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THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-Brise to the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her brother, Major Lord George Stewart Murray, Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

22th January 1927.

Mrs W. Johnston Robertson

St James' Palace

1848. London.

ORIGINAL

National Melodies

OF

SCOTLAND.

COMPOSED BY

PETER Mc LEOD.

Ent. Sta. Hall

Price 25/.

LONDON,
George Virtue 26, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.
EDINBURGH,
A. Crichton 27, West Register Street.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND EDINBURGH

TO

Her most excellent Majesty

QUEEN VICTORIA,

This National Work &c.

WITH

Her Majesty's most gracious permission

Humbly Dedicated, by

Her Majesty's

MOST LOYAL AND

Devoted Subject

Peter McLeod

John Brown Engraver Edin.r

PREFACE.

In presenting this first collected Volume of the Original National Melodies of Scotland to the Public, I beg gratefully to acknowledge the kind encouragement which I have received from the Lovers of Song, to proceed with the Publication, as well as the high approbation they have expressed of my previous attempts. Of that encouragement and that approbation, I shall ever feel proud, and can only once cease to remember.

In the composition of this Work, my ambition has not been to dazzle with eccentricities, or astonish with high flown passages, but to unite with the Spirit of the Words, a corresponding sentiment of Melody and Song.

Amongst the Contributors of the Poetry, I have the happiness to rank many of the best living Poets of the day; and it will ever be flattering to my feelings to recollect, that not a few of the illustrious dead thought my simple Melodies not unworthy of being wedded to their strains.

I have much pleasure, also, in stating, that my labours have been greatly lightened by the growing taste for the Music of our native country, to foster which was my sole motive, in venturing first to strike the Harp of Caledonia! and I fondly hope that its tones will find an echo in every breast—from that of Her, under whose high auspices this Volume appears, to the heart of the lowliest Maiden that strays among "The bonny Braes o' Scotland."

PETER M'LEOD.

11. Grove Street,
Edinburgh, *March* 1838.

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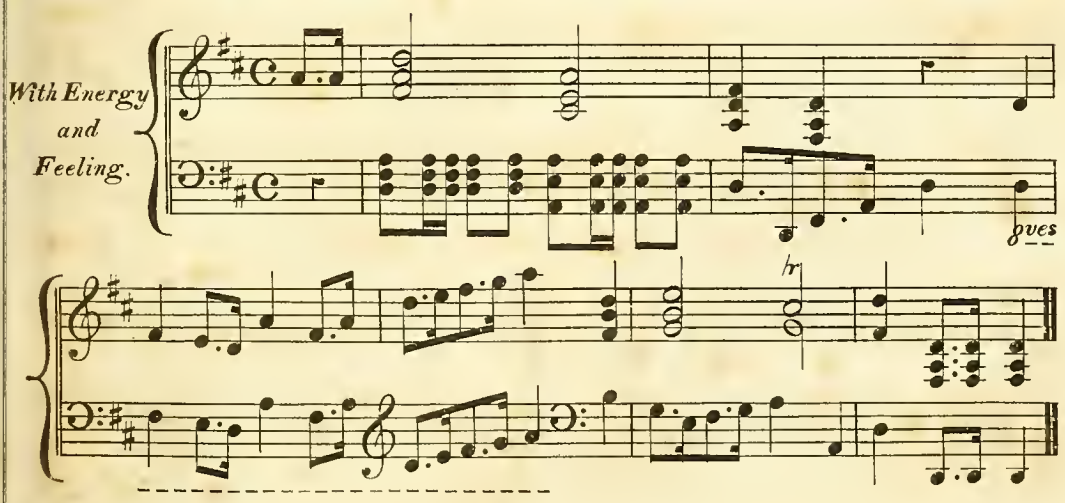
ORIGINAL
National Melodies
OF
SCOTLAND.

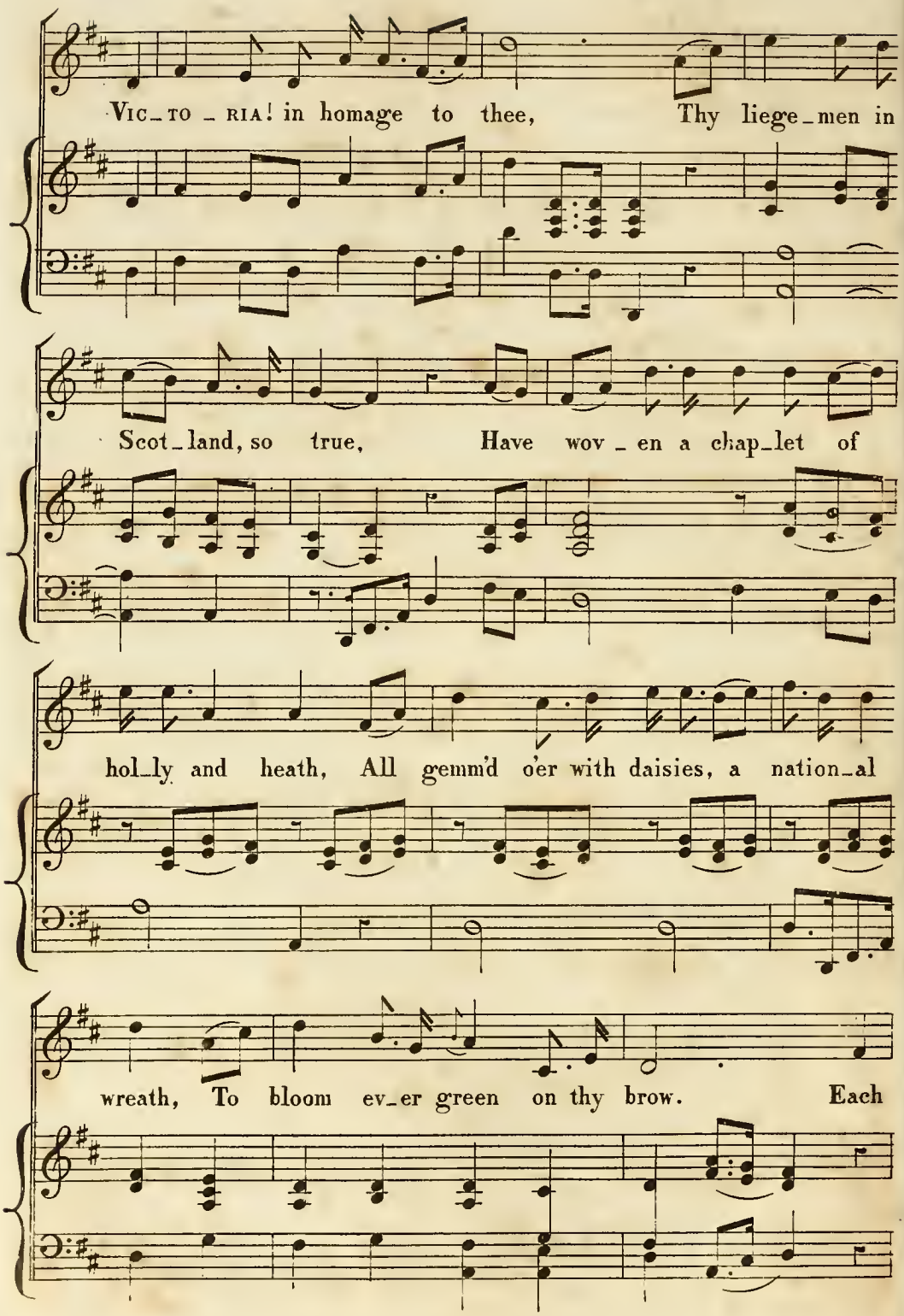
VICTORIA!

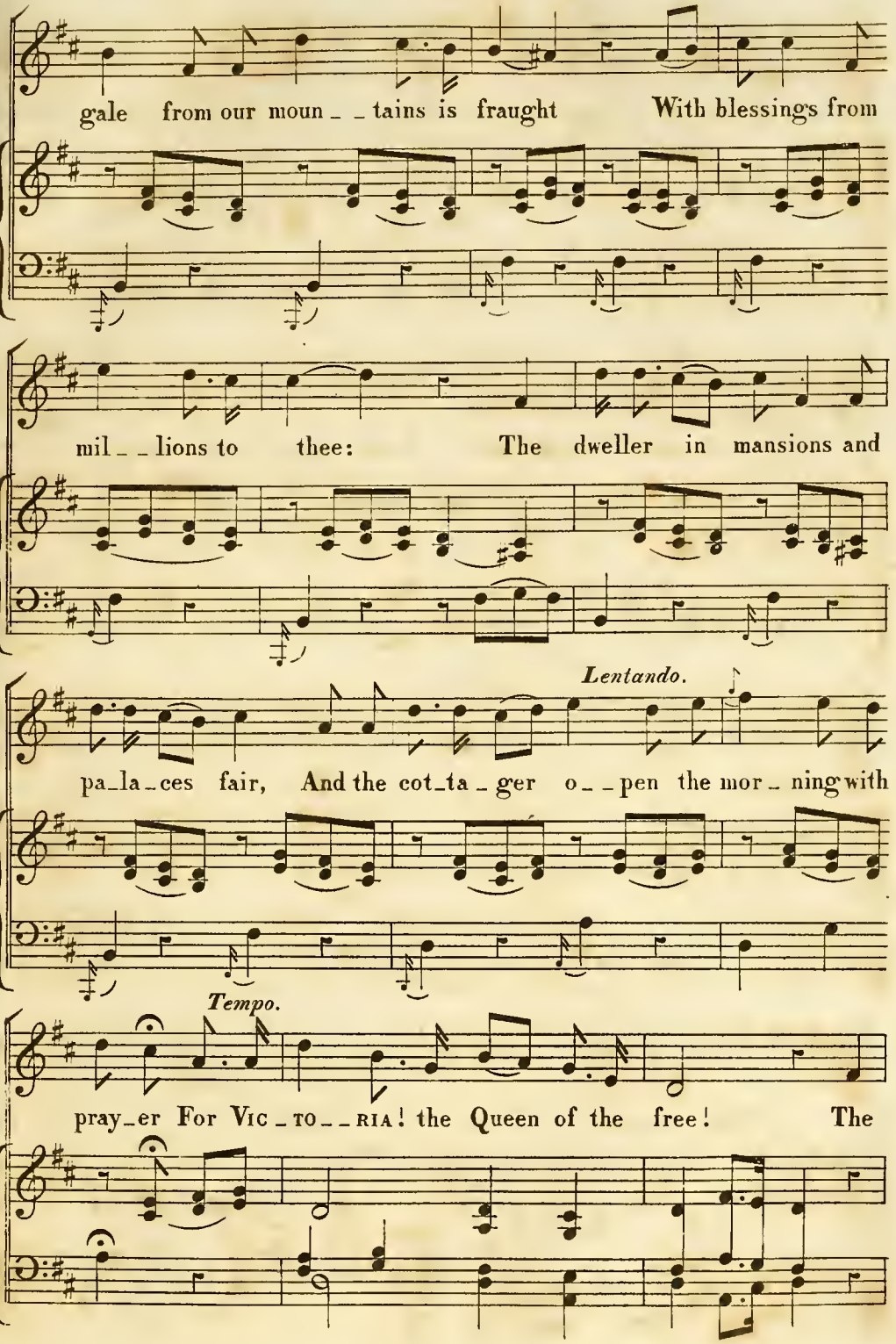
IN HOMAGE TO THEE.

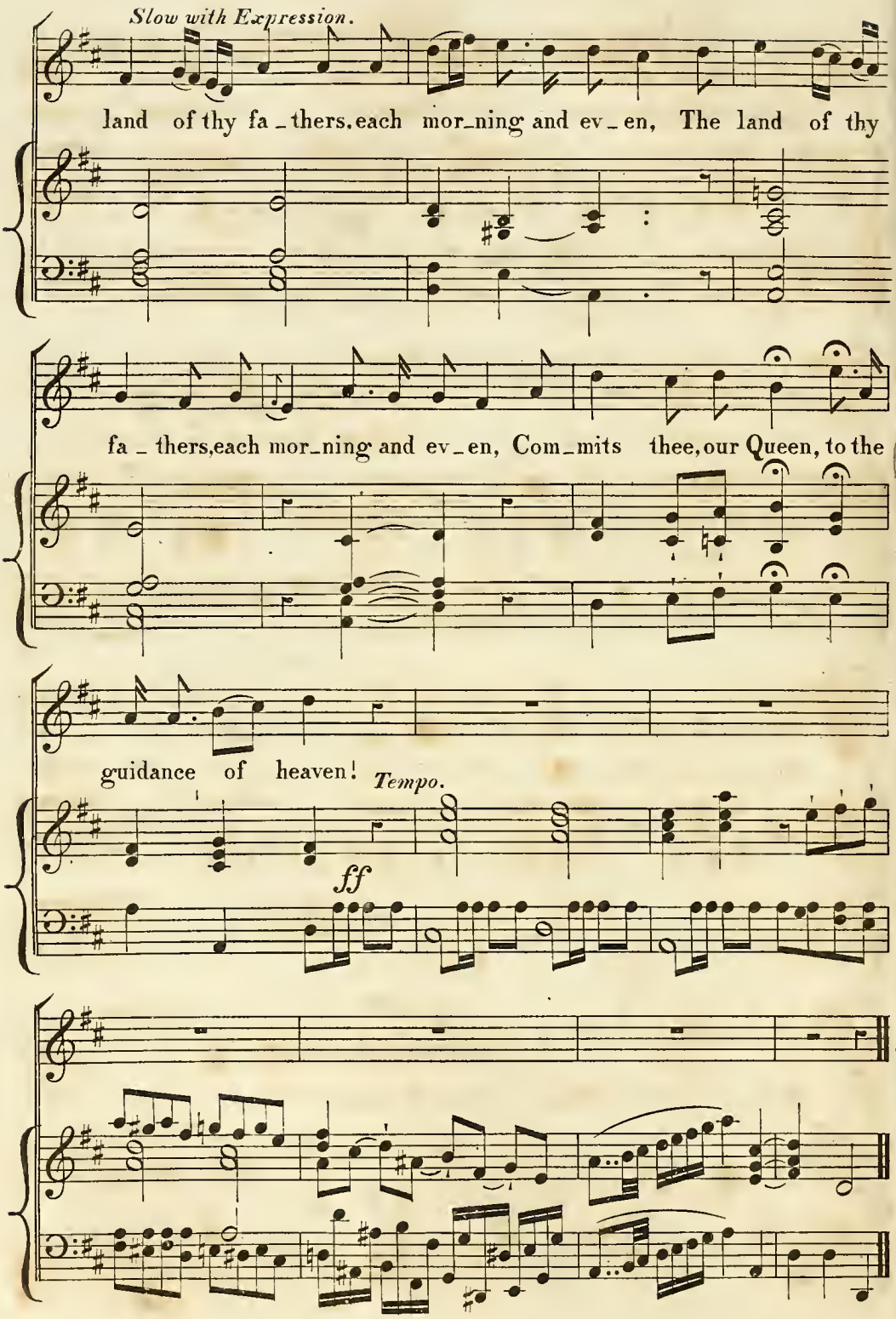
Written by David Sedder.

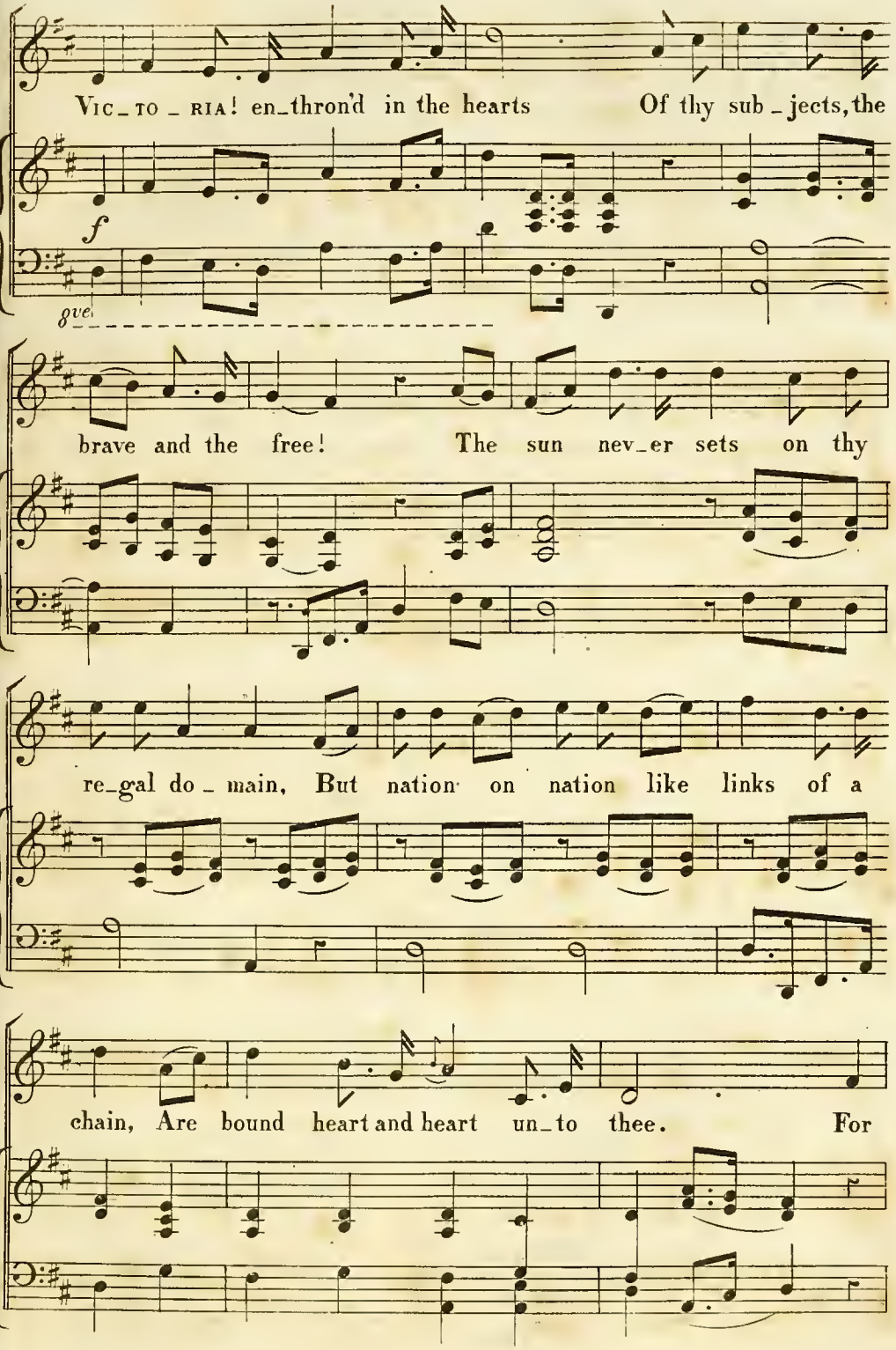


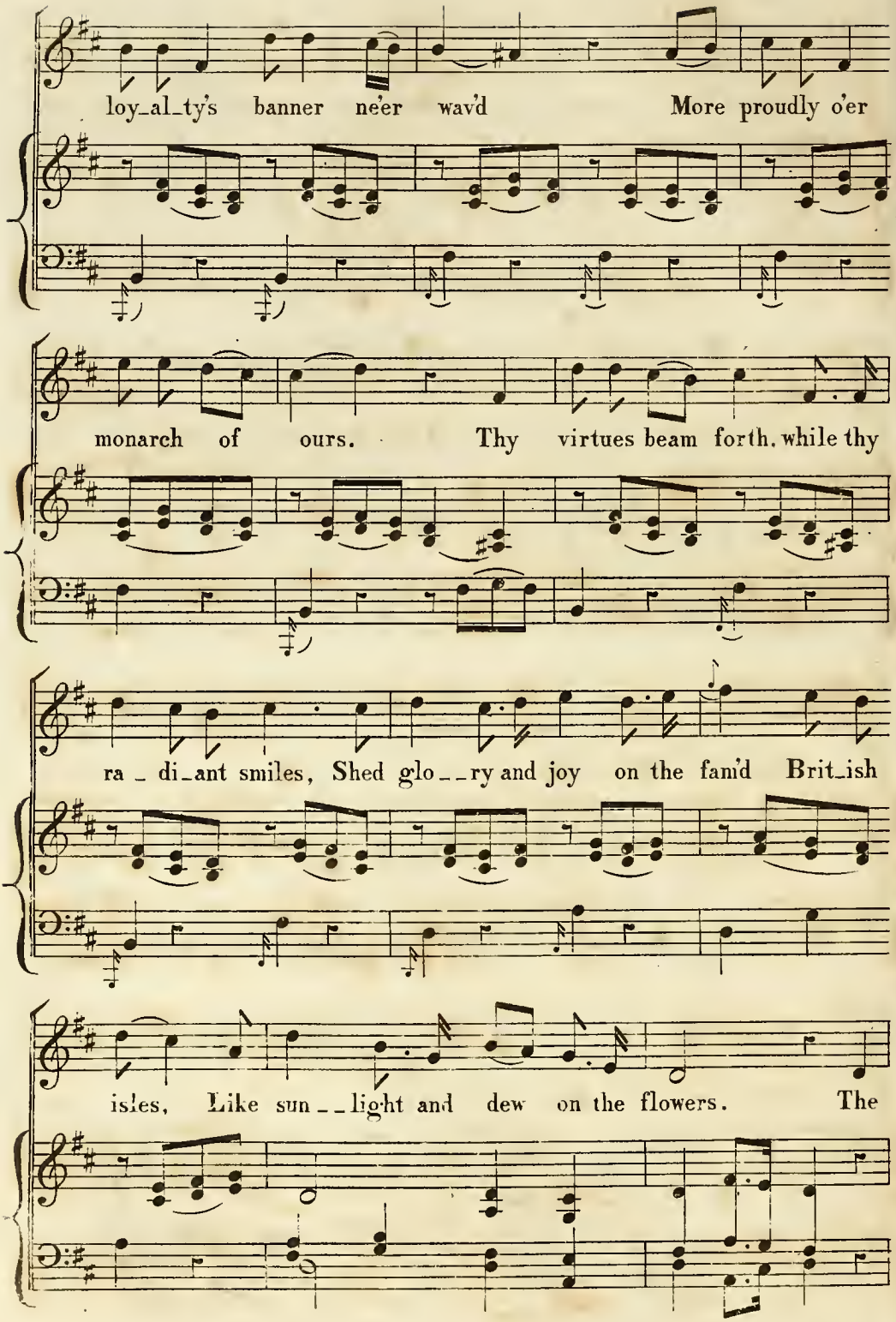
Robert Home, Engraver, Edinburgh.

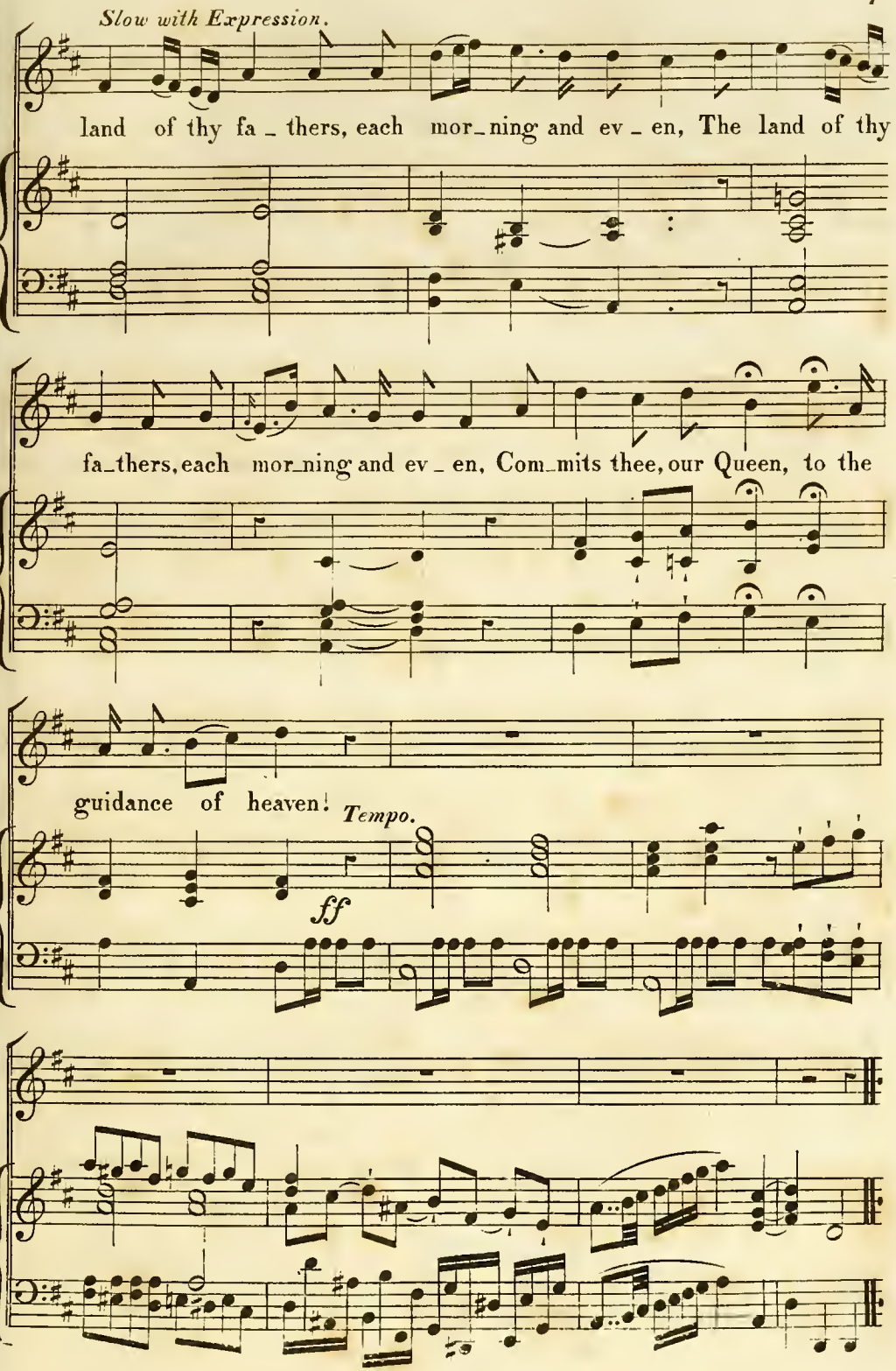

Vic_to_ria! in homage to thee, Thy liege_men in
Scot_land, so true, Have wov_en a chap_let of
hol_ly and heath, All gemm'd o'er with daisies, a nation_al
wreath, To bloom ev_er green on thy brow. Each


gale from our moun_ _tains is fraught With blessings from
mil_ _lions to thee: The dweller in mansions and
Lentando.
pa_la_ces fair, And the cot_ta_ger o_ _pen the mor_ ning with
Tempo.
pray_er For Vic_to_ _ria! the Queen of the free! The


Slow with Expression.
land of thy fa_thers, each mor_ning and ev_en, The land of thy
fa_thers, each mor_ning and ev_en, Com_mits thee, our Queen, to the
guidance of heaven!
Tempo.
ff

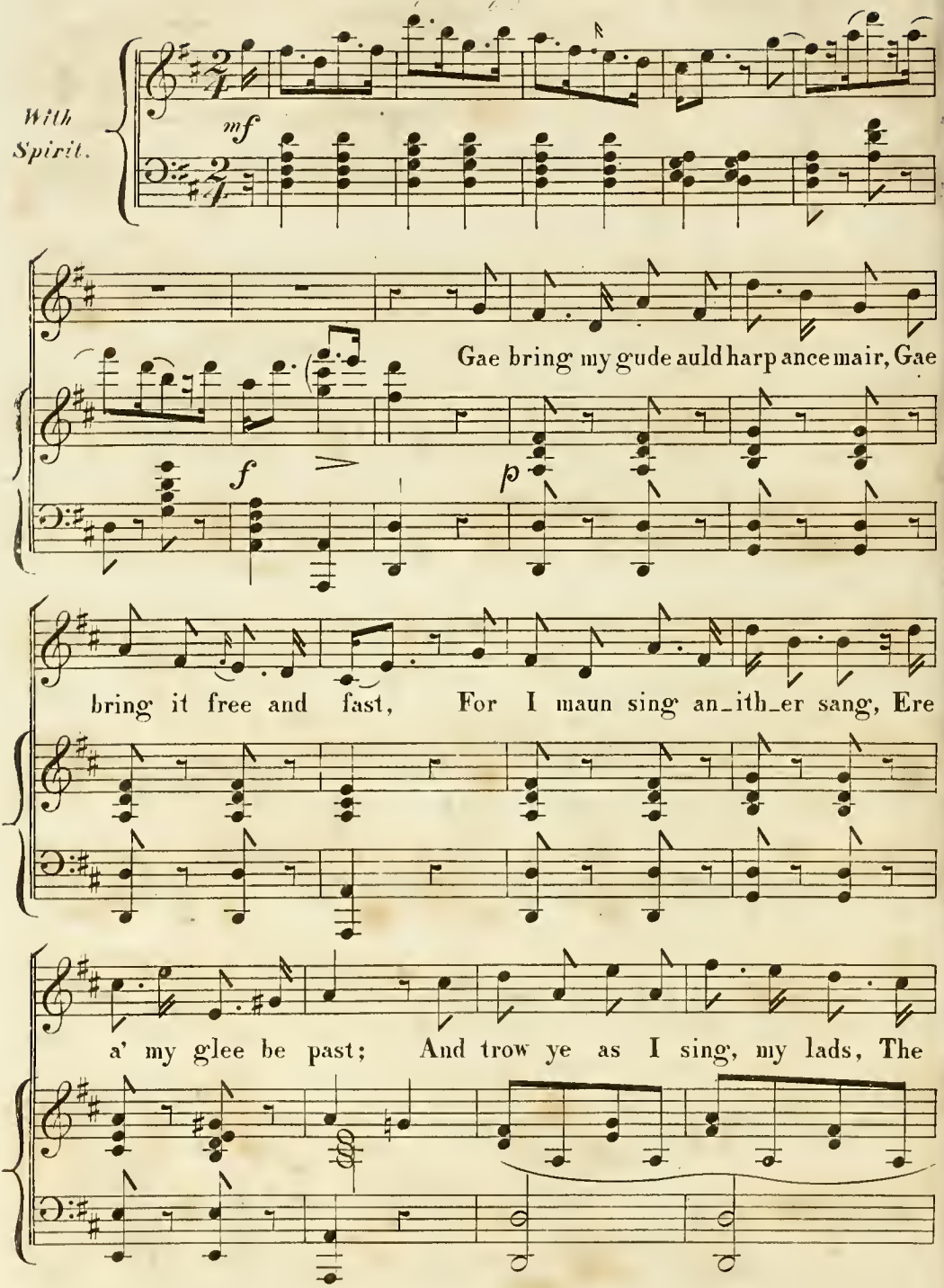

Vic_to_ria! en_thron'd in the hearts Of thy sub_jects, the
f
8ve
brave and the free! The sun nev_er sets on thy
re_gal do_main, But nation on nation like links of a
chain, Are bound heart and heart un_to thee. For

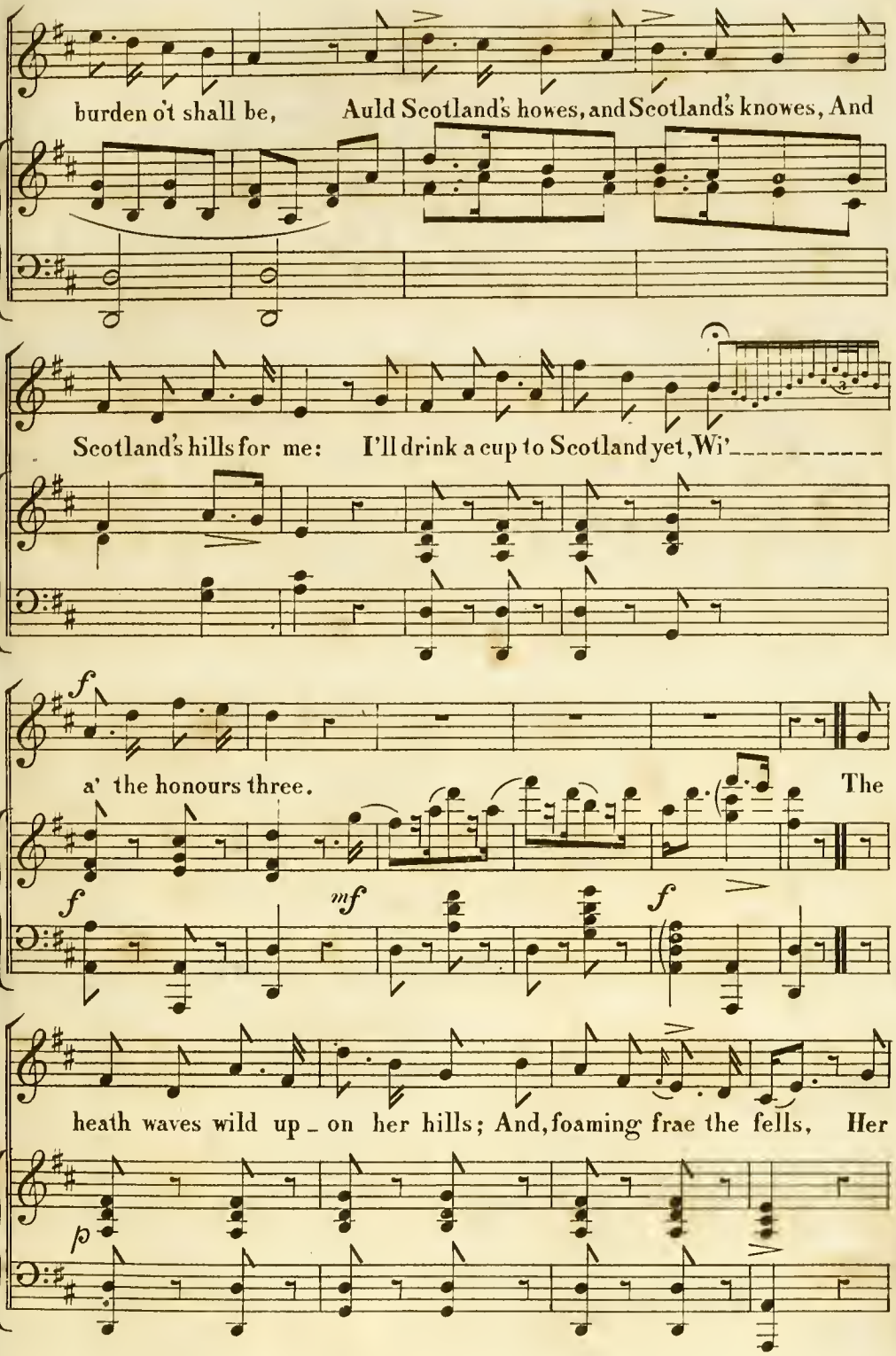

loy_al_ty's banner ne'er wav'd More proudly o'er
monarch of ours. Thy virtues beam forth, while thy
ra _ di_ant smiles, Shed glo _ _ ry and joy on the fam'd Brit_ish
isles, Like sun _ _ light and dew on the flowers. The

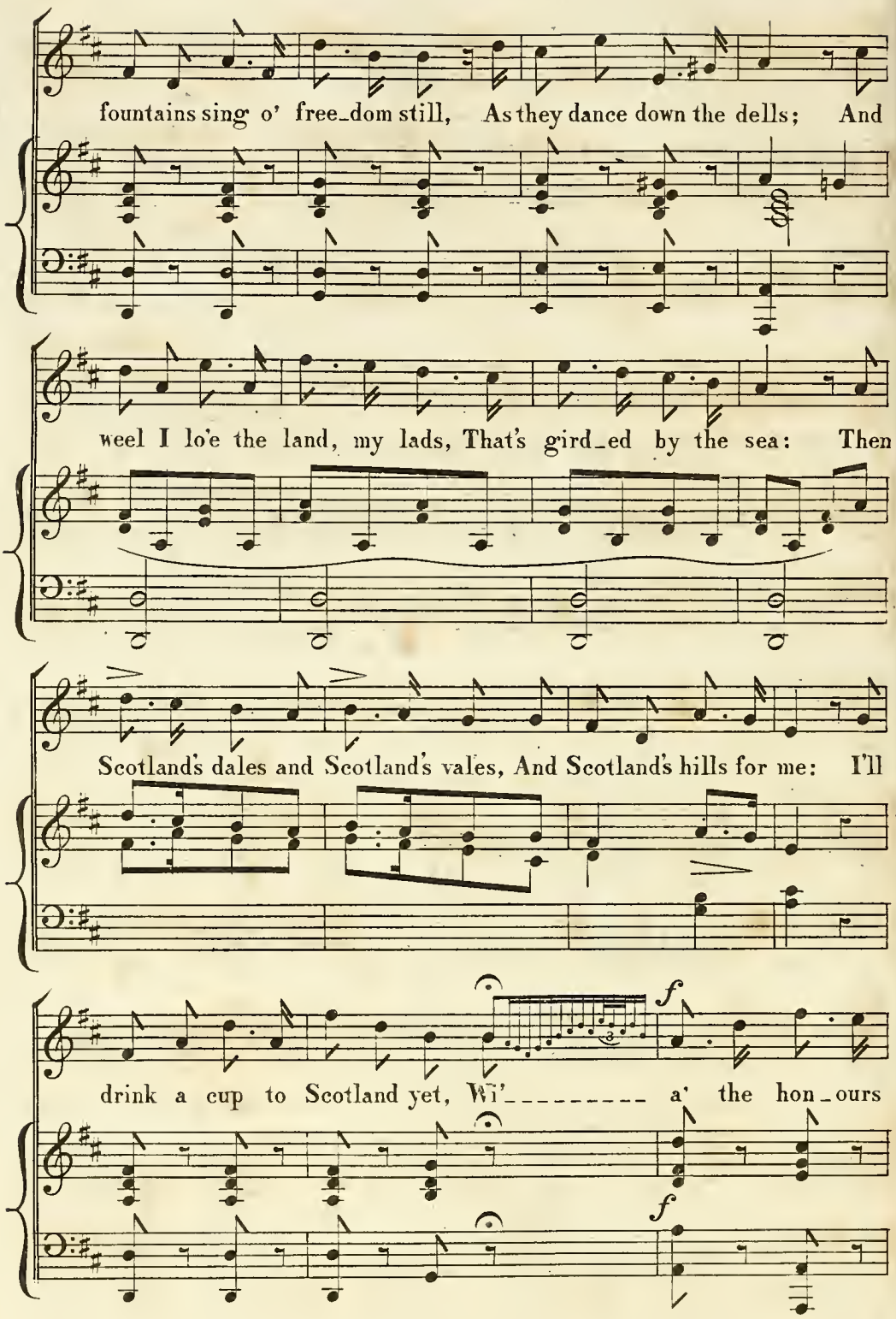

Slow with Expression.
land of thy fa_thers, each mor_ning and ev_en, The land of thy
fa_thers, each mor_ning and ev_en, Com_mits thee, our Queen, to the
guidance of heaven!
Tempo.
ff

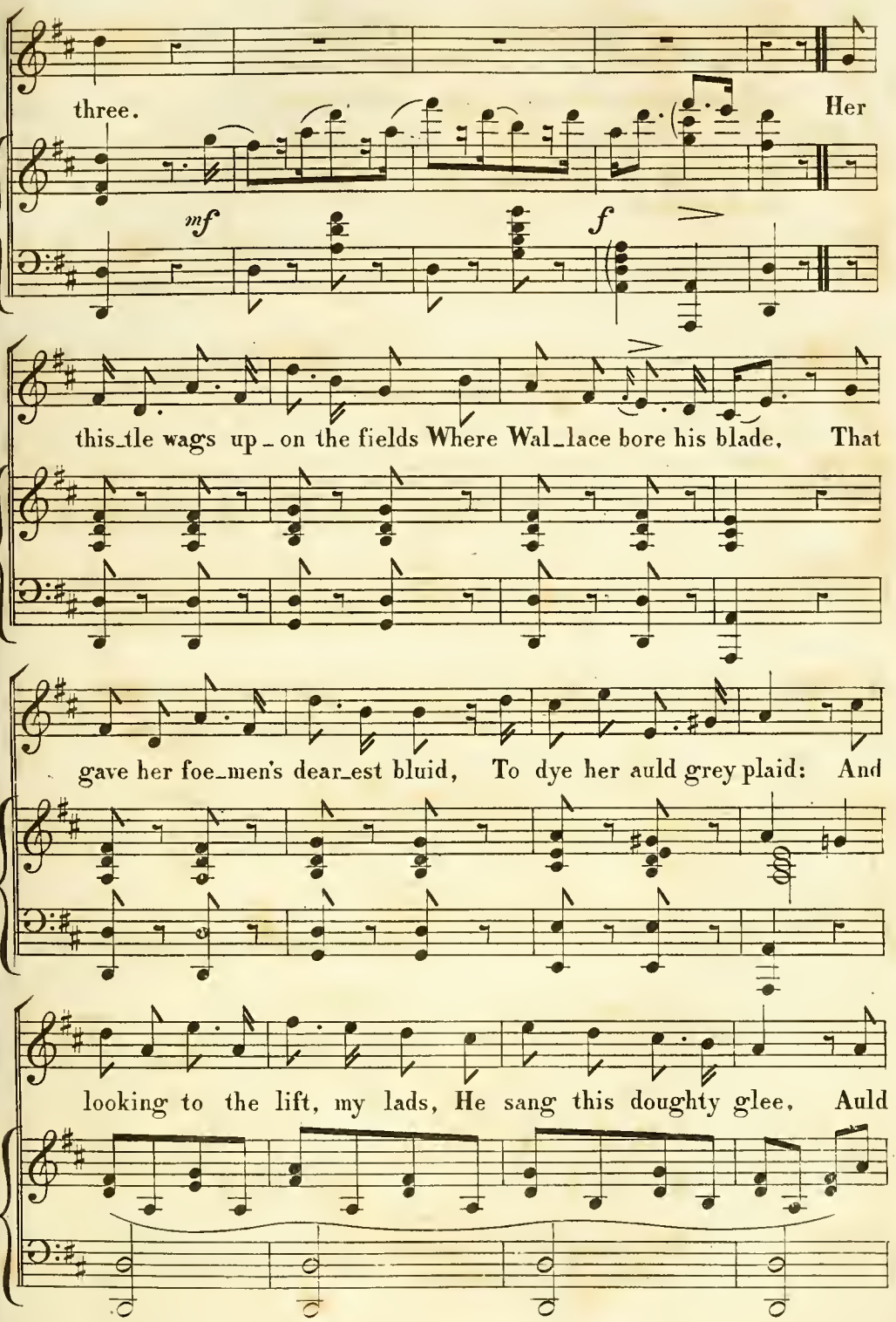
SCOTLAND YET.

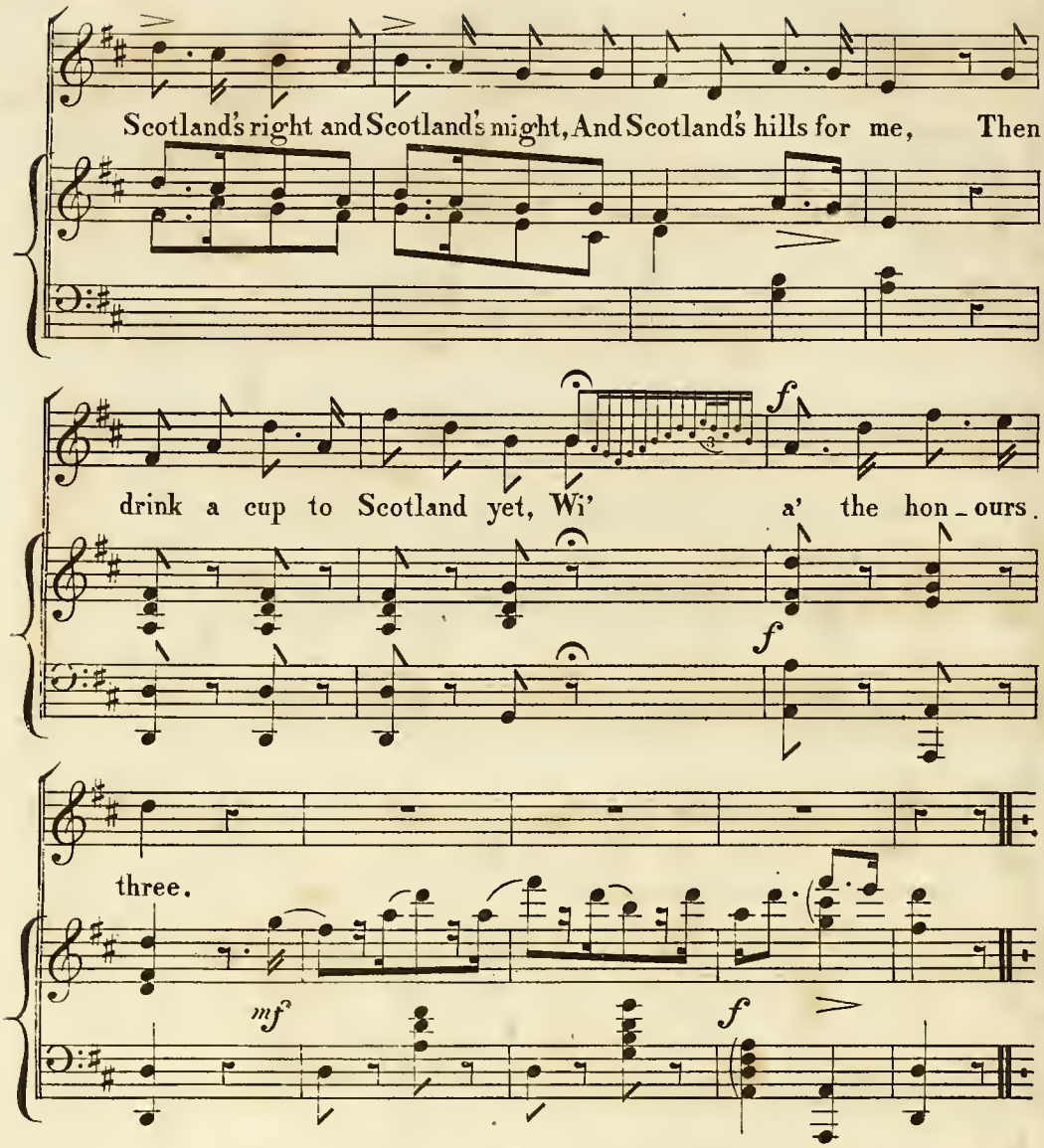
Written by Henry S. Riddell.




burden o't shall be, Auld Scotland's howes, and Scotland's knowes, And
Scotland's hills for me: I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet, Wi'
f
a' the honours three. The
f
mf
f
heath waves wild up_on her hills; And, foaming frae the fells, Her
p


fountains sing o' free_dom still, As they dance down the dells; And
weel I lo'e the land, my lads, That's gird_ed by the sea: Then
Scotland's dales and Scotland's vales, And Scotland's hills for me: I'll
drink a cup to Scotland yet, Wi'_____ a' the hon_ours
f
f

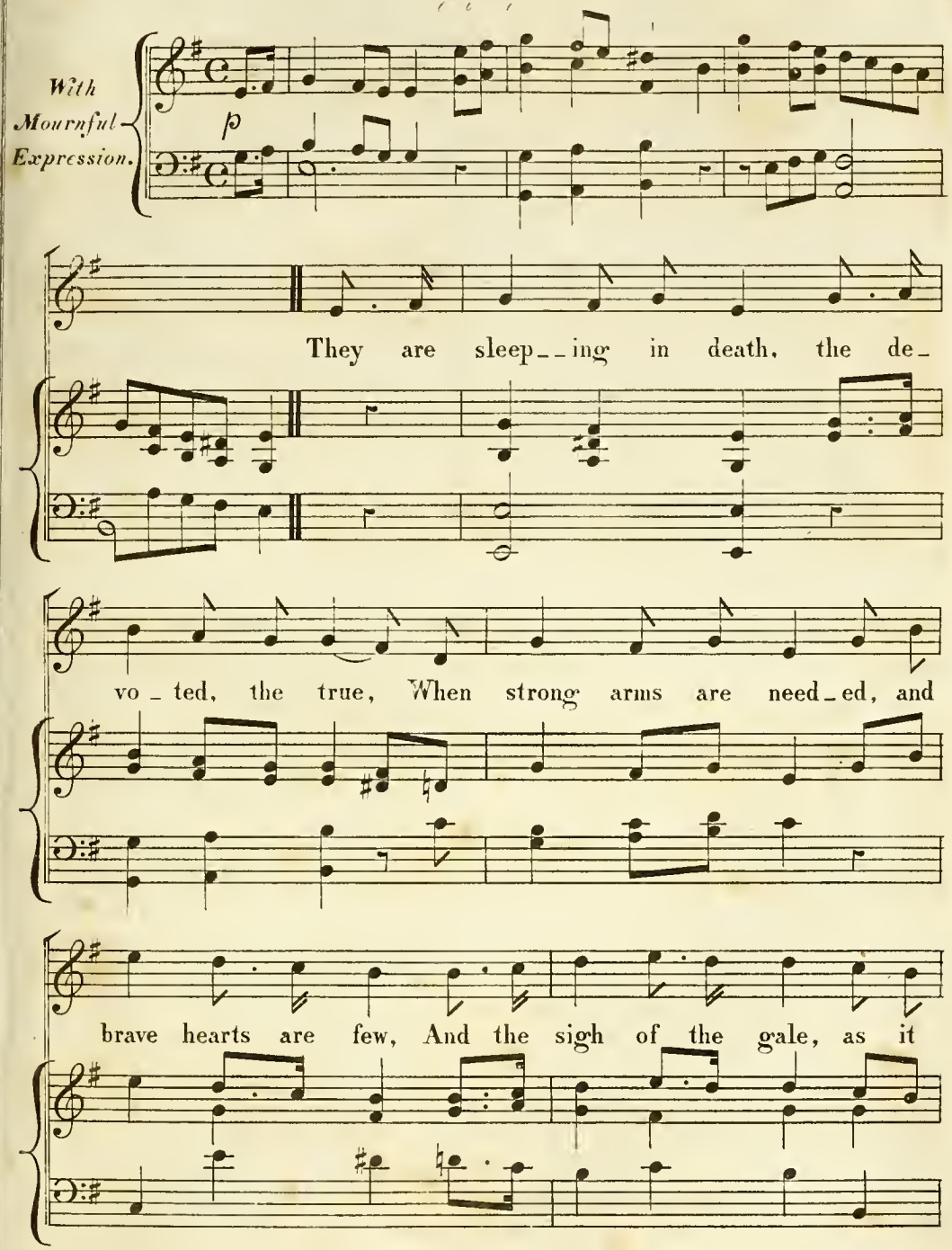

three. Her
mf
f
this_tle wags up_on the fields Where Wal_lace bore his blade, That
gave her foe_men's dear_est bluid, To dye her auld grey plaid: And
looking to the lift, my lads, He sang this doughty glee, Auld

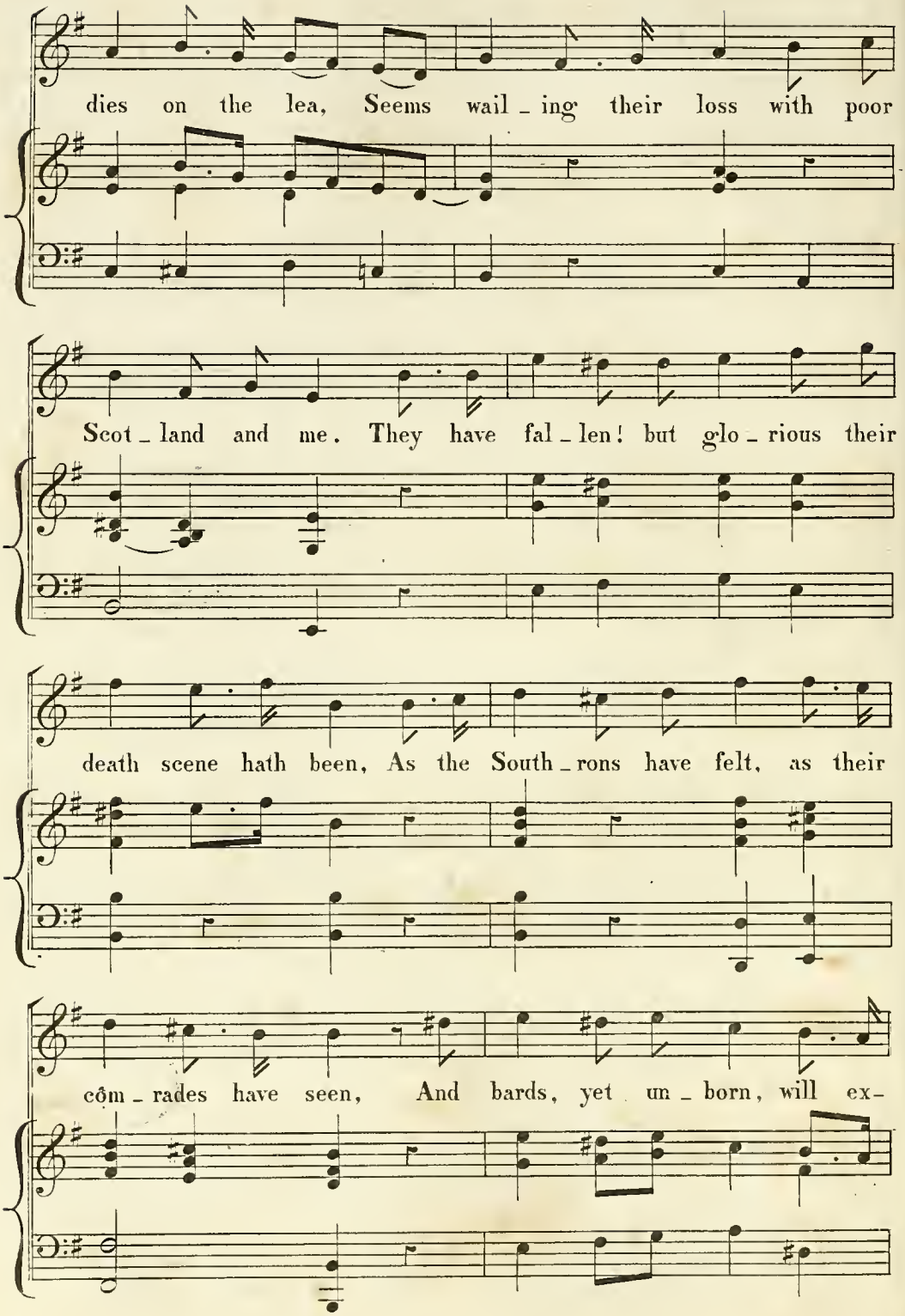


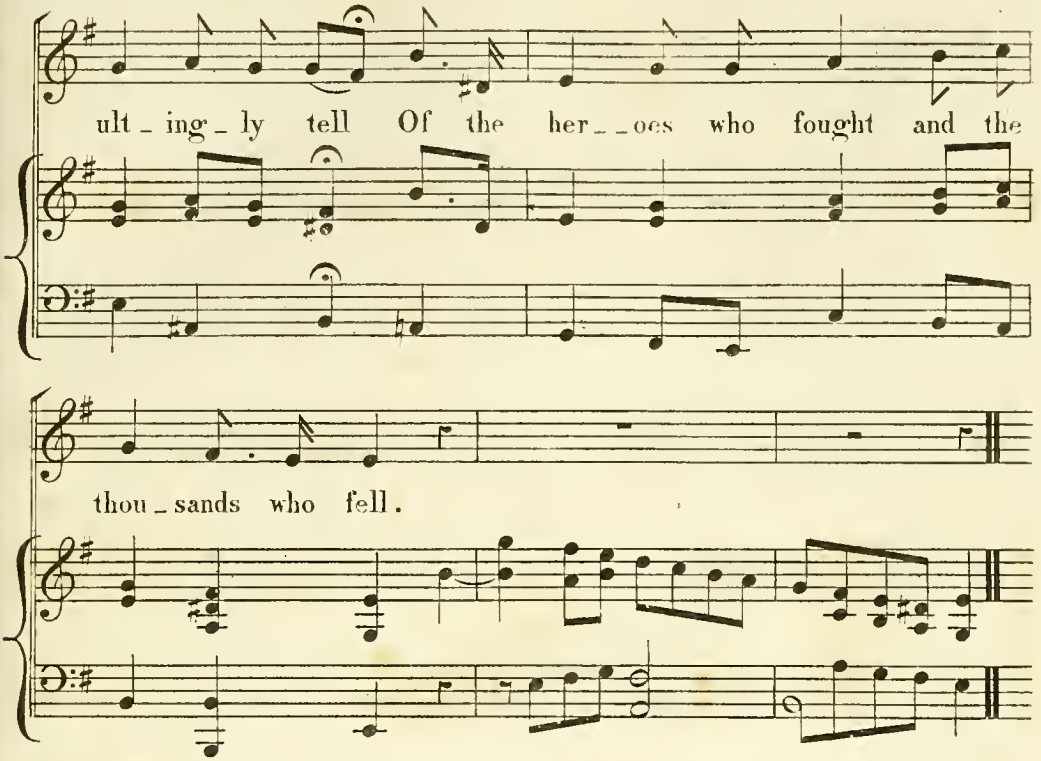
They tell o' lands wi' brighter skies,
Where freedom's voice ne'er rang;
Gie me the hills where Ossian dwelt
And Coila's minstrel sang!
For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads,
That ken na to be free;
Then Scotland's right and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me:
We'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three.

WALLACE'S LAMENT.

Written by George Allan.



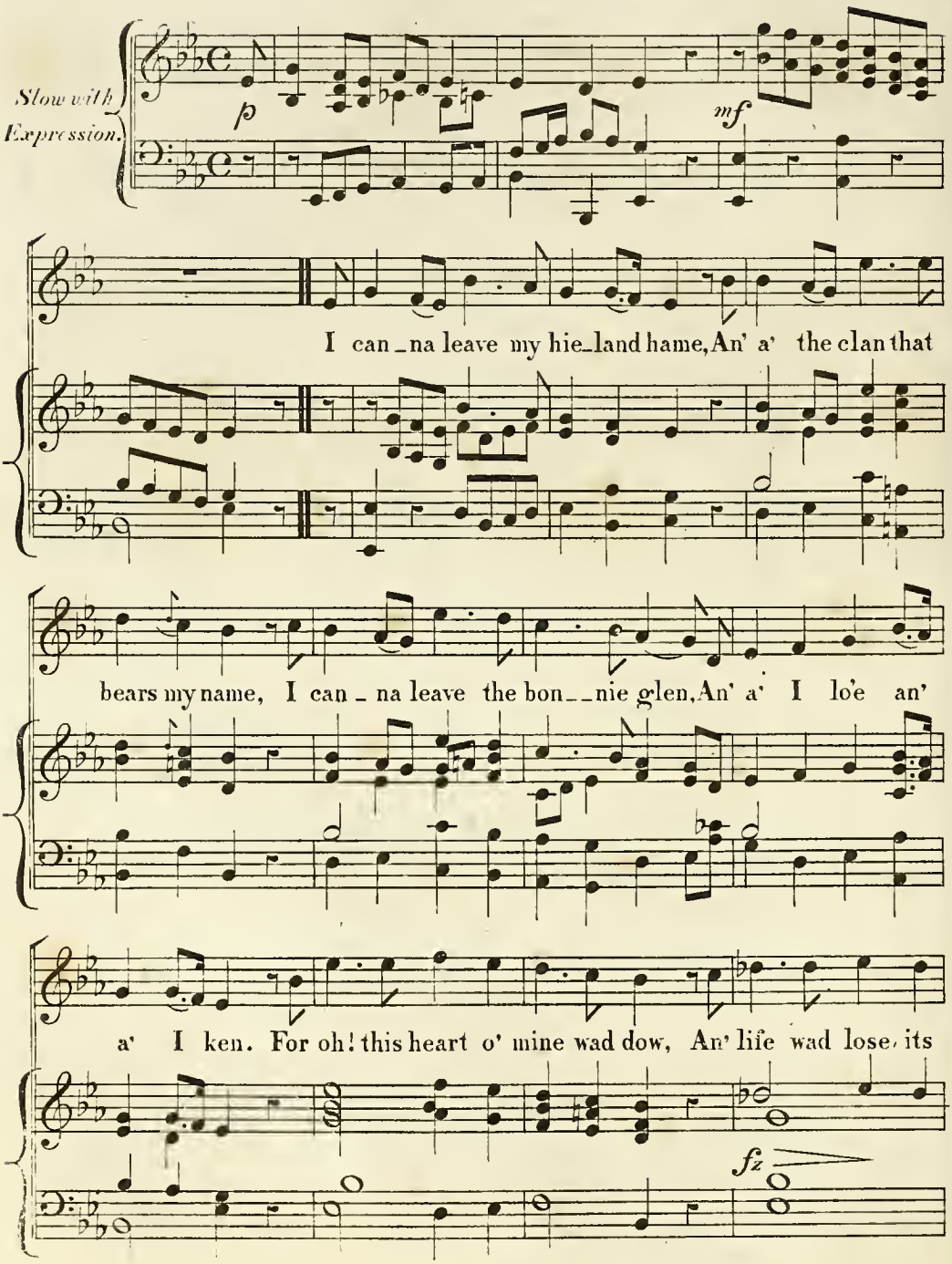

dies on the lea, Seems wail_ing their loss with poor
Scot_land and me. They have fal_len! but glo_rious their
death scene hath been, As the South_rons have felt, as their
côm_rades have seen, And bards, yet un_born, will ex-

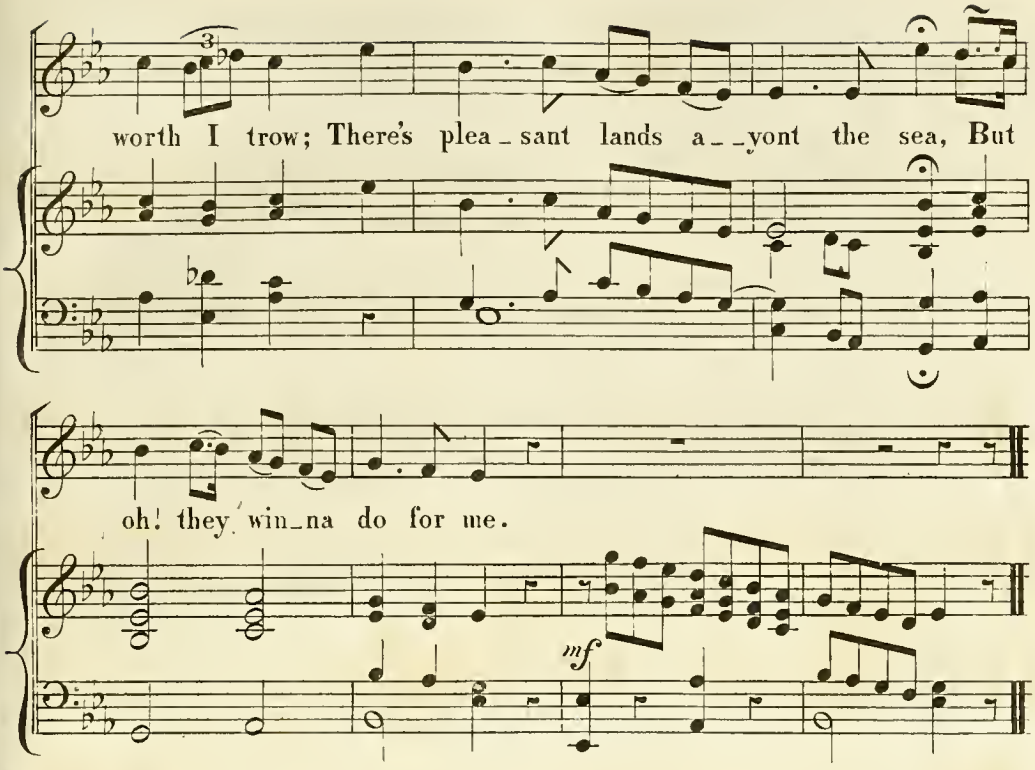


There are many will mourn them, yet proud be the tear
Which thou sheddest, my Country, for those who sleep here,
And the sword of thy Wallace yet vengeful will gleam,
For the blood that is mingling with Carron's dark stream!
Farewell! for the dirge breathed in war must be brief,
But the glad thought is ours, still to lighten our grief,
That the brightest reward which to virtue can come,
Will be theirs who shall fall for the land of their home!

I CANNA LEAVE MY HIELAND HAME.

Written by George Allan.



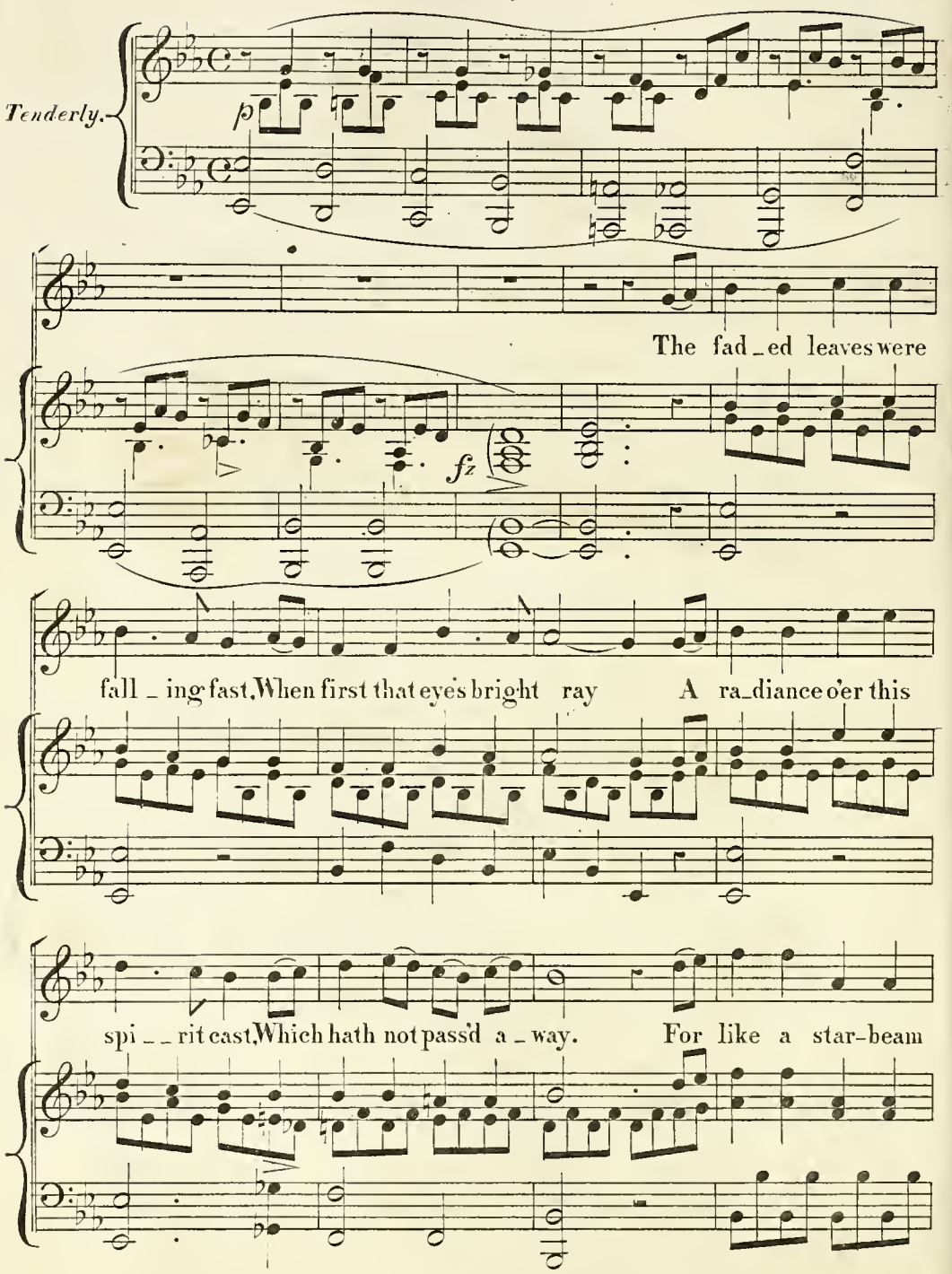


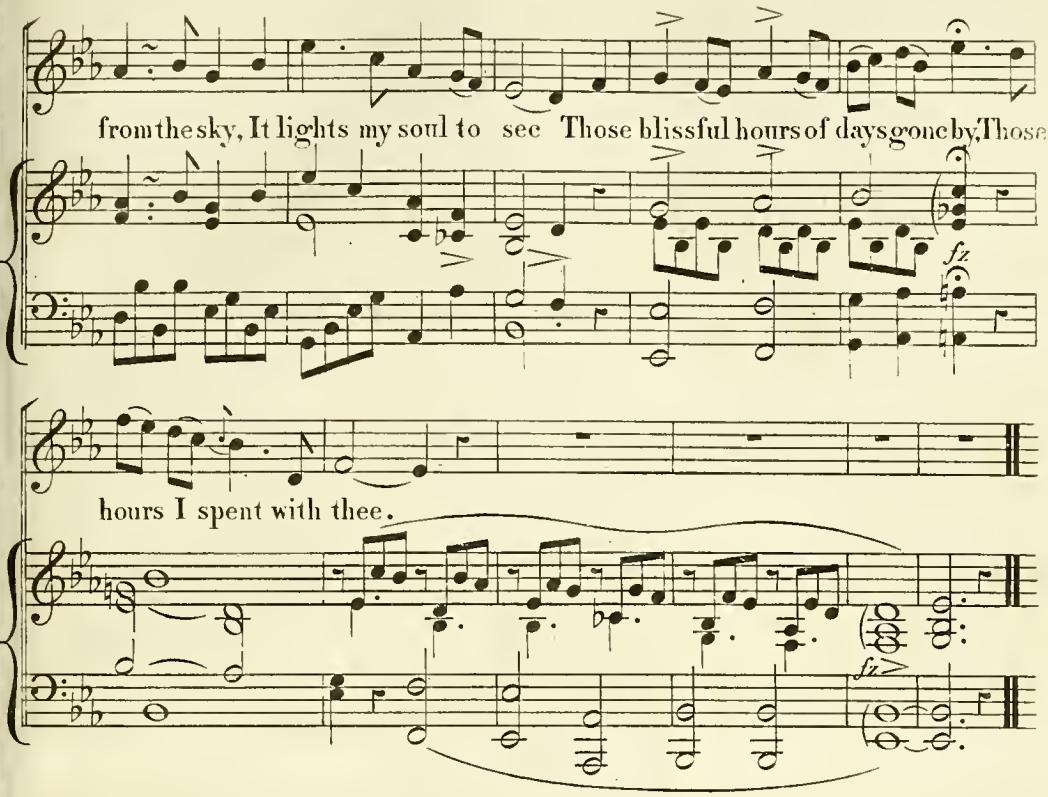
My father sleeps beneath the sod,
My mother shares his cauld abode;
Our sunny shielin' on the brae
Has aft heard sounds o' nocht but wae,
Frae me, its tenant, puir, alane,
Lamentin' for the time that's gane:
But though there's here nae hope for me,
I canna gang ayont the sea.

Ilk flower that blaws on foreign fell,
Wad mind me o' the heather bell,
Ilk little streamlet's jouk and turn,
Wad mind me o' Glenourock burn.
And could I think on scenes sae dear
Without a sigh, without a tear.
Earth may bloom fair ayont the sea,
But still the Hieland hills for me.

THOSE HOURS I SPENT WITH THEE.

Written by Henry S. Riddell.



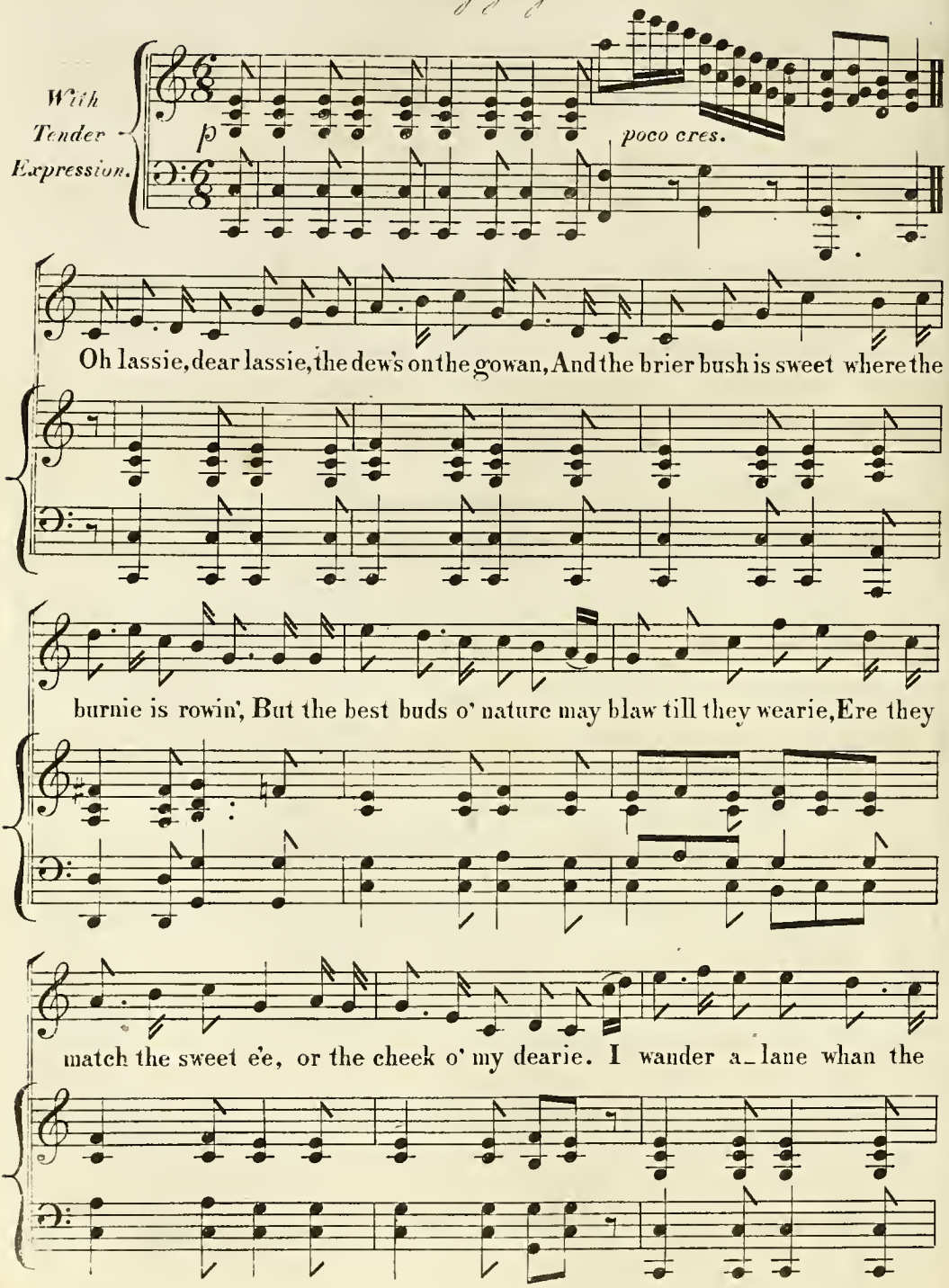


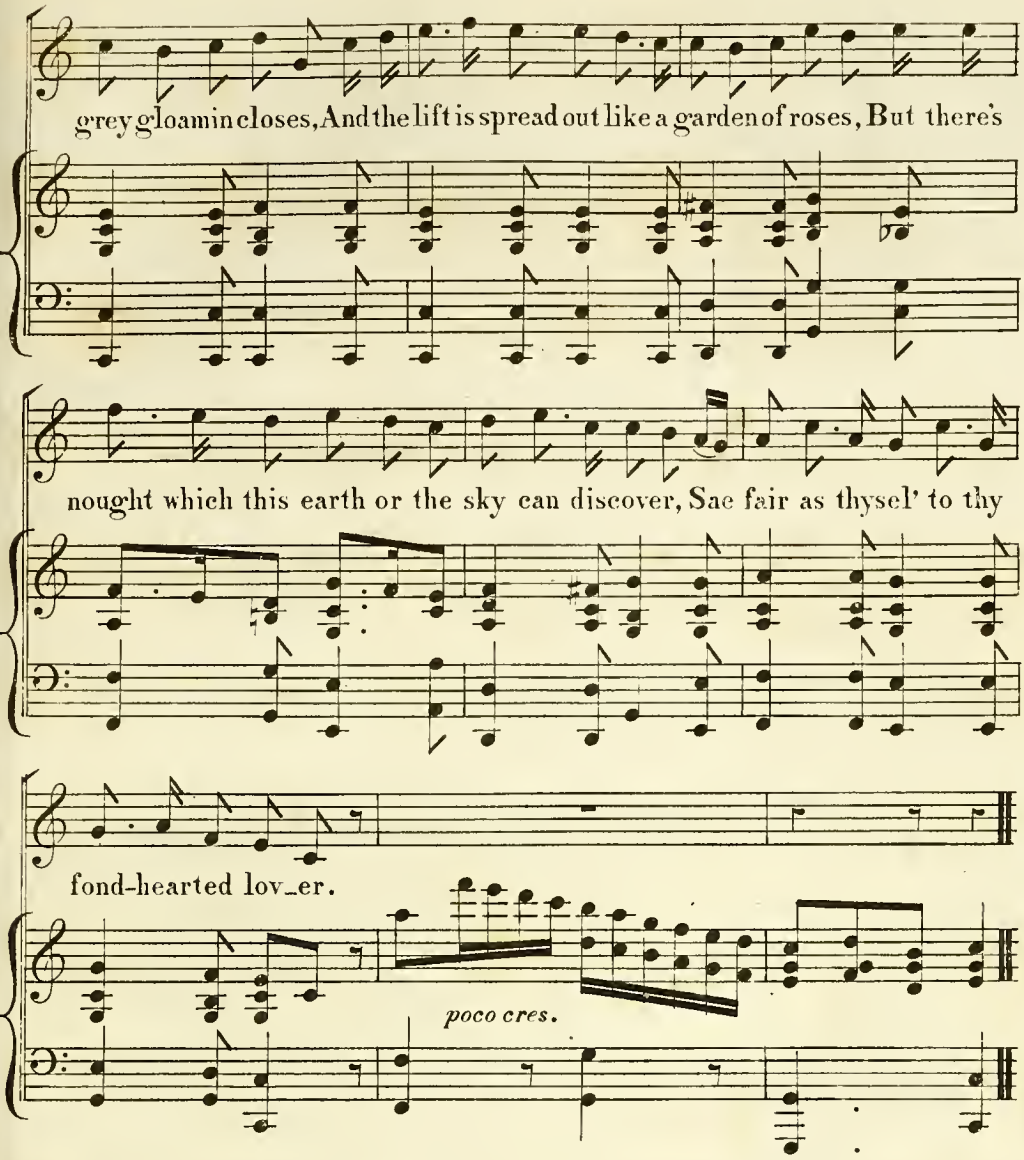
How many know a dark regret
To think how moments fleet,
Since those who could be blest when met
In life so seldom meet;
But thus tho' darkness gathers o'er
The thoughts that else were free,
Still, still 'tis but to brighten more
Those hours I spent with thee.

Still fortune round that heart of thine
Shall its fair charms unfold,
When all its smiles are dark to mine
And all its shadows cold:
But life shall all prove colder yet
And darker fortune be,
Ere memory's hallowed power forget
Those hours I spent with thee.

OH LASSIE, DEAR LASSIE.

Written by George Allan.

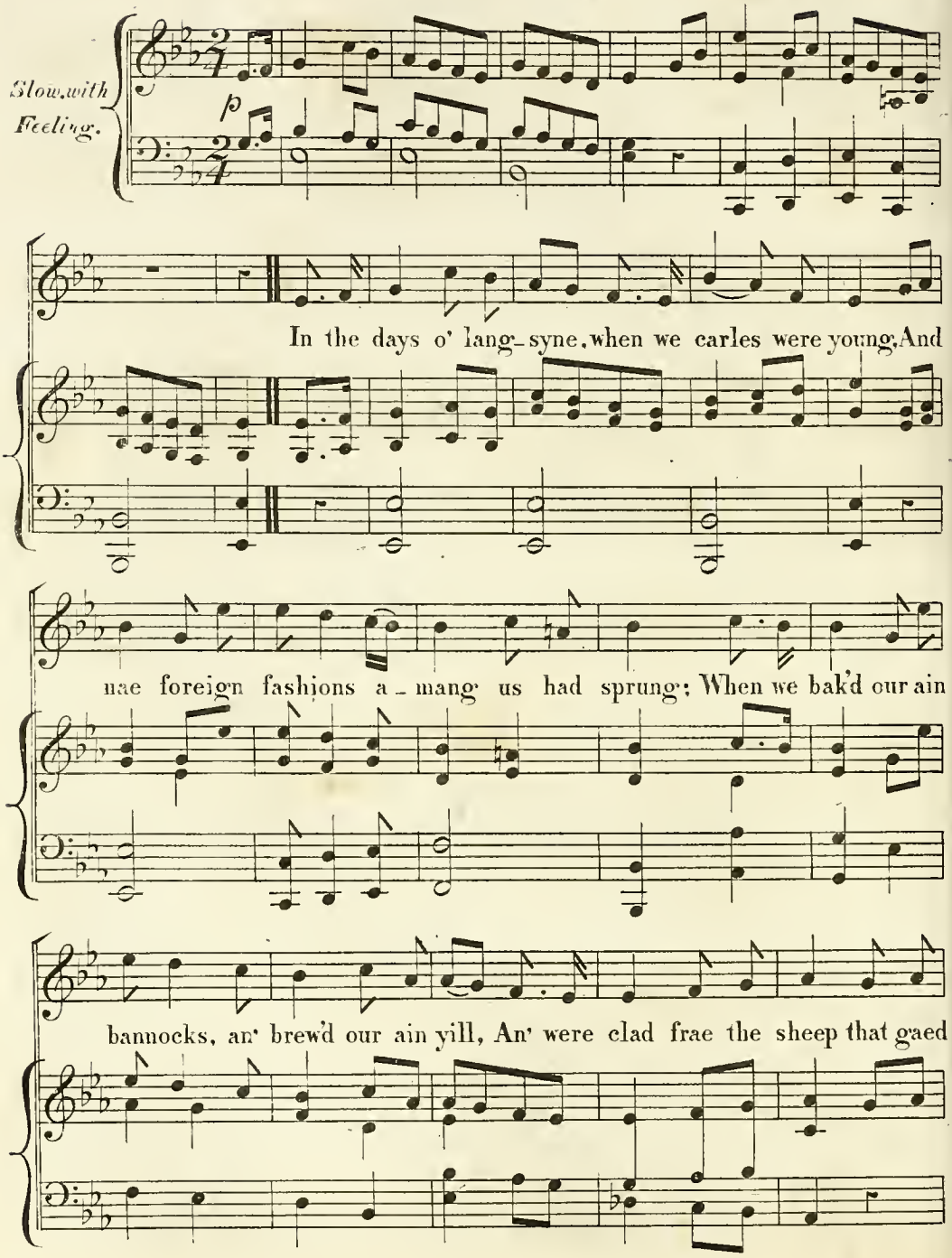


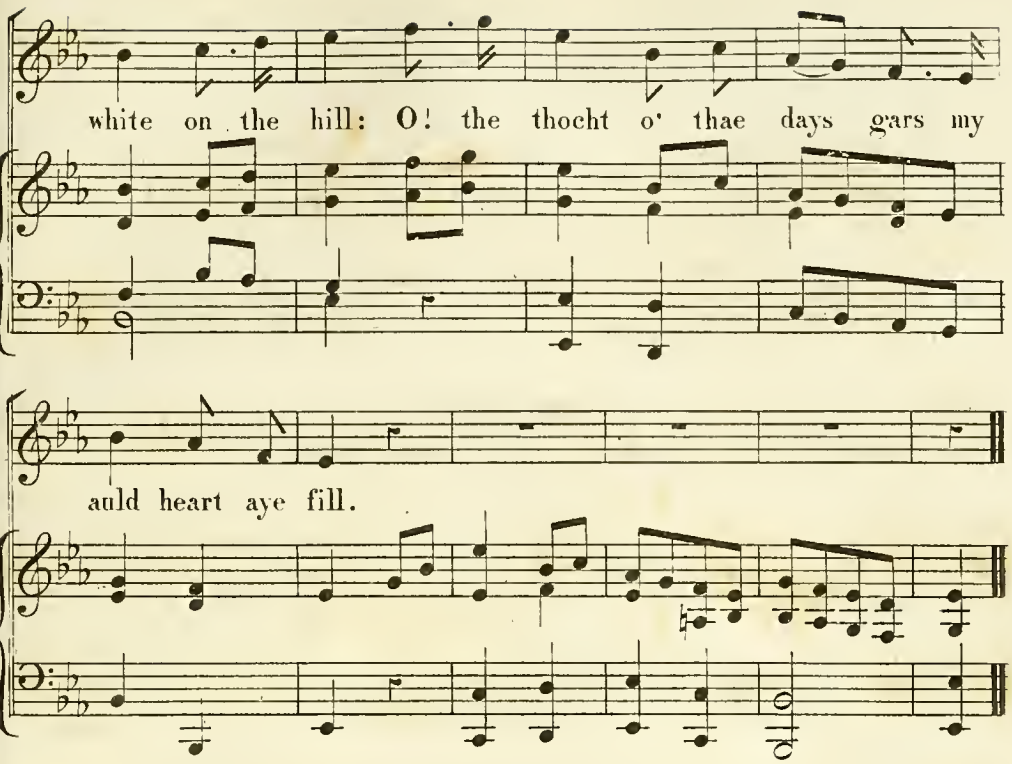


The snaw flake is pure frae the clud as its shaken,
And melts into dew ere it fa's on the bracken,
Oh! sae pure is the heart I hae won to my keepin',
But warm as the noon smile that thaws it to weepin'.
Then come to my arms and the bosom thou'rt pressin'
Will tell by its throbs a' there's bliss in confessin'.
For my lips could repeat it a thousand times over,
And the tale still seem new to thy fond-hearted lover.

IN THE DAYS O' LANGSYNE.

Written by Robert Gilfillan.





In the days o' langsyne, we were happy an' free,
Proud lords on the land, and kings on the sea;
To our foes we were fieree, to our friends we were kind,
An' where battle raged loudest you ever did find
The banner of Scotland float high on the wind.

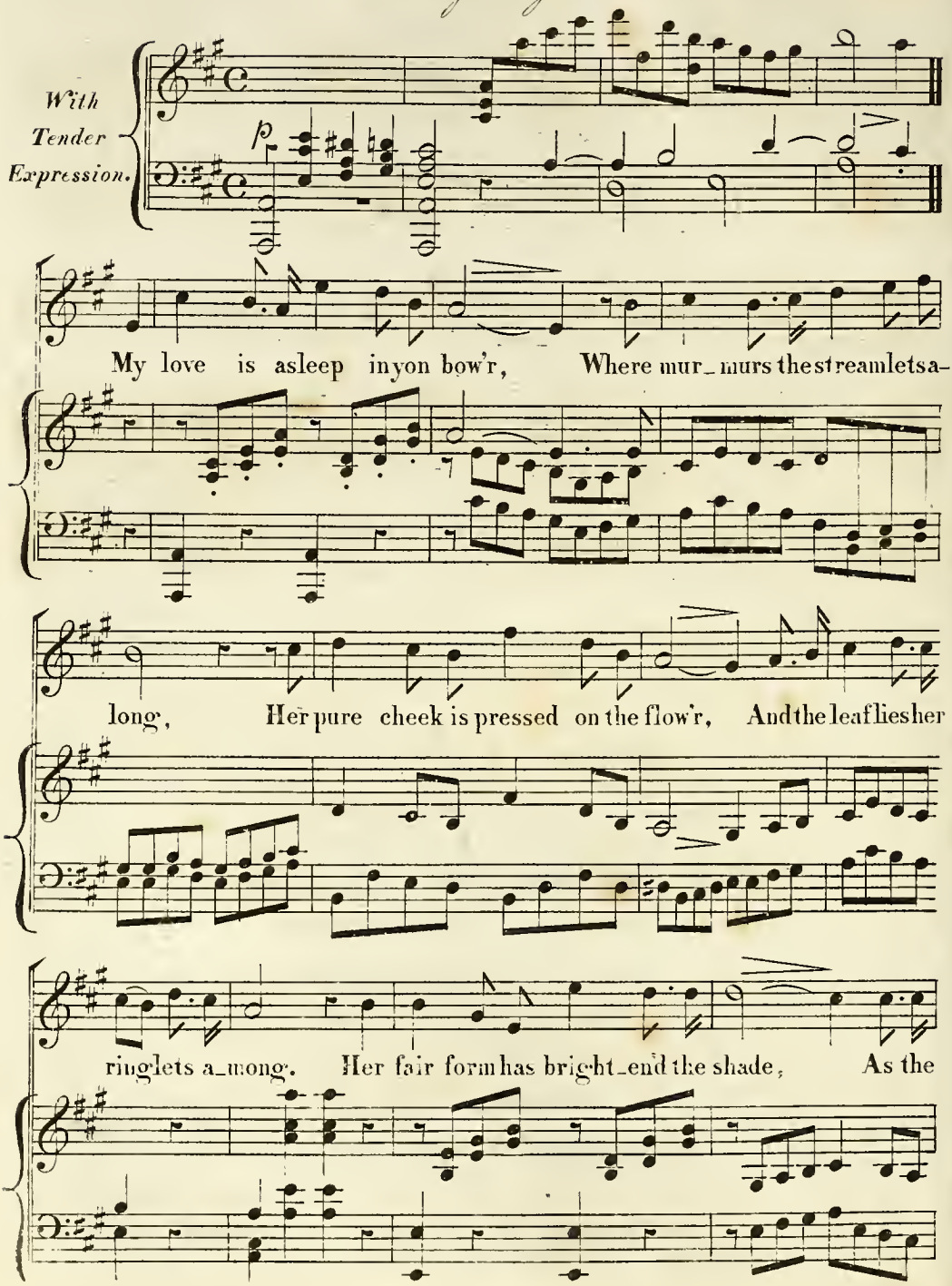
In the days o' langsyne, we aye ranted an' sang
By the warm ingle-side or the wild braes amang;
Our lads busked braw, an' our lasses looked fine,
An' the sun on our mountains seemed ever to shine:
O! whaur is the Seotland o' bonny langsyne.

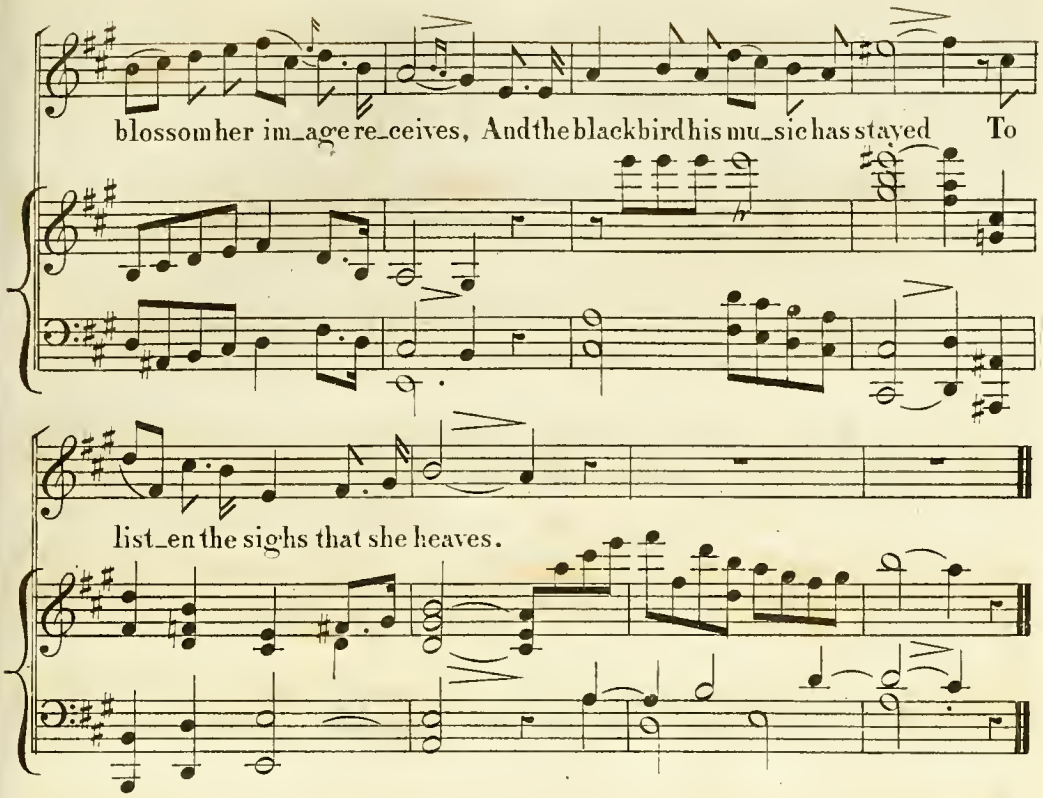
In the days o' langsyne ilka glen had its tale,
Sweet voices were heard in ilk breath o' the gale;
An' ilka wee burn had a sang o' its ain,
As it trotted alang through the valley or plain:
Shall we e'er hear the music o' streamlets again?

In the days o' langsyne, there was feasting an' glee,
Wi' pride in ilk heart, an' joy in ilk e'e;
An' the auld, 'mang the nappy, their eild seem'd to tine,
It was your stoup the night an' the morn, 'twas mine.
O! the days o' langsyne! O! the days o' langsyne!

MY LOVE IS ASLEEP IN YON BOW'R.

Written by Henry S. Riddell.



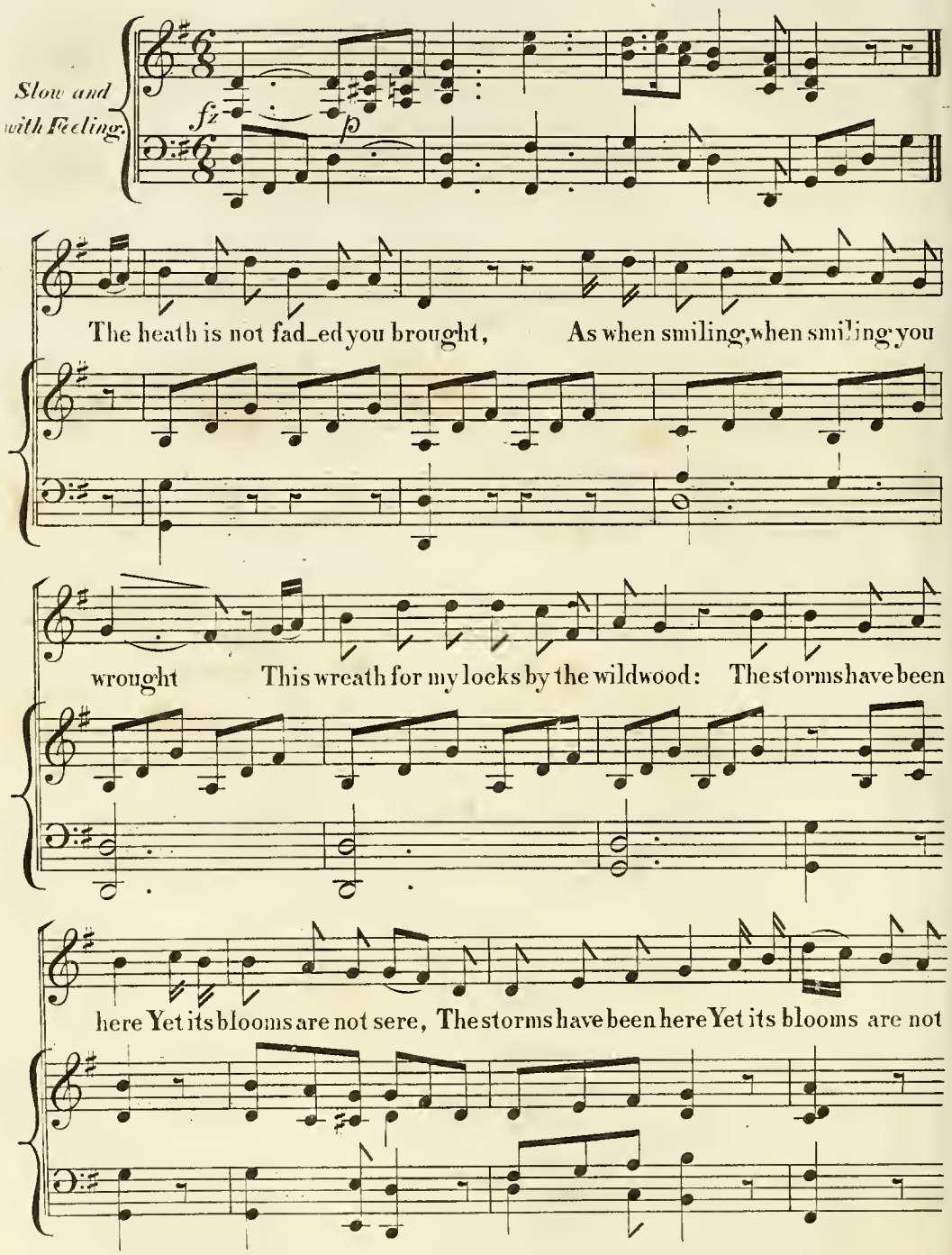


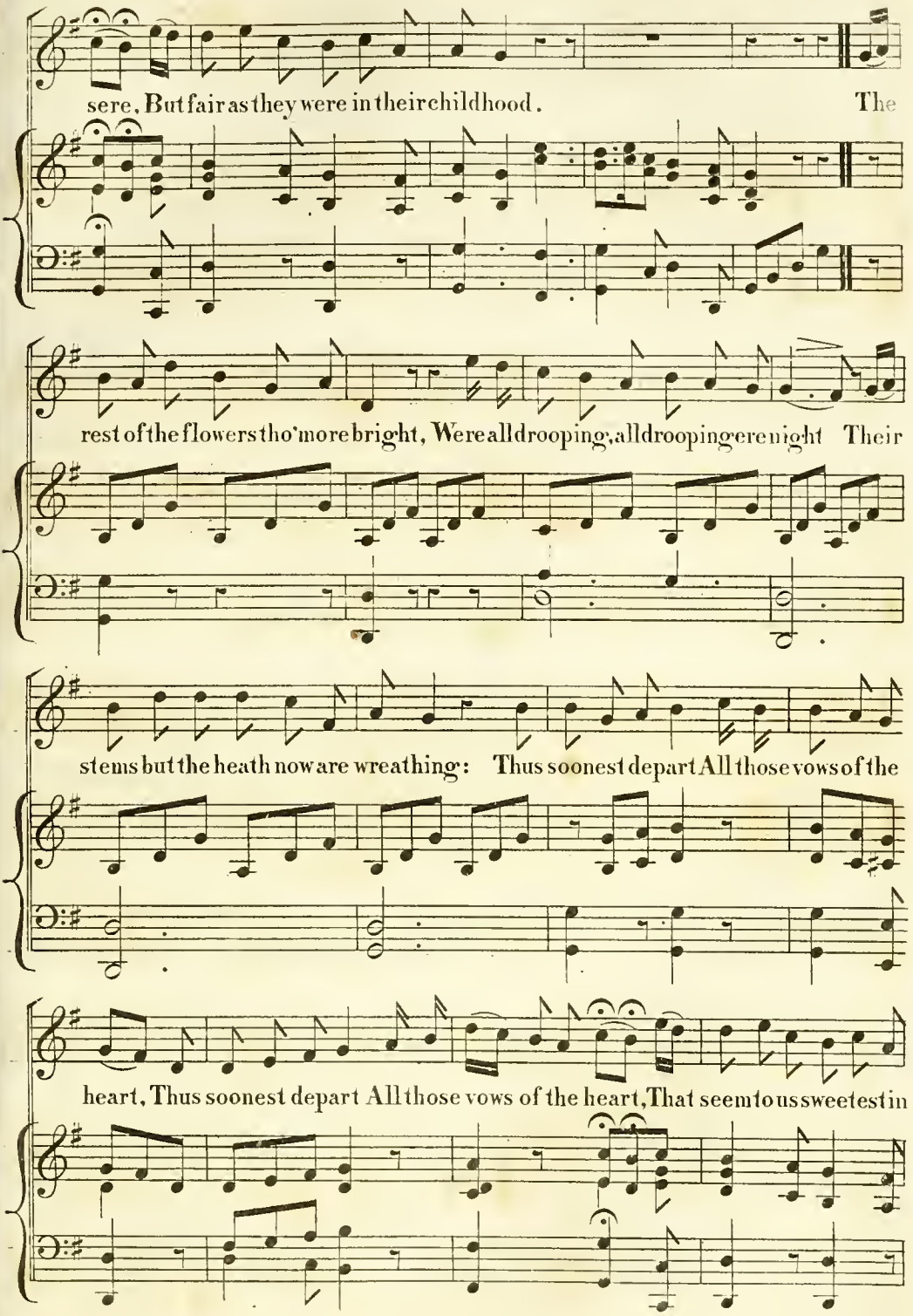
Oh! tell me thou sweet flowing stream,
And tell me thou breeze blowing free,
Of whom her fond spirit may dream,
Of whom all her visions may be.
But break not the blissful repose
That steals o'er her being the while,
And chase not the beauty that glows
In the light of her dream-cherished smile.

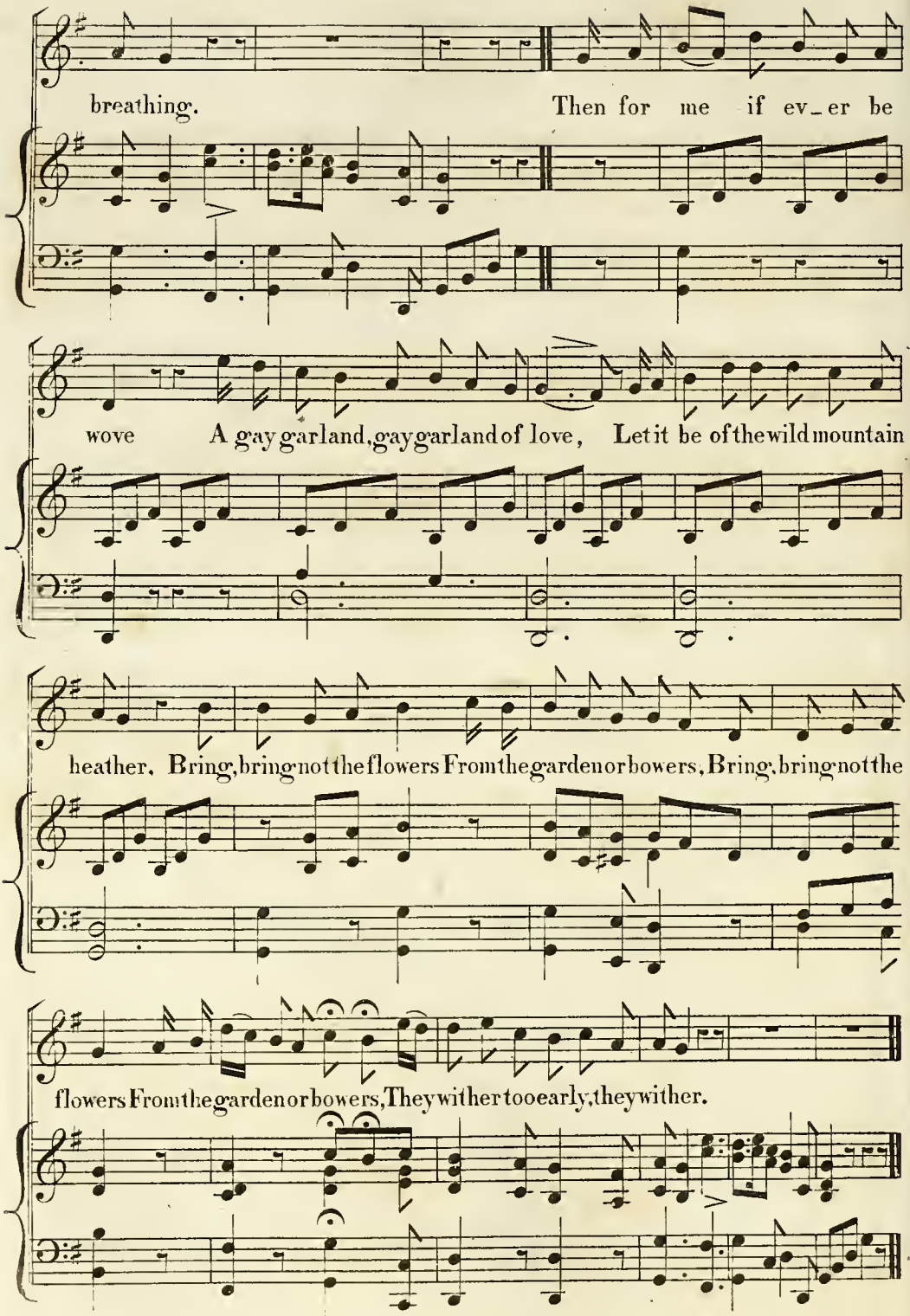
I'll waken my harp's softest sound,
And its language of love shall be deep,
That the notes as they languish around
O'er the calm of her slumber may creep.
My feeling shall live in the strains,
And tender the tidings shall be;
For oh! yon wild grotto contains
More than all the wide world to me.

THE HEATH IS NOT FADED YOU BROUGHT.

Written by Henry S. Riddell.

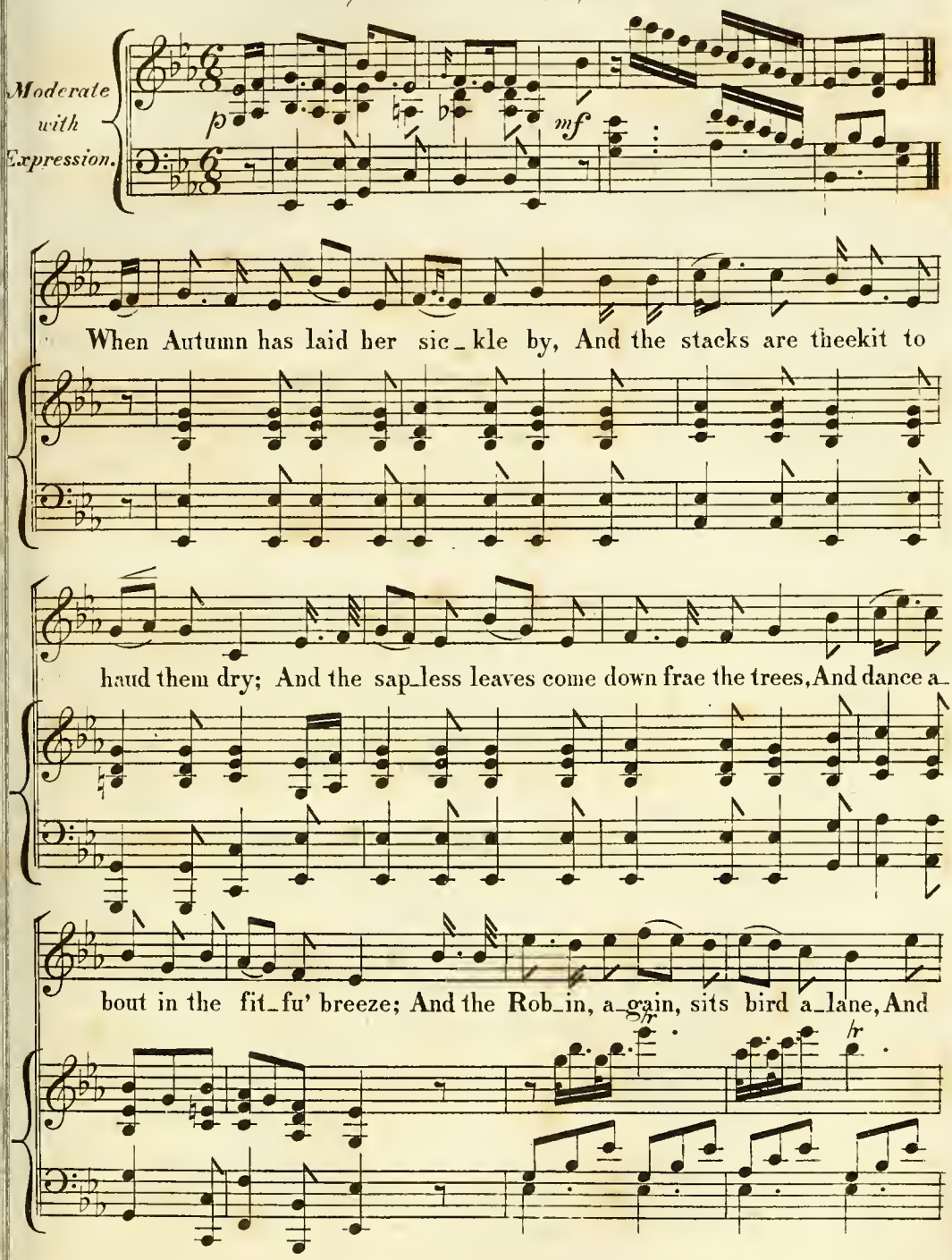


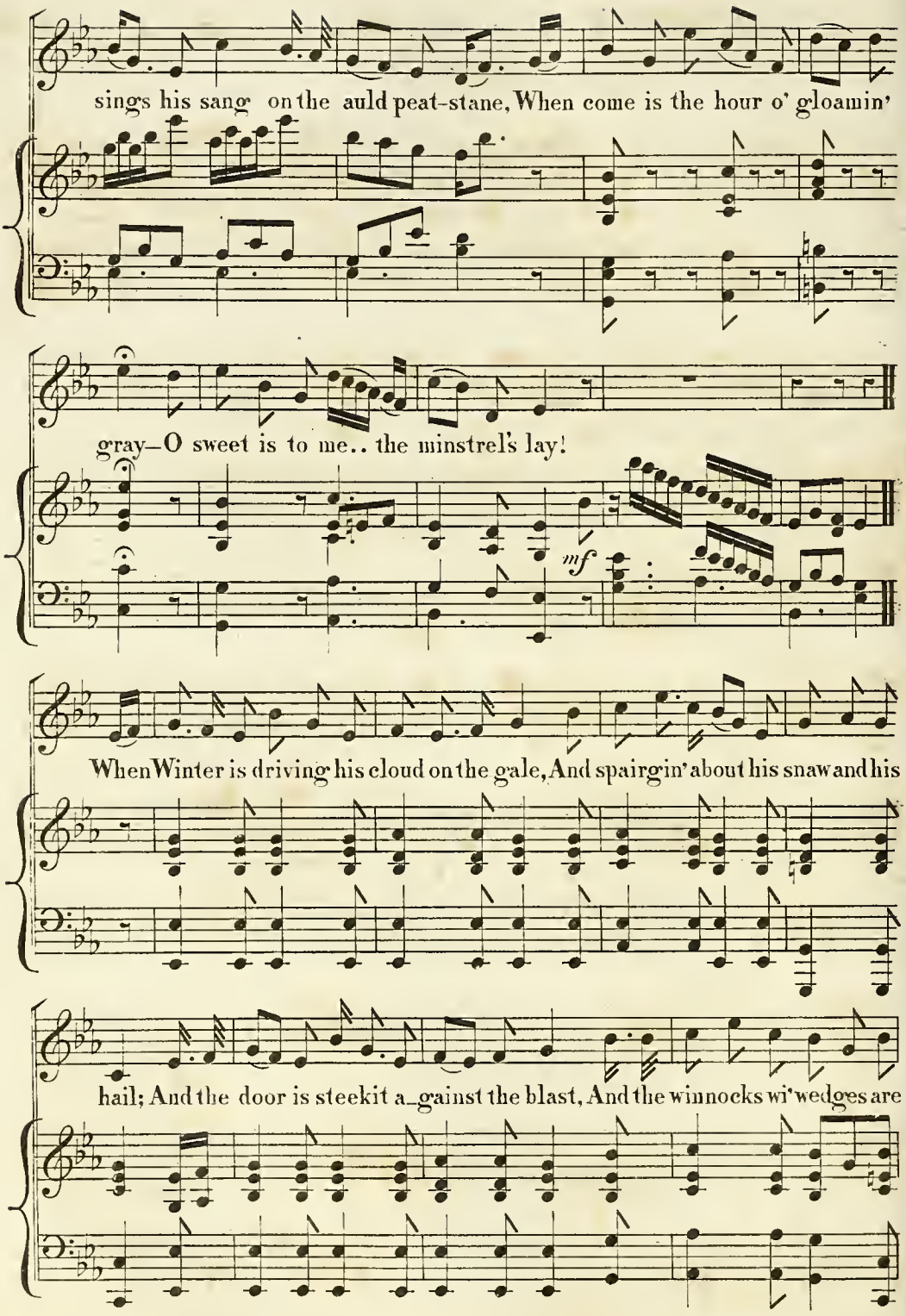

sere, But fair as they were in their childhood. The
rest of the flowers tho' more bright, Were all drooping, all drooping ere night Their
stems but the heath now are wreathing: Thus soonest depart All those vows of the
heart, Thus soonest depart All those vows of the heart, That seem to us sweetest in

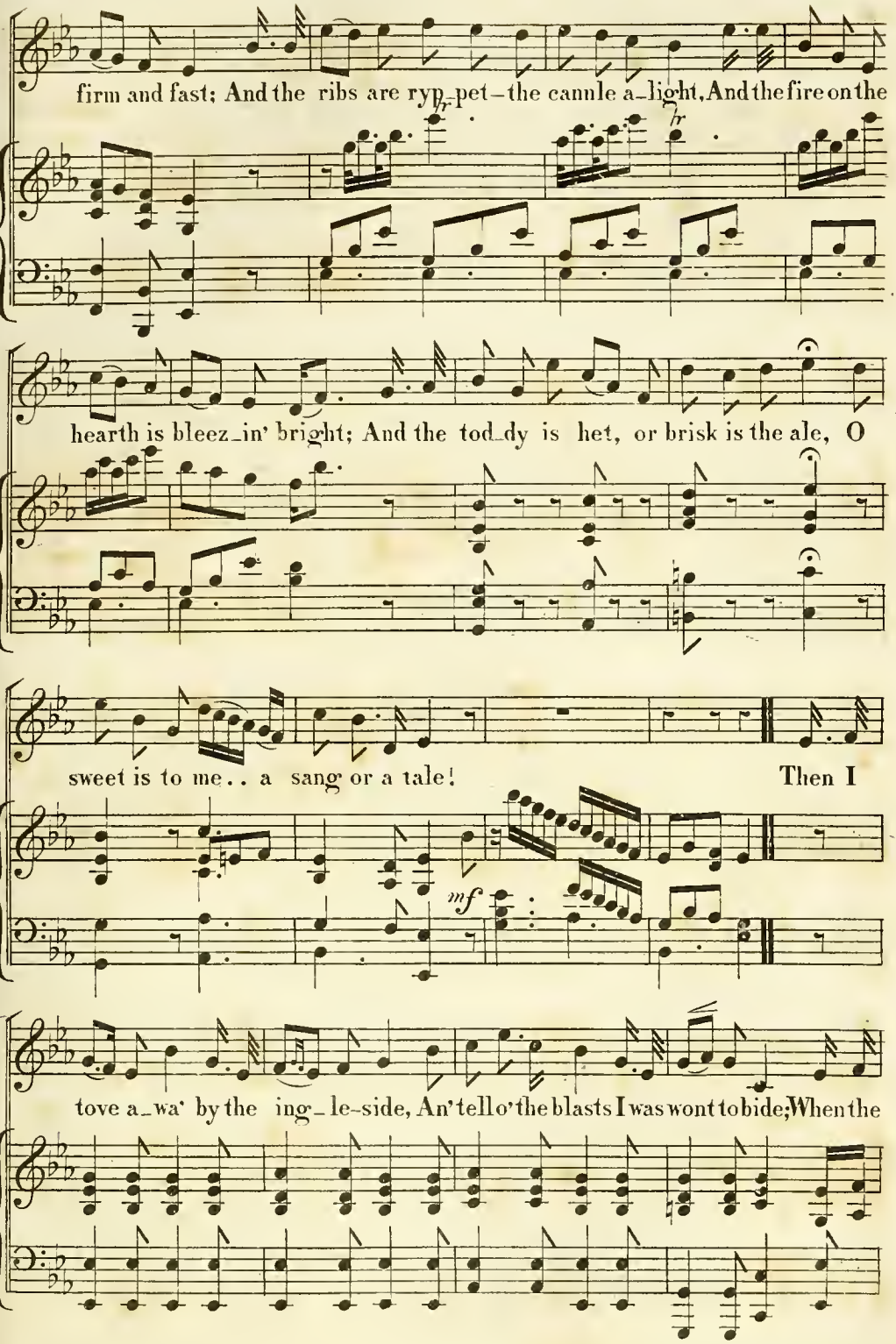

breathing. Then for me if ev_er be
wove A gay garland, gay garland of love, Let it be of the wild mountain
heather. Bring, bring not the flowers From the garden or bowers, Bring, bring not the
flowers From the garden or bowers, They wither too early, they wither.

