

Parts I., II., III. already Published.

Blair, 305

THE
CELTIC LYRE:

A COLLECTION OF
GAELIC SONGS, WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS.

By FIONN.

PART III.—PRICE SIXPENCE.
MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS.

SIXTH THOUSAND.

EDINBURGH: JOHN GRANT. | OBAN: HUGH MACDONALD.

1894.

Part IV. in preparation.

CONTENTS OF PART I.

<p>Muille nam mór-bheann—Mull of the Bens. A' ghrugach dhonn—Brown-haired nymph. A' chruinneag Ìeach—The Islay maiden. Bidh mi ga d' chaoidh—I'll sorrow for thee. Mo rù gear, dileas—My faithful fair one. Mo bleannachd ort, a Mhàiri—My blessings on thee, Mary. Moladh na Laidaidh—The praise of Islay. Tha mo rùn air a' ghille—I dearly lo'e the laddie. Gur moch rinn mi d'usgadh—I early awoke. Gun chrodh gun aighean—The tocherless lass.</p>	<p>Fear a' bhàta—The boatman. An rìbhinn donn—The auburn maid. Tuireadh—Lament. Oran mulaid—A song of grief. Dealachadh leannain—A lover's parting. Is toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd—I love the Highlands. An rìbhinn àluinn—The charming maiden. Mo nighean chruinn, donn—My neat auburn maid. A' Chuairt-Shamhraidh—The summer ramble. Sèonaid a' chùil réidh—Jessie I loved well.</p>
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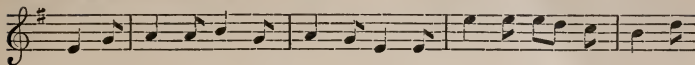
Arranged by CHARLES STEWART of Tigh'n-Duin.

The Accompaniments are by MR. JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C. Music in both Notations.

37—A' MHAIGHDEAN ÀLUINN—THE PEERLESS MAIDEN.

KEY G. *Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*

Air—"Slàn gu 'n till na Gaidheil ghasda."



{ | l : - : d | r : - : r | m : - : d | r : - : d | l : - : l | l : - : l | l : s : f | m : - : s
 SEBSD. (Seinn-eam) duan a nis do'n mhaigh-dinn A tha aobh-eil, cridh-eil, caoimhn-eil;
 CHORUS. Sing the prais-e o' my dear-ie, Aye sae win-ning, blithe, and cheer-ie;



{ | l : - : r | r : - : m | r : d : l | s : - : s | l : - : l | d : - : r | f : - : m | r : - : - ||
 'S lion-mhor fear a bheir-eadh oigh-reachd, Air son roinn de ghràdh a cridh'.
 In her pres-ence wha wad wear-ie? For her a' wad rich-es g'te.

Tha mo leannan dreachmhor, dreach,
 'Us 'n a ghuasad socair, slobhalt';
 Cha 'n 'eil maighdean anns an sgìreachd
 'Thig a nìos riut ann an glomh.

'S ann fo sgàile nam beann-àrda
 Dh' fhàs an ribhinn a tha àluinn;
 Labhraidh i gu blasda 'Ghàidhlig,
 'Chainnt a's fearr a tha 's an tìr.

Dh' fhàs i suas mar shòbhraig bhòidhich,
 Modhail, màlda mar an neòinein;
 Cha d' fhuair amaidheach no gòrach'
 Aite-còmhnaidh riamb 'n a cridh'.

Tha mo ghaoil-sa cridheil, ceòl-mhor—
 Cò 'n a cuideachd a bhiodh brònach?
 'N usair a theannas i ri drain
 Faodaidh 'n smèorach a bhì bith.

Falt a cinn 'n a dhualan òrdail;
 Dheth cha 'n ioghnaidh i 'bhi spòrsail;
 Ceum gu bràth nach dochainn feòirnein;
 Mèir a's bòidheche air an sgrìobh.

Cha 'n 'eil maighdean anns an dùthaich
 'Tha cho measail no cho clibiteach;
 'S iomadh h-aon a thug dhuit àmhhlachd,
 'Us a lùb dhuit anns gach nì.

O'n a chuir mi fhéin ort èolas,
 'S tric a bha sinn cridheil còmhla;
 Ach tha mis' an diugh a'm ònar
 Dubbach, brònach, 'us thu 'm dhìth.

'S ged a tha mi fad' air faontradh
 Thall 's a bhos air feadh an t-saoghail,
 Air mo spéis dhuit cha tig caochladh;
 Thug mi gaoil dhuit 'bhios gun chrìch.

In her figure, straight and slender;
 In her manner, kind and tender;
 Nature's sel' could hardly mend her;
 In her movements, neat and free.

She was reared among the Hielans,
 Land o' crofts and summer shielins;
 How it charms and warms the feelins
 When she Gaelic speaks tae me.

Like the daisy bloomin' bonny;
 Like the primrose lo'e'd by mony;
 She grew fairer far than ony
 And nae menseless fonder had she.

When she sings there's nane sings sweeter;
 E'en the mavis canna beat her:—
 Wha'd be dowie ga'in tae meet her?
 Wha could pairt frae her wi' glee?

Doun her gracefu' shouthers flowing,
 Her rich curls are golden glowing;
 Scarce her footstep, lightly going,
 Bends the fow'ret on the lea.

Liked by ilka ane comes near her;
 And the langer kenn'd the dearer;
 North or south there's nane can peer her;
 And she's a' the world tae me.

Though afar frae her I wander,
 On my dear ane still I ponder;
 Ilka day but makes me fonder—
 Love like mine can never die.

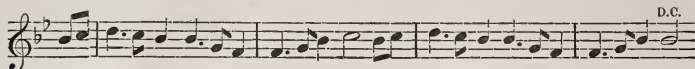
From the day when first I met her,
 My desire has been to get her;
 Come what may, I'll ne'er forget her
 Until death shall close my e'e.

Gaelic words by "FIONN." Translation by MR M. MAC FARLANE.

38—NA LÀITHEAN A DH'AOM—THE GAY DAYS OF YORE.

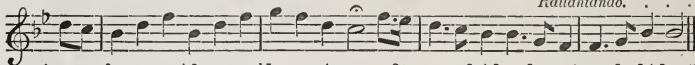
KEY B♭. *Beating twice in the measure.*

Air—"Robi donn gòrach."



{ : ḍ : ṛ | ṃ : - : ṛ : ḍ | ḍ : - : ḷ : ṣ | ṣ : - : ḷ : ḍ | ṛ : - : ḍ : ṛ | ṃ : - : ṛ : ḍ | ḍ : - : ḷ : ṣ | ṣ : - : ḷ : ḍ | ḍ : - : }

(Tha na slantan air caochladh, tha'n saoghal fo sprochd, Chuir an doineann fhìnar, fhàidhbach an ianlath 'n an toist; the storm has subsided, the world is oppressed, All hushed by the tempest, the birds seek their nest; Tha sneachda tróm, dòmhail a' còmhach nam beann, A' lìonadh nan glacan, 's a' tacadh nan allt, the Ben is enveloped in a mantle of snow, Con-calling the streams, and im-peding their flow;



{ : ṃ : ṛ | ḍ : ṃ : ṣ | ḍ : ṃ : ṣ | ḷ : ṣ : ṃ | ṛ : - : ṣ : f̣ | ṃ : - : ṛ : ḍ | ḍ : - : ḷ : ṣ | ṣ : - : ḷ : ḍ | ḍ : - : }

('S mise 'feitheamh an aisig aig carraig a' chaoll, Rì smaointean air àbhachd nan làithean a dh'aom. A - waiting the ferry, I sit by the shore, And silently muse on the gay days of yore.

