

E. S. Murray April 1886

Blair. 359.

THE
CELTIC LYRE,

A COLLECTION OF GAELIC SONGS, WITH ENGLISH
TRANSLATIONS.

BY FIONN.

Part 1.—Price Sixpence.

MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS.

THIRD THOUSAND.

EDINBURGH:

MACLACHLAN & STEWART.

GLASGOW: PORTEOUS BROTHERS, AND W. LOVE, ARGYLE STREET.

OBAN: DUNCAN CAMERON.

1885.

CONTENTS OF PART I.



Muile nam mór-bheann—Mull of the Bens,	...	...	...	1
A' ghruagach dhonn—Brown-haired Nymph,	...	...	...	2
A' chruinneag Ìleach—The Islay Maiden,	...	...	...	3
Bidh mi ga d' chaoidh—I'll sorrow for thee,	...	...	...	4
Mo rùn geal, dìleas—My faithful fair one,	...	...	...	5
Mo bheannachd ort, a Mhàiri—My blessings on thee, Mary,	...	...	...	6
Moladh na Landaith—The Praise of Islay,	...	...	...	7
Tha mo rùn air a' ghille—I dearly lo'e the laddie,	...	...	...	8
Gur moch rinn mi dùsgadh—I early awoke,	...	...	...	9
Gun chrodh gun aighean—The tocherless lass,	...	...	...	10
Fear a' bhàta—The boatman,	...	...	...	11
An rìbhinn honn—The auburn maid,	...	...	...	12
Tuireach—Lament,	...	...	...	13
Oran Mulaid—A song of grief,	...	...	...	14
Dealachadh leannain—A lover's parting,	...	...	...	15
Is toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd—I love the Highlands,	...	...	...	16
An rìbhinn ùluinn—The charming maiden,	...	...	...	17
Mo nighean chruinn, donn—My neat auburn Maid,	...	...	...	18
A' Chuairt-Shamhraidh—The Summer Ramble,	...	...	...	19
Sèdnaid a chùil réidh—Jessie I loved well,	...	...	...	20

CONTENTS OF PART II.



Leis an Lurgainn—With the Lurgainn.

Soiridh !—Farewell !

Clachan Ghluin-da-ruail—Clachan Glen-daruel.

An Gaidheal's a leannan—The Gael and his sweetheart.

Gur trom, trom mo cheum—Heavy-hearted I mourn.

G'aithe 'n caidil an rìbhinn ?—Where sleepest thou, my dearie ?

Mo nighean donn, bhòidheach—My brown-haired maiden.

Dùthaich nan craobh—The land of the trees.

Màiri bhòidheach—Pretty Mary.

Am fleasgach donn—The brown-haired lad.

Soiridh slàn le Fionn-airidh—Farewell to Fiunary !

Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin !—My own dear one's gone !

An-t-Eilean Muileach—The Isle of Mull.

An cluinn thu 'leannain !—O hear me, love, hear me !

Mo chailin donn, òg—My bonnie brown maid

Allt-an-t-siùcair—The Sugar-brook.

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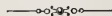
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PREFACE.



IN issuing the CELTIC LYRE, I have been actuated by a desire to place in the hands of my fellow-countrymen a choice selection of their songs and melodies. The peculiarities of Gaelic rhyme have rendered it impossible to give translations in all cases, but the English words supplied will be found to be in sympathy with the spirit of the original, and may be of service to those who are unable to sing the Gaelic words. To such as would wish that the melodies had been arranged for the pianoforte, I may state that a simple pedal bass, which any player can supply, is the most effective accompaniment to our sweet Highland airs, for they

“Need not the aid of foreign ornament,
But are, when unadorn’d, adorn’d the most.”

I have to thank those who have permitted me to make use of their translations in this work.

FIONN.

THE CELTIC LYRE.

1.—MUILE NAM MOR-BHEANN—MULL OF THE BENS.

KEY B $\flat$.—*Moderato, with feeling.*



: s₁ | d : - t₁ | l₁ | s₁ : - : s₁ | m : - : m | m : r : m | r : d : l₁ | d : - : m | r : - : d | l₁ : s₁
 SEISD. Bho'n' tha mi gun sunnd, 's gur' dèidh dhomh mulad, Cha tog mi mo shùil ri sùgradh tuille;
 Chorus. I'm lone - ly and sad, for thee I'm weeping; The joys once belov'd no more I'm seeking;



: m₁ | s₁ : l₁ : s₁ | m : - : f | s : - : m | r : d : r | m : r : d | l₁ : d : l₁ | s₁ : - : { s₁ : - : }
 Cha téid mi le muirn gu cuir nan cruinneag, 'S mo rùn am Muile nam mòr-bheann.
 The heart once a-glow is cold - ly beating, And far from thy greeting I languish.

Am Muile nan craobh tha 'mhaighdean bhanail,
 D' an tug mi mo ghaol 's mi faoin 'am bharail;
 'S ma chaidh e fo sgaoil 's nach faod mi 'faighinn
 Cha taobh mi caileagan Chòmhail.

Do shlios mar an fhaiclean, taobh na mara,
 Do ghruaidh mar an caorann, sgaoil' air mheangan;
 Shùil ghorm a's glan aoidh, fo chaoin-rosg tana—
 'S tu 'n òigh a mhealladh gach bìgear.

Tha smuaine no dhà an dràsd air m' aire;
 Cha 'n innis mi 'chàch ceann-fàth mo ghalair;
 Ged laidheas mi tràth, cha tàmh dhomh cadal,
 'S do ghràdh ga m' sgaradh an còmhnuidh.

Do chùl mar an òn 'n a mhile camag,
 Nach greannach fo chùl 'us sìod' ga cheangal;
 Do dhéud mar na dìnean, dìonach, daingean;
 Bèul binn a ghabhail nan òran.

In Mull of the Bens there dwells my treasure,
 The maiden I loved beyond all measure;
 If she wot be mine, then farewell pleasure,
 I'll pine in sorrow and anguish.

Thy breast with the sea-gull vies in whiteness;
 Thy lips are like rowans, red with ripeness;
 Thine eyes are like jewels, full of brightness,—
 Thy heart is as light as a fairy's.

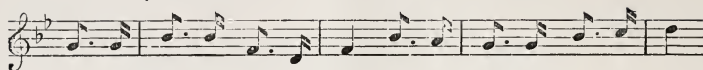
This maiden of mine is tall and slender,
 With musical voice so sweet and tender;
 Her beauty and grace I'll ere remember —
 May Heaven defend her from danger.

So far from my dear, I'm sad and weary;
 Alone must I pine! my thoughts are dreary;
 One smile from that maid would raise and cheer me;
 O, would I were near thee, my fairest!

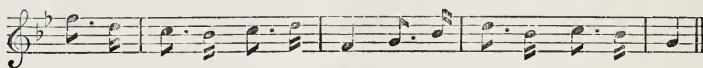
This song, which will be found complete in several collections of Gaelic poetry, is the composition of DUNCAN LIVINGSTONE, Crogan, Mull (*Donnachadh nam blàir*).

2.—'GHRUAGACH DHONN—BROWN-HAIRED NYMPH.

KEY B♭.—*With spirit.*



: l₁ ., l₁ | ḍ ., ḍ : s₁ ., m₁ | s₁ : ḍ ., t₁ | l₁ ., l₁ : ḍ ., r | m
 'Ghruagach dhonn a' bhroilich bhàin, 'Chum do chòdhail rium Di - mairt,
 Lovely nymph with face so fair, Bosom white and waving hair,



: s ., m | r ., ḍ : r ., m | s₁ : l₁ ., ḍ | m ., ḍ : r ., ḍ | l₁ ||
 'Ghruagach dhonn a' bhroilich bhàin, Gu ma slàn a ch' mi thu.
 Brown-haired nymph so kind and fair, Joy for e'er; I pray for thee.

'Ghruagach dhonn gun ghò, gun fhoill,
 Chum a' choinneamh rium an raoir,
 Bha mi còmhraidh riut 's a' choill,
 Sinn an caoimheas diomhaireach.
 'Ghruagach dhonn, &c.

Rinn mi coinneamh riut glé òg,
 Ann an coille dhlùth nan cnò,
 Bhithinn 'g éisdeachd ri do cheòl,
 'S bha do phòg mar fhligis leam.
 'Ghruagach dhonn, &c.

Gu'n robh ise fallain, slàn,
 Chum a' chòdhail rium Di-màirt,
 Iarguin m' aigne 's m' àirsneul phràmh,
 'S mo chion-gràidh da-rìreadh thu.
 'Ghruagach dhonn, &c.

Brown-haired nymph, so kind and free,
 Yestereve I roamed with thee
 Through the bonnie woods, where we
 Used to be so gay, my dear.
 Lovely nymph, &c.

