

C. Ry.

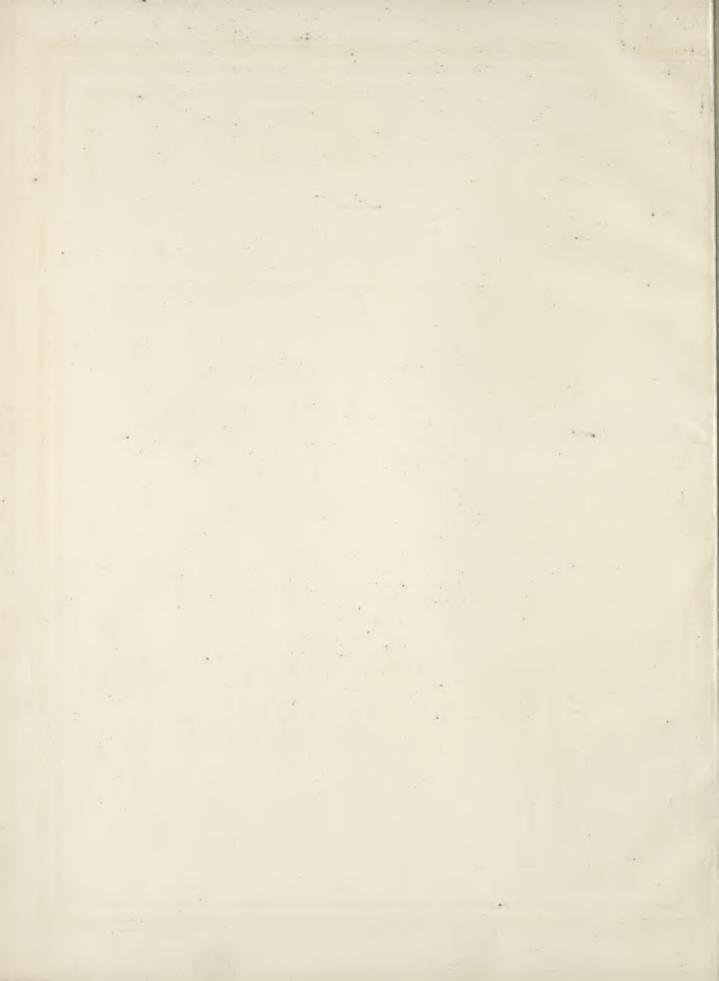
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and they be not be to be

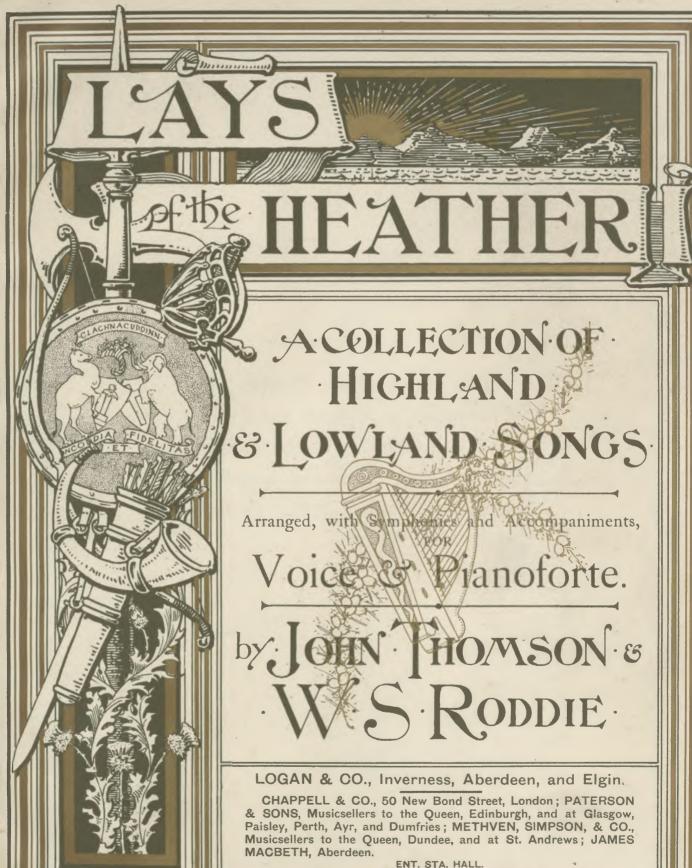
THE GLEN COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

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 317



OF SCOTLAND

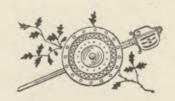
The "Lays of the Heather" will be published in separate form (price 1s. 6d. net, each) and can be had from Logan & Co., Inverness, Aberdeen, and Elgin; Chappell & Co., London, and all Musicsellers.

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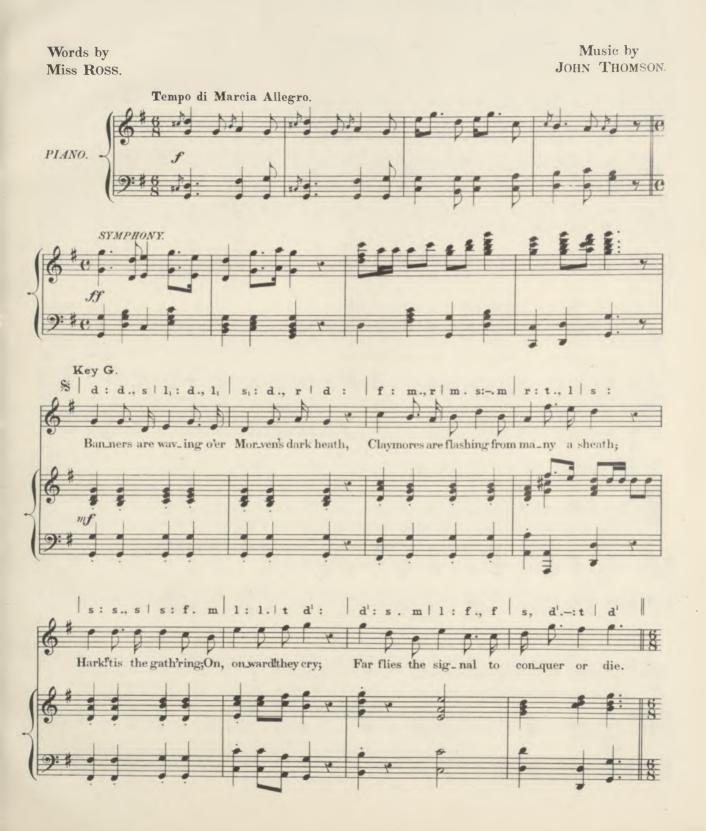


The Maclean's Gathering.

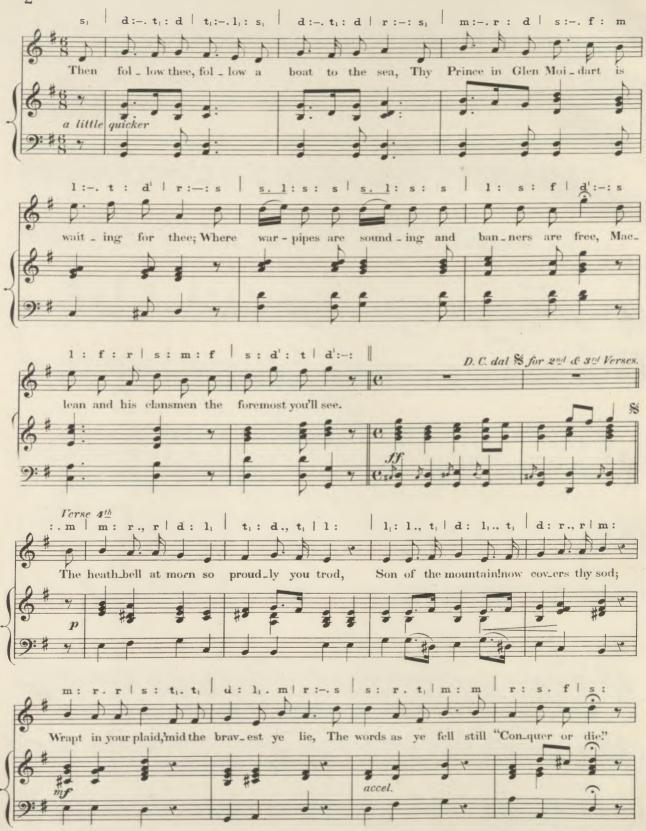


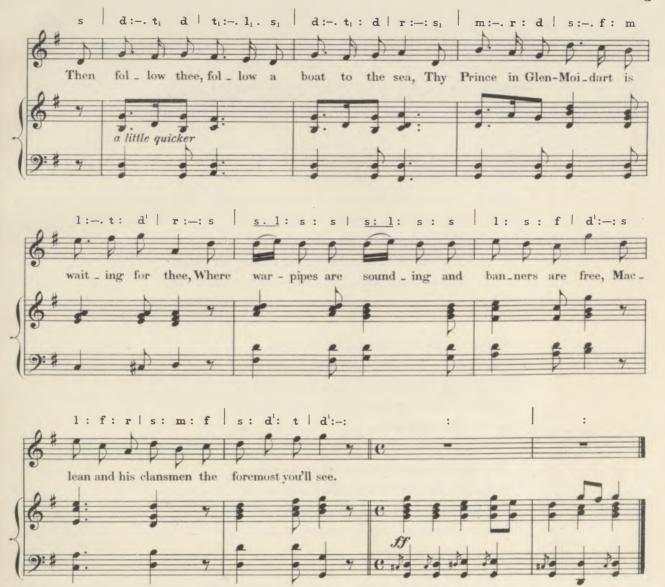
Wing.

The Maclean's Gathering.









2.

Wildly the war-cry has startled the stag,
And waken'd the echoes of Gillian's lone crag,
Up hill and down glen each brave mountaineer
Has belted his plaid and has mounted his spear.
Then follow, etc.

3.

The signal is heard from mountain to shore, They rush like the flood o'er dark Corry-vohr, The war note is sounding, loud, wildly and high, Louder they shout, On! to conquer or die.

Then follow, etc.

THE MACLEAN'S GATHERING.

BANNERS are waving o'er Morven's dark heath,
Claymores are flashing from many a sheath;
Hark! 'tis the gath'ring; On, onward! they cry;
Far flies the signal to conquer or die.

Then follow thee, follow a boat to the sea,

Thy Prince in Glen Moidart is waiting for thee;

Where war-pipes are sounding and banners are free,

Maclean and his clansmen the foremost you'll see.

Wildly the war-cry has startled the stag,
And waken'd the echoes of Gillian's lone crag,
Up hill and down glen each brave mountaineer
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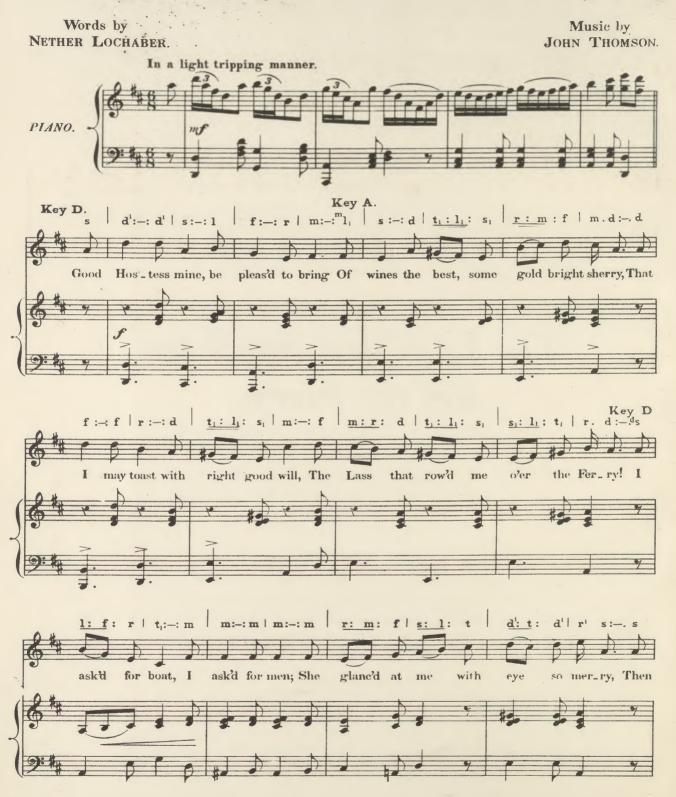
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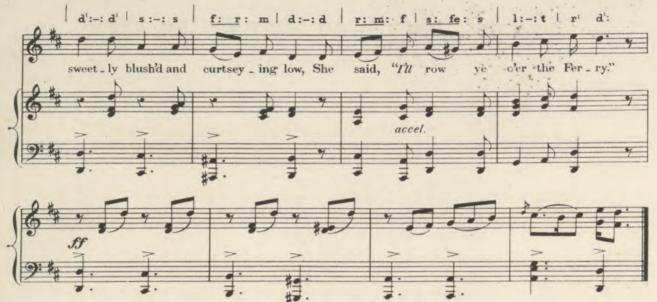
The heath-bell at morn so proudly you trod, Son of the mountain! now covers thy sod; Wrapt in your plaid, 'mid the bravest ye lie, The words as ye fell, still "Conquer or die." Then follow, etc.



The Lass that rowed me o'er the Ferry.

The Lass that rowed Me o'er the Ferry.





2.

Then stepp'd we two into the boat, And she alone to guide our wherry! Unskilful all was I, and old— The Lass she rowed me o'er the Ferry. Right skilfully she plied the oars, And met the blustering waves so wary! Oft from her locks the salt sea spray She shook, as row'd she o'er the Ferry.

3.

And when we reach'd the further side, I asked her name; she answered "Mary," I kiss'd her cheek and bless'd the while The Lass that rowed me o'er the Ferry. "And wilt thou go with me?" I asked, She answered "No, sir, I maun tarry; My father's old and frail, and I Maun stay to row folks o'er the Ferry."

4.

I gave her then a piece of gold;
"May God protect and bless thee, Mary"
I said, and lingering, waved adieu,
As she rowed back across the Ferry.
Her eyes were of the deepest blue,
Her lips were red as rowan berry,
Her skin was whiter than the snow,
The Lass that row'd me o'er the Ferry.

5

If beauty, innocence, and truth,
Be wish'd for in the girl you'd marry,
Young men, you'll find them all, and more,
In her who row'd me o'er the Ferry.
Then Hostess mine! be pleas'd to bring
Of wines the best, some gold-bright sherry,
And I will toast with heart and soul,
The Lass that row'd me o'er the Ferry.

THE LASS THAT ROWED ME O'ER THE FERRY.

OOD Hostess mine be pleas'd to bring

Of wines the best, some gold-bright sherry.

That I may toast with right good will,

The Lass that row'd me o'er the Ferry!

I ask'd for boat, I ask'd for men;

She glanc'd at me with eye so merry,

Then sweetly blush'd, and curtseying low,

She said, "I'll row ye o'er the Ferry."

Then stepp'd we two into the boat, And she alone to guide our wherry! Unskilful all was I, and old— The Lass she row'd me o'er the Ferry. Right skilfully she plied the oars, And met the blustering waves so wary! Oft from her locks the salt sea spray She shook, as row'd she o'er the Ferry.

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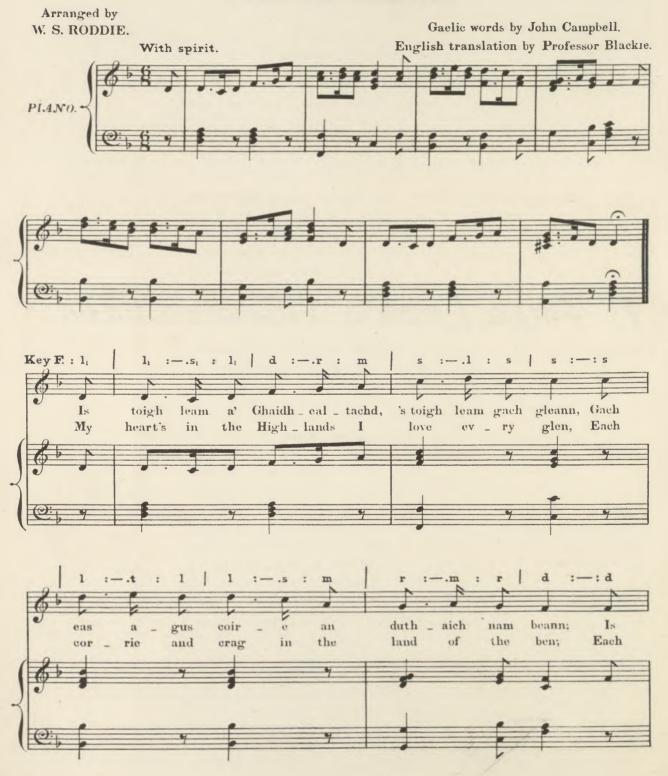
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Is Toigh Leam a' Ghaidhealtachd.

I LOVE THE HIGHLANDS.

IS TOIGH LEAM A' GHAIDHEALTAGHD.

I LOVE THE HIGHLANDS.





and

Is toigh leam 'n an deis' iad o'm mullach gu'm bonn, Am breacan, an t-osan, an sporan's am bann; Is toigh leam iad sgeadaicht' an eideadh an tir, Ach's suarach an deise seach seasmhachd an cridh'.

Sheas iad an duthaich 's gach cuis agus cas, Duais-bhrathaidh cha ghabhadh ged chuirt' iad gu bas: 'S ged sharaicht' an spiorad 's ged leagte an ceann, Bha 'n cridhe cho daingeann ri carraig nam beann.

Is toigh leam na h-igh'nagan 's b' ainneamh an t-am Nach bithinn 'n an cuideachd 'n uair gheobhainn bhi ann S na 'm faighinn-se te dhiubh a duthaich mo chridh; Gu'n siubhlainn-se leatha gu iomall gach tir.

5th

Is toigh leam a' Ghaidhlig, a bardachd 's a ceol, Is tric thog i nios sinn 'n uair bhiodhmaid fo leon, S i dh'ionnsaich sinn tra' ann an laithean ar n-oig; S nach fag sinn gu brath gus an laidh sinn fo'n fhoid. 6th

Nis tha duthaich ar gaoil dol fo chaoirich 's fo fheidh, Sinn ga'r fuadach thar saile mar bharrlach gun fheum; Ach thigeadh an cruaidh-chas, 's co sheasas an stoirm? O, co ach na balaich le 'm boineidean gorm!

7th

Canar an gaisge 's an domhan mu'n cuairt, Air sgiathaibh na gaoithean ga sgaoileadh thar chuan, A's fhad' 's a bhios rioghachd na seasamh air fonn, Bi'dh cuimhne gu dilinn air euchdan nan sonn.

2nd

A brave Highland boy, when light-footed he goes, With plaid, and with kilt, dirk, sporan, and hose; O, who will compare with my Highlander then, When he comes fresh and fair like a breeze from the ben!

When foemen were banded to spoil and annoy. Who then fronted death like my brave Highland boy? For his cause and his country, in battle's rude shock, When kingdoms were reeling, he stood like a rock.

And the dear Highland lasses, bad luck to the day, When I look in their faces and wish them away; Ill cross the wide seas to their far coral isles, With Mary to brighten the road with her smiles.

5th

And the songs of the Gael on their pinions of fire, How oft have they lifted my heart from the mire; On the lap of my mother I lisped them to God; Let them float round my grave, when I sleep 'neath the sod.

But now with mere sheep they have peopled the brac, And flung the brave clansmen like rubbish away; But should foes we have vanquished the struggle renew, They'll sigh for the boys with the bonnets of blue!

7th

Where the East and the West by broad billows are bounded. The Gael shall be known and his fame shall be sounded; While thrones shall have honour, and right shall prevail, Loud ages shall echo the praise of the Gael.

IS TOIGH LEAM A' GHAIDHEALTACHD.

I LOVE THE HIGHLANDS.

IS toigh leam 'a Ghaidhealtachd, 's toigh leam gach gleann,
Gach eas agus coire an duthaich nam beann;
Is toigh leam na gillean 'nan eideadh, glan, ur,
A's boincid Ghlinngaraidh mu'n camagan dluth.

Is toigh leam 'n an deis' iad o'm mullach gu'm bonn, Am breacan, an tosan, an sporan 's am bann; Is toigh leam iad sgeadaicht' an eideadh an tir, Ach 's suarach an deise seach seasmhachd en cridh'.

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Canar an gaisge 's an domhan mu'n cuairt, Air sgiathaibh na gaoithean ga sgaoileadh thar chuan, A's fhad' 's a bhios rioghachd na seasamh air fonn, Bi'dh cuimhue gu dilinn air euchdan nan sonn. MY heart's in the Highlands, I love every glen,

Each corrie and crag in the land of the ben;

Each brave kilted laddie, stout-hearted and true,

With rich curly locks 'neath his bonnet of blue.

A brave Highland boy, when light-footed he goes,
With plaid, and with kilt, dirk, sporan and hose;
O, who will compare with my Highlander then,
When he comes fresh and fair like a breeze from the ben!

When foemen were banded to spoil and annoy,
Who then fronted death like my brave Highland boy?
For his cause and his country, in battle's rude shock,
When kingdoms were reeling, he stood like a rock.

And the dear Highland lasses, bad luck to the day When I look in their faces and wish them away;
I'll cross the wide seas to their far coral isles,.
With Mary to brighten the road with her smiles.

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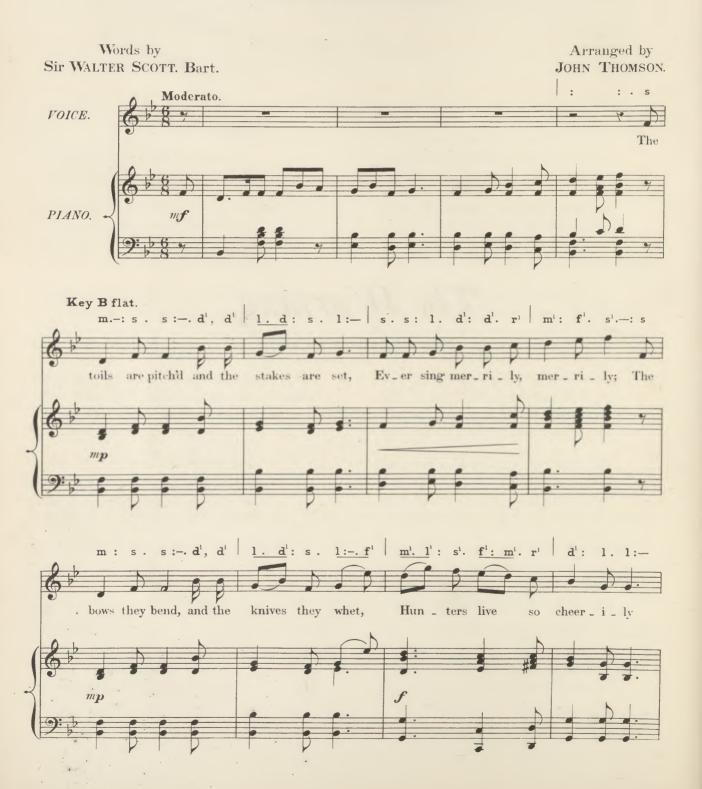
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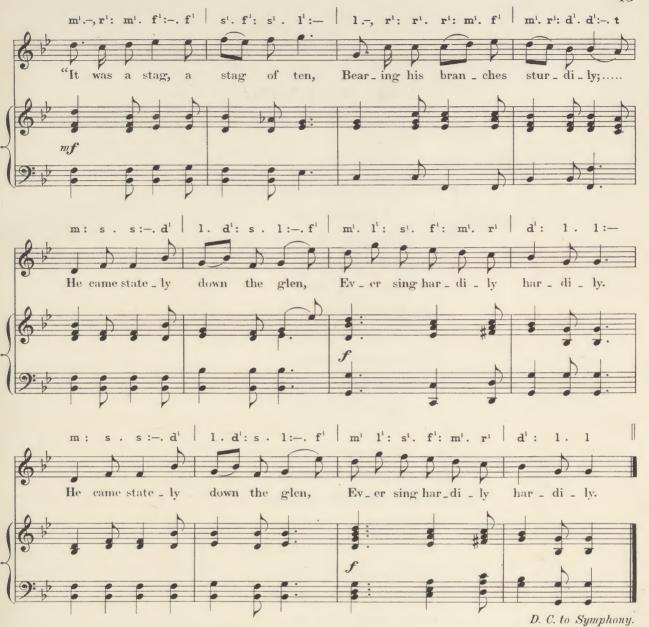
The Warning.

(FROM THE " LADY OF THE LAKE.")

The Warning.

From the "Lady of the Lake"





It was there he met with a wounded doe,
She was bleeding deathfully;
She warn'd him of the toils below,
O so faithfully, faithfully:
He had an eye, and he could heed
Ever sing warily, warily;
He had a foot, and he could speed
Hunters watch so narrowly
He had an eye, and he could heed
Hunters watch so narrowly.

THE WARNING.

(FROM THE "LADY OF THE LAKE.")

THE toils are pitch'd and the stakes are set,

Ever sing merrily, merrily;

The bows they bend and the knives they whet,

Hunters live so cheerily.

It was a stag, a stag of ten,

Bearing his branches sturdily;

He came stately down the glen,

Ever sing hardily, hardily.

He came stately down the glen,

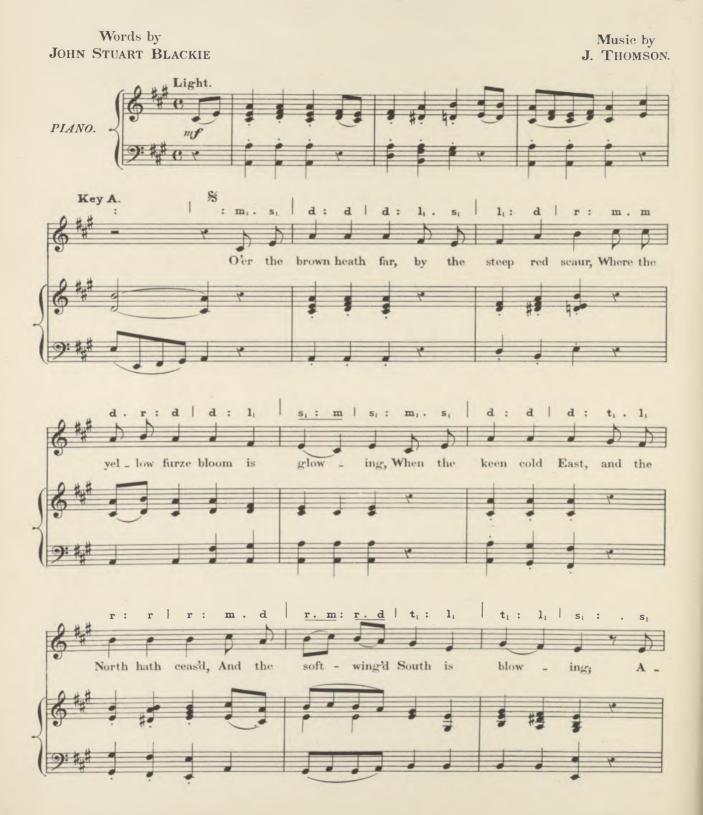
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It was there he met with a wounded doe,
She was bleeding deathfully;
She warn'd him of the toils below,
O so faithfully, faithfully.
He had an eye, and he could heed,
Ever sing warily, warily;
He had a foot, and he could speed,
Hunters watch so narrowly.
He had an eye, and he could heed,
Hunters watch so narrowly.



May Song.

May Song.





2.

Where the dark old pine, in the bright sunshine,
Its fresh green tips is trimming;
Where the light feathered throng, with the airy song
Of full throated glee are brimming;
Away! away!
The lusty May,
Let us with them be hymning!

3

Where the bright blue sky, on the pinnacle high
Of dark Lochnagar, rests clearly;
Where snows no more wreathe the frontlets hoar
Of black Ben-Awn* so drearly;
Away! away! away!
Hymn the lusty May,
Where the streams are bickering cheerly!

