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14, Aug. 1936.

ALBYN'S ANTHOLOGY

Or

A SELECT COLLECTION

of the

Melodies & Local Poetry

PECULIAR TO

SCOTLAND & THE ISLES

HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED

Collected and Arranged

BY

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL

Author of the History of Poetry in Scotland, a Journey through the different parts of Scotland &c.&c.

THE MODERN SCOTISH & ENGLISH VERSES

ADAPTED TO THE

HIGHLAND, HEBRIDEAN & LOWLAND MELODIES

Written by

WALTER SCOTT ESQ.

and other living Poets of the first Eminence

Vol: I.

Edinburgh

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1816.

To

His Royal Highness

THE PRINCE REGENT

Of Great Britain & Ireland

This Collection

of the

Melodies & Vocal Poetry

OF

Scotland

Is, with His Royal Highness's

Most Gracious Permission

Dutifully and Respectfully Inscribed

By the Editor

Alex^r Forrester Sculpsit

W^m D. Lizars Sculp^t Edin^r

PREFACE.

RATIONAL amusement is as essential to the mind as food and raiment are to the body: wherefore, to arrange skill fully, and administer with proper effect, such innocent entertainment as a reflecting being can relish, may fairly be reckoned no unworthy employment, in a state of society of the highest possible polish.

Those who prepare the mental banquet deserve no less encouragement and approbation than they who provide for the more immediate wants of nature: nay, inasmuch as mind is superior to body, the former has undoubtedly juster claims to commendation than the latter. Hence, in the unpolished as well as in the more advanced stages of civilization, we find, that the skilful artist and man of science are regarded with enthusiasm, rewarded with honours, and remunerated with substantial emolument.

The elegant pursuits of Music, Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, depend more on taste than the more abstract speculations of science, which bring into action the intellectual energies of the human mind: and taste depending greatly on the feeling and imagination of the individual, hence that diversity of opinion regarding public and private amusements, observable in all ages, and in different sections of the habitable globe.

MUSIC, of all the Fine Arts, is that which yields the most transient entertainment. Its power over the imagination being exquisite, in proportion to the brevity of its duration, may in some measure account for the avidity with which the gratification is sought after by those who are susceptive to its charms; while, on the contrary, to those who derive pleasure from sources of a more palpable, and relatively more permanent, nature, seem to disregard the beauty of that elegantly simple concatenation of tones called *Melody*, or that combination of co-existing notes called *Harmony*; and too frequently, to hold "the science of sweet sounds" as unworthy of attention, in comparison with the more abstract speculations of the human understanding. The discussion of this topic would here be entirely out of place.

Taste has ancient models of relative perfection to guide discrimination in all the Fine Arts,—Music excepted. Whether the melodies of savage or of barbarous nations be worthy of being considered as Music, in the general acceptation of the term, might form the subject of very interesting disquisition. Such melodies being the voice or breathings of Nature, and inasmuch as they please the ear of those accustomed to a more artificial arrangement of sound, the musical remains of the more remote times may, on due examination, be found worthy of being rescued from that oblivion into which they must inevitably fall, unless, ere it be too late, they be placed on record, and thus authenticated and consigned to future ages.

That the melodies alluded to are referable to a certain criterion, or series of tones, peculiar to stages of civilization but little advanced in the progress of human refinement, the present Editor has demonstrated at considerable length elsewhere.* The discovery of this remarkable fact was the result of observation and repeated trial, conducted in the order of induction; and the rational conclusion thence drawn was, that there exists a striking coincidence of the scale of tones to which the melodies of Scotland, Ireland, and (in many respects) those of Wales, are referable, in their structure, or succession of intervals, to the *old enharmonic scale* of the Greek music, to which the oldest national airs of Greece were referred.

But this is not all. It is no less remarkable, that the scale of the Chinese music is precisely that of the old Greek enharmonic; and both the scales in question are exactly the same as the scale to which the melodies of this and of our neighbouring Island are referable, in the *minor mode*, or *flat series*, as writers on music call it. It is well known also, that the more ancient airs alluded to originate in a scale or *gamut* of a sharp series, or *major mode*. But in order to demonstrate this matter distinctly, and to the satisfaction of every one the least acquainted with music as a *scientific art*, here follow the DIAGRAMS, or Scales Major and Minor, in systematic connection.

FIG. 1.

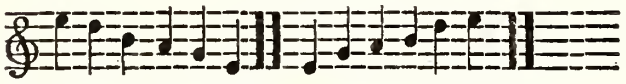


FIG. 2.

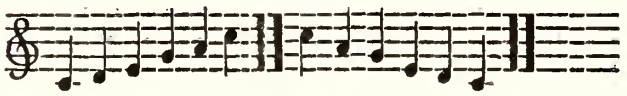
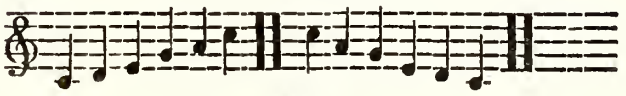


FIG. 3.

FIG. 4. *The Primary Scale of Music.*

MAJOR.



MINOR.

FIG. 5. *The same transposed to G, and to its Relative, E Minor.*

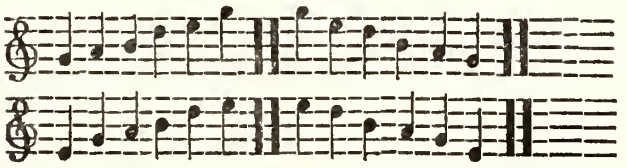
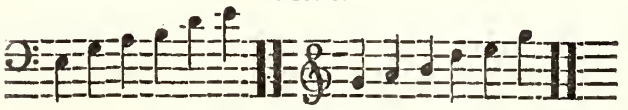


FIG. 6.



EXPLANATION OF THE ABOVE DIAGRAMS.

Fig. 1. Exhibits the order of the musical intervals, which the late truly learned and highly ingenious Dr CHARLES BURNEY considers as the ancient genuine Greek *enharmonic scale* or octave; in which the *trite* and *lichanos*, i. e. the third and seventh (reckoning downwards), are omitted.

Fig. 2. Exhibits the order of the musical intervals, which BURNEY considers as the *Dorian mode;* in which the tetrachords, or thirds, are omitted; which omissions answer to the fourth and seventh of the *diatonic scale* of modern music.

* *Vide* History of Poetry in Scotland, "Conversation on Scotish Song."

Fig. 3. Exhibits the preceding intervals transposed to the black or short keys of the organ or piano-forte; on touching which in regular succession, either upward or downward, or in any direction, the sounds produced bear so striking an analogy to our Scotish and Irish melodies. This has been observed time out of mind.

Fig. 4. Exhibits the *Dorian mode* and old Greek enharmonic scale (transposed), in systematic connection; and answer to the major key of C, and its relative key of A minor, of the modern system of scientific music.

Fig. 5. Exhibits the same order of intervals, transposed to the key of G, and its relative, E minor.

Fig. 6. Exhibits the arrangement and compass of a Chinese musical instrument, which Burney had seen in the possession of the Abbé Arnaud of the French Academy.

By comparing these Diagrams, the striking similitude, or rather identity, of the Chinese, Grecian, and Scotish series of musical intervals or scales, must impress one with this general conclusion. The primary scale of music is that which the Fig. 4. of the above Diagrams exhibits to the scientific musician, and amateur who is conversant with music as a scientific art.

Having shewn that there is a certain criterion or series of musical intervals, *major* and *minor*, which, as being the most ancient, may be called the *primary scale* of music, it would here, perhaps, be proper to consider, how, in the progress of art, the *major sixth*, or flat seventh, so affecting a tone in the less ancient airs alluded to, came naturally into use among the performers of very remote ages; but the very narrow limits the Editor has necessarily allowed to himself, will not suffer him to dilate the discussion of this part of the subject. Suffice it for the present to say, that the sweetly plaintive tone called the *flat seventh*, so frequently introduced in the melodies indigenous to this and our sister Island, must be of very ancient origin; and the presumption is, that it long preceded the introduction of the third tone in the diatonic scale, which, together with the sharp seventh, completes the series in the octave of scientific music.

All British and Irish travellers unite in mentioning their being struck with the similarity of the Asiatic and African melodies to those of their respective countries. Those airs which the Editor has collected, from time to time, from persons of his acquaintance who have returned from foreign travel, convince him of the truth of the remarkable fact alluded to, and which now so universally obtains; and he has reason to believe, that the more ancient airs of universal Europe are similar to those now about to be rescued from that oblivion into which they would soon otherwise have fallen.

From what has been briefly stated above, it should seem that melody is nearly of the same cast among all nations, and at correspondent periods or stages of civilization. Hence that striking similarity in the structure of the melodies of countries and people so far distant from each other, and so dissimilar in *articulate* language, customs, and manners. But music being an *universal* language, and the voice of Nature, referable to the ultimate facts of science, the wonder ceases, while the admiration remains, in contemplating the beautiful relics of ancient melody, so elegantly artless, and at the same time so affecting and pathetic, when given with simplicity and effect.

The history of Scotish Music and Vocal Poetry is a subject of too great extent to be comprised in a book of a hundred pages. With respect to the origin of the melodies, enough has been suggested to establish their claims to very remote antiquity; and their introduction into the islands of Great Britain and Ireland being, in all probability, coeval with the Aborigines or first inhabitants, there is little room to doubt that many of the airs still extant have come down to us in all their primitive simplicity and characteristic peculiarities.

It will be asked, by those but little acquainted with the subject, "Whether the melodies of the Scoto-Gael, and those of the Scoto-Saxons, differ widely in point of structure, or cast of character?" The reply is very obvious:—They do not essentially differ; and their shades of difference are really so imperceptible, as frequently to elude discrimination. The truth is, that the present Editor made repeated trials of this fact during his late journey to the Highlands and Western Isles, by singing to the natives several of the Lowland melodies, and some of the Border airs; when these tunes were immediately recognised as old Hebridean and Highland melodies. The same thing has frequently occurred when the Editor made similar experiments, while travelling in the Lowland districts; when the Lowlanders exclaimed against the inhabitants of the Grampians and Isles for stealing from them their music, as well as their more substantial goods and gear; assigning a much more recent date to the latter depredation than to the former musical transference or *transposition*. But mistakes of this sort are very natural, more especially with respect to the subject under present discussion; and as the melodies alluded to are referable to one and the same criterion, the mistake here pointed out is of very obvious solution. Hence the general conclusion is, that the tunes of the Scoto-Gael and of the Scoto-Saxons have the same origin with the melodies of our neighbours the Irish and Welsh, and, in all probability, those still extant among our Scandinavian neighbours—nay, of the millions that inhabit the shores of the Baltic, and even the borders of the Caspian Sea. It would yield matter for a curious, if not an interesting, inquiry regarding the several orders of bards, minstrels, harpers, pipers, crowd, rebec, and violin players, were the limits of this preface not so circumscribed. This subject being reserved for a supplementary volume to the present work, will be a sufficient reason for touching on it in so slight and brief a manner as must be done in the present sketch.

Vocal poetry, and its conjunctive air, aided by the skilful handling of a musical instrument, such as the lyre, harp, lute, &c. were regarded in all ages as the most impressive vehicles of commendation or invective. The faculties of rhyming, singing, and playing, being, in savage and barbarous ages, more rarely called into action than in more refined stages of civilization, the possessors and practitioners of these seemingly supernatural gifts excite wonder, admiration, and delight. Hence they are held in high estimation; and names are invented to distinguish them above the ordinary classes of the social order. Thus, for example, among the more ancient inhabitants of Great Britain, the appellation *Bard* gave honourable distinction to an order of men held in enthusiastic estimation by prince and people. This assertion is supported by historical evidence. The passages usually cited by writers on this subject are to be found in the writings of Diodorus Siculus, Ammianus Marcellinus, and Girald Barry the Welshman, commonly called Giraldus Cambrensis.* The first of these

* See the passages alluded to quoted in the original languages, and translated, in Mr John Gunn's learned and elegant "Historical Inquiry respecting the Performance on the Harp in the Highlands of Scotland," pp. 27, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62.

writers was contemporary with JULIUS and AUGUSTUS CÆSARS; the second flourished in the fourth century; and the last was preceptor to Prince JOHN, son of King HENRY the Second of England.

It is well known, that *Bard* was synonymous with poet and musician united in one and the same individual; and that, from the days of HOMER down to OSSIAN—nay, till much nearer our own times—the composer of lyric or vocal poetry was likewise the performer, and gave additional effect to his performance by his skilful accompaniment on the lyre, harp, crowd, rebec, lute, or some such musical instrument as happened to be in use at the time he flourished. It should seem, however, that at the dawn of refinement, in the middle ages, the poet and musician became separate callings: whence arose a somewhat modified order of exciters of sensibility, called *Troubadours* among the French, *Minstrels* among the Anglo-Saxons and Scoto-Saxons; concerning which, learned and ingenious writers, but recently deceased,* maintained very contrary opinions. As the discussion of this point is reserved for a future portion of the present work, let us pass on to review the state of vocal poetry and instrumental performers, from about the beginning of the twelfth century down to the commencement of the present.

Taking GIRALDUS as a sufficient authority, we find him expressing his opinion of our National Music in the following words: "It is to be observed, however, that both Scotland "and Wales, the former from intercourse and affinity of "blood, the latter from instruction by the Irish, exert "themselves with the greatest emulation to rival Ireland "in musical excellence. In the opinion of many, however, "Scotland has not only attained to the excellence of Ireland, "but has even, in musical science and ability, *far surpassed* "it, as to the genuine source of the art."†

In the year 1249, at the coronation of ALEXANDER the Third, when as yet the Gaelic language was that of the court, we find it mentioned by our historian FORDUN,‡ that a Scoto-Gael or Highland bard appeared in his proper habiliment (i. e. scarlet robe), rehearsed, in his vernacular dialect, the genealogy of that prince, up to FERGUS the First of Scotland. We are left in the dark regarding the manner of this bard's recitation, whether he was accompanied with the harp, tiompan, or clarsach, or the more sonorous tones of the great Highland bagpipe, as it is called.

In the year 1329, when DAVID, the son of ROBERT DE BRUCE, was (while yet an infant) espoused to JOAN, sister to EDWARD the Third of England, mention is made in the Exchequer Rolls,§ of specific sums given to minstrels who performed at the nuptials of the royal pair. The ceremony took place at Berwick-upon-Tweed. This historical document proves, at least, that minstrels were the musicians of the times. The presumption is, however, that they were mere instrumental performers, as they appear afterwards to have been, when mentioned in the records subsequent to the period mentioned above.

On the return of our JAMES the First (*anno* 1424), after a nineteen year's captivity in England, he found his nobles proud, imperious, ungovernable; and their vassals, and the great body of the people, imitating the higher orders in vice and folly. He himself, a poet and musician,* as well as a lawgiver and magnanimous prince, was anxious to encourage the humanizing arts, in which he so much excelled his subjects; even the harpers of the Highlands and of the Hebrides, who were said to be inferior to this accomplished king, and father of his people, as the Historian of Scotland emphatically calls him†. But, in the flower of manhood and career of glory, he fell a sacrifice to cabal and the hatred of traitors, among whom was his own uncle, WALTER STUART, Earl of Athol. This horrid murder was perpetrated in the monastery of Blackfriars, Perth, in November 1437.

The son and successor (JAMES II.) of the murdered monarch was killed by the accidental bursting of a cannon at the siege of Roxburgh castle, A. D. 1460. We hear nothing of his predilection for the Fine Arts. His son, however, was of a different cast, nay, even to excess; for his associates were chiefly artists, and, among others, musicians.‡ This good-natured, but ill-fated king, fell by the hand of an assassin—a priest, who, in the act of administering absolution, stabbed the LORD'S anointed to the heart! This tragical event happened in June 1488, after his retreat from the battle of Sauchyburn, in which his son and successor, JAMES the Fourth, headed the rebels.§

Sorely did the Scotish ABSALOM rue the fatal error into which his inexperienced youth had hurried him. At the age of sixteen, this youthful monarch began his reign. In his person handsome and graceful, easy, yet dignified, prepossessing in his manners, and most winning in his demeanour, he reigned in the hearts of his people, with whom he seemed always on habits of condescending intimacy. That he encouraged artists, and particularly musicians, is proved by the Exchequer Rolls of his reign, excerpts from which are subjoined in a note;‖ which curious document will shew that music was in high estima-

* The late Bishop of Drumore, Dr PERCY, and the late Mr JOSEPH RITSON, the celebrated literary archaiologist.

† Notandum vero, quod Scotia et Gwallia, hæc propagationis, illa commeationis et affinitatis gratia, Hiberniam in modulis æmulâ imitari nitantur disciplinâ. Multorum autem opinione, hodie Scotia, non tantum magistram æquiparavit Hiberniam, verum etiam in musica peritia, longe prævalet et præcellit; unde et ibi quasi fontem artis jam requirunt. GIRALD. CAMB. *Topog. Hiber.*

‡ Scotichron. lib. x. c. 2.

§ In the account of ROBERT PEBLIS, Chamberlain of Scotland, given in at Scone, 28th August 1329. See Exchequer Rolls, vol. i. p. 96.

* *Vide* JOHN MAJOR'S History of Scotland, book vi. c. 14.

† *Vide* ROBERTSON'S History of Scotland.

‡ The ACCOUNTS of the Gr. Ch. of SCOTLAND, and of other Officers of the Crown, rendered at Ex.

1474

Item gevin at the kingis command iij° Septembris to John Broun *lutare* At his passage oure fey to *leve his craft* - - - - - - v li.
Item to the *trumpates* 6 eln of blew for their gownes price of the elne 16 sh
Item 4 elne of blak for their hose 13 sh the elne
Item 10 elnes of blak holmefs fustian to the trumpatis doublats 3 sh the eln
Item fra Will of Rind to *the kingis lutare the boye* 2 eln of fustiane
1 eln of braid clath
Item for a pair of hose to him of blac v sh
Item gevin to And° balfour II Junij to by lyning & smale grath to *the kingis litle lutare* 6 sh 8 d.

§ *Vide* DRUMMOND of Hawthornden's History of JAMES III. p. 60.

‖ Apr. 13. 1490.
Item to the *trumpatts* - - - - - - - L.5 8.
Item to Blind Hary - - - - - - - - 18.
Item to Benat - - - - - - - - 18.
Item til ane oder *fydlar* - - - - - - - - 5.
Apr. 19. 1490
To Martin *clarefchaw* and ye toder *erfche clarefchaw* at yc kingis command 18 s.
May 1490 til ane *erfche harper* at ye kingis command - - 18 s.
Ap. 5. 1491
Item to the *trumpets* - - 6 unicorns
Item to Blind Hary - - - 18 s.
Item to Benat - - - - 18 s.
Item til a *harper* - - - 18 s.
Aug. 21. 1491
Item to iiij *Inglis pyparis* viii unicorns L.7 4
1496
April giffin to James Mytson the *harpar* at the kings command - 13 4
June to twa *wemen* that *sang* to the king - - - - - 13
July to lundoris the *lutare* at the kings command - - - 13
—— to Jacob the *lutar* at the k. command - - - - 13
Sonday } to John pret the payntour at the k. command - L.5 19
Jul. 17 } to John of wardlaw the *lutar* - - - - - 18 sh
Aug. 1. Item that same day giffin to the *harpar* with the a hand 9 sh
Mar. 14. Item that samyn day to a man that *playit* on the *clarfcha* to the king 7. s
July 21. 1497. to the pyonouris to gang to the castell to help with Mons doun 10. s.
Item To the *menstrallis* that *playit before Mons* doun the gait 14 sh
January 1. 1512, 1513.
Item gevin to the *menstrallis* the famyn day that is to say Italianis, franche men, fcottis trumpettis, lutaris, harparis, & vther fcottis menstrallis to the nowmer of xxv perfonis To euer Ilkane of thame xiij s^ce summa - xvij li x s^ce
Item the thrid day of Januar gevin till ane *bardc wife* callit agnes Carkill at the kingis command - - - - - xlij s^ce

tion at the court of the Hero of Flouden-field, which was fought in autumn 1513, and where that monarch disappeared from the face of the earth.

His son, JAMES the Fifth, was, like his father, beloved by his people, among whom he delighted to associate as one of themselves. Many of our popular songs are said to be of JAMES's composition. Be this as it may, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt that he encouraged minstrelsy with enthusiasm, and was the warm patron of all those who excelled in learning and ingenuity. It is well known that his latter days were embittered with a series of disappointments and mortifications; and if he did not die a violent death, he died of a broken heart.*

MARY, the beauteous Queen of Scots, the only child of JAMES the Fifth, was born in the palace of Linlithgow, A. D. 1542, and succeeded to the crown while an infant of but a few days old. The beauty of her person, mental acquirements, varied life, misfortunes, long captivity, and death, belong to the record of regular history. Regarding, however, her knowledge of music, a few particulars may be mentioned, as properly belonging to the subject under present review. But before stating any of the points alluded to, the following excerpt from the Exchequer Rolls will serve as a connecting link in the chronological order observed in the present rough sketch of this part of our inquiry. "Feb. 6. 1557. Item be the Quenis speciale "command to David Malville indueller in Leith for ane "pare of *organes* to the chapell in the palice of the abbay "of Halirudhouse—L36."† The queen-dowager, MARY of Lorraine, is the personage here meant; for at this period MARY Queen of Scots was in France.

That there were organs in our chapels and cathedrals long before this, is pretty certain; consequently the vocal portions of the service were accompanied with those instruments: and it is also certain, that our JAMES the First not only introduced organs into the service of the church, but also founded an institution for the instruction of the clergy in music.‡ And we shall see, in a subsequent section of the present inquiry, this fact alluded to, when *Music Schools* come to be mentioned.

Having now traced music and vocal poetry from the time the Romans invaded Britain, citing the record of chronological history as we went along, to establish the authenticity of the particulars stated,—we have arrived at a momentous era of the history of the human mind, too extensive to be embraced in the compass of these pages. The era alluded to is that of the Reformation.

BRANTOME, who accompanied Queen MARY from France to the capital of her Scotish realm, mentions, that on the night of her arrival at the palace of Holyroodhouse, the citizens serenaded her with psalms and spiritual songs, accompanied by scraping catgut on the rebec and fiddle, till the queen and her French attendants had enough of it. "Quelle musique, et quelle repos pour sa nuit!" exclaims the *delighted* Frenchman.*

Whether MARY delighted in the melodies of her native country is left to conjecture. Educated from her infancy in France, the inference is, that the music which ROUSSEAU censures, as still existing in his day, was that in which the accomplished Queen of Scots was said to excel. The harp, called "Queen MARY's Harp," is still extant;† but that she could handle it skilfully is not left on record. Her ill-fated secretary, RIZZIO, was, till very lately, supposed to have composed our most popular music.‡ Poor DAVID RIZZIO compose our national melodies!

When *reformed order* arose, "in the beauty of holiness," out of the horrible confusion of furious fanaticism, our native melodies were supplanted by the exotic drawls of psalmody; or "gude and godly ballads," adapted to a few of those melodies which are mentioned in VEDDERBURN's "Complainte of Scotland," printed in *anno* 1549, and in pious publications subsequent to the period under review.§ Church music,‖ however, although hastening to decay, was revived by royal authority, as the following act of parliament will clearly establish.

"*For instructioun of the yhouth in musik*

"For inftructioune of the yhouth in the art of mufik "and singing quhilk almaist decayit and fall fchortly decay "without tymous remeid be prouidit our fouerane lord "with auife of his thrie estaitis of this present parliament "Requeistis the prouest baillies counfale and communitie "of the maist special burrowis of this realme And of the "pratonis and prouestis of the collegis quhair *sang scuilis* "ar foundat To errect and sett vp ane *sang scuill* with ane "maister sufficient and able for instructioun of the yhouth "in the said science of musik As they will answer to his "hienes vpoune the perrell of thair fundationis and in "performing of his hienes requeist do vnto his maiestie "acceptable and gude plesour."

Acta Parliamentorum, A. D. 1579, *p.* 174.

But many years had not elapsed, when it appears, by a subsequent act of parliament which was passed, respecting the chapel royal of Stirling, that the fund for "interteyne-"ment of ane certane nowmer of musicianis To mak "residence and service in his hienes houfs and chappell at "all tymes requisit" was entirely exhausted, so "that the "saidis musicianis ar not hable to mak residence, nor thair "is nathing left to theme to leif vpoun," Bot that the said "erectioun and fundacioun appearis alluterlie to decay. "THAIRFOIR," &c. &c.

Acta Parliamentorum, A. D. 1594,
"*Anent the chappell royal of Striuiling.*"

March 17.
Item the faid day to the curat of the canongait for the tyrement of ane *Italiane trumpet* - - - - - - 54 sh

Among the expenses of the "*Vestimenta Scruitorum*" Regis, 1512, are the following:

Item to xiiij *menstrallis* Italianis franchemen *trumpetis fchawmeris* & *tawbrouneris* to thair claithis Ilk man for his gowne doublatte & hoifs vj li x s- 91 li

Stipendia Operatorum.

Item ye x day of nouember to Juliane drummond & his vij complicis Italiane *menstrallis* & *trumpettis* for the monethis of december instant, & Januar tocum to Ilkane of thame L4. 7. 6d be the faid tyme
Item the faid day to James dauenecourt boncrufs and thair complicis *menftrallis* franchemen quhilk ar vj perfonis in the haile for thair wagis of the saidis monethis of nouember december and Januar to ilkane of thame L4. 7. 6
x maij
to Julian drummond & his four complicis Italiane *menstrallis* thar quarter waige at beltane &c. &c.
Item the fame day to gilliaume *tawbroner* & his four complicis franche *menstrallis* thair quarter wage of the said terme ilk man L4. 7. 6
Item to ane Italiane *trumpet* of quhilk his tua complicis paft in Ingland and the thrid deit for his quarter wage L4. 7. 6
Item ye xj day of Julij to Odonelis *harpar* quhilk past away with him be ye k. command - - - - - - - 7 li

* He died at the palace of Falkland, in Fife, on the 14th December 1542.
† Treasurer's account for 1557.
‡ Vide BOETHII Scotorum Historia, fol. 362.

* It should seem the citizens of Edinburgh were ever disposed to regale with their psalmody delighted Majesty; two instances whereof are on record. The first was when ANNE of Denmark was welcomed, on her arrival to espouse our sixth JAMES; and the second time was when that timid monarch returned quaking from Perth, having, as he solemnly asserted sitting on the cross of Edinburgh, that he had escaped the sword of the assassin, in his miraculous escape from Gowrie-house, where the regicides were assembled.
† See GUNN's Historical Inquiry, p. 77.
‡ There are many collections (printed in London), to the melody of many songs in which the name DAVID RIZZIO is affixed as the supposititious composer.
§ See History of Poetry in Scotland, vol. i. p. 129; and see Additional Notes, same vol. pp. 362, 363, 364, article, "GEDDES's Saint's Recreation," in which are mentioned a few of our most popular Lowland Airs then in vogue.
‖ The music for the cathedral of Dunkeld (5 volumes quarto) is among the MSS. of the Edinburgh University, sigs. A, C, H.

In a sumptuary law, passed in A. D. 1621, the following are two of the specific clauses of certain privileged orders exempted from the rigour of its application. " It is heirby " ordanit that no [cloathes] be guildit with gold. 10. Item " it is sicklyke statuted that minstrellis be exemit."

But a sweeping calamity was near at hand for the Scotish sons of Apollo; which the excerpt following will, alas! but too plainly demonstrate.

Acta Parliamentorum Jacobi VI.