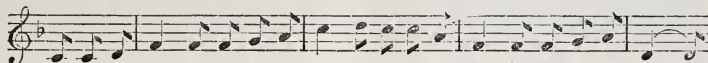
Young were we when first we strayed
 Through the pleasant wooded glade,
 Where, beneath the hazel shade,
 My dear maid so gaily sang.
 Lovely nymph, &c.

Sweet as music in my ear
 Was thy voice so low and clear;
 Brown-haired maid, I loved thee, dear,
 And my tears betray my love.
 Lovely nymph, &c.

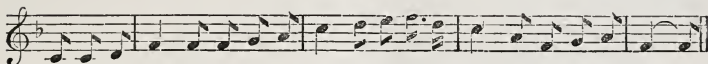
This Song will be found complete in the "ORANAICHE."

3.—A' CHRUIÑNEAG ILEACH—THE ISLAY MAIDEN.

KEY F.—*Moderato, with expression.*



.s₁ : s₁ .l₁ | d : d .d : r .m | s : l .s : s .m | d : d .d : r .m | l₁ : l₁ .
 Och, och mar tha mi! 's mi nam aon - ar, Is cianail dh'fhàg thu mi'n deigh do chòmhradh;
 Och, och mar tha mi! here so lone - ly, Despair has seiz'd me and keeps his hold



.s₁ : s₁ .l₁ | d : d .d : r .m | s : l .t : d .l | s : m .d : r .m | d : d .d :
 Mo chreach's mo dhìbheil rach robh mi'n Ile, 'Smo chruinneag dhl - leas a dol a phòsadh.
 Oh were I near thee in Islay on - ly, Before tho'st tak - en that man for gold.

Moch 's a'mhaduinn an àm dhomh dùsgadh
 Shil mo shùilean 'us dh'fhàs mi brònach,
 Mu'n sgeul a chualas air feadh an t-saoghail
 Thu bhi ga d' ghlaodhaich, a ghaoil, Di-dòmhnuidh.

'N uair bhios càch na'n cadal suaimhneach,
 Bidh mise smuainteachadh ort an còmhnuidh,
 Mar bhios an eala an deigh a bualadh;
 'S e gaol na gruagaich a rinn mo leònadh.

Tha do shùilean mar na dearcann,
 Tha do chneas mar chanach mòintich,
 Do dhà ghruaidh cho dearg 's an caorann,
 'S do mhala chaol mar ite 'n lòn-duibh.

Thug mi ùgh dhuit 'us chuir mi dùil annad,
 Ged nach dhìrichdeadh tu mo phòsadh;
 Thug thu'n sliabh ort, 's cha b'fhiach leat m'
 fhoighneachd
 'S ri fear gun chaoimhneas gu'n rinn thu còrdadh.

This doleful morning, how sad the waking!
 My eyes with tear-drops fast running over,
 For old love leaving, and old vows breaking,—
 Thy banns are called with that other lover.

When sleeping sweetly the rest art 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.

Alas! thy kind eye, so brightly shining;
 Thy neck so comely, like a raven's blowing;
 Those ebon eyebrows thy forehead lining;
 Thy cheeks like berries or rowans glowing.

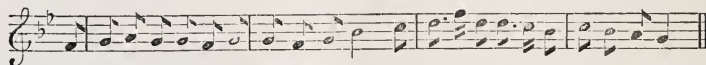
Since thou hast left me, and without warning,
 Alas! and taken a man for gold!
 Had I been by thee, false wisdom scorning,
 Thyself, my dear one, thou hadst not sold.

4.—BIDH MI GA D' CHAOIDH—I'LL SORROW FOR THEE.

KEY B⁷.—*Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*



{ : l₁ | l₁ : s₁ : l₁ | m : -r : d | d : r : d | d : t₁ : t₁ | t₁ : l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : s₁ : m₁ | r₁ : -m₁ : s₁ | s₁ : -
SEISD. (Ho | ró gu'm bí m'igal' chaoidh ri m'bheò, Ged' thréig thu mise cha lugh-ad orm thu;
CHOR. Ah me, I will mourn my true love ever - more, If coldly for - sa ken I still thee adore;



{ : s₁ | l₁ : t₁ : l₁ | l₁ : s₁ : l₁ | l₁ : s₁ : l₁ | d : - : r | m : -s : m | m : -r : d | r : d : t₁ | l₁ : - ||
{ Na'n | tigeadh tu fhathast bu tu m' aighear's mo rin, 'S na'm faighinn do litir gu'n ruiginn thu núnn.
If thou would'st return, 't would be gladness to me; Or getting thy message, I'd hasten to thee.

Thoir an t-soraigh, ceud soraigh, thoir an t-soraigh
so uam,

A nunn thun nam porta thar osnaich a' chuain,
Far an d' fhàg mi mo leannan, caol-mhala gun
ghruaim, [bluvin.

'S gur cùbhraidh' leam d' anail na 'n caineal 'ga

'S 'n uair ràinig mi 'n cladach bha m' aigne fophrìmh
A' cumha na maighdinn is caoinhneile gràdh.

'S 'n uair ghabh mi mo chhead di airfeasgar Di-màirt
Gu 'n deach mi 'n tigh-bda a dh-òl a deoch-slàint'.

'S e so an treas turas dhomh féin a bhi falbh,
A dh' ionnsaidh na luinge le sgìobair gun chearb,
Le còmhlan math ghillean nach tilleadh roinn
stòirm;

'S na 'm biodh agam botal gu 'n cosdinn sud oirbh!

Ged théid mi gu danns', cha bhi sannt agam dha,
'Cha 'n fhaic mi té ann a ni samhladh do m' ghràdh;
'N uair dh'fheas mi 'n gleann, bidh mi sealltainn an
àird, [tàmh.

Ri dùthaich nan beann, 's a bheil m' annsachd a'

Bheir i bàrr air na cendan an té 'tha mi 'sealg,
I'n gnòis mar an reul a bheil leus fad' air falbh,
Mar ròs air a' mheagan, tha 'n ainneir 'n a dealbh,
'S ged sgàineadh mo chridhe, cha 'n innis mi 'h-ainm.

Far over the ocean between us that lies,
O, bear ye my greetings to her that I prize;
Her neatly-arch'd eye-brows, unshaded with gloom,
And breath in its fragrance like roses in bloom.

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.

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,
Unawed by the tempest they laugh at its roar.

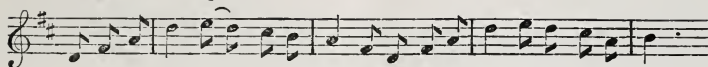
No ball-room can tempt me or raise my despair;
There is none in the dance that with thee could
compare;

When climbing the mountains I gaze o'er the tide,
To the land where my fair one has gone to reside.

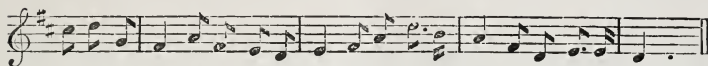
In beauty there's none with this maiden can vie;
She's bright as the stars in the blue-vaulted sky;
She's fair as the lily and sweet as the rose,
And nothing can tempt me her name to disclose.

5.—MO RUN GEAL, DILEAS—MY FAITHFUL FAIR ONE.

KEY D.—*Moderato, with expression.*



{ d : m . s | d' : r' . d' : t . l | s : m . d : m . s | d' : r' . d' : t . s | l : - .
SEISD. { Mo rùn geal, | d'il - eas, | dileas, | d'il - eas, | Mo rùn geal, | d'il - eas, | nach till thu | nall?
CHOR. My faithful fair one, my own, my rare one, Return my fair one, O, hear my cry!



{ t : d' . f | m : s . m : r . d | r : m . s : d' . l | s : m . d : r . r | d : - . ||
{ Cha till mi | féin riut, a ghaoil cha'n fhaod mi; Ochbín a | ghaoil sann tha mise | tinn.
For thee, my maiden, I'm sorrow-la - den: Without my fair one I'll pine and die!

Is truagh nach robh mi an riochd na faoilinn
A shnàmhadh aotrom air bhàrr nan tonn;
'U bheirinn sgrìobag do 'n eilean Ileach,
Far bheil an ribhinn dh' fhàg m' intinn trom.

Is truagh nach robh mi 's mo rogha céile,
Air mullach shléibhte nam beanntan mòr,
'S gun bhi ga 'r n-éisdeachd ach édin na speura,
'S gu'n tugainn fhéin di na ceudan dòg!

Thug mi còrr agus naoi mìosan,
Anns na h-Innsean a b' fhaide thall;
'S bean bìdh'head d' aodainn cha robh ri fhaotainn
'S ged gheobhainn saoghal cha'n fhanainn ann.

