

ENGELSKE, SKOTSKE OG IRSKE  
FOLKE-SANGE OG MELODIER.

N<sup>o</sup> 1.

*Andante con energia.*

(N<sup>o</sup> 1—4 fra Wales.)

*Solo.* *Tutti.* *Solo.*

Ei jeg troer, hvad Nog - le si - ge, — Nat - ten er lang — Bri - ste vil - de det - te Hjer - te, Vold - te han mig  
At min Ven mig skul - de svi - ge. — Nat - ten er lang. —

*Tutti.*

den - ne Smer - te, vold - te han mig den - ne Smer - te. Nat - ten er lang.

(Original-Texten).

Er bod rhai yn taeru'n galed,  
— Ar hŷd y nôs —  
Ddarfod imi gollï' nghariad;  
— Ar hŷd y nôs. —  
Minnau sydd heb fedru coelio,  
|: Imi gollï' nghariad etto — :|  
Ar hŷd y nôs.

(Engelsk Oversættelse.)

Fain would some with vows persuade me,  
— The livelong night —  
That my faithful swain has fled me;  
— The livelong night. —  
But my beating heart will falter,  
|: Ere it thinks his heart can alter — :|  
The livelong night.

**Andantino.***Solo.**Tutti.**Solo.*

*p*  
Södt at hvi-le hos den Skjönne — Fal lal la lal da dal-la —  
Un - der Lundens Tag, det grøn-ne! — Fal lal la lal da dal-la —

*mf*  
*p*

*Tutti.**Solo.**Tutti.*

*mf*  
Dadle - a dadle - a lal lal la — Vex - le Elskovs Ord saa öm-me! Fal lal la lal da dal - la.

*p*  
*mf*

*(Original-Texten).*

O, mor gynnes mynves meinwen!  
— Fal lal la lal da dalla —  
O, mor fwyn yn llwyn Meillionen!  
— Fal lal la lal da dalla. —  
O, mor felus yw'r cusanau,  
— Dadlea dadlea lal lal la —  
Gyda serch a mwynion eiriau.  
Fal lal la lal da dalla.

*(Engelsk Oversættelse).*

Oh, how soft my Fair one's bosom!  
— Fal lal la lal da dalla —  
Oh, how sweet the grove in blossom!  
— Fal lal la lal da dalla. —  
Oh, how blessed are the blisses,  
— Dadlea dadlea lal lal la —  
Words of love and mutual kisses!  
Fal lal la lal da dalla.

**№ 3.****Moderato.****White Snowdon\*).***(Formodentlig en Dands.)*

\*) "Det hvide Snowdon", det høieste Bjerg i Wales, holdtes i gamle Dage i stor Agtelse af Britterne.

After Ed. Jones.

## No. 4.

*Amoroso.***Winifreda.**

*dolce* *mf*

1. A - way; let nought to love dis-plea-sing, My Wi - ni - fre - da, mo-ve your care. Let  
 1. Bort, bort med Alt, hvad Kjær - lig - he - den, Min Wi - ni - fre - da, skræk - ke vil! Vi

*p*

nought de-lay the heaven-ly blessing, Nor squeamish pride, nor gloo - my fear.  
 trygt vil byg - ge i det E - den, Ei An - ger, Frygt skal naae der - til.

2. Through youth and age I love excelling,  
 We'll hand in hand together tread;  
 Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,  
 And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.
3. How should I love the pretty creatures,  
 While round my knees they fondly cling;  
 To see them look their mother's features,  
 To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.
4. And when with envy time transported,  
 Shall think to rob us of our joys,  
 You'll in your girls, again be courted,  
 And I'll go wooing in my boys.

2. Mens Tider vexle, skal man skue  
 Os kjærligt Haand i Haand at gaae;  
 Fred værne skal vor Arnes Lue,  
 Hvorom sig leire hulde Smaa.
3. Jeg seer dem alt, de Glutter søde,  
 Sig klynge til mit Knæ, mit Bryst.  
 Mig Moders Træk i deres møde,  
 Og Moders Sprog i deres Rüst.
4. I deres Vaar vi skulle atter  
 Vor egen leve om i Løn:  
 Du hyldet bliver i din Datter,  
 Paany jeg beiler i min Søn.

(Translation from the Welsh.)

