THE

Airs and Melodies

Peculiar to the

HIGHLANDS OF Scotland AND THE ISLES,

COMMUNICATED IN AN

ORIGINAL, PLEASING, & FAMILEAR STYLE;

Having

THE LIVELY AIRS INTRODUCED AS MEDLEYS,

TO FORM A SEQUENCE TO EACH SLOWER MOVEMENT;

With

AN ADMIRED PLAIN HARMONY,

for the

PIANO FORTE, HARP, ORGAN, OR VIOLONCELLO,

Intended rather to preserve Simplicity; than load with Embellishment;

EDITED

by

Captn. S. Fraser,

Chiefly acquired, during the Interesting Period from 1715 to 1745, through the Authentic Source narrated in the Accompanying Prospectus.

And

Drawn by J. Brooks

Engraved by R. Scott Edinr.

And to be had, in LONDON, of Mr. John Gow, 30, Great Marlborough Street, Golden square; in EDINBURGH, of Mr. Gow, 2, Hanover Street, And in due time, of all the Principal Music & Booksellers, in the United Kingdom.

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TO

THAT ENLIGHTENED AND PATRIOTIC BODY

THE

HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND,

AS

THE RIGHTFUL PATRONS

OF

A WORK,

CALLED FORTH BY THEIR COUNTENANCE AND RECOMMENDATION,

AND

INSPECTED AND APPROVED BY THEIR COMMITTEE,

THESE

AIRS AND MELODIES,

PECULIAR TO THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND AND THE ISLES,

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

S. FRASER.

LETTER AND PROSPECTUS,

RELATIVE TO THE

AIRS AND MELODIES

PECULIAR TO

The Highlands of Scotland;

SUBMITTED TO

THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH,

BY

CAPTAIN SIMON FRASER;

INTENDED

TO ACCOMPANY EACH BOOK WITH A TRANSLATED INDEX,

THE ORIGINAL BEING A COMMUNICATION OFFICIALLY REQUIRED BY THE SECRETARY,

EXPLAINING THE SOURCE

Through which the Editor acquired them.

SIR,

Give me leave to hand you a Prospectus of the Airs and Melodies peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland, regarding which we formerly corresponded.

It might, perhaps, not become me to trust to the general acceptability of these Airs, without, at least, narrating to you, for the Society's information, the source through which I happened to acquire the greater part of them.

My Paternal Grandfather was one of the most extensive Graziers and Dealers in the North, and though his Family have resided for many Generations on the Spot whence I address you, he carried on a Partnership with the then Mr. Mackay of Bighouse, in the extreme part of Sutherland, who was, I think, his Cousin German. The nature and magnitude of their Business led them to every Corner of the Highlands and Islands to purchase. I need hardly observe, that in these early days, this was a Profession requiring men of information, integrity, and public confidence; and in a period when the Embers of Rebellion lay unsuffocated, from 1715 to 1745, Gentlemen travelling, loaded with money, now more easily and safely conveyed, required, to secure personal safety, that address which ingratiates the Individual with all Classes of Highlanders.

Of course, the appearance of those who supplied their pecuniary wants, would be a time of Festivity, where whole Districts assembled to receive the proceeds of their Sales;—and business being finished, and the glass in circulation, the

best Song would naturally be called for before they separated; especially when this happened to be the period of most enthusiastic Interest to the Highlands, perhaps since the days of Ossian, and which produced the best of their Songs, and the most beautiful of their Melodies. In point of Song, my Predecessor, independent of being a Man of good Education, stood almost unrivalled (the late Alex. Fraser of Culduthel, the most sprightly singer of Highland Song known in the North, alone excepted). They were, however, inseparable, as the best Deer hunters and Sportsmen of their day, and remarkable for a social and convivial disposition, anxious and interested to acquire a notion of the Peculiarities and Sentiments, in point of Loyalty, of the different Districts through which the one so frequently travelled, as well as to obtain the Music and Words of their best Songs. Mr. Mackay of Bighouse was also the Patron, Protector, and Landlord of the celebrated Robert Doune, the Sutherland Poet, and of a taste not inferior to either of the other two. Hence, in the peregrination of such Men, the best Performer would be called upon; or if found imperfect, Visitors of their stamp would generally be welcome guests, in the house of a Friend, where the Air or Song wished for, might be acquired in perfection, and naturally expected to give their best in turn. But biennial journies for a series of years, gave men who had a taste for the like, and in the moment of impulse, advantages and opportunities of acquiring these Melodies, that cannot be equalled by any labour in search of them at the present time, being then preserved at Late Wakes and other Public Meetings, now in desuetude—nor were the Love Songs of the Dairy-maids, during their annual Summer Grazing, the least effectual means of their preservation—the Echo of whose sound melodious Voices, made their native Hills reverberate the Praises of their Lovers and other Sportsmen frequenting their Shealings; and where, no doubt, a part of the present Work was compiled.

Besides, at the period alluded to, the Country Gentlemen, as Justices of the Peace, statedly assembled, and decided all Disputes among the Common People, and thought it a disgrace that a Case belonging to their District, should proceed the length of the Sheriff-Court; at these Meetings, in their own District, which always terminated convivially, my Predecessor and his friend constantly met in their places, and these are recollected as favourite Opportunities of calling forth the Acquisitions of both. They were also in close Intimacy with the ingenious Lachlan Macpherson of Strathmashy, to whose recitations the world is indebted for suggesting, urging, and aiding his Friend to the Publication of the Poems of Ossian.

Let it here be remembered, that the Benefits arising from the establishment of Parochial and Society Schools, had not at this time pervaded the Country, and particularly that the advantages derived from them, in point of acquiring Information and Knowledge, had then gained very little ground; for in place of the contemplative Mind being able to store itself by reading, which naturally produces rational Conversation; Oral Narrative, Jest, and Song, filled up the domestic Hours of both Recreation and Conviviality; or, if any other thing further was introduced amongst a group whose Minds were not yet sufficiently expanded, it failed not to be disrelished. A Note, taken from Lord Kames's Life, and quoted annexed, strongly paints the fascination and value of these traditionary recitations before writing was common.

In short, their narratives, which were chiefly in Song, are the vehicles of the Sentiments of that interesting Period and prior Times, and merit Preservation. For I apprehend there is no Individual acquainted with a few of the Airs and Melodies now offered, but must admire the correct adaptation of the Music to the Sentiments which the Words convey—if plaintive, pathetically so—if argumentative or applausive, bold, nervous, and expressive;—and the general adoption of the more lively Airs to the sprightly Dance, is a strong existing Argument to shew how correctly the Association was originally formed; and no less true with regard to the others, from the beautiful samples of a few of them immortalized by BURNS. In the Love Songs of the Highlands, my Predecessor, in his early days, was fitted to be particularly conversant, as he is remembered, at the Age of Seventy, without a grey hair on his head, or a tooth out of it, blooming, fresh, and vigorous; though suddenly cut off by a malignant Fever, of which he received the Infection at the Funeral of a Friend not long thereafter.

I should be guilty of a palpable Omission, in enumerating the opportunities he had of acquiring these Melodies, were I not to mention, that he was a Member of the originally formed Black Watch, which, on their days of assembling, brought together the finest looking Fellows their respective Chiefs could muster, with either individual Members, or Attendants of the Minstrel or Bard tribe, who, on the convivial Meetings of Men from so many different districts, would, of course, display their highest efforts. Here was an Advantage, equal, if not superior, to his Business-peregrinations, in gratifying this Taste—and he had full scope for practising his Attainments, when he, with the late Thomas Fraser of Gorthleck, the Editor's maternal Grandfather, (from the circumstance of the Pretender having passed the Night after the Battle of Culloden, in the House of the latter Gentleman,) were obliged to secret themselves in the Recesses of the Mountains, unable to approach their Families, or Private Concerns, and with little employment but ruminating on passing Events. No doubt, however, the fortunate result of Culloden laid in ruin many airy Castles built in Song, whilst anticipating their hopes of Success, and accounts for the plaintive cast of many of the Melodies, among which Mr. Grant of Corrymony, who gave them his unqualified approbation, recommended introducing into the present Selection, as many of the sprightly and eccentric Airs as had real Merit, forming an agreeable Variety, adjected as Medleys on their proper Keys, suited to the Taste of every Class of Amateurs.

My Predecessor seems, however, comparatively to have afforded me very little of the advantage of his Attainments. He died ere I could have any recollection of him. At any rate, I chiefly relished the Airs, as suited to the Instrument with which I amuse myself, and as sung and retailed with great accuracy by my Father, who added very considerably to the Collection, through an intercourse with Brother Caledonians from every quarter of the North, while on Service, during the first American War—where absence powerfully awakened National Predilections. He was also the individual Officer who scaled the Heights of Abram, with his relative, Brigadier-General Fraser, who fell afterwards at Saratoga, and to whose Sister the original Compiler of these Melodies was then married. It is but justice to mention this, to shew that, though fascinated with the Melodies of the Rebels, we have still been attached and loyal Subjects.

This additional opportunity which my Father had of adding to the original Stock of Airs and Melodies, must make it evident that he and his Predecessor enjoyed Facilities of acquiring them which are utterly unattainable in the present Day, by thus hearing the voluntary and convivial Effusions of the best Proficients, particularly as they were so very capable of relishing and retailing them, with justice and accuracy, and which I trust ensures this Work against containing many deserving of Rejection; but which an Omne-gatherer would not fail to include, if a Gaelic name could be got for them.

My part has been solely fitting the Music for the eye of the Public, which, so far as I can learn, has never been done, further than the attempt of a Reverend Gentleman in Argyllshire, which has been ill selected, and worse communicated; nor can a professional man venture to amend such, without a perfect knowledge of the real Air, as well as its adaptation to the original Words, so that it tended only to bring these beautiful Originals into contemptible disrepute; nay, even to infer a doubt of their existence, till now brought forward. For there is a disrelish in the Minds of Highlanders, independent of a natural Backwardness, to make any Communication to a mercenary Collector, and it is well known I never left my own or my Father's House to acquire them, as no exertion of mine could equal the Deposit left with me.

To conclude, it may become matter of very interesting research, to trace the Analogy and Similitude betwixt the ancient Music of the Highlands of Scotland, now first brought forward, and that of Ireland, or if they bear the affinity which their native Languages do: when their Languages appear to have been the same at one period, it will not seem surprising that a few of the Melodies sung in that Language are common to both Countries, with little variation. The Irish have, however, retained an acknowledged advantage in cultivating the Harp, an instrument capable of the finest harmony, while in the Highlands of Scotland it ceased with the pomp of the Feudal System. Hence the imperfection to which our Ancient Music has degenerated as handed about in the present time. Still the Melodies of both Countries have a plaintive cast, whilst both are remarkable for the vivacity of their Dances; for their own delightful Jigs and Country Dances electrify the Irish, just in the same manner as our Strathspeys and Reels so irresistibly affect our Countrymen; and the Scots and Irish joined have the merit of the best Ball Music in the World, nor will they yield the Palm in Simple Melody. The similitude that will be found, on an inquiry of this kind, will, I am persuaded, render a Work of this sort in considerable request in Ireland; and the Predilections of our countrymen abroad, in India, settled in the Continent of America, or resident in the West Indies, for every Species of the Music of their native Country, will make them an acceptable Article, where absence arouses early Prepossessions, and the Lovers of Burns's fascinating Lyrics all over Scotland, will be found to patronise the Work extensively, from his impassioned fondness for Melodies of this Class.

I have only further to add, that if a Few which are already known, may appear in the present Publication, it is either to correct some Error, or to preserve that Distinction merely, which the Honourable SOCIETY preserves by its very Name, being a HIGHLAND SOCIETY, rather than a Scottish one, and having made this Communication of the Source through which I happened to acquire them, being, in all probability, the most authentic now extant,

I have the honour to remain,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble servant,

ERROGY, INVERNESS-SHIRE,
1st *November* 1815.

(Signed) S. FRASER.

The Editor is extremely happy in having discovered a Fac-Simile, of no less Authority than that of the enlightened Lord Kames, in perfect coincidence with the Sentiments expressed in the above Letter; the Original being a Communication to his Friend the late William Tytler, Esq.

From Detached Notes, Written in 1772.—Vide Life of Lord Kames.

"*In old Times, every Nation had Bards before Writing was common. Men naturally relish Stories of their own Species, and it enhances greatly the Pleasure, to have such Stories put into such a Measure as to be accompanied with Music; a plain Song of that kind was agreeable, it was enchanting, when the Voice was accompanied with the Harp, or other Musical Instrument. It required an Ear, a Voice, and Skill in Instrumental Music, to excel in such a Performance,—Talents which fall to the share of Few; hence the Profession of a Bard was in great request, and an essential Member at every Festival, and in every Meeting for Amusement.*"

N.B.—Dubious at first of its Reception, it was the Editor's Intention to have Published this Work in *two* Numbers, of *forty* Plates each, *Price Half a-Guinea*, but since the Inspection, Approval, and Recommendation of the whole Manuscript, consisting of from *eighty* to *ninety* folio Plates, by a Select Committee of the Highland Society convened for that purpose, the demand for the whole Impression has increased with its reputation, and it now appears in *one* Number, *Price One Guinea.*

The Highland Society of London have also agreed to patronise it, both as a Body and as Individuals; and the Engraving being now far advanced, it becomes necessary to circulate this Prospectus, to receive the Engagements for the first Impression, in order to ascertain the Number to be printed off

It may be proper to state, that a Work of merit, proposed by Mr. Alexander Campbell, occupies entirely different ground, consisting of Music, Gaelic Poetry, &c. as per the Society's Report of January 1816.

12*th* MAY, 1816

P. S.—*FROM an Annunciation in this Day's Paper, of a Work in the Press, professing Similitude to these Melodies, the Editor finds it necessary to add, that their being acquired from so authentic and unattainable a source, and tastefully communicated in their native originality of Style, with an admired simple harmony for the Piano Forte, &c. constitute their whole claim to the extensive Patronage they have met with. For, independent of how few of the British Public understand the Gaelic Language, many of the words attached to these airs are known to be objectionable in point of Delicacy or Loyalty, or frequently both ;—indeed, numbers of them are unworthy of notice but for the Melody, and an immense collection of the Jacobite Songs was publicly burnt by order of Government, soon after the* 1746 *;—hence it would be unfair to obtrude them, were the Editor possessed of them ; and to give them in a mutilated state would be unauthentic.*

The Breath of Melody alone can have no such objection to it, and is universally intelligible and pleasing to Performers of Taste. The Public are at once gratified with a latent or hidden Treasure in the Musical Department, whilst it serves as a Fund for calling forth the Genius of our best Poets, in coupling these Airs with English or Scottish Verses worthy of them. But all such have to acquire Celebrity, and pass the Ordeal of Public Approbation, before being collected into bulky and expensive Volumes.

The Editor has, therefore, considered them most attractive in their present shape, as a whole, at the most moderate price possible, with the names in Gaelic and English, and Harmonised for the Piano Forte, &c. with Notes when the Air relates to any particular event ; and, as the Gaelic words of many of them are already in Print, the Name will lead the Performer to them, if inclined.

An Engraving so extensive must have been tedious, but shall be announced when ready for delivery, and dispersed to all the Music Venders in the United Kingdom, to expedite its transmission to its numerous Patrons. Mean time, engagements for the first Impression of this Work will be received in London, by Mr. JOHN GOW, No. 30, *Great Marlborough Street, Golden Square ; in Edinburgh, by Mr. GOW, No.* 2, *Hanover Street, and Messrs. PENSON & ROBERTSON, Prince's Street ; in Inverness, by Mr. JAMES SMITH, and the other Booksellers ; and, in due time, by most of the principal Venders in Great Britain.*

The Letter-press by Duncan Stevenson and Co.
Parliament Stairs, Edinburgh.

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By CAPTAIN FRASER.

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	Nighean bodach an Roainaitin,	Rinettan's daughter, 27
	Nighean donn a buain nan' dearcag,	The maid of Sutherland, 29
	Nian Tormaid,	Macleod's daughter, 33
	N' troopa Ghaelach,	The Highland troop, 40
165	Nach bocdh a bhi fallach,	The rebel hiding places, 58
	N' dian u ruidh air falbh' leam,	Will you run awa wi' me, 65
	N' cual sibh mar thachair dhuin,	Culloden day, 68
	Nighean bhuidh bhoidheach,	Golden locks, 71
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170	Nuaghalacdh,	The novelty, 84
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175	Oh se mo run an t oighfhear,	The rover, 66
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	Suibhal an t sneachda tra oichde,	The traveller benighted in snow,	14
190	Sud an gleann s m' bi na feidh,	The forest where the deer resort,	19
	S' tu mo luaidh na faighean u,	My favourite, if I could get thee,	32
	S' beag mo shund' ris a chadal,	Small is my inclination to sleep,	37
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	Se so marbh rann mo charaid,	The death of my friend,	46
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	Sean truidhs Uillachan,	Willy's auld breeks,	86
205	Strathmaisidh,	M'Pherson of Strathmashy,	99
	Sealg is sugradh nan gleann,	The ancient sports of the glen,	100
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	Taigais agus dealg innt,	The haggis,	25
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215	Thuair M'Shimi n' oigreachd,	Lovat's estate restored,	44
	Tha m'aigne fodh ghruaim,	This gloom on my soul,	48
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LIST

OF

HIGHLAND MELODIES,

ALREADY INCORPORATED WITH SCOTTISH SONG.

Although it is not the Editor's purpose to introduce into this Work any of the Highland Melodies already incorporated with Scottish Song, and married to Immortal Verse by BURNS and others, nor any of the more sprightly Airs and Dances, so characteristically handled by Mr. Gow; yet the former breathe a strain of such pathetic Beauty, that he must assert his Country's claim to them, by prefixing the following List of them to this Work, to shew how much the annexation of more of them would tend to the increase and ornament of the Scottish Song-Melody; for it will be evident, that out of the number which the present Work contains, the best still remain in a widowed state, from having been unknown.

NAME.	SUBSTANCE IN ENGLISH.
Nian doun nan gobhar,	The maid that tends the goats.
Nian a ghreisich,	Wilt thou be my dearie?
Banais aig a mhuilfhear,	Coming through the rye.
Oh tha mi tinn,	Long, long the night.
Macghrigair a Ruadhrudh,	From the chase in the mountains.
Balnacroaigh,	My love's in Germany.
Fear Chulcharn,	The maid of Isla.
An Caimbeallach dudh,	Roy's wife.
Robidh donna gorach,	Daft Robin.
Innbhr' calla'	Tibby lass I've seen the day.
Thuile toabh a sheideas goagh, perfected by Mr. Marshal,	Of all the airths the wind can blaw.
Braigh a bhadan,	Coming through the craigs of Kyle.
Baile nan Granndach,	Green grow the rashes.
T'huile fear a Muidart,	Wat ye wha's in yon town?
An gilleadh dudh mo laochan,	Is there for honest poverty?
Nian donn a chota bhuidh,	Lassie wi' the yellow coatie.
Ioram a gheamhruidh,	Gloomy winter's now awa.
Macdhonuill duibh,	Locheal's awa to France.
An gunna cuttach,	Blythe was she but and ben.
Bean an taigh san robh mi in raoir,	Wat ye wha I met yestreen?
Mhuintir chridh Chlainnaphersain,	Macpherson's lament.
Caoilleadh chnacuidh,	Killycrankie.
Ratha' mhorchuis,	Lassie with the lint white locks.
Crodh Chailean,	Can you sing Balilow?
Am Friecedan dudh,	The Black Watch, would have graced this labour of one of its original members, had it not been already given in so true a style by Mr. Gow, but will soon appear with elegant and appropriate words.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE EDITOR has to apologise for the imperfections which may be supposed to cling to the labours of an individual not a professed Musician. He trusts, however, they may be but few, as the Work has passed through the hands of many Musicians and Amateurs of the first class, and particularly those most capable of blending their scientific skill with the wild effusions of native taste, and its execution has met with much of their approbation, both on previous perusal and after revisal. In such case, he thought it a pity to withhold it from the Public, till the Poets became inspired—not doubting it will prove a Treasure, with all its defects, not unlikely of itself to produce Poetic inspiration from the association of the Airs to many interesting events.

But for the present publication, this dormant repository of 220 Original Airs, would, in all probability, have perished with the Editor's Life, as may more readily be apprehended, from seeing how comparatively few of them can be exhibited by any recent Compiler, who would readily produce the best first, as a specimen of what was to follow.

Captain FRASER has, therefore, entered this Work in Stationer's Hall, that, as preserved by the exertions of his Family, no other may assume the right of publishing them without consent; and he begs leave to invite Poetical communications suited to any of them, which shall be safe and sacred in his custody, till called forth by the Public, with consent of parties, and every justice that the science in its highest sphere can furnish, shall be done to the Airs supposed fittest for Song.

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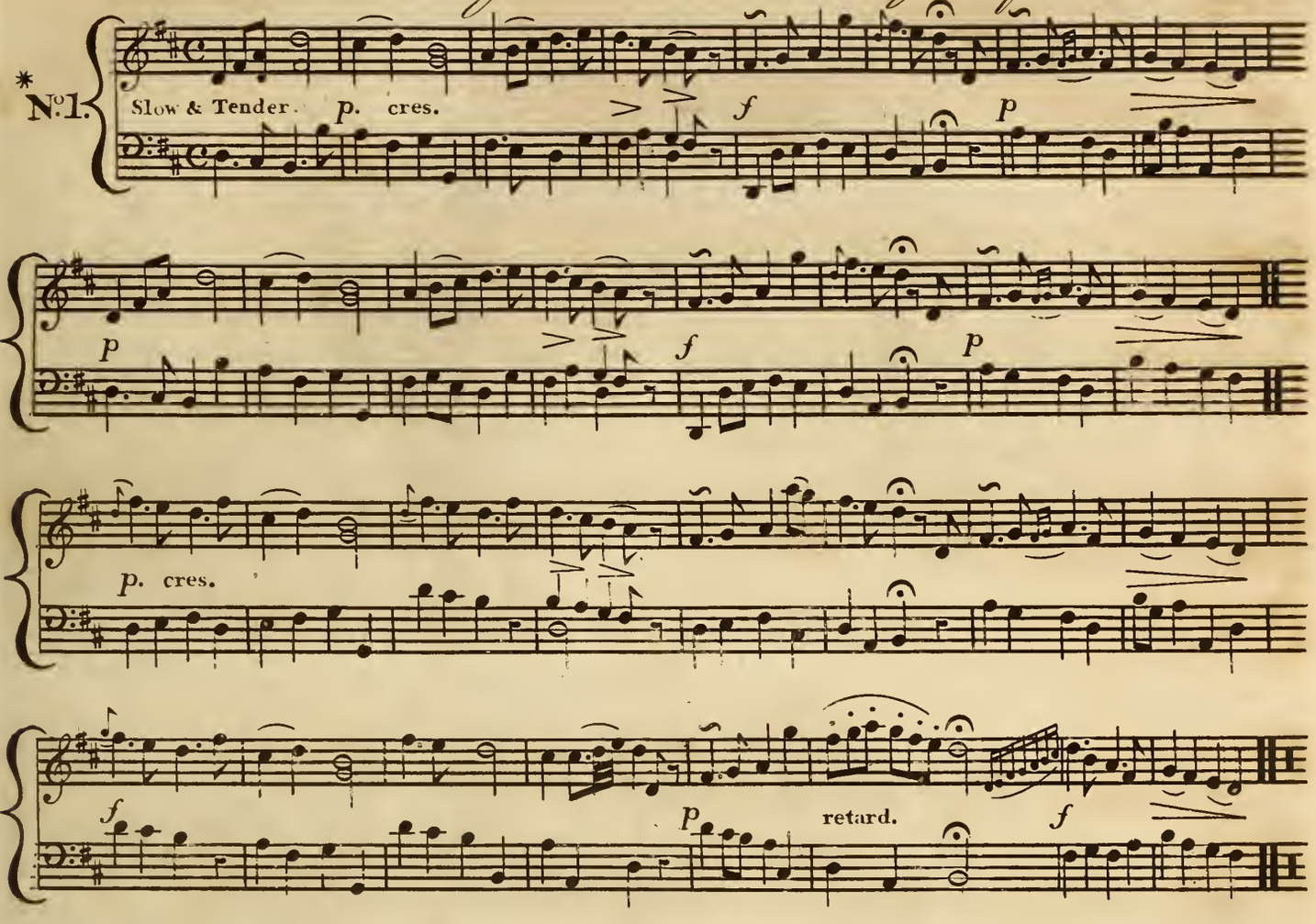
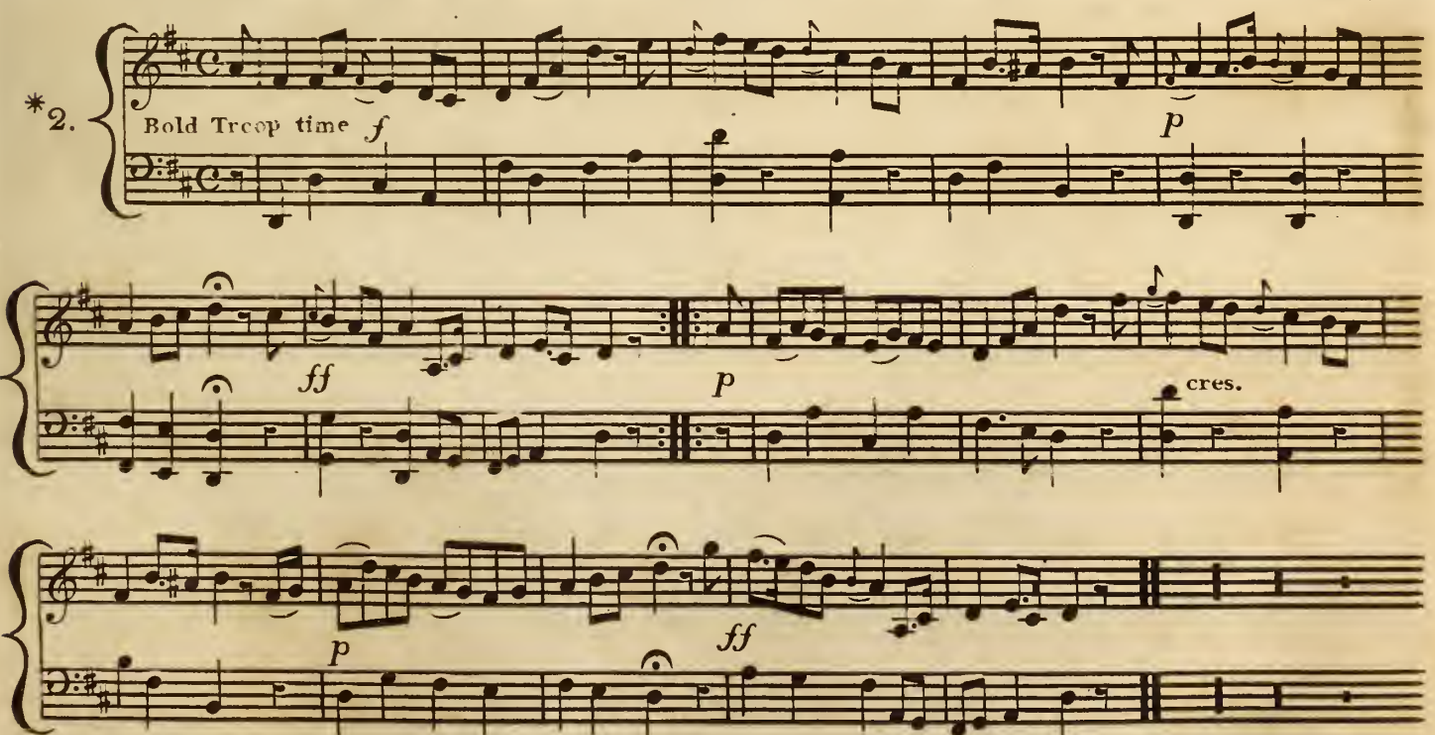
Sha'm is tinn leis a Ghoal. "The Languor of Love."



Eiridh na Finnacha' Gaelach. "The Rebel War Song"



The Airs marked thus * have Notes relating to them in the Appendix, to which the Numbers will lead.

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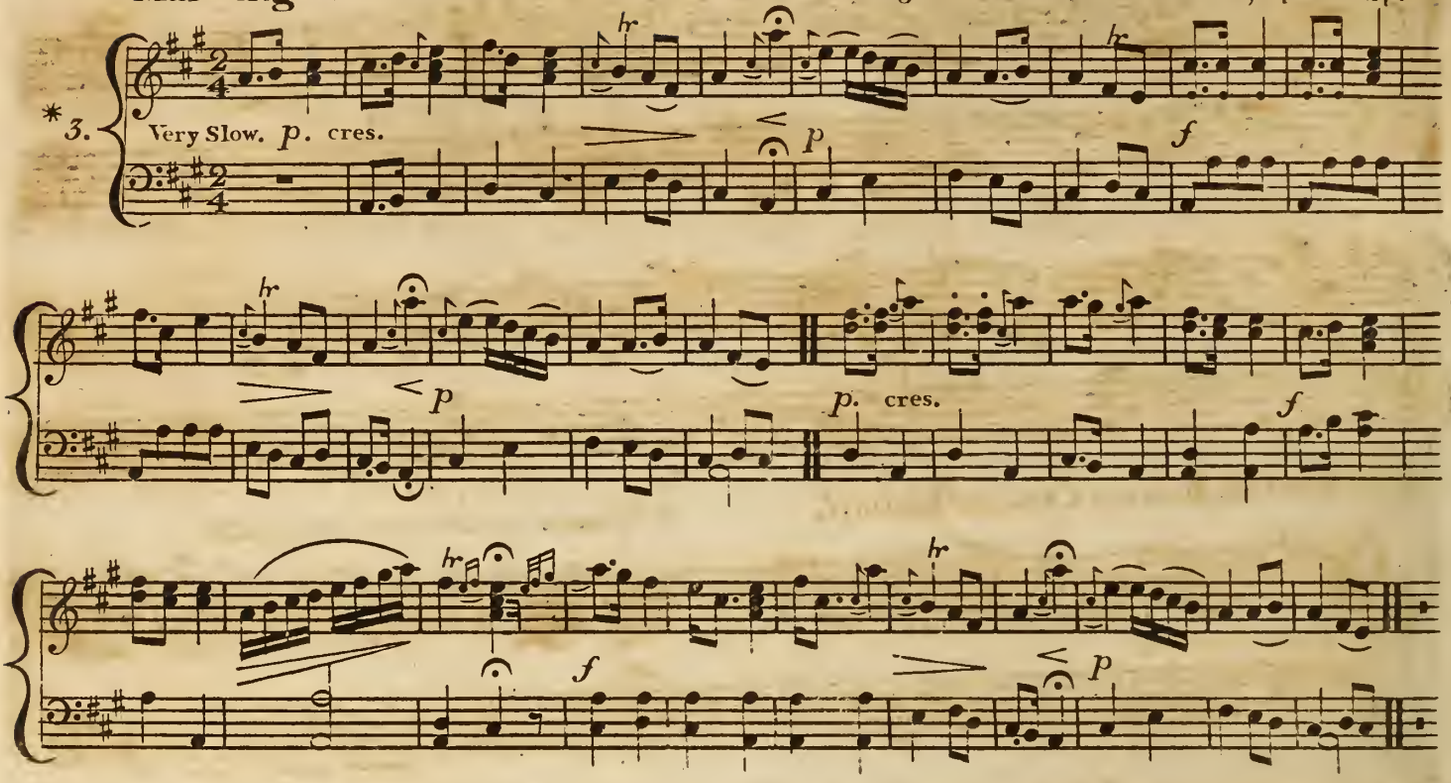
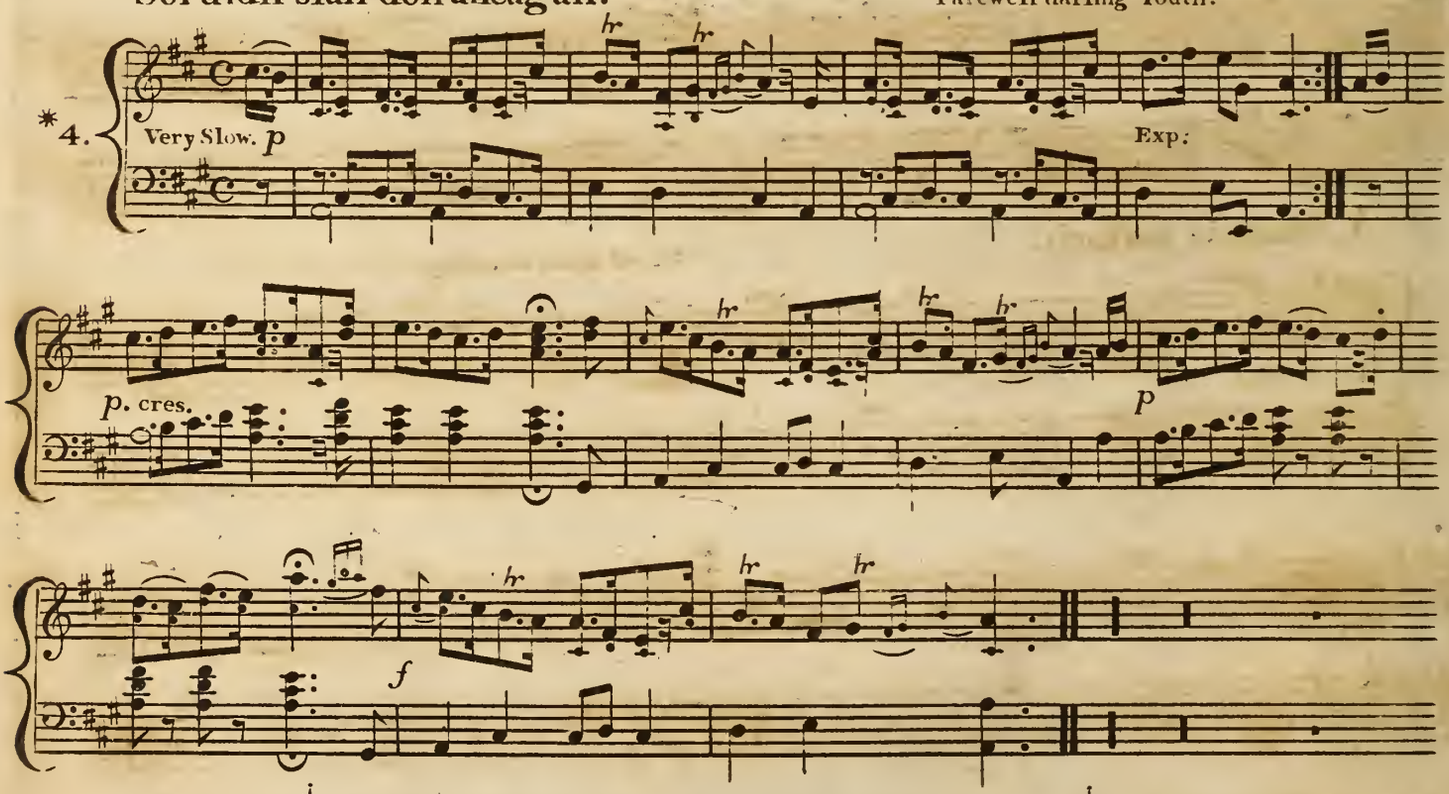
Mari nighean Dheorsa.

"Grant of Sheuglies contest betwixt his Violin, Pipe & Harp."



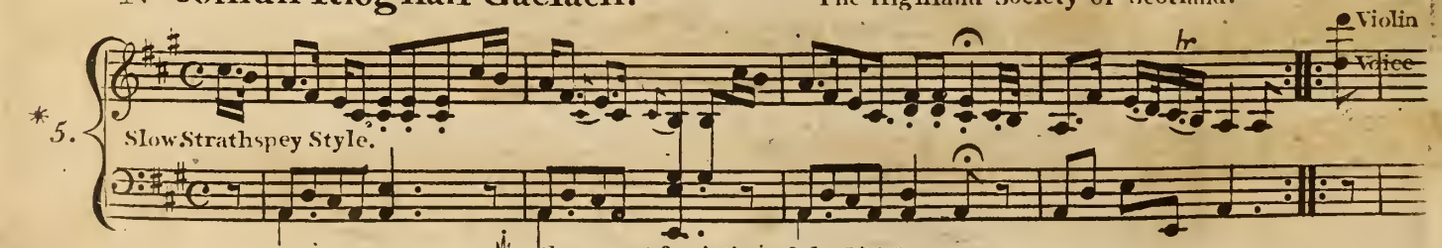
Soruidh slan don aileagan.

"Farewell darling Youth!"

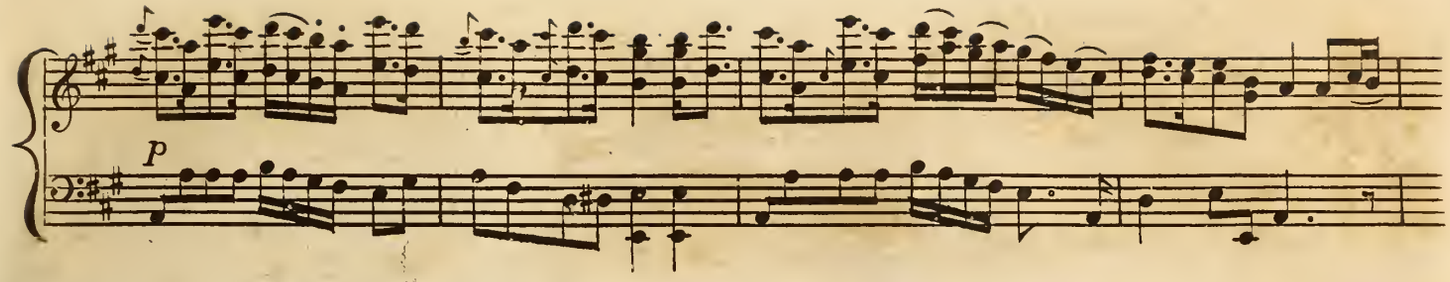


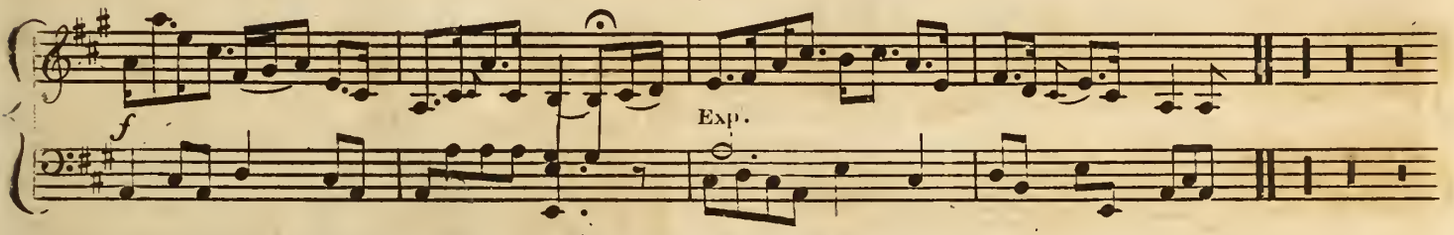
N' Comun Rioghail Gaelach.

"The Highland Society of Scotland."



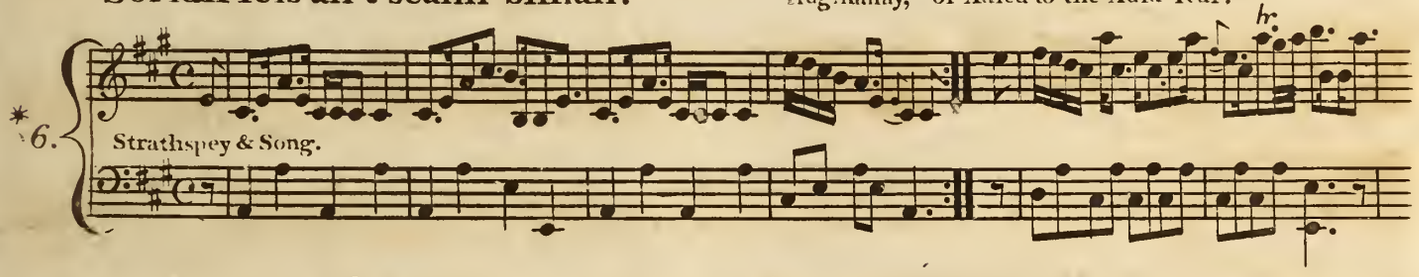
rather an Association of the 1745.

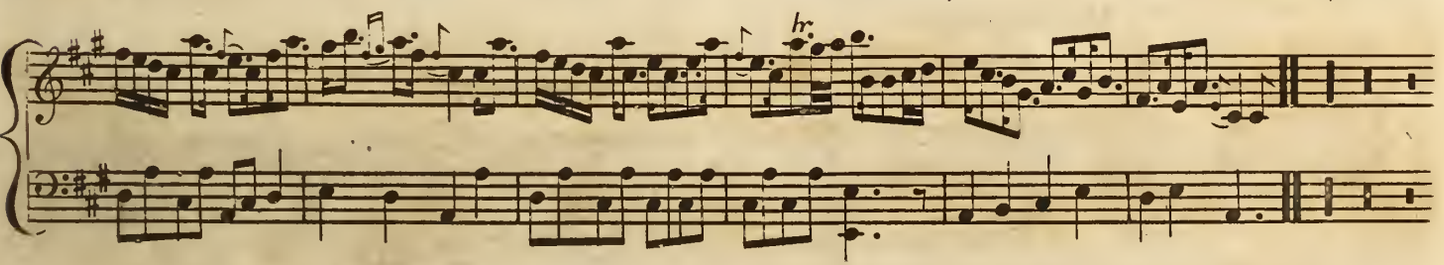




Soridh leis an t'seann'bhlian'.

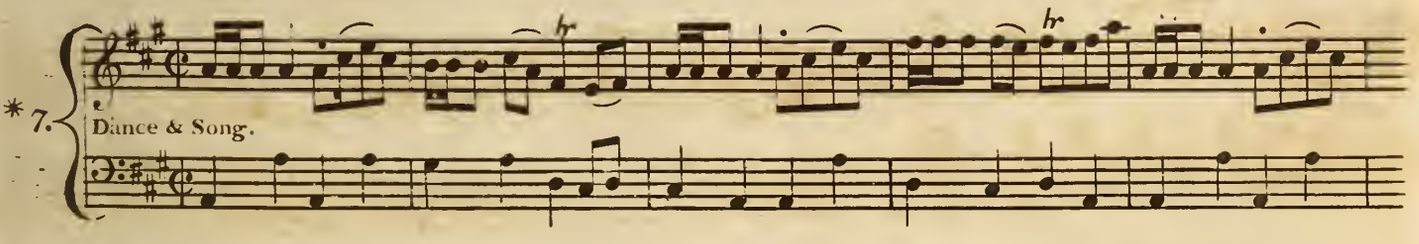
"Hogmanay, or Adieu to the Auld Year."

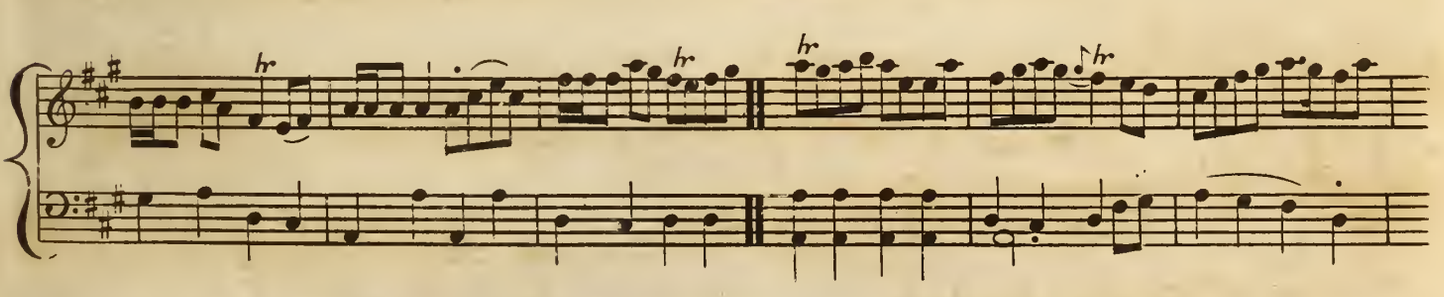


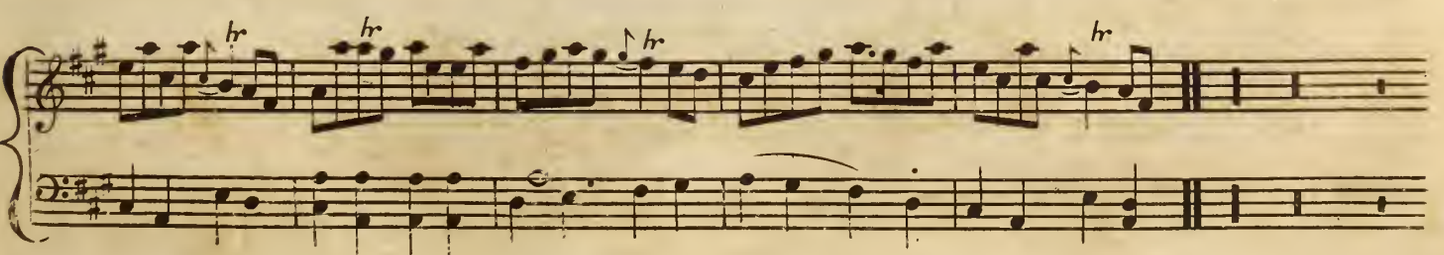


A bhanais Iortach.

"The St Kilda Wedding."

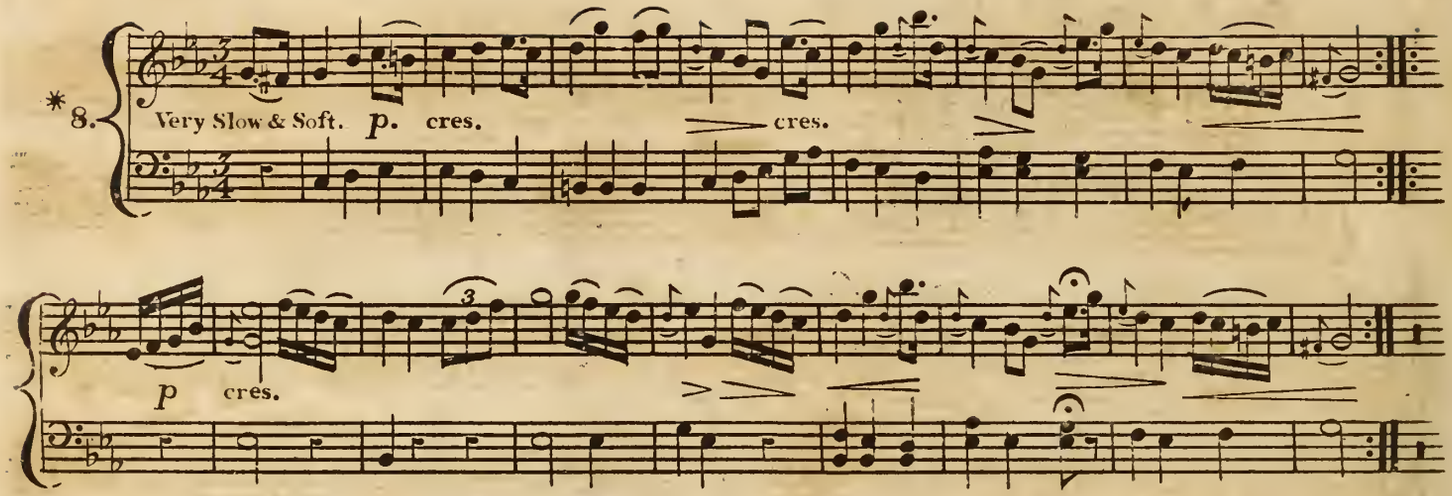






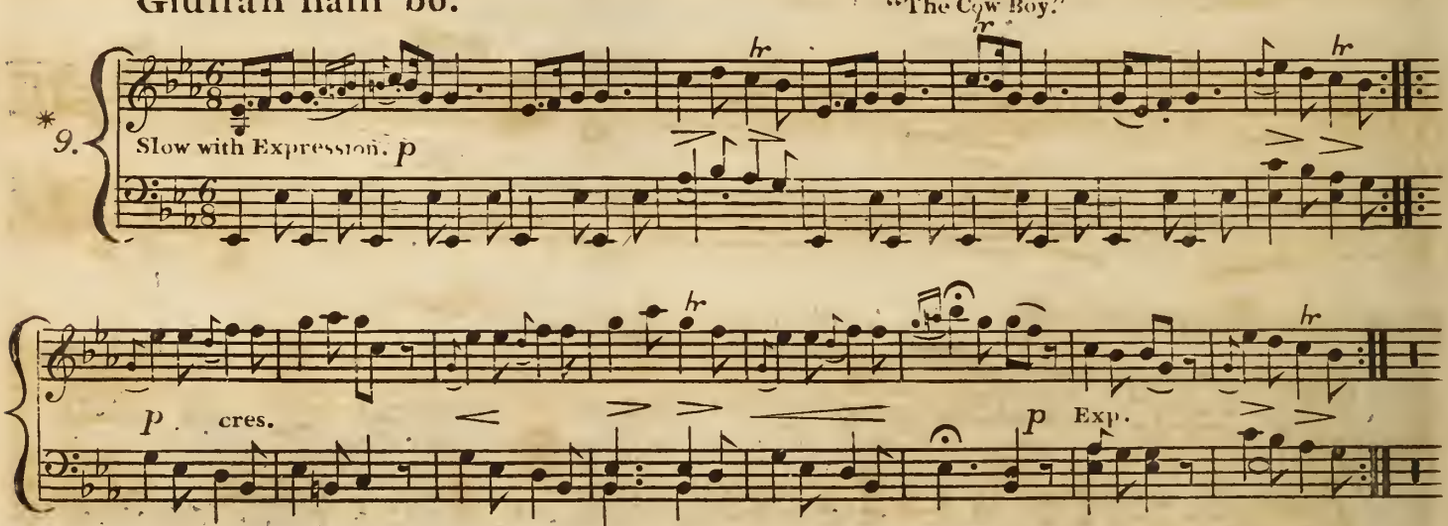
Blar Leine.

"The Battle of Kiuloch Lochy."



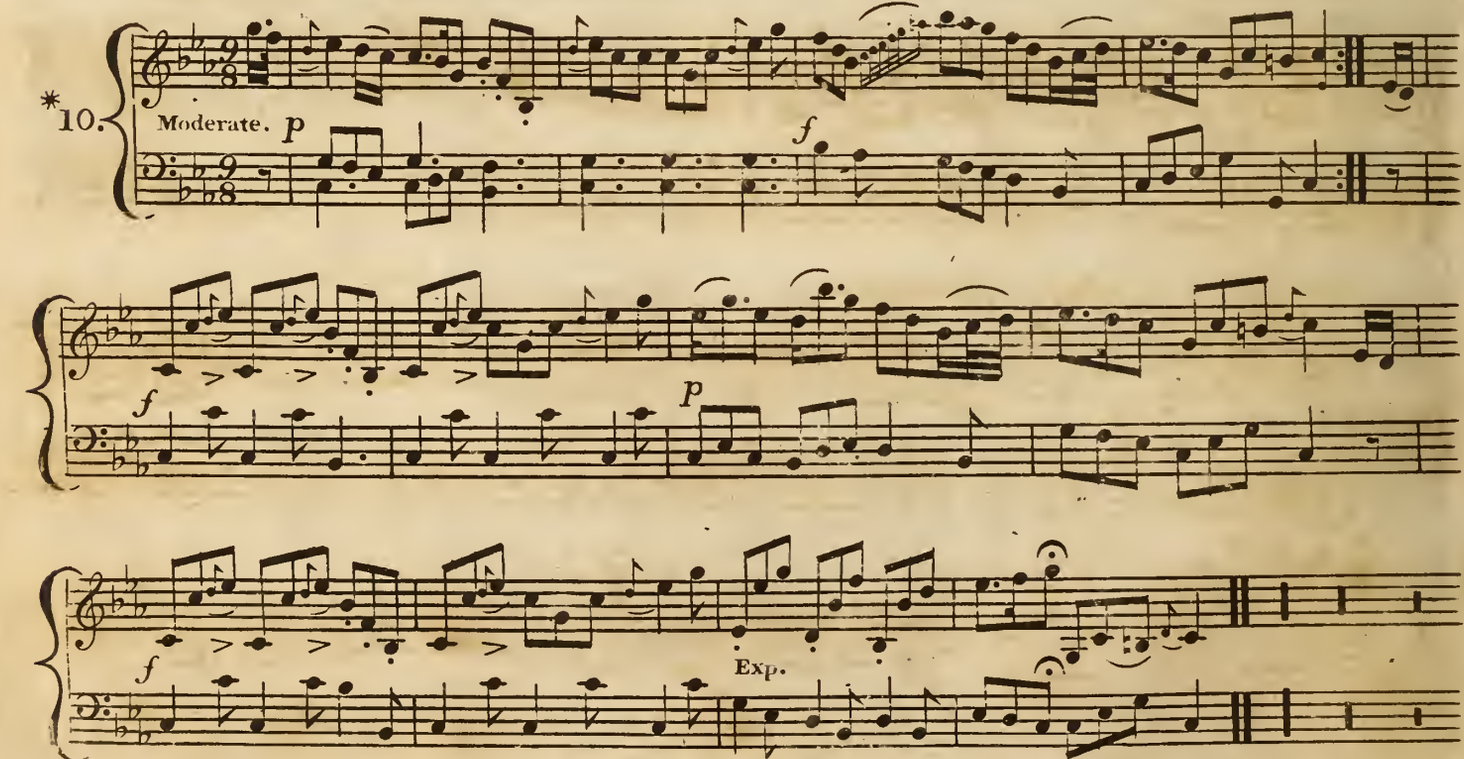
Giullan nam bo.

"The Cow Boy."



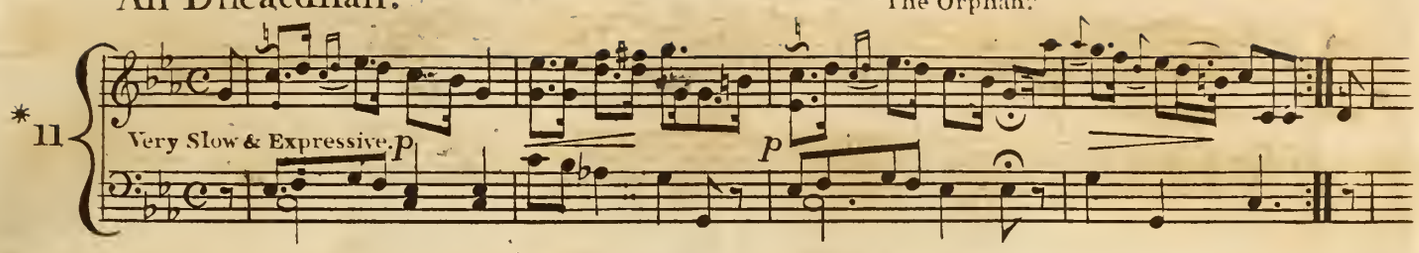
Siubhal án t' sneachd tra oiche.

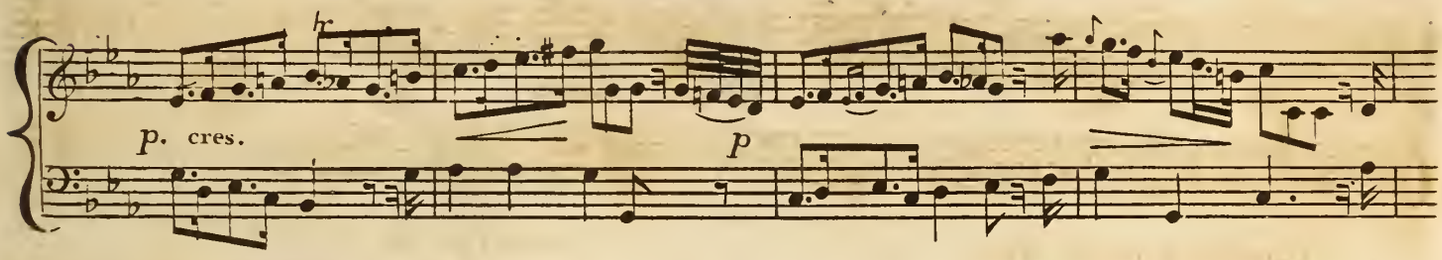
"The Traveller benighted in snow."

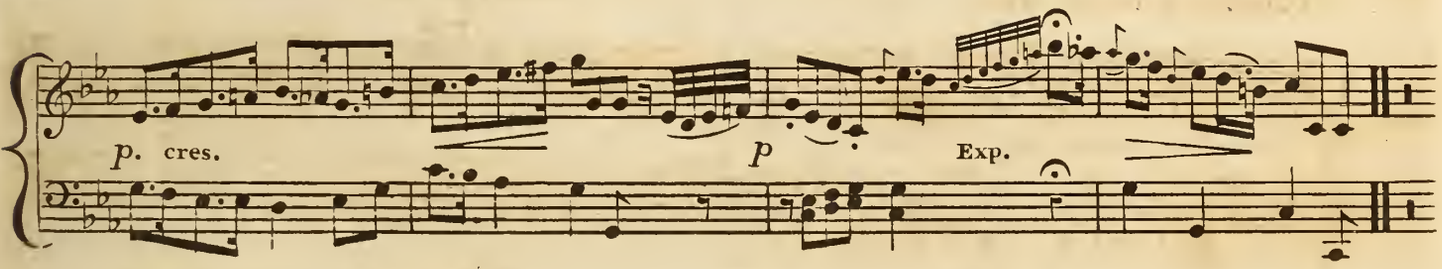


An Dileacdhan.

"The Orphan."

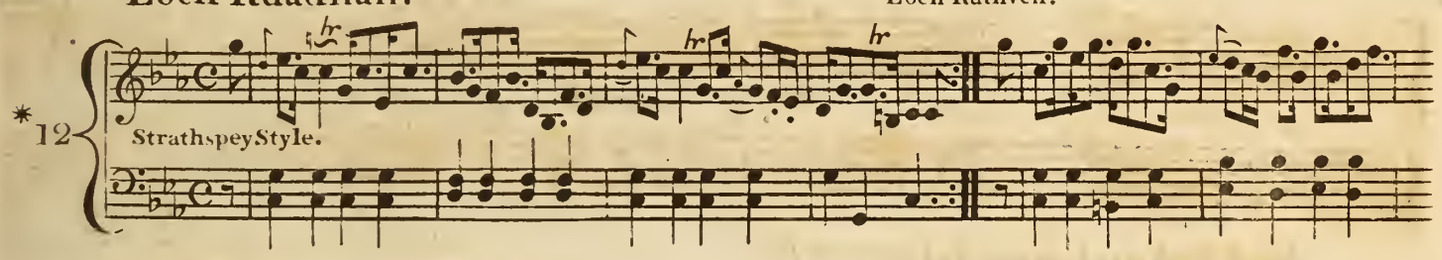


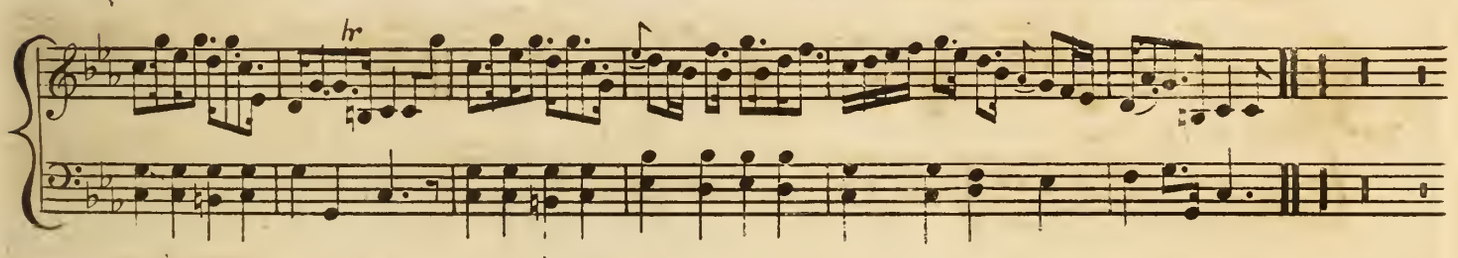




Loch Ruadhan.

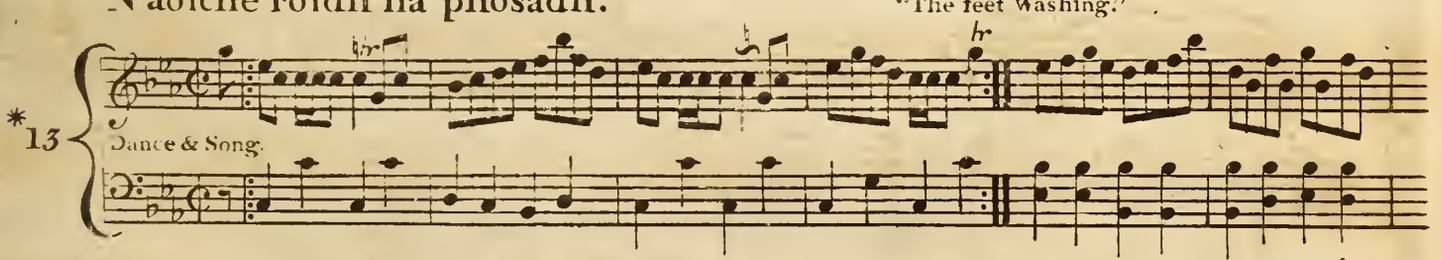
"Loch Ruthven."

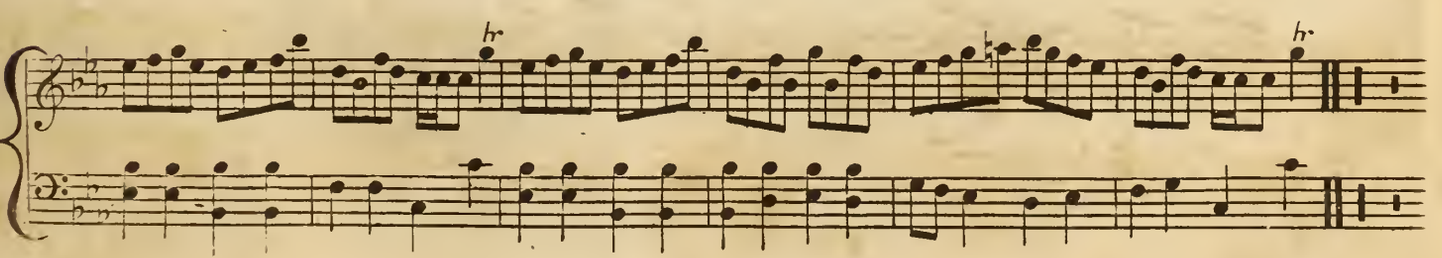




N'aoiche roidh na phosadh.

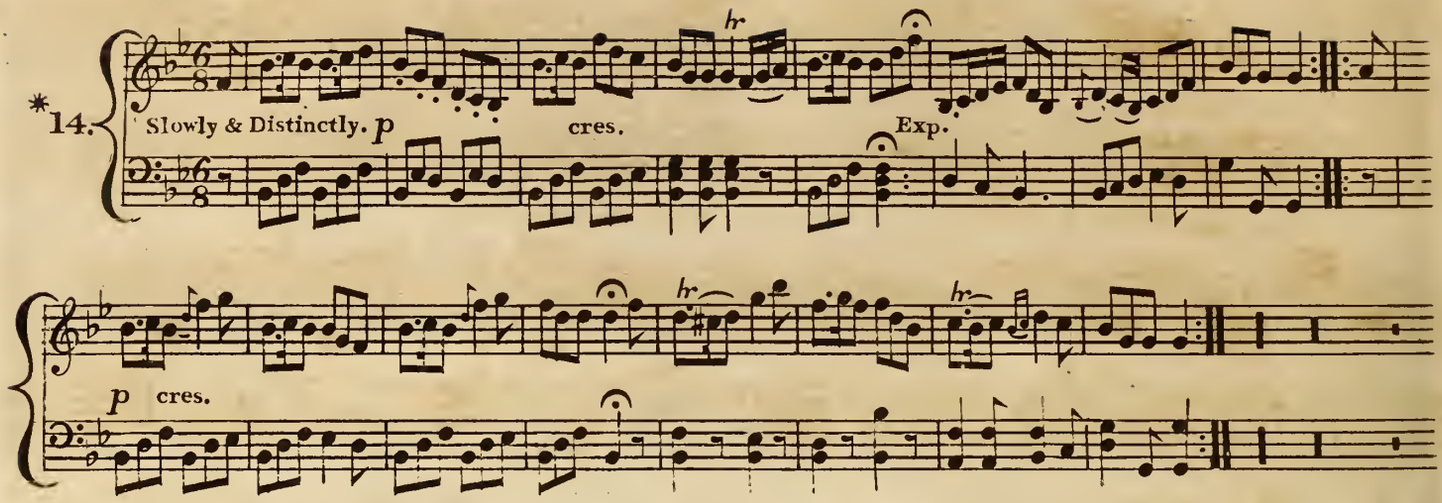
"The feet Washing."





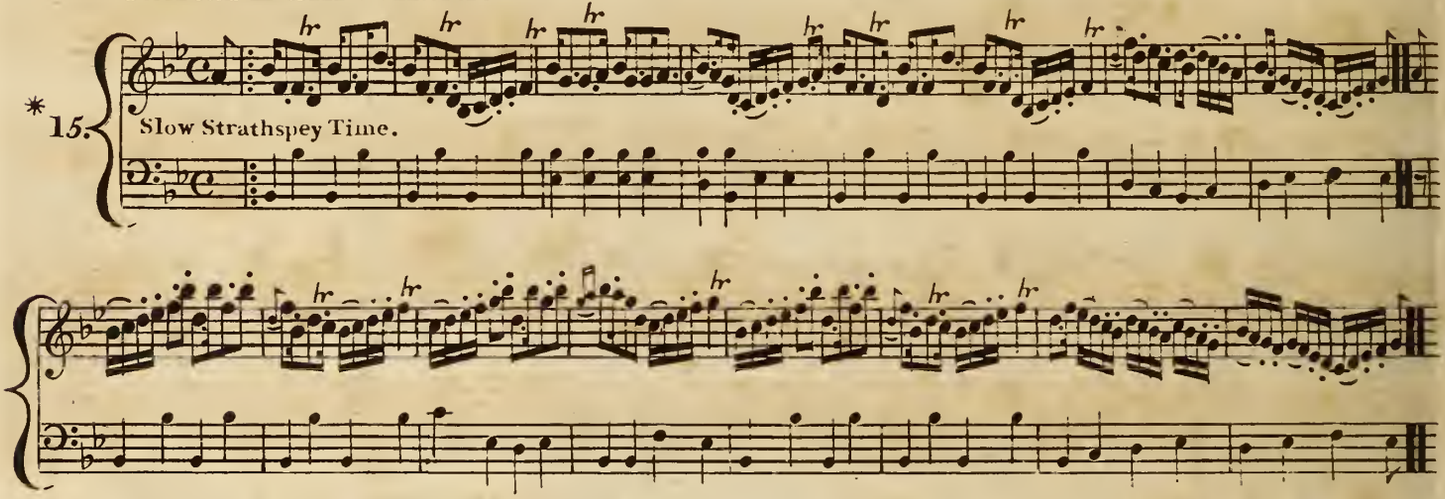
Nial Brocdhair.

"Glengarries Foxhunter."



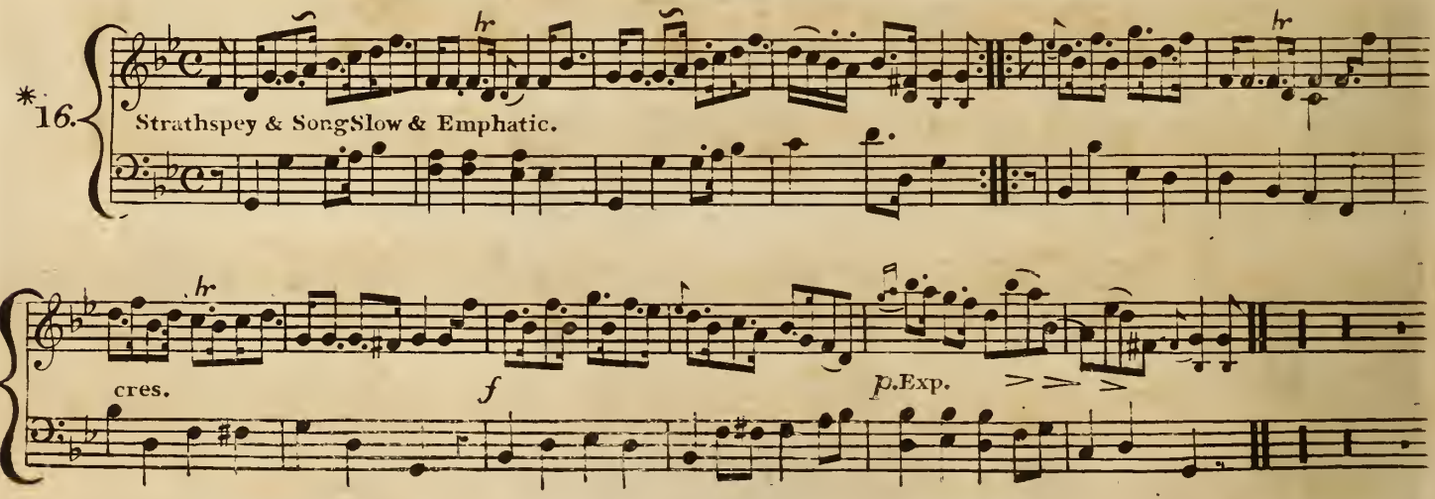
Caistal Dunrobhain.

"Dunrobin Castle."



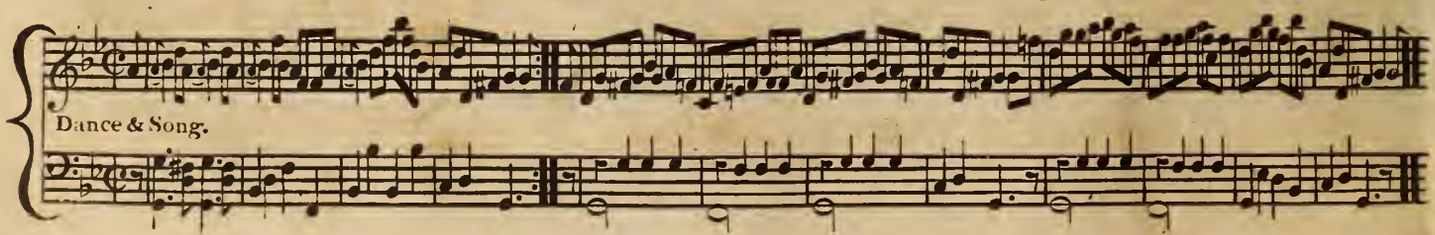
Bruachan Loch Neish.

"The Banks of Loch Ness."

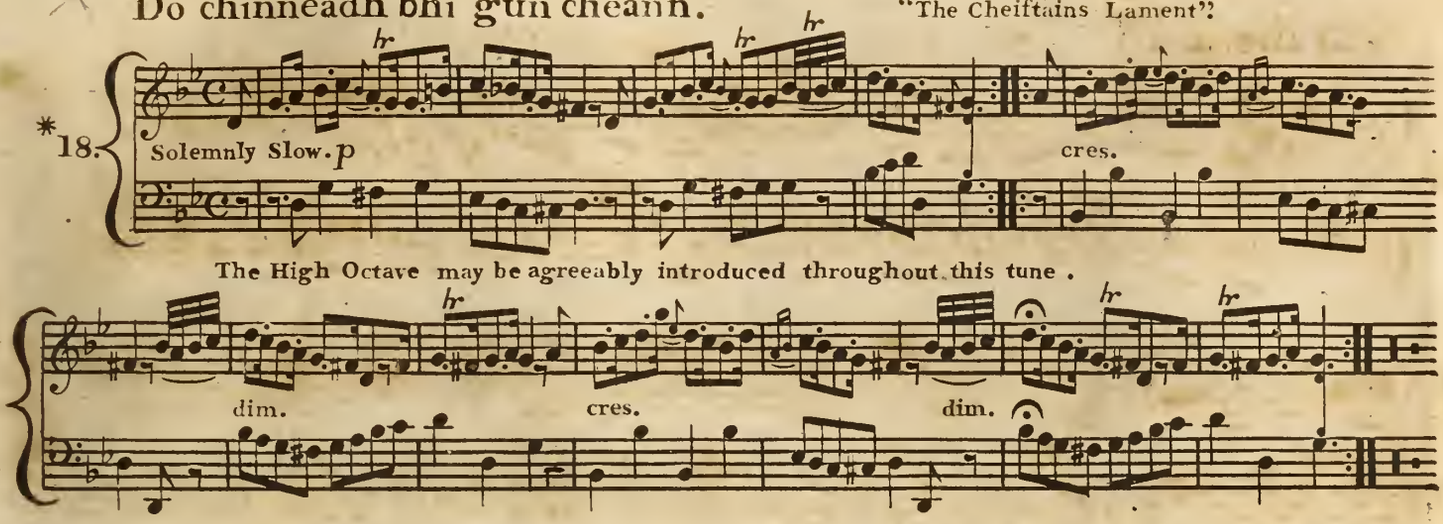


17. Port na Fainne.

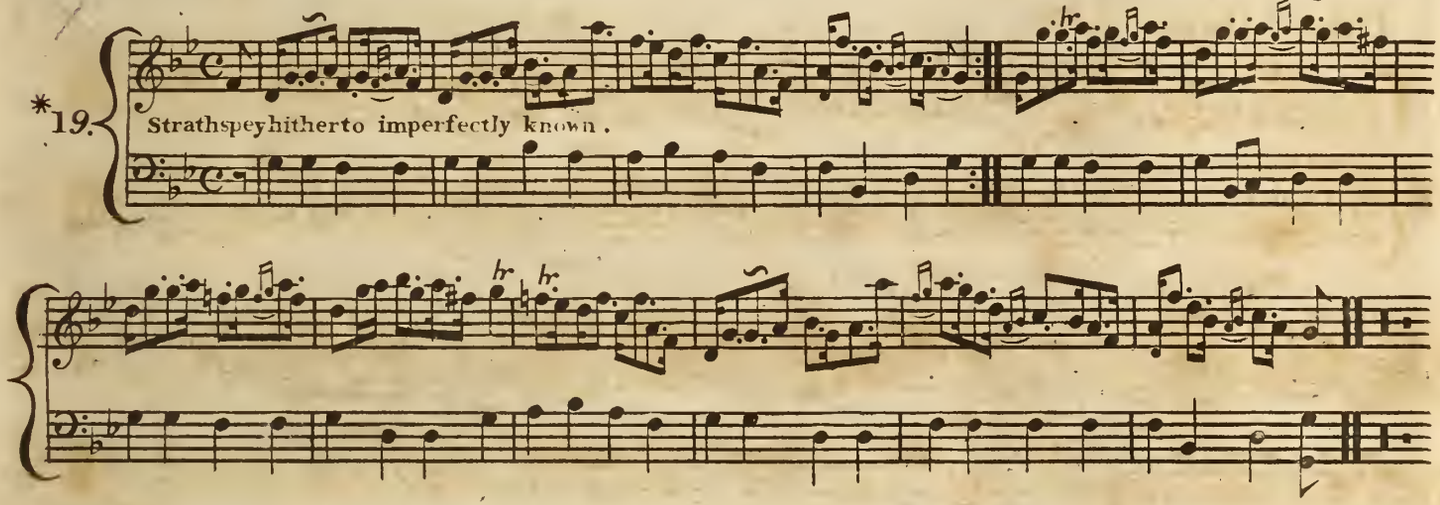
"The wedding Ring." or Mrs Nicols Fancy.



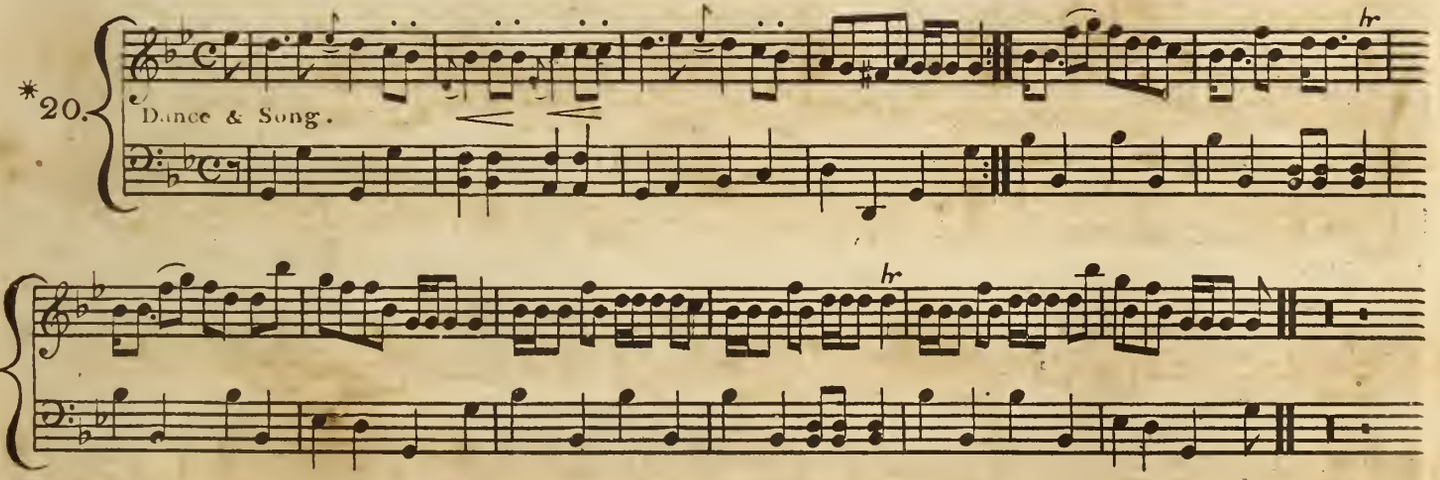
Do chinneadh bhi gun cheann. "The Cheiftains Lament".



