

TWENTIETH EDITION.

SONGS OF THE NORTH,

GATHERED TOGETHER FROM
THE HIGHLANDS AND LOWLANDS
OF SCOTLAND.

Edited by

A. C. MACLEOD AND
HAROLD BOULTON.

The Music

ARRANGED BY

MALCOLM LAWSON.

MB & ML



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Dedicated
by
Gracious Permission
to
HER MAJESTY
The Queen.

SONGS OF THE NORTH.

(PREFACE.)



THE chief object that the editors of this volume have had in view has been to gather together in an agreeable and singable form a collection of Scottish and Highland Songs, not familiar for the most part to the many enthusiastic admirers of the minstrelsy of Scotland. They have also been fortunate enough to secure pictures by many leading artists, illustrating the subject matter of the lyrics.

That there should be any unity of time, place, or motive in the selection thus made the very nature of the subject precludes. Songs greatly dissimilar in character and in point of antiquity, and hailing from widely different localities, are here found side by side, because, out of an almost inexhaustible wealth of material, they were considered most worthy to be known to the many as they have hitherto been to the few. A certain proportion of the songs, notably some of the Highland ones, are here written down, it is believed, for the first time, and their presence is due to the good fortune of one or other of the editors in meeting with them among friends in different parts of Scotland. It will be seen that in some cases words in the Lowland Scottish language that either had no tunes or tunes unworthy of them, have been set to old Highland melodies, a proceeding which, though it might possibly be objected to by purists, has been generally acknowledged as admissible since Burns set the example. In a few instances new words have been written for melodies whose words have been lost, and in two or three songs only the melodies themselves are new.

In arranging the music for vocal purposes, care has been taken that it shall come within the compass of other than the phenomenal voices most compilers of Scottish national song-books seem to have had in view. It has often been complained that few musicians can sing Scottish Ballads well, and there is a strong presumption that this is not so much due, as is usually supposed, to the difficulties which the idiom of the language and the peculiar genius of the music present to strangers, as to the fact that the keys have often been injudiciously chosen, and that too much has been left to the discretion of the singer, who was furnished with *ad libitum* arrangements which only a few performers possess the instinct to deal with properly. Accordingly, in the present instance, the time and mode have been distinctly marked, so that everyone can sing and play the music exactly as it is written

A little thought will at once show that in setting for the pianoforte airs which were originally intended for the harp, the violin, or the pipes, it is impossible to reproduce exactly the genius of the older instrument in dealing with the one most available to the modern musician ; but care has been taken that as near an approach should be made to the original harmonies as the nature of the pianoforte will admit without making the music totally unsuited to the latter instrument.

As regards the literary side of the work, there are such abundant sources to which the curious may apply for information about the poetry and music of Scotland that it has been thought out of place to hamper this volume with copious explanatory notes. Where possible the name of the author has been added both to words and music, but notes have been limited to those which were in any particular case absolutely necessary to explain the subject and motive of the song.

Besides being printed underneath the musical notation, the words have been given upon a separate page, because in many instances it seemed a pity not to give in its entirety a fine old ballad as such, while a shorter edition of the same was more suitable for singing. The threefold nature of the book has thus been preserved, and melody, poem, and picture are presented in a form that does full justice to each individual art.

Among many kind friends who have given the assistance of their literary talent, a debt of gratitude is owing to my dear friend, the late Principal Shairp, of St. Andrew's, for the words of two songs, "The Bush aboon Traquair," and "Culloden Muir," in the former of which he has so aptly enshrined the subtle charm of the Borderland, and in the latter rendered so truthfully the deep passionate spirit of the Highlands. Professor Blackie's

translations from the Gaelic speak for themselves, and the Rev. A. Stewart, LL.D., "Nether Lochaber," has not only freely given the fruits of his genius in the same field, but has been the means of obtaining several Highland songs that have not before appeared in print.

Words reprinted from other editions are acknowledged with thanks in their proper place.

Finally, if by the publication of "Songs of the North" even a few fresh favourites are added to the already rich treasure house of Scotland's songs, the pleasant task of the editors will be amply rewarded.

H. B.



PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND EDITION

OF

SONGS OF THE NORTH.



THE great favour with which this collection of Scotch songs has been received, and the rapid sale of the whole of the first impression, have encouraged the compilers to issue a second edition, from which, with the exception of Mr. Sandys' beautiful illustration of "Proud Maisie," retained as a frontispiece, the pictures are omitted. It has thus become possible to produce the Songs at a price that will place the work within the reach of a far greater number of the public than an *édition de luxe* like the first could hope to touch. If the present issue meets with anything like the same measure of success that attended their former venture, the editors will have good reason to be satisfied.

H. B.

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THE "Songs of the North" are published in
separate form by Messrs. J. B. Cramer & Co. Ltd.
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be had of all music sellers.

Glenlogie.

I.

'GLENLOGIE.

Old Scottish Ballad.

Arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Not too fast. *f* and well marked

Voice.

1. Three score o' no-bles rade
2. Haud your tongue, dochter, ye'll get
3. When he cam' to Glen-fel-dy's door
4. Pale and wan was she when Glen-

Piano. *f* and with vigour

to the King's ha', But bon-nie Glen-lo-gie's the
bet-ter than he. O say na sae, mi-ther, for
sma' mirth was there, For bon-nie Jean's mi-ther was
lo-gie gaed ben, But red-ro-sy grew she when-

* Melody taken from Murer's Collection of Genuine Scottish Melodies, by permission of the publisher Robert Murer, Glasgow.

flower o' them a', Wi' his milk - white steed and his
 that can - na be, Though Drum - lie is rich - er and
 riv - in' her hair, Ye're wel - come, Glen - lo - gie, ye're.....
 -e'er he sat down, She turned a - wa' her head, but the

Slow *p* *rit.* *1st, 2nd & 3rd times D. C.*

bon - nie black e'e, Glen - lo - gie, dear mi - ther, Glen - lo - gie for me.
 great - er than he, Yet if I maun wed him I'll cer - tain - ly dee.
 wel - come said she, Ye're wel - come, Glen - lo - gie, your Jean - nie to see.
 smile was in her e'e, O bin - na feared, mi - ther, I'll may - be no dee.

p *rit. with the voice*

1st, 2nd & 3rd times D. C.

last time.

f *dim.* *rit.* *p*

GLENLOGIE.

THREESCORE o' nobles rade to the King's ha',
 But bonnie Glenlogie's the flower o' them a',
 Wi' his milk-white steed, and his bonnie black e'e,
 "Glenlogie, dear mither, Glenlogie for me."

"O haud your tongue, dochter, ye'll get better than he."
 "O say na sae, mither, for that canna be.
 Though Drumlie is richer and greater than he,
 Yet if I maun wed him I'll certainly dee."

"Where will I get a bonnie boy to win hose and shoon,
 Will gae to Glenlogie and come again soon?"
 "O here am I, a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon,
 Will gae to Glenlogie and come again soon."

When he gaed to Glenlogie 'twas "Wash and go dine,"
 'Twas "Wash ye my pretty boy, wash and go dine."
 "O 'twas ne'er my father's fashion and it ne'er shall be mine
 To gar a lady's errand wait till I dine ;

But there is, Glenlogie, a letter for thee."
 The first line he read a low smile gi'ed he,
 The neist line he read the tear blindit his e'e,
 But the last line he read he gart the table flee.

"Gae saddle the black horse, gae saddle the brown,
 Gae saddle the swiftest steed e'er rade frae toun."
 But lang ere the horse was brocht round to the green,
 O bonnie Glenlogie was twa mile his lane.

When he cam' to Glenfeldy's door sma' mirth was there,
 Bonnie Jean's mither was rivin' her hair.
 "Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, ye're welcome," said she,
 "Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, your Jeanie to see."

Pale and wan was she when Glenlogie gaed ben,
 But red rosy grew she whene'er he sat down ;
 She turned awa' her head, but the smile was in her e'e,
 "O binna feared, mither, I'll maybe no dee."