Ann an làithean ar n-òige
Dol 'n còmhhdhail an t-sluaigh,
Cha sheall sinn ach faoin
Air mar dh' aomas iad 'uainn;
Cha tig e 'n ar smaointean
Cho gòird 's tha 'n dàil,
Gus am brùchd oirn gach leòn
Nì ar lùbadh gu làr,
Gun chùram gun èislein,
Aig teumadh air taobh,
Air làithean a' snàg 'uainn
Gun àireamh air aon.

'N uair a luidheas an aois oirnn
'S a dh' aognas ar snuadh,
Ar ciabh 'dòl an tainead,
Agus smal air ar gruaidh,
Bith'dh teugnhaill nan còmhlan
A' còmhradh gu truagh,
Agus càirdean ar n-òige
Air sòmhladh 's an uaigh;
'S ann an sin bhios ar cridhe
Làn mulaid 'us gaoid,
Rì smaointean air àbhachd
Nan làithean a dh' aom.

O! Ard-Rìgh na cruinne,
Ceann-uidhe ar dùil,
Air an t-sneachda fhliuch fhionnar
Dhuit a lùbas mi glùn;
'S guidheam gu'n òrduich
Thu dhòmh-sa gu glic,
'Bhì 'cuimhneachadh d'òrduigh
Gu h-àmhail 's gu tric,
Chum 'n uair chrochnaicheas m' astar
Ann an glacaidh an Aoig,
Nach cuimhnich thu m' fhàilinn
Anns na làithean a dh' aom.

In bright days of childhood
With free buoyant heart,
We think not how swiftly
The seasons depart,
How soon comes the time
When our health may decay,
And softly we'll slumber
Beneath the cold clay;
All heedless we count not
The years as they fly,
Nor days that unnumbered
Pass silently by.

In the gloaming of life,
When age furrows the brow,
Our locks getting thinner,
And white as the snow,
When this world's cold friendship
Is sad to behold,
And the friends of our youth
Are asleep 'neath the mould,
Then, our heart filled with sorrow,
Is sick to the core,
As we mournfully muse
On the gay days of yore.

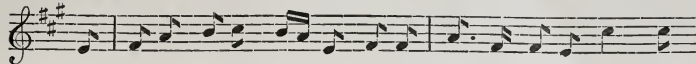
Almighty Creator!
My hope is in Thee;
On this snowy pathway
I now bend the knee;
O, teach me Thy statutes
And guide me always,
And let me remember
Thy precepts each day,
That, sleeping in Death,
When Life's journey is o'er,
The faults of my youth
Thou 'lt remember no more.

Gaelic words by the late Dr MAC LAOHLAN, Rahoy. Translation by "FIONN."

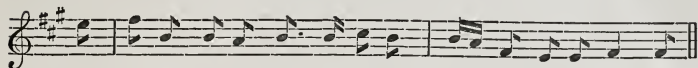


39—OIGFHEAR A CHÙIL-DUALAICH—LADDIE WITH THE GOLDEN HAIR.

KEY A. *Moderato.*



{ S₁ | l₁ . d : r . m | r . d . S₁ : l₁ . l₁ | d . l₁ : l₁ . S₁ | m : m .
 SEISD. { A | fhleasg-aich an fhuilt chraobh-aich chais, | Oig - fhìr a' chùil dual - aich;
 CHORUS. Oh! lad - die with the gol - den hair, In wa - vy ring - lets flow - ing;



{ S | l . r : r . d | r . r : m . r | r . d . l₁ : S₁ . S₁ | l₁ : l₁ . ||
 { A | fhleasgach òig an òir-fhuil chais, Gur | i do mhais' a bhuair mi. ||
 Oh! lad - die with the gol - den hair, Thy looks were my un - do - ing.

Mheall thu, mheall thu, mheall thu mi;
 Do bhòidhichead a bhuair mi;
 'Us gheall thu dhòmhs' air iomadh dòigh
 Gu'm biodh do stòras buan domh.

Is truagh nach robh mi 'us mo ghaol
 An lagan an fhraoich uaine,
 'S ged laidhinn tian, gu'n éirinn slàn,
 'S mo làmh 'bhi fo d'chùil dualach.

O, gur mise 'tha gu tinn,
 'Us falt mo chinn air fuasgladh,
 'S gun fhios a'm fhéin cìod e'n cion-fàth
 'Thug dhuits', a ghràidh, bhì'n gruaim rium.

Na'm biodh agam boineid dhù-ghorm
 'S ite mholach uaine,
 'S mi gu'n rachadh leat, a ghaoil,
 Do shedmar nan daoine-'uaise.

Bith'dh tu aig banais agus "bàl,"
 A' mànan ris gach gruagaich,
 'S bith'dh mise 'n sin air chùl gach màis
 'S do chàirdean ann an gruaim rium.

B' òg a thug mi dhuit mo ghaol,
 Ged nach d'rinn mi 'bhuannachd,
 'S an t-snaoin a cheangail sinn gu teann,
 I air gach ceann air fuasgladh.

Thy beauty drew my heart to thee,
 But now I am deceived;
 The promises you gave to me
 My too fond heart believèd.

Oh! would I were in yonder glen,
 Now roaming with my deary;
 My heart would wake to joy again,
 Though now 'tis sad and dreary.

My locks untended loosely flow,
 My spirits are dejected;
 In vain I try the cause to know
 Why thou hast me neglected.

If dressed in silks or satins rare,
 Although of lowly station,
 I'd to thy stately halls repair,
 And face each prond relation.

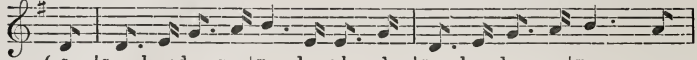
At balls or weddings thou art prone
 To flirt with many a maiden,
 While I, despised, must sit alone,
 My heart with sorrow laden.

The love we plighted in the glade
 I thought would fall us never;
 The knot we tied, the vows we made,
 I fear are loosed for ever.

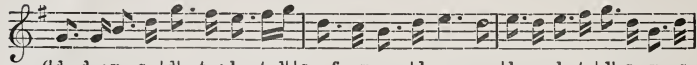
40—AM FONN—THE MELODY.

KEY G.—*Moderato, with feeling.*

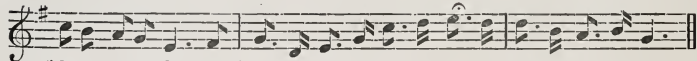
Air—"An nochd gur faoin mo chadal dhomh."



{ .s₁ | s₁ „l₁ : d „r | m „l₁ : l₁ „d | s₁ „l₁ : d „r | m :- .r
 O! | siod am fonn a chual - a mi An | uair a bha mi òg, Mi 'n
 Oh! that's the air I heard long since, In childhood's happy day, When,



{ d „d : m „s | d' „t : l „t „d' | s „f : m „s | l :- .s | l „s : l „t | d' „s : m „s
 cluain ri uchd mo mhàthar 'S mo chridhe 's namh 'n a cèil; 'S 'n uair 'chuala mi a rithist e Aig
 folded to my mother's breast, My soul drank in her lay; A gain, when round my father's cot, I



{ f „m : r „d | l₁ :- „t | d „s₁ : l₁ „d | f „s : l „s | s „m : r „m | d :- .
 nìghinn ghil nam bò, Gu 'n thàl-adh i mo chridhe leis 's mi |uireag-aich mu 'n chrò.
 frisked a sportive boy. Full off the milkmaid waked the strain, And thrilled my soul with joy.

