

Blair 362

THE  
CELTIC LYRE:

A COLLECTION OF  
GAELIC SONGS, WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS.

By FIONN.



PART IV—PRICE SIXPENCE.  
MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS.

EDINBURGH: JOHN GRANT.  
GLASGOW: HENRY WHYTE. | OBAN: HUGH MACDONALD.

1898.

## CONTENTS OF PART I.

Muille nam mór-bheann—Mull of the Bens.  
A' ghruagach dhonn—Brown-haired nymph.  
A' chruinneag Ìeach—The Islay maiden.  
Bidh mi ga d' chaoidh—I'll sorrow for thee.  
Mo rùn geal, dìleas—My faithful fair one.  
Mo bheannachd ort, a Mhàiri—My blessings on thee, Mary.  
Moladh na Landaidh—The praise of Islay.  
Tha mo rùn air a' ghille—I dearly lo'e the laddie.  
Gur moch rin mi dùsgadh—I early awoke.  
Gun chrodh gun aighean—The tocherless lass.

Fear a' bhàta—The boatman.  
An ribhinn donn—The auburn maid.  
Tuireadh—Lament  
Oran mulaid—A song of grief.  
Dealachadh leannain—A lover's parting.  
Is toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd—I love the Highlands  
An ribhinn àluinn—The charming maiden.  
Mo nighean chruinn, donn—My neat auburn maid.  
A' Chuairt-shamhraidh—The summer ramble.  
Seònaid a' chùil réidh—Jessie I loved well.

---

## CONTENTS OF PART II.

Leis an Lurgainn—With the Lurgainn.  
Soiridh !—Farewell !  
Clachan Ghlinn-da ruail—Clachan Glen-da-ruel.  
An Gàidheal 's a leannain—The Gael and his Sweetheart.  
Gur trom, trom mo cheum—Heavy-hearted I mourn.  
C'àite 'n caidil an ribhinn?—Where sleepest thou, my Dearie  
Mo nighean donn bhòidheach—My Brown-haired Maiden.  
Dùthaich nan craobh—The Land of the Trees.

Màiri bhòidheach—Pretty Mary.  
Am fleagach donn—The Brown-haired Lad.  
Soiridh sìan le Fionn-airidh—Farewell to Finuary  
Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin !—My own dear one's gone !  
An-t-Eilean Muileach—The Isle of Mull.  
An cluinn thu 'leannain !—O hear me, love hear me !  
Mo chailin donn, òg—By Bonnie Brown Maid.  
Allt-an-t-siùcair—The Sugar-brook.

---

## CONTENTS OF PART III.

A' mhaighdean àluinn—The peerless maiden.  
Na làithean a dh'aom—The gay days of yore.  
Oigfhear a chùil-dualaich—Laddie with the golden hair.  
Am Fonn—The Melody.  
Ealaidh ghaoil—A Melody of Love.  
Gabhaidh sinn an rathad-mór—We will take the highway.  
O, till, a leannain—Return my darling.  
Màiri laghach—Winsome Mary.  
Mo chailin dìleas donn—My faithful auburn maid.

Fuadach nan Gàidheal—The dispersion of the High-landers.  
A' ghruagach bhanail—The blythesome lassie.  
Cruachan-Beann—Cruachan Ben.  
Gille mo luaidh—The lad I love well.  
Eilidh Bhàn—Allie Bain.  
Mo nighean donn—My brown maid.  
Eilean an Fhraoich—The Isle of the Heather.

---

## CONTENTS OF PART IV.

Cagaran gaolach—Hush ye, my bairnie.  
Eilean a' cheò—The Isle of Mist.  
Mo nighean dubh—My black-haired maid.  
An còineachan—A Fairy lullaby.  
Crodh Chailein—Colin's Cattle.  
Cuir a chinn dlis—Fairest and dearest.  
Do'n Chuthaig—The Cuckoo.  
Mo Dhachaidh—My ain house.  
Ailean Muideartach—Allan, Laird o' Moidart.

'S fheudar dhomh 'bhi togail orm—I maun rise an gang awa.  
Maraiche nan tonn—The Sailor laddie.  
Iorram—A boat song.  
Mo shùil a'd' dhéigh—For thee I sigh.  
'Toirt m' aghaidh ri Diùra—Lang lookin' tae Jura.  
Gaoil an t-seòladair—The Sailor's love.  
An t-òigear nallach—The gay young laddie.

---

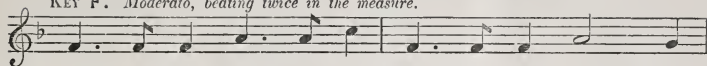
## THE CELTIC LYRE.

The four parts handsomely bound in full cloth, gilt, price 3/.

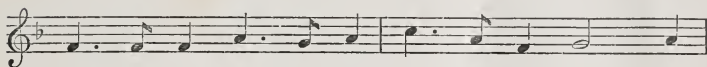
can now be had

## 53—CAGARAN GAOLACH—HUSH YE, MY BAIRNIE.

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



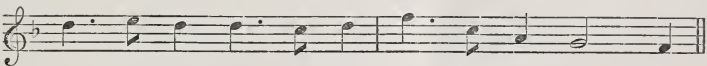
{ d : - .d : d   m : - .m : s	d : - .d : d   m : - : r }
Cag - ar - an, cag - ar - an,	cag - ar - an gaol - ach,
Hush ye, my bairn - ie, my	bon - nie wee lad - die,



{ d : - .d : d   m : - .r : m	s : - .m : d   r : - : m }
Cag - ar - an fogh - [ainteach,	fear de mo dhaoin - e,
When ye're a man ye shall	fol - low yer dad - die;



{ d : - .d : d   m : - .m : s	d : - .d : d   f : - : s }
Goid - idh e gobh - ar dhomh,	goid - idh e caoir - ich;
Lift me a coo, and a goat,	and a we - ther,



{ l : - .t : l   l : - .s : l	d' : - .s : m   r : - : d
Goid - idh e cap - ull 'us	mart o na raoin - tean.
Bring - ing them] lame tae yer	min - nie the - gi - ther.

Cagaran laghach thu, cagaran caomh thu,  
 Cagaran odhar, na cluinneam do chaoine;  
 Goididh e gobhar 'us goididh e caoirich,  
 Goididh e sithionn o fhreach an aonaich.

Dean an cadalan 's dhùin do shùilean;  
 Dean an cadalan beag ann mo sgùrdaich;  
 Rinn thu an cadalan, 's dhùin do shùilean,  
 Rinn thu an cadalan, slàn gu'n dùisg thu.

Gaelic words old. Fragment of an old Lochaber lullaby. Translation by M. MACFARLANE.

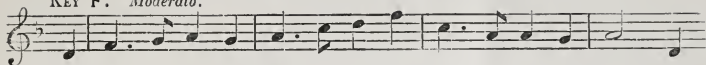
Hush ye, my bairnie, my bonnie wee lammie;  
 Routh o' guid things ye shall bring tae yer mammie;  
 Hare frae the meadow, and deer frae the mount<sup>ain</sup>,  
 Grouse frae the murlan', and trout frae the fount<sup>ain</sup>.

Hush ye, my bairnie, my bonnie wee dearie;  
 Sleep! come and close the een, heavy and wearie;  
 Closed are the wearie een, rest ye are takin'—  
 Soun' be yer sleepin', and bright be yer wakin'.



# 55—MO NIGHEAN DUBH—MY BLACK-HAIRED MAID.

KEY F. *Moderato.*

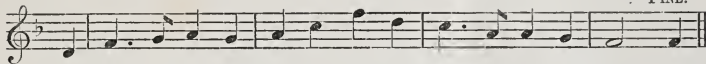


{ . l<sub>1</sub> | ḍ ., r : m . r | ṃ ., s : ḷ . ḍ' | ṣ ., ṃ : ṃ . r | ṃ : l<sub>1</sub> . }

SEISD. { Mo nighean dubh, tha b'bidheach dubh, Mo nighean dubh, na tréig mi; }

CHORUS. My black-haired maid, so leal and true, My darling, do not leave me;

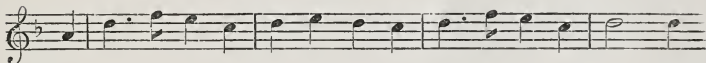
FINE.



{ . l<sub>1</sub> | ḍ ., r : ṃ . r | ṃ . s : ḍ' . ḷ | ṣ ., ṃ : ṃ . r | ḍ : ḍ . }

{ Ged their eadh càch gu bheil thu dubh, Cho gheal 's an gruth leam féin thu. }

Though black thy hair, a fairer hue I would not have, be - lieve me



{ . ṃ | ḷ ., ḍ' : ṭ . ṣ | ḷ . ṭ : ḷ . ṣ | ḷ ., ḍ' : ṭ . ṣ | ḷ : ḷ . }

{ Do shùilean mar na dearcagan, Do ghruaidh air dhath na céire, }

Thy cheeks are waxen red and fair, Thy shining eyes are clearest,

D.C.



