

## 22. The Lothian lassie

Koželuch

Thomson 3rd Set (1799), 52

**Vivace**

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

*mf*

*f*

*mf*

Detailed description: This system contains the first five measures of the piece. It features four staves: Violin (top), Voice (second), Piano (third and fourth), and Violoncello (bottom). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Vivace'. The Violin part has a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The Piano part has a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes. The Violoncello part has a simple bass line. Dynamics include *mf* and *f*.

5

*mf*

*p*

[§]

[§]

[§]

[§]

*p*

*p*

Last May a braw woo - er cam' down the lang glen, And

Detailed description: This system contains measures 5 through 8. It features four staves: Violin, Voice, Piano, and Violoncello. Measure 5 starts with a *mf* dynamic. Measure 6 has a *p* dynamic. There are four first endings marked with a double bar line and a section symbol [§]. The lyrics 'Last May a braw woo - er cam' down the lang glen, And' are written below the voice staff. Dynamics include *mf*, *p*, and *mf*.

9

sair wi' his love he did deave me; I said, there was nae-thing I

Detailed description: This system contains measures 9 through 12. It features four staves: Violin, Voice, Piano, and Violoncello. The lyrics 'sair wi' his love he did deave me; I said, there was nae-thing I' are written below the voice staff. Dynamics include *mf* and *f*.

12

hat - ed like men, — The deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me, be - lieve me, The

15

deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me.

### ***LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER CAM' DOWN THE LANG GLEN.***

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - THE LOTHIAN LASSIE.

LAST May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,  
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;  
I said, there was naething I hated like men,  
The deuce gae wi' him to believe me, believe me,  
The deuce gae wi' him, to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonie black een,  
And vow'd for my love he was dying;  
I said he might die when he liked for Jean;  
The Lord forgi'e me for lying, for lying,  
The Lord forgi'e me for lying!

A weel stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird,  
A marriage aff hand, were his proffers:  
I never loot on that I kend it, or car'd,  
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,  
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,  
The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her!  
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,  
Guess ye how the jad! I could bear her, could bear her,  
Guess ye how the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care,  
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock;  
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,  
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,  
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink,  
Leest neebours might say I was saucy:  
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,  
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,  
If she had recover'd her hearing;  
And how her new shoon fit her auld shach'l't feet;  
But heavens! how he fell a-swearin, a-swearin,  
But heavens! how he fell a-swearin.

He begged for gude-sake! I wad be his wife,  
Or else I wad kill him with sorrow:  
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,  
I think I maun wed him - tomorrow, tomorrow,  
I think I maun wed him tomorrow.