaving his mountains to".

The fourth system of music continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are: "fol low Prince Charlie. Follow thee follow thee wha wad na follow thee Lang hast thou".

The fifth system of music continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are: "lov'd and trusted us fair ly Char lie Char lie wha wad na fol low thee".

King o' the Highland hearts bonny Prince Charlie.

I hae but a son my brave young Donald But if I had ten they

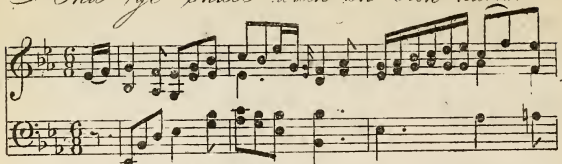
would follow Glengarry Health to M' Donald and gallant Clanronald For they are

the lads that would die for Prince Charlie Follow thee follow thee wha wadna follow thee

lang hast thou lovd and trust ed us far ly Char lie Char lie wha wadna follow thee

King o' the Highland Hearts bonny Prince Charlie.

And ye shall walk in silk attire.



And ye shall walk in silk at tire, And sil-ler hae to spare, Gin

ye'll con-sent to be his- bride, Nor think of Donald mair. Oh!

wha wou'd buy a silk-en gown, Wi a, poor bro-ken heart. Or

what's to me a sil...ler crown, Gin fra my love I part.

The mind whose every wish is pure.

Far dearer is to me;

And ere I'm forced to break my faith,

I'll lay me down and die;

For I have pledged my virgin troth,

Brave Donalds fate to share;

And he has given to me his heart,

With its virtues rare.

His gentle manners won my heart,

He, gratefu' took the gift;

Could I but think to seek it back,

It would be war than theft.

For longest life can neer repay

The love he bears to me;

And ere I'm forced to break my troth,

I'll lay me down and die.

Charlie is my darling.

Charlie is my dar... ling my dar... ling my dar ling Oh! Charlie is my dar... ling The

young Chevalier Twas on a Monday morn ing Right early in the year When Charlie came to

our Town, the young Che_valier Oh! Char_lie is my dar... ling my

dar ling my dar ling Oh Charlie is my dar ling The young Chevalier .

As he came marching up the street,
 The pipes play'd loud and clear,
 And a' the folk came running out,
 To meet the Chevalier.
 Wi' highland bonnets on their heads,
 And claymores lang and clear,
 They came to fight for Scotland's right,
 And the young Chevalier.

Oh! Charlie, &c.

Now had awa' ye Lowland loon,
 And court nae lassie here,
 The highland man's came back again,
 Wi' the young Chevalier.
 And its up yon heathery Mountain,
 And down yon craggy glen,
 We dare nae go a milking
 For Charlie and his men.

Oh! Charlie, &c.

Welcome Royal Charlie.

The man that should our

king has been he wore the royal red and green A braver lad ye wad na seen than

our young royal Charlie O ye've been lang o coming lang lang lang o coming

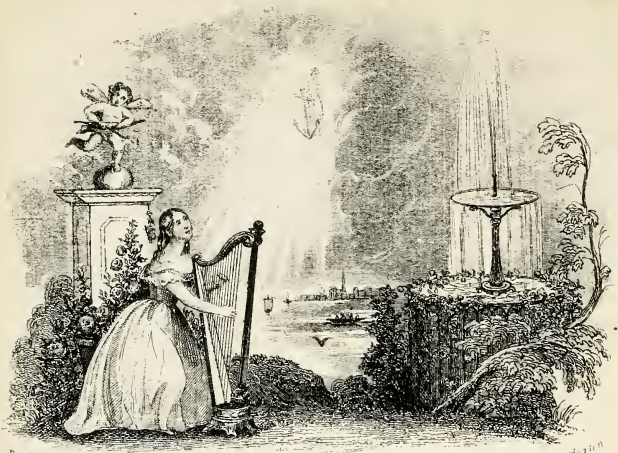
O ye've been lang o coming Wel come royal Char-lie.

When Charlie in the Highland shiel
 Forgathrit wi' the great Lochiel,
 O sic kindness did prevail
 Atween the cheif and Charlie,
 O ye've been lang o' coming &c.

We daurna brew a peck o' mant
 But Geordie he mann cat a fan't,
 And to our kail wi' scarce get sant,
 For want o' Royal Charlie,
 O ye've been lang o' coming &c.

But at Falkirk and Preston Paus,
 Supported by our Highland clans,
 He brak the Hanoverian bands,
 Our brave young' royal Charlie,
 O ye've been lang o' coming &c.

Since our true King was turnd awa,
 A doited German rules us a,
 And we are forc'd against the law,
 For the right belongs to Charlie,
 O ye've been lang o' coming &c.



Pub. by J. Blyden

37 Annas St. Ann

My Valentine

Musical score for "My Valentine" in 6/8 time, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Come Hope and sweep the tremb... ling strings.

drop from thy pin ions balm di vine, while

droop ing o'er my Lyre I sing, The

graces of my Va lentine, my Valen tine, my

Valen tine, the graces of my Valen tine.

The frozen brook, the mountain snow,
 The pearls, that on the thistle shine,
 The northern winds that chilly blow,
 Are emblems of my Valentine.

Woe sorrow shades the quivering flame,
 That gleams on truth's neglected shrine,
 Fand by those sighs which still proclaim,
 How much I love thee Valentine!

Whenever the icy hand of death,
 Shall grasp this sensate frame of mine
 On my cold lip, the fleeting breath,
 Shall murmur forth; dear Valentine.

The Lament of Flora Macdonald.

Far o-ver you hills of the heather so green, And down by the corrie that

Expressivo.

sings to the sea, The bon ny young Flo-ra sat sigh-ing her lane, The

dew on her plaid and the tear in her ee'. She look'd at a boat with the

bree-zes that swung A-way on the wave, Like a bird of the main, And

aye as it les-sen'd she sigh'd and she sung, Fare-weel to the lad I shall

neer see a gain, Fare weel to my he-ro, the gal lant and young! Fare-

weel to the lad I shall neer see a gain.

“The moorcock that craws on the brow of Ben Conual,

“He kens o’ his bed in a sweet mossy hame;

“The eagle that soars o’er the cliffs o’ Clan-Ronald,

“Unaw’d and unhunted, his eiry can claim.

“The Solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore;

“The Cormorant roost on the rock of the sea;

“But ho! there is one whose hard fate I deplore;

“Nor house, ha! nor hame, in this country has he.

“The conflict is past, and our name is no more;

“There’s naught left but sorrow for Scotland and me.

“The target is torn from the arms of the just,

“The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,

“The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,

“But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;

“The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,

“Have trode o’er the plumes on the bonnet of blue.

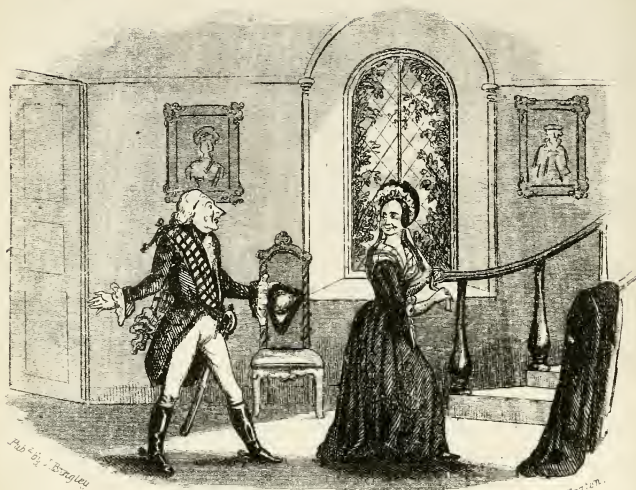
“Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,

“When tyranny revell’d in blood of the true?

