

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.

INDEX.

NUMBER.	NAME OF SONG.	PAGE
I.	GLENLOGIE	2
II.	JOY OF MY HEART ('STU MO RUN)	6
III.	THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMOND (YE'LL TAK' THE HIGH ROAD)	10
IV.	O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS?	14
V.	SKYE BOAT SONG	18
VI.	THIS IS NO MY PLAID	22
VII.	HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL	26
VIII.	WILLIE'S GANE TO MELVILLE CASTLE	30
IX.	PROUD MAISIE	34
X.	HOW CAN YE GANG, LASSIE?	40
XI.	FAIR YOUNG MARY (MAIRI BHAN OG)	44
XII.	THE BOATMAN (FEAR A BHATA)	48
XIII.	DOUN THE BURN DAVIE	52
XIV.	THE PRAISE OF ISLAY (MOLADH NA LANDAIDH)	58
XV.	A LYKE WAKE DIRGE	62
XVI.	LEEZIE LINDSAY	66
XVII.	WE WILL TAKE THE GOOD OLD WAY (GABHAIDH SINN AN RATHAD MOR)	70
XVIII.	REST MY AIN BAIRNIE	74
XIX.	MY DARK-HAIRED MAID (MO NIGHEAN DHU)	80
XX.	A JACOBITE LAMENT	86
XXI.	AS I GAED DOUN GLENMORISTON	90
XXII.	CULLODEN MUIR	94
XXIII.	THE WOMEN ARE A' GANE WUD	100
XXIV.	AYE WAUKIN' O!	104
XXV.	MY FAITHFUL FOND ONE (MO RUN GEAL DILEAS)	108
XXVI.	THE TWA CORBIES	112
XXVII.	BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL	116
XXVIII.	LAMENT FOR MACLEAN OF ARDGOUR	120
XXIX.	WEAVING SONG	126
XXX.	AE FOND KISS	130
XXXI.	LINTEN LOWRIN	134
XXXII.	TURN YE TO ME	138
XXXIII.	THE BONNIE EARL O' MORAY	142
XXXIV.	THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR	148
XXXV.	HO-RO MY NUT-BROWN MAIDEN (HO-RO MO NIGHEAN DHONN BHOIDHEACH)	152
XXXVI.	DROWNED	156
XXXVII.	O'ER THE MOOR	160
XXXVIII.	BONNIE STRATHEYRE	164
XXXIX.	SOUND THE PIBROCH	168
XL.	MY LOVE 'S IN GERMANIE	172
XLI.	HEALTH AND JOY BE WITH YOU (GU MA SLAN A CHI MI)	176
XLII.	COLIN'S CATTLE (CRODH CHAILLEAN)	180
XLIII.	O GIN I WERE WHERE GOWDIE RINS	184
XLIV.	FAREWELL TO FIUNARY	188
XLV.	BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN (GRUAGACH DHONN)	192
XLVI.	MAIDEN OF MORVEN	196

THE "Songs of the North" are published in separate form by Messrs. J. B. Cramer & Co. Ltd. 126, Oxford Street, London, W. and may 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



Joy 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. *cres.*

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

Piano. *mf ten. p ten.*
Largo ten. ten.

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

f

f *ten.*

dim. e rit. *In time* *rit.*

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

rit. *a tempo* *rit.*

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 an 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.

p and very smooth.

Andante con moto.

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

Piano.

f

cres.

f

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.



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

Piano.

Andantino.

p and very smooth

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

cres.

dim.

lamb, And hie and baw bir - die, my bon - nie wep 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.

A little quicker

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

armonioso *dim.*

ped. * *ped.* * *ped.* *

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

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

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

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

O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS?

(A CRADLE SONG.)

O 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.

The first system consists of a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The voice line is a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. It contains four measures of rests. The piano accompaniment is a grand staff with treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp, and a 6/8 time signature. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes with accents (>) over several notes.

Chorus to begin, and after each verse.

The chorus section begins with a repeat sign (§) and a forte (f) dynamic. The voice line has a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are: "Speed bon-nie boat like a bird on the wing, on-ward the sai-lors". The piano accompaniment is a grand staff with treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp, and a 6/8 time signature. It features a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

The second part of the chorus continues with the same musical notation. The voice line has a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are: "cry; Car-ry the lad that's born to be king". The piano accompaniment is a grand staff with treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp, and a 6/8 time signature, providing a consistent accompaniment.

