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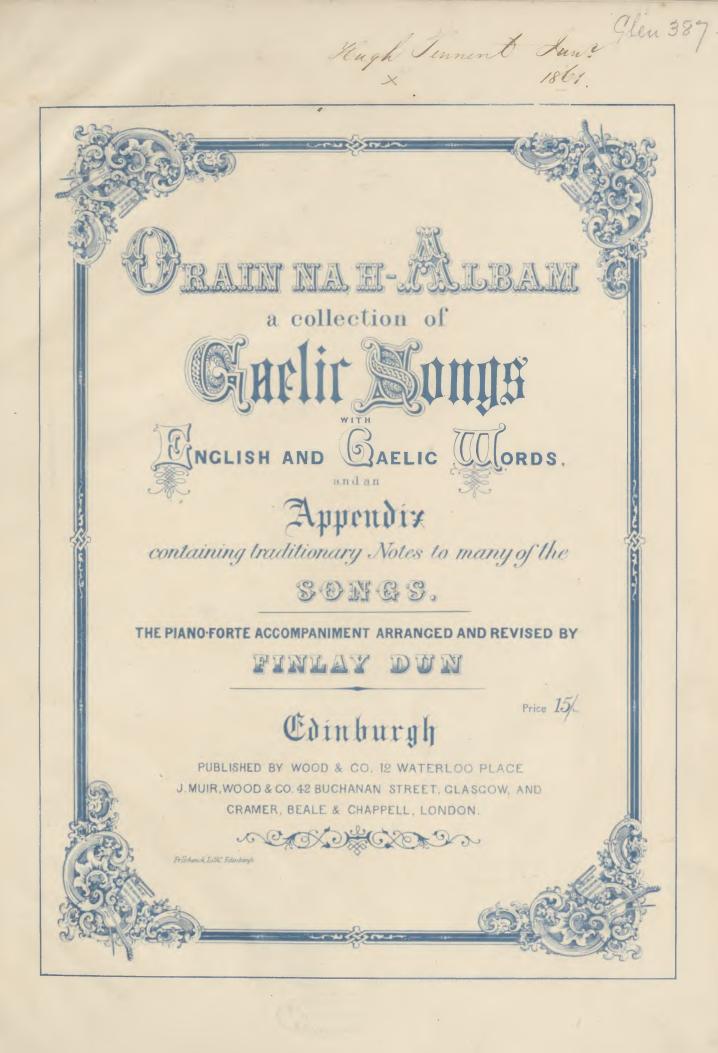
THE GLEN COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

387

Presented by Lady DOROTHEA RUGGLES-BRISE to the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her brother, Major LORD GEORGE STEWART MURRAY, Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.







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THE National Music of Scotland is remarkable for the variety of its style. Expressive simplicity, plaintive tenderness, and wild energy are found alternately in its strains. Of all our Melodies, those of the Highlands most strongly exhibit these characteristics. While so many of our National Airs are so widely popular, it is remarkable that our Gaelic Airs are not, even in some parts of Scotland, so generally known as they deserve to be.

This Collection is published for the purpose of preserving in their true form many beautiful and characteristic Gaelic Airs, which, in the lapse of time, and by the inevitable mutations of tradition, might be ultimately lost, or leave only vague breathings of the originals : also, for the purpose of making these Airs more generally known beyond their father-land—the Highlands of Scotland. The plan adopted in this publication may, it is hoped, render its contents acceptable not only to Scottish Highlanders, but also to all who take an interest in National Music.

The Gaelic Songs and Airs contained in this Work, formed part of a MS. collection, consisting of several volumes, which had been made by a native of the Highlands—an amateur of music, possessing great natural taste and talent. These MS. volumes were submitted to the Editor for his opinion, with a view to publication. Being unacquainted with the Gaelic language, he could judge only of the Melodies. He accordingly selected those which he considered as the best, and which are now given in this volume. The sets of the Airs he left intact, as he had every reason to believe that they were correctly noted down from the singing of native Highlanders of Scotland. The traditions current in the Highlands relative to many of the Gaelic Songs in this Work, were also furnished by the collector of the Songs and Airs. They are given in the Appendix at pages 1-4, and numbered according to the Songs to which they refer in the body of the Work.

In order to give more extensive and popular interest to those Gaelic Airs, with their native Gaelic Songs, it was thought advisable to obtain English words also for the Airs, and to print the verses in both languages under the notes of the music. The English words, however, are not to be considered as *translations* of the Gaelic words. We are happy to state that in this department the valuable assistance of the well-known Delta was kindly given, several of whose beautiful lyrics grace this volume, and add another wreath to his well-merited laurels. The other English and Scottish Songs were written for the Airs by various persons, friends of the collector of the Gaelic Songs and Airs.

It cannot be denied that the plan adopted of having a double set of words to the same Air, however commodious it may be to the public generally, must have thrown many obstacles in the way of the writers of the English verses, since they had thus to accommodate the measure of their verses to that of the Gaelic. Besides, to adapt verses in two languages different in structure and character, such as the Gaelic and English, to the same melody, so that the accented syllables of each shall fall upon the *same* note, must at all times be a task of no ordinary difficulty. If some false accents of syllables relative to the music do occasionally occur in some of the English versions of the Songs in this volume, the singer may easily rectify such accents by adding a *starting* note, or subdividing a note into smaller parts, or *slurring* two or more notes together, &c., &c., as occasion may require. To have made these alterations in the musical text, would have created confusion in the printing, and rendered the proper adjustment of the words to the notes in singing of either language more uncertain.

The Editor takes this opportunity of returning his warmest acknowledgments to Mr. John Mackenzie of Edinburgh, for the pains he bestowed in revising the proofs of the Gaelic Songs while going through the press. Mr. Mackenzie is well-known as an accomplished Gaelic scholar, and the compiler of a Gaelic dictionary.

In regard to the harmonizing of the Airs, it is hoped, that the accompaniment will be found to be simple and appropriate. To effect this with the Melodies in question is, however, not always easy. The application of our modern system of harmony to music constructed on the ancient *tonality*,¹ involves many nice points of difference for the exercise of the musician's discrimination as to harmonic treatment. That musical compositions constructed respectively on the ancient and modern tonalities are different as to structure and character, is a fact known to every one acquainted with the history of music and musical composition. And if this difference is not attended to in harmonizing melodies, written in the ancient tonality, we run the risk at every step of disturbing or destroying the characteristic impression which such melodies are calculated to produce on the mind and feelings.²

To the class of music composed in the ancient tonality, belong many of the Gaelic Melodies, some of the old Airs of various other European countries, and the finest specimens of psalm and hymn tunes, not to mention the old concerted Church music of our own, as well as of other countries.

It is in this point of view that the Church tones or modes become interesting to the musical student, as throwing light upon the history and structure of the early sacred and secular music of different European countries.³ For, until about the end of the 16th and the beginning of the 17th centuries, when the modern tonality was established, every style of music was composed according to the ancient tonality.⁴ And this very fact is, we think, sufficient in itself to enable us to refer the origin of many of the Gaelic Melodies, or their prototypes, to that early period at least, if not to an earlier.⁵

¹ "Tonality, in music, (Ital. tonalità, Fr. tonalité,) a modern term introduced to designate the existence of differences among various musical modes, ancient and modern, and among the elements of melodies and harmonies founded upon these modes. Peculiarities of tonality among different nations may be accounted for by particularities in the construction of musical instruments, or by particularities in intonation adopted by vocal performers, and consecrated by that mighty power-customwhich rules and moulds so many of human feelings, opinions, and actions."-Extract from the Article Tonality, written by George Farquhar Graham, Esq. of Edinburgh, for the Seventh Edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which see. See also his Essay on Musical Composition, p. 9. This Essay is a reprint, with additions, of the article Music in the Seventh Edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." We cannot let this opportunity pass without particularly recommending Mr. Graham's Essay to all students of music who are desirous of obtaining clear, sound, comprehensive, and practical ideas on that subject.

² "There exist," says Choron, in a note, in his edition of Albrechtsberger, "in composition two systems of procedure, which differ singularly from each other, and of the nature of which most professors have but very confused and inaccurate ideas. . . We have already shown," he continues, "that two sorts of tonality (*tonalité*) exist in the music of the present day: first, the *ancient* tonality . . . ; second, the *modern* or common tonality, which is generally in use in all the modern nations of Europe. Now, these two tonalities form the basis of the two systems or methods of procedure in musical composition."—See Merrick's English edition of Albrechtsberger, p. 99. See also J. H. Knecht's Orgelschule, III. Abtheil., pp. 56-66, et passin, as to his remarks on the caution necessary in employing modern styles of harmony to melodies of the old tonality.

In Dr. Marx's "Kompositionslehre," (a work of the highest authority as to music in Germany, published at Leipsic, 1841,) at Book II. sect. 2, p. 305, under the head, Accompaniment of the Choräle in the Church tones, we find the following passage: we translate—" It has already been remarked, at page 259, that many of our Choräle (psalm tunes) belong neither to the major nor minor modern modes, but to an earlier system of modes, and that they (the Choräle) cannot be treated at all according to our present system of modulation, or at least, if so treated, not in the manner most conformable to their spirit. They require different modulation and different harmonizing, and of such a kind only as is consistent with *that* old system. Even the melodies themselves, if viewed apart from harmony, are often utterly at variance with our modern principles of composition. If we wish to harmonize suitably Choräle of this description, (and they are the finest that we have,) we must make ourselves acquainted with the modes in which they are written, in so far at least as is requisite for the judicious selection of the harmony to be so employed."

"The majority of modern musicians," says Mr. Graham, in his Article *Tonality*, above cited, "who have attempted to harmonize ancient European melodies, seem to have been ignorant of the marked distinctions between ancient and modern tonalities in Europe, and of the fact that most of these airs are constructed upon *tonalities* to which *modern* harmony, which depends upon a newer system of tonality, *cannot* be *continuously applied*."

The same author makes the following remarks, in the Appendix to his Essay, under the head Accompaniment, pages 68-70:---" The character of the harmony ought never to be in opposition to that of the melody; a fault of frequent occurrence in modern composition. Without a delicate adaptation of the one to the other, the effect is bad, since the attention becomes divided between two heterogeneous things. . . The harmony ought to preserve in its chords the same.tonality as the melody, otherwise the conflict between the modulating harmony and the non-modulating melody, (a thing of frequent occurrence,) produces a bad effect."

³ See Dr. Marx's "Allgemeine Musiklehre," 1841, p. 69. After briefly explaining the system of the Church tones, he proceeds thus: we translate—"This old system, although differing from ours, especially in its principles of modulation, is of peculiar interest, not only in a historical point of view, but also in regard to its practical application at the present day, especially in Church music. . . . No well-trained musician should therefore be altogether unacquainted with it."

⁴ See p. 68 of Marx's work above cited. See also Burney, Hawkins, Fétis, &c., &c., and the music previous to the period alluded to.

⁵ Mr. G. F. Graham says, in a note on the air "Blythe, blythe, and merry was she," in Wood's Edition of the Songs of Scotland, vol. i. p. 59 : ---"The air is supposed to be old, and sounds very like a bagpipe tune. It is now impossible to trace the authorship of our older Scottish airs; but the editor is disposed to believe that some of them may have been composed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries."

See also "Analysis of the Structure of the Music of Scotland," by the Editor of this work, at No. 1 of the Appendix to the late Mr. William

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The difference existing between the ancient and modern tonalities may easily be perceived by a slight examination of the structure of one or two of the Melodies in this Collection. For this purpose let us take the Air, No. 1, "Macleod's Lament," as an example. Here we find the melody beginning in G major, then modulating into E minor, (to use the common *modern* phraseology as to *keys*.) This alternating modulation in these two keys continues, and almost at regular distances, to the end, when the Air closes in E. It is to be remarked, that D *natural* occurs in those portions of the melody where it modulates into E, and not D *sharp*, as is usually the case in the modern key of E minor. This alternate course of modulation occurs frequently in many of our National Airs.

At No. 34, "The Widow's Song," we find the Air written in a key resembling that of the modern G minor; but here the F is *natural* throughout the whole course of the Melody, a circumstance not likely to happen in tunes in this key in the modern tonality. Again, the Air, No. 42, "Love's last Song," appears to be in E minor; but D *natural* occurs *throughout*, and in many places where modern ears, unaccustomed to ancient tonality, would expect D sharp instead.

The endings of some of the Airs are also remarkable in respect of the key indicated at the beginning of the Melody. See, for example, No. 36, "Brave M'Intyre," and No. 38, "The Complaining Lover," both wild and pathetic melodies. It would be difficult to determine, according to the modern system of modulation, what the key is in which some of the airs are written. As an instance of this, see No. 10, "Mackrimmon's Lament," one of the most characteristic specimens of Gaelic Melody.¹

The structure of many other Airs in this Collection, besides those cited above, as well as a number of our popular and well-known tunes, will be found to be anomalous and inexplicable, if considered with reference to the modern system of tonality, but to be perfectly regular and intelligible, if considered with reference to ancient tonality.²

We should offer some apology for this prolonged discussion on ancient and modern tonality, did we not deem the present opportunity suitable for giving some explanation of the melodic structure of our National Music, with the view, not only that it may be better understood by the general reader, but also, that its characteristic spirit and form being known, may be preserved and done justice to in kindred and appropriate accompaniment.

Before concluding, we beg leave to offer a few suggestions as to the manner of singing the Songs in this volume.

The vocal expression should be regulated by the general signification of the words and the spirit of the music. The style should be simple and natural, avoiding every kind of artificial ornament, or pseudo-embellishment. A simple appoggiatura may be all that is required as an occasional addition to the melody. The *time* should not always be observed throughout the same song with rigid uniformity : For the due expression of the words will occasionally require the time to be retarded or accelerated. In some of the airs of the Songs the rhythm is irregular; and more so in defect than in excess. When this irregularity appears, (though it is considered by many persons as a beauty in this style of music,) and if *pauses* upon notes occur in the Air, these should be *long-sustained*. This will not only greatly contribute to diminish the unsatisfactory impression which a fastidious ear may experience on account of the defective rhythm, but will, at the same time, impart a certain wildness of expression to the effect of the whole passage. Indeed, long drawn out sounds seem to be a characteristic feature in the style of the music of many mountainous countries, originating, probably, from the physical conditions of

Dauney's Dissertation upon the Skene MS., &c., 1838. In the Analysis, (at p. 315 of the work,) will be found the following passage :—" When and by whom the early Scottish melodies were composed, and how long they continued to be handed down by tradition from one generation to another, are questions not easily answered at the present day, from the absence of positive historical evidence. . . . Judging from the music itself, there is every reason to believe that it originated in a remote age. The few notes upon which the oldest (at least those considered as such) of the Scottish melodies turn, lead us to infer, either that these melodies were composed at a time when the musical scale and musical instruments of the country were yet in an infant state, or that they were formed upon models of an early period, which had continued to be imitated in aftertimes, even when the musical scale had become enlarged, and musical instruments improved : And whatever changes, in the course of time, may have taken place upon their external form, it is undoubtedly from these early models that our melodies derive their essential and peculiar character."

¹ See Dr. Marx's Komp., above cited, vol. i. p. 259.

² The Editor begs to refer those readers who wish to pursue this investigation farther, to his "Analysis of the Structure of the Music of Scotland," above cited, where they will find the subject treated at length, and accompanied with illustrative music examples.

such countries being favourable to the production of echoes. The music of Switzerland and of the Tyrol, for instance, abounds in prolonged sounds, as does also that of some of the Northern nations. Those who have heard the celebrated Jenny Lind sing, cannot but remember the pleasurable effect she produced in her native Swedish songs, by the long drawn out pause-notes which she frequently introduced, and which she managed with such consummate art.