“Fareweel my young hero, the gallant and good!

“The crown of thy Fathers is torn from thy brow.





Pub'd by J. Bogle

J. Moneyers & Co. London.

The Laird o' Cockpen.



The Laird o' Cock pen, He's proud and he's great, His mind is taen up wi the

things of the state, He wanted a Wife to his braw house to keep. But

'favour with wooing was fashions to seek.

Down by the burn side a Lady did dwell,
 At the head o' his table he thought she'd look well,
 Macclish's ae Daughter o' Clavers ha' lee
 A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was well pouther'd, and as gude as new,
 His waistcoat was red, and his coat 't was blue,
 A ring on his finger, his sword, and cock'd hat,
 And wha could refuse the anld Laird wi' a that.

He mounted his mare, he rode cannilie,
 And rapt at the yett o' Clavers...ha-lee;
 Gae tell M^r. Jean to come speedily ben,
 She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.

M^r. Jean she was making the elder flower wine,
 And what brings the Laird here at sic a like time,
 She put off her apron, and on her silk gown,
 Her muith wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she came in, the Laird look'd fu' low,
 And what was his errand he soon let her know,
 But oh how he stared, when the Lady said na,
 And wi' a laigh Curtsey she then turned awa'.

The Laird was dum founder'd nae sigh did he goe
 He mounted his mare, he rode cannilie;
 And often he thought as he gaed thro' the glen,
 She is daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

Duncan Gray.

Words by Burns.

Duncan Gray came here to woo Ha ha the wooing Ot, On
 blythe yale night when we were fu', Ha ha the wooing Ot, Maggie coost her
 head fu' high Look'd asklent and un...co' skeigh, Gart poor Dun...can
 stand a beigh Ha ha the wooing Ot.

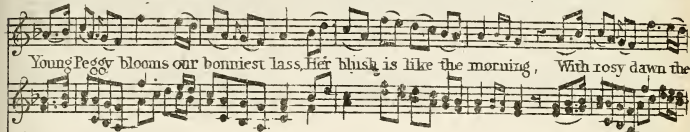
Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd,
 Ha, ha, the wooing Ot,
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
 Ha, ha, the wooing Ot,
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
 Grat his e'en baith blest and blinn
 Spak o' louping oer a linn
 Ha, ha, the wooing Ot.

Time and chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing Ot,
 Slighted love is sare to bide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing Ot,
 Shall I like a fool quoth he,
 For a haughty hizzie die,
 She may gae to France for me,
 Ha, ha, the wooing Ot.

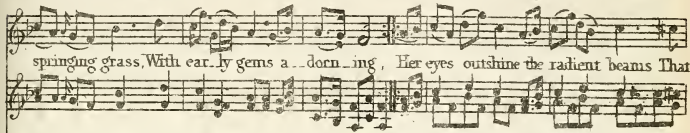
How it comes let Doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, the wooing Ot,
 Meg grew sick as he grew heal,
 Ha, ha, the wooing Ot,
 Something in her bosom wrings;
 For relief a sigh she brings,
 And oh, her e'en they speak sic things,
 Ha, ha, the wooing Ot.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, the wooing Ot,
 Maggie's was a piteous case
 Ha, ha, the wooing Ot,
 Duncan condna be hef' death,
 Swelling pity sithoor'd his wrath,
 Now they're crouse and canty baith,
 Ha, ha, the wooing Ot.

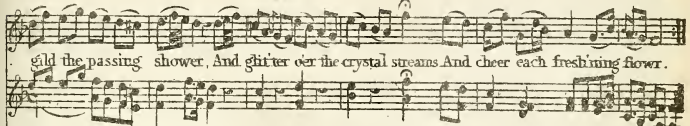
Young Peggy blooms our Bonniest Lass. 105



Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass, Her blush is like the morning, With rosy dawn the



springing grass, With early gems adorned, Her eyes outshine the radiant beams That



gild the passing shower, And glitter o'er the crystal streams And cheer each freshening flow'r.



Her lips, more than the cherries bright,
 A richer dye has graced them,
 To charm the admiring gazer's sight,
 And sweetly tempt to taste them;
 Her smile is as the evening mild,
 When feathered pairs are courting,
 And little lambskins wanton, wild,
 In playful bands disporting.

Were fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
 Such sweetness would relent her,
 As blooming spring unbends the brow,
 Of surly, savage winter.
 Distractions eye no aim can gain
 Her winning pow'rs to lessen,
 And fretful envy grins in vain,
 The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye pow'rs of honour, love and truth,
 From every ill defend her,
 Inspire the highly favoured youth
 The destinies intend her;
 Still fan the sweet connubial flame,
 Responsive in each bosom,
 And bless the dear paternal name
 With many a filial bosom.

Royal Charlie.

Spiritoso.

mf *p*

Theres news frae Moid art cam' yestreen, Will

soon gar mo ny fer lie; For ships o' war hae just come in, An'

land ed roy al Char lie. Come thro' the heather, a

round him gather, Ye're a the wel com er ear ly; A

round him cling wi' a' your kin For wha'll be King but Char... he, come

thro' the heather, a round him gath'er Come Ronald come Donald, come

Espression

a' the gather An' crown your right, in' law, in' King For wha'll be King but Charlie

Animato poco piu lento

fz

The Highland clans wi' sword in hand,
 Erae John o' Groat's to Airly,
 Hae to a man declar'd to stand,
 Or fa' wi' royal Charlie,
 Come thro' the Heather, &c.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,
 But vows baith late an' early
 To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand
 Wha wadna fecht for Charlie,
 Come thro' the Heather, &c,

The Lowlands a' baith great an' sma',
 Wi' mony a lord an' laird, hae
 Declar'd for Scotia's King an' law,
 An' speir ye wha but Charlie,
 Come thro' the Heather, &c.

Then, here's a health to Charlies cause,
 An' be't compleat an' early,
 His very name our hearts' blood warms
 To arms for royal Charlie,
 Come thro' the Heather, &c.

Of a' the airts the Wind can Blaw.

Andante
Moderato

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw I dear-ly like the west For

pp

there the bon-ny Las-sie lives the Las-sie I loe best, There's

wild woods grow and ri-vers flow and mon-ny hill be-tween But

day and night my fan-cys flight is e-ver wi my Jean

I see her in the dew-y flow'rs I see her sweet an' fair;

hear her in the tune-ful birds, I hear her charm the Air There's

not a bon-ny flow'r that spring by foun-tain shaw or green There's

not a bon-ny bird that sings but mind's me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks of flowing clyde, the lasses busk them braw,
 But when their best they hae put on my Jeanie dings them a'
 In hamely weeds, she far exceeds, the fairest of the town,
 Baith grave and gay confess it sae, tho' drest in rustic gown;
 The gamesome lambs that sucks the dam mair lameless canna be
 She has nae faut (if sic we cat) except her love for me,
 The sparkling dew of dearest hue is like her shining een,
 In shape an' air wha can compare wi' my sweet lovely Jean.

O blaw ye westlin' winds, blaw soft, among the leafy trees,
 Wi' gentle breath frae muir an' dale bring hame the laden'd bees,
 An' bring the lassie back to me that's aye sae neat an' clean,
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care see charming is my Jean,
 What sighs an' vows among the knowes hae past atween us twa,
 How fair's to meet, how wae to part, that day she gade awa,
 The pow'as aboon can only see, to whom the heart is seen,
 That name can be sae dear to me, as my sweet lovely Jean.

A Man's a Man for a' that.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble staff with a complex melodic line and a bass staff with a simpler accompaniment.

Second system of musical notation, starting with a piano (*pp*) dynamic marking. The treble staff contains dense chordal textures, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a treble staff with a vocal line and a bass staff with accompaniment.

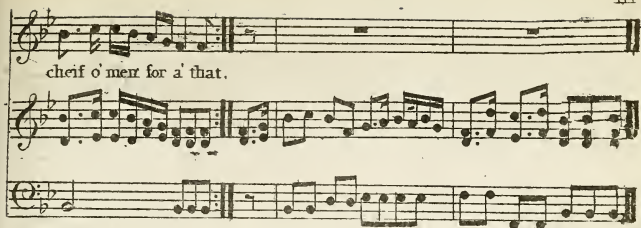
What though on hame-ly fare we dine Wear hod-den gray an' a' that Gie

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a treble staff with a vocal line and a bass staff with accompaniment.

fools their silk and knaves their wine A mans a' man for a' that For a' that an a' that Their

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a treble staff with a vocal line and a bass staff with accompaniment.

tin-sel show an' a' that An honest man tho' ne'er so poor Is



Wha wad for honest poverty,
 Hang down their heads an' a' that,
 The coward slave we pass him by
 And dare be poor for a' that,
 For a' that and a' that,
 Their purse proud looks and a' that
 In ragged coats ye'll often find
 The noblest hearts for a' that

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord
 Wha struts and stares and a' that,
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a cuif for a' that,
 For a' that and a' that,
 His ribbon star and a' that,
 A man of independent mind,
 Can look and laugh and a' that.

The King can make a belted knight,
 A Marquis Duke and a' that
 The honest mans above his might,
 Guid faith he manna' fa' that,
 For a' that and a' that,
 His dignities and a' that,
 The pith o' sense and pride o' worth,
 Are grander far than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 And come it shall for a' that,
 That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
 Shall baith agree for a' that,
 For a' that and a' that,
 Its commg yet fir a' that,
 When man and man the world o'er,
 Shall bretheren be and a' that.

O Tibbie I hae seen the day.

O Tibbie I hae seen the day ye wad na been sa shy fa luik' o' gear ye lightly me But

troth I care na by O troth I care na by Yes tern I met you on the moor Ye

1st *2nd*

spak na but gaid by like stouse Ye geek at me be cause I'm poor But

faint a hair I care

I doubt na, lass but ye may think,
Because ye hae my name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try,
O Tibbie, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean,
That looks sae prond and high,
O Tibbie, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head another airt,
And answer him fa' dry,
O Tibbie, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he for sense or leat,
Be better than the kye,
O Tibbie, &c.

But Tibbie lass tak my advice,
Your daddie's gear makes you sae nice,
The deil a ane wad spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I,
O Tibbie, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I would na gie her in her sark,
For thee wi' a thy thousand mark,
Ye need na look sae high,
O Tibbie, &c.

Gala Water.

Braw, braw lads on Yar_row braes That wander thro the
 bloom_ing hea_ther But Yar_row braes nor Et_trick shaws Can
 match the lads o' Gal_la wa-ter

But there is aye, a secret aye,
 Aboon them a' I loe him better;
 And I'll be his and he'll be mine,
 The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

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

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



THE BOAR'S HEAD SONG.

The Boars head in hand bear I Bedeckd with bays and rose-ma-ry

And I pray you, my mas_ters, be mer_ry, Quo_tes tis in con_vi_vi_o.

Ca_put A_pri_de_fe_ro, Red_dens lau_des Do_mi_no

Ca_put A_pri_de_fe_ro, Red_dens lau_des Do_mi_no

Ca_put A_pri de_fe_ro, Red_dens lau_des Do_mi_no

Ca_put A_pri de_fe_ro, Red_dens lau_des Do_mi_no

Ca_put A_pri de_fe_ro, Red_dens lau_des Do_mi_no

The Boar's head, as I understand,
Is the bravest dish in all the land,
When thus bedeck'd with a gay garland,
Let us servire cantico.

Caput, &c.

Our steward hath provided this
In honour of the King of bliss,
Which on this day to be served is
In Reginensi Arrio.

Caput, &c.

Logan Bros.

First system of musical notation, consisting of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in common time (C). The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Second system of musical notation, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "O Lo-gan sweet-ly didst thou glide The".

Third system of musical notation, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "day I was my Wil-lies bride And years sin-syne hae".

Fourth system of musical notation, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "o'er us run like Lo-gan to the sum-mer sun".

Fifth system of musical notation, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "But now thy flow-ry banks ap-pear Like drum-lie win-ter."

dark and drear While my dear lad maun face his faes far
far frae me and lo-gan braes

Again the merry month of May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers:
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy;
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within you milk white hawthorn bush,
Among her nestlings sits the thrush
Her faithfu mate will share her toil
Or wi' his sang her care beguile
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here
Nae mate to help nae mate to cheer
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days
While Willie's far frae Logan braes

O, wae upon you, man o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make many a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return,
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow'd tear the orphan's cry,
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

GATHER YOUR ROSE BUDS.



Gather your rose buds whilst you may old Time is still a

fly-ing, And that same flow'r that smiles to day to mor-row

tr
may be dy-ing, The glorious lamp of heav'n the sun, The

higher he is get-ting, The soon-er

tr
will his race be run, And near-er he's to set-ting.

My ain kind dearie O.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff in G major and common time. The melody is marked with dynamics *p*, *f*, and *p*.

Musical notation for the second system, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "When oer the hills the east'ern star, Tells bught-in time is".

Musical notation for the third system, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "near my jo; And owen frae the furrow'd field, Return sae donff and weary, O; Down".

Musical notation for the fourth system, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "by the burn, where scented birks Wi' dew are hanging clear my jo, I'll meet thee on the".

Musical notation for the fifth system, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "lea-rig My ain kind dearie, O." The system concludes with a double bar line and dynamic markings *p*, *res.*, and *f*.

In mirk'et glen, at midnight hour,
 I'd rove and ne'er be eerie, O,
 If through the glen I gaed to thee,
 My ain kind dearie, O,
 Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild;
 And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat.

The musical score consists of five systems, each with three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the first staff of each system. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings.

Does haughty Gaul in vasion threat Then let the loons be ware Sir

There's wooden walls upon our seas And vo lun teers on shore Sir

The Nith shall run to Cor sin con And Crif fel sink in Solway

Ere we per mit a fo reign foe On Bri tish ground to ral ly

O let us not, like snarling curs,
 In wrangling be divided, O,
 'Till slap come in an unco loon,
 And wi' a rung decide it, O.
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Among ourselves united;
 For never but by British hands
 Must British wrongs be righted.

The wretch that wou'd a tyrant own,
 And the wretch his true born brother
 Who'd set the mob aboon the throne
 May they be hanged to gether.

The kettle of the kirk and state,
 Perhaps a claub may fail in't, O.
 But deil a foreign tinkler loon
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't, O.
 Our fathers blood the kettle bought
 And who wou'd dare to spoil it?
 By heav'n, the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it!

Who will not sing "God save the King,"
 Shall hang as high as the steeple;
 But while we sing "God save the King"
 We'll ne'er forget the people.

Tullochgorum.

Come gie's a sang Montgomery cried, And lay your disputes all aside, What

nonsense 'tis for folks to chide, For what's been done before them?

Let Whig and Tory all agree, Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,

Whig and Tory all agree, To drop their Whig-meg-morum, Let

Whig and Tory all a-glee, And spend this night with mirth and glee, And

cheer-ful sing a-lang wi' me The reel of Tul-loch-gor-um.

O Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ony sump that keeps up spite
 In conscience I abhor him.
 For blythe and merry we's be a,
 Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,
 Blythe and merry we's be a,
 And mak' a cheerfu' quorum.
 Blythe and merry we's be a',
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,
 And dance till we be like to fa',
 The reel o' Tullochgorum.