# Waes me for Prince Charlie. Vee mig for Prinds Charlie.

*Larghetto.*

(Skotsk.)

1. A we bird came to our ha' - door, He war - bled sweet and clear - lie, And  
 1. En lil - le Fugl kom til vor Dör, Den sang saa södt, vee - mo - digt, Og

aye the o'er - come o' his sang Was: "Waes me for Prince Char - lie!" Oh, when I heard the  
 al - tid qvad den nu som för: "Vee, vee mig for Prinds Char - lie!" O, da jeg hör - te

bonnie, bonnie bird, The tears came drap - pin' rare - ly; I took my ban - net aff my head, For  
 Fug - lens Kluk, Flöd mi - ne stil - le Taa - rer; Jeg blot - ted' Hov'det med et Suk - Thi

*dolce* *pp* *mf* *p*

weel I lo'ed Prince Char - lie.  
höit jeg el-sked Prinds Char - lie.

2. Quo' I: my bird, my |: bonnie :| bird,  
Is that a tale ye horrow?  
Or is't some words ye've learn't by rote?  
Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?  
"Oh no, no, no!" the wee bird sang:  
"I've flown sin' mornin' early,  
But sic a day o' wind and rain...  
Oh, waes me for Prince Charlie!"
3. On hills that are by right his ain,  
He roams a lonely stranger;  
On ilka hand he's press'd by want,  
On ilka side by danger.  
Yestreen I met him in a glen,  
My heart near bursted fairly,  
For sadly chang'd indeed was he...  
Oh, waes me for Prince Charlie!"
4. Dark night came on, the tempest howl'd  
Out owre the hills and vallies;  
And whar was't that your Prince lay down,  
Wha's hame should been a palace?  
He row'd him in a Highland plaid,  
Which cover'd him but sparely,  
And slept beneath a bush o' broom...  
Oh, waes me for Prince Charlie!"
5. But now the bird saw some red-coats,  
And he shook his wings wi' anger:  
"Oh, this is no a land for me,  
I'll tarry here nae langer."  
A while he hover'd on the wing,  
Ere he departed fairly;  
But weel I mind the fareweel strain,  
'Twas: "Waes me for Prince Charlie!"

2. Jeg qvad: min Fugl, min |: kjønne :| Fugl,  
Hvad mon de Ord betyder?  
En gammel Sang, som du har lært?  
Saa sørgeligt den lyder!  
"O nei", sang lille Fugl, "o nei! —  
Jeg fløi fra aarle Morgen,  
Gjennem Storm og Regn kun gik min Vei...  
O, vee mig for Prinds Charlie!"
3. Som eensom Fremmed flakker han  
Omkring paa egne Höie;  
Ham true Farer overalt,  
Han Savn og Nød maa döie.  
Igaar jeg saae ham i Dalen hist,  
— Mit Hjerte nær var bristet; —  
Saa bleg han var og syg forvist...  
O, vee mig for Prinds Charlie!"
4. Vildt Stormen hyled', Nat faldt paa  
Og skjulte Bjerg og Dale;  
Og veed du, hvor den Fyrste laa,  
Hvis Hjem var gyldne Sale?  
Ved lave Busk, henstrakt paa Muld,  
Svøbt i en höilandsk Kappe,  
Kun skjærmet slet mod Nattens Kuld'...  
O, vee mig for Prinds Charlie!"
5. Men Rødkjolers Flok nu nærmed' sig;  
Op Fuglen foer med Harme:  
"O, her er ei et Land for mig,  
Ei længer her jeg töver!"  
Et Öteblik den svævende  
Sig hvilte paa sin Vinge,  
Da löd til Afsked end dens: "Vee!  
O, vee mig for Prinds Charlie!"

*Moderato.*

# № 6. Annie Laurie.

*(Skotsh.)*

1. Max - wel - ton braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the  
 1. Dybt i Maxwel - tons Sko - ve, I aar - le Mor - gen -

dew, And it's there that An - nie Laurie Gie'd me her pro - mise true, Which  
 stund, Hin - an - den Tro og Lo - ve Vi gav med Haand og Mund. Ei

ne'er forgat will be, which ne'er forgat will be; And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down and  
 glemmer jeg min Mø! Ei glemmer jeg min Mø! For den skjøn - ne An - nie Lau - rie Jeg le - ve vil og

*dolce* *p* *pp* *cresc.* *p*

1.   
 2.   
 3.

dee.   
 döe.

