

# Loch na Carr

A Favorite Air with an Accompaniment for the

HARP OR PIANO FORTE.

COMPOSED

BY

*Sir* HENRY R. BISHOP. *Rowley 2)* 1786-18

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[187 - ?]

ANDANTNO CANTABILE.

VOCE.

HARP OR PIANO-FORTE

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff with a treble clef and a 3/8 time signature. The piano accompaniment is written for harp or piano-forte, consisting of two staves: a right-hand staff with a treble clef and a 3/8 time signature, and a left-hand staff with a bass clef and a 3/8 time signature. The piano part begins with a forte dynamic marking 'f' and includes several triplet figures in the left hand.

The second system of music continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. It features a vocal line on a single staff with a treble clef and a 3/8 time signature. The piano accompaniment is written for harp or piano-forte, consisting of two staves: a right-hand staff with a treble clef and a 3/8 time signature, and a left-hand staff with a bass clef and a 3/8 time signature. The piano part continues with triplet figures in the left hand and concludes with a double bar line.

M1  
A1B

A way, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses, in

8<sup>a</sup>

you let the minions of luxury rove Restore me the

rocks where the snowflake reposes though still they are sacred to

freedom and love; yet Callidonia! beloved are thy

In exchange  
Peabody Institute  
Baltimore  
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mountains round their white summits tho' elements war tho'

ca...taract foam stead of smooth flowing fountains I sigh for the

valley of dark Loch na Garr.

2

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,  
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;  
 On Chieftains long perish'd, my memory ponder'd,  
 As daily I strode through the pine cover'd glade;  
 I sought not my home 'till the days dying glory,  
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;  
 For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,  
 Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

3

Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices,  
 Rise on the night rolling breath of the gale;  
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,  
 And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale;  
 Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist gathers,  
 Winter presides in his cold icy car;  
 Clouds there encircle the forms of my Fathers,  
 They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.