

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

Choral Part

The Banner of Buccleuch

12 Scottish Songs

Sir Walter Scott

arr. Ludwig Beethoven

adpated and alto added by M. Whitmire

4

1.From the brown crest of Ne - wark its sum - mons ex - tend - ing, Our
(2.When the) south - ern in - vad - er spread waste and dis - ord - er, At the
(3.And) when it is ov - er, we'll drink a blithe mea - sure, To each

4

4

4

1.From the brown crest of Ne - wark its sum - mons ex - tend - ing, Our
(2.When the) south - ern in - vad - er spread waste and dis - ord - er, At the
(3.And) when it is ov - er, we'll drink a blithe mea - sure, To each

4

8

sig - nal is wav - ing in smoke and in flame; And each for - est - er blithe, from his
glance of her cre - scents he paused and with - drew; For a round them were mar - shalled the
laird and each la - dy that wit - ness'd our fun, And to ev - ery blithe heart that took

8

sig - nal is wav - ing in smoke and in flame; And each for - est - er blithe, from his
glance of her cre - scents he paused and with - drew; For a round them were mar - shalled the
laird and each la - dy that wit - ness'd our fun, And to ev - ery blithe heart that took

11

moun - tain de - scending, Bounds light o'er the heath - er to join in the game. Then up with the ban - ner, let
pride of the bord - er, The flow'rs of the For - est, the bands of Bucc - leuch. A strip - ling's weak hand to our
part in our plea - sure, To lads that have lost, and the lads that have won. May the for - est still flou - rish, both

8

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pride of the bord - er, The flow'rs of the For - est, the bands of Bucc - leuch. A strip - ling's weak hand to our
part in our plea - sure, To lads that have lost, and the lads that have won. May the for - est still flou - rish, both

15

for - est winds fan her, She has blaz'd ov - er Et - trick eight a - ges and more; In
re - vel has borne her, No mail glove has grasp'd her, no spear - men sur-round; But
bo - rough and land-ward, From the hall of the peer to the the herd's in - gle-nook; And

18

sport we'll at - tend her, in bat - tle de - fend her With heart and with hand, like our
ere a bold foe - man should scathe or should scorn her, A thou - sand true hearts would be
huz - za! My brave hearts, for Bucc-leuch and his stan - dard, For the King and the Coun - try, the

21

fath - ers of yore. cold on the ground. 2.When the
Clan and the Duke. 3.And

Duncan Grey

12 Scottish Songs

Robert Burns

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

1. Dun - can Gray came here to woo,
2. Dun - can fleech'd, and Dun - can pray'd;
3. Time and Chance are but a tide,
4. How it comes let Doc - tors tell
5. Dun - can was a lad o' grace,

Ha, ha, the woo - ing o't.

10
On blythe Yule night when we were fu',
Meg was deaf as Ail - sa craig,
Slight - ed love is sair to bide,
Meg grew sick as he grew heal,
Mag - gie's was a pit - eous case,

Ha, ha, the woo - ing o't.

16

Mag - gie coost her head fu' high, Look'd ask - lent and un - co skiegh,
 Dun - can sigh'd baith out and in, Grat his een baith bleer't an' blin',
 Shall I, like a fool, quoth he, For a haught - y hiz - zie die?
 Some - thing in her bo - som wrings, For re - lief a sigh she brings;
 Dun - can could na be her death, Swell - ing Pi - ty smoor'd his Wrath;

8

Mag - gie coost her head fu' high, Look'd ask - lent and un - co skiegh,
 Dun - can sigh'd baith out and in, Grat his een baith bleer't an' blin',
 Shall I, like a fool, quoth he, For a haught - y hiz - zie die?
 Some - thing in her bo - som wrings, For re - lief a sigh she brings;
 Dun - can could na be her death, Swell - ing Pi - ty smoor'd his Wrath;

20

Gart poor Dun - can stand a - biegh;
 Spak o' low - pin o'er a linn;
 She may gae to France for me!
 And O her een, they spak sic things!
 Now they're crouse and can - ty baith,

Ha, ha, the woo - ing o't.

