

FOURTH THOUSAND.

Bleair 363

THE
CELTIC LYRE:

A COLLECTION OF

GAELIC SONGS, WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS.

By FIONN.

PART I.—PRICE SIXPENCE.

MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS.

EDINBURGH:

MACLACHLAN & STEWART.

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

OBAN: DUNCAN CAMERON.

1888

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Mo nighean donn bhòidheach—My brown-haired maiden.	An cluinn thu 'leannain !—O hear me, love, hear me !
	Mo chailin donn, òg—My bonnie brown maid
	Allt-an-t-siùcair—The Sugar-brook.

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P R E F A C E .

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

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

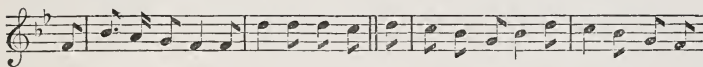
I have to thank those who have permitted me to make use of their translations in this work.

FIONN.

THE CELTIC LYRE.

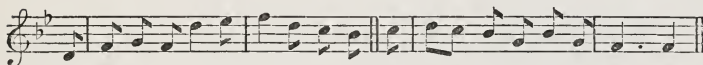
I.—MUILE NAM MOR-BHEANN—MULL OF THE BENS.

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



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

SEISD. Bho'n (tha mi gun suand, 's gur dhùth dhomh mulad, Cha tog mi mo shùil ri sùgradh tuille;
Chorus. I'm le e - ly and sad, for thee I'm weeping; The joys once below'd no more I'm seeking;



: m₁ | s₁ : l₁ : s₁ | m : - : f | s : - : m | r : r : m | m : r : d | l₁ : d : l₁ | s₁ : - : - | s₁ : - : -

Cha tèid mi le mùirn gu chùirt nan cruinneas, 'S mo rùn am Muile nam mòr-bheann.
The heart once a - glow is cold - ly beating, And far from thy greeting I languish.

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

Do shlios mar an fhailean, taobh na mara,
Do ghruaidh mar an caorann, sgaoil' air mheangan;
Sùil ghorm a's glan aoidh, fo chaoin-rosg tana—
'S tu 'n bigh a mbealladh gach dìgear.

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

Do chùl mar an Ìon 'n a mhile camag,
Nach greannach fo chùr 'us stod' ga cheangal;
Do dhéud mar na dìsnean, dìonach, daingean;
Béul binn a ghabhail nan òran.

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

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

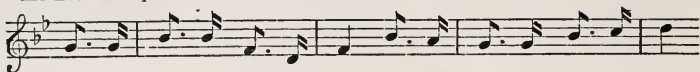
This maiden of mine is tall and slender,
With musical voice so sweet and tender;
Her beauty and grace I'll ere remember —
May Heaven defend her from danger.

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

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

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

KEY B♭.—*With spirit.*



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



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

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

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

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

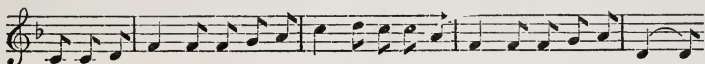
Brown-haired nymph, so kind and free,
 Yestereve I roamed with thee
 Through the bonnie woods, where we
 Used to be so gay, my dear.
 Lovely nymph, &c.

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

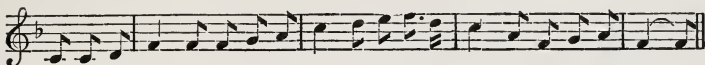
Sweet as music in my ear
 Was thy voice so low and clear;
 Brown-haired maid, I loved thee, dear,
 And my tears betray my love.
 Lovely nymph, &c.

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

KEY F.—*Moderato, with expression.*



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



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

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

'N uair bhios càch na'n cadal suaimhneach,
 Bidh mise smuinteachadh ort an còmhuiddh,
 Mar bhios an eala an dèigh a bualadh;
 'S e gaol na gruaigaich a rinn mo leònach.

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

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

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

When sleeping sweetly the rest are lying,
 Wild dreams of anguish my mind is weaving;
 I'm like the swan that drops wounded,—dying:
 My love exhausts me with bitter grieving.

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

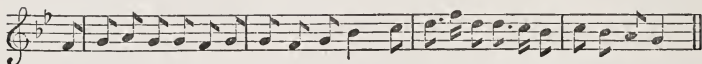
Since thou hast left me, and without warning,
 Alas! and taken a man for gold!
 Had I been by thee, false wisdom scorning,
 Thyself, my dear one, thou hadst not sol'd

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

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



{ l₁ : s₁ : l₁ | m : -r : d | d : r : d | d : t₁ : t₁ | t₁ : l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : s₁ : m₁ | r₁ : -m₁ : s₁ | s₁ : -
 SEISD. (Ho) ró gu'm bi mi gad' chaoidh ri m' bhead, Ged' threig thu mise cha lugh-adorm thu;
 CHOR. Ah me, I will mourn my true love ever-more, If coldly for-saken I still thee adore;



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

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

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

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

'S 'n uair ràinig mi 'n cladaich bha m' aigne fopbràmh
 A' cumha na maighdinn is caoimhneile gràdh.

'S 'n uair ghabh mi mo chead di air feasgar Di-màirt
 Gu 'n deach mi 'n tigh-òsda a dh-òl a deoch-slàint'.

'S e so an treas turas dhomh féin a bhí falbh,
 A dh' ionnsaidh na luinge le sgiobair gun chearb,
 Le còmhlan math ghillean nach tilleadh roimh
 stoirm;

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

Ged théid mi gu danns', cha bhí sannt agam dha,
 Cha 'n fhaic mi té ann a ní samhladh do m' ghràdh;
 'N uair dhìreas mi 'n gleann, bidh mi sealltainn an
 àird, [tàmh.
 Rì dùthaich nan beann, 's a bheil m' ansachd a'

Eheir i bàrr air na ceudan an té 'tha mi 'sealg,
 I'n gnùis mar an reul a bheil leus fad' air falbh,
 Mar ròs air a' mheangan, tha 'n ainm 'n a dealbh,
 'S ged sgàineadh mo chridhe, cha 'n innis mi 'b-ainm.

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

When lately we parted, how sad the farewell,
 Our words were but few, but our thoughts who
 can tell?

When lost to my vision, afar on the brine,
 I drank thee success in a goblet of wine.

Three times have I cross'd to the ship, as she lay
 Becalmed on the breast of the silvery bay;
 My crew are the bravest that handle an oar,
 Unawed by the tempest they laugh at its roar.

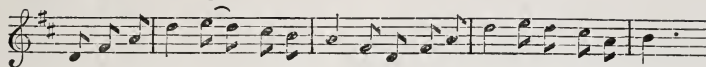
No ball-room can tempt me or raise my despair;
 There is none in the dance that with thee could
 compare;

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

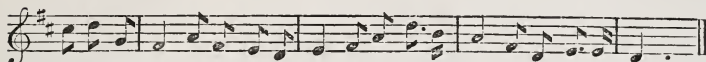
In beauty there's none with this maiden can vie;
 She's bright as the stars in the blue-vaulted sky;
 She's fair as the lily and sweet as the rose,
 And nothing can tempt me her name to disclose.

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

KEY D.—*Moderato, with expression.*



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



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

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

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

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

Thug mi mìos ann am fiabhrus claoidhte,
 Gun dùil rium oidhche gu'm bithinn beò;
 B'e fàth mo smaointean a là 's a dh-oidhche,
 Gu 'm faighinn faochadh 'us tu bhì 'm chòir.

Cha bhì mi 'strìth ris a' chraoibh nach lùb leam,
 Ged chinneadh ùbhlair air bhàrr gach géig;
 Mo shoraidh slàn leat ma rinn thu m' fhàgail,
 Cha 'd thainig tràigh gun mh air-làn 'n a déigh.

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

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

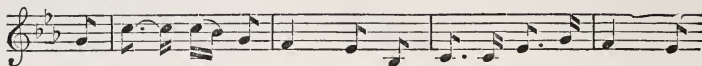
In foreign regions I lived a season,
 And none could see there with thee to vie;
 Thy form so slender, thy words so tender,
 I will remember until I die.

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

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

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

KEY E^b.—Moderato.



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



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

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

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

Ged tha 'falt buidhe 'sebladh
 M' a sinnèin sneachd, mar òr-neul
 Air gnùis grian-fheasgair òg-mhios,
 Gur fada spòrs o'n ainneir ghrinn.

'S ged tha na mìlte 'g aoradh dhi,
 Cha toir gín nam fhéin i;—
 Bidh bàrr aig aingle 'n naomhachd,
 Ach buí dhnidh 'n ceutachd Malì orr

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

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

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

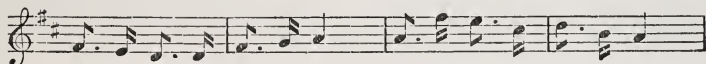
Wi' thousands to adore her
 She loves me only surer;—
 An angel may be purer,
 But not mair sweet than Mary, O!

Celtic words and translation by EVAN MAC COLL, the Lochfne Bard.

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

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

KEY D.—*Moderato, with expression.*



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



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

SEISD.—Hó ro Eileinich, ho gh
Hó, i rithill, hó i thà
Hó ro Eileinich, ho gh
Gu bheil mo ràn 's an Landaidh.

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

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

'S tric a leag mi air a' bhruaich
Earba ghlas a' mhuineil ruaidh;
Bhiodh an liath-chearc lean a nuas
'Us coileach ruadh an dranndain.

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

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

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

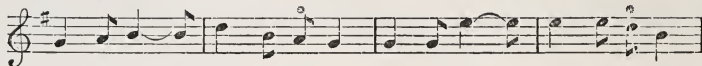
Eagles rise on soaring wing,
Hérons watch the gushing spring;
Heath-cocks, with their whirring, bring
Their own delight to Islay.

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

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

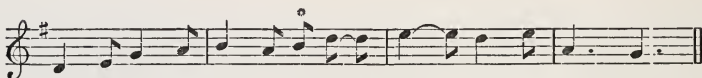
8.—THA MO RUN AIR A' GHILLE—I DEARLY LO'E THE LADDIE.

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



{ d : - : r | m : - : m | s : - : m | r : d : - : | d : - : d | l : - : l | l : - : l | s : m : - : }

SEISD. { Tha mo rùn air a' ghille, 'Se mo dhùr - lachd gu'n tig thu.
 CHOR. O, I dearly lo'e the laddie, For he wears the Highland plaidie;



{ s : - : l | d : - : r | m : - : r | m : s : s | l : - : l | s : - : l | r : - : - | d : - : - : | }

'S mi gu'n sìbhladh leat am fireach, Fo shìl - eadh nam fuar - bheann.
 I would gladly be his lady If he'd on - ly choose me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

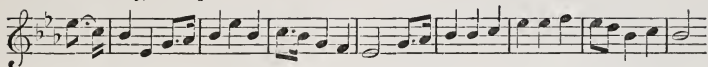
Health and strength are quickly failing,
 Broken-hearted, I am wailing,
 But my love afar is sailing,
 And he does not hear me.

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

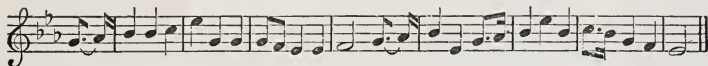
This song will be found complete in the "ORANAICHE." Owing to certain irregularities in the rhythm, the notes marked * will require to be lengthened when singing the verses.

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

KEY E^b.—*Slowly, with expression.*



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



{ m, f | s : s : l | d' : m : m | m, r : d : d | r : - : m, f | s : d : m, f | s : d' : s | l, s : m : r | d : - ||
 Tha | ghrian air a | turas a' | stubhal troimh 'n | speur, Dealtra | h-oidhchea' | tairlinn thar | ur dhos nan | geug. ||
 The sun had set out on its | heavenly | way, | And the cool dews of night lay on blossom and spray.

A' d'headh an aonaich ri aodan a' chùirn,
 'S binn torman a' chaochain a's aoidheala bhòrn,
 Le ròis air gach taobh dheth ag aonadh fo 'n drùchd,
 'S e ri deàrsadh na gréine ag éiridh 'n a smùid.

'S binn na h-éib feadh nam preasan gu leadarra
 Tha 'n uiseag làn solais ri ceòl os mo chionn; [^{seinn};
 Na ba laeigh anns a' gheumnaich air an réithleinn
 ud thall,

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

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

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

Ged tha 'n barrach cho àrail cha dhùsg e mo shunn.

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

Cha'n 'eill gleannan cho aoidheil ri 'fhaotainn mu-n
 cuairt,

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

Mo sgaradh 's mo chràdh-lot a bhi d'fhàgail cho
 Ach 's tiom dhomh bhi 'g éiridh, 's bhi téurnadh
 o'n b'ird; [éigheach dhomh stàth;

Cha dean luinneagan feum dhomh, cha dean
 Feuchan bàta fo 'cùmhach aig còmharnad na tràigh,
 Tha gu m' ghiltan null thairis a' gleannan an àigh.

Bheir mi sùil thar a' bhealaich air na beanntan
 mu-n cuairt; [bruach;

So an sealachd mu dheireadh air gach gleannan 'uisb,
 A' fàgail leibh beannachd, 'n àm dealachadh uaibh,
 A' téurnadh an aonaich 's iad mo smaointean tha
 truagh.

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

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

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

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

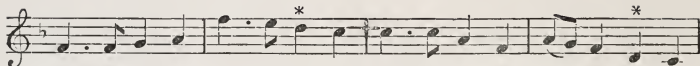
No valley so cheerful and fair could be found,
 So cheerfully guarded by mountains around;
 In winter no tempest can enter thy dell—
 My sorrowful doom is to bid thee farewell.

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

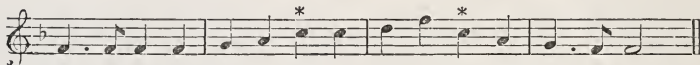
I'll gaze from this ridge on the mountains, and
 view
 For the last time each corrie and valley I knew;
 I leave you my blessing since I must depart,
 I turn down the mountain, and sad is my heart.

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

KEY F.—Beating twice in the measure.



{ d : - . d | r : m | d' : - . t | l : s | s : - . s | m : d | m . r : d | l₁ : s₁ |
 SEISD. { Ged 'tha mi gun | chrodh gun aighean, | Gun chrodh laoi'gh gun | chaoraich agam;
 CHOR. Though I've neither | sheep nor cattle, | Gear nor grandeur, goods nor | chattels;



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

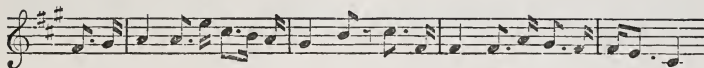
Suaineart youth, thou wert the treasure
 Which I loved beyond all measure:
 O, return! I'll find no pleasure
 While thou art so far from me.

Authoress unknown. English words by "FIONN."

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

11.—FEAR A' BHÀTA—THE BOATMAN.

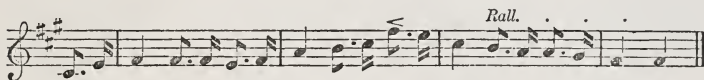
KEY A.—*Slowly, with feeling.*



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

SEISD. { Fhir a' bhàta, na hó-ro éi - le, Fhir a' bhàta, na hó-ro éi - le ;

CHORUS. O, my boatman, na hó-ro ai - la, O, my boatman, na hó-ro ai - la ;



{ : m₁ , s₁ | l₁ : l₁ , l₁ : s₁ , l₁ | d : r , m : l : s : m : r , d : d : t₁ | l₁ : l₁ ||

{ Fhir a' } bhàta, na hó-ro éi - le, Mo shoraidh slàn dhuit's gach àit' an t-éid thu ! ||

O my boatman, na hó-ro ai - la, May joy a - wait thee where'er thou sailest!

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

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

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

Gheall mo leannan domh gun do 'n t-sloda,
Gheall e sud agus breacan riombach ;
Fainu' òir anns am faicinn 'lomhaigh ;
Ach 's eagal leam gun dean e dìchuimhn'.

Ged a thu'irt iad gun robh thu aotrom,
Cha do lughdaich sud mo ghaol ort ;
Bidh tu m' aising anns an oidhe, 'n
'Us anns a' mhadaim bidh mi 'gad fhoighneachd.

Thug mi gaol dhut, 's cha'n fhaod mi àicheadh ;
Cha ghaol bliadhna, 's cha ghaol ràidhe ;
Ach gaol a thòisich 'n uair bha mi m' phàisdein,
'S nach searg a chaidh, gur an claidh am bàs mi.