*) 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.

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.

last time only

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.

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.* *p cres.* **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 *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.* *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* $\text{\$}$

Tenor & Bass. *mf*

Piano. *f* $\text{\$}$

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

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

The musical score is arranged in three systems. The first system contains the vocal entries and the beginning of the first line of the verse. The second system continues the verse and includes the piano accompaniment. The third system contains the second line of the verse, ending with a *dim.* marking. The piano part features a prominent bass line with chords and a treble line with chords and moving lines. The vocal parts are in a 6/8 time signature and use a key signature of one flat.

SOLO.
f With fire.

1. Curst 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

curst the hand that fired the shot,... When in my arms burd
 my love dropt and spak² 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

p rit. *D. C. dal Segno* *mf*
 He - len dropt, And died to suc - cour me..... } I (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.)

rit. *f*
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.

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 younig 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

rit.


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.

The first system of music features a piano accompaniment in the lower staves and a voice line in the upper staff. The piano part begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' and the dynamic is 'mf'. The piano part consists of a series of chords and moving lines in both hands. The voice line is a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 2/4 time signature, containing a whole rest.

The second system of music features a piano accompaniment in the lower staves and a voice line in the upper staff. The piano part continues with chords and moving lines. The voice line has a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "Proud Mai - sie is in the wood,". The dynamic is 'mf'.

The third system of music features a piano accompaniment in the lower staves and a voice line in the upper staff. The piano part continues with chords and moving lines. The voice line has a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "Walk - ing so ear - ly; Sweet". The dynamic is 'p'.

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?" *p sus -*

"The

-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
ten.

p *slower*

la - dy. —"

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

PROUD MAISIE.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRÉD SCANDYS.

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 doun... to the grave lov - ing

rit. *rit.*

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?"

O 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.

mf

Andantino.

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.

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

rit.

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

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The vocal line begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

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

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line is marked with *dim.* (diminuendo) and *p* (piano). The piano accompaniment also features *p* dynamics. The texture remains consistent with the first system.

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.

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line is marked with *cres.* (crescendo) and *rit.* (ritardando). The piano accompaniment also includes *cres.* markings. The system ends with a double bar line, a *D. C.* (Da Capo) instruction, and a *Fine.* marking.

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.

* Fhir a
 Ear a
 (pronounced)

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

cres. *rit.*
 ei - le, Fhir a bha - ta na ho - ro ei - le, O fare ye

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 vatu,) 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.

DOUN 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

Piano. *Andante con moto.* *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..... you..... 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, 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

cres.

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.

In time

f rit.

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, 1695



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.

The first system of music features a voice staff with a whole rest and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is in 2/4 time, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a crescendo (*cres. con moto*) and then a forte (*f*) dynamic.

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;

The second system of music includes a voice staff with the lyrics from the list above and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a forte (*f*) dynamic.

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.

The third system of music includes a voice staff with the lyrics from the previous block and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a piano (*p*) dynamic and a tenuto (*ten.*) dynamic.

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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* *FULL.* *f* **ONE VOICE.**

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

p *f*

FULL. *rit. e dim.* *p* **ONE VOICE.**

Fire and sleet and can - dle lighte; } And Christe re - ceive thy
Purgatory fire thou com'st at last: }

3. If saule.... 4. If

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 *p*

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

rit. *Fine.*

A LYKE WAKE DIRGE.

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

THIS 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 doun 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.

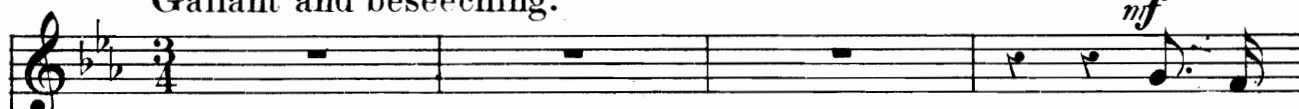
LEEZIE LINDSAY.

Old Scottish Ballad.

Traditional Air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Gallant and beseeching.

Voice.



1. Will ye

Piano.

Andante con moto.

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*

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.