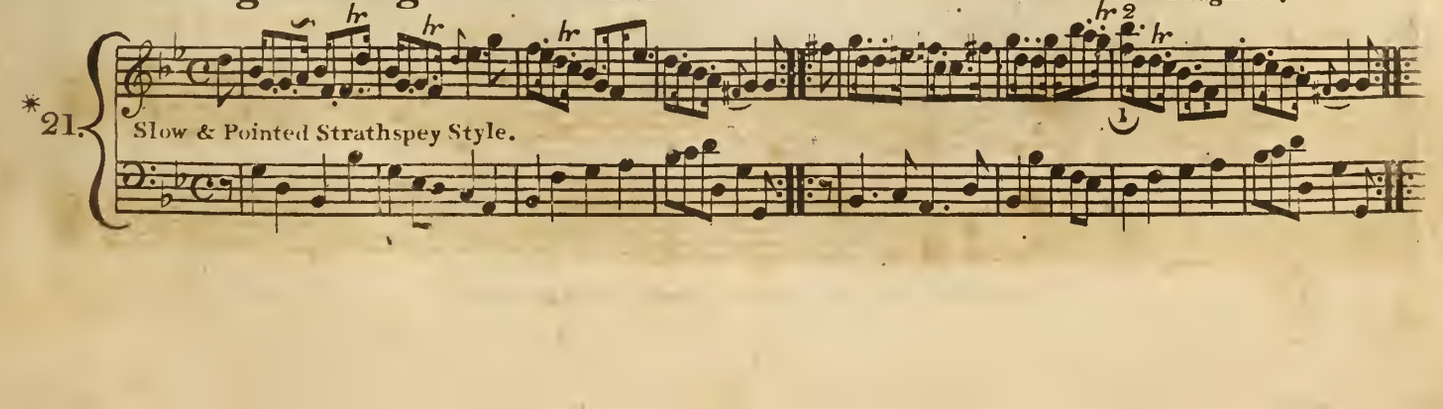
Choara chrom. "The Ewie wi' the crooked Horn". Dancing Sett.



Bualidh mi u an sa cheann. "Ill break your head for you". Skye Dance.

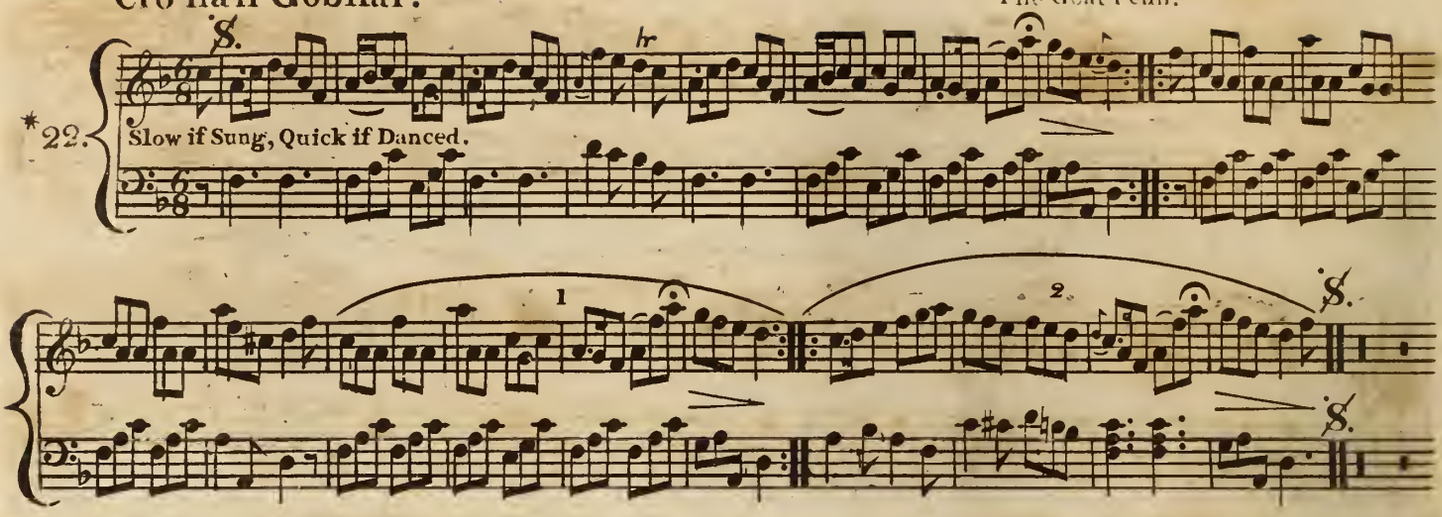


Tha Nighean aig a bhrebadair. "The Weaver has a Daughter".



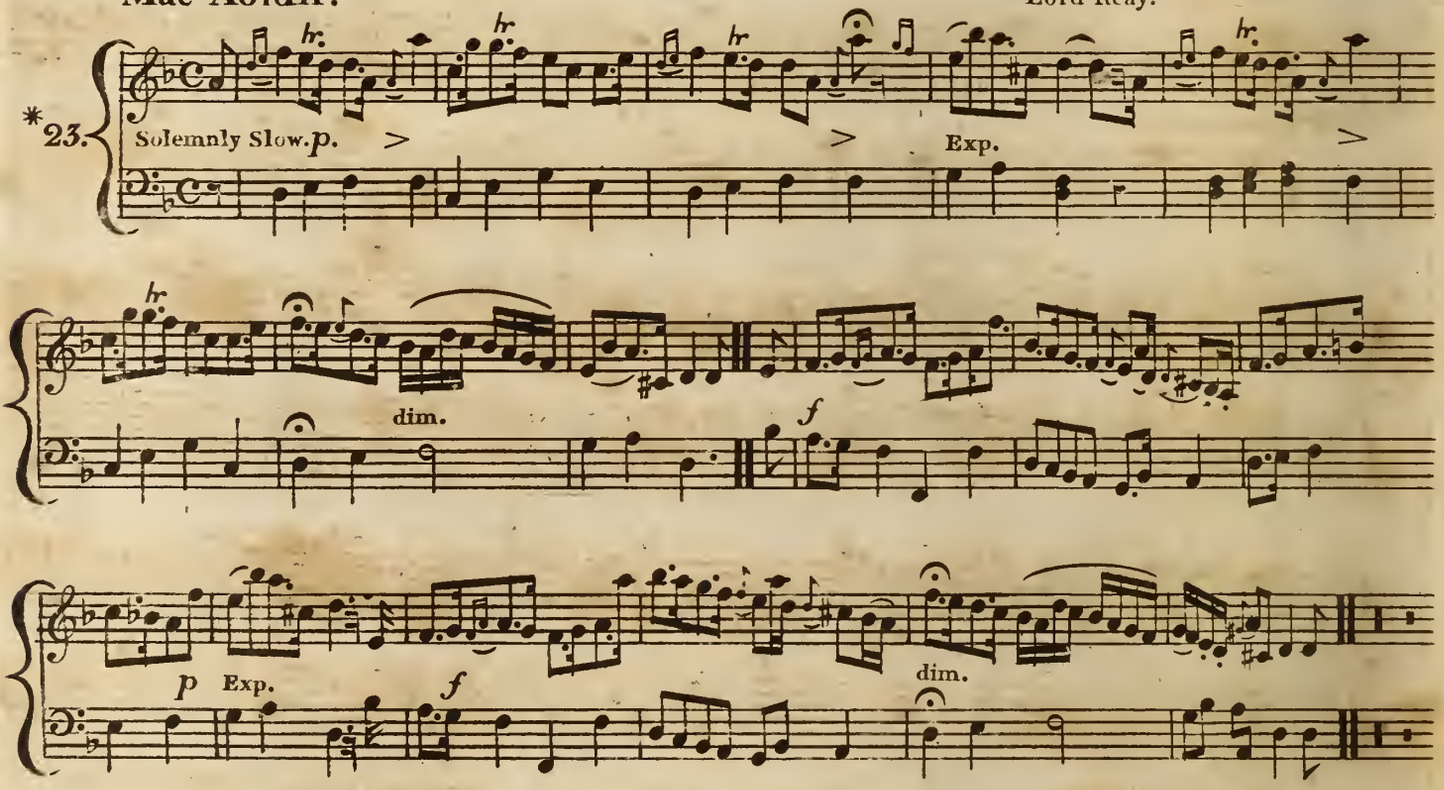
Cro nan Gobhar.

"The Goat Penn."



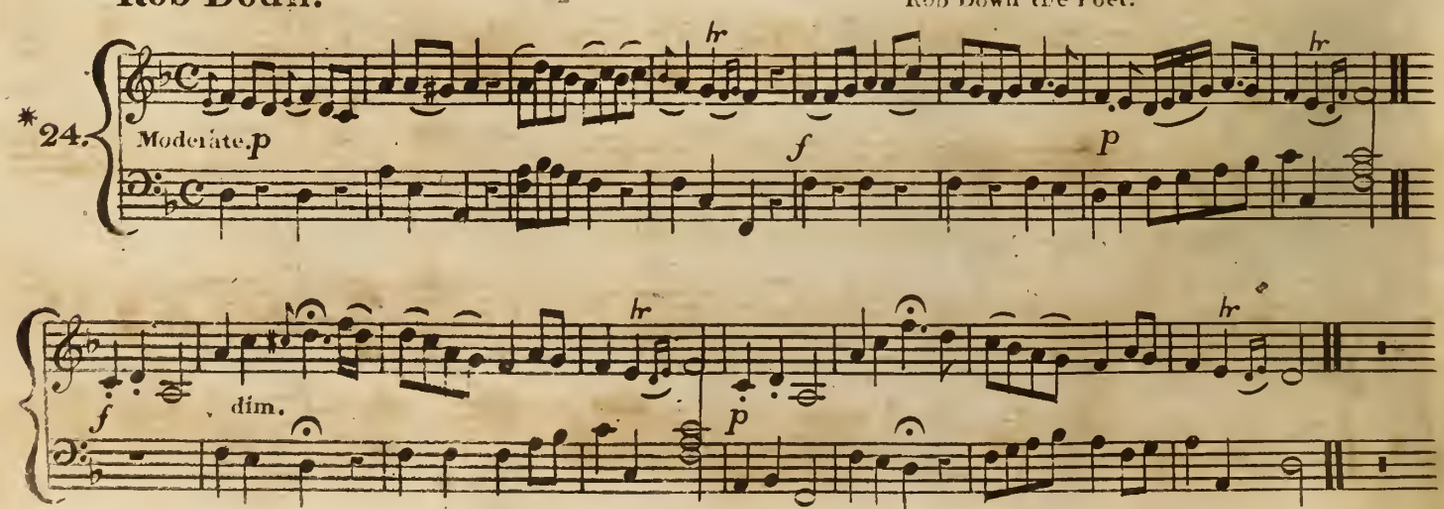
Mac Aoidh.

"Lord Reay."



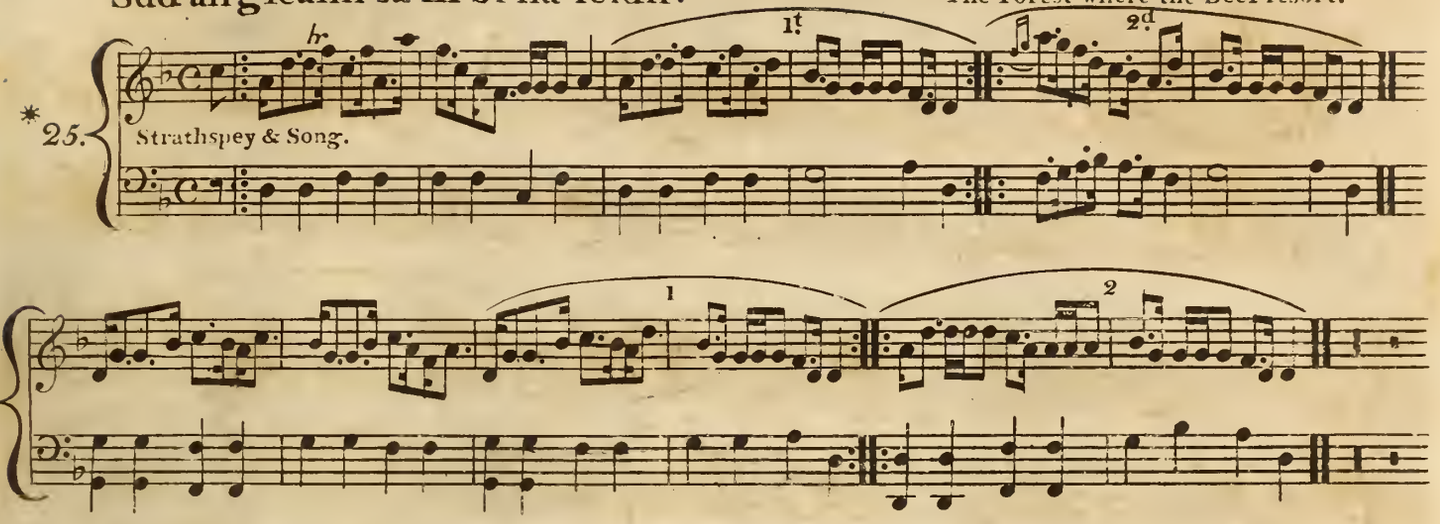
Rob Doun.

"Rob Down the Poet."



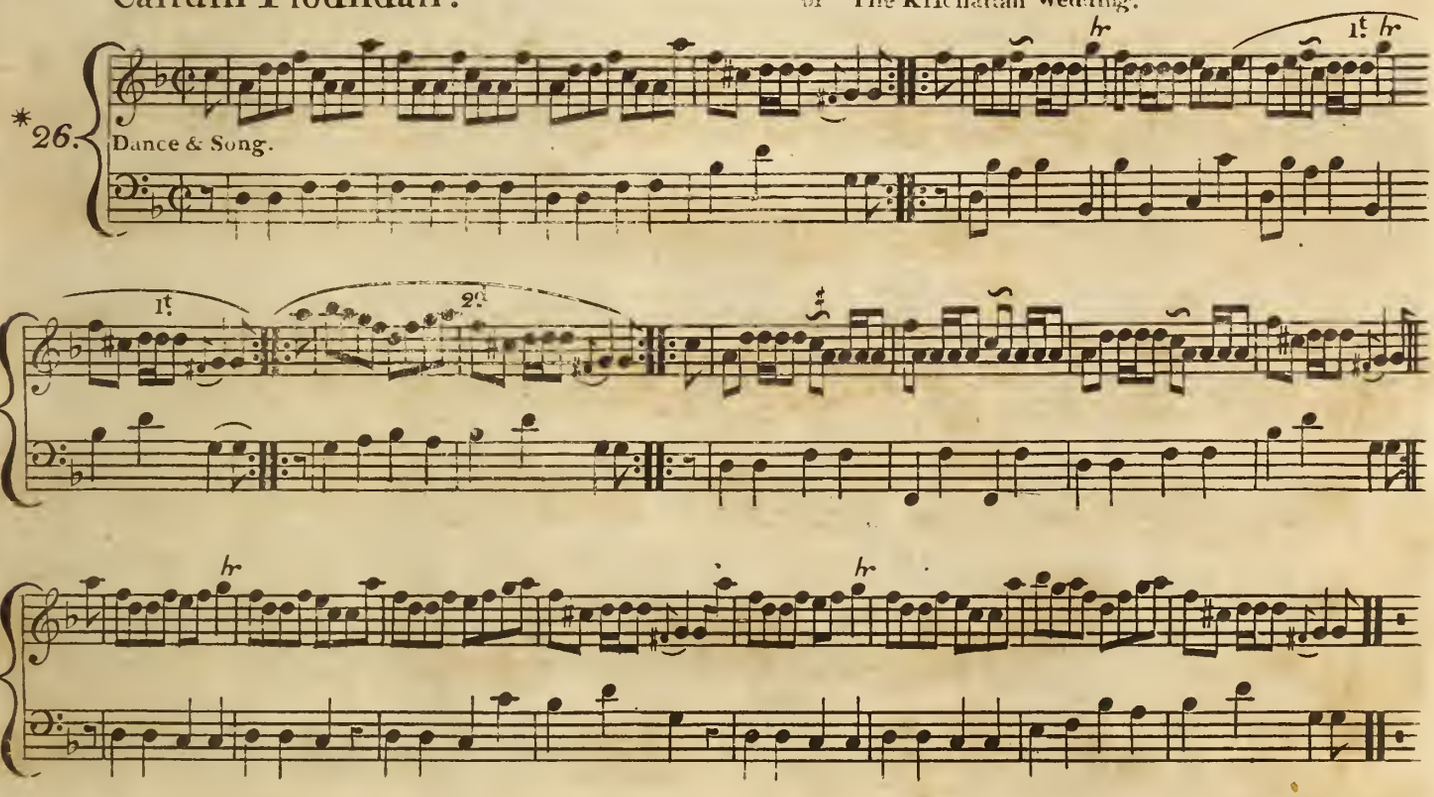
Sud an gleann sa mí bi na feidh.

"The Forest where the Deer resort?"



Callum Fiodhdair.

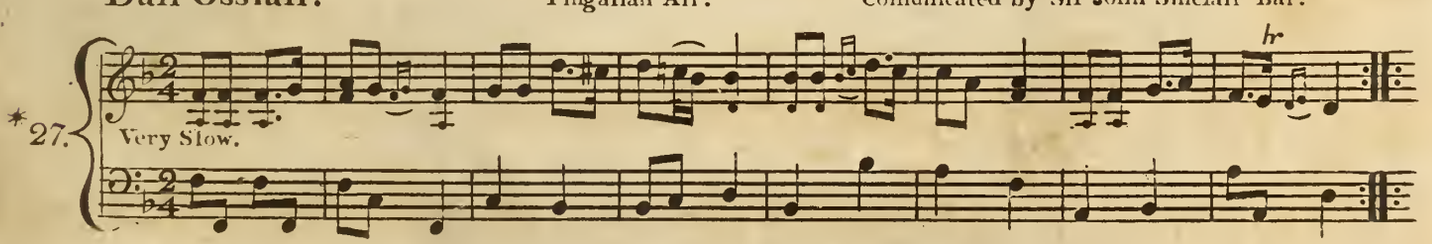
or "The Kilchattan Wedding."



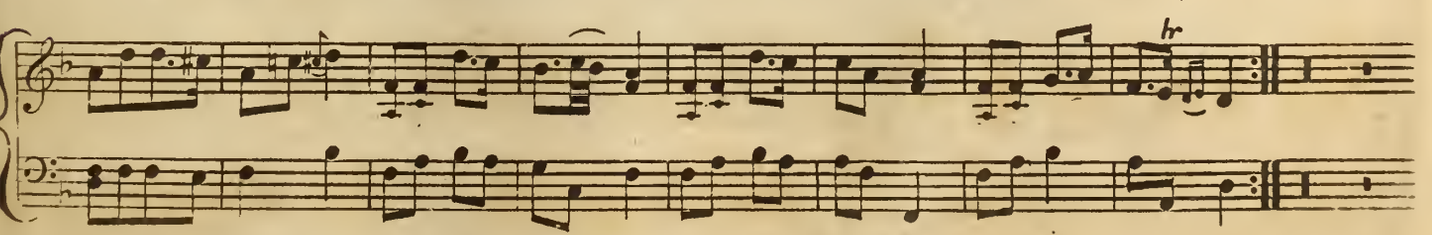
Dan Ossian.

"Fingalian Air?"

Comunicated by Sir John Sinclair Bart

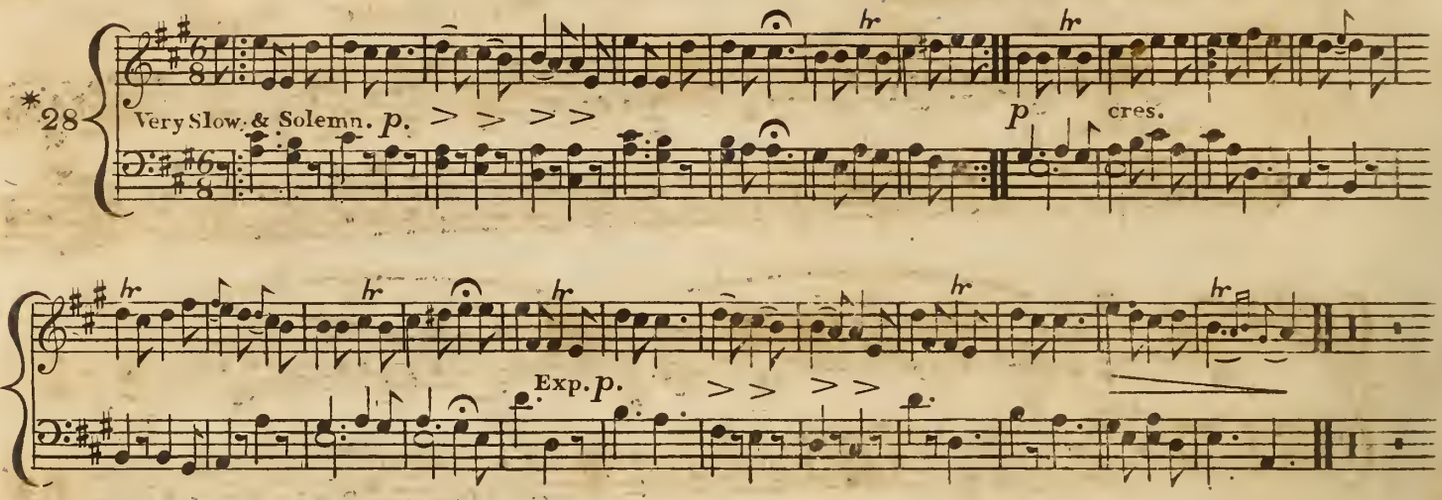


The high Octave may be introduced with good effect here.



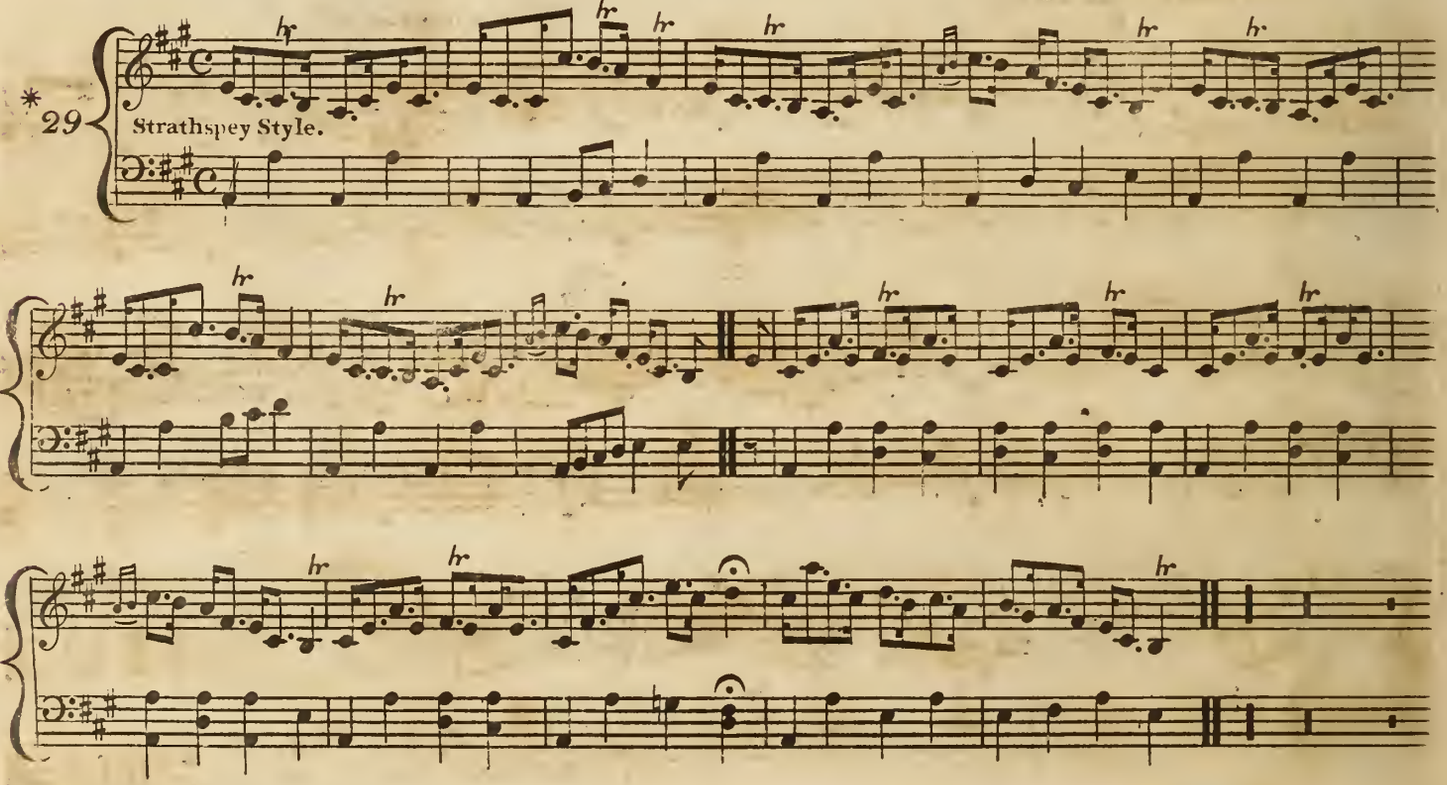
Fonn lionarachd do bhriarabh Ossian.

"Another Air to which Ossian is recited."



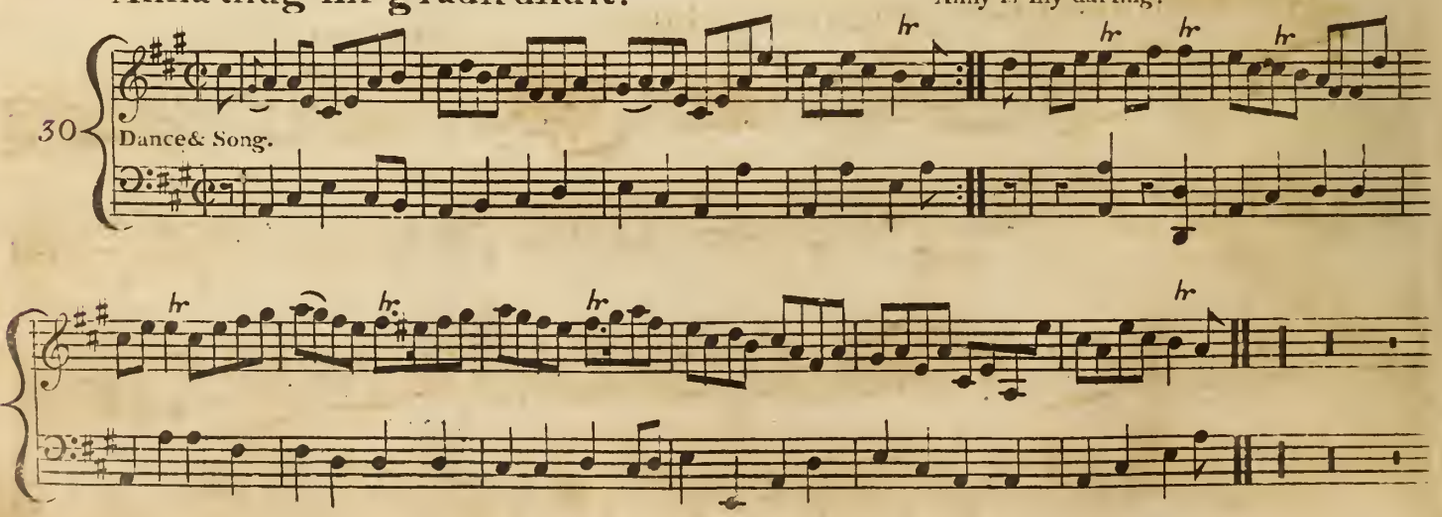
Mac mhic Alastair.

or "Glengarry."



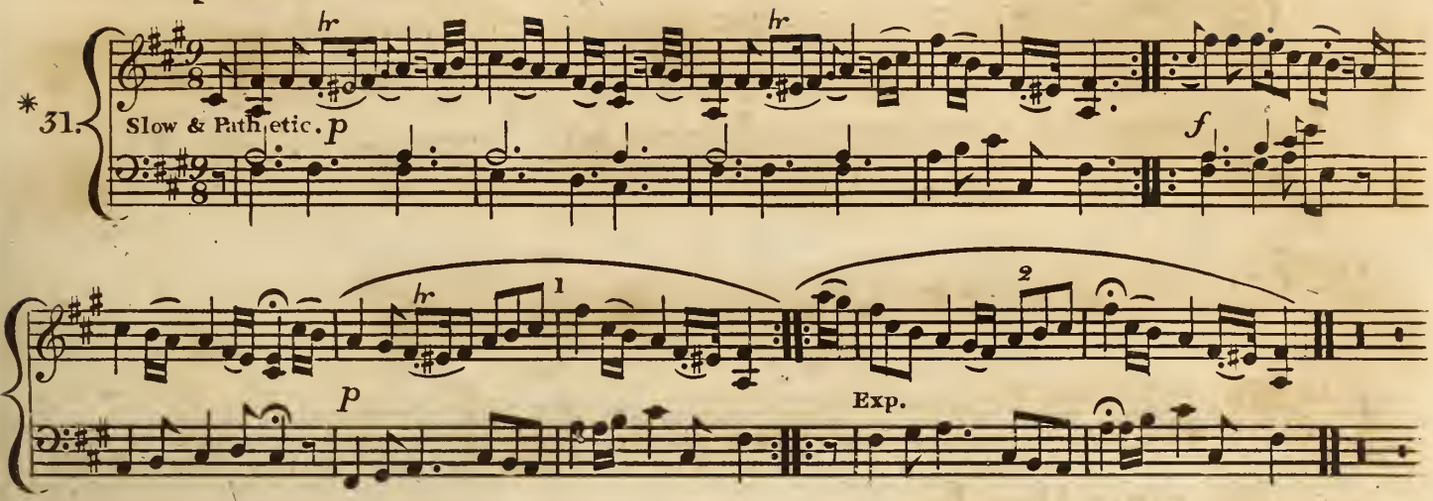
Anna thug mi gradh dhuit.

"Anny is my darling."



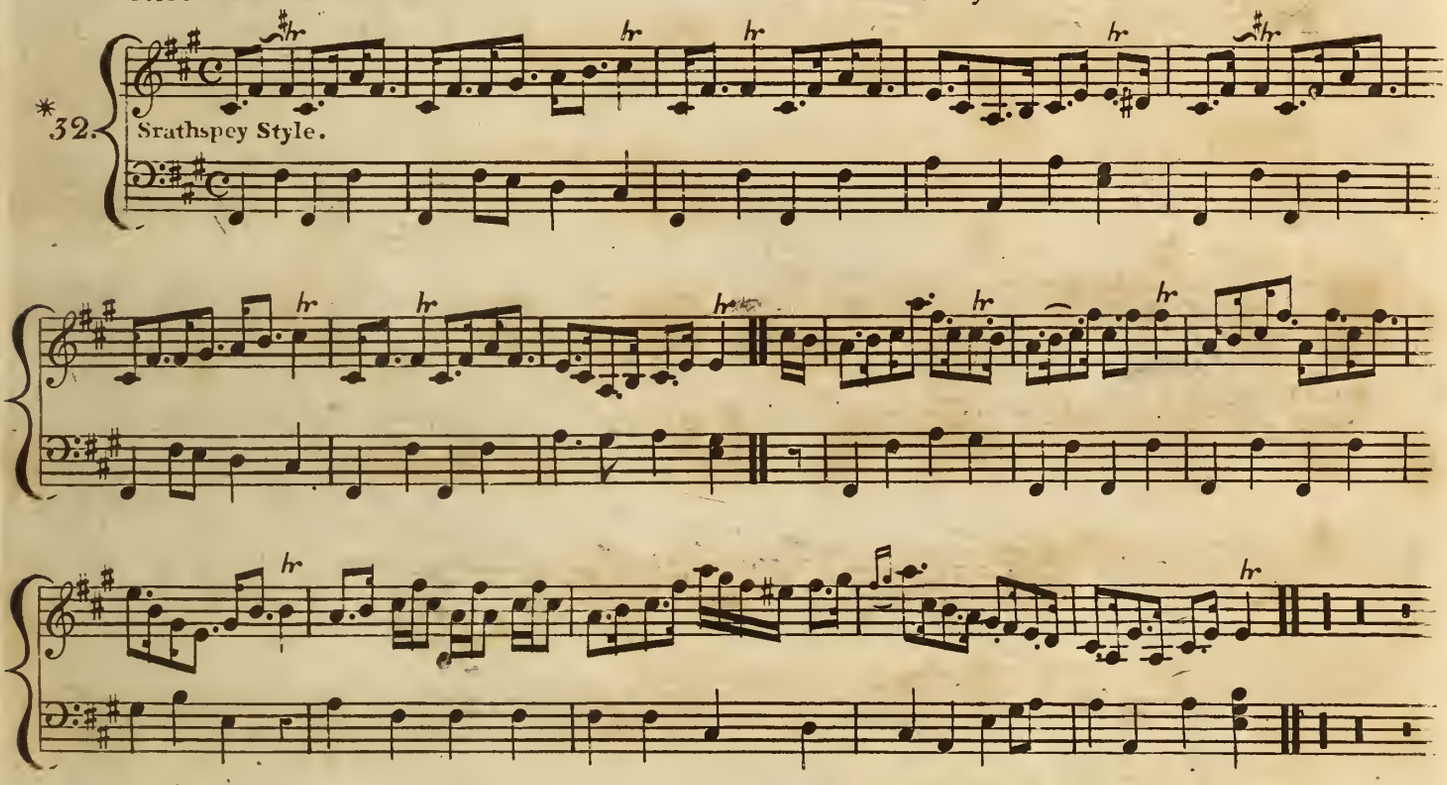
Cheapurich na fasoch.

"Keppoch desolate" Very Old.



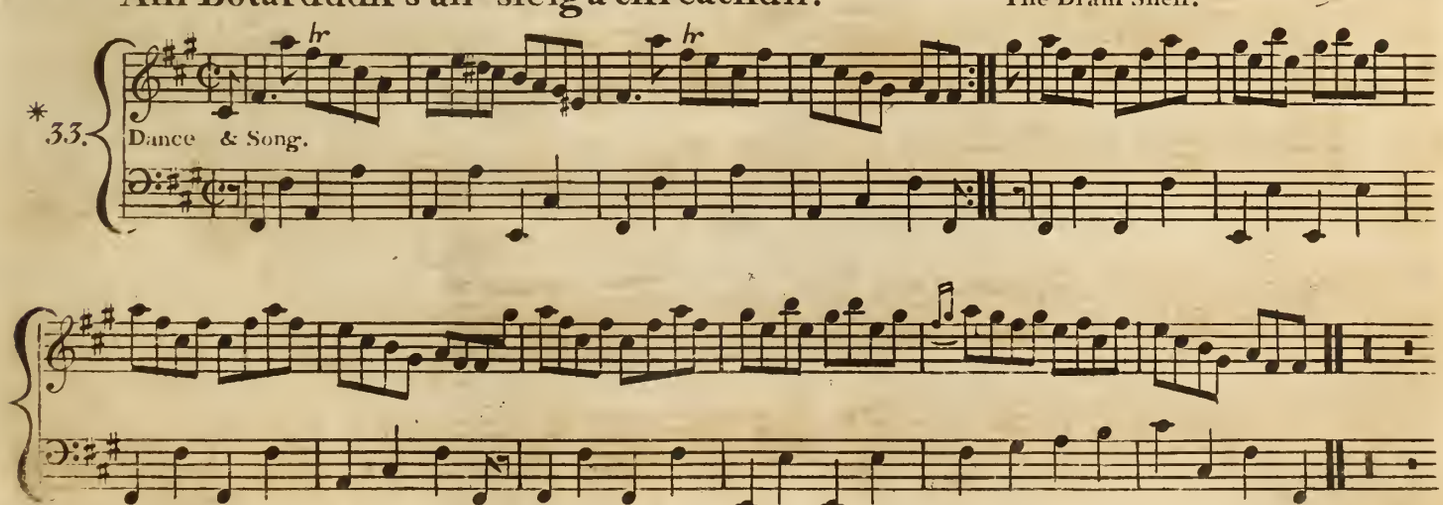
Caistal Inn'rara.

"Inveraray Castle."



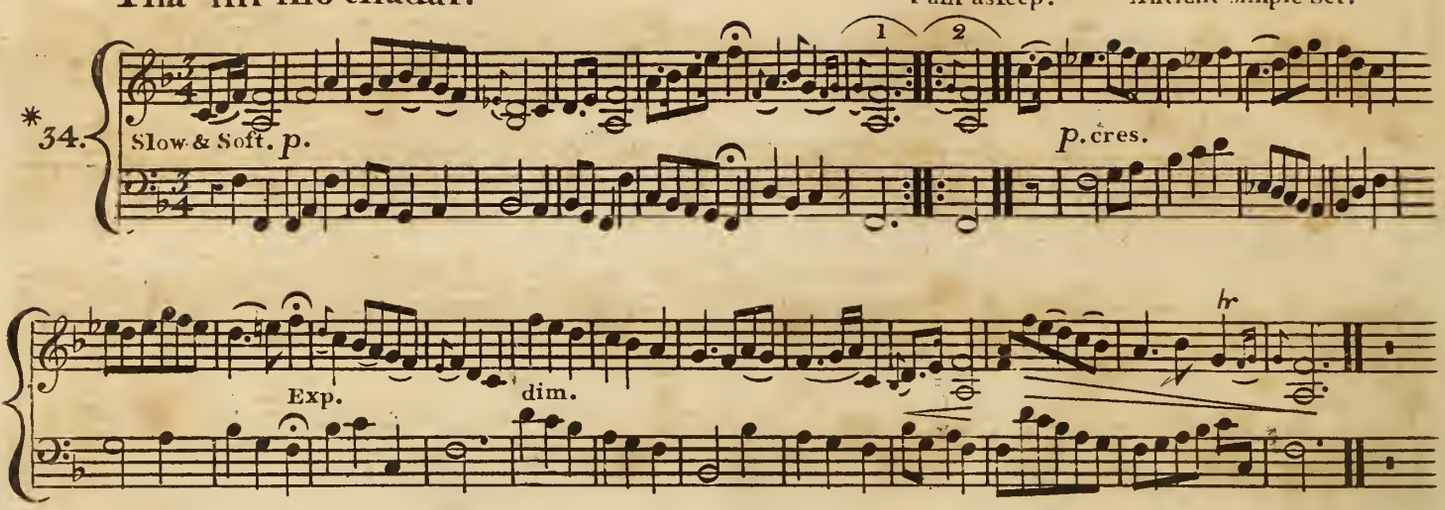
Am Botal dudh s'an sleiga chreachun.

"The Dram Shell."



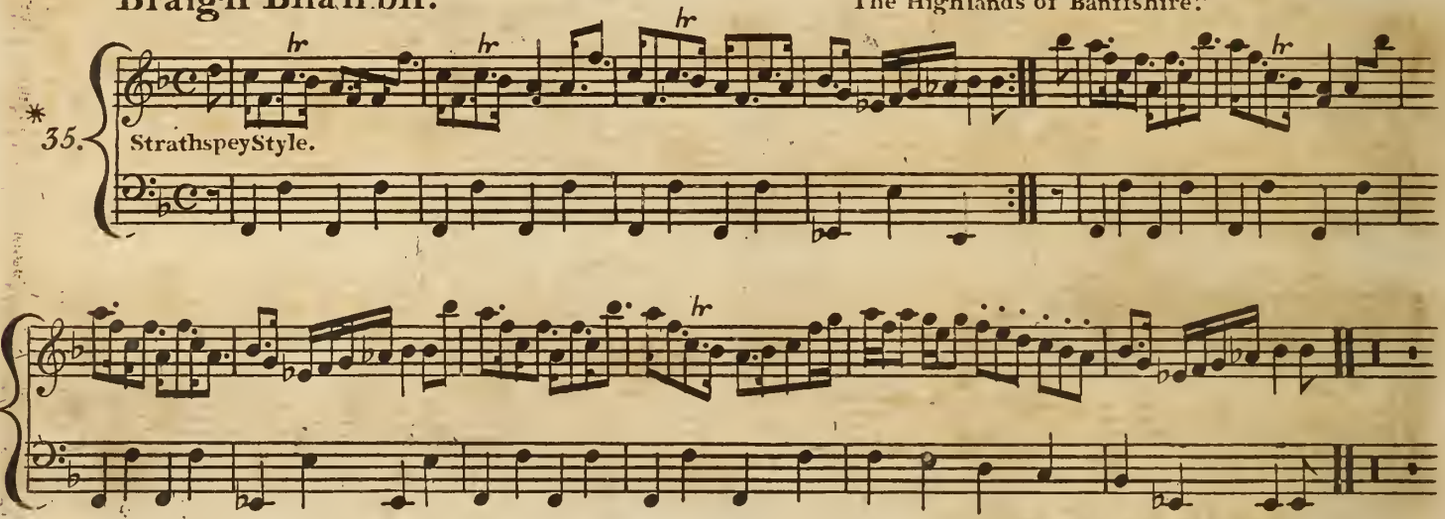
Tha mi mo chadal.

"I am asleep." Antient simple Set.



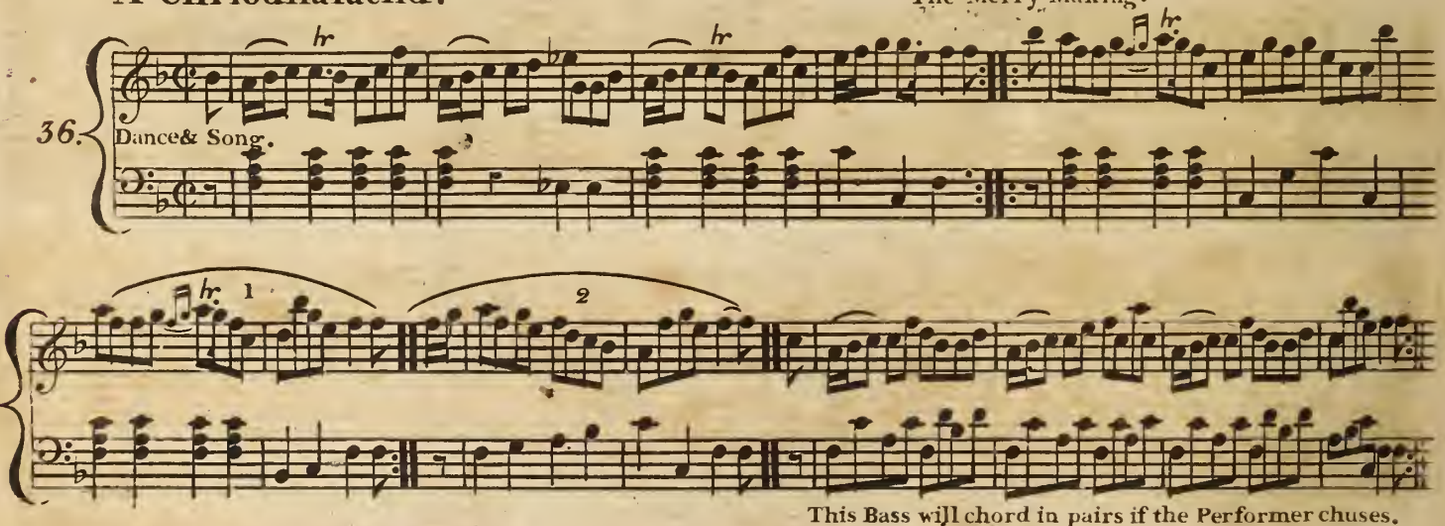
Braigh Bhan'bh.

"The Highlands of Banffshire."

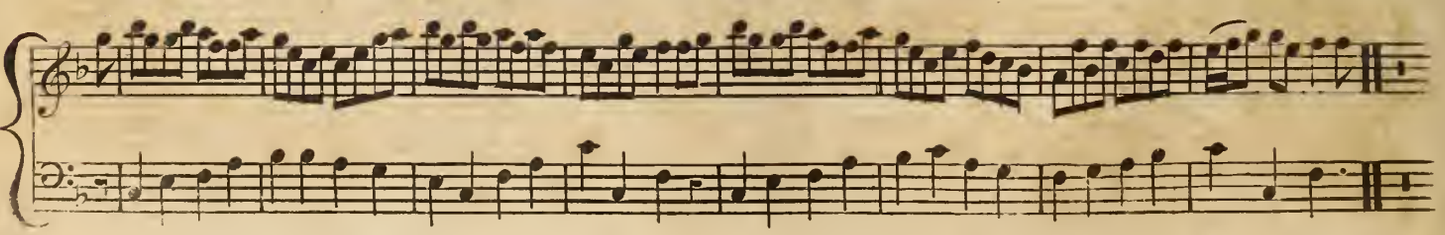


A Chriodhalachd.

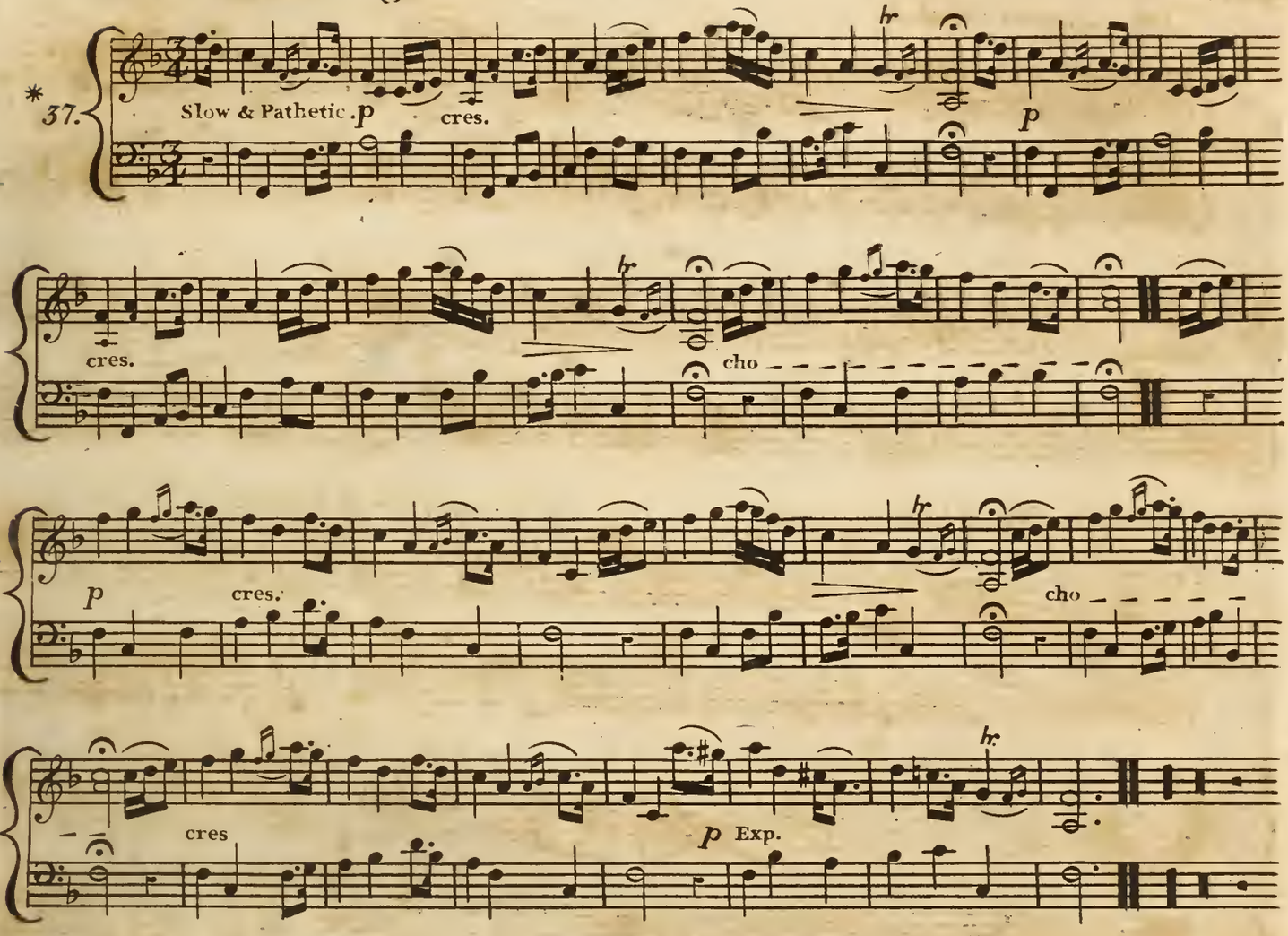
"The Merry Making."



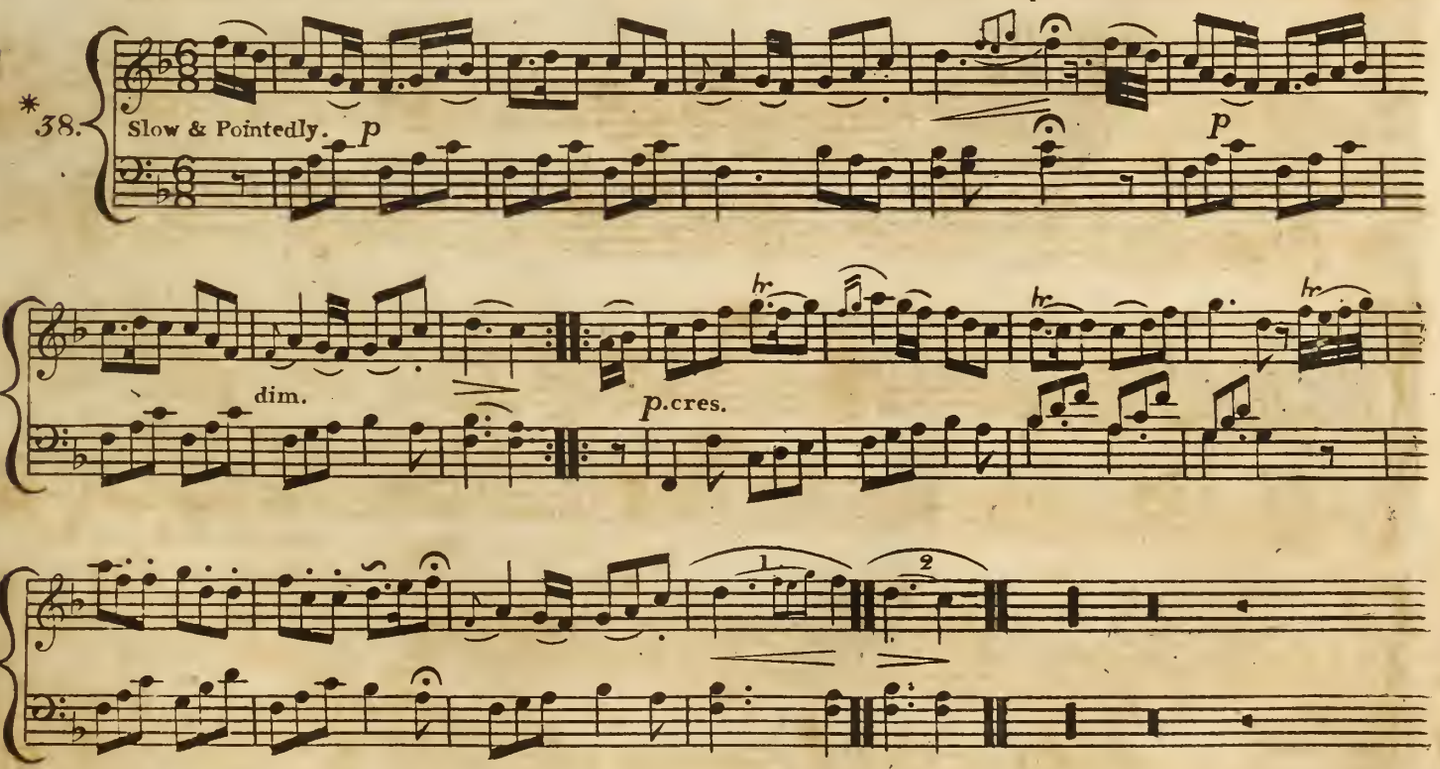
This Bass will chord in pairs if the Performer chuses.



An tallamh bu gna do Mhac Leoid. "The Inheritance of the Laird of Mc Leod."

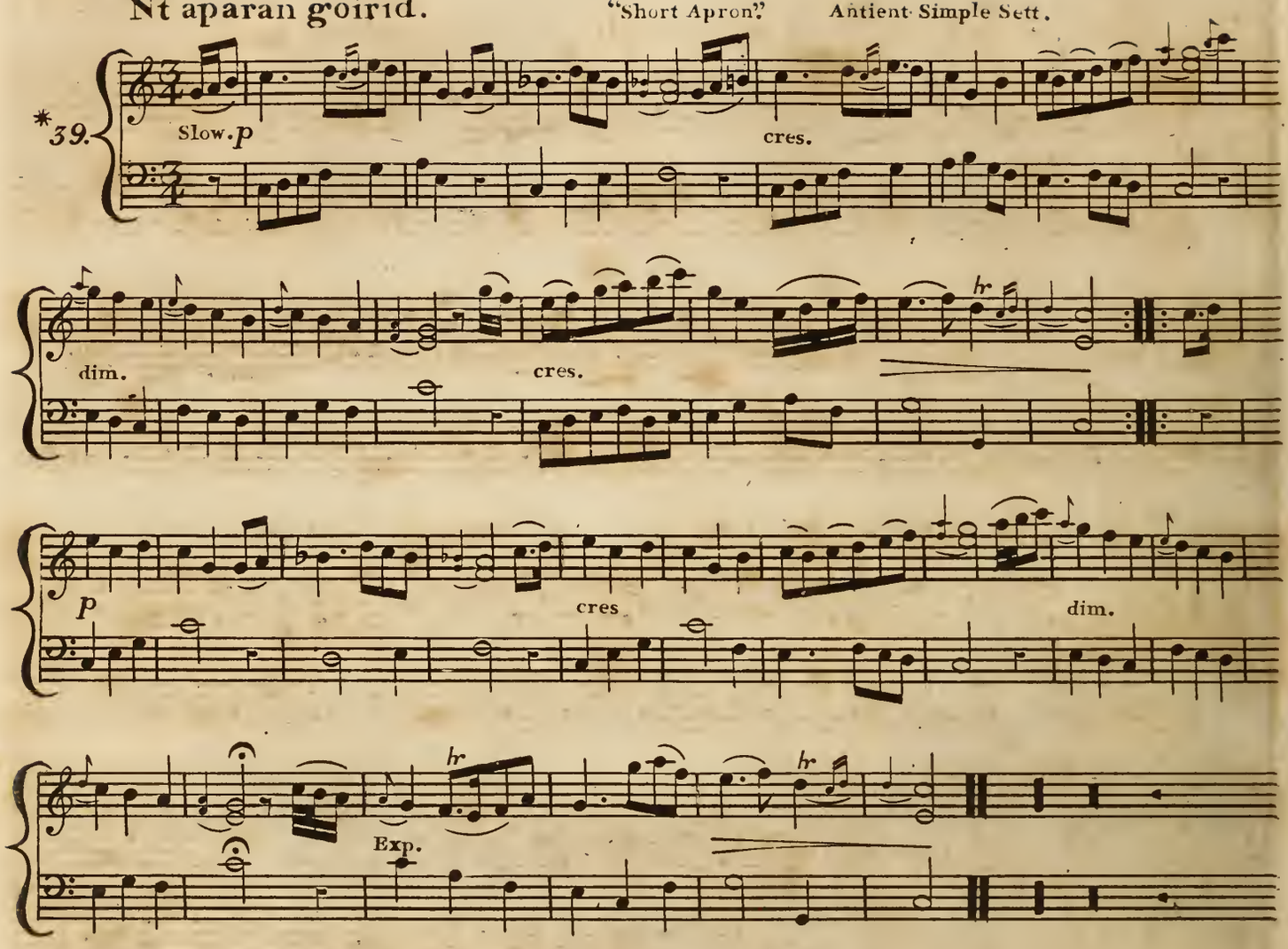


Aridh na m' badan. "The Glen of Copsewood."



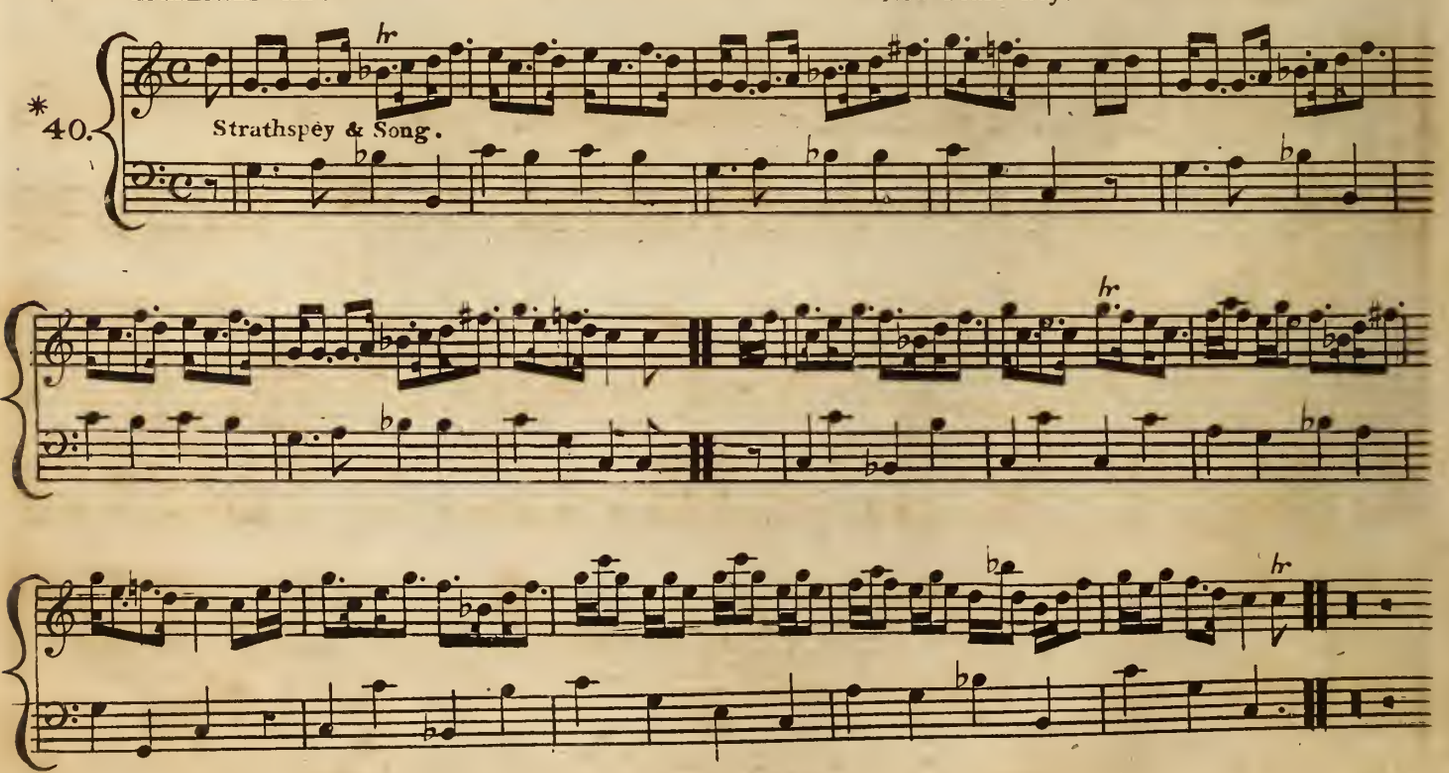
Nt aparan goirid.

"Short Apron." Antient Simple Sett.

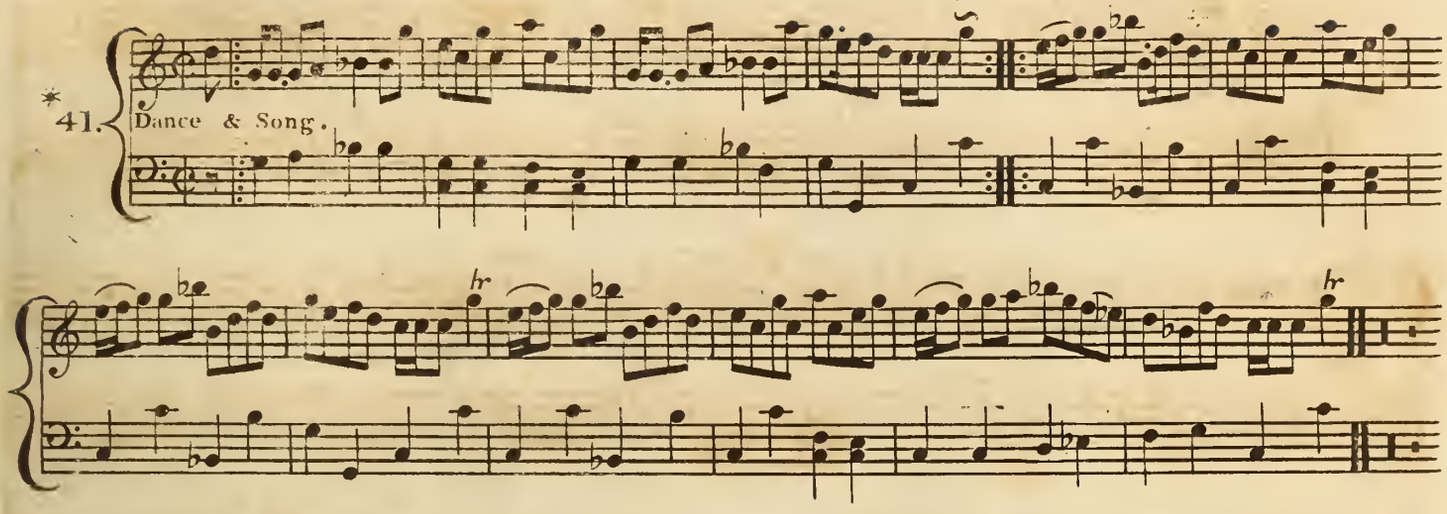


Bhlian ur.

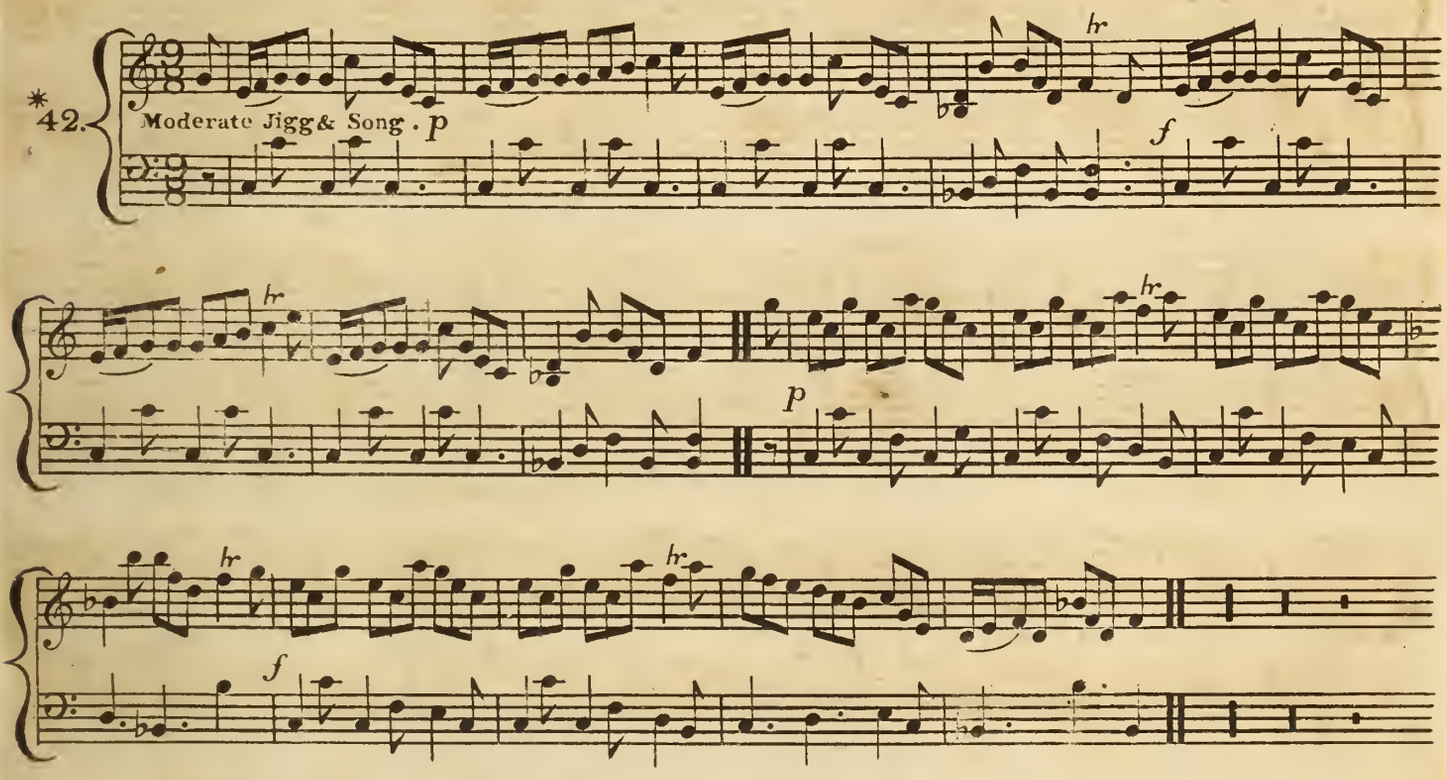
"New Year's Day."



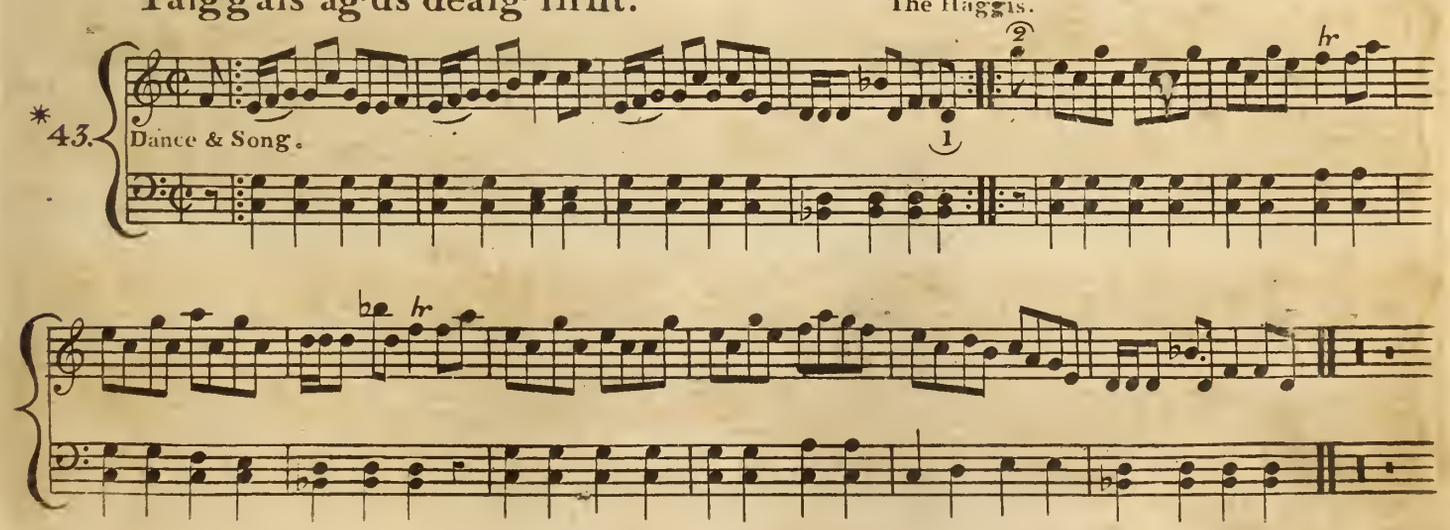
Nach beir u air a Bhan mhearlach. "Catch & Kiss the Romp."



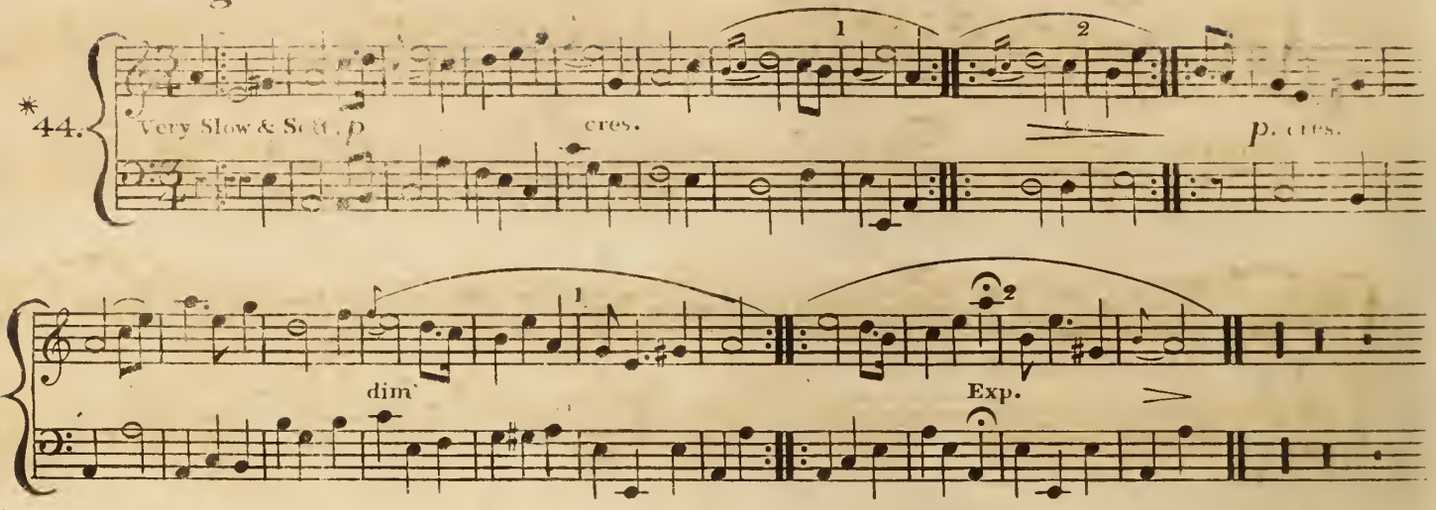
Comma leam fein a Ministair. "What care I for the Minister?"



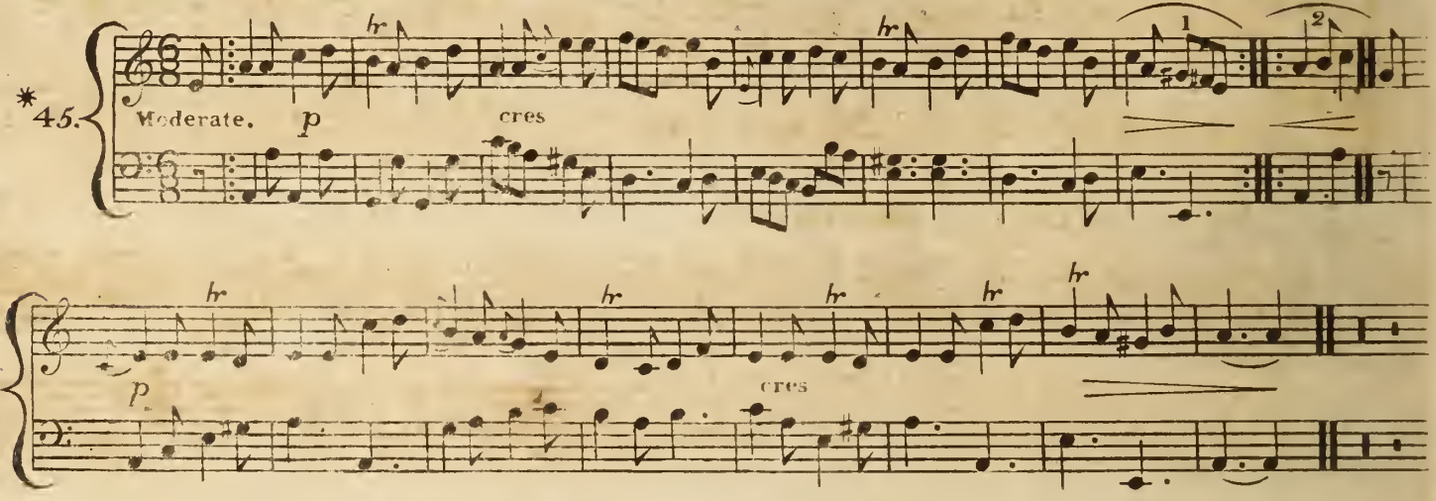
Taiggais agus dealg innt. "The Haggis."



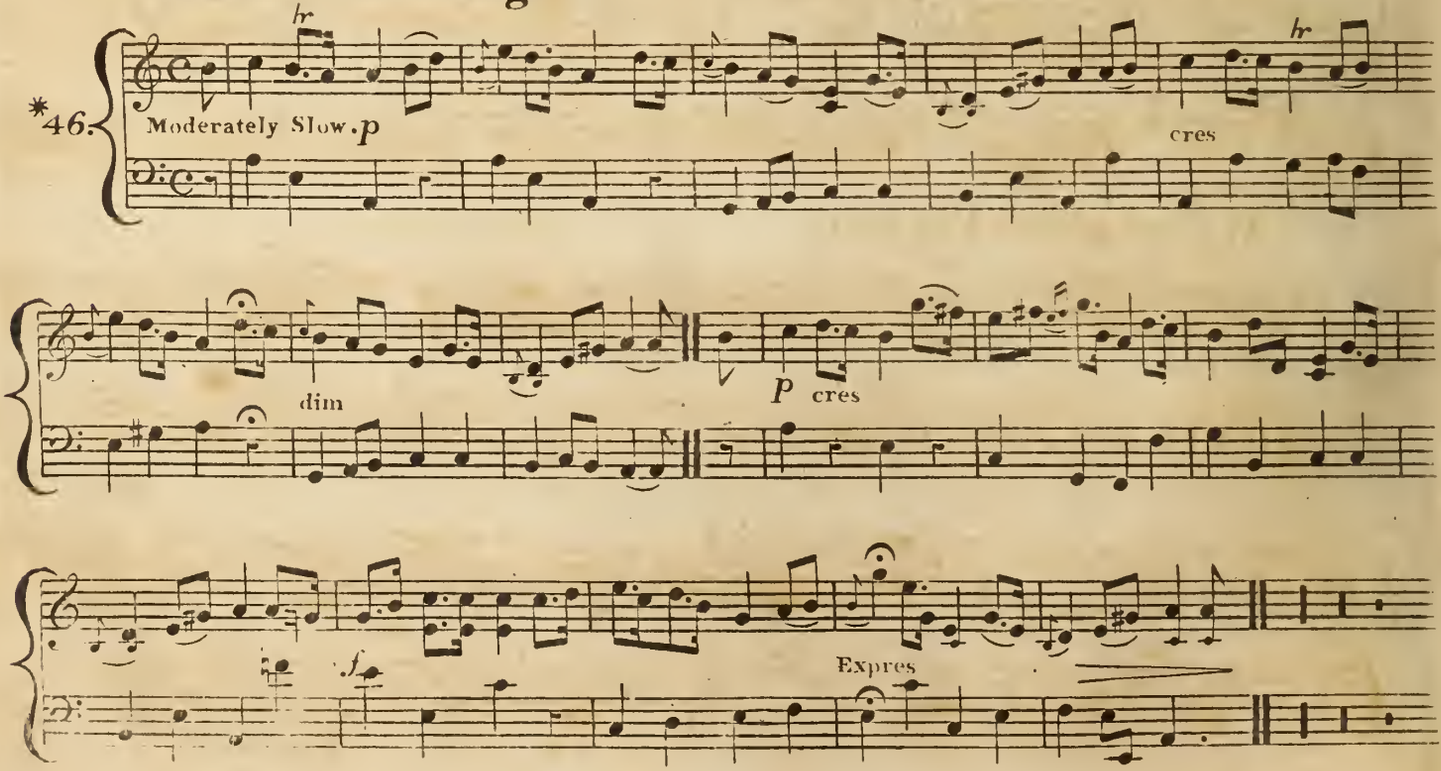
Braigh Lochiall. "The Braes of Locheal."



Iomradh eidar Ila s Uist. "Rowing from Isla to Uist."



Nian doun an t' Sugridh. "Maiden fond of Mirth."



Mari bhan ogg.

"Mary young and fair."

*47. Very Slow & Tender. *p* cres.

f dim *p* *p*

dim

Nian Boddach an Roainaitin.

"Rinettans Daughter."

*48. Strathspey & Song.

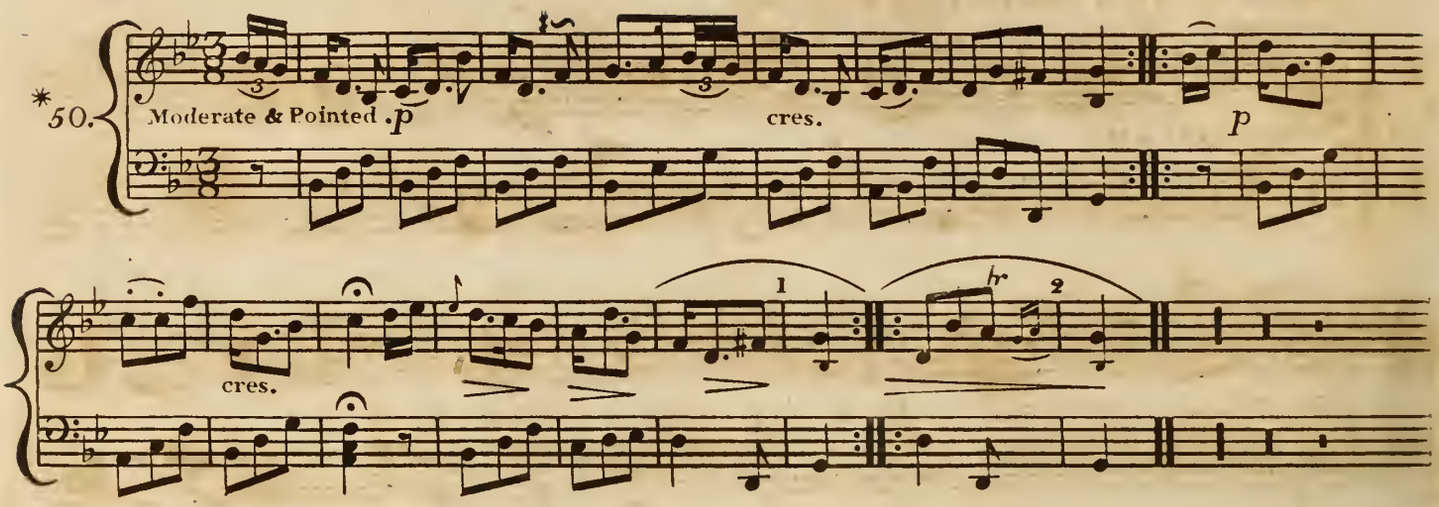
Feadan glan a Phiobair.

