







THE GLEN COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

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.





Glen 387.  
Hugh Tennent's Song  
x  
1861.

ORAIN NA H-ALBAM

a collection of

Gaelic Songs

WITH  
ENGLISH AND GAELIC WORDS,  
and an

Appendix

*containing traditional Notes to many of the*

SONGS.

THE PIANO-FORTE ACCOMPANIMENT ARRANGED AND REVISED BY

FINLAY DUN

Edinburgh

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# I N D E X.

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1.	Lament for Macleod,	Morn—oh mantle thy smiles of gladness!	'Nuair théid mi mach bidh mo dhùil riut,	1
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## P R E F A C E.

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*,<sup>1</sup> 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.<sup>2</sup>

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.<sup>3</sup> 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.<sup>4</sup> 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.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "*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—custom—which 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.

<sup>2</sup> "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 passim*, 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."

<sup>3</sup> 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."

<sup>4</sup> 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.

<sup>5</sup> 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



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.<sup>1</sup>

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.<sup>2</sup>

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."

<sup>1</sup> See Dr. Marx's *Komp.*, above cited, vol. i. p. 259.

<sup>2</sup> 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 *dampner* 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:—"☞ 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.

# LAMENT FOR MACLEOD

*Written for this Work by Delta.*

*Arranged by Finlay Dun.*

No 1.

SLOWLY  
WITH  
IMPASSIONED  
EXPRESSION.

Morn — oh man — le thy smiles of glad — ness!  
 'Nuair thèid mi mach bidh mo dhùil riui

Night — oh come with thy clouds of sad — ness!  
 'Nuair thig mi steach deòir gu dlù orm,

Earth — thy pleas — ures to me seem mad — ness! Mac —  
 Càch ri aigh — ear is ri sùg — — radh 'S mo

See Tradition No 1. Appendix.



leod my leal love, since Thou art gone!  
Pha - ra Donn's air an cùl - - - - - thaobh.

*p*

Dun - e - ve - gan oh! Dun - e - ve - gan oh! Dun - e - ve - gan oh!  
A hò ù i ri - - im ò - i - iu hò rò A hò ù i ri - im

Dun - e - ve - gan oh! Dun - e - ve - - gan oh!  
ò - - i - - iu hò rò A hò ù i ri - - im

Dun - e - ve - gan oh! Dun - - - e - ve - - gan oh!  
o - - i - - iu hò rò Iur - ubh i o mo dhiubh - - ail mhòr.

*ad lib.*



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.

Arranged by G. A. B.

N<sup>o</sup> 2.

WITH ANXIOUS EXPRESSION.

*mf*

Haste haste from the win - dow, oh  
 Bi falbh o'n uin - eig fhir -

stay not my love, Fly swift as the breeze and de - lay not my love.  
 ghaoil fhir - ghaoil, 'S na tig an nochd tuilleadh Fhir - - gràidh fhir - gràidh.

Thy pi - lot - less ship is un - moored by the tide, The  
 Tha do long - air an 't seor - a 'Si gun seol - ad - air aice, Bi

break - ers tri - um - phant ca - reer o'er her side. *Da Capo*  
 falbh o'n uin - eig fhir - - ghaoil fhir - ghaoil. *al Segno* *S.*

*Da Capo*  
*al Segno* *S.*

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 cās 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 bhoidheche cha 'n fhaic mi.  
 Bi falbh, &c.

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



## THE FORSAKEN.

*Arranged by Finlay Dun.*

N<sup>o</sup> 3.

SLOWLY  
WITH  
TENDERNESS.

Oh  
O

sad is my heart And deep deep the sigh it  
Ia in Ghlinn - - euaich, Fear do cholt - - ais cha dual da

heaves, Re - - fu - sing to part With that o - ver  
fàs, Do chùl bach - lach nan dual, Air a phlea - tadh' an

which it grieves, I see thy fair form, Thy  
euaich gu làr. Thoir an t-sor - aidh so uam, A dh'fhios an

See Note N<sup>o</sup> 3, Appendix.

ring - lets of wa - ving hair, Thy smile like the  
 fhleas - gaich is uais - - le dreach, A dh' fhag ac - - aid am

morn, Thy plume on the moun - - tain air.  
 thaobh, Chuir saigh - - ead an aoig fo'm chrios.

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 òn t-snathaid.  
 Mar ri còta cho daor,  
 Do'n bhreacan is craobh-dhearg neul,  
 Air faithir an Rìgh,  
 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 fòn ghréin ach thu,  
 'S cha tabhair a d' dhéigh,  
 Gus an càirear mi réidh san ùir.



## OH DO NOT ASK ME TO FORGET

*Arranged by R. A. Smith.*

No. 4.

MODERATELY  
SLOW,  
WITH GREAT  
EXPRESSION.

Oh  
O

do not ask me to for-get Those days of rap-ture gone, Each  
sor-aidh slàn do'n àill-eag-an, Bha mar-uim trà so'n raoir, Gur

o-ther pro-mise I will give, Let this be spared a-lone; I  
barr-aidh ann an àill-eachd thu 'S gur làn-mhais-each do loinn. Thug

will not sigh when you are near, Or weep where you can see, But  
thu barr air mnai na h'Al-ba, Ann an dreach's an dealbh's an sgoinn Dh'fhag

bid me not re-nounce that sweet Sad dream of me - mo - ry.  
 nàd - ur ann an glioc - as dhuit Gach buaigh dhuibh sud 's an roinn.

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.