Thug mi mìos ann am fiabhras claidhte,
Gun dùil rium oidheche/gu'm bithinn beò;
B'e fàth mo smaointean a là 's a dh-oidheche,
Gu 'm faighinn faochadh 'us tu bhi 'm chòir.

Cha bhi mi 'strìth ris a' chraobh nach lùb leam,
Ged chinneadh ùbhlán air bhàrr gach géig;
Mo shoraidh slàn leat ma rinn thu m' fhàgail,
Cha 'd thainig tràigh gun mhair-làn 'n a dèigh.

O could I be love in form of sea-gull,
That sails so freely upon the sea,
I'd visit Islay, for there abiding
Is that sweet kind one I pine to see.

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.

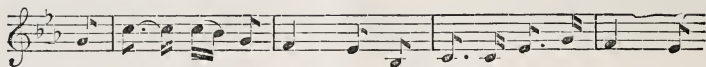
In foreign regions I lived a season,
And none could see there with thee to vie;
Thy form so slender, thy words so tender,
I will remember until I die.

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.

I wont contend with a tree that bends not,
Though on its tendrils rich fruit should grow;
If thou forsake me I wont upbraid thee,—
The greatest ebb tide brings fullest flow.

6.—MO BHEANNACHD ORT, A MHAIRI—MY BLESSINGS ON THEE, MARY

KEY E^b.—*Moderato.*



SEISD. (Mo | l ., l : l, s. m | r : d . s, | l, ., l, : d ., m | r : d .
bheannachd ort, a | Mhàiri, A | chailin chaomh nam | blàth - shuil,
CHOR. My blessings on thee, Mary, My bonnie blue-eyed Ma - ry:



(. d | s ., s : l ., l | r' : l ., d' | l ., s : d ., r | m . r : r . ||
(An | sir thu tuille | gràidh orm, 'S mo | chridh' gu sgàineadh | cheana leis? ||
The love I bear my fair one Is all my heart can carry, O.

C 'arson, a bhàrda 's suain duibh?
Ciod air 'tha chlàr a' brùadar?
'S a liuthad mais' 'us buaidh 'tha
Gun ghuth orr', fuaight' ri m' leannan-sa.

Mar ghrian-ghath air uchd fairge,
Mar eal' air broilleach balbh-shruth,
Mar lliidh bheag nan tolmán
Tha gilead dealbh na cailin ud.

Ged tha 'falt buidhe 's eòlach
M' a slinnein sneachd, mar òr-neul
Air gnùis grian-fheasgair òg-mhios,
Gur fada spòrs o'n aininn ghrinn.

'S ged tha na mìlte 'g aoradh dhi,
Cha toir gin uam fhéin i;—
Bith bàrr aig aingle 'n naomhachd,
Ach b' l' l' l' 'n ceutachd Mairi orr

Why doth each minstrel slumber?
What can each harp encumber?
When of the sweetest numbers
Sae worthy is my Mary, O!

Like sunbeam on the ocean,
Like swan on Shira's bosom,
Like April's brightest blossom,
Sae bright is sure my Mary, O!

Wi' wavin' locks sae gowan
Her snowy neck surroundin',
There's naething vain or proud in
The heart o' smiling Mary, O!

Wi' thousands to adore her
She loves me only surer;—
An angel may be purer,
But not mair sweet than Mary, O!

Gaelic words and translation by EVAN MAC COLL, the Lochfline Bard

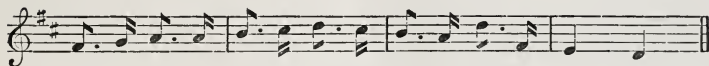
The air is usually called "Nighean donn an t-sùgraidh."

7.—MOLADH NA LANDAIDH—THE PRAISE OF ISLAY.

KEY D.—*Moderato, with expression.*



{ m , r : d , d m , f : s	s , m' : r' , t d' , l : s
Chì mi thall ud an Àird-mhór,	Aite 'choilich dhuibh 's a' gheòidh;
See a - far yon hill Ard-more,	Beating billows wash its shore;



{ m , f : s , s l , t : d' , t l , s : d' , m r : d	
Ait' mo chridhe 'us mo ghaoil 'S an robh mi aotrom, ain - meil.	
But its beauties bloom no more For me, now far from Is - lay.	

SEISD.—Hó ro Eileinich, ho gù
Hó, i rithill, hó i thù
Hó ro Eileinich, ho gù
Gu bheil mo rùn 's an Landaith.

Ged 'tha 'n Landaith creagach, ciar,
'S moch a dh'éireas oirre 'ghrian;
Innis nam bà-laoigh 's nam fiadh,
'S gu 'm b'e mo mhiann 'bhi thall ann.

'S 'n uair a dh' éirinn moch 's an àird
Bheirinn sgrìob do cheann an t-sàil—
Bhiodh na lachan air an t-snàmh,
'S cha b'fhada 'm bàs o m' laimh-sa.

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

O! mo ghaoil air Ile 'n fheadir,
Far an d' fhuair mi m' arach òg;
Far am bheil na h-uaislean còir,
Bu toil leò ceòl 'us dannsadh!

CHORUS.—O, my Island! O, my Isle!
O, my dear, my native soil!
Nought from thee my heart can wile
That's wed with love to Islay.

Though its shore is rocky, drear,
Early doth the sun appear
On leafy brake and fallow deer,
And flocks and herds in Islay.

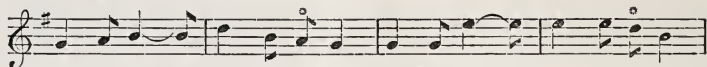
Eagles rise on soaring wing,
Heron watch the gushing spring;
Heath-cocks, with their whirring, bring
Their own delight to Islay.

Birken branches there are gay,
Hawthorns wave their silvered spray;
Every bough the breezes sway,
Awakens joy in Islay.

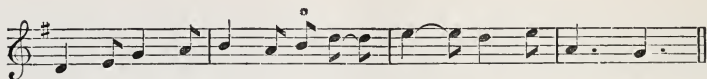
Mavis sings on hazy bough,
Linnets haunt the glen below;
O, may long their wild notes flow
With melodies in Islay.

8.—THA MO RUN AIR A' GHILLE—I DEARLY LO'E THE LADDIE.

KEY G. *With feeling, beating twice in the measure.*



{ d : - : r | m : - : m | s : - : m | r : d : - : | d : - : d | l : - : l | l : - : l | s : m : - :
SEISD. (Tha mo run air a' ghille, 'Se mo dhùr -lachd gu'n tig thu.
CHOR. O, I dearly lo'e the laddie, For he wears the Highland plaidie;



{ s : - : l | d : - : r | m : - : r | m : s : s | l : - : l | s : - : l | r : - : - | d : - : - :
(Smì gu'n sìbhladh leat am fireach, Fo shìl - eadh nam fuar - bheann.
I would gladly be his lady If he'd on - ly choose me.

Oidhche shamhraidh dhomh 's mi'm ònar,
Na'm b' urrainn domh gu'n deanainn òran,
'S truagh a rìgh nach robh mi pòsd'
Air òigear a' chùil dualaich !

O, gur e mo chist an t-òigear,
Fear chhìl duinn 's an leadain bhòidhich ;
'S mi gu'n sìbhladh leat thar m' eòlais,
Ged 'tha 'n còta ruadh ort.

Ged 'tha blàth na bric' ad aodann,
Cha do lughdaich sud mo ghaol ort ;
'S mi gu'n sìbhladh leat an saogh'l,
Na'n saoilinn do bhuanachd.

Tha an Nolluig 'tigh'n as ùr oirn'
Ged a tha gur beag mo shùrd rith' ;
'M fear naeh fàgadh anns a' chhìl mi,
Air chhìl nan tonn uaine !

'S beag a shaoil mi fhéin an uiridh,
Gu'n tréigeadh tu mi cho buileach ;
Mar gu'n tilgadh craobh a duilleach,
Dli' fhàs thu unam suarach.

All alone, I'm sad and weary,
Night and day my thoughts are eerie,
O, the hours are long and dreary !
While for thee I languish.

Would'st thou know my heart's devotion ?
Fearless, I could cross the ocean,
Though 'twere tossed in wild commotion,
If my love were near me.

From love's dream, how sad the waking,
Why art thou me now forsaking ?
O, return, my heart is breaking
With the love I bear thee !

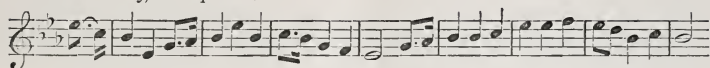
Health and strength are quickly failing,
Broken-hearted, I am wailing,
But my love afar is sailing,
And he does not hear me.