"The Pipe Slang."

*49. Dance & Song.

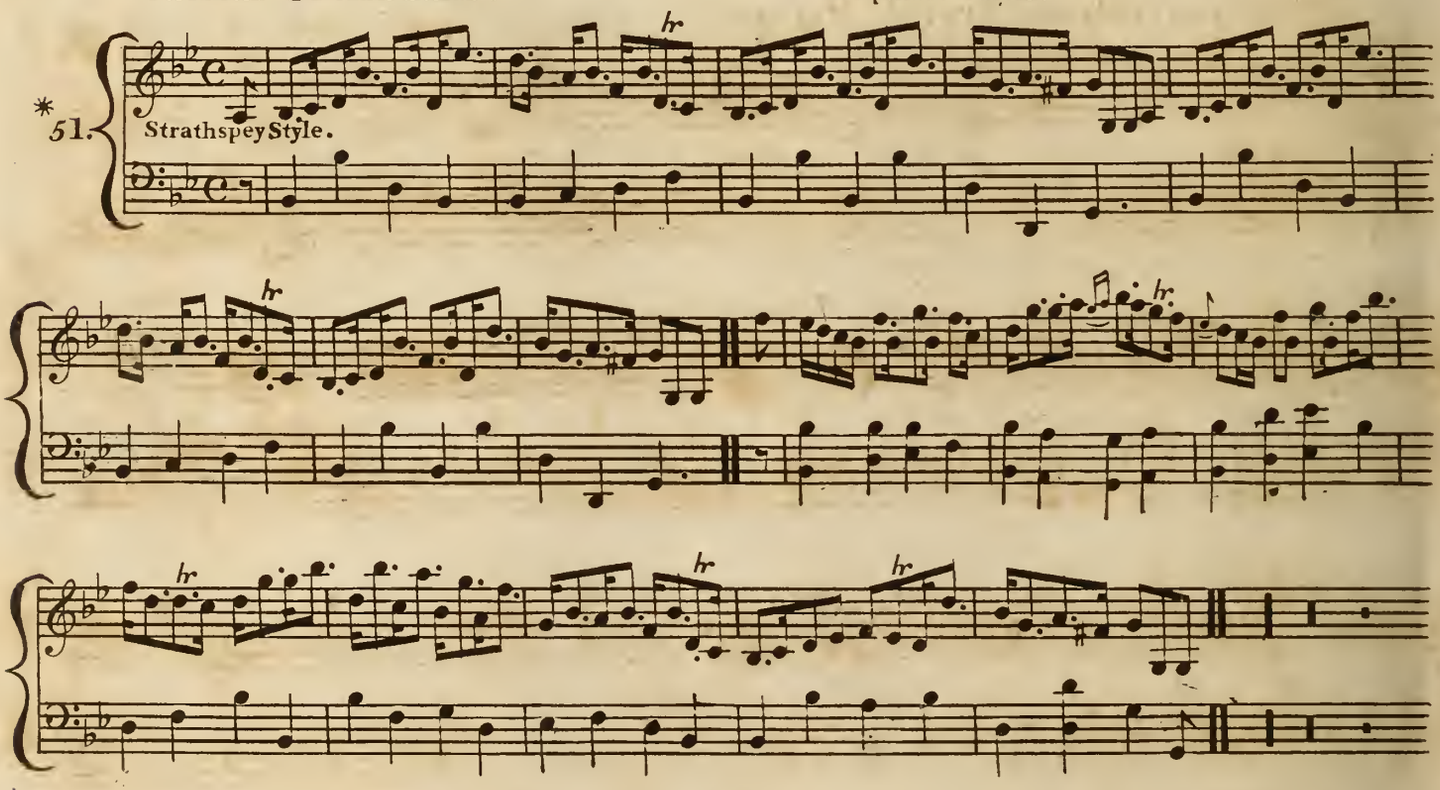
Ian an Ciobair.

"John the Shepherdof Glengarry."



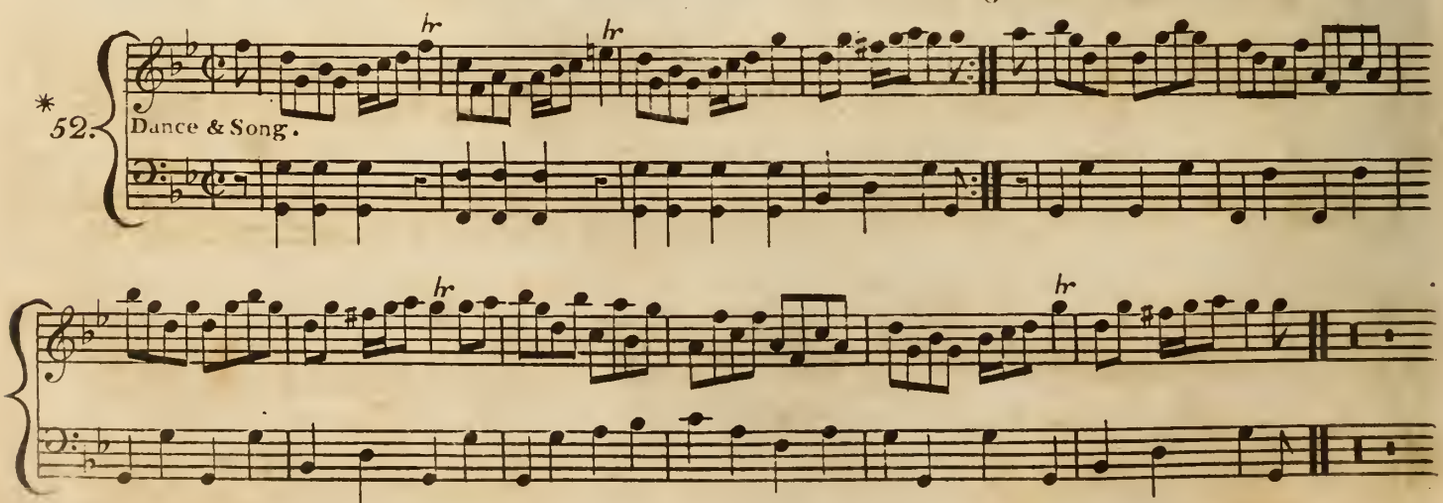
Caistal Urchudain.

"Urquhart Castle."

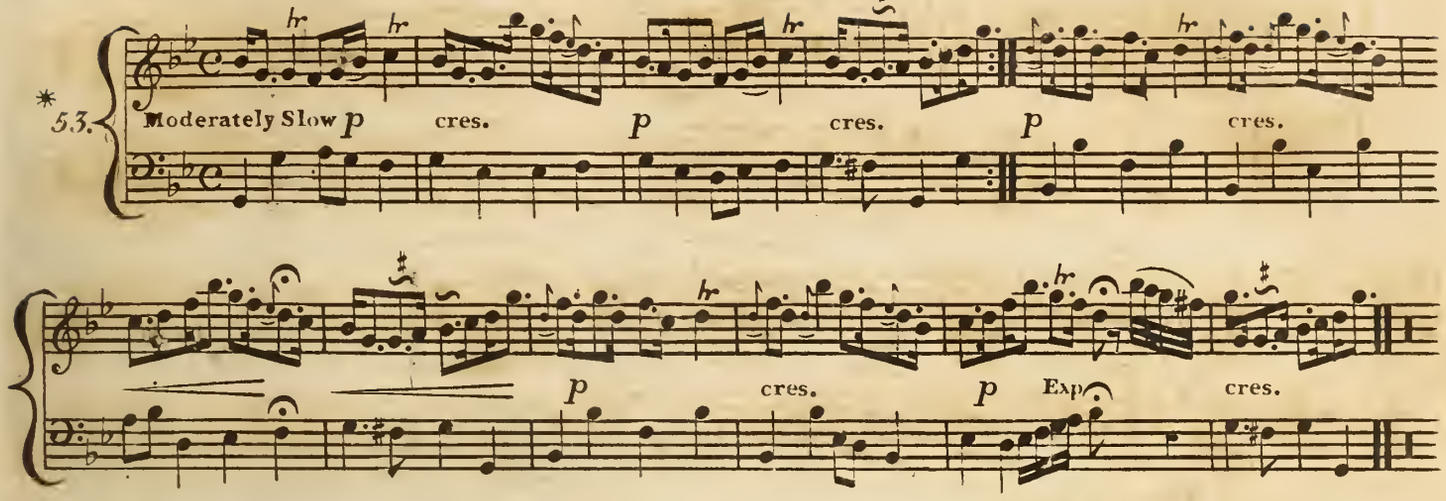


Mnadhan troddach Obair thairbh.

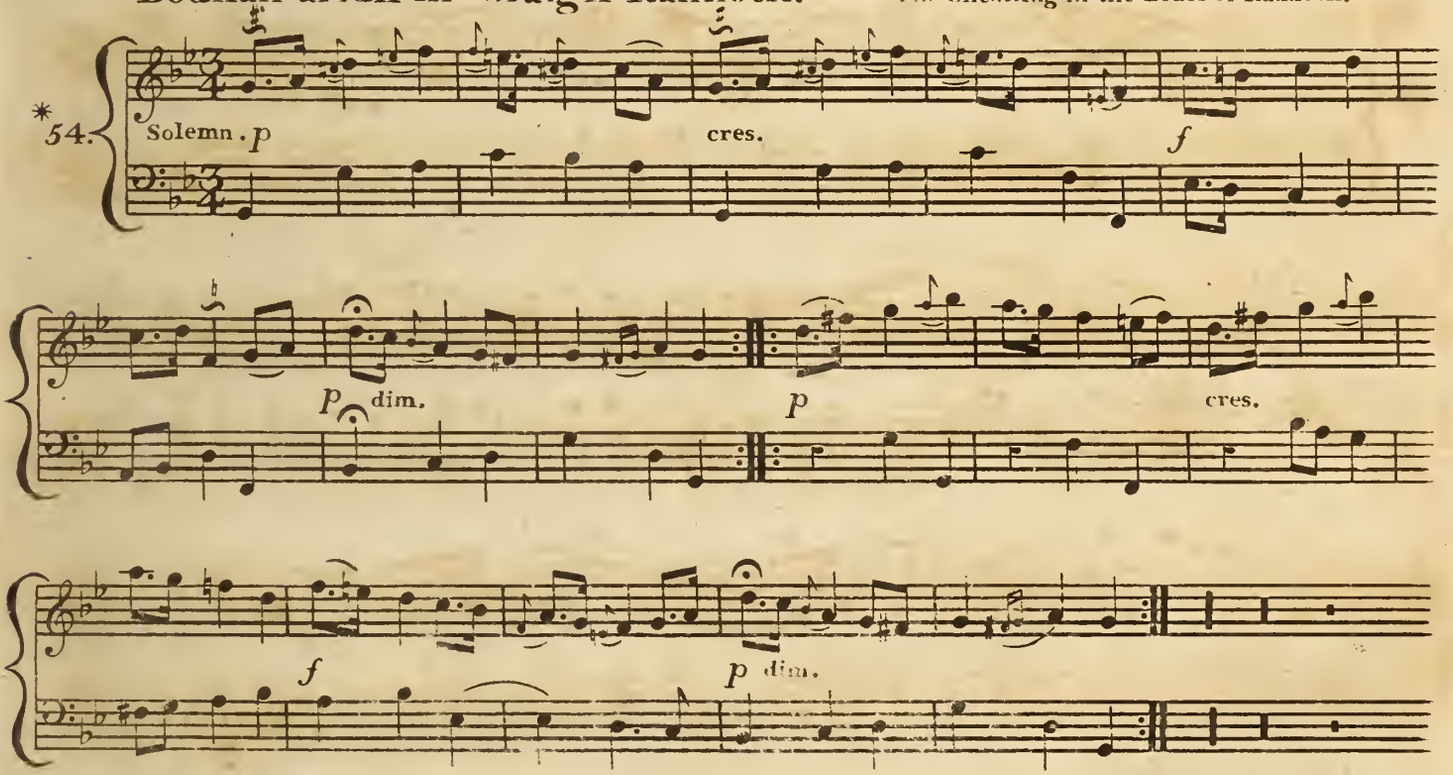
"The scolding wives of Abertarff."



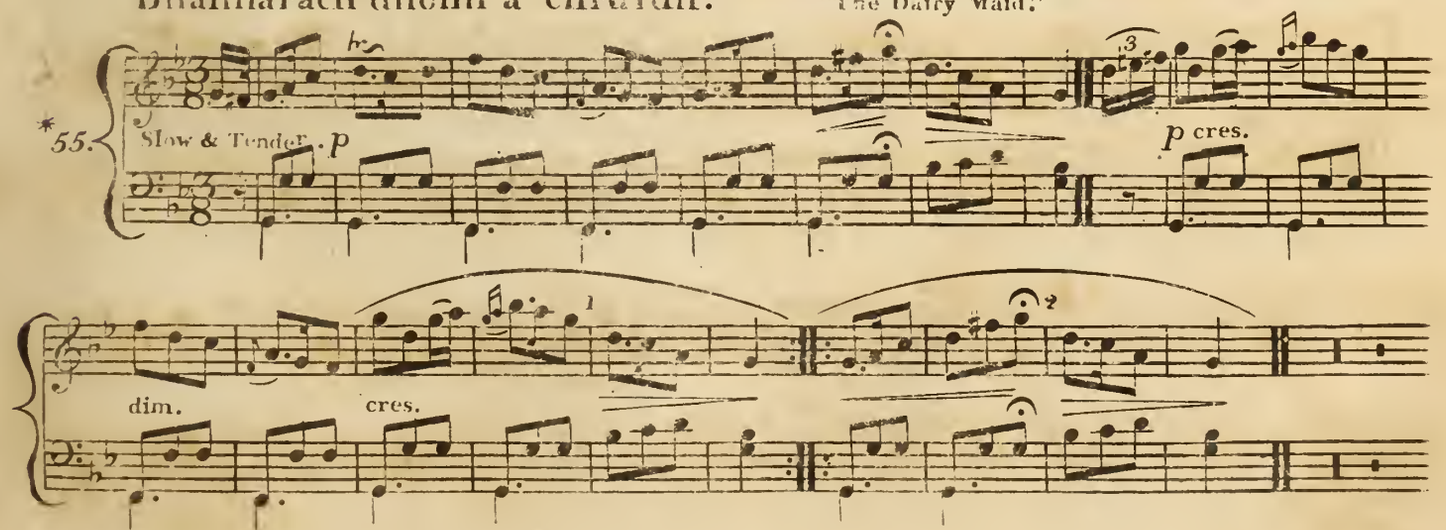
Nian doun a buain nan dearcag. "The Maid of Sutherland."



Bodhan aridh m' braigh Rannoch. "The Shealling in the Braes of Rannoch."

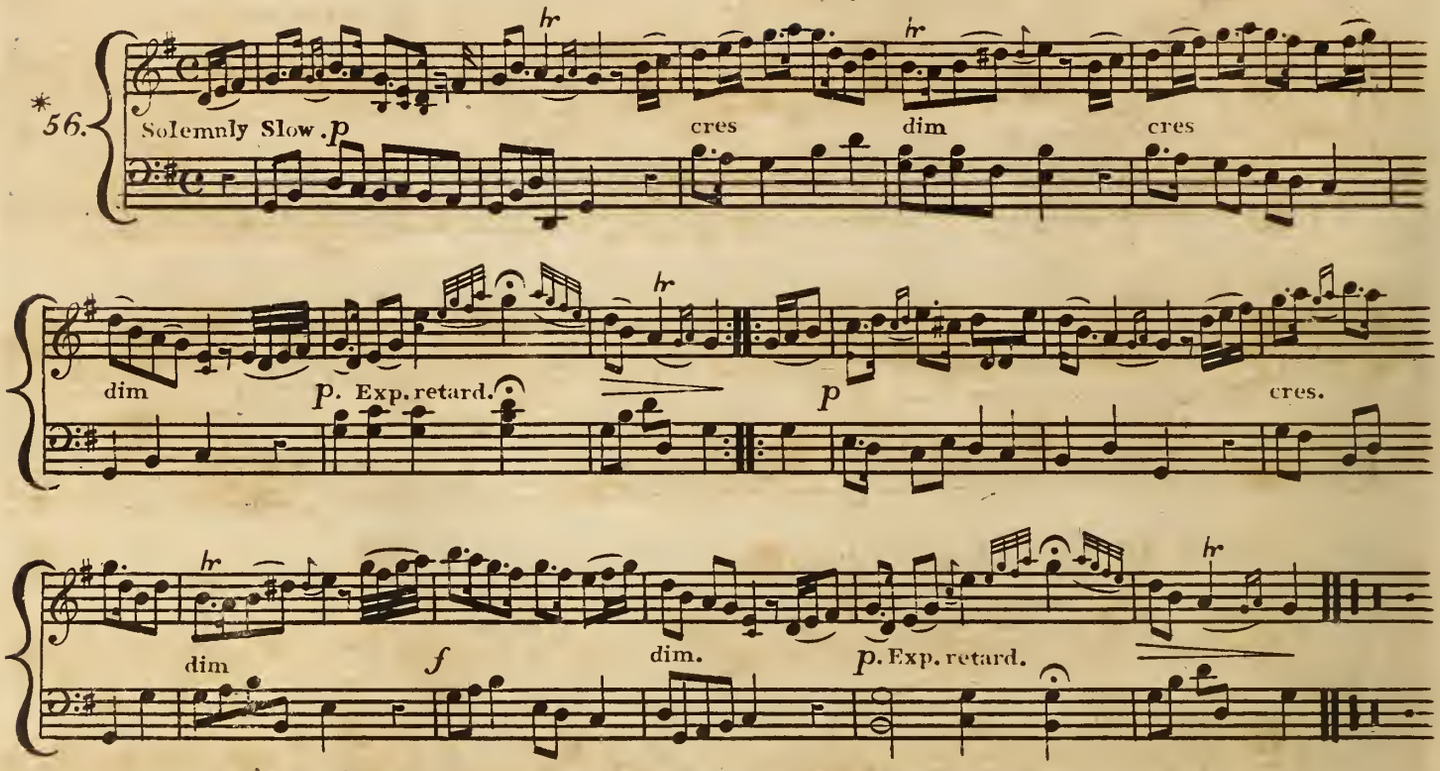


Bhannarach dhonn a chruidh. "The Dairy Maid."



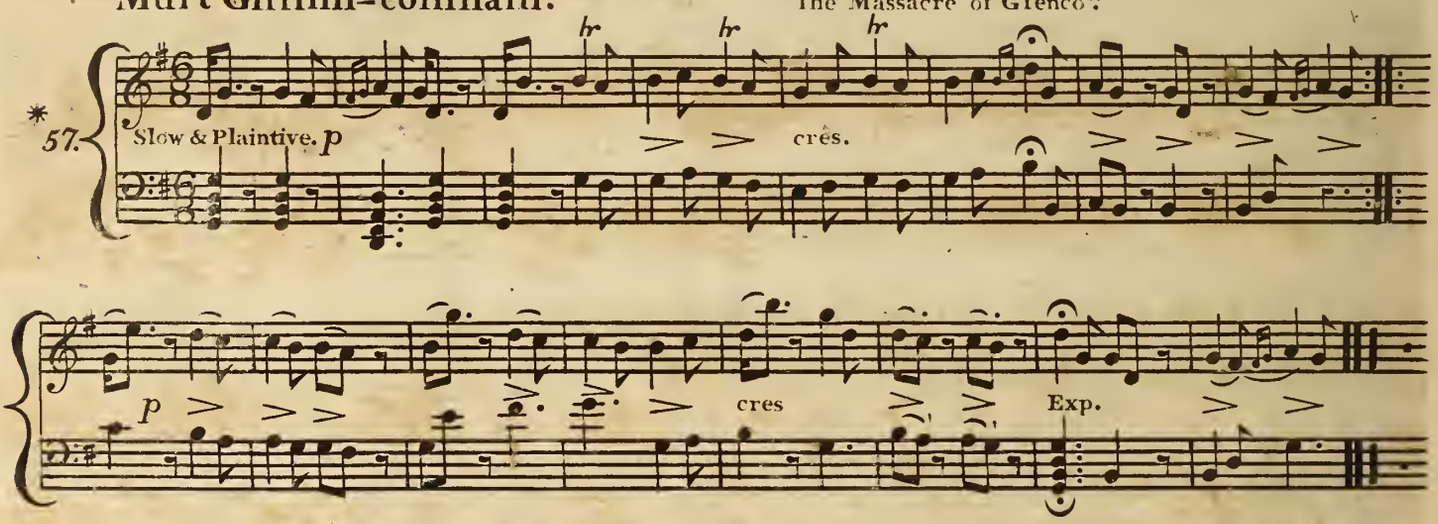
Laoidh an t' Slanuidhfear.

"Hymn to the Saviour"



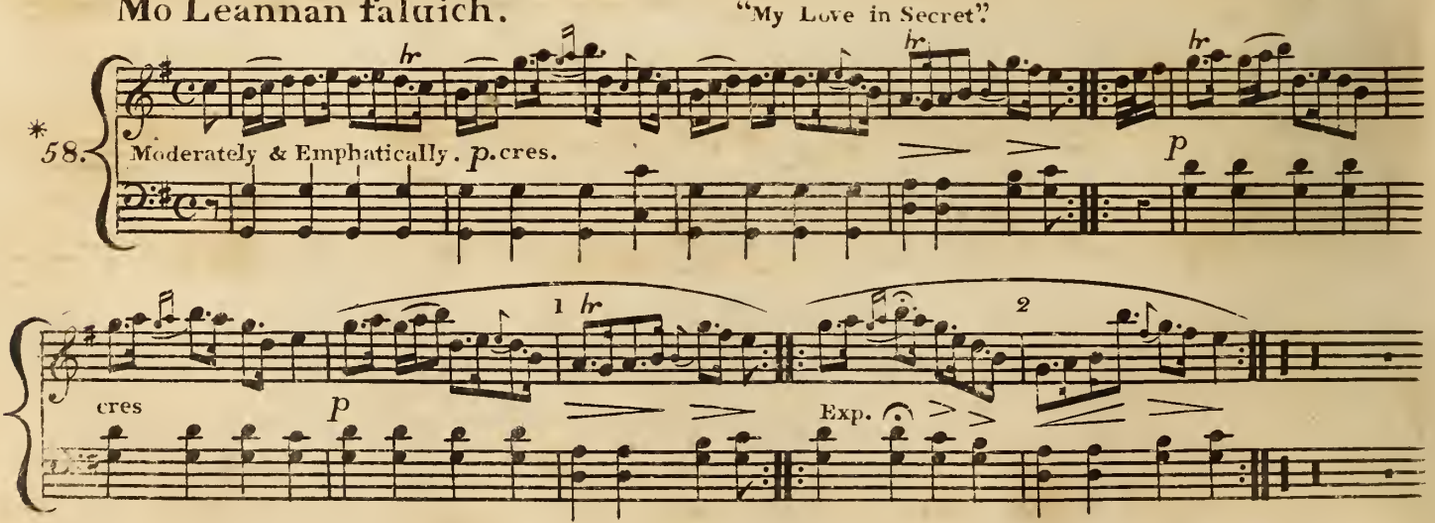
Murt Ghlinn-comhain.

"The Massacre of Glenco"

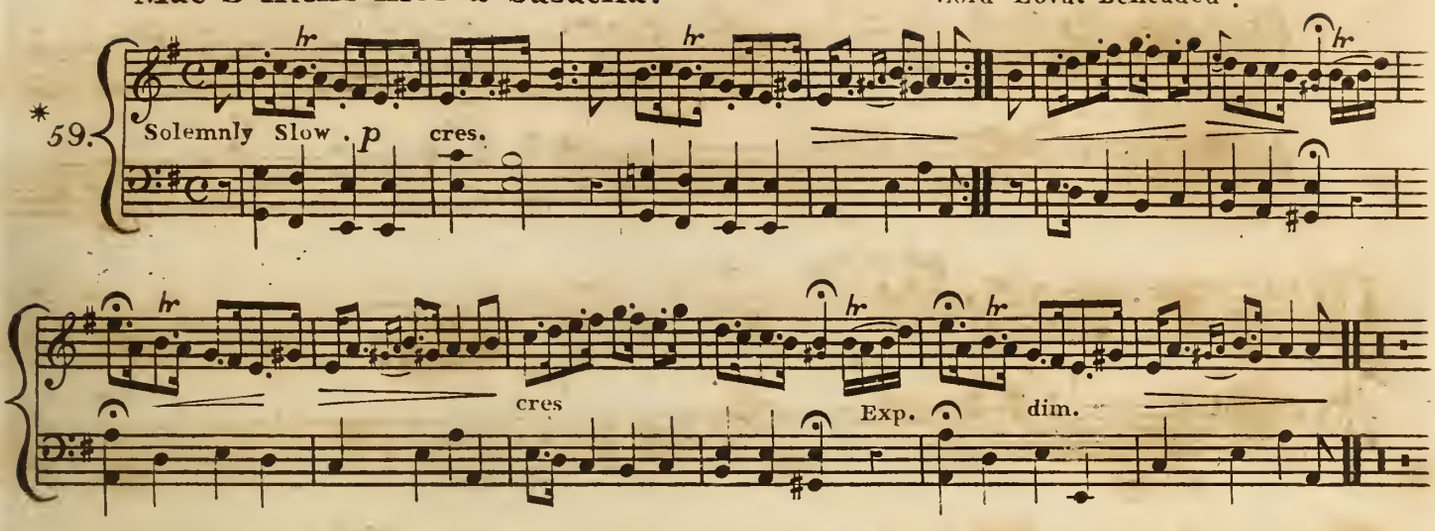


Mo Leannan faluich.

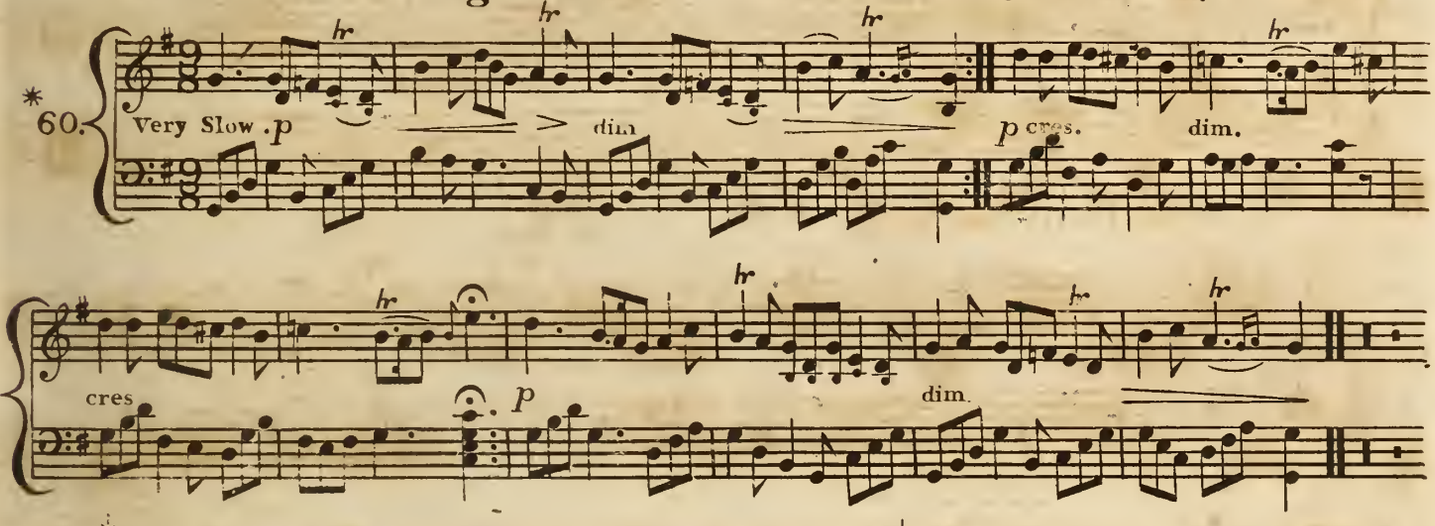
"My Love in Secret"



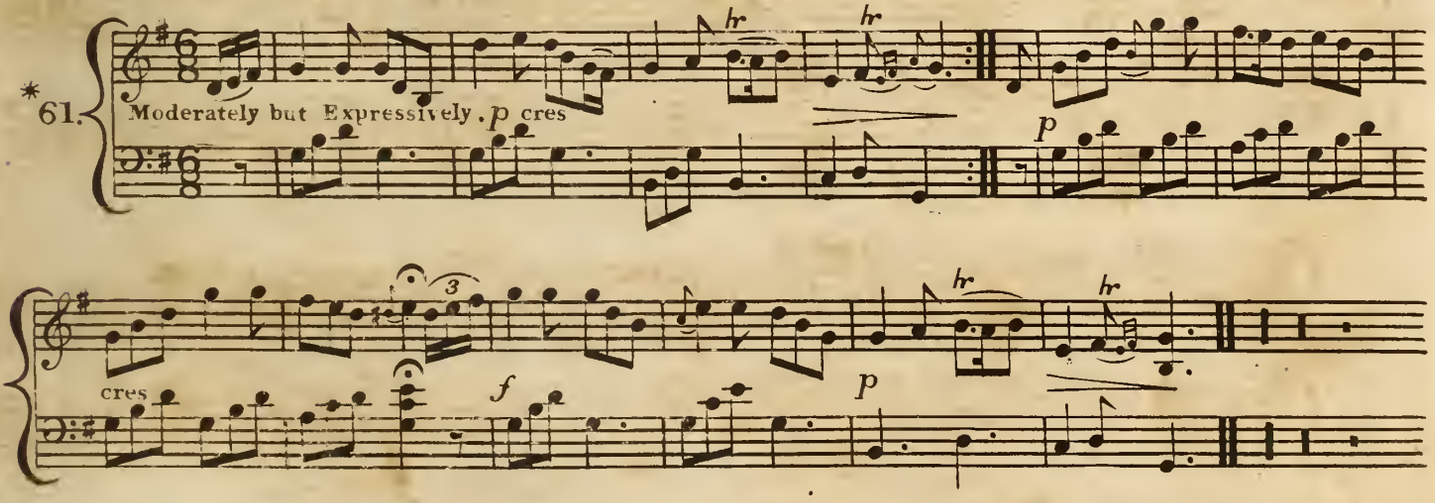
Mac S'himi mor a basacha. "Lord Lovat Beheaded".



Dimolladh an Uisgebheadha. "In dispraise of Whisky".



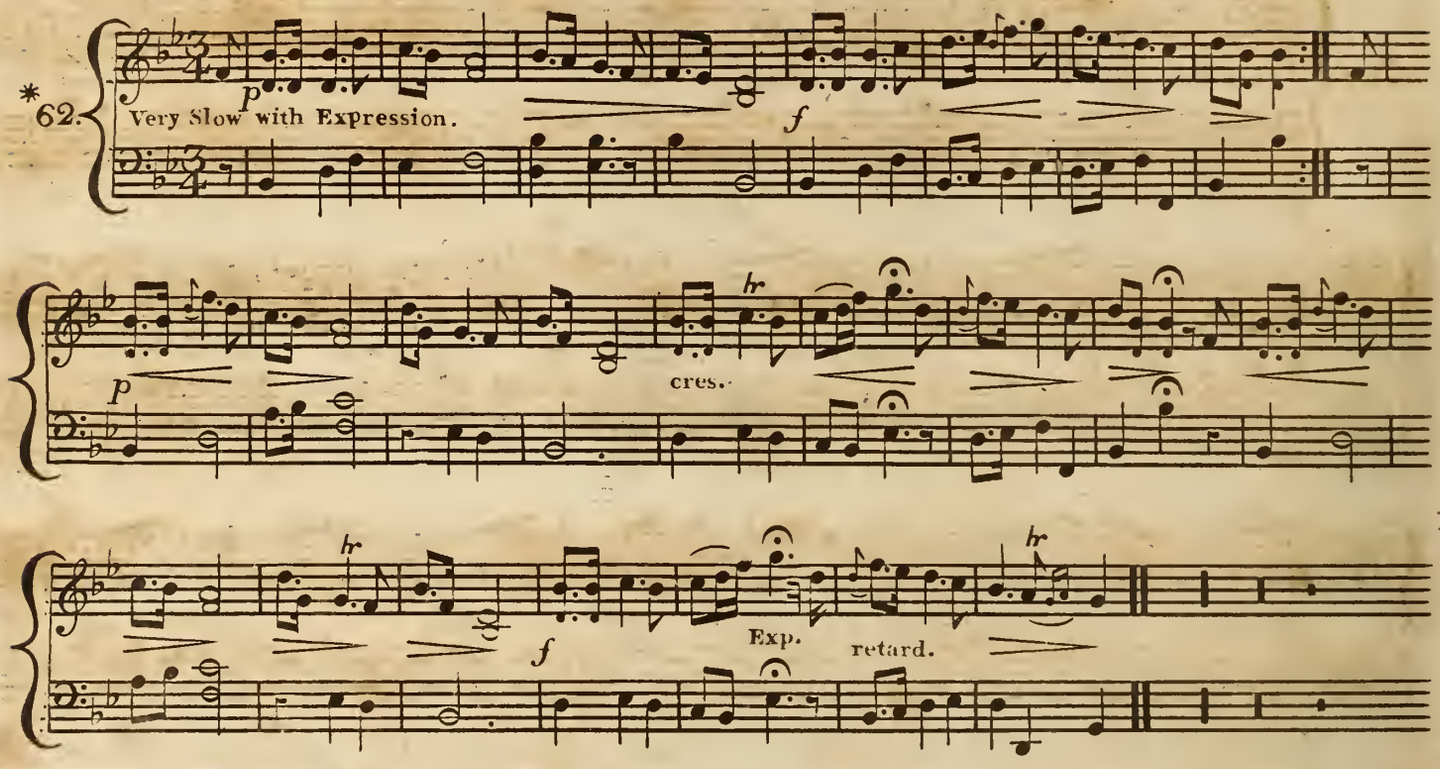
*Cia mar a s urra' sinn fuirach o'n Dram. *"How shall we abstain from Whisky".



*The Editor has great pleasure in asserting his Countrys claim to this Melody lately introduced as Irish, under the name of the Legacy and supposed new, Whereas it has been current in the North for Sixty Years as the Composition of John Mc. Murdo of Kintail, since emigrated to America.

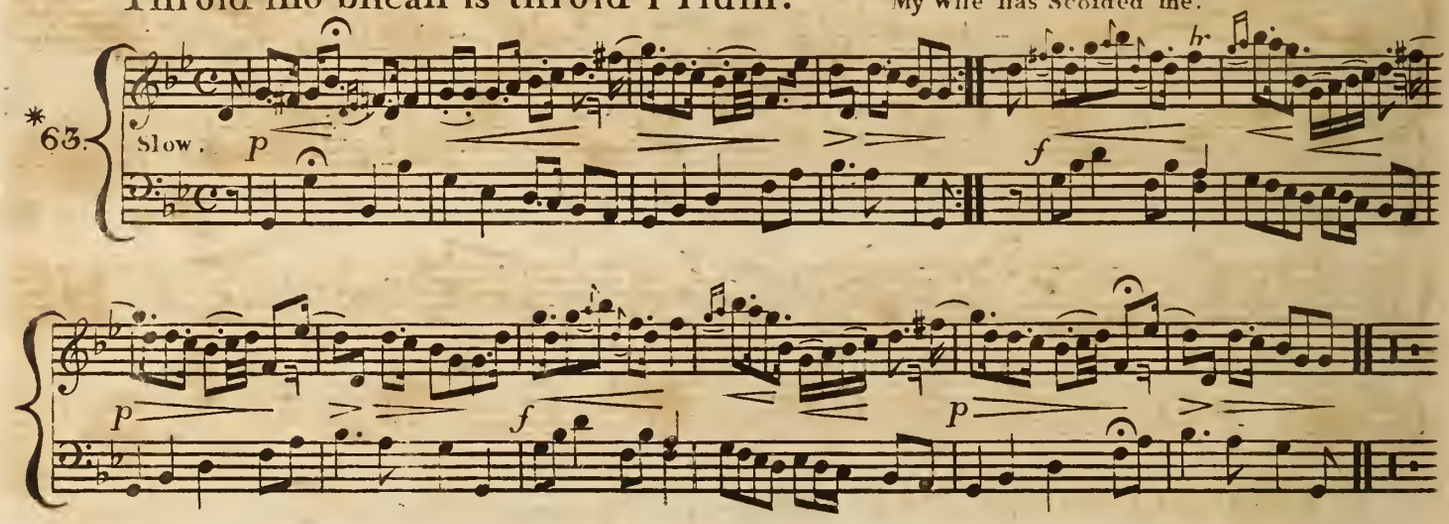
S'tu mo luaidh na' m faidhean u. "My favorite if I could get thee"

*62. Very Slow with Expression.



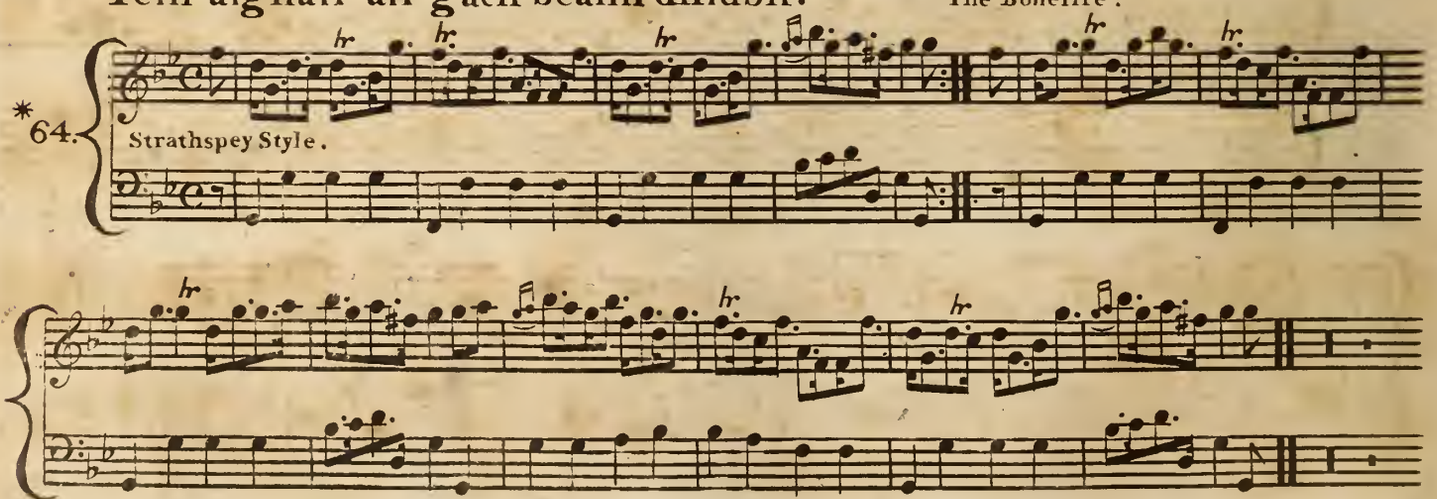
Throid mo bhean is throid i rium. "My Wife has Scolded me."

*63. Slow.

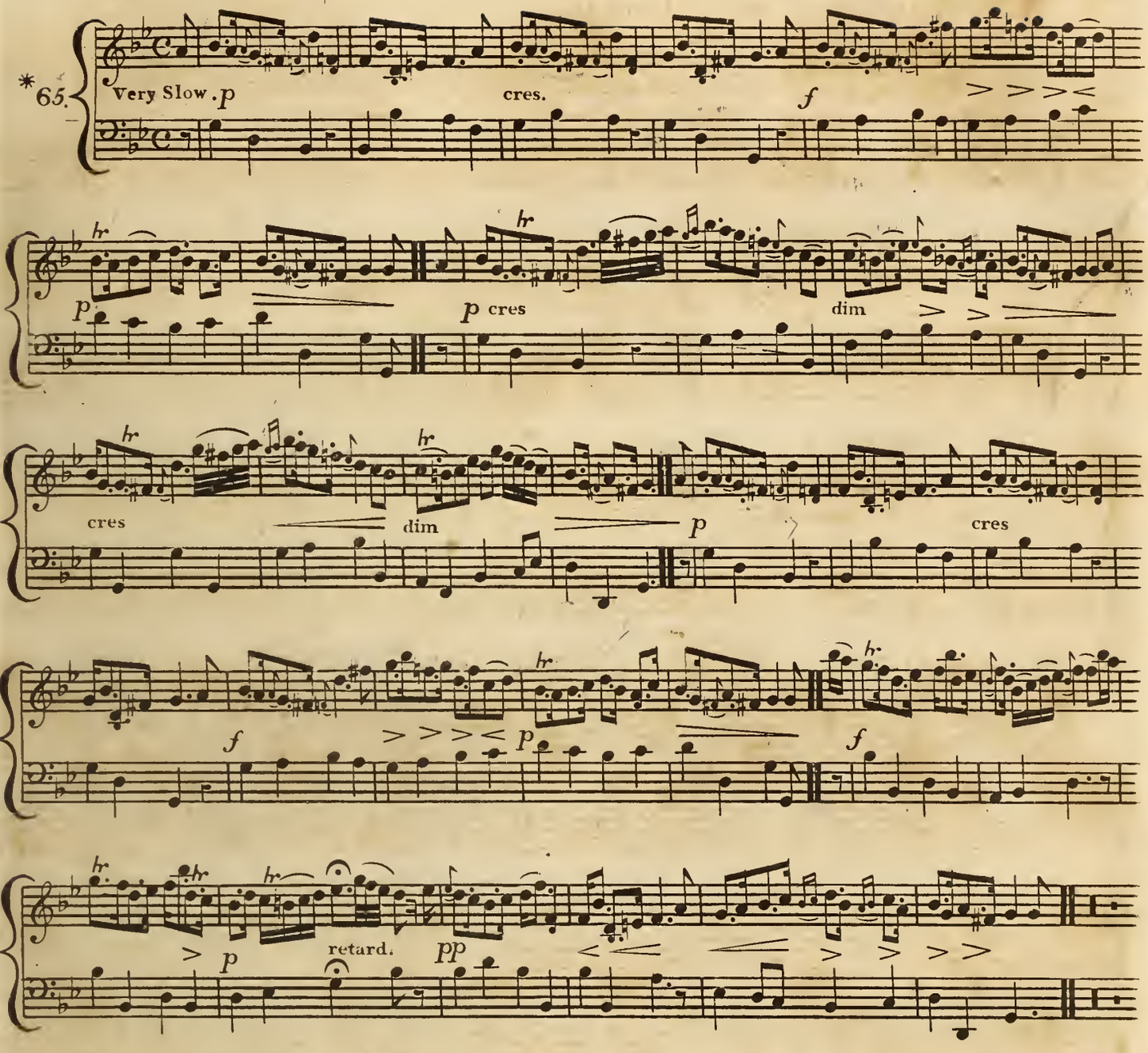


Tein aighair air gach beann dhiubh. "The Bonefire".

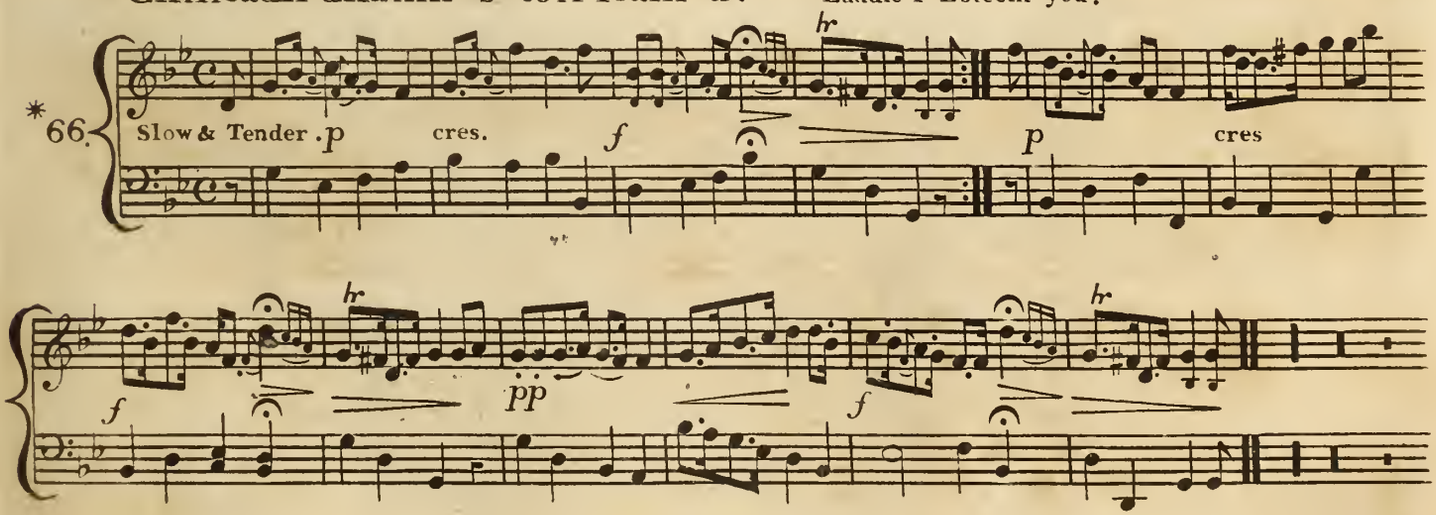
*64. Strathspey Style.



Nian Tormaid. "Macleods Daughter."

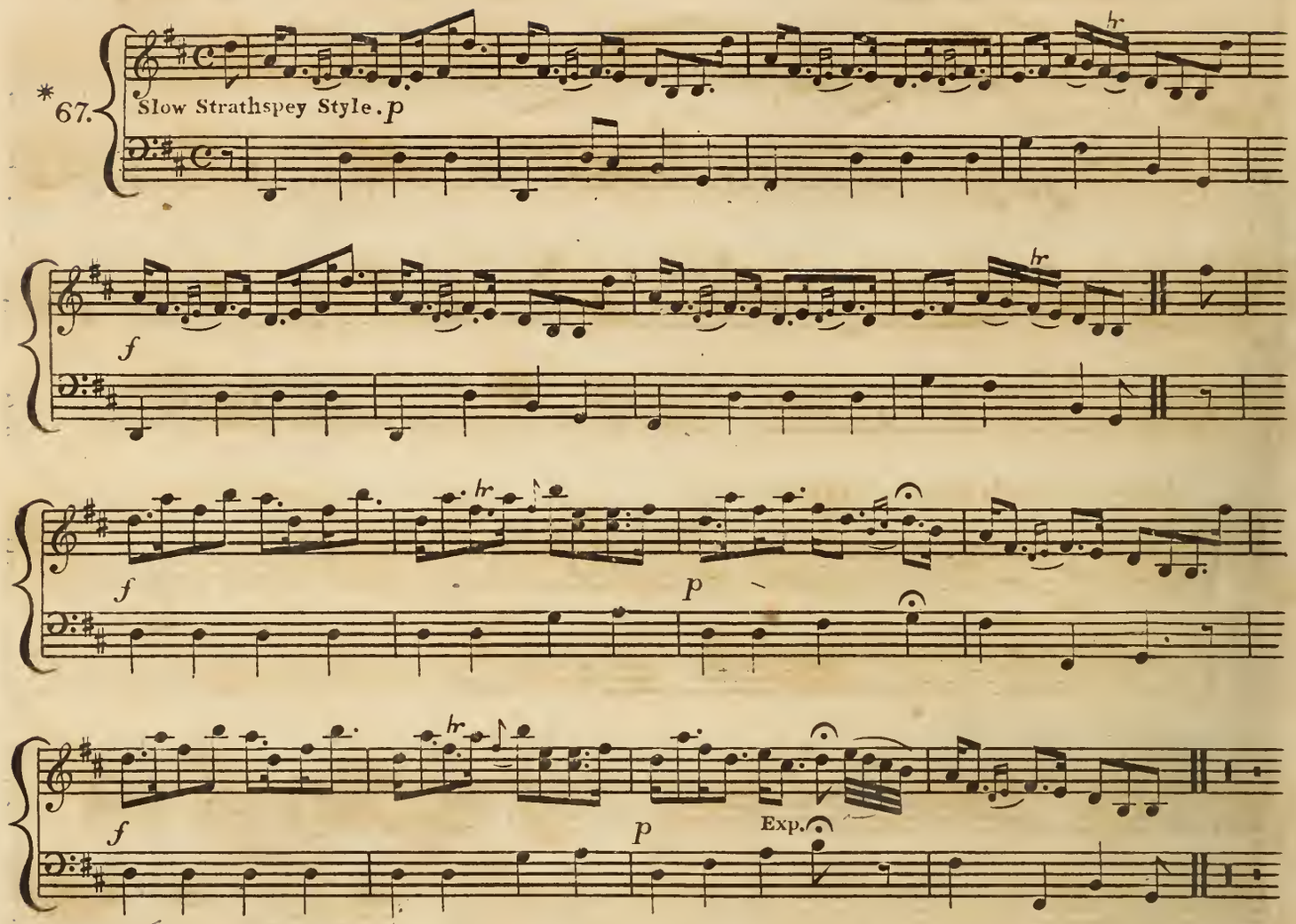


Ghilleadh dhuinn s' toil leam u. "Laddie I Esteem you."



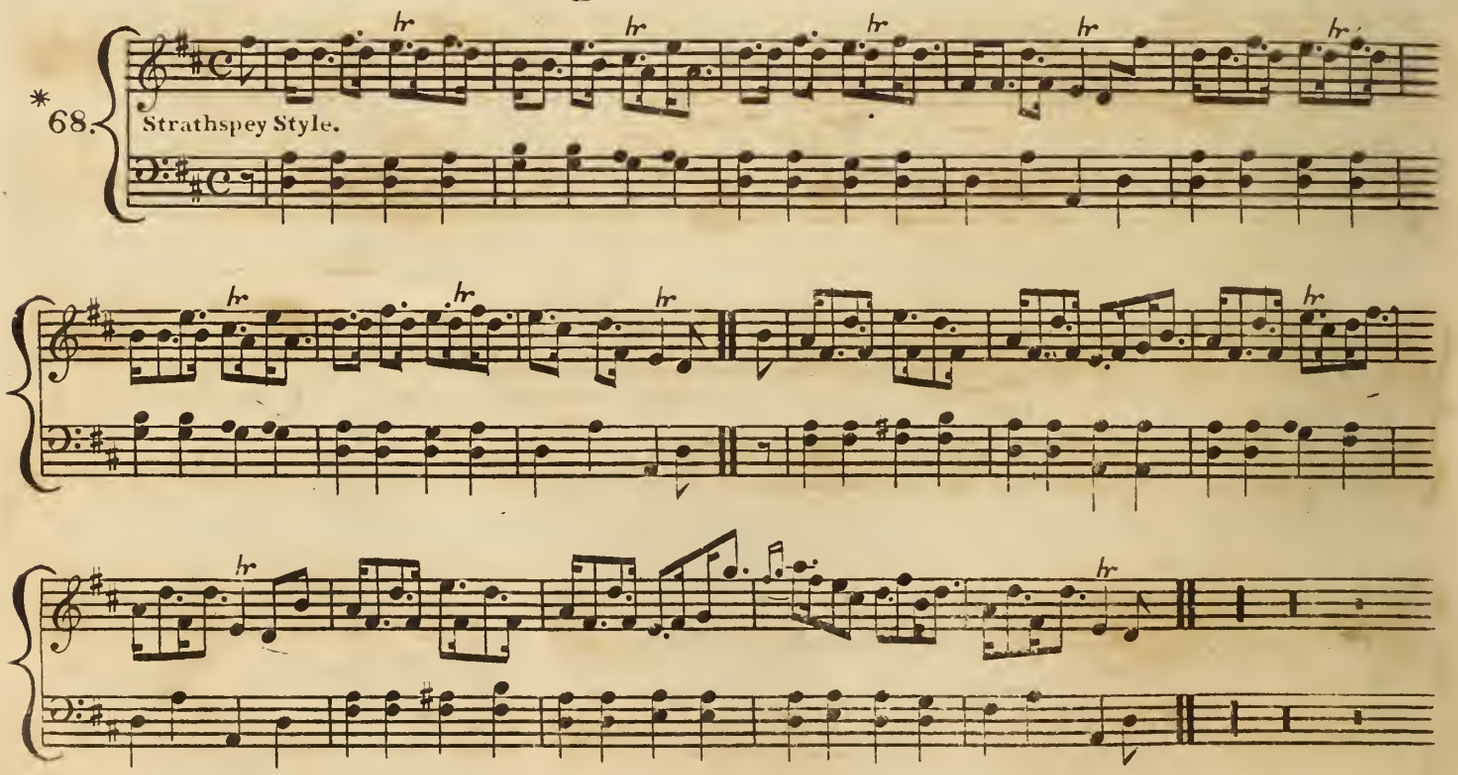
Mo Dhuchas.

"The spot where my Forefathers dwelt"



Thuair MacShimi n' oighreachd.

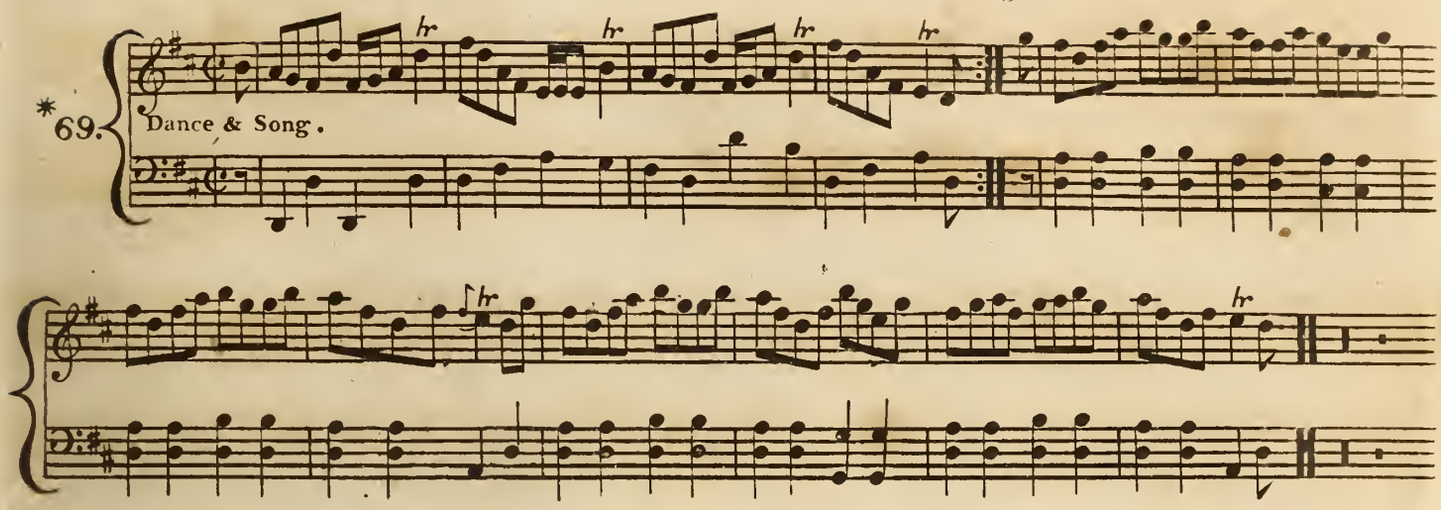
"Lovats Restoration"



Mac a Bhaili a Uist.

"The Darling of the Uist Lasses?"

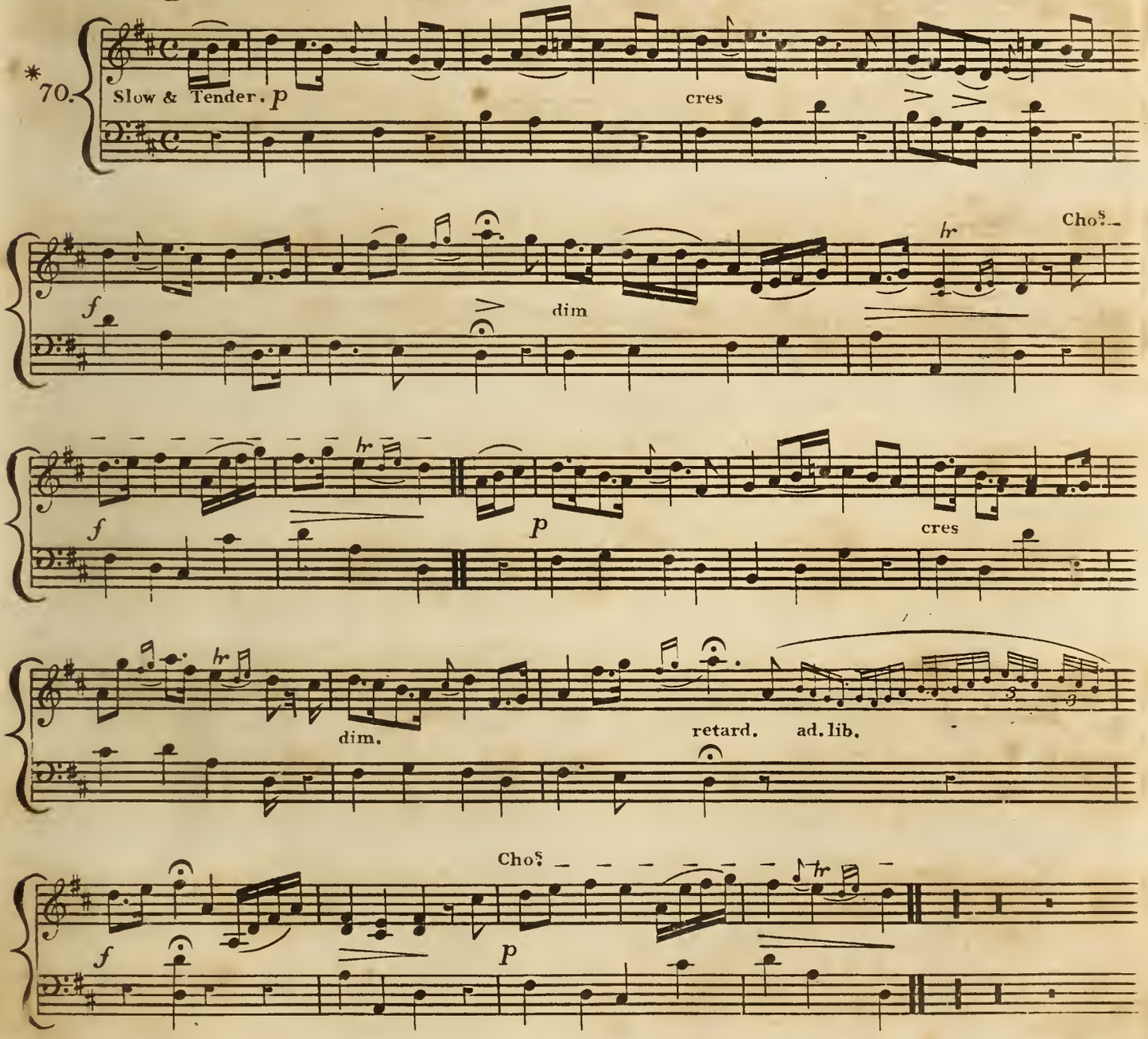
*69. Dance & Song.



An gilleadh dudh ciar dhudh.

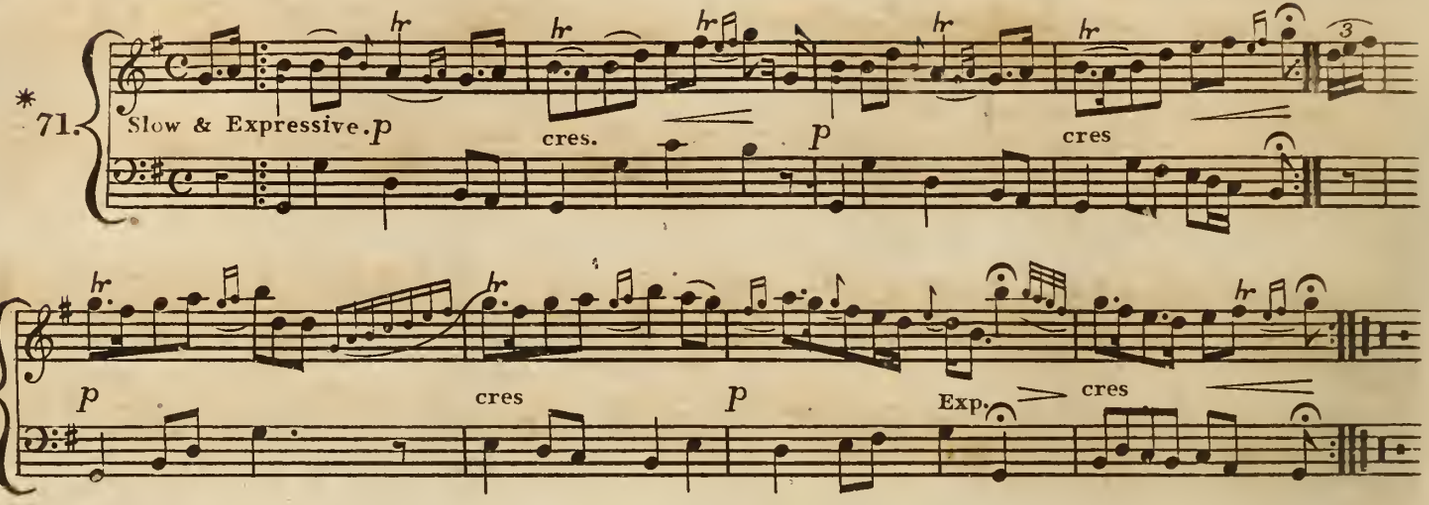
"The Jett black haird youth."

*70. Slow & Tender. p cres



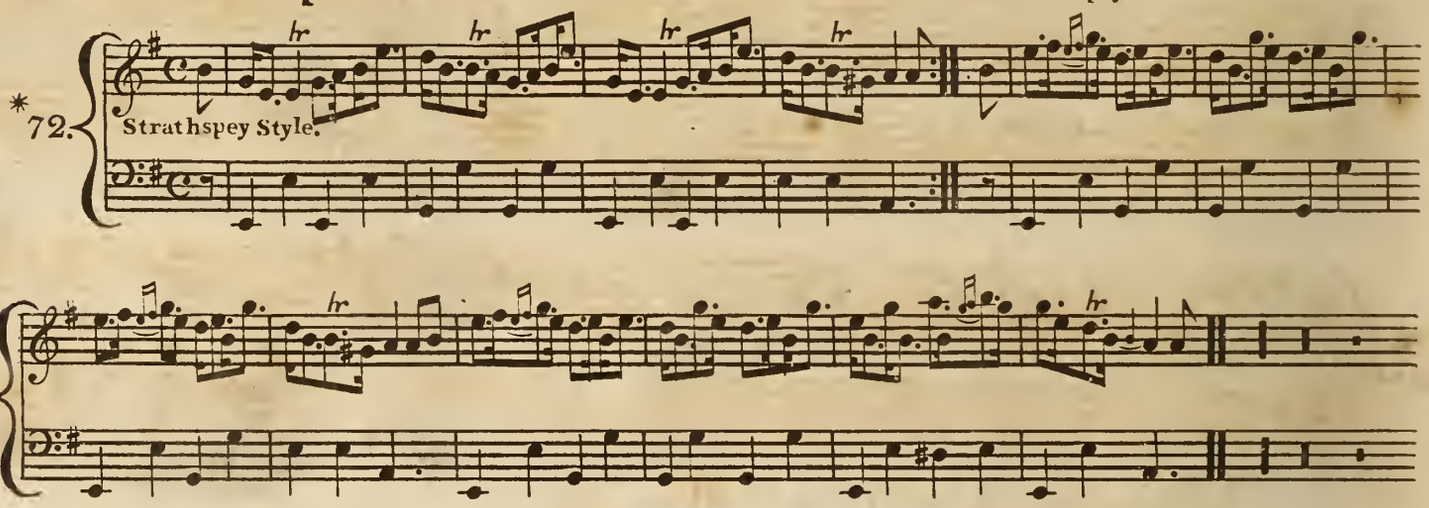
M' baile m' beil mo leannan fein.

"The hamlet where my lover dwells".



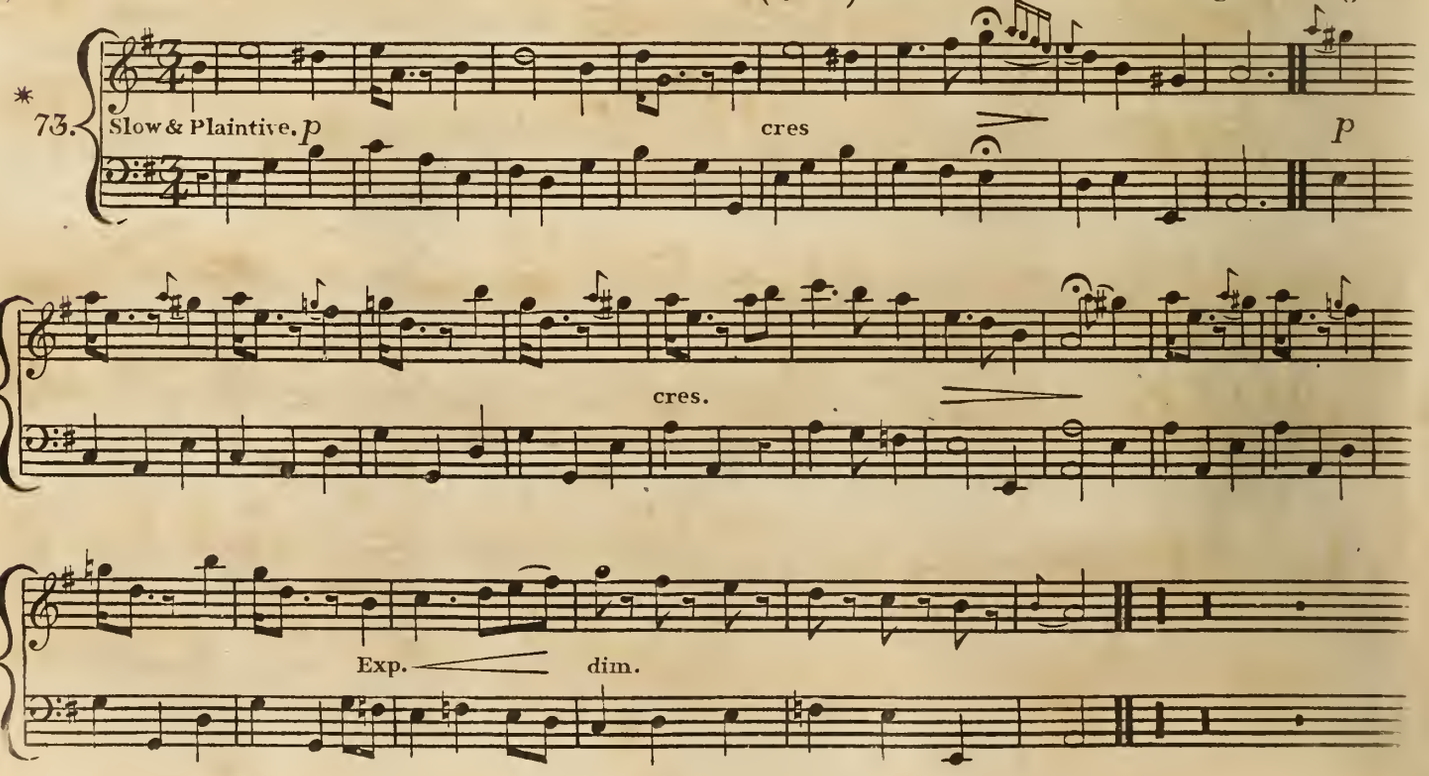
Madhair Spea.

"The Source of Spey".



Crodh laoidh na' m bodach.

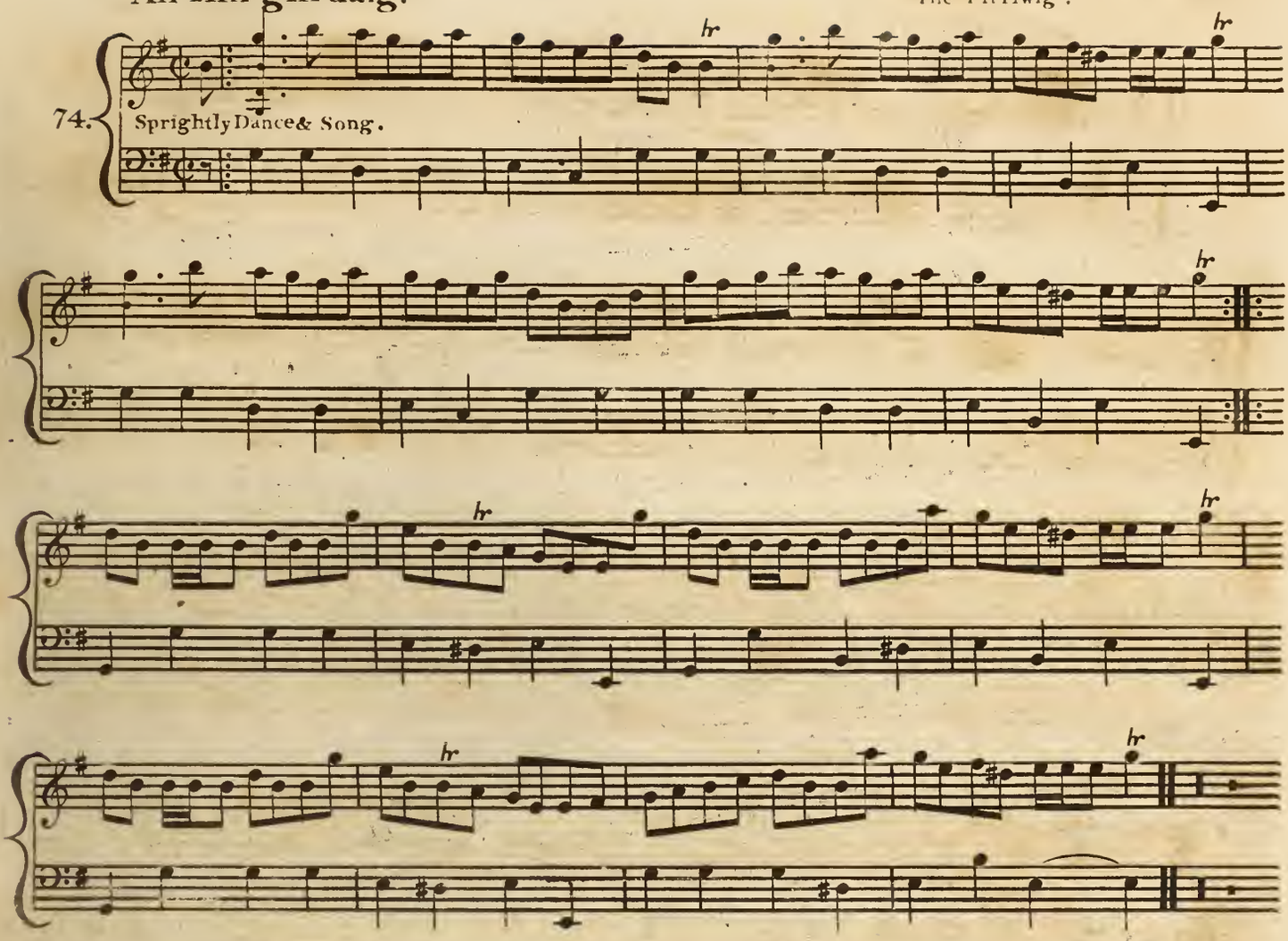
"The (Spraith) or Plunder of the Lowlands now graze in the glens".



An fhir'ghruaig.

"The Pirriwig".

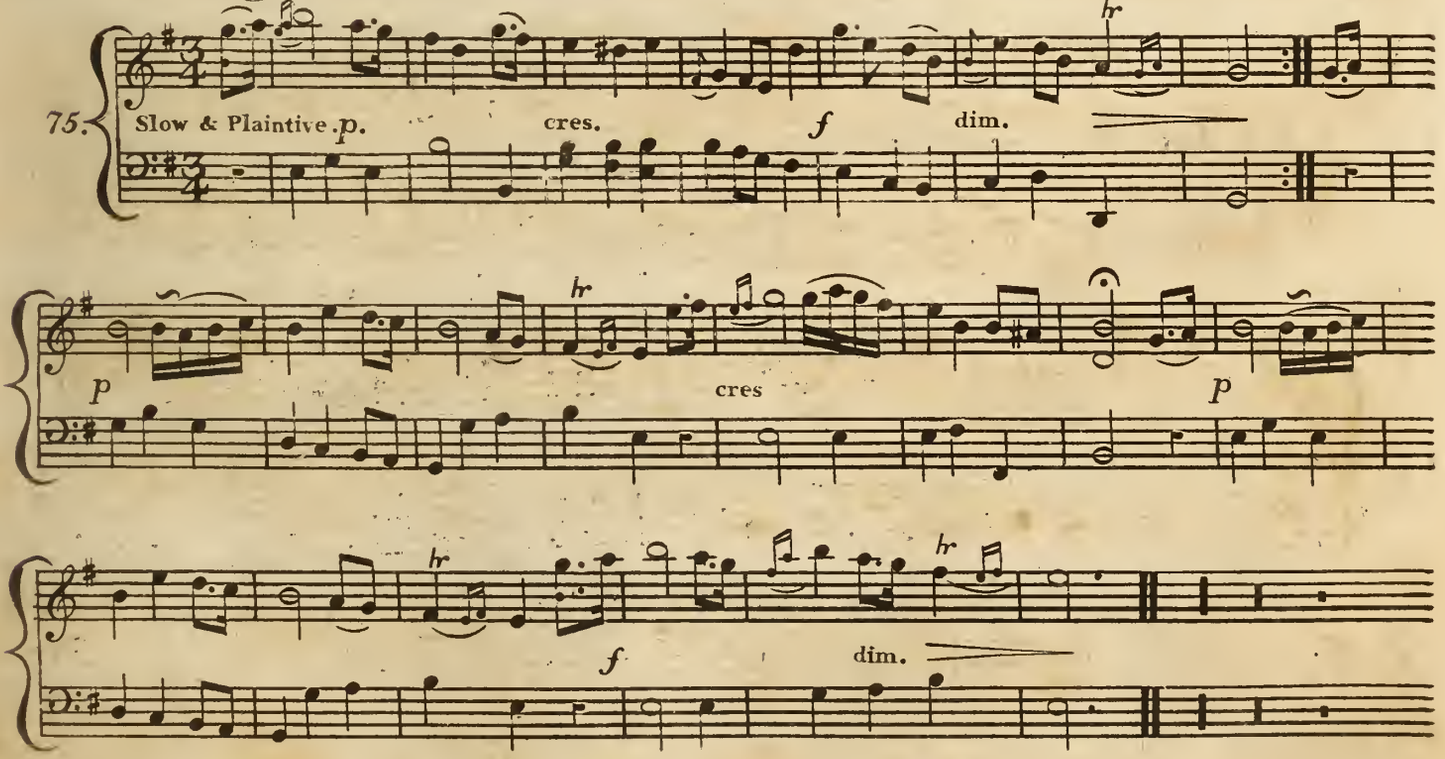
74. Sprightly Dance & Song.



S' beag mo shund ris a chadal.

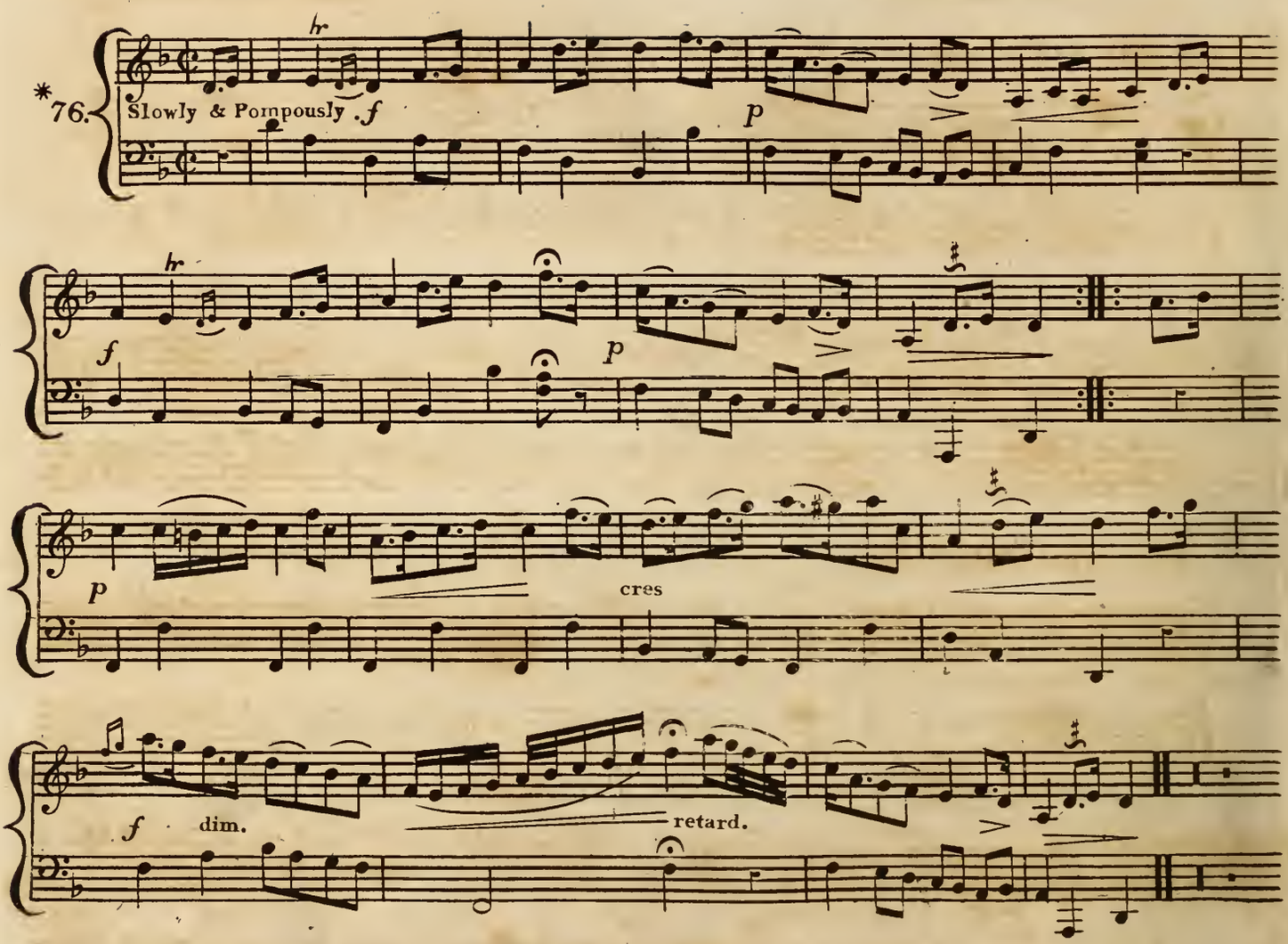
"Small is my Inclination to Sleep".