There need na be sae great a phraize,
 Wi dringing dull Italian lays;
 I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
 For half a hundred score o' em
 There douff and dowie at the best,
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
 Their' douff and dowie at the best,
 Wi a their variorum.
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Their' allegros, and a' the rest,
 They canna please a Highland taste
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul
 And discontent devour him!
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,

Let warldly minds themselves oppress,
 Wi' fear o' want, and double cess,
 And silly sauls themselves distress
 Wi' keeping up decorum,
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit
 Like old Philosophorum
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit
 Wi' neither sense nor mirth nor wit
 Nor ever try to shake a fit
 To the reel o' Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend
 Each honest hearted open friend
 And calm and quiet be his end
 And a that's good watch o'er him
 May peace and plenty be his lot
 Peace and plenty peace and plenty
 May peace and plenty be his lot
 And dainties a great store o' em
 May peace and plenty be his lot
 Unstain'd by any vicious blot
 And may he never want a groat
 That's fond o' Tullochgorum.

May dool and sorrow be his chance
 And honest souls abhor him
 May dool and sorrow be his chance
 And a the ills that come frae France
 Whae'er he be that winna dance
 The reel o' Tullochgorum.

Robin's Adieu.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in 3/4 time and have a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note, followed by a half note, and then a series of eighth notes. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes.

The second system continues the musical piece. It features the same two-staff format. The treble staff concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots. The bass staff also ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

The third system shows the vocal line. It is a single treble staff with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and ends with a quarter rest.

What's this dull town to me, Ro-bin's not near;

The fourth system shows the piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. It consists of two staves. The upper staff has a treble clef and the lower staff has a bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time with two flats. The accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands.

The fifth system shows the vocal line for the second line of lyrics. It is a single treble staff with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and ends with a quarter rest.

What wæs I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear;

The sixth system shows the piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. It consists of two staves. The upper staff has a treble clef and the lower staff has a bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time with two flats. The accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands.

Where's all the joy and mirth, Made this town a heavn on earth,

Oh! they're all fled with thee, Ro..bin A..dair.

What made th'assembly shine,

Robin Adair.

What made the ball so fine,

Robin was there.

What when the play was o'er,

What made my heart so sore,

Oh! it was parting with

Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair.

Yet him I lov'd so well,

Still in my heart shall dwell,

Oh! I can ne'er forget

Robin Adair.

Oh Whistle and I'll come to thee my lad.

pia

Cres.

Oh whistle and I'll come to thee my lad, Oh whistle and I'll come

to thee my lad, Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad, Oh

whistle and I'll come to thee my lad. Come down the back stairs when you

come to court me, But come not unless the back gate be agree, Come

down the back stairs and let no body see, And come as you were na

com ing to me, Then whistle and I'll come to thee my lad, Oh

whistle and I'll come to thee my lad, Tho' fa - ther and mother and

a' should gae mad. Oh whistle and I'll come to thee my lad.

8. At Kirk or at Market, when'er ye meet me
 Gang by me as though that ye car'd na a flee,
 But gie me a blink wi your bonie black ee,
 Yet look as ye were na looking at me.
 Oh whistle, &c.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And why ye may lightly my beauty a wee,
 But court nae anither, though joking ye be
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me,
 Oh whistle, &c.

Her partial taste.

1 Her par...tial taste whene'er I touch'd the
 2 Still in my song her par...tial
 3 By none but her my crook with flowr's was

lyre still in my song found some -
 taste whene'er I touch'd the lyre when...e'er I touch'd
 crown'd by none but her my brows

_thing to ad_mire her partial taste her par...tial
 I touch'd the lyre still... in my
 with ro...ses bound by none but her by none but

taste when e'er I touch'd the lyre
 song found some...thing to ad...mire.

her my brows with ro...ses bound.

Glee.

Lightly Tread.

129

J. Scotland.

Andante.

Lightly tread 'tis hal low'd ground, Hark a bove, be low, a round,

Lightly tread 'tis hal low'd ground Hark a bove, be low, a round,

Lightly tread 'tis hal low'd ground Hark a bove, be low, a round.

Fai-ry bands their vi-gils keep, Whilst frail mortals sink to sleep.

Fai-ry bands their vi-gils keep, Whilst frail mortals sink to sleep.

Fai-ry bands their vi-gils keep, Whilst frail mortals sink to sleep.

mf
Gilds the brook that bubbling plays,

p
And the moon with fee-ble rays, Gilds the brook that bubbling plays,

p
And the moon with fee-ble rays, Gilds the brook that bubbling plays,

As in murmers soft it flows, Music meet for lov-ers woes.

As in murmers soft it flows, Music meet for lov-ers woes.

As in murmers soft it flows, Music meet for lov-ers woes.



John Anderson my joe.

John Anderson my joe, John I wonder what ye mean, To

rise so ear ly in the morn, And sit sae late at e'en Ye'll

bleer out a' your e'en John, and why should ye do so, Gang
sooner to your bed at e'en John Anderson my joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, whan nature first began,
To try her canny hand, her master work was man;
And you amang them a John so trig frae top to toe
She prov'd to be nae journey work, John Anderson my joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, ye were my first conceit,
And ye need na think it strange, John, tho' I ca' ye trim and neat;
Tho' some foke say ye're anld John I never think ye so,
But I think ye're aye the same to me, John Anderson my joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, we've seen our bairns, bairns,
And yet my dear John Anderson, I'm happy in your arms;
And sae are ye in mine, John, I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
Tho' the days are gane that we hae seen, John Anderson my joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, what pleasure does it gie,
To see sae many sprouts, John, spring up 'tween you and me;
And ilka lad and lass, John, in our footsteps to go,
Make perfect heaven here on earth, John Anderson my joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, when we were first acquaint,
Your looks were like the raven, your bonny brow was brent;
But now your heads turn'd bald, John, your locks are like the snow,
Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson my joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, frae year to year we've past,
And soon that year mann come, John, will bring us to our last:
But let na' that affright us John, our hearts were ne'er our foe.
While in innocent delight we liv'd, John Anderson my joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, we clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither:
Now we mann totter down John but hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson my joe.

An thou wert my ain thing.

An thou wert my ain thing, O I would

dolce.

love thee, I would love thee; An thou wert my

ain thing, How dear ly would I love thee!

Of race di...vine thou need'st, must be, Since

nae thing earth ly equals thee; For Hea...ven's sake, then

fa...vour me, Who on...ly lives to love... thee.

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save;
Then for their sake, support a slave,
Who only lives to love thee.
An thou wert, &c,

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and for your sake
What man can name I'll undertake,
So dearly do I love thee.
An thou wert, &c,

My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done
Till fate my thread of life has spun,
Which, breathing out, I'll love thee.
An thou wert, &c.



Glee. *Of all the brave birds.* *N. Freeman 1667.*

Of all the brave birds that e...ver I see, The
 Of all the brave birds that e...ver I see, The
 Of all the brave birds that e...ver I see, The

Owl is the fair-est in her de-gree, For all The day long she
 Owl is the fair-est in her de-gree, For all The day long she.
 Owl is the fair-est in her de-gree, For all The day long she
 sits in a tree. And when the night comes a...way flies she.
 sits in a tree. And when the night comes a...way flies she, Te
 sits in a tree. And when the night comes a...way flies she, Te

Te whoo Sir Knave to thee This
 whit to whom drinks thou This
 whit Te whoo This

song is well sung I make you a vow And he is a knave that
 song is well sung I make you a vow And he is a knave that
 song is well sung I make you a vow And he is a knave that

drink eth now Nose nose nose nose and
 drink eth now Nose nose nose nose and
 drink eth now Nose nose nose nose and

who gave thee that jolly red nose
 who gave thee that jolly red nose Cinnamon and gin_ger
 who gave thee that jolly red nose

nutmegs and cloves and that gave me this jol_ly red nose.
 nutmegs and cloves and that gave me this jol_ly red nose
 nutmegs and cloves and that gave me this jol_ly red nose

M^r. Speaker.