" And all menstrallis sangstaris and tail tellaris not " avount in speciall service be sum of the lordis of parlia- " ment or greit barronis or be sum of the heid burrowis " and citeis for the common menstrallis all vagaboundis " scollaris of the vniuersiteis of Sanctandrois glasgow and " aberdene not licencit be the rector and dene of facultie " of the vniuersities to ask almous——salbe taken adiugeit " demed and pvneist as strang beggaris and vagaboundis." Append. p. 87.

We see now into what disregard, nay, disgrace, our Scotish musical tribe had fallen, when the renovated faculties of the Reformers had finally triumphed over the dormant energies of the Beast " with seven heads and ten " horns."

The bards of this age, in like manner, suffered renewed persecution; but whether this calamity spurred on their Pegasus, or damped the fire of their Doric Muse, is left to conjecture. One thing is certain, that this once privileged order seems to have been, from the days of Edward the First of England to the reign of Charles the Second and his immediate successor, legally devoted to all the horrors of outlawry, nay, proscription. " Justice " should be done (says one of our old acts of parliament) " vpon maisterful beggars and sorners as vpon theives or " reavers feinzed foolis *bairdis* or rinners about—at last " after sundrie punishment may be hangit." *

During the ascendancy of the Covenanters, after their political and religious struggles against their native prince, and, alas! decapitated monarch, our Doric Muse was suffered to pine in solitude, and her sweet and pathetic strains were foregone for the hosannahs of martyred enthusiasts, who suffered for the cause that eventually triumphed. But while the west and south-west districts of Scotland were deluged with the blood of those who were stigmatised *rebels* by the perseeutors, and dignified with the appellation *martyrs* by the persecuted, the inhabitants of the east coast, particularly the citizens of Aberdeen, were moderate in their sentiments, industrious in their habitudes, and not unmindful of the more elegant pursuits of the Fine Arts; witness the great attention they paid to printing. And, what is not a little remarkable, it appears that the printers of Aberdeen possessed music types: in proof of which, Forbes's Collection of Songs, &c. set to music, printed in 1666, and reprinted in 1682; three copies of which were in the present Editor's possession, till his library was wrenched from him by the chicanery of certain *caterpillars* of the law, too contemptible to have their names put upon even the record of infamy!

In the Aberdeen Collection (as it is now called) are to be found none of our national melodies or popular vocal poetry. Ritson calls it " a sort of song-book,"* and mentions it as " the first known collection of Scotish songs, " or rather in which Scotish songs are to be found." But this learned and indefatigable literary antiquary, ignorant, as he himself acknowledges, of music,† and (as the present Editor knows) but slightly gifted with what is called a *musical ear*, besides being tenacious in opinion, conceiving it to be just—the wonder ceases, in contemplating the strange mistake so accurate a writer and fastidious a critic had, in this instance, suffered himself to fall into. He lived to acknowledge, but not to correct his error.

When the cause of freedom finally prevailed, and the Revolution was fully established, the better classes of North Britain, turning their attention to the Muses, began to indulge their taste for scientific composition; a proof of which is on record. On St Cecilia's day, *anno* 1695, a concert of music was performed, in commemoration of that heavenly Muse, the plan of which is to be seen in the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, vol. i. p. 499. Among the performers of this concert were professional men, who, in acquiring a knowledge of exotic music, had not lost a relish for their native melodies; as they manifested in their being at the pains to collect and arrange many of our popular airs, and had them printed and published, as shall be noticed in chronological order.

In 1706, James Watson, printer, published " A " Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems, " Ancient and Modern, by several Hands." In 1709, a second volume was added to this selection; and a third volume (which the Editor has not seen) of the same work was published in 1711 or 1712. In this " Choice Col- " lection" are, for the first time to be met with, many of our popular songs. Whether the encouragement these volumes met with stimulated Allan Ramsay to exertion, or whether he had been secretly preparing materials for a still more popular publication, is left to conjecture; but,

In 1724, Ramsay published his " Tea-table Mis- " cellany, or a Collection of Choice Songs, Scots and " English;" soon after which he published " Music for " Allan Ramsay's Collection of Scots Songs, set by " Alexander Stuart, and engraved by R. Cooper," in six small volumes (or parts) 12mo.‡ This Alexander Stuart, then, so far as is at present understood, is the first on record who harmonized and adapted Scotish melodies to vocal poetry, such as Ramsay has given in his valuable Miscellany, notwithstanding its many faults and imperfections.

In the year 1725, " The Orpheus Caledonius," edited by W. Thomson, and inscribed to the Princess of Wales (afterwards Queen Anne), was published in London. The first edition was in folio; the second was printed in 1733, and is in two volumes octavo. Both editions are now seldom

* Jacobi II. parl. 6, c. 22 and c. 45. Another statute to the same purport appears in Jacobi III. parl. 10, c. 77. " To our fathers' time," says a writer of the seventeenth century, " and ours, something remained, and still does, of " this ancient order (i. e. bards). And they are called by others, and by them- " selves, Jokies, who go about begging, and used still to recite their sluggornes " of most of the true ancient surnames of Scotland, from old experience and " observation."—" Some of them," continues this writer, " I have discoursed " with, and found them to have reason and discretion. One of them told me " there were now twelve of them in the whole isle; but he remembered when " they abounded, so as at one time he was one of five that usually met at " St Andrews." Vide Martin's State of the See of St Andrews, sect. 1. p. 3.

* " *Cantus:* Songs and fancies, to three, four, or five parts, both apt for " voices or viols. With a brief introduction to music, as taught by Thomas " Davison, in the music school of Aberdene." Printed (for the second time) in 1666, and again in 1682.

† " A total ignorance of the musical art is not the only inconvenience under " which the present writer [Ritson] labours." See Dissertation on Ancient Songs and Music, prefixed to his curious and valuable Collection of Ancient Songs, from the time of King Henry the Third to the Revolution. Printed, London, 1792.

‡ " Edinburgh: printed and sold by Allan Ramsay:" by which it appears that Ramsay was by this time established as a bookseller and publisher. It was with the engraver of the music for the Tea-table Miscellany that our immortal Strange (whose proper name was Strang) was bound an apprentice.

to be met with. Ramsay mentions, that this Thomson was "a good singer and teacher of Scots songs."*

"About the year 1730," says Sir John Hawkins, "one Alexander Monro, a native of Scotland, then "residing at Paris, published a collection of the best Scotch "tunes, fitted to the German flute, with several divisions "and variations; but the simplicity of the airs," says Sir John, "is lost in the attempt of the author to accom- "modate them to the style of Italian music." Would to Heaven this had been the only instance of a like trespass against the beauty and elegant simplicity of our national music! In the same year (1730), Adam Craig published "A Collection of the choicest Scots Tunes, adapted for "the Harpsichord or Spinnet, within compass of the Voice, "Violin, or German Flute." This collection is inscribed "To the Honourable Lords and Gentlemen of the Musical "Society of Mary's Chapel,"† (afterwards translated to St Cecilia's Hall, now Free-mason's Hall, Niddry Street.) The late learned and worthy vindicator of Queen Mary, Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee, says, "I remember him "[Adam Craig] as second violin to M'Gibbon, in the "gentlemen's concert."‡

In the year 1746, William M'Gibbon (the last musician mentioned), after his return from Italy, published his first "Collection of Scots Tunes," and completed the third set of his Collection in 1755. His sets of our native tunes, like every thing of the same kind that comes through the hands of professed musicians, savour strongly of pedantic garnish. In the present instance, however, it is but fair to admit, that the pure *Italian taste*, which at that time was supreme over all Europe, did consequently less harm to our Scotish melodies than the exquisitely refined taste of the *modern* German school.

In *anno* 1749, Yair the bookseller published the "Charmer," which was reprinted in two volumes in 1776.

In the year 1759, James Oswald, one of our most successful musical adventurers in London, published his "Caledonian Pocket Companion," in twelve thin octavo volumes (usually bound up in two), in which he appears in the double capacity of author and editor; and he is among the very few to whom we can trace the authenticity of our national melodies. Had he composed nothing else but "The Braes of Ballenden," and the air to "Lovely Nymph," introduced in the burletta of *Midas*, his name would live as long as a relish existed for genuine Scotish melody; but he composed several other pretty enough pieces of vocal and instrumental music, which do him equal credit; and, in truth, his country may proudly class him with King James the First, the Earl of Kelly, and a few more, whose works remain as never-fading testimonies of their brilliant talents and love for the Muse.

Toward the close of the seventeenth, and about the commencement of the eighteenth centuries, "an inundation "of *Scotch songs*, so called, appears to have poured upon "the town [London], by Tom D'Urfey and his Grub- "street brethren."§ And it ought not to escape mention, that the introduction of many of our favourite national airs on the stage, by their being united to the verses in the *Beggar's Opera*, the *Highland Fair*, and other melo-dramas of more recent date, such as the *Duenna*, the *Highland Reel*, &c. doubtless contributed greatly to the popularity of these pieces.

About the year 1749, the late Robert Bremner, music-seller, published two volumes thin folio, entitled, "Collection "of Scots Songs, for the Voice or Harpsichord; the Words "by Allan Ramsay:" which Collection, till within the last twenty years, was reckoned the standard for Scotish song, consequently has had a great run through the whole British empire.

In the year 1750, a collection of "Loyal Songs" was printed at Edinburgh. In 1751, that virtuous, venerable judge, learned and accurate antiquary, Lord Hailes, edited "British Songs, sacred to Love and Virtue," which was printed at Edinburgh. Not above fifty copies of this selection were printed off; consequently a copy of it, at this day, is rarely to be seen.

In 1751, Alexander Macdonald published a small volume of Gaelic songs,* many of which are directed to be sung to Lowland airs, such as *Through the Wood, Laddie*, *Tweedside*, *The Lass of Patie's Mill*, &c. as if there did not exist Highland and Hebridean melodies in abundance, and better suited to Celtic vocal poetry than Low Country tunes.

In the year 1755, "A Collection of Old Ballads" was printed at Glasgow. In *anno* 1760, the celebrated translator of Ossian's Poems gave his first specimens of our Celtic Homer. Oswald, the composer, soon afterwards set several of the "Songs of Selma" to music.

In 1768, Alexander Ross, schoolmaster of Lochlee, published, under the eye of Dr Beattie, a Scotish poem of great merit, entitled, "The Fortunate Shepherdess," at the end of which are several much-admired songs, in the pure Doric dialect, or what is called *Broad Buchans*, of the north-east coast of Scotland.

In the same year, i. e. 1768, Duncan Macintyre, (familiarly called *Donnacha' Bàn nan Orain*,) published a small volume of Gaelic songs,† of his own composition, many of which are excellent in point of description and style; and he has, withal, just claims to originality. He could neither read nor write. He was a native of Glenorchy, Argyleshire; was born in 1724, and lived to enjoy his fame in ease, comfort, and relative independence. He died but a few years ago; but his name will live in the poetical annals of his country.

In the year 1769, the late worthy David Herd published his valuable "Collection of Ancient and Modern "Scots Songs, Heroic Ballads, &c." This collection is now become very scarce. It was to this gentleman the present Editor is so much indebted for many hints and notices which he has acknowledged in his "History of "Poetry in Scotland," *passim*. The following testimony to this good and ingenious man is worthy of record:

Near this Stone
are interred the remains of
Mr DAVID HERD, Writer;
A man of probity,
Of a kind and friendly disposition,
Mild tolerant principles,
And a taste in ancient Scotish Literature.
Not solicitous to shine,
Nor anxious to become rich,
He lost few friends,
And made few enemies.
These qualities had their influence;
For they averted many of the wants and evils
of declining years.
He died a Bachelor, aged 86,
Upon the 10th of June 1810.

* In the second edition, vol. i. p. 68, is a set of "My Apron, Deary," *in puris naturelibus*, and with the simple melody (and a base), of one measure only: a proof of the interpolation which our Music has suffered from time to time, and by subsequent collectors and editors.

† The society was instituted in March 1728. See Arnot's History of Edinburgh, p. 379.

‡ Trans. Antiq. Soc. vol. i. p. 510.

§ See Ritson's Historical Essay on Scotish Song, p. lx.

* "*Ais-ciridh na sean chànan Albannaich, &c. le* Alastair Mac Dhonuil."

† "*Orain Ghailcachach, le* Donnachadh Mac-an-t-saoir."

In *anno* 1770, Lord Hailes edited "A Collection of "Ancient Scotish Poems, from the MS. of George "Bannatyne, 1568," in which are several songs whose airs are harmonized agreeably to the counterpoint in practice among composers of the sixteenth century, such as are preserved in J. S. Smith's "Collection of Songs composed "about 1500," and such as are to be found in the Maitland Collection hereafter to be mentioned.

In 1770, the late Niel Stewart, music-seller and dancing-master in Edinburgh, published a volume (in folio) of Scotish songs, in imitation of Bremner's Collection, mentioned above. In these collections, the melodies are harmonized with what *was* called a *dropping base*; that is, a thinly-scattered accompaniment, so as to support the voice of the performer: and, considered in this point of view, it perhaps may yield more pleasure to a person of unsophisticated taste, than a more laboured harmony, in which the subtilties of *chromatic* trick are commingled, to please the dainty, and delight the exquisitely nice ear of a deeply-skilled and fastidious amateur.

In 1770, Dugald Buchanan, schoolmaster in Rannoch, Perthshire, published a volume of Gaelic vocal poetry. The subjects being sacred, chiefly, are well calculated for the purpose intended: they breathe a spirit of piety, in an easy flow of harmonious verse. Most of the pieces are sung to popular melodies well known in the Highlands of Perthshire.

In 1776, Ronald Macdonald published a collection of Gaelic songs, and other lyric specimens of Celtic poetry, together with a few translations.* The late Mr John Clark, and the late Dr Smith of Camelton in Kintyre, published each translations from the Gaelic, of ancient and modern lyric poetry; the former in the year 1778, and the latter in 1780. The *originals* of the latter pieces were published in 1787; Ritson says, "under very suspicious "circumstances."

In 1779, a collection of Jacobite songs was printed, entitled, "The True Loyalist, or Chevalier's Favourite;" and in the same year was published, "St Cecilia, or the "Lady's and Gentleman's Harmonious Companion," &c. edited by Charles Wilson, printer in Edinburgh. This song-book is neatly printed, and now very scarce.

In 1781, the popular old ballad of "The Gaberlunzie "Man" was overwhelmed with notes—not musical, but critical, etymological, and historical—by two celebrated philologists, namely, Callander of Craigforth and Dr Doeg of Stirling. In the same volume is "Christ's Kirk "on the Green," which is also eked out with a similar train of pedantic learning.

In *anno* 1781, Mr John Pinkerton published a volume of "Scotish Tragic Ballads," and a second in 1783.

In 1783, Peter Stewart, schoolmaster at Lochaird, Monteith, Perthshire, published a volume of Gaelic songs, some of which are tolerable.

In the year 1785, Margaret Cameron, residing at Callander, Monteith, Perthshire, published a small volume of Gaelic songs.

In 1784 was published, "A Collection of Highland "Vocal Airs, never hitherto published: to which are "added, a few of the most lively Country Dances or "Reels of the North Highlands and Western Isles, and "some Specimens of Bagpipe Music;" by Patrick M'Donald, minister of Kilmore, Argyleshire. The reverend Editor of this collection still lives; and although greatly advanced in years, yet enjoys good health, retired from official duty. A generation has passed and gone since this work was first put into the hands of the public; consequently its merits have had sufficient time to be fully appreciated.

In the year 1786, was printed and published at Perth, for John Gillies, bookseller, "A Collection of Ancient "and Modern Gaelic Poems and Songs, transmitted from "Gentlemen in the Highlands of Scotland to the Editor."* This collection, with all its inaccuracies, is a valuable acquisition to our scanty fund of Celtic classics. There are many of the pieces of vocal poetry throughout its pages, which are directed to be chanted to certain airs in the collection of Highland music last mentioned. The present Editor is personally acquainted with several of the contributors to the Perth, or Gillies's Collection, as it is called; among whom he is allowed to name Captain Peter Campbell, late of the 42d Regiment, or Royal Highlanders. Another ingenious contributor to this collection was the late Mr Donald Macintosh, the last of the Scotish episcopal clergy who stood staunch till his death to the principles with which he had set out in early life.

In the year 1786, a collection of songs and poems, entitled, "The Poetical Museum," was printed at Hawick by C. Caw, in which appear, for the first time, many of the Border ballads. This publication excited considerable attention, till a more splendid work made its appearance, to be noticed in course.

In A. D. 1786, "Poems, chiefly in the Scotish Dialect, "by Robert Burns," were printed by John Wilson, Kilmarnock, in one volume octavo; in which appeared specimens of those verses (to well-known Scotish melodies), that filled every reader with wonder and admiration. Burns has fixed the standard of song-writing or vocal poetry. His masterly lyrics breathe the tender pathos of Tibullus, the rural sweetness of the Doric Muse, and all the ardour of Pindar and animation of Homer himself. To what purpose would a waste of words be, in a fruitless attempt to dilate on the grasp and versatility of his poetical talent? Volumes have been written; and the subject is still new—it is inexhaustible. The late Mr James Johnson, music engraver, happily for himself and the world, fell in with Burns, about the time that industrious artist commenced his "Scots Musical Museum," a work of no small merit;† and, cordially embracing the spirited speculation, he gave a loose to his Muse, by which Johnson's Museum became the repository of Scotish song, till another more splendid work attracted his attention, which now became divided; till at length he was seduced, and Mr George Thomson finally triumphed, as is sufficiently well known. This gentleman has succeeded to a wish; and long may he enjoy his well-earned reputation, and the fruits of his industry and steady perseverance to please.

After the appearance of Burns' Poems, all the town and country presses teemed with publications of this sort: and since Johnson's "Scots Museum," and Thomson's "Select "Collection of Original Scotish Airs," appeared, many similar publications have issued from the press, both in Scotland and in England. Signiors Corri and Urbani, Messrs Napier and Butler, have each edited and har-

‡ "*Comh-Chruincachadh Orain Ghaidhealach, le* Raonuil Macdhomhnuill, *ann an Eilein Eigg.*"

* "*Sean Dain, agus Orain Ghaidhealach, do reir ordu' Dhaoin Uaisil aroid* "*an Gaeltachd Alba, &c. &c.*

† The late Mr Stephen Clerk, organist, was the person who harmonized the greater number of the melodies adapted to Burns's verses in the Scots Museum. This gentleman was the intimate friend of Burns; consequently he laboured *con amore*. The fact is, they were congenial spirits, and enjoyed the moments sacred to conviviality and the Muses. Clerk was an uncommonly sensible and accomplished man, and certainly the first organist of his day north of the Tweed.

monized select collections of our national airs, with various success; and Mr WILLIAM WHYTE, book and music seller, South St Andrew's Street, Edinburgh, engaged the SHAKESPEARE of music, HAYDN, to harmonize "A Collec- "tion of Scotish Airs," in two volumes folio, to which Mr WALTER SCOTT contributed several animated effusions of his "fertile and mighty genius," as a noble contemporary* dignifies the present writer's principal coadjutor.

Before we close this part of our subject, it will be proper to notice slightly a few more publications of vocal poetry and music peculiar to Scotland and the Isles.

In the year 1789, HECTOR MACNEILL, Esq. published "The Harp, a Legendary Tale." This gentleman is assuredly one of the first classical song-writers of the age. Several of our Scotish clergy have distinguished themselves as song-writers; such as SKINNER, LOGAN, MACDONALD, &c. In mentioning some of our living poets, eminently distinguished as song-writers, it would be unpardonable to omit the names of JOANNA BAILLIE, Mrs HUNTER, Mrs OPIE, Lord BYRON, THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq. and ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. An illustrious and select few, whose names would grace our list, might be added, were the Editor allowed a liberty, which he trusts will not long be withheld.

In 1792, KENNETH MACKENZIE published a volume of Gaelic songs of his own, together with English versions of a few popular Scotish songs.

In 1796, the late RICHARD GALL published the "Tint "Quey," a poem. Few of our Scotish song-writers have given better proofs of a genuine feeling and appropriate expression than this very promising writer, who was cut off in the bloom of youth, while the prospects of life were opening to his view with alluring aspect. The popular song of "My only Jo and Dearie, O," is one of his earliest productions; and had nothing else dropped from his pen, this delightful effusion of his genius would embalm his memory. It was to this young gentleman, by profession a printer, that the present writer was so highly indebted for many hints and notices regarding Scotish poets, which he has acknowledged in his History of Poetry in Scotland, p. 336. As the poetical works of Mr GALL are now in the press, the public will speedily be gratified with a banquet of mental pleasure.

In the year 1798, a volume of Gaelic songs was published at Edinburgh by ALLAN MACDOUGAL, a blind person, then living at Inverlochie, near Fort-William, Lochaber, but now living as Colonel MACDONELL of Glengary's bard, on the banks of the Gary, near the residence of the chief. The contents of this volume are various in point of merit: on the whole, as a *modern* production, it merits approbation. The orthography of this small volume is a model.

"The Forest Minstrel," a selection of songs adapted to the most favourite Scotish airs, few of them ever before published; by JAMES HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd, and others. Edinburgh, printed for the Editor, and sold by Mr ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE, 1810; in which are inserted several songs of great merit.

Very little of any consequence appeared in print of our vocal poetry for some years, till, to the wonder and admiration of every person of feeling and taste, in the year 1802, the two first volumes of "Minstrelsy of the Scotish Border" issued from the Kelso press, so justly celebrated for correctness and typographical beauty. With respect to the merits of the "Minstrelsy of the Scotish Border," (a third volume of which was printed in *anno* 1803), the present Editor must observe becoming silence, for a reason sufficiently obvious to stand in need of explanation.

In the year 1803, "A Complete Theory of the Scots "Highland Bagpipe" was published by the Rev. PATRICK M'DONALD, minister of Kilmore, Argyleshire (the same gentleman who edited the collection of Highland airs mentioned above.) This treatise was composed many years since by the reverend Editor's brother, JOSEPH M'DONALD, who died in India. It would have been for ever lost to the world, but for Sir JOHN MACGREGOR MURRAY, Bart. of Lanrick, to whom it is inscribed.

The mention of this last article naturally suggests a few words to be added concerning the musical instruments that were in use among the ancient and modern Scoto-Gael, and their more immediate neighbours the Scoto-Saxons; but as the preceding portion of this preface has already swelled to an unforeseen bulk, what regards this part of our plan must be as brief as possible, reserving the further consideration of it to a future volume, by which time our scanty materials may accumulate, and be properly digested for convenient discussion and proper arrangement.

A learned friend* has obligingly favoured the Editor with an authority, that the *cruit*, *crooth*, or *crowd*, was the *CROTTA*, or characteristic British musical instrument, at a very early period, as mentioned in the writings of VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, bishop of Poictiers, Poictou, in France, who flourished in the sixth century. It is not unlikely that this species of *crotta* is pretty similar to the one in present use among the Welsh, and which was, within the last hundred years, in use among the inhabitants of North Britain, and may be traced, in all its modifications (such as the *psaltry*, *rebec*, *fiddle*, &c.), to this day. That the *harp*, *clar*, *clarsach*, or *tiomban*,† and Welsh harp or *telyn*, was in common use in the time of the Romans, has already been stated, and authorities cited in support of the fact; and that its voice had not finally ceased till about the year 1739, when MURDOCH MACDONALD,‡ the last of the Hebridean harpers, died, and was buried in a romantic spot in Mull, which the present writer visited in August 1815.

That the *lute* was in pretty early use in Scotland, is recorded by our historians; and our JAMES the First was "richt craftie in playing baith of the *lute* and harp, and "othir instrumentis of musik," such as the harp, psaltry, organ, tympanum, chorus (or double trumpet), tibia, fistula, and tuba; in a word, this magnanimous prince and accomplished individual seems to have been a general musician, as well as a poet of the first eminence, of the age which he adorned.

We have already seen that the *lute* was in general use in this country, at least at court, in the sixteenth century; about the middle of which (1450), "*The Houlate*,"§ an allegorical poem, was written by one HOLLAND, in which are mentioned the *lute*, lilt-pipe, cithil, fift, citholis, trump, atharift, croude, gythornis, monycordis, dulsate, dulsacordis, taburn, tympane, schalim, rote, clarionis, portatibis, bellis, cymbaelonis, psaltry, and organis: the *harp* is omitted. And in VEDDERBURN'S "Complainte of Scotland," the shepherds introduced in this fine allegorical prose-poem are made to perform on different instruments of the rural kind, such as the *drone-bagpipe, a pipe made of ane bleddir and*

* *Vide* Dedication to "The Corsair, a Tale."

* Mr JAMIESON.

† Are we to consider the *harp*, *clar*, *clarsach*, or *tiomban*, one and the same instrument, or rather modifications of the same?

‡ Mrs CHRISTINA MACKENZIE of Derbheg in Mull (the Miss M'LEAN whom JOHNSON and BOSWELL celebrate in their Tours to the Hebrides) has communicated to the Editor a brief but distinct biographical sketch of this harper, which shall have a place in the supplementary volume to this work.

§ See Scottish Poems, edited by PINKERTON, 1792, vol. iii. p. 179.

of ane reid, ane trump, ane corne pipe, ane pipe maid of ane gait horn, ane recorder, ane fiddill, ane quhissil. Now, by this list of musical instruments, we are led to conclude that there was no lack of a sufficient variety, at least, of both stringed and wind instruments, as well as those of percussion.

At what particular time the *various species* of the bagpipe were introduced into the Lowlands, Highlands, Western and Northern Isles, is still a matter of uncertainty. But that that which is now called the "*great Highland bagpipe*" was in general use, both on the Continent and in South Britain, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, the writer of these pages has clearly shewn, and sufficiently proved, in his notes annexed to "The Grampians Desolate, "a Poem," which fell dead from the press many years ago. However, as this subject is reserved for an appropriate place in a future volume of the present work, it is unnecessary to pursue it farther, until it can be done to more advantage.

The next topic in the natural order of the present arrangement, which would fall under discussion, would be, the manner of handling the instruments in former and in present use, together with the vocal performance, accompanied with those artificial aids; as also, the characteristic classification of the melodies and vocal poetry correspondent with the events and local circumstances coincident and necessarily connected with each class, order, species, and variety;—but this also must be deferred till a future opportunity. And what must not be overlooked, is, the influence and effect of national music, song, and dance, upon the moral action and manners of a people, more particularly the inhabitants of North Britain. The consideration of this very essential topic, so intimately connected with the present inquiry, must likewise be deferred till a more favourable opportunity presents.

But in bringing this dry discussion to a close, let the Writer of these pages be allowed to state briefly how the present undertaking originated, and came to claim that notice which now it happily has acquired from the first personages of the United Kingdom.

So far back as the year 1790, while as yet the Editor of Albyn's Anthology was an organist to one of the Scotish Episcopal chapels in Edinburgh, he projected the present work. Finding but small encouragement at that period, and his attention being directed to other pursuits of quite a different nature, the plan dropped; till very recently, an accidental turn of conversation at a gentleman's table, whom to name is to honour,* the Honourable Fletcher Norton, gave a spur to the speculation now in its career. He, with that warmth of benevolence peculiarly his own, offered his influence with the Royal Highland Society of Scotland, of which he is a member of long standing; and, in conformity to the zeal he has uniformly manifested for every thing connected with the distinction and prosperity of our ancient realm, on the Editor's giving him a rough outline of the present undertaking, the Honourable Baron put it into the hands of Henry Mackenzie, Esq. of the Exchequer, whose influence in the Society is deservedly great. And immediately on Mr Mackenzie laying it before a select Committee for Music, John H. Forbes, Esq. advocate, as convener of the Committee, convened it; and the result was a recommendation to the Society at large, who embraced the project cordially, voted a sum to enable the Editor to pursue his plan; and forthwith he set out on a tour through the Highlands and Western Islands:—having performed a journey (in pursuit of materials for the present work) of between eleven and twelve hundred miles, in which he collected one hundred and ninety-one specimens of melodies and Gaelic vocal poetry, he returned to Edinburgh, and laid the fruits of his gleanings before the Society, who were pleased to honour with their approbation his success, in attempting to collect and preserve the perishing remains of what is so closely interwoven with the history and literature of Scotland.

