

FIFTH THOUSAND.

Blair 364

THE
CELTIC LYRE:

A COLLECTION OF
GAELIC SONGS, WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS.

By FIONN.

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

EDINBURGH:
JOHN GRANT.

GLASGOW: A. SINCLAIR, 62 ARGYLE STREET.

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21.—LEIS AN LURGAINN—A BOAT SONG.

KEY D.—*With spirit.*



SEISD. { l ., t | l : l . s | m' : m' ., r' | d' : r' . m' | r'
 Leis an Lurg - ainn o | hi, Leis an Lurg - ainn o | hò,
 CHORUS. With the, Loor - geen o | hee, With the Loor - geen o | ho,



{ m' ., s | s : l ., t | d' ., t : l . s | m : m . s | l
 Beul an ana - moich o | hi, 'S fheadar falbh le 'cuid seòl.
 In the gray dusk of eve, O'er the waves let us go.

An Cuan Eirinn o hi,
 Muir ag éirigh o hò,
 Cha bu léir dhuinn o hi,
 Nì fo 'n ghréin ach na neòil.

Seachad lle o hi,
 'M beul na h-oidhche o hò,
 Las sinn coinnlean o hi,
 'S chuir sinn combaist air dòigh.

Seachad Aros o hi,
 Bha i gàbhaidh o hò,
 'N fhaige lãidir o hi,
 Suas gu bàrr a' chroinn-sgòid.

Thuir an sgiobair o hi,
 Ri chuid ghillean o hò,
 "Glacaidh misneach o hi,
 'S deanaibh dìchioll, a sheòid.

"Mar bu nòs dhuibh o hi,
 Seasaidh dileas o hò,
 'Bheil e coltach o hi,
 Gu 'n tig dosgairn 'n ar còir ?

"Suas a h-aodach o hi,
 Ri 'croinn chaola o hò,
 'Snàmh cho aotrom o hi,
 Ris an fhaolinn air lòn.

"Muir 'ga bualadh o hi,
 Taobh an fhuaraidh o hò,
 Bith'dh sinn buadhar o hi,
 'S gillean uallach air bòrd."

On the ocean, o hee,
 Waves in motion, o ho,
 Naught but clouds could we see
 O'er the blue sea below.

Islay looming, o hee,
 In the gloaming, o ho,
 Our ship's compass set we,
 And our lights we did show.

Aros passing, o hee,
 'Twas harassing, o ho,
 The strong billows to see
 High as masthead to flow.

Skipper bellows, o hee,
 To his fellows, o ho,
 "Steady! courage take ye
 Though a tempest should blow.

"Look a-head, mates, o hee,
 Without dread, mates, o ho,
 Those that danger would flee,
 Let them sneak down below.

"Crowd her sails on, o hee,
 And though gales come, o ho,
 Light as sea-gull will she
 O'er the heaving waves go.

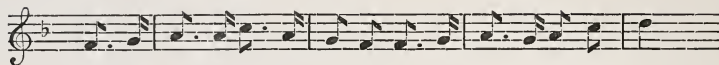
"Billows lashing, o hee,
 Waters crashing, o ho,
 Without blenching we see
 There be stout hearts on board."

Gaelic words from SINCLAIR'S "ORANAICHE." Translation by MR. M. MACFARLANE, Paisley.

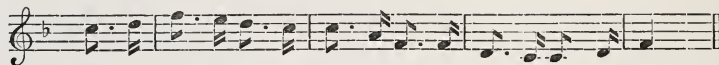
22.—SOIRIDH!—FAREWELL!

(Le òganach a fàgail an cìlean 's an d' rugadh e—Written by a young Gael when leaving his native isle.)

KEY F.—Moderato, with feeling.



{ d ., r | m ., m : s ., m | r . d : d ., r | m ., r : m . s | l
 { Och nan | och na bheil air | m' aire! 'S truagh a | nochd na bheil 'am | dhith!
 Sad am I and sor - row - lad - en, For the maid I love so well;



{ s ., l | d' ., t : l ., s | s ., m : d ., d | l ., s : s ., l | d ||
 { Sud e | righ, gur mór mo | ghaol ort, Ged nach | fhaod mi bhi 'ga | inns'.
 I a - dore thee, dear - est maid - en, But my thoughts I dare not tell.

Tha mi 'g ionndrainn, 'us cha 'n àicheadh
 Mi 'n té bhàn a bha 's an fhrith;
 An déigh dhomh 'buachailleachd 's a h-àrach,
 'S eagal leam gu'n d'fhàg i mi.

A Bheinn-bhreac nan creachann àrda,
 'S tric a shàruich thusa mi;
 Ach tha mi 'm bliadhna dol ga d' fhàgail—
 Soiridh slàn leat gus an till.

Cha 'n 'eil cnoc no glac a'd aodann,
 Coire fraoich a bhos no shios,
 Nach 'eil a' cuimhneach iomadh rud dhomh,
 Ged nach fhaod mi bhi ga inns'.

Soiridh leis gach beinn 'us fireach—
 A' bheinn o'm mithich dhomh 'bhi triall',
 Guidheam fada féidh a'd ghlacaibh;
 B'e bhì 'n taice riut mo mhian.

Why deny my heart is rending
 For the fair one of the lea;
 After all my careful tending,
 She has now forsaken me.

Ben of peaks the clouds that sever,
 Oft thy steeps have wearied me;
 Must I leave thy shade for ever?
 Then farewell, farewell to thee!

Every corrie, crag, and hollow,
 Heath'ry brae and flowery dell,
 Now awaken pangs of sorrow;
 But my thoughts I dare not tell.

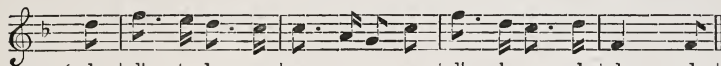
Mountain bold! thy form surpasses
 Every ben that eye can see;
 Long may deer frequent thy passes;
 Near thee I would ever be.

23.—CLACHAN GHLINN-DA-RUAIL—CLACHAN GLEN-DA-RUEL.

KEY F.—*Moderato.*



SERSD.	Mo	chailleag	mbln - gheal	mheal - shùileach,	A	dh'fhàs gu fallain,	fuas - gailt',
CHORUS.	My	bonnie	win - some	las - sie,	O, My	fas - cin - a - ting	jew - el,



SERSD.	I	d' ., t: l	., s	s ., m: r s	A	d' ., l: s ., l	d : d
CHORUS.	I'm	sad	in - deed,	since	leav - ing	thee, At	Clach - an Glen - da - ru - el.

Di-dònaich rinn mi chòlachadh,
 Bean òg a's mòdhar gluasad;
 Tha 'guth mar cheòl na smeòraiche,
 'S mar bhliù an ròis a graidhean.

'S caoin a seang-shìlos furanach,
 Neo-churaidh a ceum nallach;
 Tha 'gairdean bàn glé chumadail,
 'S deud iurach 'n a beul guamach.