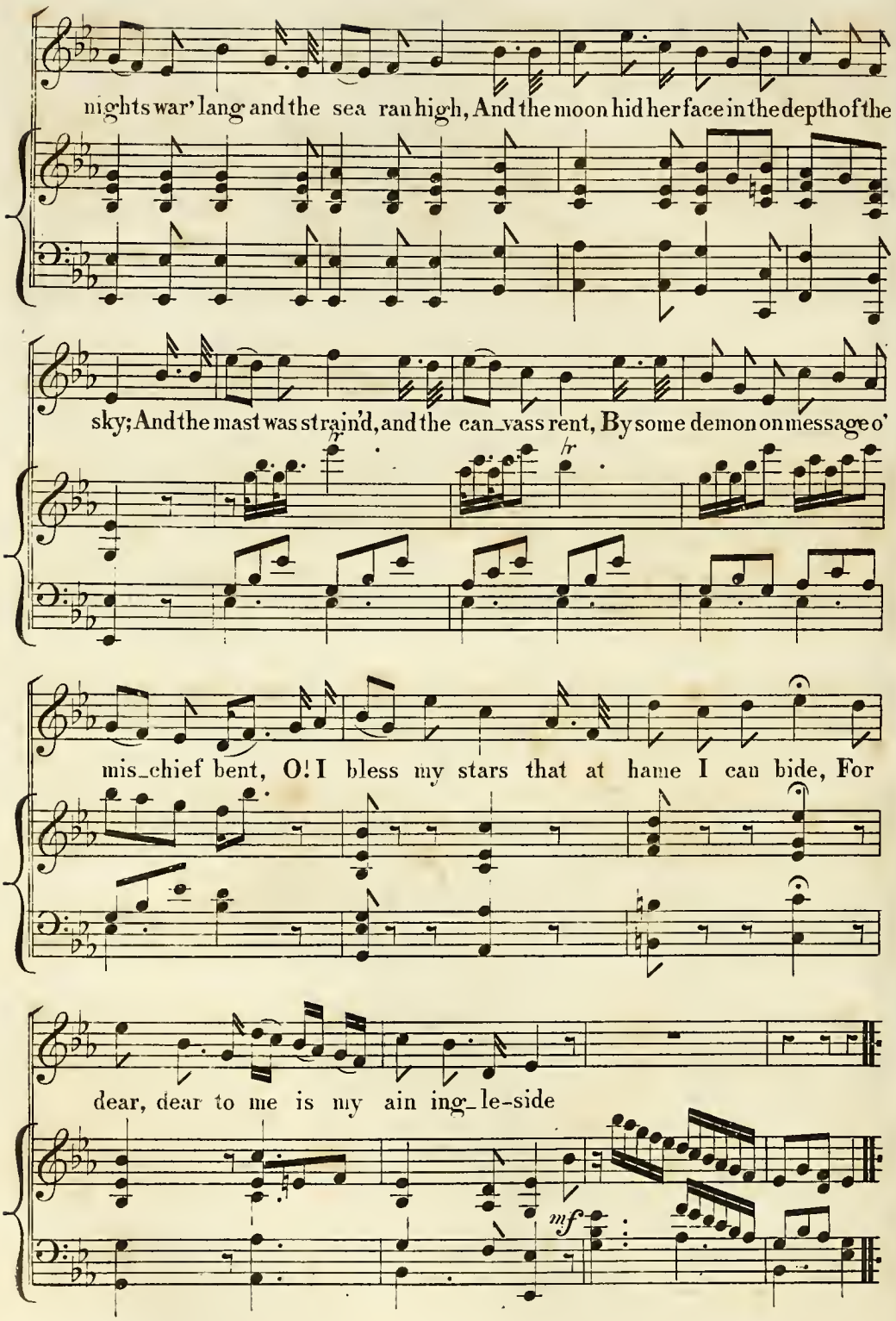
WHEN AUTUMN HAS LAID HER SICKLE BY.

Written by Captain Charles Gray, R. M.



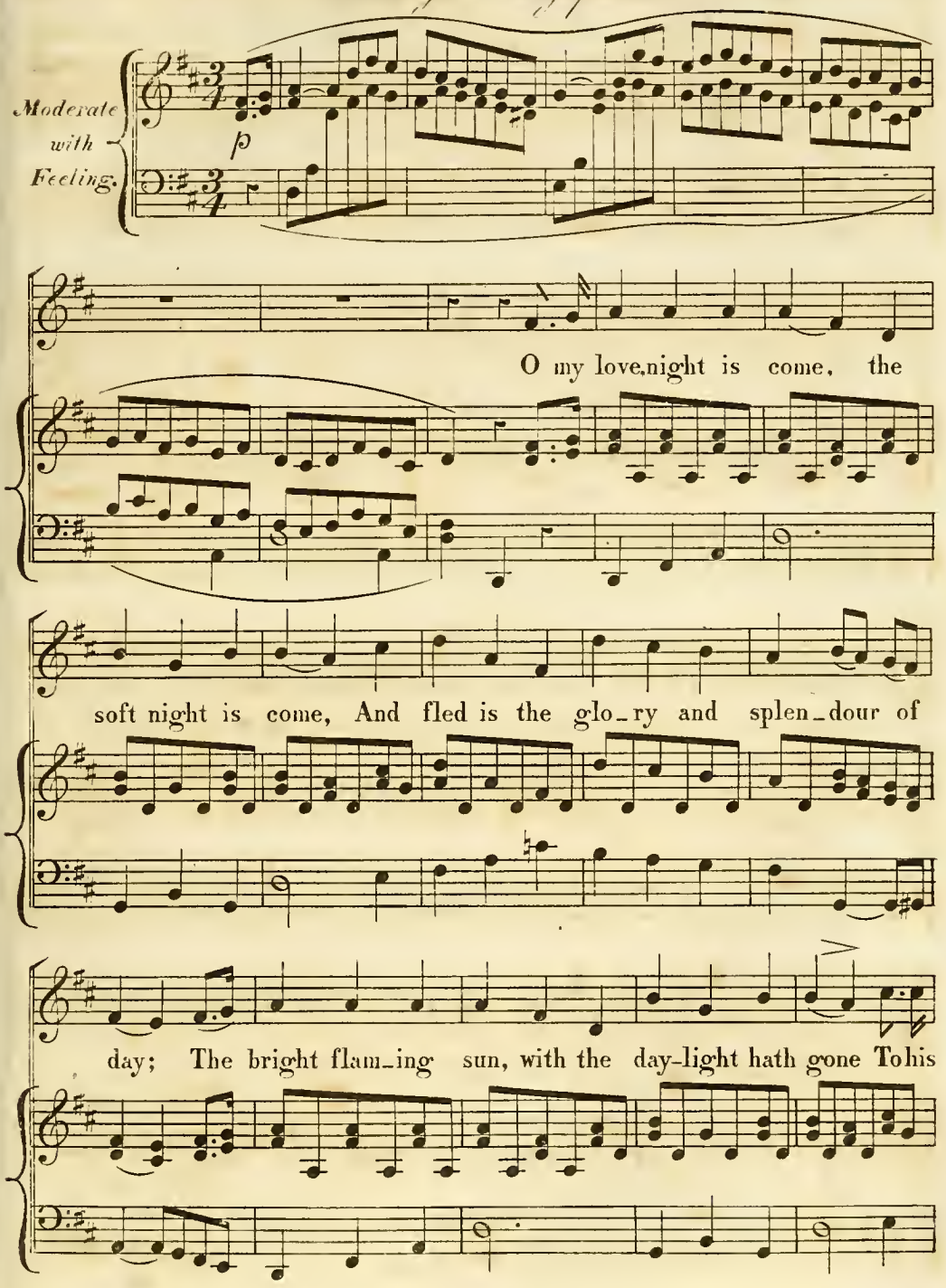

sings his sang on the auld peat-stane, When come is the hour o' gloamin'
gray—O sweet is to me.. the minstrel's lay!
mf
When Winter is driving his cloud on the gale, And spairgin' about his snaw and his
hail; And the door is steekit a_gainst the blast, And the winnocks wi' wedges are

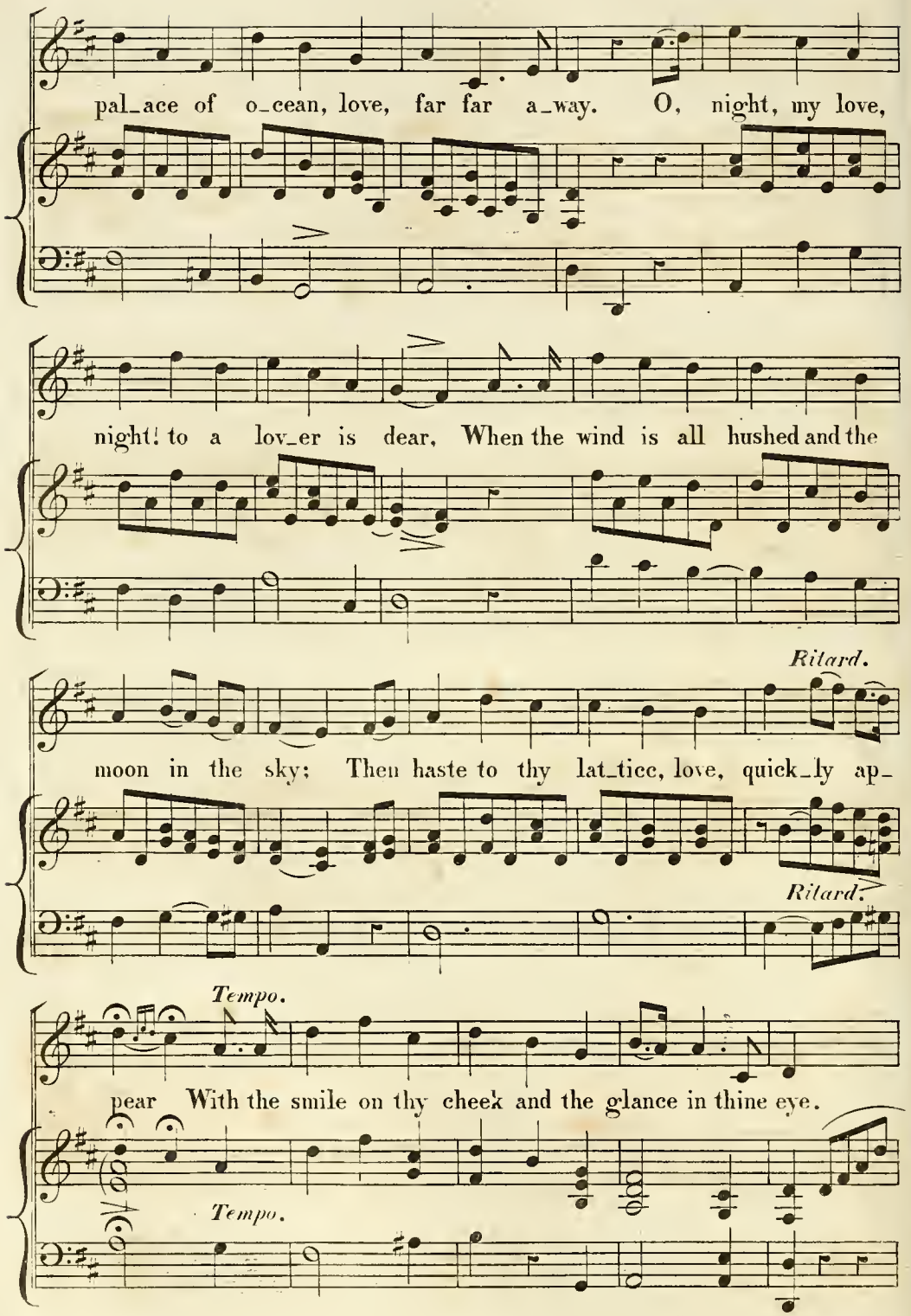

firm and fast; And the ribs are ryp-pet-the cannle a-light, And the fire on the
hearth is bleez-in' bright; And the tod-dy is het, or brisk is the ale, O
sweet is to me.. a sang or a tale! Then I
mf
tove a-wa' by the ing-le-side, An' tell o' the blasts I was wont to bide; When the

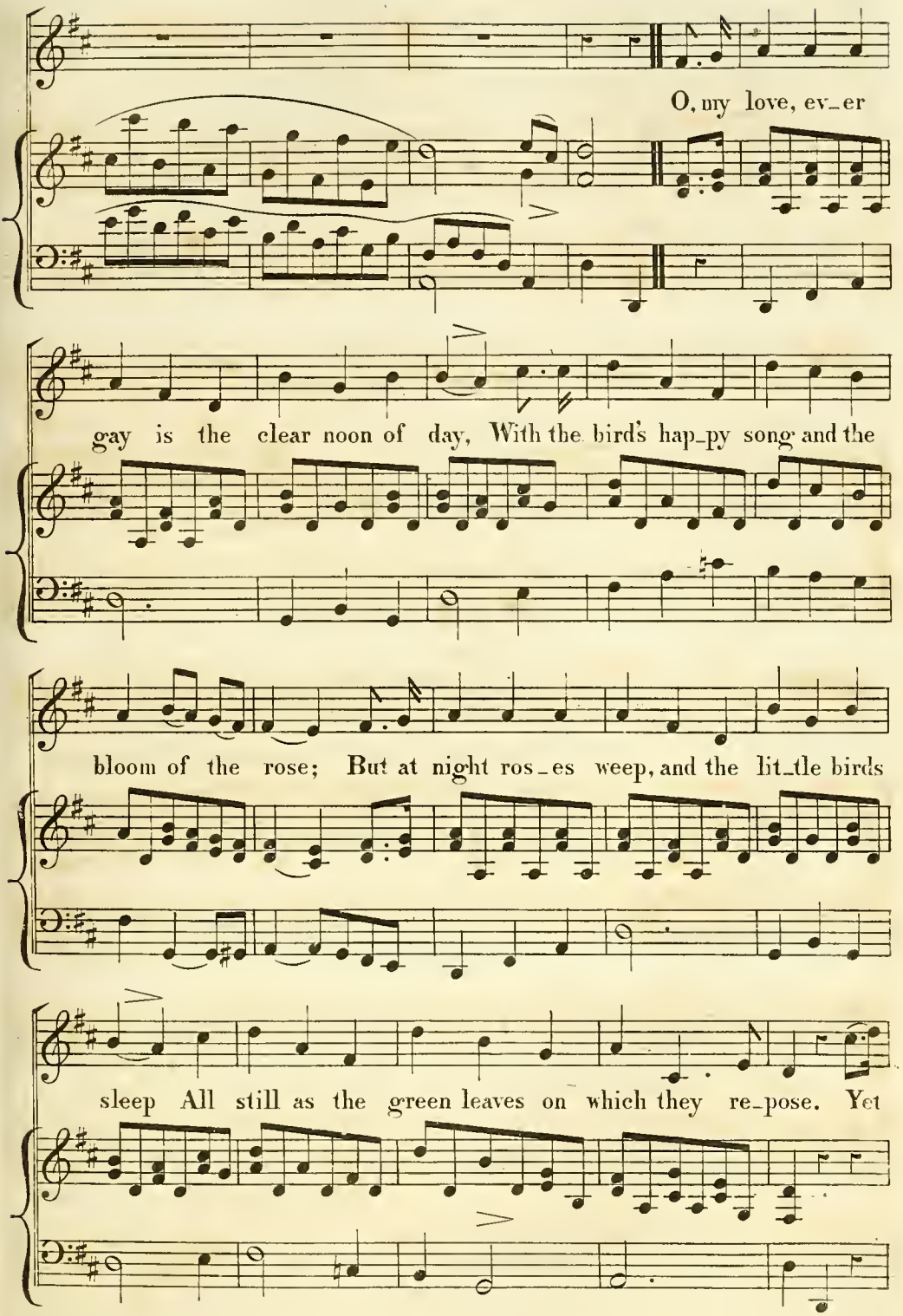

nights war' lang and the sea ran high, And the moon hid her face in the depth of the
sky; And the mast was strain'd, and the can_vass rent, By some demon on message o'
mis_chief bent, O! I bless my stars that at hame I can bide, For
dear, dear to me is my ain ing_le-side
hr
hr
mf

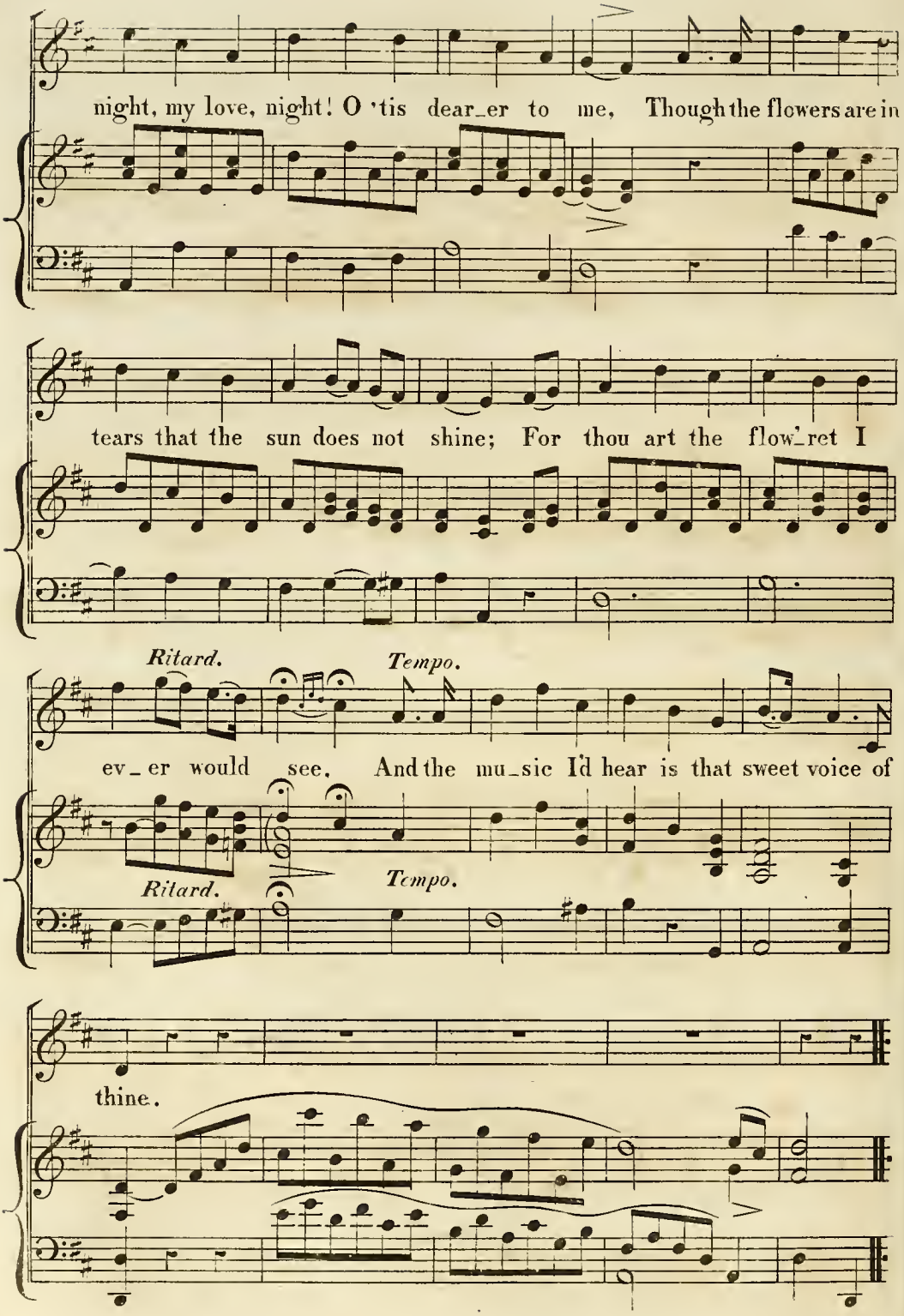
O MY LOVE, NIGHT IS COME.

Written by Robert Gilfillan.



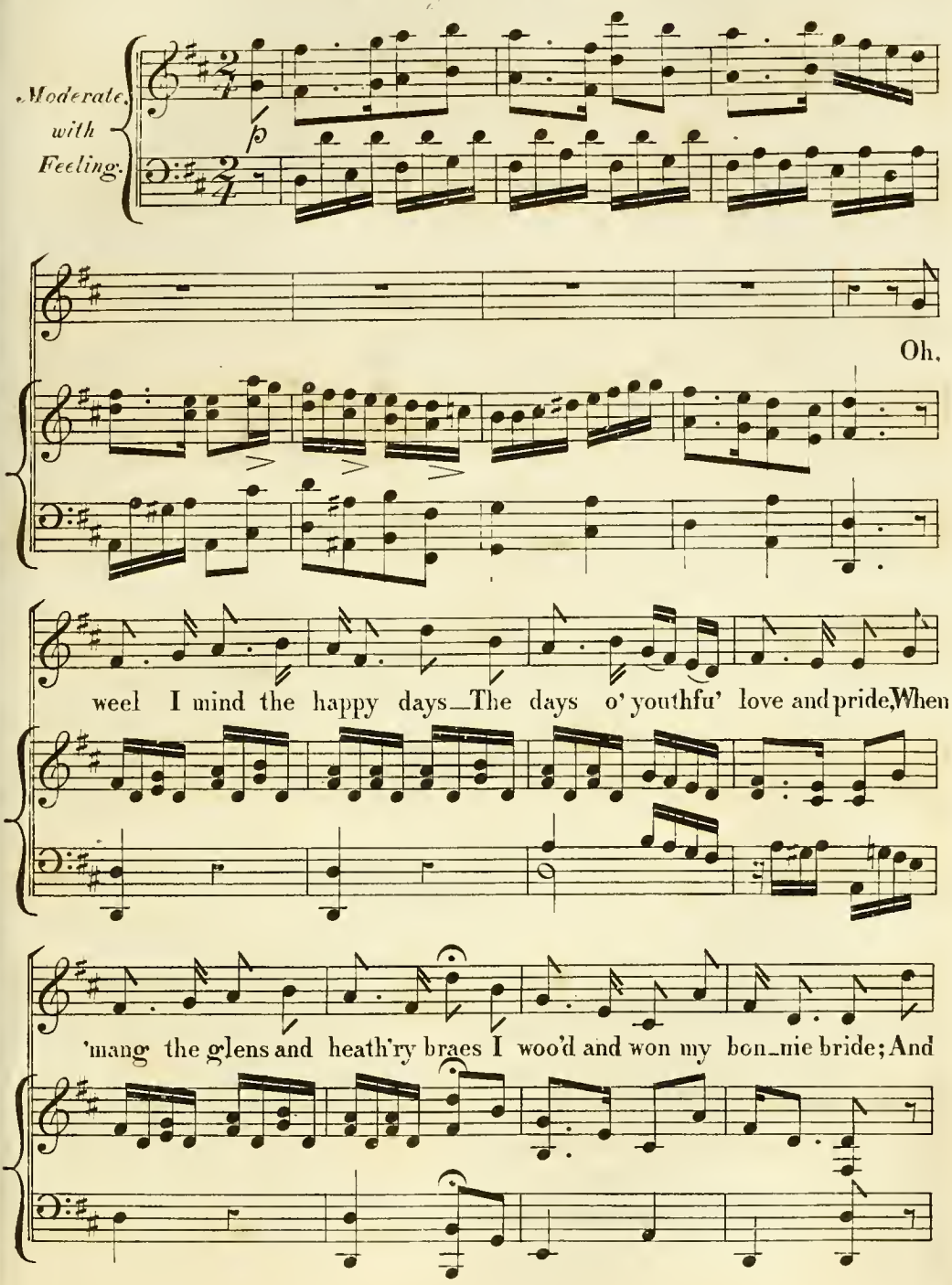

pal_ace of o_cean, love, far far a_way. O, night, my love,
night! to a lov_er is dear, When the wind is all hushed and the
Ritard.
moon in the sky; Then haste to thy lat_tice, love, quick_ly ap_
Ritard.
Tempo.
pear With the smile on thy cheek and the glance in thine eye.
Tempo.

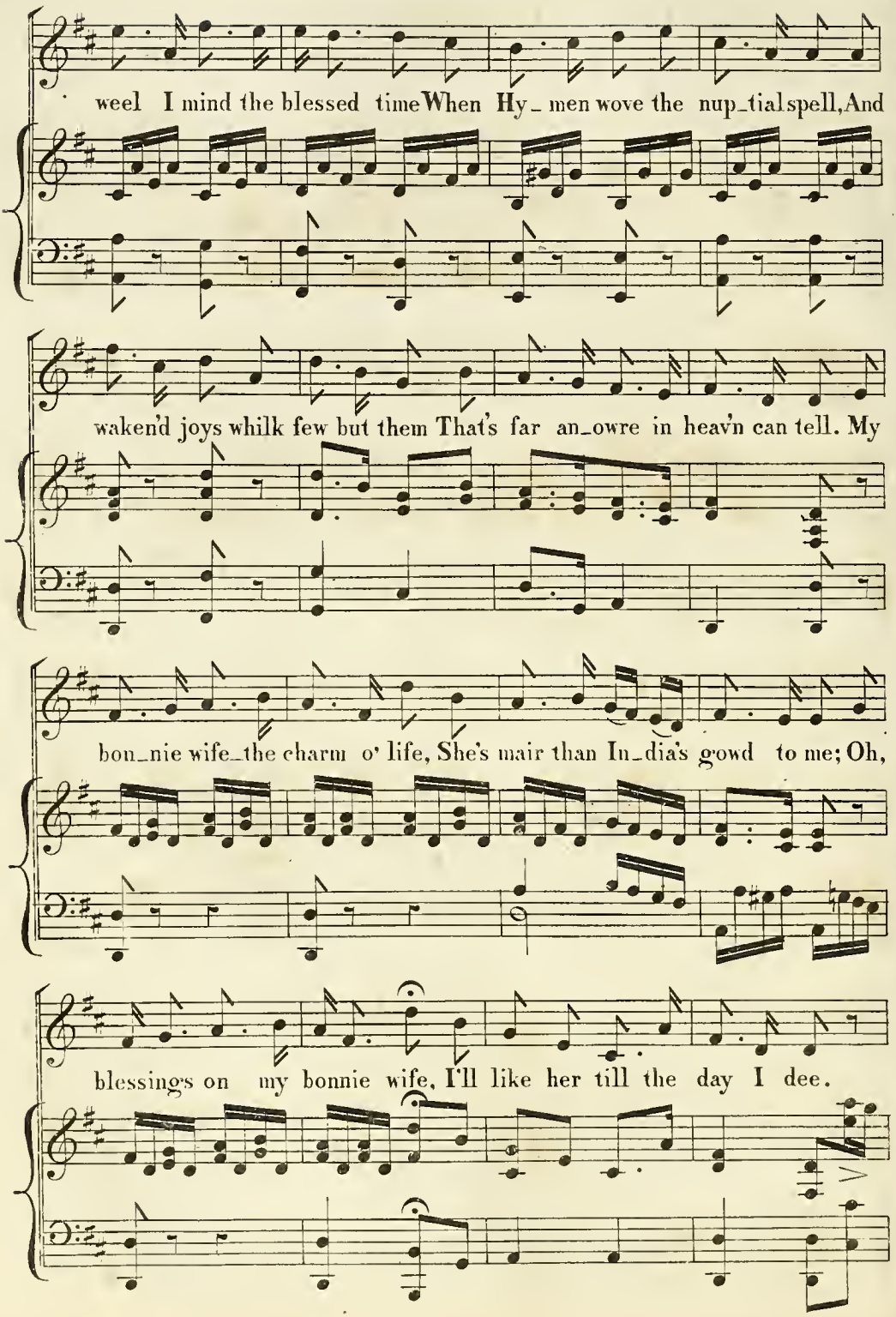

O, my love, ev_er
gay is the clear noon of day, With the bird's hap_py song and the
bloom of the rose; But at night ros_es weep, and the lit_tle birds
sleep All still as the green leaves on which they re_pose. Yet

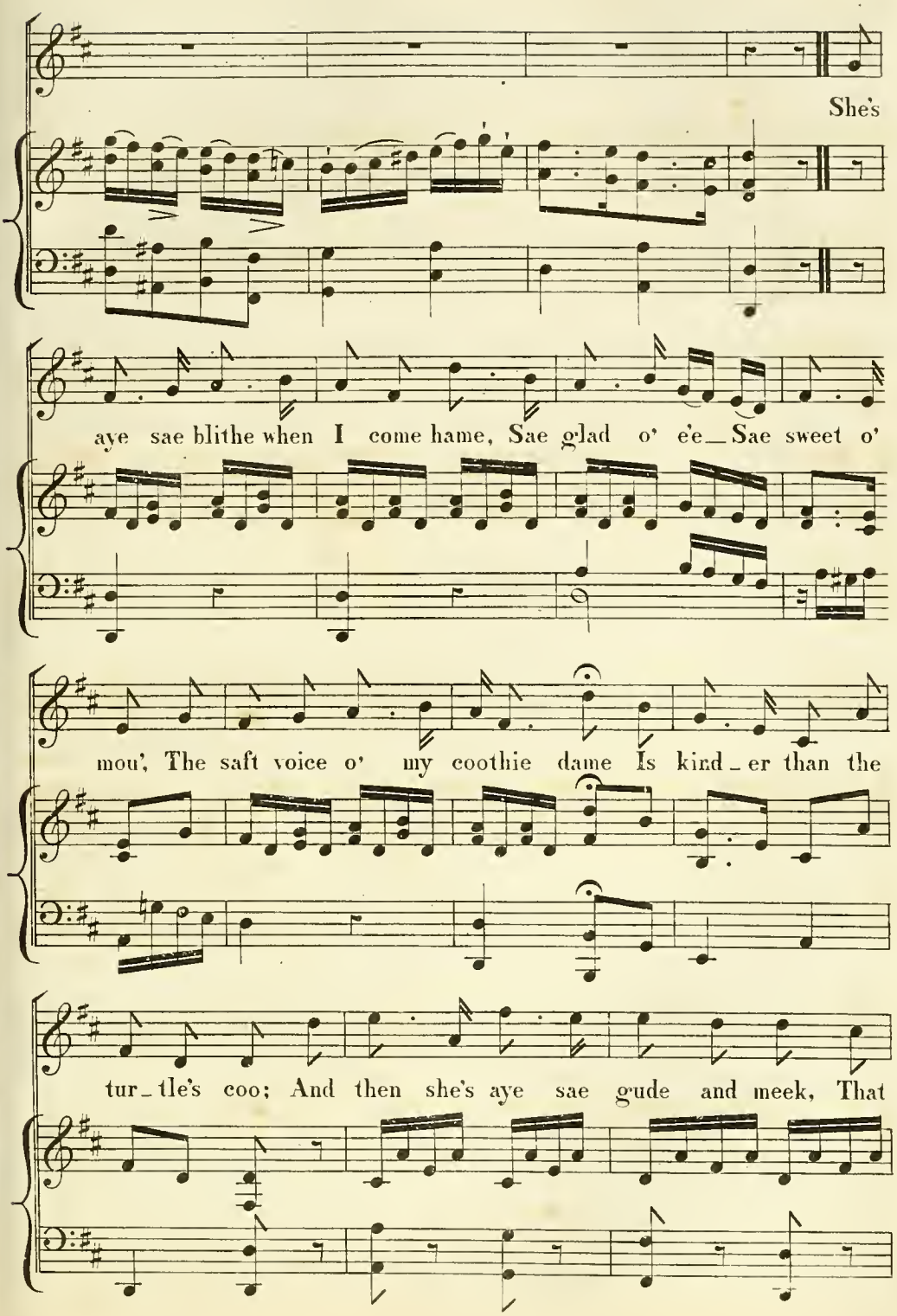

night, my love, night! O 'tis dear_er to me, Though the flowers are in
tears that the sun does not shine; For thou art the flow'_ret I
Ritard.
Tempo.
ev_er would see, And the mu_sic I'd hear is that sweet voice of
Ritard.
Tempo.
thine.

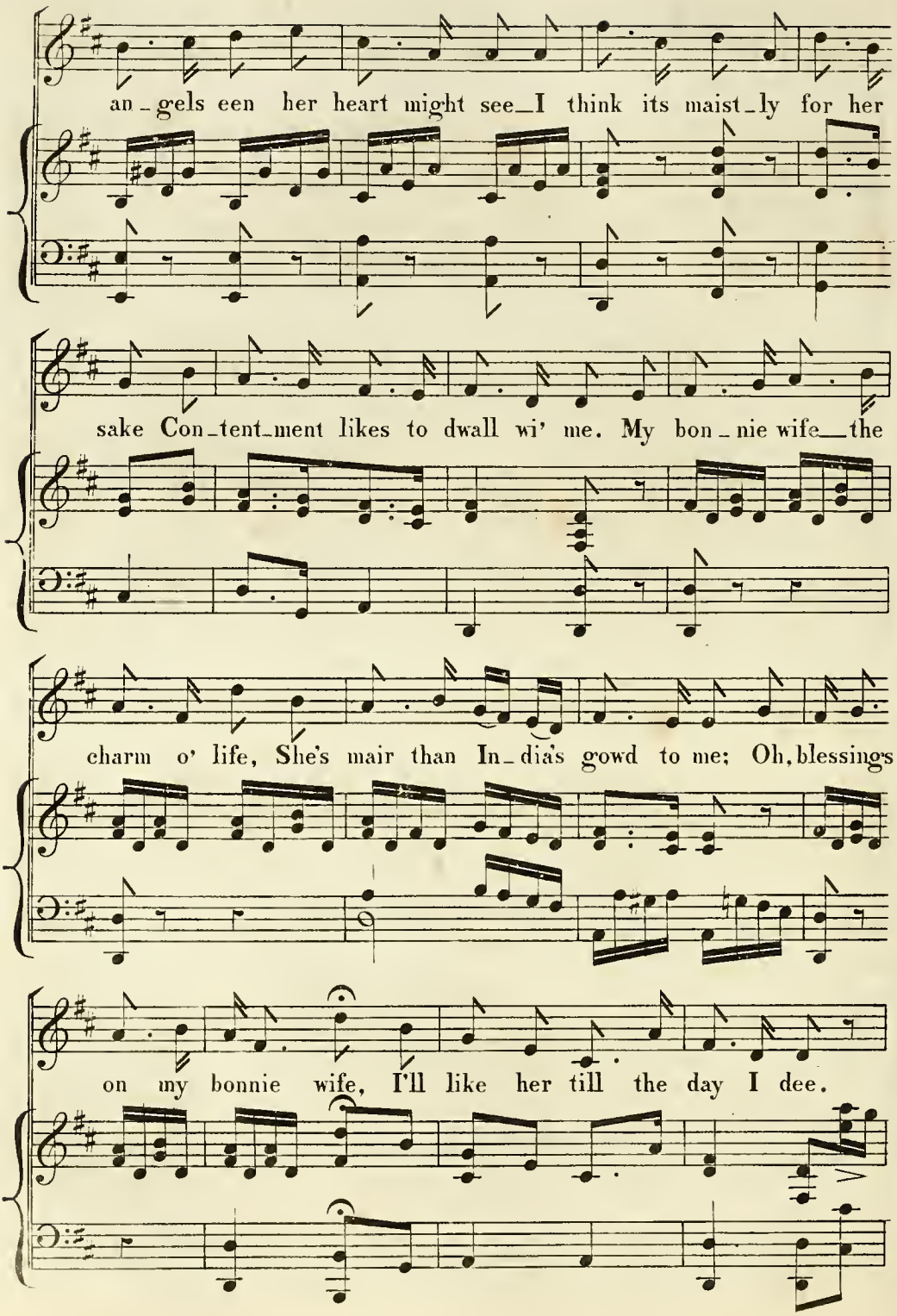
MY BONNIE WIFE.

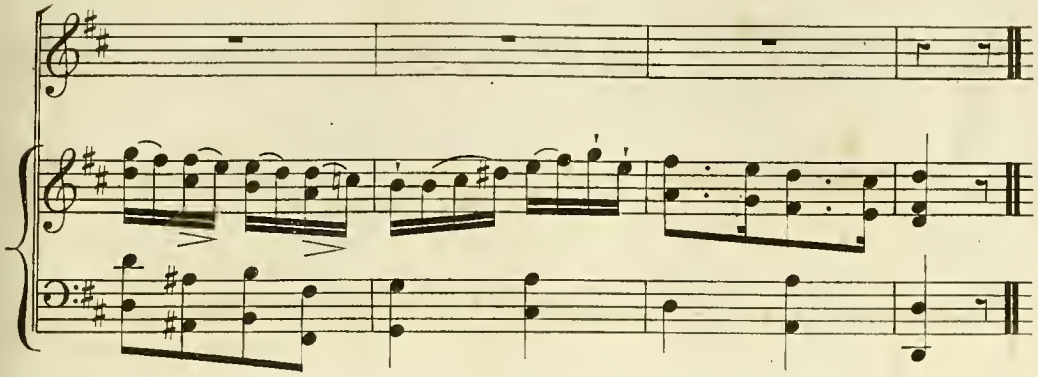
Written by William Millar.




weel I mind the blessed time When Hy_ men wove the nup_tial spell, And
waken'd joys whilk few but them That's far an_owre in heav'n can tell. My
bon_nie wife_the charm o' life, She's mair than In_dia's gowd to me; Oh,
blessings on my bonnie wife, I'll like her till the day I dee.


She's
aye sae blithe when I come hame, Sae glad o' e'e_Sae sweet o'
mou', The saft voice o' my coothie dame Is kind_er than the
tur_tle's coo; And then she's aye sae gude and meek, That


an_gels een her heart might see_I think its maist_ly for her
sake Con_tent_ment likes to dwall wi' me. My bon_nie wife_the
charm o' life, She's mair than In_dia's gowd to me; Oh, blessings
on my bonnie wife, I'll like her till the day I dee.



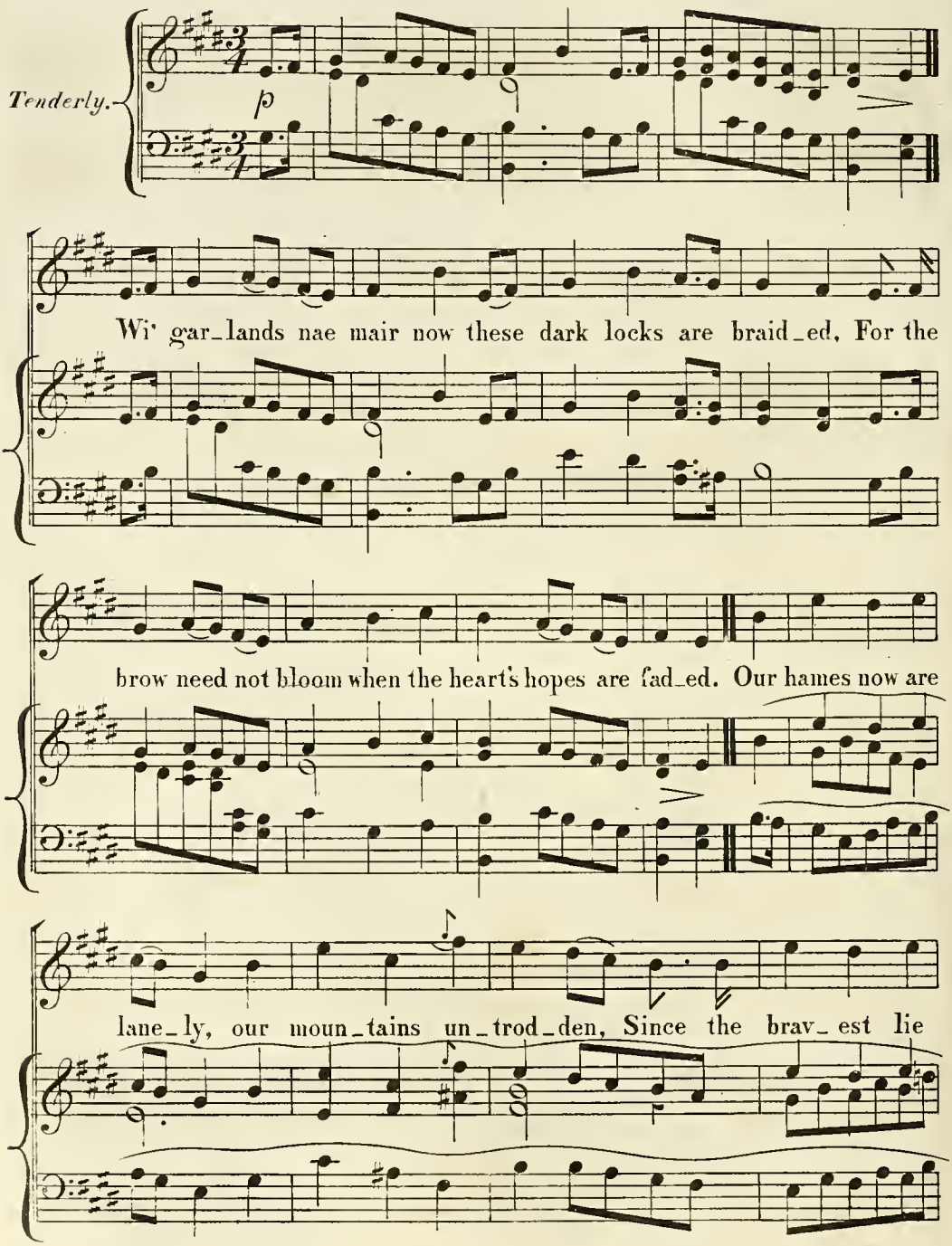
When gay young friens come down the gate,
Or aiblins bien auld birkies ea',
Our wee bit cot she maks sae neat,
It's no that unco-like ava:
For though we brag nae routh o' braws,
Nor count wi' daintier folks to shine,
Her form maks up for pictured wa's,
Her face gars ilka thing look fine.
My bonnie wife, &c.

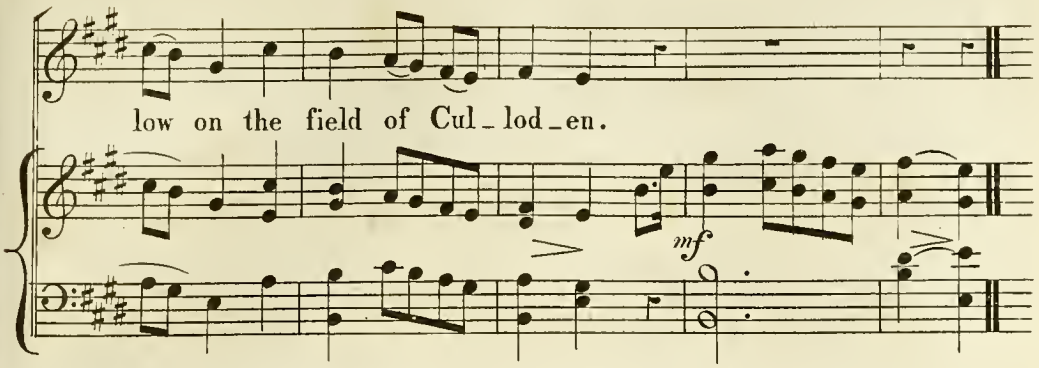
And when around the fire at night
Our wee love-doos come toddling ben,
There's something gars my heart beat light,
Amaist owre rich for mortal ken!
The skies without may smile or frown,
But still our cheerie hearth's the same;
Like birds that aye gang wi' the sun,
We've simmer a' the year at hame.
My bonnie wife, &c.

Lang may the rose bloom on her cheek,
The star o' joy light up her e'e;
Lang may the smile play on her lip,
And a' that's gude her portion be:
And when the sun o' life gaes doun,
May gowden glories light her rest,
And endless joys, the earth aboon,
Mak her the happiest o' the blest.
My bonnie wife—the charm o' life,
She's mair than India's gowd to me;
Oh, blessings on my bonnie wife,
I'll like her till the day I dee.

WI' GARLANDS NAE MAIR.

Written by Henry S. Riddell.





Oh wae to the day that led on to the trial,
When fate proved unkind to the clans of the royal,
And ruin ran wild when our triumph seem'd nearest,
And reft this sad heart o' the lad who was dearest.

He flew to the field wi' his Charlie as fleetly
As when o'er the wilds he would hasten to meet me;
And fightin' the foremost—this heart's dark foreboddin'
Proved all, all too true on the field of Culloden.

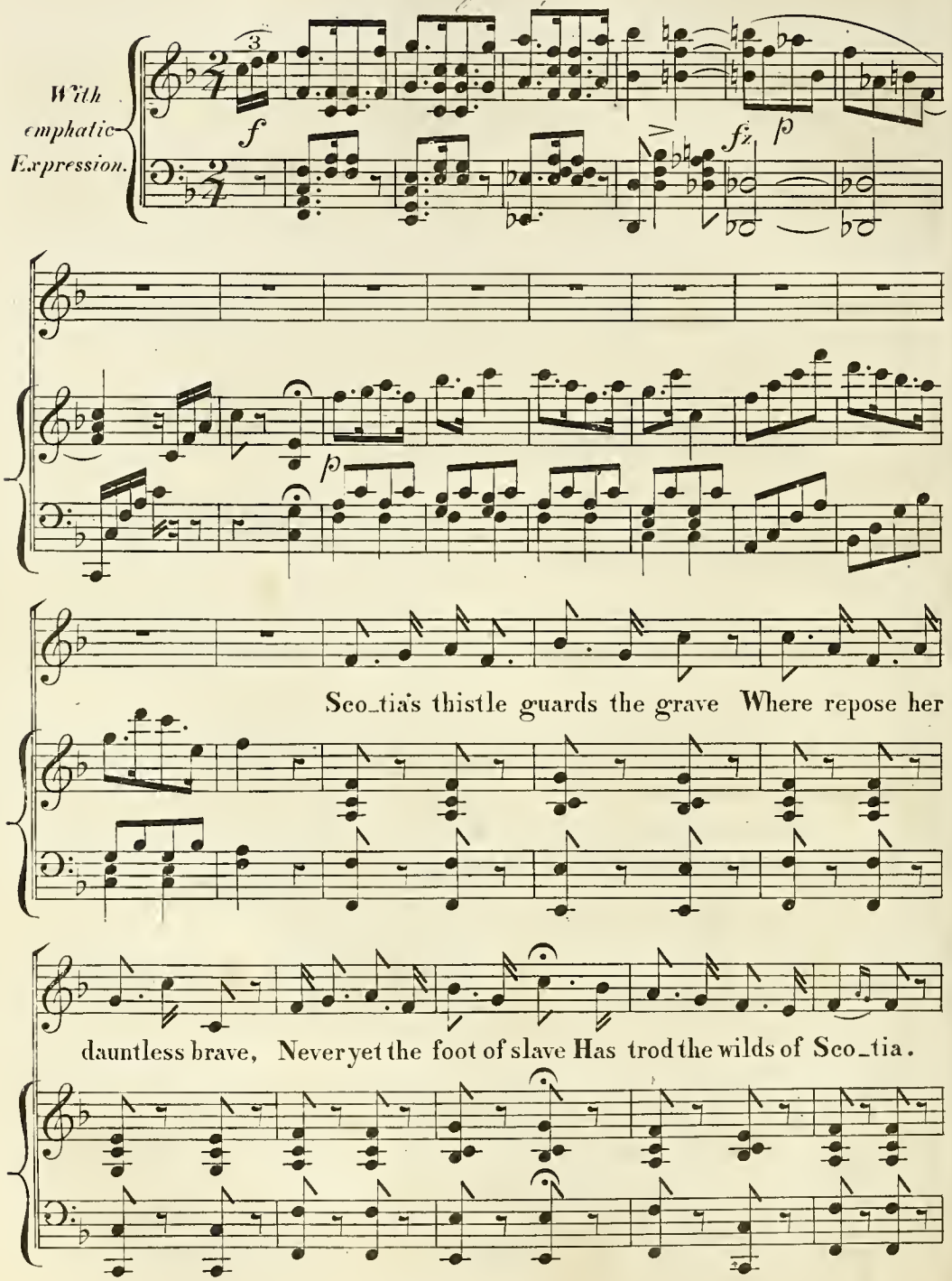
I sat by the stream where we aften did wander,
And the glen a' was still, and the heart a' was tender,
But wild woke the breeze, and methought it was sighing
O'er Culloden's dark field, where the bravest are lying.

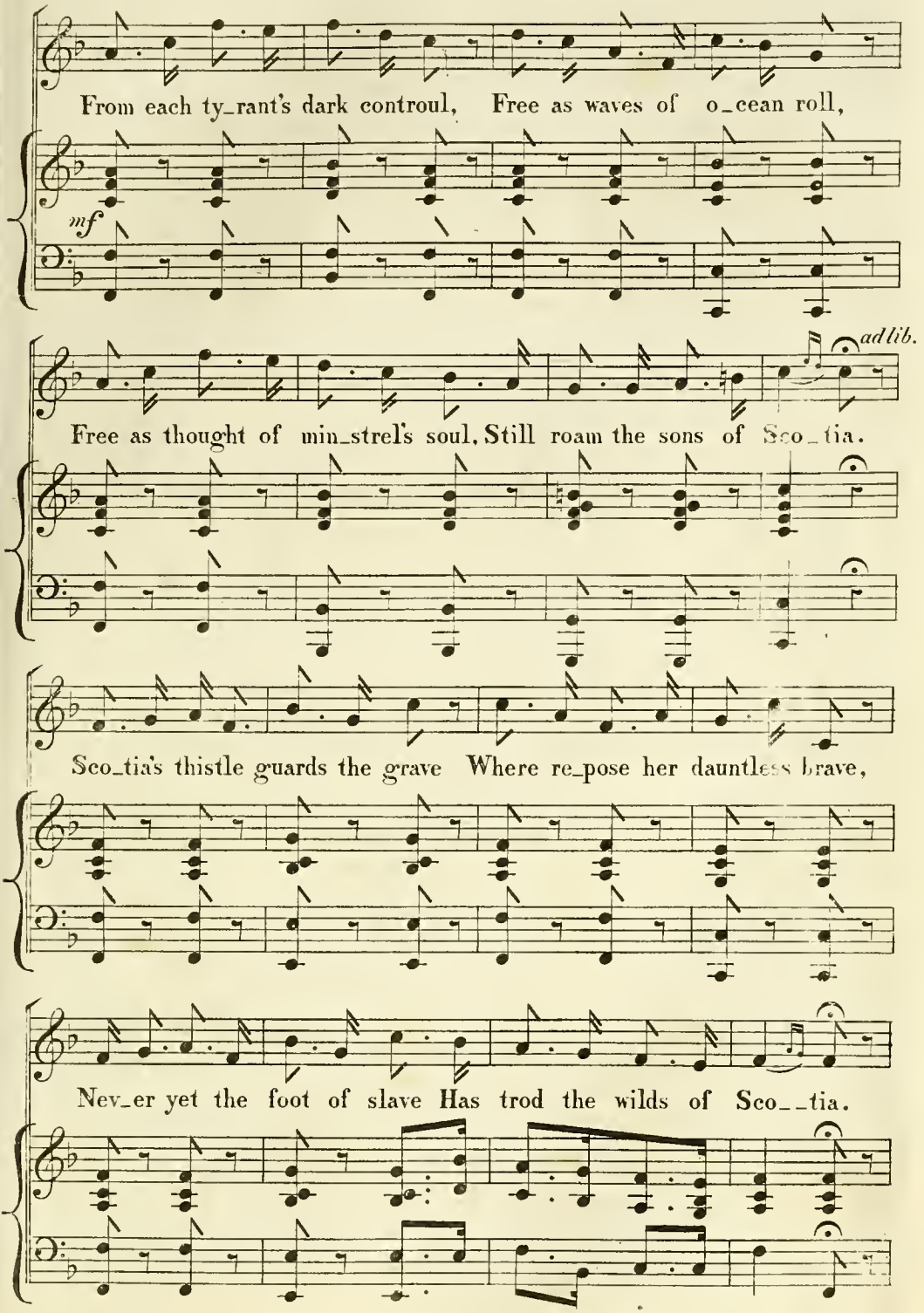
The wee bird that sang aye sae sweet and sae early,
Sings dool now to me, and to Scotland and Charlie;
There's gloom in the ha', and there's grief in the shielin',
And nought comes to lighten the sadness of feeling.

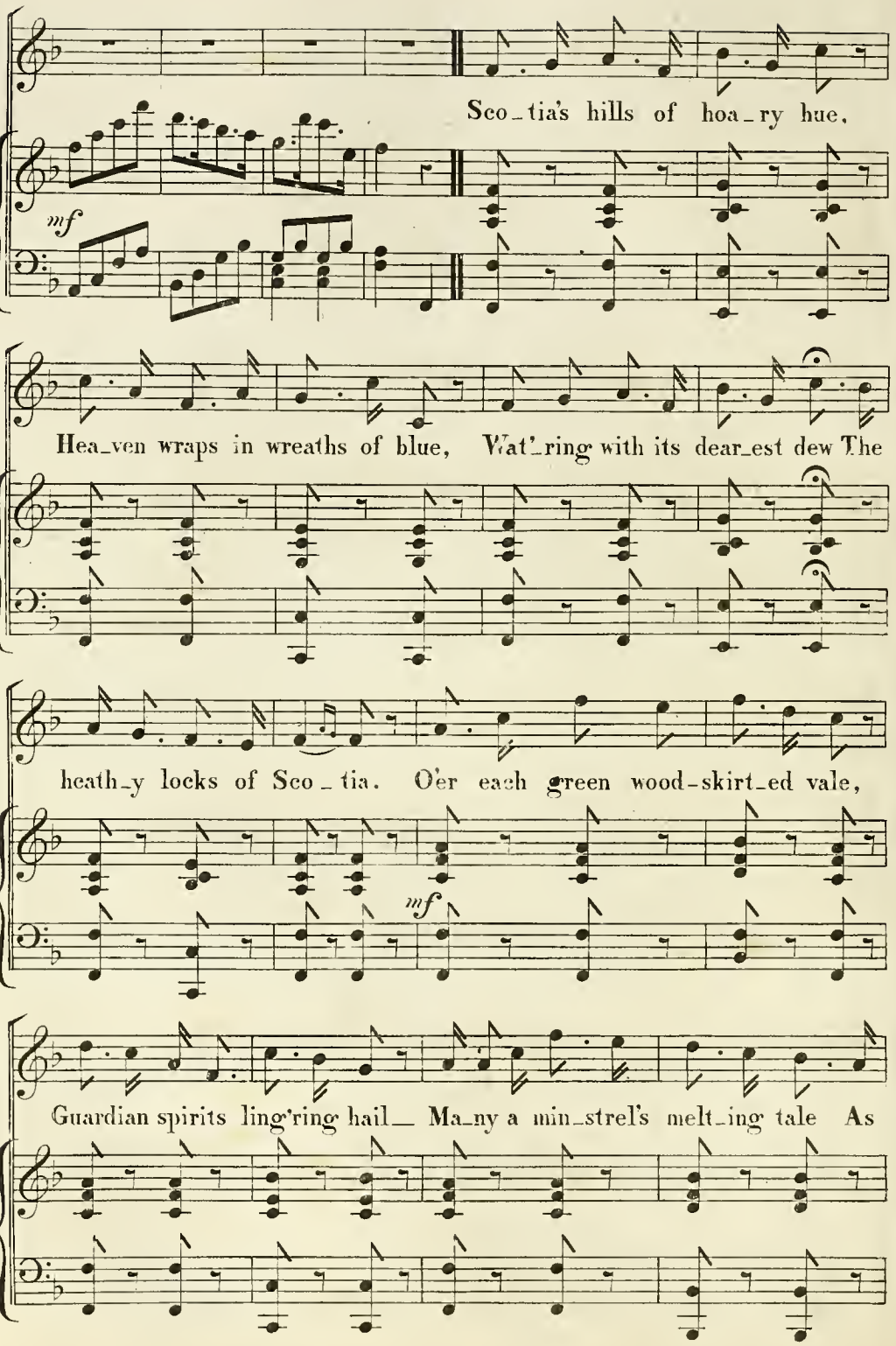
Nae mair he returns in his kindness to meet me,
Where the stream ran sae clear, and the flowers bloom sae sweetly.
And the bliss of that love, which this heart aye abode in,
Is lost wi' the brave on the field of Culloden.

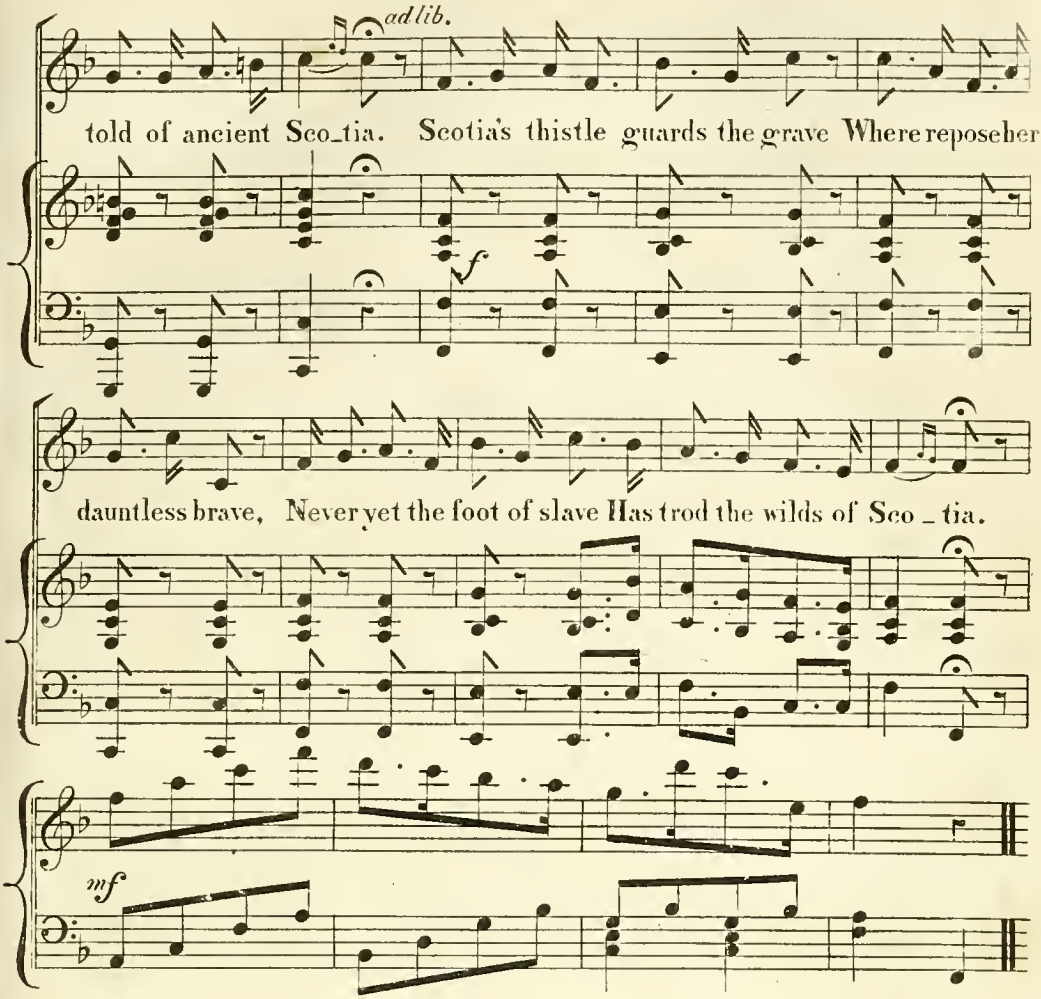
SCOTIA'S THISTLE GUARDS THE GRAVE.

Written by Henry S. Riddell.




From each ty_rant's dark controul, Free as waves of o_cean roll,
mf
ad lib.
Free as thought of min_strel's soul, Still roam the sons of Sco_tia.
Sco_tia's thistle guards the grave Where re_pose her dauntless brave,
Nev_er yet the foot of slave Has trod the wilds of Sco__tia.

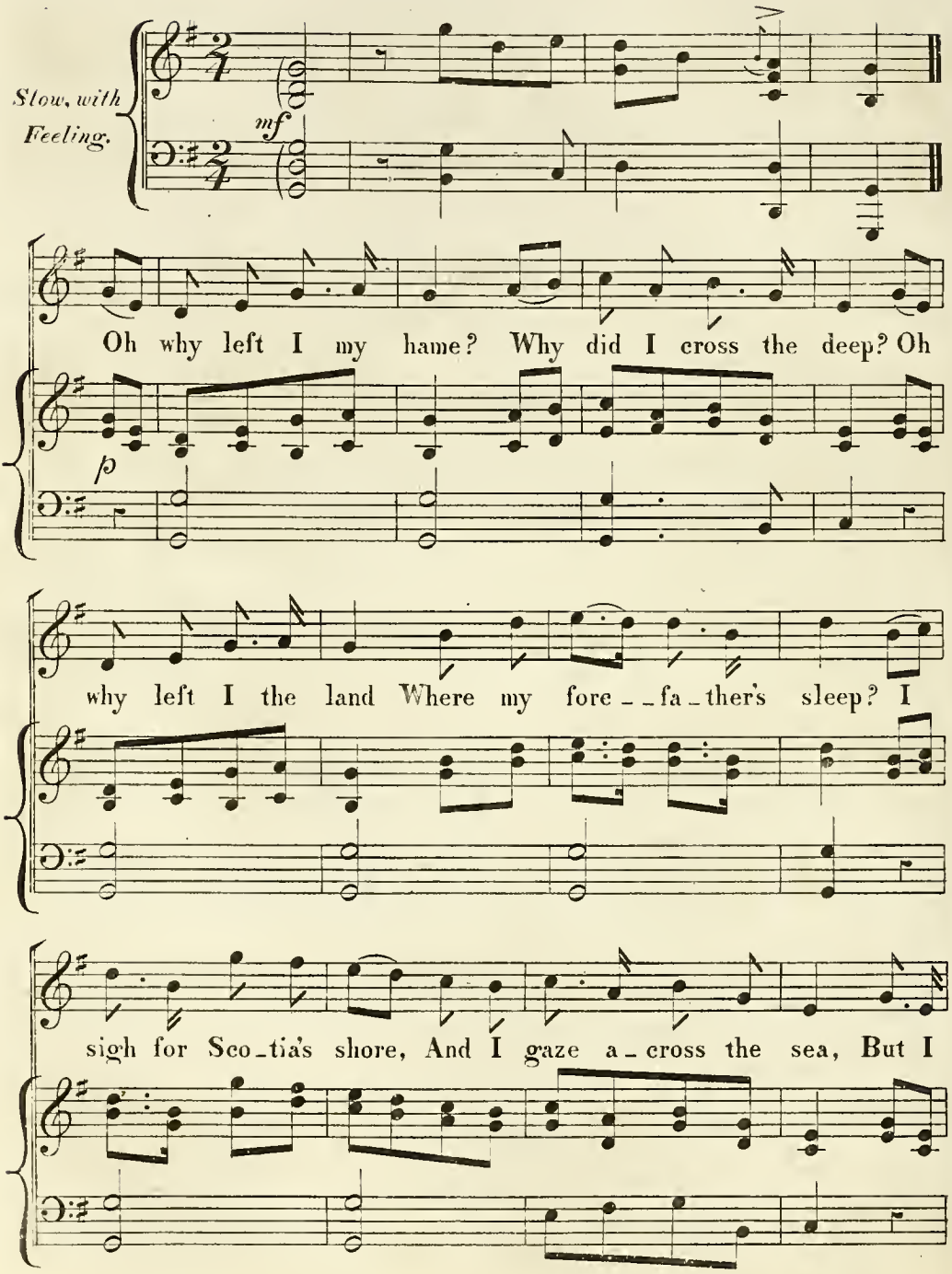

Sco_tia's hills of hoa_ry hue,
mf
Hea_ven wraps in wreaths of blue, Wat'_ring with its dear_est dew The
heath_y locks of Sco_tia. O'er each green wood-skirt_ed vale,
mf
Guardian spirits ling'ring hail_ Ma_ny a min_strel's melt_ing tale As

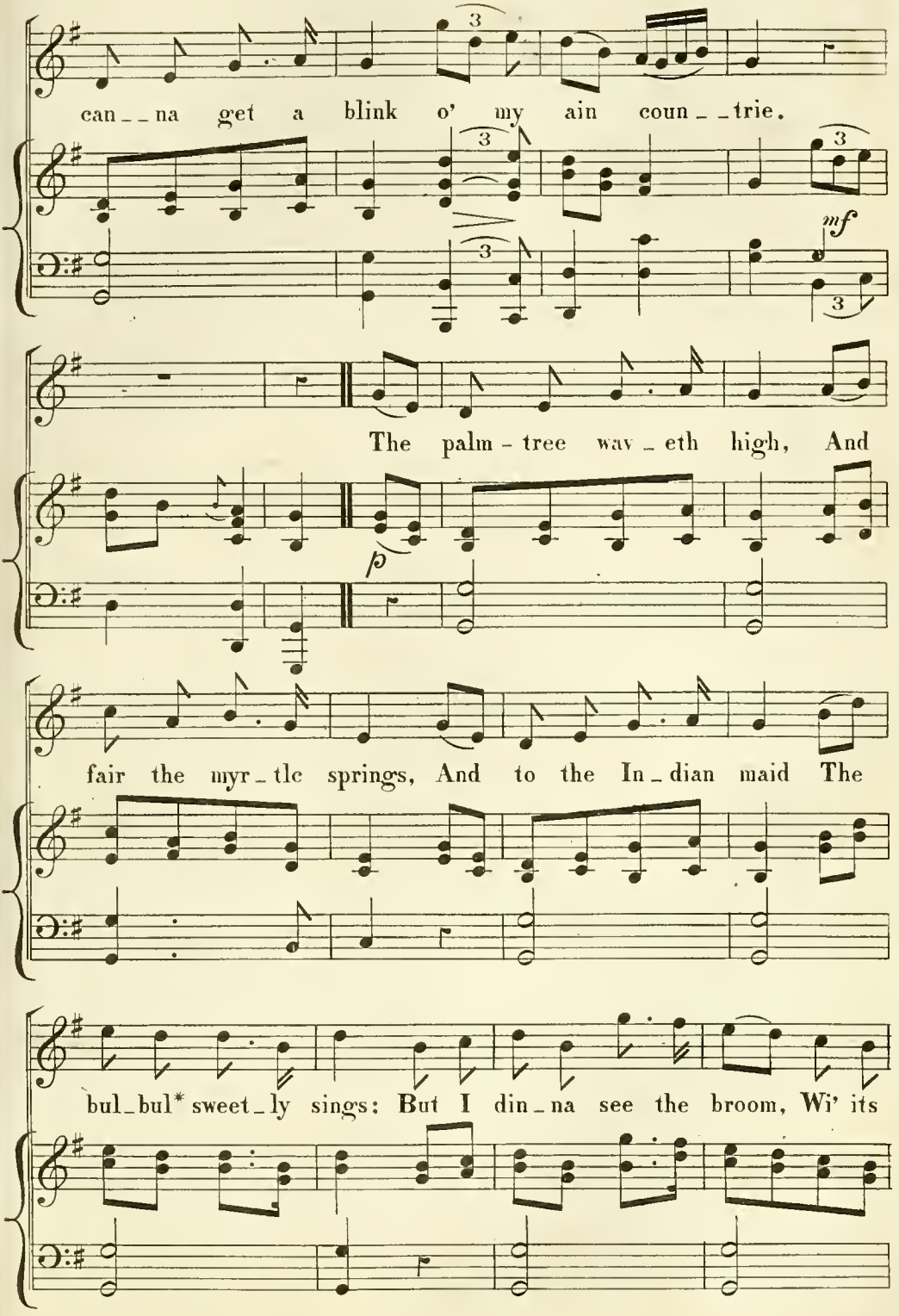


Wake my hill harp wildly wake,
Sound by lea and lonely lake:
Never shall my love forsake
The bonny wilds of Scotia.
Others, o'er the ocean's foam,
Far to other lands may roam,
But forever be my home
The hills and glens of Scotia.
Scotia's thistle guards the grave
Where repose her dauntless brave,
Never yet the foot of slave
Has trod the wilds of Scotia.

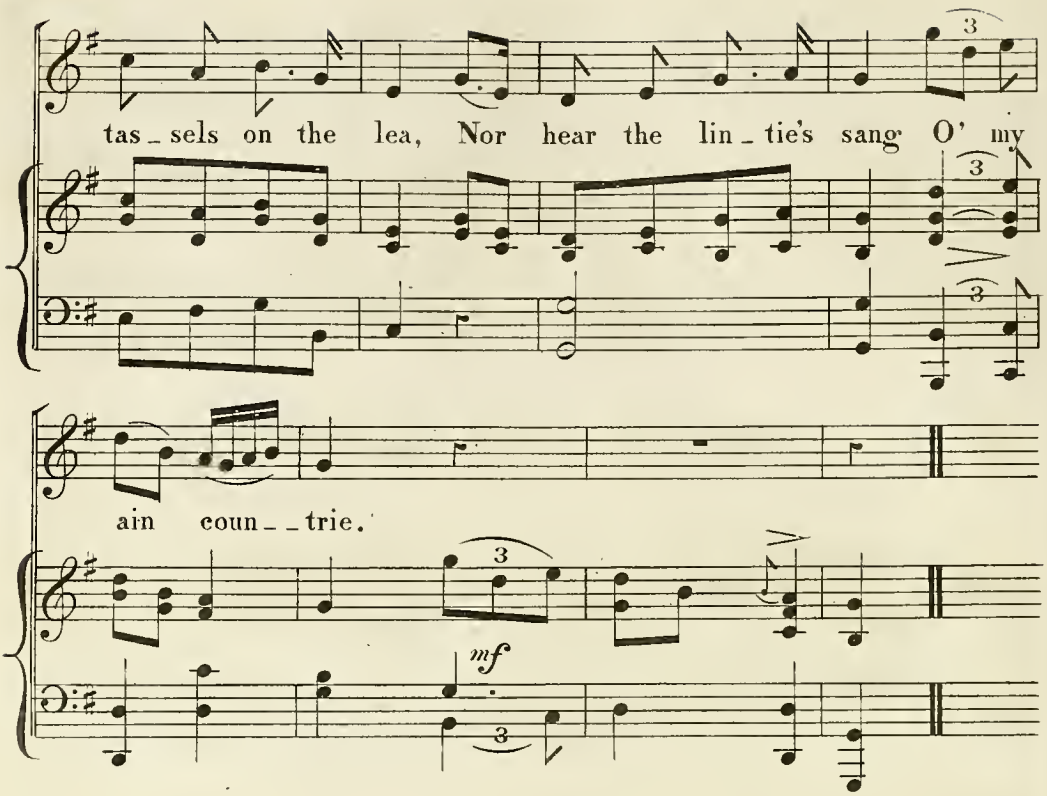
OH WHY LEFT I MY HAME?

Written by Robert Gilfillan.





*The Indian Nightingale.

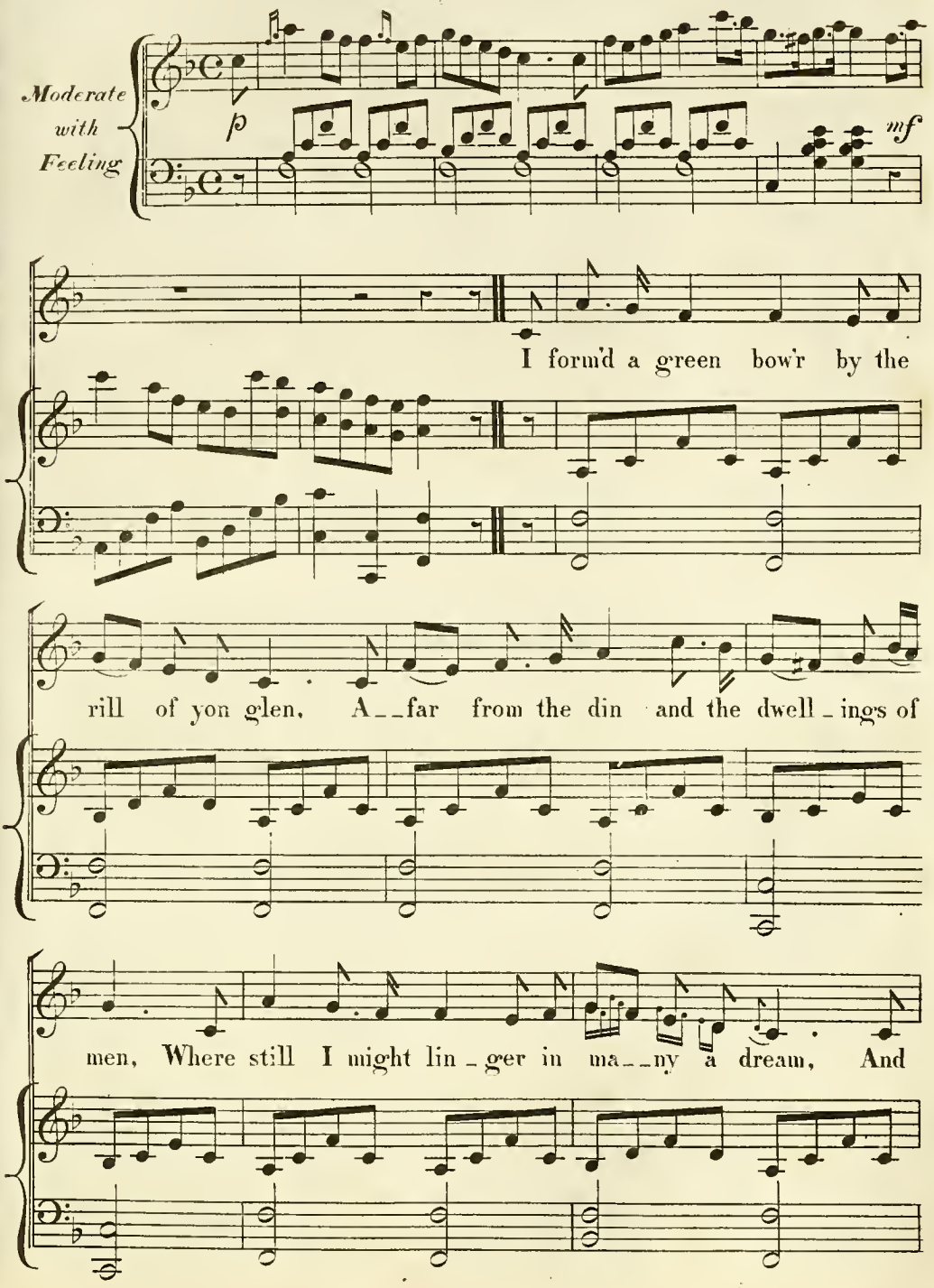


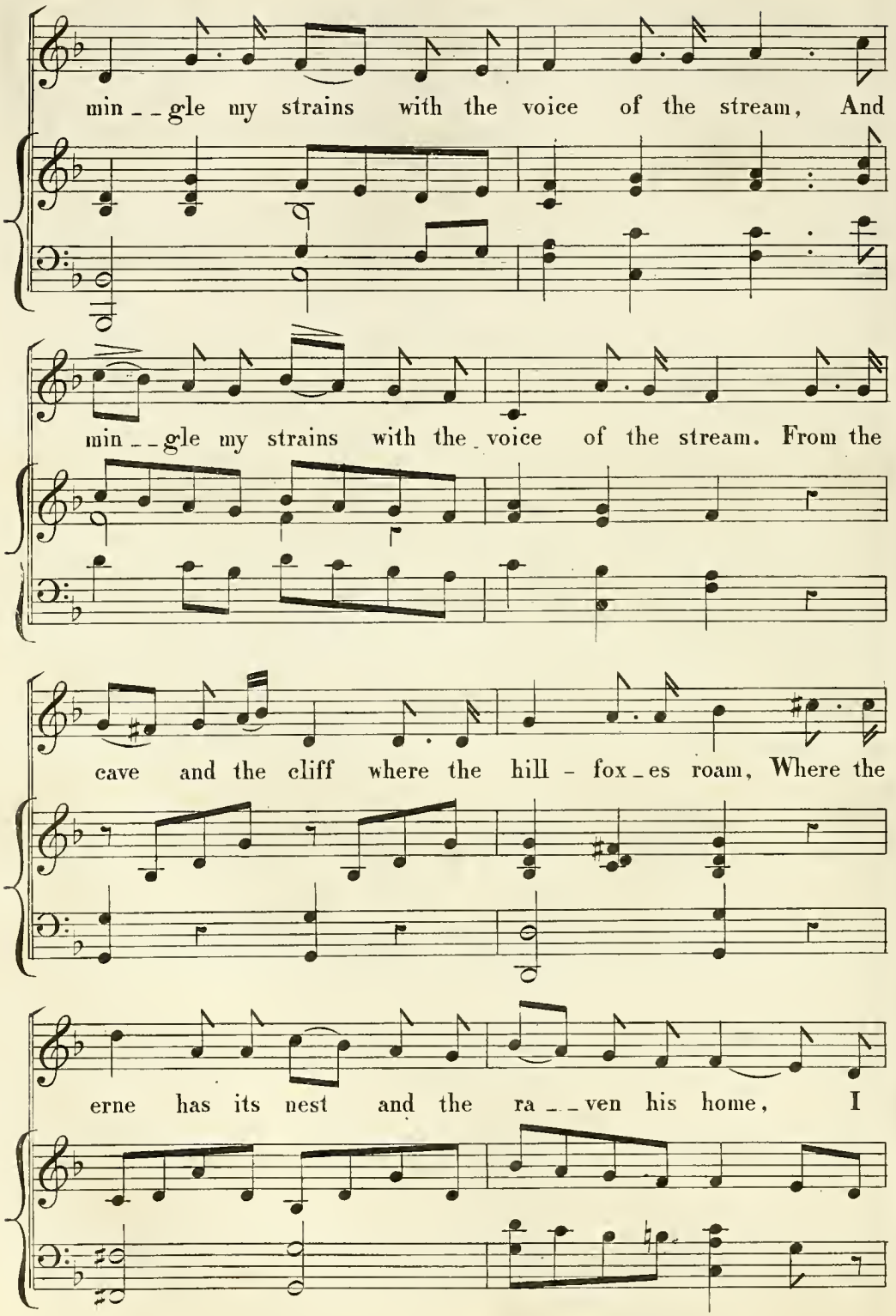
Oh! here, no sabbath bell
Awakes the sabbath morn,
Nor song of reaper's heard
Amang the yellow corn:
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail of slaverie;
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie.

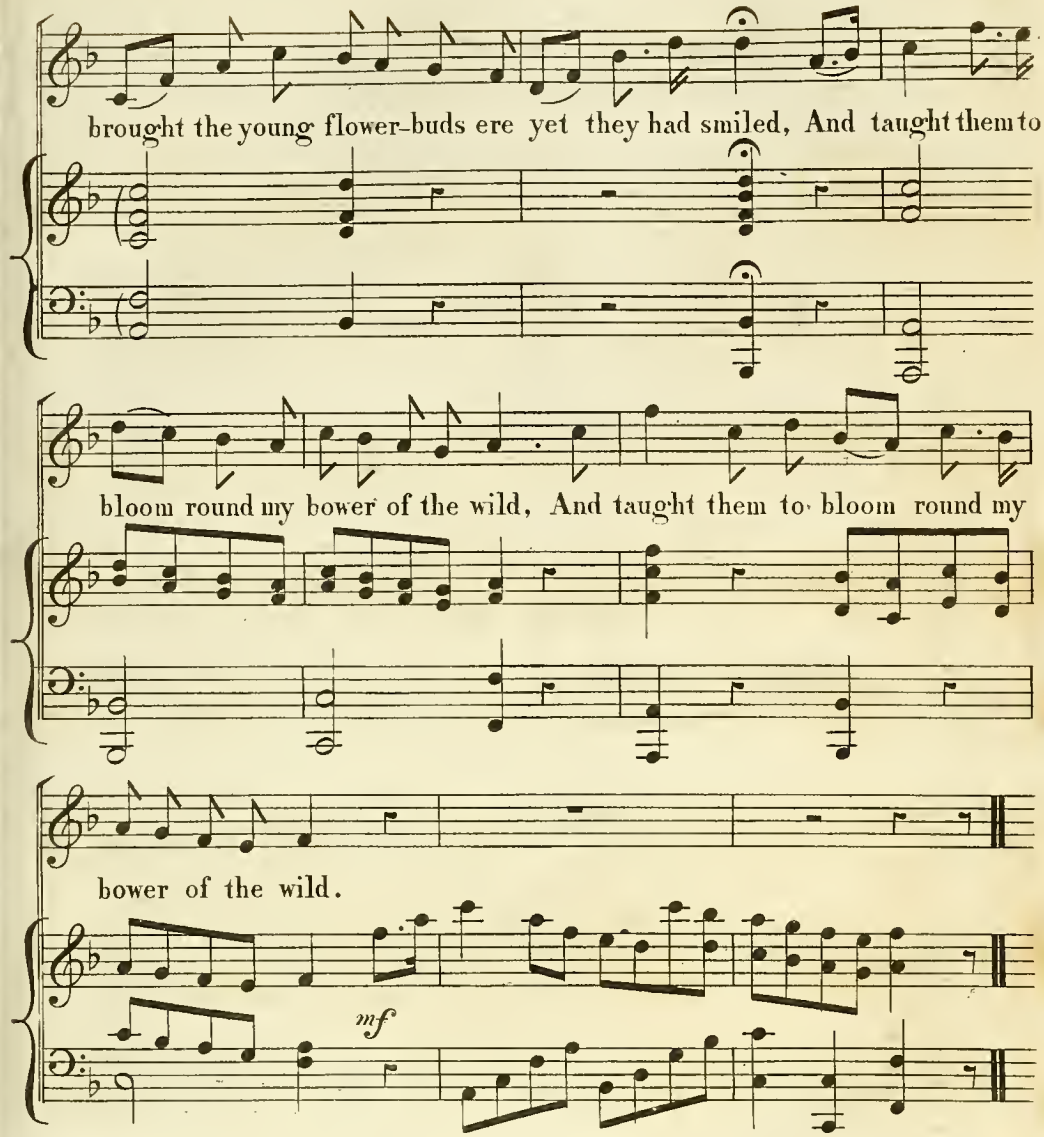
There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys of our heart
Come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea,
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie.

I FORM'D A GREEN BOW'R.

Written by Henry S. Riddell.



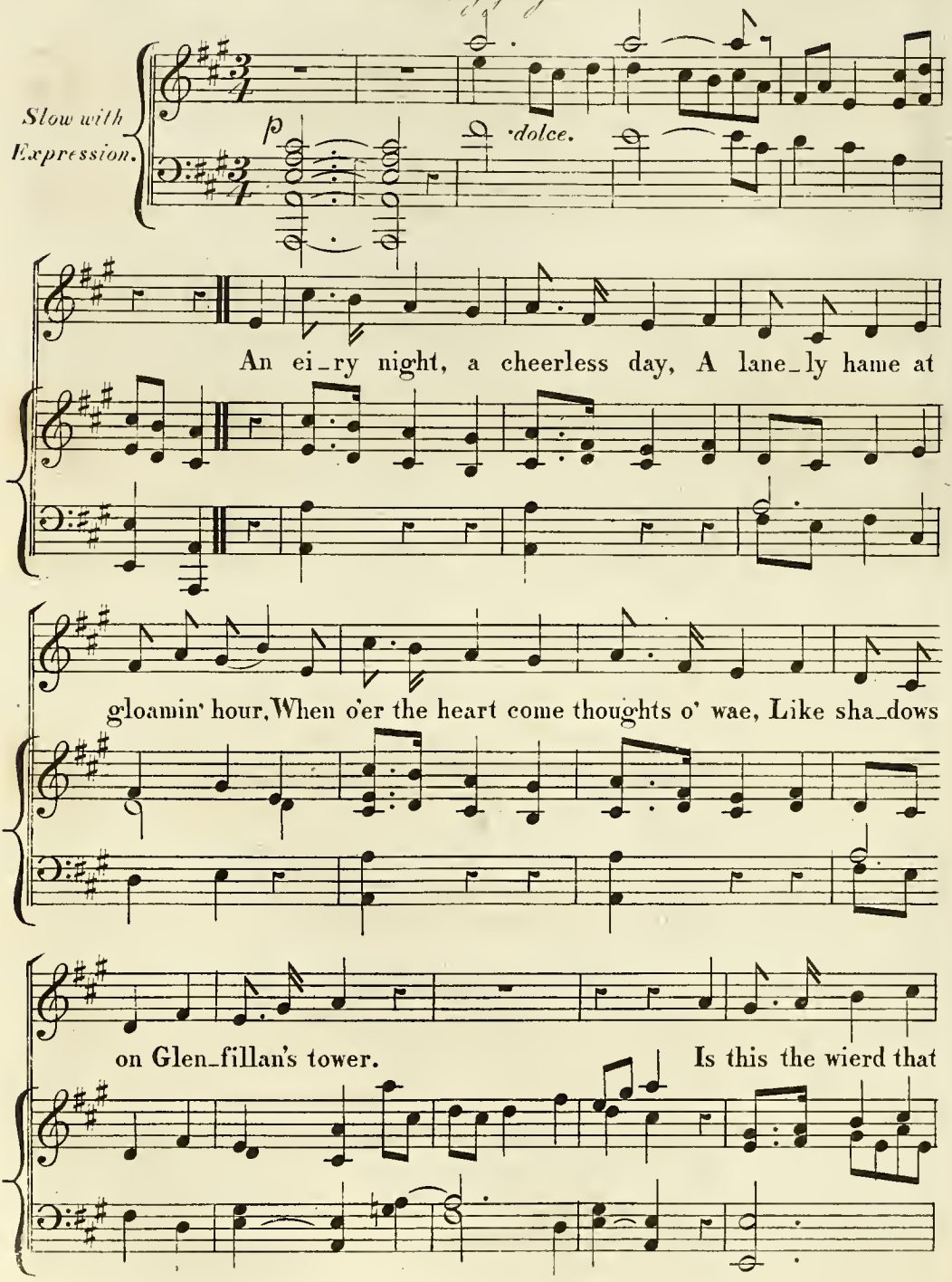

min - - gle my strains with the voice of the stream, And
min - - gle my strains with the voice of the stream. From the
cave and the cliff where the hill - fox - es roam, Where the
erne has its nest and the ra - - ven his home, I

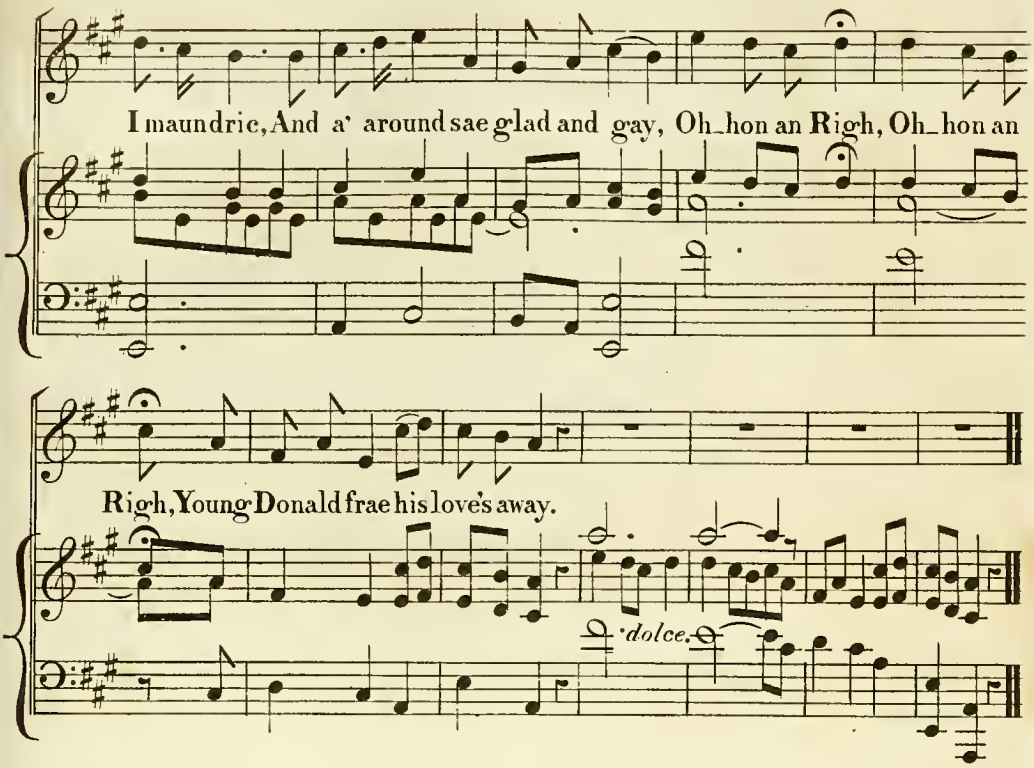


But the fair maidens came from yon vale far away,
And sought my lone grotto still day after day,
And soon were the stems of their bright blossoms shorn,
That the flowers of the bard might their ringlets adorn.
Fair, fair were they all, but the maiden most fair
Would there have no flower till I cull'd it with care;
And lovely and simple, and modest and mild,
She stole my lone heart in the bower of the wild.

YOUNG DONALD FRAE HIS LOVE'S AWAY.

Written by George Allan.



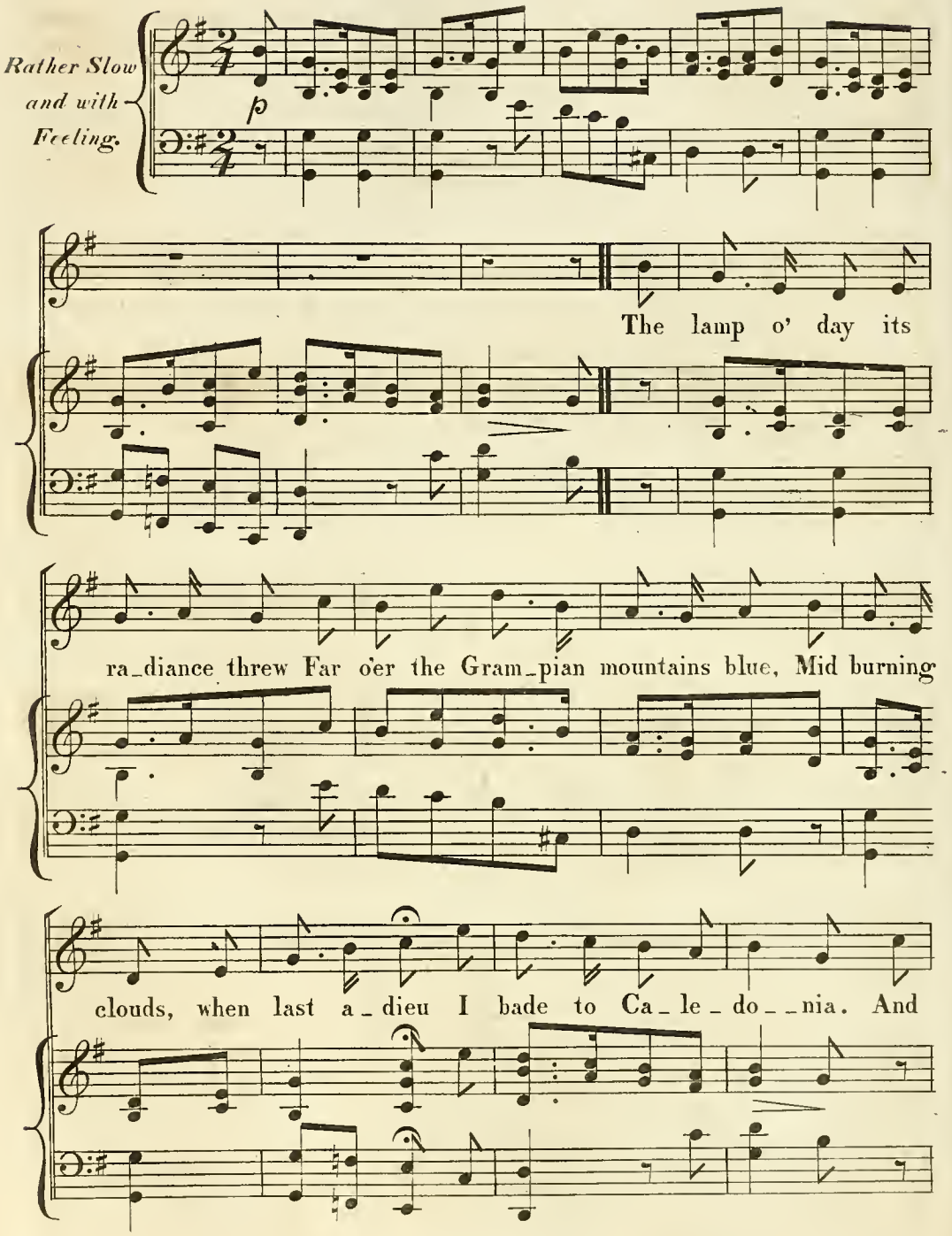


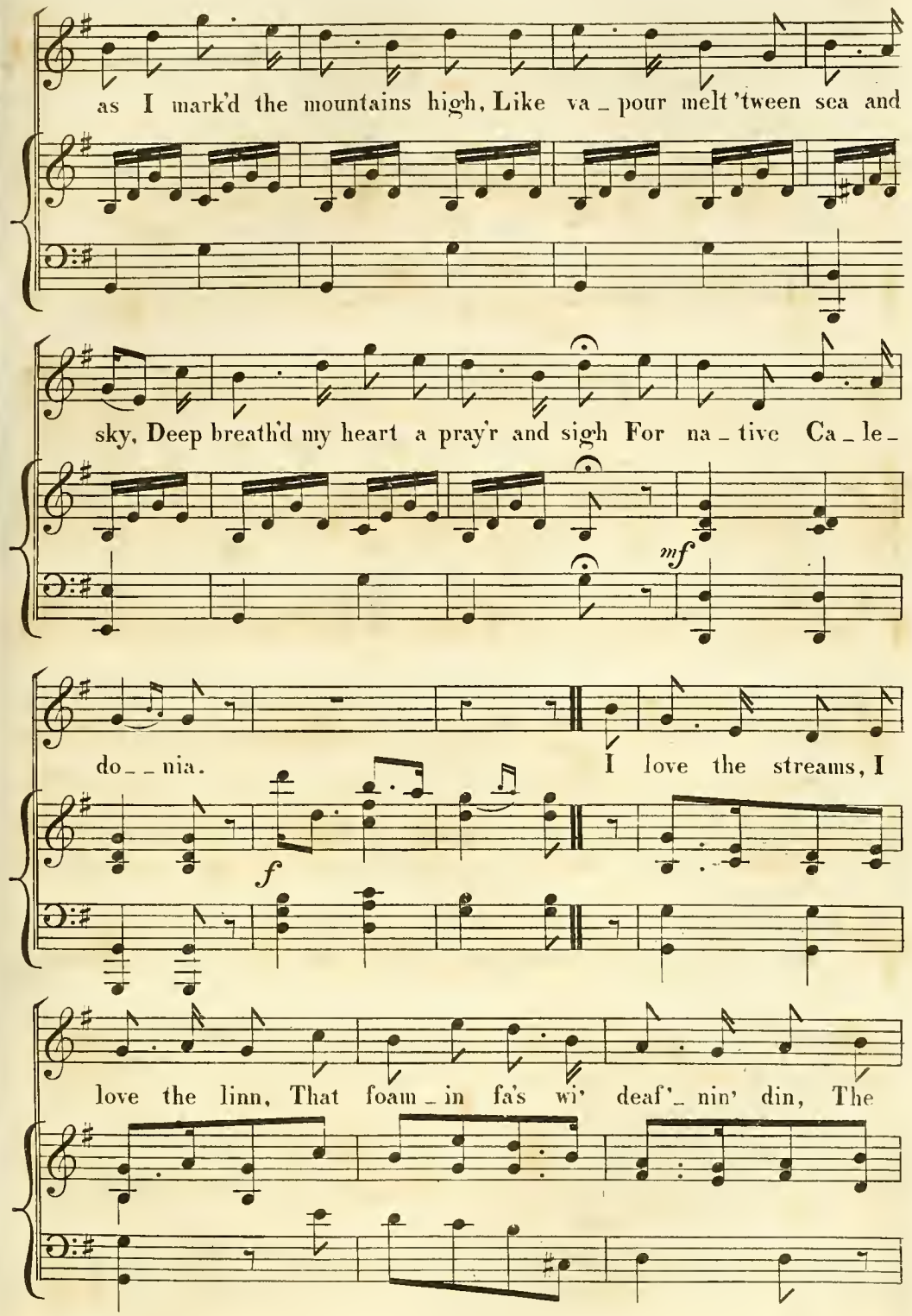
The winter snaw nae mair does fa',
The rose blooms in our mountain bower,
The wild flowers on the castle wa'
Are glintin' in the summer shower.
But what are summer's smiles to me
When he nae langer here could stay:
Oh hon an Righ, Oh hon an Righ,
Young Donald frae his love's away.

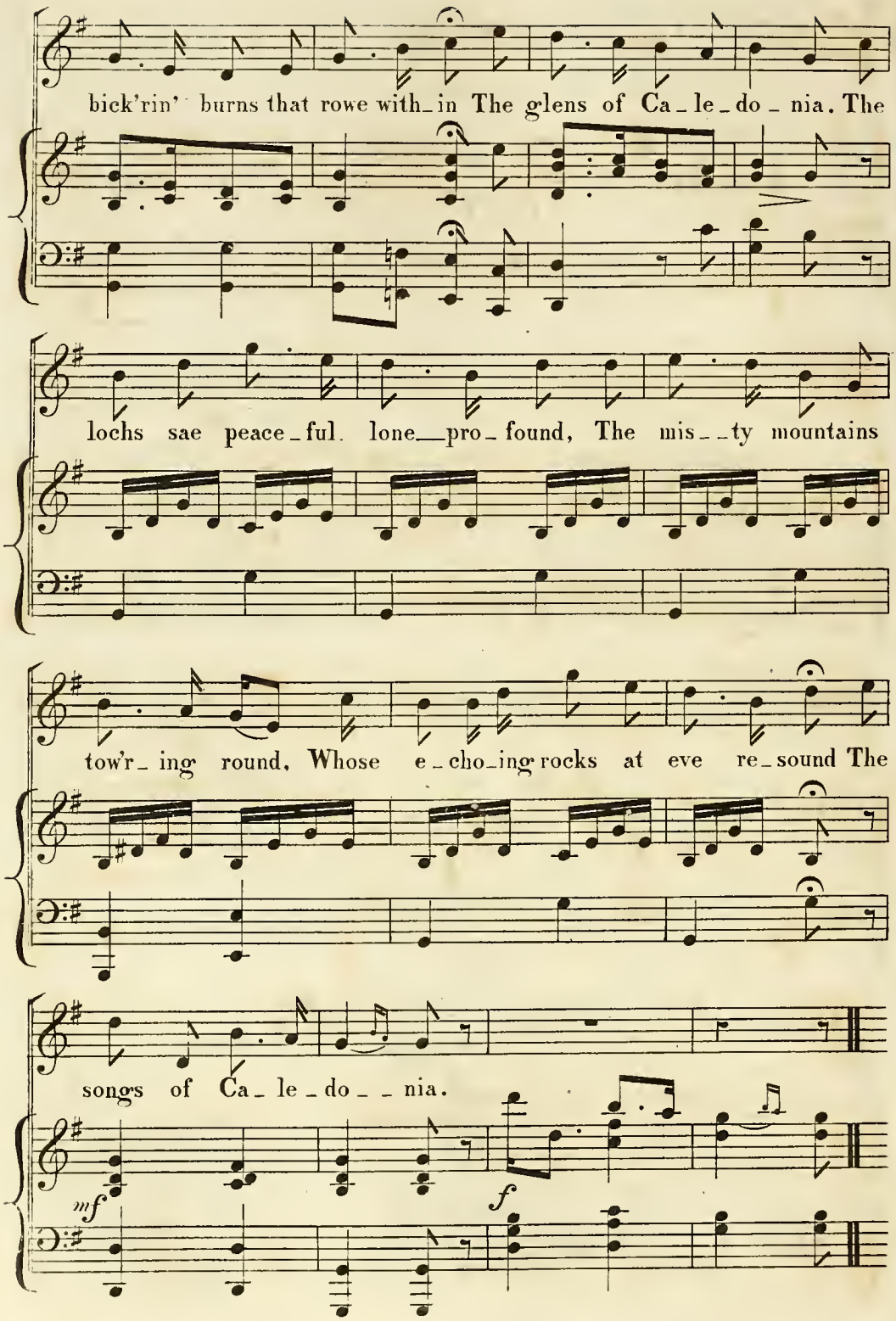
For Scotland's crown, and Charlie's right,
The fire-cross o'er our hills did flee,
And loyal swords were glancin' bright,
And Scotia's bluid was warm and free.
And though nae gleam of hope I see,
My prayer is for a brighter day:
Oh hon an Righ, Oh hon an Righ,
Young Donald frae his love's away.

CALEDONIA.

Written by John Imlah.