In conclusion, we beg to advert to a common practice among singers which is much to be deprecated. We allude to the frequent use, or rather abuse, of the *pedal*, especially the *open* or *damper* pedal, in accompanying vocal music on the pianoforte. Whether from fashion or any other cause, we do not know, but so it almost always happens, that no sooner does a young lady seat herself at the pianoforte to sing, than down goes the *pedal*, without considering whether or not its employment is required, or can be borne without injury, by the nature of the harmony. The consequence is, that instead of clear, distinct, and intelligible sounds, we have a confused, continuous, jarring jumble of chords. The pedal, when judiciously used, may undoubtedly produce great effect. It is its abuse which we deprecate, and which we would wish to see discontinued. We subjoin directions for its use by J. B. Cramer and J. N. Hummel; and in so doing, we think that no higher or better authorities on the subject can be adduced.

After stating that square pianofortes have but one pedal, which serves the purpose of raising the *dampers*, and which, on that account, is sometimes called the *open* pedal, and that grand pianofortes have two pedals, the one on the right hand, or open pedal, the other on the left hand, which effects the removing of one or two of the strings from the *hammers*, Mr. Cramer goes on to observe, that the left hand pedal "is chiefly used in *piano*, *diminuendo*, and *pianissimo* passages." Further on, he says : "The *open* pedal is chiefly used in *slow* movements, *when* the *harmony* is to be prolonged." He concludes with the following remark, to which he draws particular attention by prefixing an index :—" (F When a *change* takes place in the *harmony*, the *pedal must* be dropt."—See J. B. Cramer's "Instructions for the Pianoforte," Appendix, Sect. vii. p. 51.

Mr. Hummel makes the following observations "on the use of the pedals,"---

"1. A performance with the *dampers* almost constantly raised, resorted to by way of a cloak to an impure and indistinct method of playing, has become so much the fashion, that many players would no longer be recognised if they were debarred the use of the pedals.

"2. Though a truly great artist has no occasion for pedals to work upon his audience by expression and power, yet the use of the damper-pedal, combined occasionally with the piano-pedal, (as it is termed,) has an agreeable effect in many passages; its employment, however, is rather to be recommended in *slow* than in quick movements, and *only* where the *harmony changes* at *distant* intervals. All other pedals are *useless*, and of no value either to the performer or to the instrument.

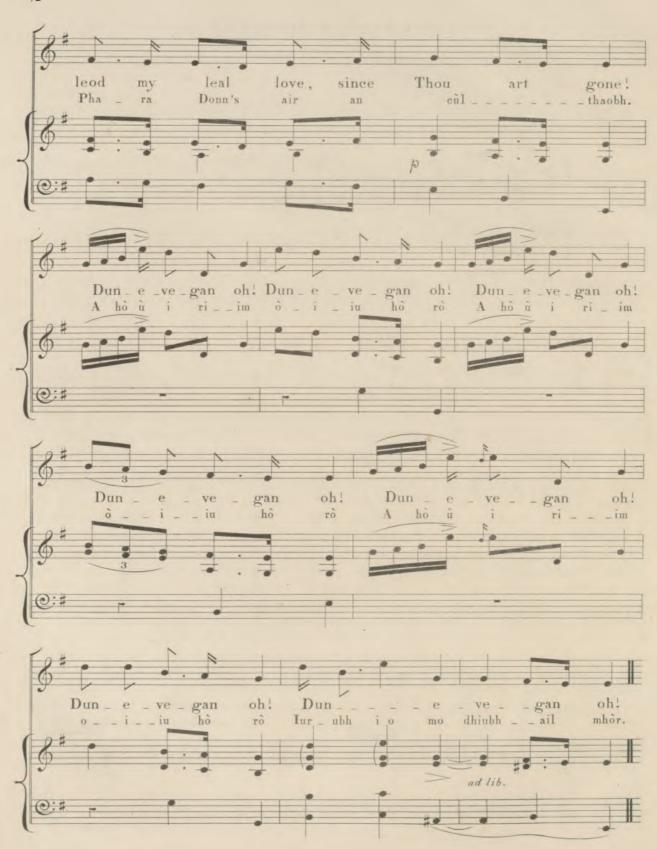
"3. Let the pupil never employ the pedals before he can play a piece correctly and intelligibly; indeed, generally speaking, every player should indulge in their use with the utmost moderation; for it is an erroneous opinion to suppose that a passage *distinctly, correctly*, and *beautifully* executed *without* pedals, will please the ear less than a mere confusion of a series of sounds clashing against each other would do. Ears accustomed only to this confusion can applaud such an abuse; sensible men will, no doubt, give their sanction to my opinion. Neither Mozart nor Clementi required the help of pedals to obtain the highly-deserved reputation of the greatest and most expressive performers of their day—a clear proof that without having recourse to such worthless means a pianoforte player may arrive at the most honourable rank. I shall insert here a few cases in which the damper-pedal may be resorted to with the least breach of propriety." Then the music examples follow. See J. N. Hummel's "Complete Course of Instruction on the Art of Playing the Pianoforte," Part III., Chap. 3, p. 62. London edition. We have given in the above extract all that Mr. Hummel says on the use of the pedals in his Complete Course, as that large work may not be in everybody's hands.

iv



LAMENT FOR MACLEOD

See Tradition Nº 1, Appendix.



 $\mathcal{2}$

Cruel fate! that purloined my treasure; Woe is mine that exceeds all measure; Set in red blood the sun of pleasure;

Macleod, on me, 'twas thro' thee it shone. Dunevegan oh! Dunevegan oh!

From the Pest-house, where, lowly lying, Moaned the feeble, and paled the dying, Me he bore in his strong arms flying,

Macleod the faithful, and fearing none! Dunevegan oh! Dunevegan oh!

Friends and foes had our passion thwarted, But true, tender, and lion-hearted, Lived he on, and from life departed,

Macleod, whose rival is breathing none! Dunevegan oh! Dunevegan oh!

Brightest jewel of fair creation, Not for kindred, or cold relation, But for thee love, this Lamentation,

Macleod the peerless, I pour alone! Dunevegan oh! Dunevegan oh!

Aye as the eye of the evening closes, Dew, like tears, on the stone reposes, While I roam forth to scatter roses,

Macleod o'er thee lying low and lone! Dunevegan oh! Dunevegan oh!

Mo ghràdh a dh' fheara a shiol Adhamh, Thug thu mi a taigh na plàighe, Far an robh m' athair 's mo bhràithrean, 'Nuair nach sealladh neach do chàch orm. A hò, &c.

A Mhic Dhonnachàidh Inbheradha,

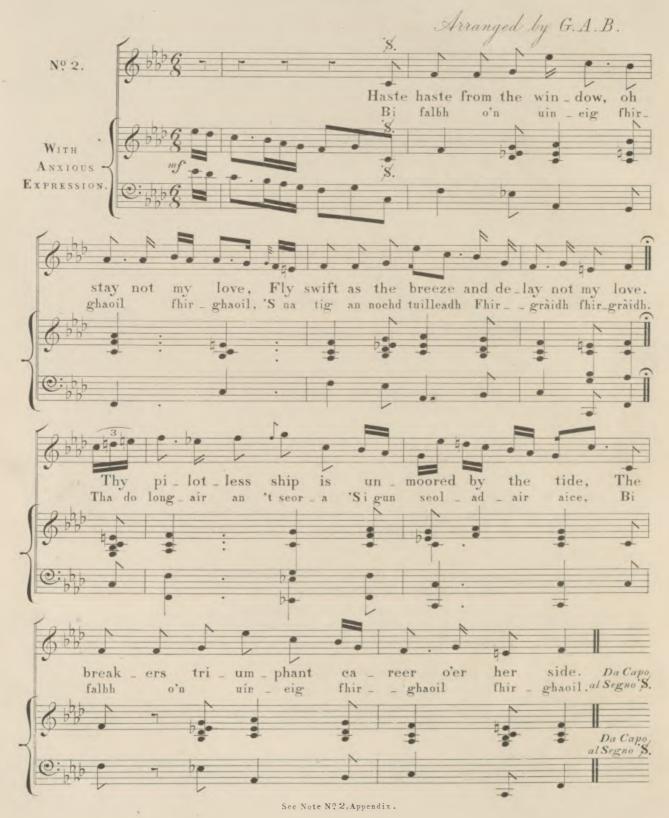
'S coimhach a ghabhas tu n' rathad,

A Bhana Chameronach chuir a leathoir,

'S tur a chaill i ruit a gnothach.

A hò, &c.

THE LULLABY.



I see her borne wild on the rock-circled shore, Fly swiftly_oh fly! or you see her no more. Haste, haste, &c.

Go quickly but softly, for danger is near, Oh woe if a trace of thy footsteps appear. Haste, haste, &c:

Down, down by the grey copse, hide deep in its shade, Lie hushed in the dell which the torrent has made. Haste, haste, &c.

The mist of the mountain shall wrap thee around, Thy tread shall be lost in the cataract's sound. Haste, haste, &c.

Now fleet as the roe from the hill thou hast sped, Thy bark is afloat, thy white sails are spread. Haste, haste, &c.

Around thy light vessel the vexed waves chafe, One bound o'er the wave and my lover is safe. Haste, haste, &c.

> Cuir umad do bhrògan, Tha 'n toir a tighn càs ort. Bi falbh, &c.

Gur mise bhios brònach, Ma ni 'm toir so cuir as duit. Bi falbh, &c.

Nuair a théid mi measg sloighe, Fean do bhoidhche cha 'n fhaic mi. Bi falbh, &c.

Tha faltan donn dualach, Air mo luaidh do na gaisgich. Bi falbh, &c.



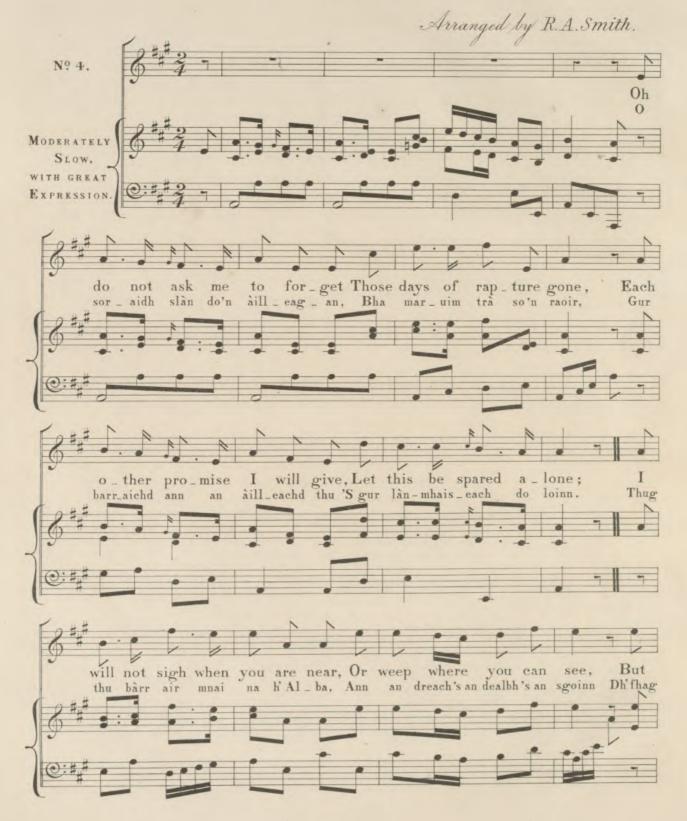
THE FORSAKEN.



How canst thou forget A love such as mine for thee? The deep love which yet In sorrow is dear to me? And ne'er from my breast That heavenly dream shall fade, Till weary it rest. Beneath yonder yew tree's shade.

'S math thig sud do mo rùin, Boinead bhallach is dù-ghuirm neul, 'S dos do'n t_sioda 'na cùl, Air a charadh gu h_ùr o'n t_snathaid. Mar ri còta cho daor, Do'n bhreacan is craobh_dhearg neul, Air faithir an Righ, Bu briagha leam fhìn an Gaidheal. O Iain a ghaoil, C'om 'n do leig thu mi faoin air cùl, Gun chuimhn air a ghaol, A bh' againn araon o thùs: 'S nach tug mise riamh spéis, Do neach tha fo'n ghréin ach thu, 'S cha tabhair a d' dhéigh, Gus an càirear mi réidh san ùir.

OH DO NOT ASK ME TO FORGET





You tell me that my cheek is pale, My smile no longer gay,
That dark and cold, a shade has fallen Across youth's sun-bright ray;
You say 'tis hard, I wonder not That you should say so, yet
Believe me, it were sadder far, More bitter to forget.

Oh! ask me not; all nature speaks And says it must not be;

I hear it in the wind's low voice, The streams wild melody.

One image haunts the lake, the hill, Each silent, sacred spot,

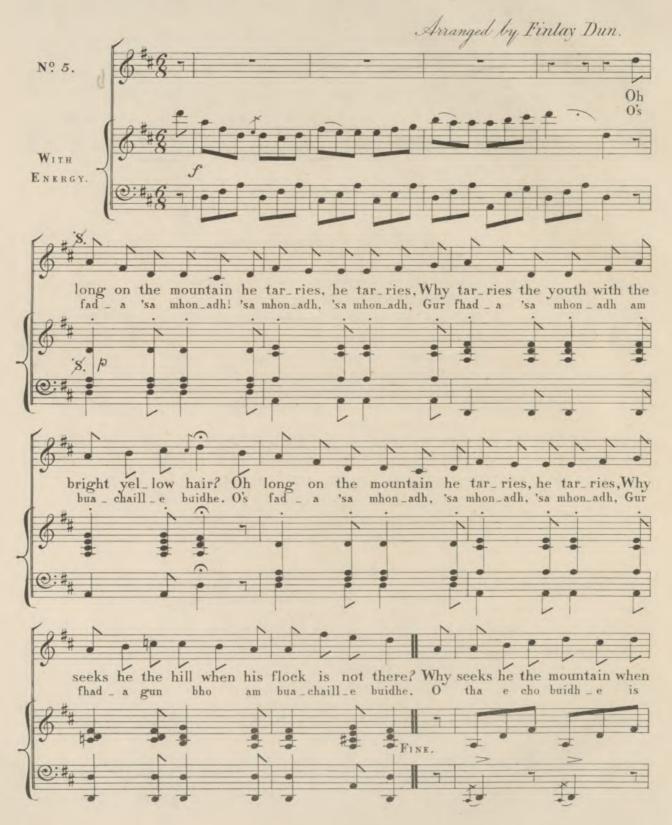
Ah! wo, while mem'ry lasts, these hours, Can never be forgot.

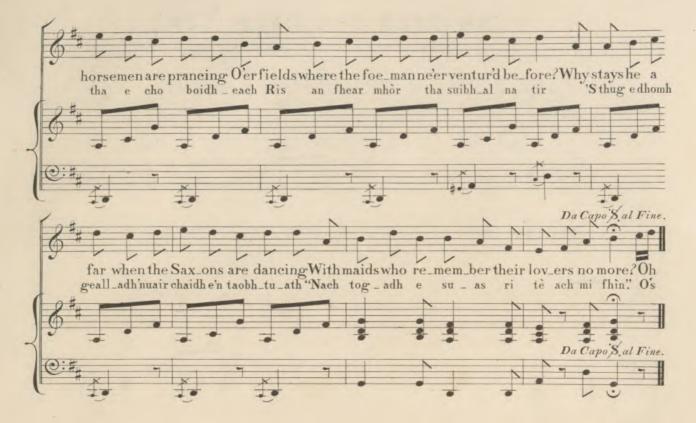
Dhalbh thu 'n dè mu 'n tra-sa uainn,

'Se dh'fhàg mi fo chradh 's fo leòn, 'Se'n gaol a thug mi 'n ciad là dhuit, A dhruigh air m' fhuil 's air m' fheòil, Chi mi 'n diugh cha d' thàinig thu, 'S air naile cha b'i choir,

Tha m' osna trom an uaignaidheas, Ag smuain' air bean do neòil.