2. Her brow is like the   
 2. Hendes Pande, hvid som

Her neck is like the swan,   
 Hendes Hals er Svanens liig,   
 Her face it is the fairest,   
 Hendes Aasyn, klart at see   
 That e'er the sun shone on,   
 Som Dagen straleriig.   
 And dark blue is her e'e;   
 Og Öiets mörke Sö!   
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie   
 For den skjönne Annie Laurie   
 I'd lay me down and dee.   
 Jeg leve vil og döe.

2. Her brow is like the snawdrift,   
 Her neck is like the swan,   
 Her face it is the fairest,   
 That e'er the sun shone on,   
 And dark blue is her e'e;   
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie   
 I'd lay me down and dee.

3. Like dew on the gowan lying,   
 Is the fa o' her fairy feet;   
 And like winds in summer sighing,   
 Her voice is low and sweet.   
 And she is a' the world to me;   
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie   
 I'd lay me down and dee.

2. Hendes Pande, hvid som Sne,   
 Hendes Hals er Svanens liig,   
 Hendes Aasyn, klart at see   
 Som Dagen straleriig.

And Öiets mörke Sö!   
 For den skjönne Annie Laurie   
 Jeg leve vil og döe.

3. Paa lette Fod hun svæved'   
 Gjennem Blomsters Perledug;   
 Södt hendes Stemme bæved'   
 Som Sommervindens Suk.

Mit Alt paa Verdens Ö!   
 For den skjönne Annie Laurie   
 Jeg leve vil og döe.

N<sup>o</sup> 7.

*Cantabile.* (Melodien til en vælsk Sang.)

*p* *p*

## The red piper's Melody\*).

*Amoroso.**(Velisk.)*

legato e p

*f* *p* *tr*

*tr*

\*) "Den røde Pibers (Sækkepibblæsers) Melodic."



*Andante.*      **Ladie Rothemayis lilt. Lady Rothemayis Sang.**      (*Skotsk.*)

**N<sup>o</sup> 9\*).**

Musical score for 'Ladie Rothemayis lilt. Lady Rothemayis Sang.' in G major, common time (C), marked *Andante*. The score consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The second system features a fermata over the final measure of the upper staff.

*Moderato.*

**N<sup>o</sup> 10\*\*).**

(*Irsk.*)

Musical score for 'Moderato. N° 10\*\*.' in D minor, 6/8 time, marked *Moderato*. The score includes a *dolce* marking and a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: "Da Lu - an, da Mort, da Lu - an, da Mort, da Lu - an, da Mort au - gus da Ca - dine. Da Lu - an, da Mort, da Lu - an, da Mort, da Lu - an, da Mort au - gus da Ca - dine." The score consists of two systems of piano accompaniment.

\*) Denne Melodie er af et gammelt Manuscript fra *Jacob den 6tes* Regjeringstid (1603—1625) og er saaledes i det Mindste henved halvtredie Hundrede Aar gammel. I samme Msept. findes ogsaa den under Nr. 5 aftrykte skotske Melodie, der altsaa her er bleven benyttet til en meget yngre Text.

\*\*) Texten betegner blot Ugedagene: "Mandag, Tirsdag og Onsdag", og skulde egentlig skrives: *dia Luain, dia Mairt agus dia Ceadaoine*. Denne lille Sang horer til et irsk Eventyr om en stakkels godhjertet, men pukkelrygget Person, "der lagde sit Hoved til Elverhøi", hvor han da hørte en forunderlig deilig Musik af de i Höien boende Alfer, der til ovenstaaende Melodie bestandig sang Ordene: "Da Luan, da Mort, da Luan, da Mort", hvilke de efter et lille Ophold gjentog. Henrykt over denne Sang faldt han ved Pausen ind med Fortsettelsen "augus da Cadine" (o: og Onsdag), hvorover Alferne bleve saa glade, at de toge ham ind i Höien, befriede ham fra hans Pukkel og sendte ham hjem igjen som en smuk, velvoxen Karl, rigelig forsynet med nye Klæder.

