

HIGHLAND MELODIES.

With Original Poetry by

M. E. D. & E. E. H.

INSCRIBED TO

J. E. D.

With Symphonies and Accompaniments

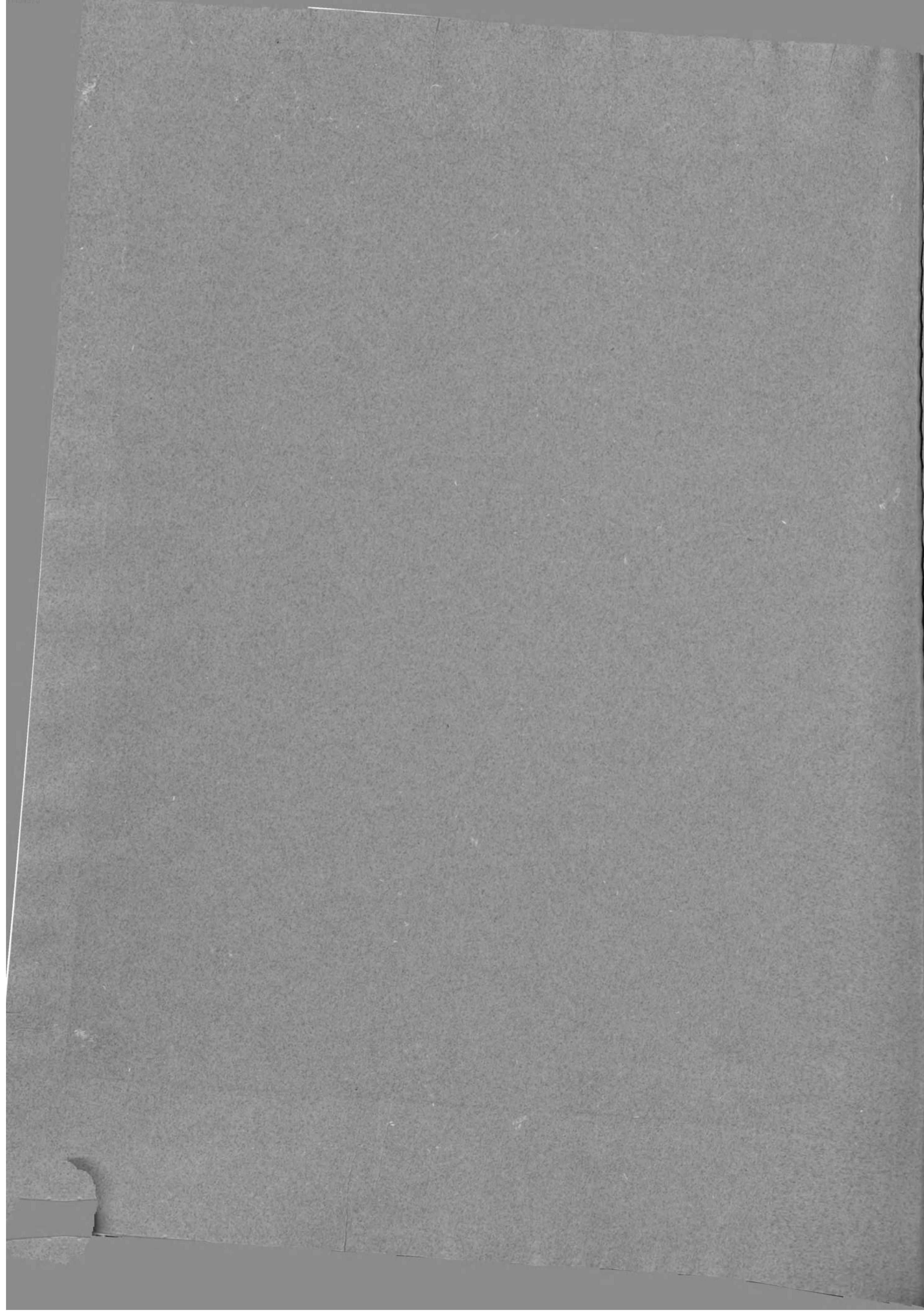
FOR THE

PIANO-FORTE

COMPOSED BY

WALTER TURNBULL.

Price 12s.



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With Symphonies & Accompaniments for the Piano Forte.