{ . ṭ | ḍ' ., ḷ : ṣ . ṣ | ḷ . ṭ : ḍ' . ḷ | ṣ ., ṃ : ṃ . r | ḍ : ḍ . }

{ Tha cùl do chinn air dhreachan fhithich 'S gràdh mo chridhe féin thu. }

Be - neath thy waving raven hair—My heart is thine, my dear - est.

Shùil chorrach, ghorm fo chaol mhala  
Bho'n tig an sealladh òibhinn,  
Mar dhealt camhanaich 'san earrach,  
'S mar dhrìohch meala céitein,  
Mo nighean dubh, &c.

Tha 'falt dubh dualach, trom neo-luaidhte,  
'N ceangal sguab air m' euchdaig;  
Gur b'bidheach e mu d' chluasaibh  
'Us cha mheas 'an cualein bréid e.  
Mo nighean dubh, &c.

Is olc a rinn do chàirdean orm,  
Is rinn iad pàirt ort féin deth,  
'Nuair chuir iad às an dùthaich thu,  
'S mi 'n dùil gu'n dèanainn feum duit.  
Mo nighean dubh, &c.

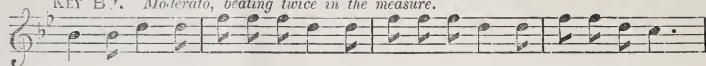
Thy large blue eyes, so mild and bright,  
Beneath their lashes beaming,  
Like lucid dew-drops when the light  
Of morn is o'er them streaming.  
My black-haired maid, &c.

Thy glossy tresses from their snood  
In waving fold unbraided,  
Thou could'st not have a richer hood,  
Or be more neatly shaded.  
My black-haired maid, &c.

'Tis for the love I bear to thee—  
A love with sorrow laden—  
That thou art banished far from me,  
My bonnie black-haired maiden.  
My black-haired maid, &c.

56—AN GOINEACHAN—A FAIRY LULLABY.

KEY E♭. *Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*



SEISD. { ḍ : - : ḍ | ṃ : - : ṃ | ṣ : ṣ : ṣ | ṃ : - : (ṃ) | ṣ : ṣ : ṣ | ṃ : - : (ṃ) | ṣ : ṣ : ṃ | ṛ : - : - }  
 CHORUS. Hó - van, hó - van, Gorry òg O, Gorry òg, O, Gorry òg, O;



{ ḍ : - : ḍ | ṃ : - : ṃ | ṣ : ṣ : ṣ | ṃ : - : ṣ | ḍ : - : ḍ | ṛ : - : ṃ | ṛ : - : ṛ | ḍ : - : - ||  
 Hó - bhan, hó - bhan, Goiridh òg O, Gu'n d'fhalbh mo ghaol 's gu'n d'fhàg e ml.  
 Hó - van, hó - van, Gorry òg O, I've lost my dar - ling ba - by, O!

Dh' fhàg mi 'n so 'na shìneadh e,  
 'Na shìneadh e, 'na shìneadh e;  
 Gu'n d'fhàg mi 'n so 'na shìneadh e  
 'Nuair dh'fhalbh mi 'bhuain nam braoileagan.

Fhuair mi lorg an dobhraìn duinn,  
 An dobhraìn duinn, an dobhraìn duinn,  
 Gu'n d'fhuair mi lorg an dobhraìn duinn;  
 'S cha d'fhuair mi lorg mo chòineachain!

Fhuair mi lorg na h-eal' air an t-snàmh,  
 Na h-eal' air an t-snàmh, na h-eal' air an t-snàmh,  
 Gu'n d'fhuair mi lorg na h-eal' air an t-snàmh,  
 'S cha d'fhuair mi lorg mo chòineachain!

Fhuair mi lorg an laoigh bhric dheirg,  
 An laoigh bhric dheirg, an laoigh bhric dheirg;  
 Gu'n d'fhuair mi lorg an laoigh bhric dheirg,  
 'S cha d'fhuair mi lorg mo chòineachain!

Fhuair mi lorg a' ched 'sa' bheinn,  
 A' ched 'sa' bheinn, a' ched 'sa' bheinn;  
 Ged fhuair mi lorg a' ched 'sa' bheinn  
 Cha d'fhuair mi lorg mo chòineachain.

I left my darling lying here,  
 A-lying here, a-lying here;  
 I left my darling lying here,  
 To go and gather blueberries.

I've found the wee brown otter's track,  
 The otter's track, the otter's track;  
 I've found the wee brown otter's track,  
 But ne'er a trace of baby, O!

I found the track of the swan on the lake,  
 The swan on the lake, the swan on the lake;  
 I found the track of the swan on the lake,  
 But not the track of baby, O!

I found the track of the yellow fawn,  
 The yellow fawn, the yellow fawn;  
 I found the track of the yellow fawn,  
 But could not trace my baby, O!

I found the trail of the mountain mist,  
 The mountain mist, the mountain mist;  
 I found the trail of the mountain mist,  
 But ne'er a trace of baby, O!

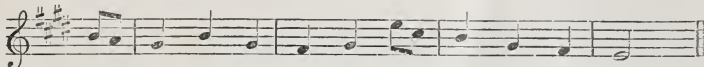


## 57—CRODH CHAILEIN—COLIN'S CATTLE.

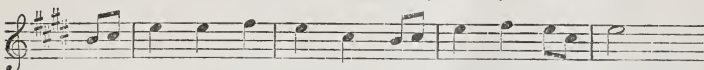
KEY E. *Moderato, with expression.*



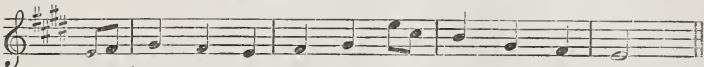
KEY E. { *d* *r* | *M* : *M* : *S* | *m* *r* : *d* : *d* *r* | *M* : *S* : *d*<sup>1</sup> | *l* : - }  
 Crodh Chaillein mo chridh - e, Crodh Chaillein mo ghaoil;  
 Cro Challaín would gie me Sae cannie and free



{ *s* *f* | *M* : *S* : *M* | *r* : *M* : *d*<sup>1</sup> *l* | *s* : *M* : *r* | *d* : - ||  
 Gu'n tugadh crodh Chaillein Dhomh bainn' air an fhuarach.  
 Their milk on the hill - tap When nane's bye tae see.



SEISD. { *s* *l* | *d*<sup>1</sup> : *d*<sup>1</sup> : *r*<sup>1</sup> | *d*<sup>1</sup> : *l* : *s* *l* | *d*<sup>1</sup> : *r*<sup>1</sup> : *d*<sup>1</sup> *l* | *d*<sup>1</sup> : - }  
 CHORUS. Crodh Chaillein mo chridhe, Crodh Chaillein mo ghaoil;  
 Cro Challaín are bonnie, Cro Challaín are braw;



{ *d* *r* | *M* : *r* : *d* | *r* : *M* : *d*<sup>1</sup> *l* | *s* : *M* : *r* | *d* : - ||  
 Crodh ciar - dubh, breac, ballach, Air dhath na circ an' fhuarach.  
 Like the wing o' the muir - hen Brown spotted an' a'.

Gu'n tugadh crodh Chaillein  
 Dhomh bainne gu teòir,  
 Air mullach a' mhunaidh,  
 Gun duine 'nar còir.  
     Crodh Chaillein mo chridhe,  
     Crodh Chaillein mo ghaoil;  
 Crodh Ìonadh nan gogan,  
 Crodh togail nan laogh.

Gu'n tugadh crodh Chaillein  
 Dhomh bainn' air an raon,  
 Gun chumhan gun bhàrach,  
 Gun ùairean, gun laogh.  
     Crodh Chaillein mo chridhe,  
     Crodh Chaillein mo ghaoil,  
 Gu h-eutrom 'san eadradh  
 A' beadradh ri 'n laogh.

Gu bheil sae air mo chridhe,  
 'S tric snìdh air mo ghruaidh,  
 Agus smuaircan air m'aigne  
 Chum an cadal so bhuam.  
     Crodh Chaillein mo chridhe,  
     Crodh Chaillein mo ghaoil;  
 Crodh ciar-dubh, breac, ballach  
 Air dhath na circ-fhuarach.

Cha chaidil, cha chaidil,  
 Cha chaidil mi naìr,  
 Cha chaidil mi idir,  
 Gus an till na bheil uam.  
     Crodh Chaillein mo chridhe,  
     Crodh Chaillein mo ghaoil;  
 Crodh Ìonadh nan gogan,  
 Crodh togail nan laogh.

Their milk they will gie me  
 Sae cannie and free,  
 A' our lane on the hill-tap  
 Whaur nane's bye tae see.  
     Cro-Challaín are bonnie,  
     Cro-Challaín are dear;  
 Sae gran' at the milkin'  
 Siccan calves as they rear!

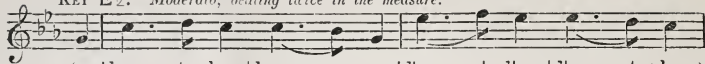
Cro-Challaín wad gie me,  
 Wherever they browse,  
 Their milk without fetter,  
 Among the green knowes.  
     Cro-Challaín sae zammie,  
     In the heat o' the day,  
 They lie 'mang the heather,  
 While their calves round them play

There's a load on my bosom;  
 There's a tear in my ee;  
 I am wae and forfochten;  
 There's nae sleepin' for me.  
     Cro-Challaín are bonnie,  
     Cro-Challaín are braw;  
 Like the wing o' the muir-hen,  
 Brown spotted an' a'.

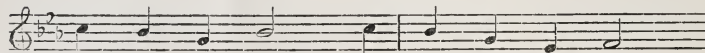
Nae sleepin', nae sleepin',  
 Nae sleepin' for me;  
 Till they come that I'm seekin',  
 I maun ne'er close an ee.  
     Cro-Challaín sae bonnie,  
     Cro-Challaín sae dear  
 They aye fill the milk-pail—  
 What braw calves they rear!

# 58—GUIL A CHINN DILIS—FAIREST AND DEAREST.

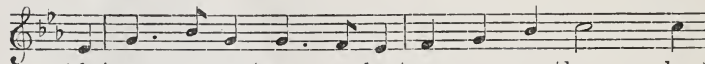
KEY E2. *Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*



{ f : m | l : - . t : l | l : - . s : m | d' : - . r' : d' | d' : - . t : l }  
 O, cuir a chinn dl - lis, dl - lis, dl - lis,  
 O, sweet - est and dear - est, fairest and dear - est.



{ l : s : m | s : - : l | s : m : d | r : - : l }  
 Cuir a chinn dl - lis tharam do lámh.  
 Take me, my dar - - ling, now in thine arms.



{ d : m : - . s : m | m : - . r : d | r : m : s | l : - : l }  
 Do ghorm - shùilean tair - is a mhealladh na mill - tean,  
 Thy red lips are smil - ing, thy blue - eyes be - gull - ing,



{ s : m : d | m : - : r | r : d : l | l : - }  
 'Eam - aid - each mi 'nuair thug mi dhuit gràdh.  
 Would that I ne'er had gaz'd on thy charms.

Rinn deisead do phearsa,  
 Nach facas a thuairemas,  
 'G iomachd fo'n chuach-chuil camagach tlàth,  
 Rinn dealradh do mhaise,  
 'Us lasadh do ghruaidhean  
 Mise 'ghrad-bhualadh thairis gu làr.

Do dhearc-shùilean glana  
 Fo mbala gun ghruaiméan,  
 'S daingean a bhuail iad mise le d'ghràdh;  
 Do ròs-bhilean tana,  
 Sèimh, farasda, suairec—  
 Cladhaichear m' uagh mur glac thu mo lámh.

Their fuasgladh air m' anam  
 O'n cheangal a's cruaidhe;  
 Cuimhnich air t' naise, 's cobhair mo chàs;  
 No biodhams a'm' thràill dhuit  
 Gu bràth o an uair so;  
 Tiomaich o chruas do chridhe gu tlàths.

Cha 'n fhaodar leam cadal,  
 Air leabaidh an uaigneas,  
 'S m' aigne 'gam bhuaireadh a dh' oidhche 'sa là;  
 Ach ainneir a's binne,  
 'S a's grinne, 's a's suairec,  
 Gabhsa dhìom truas 'us bithidh mi slàn.

Thy beauty and brightness  
 And lightness in going,  
 Under the bonnie brown waves of thy hair,  
 Thy lips red and luscious,  
 And blushes bright glowing,  
 Smote me with love and sweetest despair.

Thy blue eyes soft beaming  
 And gleaming, my treasure,  
 Lips like the rose in the dew of the morn,  
 With passions have filled me,  
 And thrilled me with pleasure;  
 Death is my doom if I suffer their scorn.

Thy charms are ensnaring,  
 Despairing I languish;  
 Free me—remember how noble thou art;  
 No longer enslave me,  
 But save me from anguish;  
 Love, sweetest love—let it soften thine heart.

For me there's no sleeping,  
 But weeping grief-laden,  
 Midnight and morn with sorrow I dwell;  
 But oh! should my sweetest  
 And neatest young maiden  
 Pity and love me, soon I'd be well,



## 59—DO'N CHUTHAIG—THE CUCKOO.

KEY F. *Moderato.*

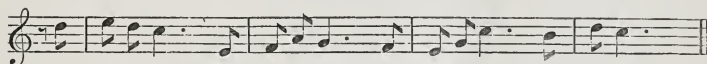
{ : .s | m̄ .s : d' : - .t | l .d' : s : - .s | m̄ .s : d' : - .r' | m̄' . r' : - }  
 O, fáilt ort fhéin, a chuthag ghorm, Le d' bran cebl - mhór mil - is!  
 O, welcome, welcome, cuckoo gray! With thy mel' - o - dious sing - ing,



{ : .f | m̄ .s : d' : - .t | l .d' : s : - .d' | t .d' : r' : - .m̄' | r' . d' : - }  
 'Se seirm do bheibh 'sa Chéitean bg, A thogadh brén o m' chridhe.  
 Thy tuneful note in youthful May A balm for sor - row bringing.



{ : .d' | t .d' : r' : - .t | l .s : d' : - .d' | r' .m̄' : f' : - .m̄' | m̄' . r' : - }  
 'S ro - lbhinn leam t'fhuaim 'sa nhaduinn Chéit, 'S tu air lhhàr géig 'san inn - is;  
 On branch-top perched at rosy dawn, How sweet to hear thee call - ing;



{ : .r' | m̄' . r' : d' : - .m̄ | f .l : s : - .f | m̄ .s : d' : - .t | r' . d' : - }  
 'No'm feasgar ciùin aig bun nan stùc, 'Nuair bhiodh an d'riùchd a' sìleadh.  
 Or at still eve on jutting crag, When soft the dew is fall - ing.

O, innis c'ait an robh do thriall  
 'Nuair bha na siantan fionnar;  
 No 'n robh thu 'd thosd gun chàil gun toirt  
 An còs a' chnoic fo dhubhar?  
 'S mor m' fharmaid riut, a chuthag chòir,  
 Cha dean thu bròn 'nad shiubhal,  
 'Chionn tha do dhroie daonnan gorm,  
 'S do chridh' an còmhnuidh subhach.

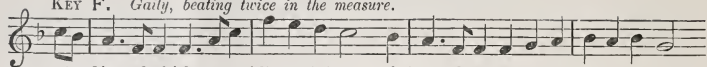
Ged theibeas tu roimh 'n fhuachd air àm,  
 Gu'n faic do gheann thu rithis,  
 Ach 'n uair bheir mise ris mo chùl,  
 Cha bli mo dhùil ri tilleadh;  
 Is truagh nach 'urrainn doimh leat triall  
 Air astar sgiath 'nar dithis,  
 Le caismeachd bhinn 'toirt fios gach àm  
 'Nuair bhiodh an samhradh 'tighinn.

Oh, say where to thy journey tends,  
 When storms on summer follow?  
 Or art thou silent, snug at ease,  
 Hid in some shady hollow?  
 Beloved bird, I envy thee,  
 Thou bring'st no sorrow tearful,  
 For as thy grove is ever green,  
 Thy heart is ever cheerful.

Though winter drives thee south away,  
 Again thy glen shall hear thee;  
 But when I go no gladsome hope  
 Of coming back shall cheer me.  
 Oh, that afar we journey might  
 On winged flight together!  
 With welcome note to warn the land  
 Of coming summer weather.

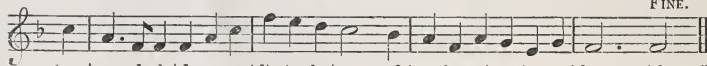
# 60—MO DHACHAIDH—MY AIN HOUSE.

KEY F. Gaily, beating twice in the measure.

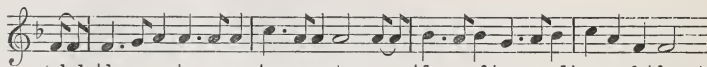


SEISD. { Seinn hìribh o hìribh o hngaibh o hì, So agaibh an obair bheir togail fo m' chridh, }  
 CHORUS. Sing cheerlie, couthlie, cantie and free, O, this is the hour o' sweet solace to me, }

FINE.

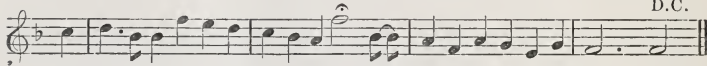


{ f : s | m : -d : d | d : -m : s | d' : t : l | s : - : f | m : -d : d | d : r : m | f : m : f | r : - : }  
 { Bhi stìbradh mo chasan do m' dhachaidh bhig fhìh, Air crìochmachadh saothair an Ra dhomh. }  
 When wearied wì' toìlin' out owre the green lea, I toddle wì' glee to my ain house.



{ d : d | d : -r : m | m : -m : m | s : -m : m | m : - : m : m | f : -m : f | r : -m : f | s : m : d | d : - : }  
 RAN. { Ràchadh treun fhìr an cein an deigh sonais us gloir, 'S na polltrean gorach 'nan toir do'n tigh-od; }  
 VERSE. The sodger may hie to a far foreign shore, The toper delight in the ale-house to roar,

D.C.



{ s | l : -f : f | d' : t : l | s : f : m | d' : - : f : f | m : d : m | r : t : r | d : - : - | d : - : }  
 { Biodh spìocairean crìonda 'gan iarraidh 'san òr, Gheibh mise làn - shòlas 'nam fhàrd - aich. }  
 The miser may revel in countin' his store, I ha'e pleasures galore in my ain house.

Seall thall thar an aiseig am fagsadh nan craobh,  
 Am bothan beag glan ud, 's e gealaicht' le aoil;  
 Sud agaibh mo dhachaidh, 's i dachaidh mo ghaoil,  
 Gun chasteal 'san t-saoghal a 's fearr leam.

Tha maise an àite ag àrdach' a luach;  
 Tha 'n t-sòbhrag' 's an neòinean a' còmhach nam bruch;  
 Tha toman 'ga dhionadh o shìlan an taobh-tuaithe;  
 'S mu 'n cuairt air the chuanagan àillidh.

Tha Nàdur 'san hìt' ud a ghnàth 'cur ri ceòl—  
 Mur e 'n smèorach 'san duilleach 's e 'n uiseag 'sna neòil;  
 No caochan an fhuarain a' gluasad troinb 'n lòn;  
 No Mòrag ri crònan do 'n phàisde.

Mo dhàrachd 's mo bheannachd dhuit, bheanag na loinn,  
 Tha fritheal' mu m' fhàrdach' 's ag àrach' mo chloinn;  
 Do chridhe 's do nàdur gun àrdan, gun fhòill,  
 Ach caoinheas a' boillsgeadh 'nad bhàth-shuil.

Air cìarach do 'n fheasgar 's mi seasgair fo dhìon.  
 Mu 'n cuairt air a' chagailt bìdh aighear gun dìth,  
 Na pàisdean rì àbhachd 's am màthair rì sulomh,  
 'S mo chridh-s' air a' hionadh le gràdh dhoibh.

Air falbh uam a' mhòr-chuis, an t-òr agus clùt;  
 Cha 'n eil amta ach faoinneas 'us saobh-ghlòir nach fhùt;  
 Cha 'n fhàginn mo dhachaidh 's bean-chagair mo rùin  
 Gu bhì 'scalbhachadh luchairt le bànrigh 'nn.

Ayont by the ferry, whaur woodlands are green,  
 My cantie cot housie stan's tidy an' clean;  
 I envy nae laird in his castle, I ween,  
 I'm happy an' bien in my ain house.

My cosy bit biggin' it's dear abune a',  
 Surrounded wì' daisies an' primroses braw,  
 The hillock ahint it's a bield frae the snaw  
 When winter win's blaw roun' my ain house.

Kind nature has scattered her gifts through the glen,  
 The lark is in tune as he sou'n's his refrain;  
 My wife hears the croon o' the burn in the den,  
 As she lits to the wean in our ain house.

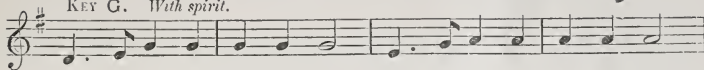
My blessin' gae wì' ye, foud wife o' mine,  
 The star o' my name since I wooed ye langsyne,  
 Yer leaf heart wad never to envy incline;  
 Ye're cantie an' kin' in yer ain house.

At fa' o' the gloamin' when darkness is near,  
 Our hearth is surrounded wì' daffin' and cheer.  
 The bairnies are singin' sae lightsome an' clear,  
 They're pleasant to hear in our ain house.

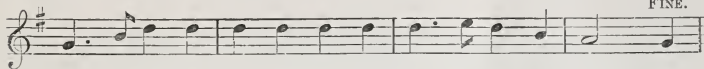
Awa' wì' yer riches an' rank, wì' their glare,  
 They're naethin' but folly an' phantoms o' air;  
 The ha' o' the Queen an' the luxuries there air,  
 Can never compare wì' my ain house.

# 61—AILEAN MUIDEARTACH—ALLAN, LAIRD O' MOIDART.

KEY G. *With spirit.*

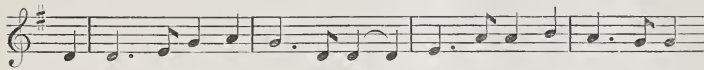


SEISD. { S<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> : d . d | d . d : d | l<sub>1</sub> ., d : r . r | r . r : r }  
 THA tigh'nn fodham, | fodham, fodh'm, | Tha tigh'nn fodham, | fodham, fodh'm; }  
 CHORUS. Come and merrie, merrie be, Come and merrie, merrie be,

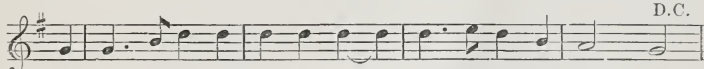


FINE.

{ d ., m : s . s | s . s : s . s | s ., l : s . m | r : d . }  
 THA tigh'nn fodham, | fodham, fodh'm, | Tha tigh'nn fodham, | éir - igb. ||  
 Come and sing a - lang wi' me Of Al - lan, Laird o' Moi - dart.



{ f. S<sub>1</sub> | S<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> : d . r | d ., S<sub>1</sub> : S<sub>1</sub> . S<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> ., r : r . m | r ., d : d . }  
 RANN. O | sud an t-sláinte | chùr - a - mach, | OI - am - aid gu' sunnach i, }  
 VERSE. Come, fill up a' yer glasses, O, And let na care op - press us, O,



D.C.

{ f. d | d ., m : s . s | s . s : s . s | s ., l : s . m | r : d }  
 Deoch - sláinte Allean | Mhùideartaich, Mo | dhùrachd dhuit gu'n éir - ich. ||  
 But drink this toast, "Guid bless us a' And keep the Laird o' Moi - dart."

'Us ged a bhiodh tu fada bhuam,  
 Gu'n éireadh sunnd 'us aigne orm  
 'Nuair chluinninn sgeul a b' aite leam  
 Air gaisgeach nan gnìomh euchdach.

Gur sgìobair ri là gallinn thu  
 A sheòladh cuan nam marannan,  
 A bheircadh long gu calachan  
 Le spionnadh glac do threun-fhear.

Tha sgeul beag eil' a dhearbhadh leat,  
 Gur sealgair sithne 'n garbhaich thu,  
 Le d' chuilbhear caol nach dearmadach  
 Air dearg-ghreidh nan ceann eutrom.

B'e sud an leòghann aigeannach—  
 'Nuair nochdadh tu do bhaidealan,  
 Làmh dhearg 'us long, 'us bradanan,—  
 'Nuair lasadh meann 'nad eudann.

Thae times when he was far awa'  
 Across the seas at war, an' a',  
 His fame for deeds o' daurin' O,  
 Was ringing a' thro' Moidart.

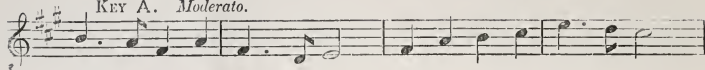
His was the skill o' sailin' O;  
 And brocht down aye sae cleanly O,  
 And waves the bark assailin' O,  
 He steered us safe tae Moidart.

He hunted aye sae keenly, O,  
 And brocht down aye sae cleanly, O,  
 The stags and hinds sae queenly, O,  
 Among the wilds o' Moidart.

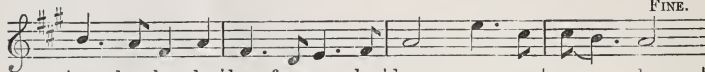
When he spread forth his pennon, O,  
 Abune his warlike men an' a',  
 His foes were dauntit, kennin' I,  
 The red-hand badge o' Moidart.

62—S FHEUDAR DHOMH 'BHI TOGAIL ORM—I MAUN RISE AND GANG AWA.

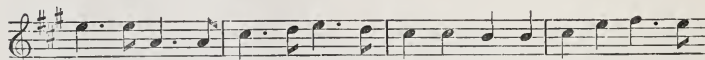
KEY A. *Moderato.*



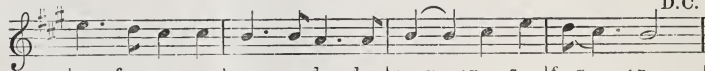
SEISD. { r ., d : l<sub>1</sub> .d | l<sub>1</sub> ., f<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> .d : r .m | s ., f : m }  
 CHORUS. I maun rise and gang a - wa Owre the hills and far a - wa,



{ r ., d : l<sub>1</sub> .d | l<sub>1</sub> ., f<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> | d : s ., m | m ., r .- : d }  
 'S fheudar dhomh 'bhi togail orm A dhir - eadh nam fuar - bheann.  
 I maun rise and gang a - wa, Since gane is my Ma - ry.



{ s ., s : d ., d | m ., f : s ., f | m .m : r .r | m .s : l ., s }  
 RANN. 'Ri! gur mise 'tha fo bhrón dheth Air an tulach so 'nam ónar;  
 VERSE. On the knowe a - lane I'm ly - in', Wist - ful - ly the o - cean eyein';



{ s ., f : m .m | r ., r : d ., d | r .r : m .s | f .m .- : r }  
 Fàth mo mhulaid 'thu bhí pòise  
 Sick and sad at heart I'm sigh - in' For my faithless Ma - ry.