4

4

4

4

8

Gart poor Dun - can stand a - biegh;
 Spak o' low - pin o'er a linn;
 She may gae to France for me!
 And O her een, they spak sic things!
 Now they're crouse and can - ty baith,

Ha, ha, the woo - ing o't.

4

10

grants, she yields one heav'n - ly smile, a - tones her long de-lays, one hap - py mi - nute crown the pains of
woods struck up to the soft gale, the leaves were seen to move, the fea - ther'd choir re - sum'd their voice, and

13

ma - ny suf - fring days. mu - sic fill'd the grove. Yar - row, how dear thy stream, thy beau - teous banks how blest! For

17

there 'twas first my love - liest maid, a mu - tual flame con - fest.

Auld Lang Syne

12 Scottish Songs

Robert Burns

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

6

1. Should
2. We
3. We
4. And

auld ac-quain-tance be for-got and nev-er brought to mind? Should
twa hae run a-bout the braes, and pa'd the gow-ans fine; but we've
taw hae pai-dl'd in the burn, frae morn-ing sun till dine; but
there's a hand, my trust-y fiere! And gie's a hand o' thine! And we'll

6

6

8

1. Should
2. We
3. We
4. And

auld ac-quain-tance be for-got and nev-er brought to mind? Should
twa hae run a-bout the braes, and pa'd the gow-ans fine; but we've
taw hae pai-dl'd in the burn, Frae morn-ing sun till dine; But
there's a hand, my trust-y fiere! And gie's a hand o' thine! And we'll

6

12

auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, and days o' lang syne!
wan-der'd mon-ya wear-y foot, sin' auld lang syne.
seas be-tween us braid hae roar'd, sin' auld lang syne.
take a right gude-wil-lie-waught, for auld lang syne.

auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And auld lang syne!
wan-der'd mon-ya wear-y foot, sin' auld lang syne.
seas be-tween us braid hae roar'd, Sin' auld lang syne.
take a right gude-wil-lie-waught, for auld lang syne.

17

For auld lang syne, my dear for auld lang syne, we'll

For auld lang syne, my dear for auld lang syne, we'll

22

tak a cup o' kind - ness yet for auld lang syne.

tak a cup o' kind - ness yet for auld lang syne.

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!

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!

2. Solos and Chorus

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 -
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

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!

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! -
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

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!

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!

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!

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 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)

Scots Verse

Translation

IPA Pronunciation

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

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

ʃɪd ɔːld ə.kwɛn.təns bi fər.got,
 ən nɪ.vər brɔxt tɪ maɪn?
 ʃɪd ɔːld ə.kwɛn.təns bi fər.got,
 ən ɔːl lɑŋ səɪn?

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

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

fər ɔːl lɑŋ səɪn, mɑ dʒo mɑ diːr,
 fər ɔːl lɑŋ səɪn,
 wiːl tak ə kʌp ə kəɪn.nəs jət,
 fər ɔːl lɑŋ səɪn.

2
 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 two have run about the slopes,
 and picked the daisies fine ;
 But we've wandered many a weary foot,
 since auld lang syne.

wɪ twɔː heː rɪn ə.but ðə breːz,
 ən puːd ðə ɡəʊ.ənz faɪn;
 bʌt wiːv wʌn.ərɪt mʌ.ne ə wiːrɪ fɪt,
 sɪn ɔːl lɑŋ səɪn.

3
 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.

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

wɪ twɔː heː pe.dlt ɪn ðə bɜːn,
 freː moːr.nɪn sɪn tɪl daɪn;
 bʌt siːz ə.twɪn ʌs bred heː roːrd
 sɪn ɔːl lɑŋ səɪn.

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.

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.

ən ðeːrɪz ə hɔːn, mɑ trʌs.tɪ fɪːr!
 ən ɡiːz ə hɔːn ə ðaɪn!
 ən wiːl tak ə rɪxt ɡɪd wʌ.lɪ wɔːxt,
 fər ɔːl lɑŋ səɪn.