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE accompanying Melodies were selected, at different periods, without any view to the present Collection, on account of their pathos and wild beauty; and such poetry written for them as appeared to be in unison with the peculiar expression of each. But so soon as collected, it was impossible not to observe the connection of tone and feeling which pervades them, and it was remarked, that by a proper arrangement, aided by a slight exertion of fancy, they might delineate the rise, progress, and termination, of CHARLES EDWARD's romantic expedition into Scotland.

It is certainly curious that the imagination should have been so taken possession of by the peculiar character of these old spirit-stirring airs, as to be unconsciously led, in almost every instance, to identify them with the fortunes of that ill-fated Wanderer. We cannot, indeed, distinctly and individually connect each song with a corresponding event in the History of the INVASION,—but the spirit of the Poetry and Music will be found, throughout, analogous to its varying fortunes,——passing from the fiery hope and energy of the first song, and patriotic feeling of the second, to the careless gaiety of the third; shaded in the fourth by doubt and anxiety, and in those which follow, rapidly darkening into the sorrow and despondence which gather round the conclusion: whilst, at the same time, the events which are made the vehicles of this symbolical representation, form the outlines of a story in itself sufficiently continuous, and natural episodes in the History of the Expedition.

The analogy, having appeared (as before stated) in a manner so wholly unpremeditated, is not produced as perfect; and may seem still less so to those who are unwilling to exercise their imagination in contriving a latent meaning for those portions of which the literal expression seems insufficient; in whose favor these present Remarks might perhaps have been omitted, were it not that the idea thus accidentally suggested, seems worthy of being noticed and improved upon: and if any pleasure is found to result from the perusal of this Collection, it may be taken as an imperfect sample of the more unqualified enjoyment which would attend the skilful execution of a similar series, when arranged and completed according to a preconcerted design.

27th November, 1827.

THE EDITOR.

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S O U N D P I B R O C H S O U N D !**I**

Sound Pibroch sound! on each flame lighted scaur,
The red beacon waves its glad summons to war;
Too long has old Albyn been bowed to the yoke,
Too long ere the pride of the Tartan awoke.
Dun Edin shall welcome her Monarch again,
We have spurned at the Saxon and trampled the chain:
Burst forth in your wrath and the fight shall be won,
Ere the echoes return to the roar of the gun.

II

Sound Pibroch sound! with thy soul stirring peal,
Call the men of Glenullin the sons of Lochiel;
Our Prince is among us, with claymore and plaid,
And plaid and claymore shall stand forth to his aid.
Come down like your torrents full flushed with the rain,
Cry your war-cry like eagles that scream o'er the slain:
One wild day of battle, one rush on the foe,
And the traitors shall quail, the Usurper lie low.

Sound Pibroch sound !
Toen' Schachtlied Toen'
 Sir Eiridh na Finnacha Gaelach.

CON BRIO

The musical score consists of five staves of music in common time, key signature of one sharp (F#), and a tempo marking of 'CON BRIO'. The lyrics are written in both English and German, appearing below each staff. The first staff begins with a forte dynamic. The lyrics for the first staff are: 'Sound Pibroch sound! on each flame lighted scaur, The red beacon waves its glad'. The second staff continues with: 'Sieg o-der Tod. Zu langt'g alt Altion das Yoch fremder Macht, zu'. The third staff continues with: 'summons to war; Too long has old Al-byn been bow'd to the yoke Too'. The fourth staff continues with: 'lang, eh' der Zorn mth des Schotten erwacht! gau'n Schottland wird grifzen einen'. The fifth staff concludes with: 'long ere the pride of the tar-tan a-woke. Dun- E-din shall wel-come her'.

Highland Melodies.

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3

Kreisler aufs neu! zu Ver - nich - tung euch Sarffas, das Schotte wird frei! Brakher-

Monarch a-gain, We have spurned at the Saxon and trampled the chain: Burst

vor in eurem Zorn, und der Sieg ist vollbracht, Eh das Echo noch bringt den Donor der Schlacht,

forth in your wrath, and the fight shall be won, Ere the e-choes return to the roar of the gun.