Oft indeed I proved thee clearly,
That I loved thee most sincerely,
But as trees their leaves cast yearly,
Thou hast me forsaken.

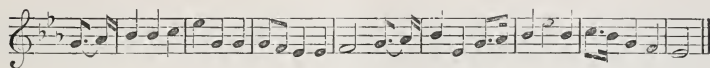
This song will be found complete in the "ORANAICHE." Owing to certain irregularities in the rhythm, the notes marked * will require to be lengthened when singing the verses.

9.—GUR MOCH RINN MI DUSGADH—I EARLY AWOKE.

KEY E⁷.—*Slowly, with expression.*



{ d' : l | s : d : m, f | s : d' : s | l, s : m : r | d : - : m, f | s : s : l | d' : d' : r' | d' : t : s : l | s : -
Gur moch rinn mi d'usgadh, 'san Iur mhaduinn, Chéit, 'S a d'hlirich mi'm bruthlach gun duin'ach mi féin
I early awoke on a morning in May, And went all alone to ascend the green brae;



{ m, f | s : s : l | d' : m : m | m, r : d : d | r : - : m, f | s : d : m, f | s : d' : s | l, s : m : r | d : - ||
Tha 'ghrian air, turas a' siubhal troimh 'n speur, D'alt na h-oidhche a' tuirilinn thar Iur dhos nan geug.
The sun had set out on its heavenly way, And the cool dews of night lay on blossom and spray.

A' d'headh an aonaich ri aodan a' chùirn,
'S binn torman a' chaochain a' aoidheala bàrn,
Le ròis air gach taobh dheth ag aomadh fo'n drùichd,
'S e ri deàrsadh na gréine ag éiridh 'n a smúid.

'S binn na h-eòin feadh nam preasan gu leadarra
Tha 'n uiseag lan sòlais ri ceòl os mo chionn; 'Seinn;
Na ba laigh anns a' gheumnaich air an reithleinn
ud thall,

'S mac-talla nan creagan 'g am freagairt air ball.

'S luinn trusgan a' ghlinne suas gu binnein nan
stùchd; [mar thùis;

'S cùbhraidh boltrach nan luibhean 'n am chuinnein
Ged 's bòidheach gach doire anns a' choillidh 's a'
bhùrchd,

Ged tha 'm barrach cho tràil cha dùisg e mo shunnd.

'An so air faobhar a' mhullaich gur muladach mi,—
Ceann-aobhair mo thuiridh leam gur duilich r' anns;
Nach dirich mi tuilleadh ri munadh 's an tìr—
Nach dean mi cùis-ghàire 'n gleann ùillidh mo chridh'.

Cha'n eil gleannan cho aoidheil ri 'fhaotain mu-n
cuairt,

Le d' bheannta, nean àrda 'cuir sgàth ort o'n Tuath;
Ann an dùidleadh a' gheamhraidh gun gheamh ort,
gun fhuachd; [luath.

Mo sgaradh 's mo chràdh-lot a bhi d'fhàgail cho

Ach 's tìom dhomh bhi 'g éiridh, 's bhi téurnadh
o'n àird; [éigheach dhomh stùth;

Cha dean luinneagan feum dhomh, cha dean
Feuch am bàta fo' còmhach aig còmhach na tràigh,
Tha gu m' ghùlan null thairis á gleannan an àigh.

Bheir mi shìl thar a' bhealaich air na beanntan
mu-n cuairt; [bruaich;

So an sealadh mi dheireadh air gach gleannan 'us
A' fàgail leibh beannachd, 'n àm dealachadh naibh,
A' téurnadh an aonaich 's iad mo smaointean tha
truagh.

As I climb up the moor on the face of the hill,
How pleasant the murmur that comes from the rill;
The dew on the roses which border the stream,
Arises in mist on the sun's morning beam.

O sweet is the song of the birds from the glade,
The thrush sings her carol of joy o'erhead,
The cattle are lowing on yonder green plain,
And echo replies from the craggy again.

How lovely the garment of mountain and field!
How sweet is the fragrance the meadow flowers
yield!—
Though beauty and gladness deck forest and lea,
And the groves team with joy, there is no joy for me.

Alone and sad-hearted I sit on the peak,
Of the cause of my sorrow I scarcely can speak—
I never may tread on the moorlands again,
Nor roam with delight on my dearly loved glen.

No valley so cheerful and fair could be found,
So cheerfully guarded by mountains around;
In winter no tempest can enter thy dell—
My sorrowful doom is to bid thee farewell.

But it's time to descend from the mountain again,
No singing or sighing can banish my pain;
See, down by the shore is the boat under sail,
Which shall bear me away from the beautiful vale.

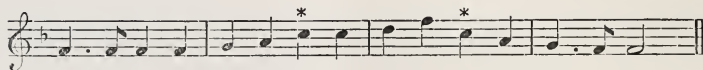
I'll gaze from this ridge on the mountains, and
view
For the last time each corrie and valley I knew;
I leave you my blessing since I must depart,
I turn down the mountain, and sad is my heart.

10.—GUN CHRODH GUN AIGHEAN—THE TOCHERLESS LASS.

KEY F.—Beating twice in the measure.



{ d : - . d | r : m | d' : - . t | l : s | s : - . s | m : d | m . r : d | l : s ;
SEISD. | Ged 'tha mi gun chrodh gun aighean, | Gun chrodh laoi gh gun chaoraich agam;
CHOR. Though I've neither sheep nor cattle, Gear nor grandeur, goods nor chattels;



{ d : - . d | d : d | r : m | s : s | l : d' | s : m | r : - . d | d : - ||
Ged 'tha mi gun chrodh gun aighean, | Gheibh mi fhathast | òigear grinn.
Though I've neither sheep nor cattle, Yet a gallant true I'll find.

Fhìr a dh' imicheas thar chuantan,
Ghùlain mìle beannachd uamsa
Dh' ionnsaidh òigear a' chuill dualaich,
Ged nach d'fhuair mi e dhomh fhéin.

Fhìr a dh' imicheas am bealach,
Ghùlain uamsa mìle beannachd;
'S fhaod 's tu innseadh do mo leannan,
Mì bhi 'm laidhe so leam fhéin.

'Thleasgaich thàinig nall a Suaineart,
Bu tu fhéin an sàr dhuin'-uasal;
Gheibhinn cadal leat gun chluasaig
Air cho fuar 's g'am biodh an oidhch'.

Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun chaoraich,
Cha 'n 'eil mi gun mhaise 'm aodann;
Dh'fhithinn breacan a bhiodh caol dhuith,
'S dheanainn aodach a bhiodh grinn.

Nàile! 's mise 'tha fo mhuilad,
'Us mi tàmh 's an t-seòmar mhullaich;
An leannan bh'agamsa an uiridh,
Sann tha 'n diugh rium cùl a chinn.

Nàile! 's mis' tha dubhach, déurach,
'N seòmar àrd a fuaghal léine;
Chaidh mo leannan do Jamaica.
'S cìod am féum dhomh 'bhi 'g a chaoidh.

Thou that sail'st across the billow,
Tell my youth, with voice so mellow,
That I'd sleep without a pillow
Were he only by my side.

Tell him of my heart's devotion,
Which is not a brief emotion;
But a love as deep as ocean,
Which is wholly fixed on him.

You may tell my Highland laddie,
Though I'm not a titled lady,
That I'll weave a tartan plaidie
For the lad whose bride I'll be.

When I hear the tempest blowing,
Then the bitter tear comes flowing;
For my heart with love is glowing
For my own love on the sea.

Sleep and slumber I am scorning,
All in silence deeply mourning;
From the twilight till the morning
Is this bosom torn with pain.

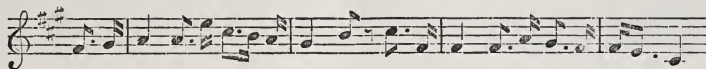
Suaineart youth, thou wert the treasure
Which I loved beyond all measure:
O, return! I'll find no pleasure
While thou art so far from me.

Authoress unknown. English words by "FRONN."

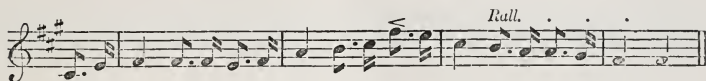
To suit the accent, the notes marked * require to be lengthened when singing some of the verses.

11.—FEAR A' BHÀTA—THE BOATMAN.

