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SEVENTY SCOTTISH SONGS

SEVENTY
SCOTTISH SONGS

EDITED WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS BY
HELEN HOPEKIRK

FOR LOW VOICE



BOSTON : OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

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Helen Hopewick

SCOTTISH FOLK-SONGS



OF the Scottish folk-songs here gathered together, I feel it is unnecessary, even were it possible, to enter into a detailed history. The origin of many has been long since lost sight of, owing to their having been orally bequeathed from one family or generation to another, and also to the confusion of races in the country. But as there is some misconception of the nature of Scottish folk-song, belonging as it does to two racially different peoples, the Celtic Scot and the Lowland Scot, a word or two about the general characteristics of both races and their ways of living may help to a better appreciation of their songs, the most beautiful of which are the least known. To many, mention of Scottish music merely recalls to mind a few melodies such as *Auld Lang Syne*, *Blue Bells of Scotland*, *Annie Laurie*, etc. They, and such as they, are only a small part, and not the most beautiful or significant by any means.

Lowland Scottish music and Celtic music, although talked of collectively, are widely different in character. The Lowlander is placid, pastoral, canny, pawkily humorous, somewhat matter of fact, good-hearted, reserved. The Celt is imaginative, "dreaming dreams and seeing visions," unpractical, superstitious, tender, of quick perception, living an inner life, a good lover, a good hater. The Lowlander would die for a dogma, the Celt would die for a dream. The origin of many of their melodies has been lost sight of, some of the so-called Lowland ones having been brought over from Ireland by the settlers about Galloway, and others from England. They are easily discernible by any one who has the scent; for those who have not, it does not much matter. In spite of the beauty of many of the real Lowland melodies, which are principally of an idyllic and pastoral character, it cannot be denied that the Gaelic music far exceeds it in interest and in emotional, weird quality. The old melodies of the Gael have little affinity with the modern major and

minor modes, and that makes them seem strange to those who have been nurtured on these scales. What seems bizarre and curious in them to some people becomes perfectly clear when referred to the ancient modes. In many arrangements the melodies have been altered, lowered sevenths raised, etc., to make them smooth for "cultivated ears," thereby taking the very life out of them. Apropos of this, a curious incident happened some years ago. Some one rearranged the Gaelic church service hymns, raising the sevenths, to make them more "modern." But when it came to practice, the discord, that resulted between the few who could sing the raised seventh and the many who could not, made them quickly return to the old way.

The use of the "snap" is also a characteristic of many of the Scottish songs, but is not so prevalent as believed, although largely used by composers who wish to write in Scottish style. A melody written on the pentatonic scale, introducing one or two snaps, is not quite enough to produce the requisite atmosphere, as is proven by the banal melody of *Within a mile o' Edinburgh Town*, written in the eighteenth century by an Englishman, James Hook. There are more sad than gay melodies in the Celtic music of Scotland. "The brain of the Gael hears a music sadder than any music there is," says Fiona MacLeod. When a lady in Edinburgh played *Lochaber no more* to Robert Burns, he cried out, with tears in his eyes, "That's a fine song for a broken heart." This could be said of many of the old Celtic songs, whether of France, Ireland, or Scotland. The Celts delight in songs of unhappy love, parting, death, the might-have-been; and their melodies are full of the sadness and beauty of the long, tender, melancholy northern twilight.

The manner of singing of the Scottish Gaelic people is also something strange. They stand or sit very quietly, with an utter absence of self-con-

sciousness, and the tones come out rather monotonously; but as the song goes on, one is strangely moved by a subtle something—a wild irregularity of rhythm, something ancient, remote, more easily felt than expressed. The quaint Gaelic language, the old-world melodies, the quiet and pathos of the way of singing, are haunting. In their festive gatherings, the company make a sort of circle, reaching their plaids or handkerchiefs to each other; and as they sing they sway their bodies from side to side, gently waving their plaids about to the rhythm of the song. There are also queer little grace notes introduced between the notes of the melody. As a child I remember hearing a beautiful old Highland lady over eighty years of age sing Jacobite songs to her own accompaniment on an old spinet-like piano, with such a little, sweet, pathetic voice, and with so many of these little grace notes, that it has ever since been one of the outstanding memories of my childhood. My maternal grandmother also had that quaint way of singing, and it used to be *the* pleasure of the church service to me to hear “Granny’s graces” added to the decorous performances of the others.

Two influences have been powerful in stifling that impulse towards expression in music which has been for years the inheritance of both Gael and Lowlander. The first was the introduction of a hard, merciless Calvinism at the time of the Reformation. The aim of that seemed to be, not to “glorify God and enjoy Him” and His gifts of the beautiful “forever,” but to glorify Him by despising these gifts as a sacred duty. Scotland is only now recovering from that blight. Another influence was the Anglicizing of everything Scottish since the Union—“girdling the world with Brixton,” as George Moore expresses it. England brings material prosperity when she sets her foot on a lesser nation, but it is generally accompanied by a waning of interest in the real things, which are the inward things—utilitarianism versus beauty, and a spiritual falling off, concealed by large religious machinery. Nowadays, when formerly the family would sing their own old songs, the vulgar strains of English music-hall ditties are heard,

with a wretched accompaniment drummed out on a wretched instrument.

I have often wondered if the introduction of the cheap piano has anything to do with the decline of song as a means of expression amongst the people. Before the era of universal piano-playing, the people used to *think* music; and from thinking to expressing is but a step. They improvised little strains over their work, and by repetition and addition the little song grew unconsciously. Now, their ambition is to have a piano, and to have their children learn to play. “Learning music” to them means learning to play the piano, and so that unfortunate instrument has become to them, as to the vast majority, a substitute for music in the brain. I talk more of the townspeople in this regard, many of whom think it a mark of inferiority to confess acquaintance with their own songs, when they can have English music and a piano. Even the “educated” classes are lamentably ignorant of their own treasures of folk-music, forgetting that the true and vigorous in art can only evolve from a nation’s own inheritance of poetry and song; everything else must be exotic and transient. William Butler Yeats in his *Celtic Twilight* speaks much of this: “Folk art is indeed,” he says, “the oldest of the aristocracies of thought, and because it refuses what is passing and trivial, the merely clever and pretty, as certainly as the vulgar and insincere, and because it has gathered into itself the simplest and most unforgettable thoughts of the generations, it is the soil where all great art is rooted. Wherever it is spoken by the fireside, or sung by the roadside, or carved upon the lintel, appreciation of the arts that a single mind gives unity and design to spreads quickly when its hour is come.”

Probably there is more latent music in the peasant people in the remote mountainous parts, and in the Western Isles, where pianos and harmoniums are little known, than anywhere else in the country. In these districts singing still constitutes part of the daily life of the people. They have songs for their different tasks: their sheiling song (*Oran Airidh*), dumping song in weaving (*Oran Luaidh*), crooning song (*Crònan*), boating

song (*Iorram*). In the Isle of Iona, at evening milking-time can be heard the longing strains of *Colin's Cattle* (*Crodh Chaillean*) sung by some girlish voice; and fascinating is it in the long, sweet twilight, with the senses steeped in the most delicate, ethereal coloring, to listen to the quaint strains of a *Iorram* stealing across the calm waters of the Sound, as the boats come home. Neither England nor John Knox has been able to rob these people entirely of their beauty feeling, and so long as that is in their hearts, at any moment the needed touch can waken it into artistic expression. They love their mountains, their fields, their seas and lochs with a passionate love. The very first night of many I have spent in one of the Western Isles was one of those wonderful, dreamy, charmed evenings with a tender rosy light over everything. As I sat outside our cottage I noticed during the evening an old woman pass and repass, walking slowly with her knitting in her hand, but with eyes looking far away, out to sea and the distant hills. Once as she passed, she turned to me, and with a smile on her heavily wrinkled face, said, "God has made it so beautiful, I cannot go into my lonely room, and leave it all;" and then she stood beside me, quite silent, gazing with dreaming eyes across to the glowing rocks of Mull. The poor woman had had much trouble, as I afterwards learned, but the peace of that evening had passed into her. In this sense they are all poets by nature, sensitively alive to beauty, to whom inward life is more than material prosperity; therefore considered by many unprogressive and lazy. One old Gael, who used to sit on the rocks and have long "thinks" every day, said once to me, "The English say that we are lazy, but it will be because they do not understand us."

One reason for the Gaelic melodies being so little known outside of the Gaelic-speaking people is the difficulty of translating the verses into English without losing the peculiar flavor and the oneness with the music. Then the majority of the melodies have, until recently, been published only in little paper editions without accompaniment, or in large expensive ones. These little editions of the *Celtic Lyre*, edited by Mr. Henry

Whyte ("Fionn") of Glasgow, and the *Songs of the Gael*, by Mr. Lachlan MacBean, in which the melodies are written as sung by the people, are in every cottage in the Highlands and Western Isles, and the long winter nights are spent in singing, seated round the glowing peat fires.

Many of the older songs were improvised by the bards to a harp accompaniment, and handed down by memory from generation to generation. The early kings had all their attendant harpers, as had also the Highland chiefs. One of the last, Murdoch MacDonald, died about 1736 in Quinish, Mull. A bard had not only to play and sing, but was expected to improvise on the exciting incidents of the time. This may explain, as has been suggested, the curious closes of many of the melodies, on different degrees of the scale, as between the verses a full close may have been avoided. This facility in verse-making is still a characteristic of the Scottish Gael. Every New Year's night, in certain parts, after the hour of midnight, the people visit one another, and standing on the threshold, recite original verses before entering.

Numbers of the more modern melodies owe their birth to the bagpipes, which superseded the harp within the last three hundred years. The piper to a chief was a highly important personage, who owned lands, and whose pipes were always carried for him by a servant. The Macrimmon family, who served the Macleods, were quite renowned. A school for pipers, founded by them, was for long in existence in the Isle of Skye, and contrary to the custom of most modern schools of music, "no pupil was admitted who had not an ear for music," fees being quite secondary in importance. It was one of the Macrimmon family who was daring enough to penetrate into a sea cave inhabited by the fairies. As he marched in, he played on his pipes, and his friends outside listened in awe as they heard the sounds becoming fainter and fainter, when suddenly his dog rushed out, panting with terror. His master never returned, though at times the sound of his pipes is heard.

Up to the middle of the nineteenth century, the pipers were the keepers of the old traditions,

and every springtime and harvest they journeyed through the different districts, entertaining the people with their music and legends, in return for which they were generously welcomed and lodged. The shepherds also, in the solitudes of the mountains, had large stores in their memory of the warlike songs of their fathers. In those days, those who occupied themselves with music, even in the rudest and simplest way, never complained of bad memories! The songs and stories were in their hearts, that is all.

The reign of Queen Anne and those of the first two Georges were again prolific in Scottish song-making of the more modern types. Allan Ramsay, Lady Wardlaw, Lady Grizzel Baillie, Robert Crawford, and others lived in that time, and song, such as it was, was zealously cultivated by the aristocracy. It is told of Lady Murray, daughter of Lady Grizzel Baillie, that, in her evening assemblies in the Old Parliament Close, Edinburgh, she sang her native melodies, accompanying herself on the spinet, with such touching sweetness, that she rarely closed without a sympathetic sob from some of her hearers.

To the ancient Celt the study of music was a primary part of education. Bude tells us that at all the ancient entertainments the harp was passed round, and so great was the disgrace attached to any one who could not sing or play that the one who was conscious of inability generally disappeared before his turn came. At a funeral, a Coronach was indispensable; without it the soul would restlessly wander about the neighborhood of its earthly remains. Later, the bagpipes took the place of harps and voices at funerals, and now, with the decadence of Calvinism, these poetic customs are again being revived, although at present rather by exception than by rule.

In many of the mountainous parts the burying-places were islands out on the lochs, and one can well picture the scene as the boat containing the coffin glided over the quiet waters, while the mournful laments were echoed from the listening hills. Some years ago the funerals of Professor Blackie and Mrs. Mary MacKellar, a Gaelic poetess, were a revival of ancient customs in the

city of Edinburgh; the coffins covered with tartan plaids, and strewn with heather, being carried shoulder-high by Highlanders through the streets, while the pipers marched in front, playing wild, weird laments. Two summers ago I witnessed a funeral in one of the Western Isles, where the coffin was carried by the mourners to a little boat, while all stood on the beach with uncovered heads, as it slowly sailed through the mist to one of the other islands. Everything was calm and beautiful, but I missed the final touch that would have been added by the wail of the pipes. For a chief they would have been played.

In Ireland, at the present day, more than in Scotland, they are seeking to revive the old legends, and preserve the ancient characteristics of the people. The Gaelic League, and the efforts of such men as Yeats, Douglas Hyde, A. E. (George Russell), and others, and such women as Lady Gregory, Lady Charlotte Guest, etc., are doing much to interest the Irish in their own history and traditions by the preservation in a literary form of the old legends and beliefs of the people. Scotland, also, has the exquisite writings of Fiona MacLeod, who has led us to far-off dreaming isles and rock-bound coasts, and allowed those who have the vision to see into the heart of the Gael, and to dream his dream. A sympathetic study of her works, and Mr. Alexander Carmichael's *Carmina Gadelica*, in which he has translated and preserved old runes, incantations, records of old customs, etc., will surely bring about a closer understanding of the Scottish Gael, his feelings and his aspirations.

And has not Edward MacDowell, in his later style, given unique and beautiful expression in music to the Celtic spirit? Celtic Scotland and Ireland may well claim him, although born in America, as the one who has most artistically expressed the old poetic atmosphere. In his *Celtic Sonata*, one feels wrapped in the elemental atmosphere of the old heroic times, with all the largeness, and pathos, and tragedy of ancient loves and wars. One feels something in his music that is born of the Celtic past; he has allowed his race to speak clearly through him. It seems a long way from

Scottish folk-song to Edward MacDowell's art music; but would it be fanciful to go a little further and say that I believe that no sensitive musical temperament, nourished from childhood on the old Gaelic songs, and musically developed on art lines later, could ever find the works of the most modern French composers incomprehensible or unsympathetic? The tonal characteristics of such music, the spirit of it, could not seem new and strange to such an one, but would appeal to him as something familiar, home-like, near.

I have dwelt more upon the Celtic music of Scotland because it is much less known than the Lowland, and I think has more musical significance and relation to art development. In a book arranged to give a general idea of Scottish folk-song, the best known Lowland airs had also to be included, but I hope that some, when searching for old favorites, will now and again meet with

pleasant little surprises in these quaint old Gaelic songs, which surely they will come to love.

Very many widely different versions exist of all of the old Scottish melodies and verses, but I feel that the sources from which I have drawn present the best and most singable combinations. I should like to acknowledge the kindness of Mr. Alfred Moffat and his publishers, Messrs. Augener, who have permitted me to use many of his versions of the well-known airs and verses; also, the courtesy of Mr. Henry Whyte, of the *Celtic Lyre*, and Mr. Lachlan MacBean, of *Songs of the Gael*, who generously placed their Gaelic melodies and translations of verses at my disposal. My thanks are also due to Mr. Stronach, of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, for helping me to make acquaintance with many interesting old manuscripts and books bearing on the subject.

Boston, February, 1905.