Old Scottish Ballad



Foy of my Heart.

('STU MO RUN)

II.

JOY OF MY HEART.

('STU MO RUN.)

Words by
DR. ROBERT COUPER of Fochabers.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Slow and with great pathos.

Voice.

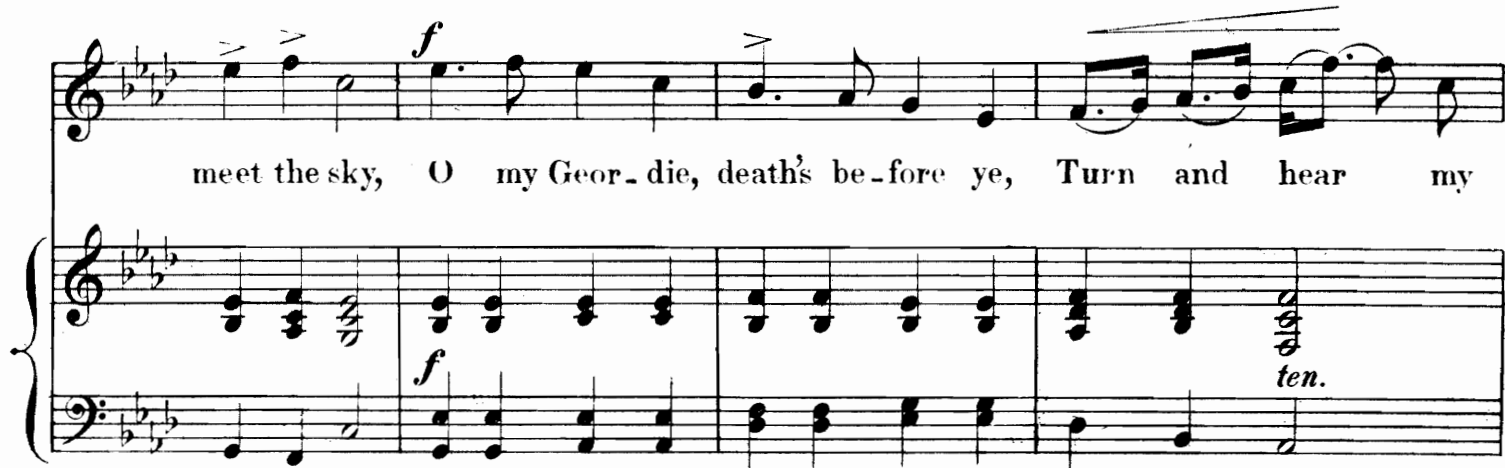


Red, red is the path to glo-ry, Thick yon banners

Piano.



meet the sky, O my Geor-die, death's be-fore ye, Turn and hear my



dim. e rit. In time

boding cry. Joy of my heart, Geordie a-gam, Joy of my heart, Stu mo run.



Turn.... and..... see thy

mf *p*

ten. *ten.*

tar - tan plai - die Ris - ing o'er my bro - ken heart, O my bon - nie

cres. *f*

cres. *f*

High - land lad - die, Sad am I with thee to part.

dim. e rit.

rit. *p*

Joy of my heart, Geordie a - gam, Joy of my heart, Stu mo run.

In time *p* *dim. rit.*

p a tempo *rit.*

JOY OF MY HEART.

('STU MO RUN.)

RED, red is the path to glory,
 Thick yon banners meet the sky,
 O my Geordie, death's before ye,
 Turn and hear my boding cry.
 Joy of my heart, Geordie agam,
 Joy of my heart, 'stu mo run.

Turn and see thy tartan plaidie
 Rising o'er my broken heart,
 O my bonnie Highland laddie
 Sad am I with thee to part.
 Joy of my heart, Geordie agam,
 Joy of my heart, 'stu mo run.

DR. ROBERT COUPER,
 of Fochabers, 1799.



*The Bonnie Banks o'
Loch Lomond.*

III.

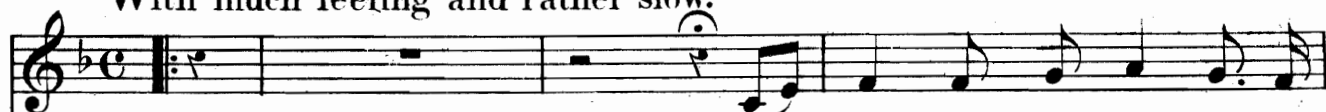
LOCH LOMOND.

Old Scottish Song.

Traditional Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

With much feeling and rather slow.

Voice.



By yon bon - nie banks and by
'Twas there that we part - ed in
The wee bir - dies sing and the

p and very smooth.

Piano.



Andante con moto.

yon bon-nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mon, Where
yon sha-dy glen, On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lo - mon, Where in
wild flow-ers spring, And in sunshine the wa - ters are sleep - ing, But the



me and my true love were ev - er wont to gae, On the
pur - ple..... hue..... the Hie - land hills we view, And the
bro-ken heart it kens..... nae se - cond spring a - gain, Though the



REFRAIN.
Brisker.

bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mon?
moon com-ing out in the gloam-ing,
wae - fu' may cease frae their greet-ing,

O ye'll tak' the high road and

I'll tak' the low road, And I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye, But

cres.

cres.

me and my true love will nev - er meet a - gain On the

rall.

rit.

a tempo

bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mon?.....

rit.

rit.

THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMOND.

BY yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon',
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

O ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon',
Where in purple hue the Hieland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloamin'.

O ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleepin';
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again
Though the waefu' may cease from their greetin'.

O ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

Old Scottish Song.



O can ye sew Cushions?

(A CRADLE SONG.)

IV.

O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS.

(CRADLE SONG.)

Old Scottish Song.

Traditional Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

In a crooning fashion.

Voice.



1. O can ye sew
2. Now hush - a - baw
3. Sing bal - la - loo

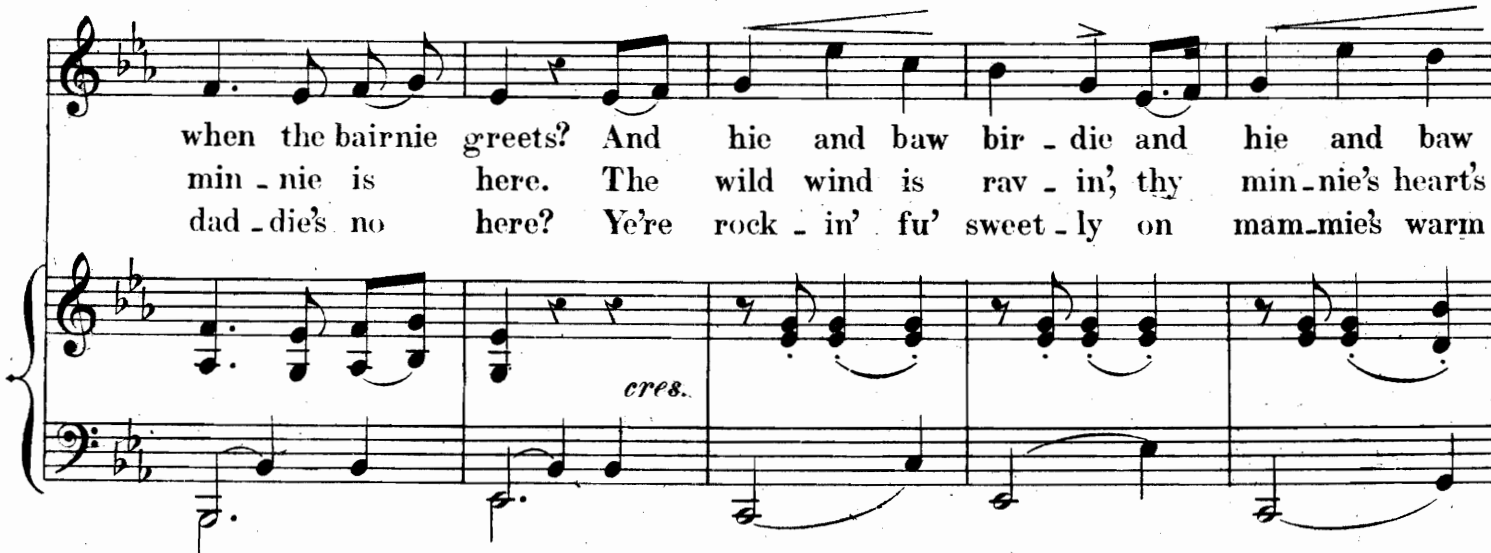
Piano.