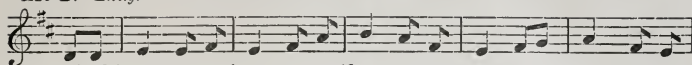
Bu tric o sin 'g a chlàistinn mi,
 Mu eadradh àrd-thra nòin,
 'S mi beadradh, air an àiridh,
 Rì mo Mhàiri àillidh òig;
 No feadh nan glacag fàileanta
 'S an tarladh dhuinn, gun ghò,
 'Bhi coinneachadh, gu mànanach,
 Fo sgàilean Choill-nan-cùò.
 Ach b' éiginn dòmh's an àiridh
 Agus Mairi 'chur air chùl,
 'Us siubhal fad' o'n àite sin
 'S an robh mo ghràdh 'ùs m' ùigh,
 A sheasamb anns na blàraibh
 'N aghaidh nàmhaiden ar dùthch':
 'S an làtha dh' fhàg mi 'm Bràighe,
 Rìgh! bu chràiteach m' aigne brùit!
 O! siod am fonn a chuala mi,
 'S a chualleanaich mu 'm chridh',
 A 's tric a dhàisg dhomh sealladh
 Air mo leannan 's air mo thir;
 An uair a bhithinn airtnealach
 'N an chairtealan, le sgìos,
 Gu 'n taisleicheadh e m' anam
 'N uair a chanainn e leam fhìn!
 Ach thog am fonn an tràth-so dhomh
 Fàth cànrain agus bròin;
 Oir dhàisg e ionghais Mhàiri
 'Us mo mhàthar, 's iad fo'n fhòid;
 Gach caochlath agus sàrach
 'Thàinig air na Gàidheil chòir,
 O 'n àm 's 'n a bhual an dàn ud mi
 Le gràdh, 'n uair 'bha mi òg!

And oft since then I've heard its notes
 With rapture fill the ear
 At noonday in the shieling, when
 My Mary lilted near;
 Or when, in evening's peaceful calm,
 Our steps together strayed,
 With song and artless gaiety,
 Adown the scented glade.
 But cruel Fate at length decreed
 That I should wander far
 From Mary and my kindred dear,
 To fill the ranks of war—
 My country's rightful cause to stand
 Against a foreign foe:
 That day I left the glen I loved,
 What words could tell my woe!
 Again I've felt its moving tones
 Around my heart entwine,
 Awakening thoughts of home and love,
 And joys that once were mine,
 When, far away 'mid other scenes,
 I thought of bygone years,
 And hummed it o'er with melting heart
 And eyes bedimmed with tears.
 But when I hear it now, it wakes
 Sad thoughts within my breast;
 It minds me of my mother,
 And my Mary, now at rest;
 The evils that befell our land,
 The wrongs my country bore,
 Since first I heard that melody
 In the happy days of yore.

Gaelic words from J. MUNRO'S "FILIDH." Translation by Mr M. MAC FARLANE.

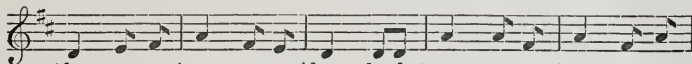
41—EALAIHD GHAOIL—A MELODY OF LOVE.

KEY D.—Lively.



{ d . d | r : r . m | r : m . s | l : s . m | r : m . f | s : m . r

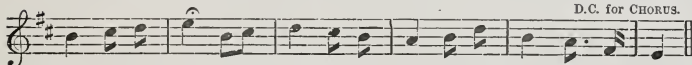
{ Gur | gil - e mo | leann - an na'n eal' | air an t-sràmh Na | coibh - ar na
 Not the swan on the lake, or the foam on the shore, Can com - pare with the
 SEISD—Air fall - ir - inn, ill - ir - inn, uill - ir - inn, ó, Air fall - ir - inn,
 CHORUS—Air fal - yer - in, eel - yer - in, ool - yer - in, o, AIR fal - yer - in,



{ d : r . m | s : m . r | d : d . d | s : s . m | s : m . s

{ tuinn - e, 's e | till - eadh gu trágh, Na'n | white is the new milk that
 charms of the maid I a - dore; Not so fall - ir - inn, ill - ir - inn,
 ill - ir - inn, uill - ir - inn, ó, Air fal - yer - in, eel - yer - in,
 eel - yer - in, ool - yer - in, o, AIR fal - yer - in, eel - yer - in,

D. C. for CHORUS.



{ l : t . d' | r' : l . t | d' : t . l | s : l . d' | l : s . m | r

{ chuach leis fo bhàrr, No sneachd nan gleann | dos - rach 'g a fhrois - eadh mu'n | bhàr.
 flows o'er the pail, Or the snow that is shower'd from the brow of the vale.
 'till - ir - inn, ó, Gur bòidh - each an com - unn 'th'aig coininnh 'n t-Strath - mhòir.
 ool - yer - in, o, How joy - ous the meet - ing con - vened at Strath - more.

Mar na neòil bhuidhe 'lìbas
 Air stùcaibh nan sliabh,
 Tha cas-fhalt mo rùin-sa
 Gu sìubhlach a' sniomh;
 Tha 'gruaidh mar an ròs
 'N uair a's bòidheche 'bhios 'fhiamh
 Fo ùr-dhealt a' Chéitein
 Mu'n òrach a' ghrian.

Mar Venus a' boisgeadh
 Thar choilltìbh nan àrd,
 Tha 'mlog-shuil 'g am bhuaireadh
 Le suaicheantas gràidh.
 Tha 'bràighe nan seud
 Ann an éideadh gach àigh,
 Mar ghealach nan speur
 'S i' cur reultan fo phràmh.

Bith' dh 'n uiseag 's an smebrach,
 Feadh lòintean an drùichd,
 'Toirt falte le'n òrain
 Do'n òg-mhaduinn chiùin;
 Ach bith' dh 'n uiseag neo-sheòlta,
 'S an smebrach gun sunnd,
 'N uair a thòisicheas m' eudail
 Air gleusadh a cibil.

'N uair thig samhradh nan neòinean
 A' còmhach nam brnach,
 Bith' dh gach èinean 's a' chròchd-choill'
 A' ceò leis a' chuaich;
 'S bith' dh mise gu h-èibhinn
 A' leumnaich 's a' ruag
 Fo dhlùth-ghengaibh sgàileach,
 A' mànnan ri m' luaidh.

As the clouds 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.

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.

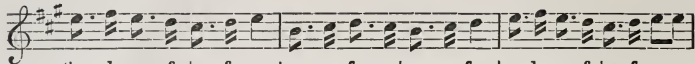
The mavis and lark,
 At the breaking of dawn,
 Make a chorus of joy
 To resound through the lawn;
 But the mavis is tuneless—
 The lark strives in vain,
 When my beautiful charmer
 Renews her sweet strain.

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.

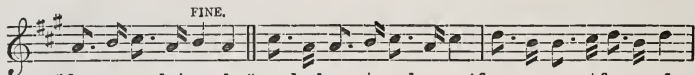
First verse and chorus by Mrs. MAC KENZIE, Bail'-an-Iòin; remainder, and translation, by the late EWEN MAC LACHLAN.

42—GABHAIDH SINN AN RATHAD MÓR—WE WILL TAKE THE HIGHWAY.

KEY A.—*Lively, with marked time.*



{ | s ., l : s ., f | m ., f : s | r ., m : f ., m | r ., m : f | s ., l : s ., f | m ., f : s ., s
 SEISD— | Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mór, | Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mór; | Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mór
 CHORUS—We will take the good old way, We will take the good old way, We will take the good old way, The



{ | d ., r : m ., d | r : d | m ., d : d ., r | m ., d : m | f ., r : r ., m | f ., r : f
 Olc air mhath le càch e. || Diridh sinn ri beinn an fhraoich | Tèarnaidh sinn ri gleann nan laogh,
 way that lies before us; Climbing stiff the heath'ry ben, Winding swiftly down the glen;

D.C. for CHORUS.



