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The front

**Highland Melodies.**  
*with original Poetry by*  
**M.E.D & E.E.H.**

*Inscribed to*

**J. E. D.**

*With Symphonies & Accompaniments for the Piano Forte,  
Composed by*

**Walter Turnbull.**



*End. Sta Hall*

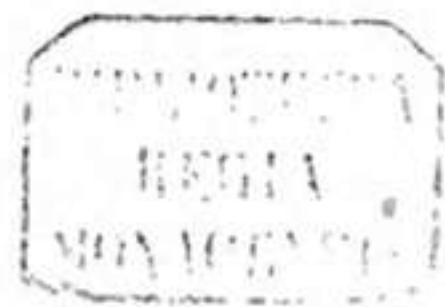
*J. Dighton & T. Bartholomew lith.*

*From a sketch by W. P. D.*

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## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

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*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.**







**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 Chorus.*

**VOCE**

**LENTO**

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a vocal line in treble clef, key of D major (two sharps), and common time (C). The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The tempo is marked 'LENTO'. The lyrics are: 'There's no land like Scot...land with..in the wide sea, There's no land like Scot....land the fear...less and free :'. The piano part features a steady accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The vocal line is simple, following the melody of the piano part.





**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-drops 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.









**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' winds' 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 ee:  
Oh! when o'er the waves will thy light bark appear;  
Oh! when will the dash of thine oar strike mine ear.







**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.











*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.







*SLOW, SOFT, THE STRAIN PROLONG.*

---

*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.











**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 BONNIE SMILE.**

---

**I**

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







**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.