OH LONG ON THE MOUNTAIN HE TARRIES.





He's gone to the mountain to fight for Prince Charlie, And light let the heart of the youth be the while;For ne'er shall the maiden who loves him so dearlyForget her own love for the false southern's smile. Oh long, &c.

Amidst his bright tresses the fond sunbeam tarries, He's fair as the Prince whom he follows afar;

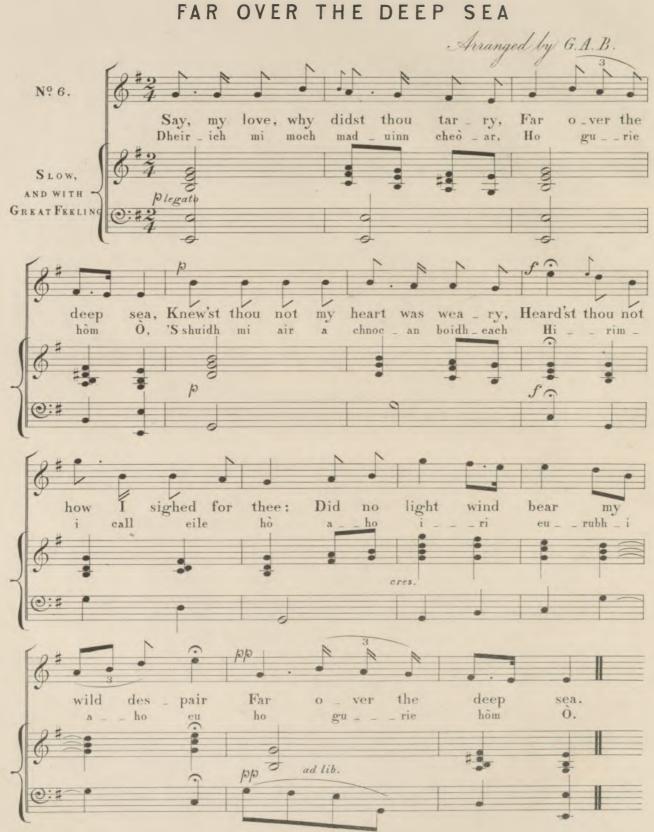
His heart is as true as the sword that he carries,

And mine shall he be when he comes from the war. Oh long, &c.

> Tha Canachanteen aig Muinnter righ Deorsa, Riobanan boidheach ceangal an cinn;

Bainne nam bò, ro mhilis ri òl,

'S gu'm faigh iad ri phòsadh nigh 'n fhir an taigh'. O's fada, &c.



See Note Nº 6, Appendix.

Oft my eye, deceived, would wander

Far over the deep sea,

Oft it hailed a white sail yonder

Gleaming bright_where the billows play;

But it sunk in night, As failed the sight,

Dim over the deep sea.

Then at last the fatal morning Broke over the deep sea, When my heart, with inward scorning, Bowed; it ne'er could broken be. Unseen fell the tear, For thou wert afar, Far over the deep sea.

One short hour and my lost lover Came over the deep sea, Then wild anguish whelmed us over, Fast fell our tears and bitterly,

And our last farewell,

Far borne on the gale, Sighed over the deep sea.

'S shuigh mi ain a chnocan bhòidheach, Ho gurie hòm Ô, Thàinig mo leannan am chomhail, Hi rim, &c.

Bhuail shinn ain a chomhra ghòrach, Cha tainig e 'nuair hu choir dha, Tiota beag mu'n d'rinn mi 'm pòsadh, Ri mac a bhòdachain bhrònaich, Nach tug crios, no bréid, no bròg dhomh, Nach tug an stiom is i bu chòir dho, Mhic an fhir o'n charra sgiathach. 'So eilean mor nan eun fiadhaich, Bheirin fhein mo bhoid 's mo bhriathran, Mionnan ged do chumte sgian ruim, Gur h-ann duit a thug mi 'n ciad ghaol.

THE BROKEN HEART



No smile illumed my bridal morn, But rankling hate and inward scorn

My heart have torn.

All my days, &c.

Aye scorn, for ne'er with woman's pride I viewed my husband by my side,

A happy bride.

All my days, &c.

But shame and bitter woe, instead, Pale shadows o'er my cheeks have spread, And bowed my head.

All my days, &c.

Why did the sun his light display? Why gild with unrelenting ray That fatal day?

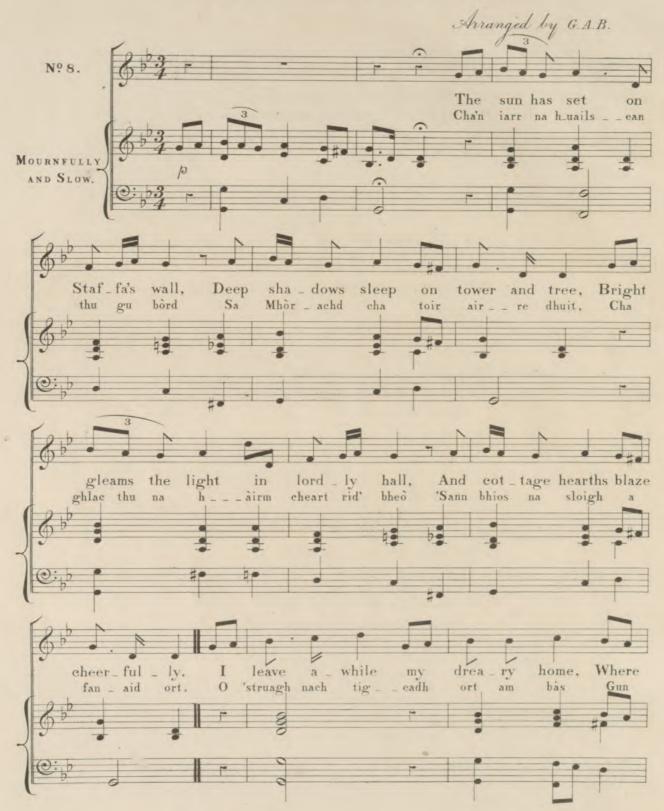
All my days, &c.

And, oh! when night its curtain spread, Why wrapt it not with peaceful shade My narrow bed?

All my days, &c.

Phòs iad mi ri Drobhair Cròcach, 'S tha mi chomhmaidh mar ri m'athair, e-hug-orin O, Tha mi pòsda, hug-orin O, Cha be'm aighir, e-hug-orin O, Tha mi pòsda.

THE SUN HAS SET ON STAFFA'S WALL.





Alas: that I was forced to wed One of unwarlike heart and hand; Unfit in chieftain's halls to tread,

Unmeet to wield a soldier's brand. Why was I made to break my faith,

And doomed unheeded tears to shed, Why tempted thus to wish that death Would light upon his coward head.

Hush! hush! my heart; as yonder tide,

That chafes against the stubborn rock, Falls back in ruins from its side,

And rests when into fragments broke: So soon the shock of thy wild rush,

Against hard fortune's stern arrest, Thy trembling, aching frame shall crush,

And, broken, thou shalt sink to rest.

IN OUR AIN CLACHAN LIVES A YOUTH.





My lad is gifted wi' the gab, His tongue it winna weary: It's lang ere gabbin clears a rent, But he'll ca' me his deary. Inn ala, &c.

My Donald will perform sic feats, The thochts o't maks me cheery; Wi' open mou' and closed fists,

This hero is my deary.

Inn ala, &c.

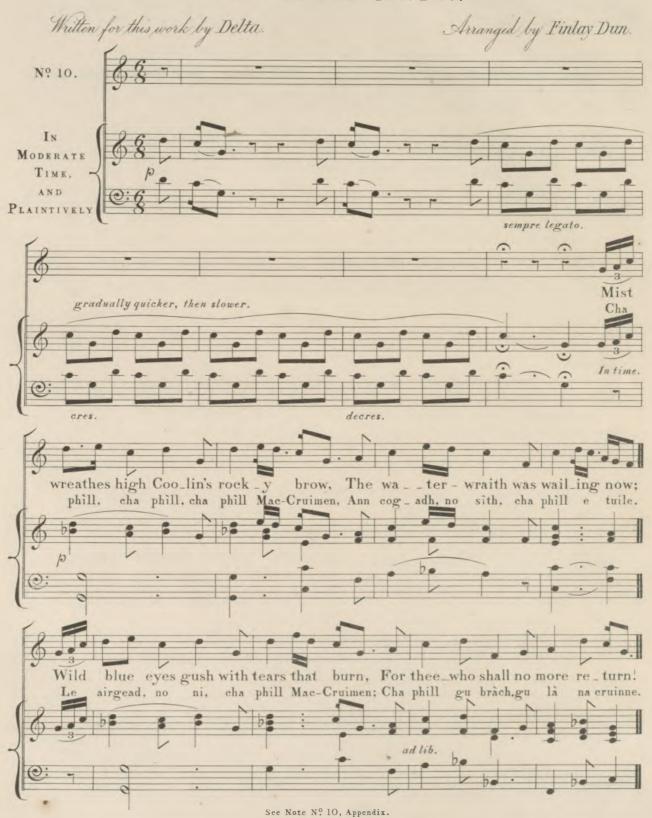
O for a tow a mile in length, I wad suspend my deary; I'd fling him frae the eagle's crag, And duck him till he's weary. Inn ala, &c.

I think I see my Donald Du As he draps frae the eyrie: I doot your gabbin will be sma' When ye win up, my deary. Inn ala, &c.

Ge do bhiodh tu bruithinn rium, 'S a briotas rium 'an còmhnaidh, Cha tugadh tu na h_uibhean domh, 'Nuair shuidheadh tu Di_dònaich. Inn ala, &c.

'Struagh nach eil mo leannans', Ann an iochdar Leac-na-gàdaig, Acfhuinn air a smioradh air, Is misi bhi gu h_ard oirr.

Inn ala, &c.



MACRIMMON'S LAMENT.

Macrimmon shall no more return! Oh! never, never more return! The earth at crack of doom shall burn, Before Macrimmon home return!

The wild winds wail themselves asleep, The streams drop tear-like from the steep, The birds in gloomy forests mourn, For thee – who shall no more return!

Macrimmon shall no more return! &c.

Yea, even Ocean joins our wail, Nor moves the boat, though bent with sail; Fierce moaning gales the breakers churn, For thee – who shall no more return!

Macrimmon shall no more return! &c.

No more at eve thy harp in hall Shall from the tower faint echoes call, There mutely men and maidens yearn For thee-who shall no more return!

Macrimmon shall no more return! &c.

Thou shalt return not from afar, With wreathes of peace, or spoils of war; Each bosom is a burial urn For thee-who shall no more return!

Macrimmon shall no more return! &c.

Dh'iadh ceò nan stùc ma aodainn Chulainn, Gun shéinn a bhean-shì a tòraghan mulaid: Tha suile gorm, ciùin, san Dùn ri sileadh; On thriall thu bh'uain, 's nach pill thu tuile.

Tha osag nan gleann, gu fann ag' imeachd; Gach sruthan 's gach àllt, gu mall le bruthach: Tha ialt' nan speur, feagh gheugan dubhach,

A'g caoi, gun dh' fhalbh, 's nach pill thu tuile.

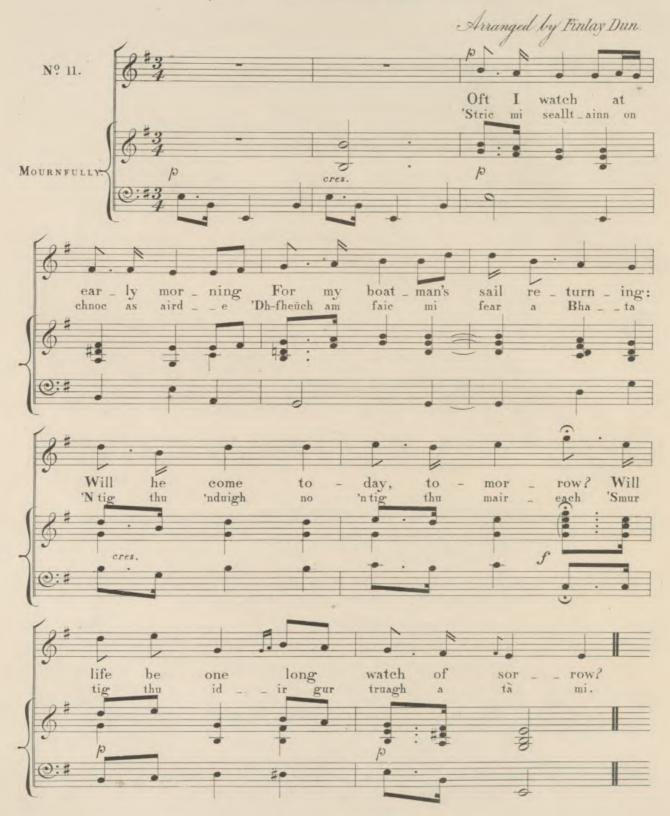
Tha'n fhairge fadheòidh, làn bròin a's mulaid; Tha 'm bàt' fo sheòl, ach dhiùlt i siubhal: Tha 'gair nan tonn, le fuaim neo-shubhach, A'g radh gun dh' fhalbh, 's nach pill thu tuile.

Cha chluinnear do cheòl, san Tòr ma fheasgar No talla-mhac nan sgòrr, le bròn ga fhreagairt: Gach fleasgach, a's òigh, gun cheòl, gun bheadradh,

On thriall Mac-Leoid's nach beo Mac-Cruimen!



THE BOATMAN.



He said he'd busk me like ony lady, Wi' silken gown an' tartan plaidie, A ring o' gold wi' my image shining, But ah! he's left me in grief repining.

Friends oft tell me how faithless thou art, To cast thine image from my true heart; As well may they, who chide my mourning, Forbid the swelling tide's returning.

Oh! I've loved thee from early childhood, When we roamed through heath and wildwood, And this lone heart will love thee ever, Till death's last pang its cords shall sever.

I'm now, when weary life is failing, Like bleeding swan, on death-bed wailing; On grassy lake midst mountains lying, Her mate has fled and left her dying.

Chorus. Fhir a Bhata e horo eile, Fhir a Bhata e horo eile, Fhir a Bhata e horo eile, Si mì-rùn chach thug dom' ghradh mo threig.

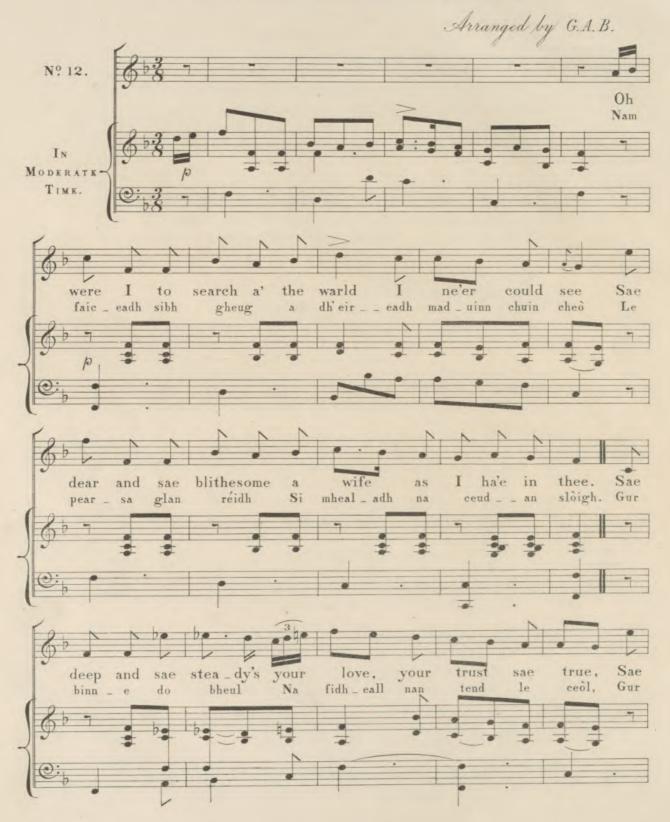
Gheall mo leannan domh gùn de'n t-side Gheall e sud agus breachdan rìomhach Fàine òir 'sam faicinn iomhaigh Ach 'seagal leam gun dean e dichuimhn.