'S ro fhaicilleach 'n a còmhraidh i,
 Gun sgilm, gun sgleò, no tualleas;
 Gur fàthgail coiseòid shràidean i,
 Air bheagan stàit no guaineis.

Ged bheireadh Scòras àite dhomh,
 Cho àrd 's a tha meag uaisleau;
 Air m' fhacal 's mòr a b' fheàrr leam,
 A bhì 'n Coire-chathaidh am bhuaichail'.

O 's truagh nach robh mi 's m' àilleagan
 Air àirdh cois nam fuar-bheann!
 Bu shocair, seimh a chaidilinn,
 S i'm achlais air an luchair.

Cha suaimhneas oidhch' air leabaidh dhomh,
 'G a d' fhaicinn ann am brudar;
 'S am Biobull fèin cha laimhsich mi,
 Gun d'iomhaigh ghràidh ga m' thuaradh.

'N nair b' fhileant' briathr' a' mhinisteir,
 A' fiosrachadh mu 'r truailleachd;
 Bha mise coinhead dùrachdach
 Na seir thea 'd shùil neo-luainich.

Ged shuidheas clèir na tìre leam,
 'S mi sgrìobhadh dhaith le luath-laimh,
 'S ann bhios mo smaintean dìomhaireach,
 Air Sìue dhonn a' chuach-fhuil.

Ach 's eagal leam le m' cheilleireachd,
 Gu 'n gabh an seisein gruaim rium;
 Ged fhògras iad do 'n Olaind mi,
 Rì m' bheò cha toir mi fuath dhuit!

I met her on a Sabbath day,
 Mild, young, and unassuming;
 Her voice is like the tuneful thrush,
 Her cheeks are roses blooming.

So free, so kind, and affable,
 Her steps no flowerets harming;
 How shapely is her lily arm;
 Her mouth how neat and charming.

She speaks both wise and cautiously,
 And truthful is her story;
 How queenly in her manners all!
 Nor seeks she for vain glory.

Although King George would grant to me
 The highest rank and station,
 I would prefer in Coire-Chathaidh
 The shepherd's pay and ration.

Oh! were I and my jewel in
 A dell with branches twining,
 How soft and soundly would I sleep
 While by her side reclining.

How sweet in dreams thy image dear,
 When on my bed reposing;
 And while the Bible practising
 The same is interesting.

When fluent is the minister,
 Our fallen state declaring,
 Then am I viewing fervently
 Thy placid eye and bearing.

When writing for our clergymen,
 In solemn conclave sitting,
 To Jeanie of the auburn locks
 My thoughts are ever fitting.

The Session may, for rhyming thus,
 Be making angry motions;
 But though abroad they banish me,
 Can they displace my notions?

The subject of this song, *Sine Dhonn Choire-Chathaidh*, afterwards Mrs. Black, died at Rothesay a few years ago, at the advanced age of eighty. Her grandfather, her father, and herself, possessed the farm of Coire-Chathaidh, in the district of Cowal.

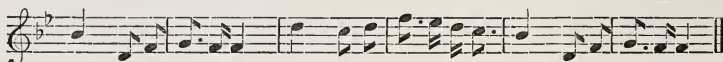
Words by ANOUS FLETCHER, DUNOON. Translation by JOHN WEIR.

This song is sung to what is called "Neil Gow's Strathspey."

24.—AN GAIDHEAL 'S A LEANNAN—THE GAEL AND HIS SWEETHEART.

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

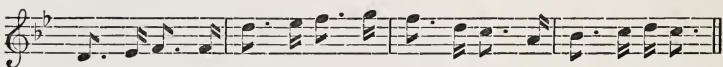
FINE.



{ d : m, s₁ | l₁ ., s₁: s₁ | m : r. m | s ., f: m, r.- | d : m, s₁ | l₁ ., s₁: s₁ | }
 SEISD. { Théid i 's gu'n téid i leam, | Leam - sa gu'n téid mo leannan, | Théid i 's gu'n téid i leam. | }

CHORUS. Yes! she will go with me, Why should we seek to sever? Yes! she will go with me.

D.C. FOR CHORUS.



{ m₁ ., f: s₁ ., s₁ | m ., f: s ., l | s ., m: r ., t₁ | d ., r: m, r.- | }
 { Chionn 's gu bheil gach gleann 'n a fhàs - ach, | Théid mi fhéin 's mo Mhà - ri thairis. | }

Since our glens are des - erts drear - y, O'er the seas we'll go to - gether.

Théid i leam a tìr nam fraoch-bheann,
O'n tha daoin' air dol a fasan.
Théid i, &c.

Seòlaidh sinn a tìr ar dùthchais,
'Cur ar cùlaobh ris na beannaibh.
Théid i, &c.

Théid i leam a null thar sàile,
Far an dean an Gàidheal beairteas.
Théid i, &c.

'S ged a bhiodh gach là 'n a Shamhradh,
'Chaoidh bith'ùh tìr nam beann air m' aire.
Théid i, &c.

'Us mu 'n càirear anns an ùir sinn,
'S e mo dhùrachd tilleadh dhachaidh.
Théidh i, &c.

Chum 's gu 'n tòrrar mise 's m' annsachd,
'N tìr nam beann nan gleann 's nan gaisgeach.
Théid i 's gu'n téid i leam,
Leamsa gu'n téid mo leannan,
Théid i 's gu'n téid i leam.

They have sent across the ocean
Those who wore the kilt and feather.
Yes! she will go, &c.

We must leave our native Highlands,
Breaking ties so hard to sever.
Yes! she will go, &c.

And a land we'll set our sails for,
Where the Gael may riches gather.
Yes! she will go, &c.

Summer's sun may constant reign there,
But we'll ne'er forget the heather.
Yes! she will go, &c.

And our hope is to return yet,
If life's journey we should weather.
Yes! she will go, &c.

Land of bays, and glens, and heroes!
Then to sleep in thee for ever.
Yes! she will go with me,
Why should we seek to sever!
Yes! she will go with me.

25.—GUR TROM, TROM MO CHEUM—HEAVY-HEARTED I MOURN.

KEY E \flat .—*With feeling.*



{ : s ., l | r' : d' . t, l | s : r ., m | s : f . m, r | d
 O, gur trom, trom mo cheum O'n là 'chail! mi do spéis;
 Hea - vy - heart - ed I mourn Since thy love changed to scorn;



{ : d ., d | s : s ., f | d' : r' ., d' | t : d' . l | s ||
 'S tric na deòir ann am shùil, 'S mi gu tùr - sach a'd dhéigh.
 Fre - quent tears fill mine eyes, And my sighs are for - lorn.

Gheall thu dhòmhsa, a luaidh,
 Gaol 'bhiodh firinneach, buan;
 Ach 's ann shearg e mar bhlàth
 'Dh' fhàgas fàl air a' chluan.

Thug mi gaol dhuit 's mi òg;
 'S bhithinn dìleas ri m' bheò;
 Chaidh na saighdean a'm chrìdh',
 'G éisdeachd brìodal do bheòil.

O'n nach d'fhuair mi do làmh,
 O, cha dual dhomh 'bhi slàn!
 Cuiridh 'm bròn mi do'n chill
 As nach till mi gu bràth.

Gus an dùinear mo shùil
 Anns a' chlà as nach dùisg,
 Bidh mo ghaol ort gach là,
 Fhìr nam blàth-shùillean ciùin.

Thou didst pledge to thy maid
 Love that never would fade;
 But it suffered a blight,
 Like a bright flower decayed.

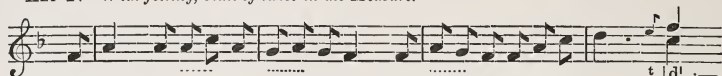
My young heart to thee drew
 With a love long and true;
 For thy words thrilled my heart,
 And love's dart pierced it through.

Since thou canst not be mine
 I must sorrow and pine;
 And my days shall in gloom
 To the tomb fast decline.

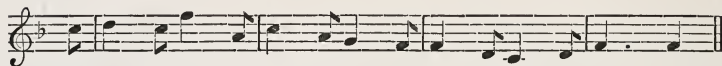
Till mine eyelids shall close
 In their lasting repose,
 My fond love ever true
 For my blue-eyed youth flows.

26.—C'ÀITE 'N CAIDIL AN RIBHINN?—WHERE SLEEPEST THOU, MY DEARIE?

KEY F.—With feeling, beating twice in the Measure.



{ : d | m : — : m | m : s : m | r : m : r | d : — : d | m : r : d | d : m : s | l : — : — | s : — : —
 O, c'ait - e 'n caidil an ribhinn an nochd, O c'ait - e 'n caidil an ribh - inn?
 O, where art thou, my love, to-night, Where sleep - est thou, my dear - ie?



{ (s) | l : — : s | d' : — : m | s : — : m | r : — : d | d : — : l, | s, : — : l, | d : — : — | d : — : — |
 Far an caid - il luaidh mo chridh', Is truagh nach robh mi fhin ann!
 Where'er thou art, my la - dy bright, O would that I were near thee!

Tha 'ghaoth a séideadh oirnn' o'n deas,
 'S tha mise deas gu seòlach;
 'S na'n robh thu leam air bhàrr nan stuagh
 A luaidh, cha bhithinn brònach.

Bha mi deas 'us bha mi tuath,
 'S gu tric air chuairt 's na h-Innsean,
 'S bean d' aogais riamh cha d'fhuair mi ann,
 No samhlahd do mo nigh'naig.

'S ann ort féin a dh' fhàs a' gbruaig
 Tha bachlach, dualach, riombach,
 Fiamh an òir a's bòidheche snuagh
 'S e dol 'n a dhuail 's na cirean.

Cha tog fiodhall, 's cha tog òran,
 'S cha tog ceòl na pìoba,
 'S cha tog briodal nigh'naig òig
 Am bròn 'tha 'n diùgh air m' iuntinn.

'S e dh' iarrainn riochd na h-eala bhàin
 A shnàmhais thair a' chaolais,—
 'Us rachainn féin troimh thonnaibh breun
 A chur an céill mo ghaol dhuit.

Tha nis gach ni a réir mo dheòin,
 Gach acfhuinn 's seòl mar dh' iarrainn,
 'S gun mhaillle théid mi air a tòir,
 'Us pòsaidh mi mo nigh'naig.

My ship is floating on the tide,
 And prosperous winds are blowing;
 If thou wert only by my side
 My tears would not be flowing.

I long have braved the stormy sea,
 To distant lands oft sailing;
 No maiden have I seen like thee;
 Thine absence I 'm bewailing.

How fair thy locks are to behold,
 When in the sunbeams shining;
 In colour they will vie with gold
 That oft has stood refining.

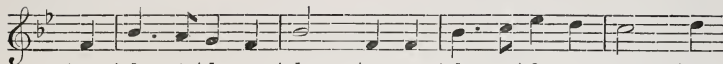
In song or dance I take no part,
 And music cannot cheer me;
 Nor maiden's smile can raise my heart
 Since absent from my dearie.

If like the swan I now could sail
 Across the trackless ocean,
 Ere break of day my love I'd hail
 And prove my heart's devotion.

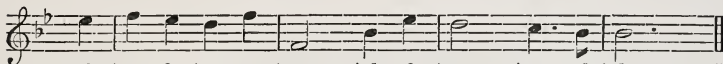
My sails are set; blow, breezes blow!
 All thoughts of danger scorning;
 Where dwells my love I'll quickly go
 And wed her in the morning.

27.—MO NIGHEAN DONN, BHÒIDHEACH—MY BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN.

KEY B ♭.—*Moderato.*



	{ : s ₁ d : -.t ₁ l ₁ : s ₁ d : - s ₁ : s ₁ d : -.r f : m r : - m
SEISD.	Ho r ₀ , mo nighean donn, bhòidheach, Hi ri, mo nighean donn, bhòidheach,
CHORUS.	Ho r ₀ , my brown-haired maid - en, Hee ree, my brown-haired maid - en,



	{ : f s : f m : s s ₁ : - d : f m : - r : -.d d : - -
	Mo chailleag laghach, bhòidheach, Cha pòs - ainn ach thu.
	My bonnie, winsome maid - en, I'd wed none but thee.

A Pheigì dhonn nam blàth-shul,
Gur trom a thug mi gràdh dhuit:
Tha d' iomhaigh ghaoil, 'us d' àilleachd,
A ghnàth tigh'nn fo m' àidh.

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

'N uair bha mi ann ad làthair,
Bu shona bha mo làithean—
A' seallbhachadh do mhànrain,
'Us àille do ghnìs.

Gnìs aoidheil, bhanaid, mhàlda
Na h-òigh a's caoimhe nàdur;
I suairce, ceanall, bàigheil,
Làn gràis agus mùirn.

Ach riamh o'n dh' fhàg mi d' fhianuis,
Gu bheil mi dubhach, cianail;
Mo chridhe trom ga phianadh
Le iarguin do rùn.

Ge lurach air a' chabhhsair
Na mnathan òga Gallda,
A rìgh! gur beag mo gheall-s'
Air bhì sealltainn 'n an gnìs.

'S ann tha mo rùn 's na beanntaibh,
Far bheil mo ribhinn ghreannar,
Mar ròs am fàsach Shamhraidh,
An gleann fad' o shùil.

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

Thine eye with love is gleaming;
Thy face with beauty beaming;
When waking, or when dreaming,
My thoughts dwell on thee.

Forget thee will I never,
But I will love thee ever;
Though many miles us sever,
I'm still true to thee.

When I was staying near thee,
Thy presence sweet did cheer me;
And charming 'twas to hear thee
Sing gaily and free.

Of cheerful, comely features;
Of gentle, kindly nature;
Therè'er was living creature
More lovely than thee.

But now that thou 'rt not by, love,—
I often sit and sigh, love,—
And wish that thou wert nigh, love,
To bring joy to me.

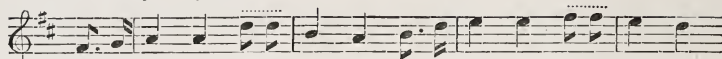
Though Lowland girls are fine, love,
E'en some may say divine, love,
Therè's none can thee outshine, love,
Or lure me from thee.

For 'mong the hills she's dwelling,
Where crystal streams are welling;
Like rose all flowers excelling,
The maiden for me.

When summer comes again, love,
I'll seek your Highland glen, love,
Mine own to make you then, love,
And take thee with me.

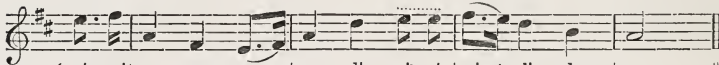
28.—DÙTHAICH NAN CRAOBH—THE LAND OF THE TREES.

KEY D.—*Slowly, with feeling.*



{ : m ., f | s : s : d' . d' | l : s : l ., d' | r' : r' : m' m' | r' : d' |
 SEISD. { A bhi fàg - ail na dùthcha, 'S a bhi càr - adh na siùil rith',
 CHORUS. O'er the bil - lows car - eer - ing, The good ship we are steer - ing,

Rallantando.



{ : r' . m' | s : m : r ., m | s : d' : r' . r' | m' . r' : d' : l | s : — ||
 'S a bhi stiùireadh a cùr - sa, Gu dùthaich nan craobh.
 From our home so en - dear - ing, To the land of the trees.

Gur e mis' tha fo smuairin,
 'S mi a' seòladh thar chuantan,
 'Us mi 'g ionndrainn nan dnanag
 'S tric a fhuair mi 'o m' ghaol.

Di-dòmhnuch m' an d' fhàg mi,
 'Us mi coiseachd na sràide,
 Thachair orm-sa mo mhàldag,
 Le 'blàth-shùilean caoin.

'N nair a bha mi le m' ghràdh-sa
 Ann an dùthaich nan àrd-bheann,
 'S tric a dh' éisd mi ri 'màraon
 Fo sgàile nan craobh.

Thoir mo shoraidh thar sàile,
 Ceud soraidh gu bràth 'uam,
 Dh' ionnsaidh ribhinn nam blàth-shùl,—
 Tó 's feàrr leam 's an t-saogh'l.

Ach ma bhitheas mi maireann,
 'S tighinn sàbhailte dhachaighd,
 Cha téid mi tuille gu marachd;
 Nì mi fanachd 's na caoil.

Faiceam long a' dol dachaidh
 Gu Albainn no Sasunn,
 Sgrìobhaidh mise gu m' leannan
 Gur maireann mo ghaol.

Ma nì thu 'm pòsadh m' an tìg mi,
 Feuch gur feàrr e na mise;
 Na gabh pòtcar no mì-gear,
 'S na gabh idir fear faoin.

With tears my eyes burning,
 And my thoughts ever turning
 With a soul-filling yearning,
 To the land on the lee.

Where I left my love grieving,
 On the morn I was leaving;
 Cruel Fortune's deceiving,
 That tore her from me.

There was nought in life sweeter
 Than at sunset to meet her,
 And with fond words to greet her
 By the dear trysting tree.

When the wild flowers were springing,
 And the woodlands were ringing,
 To be listening her singing
 Was rapture to me.

Though the storms do not fear me,
 There is nought now can cheer me,
 Since she is not near me,
 To set my cares free.

But I'll scan the wide ocean,
 For a white sail in motion,
 My tale of devotion
 To bear home to thee.

When my cruising is over,
 I'll no more be a rover;
 Nor again will grief move her
 At parting from me.

29.—MÀIRI BHÒIDHEACH—PRETTY MARY.

KEY F.—*Moderato*.



SEISD. { ,m:m .,r | r : m .,d: t₁ .,s₁ | l₁ : l₁ .,l₁: d .,r | m : m .s : l .,r | r : d .
 A Mhàiri bhòidheach, 's a Mhàiri ghaolach, A Mhàiri bhòidheach gur mòr mo ghaol ort
 CHORUS. My pretty Ma - ry, my lovely Ma - ry, O, who can measure the love I bear thee?



{ ,d : s .,m | s : s .,s : l .,t | l : s .,m : r .,l₁ | d : r .m : r,d,s₁ | l₁ : l₁ .
 A Mhàiri bhòidheach, gur tu a chlaoidh mi, 'Sadh'fhàg mi bròn - ach gun dòigh air t-fhaotainn.
 My charming Ma - ry, I greatly fear me, Away from thee there is nought can cheer me.

A Mhàiri bhòidheach gur mòr mo ghaol ort;
 Gur tric mi cuimhneachadh ort 's mi m'aonar;
 Ge do shìùbhlainn gach ceum do'n t-saoghal,
 Bith'dh t'ìomhaigh bhòidheach tigh'nn beò gach
 taobh dhìom.

'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo Mhàiri bhòidheach
 Ann an gleannan faoin 'us ceò air
 'S ged bu rìgh mi 's an Roinn-Eòrpa,
 Cha'n iarraim pòg ach o Mhàiri bhòidheach.

O Mhàiri! lughdaich thu mo chiall domh;
 Tha mo chrìdh' le do ghaol air lìonadh;
 Tha gach là dhomh cho fad ri bliadhna,
 Mur faic mi t'aodann a tha mar ghrian domh.

C'ait' am faicear 's an t-saogh'l bean t'aogais,
 Cha'n 'eil i idir ann ri fhaotainn,
 Am maise, 'n tuigse 's an deagh bheusan,
 Tha thu ro àrda os cionn gach aon duibh.

Gu ma slàn do mo Mhàiri bhòidheach,
 Ge b'e àite 's am bi i chòmhnuidh;
 'S e mo dhùrachd-sa 'm fad 's a's beò mi,
 Gu'm bi gach sòlas aig Màiri bhòidheach.

In storm or sunshine, where'er I wander,
 My wont is on thy charms to pònder;
 Thy image rises up before me,
 And throws love's witching glamour o'er me.

Could I but sojourn with thee only
 In some green glen, secure and lonely,
 Then neither glory, fame, nor treasure,
 Could ever bring me half such pleasure.

Thy absence has of joy bereft me,
 And nought but sorrow now is left me;
 From day to day 'tis sighing, pining,
 For thy sweet face like a sunbeam shining.

Who ever saw thee but felt thy power?
 Of Beauty's handmaids thou 'rt the flower;
 And sense and worth, all else excelling,
 Within thy virtuous mind are dwelling.

Oh! ne'er may evil chance come near thee,
 With grief or gloomy doubts to fear thee;
 But pleasant hopes and musings thine be,
 To cheer the days until thou mine be.

Gaelic words from SINCLAIR'S "ORANAICHE." English words by C. M. P.

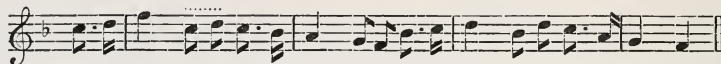
30.—AM FLEASGACH DONN—THE BROWN-HAIRED LAD.

