

THE

E. S. Murray

SONGS OF THE GAEL :

A COLLECTION OF

Gaelic Songs, with Translations.

BY L. MACBEAN.



PART II.—PRICE SIXPENCE.

MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS.

AND the Songs of the Gael on their pinions of fire,
How oft have they lifted my heart from the mire ;
On the lap of my mother I lisped them to God ;
Let them float round my grave, when I sleep 'neath the sod.

EDINBURGH :

MACLACHLAN & STEWART.

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

OBAN : DUNCAN CAMERON.

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THE SONGS OF THE GAEL.

Contents of Part I.

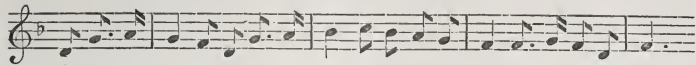
Horo, mo nighean donn bhoidheach—Horo, my brown-haired maiden.
Banarach donn a chruidh—Bonnie brown dairymaid.
Mo Mhàli bheag òg—My dear little May.
Mo chailin dileas donn—My faithful brown-haired maid.
Cumha Uisdein Mhicaoidh—Lament for Hugh Mackay.
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H-ngaibh, h-ugaibh, bo, bo, bo !—At you, at you !
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Och, och ! mar tha mi—Och, och ! how dreary.
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Oran an uachdarain—Song to the chief.
Sgiobaireachd—Skipper's song.

THE SACRED SONGS OF THE GAEL.

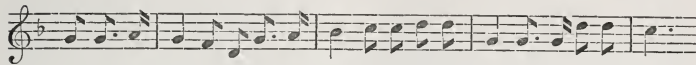
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Am Bàs—Death, by Rob (Donn) Mackay.

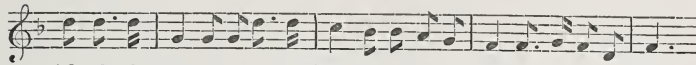
17—COIRE-CHEATHAICH—THE MISTY DELL.



KEY. f. l. : r .,m | r : d .l. : r .,m | f : s .f : m .r | d : d .,r : d .l. | d : - .)
 F. ('Se Coire- cheathaich nan aighean | sìubhlach, An Coire rùmach is ùrar fonn,)
 My Misty Cor - rie, by deer fre - quent - ed, My lovely valley, my verdant dell,)



(f .r : r .,m | r : d .l. : r .,m | f : s .s : l .l | r : r .,r : l .l | s : - .)
 (Gu Iurach miad-theanrach, mìn-gheal, sùghar, Gach Iusan | fùar bu chùbhradh leam,)
 Soft, rich and gras - sy, and sweetly scented, With every flow'r that I love so well;)



(f .l : l .l | r : r .r : l .l | s : f .f : m .r | d : d .,r : d .l. | d : - .)
 (Gu molach, dùbh - ghorm, torrach, luisreagach, Corrach, plùranach, dlu-ghlan, | grinn,)
 All thickly growing, and brightly blow - ing, Upon its shag - gy and dark green lawn,)



(f .r : r .,m | r : d .l. : r .,m | f : s .s : l .l | r^l : l .,s : f .m | r : - . ||
 (Caoin, ballach, ditheanach, canach, misleanach; Gleann a mhìllich 's an lionmhor mang. ||
 Moss, canach, daisies adorn its maz - es, Thro' which skips lightly the graceful fawn. ||

Tha mala ghruamach de'n bhiolair uaine,
 Mu'n uile fuaran a th'anns an fhonn;
 Is doire shealbhad aig bun nan garbh-chlach,
 'S an grinneal gainmhich gu meanbh-gheal
 pronn;

'Na ghlugan plumbach air ghoil gun aon-teas,
 Ach coileach bhìrn tigh'n a grund eas òm,
 Gach sruthan ùiseal 'na chuailean cùl-ghorm,
 A ruith 'na spàta 's 'na lìba steall.

'S a mhaduinn chitùn-ghil, an am dhomh dùsgadh,
 Aig bun na stuice b'e 'n sugradh leam;
 A cheare le sgiucan a gabhail tùchain,
 'S an coileach chùrteil a dùrdail cròim;
 An dreathan sùrdail 's a ribhech chitùil aig'
 A cur nan smùid dheth gu lùghor binn;
 An druid 's am brù-dhearg le moran ùinich,
 Rì ceileir sunntach bu shiubhlach rann.

The watercreesses surround each fountain
 With gloomy eyebrows of darkest green;
 And groves of sorrel ascend the mountain,
 Where loose white sand lies all soft and clean;
 Thence bubbles boiling, yet coldly coiling,
 The new-born stream from the darksome deep;
 Clear, blue, and curling, and swiftly swirling,
 It bends and bounds in its headlong leap.

How sweet when dawn is around me gleaming,
 Beneath the rock to recline, and hear
 The joyous moor-hen so hoarsely screaming,
 And gallant moorcock soft-croodling near!
 The wren is bustling, and briskly whistling,
 With mellow music a ceaseless strain;
 The thrush is singing, the redbreast ringing
 Its cheery notes in the glad refrain.

18—MAIRI BHAN OG—FAIR YOUNG MARY.

KEY B² { f: m | l₁ : t₁ : l₁ | d : - : r | m : - : d | r : d : t₁ | m : - : l₁ | l₁ : t₁ : l₁ | s₁ : - : - : }

{ A | Mhairi bhan òg, 's tu'n òigh th'air m' aire Rì'm bheo bhì far am bhith'n'n fhein;
Oh, rapture to be, my fair young Mary, With thee, my beauti-ful bride;

{ f: m | l₁ : t₁ : l₁ | d : - : r | m : - : d | r : m : s | m : - : d | r : d : t₁ | l₁ : - : - : }

{ O'n fhuair mi ort còir cho mòr 's bu mhaith leam, Le pos - adh ceangailt' o'a chlcir;
In love true and strong that ne'er shall vary, A bond the clergy have tied;

{ f: m f | s : f : m | l₁ : - : d | r : - : d | t₁ : l₁ : s₁ | r : - : d | t₁ : l₁ : s₁ | s₁ : - : - : }

{ Le cumhnantann teann, 's le banntailbh dàngean, Le snaoam dh' fhanas 's nacl' treig,
This cov-e-nant sure, ap-proved by heaven, Secure shall ever a-bide,

{ f: m | l₁ : t₁ : l₁ | d : - : r | m : - : d | r : m : s | m : - : d | r : d : t₁ | l₁ : - : - : }

{ Se t'fhaotainn air laimh le gradh gach caraid Rinn slh'n - te maireann a'm chrè.
And since with good-will thy hand was given, I thrill with pleasure and pride.

Eheirinn mo phòg do'n òg mhnai shomalt'
A dh' fhàs gu boinneanta, caoin,
Gu milleant, còmhnaid, seocal, foinnidh,
Do chòmhradh gheibh mi gu saor:
Tha mi air sheòl gu leòir a'd' chomain
A' bhòid 's a chuir thu gu faoin
Do m' smaointean gòrach pròis nam boireannach,
'S còir dhomh fuireach le h-aon.

Chaidh mi do'n choill' an robh croinn is gallain,
Bu bhoisgeill sealladh mu'n cuairt,
'S bha miann mo shìl do dh' fhuirran barraicht
An dlùthas nam meanganan suas;
Geug fo bhliath o bàrr gu talamh,
A lub mi farasda nuas,
Bu duilich do chàch gu bràch a gearradh
'S e'n dàn domh 'm faillean a bhuain.

My love to my bride, with dear caresses
And pride, shall ever be shown;
Each virtue most rare her soul possesses,
And fair and sweet has she grown.
My thoughts used to rove in boyish folly,
Ere ever her love I had known;
But, now I 'm her own, my heart is wholly
My darling's alone—alone.

Where woodlands are green with trees well
A scene of beauty to view, [nourished,
I found, with delight, one stem that flourished,
Of bright and beautiful hue:
That bough from above, desiring greatly,
With love unto me I drew;
None else could have moved that tree so stately,
'Twas only for me that it grew.

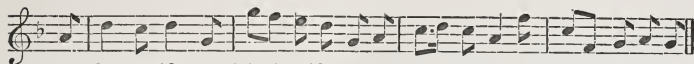
A song to his newly wedded spouse, by D. (Bàn) M'INTYRE; translation by L. MACBEAN. Other forms of this fine air will be found in *Sacred Songs of the Gael*, *The Thistle*, and Capt. FRASER'S Collection.



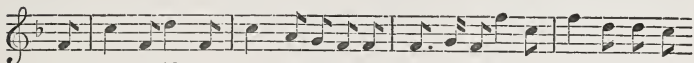
19—CHA TILL E TUILLE—LAMENT FOR MAC CRIMMON.



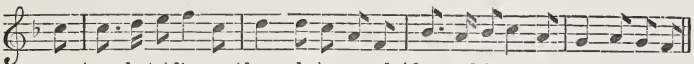
KEY: F. $f: r \quad | l: -: s \quad | l: -: r \quad | l: t: l \quad | s: m: r \quad | l: -: s \quad | l: -: m \quad | s: m: d \quad | m: r \quad \}$
 Dh'iadh ceo nan stuc mu cu - dann Chuilinn, Is sheinn 'bhean-shith a tormán m'ulaid,
 O'er Coolin's face the night is creeping, The banshee's wail is round us sweeping;



$f: m \quad | l: -: s \quad | l: -: r \quad | r': d': t \quad | l: r: m \quad | s: -: l: s \quad | m: -: d' \quad | s: d: r \quad | m: r \quad \|\|$
 Gorm shuilean ciùin 's an Dùin a sìleadh, O'n thrialh thu uainn's nach till thu tuille!
 Blue eyes in Duin are dim with weeping, Since thou art gone and ne'er re - turnest.



$f: d \quad | s: -: d \quad | l: -: d \quad | s: -: m \quad | r: d: d \quad | d: -: r: d \quad | d': -: s \quad | d': -: l \quad | l: s \quad \}$
 SEISD—Cha till, cha till, cha till Mac Criomann, An cogadh no sìth cha till e tuille,
 CHORUS -No more, no more, no more returning, In peace nor in war is he returning;



$f: s \quad | s: -: l: t \quad | d': -: s \quad | l: -: l \quad | s: m: d \quad | f: -: m: f \quad | s: -: m \quad | r: -: m \quad | r: d \quad \|\|$
 Le lairgìod no ni cha till Mac Criomann, Cha till e gu brath gu la na cruinne.
 Till dawns the great Day of Doom and burning, Mac Crimmon is home no more returning.

Tha osag nam beann gu fann ag imeachd,
 Gach sruthan 's gach allt gu mall le bruthach,
 Tha ealtainn nan speur feadh geagan dubhach,
 A caoidh gu'n d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuille.

Tha'n fhaireg fa dheòidh lan bròin is m'ulaid,
 Tha'm bàta fo sheol, ach dhiu!t i sìubhal;
 Tha gàirich nan tonn le fuaim neo-shubhach,
 Ag radh gun d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuille.

Cha chluinnear do cheol 's an Dun mu fheasgar,
 'S mac-talla nam mur le m'ìrn 'ga fhreagairt,
 Gach feasgach is ògh gun cheòl, gun bheadradh,
 O'n thrialh thu uainn 's nach till thu tuille.

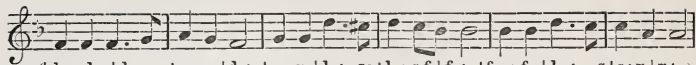
The breeze of the bens is gently blowing,
 The brooks in the glens are softly flowing;
 Where boughs their darkest shades are throwing,
 Birds mouru for thee who ne'er returnest.

Its dirges of woe the sea is sighing,
 The boat under sail unmoved is lying;
 The voice of the waves in sadness dying,
 Say, thou art away and ne'er returnest.

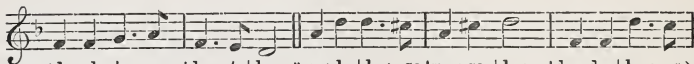
We'll see no more Mac Crimmon's returning,
 Nor in peace nor in war is he returning;
 Till dawns the great day of woe and burning,
 For him, for him there's no returning.

Composed on the departure of DONALD MAC CRIMMON, piper to the Laird of MAC LEOD, in 1745. He never returned. The verses were composed by his sister; translation by L. MACBEAN. This beautiful set of the melody appears, with harmony and accompaniment, in *The Thistle*.

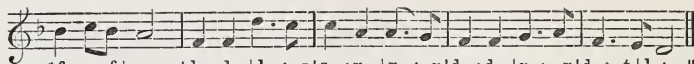
20—OISEAN IS MALMHINE—OSSIAN AND MALVINA.



KEY F. $\{ d : d | d : -r | m : r | d : - | r : r | l : -se | l : s.f | f : - | f : f | l : -s | s : m | m : - \}$
 'Se guth cùin mo rùin a th'ann, 'S ainmich thu gu m'aisling fein; Fosglaihb sibhs' bhur' talla thall,
 'Tis my lover's tones that call, In my dreams they seldom rise; O - pen wide your azure hall,



$\{ d : d | r : -m | d : -t_1 | l_1 : - | m : l | l : -se | m : se | l : - | d : d | l : -s \}$
 Shinsre Thoscair, nan ard speur. || Se do chomhuidh-s' m'anam fein, A shil Oisein,
 Race of Tos - car in the skies. Thou dost dwell within my soul, Son of Ossian,



$\{ f : s.f | m : - | d : d | l : -s | s : m | m : -r | d : d | r : -m | d : -t_1 | l_1 : - \}$
 's treine laimh, Eiridh m' osnadh moch gun fheum, Mo dheotr mar shileadh speuran àrd.
 might - y chief; Like heaven's rain my tears down roll, Every morn renews my grief.