Helen Hopkirk

*They sang those wailing old Scotch songs that set
The heart-strings all a-tremble for their harp;
In which melodious passion breaks its heart
For evermore.*

GERALD MASSEY

SEVENTY SCOTTISH SONGS

ADIEU, DUNDEE

CHARLES NEAVES

Air from Skene MS (1630)
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Lento

VOICE *mp*
A - dieu, Dun - dee, from

PIANO *p* *mp*

Ma - ry part - ed, Here nae mair my lot may be.

Wha can bear, when brok - en - heart - ed, Scenes that speak o'

joys gone by. *cresc.* A' things ance were sweet and smil - ing,

p cresc.

tenderly In the light o' Ma - ry's e'e, *rit.* Fair - est seem - ings *a tempo*

maist be - guil - ing, Love, *f* a - dieu! a - dieu, Dun - dee.

p *very quietly* Like yon wa - ter

soft - ly glid - ing, When the winds are laid to sleep;

cresc.

Such_ my life, when I, con - fid - ing, Gave to her my

cresc.

heart_ to keep. Like_ to wa - ter wild - ly rush - ing,

f sf sf

When_ the north - wind stirs_ the sea, Such_ the change my

p rit.

p rit.

heart now crush - ing, Love, a - dieu! a - dieu, Dun - dee.

f a tempo rit.

f a tempo rit.

AYE WAKIN', O!

First verse traditional
Second verse by ROBERT BURNS

Ancient Scottish Air
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Slowly and expressively

VOICE

1. Aye wak - in', O!
2. Aye wak - in', O!

PIANO

p

Wak - in' aye an' eer - ie, Sleep I can - na get For think - in' on my dear - ie,
Wak - in' aye an' eer - ie, Sleep I can - na get For think - in' on my dear - ie,

p rit. *a tempo* *rit.*

Aye wak - in', O! Sure - ly night comes on, A' the lave are sleep - in', I
Aye wak - in', O! Springs a pleas - ant time, Flow'rs o' ev - 'ry col - or, The

p rit. *a tempo* *rit.*

mf

think on my bon - nie lad, An' bleer my een wi' greet - in',
 wa - ter rins owre the heugh, And I long for my lov - er,

mf

p

Aye wak - in', O! Wak - in' aye an' eer - ie, Sleep I can - na get For
 Aye wak - in', O! Wak - in' aye an' eer - ie, Sleep I can - na get For

f

p

f

p *rit.*

think - in' on my dear - ie, Aye wak - in' O!
 think - in' on my dear - ie, Aye wak - in' O!

p *rit.*

pp

A WEE BIRD CAM' TO OUR HA' DOOR

(WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE)

WILLIAM GLEN (1789-1826)

One of the versions of
Lady Cassilis Lilt (Skene MS)
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Sadly and plaintively

VOICE

PIANO

p

p

1. A wee bird cam' to
2. Quoth I "My bird, my
3. "On hills that are, by

our ha' door, He war-bled sweet and clear-ly An'
bon-nie, bon-nie bird, Is that a sang ye bor-row, Are
right, his ain, He roves a lane-ly stran-ger. On

aye the o'er-come o' his sang Was "Wae's me for Prince-
these some words ye've learnt by heart, Or a lilt o' dool and
ev-'ry side he's press'd by want, On ev-'ry side is

cresc.

Char - lie!" Oh! when I heard the bon-nie, bon - nie bird, The
 sor - row?" "Oh! no, no, no," the wee bird sang, "I've
 dan - ger. Yes - treen I met him in a glen, My

cresc.

cresc.

tears cam' drap - pin' rare - ly, I took my bon - net
 flown sin' morn - in' ear - ly, But sic a day o'
 heart maist burst - it fair - ly, For sad - ly chang'd in -

cresc.

p espress. rit.

off my head, For weel I lo'ed Prince Char - lie.
 wind and rain, Oh! wae's me for Prince Char - lie!"
 deed was he, Oh! wae's me for Prince Char - lie.

p rit. a tempo

slightly quicker

4. "Dark night came on, the tem - pest roar'd, Loud
5. But now the bird saw some red coats, An' he

o'er the hills and val - leys. An' where was't that your
shook his wings wi' an - ger, "Oh, this is no' a

Prince lay down, Wha's hame should been a pal - ace. He
land for me; I'll tar - ry here nae long - er!" He

row'd him in a High - land plaid, That cov - er'd him but
hov - er'd on the wing a - while, Ere he de - part - ed

spare - ly. An' slept be - neath a bush o' broom, Oh!
fair - ly. But weel I mind the fare - weel strain, Was,

pp rit.

wae's me for Prince Char - lie!"
"Wae's me for Prince Char - lie!"

pp

AILIE BAIN O' THE GLEN (EILIDH BHÀN)

From the Gaelic of
EVAN MAC COLL (The Lochfyne Bard)
Translated by Malcolm MacFarlane

Air from the "Celtic Lyre"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Very marked and with freedom

f CHORUS

VOICE

Ai - lie Bain o' the glen,

PIANO

f *f*

Ped. * Ped. *

p *f* *rit.*

bon - nie las - sie, win - some las - sie; Ai - lie Bain o' the glen, Wha' could help but lo'e her?

p *f* *rit.*

SOLO
mf a tempo *rit.*

1. Here wi' lips fore - tok'ning kiss - es, wait - ing dull and wear - ie; 'Tis nae won - der my heart's wish is -
 2. A' the lads are daft a - boot ye A' the bard - ies praise ye; Were I ane my - sel', I doot na

mf a tempo *rit.*

a tempo **f** CHORUS *p*

Quick-ly come, my dear - ie, }
 I'd gang rhym - in' craz - y. } Ai - lie Bain o' the glen, Bon - nie las - sie, win - some las - sie;

a tempo **f** **p**

f

Ai - lie Bain o' the glen, Wha' could help but lo'e her?

f

ped. * *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* *

mf SOLO *rit.*

3. On the cauld nights tho' my plaid - ie Shel - ter'd us but spare - ly,
 4. What tho' mon - ied cuifs en - deav - or, Wi' their gowd tae lure ye,

mf *rit.*

a tempo

Yet my part - in' frae be - side ye Seem'd tae come owre ear - ly.
True tae me yer heart beats ev - er; Ne'er shall they se - cure ye!

CHORUS

f Ai-lie Bain o' the glen, *p* Bon - nie las-sie, win-some las-sie; *f* Ai - lie Bain o' the glen,

Wha' could help but lo'e her?

BALOOLOO, MY LAMMIE

Lady CAROLINA NAIRNE (1766-1845)

Air from "Greig's Minstrelsy"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Crooning

VOICE

PIANO

1. Ba - loo - loo, my lam - mie, ba - loo - loo, my dear, Now
2. Ba - loo - loo, my lam - mie, now ba - loo, my dear, Does

ba - loo - loo, lam - mie; ain min - nie is here. What
wee lam - mie ken that its dad - die's no here? Ye're

ails my wee bairn - ie, what ails it this_ nicht? What
 rock - in' fu' sweet - ly on mam - mie's warm_ knee, But

ails my wee bairn - ie, is bairn - ie no richt?
 dad - die's a - rock - in' up - on the saut sea.

pp

pp

rit.

Ad. *

3. Now hush - a - ba, lam - mie, Now hush - a my_ dear; Now
 4. Sing ba - loo, my_ lam - mie, Sing ba - loo, my_ dear; Sing

p

p a tempo

hush - a - ba, lam - mie, ain min - nie is here; The
 ba - loo, my lam - mie, ain min - nie is here; My

wild wind is rav - in; and mam - mie's heart's sair; The
 wee bairn - ie's doz - in', it's doz - in' now fine, And,

wild wind is rav - in' And ye din - na care.
 oh! may its wauk - nin' be blyth - er than mine.

pp rit.

pp rit. a tempo

1. last time

pp rit.

BLYTHE, BLYTHE AND MERRY WAS SHE

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

Old bagpipe tune
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Gaily

VOICE

PIANO

f

Blythe, blythe and

mer-ry was she, Blythe was she but and ben, Blythe by the banks o' Earn, And

blythe in Glen-tur-rit glen. *mf*

1. By Auch - ter - tyre there grows the aik, On
 2. Her looks were like a flow'r in May, Her
 3. The Hie - land hills I've wan - der'd wide, And

Yar - row banks the bir - ken - shaw; But Phe - mie was a
 smile was like a sim - mer - morn; She trip - pit by the
 o'er the Low - lands I hae been; But Phe - mie was the

bon - nier lass, Than braes o' Yar row ev - er saw.
 banks o' Earn, As licht's a bird up - on a thorn.
 blyth - est lass, That ev - er trod the dew - y green.

CHORUS
 Blythe, blythe and mer - ry was she, Blythe was she but and ben,

Blythe by the banks o' Earn, And blythe in Glen - tur - rit glen.

Repeat from

BY THE STREAM SO PURE AND CLEAR

(SONG OF THE ISLE OF SAINT KILDA)

From "Johnson's Museum"

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Longingly *p*

VOICE

PIANO

p *pp* *rit.*

By the stream so

pure and clear, And through the caves where breez - es lan - guish

Sooth - ing still — my ten - der an - guish, Hop - ing still to

p

find my lov - er, I have wan - der'd far — and near, O,

p *rit.*

f a tempo

where shall I — the youth dis - cov - er?

f a tempo

mf

Keeps he in your breez-y shade, Ye rocks and moss and i - vy wav - ing,

mf

p

On some bank where wild waves lav - ing Mur - mur through the twist - ed wil - low?

p

pp tenderly rit.

On that bank, oh, were I laid. How soft should be — my lov - er's — pil - low!

pp rit.

BY YON BONNIE BANKS

*) Traditional Scottish Ballad

Old Melody: source unknown
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Moderato

VOICE

By yon bon-nie banks, and by

PIANO

p *mf*

La * *La* *

cresc.

yon bon-nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond, Where

cresc.

p *rit.*

me and my true love were ev - er wont to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch

p

La *

*) Lady John Scott has stated that she and Sir John picked up both words and air from a poor little boy, who was singing in the streets of Edinburgh.

a tempo
f

Lo - mond! O, ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the low road, An'

fa tempo

marcato

I'll be in Scot - land a - fore ye; But me an' my true love will

p

rit. *Expressively*
mp

nev-er meet a-gain, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mond! 'Twas

rit.

f

there that we part-ed in yon shad-y glen, On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lo - mond, Where

mp *sf* *f*

in pur-ple hue the_ Hie-land hills we view, And the moon looks out frae the gloam-in' O,

dim. *f*

dim. *f*

ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the low road, An I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye: But

a tempo *marcato*

a tempo

me an' my true love will nev-er meet a-gain, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mond!

rit.

rit.

The wild bird-ies sing and the wild flow-ers spring, And in sun-shine the wa - ters are

a tempo *mp*

mp

p *rit.* *dim.*

sleep - ing; But the brok - en heart it kens nae sec - ond spring, Tho' the

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamic markings include *p* (piano), *rit.* (ritardando), and *dim.* (diminuendo).

a tempo
mf

wae - fu' may cease frae their greet - in'. O, ye'll tak' the high road, an'

dim. *a tempo*

The second system continues the piece. The vocal line starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line. Dynamic markings include *a tempo*, *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *dim.* (diminuendo).

cresc. *p*

I'll tak' the low road, An' I'll be in Scot - land a - fore ye; But

The third system shows the vocal line with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment has a steady bass line. Dynamic markings include *cresc.* (crescendo) and *p* (piano).

rit.

me an' my true love will nev - er meet a - gain, On the bon - nie, bon - nie banks o' Loch Lo - mond!

p *rit.*

The final system concludes the piece. The vocal line features a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment has a steady bass line. Dynamic markings include *rit.* (ritardando) and *p* (piano).

CAM YE BY ATHOL

JAMES HOGG (1770-1835)
 (The Ettrick Shepherd)

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE *With spirit* *f*

1. Cam' ye by Ath - ol,
 2. I hae but ae son, my

PIANO *f*

lad wi' the phil - a - beg, Down by the Trum - mel, on banks of the Gar - ry,
 gal - lant young Don - ald; But if I had ten they should fol - low Glen - gar - ry!

Saw ye our lads wi' their bon - nets and white cockades, Leav - ing their moun - tains To
 Health to MacDon - nel and gal - lant clan Ron - ald, For these are the men that will

rit.

fa tempo

fol - low Prince Char - lie? } Fol - low thee! fol - low thee! Wha wad - na fol - low thee?
 die for their Char - lie!

sf a tempo *sf* *sf*

Lang hast thou loved and trust - ed us fair - ly! Char - lie, Char - lie,

wha wad - na fol - low thee, King o' the High - land hearts, bon - nie Prince Char - lie.

3. I'll to Loch-iel and Ap - pin and kneel to them Down by Lord Mur - ray, and
4. Down through the Low-lands, down wi' the Whig - a - more, Loy - al true High - land - ers,

Roy of Kil - dar - lie; Brave Mac-in - tosh he shall fly to the field with them,
down wi' them rare - ly! Ron - ald and Don-ald, drive on', wi' the broad clay - more,

This system contains the first line of the vocal melody and the piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

rit. These are the lads I can trust wi' my Char-lie. } *f a tempo* Fol-low thee, fol - low thee,
O - ver the reeks o' the foes o' Prince Char-lie. }

This system includes a tempo change from *rit.* to *f a tempo*. The piano accompaniment also changes from *rit.* to *sf a tempo*. The vocal line has a fermata over the first phrase.

wha wad-na fol - low thee? Lang hast thou loved and trust-ed_ us_ fair - ly! Char-lie, Char-lie,

The piano accompaniment in this system is marked *sf* (sforzando) and features a more rhythmic and driving accompaniment.

wha wad-na fol - low thee, King o' the High-land hearts, bon-nie Prince Char-lie.

The piano accompaniment continues with *sf* markings, maintaining the driving accompaniment style.