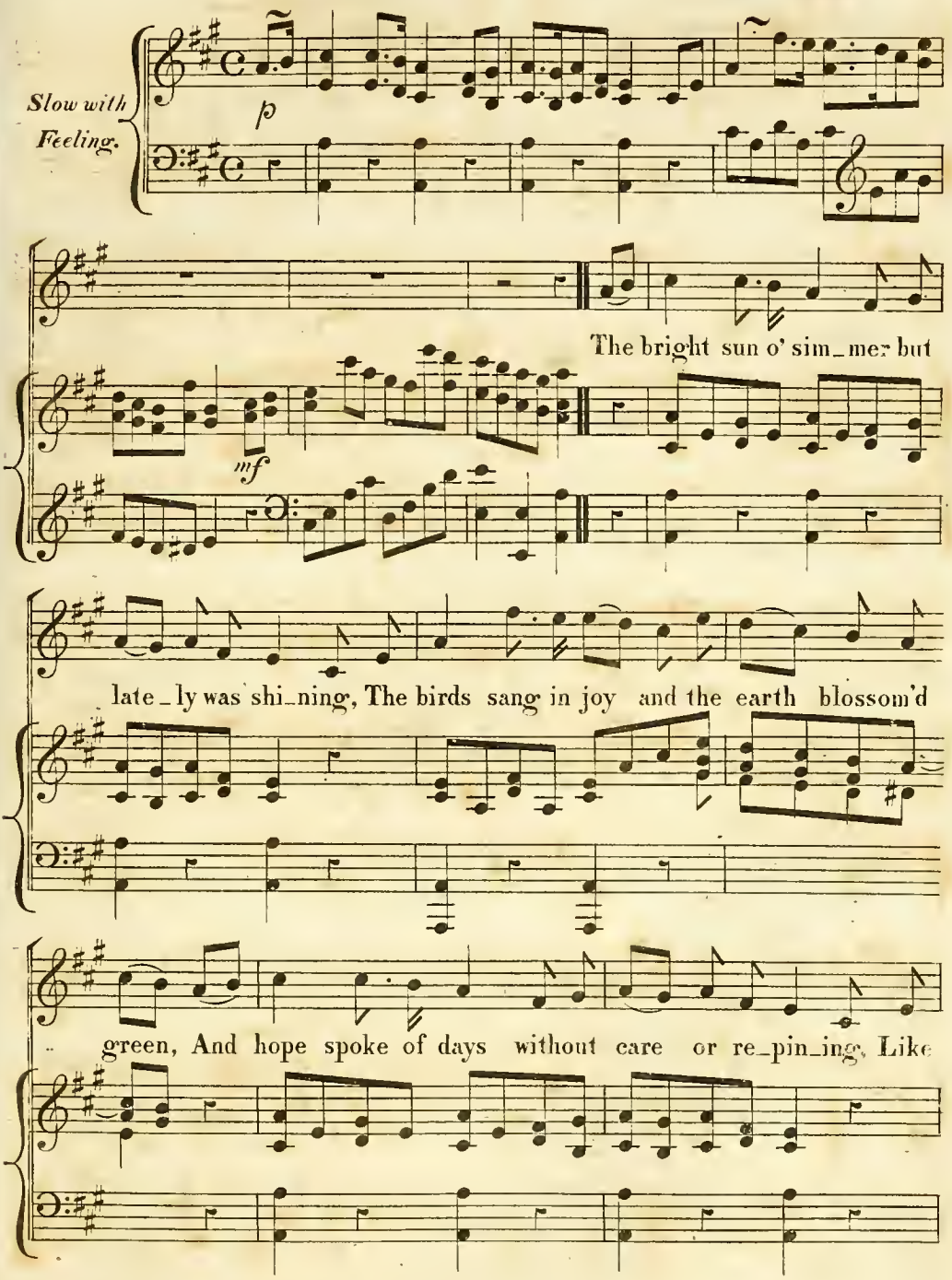


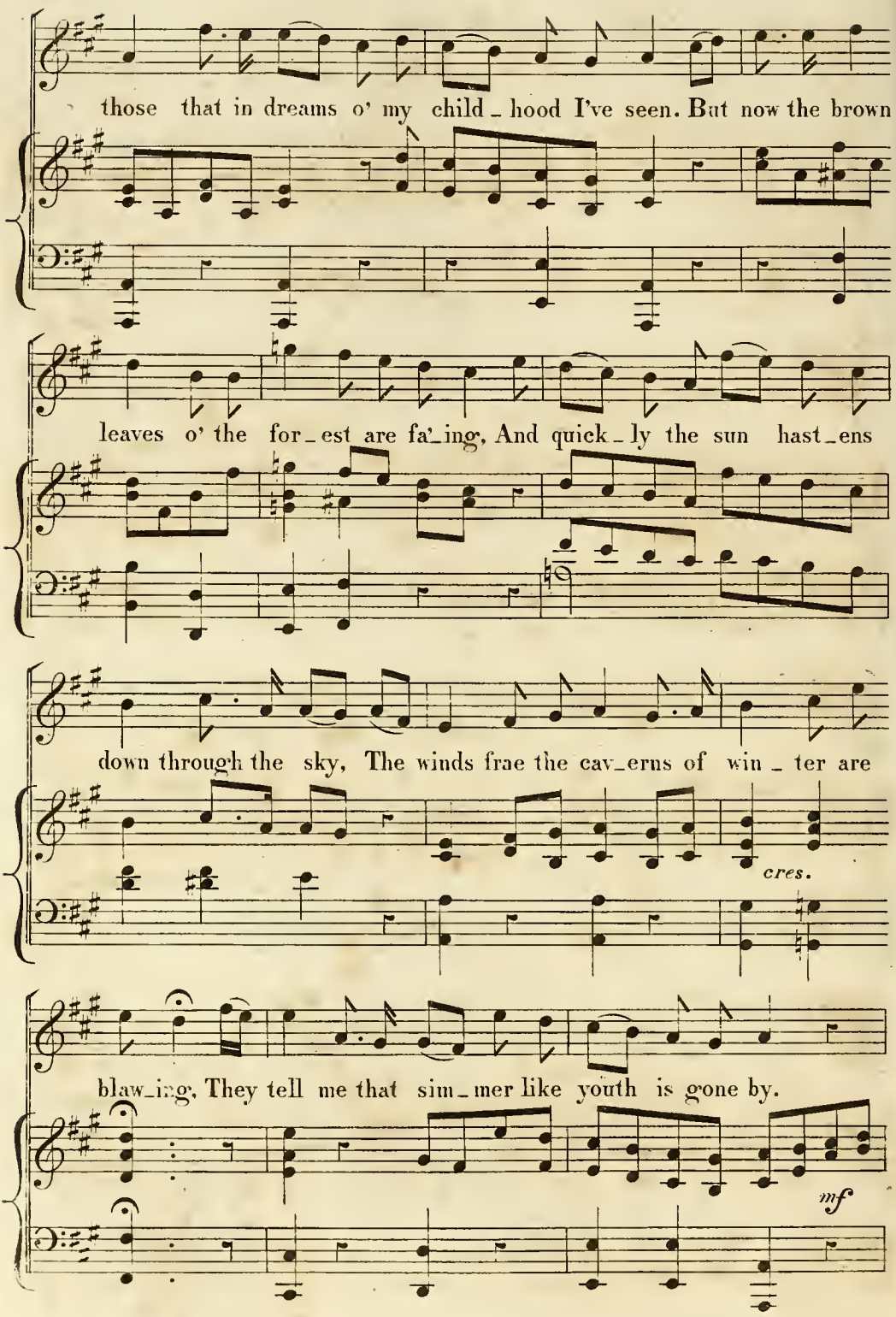

as I mark'd the mountains high, Like va_pour melt 'tween sea and
sky, Deep breath'd my heart a pray'r and sigh For na_tive Ca_le_
mf
do__nia.
I love the streams, I
f
love the linn, That foam_in fa's wi' deaf'_nin' din, The

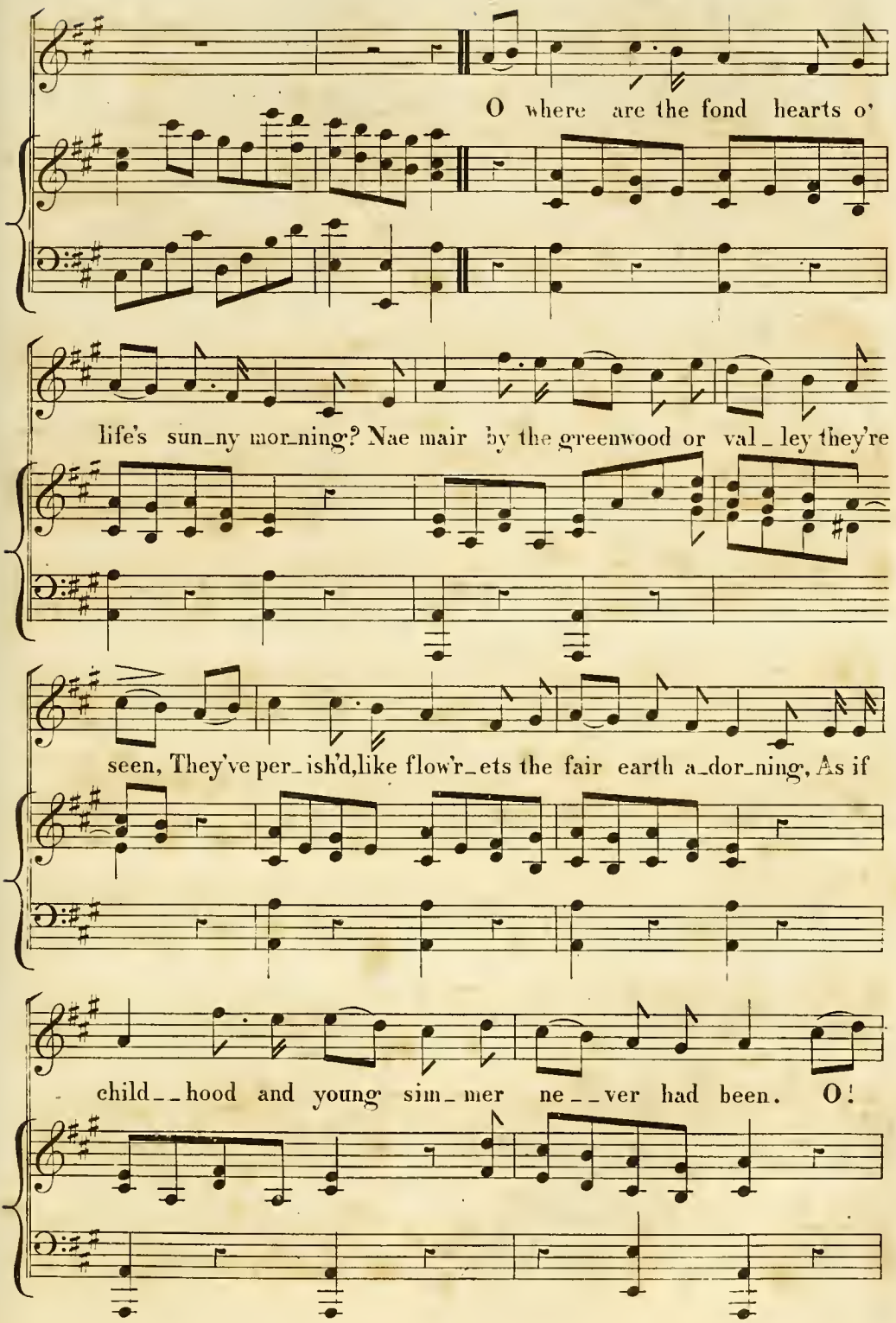

bick'rin' burns that rowe with_in The glens of Ca_le_do_nia. The
lochs sae peace_ful lone__pro_found, The mis__ty mountains
tow'r_ing round, Whose e_cho_ing rocks at eve re_sound The
songs of Ca_le_do__nia.
mf
f

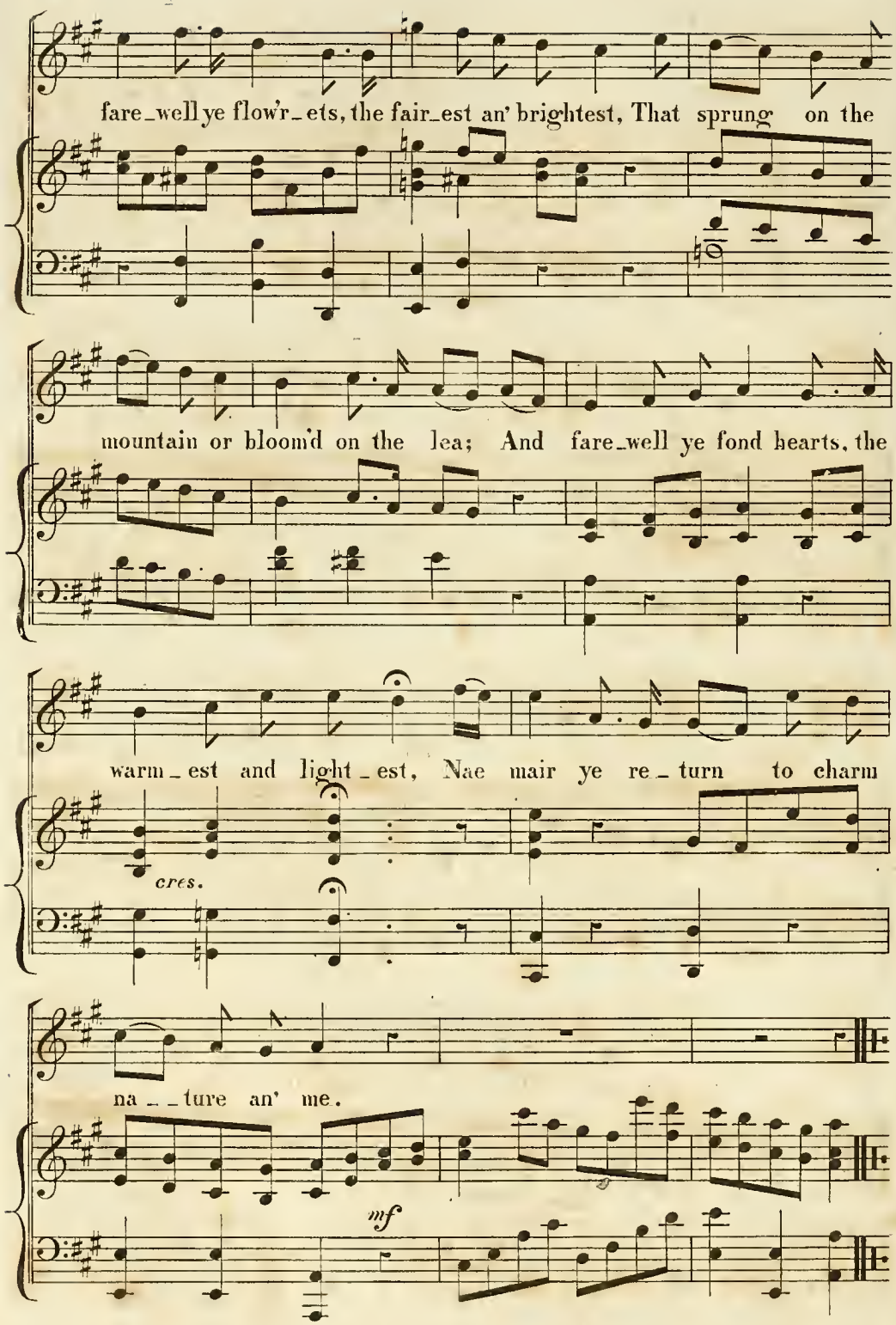
THE BRIGHT SUN O' SIMMER.

Written by Robert Gilfillan.



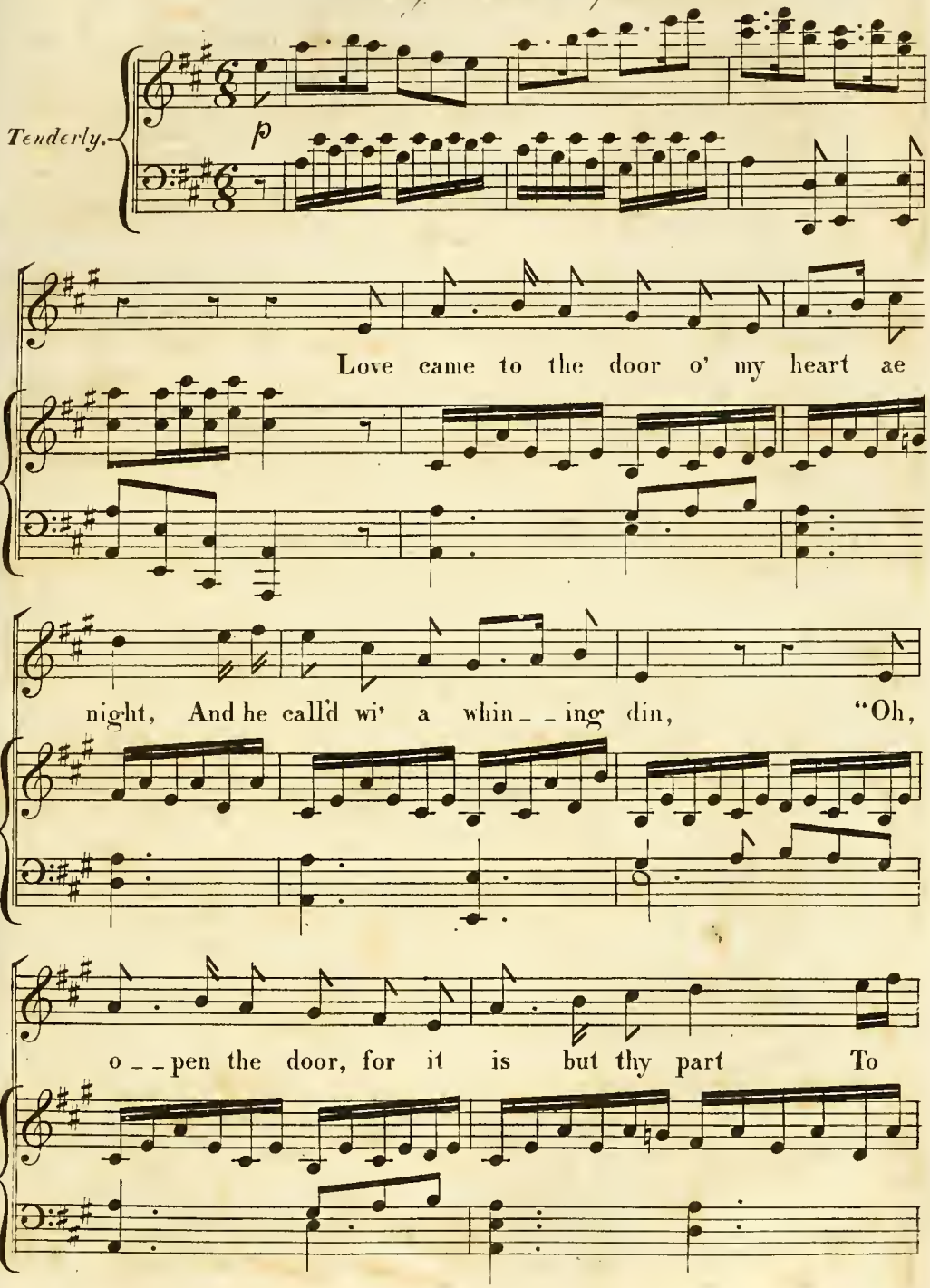

those that in dreams o' my child_hood I've seen. But now the brown
leaves o' the for_est are fa'_ing, And quick_ly the sun hast_ens
down through the sky, The winds frae the cav_erns of win _ ter are
cres.
blaw_ing, They tell me that sim_mer like youth is gone by.
mf

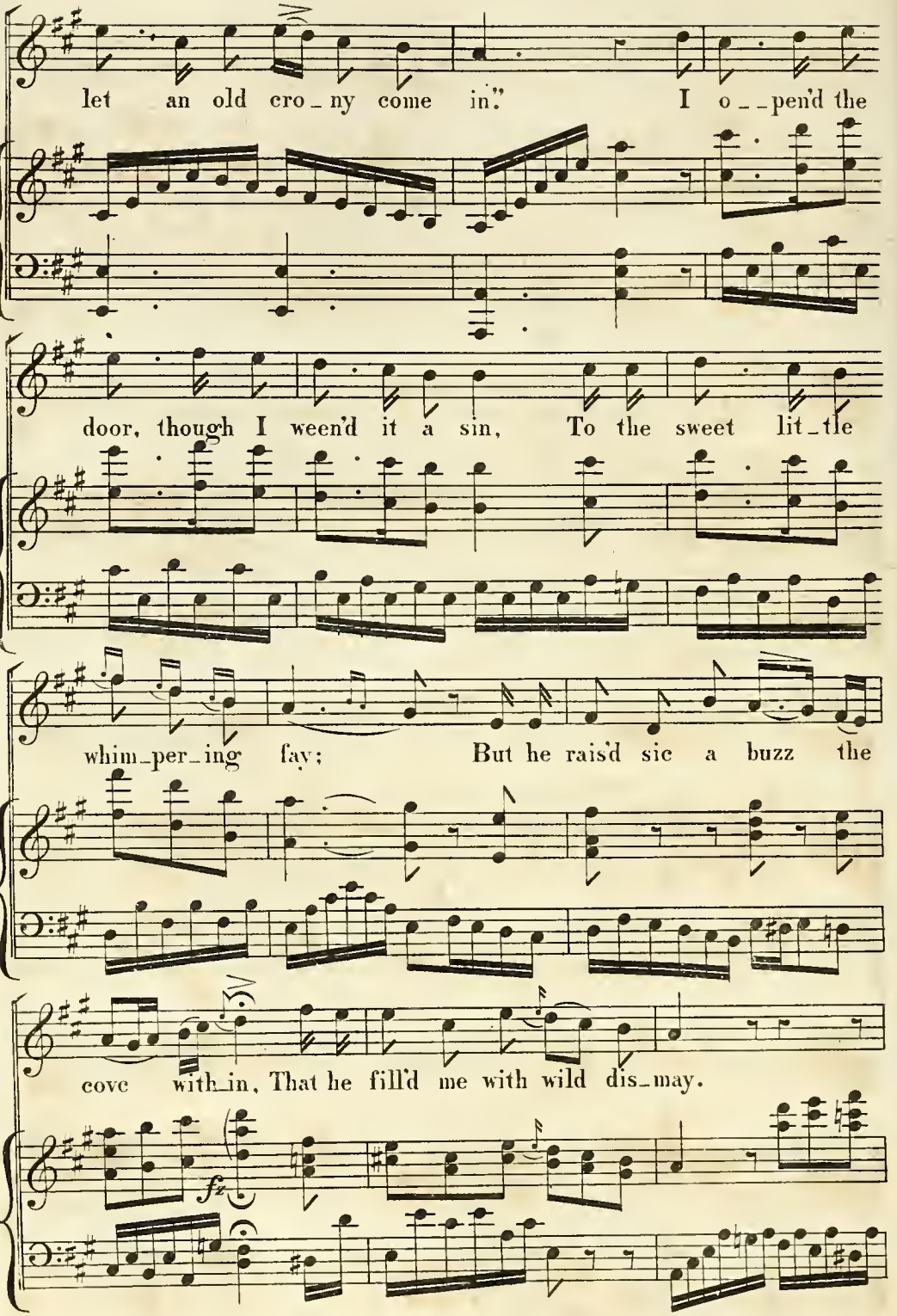

O where are the fond hearts o'
life's sun_ny mor_ning? Nae mair by the greenwood or val_ley they're
seen, They've per_ish'd,like flow'r_ets the fair earth a_dor_ning, As if
child__hood and young sim_mer ne__ver had been. O!

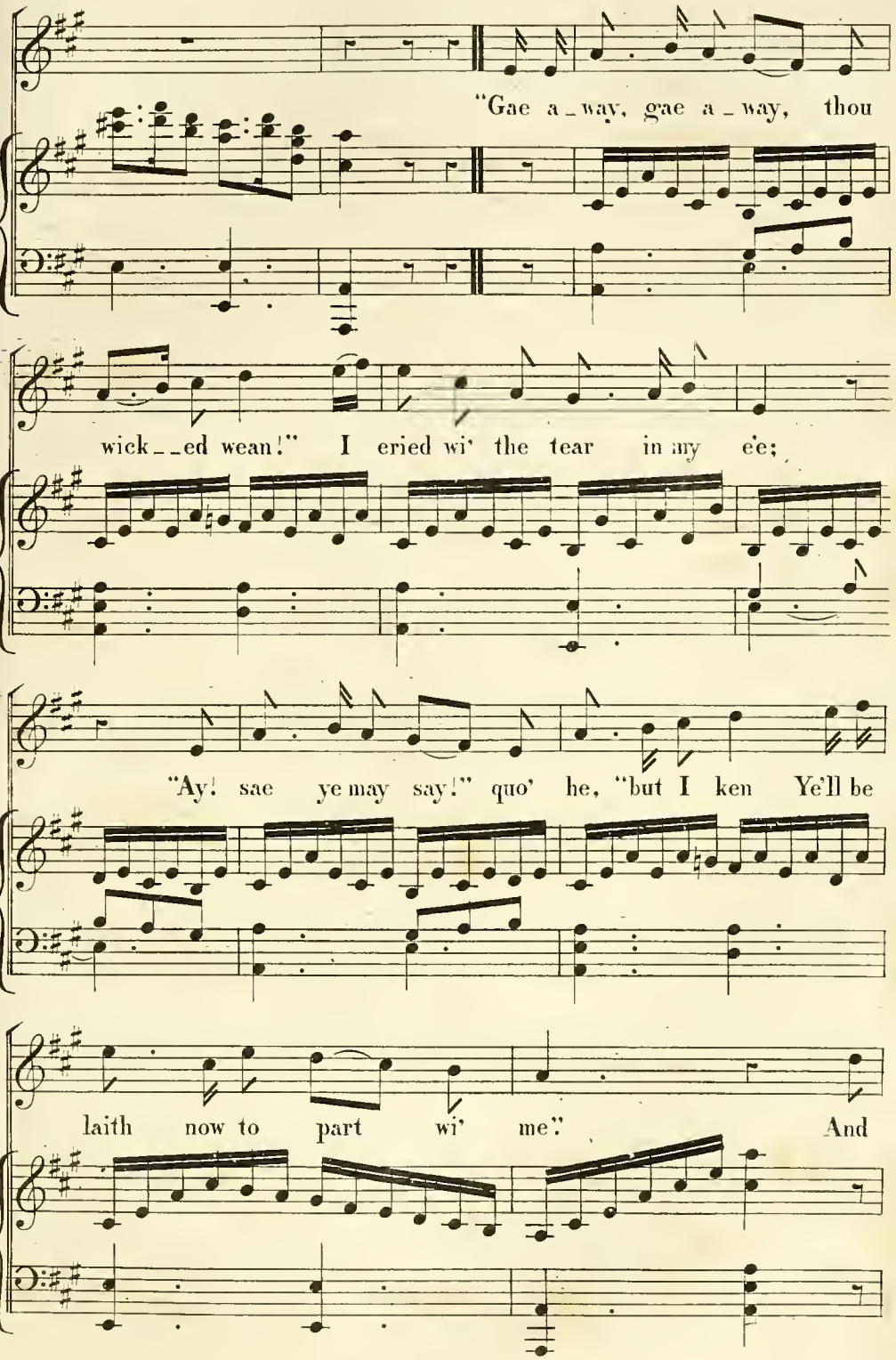

fare_well ye flow'r_ets, the fair_est an' brightest, That sprung on the
mountain or bloom'd on the lea; And fare_well ye fond hearts, the
warm_est and light_est, Nae mair ye re_turn to charm
cres.
na__ture an' me.
mf

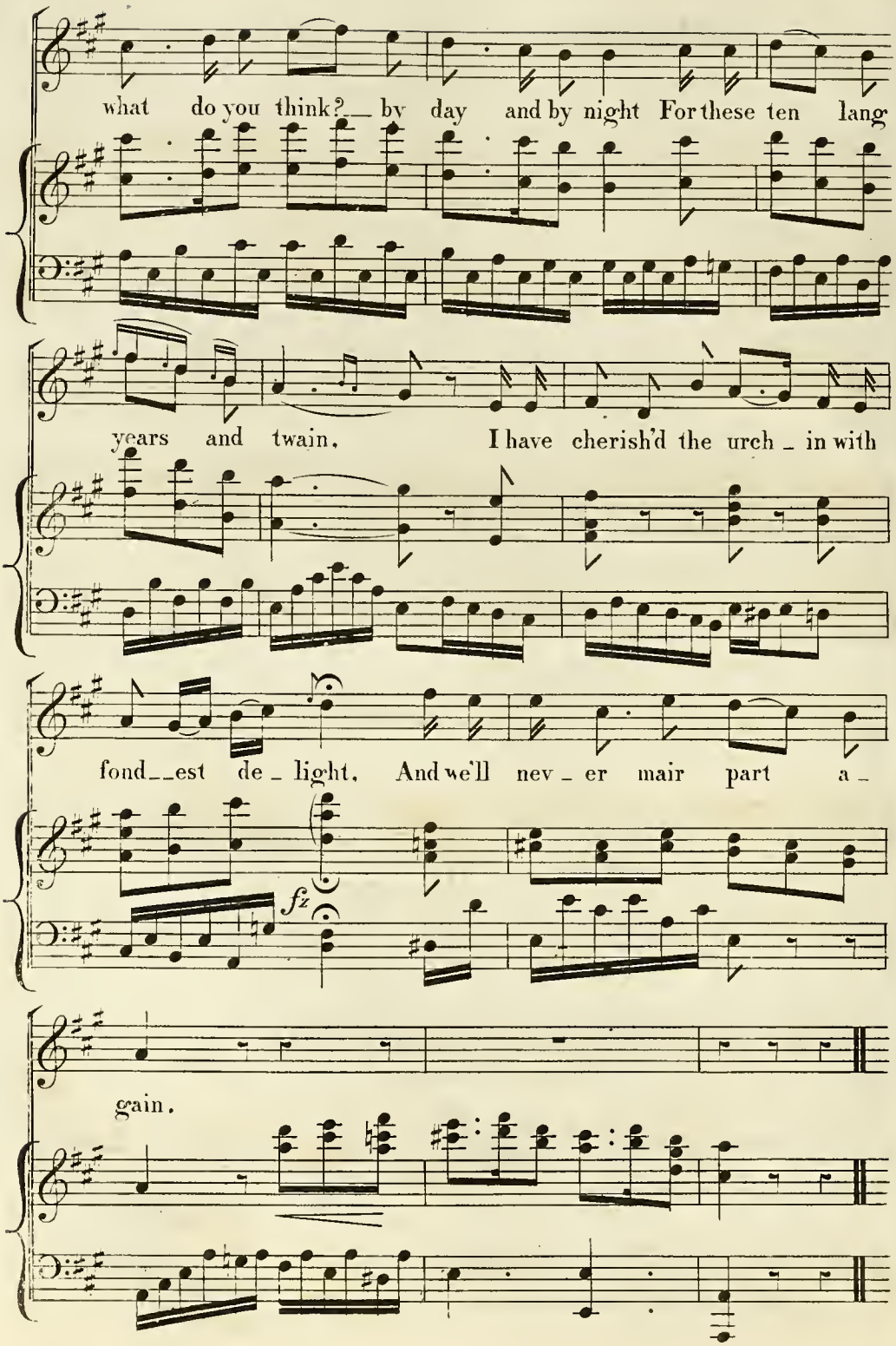
LOVE CAME TO THE DOOR O' MY HEART.

Written by The Ettrick Shepherd.



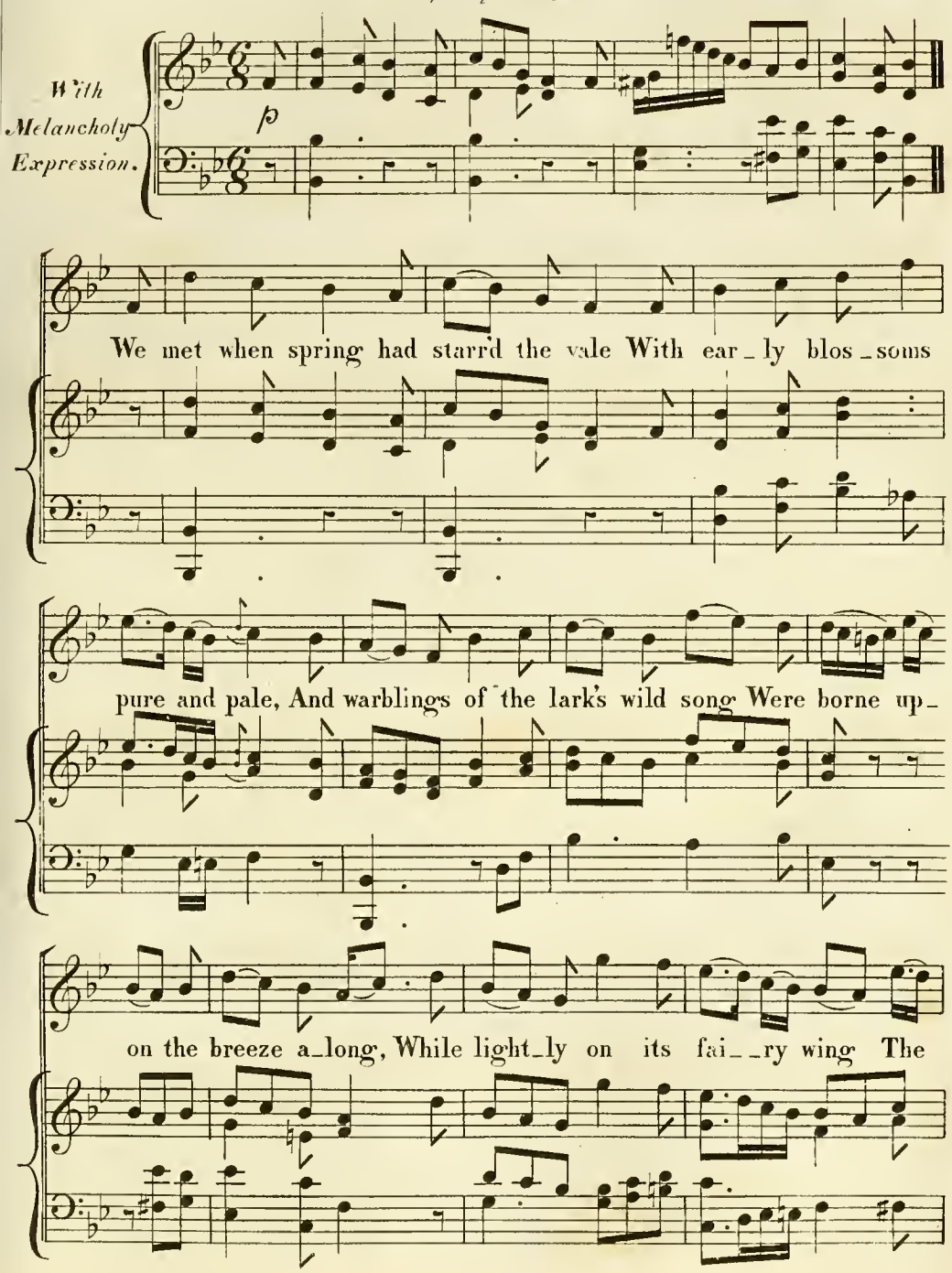

let an old cro_ny come in." I o__pen'd the
door, though I ween'd it a sin, To the sweet lit_tle
whim_per_ing fay; But he rais'd sic a buzz the
cove with_in, That he fill'd me with wild dis_may.
fz

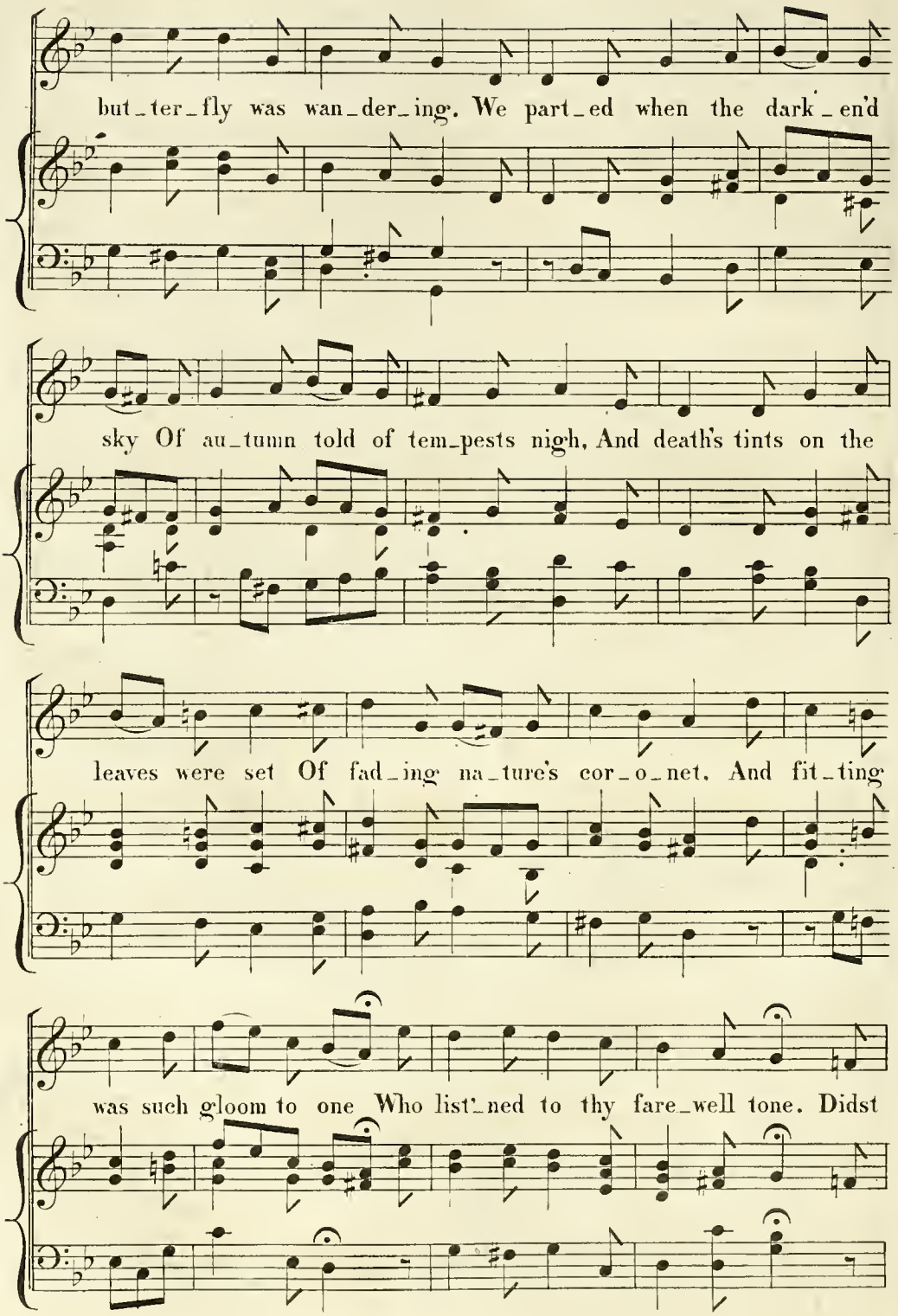

"Gae a_way, gae a_way, thou
wick__ed wean!" I cried wi' the tear in my e'e;
"Ay! sae ye may say!" quo' he, "but I ken Ye'll be
laith now to part wi' me." And

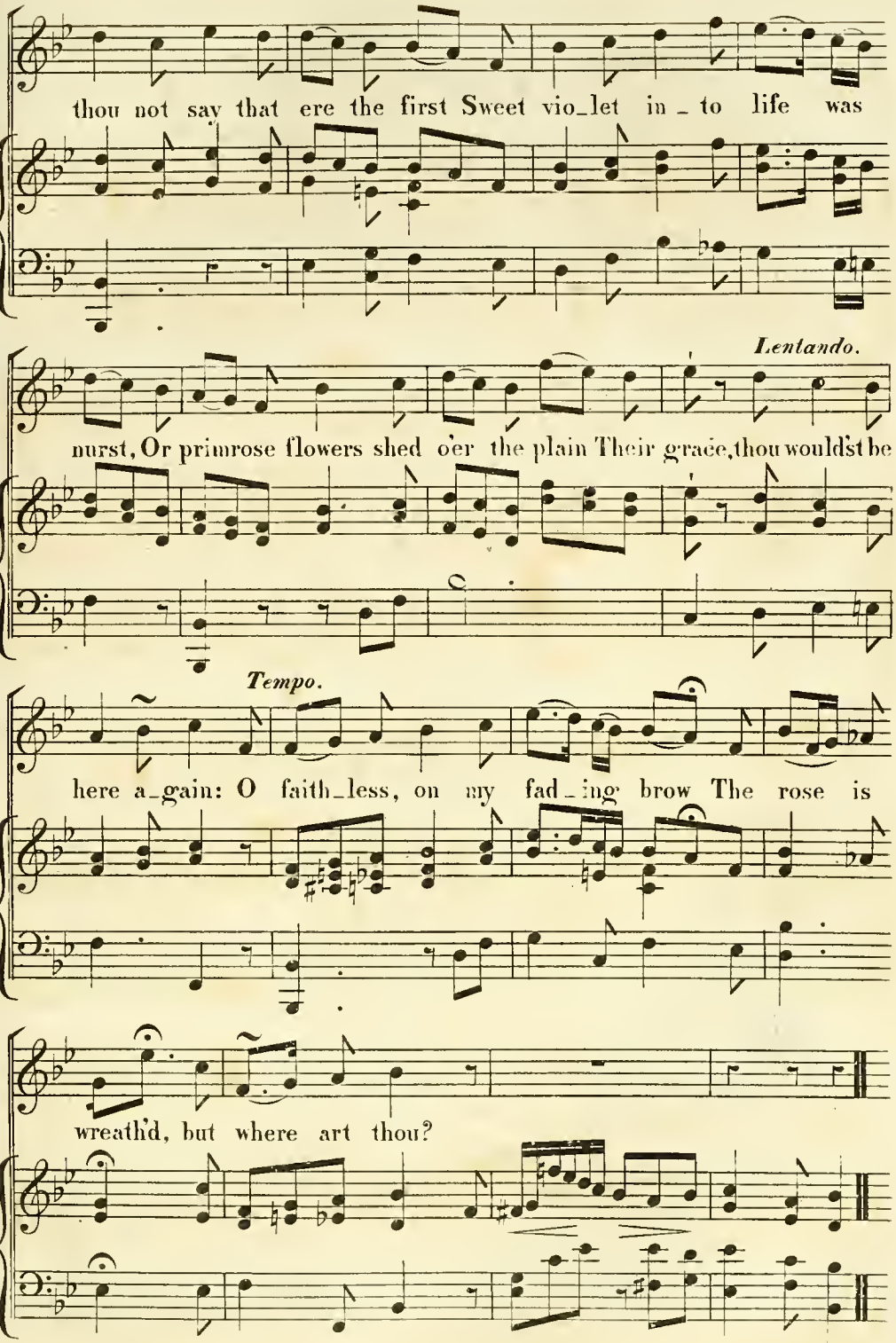

what do you think?__ by day and by night For these ten lang
years and twain, I have cherish'd the urch _ in with
fond__est de _ light, And we'll nev _ er mair part a _
fz
gain.

WE MET WHEN SPRING HAD STARR'D THE VALE.

Written by Miss Eliza Acton.

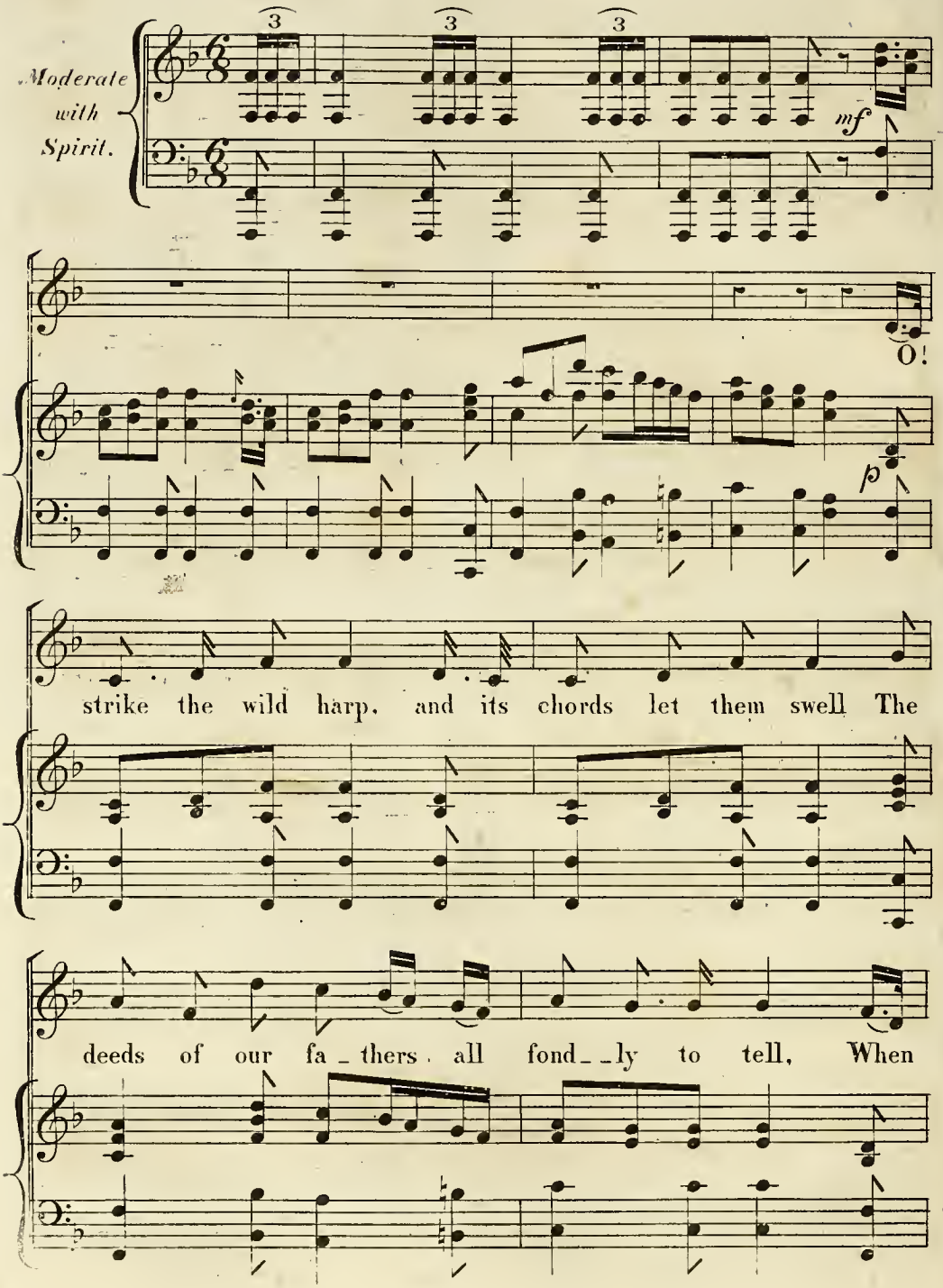


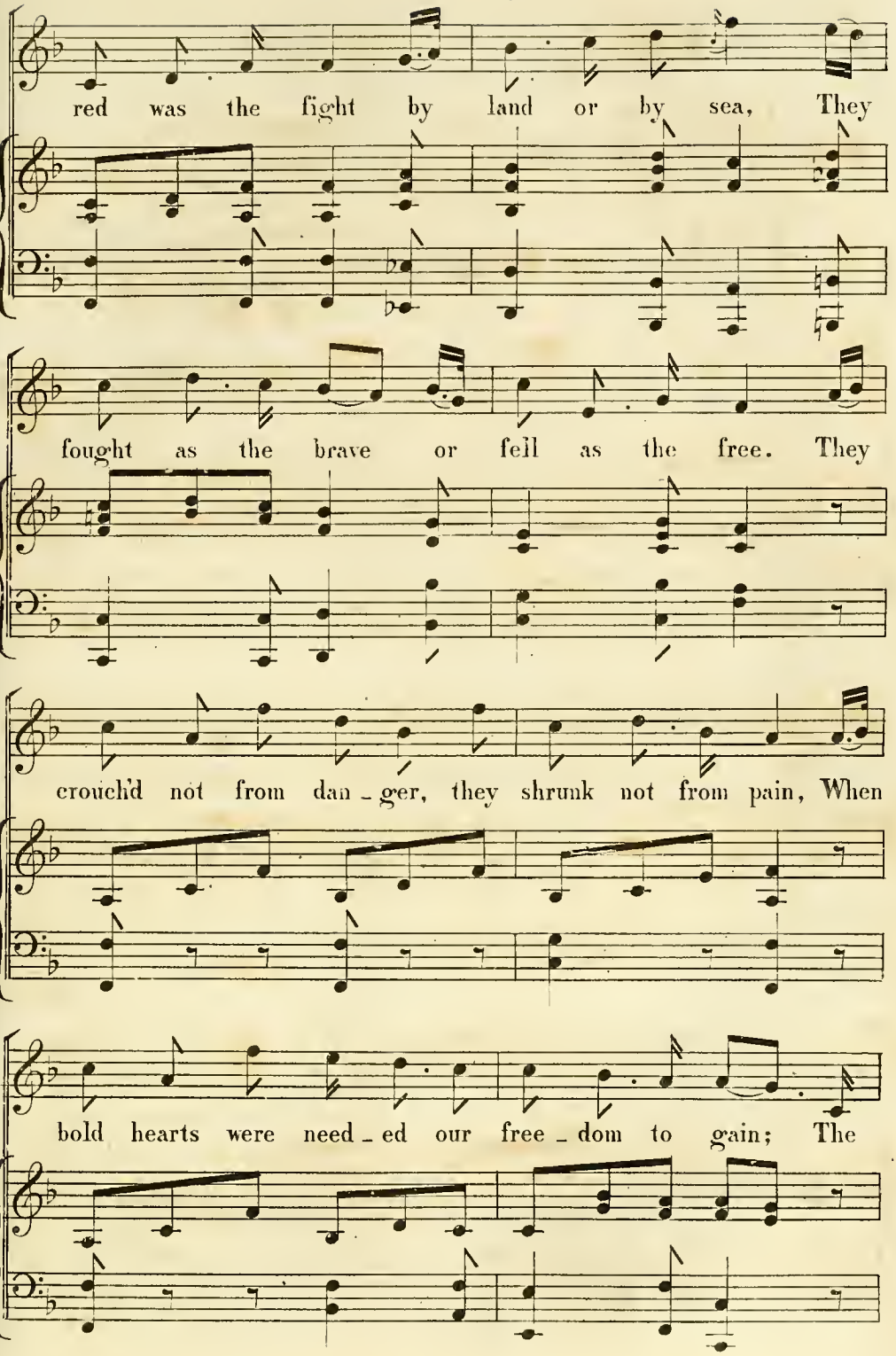

but_ter_fly was wan_der_ing. We part_ed when the dark_en'd
sky Of au_tumn told of tem_pests nigh, And death's tints on the
leaves were set Of fad_ing na_ture's cor_o_net. And fit_ting
was such gloom to one Who list'_ned to thy fare_well tone. Didst

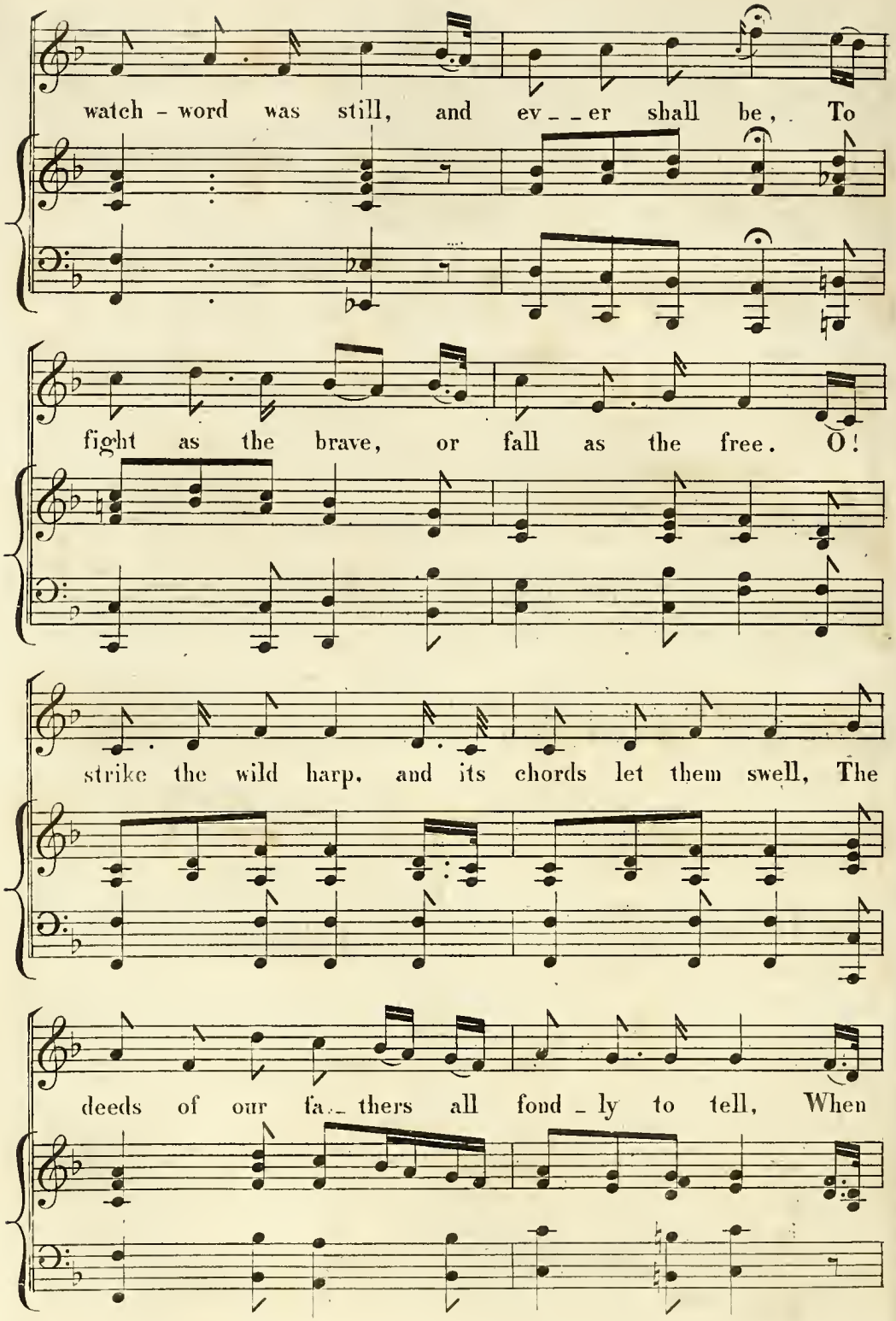

thou not say that ere the first Sweet vio_let in_to life was
Lentando.
nurst, Or primrose flowers shed o'er the plain Their grace, thou would'st be
Tempo.
here a_gain: O faith_less, on my fad_ing brow The rose is
wreath'd, but where art thou?

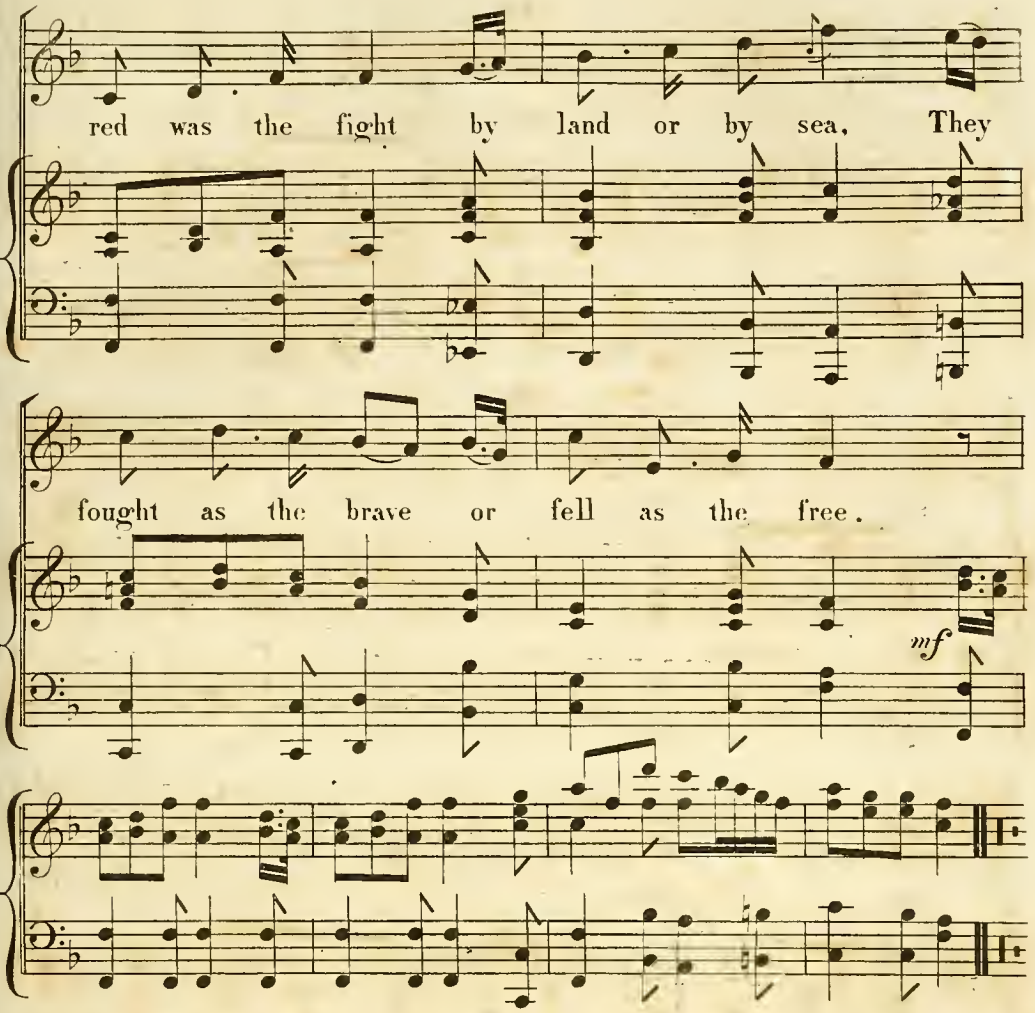
OH STRIKE THE WILD HARP.

Written by Robert Gilfillan




red was the fight by land or by sea, They
fought as the brave or fell as the free. They
crouch'd not from dan - ger, they shrunk not from pain, When
bold hearts were need - ed our free - dom to gain; The

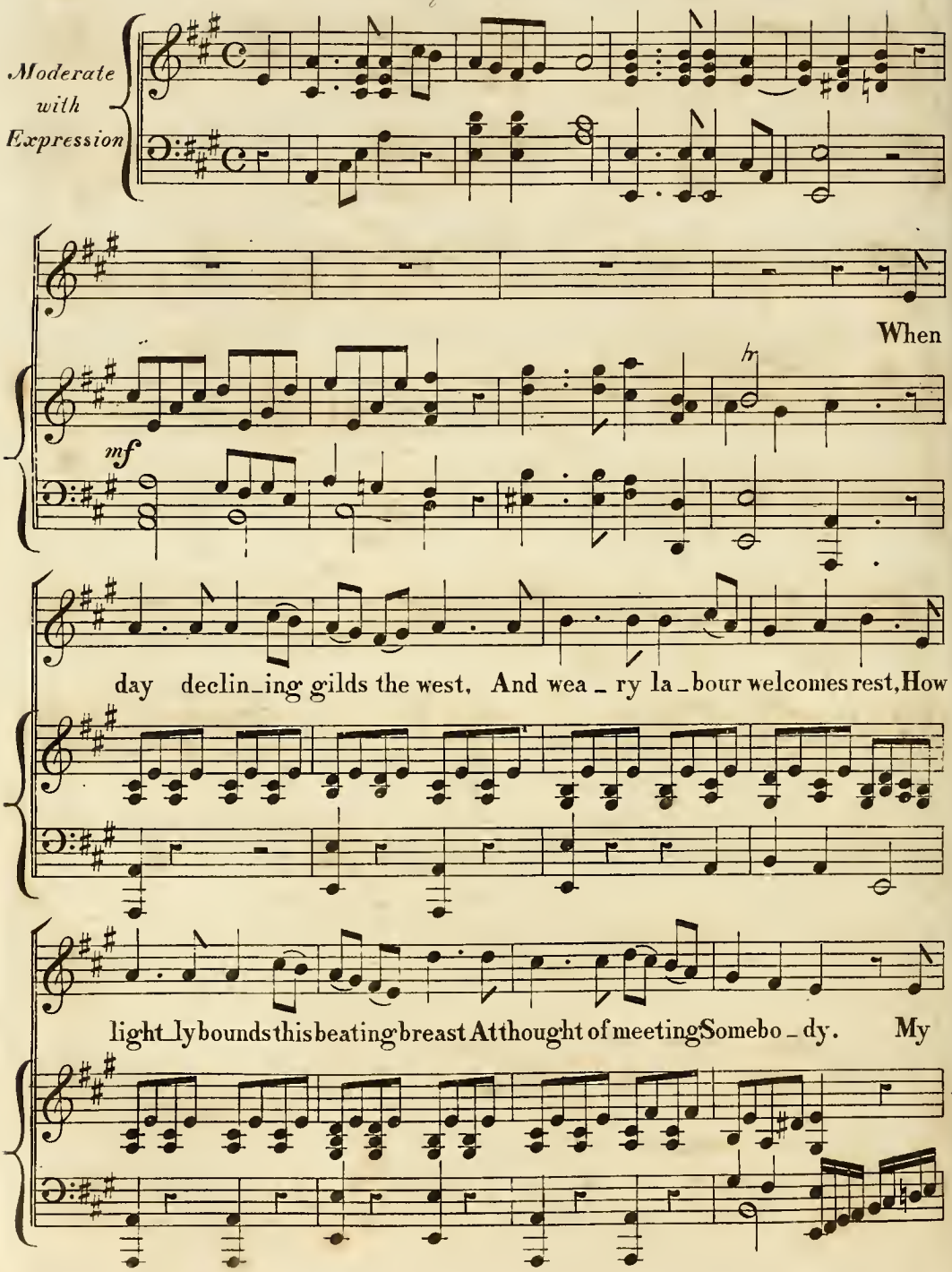

watch - word was still, and ev_ _er shall be, To
fight as the brave, or fall as the free. O!
strike the wild harp, and its chords let them swell, The
deeds of our fa_ thers all fond _ ly to tell, When

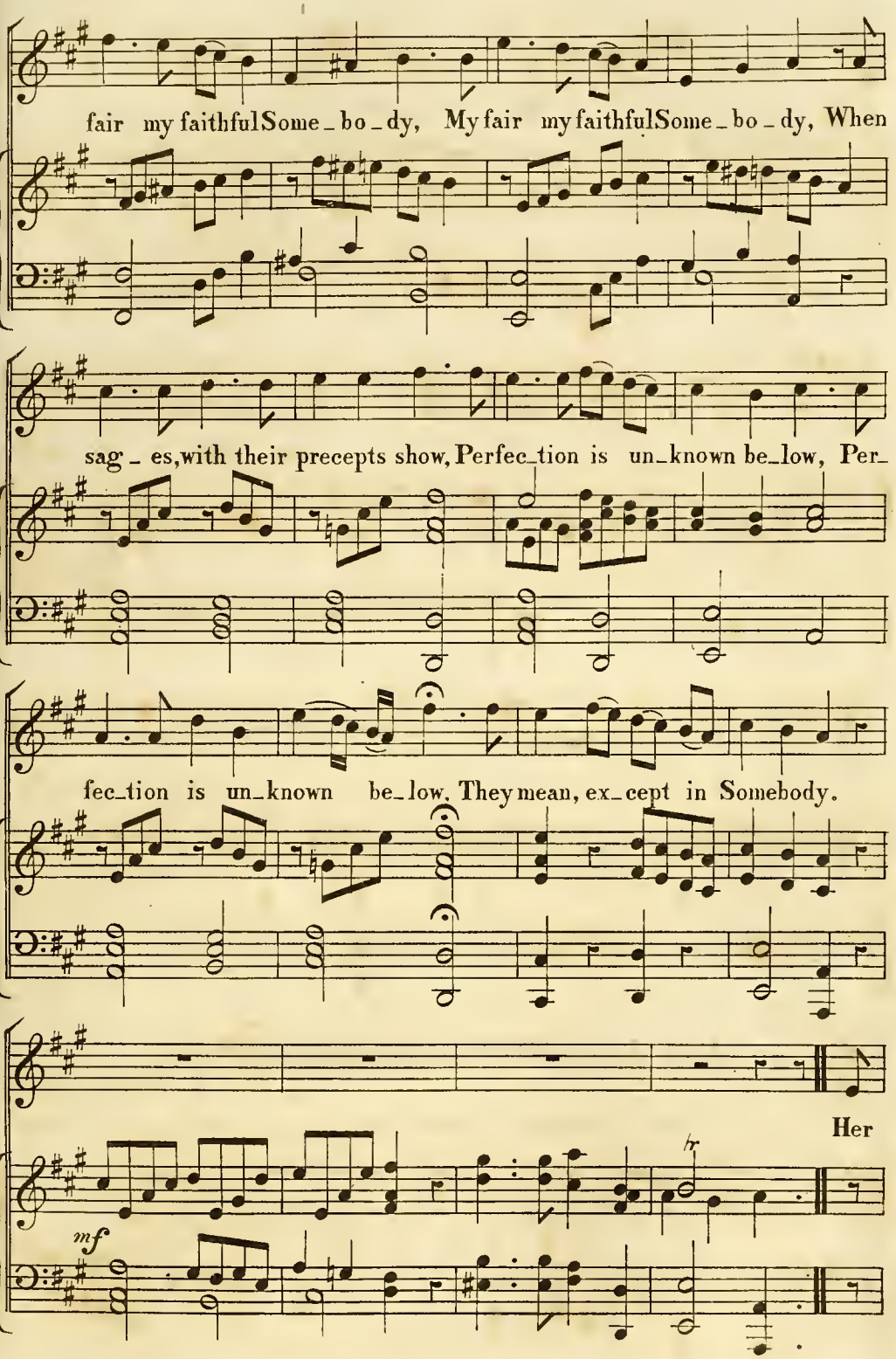


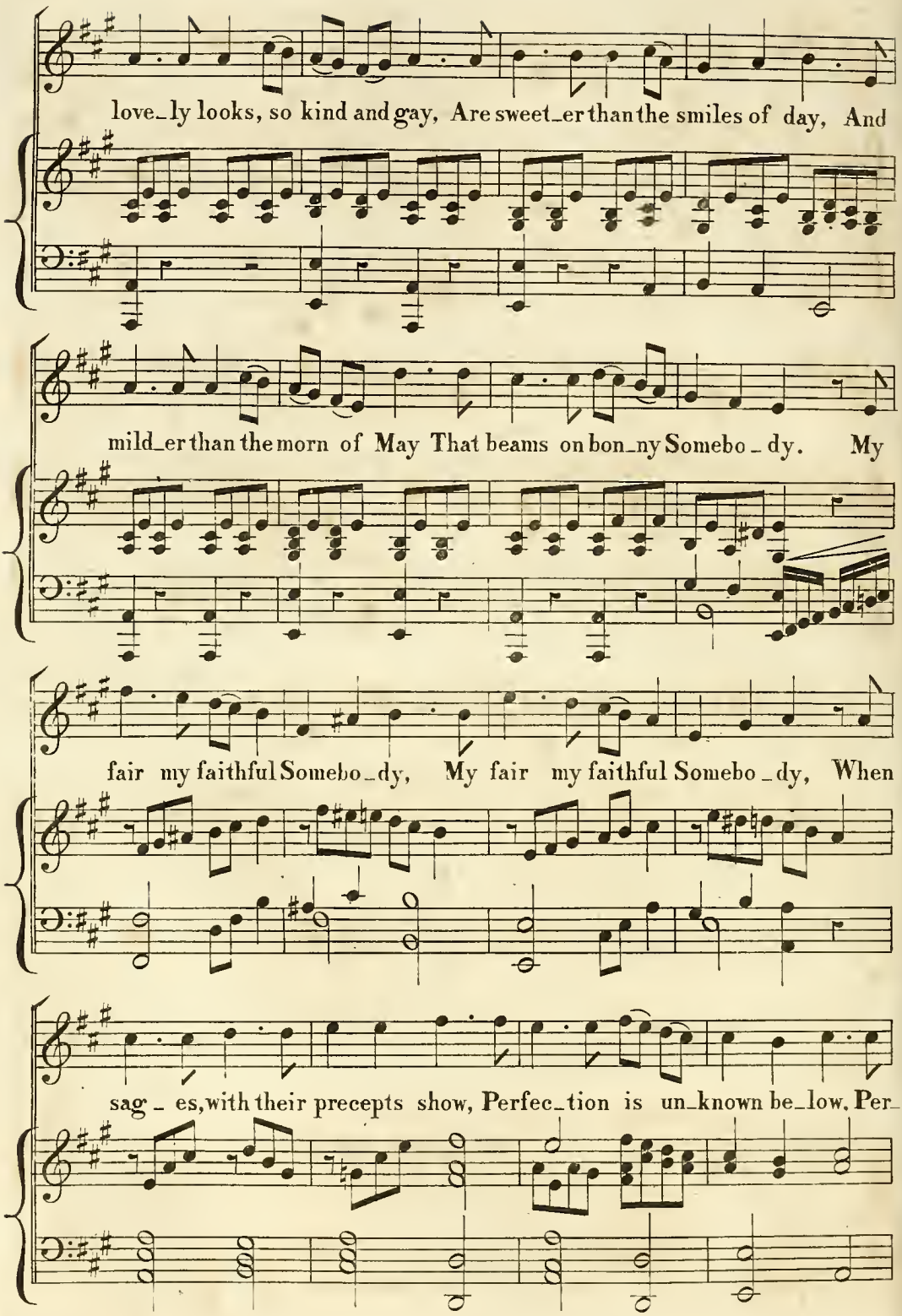
They joined heart to heart, and they linked hand to hand,
Together to fall, or together to stand.
And woe to the foe who had courage to dare
When swords flashed revenge, and eyes struck despair.
Old Scotland, loved Country, our own native land,
May peace guard thy mountains and freedom thy strand;
But war, let it come, if by land or by sea,
We'll fight like our fathers, and fall like the free.
O! strike the wild harp and its chords let them swell,
The deeds of our fathers all fondly to tell,
When red was the fight by land or by sea,
They fought as the brave or fell as the free.

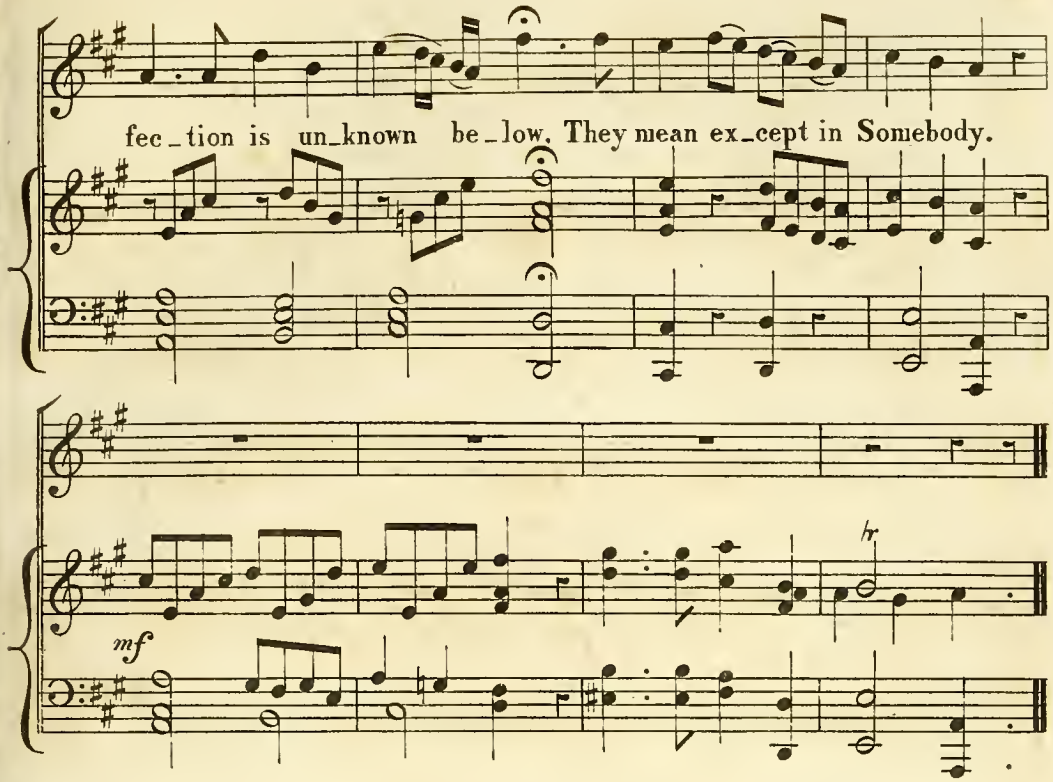
MY FAIR, MY FAITHFUL SOMEBODY.

Written by John McDiarmid.




fair my faithful Some_bo_dy, My fair my faithful Some_bo_dy, When
sag_es, with their precepts show, Perfec_tion is un_known be_low, Per_
fec_tion is un_known be_low, They mean, ex_cept in Somebody.
Her
mf
hr


love_ly looks, so kind and gay, Are sweet_er than the smiles of day, And
mild_er than the morn of May That beams on bon_ny Somebo_dy. My
fair my faithful Somebo_dy, My fair my faithful Somebo_dy, When
sag_es, with their precepts show, Perfec_tion is un_known be_low. Per_



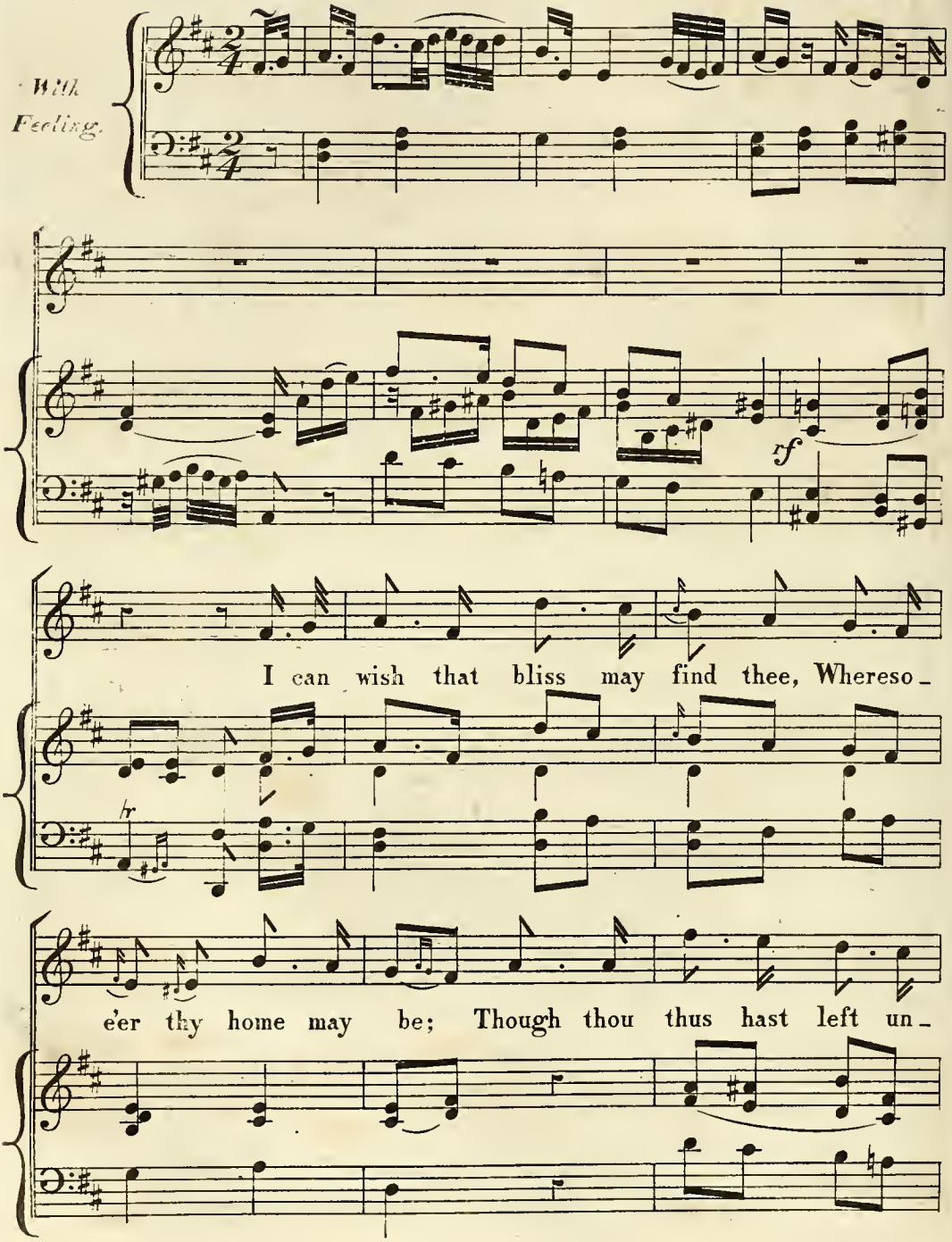
'Twas but last eve, when wand'ring here,
We heard the Cushat cooing near,
I softly whisper'd in her ear,
"He woos, like me, his Somebody."
My fair, &c.

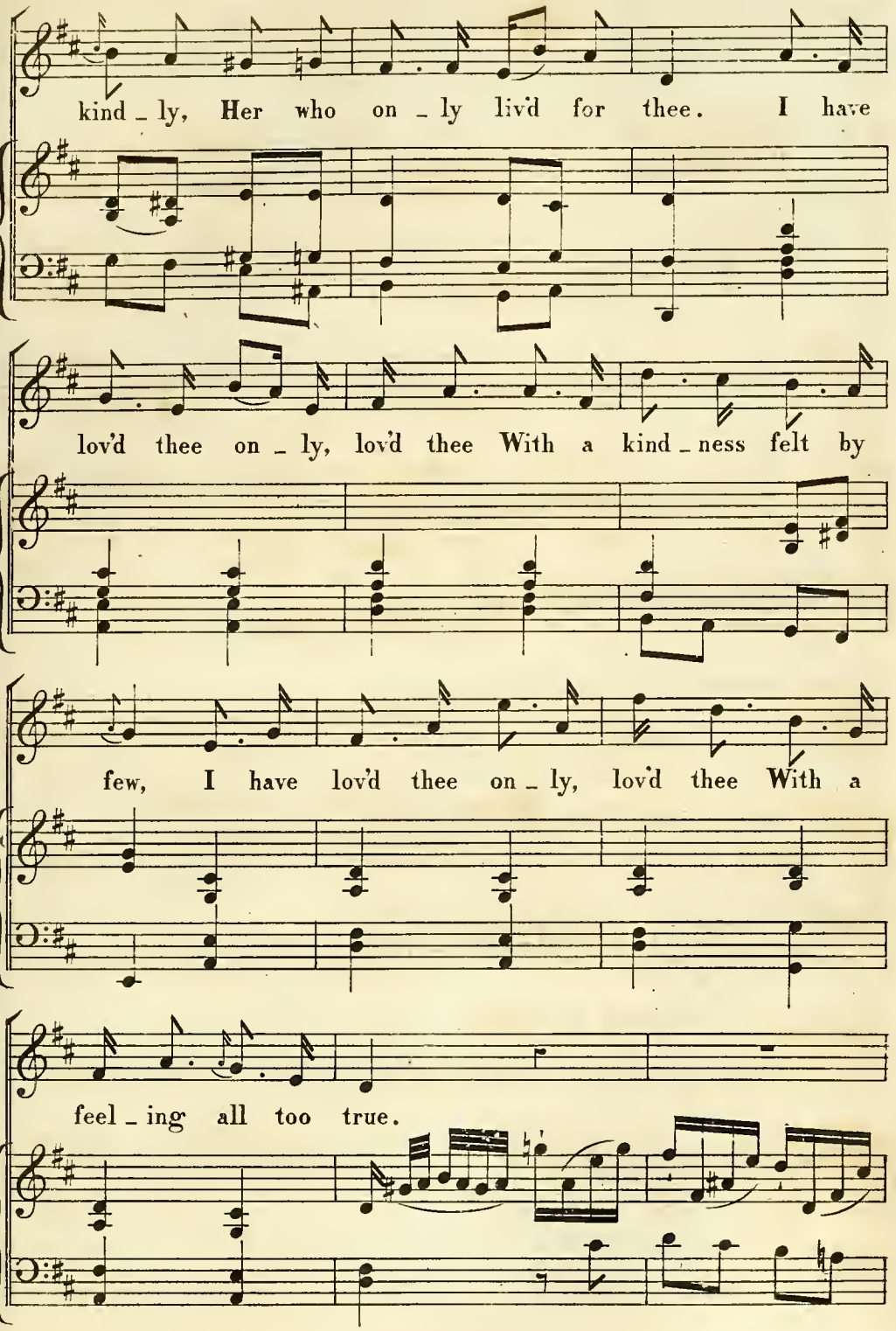
With crimson cheek the fair replied,
"As seasons change, he'll change his bride;
But death alone can e'er divide
From me the heart of Somebody."
My fair, &c.

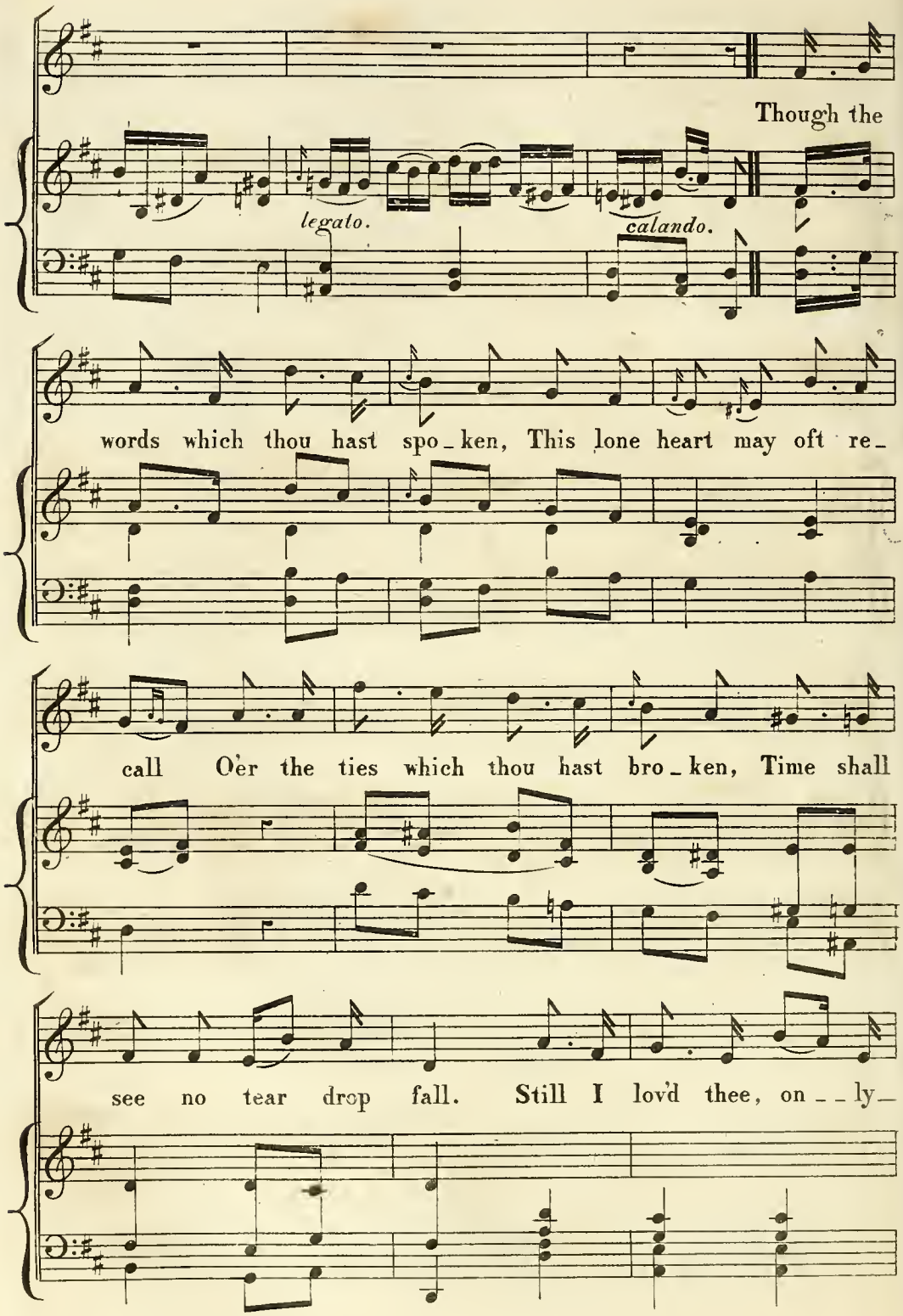
Enrapt I answer'd, "maid divine
Thy mind's a model fair for mine;
And here I swear I'll but resign
With life the love of Somebody.
My fair, &c.

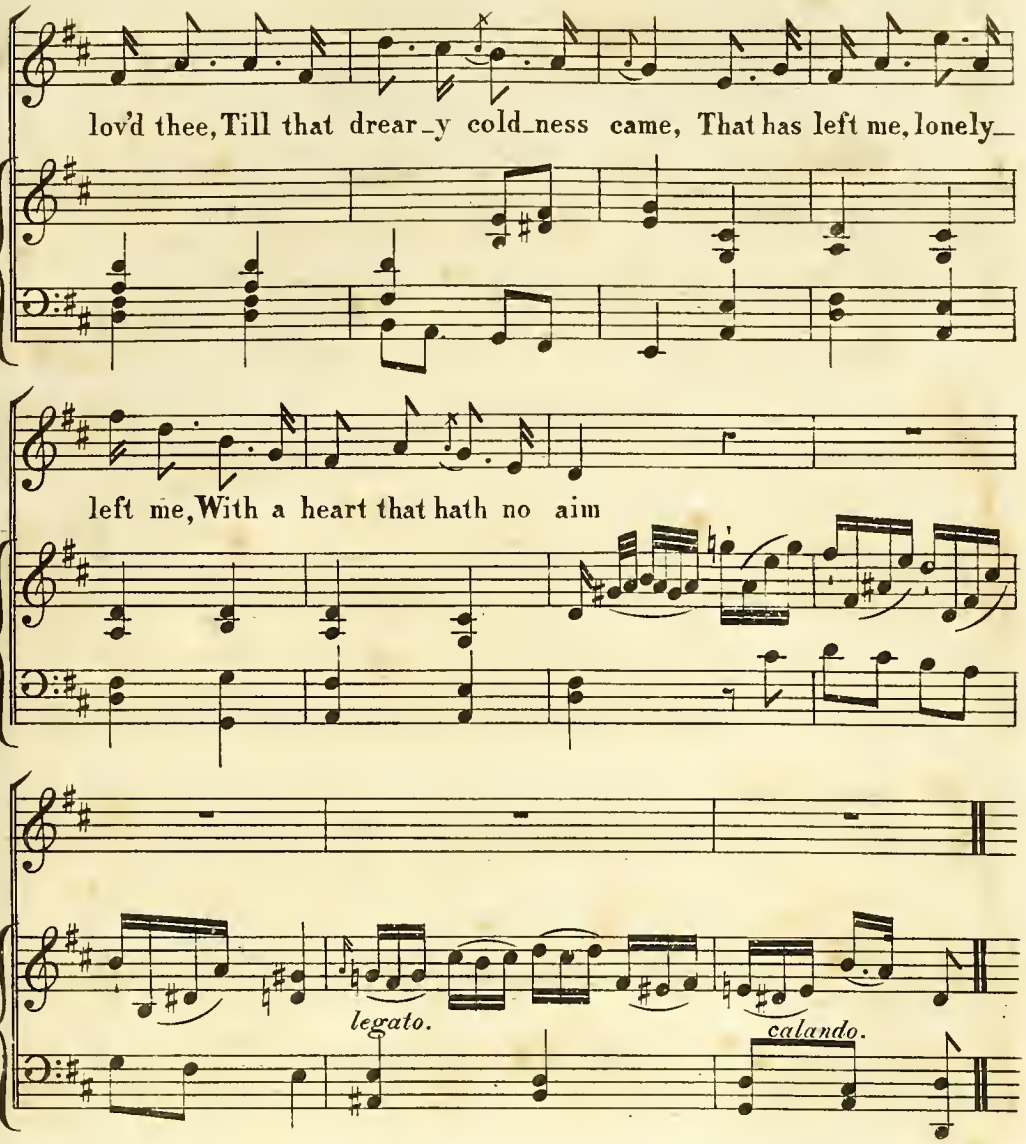
I HAVE LOV'D THEE ONLY.

Written by Henry S. Riddell.




kind _ ly, Her who on _ ly liv'd for thee. I have
lov'd thee on _ ly, lov'd thee With a kind _ ness felt by
few, I have lov'd thee on _ ly, lov'd thee With a
feel _ ing all too true.

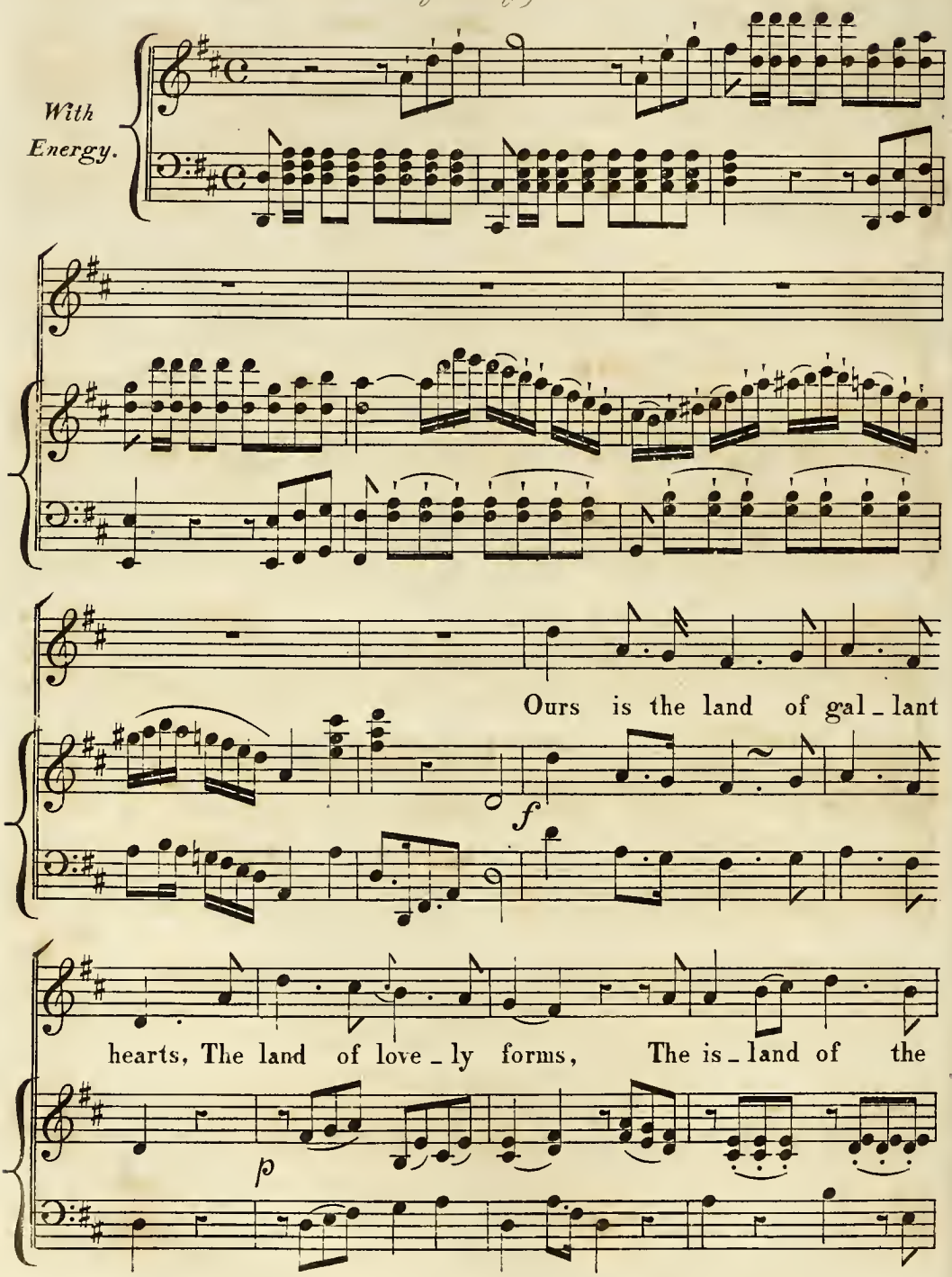

Though the
legato.
calando.
words which thou hast spo_ken, This lone heart may oft re_
call O'er the ties which thou hast bro_ken, Time shall
see no tear drop fall. Still I lov'd thee, on__ly_

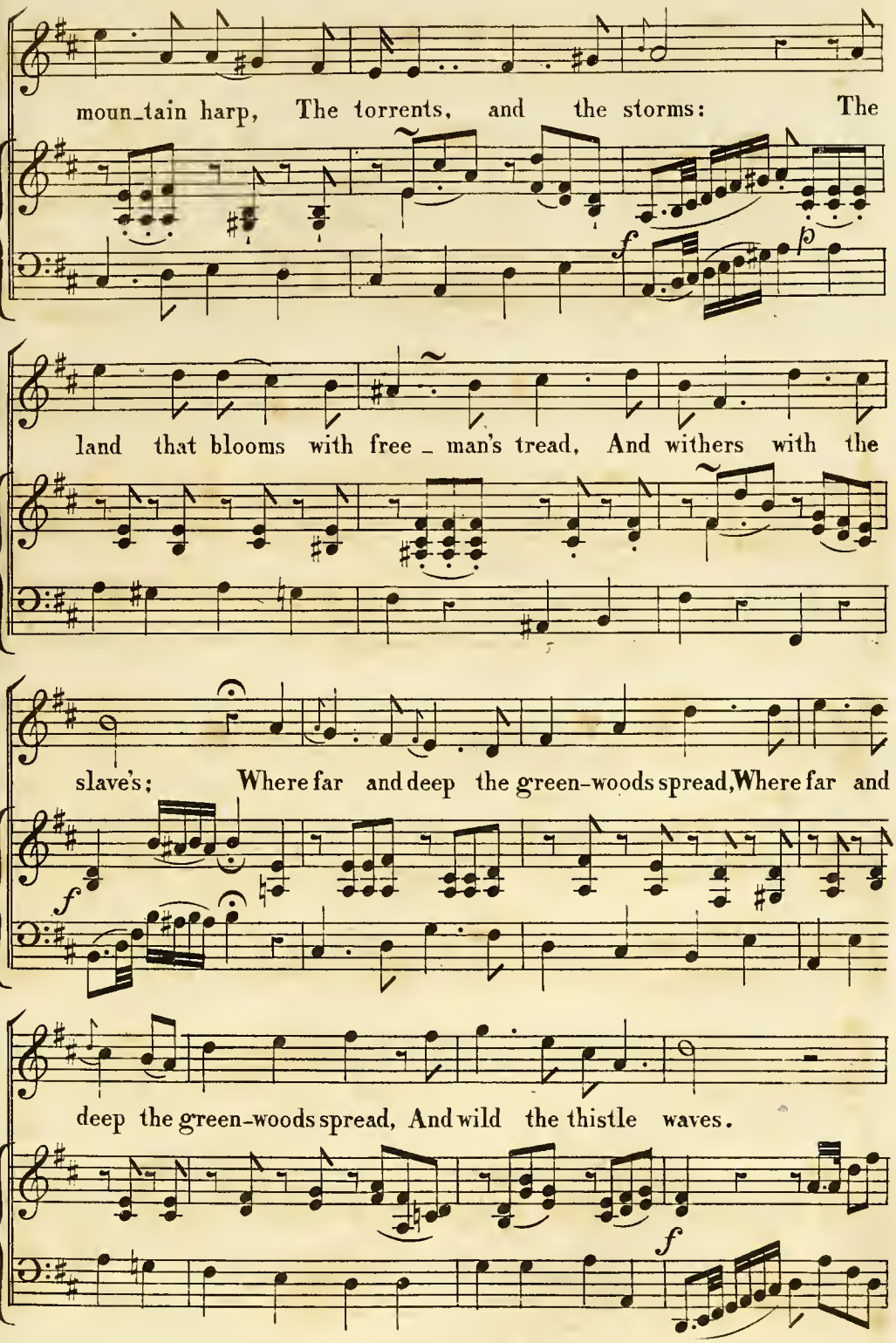


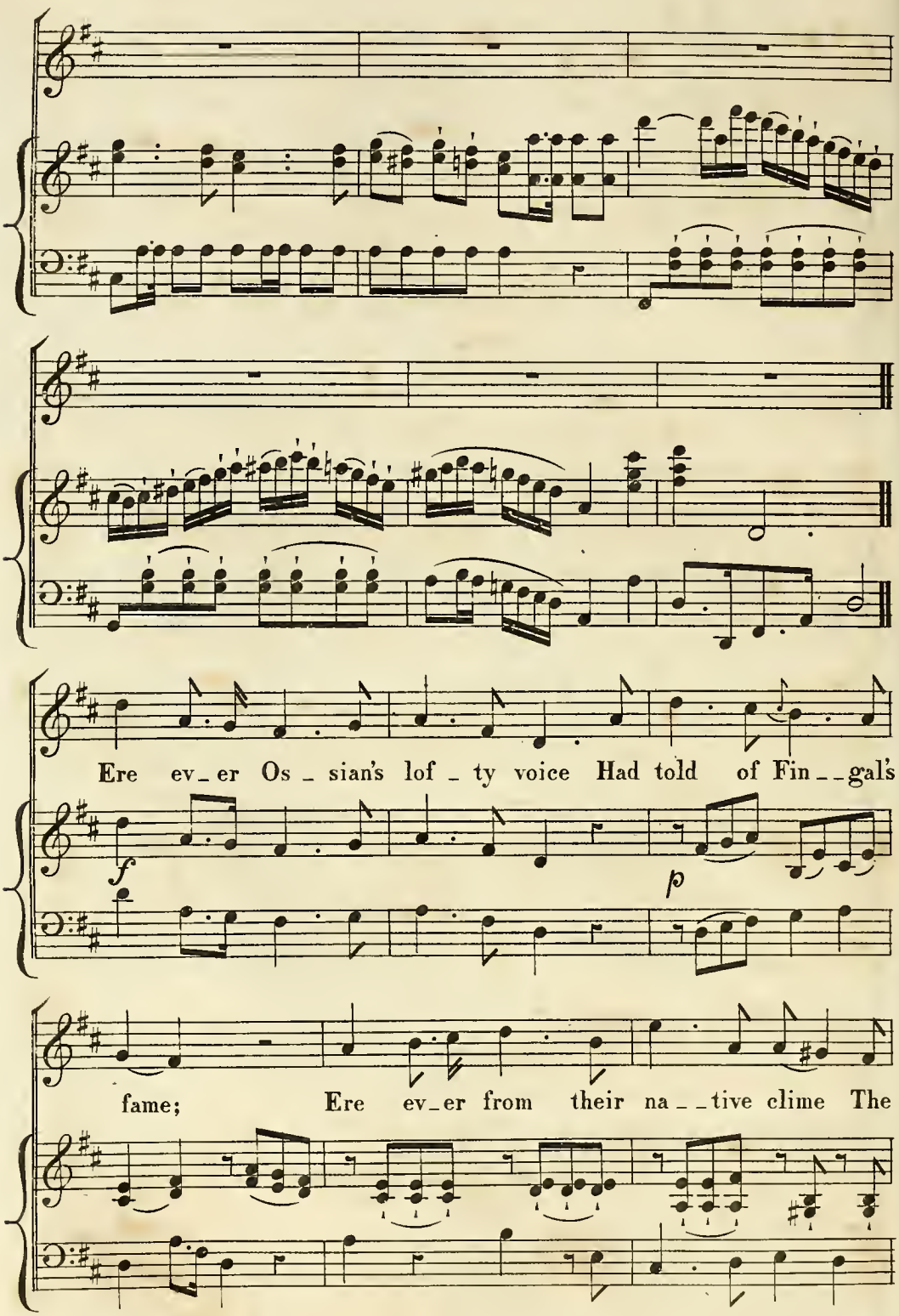
There is light in yonder heaven,
Though the shadows deepen here,
And the joys may yet be given
That shall bring no future tear.
I have lov'd thee truly_lov'd thee
In the hours of peace and pain;
I have lov'd thee truly_lov'd thee
As I ne'er can love again.

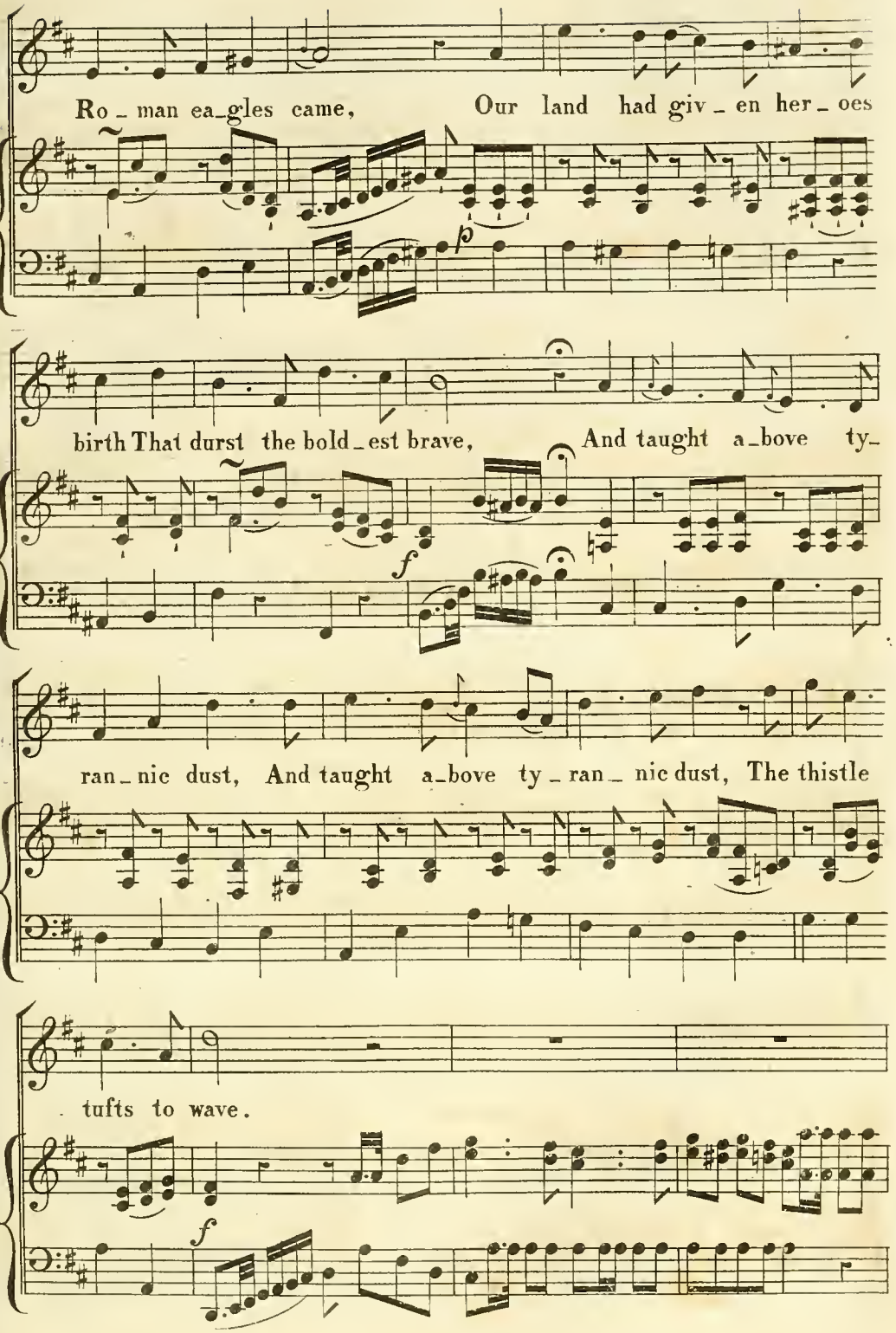
OURS IS THE LAND OF GALLANT HEARTS.

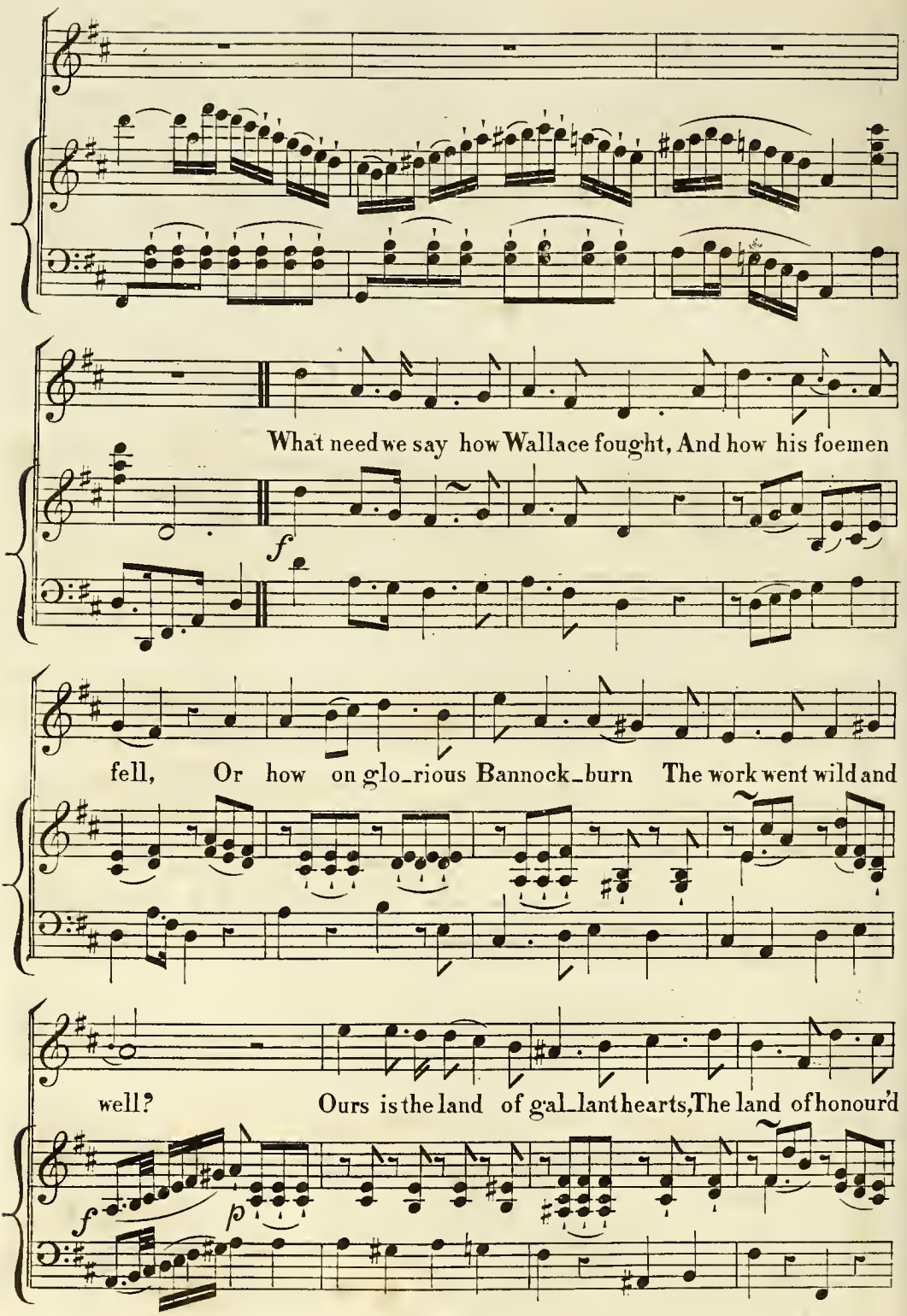
Written by Henry S. Riddell.

