

# Mary Morison



Robert Burns

Alastair Lewis

Tenor

8

Oh Ma - ry at thy win - dow be. It is the wish'd the trus - ted  
How blyth - ely would I bide the stour. A wea - ry slave from sun to

Piano

T

8

hour. Those smiles and glan - ces let me see.  
sun. Could I the rich re - ward se - cure.

Pno.

T

8

That make the mi - ser's treas - ure poor. Last night when to the  
The lov - ely Ma - ry Mor - i - son.

Pno.

11

T

8

trem - bling string. The Dance went through the ligh - ted hall. light - ted - hall. To

Pno.

15

T

8

you my fan - cy took its - wing. I sat, but neith er heard nor saw. Tho'

*rit.*

Pno.

15

19

T

8

this was fair, and that was braw, and yon the toast, of all the town. I

*a tempo*

Pno.

19

23

T

8

sigh'd, and said a - mong them - all.

Pno.

23

25

T

8

25

Pno.

You are not Ma - ry Mo - ri - son.

27

T

8

27

Pno.

Oh Ma - ry can you wreck his peace. Who for your sake would glad - ly  
If love for love you will not give. At least be pi - ty to me

30

T

8

30

Pno.

die? Or can you break that heart of his.  
shown; A thought un - gen - tle can - not be.

33

T

8

33

Pno.

1. Whose on - ly fault is lov - ing you. Last night when to the  
The thought of Ma - ry Mor - i son.

2.

37

T

8

trem - bling string. The Dance went through the ligh - ted hall. light - ted - hall. To

Pno.

41

T

8

*rit.*

you my fan - cy took its - wing. I sat, but neith er heard nor saw. Tho'

Pno.

45

T

8

*a tempo*

this was fair, and that was brow, and yon the toast, of all the town. I

Pno.

49

T

8

sigh'd, and said a - mong them all. You are not - Ma - ry Mo - ri - son.

Pno.