In the course of the Editor's labours in arranging materials for publication, Mr Walter Scott, whom the Editor may emphatically call *Friend*, generously offered his assistance in the progress and execution of the present extensive plan, or great National Repository of Original Music and Vocal Poetry. Through Mr Scott's means, the Prince Regent was applied to, for permission to inscribe this collection to his Royal Highness, who was graciously pleased to signify his sanction to a gentleman high in office, who gladly communicated the same; consequently this National Work comes forth under the patronage of one who is well able to appreciate its merits, and award accordingly.

To the Royal Highland Society of London the Editor is under peculiar obligations; and in a more especial manner to one of its office-bearers, namely, Colonel David Stewart of Garth; and likewise to Colonel Macdonell of Glengary, for having, in the handsomest manner, without solicitation, called the attention of the Society to the work in question.

In summing up his heavy account of obligations, let the Editor offer his most hearty thanks for the zeal displayed by Sir John Sinclair, Sir John Macgregor Murray, Ranald Macdonald, Esq. of Staffa, and his depute, Mr Lewis Gordon, secretary to the Highland Society; hopeful that, in some measure, the Editor has justified their laudable exertions in his behalf, and that of the prosperity of this work,—a portion of which is now committed to its fate.

ALEX. CAMPBELL.

General Register House,
20th June 1816.

* As all Scotland can witness, during the last forty years of his life he hath adjourned here, as one of the Judges of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer.

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The Auburn-hair'd bonny Dey.

Not very Slow.

A bhanar_ach dhonn a chruidh, chaoin a chruidh, dhonn a chruidh; Cail_lin deas

The auburn-hair'd bon_ny Dey, mild as e'er milk_ed Kye, Sprightly and

donn a chruidh, Cuachag an fhàsaich. A bhan_ar_ach mhiogach'se do ghaol thug fo

winsome ay, sweetest and rarest, So charming, so art_less, She first won my

chìs-mi, smath thig lamhainnean sìod air do mhin bhosaibh bà_na. A bhan_ar_ach

heart from me; O may she kindest be, as she is fairest! And lo'es me my

dhonn a chruidh, chaoin a chruidh, dhonn a chruidh, Cail_in deas donn a chruidh, Cuachag an fhàsaich.

bonny Dey, mild as e'er milked Kye, Sprightly and winsome ay, sweetest and rarest!

THE AUBURN-HAIR'D BONNY DEY.

IMITATION OF THE ORIGINAL GAELIC SONG,

"A Bhanarach dhonn a Chruidh."

By Mr JAMIESON.

The auburn-hair'd bonny dey,[1]
Mild as e'er milked kye,
Sprightly and winsome ay,
Sweetest and rarest!
So charming, so artless, she
First won my heart from me;—
O may she kindest be,
As she is fairest!
And lo'es me my bonny dey, &c.

Her song, at the loaning[2] gay,
Mavis[3] on blooming spray,
Singing at break of day,
Ne'er could come near it:
To list the sweet lay of love,
Silence would lull the grove;—
What yearnings my heart did prove,
Ravish'd to hear it!
And lo'es me my bonny dey, &c.

Then softly the melting strain,
Thrilling thro' ev'ry vein,
My soul echoed back again,
Panting with pleasure;
While danc'd ev'ry heart to hear
Her lively carol clear;—
Ne'er so could viol cheer,
Gay tho' its measure.
And lo'es me my bonny dey, &c.

What time the far ousel's song,
Rocks and cascades among,
Wood-echoes soft prolong,
Down the glen ringing:
How clear swell her notes at e'en,
Dowff[4]-murm'ring falls between,
O'er humming leglin[5] clean,
Milking and singing!
And lo'es me my bonny dey, &c.

Her teeth white, in order fair,
Lips red as roses are;
Blythe her blinks, every care
Gently beguiling:
Sweet dew-drops in morn of May,
Trembling in every ray,
Still changing, ever gay,
Is my love's smiling.
And lo'es me my bonny dey, &c.

How graceful her tresses flow
Round her smooth neck of snow,
And her cheeks' rosy glow,
In the shiel[6] churning;
While amber beads, sparkling bright,
Mingle their varied light,
Ever new to the sight,
Twinkling and turning.
And lo'es me my bonny dey, &c.

Ay sain'd[7] is her soothing hand,
Touch look and voice so bland,
Kye, looking backward, stand
Crooning[8] with pleasure:
And ne'er do they kick the pail;
Ne'er does her churning fail;
Cantrip arts ne'er assail
Her yellow treasure.
And lo'es me my bonny dey, &c.

O soon may my bonny dey,
Mild as e'er milked kye,
Sprightly and winsome ay,
Sweetest and rarest!
All leal as she's lovely, be
Bless'd as she blesses me,
Heart and hand yielding free,
Happiest as fairest!
And lo'es me my bonny dey, &c.

1. Dey, *dairymaid*, in Scotland, and in Gloucestershire and other parts of England.
2. Loaning, *lawn* where the cows are milked.
3. Mavis, *thrush*.
4. Dowf, *hollow*.
5. Leglin, *milking pail*.
6. Shiel, *summer dairy* for the distant pastures.
7. Sained, *blessed*; as if *signed* with the *sign of the cross*.
8. Crooning, making a low murmuring inward noise.

A Bhanarach dhonn a Chruidh, le Alastiair Mac Dhomnuill.

A Bhanarach dhonn a chruidh,
Chaoin a chruidh, dhonn a chruidh,
Cailin deas donn a chruidh,
Cuachag an fhàsaich.

A Bhanarach mhìogach
'S e do ghaol thug fo chìs mi,
'S math thig lamhainean sìod'
Air do mhìn-bhosaibh bàna.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S mòr bu bhinne bhi t-èisteachd
An àm bhi bleothann na spreidhe,
N'an smeòrach sa Cheitein
Am bàr géig ann am fàs-choill.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'N uair a sheinne tu coilleag
A leigeil mairt ann an coillidh,
Dh' èulaidh eunlaith gach doire,
Dh' eisteachd coireall do mhànrain.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S ga b' fhònnar an fhiudhall,
'S a teudan an rithidh,
'S e bheireadh danns air gach crìdhe
Ceòl nighinn na h-àiridh.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Ceòl farusda fior-hhinn,
Fònnar, farumach, dìonach,
A sheinn an Cailin donn mìogach
A bheireadh bìogadh air m' àirnibh.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Gum bu mhòthar mo bheadradh
Teachd do'n bhuaillidh mu'n ead-thrà,
Seadhach seang-chorpach beitir,
'S buarach greasad an àilaic'.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S ciatach nuallan na gruagraich
A' bleothann cruidh ghuaillinn,
A' stealladh bainn ànn an cuachaig,
'S bothar fhuaim aig a clàraibh.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Da mhaoth-bhois bu ghrinne
Fo 'n da ghairdein bu ghile,
'N uair a shìnnt iad gu sgileil
Gu sinean cruidh fhàsgadh.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Glac gheal a b' àird gleodhar,
A' stealladh bainn' an cuaich bhleothainn,
A' seinn luinneagan seadhach,
Na suidh an gothal na blàraig.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Do chùl amlagach teudach,
Buchlach feoirneanach ceùtach,
De chnothaibh na geige,
Cheapadh gleiteach a làn diubh.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Chuireadh moill air do leirsinn,
Ann am maduinn chiùin chéitein,
Na gathanna greine
Thig o t-theud-chùl cas, fainneach.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Bheireadh dùlan na greine
A' dearsa moch air fhoir t-eudainn,
'S gum b' ait leom ra leirsinn
Baoisgeadh éibhinn cùl Màri.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S taitneach siubhal a cuailein
Ga chrathadh mu clasaibh,
A' toirt muigh air seit luachraich
An tigh buailidh, 'n gleann fàsaich.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Do mhuineal geal boidheach
Mu'n iathadh an t-òmar,
'Sa dhath fein air gach scorsa,
Chite dòrta tre d' bhràghad.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'N uair thogadh i bhuarach,
Cuach, a's currasan na buaile,
B' ao-coltach do ghluasad
Ri guanag no sràide.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Do chalpannan meaminach,
Mar phìleirin marabuill,
Co ghile ri caineichean,
Chinneadh fana-gheal 's na blàraibh.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Tha deirg agus gile,
Gleachd an gruiadhibh na fine,
Beul nìn mar an t-shirist,
O'm milis thig fàilte.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Mar phàirc thaitnich de'n ibhri
Tha deudach na ribhinn,
Gur i 'n donn-gheal-ghlan smìdeach,
Is ro mhìg-shuilich fàilte.

A Bhanarach dhonn a chruidh,
Chaoin a chruidh, dhonn a chruidh,
Cailin deas donn a chruidh,
Cuachag an fhàsaich.

BLYTHESOME MAY I SEE THEE.

WRITTEN BY THE EDITOR.

AIR—"*Gu ma slan a chi mi.*"

I.

BLYTHESOME may I see thee, and mild as placid May,
And fresh as dew-fraught roses, full-blown, at break of day;
And when thou strayest gaily o'er meads and hillocks green,
May love and joy attend thee, O fairest rural queen!

II.

When first I saw thee, lovely as lily of the vale,
And heard thy mellow warblings commingling with the gale,
I thought of seraphs hymning, in bowers of bliss above,
Their hallow'd strains harmonious of purest heavenly love.

III.

'Twas then I first felt rapture, true love, and chaste desire,
Those tenderest sensations that wishes pure inspire:
'Twas then I fondly fancied, that such a form divine
Would yield all earthly joyance, were such an angel mine.

IV.

Full blythe then may I see thee, for ay, my winsome maid,
In every grace and virtue, thy mind and frame array'd;
Thy guileless spirit playful, as innocently gay,
Be sprightly as the spring-time, and blooming fair as May.

Oran Gaoil.

SEISD.

Gu ma slan a chi mi,
Mo chaïlin dileas donn,
Air àn d' fhàs an cuailein reidh,
S air an dcise dh' eireadh fonn;
'S e cainnt do bheoil bu bhinn leam,
'Nuair bhiodh m' inntinn trom;
'S tu thogadh suas mo chridh,
'Nuair bhiodh tu bruidhinn rium.

I.

Gur muladach a ta mi,
'S mi nochd air aird a chuain;
'S neo shunndach mo chadal domh,
'S mo chaidreadh fada uam;
'S tric mi ort a smaointeach',
As t-aogmhuis tha mi truagh;
'S mur a dean mi t-fhaotainn,
Cha bhi mo shaoghal buan.
Gu ma slan, &c.

II.

Suil chorrach mar an dearcag,
Fo rosg a dh' iadhas dluth;
Gruaidh dhearg mar an caorann,
Fo 'n aodann tha leam ciùin;
Mur d' aithris iad na breugan,
Gu 'n d' thug mi fhein duit rùn;
'S gur bliadhna leam gach la,
O 'n uair a dh' fhag me thu.
Gu ma slan, &c.

III.

Theireadh iad mu 'n d' fhalbh mi uait,
Gu 'm bu shearbh leam dhol ad chòir;
Gu 'n do chuir mi mo chùl riut,
'S gu 'n do dhiult mi dhuit mo phòg;
Na cuireadh sud bonn curam ort,
Tha 'n ùine gearr na leoir;
Tha t-anail leam cho chùraidh,
'S tha 'n driùc air bhar an fheoir.
Gu ma slan, &c.

IV.

Tacan mu 'n do sheol sinn,
'S ann a thoisich càch;
Ag innse do mo chruinneag-sa,
Nach tillinn-sa gu bràth;
No cuireadh sin ort gruaman;
A luaidh ma bhios mi slan,
Cha chum dad idir 'uait mi,
Ach saighead chruaidh a bhais.
Gu ma slan, &c.

V.

Tha Caimbeuleich mar chairdeas.
Ga ardachadh le strith;
'S gu bheil cuid diubh 'g radhain,
Gur tàire mi na i;
Ach mur biodh i deonach,
Cha phosamaid a choidhch;
'S e' ar son a chaill i a fradharc,
'Nuair ghabh i a raoghainn mi.
Gun ma slan, &c.

VI.

Ach tha snaoim a nis ceangailte,
Gu daingeann a's gu teann;
'S their luchd na fanoid rium,
Nach eil mo phrobhaid ann;
Am fear air bheil fortan,
Tha crois a tigh'n na cheann,
'S tha mise teingeil toilichte,
Ged tha mo sporan gann.
Gu ma slam, &c.

TRANSLATION BY THE EDITOR.

MAY I see thee in blooming health, my faithful Brunette of the flowing tresses and joy-inspiring voice. The words of thy mouth are to me melodious: when my spirit is depressed, how thy soothing conversation lifts up my heart!

I.

It is night, and mournful I muse on the bosom of the ocean: my slumber is but restless. My dear one is far distant from me; but thou art ever present in my reveries. Without thee I am wretched: unless thou art mine, the pleasures of existence are unavailing.

II.

Thine eye is like the bilberry, moving in a fine-formed expressive eye-lid: thy cheek is ruddy as the clustered fruit of the mountain ash: thy countenance is to me meek as it is beautiful. If they [tatlers] tell not untruth, it was I myself who rivetted thee with unalterable affection. Every day seems a year since my departure from thee.

III.

Before my departure, they would say that my visits to thee were become bitter and grievous—that I turned my back on thee—and that I no longer bestowed my caresses on thee. But let not such tattle give thee uneasiness; time is hastening onward; and thy breath is to me as the dew is to the pasture.

IV.

A while before I sailed, they began to tell thee that I would never return. But be not cast down, my love: if I remain in perfect health, nothing shall keep me from thee but the keen arrow of death.

V.

The CAMPBELLS, as in friendship, exalt themselves in contention: some among them say that I am her inferior in birth. But if she is unwilling, our union can never take place. Oh! why was she so blindfold, when her choice fell on me!

VI.

But now the knot is tied strongly. The scorners will still say that my welfare is not in the tie; and that he who is lucky, misfortune is hastening to overtake him. But I am contented, although my purse is but rather ill supplied.

Blythsome may I see thee.

Gay but not Quick.

Gu ma slàn a chì mi mo Chail_in di_leas donn,

Blythsome may I see thee, and mild as morn of MAY; And

Air an d'fhàs an cuailein rèidh 'sair deise dh'eiradh fonn; 'Se cainnt do bheoil bu

blooming fresh as ro_ses full_blown at break of day; And when thou strayest

bhinn leam nuair bhisdh mo inn tinn trom; 'stu thogadh suas mo

gai_ly o'er meads and hil_locks green, May love and joy at_

chridh; nuair bhiodh tu brui_dhinn rium

_tend thee, O fair_est ru_ral Queen!

I still may boast my will is Free.

Gay but not Quick.

O Sor-aidh slan do'n Ail-leag--an bha'n so mu'n trà's an dè', gun

I still may boast my will is free, My heart is still my own, No

lot i mu na h-airnibh me, 'S mi crait eal-ach a dh'dheidh; ma's

Swain of what-so-e'er de-gree, Shall move me with his moan: But

teach-dair tha ón bhàs thu, 'snach slànuich mi gun lèigh; Gun

sighs, 'tis said, will soften rocks, breath'd warmly from the heart; But

tu----gas gaol o'm chridhe do, dh'oig nigh-ean nan rosg rèidh

mine, love-proof, at sigh-ing mocks; I smile at Cu--pid's dart.

WRITTEN BY THE EDITOR.

AIR—"*An t-Ailleagan.*"

" I STILL may boast my will is free,
My heart is yet my own;
No swain, of whatsoe'er degree,
Shall move me with his moan:
But sighs, 'tis said, will soften rocks,
Breath'd warmly from the heart;
But mine, love-proof, at sighing mocks;
I smile at love's keen dart."

So Frances said—but in her eye
A tear-drop, full and bright,
Gave to her fault'ring tongue the lie,
And vanish'd out of sight.
So virgin modesty conceals
That heart-consuming glow,
Which oft a casual blush reveals,
Or sighs unconscious shew.

An t-Ailleagan.

I.

O SORUIDH slan do 'n Ailleagan
Bha 'n so mu 'n tràth-sa an de,
Gu 'n lot i mu na h-airnibh mi
'S mi craitealach a d' dheidh;
Ma 's teachdair tha o'n bhas thu
'S nach slànuich mi gun leigh,
Gu 'n tugas gaol o 'm chridhe
Do dh' oig nighean nan rosg rèidh.

II.

Dh' fhalbh thu 'n de mu 'n tràth-sa uain
'S tha mi fo chradh 's fo leon;
'S e 'n gaol a thug mi 'n ciad la dhuit
A dhruigh air m' fhuil 's air m' fheoil:
Ach chi mi 'n diu' cha d' thainig thu,
'S air 'n aile cha b' i choir;
Tha m' osna trom an uaigneas,
Ag smuain air bean do neoil.

III.

O tha mo smuaintean cairiseach
O dhealuich sinn Dia-luan,
Gheug ur na 'n glaca min-bhasach,
A leannain chaoimh gun ghruaim:
Ma tha buaidh mu 'n t-sugradh ort,
'S nach lub thu le meud stuaim,
Do ghaol a leasaich m' iomagain
'S a chuir an giorrad m' uair.

IV.

'S e chuir an uair an taiche rium
Gu 'n ghlac thu 'n cleachdadh ur,
Gu 'n d' rinn thu 'n guiomh nach b' abhaist duit,
Mo ghradhsa chuir air chùl:
Cha d' aithnich mi riamh failing ort
O chairich mi ort iul,
Gu h-uasal, bannail, baruigeach,
Min tairis, cairdeil, ciuin.

V.

'S min, tairis, ciuin a labhraidh tu,
Gheug ur nach gann mu 'd cheill;
Air Mach-thir no air Gaidhealtachd
'S tearc samhla bean do bhèus:
Cha 'n iongnadh cliu bhi fuaighte riut,
'S gun d' fhuaras thu gun bheud
Do shiol na fala connspuilluich
L' suaimhneas ceann an fheidh.

VI.

S' min, soitheamh, seamhuidh, suaimhneasach
An ribhinn uasal og;
Gur lionar cis a bhuainaichd thu
Nach d' fhuaras riamh cho mor,
Do dha ghruaidh dhearg co taitneach,
Do shlios mar shneachd an loin,
Do shuilibh mealla, miogach
Mar ghrian air tionntadh neoil.

TRANSLATION BY THE EDITOR.

I.

Joy and health to the jewel that was here this time yesterday! She wounded me severely, since which I am inwardly tormented. If thou art not the messenger of death, I am, without a physician, incurable. I gave the affection of my heart to the young maid of the lovely eye-lids.

II.

Thou didst leave us about this time yesterday. I suffer pain and excessive anguish, being wounded. And the passion which I felt the first day for thee, hath pervaded my whole frame.* But I see that to-day thou dost not come: in truth this is not well: my sighs are heavy in secret, thinking on one of thy loveliness.

III.

My thoughts are wandering ever since on Monday we parted. Beautiful Scion of the soft palms and smooth arms! Kind sweetheart without a frown! Admirable even in mirth, thy great modesty will not suffer thee to stoop to any thing the least unbecoming. My love for thee increases my anguish, and abridges my being.

IV.

I suffered unpleasant feelings for a time, when thou didst seem, contrary to thy wonted manner, to do an action unworthy of thyself—that of slighting my affection; for since our first acquaintance I did not discover any such imperfection in thy nature, so gentle, feminine, matchless, faithful, friendly, and meek.

V.

Thou speakest with becoming mildness, meekness, and kindness! Thou beautiful branch! How seldom is seen thy like in moral virtue and courteous demeanour, either in the Lowlands or in the Highlands. There is not every where to be found such high fame as thou derivest from that noble Clan,† whose armorial ensign is the head of the deer.

VI.

Soft, placid, modest, composed, is the gentle, beautiful, young maid. Ample is the tribute which was gainful with thee—so liberal a one was never obtained before. Thy cheeks are becomingly red—thy skin is white as snow.‡ Thine eye is bewitching, and bright as the sun-beam on the clouds.‖

* Literally, blood and flesh.

† The Clan-Coinneach, Mackenneth, or Mackenzie.

‡ Literally, the snow of the *loin*, i. e. barn-yard.

‖ Air tionntadh neoil, or the back of clouds.

WHY SHOULD I SIT AND SIGH?

WRITTEN BY MR HOGG.

AIR—"*Cnochd a Bheannichd.*"

I.

Why should I sit and sigh,
When the greenwood blooms sae bonny?
Lavrocks sing, flow'rets spring,
A' but me are cheery.
Ochon, o ri! there's something wanting;
Ochon, o ri! I'm weary;
Nae young, blythe, and bonny lad,
Comes o'er the knowe to cheer me.
Ochon, o ri! there's something wanting, &c.

II.

When the day wears away,
Sair I look adown the valley,
Ilka sound, wi' a stound,
Sets my heart a thrilling:
When I see the plover rising,
Or the curlew wheeling,
Then I trow some bonny lad
Is coming to my sheeling.
Ochon, o ri! there's something wanting, &c.

III.

Come away, come away,
Herd, or hind, or boatman laddie;
I hae cow, kid, and ewe,
Gowd and gear to gain thee.
My wee cot is bless'd and happy;
O 'tis neat and cleanly!
Sweet the brier that blooms beside it,
Kind the heart that's lanely.
Ochon, o ri! there's something wanting, &c.

Cnochd a Bheannichd.

Tha mi sgì, 'smi leam fhein, thuile lath a'n chochd a bheannichd;
Tha mi sgì, 'smi leam fhein, thuile lath a' m' aonar.
Thuile lath an cnochd a bheannichd, thuile lath a' m' aonar;
Thuile lath an cnochd a bheannichd; sni fhir tien 'am fherich!
Cuil an tomain, beul an tomain, cuil an tomain bhoidheach;
Cuil an tomain, beul an tomain, thuile lath a m' aonar!

* The remaining verses of this song have not come to the Editor's hand—in truth, MR HOGG has caught the general spirit of the piece, and highly improved the subject.

Why should I sit and Sigh.

Moderately Slow, with Expression

Tha mi sgì smi leom fhein thuile lath' a'n cnochd a bheannichd; Tha mi sgì smi leom fhein

Why should I sit and sigh, when the green-wood blooms sae bonny Lav'rocks sing, flow'rets spring

thuile lath' a' m'aonar; Thuile la-tha'n-cnochd a bheannich'd, thuile latha' m'aonar; Thuile

a' but me are cheery; Och-on a ri! there's some-thing wanting! och-on-ri! I'm weary! Nae young,

lath' a' nenoch a bheannichd 'sni fhir gun ti'enn gam fheoraich; Cuil an tomain beul an tomain,

blythe, an' bon-ny lad, comes o'er the knowe to cheer me. Och-on-ri! here's some thing wanting,

cuil an tomain bhoidheach cuil an tom-ain beul an tom-ain thuile lath--a m'aon--ar

Och-on-ri! I'm weary, Nae young, blythe, an' bon-ny lad, comes o'er the knowe to cheer me.

Bonny Tweed Side.

Lively but not too Quick

Come il_ka Lad, and love_ly Maid, Come il_ka kind_ly

Lov_er; We'll a' down to bon_ny TWEED-SIDE, And see my Love come o_ver.

We'll down the hill, We'll down the dale; We'll nouther halt, Nor ho_ _ver; We'll

a'_way down to ASH_IE_STEEL, And see my love come o_ _ver.

WRITTEN BY MR HOGG.

AIR—"*Gowd in Goupins.*"

I.

COME ilka lad and lovely maid,
Come ilka kindly lover;
We'll a' down to bonny Tweedside,
And see my love come over.
We'll down the hill, we'll down the dale,
We'll nowther halt nor hover;
We'll a' down by Ashiesteel,
And see my love come over.

II.

O boatman, boatman, list to me,
And get your coble ready,
That I may cross at Fairnilee,
To meet my bonny lady.
O lang I'll bless the happy day,
And lang the night I'll hallow,
When I came down the bracken brae,
To meet the flower o' Gala.

III.

We'll a' down by bonny Tweedside,
When wakes the morning early,
E'er the purple hue and bonny blue
Spread o'er the welkin fairly:
At nowther Peel nor Ashiesteel,
Nor at the Yair we'll tarry;
We'll a' down to Fairnilee,
And meet my bonny Mary.

IV.

Young Clovenford and Hollylee
Baith woo'd her for their marrow,
But yet my Mary gangs wi' me
Out o'er the hills to Yarrow:
Whate'er betide my lovely bride,
I ne'er can cease to love her;
Then, hey! a' down to bonny Tweedside,
And see my love come over.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

WRITTEN BY WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

AIR—"*A Border Melody.*"

I.

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed you to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride:
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen—"
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock of Hazeldean.

II.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen—"
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock of Hazeldean.

III.

"O' chain o' gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost of them a',
Shall ride our forest queen—"
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock of Hazeldean.

IV.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her both by bower and ha',
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the border, and awa
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

Jock o' Hazeldean, a Border Ballad.

Rather Slow & with Expression.

"Why weep ye by the tyde Lady, why weep ye by the tyde? I'll wed ye to my youngest Son, and ye sall be his bryde; And ye sall be his bryde Lady, sae comely to be seen?' But aye She loot the tears down fa' for JOCK O' HA_ZEL_DEAN.

Nora's Vow

Soft Slow and Pathetic

Hi lu il in u ho ro; hi lu il in

Hear what Highland NORA said; "The Erlies son I'll

u ho ro; hi lu il in u ho ro, hil in o hug o ro i.

never wed, Should all the race of nature die, And none remain but he and I:

Cha-téid mis a chaoidh gam dheoin do mhac og an Jar-la ruaidh;

For all the gold and all the gear, For all the lands both far and near, That

gus a' cuir a' beinn'ud shios cul ris a bheinn'ud shuas.

ever val-our lost or won, I would not wed the Erlies Son".

Pia: Cres:

ff

Dim: p Cres:

p lentando *Dim:*

WRITTEN BY WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

AIR—"*Cha teid mis a chaoidh.*"

I.

HEAR what Highland Nora said,
"The Erlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
For all the lands, both far and near,
That ever valour lost or won,
I would not wed the Erlie's son."

II.

"A maiden's vows," old Callum spoke,
"Are lightly made, and lightly broke;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae;
Yet, Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blythely wed the Erlie's son."

III.

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn;
Ben-Cruaihan fall, and crush Kilchurn;
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Erlie's son."

IV.

Still in the water-lilies shade,
Her wonted nest the wild swan made;
Ben-Cruaihan stands as fast as ever;
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel;
But Nora's heart is lost and won,
She's wedded to the Erlie's son.

Oran Gaoil.

Hilu ilin u ho ro, hilu ilin u ho ro,
Hilu ilin u ho ro, hilin o hug o ro i.

I.

Cha teid mis a chaoidh gam dheoin
Do mhac òg an Iarla' ruaidh;
Gus a' cuir a' beinn 'ud shios
Cùl ris a' bheinn 'ud shuas.
Hilu ilin u ho ro, &c.