4.

Like a ruddy faced boy, with a vagabond joy,
When the long school term is over;
Like a bright-haired lassie, with a light-tossed curl,
When she runs to meet her lover;
Away! away! away!
So may the lusty May,
Still find me a lusty rover!

^{*}Written as pronounced, but properly spelled Avon.

MAY SONG.

O'ER the brown heath far, by the steep red scaur,
Where the yellow furze bloom is glowing,
When the keen cold East, and the North hath ceas'd,
And the soft-wing'd South is blowing;
Away! away!
Where bright shines the May,
And the fields are green with growing.

Where the dark old pine, in the bright sunshine,

Its fresh green tips is trimming;

Where the light-feathered throng, with the airy song

Of full-throated glee are brimming;

Away! away!

The lusty May,

Let us with them be hymning!

Where the bright blue sky, on the pinnacle high
Of dark Lochnagar, rests clearly;
Where snows no more wreathe the frontlets hoar
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Still find me a lusty rover!

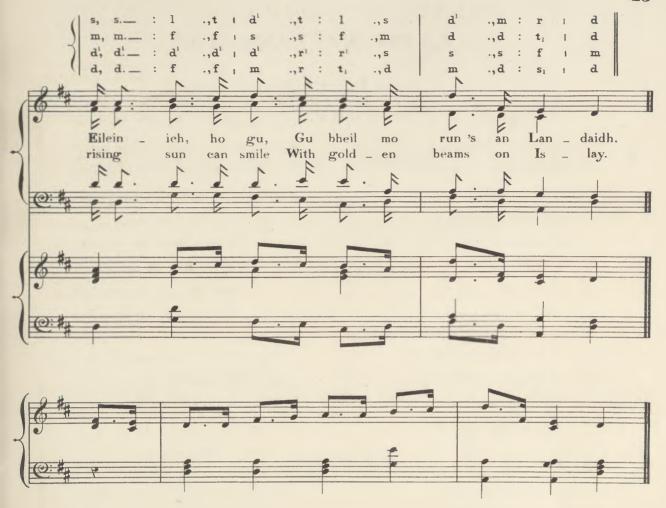
^{*} Written as pronounced, but properly spelled Avon.

Moladh na Landaidh.

THE PRAISE OF ISLAY.

MOLADH NA LANDAIDH.





2nd

'S ged tha 'n Landaidh creagach, ciar,
'S moch a dh'eireas oirre 'ghrian;
Innis nam ba-laoigh's nam fiadh,
'S gu 'm b'e mo mhiann bhi thall ann.
Ho ro, &c.

3rd

'S tric a leag mi air a' bhruaich Earba ghlas a' mhuineil ruaidh; Bhiodh an liath-chearc leam a nuas, A's coileach ruadh an dranndainn.

Ho ro, &c.

4th

O! mo ghaol air Ile 'n fheoir, Far an d' fhuair mi m' arach og; Far am bheil na h-uaislean coir-Bu toil leo ceol a's dannsadh.

Ho ro, &c.

2nd

There eagles rise on soaring wing,
And herons watch the gushing spring;
And heath-cocks, with their whirring, bring
Their own delight to Islay.
Oh! my Island, &c.

3rd

Though Islay's shore is rocky, drear, Early doth the sun appear
On leafy brake and fallow deer,
And flocks and herds in Islay.
Oh! my Island, &c.

4th

O my Island! O my Isle!
O my dear, my native soil!
From thee no scene my heart can wile
That's wed with love to Islay.
Oh! my Island, &c.

MOLADH NA LANDAIDH.

THE PRAISE OF ISLAY.

HI mi thall ud an Airdmhor,
Aite 'choilich dhuibh is gheoidh,
Ait'-mo chridhe is mo ghaoil,
Far'n robh mi aotrom, ainmeil.
Ho ro Eilein-ich, ho gu,
Ho i rithil ho i thu,
Ho ro Eilein-ich, ho gu,
Gu bheil mo run 's an Landaidh.

'S ged tha 'n Landaidh creagach, ciar,
'S moch a dh'eireas oirre 'ghrian;
Innis nam ba-laoigh's nam fiadh,
'S gu 'm b'e mo mhiann bhi thall ann.
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O! mo ghaol air Ile 'n fheoir,
Far an d' fhuair mi m' arach og;
Far am bheil na h-uaislean coir—
Bu toil leo ceol a's dannsadh.

Ho ro, etc.

The beating billows wash its shore,

The beating billows wash its shore,

But, ah! its beauties bloom no more

For me, no more in Islay.

Oh! my Island, Oh! my Isle,

Oh! my dear, my native soil!

Again the rising sun can smile

With golden beams on Islay.

There eagles rise on soaring wing,
And herons watch the gushing spring;
And heath-cocks, with their whirring, bring
Their own delight to Islay.
Oh! my Island, etc,

Though Islay's shore is rocky, drear,
Early doth the sun appear
On leafy brake and fallow deer,
And flocks and herds in Islay.
Oh! my Island, etc.

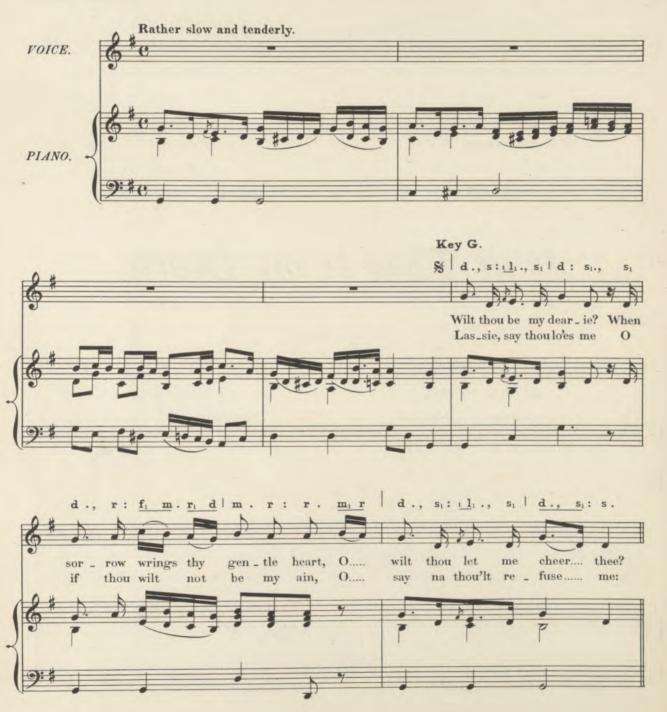
O my Island! O my Isle!
O my dear, my native soil!
From thee no scene my heart can wile
That's wed with love to Islay.
Oh! my Island, etc.



Wilt Thou be my Dearie.

Wilt thou be my Dearie.

Words by ROBERT BURNS.







WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE.

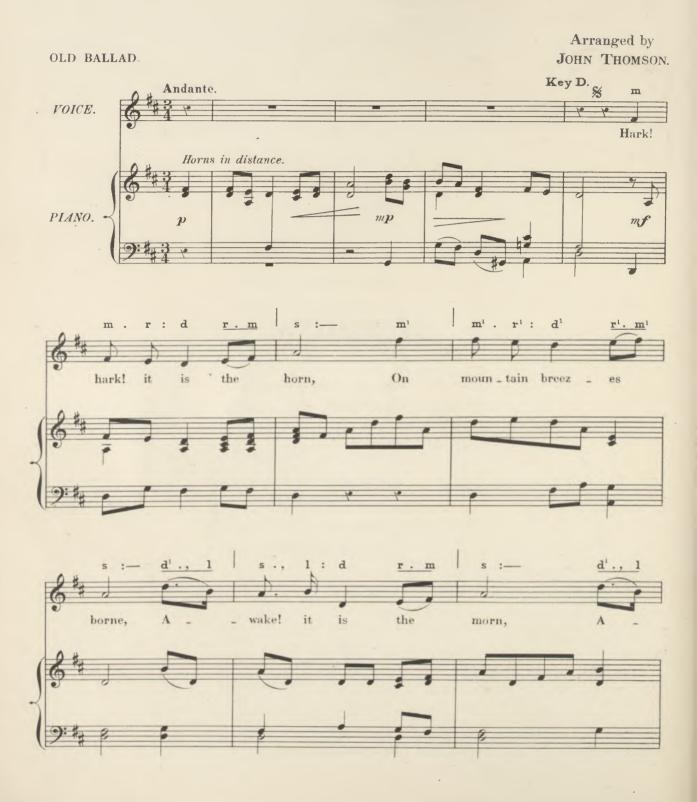
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
O wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee,
I swear and vow that only thou
Shalt ever be my dearie.
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shalt ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me,
O if thou wilt not be my ain,
O say na thou'lt refuse me:
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.



Monaltrie.

Monaltrie.





2.

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

3.

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

4.

What cries of wild despair

Awake the sultry air,

Frenzied with anxious care

She seeks Monaltrie.

5.

The high rocks frowning shade

Are round his lowly bed,

And wild flowers there are shed

On young Monaltrie.

6.

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

MONALTRIE.

HARK! hark! it is the horn,
On mountain breezes borne,
Awake! it is the morn,
Awake! Monaltrie.

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

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

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



Gabhaidh sinn an Rathad Mor.

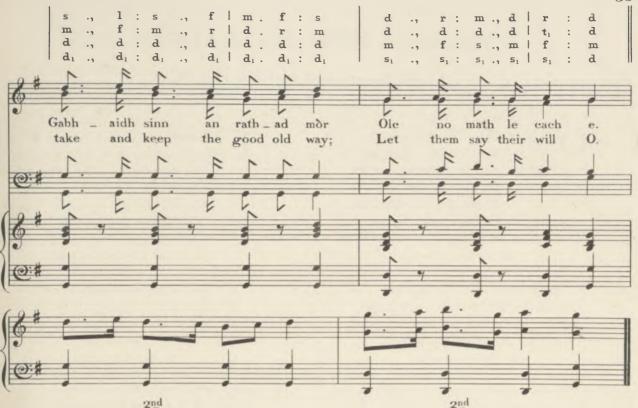
WE WILL TAKE THE GOOD OLD WAY.

GABHAIDH SINN AN RATHAD MOR.

*WE WILL TAKE THE GOOD OLD WAY.







Diridh sinn ri beinn an fhraoich,
Tearnaidh sinn le gleann nan laogh;
'S cha 'n eil fear de luchd-nam-braosg
Nach leig sinn gaoir á mhaileid!
Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

3rd

Thar a' mhonaidh null 'nar sgrìob, Sios Gleann Comhann air bheag sgios; Marsaidh sinn 'an ainm an Rìgh Ole no math le each e.

Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

4th

Gu Mac-ic-Alasdair 's Lochial, Bi'dh iad leinn mar bha iad riamh, 'S Fear-na-Ceapaich mar ar miann, Olc no math le cach siod!

Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

5th

Thig Cloinn-a-Phearsoin—feachd nam buadh, 'S thig Cloinn-Choinnich o'n Taobh-tuath; 'S mairg an dream do'n nochd iad fuath, 'N uair dh 'eireas gruaim nam blar orr'!

Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

6th

Thig Clann-Ghriogair garg 'san stri — Thig Clann-an-Aba,-'s Sluagh an Righ; Marsaibh uallach—suas i, phioh! Olc no math le cach e.

Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

Up the steep and heathery ben, Down the bonny winding glen, We march, a band of loyal men, Let them say their will O!

We will take &c.

3rd

We will march adoun Glencoe,
We will march adoun Glencoe,
By the Ferry we will go,
Let them say their will O!
We will take &c.

4th

To Glengarry and Lochiel, Loyal hearts, with arms of steel, These will back you in the field, Let them say their will O!

We will take &c.

5th

Cluny will come down the brae, Keppoch bold will lead the way, Toss thine antlers, Caber Feigh, Let them say their will O!

We will take &c.

6th

Forward, sons of bold Rob Roy, Stewarts __conflict is your joy, Well stand together, pour le Roy, Let them say their will O!

We will take &c.

GABHAIDH SINN AN RATHAD MOR.

WE WILL TAKE THE GOOD OLD WAY.*

OLC no math le Cloinn-an-t-saoir,
Olc no math le Cloinn-an-t-saoir,
Olc no math le Cloinn-an-t-saoir,
'S bod-aich mhaol an lag-ain.

Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mòr, Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mòr, Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mòr Olc no math le cach e.

Diridh sinn ri beinn an fhraoich, Tearnaidh sinn le gleann nan laogh; 'S cha 'n eil fear de luchd-nam-braosg Nach leig sinn gaoir à mhaileid! Gabhaidh sinn, etc.

Thar a' mhonaidh null 'nar sgrìob, Sios Gleann Comhann air bheag sgios; Marsaidh sinn 'n ainm an Rìgh Olc no math le cach e. Gabhaidh sinn, etc.

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Gabhaidh sinn, etc.

Thig Clann-Ghriogair garg 'san stri— Thig Clann-an-Aba,-'s Sluagh an Righ; Marsaibh uallach—suas i, phioh! Olc no math le cach e. Gabhaidh sinn, etc. Let MacIntyres say what they may,
Let MacIntyres say what they may,
We'll take and keep the good old way,
Let them say their will O!
We will take the good old way,
We will take the good old way,
We'll take and keep the good old way;
Let them say their will, O!

Up the steep and heathery ben, Doun the bonny winding glen, We march, a band of loyal men, Let them say their will O! We will take, etc.

We will march adoun Glencoe, We will march adoun Glencoe, By the Ferry we will go, Let them say their will O! We will take, etc.

To Glengarry and Lochiel, Loyal hearts, with arms of steel, These will back you in the field, Let them say their will O! We will take, etc.

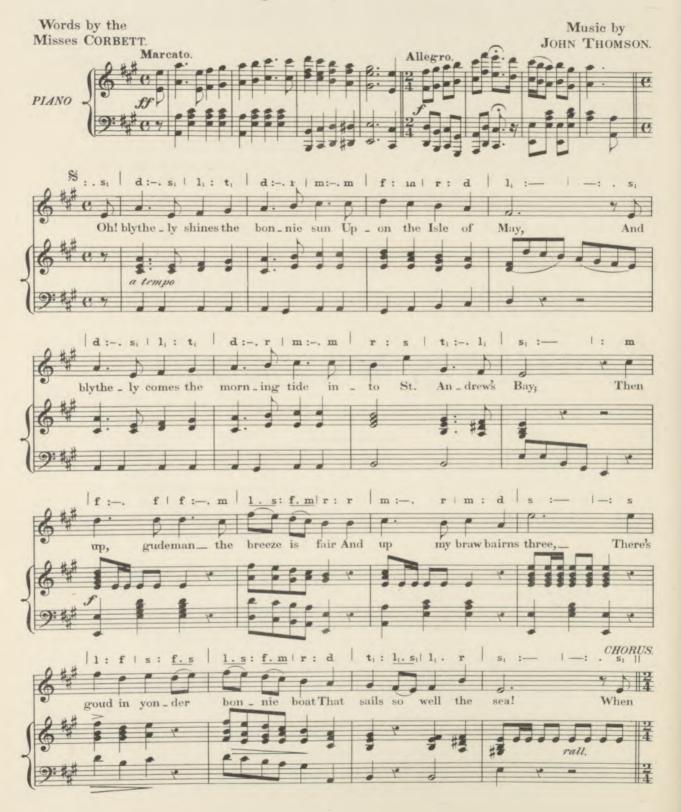
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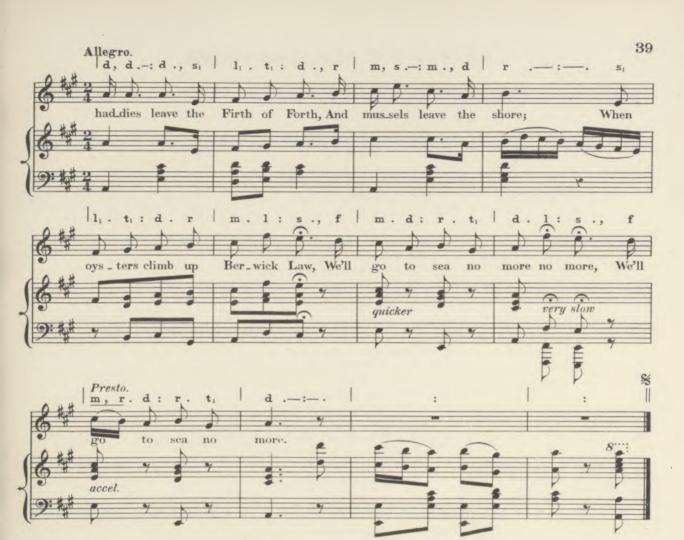
Forward, sons of bold Rob Roy, Stewarts—conflict is your joy, We'll stand together, *pour le Roy*, Let them say their will O! We will take, etc.

^{*} Begin with the Chorus.

We'll go to Sea no more.

We'll go to Sea no more.





I've seen the waves as blue as air,
I've seen them green as grass;
But I never feared their heaving yet
From Grangemouth to the Bass.
I've seen the sea as black as pitch,
I've seen it white as snow;
But I never feared its foaming yet,

Though the winds blew high or low.

When squalls capsize our iron walls,
When the French ride at the Nore
When Leith meets Aberdour half way,
We'll go to sea no more, no more,
We'll go to sea no more.

I never liked the landsman's life,
The earth is aye the same;
Gi'e me the ocean for my dower,
My vessel for my hame.
Gi'e me the fields that no man ploughs,
The farm that pays no fee;
Gi'e me the bonnie fish that glance
Sae gladly through the sea.
When sails hang flapping on the masts,
Though, through the waves we snore;
When in a calm we're tempest toss'd
We'll go to sea no more, no more,
We'll go to sea no more.

3.

The sun is up, and round Inchkeith,
The breezes saftly blaw;
The gudeman has the lines on board...
Awa; my bairns awa'!
And ye'll be back by gloaming gray,
And bright the fire will low;
And in our tales and sangs we'll tell
How weel the boat ye row...
When life's last sun gangs feebly doun,
And death comes to our door...
When a' the world's a dream to us,
We'll go to sea no more, no more,
We'll go to sea no more.

WE'LL GO TO SEA NO MORE.

OH! blythely shines the bonny sun
Upon the Isle of May,
And blythely comes the morning tide
Into St. Andrew's Bay;
Then up, guidman—the breeze is fair,
And up my braw bairns three—
There's goud in yonder bonnie boat
That sails so well the sea!
When haddies leave the Firth of Forth,
And mussels leave the shore;
When oysters climb up Berwick Law,
We'll go to sea no more, no more,
We'll go to sea no more.

I've seen the waves as blue as air,
I've seen them green as grass;
But I never feared their heaving yet
From Grangemouth to the Bass.
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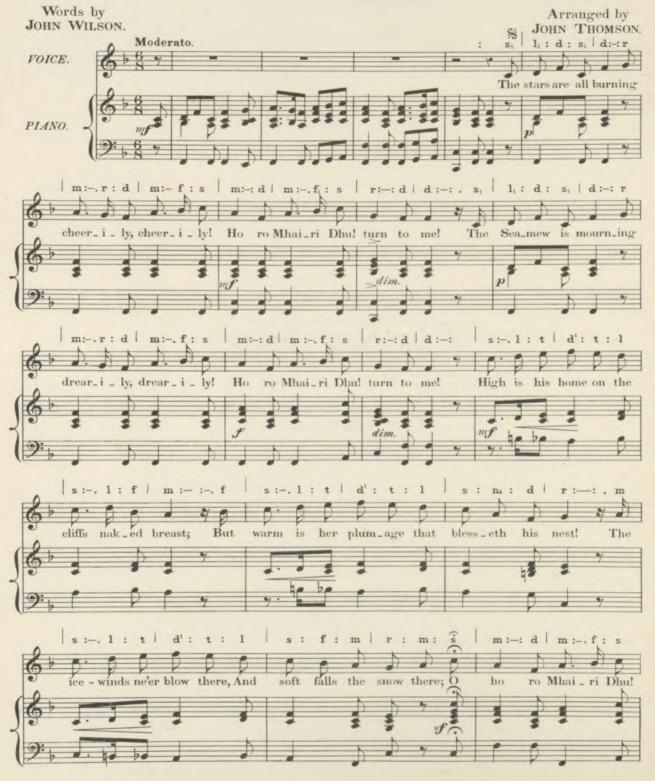
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How weel the boat ye row.—
When life's last sun gangs feebly doun,
And death comes to our door—
When a' the world's a dream to us,
We'll go to sea no more, no more,
We'll go to sea no more.

The Sea Mew.

The Sea Mew.

Air_ Ho ro Mhairi Dhu.







2.

Oh! once smiled my dwelling cheerily, cheerily,

Ho ro Mhairi Dhu! turn to me!

Tho' wild waves were swelling drearily, drearily, Ho ro Mhairi Dhu! turn to me!

In the rock-girdled bay, as I anchored my skiff, A sweet voice would sing from the top of the cliff;

E'er the last notes were over, She sprang to her lover,

O, ho ro Mhairi Dhu! turn to me!

3.

The desert is sounding drearily, drearily, Ho ro Mhairi Dhul turn to me!

The red deer is bounding cheerily, cheerily,

Ho ro Mhairi Dhul turn to me! Away to his lair in the forest so deep,

Where his hind with her fawns is lying asleep,

On green mossy pillow, Like summer sea billow;

O, ho ro Mhairi Dhu! turn to me!

4.

Oh! green rose our sheiling, cheerily, cheerily, Ho ro Mhairi Dhu! turn to me!

Thro' trees half concealing, dreamily, dreamily,

Ho ro Mhairi Dhu! turn to me! At night, like a deer thro' the forest I flew,

Till I saw the tall smoke-wreath in heav'n so blue;

On the soft tender lawn there, My sweet hind and fawn there, O, ho ro Mhairi Dhul turn to me!

5.

To his nest, thro' winds roaring drearily, drearily,

Ho ro Mhairi Dhu! turn to me! The Sca-mew is soaring cheerily, cheerily,

Ho ro Mhairi Dhu! turn to me!

He sits in that nest, by his loves downy breast! But where is the bosom so oft I have prest?

Her plumes torn and dim,
And hush'd that sweet hymn!
O, ho ro Mhairi Dhu! turn to me!

6

The wild deer is flying cheerily, cheerily, Ho ro Mhairi Dhu! turn to me!

His hind he sees lying drearily, drearily,

Ho ro Mhairi Dhu! turn to me! In fondness the fair creature lifts up her head! But where hath my hind and her little ones fled?

Hark! hark! what deep sighing! In the dell they are dying!

O, ho ro Mhairi Dhul turn to me!

THE SEA MEW.

THE stars are all burning cheerily, cheerily!

Ho ro Mhairi Dhu! turn to me!

The sea mew is mourning drearily, drearily,

Ho ro Mhairi Dhu! turn to me!

High is his home on the cliff's naked breast;

But warm is her plumage that blesseth his nest!

The ice winds ne'er blow there,

And soft falls the snow there;

O, ho ro Mhairi Dhu! turn to me!

Oh! once smiled my dwelling cheerily, cheerily,

Ho ro Mhairi Dhu! turn to me!

Tho' wild waves were swelling drearily, drearily,

Ho ro Mhairi Dhu! turn to me!

In the rock-girdled bay, as I anchored my skiff,

A sweet voice would sing from the top of the cliff;

E'er the last notes were over

She sprang to her lover,

O, ho ro Mhairi Dhu! turn to me!

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Ho ro Mhairi Dhu! turn to me!

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Where his hind with her fawns is lying asleep,

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Like summer sea billow;

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But where is the bosom so oft I have prest?

Her plumes torn and dim,

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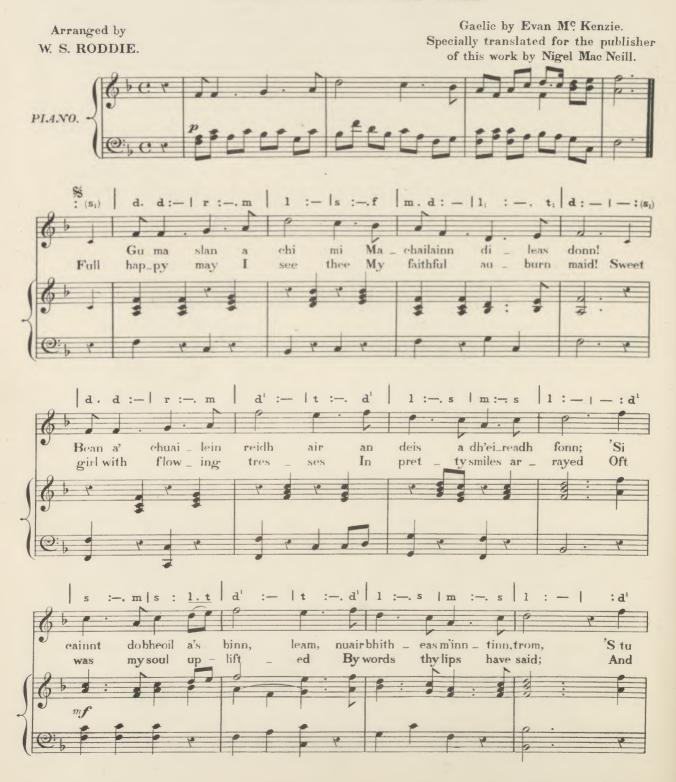


Gu ma slan a chi mi.

OH, HAPPY MAY I SEE THEE.

CU MA SLAN A CHI MI.

OH HAPPY MAY I SEE THEE.





2nd

Gur muladach a ta mi,
'S mi nochd air aird a' chuain,
'S neo-shunndach mo chadal domh,
'S do chaidreamh fada uam;
Gur tric mi ort a' smaointeach;
As t'aogais tha mi truagh;
'S mar a dean mi d'fhaotainn
Cha bhi mo shaoghal buan.

3rd

Suil chorrach mar an dearcag,
Fo rosg a dh' iadhas dlu;
Gruaidhean mar an caoran,
Fo 'n aodann tha leam ciuin;
Aidicheam le eibhneas
Gun d' thug mi fein duit run;
'S gur bliadhna leam gach la
O'n uair a dh'fhag mi thu.

4th

Theireadh iad ma'n d'fhalbh mi uat,
Gu'm bu shearbh leam dol ad choir
Gu'n do chuir mi cul riut,
'S gun dhiult mi dhuit mo phog.
Na cuireadh sid ort curam,
A ruin 'na creid an sgleo:
Tha d'anail leam ni's curaidh,
Na'n driuchd air bharr an fheoir.

2nd

This night to me how dreary
Upon the ocean tide!
My slumber is full cheerless
While for thee oft I've sigh'd.
Apart from thee I sorrow;
My thoughts are at thy side;
I waste away in anguish
Till thou become my bride.

3rd

Warm eyes are thine like berries
With lashes sweetly lined;
Fresh cheeks are thine like rowans.
With loveliness enshrined.
My heart is filled with fondness
For one so true and kind;
And ever since I left thee
The days like years I find.

4th

'Twas said I shunn'd thee, dearest,
Ere hither I was borne;
My kiss that I denied thee
While leaving thee forlorn.
Let no such tale, dear, grieve thee;
Reject their speech with scorn;
Thy breath to me smells sweeter
Than dewy grass in morn.

GU MA SLAN A CHI MI.

OH, HAPPY MAY I SEE THEE.

G U ma slan a chi mi
Machailainn dileas donn!
Bean a' chnailein reidh air
An deis a dh'eireadh fonn;
'Si cainnt dobheoil a's binn, leam,
Nuairbhith-eas m'inntinn, trom,
'S tu thogadh suas mo chridh nuair
A bhidh tu bruidhinn rium!