*Arranged by Finlay Dun.*N<sup>o</sup>. 5.Oh  
O'sWITH  
ENERGY.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written in treble and bass clefs. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* and *p*, and a *FIN.* marking at the end.

long on the mountain he tar\_ries, he tar\_ries, Why tar\_ries the youth with the  
fad - a 'sa mhon\_adh! 'sa mhon\_adh, 'sa mhon\_adh, Gur fhad - a 'sa mhon - adh am

bright yel\_low hair? Oh long on the mountain he tar\_ries, he tar\_ries, Why  
bua - chaill - e buidhe. O's fad - a 'sa mhon\_adh, 'sa mhon\_adh, 'sa mhon\_adh, Gur

seeks he the hill when his flock is not there? Why seeks he the mountain when  
fhad - a gun bho am bua - chaill - e buidhe. O tha e cho buidh - e is

*FIN.*

horsemen are prancing O'er fields where the foe man ne'er ventur'd be fore? Why stays he a  
 tha e cho boidh - each Ris an fhear mhòr tha suibh - al na tir 'S thug e dhomh

far when the Sax ons are dancing With maids who re - mem - ber their lov - ers no more? Oh  
 geall - adh nuair chaidhe'n taobh - tu - ath 'Nach tog - adh e su - as ri tè ach mi fhìn? O's

*Da Capo, al Fine.*

*Da Capo, al Fine.*

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 dearly  
 Forget 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 rìgh Deorsa,  
 Riobanan bòidheach 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.



# FAR OVER THE DEEP SEA

*Arranged by G.A.B.*

Nº 6.

SLOW,  
AND WITH  
GREAT FEELING

Say, my love, why didst thou tar - ry, Far o - ver the  
 Dheir - ich mi moch mad - uinn cheò - ar, Ho gu - rie

deep sea, Knew'st thou not my heart was wea - ry, Heard'st thou not  
 hò Ò, 'S shuidh mi air a chnoc - an boidh - each Hi - - rim -

how I sighed for thee: Did no light wind bear my  
 i call eile hò a - - ho i - - - ri eu - - rubh - i

wild des - pair Far o - ver the deep sea.  
 a - - ho eu ho gu - - - rie hò Ò.

*p legato*  
*p*  
*f*  
*cres.*  
*pp* *ad lib.*

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 Ò,  
 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 stiòm 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

*Arranged by G.A.B.*

No 7.

MODERATE  
WITH GREAT  
EXPRESSION.

All my days in sad-ness flow, Joy is changed to  
Tha mi pòs - da hug - o - rin O, Cha be'm aighir e

end-less woe, End-less woe. No gen-tle tie of love is mine But  
hug - o - rin O, Tha mi pòs - da. Phos iad mi ri Drobh - air Muil - each

*With wild energy.*

ty-rant bonds with gall-ing chain a-round me twine. All my days in  
'S cha be'm fur - an fear mo thighe e hug - o - rin O. Tha mi pòs - da

*rallen.* *Tempo.*

sad-ness flow, Joy is changed to end-less woe, End-less woe.  
hug - orin O, Cha be'm aighear e hug - o - rin O, Tha mi pòs - da.

*Slower*

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 Drobbhair 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.

*Arranged by G.A.B.*

No 8.

MOURNFULLY  
AND SLOW.

The sun has set on  
Chà'n iarr na h-uails - - ean

Staf-fa's wall, Deep sha-dows sleep on tower and tree, Bright  
thu gu bòrd Sa Mhòr-achd cha toir air - - re dhuit, Cha

gleams the light in lord-ly hall, And cot-tage hearths blaze  
ghlac thu na h - - àirm cheart rid' bheò 'Sann bhios na sloigh a

cheer-ful-ly. I leave a-while my drea-ry home, Where  
fan-aid ort. O 'struagh nach tig - - eadh ort am bàs Gun

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'MOURNFULLY AND SLOW'. The score includes several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over a group of notes) and dynamic markings such as 'p' (piano). The lyrics are provided in both English and Gaelic. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a final cadence in the piano part.

light of love can ne - ver dwell, More genial seems the  
 dàil a thoirt na b'fhaide dhuit Is Ghlacainn fhéin Seal-

bil - low's foam, More like my heart the o - cean's swell.  
 gair an fhéigh 'Sa ghleann an re so 's aith - ne dhomh.

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.

*A S<sup>t</sup> Kilda Song.*

*Arranged by Finlay Dun.*

No 9.

LIVELY.

our ain clach-an lives a youth Whose crackin maks me wea - - ry, H'e'll  
 fleas\_gach anns a' bhail\_e so, Ris an ean iad Dòn - - - all 'S nam

keep his eggs aye to him\_sel, But ca's me his ain dea - - - ry.  
 faigh\_eadh e saogh - - al Gu'n saoth\_raich\_eadh e moin - - - e.

*Chorus.*

Inn a-la o-ro i, o inn al al-a, Inn al-a o-ro i,  
u-ru ru i u-ru ru i Inn a-la o-ro i, o inn al al-a.

My lad is gifted wi' the gab,  
His tongue it winna weary:  
It's lang' ere gabbin clears a rent,  
But he'll ea' 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 cômhnaidh,  
Cha tugadh tu na h-uibhean domh,  
'Nuair shuidheadh tu Di-dônaich.  
Inn ala, &c.

'Struagh nach eil mo leannans',  
Ann an iochdar Leac-na-gâdaig,  
Aefhuinn ajr a smioradh air,  
Is misi bhi gu h-ard oirr.  
Inn ala, &c.



# MACRIMMON'S LAMENT.

*Written for this work by Delta.*

*Arranged by Finlay Dun.*

Nº 10.

IN  
MODERATE  
TIME,  
AND  
PLAINTIVELY

*gradually quicker, then slower.*

Mist  
Cha

*In time.*

*cres.* *deces.*

wreathes high Coo\_lin's rock\_y brow, The wa\_ter-wraith was wail\_ing now;  
phill, cha phill, cha phill Mac-Cruimen, Ann cog\_adh, no sith, cha phill e tuile.

Wild blue eyes gush with tears that burn, For thee\_who shall no more re\_turn!  
Le airgead, no ni, cha phill Mac-Cruimen; Cha phill gu bràch, gu là na cruinne.

*ad lib.*

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 beò Mac-Cruimen!





THE BOATMAN.

*Arranged by Finlay Dun.*

No. 11.