Bidh mo chairdean gu tric ag innseadh Gu'm fèum mi t-iomhaigh a leag' air dhichuimhn Ach tha'n comhairl' dhomh co diomhain Ri pilleadh mara is i to'irt lionadh.

Thug mi gaol duit 'scha n-fheud mi aicheadh, Cha ghaol bliadhna 'scha ghaol raidhe, Ach gaol a thoisich 'nuair bha mi'm phaiste, 'S-nach searg a chaoidh gus an claoidh am bàs mi.

Bidh' mi tuille gu tuirseach dèurach. Mar Eala bhàn 'si n-deigh a reubadh, Guilleag bàis aic air lochan fèurach, Is cach uile an deigh a trèigsinn.

THE YELLOW HAIRED SHEPHERD



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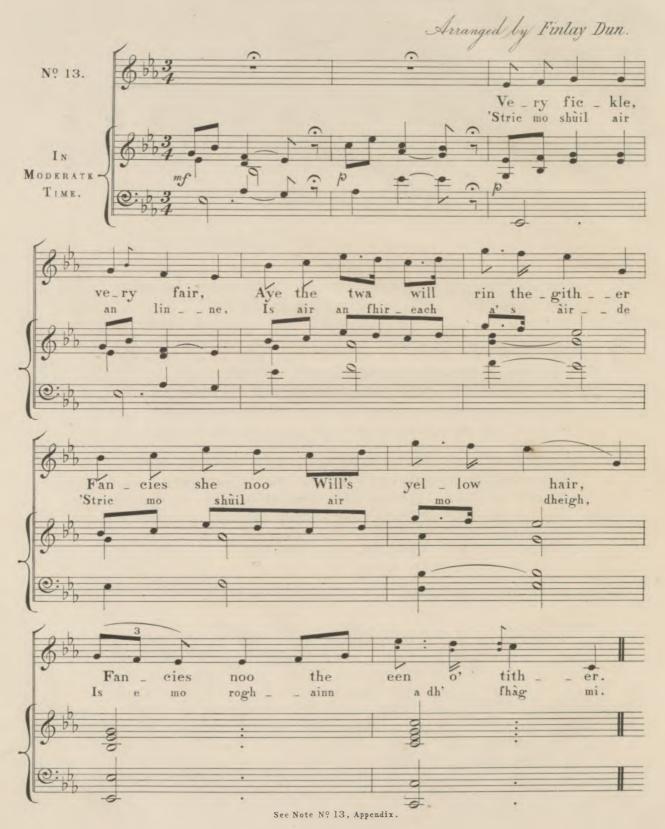


When a' thing gaes weel, and the sun shines bright the while, The brightest o' a' to me is thy cheery smile, Wi' that fond and loving heart that made thee my choice, In a' thing that pleasures me, ye will aye rejoice.

And tho' darkness be a' around, ye're still the same, Your love and kindness brings the sun to our hame, As the stars aboon us shine maist in the darkest nicht, In grief the lamp o' your love aye gi'es the maist licht.

And should we be spared until we're baith auld and grey, And clouds and sunshine divide the rest o' our way, There's naething can move me much, wi' thee by my side, And calmly will we await whate'er may betide.

THE FICKLE BEAUTY.



Happy were it for our ease,

Could we too sae ready wander, Ance refused could gain our peace, And leave her at her wark to wonder.

Love, alas! is nae sic king,

He ne'er deals in equal measure; Lets her scatheless, careless sing, Our reward a doubtful treasure.

Time alone will be our cure, Lizzie then, when past her beauty, In vain will try ane to secure, Scorn we'll hold a perfect duty.

Beir mo shoruidh do'n fhleasgach, A dh' fhalbh mu fheascar le bhàre uainn, Chuir mo leannan a chùl ruim, Is chuir e chùram ain bàta.

Tha gaoth mhòr air an latha, 'S uisge reamhar, trom, tlàth ann, Tha do bhreacan fluich fionn-fhuar, Ge b'e ionnad ann do thàmh thu.

'S e do bhreacan ùr uasal, A chum am fuachd uam is mi'm phàisdean, Stric a chum thu mi tioram, Fo shileadh nan àrd-bheann.

JULIAN - MO DONALD'S LAMENT.



I'm like a bark that seas are heaving, Tossed by tempests wildly raving; Stript of sails_the breakers near me. Without an oar or helm to steer me.

This year my dearest joys have perished, Lost is all I fondly cherished; Low my loving spouse I've laid him, Low now my child sleeps fast beside him.

Woes me! forlorn am I and weary, Desolate_the world is dreary; Left alone, no hope can cheer me, Bereft of all_no loss can fear me.

> O's coma' leam fhìn na cò dhiùbh sin, Mire, no aighear, no sùgradh, 'N diugh o shìn mi r'a chunntadh, 'S e ceann na bladhna thug riadh dhiom dùbailt.

'S i so bliadhn' a chaisg air m' àilleas,
Chuir mi fear mo thaighe 'n càradh,
'N ciste chaoil 's na saoir 'ga sàbhadh;
O! 's mis tha faoin 's mo dhaoin' air m' fhàgail.
O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Chaill mi sin 's mo chuilean gràdhach, Bha gu foinnidh, fearail, àillidh, Bha gun bheum, gun leim, gun ardan; Bha guth a bheil mar theud na clàrsaich. O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

MY LOVE HAS GONE FOR AYE.



The youth came from the west, And manly was his air; His image haunts my breast, But I must not despair.

With grief my heart is torn, In secret falls the tear;But pride forbids to mourn, . And I shall not despair.

How swift the moments flew, When in my listening ear He poured fond words and true, But I shall not despair.

And yet 'tis hard to weep, And hide the falling tear; And hard at times to keep From yielding to despair.

Fleasgaich thain' a nuas, Bha thu suairce grinn, Thug thu gaol gun fhuath, 'Ghruagach a chuil-duinn.

Corrach gorm du shùil, Geal's gur dlùth do dheud, Bachalachd do chùl, Lūb thu mi mar ghéig.

'S gar an leig an spòr, Dhomh bhi bròn 'd dhéigh, Ni mi dhi nas lòir, An am fròig leam fhéin.

Ach a bhean ud thall Ceangail teann do bhréid Mo théid mìse nùll Cha bhi prinne 'n gréim.

I HEAR THE VIOL'S NOTE OF GLADNESS.



But let not grief, fair Mary, wound thee, For soon the youths will cluster round thee, For this lost love you'll find another, But never, never I a brother. Fair Mary said, while tears were starting, "Dear sister! why this cruel sporting; A heart so stung by Death's keen arrow, Can never choose another marrow.

"Alas for me! at spring's returning, And all is joy, while I am mourning; No spring can e'er restore my treasure, My peace is gone, my hope, my pleasure".

Chuala mi gu'n tàinig lithich, Ach ma thainig ni'r phill e rithist. Losgadh na chrè! cràdh 'na chrìdhe! Dh' fhàg e Uisdean o'g gu'n bhruidhinn.

Thàinig lithich oirnn á Eirinn, 'S truagh nach robh e dall gu'n léirsinn, Rinn e t'fhuil a's t'fheòil a reubadh, Le sgian bheag mam faobhar geura.

'S truaighe dhuitse Mhàiri bhàn sin, 'Nuair a thig na fir a làthair. Ciridh tu do chuailean aluim, Is gheibh thu fear ach ca'n fhaigh mì bràthair.

Mo thruaighe mi do mhnai an domhainn, Thàinig an t-eug 's fhuair e ghnothach. Dh' fhàg sud toll am chrè cho domh..inn, 'S ged thig fear eile nach dean mi ghabhail.

Mo thruaighe mi an tùs an Earraich, Chi mi na crainn a' gabhail thallad, Ach cha'n fhaic mi eugais mo leannain, Fear chul dualaich, chuachaich, channaich.

THE EXILE.

Arranged by Finlay Dun A Scarba Air Nº 17. WITH ANIMATION In wea _ ri_some mood Ι re_clin'd on hill, a Andmy 'Smi'm shuidh' air an fo ime_cheist, tul _ aich Fo mhul _ ad's 'Smi 1 1 breast it was sad, and my eyes poured their fill; In a tu_mult of sor_rowper_ coimh_ead air Ile, 'Sann do'm iogh_ nadh san àma so, Bhami uair nach do shaoil mi Gus' . cres. cres. 0:5 plex'd and a ma_zed, On Scar_ba and Is _ la and Ju_ra I ga_zed. I dochaochail airm'aim_sir Gun tig_inn an taobh_s'a Dh'amhare Iùr_ aidh a Sgar_bà I -

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O speed my regrets to that dear mountain land, Where young Norman bears rule with a princely command, Whose attainment of honour, by clansmen renowned, Is hailed with delight_with complacence profound.

I never thought, &c.

All voices pronounce thee deserving of sway, In thy carriage so easy, so gallant, so gay, The descendant of chieftains, accomplished and bold, Renowned for their prowess in battle of old. I never thought, &c.

Who can in long line thy progenitors trace? From the monarchs of Denmark has sprung the brave race, While thy blood through the noblest in pedigree flows Of Erin, and Albyn, antiquity shows.

I never thought, &c.

Gun tiginn an taobh so. Dh'amharc Iùraidh a' Sgàrba Beir mo shoiridh do'n dùthaich, Tha fo dhubhar nan garbh-bheann Gu Sir Tòrmod ùr allail, Fhuair ceannas air àrmailt. 'S gur cainnt anns gach fearann Gu'm b'airidh fear t' ainm air. Ì hùrabh, &c.

LAMENT OF LILIAS OF CLANRANALD.



36

Once round our cheerful hearth, Were heard the sounds of mirth, Now all is still as death; They have left me,

I loved them alone and they've left me

And can ye all be gone? Could ye leave me thus alone? Of my friends is there not one? Have all left me?

I loved you alone and you've left me.

At night the lovely band, All round me seem to stand, And call me to their land Who have left me,

Come loved one to us, tho' we've left you.

Round my neck they seem to cling, In my ear their voices ring, While sweetly thus they sing, "We've come for thee;

I wake, but again they have left me.

O cha'n urrainn mi gu bràth, Cunntas a thoirt uam do chàch, Ann's na rug orm eadar dhà Dhi-sathuirne. 'N ceud Di-sathuirne bha dhiù, Chuir mi Anna bheag 's an ùir, 'S tric a dh' fhag i le sùgradh mi aighearach. 'N t-ath Dhi-sathuirne 'na dhéidh, Ri àm illseachadh na gréine, Thug mi lùigheachd a Mhac Dhé dh' fhear mo thaighsa. S o nach eil agamsa nan déidh, Ach an t-àona mhac a ni feum, Gun stiùr an Righ fhéin do thìr t-athar thu. Tha Alasdair 's an Fhràing, Is tha Iain fada thall, Tha Gilleasbuig air chall 's cha 'n fraighear e.

KENT YE MY MARY DEAR.



Fondly we passed the days, Thocht on the merry times Should see us our ingle by, Our bairnies near: Blessings rich on a' their heads We'll fast shower down.

Fully our cup was filled, Many years happiness
Unvaried our union blessed, And bairnies sae dear:
Every wish fulfilled to us Before we had craved. Fortune we blessed for our Happiness' constancy;
Wrapped up in ourselves we lived, Ourselves alone: *Mis* gifts we thocht not on Till she sickened sair.
Oh how my blessings then Fled from my memory, And discontent did fill my soul,

But her's was touched: Kindly then she'd reason me And bid me praise His name.

Sair was the task she left When I was left by her death Wi' my poor bairns a' alane. Still her last words Strength to my poor prayers lent, And now I live in peace.

Mother. An fhéist mhòr a rinn t' athair, An fhéist mhòr air bheag aighear, 'S ann a fhuair e a leanamh ri chàradh.

'Nuair a chaidh thu d' an talla, D Gu'm 'bu deas am boinne fal' thu, Cead nan creach 's ann bhuail galair a bhais thu.

Bride_ Ged a théid mi d'an chlachan, groom. Bean t' aogais cha 'nfhaic mi,

On a rinneadh to thasgaidh an airde.

Ann an leabaidh na fuaire, Gun urrad na cluasaig, Ach leacag air uachdar do bhràghaid. 'S ged a laidh ort na Siontan, Fo shneachda 's fo lia' reoth, Cha tig thu g'ad tairgain rid' chàirdean.

Daughter.'S i Deonaid òg chul-donn, A chaith' ormsa na lùban,

. Thug i dhomhs' an dreoch bhuail' thug am bàs domh.

Uisge-beatha na buire, 'S e chaireal 'S li fhudhar,

Sid a bhurmaid throm ur thug am bàs domh.

O Mhàthair mo chridhe,

Snas taigh libhse ar nighean,

'S mòr am aml' air an t-slighe na deòir sin.

THE FOSTER MOTHER'S LAMENT.



Oh! not in the ocean bed far on the billow,

But near in the strait is thy watery pillow;

Thy clansmen repose 'neath the pale drooping willow,

But round thee the sea weeds entwine.

Yet strong was thy arm though the surge has gone o'er thee, The white crested waters oft proudly upbore thee, But never again shall their dark waves restore thee,

The bars of the deep sea are strong.

Thy plaid floating loosely now mantles the ocean, Thy tresses are tossed by the waves' restless motion; How dreary the sound of their fitful commotion,

It mingles my night dreams among.

Thy wild harp is silent or plaintively murmurs, As sadly the mountain breeze breaks on its slumbers, The hand that was wont to awaken its numbers

Shall call forth its sweetness no more.

Yet comes there a voice from around thy lone dwelling, A harsh croaking sound on the sabbath morn swelling, 'Tis the note of the raven thy dark fate foretelling,

Oh! when will its wailing be o'er.

Alas for thy fair bride whose light has departed, Alone in her sorrow she sits broken hearted, On the fresh blooming flower the lightening has darted, It hands in the withering blast

It bends in the withering blast.

But deeper my anguish and darker my sorrow, The gloom of the young heart some solace may borrow From suns that shall rise more resplendent to-morrow;

The aged have nought but the past.

Chaill mi snàmhaich a' chaolais, Nach do ghlaodh riamh an t_aiseag, 'S ann aig stoc beul an atha, A bhàthadh an gaisgeach. E hugorin_o, &c.

Tha do bhreacan ùr uasal, Air uachdar an aigeil, Tha ruidh nan tonn uaine, Mu bhruachaibh do leapa.

E hugorin_o, &c.

Tha t_fhaltan donn dualach. 'Na chuachaibh, 's na phreasaibh, Tha d' fhidheall gun ghleusach, 'S na teudan air lasach. E hugorin_o, &c.

Tha do phuithar gun bhràthair; Tha do mhàthair gun mhacan, Tha do bhean òg gun chéile, 'S tha mi fhéin deth gun daltan. E hugorin_o, &c. THE CAPTIVE LADY.



The two upper lines of this Song may be sung as a Duet; and the same lines may also serve as the Piano Forte Accompaniment for the Right Hand.