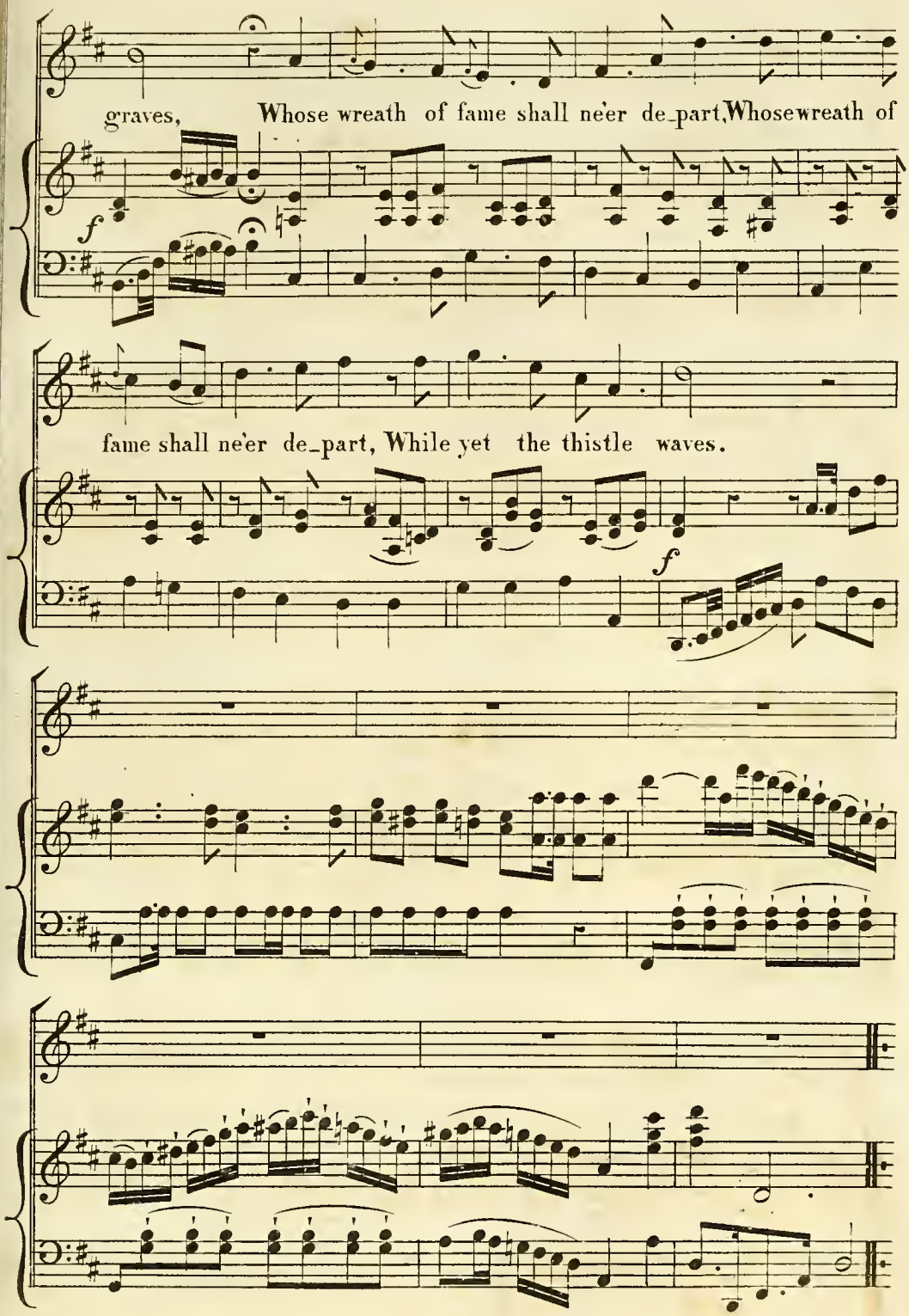



moun_tain harp, The torrents, and the storms: The
f
p
land that blooms with free _ man's tread, And withers with the
slave's; Where far and deep the green-woods spread, Where far and
f
deep the green-woods spread, And wild the thistle waves.
f


Ere ev_er Os _ sian's lof _ ty voice Had told of Fin__gal's
f
p
fame; Ere ev_er from their na__tive clime The

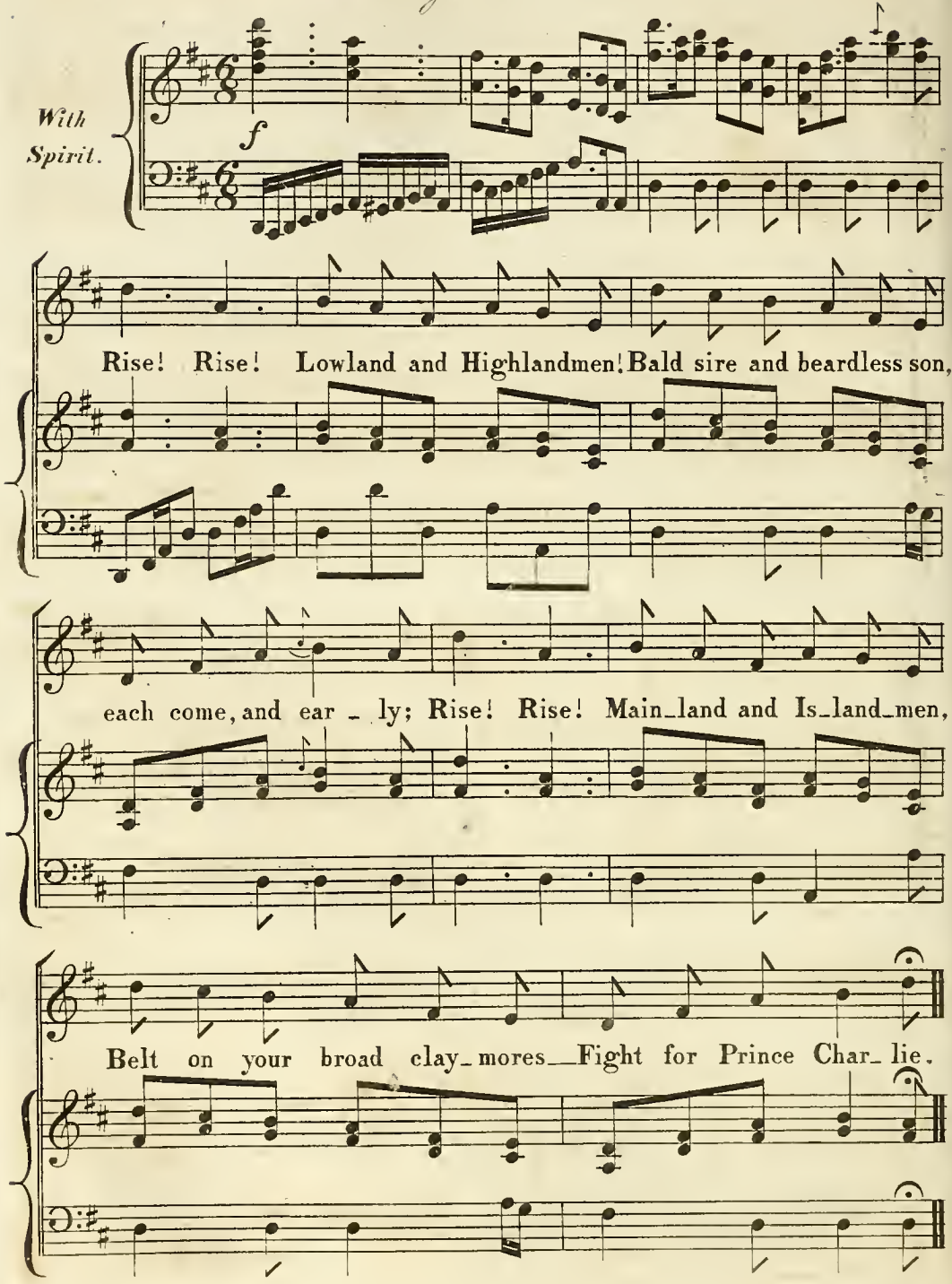

Ro_man ea_gles came, Our land had giv_en her_oes
p
birth That durst the bold_est brave, And taught a_bove ty_
f
ran_nic dust, And taught a_bove ty_ran_nic dust, The thistle
tufts to wave.
f

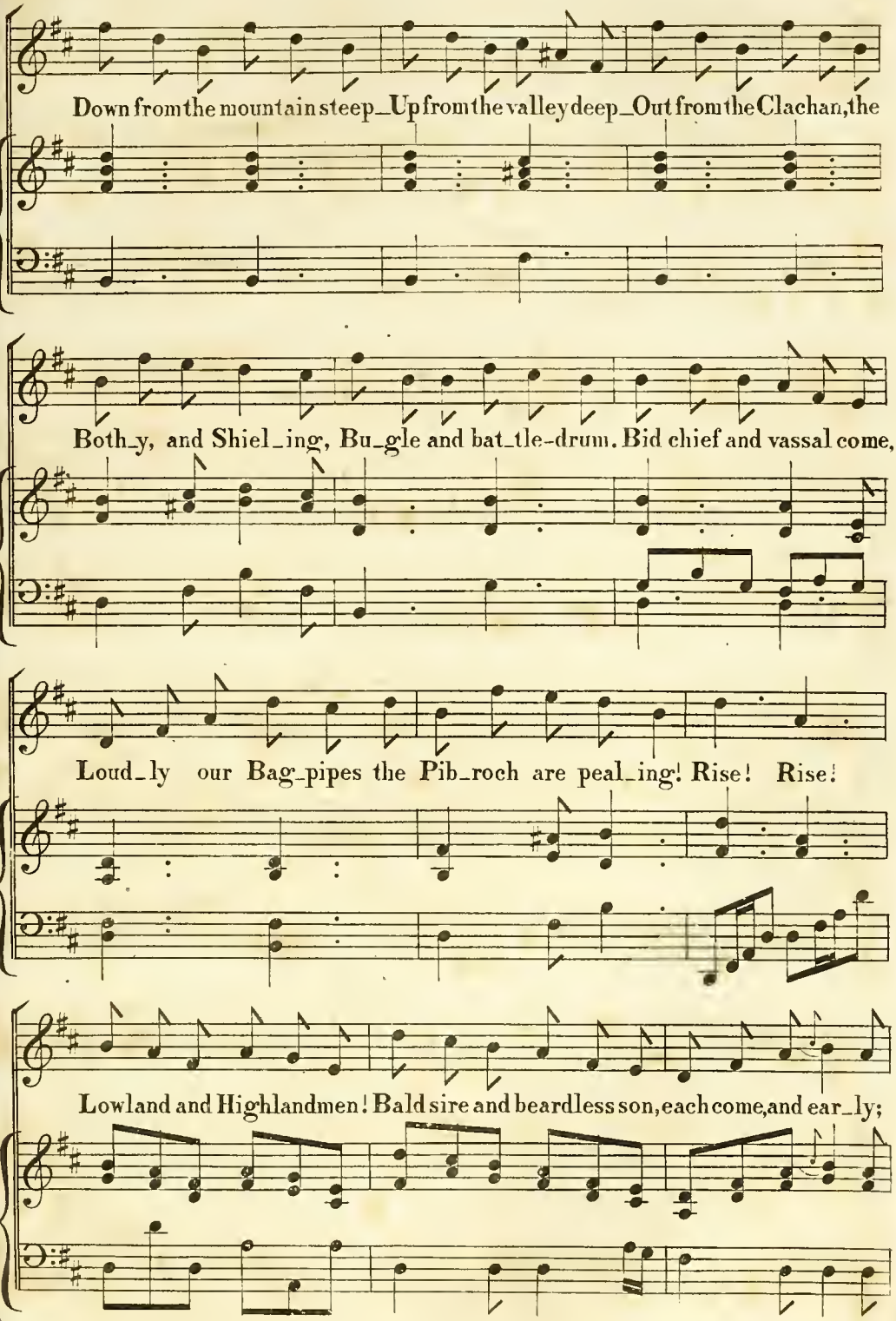

What need we say how Wallace fought, And how his foemen
f
fell, Or how on glo_rious Bannock_burn The work went wild and
well? Ours is the land of gal_lant hearts, The land of honour'd
f
p

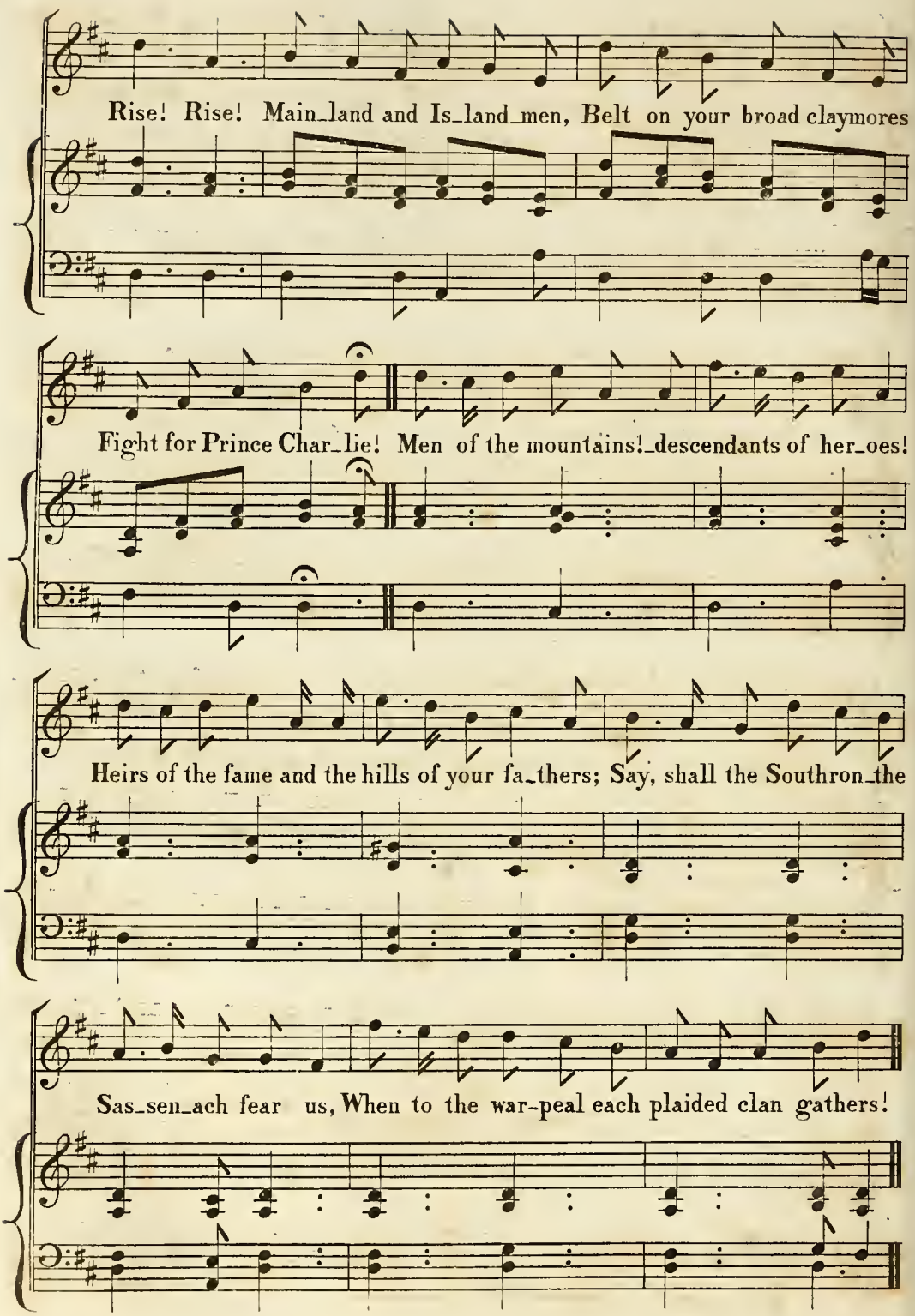

graves, Whose wreath of fame shall ne'er de_part, Whose wreath of
f
fame shall ne'er de_part, While yet the thistle waves.
f

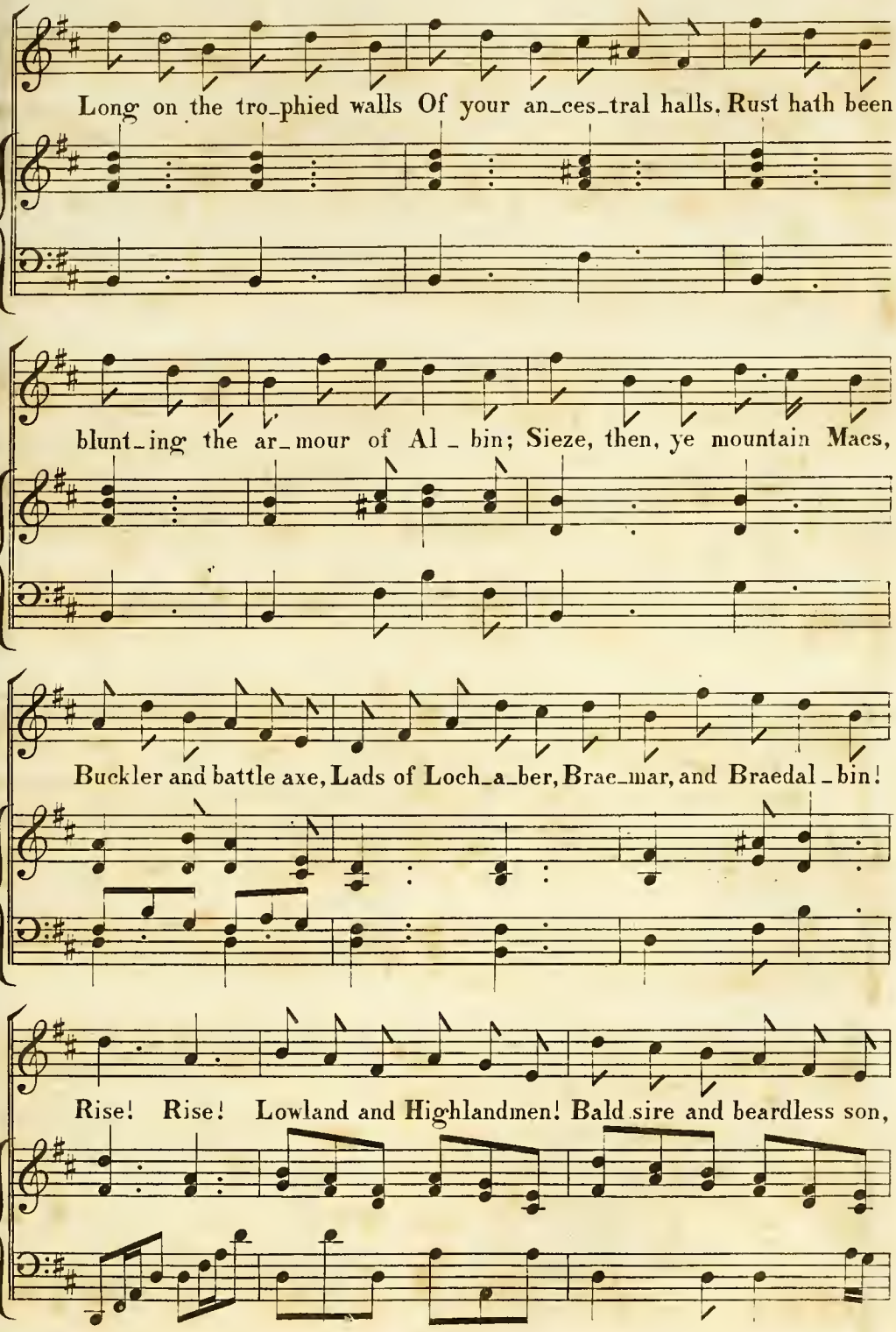
RISE! RISE! LOWLAND AND HIGHLANDMEN!

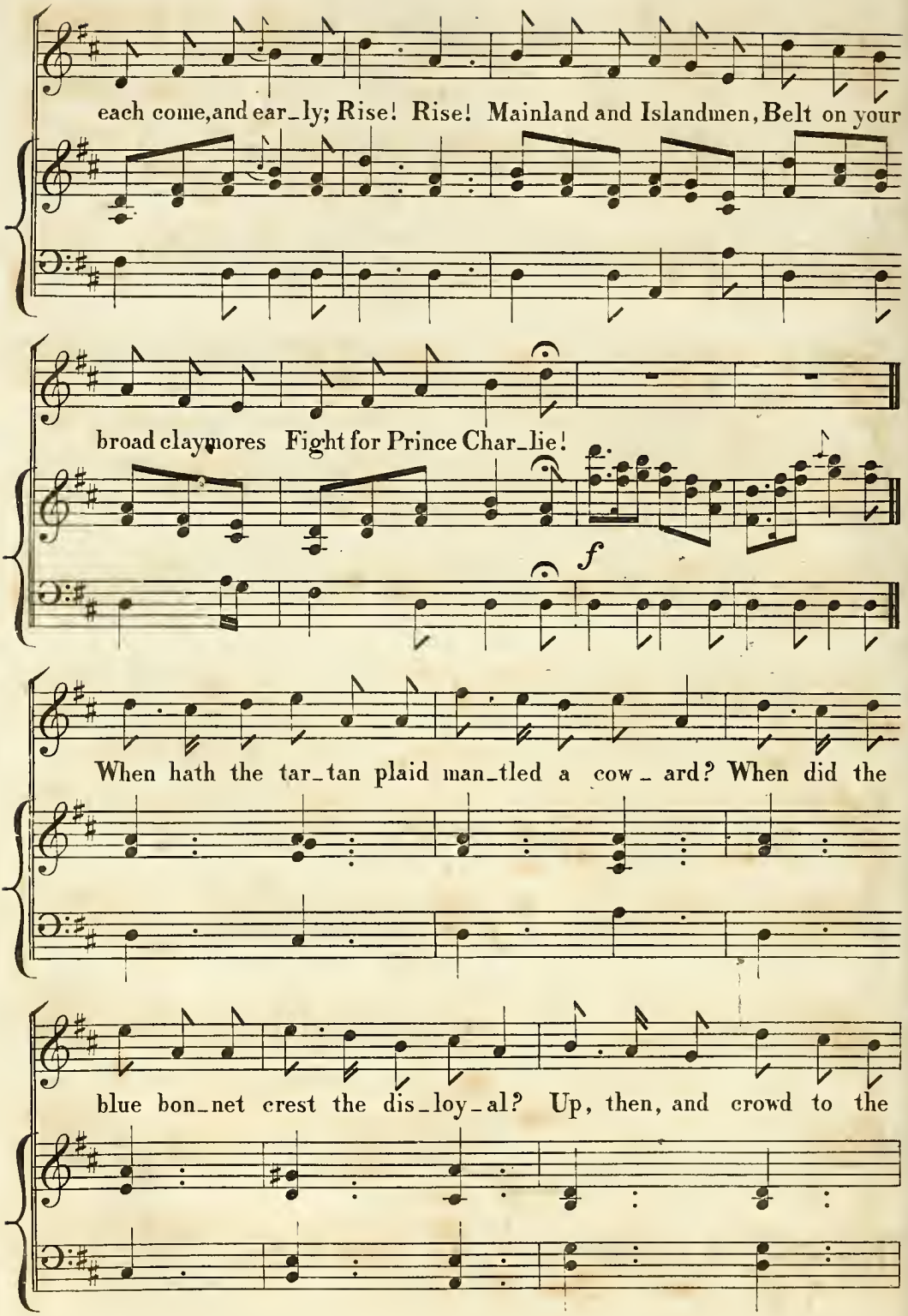
Written by John Imlah.

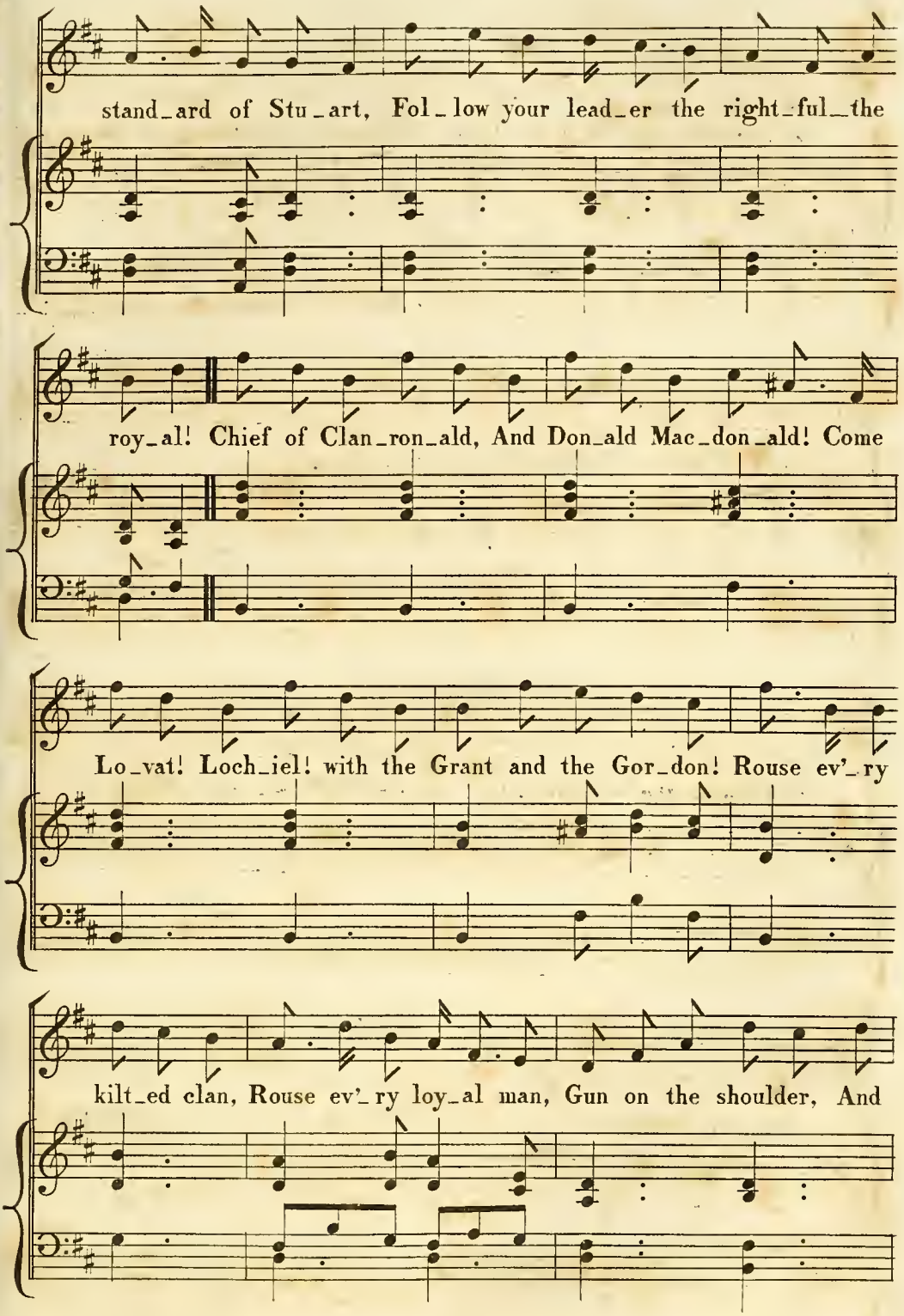


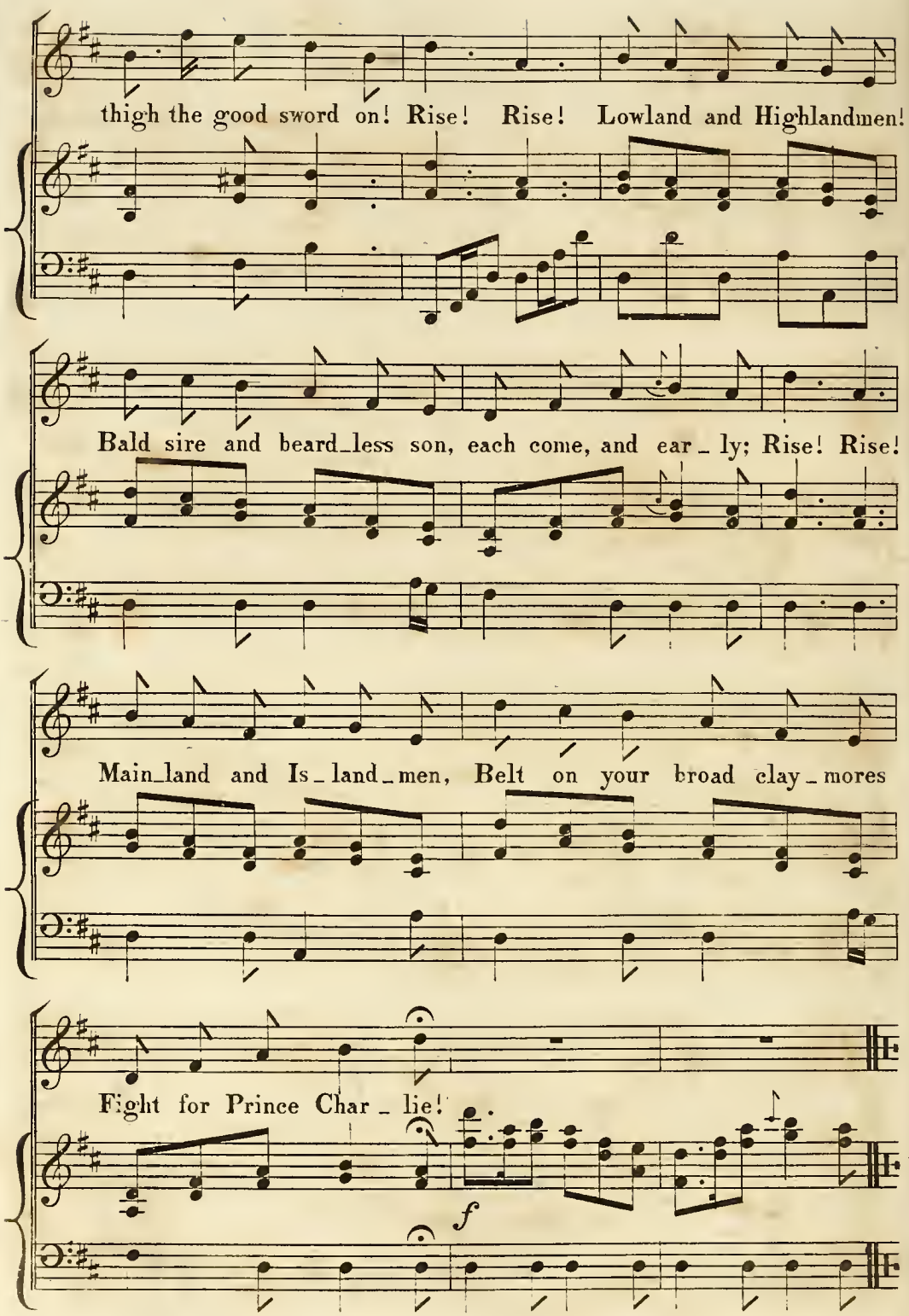

Down from the mountain steep_Up from the valley deep_Out from the Clachan, the
Both_y, and Shiel_ing, Bu_gle and bat_tle-drum. Bid chief and vassal come,
Loud_ly our Bag_pipes the Pib_roch are peal_ing! Rise! Rise!
Lowland and Highlandmen! Bald sire and beardless son, each come, and ear_ly;


Rise! Rise! Main_land and Is_land_men, Belt on your broad claymores
Fight for Prince Char_lie! Men of the mountains!_descendants of her_oes!
Heirs of the fame and the hills of your fa_thers; Say, shall the Southron_the
Sas_sen_ach fear us, When to the war-peal each plaided clan gathers!


Long on the tro_phied walls Of your an_ces_tral halls, Rust hath been
blunt_ing the ar_mour of Al _ bin; Sieze, then, ye mountain Macs,
Buckler and battle axe, Lads of Loch_a_ber, Brae_mar, and Braedal _ bin!
Rise! Rise! Lowland and Highlandmen! Bald sire and beardless son,


each come, and ear_ly; Rise! Rise! Mainland and Islandmen, Belt on your
broad claymores Fight for Prince Char_lie!
f
When hath the tar_tan plaid man_tled a cow_ard? When did the
blue bon_net crest the dis_loy_al? Up, then, and crowd to the


stand_ard of Stu_art, Fol_low your lead_er the right_ful_the
roy_al! Chief of Clan_ron_ald, And Don_ald Mac_don_ald! Come
Lo_vat! Loch_iel! with the Grant and the Gor_don! Rouse ev'_ry
kilt_ed clan, Rouse ev'_ry loy_al man, Gun on the shoulder, And


thigh the good sword on! Rise! Rise! Lowland and Highlandmen!
Bald sire and beard_less son, each come, and ear_ly; Rise! Rise!
Main_land and Is_land_men, Belt on your broad clay_mores
Fight for Prince Char_lie!
f

THE DOWIE DENS O'YARROW.

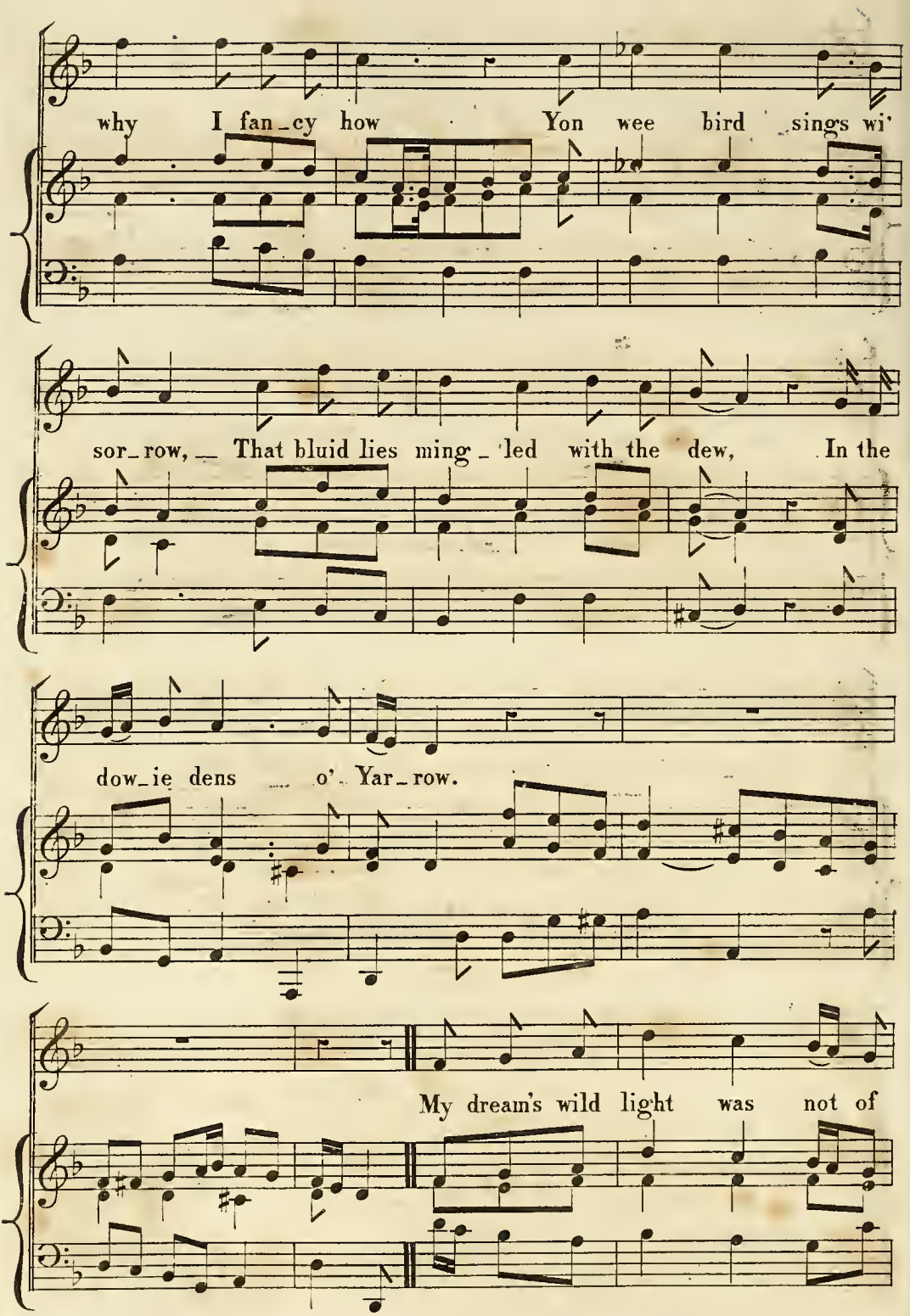
Written by Henry S. Riddell.

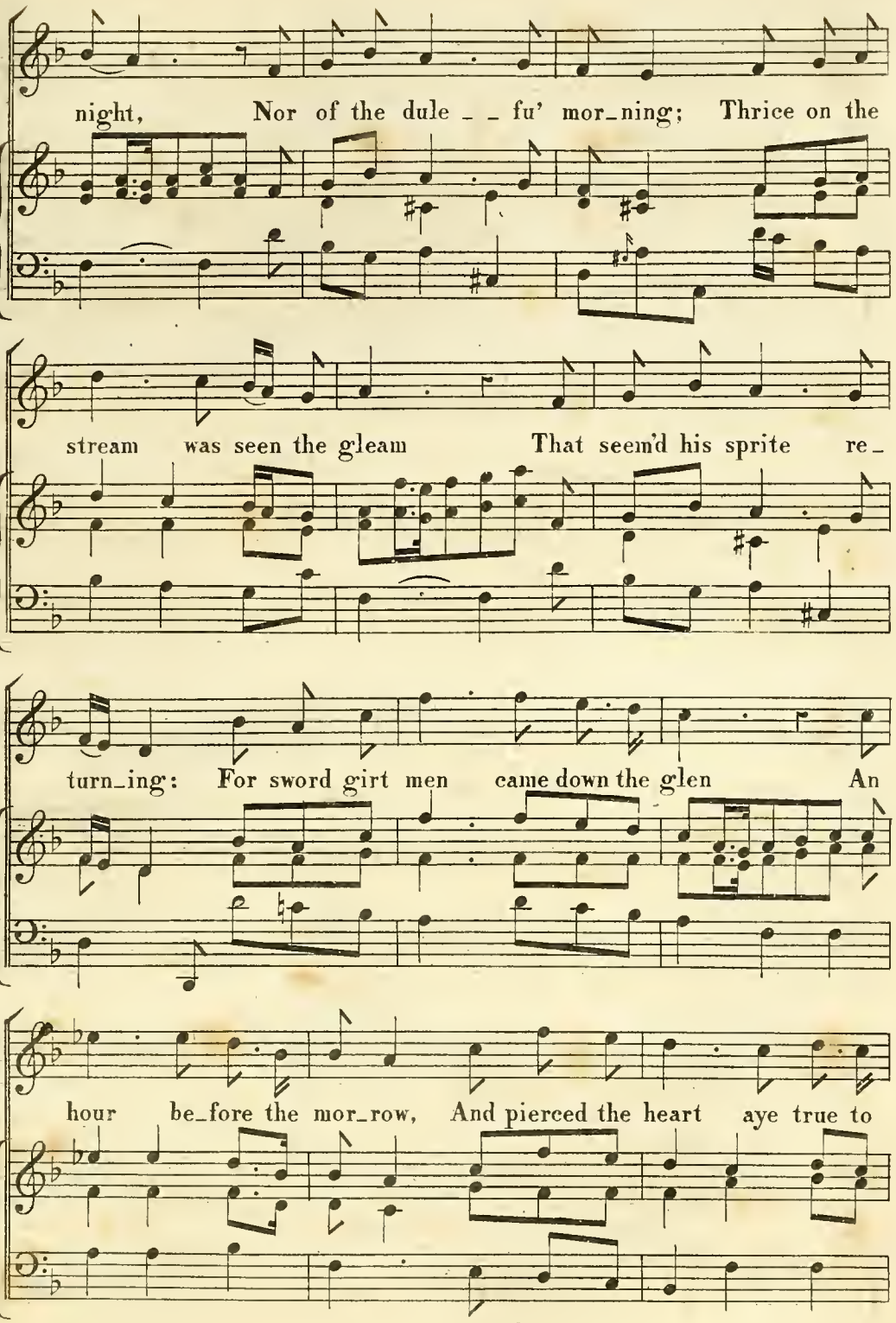
Slow, with Expression.

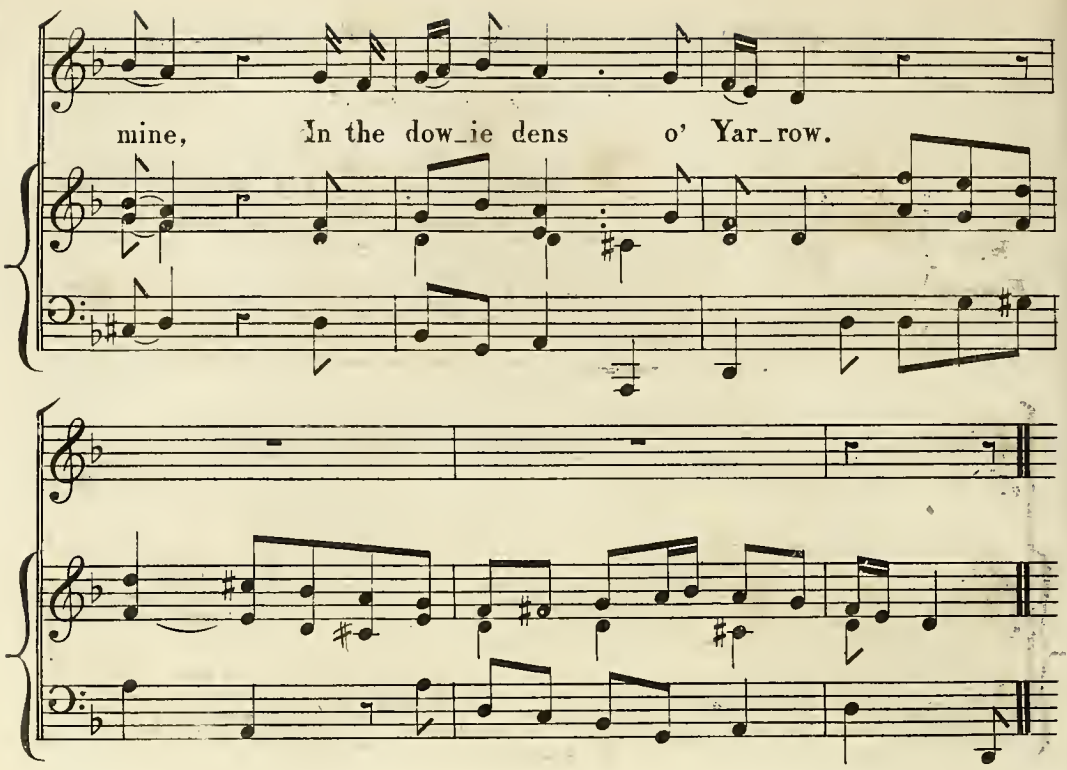
Oh sis_ter there are mid_night dreams That

pass not with the morning, Then ask not why my reason

swims In a brain so wild _ _ ly burn_ing. And ask not


why I fan_cy how Yon wee bird sings wi'
sor_row, That bluid lies ming_led with the dew, In the
dow_ie dens o' Yar_row.
My dream's wild light was not of


night, Nor of the dule _ _ fu' mor_ning; Thrice on the
stream was seen the gleam That seem'd his sprite re_
turn_ing: For sword girt men came down the glen An
hour be_fore the mor_row, And pierced the heart aye true to

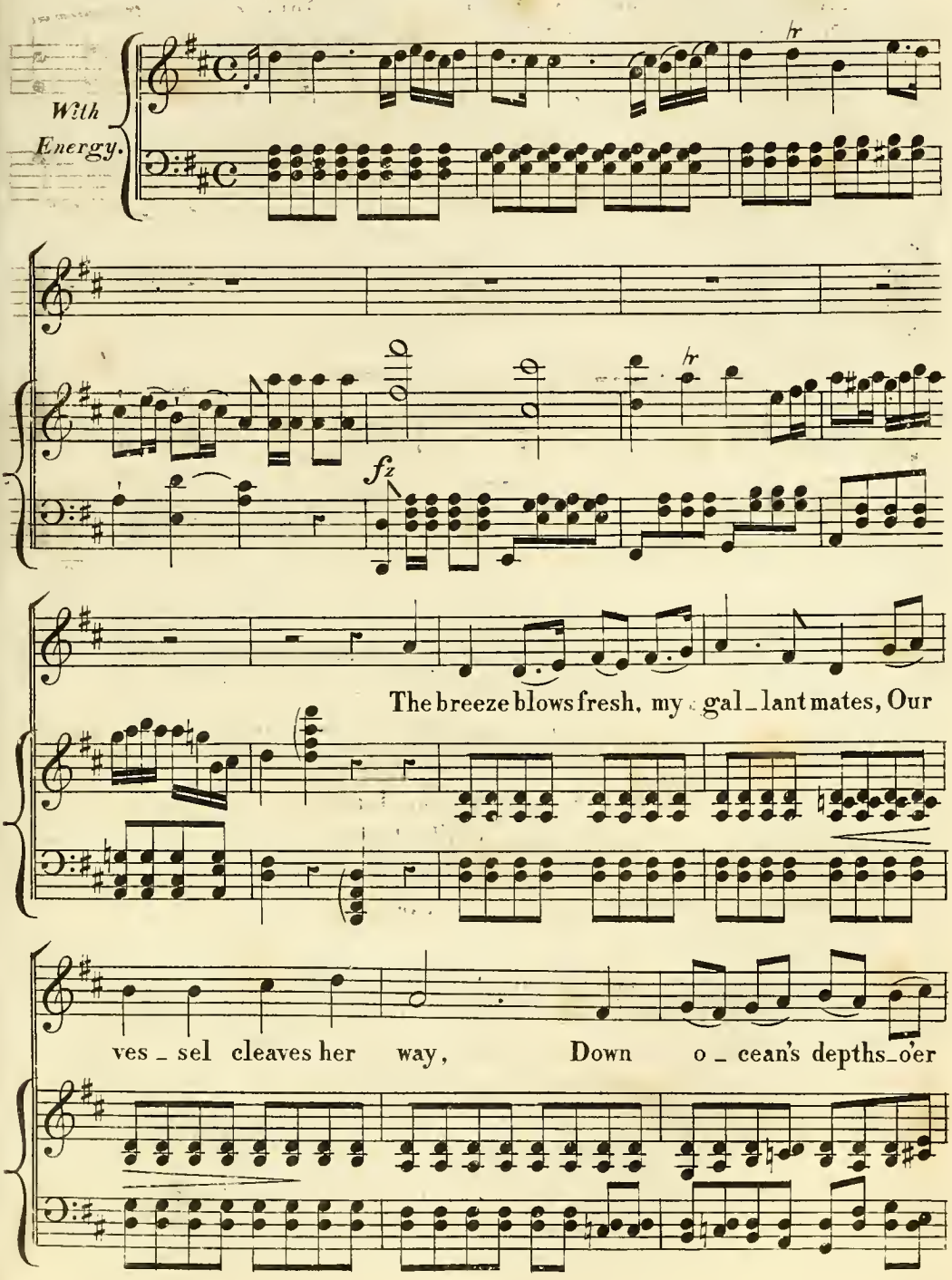


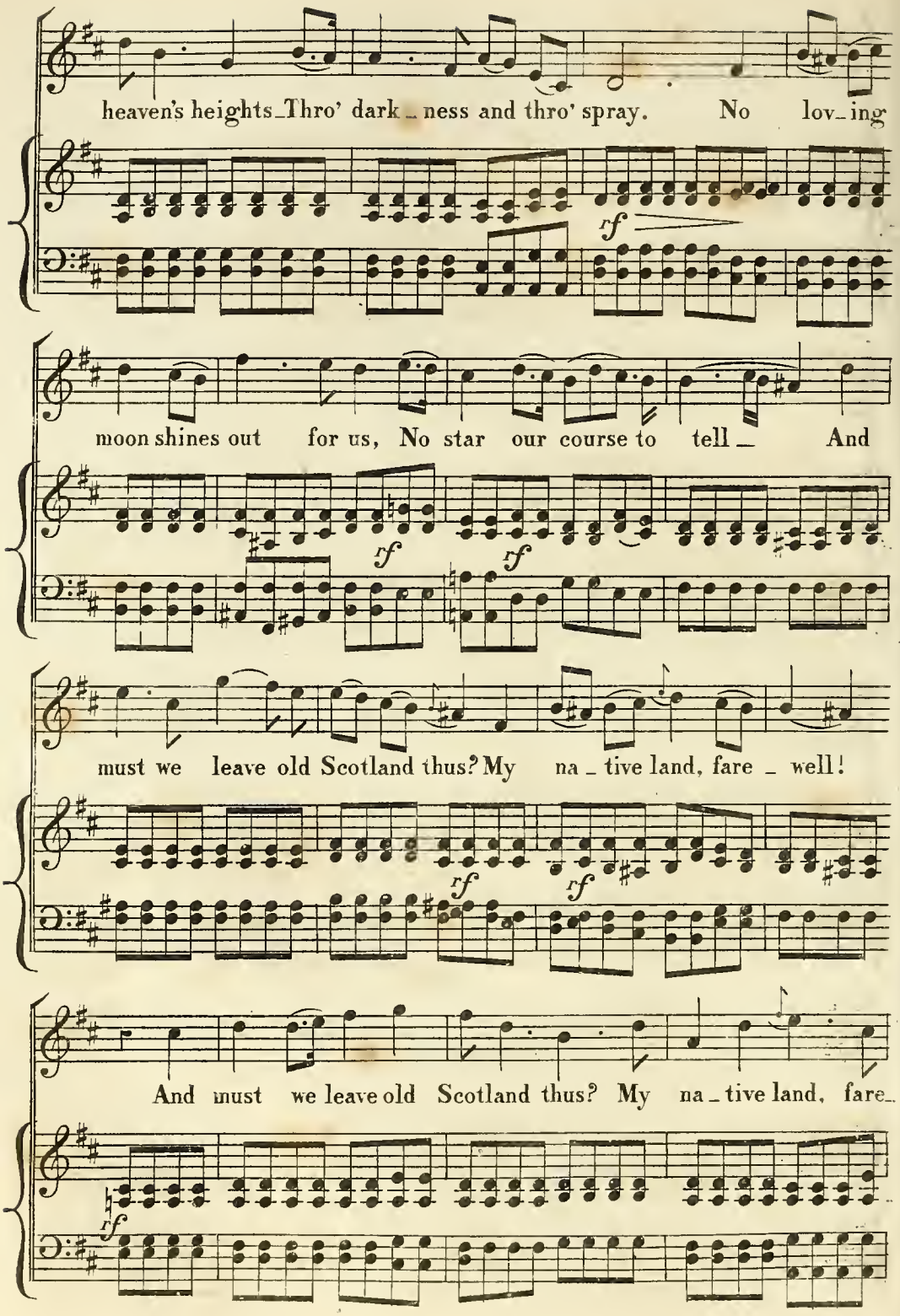
Oh there are red red drops o' dew
Upon the wild-flower's blossom,
But they could na cool my burning brow,
And shall not stain my bosom.
But from the clouds o' yon dark sky
A cold cold shroud I'll borrow,
And long and deep shall be my sleep
In the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

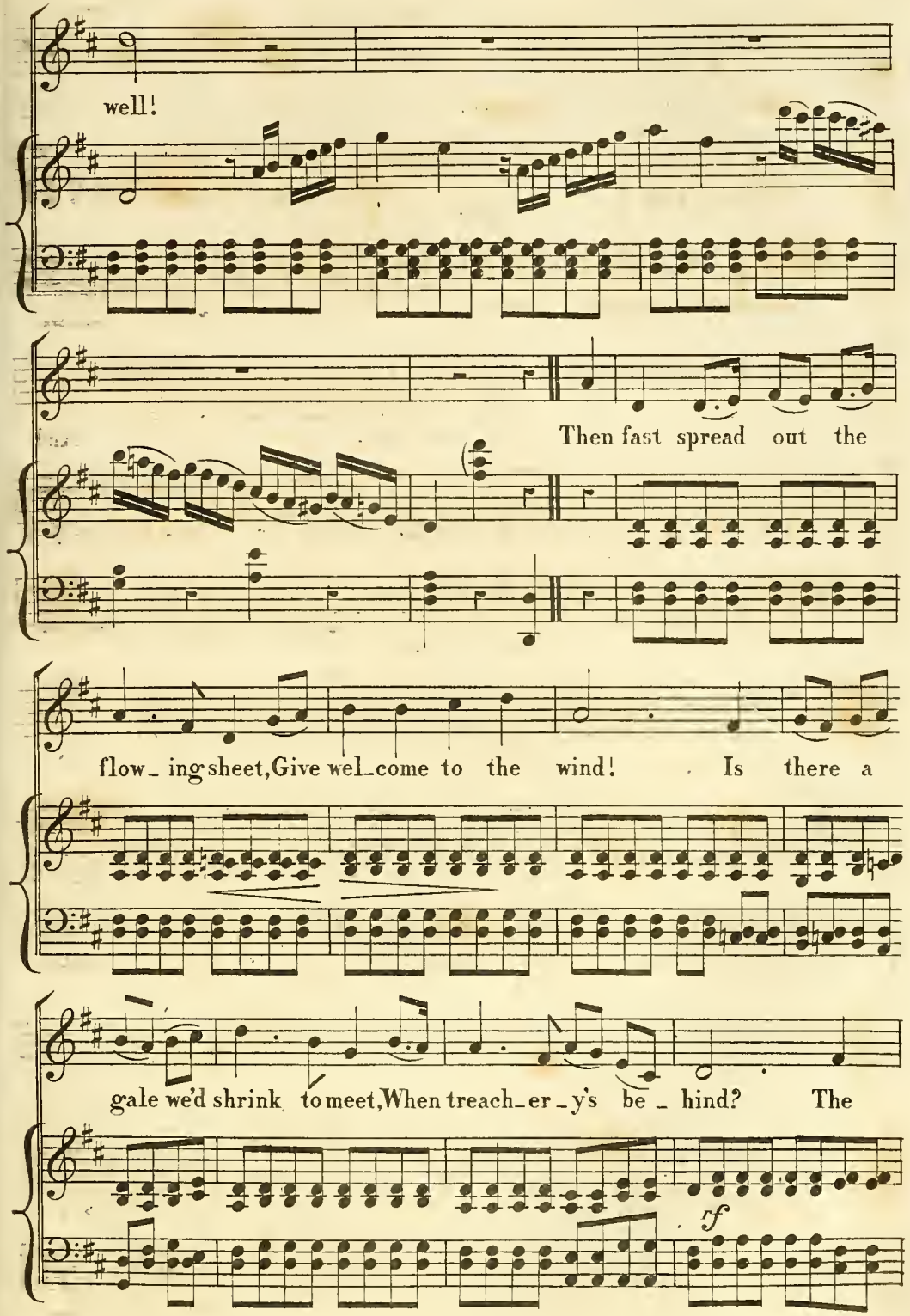
Let my form the bluid-dyed floweret press
By the heart o' him that lo'ed me,
And I'll steal frae his lips a long long kiss,
In the bower where aft he wooed me.
For my arms shall fold and my tresses shield
The form of my death-cold marrow,
When the breeze shall bring the raven's wing
O'er the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

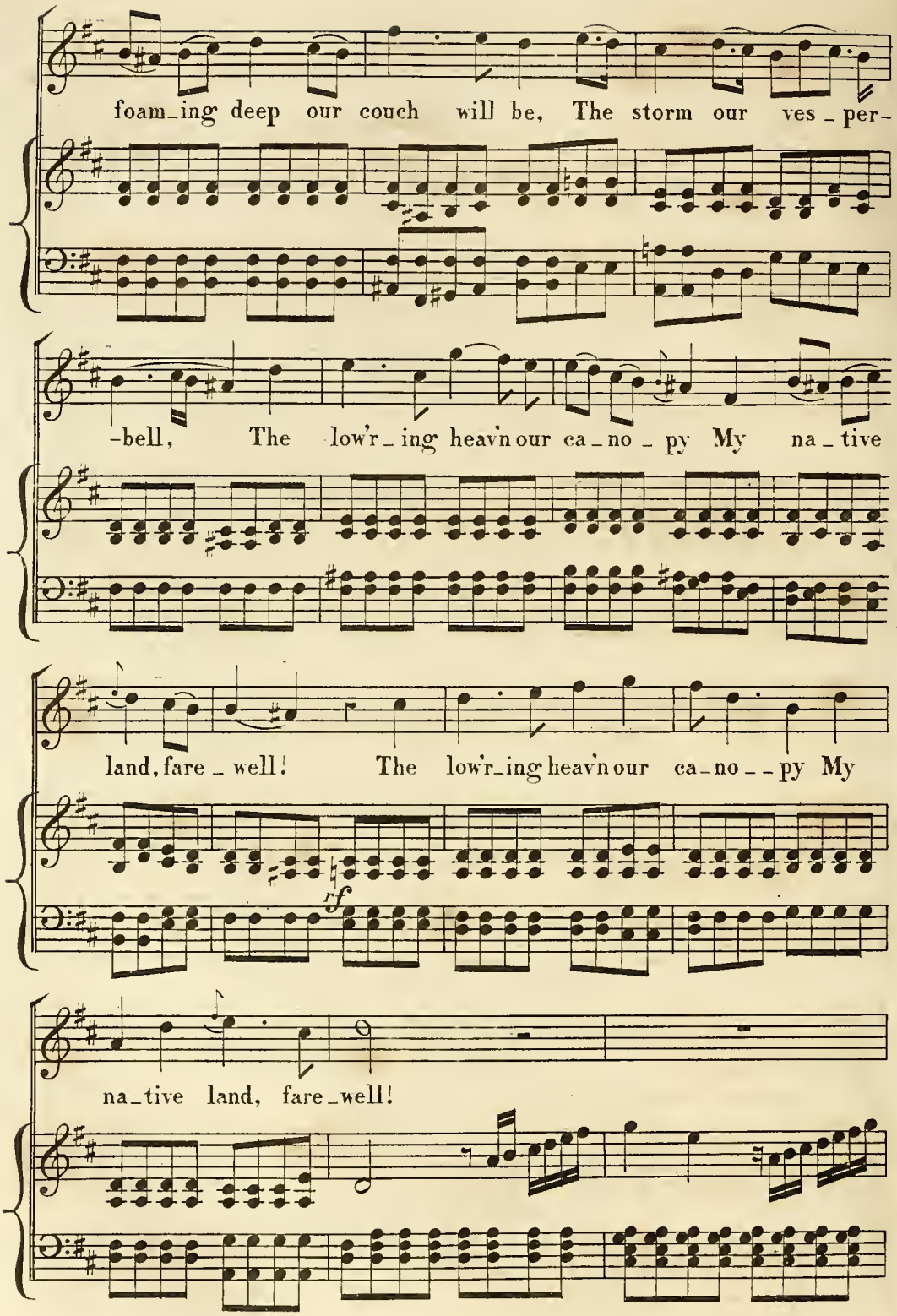
OLD SCOTLAND FARE THEE WELL.

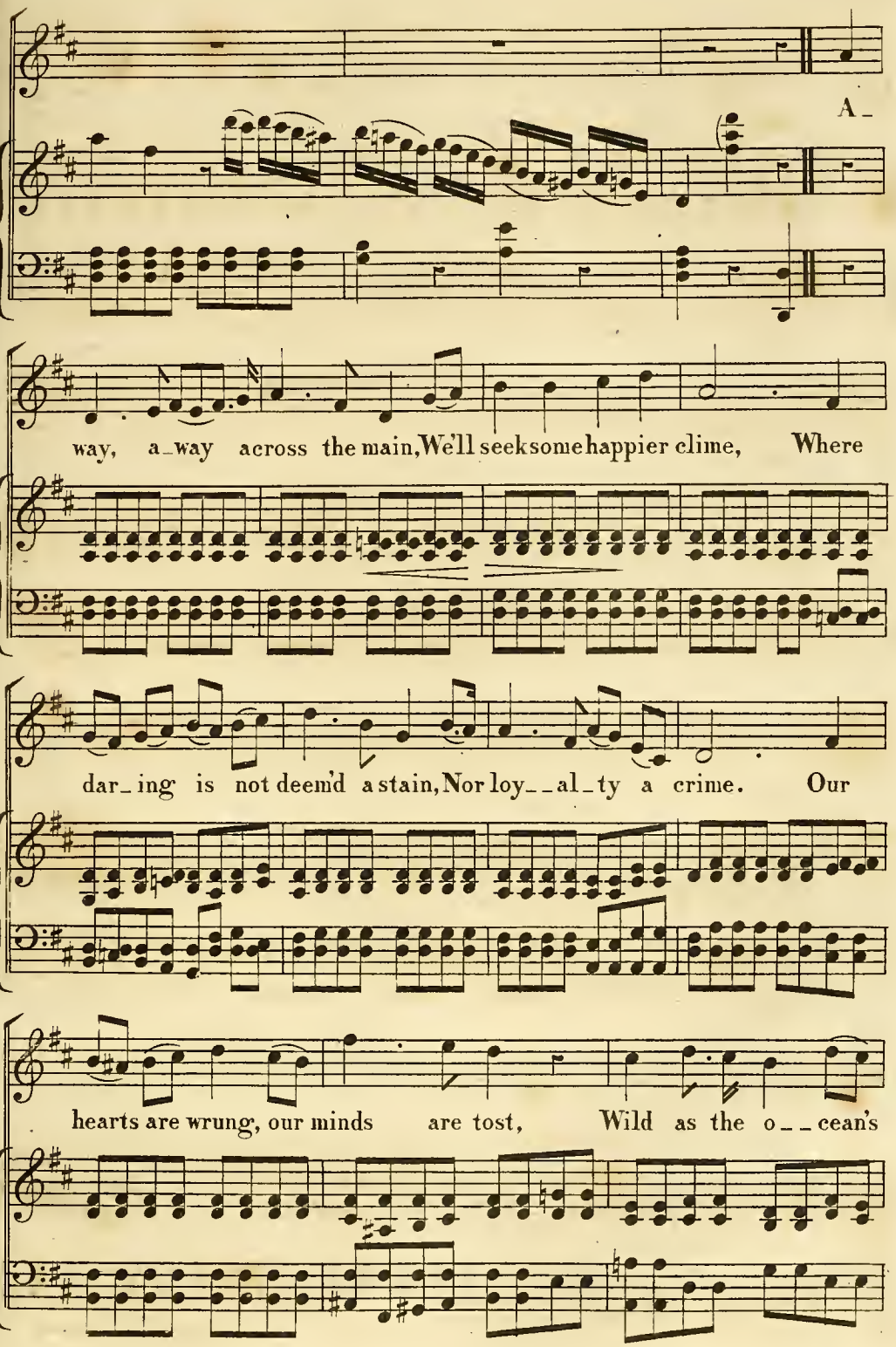
Written by George Allan.

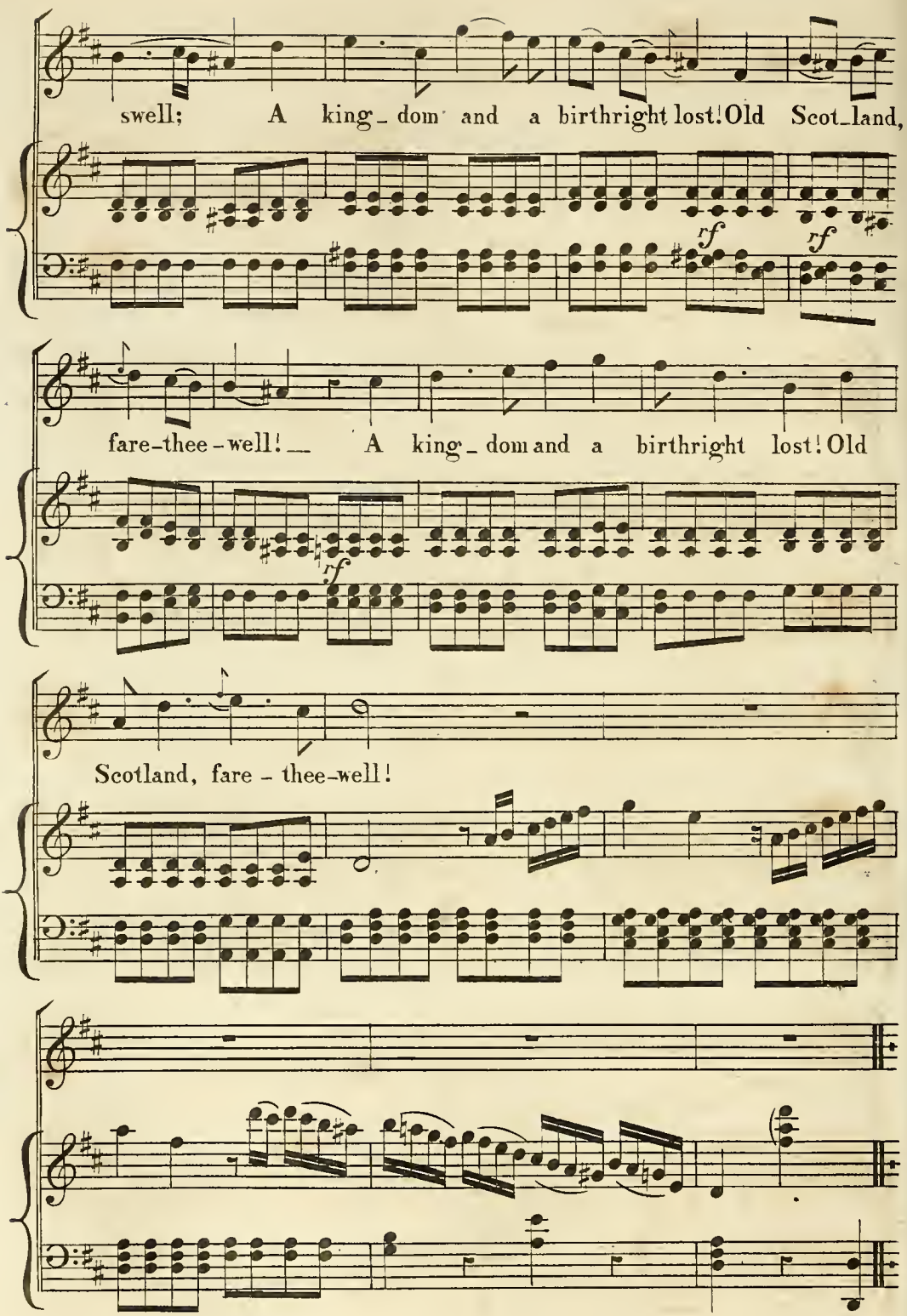



heaven's heights_Thro' dark_ness and thro' spray. No lov_ing
rf
moon shines out for us, No star our course to tell_ And
rf
rf
must we leave old Scotland thus? My na_tive land, fare_well!
rf
rf
And must we leave old Scotland thus? My na_tive land, fare_
rf


well!
Then fast spread out the
flow_ing sheet, Give wel_come to the wind! Is there a
gale we'd shrink to meet, When treach_er_y's be_hind? The
rf

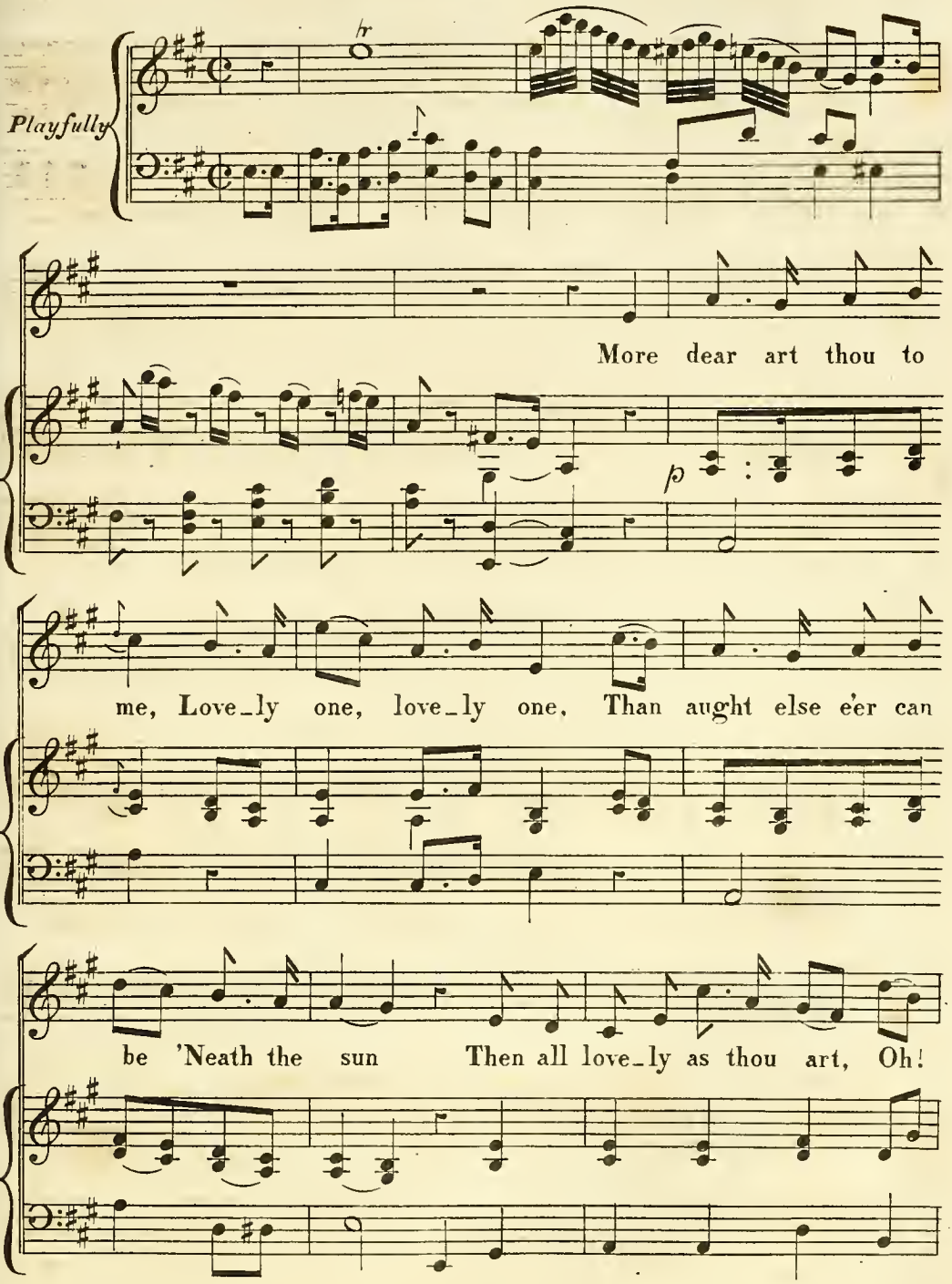

foam_ing deep our couch will be, The storm our ves_per-
-bell, The low'r_ing heav'n our ca_no_py My na_tive
land, fare_well! The low'r_ing heav'n our ca_no__py My
rf
na_tive land, fare_well!

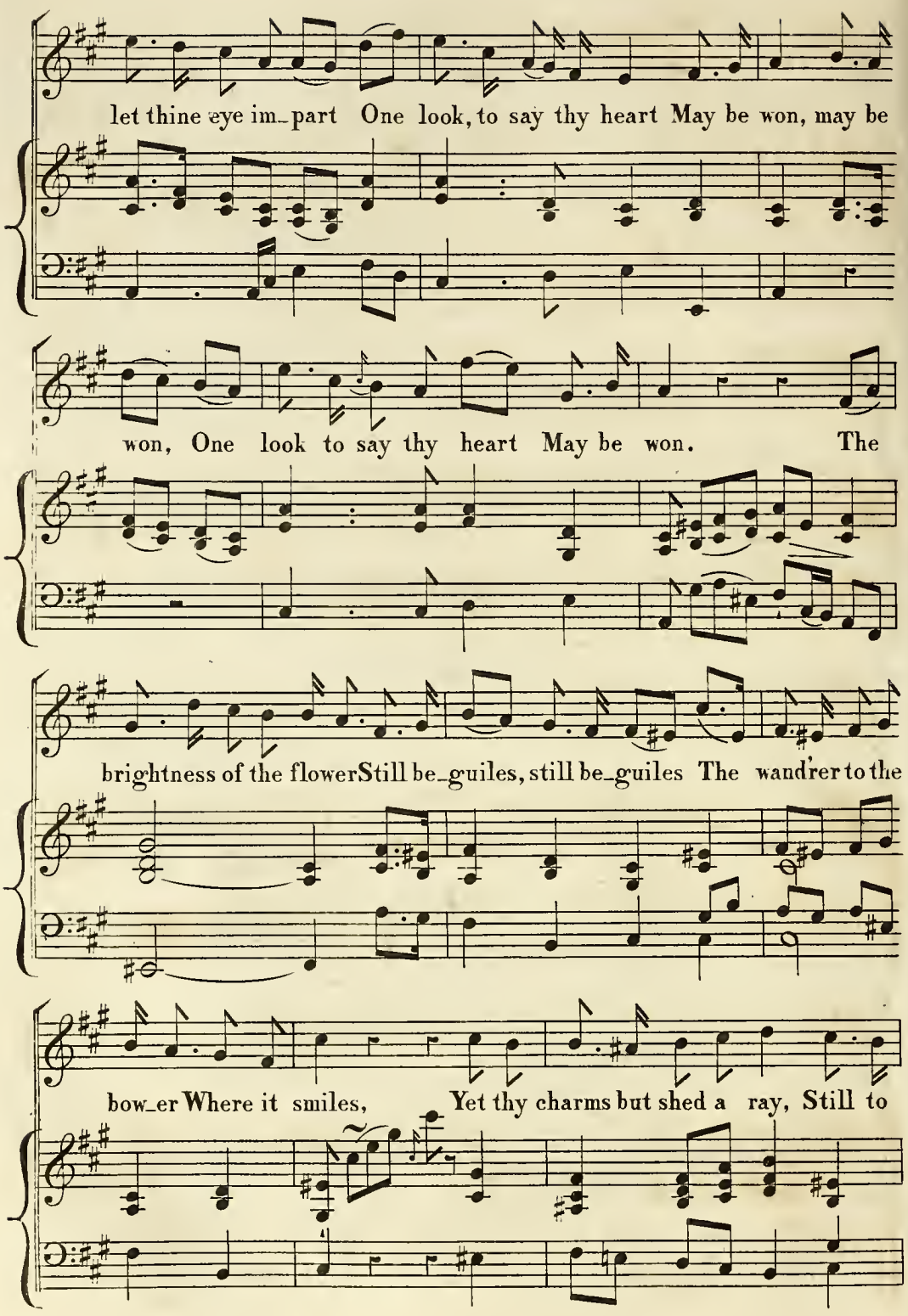

A_
way, a_way across the main, We'll seek some happier clime, Where
dar_ing is not deem'd a stain, Nor loy__al_ty a crime. Our
hearts are wrung, our minds are tost, Wild as the o__cean's

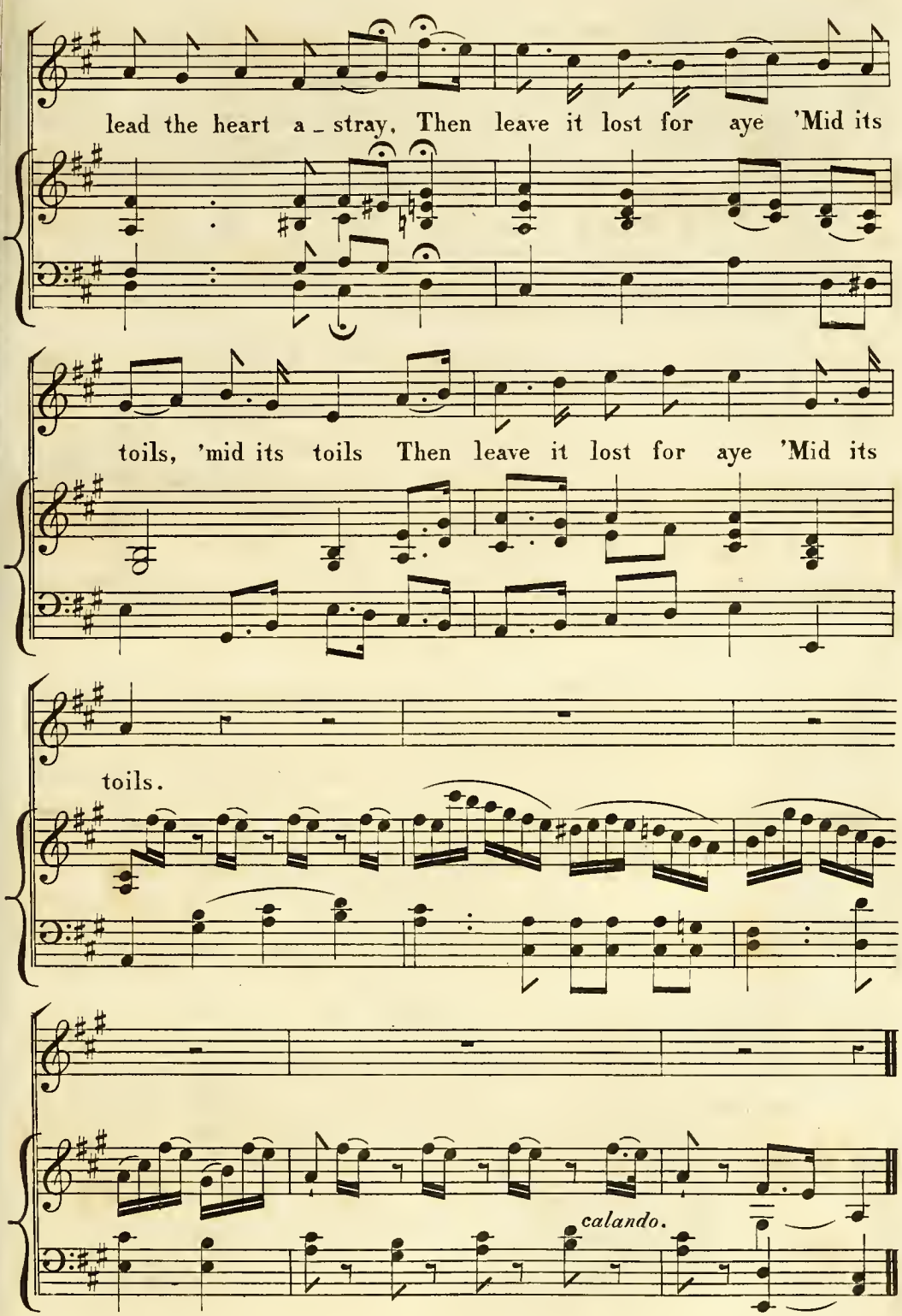

swell; A king_dom and a birthright lost! Old Scot_land,
rf
rf
fare-thee-well! A king_dom and a birthright lost! Old
rf
Scotland, fare - thee-well!

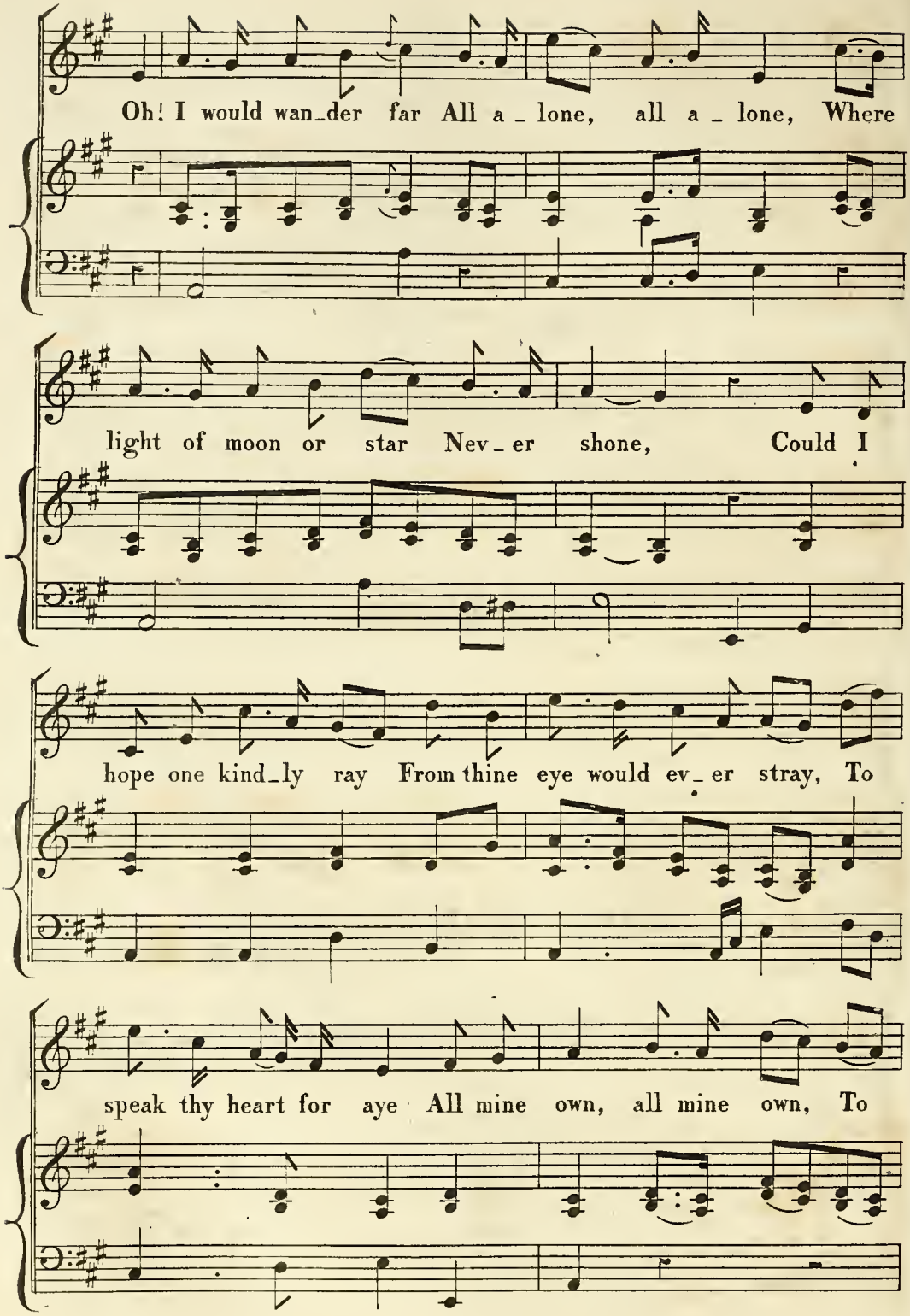
MORE DEAR ART THOU TO ME.

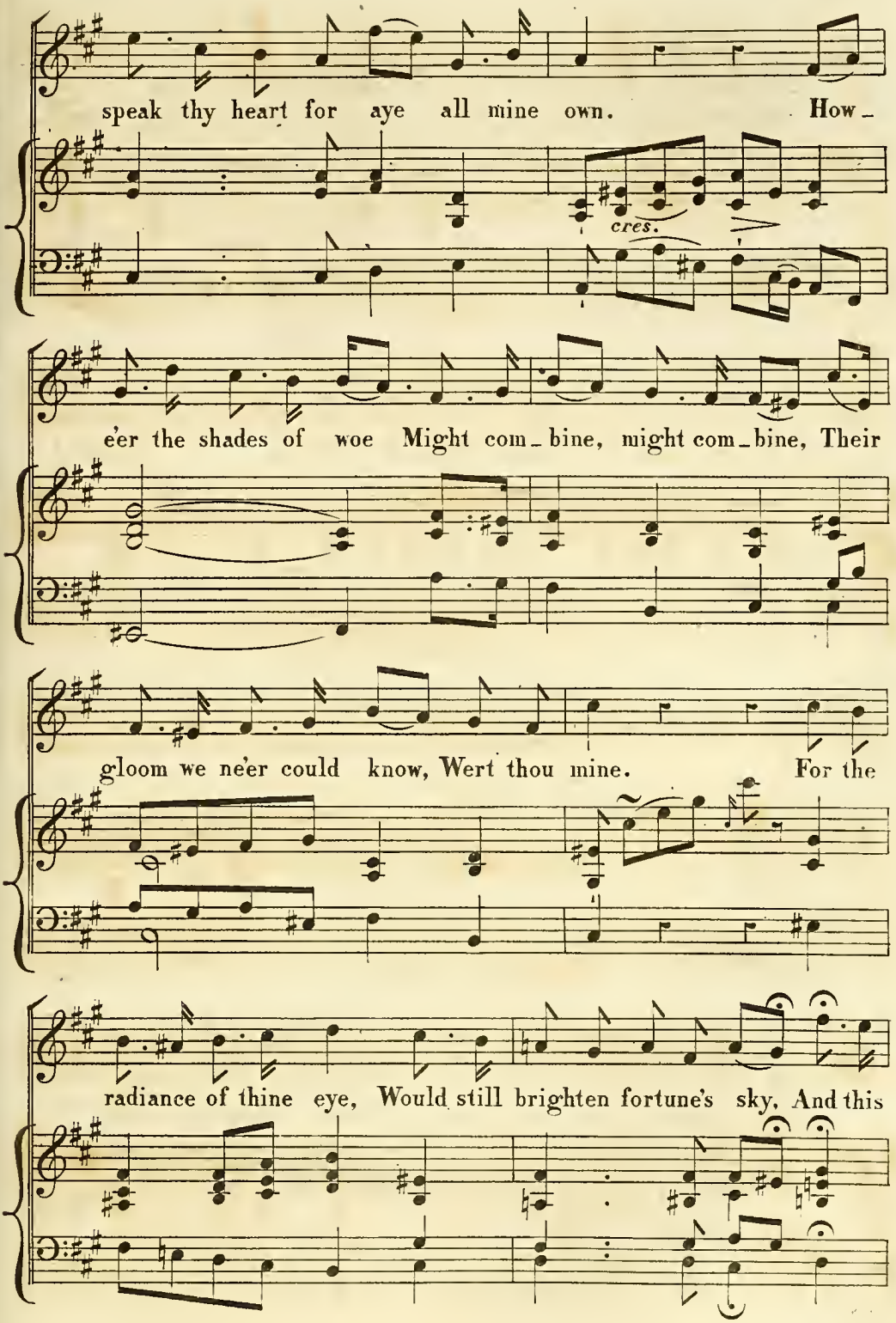
Written by Henry S. Riddell.

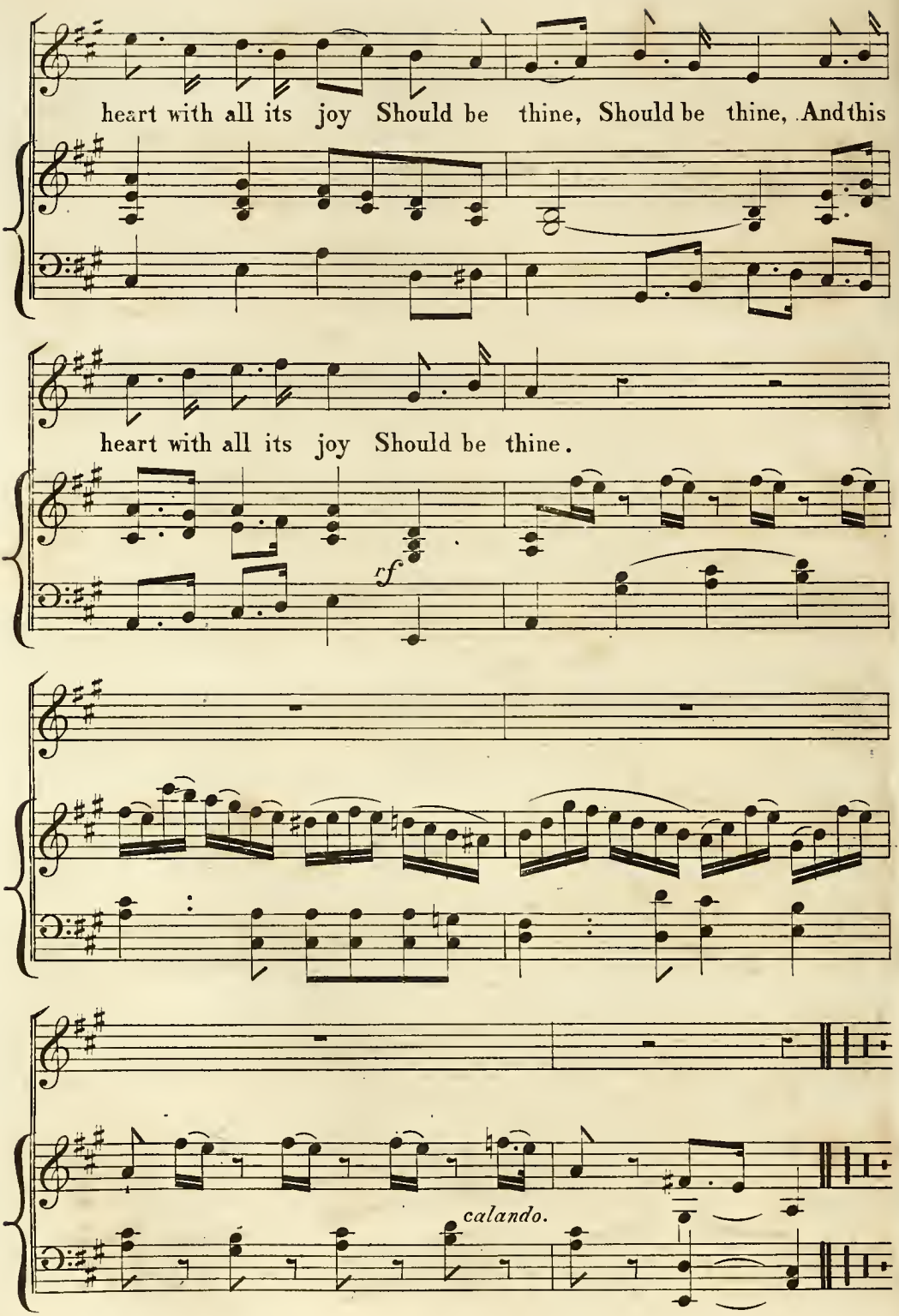



let thine eye im_part One look, to say thy heart May be won, may be
won, One look to say thy heart May be won. The
brightness of the flowerStill be_guiles, still be_guiles The wandrer to the
bow_er Where it smiles, Yet thy charms but shed a ray, Still to


lead the heart a_stray, Then leave it lost for aye 'Mid its
toils, 'mid its toils Then leave it lost for aye 'Mid its
toils.
calando.

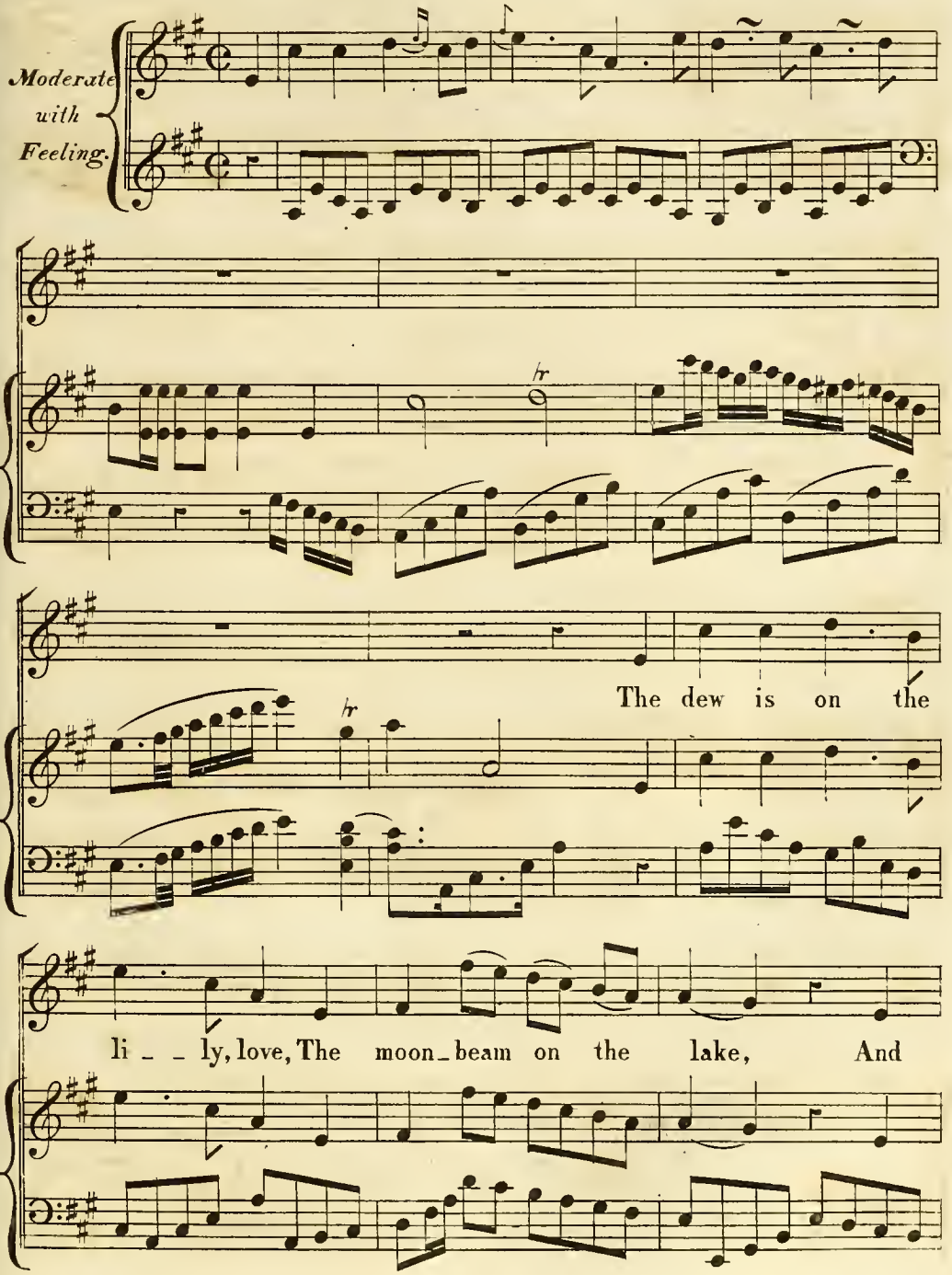

Oh! I would wan_der far All a _ lone, all a _ lone, Where
light of moon or star Nev _ er shone, Could I
hope one kind_ly ray From thine eye would ev _ er stray, To
speak thy heart for aye All mine own, all mine own, To

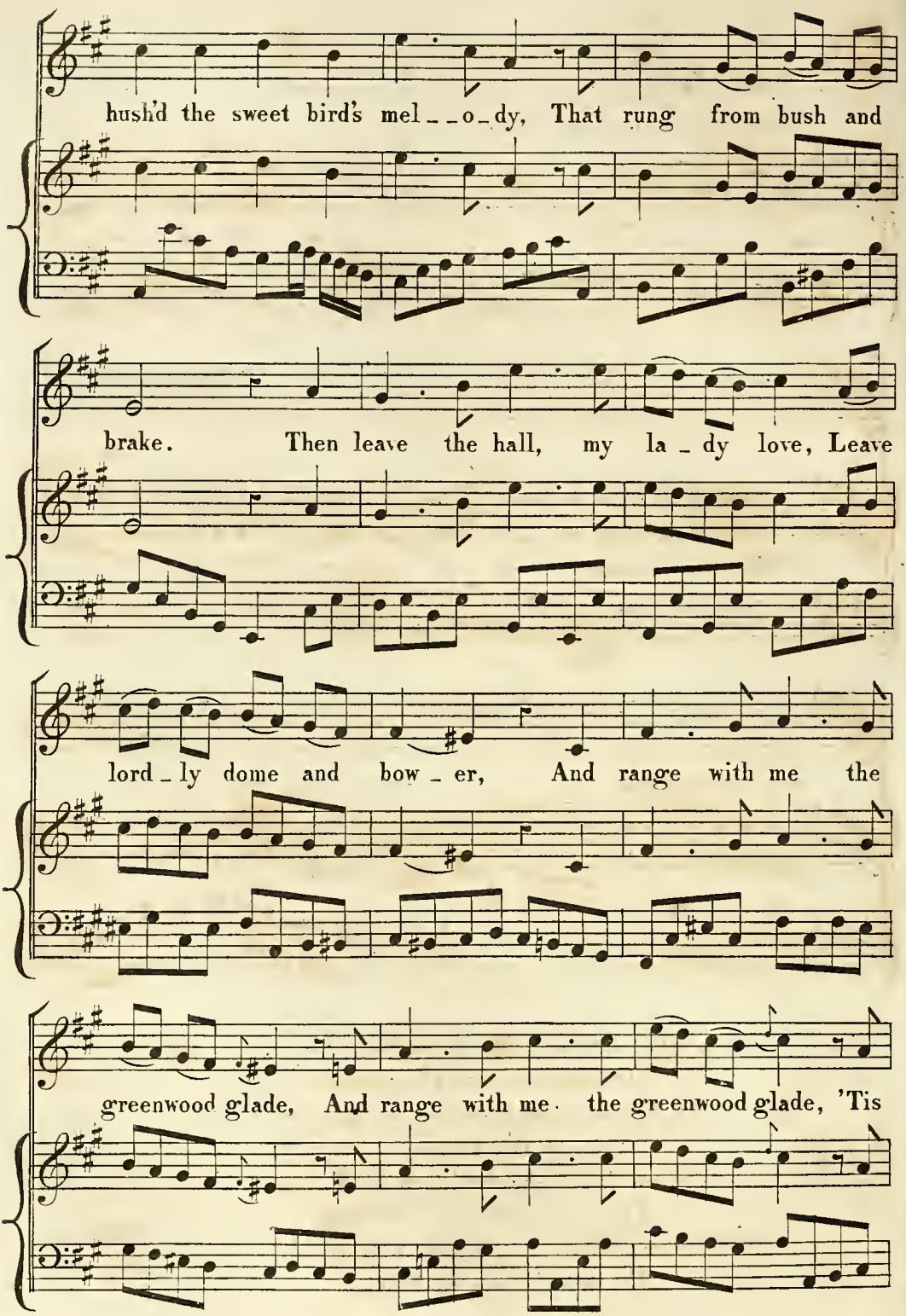

speak thy heart for aye all mine own. How-
cres.
e'er the shades of woe Might com-bine, might com-bine, Their
gloom we ne'er could know, Wert thou mine. For the
radiance of thine eye, Would still brighten fortune's sky, And this

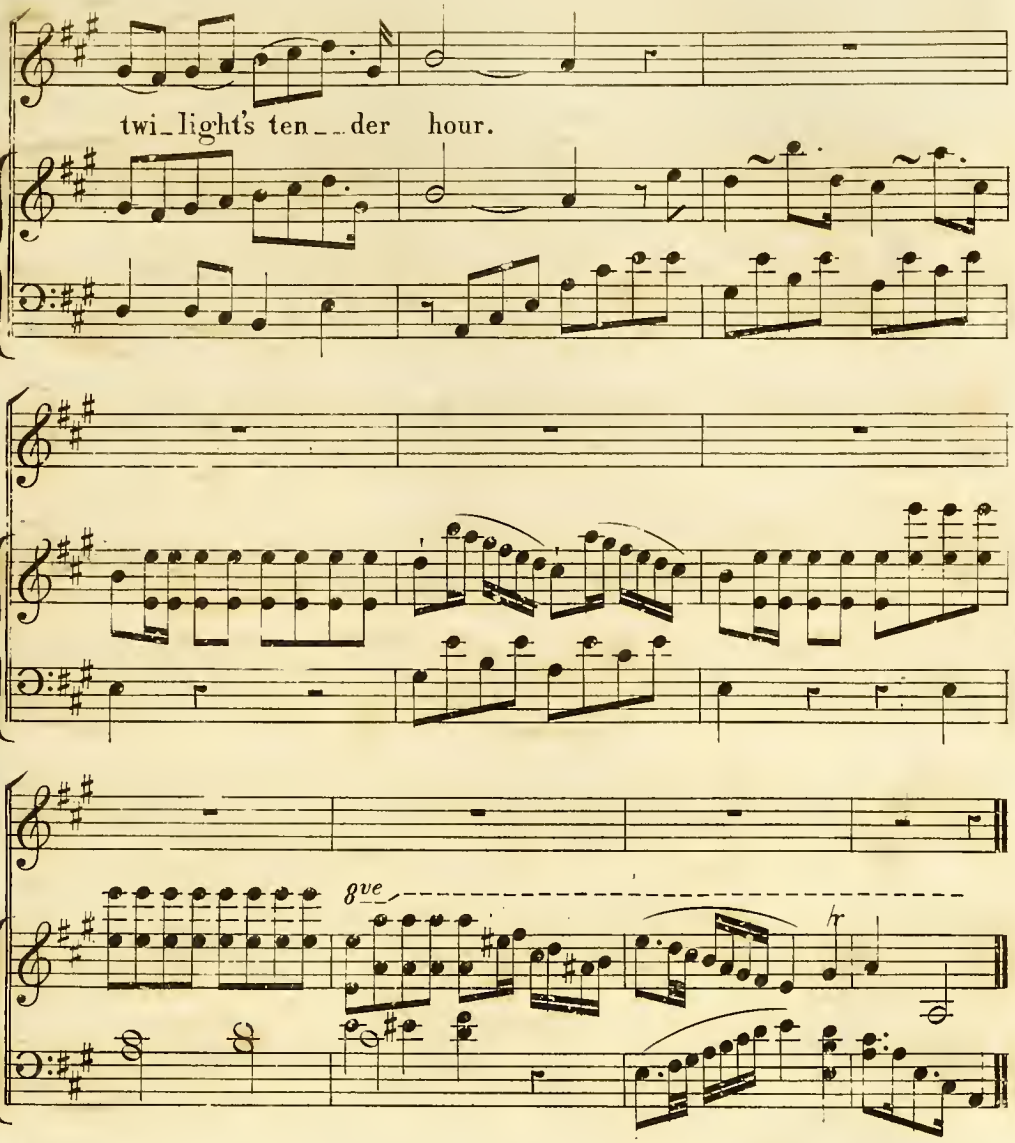

heart with all its joy Should be thine, Should be thine, And this
heart with all its joy Should be thine.
rf
calando.

TROUBADOURS SERENADE.

Written by William Wilson.



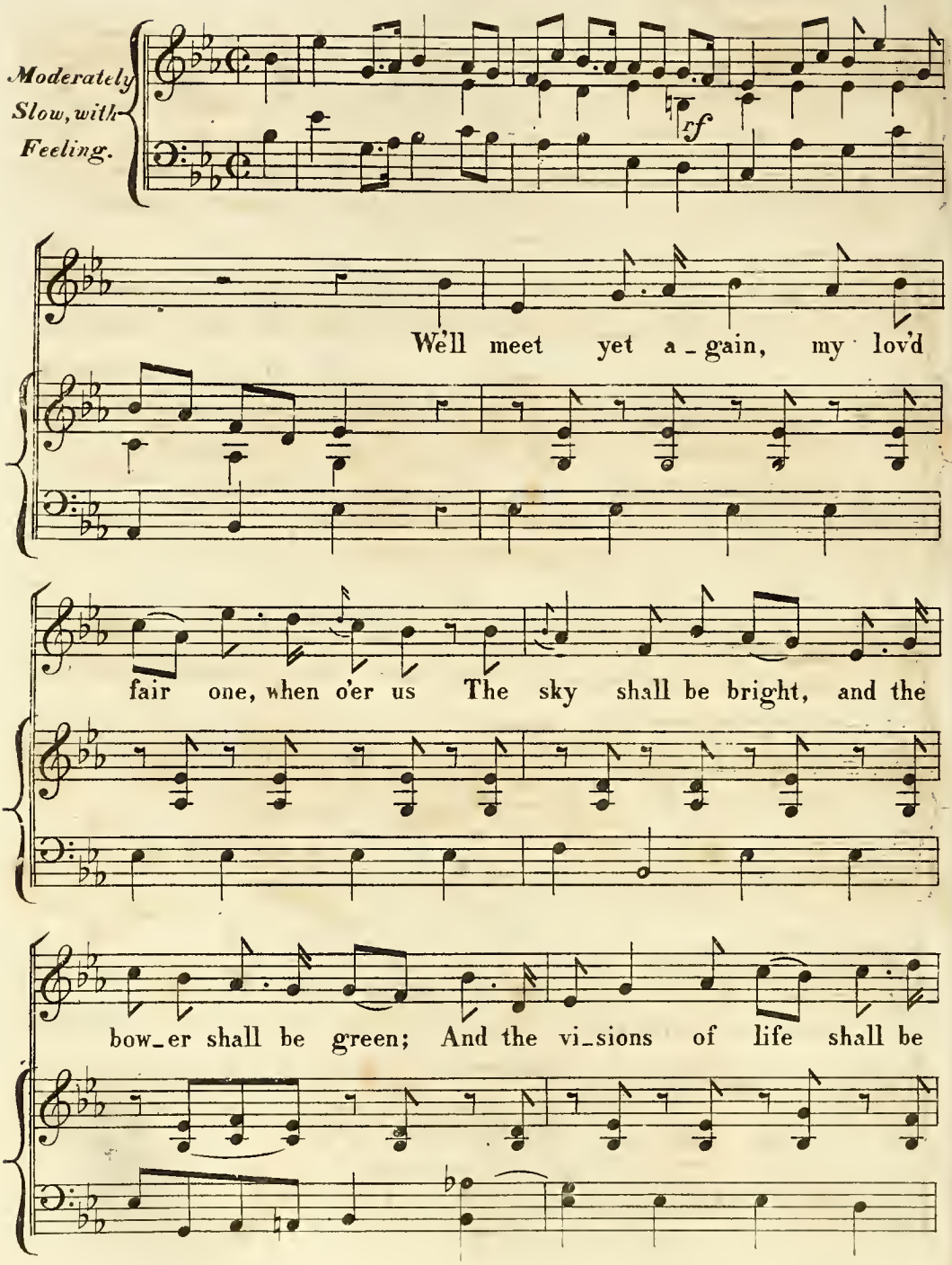

hush'd the sweet bird's mel_ _o_dy, That rung from bush and
brake. Then leave the hall, my la_dy love, Leave
lord_ly dome and bow_er, And range with me the
greenwood glade, And range with me the greenwood glade, 'Tis

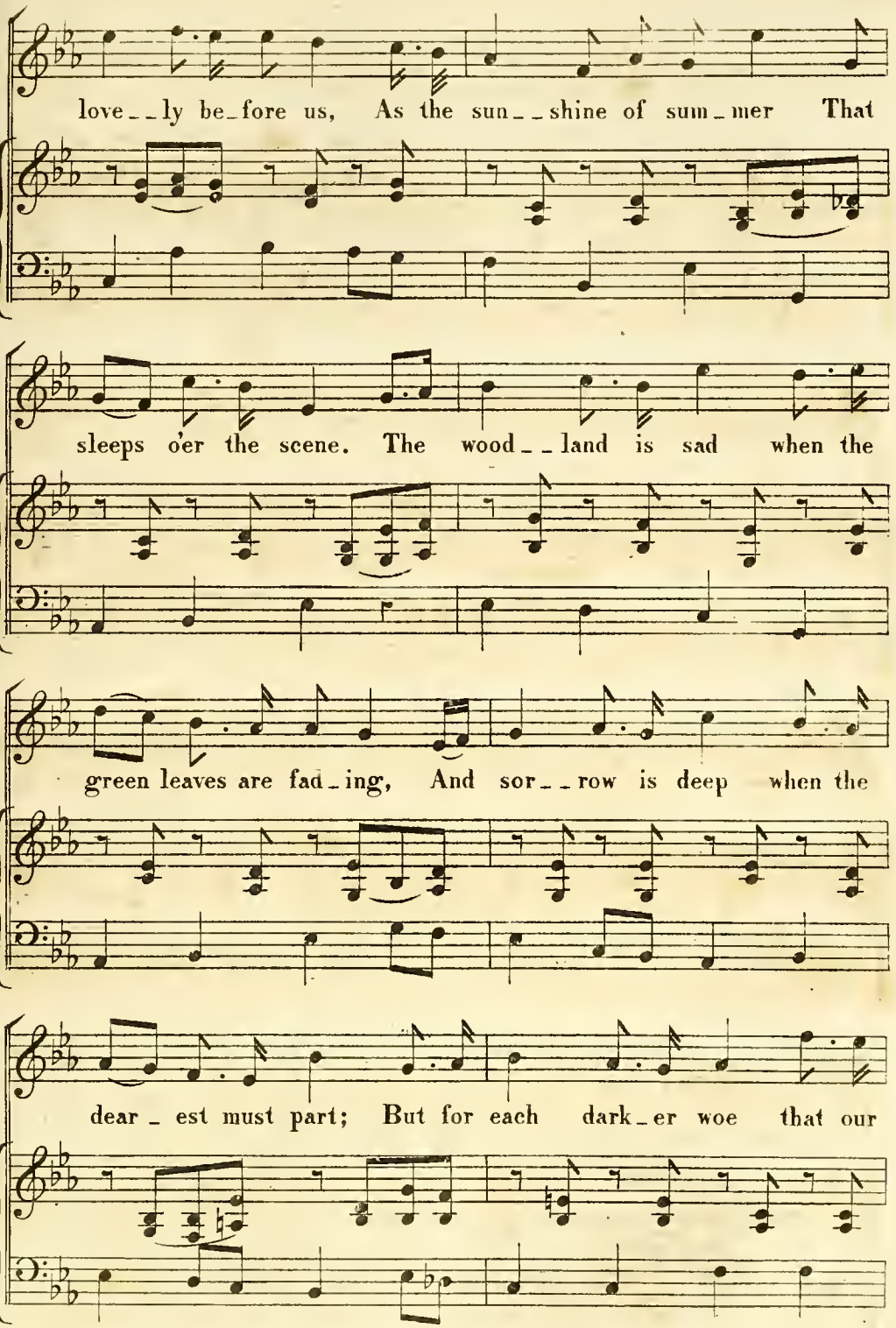


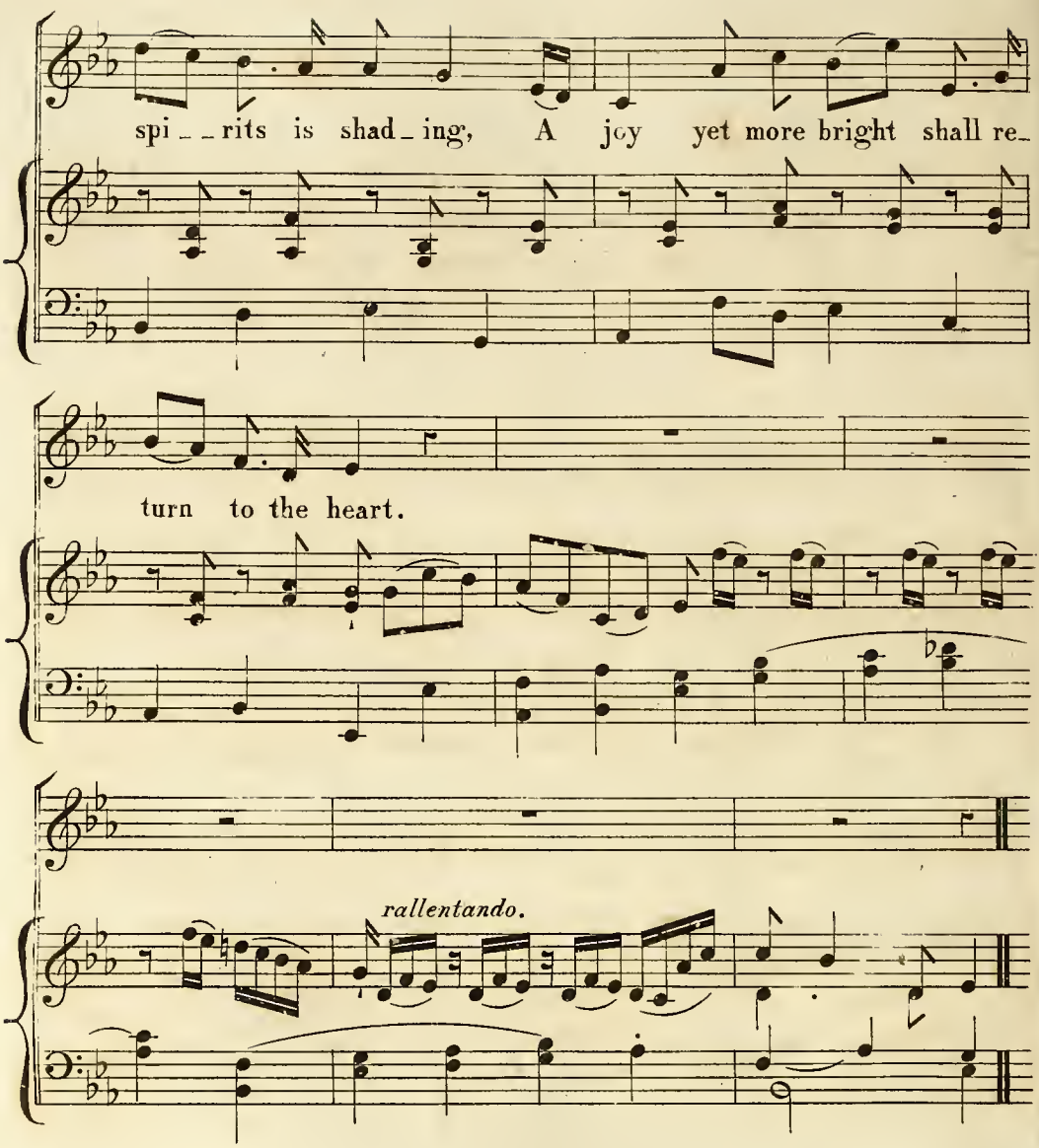
The summer gale is sighing, love,
Through honeysuckle bowers,
Like moonlight music flying, love,
To greet the folding flowers;
Then leave the hall, my lady love,
The vesper hour is near,—
Come, dearest, 'tis thy warrior's lay,
Thy troubadour is here.

WE'LL MEET YET AGAIN.

Written by Henry S. Riddell.



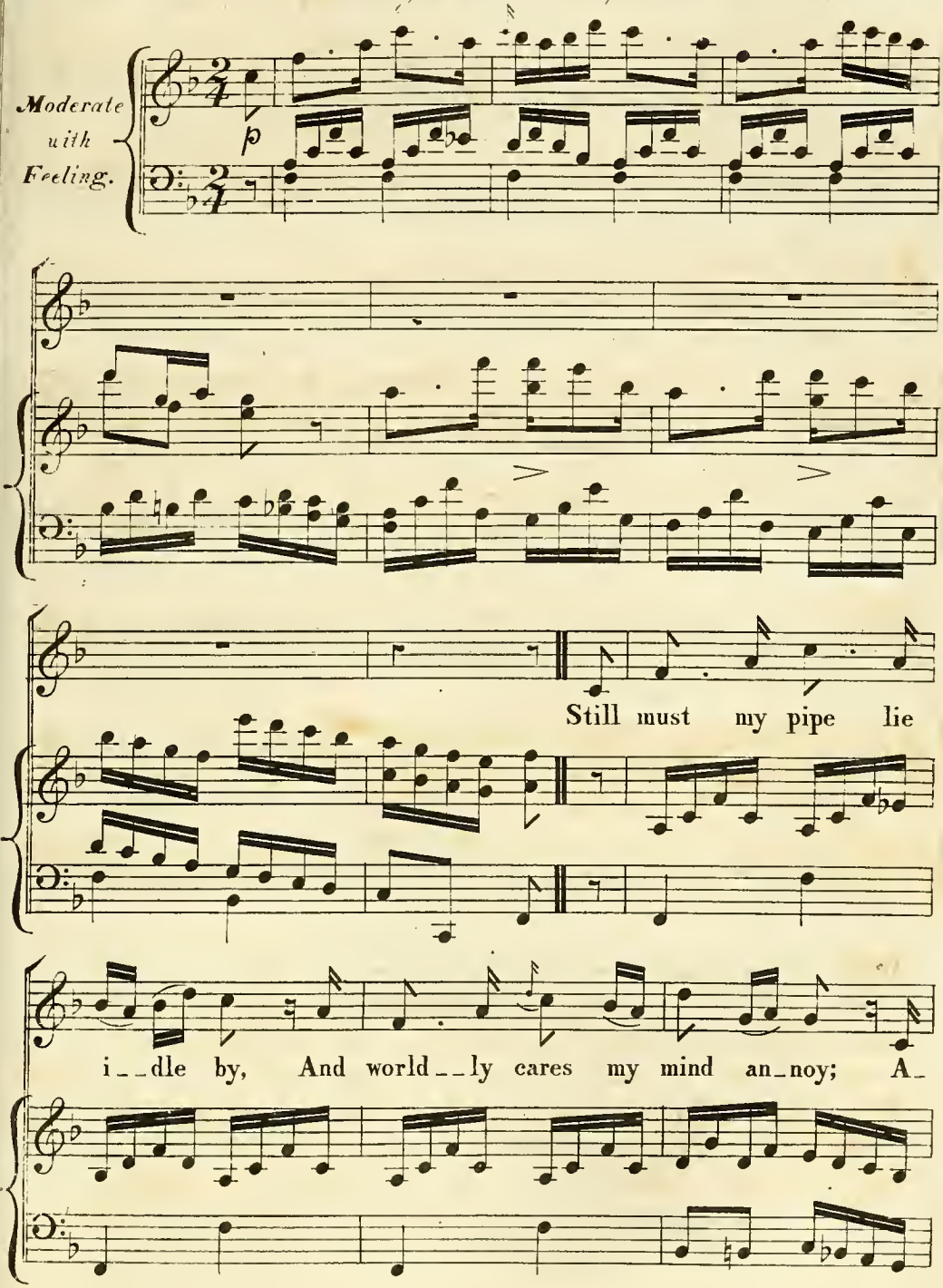

love__ly be_fore us, As the sun__shine of sum_mer That
sleeps o'er the scene. The wood__land is sad when the
green leaves are fad_ing, And sor__row is deep when the
dear_est must part; But for each dark_er woe that our

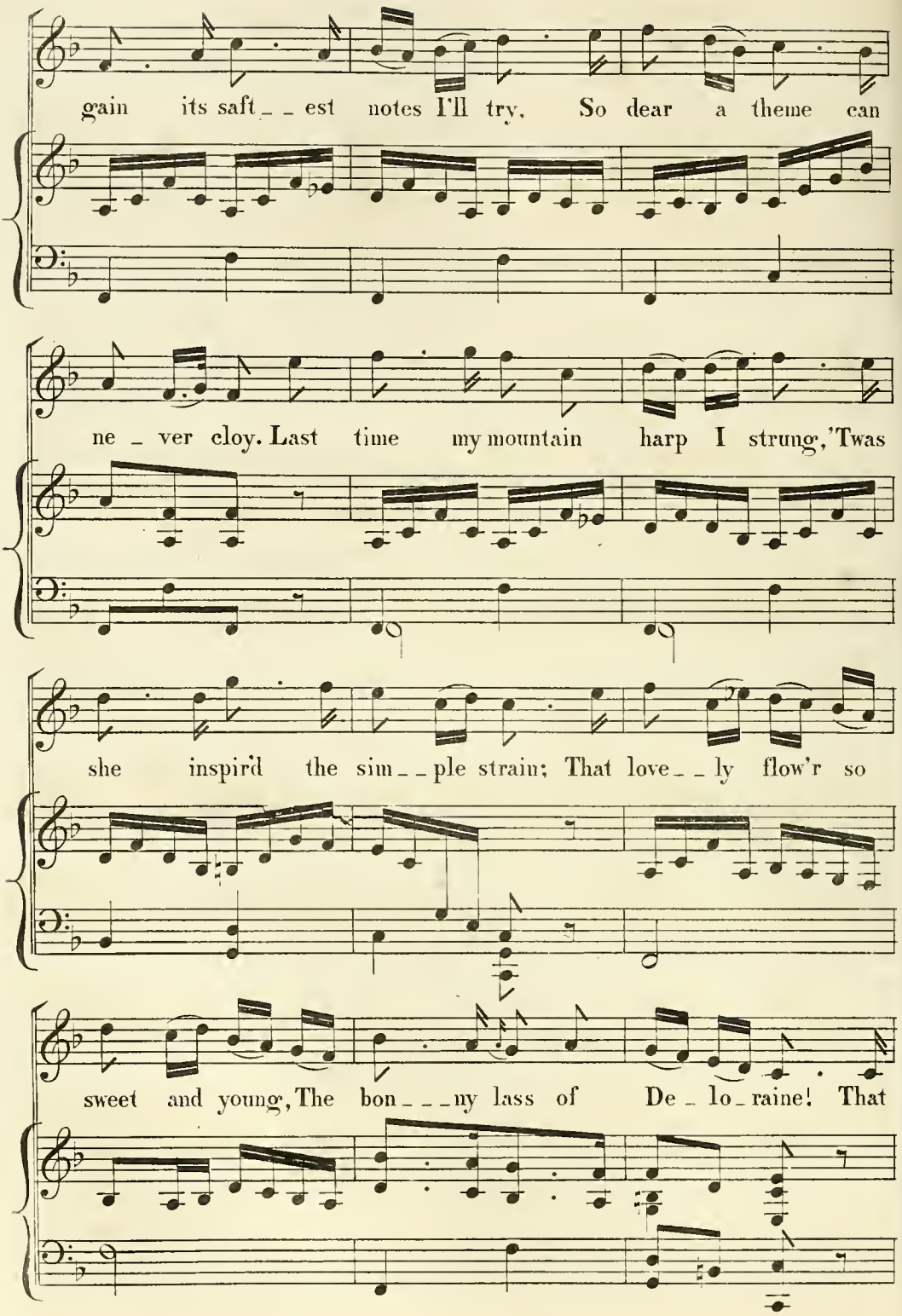


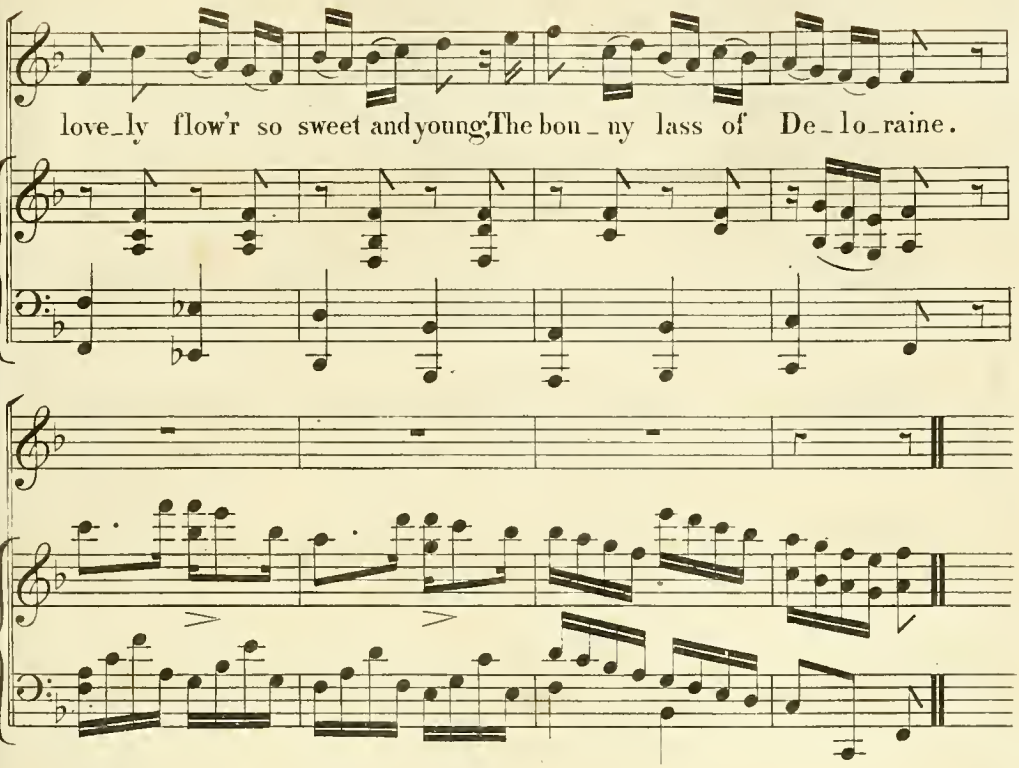
We'll meet yet again, when the pain disconcerting
The peace of our mind in a moment like this,
Shall melt into nought, like the tears of our parting,
Or live but in mem'ry to heighten our bliss.
We've lov'd in the hours when a hope scarce could find us,
We've lov'd when our hearts were the lightest of all;
And the same tender tie that has bound, still shall bind us
When the dark chain of fate shall have ceased to enthrall.

THE BONNY LASS OF DELORAINE.

Written by The Ettrick Shepherd.




gain its saft_ _ est notes I'll try, So dear a theme can
ne _ ver cloy. Last time my mountain harp I strung, 'Twas
she inspir'd the sim_ _ ple strain; That love_ _ ly flow'r so
sweet and young, The bon_ _ _ ny lass of De _ lo _ raine! That



How blest the breeze's balmy sighs,
Around her ruddy lips that blow,
The flower that in her bosom dies,
Or grass that bends beneath her toe!
Her cheeks endued with powers, at will,
The rose's richest shade to drain;
Her eyes what soft enchantments fill—
The bonny lass of Deloraine!

Let Athole boast her birchen bowers,
And Windermere her woodlands green,
And Lomond of her lofty shores—
Wild Ettrick boasts a blither scene;
For there the evening twilight swells
With many a wild and melting strain,
And there the pride of beauty dwells,
The bonny lass of Deloraine!

THE BONNY LASS O' ANNANDALE.

Written to the foregoing Air by Lawrence Anderson Esq.

I like to sing o' plighted truth,
O' maiden's love and maiden's charms;
And all the soul's fond thoughts in youth,
When raptured joy the bosom warms.
I like to sing o' blyth langsyne,
When life was like a merry tale,
When I woo'd that charming maid o' mine,
The bonny lass o' Annandale!

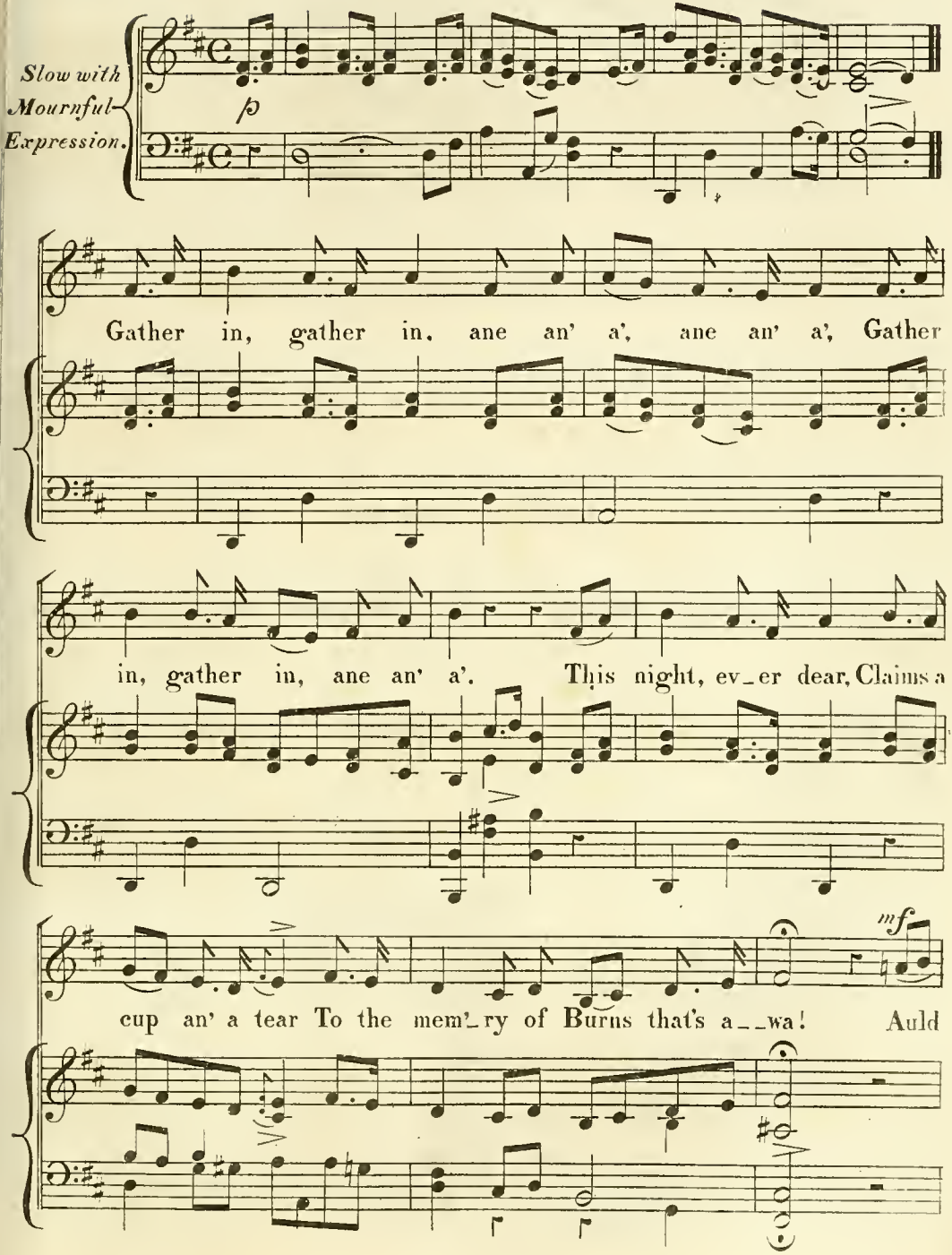
Her eye was like the violet blue,
Wi' diamond dew-drop in its breast;
Her cheek the opening rose's hue
That wandering sun-beam never kissed.
Her heart, sae tender kind and true,
Would ever melt at pity's tale;
A dearer maid I never knew
Than the bonny lass o' Annandale!

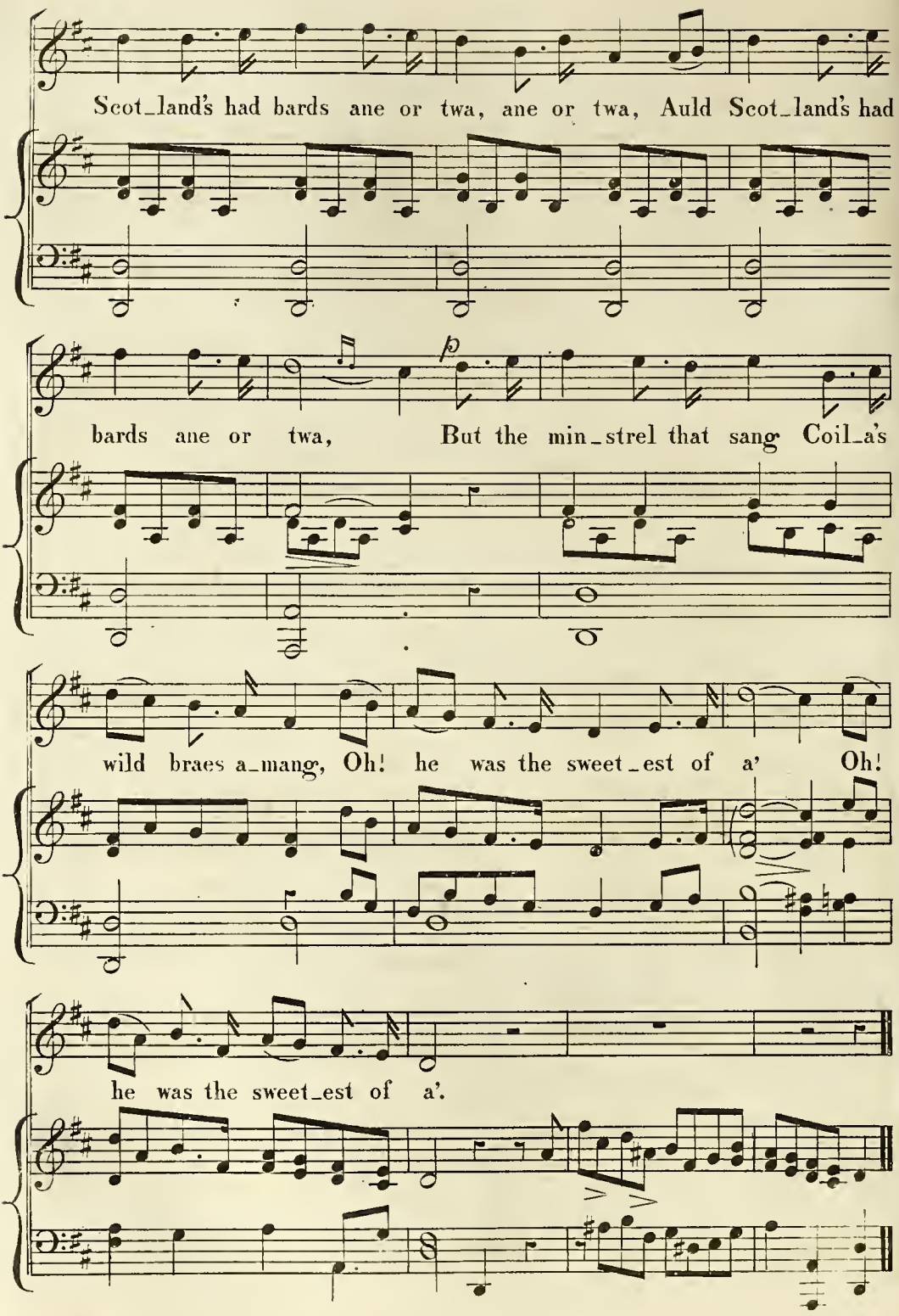
I'll ne'er forget that sacred spot
The fairy dell and rowan tree—
Nor be the wimplin' burn forgot
Where first she tauld her love to me.
Nae care was ours; nor aught, save love,
Did o'er our hearts that night prevail;
The moon rose in the sky above,
And smiled on the maid o' Annandale!

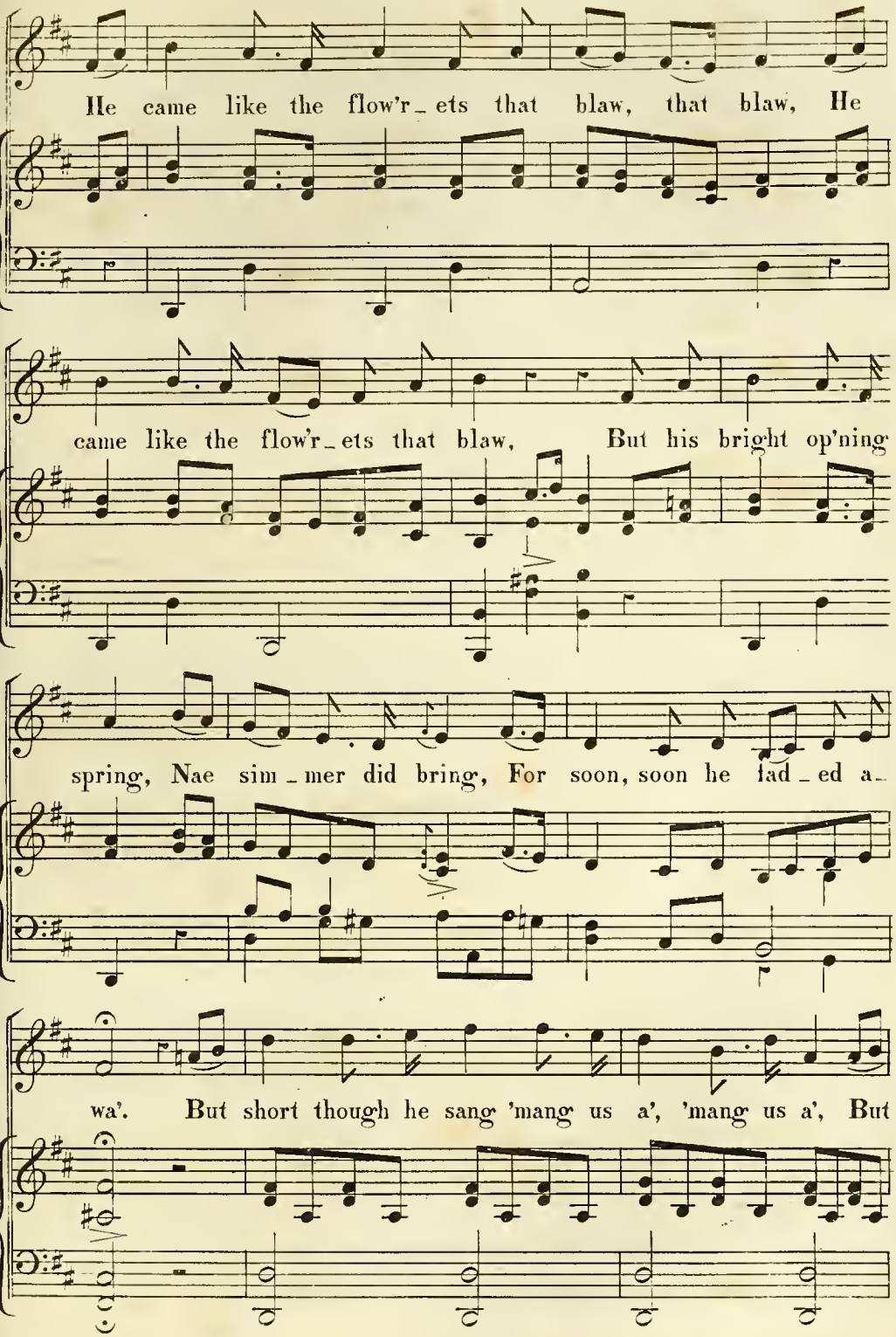
That night we made a solemn vow
That nought in life should us divide,
We've kept it sacred, and I now
Have all I wish in her—a bride!
And thus I like to sing o' love,
O' wedded love, in rural vale,
And all the joys this heart can prove
Wi' the bonny lass o' Annandale!

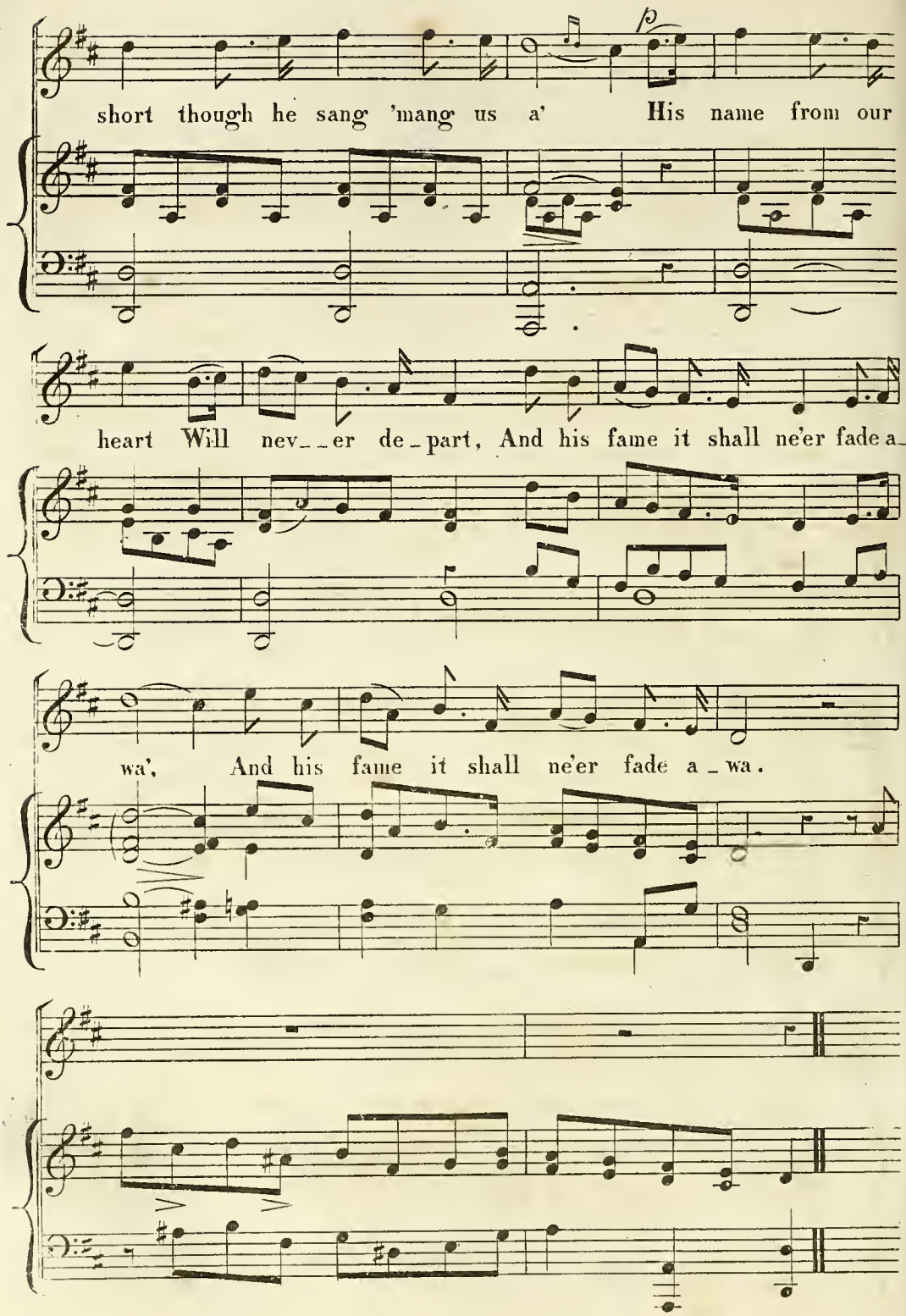
GATHER IN, GATHER IN.

Written by Robert Gilfillan.



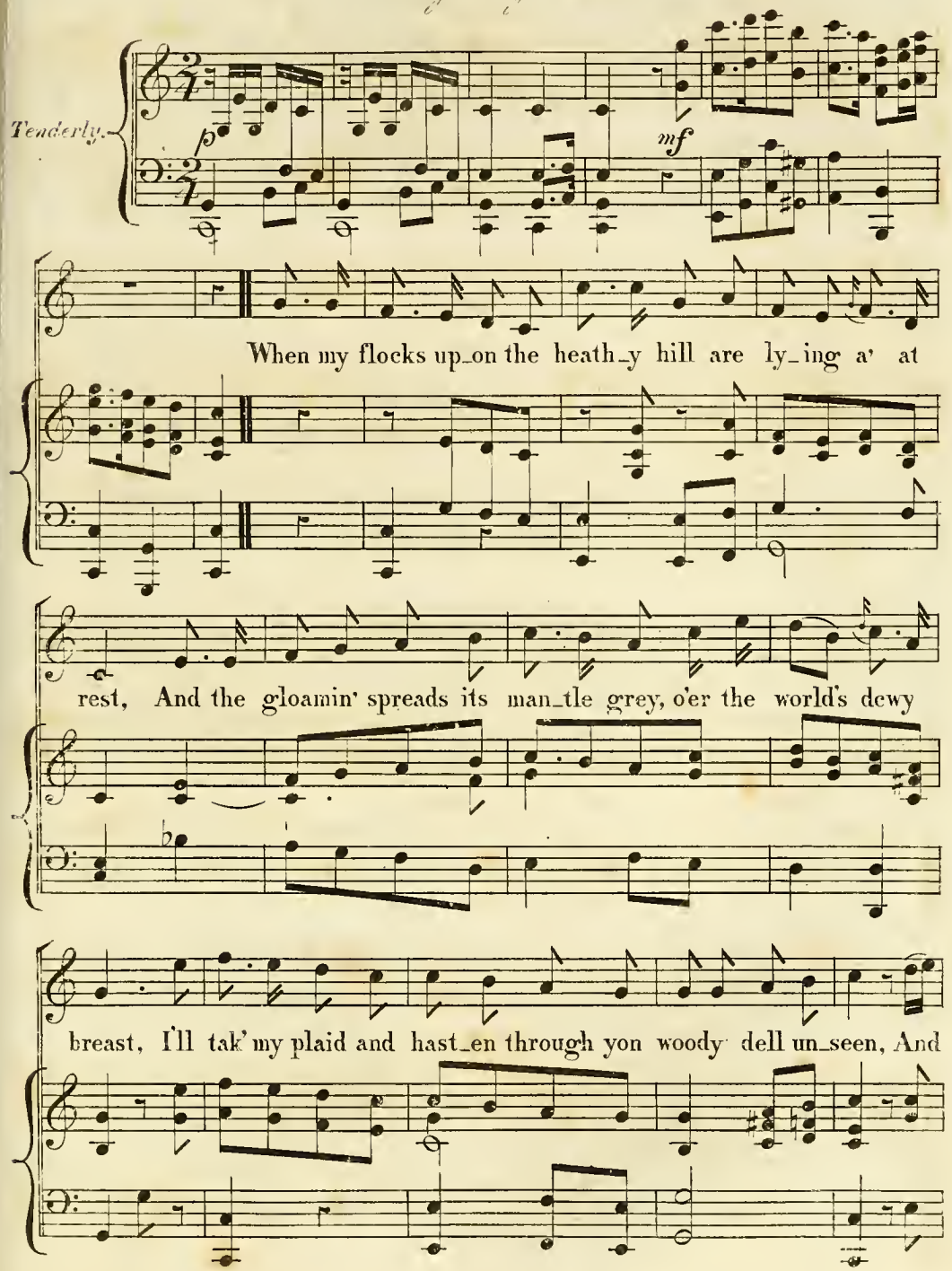

Scot_land's had bards ane or twa, ane or twa, Auld Scot_land's had
bards ane or twa, But the min_strel that sang Coil_a's
wild braes a_mang, Oh! he was the sweet_est of a' Oh!
he was the sweet_est of a'.

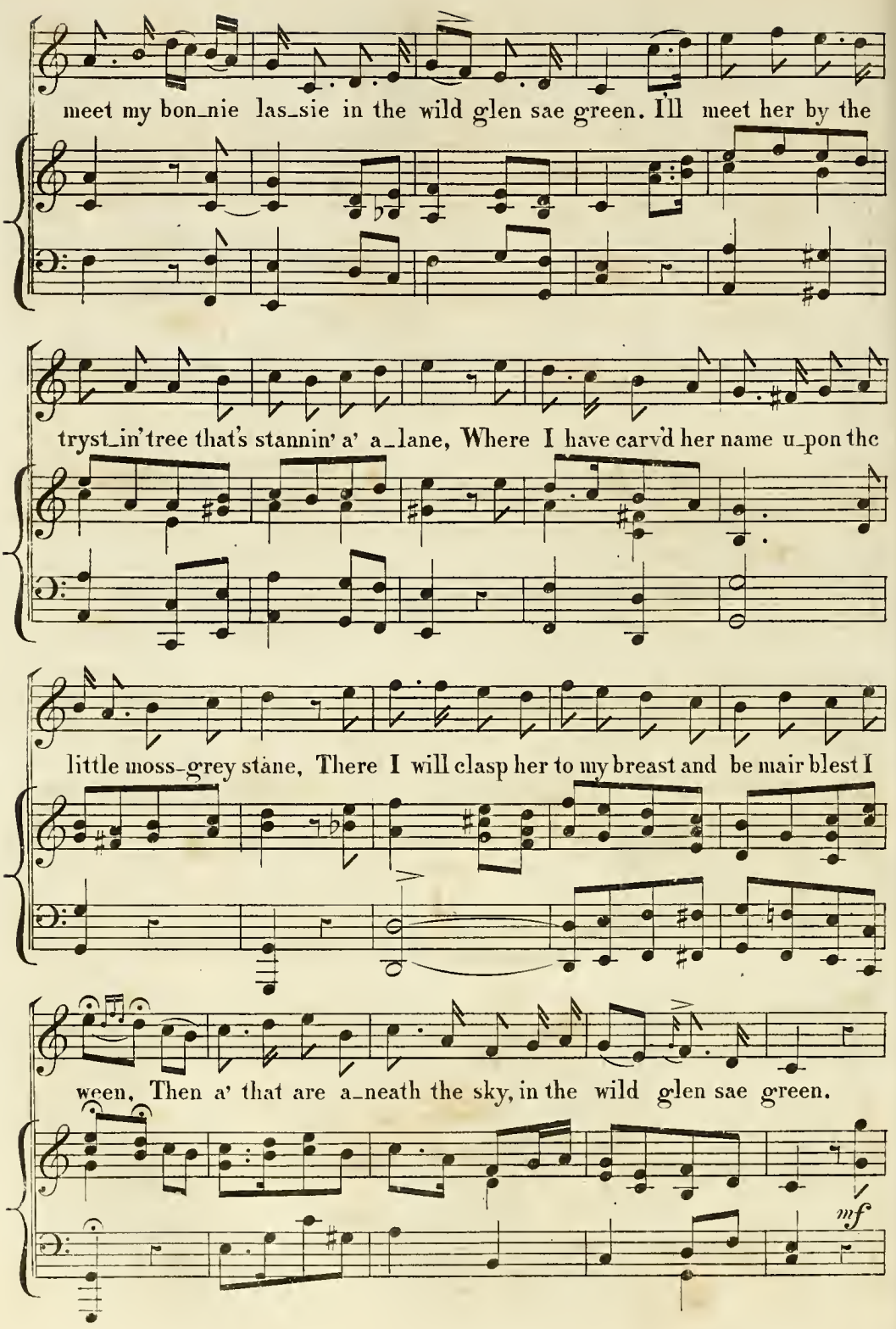

He came like the flow'r_ets that blaw, that blaw, He
came like the flow'r_ets that blaw, But his bright op'ning
spring, Nae sim_mer did bring, For soon, soon he fad_ed a_
wa'. But short though he sang 'mang us a', 'mang us a', But

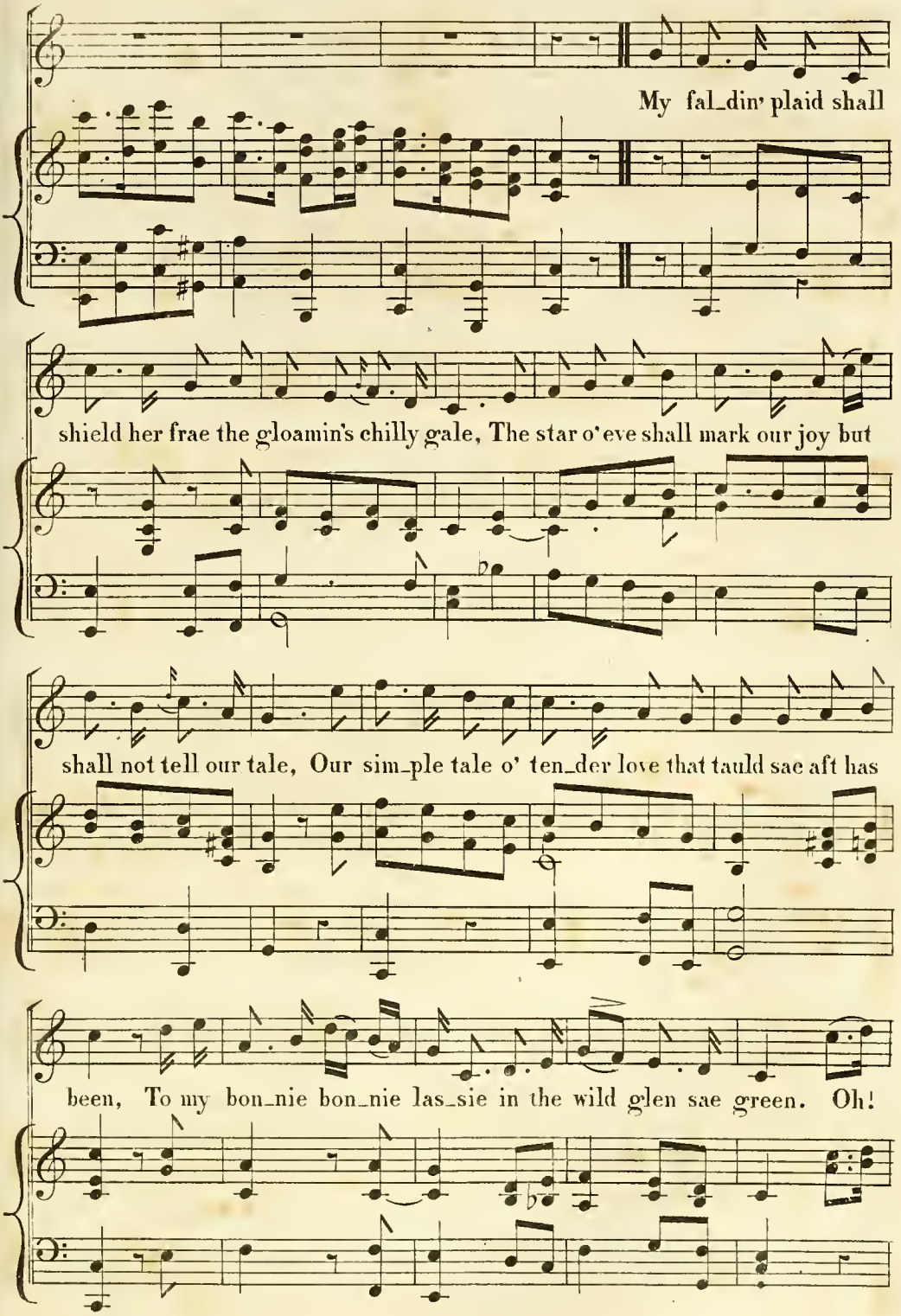

p
short though he sang 'mang us a' His name from our
heart Will nev_er de_part, And his fame it shall ne'er fade a_
wa', And his fame it shall ne'er fade a_wa.

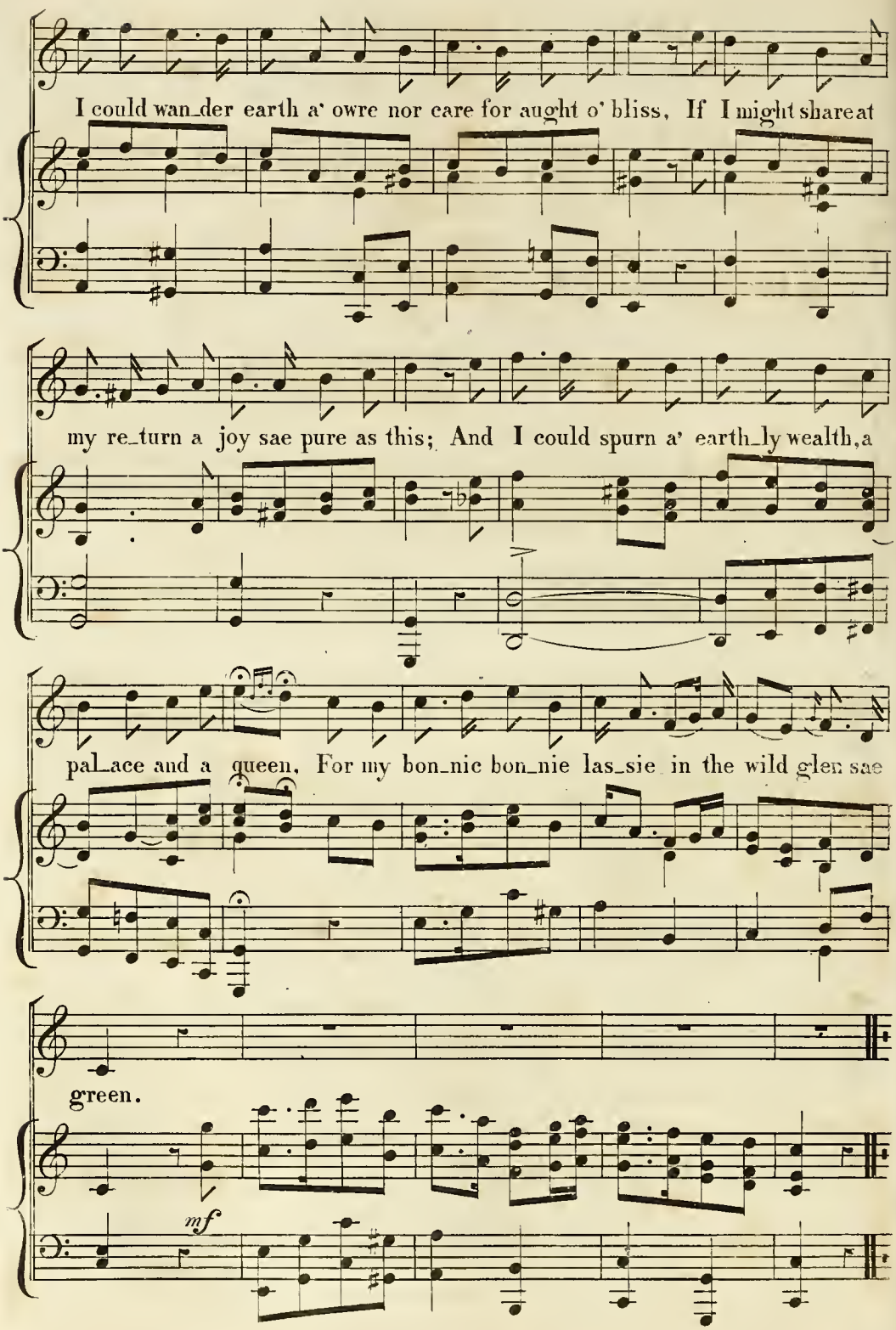
THE WILD GLEN SAE GREEN.

Written by Henry L. Riddell.



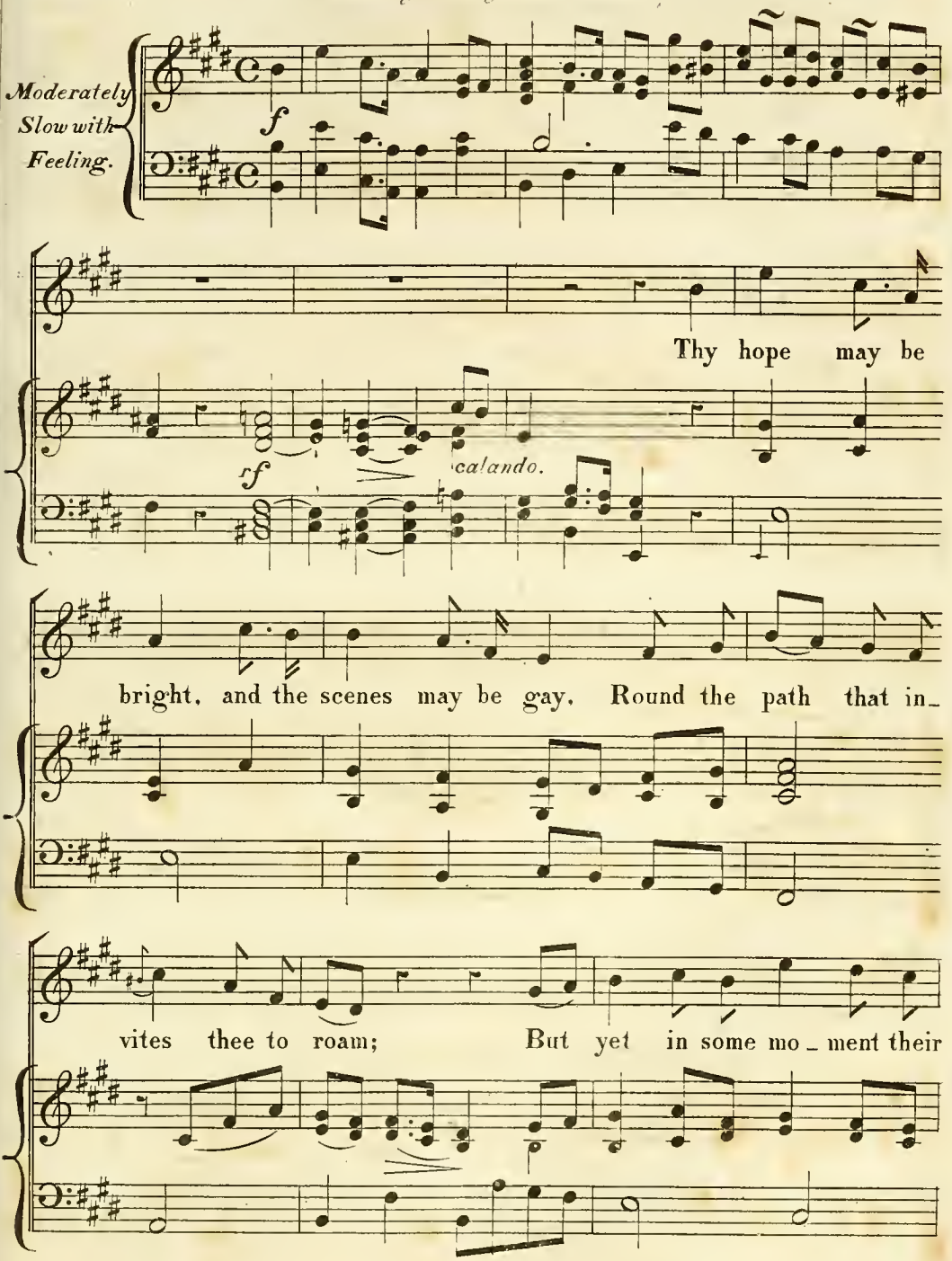

meet my bon_nie las_sie in the wild glen sae green. I'll meet her by the
tryst_in'tree that's stannin' a' a_lane, Where I have carv'd her name u_pon the
little moss_grey stane, There I will clasp her to my breast and be mair blest I
ween, Then a' that are a_neath the sky, in the wild glen sae green.
mf

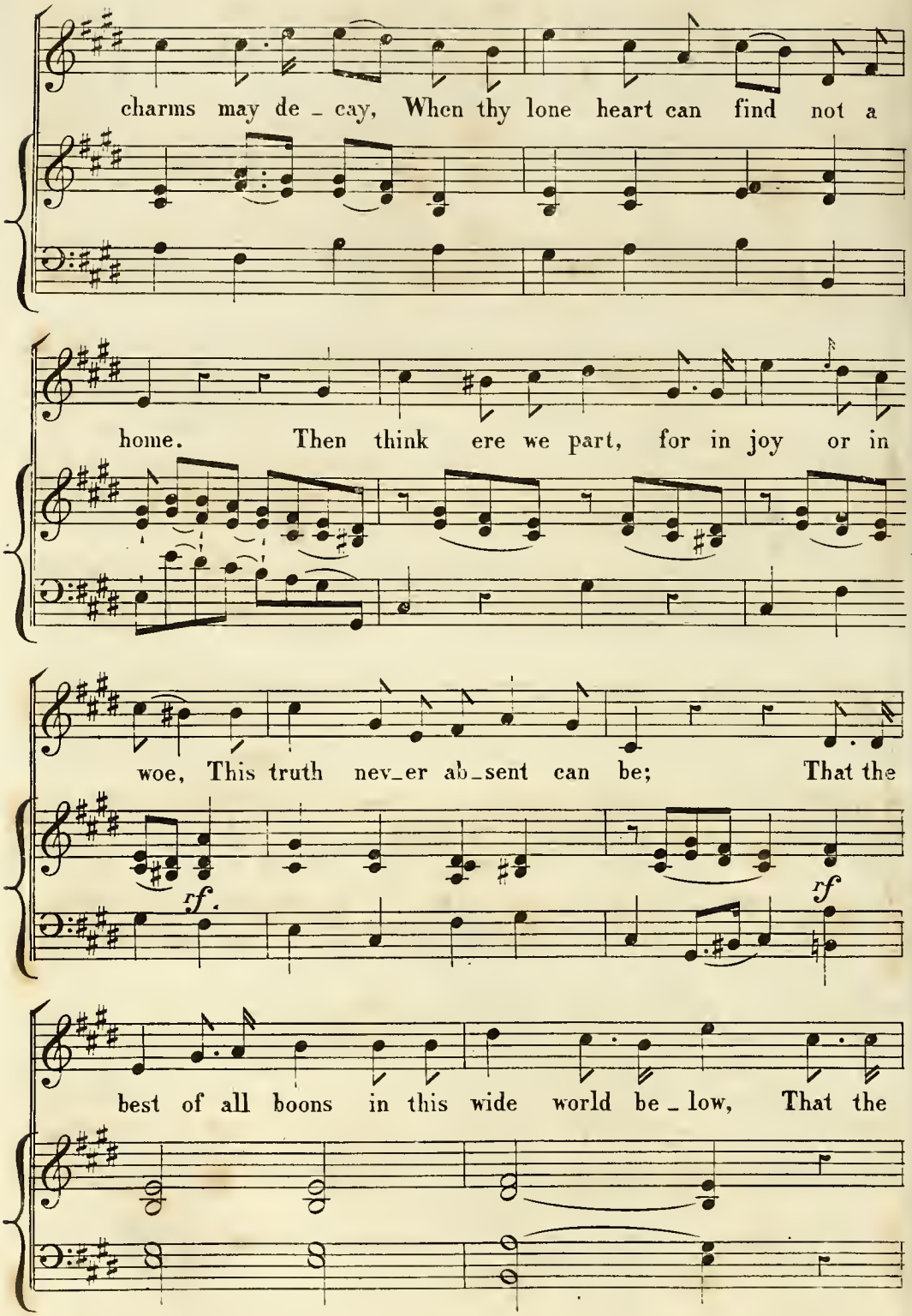

My fal_din' plaid shall
shield her frae the gloamin's chilly gale, The star o' eve shall mark our joy but
shall not tell our tale, Our sim_ple tale o' ten_der love that tauld sae aft has
been, To my bon_nie bon_nie las_sie in the wild glen sae green. Oh!

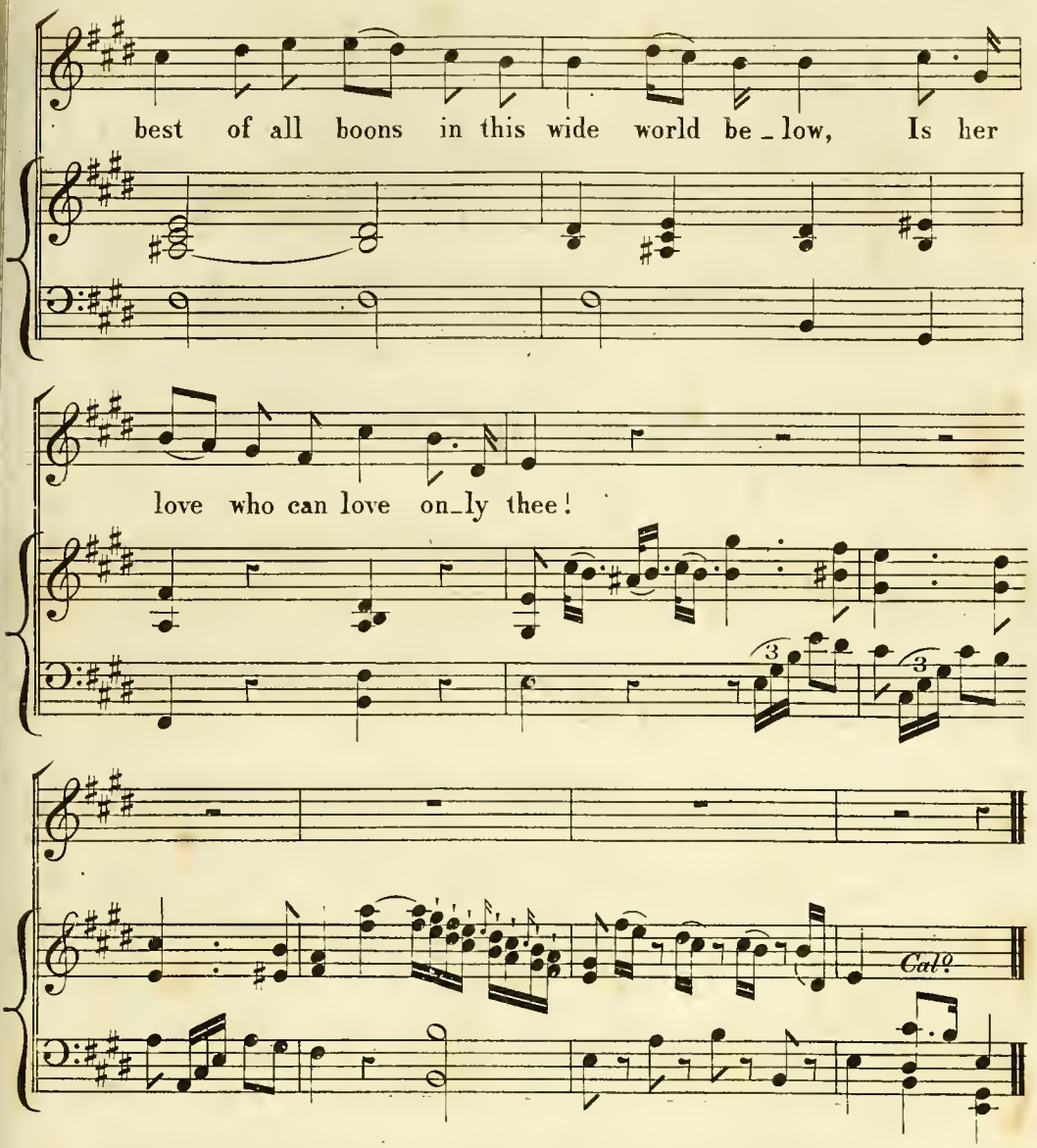

I could wan_der earth a' owre nor care for aught o' bliss, If I might share at
my re_turn a joy sae pure as this; And I could spurn a' earth_ly wealth, a
pal_ace and a queen, For my bon_nie bon_nie las_sie in the wild glen sae
green.
mf

THY HOPE MAY BE BRIGHT.

Written by Henry S. Riddell.



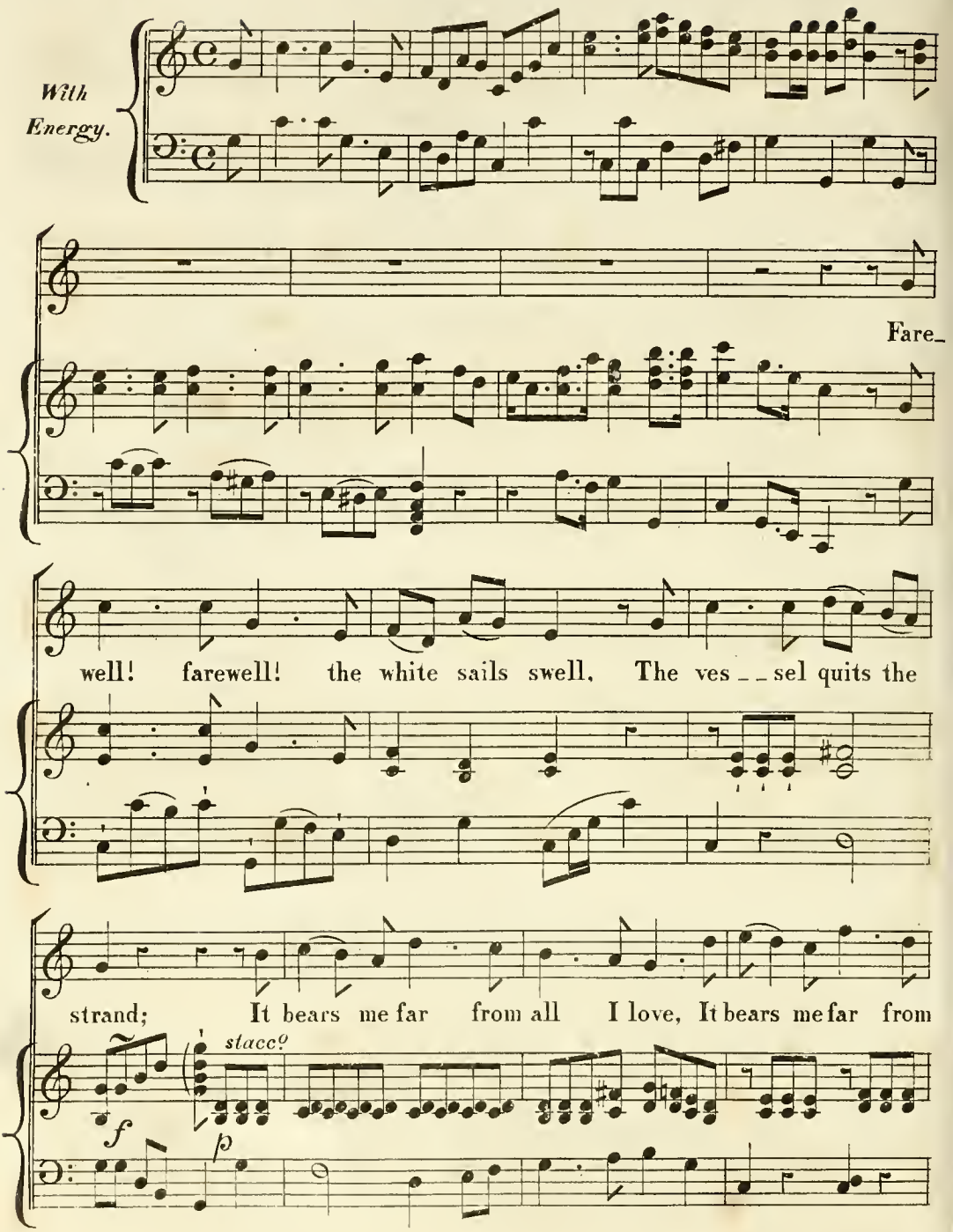

charms may de _ cay, When thy lone heart can find not a
home. Then think ere we part, for in joy or in
woe, This truth nev_er ab_sent can be; That the
rf.
rf
best of all boons in this wide world be _ low, That the

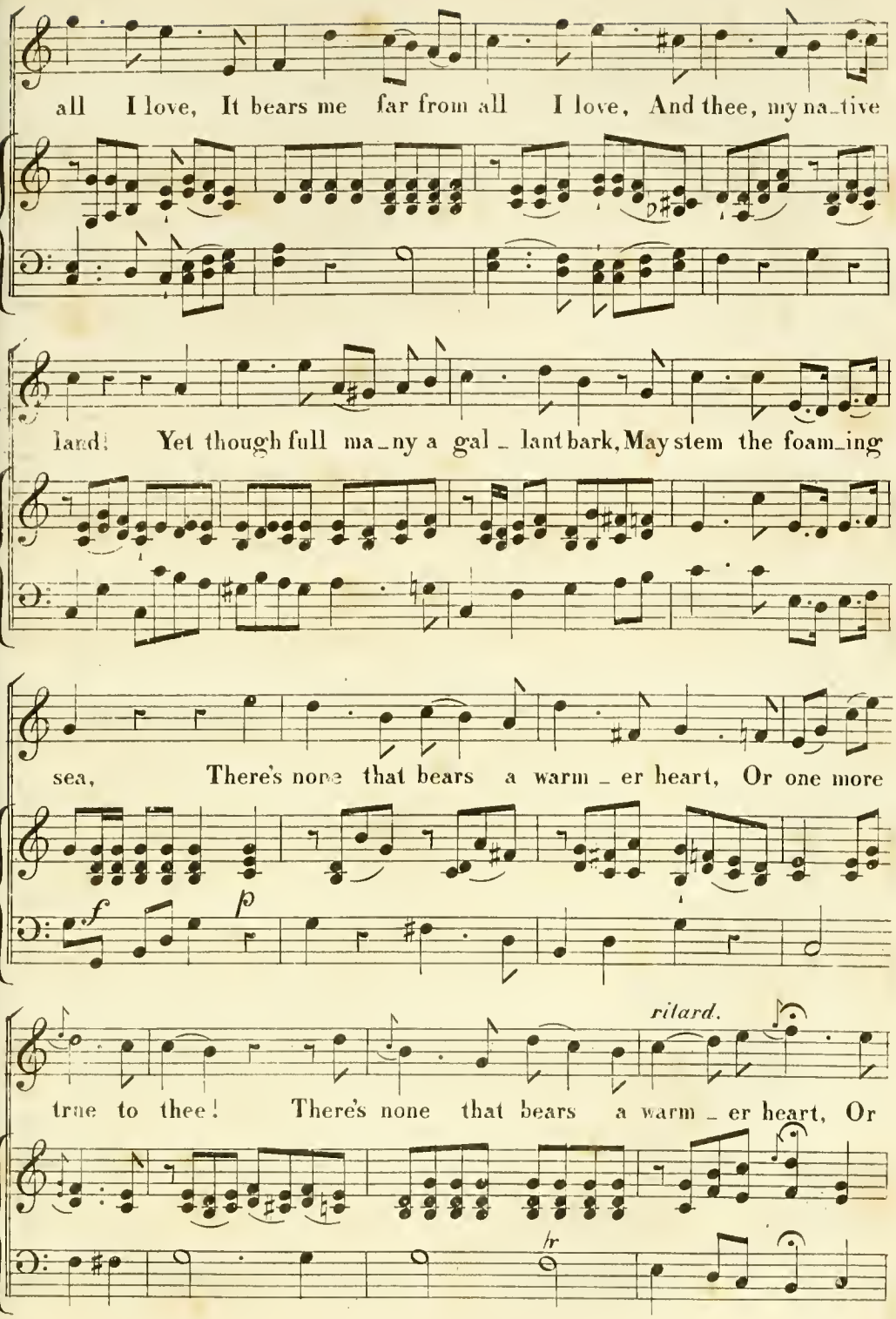


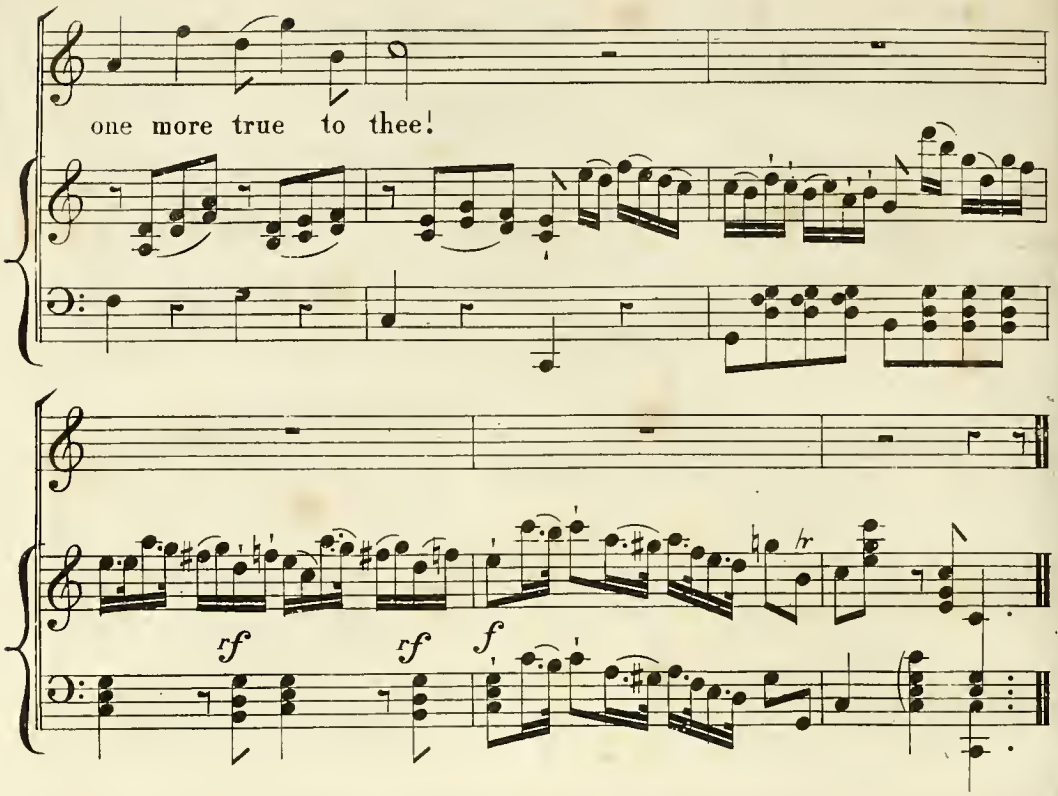
If sad, it will woo thy relief from the sky,
And if gay, charm the tale that is told:
'Twill live though the favours of fortune should die,
And the friends who were kindest grow cold.
Then think ere we part, for of sorrow and bliss,
Full many the changes may be;
And the best of all boons in a cold world like this,
Is her love who can love only thee!

FAREWELL! FAREWELL!

Written by D. Abraham.




all I love, It bears me far from all I love, And thee, my na_tive
land! Yet though full ma_ny a gal_lant bark, May stem the foam_ing
sea, There's none that bears a warm_er heart, Or one more
f
p
ritard.
true to thee! There's none that bears a warm_er heart, Or
fr

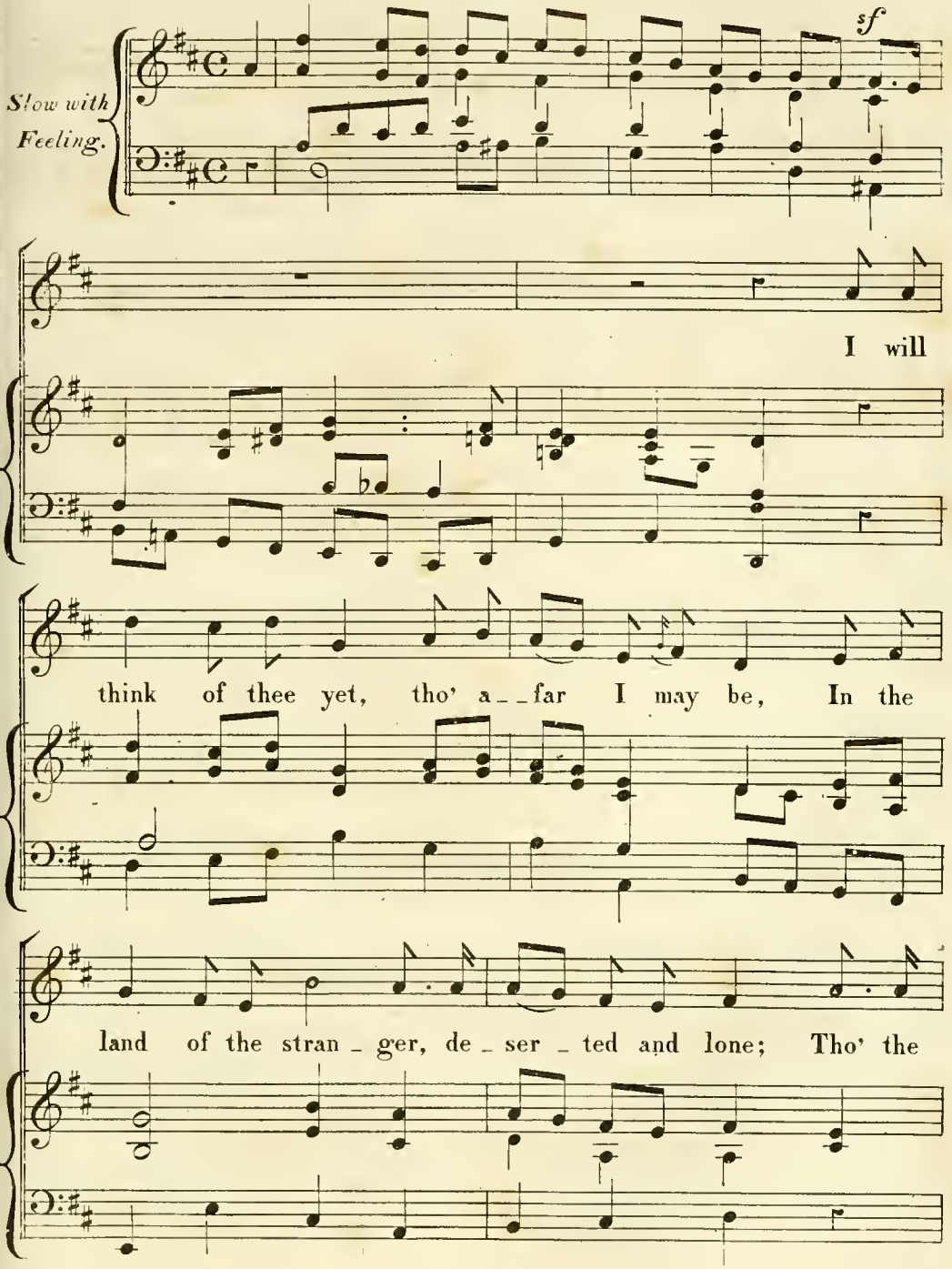


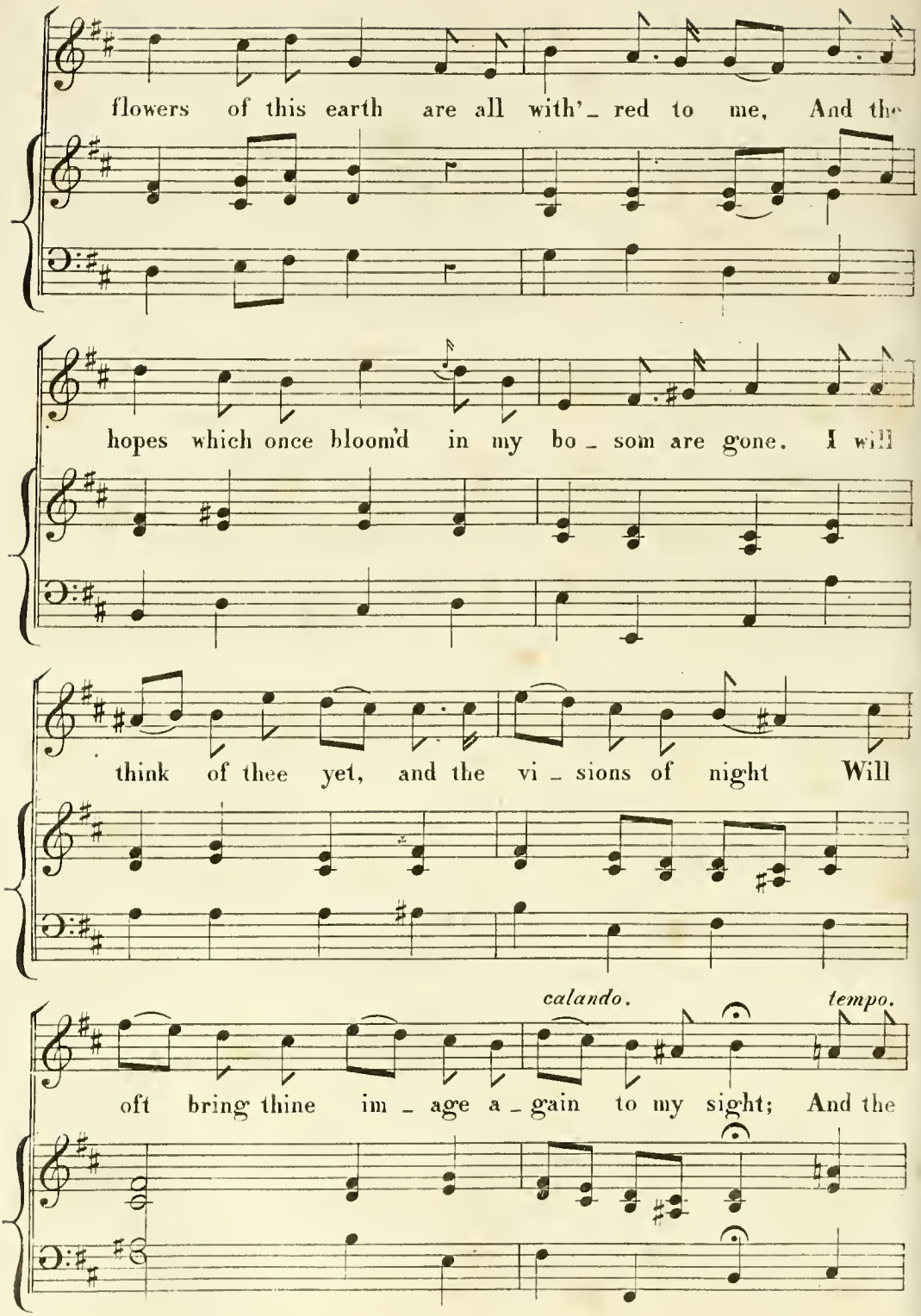
Farewell! farewell! the white sails swell,
The good ship swiftly glides;
It rises o'er the foaming surge,
And ploughs the adverse tides:
The winds may blow, the billows roll
Across the foaming sea,
And farther every wind and wave
Shall bear me still from thee.

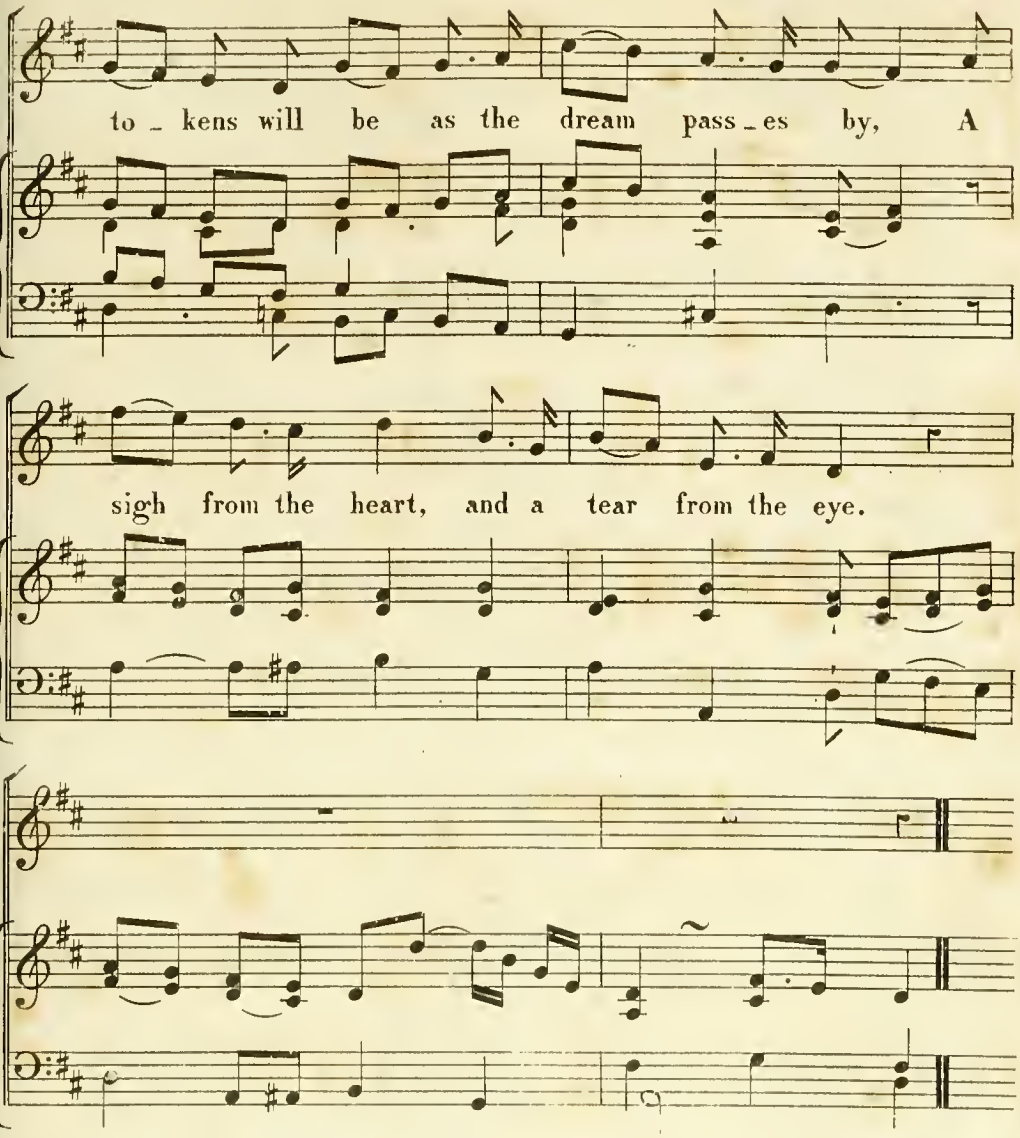
Farewell! farewell! the white sails swell
Beside another strand,
Far, far from thee, and all that's thine—
My own, my native land!
Yet though I seek another home,
Across the pathless sea,
The sigh will heave, the tear will flow,
My native land for thee!

I WILL THINK OF THEE YET.

Written by George Allan.



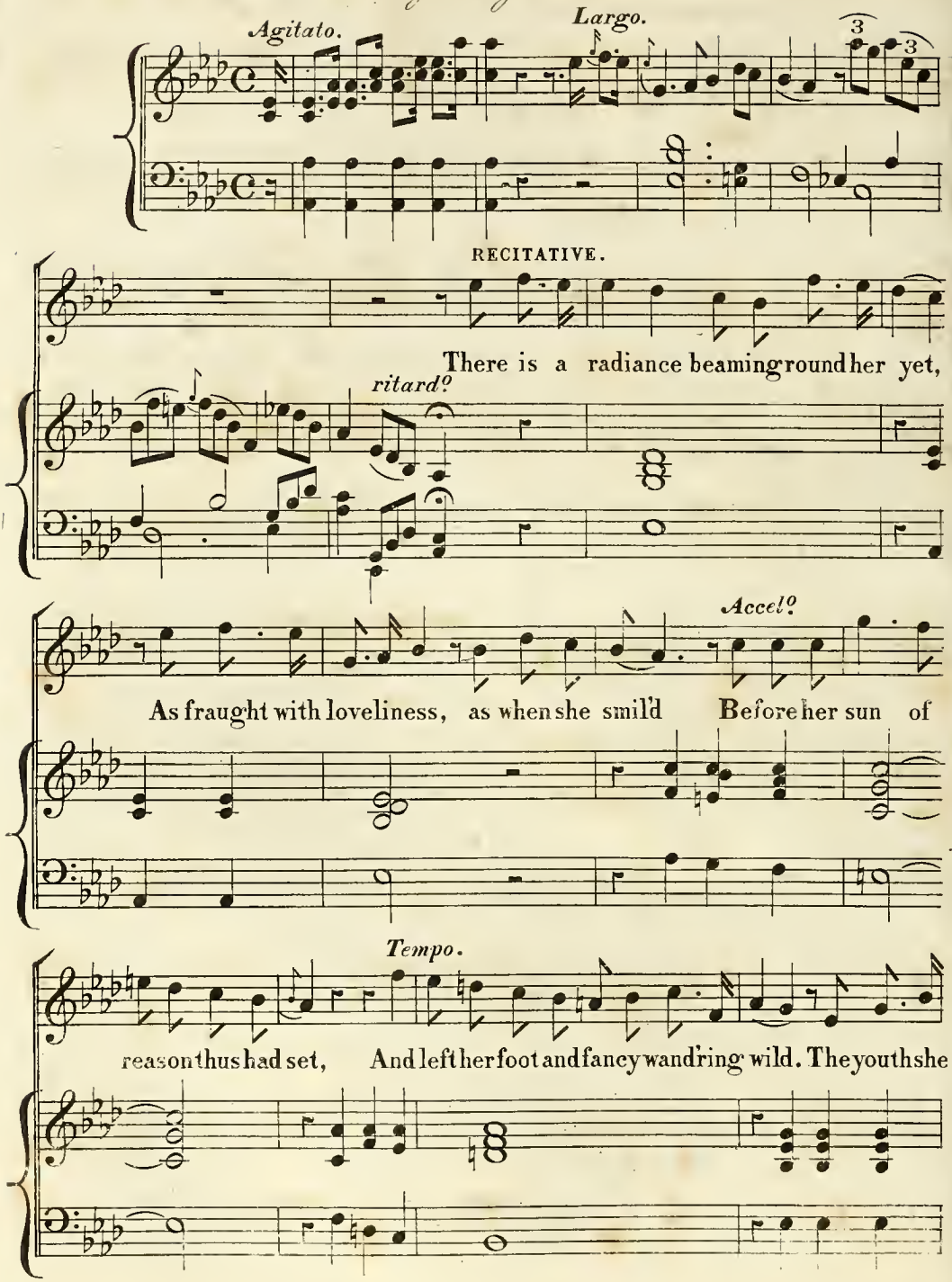

flowers of this earth are all with'_ red to me, And the
hopes which once bloom'd in my bo_ som are gone. I will
think of thee yet, and the vi_ sions of night Will
calando.
tempo.
oft bring thine im_ age a_ gain to my sight; And the

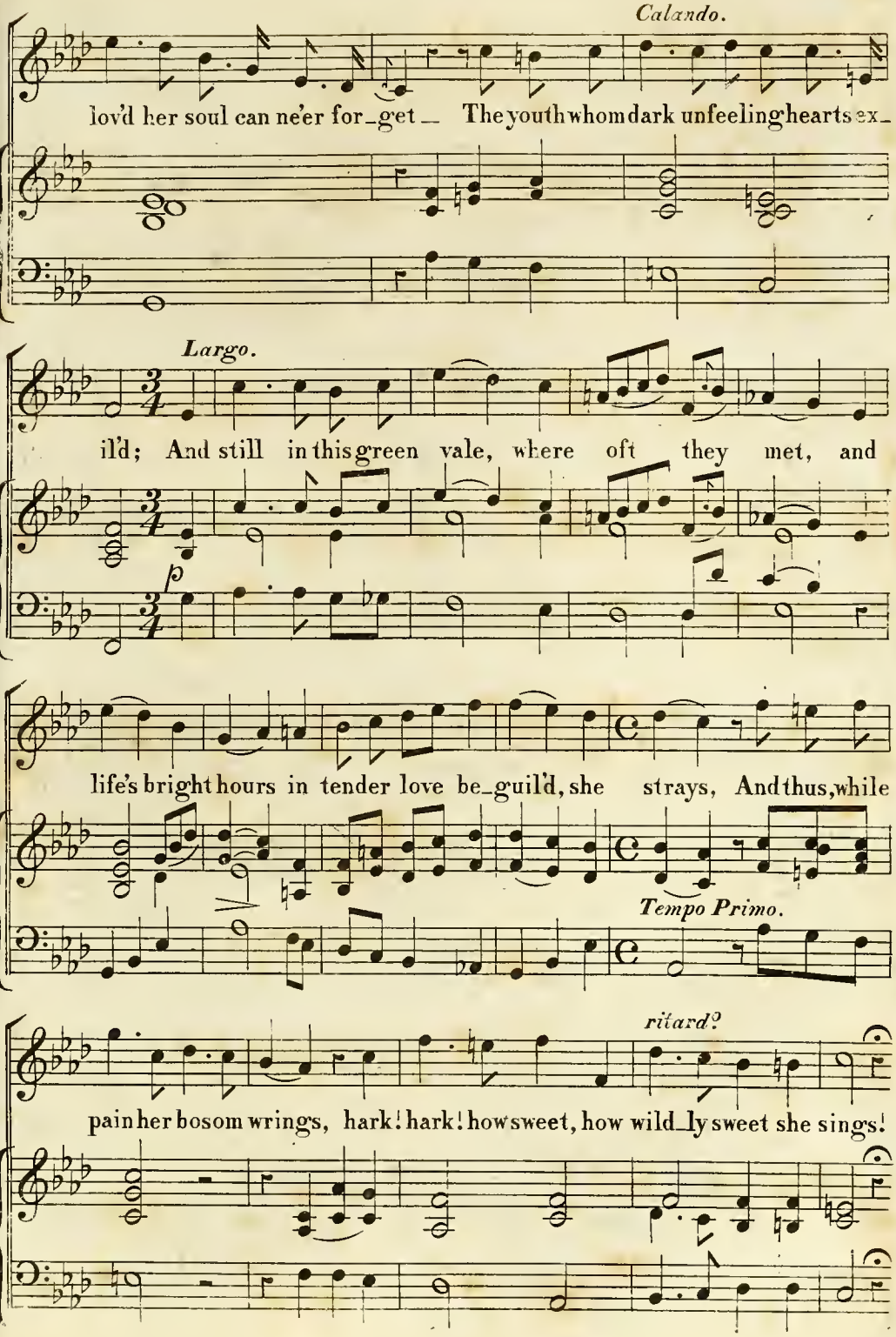


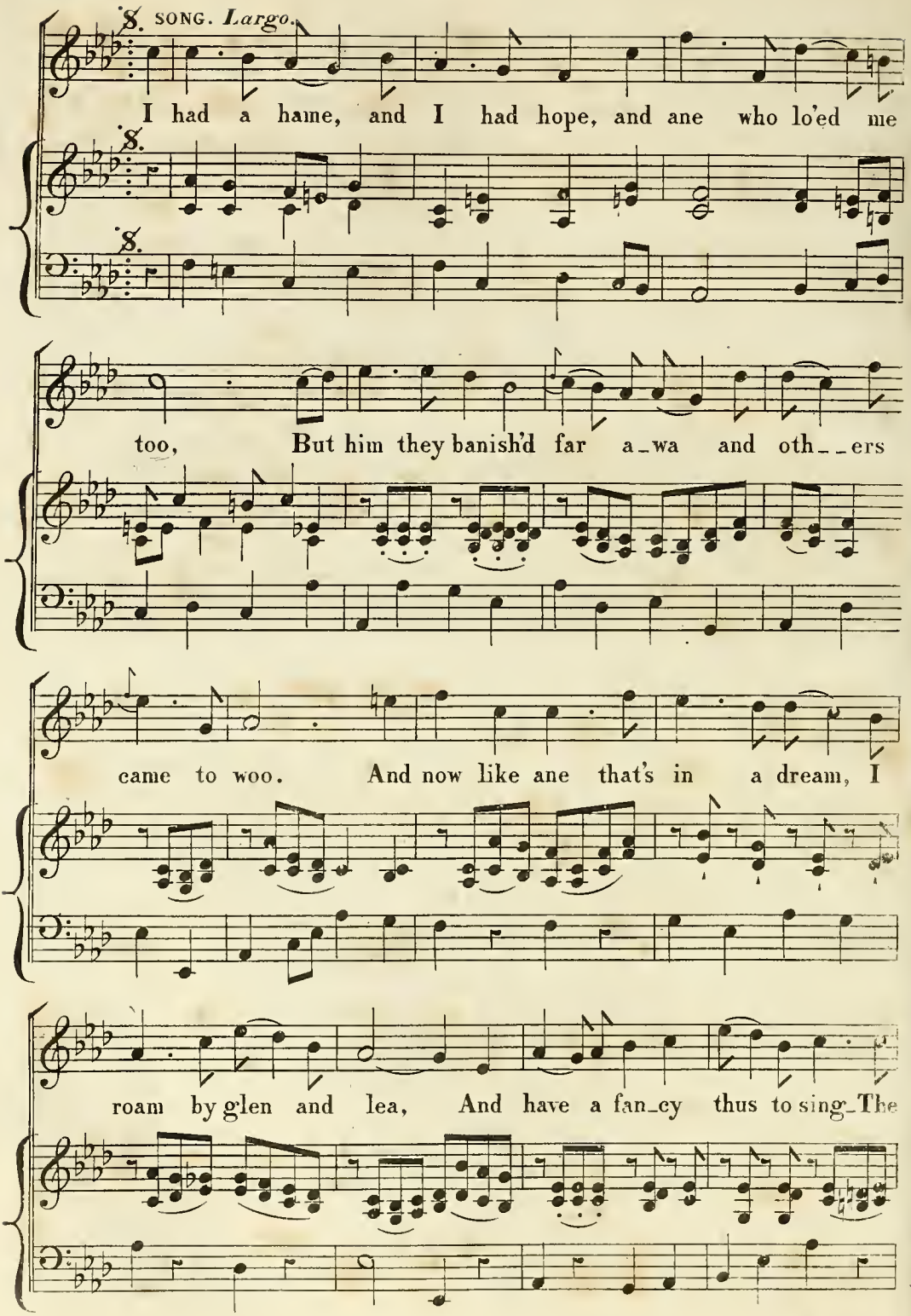
I will think of thee yet_ tho' misfortune fall chill
O'er my path as yon storm-cloud that lours on the lea;
And I'll deem that this life is worth cherishing still,
While I know that one heart still beats warmly for me.
Yes! grief and despair may encompass me round,
'Till not e'en the shadow of peace can be found;
But mine anguish will cease when my thoughts turn to you,
And the wild mountain land that our infancy knew.

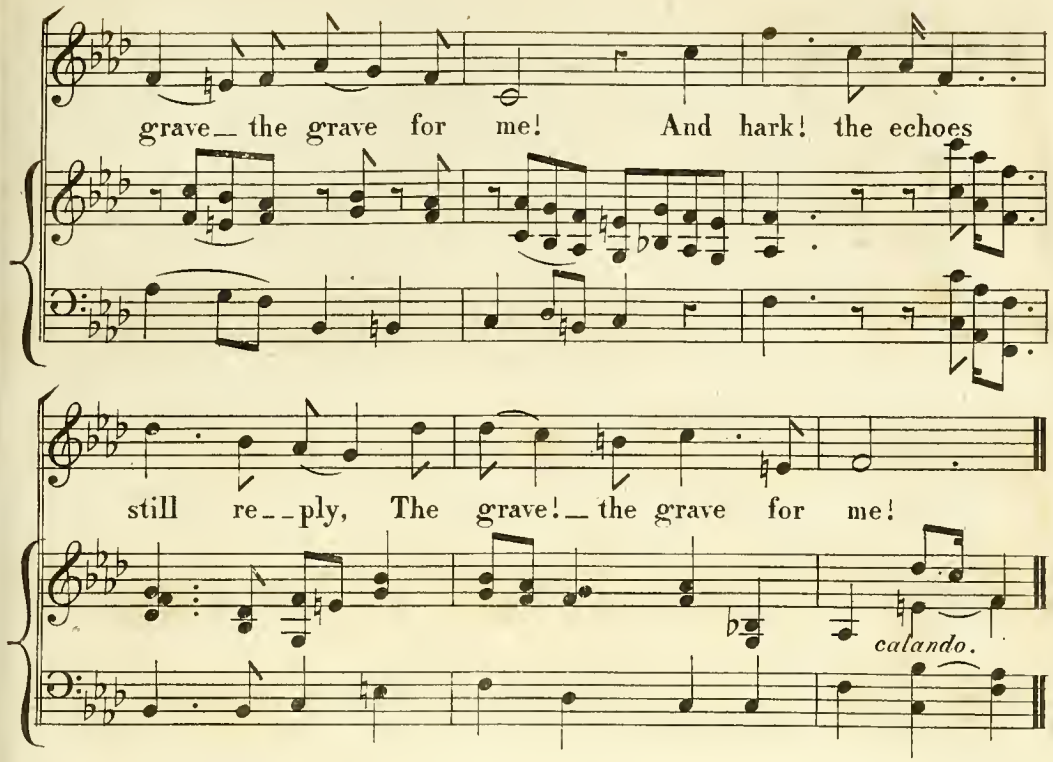
MANIAC SONG.

Written by Henry S. Riddell.




Calando.
lov'd her soul can ne'er for_get — The youth whom dark unfeeling hearts ex_
Largo.
il'd; And still in this green vale, where oft they met, and
p
life's bright hours in tender love be_guil'd, she strays, And thus, while
Tempo Primo.
ritard?
pain her bosom wrings, hark! hark! how sweet, how wild_ly sweet she sings!


SONG. Largo.
I had a hame, and I had hope, and ane who lo'ed me
too, But him they banish'd far a_wa and oth__ers
came to woo. And now like ane that's in a dream, I
roam by glen and lea, And have a fan_cy thus to sing_The



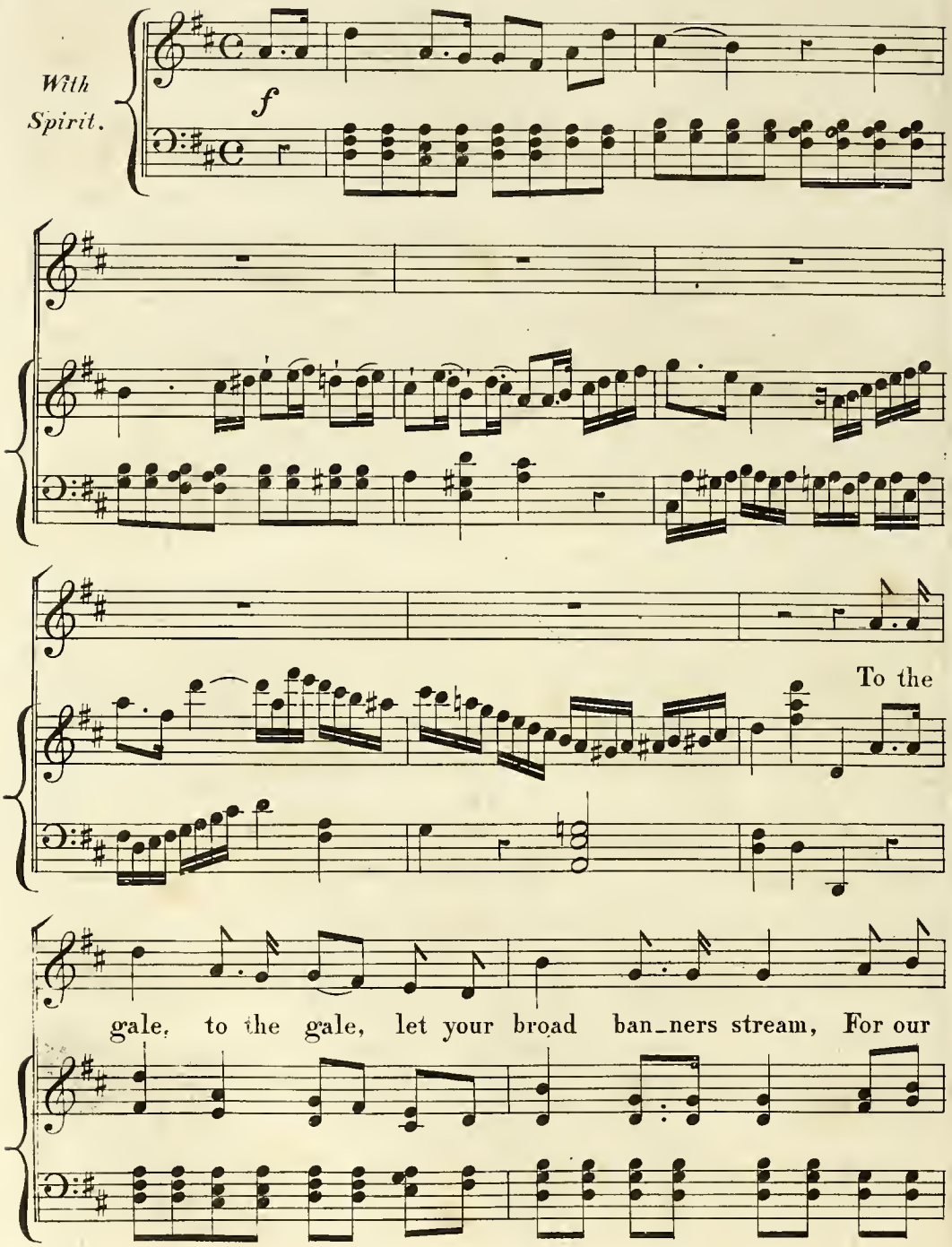
They tell me that the clay is cauld, tho' a' be warm elsewhere,
And that nae ray o' light can meet the bonny black ee there;
But they hae hearts mair cauld, I trow, than aught that there can be,
Who taught me thus to stray, and sing_ The grave_ the grave for me!
And hark! the echoes still reply,
The grave! the grave for me!

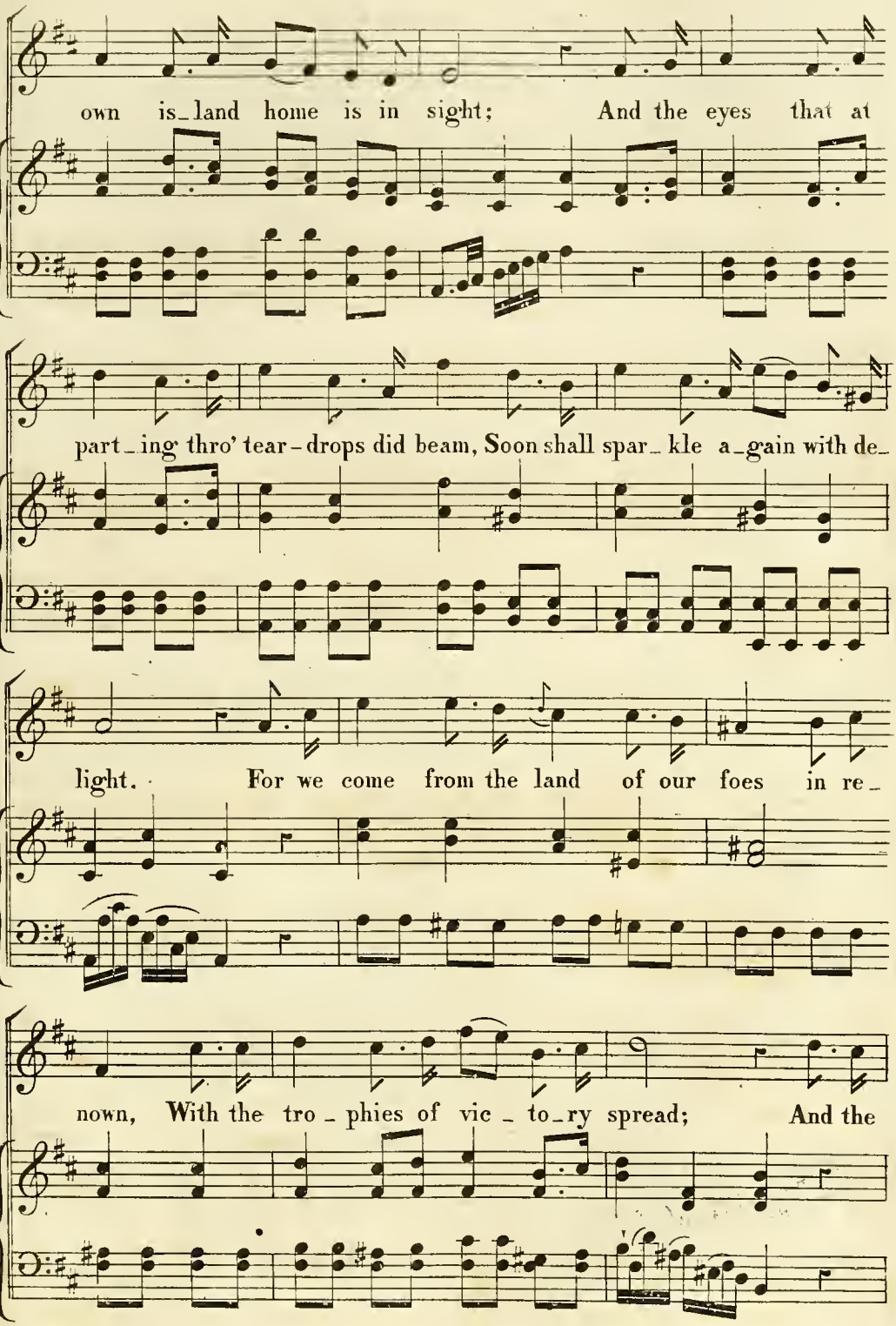
It was na weel to chace the hue o' this pale cheek away,
And waken in my heart the pain that sleeps not night or day;
It was na weel to part me thus frae him I ne'er shall see,
And leave me here to stray, and sing_ The grave_ the grave for me!
And hark! the echoes still reply,
The grave! the grave for me!

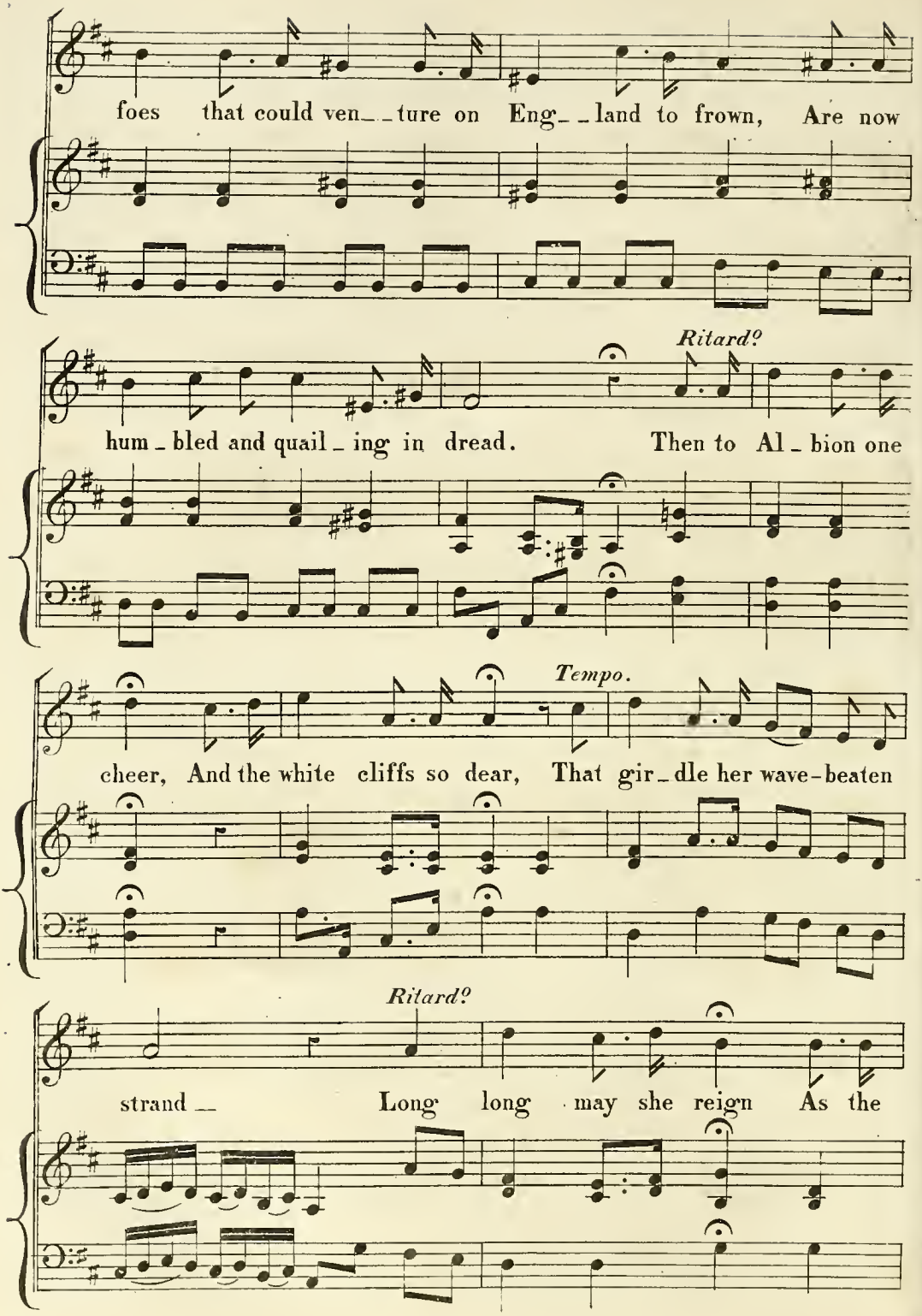
Our meeting still was in the bower when dowie midnight came,
For love is like a flow'r that blooms aye sweetest far frae hame;
My hame will soon be far away, and I at rest shall be,
And thus I have delight to sing_ The grave!_ the grave for me!
And hark! the echoes still reply,
The grave! the grave for me!

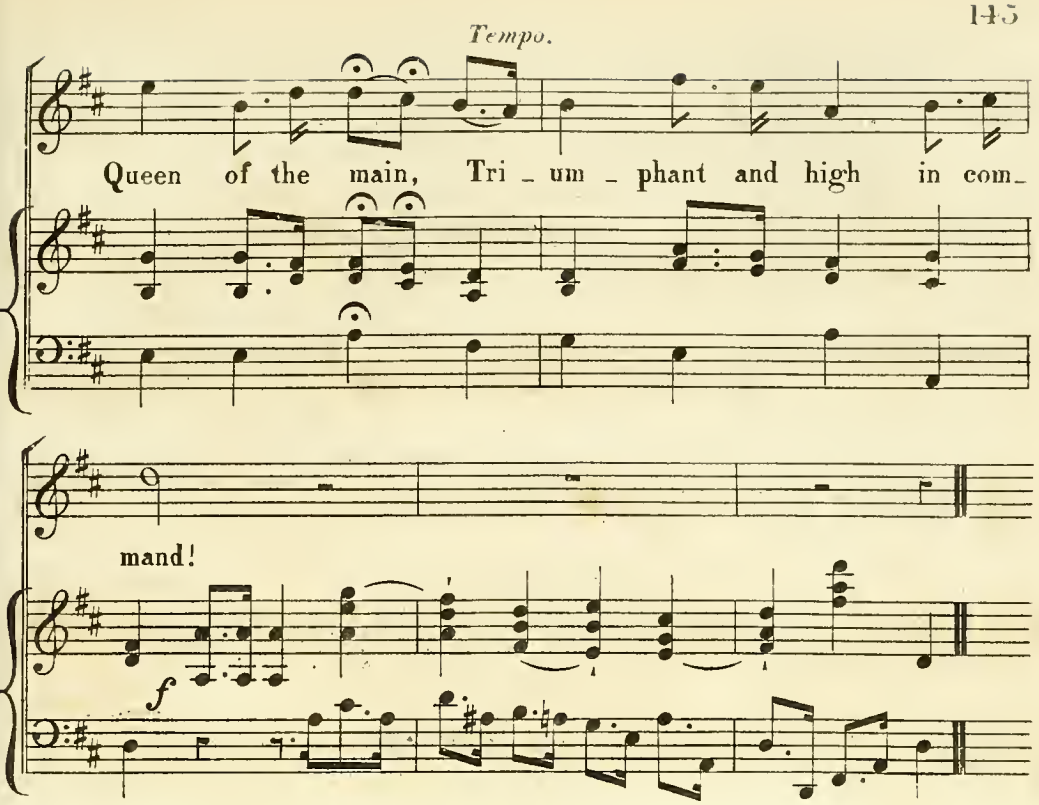
ALBION THE QUEEN OF THE MAIN.

Written by William Wilson.




own is_land home is in sight; And the eyes that at
part_ing thro' tear-drops did beam, Soon shall spar_kle a_gain with de_
light. For we come from the land of our foes in re_
nown, With the tro_phies of vic_to_ry spread; And the

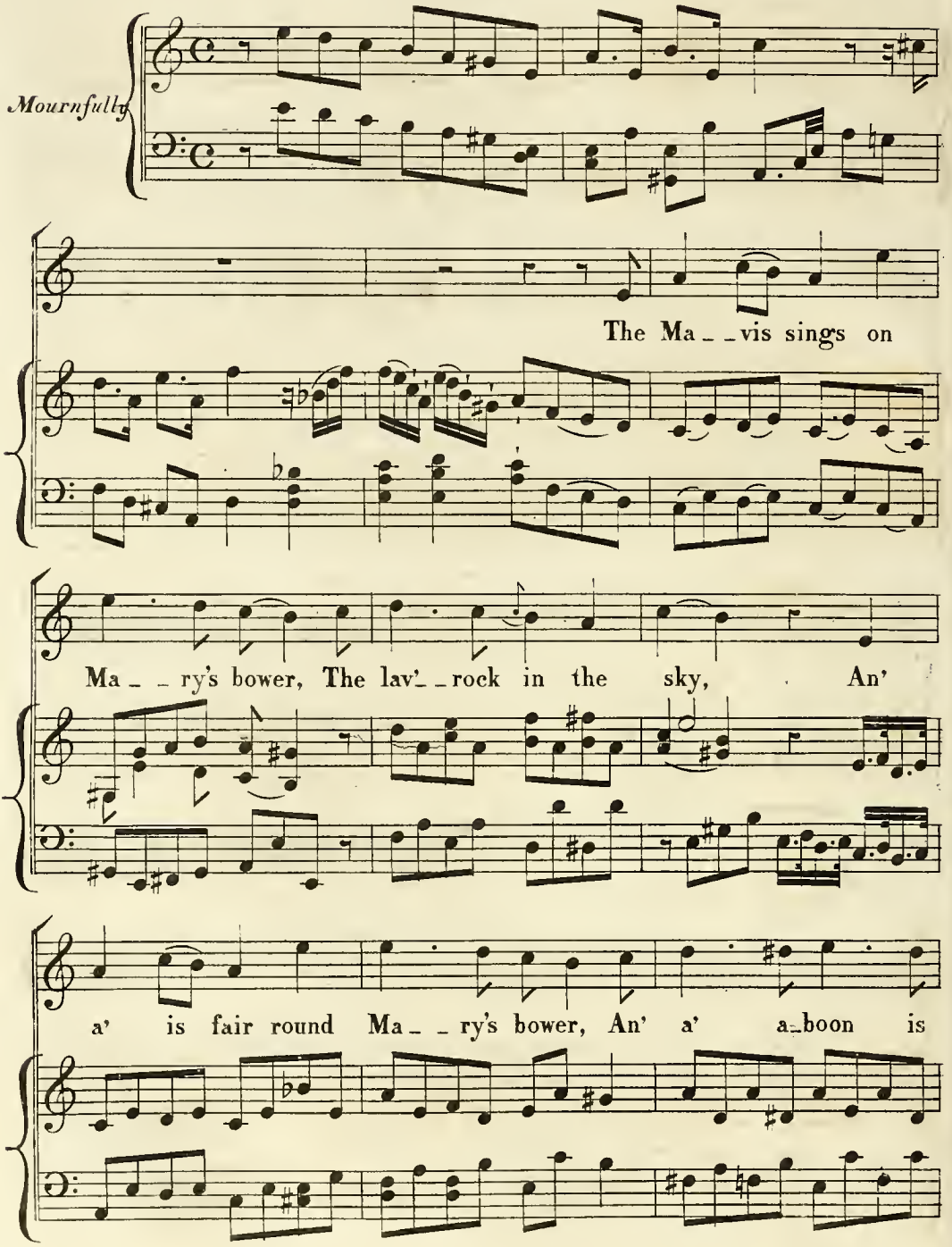

foes that could ven_ _ture on Eng_ _land to frown, Are now
Ritard?
hum_bled and quail_ing in dread. Then to Al_bion one
Tempo.
cheer, And the white cliffs so dear, That gir_dle her wave-beaten
Ritard?
strand _ Long long may she reign As the

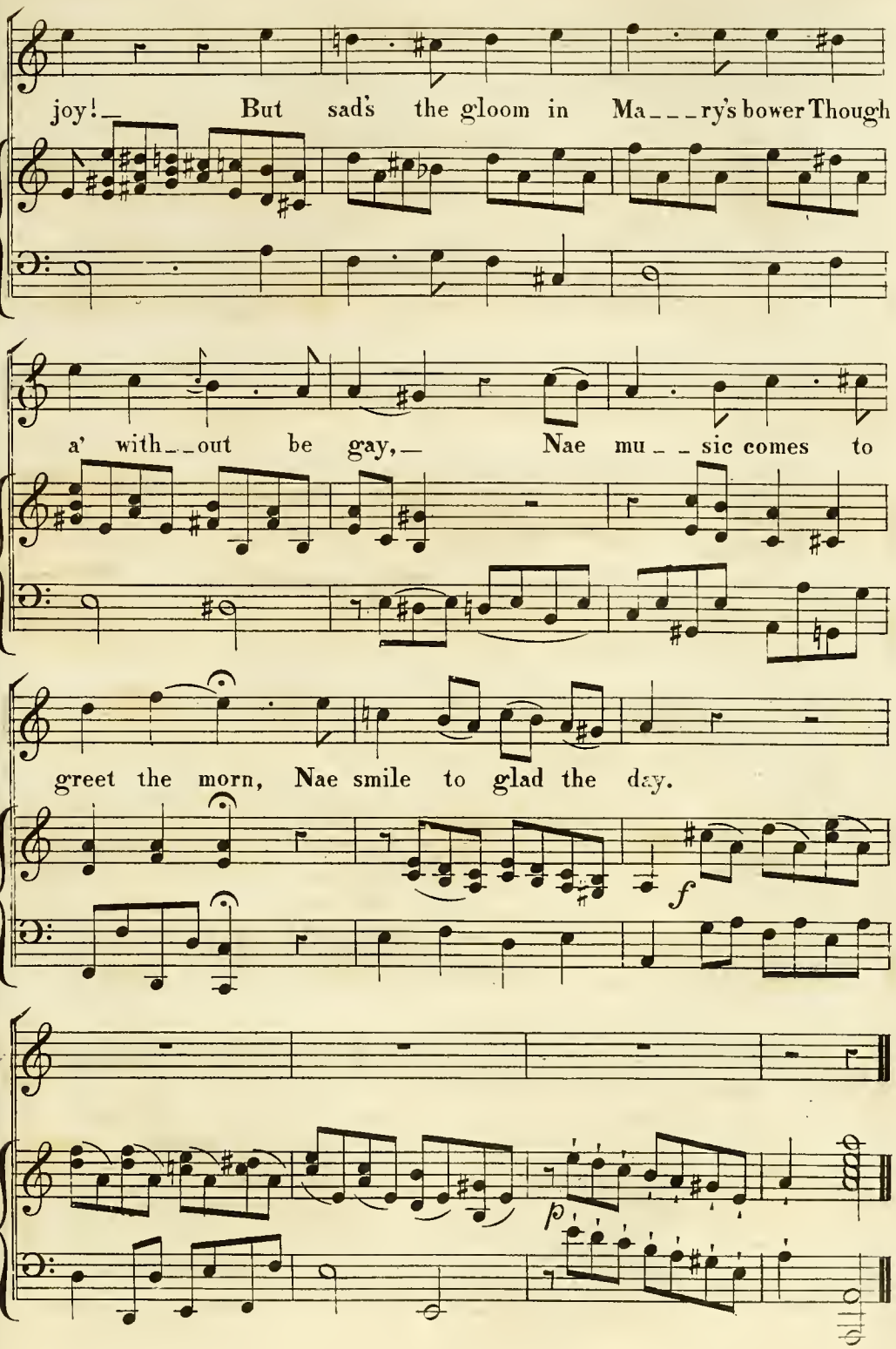


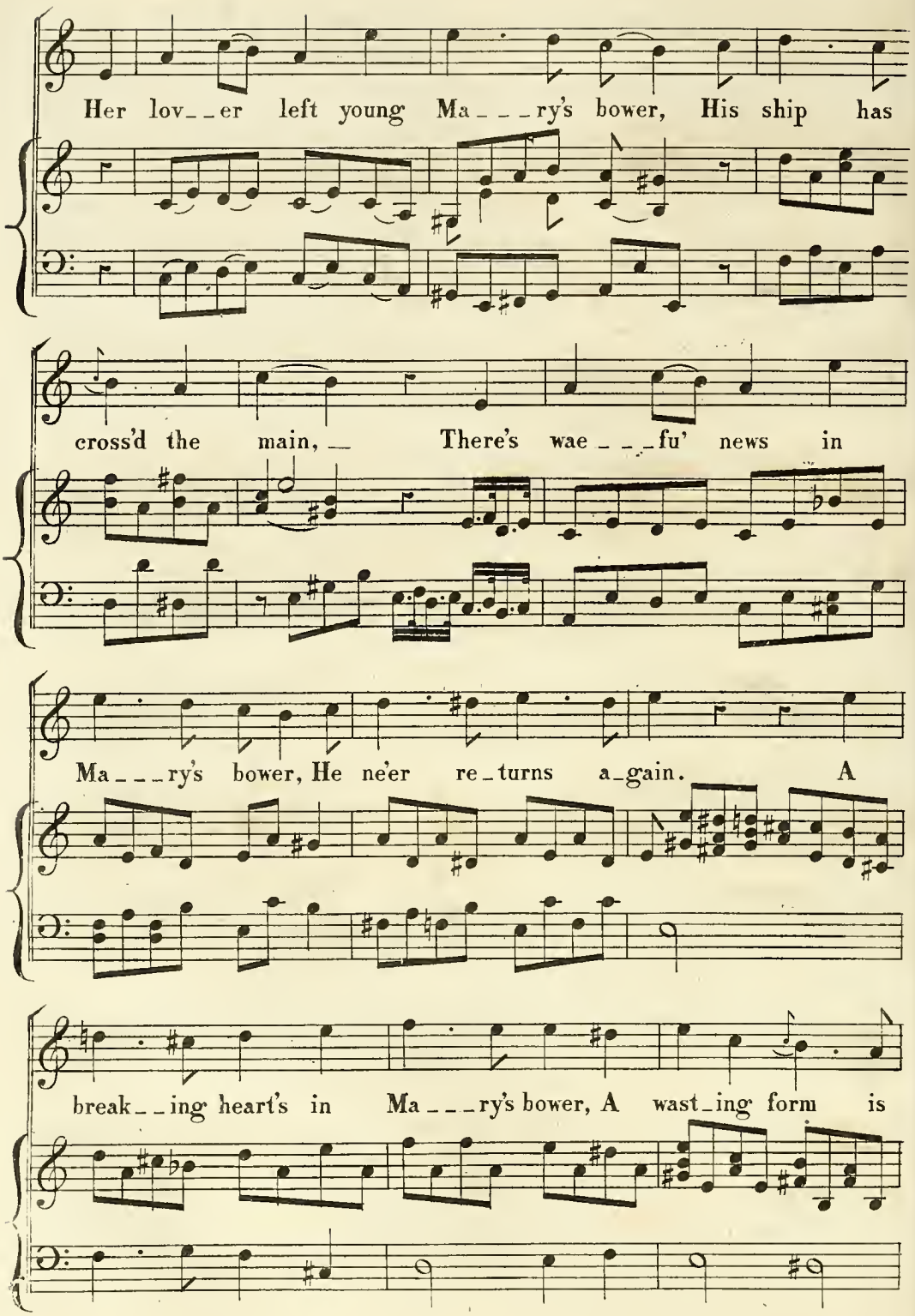
Like the wild ocean billow, when tempests are high,
The proud Briton goes forth to the fray;
For his home breathes a prayer, to his love gives a sigh,
And his fears to the wild winds away.
Should he fall, oh! he falls 'mid the plaudits of fame,
And the mournful regrets of the brave;
Should he live, — he returns 'mid the raptur'd acclaim
Of his own Island home in the wave!
Then to Albion one cheer,
And the white cliffs so dear,
That girdle her wave-beaten strand —
Long, long may she reign,
As the Queen of the main,
Triumphant and high in command!

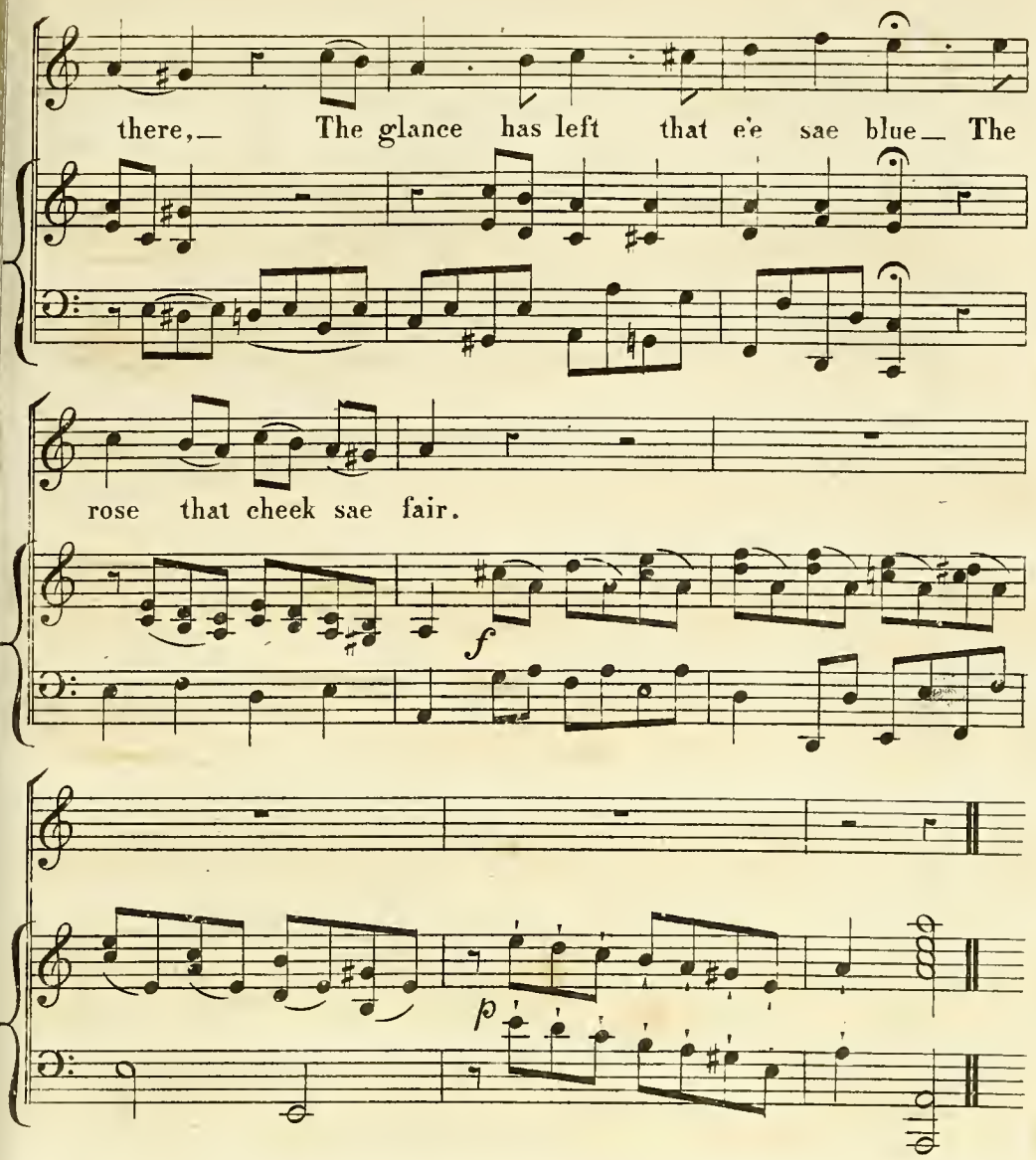
THE MAVIS SINGS ON MARY'S BOWER.

Written by Robert Gilfillan.




joy!_ But sad's the gloom in Ma_ _ _ry's bower Though
a' with_ _out be gay,_ Nae mu_ _ sic comes to
greet the morn, Nae smile to glad the day.
f
p

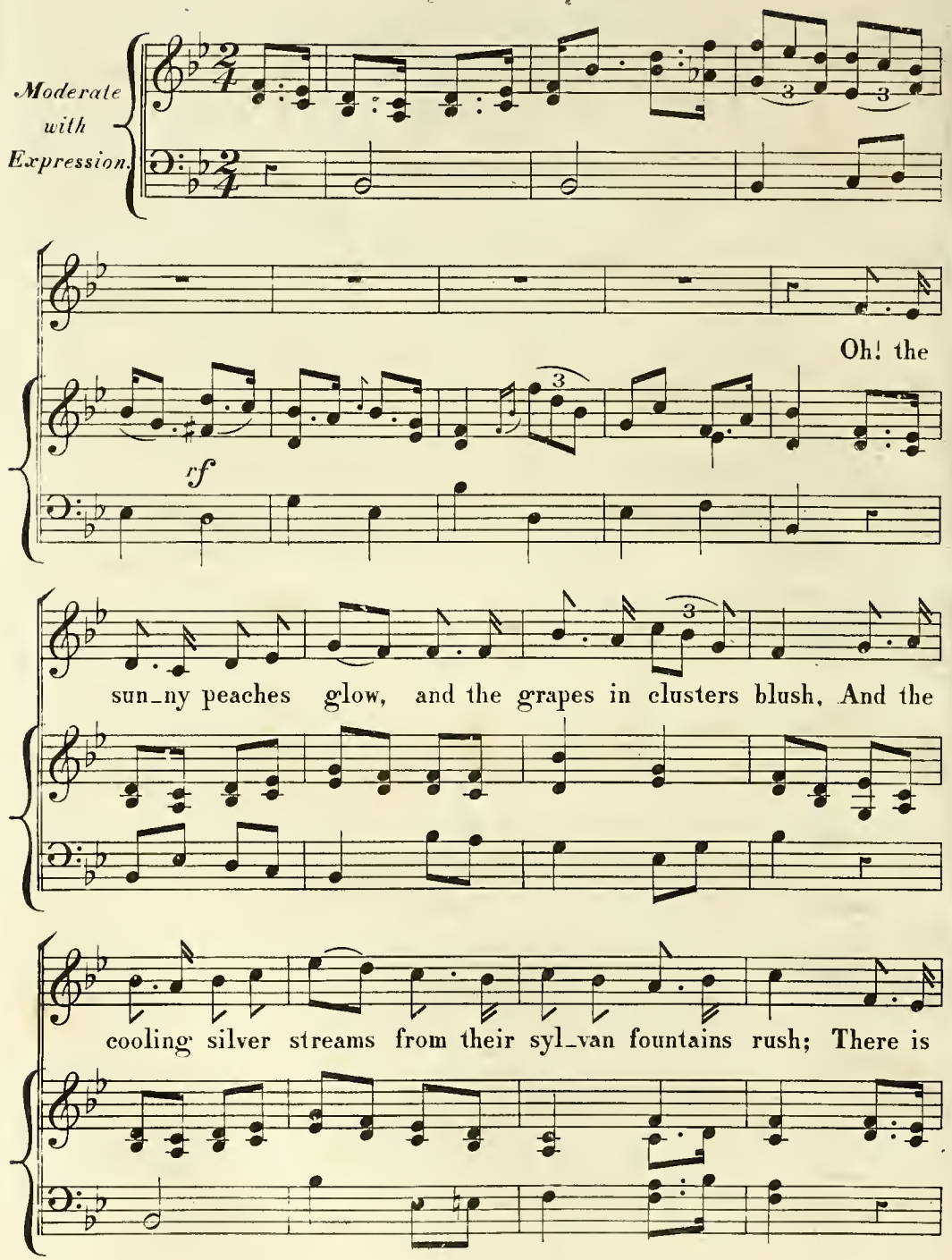

Her lov_er left young Ma_ry's bower, His ship has
cross'd the main, There's wae_fu' news in
Ma_ry's bower, He ne'er re_turns a_gain. A
break_ing heart's in Ma_ry's bower, A wast_ing form is

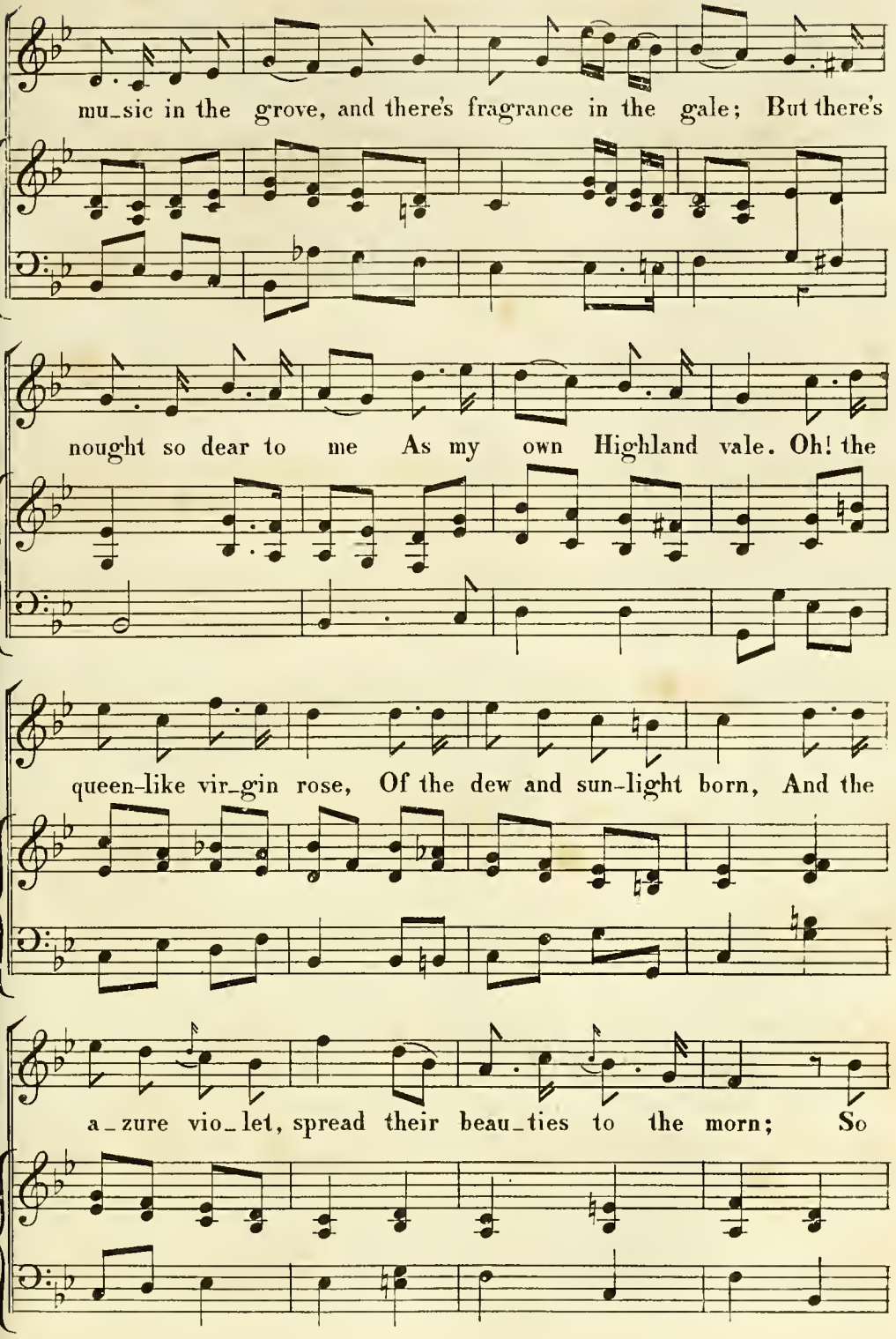


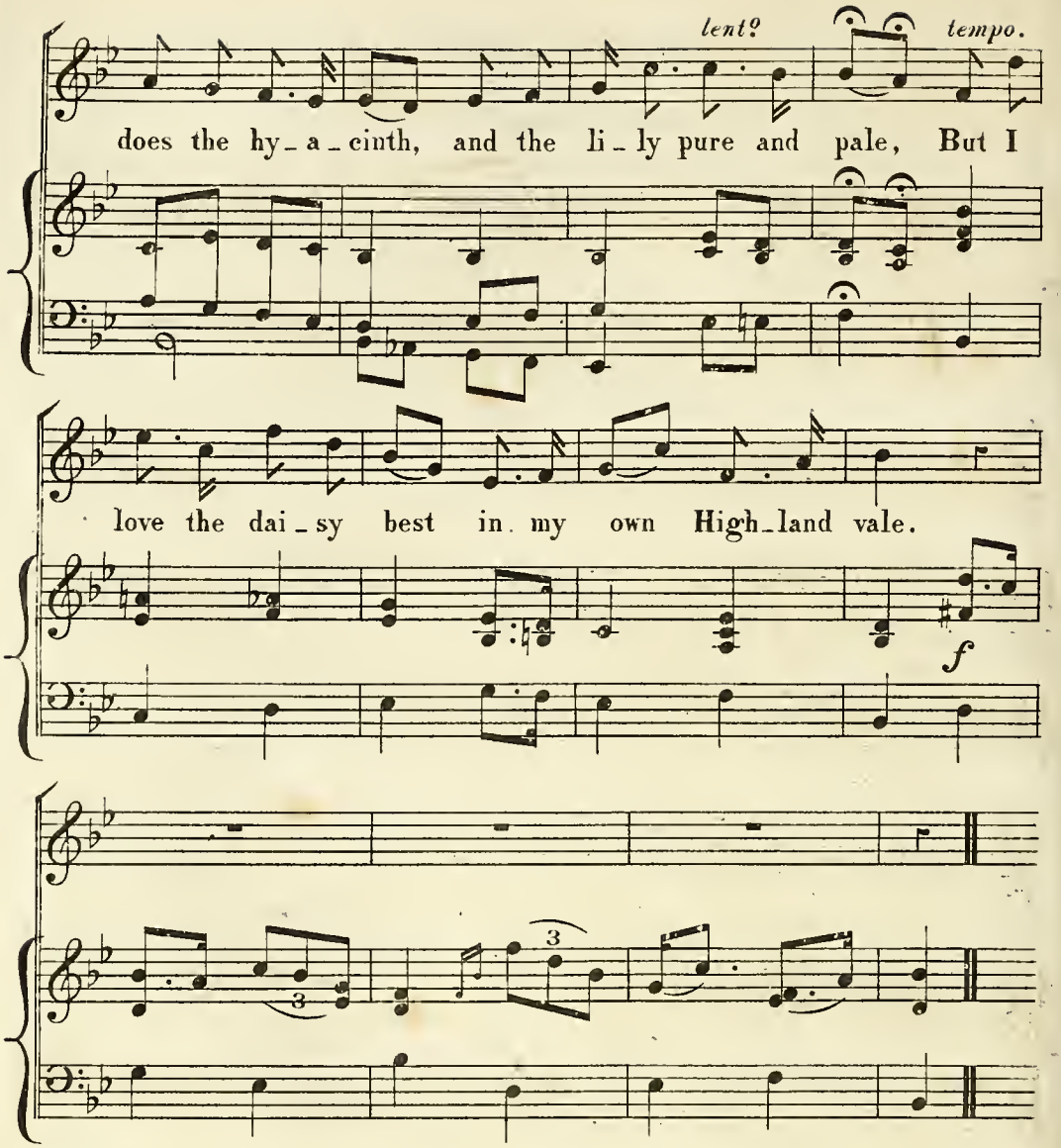
The mavis flees frae Mary's bower,
The laverock quits the sky,
And simmer sighs o'er Mary's bower,
For coming winter's nigh!—
The snaw fa's white on Mary's bower,
The tempests loudly rave,—
The flowers that bloom'd round Mary's bower,
Now wither on her grave!—

MY OWN HIGHLAND VALE.

Written by David Sedder.



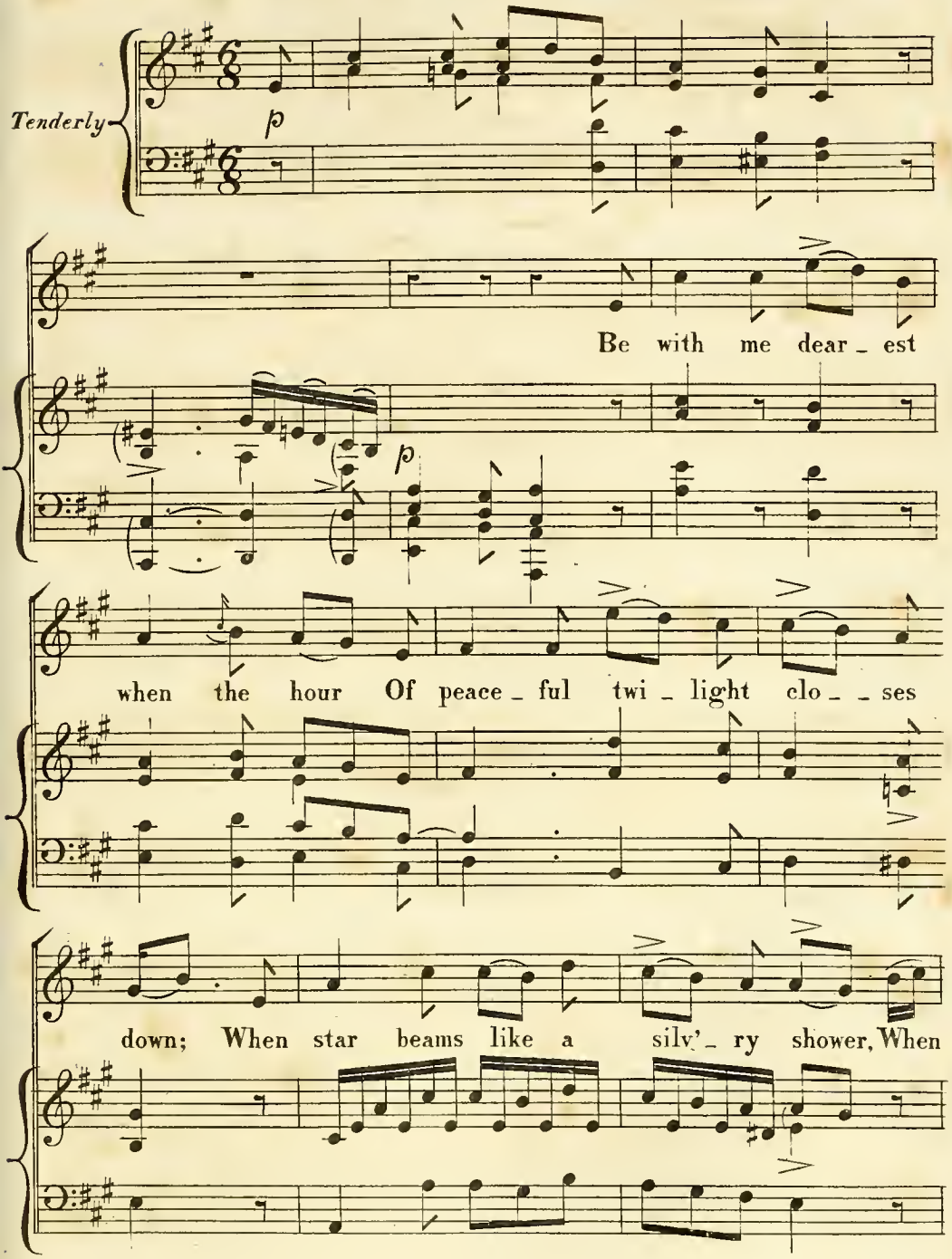

mu_sic in the grove, and there's fragrance in the gale; But there's
nought so dear to me As my own Highland vale. Oh! the
queen-like vir_gin rose, Of the dew and sun-light born, And the
a_zure vio_let, spread their beau_ties to the morn; So

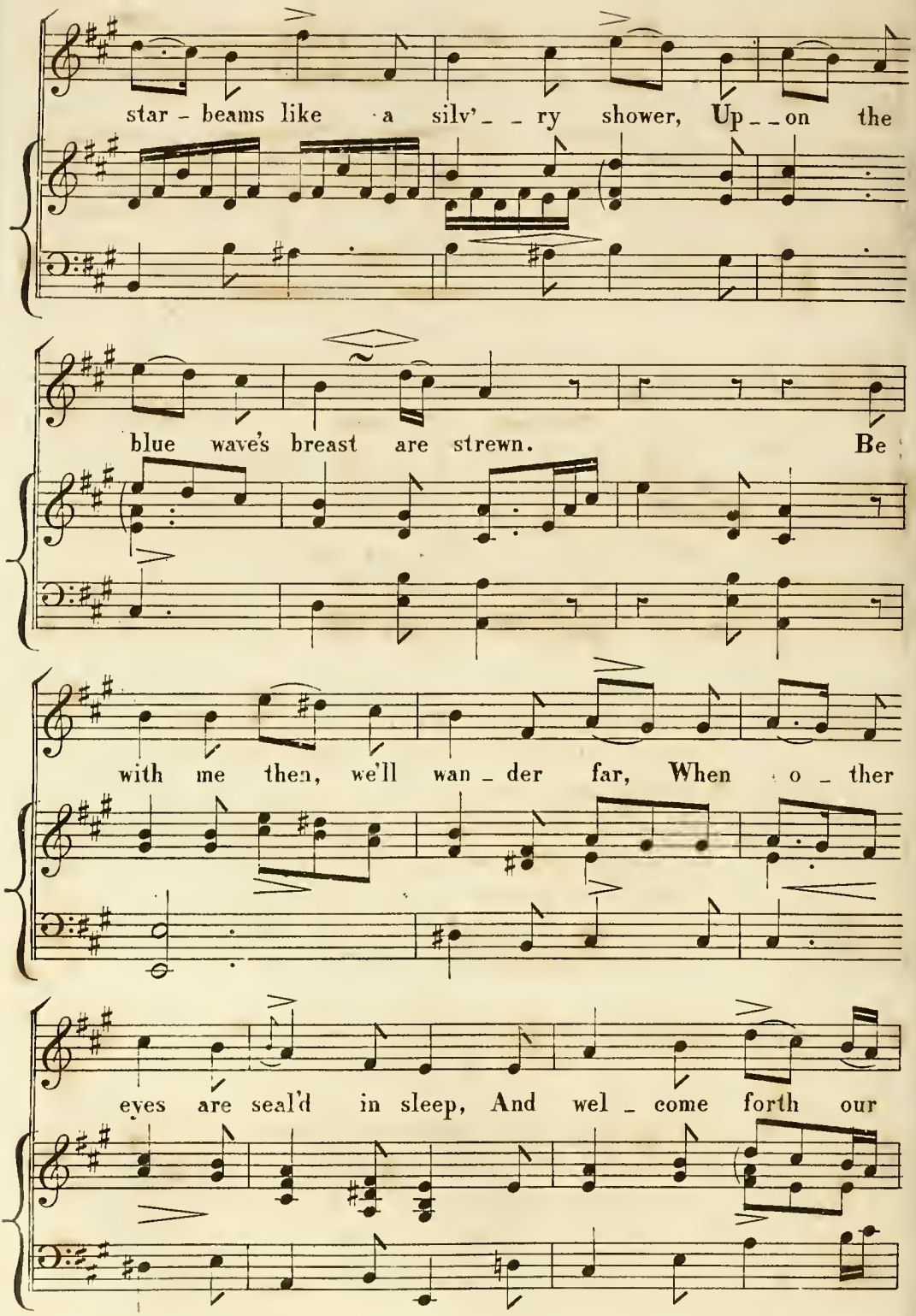


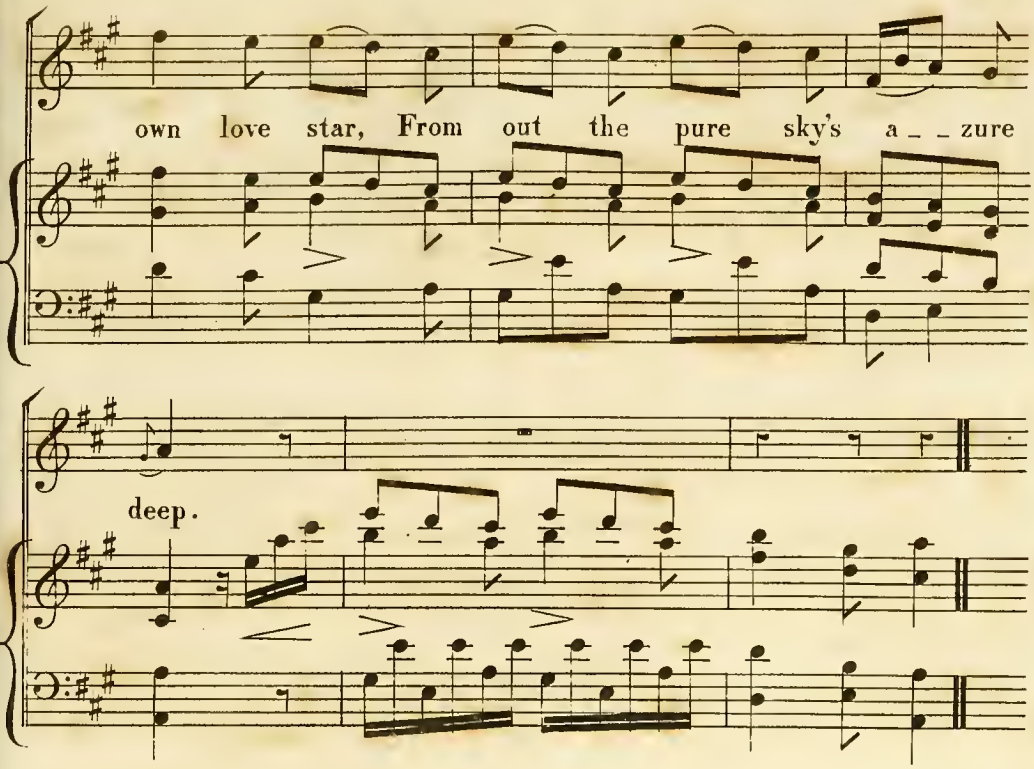
Hark! hark, those thrilling notes! — 'tis the nightingale complains;
Oh! the soul of music breathes in those more than plaintive strains;
But they're not so dear to me as the murmur of the rill,
And the bleating of the lambs on my own Highland hill.
Oh! the flow'rets fair may glow, and the juicy fruits may blush,
And the beauteous birds may sing, and the chrystal streamlets rush,
And the verdant meads may smile, and the cloudless sun may beam;
But there's nought beneath the skies like my own Highland hame.

BE WITH ME DEAREST.

Written by George Allan.




star - beams like a silv'_ _ ry shower, Up_ _on the
blue wave's breast are strewn. Be
with me then, we'll wan _ der far, When o _ ther
eyes are seal'd in sleep, And wel _ come forth our

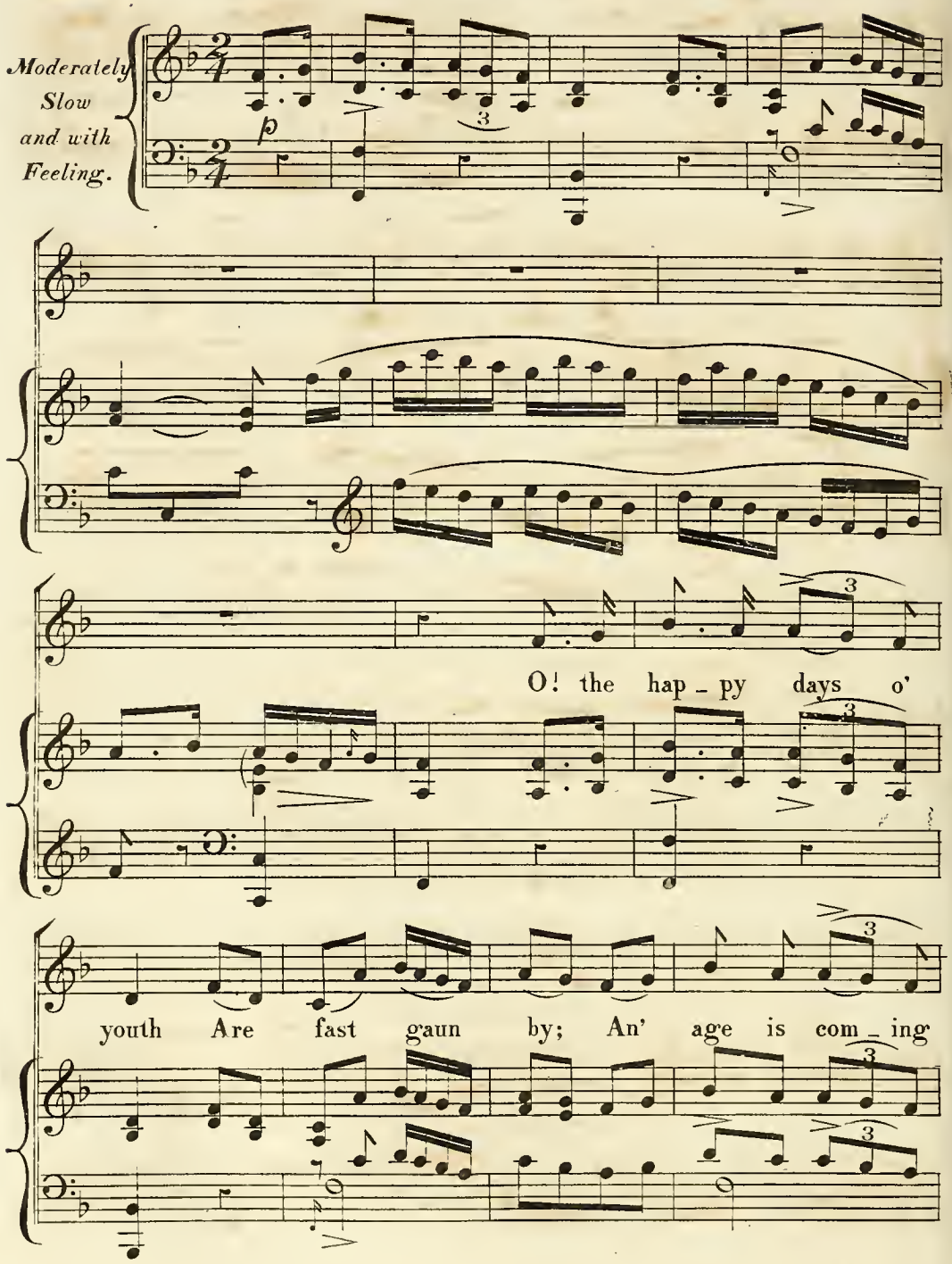


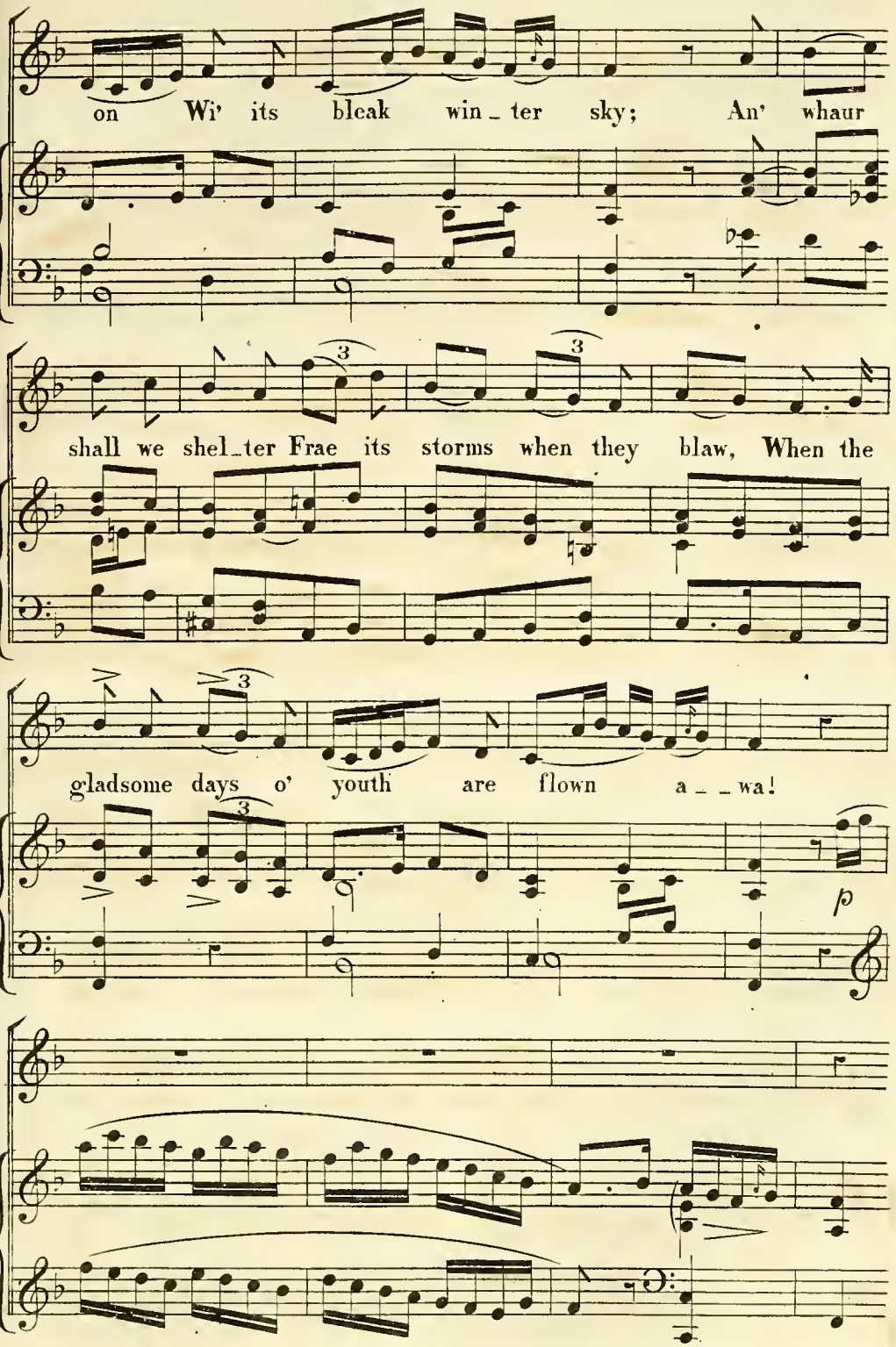
Be with me, when the zephyr's sigh
Scarce whispers out that nature breathes,
And dew-drops pure and stainless lie
Upon the hawthorn's snowy wreaths.
Oh, sweeter sighs will greet mine ear,
And purer gems mine eyes will see,
Thy true love breathings and the tear
Of fondness shed _ oh! shed for me.

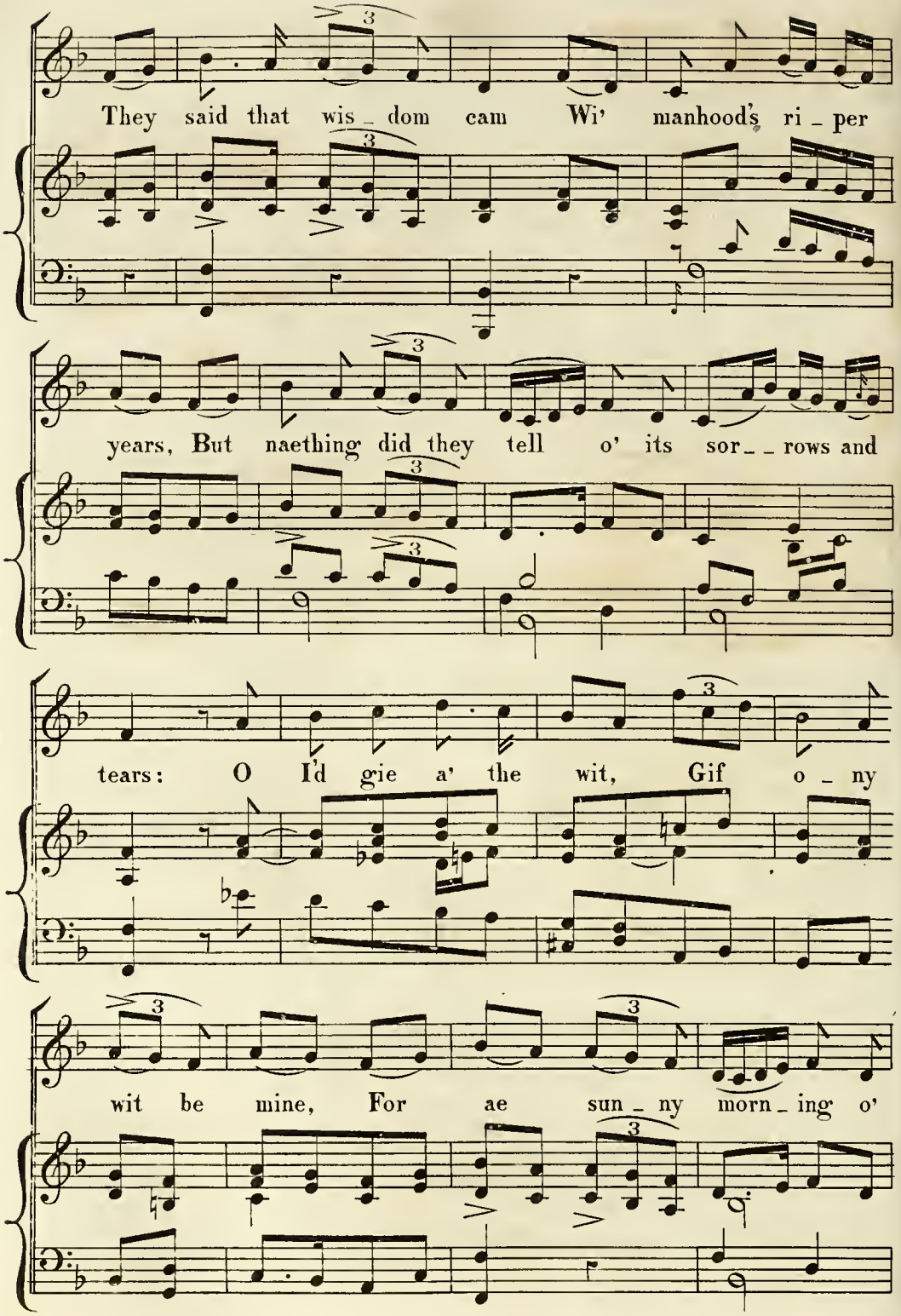
Be with me when the echoes own
No other sound their sleep to start,
Save that sweet voice whose every tone
Falls down like music on my heart.
Oh! dearest then, while earth and sea
In converse seem with heaven above,
What should we hear, what should we see,
The looks we woo _ the voice we love?

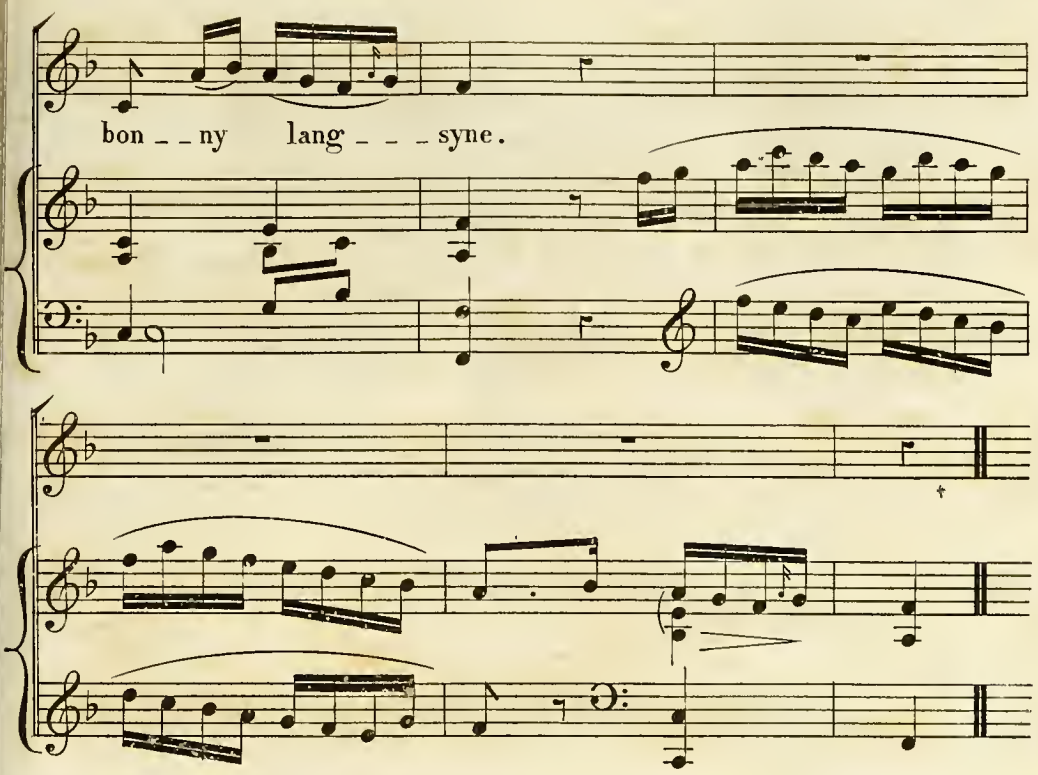
O! THE HAPPY DAYS O' YOUTH.

Written by Robert Gilfillan.




on Wi' its bleak win_ter sky; An' whaur
shall we shel_ter Frae its storms when they blaw, When the
gladsome days o' youth are flown a_ _wa!
p


They said that wis _ dom cam Wi' manhood's ri _ per
years, But naething did they tell o' its sor _ _ rows and
tears: O I'd gie a' the wit, Gif o _ ny
wit be mine, For ae sun _ ny morn _ ing o'



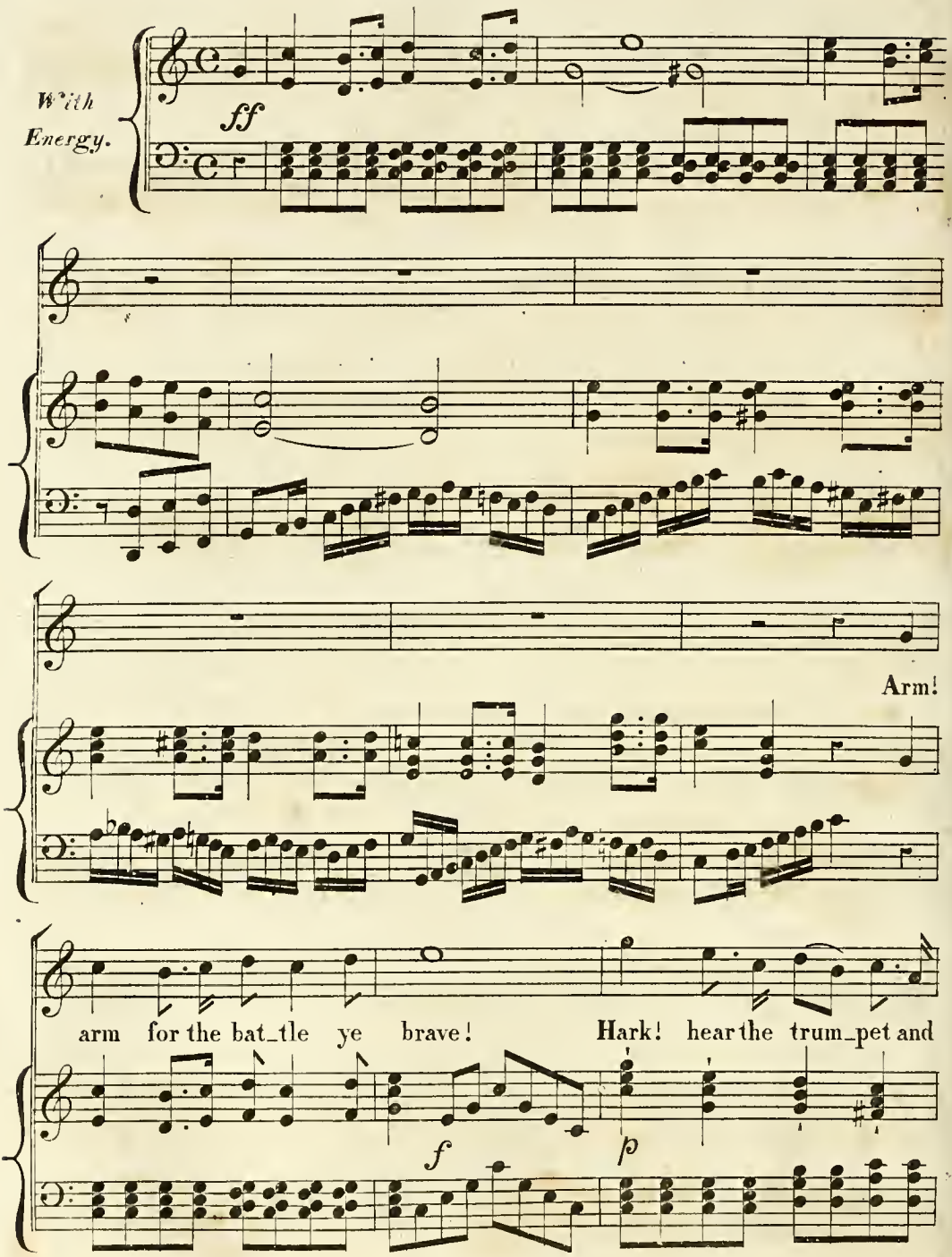
I canna do but sigh,
I canna do but mourn,
For the blythe happy days
That never can return;
When joy was in the heart,
An' love was on the tongue
An' mirth on ilka face,
For ilka face was young.

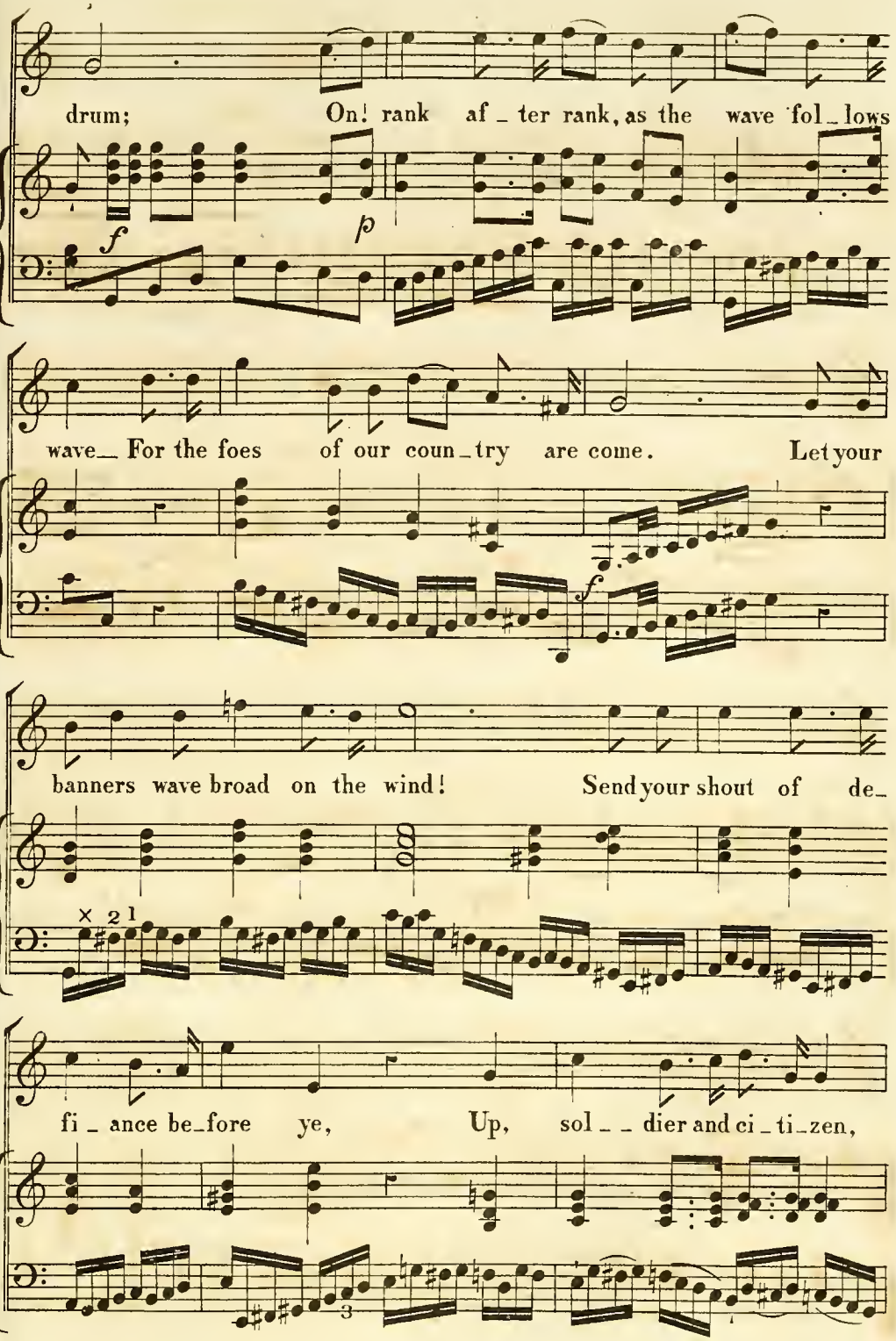
O! the bonny waving broom,
Whar aften we did meet,
Wi' its yellow flowers, that fell
Like gowd 'mang our feet;
The bird would stop its sang,
But only for a wee,
As we gaed by its nest
'Neath its ain birk tree.

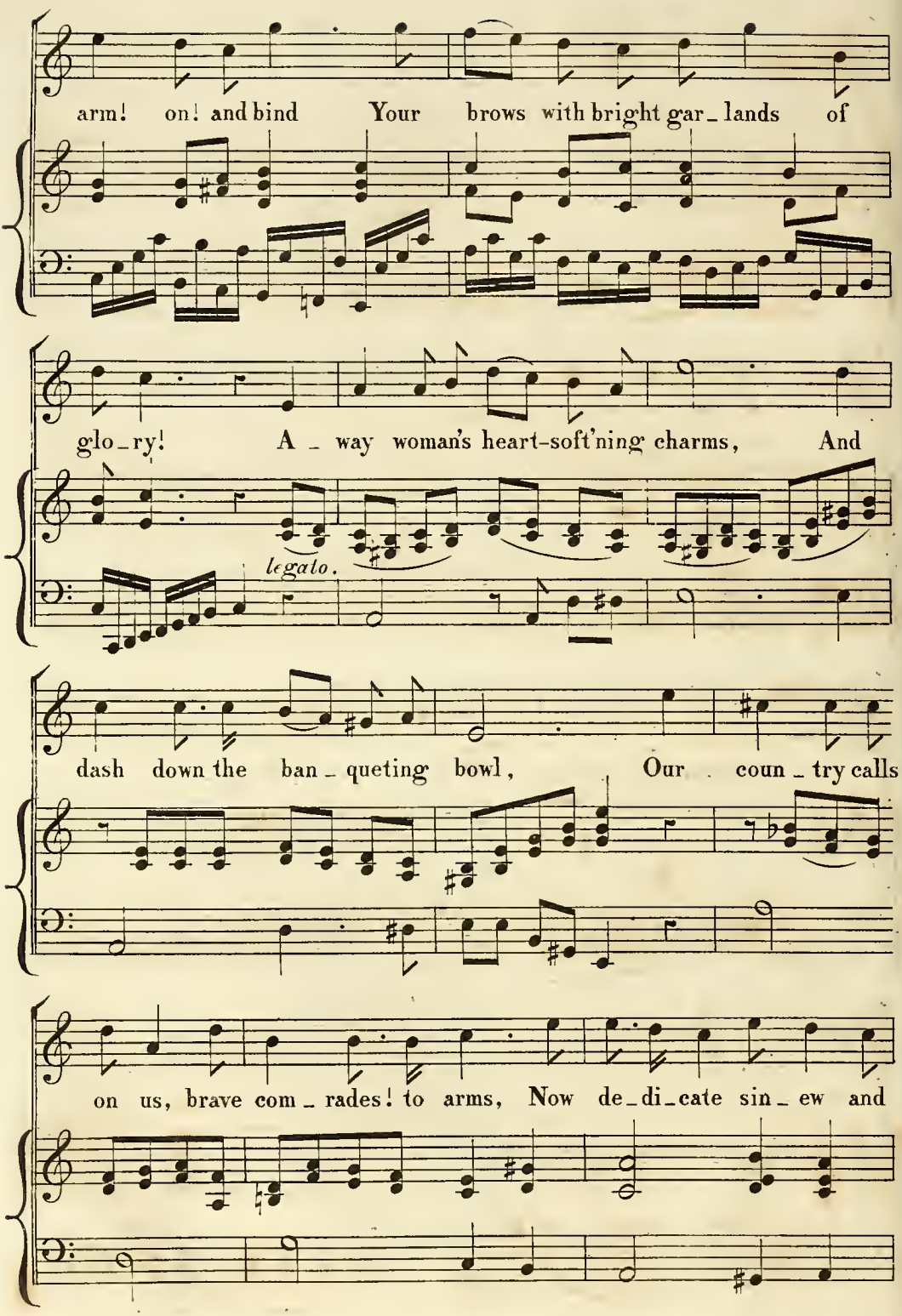
O! the sunny days o' youth,
They couldna aye remain;
There was ower muckle joy,
An' ower little pain.
Sae fareweel happy days,
An' fareweel youthfu' glee;
The young may court your smiles,
But ye're gane frae me!

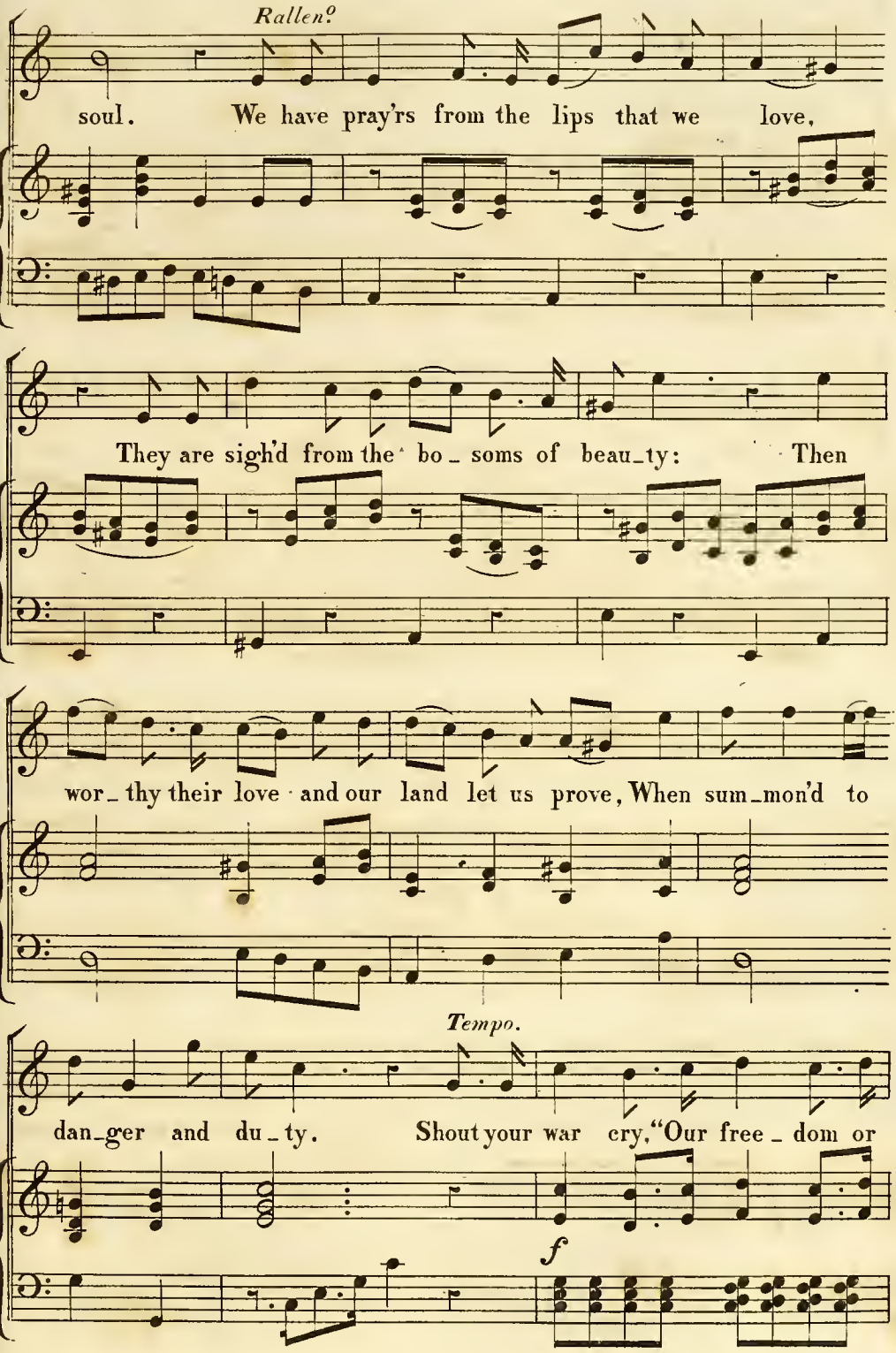
ARM, ARM FOR THE BATTLE YE BRAVE.

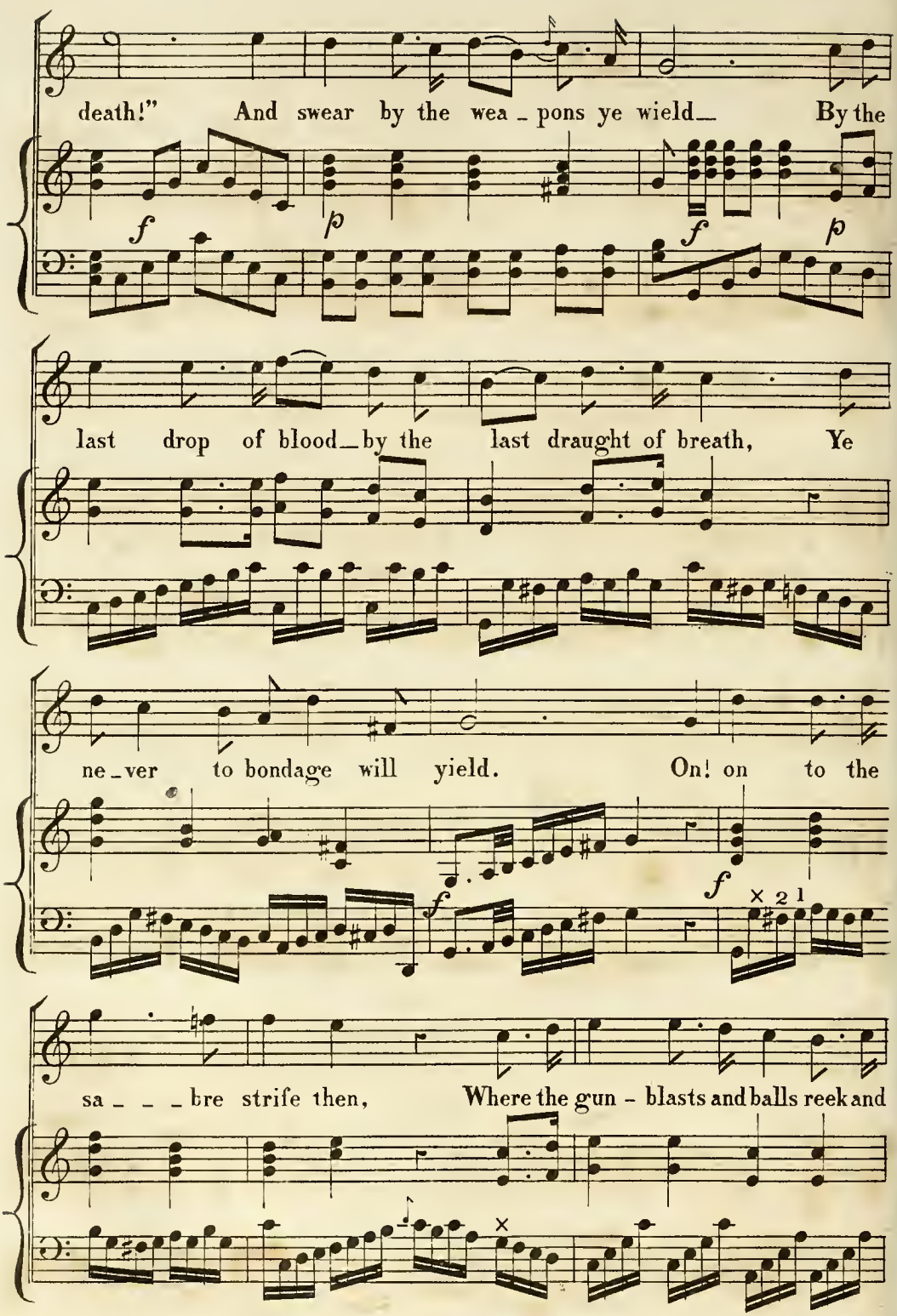
Written by John Imlah.

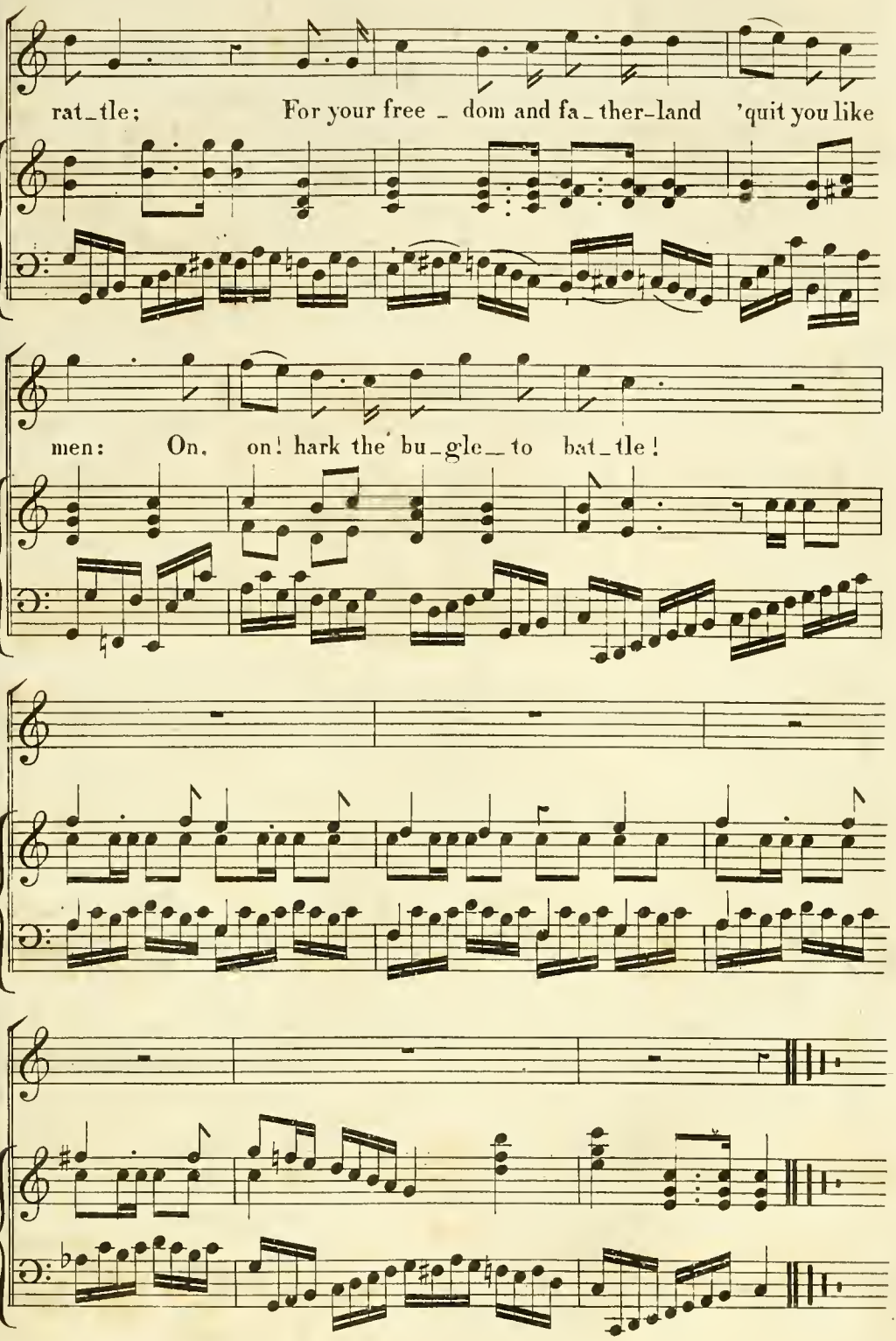



drum; On! rank af_ter rank, as the wave fol_lows
f
p
wave_ For the foes of our coun_try are come. Let your
f
banners wave broad on the wind! Send your shout of de_
× 2 1
fi_ance be_fore ye, Up, sol_ _dier and ci_ti_zen,
3


arm! on! and bind Your brows with bright gar_lands of
glo_ry! A _ way woman's heart-soft'ning charms, And
legato.
dash down the ban_queting bowl, Our coun_try calls
on us, brave com_rades! to arms, Now de_di_cate sin_ew and


Rallen?
soul. We have pray'rs from the lips that we love,
They are sigh'd from the bo_soms of beau_ty: Then
wor_thy their love and our land let us prove, When sum_mon'd to
Tempo.
dan_ger and du_ty. Shout your war cry, "Our free_dom or
f

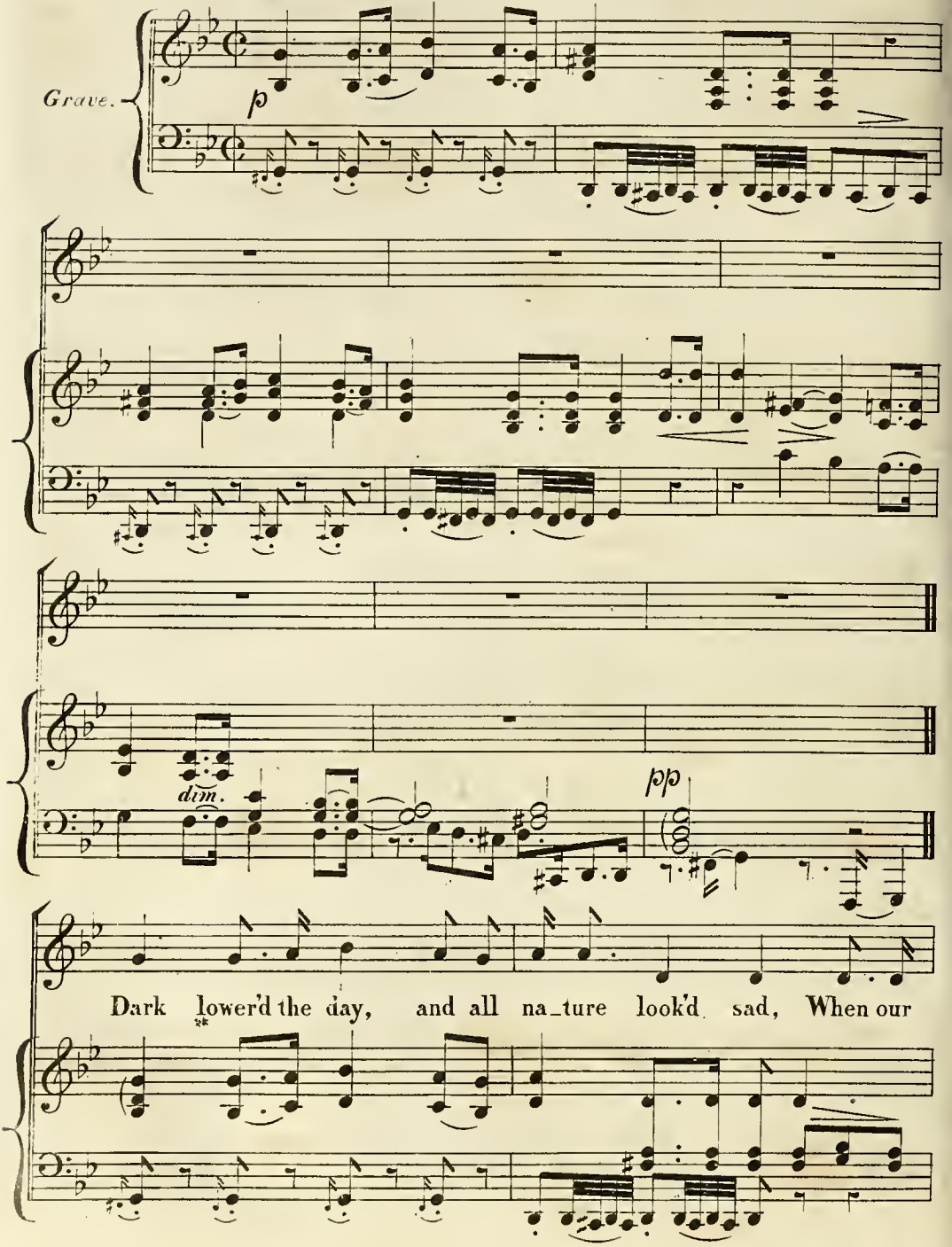

death!" And swear by the wea - pons ye wield— By the
f
p
f
p
last drop of blood—by the last draught of breath, Ye
ne - ver to bondage will yield. On! on to the
f
f
sa - - - bre strife then, Where the gun - blasts and balls reek and

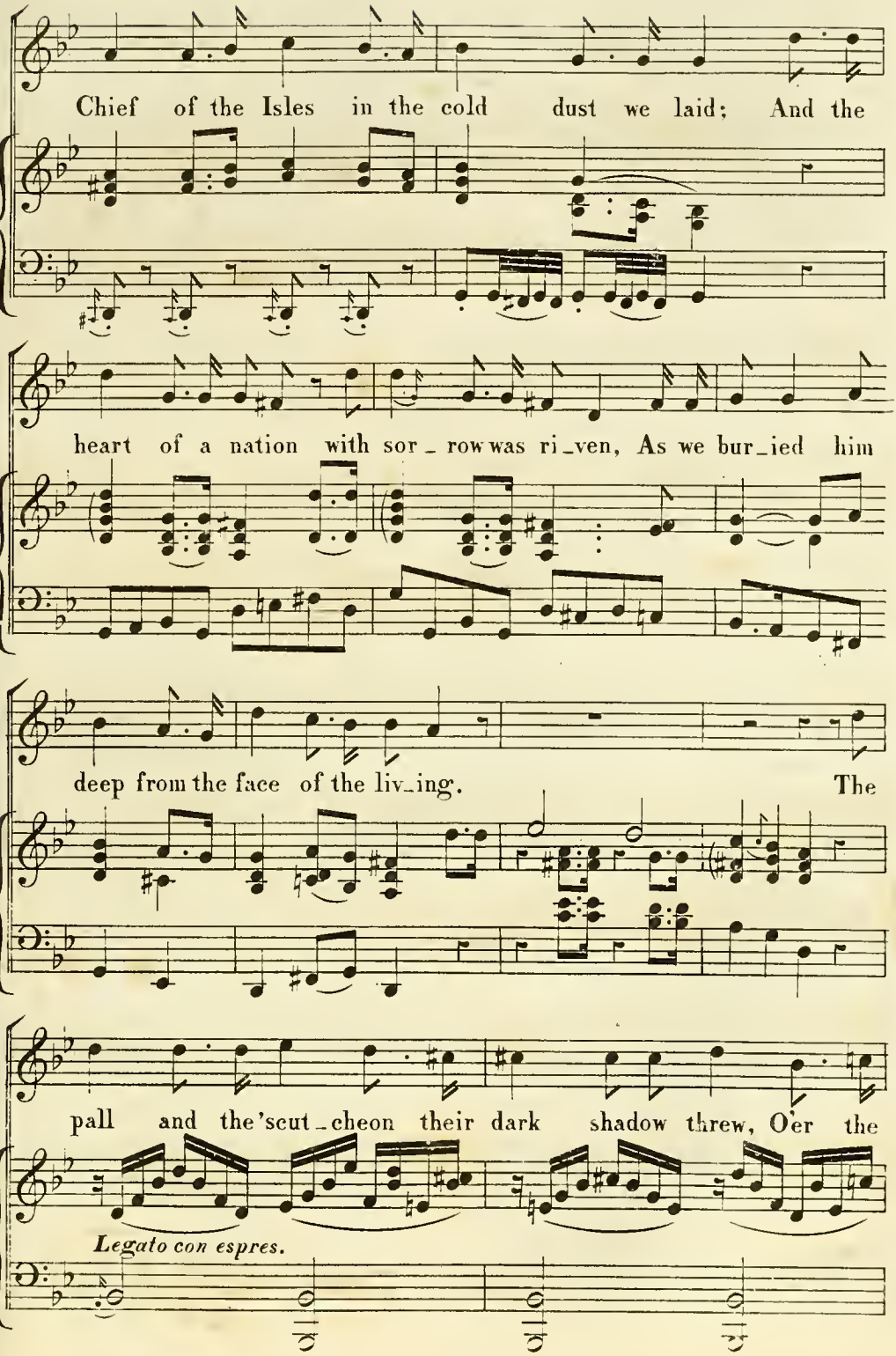

rat_tle; For your free _ dom and fa_ther-land 'quit you like
men: On, on! hark the bu_gle_ to bat_tle!

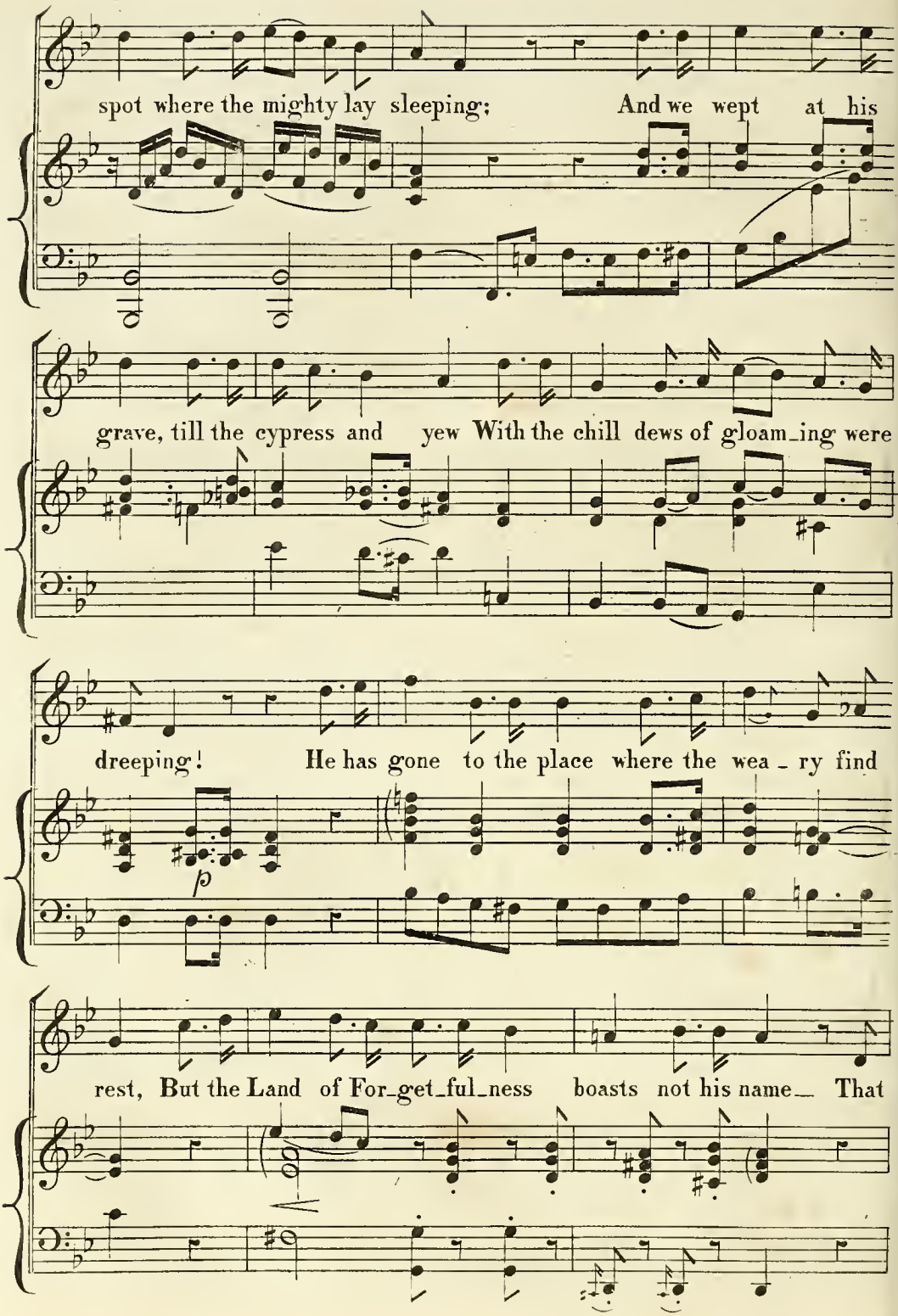
DIRGE.

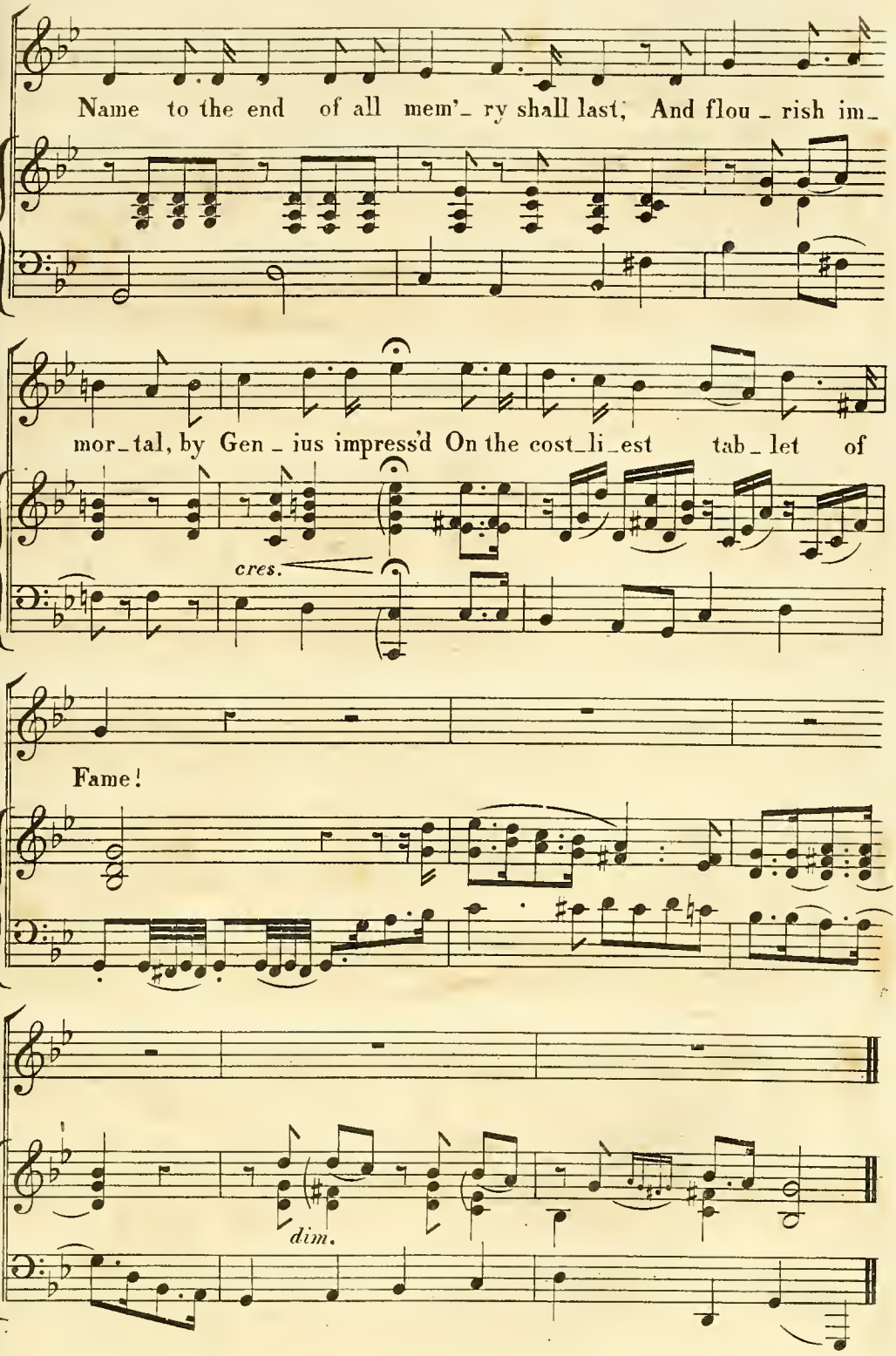
Written upon the death of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.
by William Millar.

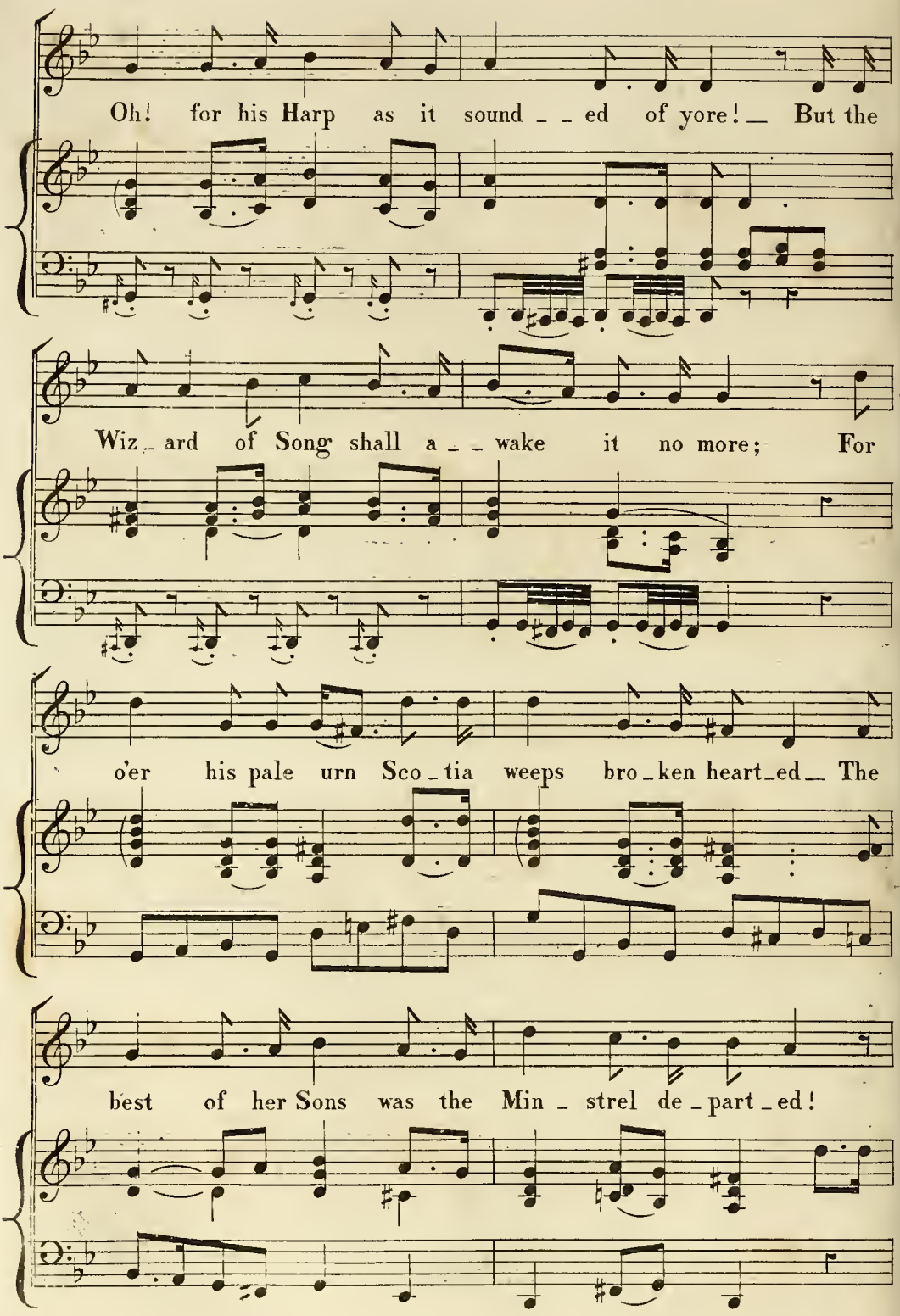
Marcia Funebre.

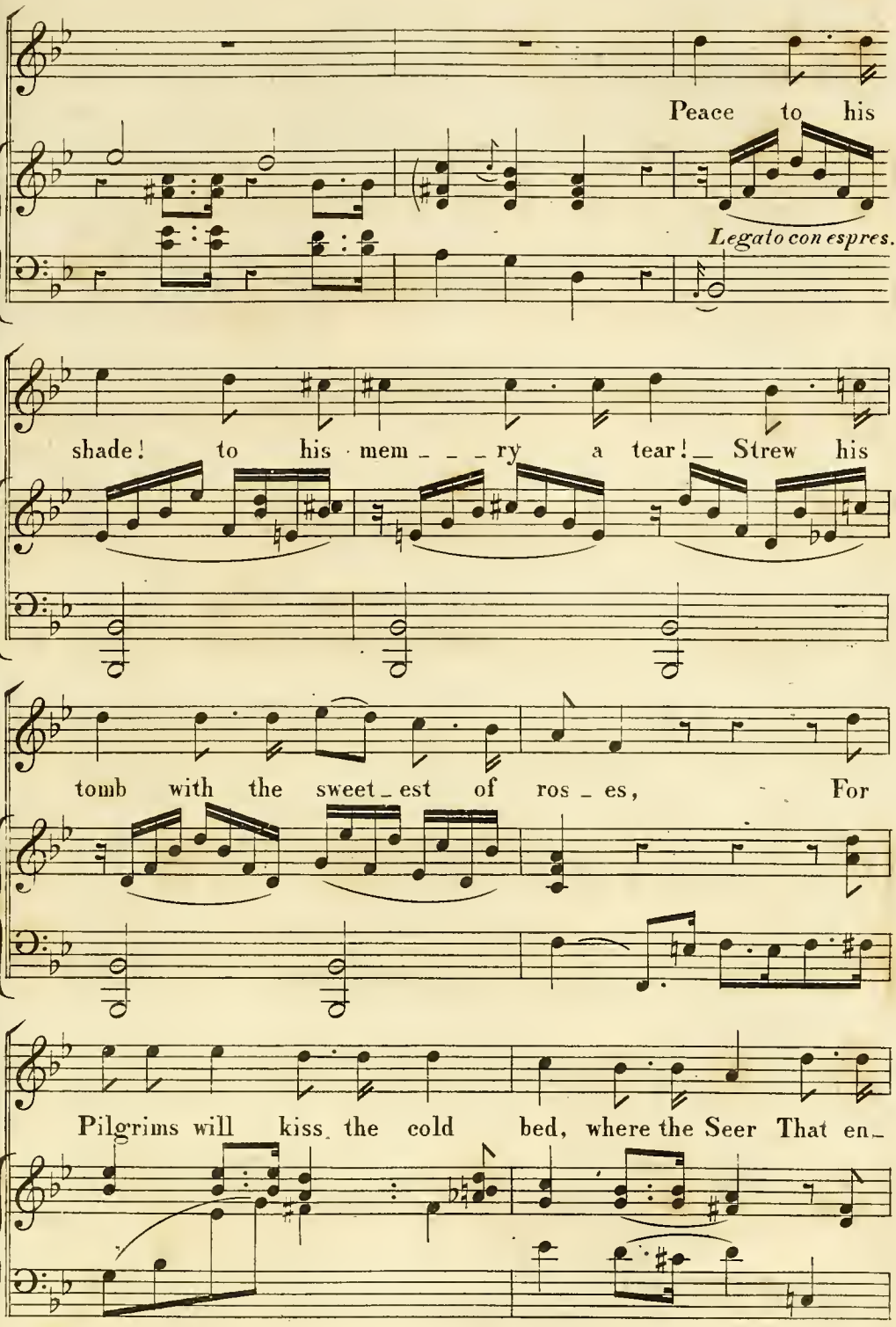


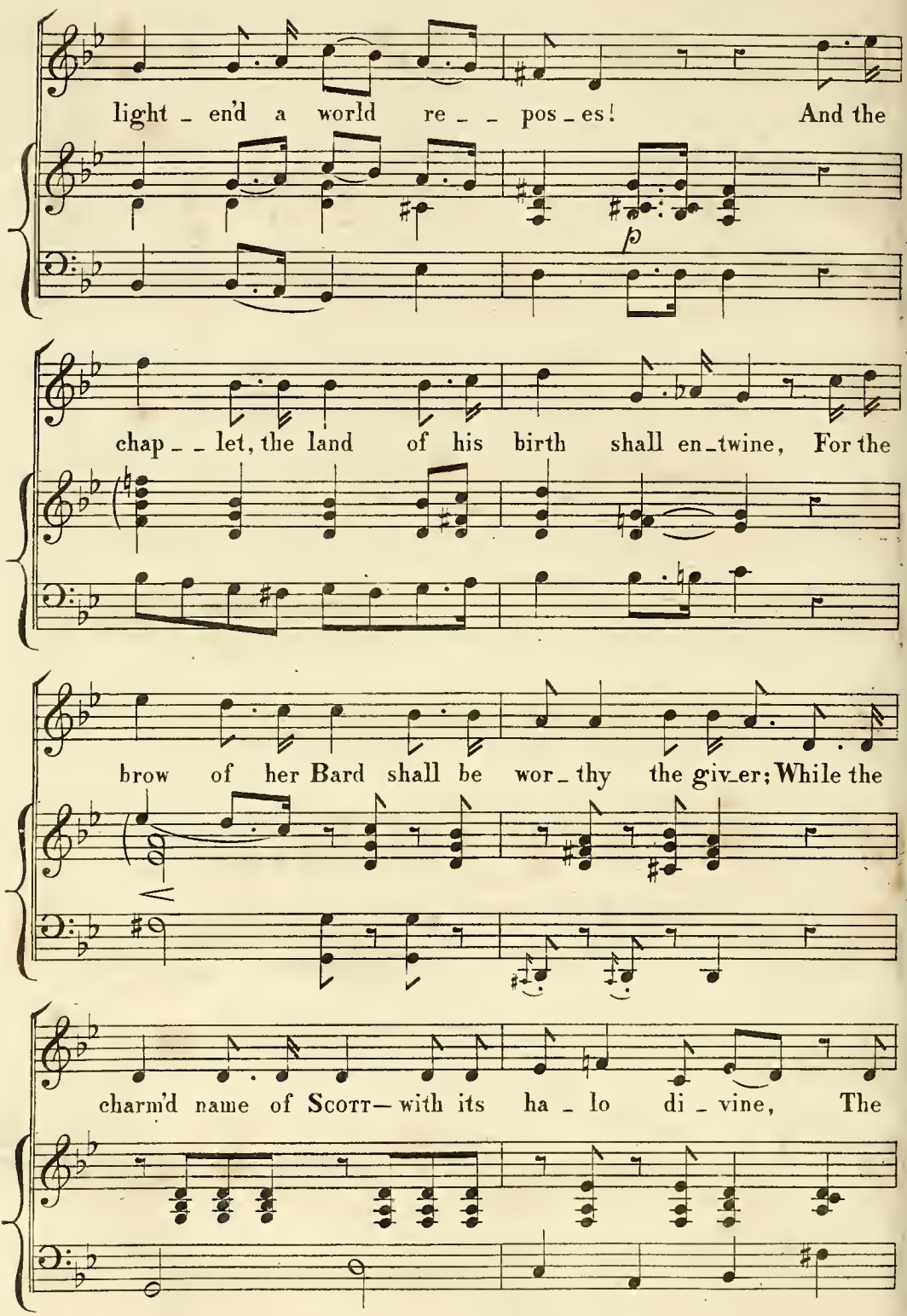

Chief of the Isles in the cold dust we laid; And the
heart of a nation with sor_row was ri_ven, As we bur_ied him
deep from the face of the liv_ing. The
pall and the 'scut_cheon their dark shadow threw, O'er the
Legato con espres.

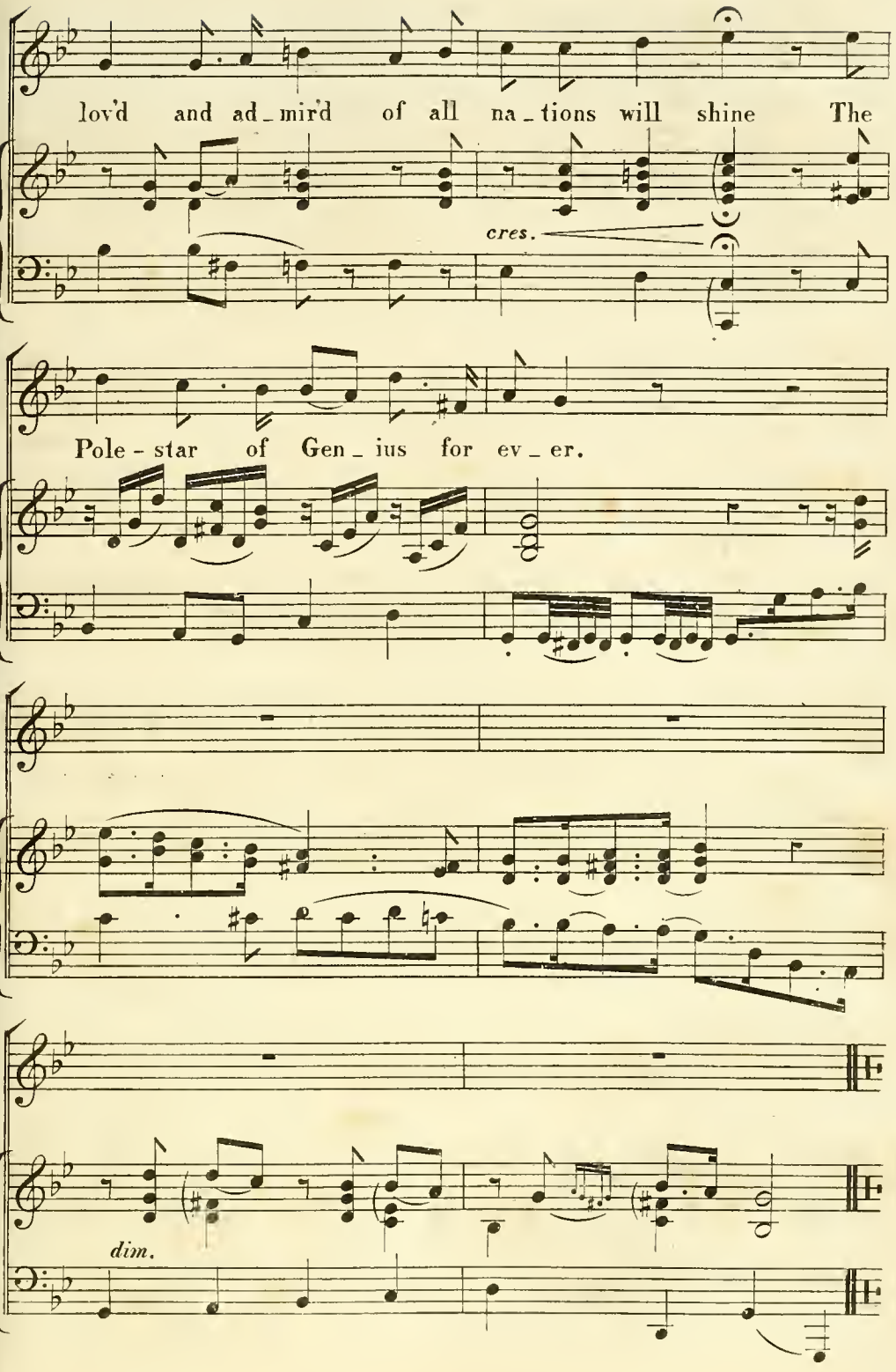

spot where the mighty lay sleeping; And we wept at his
grave, till the cypress and yew With the chill dews of gloam_ing were
dreeping! He has gone to the place where the wea_ry find
p
rest, But the Land of For_get_ful_ness boasts not his name_ That


Name to the end of all mem'_ ry shall last; And flou _ rish im_
mor_tal, by Gen _ ius impress'd On the cost_li_est tab _ let of
cres.
Fame!
dim.


Oh! for his Harp as it sound _ _ ed of yore! _ But the
Wiz _ ard of Song shall a _ _ wake it no more; For
o'er his pale urn Sco _ tia weeps bro _ ken heart _ ed _ The
best of her Sons was the Min _ strel de _ part _ ed!

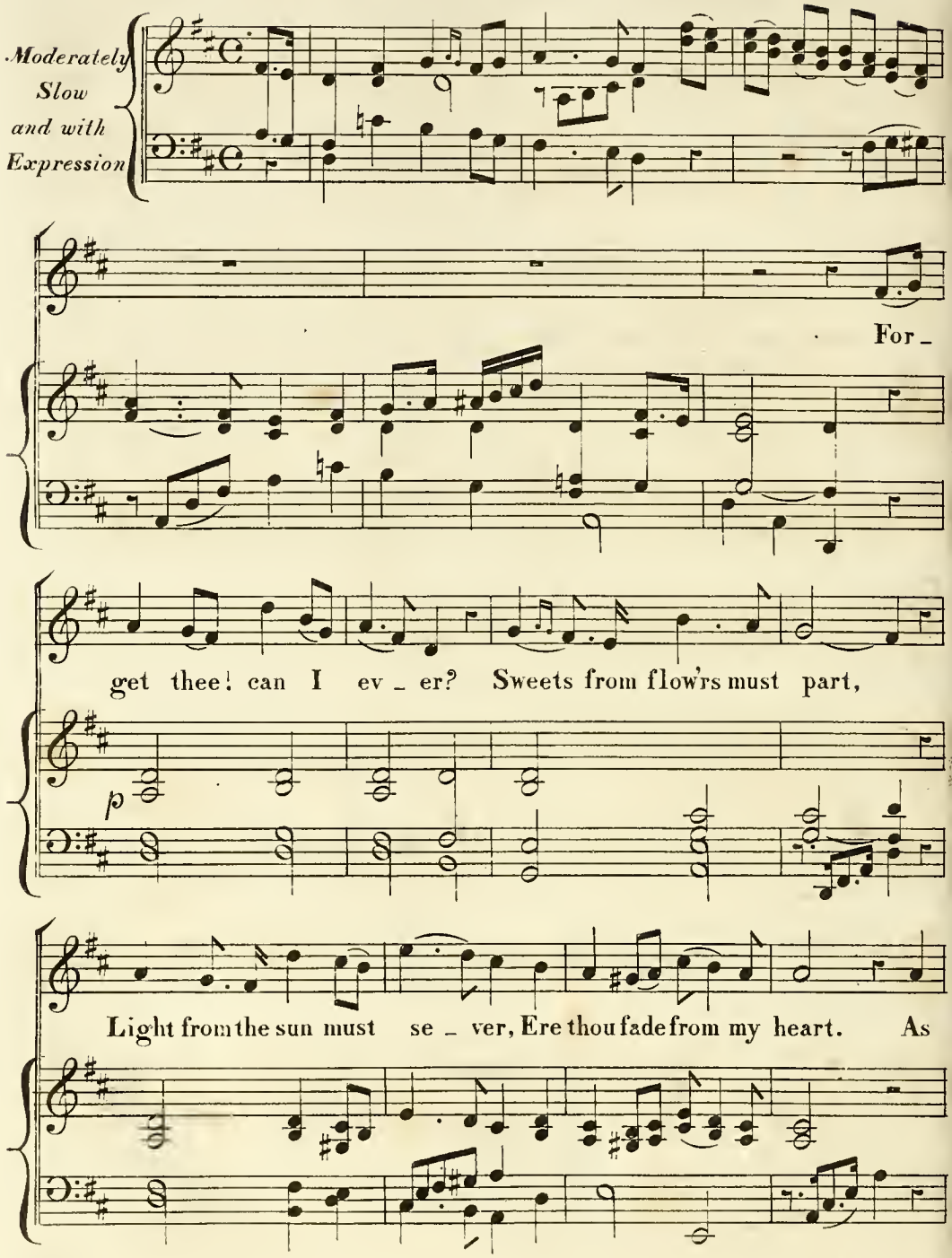

Peace to his
Legato con espres.
shade! to his mem _ _ _ ry a tear! _ Strew his
tomb with the sweet _ est of ros _ es, For
Pilgrims will kiss the cold bed, where the Seer That en_

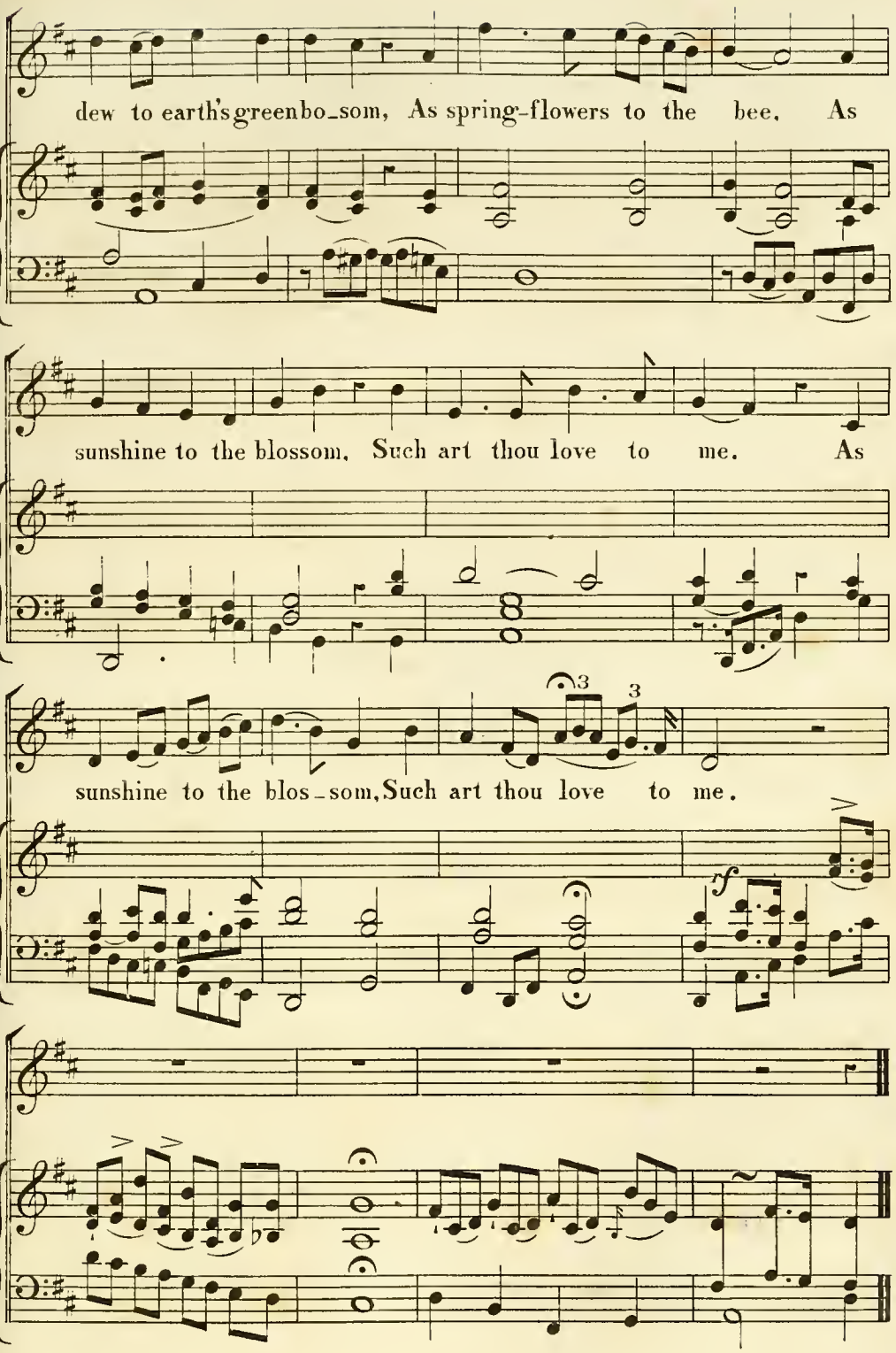

light _ en'd a world re _ _ pos _ es! And the
p
chap _ _ let, the land of his birth shall en_twine, For the
brow of her Bard shall be wor _ thy the giv_er; While the
charm'd name of Scott—with its ha _ lo di _ vine, The

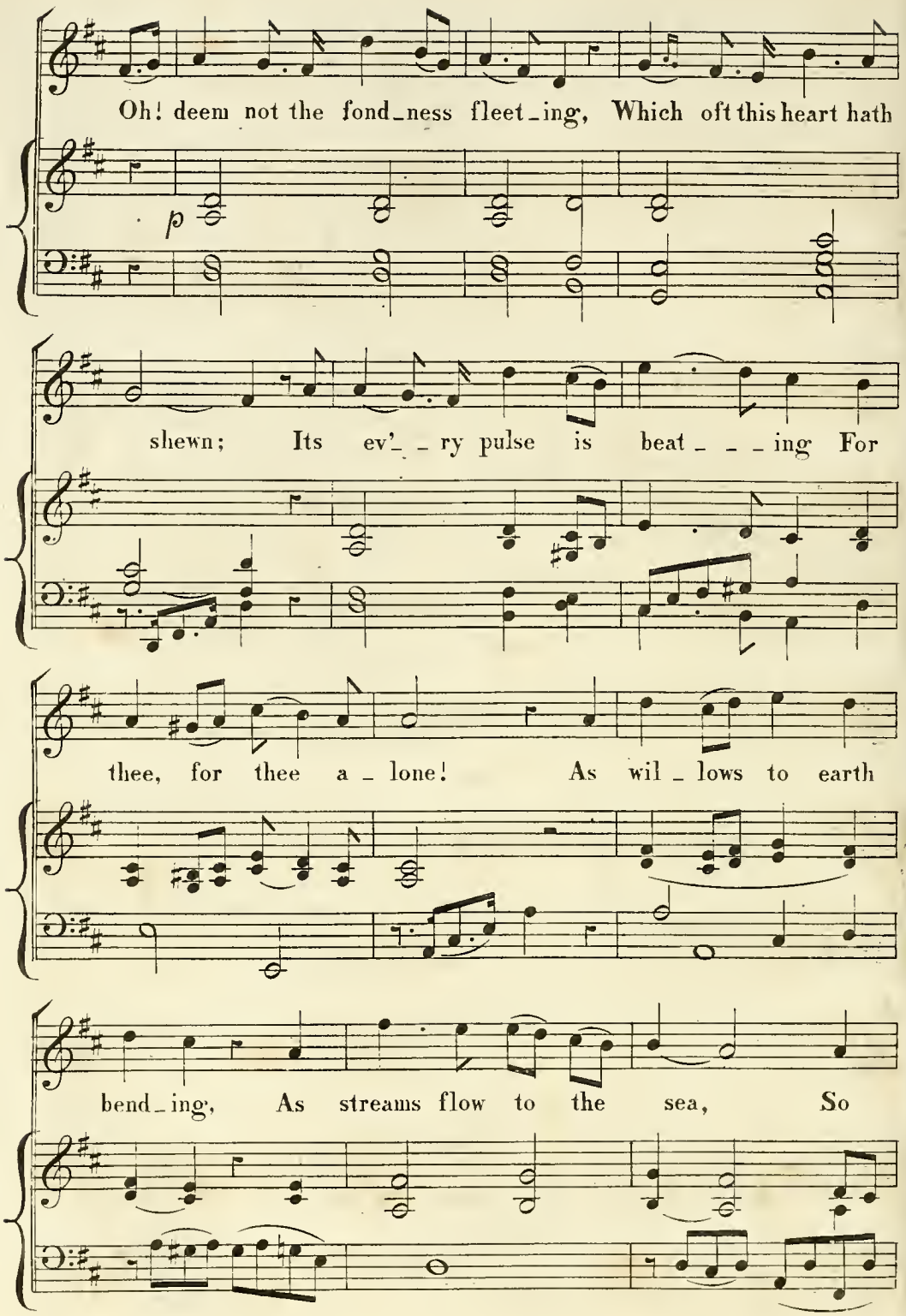

lov'd and ad_mir'd of all na_tions will shine The
cres.
Pole-star of Gen_ius for ev_er.
dim.