75. Slow & Plaintive. *p.* cres. *f* dim.



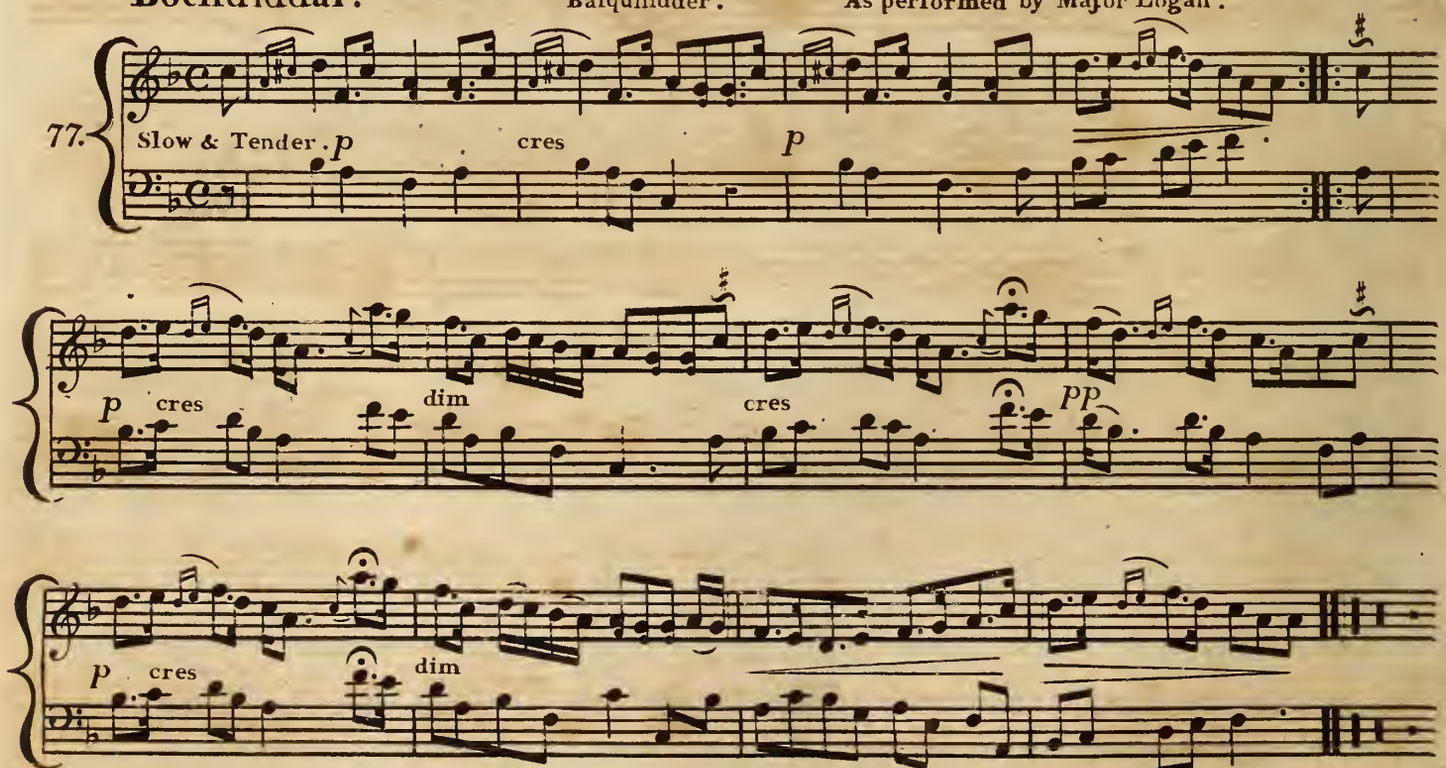
Roderich Dhu.

The Clanalpin Cheif .

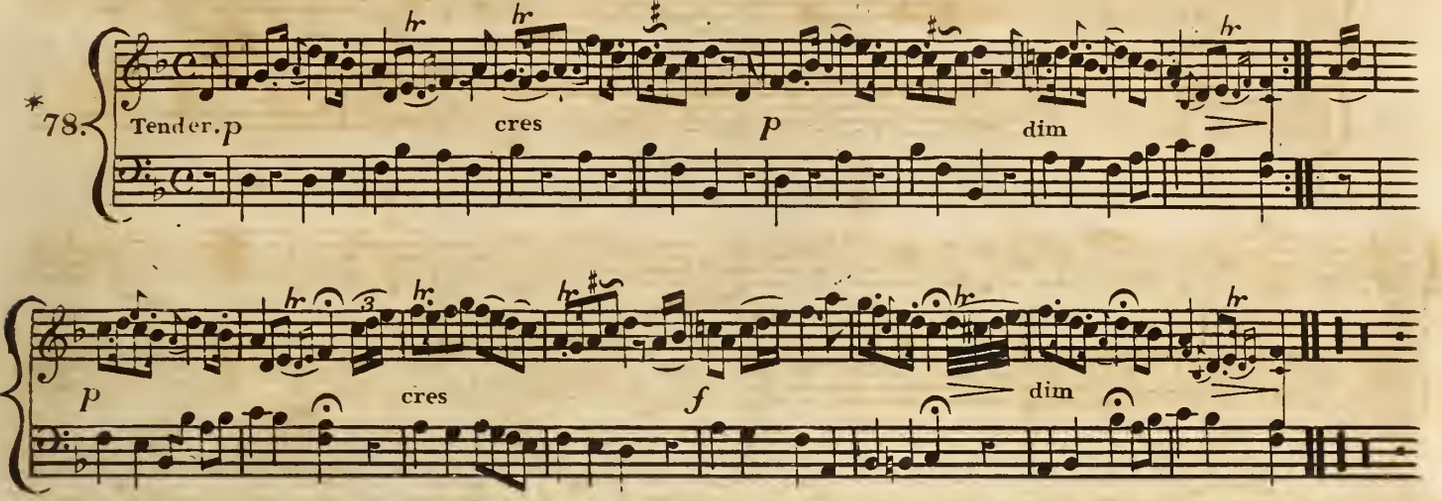


Bochuiddar.

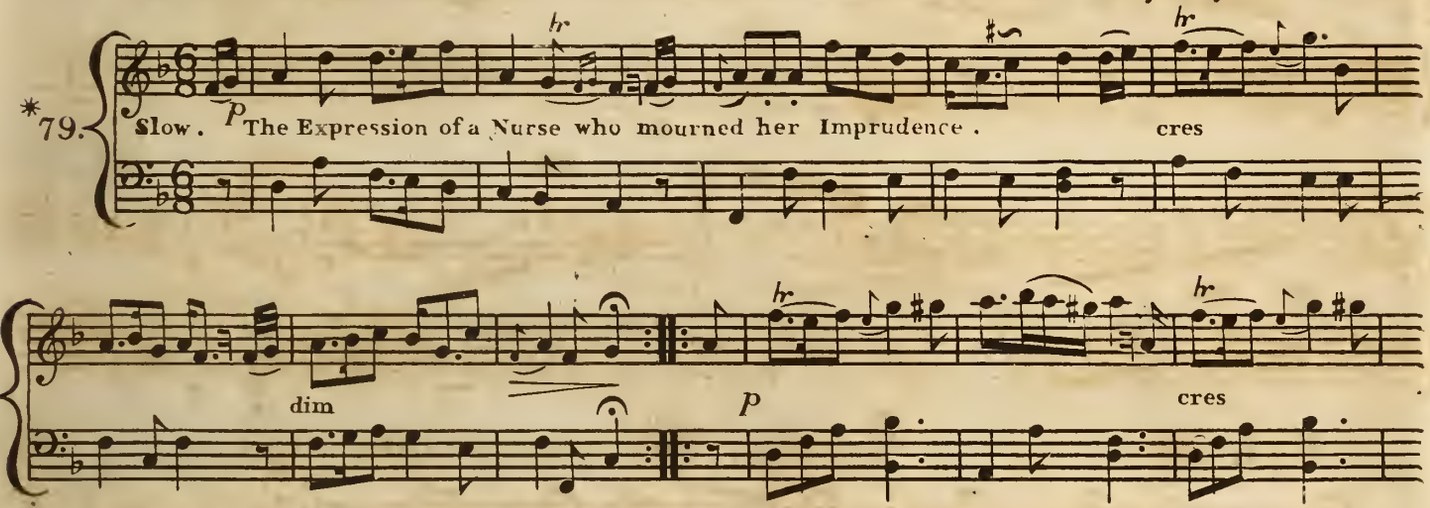
Balquhidder . As performed by Major Logan .

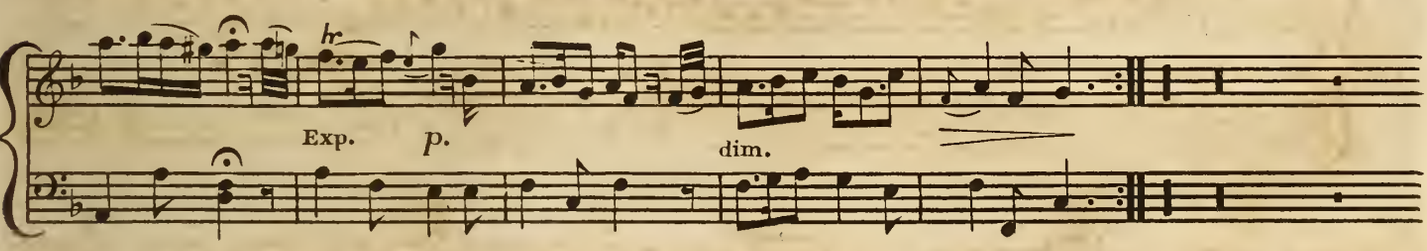


Gu mo slan a chi mi mo challin dileas doun. "Well may I behold my faithful brown hair'd Maid".

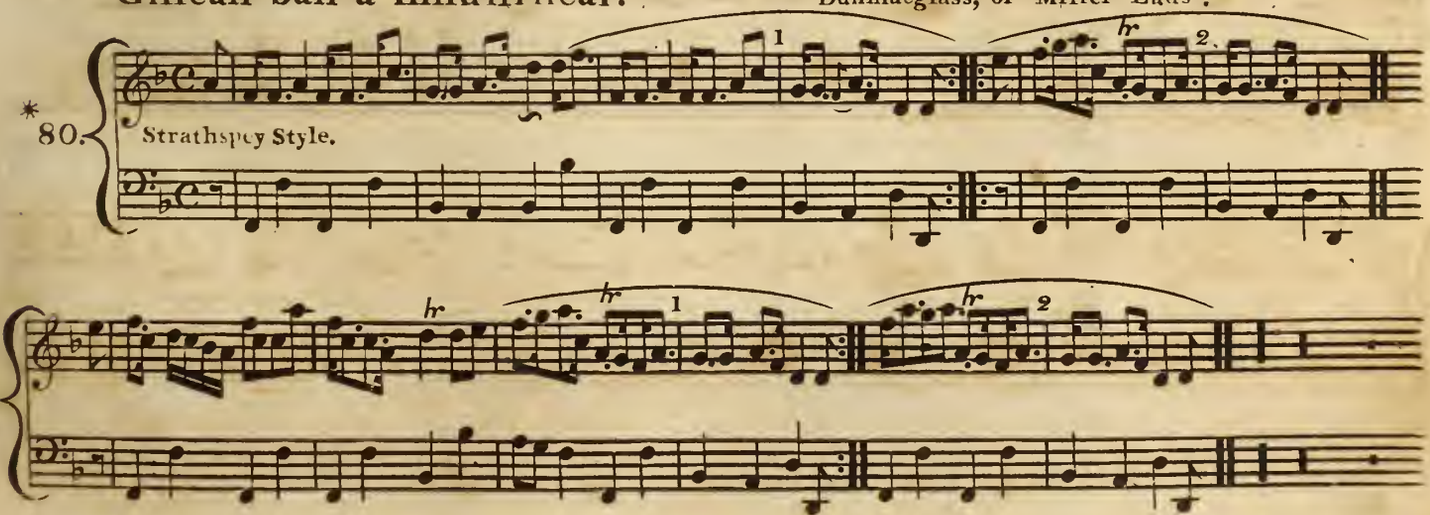


Baba mo leaneabh. "Ba_ba my Baby".



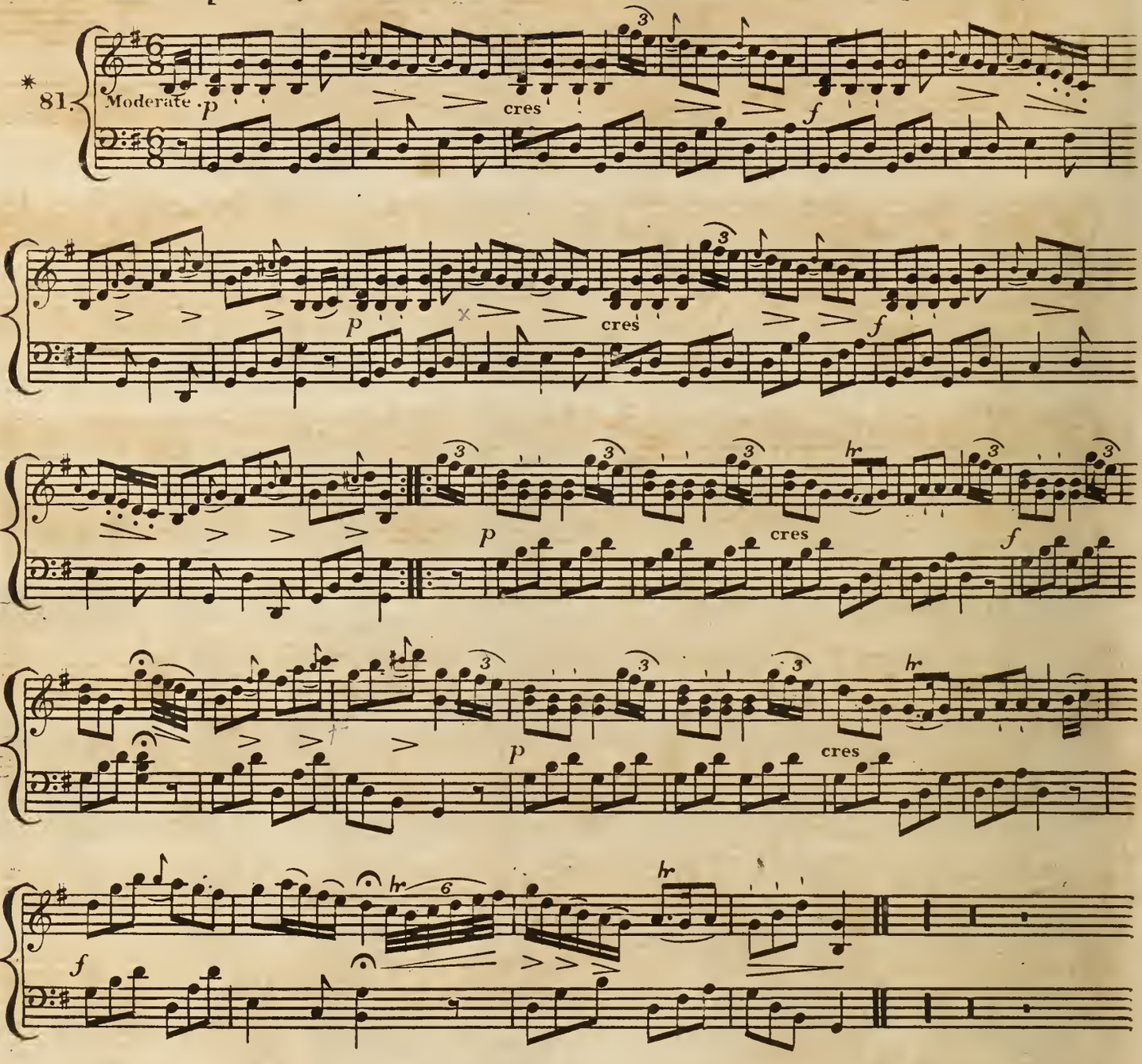


Gillean ban a mhuilfhear. "Dunmacglass," or "Miller Lads".



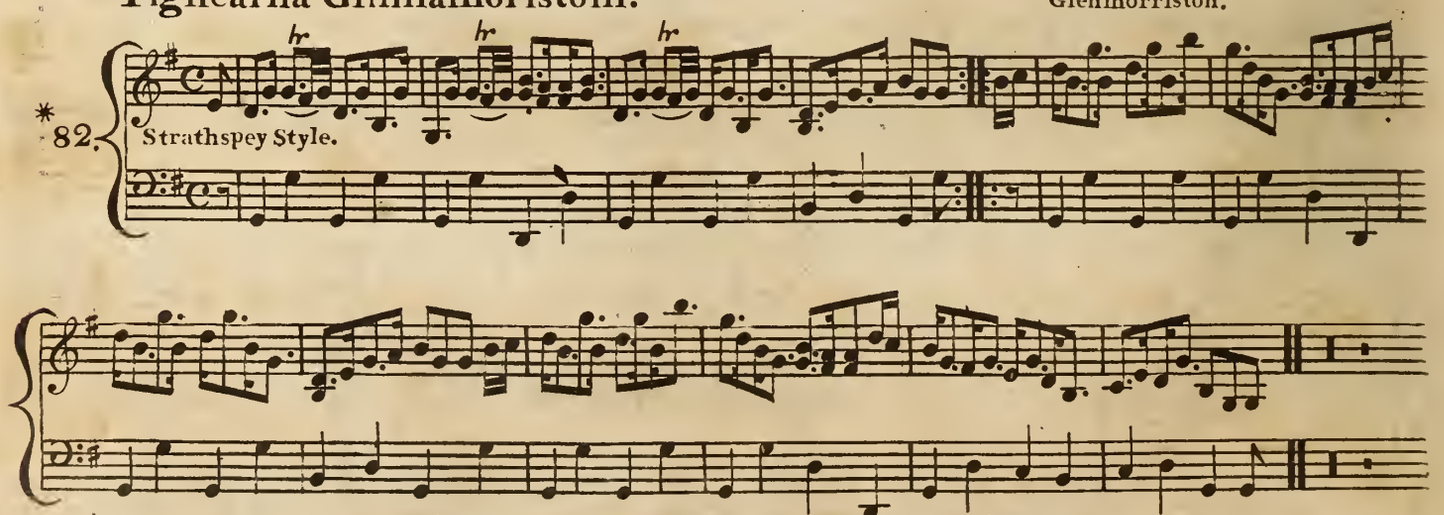
N' Troopa Ghaelach.

"The Highland Troop".



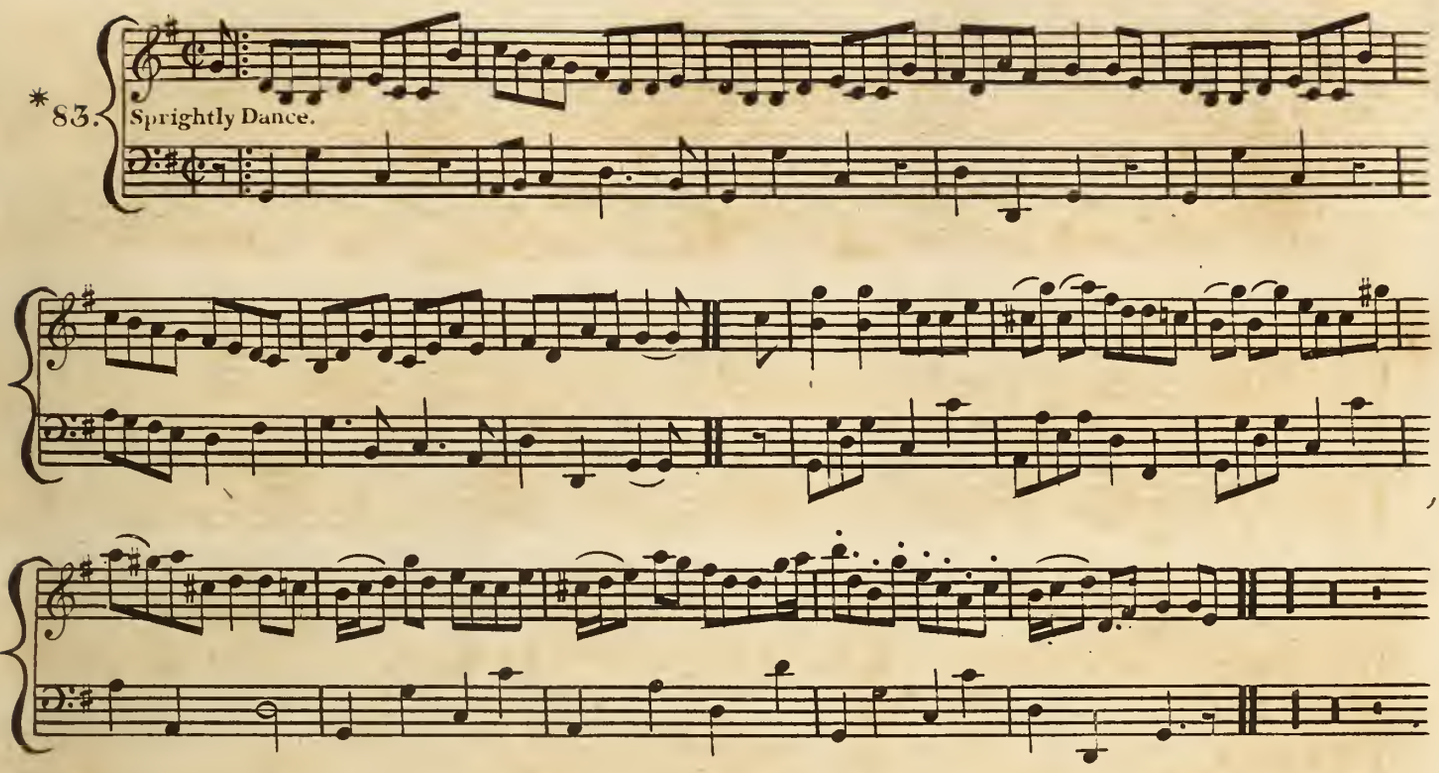
Tighearna Glinnamoristoin.

"Glenmorriston."



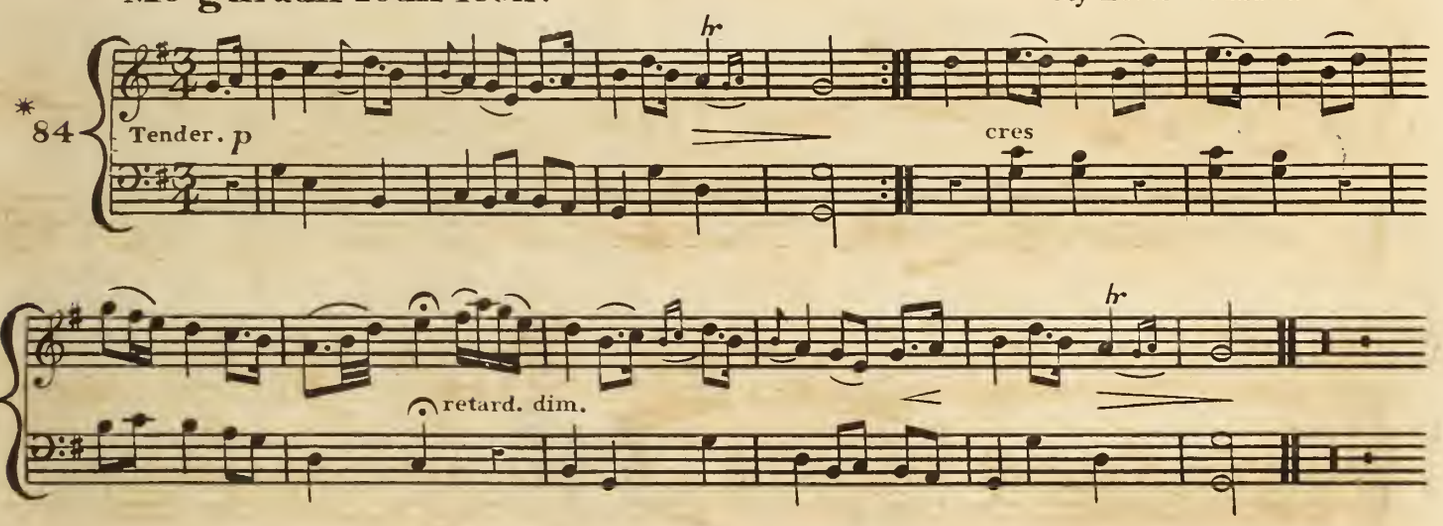
Clach na cudain.

or "The Cross of Inverness."



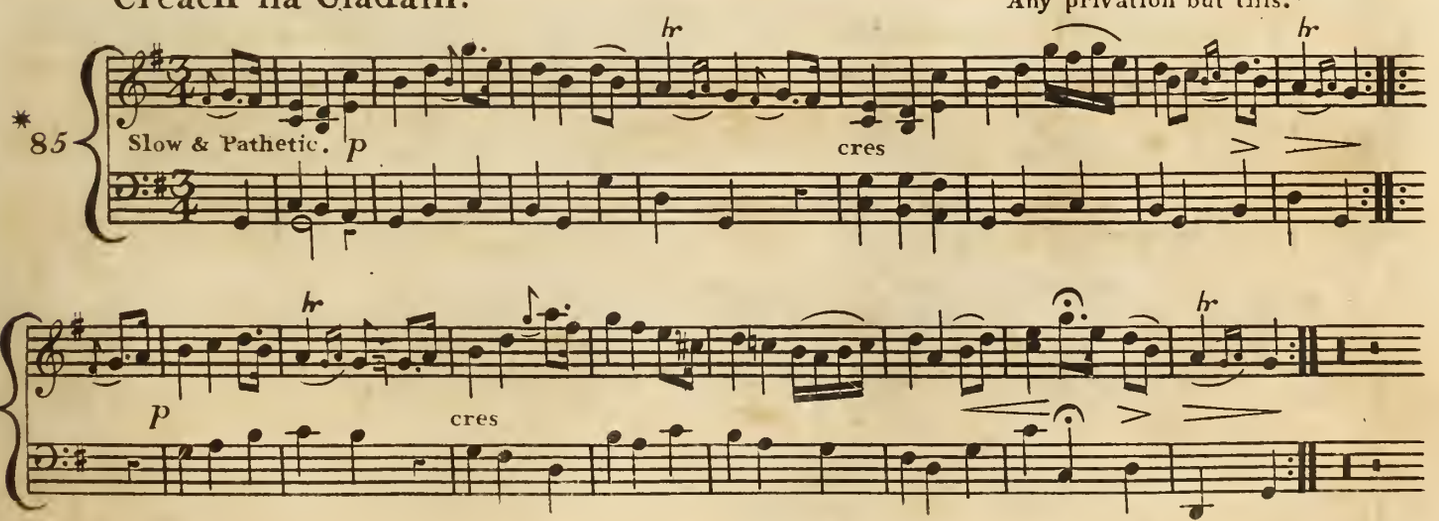
Mo ghradh fodh leon.

"My Lover Wounded."



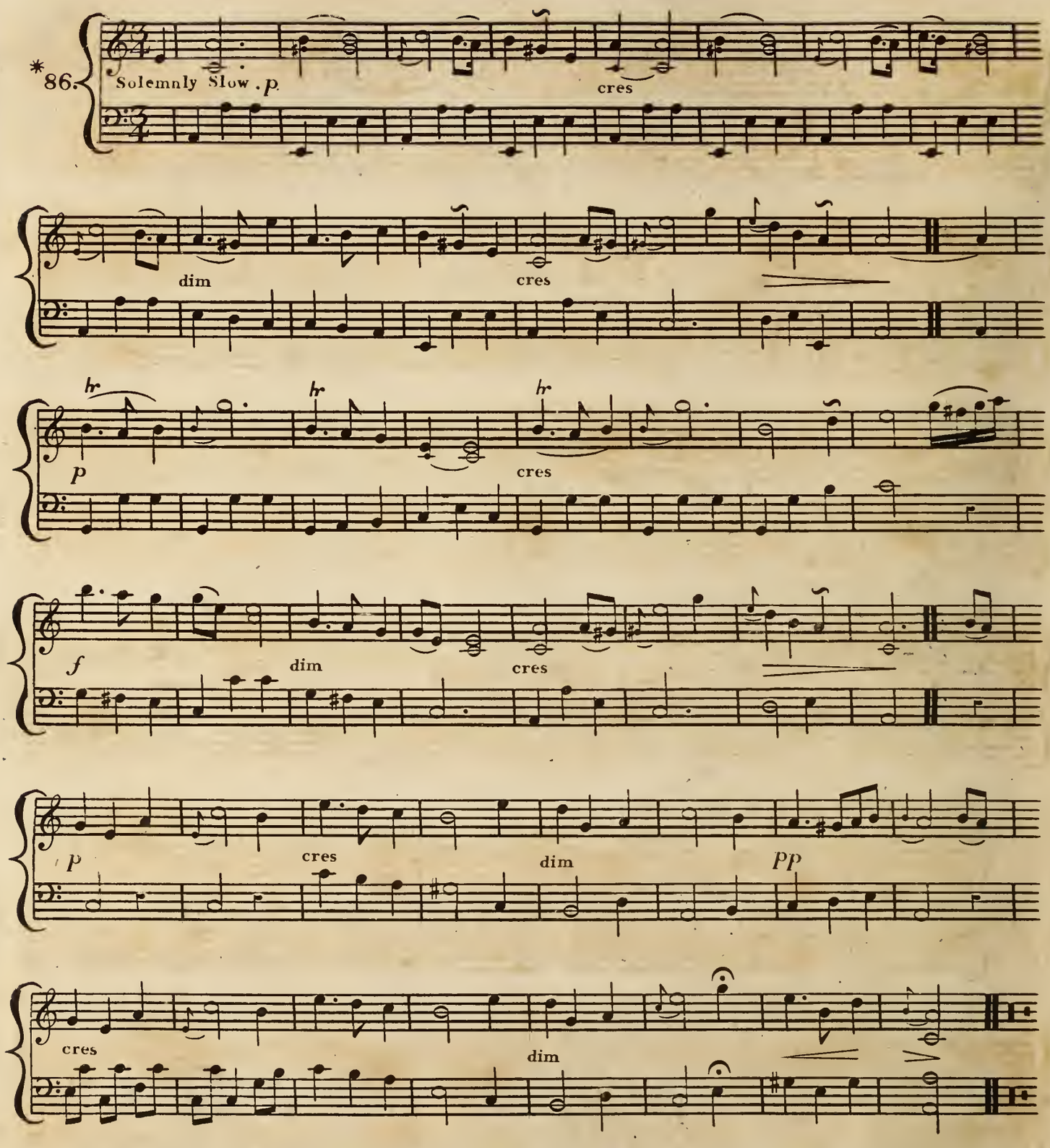
Creach na Ciadain.

"Any privation but this."



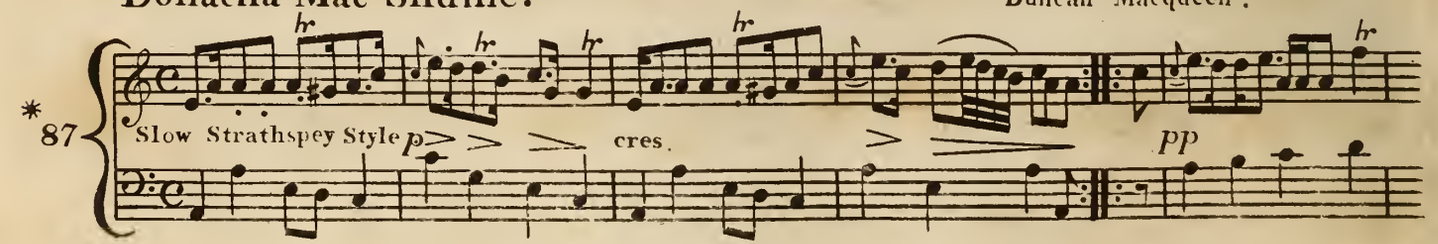
Smeorach Clann Donaill.

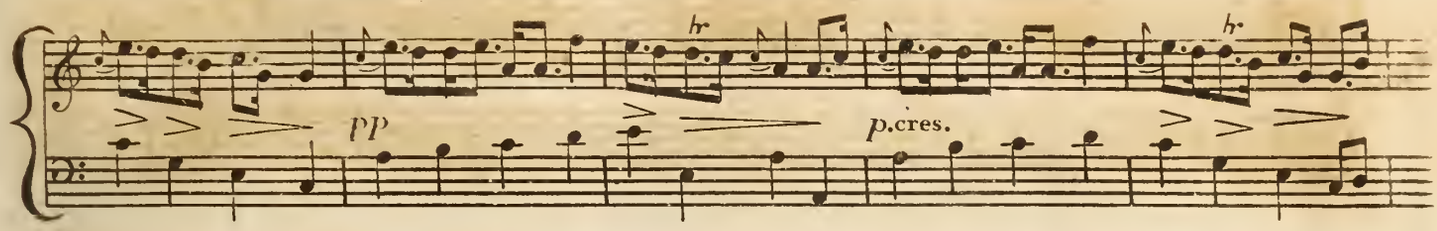
"The Minstrel of the Macdonalds".

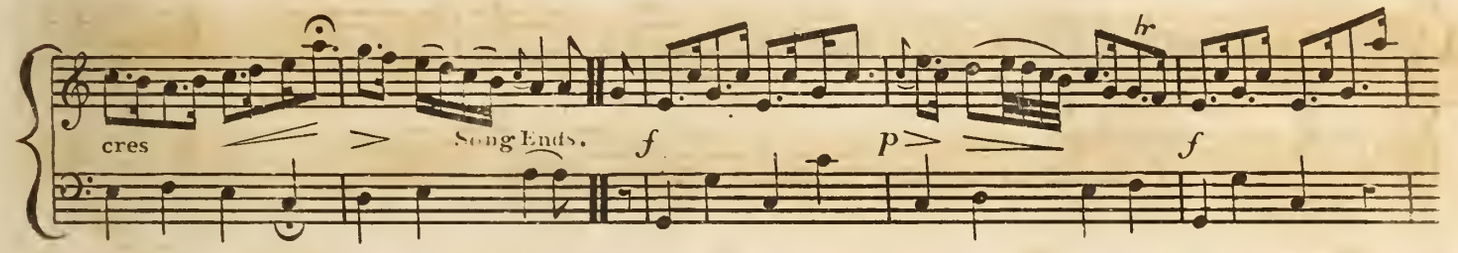


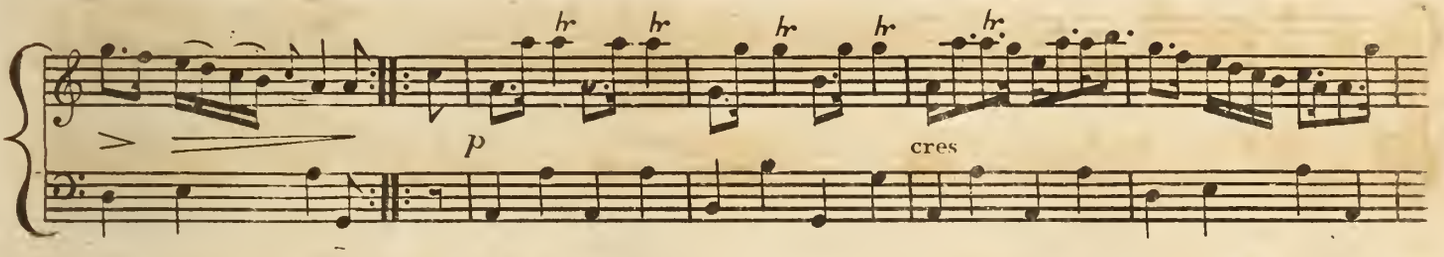
Donacha Mac Shuine.

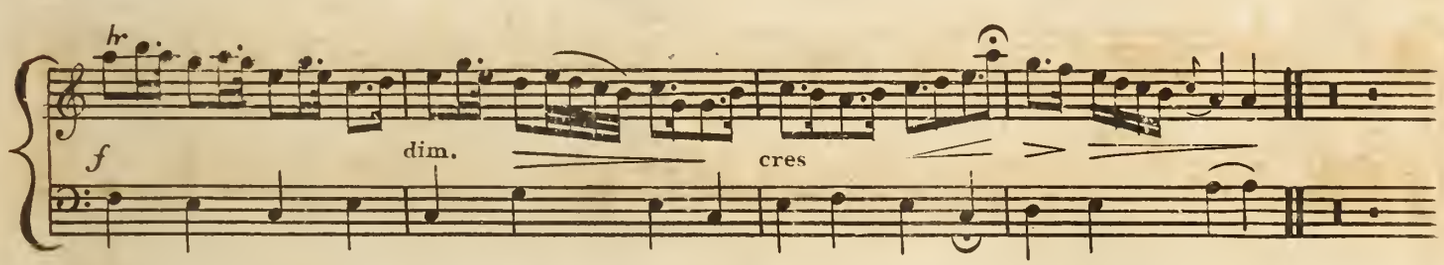
"Duncan Macqueen".





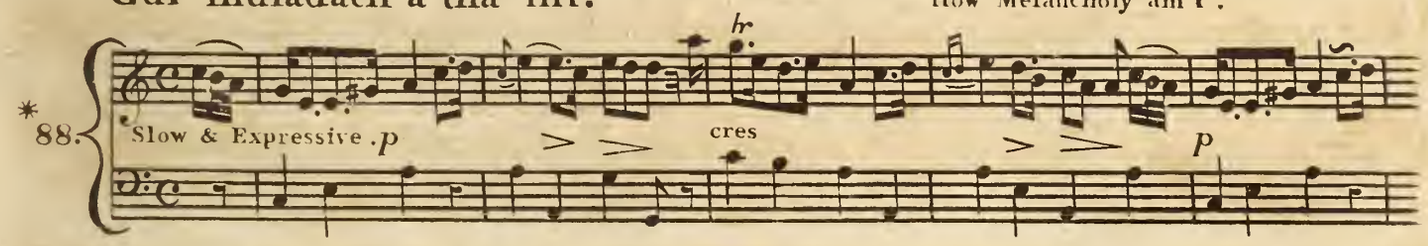


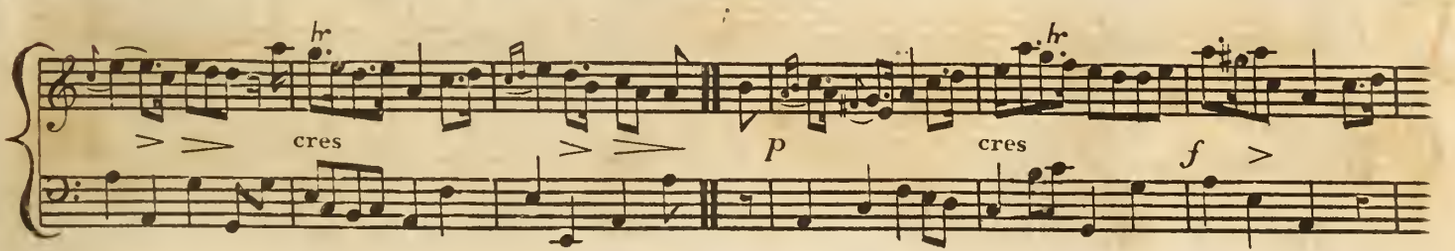


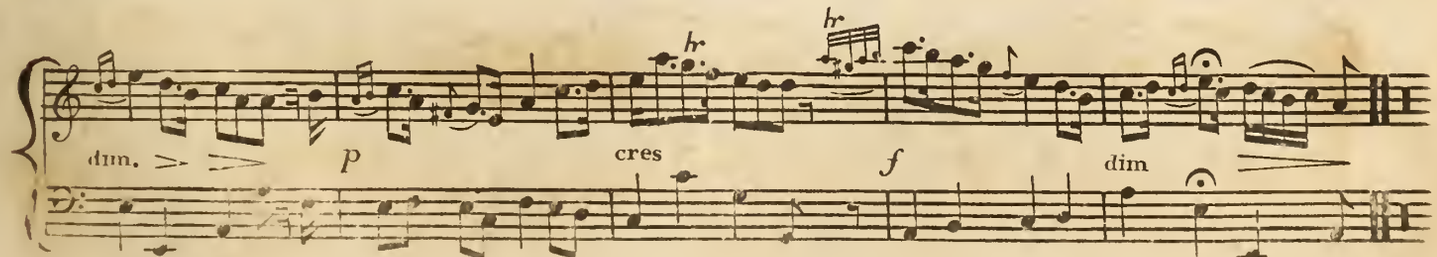


Gur muladach a tha mi.

"How Melancholy am I".

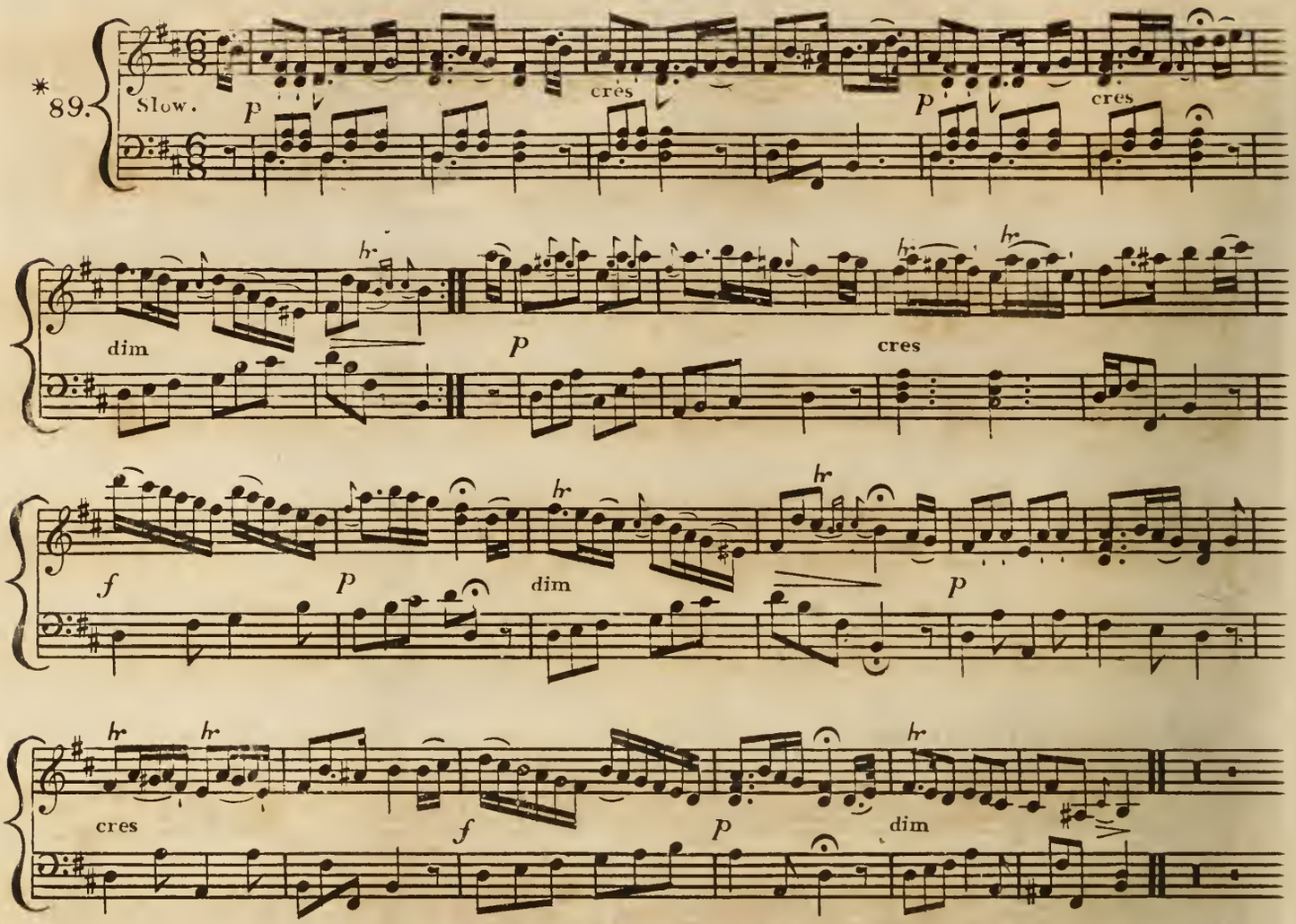






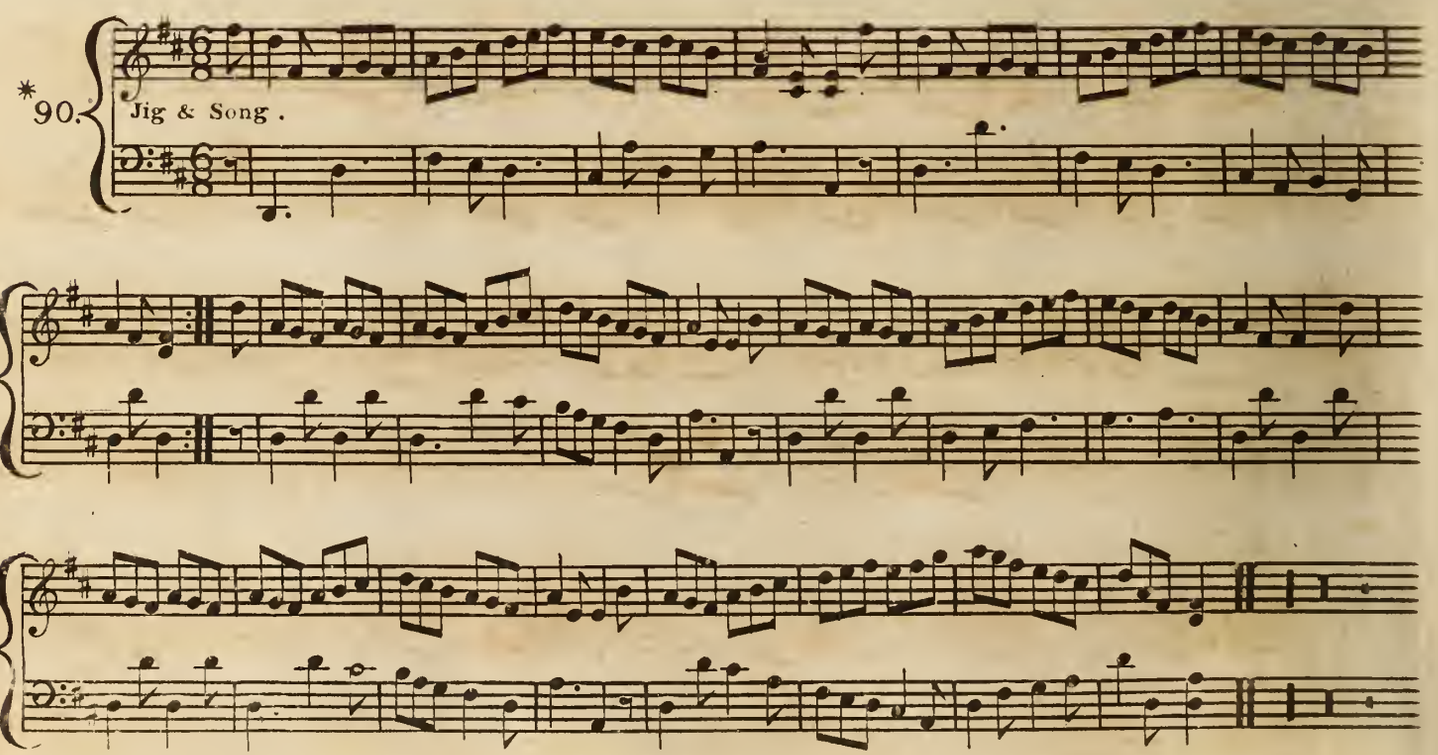
Glean' mor na h' Albain.

"The Great Glen of Scotland".



An Cruineachadh iomlan ludhair.

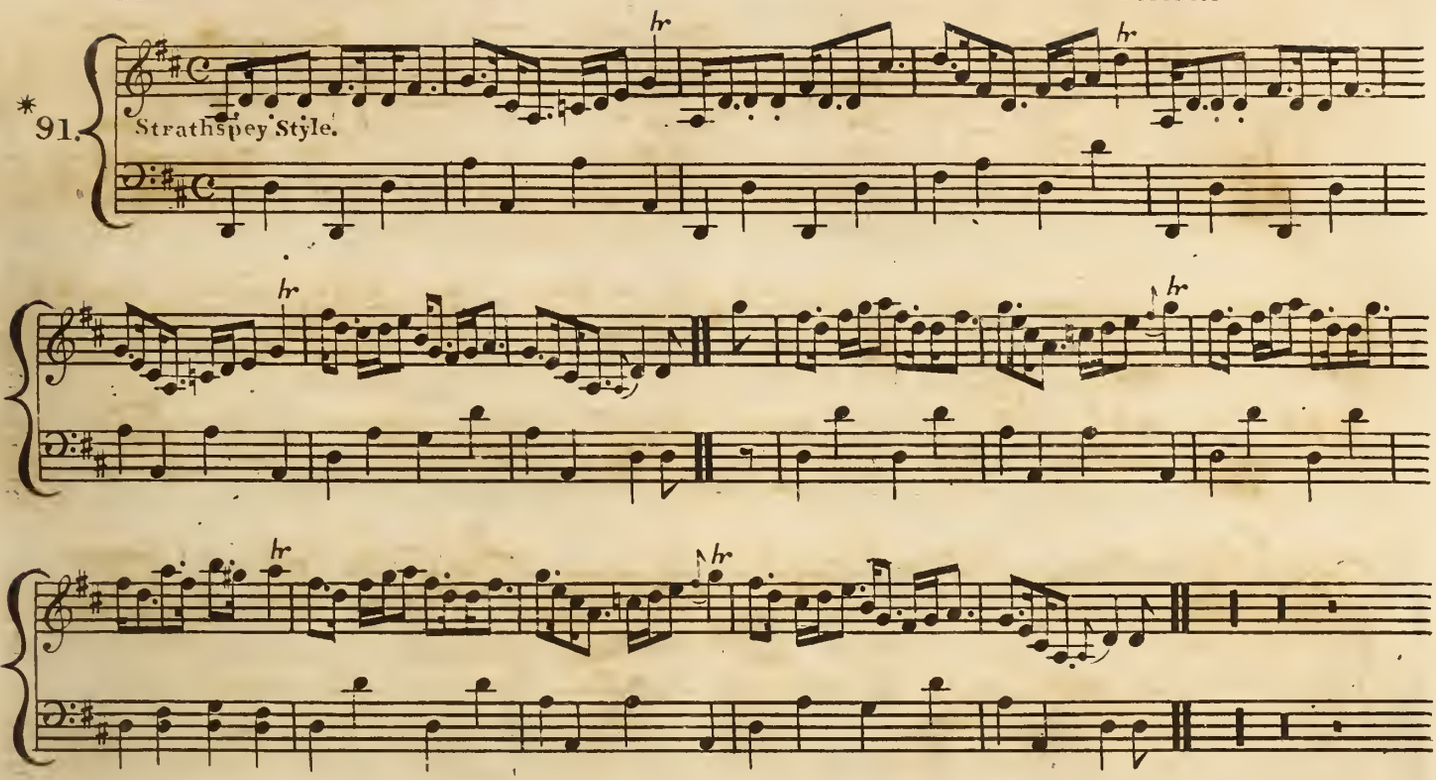
"The General Gathering 1745."



An Toisheachd.

"Ferrintosh."

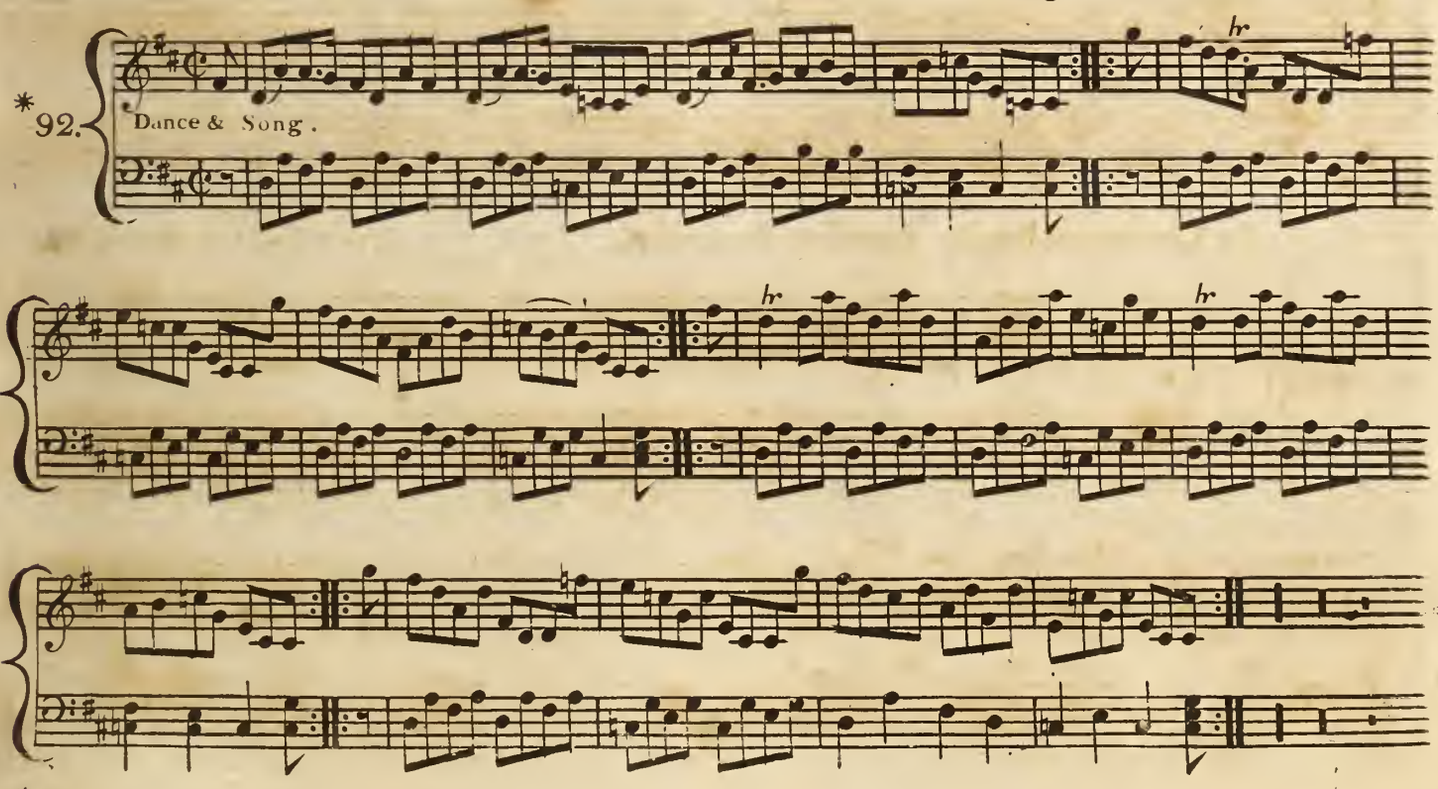
*91. Strathspey Style.



Bean na bainnse.

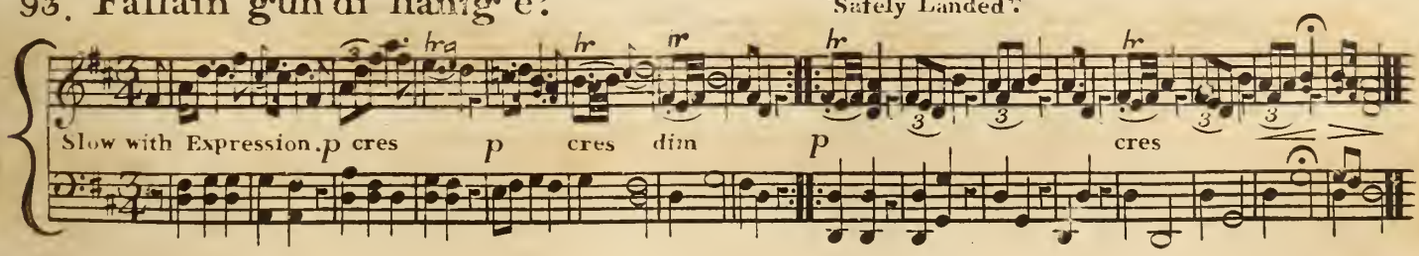
"The Bedding of the Bride."

*92. Dance & Song.



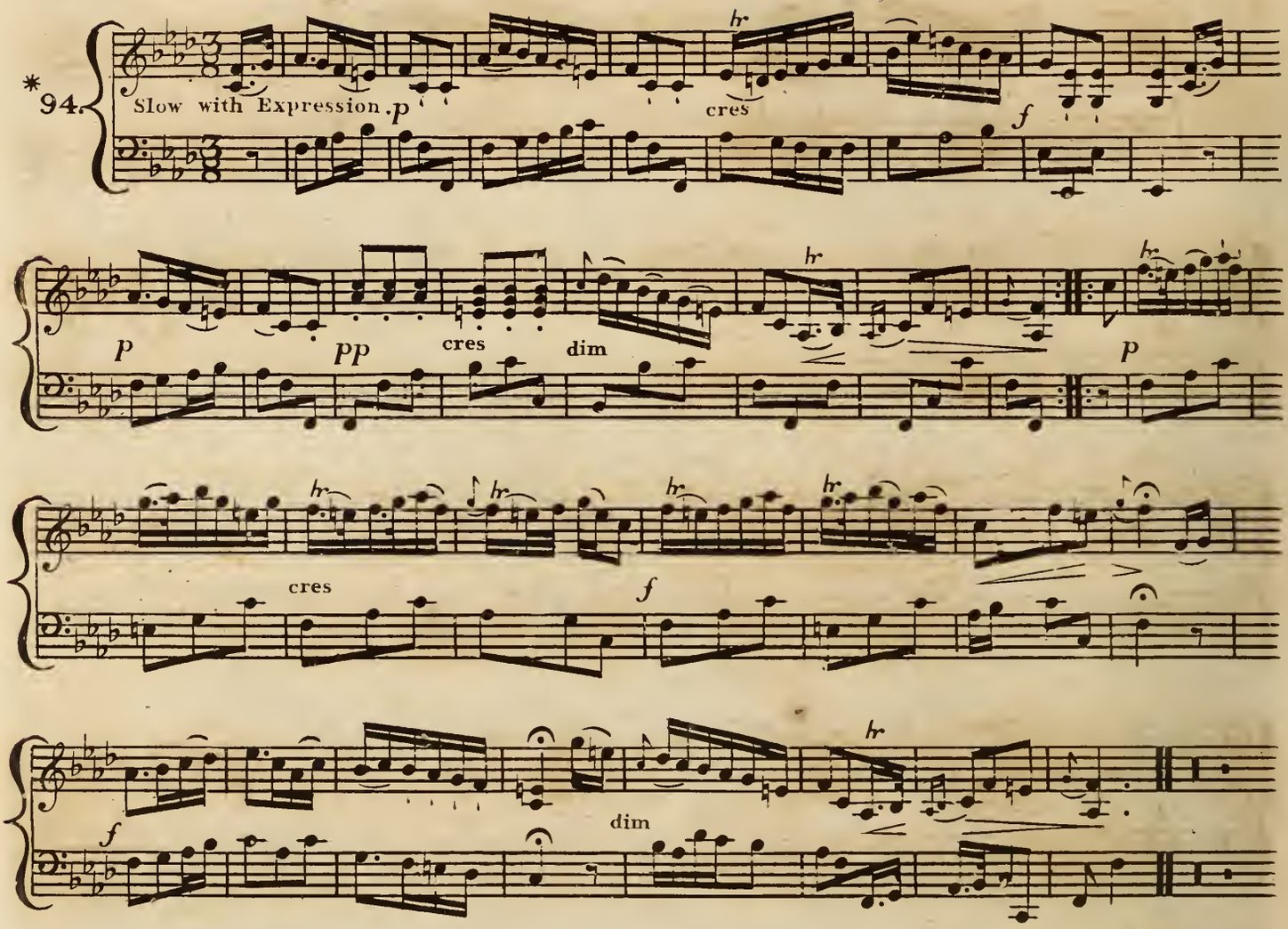
*93. Fallain gun di' hanig e!

"Safely Landed."



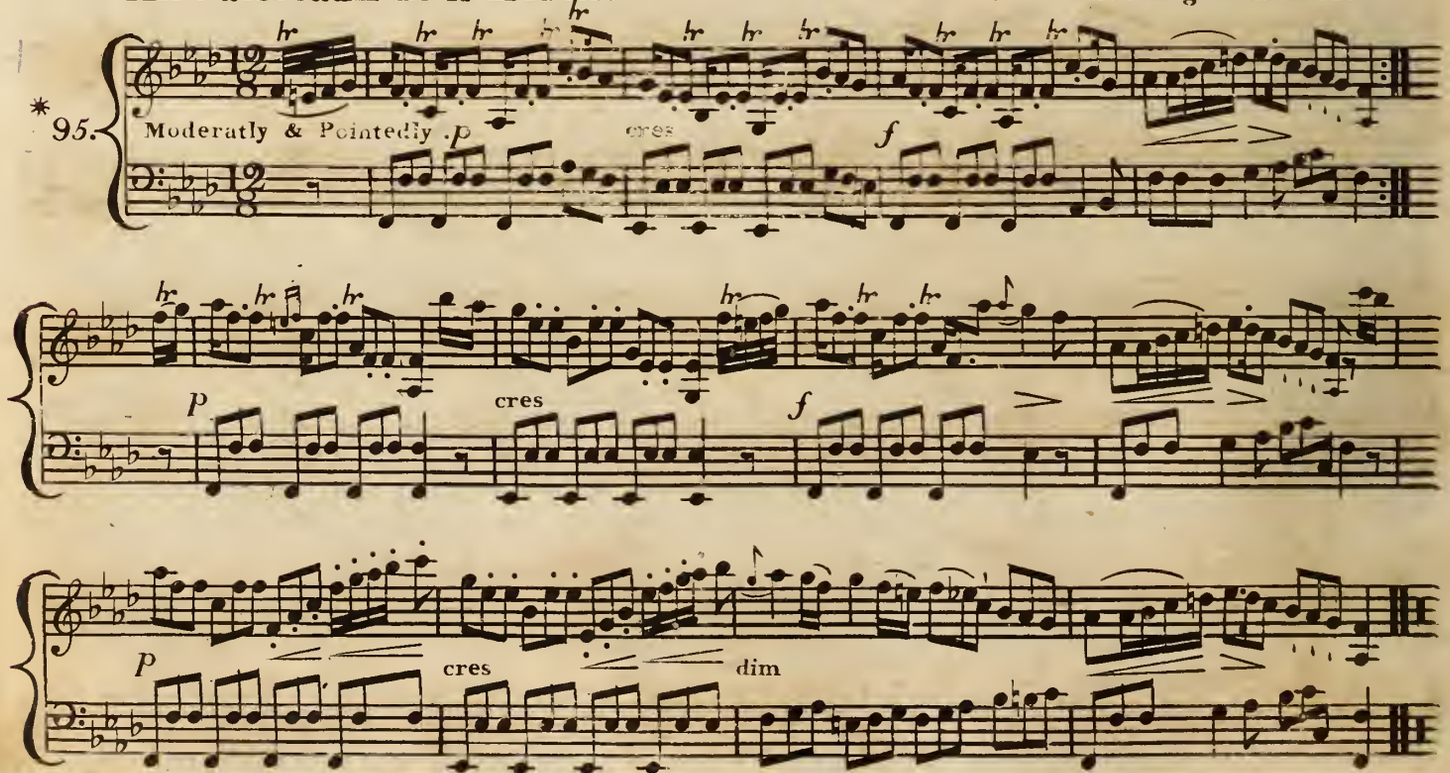
Se so marbh rann mo charaid.

"The Death of my Friend."

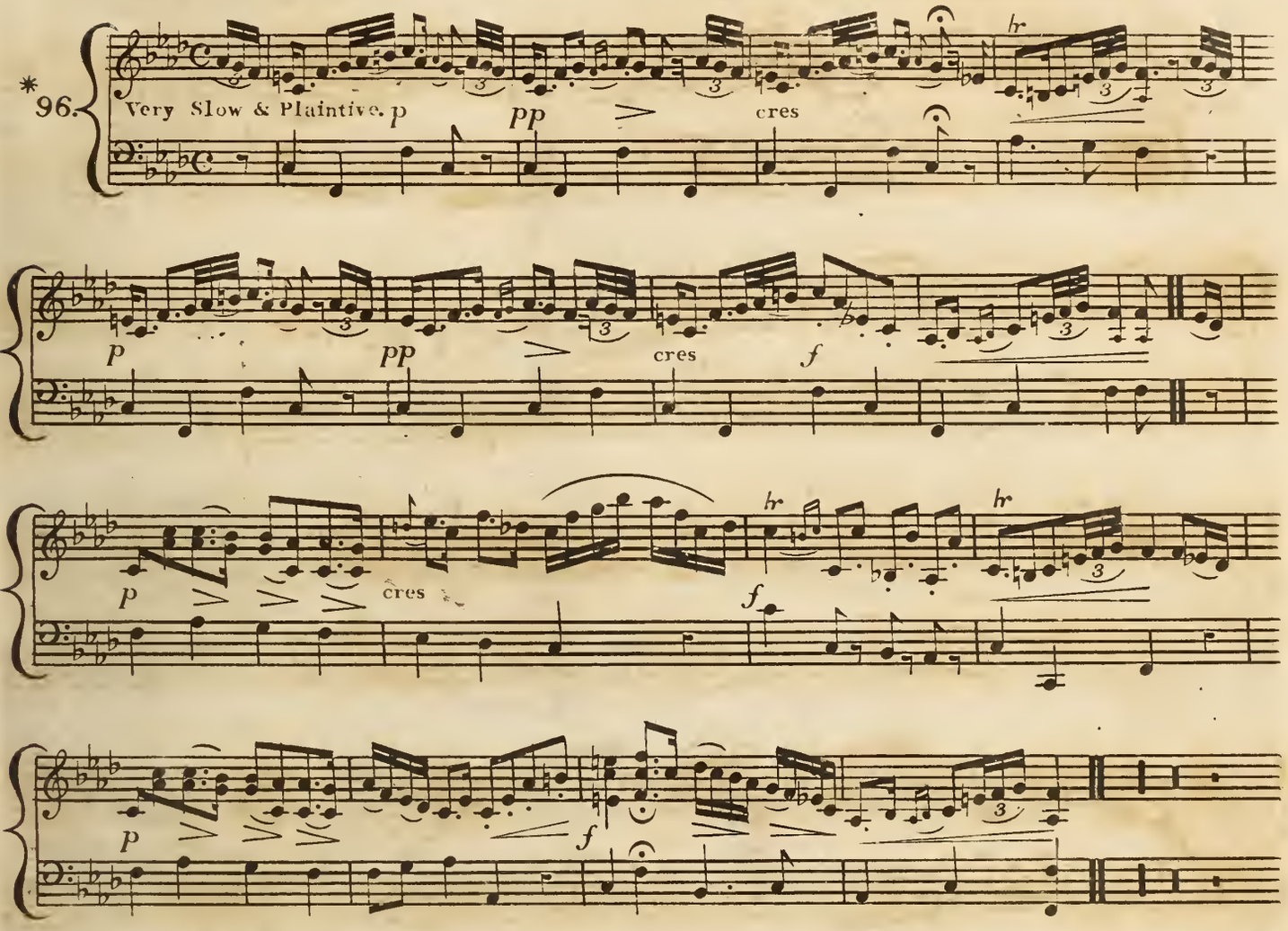


An t'aisseadh do'n Eirin.

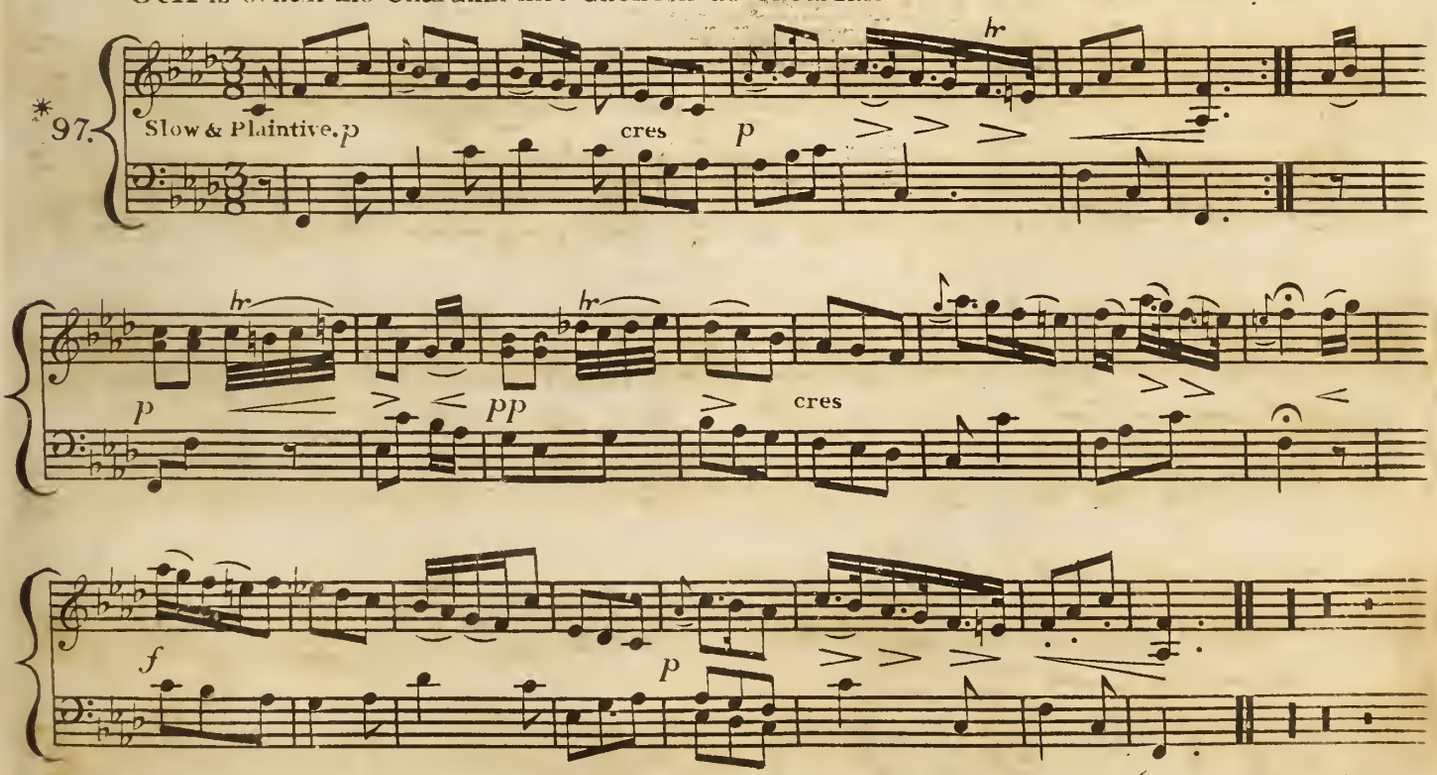
"Crossing to Ireland."



Barbara Ni' mhic Pherson. "Bonny Barbara Mc Pherson." Communicated by a Friend.

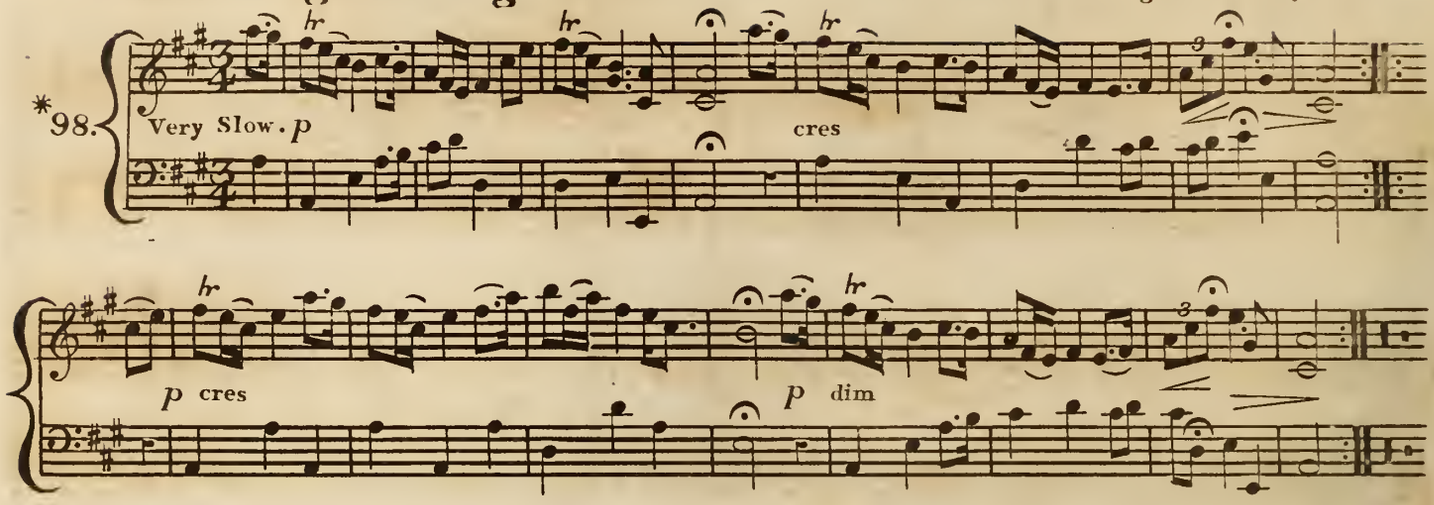


Och is ochan mo Charamh mar dheirich do Thearlach. "Waes me for Charley."



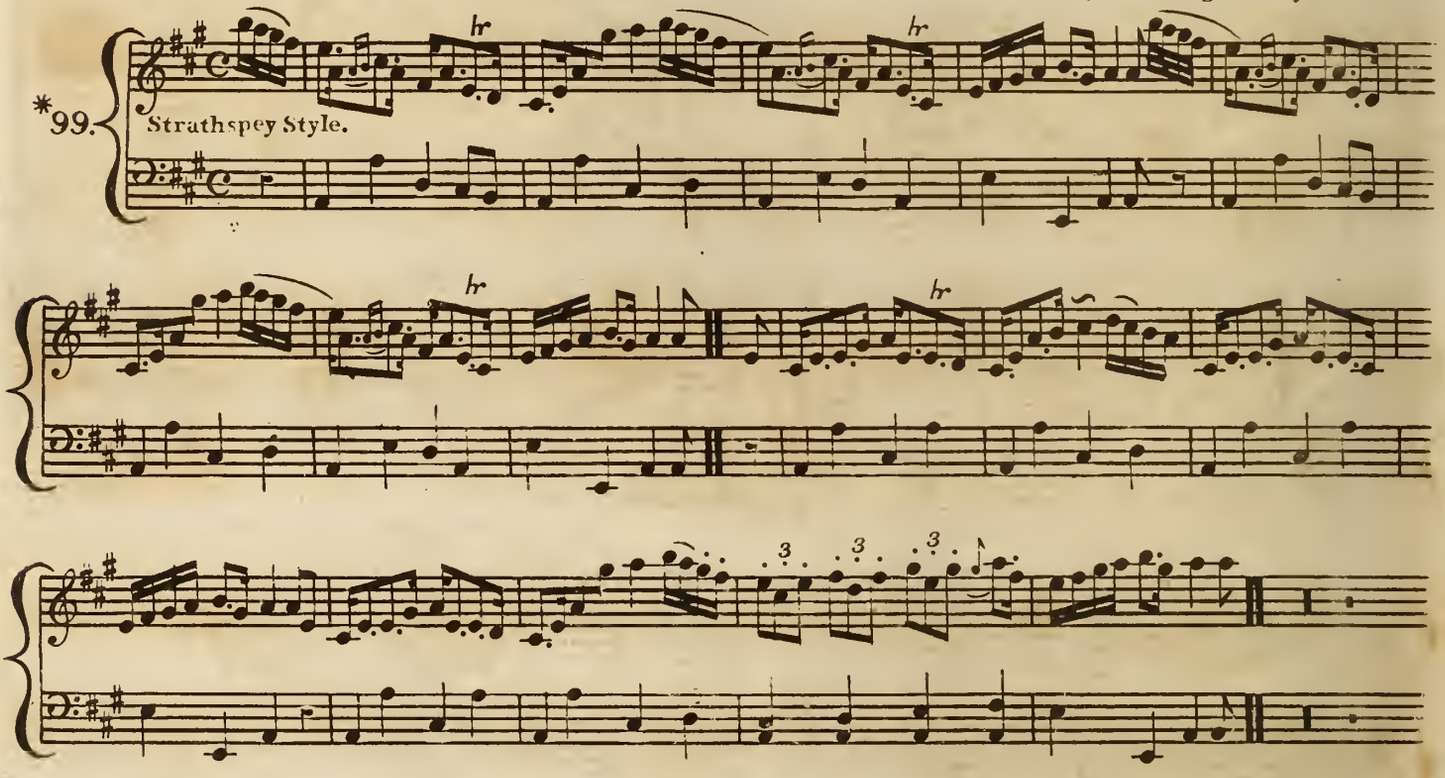
Tha m' aigne fodh ghruaim.

