Four Scottish Folksongs

arranged by

Ludwig van Beethoven

adapted and alto line added by Mark Whitmire

- 1. The Banner of Buccleuch
- 2. Ye shepherds of this pleasant veil
- 3. Duncan Grey
- 4. Auld Lang Syne

The Banner of Buccleuch

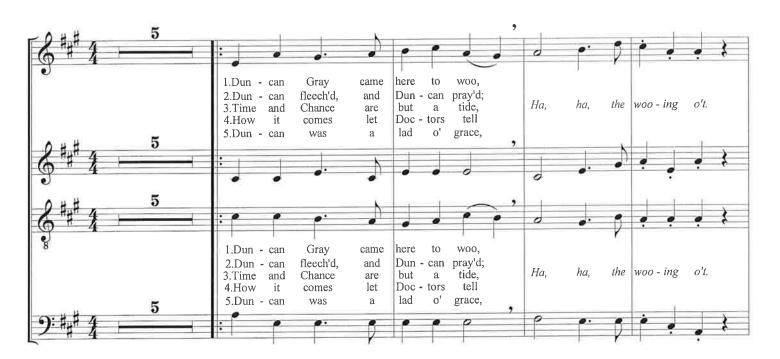


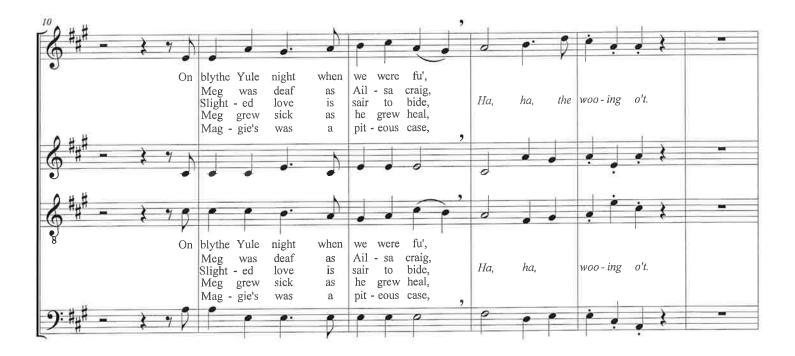


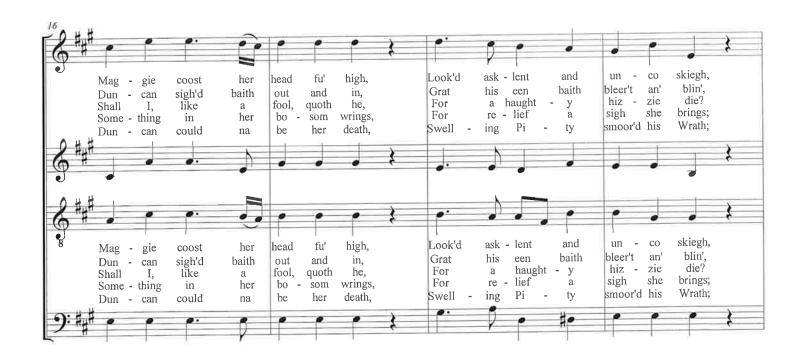
Duncan Grey 12 Scottish Songs

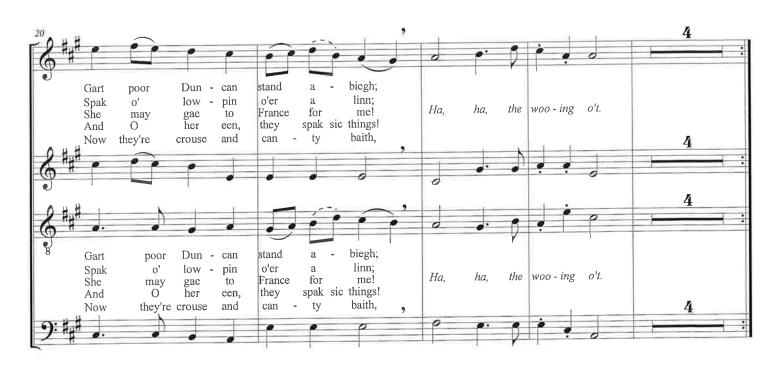
Robert Burns

arr. Ludwig Beethoven adapted and alto added by M. Whitmire







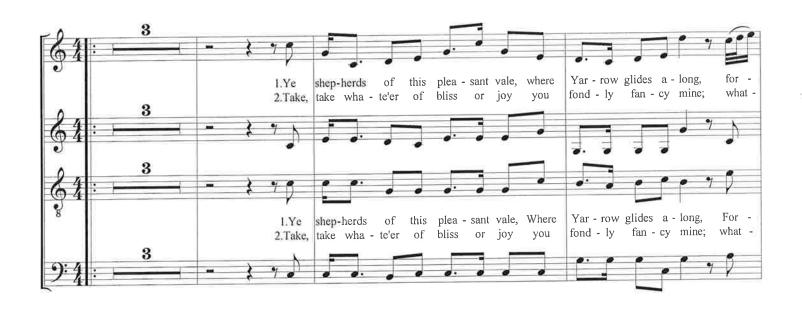


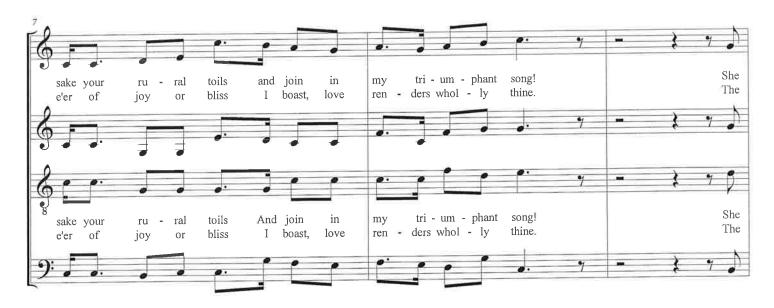
