

To his Friend

James G. Macdon.

TAM O SHANTER

A MARCH

Illustrative of the Celebrated Opera by
ROBERT BURNS.

COMPOSED BY

GEORGE W.M. WARREN.

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TAM O' SHANTER,—A Tale.

"OF BROWNYS AND OF BOGILIS FULL IS THIS BUKE."—GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folks begin to tak' the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayre ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses.)
O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blemm;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd, that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how many counsels sweet,
How many lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam loe'd him like a vera brither;
They had been fou' for weeks thegither!
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious;
Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious;
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle—
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself among the nappy!
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfalls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in:
And sic a night he taks the road in
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:

That night, a child might understand,
The de'il had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent carse,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou can'st make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil!—
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
"Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillon, brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels:
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge;
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glow'r'd, amaz'd and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
'Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strapping, in their teens;

Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldames, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a cummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night inlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear),
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie—
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was, and strang),
And how Tam stood, like one bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glow'r'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
'Till first ae caper syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.
Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane* of the brig,
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross!
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin claut her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear—
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

* It is a well-known fact that witches, or any evil spirits have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper, like wise, to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he fall in with bogles, whatever danger may be in his going forward there is much more hazard in turning back.

TAM O SHANTER. A MARCH.

GEORGE W. WARREN, Op. 13.

PIANO.

Allegro pesante.

a piacere

ff Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *p* *rall.*

a tempo. staccato

f *erese.* *ff*

Allegro con fuoco

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Musical notation system 1, consisting of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The piece is in a key with three flats. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings. Pedal markings are present: *Ped.*, *Ped.*, *Ped. furioso*, *Ped. **, *Ped. **, and *Ped. **. There are also asterisks and a '1*' marking.

Musical notation system 2, continuing the grand staff. It includes the marking *a tempo.* above the staff. Pedal markings include *Ped. cresc.*, *Ped **, *impetuoso*, *Ped. **, *Ped. **, and *mp leggiero*. There are also asterisks and a '3' marking.

Musical notation system 3, featuring a grand staff with a focus on triplet patterns in the treble clef. Dynamic markings include *p*, *f*, and *mp*. There are '3' markings above the treble staff.

Musical notation system 4, continuing the grand staff with complex rhythmic patterns. Dynamic markings include *p*, *f*, *mp*, and *f*. Pedal markings include *Ped.* and *f*. There are also asterisks and a '3' marking.

Musical notation system 5, the final system on the page, featuring a grand staff with dense rhythmic textures. Dynamic markings include *mp*. Pedal markings include *Ped. **, *Ped. **, *Ped. **, *Ped. **, and *Ped. **. There are also asterisks.

giocoso sempre staccato e ben marcato

crese. f

f *Ped.*

Ped. ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.*

The page contains five systems of musical notation for a piano piece. Each system consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The notation includes various musical symbols and markings:

- System 1:** Features a series of chords and melodic lines. Pedal markings include "Ped.", "Ped. *", "Ped. * Ped. *", "Ped. * Ped. *", and "Ped. cresc. *".
- System 2:** Includes a section marked "mf il basso marcato" in the bass staff. Pedal markings include "Ped. *", "Ped. *", and "Ped. *".
- System 3:** Shows a dense texture with many triplets in the treble staff. A dynamic marking of "f" appears in the bass staff.
- System 4:** Continues the dense texture with many triplets in the treble staff. A dynamic marking of "f" appears in the bass staff.
- System 5:** The final system on the page, ending with a dynamic marking of "f" in the bass staff.

Come prima.

Musical notation for the first system, measures 1-4. The piece is in a minor key. The right hand features a melodic line with grace notes and slurs. The left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. Pedal markings include 'Ped.' and 'Ped.*' with asterisks.

Musical notation for the second system, measures 5-8. The right hand continues with melodic phrases. The left hand maintains the eighth-note accompaniment. Pedal markings include 'Ped.', 'Ped.* Ped.*', 'Ped.* Ped.*', 'Ped. cresc.*', and 'Ped.*'.

Musical notation for the third system, measures 9-12. The right hand has triplet markings (3) over some notes. The left hand has dynamic markings 'mp' and 'p'. Pedal markings include 'Ped.*' and 'Ped.*'.

Musical notation for the fourth system, measures 13-16. The right hand continues with triplet markings (3). The left hand has dynamic markings 'mp' and 'p'. Pedal markings include 'mp' and 'p'.

Musical notation for the fifth system, measures 17-20. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs. The left hand has dynamic markings 'f' and 'mp'. Pedal markings include 'Ped.', 'f*', 'mp', 'Ped.* Ped.*', and 'Ped.* Ped.*'.

Ped. *

stringendo ff

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

con tutta forza

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.*