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

1. 2. 3. time *last time*

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. STEWART, L.L.D. "Nether Lochaber."

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Quick and with fire.

Voice.

Piano.

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
 Down 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

“WE WILL TAKE THE GOOD
OLD WAY.”

(GABHAIDH SINN AN RATHAE 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.

p

p

O..... rest my ain bair - nie, lie

ten. *very smooth*

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

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 HAIRD 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.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Piano.

ad lib.

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

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

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

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

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'

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

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

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

pp

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.....

f

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

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
heart of love

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

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

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

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

D. C. dal Segno.

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

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

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

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

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 doun 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

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 -

a tempo

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.

dim.

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

con espress.

cres.

last time

dim.

p

Now
He

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, ar' weep.

Attributed to CAPTAIN OGILVY, 1690.



*“As I gaed down
Glenmoriston.”*

XXI.

AS I GAED DOUN GLENMORISTON.

Words by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

With great tenderness and rather slow.

Voice. *mf* §

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

Piano. *Andante con expression.*
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 cauld 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 $\text{\$}$ 3rd time

light - ly lifts its head to hea - ven. 2. Frae
 red - deer cross at morn - in' ear - ly. 3. The
 light 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.

Rather slow and sad.

Voice.

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

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*

The musical score is written in G minor (three flats) and common time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a prominent left-hand bass line with chords and a right-hand melody of chords and eighth notes. Performance markings include *Larghetto*, *mf*, *dim.*, *p*, *cres.*, *rit.*, *f and animated*, *f and well marked*, and *piu moto*. The lyrics are: "1. The moor-land wide and waste and brown Heaves far and near, and up and down; Few tren-ches green the de-sert crown, And these are the graves of Cul-lo - den. Here Came-rons clove the ten. ten. f and well marked".

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

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

lo - den. 2. For

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

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 -

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 -

dim.

rit.

f and animated

ten. *ten.*

rit. *f and well marked*

piu moto

cres.

cres.

ff

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.



*“The women are a’
gane wud.”*

(AN ANTI-JACOBITE SONG.)

XXIII.

THE WOMEN ARE A' GANE WUD.

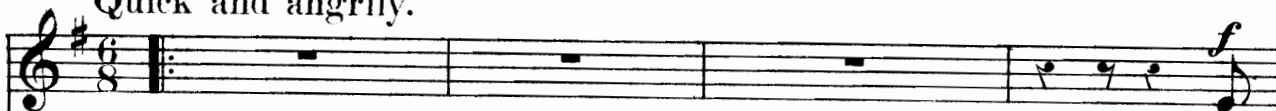
(An Anti-Jacobite Scottish Song.)

Words Traditional.

Traditional Air arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Quick and angrily.

Voice.



1. The
2. My
3. The

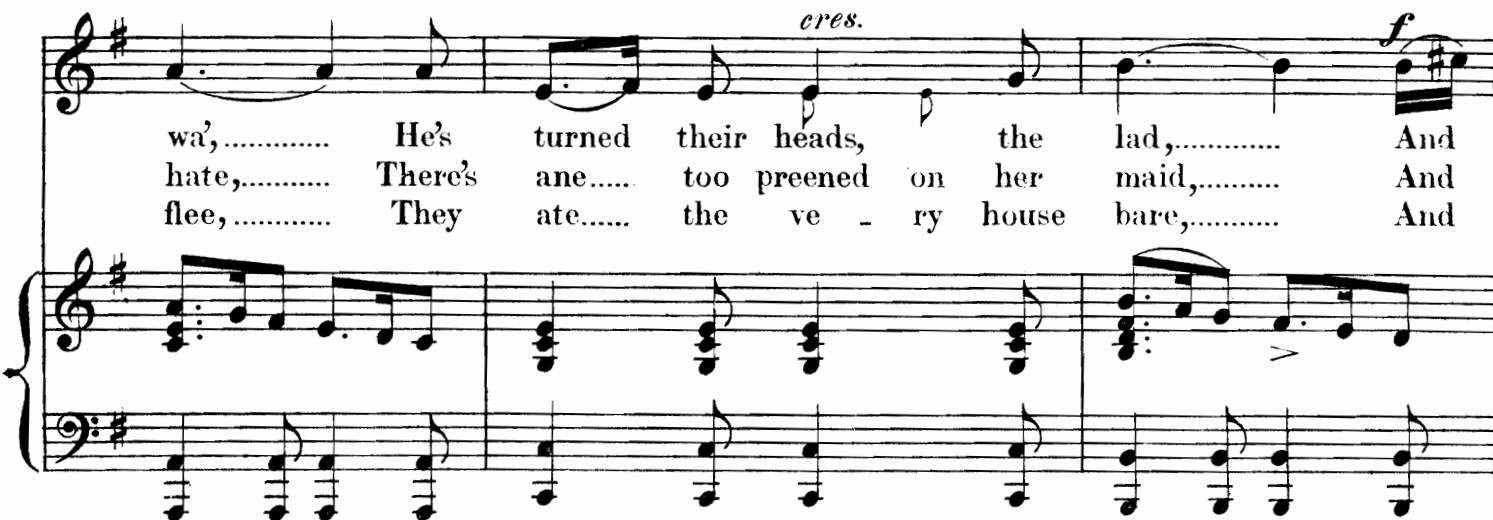
Piano.