Vivace.

Mis...ter Speaker tho' tis late Mis...ter Spea...ker tho' tis
 Question Question Question Question Question
 Or...der Or...der Or...der hear him hear him

late tho' tis late I must length... en the de...
 hear him hear him hear Sir I shall name you if you
 hear him hear him hear pray support the chair pray support the

bate I must length... en the de...bate Mis...ter
 stir if you stir Sir I shall name you if you stir Sir I shall
 chair pray sup...port the chair pray support the chair Question

Spea...ker tho' tis late I must lengthen the de...bate.
 name you Sir I shall name you Sir I shall name you if you stir.
 Or...der hear him hear pray sup...port support the chair.

Drink to me only.

Drink to me only with thine eyes And I will pledge with mine.
 Drink to me only with thine eyes And I will pledge with mine.
 Drink to me only with thine eyes And I will pledge with mine.
 Or leave a kiss with in the cup And I'll not look for wine
 Or leave a kiss with in the cup And I'll not look for wine
 Or leave a kiss with in the cup And I'll not look for wine
 Or leave a kiss with in the cup And I'll not look for wine
 Drink to me only with thine eyes and I will pledge with mine.
 Drink to me only with thine eyes and I will pledge with mine.
 Drink to me only with thine eyes and I will pledge with mine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath
 Not so much honoring thee
 As giving it a hope that there
 It would not wither'd be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe
 And sent it back to me
 Since when it grows it looks and smells
 Not of itself but thee.

Alls well.

J. Braham.

De.sert.ed by the wa-ning moon When skies proclaim nights cheerless
 When skies proclaim nights cheerless

for moon On tow...er fort or tented ground the Sentry walks his lonely round the
ria moon On tow...er fort or tented ground the Sentry walks his lonely round

Sentry walks the Sentry walks his lone-ly round And
 his lovely round his lone-ly round And
pp Slow

shoud a footstep haply stray Where cantion marks the guarded way where
 Shoud a footstep haply stray Where cantion marks the guarded way where

caution marks the guarded way the guard-ed way Who goes there

caution marks the guarded way the guard-ed way

del.

"Stranger quickly tell' the word Alls well

A Friend good night

Alls well The word All alls well

Alls well good night

2nd Verse (a little quicker).

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
 While weary messmates soundly sleep,
 The careful watch patrols the deck,
 To guard the ship from foes or wreck;
 And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
 Some friendly voice salutes his ear:
 Some well known voice salutes his ear:
 "What cheer, Brother, quickly tell!"
 "Above!" "Below!" "Good night!"
 "Alls well!"

Roslin Castle.

Twas in that sea-son of the year When all things gay and

sweet ap-pear That Co-lin with the morn-ing ray A

rose and sung his ru-ral lay Of Nan-ny's charms the

shep-herd sung The hills and dales with Nan-ny rung While

Ros lin cas_tle heard the swain And e_chod back the
cheer ful strain.

Awake, sweet muse the breathing spring
 With rapture warms, awake and sing;
 Awake and join the vocal throng,
 Who hail the morning with a song;
 To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
 O bid her haste and come away;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on every spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng
 And loves inspires the melting song:
 Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

Come my love, thy Collins lay,
 With rapture calls, O come away;
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine,
 Around that modest brow of thine,
 O hither haste, and with thee bring,
 That beauty blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

My Nannie, O.

Burns.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and contains a melodic line with various ornaments and grace notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system of music consists of three staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains the vocal melody. The lyrics "Be_hind you hills, where" are written below the notes. The middle staff is in treble clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present at the beginning of the system.

The third system of music consists of three staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains the vocal melody. The lyrics "Lu_gar flows, Mang' mires and mosses many, O, The win'try sun the" are written below the notes. The middle staff is in treble clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment.

The fourth system of music consists of three staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains the vocal melody. The lyrics "day has clos'd, And I'll a_wa to Nan nie, O. The wes lin' wind blows" are written below the notes. The middle staff is in treble clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment.

loud and shrill; The night's baith mirk and rai-ny, O; I'll

get my plaid, and out I'll steal, And o'er the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charmin', sweet, and young;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
 May ill befa' the flatterin' tongue,
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O!
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
 The openin' gowan, wet wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O;
 But what care I how few there be
 Lin' welcome aye to Nannie, O.
 My riches a'w's my penny fee,
 And I mann' guide it cannie, O,
 But warld's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thochts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view
 His sheep and lye thrive bonnie, O,
 But I'm as blyth, that hands his plough,
 And has nae care but Nannie, O,
 Come weel, come wae, I carena by,
 I'll tak what heaven will send me, O,
 Nae other care in life hae I,
 But live and love my Nannie, O.

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.

Roy's wife of Al.di.val_loch Roy's wife of

Al.di.val_loch Wat ye how she cheat ed me As I came o'er the

braes of Ballcoh She vowd, she swore she wad be mine She

said that she loed me best of ony but oh the fickle faithless quean She's

ta'en the carle and left her John, me. Roy's wife of Al,di,va,lloch.

Roy's wife of Al,di,va,lloch, What ye how she cheated me, as I came o'er the

Braes of Balloch?

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.
 O she was a canty queen,
 Weel could she dance the Highland Walloch;
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or Id been Boy of Aldivalloch!

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.
 Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
 Her wee bit mon' sae sweet and bonnie,
 To me she ever shall be dear,
 Tho' she's for ever left her Johnnie,



Black-eyed Susan.

Comp.^d by Henry Carey.

Moderate

All in the Downs the fleet was moord, The streamers wa...ving

in the wind, When black eyed Su...san came on board

Oh where shall I my true love find; Tell me ye jo-vial Sai-lors

tell me true, If my sweet Wil- liam If my sweet Wil- liam

sails a- mong your crew.

William who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well known voice he heard
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
 The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hands.
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands,

So the sweet lark high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast;
 If chance his mates shrill call he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest Captain in the British Fleet,
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear.
 My vows shall ever true remain:
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye winds my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread;
 No longer must she stay on board,

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
 They'll tell thee Sailors when away,
 In every port a mistress find:
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to far India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
 Thy breath is Africk's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is Ivory so white:
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return.
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susans eye.

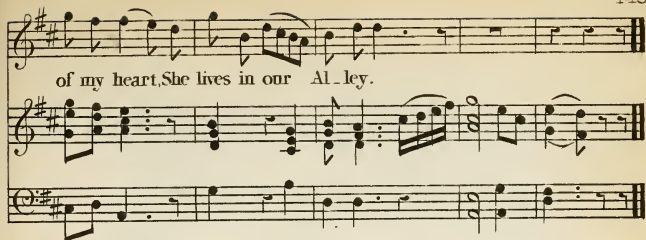
They kiss'd she sigh'd he hung his head.
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land,
 Adieu she cries and wav'd her lily hand.

Sung by M^r. Braham.*Sally in our Alley.*Written and
Composed by G.S. Carey.*Moderato.*

Of all the Girls that are so smart, there's none like pretty Sally, She

is the dar... ling of my heart She lives in our Alley, There

is no la dy in the land is half so sweet as Sally. She is the darling



of my heart, She lives in our Alley.

Her Father he makes cabbage nets,
 And through the Streets does cry 'em;
 Her Mother she sells laces long
 To such as please to buy 'em;
 But sure such folks could ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally,
 She is the darling of my heart,
 She lives in our Alley.

When she is by I leave my work,
 I love her so sincerely;
 My master comes like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely;
 But let him bang his belly full,
 I'll bear it all for Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 She lives in our Alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
 I dearly love but one day,
 And that's the day that comes betwixt
 A saturday and monday;
 For then I'm drest all in my best,
 To walk abroad with Sally,
 She is the darling of my heart,
 She lives in our Alley.