COME, ALL YE JOLLY SHEPHERDS (WHEN THE KYE COME HAME)

JAMES HOGG (1770 - 1835)
(The Ettrick Shepherd)

An old Border Air
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Rather quick, with freedom

PIANO

f *sf*

La * La *

mf

1. Come, all ye jol - ly shep - herds, that whis - tle thro' the glen, I'll
2. There the black - bird biggs his nest for the mate he loves to see, And,

mf

La * La *

accel. *rit. dim.* *a tempo*

tell ye of a se - cret that courtiers din - na ken; What is the great - est bliss that the
up up - on the top - most bough, oh, hap - py bird is he! Then he pourshis melt - ing dit - ty, and

accel. *rit.* *p a tempo*

cresc. *rit.* *a tempo*

tongue o' man can name?" 'Tis to woo his bon - nie las - sie when the kye come hame. }
love, 'tis a' the theme, An' he'll woo his bon - nie las - sie when the kye come hame. } When the

rit.

kye come hame, when the kye come hame, 'Tween the gloam-in' and the mirk, when the

a tempo *sf* *p*

La * La *

rit. *mf*

kye come hame. 3. See_ yon - der pawk-y shep-herd that
4. Then since all na- ture joins_in this

rit. *sf a tempo* *mf*

rit. *a tempo* *rit.*

lin-gers on the hill, His_ ewes are in the fauld and his lambs are ly - in' still; Yet he
love with-out al-loy, Oh,_ wha would prove a trai - tor to na- ture's dear- est joy! Or_

rit. *a tempo* *rit.*

a tempo *rit.* *p*

dow - na gang to rest, for his heart is in a flame To — meet his bon-nie las-sie, when the
wha would choose a crown, wi' it's per - ils and its fame, And — miss his bon-nie las-sie, when the

a tempo *rit.* *p*

a tempo f

kye come hame! } When the kye come hame, when the kye come hame, 'Tween the
kye come hame! }

a tempo *mf*

rit. *p a tempo*

gloam - in' and the mirk, when the kye come hame.

rit. *p a tempo* *sf*

COPE SENT A LETTER FRAE DUNBAR

(JOHNNIE COPE)

Old Scottish Air
 Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Vigorously

VOICE

PIANO

1. Cope sent a let - ter__
2. When Char-lie look'd the__
3. Now, John-nie, be as__

frae Dun - bar: O___ Char-lie, meet__ me___ an'___ ye___ daur, And___
 let-ter up - on, He___ drew his sword_the___ scab - bard_from: Come___
 gude's your word, Come, let us try___ baith___ fire___ and___ sword, And___

I'll learn ye the art o' war, 'Gin ye'll meet me in the morn - ing.
 fol - low me, my mer - ry men, And we'll meet Cope in the morn - ing. } Hey, -
 din - na run like a fright-ed bird, That's chased frae its nest in the morn - ing. }

mockingly

John-nie Cope, are ye wauk-in' yet? Or are your drums a - beat - in' yet? If

Lead * Lead *

rit. ye were wauk in', I wad wait, To go to the couls-i' the *a tempo*

rit. *a tempo*

morn - ing.

sf *sf* *sf*

Lead *

4. When John - nie Cope he heard of this, He
5. Fye, John - nie, now get up and rin, The
6. When John - nie Cope to Ber - wick cam', They

thocht it wad - na be a - miss To have a horse in
 High-land bag - pipes mak' a din; It's best to sleep in a
 speer'd at him, - Where's a' your men?" The de'il con-found me,

mockingly

read-i-ness To flee a - wa' i' the morn - ing.
 hale skin, For'twill be a bluid-y morn - ing. Hey, - John-nie Cope, are ye
 'gin I ken, For I left them a' i' the morn - ing.

wauk - in' yet Or are your drums a - beat - in' yet: If

rit. *a tempo*

ye were wauk-in' I wad wait To go to the couls i' the morn - ing.

CRO-CHALLAIN WOULD GIE ME (COLIN'S CATTLE)

From the Old Gaelic
Translated by C. M. P.

Old Highland Melody
from the "Celtic Lyre"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With simplicity

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. Cro - Chal-lain would gie me, Sae can-nie and free, Their
2. Cro - Chal-lain wad gie me, Where ev-er they browse, Their

milk on the hill-top, When nane's bye tae see. Cro -
milk with-out fet-ter, A-mong the green knowes. Cro -

cresc.

Chal - lain are bon - nie, Cro - Chal - lain are
 Chal - lain sae can - nie, In the heat o' the

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment starts with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. Both parts are marked with a *cresc.* (crescendo) dynamic. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

braw, Like the wing o' the muir - hen Brown
 day, They lie 'mang the heath - er, While their

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown. The piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures and some melodic lines in the right hand, while the left hand continues with a steady bass line. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal notes.

spot - ted an' a'.
 calves 'round them play.

The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes some sustained chords and melodic fragments. The lyrics are: "spot - ted an' a' calves 'round them play."

p

3. There's a load on my bos - om; There's a tear in my
 4. Nae sleep - in', nae sleep - in', Nae sleep - in' for

The fourth system contains two alternative endings for the song, marked with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown. The piano accompaniment features a simple bass line and chords in the right hand. The lyrics are: "3. There's a load on my bos - om; There's a tear in my" and "4. Nae sleep - in', nae sleep - in', Nae sleep - in' for".

ee, I am wae and for - soch - ten There's nae
me, Till they come that I'm seek - in, I maun

sleep - in' for me. Cro - Chal - lain are bon - nie, Cro -
ne'er close an ee. Cro - Chal - lain sae bon - nie, Cro -

cresc.

cresc.

Chal - lain are braw; Like the wing o' the muir - hen Brown -
Chal lain sae dear; They — aye fill the milk - pail, What

spot - ted an' a'.
braw calves they rear.

FAREWELL TO LOCHABER

(LOCHABER NO MORE)

ALLAN RAMSAY (1686 - 1758)

Old Highland Air
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Sadly

VOICE

PIANO

mp

mp

1. Fare - well to Loch - a - ber, Fare - well to my
 2. Tho' hur - ri - canes rise; And raise ev - 'ry
 3. Then glo - ry, my Jean, Maun plead my ex -

rit.

Jean, Where heart - some with thee I have mon - y days
 wind, They'll ne'er make a tem - pest like that in my
 cuse; Since hon - our com - mands me, how can I re -

rit.

a tempo

been; For Loch - a - ber no more, Loch - a - ber no
 mind; Tho' loud - est of thun - ders on loud - er waves
 fuse? With - out it, I ne'er can have mer - it for

p *a tempo*

Ed. *

more, We'll may - be re - turn to Loch - a - ber no
 roar, That's nae - thing like leav - ing my love on the
 thee, And los - ing thy fav - our I'd bet - ter not

rit.

rit.

a tempo

more. These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear, And
 shore. To leave thee be - hind me my heart is sore pain'd, But by
 be. I gae then, my lass, to win hon - our and fame, And

a tempo

cresc. *f*

no__ for the dan-gers at - tend-ing on__ weir; Tho' bore on rough
 ease that's in - glor-ious no__ fame can be gain'd; And beau - - ty and
 if__ I should chance to__ come glor-ious-ly__ home, I'll bring_____ a

cresc. *f*

The first system of music features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a *cresc.* marking and a dynamic of *f*. The piano accompaniment also starts with a *cresc.* marking and a dynamic of *f*. The piano part includes a triplet in the bass line towards the end of the system.

p rit.

seas__ to a__ far__ blood-y__ shore, May__ be to re - turn to Loch -
 love's the re - ward of the__ brave, And I maunde - serve it be -
 heart to thee with love__ run - ning o'er, And then I'll leave thee and Loch -

p rit.

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line is marked *p rit.* and the piano accompaniment is also marked *p rit.*. The piano part features a triplet in the bass line.

a - ber no__ more.
 fore I can__ crave.
 a - ber no__ more.

a tempo *pp rit.*

La * *La* * *La* *

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line is marked *a tempo* and the piano accompaniment is marked *pp rit.*. The piano part includes a triplet in the bass line and ends with a *La* marking and an asterisk.

FAR OVER YON HILLS

(FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT)

JAMES HOGG (1770 - 1835)
(The Ettrick Shepherd)

Air by NIEL GOW
 Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Plaintively

VOICE

p

1. Far o - ver yon hills o' the
 2. The moor-cock that crows on the
 3. The tar - get is torn from the

PIANO

rit. *p a tempo*

heath - er sae — green, — And down by the cor - rie that sings — by the sea, The
 brows o' Ben — Con - nal, He kens o' his bed in a sweet moss - y hame; The
 arm of the — just, — The hel - met is cleft on the brow — of the brave; The

bon - nie young Flo - ra sat sigh - ing her — lane, — The
 ea - gle that soars on the cliffs o' Clan — Ron - ald, Un -
 clay - more for ev - er in dark - ness must — rust, — But

*rit.**a tempo cresc.*

dew on her plaid, an' the tear in her e'e. She look'd at a boat wi' the
 aw'd and un-hunt-ed his ey-rie can claim. The so-lan can sleep on the
 red is the sword of the stranger and slave. The hoof of the horse and the

*rit.**a tempo cresc.*

breez-es that swung, A-way on the waves like a
 shelf of the shores; The cor-mo-rant roost on his
 foot of the proud, Have trode o'er the plumes on the

bird on the main; An' aye as it less-en'd she sigh'd as she sung, "Fare -
 rock of the sea; But ah! there is one whose hard fate I de-plore, Nor
 bon-net of blue; Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud - When

a tempo *f marcato*

weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain!— Fare - weel to my he - ro, the
house, ha', nor hame in his coun - try has he, — The con - flict is past and our
ty - ran - ny rev - ell'd in blood of the true?— Fare - weel, my young he - ro, the

a tempo *f*

p

gal - lant and young, — Fare - weel to the lad I shall
name is no more, — There's naught left but sor - row for
gal - lant and good! — The crown of thy fa - thers is

sf *p*

rit. 1. & 2. *Last time*

ne'er see a - gain!"
Scotland and me!
torn from thy brow!

rit. *a tempo*

p

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

(AFTON WATER)

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

Composer of air unknown
 Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Tenderly and tranquilly *p*

VOICE

1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a -
 2. Thou stock - dove, whose ech - o re -

PIANO

p

The first system of music features a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The voice line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics for two verses. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass clef with chords and moving lines. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Tenderly and tranquilly' with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

mong thy green braes, — Flow gen - tly, I'll — sing — thee a —
 sounds thro' the — glen — Ye wild whis - tling — black-birds in —

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics describe the natural setting of the poem. The piano part continues with its accompaniment, including some fermatas and dynamic markings.

song in — thy — praise; My — Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy
 yon flow - 'ry — den; Thou green crest - ed — lap - wing, thy

The third system concludes the piece with the final lines of the poem. The voice line ends with a fermata, and the piano accompaniment provides a gentle conclusion.

Burns sent the air with his poem to Johnson for the "Scot's Museum!"

mur - mur - ing - stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis -
 scream - ing for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my -

turb not her dream. *mp*
 slum - ber - ing fair. 3. How

p
 Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bour - ing hills Far

mark'd with the cours - es of sweet wind - ing rills! There

cresc. dai - ly I wan - der as morn ris - es high, My *rit.*

a tempo flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye. *a tempo*

4. *p* Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a -

mong thy green braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet

riv - er, the — theme of — my — lays. *p* My —

Ma - ry's — a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing —

p

rit. *p* *a tempo*

stream, — Flow gen - tly, sweet — Af - ton, dis -

rit. *p* *a tempo*

rit.

turb not — her — dream.

rit. *pp*



GIN A BODY MEET A BODY

(COMIN' THRO' THE RYE)

Old Scottish Air

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

Naïvely

VOICE

PIANO

p *ten.*

Red *

rit.

1. Gin a bod - y meet a bod - y Com - in' thro' the rye,
 2. Gin a bod - y meet a bod - y Com - in' frae the well,
 3. Gin a bod - y meet a bod - y Com - in' frae the toun,

p *rit.* *pp*

a tempo cresc. *p rit.*

Gin a bod - y kiss a bod - y Need a bod - y cry?
 Gin a bod - y kiss a bod - y Need a bod - y tell?
 Gin a bod - y greet a bod - y Need a bod - y gloom?

a tempo *rit.* *pp*

f a tempo *rit. dim.* 3 *a tempo*

Il - ka las - sie has her lad - die, Nane they say — ha'e I; Yet
 Il - ka las - sie has her lad - die, Ne'er a ane — ha'e I; But
 Il - ka las - sie has her lad - die, Nane they say — ha'e I; But

a tempo

f *rit.*

La. * *La.* * *La.* * *La.* *

cresc.

a' the lads they smile to me, When com - in' thro' the rye.
 a' the lads they smile to me, When com - in' thro' the rye.
 a' the lads they lo'e me weel, And what the waur am I?

a tempo *p* *rit.* *pp*

mf a tempo *p*

HAME, HAME, HAME!

Original Version
by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM (1784-1842)

Old Air
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Yearningly *mp*

VOICE

Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be,

PIANO

p *mp*

Ad. *

Hame, hame, hame, to my ain coun - trie! There's an eye that ev - er weeps, and a

cresc. *p* *L.H.* *cresc.*

fair face will be fain, As I pass thro' An-nan wa-ter wi' my bon-nie bands a-gain; When the

f *p* *L.H.*

flow'r is in the bud, and the leaf up-on the tree, The lark shall sing me home to my

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are "flow'r is in the bud, and the leaf up-on the tree, The lark shall sing me home to my". The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings.

ain coun-trie. Home, home, home, O

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "ain coun-trie. Home, home, home, O". The piano accompaniment includes a section marked "L.H." (Left Hand) with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). There are also markings for "Ped" (pedal) and asterisks indicating specific musical effects or techniques. The system concludes with a *mp* (mezzo-piano) dynamic marking.

home fain-wad I be, Home, home, home, to my ain coun-trie! The green

The third system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "home fain-wad I be, Home, home, home, to my ain coun-trie! The green". The piano accompaniment includes a section marked "L.H." with a dynamic marking of *p*. There are also markings for "cresc." (crescendo) and "Ped" (pedal). The system concludes with a *p* dynamic marking.

leaf o' loy-al-tie is be-gin-ning for to fa' And the bon-nie white rose it is

cresc.

with-er-ing and a': But I'll wa-ter't wi'the bluid o' u-surp-ing tyr-an-nie, And—

fenthusiastically

f

green_ it will grow in my ain coun-trie.

L.H.

f

Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be,

pp

pp

p sadly

Home, home, home, to my ain coun - try! The great now are gane, a' who

rit. cresc.

ven-tur'd for to save, And the new grass is grow - ing a - bove their bluid - y grave, But the

rit.

sun in the mirk blinks blythe in my e'e. I'll

mf

shine on ye yet in yer ain coun - try.

L.H.

p

pp

HEAVY THE BEAT OF THE WEARY WAVES

(OLD DIRGE FROM THE ISLE OF MULL)

Air: "An cronan Muillach"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Mournfully

PIANO

mp

Heav - y the beat of the wear - y waves, Fall - ing fall - ing

pp

o'er and o'er up - on — the rock - y shore, When he comes no more, a -

las! no more. Och - one! Ev - er more, Och -

one! Tears of de - spair from the

p

Ad. *

weep - ing sky Fall - ing to the earth be - neath, And o'er the gloom - y

heath Hangs a mist - y pall of death, of death! Och - one! Ev -

pp

pp

Ad. *

- er more, Och - one!

3 rit.

rit. *p a tempo*

Ad. * *Ad.* *

HUSH-A-BY, DARLING

The verses by Lachlan MacBean
are relics of an old Lochaber Lullaby

Ancient Lochaber Lullaby
from "Songs of the Gael"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Tenderly *p*

VOICE

PIANO

1. Hush - a - by, dar - ling, and
2. Lul - la - by, lit - tle one,

hush - a - by, dear O, Hush - a - by, dar - ling will yet be a he - ro,
bon - nie wee ba - by, He'll be a he - ro, and fight for us, may - be;

None will be big - ger or brav - er or strong - er, Lul - la - by, lit - tle one,
Cat - tle and hors - es and sheep will his prey be, None will be bold - er or

rit. dim.

cry - ing no long - er.
brav - er than ba - by. *a tempo*

rit. dim. *p*

p a tempo

3. Soft - ly and si - lent - ly eye - lids are clos - ing, Dear - est wee
 4. Plac - id - ly, peace - ful - ly, slum - ber has bound him, An - gels are

a tempo

p

Lead *

jew - el, so gen - tly he's doz - ing; Soft - ly he's rest - ing, by
 lov - ing - ly watch - ing a - round him; Beau - ti - ful spir - its, his

p

p

slum - ber o'er - tak - en, Sound - ly he's sleep - ing, and sweet - ly he'll
 sor - row be - guil - ing, Sweet - ly they whis - per, and ba - by is

dim. *rit.*

pp *rit.*

1. wak - en.
 smil - ing.

