

32. Tam Glen

Koželuch

Thomson 3rd Set (1799), 66

Allegretto

Violin *mf* *p*

Voice

Piano *f* *p*

Violoncello *p* *mf* *p*

The first system of the score features four staves. The Violin part begins with a melodic line in 9/8 time, marked *mf* and *p*. The Voice part is silent. The Piano part provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines, marked *f* and *p*. The Violoncello part mirrors the Violin's melody, marked *p*, *mf*, and *p*.

5

My heart is a-break-ing, dear tit - ty, Some coun-sel un-to me come len'; To an - ger them a' is a pi - ty, But

The second system continues the instrumental accompaniment and begins the vocal line. The Violin and Violoncello parts are marked with a first ending bracket [5]. The Piano part continues with chords and moving lines. The vocal line enters with the lyrics: "My heart is a-break-ing, dear tit - ty, Some coun-sel un-to me come len'; To an - ger them a' is a pi - ty, But".

8

what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

The third system continues the instrumental accompaniment and the vocal line. The Violin and Violoncello parts are marked with a first ending bracket [8]. The Piano part continues with chords and moving lines. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "what will I do wi' Tam Glen?".

MY HEART IS A-BREAKING, DEAR TITTY.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - TAM GLEN.

My heart is a-breaking, dear titty,
 Some counsel unto me come len';
 To anger them a' is a pity,
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow,
 In poortith I might mak' a fen';
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen.

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,
 "Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben;
 He brags and he blows o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minny does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten:
 But if its ordain'd I maun tak' him,
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentines dealing,
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin
 My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken;
 His likeness cam' up the house stalking,
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear titty, don't tarry;
 I'll gi'e you my bonie black hen,
 Gin ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

DEAR COLIN, PREVENT MY WARM BLUSHES.

BY LADY M. W. MONTAGUE.

THE SAME AIR.

DEAR Colin, prevent my warm blushes,
 Since how can I speak without pain?
 My eyes have oft told you my wishes,
 O! can't you their meaning explain?

My passion would lose by expression,
 And you too might cruelly blame;
 Then don't you expect a confession,
 Of what is too tender to name.

Since your's is the province of speaking,
 Why should you expect it from me?
 Our wishes should be in our keeping,
 'Till you tell us what they should be.

Then quickly why don't you discover?
 Did your heart feel such tortures as mine,
 Eyes need not tell over and over
 What I in my bosom confine.