## No. 11.

## Duncan Gray.

*Moderato.**Solo.**Tutti.**Solo.**(Skotsk.)*

1. Dun - can Gray cam' here to woo — Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't! — On new year's night, when we were fu' —  
 1. Dun - can Gray kam her zu frey'n — Ha, ha, die Heirathslust! — Zur Neu-jahrs-nacht, als wir voll Wein —

*Tutti.**Solo.*

Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't! Mag - gie coost her head fu' heigh, Look'd as - kient and un - co skeigh,  
 Ha, ha, die Hei - rathslust! Gret - chen warf so hoch den Kopf, Hielt den Frey - er für 'nen Tropf,

*Tutti.*

Gart poor Dun - can stand a - heigh — Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't!  
 Sag - te: "Pack dich, dum - mer Tropf — Ha, ha, die Hei - rathslust!"

2. Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,  
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa-Craig,  
 Duncan sigh'd baith out an' in  
 Grat his e'en baith bleer't an' blin',  
 Spak o' loupin o'er a lin



2. Duncan sprach und Duncan bat,  
 Gretchen blieb taub früh und spat;  
 Duncan seufzte wie ein Kind,  
 Rieb sich seine Augen blind,  
 Sprach von raschem Tod geschwind.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                                                                                    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>3. Time and chance are but a tide,<br/>Slighted love is sair to bide.<br/>Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,<br/>For a haughty hizzy die?<br/>She may gae to — France for me!</p>             | <p>4. How it comes, let Doctors tell,<br/>Meg grew sick — as he grew heal.<br/>Something in her bosom wrings,<br/>For relief a sigh she brings;<br/>And oh! her e'en they spak such things!</p> | <p>5. Duncan was a lad o' grace,<br/>Maggie's was a piteous case.<br/>Duncan coudna be her death,<br/>Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;<br/>Now they're crouse and canty baith!</p> |
| <p>3. Zeit wird besser, wie man spricht,<br/>Doch verschmähte Liebe nicht.<br/>Duncan sprach: Soll das gescheh'n,<br/>Sie mir eine Nase dreh'n?<br/>Eh'r mag sie nach — Frankreich geh'n!</p> | <p>4. Doctor, sprich, wie das gelang?<br/>Er ward heil und sie ward krank.<br/>Kummer quälte Gretchens Brust,<br/>Nur das Seufzen macht' ihr Lust,<br/>Und man hat es wohl gewusst.</p>         | <p>5. Duncan war ein guter Mann,<br/>Gretchen war gar schlimm daran;<br/>Duncan wollt nicht ihren Tod,<br/>Mitleid macht ihm ihre Noth;<br/>Jetzt sind Beide frisch und roth!</p>  |

Uebers. von O. L. B. Wolff.

**№ 12.**  
**A welsh Jig\*).**

*Allegro moderato.*

The musical score is written in 6/8 time and consists of three systems of piano and bass staves. The first system shows the initial melody and accompaniment. The second system includes two first endings (marked '1.' and '2.') in the treble clef, which lead to different parts of the piece. The third system continues the melody and accompaniment, also featuring first and second endings. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

\*) "En vælsk Gigue", der sædvanlig dandses af 6 Personer.

## № 13.

*Andante con moto.***John Anderson.***(Skotsk.)*

1. John An-der-son, my jo, John, Ye were mi first con - ceit, I think na shame to say, John, I  
 1. John An-der-son, mein Herz, John, Dich lieb' ich ja zu - erst, Ich schäm' mich nicht zu sa-gen, John, Ich



loe'd ye ear and late; They say you're tur-ning auld, John, And what tho' it be so? Ye are  
 lieb' dich früh und spät; Sie sa - gen, dass du alt wirst, John; Was macht's, wenn dem auch so? Du bist



ay the same kind man to me, John An-der-son, my jo.  
 in - mer ja noch gut mit mir, John An-der-son, mein Herz.

2. John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquaint,  
 Your locks were like the raven, John,  
 Your bonny brow was bent;  
 But now ye 've turned bald, John,  
 Your locks are like the snow,  
 My blessings on that frosty pow, John A., my jo.



2. John Anderson, mein Herz, John,  
 Als wir zuerst bekannt,  
 Dein Haar war gleich dem Raben, John,  
 Und deine Brau gespannt;  
 Nun bist du kahl geworden, John,  
 Und deine Locken weiss;  
 Gott segne deinen kahlen Kopf, John A., mein Herz.