2^d. VERSE

Tön' Pibroch lied Toen' voll des anstrengten Spiels, Ruf die

Sound Pibroch sound! with thy soul stirring peal, Call the

Wimmer glorielt uns die Soehne Lo-chiel's! Der Prince ist ja um uns mit!

men of Glen-ullin the sons of Lochiel; Our Prince is among us, with

This block contains the handwritten musical score for the third section and the second verse. It includes three staves of music for two voices and piano. The lyrics are written in both German and English. The first section starts with "Kreisler aufs neu! zu Ver-nich-tung euch Sarffas, das Schotte wird frei! Brakher-", followed by "Monarch a-gain, We have spurned at the Saxon and trampled the chain: Burst". The second section begins with "vor in eurem Zorn, und der Sieg ist vollbracht, Eh das Echo noch bringt den Donor der Schlacht," followed by "forth in your wrath, and the fight shall be won, Ere the e-choes return to the roar of the gun.". The third section starts with "Tön' Pibroch lied Toen' voll des anstrengten Spiels, Ruf die Sound Pibroch sound! with thy soul stirring peal, Call the", followed by "Wimmer glorielt uns die Soehne Lo-chiel's! Der Prince ist ja um uns mit!". The lyrics are in both German and English, with some words written in cursive script.

Highland Melodies.

4

Schlachtschwert und Speer, und Speer nebst dem Schwert sind für uns ihm Gewähr! Stirgther-

claymore and plaid, And plaid and claymore shall stand forth to his aid. Come

ab gleich dem Gießbach von Regen geschwollt, kreischt der Schlachtsgong wie Adler überm

down like your torrents full flushed with the rain, Cry your war-cry like eagles that

blutigen Felde. Nur ein Tag des Schlachtes fechten Mann gegen Mann, und der

scream o'er the slain: One wild day of battle, one rush on the foe, And the

Feind liegt dar - nie - die, Im Staub der Tyrann.

traitors shall quail, the usurper lie low.

Highland Melodies.

THERE'S NO LAND LIKE SCOTLAND.

I

There's no land like Scotland within the wide sea,
There's no land like Scotland the fearless and free:
With her glens and her mountains,
Her fair lochs and fountains,
Her wild springing heather, and modest blue bell:
No place in the world do I love half so well .

II

Oh sleepin' or waukin' where e'er I may be ,
My thoughts aye are turning, dear Scotland, to thee,
Bright gem of the northern wave ,
Blest home of the free and brave :
And while life endures, thou canst never depart ,
Dear pride of the North from thy throne in my heart .

There's no Land like Scotland.

Air No. Threes.

V o c e

L E N T O

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key of G major (indicated by a sharp sign). The top staff is for the voice (Voce), the middle staff is for the piano (Lento), and the bottom staff is for the basso continuo (Basso Continuo).

The lyrics are:

There's no land like Scotland with in the wide sea, There's
no land like Scotland the fearless and free:

With her glens and her mountains, Her fair lochs and foun...tains, Her

wild springing he..ther, and mo..dest blue bell: No place in the

world do I love half so well.

2nd VERSE.

Oh sleep....in' or wau..kin' where - e'er I may be, My

11154570

thoughts aye are turn...ing, dear Scot....land, to thee;

Bright gem of the northern wave, Blest home of the Free and Brave And

while life en...dures, thou canst ne...ver de...part, Dear pride of the

North from thy throne in my heart.

BONNIE LASSIE BIDE TRYSTE.

I

When the sound o' the chase thro' the forest is ringin;
 And the Mavis and Merle in the blue lift are singin';
 When the caller air sighs o'er ilk flower and tree,
 Oh then, bonnie lassie, bide tryste wi' me.

II

Or when dew-draps shall glisten the heather aboon,
 And the e'enin' star heralds the bright Ladye Moon;
 When her light glances over yon white foamin' sea,
 Oh then, bonnie lassie, bide tryste wi' me.

III

When the bugle note tells na o' danger and death,
 To the Roebuck wha gasps wi' his fast failin' breath;
 When the breeze blaws aye saft over flow'ret and tree,
 I'll bide, bonnie laddie, my tryste wi' thee.

IV

When the dew-drap still gleims in the fierceness o' noon,
 When the e'enin' star blinks upon aye the same moon;
 When her waverin' light ever stedfast shall be,
 I'll bide, bonnie laddie, my tryste wi' thee.

Bonnie Lassie Bide Thy Stee.

Air Bodhan an Eassian.

