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## Highland Mary.

New York: E. Riley (29 Chatham St.), 1830

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*HIGHLAND MARY,*  
*Scotch <sup>A</sup> Ballad,*  
*BY Robert Burns.*

25 Cents.

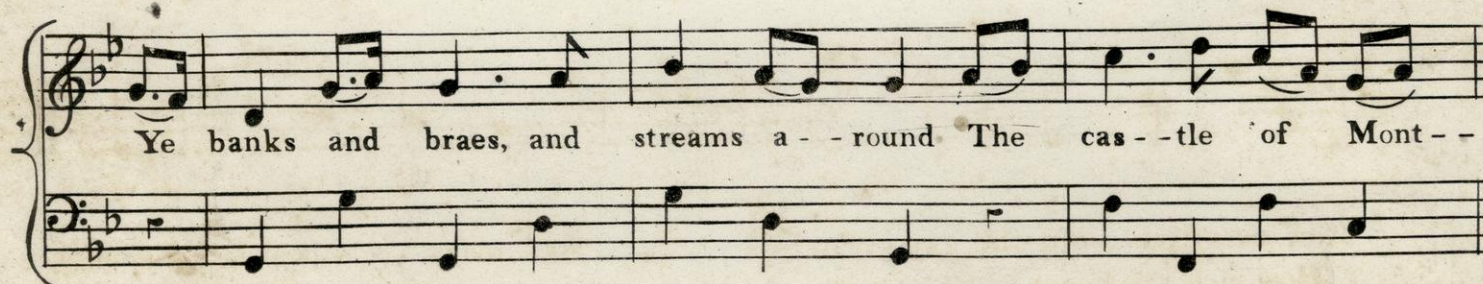
NEW YORK  
Engraved, Printed, & Sold by, *E. Riley, 29, Chatham Street.*

Piano Forte



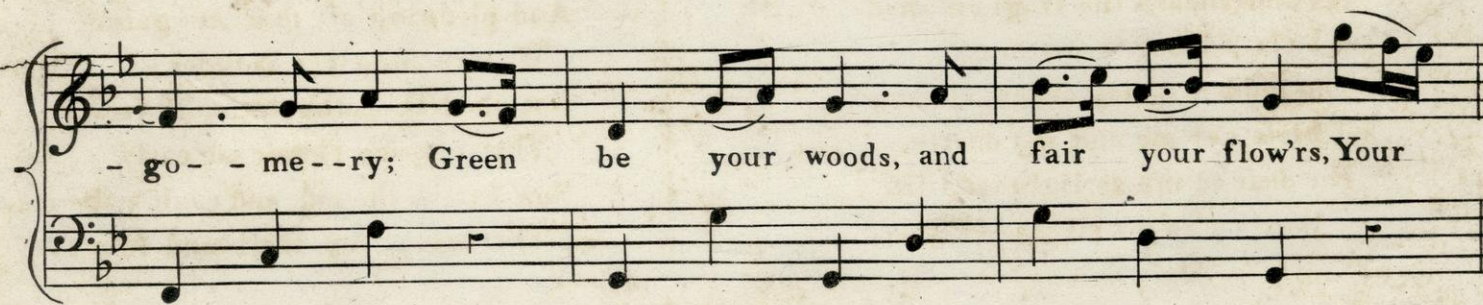
Andante espressivo

The first system of musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves in G minor and common time. The tempo is marked 'Andante espressivo'. The music begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff.



Ye banks and braes, and streams a - - round The cas - - tle of Mont - -

The second system of musical notation, featuring a vocal line in the treble staff and a piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'Ye banks and braes, and streams a - - round The cas - - tle of Mont - -'.



- go - - me - - ry; Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs, Your

The third system of musical notation, continuing the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are '- go - - me - - ry; Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs, Your'.



wa - - ters ne - - ver drum - - lie. There Sim - - mer first un -

The fourth system of musical notation, concluding the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'wa - - ters ne - - ver drum - - lie. There Sim - - mer first un -'.



fald her robes, And there they lan - gest tar - - - ry; For

there I took the last fare - well Of my sweet Highland Mary.

2  
 How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom;  
 As underneath the fragrant shade,  
 I clasp'd her to my bosom.  
 The golden hours on angel wings,  
 Flew o'er me and my dearie,  
 For dear to me as light and life,  
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

3  
 Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,  
 Our parting was fu' tender;  
 And pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore ourselves asunder.  
 But oh, fell death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my flower sae early,  
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay  
 That wraps my Highland Mary.

4  
 Oh pale! pale now! those rosy lips,  
 I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly;  
 And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance,  
 That dwalt on me sae kindly.  
 And mouldering now in silent dust,  
 That heart that loed me dearly;  
 But still within my bosom's core,  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.