KEY A.—*Slowly, with feeling.*



SEISD. {f: l₁, t₁ | d : d .s : m .r .d | t₁ : r . : m .l₁ | l₁ : l₁ .d : t₁ .l₁ | l₁, s₁ : - : m₁
 CHORUS. {Fhira' | bhàta, na hó-ro | éi - le, Fhir a' | bhàta, na hó-ro | éi - le;
 O, my boatman, na hó-ro ai - la, O, my boatman, na hó-ro ai - la;



{ m₁ .s₁ | l₁ : l₁ .l₁ : s₁ .l₁ | d : r .m : l .s | m : r .d : d .t₁ | l₁ : l₁ ||
 { Fhira' | bhàta, na hó-ro | éi - le, Moshoraidh | slàn dhuit's gach àit' an t-éid thu!
 O my boatman, na hó-ro ai - la, May joy a - wait thee where'er thou sailest!

'S tric mi sealltuinn o'n chnoc a's àirde,
 Dh'fheuch am faic mi fear a' bhàta;
 An tig thu 'n diugh, na 'n tig thu màireach
 'S mar tig thu idir, gur truagh a tà mi.

Tha mo chridh'sa briste, brùite;
 'S tric na deir a' ruith o m' shùilean;
 An tig thu nochd, na 'm bi mo dhùil riut,
 Na 'n dùin mi 'n dorus, le osna thùrsaich?

'S tric mi foighneachd do luchd nam bàta,
 Am fac iad thu, na 'n bheil thu sàbhailt;
 Ach 's ann a tha gach aon diubh 'g ràitinn,
 Gur gòrach mise ma thug mi gràdh dhuit.

Gheall mo leannan domh gun do 'n t-sloda,
 Gheall e sud agus breacan rìomhach;
 Fainn' òir anns am faicim 'omhaigh;
 Ach 's eagal leam gun dean e dìchuimhn'.

Ged a thu'rt iad gun robh thu aotrom,
 Cha do lughdaich sud mo ghaol ort;
 Bidh tu m' àisling anns an oidhche,
 'Us anns a' mhadaimn bidh mi 'gad fheighneachd.

Thug mi gaol dhut, 's cha'n fhaod mi hìcheadh;
 Cha ghaol bliadhna, 's cha ghaol ràidhe;
 Ach gaol a thòisich 'n uair bha mi m' phàisdein,
 'S nach searg a chaoidn, gus an claoidh am bàs mi.

Tha mo chàirdean gu tric ag innseadh,
 Gum feum mi d'agras a leig' air dìchuimhn';
 Ach tha 'n comhairle dhomh cho dianhain;
 'S bhi tilleadh mara 's i tabhairt lìonaidh.

B'f'dh mi tuille tùrsach, dèurach,
 Mar eala bhàn 's i an dèighs a réubadh;
 Guileag bàis aic' air lochan féurach,
 'Us each gu léir an déis a tréigeadh.

I climb the mountain 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.

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?

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.
 My lover promised to bring his lady
 A silken gown and a tartan plaidie,
 A ring of gold which would show his semblance;
 But, ah! I fear me for his remembrance.

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 dream I see thee,
 And still at dawn will the vision fee me.

I may not hide it—my heart's devotion
 Is not a season's brief emotion;
 Thy love in childhood began to seize me,
 And ne'er shall fade until death release me.

My friends oft tell me that I must sever
 All thoughts of thee from my heart for ever;
 Their words are idle—my passions, swelling,
 Untamed as ocean, can brook no quelling.

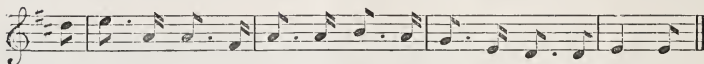
My heart is weary with ceaseless wailing,
 Like wounded swan when her strength is failing;
 Her notes of anguish the lake awaken,
 By all her comrades at last forsaken.

12.—AN RIBHINN DONN—THE AUBURN MAID.

KEY D.—*Lively.*



{ . r | r ., m : s ., m | r ., d : d ., d | s ., s : dⁱ ., t | l : l .,
{ O's | rìnach leam an | rìbhinn donn, 'S a' | ghleam taobh thall nam | fuar-bheann,
I | dearly love my | auburn maid, That dwells behind the | mountain;



{ ., dⁱ | rⁱ ., s : s ., m | s ., s : l ., s | f ., r : d ., d | r : r . |
{ 'San | fheasgar chìhin thèid mi | le m' rùn Gu | doire dlùth nam | fuaran.
At | eve I'll meet her in | the glade, To | roam by dell and | fountain.

Mo sheang-choin-seilg tha 'n garbhlach fhiadh,
'S mo chridhe cian tha 'n còmhnuidh
'S a' ghleann 's an éisd mo Mhàiri ghrinn
Ri ceilear binn na smèdreach.

Tha èdin an t-sléibh air sgéith mu 'n cuairt,
'S cha dùisg iad fuaim mo lùnaich,
'Us mis' am pràmh 'an sgàth nam bruach.
'S mo smoin mu 'n ghruagaich ghràdhach.

'S i 's aotruim' ceum 's a's deàrsaich' shùil,
'S a gair' tha ciùin 'us caoimhneil,
'S a guth tha dhòmh's' mar shòlas ciùil
'S mi 'falbh nan stùchd 's an oidheche.

'S e 'caoin-fhalt fainneach 's àillidh sgèimh,
'S a bràighe 's gle-gheal, bòidheche,
Fo osna 'elèibh ag éiridh seimh,
Mar fhaoilinn bhàin air Lòchaidh.

A cridhe caomhail 's aotrom sunnd,
Mar mhang aig sùrd an réidhlean;
Ach caomh 'us tlàth mar bhlàth fo dhriùchd,
'Am maise chìhin a' Chéitein.

Mo rìbhinn ghràidh a's àillidh sgiamh
'S tu 's araidh beus 's a's bòidheche,
'S a' mhaise dh' fhàs air gràdh nan ceud
Cha tréig thu 'n Inbhear-Lòchaidh.

Ged gheibhinn lu-chuirt, 's cròn an Rìgh,
A d'-iùnnais dhiobrainn còir orr':
'S mo bhean 's mo bhàn-rìgh bheirinn i
Gu tuine 'n tìr nam mòr-bheann.

Though here, with bounds, I chase the deer,
Where streamlets bright meander,
To yonder glen, where dwells my dear,
My thoughts will ever wander.

The birds that round about me fly,
Pour forth their notes of gladness;
While here alone I sit and sigh
In sorrow and in sadness.

Her step is light, her eye is bright,
Her smile is sweet and tender;
Her voice, like music in the night,
Oft cheers me to remember.

Her hair around her shoulders flows
With graceful waving motion;
Her snow-white bosom heaving goes,
Like sea-gull on the ocean.

Her heart, though light, is ever true,
Of Nature's own adorning;
Her lips like roses, wet with dew,
Upon a Summer morning.

By all thy beauty is confessed,
In form thou'rt like a fairy,
Were I of all the world possessed,
I would not leave my Mary.

Though I a palace did receive,
And were with riches laden—
I'd have thee for my queen, believe,
My own sweet Auburn Maiden.

13.—TUIREADH—LAMENT.

KEY F.—*Slowly, with much feeling.*



{ m m | r : d : d | m r : d : d d | s : l : d' | ta..l : s
{ Thàinig sgeula mo chruadail, Gu'n do chuir iad 's an uaigh thu,
When the sad news they told me, That the grave now did hold thee,



{ d' ..l | s : m : d | r : m : s ..s | l ..s m : r | d : — ||
{ Sgoirt mo chridhe bho'n chuala Ged nach d'fhuasgail mo dhèibr.
Then my heart wax'd so coldly, That my tears would not flow.

Tha do leaba lom, fuaraidh;
'S trom do chodal, 's ro bhuan e;
Chaoidh cha'n èisid thu ri m' luaidh-se,
'S cha ghluais thu ri m' chèid.

Bha do ghluasad gun eucoir,
Gun uireasbhuidh cèille;
Leam bu taitneach 'bhi 'g èisdeachd
Ri sèisde do bheòil.

Tha do bheul a nis dùinte;
Cha'n 'eil léirsinn 'na d' shùilibh,—
'S fuar an cridhe 'bha mìrreanach,
Anns an ùir, 's e gun deò.

Mar bhuaiaich am bàs thu
Seach na dillsean 'tha làthair,
Cinnidh feanntag 's a' ghàradh
'N uair thiùg fàillinn 's an ròs.

Chuir thu mise gu smaointinn,
Nach innis mi 'dhaoiné;
'S maig 'chuir high anns an t-saoghal,—
'S iomadh caochladh 'teachd oirnn.

Ged tha càirdean gu deurach,
'S faoin an cumha leam féin e;
'Théid gu cuirnn 'us chùit èibhneis
'Giùlan éididh a' bhròin.

Ged tha m' éideadh gun mhùthadh,
'S mi gun deur air mo shùilibh,
Gus an cuir iad 's an ùir mi
Bith mi 'd ionndrainn ri m' bheò;

Chionn bu toil leam an nìonag,
Bu ro-thoil leam an nìonag;
Mo sgeul dubhach 'g a' linnseadh
Thu bhi 'd shineadh fo 'n fhòid.

