

1900

Two

Old Scotch Songs

Arranged

BY

ARTHUR FOOTE.

MY BOY TAMMY.
WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

Price 40¢

ARTHUR P. SCHMIDT,

BOSTON,
120 Boylston St.

NEW YORK,
11 West 36th St.

Copyright 1900 by Arthur P. Schmidt.



My Boy Tammy.

1.

An' whar' hae ye been a' day,
 My boy Tammy?
 I've been by burn an' flowery brae,
 Meadow green, an' mountain grey:
 Courtin' o' this young thing
 Just come frae her mammy.

2.

An' whar' gat ye that young thing
 My boy, Tammy?
 I gat her down in yonder howe,
 Smiling on a broomy knowe:
 Herdin' ae wee lamb an' ewe
 For her puir mammy.

3.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn,
 My boy, Tammy?
 I praised her een, sae lovely blue,
 Her dimpled cheek, an' cherry mou';
 An' preed it aft, as ye may trow!
 She said, she'd tell her mammy.

4.

I held her to my beatin' heart,
 My young, my smiling lammie!
 I hae a house, it cost me dear,
 I've walth o' plenishin' an' gear;
 Ye'se get it a', wer't ten times mair,
 Gin ye will leave your mammy.

5.

The smile gaed off her bonnie face
 I maunna leave my mammy;
 She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claes,
 She's been my comfort a' her days,
 My father's death brought mony waes!
 I canna leave my mammy.

6

We'll tak' her hame, and make her fain,
 My ain kind hearted lammie;
 We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claes,
 We'll be her comfort a' her days,
 The wee thing gies her hand, an' says,
 There! gang an' ask my mammy!

7.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
 My boy, Tammy?
 She has been to the kirk wi' me,
 An the tear was in her e'e
 For O, she's but a young thing,
 Just come frae her mammy.

Two Old Scotch Songs.

1. My Boy Tammy.

Arranged by
ARTHUR FOOTE



Not too fast.

VOICE.

1. Whar' hae ye been a' day, My boy, Tam-my? An'

2. An' whar' gat ye that young thing, My boy, Tam-my? An'

PIANO.

p

whar' hae ye been a' day, My boy, Tam-my? I've

whar' gat ye that young thing, My boy, Tam-my? I

p *mf*

been by burn an' flow-ery brae, Mead-ow green, an' moun-tain grey:

gat her down in yon-der howe, Smi-ling on a broom-y knowe:

p *mf*

Court - in' o' this young thing Just come frae her mam-my.
 Herd - in' ae wee lamb an' ewe For her puir mam-my.

ped. *

2.

Wilt thou be my dearie?

Air: "The Souter's Daughter."



Arranged by
ARTHUR FOOTE.

Expressively.

VOICE.

1. Wilt thou be my dear ie? When
 2. Las sie, say thou lo'est me; Or,

PIANO.

p

sor - row wrings thy gen - tle heart, O wilt thou let me cheer thee?
 if thou wilt not be my ain, Say na thou't re - fuse me.

By the treas-ure of my soul, That's the love I bear thee! I
If it win - na, can - na be Thou for thine may choose me;

p *f*

swear and vow that on - ly thou Shalt ev - er be my dear - ie:—
Let me las - sie quick - ly dee, Trust - ing that thou lo'est me:—

f *p*

On - ly thou, I swear and vow, Shalt ev - er be my dear - ie.
Las - sie, let me quick - ly dee, Trust - ing that thou lo'est me.

f *pp*
dim. espressivo

To Miss ANNA MILLER WOOD.
ON THE WAY TO KEW.

The Poem by
VILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

ARTHUR FOOTE.

Voice: Moderato con moto. dolce.
 On the way to Kew, By the

Piano: Moderato con moto.
p dolce e legato.

riv-er old and gray, — Where in the Long A-go — We laughed and loitered so,

mf *pp*

I met a ghost to-day: A ghost that

pp *dolce.*

L.R. 2885-6

Copyright 1894, by Arthur P. Schmidt.
 London, Gooch & Co.

To Mrs. Caroline Cutler.

Constancy.

The Poem is Anonymous.

Rather fast, with free diction. (♩ = 120)

mf *espr.*

ap - ple grows on the ap - ple - tree, And the

legato

Pod. segue

wild wind blows o'er the wild wood free, And the

mf

Ashes of Roses.

The Poem is by Elaine Goodale (from "Apple Blossoms" by permission of G.P. Putnam's Sons)

ARTHUR FOOTE, OP. 81. No. 4.

Quietly. *p*

Soft on the sun - set sky Bright day - light clo - - ses,

segue

Lea - - ving, when light doth die, Pale hues that min - gling lie,

p

ro - ses. When love's warm sun is set,

p

A. P. S. 5625d

Complete Copy, 30 cents

To
 Mrs. SUSAN HAWLEY DAVIS

REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky)

ARTHUR FOOT

Un - der the wide and

p

star - ry sky, Dig — the grave and let me lie,

p

Glad — did I live and glad - - - ly die, — And

p *mf*