Gur muladach a ta mi,

'S mi nochd air aird a' chuain,
'S neo-shunndach mo chadal domh,
'S do chaidreamh fadu uam;
Gur tric mi ort a' smaointeach;
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Gu 'm bu shearbh leam dol ad choir
Gu'n do chuir mi cul rint,
'S gun dhiult mi dhuit mo phog.
Na cuireadh sid ort curam,
A ruin 'na creid an sgleo:
Tha d'anail leam ni's curaidh,
Na'n driuchd air bharr an fheoir.

FULL happy may I see thee,
My faithful auburn maid!
Sweet girl with flowing tresses,
In pretty smiles arrayed.
Oft was my soul uplifted
By words thy lips have said;
And oft thy strains of gladness
My swelling heart allayed.

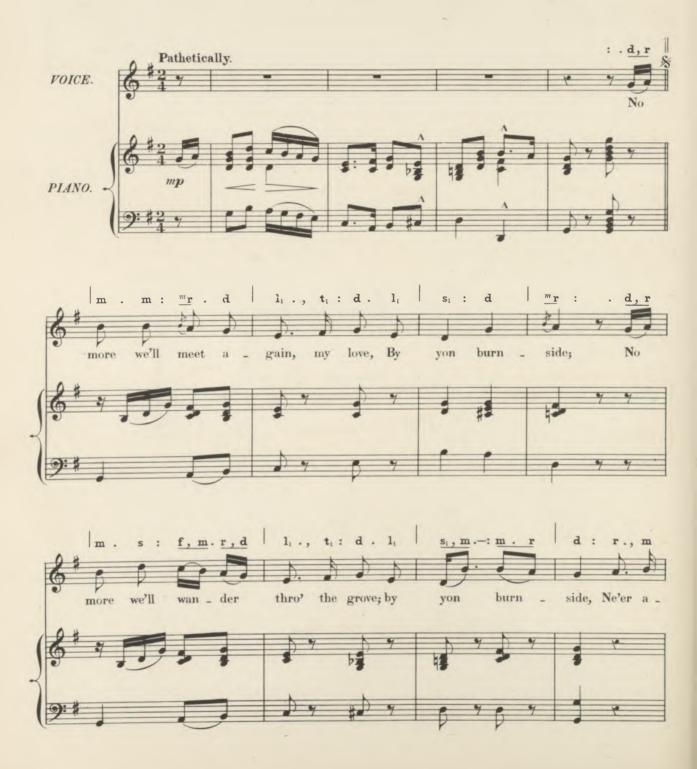
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My slumber is full cheerless
While for thee oft I've sighed.
Apart from thee I sorrow;
My thoughts are at thy side;—
I waste away in anguish
Till thou become my bride.

Warm eyes are thine, like berries,
With lashes sweetly lined;
Sweet cheeks are thine, like rowans,
With loveliness enshrined.
My heart is filled with fondness
For one so true and kind;
And ever since I left thee
The days like years I find.

'Twas said I shunn'd thee, dearest,
Ere hither I was borne;
My kiss that I denied thee
While leaving thee forlorn.
Let no such tale, dear, grieve thee;
Reject their speech with scorn;
Thy breath to me smells sweeter
Than dewy grass in morn.

The Burnside.

The Burnside.





Memory oft will fondly brood,
By yon Burnside,
On haunts which we so oft have trod,
On yon Burnside.
Still the walk with me thou'lt share,
Tho'thy foot can never mair
Bend to earth the gowan fair,
Down by yon Burnside.

3.

Far removed from every care,
Above yon Burnside,
Thou bloom'st my love an angel fair,
Above yon Burnside,
And, if angels pity know,
Sure thy tears for me will flow,
Who must linger here below,
Down by yon Burnside.

THE BURNSIDE.

Down by yon burnside.

O more we'll meet again, my love,
By yon burnside;
No more we'll wander through the grove
By yon burnside;
Ne'er again the mavis' lay
Shall we hear at close of day,
For we never more shall stray
Down by yon burnside.

Memory oft will fondly brood,

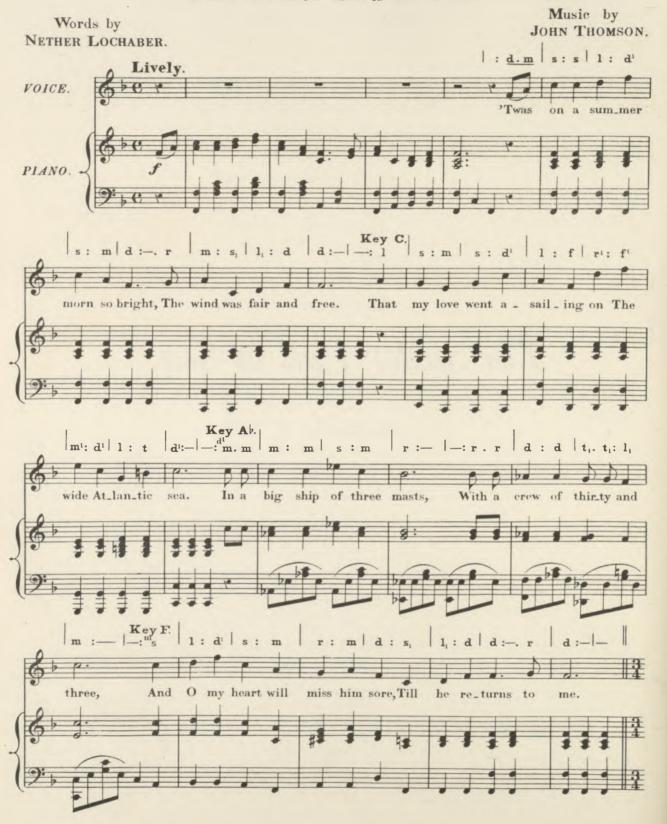
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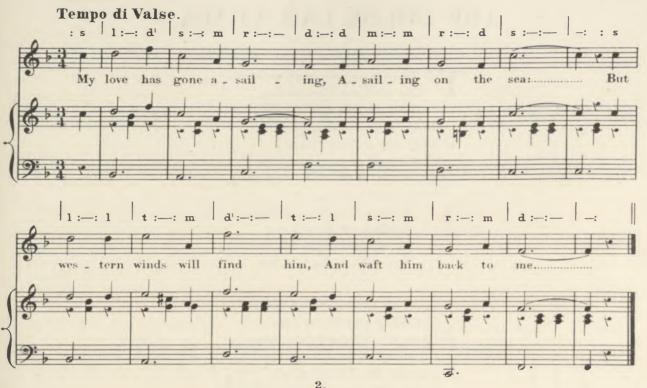
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Down by yon burnside.



The Sailor Lad at Sea.

The Sailor Lad at Sea.





He gave me ribbons for my neck
And side-combs for my hair,
He gave me earrings for my ears
With pearl drops rich and rare;
No wonder that I love my lad
That's sailing the salt sea.
O winds! be kind to my true love,
And bring him back to me!
My love has gone &c.

3.

The live-long day I think of him
Who is my heart's delight,
And if I think of him by day,
I dream of him by night;
I see him still as he was wont
To come a-courting me:
O wandering winds and waves be kind
To Duncan far at sea!
My love has gone &c.

4.

When he returns from foreign lands,
My sailor lad so bold!
His cheeks embrown'd by foreign suns,
His pockets fill'd with gold,
I'll greet my true love with a kiss,
And then we'll married be—
Of all the men the wide world round,
My sailor lad for me!
My love has gone &c.

THE SAILOR LAD AT SEA.

TWAS on a summer morn so bright,
The wind was fair and free,
That my love went a-sailing,
On the wide Atlantic sea.
In a big ship of three masts,
With a crew of thirty and three,
And O my heart will miss him sore
Till he returns to me.
My love has gone a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
But western winds will find him,
And waft him back to me.

He gave me ribbons for my neck,
And side-combs for my hair,
He gave me earrings for my ears,
With pearl drops rich and rare;
No wonder that I love my lad
That's sailing the salt sea.
O winds! be kind to my true love,
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My love has gone, etc.

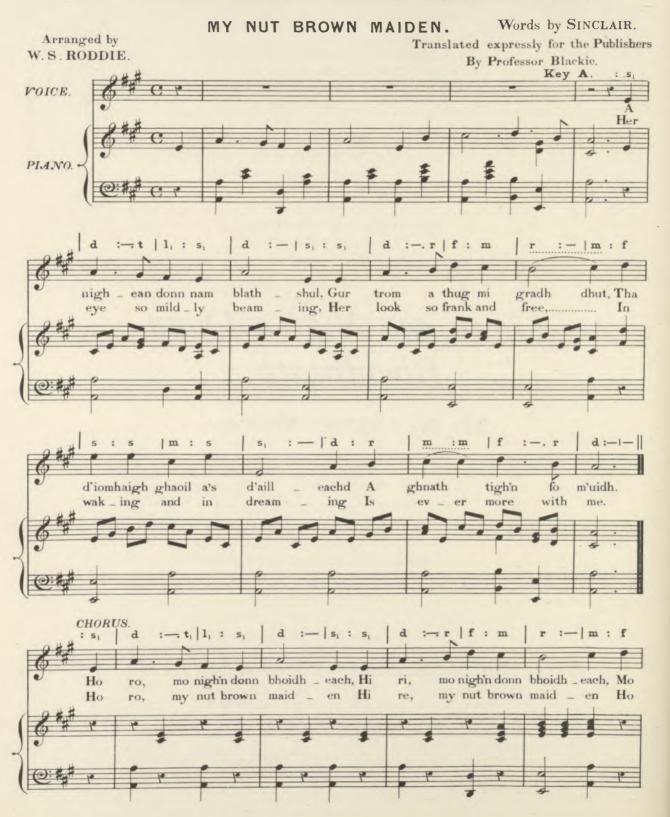
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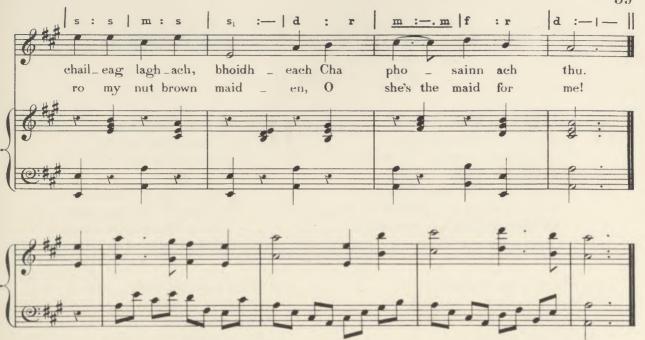
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And then we'll married be—
Of all the men the wide world round,
My sailor lad for me!
My love has gone, etc.

Ho ro, mo Nigh'n Donn Bhoidheach.

MY NUT-BROWN MAIDEN.

HO RO MO NICH'N DONN BHOIDHEACH.





2nd

Cha cheil mì air an t-saoghal, Gu bheil mo mhiann 's mo ghaol ort; 'S ged chaidh mi uait air faondradh, Cha chaochail mo run.

Ho ro, &c.

3rd

'N uair bha mi ann ad lathair, Bu shona bha mo laithean... A' sealbhachadh do mhanrain, A's aille do ghnuis.

Ho ro, &c.

4th

Gnuis 'aoidheil, bhanail, mhalda Na h-oigh is caoimhe nadur; I suairce, ceanail, baigheil, Lan grais agus muirn. Ho ro, &c.

5th

'S ann tha mo run 's na beanntaibh,
Far bheil mo ribhinn ghreannar,
Mar ros am fasach Shamhraidh,
An gleann fad' o shuil.
Ho ro, &c.

,

6th

Ach 'n uair a thig an Samhradh, Bheir mise sgrib do 'n ghleann ud, 'S gu 'n tog mi leam do 'n Ghalldachd, Gu h-annsail, am flur.

Ho ro, &c.

2nd

O Mary, mild eyed Mary,
By land or on the sea;
Though time and tide may vary,
My heart beats true to thee.
Ho ro, &c.

3rd

With thy fair face before me How sweetly flew the hour, When all thy beauty o'er me Came streaming in its power. Ho ro, &c.

4th

The face with kindness glowing,
The face that hides no guile,
The light grace of thy going
The witchcraft of thy smile.
Ho ro, &c.

5th

Mine eyes that never vary
From pointing to the glen
Where blooms my Highland Mary
Like wild rose neath the Ben.
Ho ro, &c.

6th

And when with blossoms laden
Bright summer comes again
I'll fetch my nut brown maiden
Down from the bonny glen.
Ho ro, &c.

HO RO, MO NIGH'N DONN BHOIDHEACH.

My Nut-Brown Maiden.

A NIGHAEN donn nam blathshul,
Gur trom a thug mi gradh dhut,
Tha d'iomhaigh ghaoil a's d'ailleachd
A ghnath tigh'n fo m'uidh.

Ho ro, mo nigh'n donn bhoidheach, Hi ri, mo nigh'n donn bhoidheach, Mo chail-eag lagh ach, bhoidheach, Cha pho-sainn ach thu.

Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal, Gu bheil mo mhiann 's mo ghaol ort; 'S ged chaidh mi uait air faondradh, Cha chaochail mo run.

Ho ro, etc.

'N uair bha mi ann ad lathair, Bu shona bha mo laiteean— A' sealbhachadh do mhanrain, A's aille do ghnuis. Ho ro, etc.

Gnuis 'aoidheil, bhanail, mhalda Na h-oigh is caoimhe nadua; I suairce, ceanail, baigheil, Lan grais agus muirn. Ho ro, etc.

'S ann tha mo run 's na beanntaibh, Far bhell mo ribhinn ghreannar, Mar ros am fasach Shamhraidh, An gleann fad' o shuil.

Ho ro, etc.

Ach 'n uair a thig an Samhradh,
Bheir mise sgrib do 'n ghleann ud,
'S gu 'u tog mi leam do 'n Ghalldachd,
Ho ro, ete.
Gu h-annsail, am flur.

HER eye so mildly beaming, Her look so frank and free, In waking and in dreaming Is evermore with me.

> Ho ro, my nut-brown maiden, Hi re, my nut-brown maiden, Ho ro, my nut-brown maiden, O she's the maid for me!

O Mary, mild-eyed Mary,
By land or on the sea,
Though time and tide may vary,
My heart beats true to thee.
Ho ro, etc.

With thy fair face before me How sweetly flew the hour, When all thy beauty o'er me Came streaming in its power. Ho ro, etc.

The face with kindness glowing,
The face that hides no guile,
The light grace of thy going,
The witchcraft of thy smile.
Ho ro, etc.

Mine eyes that never vary
From pointing to the glen
Where blooms my Highland Mary,
Like wild rose 'neath the ben.
Ho ro, etc.

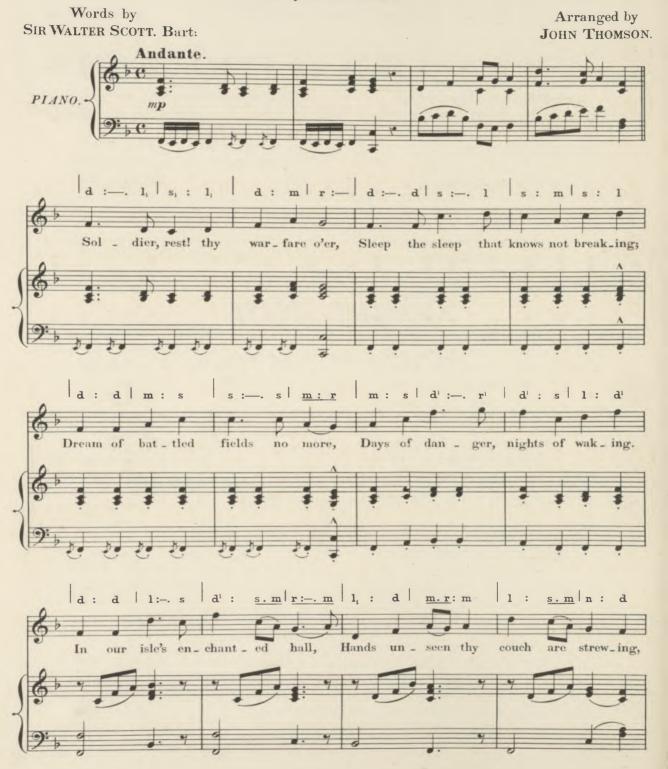
And when with blossoms laden
Bright summer comes again,
I'll fetch my nut-brown maiden
Down from the bonny glen.
Ho ro, etc.

Soldier, Rest.

(FROM THE "LADY OF THE LAKE.")

Soldier Rest.

(Lady of the Lake.)





2.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing;
Trump nor pibroch summon here,
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,
At the day-break, from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here;
Here's no war-steeds neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

SOLDIER, REST.

(FROM THE "LADY OF THE LAKE.")

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more.
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

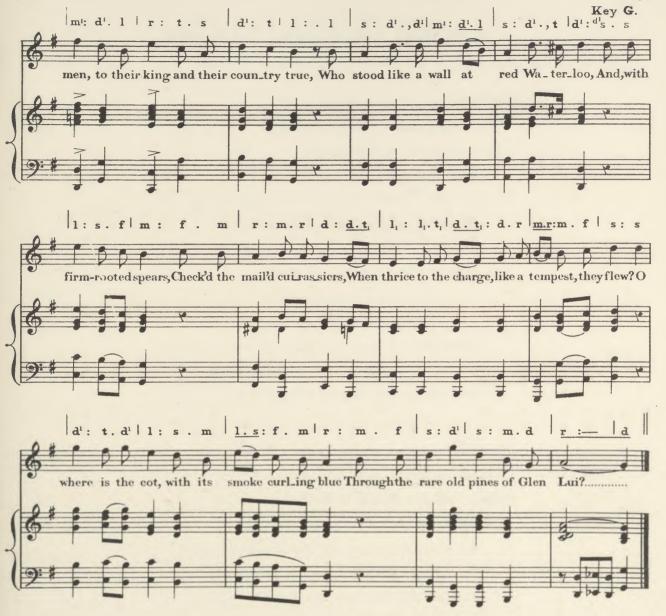
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Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.



A Song of Glen Lui Beg.

A Song of Glen Lui Beg.





O the rare old pines of Glen Lui!
Right blithely I greeted them then,
When I whistled my way to Muichdhui,
Through the folds of the green winding glen.
But where be the men that should people the glen?
Woe's me for the kilted brave Highlandmen!
Banished they live from their dear native shore,
Beyond the Atlantic's broad billowy roar;
For the Law hath a care
Of a stag and a hare,
And the red grouse that whirrs o'er the measureless moor;
But the cottar it drives to a far foreign shore,

From his home 'mid the pines of Glen Lui!

A SONG OF GLEN LUI BEG.

With a shout I hailed them then,
When first to the high Muichdhui
I clomb, through the wild mountain glen.
But where are the men that should people the glen?
Where be the kilted brave Highlandmen?
The men, to their king and their country true,
Who stood like a wall at red Waterloo,
And, with firm-rooted spears,
Checked the mailed cuirassiers,
When thrice to the charge, like a tempest, they flew?
O where is the cot, with its smoke curling blue
Through the rare old pines of Glen Lui?

O the rare old pines of Glen Lui!

Right blithely I greeted them then,

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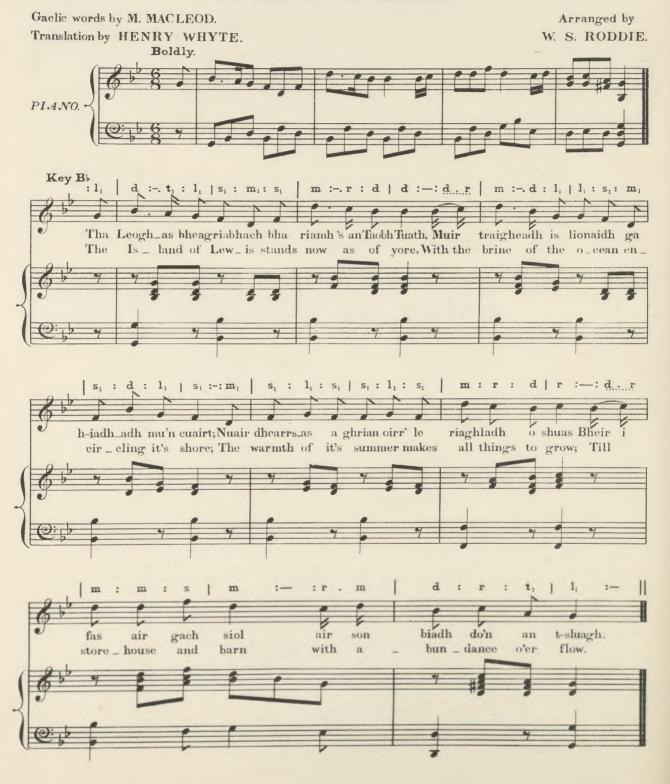


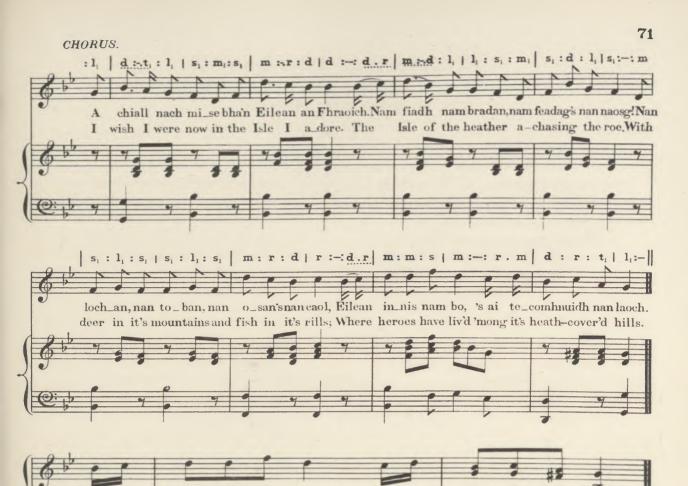
Eilean an Fhraoich.

THE ISLE OF THE HEATHER.

EILEAN AN FHRAOICH.

THE ISLE OF THE HEATHER.





'N am eiridh na grein air a sleibhtibh bidh ceo Bidh bhanarach ghuanach 's a bhuarach 'n a dorn Ri gabhail a duanaig 's i cuallach nam bo, 'S mac-talla nan creag ri toirt freagairt d' a ceol. A Chiall nach &c.

Air feasgar an t-samhraidh bidh sunnt air gach spreidh; Bidh chuthag is fonn oirr' ri oran di fein; Bidh uiseag air lon agus smeorach air geig, 'S air cnuic ghlas' is lointean uain oga ri leum. A Chiall nach, &c.

Cha'n fhacas air talamh leam sealladh a's boidhch'
Na ghrian a dol sios air taobh siar Eilean Leoghais;
Crodh-laoigh anns an luachair, 's am buachaill' 'n an toir,
G' an tional gu airidh le al de laoigh og?

A Chiall nach, &c.

Air feasgar a gheamhraidh theid tionndadh gu gniomh 'S toirt eolais do chlann bidh gach seann duine liath; Gach iasgair le shnathaid ri caradh a lion, Gach nighean ri caradh's a mathair ri sniomh.

A Chiall nach, &c.

At dawning of day, when there's mist on the hill,
The milk-maids go skipping by fountain and rill,
When milking the cattle, they raise a sweet song,
And softly the echoes the chorus prolong.
I wish I were. &c.

The notes of the cuckoo are welcomed in May,
And the blackbird sings blithe on the sweet-scented spray;
The lark and the mavis pour forth their sweet lay,
While the lambs in the meadows are sprightly at play.
I wish I were. &c.

There ne'er was a picture more lovely to see
Than the sun as he sinks in the blue western sea;
When homeward, the cattle are wending their way,
And all things are still at the close of the day.
I wish I were. &c.

In the long winter evenings, we sit by the fire,
And the children are taught by their hoary-hair'd sire,
A story is told as our fish nets we darn,
While the maidens, with distaff, are spinning the yarn.
I wish I were. &c.

EILEAN AN FHRAOICH.

THE ISLE OF THE HEATHER.

THA Leogh as bheagriabhach bha riamh 's an Taobh Tuath, Muir traigheadh is lionaidh ga h-iadh-adh mu'n cuairt; Nuair dhearrs as a ghrian oirr' le riaghladh o shuas Bheir i fas air gach siol air son biadh do'n an t-sluagh.

> A Chiall nach mi-se bha'n Eilean an Fhraoich, Nam fiadh nam bradan, nam feadag's nan naosg! Nan loch-an, nan to-ban, nan o-san's nan caol; Eilean in-nis nam bo, 's ai-te-comhnuidh nan laoch.

'N am eiridh na grein air a sleibhtibh bidh ceo
Bidh bhanarach ghuanach 's a bhuarach 'n a dorn
Ri gabhail a duanaig 's i cualach nam bo,
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A Chiall nach, etc.

THE Island of Lewis stands now as of yore,
With the brine of the ocean encircling its shore;
The warmth of its summer makes all things to grow;
Till storehouse and barn with abundance o'erflow.

I wish I were now in the isle I adore,

The isle of the heather, a-chasing the roe;

With deer on its mountains, and fish in its rills;

Where heroes have lived 'mong its heath-covered hills.

At dawning of day, when there's mist on the hill, The milkmaids go skipping by fountain and rill, When milking the cattle they raise a sweet song, And softly the echoes the chorus prolong.

I wish I were, etc.

The notes of the cuckoo are welcomed in May,

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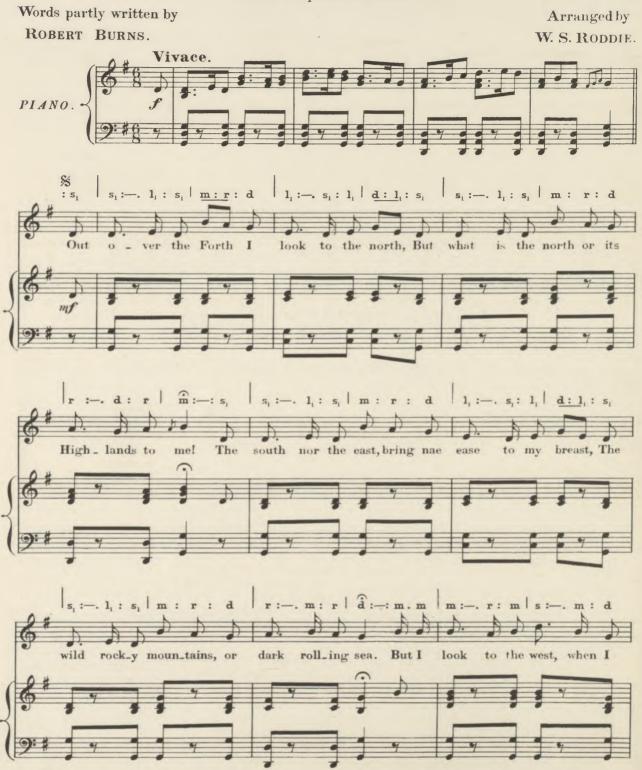


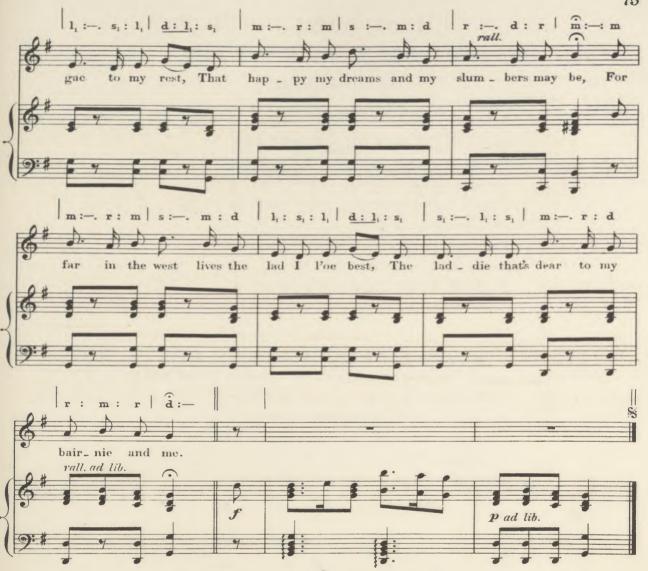
Out over the Forth.

