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

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

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From the brown crest of Newark its
summons extending, Our
western invaders spread
when it is over, we'll
drink a blithe measure, To each

signal is waving in
smoke and in flame; And each
laird and each lady that
witness'd our fun, And to
forrest blithe, from his

signal is waving in
smoke and in flame; And each
laird and each lady that
witness'd our fun, And to
forrest blithe, from his

mountain descending, Bounds
pride of the border, The
flower of the Forest, the
hands of Buccleuch. Anda

mountain descending, Bounds
pride of the border, The
flower of the Forest, the
hands of Buccleuch. Anda

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Sir Walter Scott
for - est winds... fan her, She has
re - vel has... borne her, No
bo - rough and... land-ward, From the
hall of the peer to the
ages and more; In
spear - men sur-round; But
herd's... in - gle - nook; And

sport we'll at - tend her, in
ere a bold foe - man should
huz - za! My brave hearts, for
Buc-leuch and his stan -
dard, For the
heart and with hand, like our
King and the Coun - try, the

fath - ers of yore.
cold on the ground.
Clan and the Duke.

2. When the
3. And

fath - ers of yore.
cold on the ground.
Clan and the Duke.

3
Duncan Grey
12 Scottish Songs

Robert Burns

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

1. Duncan Gray came here to woo,
2. Duncan fleeth'd, and Duncan pray'd;
3. Time and Chance are but a tide,
4. How it comes let Doctors tell
5. Duncan was a lad o' grace,

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

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 heel,
Mag-gie's was a pit-eous case,

Ha, ha, the woo-ing o't.
Maggie coost her head fu' high, Look'd ask-lent and un-co skiegh,
Duncan 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?
Something in her bo-som wrings, For re-lief a sigh she brings;
Duncan could na be her death, Swell-ing Pi-ty smoor'd his Wrath;

Gart poor Duncan 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!

Ha, ha, the woo-ing o't.
Ye shepherds of this pleasant veil
12 Scottish Songs
arr. Ludwig Beethoven
adapted and alto added by M. Whitmire

William Hamilton

1. Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale, where Yarrow glides along, fondly fancy mine; what
2. Take, take what' er of bliss or joy you fondly fancy mine; what

sake your rural toils and join in

e'er of joy or bliss I boast, love

my triumphant song!
renders wholly thine.

She

The

She

The
grants, she yields one heav'n-ly smile, a-
woods struck up to the soft gale, the

grants, she yields one heav'n-ly smile, A-
woods struck up to the soft gale, the

many suf-fering days.  mu-

music fill'd the grove.

many suf-fering days.  mu-

music fill'd the grove.

Yar-row, how dear thy stream, thy beau-
teous banks how blest! For

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

there 'twas first my love-liest maid, a mu-
tual flame con-
Auld Lang Syne
12 Scottish Songs

Robert Burns

arr. Ludwig Beethoven
adapted and alto added by M. Whitmire
For auld lang syne, my dear for auld lang syne, we'll

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

Tak a cup o' kindness yet for auld lang syne.

Tak a cup o' kindness 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'it!)
On blythe Yule-Night when we were fou
(Ha, ha, the wooing o'it!)
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh -
Ha, ha, the wooing o'it!

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 fleec'h'd, and Duncan pray'd
(Ha, ha, the wooing o'it!)
s: Meg was deaf as Alisa Craig
(Ha, ha, the wooing o'it!)
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'it!

Duncan wheedled, and Duncan prayed
(Ha, ha, the wooing of it!)
Meg was deaf as Alisa 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'it!)
s: Slighted love is sair to bide
(Ha, ha, the wooing o'it!)
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'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!

4. Solos and Chorus
s: How it comes, let doctors tell
(Ha, ha, the wooing o'it!)
s: Meg grew sick, as he grew hale
(Ha, ha, the wooing o'it!)
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'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!

5. Chorus
Duncan was a lad o' grace
(Ha, ha, the wooing o'it!)
Maggie was a piteous case
(Ha, ha, the wooing o'it!)
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith -
Ha, ha, the wooing o'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)

Scots Verse

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

Translation

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

IPA Pronunciation

far qːl lan ʃain, ma dəzə ma dɪər,
far qːl lan ʃain,
wiː lək ə ɡəp ə kəin.nəs jət,
far qːl lan ʃain.

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

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.

IPA Pronunciation

wi tʰəː heː nə, buːt da bɾeːz,
ən pəd da ɡəwənz fain;
bat wiː və wən.ərə mə.nə ə wəːri fɨt,
sin qːl lan ʃain.

3
We twa hae paidl’d i’ the burn,
fræ 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.

IPA Pronunciation

wi tʰəː heː pə.ɾəlt ən da bərn,
frə mə.ɾə.nən sin təl dəin;
bat siː zə tɹiːn ə bɾəd heː rə:rən
sin qːl ʃain.

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.

IPA Pronunciation

ən də.rəz ə hɔːn, ma tɾəs.ti fɪər!
əŋ ɡiːzə hɔːn ə dəin!
ən wiː lək ə rɪŋk ɡɨd wə.lɨ wə.kəxt,
fər qːl lan ʃain.