

Freebooter Songs

the words & music by

William Wallace

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FREEBOOTER SONGS.

No. 1.—MINNIE SONG.

My Minnie sang by her wheel,
"Thy father lies on the heath:
A rebel he lived and a rebel he died,—
'Tis his knife that sleeps in thy sheath!"

"'Tis his knife that sleeps in thy sheath,"
My Minnie whispered to me:
"My rebel son of a rebel sire,
There's a day that is coming to thee!"

"There's a day that is coming to thee,"
My Minnie sang by her wheel,
"Thine eye shall not quail, nor thine aim ever fail
When 'tis time to awaken the steel!"

"'Tis time to awaken the steel!"
The wheel spun round with a hum—
Then forth I fared and drave it home,
For I knew that the day had come.

I knew that the day would come,
And home I went from the heath,
But my Minnie lay chill, and the wheel stood still,—
No sleep for the knife in its sheath!

No. 2.—THE REBEL.

I stoop to no law, I obey no dominion,
The air is my kingdom, the mountain my throne;
I envy the eagle his unshackled pinion,
I envy the hawk in his silence, alone.
Ye drones in the world with your bonds and your fetters.
Lie low in a serfdom that brands you as knaves,
But we in our freedom, 'tis we are your betters,
'Tis we are the liege-lords, 'tis ye that are slaves.

Ye laggards in townships lie soft on your pillows,
And squander your manhood with love-songs and ease,
The love-song for me is the wind in the willows,
My bed on the heather, my curtain the trees!
So shoulder your musket and down with the quarry,
He stands at his peril who gets in my way!
No law I respect but the law of the foray,
The law of the lawless, 'tis that I obey!

No. 3.—SON OF MINE.

Dream thy baby dream,
Son of mine,
To the murmur of the stream,
Son of mine!
In thy heather cradle rocking,
With thy fingers round mine locking,
While the sheep are homeward flocking,
Son of mine!

In thy little breast,
Son of mine,
Love and peace alone have rest,
Son of mine!
In the purple of the heather,
In the calm and stormy weather,
Thou and I, alone together,
Son of mine!

Thou shalt be a man,
Son of mine!
Thou shalt lead the broken clan,
Son of mine!
With thy musket on thy shoulder
Thou shalt prove who is the bolder,
Ere the mountains are much older,
Son of mine!

Father's hunted down,
Son of mine,
But his heart's thy very own,
Son of mine,
There are laws he's sworn to alter,
He will never yield nor falter,
And we'll yet defy the halter,
Son of mine!

No. 4.—UP IN THE SADDLE.

Up in the saddle, lads, up with a swing!
Stirrups and spurs, lads, rattle and ring,
Frost's on the bracken and rime on the spray,—
Up! there's a debt that we've promised to pay.

I've bonny brown flints and a pocket of lead,
And a genty old lock that is true, lads;
No flash in the pan, when you vizzy your man!
Give a shake to your bridles, hurroo, lads!

Troopers are out and are laying their traps;
Look to your buckles and tighten your straps,
There's a price on our heads that they're hoping to get
But we'll cheat 'em, and laugh at the gallows, lads, yet!

I've bonny brown flints, &c.

After them gamely, lads, slacken your reins,—
Red is the rebel blood in your veins.
Oh! bonny's the day, and the sun's in their eyes;
Sight even and true and you'll cover your prize!

I've bonny brown flints and a pocket of lead,
And a genty old lock that is true, lads;
No flash in the pan when you vizzy your man!
So steady your bridles,—shoot true, lads!

WILLIAM WALLACE

I
FREEBOOTER SONGS.

N^o 1. MINNIE SONG.

Words and Music by

WILLIAM WALLACE.

Allegro deciso, M.M. ♩ = 120

PIANO. *ff*

a tempo.

rit.

mf *cres.* *fff*

Allegro moderato.

ff rit. *mf* *dim.*

p *f* *pp* *p*

My Min - nie sang by her

wheel; "Thy fa-ther lies on the heath: A reb-el he lived, and a

reb-el he died: 'Tis his knife that sleeps in thy sheath, 'Tis his knife that sleeps in thy

sheath!" My Min-nie whisper'd to me — "My rebel son — of a

reb-el sire — there's a day that is com- ing to thee!"

There's a

p rit. → pp

p

con Qd.

day — that is com - - ing to thee." My

p

Min - nie sang — by her wheel.

p

dim.

Tempo primo.

"Thine eye shall not quail nor thine aim ev. er fail, When 'tis

pp

day had come! *accel.*

p *fff*

rit. I knew that the

pp *pizz:* *pp*

day would come, And home I went from the heath, But my Minnielay chill and the

pp

wheel stood still, No sleep for the knife in its sheath!

pp *mfz* *p* *mf* *ffz*

6
FREEBOOTER SONGS.

N^o 2. THE REBEL.