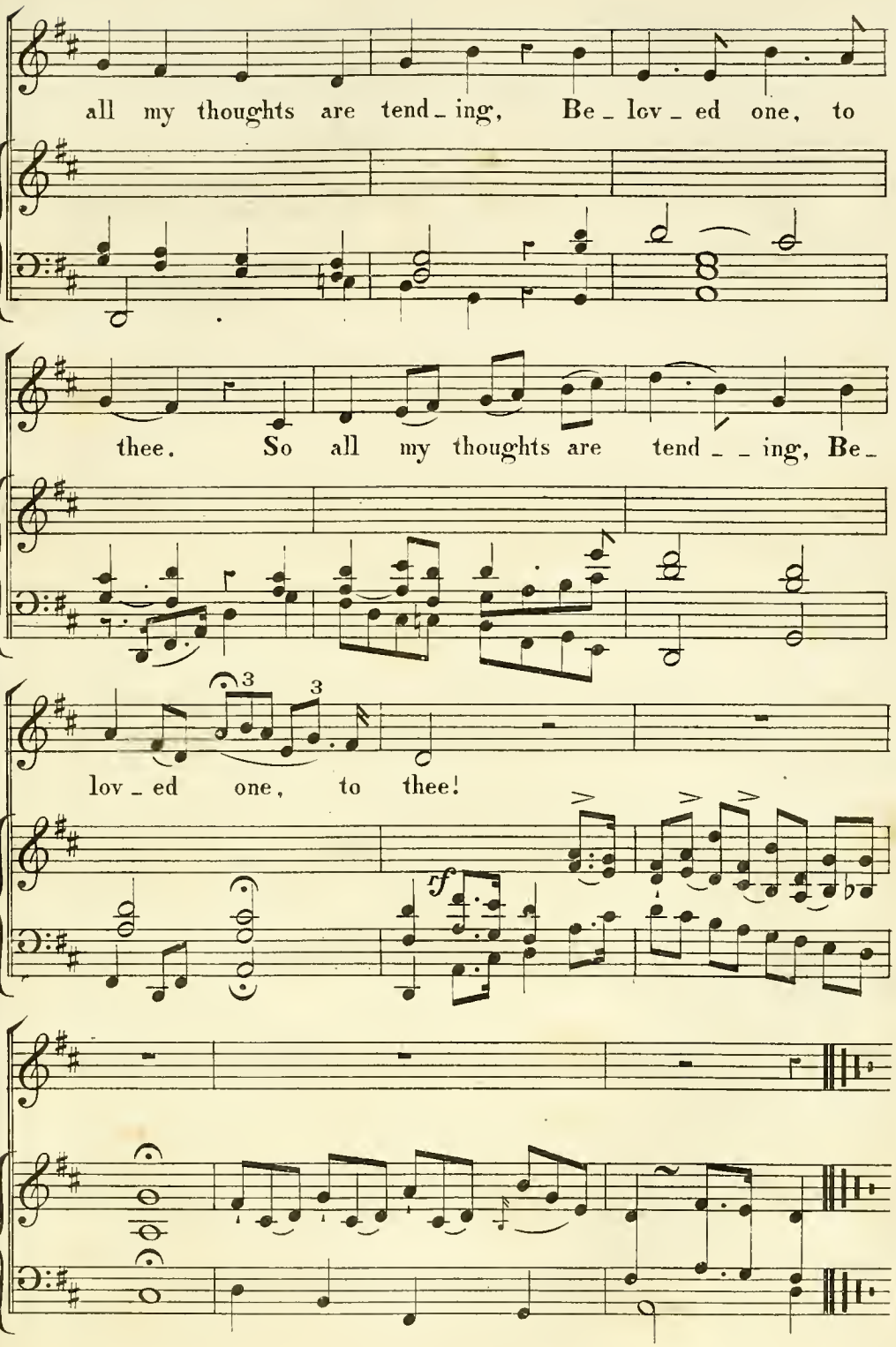
FORGET THEE! CAN I EVER!

Written by Percy Rollet



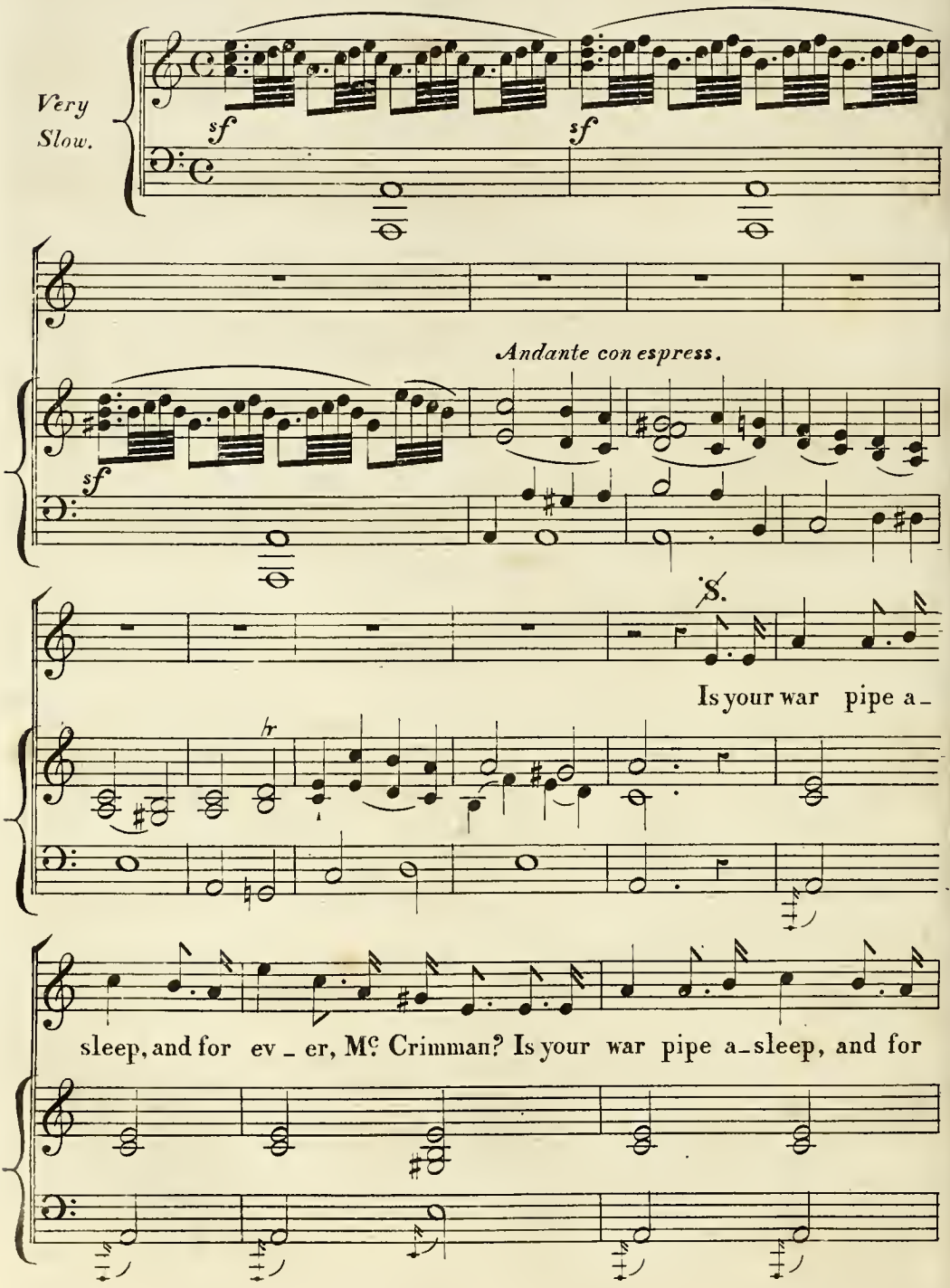

dew to earth's greenbo_som, As spring-flowers to the bee, As
sunshine to the blossom, Such art thou love to me. As
3
3
sunshine to the blos_som, Such art thou love to me.
rf

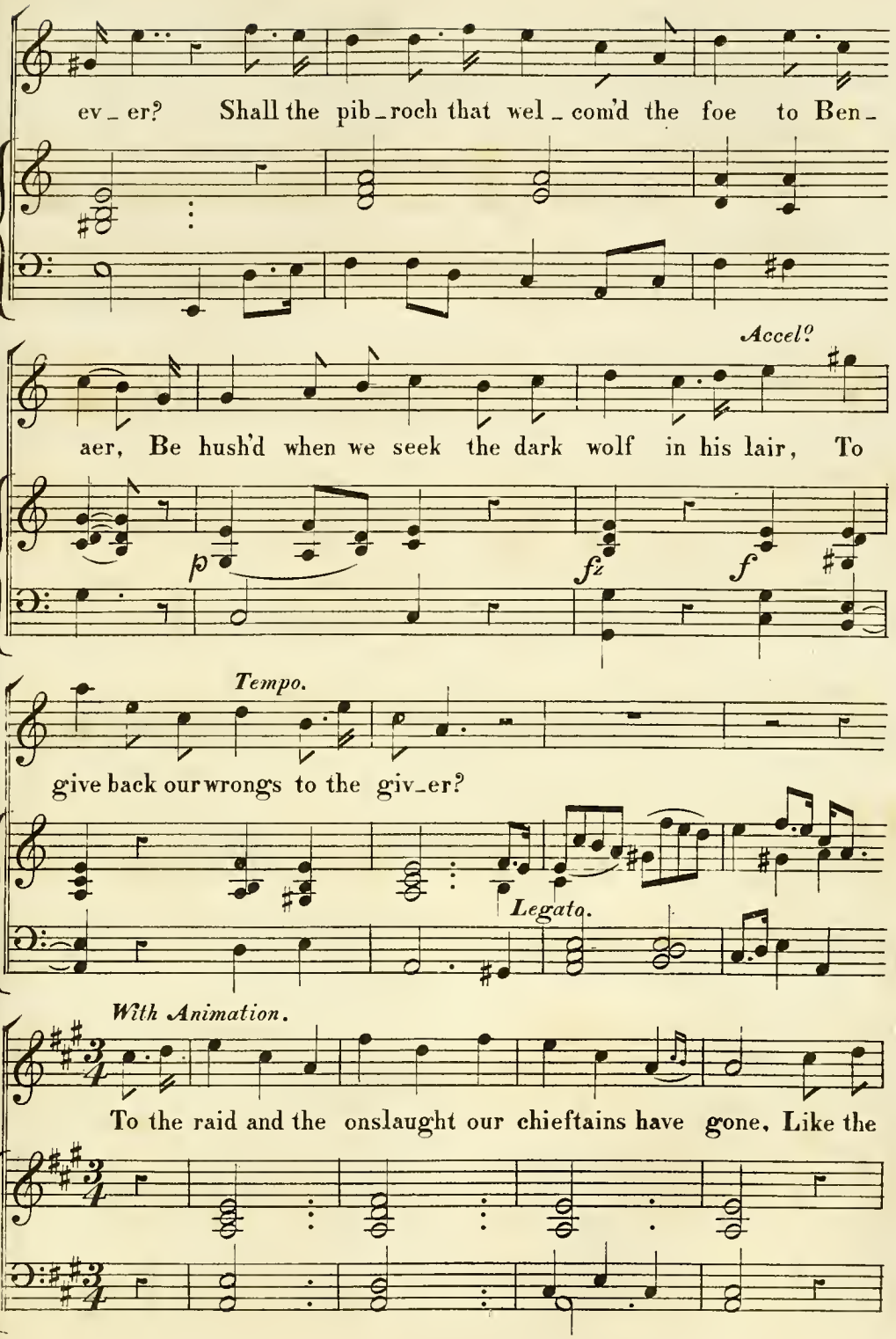

Oh! deem not the fond_ness fleet_ing, Which oft this heart hath
p
shewn; Its ev'_ _ry pulse is beat_ _ _ing For
thee, for thee a_lone! As wil_lows to earth
bend_ing, As streams flow to the sea, So

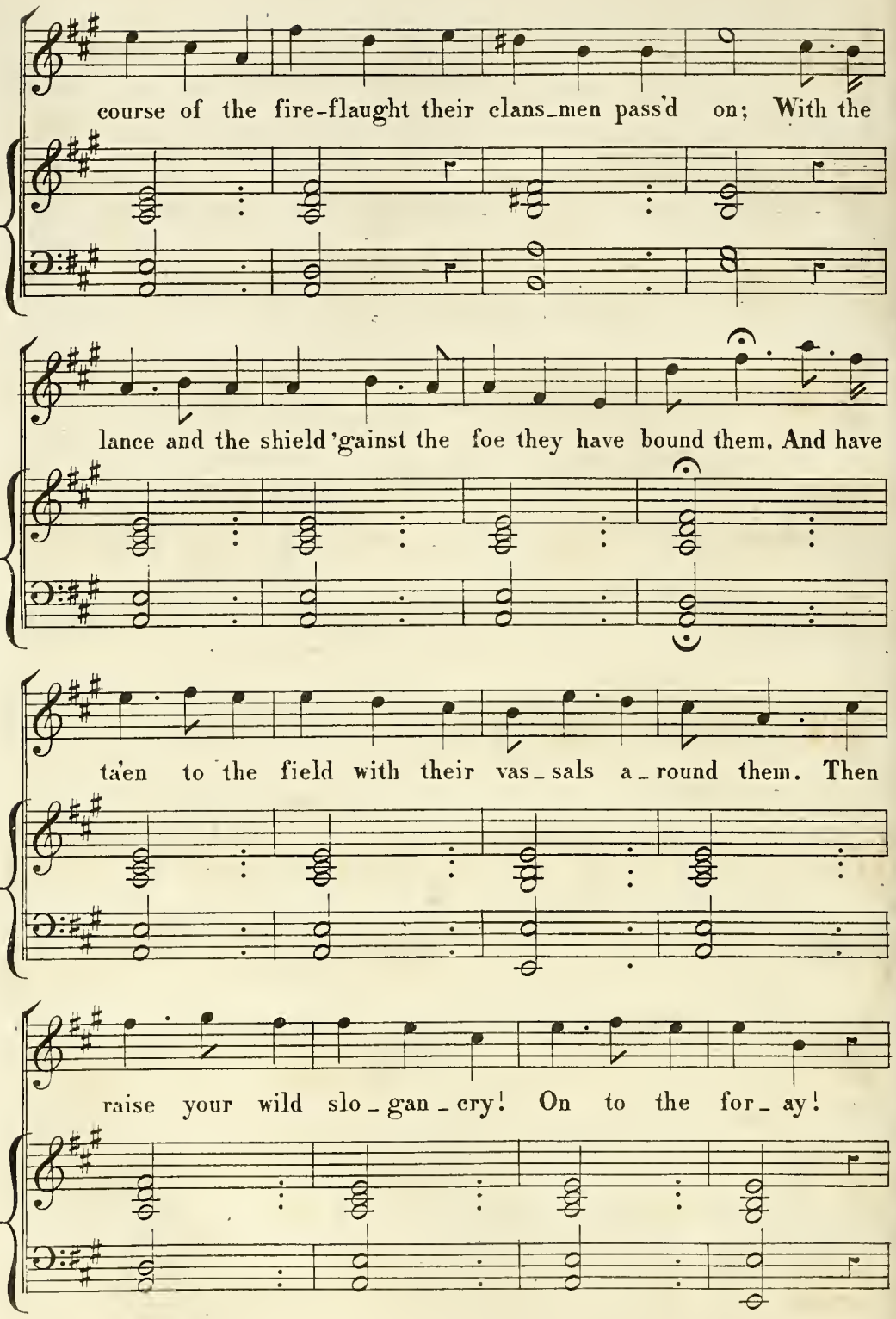

all my thoughts are tend_ing, Be_lov_ed one, to
thee. So all my thoughts are tend_ _ing, Be_
3
3
lov_ed one, to thee!
rf

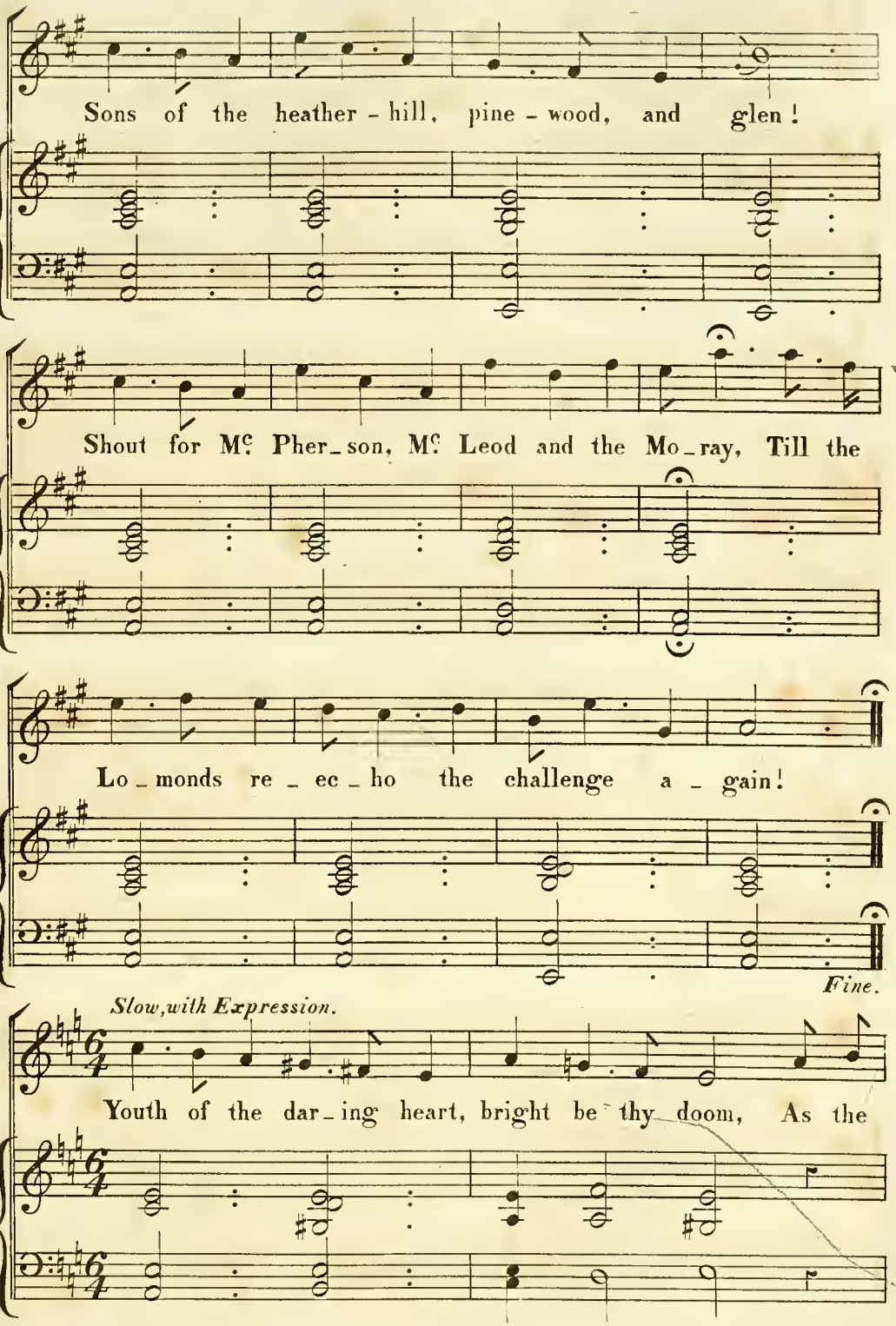
IS YOUR WAR-PIPE ASLEEP.

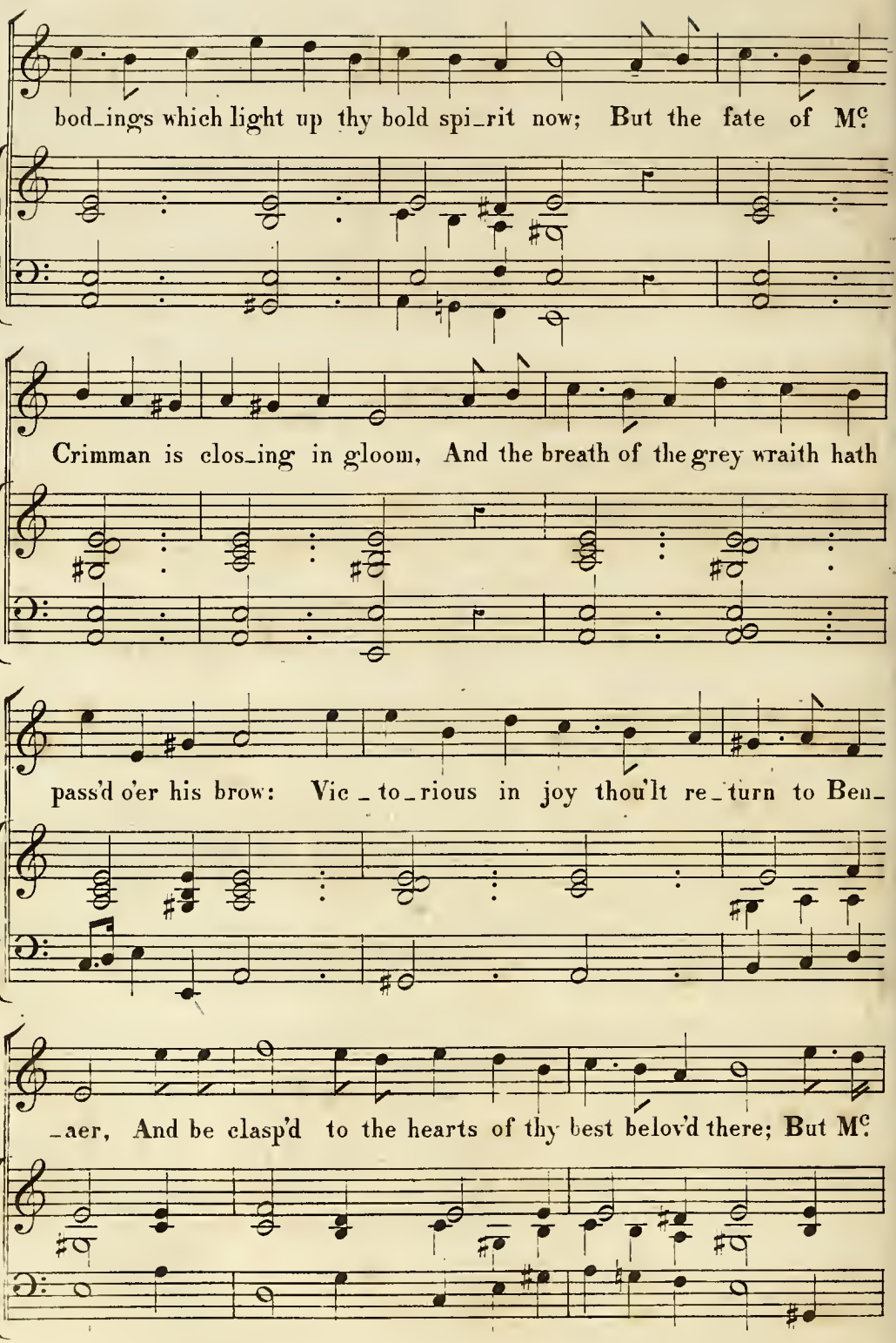
Written by George Allan.

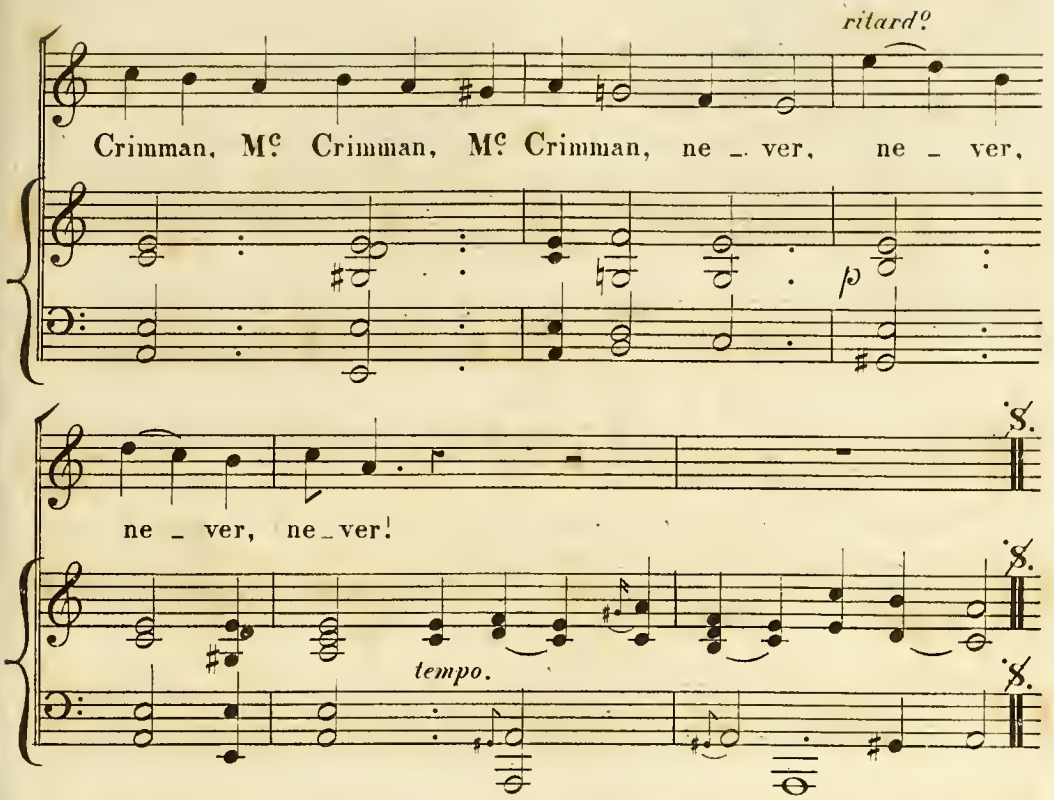



ev_er? Shall the pib_roch that wel_com'd the foe to Ben_
Accel?
aer, Be hush'd when we seek the dark wolf in his lair, To
p
fz
f
Tempo.
give back our wrongs to the giv_er?
Legato.
With Animation.
To the raid and the onslaught our chieftains have gone, Like the


course of the fire-flaught their clans_men pass'd on; With the
lance and the shield 'gainst the foe they have bound them, And have
ta'en to the field with their vas_sals a_round them. Then
raise your wild slo_gan_cry! On to the for_ay!


Sons of the heather - hill, pine - wood, and glen!
Shout for Mc Pher_son, Mc Leod and the Mo_ray, Till the
Lo_monds re_ec_ho the challenge a_gain!
Fine.
Slow, with Expression.
Youth of the dar_ing heart, bright be thy doom, As the


bod_ings which light up thy bold spi_rit now; But the fate of Mc
Crimman is clos_ing in gloom, And the breath of the grey wraith hath
pass'd o'er his brow: Vic_to_rious in joy thou'lt re_turn to Ben_
_aer, And be clasp'd to the hearts of thy best belov'd there; But Mc

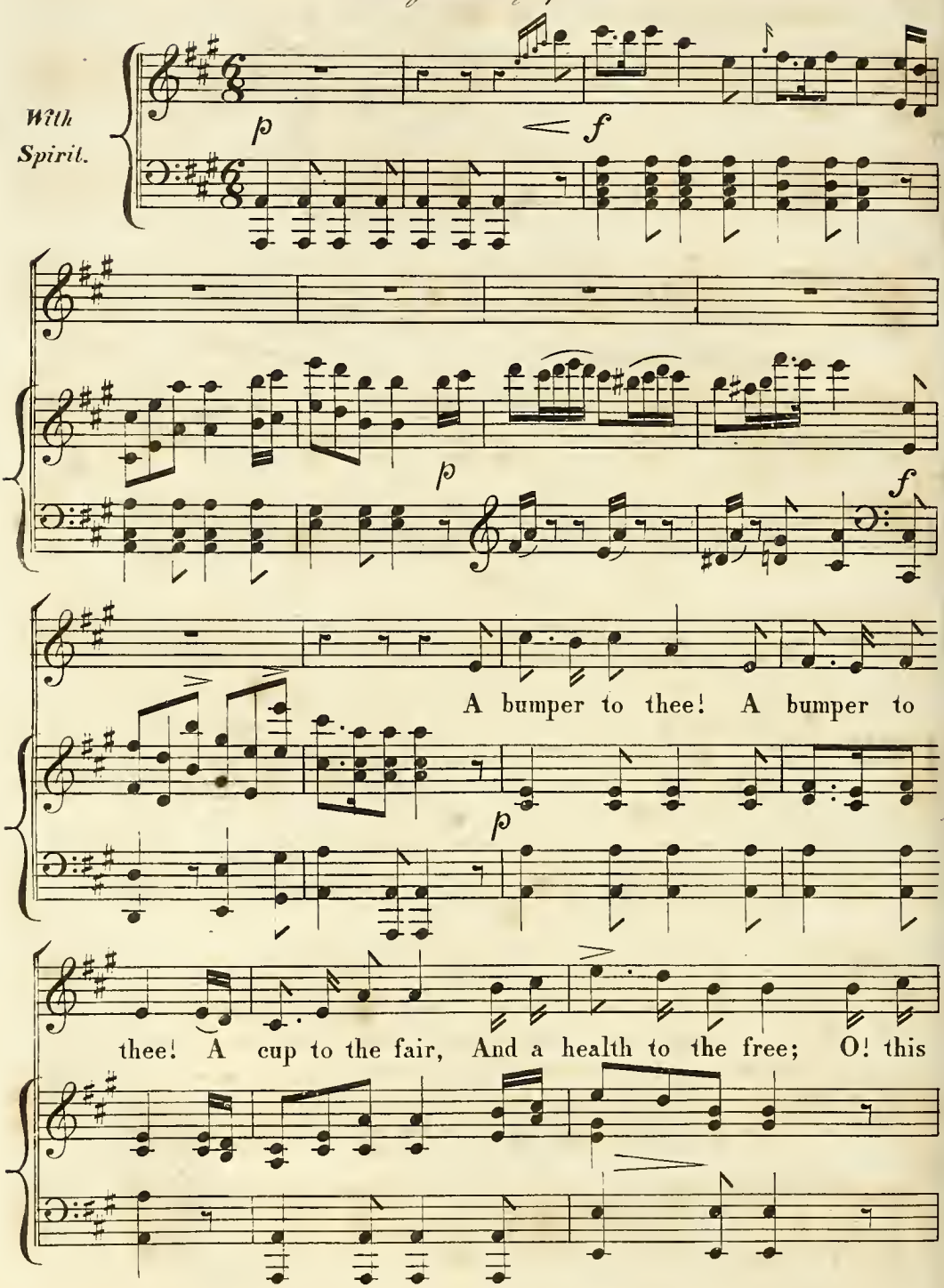


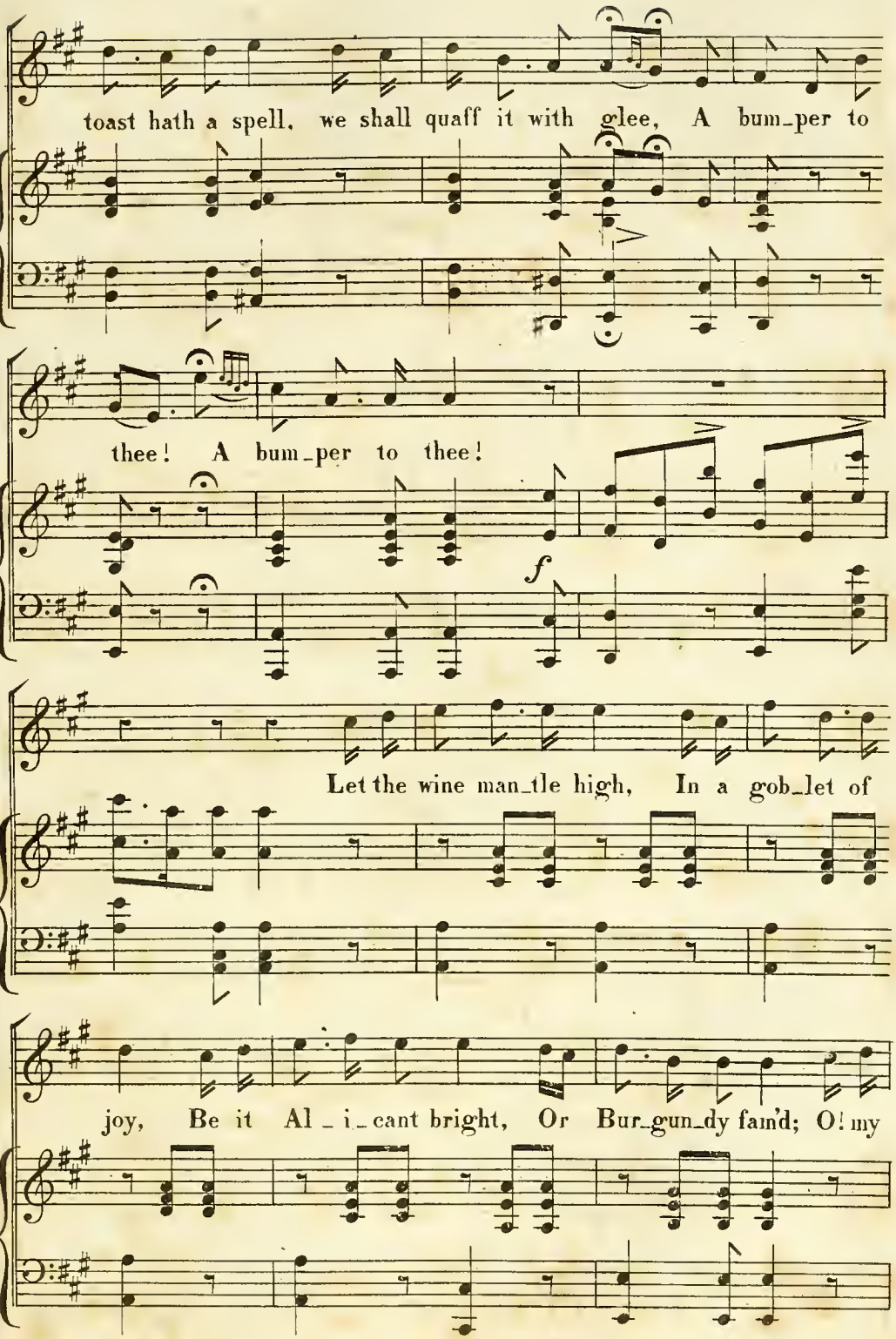
Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou canst shun not, Mc Crimman?
Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou canst shun not?
If thy course must be brief, let the proud Saxon know,
That the soul of Mc Crimman ne'er quail'd, when a foe
Bared his blade in the land he had won not!
Where the light-footed roe leaves
The wild breeze behind,
And the red heather bloom gives
Its sweets to the wind,
There our broad pennon flies,
And the keen steeds are prancing,
'Mid the startling war-cries,
And the war-weapons glancing.
Then raise your wild slogan-cry! On to the foray!
Sons of the heather-hill, pine-wood, and glen!
Shout for Mc Pherson, Mc Leod, and the Moray,
Till the Lomonds re-echo the challenge again!

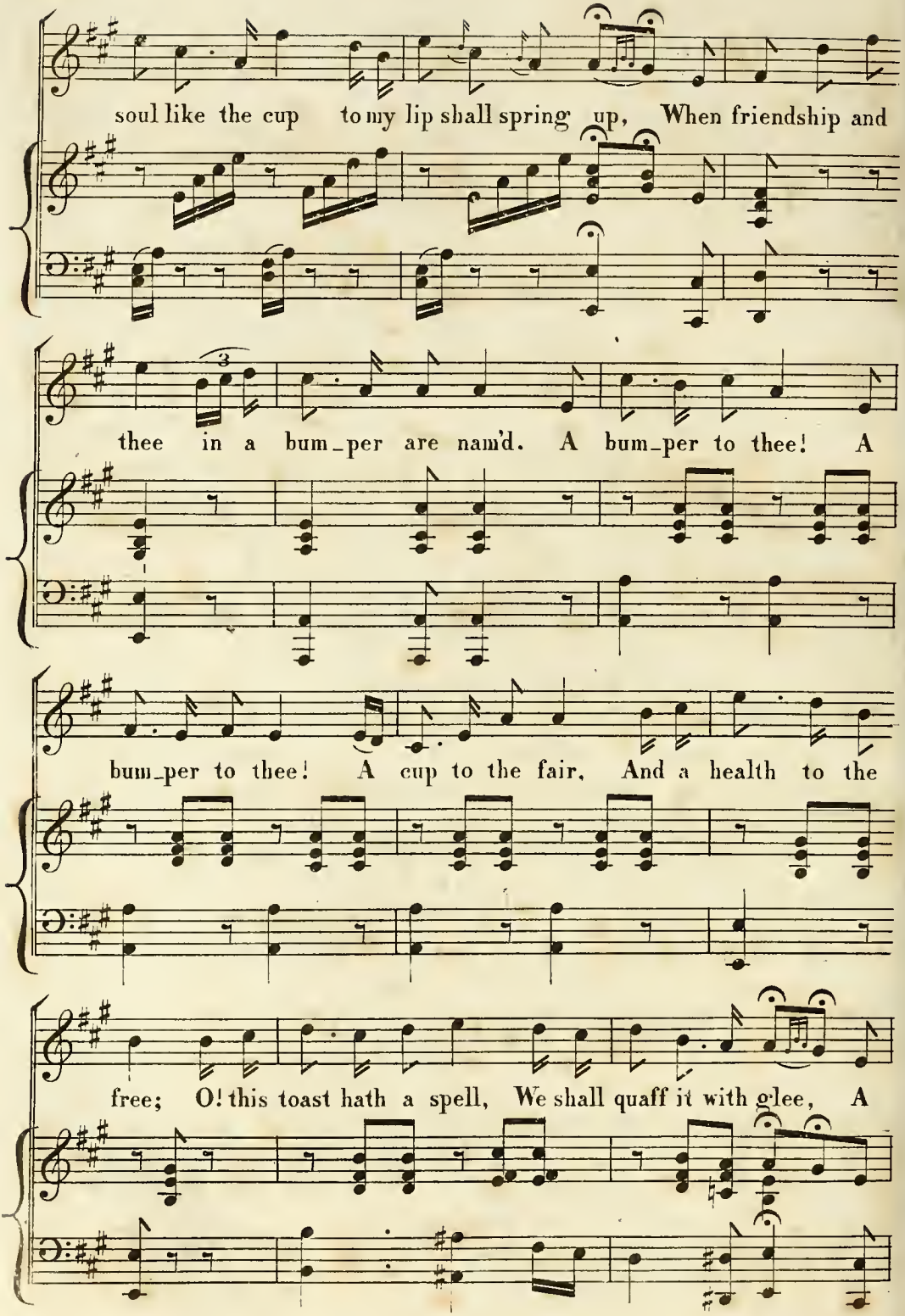
These verses are founded on fact, and allude to the story, until late years almost unknown, unless in the northern districts of Scotland, of Mc Crimman, Piper to Mc Leod of Skye, when about to attend his chief upon a distant foray, truly prognosticating his own death ere they returned.

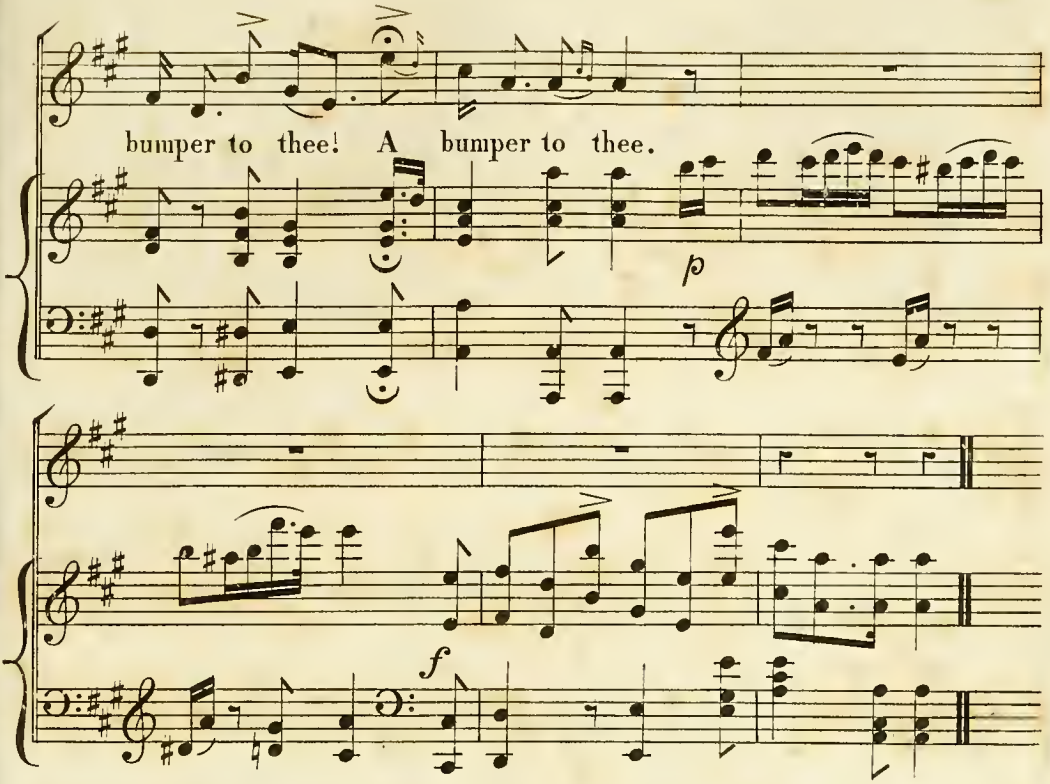
A BUMPER TO THEE!

Written by Robert Gilfillan.




toast hath a spell, we shall quaff it with glee, A bum_per to
thee! A bum_per to thee!
f
Let the wine man_tle high, In a gob_let of
joy, Be it Al_i_cant bright, Or Bur_gun_dy fam'd; O! my


soul like the cup to my lip shall spring up, When friendship and
thee in a bum_per are nam'd. A bum_per to thee! A
bum_per to thee! A cup to the fair, And a health to the
free; O! this toast hath a spell, We shall quaff it with glee, A



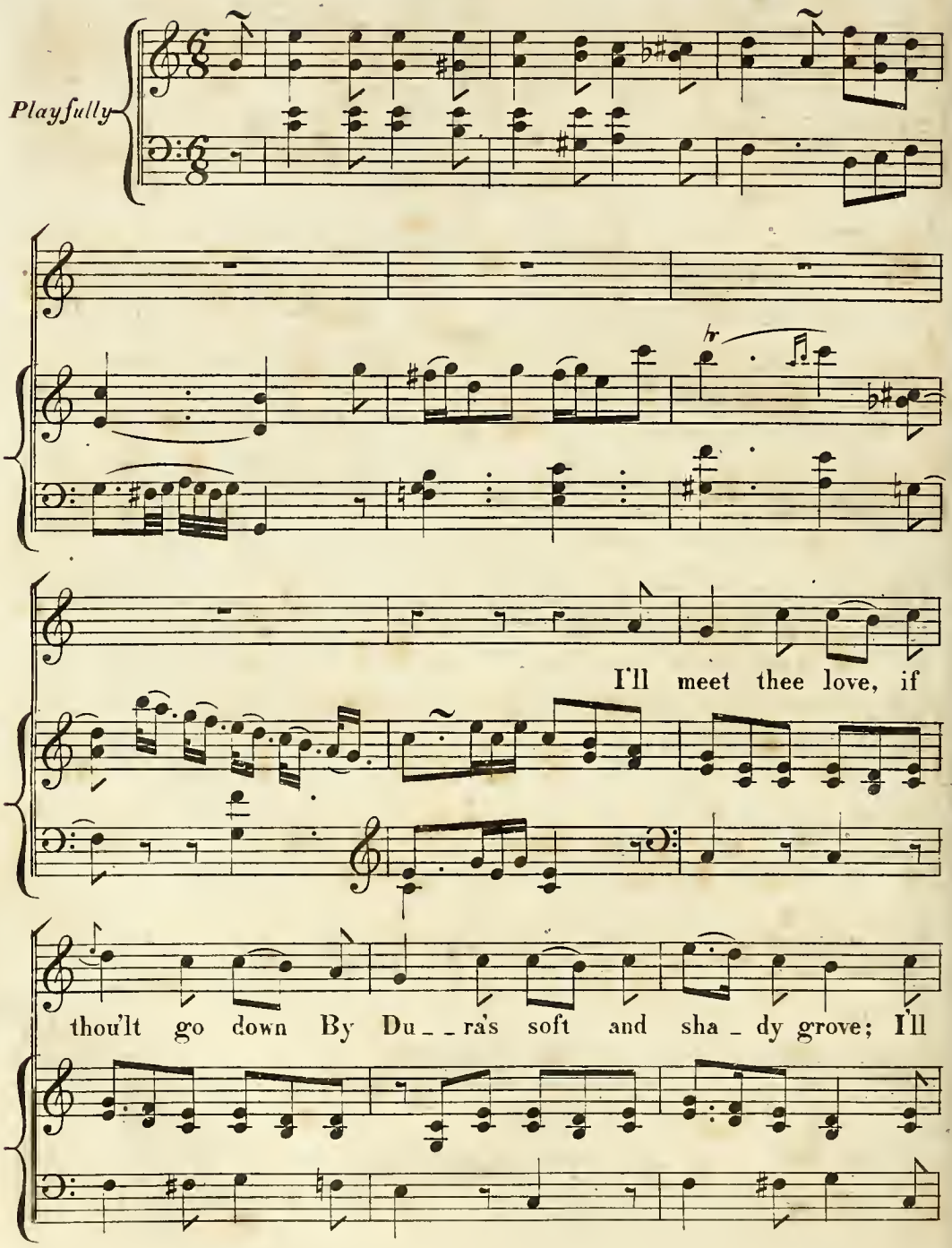
O! the Arno rolls deep through Italia's gay land,
And fair on its banks grows the wide spreading vine,
In the juice of that vine we shall pledge heart and hand
To bright eyes that sparkle—as sparkles the wine!
A bumper to thee! &c.

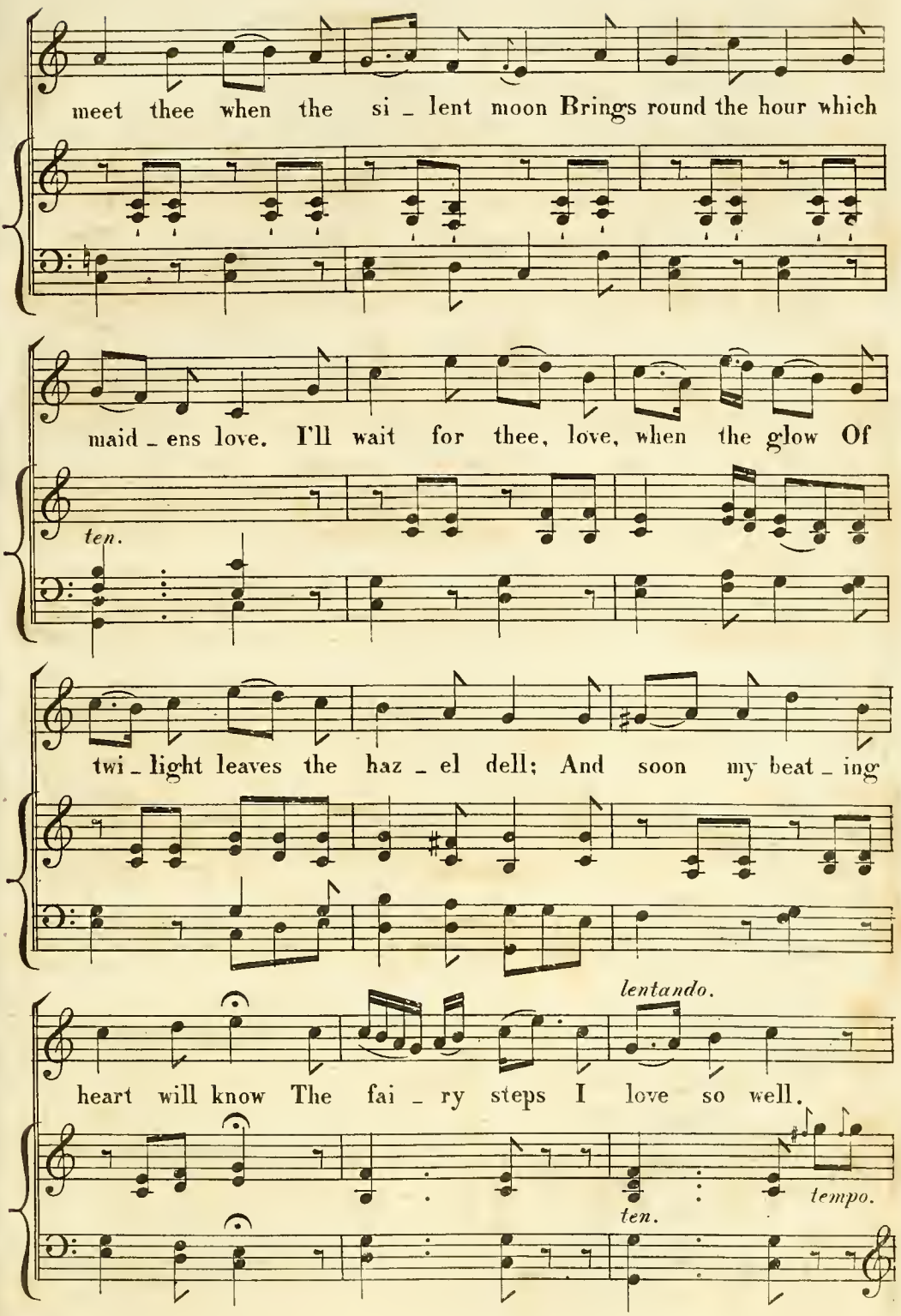
As the Arab while wand'ring the desert along,
Forgets half his toil if a streamlet he find;
So in life's dreary waste fill a cup deep and strong,
And sorrow and care we shall throw to the wind.
In a bumper to thee! &c.

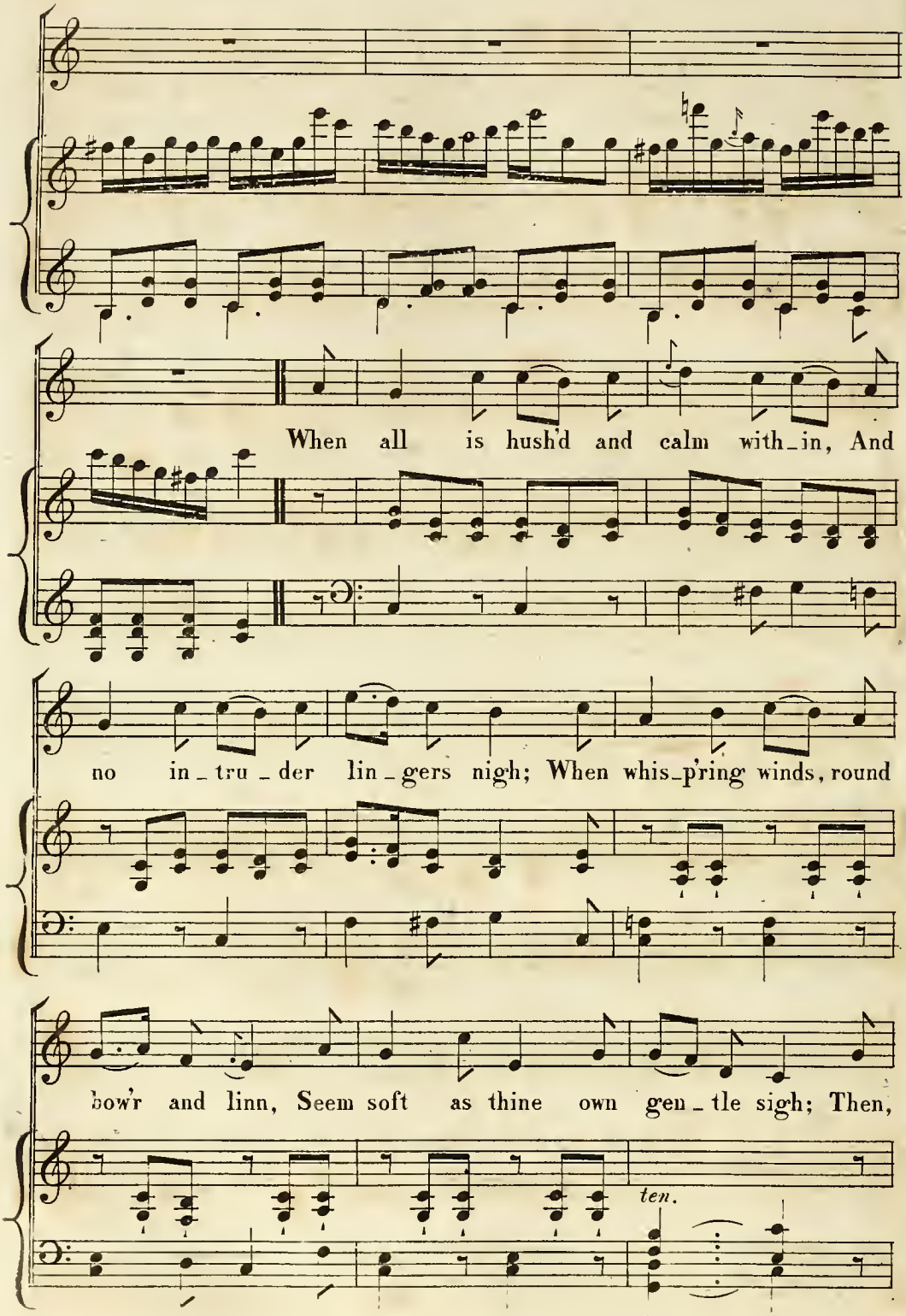
Since the past is away—let this night be our day.
Nor brood on tomorrow to waken a sigh,
For to souls if there's bliss—'tis a moment like this
When cups flow with wine and bosoms with joy.
O! a bumper to thee! &c.

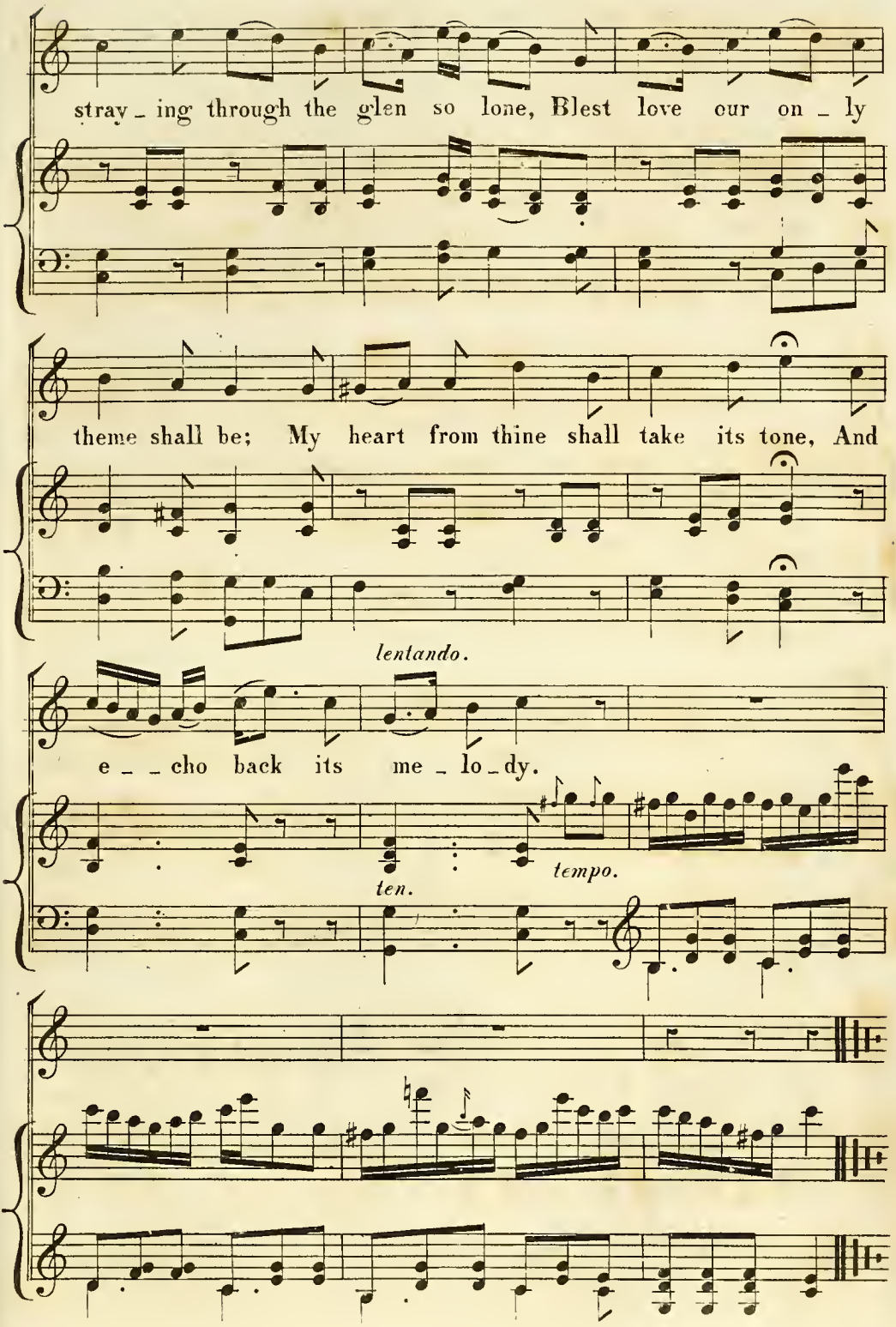
I'LL MEET THEE LOVE.

Anonymous.



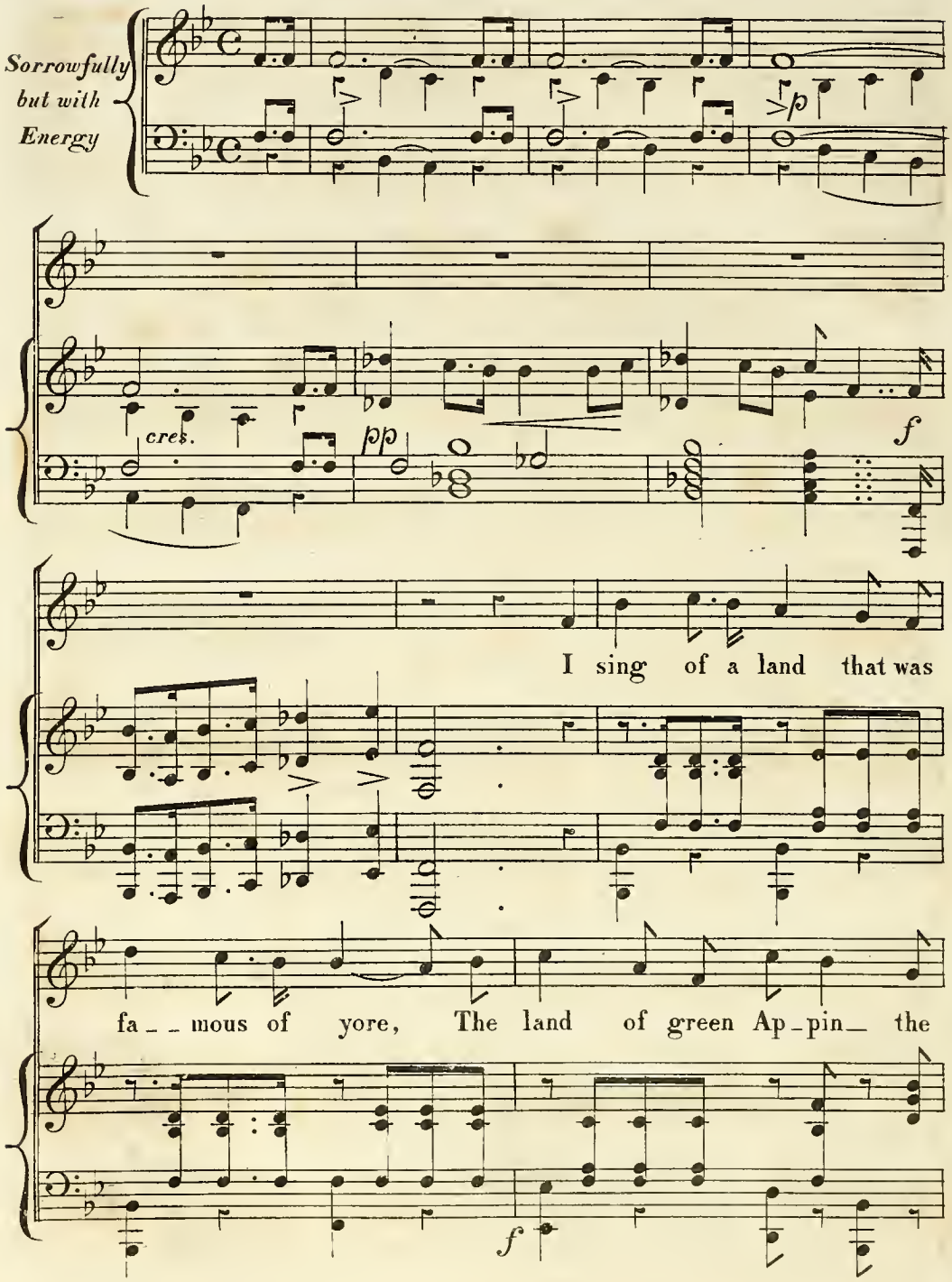

meet thee when the si _ lent moon Brings round the hour which
maid _ ens love. I'll wait for thee, love, when the glow Of
ten.
twi _ light leaves the haz _ el dell; And soon my beat _ ing
lentando.
heart will know The fai _ ry steps I love so well.
tempo.
ten.

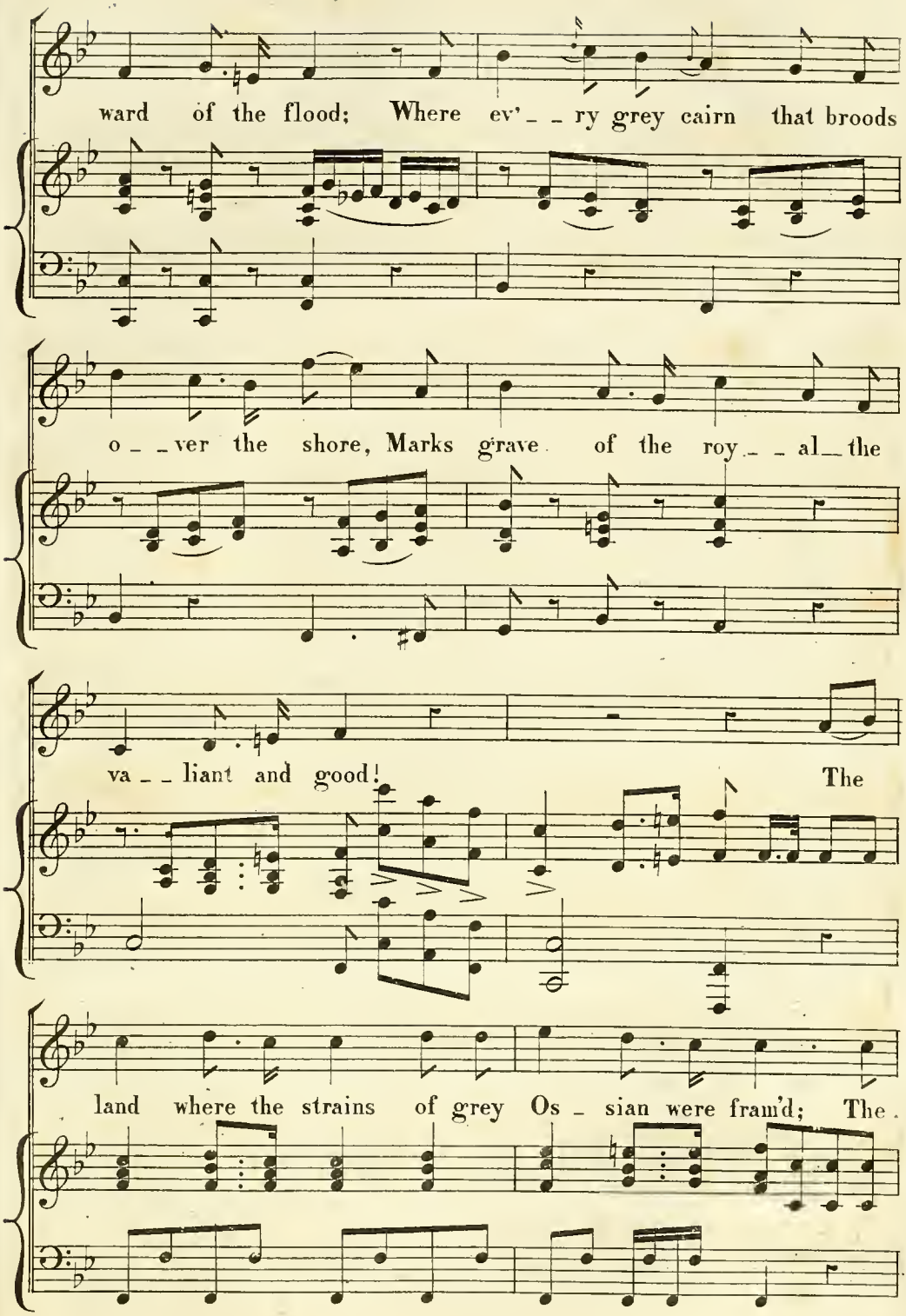

When all is hush'd and calm with_in, And
no in_tru_der lin_gers nigh; When whis_p'ring winds, round
bow'r and linn, Seem soft as thine own gen_tle sigh; Then,
ten.

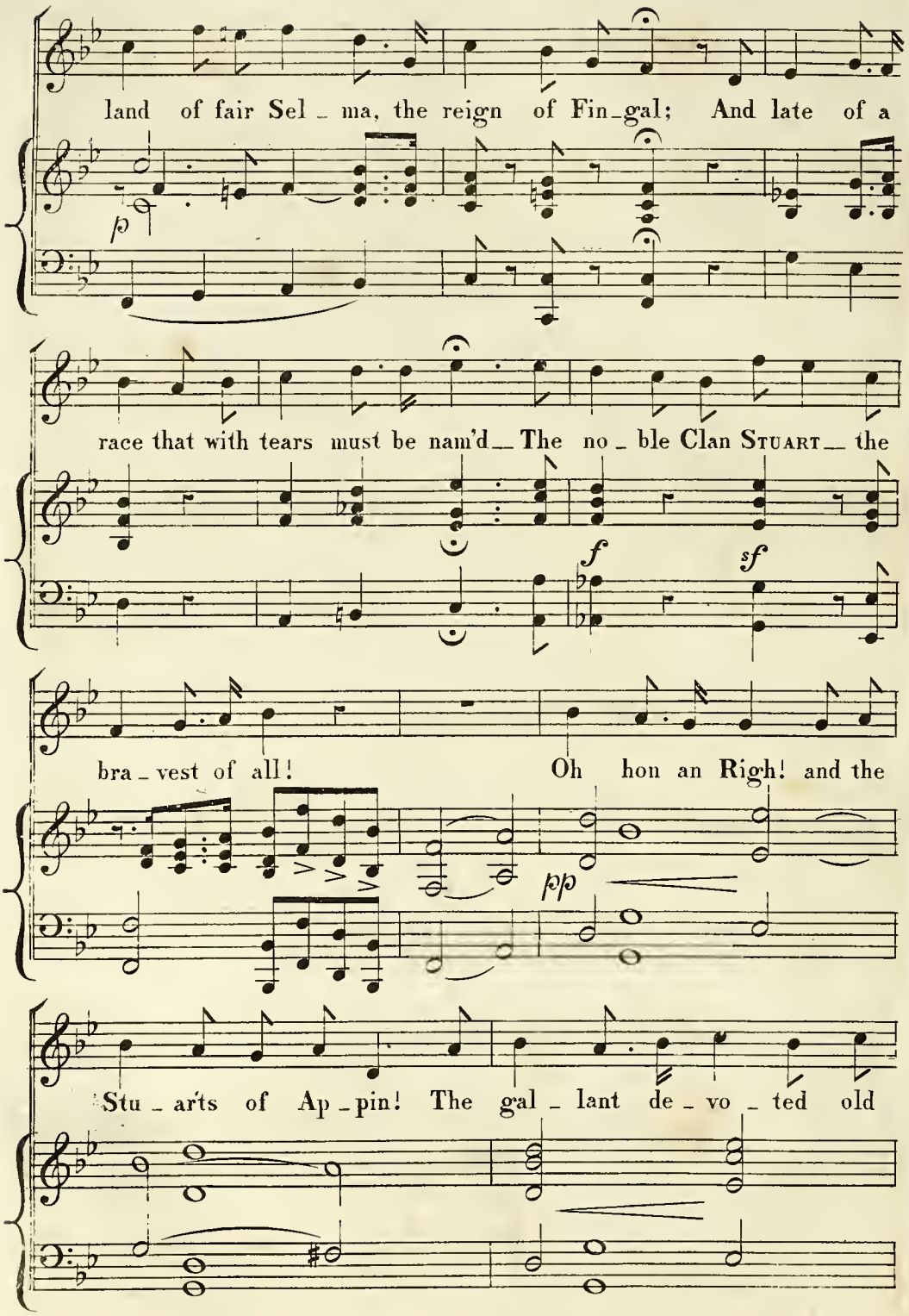

stray _ ing through the glen so lone, Blest love our on _ ly
theme shall be; My heart from thine shall take its tone, And
lentando.
e _ _ cho back its me _ lo _ dy.
ten.
tempo.

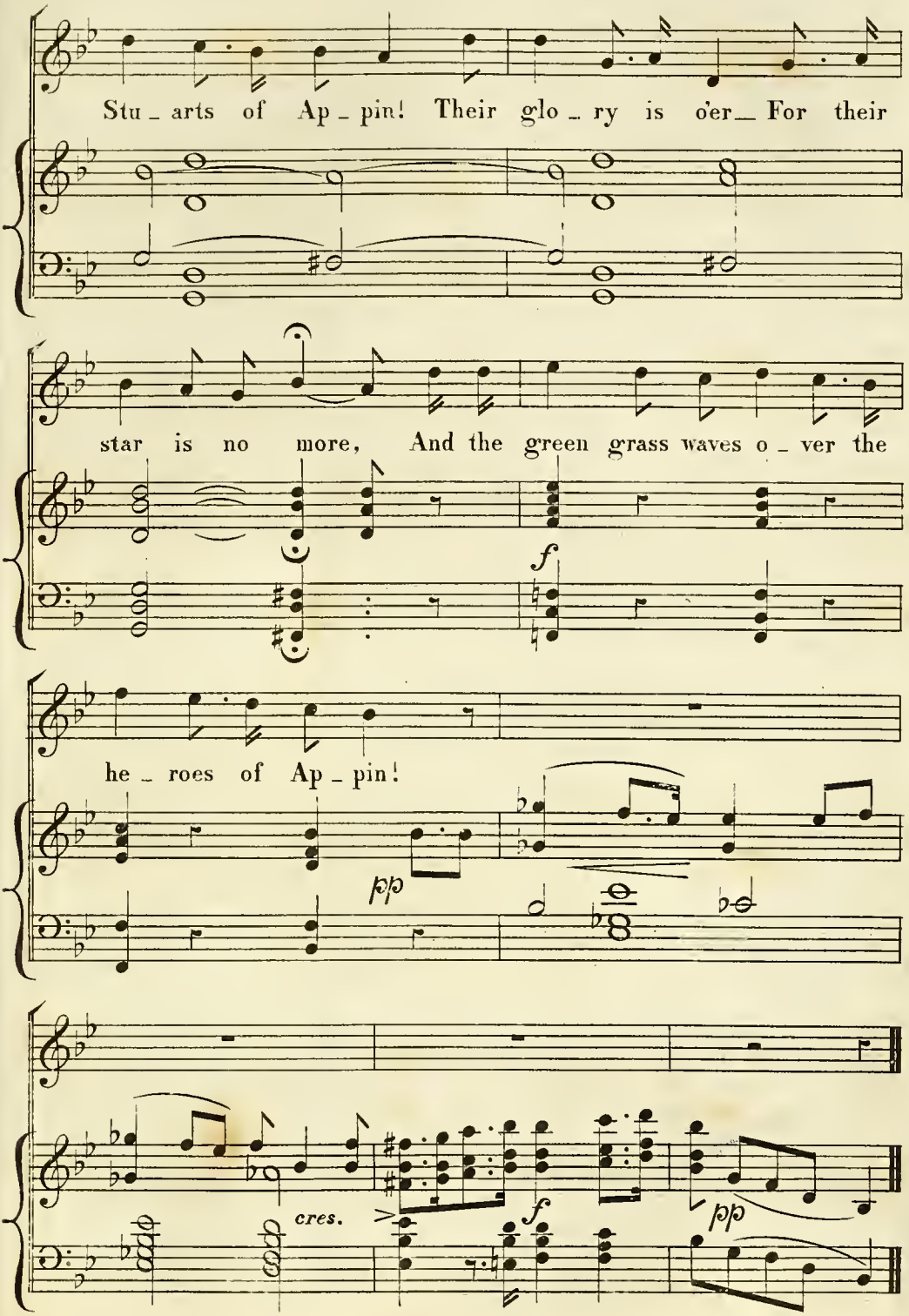
LAMENT FOR THE STUARTS OF APPIN.

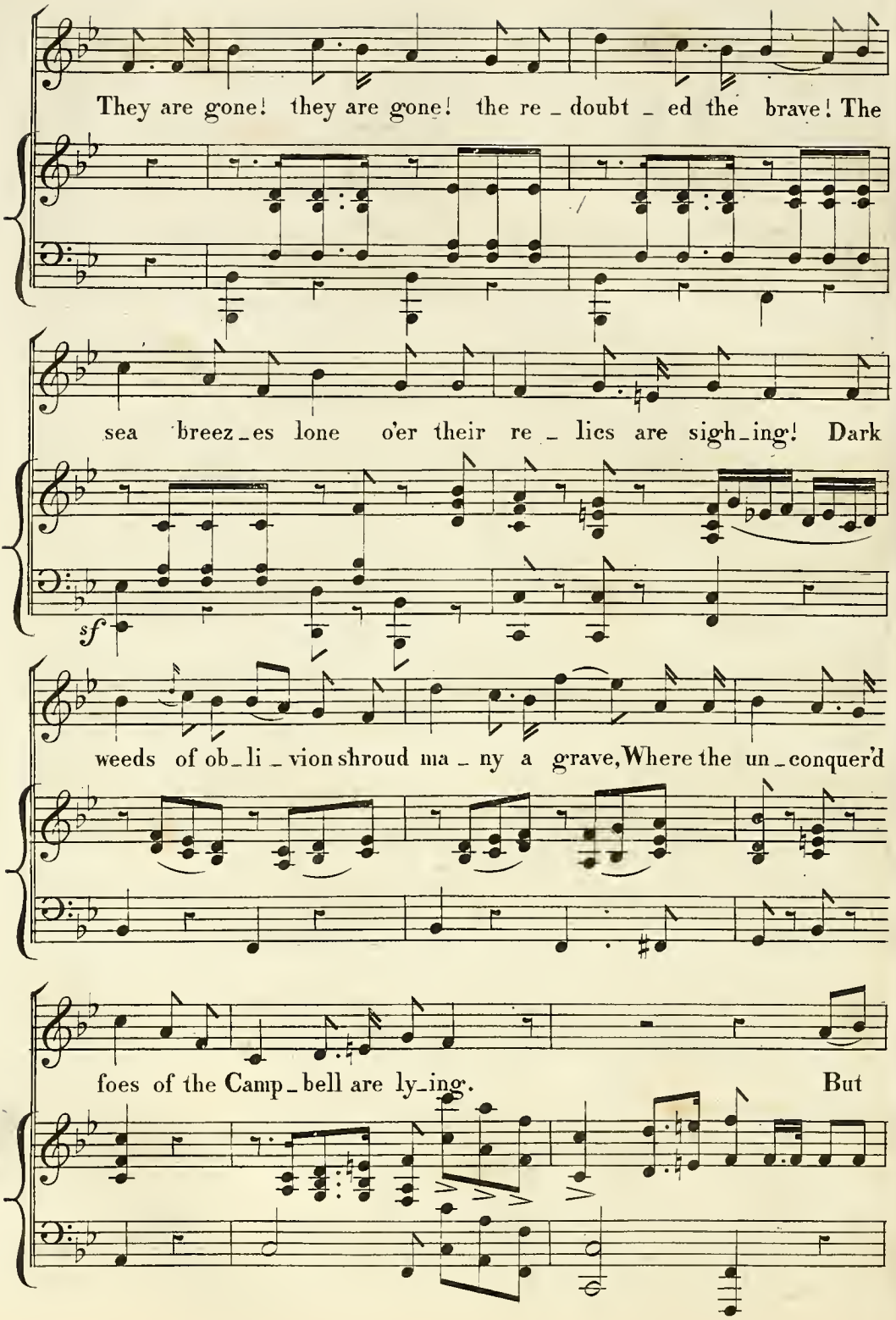
Written by The Ettrick Shepherd.

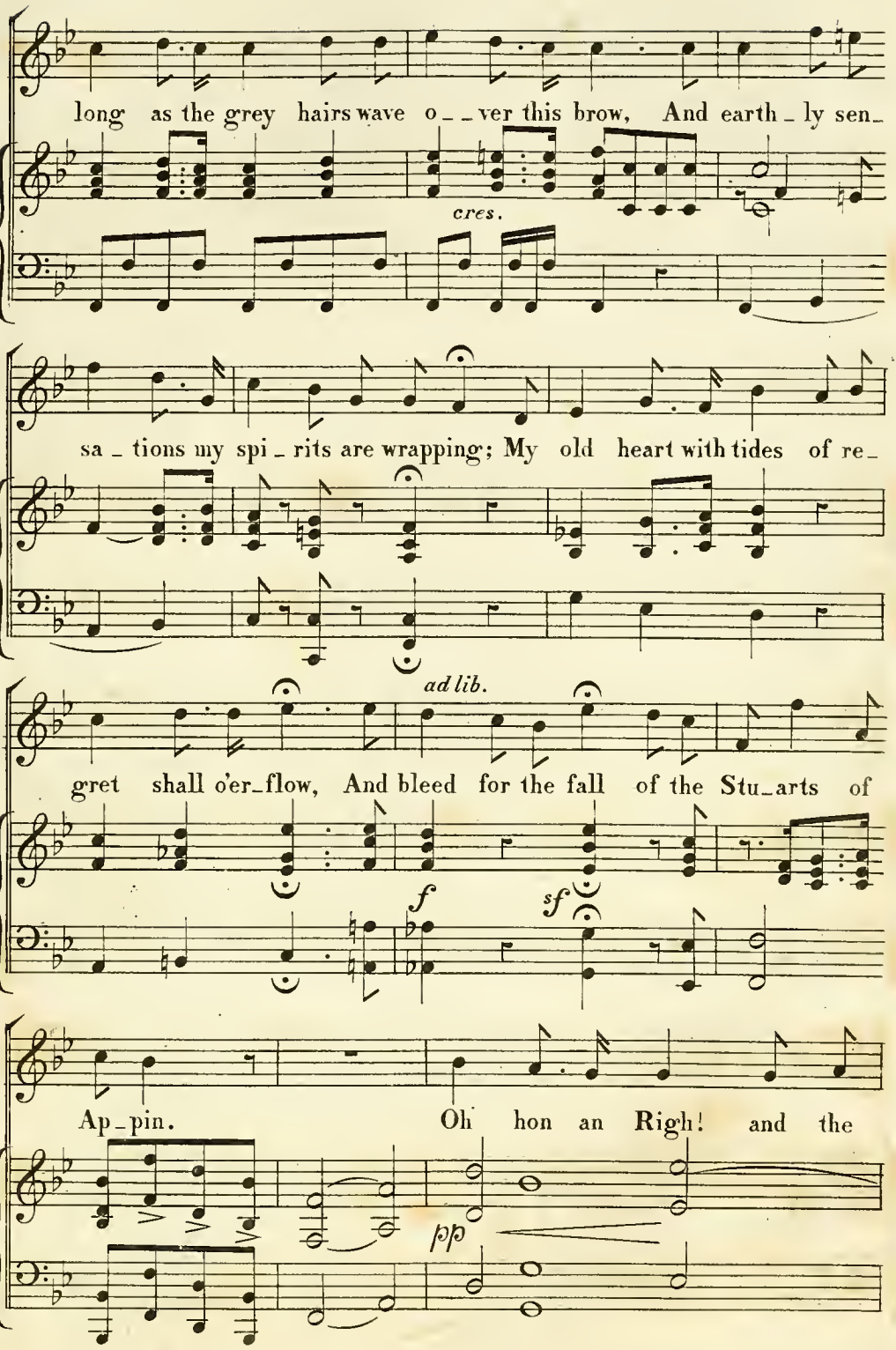


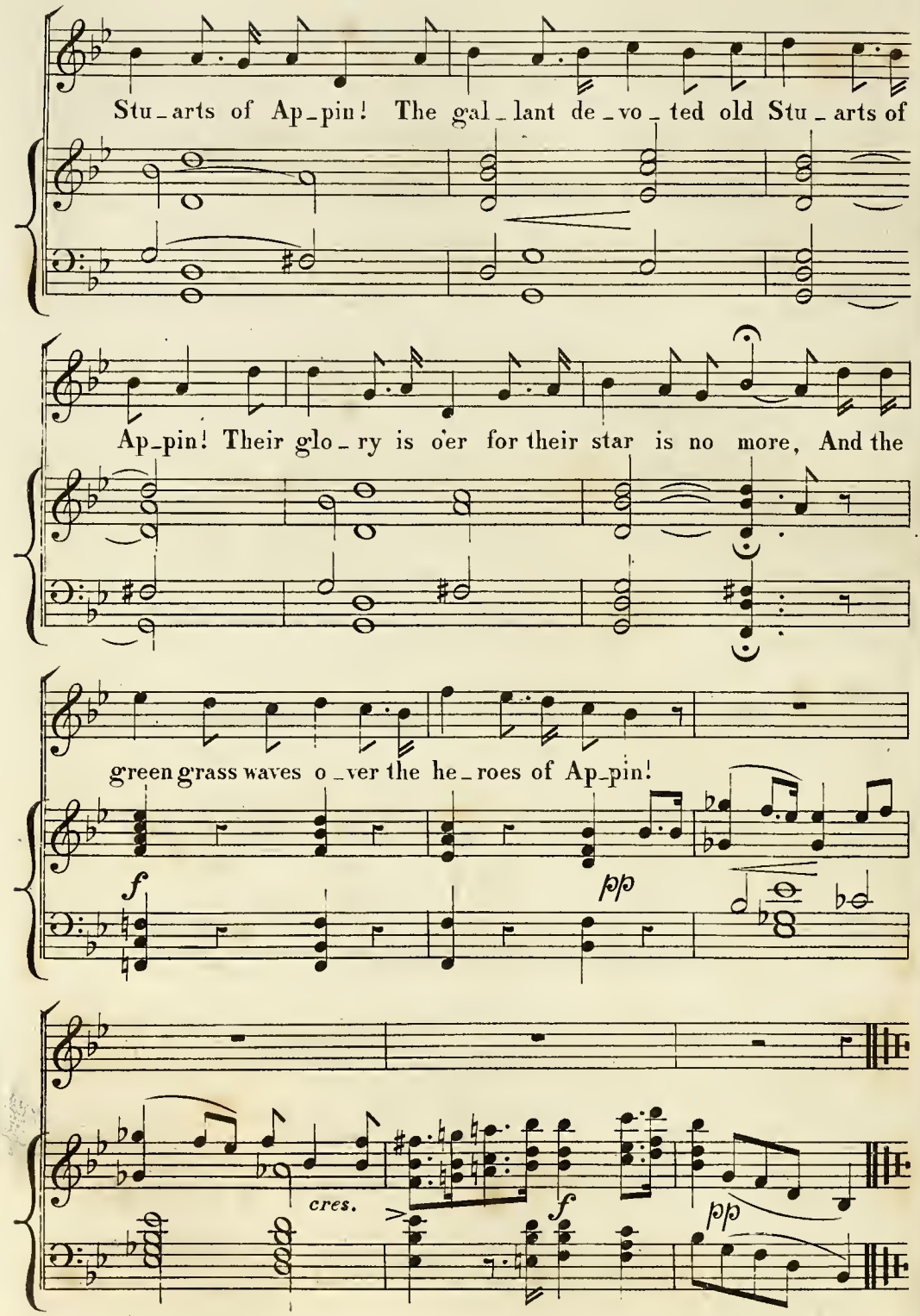

ward of the flood; Where ev'_ _ry grey cairn that broods
o_ _ver the shore, Marks grave of the roy_ _al_ the
va_ _liant and good! The
land where the strains of grey Os_sian were fram'd; The


land of fair Sel _ ma, the reign of Fin_gal; And late of a
p
race that with tears must be nam'd__ The no _ ble Clan STUART__ the
f
sf
bra _ vest of all! Oh hon an Righ! and the
pp
Stu _ arts of Ap _ pin! The gal _ lant de _ vo _ ted old


Stu _ arts of Ap _ pin! Their glo _ ry is o'er_ For their
star is no more, And the green grass waves o _ ver the
f
he _ roes of Ap _ pin!
pp
cres.
f
pp

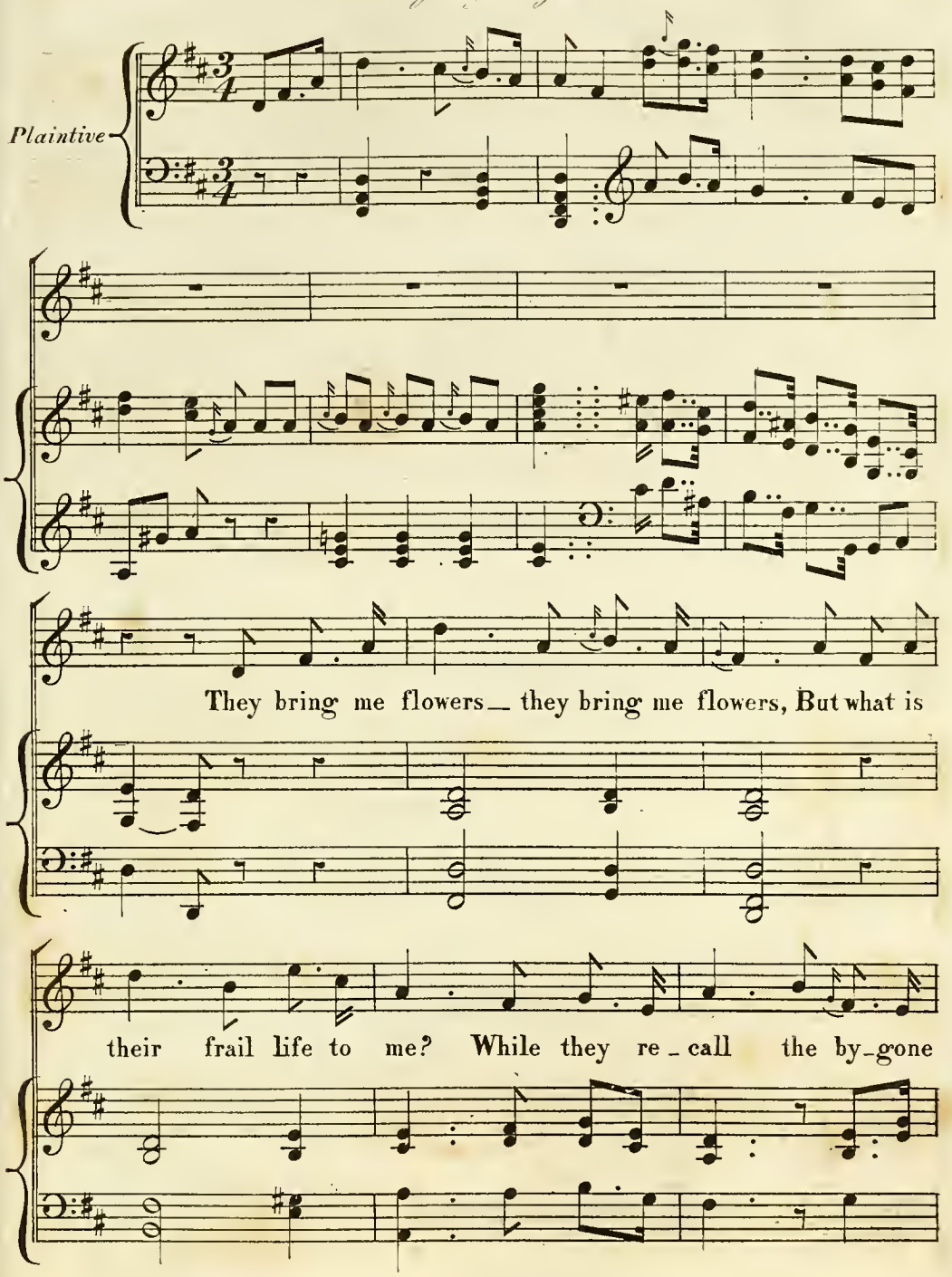

They are gone! they are gone! the re_doubt_ed the brave! The
sea breez_es lone o'er their re_lics are sigh_ing! Dark
sf
weeds of ob_li_vion shroud ma_ny a grave, Where the un_conquer'd
foes of the Camp_bell are ly_ing. But

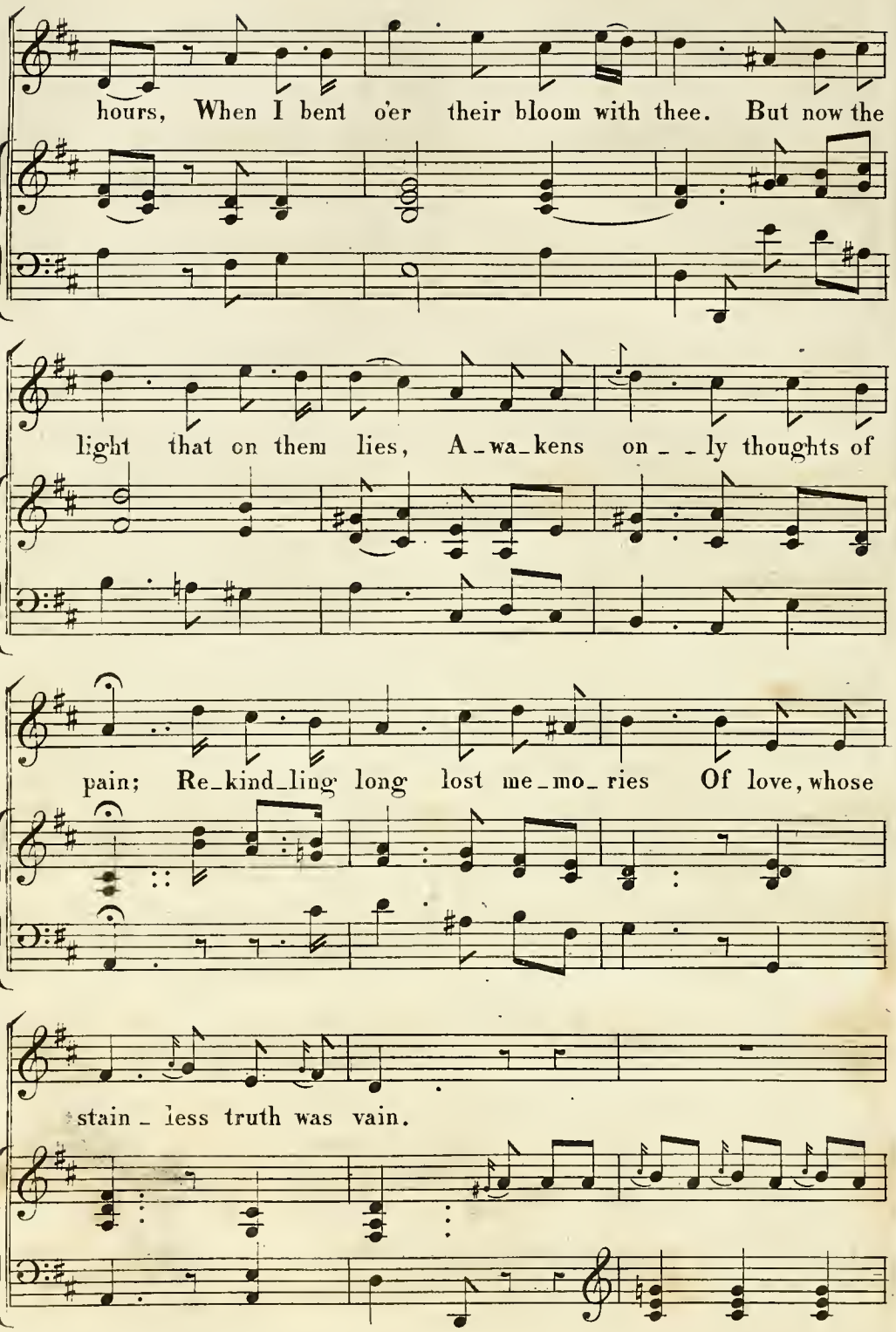

long as the grey hairs wave o_ _ver this brow, And earth_ly sen_
cres.
sa_tions my spi_rits are wrapping; My old heart with tides of re_
ad lib.
gret shall o'er_flow, And bleed for the fall of the Stu_arts of
f
sf
Ap_pin.
Oh hon an Righ! and the
pp

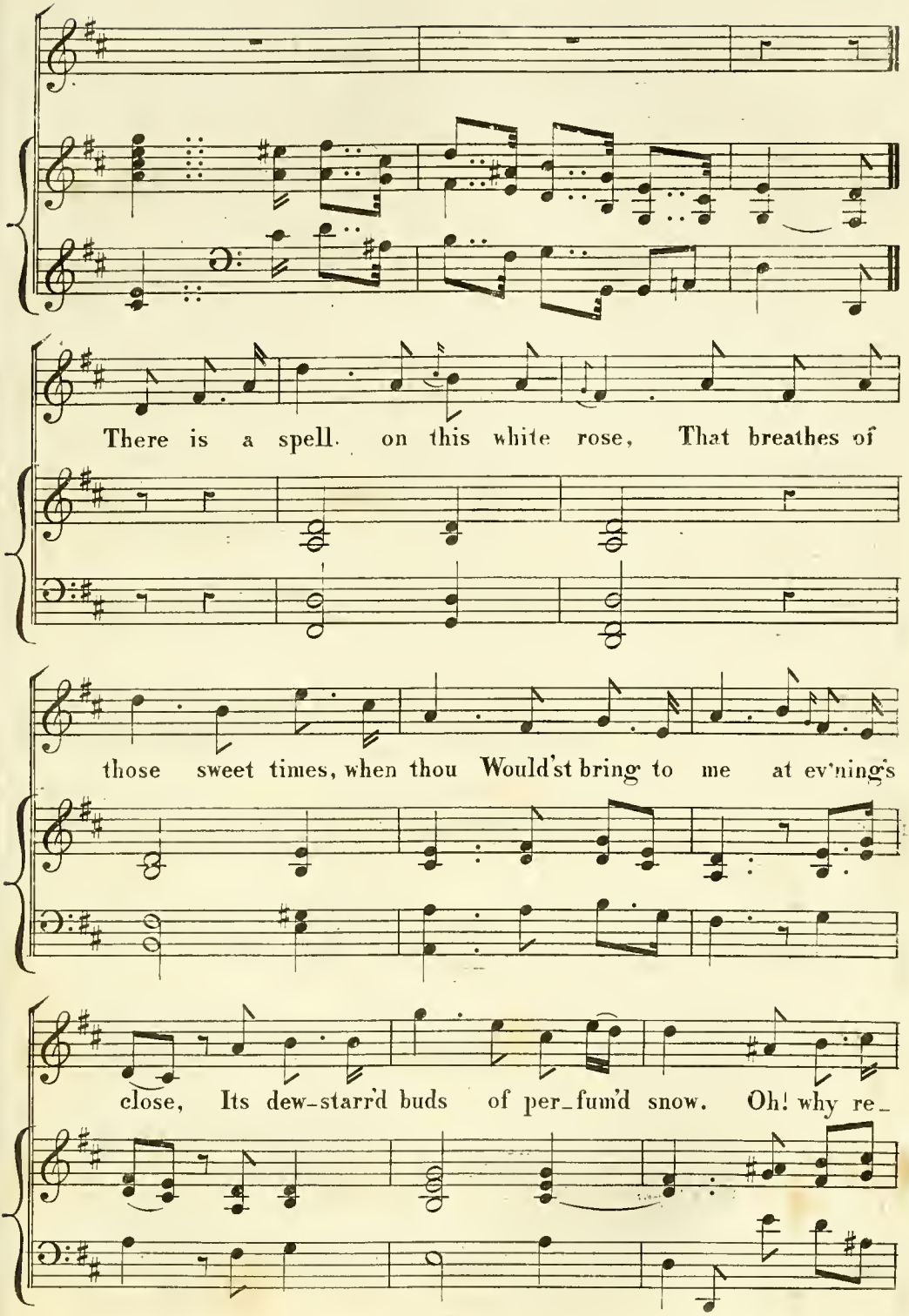

Stu_arts of Ap_pin! The gal_lant de_vo_ted old Stu_arts of
Ap_pin! Their glo_ry is o'er for their star is no more, And the
green grass waves o_ver the he_roes of Ap_pin!
f
pp
cres.
f
pp

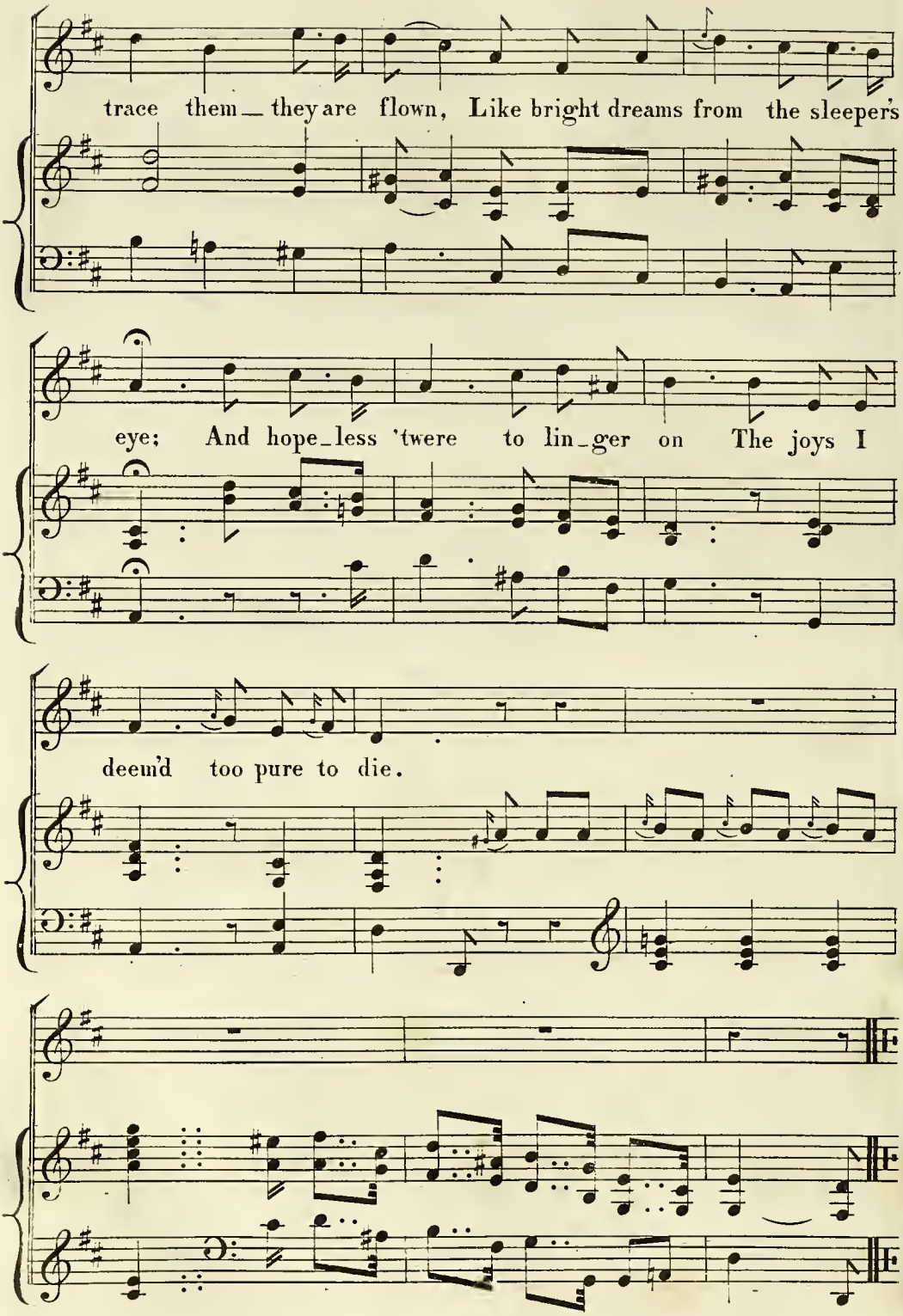
THEY BRING ME FLOWERS.

Written by Miss Eliza Acton.



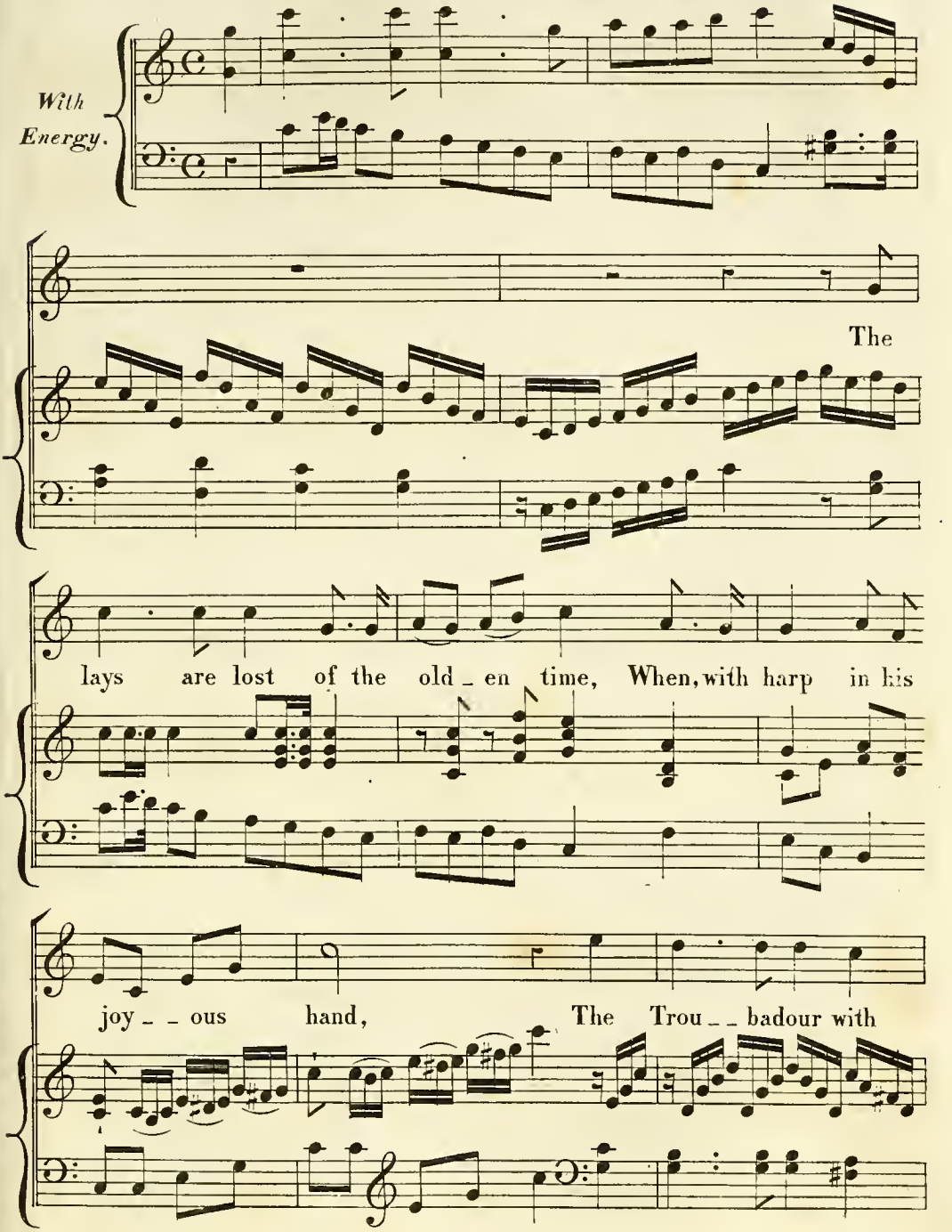

hours, When I bent o'er their bloom with thee. But now the
light that on them lies, A_wa_kens on_ _ ly thoughts of
pain; Re_kind_ling long lost me_mo_ries Of love, whose
stain_less truth was vain.

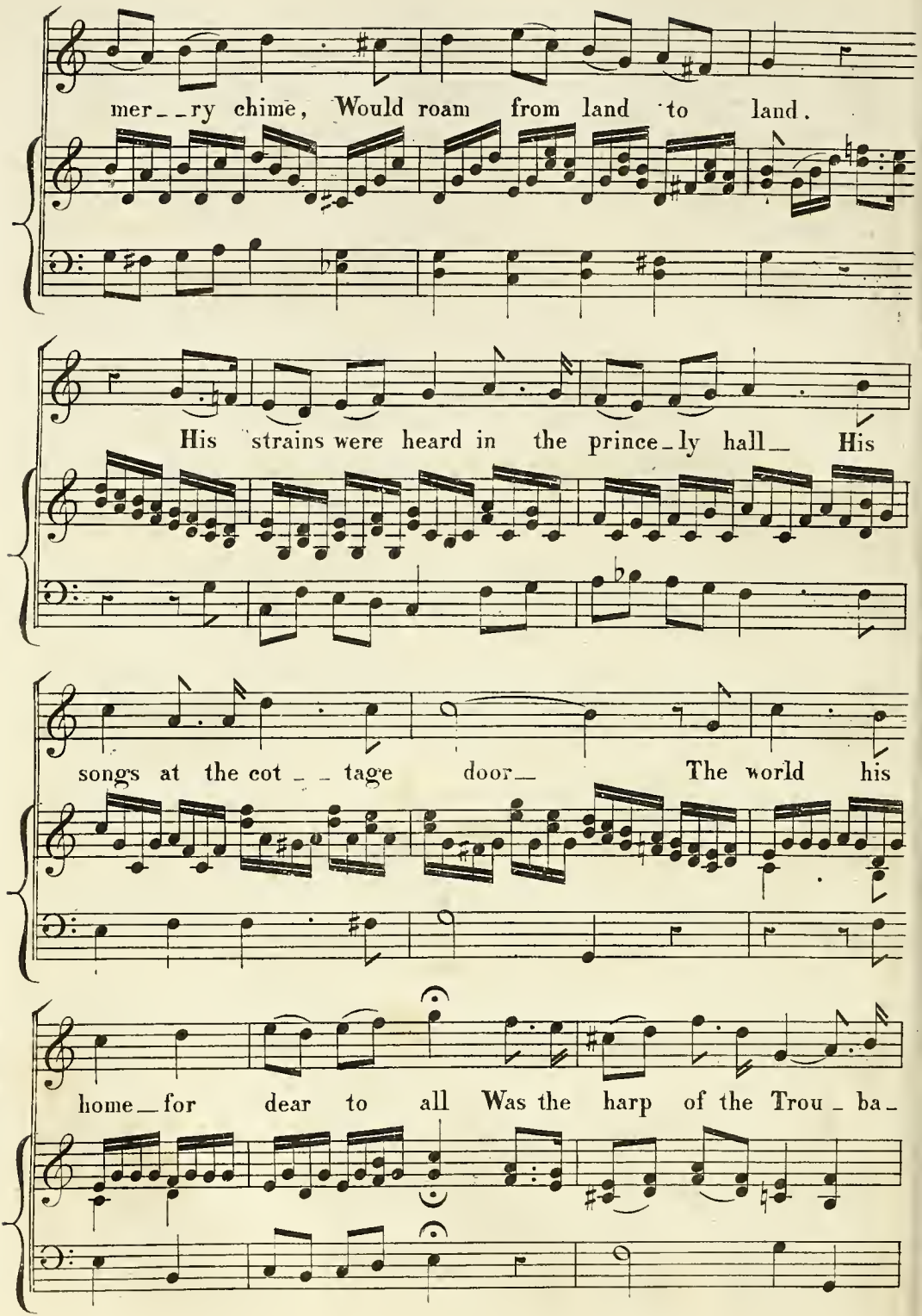

There is a spell on this white rose, That breathes of
those sweet times, when thou Would'st bring to me at ev'ning's
close, Its dew-starr'd buds of per-fum'd snow. Oh! why re-

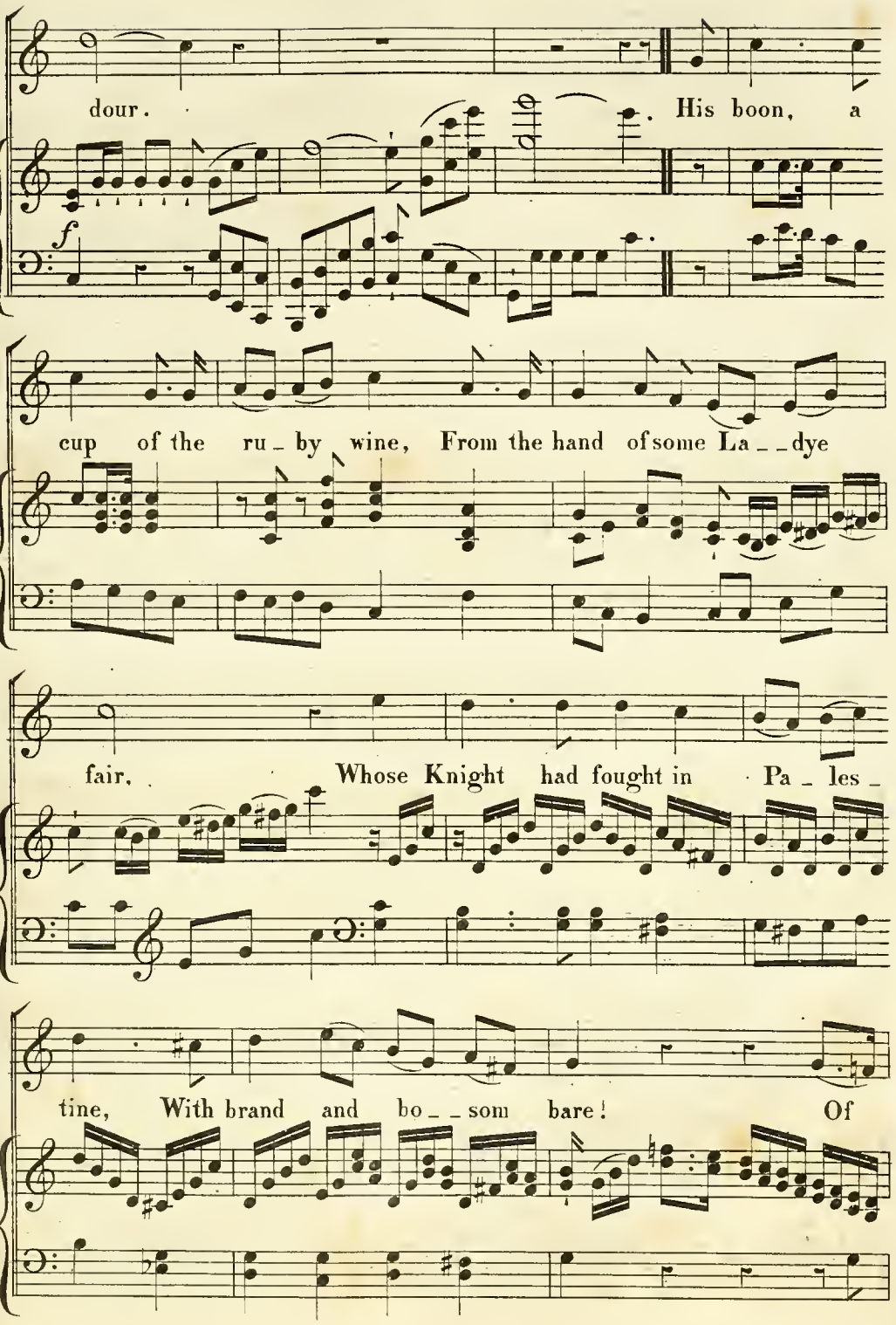

trace them_ they are flown, Like bright dreams from the sleeper's
eye; And hope_less 'twere to lin_ger on The joys I
deem'd too pure to die.