Do na h-Innsean 's tric a sheòl mi,  
 'S anns gach caladh tha mi eòlach;  
 Té ni coimeas riut an bhòidheadh,  
 Gus a cho sha d' fhuair mi.

Ach cha'mhaise 'ruin, 's cha bhòidheadh  
 A chuir mi cho mòr an tòir ort;  
 'S e mi bhí riut tric a' còmharradh,  
 'S eòlach air do ghluasad.

'N nair chi mi 'n gleann 'san robh sinn còmhla  
 'Buain nan sùbhraichean 's nan neòinean,  
 'S sinn le chéile aotrom gòrach,—  
 Ruithidh deòir ri m' ghruaidhean.

Dh'fhàg thu mise 'n su go brònach,  
 H-nìle latha o'n a sheòl thu,  
 'S ged a thèid mi 'measg nan òighean  
 Bith'dh mo chòmhradh fuar leò.

Ach c'uinne 'm bithinise fo smalan,  
 'Us mo lontan air a' chladach,  
 'S iasg cho math an grunn na mara  
 'S a thàinig rianh an uachdar.

I ha'e been tae mony places,  
 I ha'e seen fu' mony faces;  
 Never sic a wealth o' graces  
 As belang'd tae Mary.

'Twasna beauty a'thegither  
 Made me prize her 'bune a' ither;  
 But sae aft' 's I did forgather  
 Wi' my lang-lo'ed Mary.

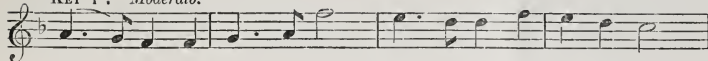
'Neath my view the glen poses,  
 Whaur I've aften fashioned poses  
 O' its daisies and primroses  
 For my charmin' Mary.

But her leavin' 's left me tearfu',  
 O' the future doubtfu', fearfu';  
 Mang the lasses nae mair' cheerfu'  
 As I was wi' Mary.

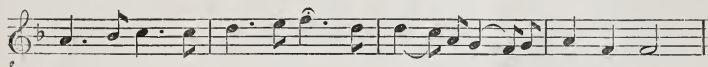
But why should I be now despairin'  
 And my sorrows thus be airin',  
 When there's tae be had for spierin'  
 Quite as guid as Mary.

63—MARAICHE NAN TONN—THE SAILOR LADDIE.

KEY F. *Moderato.*



SEISD.	{ ṃ . r : ḍ ḍ   ṛ . ṃ : ḍ'   ṭ . ḷ : ḷ ḍ'   ṭ . ḷ : ṣ }
	Hlthill - en, na hillean l, Hlthill en na hillean ó;
CHORUS.	O, my heart is fu' o' pain, Sigh - ing dai - ly a' my lane,



FÀILL	{ ṃ . f : ṣ . ṣ   ḷ . ṭ : ḍ' . ḷ   ḷ . ṣ . ṃ : ṛ . ḍ . ṛ   ṃ . ḍ : ḍ }
	Fàill - ill éile 's hó - ro l, Mo thraighge mi mur fàigh mi thu!
	For my love that's o'er the main, My ain dear sail - or lad - die O!

Tha mi 'n so mar dhruid an crann,  
An déigh a cuid eun a chall;  
Seacharan air dol a'm' cheann,  
'S ged thig an t-àm cha chaidil mi.

'Thasgaidh mo chridhe 'us mo chléibh,  
Chuireadh tu air feadan gleus;  
Dhànsadh tu air ùrlar réidh  
Gu lùghor eutrom, aighearach.

Dh' fhàg thu mise dubhach, trom,  
'S thaobh thu crannagan nan long;  
Ged a bhiodh do phèca lom,  
Gun nì gun fhonn gu'n gabhainn thu.

'S e mo cheisd fear a' chùil bhàin;  
B 'aotrom do cheum air sràid;  
O'n a chaidh thu null thar sàil'  
Tha mi o'n là sin acanach.

Fhuair mi do litir a nall,  
Air a sgrìobhadh leis a' pheann,  
Thàin' an Nollaig 's dh' fhalbh an t-àm  
O'n gheall thu tighinn a'm' amharca-sa.

Tha mi gun airgiod 'us gun òr,—  
Cha 'n e so a rinn mo leòn,  
Ach nach fhaic mi thu ri m' bheò  
A seòladh taobh an fhearainn so.

Like the mavis on the thorn,  
Wi' her offspring frae her torn,  
Here I 'm sittin' a' forlorn,  
Lamentin' sair my laddie O!

O, my love is young and gay,  
He can dance and he can play,  
So he wiled my heart awa—  
My rantin' sailor laddie O!

He has left me sad and drear,  
Since he sailed awa' frae here,  
Still my choice, tho' lackin' gear,  
Wad be my sailor laddie O!

He is young and he is fair,  
Wi' a wealth o' gouden hair;  
O, it pains the heart fu' sair,  
The absence o' my laddie O!

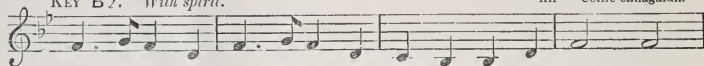
Once you wrote me, weel I min',  
That you'd come and mak' me thine,  
But the time has gane langsyne,  
Yet nae words o' my laddie O!

Goud an' siller I ha'e nane,  
'Tis na that that g'ies me pain,  
But that I shall ne'er again  
Behold my sailor laddie O!

## 64—IORRAM—A BOAT SONG.

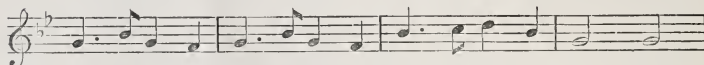
KEY B $\flat$ . *With spirit.*

Air—"Coille-chnagaidh."



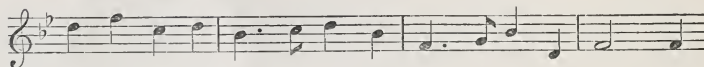
{ S<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> : S<sub>1</sub> . m<sub>1</sub> | S<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> : S<sub>1</sub> . m<sub>1</sub> | r<sub>1</sub> . d<sub>1</sub> : d<sub>1</sub> . m<sub>1</sub> | S<sub>1</sub> : S<sub>1</sub> }

Nis o'n chaidh an sgoth 'na h-uidheam, suidheam air a h-ùr - lar;  
Now our steady boat is ready, get her in - to mo - tion;



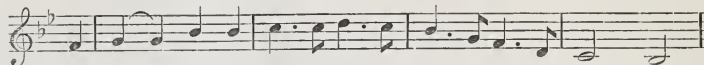
{ l<sub>1</sub> ., d : l<sub>1</sub> . S<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> ., d : l<sub>1</sub> . S<sub>1</sub> | d ., r : m . d | l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> }

Cuiribh òigear seòlta sgairteil de chloinn Airt g'a stiùr - adh.  
Let him steer who knows no fear up - on the trackless o - cean.



{ m . S : r . m | d ., r : m . d | S<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> : d . m<sub>1</sub> | S<sub>1</sub> : S<sub>1</sub> }

Nall am botul; | llon an cop - an; | ol - am - aid le dùr - ahd:  
Fetch the cup and fill it up, un - to this toast res - pond - ing:



{ . S<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> : d . d | r ., r : m ., r | d ., l<sub>1</sub> : S<sub>1</sub> ., m<sub>1</sub> | r<sub>1</sub> : d }

Decch slàn - te gach creutair hochd, tha'n dìngh fo sprochd 'san dùthaich.  
The health of all both great and small, now hope - less - ly des - pond - ing.

Sìdaibh 'ilean, càiribh rithe.  
Bithibh cridheil, sunndach;  
Thugaibh làmh gu h-ealamh, dàn'  
Air cur an òrd a sùibh rithe;  
Na biodh còram oirbh, no eagal;  
Sensamaid ar còrsa;  
Ruigidh sinn gu cala sàbhailt',  
Ged is dàn an ionnsaidh.

Chaidh sinn seachad air a' Ghràtair  
Ged a b' òrd a bhraich;  
Ged a bha Bun-dubh cho gàbhaidh  
Ràinig sinn a nunn air;  
'Dol seachad Sò, Rì! bu mhòr  
An crònan bh'aig na sùighean;  
'Se mo ghràdh an stiùradh grinn  
Nach leigeadh mill g'ar n-ionnsaidh.

Nunn do Mhuile, nunn do Mhuile,  
Nunn do Mhuile thèid i;  
Nunn do Mhuile air bàrr tunne  
Ged robh muir a' beucaich.  
'S mi tha sunndach air a h-òrlar  
Air bàrr sùigh ag éirigh;  
Mo ghràdh an ìbhreach làidir, dhàbailt',  
'S na fir lùthmhor ghleusda.

We'll merry be when out at sea,  
We'll have a song from Rory;  
Bear a hand, my gallant hand,  
To raise her canvas hoary.  
Banish fear, our course is clear,  
We'll proudly keep our bearing,  
And safely land on yonder strand,  
Although the feat be daring.

