

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

The first system of the musical score. The Tenor part is written on a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and a 4/4 time signature. The Piano part consists of two staves, treble and bass clefs, with the same key signature and time signature. The music begins with a piano introduction of four measures.

T

8

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

Pno.

The second system of the musical score. The Tenor part continues from the first system. The Piano part continues with accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line.

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.

The third system of the musical score. The Tenor part includes a first ending (marked '1.') and a second ending (marked '2.'). The Piano part continues with accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line.

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'

Pno.

15

rit.

19

T

8

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

Pno.

19

a tempo

23

T

8

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

Pno.

23

25

T

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

Pno.

27

T

27⁸ 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

Pno.

30

T

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

Pno.

33

T

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

Pno.

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.