Ye shepherds of this pleasant veil

12 Scottish Songs

William Hamilton

arr. Ludwig Beethoven adapted and alto added by M. Whitmire



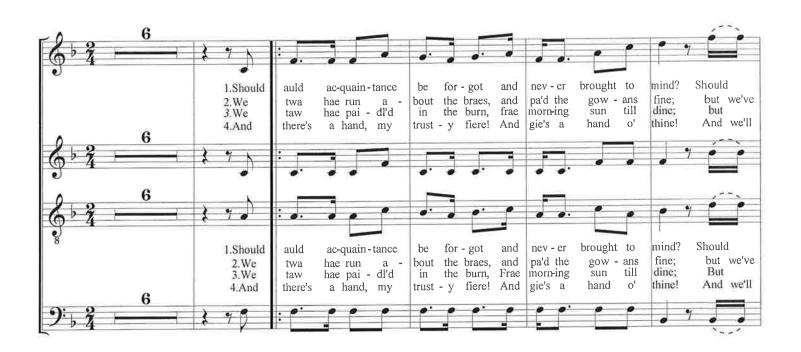


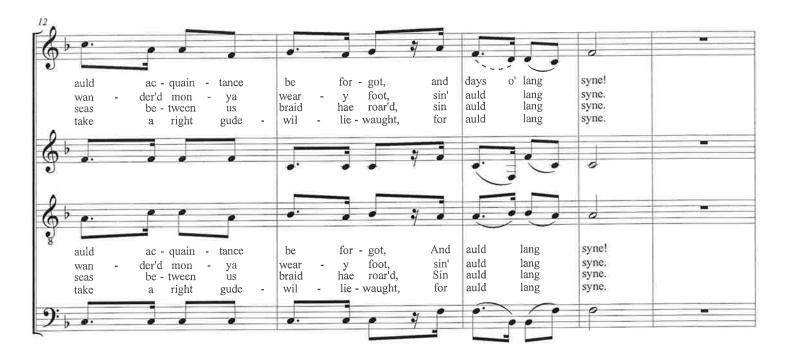


Auld Lang Syne 12 Scottish Songs

Robert Burns

arr. Ludwig Beethoven adapted and alto added by M. Whitmire







lang

syne.

kind - ness yet

Duncan Grey by Robert Burns (1759-1796) Translation

1. Chorus

Duncan Gray cam here to woo
(Ha, ha, the wooing o't!)
On blythe Yule-Night when we were fou
(Ha, ha, the wooing o't!)
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