Thy lone bed the sod cumber,
Deep and lasting thy slumbers;
Thou'lt no more list my numbers,
Nor respond to my lay.

Ever faultless thy bearing,
Thy graces modest wearing;
To me 'twas rapture hearing
Whate'er thou didst say.

Closed thy lips with weird sealing,
Thy eyes no light revealing;
Thy heart, once warm with feeling,
Lies cold in the clay.

Death has seized thee with daring,
Thy boon companions sparing;
Thus grow weeds without caring,
Where the rose fades away.

Thou hast caused me strange musing
To reveal it—refusing;
Who can trust in his choosing,
When mutation holds sway?

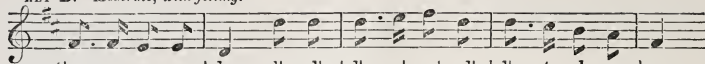
Thy friends in garbs of sorrow,
Midst festal scenes may borrow
Relief, from grief less thorough
Than that resting on me.

Though no badge shows my mourning,
And no tear my eye burning;
Till to dust I'm returning,
I will sorely miss thee.

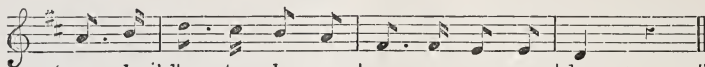
Since I lov'd thee, dear maiden,
Lov'd thee fervent, dear maiden;
I'll rehearse with grief laden
That the sod covers thee.

14.—ORAN MULAID—A SONG OF GRIEF.

KEY D.—Moderato, with feeling.



SEISD. { m „ m : r . r | d : d' . d' | d' „ r' : m' . d' | d' „ t : l . s | m
Hh o, tha mi tinn! Tha mi 'caoidh mo leannain, 'S mór a thug mi 'ghaol
CHOR. Sick and sad am I! Sick and sorrow laden, For my love I sigh;



{ s „ l | d' „ t : l . s | m „ m : r . r | d :
Do'n té 's caoile mala, Hh o, tha mi tinn!
For my dearest maiden, Sick and sad am I!

Thar gach té fo'n ghréin
Thug mi spéis do m' chailin;
Nis o'n fhuaire i bàs,
'Chaoidh cha'n, fhàs mi fallain,—
Hh o, tha mi tinn!

Eha thu mállda còir,
Suaire, òrdail, banail;
Nàdur fialaidh, ciùin—
Oiteag chùbhraidh d'anail.
Hh o, tha mi tinn!

Ortsa bha gach buaidh,
Eha thu nasal dreachmhor;
B' àluinn thigeadh cèil
A' d' bheul bòidheach, meachar.
Hh o, tha mi tinn!

Anns a' chòisir bhinn,
'N àm bhì seinn nan luinneag,
Thug thu bàrr gu léir
Air na ceuda cruinneag.
Hh o, tha mi tinn!

Chuir iad thu 's an bìr,
Socair, ciùin ad laidhe;
'S inis' cha 'n fhaic mo rùn,
Gus an dhisg mi 'n Flaitheas.
Hh o, tha mi tinn!

Bhithinn-se le m' luaidh
Taobh nam bruach 's nan gleannan,
Tha i nis 's an uaigh—
O, cha ghluais mo leannan!
Hh o, tha mi tinn!

Dhòmh-sa bha mo rùn
Mar reult-ibhìl mo bheatha;
Thug mi dhi mo ghràdh,
'S dh' fhalbh mo shlaiente leatha.
Hh o, tha mi tinn!

Dh' fhalbh mo leannan féin,
'S tha mi deurach, dubhach,
Tha mi 'triall na 'ceum,
Cìod am feum bhì fuireach?
Hh o, tha mi tinn!

Over every maid
Did I fondly love her;
Now she's lowly laid,
I shall ne'er recover.
Sick and sad am I!

In my love combined
Every gift that pleases—
Modest, sweet and kind;
Breath like fragrant breezes,
Sick and sad am I!

Every grace abode
On my best and fairest;
Mellow music flowed
From her lips the rarest.
Sick and sad am I!

In the tuneful choir,
When sweet strains were ringing,
Nought could I admire
Save my darling's singing.
Sick and sad am I!

Silent in the mould,
'Thou thy sleep art taking,
Ne'er may I behold
Thee until thy waking.
Sick and sad am I!

Often did we stray
By each brae and river;
Now she rests for aye—
Motionless for ever!
Sick and sad am I!

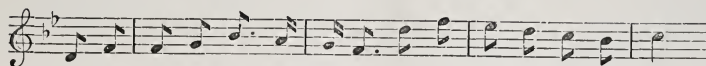
Life's bright star she shone,
Shone to cheer and guide me;
I must drift alone—
Now death's shadows hide thee.
Sick and sad am I!

Naught can ease my pain;
Now she is departed,
Why should I remain,
Sick and broken-hearted?
Sick and sad am I!

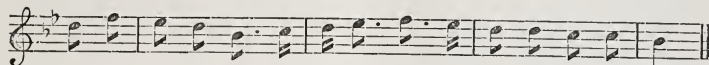
Chorus old; Gaelic verses added by "FIONN." Translation by I. MACLEAN.

15.—DEALACHADH LEANNAIN—A LOVER'S PARTING.

KEY B♭.—*Moderato.*



(:m₁ . s₁ | s₁ . l₁ : d ., t₁ | l₁ s₁ . - : m . s | f . m : r . d | r
 Dhealaich mise 'nochd ri m' leannan, Dhealaich mi ri m' leannan fhéin;
 I have parted with my lassie, Yester eve she went a - way;



{ : m . s | f . m : d ., r | m , f . - : s ., f | m . m : r . r | d ||
 Dhealaich mise 'nochd ri m' leannan, Mile beannachd as a déigh.
 Sad I parted with my lassie, Heaven's blessing with her stay.

Och mo thruaigh, cha d'fhuair mi fanachd
 Leis a' chaileag 'mheal gach buaidh,
 Theich an uair air sgiath na cabhaig'
 'S b' fheudar dealachadh ri m' luaidh.

Ceart mar thriallas sgùil an tanaig
 No mar dhealan anns an spur,
 'S ann mar sin a chaill mi sealladh
 Air an ainneir 'fhuair mo spéis.

Bho'n a chuir mi fhéin ort aithne,
 Bha thu beusach, banail, cùin;
 'Chaidh cha 'n fhaic mo shùil air thalamh,
 Té cho airidh air gach cliù.

Blàth-shuil chaoin a's caoile mala,
 Cuailean min nan camag' donn;
 Deud gheal, ghrinn fo bhilean tana,
 Cneas mar eala bhàn nan tonn.

Cha téid mise 'chùirt nan gallan,
 Cha'n 'eil aighear dhomh fo 'n ghréin,
 'S ann a bhios mo chridh' fo smalar
 Gus an till mo leannan fhéin.

I had scarce exchanged the greeting
 Of the maid I loved so well,
 For the moments quickly fleeting
 Made us breathe a sad "farewell."

With a vision's rapid motion,
 Or like lightning in the sky,
 Fled the dream of my devotion,
 Leaving me to weep and sigh.

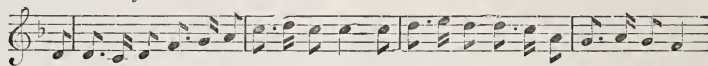
Since I knew thee, dearest maiden,
 Thou wast faithful, kind, and free;
 Now I'm sad and sorrow-laden,
 For thy like I ne'er shall see.

Auburn nymph, so blithe and merry,
 Would that I could see thee now;
 Checks that vie with rowan-berry,
 White as snow thy gentle brow.

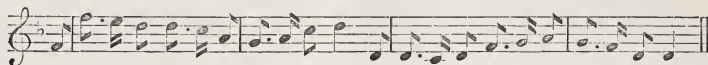
Nought on earth can give me pleasure,
 Mirth and music cause me pain;
 Never, till I see my treasure,
 Shall I be myself again.

16.—IS TOIGH LEAM A' GHAIÐHEALTACHD—I LOVE THE HIGHLANDS.

KEY F.—Beating twice in the Measure.



{ : l₁ | l₁ : -s: l₁ | d : -r: m | s : -l: s | s : - : s | l : -t: l | l : -s: m | r : -m: r | d : -
Is | toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd, is | toigh leam gach gleann, Gach eas agus ceir - e an | dùthaich nam beann;
Dear, dear are the Highlands, be - loved the glens, Each cascade and dell in the land of the Bens;



{ : d | d' : -t: l | l : -s: m | r : -m: s | l : - : l₁ | l₁ : -s: l₁ | d : -r: m | r : -d: l₁ | l₁ : -
Is | toigh leam na gillean 'nan | éideadh, glan, ùr 'Us | boineid Ghlinn-garaidh mu'n | camagan dùth.
And dear are the gallants in gay tartan there, With feathered Glengarries and thick curling hair.