(THE CAMPBELLS' PIBROCH.)

Out over the Forth.

(The Campbells Pibroch.)





His father he frown'd on the love of his boyhood,
And O! his proud mother look'd cauld upon me;
But he follow'd me aye to my hame in the sheiling,
And the hills of Breadalbyn rang wild wi'our glee:
A' the lang summer day, 'mid the heather and bracken,
I joy'd in the light o' his bonnie blue e'e;
I little then thought that the wide western ocean
Would be rolling the day 'tween my laddie and me.

When we plighted our faith by the cairn of the mountain, The deer and the roe stood bride-maidens to me, And my bride's trying glass was the clear crystal fountain;—What then was the warld to my laddie and me? So I look to the west when I gae to my rest, That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be: For far in the west is the lad I lo'e best,—He's seeking a hame for my bairnie and me.

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

(THE CAMPBELLS' PIBROCH.)

Out over the Forth I look to the north,
But what is the north or its Highlands to me!
The south nor the east bring nae ease to my breast,
The wild rocky mountains, or dark rolling sea.
But I look to the west when I gae to my rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be,
For far in the west lives the lad I lo'e best,
The laddie that's dear to my bairnie and me.

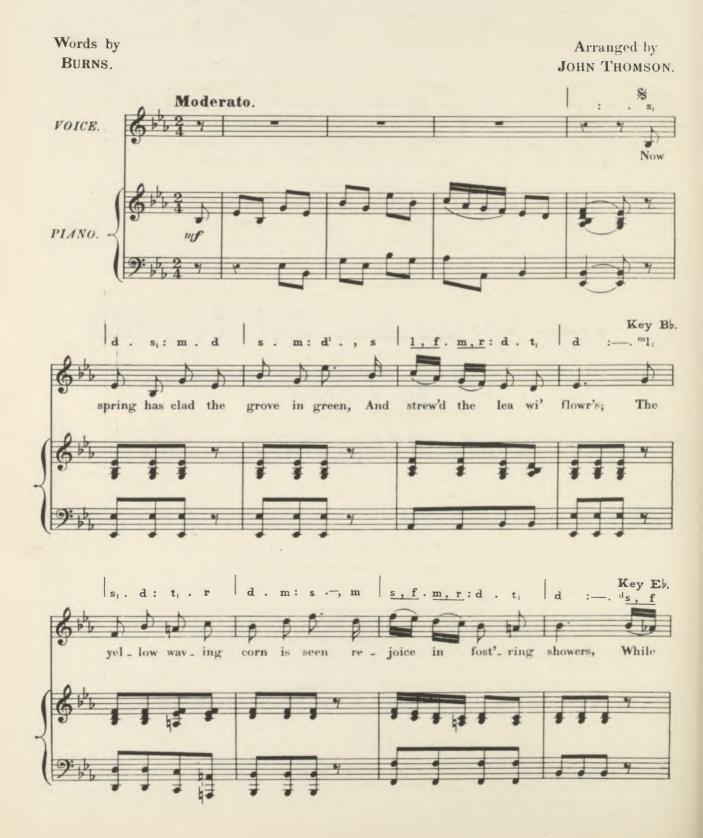
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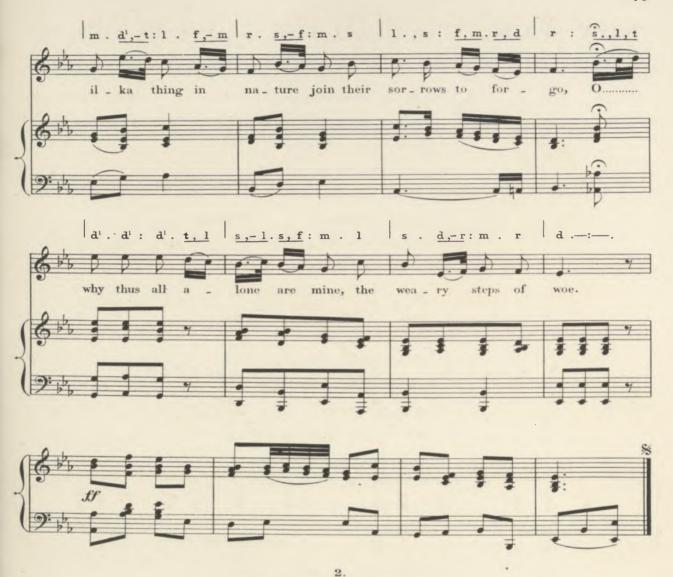
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That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west is the lad I lo'e best,—
He's seeking a hame for my bairnie and me.



Now Spring has clad the Grove in Green.

Now spring has clad the Grove in green.





That little flow'rets peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows.
Which, save the linnets flight, I wot
No ruder visit knows.
Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
An' blighted a' my bloom,
An' now beneath the withering blast,
My youth an' joy consume.

3.
The waken'd laverock, warbling, springs,
An' climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blythe his dewy wings
In mornings rosy eye;
As little reck't I sorrows power,
Until the flow'ry snare
O' witchin' love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE IN GREEN.

OW spring has clad the grove in green,
And strewed the lea wi' flowers;
The yellow waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers,
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine,
The weary steps of woe.

That little floweret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
No ruder visit knows,
Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
An' blighted a' my bloom,
An' now beneath the withering blast
My youth an' joy consume.

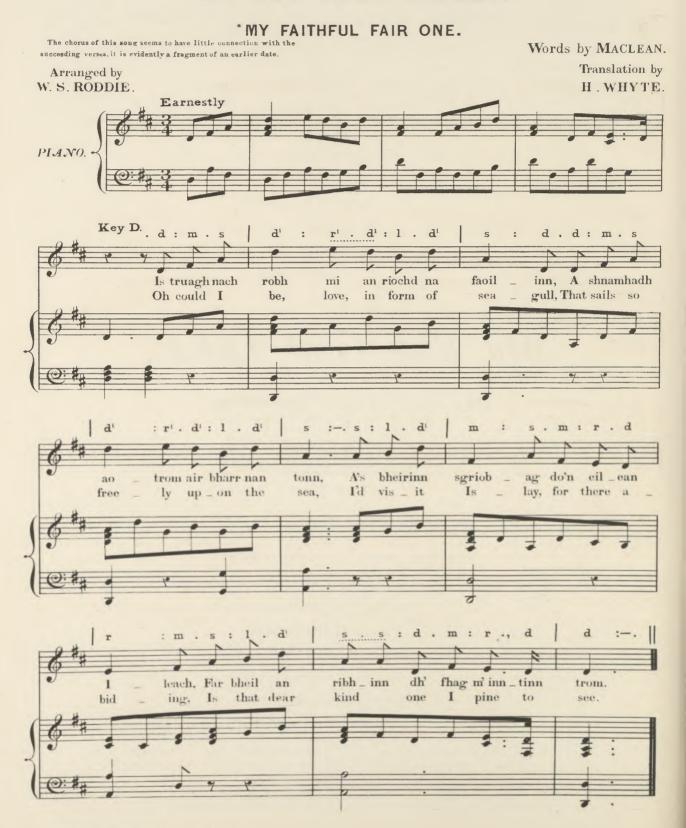
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O' witchin' love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.



Mo Run Geal Dileas.

My Faithful Fair One.*

MO RUN GEAL DILEAS.



^{*}CHORUS TO BE SUNC FIRST.





2nd

Is truagh nach robh mi 's mo rogha ceile,
Air mullach shleibhte nam beanntan mor,
'S gun bhi ga 'r n-eisdeachd ach eoin an t-sleibhe,
'S gu'n tugainn fein di na ceudan pog.
Mo run geal, &c.

3rd

Thug mi corr agus naoi miosan.

Anns na h-Innsean a b' fhaide thall;
'S bean boidh'chead d' aodainn cha robh ri fhaotainn,
'S ged gheobhainn saor iad cha 'n fhanainn ann.

Mo run geal, &c.

4th

Thug mi mios ann am fiabhrus claoidhte,
Gun duil rium oidhche gu'm bithinn beo;
B'e fath mo smaointinn a la 's a dh-oidhche
Gu'm faighinn faochadh a's tu bhi 'm choir.
Mo run geal, &c.

5th

Cha bhi mi 'strith ris a chraoibh nach lub leam, Ged chinneadh ubhlan air bharr gach geig; Mo shoraidh slan leat ma rinn thu m' fhagail, Cha d' thainig traigh gun mhuir-lan 'n a deigh. Mo run geal, &c. 2nd

Oh, could we wander, where streams meander,
I'd ask no grandeur from foreign clime;
Where birds would cheer us, and none would hear us,
I'd kiss my dear one and call her mine.
My faithful fair one, &c.

3iq

In foreign regions, I lived a season,
And none could see there with thee to vie,
Thy form so slender, thy words so tender,
I will remember until I die.
. My faithful fair one, &c.

4th

In fevered anguish, when left to languish,
No human language my thoughts could tell,
I thought, my dearie, if thou wert near me
To soothe and cheer me, I'd soon be well.
My faithful fair one, &c.

5th

I won't contend with a tree that bends not,
Tho' on its tendrils rich fruits should grow,
If thou forsake me I won't upbraid thee,
The greatest ebb-tide brings fullest flow.
My faithful fair one, &c.

MO RUN GEAL DILEAS.

My FAITHFUL FAIR ONE.

A shnamhadh aotrom air bharr nan tonn,
A's bheirinn sgrìobag do'n eilean Ileach,
Far bheil an ribhinn dh' fhag m' inntinn trom.
Mo run geal dileas, dileas dileas,
Mo run geal, dileas, nach till thunall?
Cha till mi fein, a ghaoil, cha'n fhaod mi
Oir tha mo ghaol-sa na laidhe tinn.

Is truagh nach robh mi 's mo rogha ceile,
Air mullach shleibhte nam beanntan mor,
'S gun bhi ga 'r n-eisdeachd ach eoin an t-sleibhe,
'S gu'n tugainn fein di na ceudan pog.
Mo run geal, etc.

Thug mi corr agus naoi miosan,
Anns na h-Innsean a b' fhaide thall;
'S bean boidh' chead d' aodainn cha robh ri fhaotainn,
'S ged gheobhainn saor iad cha 'n fhanainn ann,
Mo run geal, etc.

Thug mi mios anu am fiabhrus claoidhte,
Gun duil rium oidhche gu'm bithinn beo;
B'e fath mo smaointinn a la 's a dh-oidhche
Gu'm faighinn faochadh a's tu bhi 'm choir.
Mo run geal, etc.

Cha bhi mi 'strith ris a chraoibh nach lub leam,
Ged chinneadh ubhlan air bharr gach geig;
Mo shoraidh slan leat ma rinn thu m' fhagail,
Cha d' thainig traigh gun mhuir-lan 'n a deigh.
Mo run geal, etc.

OH, could I be, love, in form of seagull,
That sails so freely upon the sea,
I'd visit Islay, for there abiding,
Is that dear kind one I pine to see.
My faithful fair one, my own, my rare one,
Return my fair one, O hear my cry!
For thee, my maiden, I'm sorrow laden,
Without my fair one I'll pine and die.

O could we wander, where streams meander,
I'd ask no grandeur from foreign clime;
Where birds would cheer us, and none would hear us.
I'd kiss my dear one and call her mine.
My faithful fair one, etc.

In foreign regions I lived a season,

And none could see there with thee to vie,
Thy form so slender, thy words so tender,
I will remember until I die.

My faithful fair one, etc.

In fevered anguish, when left to languish.

No human language my thoughts could tell,
I thought, my dearie, if thou wert near me
To soothe and cheer me, I'd soon be well.

My faithful fair one, etc.

I won't contend with a tree that bends not,

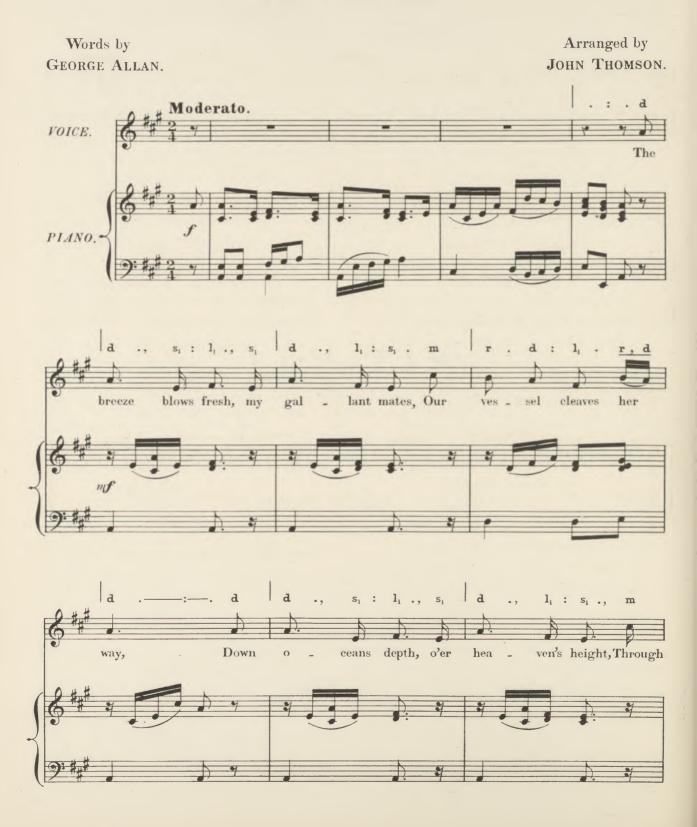
Though on its tendrils rich fruits should grow,
If thou forsake me I won't upbraid thee,

The greatest ebb-tide brings fullest flow.

My faithful fair one, etc.

Old Scotland.

Old Scotland.





Then fast spread out the flowing sheet,
Give welcome to the wind!
Is there a gale we'd shrink to meet,
When treachery's behind?
The foaming deep our couch will be,
The storm our vesper bell,
The low'ring heaven our canopy,
My native land, fare-well!

2.

Away, away across the main,
We'll seek some happier clime
Where daring is not deem'd a stain,
Nor loyalty a crime
Our hearts are wrung, our minds are toss'd,
Wild as the ocean's swell;
A kingdom and a birthright lost!
Old Scotland, fare thee well!

OLD SCOTLAND.

THE breeze blows fresh, my gallant mates,
Our vessel cleaves her way,
Down ocean's depth, o'er heaven's height,
Through darkness and through spray.
No loving moon shines out for us,
No star our course to tell,
And must we leave old Scotland thus?
My native land, farewell.

Then fast spread out the flowing sheet,
Give welcome to the wind!

Is there a gale we'd shrink to meet,
When treachery's behind?

The foaming deep our couch will be,
The storm our vesper bell,

The lowering heaven our canopy,
My native land, farewell!

Away, away across the main,

We'll seek some happier clime

Where daring is not deemed a stain,

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Our hearts are wrung, our minds are tossed,

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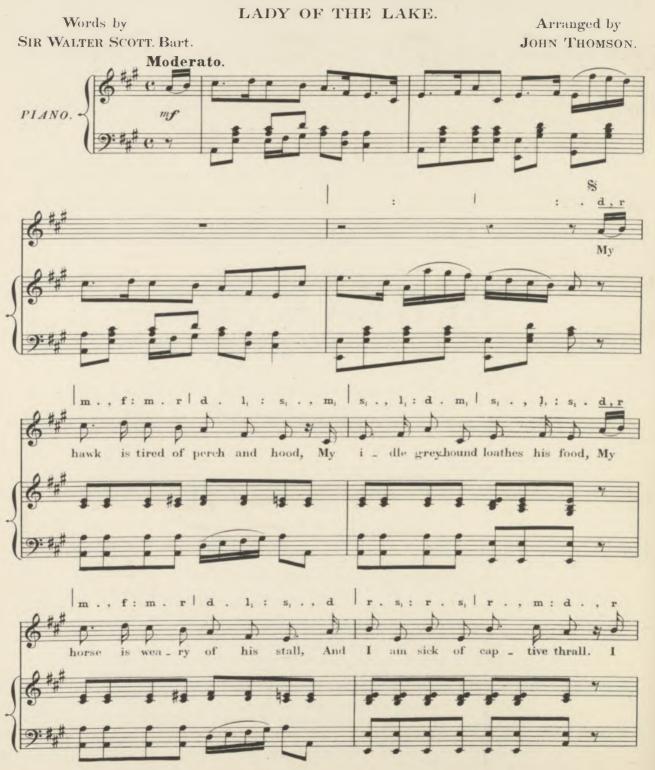
Old Scotland, fare thee well!

My Hawk is Tired.

(FROM THE "LADY OF THE LAKE.")

My Hawk is tired.

Lay of the imprisoned Huntsman.





No more at dawning morn I rise, And sun myself in Ellen's eyes, Drive the fleet deer the forest through, And homeward wend with evening dew; A blythesome welcome blythly meet, And lay my trophies at her feet, While fled the eve on wing of glee,_ That life is lost to love and me!

That life is lost to love and me!

MY HAWK IS TIRED.

(FROM THE "LADY OF THE LAKE.")

MY hawk is tired of perch and hood,

My idle greyhound loathes his food,

My horse is weary of his stall,

And I am sick of captive thrall.

I wish I were, as I have been,

Hunting the hart in forest green,

With bended bow and bloodhound free,

For that's the life is meet for me,

For that's the life is meet for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise,

And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,

Drive the fleet deer the forest through,

And homeward wend with evening dew;

A blythesome welcome blythely meet,

And lay my trophies at her feet,

While fled the eve on wing of glee,—

That life is lost to love and me!

That life is lost to love and me!



Ealaidh Ghaoil.

MELODY OF LOVE.

EALAIDH CHAOIL.

MELODY OF LOVE.





2nd

Mar na neoil bhuidhe lubas
Air stuchdaibh nan sliabh,
Tha cas-fhalt mo ruin-sa
Gu siubhlach a sniomh;
Tha gruaidh mar an ros
Nuair a's boidhche bhios fhiamh
Fo ur-dhealt a Cheitein
Mu'n eirich a ghrian.

3rd

Mar Bhenus a boisgeadh
Thar coilltibh nan ard,
Tha miog-shuil 'g am bhuaireadh
Le suaicheantas graidh.
Tha braighe nan seud
Ann an eideadh gach aigh,
Mar ghealach nan speur
'S i cur reultan fo phramh.

4th

Bi'dh 'n uiseag 's an smeorach,
Feadh lointean an druchd,
Toirt failte le'n oran
Do'n og-mhaduinn chiuin;
Ach bi'dh 'n uiseag neo-sheolta,
'S an smeorach gun sunnd,
Nuair a thoisicheas m' eudail
Air gleusadh a ciuil.

5^{th}

Nuair thig samhradh nan neoinean
A comhdach nam bruach,
Bi'dh gach eoinean 's a chrochd-choill'
A ceol leis a chuaich;
'S bi'dh mise gu h-eibhinn
A leumnaich 's a ruaig,
Fo dhluth-gheugaibh sgaileach,
A manran ri m' luaidh.

2nd

As the cloud's yellow wreath
On the mountain's high brow,
So the locks of my fair one
Redundantly flow;
Her cheeks have the tint
That the roses display
When they glitter with dew
In the morning of May.

3rd

Like the planet of Venus,

That gleams o'er the grove,
Her blue rolling eyes
Are the symbols of love.
Her pearl-circled bosom
Diffuses bright rays,
As the moon, when the stars
Are bedimmed with her blaze.

4th

The mavis and lark,
At the breaking of dawn,
Make a chorus of joy
To resound through the lawn;
But the mavis is tuneless...
The lark strives in vain,
When my beautiful charmer
Renews her sweet strain.

5th

When summer bespangles
The landscape with flowers,
And the thrush and the cuckoo
Sing soft in their bowers.
Through the wood-shaded windings
With Bella I'll rove,
And feast unrestrained
On the smiles of my love.

EALAIDH GHAOIL.

MELODY OF LOVE.

GUR gi-le mo lean-nan
Na'n eal air an t-snaimh,
Na cobhar, na tuinne
'S e tilleadh o'n traigh;
Na'm blath-bhainne buaile
'Sa chuach leis fo bharr,
No sneachd nan gleann dosrach
'Ga fhroiseadh mu'n bhlar.

Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin, O!
Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin, O!
Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin, O!
Gu'r boidheach an comunn tha'n comh-nuidh 'n t-Strathmhoir.

Mar na neoil bhuidhe lubas
Air stuchdaibh nan sliabh,
Tha cas-fhalt mo ruin-sa
Gu siubhlach a sniomh;
Tha gruaidh mar an ros
Nuair a's boidhche bhios fhiamh
Fo ur-dhealt a Cheitein
Mu'n eirich a ghrian.
Air faillirin, etc.

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Toirt failte le'n oran
Do'n og-mhaduinn chiuin;
Ach bi'dh 'n uiseag neo sheolta,
'S an smeorach gun sunnd,
Nuair a thoisicheas m' eudail
Air gleusadh a ciuil.
Air faillirin, etc.

Nuair thig samhradh nan neoinean
A comhdach nam bruach,
Bi'dh gach eoinean 's a chrochd-choill'
A ceol leis a chuaich;
'S bi'dh mise gu h-eibhinn
A leumnaich 's a ruaig,
Fo dhluth-gheugaibh sgaileach,
A man ran ri m' luaidh.
Air faillirin, etc.

NOT the swan on the lake,
Or the foam on the shore,
Can compare with the charms
Of the maid I adore;
Not so white is the new milk
That flows o'er the pail,
Or the snow that is showered
From the brow of the vale.
Air falyerin, eelyerin, oolyerin, O!
Air falyerin, eelyerin, oolyerin, O!
Air falyerin, eelyerin, oolyerin, O!
For kingdom, and friendship, and bonnie Strathmore.

As the cloud's yellow wreath
On the mountain's high brow,
So the locks of my fair one
Redundantly flow;
Her cheeks have the tint
That the roses display
When they glitter with dew
In the morning of May.
Air falyerin, etc.

Like the planet of Venus
That gleams o'er the grove,
Her blue rolling eyes
Are the symbols of love.
Her pearl-circled bosom
Diffuses bright rays,
As the moon, when the stars
Are bedimmed with her blaze.
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The mavis and lark,
At the breaking of dawn,
Make a chorus of joy
To resound through the lawn,
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The lark strives in vain,
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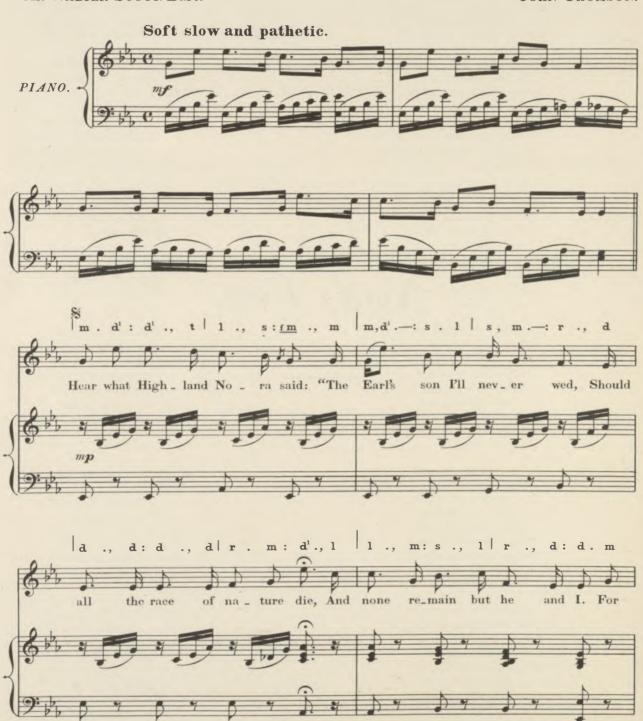
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And the thrush and the cuckoo
Sing soft in their bowers.
Through the wood-shaded windings
With Bella I'll rove,
And feast unrestrained
On the smiles of my love.
Air falyerin, etc.

Nora's Vow.

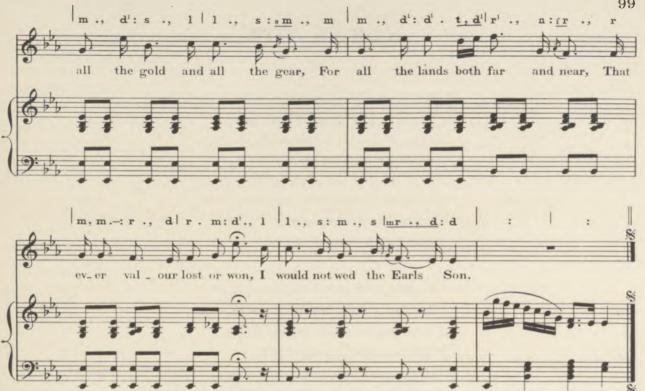
Nora's Vow.

Words by SIR WALTER SCOTT. Bart.

Arranged by JOHN THOMSON.







2.

"A maidens vows;" old Callum spoke "Are lightly made, and lightly broke; The heather on the mountains height Begins to bloom in purple light; The frost wind soon shall sweep away That lustre deep from glen and brae; Yet, Nora, ere its bloom be gone May blythely wed the Earl's son?

"The swan" she said, the lake's clear breast May barter for the eagle's nest; The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn; Ben Cruaihan fall, and crush Kilchurn; Our kilted clans, when blood is high, Before their foes may turn and fly; But I, were all these marvels done, Would never wed the Earl's son."

Still in the water-lilies shade, Her wonted nest the wild swan made; Ben-Cruaihan stands as fast as ever; Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river; To shun the clash of foeman's steel, No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel; But Nora's heart is lost and won, She's wedded to the Earl's son.

NORA'S VOW.

HEAR what Highland Nora said:

"The Earl's son I'll never wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none remain but he and I.

For all the gold and all the gear,
For all the lands both far and near,
That ever valour lost or won,
I would not wed the Earl's son."

"Are lightly made and lightly broke;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae;
Yet, Nora, ere its bloom be gone
May blythely wed the Earl's son."

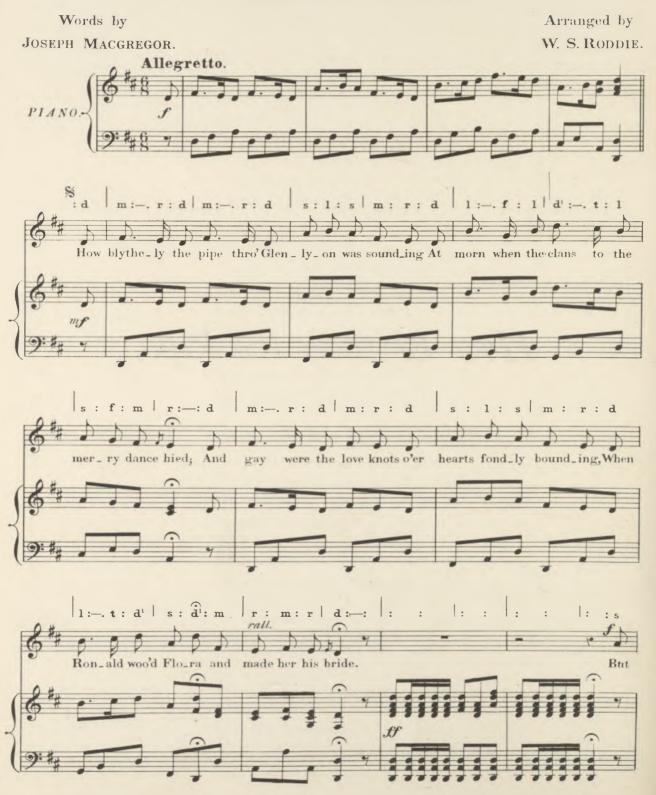
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Ben Cruaihan fall, and crush Kilchurn:
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earl's son."