Allegretto

When the sound o' the chase thro' the forest is ringin' And the
Ma...vis and Merle in the blue lift are sing...in' When the
daller air sighs o'er ilk flow'ret and tree, Oh then, bonnie lassie, bide

tryste wi' me.

2nd VERSE.

Or when dew drops shall glisten the heather a..boon, And the e'enin star

heralds the bright La..dye moon When her light glan..ces o...ver yon

white foamin' sea, Oh then, bonnie lassie, bide tryste wi' me.

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12

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time and G clef. The first staff contains a single measure of rest. The second staff features a melodic line with several grace notes and slurs, some marked with a '3'. The third staff shows a harmonic progression with various chords. The fourth staff is a bass line. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the staves:

3^d VERSE.

When the bugle note tells na o' danger and death, To the Roe-buck wha

gasps wi' his fast fai...lin' breath; When the breeze blows aye saft o...ver

flow'ret and tree, I'll bide, bon-nie laddie, my tryste wi' thee.

Highland Melodies.

4th VERSE.

When the dew-drap still gleams in the fierceness o' noon, When the e'enin star

blinks up...on aye the same moon; When her wa...ver..in' light e...ver

stedfast shall be, I'll bide bon..=nie laddie, my tryste wi' thee.

THE BOAT OF MY LOVER.

I

The bright sterns of e'enin' now glint thro' the mist,
And the moon yonder dark heavin' billows has kissed
The boat of my lover is far far awa',
Oh westlin' winds, o'er his white sail gently blaw.

II

The lint-white and gowd-spink are gane to their rest,
Ilk birdie's bit wings faulded saft in its nest:
Hark! the moanin' wind's voice, thou art still far awa',
Oh, haste thee, ere tempests above thy head blaw.

III

The night darkens roun' me oh when shall I see,
To cheer my leal heart the blythe blink o' thine e'e:
Oh! when o'er the waves will thy light bark appear;
Oh! when will the dash of thine oar strike mine ear.

THE

Boat of my Lover.

*Das Boot meines Liebsten etc.*Air. *Thir a bhata.*

LENTO

Ab nun Dornen blitzen durch des Finstern Raum, Und der Mond tief unten
The bright sterns of e'enin' now glint thro' the mist, And the moon yonder

Küsset, das Finnegan bringt Traum!
dark heavin' billows has kiss'd: Das Boot meines Liebsten ist

Blast freundlich ihr Weste, und bringt ihn zu mir!
far, far a...wa'; Oh west lin' winds, o'er his white sail gently blaw.

Highland Melodies.

2nd VERSE.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The top staff is for the soprano voice, the middle staff for the alto or tenor, and the bottom staff for the bass or cello. The lyrics are written in both English and German, with some words underlined or written in cursive. The first section of lyrics is in English: "The lint-white and danling wiss". The second section is in German: "Gold-fink schiesst ver-stumt die Jäglein zu, Jedes Vög-lein sitzt im Ne-ste und er-gowd-spink are gane to their rest, Ilk bir...die's bit wings faul...ded". The third section begins with "7 Hoer des Windes Klage-Tönen! Und du fern noch von saft in its nest: Hark! the moanin' winds voice, thou art still far a...". The fourth section continues with "frant sich vor Liff hier! Over-man's diuh, eh der Sturm tost, und...". The final section ends with "...wa', Oh, haste thee, ere tem-pests a...bove thy head blaw.".

die Nigl Sämtl 17
3^d VERSE.

The musical score consists of four staves of music for piano and voice. The top staff is for the right hand of the piano, the second staff is for the left hand, and the bottom two staves are for the voice. The lyrics are written in both German and English. The first section of lyrics is:

The night darkens
rings um, Oan' lacht mir das glüch, Du er-frein mein trues-
roun' me oh when shall I see, To cheer my leal heart the blythe

The second section of lyrics is:

Oh! when o'er the waves will thy light bark ap-
pear; Oh! when will the dash of thine oar strike mine ear.

The third section of lyrics is:

Q wamm wird du da - thy Rüthen auf!

THE CHIEFTAIN'S LAMENT.

I

Wail for the mighty of our race!
 The mournful Coronach shall swell,
 Above thy bloody resting place,
 Where many a faithful Clansman fell:
 The foe in his might like a hurricane rushed;
 Oh mourn, for the pride of the forest lies crushed:
 The Eagle-eyed Chieftain will lead us nae-mair!
 Revenge! be our war-cry, Revenge! and Despair!