2. Solos and Chorus

Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

s: Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd (Ha, ha, the wooing o't!)
s: Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig (Ha, ha, the wooing o't!)
s: Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
s: Grat his een baith bleer't an' blin',
s: Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn -

3. Solos and Chorus
s: Time and Chance are but a tide
(Ha, ha, the wooing o't!)
s: Slighted love is sair to bide
(Ha, ha, the wooing o't!)
s: 'Shall I like a fool,' quoth he,
s: 'For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to - France for me! -

4. Solos and Chorus
s: How it comes, let doctors tell
(Ha, ha, the wooing o't!)
s: Meg grew sick, as he grew hale
(Ha, ha, the wooing o't!)
s: Something in her bosom wrings,
s: For relief a sigh she brings,
And O! her een they spak sic things! Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

5. Chorus

Duncan was a lad o' grace
(Ha, ha, the wooing o't!)
Maggie was a piteous case
(Ha, ha, the wooing o't!)
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Duncan Gray came here to woo (Ha, ha, the wooing of it!)
On blithe Christmas Eve when we were full (Ha, ha, the wooing of it!)
Maggie cast her head full high,
Looked askance and very skittish,
Made poor Duncan standoff Ha, ha, the wooing of it!

Duncan wheedled, and Duncan prayed (Ha, ha, the wooing of it!)
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig (a rocky island) (Ha, ha, the wooing of it!)
Duncan sighed both out and in,
Wept his eyes both bleary and blind,
Spoke of leaping over a waterfall Ha, ha, the wooing of it!

Time and Chance are but a tide (Ha, ha, the wooing of it!)
Slighted love is sore to endure (Ha, ha, the wooing of it!)
'Shall I like a fool,' said he,
'For a haughty hussy die?
She may go to - France for me!'
Ha, ha, the wooing of it!

How it comes, let doctors tell
(Ha, ha, the wooing of it!)
Meg grew sick, as he grew hale
(Ha, ha, the wooing of it!)
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings,
And O! her eyes they speak such things! Ha, ha, the wooing of it!

Duncan was a lad of grace (Ha, ha, the wooing of it!)
Maggie was a piteous case (Ha, ha, the wooing of it!)
Duncan could not be her death,
Swelling pity smothered his wrath;
Now they're proud and jolly both Ha, ha, the wooing of it!

Auld Lang Syne ("old long since" or "long time ago") by Robert Burns (1759-1796)

| C - | - 4 - | 11- | |
|-----|-------|-----|-----|
| 20 | ots | Ve. | rse |
| | | | |

1 Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and auld lang syne?

Refrain
For auld lang syne, my dear,
for auld lang syne,
we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
for auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes, and pu'd the gowans fine; But we've wander'd mony a weary fit, sin auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn, frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd sin auld lang syne.

4 And there's a hand, my trusty fiere! and gie's a hand o' thine! And we'll tak a right gude-willy waught, for auld lang syne.

Translation

Should old acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?
Should old acquaintance be forgot, and old lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne, we'll take a cup of kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

We two have run about the slopes, and picked the daisies fine; But we've wandered many a weary foot, since auld lang syne.

We two have paddled in the stream, from morning sun till dine[†]; But seas between us broad have roared since auld lang syne.

And there's a hand my trusty friend! And give us a hand o' thine! And we'll take a right good-will draught, for auld lang syne. **IPA** Pronunciation

Jid o:ld ə.kwen.təns bi fər.got, ən nı.vər broxt tı məin? Jid o:ld ə.kwen.təns bi fər.got, ən o:l laŋ səin?

fər q:l laŋ səin, ma dʒo ma di:r, fər q:l laŋ səin, wi:l tak ə kʌp ə kəin.nəs jɛt, fər q:l laŋ səin.

wi two: he: rɪn ə.but ðə bre:z, ən pu:d ðə gʌu.ənz fəin; bʌt wi:v wan.ərt mʌ.ne ə wi:rɪ fit, sɪn o:l laŋ səin.

wi two: he: pe.dlt in ðə barn, fre: mo:r.nin sin til dəin; bat si:z ə.twin as bred he: ro:rd sin ol: laŋ səin.

ən ðe:rz ə họ:n, ma tras.tı fi:r! əŋ gi:z ə họ:n ə ðəin! ən wi:l tak ə rıxt gıd wa.lı wọ:xt, fər ol: laŋ səin.