

30. My jo Janet

Koželuch

Thomson 3rd Set (1799), 62

Vivace

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

mf

f

mf

4

p

p

p

7

sweet Sir, for your cour - te - sie, When ye come by the Bass then,

9

For the love ye bear to me, Buy me a keek - ing glass then. Keek in-to the draw__ well,

12

Ja - net,___ Ja - net; And there ye'll see your bon - ny sell, My__ jo___ Ja - net.

15

p

SWEET SIR, FOR YOUR COURTESIE.

AIR. - MY JO JANET.

SWEET Sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye come by the Bass then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a keeking glass then.
 Keek into the draw well,
 Janet, Janet;
 And there ye'll see your bonny sell,
 My jo Janet.

Keeking in the draw well clear,
 What if I shou'd fa' in, Sir,
 Syne a' my kin will say and swear,
 I drown'd my sell for sin, Sir.
 Had the better be the brae,
 Janet, Janet;
 Had the better be the brae,
 My jo Janet.

Good sir, for your courtesie,
 Coming through Aberdeen, then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pair of sheen, then.
 Clout the auld, the new are dear,
 Janet, Janet;
 Ae pair may gain you ha'f a year,
 My jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,
 And skipping like a mawking,
 If they should see my clouted sheen,
 Of me they will be talking.
 Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
 Janet, Janet;
 Syne a' their fau'ts will no be seen,
 My jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye gae to the cross then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pacing horse then.
 Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
 Janet, Janet;
 Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
 My jo Janet.

My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
 The rock o't winna stand, Sir;
 To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
 Employs aft my hand, Sir.
 Mak' the best o't that ye can,
 Janet, Janet;
 Mak' the best o't that ye can,
 My jo Janet.

HUSBAND, HUSBAND, CEASE YOUR STRIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

HUSBAND, husband cease your strife,
 Nor longer idly rave, Sir;
 Tho' I am your wedded wife,
 Yet I am not your slave, Sir.
 "One of two must still obey,
 "Nancy, Nancy;
 "Is it man or woman, say,
 "My spouse Nancy?"

If 'tis still the lordly word,
 Service and obedience;
 I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
 And so good b'ye, allegiance!
 "Sad will I be, so bereft,
 "Nancy, Nancy;
 "Yet I'll try to make a shift,
 "My spouse Nancy."

My poor heart then break it must,
 My last hour I am near it;
 When you lay me in the dust,
 Think, think how you will bear it.
 "I will hope and trust in heaven,
 "Nancy, Nancy;
 "Strength to bear it will be given,
 "My spouse Nancy."

Well, Sir, from the silent dead,
 Still I will try to daunt you;
 Ever round your midnight bed
 Horrid sprites shall haunt you.
 "I'll wed another like my dear
 "Nancy, Nancy;
 "Then all hell will fly for fear,
 "My spouse Nancy."