My Master carries me to church,
 And often am I blamed;
 Because I leave him in the lurch,
 As soon as text is named;
 I leave the church in sermon time
 To walk abroad with Sally,
 She is the darling of my heart,
 She lives in our Alley.

When christmas comes about again,
 O then I shall have money;
 I'll hoard it up with box and all,
 And give it to my honey;
 Would it were twice ten thousand pounds,
 I'd give it all to Sally,
 She is the darling of my heart,
 She lives in our Alley.

My master and the neighbours all,
 Make game of me and Sally;
 And but for her I'd better be,
 A slave and row a galley:
 But when my seven long years are out,
 I then will marry Sally,
 O then we'll wed and then we'll bed,
 But not in our Alley.



Savourna Deelish!

Sung by Miss Cubitt

Andantino Affettuoso

p

Oh the moment was sad when my love and I part--ed, Sa

pp

-vour-na dee-lish shigh-an oh! As I kiss'd off her tears I was

nigh broken hearted, Savourna deelish shighan oh! Wan was her cheek, which
 hung on my shoulder, Damp was her hand, no marble was colder; I
 felt that I never a gain should behold her, Savourna deelish
 shighan oh!

cres *dim* *p*

When the word of command put our men into motion,
 Savourna deelish shighan oh!
 I buckled my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,
 Savourna deelish shighan oh!
 Brisk were our troops all roaring like thunder:
 Pleas'd with the voyage impatient for plunder,
 My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder,
 Savourna deelish shighan oh!

Long I fought for my Country, far, far from my true love,
 Savourna deelish shighan oh!
 All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you, love,
 Savourna deelish shighan oh!
 Peace was proclaimed: escap'd from the slaughter:
 Landed at home my sweet girl! I sought her:
 But sorrow alas to her cold grave had brought her,
 Savourna deelish shighan oh!

What makes this poor bosom!

Comp.^d by Louis Spohr.

*Appassimato ma non
Troppo Lento.*

What makes this poor bosom so heavy and sad Why sit I thus pensive and

f *p* *f*

tear-ful While all are so cheerful so sportive and glad While all are so cheerful and glad The

f

birds in the bushes sit warbling a way And seem to ac- use me of fol- ley They

bid me like them feel the freshness of May And banish all dark melan-cho-ly

cres. *dim.* *p*

ff

But how can this bosom be sportive and gay When he who my fond heart pos

mf *dim.*

...ses...ses, Whose absence distresses, Is far away? Is far a way far away. Should

he but return like yon songsters so gay, I'll bid an adieu to all sad...ness; This

heart shall revive with the freshness of May. And beat with renew'd warmth and gladness. Yes,

then like yon songsters, so blithesome and gay, I'll bid an adieu to all sadness, This heart shall re-

cres. *f* *dim.* *p*

vive with the freshness of May. And beat beat beat with renew'd warmth and glad...ness.



The Garden Gate.

Sung by Mr. Waylett & Madam Vestris.

Andante

The day was clos'd, the moon shone bright. The Village clock struck

eight When Lucy hasten'd with delight To ope the garden gate But

sure as if to drive her mad The gate was there but not the lad Which

made poor Lucy grieving cry "Was e-ver maid so us'd as I?"

She paced the garden here and there,
 The village clock struck nine;
 When Lucy cried in wild despair,
 "He shan't, he shan't be mine!
 Last night he vow'd, the garden gate
 Should find him there, this eve at eight,
 But this I'll let the creature see
 He ne'er shall make a fool of me."

She ceas'd a noise her ear alarms,
 The village clock struck ten;
 When William caught her in his arms,
 And ne'er to part again.
 He shewed the ring, to wed next day,
 He'd been to buy, a long, long way;
 How then could Lucy cruel prove,
 To one that did so fondly love!

Croosheen Lawn!

Moderato.

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. It features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes, primarily on the notes G2, F2, and E2.

Let the farmer praise his grounds, as the huntsman doth his hounds, And the

The second system continues the melody in the treble staff and accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics "Let the farmer praise his grounds, as the huntsman doth his hounds, And the" are written below the treble staff. The music concludes with a double bar line.

shep-herd his sweet scented lawn; But I more blest than they Spend each

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics "shep-herd his sweet scented lawn; But I more blest than they Spend each" are written below the treble staff. The music includes dynamic markings: a forte (*f*) marking under the treble staff and a piano (*p*) marking under the bass staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

happy night and day With my smiling little Croos-keen lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh! my

The fourth system concludes the piece. The lyrics "happy night and day With my smiling little Croos-keen lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh! my" are written below the treble staff. The melody in the treble staff ends with a fermata over the final note. The bass staff continues with the accompaniment until the end of the piece.

smiling little Crooskeen lawn. Slan...tha gal ma...vour...neen

gra-----

Au...gus gramma Con...lin Grammachree ma Croos...keen lawn lawn

lawn Oeh! grammachree ma Crooskeen lawn. *gra*-----

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

And when grim death appears, after few but happy years,
 And tells me my glass is run;
 I'll say, begone, you slave for great Bacchus gives us leave,
 To drink another Crooskeen lawn.
 Slan...tha gal mavourneen, &c.

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

Molly Store!

A favourite Irish Ballad.

Sung by M^r. Horncastle.

Andante.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a melodic line of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a simple harmonic accompaniment of quarter notes.

The second system of music consists of three staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system. The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature, featuring a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes with a trill (tr) marking. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature, providing a simple harmonic accompaniment of quarter notes.

As down on Banna's banks I stray'd one ev'ning in May, The

The third system of music consists of three staves. The upper staff continues the melody. The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature, featuring a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature, providing a simple harmonic accompaniment of quarter notes.

little birds in blithest notes made vocal ev'ry spray, They

The fourth system of music consists of three staves. The upper staff continues the melody. The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature, featuring a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature, providing a simple harmonic accompaniment of quarter notes.

sung their little tales of love, They sung them o'er and o'er, Ah



<p>The daisy pied and all the sweets, The dawn of nature yields, The primrose pale and violet blue, Lay scatter'd o'er the field: Such fragrance in the bosom lies, Of her whom I adore, Ah Gramachree &c.</p>	<p>Oh had I all the flocks that graze, On yonder yellow hill, Or low'd for me the numerous herds, That you green pasture fill, With her I love I'd gladly share, My kine and fleecy store, Ah Gramachree &c.</p>
--	--

<p>I laid me down upon a bank, Bewailing my sad fate, That doom'd me thus the slave of love And cruel Mollys hate; How can she brake the honest heart That wears her in its core, Ah Gramachree &c.</p>	<p>Two Turtle doves above my head, Sat courting on a bough, I envied them their happiness, To see them bill and coo, Such fondness once for me she shew'd, But now alas! 'tis o'er, Ah Gramachree &c.</p>
---	---

<p>You said you lov'd me Molly dear, Ah! why did I believe, Yet who could think such tender words Were ment but to deceive, That love was all I ask'd on earth, Nay heav'n could give no more, Ah Gramachree &c.</p>	<p>Then fare thee well my Molly dear, Thy loss I e'er shall mourn, Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart, 'Twill beat for thee alone; Tho' thou art false may heav'n on thee, Its choicest blessings pour, Ah Gramachree &c.</p>
--	--

The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Words by Burns.

Sung by Mr. Wilson.

Allcrotto.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The melody is a lively, rhythmic tune.

The second system continues the instrumental melody from the first system, maintaining the same key and time signature.

Bon_nie las_sie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,

The fourth system continues the vocal melody and accompaniment for the first line of lyrics.

Bon_nie las_sie, will ye go, to the Birks of A_ber_fel_dy.

The sixth system concludes the piece, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Nor simmer blinks on flow'ry braes, And o'er the crystal streamlets plays, Come

let us spend the light - some days In the Birks of A-ber-fel-dy.