Still in the water-lilies' shade,
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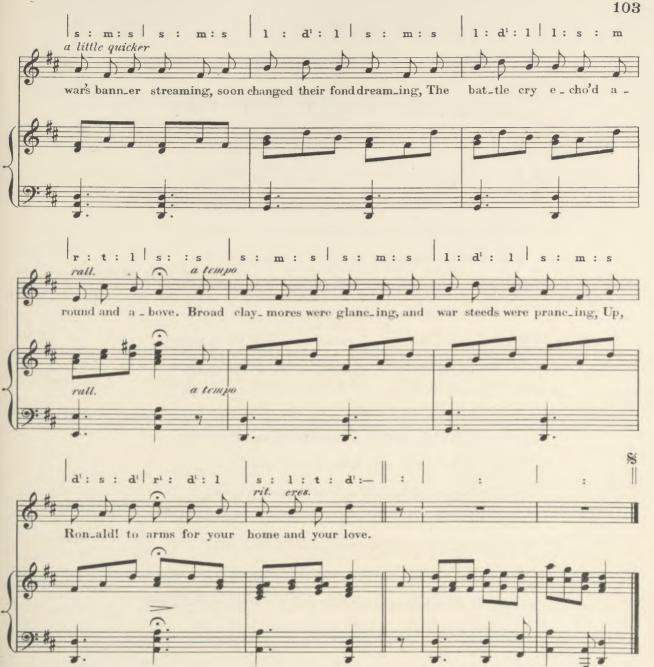
How Blythely the Pipe.



How Blythely the Pipe.







All was hush'd o'er the hill, where love linger'd despairing With their bridesmaids still deck'd in their gay festal gear: And she wept as she saw them fresh garlands preparing, Which might laurel Loves brow, or be strewed o'er his bier. But cheer thee fond maiden_each wild breeze is laden With victory's slogan, through mountain and grove; Where death streams were gushing, and war steeds were rushing, Lord Ronald has conquered, for home and for love.

HOW BLYTHELY THE PIPE.

At morn when the clans to the merry dance hied;
And gay were the love-knots o'er hearts fondly bounding,
When Ronald woo'd Flora, and made her his bride.
But war's banner streaming, soon changed their fond dreaming,
The battle cry echoed around and above.
Broad claymores were glancing, and war-steeds were prancing,
Up, Ronald! to arms for your home and your love.

All was hushed o'er the hill, where love lingered despairing
With their bridesmaids still decked in their gay festal gear:
And she wept as she saw them fresh garlands preparing,
Which might laurel Love's brow, or be strewed o'er his bier.
But cheer thee, fond maiden—each wild breeze is laden
With victory's slogan, through mountain and grove;
Where death-streams were gushing, and war-steeds were rushing,
Lord Ronald has conquered for home and for love.



Maighdeann Mhuile.

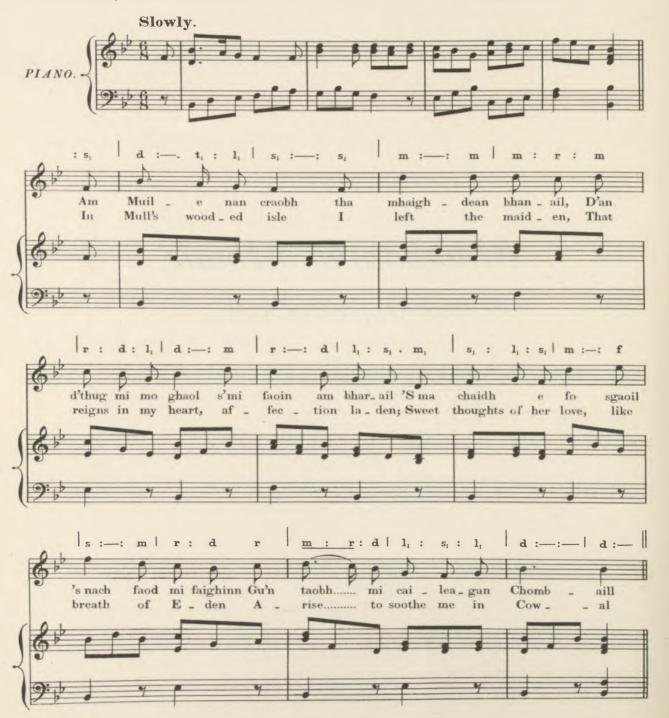
THE MAIDEN OF MULL.

Maighdeann Mhuile.

The Maiden of Mull.

Words by D. LIVINGSTON.
Translation by NIGEL MACNEILL.

Symphonies and Accompaniments by W. S. RODDIE.





Tha maise a's uaisle, suairceas a's ceanal,
A' direadh a suas an gruaidh mo leannain;
Ma bheir thu dhomh fuath, 's nach buan do ghealladh
Ni uaigh a's anart mo chomhdach.

3.

Do shlios mor an fhaoileann, taobh na mara, Do ghruaidh mar an caorann, sgoilt' air mheangan; Suil ghorm is glan aoidh, fo chaoin-rosg tana: 'S tu'n oigh a mhealladh gach oigear.

Tha maise no dha ri 'aireamh fhathast
Air bean a' chùil bhàin, 's nam blàth-shùil meallach;
Ma bheir thu do làmb, gu'm fàs mi fallain,
'S bu shlàinte mhaireann do phòg dhomh.

'Se sgar mi bho m' chiall ro mhiad do cheanail
'S bho'n chaidh thu do'n t-sliabb nach b'fhiach leat m' fharaid;
'S e d'aogas a's d'fhiamh chuir pian am charaibh

'S cha mhiann a bh'agam air storas.

Like beautiful sheen of rosy morning The glow of thy cheek is sweetly burning: The troth of our love if thou art spurning, Soon sods and linen will shroud me.

For thine is the charm that wins devotion:
The graces of form that wake emotion:
As bright as the sea-gull on the ocean:
With eye of truth and of fondness.

Wert thou my own bride I'd cease repining:
Thy smile would restore my health declining:
Could I but behold the beauties shining
Around the maiden of Mor-Ven.

The parting with thee my heart has broken:
Alas! thou forget'st the fond words spoken:
Oh! wilt thou not send me one true token
That I'm remembered in Mor-Ven.

MAIGHDEANN MHUILE.

THE MAIDEN OF MULL.

A^M Muil-e nan craobh tha mhaigh-dean bhan-ail,
D'an d'thug mi mo ghaol s'mi faoin am bhar-ail
'S ma chaidh e fo sgaoil 's nach faod mi faighinn
Gu'n taobh mi cai-lea-gan Chombaill.

O'n tha me gun sunnd, 's gur duth dhomh mu-lad,
Cha tog mi mo shuil ri sug-radh tuil leadh;
Cha teid mi le muirn gu cuirt nan cruin-neag,
'S mo run am Muil-e nam morbheann.

Tha maise a's uaisle, suairceas a's ceanal,

A' direadh a suas and gruaidh mo leannain;

Ma bheir thu dhomh fuath, 's nach buan do ghealladh

Ni uaigh a's anart mo chomhdach.

O'n tha me, etc.

Do schlios mor an fhaoileann, taobh na mara,

Do ghruaidh mar an caorann, sgoilt' air mheangan;

Suil ghorm is glan aoidh, fo chaoin-rosg tana:

'S tu'n oigh a mhealladh gach oigear.

O'n tha me, etc.

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Air bean a' chùil bhàin, 's nam blàth-shùil meallach;

Ma bheir thu do làmb, gu'm fàs mi fallain,

'S bu shlàinte mhaireann do phòg dhomh.

O'n tha me, etc.

'S e sgar mi bho m' chiall ro mheid do cheanail

'S bho'n chaidh thu do'n t-sliabb nach b'fhiach leat m' fharaid;
'S e d'aogas a's d'fhiamh chuir pian am charaibh

'S cha mhiann a bh agam air stòras.

O'n tha me, etc.

IN Mull's wooded isle I left the maiden,

That reigns in my heart, affection laden;

Sweet thoughts of her love, like breath of Eden,

Arise to soothe me in Cowal.

Full cheerless, alone, I live in sorrow;

No light from her love comes with the morrow;

From others I cannot solace borrow;

My dear is in Mull of the Morven.

Like beautiful sheen of rosy morning

The glow of thy cheek is sweetly burning:

The troth of our love if thou art spurning,

Soon sods and linen will shroud me.

Full cheerless, etc.

For thine is the charm that wins devotion;

The graces of form that wake emotion;

As bright as the seagull on the ocean;

With eye of truth and of fondness.

Full cheerless, etc.

Wert thou my own bride I'd cease repining;

Thy smile would restore my health declining;

Could I but behold the beauties shining

Around the maiden of Morven.

Full cheerless, etc.

The parting with thee my heart has broken;

Alas! thou forget'st the fond words spoken;

Oh! wilt thou not send me one true token

That I'm remembered in Morven.

Full cheerless, etc.



Sons of the Highlanders.

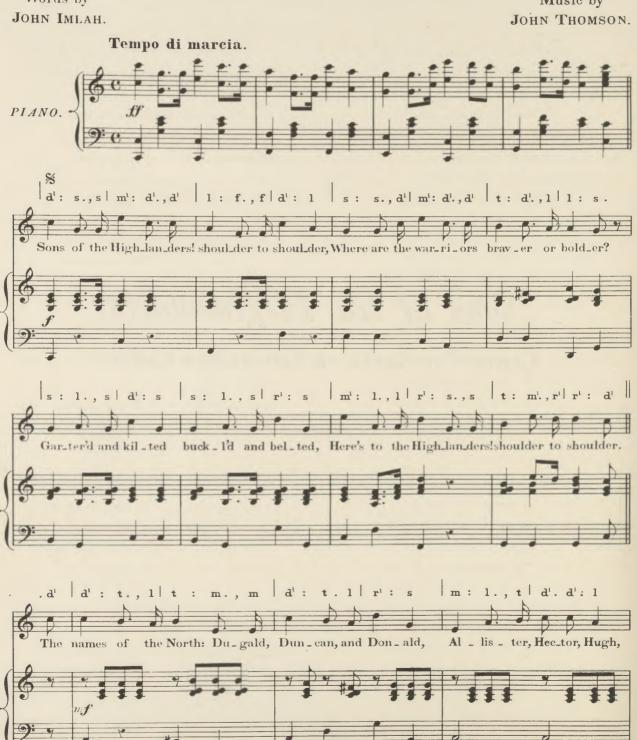
CLAN N'AN GAEL AM GUALIBH A CHIELE!

Sons of the Highlanders.

Clan n'an Gael am Gualibh a Chiele!

Words by

Music by





Tho' there the white Rose on the red heath was trodden, Yet foemen, have wept for the Clans of Culloden! And honour still hallows the moor where they moulder, The field where they fell, fighting shoulder to shoulder. Sons of the Highlanders! &c.

Success to the sons of the Hill and the Heather The kilt, and the sporran, the bonnet, and feather, Here's "Cothram na fionn when soldier fronts soldier, Then hurrah for the Highlanders! shoulder to shoulder. Sons of the Highlanders! &c.

SONS OF THE HIGLANDERS.

CLAN N'AN GAEL AM GUALIBH A CHIELE!

SONS of the Highlanders! shoulder to shoulder,
Where are the warriors braver or bolder?
Gartered and kilted, buckl'd and belted,
Here's to the Highlanders! shoulder to shoulder.
The names of the North, Dugald, Duncan, and Donald,
Alister, Hector, Hugh, Rory, and Ronald,
O! their's was the trusty hand, their's was the true heart
First flew to the field, and last stood for the Stuart.
Sons of the Highlanders! etc.

Though there the white rose on the red heath was trodden,
Yet foemen have wept for the clans of Culloden!
And honour still hallows the moor where they moulder,
The field where they fell, fighting shoulder to shoulder.

Sons of the Highlanders! etc.

Success to the sons of the hill and the heather,

The kilt and the sporran, the bonnet and feather;

Here's "Cothram na fionn" when soldier fronts soldier,

Then hurrah for the Highlanders! shoulder to shoulder.

Sons of the Highlanders! etc.



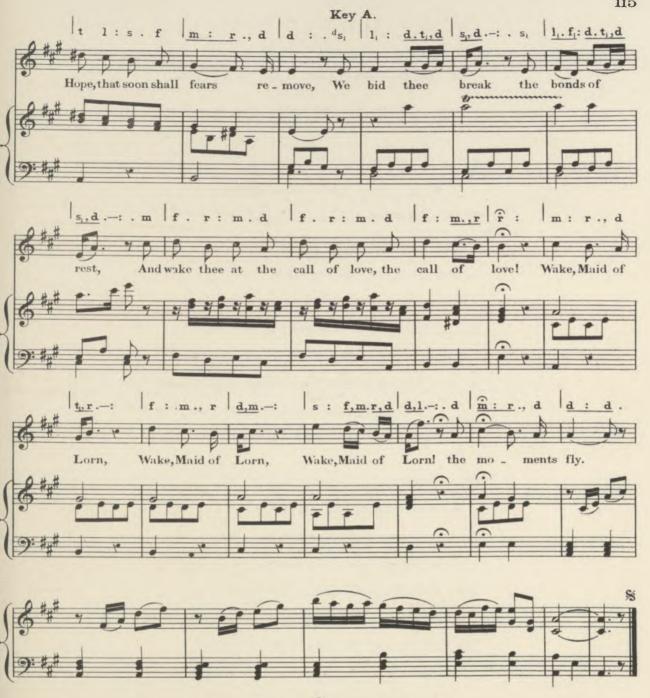
Wake, Maid of Lorn.

(FROM THE "LORD OF THE ISLES.")

Wake Maid of Lorn.

From the Lord of the Isles.

Words by Music by SIR JOHN STEVENSON. Arranged by JOHN THOMSON. SIR WALTER SCOTT. Bart. % m: mr. d With tenderness. plight_ ed bo_soms flut'ring guest,



Wake, Edith, wake! in yonder bay Lies many a Galley gaily mann'd, We hear the merry pibroch's play, We see the streamer's silken band. What chieftain's praise these pibrochs swell, What crest is on thy banner wove, The harp, the harp, the minstrel, dare not tell_ The riddle must be read by love, be read by love. Wake, maid of Lorn! &c.

WAKE, MAID OF LORN.

(FROM THE "LORD OF THE ISLES.")

WAKE, maid of Lorn! the moments fly,
Which yet that maiden name allow;
Wake, maiden wake! the hour is nigh,
When love shall claim a plighted vow.
By fear, thy bosom's flut'ring guest,
By hope, that soon shall fears remove,
We bid thee break the bonds of rest,
And wake thee at the call of love, the call of love!
Wake, maid of Lorn! wake, maid of Lorn!
Wake, maid of Lorn! the moments fly.

Wake, Edith, wake! in yonder bay
Lies many a galley, gaily mann'd,
We hear the merry pibroch's play,
We see the streamer's silken band.
What chieftain's praise these pibrochs swell,
What crest is on thy banner wove,
The harp, the harp, the minstrel dare not tell—
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Wake, maid of Lorn! etc.

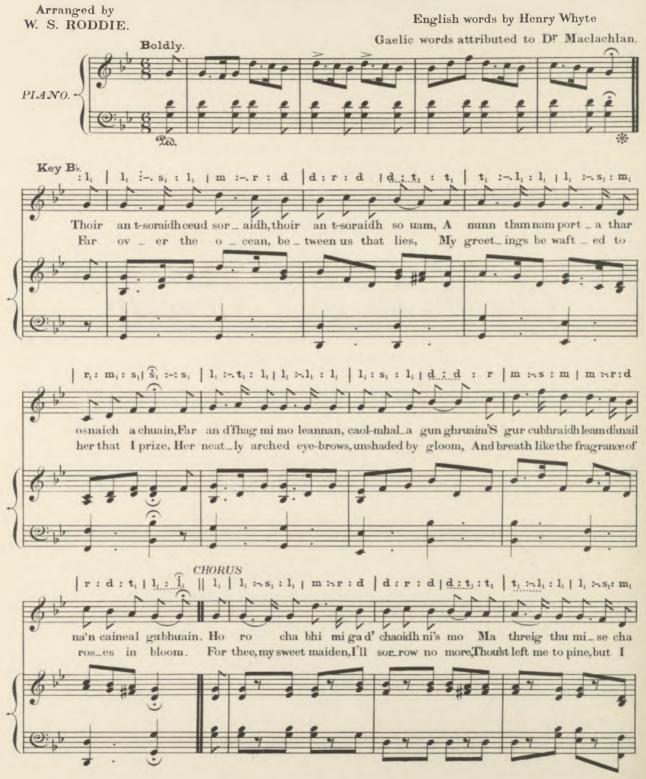


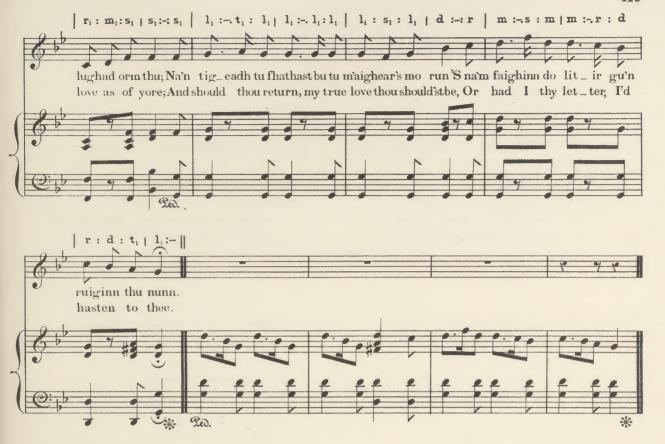
Cha bhi mi ga d' Chaoidh.

I'LL SORROW NO MORE.

CHA BHI MI GA D' CHAOIDH.

I'LL SORROW NO MORE.





2nd

'S nuair rainig mi 'n cladach bha m'aigne fo phramh A cumha na maighdinn is caoimhneile gradh, 'S 'n uair ghabh mi mo chead di air feasgar Dimairt, Gu'n deach mi'n tigh-osda a dh-ol a deoch-slaint'. Ho ro, cha bhi, &c.

3rd

'S e so an treas turas dhomh fhein a bhi falbh,
A dh-ionnsaidh na luinge, le sgiobair gun chearb,
Le comhlan math ghillean nach tilleadh roimh stoirm;
'S na'm biodh agam botal gu'n cosdainn sud oirbh!
Ho ro, cha bhi, &c.

4th

Ged theid mi'n bhal-danns' cha bhi sannt ag an dha, Cha 'n fhaic mi te ann a ni samhladh do m' ghradh; Nuair dhireas mi'n gleann bidh mi sealltainn an aird, Ri duthaich nam beann, 's a bheil m'annsachd a tamh. Ho ro, cha bhi, &c.

5th

Mar dhealbha na peucaig, tha'n te tha mi sealg,
'S nuair chi mi an te sin tha m'eibhneas air falbh;
Mar ros air a mheangan, tha 'n ainnir 'n a dealbh,
'S ged sgaineadh mo chridhe, cha'n innis mi h-ainm.

Ho ro, cha bhi, &c.

2nd

When lately we parted, how sad the farewell!

Our words were but few, but our thoughts who can tell?

When lost to my vision afar on the brine,

I drank thee success in a goblet of wine.

For thee, my sweet maiden, &c

3iq

Three times have I cross'd to the ship as she lay, Becalmed on the breast of the silvery bay; My crew are the bravest that handle an oar, They fear not the tempest, but laugh at its roar.

For thee, my sweet maiden, &c.

4th

No ball-room can tempt me, or raise my despair,
There is none in the dance that with thee could compare;
When climbing the mountain I gaze o'er the tide,
To the land where my fair one has gone to reside.
For thee, my sweet maiden, &c.

5th

Not the peacock such beauty and gracefulness shows, As the maiden whose presence would banish my woes; She's fair as the lily, and sweet as the rose, And nothing can tempt me her name to disclose.

For thee, my sweet maiden, &c.

CHA BHI MI GA D' CHAOIDH.

I'LL SORROW NO MORE.

THOIR an t-soraidh ceud soraidh, thoir an t-soraidh so uam,
A nunn thun nam port-a thar osnaich a chuain,
Far an d'fhag mi mo leannan, caol-mhal-a gun ghruaim
'S gur cubhraidh leam d'anail n'an caineal gabhuain.

Ho ro, cha bhl mi ga d' chaoidh ni's mo
Ma threig thu mise cha lughad orm thu;
Na'n tig-eadh tu fhat hast bu tu m'aighear's mo run

'S na'm faighinn do litir g'un ruiginn thu nunn.

'S nuair rainig mi 'n cladach bha m'aigne fo phramh A cumha na maighdinn is caoimhneile gradh, 'S 'n uair ghabh mi mo chead di air feasgar Dimairt, G'un deach mi'n tigh-osda a dh-ol a deoch-slaint'. Ho ro, cha bhi, etc.

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Le comhlan math ghillean nach tilleadh roimh stoirm;
'S na 'm biodh agam botal gu'n cosdainn sud oirbh!

Ho ro, cha bhi, etc.

Ged theid mi'n bhal-danns' cha bhi sannt agam dha,
Cha 'n fhaic mi te ann a ni samhladh do m' ghradh;
Nuair dhireas mi'n gleann bidh mi sealltainn an aird,
Ri duthaich nam beann, 's a bheil m'annsachd a tamh.
Ho ro, cha bhi, etc.

Mar dhealbha na peucaig, tha'n te tha mi sealg,
'S nuair chi mi an te sin tha m'eibhneas air falbh;
Mar ros air a mheangan, tha 'n ainnir 'n a dealbh,
'S ged sgaineadh mo chridhe cha'n innis mi h-ainm.

Ho ro, cha bhi, etc.

FAR over the ocean, between us that lies,

My greetings be wafted to her that I prize,

Her neatly arched eyebrows, unshaded by gloom,

And breath like the fragrance of roses in bloom.

For thee, my sweet maiden, I'll sorrow no more,

Thou'st left me to pine, but I love as of yore;

And should thou return, my true love thou should'st be,

Or had I thy letter, I'd hasten to thee.

When lately we parted, how sad the farewell!

Our words were but few, but our thoughts who can tell?

When lost to my vision afar on the brine,

I drank thee success in goblet of wine.

For thee, my sweet maiden, etc.

Three times have I cross'd to the ship as she lay Becalmed on the breast of the silvery bay;

My crew are the bravest that handle an oar,

They fear not the tempest, but laugh at its roar.

For thee, my sweet maiden, etc.

No ball-room can tempt me, or raise my despair,

There is none in the dance that with thee could compare;

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To the land where my fair one has gone to reside.

For thee, my sweet maiden, etc.

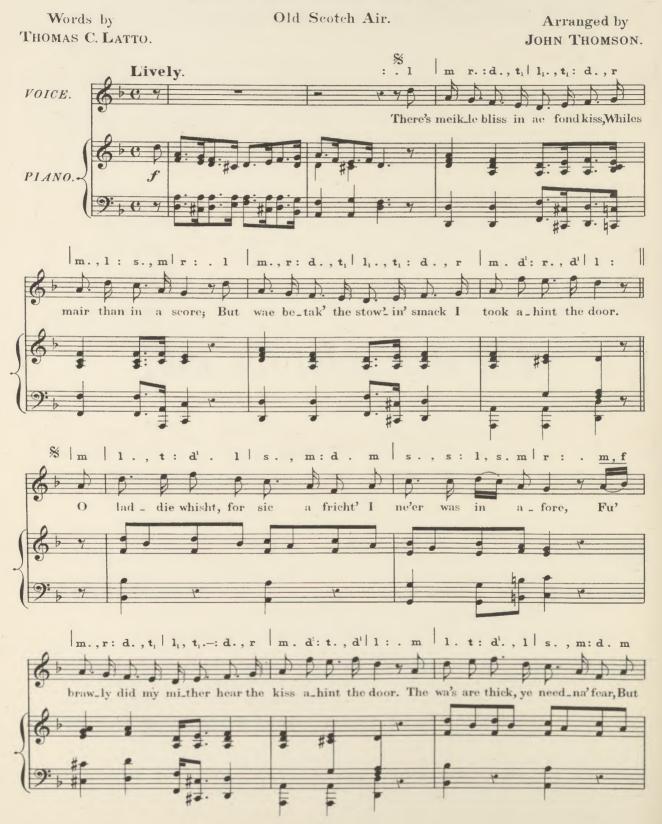
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As the maiden whose presence would banish my woes;
She's fair as the lily, and sweet as the rose,
And nothing can tempt me her name to disclose.

For thee, my sweet maiden, etc.



The kiss abint the door.

The kiss ahint the door.





We stappit' ben, while Maggies face
Was like a lowin' coal,
And as for me I could hae' crept
Into a rabbits hole;
The mither look't, sauff's how she look't!
Thae mithers are a bore
An' gleg as ony cat to hear
A kiss ahint the door.
There's meikle bliss &c.

3.

The douce gudeman though he was there,
As weel micht been in Rome;
For by the fire he fuffed his pipe,
And never fashed his thoom,
But titt'rin' in a corner stood
The gawky sisters four,
A winters nicht for me they micht
Hae stood ahint the door.
There's meikle bliss &c.

THE KISS AHINT THE DOOR.

THERE'S meikle bliss in ae fond kiss,
Whiles mair than in a score;
But wae betak' the Low'in' smack
I took ahint the door.

O laddie whisht! for sic a fright
I ne'er was in afore,
Fu' brawly did my mither hear
The kiss ahint the door.
The wa's are thick, ye need'na fear,
But gin they jeer or mock,
I'll say it was a startit cork,
Or wyte the rusty lock.
There's meikle bliss, etc.

We stappit ben, while Maggie's face
Was like a lowin' coal,
And as for me, I could ha'e crept
Into a rabbit's hole;
The mither look't, sauff's how she look't!
Thae mithers are a bore,
An' gleg as ony cat to hear
A kiss ahint the door.

There's meikle bliss, etc.

The douce gudeman, though he was there,
As weel micht been in Rome;
For by the fire he fuffed his pipe,
And never fashed his thoom,
But titt'rin' in a corner stood
The gawky sisters four,
A winter's nicht for me they micht
Hae stood ahint the door.

There's meikle bliss, etc.

He's a cronie o' mine.

He's a cronie o' mine.

Words by Arranged by A. MACLAGAN. JOHN THOMSON. queer_er auld carle, ye ne'er met



Ye'll fin' 'im, as I do, a trustworthy chiel, Weel temper'd wi' wit frae his head to his heel; Wi' a soul in his body, Auld Nick ne'er could clout, An' a spark in his throat, that's richt ill to droon out: Has this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine, For a de'il o' a drouth has this cronie o' mine.

3.

Up agin the auld gable 'tis like you may view, A cart without trams, or a couterless plough, An auld teethless harrow, a brechen-ring rent, Wi' some mair broken gear, that's a' there to be ment By this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine; He's a richt handy craftsman, this cronie o' mine.

4

There's an auld broken sign-board looks to the high-road, That tells ilka ane where his nag may be shod; There's twa or three wordies that ye'll hae to spell, But ye needna fin' fau't, for he wrote it himsel'; This cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine! He's an aul' farren carle, this cronie o' mine.

5

Twa three chiels frae the toun-en' are sure to be there— There's the bauld-headed butcher, wha takes aye the chair, 'Mong the queerest auld fallows, as way an' anither, That e'er in this world were clubbit thegither; A' cronies o' mine, a' cronies o' mine; They'll a' mak' ye welcome, that cronies o' mine.

6

Then the Vulcan his greybeard is aye sure to draw, Frae a black sooty hole that ye'll see i' the wa', An' lang ere it's empty, frien', I meikle doubt, If the tae chap kens weel what the tither's about, A' cronies o' mine, a' cronies o' mine, Oh! be sure that ye ca' on thae cronies o' mine.

7.

Come noo, my gude frien, gies a shake o' your haun', The night's wearin' thro', an' we baith maun be gaun; The callan' will bring down your naig in a blink, But before that ye mount, ance again let us drink To this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine.