II.

Cha teid mis a chaoidh gam dheoin
Do mhac òg an Iarla ruaidh,
Gus a dean an Ella' bhàn
Nead ga ard air bhar a'stuadh.
Hilu ilin u ho ro, &c.

III.

Cha teid mis a chaoidh gam dheoin
Do mhac òg an Iarla ruaidh,
Gus a cuir am bradan-breachd
Tri chuir ghrad le crò na' uain.
Hilu ilin u ho ro, &c.

TRANSLATION.

Hilu ilin u ho ro, hilu ilin u ho ro,
Hilu ilin u ho ro, hilin o hug o ro i.

I.

I SHALL not willingly go to the Earl's young son, till yonder nether mountain turns its back to the upper one.
Hilu ilin u ho ro, &c.

II.

I shall not willingly go to the Earl's young son, till the swan build her nest on the cliffy rock.
Hilu ilin u ho ro, &c.

III.

I shall not willingly go to the Earl's young son, till the salmon-trout make three leaps in the lamb-fold.
Hilu ilin u ho ro, &c.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.*

AIR—"*Cadil gu lo.*"

I.

O HUSH thee, my baby, thy sire was a knight;
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadil gu lo,
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

II.

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the wardens that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman drew near to thy bed.
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

III.

O hush thee, my baby, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

* The first and last stanzas of this song have been set to music by MR WHITAKER, and introduced in MR TERRY's popular Drama of GUY MANNERING.

Oran Gaoil.

O ho ro, i ri ri, cadil gu lò,
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadil gu là.

I.

'Sè m' fhèadail an Cùirt-fhear dheanadh mir' agus sùgradh;
'Sè m' fhèadail an Cùirt-fhear gun dùrichinn pog.
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

II.

'Se m' fhèadail am Fleasgach ghabh air failbh air an fheasgar,
O tha mi fuidh bhreislich, ma sheasas an ceò!
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

III.

Dol a null air an fhaoghailt gun deaninn mo raoghinn,
Bhiodh cach air do dheagh aidh 'smo raoghinn air tos.
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

TRANSLATION.

O ho ro, i ri ri, sleep on till day.
O ho ro, i ri ri, sleep on till day.

I.

MY beloved is the wooer that excites joy and gaiety: my love is the wooer to whom I would grant a kiss.
O ho ro, i ri ri, sleep on till day.
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

II.

My beloved is the youth who went away in the evening: oh! I shall be raving should the mist continue.
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

III.

In passing the march-bourn, I would make my choice: my choice would be foremost, and the rest would follow thee.
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

Lullaby of an Infant Chief.

Soothing

O ho ro i ri ri cai---dil, gu

O hush thee my ba-by, thy Sire was a

lo, O, o ho ro i ri ri, cai-dil gu lo, Se m'fheadail an G'uirt-ear dhean'

knight; Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright. The woods and the glens from the

mire ag--us Sugradh; mo ghaoil do an Chuirtear gun duraigin pog. O ho ro

tower which we see, They all are be-longing dear ba-by to thee: O ho ro

i ri ri caidil gu lo O, o ho ro i ri ri caidil gu lo.

i ri ri caidil gu lo, O, o ho ro i ri ri caidil gu lo.

p *pp*

Like Lightning Gleams.

Slow with Expression

Hei an Clò dubh, hò an Clò dubh, hei an Clò dubh, b'fhear am Breacan,

Like light_ning gleams a_long the Sky the sun shine of our tardy Summer, long

Hei an Clò dubh, hò an Clò dubh, hei an Clò dubh, b' fhear am Breach_an.

howls the win_ter wind on high, that ev___er was so fast a Com___er.

b' fhear leam Breac___an gallach, mu' m ghuaillibh 'sa chuir fa m'achlais, na

Calm days glide like the wave-lets kist by sun-beams glancing in the fountain; the

ged do gheibhinn Co___ta don Chlò 'sfhear a thig a Sas-gunn.

ev_il days creep on like mist, that hea_vi_ly rolls round the mountain.

Pia: *pp*

WRITTEN BY JAMES DOUGLAS, Esq.

AIR—"*Hei an clo dubh, ho an clo dubh.*"*

I.

LIKE lightning gleams along the sky,
The sunshine of our tardy summer;
Long howls the winter wind on high,
That ever was so fast a comer.

II.

Calm days glide like the wavelets, kist
By sunbeams, glancing in the fountain;
The evil days creep on like mist
That heavily rolls round the mountain.

III.

Whate'er the moralist may say,
Unequally reign joy and sorrow,
Since grief must ever mourn to-day,
While hope expectant joys to-morrow.

IV.

When Jove Time's hour-glass did ordain,
The destined days of man to measure,
Commingled with dark sands of pain,
Were joined few sparkles bright of pleasure.

Oran do an gairir, am Breacan Uallach.

LE ALASDAIR MACDHONUILL, MAC MHIC ALASDAIR.

Hei an clo dubh, ho an clo dubh,
Hei an clo dubh, b'fhear am Breacan.
Hei an clo dubh, ho an clo dubh,
Hei an clo dubh, b'fhear am Breacan.

B' Fhear leom breacan uallach.
Mu 'm ghuaillibh, 'sga chuir fo m' achlais,
Na ge d' fhaighinn còta,
Do'n chlò is fhear a thig a Sasgunn.
Hei an clo dubh, &c.

Fior chulaidh an t-saoid'fhear,
Sneo-ghlaoicail ri uchd na caismeachd;
Sciatoch 's an adbhans u,
Fu shantraich na 'm piob s' nam brattach
Hei an clo dubh, &c.

Bu mhaith gu sealg an fheigh thu,
'Nam eridh do'n ghrèin air chreachuinn,
'S dh'fhalbhainn leat gu loghmhor,
Didòmhnuich a dol don chlachan.
Hei an clo dubh, &c.

Ged spíon sibh an crith asainn,
'Sar brollaichion sios a shracadh,
Cha toir sibh asainn TEARLACH,
Gu brath gus an d'theid ar tacadh.
Hei an clo dubh, &c.

Mo chion an t-og fearragha,
Thar fairge a chaidh uainn air astar;
Dùrachd blà do dhùcha,
'S an ùrnuigh gu 'n lean do phearsa.
Hei an clo dubh, &c.

'S ged a fhuair sibh lamh-an-uachdar,
Aon uair oirne le scorsa tappaig,
An donas blar ri bheothsan,
Ni am feoladair tuille tappa.
Hei an clo dubh, &c.

IMITATION BY THE EDITOR.

Hei the home-made sable wool cloth!
Hei the home-made Highland plaiden!
SASSANACHS may boast their broad cloth,
While we brook our Highland plaiden.

The Highland plaid so noble,
On shoulder, or under arm put,
Well becomes the hero
In peace or in heat of battle.
Hei the home-made sable wool cloth!
Hei the home-made Highland plaiden, &c.

In belted plaid I've bounded,
Like roe-buck o'er the heath-clad mountain;
In my midnight slumbers,
I've charg'd in my tartan plaiden.
Hei the home-made sable wool cloth!
Hei the home-made Highland plaiden, &c.

My sword for ROYAL CHARLIE,
I drew 'gainst the red-coat rebels;
With gun, dag, dirk, and target,
I fought for my exiled monarch.
Hei the home-made sable wool cloth!
Hei the home-made Highland plaiden, &c.

Ye fiends! rip up our bosoms,
And thence tear our loyal heart-strings;
Search you can't the spirit,
And thence wrench our darling CHARLIE!
Hei the home-made sable wool cloth!
Hei the home-made Highland plaiden, &c.

The joyous days are coming,
When, smiling shall peace and plenty
Welcome back poor CHARLIE:
The clans then shall wear the tartan.

Hei the home-made sable wool cloth!
Hei the home-made Highland plaiden!
Sassanachs may boast their broad cloth,
While we brook the Highland plaiden.

* Communicated by Colonel DAVID STEWART of Garth; the Melody being transmitted to him by the Rev. MR STEWART of Kirkmichael, and the verses transmitted by the Rev. MR MACDONALD of Fortingal: the six stanzas inserted above are selected from many more of pretty nearly the same import, and may serve as a specimen of that spirit which pervaded the Highlands and western Isles, till the mind of a CHATHAM penetrated the Grampians, and by loving kindness, led forth the Clans to the utmost borders of the British Empire, to defend, to conquer, or die.

A YEAR O'ER YOUNG.

WRITTEN BY MR HOGG.

AIR—*A Border Melody.*

I.

O WHY comes my love nae langer to woo me?
  Why come nae mair by the light o' the moon?*
Sair is my heart that lad should undo me;
  Sair is my heart that I love sae soon.

II.

Sweet is the birk that grows by the river,
  Sweet was the blackbird's sang yestreen:
The gowden broom it is bonny as ever;
  Meet me again at the broom at e'en.

III.

Ye'll maybe sing as ye sang afore, love;
  O sae mournfully as ye sung:
Ye'll maybe sing as ye sung afore, love;
  O! an' alack! I'm a year o'er young.

IV.

I'll never sing as I sang afore, love;
  Daily and hourly will I rue:
I'll never sung as I sung afore, love;
  But I'll aye sing, I'm years enow.

V.

Touch not the nettle, lest that it burn you;
  Wally sae green as the braken grows;
Love not the lad that ye canna get,
  For the bands o' love they are ill to loose.

VI.

O, I hae done the thing that I rue, love!
  I hae done the thing that I rue sair!
Sitting up o'er late i' the dark,
  Gars me love the bonny lad wi' the yellow hair.

* The two first lines of the first stanza were written originally thus,

Come ye nae mair to kiss and to woo me?
Come ye nae mair by the light o' the moon?

MR HOGG, in a letter (accompanying the above) to the Editor, says, "the first half [meaning this Song] only is mine—the latter very old; as I have often told you, I got both the verses and tune from a Maniac, and I never heard any body else sing them."

A year over Young.

Rather Slow & Plaintive

why comes my love nae lan_ger to woo me? Why come nae mair by the

light o' the moon? Sair is my heart that Lad should un__do me;

Sair is my heart that I love sae soon.

It was o'er in yon Soa.

Lamenting

Gur a thall ann a' Soa d'fhàg mi'n O_gan_ach

It was o'er in yon Soa I left late_ly my

cleusda', urradh dheanadh mo tha_car, stabhairt dhachaidh na spreidhe, 'sge do

dear_est, Who in ru_ral em_ploy was to ex_cel_lence near_est: Though he

chaidh thu sa chreig ud, cha b'e'n t eagal a leugh thu; sann a rinn do chas

miss'd but a step, and as the light_ning his mo_tion, He dash'd down yonder

sraonadh, 'scha d'fheud thu riamh èirigh.

rocks, and his blood die'd the ocean.

Cumha' le Mnaoi oig ann an Irt d'a fear fein'a chailleadh ann an Soa 'nuair bha e 'g iaraidh ubhin measg nan Creag.*

Gur a thall ann an Sòa,
D'fhàg mi'n t-Oganach clèusda';
Urradh dheanadh mo thacar,
'Stabhairt dhachaidh na spreidhe.

'S ge do chaidh thu sa chreig ud,
Cha b'è'n t-eagal a leugh thu.
'S ann a rin do chas sraonadh,
'S cha do d'fheud thu riamh èirigh.

Bha t'fhuil air a chloich ud,
Bha do lot ann dèigh leumaidh.
Bha thu 'muigh air bhàr stuaighe,
'S muir 'gad fhuasgladh' o chéile.

'Nuair a thàinig do mhàthair,
Cha do chàirich i'm breid oir.
'Nuair a thàinig do phiuthair,
Bha sinn dubhach le cheile.

'Nuair a thàinig do bhràthair,
Cha do chaomhainn è'n èughadh.
Bha sinn dubhach, a's cràiteach,
Gad amharc ann cèin uainn.

A sheachd beannachd nan càirdean
'S a lon† làdair na feuma.
Tha mo chuid-s' de na h-eunaibh
Anns na nèulaibh ag eughach.

Tha mo chuid-s' de na h-uibhibh,
Aig a' bhuidhinn a's treubhaich'.
'S ann thall ann an Soa
D'fhàg mi'n t-Ognach clèusda'.

TRANSLATION BY THE EDITOR.

Lament of a young married Woman on the death of her Husband, who was killed in falling over the rocks of Soa while in the act of searching for eggs.

It was o'er in yon Soa*
I left lately my dearest,
Who, in rural employ,
Was to excellence nearest.

He miss'd but a step,
And as lightning his motion,
He dash'd down yonder rock,
And his blood dy'd the ocean.

Unkerchief'd, thy mother
Appear'd in wild anguish;
Thy sister came weeping,
Together we languish.

Thy brother came mournful,
Nor lessen'd our wailing,
While afar we beheld thee,
With tears unavailing.

Thou sevenfold blessing
Of thy much-lov'd kindred,
Who clung to thy *lon*,†
Which from poverty hinder'd.

My share of the sea-birds
Now scream, on high thronging;
My portion of eggs
To the strongest belonging.

I left on yon Soa,
Him who late me protected:
'Reft of all, now, alas!
I'm forlorn and neglected.

* *Soa*, one of the islets of St Kilda.

† *Lon*, a rope or thong made of raw hides, used by the natives of St Kilda, while in the perilous search for eggs and feathers in the face of the rocks which overhang the Atlantic ocean.

This beautiful specimen of the melodies and lyric composition of the natives of St Kilda, was taken down by the Editor from the mouth of Margaret Macdonald, one of the domestics of Donald Macdonald, Esq. of Bal-Ronald, North Uist, in September 1815.

THE LAST CRADLE SONG.

WRITTEN BY MR HOGG.

AIR—"*A Border Melody.*"*

I.

Bawloo, my bonny baby, bawlillilu,
Light be thy care and cumber;
Bawloo, my bonny baby, bawlillilu,
O sweet be thy sinless slumber.
Ere thou wert born, my youthful heart
Yearn'd o'er my babe with sorrow;
Long is the night-noon that we must part,
But bright shall arise the morrow.

II.

Bawloo, my bonny baby, bawlillilu,
Here no more will I see thee;
Bawloo, my bonny baby, bawlillilu,
O sair is my heart to leave thee:
But far within yon sky so blue,
In love that fail shall never,
In vallies beyond the land of the dew,
I'll sing to my baby for ever.

* As sung by MR HOGG, by whom it was communicated, and to whom the Editor is indebted for many more Border Melodies, and fragments of Vocal Poetry.

The following is a verse of the Original Words to which this elegantly simple and affecting Air is sung, and may serve as a specimen of this species of Border Ballad.

My love's shoulders are both broad and square;
True love and sweetheart think on me;
And o'er them hangs his long yellow hair,
And I'm fear'd they take him from me.

The last Cradle Song

Soothing

Bawlow, my bonny baby, bawlilliloo; Light be thy care & thy

cumber; Bawloo, my bonny baby, baw_lil_li_loo, O sweet be thy sin_less

slumber: Ere thou wast born, my youthful heart yearn'd o'er my babe with sor__row;

Long is the night-noon that we must part, But bright shall a_rise the mor__row.

I've made a Vow.

Slow and Plaintive

p

A' Gil_ _le' gu_ _ _an_ _ _ach,

I've made a vow, And I'll

pp

o hi o ro, Gil_ _le' guanach, ho ro i: a'

keep it true, That I will ne_ _ver mar_ _ried be; For the

Gil_ _ _le' guanach na le_ _dain dua_ _lach' tha' mi fo'ghruaim 'on a d' fhàg thu

on_ _ _ly Lad that I could lo'e, Oh! he will ne_ _ver fan_cy

tir.

me.

3

3

WRITTEN BY MRS GRAY.

AIR—*A' Gille' Cuanach.*

I'VE made a vow, and I'll keep it true,
That I will never married be;
For the only lad that I could lo'e,
Oh! he will never fancy me.

His smile was like a sunny beam;
The ev'ning star was in his ee;
Alas! how could delusive hope
Say, it would ever shine on me.

He's distant in a foreign land,
His face I never mair may see;
Yet I maun ever think o' him
Wha never, never thinks o' me.

But love will live within that breast,
When weary hope would droop and die;
And I maun ever think o' him
Wha never, never thinks o' me.

WRITTEN BY MR JAMIESON.

How lovely sweet in the vernal year
The virgin flowers of promise shew;
(As dear o'er all to the heart sincere,
Love's earliest blossoms ever blow.)

The smiles of May may wake anew
To sense of life the slumb'ring scene,
And, bathed in summer's balmy dew,
The leaf and flower again be seen:

If, all too delicate, a prey
To some unkindly blight they be,
And the firstling flowers of hope decay,
And, withering, leave the parent tree;

But summer dew, and summer gale,
And summer suns, are all in vain;
No second fragrance they inhale,
No beauty like the first regain.

And flavourless the fruit, I ween,
Though fair the outside well may be;
Nor e'er again so bright a green
Shall grace the wasted parent tree.

A' Gille' Cuanach.

A' Gille' Cuanach, o hi o ro!
A' Gille' Cuanach, o ho i,
A' Gille' Cuanach, na ledain dualach,
Tha mi fo' ghruaim' 'on a dh' fhàg thu Tir.

This is the only stanza in the Editor's recollection of this Gaelic song, the melody of which is so elegantly simple and pathetic. The Scotish and English performers, however, will feel no want in singing the preceding verses, which breathe affecting allusion and sentiment throughout.

YOUNG BENJIE.*

To its own original Melody.†

Of a' the maids o' fair Scotland,
The fairest was Marjorie;
And young Benjie was her ae true love,
And a dear true love was he.

And wow! but they were lovers dear,
And loved fu' constantlie;
But ay the mair when they fell out,
The sairer was their plea.

And they hae quarrelled on a day,
Till Marjorie's heart grew wae,
And she said she'd chuse another luve,
And let young Benjie gae.

And he was stout and proud-hearted,
And thought o't bitterlie,
And he's gane by the wan moon-light
To meet his Marjorie.

"O open, open, my true love!
O open and let me in!"
"I darena open, young Benjie,
My three brothers are within."

"Ye lied, ye lied, ye bonny burd,
Sae loud's I hear ye lie;
As I came by the Lowden banks,
They bade gude e'en to me.

"But fare ye weel, my ae fause love,
That I hae loved sae lang!
It sets ye chuse another love,
And let young Benjie gang."

Then Marjorie turned her round about,
The tear blinding her ee,
"I darena, darena, let ye in,
But I'll come down to thee."

Then saft she smiled, and said to him,
"O what ill hae I done?"
He took her in his armis twa,
And threw her o'er the linn.

The stream was strang, the maid was stout,
And laith laith to be dang,
But, ere she wan the Lowden banks,
Her fair colour was wan.

Then up bespak her eldest brother,
"O see na ye what I see?"
And out then spak her second brother,
"Its our sister Marjorie!"

Out then spak her eldest brother,
"O how shall we her ken?"
And out then spak her youngest brother,
"There's a honey mark on her chin."

Then they've ta'en up the comely corpse,
And laid it on the grund—
"O wha has killed our ae sister,
And how can he be found?

"The night it is her low lykewake,
The morn her burial day,
And we maun watch at mirk midnight,
And hear what she will say."

Wi' doors ajar, and candle light,
And torches burning clear,
The streikit corpse, till still midnight,
They waked, but naething hear.

About the middle o' the night,
The cocks began to craw,
And at the dead hour o' the night,
The corpse began to thraw.

"O wha has done the wrang, sister,
Or dared the deadly sin?
Wha was sae stout, and feared nae dout,
As thraw ye o'er the linn?"

"Young Benjie was the first ae man,
I laid my love upon;
He was sae stout and proud-hearted,
He threw me o'er the linn."

"Sall we young Benjie head, sister?
Sall we young Benjie hang?
Or, sall we pike out his twa grey een,
And punish him ere he gang?

"Ye mauna Benjie head, brothers,
Ye mauna Benjie hang,
But ye maun pike out his twa grey een,
And punish him ere he gang.

"Tie a green gravat round his neck,
And lead him out and in,
And the best ae servant about your house,
To wait young Benjie on.

"And ay, at every seven yçar's end,
Ye'll tak him to the linn;
For that's the penance he maun drie,
To scug his deadly sin."

* This speeimen of Vocal Poetry of elder times is taken from the Minstrelsy of the Scotish Border, vol. iii. p. 251. to which the performer and reader are referred, for some striking particulars regarding the lykewake or watching a dead body, "suspected to have suffered *foul play* as it is called."

† The Melody to this Border Ballad was noted down by the Editor, from the singing of the late learned and ingenious Doctor John Leyden, (in *anno* 1797) to whom the literary antiquities of his country are so deeply indebted, besides what he has added to the luminous body of poesy which has emanated from the constellation of Minstrels of "the North Country," in the late and present centuries.

Young Benjie, a Border Ballad.

Rather Slow with Expression

p *f* *p* *pp*

Of all the Maids o' fair Scotland, The fair-est was MARJOR-IE;

And young BEN-JIE was her ae true love, And a dear true love was he.

And vow! but they were lo-vers dear, And loved fu' con-stant-lie;

But ay the mair when they fell out, The sair-er was their plea.

p

f *p*

The Bank o' Cayle.

Moderately Slow and Expreſsive.

In Warwick halls, while minstrels gay de_light the fes_tive band, a_

_wake, my lute, the melt_ing lay of Te_viot's love_ly land! O bon_ny grows

the broom on Blaikla-knowes, and the birk in Ler_dan vale; and green are the

hills o' the milk_white ewes, by the briery banks o' Cayle.

THE BANKS OF CAYLE;

OR,

THE MAID OF LERDAN'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN BY MR PRINGLE.

AIR—*A Border Melody.*

In Warwick halls while minstrels gay
Delight the festive band,
Awake, my lute, the melting lay
Of Teviot's lovely land!
O bonny grows the broom on Blaikla knowes,
And the birk in Lerdan vale;
And green are the hills o' the milk-white ewes
By the briery banks o' Cayle.

Here all are strangers to the song,
And strangers to my soul;
And lonesome, 'mid the wassail throng,
The weary moments roll.
O bonny grows the broom, &c.

Not thus in Corbat's lordly tower,
Or Lerdan's haunted grove,
I tun'd, in youth's enchanted hour,
The trembling string to love!
O bonny grows the broom, &c.

Then blithe o'er Hounam's mossy fells
With fearless feet I stray'd,
Or sported 'mong the heather bells,
By Gaitshaw's fairy glade.
O bonny grows the broom, &c.

How gaily pip'd the shepherd swain,
Upon the upland lea!
How sweet the merry milk-maid's strain,
Beneath the hawthorn tree!
O bonny grows the broom, &c.

Fair haunts of peace!—yet still more fair,
In hope's fond visions drest,
When he,—the gallant lord of Yair,—
First won my youthful breast!
O bonny grows the broom, &c.

High floating on the fragrant air,
The lark's loud notes were giv'n,
As if his flutt'ring wings would bear
Our plighted vows to heav'n!
O bonny grows the broom, &c.

And all around, above, below,
Was life, and love, and joy—
When rush'd the fiends of war and woe,
Impatient to destroy!
O bonny grows the broom, &c.

My true-love for his country died
On Biggar's fatal field,
And Warwick stole his weeping bride
When there was none to shield!
O bonny grows the broom, &c.

Our foes, with victory elate,
In wrath refused to spare!
My father's halls are desolate—
The dead man slumbers there!
O bonny grows the broom, &c.

My mother's bower is stain'd with blood,
Where erst my cradle swung;
And owlets rear their shreiking brood
Where maids and minstrels sung!
O bonny grows the broom, &c.

And Edward, Scotland's deadly foe,
Has pledg'd my captive hand
To him, who wrought my kindred's woe,
And seiz'd my father's land.
O bonny grows the broom, &c.

But though the treach'rous tyrant's yoke
My country still must bear,
A Scotish maid his power shall mock—
He cannot rule despair!
O bonny grows the broom, &c.

THE LIDDEL BOWER,

A BALLAD.

WRITTEN BY MR HOGG.

AIR—*A Border Melody.*

" O WILL ye walk the wood, lady?
Or will ye walk the lea?
Or will ye gae to the Liddel Bower,
An' rest a while wi' me?"

' The dew lies in the wood, Douglas,
The wind blaws on the lea;
An' when I gae to Liddel Bower,
It shall not be wi' thee.'

" The stag bells on my hills, lady,
The hart but an' the hind;
My flocks lie in the Border dale,
My steeds outstrip the wind.

" At ae blast o' my bugle horn,
A thousand 'tends the ca';
O gae wi' me to Liddel Bower—
What ill can thee befa'?

" D'ye mind, when in that lonely bower
We met at even tide,
I kissed your young an' rosy lips,
An' woo'd ye for my bride?

" I saw the blush break on your cheek,
The tear stand in your ee;
O could I ween, fair Lady Jane,
That then ye lo'ed nae me!"

' But sair sair hae I rued that day,
An' sairer yet may rue;
Ye thought nae on my maiden love,
Nor yet my rosy hue.

' Ye thought nae on my bridal bed,
Nae vow nor tear o' mine;
Ye thought upon the lands o' Nith,
An' how they might be thine.

' Away, away ye fause leman,
Nae mair my bosom wring;
There is a bird into yon bower,
O gin ye heard it sing!'

Red grew the Douglas' dusky cheek,
He turned his eye away;
The gowden hilt fell to his hand;
" What can the wee bird say?"

It hirpled on the bough, and sang,
" O, waes me! dame, for thee;
An' waes me! for the comely knight
That sleeps aneath the tree.

" His cheek lies on the cauld cauld clay;
Nae belt nor brand has he;
His blood is on a kinsman's spear;
O, waes me! dame, for thee."

" My yeomen line the wood, lady,
My steed stands at the tree;
An' ye maun dree a dulefu' weird,
Or mount and fly wi' me."

What gars Carlaverock yeomen ride
Sae fast, in belt and steel?
What gars the Jardine mount his steed,
An' scour o'er moor an' dale?

Why seek they up by Liddel ford,
An' down by Farras lin?
The heiress o' the lands of Nith
Is lost to a' her kin!

O lang lang may her mother greet
Down by the salt sea faem;
An' lang lang may the Maxwells look,
Afore their bride come hame.

An' lang may every Douglas rue,
An' ban the deed for aye:
The deed was done at Liddel Bower,
About the break of day.

The Liddel Bower. a Border Ballad.

Moderately slow.

O will ye walk the wood, La--dy? Or will ye walk the lea? Or, will ye gae to the LIDDEL-BOWER, and rest a-while wi' me?

The dew lies in the wood, DOUGLAS; the wind blaws on the lea; And when I gae to the LIDDEL-BOWER, It shall not be wi' thee.

I'll bid my heart be still.

Rather Slow and Plaintive

I'll bid my heart be still, and check each strug___gling sigh; and there's none e'er shall know my soul's cherish'd woe, when the first tears of sor_row are dry.

I'LL BID MY HEART BE STILL.

WRITTEN BY MR PRINGLE.

AIR—*A Border Melody.**

I'LL bid my heart be still,
And check each struggling sigh;
And there's none e'er shall know
My soul's cherish'd woe,
When the first tears of sorrow are dry.

They bid me cease to weep,
For glory gilds his name;
Ah! 'tis therefore I mourn—
He ne'er can return
To enjoy the bright noon of his fame.

While minstrels wake the lay
For peace and freedom won,
Like my lost lover's knell
The tones seem to swell,
And I hear but his death-dirge alone.

My cheek has lost its hue,
My eye grows faint and dim;
But 'tis sweeter to fade
In grief's gloomy shade,
Than to bloom for another than him.