While o'er their head the hazels hing,
The little birdies blythely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's
The foam'ning stream deep roaring fa's
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreadin' shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow'rs
White o'er the lin the burnie pours,
And, risin', weets wi' misty show'rs
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely bless'd wi' love and thee,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.



Pi...broch of Donnill Dhu Pibroch of Don.nill; Wake thy loud voice anew,

Summon clan conail; Come a way come a way, Hark to the summons;

Come in your war a ray, Gentles and Commons.

Come from deep glen, and
 From mountain so rocky,
 The war pipe and pennon
 Are at Inverlochy;
 Come every hill plaid, and
 True heart that wears one
 Come every steel blade, and
 Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
 The flock without shelter,
 Leave the corpse uninter'd
 The bride at the altar;
 Leave the deer, leave the steer,
 Leave nets and barges,
 Come with your fighting geer
 Broad swords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
 Forests are rended,
 Come as the waves come, when
 Navies are stranded,
 Faster come, faster come,
 Faster and faster,
 Chief, vassel, page, and groom,
 Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come,
 See how they gather!
 Wide waves the eagle plume,
 Blended with heather.
 Cast your plaids draw your blades
 Forward each man set,
 Pibroch of Donnill Dhu
 Knell for the onset.

Allister Mc Allister!

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a forte dynamic marking (*f*). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

The second system of music consists of three staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system. Below it is a vocal line with the lyrics: "O Allis_ter Mc Al_lis_ter, Your chant_er sets us a' a_steer, Get". The lower staff is a piano accompaniment. A piano dynamic marking (*p*) is placed above the piano staff.

The third system of music consists of three staves. The upper staff continues the melody. Below it is a vocal line with the lyrics: "out your pipes and blaw' wi' birr, We'll dance the High land fling. Now". The lower staff is a piano accompaniment.

The fourth system of music consists of three staves. The upper staff continues the melody. Below it is a vocal line with the lyrics: "Al_lis_ter has tun'd his pipes, And thrang as bum bees frae their bikes, The". The lower staff is a piano accompaniment.

The fifth system of music consists of three staves. The upper staff continues the melody. Below it is a vocal line with the lyrics: "lads and las_sie loup the dykes, And ga_ther on the green. Oh". The lower staff is a piano accompaniment.

Al-lis-ter M^c Al-lis-ter, Your ehant-er sets us a' a-steer, Then

to your bags and blaw wi' birr, We'll dance the High-land fling.

The miller Rab was fidgin' fain
 To dance the Highland fling his lane,
 He lap and danced wi' might and main,
 The like was never seen, O.

As round about the ring he whuds,
 He cracks his thumbs, and shake his duds,
 The meal flaw frae his tail in chuds,
 And blinded a' their een, O.

No Allister has done his best,
 And weary stumps are needin' rest,
 Besides, with drouth they're sair distress'd
 Wi' dancing sae, I ween, O.



The Words by Sir W. Scott.

French Air:

Tempo di Marcia.

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "Glowing with love on fire for fame, A Troubadour that hated sorrow, Beneath his Lady's window came, and thus he".

D.C.

sung his last good morrow; My arm it is my Country's right, My heart is in my

D.C.

true love's bow'r, Gaily for love and fame to fight, Befits the gallant Troubadour.

<p>And while he march'd with helm on head, And harp in hand the descant rung, As faithful to his fav'rite maid, The minstrel burthen thus he sung; My arm it is my country's right, My heart is in my Lady's bower; Resolv'd for love and fame to fight, I come a gallant Troubadour.</p>	<p>E'en when the battle's roar was deep, With dauntless heart he hew'd his way, Mid splintering lance and falchion sweep, And still was heard the warrior lay; My life it is my country's right, My heart is in my Lady's bower; For love to die for fame to fight, Becomes the valiant Troubadour.</p>
--	--

Alas upon the bloody field;
 He fell beneath the foeman's glaive,
 But still reclining on his shield,
 Expiring sung the exulting stave;
 My life it is my country's right,
 My heart is in my Lady's bower;
 For love and fame to fall in fight,
 Becomes the valiant Troubadour.

Other Eyes may be as bright.

p dolce

Other eyes may be as bright, but

ff

not for me Other lips may give de-light, but

not for me. Yes, yes, my love is all her own, my

heart, and feelings, beat alone for E...mi...ly, Yes my

love is all her own, dear E...mi...ly, my heart and

feelings beat a lone, for E...mi...ly.

mf *ff*

Other smiles may joy impart,
 But not for me,
 Other forms may win the heart,
 But not with me:
 Oh! that heart can never never now,
 A thought of change which beats alone,
 For Emily,
 Yes my love is all her own,
 Dear Emily!
 My heart and feelings beat alone,
 For Emily.

Come unto these yellow sands.



Song & Chorus
From the Tempest

Henry Purcell

Come un to these yel... low sands, And

Gres *p* *pp*

I there take hands; Foot it feat ly, here and there, And let the rest the burden bear.

p Chorus

Hark! hark! the watch dogs bark, Hark, hark, I hear the

Hark! hark! the watch dogs bark, Hark, hark, I hear the

strain of Chan ti cleer, Hark, hark, I hear the strain of Chan ti cleer.

strain of Chan ti cleer, Hark, hark, I hear the strain of Chan ti cleer.

There while half the world doth sleep
 Our sports we'll keep.
 And till morning's dawn doth glance
 We'll to the sea shells music dance.

Hark! hark! &c.

The Lass of Peatie's Mill.

Sostenuto.



The Lass of Peatie's Mill, So Bon_ny, blyth, and gay, In

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The lyrics are: "The Lass of Peatie's Mill, So Bon_ny, blyth, and gay, In".

spite of all my skill, She stole my heart a_way, When

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "spite of all my skill, She stole my heart a_way, When".

tending of the Hay, Bare_head_ed on the Green, Love

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "tending of the Hay, Bare_head_ed on the Green, Love".

midst her looks did play, And wan_ton'd in her e'en.

Her arms, white, round and smooth,
 Breasts, rising in their down,
 To age, it would give youth,
 To press them with his hand;
 Thro' all my spirits ran,
 An ecstasy of Bliss,
 When I such sweetness find,
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the aid of art,
 Like flow'rs, that grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 When e'er she spoke or smild;
 Her looks, they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguild,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O! had I all the wealth,
 Hope touns high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life, and health,
 And pleasure at my will;
 I promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Peatie's Mill,
 Should share the same with me.

Farewell Good Night.

Sung by Mr. Braham.

Composed by Weber.

Andante
Moderato.

p *cres*

O'er Mountains, thro' Forests I rove, The Huntsman's delight is the

p

field, Adverse fate has re-cent-ly strove, For my

Gun, no sport it will yield, Adverse fate has re-cent-ly strove, For my

p

Gun no sport it will yield,

p

The meadows I rove with delight, The Cot, where sweet Linda doth

dwell In silence I whisper good night Thro' the lattice she smiled fare-

-well, The Cot where sweet Linda doth dwell, In si-lence I whisper

good night, Thro the lattice she smild farewell

Again dearest Linda good night,
 Lovés Seraph will guard the dear Cot,
 Tomorrow, if destiny's bright
 My bride proclaim by trial shot;
 The harvest moon in splendour rose,
 The Forests gloom was cheer'd with light,
 And twinkling stars their orbs disclose,
 Each fondly gaz'd and breath'd good night.

O beautiful eyes.

Round.

1 O beau...teous eyes dis...co...ver
 2 You'll ne...ver find a lo...ver
 3 No no no ne...ver

2 why so much cru...el...ty
 3 not one that loves like me.
 1 one that loves like me.

The wise men were but seven.

Round.