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



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', } Aye wauk - in' O!
me I can - na' get her, }

mf in time

rit.

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

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

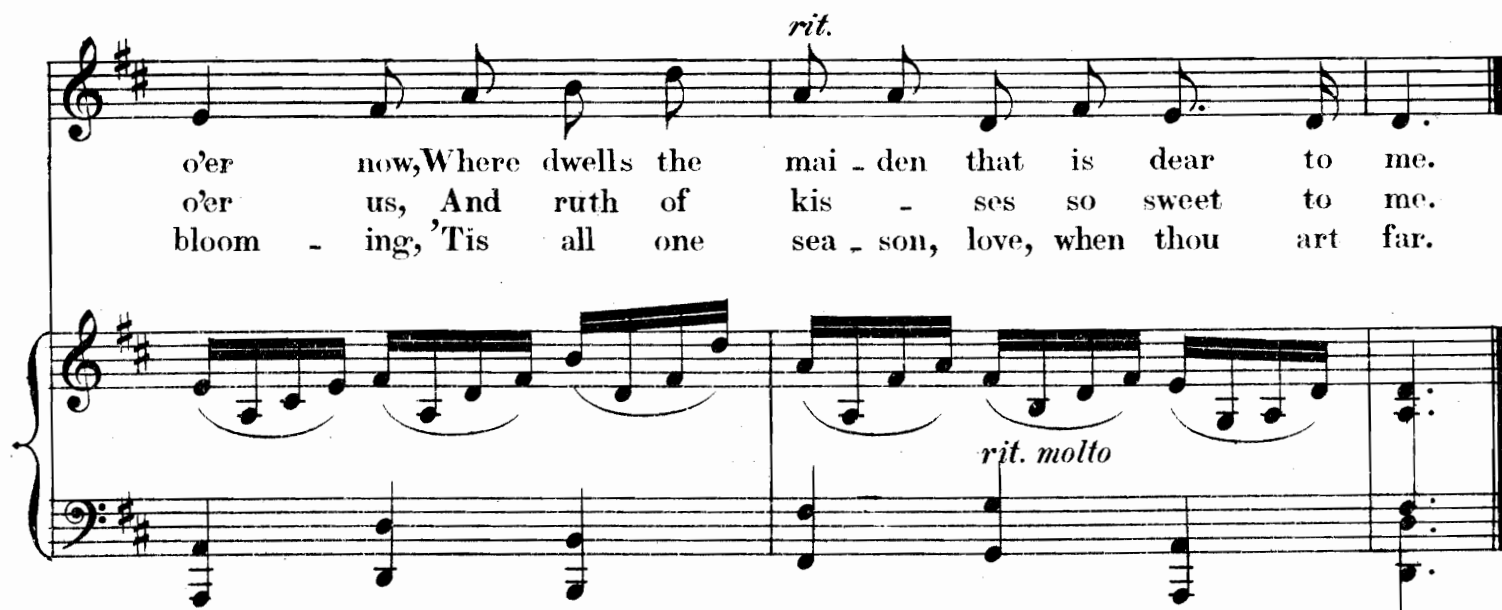
cres.



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....

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.