MOURNFULLY.

Oft I watch at  
'Stric mi seallt-ainn on

ear - ly mor - ning For my boat - man's sail re - turn - ing;  
chnoc as aird - - e 'Dh-fheūch am faic mi fear a Bha - - ta

Will he come to - day, to - mor - row? Will  
'N tig thu 'nduigh no 'n tig thu mair - each 'Smur

life be one long watch of sor - - row?  
tig thu id - - ir gur truagh a tà - mi.

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 dè'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-ìomhaigh 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 claidh am bàs mi.

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



THE YELLOW HAIR ED SHEPHERD

*Arranged by G.A.B.*

Nº 12.

IN  
MODERATE  
TIME.

Oh  
Nam

were I to search a' the world I ne'er could see Sae  
faic - eadh sibh gheug a dh' eir - eadh mad - uinn chuin cheò Le

dear and sae blithesome a wife as I ha'e in thee. Sae  
pear - sa glan réidh Si mheal - adh na ceud - an slòigh. Gur

deep and sae stea - dy's your love, your trust sae true, Sae  
binn - e do bheul Na fìdh - eall nan tend le ceòl, Gur

dear - ly as ye lo'e me ye ken I lo'e you.  
 truagh mis a dheigh Air chno - can leam féin ri 'm bheò.

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.

*Arranged by Finlay Dun.*

N<sup>o</sup> 13.

IN MODERATE TIME.

Ve - ry fic - kle,  
'Stric mo shùil air

ve - ry fair, Aye the twa will rin the - gith - - er  
an lin - - ne, Is air an fhir - each a' s air - - de

Fan - cies she noo Will's yel - low hair,  
'Stric mo shùil air mo dheigh,

Fan - cies noo the een o' tith - er.  
Is e mo rogh - - ainn a dh' fhàg - mi.

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 - M<sup>c</sup> DONALD'S LAMENT.

*Arranged by G.A.B.*

N<sup>o</sup> 14.

*SLOW, AND WITH FEELING.*

Oh  
'Si so

this has been a year of sigh - - - ing Mu - - sic  
bliadh - - - na 's faid' a chlaoidh mi, Gun cheol gun

mute, mirth changed to cry - ing, Glad - ness gone, life slow - ly  
aigh - ear gun fhaoil - teas, Mi mar bhàt air traigh air

wa - ning, Sor - row and grief and an - guish reign - ing.  
sgaoil - eadh, Gun stiùir, gun seol, gun ràmh gun taom - an.

See Tradition N<sup>o</sup> 14, Appendix.

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 bladhma 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.

Chail 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.

*Arranged by Finlay Dun*

Nº 15.

WITH SPIRIT.

My love has gone for aye, He  
 Dh'fhalbh mo lean - nan fhéin.

seeks an - o - ther fair, He's gone, and let him stay, For  
 Threig e mi' r'im bheò, Misneach mhath na dhéidh,

I shall not de - spair. La la la la la la la la  
 Cha n'eil feum am bròn. Eul o - an o eul o - an i

la la la la la la la la  
 ho - - gau ai - - ri o O hò ro thu - - gi.

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,  
 'Ghrugach a chuil-duinn.

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

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

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



## I HEAR THE VIOL'S NOTE OF GLADNESS.

*Arranged by G. A. B.*

N<sup>o</sup> 16.

WITH  
MELANCHOLY  
EXPRESSION.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a prominent, slow-moving bass line in the left hand, often using octaves and chords, which contributes to the melancholy expression. The vocal line is in the right hand of the piano part and includes lyrics in both English and Gaelic. The piece is divided into three systems of music.

I hear the Vi - ol's note of glad - ness, But  
O chua - - - - la mi fuaim' na Fidh - - - - ill,

to my sad heart's deep - er sad - ness, With tear - bathed hands his  
Cha ne fuaim a thog mo chridh - e 'Smi fuaigh - eal 'n aod - aich nach

shroud a - - dor - ning, Young Hec - tor's shroud in life's sweet mor - ning.  
téid a nigh - e Gu dol mu'n ôg nach pill a rith - - ist.

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 tainig lithich,  
 Ach ma thainig ni'r phill e rithist.  
 Losgadh na chrè! cradh 'na chridhe!  
 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 thruaighe dhuitse Mhàiri bhàn sin,  
 'Nuair a thig na fir a làthair.  
 Ciridh tu do chuailean aluim,  
 Is gheibh thu fear ach can fhaigh mì bràthair.

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

Mo thruaighe mì an tùs an Earraich,  
 Chì mì na crainn a' gabhail thallad,  
 Ach chan fhaic mì eugais mo leannain,  
 Fear chul dualaich, chuachaich, channaich.



THE EXILE.

A Scarba Air

Arranged by Finlay Dun

Nº 17.

WITH ANIMATION.

The instrumental introduction consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes various ornaments and articulations.

The first vocal line is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are: "In wea-ri-some mood I re-clin'd on a hill, And my 'Smi'm shuidh' air an tul-aich Fo mhul-ad's fo ime-cheist, 'Smi". The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

The second vocal line continues the melody on a treble clef staff. The lyrics are: "breast it was sad, and my eyes poured their fill; In a tu-mult of sor-row per-coimh-ead air Ile, 'Sann do'm iogh-nadh san âma so, Bhami uair nach do shaoil ni Gus". The piano accompaniment includes a crescendo (*cres.*) marking.

The final vocal line is on a treble clef staff. The lyrics are: "plex'd and a-ma-zed, On Scar-ba and Is-la and Ju-ra I ga-zed. I do chaochail air m'aim-sir Gun tig-inn an taobh-s'a Dh'amhare Iùr-aidh á Sgar-bà Ì". The piano accompaniment includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

*Chorus.*

ne - ver thought from sea - worn Mull, To look on Scar - ba's rock - y steep. On  
 hùr - abh ò i h-òir - eann ò Ì hùr - abh ò i h-òir - eann ò I

Is - la and on Ju - ra dull At heart an ex - ile there to weep.  
 hùr - abh ò i h-og - aibh ò 'S na hi - ri n' rith - ibh hil ù hil ò.

