

*“The women are a’
gane wud.”*

(AN ANTI-JACOBITE SONG.)

XXIII.

THE WOMEN ARE A' GANE WUD.

(An Anti-Jacobite Scottish Song.)

Words Traditional.

Traditional Air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Quick and angrily.

Voice.

Piano.

mf *cres.* *f*

1. The
2. My
3. The

wo-men are a' gane wud,..... O! that he had bid-den a-
wife she wears the cock-ade,..... Though she kens it's the thing that I
wild Hie-lan' lads they did pass,..... The yetts wide o-pen they

cres. *f*

wa',..... He's turned their heads, the lad,..... And
hate,..... There's ane..... too preened on her maid,..... And
flee,..... They ate..... the ve-ry house bare,..... And

rit. *a tempo* *p*

ru - in will bring on us a';..... I aye was a peace - a - ble man, My
 baith will tak'.... the gate.... The sense - less creatures ne'er think What
 ne'er speird the leave o' me;..... But when the red - coats gaed by,..... D'ye

f rit. *a tempo* *p*

ten.

cres. *f*

wife she did douce - ly be - have; But now do a' that I can,.... She's
 ill the lad will bring back; We'd hae the Pope and the Deil,.... And
 think.... they'd let them a - lane? They a' the lou - der did cry..... "Prince

cres.

rit. *D. C.* *last verse.*

just... as wild as the lave.....
 a'..... the rest o' the pack.....
 Char - lie will soon get his ain".....

f rit. *D. C.* *in time* *cres.* *Fine.*

“THE WOMEN ARE A’ GANE WUD.”

(AN ANTI-JACOBITE SONG.)

THE women are a’ gane wud,
 O ! that he had bidden awa’,
 He ’s turned their heads, the lad,
 And ruin will bring on us a’ ;
 I aye was a peaceable man,
 My wife she did doucely behave,
 But now, do a’ that I can,
 She ’s just as wild as the lave.

My wife she wears the cockade,
 Though she kens it ’s the thing that I hate,
 There ’s ane too preened on her maid,
 And baith will tak’ the gate.
 The senseless creatures ne’er think
 What ill the lad will bring back ;
 We ’d ha’e the Pope and the De’il,
 And a’ the rest o’ the pack.

The wild Hielan’ lads they did pass,
 The yetts wide open they flee,
 They ate the very house bare,
 And ne’er speered the leave o’ me.
 But when the red-coats gaed by
 D’ ye think they’d let them alane ?
 They a’ the louder did cry
 “ Prince Charlie will soon get his ain.”

Scottish Song.



Aye Waukin' O!



XXIV.

AYE WAUKIN' O!

Old Scottish Song arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Rather slow and somewhat sad.

Voice.



1. Sim - mer's a plea-sant time,
2. When first she cam' to our toun. They
3. Her min - nie she lo'es her weel, Her

Andante sostenuto.

Piano.



Flowers of ev' - ry co - lour; The wa - ter rins owre the heugh, And
ca'd her Grace Mac - far - lane; But lang e're she gaed a - wa', They
dad - die loes her bet - ter; And I lo'e the lass my - sel', Wae's

REFRAIN.

in time

rit.

I lang for my true lov - er,
 ca'd her a' folks' dar - lin',
 me I can - na' get her,

Aye wauk - in' O!

rit. *mf* in time

Wauk - in' aye and wea - rie; Sleep I can get nane For

rit.

rit.

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

think - in' o' my dea - rie; Aye wauk - in' O!.....

in time

rit. *sfz* *rit.* *sfz* *cres.* *dim. pp*

Fine.

AYE WAUKIN' O!

SIMMER 's a pleasant time,
 Flowers of every colour ;
 The water rins owre the heugh,
 And I lang for my true lover,
 Aye waukin' O !
 Waukin' aye and weary,
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinkin' o' my dearie ;
 Aye waukin' O !

When first she cam' to our toun
 They ca'd her Grace Macfarlane,
 But now she 's gane awa'
 They ca' her a' folks' darlin' ;
 Aye waukin' O ! &c

When I sleep I dream,
 When I wake I'm eerie,
 Rest I can get nane
 For thinkin' o' my dearie ;
 Aye waukin' O ! &c.

Lanely nicht comes on,
 A' the lave are sleepin',
 I think upon my bonnie lass
 And bleer my e'en wi' greetin'.
 Aye waukin' O !

Her minnie lo'es her weel,
 Her daddie lo'es her better,
 And I lo'e the lass mysel',
 Wae 's me I canna get her ;
 Aye waukin' O ! &c.

Old Scottish Song.



My faithful fond one.

(MO RUN GEAL DILEAS.)

XXV.

MY FAITHFUL FOND ONE.

(MO RUN GEAL DILEAS.)

(Song with Chorus.)

Words translated from the Gaelic by
Professor BLACKIE.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Rather slow and with tenderness.

Soprano & Alto

Tenor & Bass.

Piano.

f

My fair and rare one, my faithful fond one, My faithful fair, wilt not come to

rit.

me, On bed of pain here who remain here With weary longing for a sight of thee?

rit.

SOLO. p

If wings were mine now to skim the brine now, And like a
O were I yon - der with her to wan - der, Be - neath the
For let the sky here be wet or dry here, With peaceful

smooth

cres.

sea - gull to float me free, To Is - lay's shore now they'd bear me
green hills be - side the sea, With birds in cho - rus that war - ble
breeze here or win - dy war, In win - ter gloom - ing or summer

cres.

rit.

o'er now, Where dwells the mai - den that is dear to me.
o'er us, And ruth of kis - ses so sweet to me.
bloom - ing, 'Tis all one sea - son, love, when thou art far.

rit. molto

MY FAITHFUL FOND ONE.

(MO RUN GEAL DILEAS.)

MY fair and rare one, my faithful fond one,
 My faithful fair, wilt not come to me
 On bed of pain here who remain here,
 With weary longing for a sight of thee?
 If wings were mine now to skim the brine now,
 And like a sea-gull to float me free,
 To Islay's shore now they 'd bear me o'er now,
 Where dwells the maiden that 's dear to me.
 My fair and rare one, &c.

O were I yonder with her to wander
 Beneath the green hills beside the sea,
 With birds in chorus that warble o'er us,
 And ruth of kisses so sweet to me!
 My fair and rare one, &c.

What though the sky here be wet or dry here,
 With peaceful breeze here, or windy war,
 In winter glooming or summer blooming
 'Tis all one season, love, when thou art far.
 My fair and rare one, &c.

Translated from the Gaelic by PROFESSOR BLACKIE



The Twa Corbies.

XXVI.

THE TWA CORBIES.

(Song for a low Voice.)

Old Scottish Ballad.

Music by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Slow and in a tragical manner.

Voice.

Piano.

Largo.

very smooth

dim.

1. As I was walk - ing a'..... a -
2. In be - hint yon auld..... fail
3. His hound is to the hunt - ing
4. Ye'll sit on his white..... hause
5. Mony's the ane for him mak's

lane,..... I heard twa cor - bies mak - ing their
dyke,..... I wot there lies..... a new - slain
gane,..... His hawk to fetch.... the wild - fowl
bane,..... And I'll pike out..... his bon - nie blue
mane,..... But nane sall ken..... whar he..... is

mane; The tane un - to the ti - ther did
 knight; And nae - body kens that he lies....
 hame; His la - dy's taen a - ni - ther....
 e'en; Wi' ae lock o'his grow - den....
 gane. Owre his white banes, when they are....

cres.

say, Whar sall we gang and dine the
 there, But his hawk and his hound and his la - dy
 mate, Sae we may mak' our din - ner
 hair We'll theek our nest whar it grows
 bare, The wind sall blaw for ev - er

dim. e rit.

rit.

1st 2nd 3rd 4th time Dal Segno last time

day?
 fair!
 sweet!
 bare!
 mair!

cantabile

tr.

Ad.

THE TWA CORBIES.

AS I was walking a' alane,
 I heard twa corbies making their mane ;
 The tane unto the tither did say
 "Whar sall we gang and dine the day ?"

"In behint yon auld fail dyke
 I wot there lies a new-slain knight ;
 And naebody kens that he lies there
 But his hawk and his hound and his lady fair."

"His hound is to the huntin' gane,
 His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
 His lady 's ta'en anither mate,
 Sae we may mak' our dinner sweet."

"Ye 'll sit on his white hause-bane,
 And I 'll pike out his bonnie blue e'en ;
 Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
 We 'll theek our nest whar it grows bare."

"Mony 's the ane for him mak's mane,
 But nane sall ken whar he is gane ;
 Owre his white banes, when they are bare,
 The wind sall blaw for evermair."

Old Scottish Song.



Bonnie
George Campbell.

XXVII.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

Old Scottish Ballad

*Traditional Air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.*

Voice. *With spirit.*

Piano. *Allegro moderato.*

f

1. High up - on Hie - lands and laigh up - on Tay,
 2. Doun cam' his mi - ther dear greet - in' fu' sair, And
 3. Sad - dled and bri - dled and boot - ed rade he, A

Bon - nie George Camp - bell rade out on a day; Wi'
 out ran his bon - nie bride riv - in' her hair; "My
 plume in his hel - met, a sword at his knee, But

f

sad - dle and bri - dle sae gal - lant rade he,
mea - dow lies green and my corn is un - shorn, My
toom cam' his sad - dle all bluid - y to see;

rit. and with express. *dim.* *D. C.*

Hame cam' his guid horse but ne - ver cam' he.
barn is to build and my babe is un - born?
Hame cam' his guid horse but ne - ver cam' he.

rit.