Andantino.

cu-shions, and can ye sew sheets, And can ye sing bal - la - loo
 lam-mie, and hush - a - baw dear, Now hush - a - baw lam-mie, thy
 lam-mie, sing bal - la - loo dear, Does wee lam-mie ken that its



when the bairnie greets? And hie and baw bir - die and hie and baw
 min - nie is here. The wild wind is rav - in', thy min-nie's heart's
 dad - die's no here? Ye're rock - in' fu' sweet - ly on mam-mie's warm



dim.

lamb, And hie and baw bir - die, my bon - nie wee lamb.
 sair, The wild wind is rav - in', but ye din - na' care.
 knee, But dad - die's a rock - in' up - on the saut sea.

dim.

A little quicker

Heigh O! Heugh O! what'll I do wi' ye? Black's the life that

armonioso *dim.*

pp * *pp* * *pp* *

I lead wi' ye; Mo - ny o' ye, lit - tle to gie ye,

pp * *pp* * *pp* *

Heigh O! Heugh O! what'll I do wi' ye.

pp *rit.* *3rd time Fine* *1st and 2nd time D. C.*

pp *rit.* *3rd time Fine* *1st and 2nd time D. C.*

O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS?

(A CRADLE SONG.)

○ CAN ye sew cushions?
 And can ye sew sheets?
 And can ye sing ballaloo
 When the bairnie greets?
 And hie and baw birdie,
 And hie and baw lamb,
 And hie and baw birdie,
 My bonnie wee lam
 Heigh O, heugh O, what'll I do wi' ye?
 Black 's the life that I lead wi' ye;
 Mony o' ye, little to gie ye,
 Heigh O, heugh O, what'll I do wi' ve.

Now hush-a-baw lammie,
 And hush-a-baw dear,
 Now hush-a-baw lammie,
 Thy minnie is here.
 The wild wind is ravin',
 Thy minnie's heart 's sair,
 The wild wind is ravin'
 And ye dinna care.
 Heigh O, heugh O, &c.

Sing ballaloo lammie,
 Sing ballaloo dear,
 Does wee lammie ken
 That its daddie 's no here?
 Ye're rockin' fu' sweetly
 On mammie's warm knee,
 But daddie 's a rockin'
 Upon the saut sea.
 Heigh O, heugh O, &c.

Old Scottish Song



Skye Boat Song.

(JACOBITE.)

V.

SKYE BOAT SONG.

*)(JACOBITE.)

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Old Highland rowing measure arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

With animation and well accented.

Voice.

Piano.

§ Chorus to begin, and after each verse.

Speed bon-nie boat like a bird on the wing, on-ward the sai-lors

cry;

Car-ry the lad that's born to be king

*) This song illustrates an episode in the wanderings of Prince Charlie in the winter of 1745-6, when he made his escape from the net his enemies had spread for him, by putting out to sea with Flora Macdonald and a few devoted Highland boatmen in a rising storm, an example which his pursuers, though well provided with boats, did not venture to imitate.

Copyright.

last time only SOLO *ff*

o - ver the sea to Skye.....

1. Loud the winds howl,
2. Though the waves leap,
3. Ma - ny's the lad
4. Burned are our homes.

rit. *cres.* *Fine.* *ff*

ten. *ten.*

loud the waves roar, Thun - der - clouds rend the air;
soft shall ye sleep, O - cean's a roy - al bed.
fought on that day Well the clay - more could wield,
ex - ile and death Scat - ter the loy - al men;

ten. *ten.*

rit. *D. C. from the sign* §

Baff - led our foes stand by the shore, Fol - low they will not dare.
Rocked in the deep Flo - ra will keep Watch by your wea - ry head.
When the night came si - lent - ly lay Dead on Cul - lo - den's field.
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath Char - lie will come a - gain.

rit.

D. C. from the sign §

SKYE BOAT SONG.

(JACOBITE.)

SPEED, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward, the sailors cry,
Carry the lad that 's born to be king

Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,

Thunder-clouds rend the air ;

Baffled, our foes stand by the shore ;

Follow, they will not dare.

Speed, bonnie boat, &c.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep :

Ocean 's a royal bed ;

Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep

Watch by your weary head.

Speed, bonnie boat, &c.

Many 's the lad fought on that day

Well the claymore could wield,

When the night came silently lay

Dead on Culloden's field.

Speed, bonnie boat, &c.

Burned are our homes, exile and death

Scatter the loyal men,

Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath

Charlie will come again.

Speed, bonnie boat, &c.

HAROLD BOULTON



This is no my Plaid.

VI.

THIS IS NO MY PLAID.

Words by
W. HALEY.

Traditional Air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Voice. *Rather fast.* *REFRAIN* *p cres.*

This is no

Piano. *p e cres.* *p*

my plaid, my plaid, my plaid,

f *cres.* *ff rit.* *Fine*

This is no my plaid, bon - nie though the co - lours be.

f *cres.* *ff* *Fine*

The ground o' mine was mixed wi' blue, I
 My plaid was silk - en, soft, and warm; It
 The lad that gied't me lo'ed me weel, He

p ten. *ten.*

got it frae the lad I lo'e, He ne'er has gien me
 wrapt me round frae arm to arm, And like him - sel' it
 lo'ed me maist as weel's him - sel', And though his name I

pp

cause to rue, And O! my plaid is dear to me. But
 had a charm, And O! my plaid is dear to me. But
 daur - na tell, Yet O! my plaid is dear to me. But

rit. *rit.*

Repeat Refrain

THIS IS NO MY PLAID.

THIS is no my plaid, my plaid, my plaid,
 This is no my plaid, bonnie though the colours be.
 The ground 'o mine was mixed wi' blue,
 I got it frae the lad I lo'e,
 He ne'er has gie'n me cause to rue,
 And O ! my plaid is dear to me.
 But this is no my plaid, my plaid, my plaid,
 This is no my plaid, bonnie though the colours be.

My plaid was silken, saft and warm,
 It wrapt me round frae arm to arm,
 And like himsel' it had a charm,
 And O ! my plaid was dear to me.
 But this is no my plaid, my plaid, my plaid,
 This is no my plaid, bonnie though the colours be.

The lad that gied 't me lo'ed me weel,
 He lo'ed me maist as weel 's himsel',
 And though his name I daurna tell,
 Yet o' my plaid is dear to me.
 But this is no my plaid, my plaid, my plaid,
 This is no my plaid, bonnie though the colours be.

W. HALEY



Helen of Kirkconnel.

VII.

HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL.

Old Scottish Ballad.

*Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.*

Refrain sung first, and at the end of each verse.

Moderato.

Soprano & Alto. *mf* §

Tenor & Bass. *mf*

Piano. *f* §

I wish I were where He - len lies, Night and day on

dim.

me she cries; O that I were where He - len lies On fair Kirk - con - nel lea.....

SOLO.

f With fire.

1. Curs't be the heart that thocht the thocht... And
 2. O think na ye my heart was sair,..... When
 3. O He - len chaste, O He - len fair,..... I'll
 4. I wish my grave were grow - ing green,... A

curs't the hand that fired the shot,... When in my arms burd
 my love dropt and spak' nae mair?... There did she swoon wi'
 mak' a gar - land o' your hair,... Shall bind my heart for
 wind - ing sheet drawn o'er mine e'en,... And I in He - len's

He - len dropt, And died to suc - cour me..... (S.)
 mei - kle care On fair Kirk - con - nel lea..... (A.)
 ev - er mair, Un - til the day I dee..... (T.)
 arms ly - ing On fair Kirk - con - nel lea..... (B.)

D. C. dal Segno

HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL.

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
 Night and day on me she cries ;
 O that I were where Helen lies
 On fair Kirkconnel lea !

Curst be the heart that thocht the thocht,
 And curst the hand that fired the shot,
 When in my arms burd Helen dropt
 And died to succour me.

O think na ye my heart was sair
 When my love dropt and spak' nae mair ?
 There did she swoon wi' meikle care
 On fair Kirkconnel lea.

As I gaed down the water side,
 None but my foe to be my guide,
 None but my foe to be my guide
 On fair Kirkconnel lea,

I cross'd the stream, my sword did draw
 I hack'd him into pieces sma ,
 I hack'd him into pieces sma'
 For her sake that died for me.

O Helen chaste, O Helen fair,
 I'll mak' a garland o' your hair
 Shall bind my heart for evermair,
 Until the day I dee.

Would that my grave were growing green,
 A winding sheet drawn o'er my e'en,
 And I in Helen's arms lyin'
 On fair Kirkconnel lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
 Night and day on me she cries,
 And I am weary of the skies
 Since Helen died for me.

Old Scottish 'Ballad



*Willie 's gane to Melville
Castle.*

VIII.

WILLIE'S GANE TO MELVILLE CASTLE.

Old Scottish Song.

*Scottish Air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.*

Rather fast and with appropriate humour.

Voice.

Piano.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/4. The piano part begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes. The voice part enters with a melody of eighth notes. The lyrics are arranged in four lines, with the piano accompaniment continuing throughout.

1. O Wil - lie's gane to Mel - ville Cas - tle, Boots and spurs an'
 2. The first he met was La - dy Kate, She led him through the
 3. Then ben the house cam' La - dy Bell, "Gude troth ye need na
 4. When on his horse he rade a - wa', They ga - thered round the

a', To bid the led - dies a' fare - weel Be -
 ha', And wi' a sad and sor - ry heart She
 craw, May - be the lad will fan - cy me And
 door, He gai - ly waved his bon - net blue, They

fore he gaed a - wa'. Wil - lie's young and blithe and bon - nie,
 let the tear-drop fa': Be - side the fire stood La - dy Grace, Said
 dis - ap-point ye a'. Doun the stair trip - ped La - dy Jean, The
 set up sic a roar. Their cries, their tears brought Wil - lie back, He

Lo'ed by ane an' a', O! what will all the las - ses do When
 ne'er a word a - va; She thocht that she was sure o' him Be -
 flower a - mang them a', "O las - ses trust in pro - vi - dence, And
 kissed them ane an' a'; "O las - ses bide till I come hame, And

D. C. dal Segno §

Wil - lie gaes a - wa'?
 fore he gaed a - wa'.
 ye'll get hus - bands a'.
 then I'll wed ye a'."

rit. *in time* *cres.* *3* *3* *3* *Fine*

D. C. dal Segno §

WILLIE 'S GANE TO MELVILLE CASTLE.



WILLIE 's gane to Melville Castle,
Boots and spurs an' a',
To bid the leddies a' fareweel

Before he gaed awa'.
Willie 's young and blithe and bonnie,
Lo'ed by ane an' a',
O what will a' the lasses do
When Willie gangs awa'?

The first he met was Lady Kate,
She led him through the ha',
And wi' a sad and sorry heart
She loot the tear-drop fa'.
Beside the fire stood Lady Grace,
Said ne'er a word ava ;
She thocht that she was sure o' him
Before he gaed awa'.

Then ben the house cam' Lady Bell,
"Gude troth ye need na craw,
Maybe the lad will fancy me,
And disappoint ye a'."
Doun the stair tripped Lady Jean,
The flower amang them a',
"O lasses trust in Providence
An' ye'll get husbands a'."

When on his horse he rade awa'
They gathered round the door,
He gaily waved his bonnet blue,
They set up sic a roar,
Their cries, their tears brocht Willie back,
He kissed them ane an' a',
"O lasses bide till I come hame
And then I'll wed ye a'."

Old Scottish Ballad.

Proud Maisie.



IX.

PROUD MAISIE.

Words by
Sir WALTER SCOTT.

Music by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

By turns gay and sad.

Voice.

Piano.

Andante.

mf

p

mf

Proud Mai - sie is in the wood,

Walk - ing so ear - ly; Sweet

Ro - bin sits on the bush, Sing - ing so

p

rare - ly. *f and bold* "Tell me thou

cres. *f*

bon - nie bird, When shall I mar - ry me?"

sustained and sinister "When six braw gen - tle - men *slower* Kirk - ward shall

ten. *with the voice*

p

car - ry ye?".....

in time *pp* *f*

mf a tempo and bold

"Who makes the bri - dal bed?

ten. *f*

Bir - die say tru - ly." "The

p sus -

-tained

grey head - ed sex - ton That delves the grave

p a little slower

du - ly." *f* "The glow - worm o'er

cres. *f*

grave and stone Shall light thee so *sus -* stea - dy, The

-tained and sinister
owl from the stee - ple sing — Wel - come proud
p *ten.*
slower

la - dy. —".....

a tempo *pp* *f* *quick* *Fine.*

PROUD MAISIE.

ILLUSTRATED BY FR&D SANDYS.

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early,
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonnie bird,
When shall I marry me?"
"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed?
Birdie, say truly."
"The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady.
The owl from the steeple sing
'Welcome, proud lady.'"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



*“How can ye gang,
Lassie?”*

X.

HOW CAN YE GANG LASSIE.

Old Scottish Ballad.

*Traditional Air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.*

Voice. *With tender expression.* *Entreatingly*

1. O how can ye gang las-sie,
2. how could ye think Ja-mie,
3. how could ye look Jeannie,

Piano. *Andante.*

How can ye gang? O how can ye gang sae to
How could ye thiak? O how could ye think that I
How could ye look? And what when your e'en met.....


grieve me? Wi' your beau - ty and your art Ye hae
lo'ed ye? For its O, and I loe ane, But I
mine, lass? For wi' sor - row in my heart, And the

rit. bro - ken my heart, For I nev - er, nev - er thocht ye wad
daurna tell his name, And I nev - er, nev - er meant to de -
tears in mine e'en, I maun down.... to the grave lov - ing

dim. leave me..... 2. O
ceive ye..... 3. Then
thee lass.....

1st & 2nd times D. C. dal Segno *3rd time.*
dim. *Fine.*

"HOW CAN YE GANG. LASSIE?"

 HOW can ye gang, lassie?
 How can ye gang?
 O, how can ye gang sae to grieve me?

Wi' your beauty and your art
 Ye hae broken my heart,
 For I never, never thocht 'ye wad leave me."

"O, how could ye think, Jamie,
 How could ye think,
 O, how could ye think that I lo'ed ye?
 For its O and I lo'e ane,
 But I daurna tell his name,
 And I never, never meant to deceive ye."

"Then how could ye look, Jeannie,
 How could ye look?
 And what when your e'en met mine, lass?
 For wi' sorrow in my heart,
 And the tears in my e'en,
 I maun down to the grave loving thee, lass."

Scottish Song.



Fair Young Mary.

(MAIRI BHAN OG.)

XI.

FAIR YOUNG MARY.

(MAIRI BHAN OG.)

Words by
A. C. MACLEOD.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Rather slow and tenderly.

