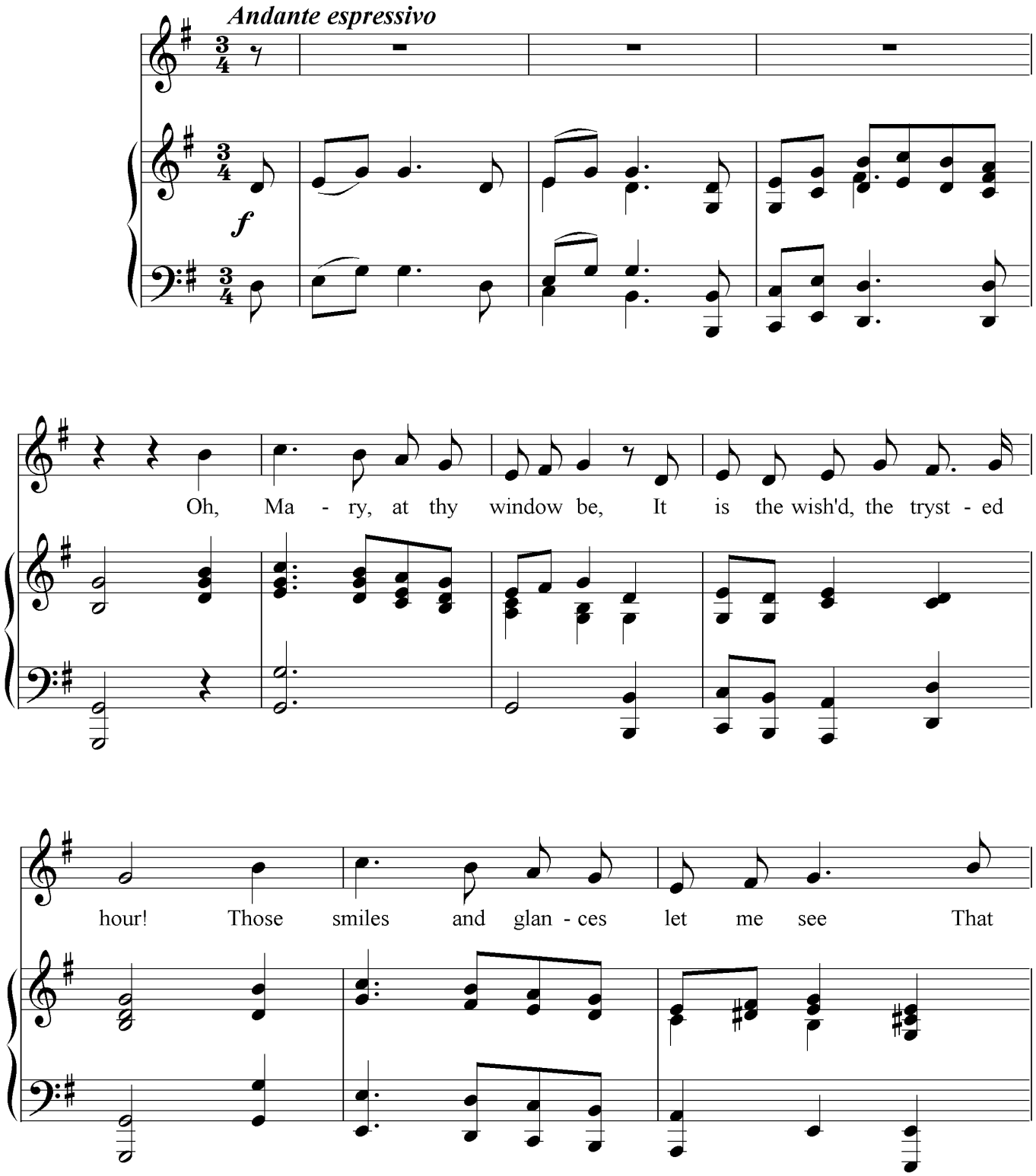
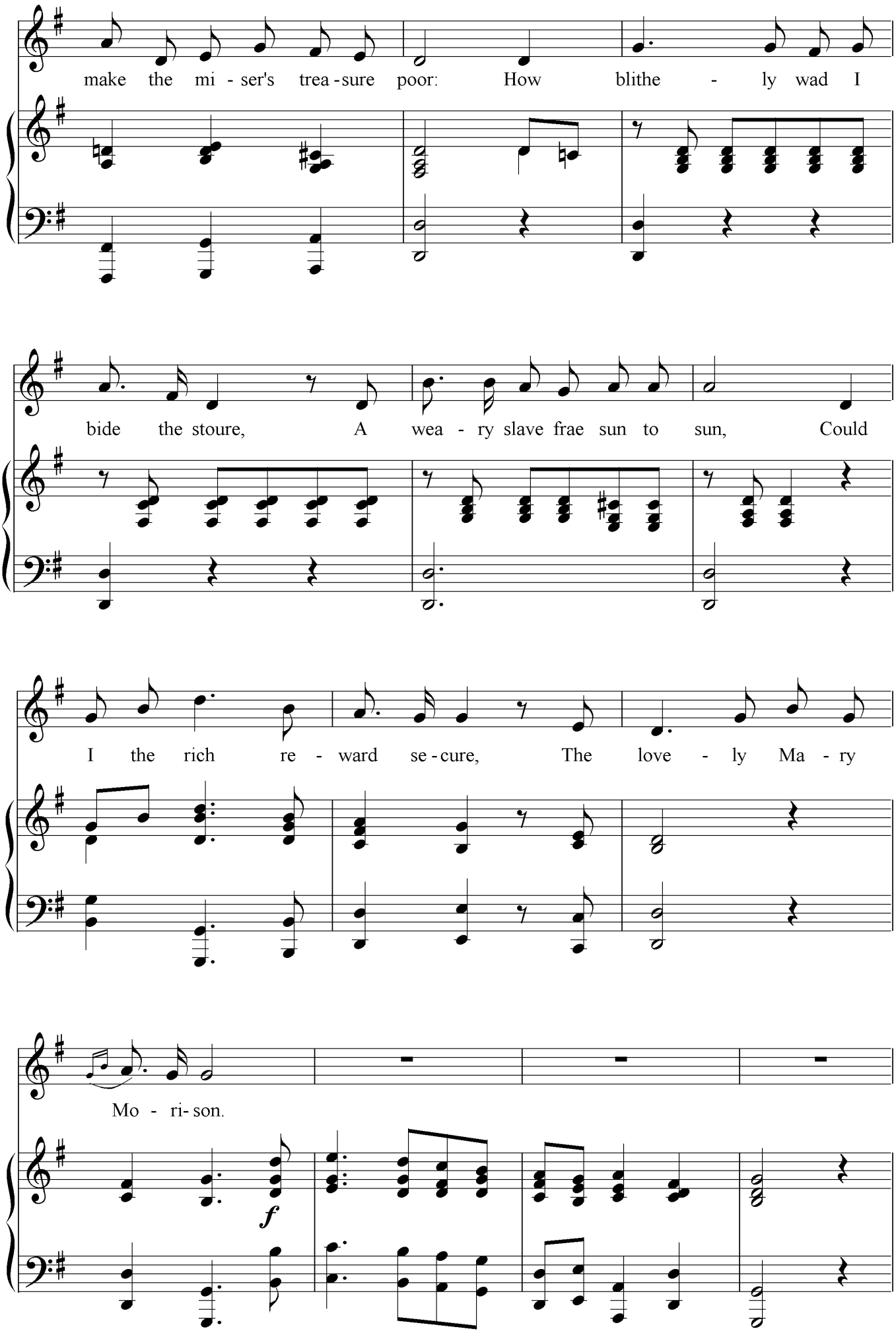
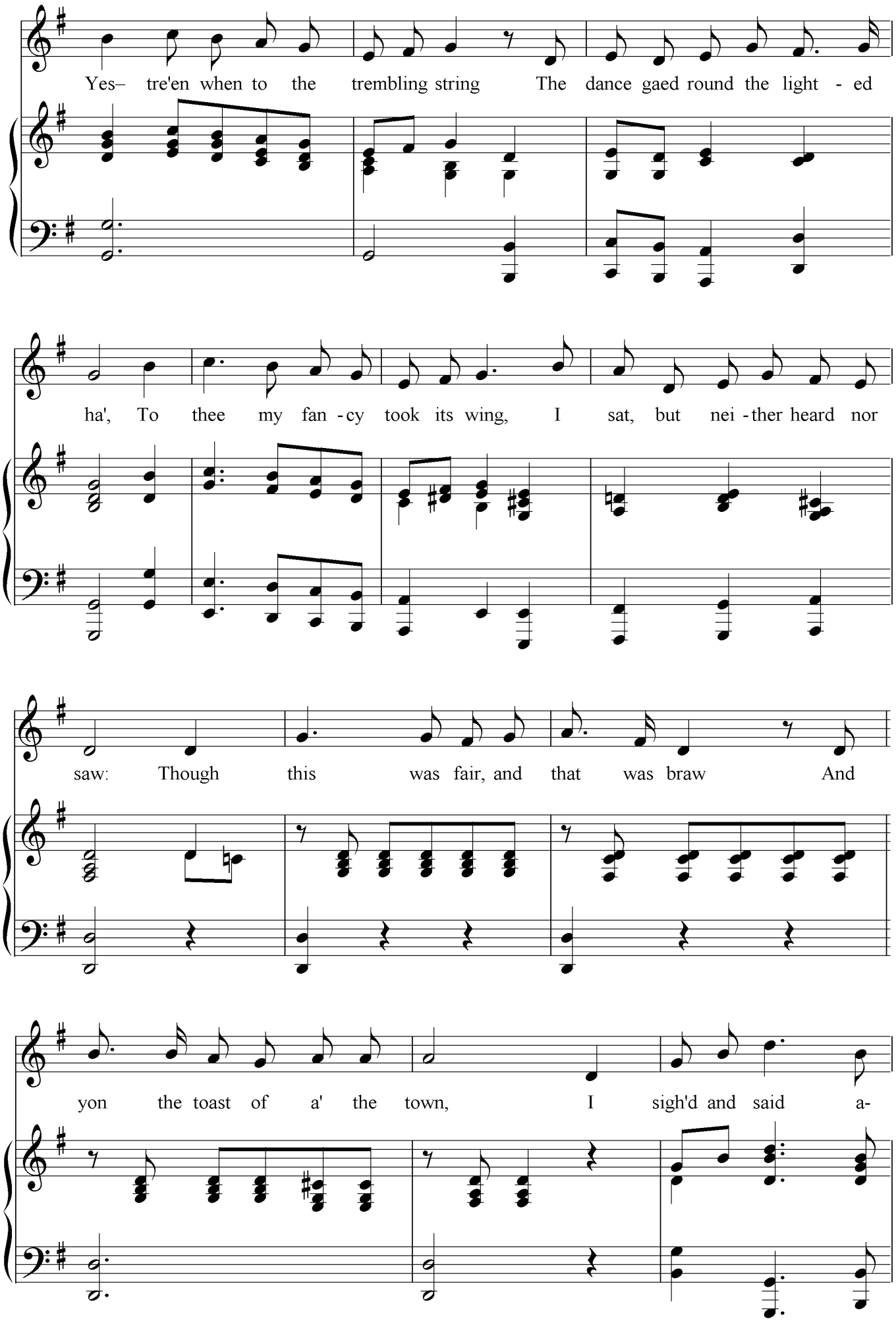
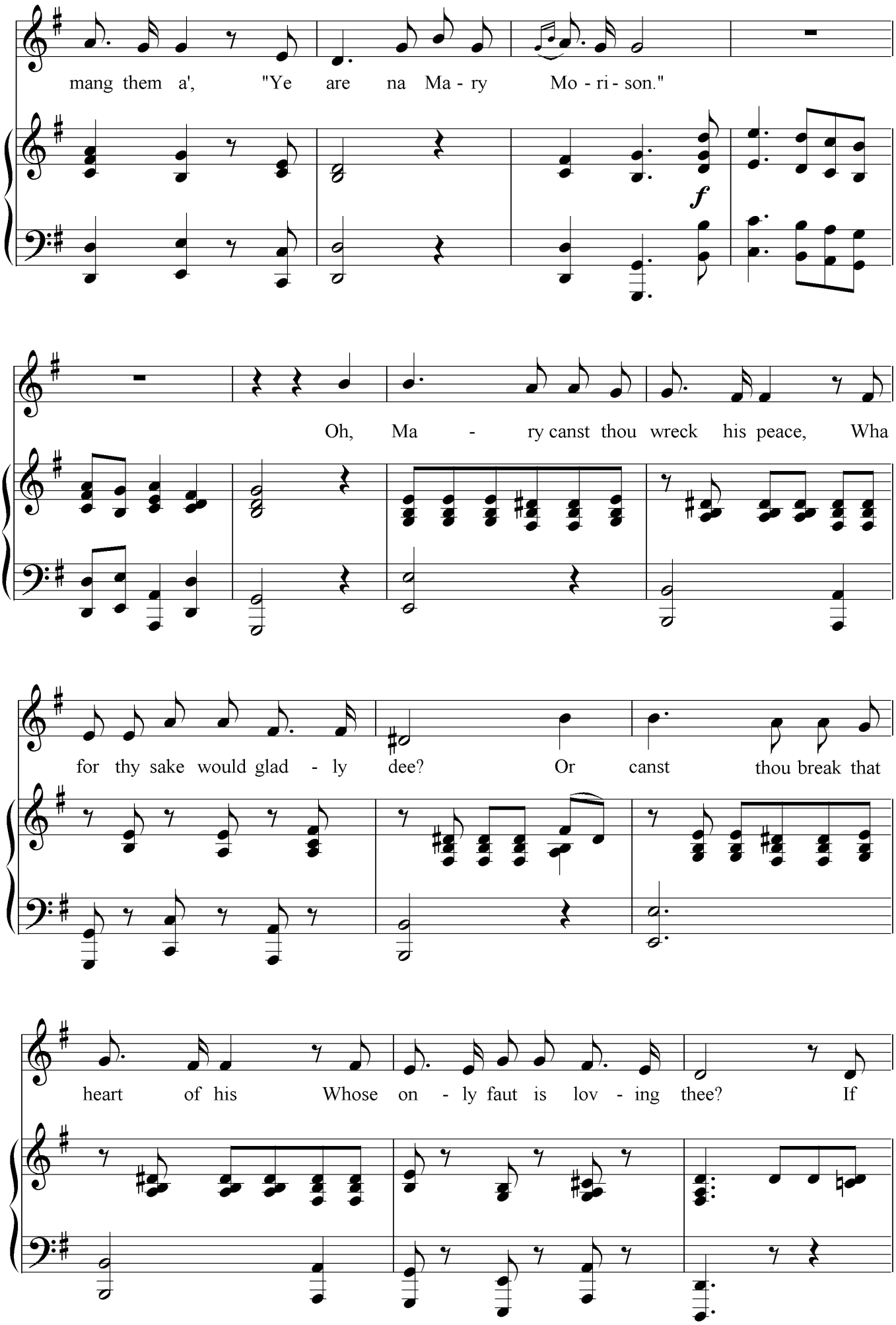
Mary Morison

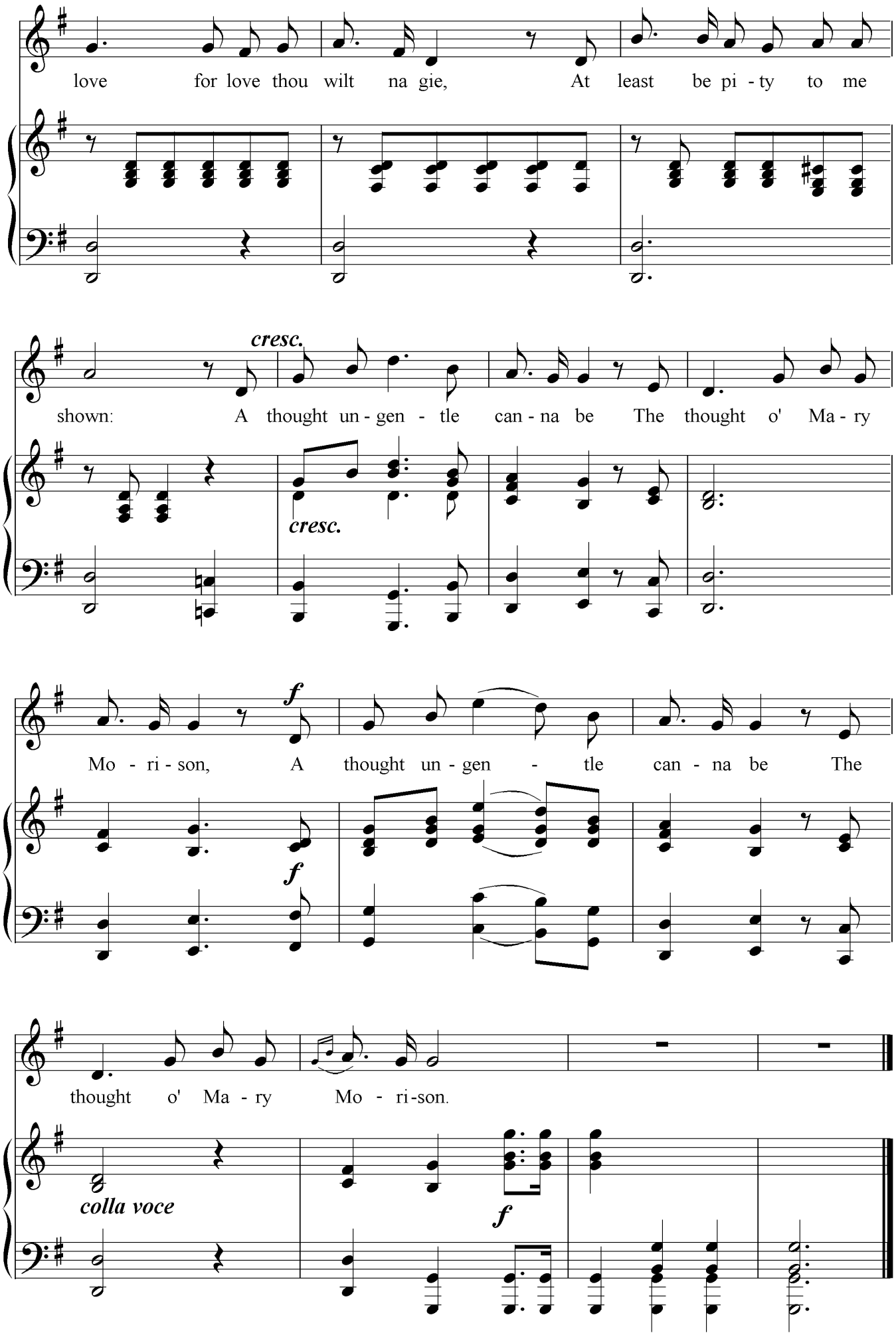
Robert Burns **Arthur Sullivan**




make the mi - ser's trea - sure poor: How blithe - ly wad I
bide the stoure, A wea - ry slave frae sun to sun, Could
I the rich re - ward se - cure, The love - ly Ma - ry
Mo - ri - son.
f


Yes– tre'en when to the trembling string The dance gaed round the light - ed
ha', To thee my fan - cy took its wing, I sat, but nei - ther heard nor
saw: Though this was fair, and that was braw And
yon the toast of a' the town, I sigh'd and said a-


mang them a', "Ye are na Ma - ry Mo - ri - son."
f
Oh, Ma - ry canst thou wreck his peace, Wha
for thy sake would glad - ly dee? Or canst thou break that
heart of his Whose on - ly faut is lov - ing thee? If


love for love thou wilt na gie, At least be pi - ty to me
cresc.
shown: A thought un - gen - tle can - na be The thought o' Ma - ry
cresc.
f
Mo - ri - son, A thought un - gen - tle can - na be The
f
thought o' Ma - ry Mo - ri-son.
colla voce
f