2.

a tempo

pp

Lead *

HUSH YE, MY BAIRNIE

(CAGARAN GAOLACH)

Old Gaelic(Lochaber) Lullaby
Translated by Malcolm Mac Farlane

From the "Celtic Lyre"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Andantino

VOICE

PIANO

p

Hush ye, my bairn - ie, my bon - nie wee lad - die

When ye're a man ye shall fol - low your dad - die; Lift me a coo, And a

goat and a weth - er, Bring - ing them hame to yer min - nie the-gith - er.

rit.

rit.

Ad. * *Ad.* *

p
Hush ye, my bairn - ie, my

p a tempo *p*

La * La *

bon - nie wee lam - mie; Routh o' guid things ye shall

rit. *p a tempo*
bring tae yer mam - mie; Hare frae the mea - dow, and

rit. *p a tempo*

deer frae the moun - - tain, Grouse frae the muir - lan', and

trout frae the foun - tain.

Ped. *rit.* *8va*

p
Hush ye, my bairn - ie, my bon - nie wee dear - ie, Sleep! come and close the een

pp

rit. - - - *pp* - - -
heav - y and wear - ie; Closed are the wear - ie een, rest ye are tak - in'

rit.

Sound be yer sleep - in', and bright be yer wak - in'.

I CLIMB THE MOUNTAINS

(FHIR A BHÀTA)

Translated from the Gaelic
by Lachlan MacBean

Old Gaelic Air
From the "Celtic Lyre"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Rather slow and steadily

PIANO

f *sf* *p*

Lead * *Lead* *

mf

1. I climb the moun - tain and scan the o - cean, For thee, my
2. From pass - ing boat - men I'd fain dis - cov - er If they have

mf *f*

boat - man with fond de - vo - tion; When shall I see thee? to - day? to -
heard of, or seen my lov - er, They nev - er tell me I'm on - ly

cresc. sf *Lead*

mor - row? O! do not leave me in lone - ly sor - row. } O my
chid - ed, And told my heart has been sore mis - guid - ed. }

f *Lead*

boat - man, na hó - ro ei - le, O my boat - man, na hó - ro ei - le, O my

boat - man, na ho - ro ei - le, - Joy a - wait thee when - e'er thou sail - est!

3. My lov - er pro - mis'd to bring his la - dy A silk - en
4. I may not hide it - my heart's de - vo - tion Is not a
5. My heart is wear - y with cease - less wail - ing Like wound - ed

gown and a tar - tan plaid - ie, A ring of gold which would show his
sea - son's - brief e - mo - tion; Thy love in child - hood be - gan to
swan when her strength is fail - ing, Her notes of an - guish the lake a -

sem - blance; But oh! I fear me for his re - mem - brance.
 seize me, And ne'er shall fade un - til death re - lease me. } O my
 wak - en, By all her com - rades at last for - sak - en.

boat - man, na hó - ro ei - le, O my boat - man, na hó - ro

ei - le, O my boat - man, na hó - ro ei - le, — Joy a -

wait thee when - e'er thou sail - est!

I LEFT MY DARLING LYING HERE

" (A FAIRY LULLABY)

(AN COINEACHAN)

Old Gaelic Verses

Translated by Lachlan MacBean

From the "Celtic Lyre"

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Very simply *mp*

VOICE

1. I left my dar - ling ly - ing here, a -
2. I found the track of the swan on the lake, the

PIANO

p *mp*

ly - ing here, a - ly - ing here, I left my dar - ling ly - ing here, To
swan on the lake, the swan on the lake, I found the track of the swan on the lake, But

go and gath-er blae-ber-ries. I've
not the track of ba-by, O! I

p

¹⁾ Sung by a mother whose child was stolen by the fairies.

found the wee brown ot - ter's track, the ot - ter's track, the ot - ter's track, I've
found the track of the yel - low fawn, the yel - low fawn, the yel - low fawn, I

mf

found the wee brown ot - ter's track, But ne'er a trace o' ba - by, O!
found the track of the yel - low fawn, But could not trace my ba - by, O!

p rit.

mp

3. I

a tempo

rit.

found the trail of the moun-tain mist, the moun-tain mist, the moun-tain mist; I

a tempo

found the trail of the moun - tain mist, But ne'er a trace of

p rit.

ba - by, O! Hó - van, Hó - van, Gor - ry òg O,

a tempo

Gor - ry òg O, Gor - ry òg O, Hó - van, Hó - van,

Gor - ry òg O, I've lost my dar - ling ba - by, O!

rit.

I'M WEARIN' AWA', JEAN

(THE LAND O' THE LEAL)

The original poem by
Lady Carolina Nairne (1766-1845)
(Robert Burns' Version)

A version of an old air
"Hey, tuttie, tattie"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With pathos

VOICE

PIANO

pp

p

p

1. I'm wear - in' a - wa', Jean, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw; Jean, I'm
2. To me ye hae been true, Jean, Your task's end - ed noo, Jean, For

wear - in' a - wa' — To the land o' the leal. — There's
near kythes my view — O' the land o' the leal. — Our

La * *La* * *La* * *La* *

La * *La* *

cresc.

nae sor - row there, Jean, There's nei - ther cauld nor care, Jean, The
 bon - nie bairn's there, Jean, She was baith gude and fair, Jean, And,

day's aye — fair I' the land o' the leal. —
 oh! we grudg'd her sair To the land o' the leal. —

p *rit.*

pp *rit.* *a tempo*

Ped * *Ped* *

With animation

3. But dry that tear - fu' ee, — Jean, Grieve

mf

mf

Ped * *Ped* *

na for her and me, Jean, Frae sin and sor - row free_ I' the

cresc.

cresc.

land o' the leal. Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean! This world's cares are

p

poco

p

poco

vain, Jean, We'll meet and aye be fein_ I' the land o' the leal.

dim.

pp *rit.*

dim.

rit.

I WISH I WERE WHERE HELEN LIES

(FAIR HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL)

Ancient Air

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Old Ballad

Sadly

VOICE

PIANO

p

mp

cresc.

dim.

dim.

p

wish I were where Hel - en lies, For night and day on — me she cries, O! —

that I were where Hel - en lies, On fair Kirk - con - nel Lea!

Lea *

Lea *

mf accel

Cursed be the heart that thought the thought, And

mf

rit.

cursed the hand that fired the shot, When in my arms burd Hel - en dropt, And

rit.

dim.

died to suc-cor me. But

a tempo p

dim. *pp*

think-na ye my heart was sair When my love dropt down_ and spake nae mair, There

p a tempo

did she swoon wi' mei-kle care On fair Kirk - con - nel

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The vocal line consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment includes a flowing eighth-note melody in the right hand and a bass line with some triplets in the left hand.

Lea. *p* I

The second system continues the piece. The vocal line has a rest followed by a single note. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line with a triplet and a right hand with chords and moving lines. A dynamic marking of *p* is present.

(longingly)
wish I were where Hel - en lies, For night and day on — me she cries, And —

The third system is marked *(longingly)*. The vocal line has a long note with a fermata. The piano accompaniment is more sparse, consisting of chords and simple bass notes.

rit.
I am wear - y — of the skies For her sake that died for me.

The fourth system is marked *rit.* (ritardando). The vocal line has a long note with a fermata. The piano accompaniment features a moving bass line and chords in the right hand. A dynamic marking of *pp* (pianissimo) is present at the end.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, JOHN

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

Ancient Melody*)
 Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE *Quietly and tenderly*

PIANO *p*

John An-der-son, my
 jo, John, When we were first ac-quent; Your locks were like the ra-ven, Your
 bon-nie brow was brent; But now your brow is beld, John, Your locks are like the
 snaw, But bless-ings on your frost-y pow, John An-der-son, my jo!

rit.

rit.

*) This was formerly an old Roman Catholic tune, used in the church service, and set to ribald words at the time of the Reformation. Robert Burns rescued it by wedding it to his own touching verses.

mp

John An - der - son, my jo, John, We_ clamb the hill the -

a tempo

mf

Ad. *

gith - er; And mo - ny a can - ty day, John, We've had wi' ane an -

cresc.

dolce

ith - er, Now we maun tot - ter down, John, But hand in hand we'll

p

sempre dim. e rit.

go; And_ sleep the-gith - er at the foot, John_ An - der - son, my jo.

sempre dim. e rit.

Ad. *

MAXWELLTON BRAES ARE BONNIE

(ANNIE LAURIE)

Verses and Melody
by Lady JOHN SCOTT
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Simply

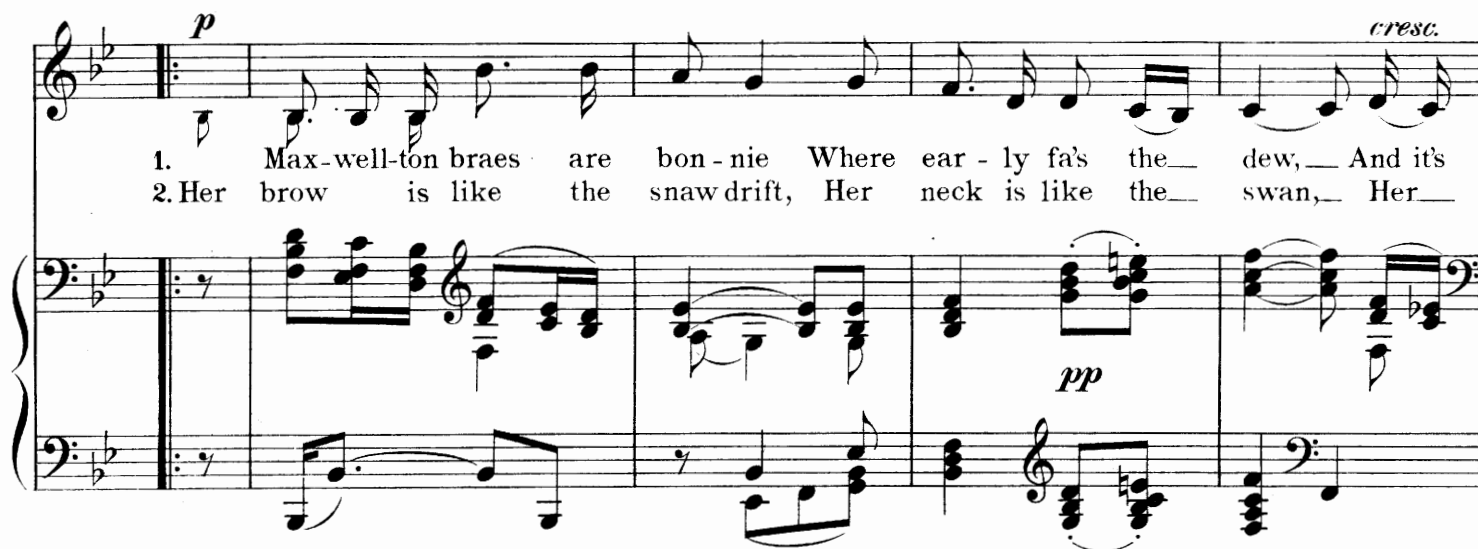
VOICE

PIANO



p *cresc.*

1. Max-well-ton braes are bon-nie Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And it's
2. Her brow is like the snaw drift, Her neck is like the swan, Her



there that An-nie Lau-rie Gi'ed me her prom-ise true; Gi'ed
face it is the fair-est, That e'er the sun shone on; That

cresc.



me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for-got will be, And for
 e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e, And for

bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doon an'
 bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doon an'

dim.

dee.
 dee.

a tempo

3. Like dew on the gow - an ly - ing Is the fa' o' her fair - y

pp

feet; And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing Her

voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, She's

a' the world to me. And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd

lay me doon and dee.

rit. *pp*

MY BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN

(MO NIGHEAN DONN, BHOIDHEACH)

Verses from the Gaelic
Translated by Lachlan MacBean

Old Gaelic Melody
from "Songs of the Gael"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE *Moderato* *f*

1. Ho - ro, my brown-haired
2. Though far from thee I'm
3. Thy smile is bright - est,

PIANO

maid - en, Hee - ree, my bon - nie maid - en, My sweet - est, neat - est
rang - ing, My love is not es - trang - ing, My heart is still un -
pur - est, Best, kind - li - est, de - mur - est, With which thou still al -

maid - en, I'll wed none but thee. O maid, whose face was
chang - ing, And aye true to thee. O, blest was I when
lur - est My heart's love to thee. Where High - land hills are

fair - est, The beau - ty that thou bear - est, Thy
 near thee, To see thee and to hear thee, These
 swell - ing, My dar - ling has her dwell - ing, A

witch - ing smile, the rar - est, Are ev - er with me.
 mem' - ries still en - dear thee For ev - er to me.
 fair wild rose ex - cel - ling In sweet - ness is she.

After 3^d verse

Ho - ro, my brown-haired maid - en, Hee - ree, my bon - nie maid - en, My

sweet - est neat - est, maid - en, I'll wed none but thee.

MY LOVE, SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET

JAMES HOGG (1770-1835)
(The Ettrick Shepherd)

Old Scottish Air
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With spirit and delicacy

VOICE

PIANO

p

My—

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

Love, she's but a las-sie yet, A___ light-some love-ly las-sie yet, It___

p *rit.* *a tempo* *rit.* *a tempo*

rit. *a tempo*

scarce wad do to sit and woo, Down by___ the___ stream sae glass-y yet. But___

rit. *a tempo*

there's a braw time com-in' yet, When we may gang a - roam - in' yet, An'

f

*Led * Led **

hint wi' glee O' joys to be, When fa's the mod-est gloam-in' yet:

rit.

rit.

pa tempo

*Led * Led * Led **

She's—

mp

nei-ther proud nor sau-cy yet, She's nei-ther plump nor gau-cy yet; But—

mp

just a jink - in', Bon-nie blink-in', Hil - ty__ skil - ty las - sie yet. But__

O! her art - less smile's mair sweet, Than__ hin - ney or than mar - ma - lete, An'

right or wrang, E'en it be lang, I'll bring - her__ to a par - ley yet.

I'm__

MY LOVE TO MY BRIDE

(FAIR YOUNG MARY)

(MÀIRI BHÀN ÒG)

From the Gaelic of D (Bàn) Mc Intyre*)
Translated by Lachlan MacBean

Melody from "Songs of the Gael"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Gently and not too slowly (about $\text{♩} = 69$)

VOICE

PIANO

1. My love to my bride, with
2. Where wood-lands are green with

dear ca-ress-es And pride, shall ev-er be shown, Each
trees well nour-ish'd, A scene of beau-t-y to view, I

vir-tue most rare her soul pos-sess-es, And fair and sweet has she
found with de-light one stem that flour-ish'd, Of bright and beau-ti-ful

rit.

