

# 50. The humours of Glen

Koželuch

Thomson 4th Set (1799), 95

Andantino

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

Their

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The first system of the musical score for 'The humours of Glen' by Koželuch. It features four staves: Violin, Voice, Piano, and Violoncello. The music is in 6/8 time and marked 'Andantino'. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The Violin part begins with a melodic line. The Voice part is silent. The Piano part provides harmonic support with chords and arpeggios. The Violoncello part has a lower melodic line. The system concludes with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket.

5

groves of sweet myr - tle let fo - reign lands re - ckon, Where bright beam - ing sum - mers ex -

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The second system of the musical score, starting at measure 5. It continues the instrumental parts from the first system. The Voice part enters with the lyrics: "groves of sweet myr - tle let fo - reign lands re - ckon, Where bright beam - ing sum - mers ex -". The system ends with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket.

8

alt the per - fume; Far dear - er to me yon lone glen o' green bre - ckan, Wi' the

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The third system of the musical score, starting at measure 8. It continues the instrumental parts and the Voice part with the lyrics: "alt the per - fume; Far dear - er to me yon lone glen o' green bre - ckan, Wi' the". The system ends with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket.

11

burn steal - ing un - der the lang, yel - low broom: Far dear - er to me are yon

14

hum - ble broom bow'rs, Where the blue - bell and go - wan lurk, low - ly, un - seen; For

17

there, light - ly trip - ping a - mang the wild flow'rs, A - list' - ning the lin - net, oft'

20

wan-ders my Jean. For\_ there, light - ly trip - ping a - mang the wild flow'rs,\_\_\_ A -

23

list' - ning the lin - net, oft wan-ders my Jean.

### ***THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE, &c.***

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - THE HUMOURS OF GLEN.

THEIR groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,  
Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;  
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,  
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom:  
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,  
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen;  
For there, lightly tripping among the wild flowers,  
A-listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny vallies,  
And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave;  
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,  
What are they? - The haunt of the Tyrant and Slave!  
The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,  
The brave Caledonian views with disdain;  
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,  
Save Love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean.