

E. S. Murray

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THE

CELTIC LYRE:

A COLLECTION OF

Gaelic Songs, with English Translations.

By FIONN.

PART III.—PRICE SIXPENCE.

MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS.



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MACLACHLAN & STEWART.

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Part IV. Preparing.

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<p>Leis an Lurgainn—With the Lurgainn. Soiridh !—Farewell ! Clachan Ghlinn-da-rual—Clachan Glen-da-ruel. An Gàidheal 's a leannan—The Gael and his sweet-heart. Gur trom, trom mo cheum—Heavy-hearted I mourn. C'aitè 'n caidil an ribhinn?—Where sleepest thou, my dearie ? Mo nighean donn, bhòidheach—My brown haired maiden. Dùthaich nan craobh—The land of the trees.</p>	<p>Màiri bhòidheach—Pretty Mary. Am fleasgach donn—The brown-haired lad. Soiridh slàn le Fionn-airidh !—Farewell to Fiunary. Dh' fhabh 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.</p>
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THE CELTIC GARLAND:

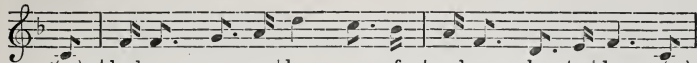
Translations of Gaelic and English Songs, Popular Gaelic Readings, &c.

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

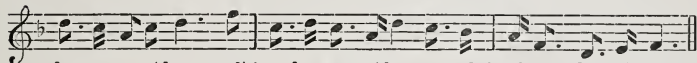
KEY F.—Moderato, with expression.



{ (s,) | d , d . - : r , m | l : s , f | m , d . - : l , , t , | d : - (s,)
 Oh, happy may I see thee, my calm dearest; With



{ | d , d . - : r , m | d' : t , d' | l , s : m . s | l : - d' | s , m : s , l , t | d' , d' . - : t , d'
 Dean a' chuallein réidh air an ldeise 'dh'éireadh fonn, 'S i cainnt do bheòil bu bhinne 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 . - : l , , t , | d : - . ||
 uair 'bhòidh m'inntinn trom, 'S tu thogadh suas mo chridh 'n uair a bhòidh 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 aird' a' chuain,
 'S neo-shuinnach mo chaidh dhòmh;
 'S do chaidreamh fada bhuan;
 Gur tric mi ort a' smaointeach,
 As d' aogais tha mi truagh;
 'Us mur a dean mi d'haotainn
 Cha bhì mo shaoghal buan.

Shìl chorrach mar an dearcag
 Fo rosg a dh'iadhas dlùth;
 Gruaidhean mar an caorann,
 Fo'n aodann 'tha leam ciùin;
 Mur d' aithris iad na breugan
 Gu'n d' thug mi féin duit ràn;
 'S gur bliadna leam gach lù
 O'n uair a dh'fhàg mi thu.

Tacan mu'n do sheòl sinn
 Is ann a thòisich chich
 Rì hnscaidh do mo chruinneig-sa
 Nach tillinn-sa gu bràth;
 Na cuirleadh sud ort gruaimhean,
 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 mise taingeil, toillechte
 Ged tha mò 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.

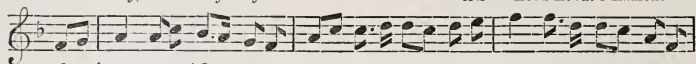
A while before we parted
 They sought to grieve thee sore,
 And said unto my maiden
 I should return no more.
 Heed not their cruel slander;
 My love, if naught betide,
 I'll come again to see thee,
 And claim thee for my bride.

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 spare.

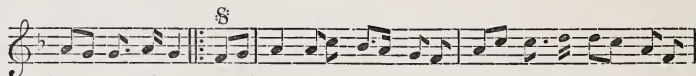
46—FUADACH NAN GAIDHEAL—THE DISPERSION OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

KEY F.—*Slowly, with much feeling.*

Air—"Lord Lovat's Lament."

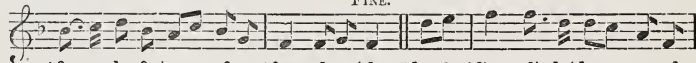


{ ḍ r | m : m . s | f . m : r . d | m . s : s . l | l . s : l . t | d' : d' . l | l . s : m . d
 { Gur-a mis - e 'tha tìrs - ach, a' caoidh cor na dùth - cha, 'S nan seann daoine eùis - eil 'bha
 I mourn for the Highlands, now drear and for - sak - en, The land of my fa - thers, the



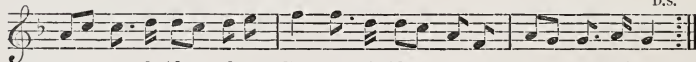
{ m . r : r . m | r : ḍ r | m : m . s | f . m : r . d | m . s : s . l | l . s : m . d
 { eilùt teach 'us treun; Rinn nachd - rain am fuadach gun fada null thar chuan - tan An
 gal - lant and brave; To make room for the sportsman their lands were all ta - ken, And
 'S am fonn a bhà il - uinn chaidh chur fo chaoirich 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 : ḍ r | d || l . t | d' : d' . l | l . s : m . d
 { fearann chaidh thoir uapa's thoir, suas 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 lhr - ach fo fheur.
 deer are pre - fer'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 ||
 { faic - inn dhaoine làid - ir 'G am fuadach thar sàil - e mar bhàrr - laoh gun fheum;
 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 chaoirich - mhaola
 Rì fhaotainn 'n an àit':
 Cha 'n fhaicear air a' bhuaile
 A' bhannarach le 'buarach,
 No idir an crodh guall - fhionn
 'S am buachaille bàn.

Tha 'n uiseag anns na speuran,
 A' seinn a lùinneig gleusda,
 'S gun reach ann 'g a b' - èideachd
 'N usair dh' èireas i f'rd;
 Cha till, cha till na daoine
 Bha cridheil agus aoi bheil -
 Mar mholl air latha gaoithe
 Chaidh 'n sgaoidhadh gu bràth.

Oh! where are the parents
 And bairns yonder 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."

1939
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 1939

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 dhì cha'n fhac 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' ghrannar a' chùil chlannaich. Maighdean fhaod mi ann,
 Light and air - y wake the strain. Tae my bonnie blythesome lassie.

Fhir a shiùbhlas greis mu thuath,
 Thoir na beannachdan so bhuam
 Thun na ribhinn bhanaid, shuairc',
 'Tha mu'n Chaisteal-ruaidh a' fanachd.

Fhuair mi eòlas oirr' '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 oirre fas a suas;
 Trian diubh so cha'n fhaod mi 'nuaidh,
 Ged 's i Ghàidhlig chruaidh a th' agam.

Tha a gruidhean mar na ròis;
 Tha a cneas mar chanach lùin;
 Tha a beusan banail fòia,
 'Us a còmhraidh mòdhar, tairis.

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

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

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 min',
 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.

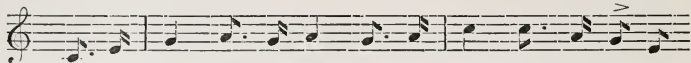
When she sings her evening sang
 Wi' the merry milk-maids thrang,
 A' the birds, the trees amang,
 Hush tae hear my blythesome lassie.

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—"Erochan buirn."



{ : d ., m | s : l ., s | l : s ., l | d' : d' ., l | s . m
 SEISD—(Cruachan - beann, Cruachan - beann; Cruachan - beann, 's mòr mo thlachd dhìot;
 CHORUS—Cruachan - ben, Cruachan - ben, King o' a' norlan' mountains;



{ : m ., s | m' : r' ., d' | d' : m ., f | s : s ., m | r . d
 (Cruachan - beann thar gach meall 'S a chuid allt 'ruith troimh 'ghlacaibh.
 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
 'Bhi 'n ad chluanag fasgach,
 An diugh cha'n fhaic mi aon do'n àl
 'Gabhail tamh ann ad thaise.

'S iomadh linn bho 'n fhuair iad còir
 Air a' bheinn a's bòidheh' r'a fhaicinn;
 'S cho fad' 's a ruitheas uillt gu cuan
 Bith'dh an dualchas nd 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
 Chaidh cha léir dhomh r'a fhaicinn;
 'S bho 'n a chuir iad thu fo fhéidh,
 'S goirt mo dheur 'gabhail beachd ort.

Soraidh 'nis le Cruachan-beann,
 'S leis gach coire 's glennn tha 'n taic ris:
 'S e mo dhùrachd Cloinn-an-t-Saoir
 A bli daoman 'n a thaise.

Noblest hill e'er I saw!
 It is grander a bantle
 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.

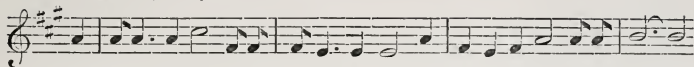
I was reared at Letter ben,
 Far the grandest of onie;
 Deers and roes boundit free
 O'er its knowes green and bonnie.

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.

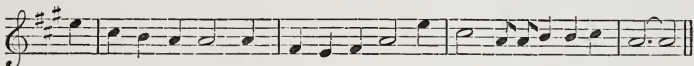
49—GILLE MO LUaidH—THE LAD I LOVE WELL.

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! | seinnidh mi duan do ghille mo luaidh, A thhàinig mu'n ctair 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 bh'aoidheil a ghràis, Mo rùn e 'neag nan cénd.
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' shinnsear bhì 'n tàmh;
Tha 'n Gàidheal a'd chridh 's cha ghabh e cur
Le nì 's am bìth ach am bàs. [sìos.

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

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

Gach lusan d'an fhraoch tha sgaipte 's an t-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 sin ort fallt 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 bold 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.

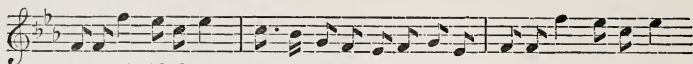
Each sprig of the heather, that long has been
On reaching the mountain so green, [severed,
His spirit returns, and is kindled by love,
As he thinks of the days that have been.

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.

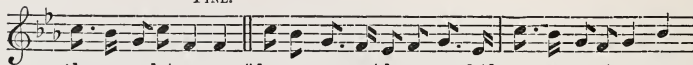
KEY E \flat .—*Moderato*.

Air—"Buain na rainich."*



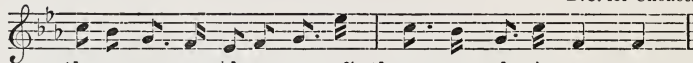
{ r : r' | d' : l : d' | l . s : m . r | d . r : m . d | r : r : r' | d' : l : d' }
 SEISD—{ Eilidh bhàn Choire-chnàimh, Maighdean bhanaill nam beus ceanaill, Eilidh bhàn Choire-chnàimh,
 CHORUS—Ailie Bain o' the glen, Bonnie lassie, winsome lassie; Ailie Bain o' the glen,

FINE.



{ l . s : m . l | r : r | l . s : m . r | d . r : m . d | l . s : m . r | m : s }
 Cò nach tugadh gaol dhì? || M'f'n so 'm aonar's manadh pòig orm | O'n m'haol' big's rùn clèidh dhomh,
 Wha could help but lo'e her? Here w'l 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 } ||
 'S heag an t-fhoghadh cainnt mo chridh bhì | "Greas a nìos ort, éud - all!"
 'Tis nae wonder my heart's wish is— Quickly come, my dear - ie.

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

Gun dad fàsagaidh ach mo bhreacan,
 'S mo lamh dheas mu d' chao-chrìos,
 Sud mar fhuair mi 'n oidheche 's buaine
 Tric ro-luath 'g ar sgaolleadh.

Ged tha fear-a'-Bhràighe, thall ud,
 'S ciadan eile 'n déigh ort,
 'S learn-sa, neothar-thiang dhoibh nìle,
 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'-Mhonna
 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
 W' their gowd tae lure ye,
 True tae me yer heart beats ever;
 Ne'er shall they secure ye.

Would this e'ning saw them risin'
 Frae our bottling, 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 daonnan.

Cùil an tomain, bràigh an tomain,
 Cùil an tomain bhòidhich;
 Cùil an tomain, bràigh an tomain,
 H-uile làtha 'm ònar.

51—MO NIGHEAN DONN—MY BROWN MAID.

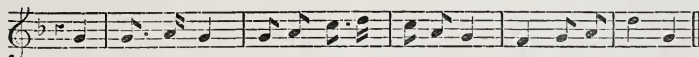
KEY F.—*With spirit.*

FINE.



(r	.,m	:f		m	.r	:m		d'	:l		d	:r	.m		l	:r	
SEISO—	(Their	mi	hó,		robha	hó,		'S	míthich	dhuinn	éir-	idh,	Mo	nigh'n	donn.		
CHORUS—	Singing	hó			ro	- va	hó,		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	míthich	dhómh	-sa	dol		dachaídh,	Tha	mi	fad'	air	mo	chéilidh,	Mo	nigh'n	donn.						
	'Tis	time	to	go		homeward,	Far	too	long	was	my	sojourn,	My	neen	donn.							

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

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

Tha na eithead trom sneachda
'Dall-ghleachd anns na speuraibh,
Mo nigh'n donn.