"This gloom on my [illegible]"



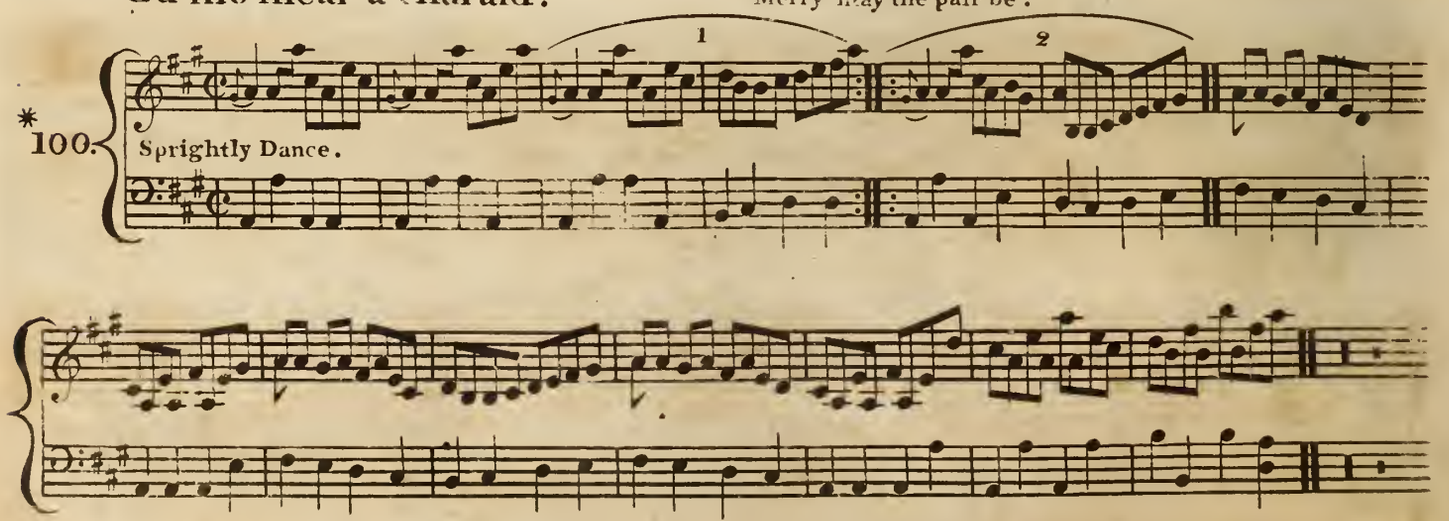
Bainnais Marc Hundfhuin.

"Huntlys Wedding Medley"



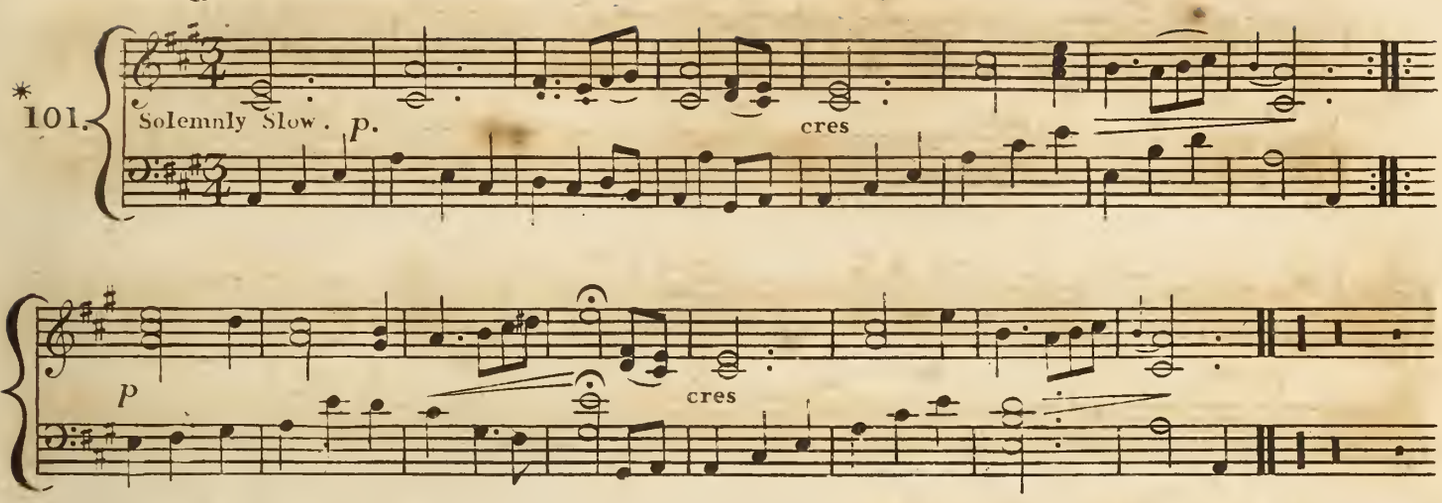
Gu mo mear a charaid.

"Merry may the pair be"



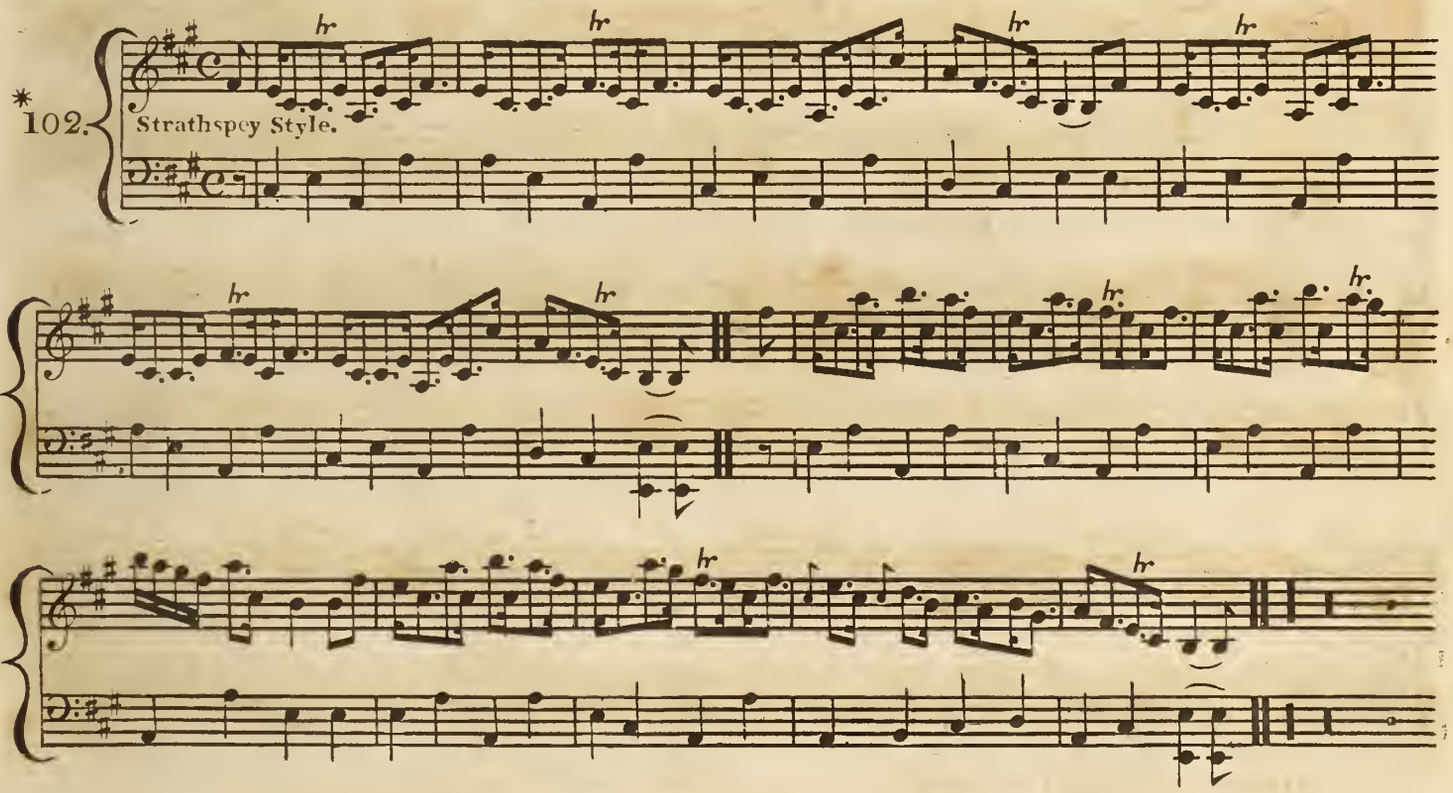
Uaigh a Bhaird.

"The Poets Grave."



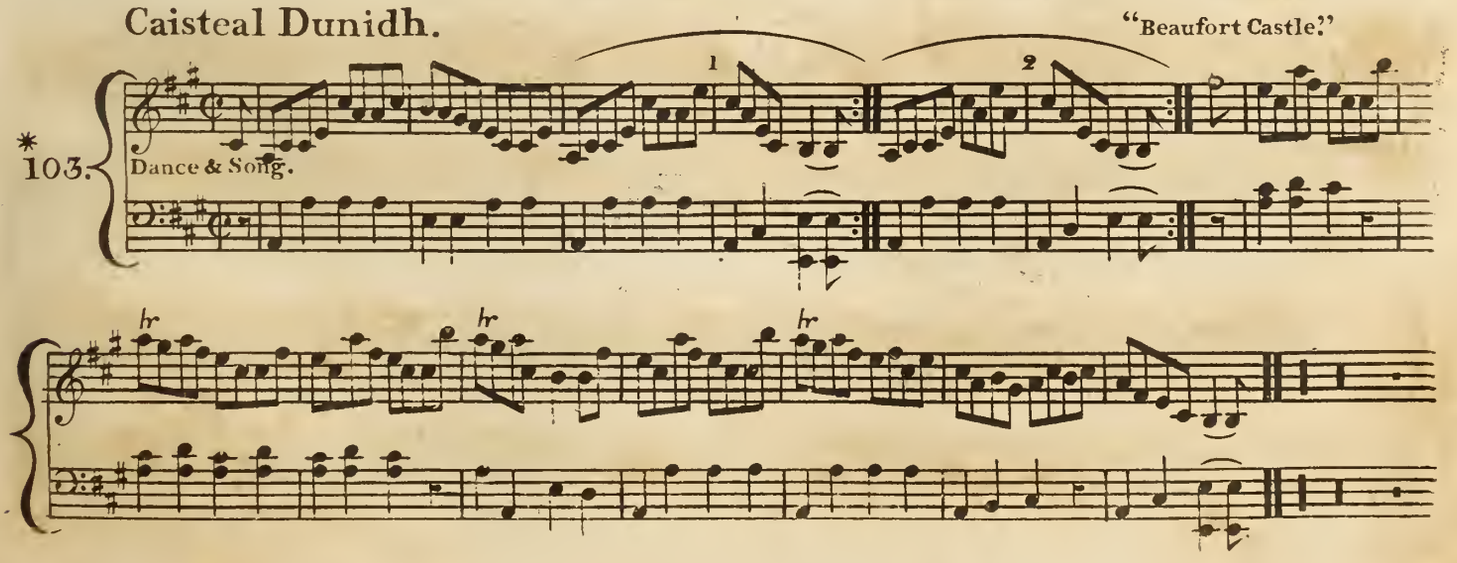
Coir a Mhoni.

"Corrymonny."

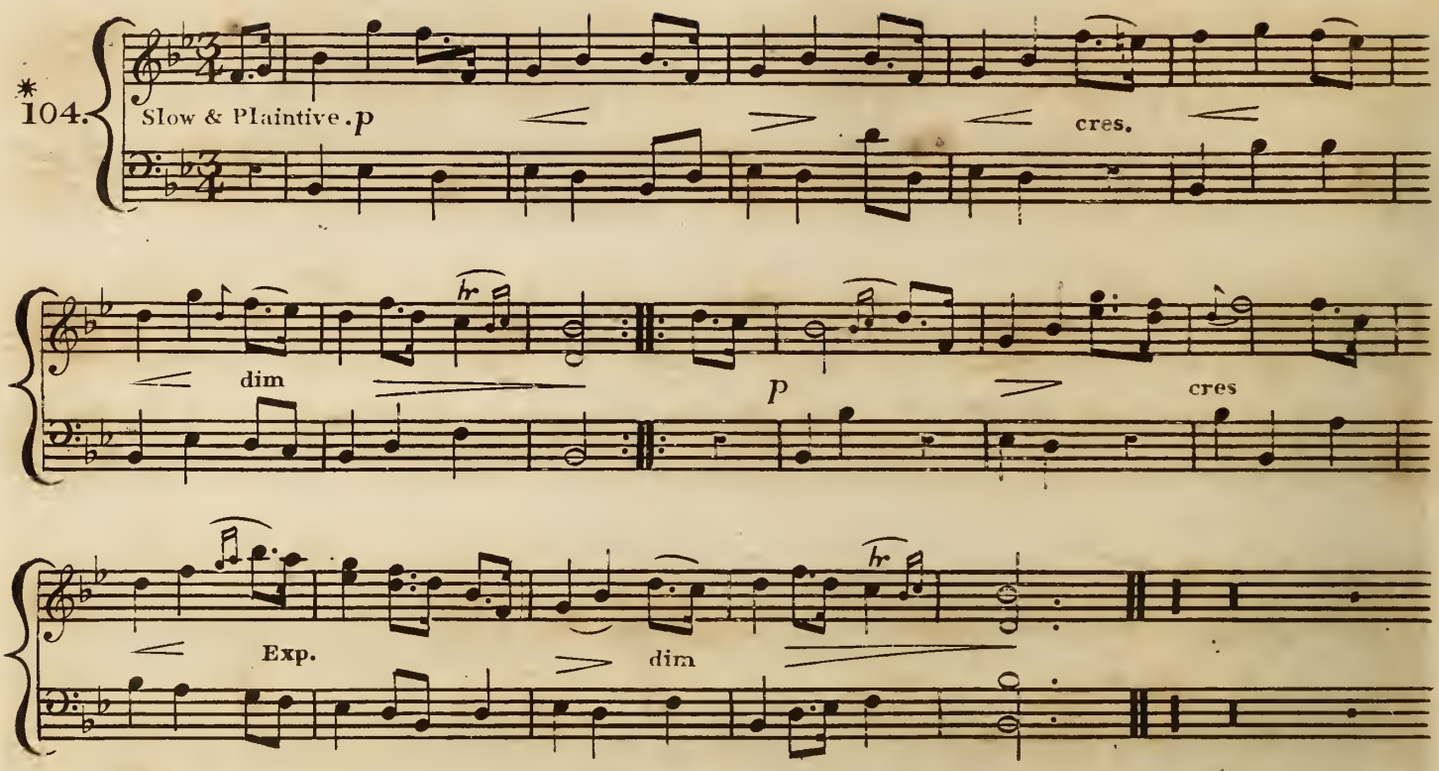


Caisteal Dunidh.

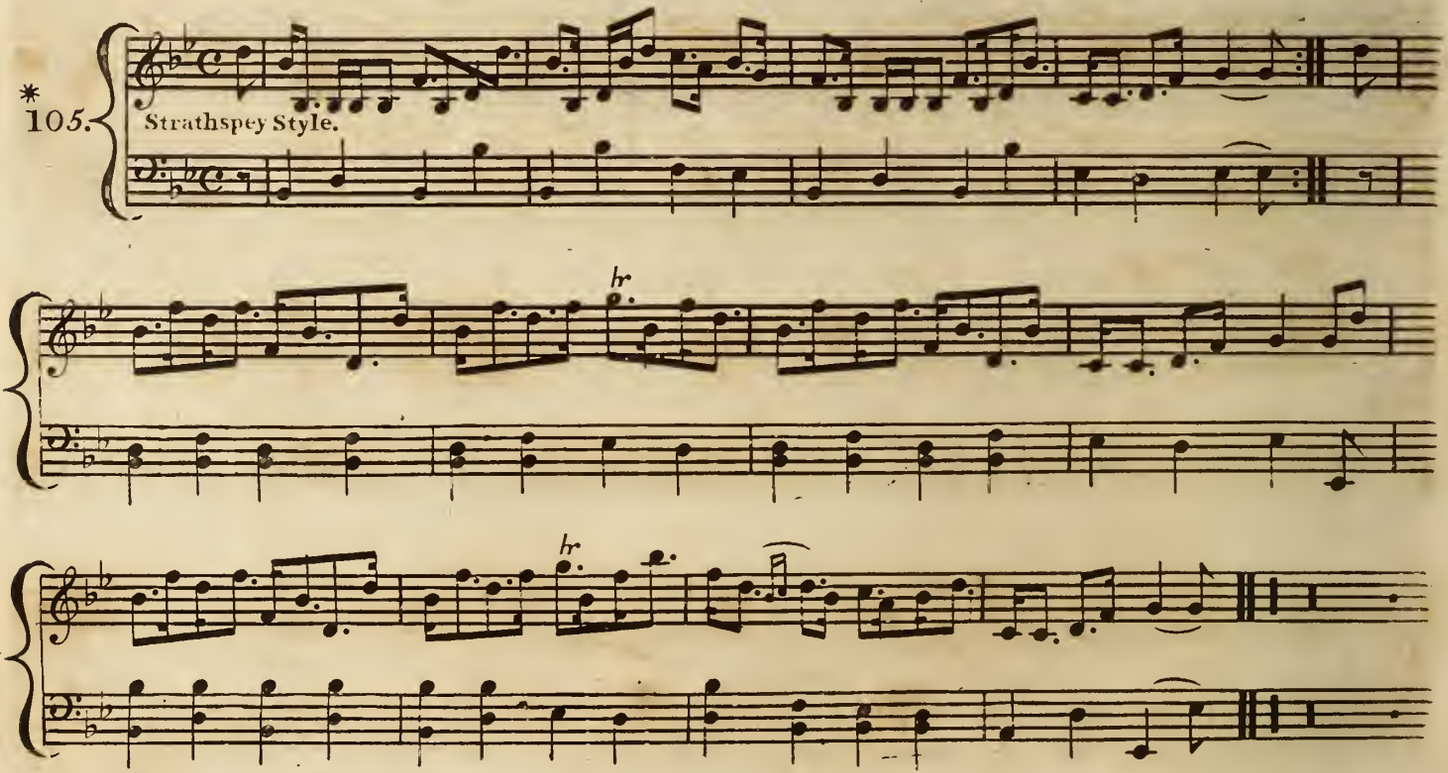
"Beaufort Castle."



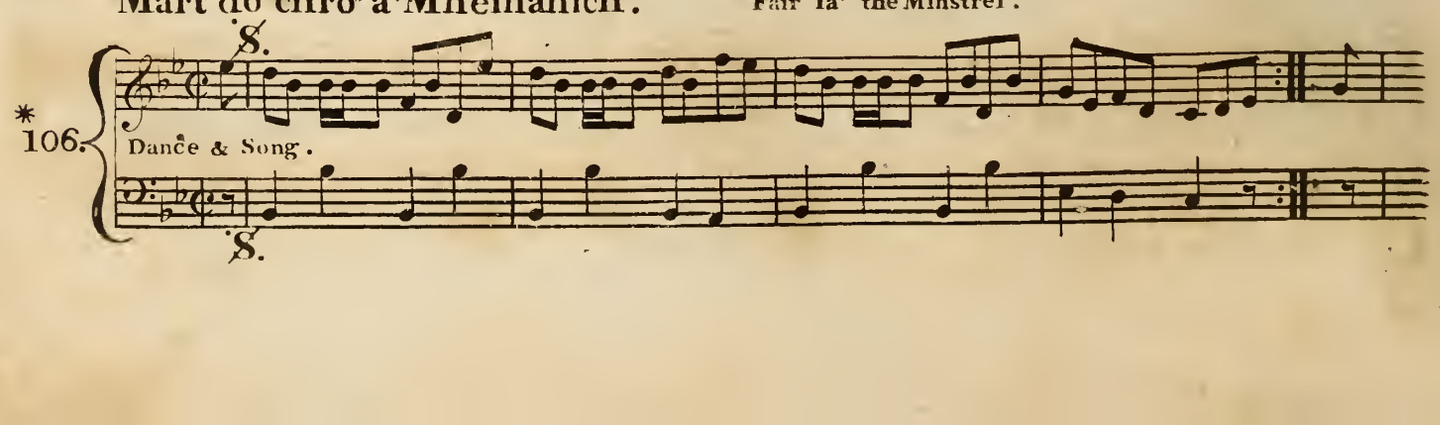
Fhir a bhata. "The Boat of my Lover".

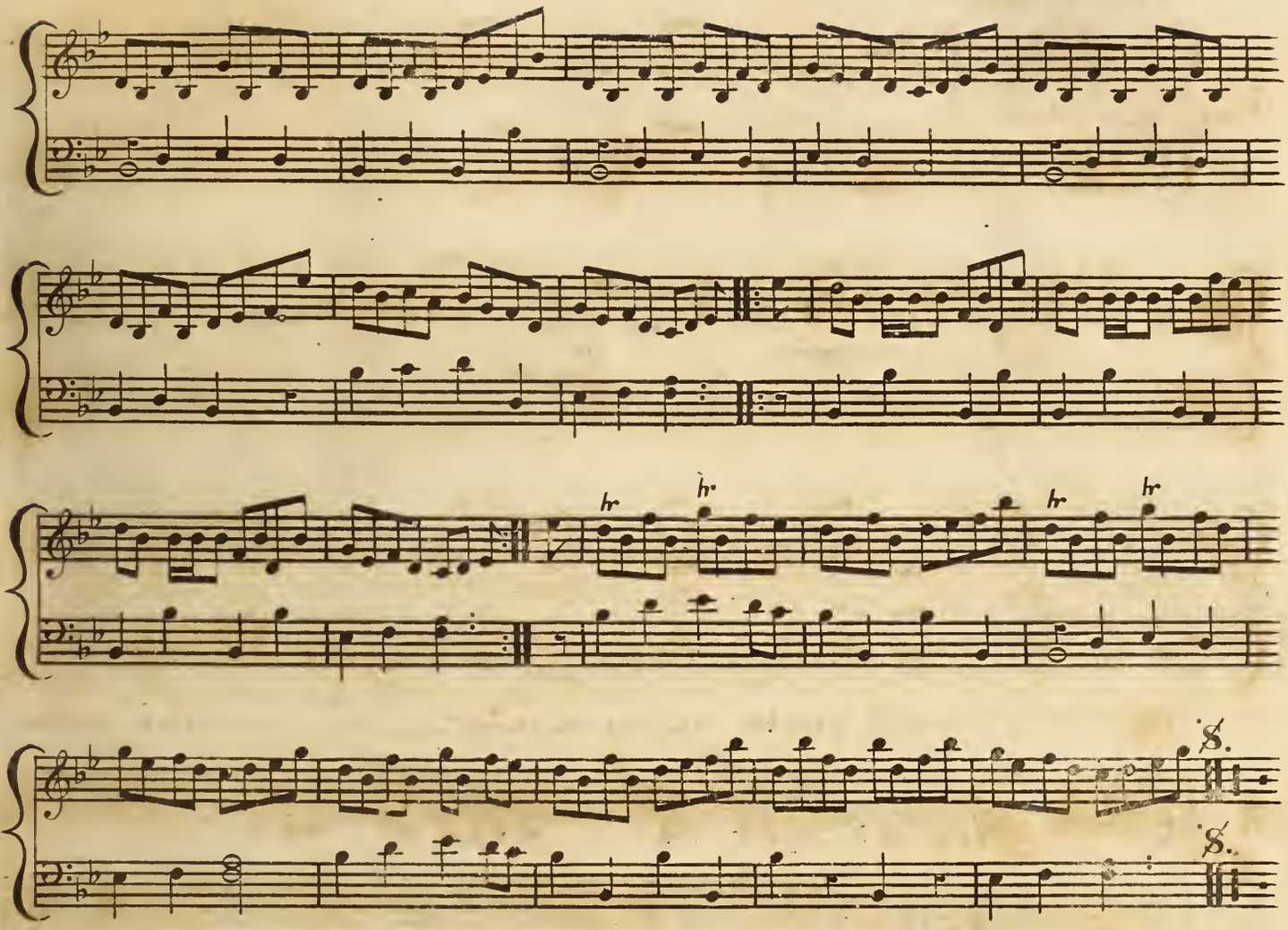


Coileach an' toabh Tuadh. "The Cock of the North"—an Honorary title of the D. of Gordon.



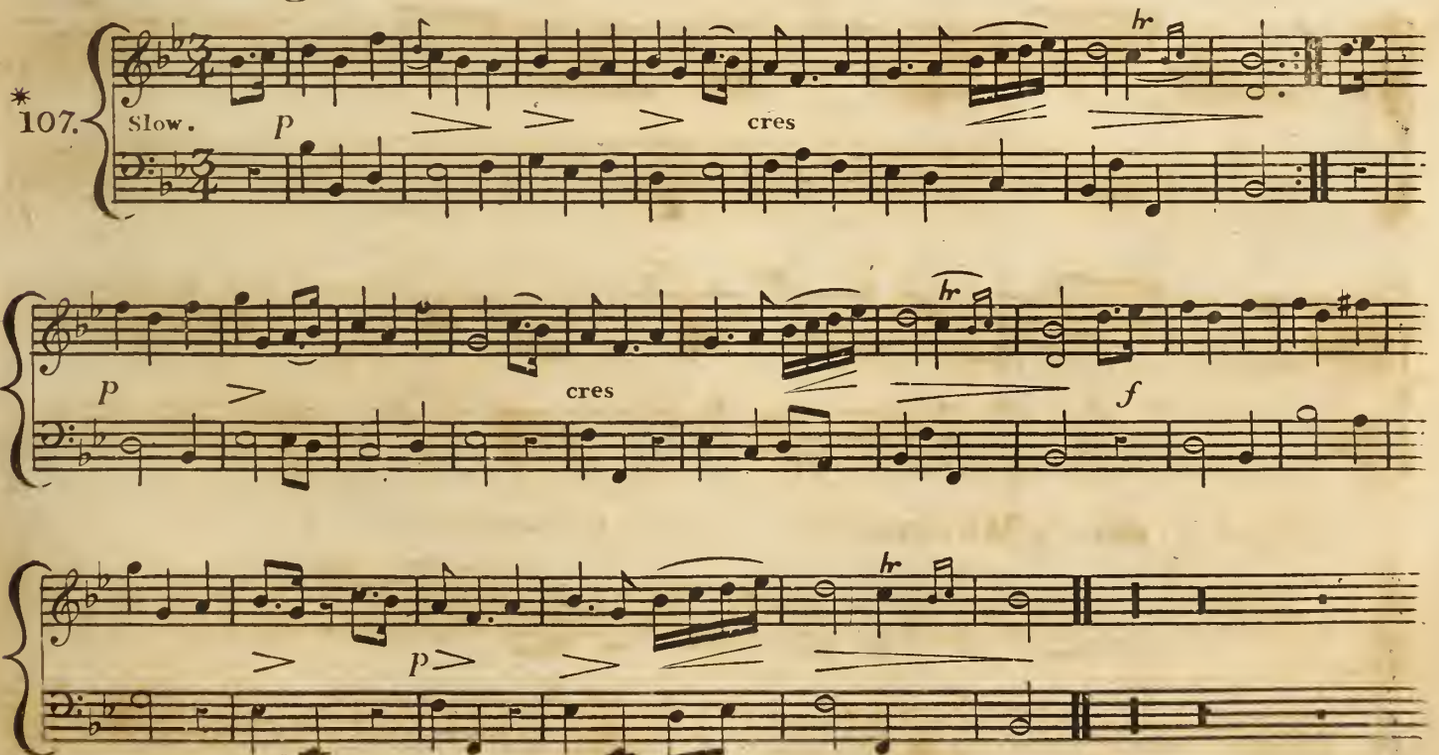
Mart do chro'a Mheinanich. "Fair fa' the Minstrel".





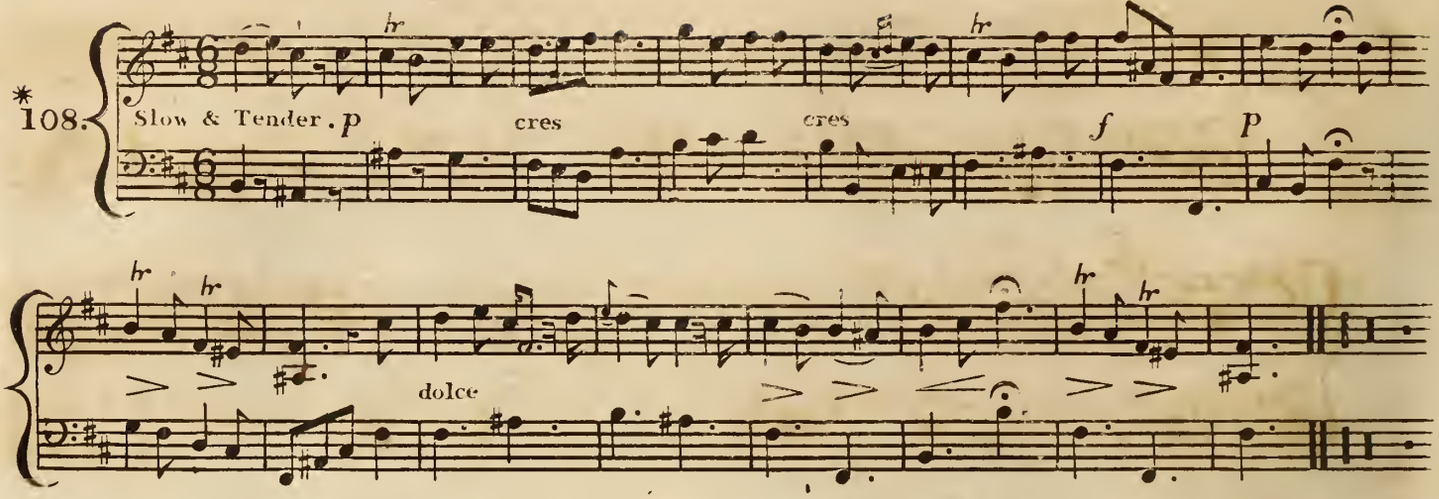
An' Eacaig.

"The Sequestered Beauty."



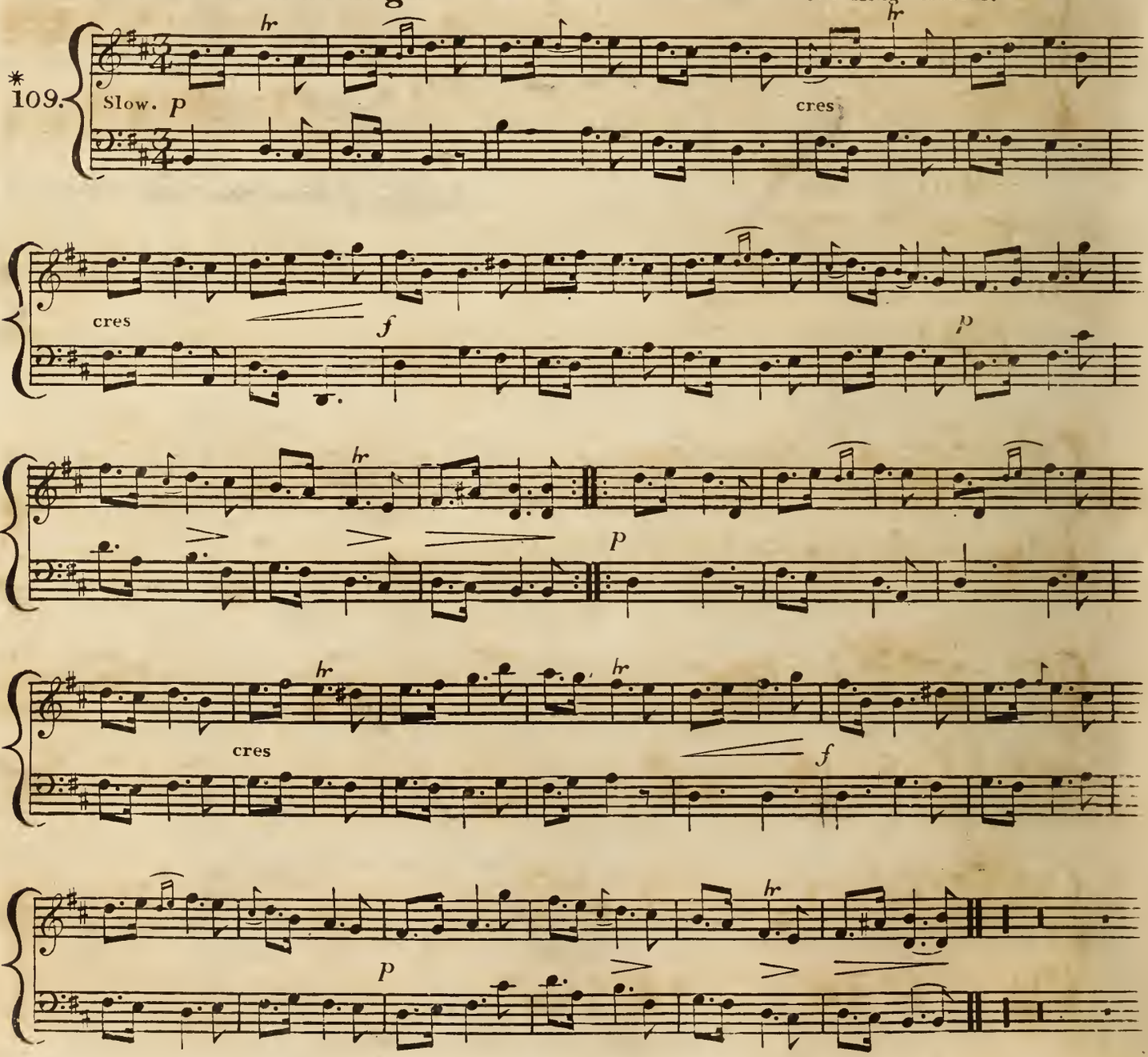
Eisd mo chailléag Eisd!

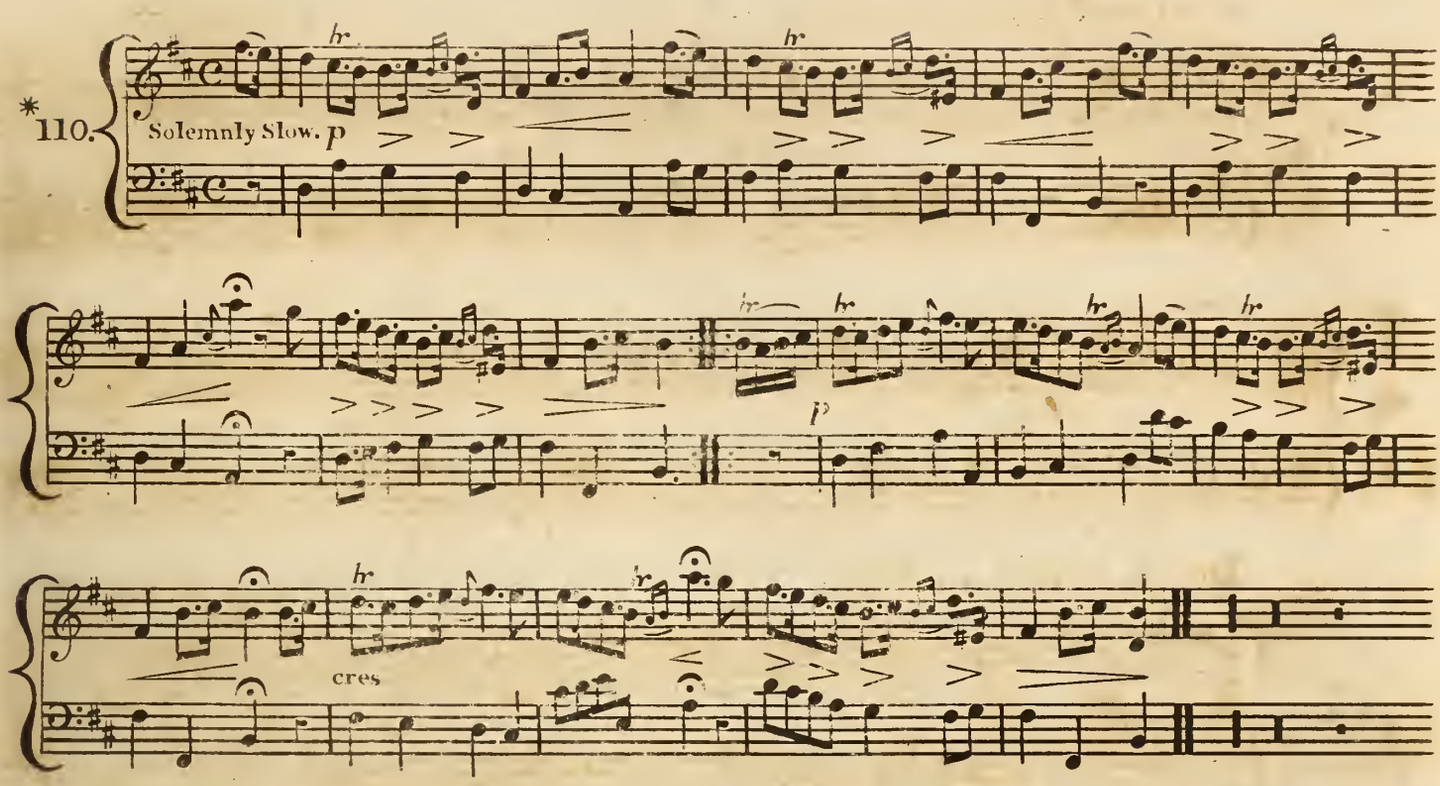
"Listen sweet girl listen".



Deoch slaint an Righ.

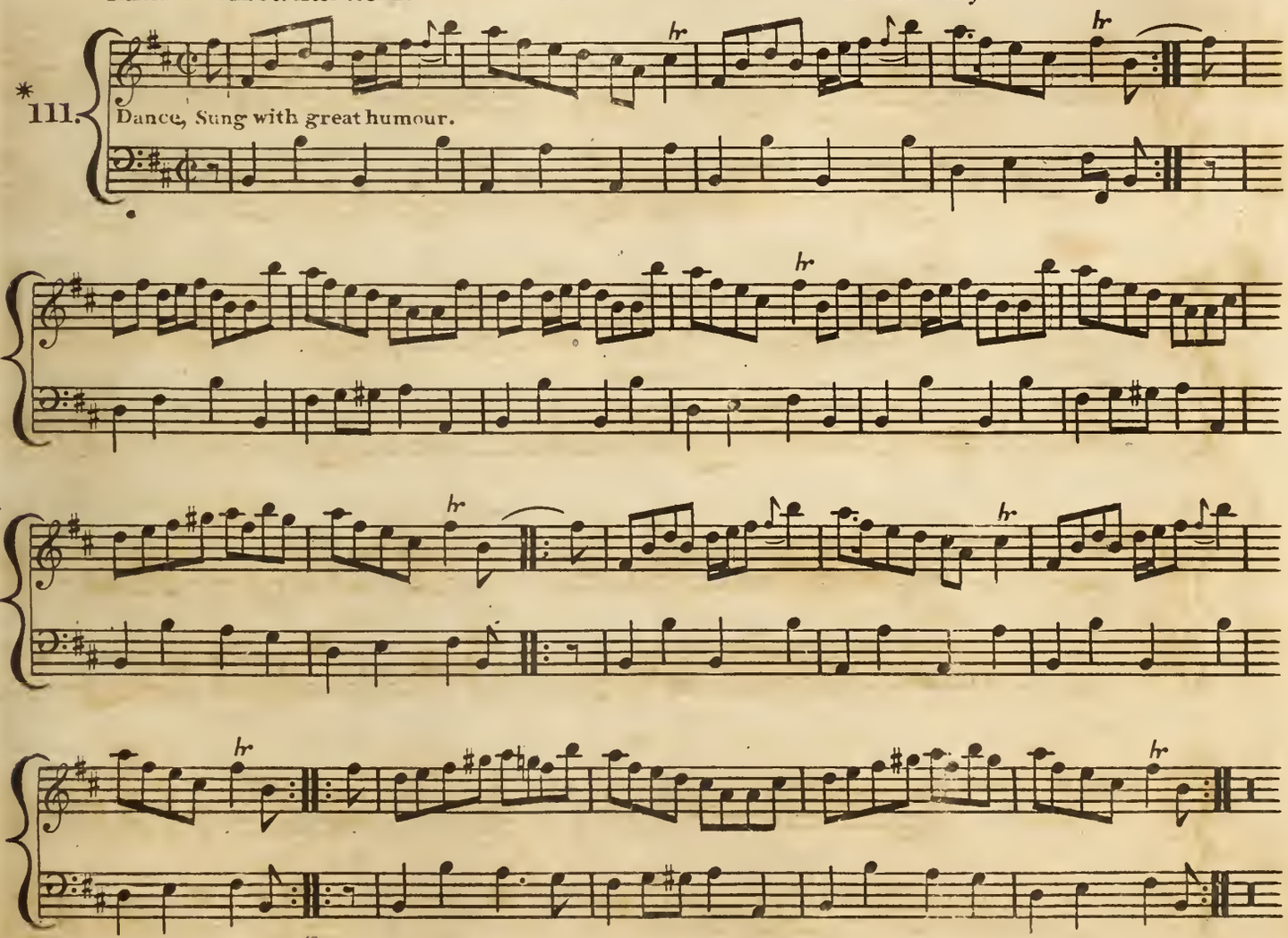
"The Kings Health".



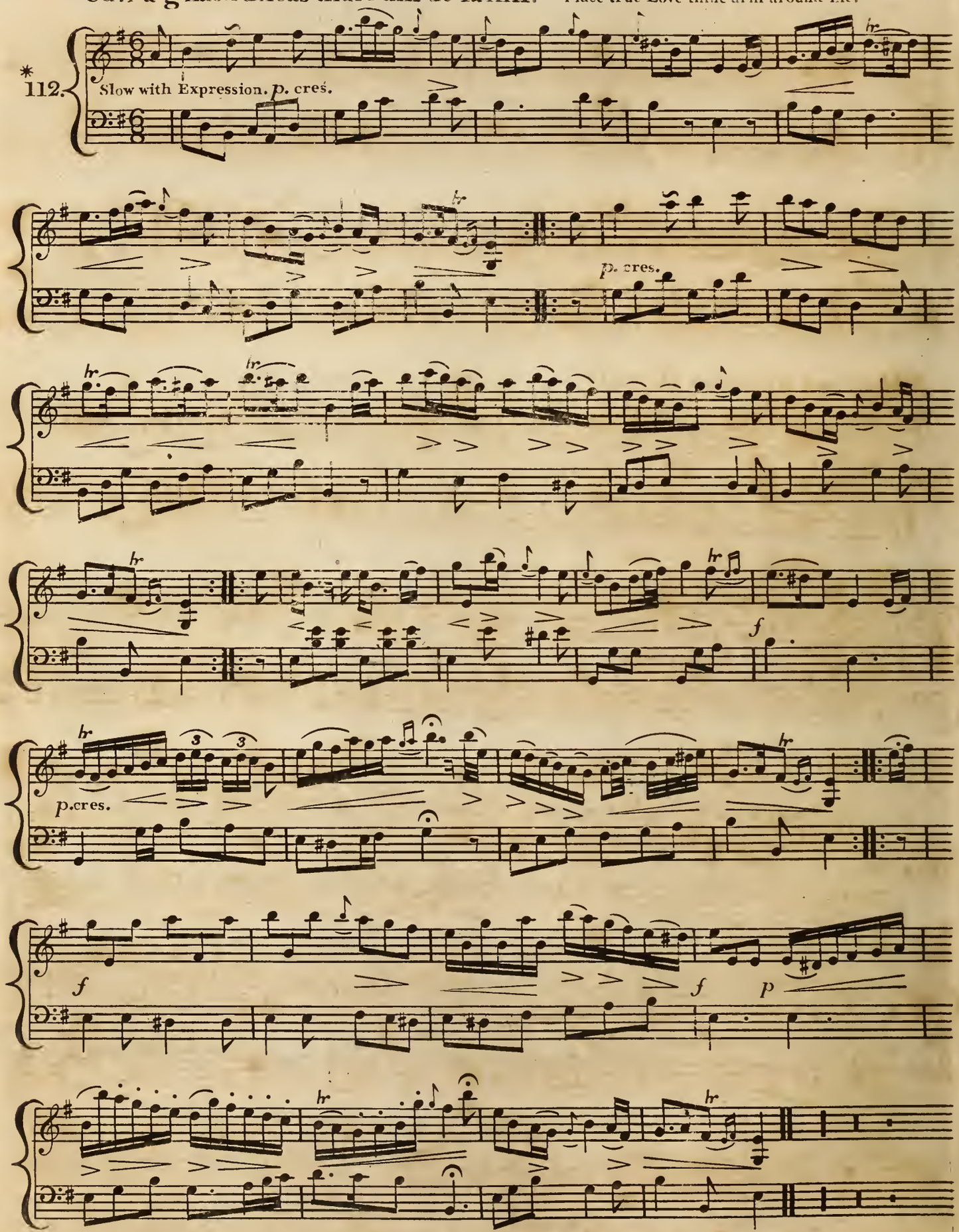


Mari bheadarach.

"Dawted Mary."

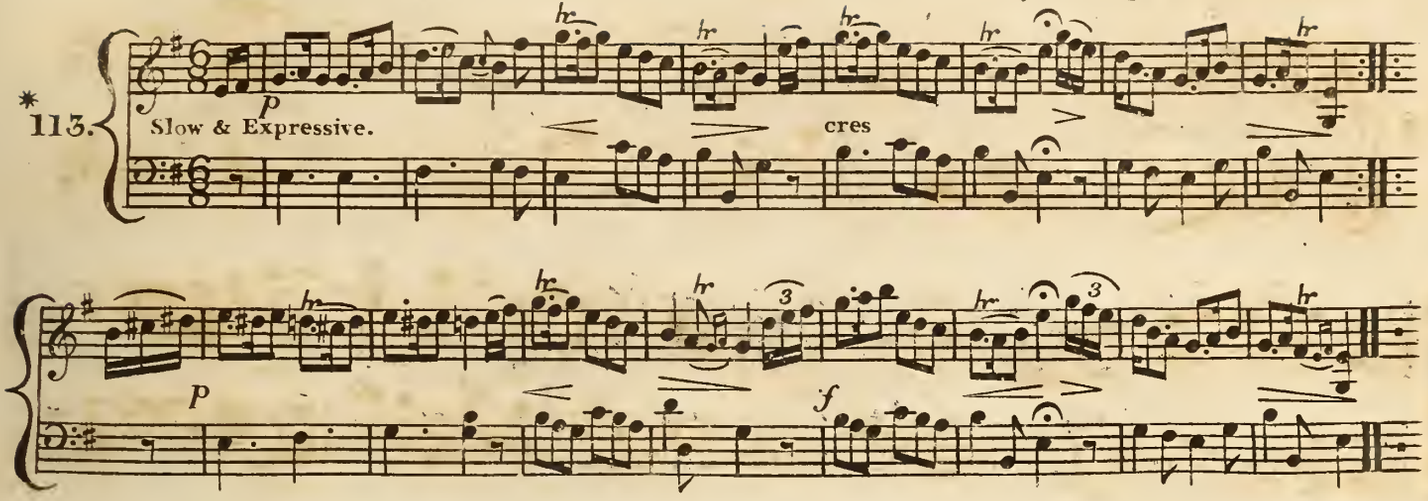


Cuir a ghaoil dileas tharrum do lamh. "Place true Love thine arm around me."



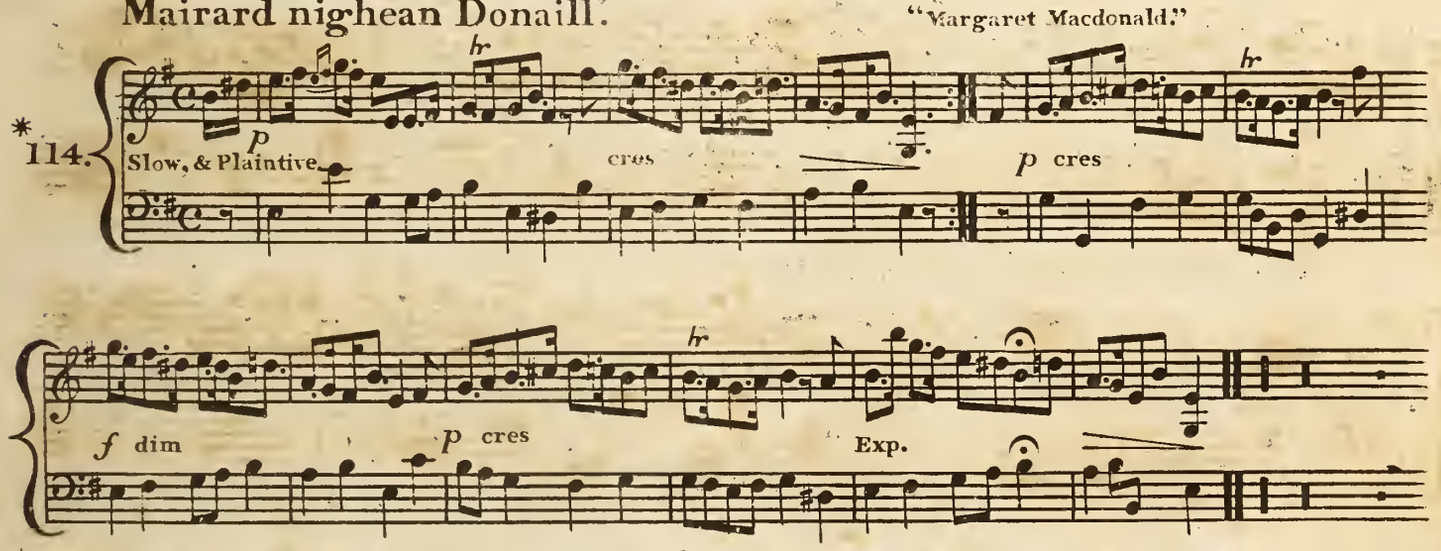
Madain chiun Cheitain.

"Sweet May morning."



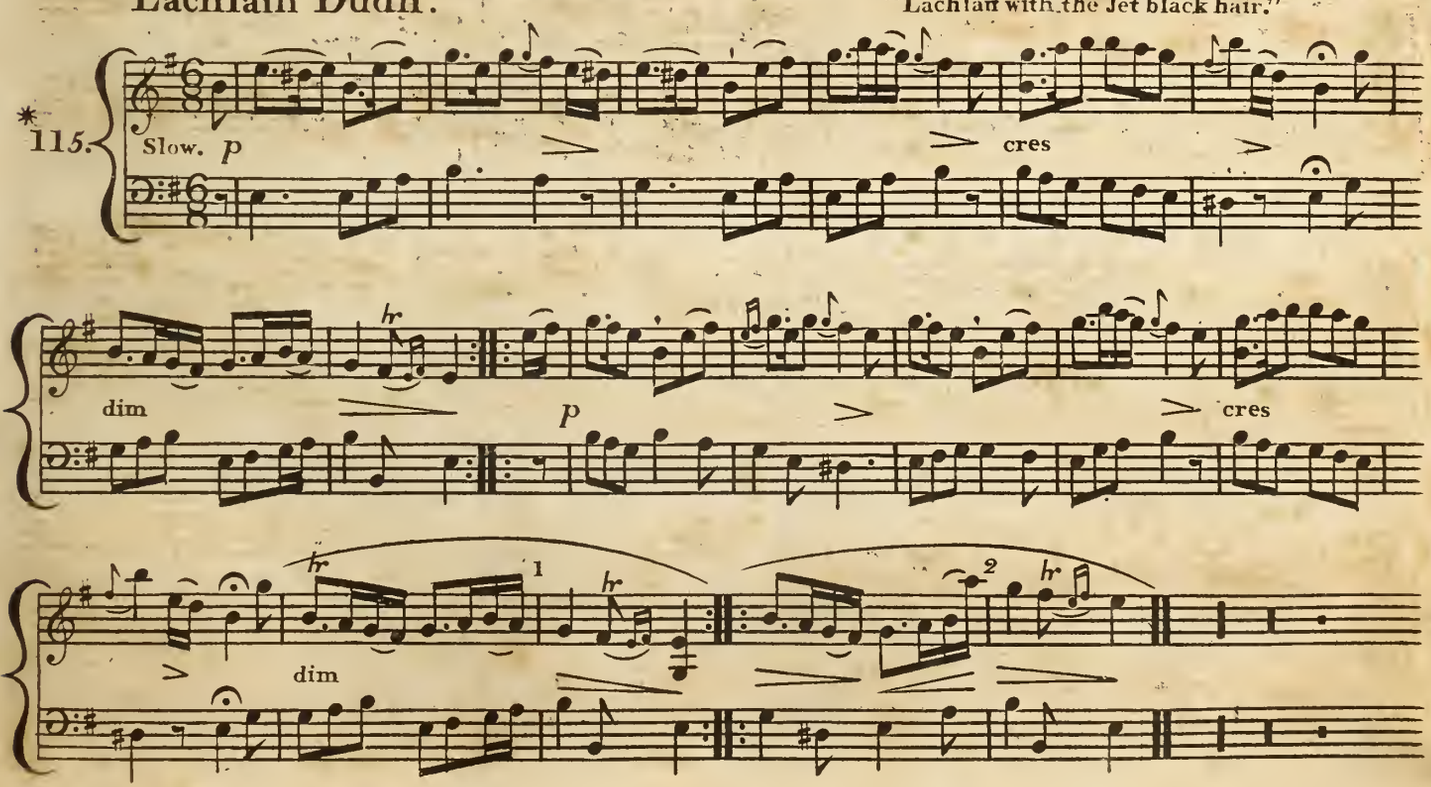
Mairard nighean Donaill.

"Margaret Macdonald."



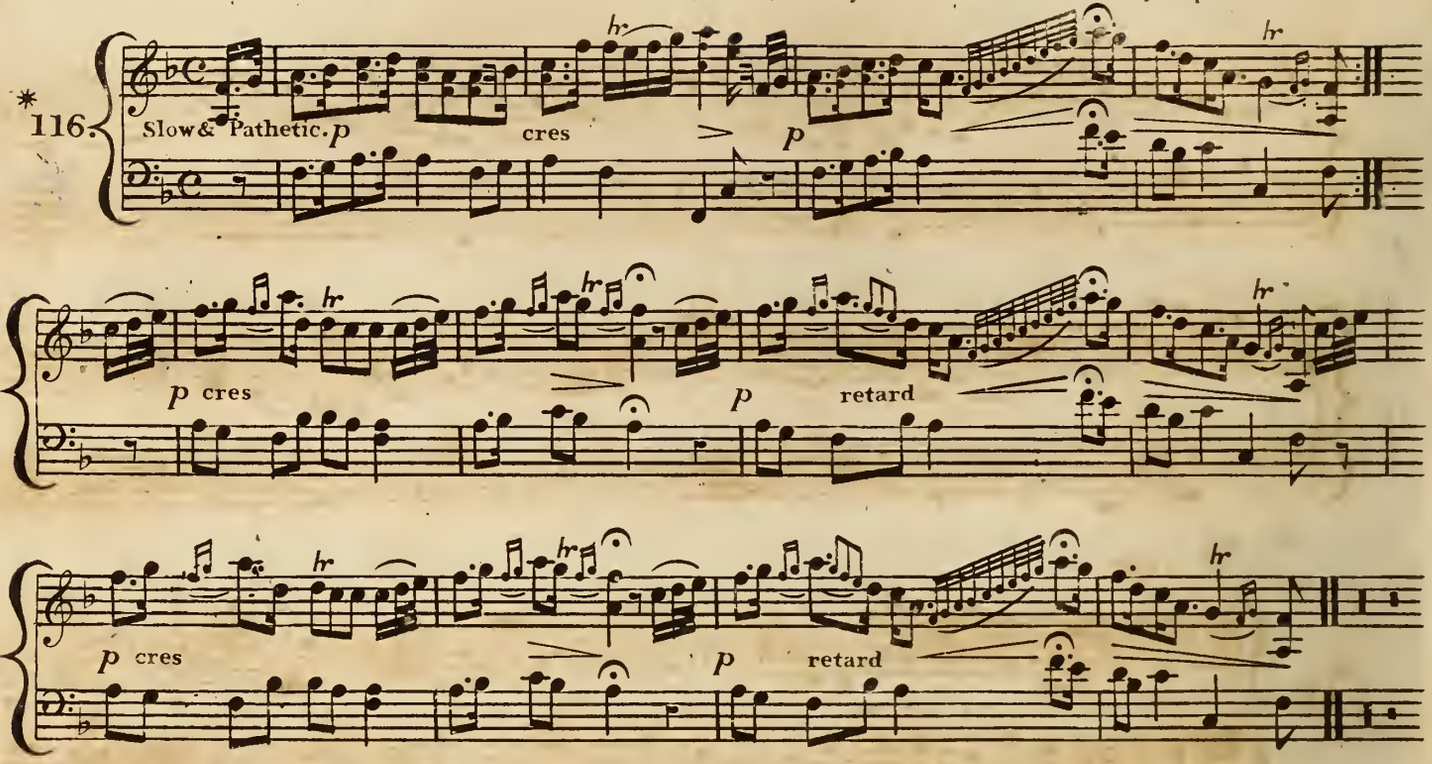
Lachlain Dudh.

"Lachlan with the Jet black hair."



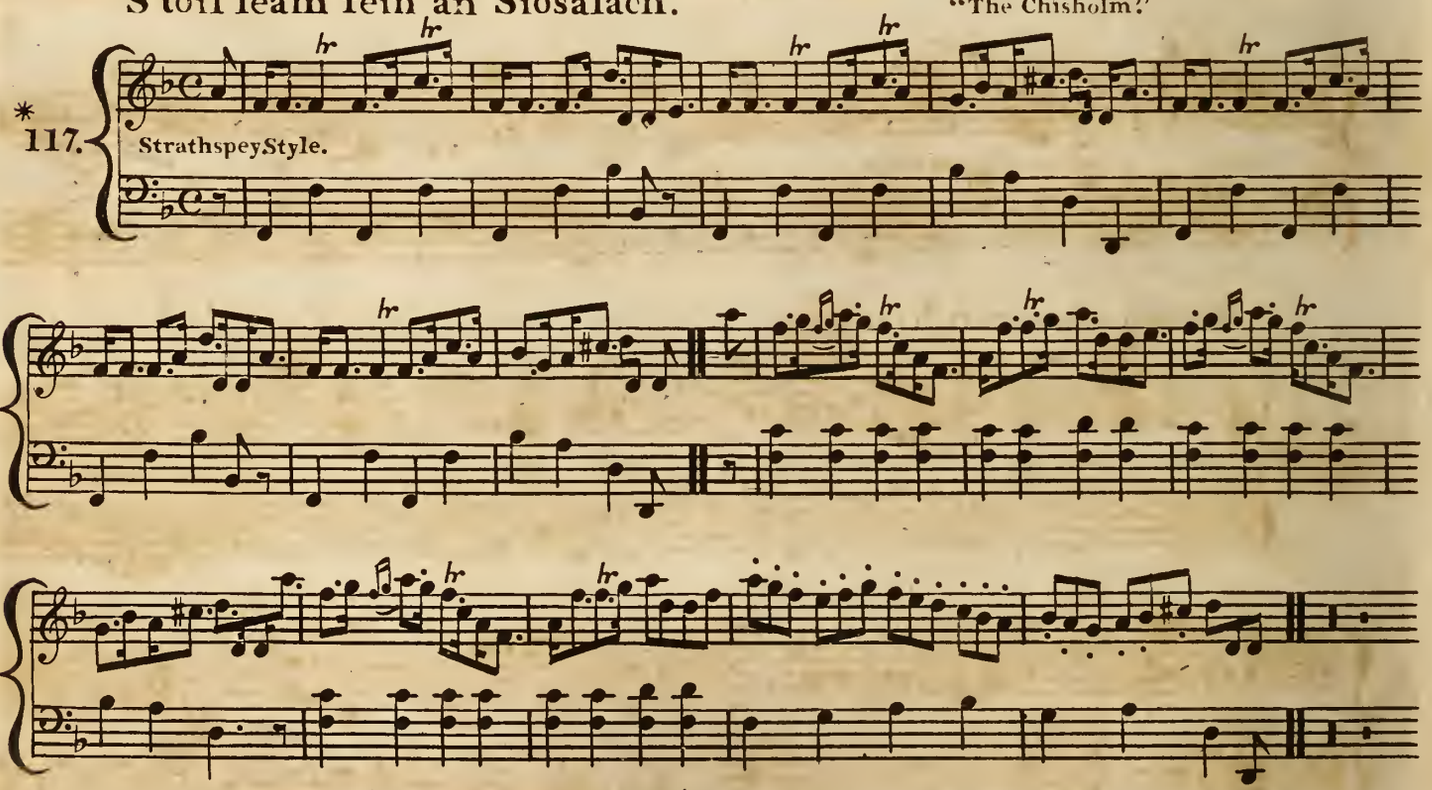
Gun bhris mo chri o'n dhalbh u.

"My heart is broke since thy Departure!"



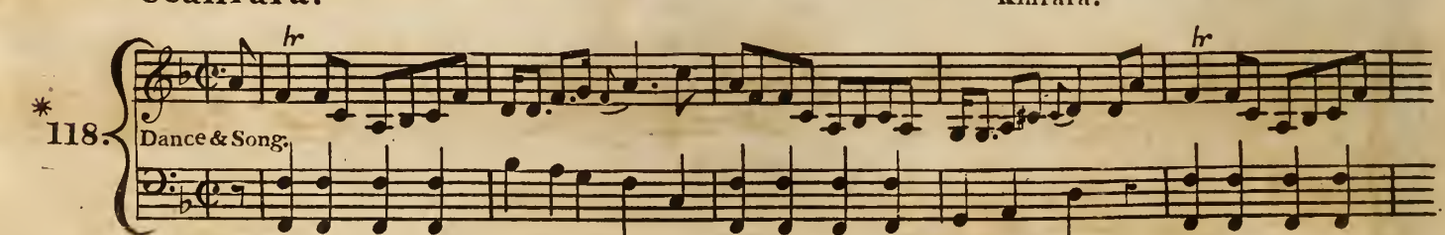
S toil leam fein an Siosalach.

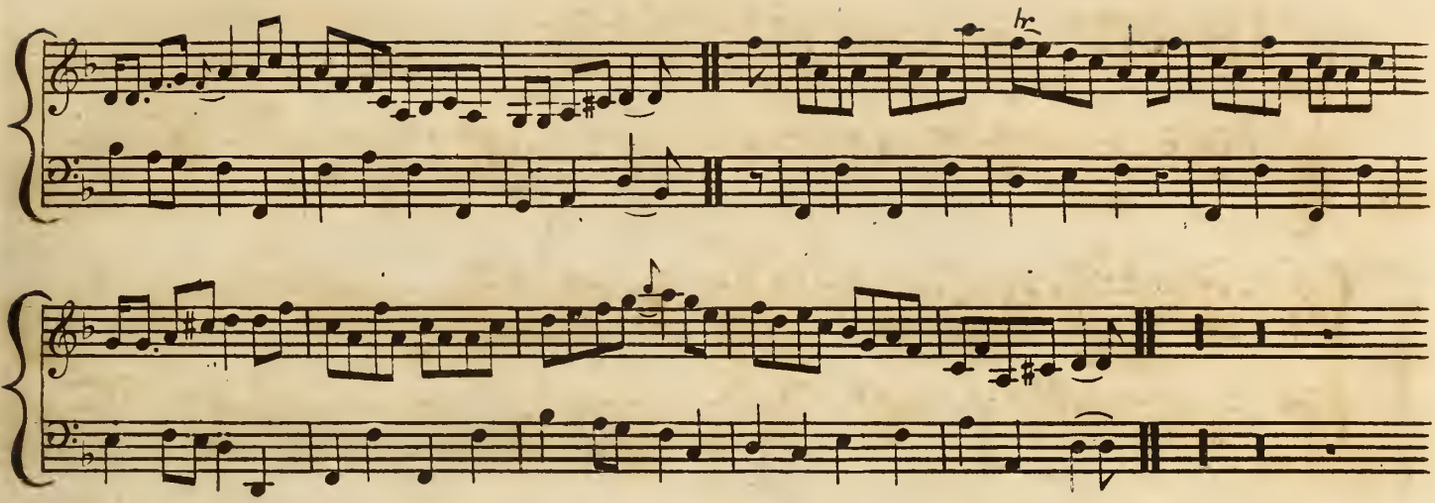
"The Chisholm."



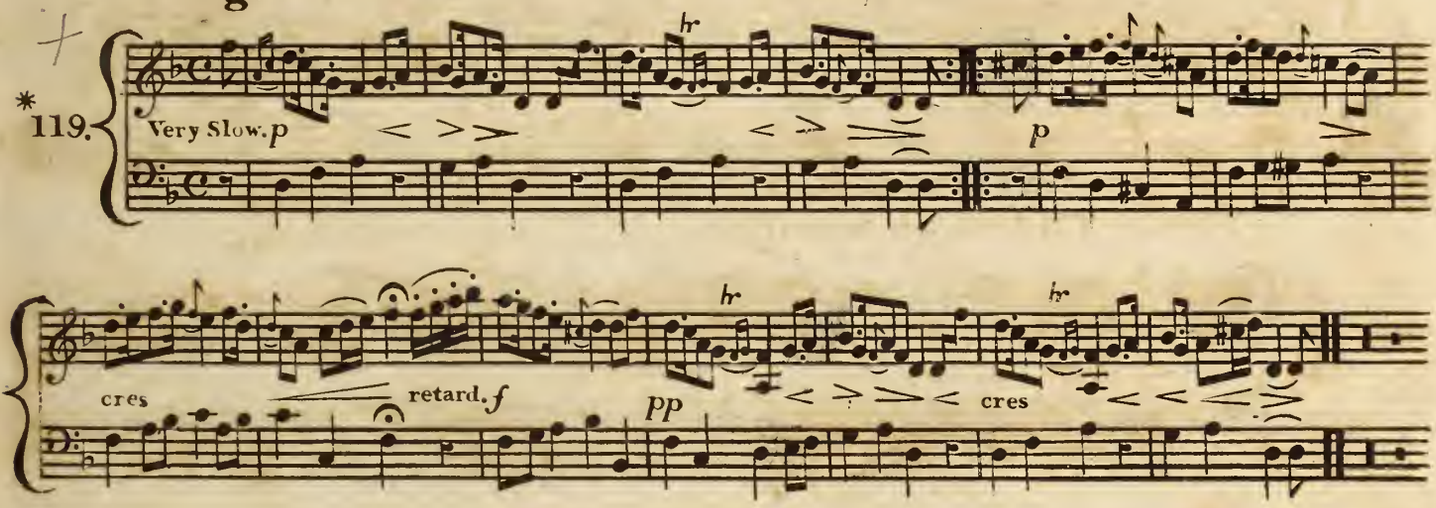
Ceanrara.

"Kinrara."

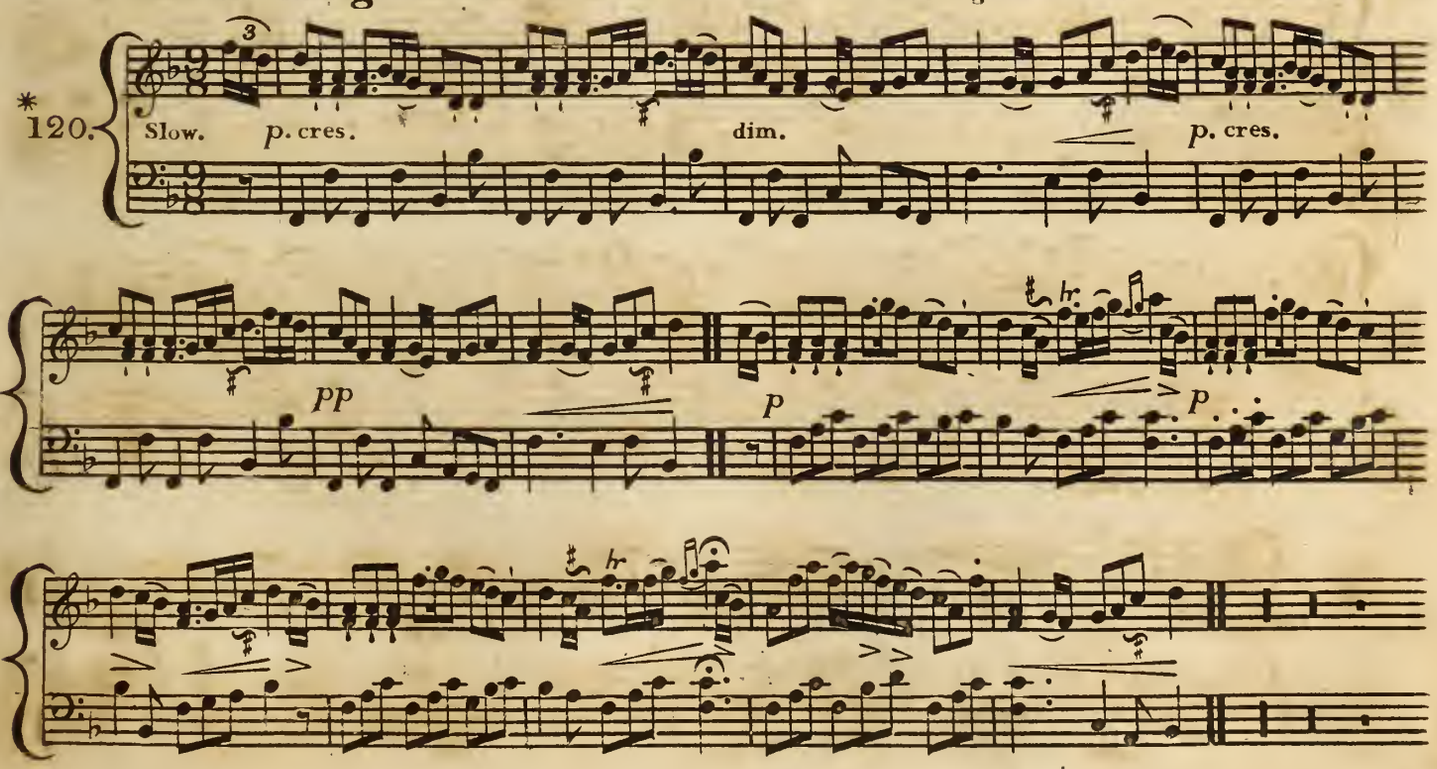




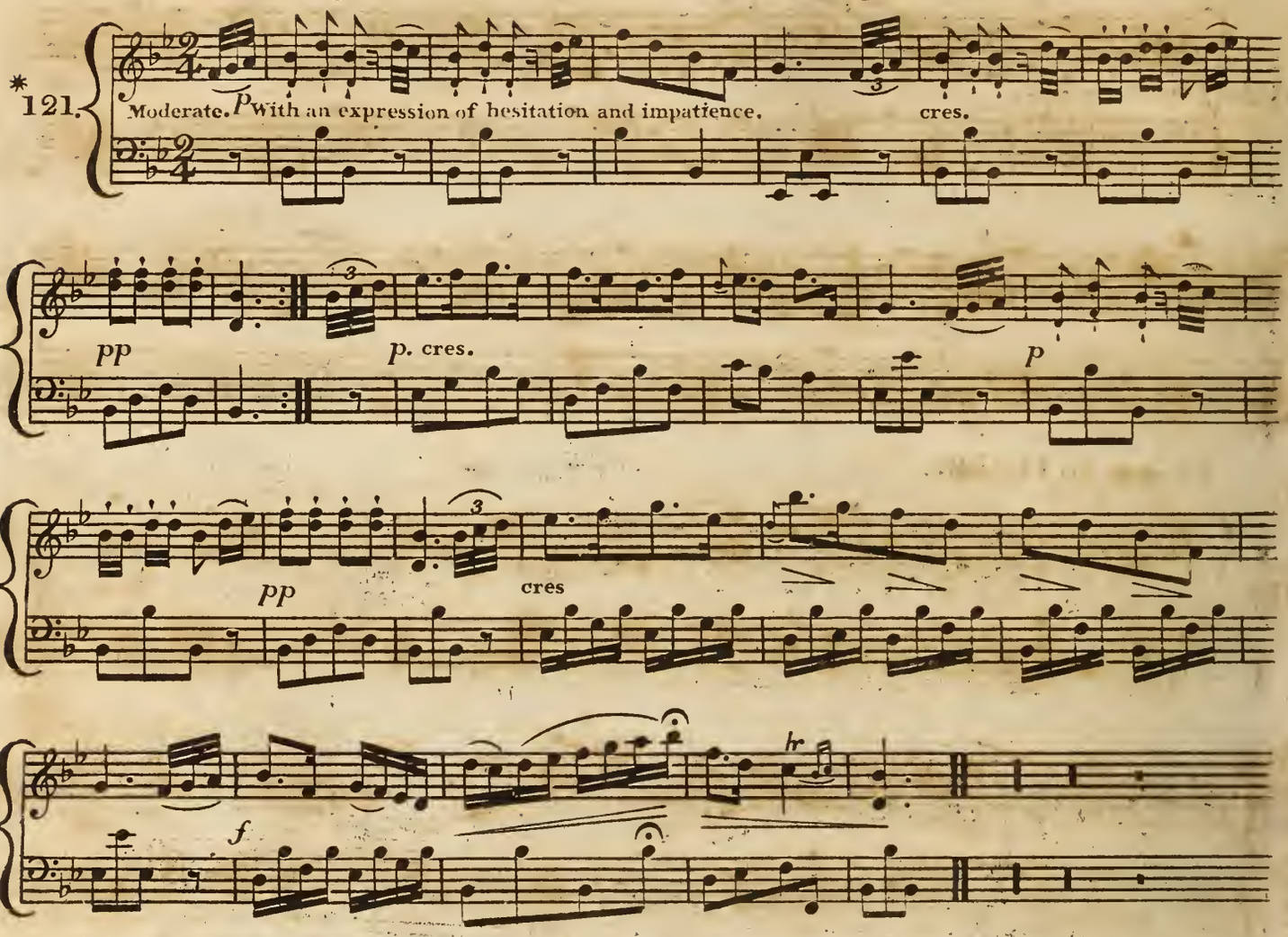
Morag. "Marion."



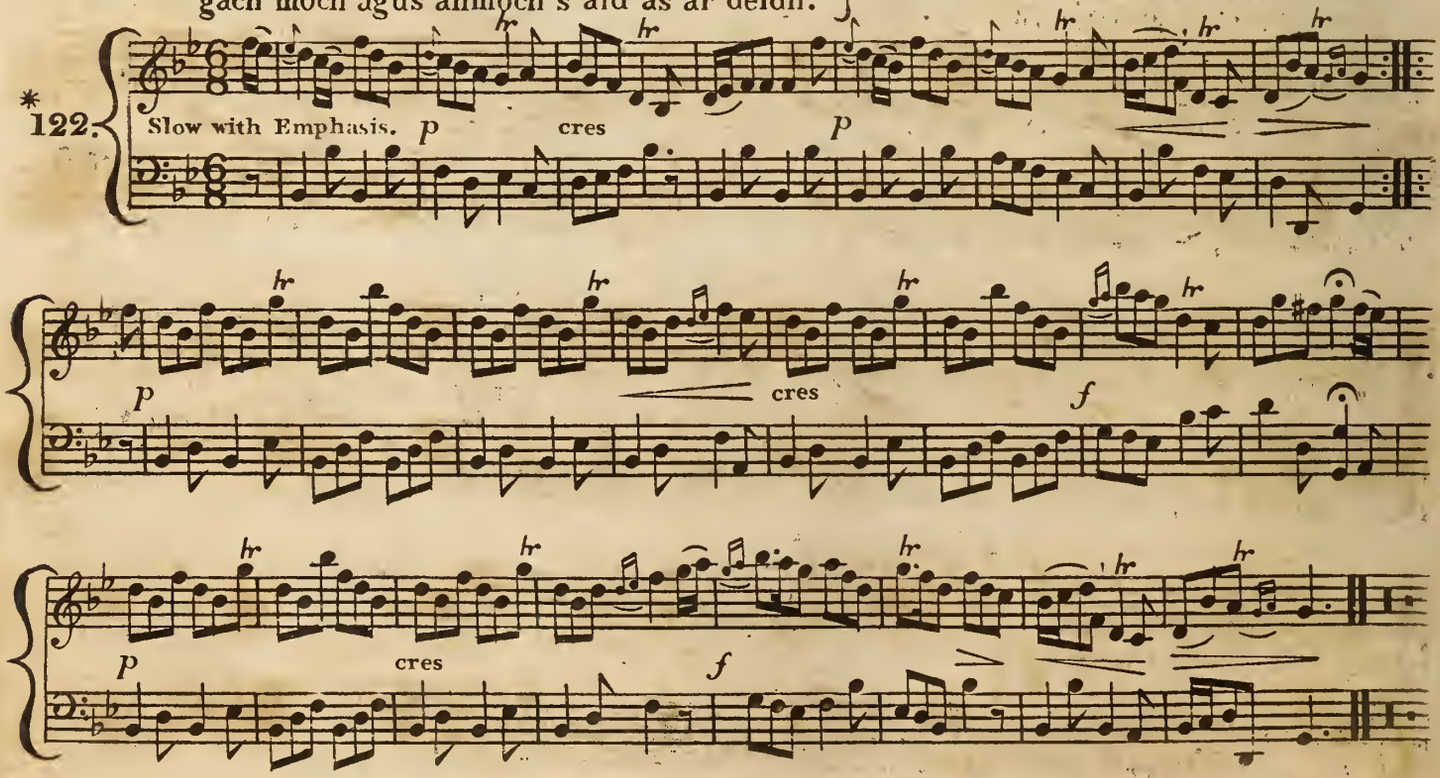
Ioman nan gamhna. "Driving the Steers."



A Bhean an taigh nach leig u steach am fear a tha air fogairt. "Goodwife admit the wanderer".



Nach bocdh a bhi fallach fodh chrag agus ghlean gach moch agus anmoch s aid as ar deidh. "The Rebels in their Hiding Places".