Bu chran aillidh mi, threan nan seod,
 Oscar chorr, le geugaibh cùbhr';
 Thainig bàs mar ghaoth nan torr;
 Thuit fo sgeith mo cheann fo smùr.
 Thainig earrach caoin fo bhraon,
 Cha d'eirich duilleag fhaoin dhomh fein:
 Chunnac oigh mi fo shambehair thall,
 Bhuail iad clarsaiche mall nan teud.

OISEAN :

Caoin am fonn 'na mo chluais fein,
 Nighean Lotha, nan sruth fiar,
 'N eual thu guth nach 'eil beo 's a bheinn
 An aisling, ann do chodal ciar?
 Nuair thuit cìos air do shuilibh mall
 Air bruachan Mòrshruth nan toirm beur',
 Nuair thearnadh leat o sheilg nan càrn,
 An latha cùin, ard ghrian 's an speur.

Chuala tu 'n sin bàrda nam fonn,
 'S taitneach ach is trom do ghuth;
 'S taitneach, Malmhine nan sonn,
 Leaghaidh bròn am bochd anam dubh.
 Tha aoibhneas ann am bron le sith
 Nuair shuidhicheas àrd strì a bhròin;
 Caithidh cumha tursaich gun bhrìgh
 Gann an lài' an tir nan seùd.

I was once a stately tree,
 My fair boughs were Oscar's pride,
 But his death soon blighted me,
 And my blossoms drooped and died.
 Spring returned with flower and leaf,
 But no leaf on me was found;
 Virgins saw my silent grief,
 Struck the harp of softest sound.

OSSIAN :

Sweet the music in my ears,
 Maid from Lotha's winding streams,
 Has the voice of other years
 Sounded fondly in thy dreams?
 When, descending from the chase,
 Thou by Moru's banks didst lie,
 Clasped in slumber's soft embrace,
 'Neath the calm and sultry sky—

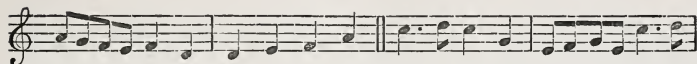
Melodies all faint and low,
 O Malvina, round thee stole;
 Sweet but sad thy tones, and oh!
 Sorrow melts the weary soul.
 There is joy in peaceful woe
 When subsideth sorrow's strife;
 Idle tears should cease to flow,
 Grief consumes the mourner's life.

Lines selected from the introduction to Ossian's poem of "Croma," and translation by L. MACBEAN. This beautiful Ossianic air is preserved in Capt. FRASER'S collection.

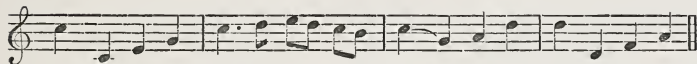
21—AM BUAIREADH—THE TEMPTATION.



KEY C. { s : d | d : s | l . s : f . m | s : d | d : s | m : d' | s : d | d : s }
 Thug mi miannan mòr, ('S còir an cumail daingean), Fuireach fad mo
 I have vowed a vow, Sworn an oath most drastic, That I shall from



{ l . s : f . m | f : r | r : m | f : l || d' : - . r' | d' : s | m . f : s . m | d' : - . r' }
 bhèh Mar bu chòir do mbanach. Faltais nam do ghnuis, ciurrar
 now Live a life mon - as - tic. Then oh, hide thy face, Turn a-



{ d' : d | m : s | d' : - . r' | m' . r' : d' . t | d' : s | l : r' | r' : r | f : l ||
 mi le dealan, Ead - ar gath do shùil 'S lubag - an na lainnir. ||
 way the lightning of thy daz - ling grace, And thy glances bright'ning.

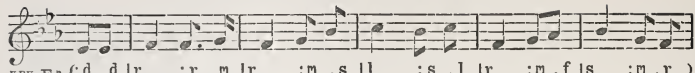
Ni do mhala dhonn
 (Crom mar bhogha-saighead)
 Guin a chur am chom
 Ceart cho trom ri claidheamh.
 Tha do bhilean blath
 Tlaidh a chum meallaidh;
 Dhuraiginn—ach, á!
 Cum iad as mo shealladh.

Fuirich, fuirich thall,
 Mu'n tog clann dhe t'anail;
 Iomairt ann am cheann
 Bheir fo gheall mi baileach.
 Cuiridh tu le d' bhoidhch',
 Mionnan mor as m' aire;
 Mur a fan thu fòil
 Gòisnichidh tu manach.

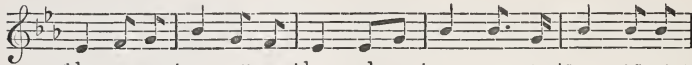
Lest thy bending brows
 Pierce my soul, and slay more
 Quickly than bent bows
 Or a shining claymore;
 Lest thy warm lips draw
 My heart to sweets forbidden;—
 I could wish—but, ah!
 Keep, oh, keep them hidden.

Keep thy breath away,
 Its fragrance round me stealing
 Sends my thoughts astray,
 And sets my brain a reeling.
 I am so beset
 With thy witching beauty,
 That I may forget
 Vows and sacred duty.

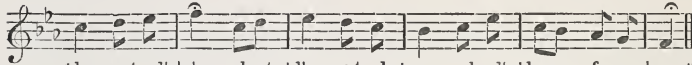
22—EALAI DH GHAOIL—A MELODY OF LOVE.



KEY E. f. d d | r : r . m | r : m . s | l : s l | r : m . f | s : m . r }
 SEISD—Air fail - ir - in, ill - ir - in, uill - ir - in, O, Air fail - ir - in, }
 CHORUS—Air fal - yir - in, eel - yir - in, ool - yir - in, O, Air fal - yir - in,



{ d : r . m | s : m . r | d : d . m | s : s . m | s : s . s }
 ill - ir - in, uill - ir - in, O, Air fail - ir - in, ill - ir - in,
 eel - yir - in, ool - yir - in, O, Air fal - yir - in, eel - yir - in,



{ l : t . d' | r' : l . t | d' : t . l | s : l . d' | l . s : f . m | r } ||
 uill - ir - in, O, Gur boidheach an comunn tha comhuidh'n Srath-mor.
 ool - yir - in, O, For kingdom and friendship and bon - nie Strathmore.

Gur gile mo leannan
 Na'n eal' air an t-snamh,
 Na cobhar na tuinne,
 'S e tilleadh gu traigh,
 Na'm blath bhainne buaile,
 'S a chuach leis fo bharr,
 No sneachd nan gleann dosrach
 'G a fhroiseadh mu'n bblar.

Mar na neoil bhuidhe lubas
 Air stuchdaibh nan sliabh,
 Tha cas-fhailt no ruin-sa
 Gu siubhlach a sniomh;
 Tha gruaidh mar an ros
 Nuair a's boidheche bhios fhiamh
 Fo ur-dhealt a Cheitein
 Mu'n eirich a ghrian.

Nuair thig samhradh nan neoinean
 A comhdach nam bruach,
 Bi'dh gach eoinean 's a chrochd-choill'
 A ceol leis a chuach;
 'S bi'dh mise gu h-cibhinn
 A leumnaich 's a ruaig,
 Fo dhluth-gheugaibh gsaileach,
 A mannan ri m' luaidh.