*p*  
*cres.*  
*f*  
*p*

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'amhare Iùraidh á Sgarba  
 Beir mo shoiridh don dùthaich,  
 Tha fo dhubhar nan garbh-bheann  
 Gu Sir Tòmod ùr allail,  
 Fhuair ceannas air àrmait,  
 'S gur cainnt anns gach fearann  
 Gum b'airidh fear t' ainm air.  
 Ì hùrabh, &c.



LAMENT OF LILIAS OF CLANRANALD.

*Arranged by G. A. B.*

No 18.

MOURNFULLY:

What though the  
'Siomadh smaoin - teach

sun shine bright, To me 'tis dark - est night, All my  
adh boehd truagh, Tha tigh'n ead - ar mi 's mo shuain, O'n a

life's joy and light have left me, I  
dh' fhàg mi di - luain ad laidhe thu. O'n a

loved them a - lone and they've left me.  
dh' fhag mi di - luain ad laidhe thu.

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 Rìgh 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.

*Arranged by Finlay Dun.*

No 19.

SLOWLY  
AND  
MOURNFULLY.

Kent ye my Ma - ry dear, Kent ye my wedded love, My  
Thug mi - se'n crodh guail - ionn D'an fhleas - gach ùr uas - al

Ma - ry I lo'ed sae weel, Wha lo'ed me mair.  
A - gus Cruinn - eag na buail - e g'an ei - - rach.

Live for her aye wad I In For - tune's warst room.  
A - gus Cruinn - eag na buail - e g'an ei - - - rach.

*Da Capo  
al Segno. S.*

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:  
 His 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,  
 Gu'm 'bu deas am boinne fal' thu,  
 Cead nan creach 's ann bhuail galair a bhàis 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 ùr 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.

Arranged by G. A. B.

No 20.

MODERATE WITH EXPRESSION.

*Smoothly.*

Brave son of the mountain oh! where dost thou  
 'S daor a cheann-aich mi 'n t-iasg - ach, 'S i so bhliadhna

tar - - ry, Why why hast thou left me thus mourn -  
 chuir as domh, Chaill mi snamh - aich a' chaol - - ais nach do

ing and wea - - ry, Thy men have re - turned from the  
 ghlaodh riamh an t-ais - eag E hug - - o - rin - o a ho

wild rush - ing fer - ry, But thou re - turn'st not a - gain.  
 en A ho en a ho i - - o hug - - o - rin - o.

*rallentando.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'MODERATE WITH EXPRESSION'. The first system includes the instruction 'Smoothly.' The second system includes a piano dynamic marking 'p'. The third system includes a 'rallentando' marking. There are several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over a group of notes) in the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands.



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 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.

*Arranged by R. A. Smith.*

N<sup>o</sup> 21.

MODERATELY SLOW.

I saw her sit - ting in the tower, A  
 Chunn - - - cas bean 's an tùr na suidh - - e

la - - dy fair, and sweet was she, She  
 Fair - - ich eè - - - ò, Fair - - - ich ò,

pined a - - - way, a droop - - ing flower, Be -  
 'S a falt sios na dhual - aibh buidh - - e. E -

reft of love and li - ber - ty.  
 hò - - u - - ò, E - - hò - - u - - ò.

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 sìos 'na dhualaibh buidhe,  
 Fairich eē-ò, fairich ò,  
 Cìreadh a cinn le cìr fhiodha,  
 E\_hò-ù-ò, E\_ho-u-o.

Cìreadh a cinn le cìr fhiodha,  
 Fairich eē-ò, fairich ò,  
 Dheoraich mi dhi co dhe'm bitheadh.  
 E\_hò-ù-ò, E\_ho-u-o.

Dheoraich mi dhi co dhe'm bitheadh.  
 Fairich eē-ò, fairich ò.  
 Gur e 'n t\_àrd\_Rìgh, m' Athair dligheach,  
 E\_hò-ù-ò, E\_ho-u-o.

Gur e 'n t\_àrd\_Rìgh, m' athair dligheach,  
 Fairich eē-ò, fairich ò.  
 Mac Rìgh Seumas a toirt domh bidhe,  
 E\_hò-ù-ò, E\_ho-u-o.

Mac Rìgh Seumas a toirt domh bidhe,  
 Fairich eē-ò, fairich ò.  
 'S a Bhaintighearn' òg a' toirt domh dibhe,  
 E\_hò-ù-ò, E\_ho-u-o.

THE LONELY ONE.

*Arranged by Finlay Dun*

No 22.

PLAINTIVE.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/7. The first system includes a 'PLAINTIVE.' marking and dynamic markings of *p* and *mf*. The second system is marked 'Chorus.' and includes a *p* dynamic marking. The third system concludes the piece with a double bar line.

**Vocal Line 1:**  
 Cease wild bird thy min-strel - - sy; Hush that strain so glad and  
 'S mi air àir - idh a' ghlinne, 'Géisd - eachd bin - neas nan smeòr - aich.

**Vocal Line 2 (Chorus):**  
 free. On the hill wea - ri - ly, Sit - ting sad and all a - lone,  
 ean. 'Sfad - a mi mòn - ar - an, 'Sfad - a mi 's mi leam fhìn.

**Vocal Line 3:**  
 No fond eye cheer - i - ly Smi - leth on the lone - ly one.  
 'Scian o thir m'eòl - ais mi: 'Sfad - a mi m'òn - ar - an



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 beolach mi.  
'S fada mi m'ònaran, &c.

Gu'm bu mhiannleam 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 disnean,  
Farum phìoba tro'r seòmraichean.  
'S fada mi m'ònaran, &c.

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

## THE MAID OF LOCHAWE

Written for this Work by Delta.

Arranged by Finlay Dun

Nº 23.