Tha mo chàirdean gu tric ag innseadh,
Gum feum mi d' aogas a leig' air dìchuimhn' ;
Ach tha 'n comhairle dhomh cho diamhain ;
'S bhì tilleadh mara 's i tabhairt lionaidh.

B'f'ha mi tuille thrsach, d'curach,
Mar eala bhàn 's i an d'èighs a' feubadh ;
Guileag bàis aic' air lochan fèurach,
'Us each gu léir an déis a tréigeadh.

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

Broken-hearted, I droop and languish,
And frequent tears show my bosom's anguish :
Shall I expect thee to-night to cheer me ?
Or close the door, sighing, sad and weary ?

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

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

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

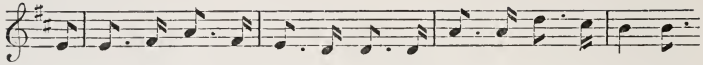
I may not hide it—my heart's devotion
Is not a season's brief emotion ;
Thy love in childhood began to seize me,
And ne'er shall fade until death release me.

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

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

12.—AN RIBHINN DONN—THE AUBURN MAID.

KEY D.—*Lively.*



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



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

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

Tha eòin an t-sléibh air sgéith mu 'n cuairt,
'S cha dùisg iad fua'm mo lamhaich,
'Us mis' am pràmh 'an sgath nam bruach.
'S mo smaoin mu 'n ghruagaich ghrùdaich.

'S i 's aotruim' ceum 's a's dearsaich' sùil,
'S a gàir' tha ciùin 'us caoimhneil,
'S a guth tha dhòmhs' mar shòlas ciùil
'S mi 'falbh nan stùchd 's an oidhche.

'S e 'caoin-fhalt fainneach 's àillidh sgòimh,
'S a bràighe 's gle-gheal, bòidhche,
Fo osna 'cléibh ag éiridh sèimh,
Mar fhaoilinn bhàin air Lòchaidh.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

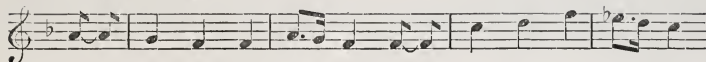
Her heart, though light, is ever true,
Of Nature's own adorning;
Her lips like roses, wet with dew,
Upon a Summer morning.

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

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

13.—TUIREADH—LAMENT.

KEY F.—*Slowly, with much feeling.*



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



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

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

Eha do ghluasad gun eucoir,
Gun uireasbhuidh céille;
Leam bu taitneach 'bhi 'g éisdeachd
Ri séise do bheòil.

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

Mar bhuaanaich am bàs thu
Seach na dillsean 'tha lathair,
Cinnidh feanntag 's a' ghàradh
'N uair thig fàilinn 's an ròs.

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

Ged tha chàirdean gu deurach,
'S faoin an cumba leam féin e;
'Théid gu cuirm 'us chùit éibhneis
'Giùlan éididh a' bhròin.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

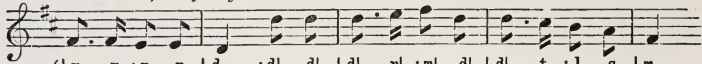
Thy friends in garbs of sorrow,
Midst festal scenes may borrow
Relief, from grief less thorough
Than that resting on me.

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

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

14.—ORAN MULAID—A SONG OF GRIEF.

KEY D.—*Moderato, with feeling.*



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



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

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

Bha thu mállda còir,
 Snuairce, òrdail, banail;
 Nàdur fialaidh, cùin—
 Oiteag chùbhraidh d'anail.
 Hù o, tha mi tinn!

Ortsa bha gach buaidh,
 Bha thu usal dreachmhor;
 B' àluinn thigeadh ceòl
 A' d' bheul bòidheach, meachar.
 Hù o, tha mi tinn!

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

Chuir iad thu 's an ùir,
 Socair, cùin ad laidhe;
 'S mis' cha 'n fhaic mo rùn,
 Gus an dhèig mi 'n Flaithreas.
 Hù o, tha mi tinn!

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

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

Dh' fhalbh mo leannan féin,
 'S tha mi deurach, dubhach,
 Tha mi 'triall na 'ceum,
 Ciod am feum bhi fuireach?
 Hù o, tha mi tinn!