Tha na h-uillt le dearg-ránaich
'Sgnabadh sgarraich nan sléibhteann,
Mo nigh'n donn.

Tha na craobhan mór, miarach,
As am friambsaich '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-gheal,
Mo nigh'n donn.

'S truagh mise 'n thr Oisèin
'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.

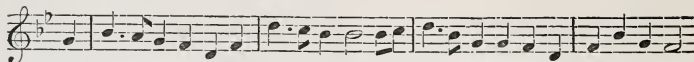
Hear the cows on the meadows
Standing plaintively lowing.
Mo neen donn.

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.

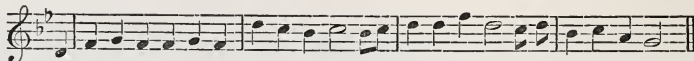
KEY B♭.—*Boldly, beating twice in the measure.*



{ : l₁ | d : - . t̄ : 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 bhà'n Eil - ean an Fhraoich, Nam fìadh 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 : t̄ | l₁ : -

{ Nan Iochan, nan òban, nan osan '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 mbaiseach,
 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' bhanarach ghuanaich
 'S a' bhuarach 'n a dòrn
 Rì gabhail a duanaig
 'S i cuallach nam bò,
 'S mac-talla nan creag
 Rì toirt freagairt d' a ceòl.
 Air feasgar an t-Samhraidh
 Bith' dh sunnd air gach spréidh;
 Bith' dh a' chunthag 'us fonn oirr'
 Rì òran di fhéin;
 Bith' dh uiseag air lòn
 Agus smeòrach air géig,
 'S air cuic ghlas' 'us leòidean
 Uain òga ri leum.
 Na'm faighinn mo dhbrachd
 'S e 'tugainn bhì òg,
 'S gun ghnòthach aig aois rium
 'Fhad 's a dh' fhaodainn bhì beò,
 Ehi 'n am bhuaichaill' air àiridh
 Fo sgàil nam beann mòr'
 Far am faighinn an cìais'
 'S bainne-blàth air son òl.
 Cha 'n fhacas air talamh
 Leam sealladh a's bòidhch'
 Na 'ghrian a' dol sìos
 Air taobh siar Eilean Leòghas;
 'N crodh-laoidh anns an buachair,
 'S am buachaill' 'n an tòir
 'G an tìonal gu àiridh
 Le àl de laoi gh'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 lill,
 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."

37—A' MHAIGHDEAN ÀLUINN—THE PEERLESS MAIDEN.

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

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



{ | 1 : - : d | r : - : r | m : - : d | r : - : d | l 1 : - : l 1 | 1 : - : l | 1 : s : f | m : - : s }
 SEISD. (Seinn-eam dnuan a nis do'n mhaigh-dinn A tha aoibh-eil, crìdh-eil, caoimhn-eil;
 CHORUS. Sing the prais-es o' my dear-ie, Aye sae win-ning, blithe, and cheer-ie;



{ | 1 : - : r | r : - : m | r : d : l 1 | s 1 : - : s 1 | l 1 : - : l 1 | d : - : r | f : - : m | r : - : - }
 ('S lion-mhor fear a bheir-eadh oigh-reachd, Air son roinn de ghràdh a crìdh'.
 In her pres-ence wha wad wear-ie? For her a' wad rich-es g'ie.

Tha mo leannan dreachmhor, dreach,
 'Us 'n a gluasad socair, sìobhalt';
 Cha 'n 'eil maighdean anns an sgrìreachd
 'Thig a nìos riut ann a gnìomh.

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

Dh' fhàs i suas mar shòbhraig bhòidhich,
 Modhail, maldà mar an neòinein;
 Cha d' fhuair amaideachd no gòraich'
 Aite-còmhnaidh riamh 'n a crìdh'.

Tha mo ghaol-sa cridheil, ceòlmhor—
 Cò 'n a cuideachd a bhiodh brònach?
 'N uair a theannas i ri òrain
 Faodaidh 'n smèòrach a bhì bith.

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

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

O'n a chuir mì fhéin ort eòlas,
 'S tric a bha sinn cridheil còmhla;
 Ach tha mis' an diugh a'm ònar
 Dubhach, brònach, 'us thu 'm dhith.

'S ged a tha mì fad' air faontradh
 Thall 's a bhos air feadh an t-saoghal,
 Air mo spéis dhuit cha tìg caochladh;
 Thug mi gaol 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 shielings;
 How it charms and warms the feelings
 When she Gaelic speaks tae me.