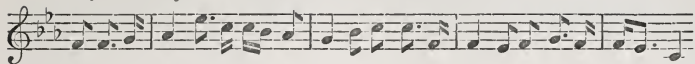
Not the swan on the lake,
 Or the foam on the shore,
 Can compare with the charms
 Of the maid I adore;
 Not so white is the new milk
 That flows o'er the pail,
 Or the snow that is shower'd
 From the brow of the vale.

As the cloud's yellow wreath
 On the mountain's high brow,
 So the locks of my fair one
 Redundantly flow;
 Her checks have the tint
 That the roses display
 When they glitter with dew
 In the morning of May.

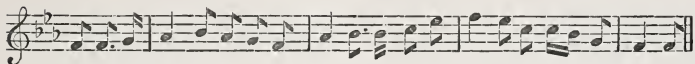
When summer bespangles
 The landscape with flowers,
 And the thrush and the cuckoo
 Sing soft in their bowers,
 Through the wood-shaded windings
 With Bella I'll rove,
 And feast unrestrained
 On the smiles of my love.

The first verse of the Gaelic words is the composition of Mrs MACKENZIE of Balone. The rest, Gaelic and English, is by EWEN MACLACHLAN.

23—FEAR A BHATA—THE BOATMAN.

Slowly and tenderly.

KEY E \flat . { (x) : r . m | f : d' . l : l . s . f | m : s . (l) : l . r | r : d . r : m . r | r . d . - : l . }
 'S tric mi sealltuinn o'n chnoc a's air - de, Dh'fheuch an falc mi fear a bhà - ta,
 I climb the mountains, and scan the o - cean For thee, my boatman, with fond de - vo - tion,
Seisid.—Fhìr a bhà - ta, na ho - ro ei - le, Fhìr a bhà - ta, na ho - ro ei - le,
Chorus.—O, my boatman, na ho - ro ai - la, O, my boatman, na ho - ro ai - la,



{ (x) : r . m | f : s . f : m . r | f : s . (s) : l . d' | r' : d' : l . l . s . m | r : r . ||
 An tig thu'n diugh no an tig thu maireach? 'S mur tig thu i - dir gur truagh a ta mi!
 When shall I see thee? to-day? to - morrow? Oh! do not leave me in lone - ly sorrow.
 Fhìr a bhà - ta, na ho - ro ei - le, Gu ma slan duit's gach ait' an teid thu!
 O, my boatman, na ho - ro ai - la, Happy be thou where'er thou sailest!

Tha mo chridhe-sa briste, brùite;
 'S tric na deoir a ruith o m' shùilean;
 An tig thu nochd, no 'm bi mo dhìil riut?
 No 'n dhin mi 'n dorus, le osna thursaich?

'S tric mi foighneachd de luchd nam bàta,
 Am fac iad thu, no 'm bheil thu sàbhailt;
 Ach 's ann a tha gach aon diubh 'g ràite,
 Gur gòrach mì, na thug mi gràdh dhuit.

Gheall mo leannan domh gùn dhe 'n t-sioda,
 Gheall e sìod agus breacan rìomhach;
 Fainn' òir anns am faicinn lomhaigh;
 Ach 's eagal leam gun dean e di-chuimhn'.

Ged a thuirid gu'n robh thu aotrom,
 Cha do lughadaich sìod mo ghaol ort;
 B'ìdh tu 'm aisling anns an òidhe,
 Is anns a mhaduinn b'ìdh mi 'g ad fhoighneachd.

Thug mi gaol duit 's cha 'n fhaod mi àicheadh;
 Cha ghaol bliadhna, 's cha ghaol ràidhe;
 Ach gaol a thòisich nuair bha mi 'm pàisde,
 'S nach searg a chaoidh, gus an claidh am bàs mi.

Tha mo chàirdean gu tric ag innseadh,
 Gu'm feum mi t'aogas a chur air di-chuimhn';
 Ach tha 'n comhairle dhomh cho diomhain,
 'S bhi pilleadh mara 's i tabhairt lionaidh.

B'ìdh mi tuille gu tùrsach, deurach,
 Mar eala bhàn 's i an déigh a reubadh;
 Guileag bàis ait' air lochan feurach,
 Is each uile an deigh a tréigsinn.

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

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

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

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

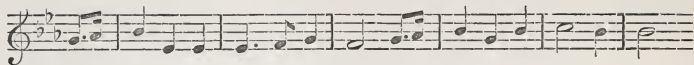
I may not hide it—my heart's devotion
 Is not a season's brief emotion;
 Thy love in childhood began to seize me,
 And ne'er shall fade until death release me.

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

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

Authoress unknown; translation by L. MACBEAN. This plaintive melody is a great favourite.

24—AN GAOL TAIRIS—THE FAITHFUL LOVE.



KEY Eb. $\{ \overset{f}{\underset{mf}{\cdot}} | s : d : d | d : - : r : m | r : - : \overset{mf}{\underset{mf}{\cdot}} | s : m : s | l : - : s | s : - : \}$
 O! bhunaich sinn | tairis 'n ar | gaol, Fad | bhliadhna bu | chaochlach | cuairt; }
 Our love has been constant and bright, Nor changed with the changeful years;



$\{ \overset{f}{\underset{mf}{\cdot}}, t | d' : - : t : l | s : - : f : m | r : - : \overset{mf}{\underset{mf}{\cdot}}, s | l : s : m | r : - : m | d : - : \}$
 A | seabhachadh | aoibhneis a | cheil' 'S a | measgnadh ar | deur 's ar | smuairn. ||
 Each glad in the oth - er's delight, And mixing our cares and tears.

'S nuair dh' fhair'inn-sa mulad no beud
 Ghrad thigeadh o'd bheil dhomb foir,
 Oir dh' iompaicheadh d'fhailte gun phleid
 Gach duibhre gu leus thra-nòin.

'S tric aighear 'us subhachas daond'
 A tionndaidh gu aoigh a bhòin,
 Mar thuirlingeach duilleach nan craobh
 A's t-fhoghar, 's an raon fo chèd.

Ge minic a dh'fhiosraich sinn daor
 A mhalairt so, ghaoil, fo leòn,
 Gur h-eòl dhuinn le cheil' air gach taobh
 A h-aon nach d'rinn aom o'n nòs.

O! bhunaich sinn tairis 'nar gaol
 Fad bhliadhna bu chaochlach cuairt,
 A seabhachadh aoibhneis a cheil'
 'S a measgnadh ar deur 's ar smuairn.

Is caidreamaid dochas gun géill
 Na shiubhail d' ar ré do'n chòrr;
 Co-phairticheams' acain do chleibh
 'Us gabh-s' air m' uil' eibhneis còir.

Had I ever a trouble or grief
 But your help and caresses came soon?
 Your kindness still brought me relief,
 And changed all my darkness to noon.

Earth's rosiest pleasures one sees
 Oft turn to the pallor of pain,
 As when autumn dismantles the trees,
 And makes barren and bleak the plain.

Our joys into griefs thus to run,
 My darling, too often we knew;
 But each of us still knew of one
 That was always found tender and true.

