

FAREWELL SONGS OF

JENNY LIND

IN

AMERICA.

WITH NEW ACCOMPANIMENTS BY

JULES BENEDETCT.

INCLUDING

1. JOHN ANDERSON MY JOE.
2. COMIN THRO THE RYE.
3. THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.
4. AULD ROBIN GRAY.
5. HOME SWEET HOME.

This is the only correct Edition containing (by Mrs. Lind's permission) all the changes ornaments &c. introduced by her.

Wells & Greene, Eng^{rs}




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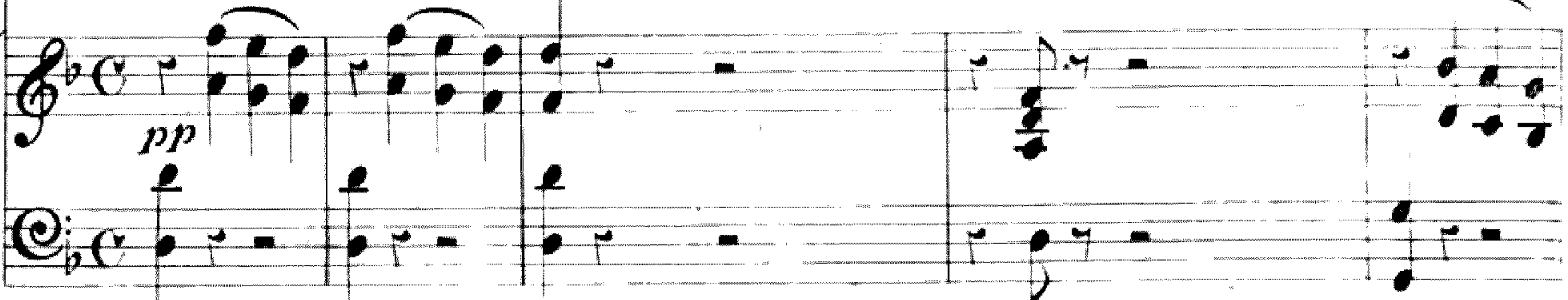
AULD ROBIN GREY.


As sung by Miss Lind.

RECITATIVE. ANDANTE.

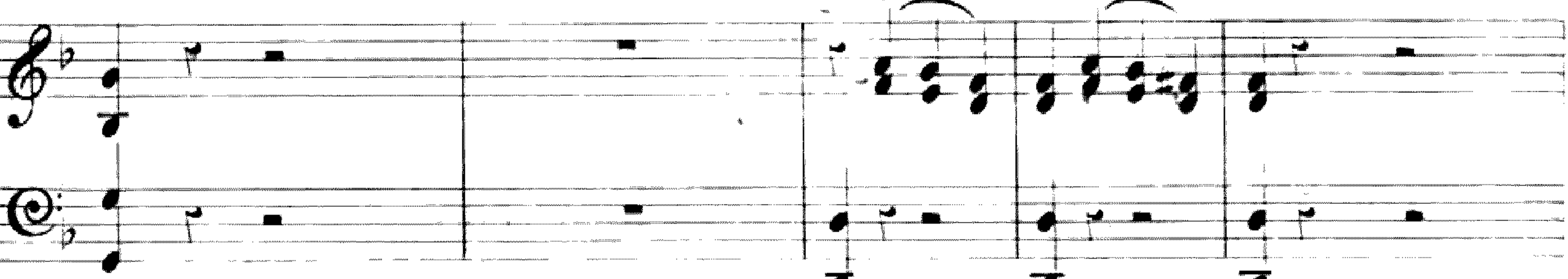
VOICE. 

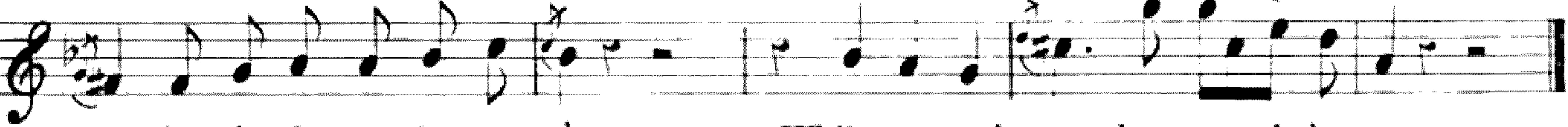
When the sheep are in the fauld, And a' the kye at hame,

PIANO. 