IN  
MODERATE TIME  
AND WITH  
IMPASSIONED  
EXPRESSION.

Re -  
Moch

joi - ing with my love I stray'd Up - on a sum - mer's morn, But  
mad - uin air la lun - asd' Bha mi sùg - radh mar ri'm ghràdh;

long ere eve - ning threw its shade, My heart in twain was torn. A -  
Ach m'un d'thain - ig meadh - on latha, Bha mo chridh - e air a chràdh.

las! to me, a - las! to me Nor noon nor night are dear, Och -  
Och - ain, och - ain, och - ain, uir - idh 'Sgoirt mo chridh - e laoigh,

The musical score is written in G major (one flat) and common time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a forte (f) dynamic and includes a piano (p) section. The vocal line includes lyrics in English and Gaelic. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand treble clef and a left-hand bass clef. The vocal line is in a single treble clef. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, dynamics, and articulation marks.

*cres.*

one o - rie, my babe for thee, Thy fa - ther can - not hear.  
 och - ain, och - ain, och - ain, uiridh, Cha chluinn t'ath-air ar caoidh.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Mallachd aig maithibh 's aig càirdean,  
 Thinn mo ehadh 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 shùil a' sileadh dheur,  
 No mo leanabh féin gun dàimh.  
 Ochain, &c.

Ràinig mise réidhleinn Bhealaich,  
 'S cha d' fhuair mi ann tàmh,  
 Cha d' fhàg mi ròinn do m' fhalt gun taruinn,  
 No craiceann air mo làimh.  
 Ochain, &c.

'S truagh nach robh mi 'n riochd na h-uisgeig,  
 Spionnaidh Ghriogair ann mo làimh,  
 'S i chlach a b' airde anns a' chaisteal,  
 Chlach a b' fhaig do 'n làr.  
 Ba hu, ba hu, aisrain bhig,  
 Cha n' eil thu fhathas ach tlath,  
 'S eagal leam nach tig an latha,  
 Gu 'n diol thu t' athair gu brath.



# LET ME WEEP.

*Arranged by Finlay Dun*

Nº 24.

SLOW  
AND WITH  
FEELING.

The piano introduction consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are grand staff notation. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. A crescendo (*cres.*) is marked over the middle section, followed by a return to piano (*p*).

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff notation. The lyrics are: "Let me weep, let me weep, For my sad heart is air / Nochd is trom leam mo chridh - e 'S tric snigh' air".

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "break - ing; And with woes long and deep my torn / mo ghruaidh - ibh 'Smi cuimh - - neach mo leann - - ain".

The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "bo - - - som is ach - - - - ing. / Leis nach b'fha - - - naid mo luaigh ris." The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

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 smile  
 Once 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 moan  
 When 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

*Arranged by G.A.B.*N<sup>o</sup> 25.SLOWLY,  
WITH SAD  
EXPRESSION.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The time signature is 3/4. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a key signature of one flat. The second system contains the first line of lyrics in English and Gaelic. The third system contains the second line of lyrics. The fourth system contains the third line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and a more active treble line with some triplets.

What care I tho' the sky should lower,  
'S co - - ma leam ged a thuit an lath - - a,

What care I for the twi - light shade, Why should I dread the  
'S co - ma leam ged a laidh' a' ghrian O 'S co - ma leam gach

dark - est hour Since day light from my heart has fled.  
ni fòn domh - ainn Is ceann mo ghnoth - aich air dol diom.



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

*Arranged by Finlay Dun*N<sup>o</sup>. 26.WITH  
PLAINTIVE  
EXPRESSION.

With light buoyant step I a - - scend not the  
 Cha di - - rich mi brudh - ach 'Scha shiubh - - ail mi  
 moun - tain, O'er moors and wild moss - es I tra - vel no more love.  
 moin - teach, Dh'fhalbh mo ghuth einn 'Scha sheinn mi ò - - ran  
 No long - er I war - ble by shade or by foun - tain, My  
 Cha chaid - il mi uair O luain gu domh - - naich 'San

couch yields no slum - - ber, no rest as be - - fore. My  
gille dubh ciar dhubh a' tigh - - inn f'om uidh. 'San

*cres.*  
couch yields no slum - - ber, no rest as be - - fore.  
gille dubh ciar dhubh a' tigh - - inn f'om uidh.

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 ghille dubh ciar dhubh  
Tighin f'om uidh.





Where I was wont to meet my love. But ah! the  
 'S b fhearr leam nach tar - ain an tra ud - nan gaoith. 'S e mar a

woe that wild - ly rushed, And the sud - den flow of  
 bha Air mo chinn, A dh' fhàg mi cho chrait - each 'S gun

tears that gushed; With heart op - prest I saw the maid  
 stà dhomh bhi 'g inns, 'S e mar a bha, Air mo chinn, A dh'

On my ri - val's breast her rest had made.  
 fhàg mi cho chrait - each 'S gun stà dhomh bhi 'g inns.



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 nì,  
 '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 chridh.

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!



## THE FORLORN LOVER

*Air Grammachree**Arranged by Finlay Dun*

No 28.

WITH  
MOURNFUL  
EXPRESSION.

Dost thou not pi - ty, my young bride, Thy lov - er thus for -  
 Nach truagh leat mi 'smi 'm prio - san Mho Mhal - i bheag  
 lorn, Doom'd by thy cru - el kinsmen's pride To die a death of scorn: Oh  
 òg A. mair - each dol gam dhìt - - eadh Mho chuid de'n t saogh - al thu O  
 dear to me of all the earth In dun - geon here I lie; But  
 's mise fhéin tha cinnt - - each N'an eir - eadh marbh gu binne Gur

See Note No 28, Appendix.

words of thine had ne'er condemn'd Thy own true love to die.  
tu nach fa-gadh shios mi Le mi-chliu do bheoil.