D. C. Dal Segno

last verse

Hame cam' his guid horse but ne - ver cam' he.....

rit.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

HIGH upon Hielands and laigh upon Tay
 Bonnie George Campbell rade out on a day,
 Wi' saddle and bridle sae gallant to see ;
 —Hame cam' his guid horse but never cam' he.

Doun cam' his mither dear greetin' fu' sair,
 And out ran his bonnie bride rivin' her hair ;
 “ My meadow lies green and my corn is unshorn,
 My barn is to bigg and my babe is unborn.”

Saddled and bridled and booted rade he,
 A plume in his helmet, a sword at his knee ;
 But toom cam' his saddle a' bluidy to see,
 Hame cam' his guid horse but never cam' he.

Old Scottish Ballad.



*Lament for Maclean
of Ardgour.*

XXVIII.

LAMENT FOR MACLEAN OF ARDGOUR.*

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Old Melody preserved in the Ardgour district, arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

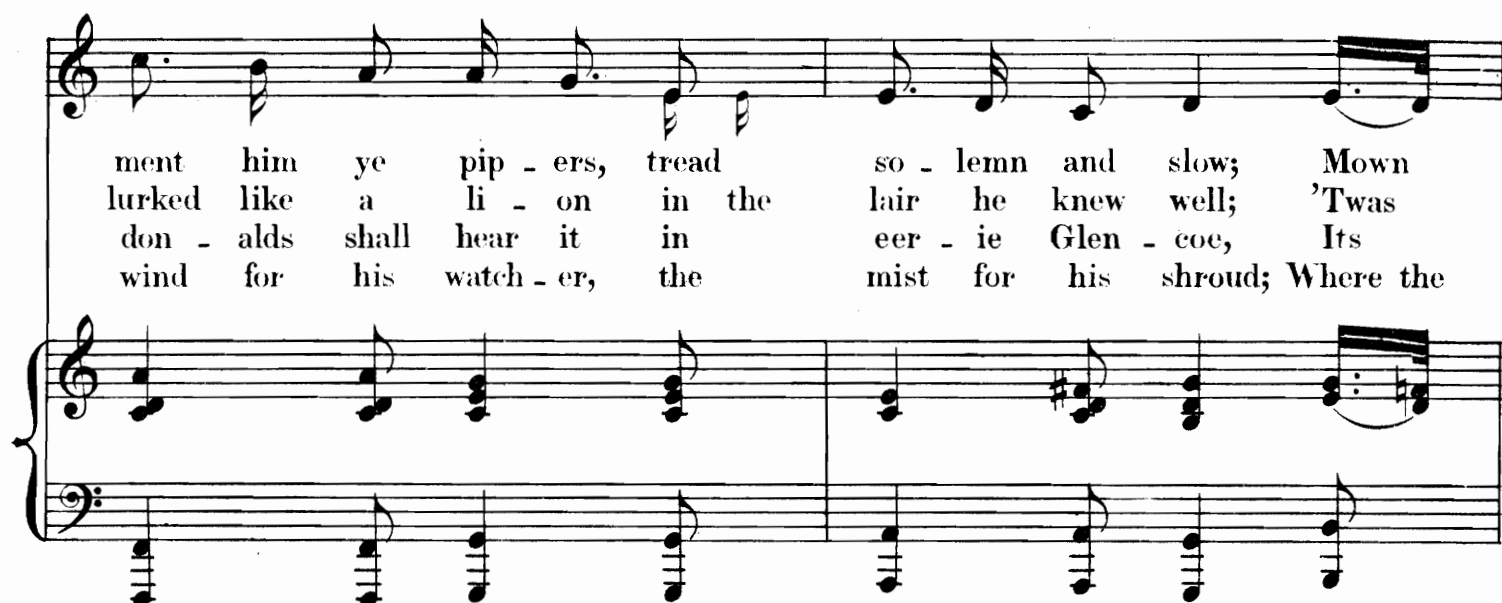
Voice. Solemn and slow. *f*

1. Wail
2. Low
3. Once
4. Then

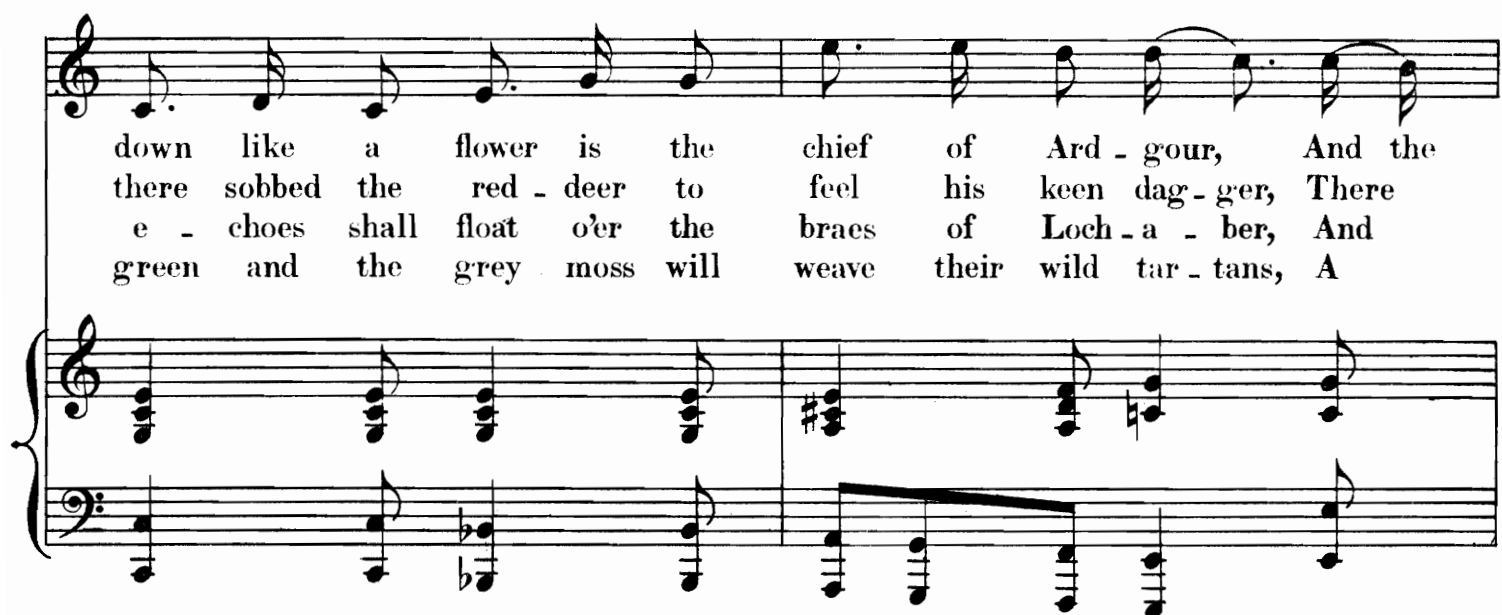
Piano. *Andante pomposo.* *f*

loud - ly ye wo - men your co - ro - nach dole - ful, La -
down by yon burn that's half hid - den with hea - ther, He
more let his war - cry re - sound in the moun - tains, Mac -
here let him rest in the lap of Scaur Don - ald, The

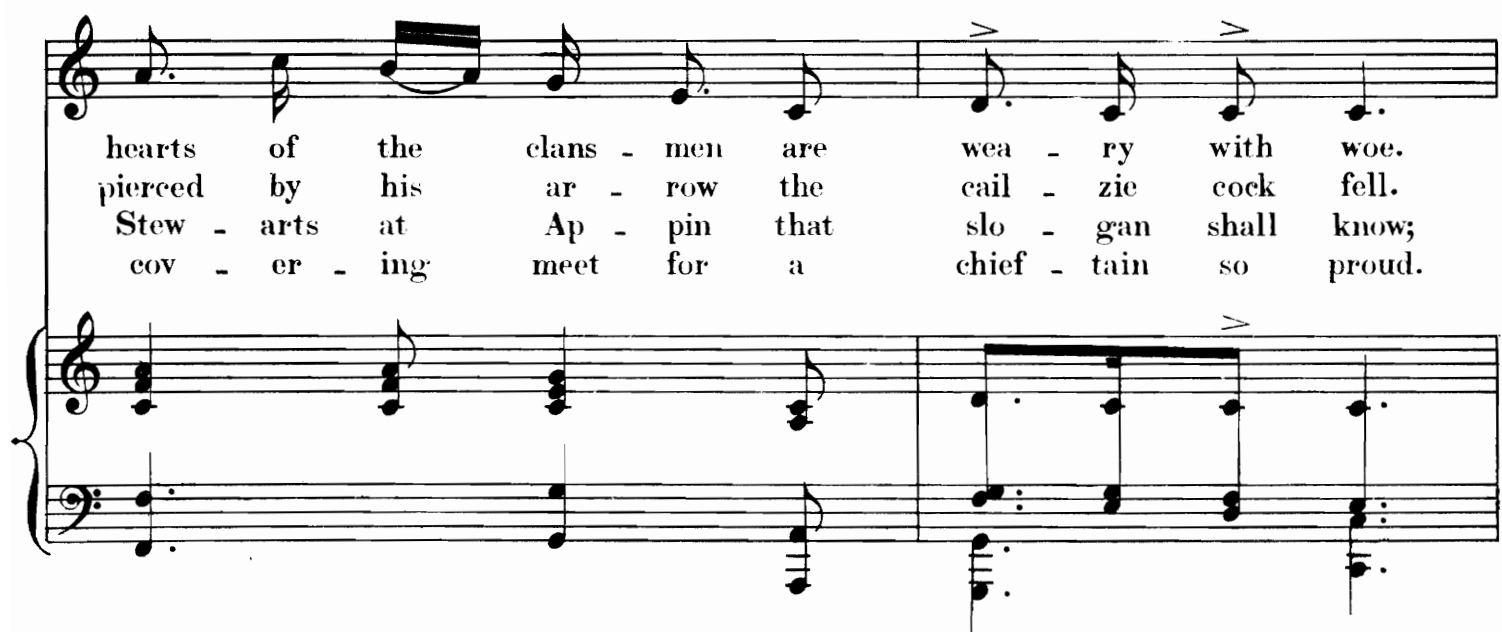
*) "Donald the hunter" one of the earlier chiefs of the Ardgour Macleans and much beloved by his clan, was famous for his passionate love of hunting. The Air of this lament for his death has been handed down from generation to generation in the Ardgour district. Scaur Donald, a hill in his territory, is named after him.