Our love has been constant and bright,
 Nor changed with the changeful years,
 Each glad in the other's delight,
 Aye mixing our troubles and tears.

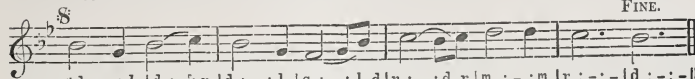
Then, dear, let us hope the worst part
 Of our life is the part that is flown;
 Let me share all the woes of your heart,
 And make all my gladness your own.

25—CUMHA MHIC-AN-TOISICH—MACKINTOSH LAMENT.



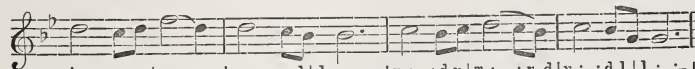
KEY B \flat : { m : - : r | m : - : - | m : - : r | d : - : - : | r : - : r | m : - : - : | r : - : d | l : - : - : }

Och nan och! leag iad thu, Och nan och! leag iad thu,
Och nan och! thou art low, Och nan och! tale of woe,
FINE.



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

Och nan och! leag iad thu, 'M beal - ach a ghar - aith;
Leag an t-each barr - fhionn thu, 'M beal - ach a ghar - aith.
Sad thy fate, laid so low, Laid where they slew thee;
'Twas thy proud charg - er's force Mad - ly that threw thee. D.S.



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

Leag an t-each barr - fhionn thu, Leag an t-each barr - fhionn thu,
'Twas thy wild war - like horse, In his fierce fier - y course,

Is mise 'bhean mhuladach,
'Giulan na curraice,
O'n chuala gach duine,
Gur ann 'na mhullach bha 'm fabhar.
'S i maighdeann ro dhubbhach,
Nach fhainnhear tuilleadh mi,
O'n taca so 'n-uiridh,
O'n la chuireadh am fainn' orm.

'S mis' tha gu tursach,
'S tric snidh air mo shuillean,
'S mi 'g ionndrainn an fhiurain,
Marcaich ùr 'nan steud aluinn.
Cha teid mi gu bainnis,
Gu feill no gu faidhir,
Gur ann toiseach an earraich,
Fhuair mi 'n t-saighead a chraidh mi!

Marcaich' an eich leumnaich dhuibh!
Leumnaich dhuibh! leumnaich dhuibh!
Marcaich' an eich leumnaich dhuibh!
Reub an t-each bàn thu!
Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!
Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!
Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!
Gu'n fhios domh 's mi lamh riut!

Wearing my widow's dress
While these griefs round me press,
Mourning in deep distress,
Sadly I linger.
Oh, but my heart is wae!
Oh, how unlike the day
When first this circle lay
Fair on my finger!

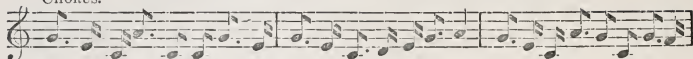
Under my widow's weeds,
Oh, how my bosom bleeds,
Rider of gallant steeds,
Weeping, I mourn thee:
Ne'er shall my heavy heart
Have in earth's joys a part;
Death, with his fatal dart,
Sorely hath torn me.

On thy black bounding steed,
Riding with eager speed,
Slain by the milk-white steed,
Where it had thrown thee.
Oh, my young darling Hugh,
Slain e'er I ever knew;
Dead! oh, my dearest Hugh,
I must bemoan thee!

Composed by the bride-widow of EVAN or HUGH, Chief of MACKINTOSH, who was killed on his marriage day.
Translation by L. M. Good settings of this melody are given in LOGAN'S Collection, and Professor BROWN'S
"The Thistle."

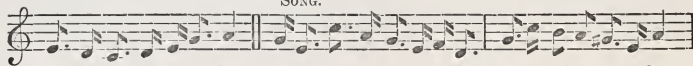
26—AM FOIRNEADH—THE MOTHER'S EXHORTATION.

CHORUS.



KEY C. | s ., m : d , l . - | d . d : s , m | s , m : d , , r | m , s . - : l | s , m : d , l . - | s . d : s , f)
 Iseabail nach gabh thu furas? Iseabail nach dean thu tamh? Iseabail gu bheil thu'gorach)
 Bella, will you not be quiet? Bella, why in such a whirl? If you do not marry Donald,

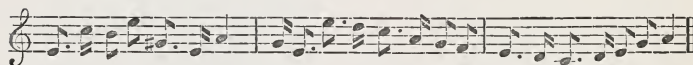
SONG.



{ m , r : d , , r | m , s . - : l || s , m . - : d ' , l | s , m : f , r ' . - | s , d ' : t . l | s e , m : l ' }
 Mur a pos thu Donull Bàn. Ced a thainig e gu laithibh Tha e Iaidir reachdor slan,
 Bella, you're a silly girl. You'll be happy yet together; Tho' he's old, he's stout and kind;



{ s , m . - : d ' , l | s , m : f , r . - | m , r : d , , r | m , s . - : l | s , m . - : d ' , l | s , m : f , r . - }
 Na biodh ion'gain ort a h-alach, B' tu'd mhatair na gabh sgath. 'S math do bhord a bhi gun'ghainne,
 You a smiling wife and mother, He a husband to your mind. Better take him, rich and mellow,



{ m , d ' : t . m ' | s e , m : l | s , m . - : m ' , r ' | d ' , l : s . f | m , r : d , , r | m , s : l ||
 'S paittas bainne aig do bhà, 'Seach bh'i'n taise giullain shuarach. 'S e gun bhuaille aig no bharr.
 And have wealth and cattle now, Than take some poor worthless fellow, Who has neither corn nor cow.

Gheibh thu deiseachan is riomhadh,
 Cha bhi dith ort, theid mi'n rath;
 'S fearr duit sin na'n aire, is briodal
 Iain chrin a Dail-a-chàis.
 Tog dhe d' iomairt feadh an tighe,
 Cha'n' eil math dhuit a bhi bàth;
 Glac an gliocas, 's glac an storas
 Tha cho deonach teachd a'd dhàil.

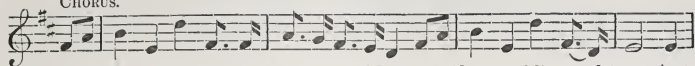
Iseabail, mur gabh thu 'n tairgse
 Bi' mi feargach riut gu bràth,
 Mur a cord thu nochd ri Donull
 Gabh mu d' chaiseart tòs an la.
 Greas, gabh comhairle, 's cuir umad,
 Bidh an duine so gun dàil,
 Nach biodh aileag ann do mhùineal
 Nuair a chuireas e ort failt.

You'll get jewelry and dresses,
 And you'll never want for cash;
 Better that than mere caresses
 From wee John of Dalachash.
 What's the good of being saucy?
 Stop your fussing through the house;
 Take the wealth that offers, lassie,
 And be thrifty, wise, and crouse.

Bella, you will cause me sorrow
 If your chances you abuse;
 You may leave the house to-morrow
 If old Donald you refuse.
 Quick and dress, and show your graces;
 There, your man is coming, Miss;
 Now, don't you be making faces
 When he greets you with a kiss.