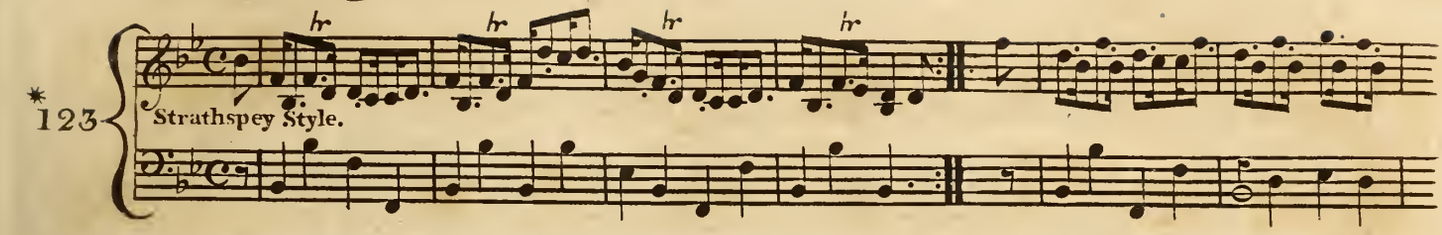


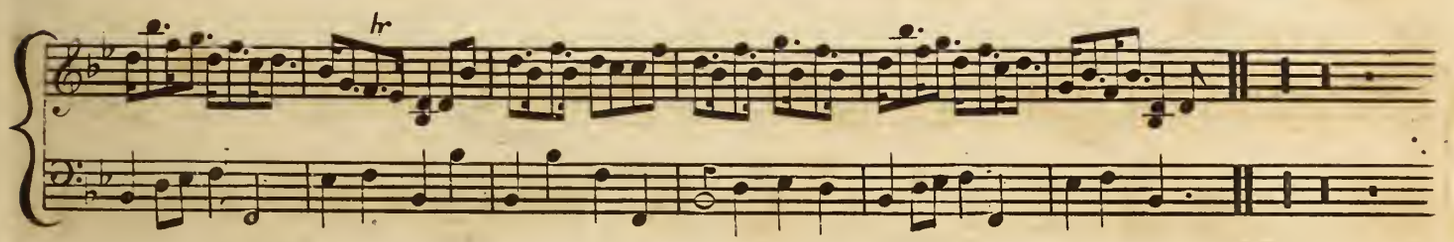
Stradh Fargaic.

or "Strath Erick".

*123

Strathspey Style.



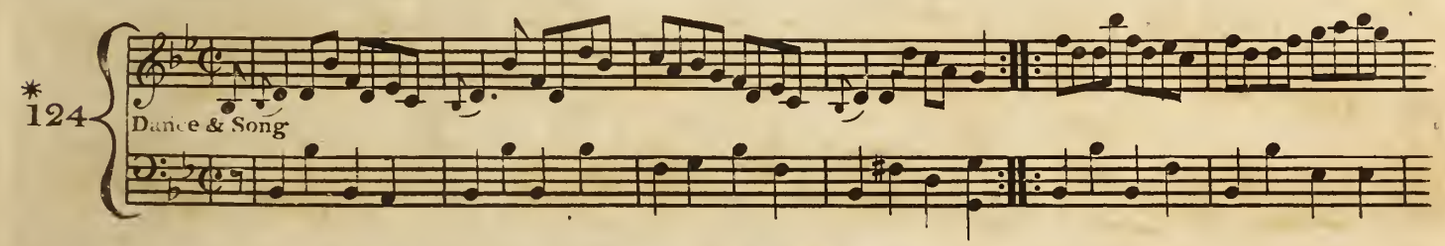


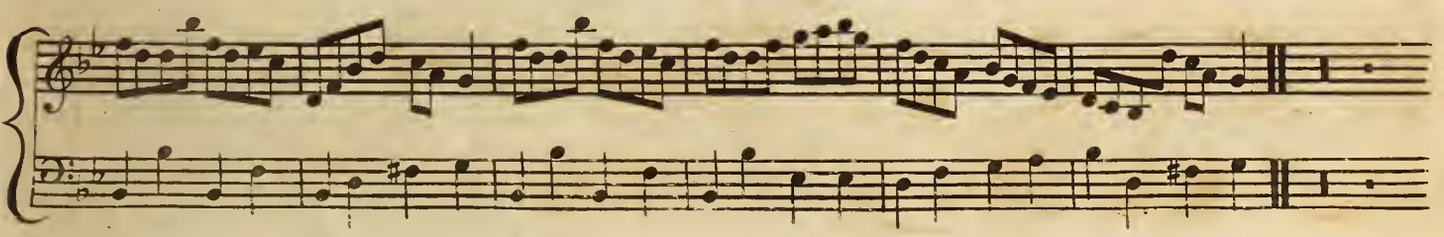
Ceann an fheidh.

"The Fraser Arms".

*124

Dance & Song



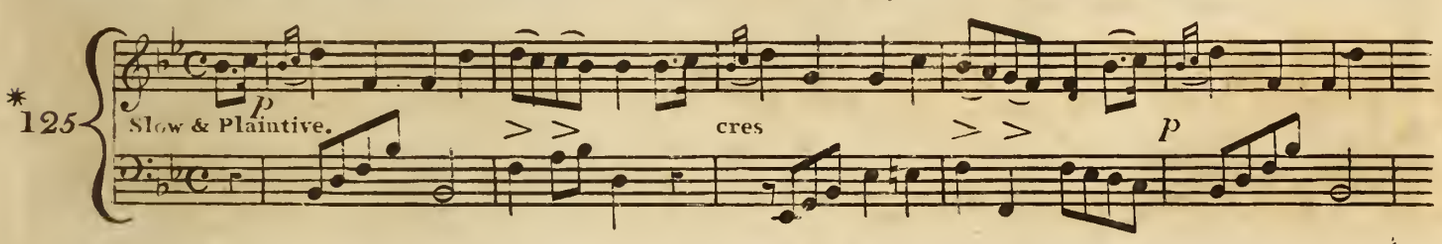


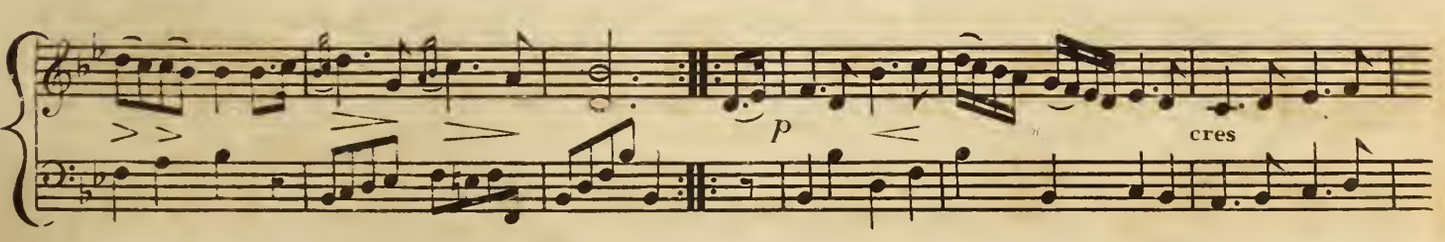
Nach truadh mo chas.

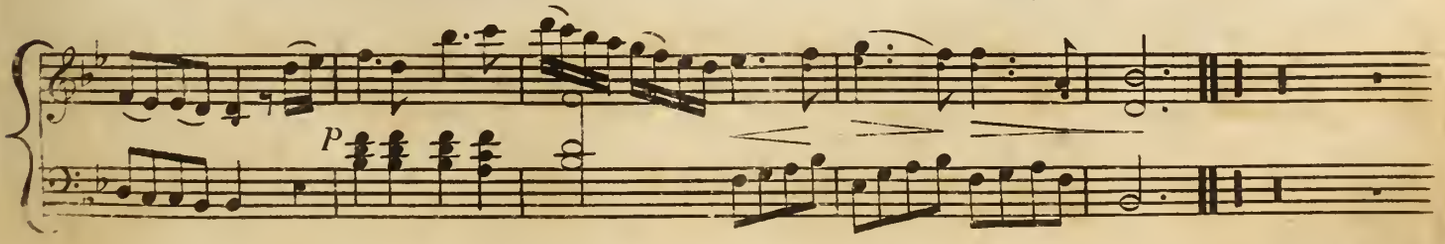
"Hard is my fate."

*125

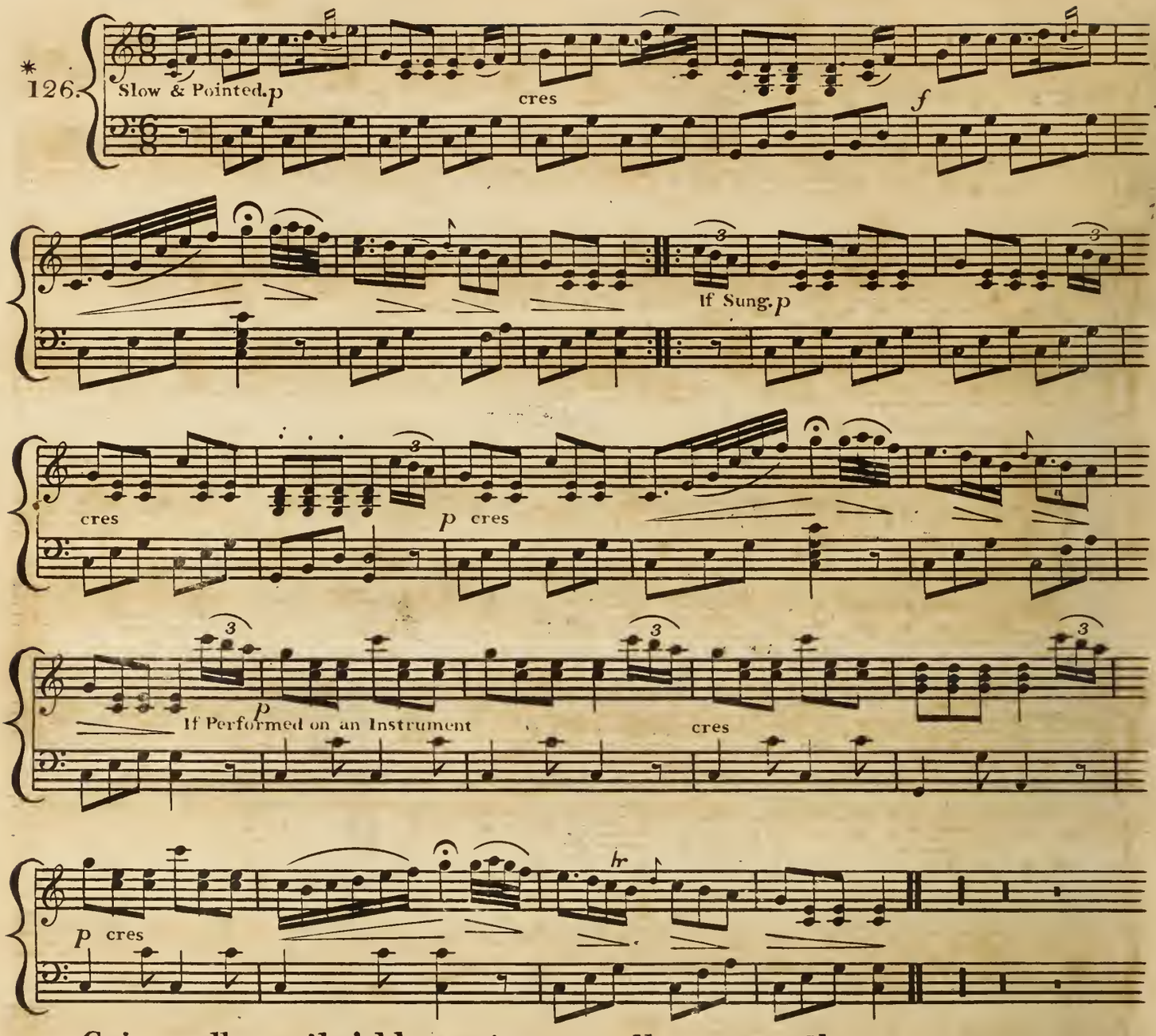
Slow & Plaintive.



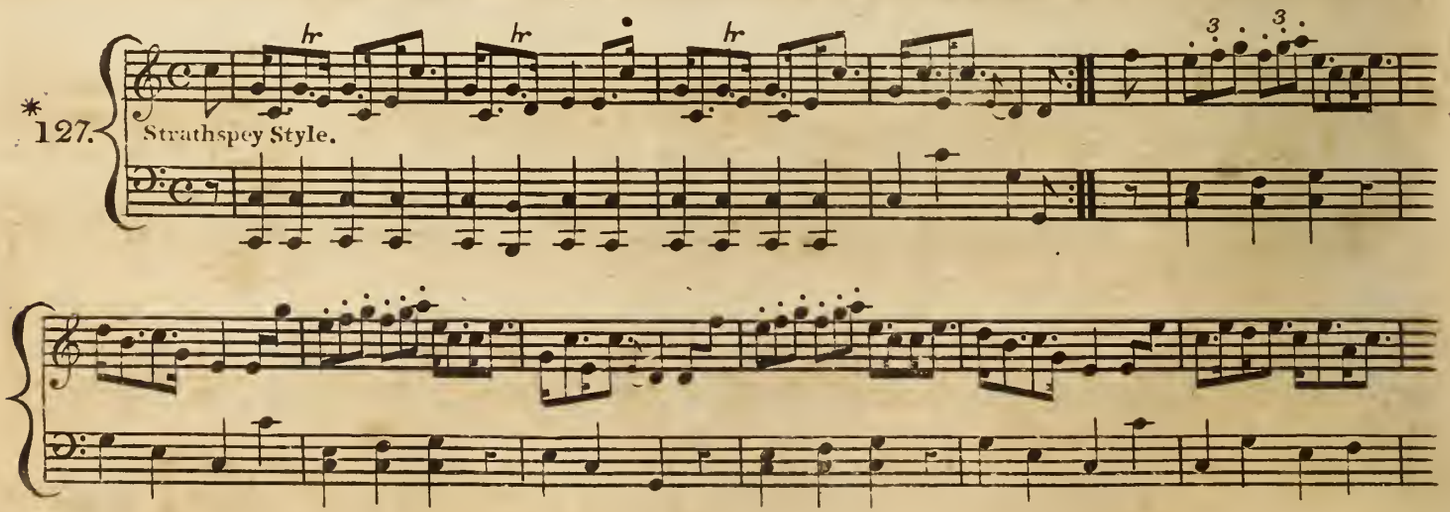


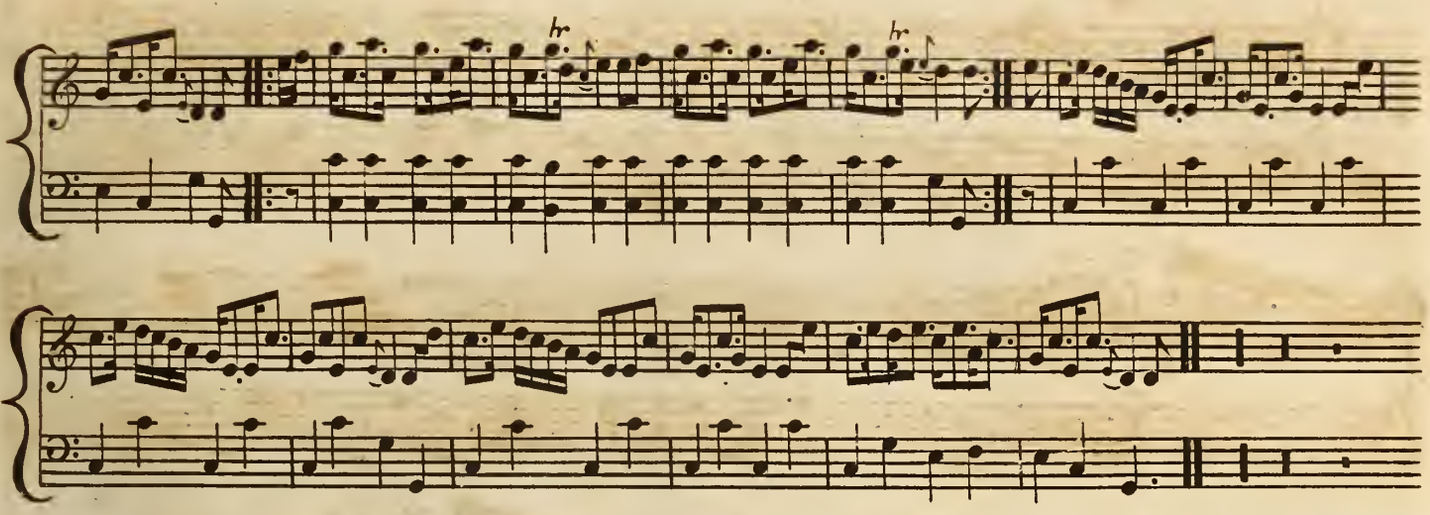


Gach tinneas ach goal. "Each Ailment but Love"



Cuir a nall an eile' bheag is cur a nall an armaedh. "Highland Dress & Armour?"

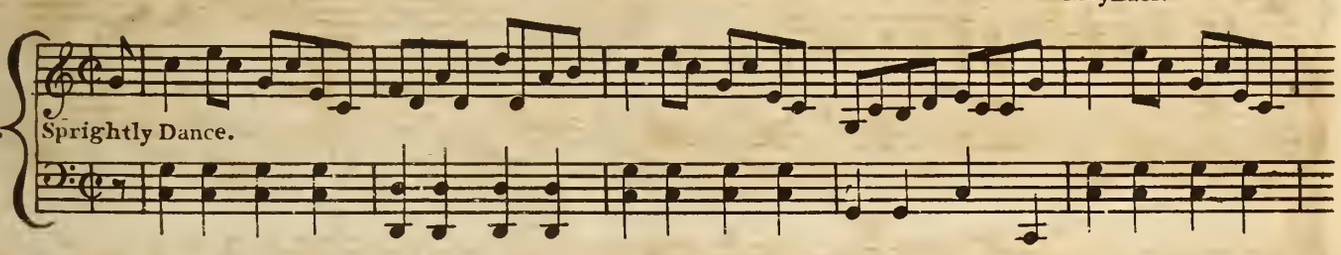


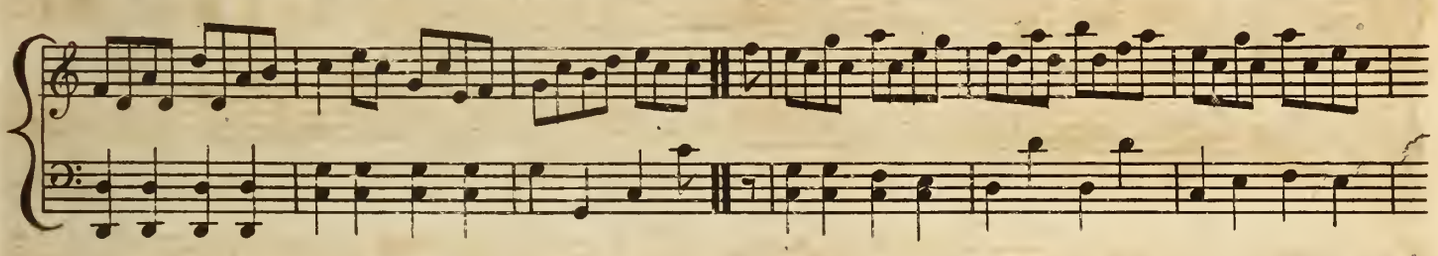


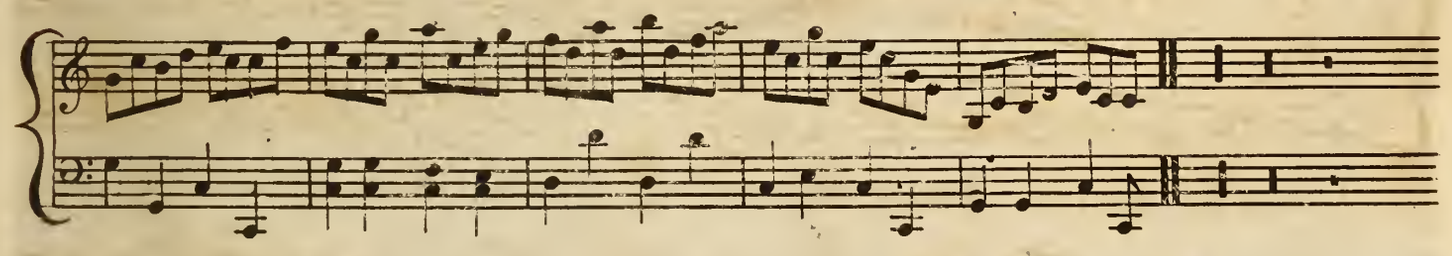
M'hoidh.

"Moyhall."

* 128.



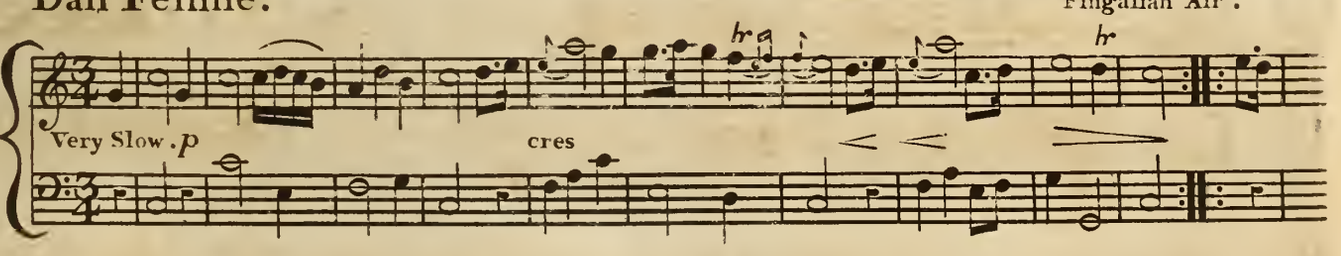


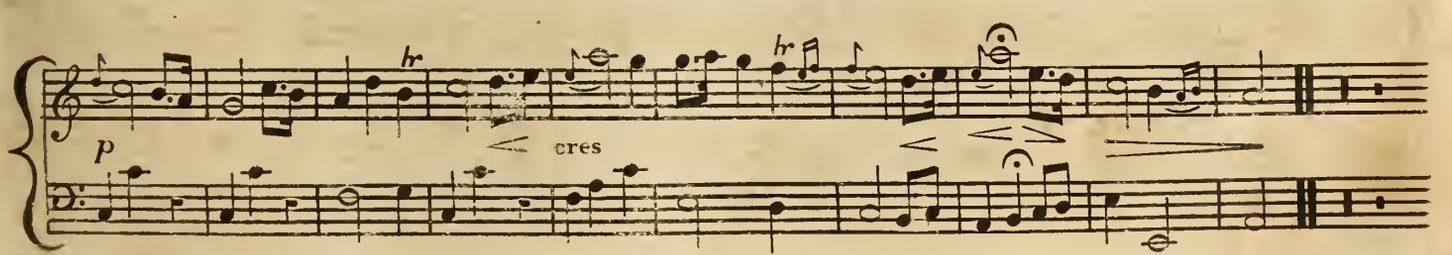


Dan Feinne.

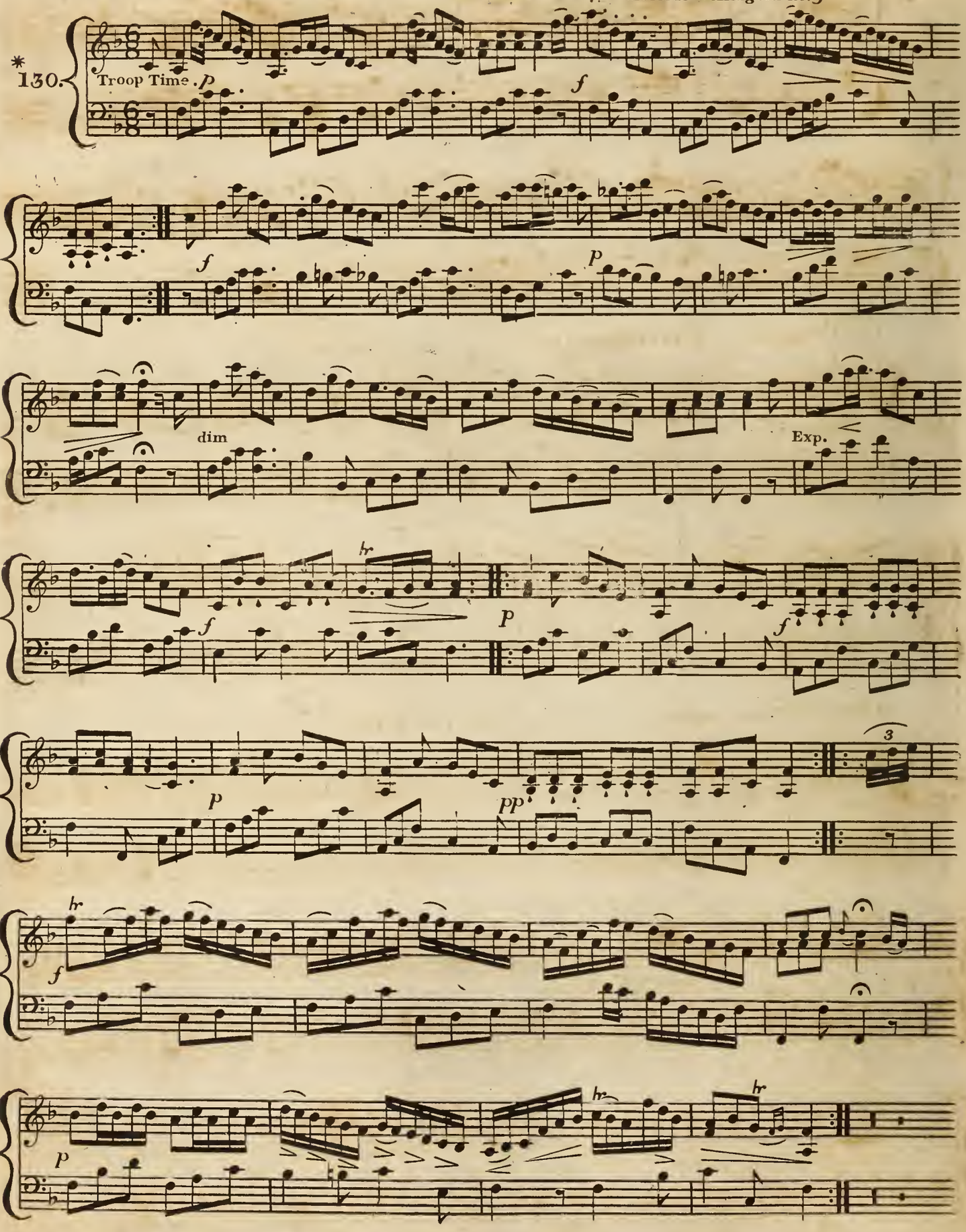
"Fingalian Air".

* 129.



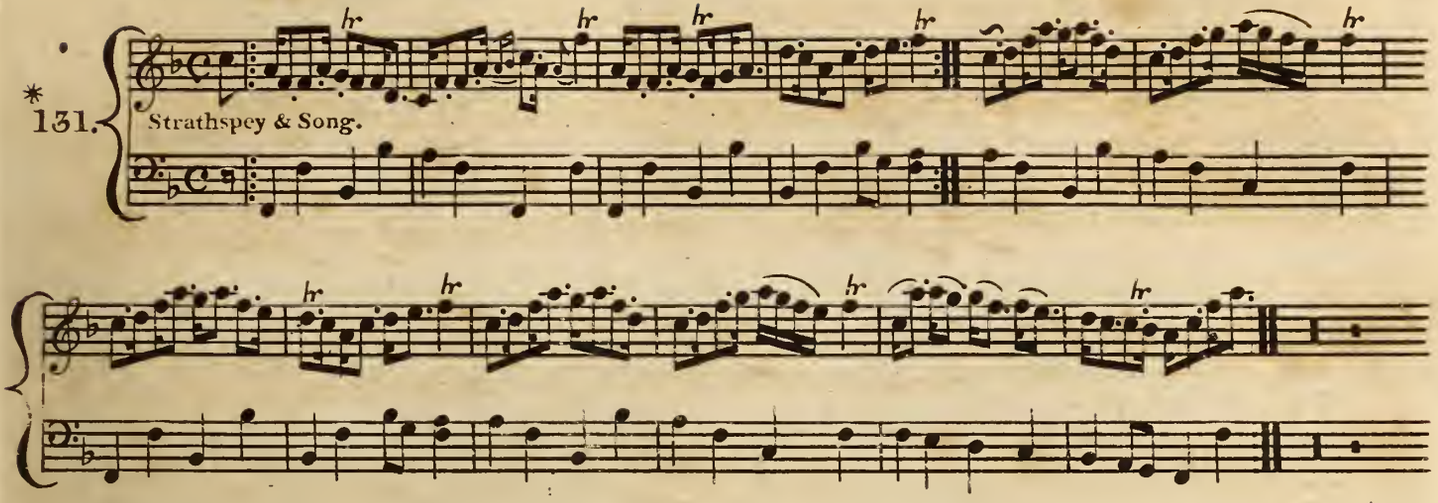


Deoch Slainnte do'n airmailt tha Flannriosc sa Ceannas .. "Round with a health to / "Glorious Wellington &c." } as a Troop.



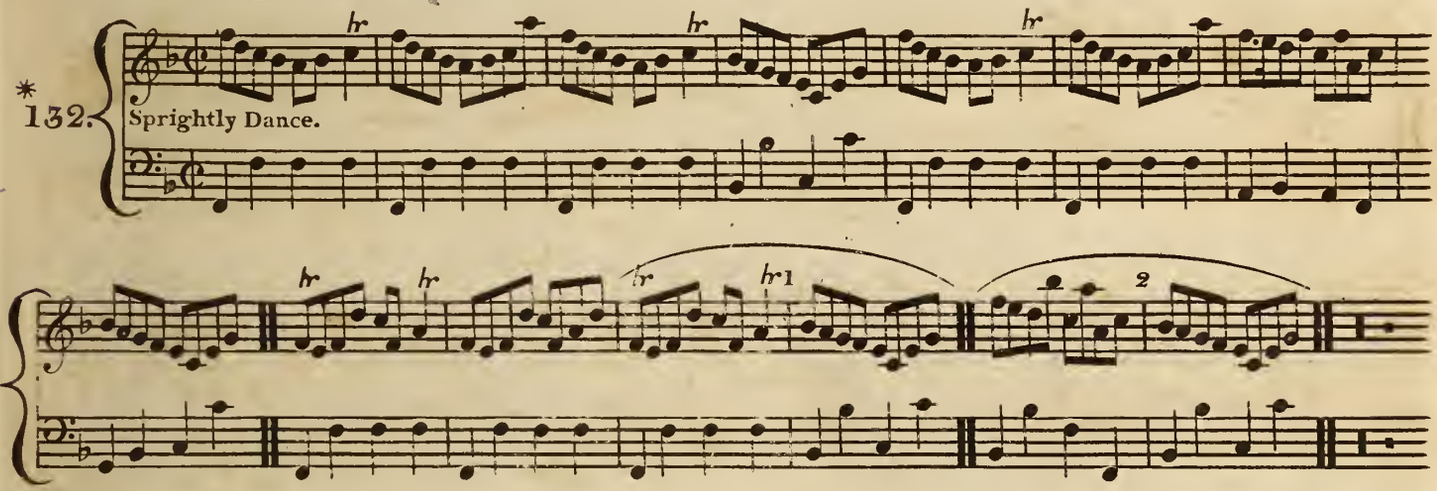
Morfhear Shimm'. "Lord Lovats Welcome".

*131. Strathspey & Song.



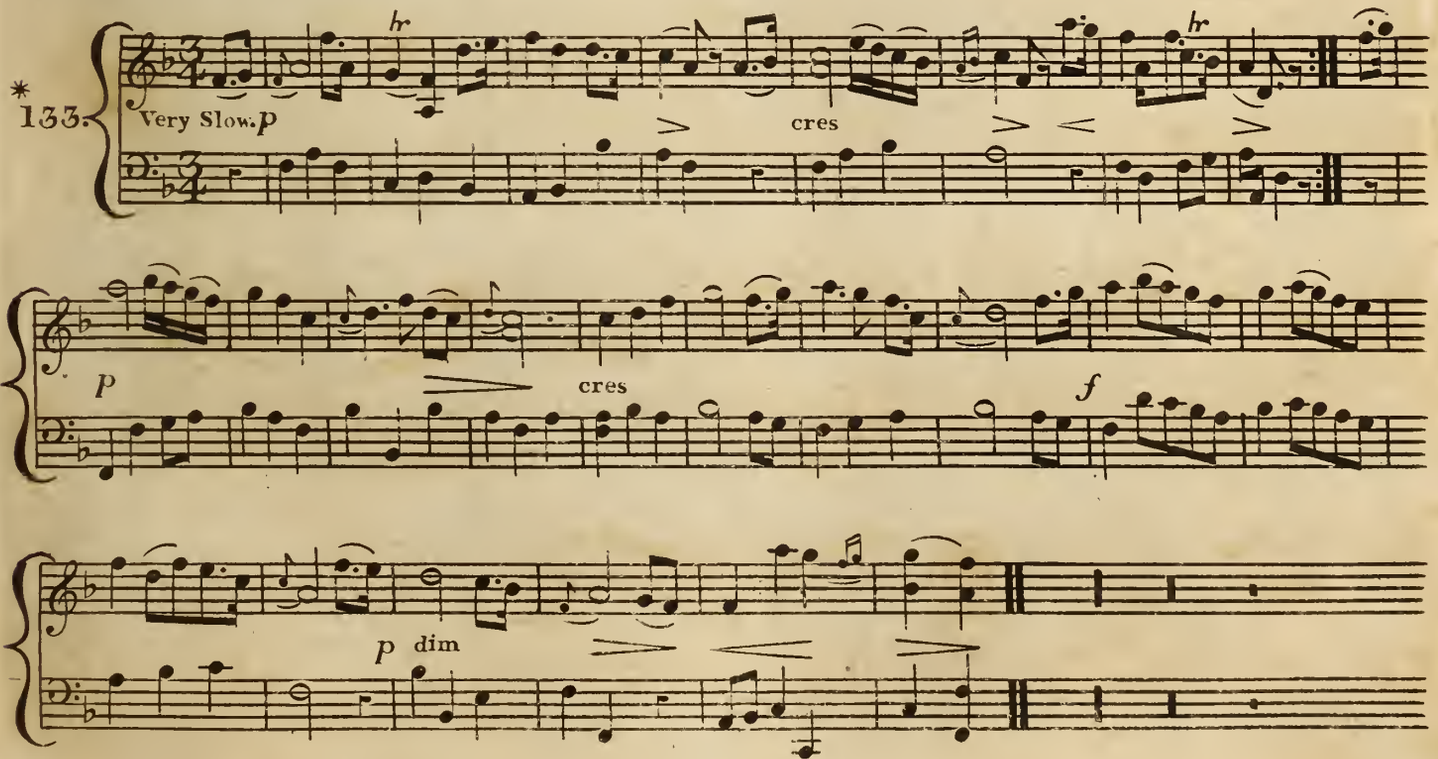
Cailleagan a bhail mhoir. "Inverness Lasses".

*132. Sprightly Dance.



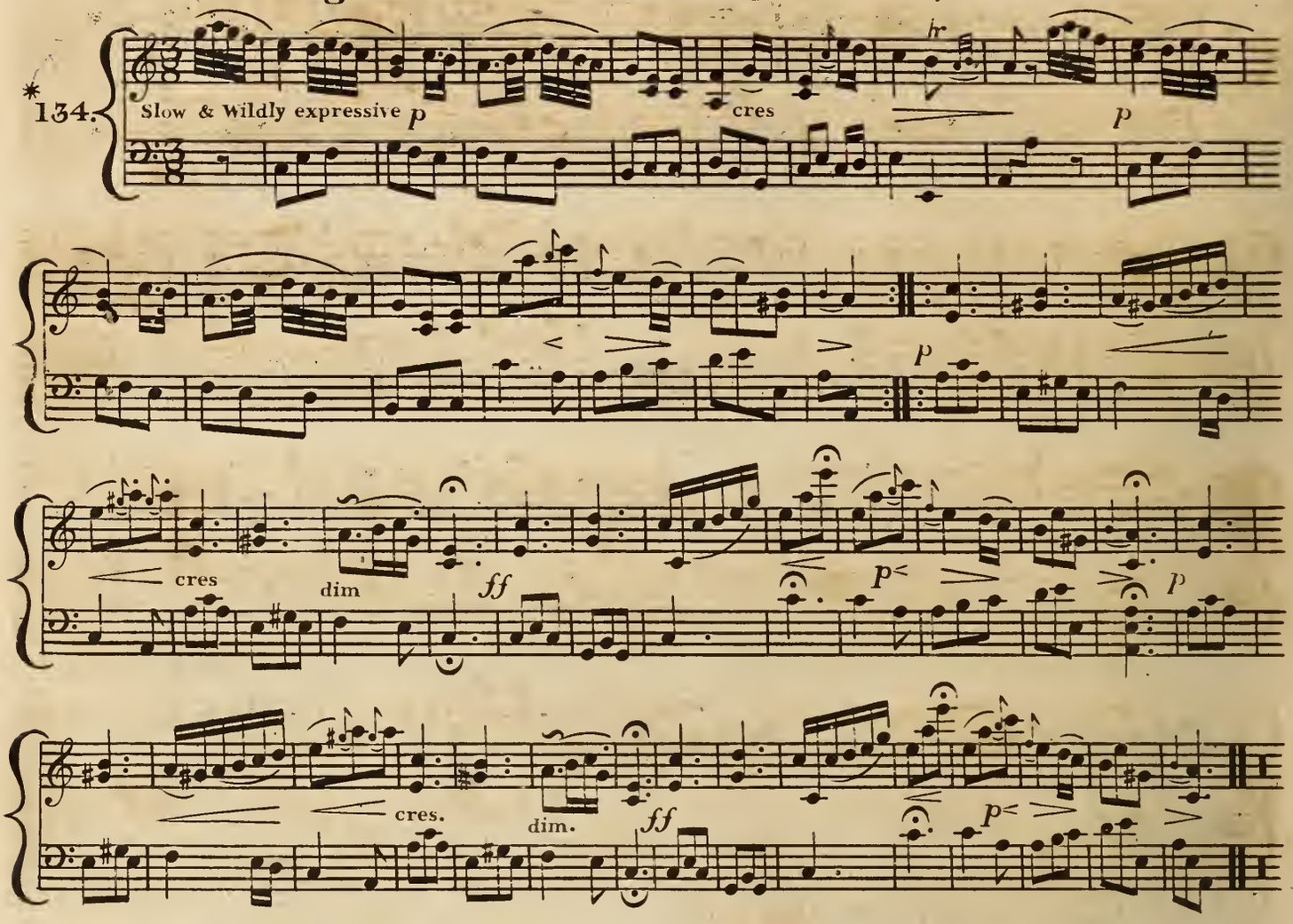
Alastair m'ansachd. "Sandy is my only Love".

*133. Very Slow. p cres



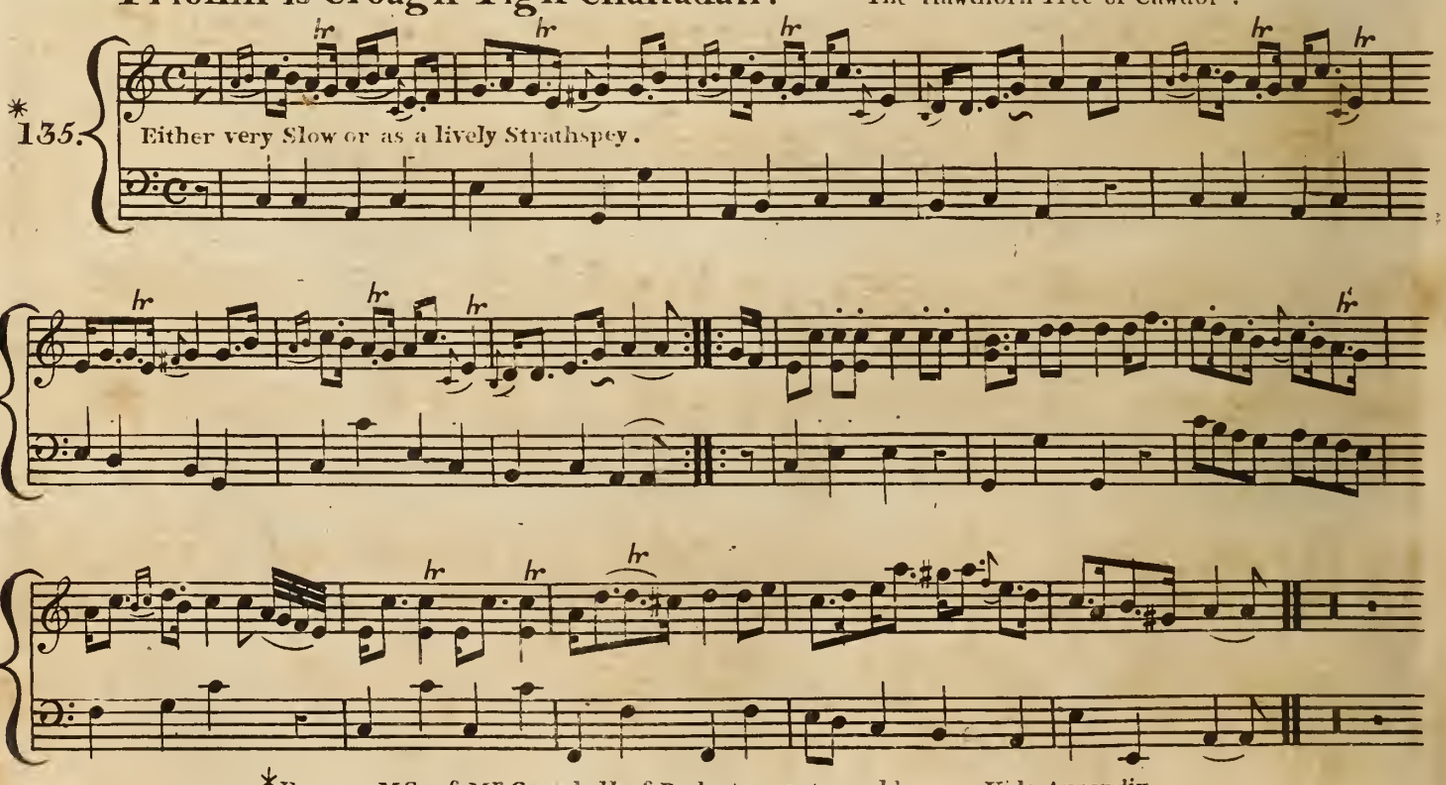
Helen Dudhglais.

"Helen Douglass" or "the Lady of the Lake".



Friomh is Croagh Tigh Challadair.*

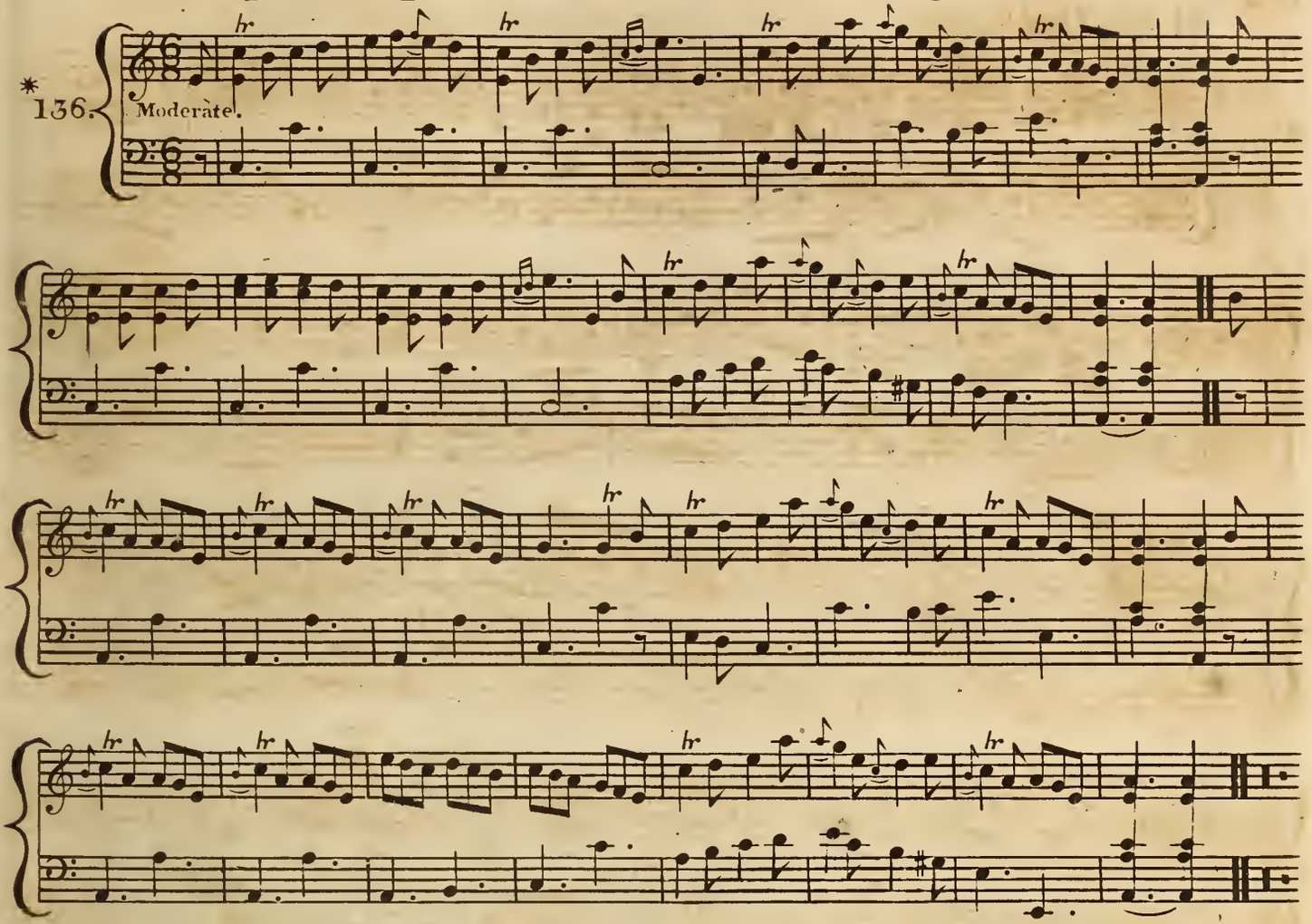
"The Hawthorn Tree of Cawdor".*



*From a MS. of Mr Campbell of Budyet, a century old. ——— Vide Appendix.

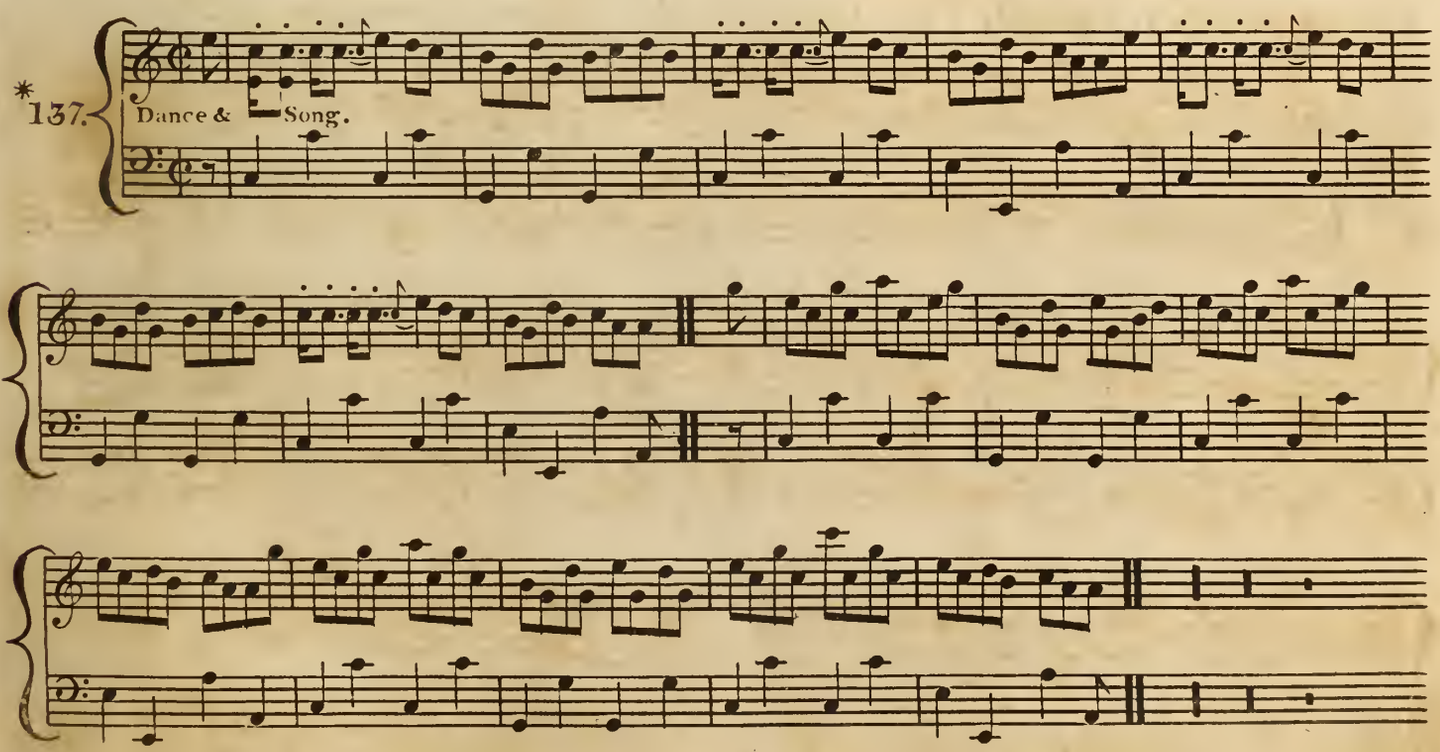
Se'n'Riogh a'tha aguin is fear linn. "Wha'll be King but Charley".

*136. Moderate.



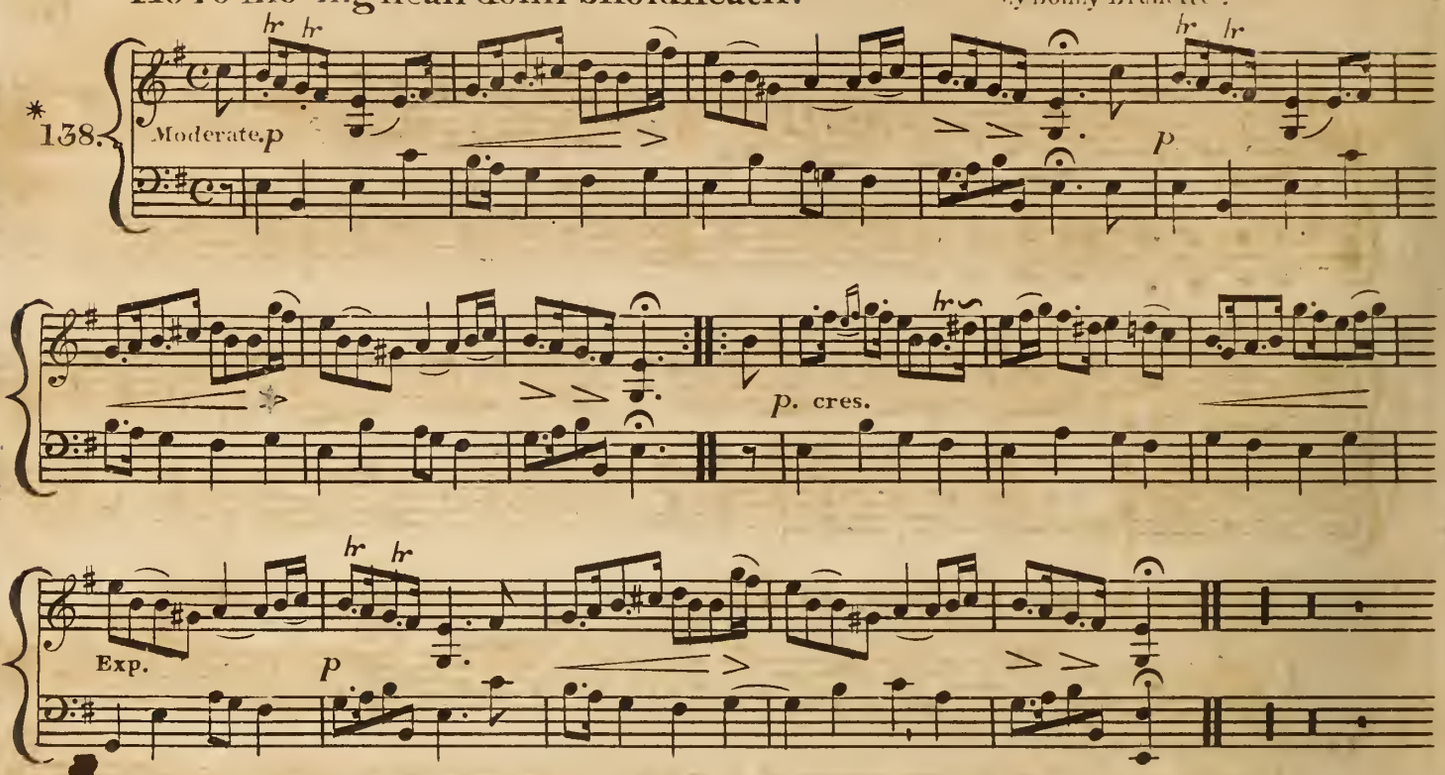
N' dean u ruidh air falbh leam. "Will you run awa'wi' me".

*137. Dance & Song.



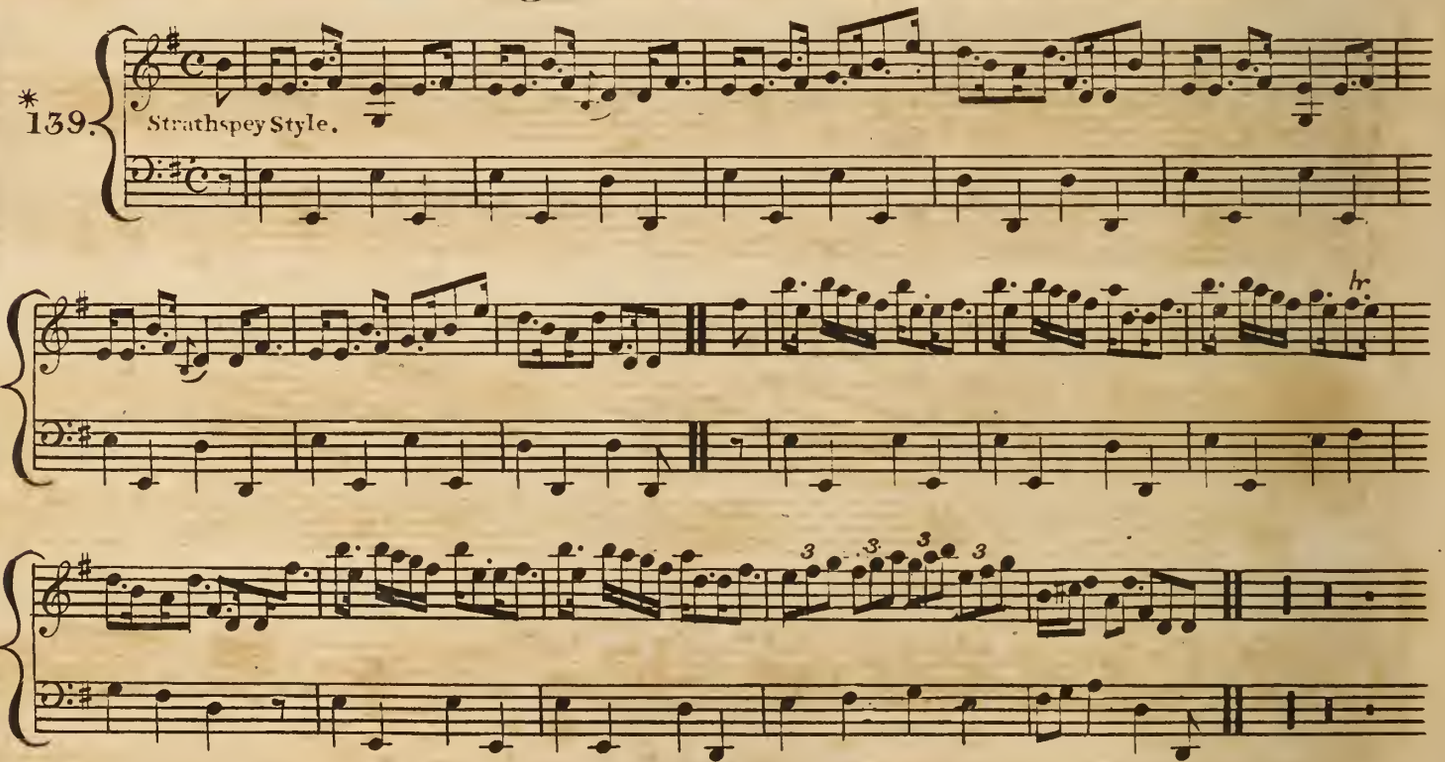
Ho ro mo nighean donn bhoidheach.

"My Bonny Brunette".



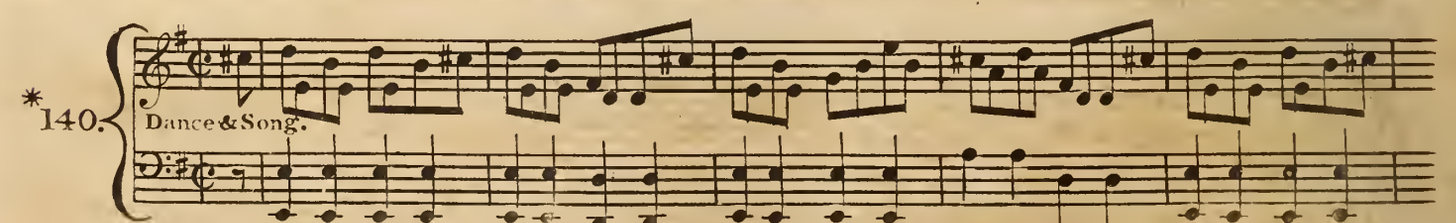
Oh se mo run an t' oigfhear.

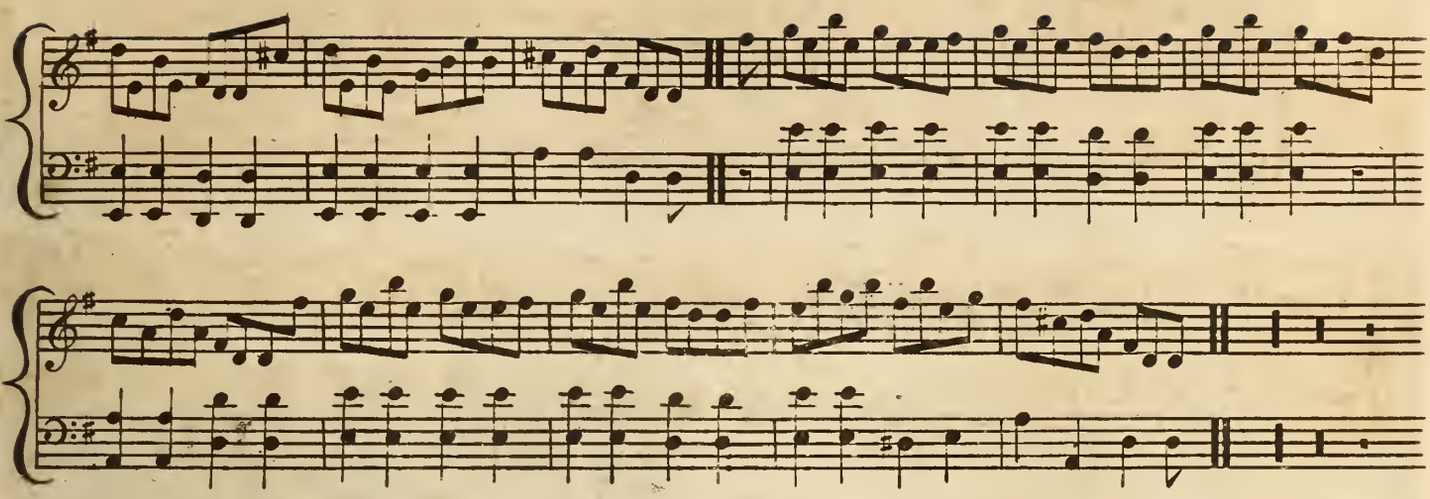
"The Rover".



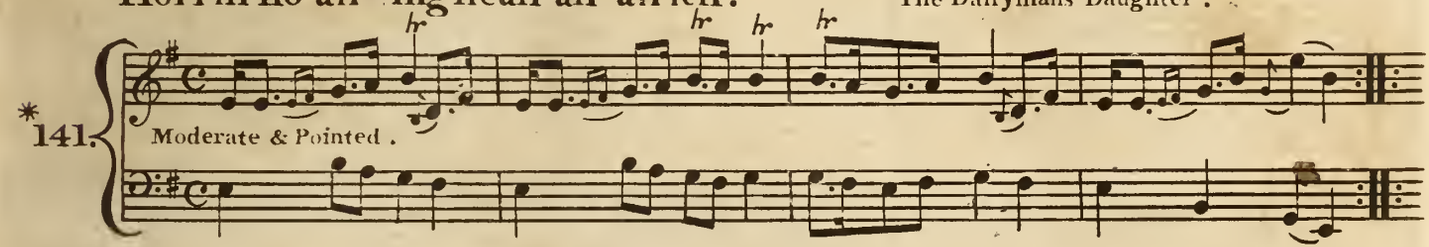
As a thoiseach.

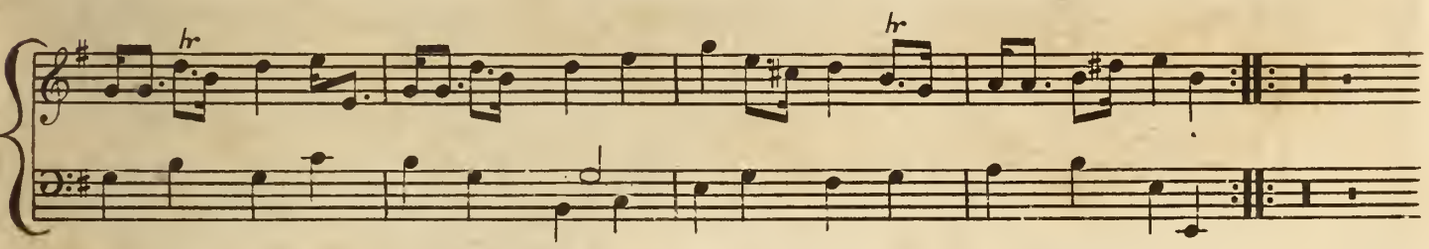
"Keep it up".



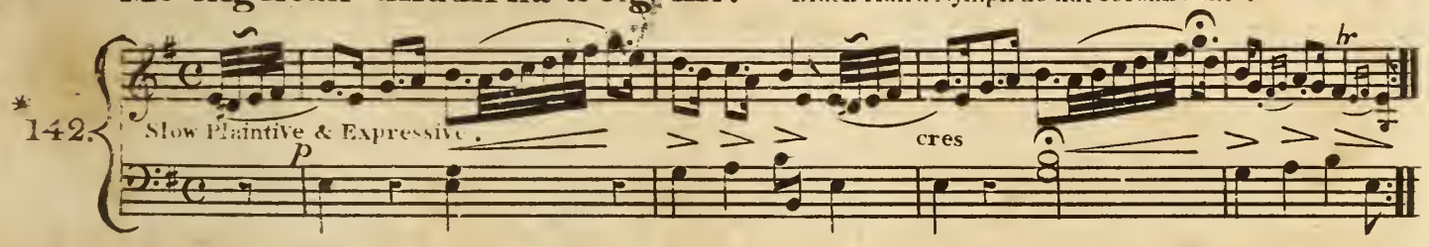


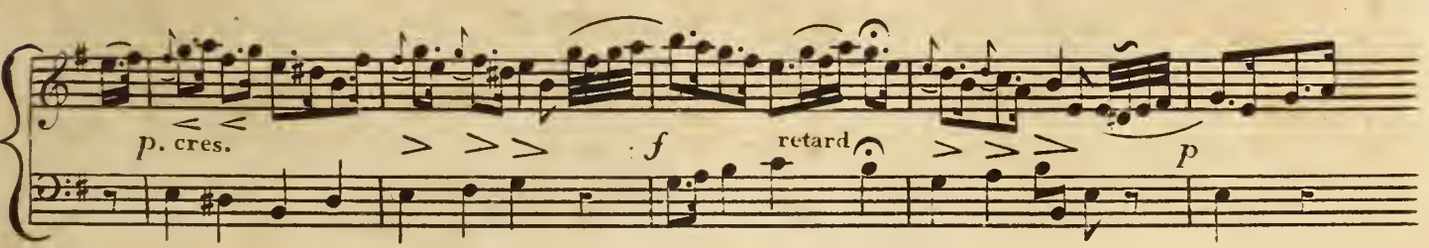
Horrin ho air nighean an airich. "The Dairymans Daughter".

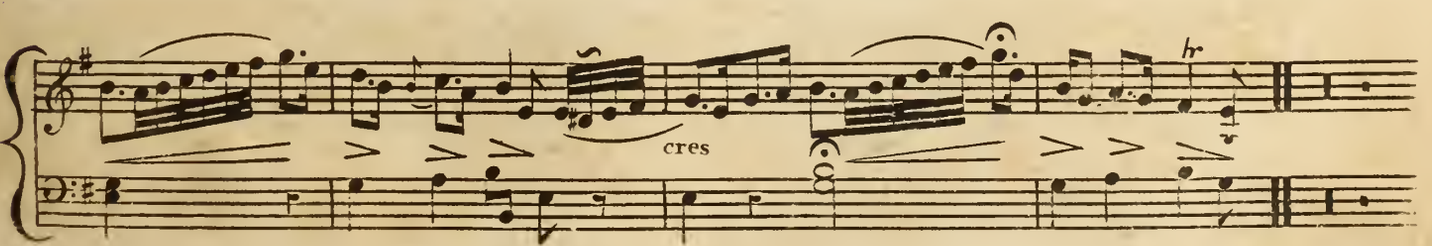




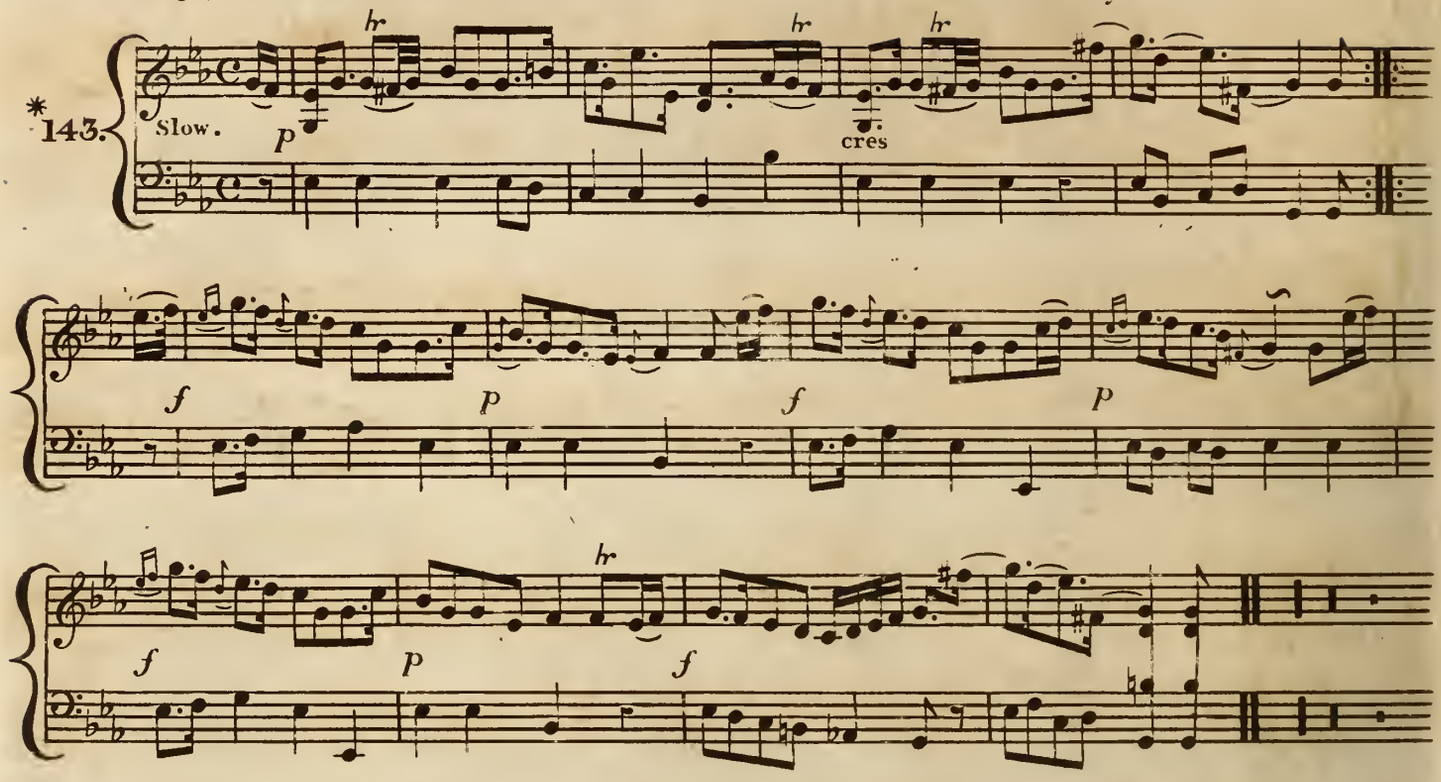
Mo nighean dhudh na treig mi. "Black Haird Nymph do not forsake me".



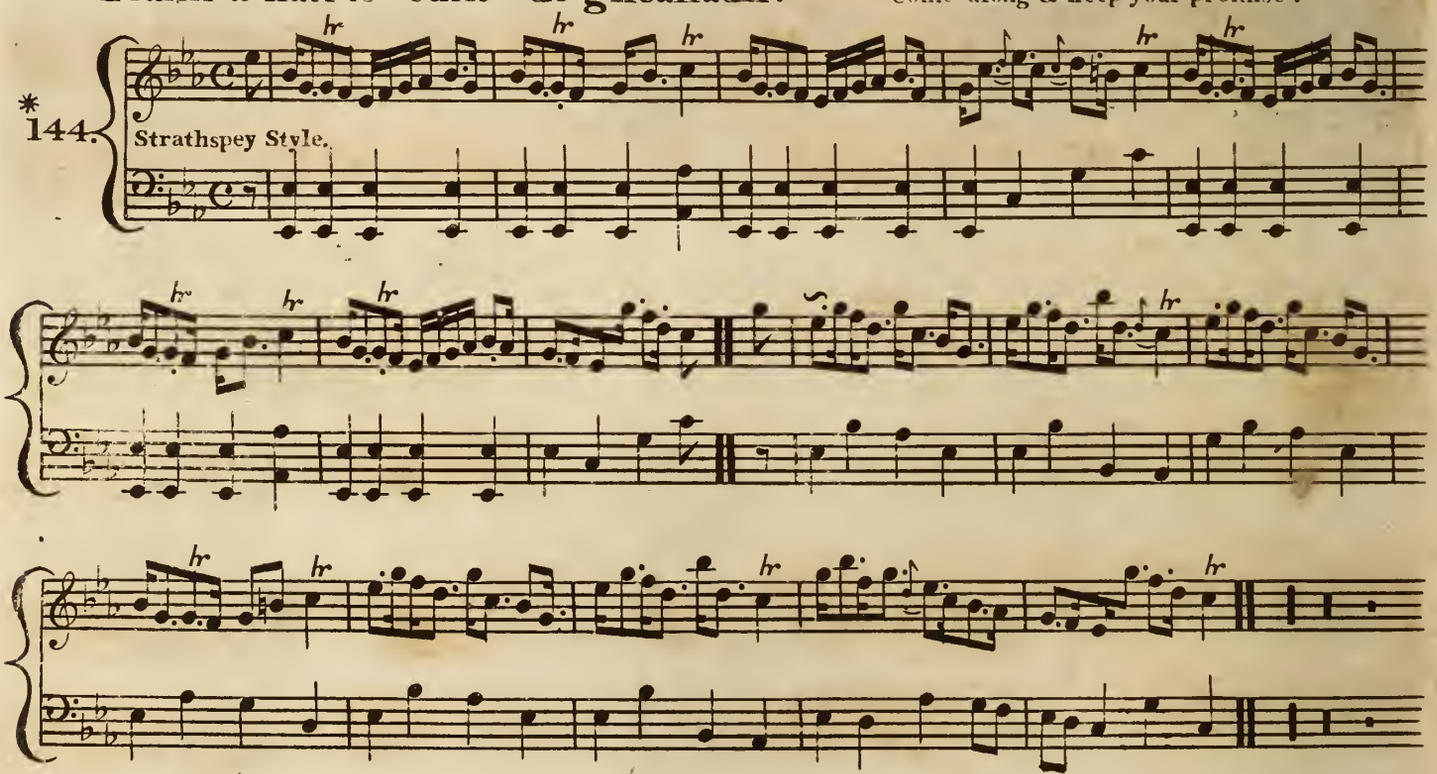




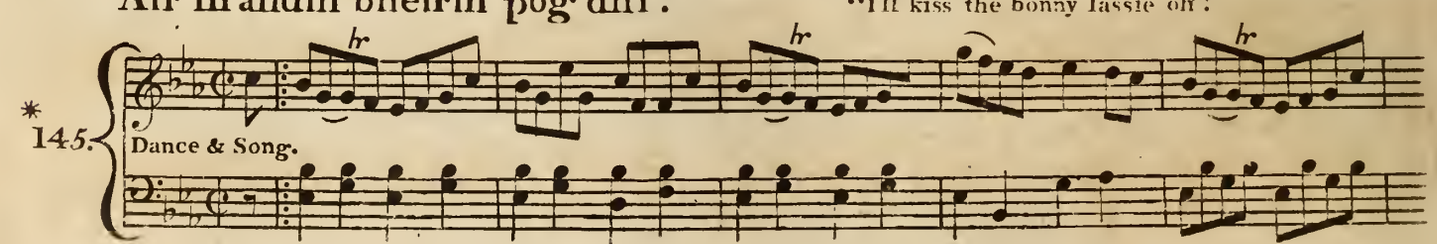
N' cuala sibh mar thachair dhuin. "Culloden Day".

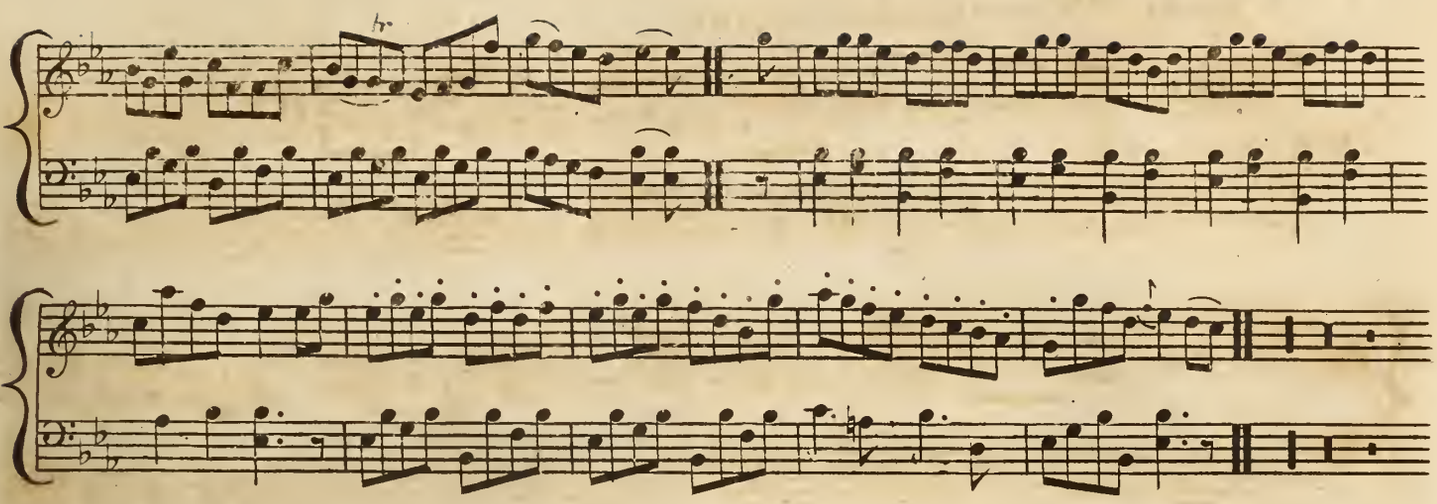


Teann a nall is cum' do ghealladh. "Come along & keep your promise".



Air m'alluin bheirin pog dhi'. "I'll kiss the bonny lassie oh".

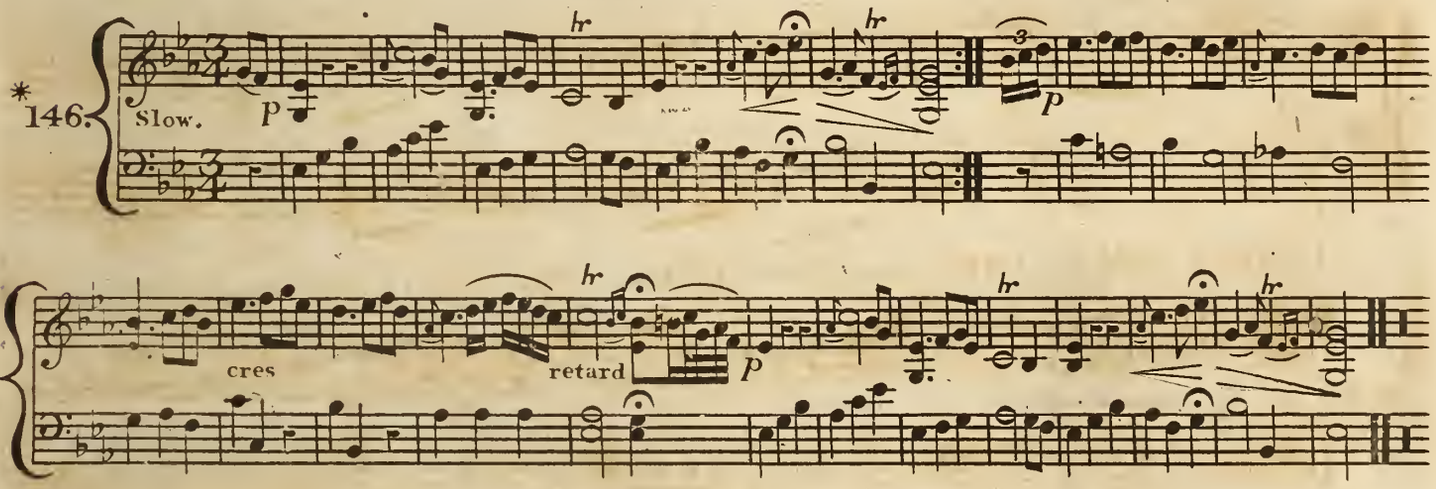




Cumh Rotha.