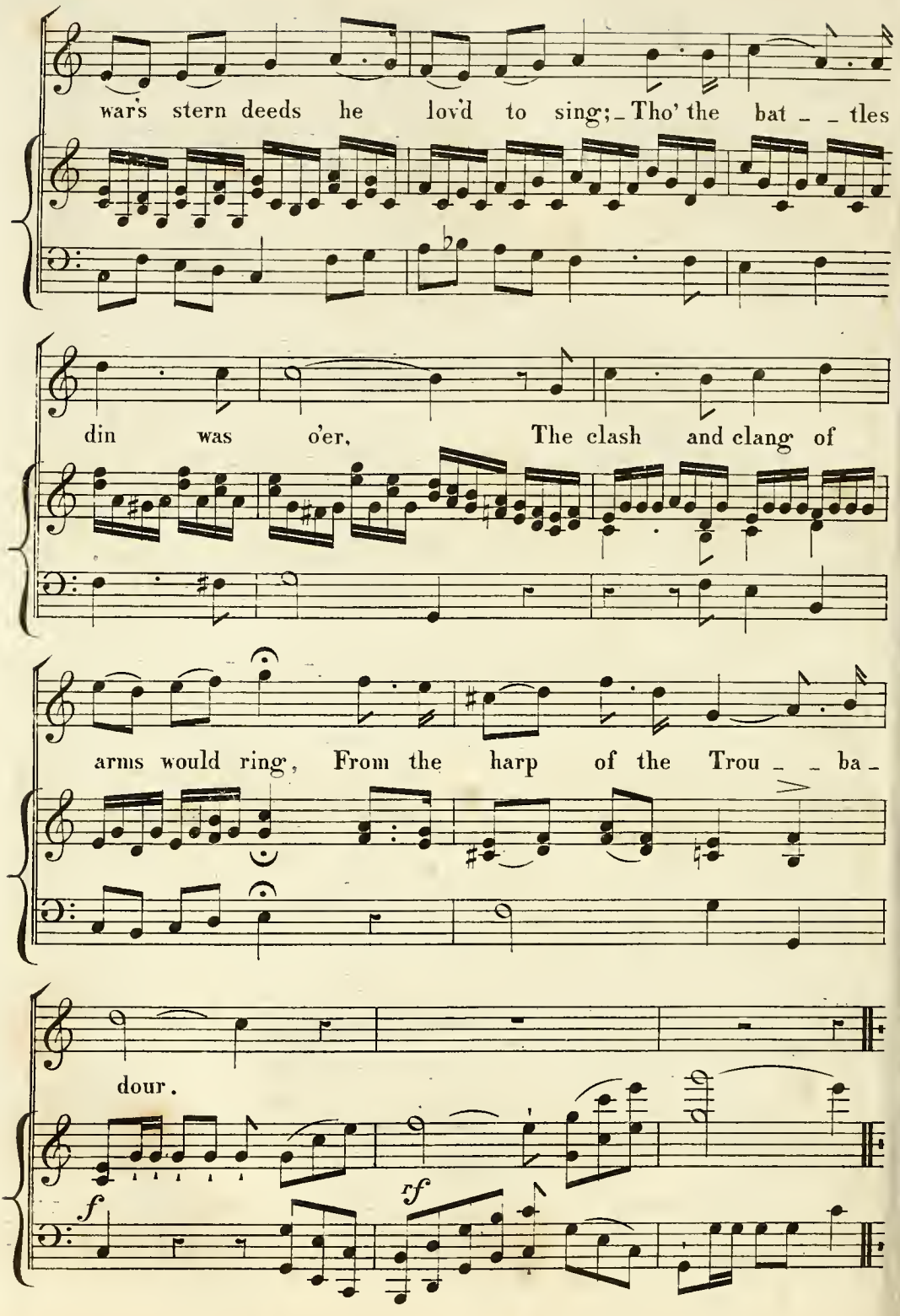
THE HARP OF THE TROUBADOUR.

Written by Captain Charles Gray R. M.



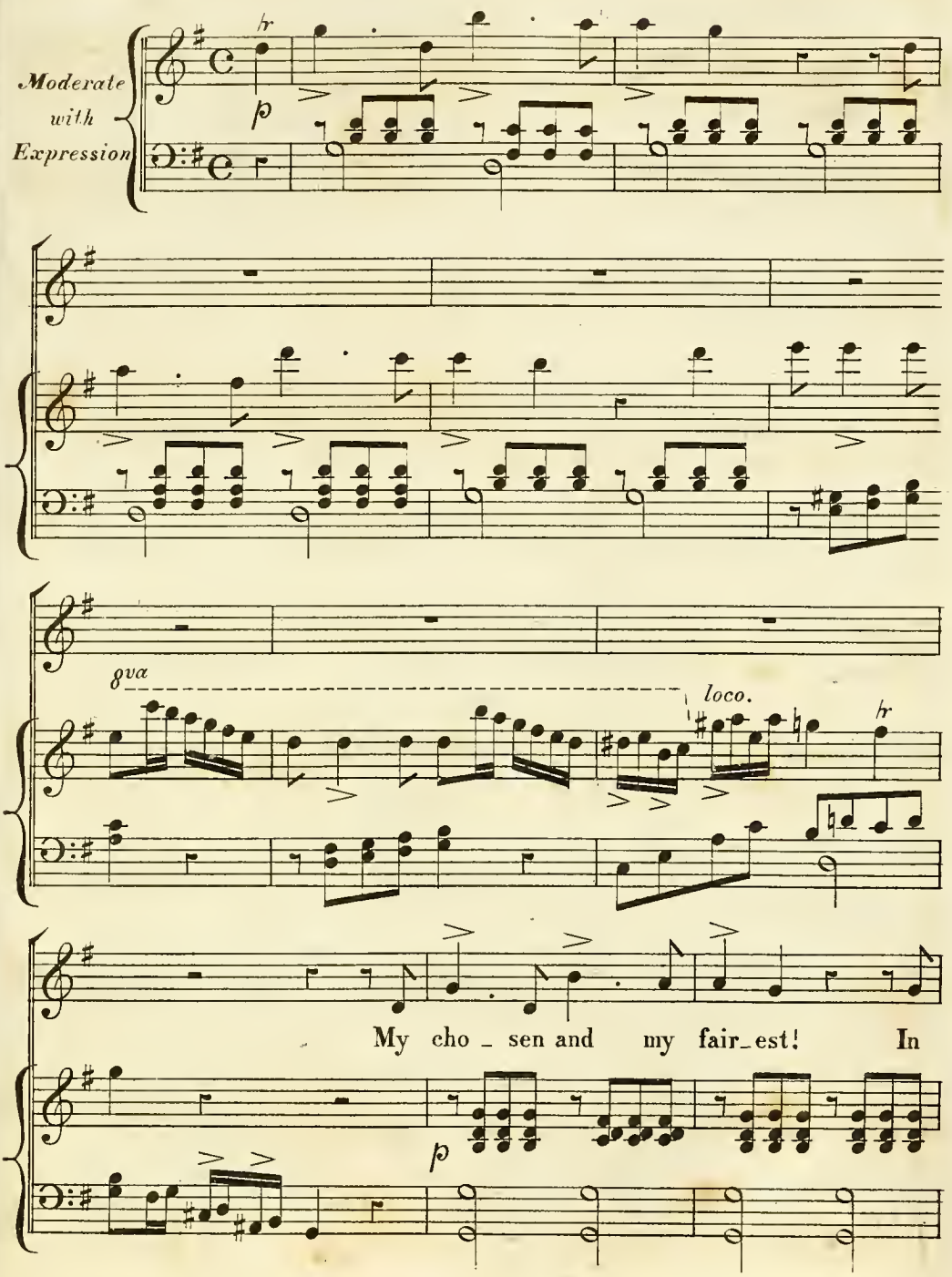

mer_ry chime, Would roam from land to land.
His strains were heard in the prince_ly hall_ His
songs at the cot_tage door_ The world his
home_for dear to all Was the harp of the Trou_ba_

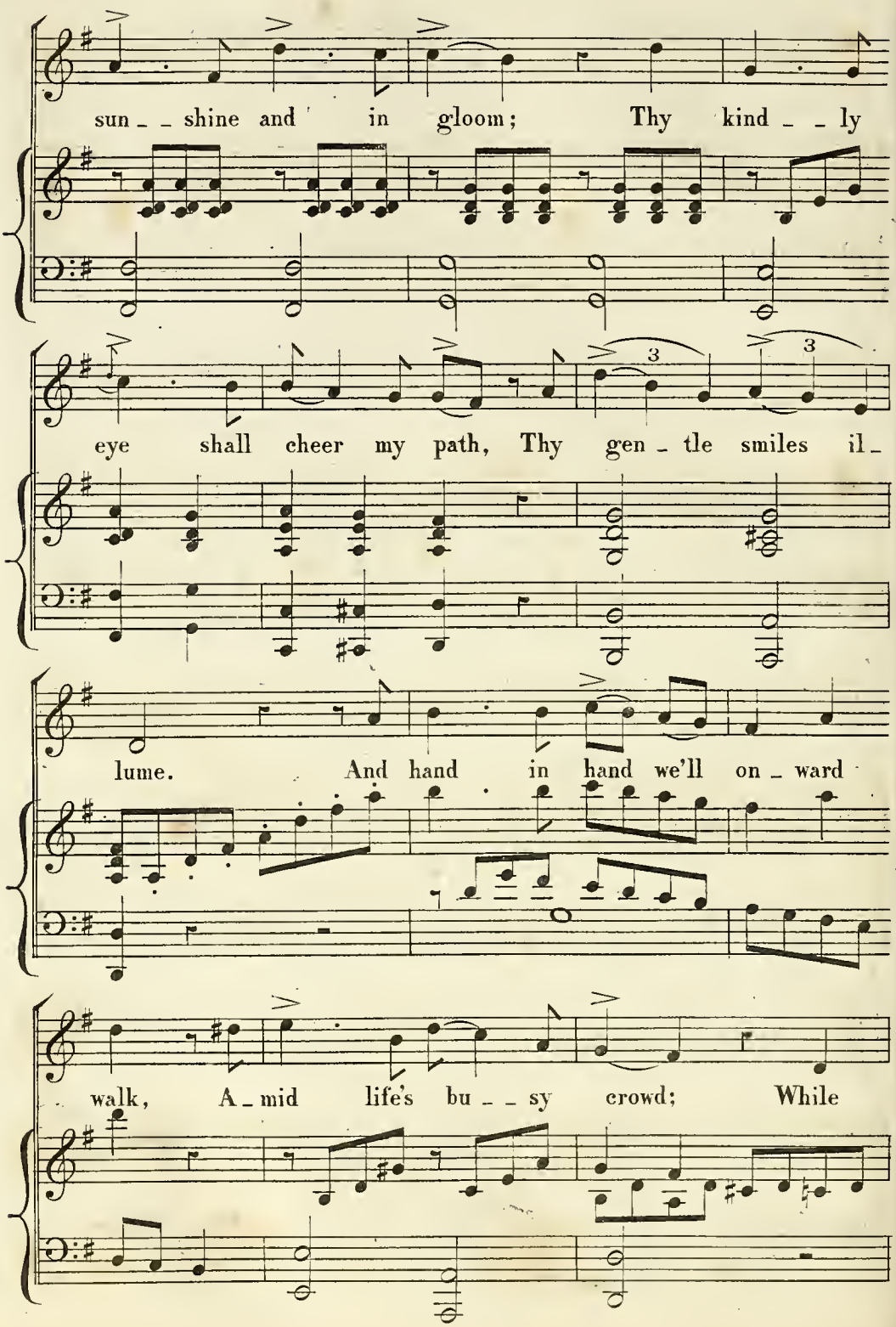

dour. His boon, a
f
cup of the ru_by wine, From the hand of some La__dye
fair, Whose Knight had fought in Pa_les_
tine, With brand and bo__som bare! Of

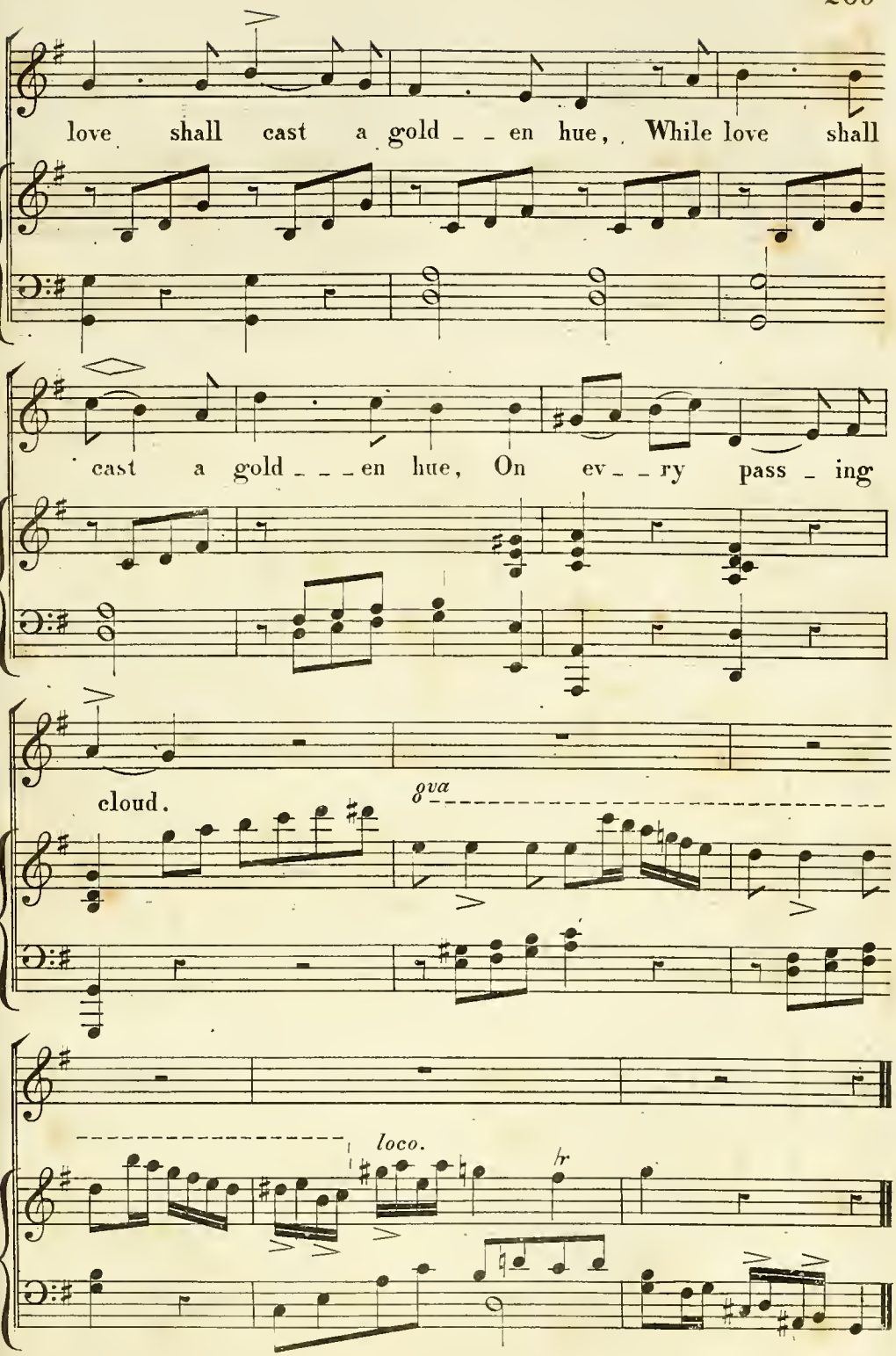

war's stern deeds he lov'd to sing; Tho' the bat - - tles
din was o'er, The clash and clang of
arms would ring, From the harp of the Trou - - ba -
dour.
f
rf

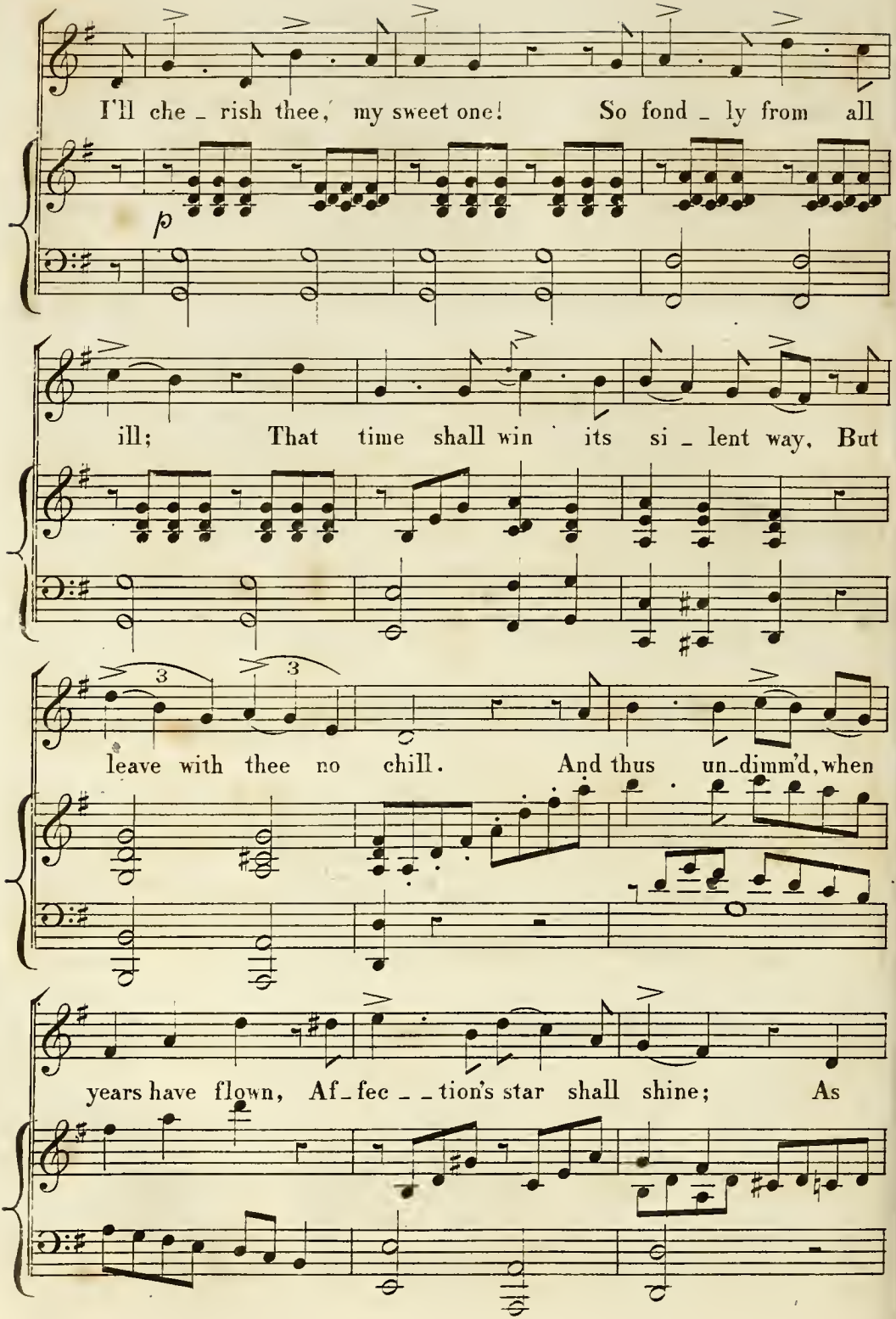
MY CHOSEN AND MY FAIREST.

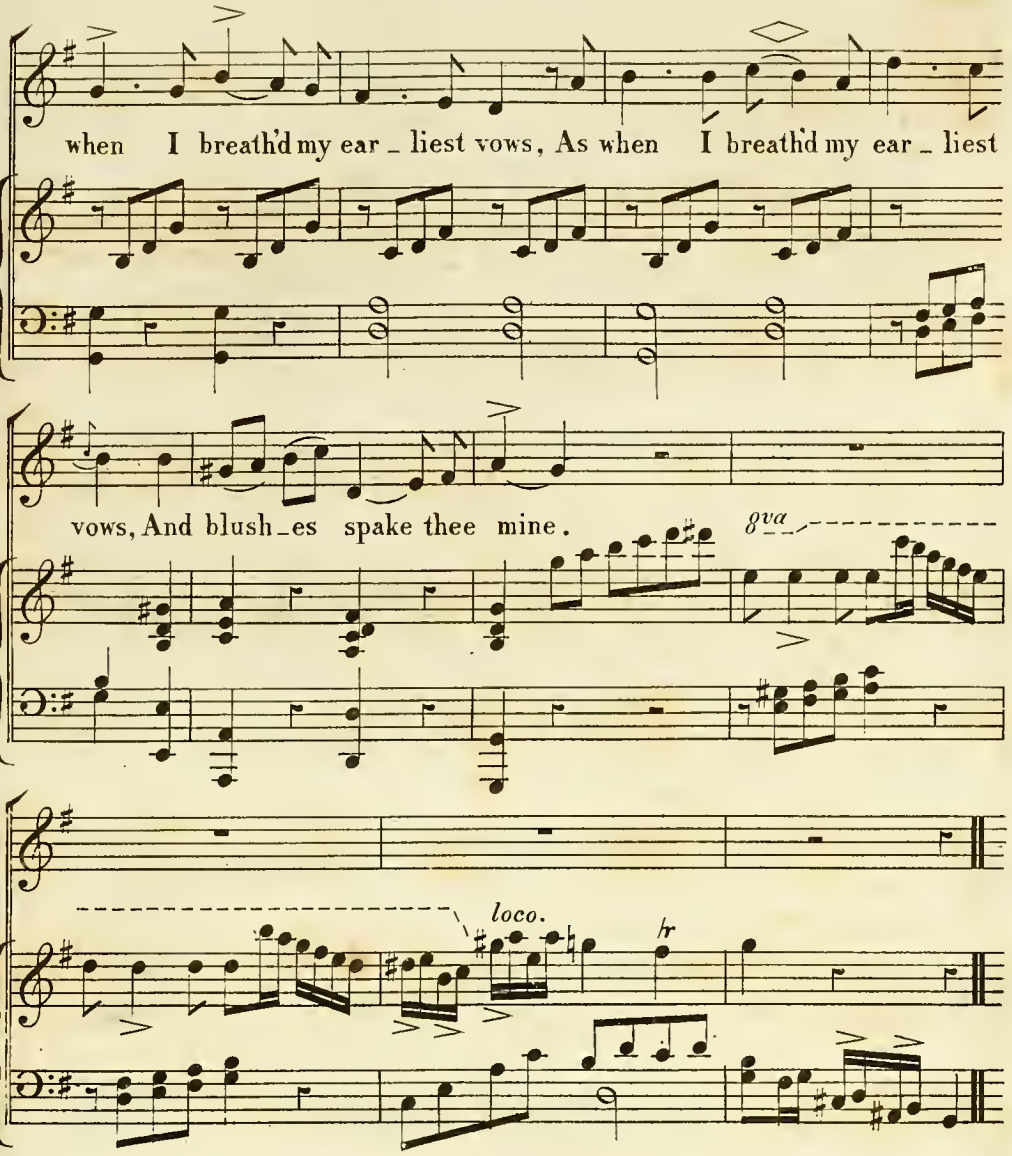
Anonymous.




sun _ _ shine and in gloom; Thy kind _ _ ly
eye shall cheer my path, Thy gen _ tle smiles il _
lume. And hand in hand we'll on _ ward
walk, A _ mid life's bu _ _ sy crowd; While


love shall cast a gold _ _ en hue, While love shall
cast a gold _ _ _ en hue, On ev _ _ ry pass _ ing
cloud.
8va
loco.
tr

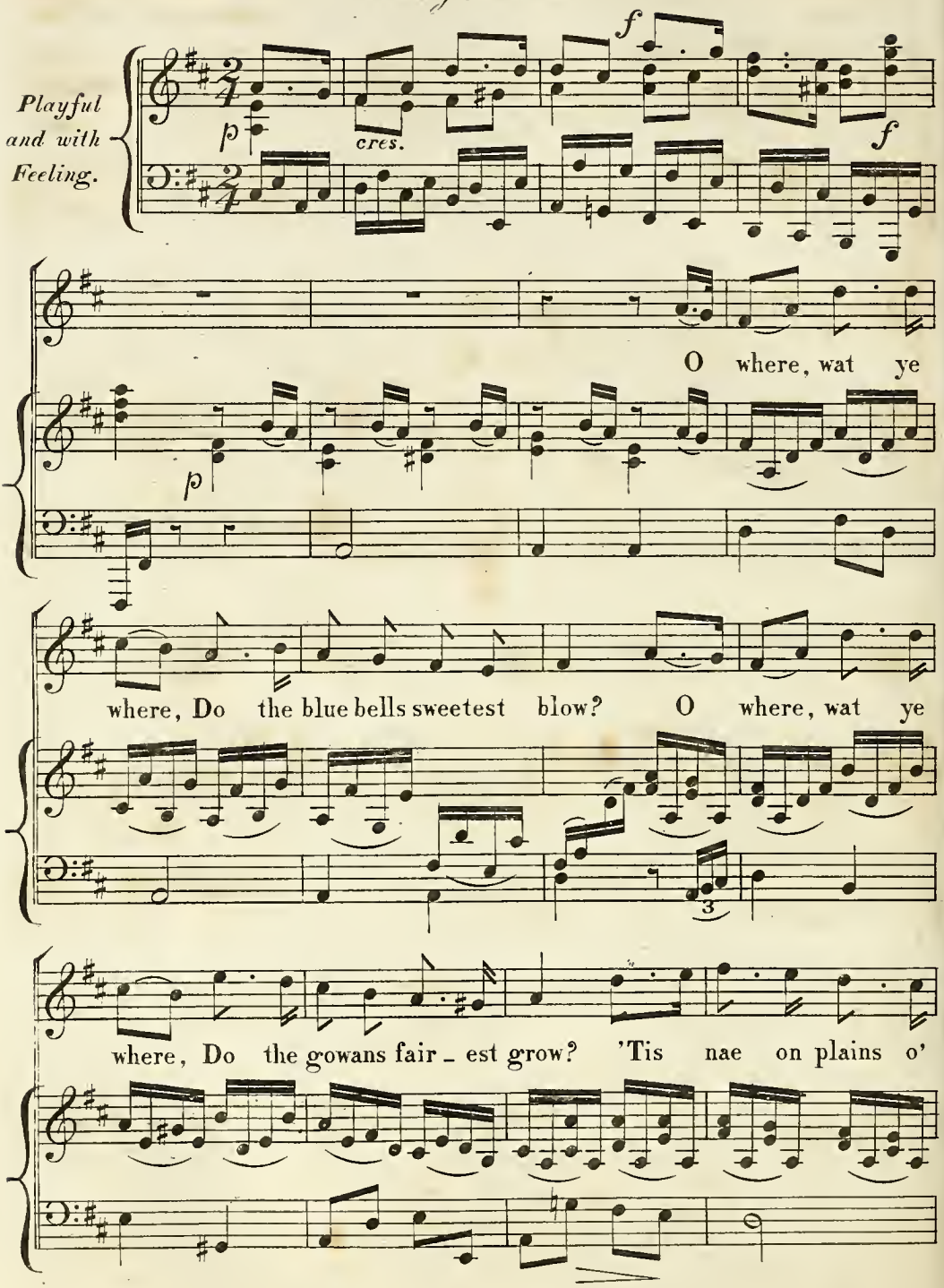

I'll che _ rish thee, my sweet one! So fond _ ly from all
p
ill; That time shall win its si _ lent way, But
3
3
leave with thee no chill. And thus un_dimm'd, when
years have flown, Af_fec _ _ tion's star shall shine; As

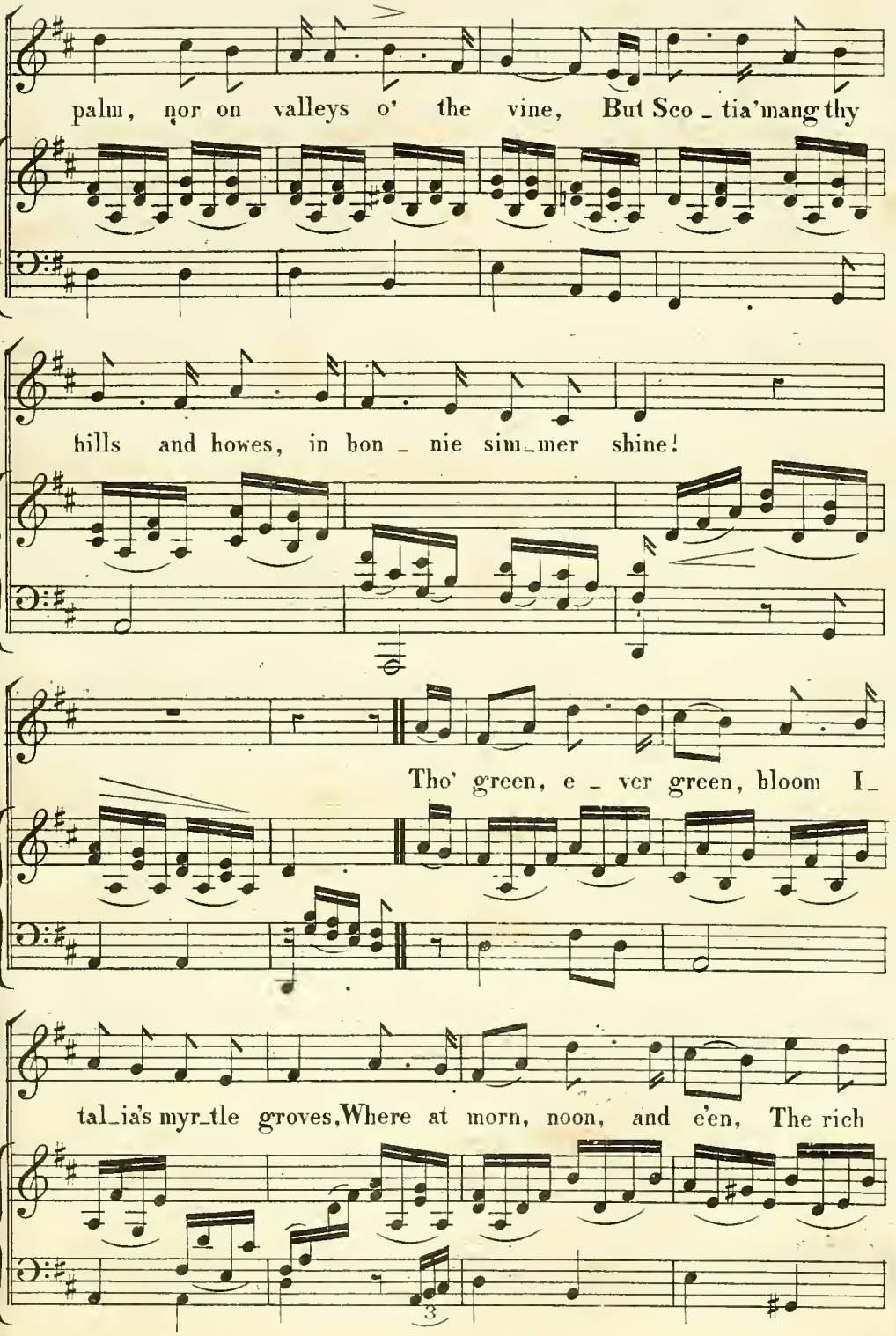


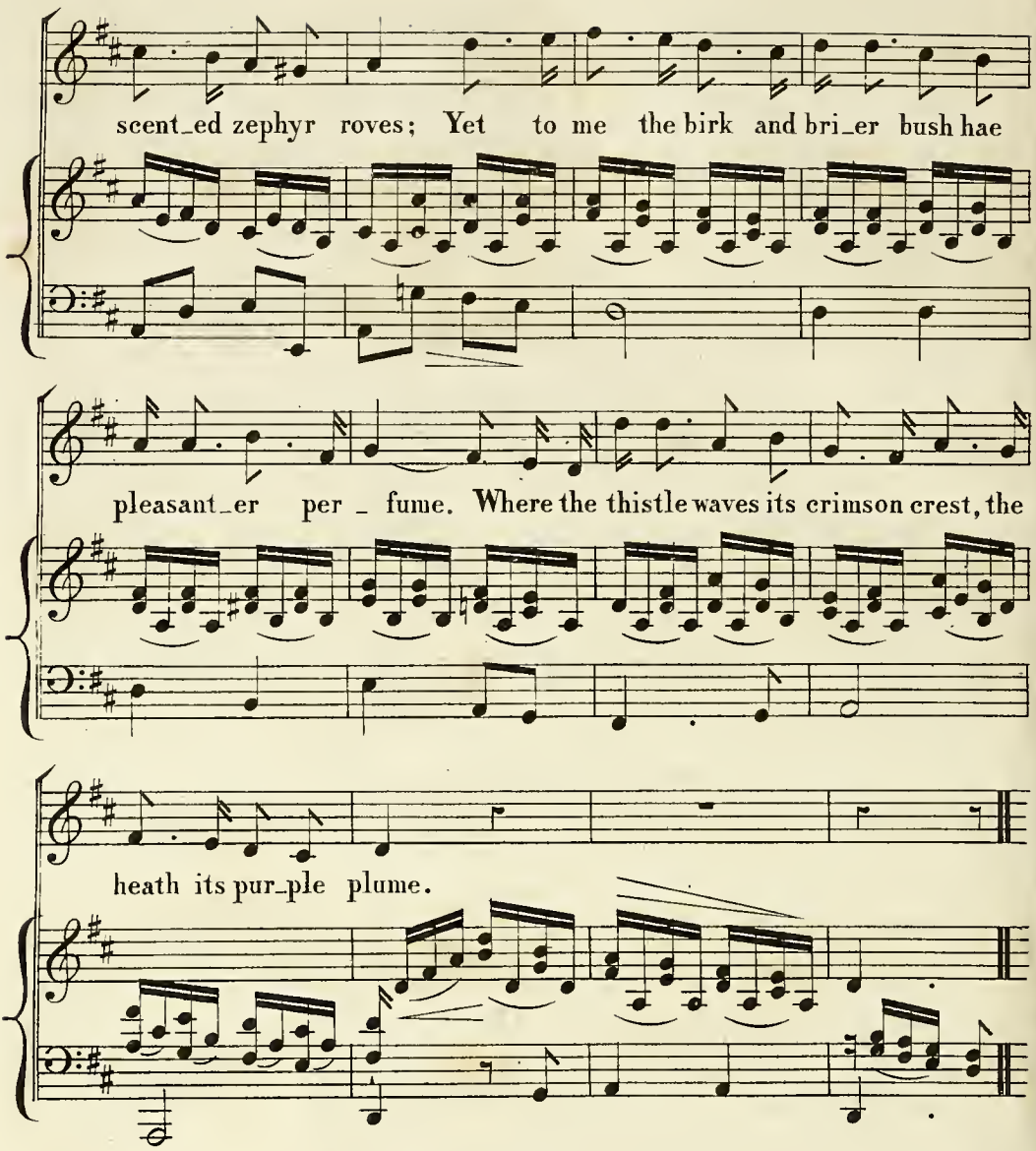
My chosen and my fairest!
While flows life's changing tide,
We, linked in love together,
Shall on the surface glide;
And grief shall be an idle name,
And joyless thoughts unknown,
For love in darkest hours shall form
A bright world of its own.

SCOTIA.

Written by John Imlah.



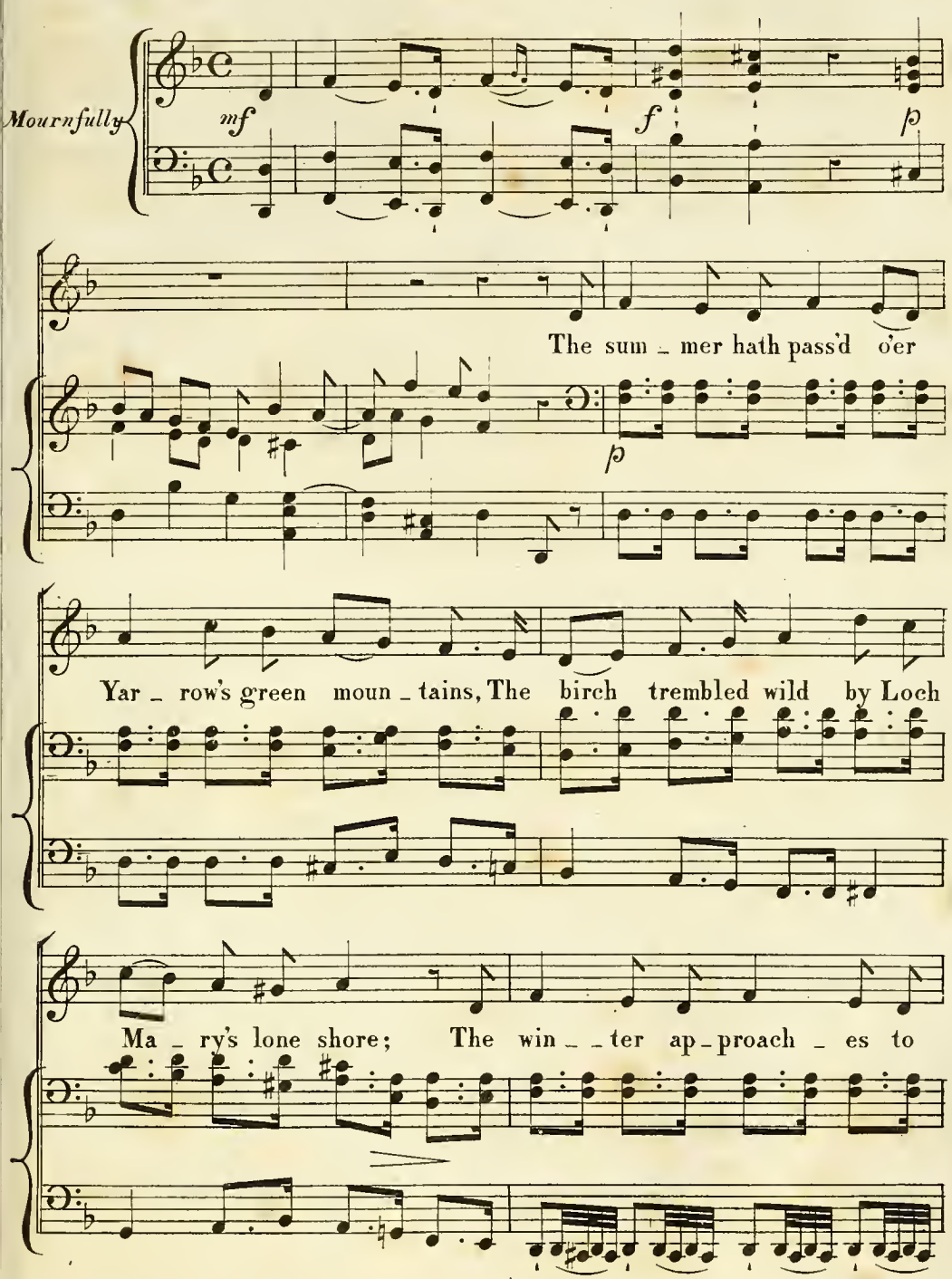

palm, nor on valleys o' the vine, But Sco_tia'mang thy
hills and howes, in bon_nie sim_mer shine!
Tho' green, e_ver green, bloom I_
tal_ia's myr_tle groves, Where at morn, noon, and e'en, The rich

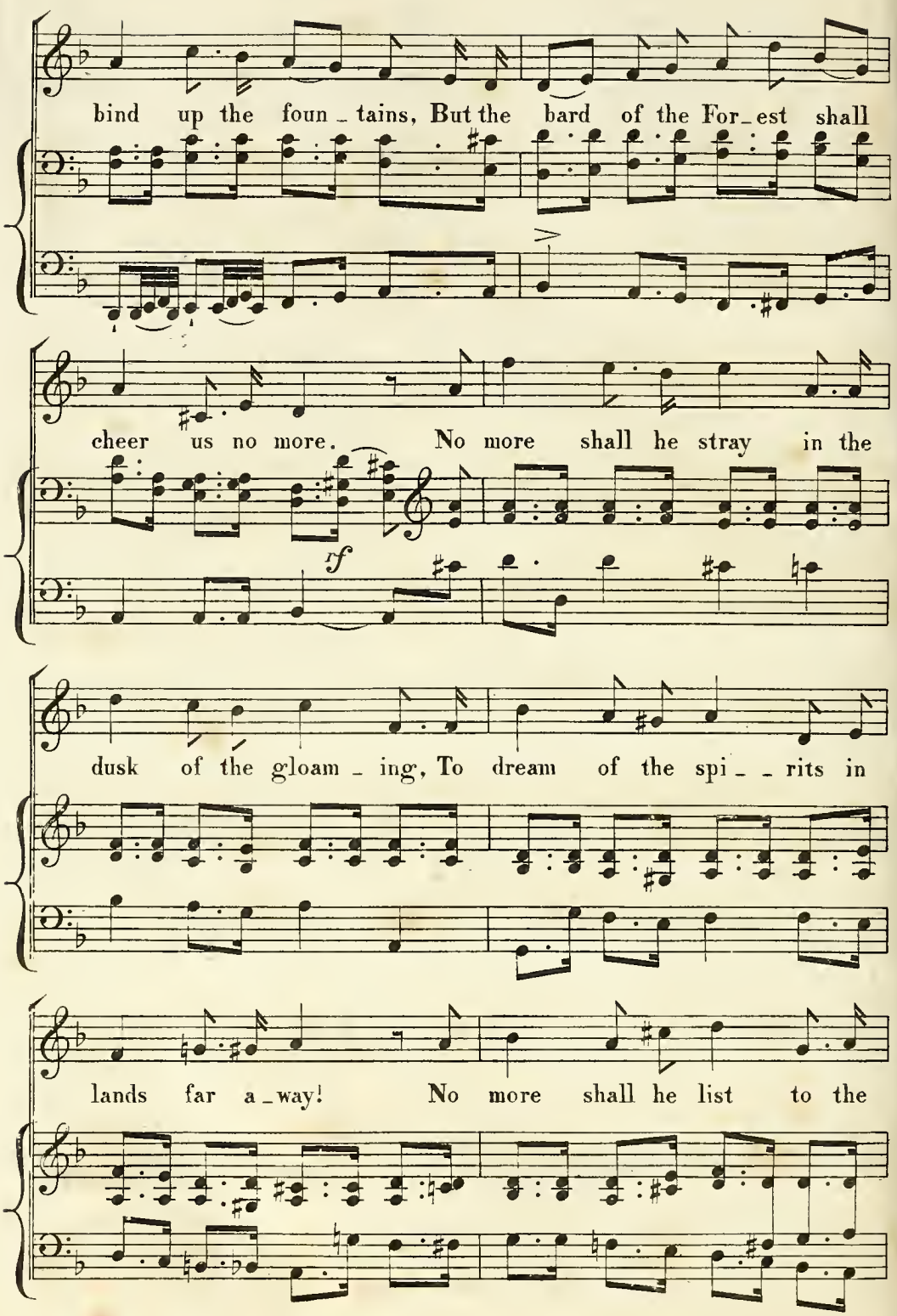


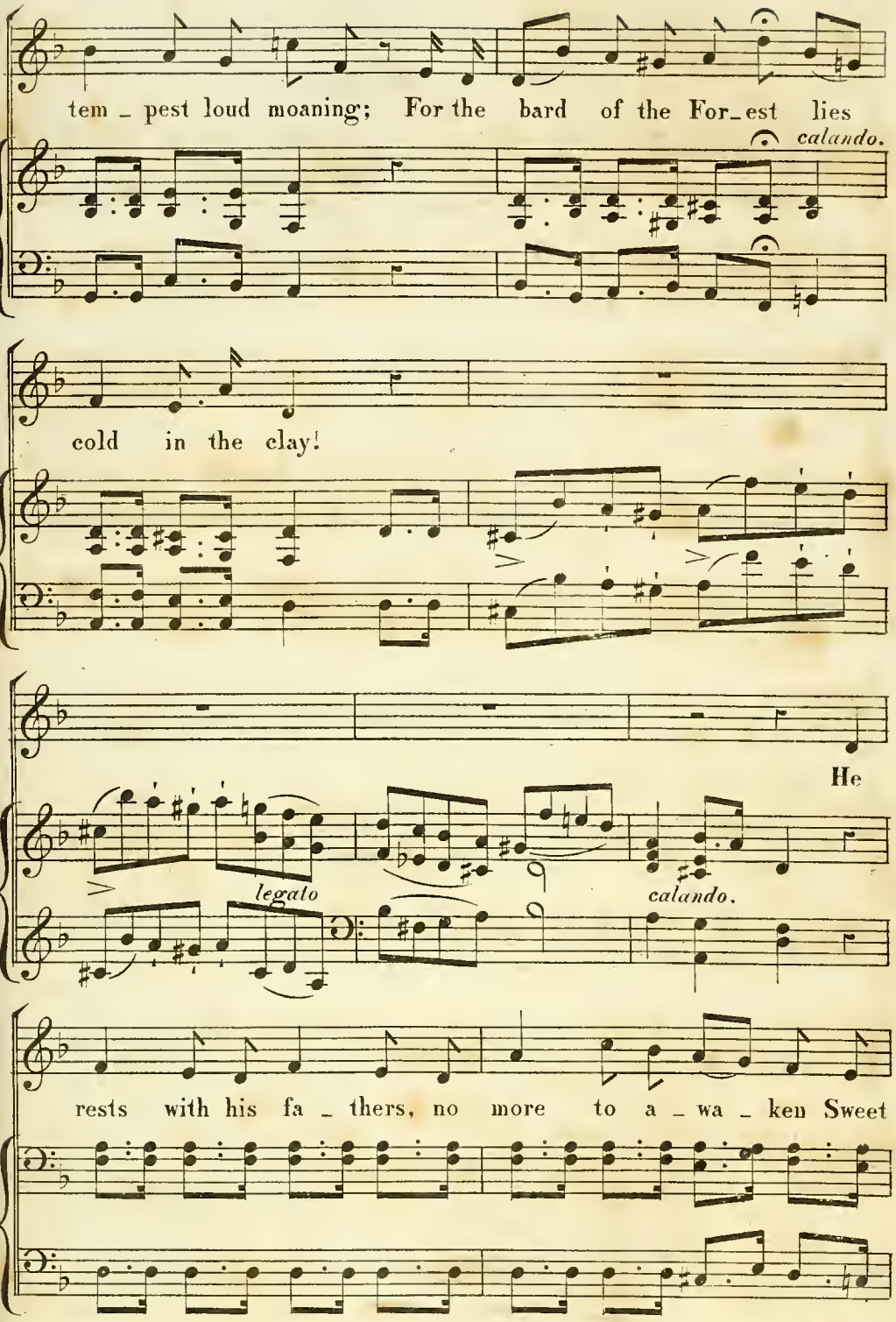
'Tis there, Oh! 'tis there,
Where the blue-bells sweetest blow;
'Tis there, Oh! 'tis there
Where the gowans fairest grow.
And nae on plains o' palm, nor in valleys o' the vine,
But Scotia 'mang thy hills and howes, in bonnie simmer shine!

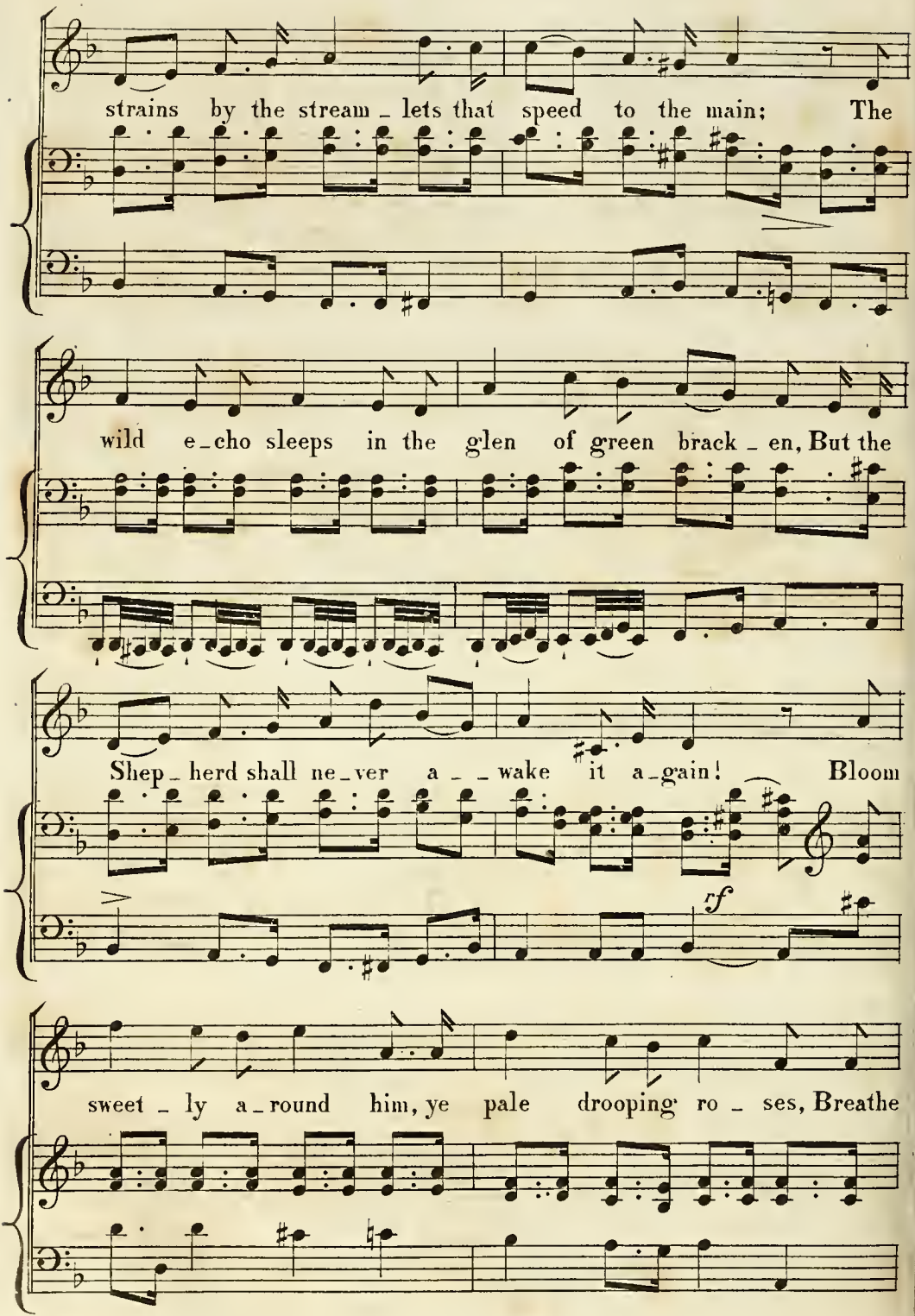
LAMENT FOR THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

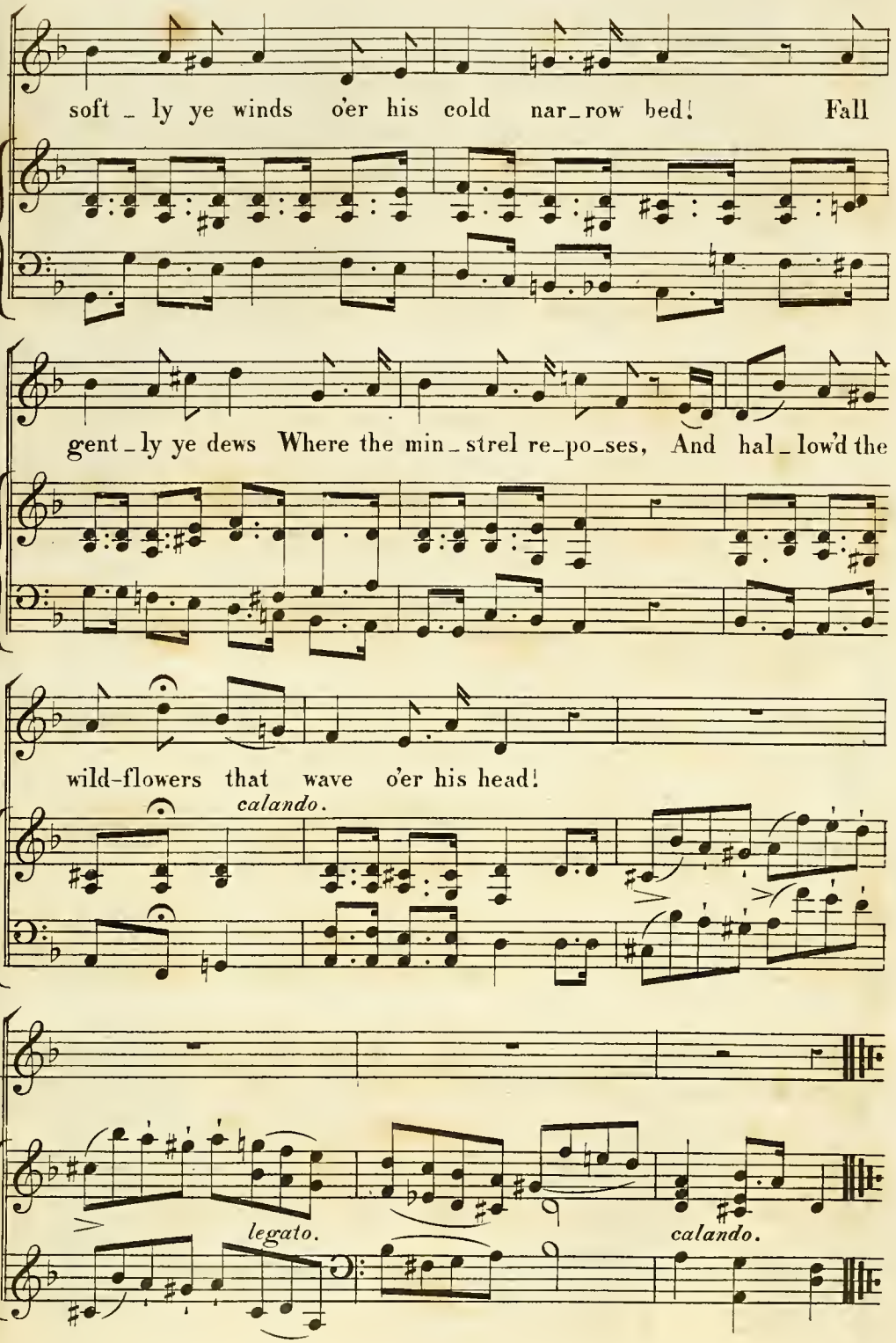
Written by James Murray.




bind up the foun _ tains, But the bard of the For_est shall
cheer us no more. No more shall he stray in the
sf
dusk of the gloam _ ing, To dream of the spi _ _ rits in
lands far a _way! No more shall he list to the

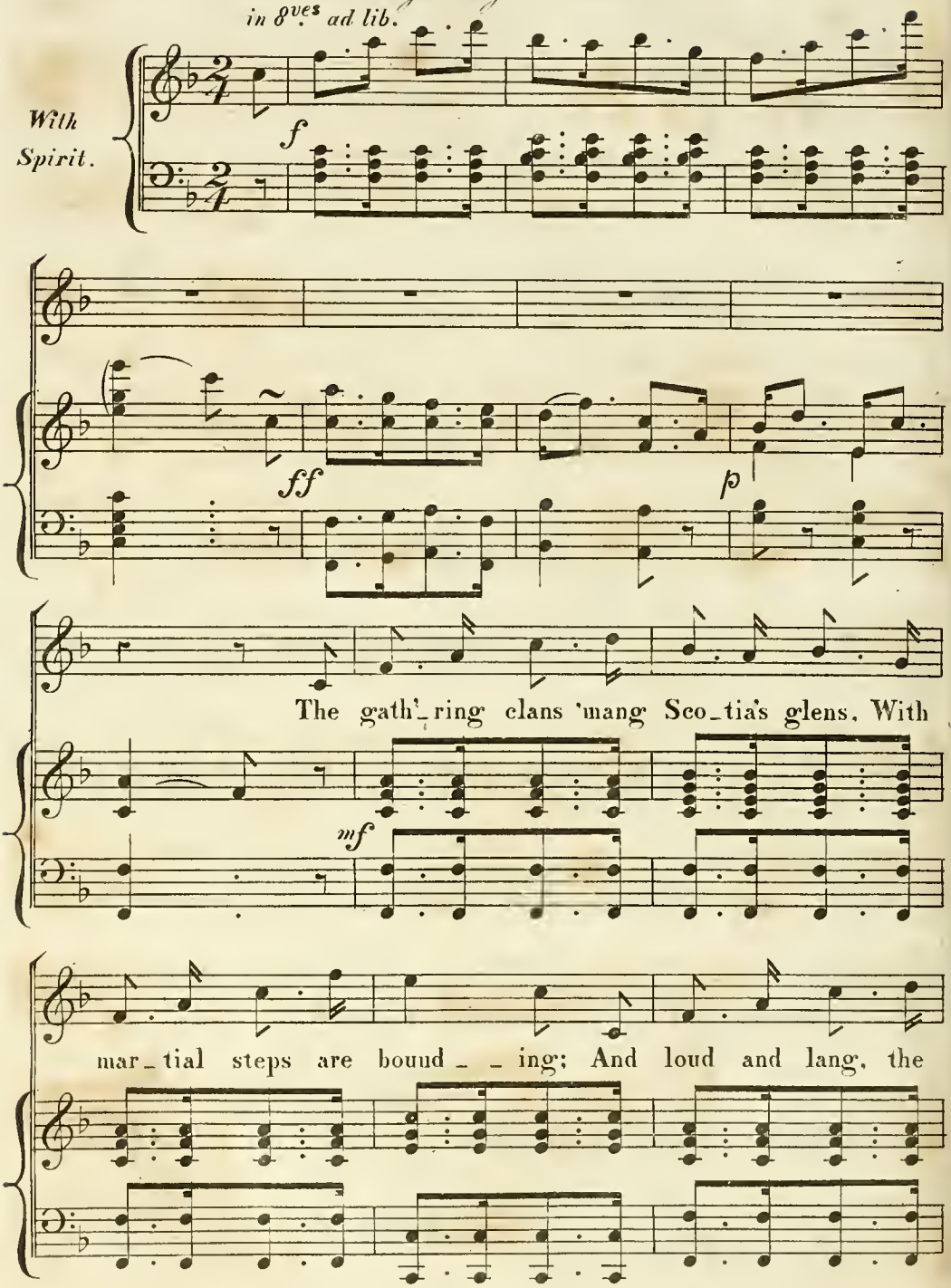

tem _ pest loud moaning; For the bard of the For_est lies
calando.
cold in the clay!
He
legato
calando.
rests with his fa _ thers, no more to a _ wa _ ken Sweet

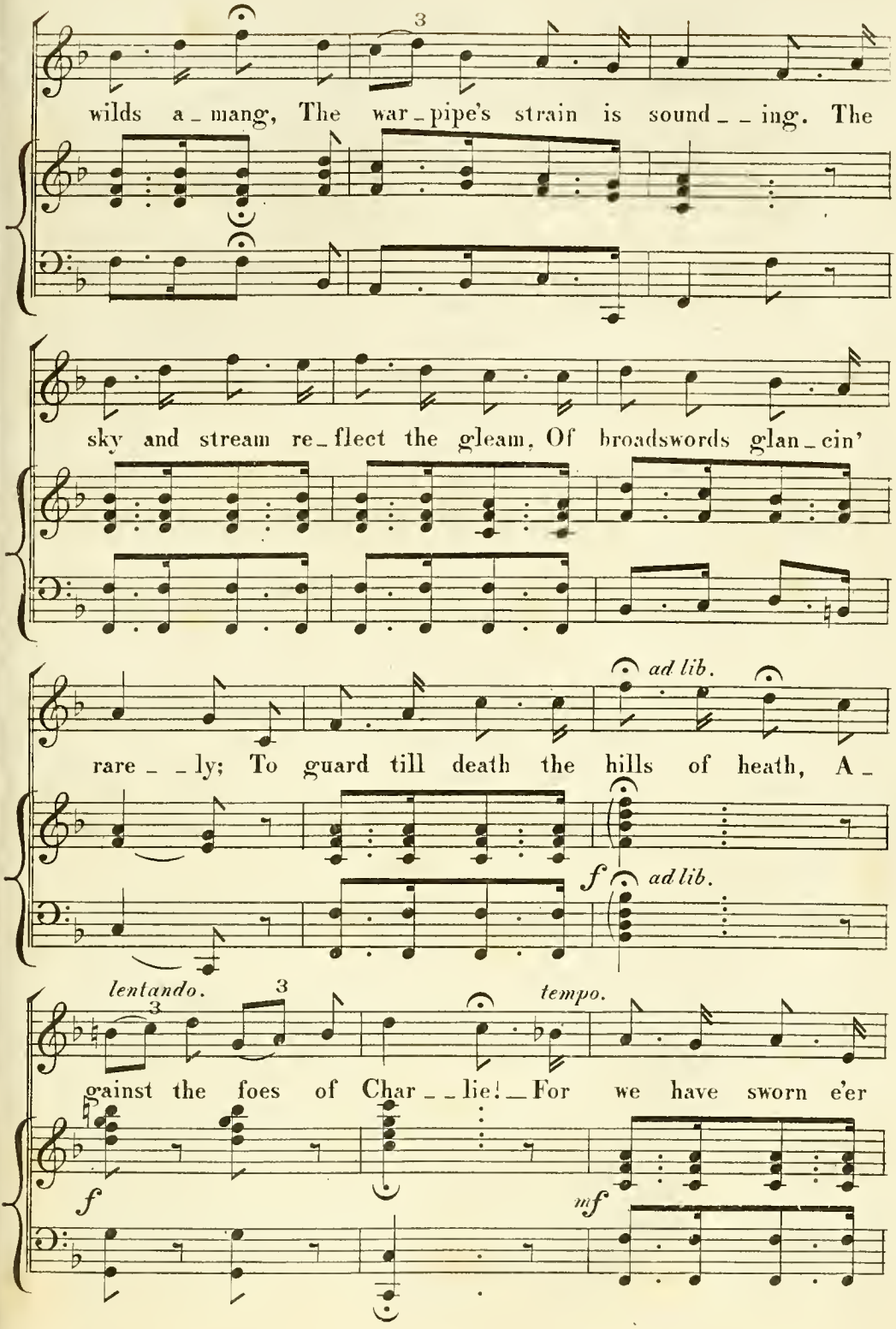

strains by the stream - lets that speed to the main; The
wild e-cho sleeps in the glen of green brack - en, But the
Shep - herd shall ne-ver a - - wake it a-gain! Bloom
rf
sweet - ly a-round him, ye pale drooping ro - ses, Breathe

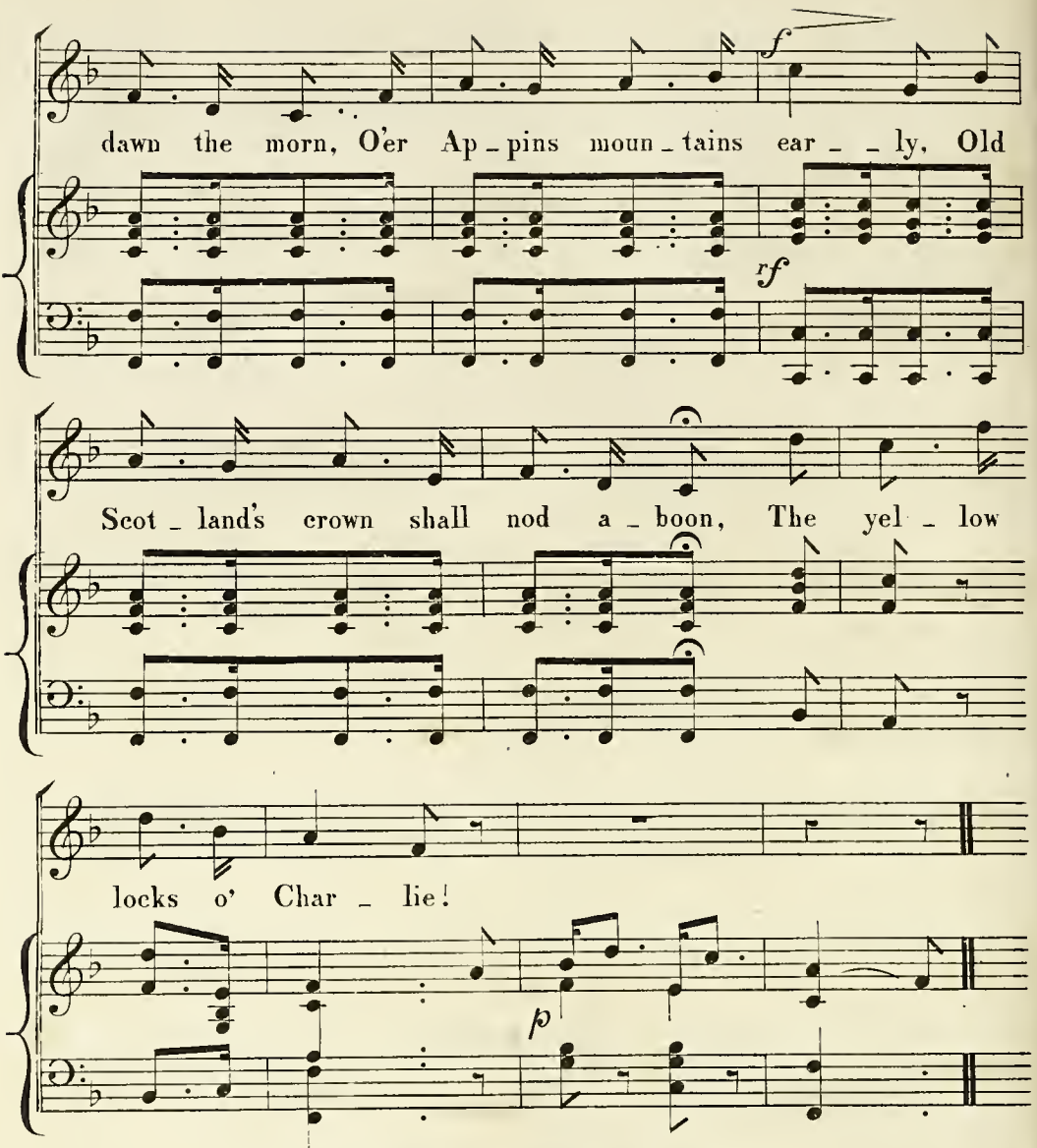

soft _ ly ye winds o'er his cold nar_row bed! Fall
gent_ly ye dews Where the min_strel re_po_ses, And hal_low'd the
wild-flowers that wave o'er his head!
calando.
legato.
calando.

THE YELLOW LOCKS O' CHARLIE.

Written by Henry S. Riddell.




wilds a_mang, The war_pipe's strain is sound_ing. The
sky and stream re_flect the gleam, Of broadswords glan_cin'
ad lib.
rare_ly; To guard till death the hills of heath, A_
f
ad lib.
lentando.
tempo.
gainst the foes of Char_lie!_For we have sworn e'er
f
mf



While banners wave above the brave,
Our foemen vainly gather;
And swear to claim, by deeds of fame,
Our hills and glens o' heather.
For seas shall swell o'er wild and fell,
And crown green Appin fairly,
Ere hearts so steeled, to foemen yield
The rights o' royal Charlie.
And strains sublime, through future time,
Shall tell the tidings rarely,
How Scotland's crown was placed aboon
The yellow locks o' Charlie!

THE LAND O' CAKES.

Written to the foregoing Air by John Imlah.

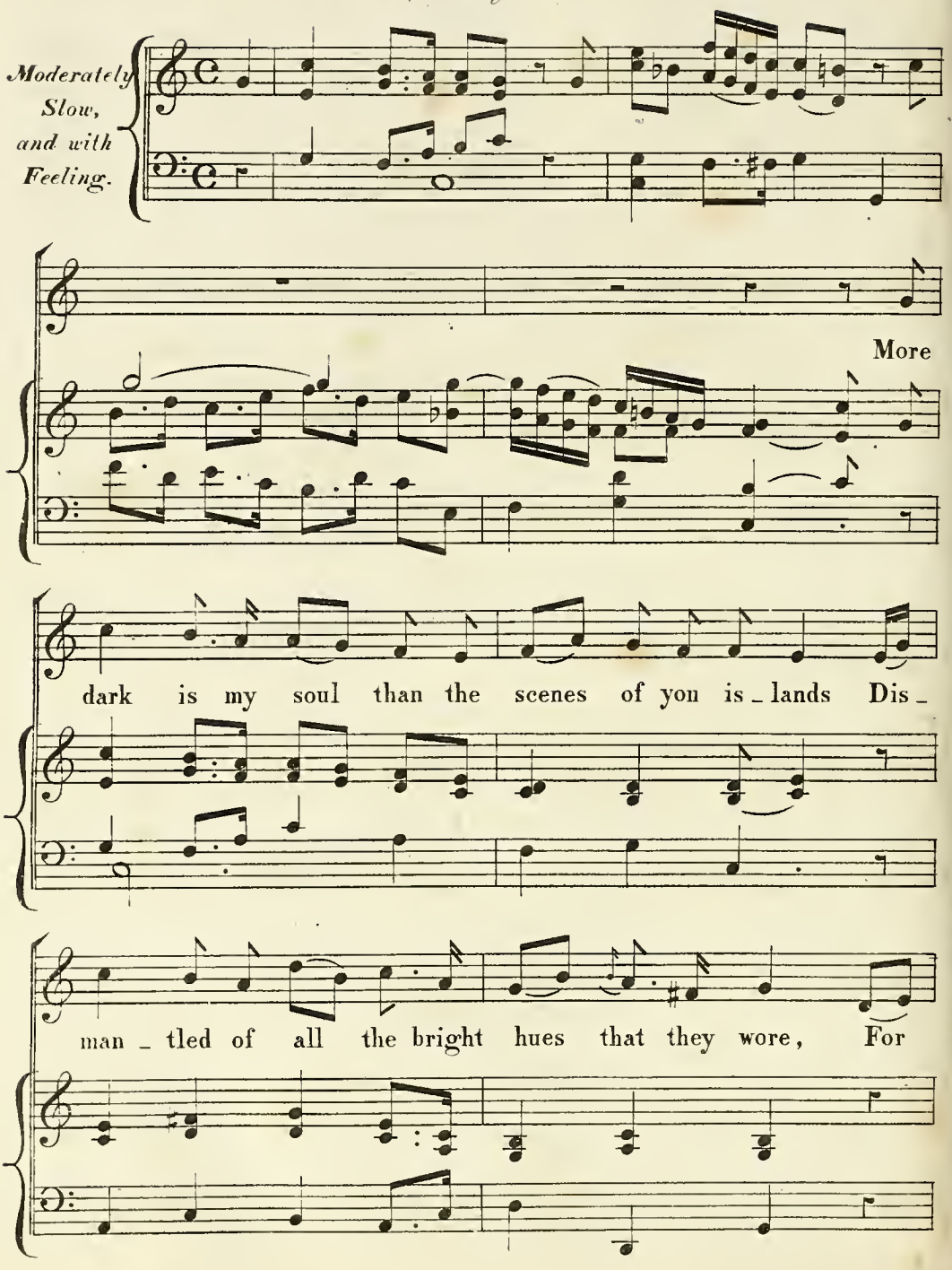
The land o' cakes! the land o' cakes!
O! monie blessings on it,
Fair fa' the land o' hills and lakes,
The bagpipe and the bonnet.
The land that boasts the kilted clans,
That cowed the Dane and Roman;
Whose sons hae still the hearts and han's
To welcome friend or foeman!
Then swell the sang baith loud and lang,
As echo answer'd never;
And fill ye up and toast the cup
The land o' cakes for ever!

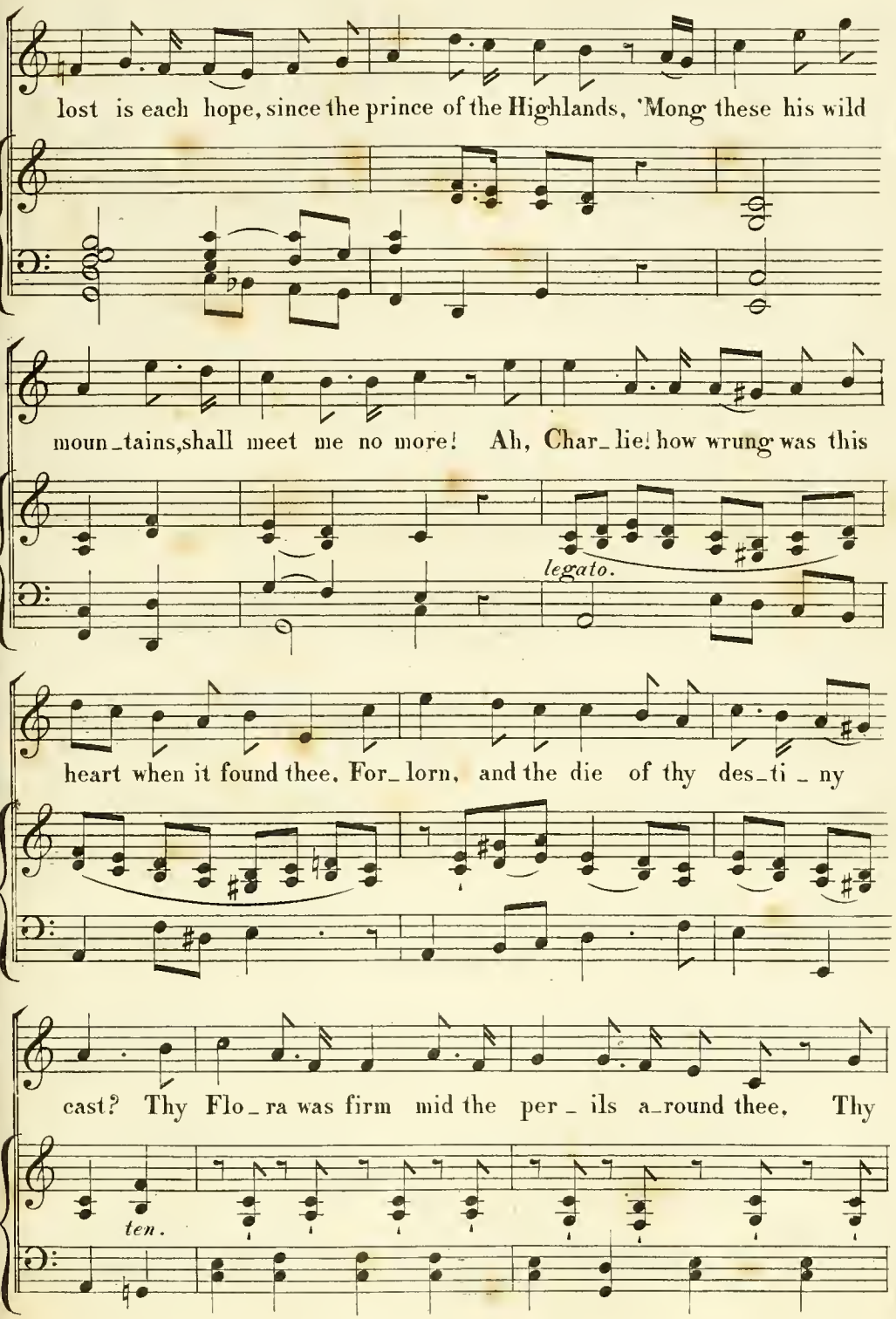
Be scorned the Scot within whose heart
Nae patriot flame is burning;
Wha kent nae grief frae hame to part,
Nae joy when hame returning.
Nae heart for him in life shall yearn,
Nae tears in death deplore him:
He hath nae coronach nor cairn,
Wha shamed the land that bore him!
Then swell the sang, &c.

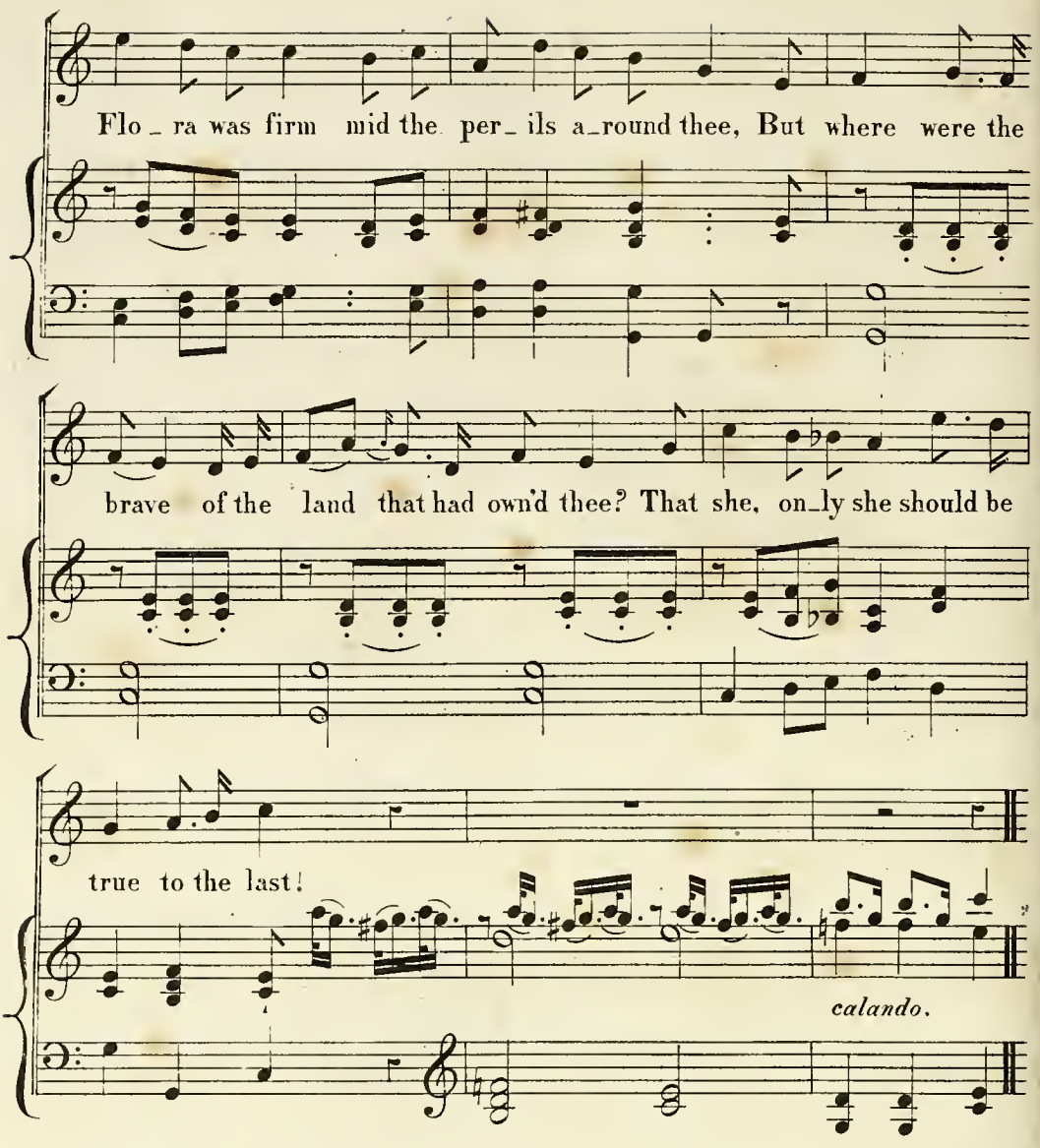
When flows the quaich in Highland glen—
In Lawland hall the glasses,
We'll toast Auld Scotland's honest men,
Thrice o'er her bonnie lasses!
And deep we'll drink the Queen—the Kirk,
Our country and our freedom;
Wi' clasp'd claymore and belted dirk,
We're ready when they need them!
Then swell the sang, &c.

FLORA'S LAMENT.

Written by Henry S. Riddell.



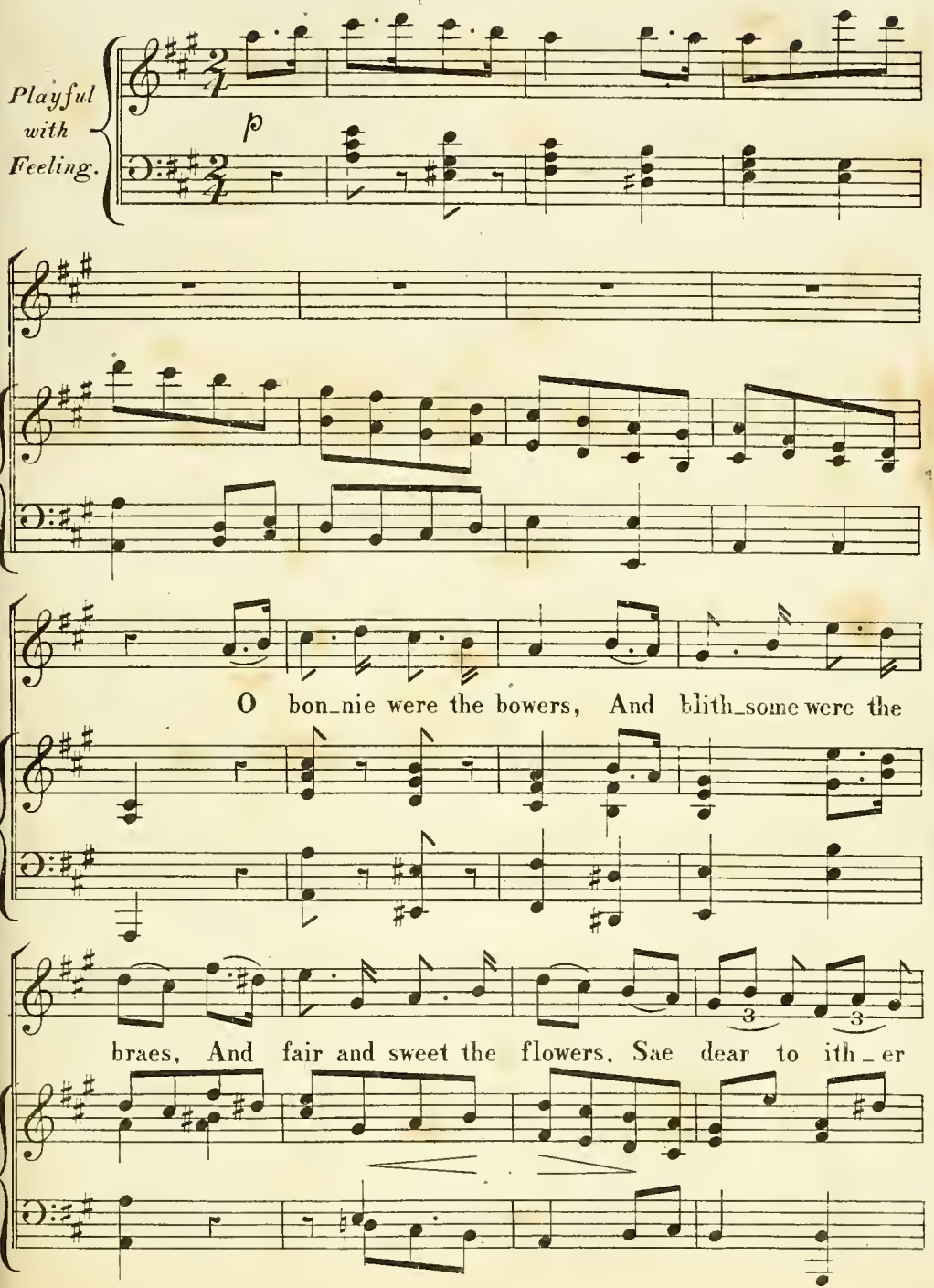

lost is each hope, since the prince of the Highlands, 'Mong these his wild
moun_tains, shall meet me no more! Ah, Char_lie! how wrung was this
legato.
heart when it found thee. For_lorn, and the die of thy des_ti_ny
cast? Thy Flo_ra was firm mid the per_ils a_round thee. Thy
ten.

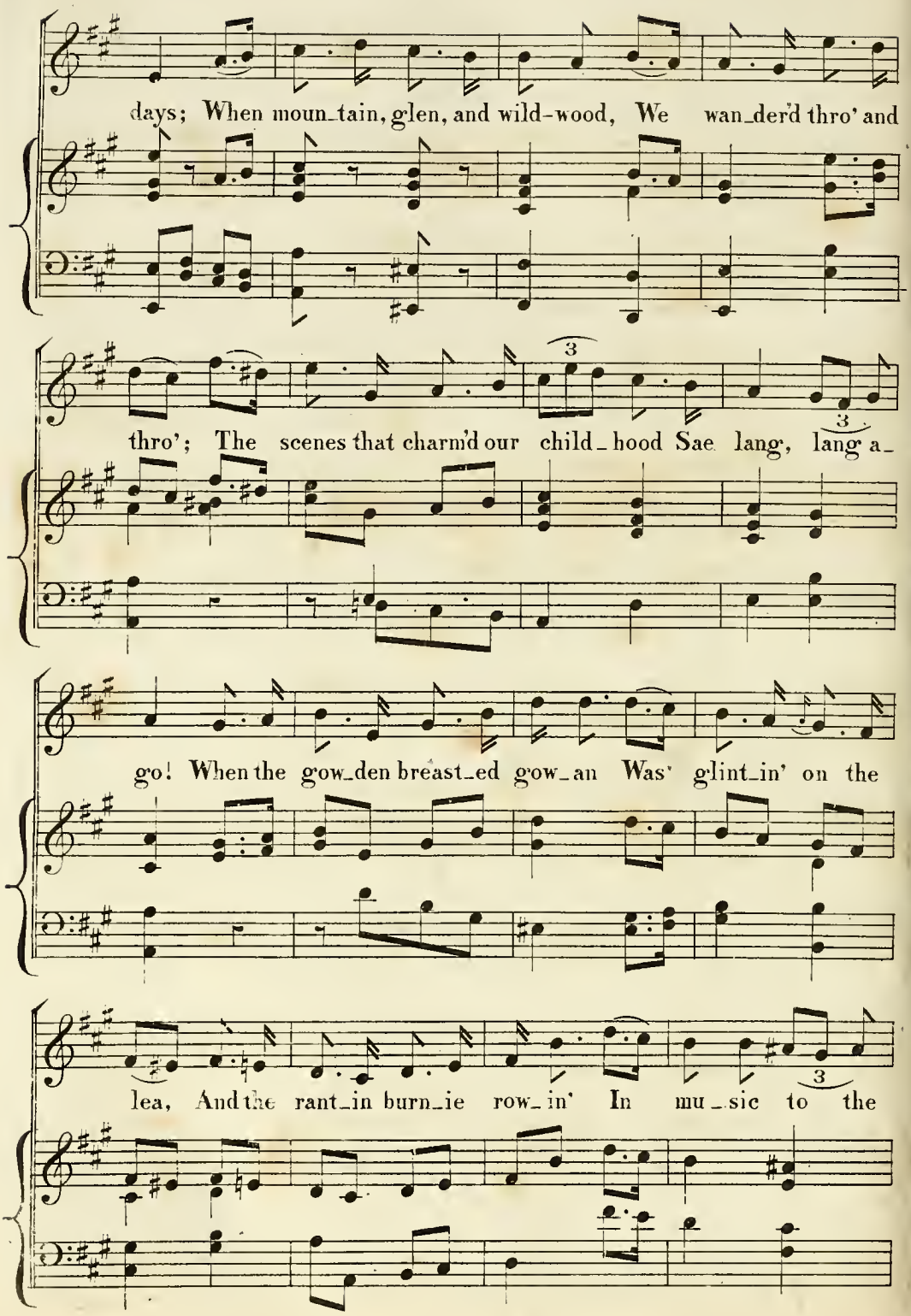


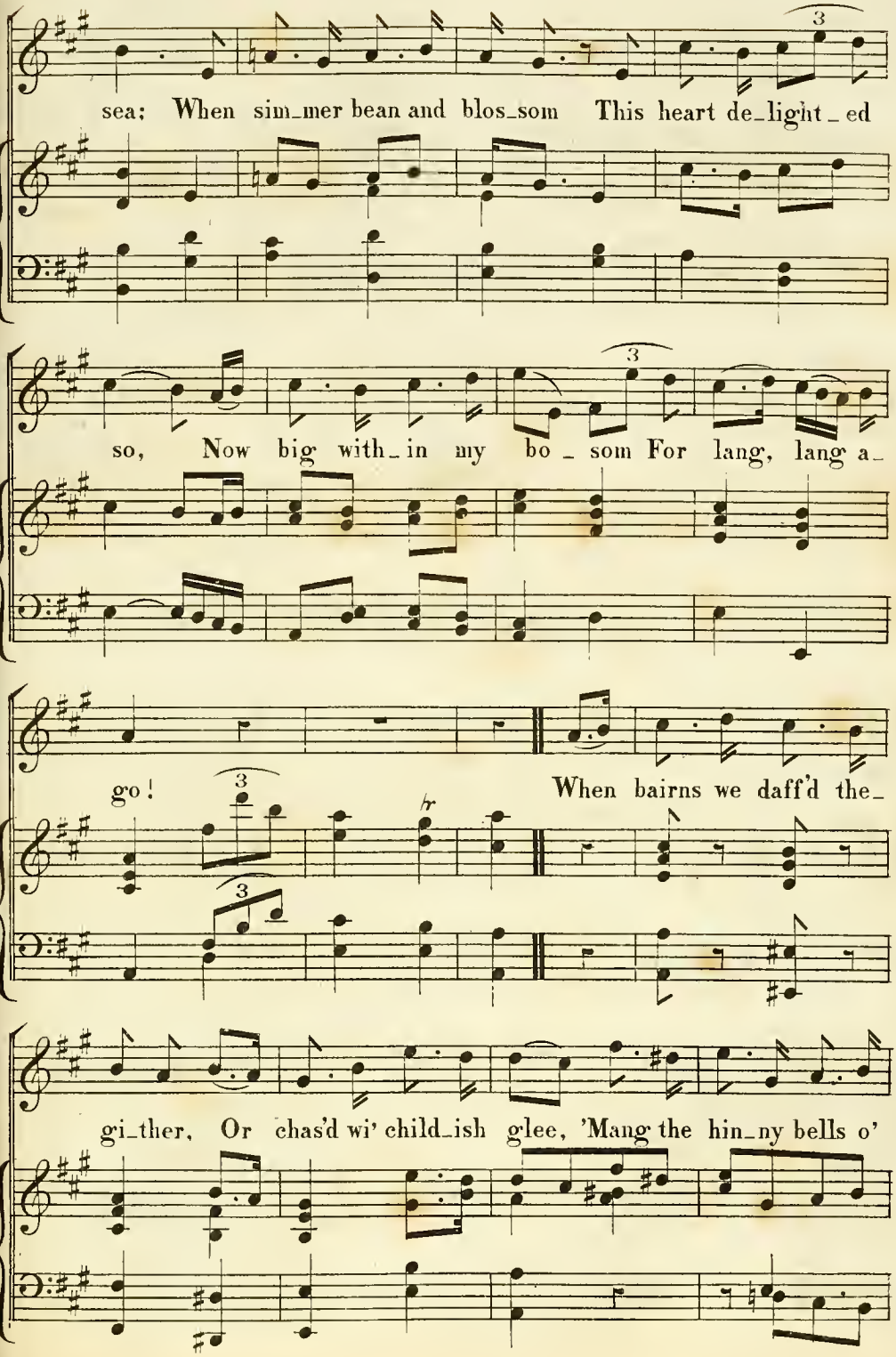
Oh yet, when afar in the land of the stranger,
If e'er in thy spirit remembrance may be
Of her who was true in these moments of danger,
Reprove not the heart that still lives but for thee.
The night-shrouded flower from the dawning shall borrow
A beam all the glow of its charms to renew;
But Charlie, ah Charlie! no ray to thy Flora
Can dawn from thy coming, to chace the dark sorrow
Which death, in thy absence, alone can subdue!

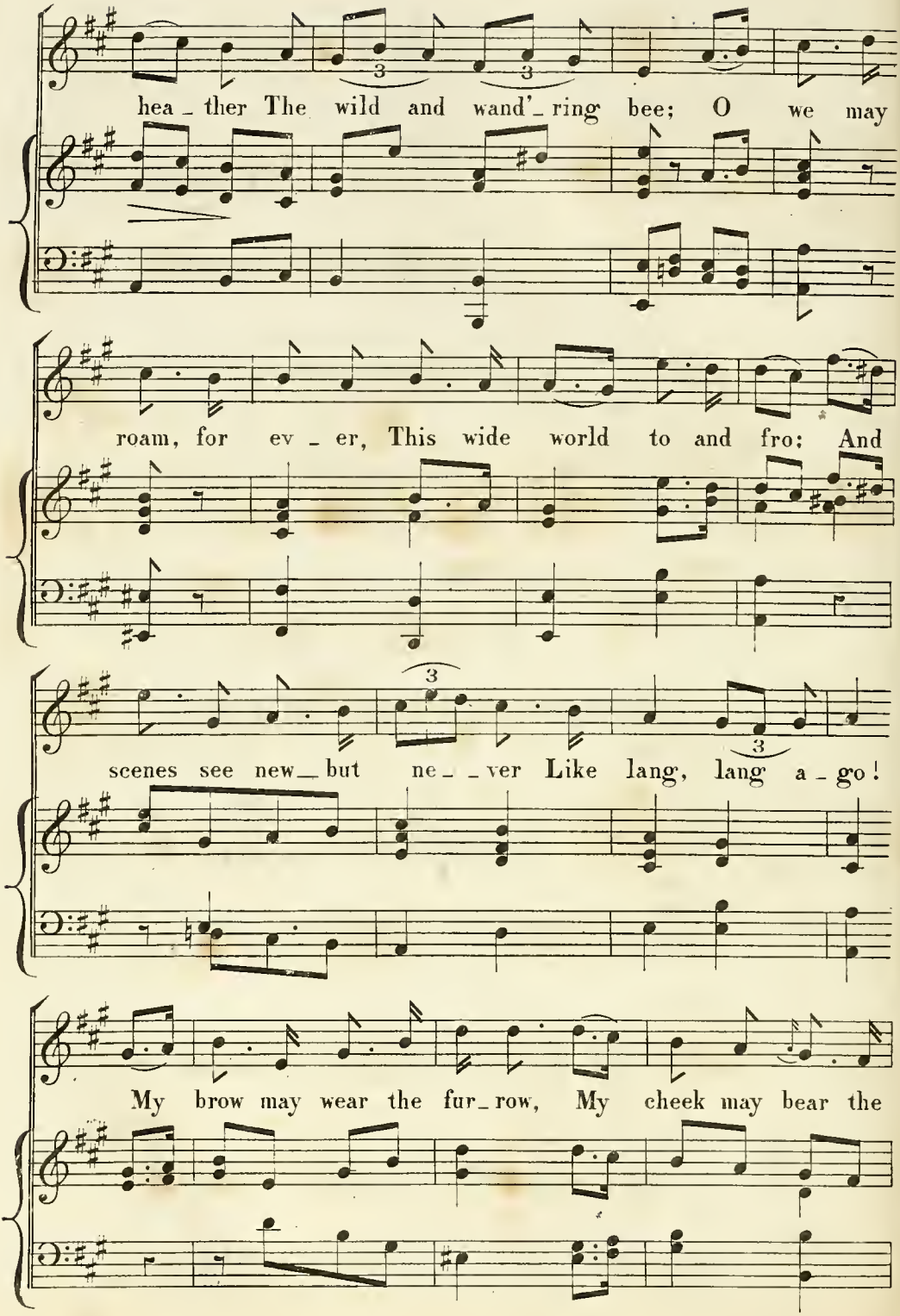
O BONNIE WERE THE BOWERS.

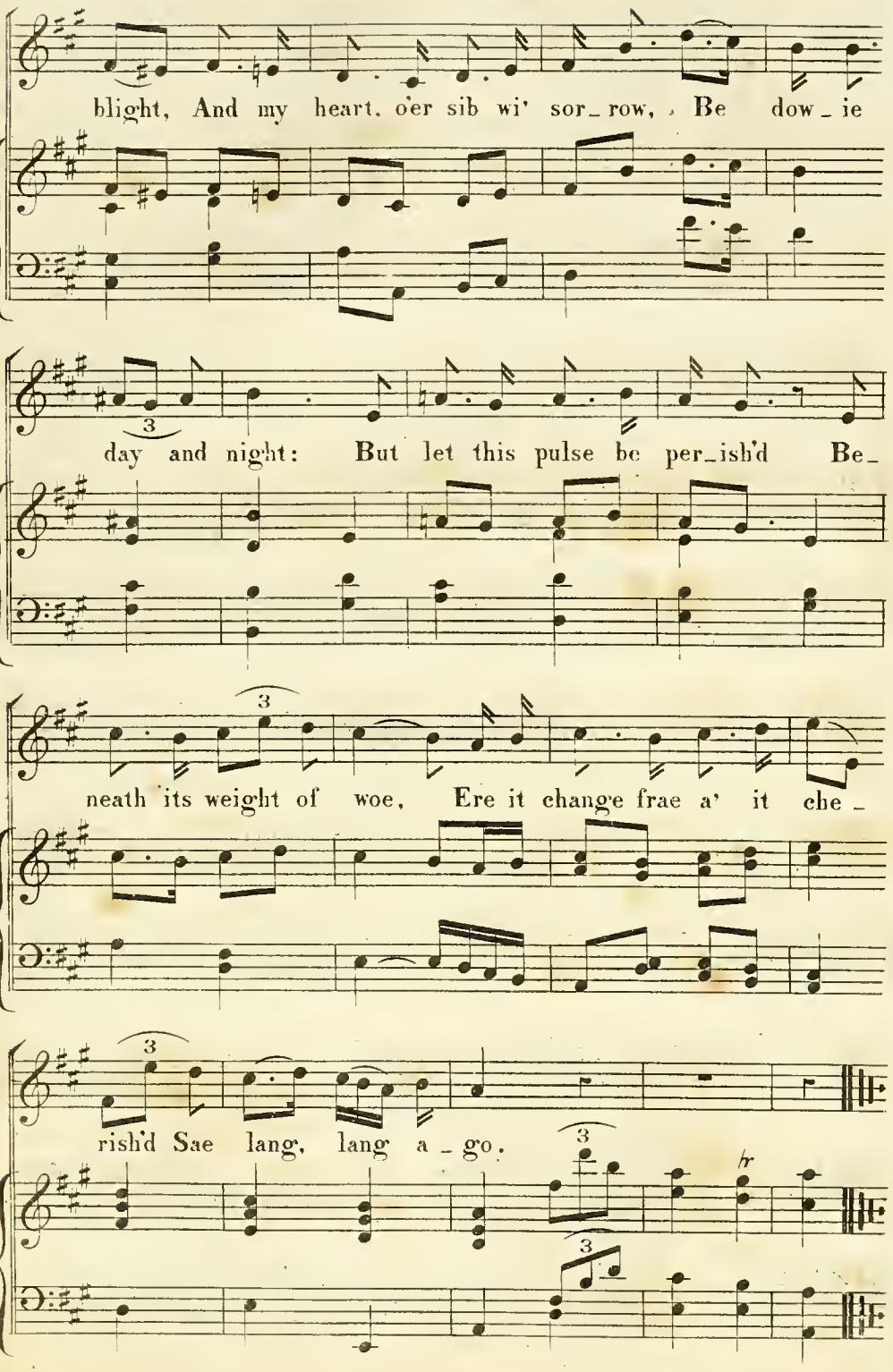
Written by John Imlah.




days; When moun_tain, glen, and wild-wood, We wan_der'd thro' and
thro'; The scenes that charm'd our child_hood Sae lang, lang a_
go! When the gow_den breast_ed gow_an Was' glint_in' on the
lea, And the rant_in burn_ie row_in' In mu_sic to the

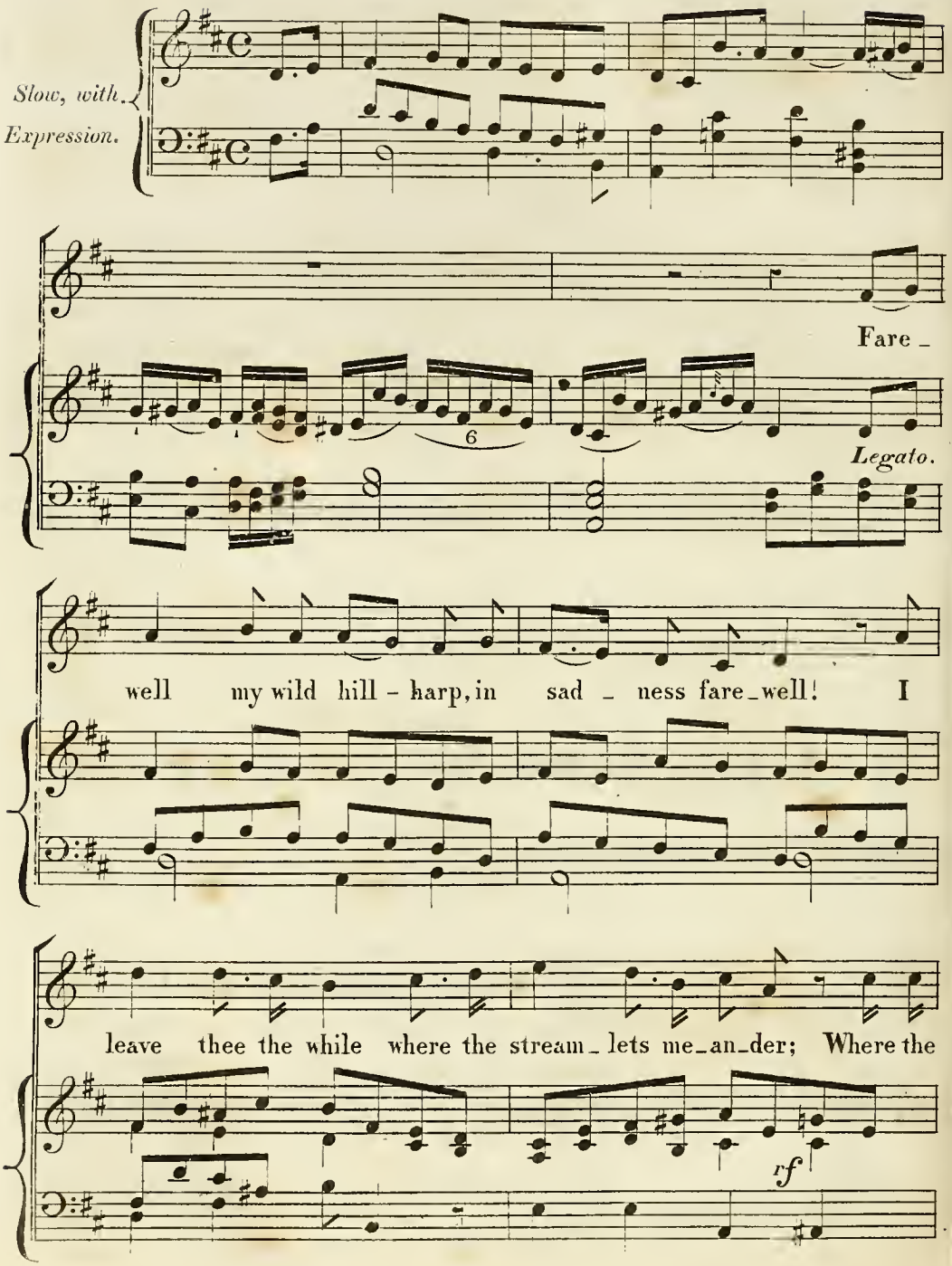

sea; When sim_mer bean and blos_som This heart de_light_ed
so, Now big with_in my bo _ som For lang, lang a_
go! When bairns we daff'd the_
gi_ther, Or chas'd wi' child_ish glee, 'Mang the hin_ny bells o'

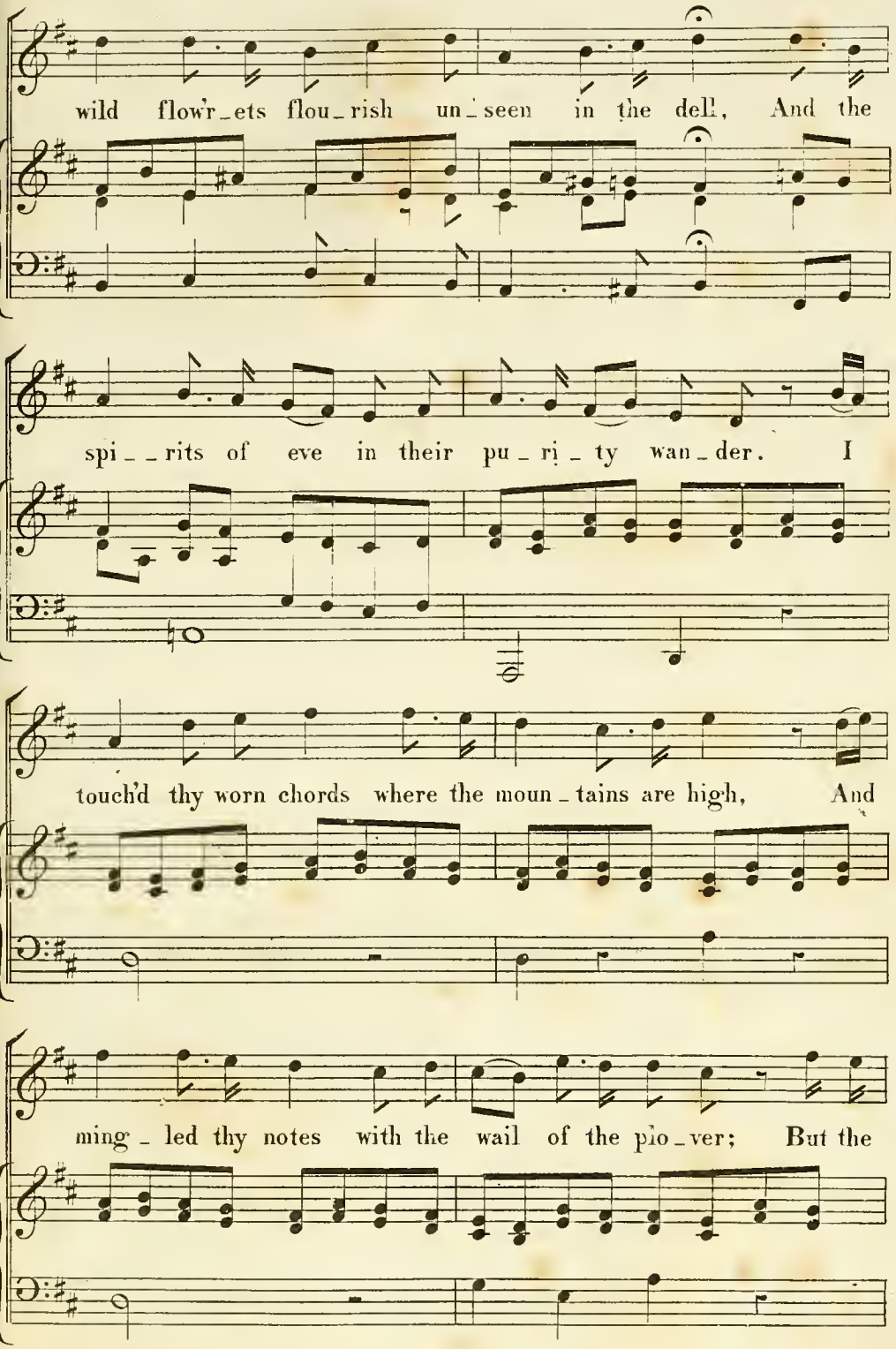

hea _ ther The wild and wand'_ring bee; O we may
roam, for ev _ er, This wide world to and fro; And
scenes see new_ but ne_ _ver Like lang, lang a _ go!
My brow may wear the fur_row, My cheek may bear the

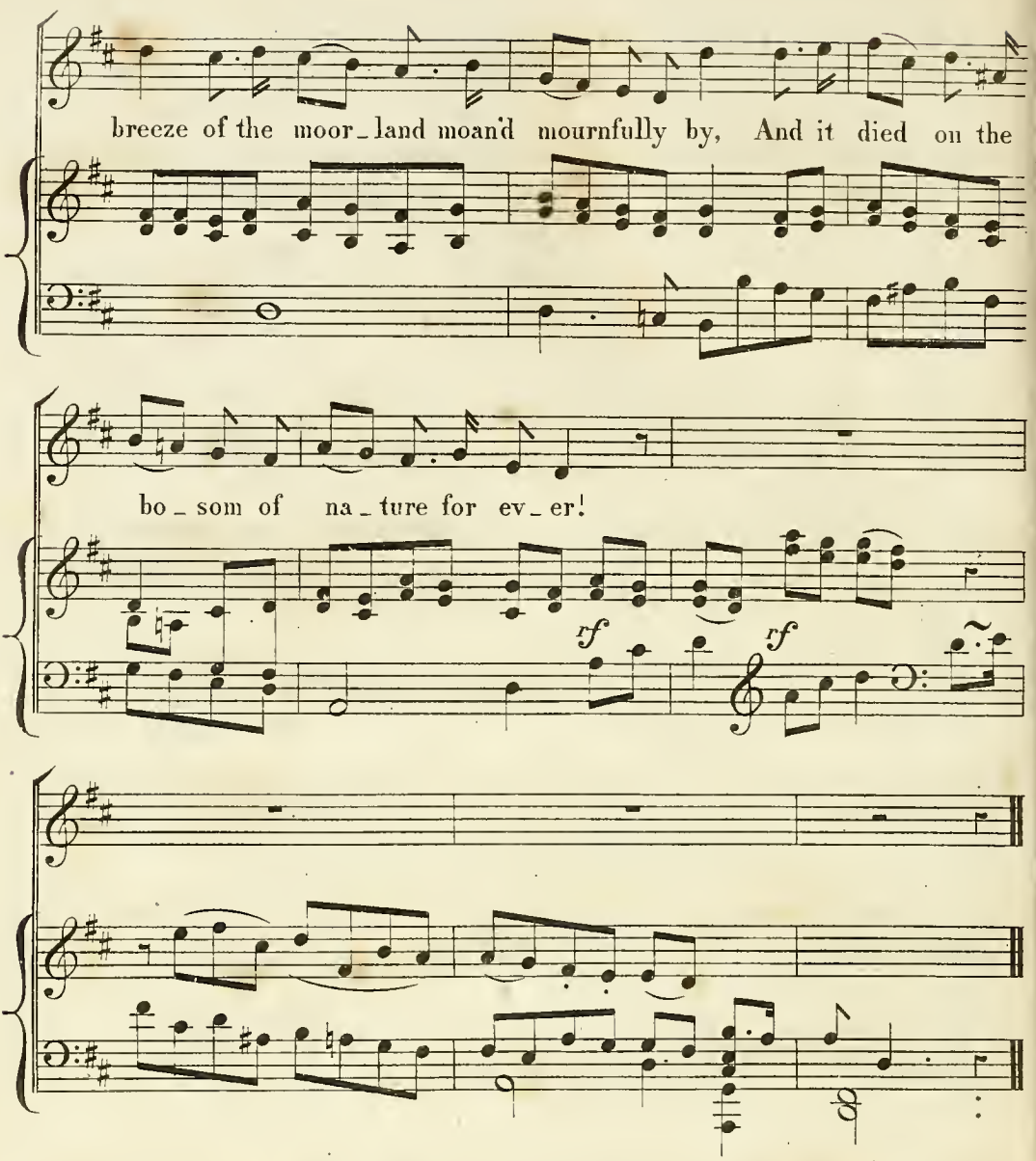

blight, And my heart, o'er sib wi' sor_row, Be dow_ie
day and night: But let this pulse be per_ish'd Be_
neath its weight of woe, Ere it change frae a' it che_
rish'd Sae lang, lang a_go.

FAREWELL MY WILD HILL-HARP.

Written by Henry S. Riddell.




wild flow'r_ets flou_rish un_seen in the dell, And the
spi__rits of eve in their pu_ri_ty wan_der. I
touch'd thy worn chords where the moun_tains are high, And
ming_led thy notes with the wail of the plo_ver; But the



Far down the deep glen, where the hoar hawthorns guard
The tomb that the dust of the bard is containing,
I woke thy wild anthem, the echo was heard,
And they deemed it his shade, in the greenwood complaining.
Farewell then my hill-harp, the brooklets among,
The brackens and wild-flowers shall warp themselves o'er thee:
And the journey of time may be joyless and long,
Ere my search shall again to this bosom restore thee!