27—O THEIR SINN—AWAY, AWAY.

CHORUS.



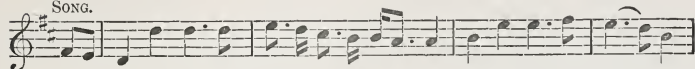
KEY D. { f : m . s | l : r | d' : m . m | s . , f : m . , r | d : m . s | l : r | d' : m . d | r : - | r }
 O theid sinn, theid sinn le suigeart agus aoidh, O theid sinn, theid sinn deòb - ach
 A - way, a - way with a merry, merry lay, With song and heart - y chor - us,

FINE.



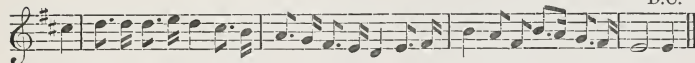
{ f : m . s | l : r | d' : m | s . , f : m . , r | d : t . d' | r' : d' . t | l . s : f . m | r : - | r }
 theid sinn, theid sinn thairis air an t-Sruidh, Gu muinntir ar daimh us ar n-eòl - as.
 We'll cross the Forth, and rivers of the north, A - way to the land that bore us.

SONG.



{ f : m . r | d : d' | d' : - . d' | r' . , d' : t . , l | l . s . - : s | l : r' | r' : - . m' | r' : - . d' | l }
 Ged bha sinn bliadh - nan fa - da fa - da bhuaith, Am Dai - le Chluaidh a còmh - nuidh,
 Though we may roam far from our Highland home, Where Clyde's brown flood is swell - ing,

D.C.



f : t | d' . , d' : d' . , r' | d' : t . , l | s . , f : m . , r | d : r . m | l : s . m | l . s : f . m | r : - | r }
 Car tanul beag gun treig sinn ar gairm 'us gun teid sinn, A dh' fhaotainn an graidh 'us an còmhraidh.
 We'll seek our native vales, And we'll hear the Highland tales, That the friends of our childhood are telling.

'Us chi sinn an caol, air 'm faca sinn, le gaoith,
 Na bataichean aotrom seoladh;

'Us chi sinn na beanntan a gleidheadh sneachd 's
 an t-samhraidh,

'Us chi sinn na h-aiuhnichean boidheach.
 O theid sinn, &c.

'Us chi sinn na glinn, mu'n ait 's an d'rugadh sinn
 'S am bitheadh sinn aotrom gorach;

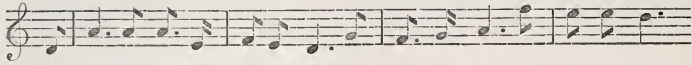
'Us chi sinn na coiltean, le aighear is toil-intinn
 'S am bitheadh sinn a cluinntan an smeorach.

O theid sinn, &c.

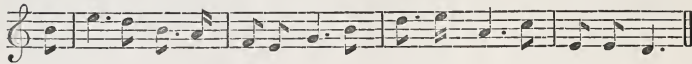
Again we'll view the places that we knew—
 The bay with boats in motion,
 The mountains all sublime with their snow in
 summer time,
 And rivers rolling down to the ocean.
 Away, &c.

We'll see each ben, and bonnie, bonnie glen,
 And wander through the wild wood,
 Where the thrush on leafy spray warbles all the
 live-long day,
 Where we used to play in childhood.
 Away, &c.

28—LINN AN AIGH—THE HAPPY AGE.



KEY. F. C. { An uair bha Gàilig aig na h-èibin Bha'm bainne air an lòn mar dhriùchd }
 When all the birds in Gaelic sang Milk lay like dew up - on the lea ;



{ t mhill a' fàs air bàrr an fhraoich, A h-uile nì cho saor 's am bùrn. }
 The heath - er in - to honey sprang, And everything was good and free.

Cha robh daoin' a' paidheadh màil;
 Orra cha robh càin no cis—
 Iasgach, sealgach agus coill
 Gun fhoighneachd aca 'us gun phris.

Cha robh cogadh, cha robh còmhstri;
 Cha robh cònsachadh no streup ann;
 H-uile h-aon a' gabhail còmhnuidh
 Anns an t-seòl 'bu deòin leis fhéin e.

Cha robh guth air crìch no tòir;
 Bha gach dùil 'tigh'nn beò an sìth;
 Feum 's am bith cha robh air mòd,
 'Us lagh na còrach air a' chridh'.

Dh'òr no dh'airgid cha robh miagh;
 Sògh 'us fialachd air gach làimh;
 Cha d' fhiosraich bochduinn duine riamh,
 Nì 's mò a dh' iarr neach riamh cuid chàich.

Bha caoimhneas, comunn, iochd 'us gràdh
 Anns gach àit am measg an t-sluaigh,
 Eadar far an d' éirich grian
 'Us far an laidh i nìar 's a chuain,

An uair bha Gàilig aig na h-èibin.

No tax or tribute used to fall
 On honest men, nor any rent;
 To hunt and fish was free to all,
 And timber without price or stent.

There was no discord, war or strife,
 For none were wronged and none oppressed;
 But every one just led the life
 And did the things that pleased him best.

All lived in peace, there was no sort
 Of prey or plunder, feud or fight;
 There was no need for any court—
 Their hearts contained the law of right.

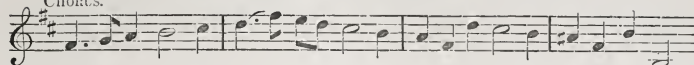
For gold or silver no one cared,
 Yet want and woe were never near;
 All had enough, and richly fared,
 And none desired his neighbour's gear.

Love, pity, and good-will were spread
 Among the people everywhere,
 From where the morning rises red
 To where the evening shineth fair,

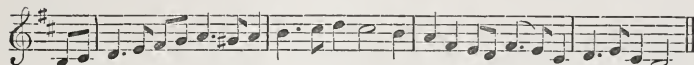
When all the birds in Gaelic sang.

29—CUIR A CHION DILIS—FAIREST AND DEAREST.

CHORUS.

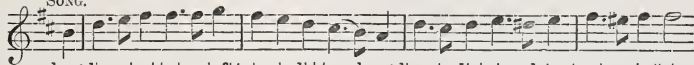


KEY D. { m :- f : s | l :- : t | d' :- m' : r' d' | t :- : l | s : m : d' | t :- : l | se : m : l | l₁ :- }
 Cuir, a chion di - lis, | d' - lis, di - lis, | Cuir, a chion di - lis, | tharam do lamh ;
 Sweetest and dear - est, fair - est, dear - est, | Take me, my dar - ling, now in thine arms ;

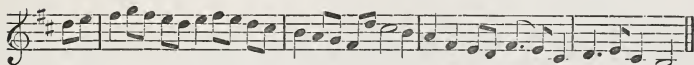


{ l₁ t₁ | d :- r : m f | s :- fe : s | l :- : t : d' | t :- : l | s : m : r d | m :- r : t₁ | d :- r : t₁ | l₁ :- }
 Do | ghorm shuil thairis a | mhealladh nam mill-tean, | E' amaid each mi 'nuair | thug mi dhuit gradh ;
 Thy red lips are smiling, thy blue eyes beguil - ing ; | Would that I ne'er had gazed on thy charms.

