

Daniel Monroe

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk.

The first system of musical notation for 'Daniel Monroe' is in 2/4 time. It consists of a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in eighth and sixteenth notes. Below the staff is a guitar tablature with six lines. The first line has a '2' and a '4' indicating frets. The subsequent lines contain numbers (2, 3, 0, 2, 3, 0, 0, 0, 3, 0, 0, 0, 3, 0, 2, 0) and symbols (circles with a dot) representing fret positions and techniques like bends or slides.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody from the first system. It also features a treble clef staff and a guitar tablature. The tablature includes numbers (0, 3, 2, 1, 2, 3, 3, 1, 2, 0, 0, 0, 0, 3, 0, 0, 0) and symbols (circles with a dot) indicating fret positions and techniques.

Ye Sons of North Britain that were caused for to range
Unto some foreign country where lands they were strange.
Among that great number was Daniel Monroe:
Straightway unto America likewise he did go.

Two sons with his brother he caused them to stay.
The price of their passage he could not well pay.
When seven long winters had passed by and gone,
They asked for to leave, but money was none.

Being discontented, no comfort they find,
But the thoughts of the army did run in their mind:
So leaving their uncley roamed till they found
A regiment of foot for America bound.

And when they had landed in that country wild,
Surrounded by rebels on every side,
With humble submission these two brothers went
Unto their good captain to gain his consent.

To which their good captain was pleased to agree
They might go up-country their parents to see.
So leaving the camp with a boy for a guide,
They made for the place where their parents reside.

They travelled along till they came to a grove.
The leaves and the branches they all seemed to move:
There being two rebels that lurked in the wood,
They pointed their pistols where the two brothers stood.

Lodging a bullet in each brother's breast,
They rushed on their prey like two ravenous beasts,
To take all their money and rip up their clothes,
And if they're not dead, for to give them some blows.

You ravenous villains, you bloodthirsty hounds,
How could you have killed us before we had found,
Had found our dear father we sought with such care
When he hears of our fate he will die of despair.

He left us in Scotland seven twelvemonths ago.
Perhaps you may know him, his name is Monroe.
The old man astonished, in wonder he stood
A-gazing on his sons who lay bleeding in the wood.

He cried out in sorrow: Oh, what have I done?
A curse on my hands, I have slain my own son
If you be my father young man did cry,
I'm glad that I've seen you before that I die.

I'll sink beneath sorrow, give way to despair.
I'll linger a while till death ends my care,
In hopes for to meet you on a happier shore
Where I won't be able to kill you any more.