Here's lang life, an' pith, to this cronie o' mine.

HE'S A CRONIE O' MINE.

YE'LL mount your bit naiggie, an' ride your wa's doun, 'Bout a mile an' a hauf frae the neist borough toun, There wons an auld blacksmith, wi' Janet, his wife, An' a queerer auld carle ye ne'r met a' your life, Than this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine, Oh! be sure that ye ca' on this cronie o' mine.

Ye'll fin' him, as I do, a trustworthy chiel, Weel temper'd wi' wit frae his head to his heel; Wi' a soul in his body, auld Nick ne'er could clout, An' a spark in his throat that's richt ill to droon out; Has this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine, For a de'il o' a drouth has this cronie o' mine.

Up agin the auld gable 'tis like you may view,
A cart without trams, or a couterless plough,
An auld teethless harrow, a brechen-ring rent,
Wi' some mair broken gear, that's a' there to be ment
By this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine;
He's a richt handy craftsman, this cronie o' mine.

There's an auld broken signboard looks to the high-road That tells ilka ane where his nag may be shod; There's twa or three wordies that ye'll hae to spell, But ye needna' fin' fau't, for he wrote it himsel'; This cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine; He's an aul' farren carle, this cronie o' mine.

Twa three chiels frae the toun-en' are sure to be there—
There's the bald-headed butcher wha takes aye the chair,
'Mong the queerest auld fallows, ae way an' anither,
That e'er in this world were clubbit thegither;
A' cronies o' mine, a' cronies o' mine;
They'll a' mak' ye welcome, thae cronies o' mine.

Then the Vulcan his greybeard is aye sure to draw, Frae a black sooty hole that ye'll see i' the wa', An' lang ere it's empty, frien', I meikle doubt, If the tae chap kens weel what the tither's about; A' cronies o' mine, a' cronies o' mine; Oh! be sure that ye ca' on thae cronies o' mine,

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Mairi Laghach.

LOVELY MARY.

Mairi Laghach.

Lovely Mary.





'S tric bha mis' is Màiri
Falbh nam fàsach fial,
Gun smuaintean air fàl-bheart,
Gun chàil gu droch ghniomh:
Cupid ga-n ar tàladh
Ann an càirdeas dian;
'S bàrr nan craobh mar sgàil duinn
'Nuair a b'àird' a' ghrian.

3.
Ged bu leamsa Alb'
A h-airgead is a maoin,
Cia mar bhithinn sona
Gun do chomunn gaoil?
B'annsa bhi 'gad phògadh
Le deagh chòir dhomh fhèin
Na ged fhaighinn stòras
Na Roinn-Eòrp' gu lèir.

Tha do bhroilleach soluis
Làn do shonas gràidh;
Uehd is gile sheallas
Na eal' air an t-snàmh
Tha do mhin-shlios fallain
Mar chanach a' chàir;
Muineal mar an fhaoilean
Fo'n aodan is àillt!

5.
Cha robh ineal-ciùil
A thuradh riamh fo'n ghrèin
A dh' aithriseadh air chòir
Gach ceòl bhiodh againn fhèin:
Uiseag air gach lònan,
Smeòrach air gach geig,
Cuthag is "gug-gug" aic'
Madain chùbhraidh Cheit'.

2.
Oftentimes with Mary
To the hill I strayed;
Innocent and happy
Through the grassy glade:
Cupid ever busy
Teaching us to love,
As we rested fondly
In the sun-lit grove.

Though the wealth of Albion
Were assigned to me,
How could I be happy,
Dear one, without thee?
I would rather kiss thee
As my own true bride
Than possess the treasures
Found in Europe wide.

Thine the snowy bosom
Fill'd with love for me,
Breast of beauty fairer
Than the swan on sea:
Thine the neck that's whiter
Than the cannach down,
Thine the face of brightness
That ne'er knows a frown.

Nought that men invented,
Pipe nor harp, could play
Music with the sweetness
Of our love-born lay:
With the larks above us,
Thrushes on the spray,
Cuckoos in the greenwood,
Warbling in the May.

MAIRI LAGHACH

LOVELY MARY.

B'OG bha mis' is Màiri,
'M fàsaichean Ghlinnsmeòil,
'Nuair chuir macan Bhènuis,
Saighead gheur'nam fheòil,
Tharruing sinn ri chèile.
Ann an eud cho beò;
'S nach robh air an tsaoghal,
A thug gaol cho mòr.

Ho, mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi bhinn,
Ho, mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi ghrinn.
Ho, mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi bhinn,
Mhairi bhòidheach, lurach,
Rugadh anns na glinn.

'S tric bha mis' is Mairi
Falbh nam fasach fial,
Gun smuaintean air fal-bheart,
Gun chail gu droch ghniomh:
Bupid ga-n ar taladh
Ann an cairdeas dian;
'S barr nan craobh mar sgail duinn
'Nuair a b'aird' a' ghrian.
Ho, mo Mhairi laghach, etc.

Ged bu leamsa Alb'
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A dh' aithriseadh air chòir
Gach ceòl bhiodh againn fhèin;
Uiseag air gach lònan,
Smeòrach air gach geig,
Cuthag is "gug-gug" aic'
Medain chùbhraidh Cheit'.
Ho, mo Mhairi laghach, etc.

YOUNG I rov'd with Mary,
In yon lone Glensmeoil,
When the dart of Cupid,
Pierc'd me to the soul.
With such loving fondness,
We together drew;
That none under heaven,
Ever lov'd so true.

Oh, my lovely Mary,
Oh my pretty love,
Gentle kindly Mary,
My own tender dove,
Oh, my lovely Mary,
Fairer than the morn
My own pretty Mary,
In the Highlands born.

Oftentimes with Mary
To the hill I strayed;
Innocent and happy
Through the grassy glade:
Cupid ever busy
Teaching us to love.
As we rested fondly
In the sun-lit grove.
Oh, my lovely Mary, etc.

Though the wealth of Albion
Were assigned to me,
How could I be happy,
Dear one, without thee?
I would rather kiss thee
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Than possess the treasures
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Oh, my lovely Mary, etc.

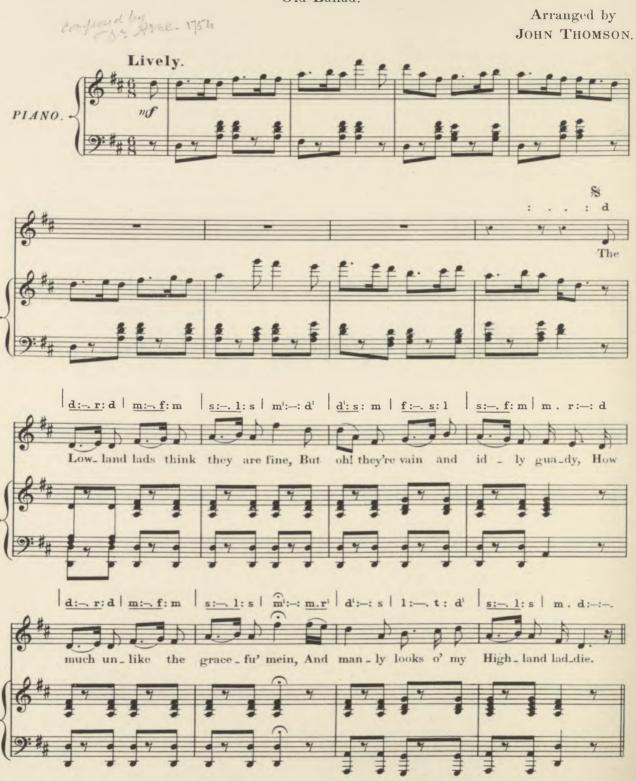
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Fill'd with love for me,
Breast of beauty fairer
Than the swan on sea:
Thine the neck that's whiter
Than the cannach down,
Thine the face of brightness
That ne'er knowns a frown.
Oh, my lovely Mary, etc.

Nought that men invented,
Pipe nor harp could play
Music with the sweetness
Of our love-born lay:
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Warbling in the May.
Oh, my lovely Mary, etc.

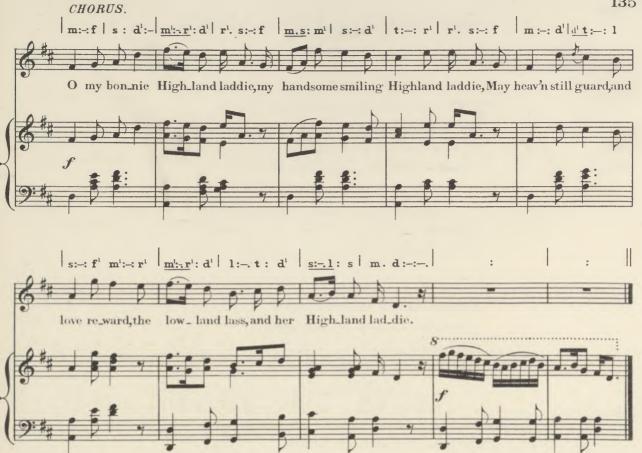
The Highland Laddie.

The Highland Laddie.

Old Ballad.







The bravest beau in burrows town, In a' his airs, with art made ready, Compar'd to him he's but a clown; He's finer far in his tartan plaidie. O my bonnie &c.

Oe'r benty hill, with him I'll run, And leave my Lowland kin and daddy; Frae winters cauld, and summer sun, He'll screen me wi' his Highland plaidie. O my bonnie &c.

Few compliments between us pass, I ca' him my dear Highland laddie; And he ca's me his Lowland lass, Syne row's me in beneath his plaidie. O my bonnie &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend, Than that his love prove true and steady, Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end, While heav'n preserves my Highland laddie. O my bonnie &c.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

(OLD BALLAD.)

THE Lowland lads think they are fine,
But oh! they're vain and idly gaudy,
How much unlike the gracefu' mein,
And manly looks o' my Highland laddie.
Oh! my bonnie Highland laddie,
My handsome, smiling, Highland laddie,
May heaven still guard, and love reward
The Lowland lass and her Highland laddie.

The bravest beau in burrows town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him he's but a clown;
He's finer far in his tartan plaidie.
O, my bonnie, etc.

O'er benty hill, with him I'll run,
And leave my Lowland kin and daddy;
Frae winter's cauld and summer sun,
He'll screen me wi' his Highland plaidie.
O, my bonnie, etc.

Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie;
And he ca's me his Lowland lass,
Syne row's me in beneath his plaidie.
O, my bonnie, etc.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,

Than that his love prove true and steady,

Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,

While heaven preserves my Highland laddie.

O, my bonnie, etc.



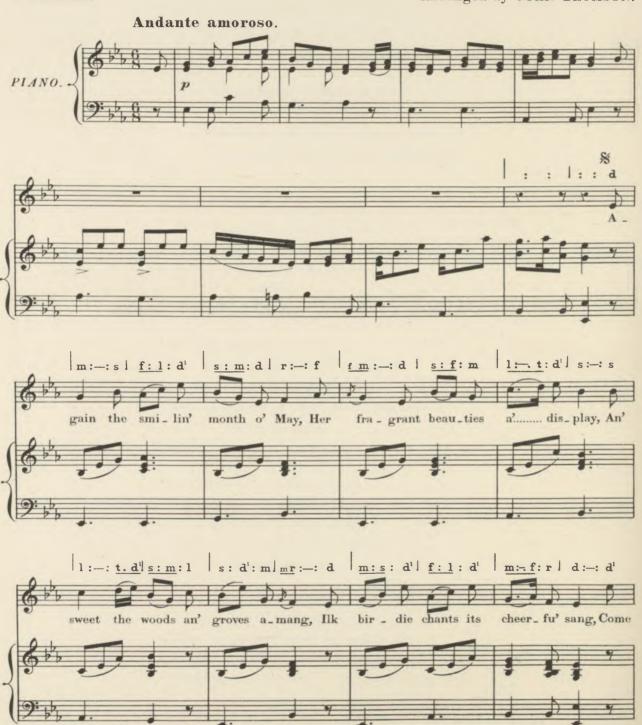
Gartmore Braes.

Gartmore Braes.

Words by
I. CHIRREY.

Music by R. SEVENDALE.

Arranged by JOHN THOMSON.





2.

There lightly will we spend the day, On mossy bank or broomy brae, Or wand'ring where the heather blooms. The breezes fill wi's aft perfumes. Nae gloomy cares shall thee annoy, Nor fear o' want thy peace destroy, No; I'll gie thee baith wealth and ease, An busk thee braw on Gartmore braes.

3.

Time frae thy cheek the rose may pu'
But let him a' sic' charms subdue,
Th' unfading treasures o' thy mind,
To thee, my soul will closer bind:
On thee, who taught me first to love,
My fancy's fixed, it cannot rove,
An' but to face my kintra's faes
I'll near leave thee, or Gartmore braes.

GARTMORE BRAES.

A GAIN the smilin' month o' May,
Her fragrant beauties a' display,
An' sweet the groves an' woods amang,
Ilk birdie chants its cheerfu' sang;
Come then my love, my charming fair,
O come, an' I will lead thee, where
The Forth, in infant beauty strays,
Through flow'ry glens' mang Gartmore braes.

There lightly will we spend the day,
On mossy bank or broomy brae,
Or wand'ring where the heather blooms
The breezes fill wi' saft perfumes.
Nae gloomy cares shall thee annoy,
Nor fear o' want thy peace destroy,
No; I'll gie thee baith wealth and ease,
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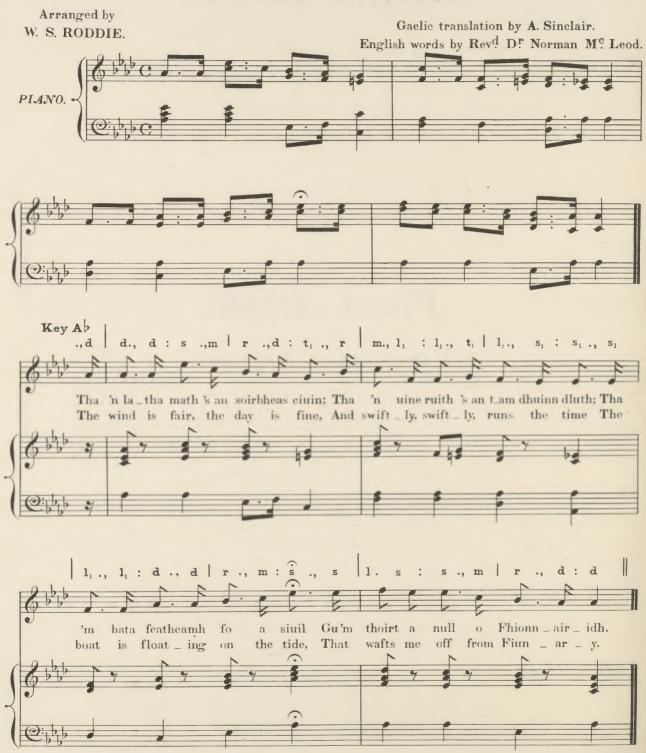
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An' but to face my kintra's faes
I'll ne'er leave thee, or Gartmore braes.

Fionn Airidh.

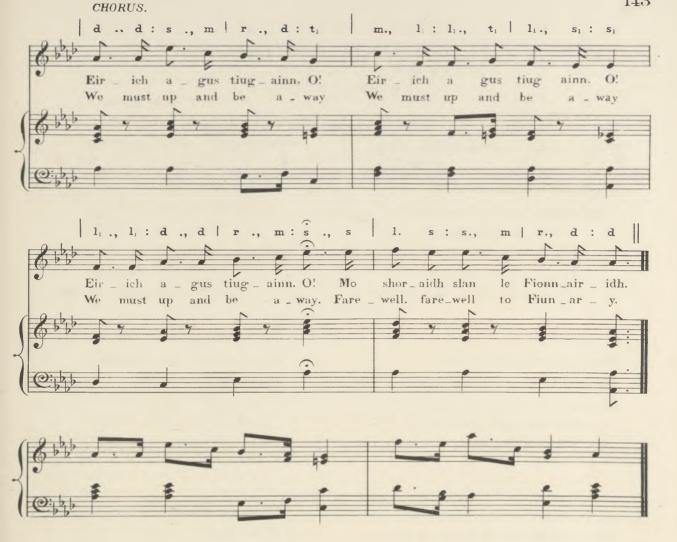
FAREWELL TO FIUNARY.*

Flonn Alkidh.

*FAREWELL TO FIUNARY.



^{*} Begin with the Chorus.



2nd

Tha iomadh mile ceangal blath
Mar shaighdean annam fein an sas;
Mo chridhe 'n impis a bhi sgainnt'
A chionn bhi fagail Fhionn-airidh.
Eirich agus, &c.

3rd

Bu tric a ghabh mi sgrìob leam fein Mu'n cuairt air luchairt Fhinn, an treun, 'S a dh' eisd mi sgeuiachdan na Feinn'. 'G an cur an ceill am Fionn-airidh. Eirich agus, &c.

4th

'S bu tric a sheall mi, feasgar Mairt,
Far am biodh Oisein seinn a dhan,
A' coimhead grein' aig iomadh trath,
Dol seach gach la 's mi 'm Fionn-airidh.
Eirich agus, &c.

2nd

A thousand, thousand tender ties
Awake, this day, my plaintive sighs;
My heart within me almost dies
At thought of leaving Fiunary.
Ayreech aghus, &c.

3rd

With pensive steps Ive often strolled Where Fingal's Castle stood of old, And listened while the shepherd told The legend tales o Fiunary Ayreech aghus, &c.

4th

I've often paused at close of day,
Where Ossian sang his martial lay:
And viewed the sun's departing ray
Wandring o'er Dun Fiunary.
Ayreech aghus, &c.

FIONN AIRIDH.

FAREWELL TO FIUNARY.

THA 'n la-tha math 's an soirbheas ciuin;
Tha 'n uine ruith 's an t-am dhuinn dluth;
Tha 'm bata featheamh fo a siuil
Gu 'm thoirt a null o Fhionn-airidh.
Eir-ich a-gus tiug-ainn, O!
Eir-ich a-gus tiug-ainn, O!
Eir-ich a-gus tiug-ainn, O!
Mo shor-aidh slan le Fionn-airidh.

Tha iomadh mile ceangal blath
Mar shaighdean annam fein an-sas,
Mo chridhe 'n impis a bhi sgainnt'
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Bu tric a ghabh mi sgrìob leam fein Mu'n cuairt air luchairt Fhinn, an treun, 'S a dh' eisd mi sgeuiachdan na Feinn'. 'G an cur an ceill am Fionn-airidh. Eirich agus, etc.

'S bu tric a sheall mi, feasgar Mairt,
Far am biodh Oisein seinn a dhan,
A' coimhead grein' aig iomadh trath,
Dol seach gach la 's mi 'm Fionn-airidh.
Eirich agus, etc.

THE wind is fair, the day is fine,
And swiftly, swiftly, runs the time;
The boat is floating on the tide
That wafts me off from Fiunary.
We must up and be away,
We must up and be away,
We must up and be away,
Farewell, farewell to Fiunary.

A thousand, thousand tender ties
Awake, this day, my plaintive sighs;
My heart within me almost dies
At thought of leaving Fiunary.
We must up, etc.

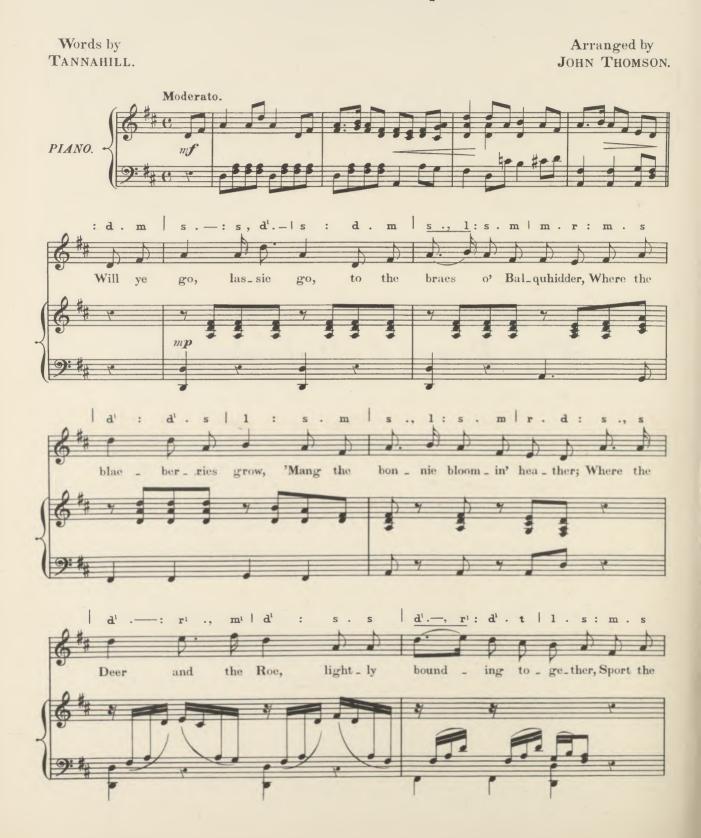
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We must up, etc.

I've often paused at close of day,
Where Ossian sang his martial lay;
And viewed the sun's departing ray,
Wand'ring o'er Dun Fiunary.
We must up, etc.

The Braes o' Balqubidder.

The Braes o' Balquhidder.





I will twine thee a bow'r,
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flow'rs o' the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae dreary,
And return wi' the spoils,
To the bower o' my dearie.
Will ye go, etc.

3.
When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar o' the linn
On the night breeze is swelling;
Sae merrily we'll sing
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the deer shieling ring
Wi' the light liltin' chorus.
Will ye go, etc.

A.
Now the summer is in prime,
Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming:
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes of Balquhidder.
Will ye go, etc.

THE BRAES O' BALQUHIDDER.

WILL ye go, lassie go,
To the braes o' Balquhidder,
Where the blaeberries grow,
'Mang the bonnie bloomin' heather;
Where the deer and the roe,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang simmer day
'Mang the braes o' Balquhidder.
Will ye go, lassie go,
To the braes o' Balquhidder,
Where the blaeberries grow,
'Mang the bonnie bloomin' heather;
Will ye go, lassie go.

I will twine thee a bower,
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers o' the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae dreary,
And return wi' the spoils,
To the bower o' my dearie.
Will ye go, etc.

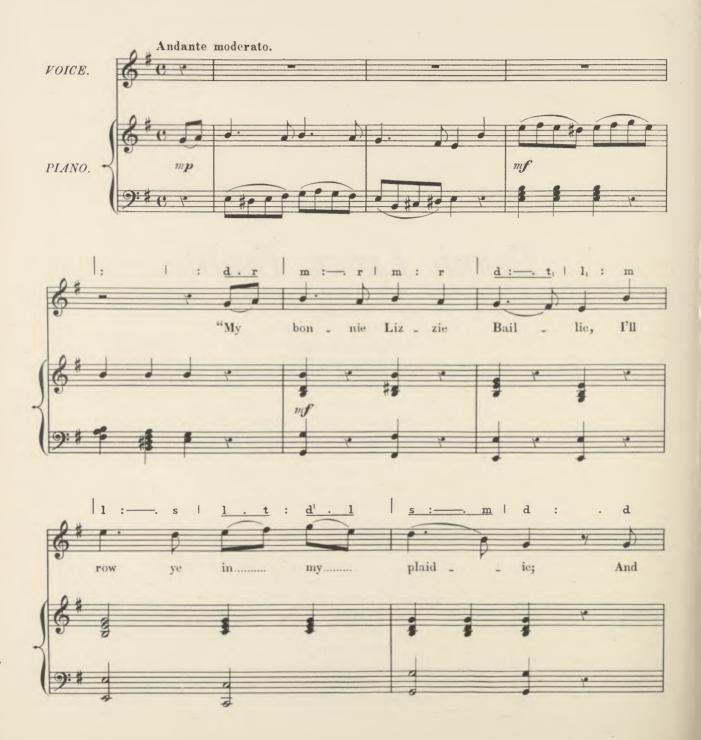
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To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhidder.
Will ye go, etc.

Bonnie Lizzie Baillie.

Bonnie Lizzie Baillie.

Words from Herd's Collection 1776. Arranged by JOHN THOMSON.





2.

"I'm sure they wadna ca' me wise,
Gin I wad gang wi' you, Sir;
For I can neither card nor spin,
Nor yet milk ewe or cow, Sir."
Said bonnie Lizzie Baillie.

3.

"My bonnie Lizzie Baillie,
Let nane o'thae things daunt ye;
Ye'll hae nae need to card or spin,
Your mither weel can want ye."
My bonnie Lizzie Baillie.

4.

Noo' she's cast aff her bonnie shoon,
Made o' the gilded leather,
And she's put on her Highland brogues;
To skip amang the heather.
Has bonnie Lizzie Baillie.

BONNIE LIZZIE BAILLIE.

"MY bonnie Lizzie Baillie,
I'll row ye in my plaidie;
And ye maun gang awa' we me,
And be a Highland lady."

My bonnie Lizzie Baillie.

"I'm sure they wadna ca' me wise,

Gin I wad gang wi' you, sir:

For I can neither card nor spin,

Nor yet milk ewe or cow, sir,"

Said bonnie Lizzie Baillie.

"My bonnie Lizzie Baillie,

Let nane o' thae things daunt ye;

Ye'll hae nae need to card or spin,

Your mither weel can want ye."

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Noo she's cast aff her bonnie shoon,

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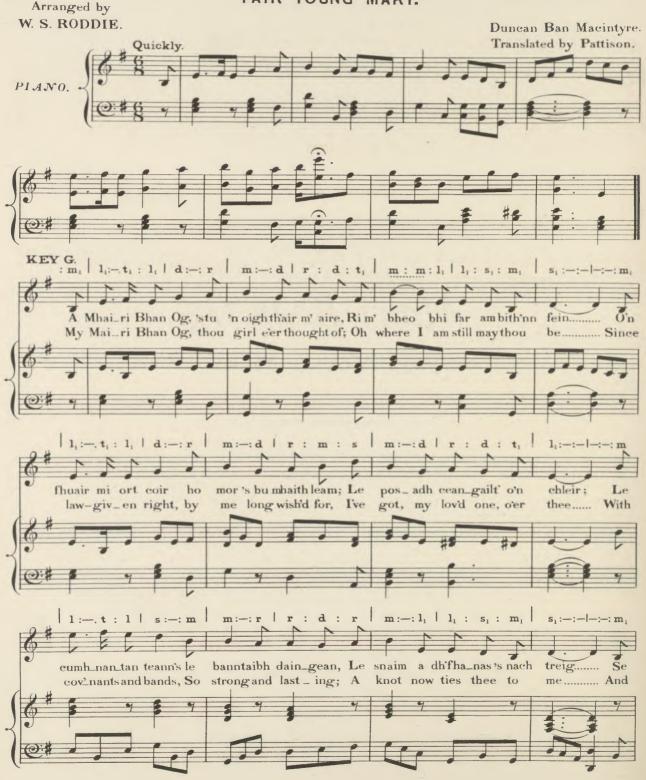


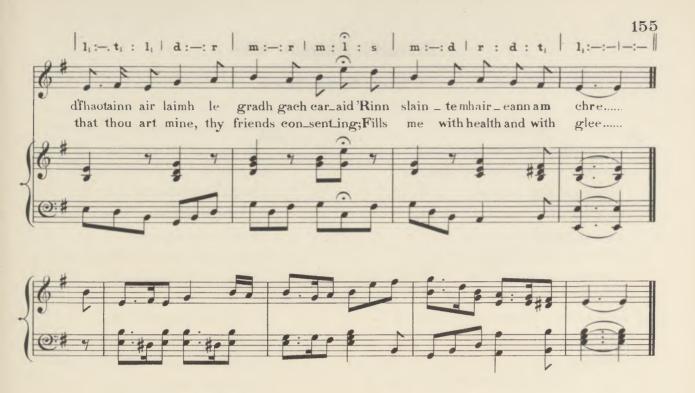
Mairi Bhan Og.