KEY F.—*Slowly, with expression.*



	{ m ., r	d	: d . d	m ., f	s	: d	: m ., r	d	: d . d	d' ., t	l	: f				
SEISD	{ Failll	ill	ó,	agus	hó	ró	éil	- e,	Failll	ill	ó,	agus	hó	ró	éil	- e,
CHORUS.	Fail	eel	o,	agus	ho	ro	ail	- a,	Fail	eel	o,	agus	ho	ro	ail	- a,

Rallantando.



	{ s ., l	d'	: s . l	: s ., f	m	: r . d	f ., s	l	: f . l	: s ., m	r	: d				
	{ Failll	ill	ó,	agus	hó	ró	éil	- e,	A fheasgaich	dhuinn	nach	ann	duinn	a	dh'	éirich.
	Fail	eel	o,	agus	ho	ro	ail	- a,	My brown-haired lad,	what	a	fate	a	- waits	us!	

Saoil sibh fhéin nach mi 'bha truagh dheth,
 Feasgar foghair air achadh buana;
 A h-uile té 's a fear fhéin r'a guallainn,
 'S mo leannan donn-sa air bhàrr nan cuantan.

Shiùbhlainn, shiùbhlainn, shiùbhlainn fhéin leat,
 Shiùbhlainn fada troimh choill nan geug leat;
 'S 'n uair bha mi òg 's mi air bheagan céille
 Gur e do ghaol-sa a rinn mo léireadh.

Gheall mo mhàthair fàinne òir dhomh;
 Gheall m' athair buaille bhò dhomh;
 'S ged gheibhinn sud 's an saoghal mòr leis
 Gur mòr gu 'm b' ànnsa leam gaol an òigeir.

Phiuthar ghaolach dean gu réidh rium;
 Cum an crodh 'us na laigh bho chéile;
 'S ged ghabh mi 'm poca 's a dh' iarr mi'n déire,
 Na cumaidh uam-sa mo rogha céile.

'Dé na'm faicinn thu seach a' bhuaile!
 Sgealb mi 'n cuman, 'us thilg mi 'bhuarach—
 Chuirinn fhéin mo dhà làmh mu 'n cuairt duit
 'S cò, a ghaol, sin a chumadh uam thu?

In the pleasant harvest gloaming,
 Lads and lasses blythely roaming;
 Every maiden has her lover,
 But far on sea is my brown-haired rover.

Father, mother, I would leave them,
 Though my heart should break to grieve them;
 And I'd journey through the wildwood
 Beside the laddie I loved from childhood.

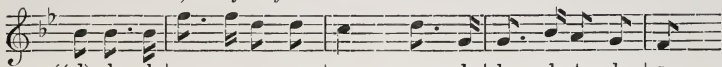
Not for gems of richest splendour
 Would I e'er his love surrender;
 Though the world were mine to-morrow,
 Without my lover 'twould bring but sorrow.

Sister darling, do not grieve me;
 Age and youth can ne'er agreed be:
 With my world's gear do your pleasure,
 But keep not from me my bosom's treasure.

What, if I should now behold him!
 To my bosom I would fold him;
 Care and anguish would forsake me;
 And who would then from my own love take me!

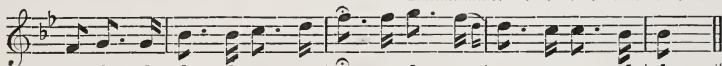
31.—SORAIDH SLÀN LE FIONN-AIRIDH!—FAREWELL TO FIUNARY!

KEY B♭.—Moderato, with feeling.



{ (.d) : d ., d | s ., s : m . m | r : m ., l₁ | l₁ ., d : t₁ . l₁ | s₁
 SEISD. { Eirich | ag - us tiu gainn | O, Eirich | ag - us tiu gainn | O,
 CHORUS. Eirich | ag - us tiu gainn | O, Eirich | ag - us tiu gainn | O,

Rallantando.



{ (.s) : l₁ ., l₁ | d ., d : r . m | ŝ ., s : l ., s^m | m ., r : r ., d | d
 Eirich | ag - us tiu gainn | O, Mo shoraidh slàn le Fionn-Air- idh!
 Eirich | ag - us tiu gainn | O, Farewell, farewell, to Fiun - a - ry!

Tha 'n latha math, 's an soirbheas ciùin ;
 Tha 'n ùine 'ruith, 's an t-àm dhuinn dlùth ;
 Tha 'm bàt' g' am fheitheamh fo a siùil,
 Gu m' thoirt a null o Fhionn-Airidh.

Tha ioma mille ceangal blàth
 Mar shaighdean ann am féin an sàs ;
 Mo chridhe 'n impis a bhi sgáinnt' ;
 A chionn bhi 'fagail Fhionn-Airidh.

Bu tric a ghabh mi sgrìob leam fhéin
 Mu'n cuairt air luchairt Fhinn an tréin ;
 'S a dh' éisd mi sgeulachdan na Féinn'
 'G an cur an oéill am Fionn-Airidh.

Bu tric a sheall mi feasgar Máirt
 Far am biodh Oisean 'seinn a dháin ;
 A' coimhead gréin aig ioma trà
 'Dol seach gach là 's mi 'm Fionn-Airidh.

Beannachd le beanntaibh mo ghaoil
 Far am faigh mi 'n fiadh le 'laogh,—
 Gu ma fad' an coilleach-fraoich
 A' glaothaich ann am Fionn-Airidh.

Ach cha 'n iad glinn us beanntan árd'
 A lot mo chridh' 's a rinn mo chrádh,
 Ach an diugh na tha fo phràmh
 An teach mo ghráidh am Fionn-Airidh.

Beannachd le athair mo ghráidh ;
 Bidh mi 'cuimhneach ort gu bráth ;
 Ghuidhinn sonas agus agh
 Do 'n t-sean fhear bhàn am Fionn-Airidh.

Am feum mi sibhal nait gun dàil ?
 Na siùil tha togte ris a' bhàt'—
 Soraidh slàn, le tr mo ghráidh,
 'Us slàn, gu bràth le Fionn-Airidh !

The wind is fair, the day is fine,
 Swiftly, swiftly runs the time ;
 The boat is floating on the tide
 That wafte me off from Fiunary.

A thousand, thousand tender ties—
 Accept this day my plaintive sighs ;
 My heart within me almost dies
 At thought of leaving Fiunary.

With pensive steps I've often strolled
 Where Fingal's castle stood of old,
 And listened while the shepherds told
 The legend tales of Fiunary.

I've often paused at close of day
 Where Ossian sang his martial lay,
 And viewed the sun's departing rays,
 When wand'ring o'er Dun Fiunary.

Farewell ye hills of storm and snow,
 The wild resorts of deer and roe ;
 In peace the heath-cock long may crow,
 Along the banks of Fiunary.

'Tis not the hills nor woody vales
 Alone my joyless heart bewails ;
 A mournful group this day remains
 Within the Manse of Fiunary.

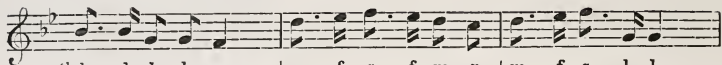
Can I forget Glenturret's name ?
 Farewell, dear father, best of men ;
 May heaven's joys with thee remain
 Within the Manse of Fiunary.

