

THE FRAY OF SUPORT

An ancient Border Gathering Song
from tradition

Duration 8 mins

Iain Hamilton, Op. 21

Allegro (♩ = 132)

Soprano *pp*
 Sleep' ry Sim of the Lambhill, And sno-ring Jock of Su-port Mill, Ye are baith

Alto *pp*
 Sleep' ry Sim of the Lambhill, And sno-ring Jock of Su-port Mill, Ye are baith

Tenor *pp*
 Sleep' ry Sim of the Lambhill, And sno-ring Jock of Su-port Mill, Ye are baith

Bass *pp*
 Sleep' ry Sim of the Lambhill, And sno-ring Jock of Su-port Mill, Ye are baith

Piano (for rehearsal only) *pp*

mp right het and fou'; But my wae wa-kens na you. Last night. I saw a sor-ry sight-Naught left me

mp right het and fou'; But my wae wa-kens na you. Last night. I saw a sor-ry sight-Naught left me

mp right het and fou'; But my wae wa-kens na you. Last night. I saw a sor-ry sight-Naught left me

mp right het and fou'; But my wae wa-kens na you. Last night. I saw a sor-ry sight-Naught left me

o' four-and-twen-ty gude⁺ ou - sen and ky, My weel-rid-deng-el-ding, and a white

o' four-and-twen-ty gude⁺ ou - sen and ky, My weel-rid-deng-el-ding, and a white

o' four-and-twen-ty gude⁺ ou - sen and ky, My weel-rid-deng-el-ding, and a white

o' four-and-twen-ty gude⁺ ou - sen and ky, My weel-rid-deng-el-ding, and a white

quey, But a toom byre and a wide, and the twelve nags on il-ka side. Fy lads! shout

quey, But a toom byre and a wide, and the twelve nags on il-ka side. Fy lads! shout

quey, But a toom byre and a wide, and the twelve nags on il-ka side. Fy lads! shout

quey, But a toom byre and a wide, and the twelve nags on il-ka side. Fy lads! shout

+ pronounce :- gidd (hard g)

sf *p* *f* *sf* *p*
sf *p* *f* *sf* *p*
sf *p* *f* *sf* *p*
sf *p* *f* *sf* *p*
sf *p* *f* *sf* *p*

a' a' a' a' a', My gear's a' gane.
 a' a' a' a' a', My gear's a' gane.
 a' a' a' a' a' My gear's a' gane.
 a' a' a' a' a' My gear's a' gane. Weel may ye ken,

p *mf*
p *mf*
p *mf*
p *mf*
p *mf*

But Top-pet Hob o' the Mains had gues-ter'd in my house by
 But Top-pet Hob o' the Mains had gues-ter'd in my house by
 Last night I was right scarce o' men: Hob o' the Mains had gues-ter'd in my house by
 Last night I was right scarce o' men: Hob o' the Mains had gues-ter'd in my house by

chance I set him to wear the fore door wi' the speir, While I kept the back

chance I set him to wear the for door wi' the speir, While I kept the back

chance I set him to wear the fore door wi' the speir_ While I kept the back

chance I set him to wear the fore door wi' the speir_ While I kept the back

door wi' the lance; But they hae run him through the thick o' the thie, And broke his

door wi' the lance; But they hae run him through the thick o' the thie, And broke his

door wi' the lance; But they hae run him through the thick o' the thie, And broke his

door wi' the lance; But they hae run him through the thick o' the thie, And broke his

mp *mf*
 knee-pan And the mergh o' his shin-bane has run down on his spur lea-ther whang: —
mp *mf*
 knee-pan And the mergh o' his shin-bane has run down on his spur lea-ther whang: —
mp *mf*
 knee-pan And the mergh o' his shin-bane has run down on his spur lea-ther whang: —
mp *mf*
 knee-pan And the mergh o' his shin-bane has run down on his spur lea-ther whang: —



p *f*
 — He's lame while he lives — and where'er — he may gang. Fy lads! shout —
f
 — He's lame while he lives — and where'er — he may gang. Fy lads! shout —
f
 — He's lame while he lives — and where'er — he may gang. Fy lads! shout —
f
 — He's lame while he lives — and where'er — he may gang. Fy lads! shout —