Words and Music by

WILLIAM WALLACE.

Allegro marcato. $\text{♩} = 132.$

PIANO. *ff*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords in a 9/4 time signature, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The left hand plays a bass line with some grace notes. The dynamics are marked *ff*. There are several accents (^) over the notes in the right hand.

I stoop to no law, I o - bey no do -

The first line of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are "I stoop to no law, I o - bey no do -". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line, marked with *p* (piano) dynamics.

- min - ion, The air is my kingdom, the mountain my throne: I en - vy the

The second line of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are "- min - ion, The air is my kingdom, the mountain my throne: I en - vy the". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

ea - gle his un - shack - led pin - ion, I en - vy the hawk in his

The third line of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are "ea - gle his un - shack - led pin - ion, I en - vy the hawk in his". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

si - lence, a - lone. Ye drones in the

colla voce. *a tempo.* *mf*

world with your bonds and your fetters, Lie low in a serfdom that brands you as

knaves. But we in our freedom, 'tis we are your

ff *mf*

bet - ters, 'Tis we are the liege-lords, 'tis ye that are slaves.

colla voce. *a tempo, marcato.*

Ye laggards in town-ships lie soft on your pil-lows, And squander your

manhood with love-songs and ease, The love-song for me is the wind in the

un poco rit:

p rit:

wil-lows, My bed on the heather, my curtain the trees.

a tempo, mf

So shoulder your mus_ket and down with the quar_ry, He

stands at his pe_ril who gets in my way. No

a tempo.

law I res_pect but the law of the for_ay, The law of the lawless, 'tis

a tempo. *colla voce. marcato.*

that I o_bey!

a tempo. *ff*

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FREEBOOTER SONGS.
N^o 3. CRADLE SONG.

(SON OF MINE.)

WILLIAM WALLACE.

Words and Music by

Larghetto. $\text{♩} = 72.$

PIANO.

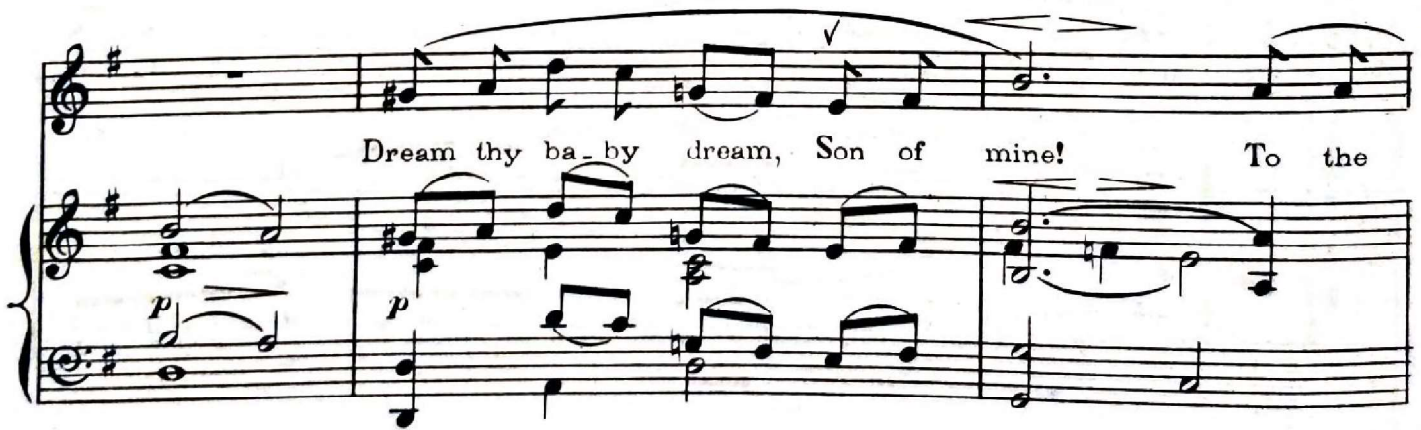


The first system of the piano introduction is in 4/4 time, marked 'Larghetto' with a tempo of 72 quarter notes per minute. It begins with a piano (*pp*) dynamic. The right hand features a melody with eighth notes and triplets, while the left hand provides a simple accompaniment of quarter notes.