3. John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We've seen our bairns' bairns,  
And yet, my dear John Anderson,  
I'm happy in your arms;  
And sae are ye in mine, John,  
I'm sure ye'll no say no,  
Tho' the days are past, that we have seen,  
John Anderson, my jo.
4. John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We've climb'd the hill thegither,  
And mony a canty day, John;  
We've had wi'ane anither;  
Now we maun totter down, John;  
But, hand in hand we'll go,  
And we'll rest thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson, my jo.

3. John Anderson, mein Herz, John,  
Wir sahen Kindeskind,  
Und doch wie wir so Beide,  
Mein John, noch glücklich sind;  
Du bist's in meinen Armen,  
Im Ernst so wie im Scherz,  
Obgleich schon viele Zeit dahin,  
John Anderson, mein Herz.
4. John Anderson, mein Herz, John,  
Zusammen ging's bergauf,  
Und mancher Tag war fröhlich, John,  
Für uns in seinem Lauf;  
Nun müssen wir hinunter  
Vereint und ohne Schmerz,  
Und wollen drunten ruhen,  
John Anderson, mein Herz.

O. L. B. Wolff.

## № 14.

## An old welsh Jig\*).

*Allegretto.*

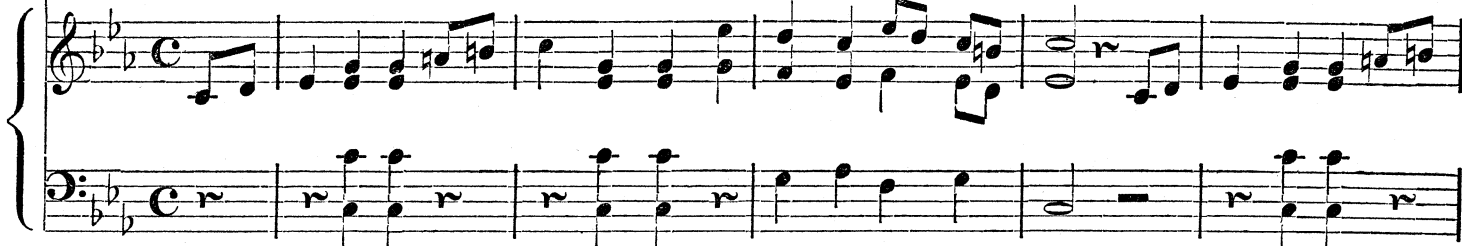
The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system includes a first ending (marked '1.') and a second ending (marked '2.'). The second system also includes a first ending (marked '1.'). The piece concludes with the instruction 'Da capo.' in the bottom right corner.

\*) "En gammel vælsk Gigue", brugelig i Nord-Wales, og dandses af fem Personer.

## № 15.

**Allegro moderato. O' Charlie's health. Auf Karls Wohl.** (№ 15-17. Skotske Sange, oversatte af O. L. B. Wolff.)

I. On a bank of flo - wers ae sim - mer's day, Whare lads and lass - es meet, Whare wea - ry rue it  
 1. In dem Blüthen-hain ei - nes Som - mer - tags, Wo Bursch und Mäd - chen seyn, Wo bü - se Rau - te



ne - ver grew, And the thyme was pass - ing sweet: Tam fill'd his glass, And pledg'd his lass, And Char - lie's health a -  
 nimmer wuchs, Doch der Thymian thät gut ge - deihn, Tam füllt sein Glas Und bracht ihr das, Und Karls Wohl auch da -



round did pass. Hur - ra, hur - ra! they cried, And ev' - ry one re - plied: We'll fight for our law - fu' king!  
 zu beim Glas. Hur - rah, hur - rah! sie rie - fen und je - der trank darauf: Wir kämpfen für den rech - ten Herrn!



2. New-fangled lads, in their black cockaids,  
 Cast a gloom, like the darkness o' nig'ht,  
 True-hearted lads, wi' their white cockaids,  
 Cheer up like the morning light!  
 Then fill your glass, And pledge your lass,  
 That Charlie's health around may pass;  
 Hurra, hurra! they cried, And ev'ry ane replied:  
 We'll fight for our lawfu' king!