Oh must I leave these happy scenes ?
 See, they spread the flapping sails,
 Adieu ! adieu ! my native plains ;
 Farewell, farewell to Fiunary !

Words by the late DR. N. MACLEOD, ("CARAID NAN GAIDHEAL.") Gaelic translation by the late MR. ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, Glasgow.

32.—DH' FHALBH MO LEANNAN FHÉIN!—MY OWN DEAR ONE'S GONE!

KEY B \flat .—*Slowly, with expression.*



SEISD. { d ., d : l₁ . l₁ : s₁ | m ., f : s ., f : m . r | m ., f : s ., l₁ : l₁
 Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin! Dh' fhalbh mochéile lurach; Míseach mhath na dhéigh;
 CHORUS. My own dear one's gone! My true love's de-part-ed; Hap-py be his lot,



{ s₁ ., l₁ : d ., d : r . m | r ., d : l₁ . l₁ : s₁
 Dhómh - sa b' éig - inn fuireach; Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin!
 Though I'm brok - en heart - ed; My own dear one's gone!

'N uair a thog thu síuil,
 Bha mo shùil a' sìleadh;
 Dhuit-se ghuidh gach beul—
 “Slàn gu'n dean thu tilleadh.”
 Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin!

Ghoid thu leat mo shlàint',
 'S rinn thu m' fhàgail dubhach;
 Gus an till thu 'ghràidh,
 'Chaidh cha'n fhàs mi subhach.
 Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin!

Tha mì ghnàth ga d' chaidh,
 'S mì ga m' chlaoidh le fadal;
 Bho 'n a sheòl thu 'ruin,
 Tha mo shùil gun chadal.
 Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin!

Thainig sgeul gu tìr
 'Leòn mo chridh' mar shaignead,
 Gu'n robh thusa 'luaidh,
 'N grunnad a' chuain a'd laidhe.
 Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin!

'S cianail leam an sgeul—
 Ciod am feum bhi fuireach?
 Bith'dh mi leat gun dàil,
 'S gheibh mi fàilte 's furan.
 Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin!

When thy sails unfurled,
 I with tears had stayed thee,
 While each friendly lip
 Safe returning prayed thee.
 My own dear one's gone!

All my weal went then,
 Naught remained but sadness;
 Till thou come again
 I can ne'er know gladness.
 My own dear one's gone!

Wailing aye for thee,
 I'm heart-sick with sorrow;
 Sleepless now my eyes,
 From the eve till morrow.
 My own dear one's gone!

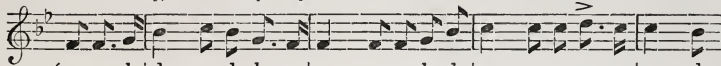
Sad! sad news I hear,
 Piercing like an arrow,
 That beneath the wave
 Sleeps “my winsome marrow.”
 My own dear one's gone!

Sad the tale to me;
 Need I longer tarry?
 Death, to rest, and thee,
 Soon my soul will carry.
 My own dear one's gone!

Chorus old; Gaelic words by “FIONN.” Translation by MR. A. M. ROSE,

33.—AN T-EILEAN MUILEACH—THE ISLE OF MULL.

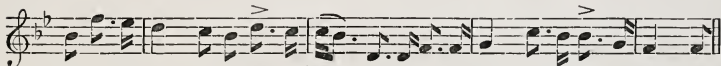
KEY B \flat .—*Slowly, with much feeling.*



{ .s₁ : s₁ ., l₁ | d : r . d : l₁ ., s₁ | s₁ : s₁ . s₁ : l₁ . d | r : r . r : m ., r | r : d

SEISD. { An t-Eilean Muileach, an t-eilean àgh - mhor, An t-eilean grianach mu'n iath an sàil - e ;

CHORUS. The Isle of Mull is of isles the fair - est, Of ocean's gems 'tis the first and rar - est ;



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

Eilean buadh-mhor nam fear-bheann àr - da, Nan coilltean uaine, 's nan cluaintean fàs - ail |

Green grassy is - land of sparkling foun - tains, Of waving woods and high tow'ring moun - tains.

Ged tha mi 'm fhògarrach cian air m' aineol
'S a' Chaisteal-nuadh, 's an taobh tuath de Shasunn,
Bith' dh tìr mo dhùthchais a' tigh'n'n fainear dhombh,
An t-Eilean Muileach 'bu lurach beannaibh.

B' fhallain, cùbhraidh 's bu réidh an t-àilean,
Le 'bhlàthan maoth-bhog 'bu chaoine fàileadh :
Bu ghlan na bruachan mu 'n d' fhuair mi m' àrach
An Doire-'chuilinn aig bun Beinn-bhàirneach.

Air Lusa chaisleach nan stachd 's nan cuartag,
Bhiodh bradain thàrr-gheal nam meanbh-bhall
ruadh-bhreach,
Gu beò-bhrisg, siùbhlach, le sùr ri lùth-chleas
'N a cuislibh dù-gorm gun ghrùid, gun ruadhan.

Bu chulaidh-shùgraidh do dh-òg-fhìr uallach,
Le gathan trì-mheurach, rinneach, cruaidh-ghlan,
Air caol-chroinn dhìreach, gun ghìamh, gun
chnuachd-mheòir,
'Bhi toirt nan làn-bhreach gu tràigh mu 'bruachan.

'B e 'n sòlas-intinn leam a bhì 'g éisdeachd
Rì còisir bhinn-ghuthach, gòrinn a' Chéitein
A' seinn gu sunndach an dlùth's nan geagan—
A' choill' fo liath-dhealt', 's a' ghrian ag éirigh !

Chlaon gach sòlas dhìu sud mar bhruadar,
'S mar bhristeadh builgein air bhàrr nan stuadh-
thonn :

Ach soraidh slàn leis gach loinn 'us buaidh,
A bh' air eilean àghmhor nan àrd-bheann fuara.

Though far from home I am now a ranger,
In grim Newcastle a doleful stranger,
The thought of thee stirs my heart's emotion,
And deeper fixes its fond devotion.

Oh ! fresh and fair are thy meadows blooming,
With fragrant blossoms the air perfuming,
Where boyhood's days I've oft spent in fooling,
Around Ben-Varnick and Durry-Cooling.

Where Lussa's stream through the pools comes
whirling,
Or o'er the clear pebbly shallows swirling,
The silvery salmon is there seen playing,
And in the sunbeams his hues displaying.

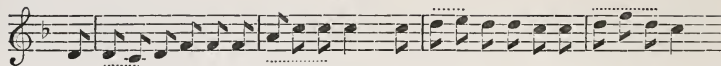
There might young manhood find fit enjoyment,
In healthy, vigorous, rare employment ;
With three-pronged spear on the margin standing,
And with quick dart the bright salmon landing.

How pleasant 'twas in the sweet May morning,
The rising sun thy gay fields adorning ;
The feathered songsters their lays were singing,
While rocks and woods were with echoes ringing.