*) To his newly wedded wife

a tempo

gown. _____ My thoughts used to rove in boy - ish fol - ly Ere
 hue : _____ That bough from a - bove, de - sir - ing great - ly, With

a tempo

La *

ev - er her love I had known, _____ But now I'm her own, my
 love un - to me I drew; _____ None else could have mov'd that

La *

rit.

heart is whol - ly my dar - ling's a - lone a - lone.
 tree so state - ly, 'Twas on - ly for me that it grew.

rit. *pp* R.H. L.H.

La * La * La *

MY OWN DEAR ONE'S GONE

(DH' FHALBH MO LEANNAN FHÉIN)

From the Gaelic of "Fionn" (Henry Whyte)
Translated by A.M. Rose

Old Gaelic Air
From the "Celtic Lyre"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Mournfully

VOICE

1. My own dear one's gone! My true love's de-part-ed;
2. Wait-ing aye for thee, I'm heart-sick with sor-row;

PIANO

Hap-py be his lot, Though I'm bro-ken heart-ed. My own dear one's gone.
Sleep-less now my eyes, From the eve till mor-row. My own dear one's gone.

rit.

rit.

a tempo

All my weal went then,
Sad, sad news I hear,

a tempo

p

Naught re-main'd but sad-ness; Till thou come a-gain, I can ne'er know glad-ness.
 Pierc-ing like an ar-row, That be-neath the wave Sleeps "my win-some mar-row."

rit.
 My own dear one's gone.
 My own dear one's gone.

a tempo
rit. *p*

after 2d verse
p
 Sad the tale to me; Need I long - er tar - ry? Death, to rest, and thee,

rit. *rit.*
 Soon my soul will car - ry. My own dear one's gone!

rit. *rit.*

MY BROWN MAID (MO NIGHEAN DONN)

From the Gaelic
Translated by C. M. P.

Air from the "Celtic Lyre"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With spirit (♩ = 84)

VOICE

CHORUS

Sing - ing hó, ro - va hó,

PIANO

mf

f

SOLO

mp The solo always somewhat slower and as if spoken, in free time

Let's be go - ing, Mo neen donn. 'Tis time to go home-ward, Far too long was my

mp

CHORUS

a tempo

so - journ, Mo neen donn.. Sing-ing hó ro-va hó Let's be go - ing, Mo neen donn.

L.H.

f

Ed. *

SOLO *f*

Roll the crest - ed waves hoar - y, to the shore with weird moan - ing, Mo

rit. CHORUS *p a tempo*

neen donn. Sing - ing hó, ro - va hó, Let's be go - ing, Mo neen donn.

L.H. *rit.* *a tempo* *p*

p SOLO

In the woods, the sweet sing - ers un - der wing their heads stow them, Mo

rit. CHORUS *p a tempo*

neen donn. Sing - ing hó, ro - va hó, Let's be go - ing, Mo neen donn.

rit. *a tempo* *p*

SOLO *mp* *rit.*

In the land of old Os-sian, my sad loss I'm de - plor - ing, Mo

CHORUS *f* *a tempo*

neen donn. Sing - ing hó, ro - va hó, Let's be go - ing Mo neen donn.

a tempo *f*

SOLO *p* *very slowly*

Where I left — her, my dear one, my own peer-less a - dor'd one, Mo

p

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.*

L.H. R.H.

CHORUS *f* *a tempo*

neen donn. Sing - ing hó, ro - va hó, Let's be go - ing Mo neen donn.

a tempo *f*

MY PRETTY MARY

(MÀIRI BHÒIDHEACH)

From Sinclair's "Oranaiche"
Translated by C. M. P.

Old Melody of the Hebrides
From the "Celtic Lyre"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE *Ardently*

1. My pret - ty Ma - ry, my love - ly
2. Could I but so - journ with thee

PIANO *p*

Ma - ry, O who can meas - ure the love I bear thee? My charm - ing
on - ly, In some green glen, — se - cure and lone - ly, Then nei - ther

Ma - ry, I great - ly fear me, A - way from thee there is nought can cheer me. In storm or
glo - ry, fame, nor treas - ure Could ev - er bring me — half — such pleas - ure. Thy ab - sence

rall. *a tempo*

sun - shine, wher - e'er I wan - der, My wont is on thy charms to
 has _____ of joy be - reft me, And nought but sor - row now is

pon - der; Thy im - age ris - es up be - fore me, And throws love's
 left me; From day to day 'tis sigh - ing, pin - ing, For thy sweet

witch - ing gla - mour o'er me.
 face like a sun - beam shin - ing.

* *La*

D.S.

3. Who ev - er saw thee but felt thy pow - er? Of Beau - ty's

L.H.

p

hand-maids thou art the flow-er; And sense and worth, all else ex-cel - ling, With-in thy

vir - tu - ous mind_ are dwell - ing. O ne'er may e - vil chance come

near thee, With grief or gloom - y doubts to fear thee, But pleas-ant hopes and musings

thine be, To cheer the days_ un-til_ thou mine be.

NAE MAIR WE'LL MEET AGAIN

Highland Melody: "Robi donna Gorach"
 Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE *Sorrowfully* *p*

1. Nae... mair we'll meet a-gain, my love, by yon burnside, Nae
 2. Yet... mem'-ry oft will fond-ly brood, on yon burnside, O'er
 3. Now... far re-mov'd from ev-'ry care, 'boon yon burnside, Thou

PIANO *p* *rit.* *a tempo*

*La * La **

mair we'll wan-der thro' the grove by yon burn-side; Ne'er a - gain the ma - vis' lay Will we
 haunts which we... sae aft hae trod, by yon burn-side; Still the... walk wi' me thou't share, Tho' thy
 bloom'st, my love, an an - gel fair, 'boon yon burn-side; And if... an-gels pit - y know, Sure the

hail at close of day, For we ne'er a - gain will stray doun by yon burn-side.
 foot can nev - er mair Bend to earth the gow-an fair, doun by yon burn-side.
 tear for me will flow, Who must lin - ger here be - low, doun by yon burn-side.

O'ER COOLIN'S FACE THE NIGHT IS CREEPING

(MACCRIMMON'S LAMENT)

Translated from the Gaelic
by Lachlan MacBean

From "Songs of the Gael"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Slowly and sadly

VOICE

1. O'er Cool - in's face the night is creep - ing, The
2. The breeze of the bens is gen - tly blow - ing, The
3. Its dir - ges of war the sea - is sigh - ing, The

PIANO

ban - shee's wail is round us sweep - ing; Blue eyes in Duin are
brooks in the glens are soft - ly flow - ing; Where boughs their dark - est
boat un - der sail un - mov'd is ly - ing; The voice of the waves in

dim - with weep - ing Since thou art gone and ne'er re - turn - est,
shades are throw - ing, Birds mourn for thee who ne'er re - turn - est.
sad - ness dy - ing Say, thou art a - way and ne'er re - turn - est.

The verses were written on the departure of Donald MacCrimmon, piper to the Mac Leods, in the year 1745 by his sister; the melody was composed for the same occasion.

CHORUS

with emphasis
mf

No more, no more, no more re-turn-ing, In peace nor in war is

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

he re - turn-ing; Till dawns the great day of woe and burn-ing, Mac -

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

rit.
Crim - mon is home no more re - turn - ing.

rit. *a tempo*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

4. We'll see no more Mac - Crim-mon's re - turn - ing, In peace nor in war is

he re - turn - ing, Till dawns the great day of woe and burn - ing, For

him, for him there's no re - turn - ing.

OH, CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

Lady CAROLINA NAIRNE (1766-1845)

Old Melody
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With spirit

VOICE

Oh, Char-lie is my dar - ling, my

PIANO

The first system of music features a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The voice line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics 'Oh, Char-lie is my dar - ling, my'. The piano accompaniment starts with a forte (f) dynamic and includes various musical notations such as slurs and accents.

dar - ling, my dar - ling! Char - lie is my dar - ling, the young Che - va - lier.

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'dar - ling, my dar - ling! Char - lie is my dar - ling, the young Che - va - lier.' The piano accompaniment continues with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic and includes slurs and accents.

1. 'Twas on a Mon - day morn - ing Right ear - ly in the year, When
 2. As he cam' march - in' up the street, The pipes play'd loud and clear; And
 3. Wi' Hie - land bon - nets on their heads, And clay - mores bright and clear; They

The third system contains three verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a repeat sign at the beginning and continues with various musical notations.

Char - lie came to our town, The young Che - va - lier.
a' the folks cam' rin - nin out, To meet the Che - va - lier. Oh,
cam' to fight for Scot - land's right, And the young Che - va - lier.

Char - lie is my dar - ling, my dar - ling, my dar - ling! Char - lie is my dar - ling, the

young Che - va - lier.

4. They've left their bon - nie Hie - land hills, Their wives and bairn-ies dear, To
 5. Oh, there were mon - y beat - ing hearts, And mon - y hope and fear, And

draw the sword for Scot-land's lord, The gay Che-va-lier } Oh, Char-lie is my dar - ling, my
 mon - y were the pray's put up For the young Che-va-lier }

dar-ling, my dar ling! Char-lie is my dar-ling, the young Chevalier.

O HEARKEN, AND I WILL TELL YOU HOW

(SCOTTISH WEDDING)

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

West of Scotland Melody
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Gaily and with spirit *mp*

VOICE

PIANO

1. O
 2. On
 3. Now

heark-en, and I will tell— you how Young Muir - land Wil - lie cam'
 his gray jade as he— did ride, Wi' dirk and pis - tol
 woo - er, sin' ye're light - ed down, Where do ye won— or

here— to woo, Tho' he could nei - ther say— nor do, The
 by— his side, He prick'd her on wi' meik - le pride, Wi'
 in — what town? I think my doch - ter win - na gloom On

rit. *a tempo*

rit.

truth I tell to you. But aye he cries "What -
 meik - le mirth and glee. Out owre yon moss, out
 sic a lad as ye?" The woo - er he stepp'd

a tempo *sf*

e'er be - tide Mag - gie I'se hae to be my bride,"
 owre yon muir Till he cam' to her dad - die's door, } With a
 up the house, And wow! but he was won - drous crouse,

rit. *a tempo* *rit.*

fal - da - ra, fal - lal - da - ra, la - fal - lal - da - ra, lal - da - ra la!

4. The maid - en blush'd, and bing'd fu' law She had na will to say him na, But
 5. The brid - al day it cam to pass, Wi' mon - y a blythesome lad and lass; But

mp *mp*

to her dad-die she left it a' As they twa could a - gree. The
 sic a day there nev - er was, Sic mirth was nev - er seen. This

rit.
 lov - er gie'd her then a kiss, Syne ran to her dad-die and tell'd him this, }
 win - some cou - ple strak - ed hands, Mess John tied up the mar-riage bands, } With a

fal - da - ra, fal - lal - da - ra, la - fal - lal - da - ra, lal - da - ra - la!

sf a tempo

a tempo

1. 2.

OCH, OCH, MAR THA MI!

(THE ISLAY MAIDEN)

Translated from the Gaelic
by Thomas Pattison (1828-1865)

Ancient Melody of Islay
From the "Celtic Lyre"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Sadly

PIANO

p

rit.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, D minor, and begins with a series of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'Sadly' and the dynamics range from piano (*p*) to a slight ritardando (*rit.*).

1. Och, och, mar tha mi here so lone - ly, de - spair has
2. When sleep - ing sweet - ly the rest are ly - ing, Wild dreams of

The first system of the song features a vocal line with two verses and a piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with chords and a bass line, maintaining the 'Sadly' mood.

seized me and keeps his hold, Oh, were I near thee in Is - lay
an - guish my mind is weav - ing I'm like the swan that drops wound - ed,

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano part features more complex chordal textures and a steady bass line.

on - ly, Be - fore thou'st tak - en that man for gold.
dy - ing; My love ex - hausts me with bit - ter griev - ing.

The final system of the song concludes with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part ends with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking.

3. A - las, thy
4. Since thou hast

rit.
a tempo

kind eye, so bright-ly shin - ing; Thy neck so come - ly like ca - nach
left me, and with-out warn - ing, A - las, and tak - en a man for

blow - ing; Those eb - on eye - brows thy fore-head lin - ing; Thy cheeks like
gold! — Had I been by thee, false wis-dom scorn - ing, Thy - self, my

rit.
ber - ries or row - ans glow - ing.
dear one, thou had'st not sold! —

rit.
dim.

OH, LOVE WILL VENTURE IN

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

West of Scotland Melody
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Daintily *mp*

VOICE

1. Oh, love will venture in, where it
2. The lil - y it is pure, an' the

PIANO

mf *mp*

daur-na weel be seen; Oh, love will ven-ture in where wis-dom ance has been; But
lil - y it is fair, And in her love-ly bos - om I'll place the lil - y there; The

p

I will down yon riv - er rove, a - mang the woods sae green, An' a' to pu' a po-sie to my
dai-sy's for sim-ple - ci - ty of un - af - fect - ed air, An' a' to be a po-sie to my

p

rit. *mp* *a tempo*

ain dear May. I'll pu' the bud-ding rose - bush, when Phoe-bus peeps in view, For it's
 ain dear May. I'll tie the po - sie round wi' the silk - en cord o' love, An' I'll

rit. *mp a tempo*

La *

p

like a balm-y kiss o' her sweet bon-ny mou'; The hy - a-cinth's for con-stan-cy, wi'
 place it in her breast, An' I'll swear by all a - bove, That to my lat - est breath o' life the

p

rit.

its un-chang-ing blue, An' a' to be a po-sie for my ain dear May.
 band shall ne'er re-move; An' a' to be a po-sie for my ain dear May.

rit.

