61. Kitty Tyrell

Andantino

Koželuch
Unpublished

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

The love-ly lass of In-ver-
ness, Nae joy or plea-sure, can she see; For e'en to morn she

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cries 'A - las!' And ay the saut tear, blin's her e'e. Drum - oss - ie moor, Drum
oss-ie day, A wae - fu' day it was to me! For there I lost my fa - ther
dear, My fa - ther, dear and breth - ren three.
THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - KITTY TYRELL.

The lovely lass of Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en to morn she cries 'Alas!'—
And ay the saut tear blin's her e'e.

Drumossie moor, Drumossie day
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are grown green to see,
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e.

Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For monie a heart thou hast made sair
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee!

Drumossie Muir, or Culloden Field, which proved so fatal to the Highland Clans, fighting under Prince CHARLES STUART, against the English army commanded by the Duke of CUMBERLAND.