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

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

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

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

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

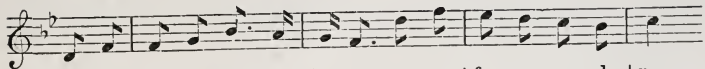
Often did we stray
 By each brae and river;
 Now she rests for aye—
 Motionless for ever!
 Sick and sad am I!

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

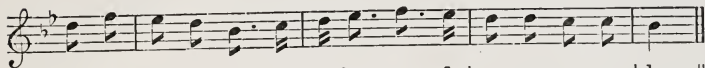
Naught can ease my pain;
 Now she is departed,
 Why should I remain,
 Sick and broken-hearted?
 Sick and sad am I!

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

KEY B♭.—*Moderato.*



{ : m₁ . s₁ | s₁ . l₁ : d₁ . t₁ | l₁ , s₁ . - : m . s | f . m : r . d | r
 { Dhealaich | mise 'nochd ri m' leannan, Dhealaich | mi ri m' leannan fhéin;
 I have parted with my lassie, Yester eve she went a - way;



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

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

Ceart mar thriallas sgàil an tanaisg
 No mar dhealan anns an speur,
 'S ann mar sin a chail mi sealladh
 Air an ainneir 'fhuair mo spéis.

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

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

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

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

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

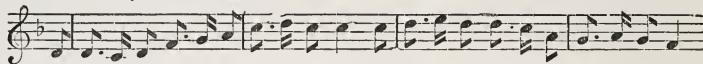
Since I knew thee, dearest maiden,
 Thou wast faithful, kind, and free;
 Now I'm sad and sorrow-laden,
 For thy like I ne'er shall see.

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

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

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

KEY F.—Beating twice in the Measure.



{ : l₁ | l₁ : -s; l₁ | d : -r:m | s : -l : s | s : - : s | l₁ : -t : l | l₁ : -s:m | r : -m:r | d : -

Is toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd, Is toigh leam gach gleann, Gach eas agus coir - e an dùthaich nam bean; Dear, dear are the Highlands, be - loved the glens, Each cascade and dell in the land of the Dens;



{ : d | d' : -t : l | l₁ : -s:m | r : -m : s | l₁ : - : l₁ | l₁ : -s; l₁ | d : -r:m | r : -d : l₁ | l₁ : - ||

Is toigh leam na gillean 'nan éideadh, gan ùr 'Us boineid Ghlinn-garaidh mu'n camagan dùth. And dear are the gallants in gay tartan there, With feathered Glingarries and thick curling hair.

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

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

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

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

'S ged shàrraicht' an spoirad 's ged leigte an ceann,
Bha 'n cridhe cho daingean ri carrraig nam bean.

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

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

Yet stout are their hearts as their own mountain
rocks.

'S na 'm faichinn-se té dhubha dùthaich mo chridh',
Gu'n sìubhlainn-se leatha gu iomall gach tìr.

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

Is toigh leam a' Ghàidhlig - bàrdachd 's a ceòl,
Is tric thog i nòs sinn 'n uair bhiodhmaid fo leòd,
'S i dh'ionnsaich sinn trà' ann an làithean ar n-ig,
'S nach fìg sinn gu bràth gus an laidh sinn fo'n
fhòid.

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

Nis tha dùthaich ar gaoil dol fo chaoirich 's fo fhéidh,
Sinn ga'r fhadach thar sàile mar bhàrrlach gun
iheum;

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

Ach thigeadh an cruaidh-chas, 's có sheasas an
stoirm?

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

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

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

Canar an gaisge 's an domhan mu'n cuairt,
Air sgiathaibh na gaoithe ga sgaioleadh thar
chuan,

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

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

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

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

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

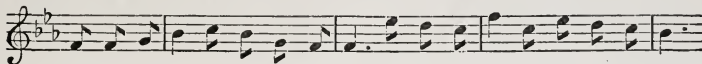
'S iad clanna nan Gàidheal ri aghaidh gach cās,
'S iad guallainn ri guallainn, gu buaidh no gu bàs.

Remembered shall still be the deeds of the brave.