II

The voices of thy hundred streams,
 In sullen murmurs soothe the ear,
 Thy shade in moon-light's doubtful gleams,
 Shrouded in mist shall hover near:
 Thou art gone from the mountain, the fleet-footed Roe,
 Across the wild heather unnoticed may go,
 The Red-deer in safety may range thro' the glen,
 Thy foot will ne'er press the green bracken again.

III

Mourn for the Dweller of the Rock!
 Who joyed its dizzy paths to tread;
 Mourn ere tomorrow's battle shock,
 May rank the mourners 'mid the dead:
 Our brands, ripe for slaughter, are pluck'd from the belt;
 Thy foes shall be scatter'd like snaw wreaths that melt,
 The warm tide of vengeance shall crimson the flood,
 Thy death is the signal, thy blood shall have blood.

THE
Chieftain's Lament.
Air. Do Chinneadh bhi gur cheanno.

PIANO

Andante

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the piano, indicated by the label 'PIANO' and the instruction 'PROC E'. The middle staff is for the vocal part, with the title 'Air. Do Chinneadh bhi gur cheanno.' above it. The bottom staff is for the piano again. The vocal part begins with the lyrics 'Wail for the Mighty of our race! The mournful Co....ro.....' followed by 'nach shall swell; A... bove thy blo...dy res....ting place, Where'. The music is in common time, with a key signature of two sharps (F major). The piano parts provide harmonic support, with the right hand playing melodic patterns and the left hand providing bass and chords.

Highland Melodies.

Con Energia

ma...ny a faith...ful Clansman fell. The foe in his might like a

a tempo

hur...ri...cane rushed; Oh mourn, for the pride of the fo...rest lies crushed: The

Ea...gle eyed Chieftain will lead us nae mair! Re...venge! be our war-- cry, Re-

...venge! and Despair!

2^d VERSE.

The voi...ces of thy hum...dred streams, In sul...len mur..murs
 soothe the ear, Thy shade in moon-light's doubt..ful gleams,
 Shrouded in mist shall ho...ver near: Thou art gone from the mountain , the
 fleet footed Roe, A..... cross the wild heather un...no...tic'd may go, The



Red deer in safety may range thro' the glen, Thy foot will ne'er press the green
 brack-en a...gain.

3^d VERSE.

Mourn for the Dweller of the Rock! Who joyed its dizzy —
 paths to tread; Mourn ere to-morrow's bat...tle shock, May

rank the mourners 'mid the dead. Our brands, ripe for slaughter, are
 pluck'd from the belt; Thy foes shall be scatter'd, like snaw wreaths that melt. The
 warm tide of vengeance shall crimson the flood, Thy death is the signal, Thy
 blood shall have blood.

*OH DINNA BRING.**I*

Oh dinna bring those trappings rare,
Nor twine that chaplet round my brow;
Ye ken na what a day o' care,
Ye're gaily celebrating now:
I could na bide my father's grief,
I could na thole my mither's sigh;
I gave my hand for their relief,
And now **I** only wish to die .

II

My Ronald was my only pride,
And Scottish story long shall tell,
How battling by his Prince's side,
In dark Glensheal he bravely fell:
Then oh in pity dinna bring,
Those jewels fine to busk my hair;
Sune o'er my grave the grass will spring,
And gowans gay will blossom there .

Oh dinna bring .

Air.—*Stu mo luaidh nim faidham u.*



Oh! dinna bring those trappings rare, Nor twine that chaplet round my brow; Ye

ken na what a day o' care, Y're gai...ly ce...le...bra...ting now.

I could na bide my father's grief, I could na thole my mither's sigh I
 gave my hand for their relief, And now I on...ly wish to die.

2d VERSE

My Ronald was my on...ly pride, And Scottish story long shall tell, How

battling by his Prince's side In dark Glensheal he bravely fell.

Then oh! in pi.. ty dinna bring, Those jewels fine to busk my hair; Sune

o'er my grave the grass will spring And gowans gay will blossom there.

SLOW^a, SOFT, THE STRAIN^b PROLONG^c.

I

Slow, soft, the strain prolong,
And wake the answering echo's sigh;
Mourn, mourn, in plaintive song;
Sadly sweet, in strains that die:
Touch the wild harp, faint and low;
And breathe the solemn notes of woe.