SONG.



{ l | d' :- r : m' | m' :- m' : f' | m' : r' : d' | t :- : l : s | d' :- t : d' | r' :- de' : r' | m' :- re' : m' | m' :- }
 Rinn | deisead do phearsa nach | fhacas a thuarimeas, | 'G'iomachd fo'n eumach-chultha camagach tìà, |
 Thy beauty and brightness and lightness in go - ing | Under the bon - nie brown waves of thy hair,



{ d' r' | m' : f' m' r' d' | r' m' r' d' t | l : s f m d' | t :- : l | s : m : r d | m :- r : t₁ | d :- r : t₁ | l₁ :- }
 Rinn | dealradh do mhaise 'us | lasadh do ghruaidhean | Mise ghrad-bhuiladh | thairis gu làr.
 Thy lips red and luscious, and | blushes bright glowing, | Smote me with love and sweetest despair.

Do dhearc-shuilean glana, fo mhala gun
ghruaimean,

'S daingean a bhuail iad mise le d' ghràdh.

Do ròs-bhilean tana, seinh, farasda suairce,

Cladhaichear m' uaign mur glac thu mo lamh.

Their fuasgladh air m' anam, o'n cheangal is
cruaidhe ;

Cuimhnich air t'uaise, 's cobhair mo chàs ;

Na biodhams a'm thràill dhuit gu bràth o an uairso ;

Ach tiomaich o chruas do chridhe gu tìas.

Cha 'n fhaodar leam cadal, air leabaidh an
uaigneas,

'S m' aigne 'g a bhuaireadh dh' oidhche 's a là ;

Ach ainur a's binne, 's a's grinne, 's a's suairce,

Gabh-sa dhìom truas 'us bitheadh mi slàn.

Thy blue eyes soft beaming and gleaming, my
treasure,

Lips like the rose in the dew of the morn,

With passion 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 morning with sorrow I dwell ;

But, oh ! should my sweetest and neatest young

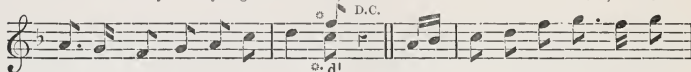
Pity and love me, I soon should be well. [maiden

A favourite Gaelic song. Translation by L. M. The chorus seems to have belonged to another song.

30—A CHAILINN THA TAMH MU LOCH EITE—THE LASS BY LOGH ETIVE.

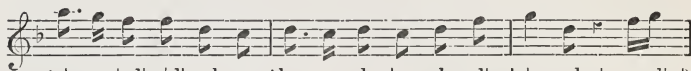


KEY F, ♯: d' . l | s : m : r . d | d : - . r : m . f | s : - . l : s | s : m : d }
 SEISD—(Cha'n eil mi mar b'abh - aist la seachdain no Sàbaid, 'S cha }
 Dh'fhàs cianal air m'aig - ne bho'n thug mi 'chiad aire Do'n }
 CHORUS— I'm dreary on Sun - day, I'm wea - ry on Mon - day, And }
 A lovely young na - tive, from bon - nie Loch E - tive, Has }
 D.C.

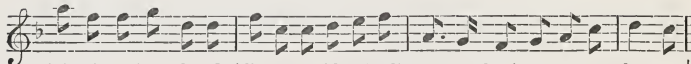


{ m : - . r : d | r : m : s | l : - . s : | m . f | s : l : d' | r' : - . d' : r' }
 dhàisg - car á pràmh gu deagh | ghleus mi; | Eha | àm am 'us shaoil mi nach }
 chailinn tha tàmh mu Loch Eite.
 noth - ing can wake me to glad - ness; I once had the no - tion, that for
 filled me with love and with sad - ness.

* First time end with F (doh¹); second time end with C (soh).



{ m' : - . r' : d' | d' : l : s | l : - . s : l | s : l : d' | r' : - . l | : d' r' }
 beannadh an gaol rium 'S nach maothaicheadh idir mo chridh' ris; Ach }
 love's strange e - mo - tion My heart was too careless and list - less; I've



{ m' : d' : d' | r' : l : l | d' : s : s | l : t : d' | m : - . r : d | r : m : s | l : - . s }
 chaochail am beachd sin 'us | tha mi nis faicinn Gur deac - air e duine bhi strìth ris }
 changed that opinion, I've felt its do - minion, And find that its sway is re - sist - less.

Aig coinnimh na h-òigridh 's ann chuir mi 'n ceud eòlas

Air an òg-chailinn choimhblionta, chiataich;
 'Us cha tig e an gradaig a mhùchas an t-sradag
 A rinn ise fhadadh 'n am chliabh-sa.

Cha dèth dhomh bhì luaidh air na feartan thug buaidh orm,

'S a mhosgail bho shuainhneas gu bròn mi—
 A gnùis fhoinnidh, flathail, a shìlean caoin, tairis,
 'S a binn-bheul o'm blasta dhìg còmhradh.

Is finealta, nasal a beus 'us a gluasad;
 Is ceanalta, suairce a nàdur;

'N a pearsa cho loinneil, 'n a deise cho sgoinneil—
 Cha 'n ioghnadh ged 's toigh leam a' ghrìdhheadh.

'S e cuspair mo smaointean a latha 's a dh' oidhliche
 A dh' fhoillseachadh seòl air bhì réidh rith',

'Chionn mur faigh mi a buannachd rì 'm bhèd
 bidh mi truaigh dheth,

Fo sgàil dhuibh gun suainhneas gun bìbhneas.

At a young people's meeting I first got her greeting,

This fair one for whom I am yearning,
 And her loveliness threw some love sparks in my bosom,

That still are unquenchably burning.

The graces displayed in this charming young maiden
 Are past all my powers of relation;
 Her smile that entrances, her bright loving glances,

Her artless and sweet conversation—

Each feature and gesture, each fold of her vesture,
 Each word and each motion discover
 She's peerlessly pretty, wise, modest and witty—
 Dear lassie, no wonder I love her!

Both sleeping and waking my heart it is aching;
 To win her esteem I'll endeavour;

And if my enslaver deny me her favour,
 My life shall be clouded for ever.

31—CRONAN—A LULLABY.

KEY Δ { m : r : d | m : r : d | r : d : r | m : - : s }

Cag - ar - an, cag - ar - an, cag - ar - an gaol - ach, }
Hush - a - by, dar - ling, and hush - a - by, dear, O, }

{ m : r : d | m : r : d | r : d : t_1 | l_1 : - : s_1 }

Cag - ar - an, fogh - aint - each, fear de mo dhaoi - ne }
Hush - a - by, dar - ling will yet be a he - - ro; }

{ s_1 : l_1 : t_1 | d : r : m | r : d : r | m : - : s }

Goid - idh e gobh - air dhomh, goid - idh e caoir - ich, }
None will be big - ger, or brav - er, or strong - er: }

{ f : m : r | d : t_1 : l_1 | s_1 : l_1 : t_1 | r : - : d }

Goid - idh e cap - ull 'us mart o na raoin - tean. }
Lull - a - by, lit - tle one, cry - ing no long - er. }

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

Dean an cadalan 's dhìn do shùilean,
Dean an cadalan beag 'na mo sgùirdaich;
Rinn thu an cadalan 's dhùin do shùilean,
Rinn thu an cadalan, slàn gu'n dèisg thu!