FAIR YOUNG MARY.

MAIRI BHAN OG.

FAIR YOUNG MARY.





2nd

'Sin 'n uair 'chuir Cupid an t-ultach a'm' bhroilleach D'a shaighdean corranach gaoil,

A dhruigh air mo chuislean, chuir luchd air mo choluinn Leis 'n do thuit mi,ge b' oil leam,'s gu'n d' aom;

Dh'innis mi'n sgeul do'n te rinn m'acain, Nach leigh a chaisgeadh mo ghaoid;

'S e leigheas gach creuchd i fein le 'feartan Theachd reidh 'a'm ghlacaibh mar shaoil.

3rd

Bheirinn mo phog do'n og mhnaoi shomalt'
A dh' fhas gu boinneanta, caoin,
Gu mileanta, comhnard, seocail, foinnidh
Do chomhradh gheibh mi gu saor;
Tha mi air sheol gu leoir a'd' chomain,
A' mhoid 's a chuir thu gu faoin
Do m' smaointean gorach, prois nam boireannach,

'S coir dhomh fuireach le h-aon.

4th

Na'm faighinn an drasd do charadh daingean
An aite falaich o'n eug;
Ged thigeadh e 'd dhail, a's m' fhagail falamh
Cha b'aill leam bean eil' a'd' dheigh:
Cha toir mi gu brath dhuit dranndan teallaich,
Mu'n ardaich aileag do chleibh,
Ach raogha gach manrain, gradh a's furan,

Cho blath's a b'urrainn do m' bheul.

2nd

For Cupid that Elf had shot a quiver
Of sharp wing'd darts in my breast,
That dried up my pulse and life, and downward
My strength a sore burden press'd.
I then told the cause of my great anguish,
No leech could bless me with rest;
But my wounds with her virtues she did cure them;
As me she gently caress'd.

3rd

Then kiss'd I the gentle, dear, soft maiden
Who'd grown up so mild, and so sweet
So comely, so tall, so true and tender,
So womanly, graceful and neat:
And I am proud to know I'm favour'd,
Such love as hers to meet;
When her vows and herself so true, she gives me,
A cheaply got bargain I greet.

4th

O could I but take thee, love, and hide thee
Away from the reach of decay!
For now should grim death leave me without thee,
I'd not love another for aye;
But ne'er shall the hearth's harsh wrangling tease thee
Nor make thy clear temper its prey,
Thou only shalt hear the sweetest of measures,
My lips can sing or can say.

MAIRI BHAN OG.

FAIR YOUNG MARY.

A MAIRI Bhan Og, 'stu 'n oigh th'air m' aire,
Ri m' bheo bhi far am bith'nn fein
O'n fhuair mi ort coir cho mor 's bu mhaith leam;
Le posadh ceangailt' o'n chleir;
Le cumhnantan teann's le banntaibh daingean,
Le snaim a dh'fhanas's nach treig
Se d'fhaotainn air laimh le gradh gach caraid
'Rinn slainte mhaireann am chre

'Sin 'n uair 'chuir Cupid ántultach a'm' bhroilleach
D'a shaighdean corranach gaoil,
A dhruigh air mo chuislean, chuir luchd air mo choluinn
Leis 'n do thuit mi, ge b' oil leam, 's gu'n d' aom;
Dh 'innis mi 'n sgeul do'n te rinn m' acain,
Nach leigh a chaisgeadh mo ghaoid;
'S e leigheas gach creuchd i fein le 'feartan
Theachd reidh 'a'm ghlacaibh mar shaoil.

Bheirinn mo phog do'n og mhnaoi shomalt'

A dh' fhas gu boinneanta, caoin,

Gu mileanta, comhnard, seocail, foinnidh—

Do chomhradh gheibh mi gu saor

Tha mi air sheol gu leoir a'd' chomain,

A' mhoid 's a chuir thu gu faoin

Do m' smaointean gorach, prois nam boireannach,

'S coir dhomh fuireach le h-aon.

Na'm faighinn an drasd do charadh daingean
An aite falaich o'n eug;
Ged thigeadh e 'd dhail, a's m' fhagail falamh
Cha b'aill leam bean eil' a'd' dheigh;
Cha toir mi gu brath dhuit dranndan teallaich,
Mu'n ardaich aileag do chleibh,
Ach raogha gach manrain, gradh a's furan,
Cho blath 's a b' urrainn do m' bheul.

MY Mairi Bhan Og, thou girl e'er thought of;
Oh where I am still may thou be
Since law-given right, by me long wish'd for,
I've got, my lov'd one, o'er thee
With cov'nants and bands, so strong and lasting,
A knot now ties thee to me
And that thou art mine, thy friends consenting;
Fills me with health and with glee.

For Cupid that elf had shot a quiver
Of sharp wing'd darts in my breast,
That dried up my pulse and life, and downward
My strength a sore burden press'd.
I then told the cause of my great anguish,
No leech could bless me with rest;
But my wounds with her virtues she did cure them;
As me she gently caress'd.

Then kiss'd I the gentle, dear, soft maiden
Who'd grown up so mild, and so sweet
So comely, so tall, so true and tender,
So womanly, graceful and neat:
And I am proud to know I'm favour'd,
Such love as hers to meet;
When her vows and herself so true, she gives me
A cheaply got bargain I greet.

O could I but take thee, love, and hide thee
Away from the reach of decay!

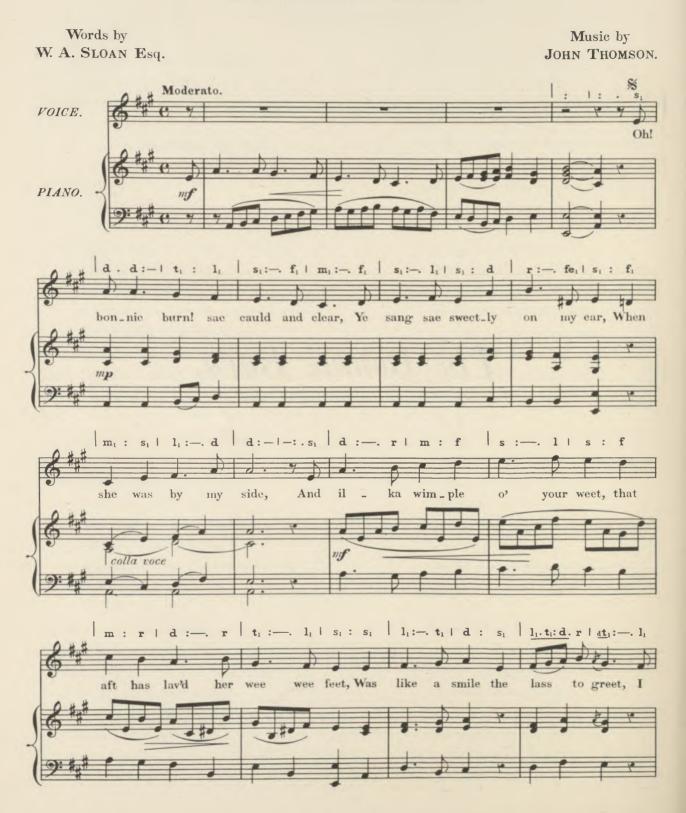
For now should grim death leave me without thee,
I'd not love another for aye;

But ne'er shall the hearth's harsh wrangling tease thee
Nor make thy clear temper its prey,

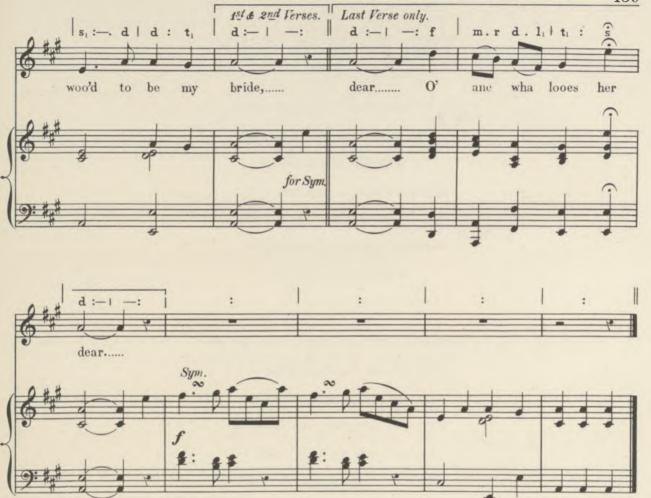
Thou only shalt hear the sweetest of measures,
My lips can sing or can say.

The Bonnie Burn.

The Bonnie Burn.







2.

There's ne'er a stream that seeks the sea,
Nor river hauf sae dear tae me
As thou, wee nameless burn;
That rows sae gently roun' the field,
That lies beside my lassie's bield
Where aft a wanton wean she brield;
Wi' mony a merry turn.

3.

But noo; alake! my lassie gangs
Her leafu' lane, tae hear your sangs;
Sweet burn, that sings sae clear!
Sae whan she gazes on your brink,
Wi' tentie ears your muse tae drink,
Oh! sing a sang'll mak' her think:
O' ane that loes her dear.

THE BONNIE BURN.

H! bonnie burn! sae cauld and clear,
Ye sang sae sweetly on my ear,
When she was by my side,
And ilka wimple o' your weet,
That aft has laved her wee wee feet,
Was like a smile the lass to greet,
I woo'd to be my bride.

There's ne'er a stream that seeks the sea,

Nor river hauf sae dear tae me

As thou, wee nameless burn;

That rows sae gently roun' the field,

That lies beside my lassie's bield

Where aft a wanton wean she brield;

Wi' mony a merry turn.

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Her leafu' lane, tae hear your sangs;

Sweet burn, that sings sae clear;

Sae when she gazes on your brink,

Wi' tentie ears your muse tae drink,

Oh! sing a sang 'll mak' her think

O' ane that lo'es her dear.



Blanche's Song.

They bid me sleep.

(FROM THE "LADY OF THE LAKE.")

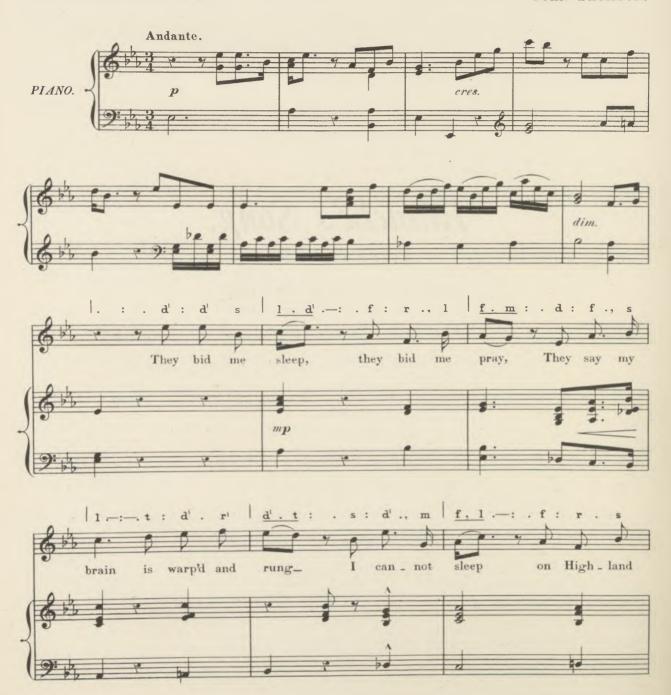
Blanche's Song.

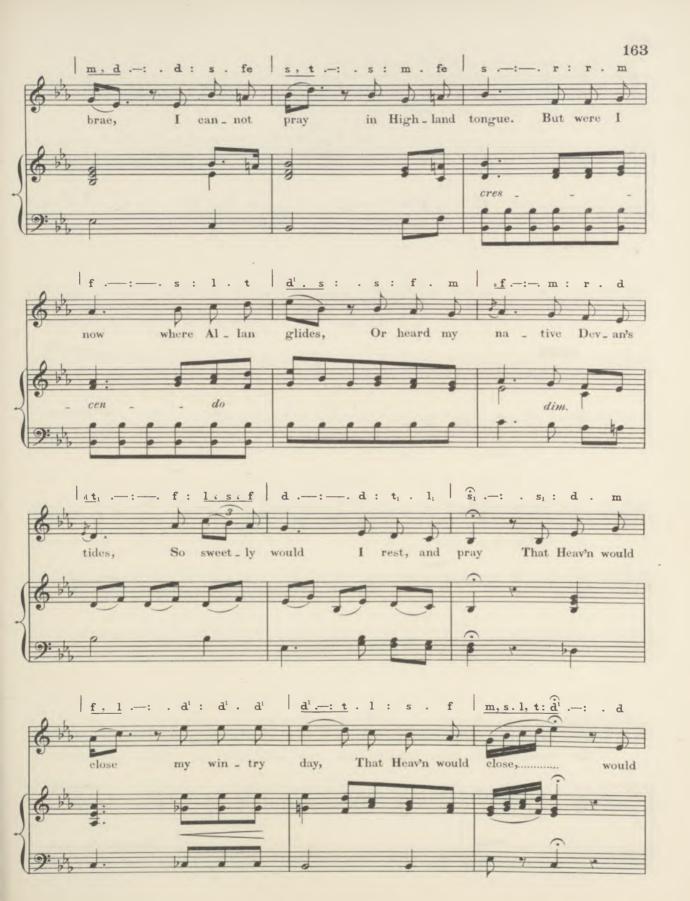
(They bid me sleep.)

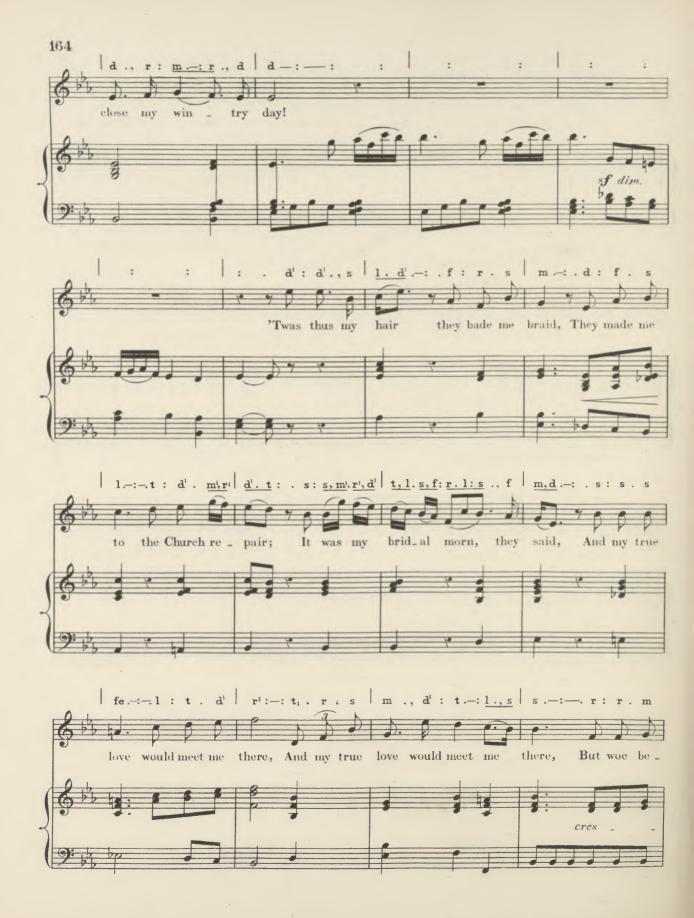
From the "LADY OF THE LAKE".

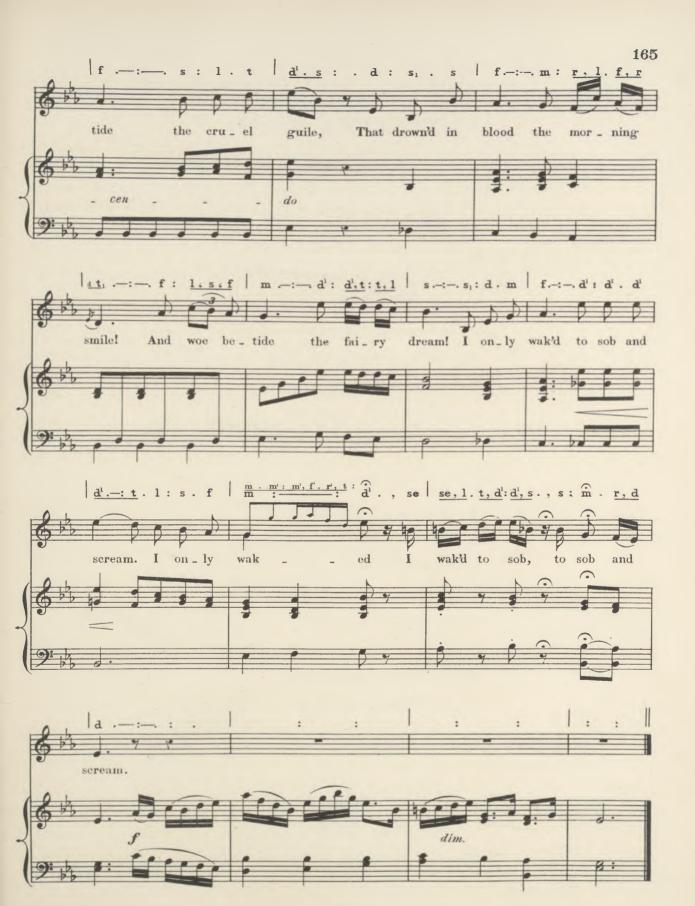
Words by SIR WALTER SCOTT. Bart.

Arranged by JOHN THOMSON.









BLANCHE'S SONG.

They bid me sleep.

(FROM THE "LADY OF THE LAKE.")

THEY bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
They say my brain is warp'd and wrung—
I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
I cannot pray in Highland tongue.
But were I now where Allan glides,
Or heard my native Devan's tides,
So sweetly would I rest and pray
That Heav'n would close my wintry day.

'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,

They made me to the church repair;

It was my bridal morn, they said,

And my true love would meet me there.

But woe betide the cruel guile,

That drown'd in blood the morning smile!

And woe betide the fairy dream!

I only wak'd to sob and scream.

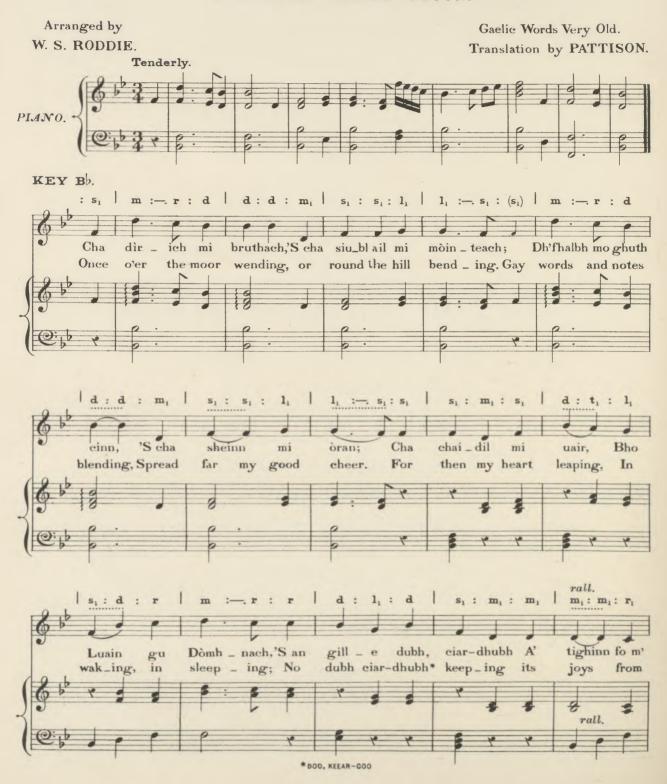


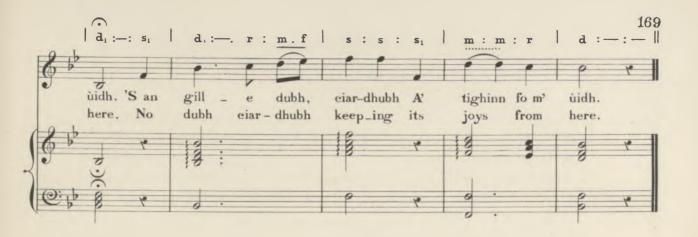
An gille dubb, ciar-dbubb.

THE DARK-HAIRED YOUTH.

AN GILLE DUBH, CIAR-DHUBH.

THE DARK HAIRED YOUTH.







2nd

Is truagh nach robh mise
'S an gille dubh, ciar-dhubh,
An aodann na beinne
Fo shileadh nan siantan;
An lagan beag fàsaich
No 'n ait-eigin diomhair,
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath,
'S e tighinn fo m' ùidh.

3rd

Mo ghille dubh, bòidheach,
Ge gòrach le càch thu,
Dheanainn do phòsadh,
Gun deòin do mo chàirdean;
Shiubhlainn leat fada
Feadh lagan a's fàsach,
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath
'S tu tighinn fo m' ùidh.

4th

Is luaineach mo chadal
Bho mhadainn Di-ciadain;
Is bruaileanach m' aigne
Mur furtaich thu, chiall, orm;
'S mi 'n raoir air dhroch leaba,
Cha'n' fhad gus an liath mi,
'S an gille dubh, ciar-dhubh,
A' tighinn fo m' ùidh.

2nd

And now that together,
Dubh ciar-dhubh, dubh ciar-dhubh,
We fac'd the rude weather
On hills bleak and blue,
Some peaceful spot near me,
I'd choose, and there cheer me;
No grey beard to fear me,
And thou in my view.

3rd

My bonny dubh, ciar-dhubh

Let sharp tongues assail thee

One heart will not fail thee

That knows to be true

Dubh ciar-dhubh, dubh ciar-dhubh,

Tho' poor, poor thou be

No rich old man can please me

Like thee, love, like thee.

4th

In sadness oft sleeping,
I wake up, half weeping,
Such wild dreams come creeping
Over me, dear,
I've heard the old folks say,
That grief makes the hair gray;
Then, gillie dubh! this love may,
Make mine so, I fear.

AN GILLE DUBH, CIAR-DHUBH.

THE DARK-HAIRED YOUTH.

CHA dirich mi bruthach,

'S cha siu bhail mi mointeach;

Dh' fhalbh mo ghuth cinn,

'S cha sheinn mi oran;

Cha chaidil mi uair,

Bho Luain gu domhnach,

'S an gille dubh, ciar-dhubh

A' tighinn fo m' uidh.

Is truagh nach robh mise
'S an gille dubh, ciar-dhubh,
An aodann na beinne
Fo shileadh nan siantan;
An lagan beag fasaich
No 'n ait-eigin diomhair,
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath,
'S e tighinn fo m' uidh.

Mo ghille dubh, boidheach,
Ge gorach le càch thu,
Dheanainn do phosadh,
Gun deoin do mo chairdean;
Shiubhlainn leat fada
Feadh lagan a's fasach,
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath
'S tu tighinn fo m' uidh.

Is luaineach mo chadal
Bho mhadainn Di-ciadain;
Is bruaileanach m' aigne
Mur furtaich thu, chiall, orm;
'S mi 'n raoir air dhroch leaba,
Cha'n'fhad gus an liath mi,
'S an gille dubh, ciar-dhubh,
A' tighinn fo m' uidh.

Or round the hill bending,
Or round the hill bending,
Gay words and notes blending,
Spread far my good cheer,
For then my heart leaping,
In waking and sleeping;
No dubh ciar-dhubh * keeping
Its joys from here.

And now that together,
Dubh ciar-dhubh, dubh ciar-dhubh,
We fac'd the rude weather
On hills bleak and blue,
Some peaceful spot near me,
I'd choose, and there cheer me;
No grey beard to fear me,
And thou in my view.

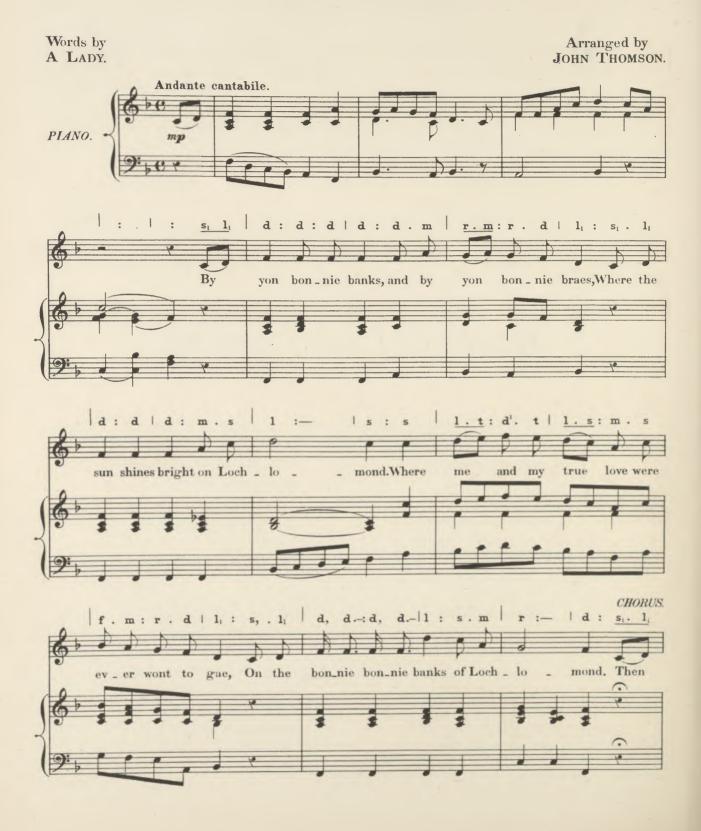
My bonnie dubh, ciar-dhubh,
Let sharp tongues assail thee,
One heart will not fail thee
That knows to be true
Dubh ciar-dhubh, dhub ciar-dhubh,
Though poor, poor thou be,
No rich old man can please me
Like thee, love, like thee.

In sadness oft sleeping,
I wake up, half weeping,
Such wild dreams come creeping
Over me, dear,
I've heard the old folks say,
That grief makes the hair gray;
Then, gillie dubh! this love may
Make mine so, I fear.

^{*} Doo Keear-goo.

Banks of Loch Lomond.

Banks of Lochlomond.





2.

'Twas there that we pairted in yon shady glen,
On the steep steep side o' Benlomond?
Where in purple hue, the Hieland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming?
Then ye'll tak' &c.

3

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping?
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again
Tho' the waefu' may cease frae their greeting.
Then ye'll tak' &c.

BANKS OF LOCH LOMOND.

BY yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae
On the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

Then ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland before ye!
But me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

'Twas there that we pairted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond!
Where in purple hue, the Hieland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloamin'.

Then ye'll tak', etc.

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring,

And in sunshine the waters are sleeping;

But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again,

Though the waefu' may cease fra their greeting.

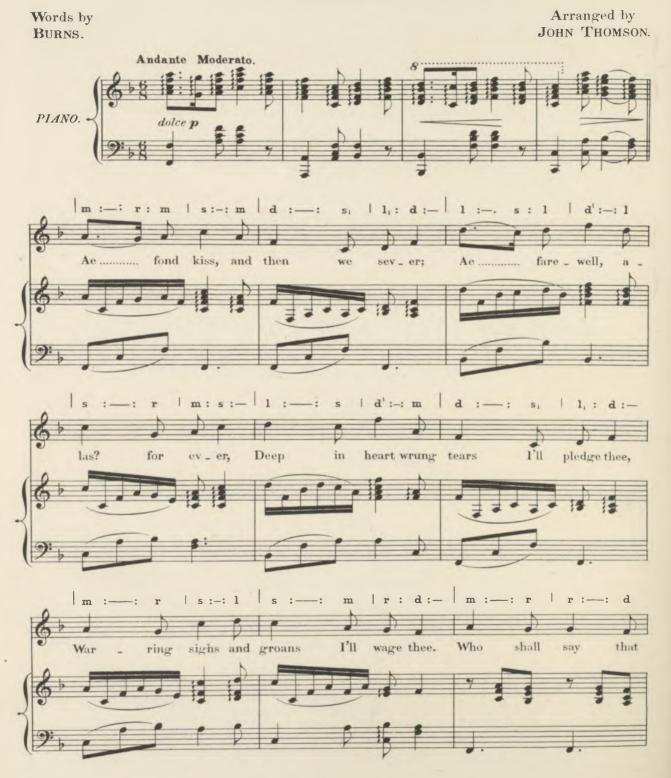
Then ye'll tak', etc.