Voice. *p*

1. Mhai-ri bhan og, my
(Ma-ry my fair)

2. Time sall na touch thee, nor

Piano. *Andantino.* *mf* *p*

ain on-ly dea-rie, My win-some my bon-nie wee bride,.....
trou-ble come near thee, Thou maun-na grow old like the lave,..... And

cres. *rit.*

Let the world gang and a' the lave wi' it, Gin ye are but left by my
gin ye gang, Mary, the way o' the wea-ry, I'll fol-low thee soon to the

cres. *rit.*

side..... *f* The lark to its nest, the stream to the o - cean, The
grave..... A glance o' thy e'en wad ba - nish a' sor - row, A

dim. *p*
star to its home in the west..... And I to my Ma - ry and
smile, and fare - weel to a' strife,..... For peace is be - side thee, and

cres. *rit.*
I to my dar - ling, And I to the ane I lo'e best.
joy is a - round thee, And love is the light o' thy life.

cres. *rit.* *cres.* *D. C.*
Fine.

FAIR YOUNG MARY.

(MAIRI BHAN OG.)

MHAIRI bhan og, my ain only dearie,
 My winsome, my bonnie wee bride,
 Let the warld gang and a' the lave wi' it
 Gin ye are but left by my side.
 The lark to its nest, the stream to the ocean,
 The star to its home in the west,
 And I to my Mary, and I to my darling,
 And I to the ane I lo'e best.

Time sall na touch thee, nor trouble come near thee,
 Thou maunna grow old like the lave,
 And gin ye gang, Mary, the way o' the weary,
 I'll follow thee soon to the grave.
 A glance o' thy e'en wad banish a' sorrow,
 A smile, and fareweel to a strife,
 For peace is beside thee, and joy is around thee,
 And love is the light o' thy life.

A. C. MACLEOD.



The Boatman.

(FEAR A BHATA.)

XII.

* THE BOATMAN.

(FEAR A BHATA.)

Words translated from the Gaelic by
THOMAS PATTISON,

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Voice. *Andantino.*

1. How of - ten haunt - ing the high - est
2. They call thee sic - kle, they call thee
3. There's not a ham - let, too well I
4. Dost thou re - mem - ber the pro - mise

Piano. *Very smooth in the Bass.*

hill - top I scan the o - cean thy sail to
false one, And seek to change me, but all in
know it, Where you go wand - 'ring or stay a -
made me, The tar - tan plai - die the sil - ken

a little slower *cres. and with passion.*

see; Wilt come to - night, love, wilt come to -
vain; No, thou'rt my dream yet through - out the
while, But all its old folk you win with
gown? The ring of gold with thy hair and

cres.

f *dim.* **REFRAIN.**

mor - row, Or ev - er come love to com - fort me?
 dark night, And ey' - ry morn yet I watch the main.
 talk - ing, And charm its maid - ens with song and smile.
 por - trait, That gown and ring I will nev - er own.

f

bha - ta na ho - ro ei - le, Fhir a bha - ta na ho - ro
 va - ta

ei - le, Fhir a bha - ta na ho - ro ei - le, O fare ye

cres. *rit.*

cres. *rit.*

Verse 1, 2, 3, D. C. *last time.*

well love where e'er ye be.....

dim. *pp*

* Fhir a bhatu (pronounced: Ear a vata,) means: "O Boatman". Na horo eile is merely a call.

THE BOATMAN.

(FEAR A BHATA.)

HOW often haunting the highest hilltop,
 I scan the ocean thy sail to see ;
 Wilt come to-night, love ? wilt come to-morrow ?
 Wilt ever come, love, to comfort me ?

Fhir a bhata, na horo eile,
 Fhir a bhata, na horo eile,
 Fhir a bhata, na horo eile,
 O fare ye well, love, where'er ye be.

They call thee fickle, they call thee false one,
 And seek to change me, but all in vain ;
 No, thou'rt my dream yet throughout the dark night,
 And every morn yet I watch the main.

Fhir a bhata, &c.

There 's not a hamlet—too well I know it—
 Where you go wandering or stay awhile,
 But all its old folk you win with talking,
 And charm its maidens with song and smile.

Fhir a bhata, &c.

Dost thou remember the promise made me,
 The tartan plaidie, the silken gown,
 The ring of gold with thy hair and portrait ?
 That gown and ring I will never own.

Fhir a bhata, &c.

Translated from the Gaelic by THOMAS PATTISON,

Inserted by permission.



Down the Burn Davie.

XIII.

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.

Words by
ROBERT CRAWFORD.

Old Scottish Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Gay and tenderly.

Voice.

mf

1. When
2. Now
3. What

Andante con moto.

Piano.

f

trees..... did bud and..... fields were green, And
Da - vie did each... lad sur - pass That
passed... I guess was..... harm - less play, And

ten.

p

broom... bloomed fair... to... see, When
dwelt... on... yon... burn... side, And
nae - thing sure... un - meet, For

Ma - ry... was com - plete fif - teen, And
Ma - ry... was the... bon - niest lass, Just
gang - ing hame I... heard them say They

ten.

rall.

love... laughed in... her... e'e, Blythe
meet... to... be... a... bride, Thus
liked... a... walk... sae... sweet, Since

with the voice

Da - vie's blink her heart did... move To
 Da - vie's blink her heart did... move To
 both were fain their love to.... own, And

rit.
 speak her.... mind sae..... free. Gang
 speak her.... mind sae..... free. Gang
 speak their mind sae..... free. Gang
pp
rit. *ten.*

In time
 doun the burn Da - vie lad, Doun the burn Da - vie lad,
 doun the burn Da - vie lad, Doun the burn Da - vie lad,
 doun the burn Da - vie lad, Doun the burn Ma - ry lass,
pp and stacc.

Down the burn Da - vie lad, And I will fol - low thee.
 Down the burn Da - vie lad, And I will fol - low thee.
 Down the burn my ain dear love, And aye I'll fol - low thee.

mf Down the burn Da - vie lad, *cres.* down the burn Da - vie lad, Gang
 Down the burn Da - vie lad, down the burn Da - vie lad, Gang
 Down the burn Da - vie lad, down the burn Ma - ry lass, Gang

mf

f rit. Down the burn Da - vie lad, And I will fol - low thee.
 Down the burn Da - vie lad, And I will fol - low thee.
 Down the burn my ain dear love, And aye I'll fol - low thee.

f rit. *In time* *Fine.* *D. C.*

DOUN THE BURN DAVIE.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloomed fair to see,
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laughed in her e'e,
 Blythe Davie's blink her heart did move
 To speak her mind sae free,
 "Gang doun the burn, Davie lad,
 Doun the burn, Davie lad,
 Doun the burn, Davie lad,
 And I will follow thee."

Now Davie did each lad surpass
 That dwelt on yon burnside.
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride.
 Thus Davie's blink her heart did move
 To speak her mind sae free,
 "Gang doun the burn, Davie lad,
 Doun the burn, Davie lad,
 Doun the burn, Davie lad,
 And I will follow thee.

What passed, I guess, was harmless play,
 And naething, sure, unmeet,
 For ganging hame I heard them say
 They liked a walk sae sweet.
 Since both were fain their love to own
 And speak their mind sae free,
 "Gang doun the burn, Davie lad,
 Doun the burn, Mary lass,
 Doun the burn, my ain dear love,
 And aye I'll follow thee."

R. CRAWFORD, 1895



The Praise of Islay.

(MOLADH NA LANDAIDH.)

XIV.

THE PRAISE OF ISLAY.

(MOLADH NA LANDAIDH.)

Words translated from the Gaelic by
THOMAS PATTISON,

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

With affectionate enthusiasm.

Voice.

Piano.

p *cres. con moto* *f*

mf *f*

p *rit.* *ten.*

1. See a - far yon hill Ard - more, Beat - ing bil - lows wash its shore,
2. Though its shore is rock - y, drear, Ear - ly doth the sun ap - pear On
3. Bir - ken branch - es there are gay, Haw - thorns wave their sil - ver'd spray;
4. Ma - vis sings in ha - zel bough, Lin - nets haunt the glen be - low;

But its beau - ties bloom no more For me now far from Is - lay.
leaf - y brake and fal - low deer, And flocks and herds in Is - lay.
Ev' - ry bough the breez - es sway A - wa - kens joy in Is - lay.
O may long their wild - notes flow With me - lo - dies in Is - lay.

