

And are ye Sure the News is True?

AIR, "THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

Musical score for the first system. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The tempo is marked "MODERATO ED ANIMATO." The dynamics are marked "mf" and "f".

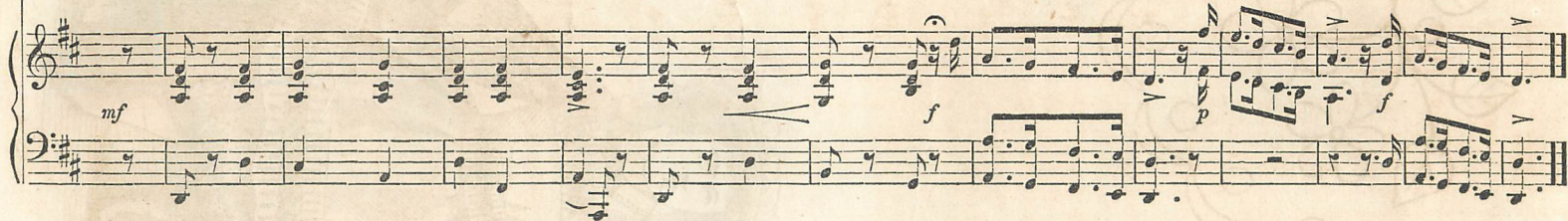
And are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is this a time to think o' wark? Ye

Musical score for the second system. The vocal line continues in treble clef. The piano accompaniment continues in grand staff. The dynamics are marked "mf".

jauds, fling bye your wheel. Is this a time to think o' wark, When Co-lin's at the door? Rax me my cloak, I'll to the quay, And see him come a - shore.



For there's nae luck about the house, There's nae luck at a'; There's lit - tle plea - sure in the house, When our gudeman's awa'.



And gi'e to me my bigonet,
My bishops' sauin gown,
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue;
'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside;
Put on the muckle pot;
Gi'e little Kate her button gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat:
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
Its a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa'.
For there's nae luck, &c.

There's twa' fat hens upon the bauk,
They've fed this month and mair;
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
For wha can tell how Colin fared,
When he was far awa'.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought—
In troth, I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thirled through my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I ha'e him safe,
Till death we'll never part:
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I ha'e nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave:
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought—
In troth, I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.