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  
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.  
Thy cheeks are as the rowan bright,  
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-dòmhnach anns a' ghleann duinn,  
 Mho Mhali bheag òg,  
 'Nuair thoisich mi ri cainnt ruit  
 Mho chuid de'n t-saoghal mhòr.  
 'Nuair dh'fhosgail mi mo shùilean,  
 'Sa sheall mi air mo chùl-thaobh:  
 Bha marcach an eich chrùthaich  
 Tigh'n dlù air mo lòg.

'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.

'Smise 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.

'Struagh a rinn do chàirdean,  
 Mho Mhali bheag òg,  
 Nuair thoir misg iad do ghradh dhomh,  
 Mho chuid de'n t-saoghal thu:  
 Nan tugadh iad da làmh domh,  
 Cha bhithinn 's ann san am so,  
 Fo' bhinn air son mo ghraidh dhuit,  
 Mho Mhali bheag òg.

Ged' bheirte mi bho'n bhas so,  
 Mho Mhali bheag òg,  
 Cha'n iarrain tuille dâlach  
 Mo cheud ghradh's mo run.  
 B'annsa 'n saoghal's fhagail,  
 'S gu'm faicinn t-aodann gradhach,  
 Gu'n chuimhn bhì air an là sin,  
 'S na dh'fhag mi thu ciuirt.



## THE YOUNG MAID TO HER OLD LOVER.

*Arranged by G. A. B.*

No 29.

PLAYFULLY  
WITH SPIRIT.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part begins with a short instrumental introduction. The lyrics are: "Are ye deaf that ye can - na hear me Tell you nev - er could I lo'e you; Tho' nae ith - er jo should e'er come near me, Ha'e na I said I'd ne'er wed you." The score concludes with a double bar line.

Are ye deaf that ye can - na hear me Tell you

nev - er could I lo'e you; Tho' nae ith - er jo should

e'er come near me, Ha'e na I said I'd ne'er wed you.

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.

## THE MAID OF ULVA.

*Written for this work by Delta.**Arranged by G.A.B.*N<sup>o</sup> 30.IN  
MODERATE TIME  
AND WITH  
EXPRESSION.The  
Cha

ra - ven, when au - tumn hath dark - en'd his wing, The  
 thinn - eas na feachd - a, 'S a mhad - ainn so bhual mi: Ach

hy - a - cinth bathed in the beau - ty of spring, Were  
 ac - aid ro bhu - an nach leigh - eis gu bràch. Le

black - est and blu - est, if ei - ther could vie With the  
 seall - adh air faich - e, do shlait on taigh uas - al,



night of thy hair or the morn of thine eye.  
Moch - thra di - lu - ain 'S mi 'g amh - arc an là.

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 dheare-shuilean glana,  
Fo mhalla gun ghruaimean;  
'S daigheann a bhuailead,  
Mise le d' ghràdh.  
Do ròs bhilean tana,  
Seamh, farasda, suaicee,  
Cladhaichear m' uaigh  
Mar glac thu mo làmh.

## THE HARD BARGAIN.

*Arranged by Finlay Dun*

No. 31.

IN  
MODERATE TIME,  
AND WITH  
PLAYFUL  
EXPRESSION.

We  
'S ann  
 had a wed-ding here yestreen, The droll-est e'er was seen; I  
 a bha bhain-is neon-ach, Aig teaghlach ann Tom-baine;  
 wish the bridegroom mic-kle joy Wi' auld Ca-o-ghan's black-haired oye. O  
 Ead-ar ogh-a cha-och-ainn, Is fidh-ead-air maol nan spàl.  
 ta-toes gude there was ga-lore, A' frae the bridegroom's store; An'  
 Tr-i cas-an caor-ach Is taom-ach a' bhun-tàl' Is

twa roast ducks war stuff'd wi' sage, Fu' ten-der for their age.  
 robh chas eile dhith or - - ra Is bu mhis - te brigh a' chàil.

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 thuir 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 dhùì,  
 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.

Arranged by G.A.B.

No 32.

SLOW,  
WITH TENDER  
EXPRESSION.

Oh  
Bidh

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a crescendo (*cres*) marking.

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "soft let thy tread be, The dead here are sleep - ing, A - fonn oirr - e daonn - an, Bidh aoidh oirr - e 'n comh - nuidh, 'Se". The piano accompaniment features a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

The third system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "bove frowns the yew - tree, A - round hearts are weep - ing, Fond dh' fhagadh m' inn - tin aobh - ach, Bhi faic - inn t - aod - ainn bhoidh - ich, Aig a".

The fourth system concludes the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "lips o'er each green me nd Their o - ris - ons mur - mur, And mheud 'sa thug m' im ghaol duit Le aotram - aid na h - òige, Oeh".

gar - lands en - twine round The stones where they slum - ber.  
 mur dean mi t-fhaot ainn Cha'n fhad - a ghaoil is beò mi.

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 leònach,  
 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.

*Arranged by G. A. B.*

Nº 33.

MODERATELY  
SLOW.

Hark! hark it is the horn, On moun - tain bree - zes borne,  
Tha gair ann's a bheinn, Tha gair ann's a bheinn,

A - wake it is morn, A - wake Mon - al - - trie.  
Tha gair ann's a bheinn, Cha'n i gair an ait - eamh.

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.



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 d'ò'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 thuir an t-eun binn,  
 A bha 'm bràidhe Chaisteil.

"A Bhean 'tha gun chéill,  
 "Tog do bhréid is t-fhailtein.

## THE WIDOW'S SONG.

*Arranged by G. A. B.*

N<sup>o</sup> 34.

WITH  
TENDERNESS.

*f p f p*

*p sf*

*p sf*

I am  
Tha

sad I am wea - ry, As wist - ful I view, From the  
mul - ad tha sgios orm 'S mi nios ris an stùc 'S mi

brow of the hill, Where my fo - res - ter true, With his  
'g amh arc na frith - e 'S tric dhir - ich mo run; Anns' na

ri - fle in hand, And left arm on his knee, So  
ghuin thu damh pic - each 'S t'uillinn ehli air do ghlùn 'S in an

oft the high an-tered deer laid on the lea.  
ob-air bu dual duit Is bha thu suaire air a cùl.