2. Die Burschen wohl mit schwarzer Cocard  
 Die murren und jubeln nicht;  
 Die Burschen treu mit weisser Cocard  
 Jubeln hell wie Morgenlicht.  
 So füllt das Glas Und bringt ihr das,  
 Und Karls Wohl auch dazu beim Glas.  
 Hurrah, hurrah! sie riefen, und Jeder trank darauf:  
 Wir fechten für den rechten Herrn!

## No. 16.

*Con moto.***Prince Charlie. Prinz Charlie.**

1. A state-ly ship is on the sea Wi' the bon-ni-est lad-die in Christen-die. The lad-die is gude, the  
 1. Ein statt-lich Schiff ist auf der See Mit dem treff-lichsten Jun-ker der Christen-heit. Der Jun-ker ist gut, der



lad-die is fair, To Scotland's crown he is the heir, An' he's wel-come the bon-nie lad-die.  
 Jun-ker ist schön, Von Schottlands Krone der Er-be. Er ist willkomm der Jun-ker fein.

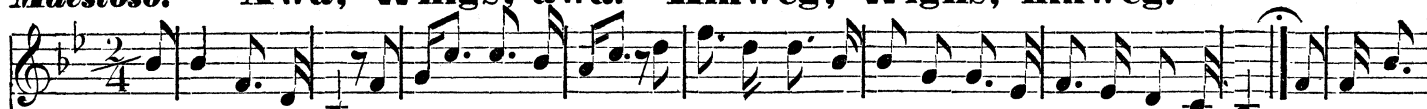
2. There's no a lady but likes him weel,  
 There's no a heart but he can steal;  
 He may na speak but a word or twa,  
 An' the bravest clan will up an' draw  
 To fight for the bonnie laddie.

3. He's a sapling rare o' royalty,  
 The purest stem in Christendie,  
 An' Scotland's heart is aye the same,  
 An' to his ha' an' ancient hame  
 She'll welcome the bonnie laddie.

2. Kein Mädchen giebt's, das ihn nicht liebt,  
 Es giebt kein Herz, das er nicht gewinnt;  
 Wenn er nur spricht ein Wort oder zwei,  
 Der beste Clan eile für ihn her  
 Zu kämpfen für den bonnie fein.

3. Ein selt'ner Spross vom Königthum,  
 Der reinste Stamm er im Christenthum,  
 Und Schottlands Herz noch für ihn schlägt,  
 Da er zu seiner Heimath kehrt;  
 Er ist willkomm der Junker fein.

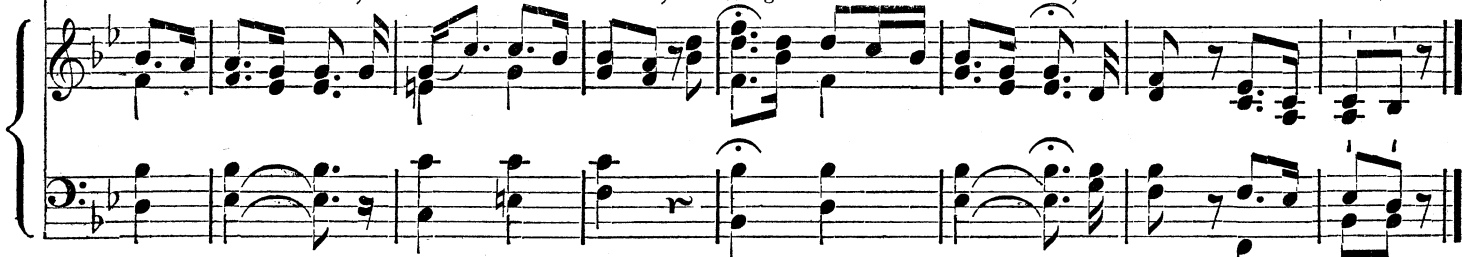
## No. 17.