But gone are now all those joys for ever,
Like bubbles bursting on yonder river :
Farewell, farewell, to thy sparkling fountains,
Thy waving woods and high tow'ring moun-
tains !

34.—AN GLUINN THU, LEANNAIN!—O HEAR ME, LOVE, HEAR ME!

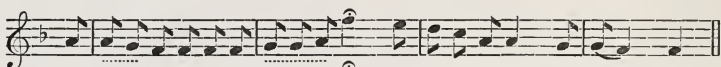
KEY F.—Moderato, beating twice in the Measure.



{ : l | l : s : l | d : d : d | m : s : s | s : — : s | l : t : l | l : s : s | l : d' : l | s : —

SEISD. { An | cluinn thu, leannain, an | cluinn thu! An | cluinn thu idir, an | cluinn thu!

CHORUS. Oh, hear my sorrowful cry, love! Oh, listen my pitiful sigh, love!



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

An | cluinn thu, leannain, an | cluinn thu! Mar | tha mi gu tinn 'g ad | ionnd - rainn!

Oh, how I wish thou wert nigh, love! For thee I am dai - ly pin - ing!

Mo chion air an sinnir!—'S i bean a' chùil bhàin
D' an d' thug mi 'n gaol falaich nach fannaich gu bràth;
Bu tu mo chend leannan gu sìthe do chàch,
'S mi nise fo phràmh 'g ad ionndrainn.

'S i d' ionmhaigh a's ceòl dhomh gach Dòmhnach 'us
Luain,
'S tu cuspair mo smaointean faoine gach uair;
'S i mhaise 'tha 'd aodann a chaochail mo shuadh,
'S a dh' fhàg mi gun luaidh air sùgradh.

'S truagh nach robb mise fo shìleadh a' cheò,
Còmhla ri m' leannan an gleannan an fheòir;
Cha 'n iarrainn a dh-ìochlaint' ach briodal do bheòil,
Oir 's millse do phòg na 'n sìucar.

Thàrmaich leann-dubh orm, mulad 'us cràdh;
O, 'n acain so 'leòn mi 'n tùs m' òige cho tràth!
An deaghaidh do gheallaidh mur faigh do làmh,
Beir saighdean do ghràidh do 'n ùir mi.

Ged their mo luchd-tuailleis nach buan duit mo ghràdh,
Cha chreideadh tu 'n còmhradh na 'm b'eòl dhuist a
mhead

'S a tha do d' chion-falaich air m'aigne gach là,
'S mo spiorad fo phràmh 'g a ghiulan.

Seall air a' ghealach air aghaidh nan speur,
Nach caochail a cùrsa 'measg dùmhlas nan reul;
Mar sin tha sìor iomairt mo chridh' as do dhèigh,
Bho 'n thug thu fo ghéill air tùs e.

Tha caoin shlios mo leannain mar eal' air a' chuan,
Na 's gile na'n fhaoileann air aodann nan stuagh;
Mar shneachd air na beannaibh, mar chanach nam
bruach,
'S i farasda, suaire' 'n a giulan.

I love thee, I love thee, my golden-haired maid,
With a deep hid affection which never shall fade;
My heart at thy shrine, love, its first homage paid;
But now it is lonely repining.

The theme of my songs thou art day after day;
And thoughts of thy sweet face are never away;
My spirits, now clouded, that once were so gay,
No more are to pleasure inclining.

Oh! would that I were far beyond human ken,
'Neath a mantle of mist hid in some cosy glen;
The balm that would gladden my wounded heart
then,
Were thy converse and kisses divine, love.

Since thou hast departed I wander alone,
And I can do nothing but sorrow and moan;
The sunshine of life is o'ershadowed and gone,
That once was resplendently shining.

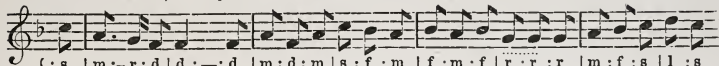
Let them say, if they may, that my love will decline;
You ne'er could believe such a case to be mine,
If you knew how my poor heart is bound up in
thine,
And longs so to reckon thee mine, love.

See the pale orb of night shining bright in the sky;
She holds on her course 'mong the planets on high:
Thus my heart would be faithful though fair ones
were nigh,
In beauty all others outshining.

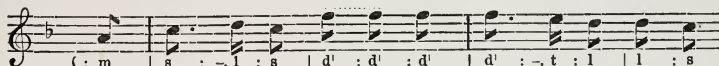
As fair as the swan is the maid I adore;
As pure as the sea-gull that lives by yon shore:
If thou would'st return to my bosom once more,
What pleasures again were mine, love!

35.—MO CHAILIN DONN ÒG—MY BONNIE BROWN MAID.

KEY F.—*Moderato, beating twice in the measure.* For Pianoforte Accompaniment see "THE TRISTLE."

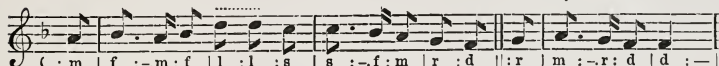


{ s m :- r : d | d :- d m : d : m | s : f : m f : m : f | r : r : r m : f : s | l : s
 Mo chailin donn òg, 's mo nìghean dubh thogarach, Thogainn ort fonn, 's neo- thron gu'n togainn,
 My bonnie brown maid, my raven-haired dearie, I'll mak ye a sang, and I'll lilt it fu' cheerie;



{ m s : - r : s | d' : d' : d' d' : - t : l | l : s
 Mo nigh'n dubh gun iarraidh mo bhria - thar gu'n tog - ainn,
 The truth I'll con - fess, the rea - son lies near me,

Coda after each verse.



{ m f :- m : f | l : l : s s :- f : m | r : d || r m :- r : d | d :-
 'S gu'n linn - sinn an t-aobhar nach eile - as 'g ad thogradh, Mo Chail - in donn òg!
 That nae bon - nie laddie has e'er come to speer thee, My bon - nie brown maid!

Gu bheil thu gu bòidheach, bainnidh, banail,
 Gun chron ort fo 'n ghreina, gun bhéum gun sgainnir;
 Gur gil' thu fo d' léine na éiteag na mara,
 'S tha choir again fhéin gun do chéile bhí mar-riut.

Gur muladach mi, 's mi 'n déigh nach math leam,
 Na dheanadh dhomh státh síg ach 'g a mhalaírt;
 Bith'dh d'athair an comhuidh 'g òl le caithream,
 'S e eòlas nan còrn a dh-fhàghe cho falamb.

Na'm bithinn ag òl mu bhòrd na dibhe,
 'S gu'm faicinn mo mbiann 's mo chiall a' t'ighinn.
 'S e 'n copan beag donn thogadh fonn air mo chridhe,
 'S cha tugainn mo bhriathran nach iarrainn e rithist.

Bith'dh bodalach na dùtch' ri bùrt 's ri fanaid,
 A cantainn riun féin nach géill mi dh-ainnis,
 Ged tha mi gun spreidh tha téud ri tharruing,
 'S cha sguir mi de 'n òl fhad 's is beò mi air thalamh.