OH, MIRK, MIRK IS THE MIDNIGHT HOUR

(LORD GREGORY)

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

Ancient Galloway Song
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE *Lento* *mf*

1. Oh, mirk, mirk — is — the
 2. Oh, hard is thy heart, Lord

PIANO *f* *mf*

mid - night hour, An' loud — the — tem - pest's — roar; — A
 Gre - go - ry, An' flint - y — is thy — breast; — Thou

wae - fu' — wan - d'rer seeks thy tow'r, Lord — Gre - go - ry, —
 dart of — heav'n — that flash - est by, Oh, — wilt — thou —

cresc. *cresc.*

ope thy door! An ex - ile
g'ie me rest? Ye mus - tring

p

rit.

a tempo

p

frae her fa - ther's ha', An' a' for
thun - ders from a - bove, Your will - ing

lov - ing thee; At least some pit - y
vic - tim see! But spare and par - don

on me shaw If love it may na - bel
my fause love His wrangs to heav'n and me!

rit.

dim.

pp

OH, WHERE, TELL ME, WHERE

(THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND)

Verses from
"Johnson's Museum"

Popular Scottish Air
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Allegro

VOICE

p

1. "Oh, where, tell me where is your High-land lad - die
2. "Oh, what, las - sie, what does your High-land lad - die
3. "Oh, what will you claim for your con - stan - cy to

PIANO

p

cresc.

gone?" "Oh, where, tell me where is your
wear?" "Oh, what, las - sie, what does your
him?" "Oh, what will you claim for your

f

High - land lad - die gone?" "He's gone wi' stream - ing
High - land lad - die wear?" "A scar - let coat and
con - stan - cy to him?" "I'll claim a priest to

ban - ners where_ no - ble deeds are done; And it's
 bon - net wi' bon - nie yel - low hair And there's
 wed us, and a clerk to say 'A - men'. And I'll

rit. oh! in my heart I wish him safe at
 nane in the world can wi' my love com -
 ne'er part a - gain from my bon - nie High - land -

dim.

rit.

home?"
 pare?"
 man?"

p *a tempo*

OH, MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

Old Scottish Song
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Warmly and tenderly

VOICE *mp*

Oh, my

PIANO *mf*

love's like a red, red rose That's new - ly sprung in June! Oh, my—

mp

love's like the mel - o - die, That's sweet - ly play'd in tune. As

p

cresc. fair art thou, my bon-nie lass, So *rit.* deep in love am I; And

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking and ends with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking. The piano accompaniment also includes *cresc.* and *rit.* markings. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

a tempo I will love thee still, my dear, Till *dim.* a' the seas gang dry. *rit.*

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line starts with *a tempo* and includes *dim.* and *rit.* markings. The piano accompaniment also features *a tempo*, *dim.*, and *rit.* markings. The key signature and time signature remain the same as in the first system.

mf Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the

The third system of the musical score begins with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking. The vocal line includes the lyrics "Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the". The piano accompaniment continues with various rhythmic patterns and dynamics.

rocks melt wi' the sun Oh, I will love thee still, my dear, While the

The fourth and final system of the musical score on this page. The vocal line includes the lyrics "rocks melt wi' the sun Oh, I will love thee still, my dear, While the". The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with sustained chords and melodic lines.

rit. sands o' life shall run. *a tempo* And fare thee weel, my on - ly love! And

rit. *a tempo*

rit. fare thee weel a - while And— *a tempo* I will come a - gain, my love, Tho'

rit. *a tempo*

'twere ten thou - sand mile! Oh, my love is like a red, red rose, That's

p *p*

new - ly sprung in June; Oh, my love's like the mel - o - die That's sweet - ly play'd in tune.

sf *p*

OH, WHY LEFT I MY HAME?

R. GILFILLAN

Air adapted by PETER MACLEOD (1797-1859)

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Plaintively

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. Oh, —
2. Oh, —

why left I my hame? Why did I cross the deep? Oh, —
here no Sab - bath bell A - wakes the Sab - bath morn, No —

why left I the land Where my fore - fa - thers sleep? I —
song of reap - ers heard A - mang the yel - low corn; For the

cresc.

sigh ty - rant's voice for Sco - tia's shores, And I gaze a - cross the is here, And the wail of sla - ve -

cresc.

p rit.

sea, But I can - na get a blink O' my - ain - coun - tree!
rie; But the sun of Free - dom shines, In my - ain - coun - tree!

p rit.

3. There's a hope for ev - 'ry

p

Ped. *

woe, And a balm for ev - 'ry pain, But the first joys of our

La * *La* *

heart Come — nev - er back a - gain. There's a track up - on the

La *

deep, — And a path a - cross the sea, But the

pp

wear - ie ne'er re - turn To their — ain — coun - tree.

rit. *pp* *rit.*

PUT OFF, AND ROW WI' SPEED

ROBERT ALLAN (1774-1841)

Highland Boat song
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With animation

VOICE

PIANO

f *R. H.* *sf* *R. H.* *sf*

f

1. Put off,— put off,— and row with speed, For now is the time and the
2. Those pon - drous keys shall the Kel - pins keep, And lodge in their cav - erns

mf

hour — of need; To oars,— to oars,— and trim the bark, Nor
dark — and deep; Nor shall — Loch Le - ven's tow'rs or hall Hold

sf *sf*

Scot - land's Queen be a war - der's mark! Yon light that plays round the
 thee, — our love - ly Queen, — in thrall; Or be — the haunt of

cas - tle's moat Is on - ly the ward - er's ran - dom shot, Put
 trai - tors, sold, While Scot - land has hands — and hearts so bold; Then

off, — put off, — and row with speed, For now is the time and the hour — of need.
 steers-man, steers-man, on with speed, For now is the time and the hour — of need.

3. Hark, hark the a - lar - um bell hath rung, The

war-der's voice hath trea-son sung! The ech-oes to—the fal-con-et's roar, Chime

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand, with dynamic markings of *sf* (sforzando) and accents.

sweet-ly to—the dash-ing oar: Let tow'r and hall and bat-tle-ments gleam, We

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note bass line and chordal accompaniment, with dynamic markings of *sf* and accents.

steer by the light of the ta-per's beam; For Scot-land and Ma-ry on—with speed, For

The third system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note bass line and chordal accompaniment.

now is the time and the hour—of need.

The fourth system concludes the musical score. The vocal line has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note bass line and chordal accompaniment, with dynamic markings of *sf* and accents. The right hand of the piano part is labeled "R.H.".

RED, RED IS THE PATH TO GLORY

(STU MO RUN)

Dr. ROBERT COUPER (1750-1818)

Old Highand Melody
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With nobility

VOICE

PIANO

mf

p

1. Red, red is the path to glo - ry! Thick_ yon_ ban - ners,
2. Turn_ and_ see thy tar - tan plaid - ie Ris - ing_ o'er my

meet the sky! O my Geor - die, death's be - fore ye!
break - ing heart! O my bon - nie Hie - land lad - die!

La * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La*

La * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La*

Turn and hear my bod - ing cry, } Joy of my heart;
 Wae was me, wi' thee to part }

rit. *mf a tempo*

rit. *mf a tempo*

La * La *

Geor - die, A - gam, Joy of my heart,

La * La * La * La *

'Stu mo Run!

rit. *a tempo* *pp rit.* *f*

La * La *

SAD AM I, AND SORROW-LADEN (SOIRIDH!)

121

Written by a young Gael on
leaving his native isle

Old Air of the Hebrides
From the "Celtic Lyre"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With pathos

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. Sad am I, and sor-row-
2. Ben of peaks, the clouds that

lad-en, For the maid I love so well; I a-dore thee, dear-est maid-en, But my
sev-er, Oft thy steeps have wear-ied me; Must I leave thy shade for-ev-er? Then fare-

rit. *a tempo*

thoughts I dare not tell. Why de-ny my heart is rend-ing For the fair one of the
well, fare-well to thee! *Ev-ry cor-rie, crag and hol-low, Heath-ry brae and flow-ry

rit. *a tempo*

lea; Aft-er all my care-ful tend-ing She has now for-sak-en me.
dell, Now a-wak-en pangs of sor-row, But my thoughts I dare not tell.

p

mf

3. Moun-tain bold! thy form sur-pass-es Ev -'ry

p

rit.

ben that eye can see; Long may deer fre-quent thy pass-es, Near thee I would ev-er be. Sad am

rit.

a tempo

I and sor-row - lad-en, For the maid I love so well; I a - dore thee, dear-est

a tempo

p

maid-en, But my thoughts I dare not tell.

p

pp rit.

SEE AFAR YON HILL ARDMORE

(THE PRAISE OF ISLAY)

MOLADH NA LANDAIDH

Old Gaelic Verses
Translated by Thomas Pattison (1828-1865)

Ancient Gaelic Air
From the "Celtic Lyre"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With marked rhythm

VOICE

PIANO

mf *p* *rit.*

mf *sf* *sf*

rit. *rit.*

1. See a - far yon hill Ard-more, Beat-ing bil - lows wash its shore;
 2. Tho' its shore is rock - y, drear, Ear - ly doth the sun ap - pear On
 3. Ea - gles rise on soar - ing wing, Her - ons watch the gush - ing spring,

But its beau-ties bloom no more For me, now far from Is - lay.
 leaf - y brake and fal - low deer, And flocks and herds in Is - lay.
 Heath - cocks with their whir-ring bring Their own de - light to Is - lay.

CHORUS

f with enthusiasm

O, my Is - land! O, my Isle! O, my dear, my na - tive soil!

f a tempo *sf* *sf*

Naught from thee my heart can wile, That's wed with love to Is - lay.

4. Birk-en branch-es there are gay, Haw - thorns wave their sil - ver'd spray;
5. Ma-vis sings on ha - zel bough, Lin - nets haunt the glen be - low;

mf

Ev - 'ry bough the breez - es sway A - wak - ens joy in Is - lay.
O, may long their wild notes flow With mel - o - dies in Is - lay.

CHORUS

O, my Is - land! O, my Isle! O, my dear, my na - tive soil!

Naught from thee my heart can wile, That's wed with love to Is - lay.

p

SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

A version of an old air
 "Hey, tuttie tattie"
 Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

In a martial spirit

VOICE

1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wal - lace bled! Scots, wha Bruce has
 2. Wha will be a trai - tor knave? Wha can fill a
 3. By op - pres - sions woes and pains! By our sons in

PIANO

af - ten led! Wel - come to your go - ry bed,
 cow - ard's grave? Wha sae base as be a slave?
 ser - vile chains! We will drain our dear - est veins,

Or to vic - to - ry! Now's the day, an'
 Let him turn and flee! Wha for Scot - land's
 But they shall be free! Lay the proud u -

now's the hour; See the front of
king and law, Free - dom's sword will
surp - ers low! Ty - rants fall in

bat - tle lour! See ap - proach proud Ed - wards' power,
strong ly draw, Free - man stand, or free - man fa',
ev - 'ry foe! Lib - er - ty's in ev - 'ry blow!

Chains an' sla - ver - ie!
Let him fol - low me!
Let us do, or die!

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT

(AULD LANG SYNE)

Old verses, partly rewritten
by ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

Old Tune
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Slowly and tenderly

VOICE

PIANO

p

p

1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And
2. We twa hae paid-elt in the burn Frae

nev - er brought to mind? Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And
morn - in'- sun till dine; But seas be-tween us brait hae roard Sin'

a tempo

days o' auld lang syne? } For auld lang syne, my dear, For
auld lang syne. }

rall. *a tempo*

auld— lang— syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness now, For—

rall.

auld— lang— syne.

a tempo

p

3. We twa hae run a - bout the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans fine; We've
4. And here's a hand, my trust - y fere, And gi'es a hand o' thine; We'll

wan - der'd mon - y a wear - y foot, Sin'— auld— lang— syne. }
tak' a richt gude wil - lie waught For— auld— lang— syne. } For

rall.

a tempo

rall.

a tempo

auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne We'll

rall.
tak' a cup o' kind-ness now, For the days o' auld lang syne.

rall. *a tempo*

5. And sure - ly ye'll be

your pint-stoup, And sure - ly I'll be mine, We'll tak' a cup o'

rall. *a tempo*

rall. *a tempo*

kind-ness yet For the sake o' auld lang syne. For auld— lang—

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The vocal line begins with a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking and transitions to 'a tempo' (return to normal speed). The piano accompaniment mirrors the tempo changes, with a 'rall.' marking in the lower staff.

rall.

syne, my dear, For auld— lang— syne, We'll tak' a cup o'

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is marked with 'rall.' and includes a fermata over the word 'syne'. The piano accompaniment also features a 'rall.' marking and a fermata over the final chord.

f *very quickly*

kind-ness yet For auld lang— syne. For auld— lang— syne, my dear, For

The third system introduces a 'f' (forte) dynamic and a 'very quickly' tempo marking. The vocal line is marked with a fermata over 'syne'. The piano accompaniment features a 'f' dynamic and a 'very quickly' marking, with accents (>) placed over several notes.

rall.

auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

The fourth system concludes the piece with a 'rall.' marking. The vocal line includes a fermata over the final note. The piano accompaniment also features a 'rall.' marking and a fermata over the final chord.

SINCE MY LOVED ONE HAS GONE

(MO NIGHEAN CHRUINN, DONN)

Old Gaelic Air

From the "Celtic Lyre"

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

From the old Gaelic
Translated by "Fionn" (Henry Whyte)

PIANO

Andante

L.H.

L.H.

L.H.

1. Since my lov'd one has gone I am drear - y!

2. Had I sheep on the hill I might woo thee;

Since my lov'd one has gone, Who was pure as the swan; Here I'm

Had I sheep on the hill, By each foun - tain and rill, Then —

pp

sigh - ing, all a - lone, Sad and wear - y! Were I now with my

of thine own free will Thou would'st choose me! Thou art now far a -

f

pp

love free-ly roam - ing; Were I now with my
 way in Glen In - ray; Thou art now far a -

L.H. *cresc.*

Lead *

love. 'Neath the shade of the grove, To hear the coo-ing dove In the
 way, Sad by night and by day— While here I pine al - way, Naught can

rit. *p a tempo*

rit. *a tempo*

Lead * *Lead* *

gloom - ing.
 cure me.

L.H. *L.H.* *L.H.*

p

Lead * *Lead* * *Lead* * *Lead* *

3. Bear my love to the maid, once so cheer-ful; Bear my love to the

mf

maid, whom I'll nev - er up - braid, For_ now she's low - ly laid, Sad and

p rit.

p rit.

tear - ful. 'Tis an old carl, - I hear, wooed my maid - en, 'Tis an old carl, - I

a tempo

a tempo

hear, With his gold and his gear, And_ now he's left my dear, Sor - row

pp rit.

pp rit.

lad - en.

L.H. *L.H.* *L.H.*

a tempo *rit.*

SMILE NA SAE SWEET, MY BONNIE BABE

(FINE FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY)

Old Scottish Ballad

Ancient Air
from "Johnson's Museum"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE

PIANO

Quietly and weirdly

mp

1. She sat down be -
2. Smile na sae sweet, my

p

mp

pp

mp

low a thorn, (Fine flow'rs in the val - ley) And there she has her
bon - nie babe, (Fine flow'rs in the val - ley) An' ye smile sae sweet, ye'll

pp

pp

sweet babe born, (And the green leaves they grow rare - ly.)
smile me dead, (And the green leaves they grow rare - ly.)

pp

mp *pp*

3. She's tak - en out her wee pen - knife, (Fine flow'rs in the
 4. She's how - kit a grave by the licht o' the moon, (Fine flow'rs in the
 5. As she was go - ing to the church, (Fine flow'rs in the

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a repeat sign and a *mp* dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment starts with a *pp* dynamic marking. The lyrics are arranged in three lines, each corresponding to a different vocal part.

mp *pp*

val - ley) And twind the sweet babe o' its life: (And the
 val - ley) And there she bur - ied her sweet babe: (And the
 val - ley) She saw a wee babe in the porch: (And the

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a *mp* dynamic marking, and the piano accompaniment has a *pp* dynamic marking. The lyrics are arranged in three lines, each corresponding to a different vocal part.

green leaves they grow rare - ly.)
 green leaves they grow rare - ly.)
 green leaves they grow rare - ly.)

The third system of the musical score features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a *pp* dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment has a *pp* dynamic marking. The lyrics are arranged in three lines, each corresponding to a different vocal part.

6. O my sweet babe, an' thou wert mine, (Fine flow'rs in the
 7. O mith - er_ dear, when I was_ thine, (Fine flow'rs in the

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with a repeat sign and contains two lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment starts with a *mp* dynamic and includes a *pp* dynamic marking in the final measure.

val - ley) I wad clead thee in_ the_ silk sae_ fine: (And the
 val - ley) Ye_ did na prove to_ me sae_ kin': (And the

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has two lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a *mp* dynamic marking and a *pp* dynamic marking. The music concludes with a repeat sign.