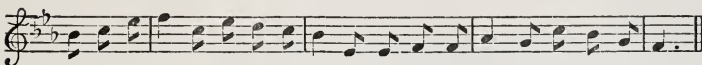
And if ever for battle unsheathed be the sword,
Though scant now the numbers our musters afford,
Still the sons of the Gael shall in danger be nigh,
And, shoulder to shoulder, shall conquer or die.

17.—AN RIBHINN ALUINN—THE CHARMING MAIDEN.

KEY E♭. *Moderato, with expression.*



{ .r :r .m | s :l .s :m .r | r :-,d' :t .l | r' :l .d' :t .l | s :-,
 O - chòin a Rìgh, 'sì mo ribhinn donn, 'Dh' fhàg mi fo mhl - ghean 'usm' inntinn trom!
 O - choin a ree! my sweet auburn maid, I'm daily pining, I quickly fade!



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

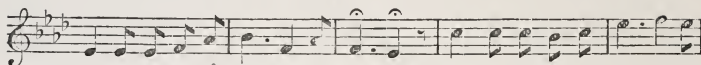
Is truagh an dràsda nach robh mi 'm bhàrd
 A gheusadh clàrsach 's a sheinneadh dàn,
 'S gu 'n innsin buadhan
 Na maighdinn usail,
 Mu 'bheil mo smuaintean gach oidhche 's là.
 Is tric a bha mi mu luidhe gréin'
 Le m' n'gheanaig àluinn fo sgàil nan geug,
 Sinn ri sùgradh
 Fo'n bharrach chùbhraidh,
 Ach 's cianail tìrsach mi 'n diugh na déigh.
 'N uair thig an Céitean do gheallan an fhraoich
 Gu 'n toir e fas air gach blàth-lus raoin,
 'Uis gheibh mi samhradh
 An sin do m' annsachd,
 Am fìbran greannar a dh' fhàs cho caoin.
 Mar chanach mòintich tha cneas mo luaidh,
 Dearg mar chaorunn tha dreach a gruaidh,
 A beus 's a nàdur
 Mar neònan mállda,
 No s'òbhrag 'dh' fhàsas fo sgàil nam bruach.
 Gur b'òidheach, dualach an cuilean mìn
 A th' air a' ghrugaich a bhuair mo chrìdh',
 Gur binne 'còmhradh
 Na guth na smeorach;
 'S tha mise brònach o'n 'dh' fhàg i mi.
 'N uair 'chì mi 'n iarmailt aig ciaradh là,
 Gu'n iarr mo shùil-sa reul-ihil an àigh,
 A's grinne soille,
 'S a's caoine baoidse;
 Mar sud bha 'mhaighdean a rinn mo chràdh.
 Ged 'tha me ghrian-sa a' triall fo sgèid,
 'Uis mise 'n biadhna mar ian 's a' cheò,
 Togaidh 'n sgàile
 'S ni ise dearsadh,
 'S gu 'n faigh mi slainte gach là ri m' bheò.

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

Gaelic Words and Translation by "FIONN." The Air is known as "Mo Mhàiri Bhàn."

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

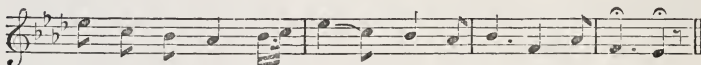
KEY A♭. *With feeling, beating twice in the measure.*



{ s₁ :- s₁ | s₁ : l₁ | d r :- l₁ :- d | l₁ :- | s₁ :- | m :- m | m : r : m | s₁ :- l₁ :- s

Dh' fhalbh mo nighean chruinn, I donn, Uam, do 'n fàrjē-aidh; Dh' fhalbh mo nighean chruinn, I donn, Cneas mar

Since my loved one has gone I am dreary! Since my loved one has gone, Who was



{ s : m : r | d :- : r, m | s :- : m | r :- : d | r :- : l₁ :- : d | l₁ :- : | s₁ :- : ||

éal' air bhàrr thonn, Och 'us och! mo nighean | donn, 'Dh' fhàg mi- shùnd orm.

pure as the swan, Here I'm sigh - ing all a - lone, Sad and weary!