II

Sleep, sleep, in calm repose,
Thou blessed shade of her we mourn;
Hushed be the voice that rose,
In useless murmurs o'er thine urn:
Yet, oh yet, if it may be,
Return in the silence of night to me.

III

Come in that sad and solemn hour,
When memory wakes, and wakes to weep;
When spells of night have power,
Arousing thoughts too wild for sleep:
Fleeting though the vision be,
Return in that lonely time to me.

Slow, soft the strain prolong.

Ale, sanft dein Lied ertö'n.

Air - Muigh a Bhaird.

VOC

LARGO

E

SEMPRE

LEGATO

Silent: *Slow, soft, the strain pro...
sanft dein Lied er-*

*long, And wake the answer-ing e... cho's sigh;
ton, Bis das E-cho sentrent mit dir er-wacht.*

Mourn, mourn, in plaintive song; Sadly sweet, sadly
Wein, Wein, in den traurigen Liedern; Sehnsuchtig, sehnsuchtig

Burst sweet, in strains that die: Touch the wild harp,
Brüste schwellen, in schwelgen Nächte: Berühre die wilde Harfe,

faint, and low; And breathe the solemn notes of
Schwach und langsam; Und atme die schweren, traurigen Töne der

woe.

2^d VERSE

Sleep, sleep, in Sleep; Sleep in

calm re... pose Thou bless... ed shade of, her we

mourn; Hush'd be the voice that rose, In

use... less mur... murs o'er thine urn; Yet, oh

canst es -
 yet, if it may be, Re.... turn in the si.....lence of
das Ge...schicht, dan kehre im Schweigen der
Nacht zu mir!
 night to me.

13 3^d. VERSE
 Come in that sad and
Nug...da bei dir

Planta lind *die Lied und Schmerz f...r...mung no gaff;*
 so...lemn hour When mem'...ry wakes, and wakes to weep;
It mi...de, haft,

Zwischen Staff und Griff, so gewandt gehen für

When spells of Night have pow'r, A... rous... ing thoughts too

wild for sleep: Fleet...ing though the vi.....sion be, Re...

...turn in that lone....ly time to me

THE BANISHED MOUNTAINEER.**I**

I have scaled the steep side of the mountain, whose snows
In the depth of the rolling clouds bosom repose ;
Where the fierce Eagle screams round her Eyrie for blood,
And stoops on her prey as the rush of the flood :
I have followed the chase from my lone mountain home,
And plunged in the midst of the flashing waves foam,
Where the swollen river leaps from its home in the rock,
And bursts on the plain with a Cataract's shock .

II

Near yon blue gleaming loch, where the bright sunbeam smiles,
And the clear water girdles the forest crowned isles,
No more shall I visit each dingle and brake,
Or watch on the hill the Storm Spirit awake ,
Nor quail from the withering glance of his eye ,
As borne on the whirlwinds, his lightnings flash by ,
Oh, bright foreign landscapes will soon be forgot ,
For the thoughts of my childhood can hallow them not .

THE

Banished Mountaineer.

Air. Roderigh Dhu.15 *Mein Leid ist ein von Waller Ferndall*

v o c e

MODERATO

15 *Mein Leid ist ein von Waller Ferndall*

v o c e

MODERATO

I have
Ich er-

scald'd the steep side of the mountain, whose snows In the depth of the rolling clouds
Klom den Absturz am Berge dess Schnee an der Wolken Busen ruht in

10

bosom repose; Where the fierce Eagle screams round her eyrie for blood, And
schrinender Höp; Wo der Adler wild kreischt aus dem Hoiste nach Blut,

stoops on her prey as the rush of the flood I have fol= low'd the chace from my
stößt auf seine Beut, gleich der stürzenden Fluth Ich war folgend der Jagd aus des

lone mountain home, And plung'd in the midst of the flashing waves foam, Where the
Berges stillen Hauses, und taucht ohne Zögern die Wogen gebräus Wo der

swoln river leaps from its home in the rock, And bursts on the plain with a
Fluss reißend stürzt aus dem Fel - si gen und grast jetzt in der Tiefe mit des

Highland Melodies.