Like the daisy bloomin' bonny;
 Like the primrose lo'ed by mony;
 She grew fairer far than ony
 And nae menseless ways 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?

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

Liked by ilka aome 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.

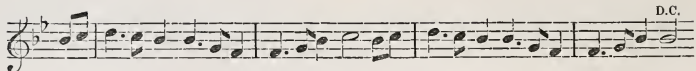
Though afar frae her I wander,
 On my dear aye still I ponder;
 Ilka day but makes me fonder—
 Love like mine can never die.

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.

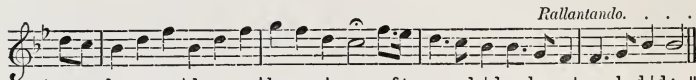
38—NA LÀITHEAN A DH'AOM—THE GAY DAYS OF YORE.

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

Air—"Robi donn gòrach."



{ d . r m :-r : d d :-l ; s ₁ s ₁ :-l ; d r :- : d . r m :-r : d d :-l ; s ₁ s ₁ :-l ; d d :-
{ Tha na siantan air caochladh, tha'n saoghal fo s'pòrach, Chuir an doineann fhuar, fhìdhleach an fianta'sh 'u an tosa ;
The storm has subsided, the world is oppressed, All hushed by the tempest, the birds seek their nest;
'Tha sneachda tròm, dòmhaill a' còmhach nam beann, A' lionadh nan glacan, 's a' tacadh nan all,
'The Ben is enwrapped in a mantle of snow, Con- cealing the stragans, and im- peding their flow :



{ m . r d : m : s d : m : s l : s m r :- : s . f m :-r : d d :-l ; s ₁ s ₁ :-l ; d d :-
{ 'S mise 'feitheamh an ailsig aig carraga' a' chaòil, Ri 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 còmh-dhaill an t-sluaigh,
 Cha sheall sinn ach faoin
 Air mar dh' aomas iad 'uainn ;
 Cha tig e 'n ar smaointean
 Cho goirid 's tha 'n dàil,
 Gus am brùchd oirnn gach leòn
 Nì ar lùbadh gu làr,
 Gun chùram gun èislein,
 Aig teumadh air taobh,
 Air làithean a' snàg 'uainn
 Gun àireamh air aom.

'N uair a luidheas an aois oirnn
 'S a dh' aognas ar snuadh,
 Ar ciabh 'dol 'an taineadh,
 Agus smal air ar gruaidh,
 Bith' dh' teughbail nan còmhlan
 A' còmhradh gu trugb,
 Agus chirdan ar n-òige
 Air còmh-ladh 's an uaigh ;
 'S ann an sin bhios ar cridhe
 Làn mialaid 'us gaoid,
 Ri smaointean air àbhachd
 Nan làithean a dh' aom.

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

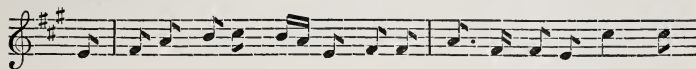
In bright days of childhood
 With free buoyant heart,
 We think not how swiftly
 The seasons depart,
 How soon comes the time
 When our health may decay,
 And softly we'll slumber
 Beneath the cold clay ;
 All heedless we count not
 The years as they fly,
 Nor days that unnumbered
 Pass silently by.

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.

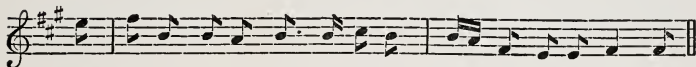
Almighty Creator !
 My hope is in Thee ;
 On this snowy pathway
 I now bend the knee ;
 O, teach me Thy statutes
 And guide me always,
 And let me remember
 Thy precepts each day,
 That, sleeping in Death,
 When Life's journey is o'er,
 The faults of my youth
 Thou 'lt remember no more.

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 | fhleasgaidh òig an òir-fhuilt 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 bhàidhichead a' bhuair mi ;
 'S gheall thu dhòmhs' air iomadh dòigh
 Gu'm biodh do stòras buan domh.

Is truagh nach robh mi 'us mo ghaol
 An lagan an fhracaidh uaine,
 'S ged laidhinn tinn, 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 ciod e'n cion-fàth
 'Thug dhuits', a ghràidh, bhi'n gruaim rium.

Na'm biodh agam boineid dhù-ghorm
 'S ite mholach uaine,
 'S mi gu'n rachadh leat, a ghaol,
 Do sheumar nan daoim'-uaisle.