She combed her hair, she decked her head;

Her comb was of the box-wood tree; Her golden, circling, locks o'erspread Her snow-white neck right playfully.

Sweet captive say_whence hast thou come? And where can aid be found for thee?

Hast thou no sire, no pleasant home? No brother's arm to rescue thee?

"My father! ah!" the lady cries, "A father's face I'll never see; "King James a father's love denies "And dooms his child to misery.

> 'S a falt sios 'na dhualaibh buidhe, Fairich ee-ò, fairich ò, Cìreadh a cinn le cìr fhiodha, E_hò_ù_ò, E_ho_u_o.

Cìreadh a cinn le cìr fhiodha, Fairich ee-ò, fairich ò,

Dheoraich mi dhi co dhe'm bitheadh. E_hô_ù_ô, E_ho_u_o.

Dheoraich mi dhi co dhe'm bitheadh. Fairich ee-ò, fairich ò.

Gur e 'n t_àrd_Righ, m'Athair dligheach, E_hò_ù_ò, E_ho_u_o.

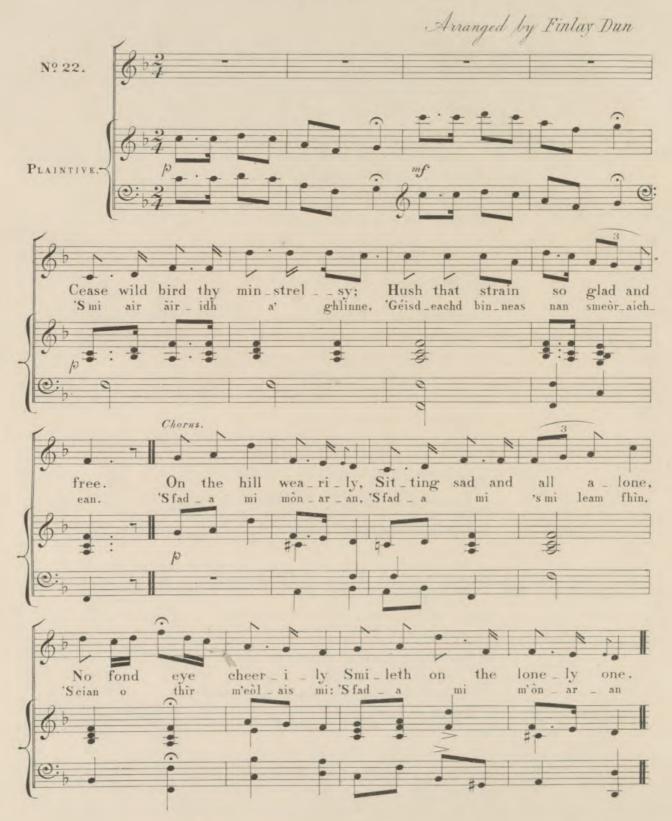
Gur e 'n t_àrd_Righ, m' athair dligheach, Fairich ee-ò, fairich ò.

Mac Righ Seumas a toirt domh bidhe, E_hô_û_ô, E_ho_u_o.

Mac Righ Seumas a toirt domh bidhe, Fairich ee-ò, fairich ò.

'S a Bhaintighearn' òg a' toirt domh dibhe, E_hô_û_ô, E_ho_u_o.

THE LONELY ONE.



Hear'st thou not how mournfully Mountain echoes answer thee. On the hill, &c.

Birchen boughs sigh drearily, Round my bower at close of day. On the hill, &c.

Whilst afar where I would be, Happier maids dance merrily. On the hill, &c.

Oh ye winds that plaintively Sweep my harp in wandering by. On the hill, &c.

Bear its greetings, sad and low, O'er the wave when sun-sets glow. On the hill, &c.

Whisper mid the festive glee How my days pass heavily. On the hill, &c.

Say the exiled fain would be Where harp and lute chime merrily. On the hill, &c.

Ann am bothan beag baraich Chatig caraid ga m' fheòraich ann. 'S fada mi m'ònaran, &c.

Mi gu'n fhidheall gu'n chlàrsach 'G éisdeachd gáraich nam bodhannan. 'S fada mi m'ònaran, &c.

Beir mo shoraidh thar linne Gu taigh-glinne mu'm b'eolach mi. 'S fada mi m'ònaran, &c.

Gu'm bu mhiann leam bhi dlù dhuibh, 'Nam dùnabh d'ur seòmraichean. 'S fada mi m'ònaran, &c.

Bhiod Quadrill' aig bhur mnathan, Flute ri aighear 'cuir ceòil aiste. 'S fada mi m'ònaran, &c.

Bhiodh greis ann air dìsnean. Farum phìoba tro'r seòmraichean. 'S fada mi m'ònaran. &c.

Greis eil' air cloich iomain. Bhìodh 'ur gillean 'cuir bòsd aisde. 'S fada mi m'ònaran, &c.



THE MAID OF LOCHAWE

See Tradition Nº 23, Appendix.



- On you, false chieftains of my race, On you my curse shall rest,
- Who plung'd, while smiling in his face, Your daggers in his breast. Alas! to me, &c.
 - Alas: to me, &c.
- Had Gregor but been back'd by ten,. In that disastrous fray,
- Then had ye known the might of men, Nor I been sad to-day. Alas! to me, &c.
- I roamed through Balloch's lands so fair, From kith and kin exil'd,
- There shed my tears, there tore my hair, And still'd my friendless child. Alas! to me, &c.

Mallachd aig maithibh 's aig càirdean, Thinn mo chradh air an dòigh;

Thàinig gun fhios air mo ghràdh-sa, 'S a thug fo smachd e le foill. Ochain, &c.

Na'm biodh da fhear-dheug deth chinneach, 'S mo Ghriogair air an ceann;

- Cha bhiodh mo shuil a' sileadh dheur,
- No mo leanabh féin gun dàimh. Ochain, &c.

Cag'd in this castle's dungeon dark, A prison'd bird I lie; But had I pinions, like the lark, I'd soar and seek the sky. Alas! to me, &c.

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Oh for an hour of Gregor's might, This woman's arm to aid,

Then should these dim walls see the light, These towers in dust be laid. Alas! to me, &c.

Baloo! baloo! my little one, O might I live to see Thy deeds of future daring done, And us aveng'd by thee. Alas! to me, &c.

Ràinig mise réidhlein Bhealaich, 'S cha d' fhuair mi ann tàmh, Cha d' fhàg mi ròinn do m' fhalt gun tarruinn, No craiceann air mo làimh.

Ochain, &c.

'S truagh nach robh mi 'n riochd na h-uiseig, Spionnaidh Ghriogair ann mo làimh,

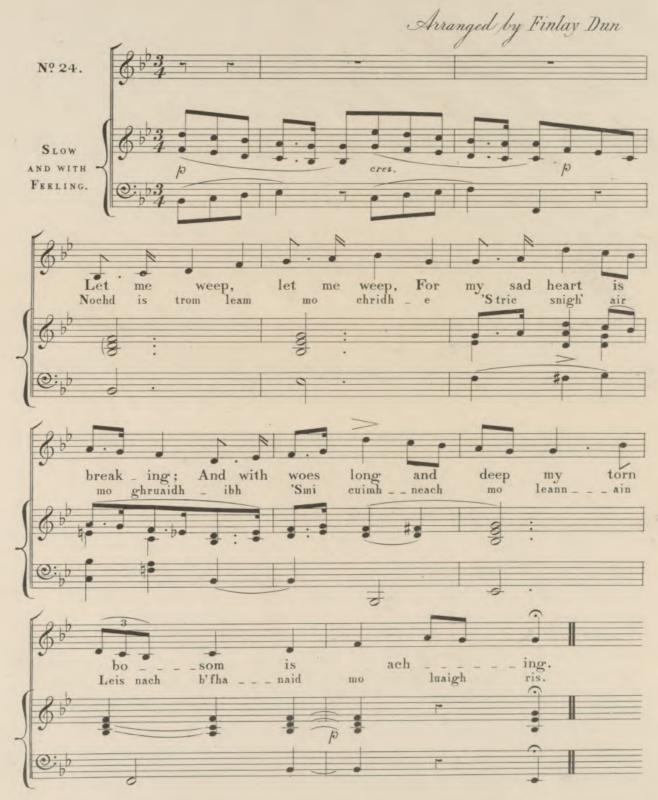
'S i chlach a b' airde anns a' chaisteal, Chlach a b' fhaisg do 'n làr.

> Ba hu, ba hu, aisrain bhig, Cha n' eil thu fhathasd ach tlath,

'S eagal leam nach tig an latha,

Gu 'n diol thu t' athair gu brath.

LET ME WEEP.



Far away from my sight

Fade all visions of gladness, And around me the night

Falls in shadows of sadness.

And no more to my view Comes thy dark eye before me, Nor thy cheek's brilliant hue

When the fresh breeze blew o'er thee.

Why, oh why was thy smileOnce so fraught with love's meaning,Only bright to beguile,Thy dark treachery screening?

And at last why alone,All forsaken and blighted,Hast thou left me to moanWhen thy deep faith is plighted?

Oh how blithely the morn On glad eye-lids shall waken, But its bright beams are shorn For the heart that's forsaken.

Yet one prayer from my breast,

'Mid low sighs shall be spoken, May my lover be blest,

Though this poor heart be broken.

Suil ghorm fo d'chaol mhala,

Beul dearg tana gun ghruaimean, 'Nuair a bhith 'tu 'n deigh siubhal,

Bu ghlan rudha do ghruaidhean.

Le d'ghunna, le d'chlaidhe,

Le d' dhag, 's do chrios guaille. Chuir a muigh oirm mo chàirdean,

Tha mo bhràithre fhéin an gruaim ruim.

'S cha 'n fhas' dhomh mo phuithair, Cuir an umhaill gach ni' fhuair mi,

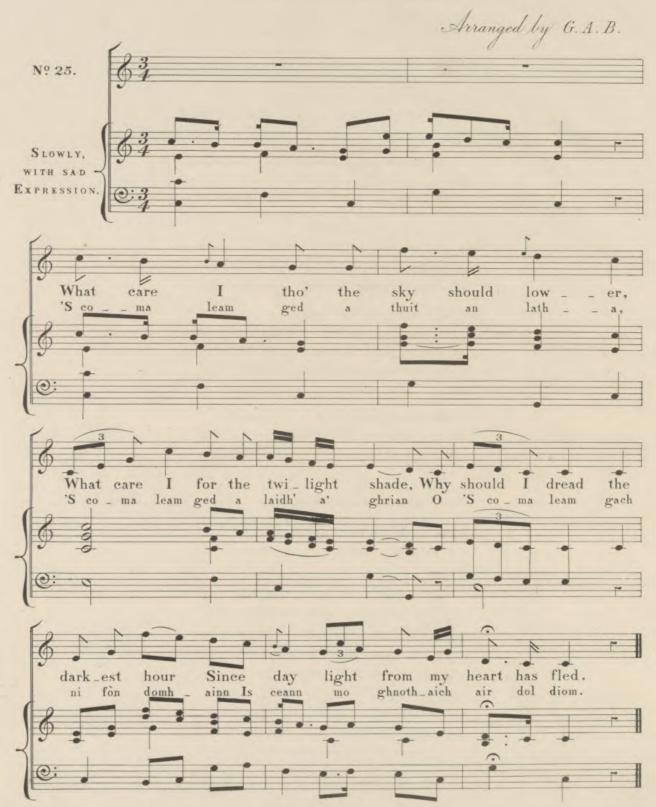
'S ann an nochd tha do bhanais, 'S mi gun fharaid gun luaidh orm.

'Maireach théid thu d'an chlachan, Chuir snaim decair nach fuasgail,

'S na mios' thu 'nad phiseach,

A ghaolaich, mise bhi 'n gruaim ruit.

THE DESOLATE HEART



My love had promised gifts to me,

A purse, a ring, a silken snood; I promised him, at break of day

To meet him in the fragrant wood.

Another comes to seek my hand,

And I'm compelled to break my faith; But ere they tie the hated band,

My weary eye shall close in death.

What tho' thou would'st me tend with care, What tho' thou would'st my head adorn;

The price of love is costlier far,

For love alone is love's return.

Tha fear eil tigh 'n gam iarraidh, 'S gum bheil geamh ann am beul a' chleibh; Och nan och! gun a bhi 's an fhiabhras, Mu 'm facas sealladh riamh dhe féin.

Ged a nigheadh tu mo chasan,

Ged a naisgeadh tu mo cheann; 'S ged a ghealladh tu dhomh socair,

Tha fear eile 's docha leam.

THE FAITHFUL MAID





I think on the youth of the long flowing tresses, Thine image both midnight and morn is with me, love; Although my rich wooer to wed him oft presses, Still faithful am I, brown-hair'd laddie, to thee.

O marry the swain with the ringlets thick waving, I fain would, though kindred frown on me the while, love; In wild-wood and glen, amid wintry blasts raving,

With him could I wander and live on his smile.

Mo ghille dubh laogach. 'Sneo-raoghainn leam t'fhàgail, Na'm faicinn 'an cuidichd thu, Thaoghain roibh chàch thu. Ged' fhaicinn 's coig mìle. Ain chinnt gur tu b' fhearr leam, 'San gille dubh ciar dhubh Tighin f'om uidh.

THE FAITHLESS MAID



See Note Nº 27, Appendix.



Oh would I ne'er had sought that spot, Those scenes by love so often blest; More cruel seems the murderous shot, That finds the poor bird in its nest; And deep the wound That strikes us where The bosom hath found Its joys most rare: Had Anna known My breaking heart, She ne'er would have thrown That fatal dart.

My harp is mute, its chords are broke, No more of love and war it sings; One theme its deepest echoes woke, One name was ever on its strings. That theme no more. Upon my lyre, May I gladly pour, In words of fire: But viewless wings Oft sweep its frame, And it gently rings With Anna's name.

Anna bhuidh' nighean Dònuill na 'm h' eòl duit mo ni, 'S gur e 'n gaol gun bhi fàidht, thug a mhain uam mo chli, Tha e dhomh a' t' fhianuis cho guiomhach 'stra chi, Diog aladh 's a smuideadh 's gur cùirt tha mo chrìdh.

Air gach trà,

'S mi ann an stri,

A feuchain ri àicheadh

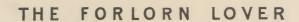
'S e fàs ruim mar chraoibh!

Air gach trà,

'S mi ann an stri,

A feuchain ri àicheadh

'S e fàs ruim mar chraoibh!







- On sabbath eve, within the glen, When seated by thy side,
- Upon our track a band of men I suddenly espied ____
- They hemmed me round, and madness wild Thy cheeks are as the rowan bright, Did seize my heart and brain,
- And thou my princess, fair and mild, By mine own hand wast slain.
- Oh from my shoulder had that arm In the dust fallen low,
- Ere it, my love, had wrought thee harm By such a cruel blow.
- What loveliness did thee adorn,

Like desert lily fair;

Or what sweet sunbeam of the morn To thee could I compare?

- Strong is the love, my Mary young, That still I bear to thee;
- And strong, till my last knell be rung, That love shall ever be.
- Young maiden of my love;
- To be with thee I would delight O'er all the world to rove.
- O lovely as the sapling young, Beside its parent tree,
- I'd leap, like deer, the hills among, To live in joy with thee.
- Had not thy kinsmen, with disdain, To me thy hand denied,
- I had not here in prison lain, Nor should for thee have died.

But should they now my doom recall, I would not live but die, Death may not now my soul appal, But I from life would fly. To thee, my love, I'd haste away, And see thy face again, Nor think upon the fatal day When oh! I left thee slain.

