

61. Kitty Tyrell

Koželuch
Unpublished

Andantino

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

8

The love - ly lass_ of In - ver -

16

ness, Nae joy_ or_ plea - sure_ can_ she_ see; For_ e'en_ to morn_ she

23

cries 'A - las!' And ay_____ the_ saut tear_ blin's. her e'e. Drum - oss - ie moor, Drum

31

oss - ie_____ day, A wae - fu' day_ it_ was_ to_ me! For_ there I lost_ my fa - ther

40

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.