**Maestoso. Awa, Whigs, awa. Hinweg, Whigs, hinweg.**

1. A - wa, Whigs, a - wa! A - wa, Whigs, a - wa! Ye're but a pack o' trai-tor-louns, Ye'll do nae good; a - wa! Our thist-les  
 1. Hinweg, Whigs, hinweg! Hin-weg, Whigs, hin - weg! Ihr seydoch nur Ver-rä-ther, Ihr, Ihr thut nicht gut; hinweg! Die Di-steln



bloom'd sae fresh and fair, And ho - nie were our ro - ses; But Whigs cam owre us like frost in June, And wi-ther'd a' our Po - sies.  
 blu-then frisch und schön, Und lieb-lich uns - re Ro-sen; Doch Whigs sie ka-men wie Frost im Mai, Da welkten uns-re Blu - men.



2. |: Awa, Whigs, awa! :|  
 Ye're but a pack o' traitor-louns,  
 Ye'll do nae good; awa!  
 Our ancient Crown's fa'n in the dust;  
 Diel blind them wi' the stowre o't,  
 And write their names in his black buik,  
 Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.
3. |: Awa, Whigs awa! :| etc.  
 Our sad decay, in Kirk and State,  
 Surpasses my describing;  
 The Whigs cam our us like a flight —  
 And we hae done wi' thriving.
4. |: Awa, Whigs, awa! :| etc.  
 Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap,  
 But we may see him wauken;  
 Wae's me! to see that royal heads  
 Are hunted like a maukin.  
 |: Awa, Whigs, awa! :| etc.

2. |: Hinweg, Whigs, hinweg! :|  
 Ihr seydoch nur Verräther, Ihr,  
 Ihr thut nicht gut; hinweg!  
 Die Kronen sanken in den Staub;  
 Der Teufel möge sie blenden,  
 Schreib' deren Namen in's schwarze Buch,  
 Die ihnen die Macht gegeben.
3. |: Hinweg, Whigs, hinweg! :| u. s. w.  
 Das Unglück, das in Kirch und Staat,  
 Ich kann es nicht beschreiben;  
 Die Whigs sie kamen haufenweis,  
 Wir können sie nicht vertreiben.
4. |: Hinweg, Whigs, hinweg! :| u. s. w.  
 Die Rache schlummert länge schon,  
 Doch wird sie einst erwachen;  
 O weh mir, dass ein Königshaupt  
 Wird wie ein Wild gehetzt.  
 |: Hinweg, Whigs, hinweg! :| u. s. w.



**Lento.**

**Irish Air. Irsk Sang.**

Oh, was nae I a wea-rie wight Oh,  
 Jeg syn-ker, ak! saa mö-dig hen-O,

oh O-no-chie, oh! They brack my bower and slew ny  
 o O-no-chie, o! De bröd mit Buur og slog min

knight—Oh O-no-chie, O-nochie, O-no-chie, oh!  
 Ven—O O-no-chie, O-nochie, O-no-chie, o!

*Adagio.***The Harp of Tara. Taras Harpe.***(Skotsk.)*

1. The harp that once, through Ta - ra's halls, The sound of mu - sic shed; Now  
 1. Den Har - pe, som i Ta - ras Hal Klang for - dum, fuld og klar, Nu

hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled. So sleeps the pride of  
 hæn - gerstumpaa Ta - ras Væg, Som flyg - tet Sjø - len var. Saa so - ver For - tids

for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now  
 Stolt - hed nu, Saa Æ - rens Lystsvandt hen, Og Hjer - ter, som slog høit for Roes, Slaae

feel that pulse no more!  
 nu ei meer for de n

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
 The harp of Tara swells;  
 The chord, alone, that breaks at night,  
 Its tale of ruin tells.  
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes;  
 The only throb she gives,  
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
 To shew that still she lives.

2. Ei toner Taras Harpe meer  
 For Helt og Frue mild;  
 En enkelt Stræng ved Nattetid  
 Dog stundom brister vild.  
 Saa vaagner Frihed sjelden nu,  
 Og hvis dens Suk end löd,  
 Det var, naar harmfuldt Hjerter brast  
 Til Tegn, den er ei död.

*Chr. Thaarup.*

### № 20.

#### The sweet Melody of Nord-Wales\*).

*Andante grazioso.*

\*) "Den söde Melodie fra Nord-Wales."