ment him ye pip - ers, tread so - lemn and slow; Mown
 lurked like a li - on in the lair he knew well; 'Twas
 don - als shall hear it in eer - ie Glen - coe, Its
 wind for his watch - er, the mist for his shroud; Where the



down like a flower is the chief of Ard - gour, And the
 there sobbed the red - deer to feel his keen dag - ger, There
 e - choes shall float o'er the braes of Loch - a - ber, And
 green and the grey moss will weave their wild tar - tans, A



hearts of the clans - men are wea - ry with woe.
 pierced by his ar - row the cail - zie cock fell.
 Stew - arts at Ap - pin that slo - gan shall know;
 cov - er - ing meet for a chief - tain so proud.

p

In peace - time he ruled like a
 How oft when at e'en he would
 And borne to the wa - ters be -
 For free as the ea - gle these

f sfz p

fa - ther a - mong us, Un - con - quered in fight was the
 watch for the wild - fowl, Like light - ning his co - ra - cle
 yond the Loch Linnhe, 'Twixt Mor - ven and Mull where the
 rocks were his ey - rie, And free as the ea - gle his

rit. blade that he bore; But the chase was the glo - ry and
 sped from the shore; But..... still, and for aye, as we
 tide ed - dies roar, Mac - gil - lians shall hear it and
 spi - rit shall soar O'er the crags and the cor - ries that

f in time

with the voice

pride of his man - hood, Strong Don - ald the hun - ter, Mac -
 cross the lone loch - an, Is Don - ald the hun - ter, Mac -
 mourn for their kins - man, For Don - ald the hun - ter, Mac -
 erst knew the foot - fall Of Don - ald the hun - ter, Mac -

gil - li - an More.
 gil - li - an More.
 gil - li - an More.
 gil - li - an More.

sonorously

with express.

rit.

D. C. last time

rit.

cres.

LAMENT FOR MACLEAN OF ARDGOUR.

WAIL loudly, ye women, your coronach doleful,
Lament him, ye pipers, tread solemn and slow ;
Mown down like a flower is the chief of Ardgour,
And the hearts of the clansmen are weary with woe.
In peace-time he ruled like a father among us,
Unconquered in fight was the blade that he bore,
But the chase was the glory and pride of his manhood,
—Strong Donald the hunter, Macgillian More.

Low down by yon burn that 's half hidden with heather
He lurked like a lion in the lair he knew well ;
'Twas there sobbed the red-deer to feel his keen dagger,
There pierced by his arrow the cailzie-cock fell.
How oft when at e'en he would watch for the wild fowl,
Like lightning his coracle sped from the shore ;
But still, and for aye, as we cross the lone lochan,
Is Donald the hunter, Macgillian More !

Once more let his war-cry resound in the mountains,
Macdonalds shall hear it in eerie Glencoe,
Its echoes shall float o'er the braes of Lochaber,
Till Stewarts at Appin that slogan shall know ;
And borne to the waters beyond the Loch Linnhe,
'Twixt Morven and Mull where the tide-eddies roar,
Macgillians shall hear it and mourn for their kinsman,
For Donald the hunter, Macgillian More.

Then here let him rest in the lap of Scaur Donald,
The wind for his watcher, the mist for his shroud,
Where the green and the grey moss will weave their wild tartans,
A covering meet for a chieftain so proud.
For, free as the eagle, these rocks were his eyrie,
And free as the eagle his spirit shall soar
O'er the crags and the corries that erst knew the footfall
Of Donald the hunter, Macgillian More:

HAROLD BOUTON.



Weaving Song.

XXIX.

WEAVING SONG.

Scottish Song.

Traditional Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Brightly but not too fast. *mf*

Voice.

1. Gae owre the muir, gae
2. Con - tent his low - ly
3. Weel shel - tered in his

Piano *f*

p

doun the brae, Gae busk my bower to mak' it rea - dy; For
cot I'll share, I ask nae mair to mak' life cheer - ie; Wi'
Hie - land plaid, Frae world - ly cares I'll aye be ea - sy; Its

p

rit.

I'm gaun' there to wed the day, The bon - nie lad that
heart sae leal and love sae true, The lang - est day can
storms I'll hear like blasts that blaw Owre hea - ther bell and

ten. *ten.*

A little quicker.

wears the plai - die.
ne'er seem eer - ie.
moun - tain dai - sy.

Twine weel the bon - nie tweel,

Twist weel the plai - die, For O! I loe the

lad die weel That wears the tar - tan plai - die.

sweetly and a little slower

rit.

D. C.

WEAVING SONG.

GAE owre the muir, gae doun the brae,
 Gae busk my bower to mak' it ready,
 For I 'm gaun' there to wed the day
 The bonnie lad that wears the plaidie.
 Twine weel the bonnie tweel,
 Twist weel the plaidie,
 For O ! I lo'e the laddie weel
 That wears the tartan plaidie.

Content his lowly cot I 'll share,
 I ask nae mair to mak' life cheerie ;
 Wi' heart sae leal and love sae true
 The langest day can ne'er seem eerie.

Twine weel, &c.

Weel sheltered in his Hieland plaid
 Frae worldly cares I 'll aye be easy ;
 Its storms I 'll hear like blasts that blaw
 Owre heather bell and mountain daisy.

Twine weel, &c.

Scottish Song.



Ae Fond Kiss.



XXX.

AE FOND KISS.

Words by
ROBERT BURNS.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Very pathetic and slow.

Voice.

Piano.

Very slow and sustained

1. Ae fond kiss, and then we sev - er!
 2. Had we ne - ver loved sae kind - ly,
 3. Fare thee weel, thou first and fair - est,
 4. Ae fond kiss, and then we sev - er!

Ae fare - weel, and then for ev - er!
 Had we ne - ver loved sae blind - ly,
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dear - est;
 Ae fare - weel, a - las, for ev - er!

Deep in heart - wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Ne - ver met, or ne - ver part - ed,
 Thine be il - ka joy and trea - sure,
 Deep in heart - wrung tears I'll pledge thee,

War - ring sighs and groans I'll wage
 We had ne'er been bro - ken heart
 Peace, en - joy - ment, love, and plea
 War - ring sighs and groans I'll wage

thee.
 ed.
 sure.
 thee.

D. C. from the sign § last time

dim.

AE FOND KISS.

AE fond kiss, and then we sever !
 Ae fareweel, and then for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
 While the star of hope she leaves him ?
 Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me,
 Dark despair around benights me.

I 'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy ;
 But to see her was to love her,
 Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met, or never parted,
 We had re'er been broken-hearted !

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest,
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest ;
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !
 Ae fareweel, alas ! for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.

R. BURNS.



Linten Lozarin.

XXXI.

LINTEN LOWRIN.

*Old Aberdeenshire Song.**Traditional Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.**Rather slow and pathetic.*

Voice.

Piano.

1. I

1. sheared my first hairst in Bog - end, Down by the fit o'

2. Rhy - nie's wark is ill to work, And Rhy - nie's wa - ges

3. Rhy - nie is a Hie - land place, It does - na suit a

Ben - a - chie; And sair I wrought and sair I fought, But

are but sma'; And Rhy - nie's laws are dou - ble straight, And

Law - land loon; And Rhy - nie is a cauld clay hole, It

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a little quicker

I wan out my pen - ny fee;
that does grieve me maist of a'; Lin - ten low - rin, low - rin lin - ten,
is na like my fai - ther's toun;

rit. *mf*

mf

Lin - ten low - rin lin - ten lee: I'll gang the gait I cam' a - gain, And a

f *rit.* *a tempo*

D. C. dal Segno

bet - ter bair - nie I will be. 2. O
3. O

with the voice *a tempo* *dim.*

LINTEN LOWRIN.

I SHEARED my first hairst in Bogend,
 Down by the fit o' Benachie ;
 And sair I wrought and sair I fought,
 But I wan out my penny fee.

Linten lowrin, lowrin linten,
 Linten lowrin, linten lee ;
 I 'll gang the gait I cam' again,
 And a better bairnie I will be.

O ! Rhynie's wark is ill to work,
 And Rhynie's wages are but sma' ;
 And Rhynie's laws are double straight,
 And that does grieve me maist of a'.

Linten lowrin, &c.

O ! Rhynie is a Hieland place,
 It doesna suit a Lawland loon ;
 And Rhynie is a cauld clay hole,
 It is na like my faither's toun.

Linten lowrin, &c.

Old Aberdeenshire Song.



Turn ye to me.

XXXII.

TURN YE TO ME.

Words by
JOHN WILSON. (Christopher North.)

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Not too slow, and with expression.

Voice.

Piano.

Andante. *cantabile* *f*

1. The stars are
2. The waves are

shin - ing chee - ri - ly, chee - ri - ly, * Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye..... to
danc - ing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Ho - ro (Ma - ry dear) Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye..... to

me: The sea - mew is moan - ing drea - ri - ly, drea - ri - ly, Ho - ro
me: The sea - birds are wail - ing wea - ri - ly wea - ri - ly, Ho - ro

rit. *cres.*

Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye.... to me. Cold is the storm - wind that
 (Ma ry dear) Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye.... to me. Hushed be thy moan - ing, lone

mp

ruf - fles his breast, But warm are the down - y plumes li - ning his
 bird of the sea, Thy home on the rocks is a shel - ter to

cres. *tenderly*

nest. Cold blows the storm there, soft falls the snow there, Ho - ro
 thee. Thy home is the an - gry wave, mine but the lone - ly grave, Ho - ro

rit. *D.C.*

Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye.... to me.
 (Ma ry dear) Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye.... to me.

rit. *dim.* *D.C.*

TURN YE TO ME.

THE stars are shining cheerily, cheerily,
 Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me ;
 The sea-mew is moaning drearily, drearily,
 Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me.
 Cold is the storm-wind that ruffles his breast,
 But warm are the downy plumes lining his nest ;
 Cold blows the storm there,
 Soft falls the snow there,
 Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me.

The waves are dancing merrily, merrily,
 Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me ;
 The sea-birds are wailing wearily, wearily,
 Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me.
 Hushed be thy moaning, lone bird of the sea,
 Thy home on the rocks is a shelter to thee,
 Thy home is the angry wave,
 Mine but the lonely grave,
 Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me.

JOHN WILSON
 (" Christopher North ")



*The Bonnie Earl o'
Moray.*

XXXIII.

THE BONNIE EARL O' MORAY.

Old Scottish Song.

*Traditional Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.*

Voice. Sustained and slow. *f*

1 Ye
2 O

Piano. Heavy and marked *f*

Hie - lands and ye Law - lands, O
wae be - tide ye Hunt - ly, And

where hae ye been? They hae
where - fore did ye sae? I.....

"On Feb. 7th, 1592, the Earl of Moray was cruelly murdered by the Earl of Huntly at Donibristel in Fifeshire...; to satisfy the King's (James VI) jealousy of Moray, whom the Queen more rashly than wisely had commended in the King's hearing with too many epithets of a proper and gallant man." Sir James Balfour's *History of Scotland*
Copyright.

slain the Earl o' Mo - ray, And
bade ye bring him wi' you And for

rit. laid him on the green. He
bad' ye him to slay. He
in time

was a braw gal - lant, and he
was a braw gal - lant, and he

rade play'd at the ring; And the bon - nie Earl o'
the glove; And the bon - nie Earl o'

rit. Mo - ray..... He might hae been a King. O,
Mo - ray..... He was the Queen's love. O,
sadly

rit. *dim.*

p lang will his la - dye look frae the Cas - tle
lang will his la - dye look frae the Cas - tle

p

cres.

Doune, Ere she see the Earl o'
 Doune, Ere she see the Earl o'

cres.

f *rit.*

Mo - ray..... Come sound - in' through the
 Mo - ray..... Come sound - in' through the

f *with the voice*

D. C.

toun.....
 toun.....

in time *dim.* *Fine.*

D. C.

THE BONNIE EARL O' MORAY.

YE Hielands and ye Lawlands,
 O, whar ha'e ye been ?
 They ha'e slain the Earl o' Moray,
 And laid him on the green.
 He was a braw gallant,
 And he rade at the ring ;
 And the bonnie Earl o' Moray
 He might ha'e been a king.

O, lang will his ladye look frae the Castle Doune
 Ere she see the Earl o' Moray come soundin' through the toun.

O, wae betide ye, Huntly,
 And wherefore did ye sae ?
 I bade ye bring him wi' you,
 And forbad' ye him to slay.
 He was a braw gallant,
 And he played at the glove ;
 And the bonnie Earl o' Moray,
 He was the Queen's love.

O, lang will his ladye look frae the Castle Doune
 Ere she see the Earl o' Moray come soundin' through the toun

Old Scottish Ballad.



*The Bush aboon
Traquair.*

XXXIV.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR

Words by
Principal SHAIRP.

Music by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Not too fast, and entreating.

Voice.

1. Will ye
2. And.....
3. And birks
4. Frae.....

Piano.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The piano part features a series of chords and single notes, with some measures marked 'cres.' and 'ten.'. The voice part includes four numbered options for the first line of the song. The lyrics are written below the voice staff, with some words in italics.

gang wi' me and fare To the bush a - boon Tra - quair? Owe the
 what..... saw ye there At the bush a - boon Tra - quair? Or.....
 saw I three or four Wi'..... grey moss beard - ed owre, The...
 mony a but and ben, By..... muir - land, holm, and glen, They
 ten.

high.... Minch - muir we'll up and a - wa?..... This
 what... did ye hear that was worth your heed?..... I
 last.... that are left o' the birk - en shaw, Whar
 cam' ane hour to spen' on the green - wood swaird; But

cres.

bon - nie sim - mer noon, While the sun shines fair a - boon, And the
 heard the cush - ies croon Through the gow - den af - ter - noon, And the
 mony a sim - mer e'en Fond.... lov - ers did con - vene, Thae....
 lang hae lad and lass Been.... ly - ing 'neath the grass, The.....

ten.

dim. rit. *D. C.*

licht sklents soft - ly down on holm and ha'.....
 Quair burn sing - ing down to the vale o' Tweed.....
 bon - nie gloa - mins that are far a - wa'.....
 green,.... green grass o' Tra-quair kirk - yard.....

mf *with the voice* *cres.* *in time*

D. C.

last time

sf *dim.* *Fine.*

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR

WILL ye gang wi' me and fare
 To the bush aboon Traquair?
 Owre the high Minchmuir we'll up and awa
 This bonnie simmer noon,
 While the sun shines fair aboon,
 And the licht sklents saftly down on holm and ha.
 And what wad ye do there,
 At the bush aboon Traquair?
 A lang dreich road, ye had better let it be;
 Save some auld scrunts o' birk
 I' the hill-side lirk,
 There 's nocht in the warld for man to see.
 But the blythe lilt o' yon air,
 The bush aboon Traquair,
 I need nae mair, it 's eneuch for me;
 Owre my cradle its sweet chime
 Cam' sughin' frae auld time,
 Sae, tide what may be, I 'll awa' and see.
 And what saw ye there,
 At the bush aboon Traquair?
 Or what did ye hear that was worth your heed?
 I heard the cushies croon
 Thro' the gowden afternoon,
 And the Quair burn singing down to the vale o' Tweed
 And birks saw I three or four
 Wi' grey moss bearded owre,
 The last that are left o' the birken shaw,
 Whar mony a simmer e'en
 Fond lovers di'd convene,
 Thae bonnie, bonnie gloamin's that are lang awa'.
 Frae mony a but and ben,
 By muirland, holm, and glen,
 They cam' ane hour to spen' on the greenwood swaird
 But lang ha'e lad an' lass
 Been lying 'neath the grass,
 The green, green grass o' Traquair kirkyard.
 They were blest beyond compare
 When they held their trysting there,
 Amang thae greenest hills shone on by the sun;
 And then they wan a rest,
 The lownest and the best,
 I' Traquair kirkyard when a' was dune.
 Now the birks to dust may rot,
 Names o' lovers be forgot,
 Nae lads and lasses there ony mair convene,
 But the blythe lilt o' yon air
 Keeps the bush aboon Traquair
 And the luvie that ance was there aye fresh and green.

PRINCIPAL SHAIRP.



*Ho-ro my Nut-brown
Maiden.*

(HO-RO MO NIGHEAN DHONN BHOIDHEACH.)

XXXV.

HO RO MY NUT-BROWN MAIDEN.

(HO RO MO NIGHEAN DHONN BHOIDHEACH.)

Translated from the Gaelic by
Professor BLACKIE.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

In moderate time and well marked. § *REFRAIN.*

Voice.

Piano.

f Ho - ro my nut - brown

ff

mai - den, Hi - ri my nut - brown mai - den, Ho -

dim. *rit.* *in time*

ro, ro, mai - den, For she's the maid for me.

ten. *rit.* *in time* *Fine.*

ONE VOICE.

mf

1. Her eye so mild - ly beam - ing, Her
 2. O Ma - ry, mild - eye'd Ma - ry, By
 3. In Glas - gow or Dun - e - din Were
 4. And when with blos - soms la - den, Bright

mf

look so frank and free, In..... wak - ing and in
 land or on the sea, Though time and tide may
 mai - dens fair to see, But.... nev - er a Low - land
 sum - mer comes a - gain, I'll..... fetch my nut - brown

Refrain D. C. dal Segno §

dream - ing Is ev - er - more with me. Ho -
 va - ry, My heart beats true to thee. Ho -
 mai - den Could lure mine eyes from thee. Ho -
 mai - den Down from the bon - nie glen. Ho -

HO-RO MY NUT-BROWN MAIDEN.

(HO-RO MO NIGHEAN DHONN BHOIDHEACH.)

HO-RO my nut-brown maiden !
Hi-ri my nut-brown maiden !
Ho-ro my nut-brown maiden !
O, she 's the maid for me !

Her eye so mildly beaming,
Her look so frank and free,
In waking and in dreaming
Is evermore with me.

Ho-ro, &c., &c., &c.

O Mary, mild-eyed Mary,
By land, or on the sea,
Though time and tide may vary,
My heart beats true to thee.

Ho-ro, &c., &c., &c.

And since from thee I parted,
A long and weary while,
I wander heavy-hearted
With longing for thy smile.

Ho-ro, &c., &c., &c.

In Glasgow and Dunedin
Were maidens fair to see,
But never a Lowland maiden
Could lure mine eyes from thee.

Ho-ro, &c., &c., &c.

Mine eyes that never vary
From pointing to the glen
Where blooms my Highland Mary
Like wild-rose 'neath the Ben.

Ho-ro, &c., &c., &c.

And when with blossoms laden
Bright summer comes again,
I'll fetch my nut-brown maiden
Doun from the bonnie glen.

Ho-ro, &c., &c., &c.

Translated from the Gaelic by PROFESSOR BLACKIE



Drowned.

XXXVI.

DROWNED.

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

Old Highland Air. (Arisaig district)
arranged by MALCOLM LAWSON.

Very slow and with great emotion.

Voice.

Piano.

1. No won-der my heart it is sore, No

simili

p very smooth *mf*

won-der the tears that I weep; My true love I'll see him no more, He

p *dim.* *cres.*

lies fa - thoms down in the deep.

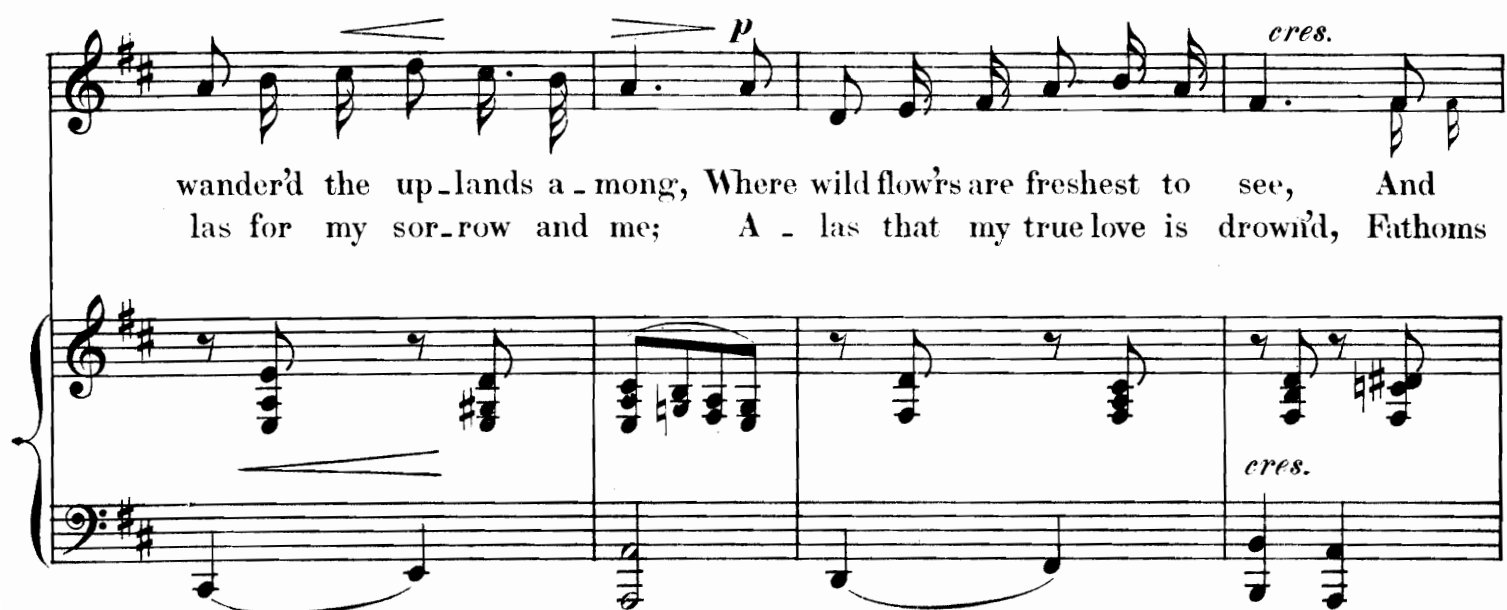
rit. dim. *ten.* *with the voice*



mf

2. My true love and I, hand in hand, Oft
3. But a - las for the days that are gone, A -

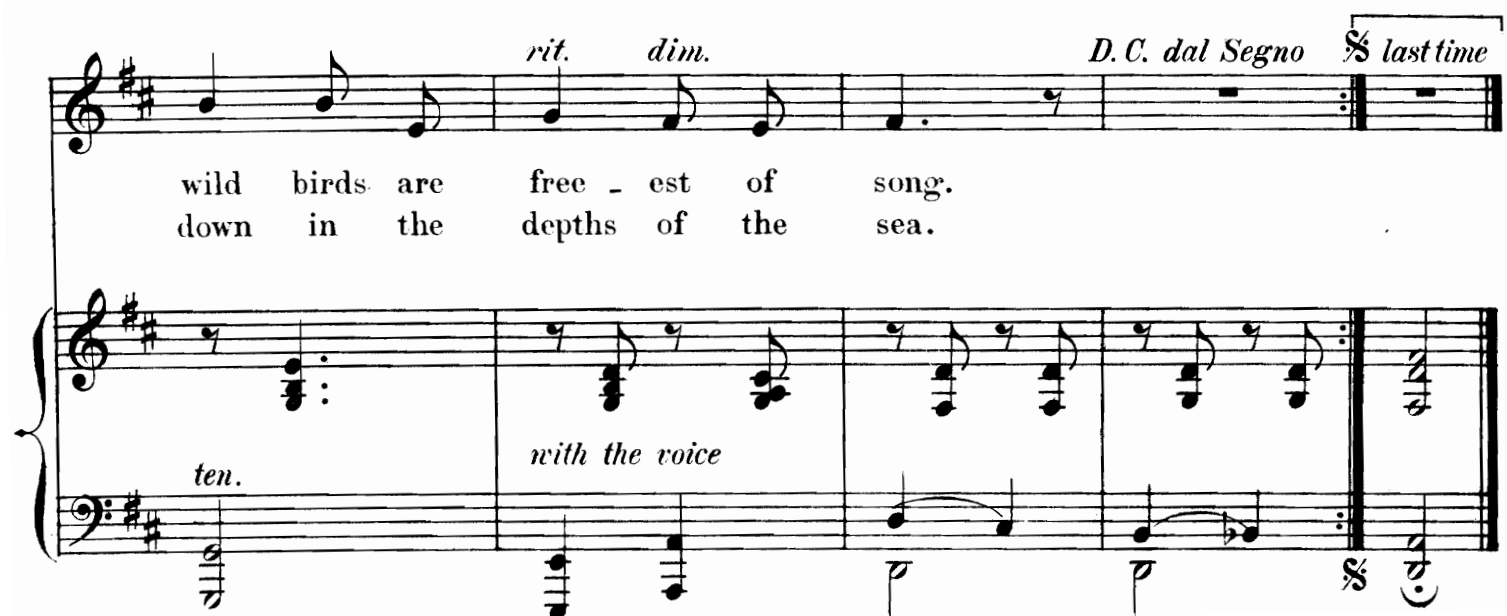
p



p *cres.*

wander'd the up-lands a - mong, Where wild flow'rs are freshest to see, And
las for my sor-row and me; A - las that my true love is drown'd, Fathoms

cres.



rit. dim. *D. C. dal Segno* *§ last time*

wild birds are free - est of song.
down in the depths of the sea.

ten. *with the voice*

DROWNED.

NO wonder my heart it is sore,
 No wonder the tears that I weep ;
 My true love I'll see him no more,
 He lies fathoms down in the deep.

He lies fathoms down in the deep,
 Where the cold clammy seaweeds abound :
 How cruel thy wild waves to me,
 O sea that my true love hast drowned !

O sea that my true love hast drowned,
 Thou hast reft me of joy evermore ;
 Thy waves make me shudder with fear
 As I listen and hear their wild roar.

My true love and I, hand in hand,
 Often wandered the uplands among,
 Where the wild flowers are freshest to see,
 And the wild birds are freest of song ;

But alas for the days that are gone,
 Alas for my sorrow and me !
 Alas that my true love is drowned
 Fathoms down in the depths of the sea !

Translated from the Gaelic by the

REV. A. STEWART, LL.D.
 "Nether Lochaber."



O'er the Moor.

XXXVII.

O'ER THE MOOR.

Words by
A. C. MACLEOD.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Voice. Dreamily and sad. *mf*

1. O'er the moor I wan - der lonely, Och -

Piano. *Largo.*

on - a - rie, my heart is sore; Where are all the joys I che-rished?

With my dar - ling they have pe - rished, And they will re - turn no more.

rit.

mf

2. I loved thee first, I

p

loved thee on - ly, Och - on - a - rie, my heart is sore; I

rit.


loved thee from the day I met thee; What care I though

rit.

all for - get thee? I will love thee ev - er - more.

rit. *Fine.*

O'ER THE MOOR.


 ER the moor I wander lonely,
 Ochon-a-rie, my heart is sore ;
 Where are all the joys I cherished ?
 With my darling they have perished,
 And they will return no more.

I loved thee first, I loved thee only,
 Ochon-a-rie, my heart is sore ;
 I loved thee from the day I met thee,
 What care I though all forget thee ?
 I will love thee evermore.

A. C. MACLEOD



Bonnie Strathbyre.

XXXVIII.

BONNIE STRATHYRE.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Music adapted from old Air "Taymouth"
and arranged by MALCOLM LAWSON.

Brisk and well accented.

Voice.

1. There's mea-dows in Lan-ark and
2. mirth in the sheil-ing and
3. Flo-ra by Col-in and

Piano.

mountains in Skye, And pas-tures in Hie-lands and Law-lands for-bye; But there's
love in my breast, When the sun is gane down and the kye are at rest; For there's
Mag-gie by me, And we'll dance to the pipes swel-lin' loud-ly and free, Till the

rit.

in time

nae greater luck that the heart could de-sire Than to herd the fine cat-tle in
mon-y a prince wad be proud to as-pire To my win-some wee Maggie the
moon in the heavens climbing high-er and high-er Bids us sleep on fresh brackens in

in time

ad lib. in time

bon-nie Strathyre; O its up in the morn and a-wa' to the hill, When the
 pride o' Strathyre; Her lips are like row-ans in ripe sim-mer seen, And
 bon-nie Strathyre. Though some to gay towns in the Low-lands will roam, And

lang sim-mer days are sae warm and sae still, Till the peak of Ben Voir-lich is
 mild as the star-light the glint o' her e'en, Far sweeter her breath than the
 some will gang sod-ger-in' far from their home, Yet I'll aye herd my cat-tle and

gir-dled wi' fire, And the even-in' fa's gen-tly on bon-nie Strathyre.
 scent o' the briar, And her voice is sweet mu-sic in bon-nie Strathyre.
 bigg my ain byre, And..... love my ain Mag-gie in bon-nie Strathyre.

D. C. dal segno

2. Then there's
 3. Set

D. C. dal segno

BONNIE STRATHYRE.

THERE's meadows in Lanark and mountains in Skye,
 And pastures in Hielands and Lawlands forbye ;
 But there's nae greater luck that the heart could desire
 Than to herd the fine cattle in bonnie Strathyre.

O its up in the morn and awa' to the hill,
 When the lang simmer days are sae warm and sae still,
 Till the peak o' Ben Voirlich is girdled wi' fire,
 And the evenin' fa's gently on bonnie Strathyre.

Then there's mirth in the sheiling and love in my breast,
 When the sun is gane doun and the kye are at rest ;
 For there's mony a prince wad be proud to aspire
 To my winsome wee Maggie, the pride o' Strathyre.

Her lips are like rowans in ripe simmer seen,
 And mild as the starlicht the glint o' her e'en ;
 Far sweeter her breath than the scent o' the briar,
 And her voice is sweet music in bonnie Strathyre.

Set Flora by Colin, and Maggie by me,
 And we'll dance to the pipes swellin' loudly and free,
 Till the moon in the heavens climbing higher and higher
 Bids us sleep on fresh brackens in bonnie Strathyre.

Though some to gay touns in the Lawlands will roam,
 And some will gang sodgerin' far from their home ;
 Yet I'll aye herd my cattle, and bigg my ain byre,
 And love my ain Maggie in bonnie Strathyre.

HAROLD BOULTON.



Sound the Pibroch.

XXXIX.

SOUND THE PIBROCH.

(JACOBITE WAR SONG.)

Words by
MRS NORMAN MACLEOD Senior.

Traditional Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Loud and rather Slow.

Voice.



1. Sound the pib - roch loud on high, Frae
2. And see a small de - vo - ted band By
3. On dark Cul - lo - den's field of gore, Hark,
4. No more we'll see such deeds a - gain; De -

Piano.



John o' Groats to Isle o' Skye; Let a' the clans their slo - gan cry, And
dark Loch Shiel have ta'en their stand, And proud - ly vow with heart and hand To
hark, they shout Clay - more, Clay - more, They brave - ly fight, what can they more? They
ser - ted is each High - land glen, And lone - ly cairns are o'er the men, Who



rise and fol - low Char - lie.
die for roy - al Char - lie.
die for roy - al Char - lie.
fought and died for Char - lie.

**) Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham,
(Ha cheen foam, foam, foam,
(pronounced)*

tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham, Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham,
Ha cheen foam, foam, foam, Ha cheen foam, foam, foam,

rit.

in time *D. C. last time*

tha tighin fod - ham eir - igh.
Ha cheen foam ay - rich.)

in time *ff*

D. C.

**) Pronounced Hatcheen foam ayrich, which means literally "it comes upon me to arise" (i.e. for Prince Charlie)*

SOUND THE PIBROCH.

SOUND the pibroch loud on high
 Frae John o' Groats to isle o' Skye,
 Let a' the clans their slogan cry,
 And rise and follow Charlie.

Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham,
 Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham,
 Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham,
 Tha tighin fodham, eirigh !

And see a small devoted band
 By dark Loch Shiel have ta'en their stand,
 And proudly vow with heart and hand
 To fight for royal Charlie.

Tha tighin fodham, ♪c., ♪c., ♪c.

From every hill and every glen
 Are gathering fast the loyal men,
 They grasp their dirks and shout again
 "Hurrah ! for royal Charlie !"

Tha tighin fodham, ♪c., ♪c., ♪c.

On dark Culloden's field of gore
 Hark ! Hark ! they shout "Claymore ! claymore !"
 They bravely fight, what can they more ?
 They die for royal Charlie.

Tha tighin fodham, ♪c., ♪c., ♪c.

No more we 'll see such deeds again,
 Deserted is each Highland glen,
 And lonely cairns are o'er the men
 Who fought and died for Charlie.

Tha tighin fodham, ♪c., ♪c., ♪c.

MRS. NORMAN MACLEOD (Senior).



*My Love's in
Germanie.*

XL.

MY LOVE'S IN GERMANIE.

Words by
HECTOR MACNEIL.

Old Scottish Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Voice.

Piano.

Rather slow and with expression.

p and rather sad

1. My love's in Ger - ma - nie; Send him hame, send him
2. He's brave as brave can be; Send him hame, send him
3. His faes are ten to three; Send him hame, send him
4. He'll ne'er come owre the sea; Wil - lie's slain, Wil - lie's

hame; My love's in Ger - ma - nie,..... Send him hame.....
hame; He's brave as brave can be,..... Send him hame.....
hame; His faes are ten to three,.... Send him hame.....
slain; He'll ne'er come owre the sea,..... Wil - lie's gane.....

mf

My love's in Ger - ma - nie, Fighting brave for roy - al -
 He's brave as brave can be, He wad ra - ther fa' than
 His faes are ten to three, He maun ei - ther fa' or
 He'll ne'er come owre the sea To his love and ain coun -

mf

rit. and sad. *cres.*

ty; He may ne'er his Jea - nie see,..... Send him hame, send him
 flee, But his life is dear to me,..... Send him hame, send him
 flee, In the cause o' loy - al - ty,..... Send him hame, send him
 tree, This world's nae mair for me,..... Wil - lie's gane, Wil - lie's

rit.

rit. and dim.

hame, He may ne'er his Jea - nie see Send him hame.
 hame, But his life is dear to me, Send him hame.
 hame, In the cause o' loy - al - ty, Send him hame.
 gane, This world's nae mair for me, Wil - lie's slain.

rit. *rit.*

MY LOVE 'S IN GERMANIE.

MY love 's in Germanie ;
 Send him hame, send him hame ;
 My love 's in Germanie, send him hame !

My love 's in Germanie
 Fighting brave for royalty,
 He may ne'er his Jeannie see,
 Send him hame, send him hame ;
 He may ne'er his Jeannie see, send him hame !

He 's brave as brave can be,
 Send him hame, send him hame ;
 He 's brave as brave can be, send him hame !
 He 's brave as brave can be,
 He wad rather fa' than flee,
 But his life is dear to me,
 Send him hame, send him hame ;
 But his life is dear to me, send him hame !

His faes are ten to three,
 Send him hame, send him hame ;
 His faes are ten to three, send him hame !
 His faes are ten to three,
 He maun either fa' or flee ;
 In the cause o' loyalty
 Send him hame, send him hame ;
 In the cause o' loyalty send him hame !

Your love ne'er learnt to flee,
 Bonnie dame, winsome dame ;
 Your love ne'er learnt to flee, winsome dame !
 Your love ne'er learnt to flee,
 But he fell in Germanie
 Fighting brave for royalty,
 Bonnie dame, mournfu' dame ;
 Fighting brave for royalty, mournfu' dame !

He 'll ne'er come owre the sea,
 Willie 's slain, Willie 's slain ;
 He 'll ne'er come owre the sea, Willie 's gane !
 He 'll ne'er come owre the sea
 To his love and ain countree ;
 This warld 's nae mair for me,
 Willie 's gane, Willie 's gane ;
 This warld 's nae mair for me, Willie 's slain.

HECTOR MACNEIL.



*Health and joy be with
you.*

(GU MA SLAN A CHI ML.)

XLI.

HEALTH AND JOY BE WITH YOU.

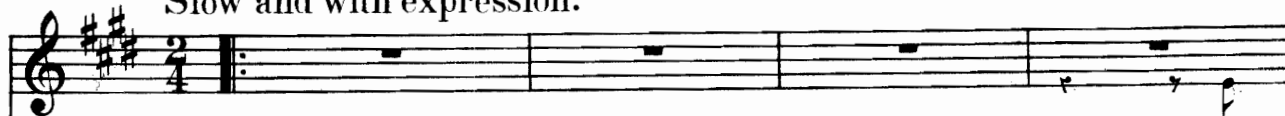
(GU MA SLAN A CHI MI.)

Translated from the Gaelic by
Professor BLACKIE.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Slow and with expression.

Voice.



- 1.
2. In
3. Be -

Piano.



Health and joy be with you, My bon - nie nut - brown
sad - ness I am rock - ing This night up - on the
fore we heaved our an - chor, Their e - vil speech be -

maid, With tres - ses rich - ly flow - ing, With
sea; For trou - bled is my slum - ber, When thy
gan, That you no more should see me, The

vir - gin grace ar - rayed; Thy voice to me is mu - sic, When
smile is far from me; On thee I'm ev - er think - ing, Thy
false and faith - less man; Droop not thy head my dar - ling, My

hea - vy I may be; It heals my heart's deep sor - row To
face is ev - er near; And if I may not find thee, Then
heart is all thine own; No power on earth can part us, But

rit.

cres.

spea - k a word with thee.
death a - lone is dear.
cru - el death a - lone.

rit.

D. C.

D. C.

HEALTH AND JOY BE WITH YOU.

(GU MA SLAN A CHI MI.)

HEALTH and joy be with you,
My bonnie nut-brown maid,
With tresses richly flowing,
With virgin grace arrayed ;
Thy voice to me is music
When heavy I may be,
And it heals my heart's deep sorrow
To speak a word with thee.

In sadness I am rocking
This night upon the sea,
For troubled is my slumber
When thy smile is far from me ;
On thee I'm ever thinking,
Thy face is ever near,
And if I may not find thee
Then death alone is dear.

Before we heaved our anchor
Their evil speech began,
That you no more should see me,
The false and faithless man.
Droop not thy head, my darling,
My heart is all thine own,
No power on earth can part us,
But cruel death alone.

Translated from the Gaelic by PROFESSOR BLACKIE



Colin's Cattle.

(CRODH CHAILLEAN)

A MILKING SONG.

XLII.

*) COLIN'S CATTLE.

(CRODH CHAILLEAN.)

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

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

In a flowing pastoral fashion.

Voice.

Piano.

1. A mai - den sang sweet - ly as a bird on a
 2. In the morn - ing they wan - der to their pas - tures a -
 3. But so far as they wan - der, dap - pled, dun, brown, and

tree, Cro'..... Chail - lean, Cro'..... Chail - lean, Cro'.....
 far, Where the grass grows the..... green - est by.....
 grey, They re - turn to the..... milk - ing at the

*) Morag, a fair young maiden, is stolen by the Fairies on the very day of her marriage with Colin. It is promised that she shall be allowed to return in a year and a day; meanwhile she is permitted to milk Colin's cattle every evening, and as she milks she sings this song. Being under the fairy spell Colin cannot see her, though he can hear her singing, and he listens every evening to her voice in the happy hope that she will be restored to him at the end of a year and a day.

Chail - lean for me; My own Col - in's
cor - rie and scaur; They wan - der the
close of the day. Thus a mai - den sang

cat - tle, dap - pled, dun, brown, and grey, They re -
up - lands where the soft bree - zes blow, And they
sweet - ly as a bird on a tree, Cro'

turn to the milk - ing at the close of the day.
drink from the foun - tain where the sweet - cres - ses grow.
Chail - lean, Cro' Chail - lean, Cro' Chail - lean for me.

COLIN'S CATTLE

(CRODH CHAILLEAN),

A MILKING SONG.

A MAIDEN sang sweetly
 As a bird on a tree,
 Cro' Chaillean, Cro' Chaillean,
 Cro' Chaillean for me.

My own Colin's cattle,
 Dappled, dun, brown, and grey,
 They return to the milking
 At the close of the day.

In the morning they wander
 To their pastures afar,
 Where the grass grows the greenest
 By corrie and scaur.

They wander the uplands
 Where the soft breezes blow,
 And they drink from the fountain
 Where the sweet cresses grow.

But so far as they wander,
 Dappled, dun, brown, and grey,
 They return to the milking
 At the close of the day.

My bed 's in the shian
 On the canach's soft down,
 But I 'd sleep best with Colin
 In our sheiling alone.

Thus a maiden sang sweetly
 As a bird on a tree,
 Cro' Chaillean, Cro' Chaillean,
 Cro' Chaillean for me.

Translated from the Gaelic by the

REV. A. STEWART, LL.D.

"Nether Lochaber."



*O gin I were where
Gowdie rins.*

XLIII.

O GIN I WERE WHERE GOWDIE RINS.

**Words by the late
Dr JOHN PARK of St. Andrews.*

*Old Aberdeenshire Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.*

Rather quick and fresh.

Chorus to begin, and after each verse.

Soprano
&
Alto.

Tenor
&
Bass.

Piano.

The musical score is written for four parts: Soprano & Alto, Tenor & Bass, and Piano. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo/style is 'Rather quick and fresh.' The score begins with a chorus marked 'f' (forte) and a repeat sign. The lyrics for the chorus are 'O gin I were where Gowdie rins, where Gowdie rins, where'. The first verse follows, with lyrics 'Gowdie rins; O... gin I were where Gowdie rins, at the back o' Ben-a - chie.' The second verse is identical to the first. The score concludes with a 'Fine.' marking.

Lyrics for the chorus: O gin I were where Gowdie rins, where Gowdie rins, where

Lyrics for the verses: Gowdie rins; O... gin I were where Gowdie rins, at the back o' Ben-a - chie.

**This old Melody was taken down by Dr Park from the singing of a peasant girl in the Aberdeenshire Highlands; he afterwards wrote the words to the melody.*

ONE VOICE.

1. Ance mair to hear the wild birds' sang, To
 2. O mo - ny a day in blithe spring - time, O
 3. O there wi' Jean on il - ka night, When
 4. O for - tune's flow'rs wi' thorns are rife, And

rit. *in time*

wan - der birks and braes a - mang, 'Midst friends and fav' - rites
 mo - ny a day in sum - mer's prime, I've wan - d'ring wiled a -
 baith our hearts were young and light, We've wan - der'd by the
 wealth is won wi' toil and strife, Ae day gie me o'


with the voice

rit. *D. C. dal Segno* %

left sae lang, At the back o Ben - a - chie.
 wa' the time, At the back o Ben - a - chie.
 cool moon - light, At the back o Ben - a - chie.
 youth - ful life, At the back o Ben - a - chie.

D. C. dal Segno %

O GIN I WERE WHERE GOWDIE RINS.

 GIN I were where Gowdie rins,
 Where Gowdie rins, where Gowdie rins,
 O gin I were where Gowdie rins
 At the back o' Benachie !

Ance mair to hear the wild bird's sang,
 To wander birks and braes amang,
 'Midst friends and fav'rites left sae lang
 At the back o' Benachie.

O gin I were, ʼc., ʼc., ʼc.

O mony a day in blithe spring-time,
 O mony a day in summer's prime,
 I 've wand'ring wiled awa' the time
 At the back o' Benachie.

O gin I were, ʼc., ʼc., ʼc.

O there wi' Jean on ilka night,
 When baith our hearts were young and light,
 We 've wandered by the cool moonlight
 At the back o' Benachie.

O gin I were, ʼc., ʼc., ʼc.

O fortune's flow'rs wi' thorns are rife,
 And wealth is won wi' toil and strife ;
 Ae day gie me o' youthful life
 At the back o' Benachie !

O gin I were, ʼc., ʼc., ʼc.

DR. JOHN PARK.



Farewell to Fiunary.

XLIV.

FAREWELL TO FIUNARY.

Words by the
Rev. NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D. senior.

Traditional Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Moderately slow.

Voice.

Piano.

1. The wind is fair, the day is fine, And
2. A thou - sand, thou - sand ten - der ties A -
3. With pen - sive steps I oft - en strolled, Where
4. I've oft - en paused at close of day Where

swift - ly, swift - ly runs the time; The boat is float - ing
wake this day my plain - tive sighs; My heart with - in me
Fin - gal's cas - tle stood of old; And li - stened while the
Os - sian sang his mar - tial lay, And viewed the sun's de -

on the tide, That wafts me off from Fiu - na - ry.
 al - most dies, To think of leav - ing Fiu - na - ry.
 shep - herd told The le - gend tales of Fiu - na - ry.
 part - ing ray..... Wan - d'ring o'er Dun Fiu - na - ry.

dim.
ten.
dim.

Chorus after each verse.

Sop. & Alto.

f Ei - righ a - gus tiu - gainn O! *p* Ei - righ a - gus tiu - gainn O!
 We must up and be a - way! We must up and be a - way!

Ten. & Bass.

f Ei - righ a - gus tiu - gainn O! *p* Ei - righ a - gus tiu - gainn O!
 We must up and be a - way! We must up and be a - way!

cres. Ei - righ a - gus tiu - gainn O! *f* Fare - well, fare - well to Fiu - na - ry. *dim. e rall.*
 We must up and be a - way! *cres.* *f* *dim. e rall.*

cres. *f* *dim. e rall.*

*Pronounced: "Ayrigh agas teukin O" which means: "We must up and be away"

FAREWELL TO FIUNARY.

THE wind is fair, the day is fine,
And swiftly, swiftly runs the time,
The boat is floating on the tide
That wafts me off from Fiunary.

Eirigh agus tiugainn O !
Eirigh agus tiugainn O !
Eirigh agus tiugainn O !
Farewell, farewell to Fiunary !

A thousand thousand tender ties
Awake this day my plaintive sighs,
My heart within me almost dies
To think of leaving Fiunary.

Eirigh, &c., &c., &c.

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

Eirigh, &c., &c., &c.

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

Eirigh, &c., &c., &c.

REV. NORMAN MACLEOD,



Brown-haired Maiden.

(GRUAGACH DHONN.)

XLV.

BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN.

(GRUAGACH DHONN.)

Translated from the Gaelic by
Professor BLACKIE.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Andante con moto.

Voice.

mf

1. Brown - haired maid - en,
2. Brown - haired maid with

Piano.

mf
very smooth

fresh and fair, Blithe and bright with light - some air,
witch - ing smile, Full of love and free from guile,

Tues - day when I try - ed thee All the week was worth to me.
Soft - ly 'neath the haw - thorn tree Came thy whis - pered troth to me.

*dim. e rit.**colla voce*

mf

3. Young were we when first fond love
4. God be with thee brown-haired maid,

very smooth

f

Found us in the ha - zel grove; Sweet thy kis - ses were to me,
In the sun - shine or the shade; Ev' - ry Tues - day saved for thee

dim. e rit.

And thy voice was me - lo - dy.
Brings a year of bliss to me.

colla voce

after last verse.

dim.

BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN.

(GRUAGACH DHONN.)

BROWN-HAIRED maiden, fresh and fair,
 Blithe and bright with lightsome air,
 Tuesday when I trysted thee
 All the week was worth to me.

Brown-haired maid with witching smile,
 Full of love and free from guile,
 Softly 'neath the hawthorn tree
 Came thy whispered troth to me.