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Cataract's shock,
Donnergetos! *f* Calando dim:

2d VERSE *hr*

Near yon blue gleaming loch, where the bright sun-beam smiles, And the
an dem blau schimmernden See Wo der Sonnen-strahl läuft Die Sonne

clear water girdles the forest crown'd isles, No more shall I visit each
stille Wasser hängt der Inseln Pracht! Nicht mehr werd' ich sehn Sie

dingle and brake, Or watch on the hill the Storm Spirit *Erstehn!* a.wake,
Thale und Wald, über lassendem Flügel der Windsbrust

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Nor quail from the withering glance of his eye, As,
Nor vergahn von seines Blitzen ver-nichtet die *Gut* *Verge-*

borene on the whirlwinds, his lightnings flash by, Oh, bright foreign landscapes will
Tragen von der Windbrant den Blitzstrahl ruht! O helle fründes Land Bald ver-

Den soon be for...got; For the thoughts of my childhood can hal-low them not.
gess ich dein Lichte er innung mein' Kindheit dir weihet dich nicht!

Highland Melodies.

A E BONNIE SMILE.

I

Ae bonnie smile,
Jean my dearie;
Care to beguile,
For I'm wearie;
Parting and pain,
Are mine tomorrow;
Thy smile alone,
Wins me from sorrow.

By the love between us twa,
Think o' me when far awa',

Ae bonnie smile,
Jean my dearie;
Care to beguile,
For I'm wearie.

II

Smile yet once mair,
Lassie my dearie;
My heart is sair,
And I'm wearie:
Faithfu' and kind,
Hast thou been ever;
Vows should na bind,
Fond hearts that sever.

By that saftly speaking e'e,

Lassie, I'll remembered be,

Ae bonnie smile,
Jean my dearie;
Care to beguile,
For I'm wearie.

Ae bonnie smile.

Air. *Dfhaig u mi fodd bhrion.*

LARGO

E

DOLCE

Ae bonnie smile, Jean my dearie, Care to beguile; For I'm wearie,
 Parting and pain, Are mine tomorrow, Thy smile alone, Wins me from sorrow,

By the love be...tween us twa

Think o' me when far a...wa' Ae bonnie smile, Jean my dearie;

Care to beguile for I'm wearie.

2^d VERSE

Smile yet once mair, Lassie my dearie;

My heart is sair, And I'm wearie; Faithfu' and kind, Hast thou been ever;

Vows should na bind, Fond hearts that sever.

By that saftly speak...ing e'e, Lassie, I'll re...mem...ber'd be,

Ae bonnie smile, Jean my dearie; Care to beguile For I'm wearie.

PRINCE CHARLES' FAREWELL.**I**

Farewell to the land where my Sires drew breath,
Where the sullen tarn gleams on the lone rugged heath;
Farewell, ye wild torrents, your thundering roar,
Shall gladden the heart of an Exile no more :
Farewell hoary forests, whose thick tangled glades,
Re-echoed our shout, and the clash of our blades ;
No longer the Pibroch shall swell on the breeze,
That whirls the sear leaf from your dark bending trees.

II

Farewell to the shores where the red-blood like rain,
Has flowed for a Wanderer's Birthright in vain ;
The Roe-buck may couch in its coverts once more,
And the dew rest on heather unsprinkled with gore :
Farewell, ye blue mountains, ye fade from my sight,
Each giant form veiled in the pale mists of night ;
Snow-white are your crests as the dash of the foam,
Which bears me away from my lost Island Home .

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Prince Charles' Farewell.

Air. An scalladh mo dheiradh do Thearlaach.

VOCAL

LENTO

Fare....well to the land where my sires drew breath, Where the

sullen tarn gleams on the lone rugged heath, Fare.. well, ye wild torrents, your

thundering roar, Shall gladden the heart of an Ex..ile no more.

Fare.. well, hoary forests, whose thick tangled glades, Re.

..echo'd our shout, and the clash of our blades; No longer the Pibroch shall

swell on the breeze, That whirls the sear leaf from your dark bending trees.

2^d VERSE

Fare well to the shores where the

red blood like rain, Has flow'd for a Wanderer's birth right in vain, The

Roe-buck may couch in its coverts once more, And the dew rest on heather un..

sprinkled with gore,
Fare well, ye blue mountains, ye

fade from my sight, Each giant form veil'd in the pale mists of night, Snow

- white are your crests as the dash of the foam, Which bears me away from my
lost Island Home.

HIGHLAND MELODIES.