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 fhìreach ud shuas.  
Agus coileach na geige,  
Seal m'ùn 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 roghaim,  
'S tu thoghainn roimh cheud.



## THE DARK HAired MAID

Arranged by Finlay Dun

Nº 35.

MODERATELY SLOW.

*mf*

*p*

*cres.*

*cres.*

Chorus.

My Mo

dark hair'd maid for - sake me not, For dear - ly do I love thee; On  
 Nigh - ean dubh d'fhas boidh - each dubh, Mo Nigh - ean dubh na tréig mi, Ged

fair - er maids while o - thers doat Thy charms a - lone can move me. I  
 their - eadh càch gu'm bheil thu dubh 'Sco geal sa'n gruth leam fhéin thu. Do

love thy eye of jet - ty hue, Thy tres - ses dark - ly flow - ing, Thy  
 shuil - ean mar na dear - eag - an Do ghruaidh mar las - air cheir - e, Tha

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand, often using triplets. The vocal line is in a soprano or alto range. The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system includes a 'Chorus' label and the words 'My Mo'. The second system includes the lyrics 'dark hair'd maid for - sake me not, For dear - ly do I love thee; On Nigh - ean dubh d'fhas boidh - each dubh, Mo Nigh - ean dubh na tréig mi, Ged'. The third system includes the lyrics 'fair - er maids while o - thers doat Thy charms a - lone can move me. I their - eadh càch gu'm bheil thu dubh 'Sco geal sa'n gruth leam fhéin thu. Do love thy eye of jet - ty hue, Thy tres - ses dark - ly flow - ing, Thy shuil - ean mar na dear - eag - an Do ghruaidh mar las - air cheir - e, Tha'. The score includes dynamic markings such as 'mf', 'p', and 'cres.' (crescendo). There are also some performance instructions like 'MODERATELY SLOW.' and 'Chorus.'.

smile of love so deep so true, Thy soft cheek rich - ly glow - ing.  
 eùl do chinn air dhath an fhith - ich Rùn mo chridh - e féin thu.

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 fìdhleireachd,  
 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.

*Arranged by G. A. B.*

N<sup>o</sup> 36.

PLAINTIVE.

*p* *legato.*

Hiri - lib - hin ò,  
Hiri - lib - hin ò,

Brave Mac - In - tyre, Hiri - lib - hin ò, Cost - ly thy woo - ing,  
Dheagh Mhic an t'Saoir, Hiri - lib - hin ò, 'S daor do shug - radh,

Thou'st slain the maid, Hug - o - rin - o, 'Tis thy un - do - ing.  
Mharbh thu 'n Cailin, Hug - o - rin - o, 'S b'fhearr a pòs - adh.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. The first system features a vocal line in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a 3/4 time signature and one flat. The piano part includes triplets and a *legato* marking. The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics in English and Gaelic, and the piano accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with final lyrics and piano accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

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.



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 ò, 'S b' fhearr a pòsadh,  
Mhuinntir mo ghaoil.  
Hug\_o\_rin\_o — Na cuiribh cùis air.

Hi\_ri\_libhin ò, Mhuinntir mo ghaoil,  
Hi\_ri\_libhin ò, Na cuiribh cùis air  
Cha do lùb e.  
Hug\_o\_rin\_o — Meur no glùn 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 fùdar.

Hi\_ri\_libhin ò, Leam an aoduinn,  
Hi\_ri\_libhin ò, 'S las am fùdar  
Buin Bàta  
Hug\_o\_rin\_o — Fàg 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.

*Arranged by G.A.B.*

No. 37.

IN  
MODERATE  
TIME.

Bright - ly bright - ly  
'S i nochd a' cheud

*Smoothly.*

shines the morn O'er plains of wav - ing gold,  
oidheche 'n fhogh - - ar E - - iù - - o E - - iù,

'Neath its beams I sit a - lone Watch - ing the sleep - ing fold, And  
'Chuir iad mi - se dh' fhaire 'n togh - air, E - ri - im e - ho - - u

sad - ly greet each twink - ling star That gleams a - - far.  
ho - i - - ri o - hō E - - iù - - o E - - iù.

Hark! the dip of distant oar  
 Wakes the ear of night,  
 Swift a boat from Murrain's shore  
 Shoots mid the dewy light;  
 With fairy wing it flits between  
 Yon 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

*Arranged by G.A.B.*

Nº 38.

Oh were I a swan On the  
Tha mul - - ad, tha mul - - ad, Tha

PLAINTIVELY:

blue bo - - somed lake, love; Or a squir - - rel in  
mul - - ad ro - - mhòr orm, Mul - ad mòr ag - - us

green - wood, Sweet pas - - time to take, love.  
éis - - lein Moch là féile a's Di - - dòmh - - naich.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of three systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked 'PLAINTIVELY:'. The first system has a vocal line with a triplet of eighth notes at the beginning and end. The second system also features a triplet of eighth notes. The third system concludes with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment uses a variety of chords and single notes to support the melody.

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.

*Arranged by G. A. B.*N<sup>o</sup>. 39.SLOW,  
WITH MOURNFUL  
EXPRESSION.