{ | m ., d : d ., r | m ., d : m ., s . - | d ., r : m ., d | r : d
 'S cha 'n 'eil fear de luchd-nam-braoisg Nach | leig sinn gaoir a' mhàileid.
 Should we meet with stragglers then, Their gear will serve to store us.

Olc air mhath le Cloinn-an-t-Saoir,
 Olc air mhath le Cloinn-an-t-Saoir,
 Olc air mhath le Cloinn-an-t-Saoir,
 'S bodaich mhaol an làgain.
 Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

Thar a' mhonaidh null 'n ar sgrìob,
 Slos Gleann-Comhann air bheag sglos,
 Mearsaidh sinn 'an ainm an Rìgh,
 Olc air mhath le càch e.
 Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

Gu Mac-'ic-Alasdair 's Lochial,
 Bith' dh iad leinn mar bha iad riamh,
 'S Fear-na-Ceapach mar ar miann,
 Olc air mhath le càch e.
 Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

Thig Clann-a-Phearsoin, feachd nam buadh,
 'S thig Cloinn-Choinnich o'n Taobh-tuath,
 'S maig an dream do 'n nochd iad fuath,
 'N uair dh' èireas grunaim nam blàr orr'.
 Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

Thig Clann-Ghriogair' garg 's an strì
 'Us Stiùbhartach, 's iad sluagh an Rìgh;
 Mearsaibh uallach,—suas a' phlob!
 Olc air mhath le càch e.
 Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

MacIntyres watch on hill;
 Be their wishes good or ill,
 We will keep, whate'er their will,
 The way that lies before us.
 We will up &c.

O'er the mountain's rocky steep,
 Down Glencoe our course will keep;
 In the King's name we will sweep
 The rebels on before us.
 We will up &c.

To Glengarry and Lochell,
 Keppoch trusty, true as steel,
 Hearts and claymores ever leal,
 As were their sires' before them.
 We will up &c.

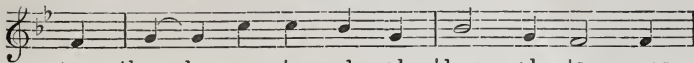
Bold MacPhersons will come forth,
 With MacKenzies from the north:—
 Where be they would try their worth
 In battle's strife before them?
 We will up, &c.

Fierce MacGregors, to us speed,
 Stewarts of the royal seed—
 Bag pipes ready,—pipers, lead
 The way that lies before us!
 We will up &c

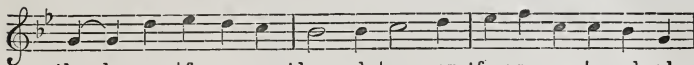
Gaelic words attributed to JOHN BRECK MAC KENDRICK. Translation by C. M. P.

43—O, TILL, A LEANNAIN—RETURN, MY DARLING.

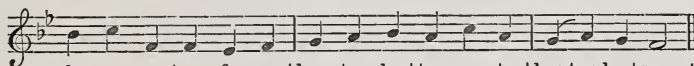
KEY B^b.—Moderato, beating twice in the measure.



{ : s₁ | l₁ : l₁ : r | r : d : l₁ | d : - : l₁ | s₁ : - : s₁
 SEIRD— O, till a leann-ain, O, till, O, till! O, till! O,
 CHORUS—Re - turn, my dar - ling, re - turn, re - turn! Re -



{ l₁ : l₁ : r | f : r : r | d : - : d | r : - : r | f : s : r | r : d : l₁
 till, a leann-ain O, till, O, till! Dean cabh-aig a Mhai-li a
 turn, my dar - ling, re - turn, re - turn! O, haste thee, my fair one, Re -



{ d : r : s₁ | s₁ : f₁ : s₁ | l₁ : t₁ : d | t₁ : r : t₁ | l₁ : t₁ : l₁ | s₁ : - ||
 dùth-aich nan Gall-ach, No théid mi le h-aimh-eal do'n chhill, do'n chhill!
 turn now, my rare one, Nor leave me thus dai - ly to mourn, to mourn.

O thus' a gheibh sealladh de m' ghaol, de m' ghaol,
 Their fios dhi gu 'n robh i dhorah féin, dhomh féin,
 Mar chridhe do m' bhroilleach,
 Mar iùl-chairt do 'n mharaich', [t-saogh'l.
 Mar ait-ghrén an Earraich do 'n t-saogh'l, do 'n

O, c' àite 'm bheil coimeas do m' luaidh, do m' luaidh?

Mar ròs air uchd eala tha 'gruaidh, tha 'gruaidh;
 Clàr-aghaidh a's gile
 Na 'm bainne 'g a shileadh,
 No 'ghrian 's i gu luidhe 's a' chuan, 's a' chuan.

Na 'm faicheadh tu 'pearsa gun mheang, gun mheang—

Na 'n cluinneadh tu 'labhairt gun sgraing, gun
 Na 'n biodh tu le m' chruinneig [sgraing—
 'N àm togail nan luinneag,
 Gu 'n lasadh do chridhe gun taing, gun taing.

Mo chridhe-sa! 's tusa 'bhios truagh, 'bhios truagh,
 Mur pill is' thóg cirre gu Cluaidh, gu Cluaidh:—
 Gu 'n b' fheàrr na bhi maille
 Ri té cil' air thalamh,
 'Bhi sinnte ri m' Mhaili 's an uaigh, 's an uaigh!

If ever my loved one you see, you see,
 O, tell her that she was to me, to me,
 A chart for life's ocean,
 A heart for each motion,
 My sun and my portion was she, was she.

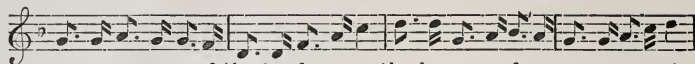
O, what with my love may compare, compare?
 Not the swan or the rose so fair, so fair;
 Much whiter I trow,
 Than snow is her brow,
 Or the sun setting low, so fair, so fair.

If you on my dear one should gaze, should gaze,
 If you were to hear what she says, she says,
 If you heard my pretty
 One singing her ditty,
 Your bosom would get in a blaze, a blaze.

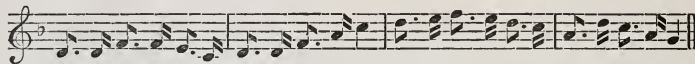
But if she forsake me, my gloom, my gloom!
 All pleasure and strength shall consume, consume,
 And rather than stray
 With another away,
 I would lie with my May in the tomb, the tomb.

44—MAIRI LAGHACH—WINSOME MARY.

KEY F.—*Moderato.*



SEISD. { | r , r : m , r : r , d | l , l , : d , m : s | l , l : r , m : f , m | r , r : m , s : l |
 Hó, mo Mháiri laghach, 's tu mo Mháiri bhinn! Hó, mo Mháiri laghach 's tu mo Mháiri ghrinn;
 CHORUS. Hey, my winsome Ma - ry, Ma - ry, fondly free! Hey, my winsome Ma - ry, Mary, mine to be!



{ | l , l , : d , d : t , , s | l , l , : d , m : s | l , t : d ' , t : l , s | m , l : s , m : r |
 Hó, mo Mháiri laghach, 's tu mo Mháiri bhinn; Máiri bhòidheach Iurach, 'rugadh anns na glinn. |
 Winsome, handsome Mary— who so fair as she! My own Highland lassie, dear as life to me.