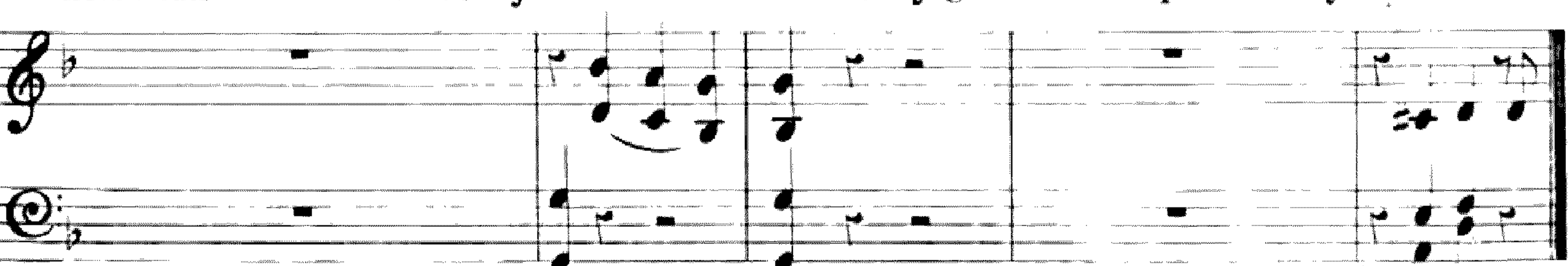


And all the wea...ry world a...sleep is gane; The waes o' my





heart fall in showers frae my ee. While my gudeman sleep sound by me.



LARGHETTO.



Young

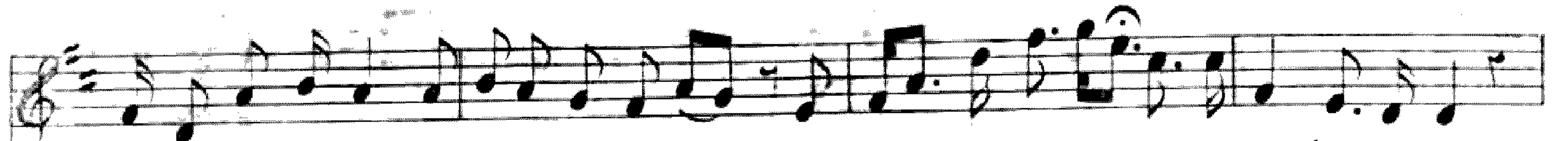


Jemie loied me weel and askd me for his bride, But sa ving a Crown he had

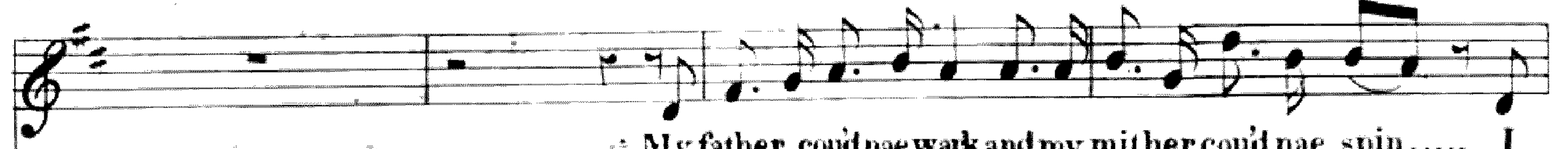
naething else be side :... To make the Crown a Pound, my Jemie went to sea. And the

Crown and the Pound, were baith for... me. He had nae been gane, but a

year and a day, When my fa...ther brake his arm and our cow was stole a way: My



mither she fell sick and Jamie at the sea, And auld Robin Grey came a courting to me.



My father coud nae waik and my mither coud nae spin, I



toiled day and night, but their bread I coud nae win, ... Auld Robin fed 'em baith and wi



tears in his e'e, Said Jeany for their sake, O... pray mar ry me. He



heart it said nae And I look'd for Jamie back, But the wind it blew hard and his

ship was a wreck, His ship was a wreck: why did nae Jea ny die? And

why was she spard to.... cry wae is me?

3

My father urged me sair, but my mither did nae speak,
 But she look'd in my face, 'till my heart was like to break:
 Sae they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea,
 And auld Robin Grey was a gude man to me.
 I had nae been a wife, but weeks only four,
 When sitting sae mournfully out my ain door,
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'd nae think it he,
 Till he said I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

4

Sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,
 We tuck but ae kiss, and we tore oursels away:
 I wish I were dead, but Im nae like to die.
 O why was I born to say wae's me?
 I gang like a ghaist, and I canna like to spin,
 I dare nae think o' Jamie for that wou'd be a sin;
 But Ill do my best a gude wife to be,
 For auld Robin Grey, is very kind to me.