Thuit e 'na chadalan thuit e 'na shuainean;
Cairisidh ainglean gu cairdeil mu'n cuairt da;
Chluinnidh e'n guthan a cagar 'na chluasan,
'S bìthidh fiamh-ghàire air gràdhan 'na bhruadar!

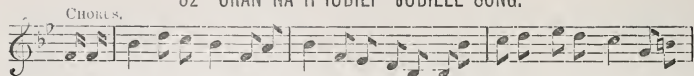
Lullaby, little one, bonnie wee baby,
He'll be a hero and fight for us maybe;
Cattle and horses and sheep will his prey be:
None will be bolder or braver than baby.

Softly and silently eyelids are closing;
Dearest wee jewel, so gently he's dosing;
Softly he's resting by slumber o'ertaken;
Soundly he's sleeping and sweetly he'll waken.

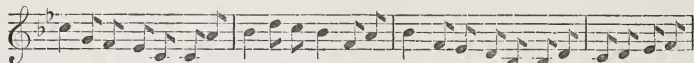
Placidly, peacefully, slumber has bound him;
Angels are lovingly watching around him—
Beautiful spirits, his sorrow beguiling,
Sweetly they whisper, and baby is smiling!

The three first verses of the Gaelic are relics of an old Lochaber lullaby.

32—ORAN NA H-IUBILI—JUBILEE SONG.

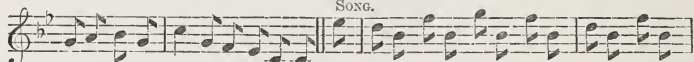


KEY B. $f, s_1, s_1 | \hat{d} : m, r | \hat{d} : s_1, t_1 | \hat{d} : s_1, f_1 | m_1, \hat{d}_1, \hat{d}_1, \hat{d} | r : m : f, m | r : l, \hat{d}_e |$
 (Cuiribh) fonn air an dàn so an leac an ar n-aithrichean, 'Us' togabh lean an t-seis so, gu'
 Now a bold and sonorous good chorus from Highlanders: King out your hearty cheers, Mountain

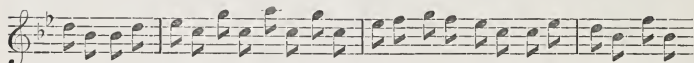


$|| r : l_1, s_1 | f_1, r_1 : r_1, t_1 | \hat{d} : m, r | \hat{d} : s_1, t_1 | \hat{d} : s_1, f_1 | m_1, \hat{d}_1, \hat{d}_1, m_1 | r_1, m_1 : f_1, s_1 |$
 h-cutrom 's gu caithreamach; Tha clanna nan Gàidheal tha tamh meas nam mor-bheanna, Le durachd ag cur
 cers and brave Islanders; All join this refrain, for the reign, long and glorious, The royal rule of

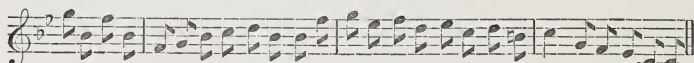
SONG.



$|| l_1, t_1 : \hat{d}, l_1 | r : l_1, s_1 | f_1, r_1 : r_1, | f | m : \hat{d} : s : \hat{d} | l : \hat{d} : s : \hat{d} | m : \hat{d} : s : \hat{d} |$
 fall air a' Bhàn-rìgh 'n Victoria. Tha Sasunn doirteadh mach a h-òr á storasaibh gu
 blessings full, the good Queen Victoria's. The Saxon land, with lavish hand, has shown her liber-



$|| m : \hat{d} : \hat{d} : m | f : r : l : r | t : r : l : r | f : s : l : s | f : r : r : f | m : \hat{d} : s : \hat{d} |$
 fughantach; An Eirinn fhein a' deanamh strep a mì-thlachd gheur a thiomachadh; Na Cuiririch agus
 al - i - ty; Ev'n Erin's Isle resumes her smile of sweetest, rarest qual - i - ty; On Lowland dales and



$|| l : \hat{d} : s : \hat{d} | s_1, l_1 : \hat{d} : r | m : \hat{d} : \hat{d} : s | l : f : s : m | f : r : m : \hat{d}_e | r : l_1, s_1 | f_1, r_1 : r_1. ||$
 Goill nah-Alb' cur' aird air mar is urrainn daibh, A choisreagadh gu h-usal flalaidh bliadhna na h-iubilli!
 hills of Wales, that ancient Principal - i - ty, This Jub-i - lee they keep with glee, and free cordi-al - i - ty!

Ach sinne, Gàidheil nan crìochan garbh,
 Is tearc 's an àm ar fineachan;
 Is eutrom, falaubh, fas, gun òr,
 Ar pòcanan 's ar n-ionnhasan;
 Chan e ar nòs bhì spaidell, spòrsail,
 Bruidheach, bòslail, mìodalach,
 'T's tairgìdh sinn, mar sin, do'n Dhanrigh'n
 Làn-ghradh ar eridheachan.
 Gun Ìon i mòran bìthean fhathast
 Cathair òrd nam Breannnach;
 Gu'm fas a càirdean Ìomhor, Ìan;
 Gu'm faigh a nàmhaid beagachadh;
 Gu'm meal i sonas, gràdh an t-sloigh;
 'T's glòir 'n a làithibh deireannach;
 'S na leanas iad an t'ig 'n a dèigh
 'N a ceumaibh cha 'n eagal duinn.
 Am meas nan linn a b' airde glibh,
 Le'n daoine mòra, foghainteach;
 Am meas nam fine choisinn clìh
 Fo rìghribh eùisil, comasach—
 A dh'aindeoin beachd nan cachtachan -
 Gu deimhin, 's iad na roghainn-sa
 Ar cinnceadh fein, an Ìon a tha
 'S ar Bànrìgh'n Victoria.

But we the Gaels, in lonely vales
 Beyond the frowning Grampians,
 Though clansmen true, are poor and few,
 Beseit of chiefs and champions.
 Though we've been proud and never bowed
 With praises loud to royalty,
 Our Queen and land shall aye command
 Our hand, heart and loyalty.
 Long may she reign o'er land and main,
 No less or pain distressing her,
 Her friends increasing, foes decreasing,
 Health unceasing blessing her;
 Long may her people shower upon her
 Love and honour merited;
 May sons unborn her virtues see
 By kings to be inherited.
 Of every age upon the page
 Of Britain's sage historian,
 For this we claim the highest fame,
 This age we name Victorian;
 And surely none such victories won
 So wisely, bravely, humanly;
 And than our Lady none has been
 More queenly or womanly.

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