Is toigh leam 'n an deis 'iad o'm mullach gu'm bonn,
Am breacan, an t-òsan, an sporan 's an lann;
Is toigh leam iad sgeadaicht' an éideadh an tìr,
Ach 's suarach an deise seach seasmhachd an cridh'.

To me, dear are they; clad from the heel to the head,
With hose and with sporan, with sword and with
plaid;
Light and graceful they glide, in the Highland garb
dressed—

Sheas iad an dùthaich 's gach chis agus cās,
Duais-bhrathaidh cha ghabhadh ged chuir' iad gu
bàs;

But poor is their garb to the warmth of their breast.
They stood by their country when perils pressed
hard,

'S ged shàraicht' an spoirad 's ged leigte an ceann,
Bha 'n cridhe cho daingean ri carraig nam beann.

And, urged to the death, scorned the traitor's reward;
Though their vexed spirits bend to oppression's
rude shocks,

Is toigh leam na h-gh'nagan 's b' sinneamh an t-am
Nach lùthinn 'n an cuideachd 'n uair gheobhainn bhì
ann,

Yet stout are their hearts as their own mountain
rocks.

'S na 'm faighinn-se té dhiubha dùthaich mo chridh',
Gu'n sìubhlainn-se leatha gu iomall gach t.r.

And dear are the maidens, so handsome and fair;
In their smiles oft I sought to soothe sorrow and care;
With a bride by my side, from my own Highland
home,

Is toigh leam a' Ghàidhlig a' bàrdachd 's a' ceòl,
Is tric thog i nìos sinn 'n uair bhiodh maid fo leòn,
'S i dh'ionnsaich sinn trù' ann an làithean ar n-òig,
'S nach fag sinn gu bràth gus an laidh sinn fo'n
fhòid.

Light-hearted and free o'er the world I would roam,
And dear is the Gaelic—its music and song
Oft cheered our sad hearts, wrung by grief or by
wrong;

Nis tha dùthaich argaioil dol fo chaoirich 's fo fhéidh,
Sinn ga'r fudachd thar shìle mar bhàrrlach gun
fheum;

The accents we lisped, as in childhood we strayed,
Shall ne'er be forgot till in dust we are laid.

Ach thigeadh an cruaidh-chas, 's cò shecas an
stòirm?

O'er our country beloved now the red deer bound
free,

O, cò ach na balaich le 'm boineidean gorm!

While useless o'er ocean wide scattered are we;
But should battle-storms threaten, who then shall
stand true?

Cànan an gaisge 's an domhan mu'n cuairt,
Air sgiathailh na gaoithe ga sgaoileadh thar
chuan,

O, then for the boys in the bonnets of blue!
Of their might the renown shall be spread to the
pole,

'Us fhad' 's a bhios rioghachd na seasamh air fonn,
Bidh cuimhne gu dlinn air euchdan nan sonn.

On the winged wind sped where the foam-billows
roll;

'S ma rùsgear an claidheamh a rithist gu strìth,
Ged 's sinneamh ar cuideachd, bidh trusadh 'n ar
tìr;

And while o'er the earth's bosom a banner shall
wave,

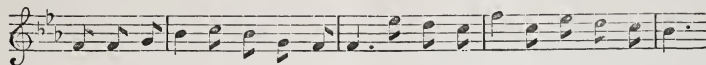
Bidh clanna nan Gàidheal ri aghaidh gach cās,
'S iad guallainn ri guallainn, gu buaidh no gu bàs.

Remembered shall still be the deeds of the brave.
And if ever for battle unsheathed be the sword,

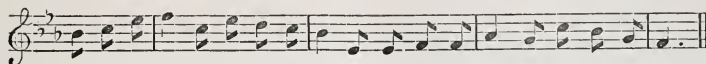
Though scant now the numbers our musters afford,
Still the sons of the Gael shall in danger be nigh,
And, shoulder to shoulder, shall conquer or die.

17.—AN RIBHINN ALUINN—THE CHARMING MAIDEN.

KEY E♭. *Moderato, with expression.*



{ r : r . m | s : l . s . m . r | r : - . d' : t . l | r' : l . d' : t . l | s : - .
 O - chòin a Rìgh, 's i mo rìbhinn donn, 'Dh' fàg mi fo mhì - ghean 'usm' intinn trom!
 O - chòin a ree! my sweet auburn maid, I'm daily pining, I quickly fade!



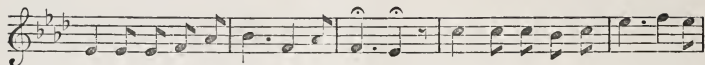
{ s : l . d' | r' : l . d' : t . l | s : d . d : r . r | f : m . l : s . m | r : - . ||
 Gur e a lùichead a rinn mo leònadh, 'S cha bhì mi beò gun mo rìbhinn donn.
 Since first I knew thee thy beauty drew me; I cannot live from my auburn maid.

Is truagh an dràsda nach robh mi 'm bhàrd
 A gheusadh clarsach 's a sheinneadh dàn,
 'S gu 'n iunsinn buadhan
 Na maighdinn usail,
 Mu 'bheil mo smuaintean gach oidhche 's là.
 Is tric a bha mi mu luidhe grèin'
 Le m' nìgheanaig àluinn fo sgàil nan geug,
 Siun ri sùgradh
 Fo'n bharrach chùbhraidh,
 Ach 's cianail tùrsach mi 'n diugh na dèigh.
 'N uair thig an Céitean do gheann an fhraoich
 Gu 'n toir e fas air gach blàth-lus raoin,
 'U's gheibh mi samhlaidh
 An sin do m' annsachd,
 Am fìran greannar a dh' fhàs cho caoin.
 Mar chanach mòintich tha cneas mo luaidh,
 Dearg mar chaorunn tha dreach a gruaidh,
 A beus 's a nàdur
 Mar neòdain mada,
 No sòbhrag 'dh' fhàas fo sgàil nam bruach.
 Gur bòidheach, dualach an cuilean mìn
 A th' air a' ghrugaich a bhuair mo chrìdh',
 Gur bìne còmhraidh
 Na guth na smèoraich;
 'S tha mise brònach o'n 'dh' fhàg i mi.
 'N uair 'chì mi 'n iarmailt aig ciaradh là,
 Gu'n iarr mo shùil-sa reul-iùil an àigh,
 A's grinne soille,
 'S a's caoine baoisge;
 Mar sud bha 'mhaighdean a rinn mo chràdh.
 Ged 'tha mo ghrian-sa a' triall fo sgleò,
 'Us mise 'm bliadhna mar ian 's a' cheò,
 Togaidh 'n sgàile
 'S nì ise dearsadh,
 'S gu 'm faigh mi slàinte gach là ri m' bheò.

Were I a bard I would tune the lay,
 And raise a song to my maiden gay;
 In accents tender
 Her praise I'd render;
 'T would be my burthen both night and day.
 How oft at gloaming we loved to stray
 In yonder green-wood 'neath budding spray,
 And heard the chorus
 Of songsters o'er us;
 But now, alas! thou art far away.
 When Spring returns to the heather dell,
 And flowers awake by its fairy spell,
 I'll there find semblance,
 And fond remembrance,
 Of that sweet flowret I love so well.
 Like moorland canach my love is fair,
 Her cheeks like rowans when ripe and rare;
 My modest daisy,
 I'll ever praise thee;
 To dainty primrose I'll thee compare.
 Like sunbeams dancing thy ringlets play;
 Thy countless charms stole my heart away;
 If I were near thee
 Thy voice would cheer me,—
 Wilt thou be absent, sweet love, for aye?
 When twilight closes I view the sky;
 The guiding star soon attracts my eye,
 Its beams excelling,
 All clouds dispelling;
 Such was the Venus for whom I sigh.
 My guiding-star now is hid away,
 And like a bird in a cloud I stray;
 Soon reappearing,
 The clouds shall clear,
 Her beams shall cheer me on life's dark way.

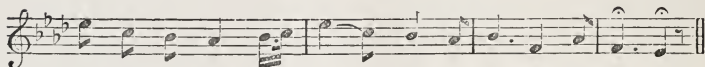
18.—MO NIGHEAN CHRUINN, DONN—MY NEAT AUBURN MAID.