* This sweetly rural and plaintive air, like many other of the more ancient Border Melodies, has but one part, or rather one measure. It was taken down by the Editor, from the singing of MR HOGG and his friend MR PRINGLE, author of the pathetic verses to which it is united.

While this sheet was in its progress through the press, the young gentleman last mentioned received from his sister, MISS M. PRINGLE, Jedburgh, three stanzas of the original Border ditty which was chanted to the Melody here alluded to; and they are here subjoined, as a curious specimen of that quaint play on words, which was much in fashion during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It is to the obliging zeal of this young lady for promoting the present Work that the Editor is indebted for the admirable Melody to which MR WALTER SCOTT has written "Jock o' Hazeldean," and likewise the fine original Air to which her brother has written "The Banks of Cayle."

O ONCE my *thyme* was young,
It flourish'd night and day;
But by there cam' a false young man,
And he stole my *thyme* away.

Within my garden gay
The rose and lily grew;
But the pride o' my garden is wither'd away,
And it 's a' grown o'er wi' *rue*.

Farewell, ye fading flowers,
And farewell, bonny Jean;
But the flower that is now trodden under foot
In time it may blume again.

I'll plant a bower of *hop*, &c. &c.

* * * * * * *

O, MY LOVE, LEAVE ME NOT.

WRITTEN BY MRS GRANT.

AIR—*Bealach na Gharraidh.*

O, my love, leave me not,
O, my love, leave me not,
O, my love, leave me not
Lonely and weary.

Could you but stay a while,
And my fond fears beguile,
I yet once more could smile,
Lightsome and cheary.

Night with her darkest shroud,
Tempests that roar aloud,
Thunders that burst the cloud,
Why should I fear ye!

Till the sad hour we part,
Fear cannot make me start;
Grief cannot break my heart
Whilst thou art near me.

Should you forsake my sight,
Day would to me be night,
Sad, I would shun its light,
Heartless and weary.

O, my love, leave me not,
O, my love, leave me not,
O, my love, leave me not
Lonely and weary.

Bealach a Gharaidh.

Ochain! a laoigh, leag iad thu,
Ochain! a laoigh, leag iad thu,
Ochain! a laoigh, leag iad thu,
'M bealach a' gharaidh.

S' truagh nach raibh mis ann sin,
S' truagh nach raibh mis ann sin,
S' truagh nach raibh mis ann sin,
As ceathr' air cach laimh dhamh.

An leann thog iad gu d' bhanais,
An leann thog iad gu d' bhanais,
An leann thog iad gu d' bhanais,
Air t fhaireiri' bha e.

Bha mi 'm bhreidich, 'sa m' ghruagaich,
Am bhreidich, 'sa m' ghruagich,
Am bhreidich, 'sa m' ghruagich,
S' a 'm bhantraich san aon uair ud.

Gun chron air an t' saoghal ort,
Gun chron air an t' saoghal ort,
Gun chron air an t' saoghal ort,
Achnach d'fhend thu faoghal buan fhastinn.
Ochain! a laoigh, leag iad thu, &c.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Alas! my love, they have laid thee low,
Alas! my love, they have laid thee low,
Alas! my love, they have laid thee low,
In the breach of the garden.

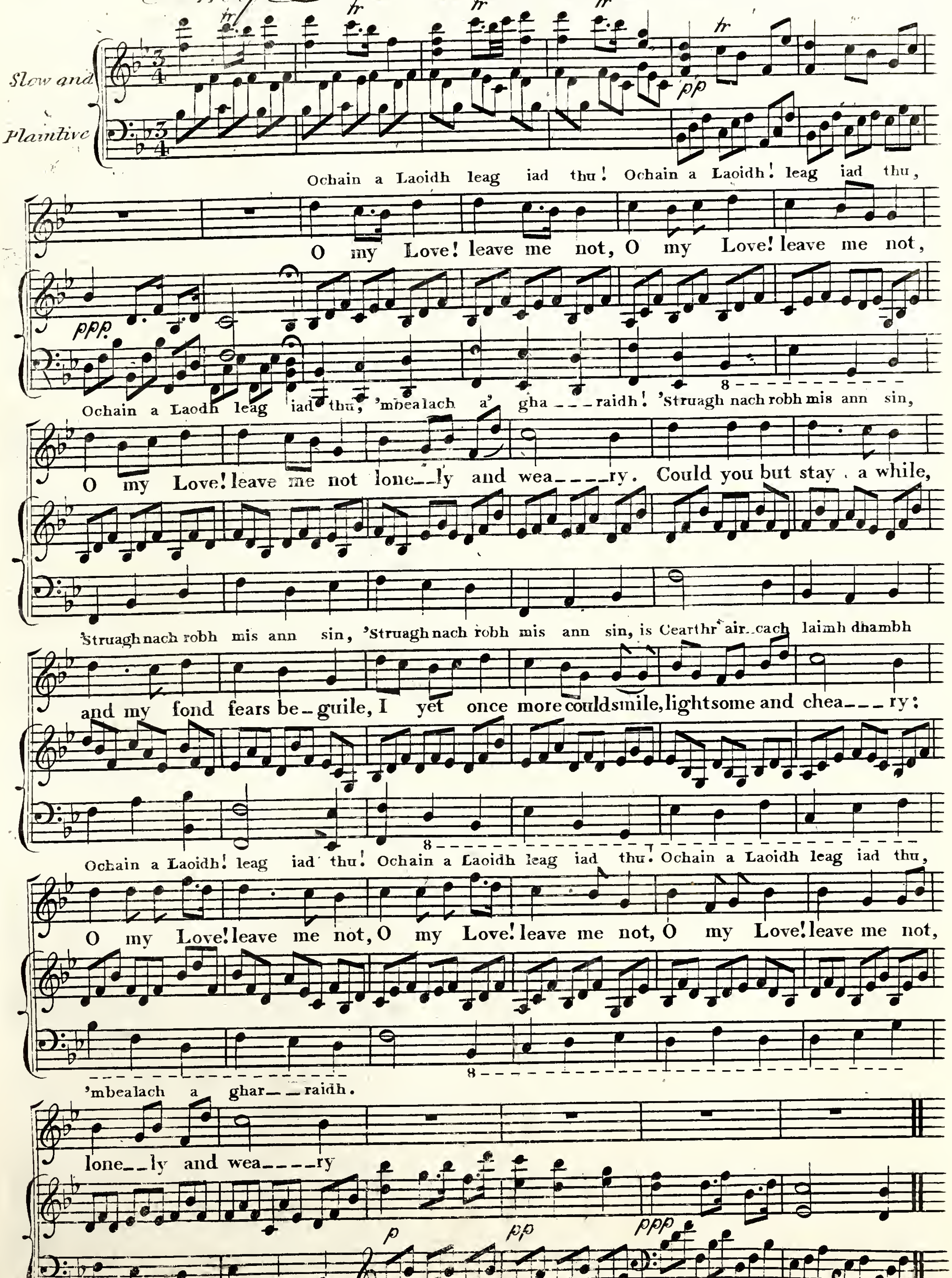
'Tis pity I was not there,
'Tis pity I was not there,
'Tis pity I was not there,
And four men on either hand of me.

The ale which they brew'd for thy bridal,
The ale which they brew'd for thy bridal,
The ale which they brew'd for thy bridal,
Was drank at thy *lykewake.**

I was a maid, and a bride,
I was a maid, and a bride,
I was a maid, and a bride,
And thy widow, at one and the same time.

Thou wert without a fault in the world,
Thou wert without a fault in the world,
Thou wert without a fault in the world,
Except that thy being was not given to be lasting.
Alas! my love, they have laid thee low, &c.

* See Note p. 34.

O my Love! Leave me not,

Leave thee, loth to leave thee!

Plaintive

Ro___bi don_adh, gorr__ach a' comhnidh gam iarridh; Gun

Leave thee, loth to leave thee, my heart how it aches! 'Tis

dhinnis mi gam dheoin dheut, nach pos'in thu' 'm bliad___hna'

ho__nour thus, be__lieve me, my soul love___proof makes: My

'Smor gu'm b' anns a' Tear__lach a ghnadh 'n cois an shliabha' na

big swoln bo__som rend__ing, feels now a fier___cer glow; The

Cres: *ff*

Ro___bi donadh, gorr__ach a dh' oladh a leine.

Host our CAUSE de_fend__ing, I join, to face the foe.

pp *ppp*

WRITTEN BY THE EDITOR.

AIR—*Robi donadh Gorrach.**

LEAVE thee, loth to leave thee,
My heart how it aches!
'Tis honour, love, believe me,
My soul love-proof makes:
My big-swoln bosom rending,
Feels now a fiercer glow;
The host our CAUSE defending,
I join to face the foe.

To check the tyrant's madness,
And peace to restore;
A season brief, with gladness,
I go where cannons roar;
Where champing war-steeds neighing,
Impatient, paw the ground,
The hostile lines surveying,
Till swells the charge's sound.

But should propitious powers
Protect me from harms,
Return'd, the joyous hours
I'll while, clasp'd in thine arms!
Then hush those struggling sighs, love,
That would my soul subdue;
And dry those tearful eyes, love;
One kiss—adieu! adieu!

Robi donadh, Gorrach.†

ROBI donadh, gorrach a' comhnidh gam iarridh;
Gun dhinnis mi gam dheoin dheut, nach pos' in 'm bliadhna',
'Smor gu'm b'anns a' Tearlach a ghnàdh'n cois an sliabha',
Na Robi donadh, gorrach a dh'oladh a leine.

* This set of the Melody was taken down from the singing of MISS MACLEOD of Roudle, in Harris, September 1815.

† The remaining stanzas of this song are of a piece with the above specimen, and the English reader has little to regret in the omission of the original Gaelic, or translation, of what might be chanted to this plaintive Air.

THE SPRING FOR ME REVIVES IN VAIN.

WRITTEN BY MR GRAY.

AIR—*Soraidh slan do 'n Ailleagan.*

THE spring for me revives in vain,
The grave it cannot ope—
It cannot give me back again
The wither'd flowers of hope.
Oh! never was there bliss like mine,
In fortune's fairy bower;
Why was it fated but to shine
The phantom of an hour!

Oh! Mary was the fairest flower
On love that ever smiled,
She for a kingdom was a dower,
Tho' blooming in the wild:
The brightest dawning of the spring
Is soonest overcast;
Joy's moments on the fleetest wing
Flit from us—and are past!

The bridal song, and sorrow's sob,
Were doom'd, alas! to meet—
And Mary's snow-white wedding robe
Became her winding sheet:
Not sooner is the moonbeam gone,
That dances on the wave,—
The star that should have seen us one,
Was shining on her grave.

Oran le Alastair Mac Coinnich.

TRANSLATION BY THE EDITOR.

SORAIDH slan do 'n àilleagan
Bha marium 'n trà so'n raoir,
Gur baraichd ann an àilleachd thu,
'S gur lan-mhaiseach do loinn;
Thug thu bar air mnaï' na h Alba
Ann an dreach 's an dealbh 's an sgoinn;
Dh' fhag nadur ann an gliocas dhuit,
Gach buaigh dhiubh sud san roinn.

Gc dana dhomh re ghradh sin,
Thug nàdur dhuit na 's leoir,
Cho mor 's gun d' rinneadh Banri'nn dhiot
Gan ardan, gan ghne phrois;
Cha 'n eil cron re aireamh ort,
A dh' fhaodadh fas air feòil;
A' measg bhan òg is mhaighdeannan,
Mar dhaoimean a' measg òir.

A' measg na m ban gur sgàthan thu,
Tho' irt bar orr' ann 's gach geall;
'S bachlach buighe sniamhanach,
Gach ciabh tha air do cheann;
Tha do gruaidh cho dreachar
Ris na h ùbhlan dait air chrann;
Suil chorrach ghorm mar dhearcag,
Ma 'n iath an rasg tha mall.

Taobh 's tigh do'n bhile dhaite sìn,
Tha dèud gheal cailce grinn,
O'n ceolmhaire thig orain,
No na h organa' seinn;
Mar'eil cron an falach ort,
'S e barrail a' bheil sinn,
Gun 'd thilg thug fèin as Venus,
Ann an dealbh, s an' eug'as croinn.

ALL hail and joy to the jewel with whom I was this time yesternight! Excelling all the fair of Albyn in elegance of frame, bloom of face, delicacy of air, and dignity of manner—commanding due deference—nature hath bestowed on thee every attribute of virtue and beauty of person which she can freely share.

Though bold the assertion, yet nature hath gifted thee with all that can possibly adorn a queen, without being uplifted with inordinate self-esteem. Thou art faultless as beautiful; and, as the diamond among gold, thou art lovely among virgins and young married women.

Among the fair thou art a mirror of beauty, surpassing them in all that is worthy of our desire. How beautiful the ringlets and spiral tresses of thy yellow hair! Thy breast is full and fair as the swell of the heaving ocean! Thy cheeks are rosy as ruddy apples, suspended from the bough. Thine eyes, blue as the mountain billberry, full and prominent, move in eye-lids expressive of the softer emotions of the soul.

Thy roseate lips encircle a set of fine teeth white as chalk, over which pour forth tones far more melodious than those of the organ in its dulcet swell. If there be no latent blemish about thee, it is the prevalent opinion, that thou and the Queen of Love might cast lots for the pre-eminence in beauty.

The Spring for me revives in vain,

Slow and Pathetic.

Soraidh slàn do'n àil_leag_an bha mar__ium 'ntrà so'n

The spring for me re_vives in vain, The grave it can__not

raoir, gur bar_aichd ann an àil_leachd thu, 'sgur lan_mhaiseach do loinn;

ope; It can__not give me back a_gain The with_er'd flowers of hope.

Thug thu bàr air mnai' na'h Al__ba ann an dreach 'san dealbh 'san sgoinn; dh' fhag

Oh! ne_ver was there bliss like mine, In fortune's fai_ry bower! Why

nadur ann an gliocas dhuit, gach buaigh dhiubh sud san roinn.

was it fat_ed but to shine The phan_tom of an hour!

Now Winter's Wind

Slow and Impreſsive

f *p*

Ma 's tu mo Mhath__air, is gur Fiadh 'ū,

Now winter's wind sweeps o'er the moun__tains

pp

bheir mi hoir__in o ha; fia__cil ort ro' ghniamh na n'Con,

deep_ly clad in drift_ing snow; Soundly sleep the froz_en foun__tains;

bheir mi hoir__in o ha; e ho i ri ribh__eag

Ice-bound streams for_get to flow; The piercing blast howls loud and

o, na hao i o ho ro o ho.

long, The leaf_less fo_rest oaks a_mong.

f

p *f* *p* *pp*

WRITTEN BY THE EDITOR.

AIR—*Ma's thu mo Mhathair.**

Now winter's wind sweeps o'er the mountains
Deeply clad in drifting snow;
Soundly sleep the frozen fountains;
Ice-bound streams forget to flow:
The piercing blast howls loud and long
The leafless forest oaks among.

Down the glen, lo! comes a stranger,
Way-worn, drooping, all alone,—
Haply, 'tis the deer-haunt Ranger!
But, alas! his strength is gone!
He stoops, he totters on with pain,
The hill he'll never climb again.

Age is being's winter season,
Fitful, gloomy, piercing cold!
Passion weaken'd, yields to reason,
Man feels *then* himself grown old;
His senses one by one have fled,
His very soul seems almost dead!

Oran a rinn Ossian dha Mhathair.†

MA's tu mo Mhathair, is gur fiadh' u
Bheir mi hoirin o ha;
Fiacil ort ro' gniamh na 'n con;
Bheir mi hoirin o ha;
E ho iri ribheag o;
Ma haoi oho ro ho.

* This is one of the ancient Melodies to which many of the Poems *ascribed* to OSSIAN are chanted. This Air, together with the Vooal Poetry and four other ancient Melodies, the EDITOR took down, (with the assistance of the Rev. RODERICK MACLEAN) from the recitation of RODERICK MACQUEEN, Grass-keeper at Carnish, North Uist, in August 1815.

† OSSIAN is made to address his Mother under the allegorical semblance of a hind, and he advises her to be aware of certain fatal evils, such as the arrow of the black tail, the black berry of the glen; and to be aware also of meeting on the strath, or among the mountains, the smith, his sons, and their deer-hounds; as also, MAC MORLA, and other Fingalians that are unnoticed in M'PHERSON's Ossian.

I'LL NE'ER RETURN MORE.

WRITTEN BY THE EDITOR.

AIR—*A St Kilda Melody.*

I'LL ne'er return more
To my native shore!
Farewell, thou ador'd one! ah me! I must leave thee!
I'll ne'er return more
To my native shore!
My duty compels me—but why should I grieve thee!
I'll ne'er return more!
I feel a foreboding
I'll ne'er return more!
Ah, no! never more.

I'll ne'er return more
To my native shore!
Oh! whelm not my soul with those tears unavailing!
I pray thee no more
Our hard fate deplore,
Lest I, lost to honour, in duty be failing;
Then all would abhor
Me thus, once degraded,
Disgrac'd evermore,
You'd ne'er love me more.

I'll ne'er return more
To my native shore!
Then dry, love, those tear-drops (too precious!) fast falling;
For me weep no more,
Nor my loss deplore.
Hark! the trumpet's shrill clangour our heroes now calling
To battle's dread roar!
I go—but to thee, love,
I'll ne'er return more,
I'll ne'er return more.

I'll ne'er return more
To my native shore!
Our destinies, ruthless, our rending hearts sever!
We meet never more!
Ah, no! never more!
Farewell, oh! farewell, thou ador'd one, for ever!
We ne'er shall meet more!
O cruel foretoken!
To part ever more!
To meet never more!

Oran Irteach.*

FA li' il o ro,
Fa li' il o ro,
Mor 'is mis tha foth mhulad 'smi air uilin a chrualich,
Fa li' il o ro,
Fa li' il o ro,
Mor is mis tha foth mhulad 'smi air uilin a chrualich,
Fa li' il o rù,
I ri u li rin eile,
Fa li' il o ro,
Fa li' il o ro.

* This is the only stanza which the EDITOR took down of the verses chanted to this exquisite Melody, and it was from the mouth of the same person from whose singing he joted down the ST KILDA Song, to be found in this volume, pages 28, and 29.—The remaining stanzas shall be given in a future volume of this work.

I'll ne'er return more

Rather Slow and Pathetic

Fa li' il o ro, fa li' il o ro; Mor'is mis tha foth mhulad 'smi air

I'll ne'er re-turn more to my na--tive shore! Fare--well, thou a-dor'd one! ah

uil-in a chrualich, Fa li' il o ro, fa li' il o ro, Mor' is mis tha foth

me! I must leave thee! I'll ne'er return more to my native shore! My du-ty com-

mhulad 'smi air uil--in a chrualich, Fa li' il ho ru, i ri u li rin ei-le, fa

--pels me, but why should I grieve thee? I'll ne'er return more! I feel a fore-bo-ding I'll

li' il o ro, fa li' il o ro.

ne'er return more! Ah no! ne-ver more!

Our Heroes return.

Rather Slow and Plaintive

'Se do mhol_adh mhola' mho__la' 'Se do mhola' ni mi gu brach, 'Se do

Our He__roes re___turn, For the bat__tle is won; And the

mholadh mhola' mho__la, 'Se do mho_la' ni mi gu brach. Air mo riar gur tu mo

wel_come of trans_port, the shout is be__gun. But where is my

Luagh_so measg na fo__sil, is na Uasil; 'Stu fior mhac an Duin'__

RO__NALD, the pride of them all? They saw him tri___

___u__asil 'smac an Tuanach, nuair dh'fhas am barr.

___um__phant in vic___to___ry fall.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ. OF CAMBRIDGE.

AIR—*Oran Moladh.**

OUR heroes return, for the battle is won,
And the welcome of transport, the shout is begun;
But where is my Ronald, the pride of them all,
They saw him triumphant in victory fall.

O, Ronald, my Ronald! yet hear me, but hear!
I bless thy proud laurels, so honour'd, so dear;
But pardon these tears that unworthily start,
A crime to thy shade, but relief to my heart.

No tears, well I know, must be shed o'er the brave,
For freedom who fall, and their country to save;
Yet, oh! for a season thy spirit must bear
To hear the sad sighs of thy Mary's despair.

Oran Moladh.

'SE do mholadh, mhola', mhoła',
'Se do mhola' ni mi gu bràch.
Air mo riar gur tu mo Luagh so
Measg na Iosil, is na uasil;
'Stu fior mhac an Duin'-uasil
'Imac an Tuathnach, nuair dh'fhas am barr.
'Se do mhola', mhola', mhola',
'Se do mhola', ni mi gu brach.

TRANSLATION.

'TIS thy praise I'll sing for ay. By my will thou art my lover, either among the humble or among the noble: Thou art the true son of the gentleman, and the farmer's son when the harvest is at hand.†

* This original HEBRIDEAN Air was noted down from the mouth of a young girl, a native of the LEWIS, by an accomplished lady, (a name-sake of the EDITOR) in 1781. In the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for *anno* 1785, this fragment, for it is no more, will be found as given by the present EDITOR to the late MR JAMES SIBBALD, (proprietor and publisher of that Miscellany) than whom, few possessed more gentlemanly acquirements: taste and discrimination in the fine arts were in his mind so intimately united, as to render his acquaintance covetable; while his suavity of manners endeared him to his friends, among whom the EDITOR had the good fortune to be numbered.

† Literally, when the crop is ripe.

THE SEA MEW.

WRITTEN BY JOHN WILSON, Esq.

AIR—*Ho ro Mhairi dhu'.*

THE stars are all burning chearily, chearily,
Ho ro Mhairi dhu', turn to me!
The sea-mew is mourning drearily, drearily,
Ho ro, &c.
High up is his home, on the cliff's naked breast,
But warm is *her* plumage that blesseth his nest!
The ice-winds ne'er blow there,
And soft falls the snow there,
Ho ro Mhairi dhu', turn to me!

Oh! once smiled my dwelling chearily, chearily,
Ho ro, &c.
Tho' wild waves were swelling drearily, drearily,
Ho ro, &c.
In the rock-girdled bay, as I anchored my skiff,
A sweet voice would sing from the top of the cliff;
E'er the last notes were over,
She sprang to her lover, oh!
Ho ro, &c.

The desert is sounding drearily, drearily,
Ho ro, &c.
But the red deer is bounding chearily, chearily,
Ho ro, &c.
Away to his lair in the forest so deep,
Where his hind with her fair fawns is lying asleep,
On green mossy pillow,
Like summer sea-billow,
Ho ro, &c.

Oh! green rose our shealing, chearily, chearily,
Ho ro, &c.
Thro' trees half concealing, dreamily, dreamily,
Ho ro, &c.
At night, like a deer thro' the forest I flew,
Till I saw the tall smoke-wreathe in heav'n so blue,
On the soft tender lawn there,
My sweet hind and fawn there,
Ho ro, &c.

To his nest, thro' winds roaring drearily, drearily,
Ho ro, &c.
The sea mew is soaring chearily, chearily,
Ho ro, &c.
He sits in that nest by his love's downy breast!
But where is the bosom so oft I have prest?
Her plumes torn and dim, oh!
And hush'd that sweet hymn, oh!
Ho ro, &c.

The wild-deer is flying chearily, chearily,
Ho ro, &c.
His hind he sees lying drearily, drearily,
Ho ro, &c.
In fondness the fair creature lifts up her head!
But where hath my hind and her little ones fled?
Hark! hark! what deep sighing!
In the dell they are dying! oh!
Ho ro, &c.

Ho ro Mhairi dhu'.

CHA dean mi car feum ma threigis mo leannan mi;
Ho ro Mhairi dhu'! tionndaidh rium!
A bhean a chul dualaich, 'sna cuachacan camlacach;
Ho ro, &c.
'Sa Mhairi na dig a' tu thaitnidh tu rium,
'Sa Mhairi na dig a' tu thaitnidh tu rium;
'Sa Mhairi na dig a' tu,
B'e de bheath' a-gainn tu;
Ho ro Mhairi dhu', tionndaidh rium!

The above stanza is the only one the EDITOR took down from the singing of MISSES ANNE and JANET M'LEOD of Gesto, Skye. The Melody is supposed to be ancient—the verses were composed to MRS M'PHERSON of Ostaig, by a female maniac, several years ago, who sung it, it is said, in so sweetly wild a manner, as to thrill the listner with pleasing terror.

The Sea Mew.

Pretty Slow & Pathetic

Pia: pp Cres:

Cha dean mi car fèum ma threigis mo Leannan mi; ho ro MHAIRI DHU! tionndaidh rium! A

The stars are all burning chearily, chearily, ho ro MHAIRI DHU! turn to me! The

For:

Bhean a chul dualaich,'sna cuachacan camlacach; ho ro MHAIRI DHU! tionndaidh rium. 'Sa

SEA MEW is mourning drear_i_ly, drear_i_ly! ho ro MHAIRI DHU! turn to me!

Mhairi na dig a' tu thaitnidh tu rium, 'Sa Mhairi na dig a' tu, thaitnidh tu rium; 'Sa

High is his home on the cliff's naked breast; but warm is her plumage that blesseth his nest! The

Mhairi na dig a tu, b'e do bheath' a_gainn thu; ho ro MHAIRI DHU, tionndaidh rium!

ice-winds ne'er blow there, And soft falls the snow there; O! ho ro MHAIRI DHU! turn to me!

For:

Pia: pp

The Hawk whoops on high

Slow and Majestic

Air minn o, na iom o ro, iom o agus iom o ro, air minn o, na iom o ro, is

The hawk whoops on high, and keen, keen from yon cliff, lo! the ea_gle on watch eyes the

aoibhinn leam an diu na chi. Air minn o, naiom o ro, iom o, agus iom o ro, air minn o, na iom

stag cold and stiff; The deer-hound, majestic, looks lof_ty a_round, while he lists with de___

o ro, is aoibhinn leam an diu na chi. Chreagmo chridh' 'sa chreag ghuanach; creag's and 'fhuaras greis do'm

_light to the harp's dis_tant sound. Is it swept by the gale as it slow wafts a___

arach; creagnan damh, 'snan aighean siubhlach; a chreag aidhear_ach, ùrail, iamach air minn o, na iom o ro, iom

_long the heart-soothing tones of an Ol_den-times Song? Or, is it some Druid who

o, agus iom o ro, air minn o na iom o ro, is aoibhinn leam an diu na chi.

touch_es, un_seen, "The Harp of the North," new_ly—strung now, I ween.

THE HAWK WHOOPS ON HIGH.

WRITTEN BY THE EDITOR.

AIR—*Creag Ghuanach.*

THE hawk whoops on high, and keen, keen from yon cliff,
Lo! the eagle on watch eyes the stag cold and stiff;
The deer-hound,* majestic, looks lofty around,
While he lists with delight to the harp's distant sound.
Is it swept by the gale, as it slow wafts along
The heart-soothing tones of an olden-times song?
Or is it some Druid who touches, unseen,
"The harp of the North," newly strung now, I ween?

'Tis ALBYN's own minstrel! and proud of his name,
She proclaims him chief bard, and immortal his fame!—
He gives tongue to those wild lilts that ravish'd of old,
And soul to the tales that so oft have been told.
Hence WALTER THE MINSTREL shall flourish for ay,
Will breathe in sweet airs, and live as long his "LAY:"
To ages unnumber'd thus yielding delight,
Which will last till the gloaming of time's endless night

Creag Ghuanach.†

AIR minn o, na iom o ro,
Iom o agus iom o ro,
Air minn o, na iom o ro,
Is aoibhinn leam an diu na chi.

