1864

Jeanie Morrison

William R. Dempster

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/sheetmusic

Recommended Citation
https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/sheetmusic/418

This Score is brought to you for free and open access by the Greer Music Library at Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. It has been accepted for inclusion in Historic Sheet Music Collection by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. For more information, please contact bpancier@conncoll.edu.

The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.
JEANIE MORRISON.

"I wonder, Jeanie, often yet,
Of our meeting in that wood,
That one look at each other's face,
What our two heads would think.

A BALLAD.

The words by
MOTHERWELL.

Composed and respectfully dedicated to his friend
JAMES T. FIELDS Esq.

By
WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.

Boston, 1835.

Published by
OLIVER DITSON, 232 Washington St.

Prised 10 cents.
JEANIE MORRISON.

Poetry by WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

Music by WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west, Through many a weary way; But
ne-ver, ne-ver can forget The love o' life's young day! The fire that's blown on
Beltane e'en, May weil be black 'gin Yule; But blacker fa' a-waits the heart But
black'er fa' a-waits the heart Where first fond love grows cool.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison, the

thoughts o' by-gone years Still fling their shadows o'er my path, and blind my eyes?

tears; They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears, and sair and sick I pine, As

memory i-dly summons up As memory i-dly summons up The blitheblinks o' lang
Sweet time! sad time! twa bairns at school, twa bairns and but ae heart! 'Twas then we twa did part; then we lovd ilk ither weel, 'Twas then we twa did part; Sweet time! sad time! twa

bairns at school, twa bairns and but ae heart! 'Twas then we twa did part; then we lovd ilk ither weel, 'Twas then we twa did part; Sweet time! sad time! twa

leir ilk ither lear; And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed, Remembered ever mair.
My head rins round and round about, My heart flows like a sea, As ane by ane the thoughts rush back O'
school-time and o' thee. O' morning life! O' morning love! O' lightsome days and
lang, When hinnied hopes a-round our hearts When hinnied hopes around our hearts Like
simmer blossoms sprang!
5.
I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touching cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think?
When baith bent down o'er ae braid page,
Wi' ae book on our knee;
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

6.
O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
Our cheeks brest red wi' shame,
Whene'er the school-weans, laughing, said
We clock'd thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturday,
(The school then skail't at noon,)
When we ran aff to speel the braes—
The broomy braes o' June?

7.
O, mind ye, love, how aft we left
The deavin', dinsome town,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung o'er our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin o' the wood
The throssil whistled sweet—

8.
The throssil whistled in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees;
And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

9.
Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled down your cheek,
Like dew-heads on a rose, yet none
Had say power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

10.
I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I ha' been to thee
As closely twined wi' early thoughts
As ye ha' been to me:
O, tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne.

11.
I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper, as it rins,
The love o' life's young day.

12.
O, dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me!

GLOSSARY.

Beltane e'en; a highland festival, held on the evening of the first of May, when fires are kindled for the occasion.

Dinsome; noisy.

Gin; of, by, or against.

Gin Yule; by Christmas.

Gloamin; twilight.

Grat; wept, shed tears.

Grd; full to overflowing.

Hinnied; honeyed.

Knoes; a small round hillock.

Leir ilk ither leir; teach each other learning.

Leaf; palm of the hand.

Sna'ed; salt.

Sindered; separated.

Skaird; scattered.

Scream; ough.

Throssil; shrub, or mavis; one of the sweetest singing birds that inhabit Scotland.

Yule; Christmas.