KEY A^b. *With feeling, beating twice in the measure.*



{ s₁ : - : s₁ | s₁ : l₁ | d₁ : r₁ : - : l₁ : - : d₁ | l₁ : - : | s₁ : - : | m₁ : - : m₁ | m₁ : r₁ : m₁ | s₁ : - : | l₁ : - : s₁ }

Dh' fhaibh mo nighean chruinn, donn, Uam, do 'n lár! 'aidh; Dh' fhaibh mo nighean chruinn, donn, Cneas mar
Since my loved one has gone I am dreary! Since my loved one has gone, Who was



{ s : m : r | d : - : r, m | s : - : m | r : - : d | r : - : | l₁ : - : d | l₁ : - : | s : - : }

eal' air bhàrr thon, Och 'us! och! mo nighean donn, 'Dh' fhàg mi-shùnd orm. ||
pure as the swan, Here I'm sigh - ing all a - lone, Sad and weary!

'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo ghaol
Ann an gleann cùbhraidh;
'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo ghaol
Ri h-uisg' ann's ri gaioith;
'S fo shleachd nan craobh
Bhitheamaid sùndach.

Nam biodh agamsa spréidh
Bhithinn glé chuirteil,
Nam biodh agamsa spréidh
Feadh bheann 'us feadh shléibh,
B' h' a gheibhinn thu féin,
'S cha bu chéil' ùmpaidh

Ged tha thusa an dràs'
Ann an gleann ùraidh,
Ged tha thus' ann an tàmh,
Tha d' aigne fo phràmh,
Agus mise gun stàth,
Le do ghràdh ciùrrta.

Beir mo shoraidh le gràdh
Uam do 'n ùraidh;
Beir mo shoraidh le gràdh
Dh' fhuas an b-ùigh rinn mo chràdh;
'S o'n nach math leath' mar tha
Tha i féin tiùrsach.

Cha 'n 'eil aice mar chéil'
Ach am fòr ùmpaidh,
Cha 'n 'eil aice mar chéil',
Ach sean bhodach gun spéis,
'S e mar ghearran o fhéil—
Doirbh, breun, brhèidil!

Were I now with my love,
Freely roaming;
Were I now with my love,
'Neath the shade of the grove,
To hear the cooing dove
In the gloaming.

Had I sheep on the hill
I might woo thee;
Had I sheep on the hill,
By each fountain and rill,
Then of thine own free will
Thou would'st choose me.

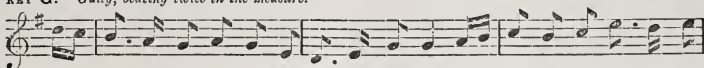
Thou art now far away
In Glen Iuray;
Thou art now far away,—
Sad by night and by day,—
While here I pine alway,
Naught can cure me!

Bear my love to the maid,
Once so cheerful;
Bear my love to the maid,
Whom I'll never upbraid,
For now she's lowly laid,
Sad and tearful.

'Tis an old carl, I hear,
Wooded my maiden;
'Tis an old carl, I hear,
With his gold and his gear;
And now he's left my dear,
Sorrow-laden.

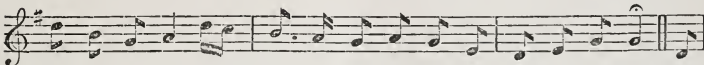
19—A' CHUAIRT-SHAMHRAIDH—THE SUMMER RAMBLE.

KEY G. Gaily, beating twice in the measure.



{ : s.f | m : -r : d | r : d : l, | s, : -l, : d | d : - : r.m | f : m : f | l : -s : l
SEISD. Hug óro, mo leannan, thig mar-riam air chuairt, Do dh-úr-choill' a' bharrach 'san
CHORUS. Oh come now, my darling, alone let us stray, For the notes of the cuckoo are

FIN.



{ s : m : d | r : - : s.f | m : -r : d | r : d : l, | s, : l, : d | d : - : s,
tathaich a' chnuch; Hug óro, mo leannan, thig mar-riam air chuairt! Tha
heard from the spray; Oh come then, my darling, no longer delay! The

D.C. For CHORUS.



{ d : -r : d | t, : l, : s, | l, : d : d | d : r : m | f : m : f | l : s : l | s : m : d | r : - :
gruaman a' gheamhraidh Air fagall nam beannta, 'Se 'sruth anns gach allدان 'Na dheann-ruith annas.
bright sun from heaven The winter has driven, And freedoms been given The streamlets to play.

Tha aodann nan sléibhteann
A deàrsadh gu ceutach;
'S na lusana peucach
Ag éirigh le buaidh.
Hug óro, &c.

Tha samhradh an òr-chuil
A' riaghladh le mòr-chuis,
'S an saoghal ri sòlas
Gu 'n d' fhògair e 'm fuachd.

Na h-èibin's iad ri coireal
Feadh ghrianan na coille,
'S na sòbhraichean soilleir
'Cur loinn' air gach bruaich.

Tha 'ghrian feadh nan glacagan
Gormanach, fagach,
'S gu 'm b'aoibhinn bhi leatsa,
'A' dearc' air an snuadh!

'S do shnuadh féin cho greannmhor
Ri gàire an t-samhraidh
Feadh fhìrlàn a' dannsadh
'S na gleannnta mu 'n cuairt!

O! tiugainn, a leannain,
Do choille nam meangan,
'S gu 'n braich sinn gealladh
'Bhi tairis gu buan.

The hills are resuming
Their beauty and blooming,
With flowers perfuming
The glad summer day.
Oh! come now, &c.

Dark winter is waning,
Bright summer is reigning,
The world is regaining
Its beauty in May.

The wild woods are ringing
With birds sweetly singing,
Where dew-drops are clinging
To flowret and spray.

The sunshine entrances
My heart when it dances,
And glimmers and glances,
Through greenwood so gay.

Though sweet be the flowers,
Refreshed by the showers,
In yonder green bowers
Thou'rt fairer than they.

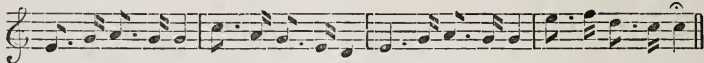
Where ring-doves are cooing
Come list to my wooing,
My love-vows renewing—
To bind me for aye.

Gaelic Words by the late JAMES MUNRO. English Words by "FIONN."

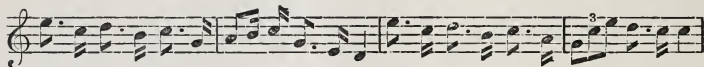
This air is known as "'S i sud an deoch mhilis."

KEY C. *Moderato.*

FINE.



SEISD. { m ,s : l ,s : s | d' ,l : s ,m : r | m ,s : l ,s : s | m' ,f' : r' ,d' : d' |
 Dh'fhàgadh mi fo bhròn O'n a phòs an té, | A' an robh mi'n tòir, | Seònaid a' chùil réidh.
 CHORUS. Sad indeed am I, Who my grief can tell? For my love I sigh, Jessie I loved well.

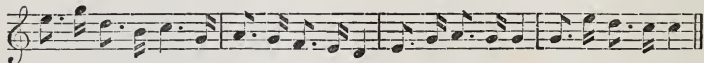


{ m' ,d':r' ,t:d' ,s | l,t,d':s ,m:r | m' ,d':r' ,t:d' ,l | s,d'l,m':r' ,d':d' }

{ Chaidh mi'n dé 'na còdhail, | 'S bhòidich i bhi'm réir | "Chaidh nnan caoidh chaphòs mi | Oigear ach thu féin." }

Yester eve when roving By the river side; Jessie fondly told me, "I will be your bride."

D.C. For CHORUS.



{ m' ,s: r' ,t: d' ,s | l ,s: f ,m: r | m ,s: l ,s: s | s ,m': r' ,d': d' |
 { Ach 'n uair chaidh i dhachaidh, (Bean na gaise bréig) Bhris i air a bòid, Cnòrd i ri fear spréidh.
 But my faithless charmer, Ere the dawn of day, To a wealthy farmer Gave her heart away.

'S gòrach fear 'bheir gaol
Do mhnaoi a ta fo'n ghréin,
'S iad cho carach, luaineach
Ri gaoith-chuairt nan speur !
'S dearbh gur fíor an aillis
Air mo leannan bréig'
Bhris i air a bòid
Phòs i am fear spréidh.

O, my heart is weary,
Sad and full of woe ;
Now my days are dreary,
Since she used me so ;
Much I loved my charmer,
But her love grew cold,
And a wealthy farmer
Bought her heart with gold.

At my fate take warning,
Bearing this in mind,—
Woman's heart is fickle,
Changeful as the wind.
Think upon my charmer.
Faithless, false, and bold,
Married to a farmer
For his land and gold.

Gaelic Words from Munroe's "FILIDH." Translation from "The CELTIC GARLAND."
The air is known as "Alasdair nan stòv."

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AND

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