Creag mo chridhd 'sa chreag ghuanach,
Creag na d'fhuair mi greis do'm àrach;
Creag nan damh's nan aighean siùbhlach
A chreag aidhearach, ùrail, ianach.
Air minn o, na iom o ro, &c. &c.

FRAGMENT of a GAELIC SONG, by an OLD HUNTER.

Taken down by EWAN MACLACHLAN of Aberdeen, from the Oral Recitation of his late Father DONALD MACLACHLAN of Fort-William.

"ACH' Aonghais Mhic Aonghais òig,
B'e do dhlighe 'bhi còir riamh:
Bu tu cas-shiubhal nan sròn,
'S b'ann le d' 'làimh a 'leoint' am fiadh,
Leis a ghunna sin 'tha 't uchd,
Dha 'm b' ainm an Lorg fhada ghlas;
Bu tu sior-namhaid a bhruic
Bho 'n chéud la riamh dh' fhalbh i leat."

* * * * *

Mo thruaighe! mo thruaighe mi!
Tha mi 'm' shìneadh air nìo dhruim,
'S mi ri cuimhneachadh gu tric
Nach iarr iad mi 'nis' air chuilm:
Cha 'n iarr iad mi' 'thigh an òil,
Bho 'n dh'fhàs mi' dhuine gun spèis:
Bha mi uair a dhìrinn sron,
'S dh' fhàgainn luchd na spòrs 'am 'dhéigh.

Miso 's tus' a Ghadthair‡ bhain!
Thug sinn greis roimhe ri deannal:
Chaill sinn ar talhunn 's ar dàn,
'S olc ar gndthuch ann 's an Eilein.
Thug a choille dh 'inn an Earb',
'S gun d' thug an t-àrd dh' ìnn na féidh:
Cha 'n eil cóir'againn, a 'laoich!
Bho 'luidh an aois oirnn gu lèir.

* * * * *

Chi mi Coire-Ratha bh' uam;
Chi mi Chruach is Beinne Bhreac;
Chi mi Strath-Oisiann nam Fiann,
'S chi mi 'Ghrian air Meall nan leac.
Chi mi Beinn-Nimheis gu h-àrd,
'S an Càrn dearg a tha 'na bun:
Chìte, farr mullach a fraoich,
Monadh fada faoin is muir.

Chi mi Strath-farsuing a chruidh,
For an labhar guth nan sonn,
'S Coire Creagach a Mhaim bhàin
'S an tric an d' thug mo 'lamh toll.—
Cha mharbh mi coileach no cearc;
Cha mharbh mi lach air an t shnàmb
Cha chuir mi mordh' ann an sruth;
Cha mharbh' mi iasg dubh na bàn.—
Cead do'n mhaoisleach, cead do'n bhoc;
Cead do'n damh is dosach bàrr;
Cead do'n bhiolair' ann 'sa 'n fhuaran;
Cead do'n uallan ann 'sa charn!
Cead do'n h-uile coire 'bh' ann;
Cead do dhiomhaireachd nan allt;
Cead do Choire Mhuilinn lom
'S Coire Mhinnein nan damh seang.

* * * *

PROSE TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE FRAGMENT.

ANGUS, son of ANGUS the young! worth, by privilege, was ever thine: oft did thy foot traverse the peaks; oft did thy hand pierce the stag. Armed with that gun in thy bosom, its name "the long gray truncheon;" ever since it became thy attendant, thou wert the badger's unceasing foe.

* * * * *

Ah wretched, wretched me! here, on my back reclined, I ponder the thought, that they shall invite me to the banquet no more! No more shall they invite me to drink with the social throng; since I am become despised and forlorn!—Once on a time I could scale§ the steep, and leave the contemptuous behind.

* * * * *

I and thou, my white hound, made vigorous exertions in our day! Our strength and ardour are gone: bootless were now a journey to the isle. The wood has deprived us of the roe! the height has deprived us of the stag! My gallant animal! ours is not the blame: we are now exhausted by the decays of age!

I see the distant Corry of Rath! I see the round peak, and the hill of Breck! I see the Strath of Ossian and of Fingal's race! I see the sun on the mountain of dusky slopes! I see Ben-nevis towering sublime, and the red heap at its base! From its frowning summit are seen the ranges of desert hills, and the ocean. I see the spacious level, the pasturage of herds, where the full deer often raises the cry; and the rocky vale of bright declivities, where often I transfixed the game! But the cock or hen of the mountain I shall hunt no more! no more I slay the wild duck swimming on the lake; no spear of mine shall penetrate the stream; the salmon, bright or dark, is my prey no more! Farewell to the fawn and to the hind! Farewell to the high-antlered stag! Farewell to the cresses shading the springs! Farewell to the romantic howl from the cairn! Farewell, ye sequestered rills! All ye favourite vales! Thou, smooth Corry of Mullin, and thou, Corry-Vinnen of slender deers, farewell!

* * * * *

* The deer-hound, in point of size, strength, and elegance of form---speed, and powerful action---instinct, temper, and disposition, far exceeds any other of the canine kind hitherto known in this island. In the vignette to this volume of ALBYN'S ANTHOLOGY, is introduced, a portrait of MR WALTER SCOTT'S favourite deer-hound Maida, one of the very few now remaining of this noble species of dog in Scotland. The ingenious Artist (MR WILLIAM LIZARS), faithful to his original, has executed his task, *con amore.*

† The above stanza to which this admirable Air is adapted, is one of seventy, which the Gaelic reader will find in the old song entitled "Oran na Comhachaig," printed, very incorrectly, in the PERTH Collection, and also in M'DONALD'S Collection. The following stanzas, furnished by the learned Translator, seem also to bear a striking resemblance to the song in question. It is needless to add, how pure and classical the fragment here given is, in comparison with that of the song alluded to.

‡ Ghaothair. § Climb, mount, ascend.

O SING, YE CHILDREN OF THE BRAVE.

WRITTEN BY MR FAIRBAIRN.

AIR—*Tha ghaoth a niar cho chaithramach.*

O SING, ye children of the Brave!
A requiem o'er your fathers' grave,
Who fought, on the triumphant wave,
The battles of the free;—
Of NELSON raise the grateful song!—Lo! rushing through the deep,
Like tempests in their force and speed, his broad-wing'd vessels sweep:
The star of glory shines afar,—
The star of Nile,—o'er Trafalgar;
The light that through the storms of war
Still points to victory!*

There, dark'ning half the azure main,
Arise the lofty ships of Spain;
And France her sullied flag again
Gives boldly to the breeze:
Of NELSON's ever glorious days, the brightest and the last
Inspires his too prophetic soul! his latest signal's past:—
"ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN
"WILL DO HIS DUTY:"—Quick, from van
To rear, a deep low murmur ran,
As tempests threat the seas!†

The deadly conflict is begun—
Flame wraps the waves, and smoke the sun;
And, through the shroud of sulphur dun,
Each thundering vessel glows:
Full on the foe the Chieftain steers, and rends his furious way,
Like bolt of Heav'n amid the night of terror and dismay:—
The flaming wrecks are rolling wide,
And hostile corses load the tide—
But, ah! the victors's shouts subside,
And tears their triumph close!

Yes, England, weep!—No stain of fear
Pollutes the proud parental tear,
That falls upon thy hero's bier—
For now, belov'd of Heav'n!
Soon shall the humbled nations own (nor urge thy vengeance more)
The sceptre that subdued the sea can shake the trembling shore!
And when thy valour lacks a foe,
Thy generous worth the world shall know;
And ransom'd states around thee grow,
Like sons by Freedom given.

Iorram, do Chlann Raonuill.‡

THA ghaoth a niar cho chaithramach,
'S gun chum i 'raoir am chaithris mi,
Bhi smaointin air na fearabh sin,
'Smo mhile beannachd leò;
Bhi smaointin air na fearbh sin
'Smo mhile beannachd leò.
Fallain do na brathribh sin
A dhalbh an dè air saile bhuainn,
Bha Ailen, agus Ràuill ann,
'Sair faichinn slan gu leòir.
Bha Ailen, &c. &c.

* In SOUTHEY's "Life of NELSON," vol. i. p. 24, occurs the following remarkable passage:—"And from that time, he often said, *a radiant orb* was suspended in his mind's eye, which urged him onward to renown."——"He knew to what the previous state of dejection was to be attributed; that an enfeebled body, and a mind depressed, had cast this shade over his soul; but he always seemed willing to believe, that the sunshine which succeeded bore with it a prophetic glory, and that the light which led him on, was 'light from Heaven."

† *Variation.* "As when the tempest's breath is drawn,
Before it heaves the seas."

‡ The Editor regrets his not having taken down the rest of the verses of this fine old Iorram, when he jotted down the Melody and first stanza from the singing of LACHLAN MACQUHARIE, one of the tenants in Ulva, the property of RANALD MACDONALD, Esq. of Staffa.

O! sing ye Children of the Brave!

Slow Solemn and Majestic.

ff *Pia:* *pp* *Cres:*

Tha ghaoth a niar cho chaith_ramach, 'Sgun chum i'nraoir am

O! sing ye Children of the Brave! A requiem o'er your

Pia: *For:* *Pia:*

chaithris mi, bhi smaointin air na Fear_abh sin, 'Smo mhile beannachd leò; bhi

Fathers' grave, Who fought, on the _tri_umph_ant wave, The bat_tles of the Free: Of

smaointin air na fearabh sin, Smo mhile beannachd leo; bhi smaontin air 'na fearabh

NELSON raise the grateful song: Lo! rushing thro' the deep, Like tempests in their force &

sin, Smo mhile beannachd leo: Fallain do na Brathribh sin a dhalbh an dè air

speed, his broad-wing'd vessels sweep! The star of glory shines afar, the star of Nile o'er

saile bhuainn, Bha AILLEN a_ _gus RA_ULL ann, 'Sair faichinn slan gu leòir.

Trafalgar! The light that thro' the storms of war, still points to Victory!

The moments approaching

Rather Slow and Plaintive.

For: *Pia:* *pp*

Gur mul_adach

The moment's ap__

ppp

tha mi, 'Smi gun mhire'adh gun mhan_ran, ann sa'n talladh' m bu

___proach__ing that ends all con__ten___tion, be___tween ruth___less

gnà le MAC__LEOIR. Tigh mor macnas__ach, mea'rach na

Reb__els and me; Their tur___bu___lence, trea__son, and

macaimh's na maighdean, far'm bu tart__a__rach gleadhraich na còrn.

cru___el in__ten__tion, ex__ceed all dire crimes in de__gree!

For: *Pia:* *pp*

THE ROYAL SUFFERER'S FAREWELL.

WRITTEN BY THE EDITOR.

AIR—*Gur muladach tha mi.*

" THE moment's approaching, that ends all contention
Between ruthless rebels and me;
Their turbulence, treason, and cruel intention,
Exceed all dire crimes in degree!

" Why crimes are permitted, and miscreants flourish,
Belongs not to mortals to know;
But passions malignant no wise man will nourish,
For passion's the parent of woe.

" HENRIETTA! dear consort! of lilies the fairest!
To FRANCE, thou, ere long, must return;
And, if for my orphans, and thine, love, thou carest,
Their father thou long wilt not mourn!

" But when gone, and this body in dust fast decaying,
(My spirit on high with the just),
Remember with gladness of heart this true saying,
That, 'In Heaven it is safest to trust.'

" Impress on our infants this truth never failing,
'Tis the anchor of hope and of Heaven,
Let CHARITY be in the bosom prevailing,
And learn to *forgive*—as *forgiven*."

The monarch here pausing—the tear-drops fast falling,
Round his consort his arms quick he threw;
" To the block!" while his merciless tyrants were calling!
He grasp'd her—and groaned an adieu!

Cumha Shir Tormaid Mhic Leoid,

LE MARI NIGHEAN ALASTAIR RUAIDH.

GUR muladach tha mi,
'S mi gun mhireadh gun mhanran,
Anns' an talla 'm bu gnà le Mac Leoid,
Gur, &c.

Tigh mor macnasach meagh'rach,
Na macaibh 's na maighdean,
Far 'm bu tartarach gleadhraich nan corn.

Tha do thalla mor prisail,
Gun fhasgadh gun dian air.
Far am facadh mi 'm fion bhi 'ga ol.

Och mo dhiobhail mar thachair,
Thainig dith' air an aitreabh,
'S ann a's cianail leam tachairt na coir.

Shir Tormaid nam bratach,
Fear do dhealbh-sa bu tearc e,
Gun sceilm a chuir asad na bosd.

Fhuair thu teist, a's deagh urram,
Ann am freasdal gach duine,
Air dheiseachd 's air uir-ghioll beoil.

Leat bu mhiannach coin luthmhor,
Dol a shiubhal nan stuc-bheann,
'S an gunna nach dinltadh re h ord.

'S i do lamh nach robh tuisleach,
Dol an coineadh a chuspair,
Led' bhogha cruaidh ruiteach deagh-neoil.

Glac throm air do shiliasaid,
An deigh a snaithe gun fhiaradh,
'S barr dosrach de sciathaibh an eoin.

Bhiodh ceir ris na crannaibh,
Bu neo-eisleanach tarruing,
'Nuair a leimeadh an t saighid o d' mheor.

'Nuair a leigte o d' laimh i,
Cha bhiodh oirleach gun bhathadh,
Eadar corran a gaine 's a smeoirn.

Ceud soghraidh le durachd,
Uam gu leannan an t sugraidh,
Gu 'm b'e m' aidhir 's mo run bhi ga d' choir.

'Nam dhuit tighinn gu d' bhaile,
'S tu bu tighiarnail gabhail,
'Nuair shudheadh gach caraid mu d' bhord.

Bha thu measail aig uaislean,
'S cha robh beagan mar chruas ort,
Sud an cleachdadh a fhuair thu d' aois oig.

Gu 'm biodh faram air tailisg,
Agus fuaim air a chlarsaich,
Mar a bhuineadh do shar mhac mhic Leoid.

Gur e b' eachdraidh 'na dheigh sin,
Greis air uir-sgeul no Feinne,
'S air a chuideachda earr-gheal nan crochd.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

BY MR JOHN SCOTT.

How melancholy am I! without mirth or sweet conversation, in the mansion that used to be the residence of Macleod.

That spacious house of festivity and joy, of sons and of maidens, wherein was (to be heard) the noisy clatter of the drink horns.

Your extensive and valuable mansion is (now) without shelter and without roof,—where I have seen the wine drank freely.

O my grief, that it should so happen! Your steadings are in ruin: To me it is mournful to come near them.

Sir Norman of the banners! a man of your likeness was rare: Without vanity or vaunt, it may be said of you.

You have obtained honour and great respect for your polite attention to every man, and for your ready and eloquent address.

Swift dogs were your delight, for the purpose of traversing the rugged hills,—and the gun that would not snap.

Yours was not the unsteady hand, when the object was to be hit—with your hard, stained, and finely coloured bow.

A weighty quiver by your side, well polished, without bend or flaw, and its top appearing like a tuft of birds' wings.

Shafts well dressed with wax are not difficult to draw, when the arrow would spring from your fingers.

Soon as let off from your hand, not an inch of it but would be immersed (in the game), from the point to the end of the shaft.

A hundred most sincere respects to the lover of joy: my happiness and earnest desire was to be near you.

On your return home, how chieftain-like did you appear when every friend sat round your table.

You were in high respect among the great; small matters gave you no uneasiness: that was a habit you acquired in early youth.

There was to be heard the din of backgammon, and the sound of the harp—such (amusements) becoming the genuine son of Macleod.

After these, the subject of history; a while on the tales of the Fingalians; and a while on that community with white pasterns and huge antlers.

* " SIR NORMAN M'LEOD of Bernera, was third son of SIR RODERICK M'LEOD, commonly called RORY MORE (or great), who was knighted by JAMES VI. and of ISOBEL, a daughter of GLENGARY. When CHARLES II. landed in Scotland in 1650, the chief of the Clan was a minor, so that SIR RODERICK and SIR NORMAN, sons of RORY MORE, and uncles of the minor, led the Clan to the royal standard, and were present at the fatal battle of Worcester, where SIR NORMAN was made prisoner, and remained in confinement eighteen months. He then escaped, and found his Clan in the Highlands, and was by them deputed to offer to his Majesty, at Paris, their assurance of inviolable attachment. The king dismissed him with letters to the principal people of the royal party, and desiring him to return by Holland, where General (afterwards EARL of) MIDDLETON was: he from thence conveyed the supply of arms, and ammunition provided there, to the Highlands; which, with the letters, he safely delivered. In 1659, he was sent by CHARLES to the court of Denmark, to solicit the king's assistance; in which he so far succeeded as to obtain a promise of 10,000 men, who were ready for embarkation when news arrived of the king's restoration; upon this he, with his brother RODERICK, received the honour of knighthood, being the only reward he obtained for his services." This note communicated by the present M'LEOD.

ORAN DO THIGEARNA CHLANNRAONUILL.

AIR—*Tha tighin fotham eiridh.*

LUINNEAG.

THA tighin fotham, fotham, fotham,
Tha tighin fotham, fotham, fotham,
Tha tighin fotham, fotham, fotham,
Tha tighin fotham eiridh.

SUD an t shlàinte chùramach,
Olamaid gu suntach i,
Deoch slàinte an Ailein Mhùideirtich,
Mo dhùrachd dhut gun èirich.
Tha tighin fotham, &c.

Ge do bhiodh tu fad uam,
Dheiradh sunt a's aigne orm,
Nuair chluinninn sgèul a b' aite leam,
Air gaisgeach no'n gniomh èuchdach.
Tha tighin fotham, &c.

'S iomad maighdionn bharsach,
Ga math da 'n tig an carrasaid,
Eadar Baile a Mhanaich,
Agus caol Bharaidh 'n dèigh ort.
Tha tighin fotham, &c.

Tha pàirt an ealàin bheagram dhiu'
Cuid san Fhraing, 's an Eadaillt dhiu'
Cha n'eil latha teagaisg,
Nach bi'n Cille-pheadair tréud dhiu',
Tha tighin fotham, &c.

N'ar chruinnicheadh am Bannal ud,
Brèid caol an càradh crainnaig orra,
Fallas air a malainean,
A danns' air urlar dèile.
Tha tighin fotham, &c.

'N uair chiaradh air fheasgar,
Gum ba bheadarach do fhleasgaichean,
Bhiodh pìoban mor ga'n spreigeadh ann,
A's feudanan ga'n Glèusadh.
Tha tighin fotham, &c.

Sgiobair ri la gaillinn thu,
Shèoladh cuan na n marunnan,
A bheireadh long gu calachan,
Le spiunnadh glac do threin-fhear.
Tha tighin fotham, &c.

Sgèul beag eile a dhearbha leat,
Gur sealagair sìthne an garbhlach thu,
Le d' chuilbhir, caol nach dearmadach,
Air dearg-ghraigh na'n ceann èa-trom.
Tha tighin fotham, &c.

B e sud an leòghunn ageamach,
'N uair nochdach tu do Bhaidcalean,
Lamh dhearg a's long a's bradanan,
'N uair a lasadh meanmnadh an t èudunn.
Tha tighin fotham, &c.

IMITATION.*

BY A LADY.

COME, here's a pledge to young and old,
Who quaff the blood-red wine;
A health to Allan Muidyart bold,
The dearest love of mine.

Along, along, then haste along,
For here no more I'll stay;
I'll braid and bind my tresses long,
And o'er the hills away.

And when to old Kill-Phedar came,
Such troops of damsels gay;
Say, come they there for Allan's fame?
Or come they there to pray?

And when these dames of beauty fair
Were dancing in the hall,
On some were gems and jewels rare,
And cambric coifs and all.

When waves blow gurly off the land,
And near the bark may steer,
The grasp of Allan's strong right hand
Compels her hence to veer.

Along, along, then haste along,
For here no more I'll stay;
I'll braid and bind my tresses long,
And o'er the hills away.

RISE AND FOLLOW CHARLIE.

I'M inspir'd, inspir'd, and fir'd!
I'm inspir'd, nay, fiercely fir'd!
I'm all on fire with strong desire
To rise and follow CHARLIE!

Flush from France, that hot-land, sirs,
CHARLIE's come to Scotland, sirs;
Push round the *quaich* and bottle, and, sirs,
Quaff a health to CHARLIE!

Ha teen fo'am, fo'am, fo'am,
Ha teen fo'am, fo'am, fo'am,
Ha teen fo'am, fo'am, fo'am,
To rise and follow CHARLIE!

Highlandman and Lowlandman,
The princely youth will follow, man!
To beat the *red-coats* hollow, man,
Wha wadna rise wi' CHARLIE?
Ha teen fo'am, fo'am, &c.

Let burly WULL frae Flanders come,
Wi' brazen trump and kettle-drum!
Bang up the bag-pipe! 'tis our trum'!
Let's trim the GERMAN rarely!
Ha teen fo'am, fo'am, fo'am, &c.

We fear nae foes nor foreign loons,
Wi' hairy lips and pantaloons;
Nor Saxons stern, nor bluff dragoons,
Up! up! and waur them fairly!
Ha teen fo'am, fo'am, fo'am, &c.

Ilka loyal heart and leal,
Ye wha love auld Albyn's weal,
Come, drive the rebels to the deil!
And do't again for CHARLIE!
Ha teen fo'am, fo'am, fo'am, &c.

The tongue is an unruly thing,
Whence imps o' hell in words tak wing!
Sce JAMES the third and eight—The KING!†
And—not forgettin' CHARLIE!
Ha teen fo'am, fo'am, fo'am, &c.

* The elose and elegant imitation of this animating *luinneag* being in a measure different from the Gaelie original, the EDITOR has adapted to the Air a few stanzas from his MS. Collection of "*Loyal Songs,*" as they were called by the *Jacobites,* or stauneh adherents to the now extinct Royal Family of STUART. It is needless to add, that the immediate offspring of the true Jacobite families are at this moment the most zealous and loyal supporters of the illustrious house of BRUNSWICK.

† This was a sly way of drinking the health of the son of JAMES VII. whieh the Jaeobites never failed to do at convivial meetings, quoting Seripture at the same time, "But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison."—*Vide* the general epistle of JAMES, ehap. iii. 8. The following extempore epigram by DR DIROM, made when called upon to drink GEORGE the Seeond's health, at a loyal meeting at Manchester, is omitted in the last edition of his works, and is here given to shew, that a correspondent spirit existed at that time among the English as well as the Seotish *Jacobites.*

Here's "God bless the King! God bless the Faith's Defender!"
There can be no harm sure in *blessing*---the *Pretender:*
But who Pretender is, or who is *King*—
God bless us all! That's quite another thing!

Rise and follow Charlie!

Gay and Animating

Tha tighin fotham, fo'_am, fo'_am, tha tighin fotham, fo'_am, fo'am, tha tighin fotham, fo'_am, fo'_am,

I'm inspir'd, inspir'd, and fir'd, O I'm inspir'd, nay, fiercely fir'd, I'm all on fire with strong desire to

tha tighin fo'am èi_ridh! Sud an t'slain__di chù_ram_ach, olamaid gu sun'__tach

rise and follow CHARLIE! Flush from France that hot-land, Sirs! CHARLIE's come to Scotland,

i, deoch slainte Ail__ain Mhuideirdich mo dhùrachd dhut gun èi_ridh! Tha tighin fo'am,

Sirs; push round the *QUAICH* and bottle, and, Sirs! quaff a health to CHARLIE! ha tin fo'am,

fo'am fo'am, tha tighin fo'am fo'am, fo'am, tha tighin fo'am, fo'am fo'am, tha tighin fo'am eiridh!

fo'am, fo'am, ha tin fo'am, fo'am, fo'am, ha tin fo'am, fo'am, to rise and follow CHARLIE.

There's nothing so fatal as Woman.

Gay but not Quick

There's

nothing so fa__tal as wo__man, to hur__ry a man to his grave.

He may sigh and la__ment; he may pine like a saint; But still she will

hold him her slave.

THERE's nothing so fatal as woman,
To hurry a man to his grave;
He may sigh and lament,
He may pine like a saint,
But still she will hold him her slave.

But a bottle, altho' 'tis quite common,
The tricks of the sex will undo;
It will drive from your head
The delights of a bride:
He that's drunk is too happy to woo!

WRITTEN BY THE EDITOR.

THERE's naught so delightful as woman,
Delectable source of all joy!
When lovely and kind,
And possess'd of a *mind*,
She's, by Heavens! no trifling toy!

Of a truth ('tis disputed by no man),
Kind woman of life is the soul;
With delicate ease,
She fails not to please,
When she sways man with gentlest control.

O woman! bewitching, sweet woman!
Thou idol whom all must adore!
Let virtue inspire
Each hallowed desire,
Then, rule thou the world evermore!

* The verses and Air of this song, were taken down as sung by the EDITOR's friend, ROBERT SCOTT MONCRIEFF, Esq. who learnt it several years ago from an elderly clergyman in FYFE. It is also sung by GILBERT INNES, Esq. of STOW, exactly as here given; and so far as it consists with the EDITOR's knowledge, the gentlemen, whom he is permitted to name, are the only persons who recollect this excellent relict of an old Scotish convivial song;—it will not escape, however, suspicion of its being rather an imitation by DR GREEN, or some such successful imitator of the Melodies of North Britain.

COME, MY BRIDE.

WRITTEN BY THE EDITOR.

AIR—*Original, composed by the Editor.**

He. COME, my bride, haste, haste away!
Wak'st thou, love? or art thou sleeping?
Song-birds, warbling loud their lay,
Salute the day-dawn peeping, love!
This is the promis'd bridal hour,
And Heaven approves our union, love!
Come, let us yield to love's soft power,
And smile at vain opinion, love!
Two kindred hearts, by fate design'd
To live in bands of amity,
Will find resources in the mind
'Gainst blame or keen calamity.

She. I come! I come!—with sleepless eye
I've kept the nuptial-vigil gladly,
Watch'd the blush of orient sky,
And long'd for day-break sadly, love!
But now I hail the welcome dawn,
Which smiles upon our destiny;
Away! let's brush the dewy lawn,
To where we are to rest in ay.

Both. Propitious powers of wedded love!
Protect two souls united so;
And may we all those pleasures prove,
That vows deserve, when plighted so.

Oran, LE ALASTAIR CAIMBEUL.

RIMHINN aluin 'stu mo rùn,
Oigh mo chridhe, na bìodh tú agam!
B' annsa leam na ulaidh mhor,
Ri'm bheo gu biodh t'u maille rium:
Duisg, a ghaoil, gu grad fuidh 'phràmb;
Eirich—bi sinn fadalach:
Tha n'eoin beag am barr na gèig,
Ri bideil binn cho aighearach;
Tha smeòrach ann sa doire 'ud thall,
'Sa' lòn-dubh fonnmhor, faramach,
Toirt failte a dhninn 'sa mhatain chiùn,
Is' sinn los falbh do 'n shagàirt tràth.

Ainnir chèutach! bha mi 'n raoir
Rè na 'noidhche soirbh gun chadal,
Na bithinn eadar do dha laimhe,
Bhi' leisgeul ann, gun amharus—
Ach, tha mi duil, mu 'n crom a ghrian,
Ga bi sinn somhlan, sòlasach:—
An saoil thu, ghraidh, (mo chuid do'n' d' shaoghal!)
Nach be sinn 'nochd ann flath-innis?
'Se neamh air talamh, creid, a chèil'!
Da chridhe' dileas, treibh-dhireach,
Le beartas, bèus, is beannachd ac',
Ri'm beò saod-pòsda ceangailte.