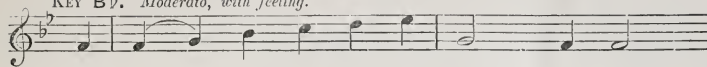
The waters poured, the tempest roared,  
And dashing waves passed over,  
When passing; Soy, 'twas then my boy,  
We bless'd the tidy "Rover";  
With crew so brave upon the wave,  
To fear I am a stranger;  
I love the hand that can command  
A boat amid such danger.

To Mull we go, to Mull we go,  
That island worth adoring;  
To Mull we go, though winds may blow,  
And billows fierce be roaring;  
'Mid flying foam I feel at home,  
At sea I'm in my glory.  
Our orew and boat—the best afloat, -  
Their name shall live in story!



## 65—MO SHUIL A'D DHEIGH—FOR THEE I SIGH.

KEY B♭. *Moderato, with feeling.*



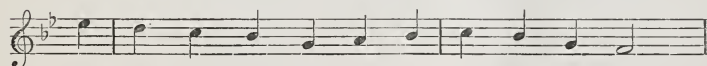
	f: S <sub>1</sub>	S <sub>1</sub> : l <sub>1</sub>	: d	r	: m	: f	l <sub>1</sub> : -	: S <sub>1</sub>	S <sub>1</sub> : -	}
SEISD.	O	- chòin!	mo	chail - in,	's mo	shùil	a' d	dhéigh;		
CHORUS.	My	dar - ling,	my	dar - ling,	I	sigh	for	thee!		



	f: m	m : r	: m	s	: f	: m	r : -	: d	d : -	}
A	challin,	mo	challin	's mo	shùil	a' d	dhéigh;			
O,	darling,	sweet	darling,	re - turn	to	me;				



	f: m	m : r	: m	s	: f	: m	r : -	: d	s : -	}
A	Lil - i,	mo	Lil - i	's mo	shùil	a' d	dhéigh,			
My	Lil - ly,	my	Lil - ly,	re - turn,	I	pray!				



	f: f	m : r	: d	l <sub>1</sub> : t <sub>1</sub>	: d	r : d	: l <sub>1</sub>	S <sub>1</sub> : -	
Cha	léir	dhomh	am	beal - ach	le	sileadh	nan	deur.	
With	tears	I	am	blinded	a	- weeping	each	day.	

Gun d'éirich mí mochthra maduinn an dé,  
'S gu'n ghéarr mi'n ear-thalmhainn do bhrìgh mo sgéil;  
An dùil gu'm faicinnse rùn mo chléibh;  
Ochóin! gu'm facas, 's a cùlaobh rium féin.

Na'm bìthcadh sud agam mo lùgh 's mo leum,  
Mi'm shuidhe aig bealach, 's mo chú air éill,  
Gu'n deanainn-sa cogadh gu làidir treun  
Mu'n leiginn mo leannan le fear tha to'n ghréin.

'S ann ormsa tha 'm mulad 's am fiabhrus mór,  
O'n chualas gu'n deach' thu le Brian òg;  
Mo chomunn cha dean mi ri nnaol 's an fheòil,  
O'n rinn thu mo thréigsin, 's mi fhéin a bhi beò.

O! cha'n'eil uiseag 's na speuraidh àrd,  
No eun anns an doire d'am b'eòl mo gràdh  
Nach 'eil nis ri tuireadh a dh'oidhich' 's a là,  
O'n chualas gu'n ghlaacadh mo challin air laimh.

Yesterday morning, at dawn of day,  
I pulled the yarrow with heart so gay,  
Expecting my sweetheart to pass that way,  
I saw her—but, wae's me, she turned away.

If I had the strength of my early days,  
When lightly I followed with hound the chase,  
I'd fight with the bravest and lay him low,  
Before my true love with another should go.

My heart is a-breaking, I sigh alone,  
Since off with young Brian my love has gone.  
I'll ne'er love another, I vow and swear,  
Since thou hast refused my heart's love to share.

The birds that were merry in yonder grove,  
Where oft with my sweetheart I used to rove,  
O'ershadowed with sorrow, now sing their lay,  
Since she to another is wedded to-day.

# 66—'TOIRT M' AGHAIDH RI DIURA—LANG LOOKIN' TAE JURA.

KEY E. *Moderato, with expression.*



SEISD.	{ d	: m . s	d'	: l ., s	d	: s ., l	á'	: r', d' . - }
CHORUS.	O,	hiúraibh,	l	hiúraibh;	O,	hiúraibh,	ò	gheallaidh; }
	O,	hiúriv,	ee	hiúriv;	O,	hiúriv	to	gether;



{ m ., m	: m ., r	d	: r ., m	s ., s	: l ., s	l	: r , d . -
Eheir mi	hó na	hó	éille,	'S e	bhi réidh	riut	bu mhath leam.
Thó' ye're ga'n	a - wa		frae me,	I	will fancy	nae	ither.

'Toirt m' aghaidh ri Diùra,  
'S mo chùl ri Port-Ascaig,  
Shil gu frasach mo shùilean,  
'S gun mo dhùil ri tigh'nn dachaidh.

'Nuair chuir iad air bòrd thu  
Air long nan trì chrannaibh,  
'S iomadh té bha gu tùrsach,  
'S deòir a' sruthadh gu talan.

Bu tu leannan nan gruagach,  
'S tu uasal 'us maiseach;  
Gruaidhean meachair mar mhaighdeann,  
Sùil an t-saighdeir fo d' mhalaidh.

Tha thu foghainteach, làidir;  
Tha thu tàbhachdach, smearail;  
'Dol an éideadh a' Ghaidheil,  
Air an tràigh bu tu 'm meangan.

Gaol peathar, gaol bràthar,  
Gaol màthar 'us athar;  
An gaol a thug mi cha tréig mi  
Gus an téid mi 'san anart.

Lang lookin' tae Jura,  
Port-Askaig behind me,  
In my een the tears gathered  
And to grief I resigned me.

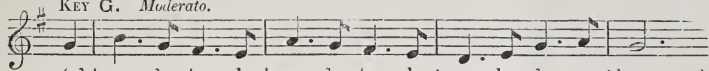
When going aboard her,  
The gallant three-masted,  
Mony fond hearts were meltin',  
Mony fond hopes were blasted.

Of gentles the flower;  
Of maidens the darlin',  
For yer cheeks they bloomed ruddy,  
And yer ee it shone warlike.

Sae handsome, sae manly,  
Sae smilin' and cherie;  
In the kilt and plaid lookin'  
Even like a young hero.

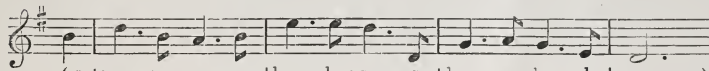
Far dearer than faither,  
Far dearer than mither,  
Is tae me my braw laddie,  
And I'll fancy nae ither.

## 67—GAOL AN T-SEOLADAIR—THE SAILOR'S LOVE.

KEY G. *Moderato.*

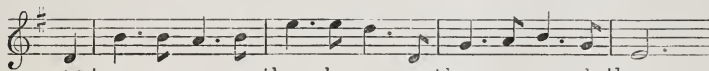
{ d m , d : t i , l i | r , d : t i , l i | s i , l i : d , r | d : - . }

Air feasgar samhraidh Sàbaid dhomh. S'mi gabhail sràid leam fhéin,  
One love - ly sum - mer ev - en - ing As in the fields I strayed,



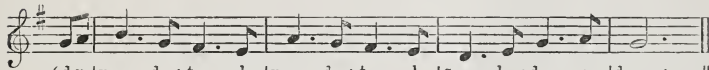
{ m s , m : r , m | l , l : s , s i | d , r : d , l i | s i : - . }

Na smeòraich bha gu' cell - ear - ach, S iad àrd air bhàrr nan gèig;  
The mav - is, all mel - od - i - ous, A - mong the branch - es played;



{ s i m , m : r , m | l , l : s , s i | d , r : m , d | l i : - . }

Mi cuimhneach air an àrnuinn ud A's àillidh tha fòr'n ghréin—  
My thoughts were on the fair - est one On whom the sun e'er shone,



{ d r | m , d : t i , l i | r , d : t i , l i | s i , l i : d , r | d : - . }

Nach truaigh nach robh mi còmhla ris A' còmhradh greis leinn fhéin.  
Oh, dear I now met roam with thee A - mong the woods a - loue.

Tha m' athair us mo mhàthair,  
'Us mo chàirdean rium an gruain;  
'S ann tha gach aon diubh 'g ràdhainn  
'Gu bràth an tig ort buaidh?  
An di-chuimhnich thu 'ghòraiche  
Eho d' òige 'thog thu suas?  
'S ann thug mi gaol do 'n t-seòladair  
'Tha seòladh thar n' chuain!

Tha'r leam gu mi bha gòrach  
'N nair a thòisich mi ri dan;  
Cha bhàrd a dheanadh òran mi,  
'S cha chòir dhomh dol na dhàil:  
Tha ni-eiginn air m' fuintinn-sa  
'S cha 'n fhaod mi luns' do chàch,  
Gu 'n d' thug mi gaol do 'n t-seòladair  
Air long nam nòr-chrann àrd.