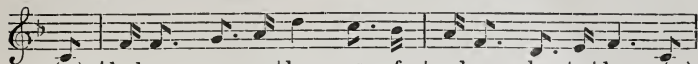
B'og bha mise 's Mháiri
 'M fasaichean Ghlinn-sméil,
 'N nair 'chuir macan Venius
 'S aighead gheur 'n am fheòil
 Tharruing sinn ri chéile,
 Ann an eud cho bèd,
 'S nach robh air an t-saoghal
 A thug gaol cho mòr.
 Ged bu leamsa Albainn,
 A h-airgid 'us a maoin,
 Cia mar bhithinn sona
 Gun do chomunn gaol?
 B' annsa bhí 'g ad fhogadh
 Le deagh chóir dhomh féin,
 Na ged gheibhinn stòras
 Na Roinn-Eòrp' gu léir.
 Tha d' fhalt bachlach, dualach,
 Mu do chlais a' fás,
 Thug nàdur gach buaidh dha
 Thar gach gruag a bha:
 Cha 'n 'eil dragh, no tuairgne,
 'N a chur suas gach là;
 Chas gach ciabh mu'n cuairt deth,
 'S e 'n a dhuail gu 'bhàrr.
 Tha do chailc-dheud snaighte
 Geal mar shneachd nan àrd;
 D' anail mar an caineal;
 Beul o 'm banail fàit;
 Gruaidh air dhreach an t-siris;
 Min-ruisg chiuinealt, thà;
 Mala chaol gun ghruaman,
 Gnbis gheal, 's cuach-fhalt bàn.
 Cha robh inneal ciùil
 A fhuairleadh riannh fo 'n ghréin,
 A dh'aithriseadh air chòir
 Gach cèil bhiodh againn féin
 Uiseag air gach ònan,
 Smedrach air gach géig;
 Cuthag 'us gùg gùg aic'.
 'Madainn chùbhraidh Chéit.

Lodged ere in my bosom
 Lodged love's arrow keen,
 Often with my Mary
 In Glensmòil I've been;
 Happy hours succeeded
 By affection true,
 Till there seemed 'neath heaven
 No such loving two!
 What although all Albinn
 And its wealth were mine,
 How, without thee, darling,
 Could I fail to pine?
 As my bride to kiss thee,
 I would prize far more
 Than the all of treasure
 Europe has in store.
 What a wealth of tresses
 Mary dear can show!
 Crown of lustre rarer
 Ne'er graced maiden brow!
 'Tis but little dressing
 Need those tresses rare,
 Falling fondly, proudly,
 O'er her shoulders fair.
 Hers are teeth whose whiteness
 Snow alone can peer;
 Hers the breath all fragrance,
 Voice of loving cheer;
 Cheeks of cherry ripeness,
 Eyelids drooping down,
 Neath a forehead never
 Shadowed by a frown.
 No mere music art-born
 Ere our pleasure crowned;—
 Music far more cheering
 Nature for us found;
 Larks in air, and thrushes
 On each flowing thorn,
 And the Cuckoo hailing
 Summer's gay return!

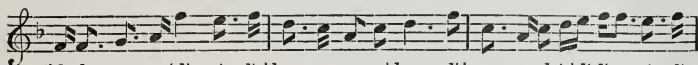
Gaelic words by J. MAC DONALD, Lochbroom. Translation by EVAN MAC COLL.

45—MO CHAILIN DILEAS DONN—MY FAITHFUL AUBURN MAID.

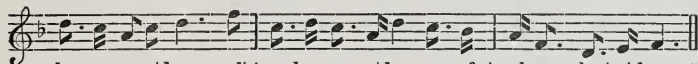
KEY F.—Moderato, with expression.



{(S₁) | d , d . - : r „m | l : s „f | m , d . - : l₁ „t₁ | d : - (S₁)
Oh, happy may I see thee, my calin deelis donn; With



{ | d , d . - : r „m | d' : t „d' | l „s : m . s | l : - . d' | s „m : s . l₁ t | d' . d' . - : t „d'
Bean a' chualain réidh air an deise 'dh' éireadh fonn, 'S i cainnt do bheibh bu 'hinne leam an
wavy auburn ringlets, and voice of sweetest tone! Thy pleasing words oft cheered me, and



{ | l „s : m . s | l : - . d' | s „l : s „m | l : s „f | m , d . - : l₁ „t₁ | d : - .
uair 'bhíodh m'inntinn trom, 'S tu thogadh suas mo chridh' n'air a bhíodh tu 'bruidhinn rium.
raised my heart when sad; Thy converse, like sweet music, my spirits would make glad.

Gur muladach a ta mi
'S mi nochd air 'bìrd' a' chuain,
'S neo-shunndach mo chadal dhomh;
'S do chaidreamh fada bhuan;
Gur tric mi ort a' smaointeach,
As d' agais tha mi tragh;
'Us mur a dèan mi d'fhaotainn
Cha bhí mo shaghal buan.

Sbìl chorrach mar an dearcag
Fo rosg a dh'iadhas dlùth;
Gruaidhean mar an caoraun,
Fo'n aodann 'tha leam cùin;
Mur d' aithris iad na breugan
Gu'n d' thug mi féin duit rùn;
'S gur bliadhna leam gach là
O'n uair a dh'fhàg mi thu.

Tacan mu'n do sheòl sinn
Is ann a thòisich cìch
Ri innseadh do mo chruineig-sa
Nach tillinn-sa gu bràth:
Na cuireadh sud ort gruaiméan,
A luaidh, ma bhios mi slàn,
Cha chum dad idir uait mi
Ach saighead chruaidh a' Bhàis.

Tha'n t-snaim a nise ceangailte
Gu daingeann agus teann;
'Us their luchd na fanaid rium
Nach 'eil mo phrothaid ann:
Am fear aig a' bheil fortan,
Tha crois aige 'n a cheann,
'S tha mire taingeil, toilichte
Ged tha mo sporan gann.

My heart is torn with anguish
This night upon the sea,
And restless are my slumbers
Since far away from thee,
How oft my thoughts entwine thee,
Though absent from my view!
And if I may not claim thee,
My days shall be but few.

Beneath thy pencilled eyebrows
Are eyes like berries blue,
Thy cheeks are like the rowans
Of red and ripest hue;
I will confess with gladness
That I this maid adore,—
Each day has seemed a year
Since we parted on the shore.

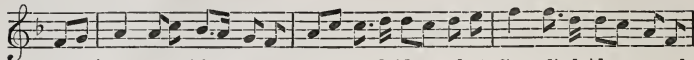
A while before we parted
They sought to grieve thee sore,
And said unto my maiden
I should return no more.
Heed not their cruel slander;
My love, if naught betide,
I'll come again to see thee,
And claim thee for my bride.

The knot is tied securely
That binds me to my dear,
Though mocking foes are saying
"Twill bring me little gear;
The man who weds a fortune
Its cross has oft to bear,
So I am quite contented
Although my purse be spang.

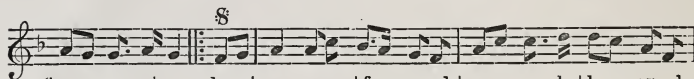
46—FUADACH NAN GAIDHEAL—THE DISPERSION OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

KEY F.—*Slowly, with much feeling.*

Air—"Lord Lovat's Lament."