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

Nam biodh agamsa spréidh
Bhithinn glé chhriteil,
Nam biodh agamsa spréidh
Feadh bheann 'us feadh shléibh,
B' àr a gheibhinn thu féin,
'S cha bu chéil' ùnpaidh

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

Beir mo shoraidh le gràdh
Uam do 'n Iùraidh;
Beir mo shoraidh le gràdh
Dh' fhios na h-bìgh rinn mo chràdh;
'S o'n nach math leath' mar thà
Tha i féin tiùrsach.

Cha 'n 'eil aice mar chéil'
Ach am fìor ùnpaidh,
Cha 'n 'eil aice mar chéil',
Ach sean bhodach gun spéis,
'S e mar ghearran o fhéil—
Doirbh, breun, brùideil!

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

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

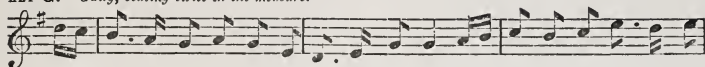
Thou art now far away
In Glen Iuray;
Thou art now far away,—
Sad by night and by day,—
While here I pine away,
Naught can cure me!

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

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

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

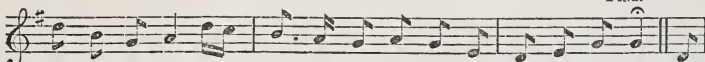
KEY G. *Gaily, beating twice in the measure.*



{ : s.f | m :-r : d | r : d : l : | s₁ :-l : d | d :- : r.m | f : m : f | l :-s : l

SEISD. Hug óro, mo leannan, thig mar-riam air chuairt, Do dh-br-choll' a' bharrach 'san
CHORUS. Oh come now, my darling, alone let us stray, For the notes of the cuckoo are

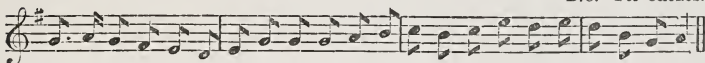
FINE.



{ s : m : d | r :- : s.f | m :-r : d | r : d : l : | s₁ : l₁ : d | d :- || s₁

tathaich a' chuach; Hug óro, mo leannan, thig mar-riam air chuairt! Tha
heard from the spray; Oh come then, my darling, no longer delay! The

D.C. For CHORUS.



{ d :-r : d | t₁ : l : s₁ | l : d : d | d : r : m | f : m : f | l : s : l | s : m : d | r :- ||

gruaman a' gheamhraidh Air fàgail nam beannta, 'Se 'srut' anns gach allدان 'Na' dheann-rithannas,
bright sun from heaven The winter has driven, And freedom's been given The streamlets to play.

Tha aodann nan sléibhtean
A dhérsadh gu ceutach;
'S an lusana pucach
Ag éirigh le buaidh.
Hug óro, &c.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

20—SEONAIÐ A' CHUIL REIDH—JESSIE I LOVED WELL.

KEY C. *Moderato.*

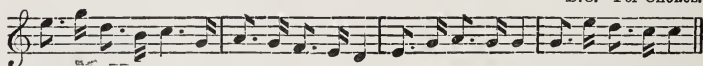


{ m „s: l „s: s | d' „l: s „m: r | m „s: l „s: s | m' „f': r' „d': d' | }
 SEISD. | Dh'fhàgadh mi fo bhronn O'n a phòs an té, Air an robh mi'n tòir, Seònaid a' chùil réidh.
 CHORUS. Sad indeed am I, Who my grief can tell? For my love I sigh, Jessie I loved well.



{ m' „d': r' „t: d' „s | l. t. d': s „m: r | m' „d': r' „t: d' „l | s. d' m': r' „d': d' | }
 Chaidh mi'n dé 'na còdhal, 'S bhòidich i bhì'm réir “Chaoidh nan caoidh chaphòs mi | Olgear ach thu féin.”
 Yester eve when roving By the river side; Jessie fondly told me, “I will be your bride.”

D.C. For CHORUS.



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

'S trom a dh' fhàg i m' inntinn,
 'S fonn mo chrìdh' gun ghleus,
 Chionn a' bheairt a rinn i,
 'S nach do thoill mi beud;
 Thug mi gaol mo chrìdh' dhi
 'S dhìbhir i mo spéis;
 Bhris i air a bòid,
 'S chòrd i ri fear spréidh.

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

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

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

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

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