

10. The deuks dang o'er my daddy

Koželuch

Thomson 2nd Set (1798), 37

Vivace

Violin *p*

Voice

Piano *f*

Violoncello *p* *mf*

5 *mf* *p* [§] [§] [§] [§]

Nae gen - tle dames, tho'

10

e'er_ sae fair, Shall_ e - ver be my Mu - se's care; Their ti - tles a'__ are emp - ty show; Gie_

15

me my high - land lass - ie, O. With - in the glen sae bush - y, O, A - boon. the plain sae

20

rash - y, O, I set me down wi' right good will, To sing my high - land lass - ie, O.

25

NAE GENTLE DAMES, THO' E'ER SO FAIR.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDY.

NAE gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
 Shall ever be my Muse's care;
 Their titles a' are empty show;
 Gie me my highland lassie, O,
 Within the glen sae bushy, O,
 Aboon the plain sae rashy, O,
 I set me down wi' right good will,
 To sing my highland lassie, O.

O were yon hills and vullies mine,
 Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
 The world then the love should know
 I bear my highland lassie, O,
 Within the glen, &c.

But fickle Fortune frowns on me,
 And I maun cross the raging sea;
 But while my crimson currents flow,
 I love my highland lassie, O,
 Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
 I know her heart will never change,
 For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
 My faithful highland lassie, O,
 Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar;
 For her I'll trace a distant shore;
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw
 Around my highland lassie, O,
 Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
 By sacred truth and honour's band!
 'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
 I'm thine, my highland lassie, O.
 Farewell, the glen sae bushy, O!
 Farewell, the plain sae rashy, O!
 To other lands I now must go
 To sing my highland lassie, O.