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

day?
 fair!
 sweet!
 bare!
 mair!

cantabile

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.*

With spirit.

Voice.

Piano.

Allegro moderato.

f

1. High up - on Hie - lands and laigh up - on Tay,
2. Down 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 dele - 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 - alds 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 eail - 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 BULTON.



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

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

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

rit.

ten. *ten.*

A little quicker.

wears the plai - die.
 ne'er seem eer - ie. Twine weel the bon - nie tweel,
 moun - tain dai - sy.

Twist weel the plai - die, For O! I lo'e the
 rit.

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

sweetly and a little slower
 rit.

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.

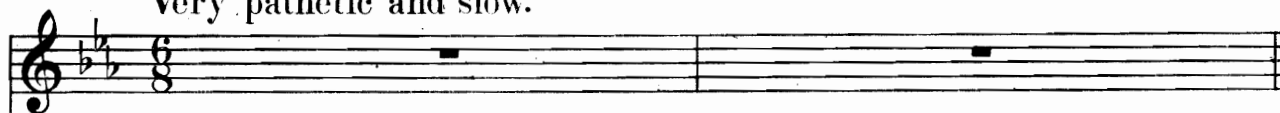
AE FOND KISS.

Words by
ROBERT BURNS.

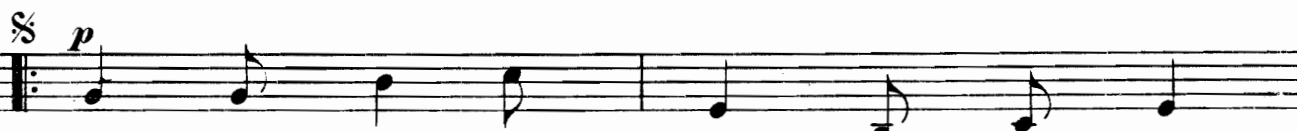
Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Very pathetic and slow.

Voice.



Piano.



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

rit.

D. C. from the sign § last time

thee.
 ed.
 sure.
 thee.

dim.

§

AE FOND KISS.

A E 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

mf *rit.* *dim.*

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

rit.

* Published by kind permission of Messrs. Paterson & Sons, Edinburgh. from whom the separate Song can be obtained.

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 - thers' 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,
 Doun 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.

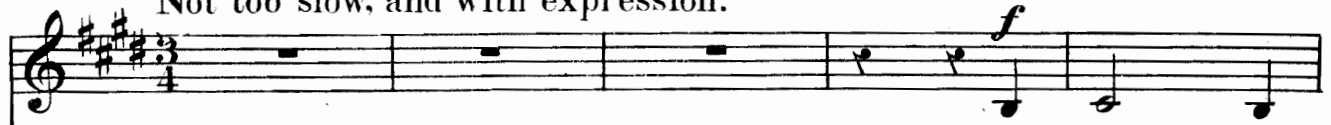
TURN YE TO ME.

Words by
JOHN WILSON. (Christopher North.)

Old Highland Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

Not too slow, and with expression.

Voice.



1. The stars are
2. The waves are

Piano.

Andante.

cantabile



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*

Piano. Heavy and marked *f*

1 Ye
2 O

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.....

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The voice part is marked 'Sustained and slow' and begins with a whole rest followed by a quarter note 'Ye' (first ending) and a quarter note 'O' (second ending). The piano accompaniment is marked 'Heavy and marked' and 'f', consisting of a steady eighth-note accompaniment in both hands. The lyrics are: '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 the ring; And the bon - nie Earl o'
 play'd at the glove; And the bon - nie Earl o'

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

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.

Doone, Ere she see the Earl o'
 Doone, 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 first system of music features a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The voice line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 2/4 time signature. It features a series of chords and eighth notes, with a 'cres.' marking under the second measure.

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.

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The voice line has a melodic line with lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

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

The third system concludes the piece. The voice line features a triplet of eighth notes in the first measure. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass note in the left hand.

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. *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 did 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.

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 Dum - 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.

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

Piano.

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

lies fa - thoms down in the deep.

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.

rit.

rit.

rit.

mf

2. I loved thee first, I

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics "2. I loved thee first, I". The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes various rhythmic patterns and slurs.

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

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "loved thee on - ly, Och - on - a - rie, my heart is sore; I". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic and melodic patterns.

rit.