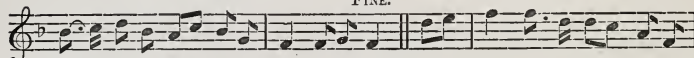


{ d . r | m : m . s | f . m : r . d | m . s : s . l | l . s : l . t | d' : d' , l | l . s : m . d
 { Gur-a | mis - e 'tha tìrs - ach, a' | caoidh cor na dùth - cha, 'S nan | seann daoine chis - eil 'bha
 I mourn for the Highlands, now drear and for - sak - en, The land of my fa - thers, the



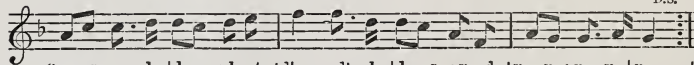
{ m . r : r . m | r : d . r | m : m . s | f . m : r . d | m . s : s . l | l . s : m . d
 { clìùiteach 'us treun; Rinn | uachd - rain am fuadach gu fada | null thar chuan - tan Am
 gal - lant and brave; To make room for the sportsman their lands were all ta - ken, And
 'S am fonn a bha àl - ninn chaidh chur fo chaoraich bhàna, Tha
 Where once smiled the gar - den, rank weeds have their sta - tion, And

FINE.



{ f . s : l . f | m . s : f . r | d : d . r | d || l . t | d' : d' , l | l . s : m . d
 { fearann chaidh thoirt uapa's thoirt | suns do na féidh. 'S e | sud a' chulaidh nàir - e bhì
 they had to seek out new homes o'er the wave. Oh, | shame on the ty - rants who
 feanntagach 's a' ghàr - adh 's an làr - ach fo fheur.
 deer are pre - ferr'd to a leal - hearted race.

D.S.



{ m . s : s . l | l . s : l . t | d' : d' , l | l . s : m . d | m . r : r . m | r ||
 { falc - inn dhaoine | lùid - ir 'G am | fuadach thar sàil - e mar | bhàrr - lach gun fheur;
 brought de - so - la - tion, Who banished the brave, and put sheep in their place,

Far an robh mòran dhaoine
 Le 'm mnathan 'us le 'n teaghlach,
 Cha 'n 'eil ach caoraich - mhaola
 Rì fhaotainn 'n an àit':
 Cha 'n fhaicear air a' bhuaile
 A' bhanarach le 'bhuarich,
 No idir an crodh guail - fhionn
 'S am buachaille bàna.

Tha 'n uiseag anns na speuran,
 A' seinn a luinneig gleusda,
 'S gun neach ann 'g a h - éisdeachd
 'N uair dh' éireas i árd;
 Cha till, cha till na daoine
 Bha cridheil agus aoibheil—
 Mar mholl air latha gaoithe
 Chaidh 'n sgaoidhadh gu bràth.

Oh! where are the parents
 And bairns vnder roaming?
 The scene of their gladness
 Is far o'er the main;
 No blithe-hearted milkmaid
 Now cheers us at gloaming;
 The herd-boy no longer
 Is seen on the plain.

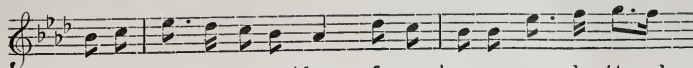
The lark still is soaring,
 And sings in her glory,
 With no one to listen
 Her sweet morning lay;
 The clansmen are gone—
 But their deeds live in story—
 Like chaff in the wind,
 They were borne far away.

Gaelic words and translation by "FIONN."

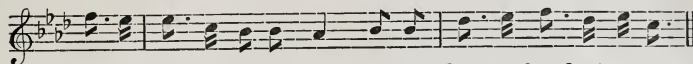
47—A' GHRUAGACH BHANAIL—THE BLYTHESOME LASSIE.

KEY A \flat .—*Moderato.*

Air—"Bithibh aotrom 's togaibh fonn."



{ : r . m | s . f : m . r | d : f . m | r . r : s . l | t . l
 SEISD—{Air a' | ghrugaich tha mi'n geall, Coimeas | dhi cha'n fhaic mi ann;
 CHORUS—Tae my lassie wake the strain; There's nae lassie like my ain;



{ l . s | s . m : r . r | d : r . r | f . s : l . f | s . m . - ||
 {Air a' | ghrugaich tha mi'n geall; Maighdean | ghreannar a' chùil chlamnach.
 Light and air - y wake the strain Tae my bonnie blythesome lassie.

Fhir a shìùbhlas greis mu thuath,
 Thoir na beannachdan so bhuan
 Thun na ribhinn bhanaid, shuair',
 'Tha mu'n Chaisteal-ruadh a' fanachd.

Fhuair mi eòlas oir' 's mi òg,
 'S sinn le chèile air bheag gò;—
 'N gaol a thug mi 'n sin do'n òigh'
 Bithidh e ri m' bheò air m' aire.

'S iomadh maise agus buaidh
 A tha cirre fas a suas;
 Trian diubbh so cha'n fhaod mi 'luaidh,
 Ged 's i Ghàidhlig chruaidh a th' agam.

Tha a gruaidhean mar na ròis;
 Tha a cneas mar chanach lùin;
 Tha a beusan banaid fòil,
 'Us a còmhradh mòdhar, tairis.

'Nuair a sheinneas i an duan,
 'S i le càch a' bleoghann bhuar,
 Feumaidh smeòraich air a' bhruaich
 'N ceileireadh thoirt suas car tamull.

Ach ma 's bed' mi gu Dir-daoin,
 Ni mi seòl air bhì r' a taobh;
 'S cinnteach mi a fàilt, le aoidh,
 Geanalachd 'us faoilte, o'n ainneir.

Ye wha northward tak yer way,
 If ye wad a kindness dae,
 Bear my salutations gay
 Tae my ain, my blythesome lassie.

Our first meeting weel I mi'n',
 In our youthful days langsyne,
 And the love shall never crine
 That I bear my blythesome lassie.

Words o' mine could never trace
 A' the wondrous wealth o' grace
 That bedecks the form and face
 O' my bonnie blythesome lassie.

Cheeks like roses blooming bright,
 Mien like *canach* downy white,
 Speech and manners a' that's right,
 O' my bonnie blythesome lassie.

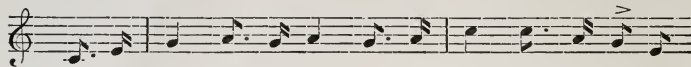
When she sings her evening sang
 Wi' the merry milk-maids thrang,
 A' the birds, the trees amang,
 Hush tae hear my blythesome lassie.

If to morrow I'm alive,
 To be wi' her I will strive;
 Welcome kind, when I arrive,
 Waits me frae my blythesome lassie.

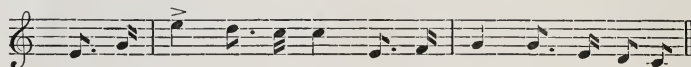
48—CRUACHAN-BEANN—CRUACHAN-BEN.

KEY C.—*With animation.*

Air—"Brochan buirn."



SEISD—	Cruachan - beann,	Cruachan - beann;	Cruachan - beann,
CHORUS—	Cruachan - ben,	Cruachan - ben,	King o' a' norlan' mountains;



(Cruachan -	beann	thar gach meall	'S a chuid ailt
Tae the	lift	towers its head,	Down its sides
			pour the fountains.

Cruachan-beann 's e cho mòr,
Tha e sònraicht' r'a fhaicinn—
Cha 'n 'eil a leithid 's an Roinn-Eòrp',
'S geal a chòta 'n àm sneachda.

Cloinn-an-t-Saoir d'am bu dual
'Bhì 'n ad chluanagan fasgach,
An dìugh cha'n fhàic mi aon do'n àl
'Gabhail' tàmh ann ad thaice.