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

E' òg a thug mi dhuit mo ghaol,
 Ged nach d'rinn mi 'bhuanachd,
 'S an t-snaoim 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 proud relation.

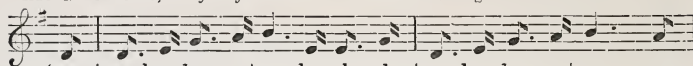
At balls or weddings thou art prone
 To flirt with many a maiden,
 While I, despised, must sit alone,
 My heart with sorrow laden.

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

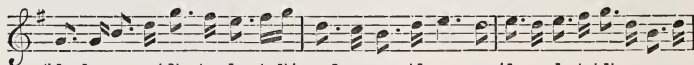
40—AM FONN—THE MELODY.

KEY G.—*Moderato, with feeling.*

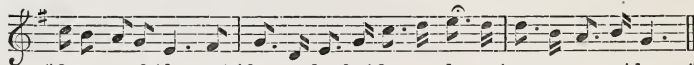
Air—"An nochd gur faoin mo chadal dhombh."



{ S₁ | S₁ „l₁ : d „r | m „l₁ : l₁ „d | S₁ „l₁ : d „r | m : - . r
 O! sìod am fonn a chual - a mi An luair a bha mi òg, Mì '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
 chlainn ri uchd mo mhàthar 'S mo chridhe 'snámh 'n a ceòl; '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



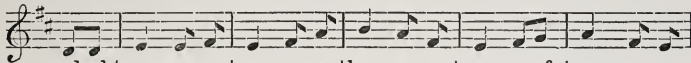
{ f „m : r . d | l₁ : - . t₁ | d „s₁ : l₁ „d | f „s : l „s | s „m : r „m | d : - .
 nìghian ghil nam bò, Gu 'n thàl-aìdh i mo chridhe leis 'S mì mireag-aich mu 'n chrò.
 frisked a sportive boy, Full oft the milkmaid waked the strain, And thrilled my soul with joy.

Bu tric o sin 'g a chlàistinn mì,
 Mu eadradh àrd-thra ubin,
 'S mì headradh, air an àiridh,
 Rì mo Mhàiri àillidh òig;
 No feadh nan glacag fàileanta
 'S an tàrladh dhuinn, gun ghò,
 'Bhì coinneachadh, gu mánranach,
 Fo sgàilean Choill-nan-enò.
 Ach b' éiginn dòmh's an àiridh
 Agus Mairi 'chur air chùl,
 'Us siubhal fad' o'n àite sin
 'S an robh mo ghràdh 'us m' òigh,
 A sheasamh anns na blàraibh
 'N aghaidh nàmaidean ar dùthch':
 'S an lùtha dh' fhàg mi 'm Bràighe.
 Òigh! bu chràiteach m' aigne brùit'!
 O! sìod am fonn a chuala mì,
 'S a chual-eanaich mu 'm chridh',
 A 's tric a dhùisg dhombh sealladh
 Air mo leannan 's air mo thùr;
 An uair a bhithinn airtnealach
 'N am chairtealan, le sgios,
 Gu 'n taisleiceadh e m' anam
 'N uair a chanainn e leam fhìn!
 Ach thog am fonn an tràth-shò dhombh
 Fàth càrnain agus bròin;
 Oir dhùisg e òmhàigh Mairi
 'Us mo mhàthar, 's iad fo'n fhòid;
 Gach caochladh agus sàrach
 'Thàinig air na Gàidheil chòir,
 O 'n am 's 'n a bhuail an dàn ud mì
 Le gràdh, 'n uair 'bha mì 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.

41—EALAIHD GHAOIL—A MELODY OF LOVE.

KEY D.—Lively.



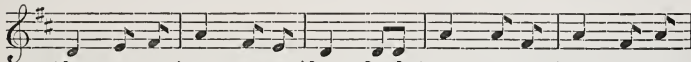
(: d . d | r : r . m | r : m . s | l : s . m | r : m . f | s : m . r

(Gur gil - e mo leann - an na'n cal' air an t-sràmh Na còbh - ar na

SEISN—Not the swan on the lake, or the foam on the shore, Can com - pare with the

fall - ir - inn, fill - ir - inn, fill - ir - inn, lull - ir - inn, ó, Air fall - ir - inn,

CHORUS—Air fal - yer - in, eel - yer - in, ool - yer - in, ó, Air fal - yer - in,



