

36b. Roy's wife

Koželuch

Thomson 3rd Set (1799), 70

Andantino

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

6

Roy's_ wife of

(p)

(f)

10

Al - di - val - loch, Roy's_ wife of Al - di - val - loch, Wat ye how she

14

cheat - ed me, As I came o'er the braes of Bal-loch. She vow'd, she swore, she

18

wad_ be_ mine, She said that she loo'd me best of o - ny; But, oh, the_ fick - le

22

faith - less_ quean, She's ta'en the and left her John - ie_ Roy's wife of

26

Al - di val-loch, Roy's_ wife of Al - di - val-loch, Wat ye how she

30

cheat - ed me, As I came o'er the braes of Bal - loch.

33

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

WRITTEN

BY MRS GRANT OF CARRON.

AIR. - ROY'S WIFE.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.
 She vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine,
 She said that she loo'd me best of ony;
 But, oh, the fickle faithless quean,
 She's ta'en the carle and left her Johnie.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.
 O she was a canty quean,
 And weel cou'd she dance the Highland walloch.
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch,
 Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonny,
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Tho' she's for ever left her Johnie.

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

CANST thou leave me thus, my Katy,
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy;
 Well thou knows't my aching heart,
 And canst thou leave me thus for pity.
 Is this thy plighted, fond regard
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward, -
 An aching broken heart, my Katy!

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy,
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy;
 Well thou know'st my aching heart,
 And canst thou leave me thus for pity.
 Farewel! and ne'er such sorrows tear
 That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
 Thou may'st find those will love thee dear
 But not a love like mine, my Katy.