Young were we when first fond love
 Found us in the hazel grove ;
 Sweet thy kisses were to me,
 And thy voice was melody.

God be with thee, brown-haired maid,
 In the sunshine or the shade ;
 Ev'ry Tuesday saved for thee
 Brings a year of bliss to me.

Translated from the Gaelic by PROFESSOR BLACKIE.



Maiden of Morven.

(AN OSSIANIC LOVE-LAMENT.)

XLVI.

MAIDEN OF MORVEN.*

(The lament of an Ossianic hero for the death of his lady-love accidentally lost in a storm off the point of Ardnamurchan.)

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Slow and with grandeur. *f*

Voice.

Moan ye winds that

Piano. *f*

nev - er sleep, Howl ye spi - rits of the deep,

Roar ye tor - rents down the steep, Roll ye mists on

*Morven was the name formerly given to a large part of the Western Highlands, and not only to the district now bearing the name.

cres.
Mor - ven. May the tem - pests nev - er rest,
ten. ten.
cres.
ten: ten:

Nor the seas with peace be blest,

ff
Since they tore thee from my breast,
ff

dim.
Mai - den of Mor - ven!
f

sweetly and with tenderness.

Fair - er than the flow'rs that grow, Pur - er than the

p harmoniously

rills that flow, Gent - ler than the fal - low doe 'Mid the woods of

sweetly

Mor - ven; As the leaf is to the tree,

p

As the sum - mer to the bee, So wert thou, my

Love, to me, Mai - den of Mor - ven.

rit. *cres.*

loud and with ecstasy

Os - sian's harp sings Fin - gal's praise;

f *f*

And. *

Wild the lilt of Car - ril's lays; Men and maids of

And. * *And.* * *And.* * *And.* *

o - ther days Fire his tales of Mor - ven.

And. * *And.* * *And.* * *And.* *

ten. *ten.*

cres.
Though their chords like thun - der roll,

cres.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

When at Bel - tane brims the bowl,

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

dim.
Thou'rt the mu - sic of my soul, *mf* Mai - den of

dim. *mf*

Mor - ven. Oft I chased the deer of yore;

f

Ma - ny a bat - le - brunt I bore, When the chiefs of In - nis_tore*

ff *a little slower* *dim.*

Hurled their might on Mor - ven. Blunt my spear and slack my bow,

ff *ten. ten.* *a little slower* *dim.*

Like an emp - ty ghost I go, Death the on - ly hope I know,

p

rit. *dim.*

Maid - en of Mor - ven.....

p dim. pp rall.

* Innistore = the Orkney Islands, then like many of the Islands under the dominion of the Scandinavian Kings, who were frequently at war with the Celtic Fingalians of the Mainland.

MAIDEN OF MORVEN.

(AN OSSIANIC LOVE-LAMENT.)

MOAN ye winds that never sleep,
Howl ye spirits of the deep,
Roar ye torrents down the steep,
Roll ye mists on Morven.

May the tempests never rest,
Nor the seas with peace be blest
Since they tore thee from my breast,
Maiden of Morven !

Fairer than the flowers that grow,
Purer than the rills that flow,
Gentler than the fallow doe
'Mid the woods of Morven ;
As the leaf is to the tree,
As the summer to the bee,
So wert thou, my Love, to me,
Maiden of Morven !

Ossian's harp sings Fingal's praise ;
Wild the lilt of Carril's lays,
Men and maids of other days
Fire his tales of Morven.
Through their chords like thunder roll,
When at Beltane brims the bowl,
Thou 'rt the music of my soul,
Maiden of Morven !

Oft I chased the deer of yore ;
Many a battle-brunt I bore,
When the chiefs of Innistore
Hurled their might on Morven.
Blunt my spear, and slack my bow,
Like an empty ghost I go,
Death the only hope I know,
Maiden of Morven !

HAROLD BOULTON.



SONGS OF THE FOUR NATIONS.

Edited by HAROLD BOULTON.

Music arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

English.

AIR.

1. YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND ... By Dr. Calcott.
(*Thomas Campbell.*)
2. THOU WILT NOT GO AND LEAVE ME HERE ... Thou wilt not go and leave me here.
(Unknown.)
3. WHEN THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN ... When the King enjoys his own again.
(*Harold Boulton.*)
4. CUPID'S GARDEN Cupid's Garden.
(Unknown.)
5. MY LODGING IT IS ON THE COLD GROUND ... My Lodging it is on the cold ground.
(Unknown.)
6. OLD TOWLER Old Towler.
(Unknown.)
7. FLOODS OF TEARS Floods of Tears.
(Unknown.)
8. PRETTY POLLY OLIVER Pretty Polly Oliver.
(*Harold Boulton.*)
9. THREE RAVENS (THE) The Three Ravens.
(Unknown.)
10. HAPPY FARMER (THE) The Happy Clown.
(*Harold Boulton.*)

Cornish.

11. WHERE BE GOING? Where be going.
(Unknown.)

Scottish.

12. DOUN IN YON BANK Doune in yon banke.
(*Harold Boulton.*)
13. HERE'S TO THY HEALTH ... LAGGAN BURN.
(*Robert Burns.*)
14. OH! SHE'S BONNIE! Gently blow ye Eastern breezes.
(Unknown.)
15. BLINK OVER THE BURN... .. Blink over the Burn.
(*Robert Allan.*)
- 16*. SCOTS WHA HAE Hey Tuttle Taitie.
(*Robert Burns.*)
17. MARY JAMIESON Mary Jamieson.
(Unknown.)
18. TWINE THE PLAIDEN Twine the Plaiden.
(Unknown.)
19. WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN? Will ye no come back again?
(*Lady Nairne.*)
20. IN YON GARDEN... .. In yon garden.
(Unknown.)
21. WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT ... Were na my heart licht.
(*Lady Grizell Baillie.*)

Highland.

22. ISLE OF THE HEATHER (THE) ... The Isle of the Heather.
(Gaelic—*M. Macleod.* English translation—*Harold Boulton.*)
23. THE MACKINTOSH'S LAMENT ... The Mackintosh's Lament.
(Gaelic—Unknown. English translation—*Harold Boulton.*)

Welsh.

AIR.

24. OPENING OF THE KEY (THE) ... The Opening of the Key.
(English—*Harold Boulton.* Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)
25. SLENDER BOY (THE) ... The Slender Boy.
(English—*Harold Boulton.* Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)
26. ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT ... All through the Night.
(English—*Harold Boulton.* Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)
27. DIMPLED CHEEK (THE)... The Dimpled Cheek.
(English—Unknown. Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)
28. BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON ... By the Waters of Babylon.
(English, Psalm cxxxvii. adapted by *Arthur Somervell.* Welsh paraphrase—*G. M. Probert.*)
29. GWENLLIAN Gwenllian.
(Welsh—*Nicholas Bennett.* English translation—*Harold Boulton.*)
30. JENNY'S MANTLE... .. Jenny's Mantle.
(English—*Harold Boulton.* Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)
31. GWILYM AND ELLEN ... Gwilym and Ellen.
(English—Unknown. Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)
32. MISTLETOE (THE)... The Woodbunch.
(English—*Harold Boulton.* Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)
- 33*. MELODY OF MAY (THE) ... The Melody of May.
(English—*Harold Boulton.* Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)
34. DREAM OF LITTLE RHYS ... The Dream of Little Rhys.
(Welsh—*Rev. Owen Davies* (*Eos Llechyd*). English translation—*Harold Boulton.*)
35. ASH GROVE (THE) ... The Ash Grove.
(English—*Harold Boulton.* Welsh simile—*G. M. Probert.*)

Manx.

36. MYLE CHARAINE... .. Myle Charaine.
(Manx—Unknown. English adaptation—*Harold Boulton.*)

Irish.

37. WHEN IN DEATH ... The Bard's Legacy.
(English—*Thomas Moore.* Irish translation—*Archbishop MacHale.*)
38. GENTLE MAIDEN (THE)... The Gentle Maiden.
(English—*Harold Boulton.* Irish translation—*Dr. Douglas Hyde.*)
- 39*. KITTY MAGEE Kitty Magee.
(English—*F. A. Fahy.*)
40. SHULE AGRA Shule Agra.
(English—*A. P. Graves.* Irish translation—*Dr. Douglas Hyde.*)
41. CASTLE OF DROMORE (THE) ... My Wife is Sick.
(English—*Harold Boulton.* Irish translation—*Dr. Douglas Hyde.*)
42. SNOWY-BREADED PEARL (THE)... The Snowy-breasted Pearl.
(Irish—Unknown. English—*Dr. Petrie.*)
43. WILD HILLS OF CLARE (THE)... Lament of William McPeter.
(English—*F. A. Fahy.* Irish translation—*Dr. Douglas Hyde.*)
44. LITTLE MARY CASSIDY ... The little Stack of Barley.
(English—*F. A. Fahy.*)
45. GAOL OF CLONMEL (THE) ... Gaol of Clonmel.
(English—*F. A. Fahy.* Irish translation—*Dr. Douglas Hyde.*)
46. DRIMIN DHU Drimin Dhu.
(English—*F. A. Fahy.* Irish translation—*Dr. Douglas Hyde.*)
47. BARNEY BRALLAGHAN ... Barney Brallaghan.
(English—*A. P. Graves.*)
48. TREE IN THE WOOD (THE) ... The Tree in the Wood.
(English—*Harold Boulton.* Irish translation—*Dr. Douglas Hyde.*)
49. KATHLEEN NI HOOLHAUN ... Kathleen ni Hoolhaun.
(Irish—*William Heffernan.* English adaptation—*F. A. Fahy.*)
50. YELLOW BOREEN (THE)... The Yellow Boreen.
(Irish—Unknown. English translation—*Dr. Petrie.*)

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