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

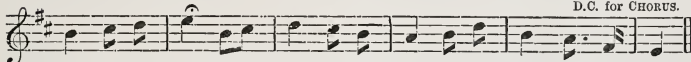
{ tuinn - e, 's e till - each gu tráigh, Na'm bláth - bhainn - e buail - e, 's a'

charms of the maid I a - dore; Not so white is the new milk that

fill - ir - inn, fill - ir - inn, ó, Air fall - ir - inn, fill - ir - inn, eel - yer - in,

eel - yer - in, ool - yer - in, ó, 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 - each mu'n bhàr.

flows o'er the pall, Or the snow that is shower'd from the brow of the vale.

fill - ir - inn, ó, Gur bòidh - each an com - unn 'th' aig coimhinn n' t-Strath - mhòir.

ool - yer - in, ó, How joy - ons the meet - ing con - vened at Strath - more.

Mar na neòil bhuidhe 'tùbas
Air stùcaibh nan sliabh,
Tha cas-fhàlt mo ròin-sa
Gu sìubhlach a' suiomh;
Tha 'gruaidh mar an ròs
'N uair a's bòidheche 'bhios 'fhianh
Fo ùr-dhealt a' Chéitein
Mu'n éirich a' ghrian.

Mar Venus a' boisgeadh
Thar choilltibh nan àrd,
Tha 'mlog-shuil 'g am bhuaireadh
Le suaicheantas gráidh.
'Tha 'bráighe 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 lóintean an drùichd,
'Toirt fálte le'n òrain

Do'n òg-mhaduinn chibin;
Ach bith' dh' n' uiseag neo-sheòlta,
'S an smebrach gun sunnd,

'N uair a thòisicheas m' eudail
Air gleusadh a' chùil.

'N uair thig samhradh nan neòinean
A' còmhach nam bruch,

Bith' dh' gach eòinean 's a' chròchd-choill'
A' ceò leis a' chnaich;

'S bith' dh' mise gu h-éibhinn
A' leumnaich 's a' ruaig

Fo dhùlth-gheugaibh sgàileach,
A' mianran 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.

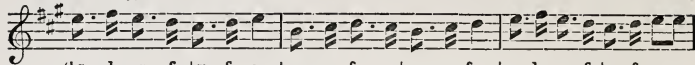
The mavis and lark,
At the breaking of dawn,
Make a chorus of joy
To resound through the lawn;
But the mavis is tuneless—
The lark strives in vain,
When my beautiful charmer
Renews her sweet strain.

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, Ball' an-Iòin; remainder, and translation, by the late EWEN MAC LACHLAN.

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

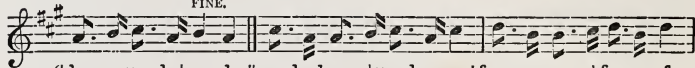
KEY A.—*Lively, with marked time.*



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

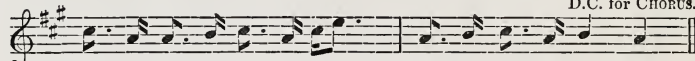
SEISD—Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mór, | Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mór; | Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mór.
CHORUS—We will take the good old way, We will take the good old way, We will take the good old way, The

FINE.



{ | d ., r : m ., d | r : d | m ., d : d ., r | m ., d : m | f ., r : r ., m | f ., r : f
Ole air mhath le cèch e. | Dìrich sinn ri beinn an fhaolch | Tearnaidh 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 gaolr a' mhàileid.
Should we meet with stragglers then, Their gear will serve to store us.

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

Thar a' mhonaidh null 'n ar sgrìob,
Sios Gleann-Comhann air bheag sgìos,
Mearsaidh sinn 'an ainm an Rìgh,
Ole air mhath le cèch 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,
Ole air mhath le cèch e.
Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

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

Thig Clann-Ghriogair' garg 's an strì
'Us Stiùbhartach, 's iad slugh an Rìgh;
Mearsaibh uallach,—suas a' phìob!
Ole air mhath le cèch 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 Lochiel,
Keppoch trusty, true as steel,
Hearts and claymores ever leal,
As were their sires' before them.
We will up &c.

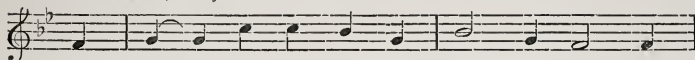
Bold MacPhersons will come forth,
With MacKenzies from the north:—
Where be they would try their worth
In battle's strife before them?
We will up, &c.

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.

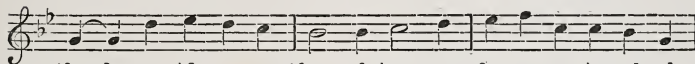
Gaelic words attributed to JOHN BRECK MACKENRICK. Translation by C. M. P.