Di-dòmhnaich anns a' ghleann duinn, Mho Mhali bheag òg,

'Nuair thoisich mi ri cainnt ruit Mho chuid de'n t-shaoghal mhòr.
'Nuair dh'fhosgail mi mo shùilean,
'Sa sheall mi air mo chùl-thaobh: Bha marcach an eich chrùthaich Tigh'n dlù air mo lòrg.

'Smise bh'air mo bhuaireadh, Mho Mhali bheag òg, 'Nuair thain an sluagh mu'n cuairt duinn, Mho ribhinn ghlan ùr; 'Struagh nach ann san uair ud, A thuit mo làmh o'm ghualainn, Mu'n d'amais mi do bhualadh, Mho Mhali bheag òg.

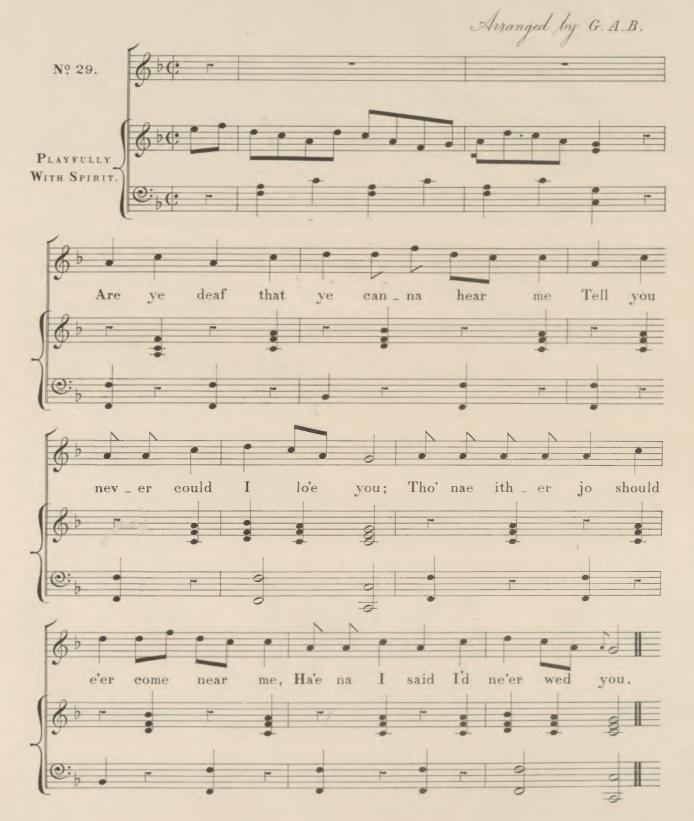
Gur boiche leam a dh'fhas thu, Mho Mhali bheag òg, N'an lili ann san fhasach, Mo cheud ghradh's mo run: Mar aiteal caoin na greine, Ann am madainn chiuin ag eiridh, Be sud do dhreach a's t_eugas Mho Mhali bheag òg. 'S mise thug an gaol, Dha mo Mhali bhig oig, Nach dealaich ruim sa'n t_saoghal, Mho nighean bhoidheach thu. Tha t_fhalt air dhreach nan teudan, Do ghruaidhean mar an caoran. Do shuilean, flathail, aobhach 'S do bheul labhairt ciuin.

Shiubhlinn leat an saoghal. Mho Mhali bheag òg,
Cho fad a's cùl na greine,
A gheug a's ailli gnuis.
Ruithinn agus leumainn,
Mar fhiadh air bhàr nan sleibhtean,
Air ghaol's gu'm bithinn reidh's tu,
Mho Mhali bheag òg.

'S truagh a rinn do chàirdean, Mho Mhali bheag òg, Nuair thoirmisg iad do ghràdh dhomh, Mho chuid de'n t_saoghal thu: Nan tugadh iad da làmh domh, Cha bhithinn 's ann san am so, Fo' bhìnn air son mo ghraidh dhuit, Mho Mhali bheag òg.

Ged' bheirte mi bho'n bhas so,
Mho Mhali bheag òg,
Cha'n iarrain tuille dàlach
Mo cheud ghradh's mo rùn.
B'annsa 'n saoghal's fhagail,
'S gu'm faicinn t_aodann gradhach,
Gu'n chuimhn bhi air an là sin,
'S na dh' fhag mi thu ciuirt.

THE YOUNG MAID TO HER OLD LOVER.



What should a lass that's baith young and bonny, Do wi' a cross auld carle like you;

For ye're baith cross, and auld, and ugly,

What was't e'er could tempt you to woo.

Ye crack weel o' your routh o' siller, Keep it to buy yoursel new een;

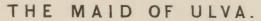
For sure when ye ca'd yoursel my wooer, Ye maun ha'e ta'en me for auld Jean.

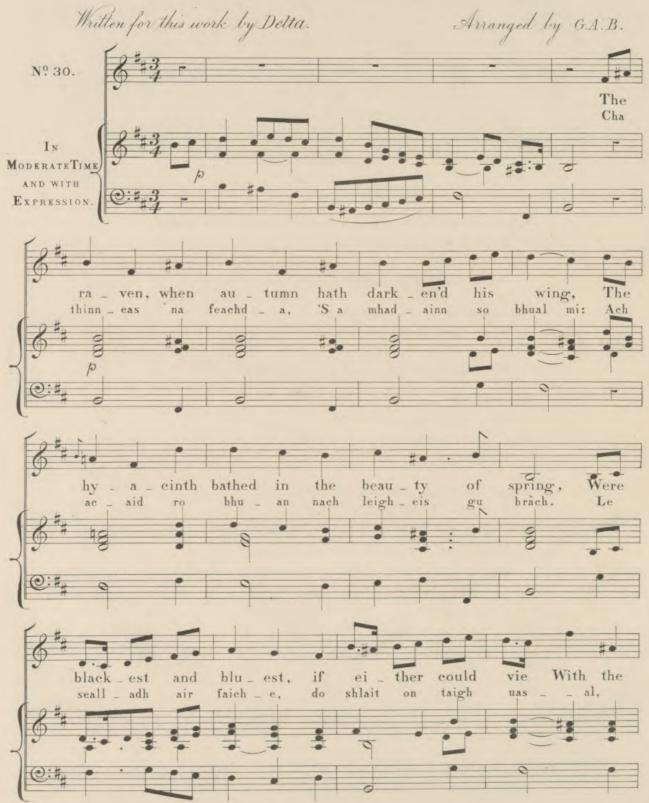
Your house may be a' that ye ca' it, Big, weel-furnished, bonny and a',

But gin I maun ha'e sic a carle wi' it,

I'd raither ha'e nae house ava.

Then haud awa and dinna deave me, For sure I am gin ye still stay, Naething e'er will mak ye leave me; Mair than I've said I ne'er can say.







Fair maid of the mountains, whose home far away Looks down on the islands of Ulva's blue bay; May nought from its Eden thy footsteps allure, To grieve what is happy, or dim what is pure.

Between us, a foam-sheet impassable, flows The wrath and the hatred of clans who are foes, But love like the oak-tree the tempest that braves The firmer will root it the fiercer it raves.

Not seldom thy gaze from the watch-tower shall hail In the red of the sunrise the gleam of my sail; And lone is the valley, and thick is the grove, And green is the bower, that is sacred to love.

The snow shall turn black on high Cruachan Ben; The heath cease to purple o'er Sonachan glen; And the billows to break on the rocks of Tiree, When the heart in this bosom beats faithless to thee.

Rinn deiseid a pearsa, Nach facas a thuarmsa, 'G imeachd fo'n chuach-chùl, Chamagach, thlà. Rinn dealaradh a mais', Agus lasadh a gruaidhean, Mis' a ghrad bhualadh, Tharais gu làr. Do dhearc-shuilean glana, Fo mhalla gun ghruaimean; 'S daigheann a bhuail iad, Mise le d' ghràdh. Do ròs bhilean tana, Seamh, farasda, suairce, Cladhaichear m' uaigh Mar glac thu mo làmh.

THE HARD BARGAIN.

Arranged by Finlay Dun Nº 31. We 'S ann IN MODERATE TIME AND WITH PLAYFUL . EXPRESSION. • • • • had a wed_ding here yestreen, The droll_est e'er was T seen; neon _ _ ach, Aig teaghlach a bha bhain _ is ann Tom _ _ baine; wish the bridegroom mic_kle joy Wi' auld Ca_o_chan's black-haired oye. O Ead_ar ogh_a cha_och_ainn, Is fidh_ead__air maol nan spàl. ٢ Ct 0 ta_toes gude there was ga_lore, A' frae the bridegroom's store; An' caor _ ach Is taom _ ach a' cas _ an bhun _ _ tàt' Is Tr _ i --

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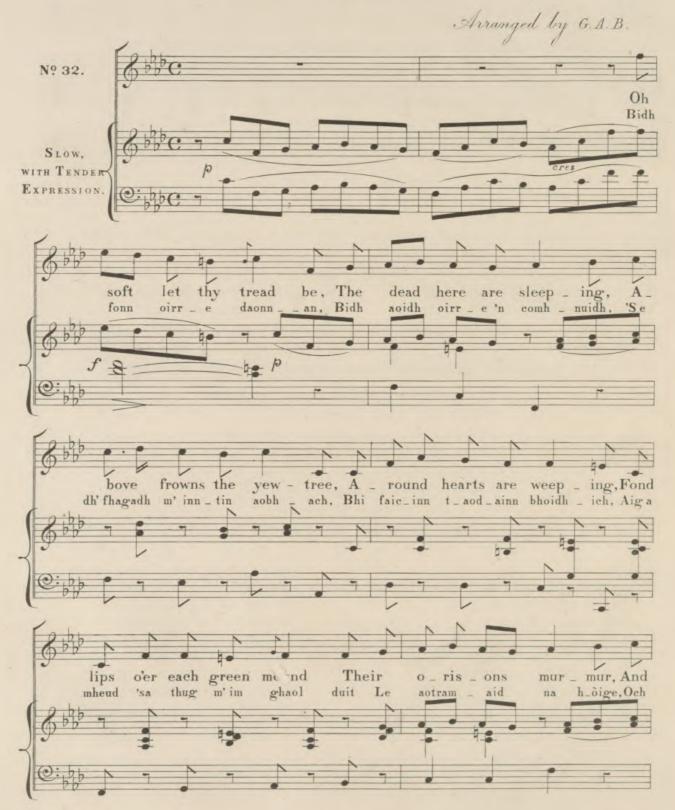


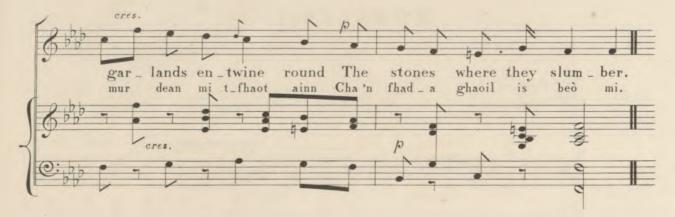
There was a sheep's-head made in broth, To sup such blash ane wad be loth; And for four trotters there were three, Whilk made a wishy-washy bree. The weaver he had meikle pride For his queer oye, wha was the bride: He storm'd, and stampit round the room, An' thus he spak to the bridegroom. My lad ye maun keep Chirsty braw, Wi' kirtles, like the driven snaw, An' roun' gowns, made o' Lincoln green, Wi' stockins white, an' high heel'd sheen. She maun be fine whate'er the cost, Although your thousand sheep are lost; An' still, my man, you may be fain To wed the maiden o' Tombain.

The bridegroom heard the weaver bauld, Till he got a' his story tauld, And then he cried, Ochone ochree! I'd gie the warld gin I war free. He bit his thum', said, Hard's my lot, That I've got tied the siccar knot; Gin I kent a', nane o' her kin Had got the halter o'er my chin.

An sin 'nuair thuirt an caochann, Ri fidheadair maol nan spàl; Fhidheadair a Laochain, Cuir aodach air do mhnaoidh. Cha bhi Cirstan dhubh gun aodach, 'S na Caoraich anns a' ghleann, 'S gu 'm faidh thu dha na trì dhùi, On tha do mhille air chàll. Bha am fidheadair ag eisdeachd, Ri caint an fhir bha thall, Is labhair e mo léirchreach, Gun chuir mi fein an snaimh. Na'm be an diugh an de domh, 'S mi fein a bhi gun mhnaoidh, Cha'n eil de chinneadh Chaochainn, Na chuireadh Taod am cheann.

THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.



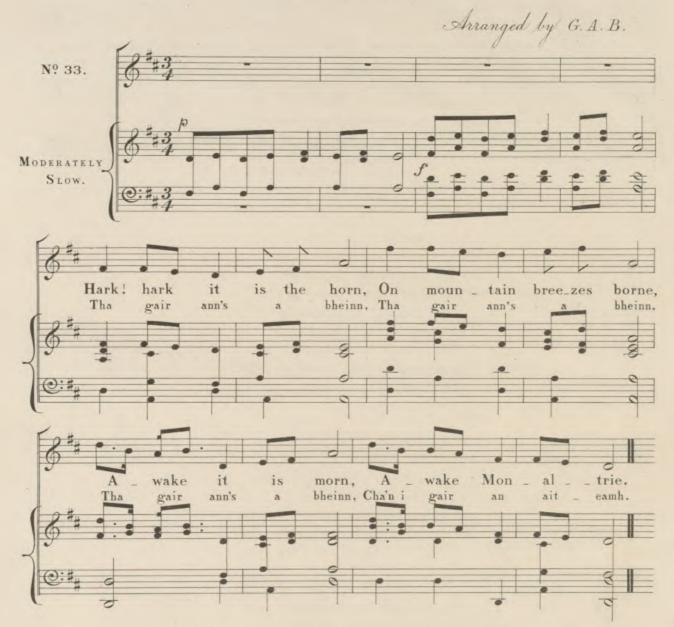


Yet is there no bright wreath On one lowly dwelling, No perfume with sweet breath, Of constant love telling. The grey moss encumbers The name _ and neglected The stranger here slumbers, Unwept _ unprotected.

She sleeps! and no longer, Remembers the wildwood;
The cherished, the longed for, The land of her childhood.
But ever in view, till Death's shadow came o'er her, Her home on the blue hill Gleamed brightly before her.

O's muladach mi daonnan, Do ghaol rinn mo leònadh, Dh' fhalbh mo dhreach is m'aogas, Is chaochail mo shòlas, Cha'n 'eil àite 'n teid mi, Nach saoil mi le goraich, Gu'm bheil mi faicinn t_aodainn, Is aoidh oirre 'n comhnaidh.

MONALTRIE.



One word to his fair bride, Who's smiling at his side; He may no longer bide; Away Monaltrie.

She sings in her lone bower, At evening's pleasant hour, The night shades o'er her lower; Return Monaltrie.

See Note Nº 33, Appendix.

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What cries of wild despair Awake the sultry air, Frenzied with anxious care She seeks Monaltrie.

The high rocks' frowning shade Are round his lowly bed, And wild flowers there are shed On young Monaltrie.

That night by his side, Reposed his lovely bride, Fair Agnes there has died For young Monaltrie.

The first line of each stanza is repeated three times.

Ach caoidh nam ban donn, 'S iad a buala 'm basa.

Iad a' caoidh Ochòin! Baran òg Mhonaltri.

Chaidh Donacha do'n bheinn, Is cha till e dhathaigh.

Chaidh Catriona na dheigh, 'S i gun bhreid gun fhailtein.

O Chatriona a chiall! Till thusa dhathaigh.

Sin nuair thuirt an t_eun binn, A bha 'm bràidhe Chaisteil.

"A Bhean 'tha gun chéill, "Tog do bhréid is t_fhailtein.

THE WIDOW'S SONC.



See Note Nº 34, Appendix.