'S iomadh linn bho 'n fhuair iad còir
Air a' bheinn a's bòidhech' r'a fhaicinn;
'S cho fad' 's a ruihtas uillt gu cuan
Bith'dh an dualehas ud aca.

An Leitir-beann chaidh m' àrach òg—
Leitir bhòidheach nam badan;
Gheibhteadh fiadh ann air an t-sliabh,
'S earbag ria'ch anns gach glac dheth.

Aite 's maisiche fo 'n ghréin
Chaoidh cha léir dhomh r'a fhaicinn;
'S bho 'n a chuir iad thu fo fhéidh,
'S goirt mo dheur 'gabhail beachd ort.

Soraith 'nis le Cruachan-beann,
'S leis gach coire 's gleann tha 'n taic ris;
'S e mo dhùrachd Cloinn-an-t-Saoir
A bhì daonnan 'n a thaice.

Noblest hill e'er I saw!
It is grander a hantle
Than ought Europe can show,
When it wears its snowy mantle.

MacIntyres were the clan
That its precincts frequent;
Noo there's nane o' them there,
And fu' sair I lament it.

'Twas in days o' langsyne
Bonnie Cruachan they claimit,
And as lang as water flows
Still on it they'll be namit.

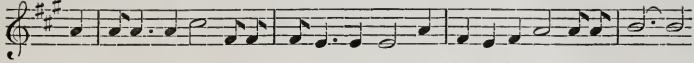
I was reared at Letter-ben,
Far the grandest of onie;
Deers and roes boundit free
O'er its knowes green and bonnie.

I nae mair shall behold
Spot on earth half sae takin';
But they've placed thee under deer,
And my heart's nigh a-breakin'.

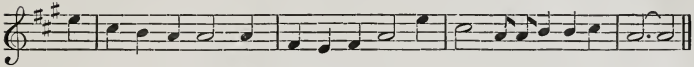
Fare thee well, Cruachan ben!
Every scaur, glen and fountain!
Lang may MacIntyres be found
Near their ain glorious mountain.

49—GILLE MO LUAIDH—THE LAD I LOVE WELL.

KEY A.—Moderato, beating twice in the measure.



{ d | d . d : - : d | m : - : l₁ l₁ | l₁ s₁ : - : s₁ | s₁ : - : d | l₁ : s₁ : l₁ | d : - : d . d | r : - : | - : - :
 O! seinidh mi duan do ghille mo luaidh, A thàinig mn'n cuairt an dé;
 My Harp to me bring, of my love I will sing, Who yesterday came me to see;



{ s | m : r : d | d : - : d | l₁ : s₁ : l₁ | d : - : s | m : - : d . d | r : r : m | d : - : | - : - : ||
 Bu bhàth leam a shùil 'us b'aoidheil a ghnuis, Mo rùn e 'measg nan céud.
 With countenance bright, his eyes flash with light— My choice among thousands is he.

Ged tha thu 's an tìom glé fhada bho 'n tìr
 'S am b'abhaist do d' shìnnsear bhi 'n tàmh;
 Tha 'n Gàidheal a'd chridh 's cha ghabh e cur
 Le nì 's am bith ach am bàs. [sìos,

'S ann an Apuinn nan Stuaadh a thuinich do
 Na Stiùbhartach usal àrd; [shluagh,
 'S ann doibh a bu dual bhi colgarra cruaidh;
 Is iad nach tilleadh 's a' chàs.

Ged sgaipteadh 's an uair na fàilleinean uain'
 A thàinig bho shluagh nam beann,
 Tha 'n spiorad mar bha, 'us bithidh gu bràth,
 A' ruith anns gach àl d'an clann.

Gach lusan d'an fhraoch tha sgaipte 's ant-saoghal,
 'N uair ruigeas e taobh nam beann,
 Tha smuaintean a chridh a' tilleadh gun strìth,
 A dh' ionnsaidh na tìom a bh' ann.

Mo chead leat an dràs, O 'ille mo ghràidh,
 'Us till rinn gun dàil mu thuath;
 'S gu'n cuir sinn ort fàilt le furan 'us àigh,
 'S le cridheachan blàth 'g a luaidh.

Tho' distant, retired from the land of thy sires,
 Where they lived in the brave days of old,
 The Gael from thy heart shall never depart,
 Till silent and cold in the mould.

From Appin they came, in history famed,
 The Stewarts of high pedigree;
 Courageous and beld when facing the foe,
 They never were known to flee.

Tho' scattered have been the branches so green,
 Brave sons of the mountains wild!
 The spirit remains for ever the same,
 Descending from parent to child.

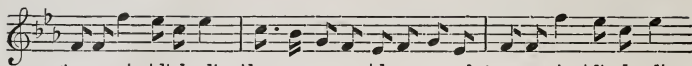
Each sprig of the heather, that long has been
 On reaching the mountain so green, [severed,
 His spirit returns, and is kindled by love,
 As he thinks of the days that have been.

I must now bid farewell to the lad I love well:
 Come back again soon to the North:
 Here a welcome thou'lt find, both hearty and kind,
 From hearts overflowing with mirth.

50—EILIDH BHÀN—AILIE BAIN.

KEY E♭.—*Moderato.*

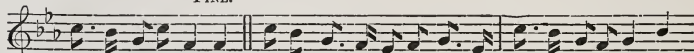
Air—"Buain na rainich."*



{ r : r : r' | d' . l : d' | l . s : m . r | d . r : m . d | r : r : r' | d' . l : d' |

SEISD—Eilidh bhàn Chaire-chnàimh, Maighdean bhannail nam beus ceanail, Eilidh bhàn Chaire-chnàimh,
 CHORUS—Ailie Bain o' the glen, Bonnie lassie, winsome lassie; Ailie Bain o' the glen,

FINE.



{ l . s : m . l | r : r | l . s : m . r | d . r : m . d | l . s : m . r | m : s |

Có nach tugadh gaol dhi? Mí'n so 'm aonar 's manadh pòig orm O'm mhnaoi òig 's rùn cléibh dhomh,
 Wha could help but lo'e her? Here wí' lips foretok'ning kisses, Waiting dull and wearie;

D.C. for CHORUS.



{ l . s : m . r | d . r : m . d' | l . s : m . l | r : r |

'Tis nae wonder my heart's wish is— "Greas a nlos ort, éud . ail!"
 'Tis nae wonder my heart's wish is— Quickly come, my dear . ie.

Gaol gach gille, clùh gach filidh,
 Tuath no deas gu'n téid mi—
 Na 'm b'fhear-dhàn mi mar a b' àill leam
 Gu là bhràth bhiodh sgeul ort.
 Eilidh bhàn, &c.

Gun dad fasgaidh ach mo bhreacan,
 'S mo lamh dheas mu d' chaol-chrios,
 Sud mar fhuair mi 'n oidheche 's buaine
 Tric ro-luath 'g ar sgaioleadh.

Ged tha fear-a'-Bhràighe, thall ud,
 'S ciadan eile 'n dèigh ort,
 'S leam-sa, neothar-thaig dhoibh uile,
 Gaol us furan m' éudail!

'S truagh nach b'ann an nochd, a leannain,
 Dh' òlar deoch na réite;
 'N sin le 'r gairm, gu Cill-a'-Mhunna
 Cha bu ruith ach leum leam.

A' the lads are daft about ye;
 A' the bardies praise ye;
 Were I ane myself, I doubt na
 I'd gang rhymin' crazy.
 Ailie Bain, &c.

On the cauld nichts tho' my plaidie
 Sheltered us but sparely,
 Yet my partin' frae beside ye
 Seem'd tae come owre early.

What, tho' monied cuifs endeavour
 Wi' their gowd tae lure ye,
 True tae me yer heart beats ever;
 Ne'er shall they secure ye.