* The EDITOR, in thus claiming an early composition of his own, feels a mingled sensation of diffidence and satisfaction in venturing to insert it in a Selection such as the present. But as the trifle in question has been honoured with public approbation for many years past, and has been considered by many, nay even professional men, as one of our oldest Tunes, it becomes the duty of the composer to state briefly, yet distinctly, the fact, and leave it thus on record. In the year 1783, while the present Writer was studying coanterpoint and composition, and turning his attention to National Music, he made essays in that style, one of which was the Melody to which he has united Gaelic and English verses of his own, written for ALBYN'S ANTHOLOGY. It was originally composed as a STRATHSPEY; and in the year 1791 or 92, it was published, and inscribed to the Rev. PATRICK M'DONALD of Kilmore, the Editor of the "Collection of Highland Airs" mentioned in the Preface of the present Work. In MR NATHANIEL GOW'S Collection, this Strathspey is called "*Lord Balgowny's Delight,*" and pointed out as a "very ancient Air." It has since been published by MR J. M'FADYEN of Glasgow, under the title of "*Gloomy Winter's now awa,* a Scotish Song, written by R. TANNAHILL, with Symphonies and Accompaniements by R. A. SMITH." Wherefore, it being now reclaimed, this indispensible egotism will freely be pardoned by every liberal and candid mind, when a Writer, in order to do himself justice, embraces a fair opportunity, as in the present instance, of doing so.

Come, my Bride, haste, haste away!

Rather Slow and Tenderly

Rim_hinn' a_luin 'stu mo rùn, Oigh mo chridhe na biodh tu a gam!

Come, my bride, haste, haste a_way! wak'st thou love? or art thou sleeping?

b'ann sa leam na ulaidh mhor, rim bheo gu biodh tu mail_le rium.

Song_birds war_bling loud their lay, sa_lute the dawn, now peeping, love!

Diusg, a ghaoil, gu grad fuidh phràmh; eir_ich! bi sinn fa_da_lach: tha

This the promis'd bri_dal hour; Heav'n ap_proves our union, love! Come,

'n Eoin beag am barr na gèig ri bid_eil binn cho aigh_earach; Tha

let us yield to love's soft power, and smile at vain o_pinion, love: Two

Smeorach ann sa doire 'ud thall, 'Sa Lòn-dubh fonnmhor, fa-ramach, toirt

kin-dred hearts, by fate de--sign'd to live in bands of a--mi--ty, will

failte a dhuinn 'sa mhatain chùin, is 'sinn los falbh do'n a' Shagairt tràth. Tha

find re--sour--ces in the mind, 'gainst blame, or keen ca-la-mi-ty: Two

8

Smeorach ann sa doire 'ud thall, 'Sa Lòn-dubh fonnmhor, faramach, toirt

kin-dred hearts, by fate de--sign'd to live in bands of a-mi--ty, will

kin-dred hearts, by fate de--sign'd to live in bands of a-mi--ty, will

failte a dhuin 'sa mhatain chùin, is 'sinn los falbh do'n a Shagairt tràth.

find re-sour-ces in the mind, 'gainst blame, or keen ca--la--mi---ty.

find re-sour-ces in the mind, 'gainst blame, or keen ca--la--mi---ty.

8 8

hr hr

My Dad was an Irish blade

Gay and with Humour

My Dad was an Irish blade, tall, stout, and frisky; Fudra bu-le-ra,

fudra bulo! My Mam was a neat lit-tle merchant of whisky; Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!

And I was their white-headed boy, and their darling; Fudra bule-ro, fudra bulo! I

skipp'd like a kid, and I sang like a starling; Fudra bulero, fudra bulo! With my ranti o ro,

fu_dro lou__di; fu_dra bu_le_ro, fu_dra bu_lo; With my ran_ti_o_ro, fu_dro lou_di

fu_dra bu_le_ra, fu_dra bu_lo! With my ranti o ro, fou_dro lou_di, fu_dra bu_le_ra,

fu_dra bu_lo! With my did_dero bub_be_ro, fu_dra bu_le_ro, fu__dra bu_le__ro,

fu__dra bu__lo!

tr

WRITTEN BY THE EDITOR.

AIR—*An Irish Melody.**

My dad was an Irish blade, tall, stout, and frisky;
Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!
My mam was a nate little merchant of whisky;
Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!
And I was their *white-headed boy*, and their darling;
Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!
I skipp'd like a kid, and I sang like a starling;
Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!
With my ranti o ro! fudro loudi!
Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!
With my ranti o ro! fudro loudi!
Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!
With my ranti o ro! fudro loudi!
Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!
With my diduro, bubbero, fudra bulero!
Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!

And och! to be sure, the girls did not love me;
Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!
And a tight clever lad the dear creatures still prove me;
Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!
At christ'nings, and wakes, and weddings so rare, ah!
Fudra, bulero, fudra bulo!
To be sure I'm not welcome, with fudra bulera;
Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!
With my ranti o ro, &c.

In peace or war-time I'm equally easy;
Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!
But when I'm in liquor, to be sure I'm not crazy;
Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!
And then for a *row* with an Irishman's flail, ah!
Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!
'Tis a threshing machine, call'd a twig of *shillelah!*
Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!
With my ranti o ro, &c.

And should I be *kilt*, or clash'd down in a flurry,
Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!
To be sure I won't stir to revenge in a hurry;
Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!
Och! then how I'll whack at their pates and their noses!
Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!
And paint them all over like bloody red roses;
Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!
With my ranti o ro! fudro loudi!
Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!
With my ranti o ro! fudro loudi!
Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!
With my ranti o ro! fudro loudi!
Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!
With my diduro, bubbero, fudra bulero!
Fudra bulero, fudra bulo!

* This Melody (for the first time published) is one of many that bears a striking resemblance to our Highland and Hebridean Airs, and it may be considered as the *Irish* set of our "*Gille 'na Drovar.*" It is here given in illustration of the well-known fact, that there exists characteristic shades of difference only in the Music peculiar to both sides of the water. It was from the singing of the late Comedian RYDER (who sung it without words) that the EDITOR took it down in the year 1784.

THE PIPER AND TRIHODYAN.*

WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.

Piper. Ye're a blob roun' and ripe,
Like a puddin' o' tripe,
Like the bag o' my pipe,
Trihodyan.

By my faith, I suppose,
That sax cogue-fu' o' brose
Is your ilka day's dose,
Trihodyan.

Gin ye swallow and swell,
I may venture to tell,
That she'll brust her nainsel,
Trihodyan.

Come! out wi' your mill,
Sit down, and be still,
Ye're no for the hill,
Trihodyan.

Ye'll chock at some knowe,
Ye'll stick in some flow,
Or ye'll melt in a thow,
Trihodyan.

Fat Donald Macraw,
On some brae gin ye fa',
Ye'll row down like a ba',
Trihodyan.

Trihodyan. Ye may preach, ye may jeer,
Ye may pray, ye may swear;
But I'll grup the wild deer,
Trihodyan!

Piper. Pit sa't on her tail,
Or, fat Donald, ye'll fail;
Hoot! grup a black snail,
Trihodyan.

Trihodean.

Ta thu sultmhor, bog, trom,
Is cho reamhor ri ròn,
No miolmhor na' n tonn,
No torc mòr, Trihodean!
Trihodean, tri ho!
Trihodean, tri ho!
Trihodean, tri ho!
Agus o Trihodean!

'Sann a mheall thu mo cheil'
Le druigheach, 'sle sgleò,
Gus do lean i thu suas
Measg na beann, Trihodyan!
'Sann an airidh na' stùchd
Tha cruineag mo run;

'Stric snidh' air do shuil
'Stu fo lùirich Hodean.
Trihodean, tri ho, &c.

'Nuair theid thu do'n bheinn
Bi'd ghunn' air dheagh ghlèus;
Bi d' chuilean a'd dheigh,
'Se fear trèunach Hodean!
Trihodean, tri ho, &c.

Ta thu barachail, borb
Luadh, laidir, cruaidh, gèur,
Calmadh, gasganach, garg;
O 'sthu Laoch, Trihodean!
'S gad a tha do bhrù mòr,
Is do cholan cho trom,

Tha'u daonan ann'd leum
Deigh na feidh, Trihodean!
Trihodean, tri ho, &c.

Cum do theangadh! a chù!
'Nuar theid mi do'n fhridh,
'Scinnt' ga spad mi damh seang,
O 'smi 'n 'shealgair Trihodean!
Trihodean tri ho, &c.

'Scinnt nach beir thu air earb,
Nr earball damh donn;
Beir air seilcheag,—o chiall!
Nach glènsd' Trihodean!
Trihodean, tri ho, &c.

* Trihodyan, or rather *Hodean,* is supposed to be an over-grown lubber, that would fain be a deer-stalker. By endeavouring to pronounce the words with a strong Highland accent, it will add greatly to the ludicrous effect intended by the Author.

The Editor having used more freedom, not with the Melody itself, for it is given correctly as he heard it sung in Lochaber, but in adapting Mr Boswell's excellent verses to what he conceived a correspondent variety of Air and Accompaniment; thus attempting the ludicrous in *sound,* as the Writer has done in *sense.*

Trihodyan!

Gay and with Peculiar Humour

Ta thu sult__mhor, bog, trom, Is cho ream_hor ri Ròn, no

PIPER. Ye're a blob roun' and ripe; Like a pud__din' o' tripe; Like the

Miolmhor na'n tonn, No Torc mòr, Tri__hod_ean! Tri__hod__ean, Tri__ho, Tri__

bag o' my pipe, o' my pipe, Tri__hod_yan! Tri__hod__yan, Tri__ho, Tri__

_hod_ean, tri ho, Tri__hod__ean, tri ho, a__gus o Tri__hod_ean!

__hod_yan, tri__ho, Tri__hod__yan, tri_ho, And its O Tri_hod_yan!

3

'Sann a

By my

mheail thu mo Cheil' le druigheach, 'sle sgleò, gus an lean i thu suas measg na beann, Tri_

faith! I sup_pose that, sax cogue fu' o' brose is your il_ka day's doze, your days dozeTri__

_hodean. 'Sann an airidh na', stùichd tha Cruineag mo rùn, stric snidh', air do shuil, 'stu fo

__hodyan! Gin ye swallow and swell, I may venture to tell that, she'll burst her nainsel', her nain_

luirich Hod_ean Tri_hod_ean, tri ho, Tri__hod_ean, tri ho, Tri__hod__ean, tri

sel' Tri_hod_yean! Tri_hod_yean, tri_ho, Tri_hod_yean tri_ho, Tri_hod_yean, tri__

ho a__gus o Tri_hod__ean.

__ho, a__gus o' Tri_hod__yean!

'Nuar theid thu don bheinn bi'd ghunn' air dheaghghleus; bid'chuilean ad dheigh, se fear

Come! out wi' your mill; Sit down and be still; Your no for the hill, O chon!

treunach Hod_ean Tri_hod_ean tri ho Tri_hod_ean tri ho Tri_hod_ean tri

no, Tri_hod_yean! Tri_hod_yean! tri_ho, Tri_hod_yean, tri_ho, Tri_hod_yean, tri_

ho a_gus Tri_hod_ean!

_ho, And its o Tri_hod_yean!

Tha thu

Ye'll

Cres: *ff* *Pia:*

bar_rach_ail, brob, luadh, laidir cruaidh, geur, calmadh, gas_ganach, garg; O' stu'n

choak at some knowe; Ye'll stick in some flow; Or ye'll melt in a thow, in a

Laoch, Tri_hod_ean! 'Sgad a tha do bhrion mor, Is do cho_lan cho trom, tha thu

thow! Tri_hod_yean! Fat DONALD MACRAA, On some brae gin ye fa', Ye'll row

daon-an ann'd lèum deigh na fèidh, Tri-hod-ean, Tri-hod-ean, tri ho Tri--hod-ean, Tri

down like a Ba', hah! ha, ha! Tri-hod-yean, Tri-hod-yean, tri-ho, Tri-hod-yean, Tri-

ho Tri--hod-ean, tri ho a-gus Tri-hod--ean.

--ho, Tri-hod-yean, tri-ho, a-gus O Tri-hod-yean. Minore.

Pia:

8

pp *ppp* *Cres:*

Cum do theangadh! a Chù! nuar theid mi do'n fhrith, sciunt'ga spad mi damh seang, O 'smi'n

ye may preach ye may jeer, ye may pray, ye may swear, but I'll grup the wild deer, the wild

TRIHODYEAN.

Sheal gair Tri hoh an! Cum do theangadh a chù! 'muir theid mi do'n frith, 'sciunt'ga spad mi damh

deer, I'm Trihodyean, ye may preach, ye may jeer, ye may pray, ye may swear; but I'll grup the wild

seang; O' smi 'n Shealgair Trihod_ean!

deer, the wild deer, I'm Tri_hod_yean!

'Scinnt' nach beir thu air

Piper. Put sa't on her

Earb, na ear__ball Damh donn, beir air Seilcheag O chiall! nach gleusd' Tri_hod_ean! Tri__

tail, or fat DO_NALD ye'll fail. Hoot! grup a black snail, a black snail, Trihod_yean! Tri__

__hodean, tri ho, Tri__hod_ean, tri ho, Tri_hod__ean, tri ho, a_gus O Tri_hod__ean.

__hodyean, tri ho, Trihod_yean, tri ho, Tri_hod_yean, tri ho, a_gus O Tri_hod_yean.

8

Pia: *pp* *For:* *ff*

Kinmont Willie.

with Animation and Peculiar Expreſſion

O have ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde? O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord

Scroop? How they ha'e ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie, on Hairibie to hang him up?

Had Willie had but twen_ty men, but twen_ty men as stout as he, fause Sa__

__kelde had never the Kinmont ta'en, wi' eight score in his companie.

KINMONT WILLIE.*

To its own original Melody,

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

O HAVE ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?
O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Seroope?
How they hae ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
On Hairibee to hang him up?

Had Willie had but twenty men,
But twenty men as stout as he,
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
Wi' eight score in his companie.

They band his legs beneath the steed,
They tied his hands behind his back,
They guarded him fivesome on each side,
And they brought him ower the Liddel-raek.

They led him thro' the Liddel-raek,
And also thro' the Carlisle sands,
They brought him to Carlisle castell,
To be at my Lord Seroope's commands.

—"My hands are tied, but my tongue is free!
And whae will dare this deed avow?
Or answer by the border law,
Or answer to the bauld Buecleuch?"—

—"Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
There's never a Scot shall set ye free:
Before ye cross my castle yate,
I trow ye shall take farewell o' me."—

—"Fear na ye that, my Lord," quo' Willie:
"By the faith o' my bodie, Lord Scroope," he said,
"I never yet lodged in a hostelrie,
But I paid my lawing before I gaed."—

Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,
In Branksome Ha' where that he lay,
That Lord Scroope has ta'en the Kinmont Willie,
Between the hours of night and day.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He garr'd the red wine spring on hie—
—"Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"But avenged of Lord Seroop I'll be!

"O is my basnet a widow's curch?
Or my lance a wand of the willow tree?
Or my arm a ladyes lilye hand,
That an English lord should lightly me!

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of border tide!
And forgotten that the bauld Bacleuch
Is keeper here on the Scotish side?

"And have they e'en ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear?
And forgotten that the bauld Bacleuch
Can baek a steed, or shake a spear?

"O were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is none,
I would slight Carlisle castell high,
Tho' it were builded of marble stone.

"I would set that eastell in a lowe,
And sloken it with English blood!
There's nevir a man in Cumberland,
Should ken where Carlile eastell stood.

"But sinee nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be;
I'll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!"—

He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld,
I trow they were of his ain name,
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot call'd,
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch,
With spur on heel and splent on spauld,
And gleuves of green, and feathers blue.

There were five and five, before them a',
Wi' hunting horns and bugles bright;
And five and five came wi' Buccleuch,
Like Warden's men arrayed for fight;

And five and five, like a mason gang,
That earried the ladders lang and hie;
And five and five, like broken men;
And so they reached the Woodhouselee.

And as we cross'd the bateable land,
When to the English side we held,
The first o' men that we met wi',
Whae sould it be but fause Sakelde?

—"Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?"
Quo' fause Sakelde, "Come tell to me!"—
—"We go to hunt an English stag
Has trespassed on the Scots countrie."—

—"Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde, "Come tell me true!"—
—"We go to catch a rank reiver,
Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleueh."—

—"Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads,
Wi' a' your ladders lang and hie?"—
—"We gang to herry a corbie's nest,
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee."—

—"Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?
Quo' fause Sakelde, "Come tell to me!"—
—Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
And the never a word o' lear had he.

—"Why trespass ye on the English side?
Row-footed outlaws, stand!" quo' he,—
That ne'er a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust the lance thro' his fause bodie.

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we cross'd;
The water was great and meikle of spait,
But the nevir a horse nor man we lost.

And when we reach'd the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind was rising loud and hie;
And there the Laird garr'd leave our steeds,
For fear that they should stamp and nie.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw;
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we eame beneath the castell wa'.

We crept on knees and held our breath,
Till we plac'd the ladders against the wa';
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsell
To mount the first before us a'.

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead—
—"Had there not been peaee between our lands,
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed!"

"Now sound out, trumpets!" quo' Buccleuch;
"Let's waken Lord Scroope, right merrilie!"—
Then loud the warden's trumpets blew—
"*O whae dare meddle wi' me?*"—

Then speedilie to work we gaed,
And raised the slogan ane and a',
And cut a hole thro' a sheet of lead,
And so we wan to the castell ha'.

They thought King James and a' his men
Had won the house wi' bow and speir;
It was but twenty Scots and ten,
That put a thousand in sic a stear!

Wi' coulters, and wi' fore-hammers,
We garr'd the bars bang merrilie,
Untill we cam to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

And when we eam to the lower prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie—
—"O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou's to die."—

—"O I sleep saft, and I wake aft,
It's lang since sleeping was fleyed frae me!
Gie my service back to my wyfe and bairns,
And a' gude fellows that speer for me."—

Then Red Rowan has hente him up,
The starkest man in Teviotdale—
—"Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.

"Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!
My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!" he cried—
—"I'll pay you for my lodging maill,
When first we meet on the Border side."—

Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder lang;
At every stride the Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont's airns play'd elang!

—"O mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I have ridden horse baith wild and wood,
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.

"And mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I've pricked a horse out oure the furs,
But since the day I backed a steed,
I nevir wore sie cumbrous spurs!"

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men, in horse and foot,
Cam wi' the keen Lord Scroope along.

Bueeleuch has turned to Eden watcr,
Even where it flow'd frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

He turn'd him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he—
—"If ye like nae my visit to merry England,
In fair Seotland eome visit me!"—

All sore astonish'd stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes,
When thro' the water they had gane.

—"He is either himsell a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wad na have ridden that wan water,
For a' the gowd in Christentie."—

* An historical ballad, as given in "The Minstrelsy of the Scotish Border," vol. I. page 111. the learned EDITOR of which, in his introductory notices, expresses himself thus, "In the following rude strains, our forefathers commemorated one of the last and most gallant achievements performed upon the border." The sage and peace-loving successor of ELIZABETH managed her resentment on this occasion with becoming dignity, as detailed at considerable length in the public records and history of that period. In addition to what MR WALTER SCOTT has given in the notices cited above, the following excerpts from "Act anent the LAIRD OF BUCKCLEUCH" (apud Haliruidhous ,xxv maij *anno* 1596) will corroborate the historian's testimony. "Anent the demand maid in name and for the kingis maiesteis darrest Suster The quene of England be Robert bowis hir ambasadour heir "resident ffor redres tobe given to hir of the allegit outragious fact done be Schir walter Scott of branxholme knight and his compliceis at the castell of carlile proportand That "ffor samekle as the said Schir walter knawne to be a publict officiar with his faidis compliceis vpon the xiij day of Aprile lastbipast in weirlyke maner and hostilitie invadit hir "maiesties realme of england Affailzeit violentlie hir castell of carlile &c."—which narrates that SIR WALTER had no other intention "Bot that he allanerlie simpillie recouerit william "armestrang of kynmonth ane subiect of Scotland furth of that parte of the castell of carlile quhair maist Iniustlie he wes detenit for the tyme as maist wranguslie he had bene tane "ofbefoir within the realme of Scotland be thomas [Sakelde] depute to the Lord scrope wardane of england accumpanyed with a force of Sax hundreth armeit men within the "tyme of ane generall affuirance takin at a day of trew To the quhilk the said williame had repairit at the speciall command of the said Schir walter In quhais name as keiper of "Liddisdale the said day of trew was keipit."—*Vide* Act. Parli. JAEOBI VI. A. D. 1596.

ORAN DO MHAC MHIC ALASTAIR.

MAR GUM BIODH E EADAR NIGHEAN AGUS ATHAIR.

AN T-ATHAIR.

THIG Mac Shomhuirle bho 'n Rùta,
Le 'chliabhan duilisg, 's le 'lùirich,
Air ghearran bàn bacach crùbach,
'S è 'ruith gu h-oitir ñam mùsgan.

Thig Iarl Eura romh chiad Dùragh,
Cho daondach 's nach faodar a channtas;
Cha stad e 'n taobh so do 'n Rùta,
'S bheir e maidhm* air Iarla Hounntaidh.

AN NIGHEAN.

Thig Mac Shomhuirle bho 'n Rùta,
Marcach nam falairean crùitheach,
Nan steùd fallain meòdhrach sunntach,
Strian oir 'na 'n ceann air a lùth-chleas.

Thig Mac-Mhic-Alastair air thùs ann,
'S Raonallach ga 'n còir 'bhi cliùiteach,
Ceannard bhàrd is chearach rùisgte,
Chuirinn geall gum b' fheaird a chuis sibh.

Gheibht 'a d' bhaile beòir gun chunntas,
Iomairt thric air phiosan dlùtha,
Mac na Braich air bhlas an t-shiùcair
Air bhord aca, 's aiseag dlùth air.

Thic Mac-Mhic-Ailen a Mùideart,
Le dheich ceud do dh' fhearaibh cliùitcach,
Nan cloguid, 's nan sgiath, 's an lùireach,
'S nan lann glas nach tais ri 'rusgadh.

Thig Mac-Athic 'Raonuill bho'n Cheapaich,
Cùirt fhear air fhaolum 'an Sasonn,
Nan steud lùth'or meodhrach gasta,
'S greòdh nach a 'rachadh 'nan astar.

Dh' èirgheadh leat bho'n Ghleann an-Chumhann
Oighreachan deas nan cùl buidhe,
Cinn-fheòdhna nach cuirt' am mughadh,
'S greòdh nach dh'fhalbhadh a bhuidheann

'Ailein 'ruaidh, le d' theangadh 'lùibte!
Theid mi 'd' bhian, is chi do shùil e;
Bho 'n' thrèig thu na facaill† bu chliùiteach,
Gu earras 'thoirt leat, 's nach b' fhiùgh e.

Ma ghearras tu slat 's an dlùth-choill,
Togar do mhart ann 's an ùmhladh;
Bi'db agad sreang air do chùlaobh,
'S tu 'marcachd air chnagaibh dlùtha.

'S binn leam an langan 's am bùireadh,
Miol-choin 'an ceangal ri d' luibhthean,
'Bhi 'ga d' tharruing as an dùthaich,
Gu citsin a bhaile mhùraich.

Chunnaig mi long seach an rugha,
Crith air a bùird, 's; na siubhal,
Gaoth 'ga seòladh 'roimh chaol cumhann,
Colann Dòmhnuill an fhraoich a bhuidheann.

An Original MACDONELL SONG,‡

Translated from the Gaelic, by MR EWAN MACLACHLAN of Aberdeen.

POET.

SEE Sumerled's great child from Rutha speed,
With his dilse-panner, and rag-flutt'ring weed:
He trots on the lame, lifeless, lazy beast,
To dig for spout fish, his luxurious feast.

But Erra's Earl, who makes the valiant yield,
Shall bring his countless armies to the field;
To Rutha's tow'rs the hero bends his course,
And Huntly soon shall prove his mighty force.

POETESS.

Great Sumerled's great son, from Rutha speeds,
Illustrious rider of high-mettled steeds;
With thund'ring prance they beat the smoky plains,
And sun-beams glitter from their golden reins.

Glengary's chief shall lead the warlike throng,
With brave Macranald's, famed in lofty song;
Oft cheers thy boon the bard and shiv'ring swain,
And threat'ning foes defy thy might in vain.

Oft near thy mansion, round the jovial crowd,
Healths foll'wing healths, the barmy bev'rage flow'd,
While malt's delicious son with virtues stor'd,
In silver cups quick cross'd the lib'ral board.

See Muideart's captain comes with soul on fire,
A thousand warriors march behind their sire,
With helmets, shields, and radiant mail, display'd,
Dire scene! where these unsheathe the azure blade.

The branch of Ronald comes from Keppoch's groves,
With easy grace the court-bred warrior moves;
His fiery coursers dart with lightning's pace,
Panting with joy to run in glory's race.

Near these, the heirs of Cona's winding vale,
Their yellow tresses streaming on the gale;
Champions that never crouch'd to mortal foe,
With rapid march around thy standard flow.

Red-pated Allan! loosely railed your tongue,
My wrath shall scourge you for th' insulting song;
At spotless worth you aimed your vulgar jibe,
Deserting fame to gain a paltry bribe.

If once you dare to touch our sacred grove,
You'll pay the forfeit from your folded drove;
Your back-bound hands the felons thong shall tame,
And iron pegs torment your guilty frame.

How sweet to hear the yell of barking hounds,
Strung to your houghs inflicting wounds on wounds;
And dragging from this land the knave of knaves,
Doom'd, in some town, to toil with kitchen slaves.

I saw the barge that pass'd yon head land mound,
With bellying sails, she skim'd the frothy sound;
Her gallant crew *Clann-Domhnuill's* matchless name,
That wear the branchy heath in fields of fame.

* Maoim. † Focail.

‡ Tradition reports, that the preceding Song contains the substance of an altercation between a *Father* and a *Daughter*, the former abusing the MACDONELL with gross invectives, and the latter extolling that illustrious race with appropriate encomiums. It would seem, that the Poetess could not have been the satirist's Daughter, from the excessive severity of her retort; and if this position be admitted, her language will not have transgressed the limits of decorum observed in such metrical rencounters. Of the Poet's part we have just two stanzas handed down; the rest of the Song is ascribed to the Poetess—the version is faithful, and in some lines strictly literal, no liberties being indulged in but such as perfectly accord with the laws of poetical translation.

This Song appears *strongly* to point out its own Air, in the history of the Clan: It must have been in the days of (DONALD MAC ANGUS MHIC ALLASTAIR of) Glengary, in whose veins the Ross branch had *conjoined with the Chief* of the MACRONALDS, by the marriage of his Grandfather and Grandmother. CAMPBELL is said to have been the satirist's name, and the mother of the Poetess was given *to us* as one of the "Clonn-Domhnuill." Communicated by Colonel MACDONELL of Glengary.

A Macdonell Song. Original & old.

Sung with Energy & Expression

Thig Mac Shomhuirle bho'n Rù___ta, le' chliabhan duilisg 'sle

luirich, air ghearran ban bacach crùbach, 'Sè ruith gu h-oitir nam mùsgan.

Thig Iarl Eu_ra romh chaol' Dùragh, cho daondach 'snach fao__dar a

chuntas; cha stad e'n taobh so do'n Rùta 's bheir e maidhm air Iarla Hunntaidh.

Pibroch of Donuil Dubh

Rather Slow and with Characteristic Expression

Piobaireachd Dhonuil, Piobaireachd Dhonuil, Piobaireachd Dhonuil Duidh, Piobaireachd

Dhonuil, Piobaireachd Dhonuil Duidh, Piobireachd Dhonuil; piob agus bratach air faiche Inbhirlochi.