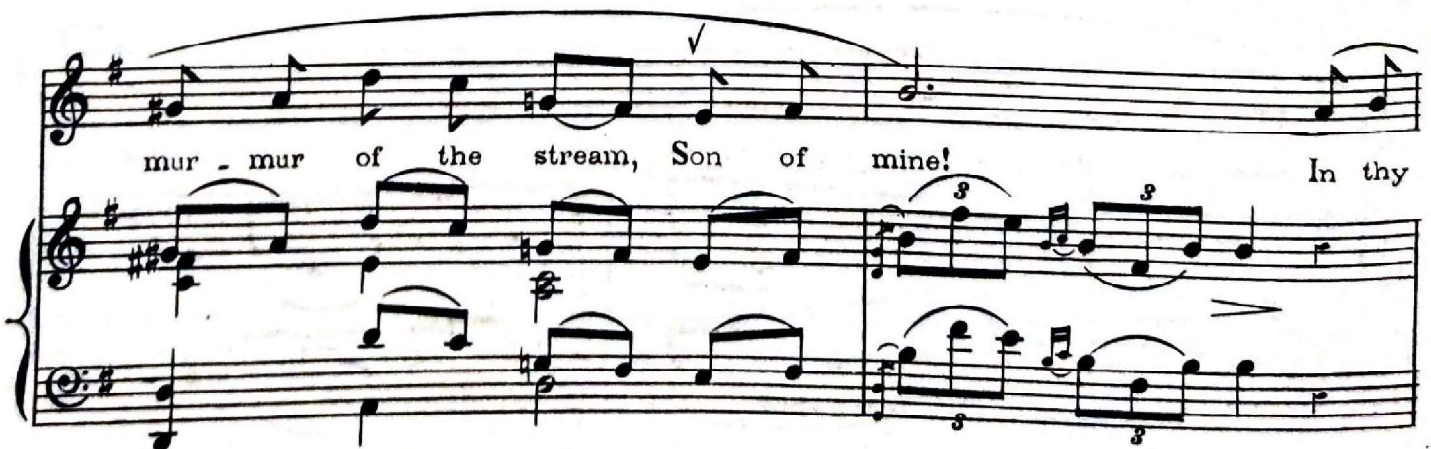
The second system continues the piano introduction. The right hand has a melodic line with some grace notes and triplets. The left hand has a bass line with a *fz* (forzando) dynamic marking. A double bar line with an asterisk (*) is placed below the system.

Dream thy ba-by dream, Son of mine! To the



The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a *p* dynamic and includes a *v* (accrescendo) marking. The piano accompaniment is in 4/4 time with a *p* dynamic.

mur - mur of the stream, Son of mine! In thy



The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a *v* marking. The piano accompaniment features triplets in the right hand.

II

heath-er crad - le rock - ing, With thy fin - gers round mine locking, While the

sheep are homeward flocking, Son of mine!

In thy lit - tle breast, Son of mine, Love and

peace a - lone have rest, Son of mine, In the

pur-ple of the heath-er, In the calm and storm-y weather, Thou and

I, a-lone to-geth-er, Son of mine.

Thou shalt be a man, son of mine: Thou shalt lead the broken clan, Son of

mine. With thy musket on thy shoulder Thou shalt prove who is the bolder, Ere the

rit: mountains are much old-er, Son of mine.

rit: *tempo primo.*

p Fath-er's hunt-ed down, Son of mine, *pp* But his heart's thy ver-y own, Son of

p *pp*

mine. There are laws he's sworn to al-ter, He will

mf

nev-er yield nor fal-ter, And we'll yet de-fy the hal-ter, Son of mine!

f *colla voce.* *fz* *ff*

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FREEBOOTER SONGS.

N^o. 4. UP IN THE SADDLE!

WILLIAM WALLACE.

Words and Music by

Allegro con brio ♩. 96.

PIANO. *ff*

The piano introduction is written for a grand piano in 6/8 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. The piece begins with a forte (ff) dynamic and includes several accents.

Up, up in the sad - dle, lads, up with a swing

mf

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The lyrics are "Up, up in the sad - dle, lads, up with a swing". The piano accompaniment includes a sixteenth-note triplet in the right hand.

Stir - rups and spurs lads rat - tle and ring

The second line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The lyrics are "Stir - rups and spurs lads rat - tle and ring". The piano accompaniment includes a sixteenth-note triplet in the right hand.

Frost's on the bracken and rime on the spray

The third line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The lyrics are "Frost's on the bracken and rime on the spray". The piano accompaniment includes a sixteenth-note triplet in the right hand.