Would this e'ening saw them risin'
 Frae our botting, Ailie;
 Tae Kilmun tae put the cries in
 I wad trip it gaily.

Gaelic words by EVAN MAC COLL. Translation by Mr M. MAC FARLANE

*This air is extremely popular, and ever associated with a Fairy Song, of which the following is a fragment—

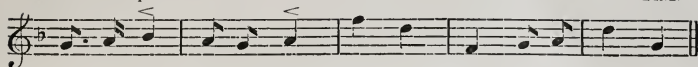
Tha mi sgìth 's mi leam fhìn,
 Buain na rainich, buain na rainich;
 Tha mi sgìth 's mi leam fhìn,
 Buain na rainich daonnain.

Cùl an tomain, bràigh an tomain,
 Cùl an tomain bhòidhich;
 Cùl an tomain, bràigh an tomain,
 H-uile latha 'm ònar.

51—MO NIGHEAN DONN—MY BROWN MAID.

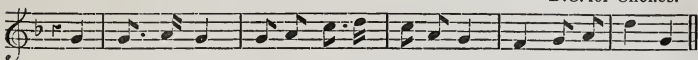
KEY F.—*With spirit.*

FINE.



SEISD—	{ r . m : f m . r : m d' : l d : r . m l : r
THEIR mí hó, CHORUS—Singing hó	robha hó, ro - va hó, 'S mithich dhuinnl éir- Let's be go - ing, Mo neen donn.

D.C. for CHORUS.



{	: r r . m : r r . m : s . l s . m : r d : r . m l : r
'S mithich) dhòmh-sa dol "Tis time to go	dachaigh, Tha mi homeward, Far too fad' air mo long was my chéillidh, Mo sojourn, My neen donn.

'S mór gruaman na h-iarmaid,
'S gaoth an iar a' cruaidh-sheídeadh,
Mo nigh'n donn.

Tha na tonnan 's a' ghàraich,
'Tigh'n gu traigh le greann éitidh,
Mo nigh'n donn.

Tha na cìthean trom sneachda
'Dall-ghleachd anns na speuraidh,
Mo nigh'n donn.

Tha na h-uillt le dearg-rànaich
'Sguabadh sgàrnaich nan sléibhteann,
Mo nigh'n donn.

Tha na craobhan mór, miarach,
As am friamhaich 'g an reubadh,
Mo nigh'n donn.

Tha eòin bhèchain nan cluaintean
Leis an uamhas 'g an léireadh,
Mo nigh'n donn.

'S eòin bheaga na coille
Gob, 's an doire, fo'n sgéithe,
Mo nigh'n donn.

'S bochd nuallan nan aighean
Air na sraithean lom glé-ghéal,
Mo nigh'n donn.

'S truagh mise 'n tìr Oisein
'S mi gun soistinn mu m' éudail,
Mo nigh'n donn.

Far an d' fhàg mi mo leannan,
Maighdean channach na féille!
Mo nigh'n donn.

Gloomy low'rs the dark welkin;
Fierce the west wind is blowing.
Mo neen donn.

Roll the crested waves hoary
To the shore with weird moaning.
Mo neen donn.

From the heavens, blind striving,
Fall the driving white snowflakes.
Mo neen donn.

Loud bellow the fountains
Down the mountain side pouring.
Mo neen donn.

See, the branching high oaktrees
On the snow are stretched lowly.
Mo neen donn.

Hear the birds of the meadows
In their terror chirp doleful.
Mo neen donn.

In the woods the sweet singers
Under wing their heads stow them.
Mo neen donn.

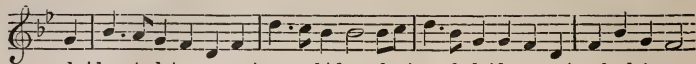
Hear the cows on the meadows
Standing plaintively lowing.
Mo neen donn.

In the land of old Ossian
My sad loss I'm deploring.
Mo neen donn.

Where I left her, my dear one,
My own peerless adored one.
Mo neen donn.

52—EILEAN AN FHRAOICH—THE ISLE OF THE HEATHER.

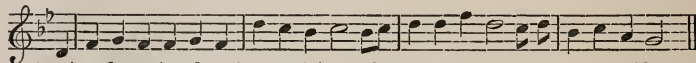
KEY B \flat .—*Boldly, beating twice in the measure.*



{: l₁ | d : -t; l₁ | s₁ : m₁ : s₁ | m :-: r : d | d :-: d . r | m :-: d : l₁ | l₁ : s₁ : m₁ | s₁ : d : l₁ | s₁ :-

SEISD. { A chi - all nach mis - e bha'n Eil-ean an Fhraoich, Nam fiadh nam brad-an, nam fead-ag, 's nan naosg;

CHORUS. I wish I were now in that Isle of the sea, The Isle of the Heather, and happy I'd be;



{: m₁ | s₁ : l₁ : s₁ | s₁ : l₁ : s₁ | m : r : d | r :-: d . r | m : m : s | m :-: r . m | d : r : t₁ | l₁ :-

(Nan Iochan, nan òban, nan òsan 's nan caol—Eilean inn-is nam bò, 's àite còmhnuidh nan laoch.)

With deer in its mountains, and fish in its rills, Where heroes have lived 'mong its heath-cover'd hills.

An t-Eilean ro mhaiseach,
Gur pailt ann am biadh;
'S e Eilean a's àillt' air 'n
Do dhealraich a' ghrian;
'S e Eilean mo ghràidh-s' e,
Bha 'Ghàidhlig ann riamh;
'S cha 'n fhalbh i gu bràth
Gus an tràigh an cuan siar!

'N àm éiridh na gréine
Air a shléibhtibh bith'dh ceò,
Bith'dh a' bhanaarach ghuanach
'S a' bhuarach 'n a dòrn
Ri gabhail a duanaig
'S i cuallach nam bò,
'S mac-talla nan creag
Ri toirt freagairt d' a ceòl.

Air feasgar an t-Samhraidh
Bith'dh sunnd air gach spréidh;
Bith'dh a' chuthag 'us fonn oir'
Ri òran di fhéin;
Bith'dh uiseag air òn
Agus sméorach air géig,
'S air cuic ghlas 'us leibdean
Uain òga ri leum.

Na'm faighinn mo dhùrachd
'S e 'tùgann bhí òg,
'S gun ghnóthach aig aois rium
Fhad 's a dh' fhaodainn bhí beò,
Bhí 'n am bhuaichail' air àirdh
Fò sgàil nam beann mòr'
Far am faighinn an càis'
'S bainne-blàth air son òl.

Cha 'n fhacas air talamh
Leam sealladh a's bòidhch'
Na 'gbrian a' dol sìos
Air taobh siar Eilean Leòghas;
'N crodh-laoidh anns an luachair,
'S am buachail' 'n an tòir
'G an tional gu àirdh
Le àl de laoiagh òg'.

This dearest of Isles
Is so fertile and fair,
That no other island
May with it compare;
Here Gaelic was spoken
In ages gone by,
And here it will live
Till the ocean runs dry.

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

The notes of the cuckoo
Are welcomed in May,
And the blackbird sings blithe
'Mong the silvery spray;
The lark and the mavis
Pour forth their sweet lay,
While the lambs in the meadows
Are sprightly at play.

Could I get my wish,
And be once more a boy,
I'd thither return
And its pleasures enjoy,
A shepherd, to wander
O'er heather-clad hills,
And drink a cool draught
From its bright mountain rills.

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.

Gaelic words by M. MAC LEOD, Govan. Translation by "FIONN."

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