CHORUS.

Soprano & Alto.

Tenor & Bass.

mf

O my dear, my na - tive Isle,

mf

Nought from thee my love can wile, *cres.* O my dear, my

na - tive Isle, My heart beats true to Is - lay. *Fine.*

D. C. dal Segno

Fine.

D. C. dal Segno

THE PRAISE OF ISLAY.

(MOLADH NA LANDAIDH.)

SEE afar yon hill Ardmore,
 Beating billows wash its shore ;
 But its beauties bloom no more
 For me, now far from Islay.

O my dear, my native isle,
 Nought from thee my heart can wile,
 O my dear, my native isle,
 My heart beats true to Islay.

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

O my dear, &c.

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

O my dear, &c.

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

O my dear, &c.

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

O my dear, &c.

Translated from the Gaelic by THOMAS PATTISON.

From the "Celtic Lyre" by permission of the editor, HENRY WHYTE, Glasgow.



A Lyke Wake Dirge.

XV.

A LYKE WAKE DIRGE:

or chant sung by those watching over a corpse.

Old North of England words.

Music by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Solemn and slow.

Piano. *f and well sustained*

ONE VOICE. *mf*

1. This ae nighte, this ae..... nighte, } Ev' rie nighte and alle..... 2. To
 2. When from hence a way thou'rt past, } *f*

Piano. *p*

ONE VOICE. *p*

Fire and sleete and can - dle lighte: } And Christe re - ceive thy saule..... 3. If
 Purga - tory fire thou com'st at last: } *f* 4. If

Piano. *rit.*

ONE VOICE.

mf

ev - er thou gav - est meate or drinke,
 meate or drinke thou gav - est nane,
 5. This ae nighte, this ae..... nighte,

p

FULL.

ONE VOICE.

f

Ev' - rie nighte and alle..... The fire shall nev - er
 The fire shall burn thee
 Fire and sleete and

f

FULL. *rit. e dim.*

f

make thee shrinke:
 to the bare bane: } And
 can - dle lighte: } Christe re - ceive thy saule.....

p

rit.

Fine.

A LYKE WAKE DIRGE.

(OR CHANT SUNG BY THOSE KEEPING WATCH OVER A CORPSE.)

*T**HIS ae nighte, this ae nighte,*
Everie nighte and alle,
Fire and sleete and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

When from hence away thou'rt past,

Everie nighte and alle,

To Whinny-muir thou comest at last,

And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,

Everie nighte and alle,

Sit thee down and put them on,

And Christe receive thy saule.

If hosen and shoon thou gavest nane,

Everie nighte and alle,

The whinnes shall pricke thee to the bare bane,

And Christe receive thy saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou art past,

Everie nighte and alle,

To Brigg o' Dread thou comest at last,

And Christe receive thy saule.

From Brigg 'o Dread when thou art past,

Everie nighte and alle,

To Purgatory fire thou comest at last,

And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest meate or drinke,

Everie nighte and alle,

The fire shall never make thee shrinke,

And Christe receive thy saule.

If meate or drinke thou gavest nane,

Everie nighte and alle.

The fire shall burn thee to the bare bane,

And Christe receive thy saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,

Everie nighte and alle,

Fire and sleete and candle-lighte,

And Christe receive thy saule.

Old North of England words.



Leezie Lindsay.

XVI.

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

Old Scottish Ballad.

Traditional Air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Gallant and beseeching.

Voice.

Piano.

*Andante con moto.**mf*

1. Will ye

*p cres.**dim.*

gang to the Hie - lands, Lee - zie Lind - say? Will ye
 2. gang to the Hie - lands wi'..... you, sir? I.....
 3. las - sie 'tis..... lit - tle that..... ye ken, If.....
 4. kil - ted her coats o' green sa - tin, She has

gang to the Hie - lands wi' me?..... Will ye
 din - na ken how that may be,..... For I
 sae..... be ye din - na ken me,..... For my
 kil - ted them up to the knee,..... And she's

in time

gang..... to the Hie - lands, Lee - zie Lind - say,
 ken..... na the land that ye live in,
 name is Lord Ron - ald Mac - don - ald,
 aff wi' Lord Ron - ald Mac - don - ald,

in time *f*

rit.

My bride and my dar - ling to
 Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun'
 A chief - tain of high de -
 His bride and his dar - ling to

rit.

1. 2. 3. time *last time*

be?..... To
 wi'..... Lee - zie
 gree..... She has
 be.....

1. 2. 3. time *last time* *f*

D. C. §

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

“**W**ILL ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay?
 Will ye gang to the Hielands wi’ me?
 Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
 My bride and my darling to be?”

“To gang to the Hielands wi’ you, sir?
 I dinna ken how that may be,
 For I ken na the land that ye live in,
 Nor ken I the lad I’m gaun’ wi’.”

“Leezie, lassie, ’tis little that ye ken,
 If sae be ye dinna ken me,
 For my name is Lord Ronald Macdonald,
 A chieftain o’ high degree.”

She has kilted her coats o’ green satin,
 She has kilted them up to the knee,
 And she’s aff wi’ Lord Ronald Macdonald
 His bride and his darling to be.

Old Scottish Ballad.



*“We will take the good
old way.”*

(GABHAIDH SINN AN RATHAD MOR.)

XVII.

WE WILL TAKE THE GOOD OLD WAY.

(GABHAIDH SINN AN RATHAD MOR.)

Words translated from the Gaelic by the
Rev. A. STÉWART, L.L.D. "Nether Lochaber."

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Quick and with fire.

Voice.

Piano.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part begins with a series of chords and arpeggiated figures, marked with dynamics *f* and *ff*. The voice part enters with a series of rests, followed by the lyrics. The score includes a first ending and a second ending, both marked with *ten.* (tenuto). The lyrics are as follows:

1. Let Mac - in - tyres say what they may, Let
 2. Up the steep and hea - thery ben,
 3. We will march a - down Glen - coe,
 4. To Glen - gar - ry and Loch - iel,
 5. Clu - ny will come down the brae,
 6. For - ward sons of bold Rob - Roy,

Mac - in - tyres say what they may; We'll
 Doun the bon - nie wind - ing glen, We
 We will march a - down Glen - coe,
 Loy - al hearts with arms of steel,
 Kep - poch bold will lead the way,
 Stew - arts, con - flict is your joy, We'll

rit. *in time*

take and keep the good old way, Let them say their will O!
 march, a band of loy - al men, Let them say their will O!
 By the fer - ry we will go, Let them say their will O!
 These will back you in the field, Let them say their will O!
 Toss thine ant - lers, Ca - ber Feidh, Let them say their will O!
 stand to - ge - ther *pour le Roy* Let them say their will O!

ten. *rit.* *in time*

CHORUS.

Soprano & Alto. *f* *sf* *f*
 We will take the good old way, We will take the good old way,
Tenor & Bass. *f* *sf* *f*
Piano. *f* *sf* *f*

f *Fine*

Take and keep the good old way; Let them say their will O.

f *Fine*

"WE WILL TAKE THE GOOD OLD WAY."

(GABHAIDH SINN AN RATHAD MOR.)

WE will take the good old way,
We will take the good old way,
We'll take and keep the good old way,
Let them say their will, O !
Let MacIntyres say what they may,
Let MacIntyres say what they may,
We'll take and keep the good old way,
Let them say their will, O !
We will take, &c.

Up the steep and heathery ben,
Doun the bonnie winding glen,
We march, a band of loyal men,
Let them say their will, O !
We will take, &c.

We will march adoun Glencoe,
We will march adoun Glencoe,
By the ferry we will go,
Let them say their will, O !
We will take, &c.

To Glengarry and Lochiel,
Loyal hearts, with arms of steel,
These will back you in the field,
Let them say their will, O !
We will take, &c.

Cluny will come doun the brae,
Keppoch bold will lead the way,
Toss thine antlers, Caber Feidh,
Let them say their will, O !
We will take, &c.

Forward, sons of bold Rob Roy,
Stewarts—conflict is your joy—
We'll stand together *pour le Roy*,
Let them say their will, O !
We will take, &c.

Translated from the Gaelic by the Rev. A. STEWART, LL.D.—
"Nether Lochaber."



“Rest, my ain bairnie.”

(A HIGHLAND CRADLE SONG.)

XVIII.

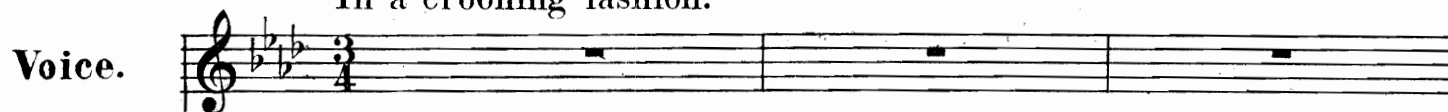
REST MY AIN BAIRNIE.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

In a crooning fashion.

Voice.



Piano.

Andante con moto.



ten.

very smooth



wak - ing I'll guard thee from ill!

Fair be thy bo - dy, far whi - ter than
 Ee - ri - ly ga - thers the mist on Ben
 Fresh as the hea - ther thy boy - hood shall

snow, No e - vil mark from the
 Shee, Cold - ly the wind sweeps
 bloom, Strong as the pine thy

heel to the brow. No ghost shall
in from the sea; But ter - ror and
man - hood shall come; Flower of thy

fright thee, nought shalt thou fear; I'll
storm may come east or come west, Yet
kins - men, chief of thy clan,

sing them a charm..... that none may come
warm will my bir - die bide in the
King of my heart,..... thou bon - nie wee

rit. *a tempo*

near: So..... rest my ain bair - nie, lie
 nest, Then rest my ain bair - nie, lie
 man; O..... rest my ain bair - nie, lie

rit. *a tempo*

peace - ful and still;..... Sleep - ing or
 peace - ful and still;..... Sleep - ing or
 peace - ful and still;..... Sleep - ing or

dim. *rit.* *1st & 2nd time dal § 3rd time*

wak - ing I'll guard thee from ill.....
 wak - ing I'll guard thee from ill.....
 wak - ing I'll guard thee from ill.....

dim. *rit.* *1st & 2nd time dal § 3rd time*

dim. pp

ten.

"REST MY AIN BAIRNIE."

(A HIGHLAND CRADLE SONG.)

REST, my ain bairnie, lie peaceful and still,
 Sleeping or waking I'll guard thee from ill.
 Fair be thy body, whiter than snow,
 No evil mark from the heel to the brow ;
 No ghost shall fright thee, nought shalt thou fear,
 I'll sing them a charm that none may come near.

Then rest my ain bairnie, &c.

Eerily gathers the mist on Ben Shee,
 Coldly the wind sweeps in from the sea,
 But terror and storm may come east or come west,
 Warm will my birdie bide in the nest.

Then rest my ain bairnie, &c.

Fresh as the heather thy boyhood will bloom,
 Strong as the pine thy manhood will come,
 Flower of thy kinsmen, chief of thy clan,
 King of my heart, thou bonnie wee man.

Then rest my ain bairnie, &c.

HAROLD BOULTON.



*My Dark-haired
Maid.*

(MO NIGHEAN DHU.)

XIX.

*MY DARK HAired MAID.

(MO NIGHEAN DHU.)

Words by the late

Dr. JOHN PARK, of St. Andrews.

Old Highland Melody arranged by

MALCOLM LAWSON.

Rather slow, with tender expression.

Soprano. *p* 1. Mo nigh-ean dhu, the hills are bright, And on this last and

Alto. *p* 2. Mo nigh-ean dhu, 'twas there we met, And O! that hour is

Tenor. *p* 1. Mo nigh-ean dhu, the hills are bright, And on this last and

Bass. *p* 2. Mo nigh-ean dhu, 'twas there we met, And O! that hour is

Piano. *ad lib.* *p* Rather slow, with tender expression.

pp 1. love-ly night, I'd fain frae auld Knock-gow-an's height Look owre the glen wi'

pp 2. pre-cious yet, When first my hon-est vow could get Love's tear-fu' smile frae

pp 1. love-ly night, I'd fain frae auld Knock-gow-an's height Look owre the glen wi'

pp 2. pre-cious yet, When first my hon-est vow could get Love's tear-fu' smile frae

1. thee. Ne - ver mair we'll tread its hea - ther, Ne - ver down the lea

2. thee. Hearts were pledged ere ei - ther knew it, What's to be maun be.....

1. thee. Ne - ver mair we'll tread its hea - ther, Ne - ver down the lea

2. thee. Hearts were pledged ere ei - ther knew it, What's to be maun be.....

1. Lil - tin' will we shear the - gi - ther, Fu' o' mirth and glee.....

2. Mine was tint ere I could trow o't Wi' that glanc - ing e'e

1. Lil - tin' will we shear the - gi - ther, Fu' o' mirth and glee.....

2. Mine was tint ere I could trow o't Wi' that glanc - ing e'e

p cres.

1. For - tune's blasts o' win - try wea - ther Drive us owre the sea, But

p cres.

2. Dear Knock - gow - an and the view o't Ne'er a - gain we'll see, O

p cres.

1. For - tune's blasts o' win - try wea - ther Drive us owre the sea, But

p cres.

2. Dear Knock - gow - an and the view o't Ne'er a - gain we'll see,..... O

1. lang's we're blest wi' ane a - ni - ther Fie! let fears gae flee..... Yet

2. let me gang and tak a - dieu o't, *) Laoth ma chree wi' thee, Mo

1. lang's we're blest wi' ane a - ni - ther Fie! let fears gae flee..... Yet

2. let me gang and tak a - dieu o't, *) Laoth ma chree wi' thee,.... Mo

heart of love

*) Laoth ma chree is a Gaelic expression which means literally "calf of my heart."

f *p*

1. see, my dear, the hills are bright, And on this last and love - ly night, I'd

f *p*

2. nigh - ean dhu, 'twas there we met, And O! that hour is pre - cious yet, When

f *p*

1. see, my dear, the hills are bright, And on this last and love - ly night, I'd

f *p*

2. nigh - ean dhu, 'twas there we met, And O! that hour is pre - cious yet, When

D. C. dal Segno.

pp *rit.*

1. fain frae auld Knock - gow - an's height Look owre the glen wi' thee.....

pp *rit.*

2. first my hon - est vow could get Love's tear - fu' smile frae thee.....

pp *rit.*

1. fain frae auld Knock - gow - an's height Look owre the glen wi' thee.....

pp *rit.*

2. first my hon - est vow could get Love's tear - fu' smile frae thee.....

D. C. dal Segno.

MY DARK-HAIRED MAID.

(MO NIGHEAN DHU.)

MO nighean dhu, the hills are bright,
 And on this last and lovely night,
 I'd fain frae auld Knockgowan's height
 Look owre the glen wi' thee.
 Never mair we'll tread its heather,
 Never down the lea
 Liltin' will we shear thegither,
 Fu' o' mirth and glee.
 Fortune's blasts o' wintry weather
 Drive us owre the sea,
 But lang's we're blest wi' ane anither,
 Fie ! let fears gae flee.
 Yet see, my dear, the hills are bright,
 And on this last and lovely night,
 I'd fain frae auld Knockgowan's height
 Look owre the glen wi' thee.

Mo nighean dhu, 'twas there we met,
 And O ! that hour is precious yet,
 When first my honest vow could get
 Love's tearfu' smile frae thee.
 Hearts were pledg'd ere either knew it,
 What 's to be maun be,
 Mine was tint ere I could trow o't
 Wi' that glancing e'e.
 Dear Knockgowan and the view o't
 Ne'er again we'll see,
 Let me gang and tak' adieu o't
 Laoth ma chree, wi' thee.
 Mo nighean dhu, 'twas there we met,
 And O ! that hour is precious yet,
 When first my honest vow could get
 Love's tearfu' smile frae thee.