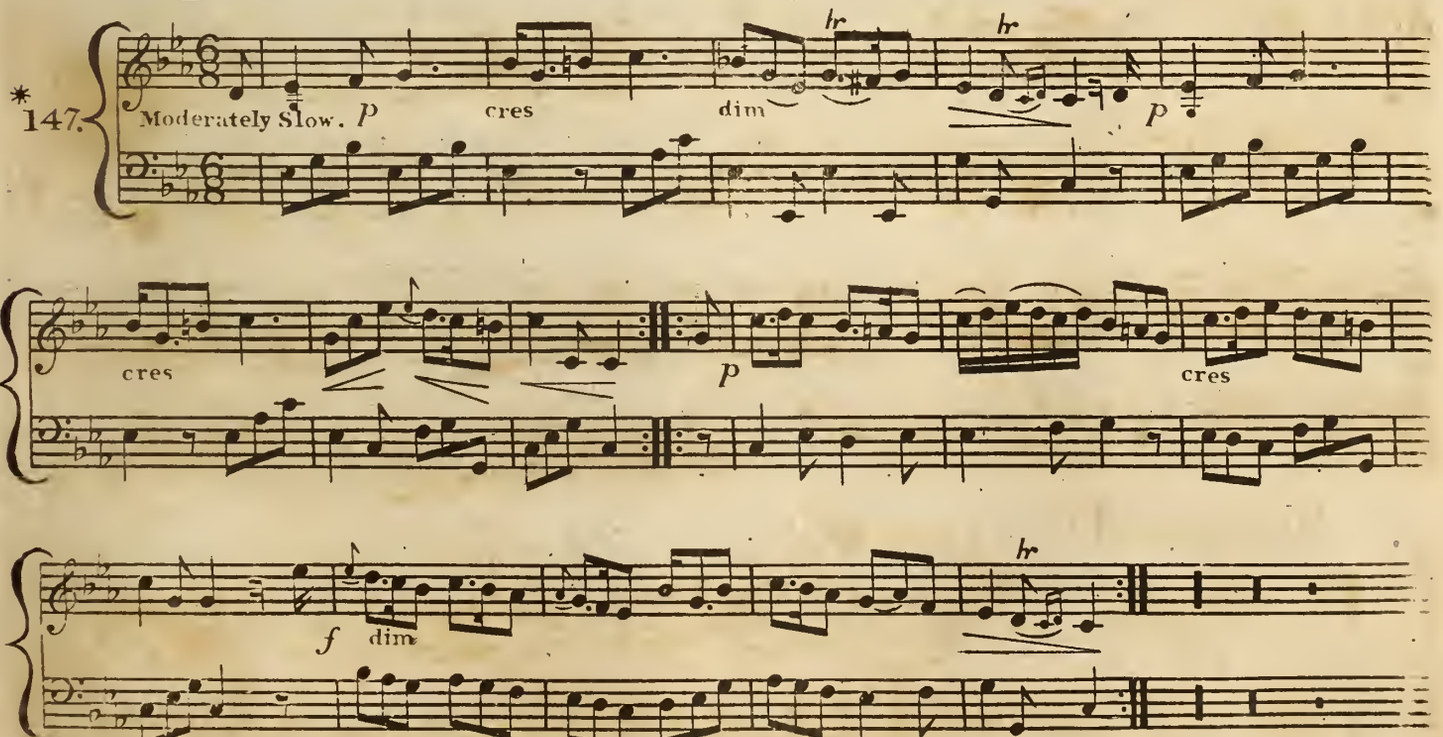
"Rotha's Lament."

Supposed Welsh.

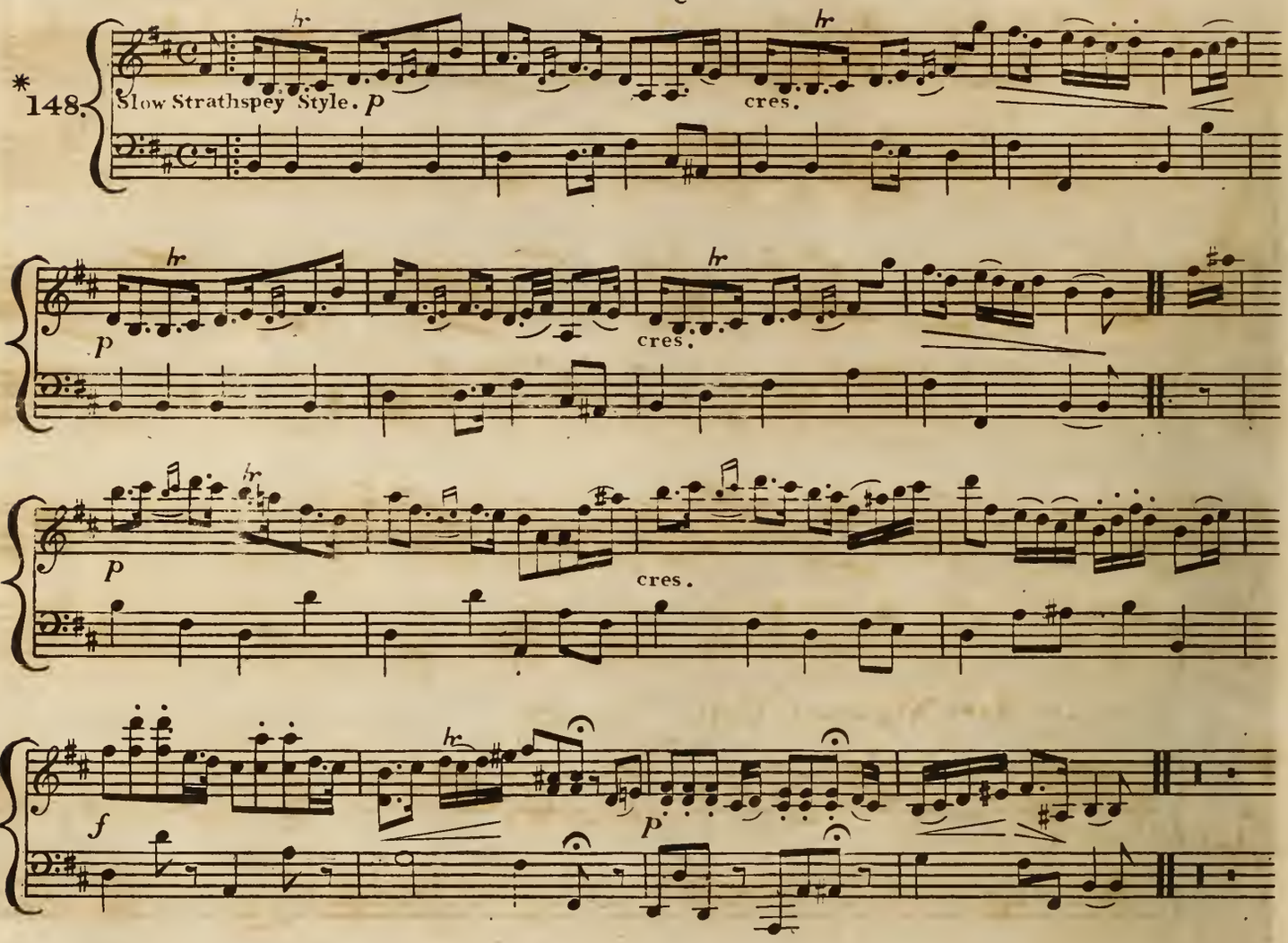


Brigus mhic Ruaridh.

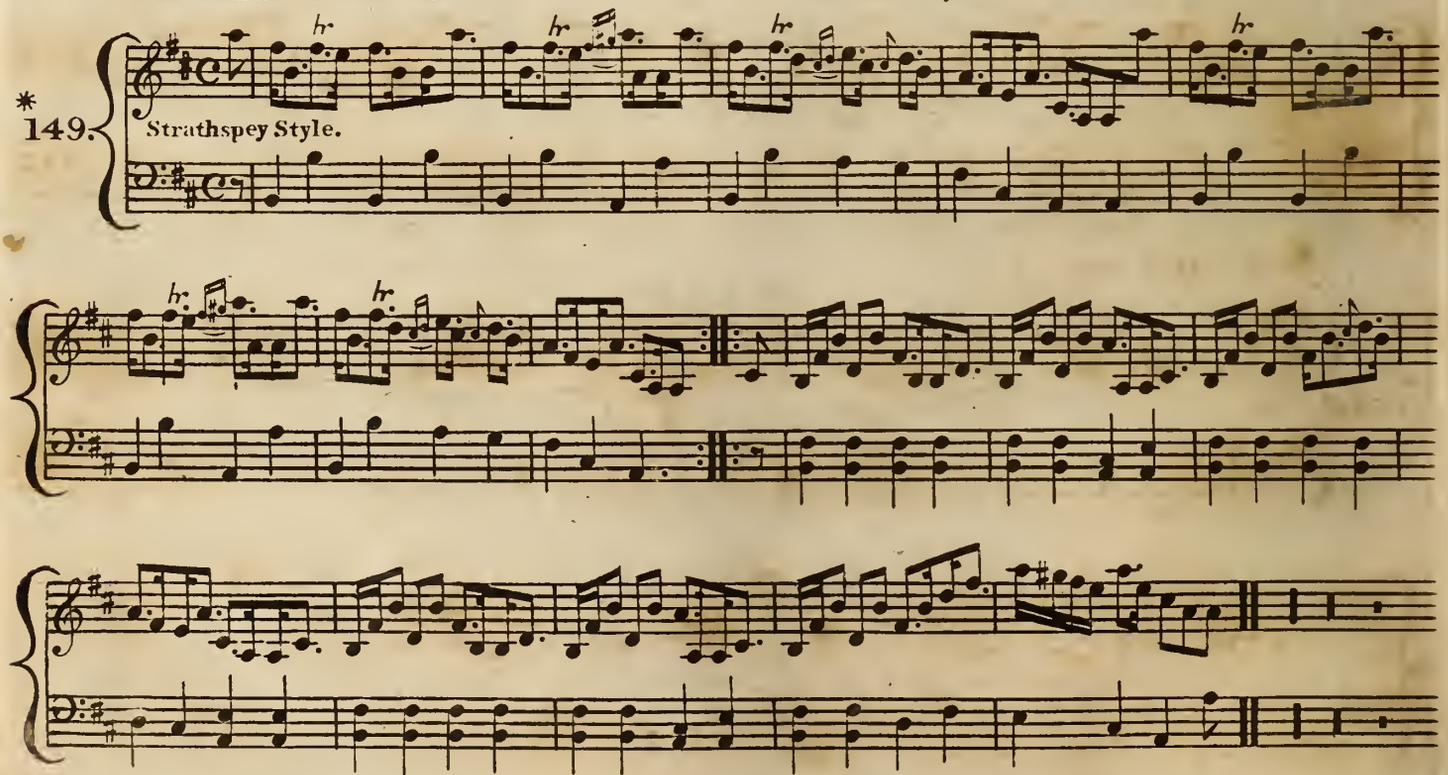
"The Stolen Breeks."



Caoidh na h'Alba' airson Nial Gobha. {"Caledonias Wail for Niel Gow Her favorite Minstrel" in his own Strain.

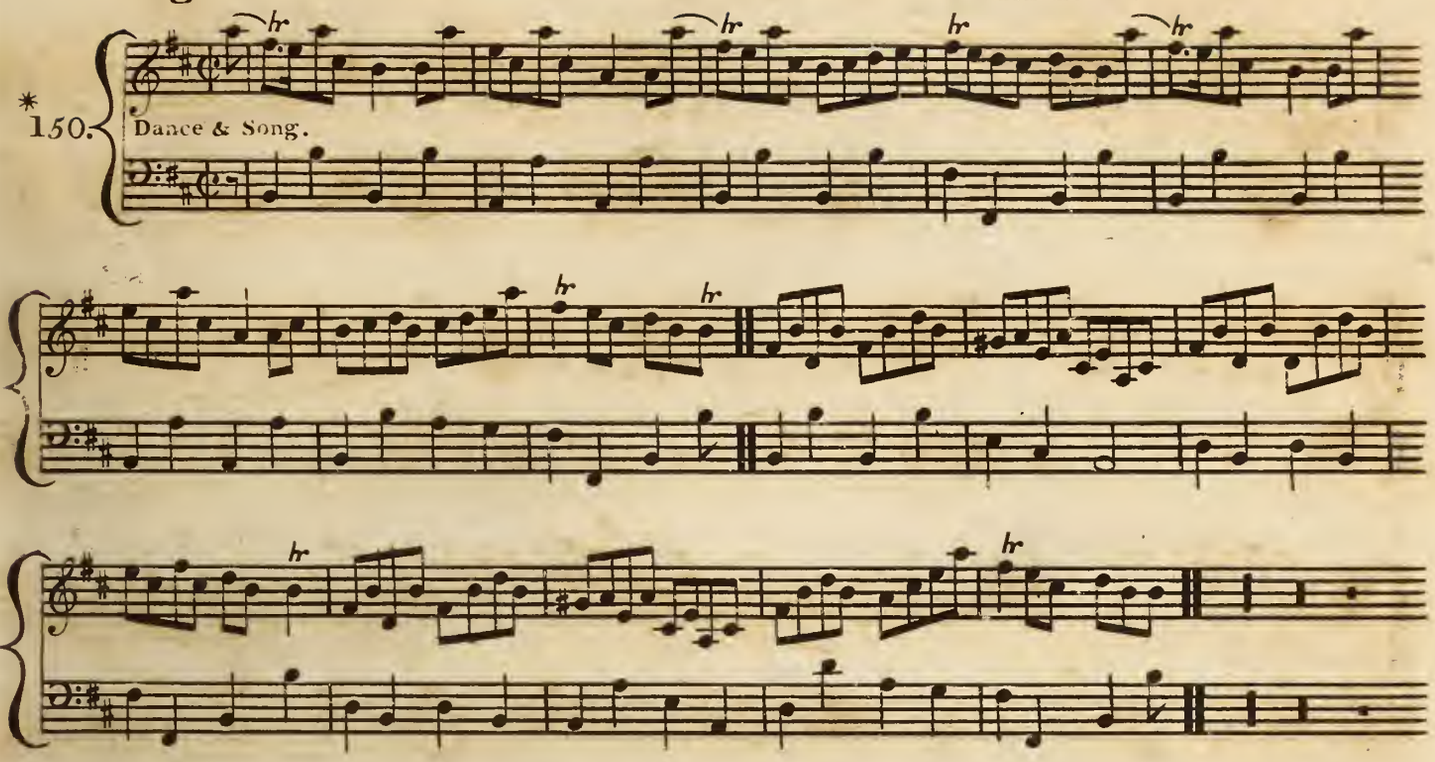


Stoileadh Nial Gobha. "Niel Gows Style".



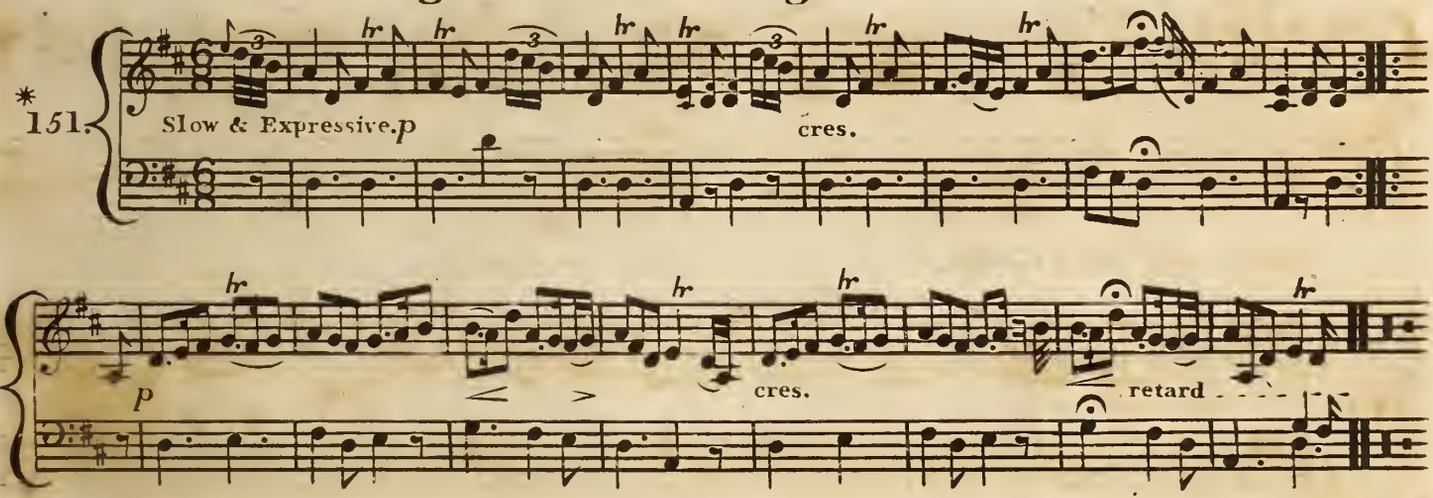
Nighean bhuidh bhoidhach. "Golden Locks".

* 150. Dance & Song.



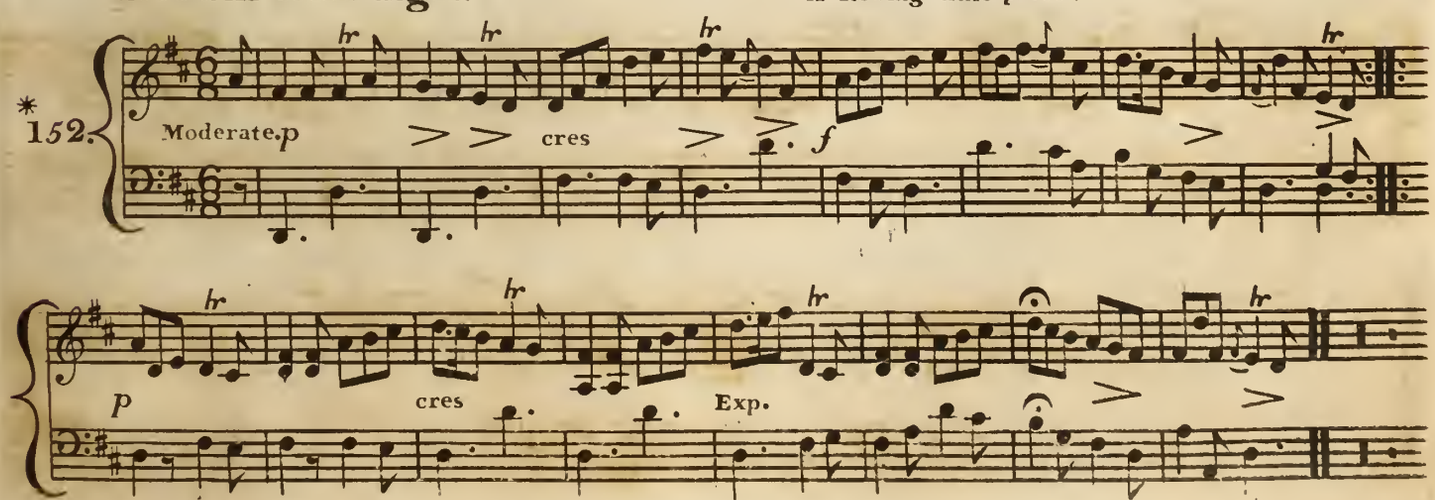
Cronan Mari Nighean Alastair ruaigh. "Mary Mc Leods Cronan".

* 151. Slow & Expressive. *p* cres.

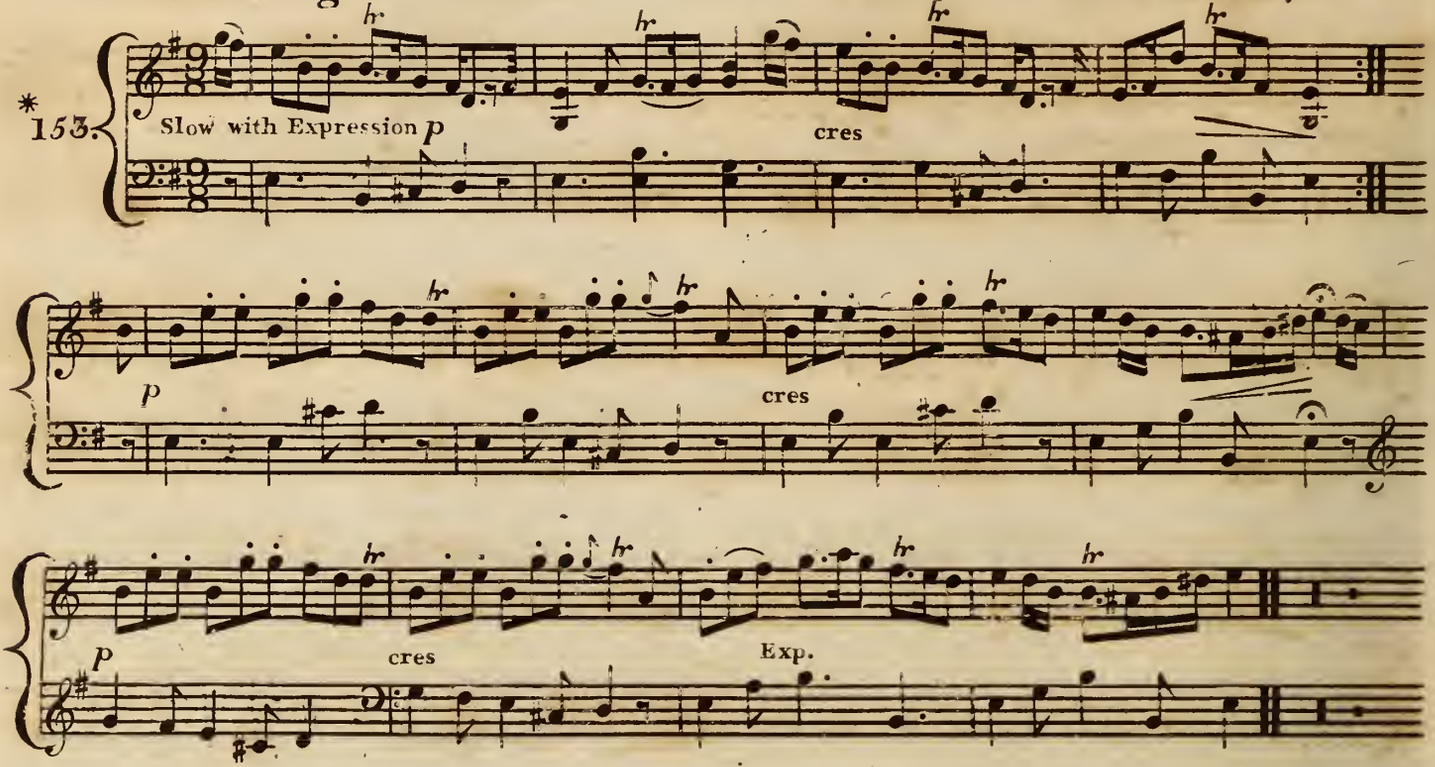


Iorram iomruigh. "A Rowing time piece".

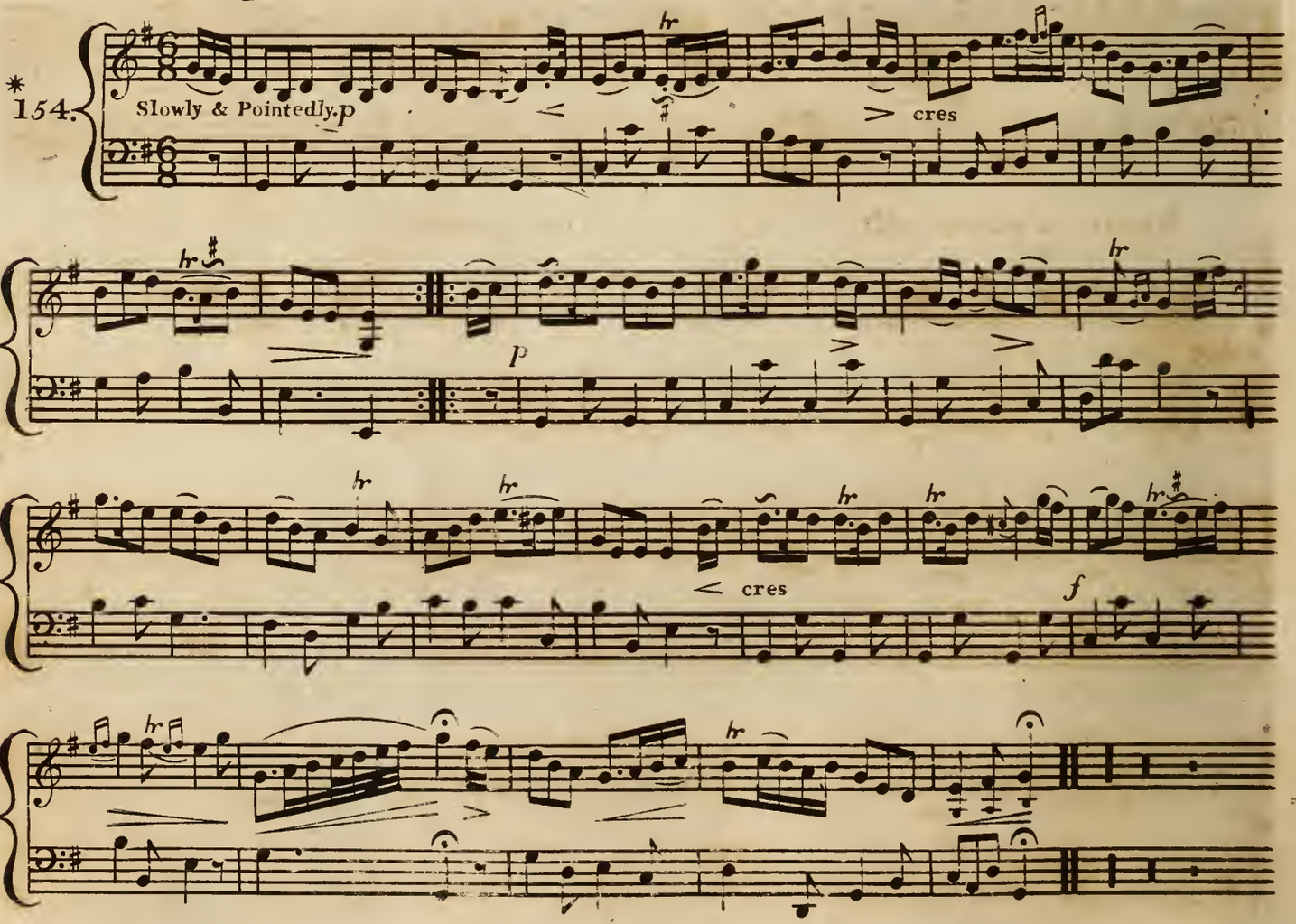
* 152. Moderate. *p* cres *f*



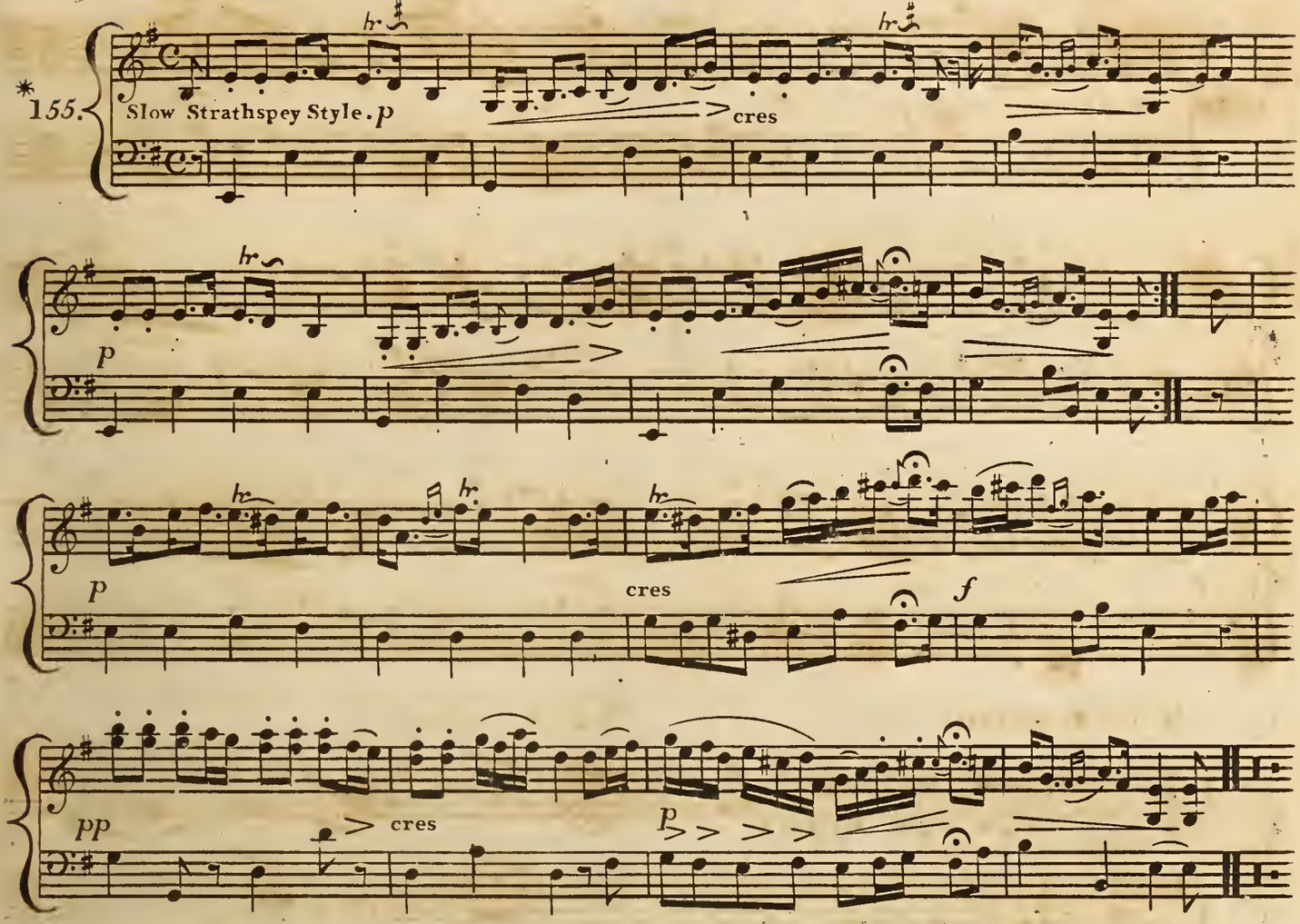
Gur mis 'tha gu craitach o'n' uiruidh. "What pain I've endured since last year?"



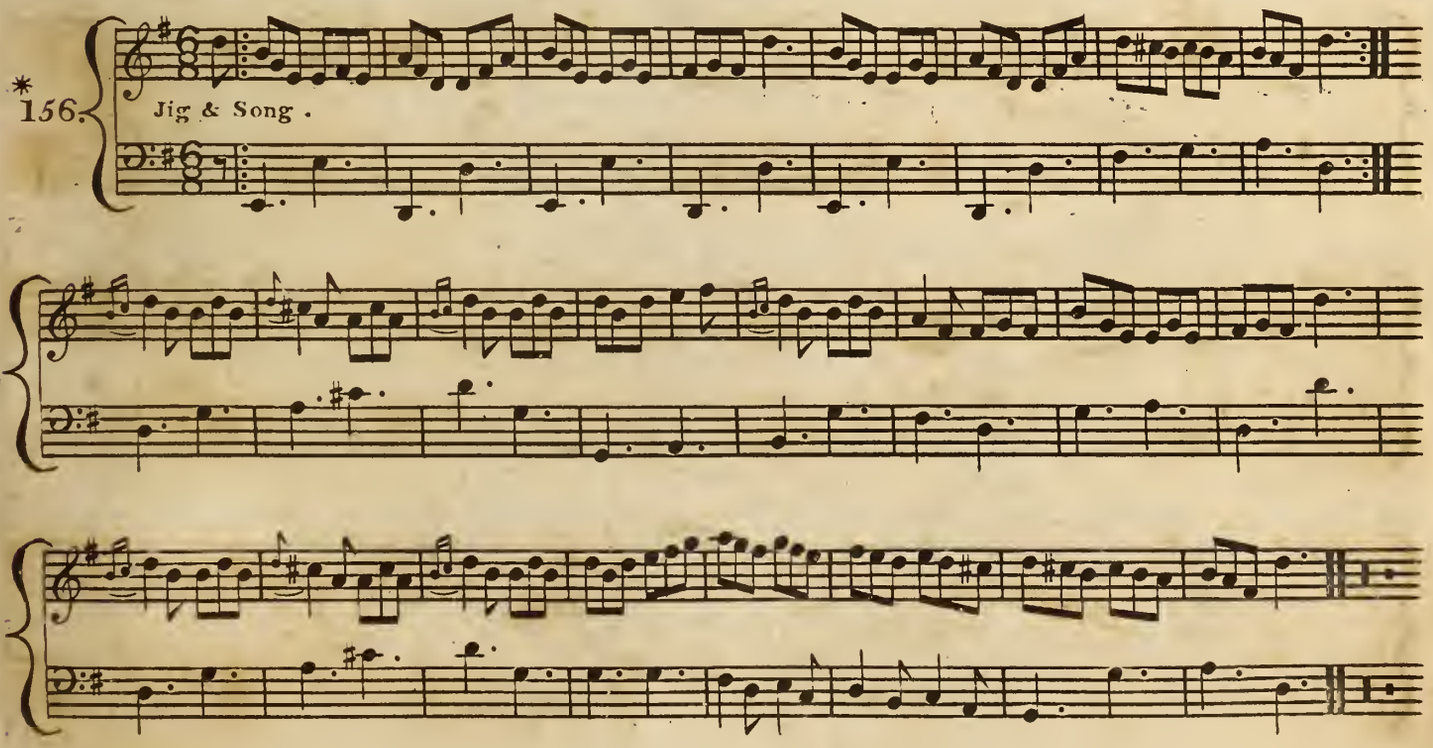
N' carn gorm. "Cairn Gorum Mountain"



Stradh Spea. "Strathspey." The Native Country of the Sprightly Dance.



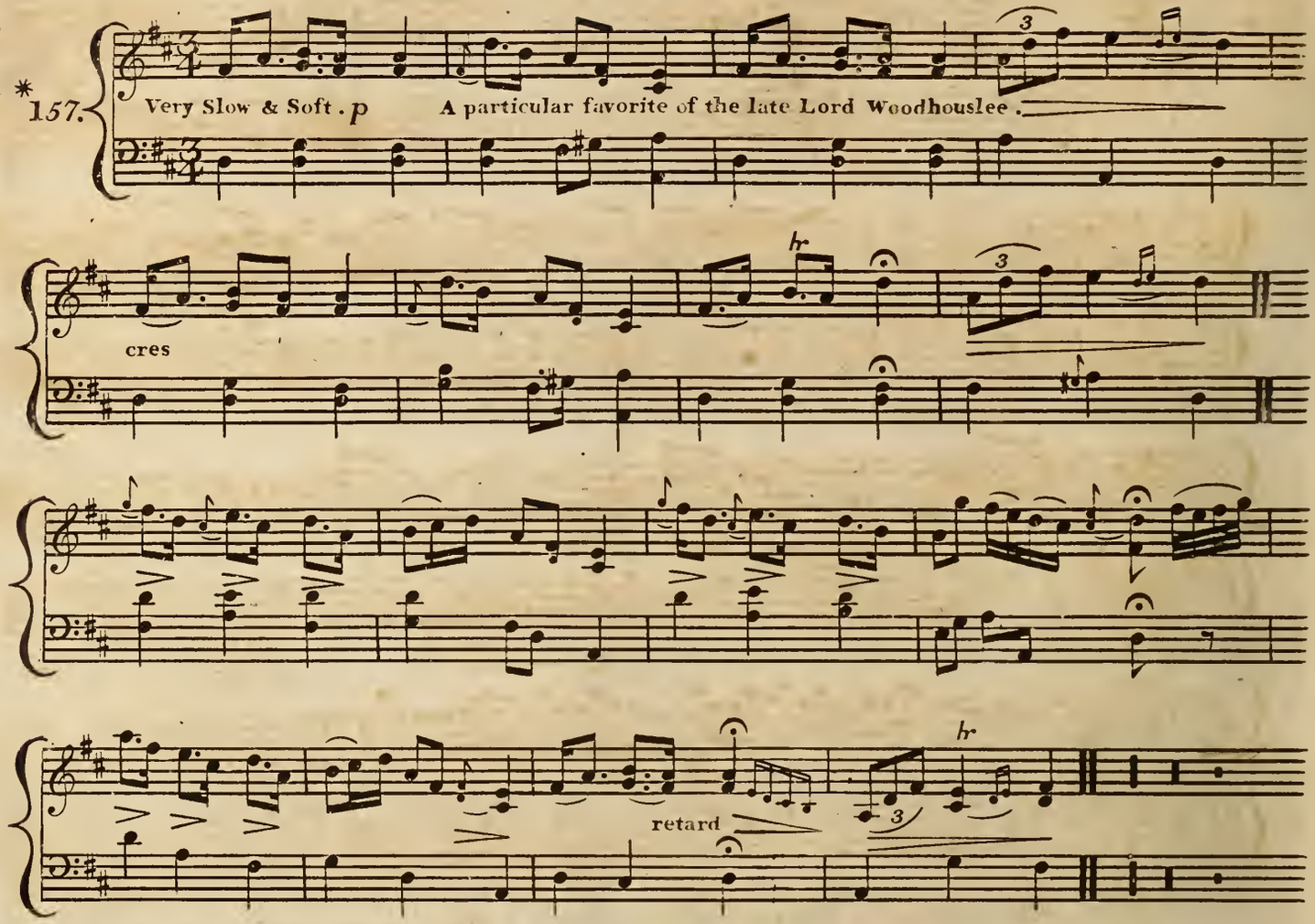
Snaim a phosaidh. "The Nuptial Knot".



Dhfag u mi fodh bhron.

"Thou hast left me melancholy."

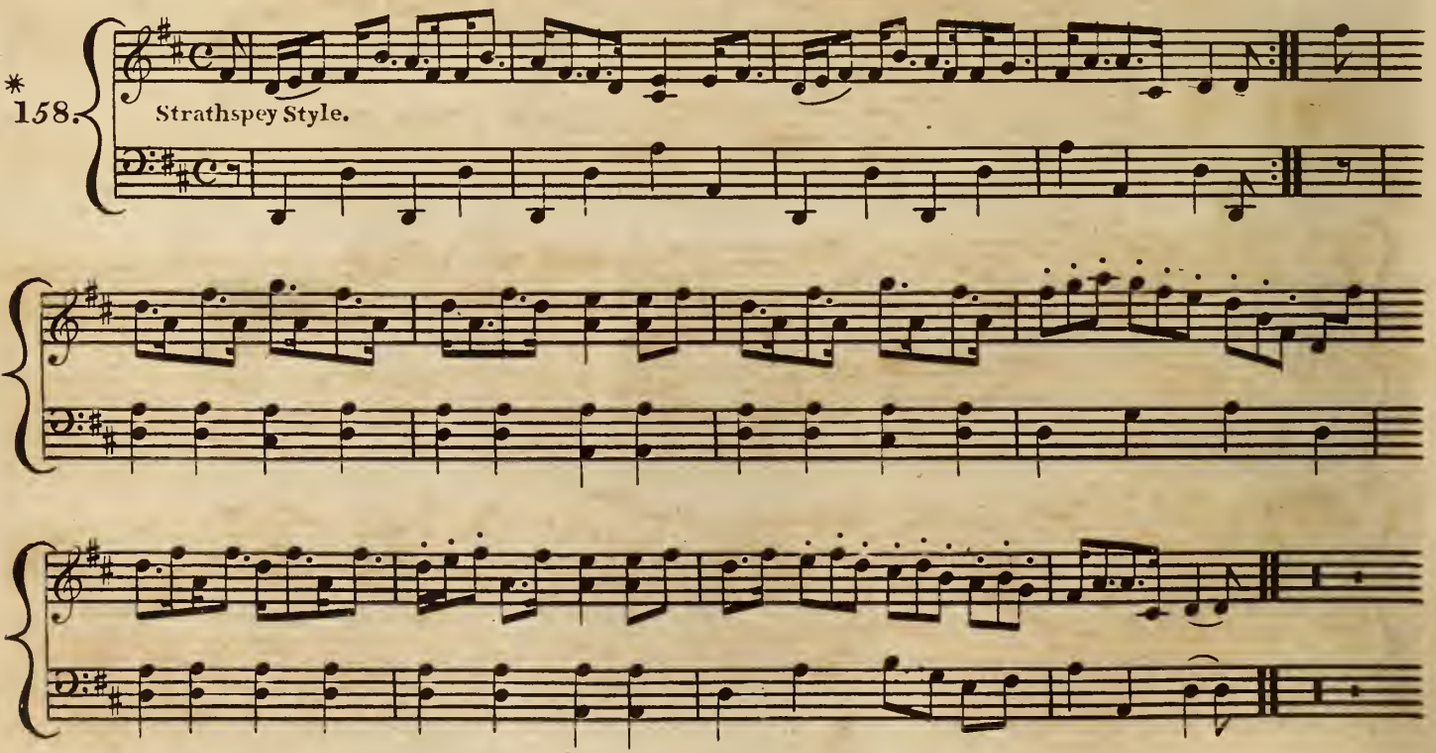
*157.



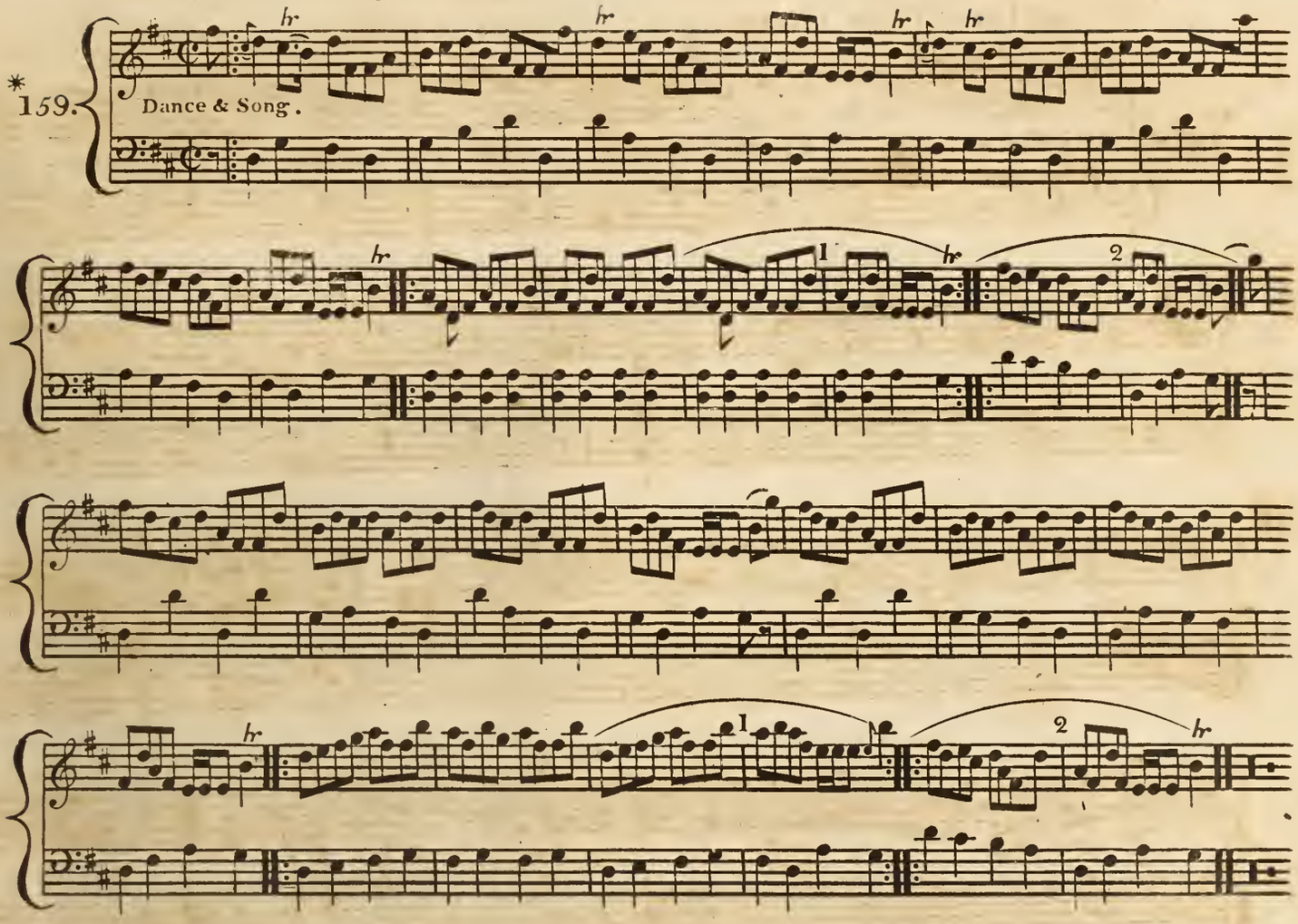
Tigh Bhealladrum.

"Belladrum House."

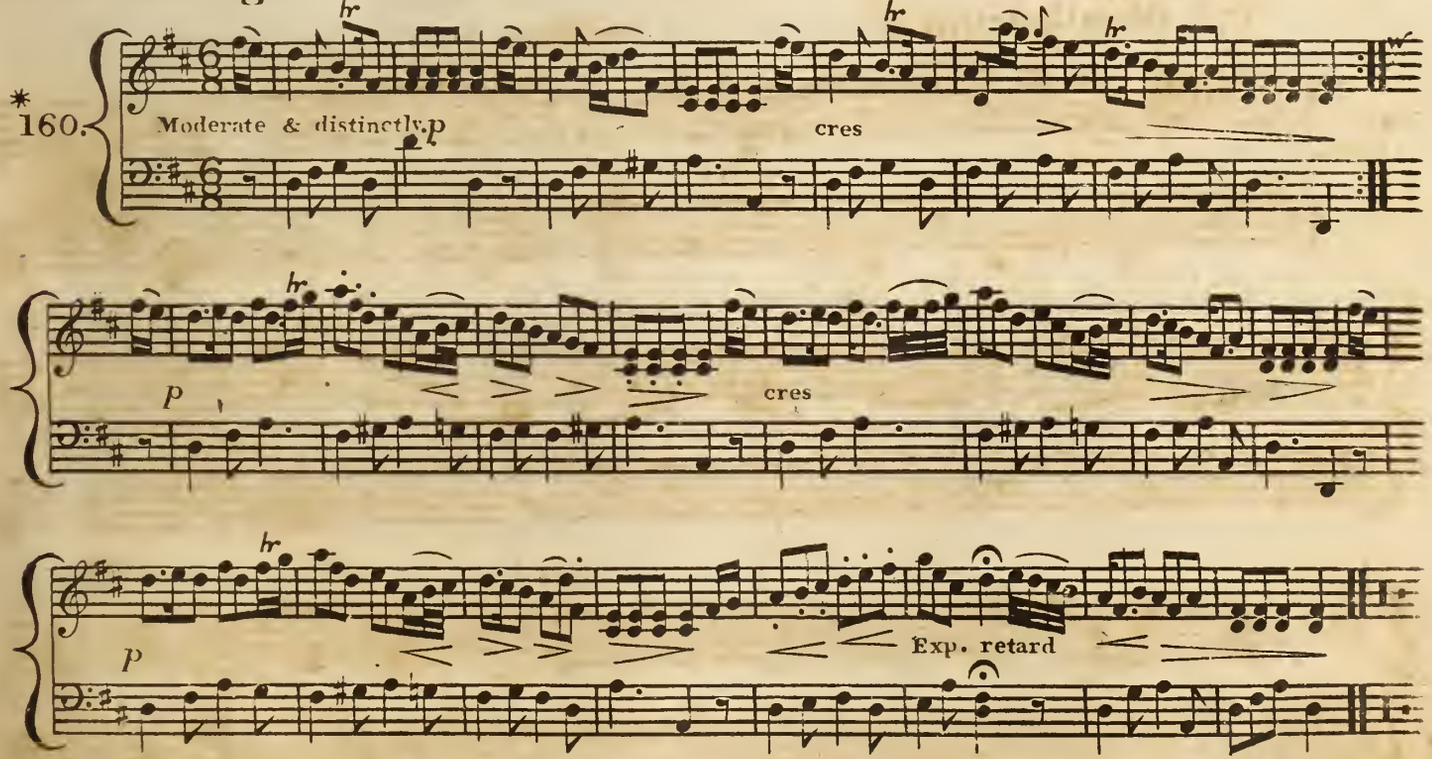
*158.



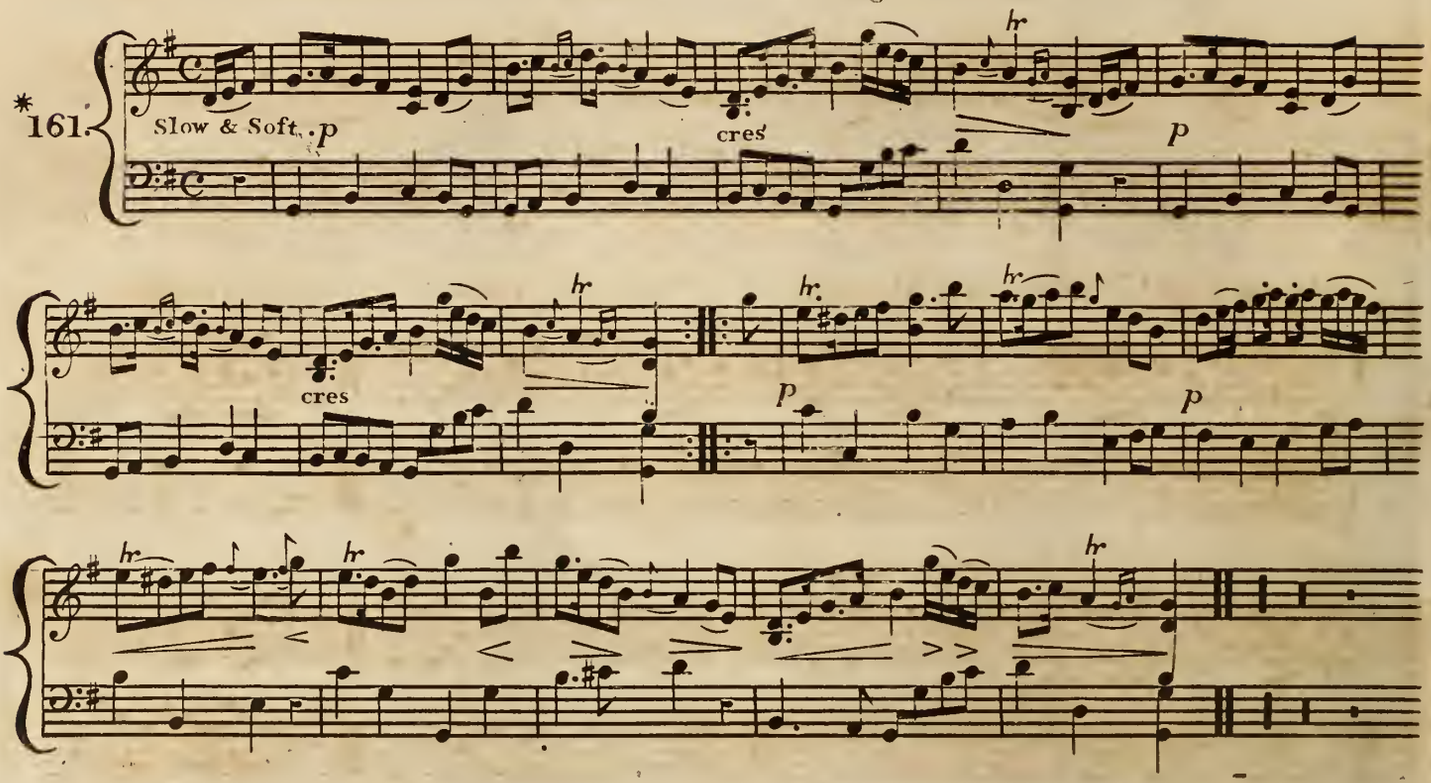
Oh Grain air no Briogasan. "Deil tak the Breeks"



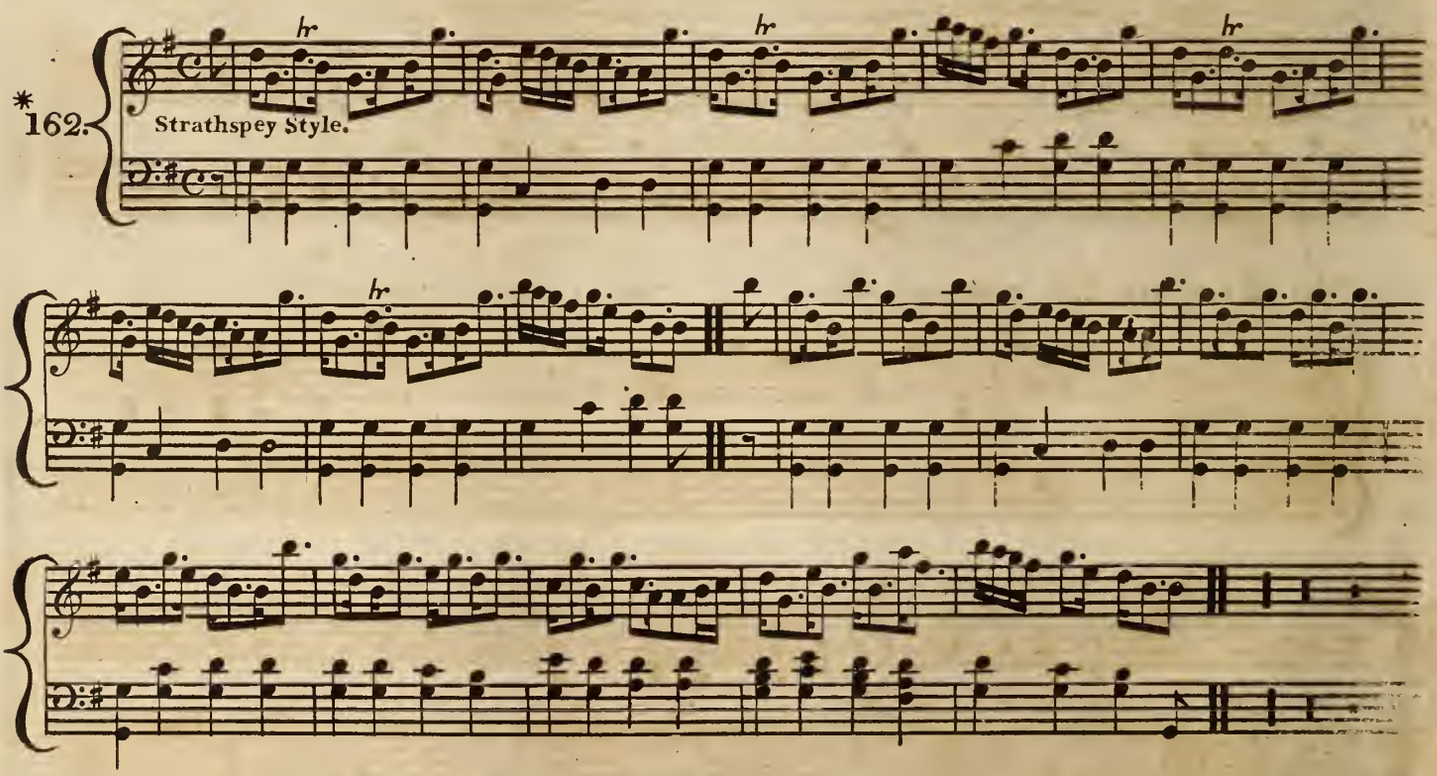
Ho ro gur comadh leam'h'uile ni a th'ann. "I care for nothing now"



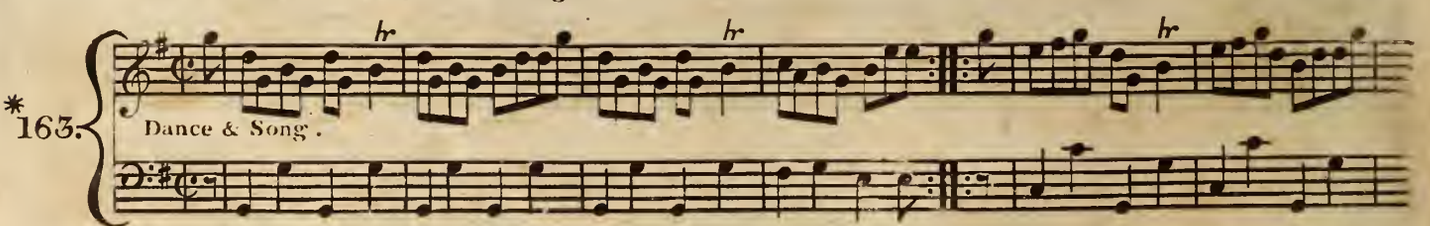
Mi m' shuidh n' deireadh Bata. "Sitting in the Stern of a Boat".

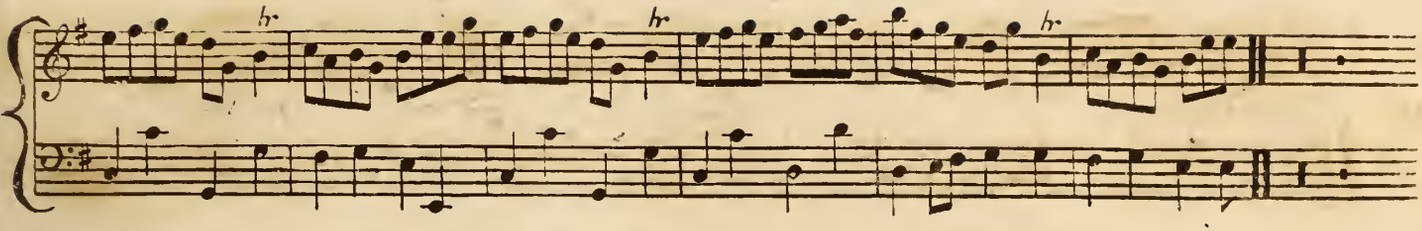


Cille chassidh. "Killachassy." or Miss Fleming of Moness.

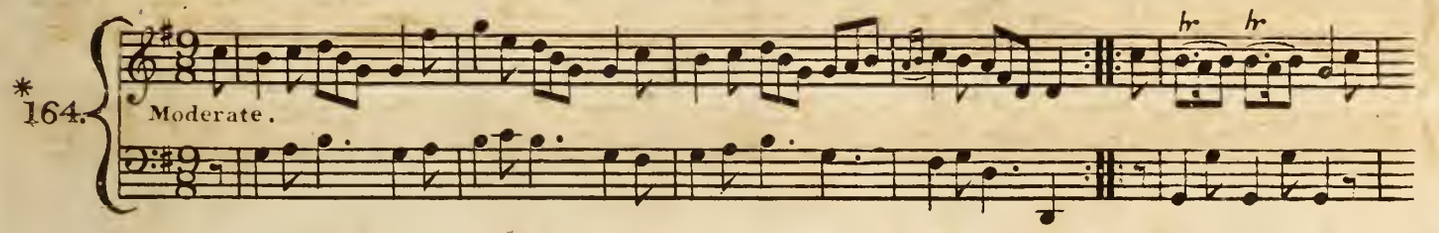


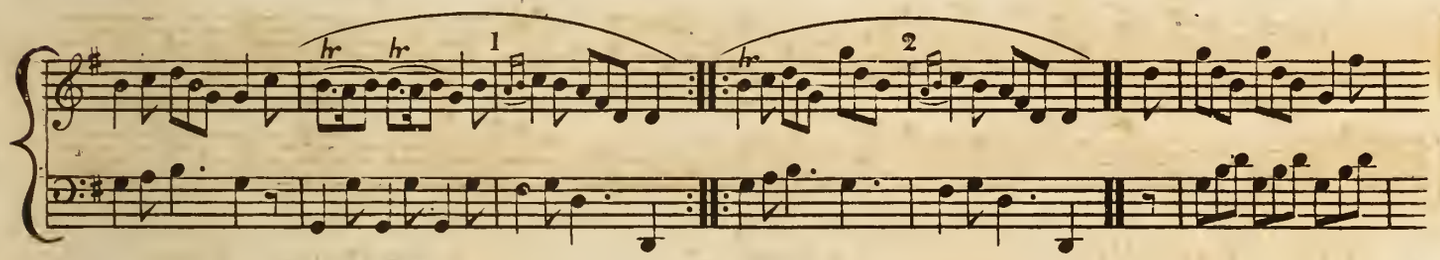
Druimuachdair. or "Highland Road to Inverness".

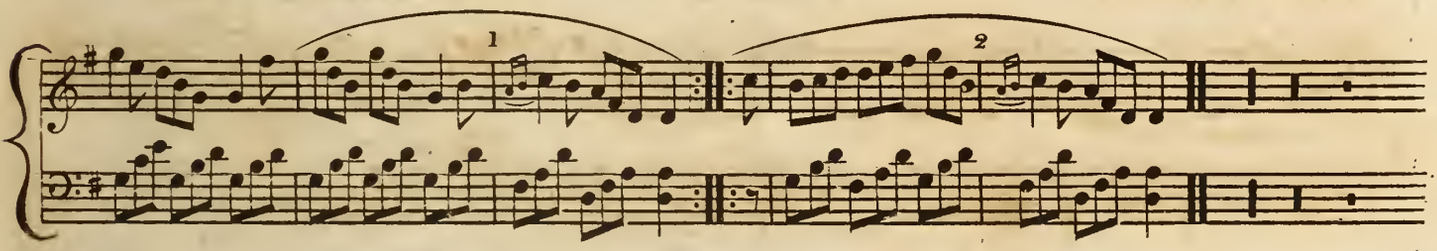




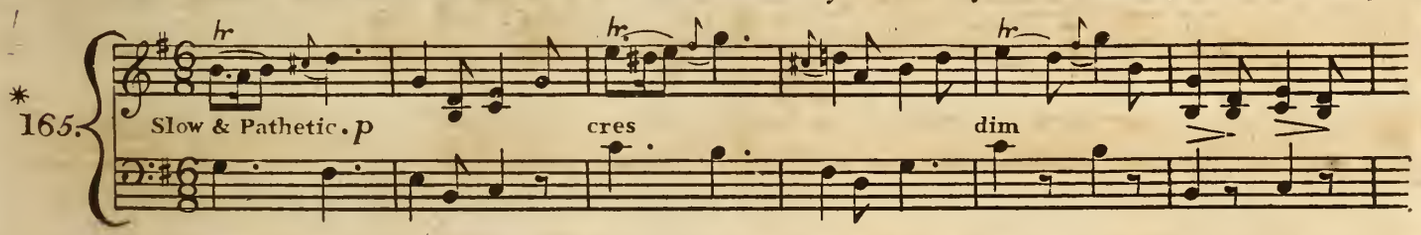
Ho ro mo bhobban an' Dram. "The Favorite Dram". a highland Bumpkin.

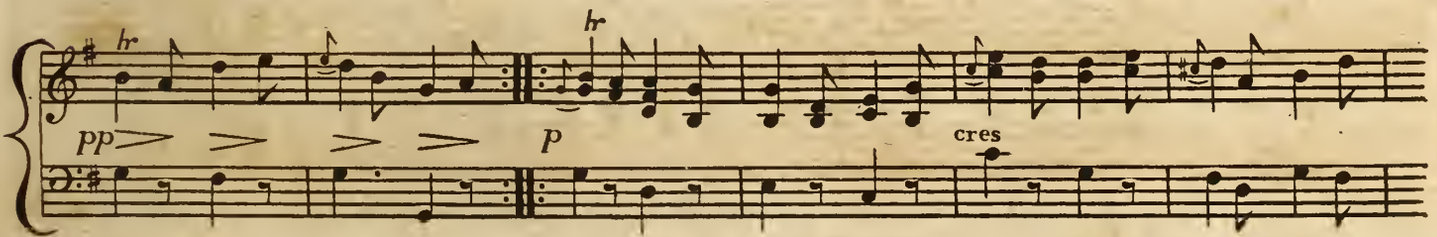


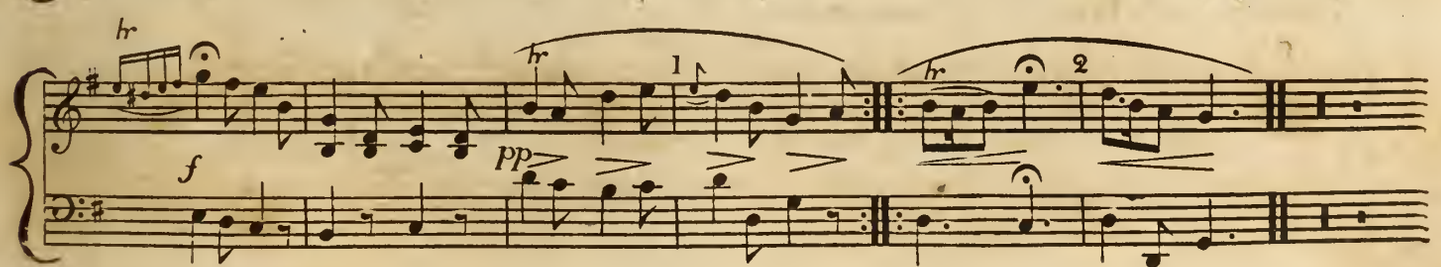




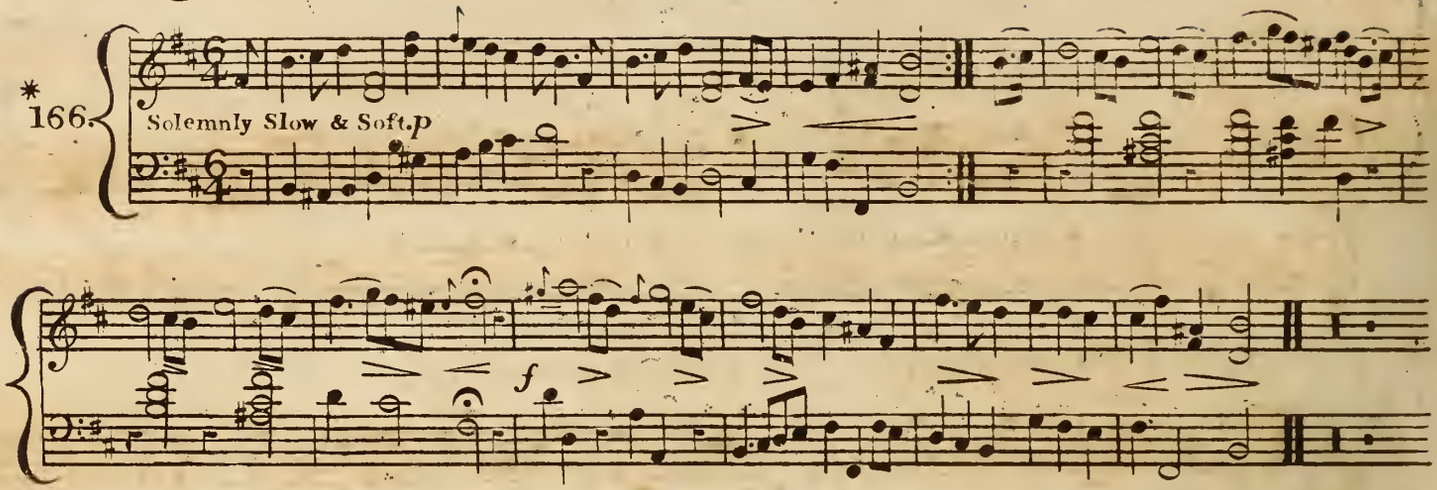
Mo Run an diu mar an de u. "My Love to day as heretofore".



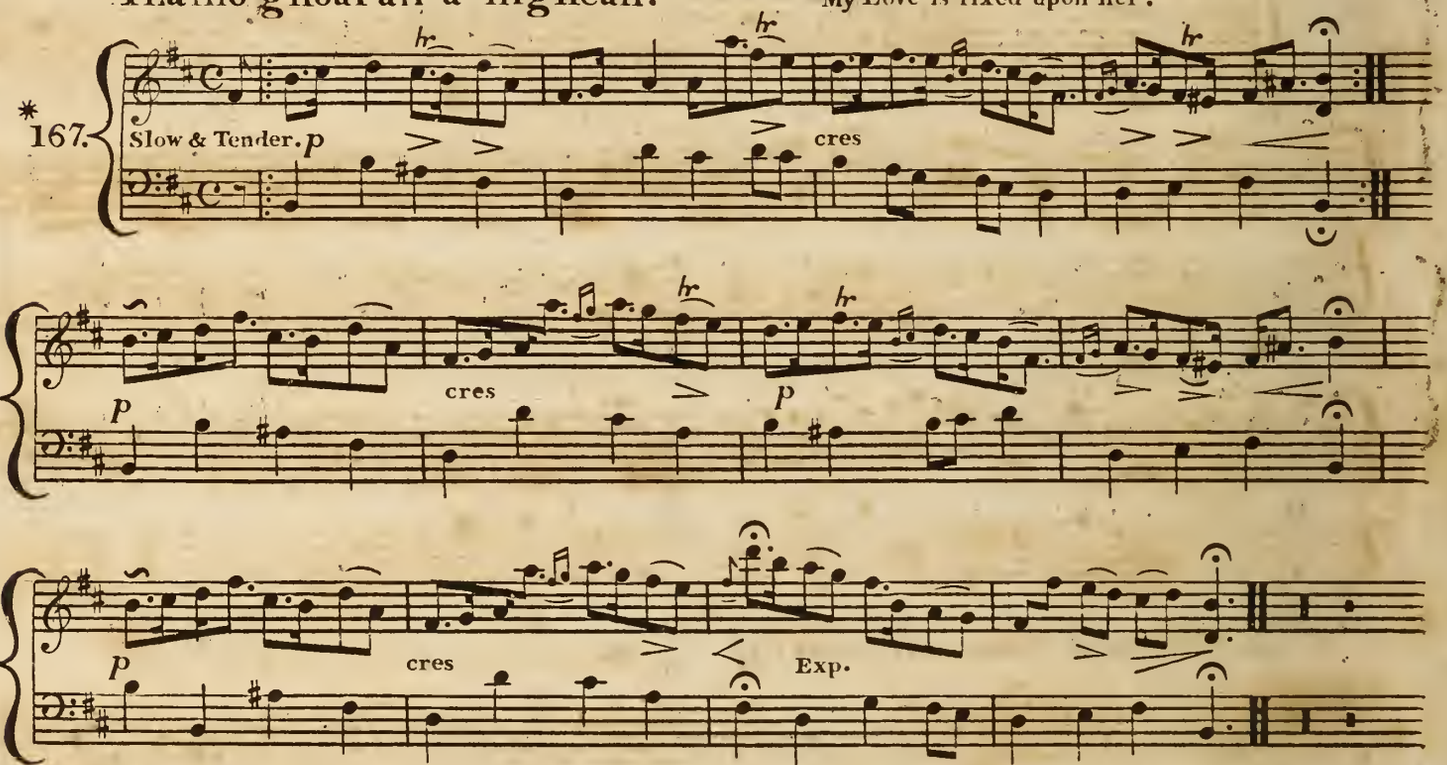




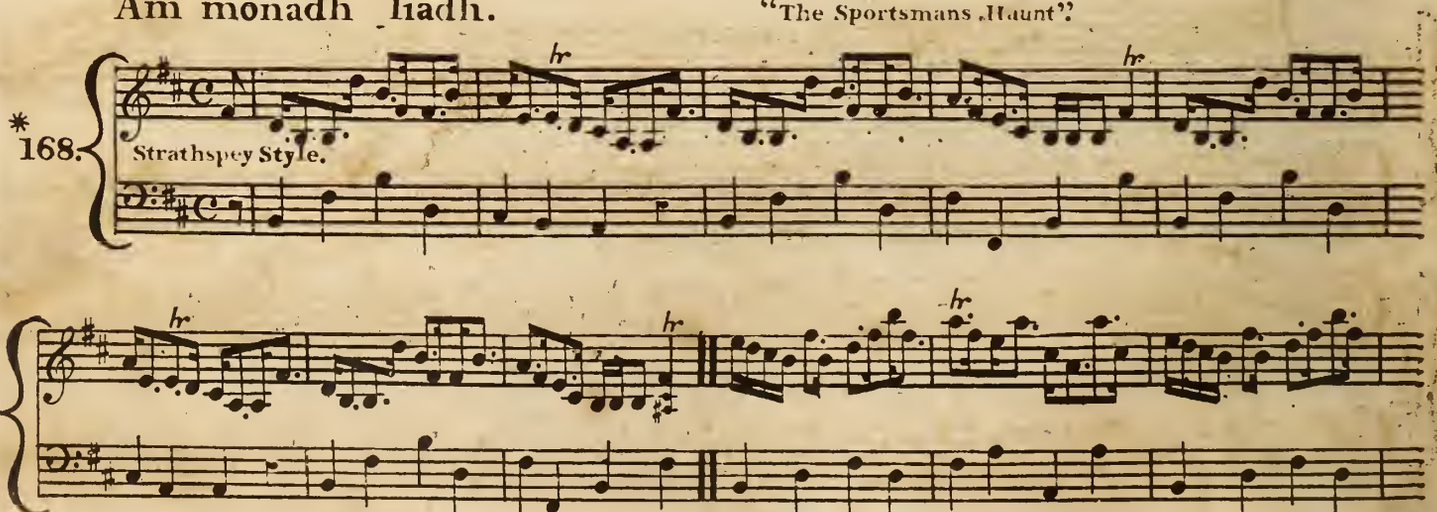
Tigh an drom. "Tyndrum"

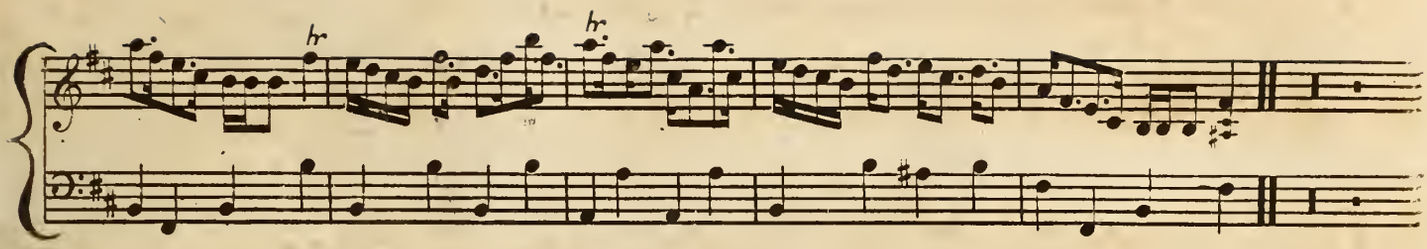


Tha mo ghoal air a nighean. "My Love is fixed upon her"

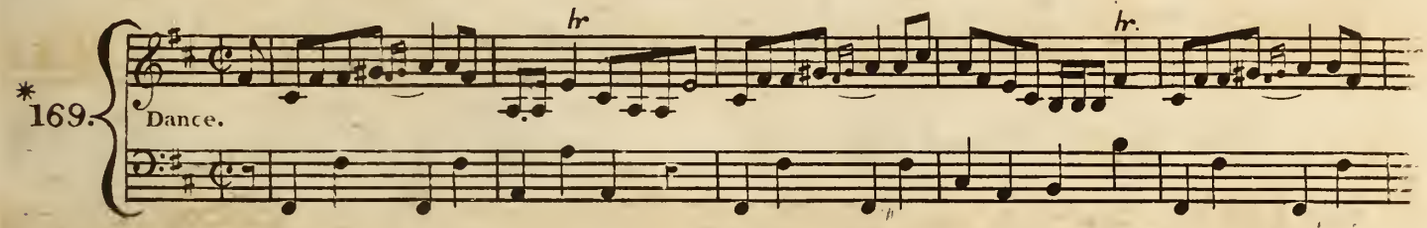


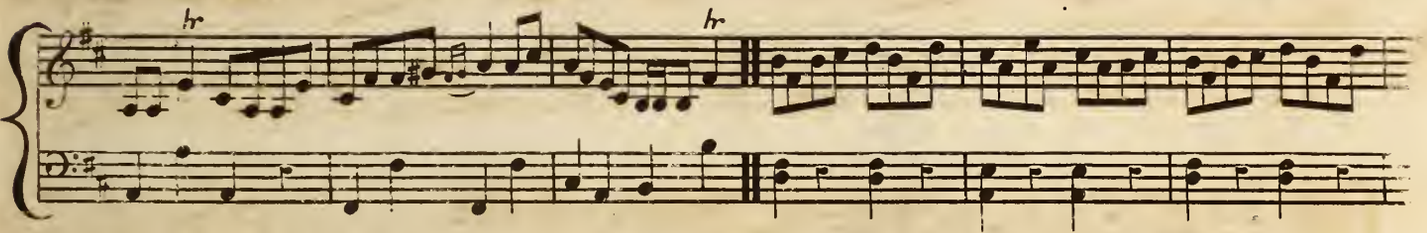
Am monadh liadh. "The Sportsmans Haunt"

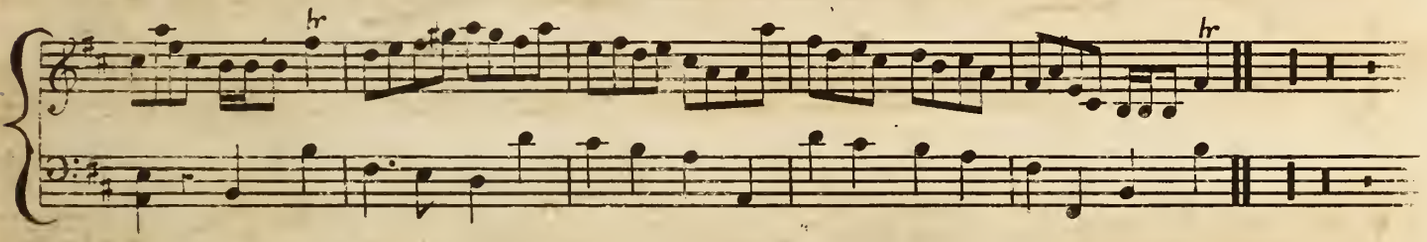




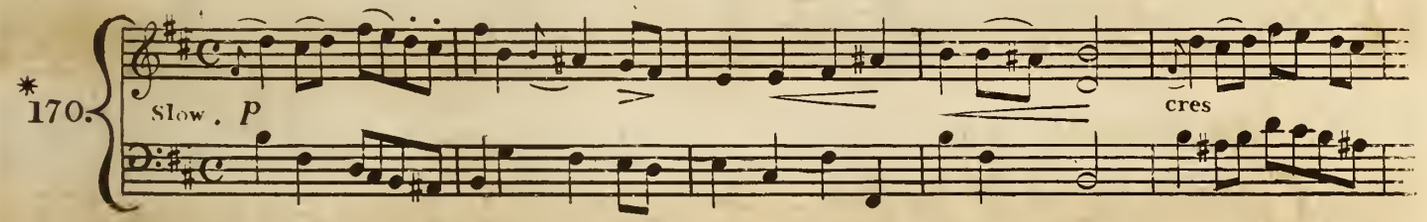
Coir a Ghearraigh. or "the high Road to Fortagustus"?