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 6/8 time, starting with a whole rest followed by a half note G4, quarter notes A4 and B4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, starting with a half note G2, quarter notes A2 and B2, and a half note C3. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

The second system of music consists of three staves. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "gain sweet bird re - - peat that note, Which from the boughs de -". The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and bass lines.

gain sweet bird re - - peat that note, Which from the boughs de -  
 chuachag' n'an craobh, nach truagh leat mo chaoidh. 'G os-naich ri oidh - ich

The third system of music consists of three staves. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "scend - - - ing, On mer - cy's wing ap - pear to float A". The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and bass lines.

scend - - - ing, On mer - cy's wing ap - pear to float A  
 cheò - - - ar; Shuibhlainn le m' ghaol gu ur-lar na'n craobh Gun

The fourth system of music consists of three staves. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "balm for sor - row lend - ing. One dream one thrill of". The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and bass lines.

balm for sor - row lend - ing. One dream one thrill of  
 duin air an t-saogh - al fheor - aich. Thuit mi le d' ghath



fan - cied bliss, Thro' dy - - ing veins doth qui - ver One last deep  
 mhill sud mo rath Striochd mi le neart dor - uinn, Saighdean do

draught of hap - pi - ness Ere I de - part for ev - er.  
 ghaoil saitht 'anns gach taobh, 'S a thug diomh gach caoin còmh - luath.

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.

O'er trembling tears bright smiles are spread,

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.

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.

Càiribh gu geur, clach agus creith,

Mum' leachaidh-sa bhrìgh 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 FATAL ARROW.

*Arranged by G. A. B.*

Nº 40.

*SLOW,  
WITH TENDER  
EXPRESSION.*

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system includes the instruction 'SLOW, WITH TENDER EXPRESSION.' and features a fermata over the final note of the first line. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a fermata over the final note of the vocal line and a double bar line.

No joy is found in cas - tle hall,  
A Cha - trian ôg 's tu rinn mo leôn,

No mirth in song or fes - tal glee, No music in  
'S tu dhí fhag fo bhron's fo mhul - ad mi, Mo thraigh leir

the wa - ter fall, Nor fra - grance in the green - wood tree.  
mo nigh - ean donn Nach robh mi thall Caol muile leat.

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.

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 bün 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

*Arranged by G. A. B.*

N<sup>o</sup> 41.

PENSIVELY  
AND SLOW.

The musical score is for a piece titled 'The Bereaved Lover', arranged by G.A.B. It is numbered 41 and is marked 'PENSIVELY AND SLOW'. The score is in 3/4 time and the key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are in English and Gaelic. The first line of the vocal part is 'Oh long was the 'S mi bhith 'm both - - an'. The second line is 'jour - ney, The night dark and drea - ry, In the land of the an seur - ain 'S mòr mo mhul - - ad 'S mi 'm on - ar 'S cha ludh mo'. The third line is 'stran - ger My foot - step was wea - - ry chuid eis - lein Bho'n là thréig mi do chòmh - radh.' The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

Oh long was the  
'S mi bhith 'm both - - an

jour - ney, The night dark and drea - ry, In the land of the  
an seur - ain 'S mòr mo mhul - - ad 'S mi 'm on - ar 'S cha ludh mo

stran - ger My foot - step was wea - - ry  
chuid eis - lein Bho'n là thréig mi do chòmh - radh.

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

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?

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 òidheche,  
Dh' fhios na maighdne bu bhoidheche,  
Chaidh mi còrr is ceud mìle,  
Ann's an tìr's nach robh m' eolàs.

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

Ach mnathan a' suaigheal,  
'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

Arranged by G. A. B.

Nº 42.

Oh has - ten ye  
Gur mise th'air mo

WITH  
WILD ENERGY.

*f*

breezes some dirge note to bor - row, Some low, sad fare - well, and in  
leònadh Mumhnaoi òig a chuil duinn 'S tu dhean - adh mi slàn Ge do

whis - pers of sor - row Re - veal to my loved one the tale of my  
tha mi gu tinn, Tha do ghruaigh mar an caorunn Do shlios mar fhaoil - inn air

an - guish, As lone - ly in ex - ile tor - men - ted I lan - guish.  
tuinn, 'S e bhi seall - tainn nà t'aod - ann A b'aobh - aiche le - am.

*p*



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 strìochdadh,  
 Do fhion-fhuil Chlann-Dòmhnuaill.  
 'S ann a ghabh mi mo chead diot,  
 Aig an Eaglais Didòmhnuaich,  
 '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 DIRGE

*Written for this Work by Delta.**Arranged by R.A. Smith.*

N<sup>o</sup> 43.

1<sup>ST</sup> VOICE.

2<sup>D</sup> VOICE.

SLOW,  
WITH FEELING.

Show'st thou but to pass a - - way,  
'S e mo mheall - adh féin a chaidh' O!

Chief - tain, in thy bright noon - - - day,  
's e mo mheall - - adh, mheall - - adh mheall - - - adh, Ach

All who knew thee love thee! Who to E - - ric  
's e do mheall - adh ni mi gu bráth. Tha mo chion 's a

Chief - tain, in thy bright noon - - - day,  
's e mo mheall - - adh, mheall - - adh mheall - - - adh, Ach

All who knew thee love thee! Who to E - - ric  
's e do mheall - adh ni mi gu bráth. Tha mo chion 's a



would not yield, Red hand in the bat - tle field, Thou  
 air an t-soigh - deir Agh - aidh ghlain co geal ri maigh - - dean

would not yield, Red hand in the bat - tle field, Thou  
 air an t-soigh - deir Agh - aidh ghlain co geal ri maigh - - dean

Foe - man's dread and beau - ty's shield,  
 'S dàch a leam and gum faidh thu ban - tigh - earn

Foe - man's dread and beau - ty's shield,  
 'S dàch a leam and gum faidh thu ban - tigh - earn

Flowers we strew a - - - - - bove thee!  
 Ag - - - us daim - - - - ein air a meòir.

Flowers we strew a - - - - - bove thee!  
 Ag - - - us daim - - - - ein air a meòir.



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!

# A P P E N D I X.

CONTAINING TRADITIONAL 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 lazaret. 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 Duncathaich 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 MacDonal, 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.



## No. 23.—“THE MAID OF LOCHAWE.”—Pp. 46, 47.

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.

Oh ! bear through Drymen's deep retreats,  
Bear, gentle echo, kindly bear  
The voice of her who sadly greets  
The stately youths, the maidens fair,  
Who breathe its sweet and balmy air,—  
My home is there.

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 cuckoo ; 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.











