

18. Duncan Gray

Koželuch

Thomson 2nd Set (1798), 48

Allegretto

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

5

9

(p)

[S]

Dun - can Gray came here to woo, Ha, ha, the woo - ing o't; On

[S]

[S]

[S]

13



new - year's night, when we were fou, Ha, ha, the woo - ing o't.

17



Mag - gie coost her_ head fu' high, Look'd as-klent and un - co skeigh,

21



Gart poor_ Dun - can stand_ a - beigh; Ha, ha, the woo - ing o't.

25

DUNCAN GRAY CAME HERE TO WOO.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY came here to woo,
 Ha, ha the wooing o't;
 On new-year's 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 fleech'd and Duncan pray'd,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
 Meg was deaf as AILSA CRAIG*,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan sigh'd, baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
 Spak o' louping o'er a linn;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

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

Time and chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
 Slighted love is sair to bide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Shall I like a fool, quoth he,
 For a haughty hizzie die?
 She may gae to France for me!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes, let Doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Meg grew sick, - as he grew heal,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings;
 And oh! her een they spak sic things!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

* A great insulated rock to the south of the island of Arran.

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

LET not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not woman e'er complain,
Fickle man is apt to rove:
Look abroad through Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change;
Ladies, would it not be strange
Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies;
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow;
Sun and moon but set to rise;
Round and round the seasons go:
Why then ask of silly Man,
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can -
You can be no more, you know.