Up, up there's a debt that we've promised to

colla voce.

pay I've bonny brown flints and a pocket of lead and a

mf

a tempo.

p

genty old lock that is true, lads, No flash in the pan when you viz-zy your

ff

man Give a shake to your bridles, hur-roo, lads!

colla voce.

a tempo.

ff

Troop- - ers are out and are lay- ing their traps

mf fz

Look to your buckles and tight- - en your straps

There's a price on our heads that they're hoping to get But

we'll cheat 'em and laugh at the gal-lows, lads,

colla voce.

yet I've bonny brown flints and a pocket of lead, and a

mf

a tempo.

genty old lock that is true, lads; No flash in the pan when you viz-zy you

ff

man Give a shake to your bridles, hur-roo lads

colla voce.

a tempo.

ff

Aft - er them game - ly lads, slack - en your reins!

sempre staccato.

Red is the reb - el blood — in your veins — Oh! bon - ny's the

day and the sun's in their eyes — Sight ev - en and

true and you'll cov - er your prize I've
colla voce. *a tempo.*

p
 bonny brown flints and a pocket of lead, and a genty old lock that is true, lads:
pp
con Ped

f *ff*
 No flash in the pan when you viz - zy your man
mf *ff*

So steady your bridles, Shoot true, lads!
ffz *colla voce.* *ffz*

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J. B. CRAMER & CO.'S NEW SONGS

Each 1/6 Nett Cash.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY EMILIE CLARKE.
Andante moderato.

SINCERITY. (MY FRIEND.)

No lit-tle word of mine may tell The thoughts that fill my heart... That God may bless you day and night I pray, I pray, And if we part

WORDS BY CLIFTON BINGHAM.

HOPE IS LIKE THE SPRINGTIME.

MUSIC BY NOEL JOHNSON.

For Hope is like the Springtime, That goes to re-turn a-gain... And Hope is like the sun-light... That is hiding be-hind the rain,

WORDS BY CLIFTON BINGHAM.

IN YOUR DEAR EYES!

MUSIC BY H. TROTÈRE.

Sweet in the light of stars that come with night, And one by one shed radiance from the skies. But sweeter far to me..... the tender light That

"LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN."
Andante sanabile. dolce.

NIGHT OF STARS AND NIGHT OF LOVE! (The Celebrated Barcarolle.)

MUSIC BY OFFENBACH.

Night of stars, and night of love, Fall gen-tly o'er the wa-ters, Heav'n a-round, be-low, a-bove, No more we'll heed the shore!

WORDS BY JOHN HARRIOTT.
Andante moderato, mf espressivo.

HAD I NO EYES TO SEE THEE!

MUSIC BY LOUIS F. SHERRINGTON.

Had I no eyes to see thee, my be-loved!... My beating heart would tell me thou wert near; My ev-'ry pulse would leap at thy approach-ing...

WORDS BY T. SANDERSON.
Moderato.

IN ROSE-TIME.

MUSIC BY J. STUART CROOK.

'Tis Rose-time when light summer breez-es Blow soft-ly o'er gar-den and wold; When high in the blue sky a-bove me, The lark sings his songs of

WORDS FROM "ATALANTA"
Brightly.

DOLLY'S GARDEN.

MUSIC BY GRACE EVELYN NEWSTEAD.

This is Dolly's gar-den, All her "ve-ry own," Ev-'ry flow'r that's in it By her hand was sown; Nev-er out of E-den Were such blossoms blown!

WORDS BY E. TESCHEMACHER.
Andante con espressione, mf

MY LADY.

MUSIC BY J. M. CAPEL.

My La-dy's eyes are true and kind, Within their depths all sor-row dies, I need no sun when they look down, My La-dy's eyes—My La-dy's eyes.

THREE JOLLY LIGHTBOBS.

(JIM, JOE, JACK.)

MUSIC BY H. TROTÈRE.

WORDS BY FRANCIS BARRON.
Allagro moderato.

With a mus-ket and a pack, march'd Jim, Joe, Jack, And they left a score of maidens with lit-tle hearts a-wrack; But for ev-'ry kiss they borrowed, why, they

WORDS BY FRANCIS BARRON.
Allagro moderato.

MARGERY GREEN.

MUSIC BY ARNOLD BERESFORD.

"Riddlema-ree, ma-ree," quoth she, "Which of the two is the true one? I'd like," she said, "the lov-er in red, If I weren't so sweet on the blue one!"

WORDS BY CLIFTON BINGHAM.
Andante non troppo.

GOD SENT ME YOU.

MUSIC BY HELEN QUAYLE.

The days were des-o-late, cloud and rain Shad-owed the flowers and hid the blue And then, as I cried, "is life but vain," God sent me you!

WORDS BY G. HUBI-NEWCOMBE.
Andante con moto, espressivo.

WITHIN YOUR HEART.

MUSIC BY H. TROTÈRE.

I have a thought, A tender thought in hid-ing, To you a-lone, Its sweetness I'd im-part; So pure, so true, I would that thought were hid-ing

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