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

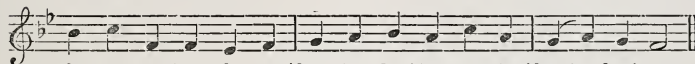
KEY B⁷.—Moderato, beating twice in the measure.



(: S₁ | l₁ : l₁ : r | r : d : l₁ | d : - : l₁ | s₁ : - : s₁
 SEISD— 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 : m | f : m : r | d : - : d | r : - : m | f : s : r | r : d : l₁
 till, a leann-ain O, till, O, till! Dean | cabh-aig a Mha-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 : -
 d'ùth-aich nan Gall-ach, No | théid mi le h-aimh-eal do'n | chill, do'n chill! ||
 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' gbaol,
 Thoir fhis dhì gu 'n robh i dhomh féin, dhomh féin,
 Mar chridhe do m' bhroilleach,
 Mar ùil-chairt do 'n mharaidh, [t-saogh'l].
 Mar ait-ghrèin an Earraich do 'n t-saogh'l, do 'n
 O, e' hite '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 sbileadh,
 No 'ghrian 's i gu luidhe 's a' chuan, 's a' chuan.

Na 'm faiceadh tu 'pearsa gun mheang, gun
 mheang—
 Na 'n cluinneadh tu 'labhairt gun sgraing, gun
 Na 'm 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' 'thog oirre gu Cluaidh, gu Cluaidh:—
 Gu 'm b' fheàrr na bhì maille
 Rì té eil' air thalamb,
 'Bhì sinnte ri m' Mhàili '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.

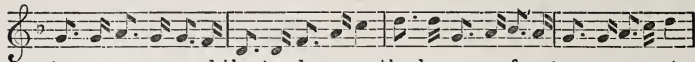
O, what with my love may compare, compare?
 Not the swan or the rose so fair, so fair;
 Much whiter I trow,
 Than snow is her brow,
 Or the sun setting low, so fair, so fair.

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.

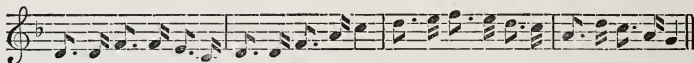
But if she forsake me, my gloom, my gloom!
 All pleasure and strength shall consume, consume,
 And rather than stray
 With another away,
 I would lie with my May in the tomb, the tomb.

44—MAIRI LAGHACH—WINSOME MARY.

KEY F.—Moderato.



{ | r , r : m , r : r , d | l , l , l : d , m : s | l , l : r , m : f , m | r , r : m , s : l
 SEISD. Hó, mo Mháiri laghach, 's tu mo Mháiri bhínn! Hó, mo Mháiri laghach 's tu mo Mháiri ghrínn;
 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 bhínn; Máiri bhófdheach lúrach, 'rúgadh anns na glínn.
 Winsome, handsome Mary— who so fair as she! My own Highland lassie, dear as life to me.

B'og bha mise 's Máiri
 'M fásaichean Ghlinn-sneòil,
 'N nair 'chuir macan Venús
 Saighead gheur 'n am fheòil
 Tharruing sinn ri chéile,
 Ann an eud cho beò,
 '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 phògadh
 Le deagh chòir dhomh féin,
 Na ged gheibhinn stòras
 Na Roinn-Eòrp 'gu léir.
 Tha d' fhalt bachlach, dualach,
 Mu do chluais 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 detl,
 'S e 'n a dhual gu 'bhàrr.
 Tha do chaille-dheud snaighte
 Geal mar shneachd nan àrd;
 D'anail mar an cainéal;
 Beul o 'm banail fuilt:
 Gruaidh air dhreach an t-siris;
 Min-ruisg chinnealt, thlà;
 Mala chaol gun ghruaman,
 Gntis gheal, 's cuach-fhalt bàn.
 Cha robh inneal ciùil
 A fhuaireadh riamb fo 'n ghréin,
 A dh'athriseadh air chòir
 Gach ceòl bhiodh againn féin
 Uiseag air gach Ìonan,
 Smeòrach air gach géig;
 Cuthag 'us gùg gùg aic',
 'Madainn chùbhraidh Chéit.

Long ere in my bosom
 Lodged love's arrow keen,
 Often with my Mary
 In Glensmoil 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 flowering thorn,
 And the Cuckoo hailing
 Summer's gay return!

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

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