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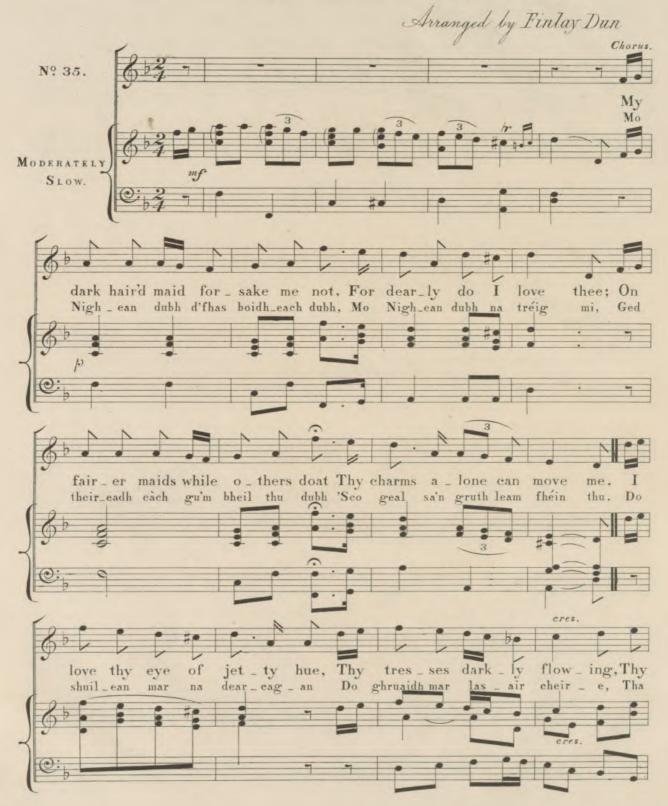


- O too slow, for my years, Is my foot on the hill; My eyes, with fast gathering dew,
- Moisten and fill
- At the sight of the forest, Where oft thou wert seen,
- A chasing and strewing The herd on the green.
- When the dames of the hamlet Make mirth and good cheer,
- My couch is the ground, and My speech is a tear;
- As I wish for my bright-haired To bid me arise _
- Of thousands to choose from, The chief in my eyes.

The stream has denied me, Its wonted supply, Since they laid thee to slumber, Where multitudes lie. The salmon reposes, By torch unbetrayed, Since the morn thy sore sickness Our bosoms dismayed. But oh! though I languish With longing for thee, I can bless, in my sorrows, The mercy so free, That lent me thy tones and looks, Never but kind __ Oh! woes me __ oh! woes me, That tarry behind.

'S tric a dh' fhàg thu mi 'm chodal, 'S mi gun airtneul, gun ghruaim, 'S a thug thu 'm boc biorach, As an fhireach ud shuas. Agus coileach na geige, Seal mu'n eireadh an sluagh Re cèoran na maidne 'S tric a leag thu thu'n Damh-ruadh. 'Nuair bhios mnathan a bhaile, Re aighear dhoibh fein, 'S ann bhios mise 'nam chrùban, Agus tùchan a'm bheul; O nach d' thig e d'am dhùsgadh, 'M fear 'gan robh an cùl reidh: Ged' fhaghainn gum roghainn, 'S tu thoghainn roimh cheud.

THE DARK HAIRED MAID





Oh who would choose the gaudy day, With wreaths of sunlight beaming, And leave the glow of midnight sky, Where thousand stars are gleaming. My dark haired maid, &c.

And who would love pale eyes of blue, Beneath their silken lashes, And see unmoved the brilliant hue,

Which in thy dark eye flashes? My dark haired maid, &c.

'S ole a rinn do chàirdean orm, 'S gu'n d'rinn iad pàirt ort féin deth, 'Nuair chuir iad as an Dùthaich thu, 'S mi'n duil gu'n deanainn feum dhuit. Mo Nighean dubh, &c.

Suil chorrach ghorm fo d'chaoil mhala,
O'n tig an sealladh éibhinn,
Mar dhealt camhanaich 'san Earrach,
'S mar dhrùchd meala chèitein.
Mo Nighean dubh, &c.

'S ged nach deanainn fidhleireachd,
Gu'n deanainn sgriobhadh 's leughadh,
'S air naile dheanainn searmoin duit,
Nach taileicheadh neach fo'n ghréin oirr.
Mo Nighean dubh, &c.

BRAVE MAC·INTYRE.



Friends of my love Do not upbraid him; He was leal, Chance betrayed him. Not thus the hind Drops in the heather, His head, his knee Stooped not together.

See Note Nº 36, Appendix.

Hand nor eye Of danger boded, The lock sprung, The charge exploded. Haste to thy barque, Coastwise steer not; Sail wide of Mull, Jura near not.

Farewell, she said, Her last pang subduing;Brave Mac Intyre, Costly thy wooing.

Hi_ri_libhin ò, Mharbh thu 'n Cailin, Hi_ri_libhin ô, 'S b' fhearr a pòsadh. Mhuinntir mo ghaoil. Hug_o_rin_o_ Na cuiribh cuis air. Hi_ri_libhin ò, Mhuinntir mo ghaoil, Hi_ri_libhin ò, Na cuiribh cuis air Cha do lub e. Hug_o_rin_o_ Meur no glun ris. Hi_ri_libhin ò, Cha do lùb e, Hi_ri_libhin ò, Meur no glùn ris, 'S cha mho chaog e, Hug_o_rin_o_ Riomh a shuil ris. Hi_ri_libhin ò, 'S cha mho chaog e, Hi_ri_libhin ò, Riomh a shuil ris, Leam an aoduinn, Hug_o_rin_o _ 'S las am fudar. Hi_ri_libhin ò, Leam an aoduinn. Hi_ri_libhin ò, 'S las am fùdar Buin Bata Hug_o_rin_o _ Fag an dùthaich. Hi_ri_libhin ò, Buin Bàta Hi_ri_libhin ò, Fàg an dùthaich, Seachain Mule, Hug_o_rin_o_ 'Sna taodh Iura.



A ROWING SONG.

Hark! the dip of distant oarWakes the ear of night,Swift a boat from Murrain's shoreShoots mid the dewy light;With fairy wing it flits betweenYon islets green.

Ah! ere yet thy sail depart,
Boatman, weave in song
Greetings from an exile's heart,
Breathed as you pass along
Where Drymen's lovely daughters roam,
My long lost home.

Chuir iad mise dh' fhaire 'n toghair, Ach mo chuir cha b' ann ga ghleidheadh, Tha mi sgi 's mi gabhail mulaid, 'S mi 'm ònar am shuidh air tulaich, 'S nach faic mi bàta na curach, Tighinn a mach o thìr a Mhurain, 'Stiùreadh stigh gu tìr na duillich, Imrich mo shoruidh thar Druimeann, Ionad straide nam ban cuimir, Far an robh mi òg 's mi 'm chruinneig.

THE COMPLAINING LOVER



From the durance of walls I would set myself free, love; And bound from this lattice, My Gregor, to thee, love. In vain would be gate,

Bolt and bar would be vain, love; Or shouts of pursuers,

My steps to detain, love.

I would flee forth to meet thee, At morn, noon, and eve, love; Nor kneel for their blessing, Nor sue for their leave, love.

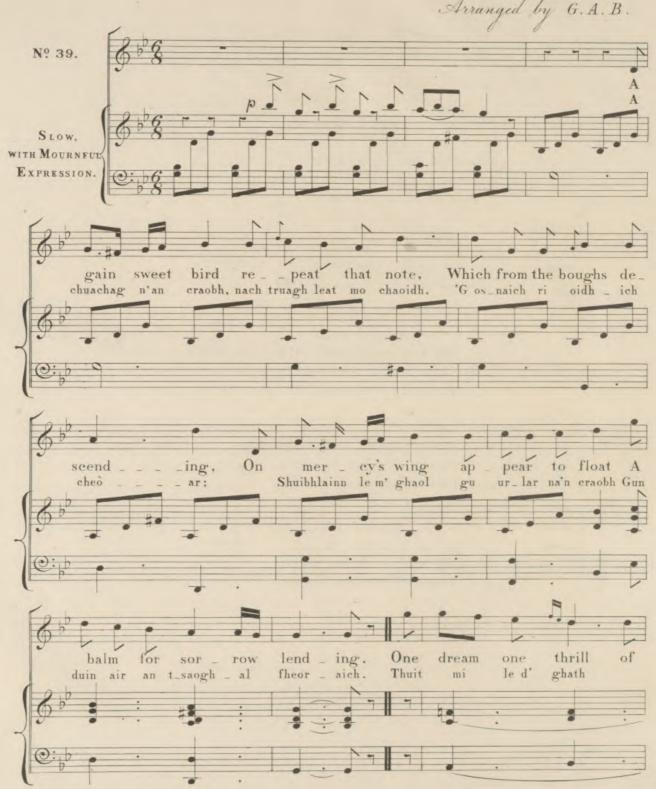
Far, far would I roam

The red moorlands with thee, love; Our talk would be sweet, And our feet would be free, love.

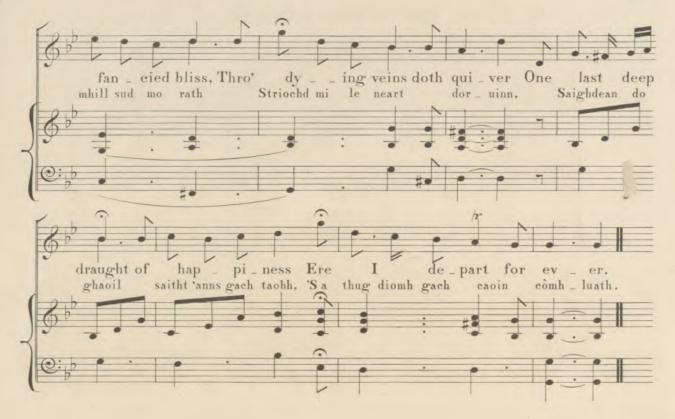
Sìr chùimhneach' an fhleasgaich, Dhuinn leadanaich bhòidhich, 'Se do ghunna nach diùltadh, Air udlaich a' chrònain.

'Stric a thug do làmh teine, Air an eilid bhig lòmhair, Aig bun na craoibh cuilinn, Far an cluinnear an smeòrach.

THE DYING POET'S ADDRESS TO THE CUCKOO.



See Tradition Nº 39, Appendix.



I see the maid, long loved in vain, I see her softly feeling The tenderness which wakes the strain That from my lyre is stealing.

As light on dew drops shineth; Upon my breast her gentle head

In deepest trust reclineth.

I wake! I wake, the dream is past, The son of song and sorrow, Chilled by afflictions bitter blast, Shall pass away to-morrow. O'er trembling tears bright smiles are spread, The cuckoo's song, at fall of night, Shall find no ear to listen, For in the moonbeam's dewy light The poet's grave shall glisten.

> Cairibh gu geur, clach agus creith, Mum' leachaidh-sa bhrigh uaisle, 'S fad tha mi fein a feidheadh ort fein, 'S nach togair thu gheug suas leam. Na m' be tusa bhiodh 'n teinn, ainnir dheas threur, Rachainn-sa gheug suas leat, Ach's goirid an dail, gus am faic sibh au la,. 'M bi prasgan mu bheul 'm uaigh-sa.



The ocean wave, with sadder moan,

Falls booming on the rocky shore;

It bears the dying plaint of one

Whose living voice is heard no more.

See Note Nº 40, Appendix.

Why gleamed she there amidst the wave? A bird of bright and purest wing? What could the eye of love deceive? Why did the arrow fly from the string?

It flew, it struck the snowy breast, Unrelenting, drank her gentle blood; And she, the loveliest, fairest, best, Sunk lifeless in the living flood.

My heart is pierced with wild despair, Remorse consumes my burning brain; My life is one long thought of care, And death is sought, but sought in vain.

> Gun gleidhinn iasg is sitheann fhiadh, 'S a chiall, cha bhiodh oirnn uireasbhuidh. Gun gleidhinn, &c.

Gun gleidhinn breac dhuit as gach lion, Ged rachainn fein an Cunnthail leis. Gun gleidhinn, &c

'S an earbag bheag a bun neam preas, Ge ro mhaith chi sa chluinneas i. 'S an earbag, &c.

Bu ghuirm to shuil ri madainn driùchd, Na deallt air chùl nan duileagan. Bu ghuirm, &c.

Cha teid mi 'n taigh mhòr ud shios, Cha chuir Catriana furan orm. Cha teid, &c.

THE BEREAVED LOVER



But Hope lent her shining when the moonbeam was shrouded. And Love's brilliant star by no shadow was elouded.

But why is the harp mute on my love's castled dwelling? Why comes there no voice on the mountain breeze swelling?

Has no wreath been gathered for Love's bridal morrow? What means that low wailing, those accents of sorrow?

See Note Nº 41, Appendix.

I saw my fair sapling lie withered and blighted, Like a flower on whose beauty the cold damps had lighted.

Fast sealed was the soft eye, whose sparkling was fairest, And cold was the true heart whose welcome was dearest.

How stilly and sadly the sunlight was beaming On her rich drooping tresses that wildly were streaming.

What tears of deep anguish bedewed her green pillow, As we laid her to rest 'neath the shade of the willow.

But soon shall we meet where no bosom is weary, Where no journey is long and no night dark and dreary.

> 'S fhada shiubhail mi 'n òidhche, Dh' fhios na maighdne bu bhoidhche, Chaidh mi còrr is ceud mìle, Ann's an tìr's nach robh m' eolàs.

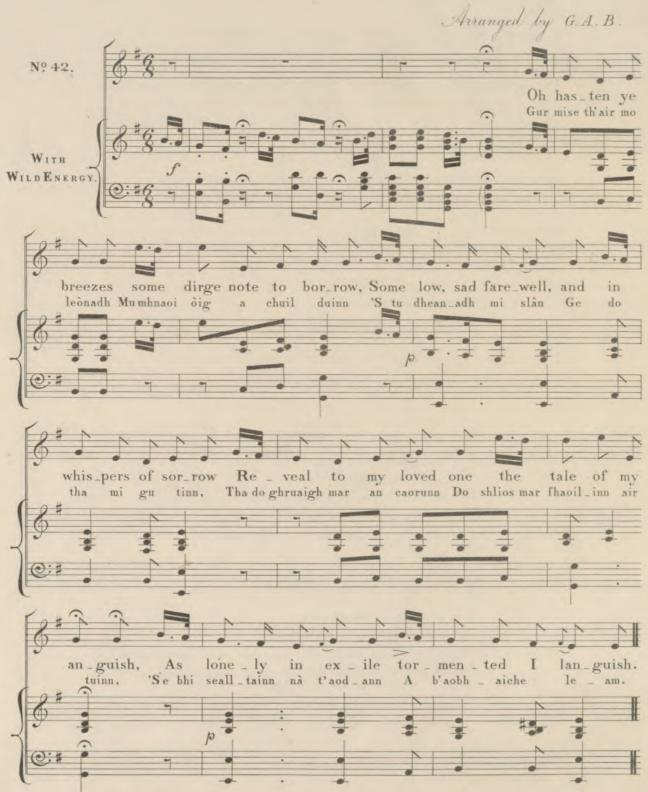
'S 'nuair a rainig mi 'm baile, Cha robh aighear, na ceòl ann! Cha robh foirm air luchd-ealaidh, Cha robh aighir luchd-òil ann.

Ach mnathan a' fuaigheal, 'S cuid do ghruagachibh brònach, Bha mo chraobhag gheal fhèin ann, 'Si 'na sìneadh air bhòrdaibh.

A falt' buidhe na shìnte, Mar dhithean an eòrna, 'S ann a ghabh mo chead diot, Ann's an t-seipeil di-domhnuich.