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

rit.

The third system features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "loved thee from the day I met thee; What care I though". The piano accompaniment includes a *rit.* (ritardando) marking above the vocal line and below the piano part.

rit.

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

rit. *Fine.*

The fourth system concludes the piece. The vocal line has the lyrics "all for - get thee? I will love thee ev - er - more.". The piano accompaniment ends with a *rit.* marking and the word *Fine.* at the end of the piece.

O'ER THE MOOR.

O'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 Stratbyre.

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-by; 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

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

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 Law-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 eat-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



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

rit.

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.....

rit.

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 MI.)

XLI.

HEALTH AND JOY BE WITH YOU.

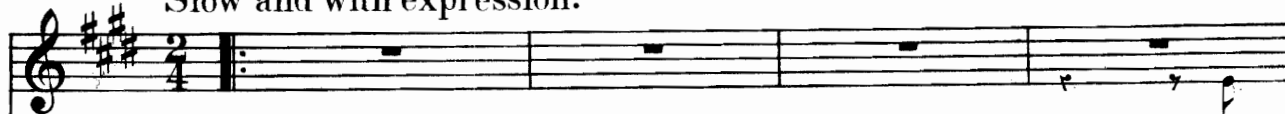
(GU MA SLAN A CHI MI.)

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.

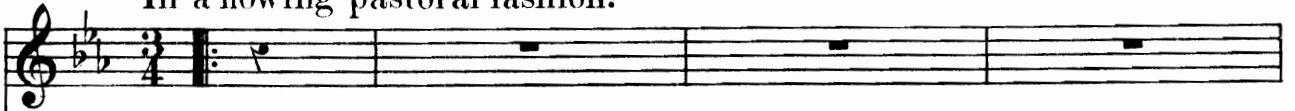
(CRODH CHAILLEAN.)

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 re-
 turn 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 scatur; 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.

rit.

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 in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It features four staves: Soprano & Alto, Tenor & Bass, and Piano. The piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are: "O gin I were where Gowdie rins, where Gowdie rins, where Gowdie rins; O... gin I were where Gowdie rins, at the back o' Ben-a - chie." The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *cres.* (crescendo), and concludes with *Fine.* in both the vocal and piano parts.

*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 - dring 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, &c., &c., &c.

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

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

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

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 thousand, thousand tender 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.

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

f *p*

Ten. & Bass.

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

f *p*

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

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

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

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

*Pronounced: "Ayrich 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,

f *dim. e rit.*

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

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

f

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. *f*

Piano. *f*

Moan ye winds that

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

Ad. *

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 *Ped.* *

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

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

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

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

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 - tle - brunt I bore, When the chiefs of In - nis_tore*

ff Hurl'd their might on Mor - ven. Blunt my spear and slack my bow,
a little slower
dim.

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

p 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.

AIRS.

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. HERR'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 Tuttie 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 LICHT ... 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.

AIRS.

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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LIST OF CONTENTS.

What for No?	The Sun Rises Bright in France
Ayont yon Hill	John, the Braggart
May Colvin	Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament
The Languor of Love	Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes
My Uncle's Deid	The Fairy of Ben-na-Brie
Morag	Touch not the Nettle
Hollin, Green Hollin	My Auld Mither
Macgregor of Ruaro	Farewell Glen Albin
Mallie Lee	The Jolly Beggar
The Earle's Son	Lord Reoch's Daughter
Bonnie St. Johnston	The Auld Hoodie Crow
Lament of the Border Widow	Herding Song
My Heart's in the Highlands	Thyme in my Garden
Jingling Johnnie	Bessie Bell and Mary Grey
My Dear and Only Love (Montrose's Love Song)	The Disdainful Poet (Rob Donn)
The Flowers of the Forest	The Lawlands o' Holland
The Heiress	Jennie's Bawbee
Roderick Vich Alpin Dhu	Coronach
The Cooper o' Fife	Gie me Goun Room (I'll gar our gudeman trew)
The Bonnie Wee Rose	The Wren
L'Adieu de Marie Stuart	Sir Patrick Spens
Tarry Woo	Aiken Drum
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie	O lay thy Loof in Mine
The Lad with the Curly Black Hair	O Bothwell Bank
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