1. last time
 green leaves they grow rare - ly.)
 green leaves they grow rare - ly.)

The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the final part of the piece. The vocal line has two lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes a *p* dynamic marking and a *rit.* (ritardando) instruction. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat sign.

SING THE PRAISES O' MY DEARIE

(THE PEERLESS MAIDEN)

(A' MHAIGHDEAN ÀLUINN)

From the Gaelic of "Fionn" (Henry Whyte)

Translated by Malcolm MacFarlane

Old Gaelic Air

From the "Celtic Lyre"

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Simply

mf

VOICE



1. Sing the prais - es o' my dear - ie, Aye sae
2. When she sings there's nane sings sweet - er; E'en the

PIANO

mf

win - ing, blithe and cheer - ie, In her pres - ence wha — wad
ma - vis can - na beat her: Wha'd be dow - ie gae' - in tae

f

wear - ie; For her a' wad rich - es gie. She was
meet her: Wha could part frae her wi' glee? Liked by

rear'd a - mang the Hie - lans, Land o' crofts and sum - mer
 il - ka ane, comes near her, And the long - er kenn'd the

shiel - ins How it charms and warms the feel - ins, When she
 dear - er; North or south there's nane_ can peer her; And she's

Gael - ic speaks tae me.
 a' the world tae me.

rit.

a tempo
 3. Though a - far frae her I

a tempo
p

wan-der, On my dear ane still - I pon-der; Il - ka day but makes me

rit. fond-er; Love like mine can nev - er dee. *a tempo* From the day when first I

met her, My de - sire has been to get her; Come what may, I'll ne'er for -

get her, Un - til death shall close my e'e.

pp

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

Lady CAROLINA NAIRNE (1766-1845)

Very ancient Scottish Melody
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With humor

PIANO

f

mf

1. The Laird o' Cock-pen, he's proud and he's great, His mind is ta'en up wi' the
2. Now doon by the dyke-side a la - dy did dwell, At his ta - ble-head he

things o' the state; He want-ed a wife his brow house to keep, But —
thocht she'd look well; Mac - Cle-ish's ae doch-ter o' Cla - vers - ha' Lee, A

fa - vour wi' woo-in was fash-i-ous to seek.
pen - ny - less lass, wi' a lang ped-i - gree.

p

mf

3. He mount-ed his mare an' he rade can - ni - lie, An' rapp'd at the yett o'
 4. Mistress Jean she was mak-in' the el - der-flow'r wine, "What the deil brings the Laird here at

Cla-vers - ha' Lee. "Gae tell mis-tress Jean to come speed-i - ly ben, She's
 sic a like time?" She put off her a - pron, and on her silk gown, Her

want - ed to speak wi' the Laird o' Cock-pen?
 mutch wi' red rib-bons, an' gae'd a - wa' doon.

mf

5. An' when she came ben, she bob-bit fu' low, And what was his er-rand, he
 6. Dumb-found-ed was he, but nae sigh did he gie; He mount-ed his mare an' he

mf

rit.

soon let her know; A-maz'd was the Laird when the la-dy said "Na," An'
 rode can-ni-lie; An' af-ten he thocht, as he gae'd thro' the glen, "She was

rit.

a tempo

wi' a laigh curt-sie she turn-ed a-wa'.
 daft to re-fuse—the Laird o' Cock-pen".

a tempo

f

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'

Verses written about 1715,
at the period of the Scottish Rebellion

Melody of an old Scottish Dance
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Enthusiastically

VOICE

PIANO

ff

The

f *sf* *sf*

La * *La* *

Camp-bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho! The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! The

ff *sf* *sf*

La *

Camp-bells are com - in' to bon - nie Loch Lev-en; The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho!

sf *sf*

1. Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay,— Up - on the Lomonds I
 2. The great Ar - gyle— he goes be - fore,— He makes the can-nons and
 3. The Camp - bells they— are a' in arms, Their loy - al faith and

lay I lay, I look ed down to bon - nie Loch Lev - en, And
 guns to roar Wi' sound o' trump - et pipe and drum, The
 truth to show; Wi' ban - ners rat - tling in the wind, The

saw three bon - nie perch-es play.
 Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! } The Camp-bells are com -in', O - ho, O - ho! The
 Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho!

Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! The Camp-bells are com -in' to bon - nie Loch Lev-en; The

Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho!

THE DE'IL CAM' FIDDLIN' THRO' THE TOUN

(THE DE'IL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN)

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

Melody probably Old English
 Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With spirit

PIANO

sf *sf* *sf*

La * La * La * La * La *

mf

1. The De'il cam' fid - dlin'
 2. We'll mak' our maut and
 3. There's three - some reels, and

sf

thro' the toun, And danc'd a - wa' wi' th' ex - cise - man; And
 brew our drink, We'll dance, and sing, and re - joice, man! And
 four - some reels, There's horn - pipes and strath - speys, man; But

sf

il - ka auld wife cried "Auld Ma - houn, We wish you luck o' the prize, man!"
 mon - y braw thanks to the muck - le black De'il, That's danc'd a - wa' wi th' ex - cise - man! } The
 aye the best dance e'er came to our land Was the De'il's a - wa' wi th' ex - cise - man! }

faster
 De'il's a - wa', the De'il's a - wa' He's danc'd a - wa' wi th' ex - cise - man! O

mon - y braw thanks to the muck - le black De'il, That's danc'd a - wa' wi th' ex - cise - man!

f *dim.* *dim. rit.* *pp*

THE NEWS FRAE MOIDART CAM' YESTRE'EN

(WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?)

Melody common in Ireland and Scotland
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Lady CAROLINA NAIRNE (1766-1845)

With animation

PIANO

The piano introduction consists of four measures in 6/8 time. The right hand features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with chords and single notes.

1. The news frae Moi - dart cam' yes - treen, Will som gar mon - y
 2. The High - land clans, wi' sword in hand, Frae John - o' - Groats to

The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first two lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a strong bass line with chords and a treble line with chords and single notes.

fer - lie, For ships o' war hae just come in, And land - ed Roy - al
 Air - lie, Ha'e to a man de - clar'd to stand Or fa' wi' Roy - al

The second system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the third and fourth lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a strong bass line and chords in the treble.

Char - lie! } Come through the heath - er, a - round him gath - er, Ye're a' the wel - com - er
 Char - lie! }

The third system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the final line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a strong bass line and chords in the treble, with some dynamics markings like 'f' and '>'.

ear - ly, A - round him cling wi' a' your kin, For wha'll be King - but

Char - lie? Come through the heath - er, a - round him gath - er, Come Ron - ald, come Don - ald, come

a' - the - gith - er, And crown your right - fu', law - fu' King! For wha'll be King, - but

Char - lie?

f

3. The Low-lands a' baith great and sma', Wi' mon-y a lord and laird, Ha'e de-
 4. Then here's a health to Char-lie's cause, An' be it com-plete an' ear - ly His

clar'd for Sco - tia's king and law, And spier ye wha, - but Char lie!} Come
 ver - y name our heart's bluid warms; To arms for Roy - al Char lie!}

through the heath-er, a - round him gath-er, Ye're a' the wel-com-er ear - ly. A -

rit. *a tempo* *f*

round him cling wi' a' your kin, For wha'll be King - but Char - lie? Come

rit. *a tempo* *sf*

through the heath-er, a - round him gath-er, come Ron-ald, come Don-ald, come a' - the-gith-er, And

f *rit.* *sf* *rit.*

Ad.

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of music. The top line is a vocal melody in G major, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, and ending with a quarter note G5. The lyrics are "through the heath-er, a - round him gath-er, come Ron-ald, come Don-ald, come a' - the-gith-er, And". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords in the treble clef, and the left hand plays chords in the bass clef. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *rit.* (ritardando), *sf* (sforzando), and *rit.* (ritardando). A *Ad.* (Ad libitum) marking is present in the bass line.

crown your right - fu', law - fu' King! For wh'all be King - but Char - lie?

a tempo *rit.* *a tempo* *sf*

Detailed description: This system contains the second two lines of music. The vocal melody continues with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, and ending with a quarter note G5. The lyrics are "crown your right - fu', law - fu' King! For wh'all be King - but Char - lie?". The piano accompaniment continues with chords in both hands. Dynamics include *a tempo*, *rit.*, *a tempo*, and *sf*.

After 3^d verse

f

Detailed description: This system is a piano accompaniment section labeled "After 3^d verse". It consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, and ending with a quarter note G5. The left hand plays chords in the bass clef. The dynamic is *f* (forte).

After last verse

f *sf*

Detailed description: This system is a piano accompaniment section labeled "After last verse". It consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, and ending with a quarter note G5. The left hand plays chords in the bass clef. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *sf* (sforzando).

THE WINTER IT IS PAST

Verses from "Johnson's Museum"

Melody from "Johnson's Museum"
 Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Simply *mp*

VOICE

PIANO

p *p*

1. The win-ter it is
 2. The rose up-on the

past, and the sum-mer's come at last, And the small birds sing on ev-'ry
 brier, by the wa-ters run-ning clear, May have charms for the lin - net or the

tree; The hearts of these are glad, but mine is ver - y
 bee; Their lit - tle loves are blest, their lit - tle hearts at

rit. *rit.*

sad, For my true love is part - ed from me.
 rest, But my true love is part - ed from me.

3. My love is like the sun, that
4. All you that are in love, and

a tempo *p*

in the sky doth run, For ever as constant and true; But
can-not it re-move, I pit-y the pains you en-dure, For ex-

his is like the moon that wanders up and down, And ev-'ry
pe-rience makes me know your hearts are full of woe, A woe that no

rit. *rit.*

month it is new.
mor-tal can cure.

a tempo *p*

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER-BUSH

Lady CAROLINA NAIRNE (1766-1845)

Air sent by Burns to "Johnson's Museum"

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With feeling *mp*

VOICE

PIANO

p *mp*

1. There grows a bon-nie bri-er-bush in
3. The bri-er-bush was bon-nie ance in

oor Kail - yaird, And white are the blos-soms on't, in oor Kail - yaird; Like
oor Kail - yaird, The bri-er-bush was bon-nie ance in oor Kail - yaird; A

wee bit white cock - ades for our loy - al Hie - land lads; And
blast blew owre the hill that gaed A - tholl's flow'rs a chill; And the

rit.

a tempo *Fine*

lass - es lo'e the bon - nie bush in oor Kail - yaird.
bloom's blawn off the bon - nie bush in oor Kail - yaird.

a tempo

2. He's com - in' frae the north that's to fan - cy___ me; He's___

com - in' frae the north that's to fan - cy___ me; A feath - er in his bon - net, a

rib - bon at his knee, He's a___ bon - nie Hie - land lad - die, and

you'll na be he!

D. S. al Fine (for 3^d verse)

156 **THREE SCORE O' NOBLES RADE UP THE KING'S HA'**
(GLENOGIE)

Verses from
the "Scottish Minstrel"

Ancient Air
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Romantically

VOICE

PIANO

1. Threescore o' no-bles rade up the King's ha', But
2. "Haud your tongue, doch-ter, there's bet-ter than he!" "O
3. "There is, Glen-o-gie, a let-ter for thee, O

bon-nie Glen-o-gie's the flow'r o' them a! Wi' his milk-white steed and his
say na sae, mith-er, for that can-na be; Tho' Doum-lie is great-er and
there is, Glen-o-gie, a let-ter for thee!" The first line he look'd at, a

bon-nie black e'e, "Glen-o-gie, dear mith-er, Glen-o-gie for me!"
rich-er than he, Yet if I maun tak' him, I'll cer-tain-ly dee?"
licht lauch lauched he, But ere he had read thro't, tears blind-ed his e'e.

rit.

p

4. Then to Glen-fel-dy's, but sma' mirth was there, An'
 5. Pale and wan was she, when Glen - o - gie gae'd ben, But

a tempo

f *p*

bon-nie Jean's mith-er was tear-in' her hair, "Ye're wel-come, Glen-o - gie, ye're
 ros - y red_ grew she, when - e'er he sat down; She_ turn-ed a - wa' wi' a_

wel-come!" quo' she, "Ye're wel-come, Glen - o - gie, your Jean - ie to see."
 smile in her_ e'e, "O_ din - na fear, mith - er, I'll may - be no dee!"

rit.

rit.

after 4th verse after last verse

a tempo *a tempo*

p *f*

THE MOON HAD CLIMBED THE HIGHEST HILL

(MARY'S DREAM)

ALEXANDER LOWE
(of Galloway)

From "Johnson's Museum"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE *Quietly and weirdly*

PIANO *p* *pp*

1. The moon had climb'd the
2. She from her pil - low

high - est hill Which ris - es o'er the source of Dee, And
gen - tly rais'd Her head, to ask who there might be, She

from her east - ern sum - mit shed Her sil - ver light on tower and tree.
saw young San - dy shiv - 'ring stand, With vis - age pale and hol - low eye.

The musical score is written in a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature (C). The voice part begins with a rest followed by a melodic line starting on a G4. The piano accompaniment starts with a soft (p) dynamic, featuring a flowing eighth-note melody in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand. Dynamics range from piano (p) to pianissimo (pp). The score includes first and second endings for the voice part. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line, with some words underlined to indicate syllable placement. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

When Ma - ry laid her down to sleep Her thoughts on San - dy
 Ah, Ma - ry dear, cold is my clay; It lies be - neath a

pp

far at sea When soft and low a voice was heard say,
 storm-y sea, Far, far from thee, I sleep in death, So,

pp *pp*

Ma - ry weep no more for me."
 Ma - ry weep no more for me."

pp

3. O maid - en dear, thy self pre - pare, We soon shall meet up -

pp

on — that — shore Where love is freed from doubt and — care, And —

thou — and — I shall part no — more. Loud crowd the cock, the —

shad-ow — fled, No — more of San - dy — could she see, But — soft the pass - ing —

spir - it — said "Sweet Ma - ry, weep no more for — me."

TURN YE TO ME

JOHN WILSON (1785-1854)
(Christopher North)

Melody from "Songs of the North"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With motion (about ♩-120) *mf*

VOICE

The stars are

PIANO

p *mf*

shin - ing cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly, Ho - ro, Mhai - ri dhu,

rit. *p a tempo*

turn ye — to me. The sea - mew is moan - ing drear - i - ly,

rit. *p a tempo*

rit. *a tempo* *mf*

drear - i - ly, Ho - ro, Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye — to me. Cold is the

mp *rit.* *expressively*

storm-wind that ruf - fles his breast, But warm are the down - y plumes

a tempo *pp* *rit.*

lin - ing his nest. Cold blows the storm there, soft falls the

a tempo *rit.*

snow — there, Ho - ro, Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye — to me.

mf

The

a tempo

Lead * Lead *

waves are danc - ing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,

Lead * Lead *

p

Ho - ro, Mhai - ri - dhu, turn ye — to me. The sea-birds are

rit. *a tempo*

wail - ing wear - i - ly, wear - i - ly, Ho - ro, Mhai - ri dhu,

rit. *a tempo*

p

turn ye — to me. Hushed be thy moan-ing, lone bird of the

cresc.

sea, Thy home on the rocks is a shel-ter to thee. Thy

pp rit. a tempo

home is the an-gry wave, mine but the lone-ly grave, Ho - ro,

rit.