Ach Innsidh mise 'n fhìrinn duibh—  
Mur bheil mo bharail faoin—  
Tha gaol nam fear cho caochlaideach,  
'S e 'seòladh mar a' ghaioith,  
Mar dhùrèid air madainn Chéitein,  
'S mar dhealt air bhàrr an fheoir;  
'Le teas na gréine éirigh e,  
'S cha léir dhainn e 'sna ceòil.

Ma's ni e nach 'eil òrdaichte,  
Gu 'n còmhlaich sinn gu bràth,  
Mo dhùrachd thu bhì fallain,  
'Us mo roghainn ort thar chhìc!  
Ma bhrìst thu 'nis na còmhnanan  
'S nach cuimhne leat mar bha,  
O, guidheam rogha céile dhuit  
'Us laidhe 's éirigh slàn!

My friends are with me angry;  
My parents me despise,—  
They say unto me constantly,  
"Oh, wilt thou ne'er be wise?  
Forget for aye the thoughtlessness  
From youth that clung to thee,"—  
Because I love the sailor lad  
Who sails the stormy sea.

'Twas folly of me to begin  
In rhyme to sound thy praise;  
That I can claim no bardic fame  
This effort now displays;  
Although my heart is burdened sore,  
To few I must confide  
The love I bear the sailor lad  
Who sails the rolling tide.

The truth to you I'll now unfold—  
Oh, deem one not unkind!  
The love of man unsettled is  
And restless as the wind;  
Like dew which falling in the night,  
Or at the break of day,  
Will rise before the noonday glare  
And quickly pass away.

And if stern fate has ordered so  
That we should meet no more,  
And if by thee forgotten are  
Our vows upon the shore;  
I'll pray that health and happiness  
May ever with thee stay,  
A charming wife to comfort thee  
And cheer thee on thy way.

68—AN T-OIGEAR UALLACH—THE GAY YOUNG LADDIE.

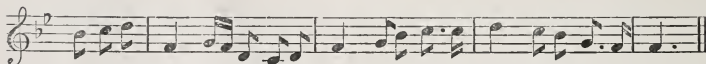
KEY B♭. *Slowly, with feeling.*



{ .s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> .l<sub>1</sub> | d : r .m : s<sub>1</sub> .,s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> : m<sub>1</sub> .r<sub>1</sub> : m<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> | m : r .m : s<sub>1</sub> .,m | r : - . }

{ 'Se'n t-òigear | uallach a sheòl thar | chuan uainn Rinn m'fhagadh | truagh dheth 'sa lùnaig mo chridh' ; }

My gay young lad - die has cross'd the o - cean And left me lone - ly and sad at heart;



{ .d : r .m | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> .m<sub>1</sub> : r<sub>1</sub> .m<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> .d : r .,r | m : r .d : l<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - . }

{ A fheallsaigh | usail an leadain | dualaich, Tha mi fo | ghruaim o'n adh' fhàg thu'n 'tir. }

My gentle lad - die with dark hair flow - ing, For thee I'm moan - ing since we did part.

Ged thig an samhradh le thrusgan greannar

A sgeadach' ghleann agus bheann le lith,

Cha tog e fonn air mo chridhe trom-sa;

Tha 'n saoghal lom leam 's mo shonn a'm' dhìth.

Cha b' ionana m' àbhaist an uair bu ghnàth leam

Bhi 'n glaic mo ghràdhaich air sgàth na frith !

An duilleach uaine 'na sgàil mu 'n cuairt duinn,

'S a thrusgan snuaghmhor mu bhruaich a' ghlinn.

An coireal ceòlmhor air feadh nan cròc-mheur,

'S an t-eas, gu bòidheach, a' dòrtadh still;

An crodh air àilean, 's an teas 'gan sàrach,

'S na laoih le àilleas ri àbhachd dhuinn.

An t-òigear dualach, 's a cheann an cluain rium,

A' gabhail dhuang a' chuanal binn;

Treis eil' air brìodal gu mìlis mìogach,

'S mo chneas dluth-fhillte 'na mhìn-ghlaic ghrinn.

An sin b'e m' àilleas a' choill' 's na blàithean,

'S bhi 'tathaich fasaich 'us sgàil na frith

Le m' bigear àluinn do 'n d'thug mi 'n gràdh sin

A dhùisg mo chràdh o'n a dh'fhàg e 'n tir.

The summer comes with its verdant clothing,

And flow'rs bloom over each hill and glen;

And yet within me they wake but loathing,

For joy no more can the cold world lend.

It was not so, love, when I was folded

Full snug and cosy in thy embrace;

The green leaves spread their cool shadow o'er us,

While sunshine poured on the green brae face.

Among the branches the birds sang cheery;

The noisy fall of the stream poured down;

The cows were on the green meadows grazing,

Their calves were gaily sporting round.

'Twas then my laddie with dark hair flowing,

His song would pour in my ravish'd ear;

Or gently round me his fond arms throwing,

Would kiss me over and call me dear.

Then my delight was the sweet flow'rs blooming,

The heathy moor and the leafy dell;

My laddie near me to cheer my bosom:

Now all is gloomy since his farewell.

Gaelic words by JAMES MUNRO. Translation by C. M. P.

# THE GAELIC PUBLICATIONS AND BOOKS

Relating to the HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND,

(Originally Published by Messrs. MACLACHLAN & STEWART.)

NOW SOLD BY

JOHN GRANT Bookseller, 31 and 34 George IV. Bridge, EDINBURGH.

*A Liberal Discount allowed on Orders for Exportation or for Private Circulation.*

## DICTIONARIES AND GRAMMARS.

	Offered at
	s. d.
Macalpine (Neil) — A pronouncing English-Gaelic and Gaelic-English Dictionary, 12mo, cloth, ... ..	9 0
... The English-Gaelic part, separate, cloth, ... ..	5 0
... The Gaelic English part, separate, cloth, ... ..	5 0
... Grammar, separately, 12mo, cloth, ... ..	1 0
Macleod (Rev. Dr. N.) and Dewar (Rev. Dr. D.) — Dictionary of the Gaelic Language, thick demy 8vo, cloth, 1007 pages, ... ..	12 6
Stewart (A.) — Elements of Gaelic Grammar, cr. 8vo, cloth ... ..	3 6
Macpherson (D. C.) — Practical Lessons in Gaelic, with Vocabulary, sewed, ... ..	1 0
Munro (James) — A New Gaelic Primer, sewed, Mackellar's Tourist's Hand-Book of Gaelic and English Phrases, sewed, ... ..	0 6
Gillies (H. C., M.B., &c.) — Gaelic Texts for Schools, with Vocabulary, sewed, ... ..	0 6
Scottish Gaelic as a Specific Subject, Stage I, compiled by a Committee of the Highland Association, crown, 8vo, limp cloth, 1893, ... ..	1 0
Whyte (John) — How to Read Gaelic, Orthographical Instructions and Reading Lessons, crown 8vo, cloth limp, ... ..	1 0

## MUSIC AND SONG.

Stewart's Killin Collection of Gaelic Songs, Music and Translations, 4to, cloth, ... ..	12 6
Antient Erse Poems, to illustrate Ossian, sewed, Buchanan (Dugald) — The Life and Conversion of, 18mo, cloth, ... ..	2 0
Buchanan, Reminiscences of, in English, with the Hymns in Gaelic and English, crown 8vo, cloth, ... ..	2 0
... Spiritual Hymns, in Gaelic, 12mo, sewed, Campbell (J. F., of Islay) — Leabhar na Feinne; Heroic Gaelic Ballads, folio, cloth, 20s. for Celtic Lyre (The), a Collection of Gaelic Songs with English Translations, and Music in both notations, by Fionn, 4 Parts, sewed, each, ... ..	0 6
... The Same, the Four Series in 1 Vol. neatly bound in cloth, ... ..	3 0
Clark (Mrs.) — Three Gaelic Poems, 18mo, sewed, Gaelic Songs: Harp of Caledonia, ... ..	0 4
Gaelic Bards (The), and Original Poems, by Thos. Pattison, cloth, ... ..	3 6
Gaelic Songs (Original), Poems and Readings, by John M'Fadyen, cloth, ... ..	2 6
Grant (Peter) — Dain Spioradail, Gaelic Hymns, 18mo, cloth, ... ..	1 6
Gaelic Songster (The), compiled by A Sinclair, a Collection of 300 Popular Gaelic Songs, cloth gilt, ... ..	10 6

