

MARY MORISON.

Words by ROBERT BURNS.

Music by GEORGE J. BENNETT.

VC. CE. *p*

O Ma - ry, at thy win-dow be, It

PIANO. *Andante affettuoso.* *mf* *p*

is the wish'd, the tryst-ed hour! Those smiles and glan-ces let me see, That make the mi-ser's trea-sure

cres. *f*

poor: How blithe-ly wad I bide the stoure, A wea-ry slave frae sun to sun,.... Could I the rich re-ward se -

cres. *f*

dim.

- - cure, The love-ly Ma-ry Mor-i-son.

colla voce. p *mf*

Yes-treen, when to the trembling string The dance gaed thro' the light-ed ha',.... To thee my fan-cy

took its wing, I sat, but nei-ther heard na saw. Though this was fair, and

that was braw, And you the toast of.... a' the toun, I sigh'd, and said a -

- mong them a'..... "Ye are na Ma-ry Mor-i-son, Ma - - - ry Mor - i -

son!" O Ma-ry! canst thou

p *espress.*

wreck his peace, Who for thy sake wad gladly die? Or canst thou break that heart of his, Whase on-ly faut is

lov-ing thee? If love for love thou wilt na gie, At least be pi-ty to me shown,... A thought ungentle can-na

cres. *f*

be... The thought o' Ma-ry Mor-i-son!

dim. *colla voce. p* *mf*