1 The wise men were but Se...
 2 The Mu...ses were but Nine
 3 And three mer...ry Boys and three mer...ry

2 ...ven Ne'er more shall be for me
 3 The wor...ties three times three
 1 boys and three mer...ry boys are we.

Glee - 3 Voices.

Time fly with greater Speed. Words by Cowley.

Cheerfully.

Time, fly with greater speed a way, Add feathers to thy wings, Un-

-til thy haste in fly ing brings That long ex -pect -ed day, That

long ex -pect -ed day. Then pleasure's sun we soon shall see, Though

first it darken'd be, For soon as passing clouds are gone, Our

day will put his lus -tre on, will put his lus -tre on.



Popular Song from Glenarvon.

Waters of Elle

Andante.

Wa...ters of Elle, thy limpid streams are flow...ing,

smooth and untroubled, through the flowry Vale, On thy green

banks, once more the wild rose blowing greets the young spring, and

scent the passing gale. Greets the young spring, and scents the

passing Gale.

Here 'twas at eve, near yonder tree reposing.

One, still too dear first breathed his vows to thee,

Wear this, he cried his guileful love disclosing.

Near to thy heart, in memory of me.

Love's cherish'd gift, the Rose he gave, is faded;

Loves blighted flower, can never bloom again!

Weep for thy fault, in heart, in mind degraded,

Weep, if thy tears can wash away the stain.

The Flowers of Edinburgh. Words by Burns.

Andante.

Piano introduction in C major, 3/4 time, marked *Andante*. The music consists of two staves: a treble staff with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass staff with a supporting accompaniment of eighth notes and chords.

Here is the glen and here the bower All un-der-neath the

Two staves of music: a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

birch-en shade The vil-lage bell has told the hour O

Two staves of music: a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

what can stay my love-ly maid 'Tis not Ma-ri-as

Two staves of music: a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

whis-pring call Tis but the balm-y breath-ing gale Mixt

with some warblers dy-ing fall The dew-y star of eve to hail.

p

It is Maria's voice I hear!

So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer,

At once 'tis music and 'tis love!
And art thou come, and art thou true!

O welcome dear to love and me!
And let tis all our vows renew,
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

Mary's Dream!



Sung by M^r Wilson.

Composed by M^r Relfè.

Larghetto.

The moon had climb'd the
high-est hill, Which ri-ses o'er the source of Dee, And from the east-ern

The musical score is written in G major (one flat) and common time (C). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Larghetto'. The lyrics are: 'The moon had climb'd the high-est hill, Which ri-ses o'er the source of Dee, And from the east-ern'. The score is arranged in three systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano staff.

summit, shed her sil-ver light on tow'r and tree,

When Mary laid her down to sleep, Her thoughts on San-dy

far at sea, Then soft and low a voice was heard, Say Mary, weep no

more for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With pallid cheek and hollow eye,
O! Mary dear, cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea,
Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,
So Mary weep no more for me.

Three stormy nights and stormy days,
We toss'd upon the raging Main,
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain;
E'en then when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee,
The storm is past, and I at rest,
So Mary weep no more for me.

O! Maiden dear, thyself prepare,
We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free, from doubt or care,
And thou and I, shall part no more,
Loud crowd the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see,
But soft the passing Spirit said,
Sweet Mary, weep no more for me.

Ye Banks and Braes.

*Allegretto
Non Tuto.*

Ye banks and braes of bon...nie doon How can ye bloom sae

fresh and fair How can ye chant ye lit...tle birds And

I sae wea...ry fu o' care Thou'll brake my heart thou

war_bling birds That wan_tons thro' the flower_ing thorn, Thou

miinds me o' de--part---ed joys, De--part-ed ne--ver

to re--turn.

Oft' hae I rov'd by bonnie doon,
 To see the rose, and woodbine twine,
 And ilka bird sang o' its love
 And fondly sae did I o' mine;
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,
 And my fause lover staw my rose,
 But Ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Swiss Song.



Animato.

Uf de Ber-ge-n-isch quet le-be odl de o u, odl de o u,
Sweet to live a-mid the mountains/burthen as above.)

d'Chüe-je-er-ju-eh-zè nit ver-ge-be, odl de o u, odl de u, Hie-wo-n.
Cheer'd by mu-sic of the foun-tains; Sweet to

iis d'Flüe-ler-che sin-ge hie wo d'Gem-schi vor üs sprin-ge,
hear the Alp horn sound-ing, And to see the cha-mois bound-ing,

wie de Vög-le-n-i-de Lüt-te isch hie o-be n-üs so wohl, ol ti
Rocks and woods with joy re-bounding, While our hearts are blythe as they.

hodl dahu ol ti odl di o odl di odl ti ho odl di odl di ho odl di odl di odl di

odl di odl di odl di o hudd di odl di ho hudd di odl di o ola hu ola hu jo!

Light, at morn, from slumbers springing, *Odel de ou* (bis)
Sweet to hear the wild birds singing! do.
And when the dewy eve descending,
Calls us home, from toil unbending,
Oh, what gentle joys are blending
In each heart at that soft hour. *Otti hodl, &c.*

The last time I cam o'er the muir.

The first system of musical notation, consisting of a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with a half note G3 and a quarter note B2.

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff features a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) followed by a quarter note C5. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with a half note G3 and a quarter note B2.

The last time I cam o'er the muir, I left my love be

The third system of musical notation, including the lyrics "The last time I cam o'er the muir, I left my love be". The treble staff contains the vocal line, and the bass staff contains the piano accompaniment.

hind me Ye pow'rs, what pains do I en-dure, When

The fourth system of musical notation, including the lyrics "hind me Ye pow'rs, what pains do I en-dure, When". The treble staff contains the vocal line, and the bass staff contains the piano accompaniment.

soft i-de-as mind! me Soon as the rud-dy

The fifth system of musical notation, including the lyrics "soft i-de-as mind! me Soon as the rud-dy". The treble staff contains the vocal line, and the bass staff contains the piano accompaniment.

morn dis...playd The beam...ing day en...su...ing I

met be...times my love...ly maid In fit re...treats for woo...ing

We stray'd beside yon wandering stream,
 And talk'd with hearts overflowing;
 Untill the suns last setting beam
 Was in the ocean glowing,
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Even Kings, when she was nigh me;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me,
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me;
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter:
 Since she excels in evry grace,
 In her my love shall centre,
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The neist time I gang ewer the mair,
 She shall a lover find me;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Though I left her behind me;
 Then Hymens sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom;
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

Rule Britannia.

Con. Spirito.

When Bri_tain first at Heav'n's command, A

rose from out the a_zure main, arose, arose from out the

a_zure main. *P* This was the Charter, the

Charter of the Land, And guardian An_gels sung this strain,

Rule, Britannia, Bri...tannia rule the waves, Britons ne...ver shall be slaves.

Rule, Britannia, Bri...tannia rule the waves, Britons ne...ver shall be slaves.

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

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

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
 All their attempts to bend thee down;
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 And work their woe, and thy renown.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy Cities shall with commerce shine;
 All thine shall be the subject Main,
 And every shore it circles thine.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

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

Non Nobis Dominus.

W. Bird.

Canon.

Non no__bis Domi___ne, non no___bis sed

Non no_bis Do__mi___ne, non no___bis

Non no_bis Do_mi_ne, non

nomi__ni tu___o da glo___ri___am sed no_mni

sed nomini tu___o da glo__ri___am sed

no___bis sed nomini tu___o da glo___ri__

tu___o da glo__ri___am Non nobis Domi___ne non

nomini tu___o da glo__ri___am Non nobis Domi

_am sed nomini tu__o da glo__ri___am Non.

Great Tom is cast.

H. Lawes.

Catch.

1 Great Tom is cast, and

2 Christ Church Bells ring One, tow, three, four, five,

3 six, and Tom comes last.