Ann an cruidse gun uinneig. Far nach cluinnear ar còmhradh, 'Nuair a chuir mi an ùir ort. Bha mi ciùirte gu leor dheth: 'S nuair a chuir mi mo chùl riut, Thug mo shuilean gu dòrtadh.

LOVE'S LAST SONG



See Tradition Nº 42, Appendix.

Oh: tell of the visions of youth that are faded, The eye once so joyous, by sickness now shaded, The heart that so proudly in battle oft bounded, By treason's fell weapon now bleeding and wounded.

Thy hand is another's, thy heart mine for ever, But cruel thy kindred who forced us to sever! And Tigh-na-linne's waves, on the shore where I slumber, Reproach on the dark deed for ever shall murmur.

ANSWER TO LOVE'S LAST SONG.

Oh! soft be thy slumbers, by Tigh-na-linne's waters; Thy late-wake was sung by Macdiarmid's fair daughters, But far in Lochaber the true heart was weeping, Whose hopes are entombed in the grave where thou'rt sleeping.

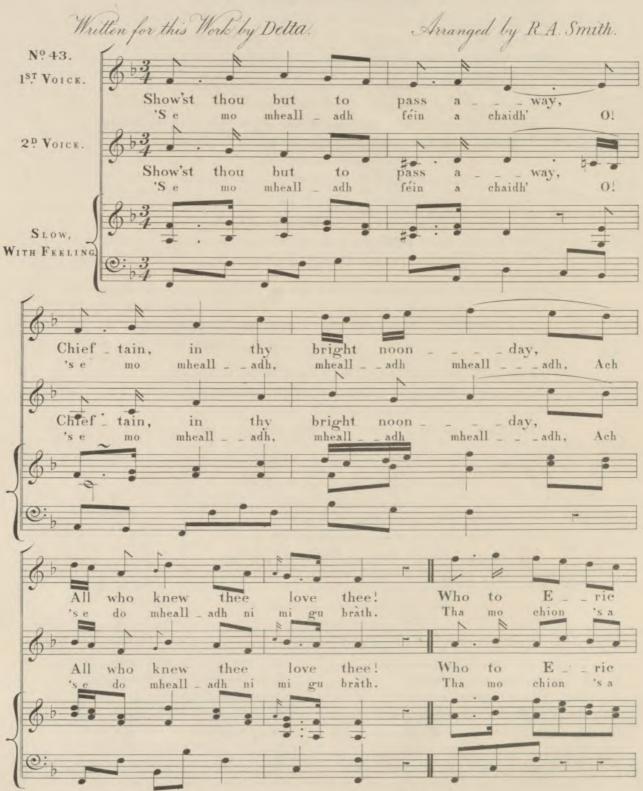
But quickly the fetters, with which they have bound me, Like snow-wreaths in summer, shall fall from around me; And death shall be sweet, tho' I rest not beside thee, Nor share the low bed where the stranger has laid thee.

Farewell! yet not long! they have torn us asunder, But round thy lov'd ashes my spirit shall wander; And oft 'twill be heard in sad echoes replying To Tigh-na-linne's murmurs that o'er thee are sighing.

> Gur diom-buidheach mi t'athair, Dheth luchd-taighe 's dheth d' chàirdean, Le 'n litrichibh bréige, Mar a thréig iad do ghràdh orm; Bha 'n dream dheth 'n robh sinne, Lan toil agus àrdain, Se ar cumail o chéile, Dh' fhàg fo éislein gu bràth mi.

ANSWER.

Tha mo chionse do 'n fhleasgach. Dhonn leadanach bhiòdhach, Do 'n fhinne nach striochdadh, Do fhion-fhuil Chlann-Dòmhnuill. 'S ann a ghabh mi mo chead diot, Aig an Eaglais Didòmhnaich, 'S ge nach d' fhaod mi bhi cainnt ruit, Bha shannt na ba, leòir orm. Gur truagh nach robh mise, Gun fhios air do chulthaobh, 'N àm togail na lice, Agus bristeadh na h-ùrach, Cha 'n iarrainn do chiste, Ach mo shlios a bhi dlù ruit Sguel a sgar as mo cheudfaidh, 'S ann do n èug thug u cunntas. ERIC'S DIRCE





Eagle-like to Fame's proud sky Soar'd thy gallant spirit high;

(All who knew thee love thee!)Scion of a matchless race,Swift of foot, and fair of face,First in field, and first in chase,Flowers we strew above thee!

Four to one Argyle came on, Yet thine eye defiance shone:

(All who knew thee love thee!)Fear our Isle's-men never knew;We were firm, if we were few,And in front Thy banner flew:-Flowers we strew above thee!

What mere men could do was done, Three at least fell there for one;

(All who knew thee love thee!)But ah! fatal was our gain,For, amid the foremost slain,Lay the Chief we mourn in vain;Flowers we strew above thee!

Mourn-nor own one tearless eye, Barra, Harris, Uist, or Skye:

(All who knew thee love thee!) Eric low Thou liest the while, Shadowed by Iona's pile, May no step thy stone defile-

Flowers we strew above thee!

Engraved & Frinted by Robert Home, 9 Terrace, Edinburgh.

A P P E N D I X.

CONTAINING TRADITIONARY AND ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES TO MANY OF THE GAELIC SONGS AND MELODIES PUBLISHED IN THE BODY OF THIS WORK, AND ALSO TWO ADDITIONAL ENGLISH SONGS ADAPTED TO TWO OF THE AIRS.

No. 1.—" LAMENT FOR MACLEOD."—Pp. 1-3.

THE Gaelic verses of this song are said to have been composed by a young woman of the name of Cameron, who, together with her father and brothers, was during the plague-year abandoned to her fate in a lazarhouse. She was removed thence by her lover, one of the Macleods of Dunvegan, with whom her brothers were at feud. The brothers murdered Macleod, and on the same day compelled their sister to marry another person. According to some authorities, the date of the plague-year in Scotland is 1666; according to others, 1645.

No. 2.—" THE LULLABY."—Pp. 4, 5.

The words of this lullaby are intended by the singer to convey a warning to her lover (who is supposed to be listening near her window) to flee from his enemies.

No. 3.—" THE FORSAKEN."—Pp. 6, 7.

It is said that the authoress of the Gaelic words of this song fell a victim to a concealed attachment for the person to whom the verses are addressed. She lived near Fortingal.

No. 4.—" O do not ask me to forget."—Pp. 8, 9.

The late Mr. R. A. Smith, the composer of "Jessie the Flower of Dumblane," and several other popular Scottish melodies, arranged for the pianoforte, some years before his death, the airs Nos. 4, 21, and 43 of this Collection. This he did at the request of one of his friends, but without the view of ulterior publication. Mr. Smith's arrangements are given as copied from the original MS.

Nos. 6, 7, 8.—"Far over the deep sea," "The broken heart," and "The sun has set on Staffa's wall."-Pp. 12-17.

The Gaelic words of these songs were written by a young person who was compelled, during the absence of her lover, to marry a rich old drover whom she disliked. The lover, whom she had been induced to believe faithless, returned to claim her hand some hours after the marriage.

No. 10.--- " MACKRIMMON'S LAMENT."-Pp. 20, 21.

Sir Walter Scott, in his Poetical Works, vol. xi. p. 332, has the following Note on his verses to Mackrimmon's lament :----"Mackrimmon, hereditary piper of the Laird of Macleod, is said to have composed this lament when the Clan was about to depart upon a distant and dangerous expedition. The minstrel was impressed with a belief, which the event verified, that he was to be slain in the approaching feud. The piece is but too well known, from its being the strain with which the emigrants from the West Highlands and Isles usually take leave of their native shore."

No. 13.-THE FICKLE BEAUTY."-Pp. 26, 27.

The Gaelic version of this song is said to have been composed by a young woman, an orphan. While residing with her uncle, she became the object of his son's attachment. The father, disapproving of their union, sent his son to court a rich lass in Dunscathaich in Skye. After the son's departure, the father one day overheard the poor girl singing this lament, which touched him so much, and gave him such a favourable impression of her character and talents, that he recalled his son, and consented to their marriage.

We subjoin the following verses, communicated by a friend, and adapted to this air. The words of this song, although different in style and sentiment from those given at No. 13 in the body of the Work, will be found to suit the air equally well by adding a *starting* note (E flat, first line, quaver, for instance) at the beginning of each verse of the song.

"LAMENT OF THE MAID OF SKYE." Translation from the Gaelic.

Oft rests mine eye upon the lake, Oft on the mountain peak in sadness, While memory bids my bosom wake To many a scene of bygone gladness; Since he, the chosen of my heart, Has left me here, alone and weary;— How could'st thou, chosen youth, depart And leave me thus forlorn and dreary ! Lie hush'd ye waves his bark that bear,— Ye winds let not your storms awaken; Hear a fond maiden's earnest prayer For him, though he has me forsaken! Alas! the rude winds hear me not— Loud, wild, and stormy is their roaring: The rough waves foam around his boat— The sheeted rains are fiercely pouring.

And thou art weary, drenched, and cold, Spite of thy plaid, poor storm-tost lover; That plaid which thou would'st round me fold My childhood's shrinking form to cover. Then I could brave the mountain gale, Or mountain shower, that plaid to share it; But now—high swells the tempest's wail— Oh, would that I alone might bear it.

No. 14.--- "JULIAN MACDONALD'S LAMENT."-Pp. 28, 29.

This lament is said to have been called forth by the death and absence of several of the relatives of the authoress, Cecily or Julian MacDonald, native of Lochaber, and daughter of MacRaoghnaill na Ceapach. Several songs of uncommon pathos are ascribed to her. The following remarkable circumstance is related of her, and generally believed in the Highlands. Allusion is made to it in one of her songs :—It appears that she lay in a kind of trance or stupor for three years, during which time she was deprived of the use of speech, and took no nourishment. Several of her songs are said to have been written after her recovery.

No. 16.—" I HEAR THE VIOL'S NOTE."—Pp. 32, 33.

The lament of a sister for her brother, who was accidentally shot.

No. 17.- "THE EXILE."-Pp. 34, 35.

Mary M'Leod, a native of Harris, composed this song at the Isle of Mull, where she had been banished for having offended her patron. He, however, relented, as it is said, after hearing her verses, and recalled her.

No. 20.-" The foster-mother's lament."-Pp. 40, 41.

Lament of a foster-mother for her son, who was drowned.

No. 21.-" THE CAPTIVE LADY."-Pp. 42, 43.

Both the air and the Gaelic words of this song are said to be very old. The "Captive Lady" is supposed to have been of the Royal Family of Scotland. This is one of the airs arranged by the late R. A. Smith. See Note, No. 4, Appendix.

The authoress of this Gaelic song was the daughter of Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochawe. She was "cag'd in" Balloch (Taymouth) "castle's dungeon dark" by her father, for having married a chief of the Clan Macgregor, with whom the Campbells were at feud.

Macgregor often visited his young bride secretly at the castle, by rowing across Loch Tay in a small boat. These visits were, however, not unknown to Sir Duncan, who determined to be revenged on the bold intruder. Accordingly, an ambush was one day laid for the unsuspecting Macgregor, in a wood near the spot where his boat was moored; and, as he was returning to it, he was suddenly attacked by several men and wounded. He, however, fought his way through them, and was just stepping into the boat, when he was struck down by some one and stunned. His pursuers coming up shortly after, finished their cruel work. The verses were composed by the lady after learning the sad fate of her husband.

No. 27.--- "The faithless maid."-Pp. 54-56.

Robert Mackay, or Rob Donn, as he is usually called in the Highlands, the author of the Gaelic version of this song, was a native of the county of Sutherland. Although he was quite illiterate, and could neither read nor write, his songs are considered among the finest in the language. Most of the airs to which his songs are adapted are said to be of his own composition.

No. 28.—"THE FORLORN LOVER."—Pp. 57-59.

Some explanation may be necessary here for having inserted in this Collection an air so well known as Grammachree; and especially, as its authorship has been claimed, and perhaps justly, by our Celtic brethren the Irish. The air having, however, been long wedded to Gaelic words, and sung in the Highlands, and some traits of the melody given in the text being different from the set of the tune usually heard in the Lowlands, we trust that our Lowland subscribers at least will not refuse a welcome to the *Gaelic* Grammachree, although it be "an old friend with a new face."

The Gaelic verses are ascribed to a young Highland officer, who served on the Continent under King William the Third of England. It appears that an attachment had existed in early life between this officer and a young lady, the daughter of a landed proprietor in Perthshire; and that on his return home, he pressed his suit. But the young lady's relatives, considering him to be of inferior birth, refused to give him her hand. The young people eloped. They were pursued and overtaken. A skirmish ensued, in the heat of which, while dealing a blow to one of his assailants, the officer accidentally struck his fair companion with his weapon, and felled her to the ground. He then yielded himself up; was taken to prison, and condemned to death. It is said that he composed the verses of this song a few days before his execution.

No. 33.--- "MONALTRIE."-Pp. 68, 69.

Monaltrie fell over a rock, while hunting, and was killed.

No. 34.—" THE WIDOW'S SONG."—Pp. 70, 71.

The Gaelic words of this song were composed by the widow of one of the Breadalbane foresters.

No. 36.—" BRAVE M'INTYRE."—Pp. 74, 75.

Supposed to have been sung by a young lady who was accidentally, but mortally, wounded by her lover.

No. 37.-" A ROWING SONG."-Pp. 76, 77.

We subjoin the following song, which was written for this air. It is by the same author as the "Lament of the Maid of Skye," given at No. 13, Appendix. Any one but slightly acquainted with singing and prosody, will have no difficulty in here and there accommodating a syllable or word of some of the lines of this song to the music, by adding a *starting* note, or dividing a note into smaller sub-divisions, &c., as occasion may require :---

Translation from the Gaelic.

The heather blossom paints the hill; The harvest leaves are pale and sear, Its first grey evening, damp and chill, Gathers around me dark and drear: To watch the fold they've placed me here,-To watch and fear. Weary am I, and full of wo, Alone amid the mist-clouds hoar; My straining eyes can mark below No light skiff glide the billows o'er, No rowers ply, from yon green shore, The bending oar.

No. 39.—" The dying Poet's address to the cuckoo."—Pp. 80, 81.

The young poet who composed this Gaelic song was in the last stage of consumption, caused, as it is believed, by a disappointment in love. It appears that his feelings were suddenly awakened one summer's evening, while walking in a wood, by hearing the song of the cuekoo; and that he poured forth the wailings of his unrequited love in addressing the hollow-voiced bird.

No. 40.-" THE FATAL ARROW."-Pp. 82, 83.

This Gaelic song was composed by a young man who had accidentally shot his lover while she was bathing in the sea.

No. 41.--- "THE BEREAVED LOVER."-Pp. 84, 85.

The young man who wrote this Gaelic song had travelled from a great distance to be married to his betrothed, but on arriving at her dwelling, he found that she was dead.

No. 42.--- " Love's last song."-Pp. 86, 87.

The young people who composed these two Gaelic songs were natives of Lochaber, and strongly attached to each other. The young gentleman, a son of the Laird of Dallreass, having gone abroad for some time, the lady's relatives, who disapproved of their intended union, took this opportunity of practising on her affections, and succeeded, by false letters, in deceiving her as to the sincerity of her lover's attachment, and eventually prevailed upon her to consent to give her hand to one for whom she felt no affection. Young Dallreass hearing of this, hurried home to prevent the marriage. But ere he could reach Lochaber, the agitated state of his mind brought on a fever, of which he died at Tigh-na-linne, at the head of Loch Rannoch. The truth then burst upon her. She lingered for a time and died. Her verses (the "Answer") were sung by a favourite companion at her *lykewake*. His were composed when he was ill at Tigh-na-linne.

No. 43.-" Eric's dirge."-Pp. 88-90.

See Note, No. 4, Appendix.