DR. JOHN PARK.

(Words inserted from Dr. JOHN PARK's songs, by permission of the
 editor, ARCHIBALD RAMSDEN.)



A Jacobite Lament.

XX.

A JACOBITE LAMENT.

Words attributed to
Captain OGILVY.

Music by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

p

f

1. It was all for our right - ful king That we
2. all is done that man can do, And
3. turn'd him right and round a - bout All

dim.

simili

left fair Scot - lands strand;..... It was all for our
all is done in vain;..... My love, my na - tive
on the I - rish shore;..... He gave his bri - dle -

rit.

right - ful king That we e'er saw I - rish land, my dear, We
 land a - dieu, For.... I must cross the main, my dear, For
 reins a shake, With a - dieu for ev - er - more, my dear, A -

*cres.**rit.**a tempo**dim.*

e'er saw I - rish land, my dear, We e'er saw I - rish
 I must cross the main, my dear, For I must cross the
 dieu for ev - er more, my dear, A - dieu for ev - er

dim.

land.....
 main.....
 more.....

*con espress.**cres.**last time*

Now
 He

*dim.**p**Fine*

A JACOBITE LAMENT.

IT was a' for our rightfu' king
 We left fair Scotland's strand,
 It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
 We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain ;
 My love an' native land, fareweel,
 For I maun cross the main, my dear,
 For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right an' round about,
 All on the Irish shore,
 He ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,
 Wi' " Adieu for evermore, my dear,
 Adieu for evermore."

The sodger frae the wars returns,
 The sailor frae the main ;
 But I ha'e parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again, my dear,
 Never to meet again.

When day is gane, an' night is come,
 An' a' folk boun' to sleep,
 I think on him that 's far awa',
 The lee-lang night, an' weep, my dear,
 The lee-lang night, an' weep.

Attributed to CAPTAIN OGILVY, 1690.



*“As I gaed doun
Glenmoriston.”*

XXI.

AS I GAED DOWN GLENMORISTON.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

With great tenderness and rather slow.

Voice. *mf* §

1. As I gaed down Glen-mo-ris-ton, Where
2. that sweet hour her name I'd breathe Wi'
3. years are lang, the wark is sair, And

Andante con espressione.

Piano. *p cres.* *p* §

wa-ters meet a-bout Al-tee-rie, I saw my las-sie
nocht but clouds and hills to hear me, And when the warld to
life is aft-times wae and wea-rie, Yet Foy-ers flood shall

milk-in' kye Wi' skil-fu' hand and sang sae chee-rie. The
rest was laid I'd watch for dawn and wish her near me. Till
cease to fall Ere my love fail un-to my dea-rie. I

cres. *f*

dim.

wind that stirred her gow - den hair Blew soft - ly frae the hill at
 one by one the stars were gone, The moor - cock to his mate called
 lo'ed her then, I loe her now, And could wad be the world with -

dim.

p

ev - en,, And like a moor - land flower she looked That
 clear - ly, And day - light glint - ed on the burn Where
 out her, The crood - lin' bair - nies at her knee, And

rit.

1st & 2nd times D. C. dal Segno *S* 3rd time

licht - ly lifts its head to hea - ven. 2. Frae
 red - deer cross at morn - in' ear - ly. 3. The
 licht o' mi - ther's love a - bout her.

1st & 2nd time. 3rd time.

dim. Fine.

"AS I GAED DOUN GLENMORISTON."

AS I gaed doun Glenmoriston,
 Where waters meet about Alteerie,
 I saw my lassie milkin' kye
 Wi' skilfu' hand and sang sae cheerie ;
 The wind that stirred her gowden hair
 Blew saftly frae the hill at even,
 And like a moorland flower she looked
 That lichtly lifts its head to heaven.

Frae that sweet hour her name I'd breathe
 Wi' nocht but clouds and hills to hear me,
 And when the warld to rest was laid
 I'd watch for dawn and wish her near me,
 Till ane by ane the stars were gane,
 The moor-cock to his mate called clearly,
 And daylight glinted on the burn
 Where red-deer cross at mornin' early.

The years are lang, the wark is sair,
 And life is aftimes wae and wearie,
 Yet Foyer's flood shall cease to fall
 Ere my love fail unto my dearie.
 I lo'ed her then, I lo'e her now,
 And cauld the warld wad be without her,
 The croodlin' bairnies at her knee
 And licht o' mither's love about her.

HAROLD BOULTON.



Culloden Muir.



XXII.

CULLODEN MUIR.

Words by
Principal SHAIRP.

Music by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Voice. Rather slow and sad.

Piano. *Larghetto.*

mf *dim.* *p*

1. The

moor-land wide and waste and brown Heaves far and near, and

cres.

dim.

up and down; Few tren-ches green the de-sert crown, And

dim.

rit. *f and animated*

these are the graves of Cul-lo - den. Here Came-rons clove the

ten. *ten.* *f and well marked*

rit. *piu moto*

red line through, There Stew-arts dared what men can do, Charged

cres.

cres.

lads of A - thol,... staunch and true, To the can-non mouths on Cul-

f

colla voce

ff

lo - den.

p *tem.*

2. For

f

dim.

rall.

p

dim.

-po primo

them laid there, the brave and young, How many a mo - ther's

cres.

cres.

heart was wrung; How ma - ny a co - ro - nach sad was sung O'er the

green, green graves of Cul - lo - den: In vain the wild on -

ten. ten. *f* and animated *f* and well marked *rit.* *piu moto*

set, in vain Clay - mores cleft Eng - lish skulls in twain, The

can - non fire poured in like rain, Mow - ing down the clans on Cul -

ff *colla voce*

lo - den.

f *p*

Tempo primo

pp

3. The moor-land wide and waste and brown Heaves

dim. *pp*

far and near, and up and down; Few tren - ches green the

cres. *cres.*

de - sert crown, And these are the graves of Cul - lo - den.....

rit. *dim.* *ten.* *ten.* *dim.*

CULLODEN MUIR.

THE moorland wide and waste and brown
 Heaves far and near and up and down,
 Few trenches green the desert crown,
 And these are the graves of Culloden !

Alas ! what mournful thoughts they yield,
 Those scars of sorrow yet unhealed,
 On Scotland's last and saddest field,
 O ! the desolate moor of Culloden !

Ah me ! what carnage vain was there,
 What reckless fury, mad despair,
 On this wide moor such odds to dare,
 O ! the wasted lives of Culloden !

For them laid there, the brave and young,
 How many a mother's heart was wrung,
 How many a coronach sad was sung,
 O ! the green, green graves of Culloden !

Here Camerons clove the red line through,
 There Stewarts dared what men could do,
 Charged lads of Athol, staunch and true,
 To the cannon mouths on Culloden.

What boots it now to point and tell,
 —Here the clan Chattan bore them well ;
 Shame-maddened, yonder, Keppoch fell,
 Lavish of life at Culloden ?

In vain the wild onset, in vain
 Claymores cleft English skulls in twain,
 The cannon fire poured in like rain,
 Mowing down the clans on Culloden .

Through all the glens, from shore to shore,
 What wailing went ! But that is o'er,
 Hearts now are cold that once were sore
 For the loved ones lost on Culloden.

Now strangers come to pry and peep
 Above the mounds where clansmen sleep,
 But what do we, their kinsmen, reap
 For our sires' blood shed on Culloden ?

Our small farms turned to deserts dumb,
 Where smoke no homes, no people come,
 Save English hunters,—that's the sum
 Of what we have reaped for Culloden.

This too will pass, the hunter's deer,
 The drover's sheep will disappear,
 But when another race will ye rear
 Like the men that died at Culloden ?

PRINCIPAL SHAIRP.