*Lento.***On parting. Beim Scheiden.***(Irsk.)*

1. Tho' the last glimpse of E - rin with sor - row I see, Yet wher -  
 1. Ob mit Kum - mer ich se - he E - rins letz - ten Schein, Doch wo

e - ver thou art shall seem E - rin to me. In  
 im - mer du bist, wird stets E - rin mir seyn. Dein

ex - ile thy bo - som shall still be my home, And thine  
 Bu - sen wird im - mer die Hei - math mir seyn, Dei - ner

eyes make my cli - mate wher - e - ver we roam.  
 Au - gen Licht im - mer mir Son - nen - schein.

2.  
 To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,  
 Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,  
 I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind  
 Less rude, then the foes we leave frowning behind.

3.  
 And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,  
 And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;  
 Nor dread, that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear  
 One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

2.  
 In die düstere Oede zum felsigen Strand  
 Will ich fliehn, wo der Fremdling uns nimmermehr fand,  
 Will ich fliehn mit dem Liebsten und denken, dass Wind  
 Und Sturm nicht so schlimm wie die Feinde uns sind.

3.  
 Und ich schau auf dein lockiges, goldenes Haar,  
 Und lausche den Klängen der Harfe so klar;  
 Noch fürcht ich, der grimmige Sachse zerstört  
 Eine Locke des Haars, das mir eigen gehört.

O. L. B. Wolff.

№ 22.

*Andante.*

**The blue Devils\*).**

(Valisk.)

\*) "De blaee Djävle."

*Andante.***Lord Gregory.***(Gammel skotsk.)*

1. Oh, o - pen the door, Lord Gre - go - ry, Oh, o - pen and let me in; The  
 1. O, öf - ne die Thür, Lord Gre - go - ry, O, öf - ne und lass mich ein; Es

rain rains on my scar - let robes, The dew drops o'er my chin. "If you are the  
 reg - net auf mein Schar - lach - kleid, Es dringt der Thau her - ein. "Und bist du die

lass that I lov'd once, As I true you are not she, Come give me some of the  
 Maid, die einst ich lieb', Denn ich glaub', du bist es nicht, Komm, gieb mir eins von den

*sempre arpeggiato*

to - kens That pas't be-tween you and me."  
 Zei - chen, Die einst zwi-schen mir ued dir."

2. Ah wae be to you, Gregory,  
 An ill death may you die!  
 You will not be the death of one,  
 But you'll be the death of three.  
 Oh don't you mind, Lord Gregory,  
 'T was down at yon burn side,  
 We chang'd the ring of our fingers  
 And I put mine on thine.
2. O wehe, weh' dir, Lord Gregory,  
 Ein schlechter Tod harre dein!  
 Du giebst nicht Einer allein den Tod,  
 Nicht Einer, du giebst ihn Drey'n.  
 Gedenkst du denn nicht, Lord Gregory,  
 Wie einst an des Baches Rand,  
 Wie einst die Ringe gewechselt,  
 Ich dir meinen steckt' an die Hand!  
*O. L. B. Wolff.*

*No* 24.

*Allegro.*

**Scotch Reel. Skotsk Reel.**

## No. 25.

## Oscars Ghost. Oscars Aand.

(Skotsk.)

*Largo.*

1. O see that form that faint-ly <sup>gleams</sup> glides, 'Tis Os-car, come to cheer my dreams! On  
 1. En Skik-kel-se mig svæ-ver nær — Det Os-cars Aand i Sky-en er! Den

wings of wind he flies a-way — Oh, stay, my love-ly Os-car, stay!  
 su-ser hen med Vin-dens Fart — Bliv, Os-car, bliv! flygt ei saa snart!

2.  
 Wake, Ossian, last of Fingals line!  
 And mix thy tears and sighs with mine.  
 O wake the harp to doleful lays,  
 And sooth my soul with Oscars praise.

3.  
 The shell is ceas'd in Oscars hall,  
 Since gloomy Kerbar wrought the fall;  
 The roe on Morven lightly bounds  
 Nor hears the cry of Oscars hounds.

2.  
 Vaagn, Fingals Søn, vaagn, Ossian,  
 Og dine Suk med mine bland!  
 Priis Oscar med din Skjaldesang,  
 Og tröst min Sjel ved Strængens Klang.

3.  
 Stum Harpen blev i Oscars Hal,  
 Da Kerbar voldte grum hans Fald;  
 Paa Morven Vildtet springer let,  
 Ei Oscars Hunde jage det.