Ae fond kiss, and then we sever.

Ae fond Kiss and then we Sever.

Old Gaelic Air.







I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her, was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met_or never parted
We had ne'er been broken hearted.

3

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest! Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest! Thine be ilka joy and treasure, Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure. Ae fond kiss &c.

AE FOND KISS, AND THEN WE SEVER.

A E fond kiss, and then we sever,

Ae farewell, alas! for ever,

Deep in heart wrung tears I'll pledge thee,

Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,

While the star of hope she leaves him?

Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;

Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!

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Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure.

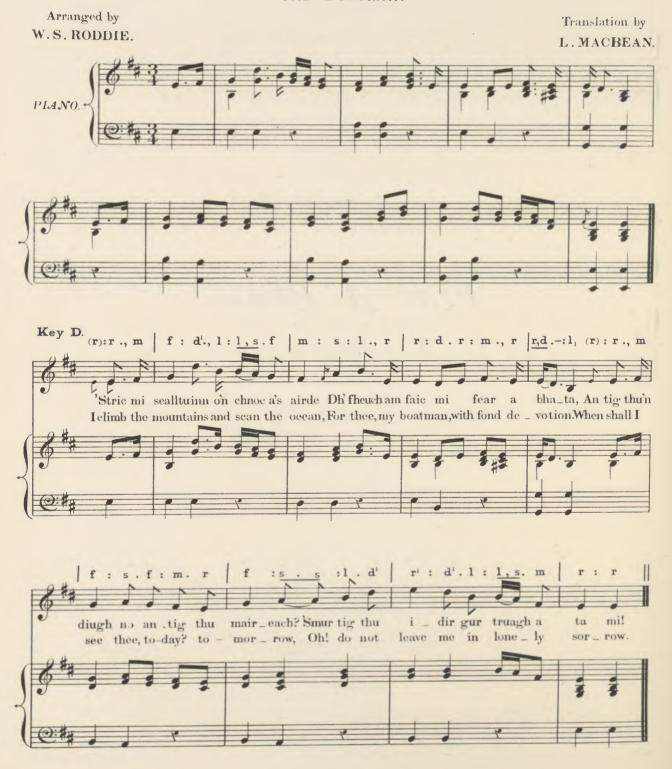
Ae fond kiss, etc.

Fear A Bhata.

THE BOATMAN.

FEAR A BHATA.

THE BOATMAN





Tha mo chridhe-sa briste, brùite;
S tric na deoir a ruith o m' shuilean;
An tig thu nochd, na 'm bi mo dhùil riut?
Na 'n dùin mi 'n dorus, le osna thursaich?
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile, &c.

3rd

S tric mi foighneachd de luchd nam bàta, Am fac iad thù, na 'm bheil thu sàbhailt: Ach 's ann a tha gach aon diubh 'g ràite, Gur gòrach mi ma thug mi gradh dhuit. Fhir a bhata, na horo eile, &c.

4th

Ged a thuirt iad gu'n robh thu aotrom,
Cha do lughadaich sid mo ghaol ort,
Bi'dh tu m' aisling anns an òidhche,
A's anns a mhadainn bidh mi ga d'fhoighneachd.
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile, &c.

5th

Tha mo chairdean gu tric ag innseadh, Gu'm feum mi d'aogas a chuir air dichuimhn;' Ach tha 'n comhairle dhomh cho diomhain, 'S bhi pilleadh mara 's i tabhairt lionaidh. Fhir a bhata, na horo eile, &c.

6th

Bidh mi tuille gu tùrsach, deurach, Mar eala bhàn's i an deigh a reubadh; Guileag bàis aic' air lochau feurach, A's cach uile an deigh a treigsinn. Fhir a bhata, na horo eile, &c. Broken-hearted I droop and languish, And frequent tears; show my bosom's anguish; Shall I expect thee to-night to cheer me? Or close the door, sighing sad and weary?

O, my boatman, &c.

3rd

From passing boatmen, I'd fain discover
If they have heard of, or seen my lover;
They never tell me_I'm only chided,
And told my heart has been sore misguided.
O, my boatman, &c.

4th

That thou'rt a rover my friends have told me, But not the less to my heart I hold thee, And every night in my dreams I see thee, And still at dawn will the vision flee me.

O, my boatman, &c.

5th

My friends oft tell me that I must sever All thought of thee from my heart forever; Their words are idle_my passion's swelling, Untamed as ocean, can brook no quelling

O, my boatman, &c.

6th

My heart is weary with ceaseless wailing, Like wounded swan when her strength is failing, Her notes of anguish the lake awaken, By all her comrades at last forsaken.

O, my boatman, &c.

FEAR A BHATA.

THE BOATMAN.

2 STRIC mi sealltuinn o'n chnoc a's airde Dh' fheuch am faic mi fear a bhata, An tig thu'n diugh no an tig thu maireach? 'Smur tig thu idir gur truagh a ta mi!

Fhir a bhata, na horo eile,
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile,
Fhir a bhata na horo eile,
Gu ma slan duit gach ait an teid thu!

Tha mo chridhe-sa briste, brùite;
'S tric na deoir a ruith o m' shuilean;
An tig thu nochd, na 'm bi mo dhùil riut?
Na 'n dùin mi 'n dorus, le osna thursaich?
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile, etc.

'S tric mi foighneachd de luchd nam bàta,
Am fac iad thù, na 'm bheil thu sàbhailt:
Ach 's ann a tha gach aon diubh 'g ràite,
Gur gòrach mi ma thug mi gradh dhuit.

Fhir a bhata, na horo eile, etc.

Ged a thuirt iad gu'n robh thu aotrom,
Cha do lughadaich sid mo ghaol ort,
Bi'dh tu m' aisling anns an òidhche,
A's anns a mhadainn bidh mi ga d' fhoighneachd.
Fhir a bhata, na horo eile, etc.

Tha mo chairdean gu tric ag innseadh,
Gu'm feum mi d'aogas a chuir air dichuimhn';
Ach tha 'n comhairle dhomh cho diomhain,
'S bhi pilleadh mara 's i tabhairt lionaidh.

Fhir a bhata, na horo eile, etc.

Bidh mi tuille gu tùrsach, deurach, Mar eala bhàn 's i an deigh a reubadh; Guileag bàis aic' air lochan feurach, A's each uile an deigh a tréigsinn.

Fhir a bhata, na horo eile, etc.

I CLIMB the mountains and scan the ocean,
For thee, my boatman, with fond devotion,
When shall I see thee, to-day? to-morrow,
Oh! do not leave me in lonely sorrow.

O, my boatman, na horo aila,
O, my boatman, na horo aila,
O, my boatman, na horo aila,
Happy be thou where'er thou sailest!

Broken-hearted I droop and languish,

And frequent tears show my bosom's anguish;

Shall I expect thee to-night to cheer me?

Or close the door, sighing sad and weary?

O, my boatman, etc.

From passing boatmen, I'd fain discover
If they have heard of, or seen my lover;
They never tell me—I'm only chided,
And told my heart has been sore misguided.
O, my boatman, etc.

That thou'rt a rover my friends have told me,
But not the less to my heart I hold thee,
And every night in my dreams I see thee,
And still at dawn will the vision flee me.
O, my boatman, etc.

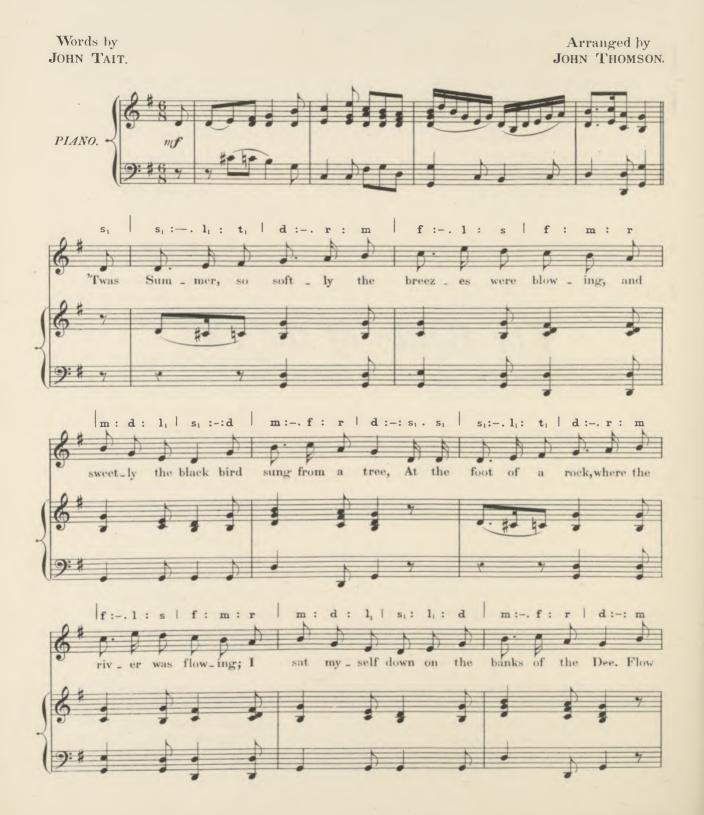
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All thought of thee from my heart forever;
Their words are idle—my passion's swelling,
Untamed as ocean, can brook no quelling
O, my boatman, etc.

My heart is weary with ceaseless wailing,
Like wounded swan when her strength is failing,
Her notes of anguish the lake awaken,
By all her comrades at last forsaken.

O, my boatman, etc.

The Banks of the Dee.

The Banks of the Dee.





But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning
To quell the proud rebels for valiant is he,
But ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning
To wander again, on the banks of the Dee.

3.

He's gone hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring billows, The kindest, and sweetest, of all the gay fellows; And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows, The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

4.

But time, and my prayers, may perhaps yet restore him, Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to mel And when he returns with such care I'll watch o'er him, He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.

5.

The Dee shall then flow, all its beauties displaying,
The lambs on its banks, shall again be seen playing!
While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

TWAS summer, so softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the blackbird sung from a tree,
At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing;
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river,
Thy bank's purest stream shall be dear to me ever;
Where I first gained the affection and favour of Jamie;
The laddie that dwelt on the banks of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,

To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he,

But ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,

To wander again on the banks of the Dee.

He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring billows,
The kindest, and sweetest, of all the gay fellows;
And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,
The lonliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time, and my prayers, may perhaps yet restore him,

Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me!

And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er him,

He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.

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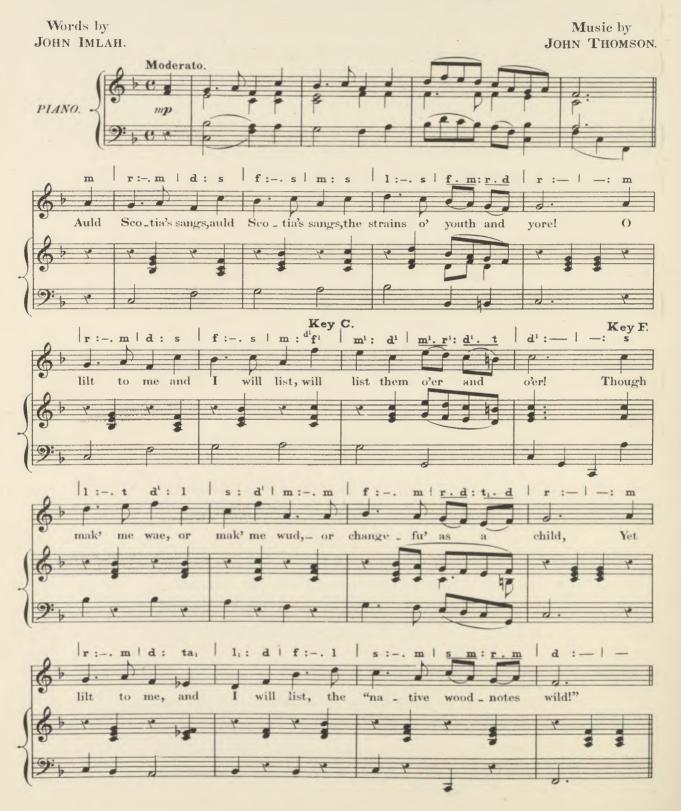
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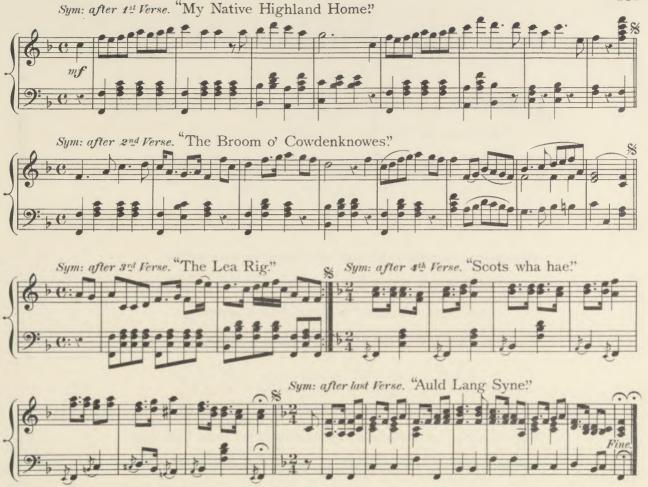
While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,

And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

Auld Scotia's Sangs.

Auld Scotia's Sangs.





2.

They mak' me present wi' the past_they bring up fresh and fair, The "Bonnie Broom of Cowdenknowes," The Bush abune Traquair," The "Dowie Dens of Yarrow," or "The Birks of Invermay" Or Catrine's green and yellow woods in Autumns dwining day.

3

They bring me back the holms and howes, whar siller burnies shine, The "Lea Rig" whar the gowans glint we pu'd in "Auld Lang Syne!" And mair than a' the Trystin' Thorn that blossomed down the vale, Whar' gloamin' breathed sae sweetly but far sweeter luve's fond tale.

4

Now melt we o'er the lay that wails for Floddens day o' dule, And now some rant will gar us loup like daffin youth at Yule! Now o'er young luve's impassioned strain our conscious heart will yearn, And now our blude fires at the call o' Bruce o'Bannockburn.

5

O born o' feelings warmest depths_o' fancy's wildest dreams, They're twined wi' monie lovely thocht's, wi' monie lo'esome themes; They gar the glass o' memory glint back wi' brichter shine On far aff scenes, and far aff frien's, and "Auld Lang Syne".

AULD SCOTIA'S SANGS.

A ULD Scotia's sangs, auld Scotia's sangs, the strains o' youth and yore!

O lilt to me and I will list, will list them o'er and o'er!

Though mak' me wae, or mak' me wud, or changefu' as a child,

Yet lilt to me, and I will list, the "native wood-notes wild!"

They mak' me present wi' the past—they bring up fresh and fair,

The "Bonnie Broom of Cowdenknowes," "The Bush abune Traquair,"

The "Dowie Dens of Yarrow," or "The Birks of Invermay,"

Or Catrine's green and yellow woods in autumn's dwining day.

They bring me back the holms and howes, whar siller burnies shine,

The "Lea Rig" whar the gowans glint we pu'd in "Auld Lang Syne,"

And mair than a', the Trystin' Thorn that blossomed down the vale,

Whaur gloamin' breathed sae sweetly—but far sweeter, luve's fond tale.

Now melt we o'er the lay that wails for Flodden's day o' dule,

And now some rant will gar us loup like daffin' youth at Yule!

Now o'er young luve's impassioned strain our conscious heart will yearn,

And now our blude fires at the call o' Bruce o' Bannockburn.

O, born o' feeling's warmest depths—o' fancy's wildest dreams,

They're twined wi' monie lovely thochts, wi' monie lo'some themes;

They gar the glass o' memory glint back wi' brichter shine

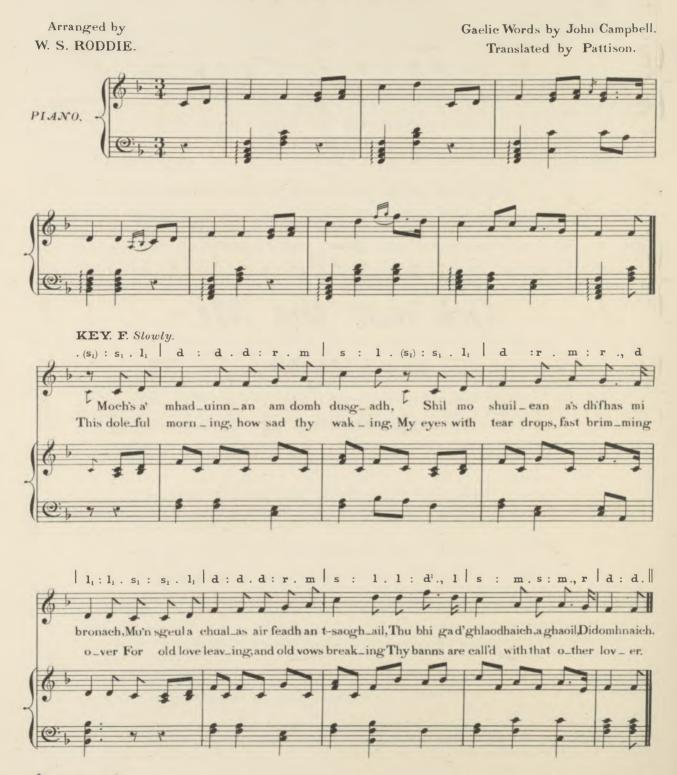
On far aff scenes, and far aff frien's, and "Auld Lang Syne."

Och mar 'tha Mi.

ALAS! FOR ME.*

OCH MAR THA MI.

*ALAS FOR ME.



^{*}Begin with the Chorus.



2nd

'N uair bhios each 'n an eadal suaimhneach,
Bidh mise smuainteachadh ort an comhnuidh,
Mar bhios an eala an deigh a bualadh;
'S e gaol na gruagaich a rinn mo leonadh,
Och mar tha mi, &c.

3rd

Thu do shuilean mar na dearcan,
'S tha do chneas mar chanach mointich,
Do dha ghruaidh cho dearg 's an caorann,
'S do mhala chaol mar it' an lon-duibh.
Och mar tha mi, &c.

4th

Thug mi uigh dhuit, a's chuir mi duil annad
Ged nach duirichdeadh tu mo phosadh;
Thug thu'n sliabh ort's cha b' fhiach leat m' fhoighneachd;
'S e fear gun chaoimhneas a ni thu phosadh.
Och mar tha mi, &c.

2nd

When sleeping sweetly the rest are lying,
Wild dreams of anguish my mind is weaving;
I'm like the swan, that drops wounded-dying;
My love exhausts me with bitter grieving.
Och mar tha mi, &c.

3rd

Alas! thy kind eyes so brightly shining
Thy neck so comely like cannach blowing
Those ebon eyebrows thy forehead lining
Thy cheeks like berries or rowans glowing.

Och mar tha mi, &c.

4th

Since thou hast left me, and without warning,
Alas! and taken a man for gold!
Had I been by thee, false wisdom scorning,
Thy self, my dear one, thou had'st not sold.
Och mar tha mi, &c.

OCH MAR 'THA MI.

ALAS! FOR ME.

MOCH'S a' mhaduinnan am domh dusgadh
Shil mo shuilean a's dh'fhas mi bronach,
Mu'n sgeul a chualas air feadh an t-saogh-ail,
Thu bhi ga d'ghlaodhaich, a ghaoil, Didomhnaich.
Och mar 'tha mi, 'smi na'm aonar
Struagh a dh'fhag thu mi'm deigh do chomhraidh;
Mo chreach's mo dhibheil nach robh mi'n Ile
'Smo chruinneag dhileas a' dol a phosadh.

'Nuair bhios cach 'n an cadal suaimhneach,

Bidh mise smuainteachadh ort an comhnuidh,

Mar bhios an eala an deigh a bualadh;

'S e gaol na gruagaich a rinn mo leonadh,

Och mar 'tha mi, etc.

Thu do shuilean mar na dearcan,

'S tha do chneas mar chanach mointich,
Do dha ghruaidh cho dearg 's an caorann,

'S do mhala chaol mar it' an lon-duibh.

Och mar 'tha mì, etc.

Thug mi uigh dhuit, a 's chuir mi duil annad

Ged nach duirichdeadh tu mo phosadh;

Thug thu 'n sliabh ort 's cha b' fhiach lead m' fhoigneachd;

'S e fear gun chaoimhneas a ni thu phosadh.

Och mar 'tha mi, etc.

THIS doleful morning, how sad thy waking

My eyes with tear-drops fast brimming over,

For old love leaving, and old vows breaking,

Thy banns are call'd with that other lover.

Och mar 'tha mi, here so lively;

Despair has seized me, and keeps his hold;

Oh, were I near thee in Islay, only,

Before thou'st taken that man for gold.

When sleeping sweetly the rest are lying,

Wild dreams of anguish my mind is weaving,

I'm like the swan, that drops wounded—dying;

My love exhausts me with bitter grieving.

Och mar 'tha mi, etc.

Alas! thy kind eyes so brightly shining,

Thy neck so comely, like cannach blowing,

Those ebon eyebrows thy forehead lining,

Thy cheeks like berries or rowans glowing.

Och mar 'tha mi, etc.

Since thou hast left me, and without warning,
Alas! and taken a man for gold!
Had I been by thee, false wisdom scorning,
Thyself, my dear one; thou had'st not sold.
Och mar 'tha mi, etc.

* Begin with the Chorus.



Song of Death.

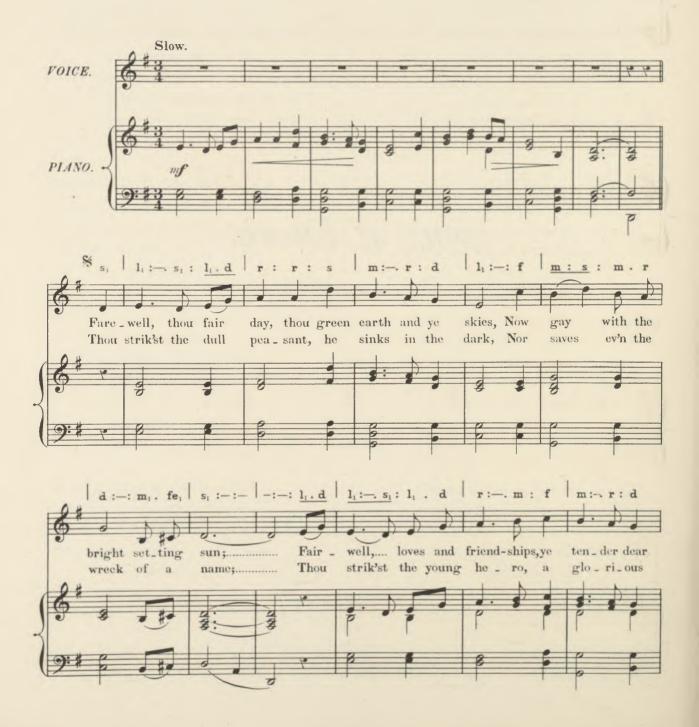
ORAN AN AOIG.

Song of Death.

ORAN AN AOIG.

Words by Burns.

Arranged by JOHN THOMSON.







SONG OF DEATH.

ORAN AN AOIG.

RAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the bright setting sun;
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye tender, dear ties!
Our race of existence is run;
Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the coward and slave!
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant, but know,
No terrors hast thou for the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,

Nor saves ev'n the wreck of a name;

Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!

He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,

Our king and our country to save,

While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,

Oh, who would not die with the brave!



MacCrimmon's Lament.

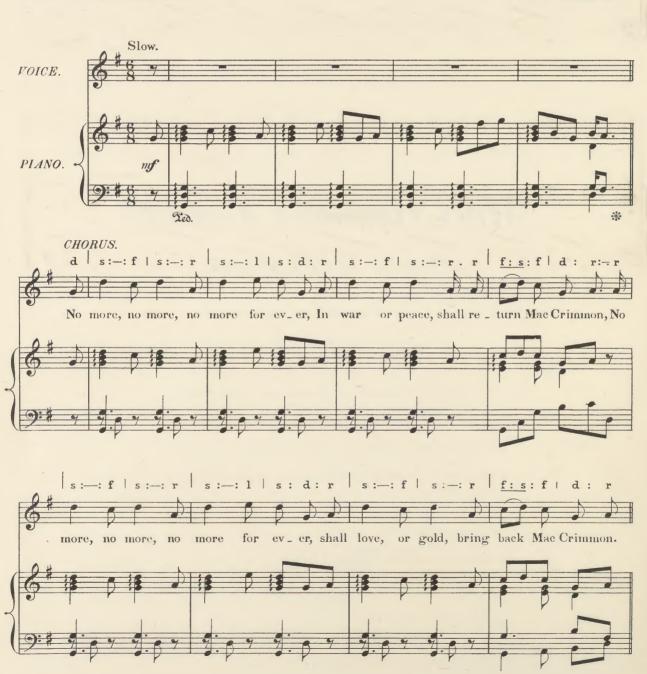
CUMHA MHICCRUMEIN.

Mac Crimmon's Lament.

CUMHA MHIC CRUMEIN.

English Words by JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Music Arranged by W. S. RODDIE.





2

The breeze on the brae is mournfully blowing!
The brook in the hollow is plaintively flowing,
The warblers, the soul of the groves, are moaning,
For Mac Crimmon that's gone, with no hope of returning,

2

The tearful clouds the stars are veiling, The sails are spread, but the boat is not sailing, The waves of the sea, are moaning and mourning For MacCrimmon that's gone, to find no returning!

A

No more on the hill at the festal meeting, The pipe shall sound, with echo repeating, And lads and lasses, change mirth to mourning; For him that is gone, to know no returning!

5.

No more, no more, no more for ever, In war or peace, shall return Mac Crimmon: No more, no more, no more for ever, Shall love, or gold, bring back Mac Crimmon.

MacCRIMMON'S LAMENT.

CUMHA MHICCRUMEIN.

O more, no more for ever,

In war or peace shall return MacCrimmon;

No more, no more, no more for ever,

Shall love, or gold, bring back MacCrimmon.

Round Coolins peak the mist is sailing,
The banshee croons her note of wailing;
Mild blue eyes with sorrow are streaming,
For him that shall never return, MacCrimmon.

The breeze on the brae is mournfully blowing,

The brook in the hollow is plaintively flowing,

The warblers, the soul of the groves, are moaning,

For MacCrimmon that's gone, with no hope of returning,

The tearful clouds the stars are veiling,

The sails are spread, but the boat is not sailing,

The waves of the sea are moaning and mourning

For MacCrimmon that's gone, to find no returning.

No more on the hill, at the festal meeting,
The pipe shall sound, with echo repeating,
And lads and lasses change mirth to mourning,
For him that is gone, to know no returning.

No more, no more, no more for ever,
In war or peace, shall return MacCrimmon;
No more, no more, no more for ever,
Shall love, or gold, bring back MacCrimmon.



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Mrs Macdonald
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We will take the high way (Gabhaidh sinn na rathad mhor).

My Nut-brown Maiden (Ho ro mo Nighean donn bhoidheach).

The Boatman (Fear a' Bhata).

My Faithful Fair One (Mo run geal dileas).

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Prince Charles' last news of Scotland
Cheerful Mary
I can't conceal that I prefer you
Now your gane awa
Willie, will you e'er return
The Marchioness Salute
The Isles of Aigas
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