'S ioma bodachan gnà nach dùraig mi aithris,
 Le thional air spreidh, 's iad ga thréigsinn a's t-earrach,
 Nach òl anns a bhliadhna trian a' ghalain,
 'S cha toir e fo 'n air na 's mò na bheir Calum.

Na'm bithinn air féill, 's na céudan mar-rium,
 De chuidheachda chòir a dh-òladh drama,
 Gu'n suidhinn mu 'n bhòrd 's gu'n tràighinn mo shearrag,
 'S cha d'thuirt mo bhean riamh riun ach—"Dia leat a' Calum."

Ged tha mi gun stòr, le òl 's le iomaírt,
 Air bheagan de m, le prís na mine,
 Tha m' fhòrtan aig Dia, 's e falaidh nime,
 'S ma gheith mi mo shláinte, gu' m páigh mi na shir mi.

Ge mór le càch na tha mi milleadh,
 Cha tugainn mo bhòid nach òlainn tuillidh,
 'S e gaoi a bhí mór tha m' fheòil a' sireadh,—
 Tha 'n sgeul ud ri aithris air Calum a' Ghlinne.

Thou'rt modest and comely, thou'rt blythe and thou'rt
 bonnie,
 And ne'er in thy heart could'st thou wish ill to onie;
 Thou'rt fairer, by far, when thou'rt dressed in thy plaidie,
 Than mony's a gaudy and braw-buskit lady.

Here sits your fule father the waur o' the drappie,
 While others noo handle what micht mak ye happy;
 His cunvie took wings, while he roared and he chantit,
 In horns without number; and noo ye maun want it.

Were I in the inn sitting heartsome and cheerie,
 And seeing thee passing, my ain bonnie dearie,
 The little brown coggie wou'd waken my speerits,
 To sing a bit sang on thy beauty and merits.

A wheen o' dowf bodies they scorn me and jeer me,
 And tell me that poverty soon will be near me;
 My gear may be scanty, but that winna grieve me;
 I'll stick to the dram till my last breath shall leave me.

There 's waridly auld carles, too, I carena to mention,
 To corn and to cattie pay 'their attention,
 Wha drink in a year no the third o' a gallon—
 They'll tak to the cauld yird nae mair than puir Calum.

At fairs and at markets I meet wi guid fellows,
 And maybe I aft sit and drink till I'm mellow:
 But, though I should finish a bottle in glasses,
 My wife ne'er soid waur than "Od Calum, guid bless us."

My pouch has a hole in't wi drinking and ranting;
 The meal it is dear, and the siller is wantin';
 Yet God in His bounty our store shall provide aye,
 And, health being mine, what I seek I will pay't aye.

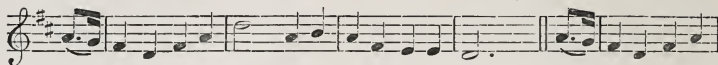
Though douce folks declaim at my drinking and spending:
 I wadna just promise they'll e'er see it's ending:
 The wish to be big—it's my candid opinion,
 Will aye be the bane o' puir Calum a' Ghlinne.

Gaelic words by "CALUM A' GHLINNE," (M. MACKENZIE.) Translation by MR. M. MACFARLANE, Paisley.

36.—ALLT-AN-T-SIÛCAIR—THE SUGAR BROOK.

KEY D.—*Moderato.*

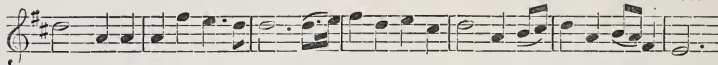
FINE.



{ : s ..f | m : d | m : s | d' :— | s : l | s : m | r : r | d :— |— | : s ..f | m : d | m : s
 A' | dol thar Allt-an- t-siúcair, am maeduan chàbhradh Chéit', 'Us paid-ir - ean geal
 When passing o'er this streamlet, one fragrant morn in May, The meadows wet with

'S gac-mhoit air euthag chùl-ghorm 's gug - gùg aic' air a' ghéig.
 The cuckoo's note of glad - ness a - rose from scented spray.

D.C.



{ | d' :— | s : s | s : m' | r' :— : d' | r' | m' : d' | r' : t | d' :— | s : l . t | d' : s | l . s : m | r : — |
 dlùth-ehneap de'n driachd gorm air an fhéur; Bha *Richard's Robin* brà - dhearg ri seinn's fear dhiu 'n'a bbeus;
 dew - drops, shone bright at dawn of day; The crimson - breasted Rob - in was pouring forth his lay; D.C.

Bha 'n smeòrach cur nan smiid dhi
 Air bacan-cùil leath' féin;
 An dreachan-donn gu sùrdail,
 'S a rifeid-chiùil 'n a bheul;
 Am bricean-beithe 's lùb air,
 'S e gleusadh lùth a theud;
 An coileach-dubh ri dùrdan,
 'S a chearc ri tìchan réidh.

Na bric a' gearradh shùrdag,
 Ri plubraich dhlùth le chéil',
 Taobh-leunraich mear le lùth-chleas,
 A bùrn le mùirn ri gréin;
 Ri ceapadh chulleag siùbhlach,
 Le 'm bristeadh lùthmhor fhéin:
 Druim lann-ghorm, 's ball-bhreac giùran,
 'S an lannir-chùil mar léig.

Bùrn tana, glan, gun ruadha,
 Gun deathaich, rusain, no ceò,
 Bheir anam-fàs 'us gluasad
 D' a chluaineagan mu 'bhòrd.
 Gaoir bheachan buidhe 's ruadha,
 Ri diogladh chluaran-òir;
 'S cir-mheala 'g a cur suns leò
 'N céir-chuachagan 'n an stòir.

Cur sòlas an ceòl-cluaise,
 Ard-bhàirich buair mu d' chrò;
 Lèighid cheann-fhionn, bhreac, 'us ruadha,
 Ri freagradh nuallan bhò;
 A' bhanarach le buartha,
 'S am buachail' dol 'n an còir,
 Gu bleoghann a' chruidh ghuail-fhinn
 Air cauch a thogas cròic.

The mavis warbles loudly
 From yonder leafy tree;
 The wren now joins the chorus,
 And chirps aloud with glee;
 The linnet is preparing
 Her cheerfulness to shew,
 While black-cocks greet their partners
 With cooing soft and low.

Thy limpid waters laving
 Rich banks of bonny green,
 Where in his silvery splendour
 The salmon oft is seen;
 He leaps in all his glory
 To catch the flies at play,
 And lashes with his playing
 The waters into spray.

Thy crystal stream goes flowing
 Through many a grassy lea,
 Supplying sap and fragrance
 To every herb and tree;
 The honey-bee is roaming
 In yonder flowery dell;
 The nectar from thy roses
 He stores within his cell.

How pleasant is the lowing
 Of cattle by the fold,
 Their calves around them playing,
 How pleasant to behold!
 The milk-maid sings her chorus
 To cattle in the dale,
 While they to overflocking
 Soon fill the milking-pail.

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