Pibroch of Donuil Dubh, Pibroch of Donuil, wake thy wild voice a--new,

summon Clan-Conuil. Come a-way, come a-way, hark to the sum-mons!

Come in your war array, Gentles and Commons.

Come from deep glen, an' from mountain so rocky, the war-pipe and pennon are

at Inver_locky; Come ev'_ry hill plaid, and true heart that wears one;

come ev_very steel blade, and strong hand that bares one.

hr

1st Variation.

Doubling of 1st Variation.

Pibroch of Donuil Dubh, pibroch of Donuil; wake thy wild

voice a_new, summon Clan-Conuil: Leave untended the herd, and the flock without

shelter; leave the corps uninterr'd, and the bride at the altar: leave the deer; leave the steer;

leave nets and barges; come with your fighting gear, broad swords & targes.

2d Variation.

Doubling of 2d Variation.

Pibroch of Donuil Dubh, pibroch of Donuil;

wake thy wild voice a_new, sum_mon Clan_Con_nuil.

Come as the winds come, when forests are rended; come as the waves come when

Navies are stranded: Faster come, faster come, faster and faster, Chief, vassal,

page, and groom, ten_ant and mas_ter.

3d Variation.

Pibroch of Donuil Dubh, pibroch of Donuil; wake thy wild voice a_new,

summon Clan-Conuil: Fast they come, fast they come, see how they gather! wide waves the eagle-plume,

blended with heather: Cast your plaids, draw your blades, forward each man set! Pibroch of Donuil Du'

knell for the on_ set.

ff

Da Capo.

WRITTEN BY WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

AIR—*Piobaireach Donuil Duibh.*

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, an'
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky:
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one;
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bares one.

Leave untented the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broad swords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster, come faster, come
Faster and faster;
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant, and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

MACGREGORS' GATHERING.

WRITTEN BY WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

THE moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
And the CLAN has a name that is nameless by day!
Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalich!*
Gather, gather, gather, &c.

Our signal for fight, that from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo!
Then haloo Gregalich! haloo Gregalich!
Haloo, haloo, haloo, Gregalich, &c.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Caolchuirn and her towers,
Glen Strae and Glen Lyon† no longer are ours:
We're landless, landless, landless, Gregalich!
Landless, landless, landless, &c.

But doom'd and devoted by vassal and lord,
Macgregor has still both his heart and his sword!
Then courage, courage, courage, Gregalich,
Courage, courage, courage, &c.

If they rob us of name and pursue us with beagles,‡
Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles!
Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Gregalich!
Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, &c.

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,
Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever!
Come then, Gregalich, come then, Gregalich,
Come then, come then, come then, &c.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt.
Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalich!
Gather, gather, gather, &c.

* Gregalich, the Hebridean mode of pronouncing *Gregarich*, substituting the letter l for r.

† These, and many other lands, belonged to the MACGREGORS: but they were stripped of them all without an Act of Parliament; and to this they imputed the suppression of their name, as serving to disqualify them from instituting any action at law for the recovery of their estates, or the redress of injuries.

‡ "And pursue us with beagles," &c. By the 30th Act of the 1st Parliament of CHARLES I. for "*the timeous preventing* of the disorders and oppressions that *may fall out* by the said name and Clan, *and their followers*," it was enacted, That *every one* of the name of MACGREGOR, on attaining the age of sixteen, should thereafter, *yearly*, repair to the Privy Council, wheresoever they might happen to be, there to find caution for their good behaviour in all time coming; and, regardless of the general *impossibility* of compliance, if they failed to appear, they were, in the bloom of youth and innocence, to be denounced *rebels* by the mere ceremony of some police-officer blowing a horn! after which, any of His Majesty's "*good*" subjects might mutilate or slay them, not only with impunity, but with the prospect of reward! for the Act concluded with holding out "the moveable goods and geare" of this maltreated people, to excite diligence in apprehending or destroying them; and this had such effect, that their enemies became so bold and callous, that they actually employed blood-hounds, called by the natives "*Coin-dubh*," (black dogs) to hunt them, and isolated individuals were frequently murdered for the sake of the promised reward!!

The two last of these dogs are said to have been killed, one at Crinlarach in Strathfillan, the other near Lochearnhead, on the face of the hill opposite to the castle of Edinample; and the fowling-piece with which the last of the *Coin-dubh* was shot is in the possession of FRANCIS M'NAB of M'Nab, Esq.

Mark what happened in the course of events: the son of the royal persecutor (JAMES VI.) was beheaded, his grandson dethroned, and the extinction of the once illustrious house of STUART has recently taken place; and what is not less remarkable—the son and grandson of the most powerful and active instrument of these persecutions suffered on the scaffold. In spite, however, of ill usage, nay cruelty, the MACGREGORS, ever loyal, firmly adhered to their rightful sovereign.

The Melody to which the above verses is adapted, was taken down, with all possible care, from CAPTAIN NIEL M'LEOD of Guesto's MS. Collection of Pibrochs, as performed by the celebrated MACRIMMONS of Skye; the Melody to *Pibroch of Donuil Duibh* was taken down at the same time, i. e. September 1815---the process was tedious and exceedingly troublesome. The EDITOR had to translate, as it were, the syllabic jargon of illiterate pipers (which was distinctly enough noted down in CAPTAIN M'LEOD's own way) into musical characters, which, when correctly done, he found to his astonishment to coincide exactly with regular notation! With respect to the masterly manner MR. SCOTT has caught the true spirit of the pibroch, which flashes forth in his characteristic numbers, it behoves not the EDITOR to whisper even what he feels.

The MacGregors' Gathering.

'Thain' a' Grigalich! 'thain' a' Grigalich! 'thainig, 'thainig, 'thain' a' Grigalich!

Rather Slow and with Energetic Expression

Gath..er Gregalich! gath..er Gregalich! gath..er, gath er, gath..er Gregalich!

'thainig, 'thainig, 'thain' a' Grigalich! 'thainig, 'thainig, 'thain' a' Grigalich!

gath...er gath...er, gath...er Gregalich! gath..er, gath..er, gath..er Gregalich! The

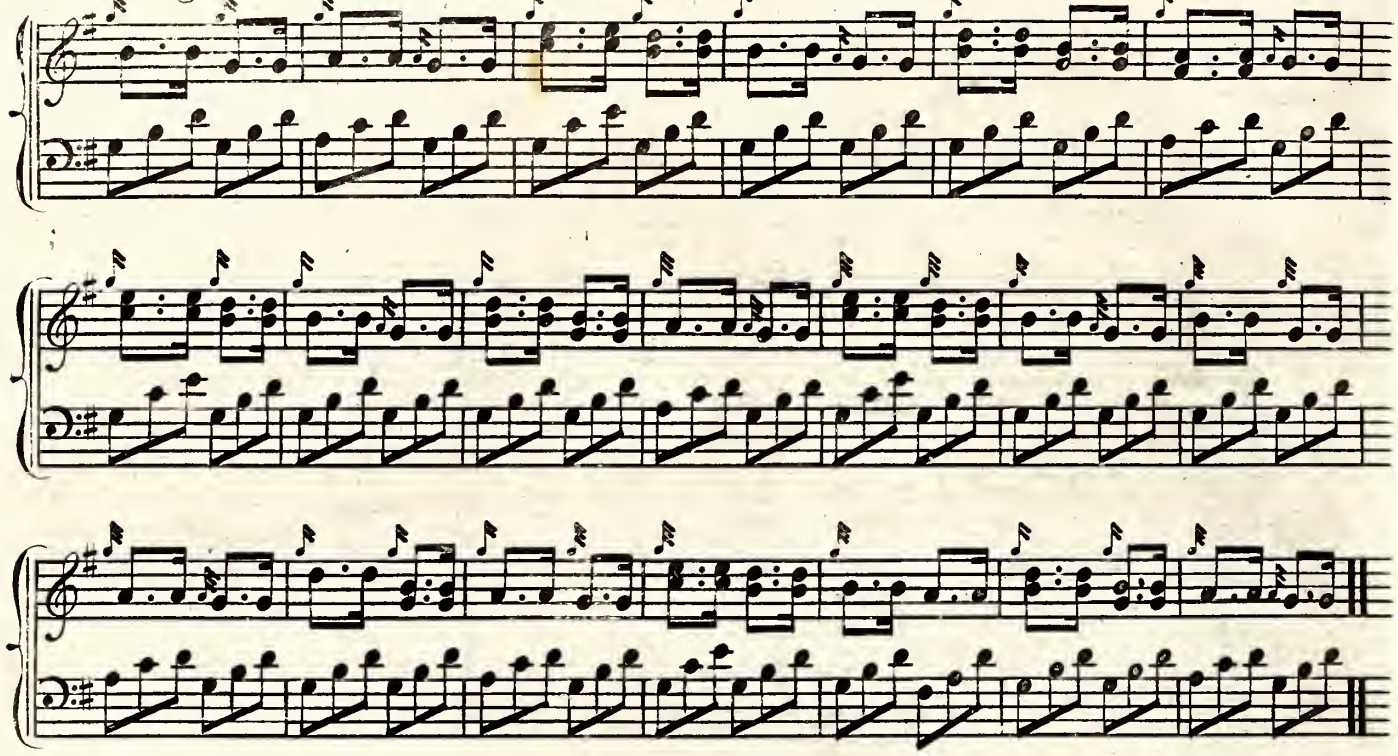
moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae, and the Clan has a name that is nameless by day! Then

gath...er, gath..er, gath...er, gath...er, gath...er, gath...er, gath..er Gregalich!

1st Variation

Pia:

Doubling 1st Variation.



'Thain' a' Gregalich! 'thain' a' Gregalich! 'thainig, 'thainig, 'thain' a' Grigalich! 'thainig, 'thainig, 'thain' a'

Gather Gregalich! gather Gregalich! gather, gather, gather Gregalich! gather, gather, gather

Grigalich! 'thainig, 'thainig, 'thain' a' Grigalich!

Gregalich! gather, gather, gather Gregalich! Our signal for fight, that from Monarchs we drew, must be

heard but by night in our vengeful haloo! Then haloo! haloo! haloo! haloo! haloo! haloo! haloo! Gregalich!

2d Variation.

'Thain' a' Gregalich! 'thain' a' Gregalich! 'thainig, 'thainig, 'thain' a' Gregalich! 'thainig 'thainig, 'thain' a' Gregalich!

Gather Gregalich! gather Gregalich! gather, gather, gather Gregalich! gather gather, gather Gregalich!

'thainig, 'thainig, 'thain' a' Gregalich.

gather, gather, gather Gregalich! Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Kilchurn and her towers, Glen Strae,

and Glen Lyon, no longer are ours! We're landless, landless, landless, landless, landless, landless, landless Gregal-

'Thain' a' Gregalich! 'thain' a' Gregalich! 'thainig, 'thainig, 'thain' a' Gregalich!

Gath..er Gregalich! gath..er Gregalich! gath...er, gath...er, gath..er Gregalich!

'thainig, 'thainig, 'thain' a' Gregalich! 'thainig, 'thainig, 'thain' a' Gregalich!

gath..er, gath..er, gath..er Gregalich! gath..er, gath..er, gath..er Gregalich! But

doom'd and devoted by Vassal and Lord, MAC GREGOR has still both his heart and his sword! Then

cour..age! cour..age! cour...age! cour..age! cour..age! cour..age! cour..age! Gregalich!

'Thain' a' Gregalich! 'thain' a' Gregalich! 'thainig 'thainig 'thain' a' Gregalich! 'thainig, 'thainig,

Gath..er Gregalich! gath..er Gregalich! gath..er, gath..er, gath..er Gregalich! gath..er, gath..er,

'thain' a' Gregalich! 'thainig, 'thainig, 'thain' a' Gregalich!

gath..er Gregalich! gath..er, gath..er, gath..er Gregalich! If they rob us of name, and pursue us with

beagles, Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles! Then vengeance! vengeance!

vengeance! vengeance! vengeance! vengeance! vengeance Gregalich.

'Thain' a' Gregalich! 'thain' a' Gregalich! 'thainig, 'thainig, 'thain' a' Gregalich!

Gath...er Gregalich! gath...er Gregalich! gath..er, gath...er, gath..er Gregal..ich!

'thainig, 'thainig, 'thain' a' Gregalich! 'thainig, 'thainig, 'thain' a' Gregalich!

gath..er, gath..er, gath..er Gregalich! gather, gath..er, gath..er Gregalich! While there's

leaves in the forest, and foam in the river, MAC GREGOR, despite them, shall flourish for e..ver!

Come then, come then, come then, come then, come then, come then, gather Gregalich!

'Thain' a' Gregalich! 'thain' a' Gregalich! 'thainig, 'thainig, 'thain' a' Gregalich! 'thainig, 'thainig, 'thain' a' Gregalich!

Gather Gregalich! gather Gregalich! gather, gather, gather Gregalich! gather, gather, gather Gregalich!

'thainig, 'thainig, 'thain' a' Gregalich!

gather, gather, gather Gregalich! Thro' the deeps of Loch Katrine the steed shall career, o'er the peak of

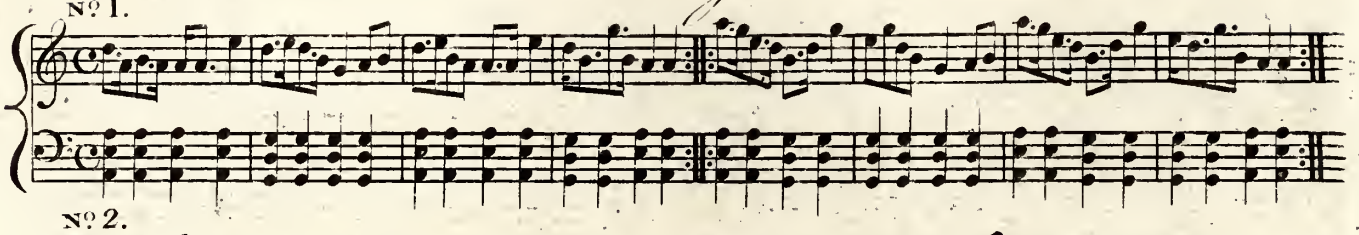
Ben Lomond the galley shall steer, And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt, Ere our wrongs be for....

got, or our vengeance unfelt! Then gather, gather, gather, gather, gather, gather, gather Gregalich!

Perthshire Dancing Measures &c.

No 1.

SPRIGHTLY.



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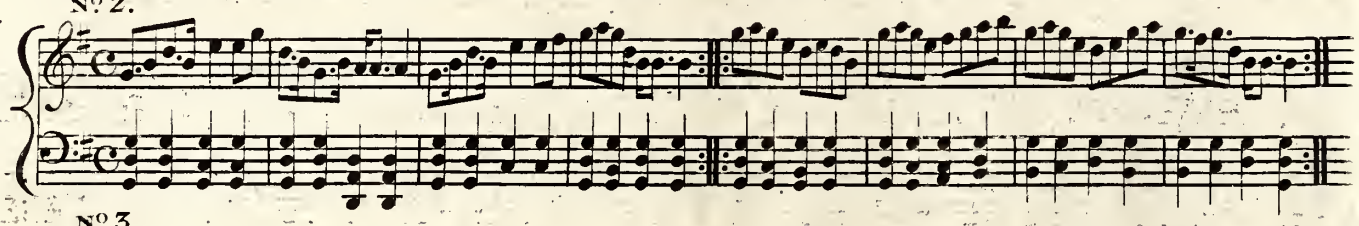

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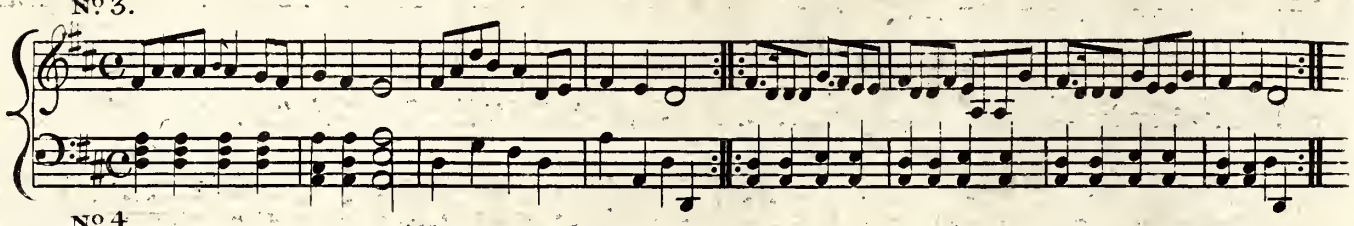

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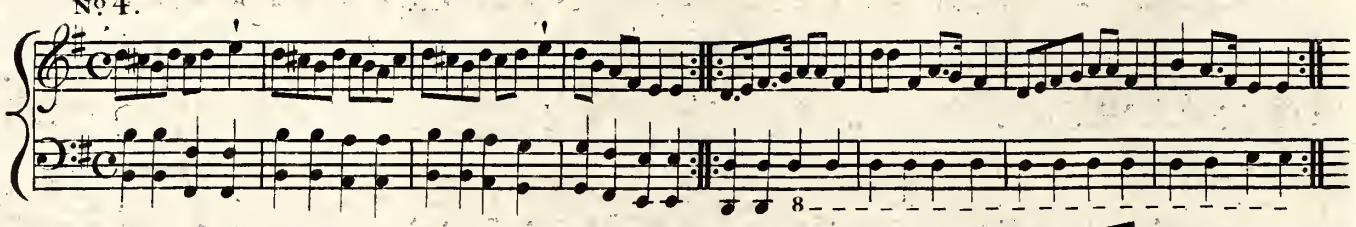

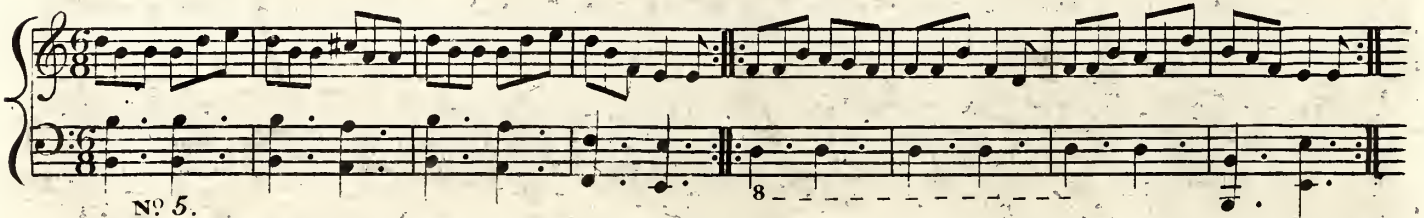

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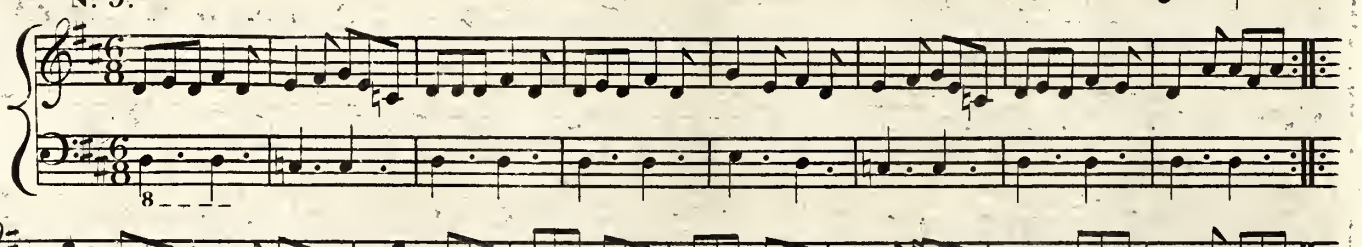

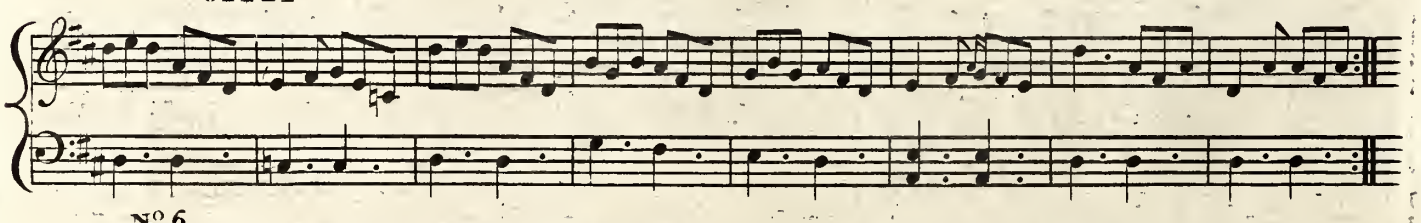

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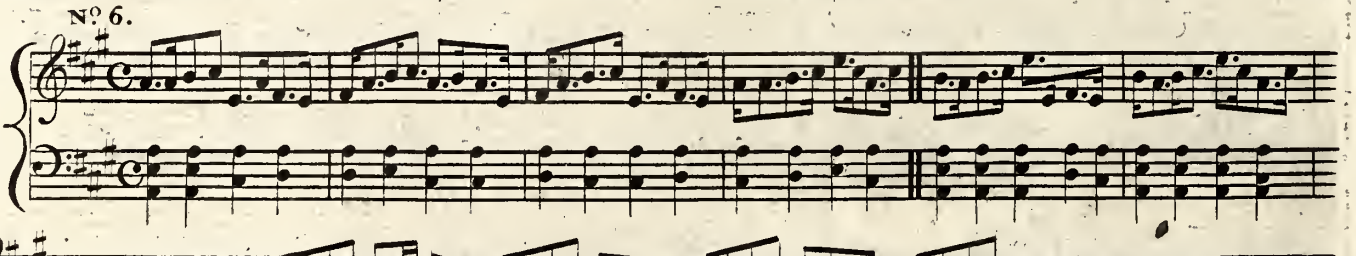

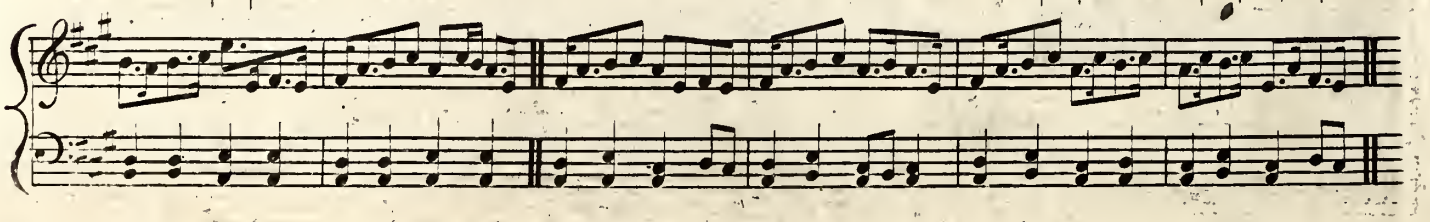

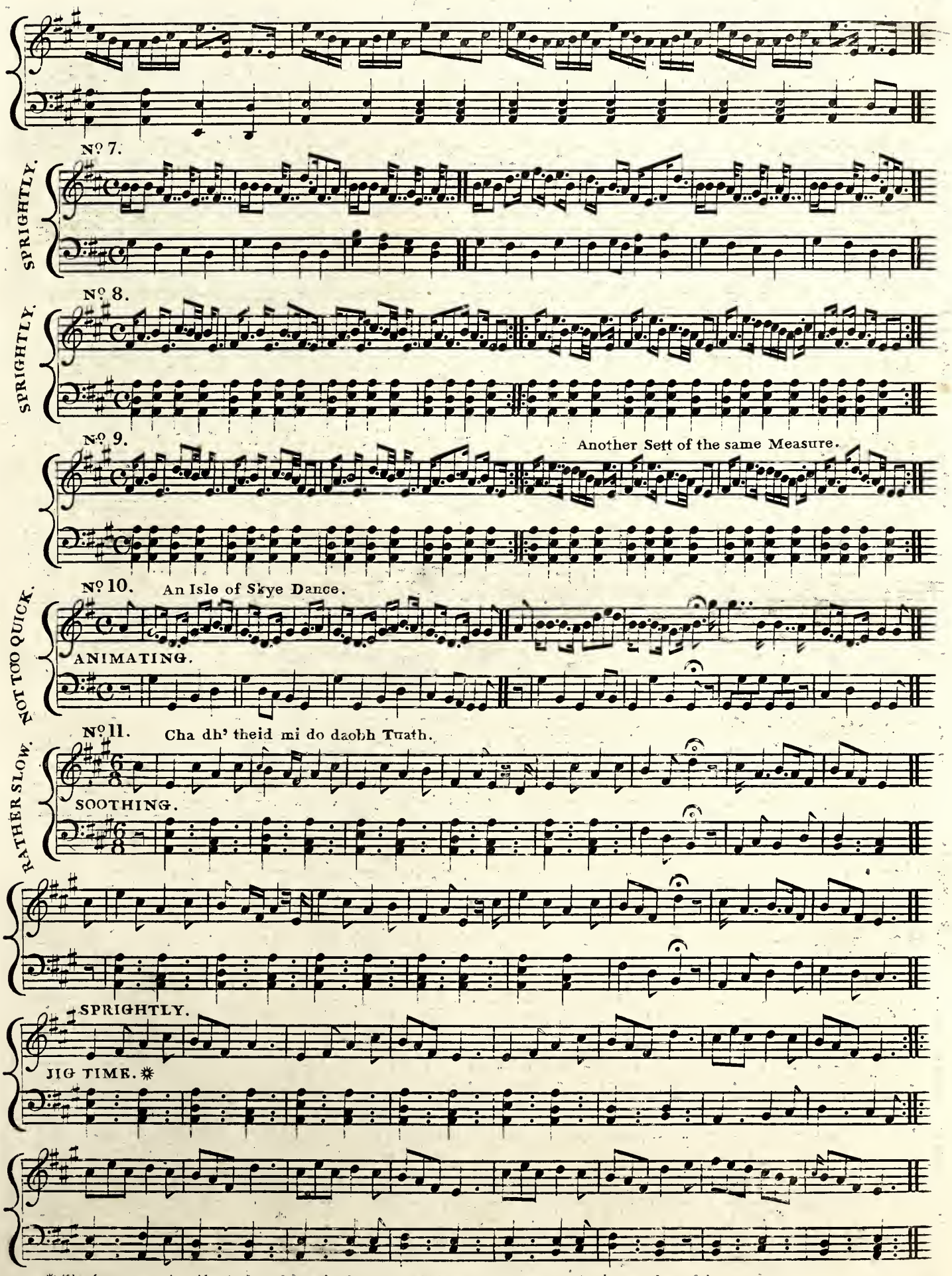

✲ This fast measure is evidently derived from the slow one — which may serve as an example of many others of the same cast.

No 12. Gille' na' Drobhair.

SPRIGHTLY.

No 13. Dancing Measure, to which Prince Charles Edward and Lady Weymiss danced in the gallery of the Palace of Holy-rood house in the year 1745.

GAY.

No 14. Mrs Macdonald of Staffa's Reel. an Ulva Dancing Measure.

SPRIGHTLY.

No 15. Mo Mhairi mhin Mhealleraich dhudh. Communicated by Raasay.

SPRIGHTLY.

No 16. A Chaoran, a chaoran. an Hebridean Dancing Measure.

SPRIGHTLY.

No 17. Mael na Croggan. an Isla Dancing Measure.

SPRIGHTLY.

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