## MUSIC AND SONGS—continued.

Macbean (L) — The Songs of the Gael, Music in both notations, Parts I. and II., sewed, each, ... ..	0 6
... The Sacred Songs of the Gael, Music in both notations, Part I., sewed, ... ..	0 6
MacCallum (D) — Sopas gach Seid, Songs, 18mo, sewed, ... ..	0 6
Macdonald (Alexander) — Eiseigh na Seann Chanain Albannaich; Revival of the Old Alban Tongue, or the New Gaelic Songster, 18mo, cloth, ... ..	2 0
Macdonald (Dr. J. Ferintosh) — Marbhrainn, "Gaelic Poems," 18mo, cloth, ... ..	1 0
M'Dougal (John) — The Warbler, 12mo, sewed, MacEachern (Donald) — Dain Agus Orain le Domhnall MacEachern, crown 8vo, sewed, ... ..	0 6
Macintyre (Duncan Ban) Songs and Poems in Gaelic, cloth, ... ..	1 6
Macleod (Neil) — Clarsach an Doire, Gaelic Poems, Songs and Readings, second edition, enlarged, crown 8vo, cloth, ... ..	3 6
Maclean (J.) — Dain Spioradail, Gaelic Hymns, 18mo, cloth, ... ..	1 0
Macpherson (D) — An Duanair, Gaelic Songs, cloth, ... ..	5 0
Macpherson (Mrs. Mary, "Mairi Nighean Iain Bhàin," the Skye Poetess) Gaelic Poems and Songs, with Sketch of her Life by Alexander Macbain, M.A., The Illustrated Edition, the volume contains 336 pages, illustrated with five life-like portraits of the Author—(1) The Poetess in her ordinary walking Costume ("A Bhana-Bhàrd"); (2) Carding ("A Cardàdh"); (3) At the Highland Spinning-Wheel ("A Sniomh air a Chuibhle"); (4) Spinning on the Distaff ("A Chnigeal"); and (5) Warping ("An Deilbh"); in each case surrounded by the Wool in all stages of manufacture, from the raw material to the finished Tweeds, Plaids, and Tartans, crown 8vo, cloth, ... ..	3 4
Mackellar (Mrs. Mary) — Poems and Songs, cloth, ... ..	0 6
Mountain Songster (The) — Filidh nam Beann, sewed, ... ..	0 6
Munro (J.) — An t-Ailleagan, 32mo, sewed, ... ..	2 0
Ossian, The Poems of, revised by Rev. Dr. M'Lauchlan, cloth, ... ..	2 0
... The same in English, 12mo, cloth, ... ..	1 6
Ross (Wm.) — Gaelic Songs, 18mo, cloth, ... ..	3 6
Sinclair (Rev. A. M.) — Clarsach na Coille, Gaelic Poetry, cloth, ... ..	1 6
Smith (Dr.) — Dan an Deirg agus Tiomna Ghuille, Two Poems, cloth, ... ..	1 6



Offered at

Offered at

THEOLOGY.

Alleine's Alarm to the Unconverted, ... ..	1 6
Baxter's, A Call to the Unconverted to turn and Live, <i>cloth</i> ... ..	1 0
... The Saint's Everlasting Rest, <i>cloth</i> ... ..	1 6
Boston (Thomas)—The Fourfold State, Nadur an Duine 'na Staid Cheithir-filte no Staid Ceud Ionracais; Staid Truailidheachd Iomlan; Staid Saorsa air Toiseachadh; Staid Sonais no Truaighe Iomlan; ann an Cinn-Theagaisg fa leth le Thomas Boston, Ministear an t' Soisgeil a bha an Eteric, 525 pages, New Edition, fcap, 8vo, <i>cloth</i> ... ..	3 6
Bunyan's, The Pilgrim's Progress, 18mo, ... ..	1 6
... Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ, ... ..	1 0
... The World to Come, <i>cloth</i> , ... ..	1 0
... Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners, 18mo, <i>cloth</i> , ... ..	1 0
... The Water of Life, 18mo, <i>cloth</i> , ... ..	1 0
... Sighs from Hell, 18mo, <i>cloth</i> , ... ..	1 0
... The Heavenly Footman, 18mo, <i>cloth</i> , ... ..	1 0
Catechism—The Mother's Catechism, in Gaelic and English, Leis An Urramach Eoin Willison, 18mo, <i>sewed</i> , ... ..	0 2
... Leabhar-Aithghearr nan-Ceist, Le Eoin Domhnallach, Ministear ann an Sgìre na Toisidheachd, ... ..	0 1
... In Gaelic by Dr. Thomas Ross, ... ..	0 1
Christ (The Life of) in the Words of the Scriptures, arranged by the Rev. John M'Rury, Minister of Snizort, in Gaelic, crown 8vo, <i>cloth</i> , ... .. Glasgow,	3 6
Confession of Faith in Gaelic, fcap 8vo, <i>cloth</i> , ... ..	2 0
Dyer (W.)—Christ's Famous Titles, <i>cloth</i> , ... ..	1 6
Earle (J.)—Sacramental Exercises, <i>cloth</i> , ... ..	1 0
Flavel (E.)—Tokens for Mourners, <i>cloth</i> , ... ..	1 0
Guthrie (W.)—The Christian's Great Interest, <i>cloth</i> , ... ..	1 6
M'Callum's History of the Church of Christ, M'Donald (Dr. John)—Uisgeachan Iordain, Waters of Jordan, 18mo, <i>sewed</i> , ... ..	0 2
Macfarlane (P.)—Life of Joseph, <i>cloth</i> , ... ..	1 0
MacLeod (Dr. Norman)—Caraid nan Gaidheal, The Highlander's Friend, square 8vo, <i>half-calf</i> , ... ..	18 0
Psalms of David, and Paraphrases, with Gaelic and English, <i>cloth</i> , ... ..	1 0
Psalms and Paraphrases in Gaelic only, <i>cloth</i> , <i>gilt edges</i> , ... ..	1 0
Seirbhhis, Gaelic Communion Service, <i>cloth</i> , ... ..	1 0
Smith (John D.D.)—"Prayers for Families," &c., 12mo, <i>cloth</i> , ... ..	1 0
Clerk (M.C.)—A Birthday Book; or, Highlanders Book of Days, in Gaelic and English, fcap 8vo, <i>cloth</i> , ... ..	3 6
Crofters—The Crofter in History, by Lord Colin Campbell ("Dalraid"), crown 8vo, <i>cloth</i> , ... .. (pub. 2s.),	1 0
Fraser (John, B.A.)—The Etruscans: Were they Celts? or, The Light of an Inductive Philology thrown on Forty Etruscan Fossil Words preserved to us by Ancient Authors, 8vo, ... .. (pub. 15s.)	6 6

Gaidheal (An), A Gaelic Magazine, vol. for 1877. 8vo, <i>cloth</i> , ... ..	5 0
Grants of Glenmoriston: Reminiscences, Historical and Traditional, with Selections from the Songs and Elegies of their Bards, by the Rev. A. Sinclair, M.A., 8vo, bound in imitation vellum, <i>edges uncut</i> , ... ..	2 6
Iona Club—Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis, Original Papers and Documents relating to the History of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, also the Transactions of the Iona Club, edited, with illustrative Notes, by Donald Gregory, and W. Forbes Skene, 8vo, T. G. Stevenson, 1847, This volume, which was not printed for sale, cost each of the Members of the Society 5 guineas.	18 6
M'Lauchlan (Rev. Thomas)—Celtic Gleanings; or, Notices of the History and Literature of the Scottish Gael, <i>cloth</i> , ... ..	2 6
Masson (Donald, M.A.)—Vestigia Celtica; Celtic Footprints, <i>sewed</i> , ... ..	1 0
Nairne's (Baroness) Life and Songs, with a Memoir, and Poems of Caroline Oliphant the younger, edited by Dr. Chas. Rogers, portrait, illustrations, crown 8vo, (pub 5s)	2 6
North (C. M'Intyre)—Highlands Arts: the Book of the Club of True Highlanders (Leabhar Commun nam for Gael), a Record of Dress, Arms, Customs, Arts, and Science of the Highlanders, compiled from printed and MS. Records and Traditions, and illustrated with Etchings of Highland Relics, and the Keltic Vestiges of Great Britain and Ireland, 70 plates, containing many figures and subjects, 2 vols, folio, beautifully bound in silk tartan (subscription price, £5 5s), privately printed for the Club, ... ..	27 6
St. Kilda (J. Sands)—Out of the World, illustrated, crown 8vo, <i>cloth</i> , ... ..	2 6
Schiller's William Tell, translated from the German into Gaelic, 12mo, ... ..	1 6
... The Same, in paper, ... ..	1 0
Scottish Celtic Review, edited by the late Rev. Dr. A. Cameron, Brodick, Parts I. to IV. all published, large paper edition, half-Morocco, in 1 vol., <i>gilt top</i> , ... ..	20 0
Stewart's Sketches of the Character, Institutions, and Customs of the Highlanders of Scotland, <i>cloth</i> , ... .. (pub. 5s.),	2 6
Stewart (Peter)—Gaelic Hymns, Dain Ghaidhealach-le Paruig Stiubhart (nach mair-eann) a bha chomhnuidh an' Gleann-Liobhann, fcap 8vo, ... ..	0 2
... The Same, fcap 8vo, ... ..	0 4
Gaelic Hymns—M'Callums (Rev. Archibald Kelly, M.A., LL.D.)—Hymns and Spiritual Songs in Gaelic—Laoidehan Agus Dain Spioradailair an t-ional, agus air-eamh mhòr dhiubh air an eadar-theangachadh. Leis an Urramach nach mair-eann Gillesbuig K. Maccaulium. Air an Ullachadh agus air an cur a mach fo lamh Iain Whyte, 8vo, <i>cloth</i> , <i>red edges</i> , (pub 6s)	1 6
An Useag: The Lark, Gaelic Songs in Two-Part Harmony, 18mo, ... ..	0 3