Mhai.-ri dhu, turn ye — to me.

THY CHEEK IS O' THE ROSE'S HUE

RICHARD GALL (1776 - 1801)

Melody of the 18th Century
 Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE *Simply* *mf*

1. Thy cheek is o' the
 3. When we were bairn-ies

PIANO *p* *mf*

ro - se's hue, My on - ly jo - and dear - ie, O'; Thy neck is like the
 on yon brae, And youth was blink-in' bon-nie O'; Aft we would daff the

pp *mf* *pp* *mf* *8^{va}*

sil - ler dew, Up - on the bank sae brier - ie O. Thy teeth are o' the
 lee - lang day, Our joys fu' sweet and mon - ie O. Aft wad I chase thee

p *cresc.*

i - vo - ry, O, sweet's the twin - kle_ o' thine ee Nae
owre the lee, And round a - bout the_ thorn - y tree, Or_

rit. joy, nae pleas - ure_ blinks on me, My on - ly jo_ and_ dear - ie, O.
pu' the wild flow'rs a' for thee, My on - ly jo_ and_ dear - ie, O.
p a tempo

mp
2. The bird - ie sings up - on the thorn, It
4. I hae a wish I_ can - na tine, 'Mang

cresc.
sang o' joy_ fu' cheer - ie, O, Re - joic - ing in_ the_
a' the cares that_ grieve me, O, A wish that thou_ wert_
pp *mp*

sim - mer morn, Nae care to mak' it eer - ie, O. Ah!
 ev - er mine, And nev - er mair to leave thee, O. Then

lit - tle kens the sang - ster sweet, Aught o' the cares I
 I wad dawt thee night and day, Nae ith - er ward - ly

hae to meet That gars my rest - less bos - om beat, My
 care I'd hae, Till life's warm stream for gat to play, My

cresc. *rit.* *p a tempo*

on - ly jo and dear - ie, O.
 on - ly jo and dear - ie, O.

pp

WHY WEEP YE BY THE TIDE, LADYE?

(JOCK O' HAZELDEAN)

Sir WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

Melody of the 17th Century
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE *Freely and tenderly* *mp*

PIANO *p*

1. "Why
2. "Now
3. "A

weep ye by the tide, la - dye? Why weep ye by the tide? — I'll
 let this wil - fu' grief be done, And dry that cheek so pale; — Young
 chain o' gold ye sall not lack, Nor braid to bind your hair, — Nor

wed ye to my young - est son, And ye sall be his bride. And
 Frank is chief of Er - ring - ton, And lord o' Lang - ley Dale. His
 met-tled hound, nor man - ag'd hawk, Nor pal - frey fresh and fair. And

ye sall be his bride, la - dye, Sae come - ly to be seen!" But
 step is first in peace - fu' ha', His sword in bat - tle keen!" But
 you the fore - most o' them a', Shall ride our for - est queen!" But

rit. a tempo
 aye she loot the tears down fa' For Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.
 aye she loot the tears down fa' For Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.
 aye she loot the tears down fa' For Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.

mf
 4. The

kirk was deck'd at morn - ing tide, The ta - pers glim - mer'd fair; — The

mf

priest and bride-groom wait the bride, And dame and knight were there; They

p

sought her baith by bow'r and ha', The la - dye was not seen! She's

pp rit. *a tempo f*

o'er the bor - der and a - wa' Wi' Jock o' Ha - zel - dean!

f a tempo ff p cresc. f

WINSOME MARY

(MAIRI LAGHACH)

From the Gaelic of J. Macdonald
Translated by Evan M^c Coll

From the "Celtic Lyre"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE

Simply and tenderly *mp*

1. Hey, my win-some Ma-ry, Ma-ry fond-ly free!
2. Long ere in my bos-om Lodged love's ar-rows keen,

PIANO

p *mp*

f *p*

Hey, my win-some Ma-ry, Ma-ry, mine to be! Win-some, hand-some Ma-ry,
Of-ten with my Ma-ry, In Glens-moil I've been; Hap-py hours suc-ceed-ed

Who so fair as she— My own High-land las-sie, Dear as life to me.
By af-fec-tion true. Till there seem'd 'neath Heav-en No such lov-ing two!

L.H.

First system of musical notation. It consists of a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part features a prominent bass line with a forte (*f*) dynamic in the first measure, which then softens to piano (*p*) in the second measure. The vocal line has a few notes in the first measure, followed by rests.

mf

3. What al-though all Al-binn And its wealth were mine, How, with-out thee, dar-ling,
 4. What a wealth of tress-es Ma-ry dear can show! Crown of lus-tre rar-er

Second system of musical notation. The vocal line begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

p

Could I fail to pine? As my bride to kiss thee I would prize far more
 Ne'er graced maid-en brow! Tis but lit-tle dress-ing Need those tress-es rare

Third system of musical notation. The vocal line starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Than the all of treas-ure Eu-rope has in store.
 Fall-ing fond-ly, proud-ly, O'er her shoul-ders fair.

L.H.

Fourth system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

pp *rit.*

La * La * La * La * La *

mf

5. No more mu - sic art-born e'er our pleas-ure crowned, Mu - sic far more cheer-ing

a tempo

La *

p *cresc.*

Na - ture for us found. Larks in air, and thrush - es On each flow - 'ring thorn,

p *cresc.*

f

And the cuck - oo hail - ing Sum - mer's gay re - turn!

f *L.H.* *rit.*

La *

WHAR' HA'E YE BEEN A' THE DAY

(MY BOY TAMMY)

HECTOR MACNEILL

Melody of the 17th Century
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE *Artlessly* *mf*

1. Whar' ha'e ye been a' the day,
 2. An' whar' gat ye that young— thing,
 3. What said ye to the bon - nie bairn,

PIANO *mp* *pp* *mf*

rit.

My— boy— Tam-my? An' whar' ha'e ye been a' the day, My boy Tam - my? I've
 My— boy— Tam-my? An' whar' gat ye that young thing, My boy Tam - my? I
 My— boy— Tam-my? What said ye to the bon - nie bairn, My boy Tam - my? I

rit.

a tempo

been by burn and flow'- ry brae, Mead - ow green and moun - tain gray,
 gat her down in yon - der howe, Smil - ing on a broom - y knowe,
 praised her e'en, sae love - ly blue, Her dim - pled cheek an' cher - ry mou', An'

a tempo

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The piece is in a 17th-century style. The voice part begins with the instruction 'Artlessly' and a dynamic marking of 'mf'. The piano accompaniment starts with a dynamic of 'mp' and includes a 'pp' section. The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first three lines of the song. The second system contains the first three lines of the chorus, with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking. The third system contains the final lines of the chorus, with an 'a tempo' marking. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with some melodic lines in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand.

rit.

Court-in' o' this young thing, Just come frae her mam-mie.
 Herd-in' ae wee lamb an' yowe, For her puir— mam-mie.
 preed it aft as ye may trow! She said she'd tell her mam-mie.

rit. *pp*

4. I held her to my beat-in' heart, My young, my smil-ing lam-mie, I
 5. Has she been to the kirk wi' thee, My— boy— Tam-my? Has

pp

rit. *a tempo*

held her to my beat-in' heart, My young, my smil-ing lam-mie. I ha'e a house, it cost me dear, I've
 she been to the kirk wi' thee, My— boy— Tam-my? O, she's been to the kirk wi' me,

rit. *a tempo*

rit.

wealth o' plen-ish-ing an' gear, Ye'se get it a', wer't ten times mair, Gin ye will leave your mammie.
 An' the tear was in her e'e, For O! she's but a young thing, Just come frae her mammie!

rit.

WHAT'S THIS DULL TOWN TO ME?

(ROBIN ADAIR)

Old Celtic Air, common
to Scotland and Ireland

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Andantino

PIANO

p

1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near;
 2. What made th'as - sem - bly shine? Rob - in A - dair;
 3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair;

p a tempo

p

p

What was't I wish'd to see? What wish'd to hear?
 What made the ball so fine? Rob - in was there.
 But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair.

p

p

cresc. agitato

Where's all the joy and mirth Made this town
 What, when the play was o'er, What made my
 Yet he I lov'd so well, Still in my

cresc.

heav'n on earth? O they're all fled wi' thee, Rob - in - A -
 heart so sore? O, it was part - ing with Rob - in - A -
 heart shall dwell, Oh, I can ne'er for - get Rob - in - A -

f *p* *rit.*

1st and 2nd time Last time

dair.
 dair.
 dair.

pp L.H. L.H.

WHERE SLEEPEST THOU, MY DEARIE?

Translated from the Gaelic
by "Fionn" (Henry Whyte)

Melody from the "Celtic Lyre"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Andantino *mp*

VOICE

1. Oh, where art thou, — my
2. In song or dance — I

PIANO

p *mp*

love, — to night, Where sleep — est thou, — my dear — ie? Where —
take — no part, And mu — sic can — not cheer me; Nor

e'er thou art, my la — dy bright, O would that I were
maid — en's smile can raise my heart, Since ab — sent from my

p rit. *rit.*

a tempo *mf*

near thee. My ship is float - ing on the tide, And pros - per - ous winds are
 dear - ie. My sails are set; - blow, breez - es, blow! All thoughts of dan - ger

mf *a tempo*

cresc.

blow - ing; If thou wert on - ly by my side, My
 scorn - ing; Where dwells my love I'll quick - ly go, And

cresc.

tears would not be flow - ing.
 wed her in the morn - ing.

pp

WILL YE GANG TO THE HIELANDS, LEEZIE LINDSAY?

Old Scottish Ballad

Air from "Johnson's Museum"
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

VOICE

Simply

mf

1. "Will ye gang— to the
3. O,— Lee-zie, lass,—

PIANO

p

mf

Hie-lands, Lee-zie Lind-say? Will ye gang— to the Hie-lands wi' me? Will ye
ye maun ken— lit-tle, If— sae— ye— din-na ken me? For my

gang— to the Hie-lands, Lee-zie Lind-say, My bride and my dar-ling to
name is Lord— Ron-ald Mac-Don-ald A chief-tain o' high— de-

be?
gree?"

mf

2. "To —
4. She has

gang — to the Hie-lands wi' — you, sir, I — din - na ken —
kilt - ed her coats o' green sat - in, She has kilt - ed them

mf *p* *mf*

how that may be; — For I ken — na the land that you —
up to her knee; — And she's off wi Lord_ Ron - ald Mac -

live in, Nor ken I the lad_ I'm gaun wi'"
Don-ald, His bride and his dar - ling to be.

pp *mf*

WITH THE LOORGEEN O HEE

(LEIS AN LURGAINN)

Old Boat song of the West Coast of Scotland'
 From the "Celtic Lyre"
 Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Translated from Sinclair's "Oranaiche"
 by Malcolm Mac Furlane of Paisley

Strongly marked and with vigor

VOICE

1. With the
 2. Is - lay
 3. Crowd her

PIANO

Loor - geen, o hee, With the Loor - geen, o ho, In the gray dusk of
 loom ing, o hee, In the gloam ing, o ho, Our ship's com - pass set
 sails on, o hee, And though gales come, o ho, Light as sea - gull will

eve, O'er the waves let us go.
 we, And our lights we did show.
 she O'er the heav - ing waves go.

On the o - cean, o hee, Waves in mo tion, O
A - ros pass - ing, o hee, 'Twas ha - rass - ing, O
Bil - lows lash - ing, o hee, Wa - ters crash - ing, O

f

ho, Nought but clouds could we see— O'er the blue sea be - low.
ho, The strong bil - lows to see— High as mast - head to flow.
ho, With - out blench - ing we see— There be stout hearts on board.

f

f *dim.*

YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

Air composed by JAMES MILLER

(Published in 1788)

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

With pathos

VOICE

PIANO

p *rit.*

1. Ye
2. Oft

banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae
hae I rov'd by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and

fresh and fair; How can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, And
wood - bine twine; And ilk - a bird sang o' its love, And

rit. *a tempo* *cresc.*

I sae wear - y, fu' o' care! Thou'll break my heart, thou
fond - ly sae did I o' mine! Wi' light - some heart, I

war - bling bird, That wan - tons through the flow - 'ring thorn; Thou
pu'd a rose, Fu' sweet up - on its thorn - y tree; But

p

rit.

minds me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn!
my fause lov - er stole my rose, But ah! he left the thorn wi' me!

rit.

YOUNG JAMIE LO'ED ME WEEL

(AULD ROBIN GRAY)

Air by WILLIAM LEEVES

(First published in 1812)

Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Lady ANNE LINDSAY (1750-1825)

Expressively *mp*

VOICE

1. Young Ja - mie lo'ed me weel, — and
2. My fa - ther could-na work, — and my

PIANO *p* *rit.* *mp*

socht me for his bride, — But sav - ing a crown, he had nae-thing else be-side; — To
mith - er could-na spin, — I toil'd day and night, but their bread I could na win; — Auld

make that crown a pound, — my Ja - mie gaed to sea, — And the
Rob main - tain'd them baith, — And wi' tears — in his ee — Said,

agitato

crown and the pound were baith for me. He had na been a-wa' a
 "Jen-ny, for their sakes, O mar-ry me." My heart it said nay, for I

week but on-ly twa, When my fa-ther brak' his arm, and the
 look'd for Ja-mie back, But the wind it blew high and the

cow was stown a-wa; My mith-er she fell sick, and
 ship it was a wrack. The ship it was a wrack, why

rit. Ja-mie at the sea, And auld Rob-in Gray cam' a-court in' me.
 did-na Ja-mie dee? And why do I live to say, wae's me!

a tempo

3. My fa - ther urged me sair, — my
 4. O sair — did we greet, — and

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo marking is *a tempo*. The piano part begins with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The vocal line starts with a rest followed by the lyrics for two verses.

mith - er did - na speak — But look'd — in my face — till my
 meik - le did we say, — We took — but ae kiss — and we

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a prominent bass line with chords. The vocal line continues with the lyrics for the two verses.

heart was like to break; — So they gi'ed — him my hand, — my
 tore our - selves a - way; — I wish — I were deid, — but

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part has a steady accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics for the two verses.

rit. *a tempo*

heart it was at sea, — And auld — Rob - in Gray — is a
 I'm no like to dee; — Oh! why — do I live — to —

rit. *a tempo*

The fourth system concludes the piece. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo markings *rit.* (ritardando) and *a tempo* are used to indicate changes in the music's speed. The piano part has a steady accompaniment.

rit. *a tempo agitato*

gude - man to me. I had - na been a wife a
 say, wae's me! I gang like a ghaist, and I

rit. *a tempo*

week but on - ly four, When sit - ting sae mourn - ful - ly ae
 care na to spin, I dare - na think o' Ja - mie, for

night at the door, I saw my Ja - mie's wraith, I
 that wad be a sin! But I'll do my best a

p

rit. *a tempo* *rit.*

could - na think it he, Till he said I'm come back to mar - ry thee?
 gude wife to be, For auld Rob - in Gray is a kind man to me!

rit. *a tempo*

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