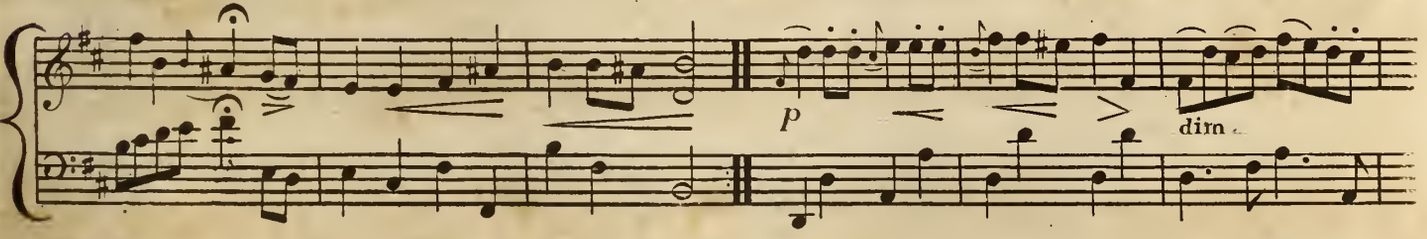


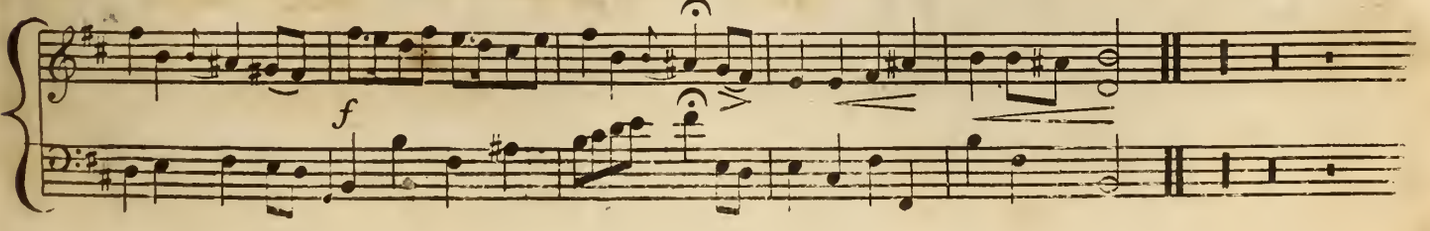




Ribhinn aluim, aoibhinn og. "Beauty, charming, fair & young"?

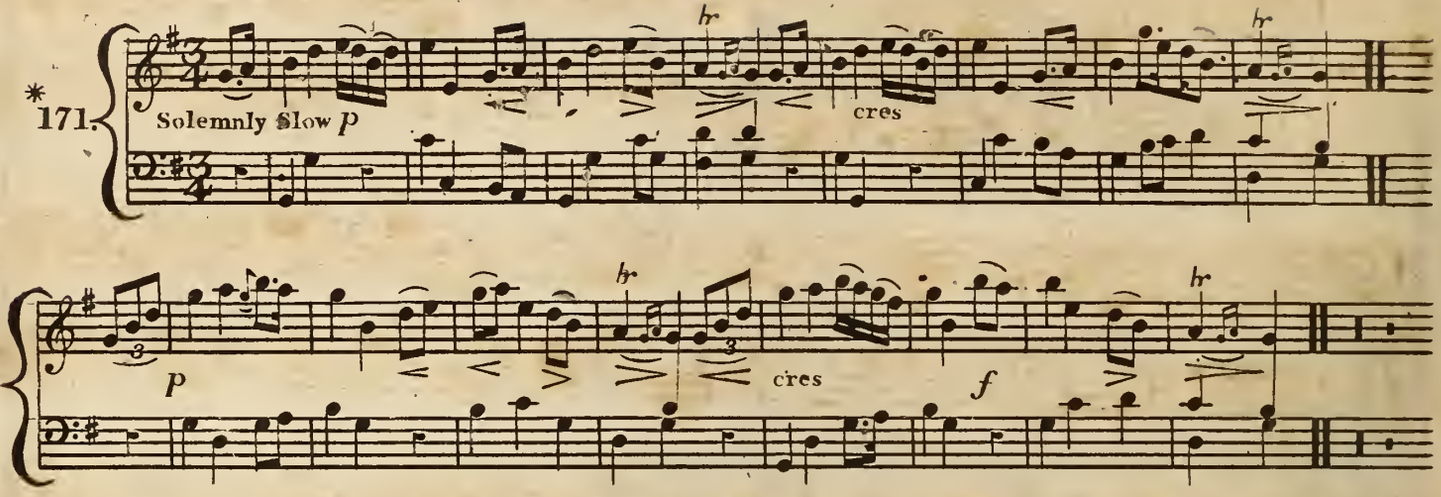






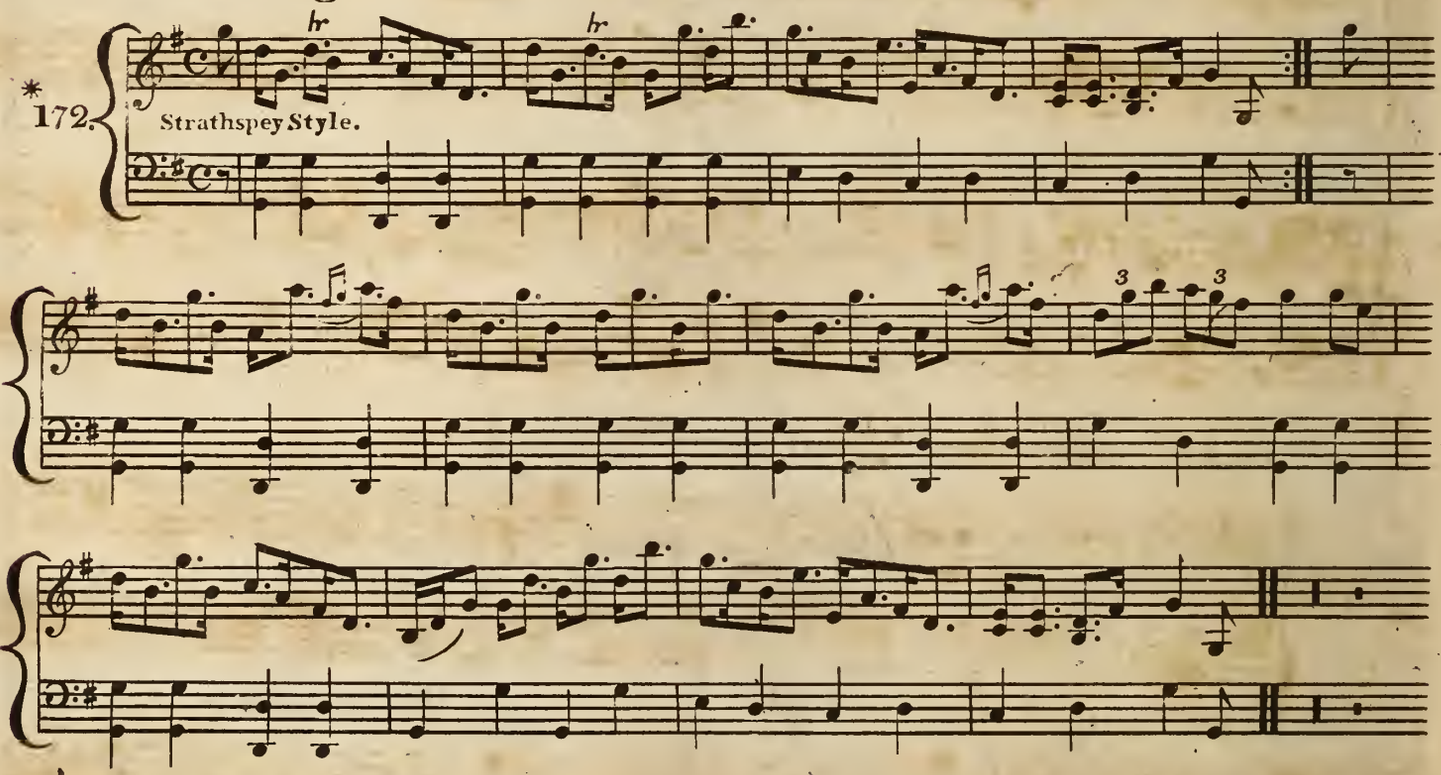
Bodhan an Eassain.

"The Cottage adjoining the Fall."



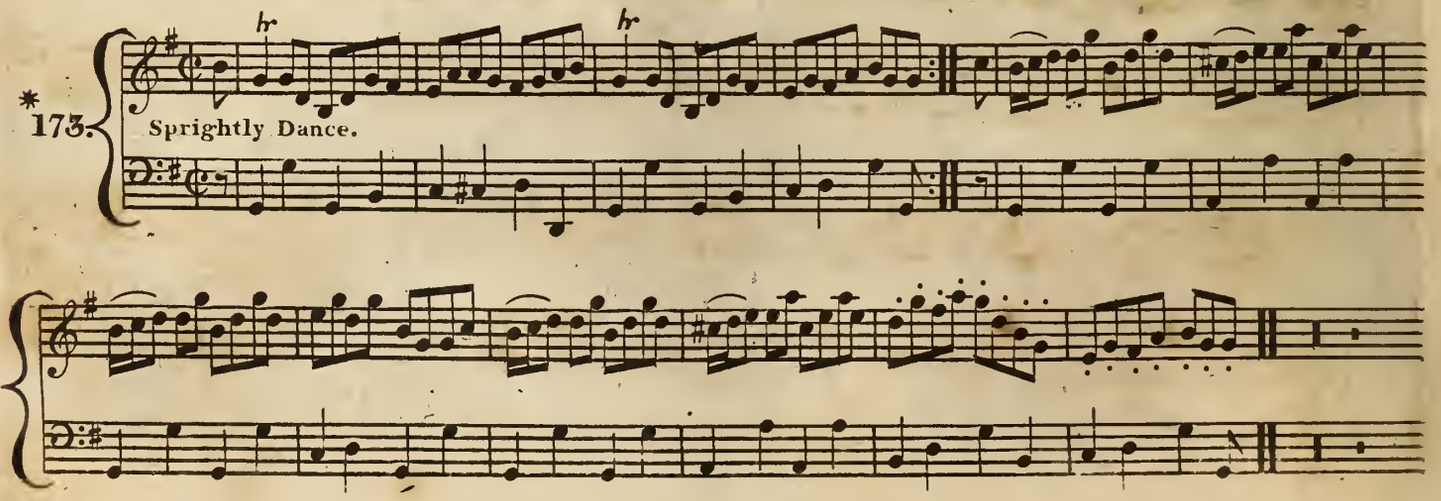
An t' Sealg.

"The North Hunt Medley."

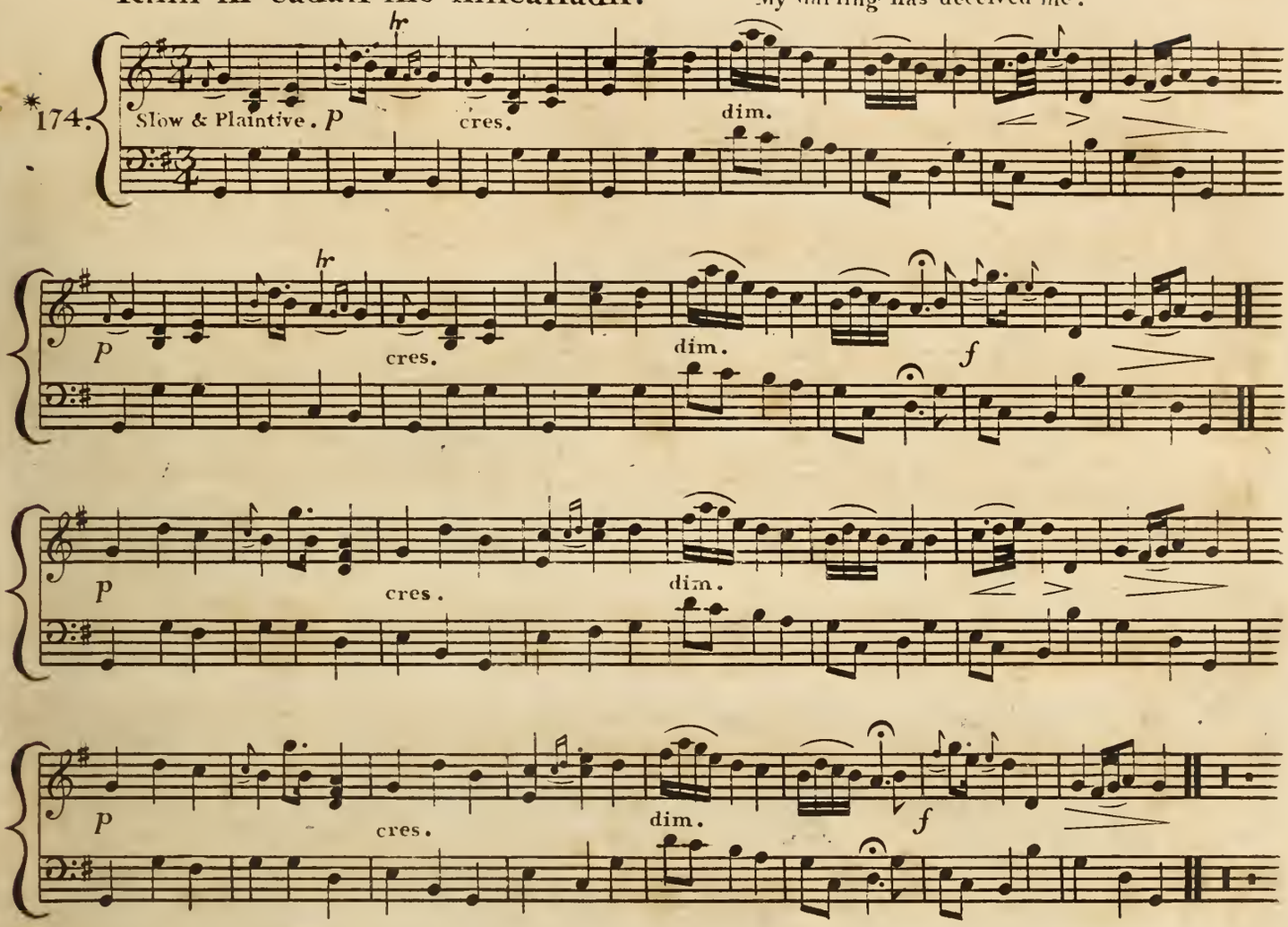


An Coisir.

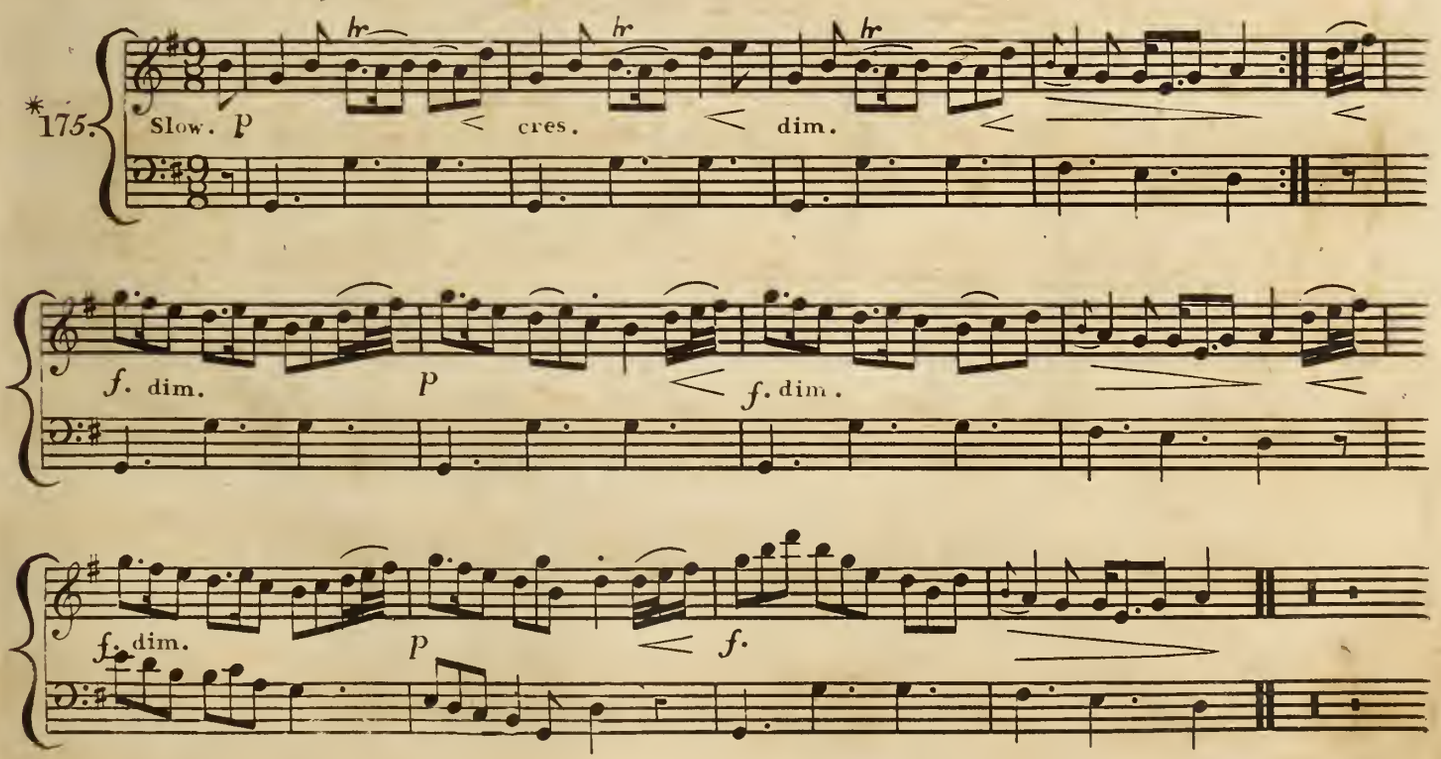
"The Rendezvouz."



Rinn m' eadail mo mhealladh. "My darling has deceived me."

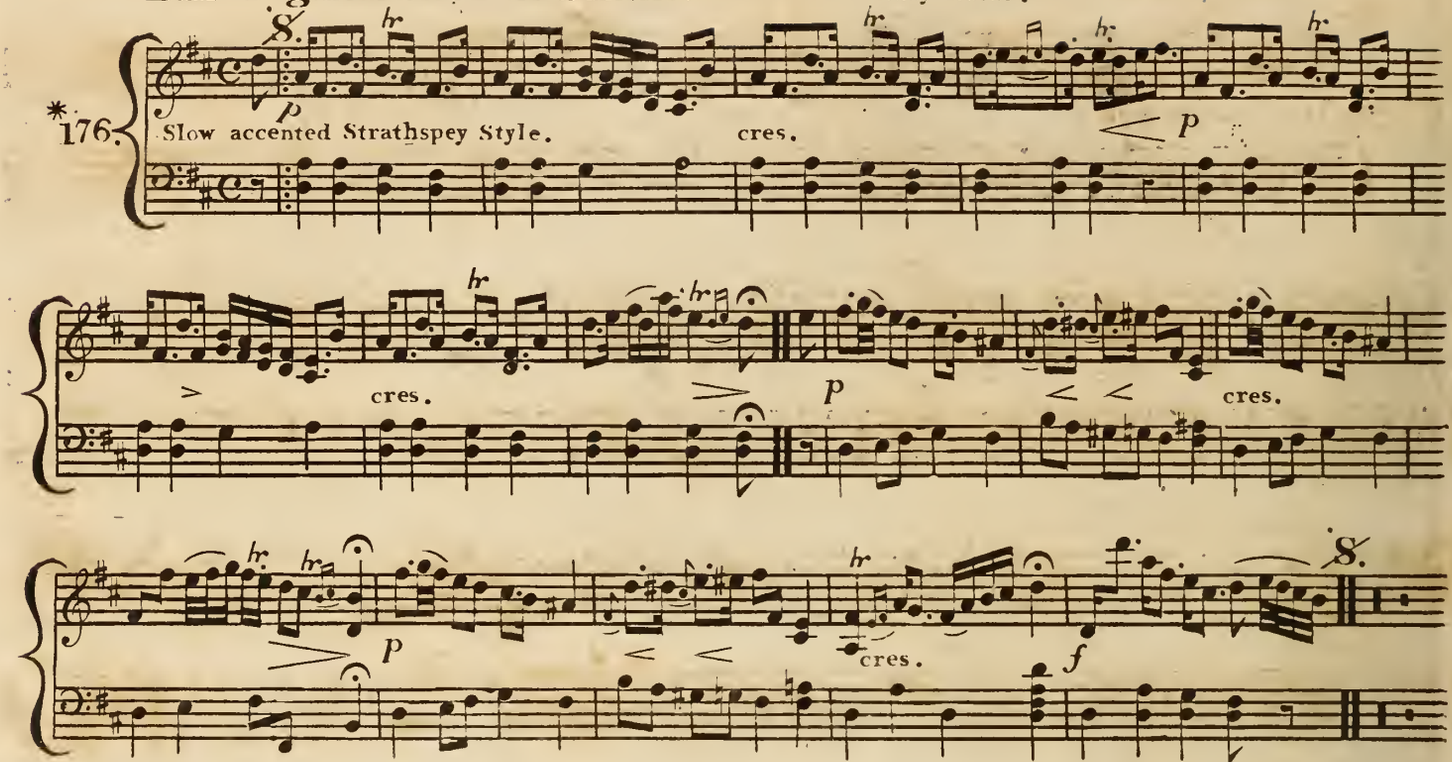


Co a ni mireadh ri Mairi. "Who will dandle my Mary?"



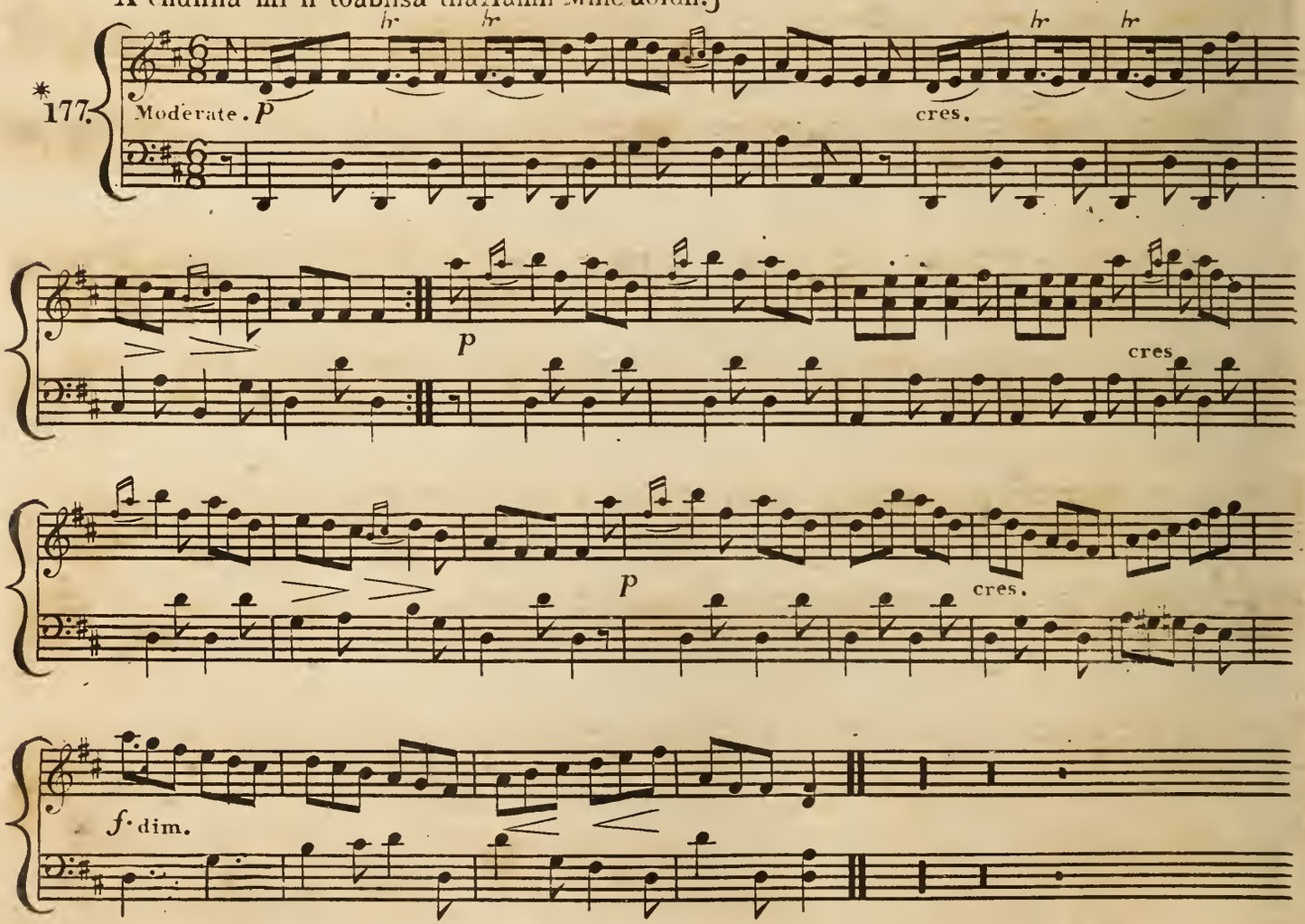
Ban Tighearna Mhic S'himi.

"Lady Lovat".

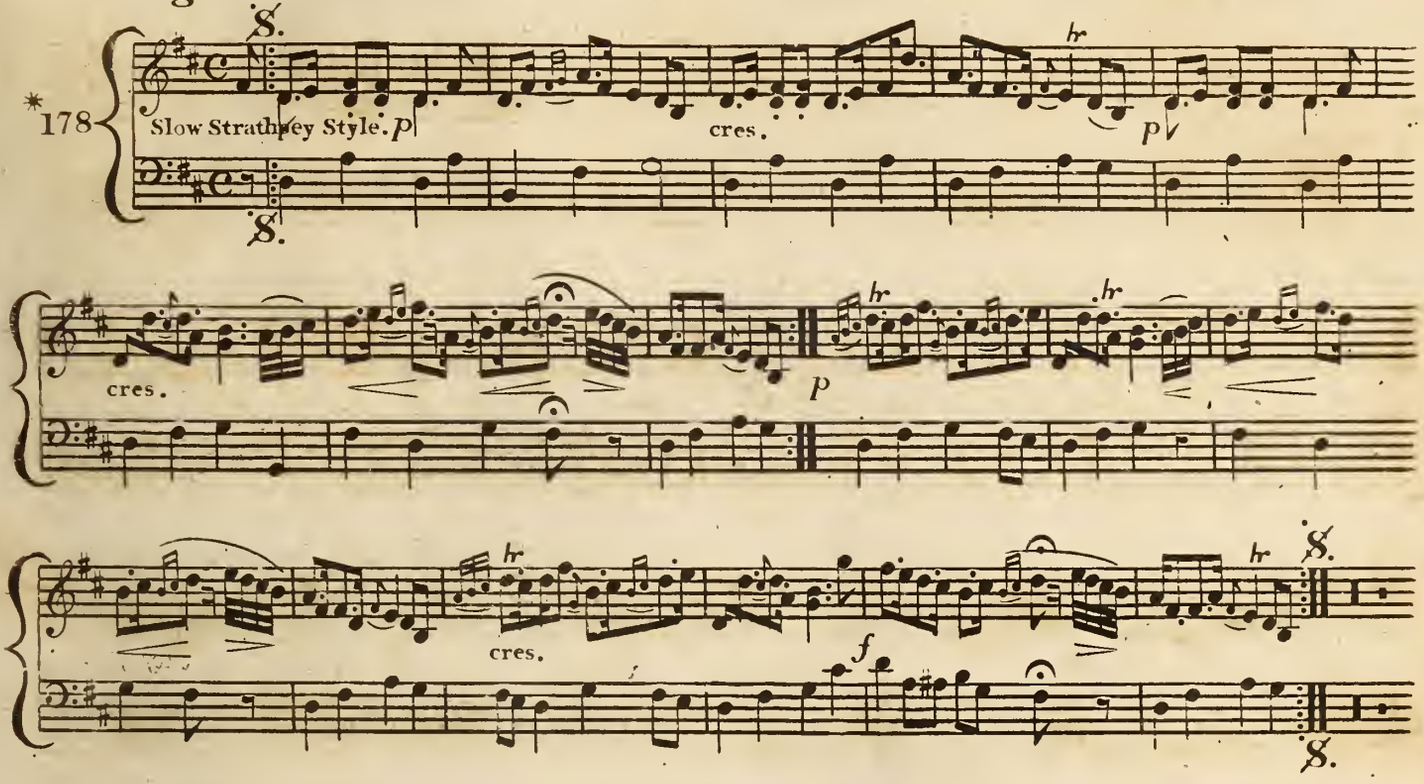


San agam tha bheanag a' s' maisich suile,
A chunna' mi n' toabhsa' thallamh Mhic-aoidh.

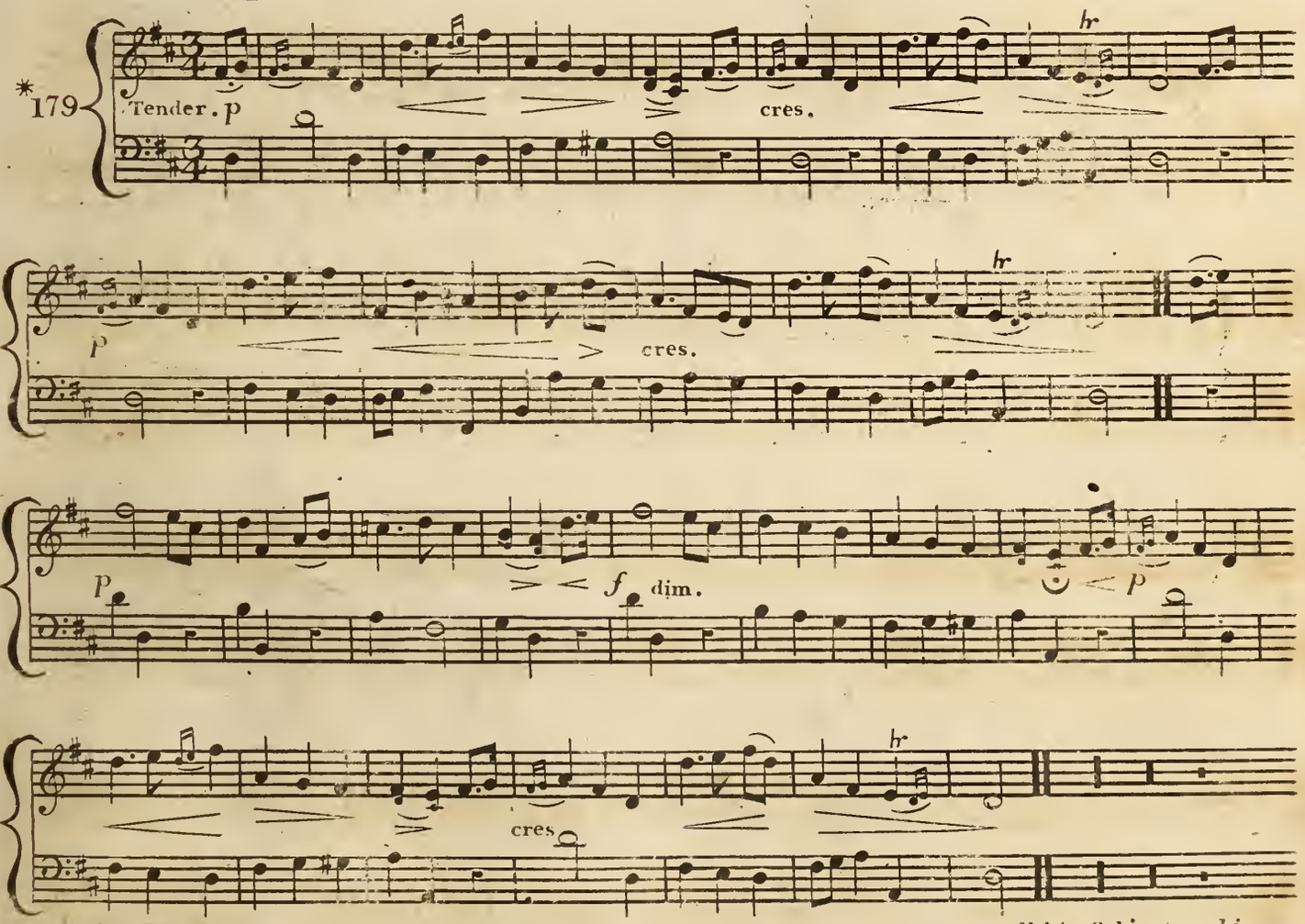
"The boniest Wife this side of Lord Reay's Country."



Tighearna Bhrodhi'.* "The Laird of Brodie!"

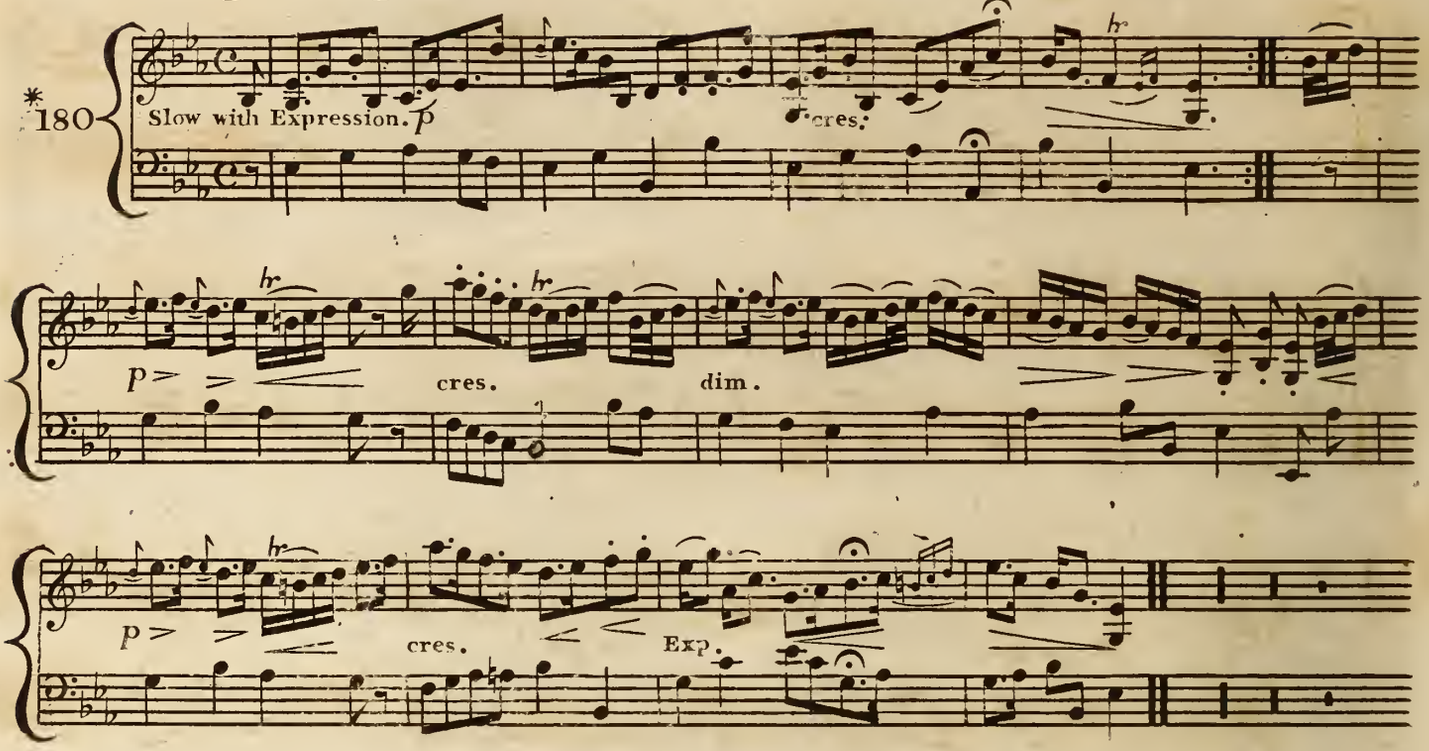


Caidil gu lo. "Sleep till day!"

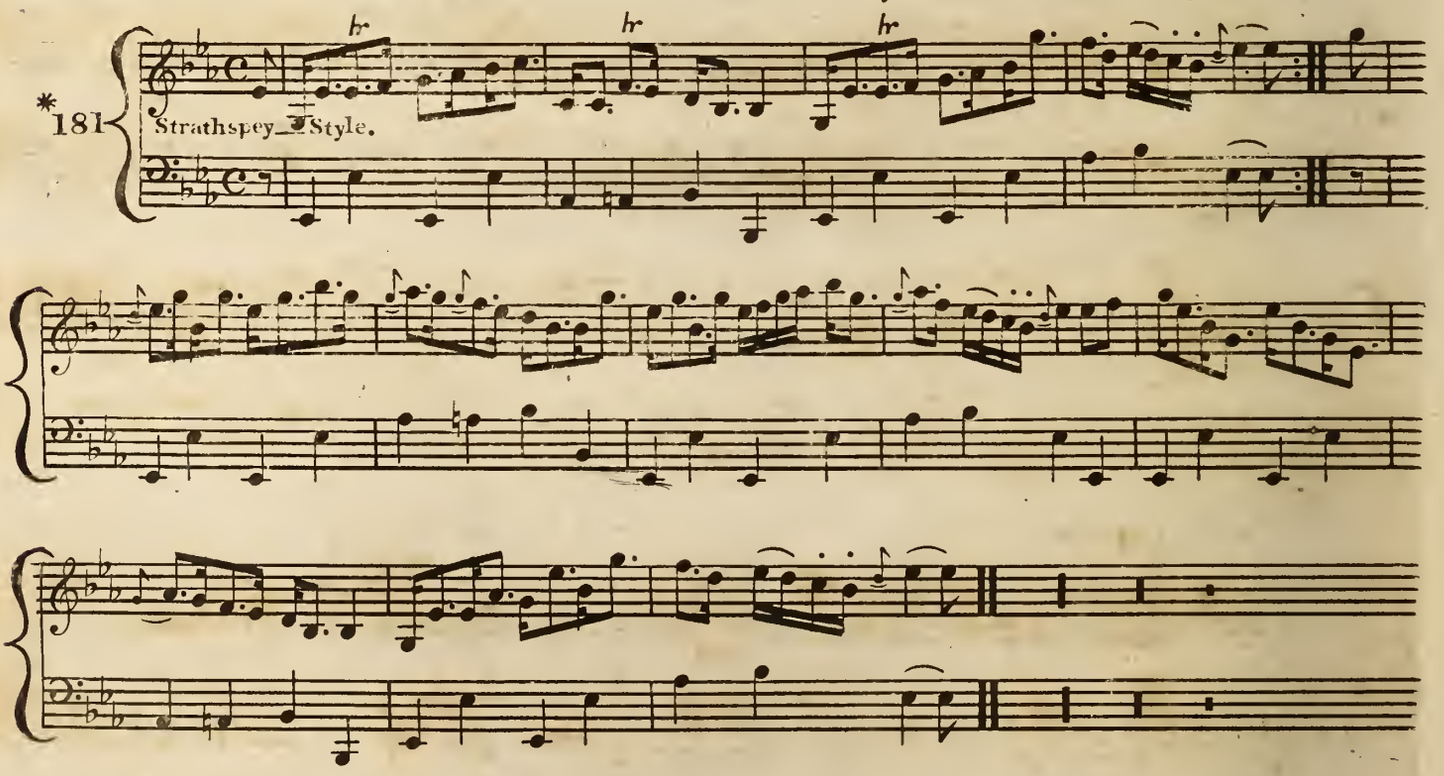


* This tune Supposed to be Composed by the roving King James would spread among all his Subjects as his Production, but I find the first sett of it preserved in the Highlands and sung to Gaelic words.

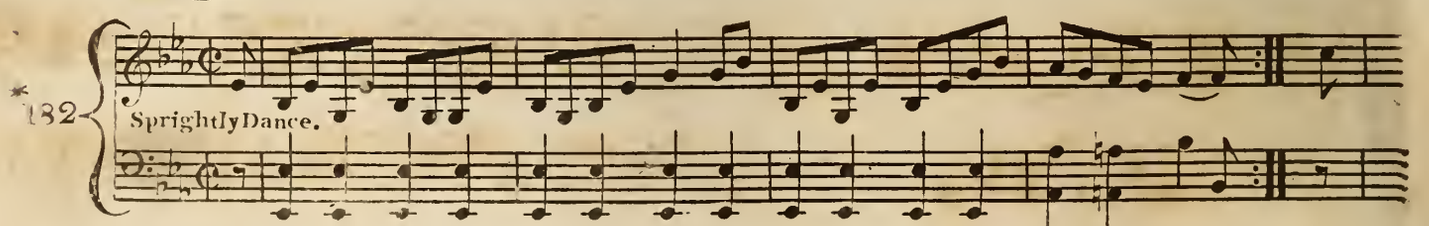
Slan gun t'hig mo run a nall. "Well may my true love arrive"!

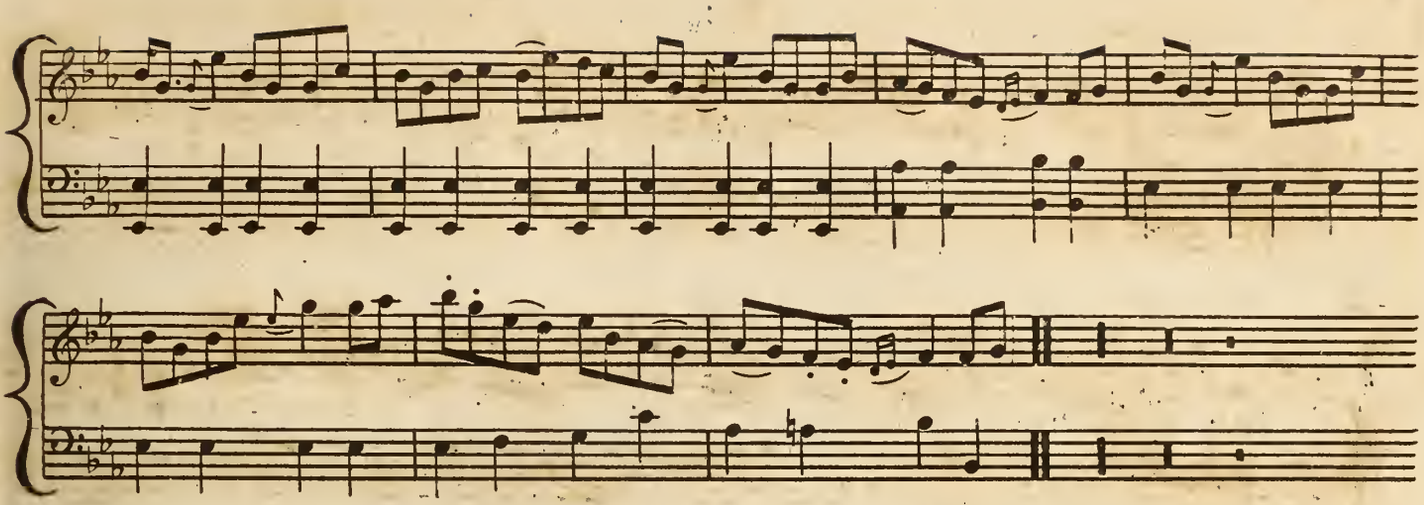


Mais' an toabh Tuadh. "The Beauty of the North".



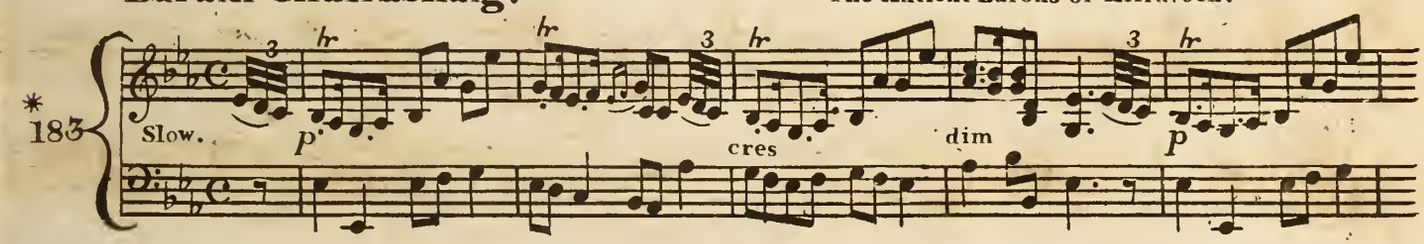
Nuaghalachd. "The Novelty"

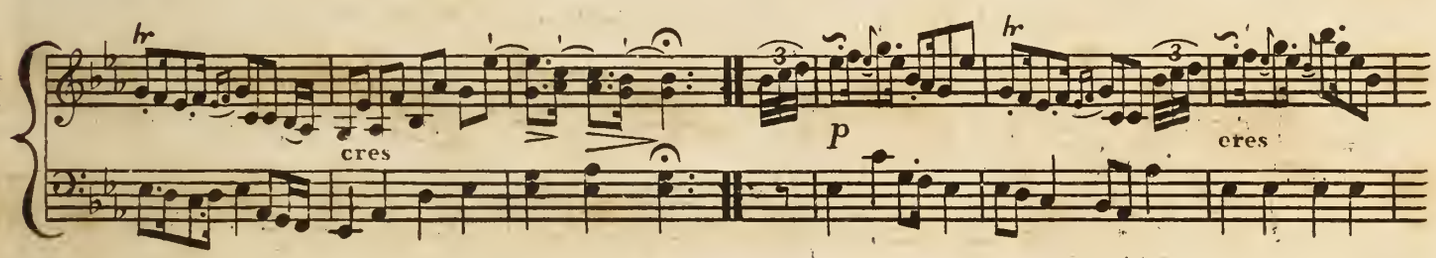


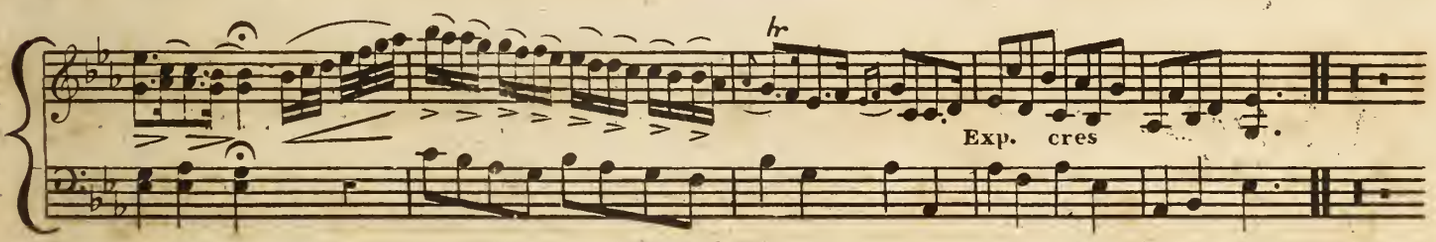


Barain Chulrabhaig.

"The Antient Barons of Kilravock."

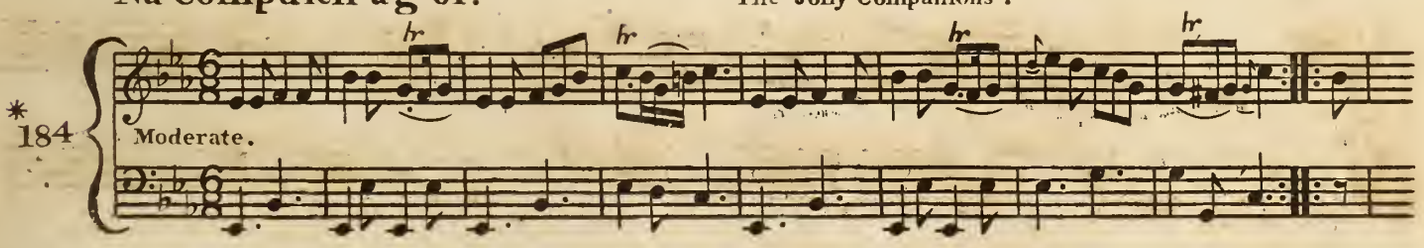


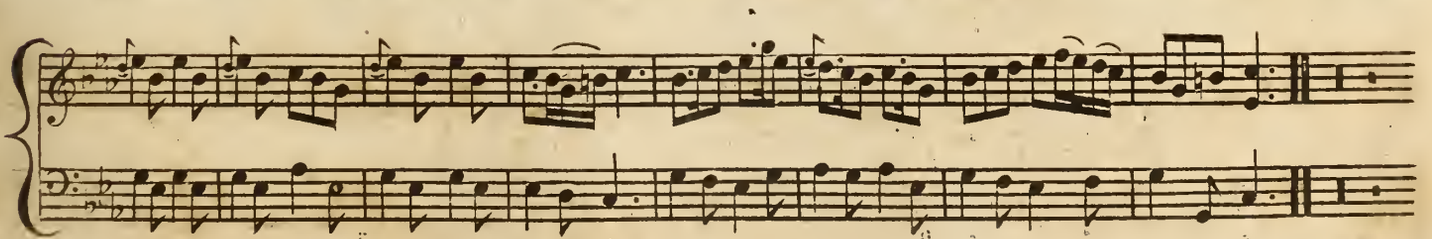




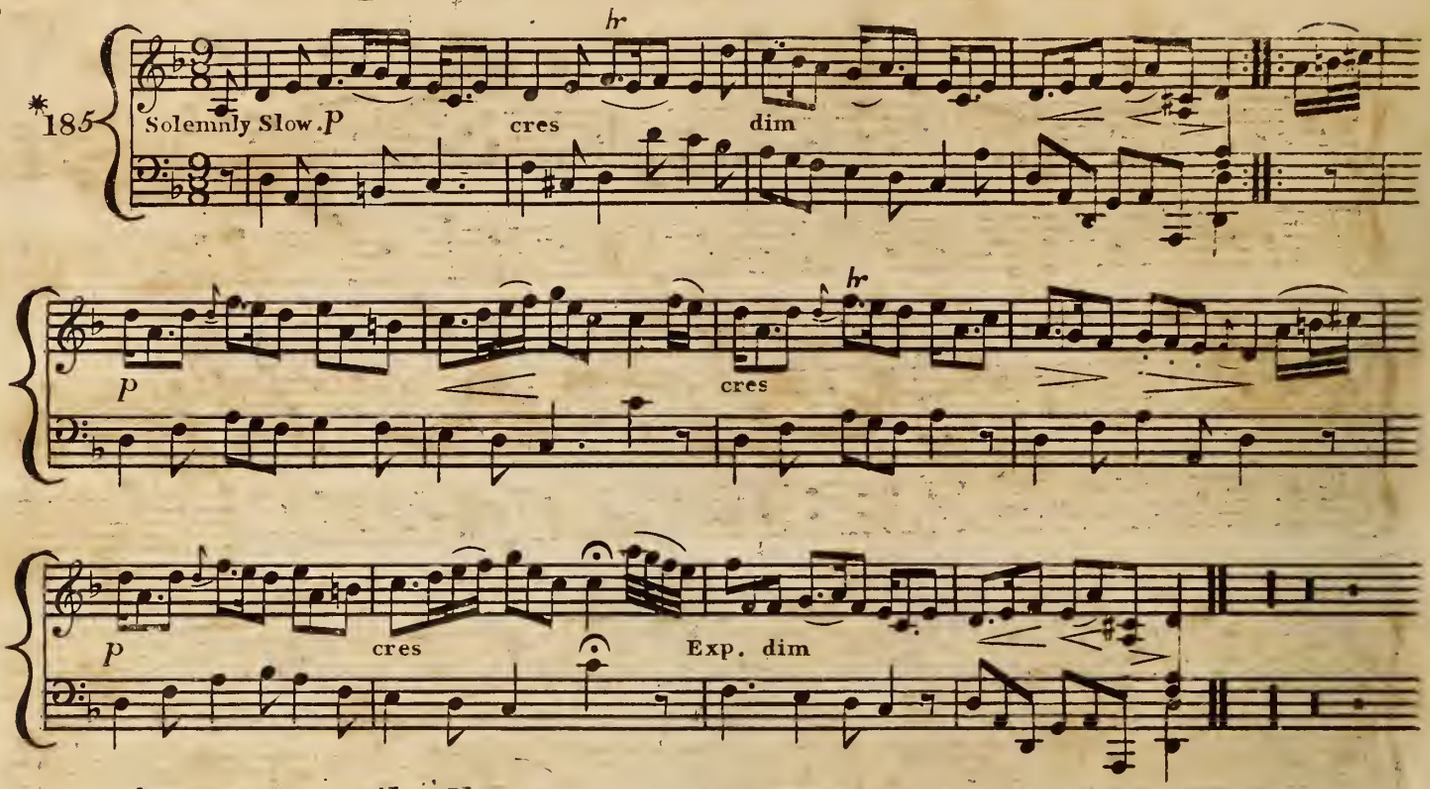
Na Compuich a'g ol.

"The Jolly Companions."

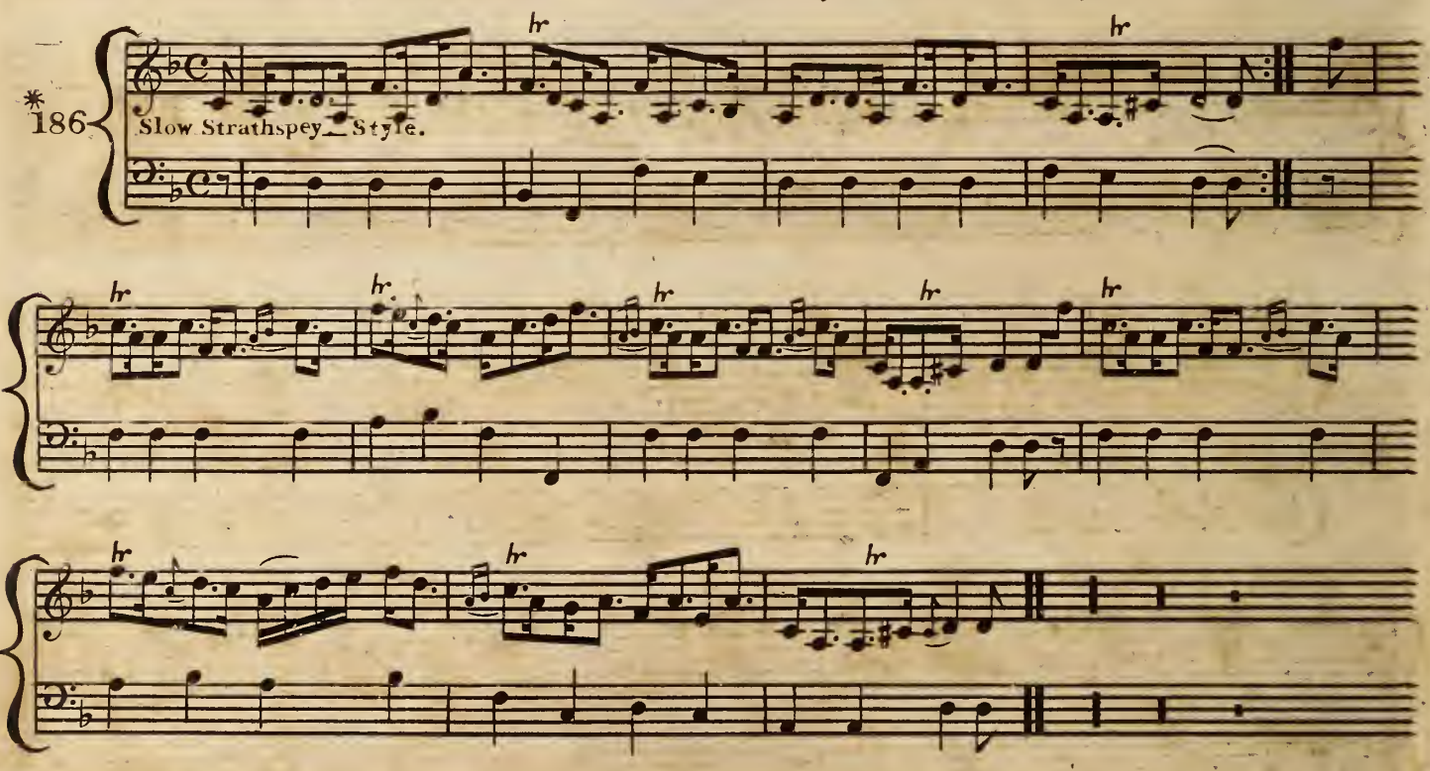




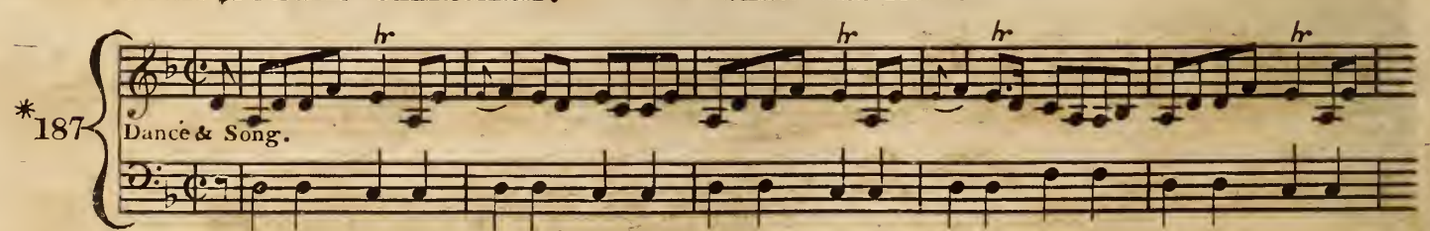
Cha bhas thig air Loach ach codal. "A Hero never dies".

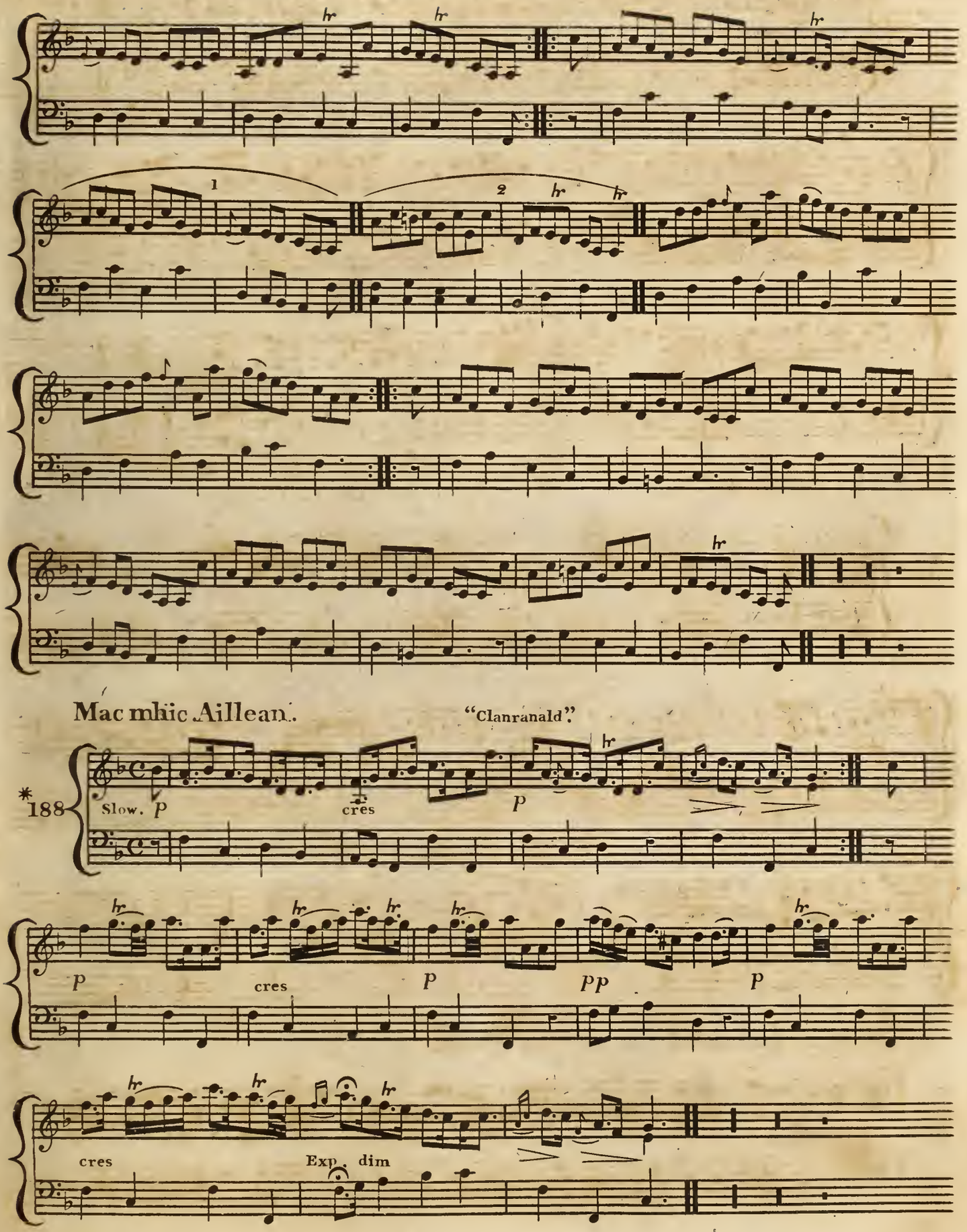


An seann staoileadh. "The Style of the last Century".



Sean triudhs Uillachan. "Willies auld Trows".




Mac mhic Aillean.
"Clanranald."
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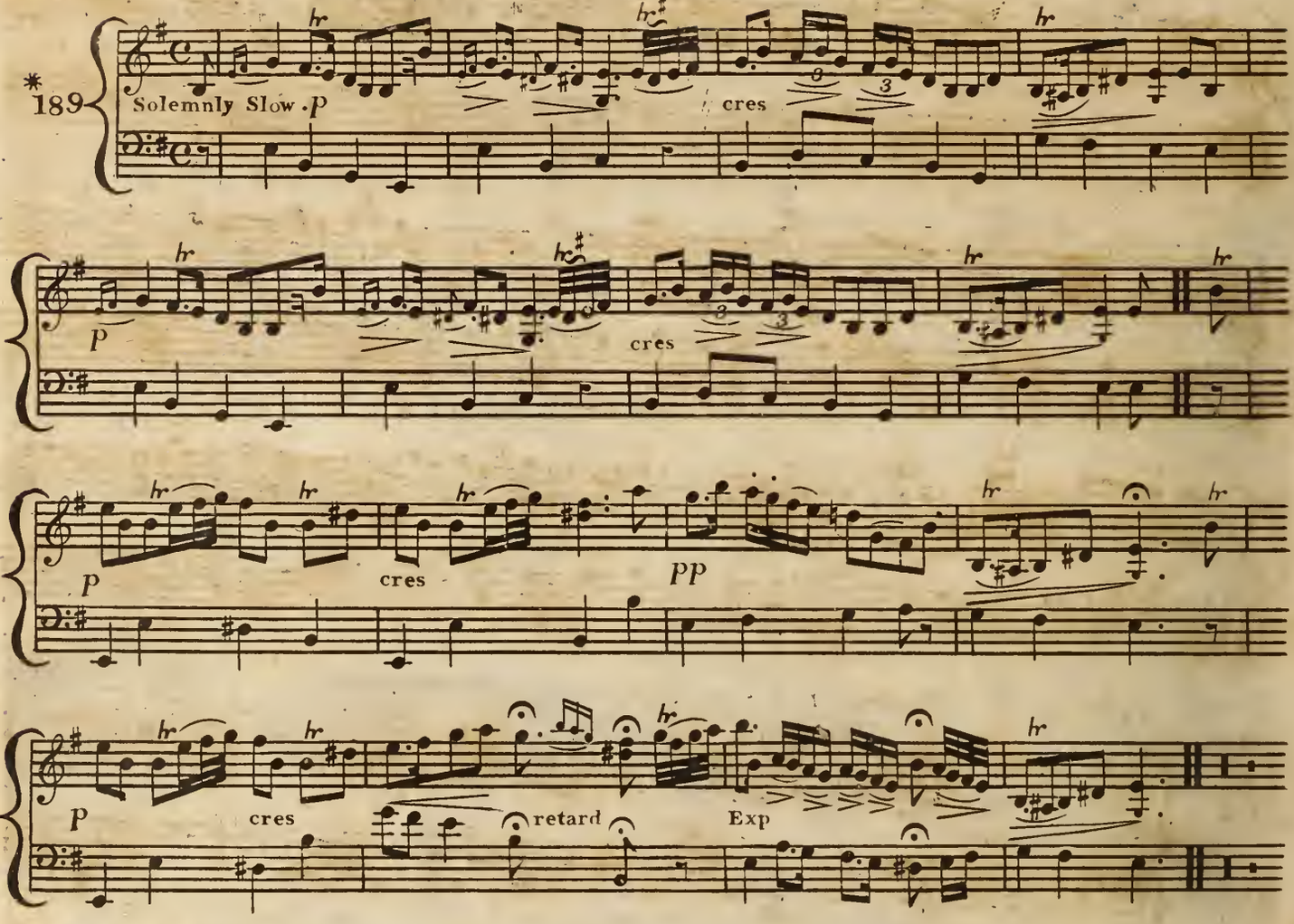
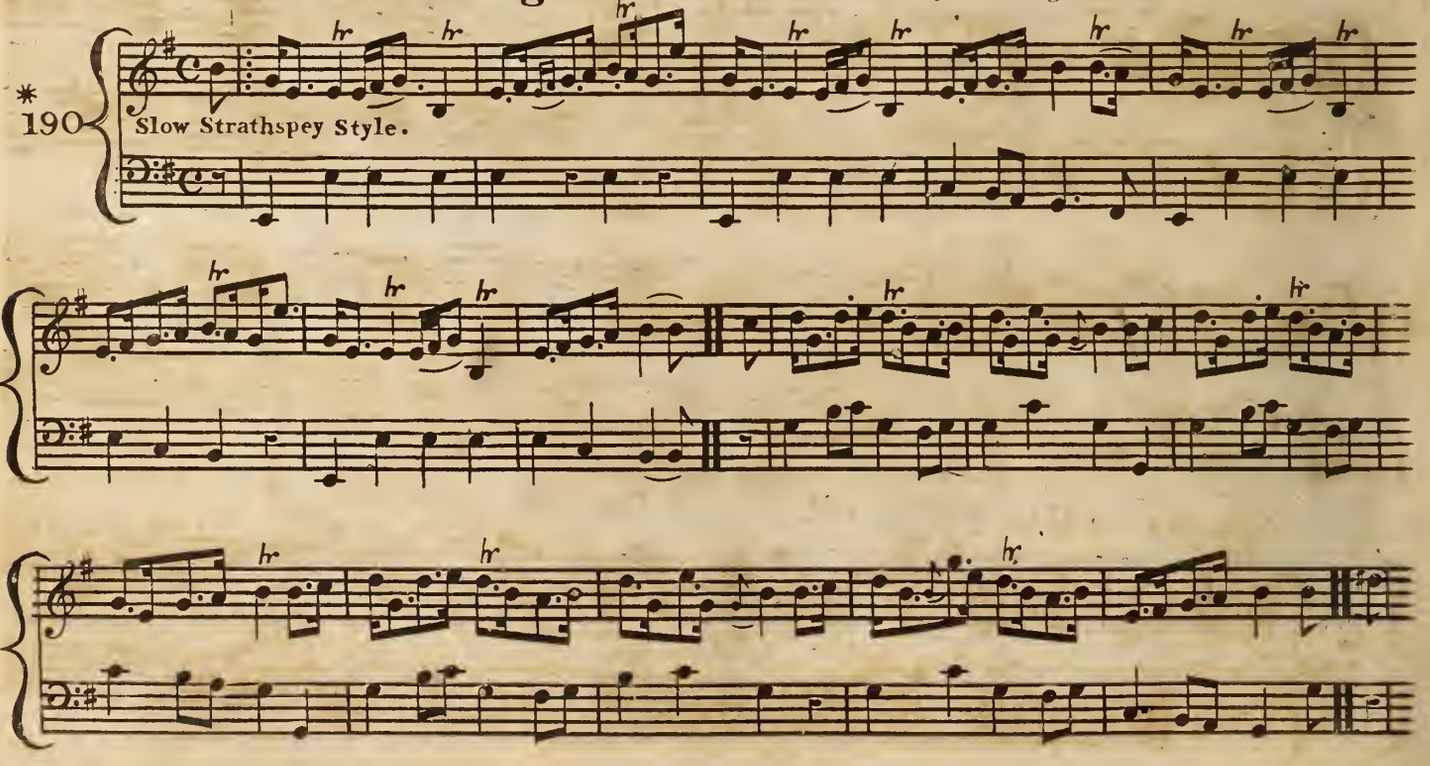
Gur trom 'n deigh mo thurais mi.

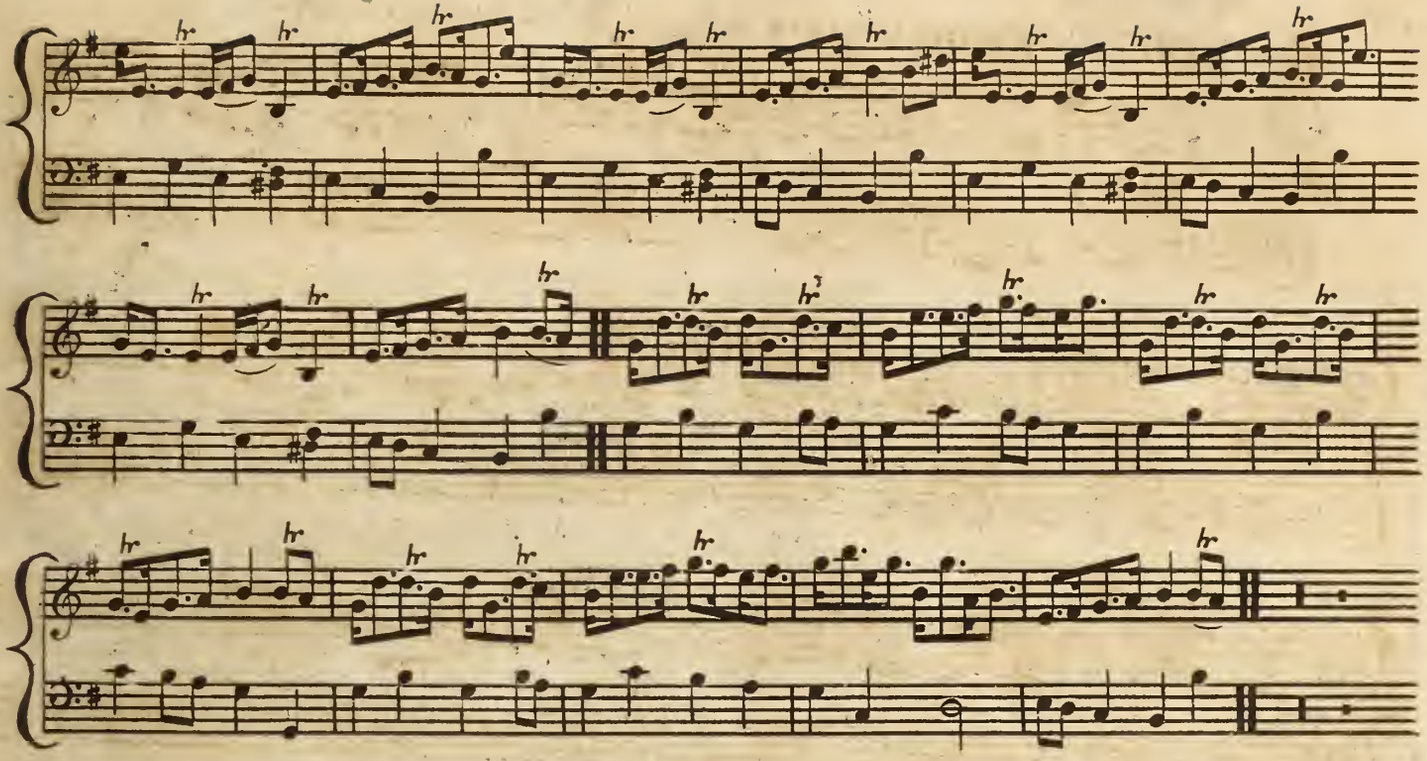
"Tired after an Expidition".



Rob Ruadh Mac'Ghrigair.

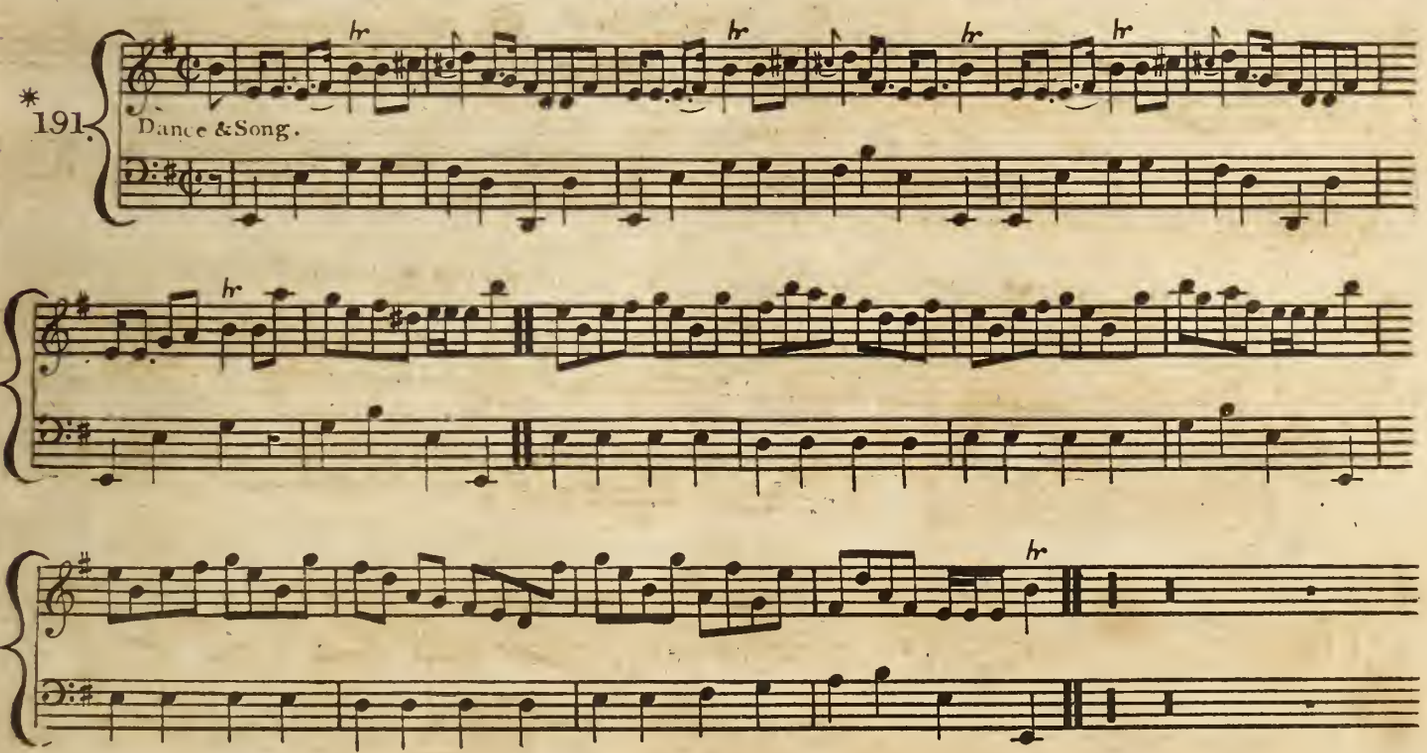
"Rob Roy Mc Gregor."





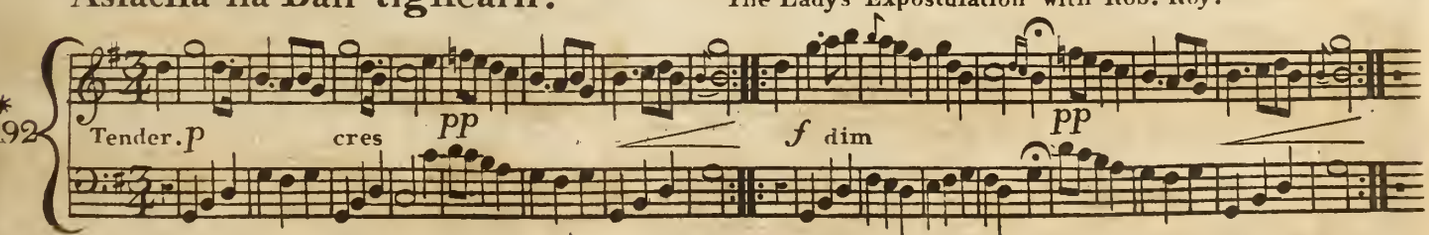
Prionsa Tearlach.

"Prince Charles".

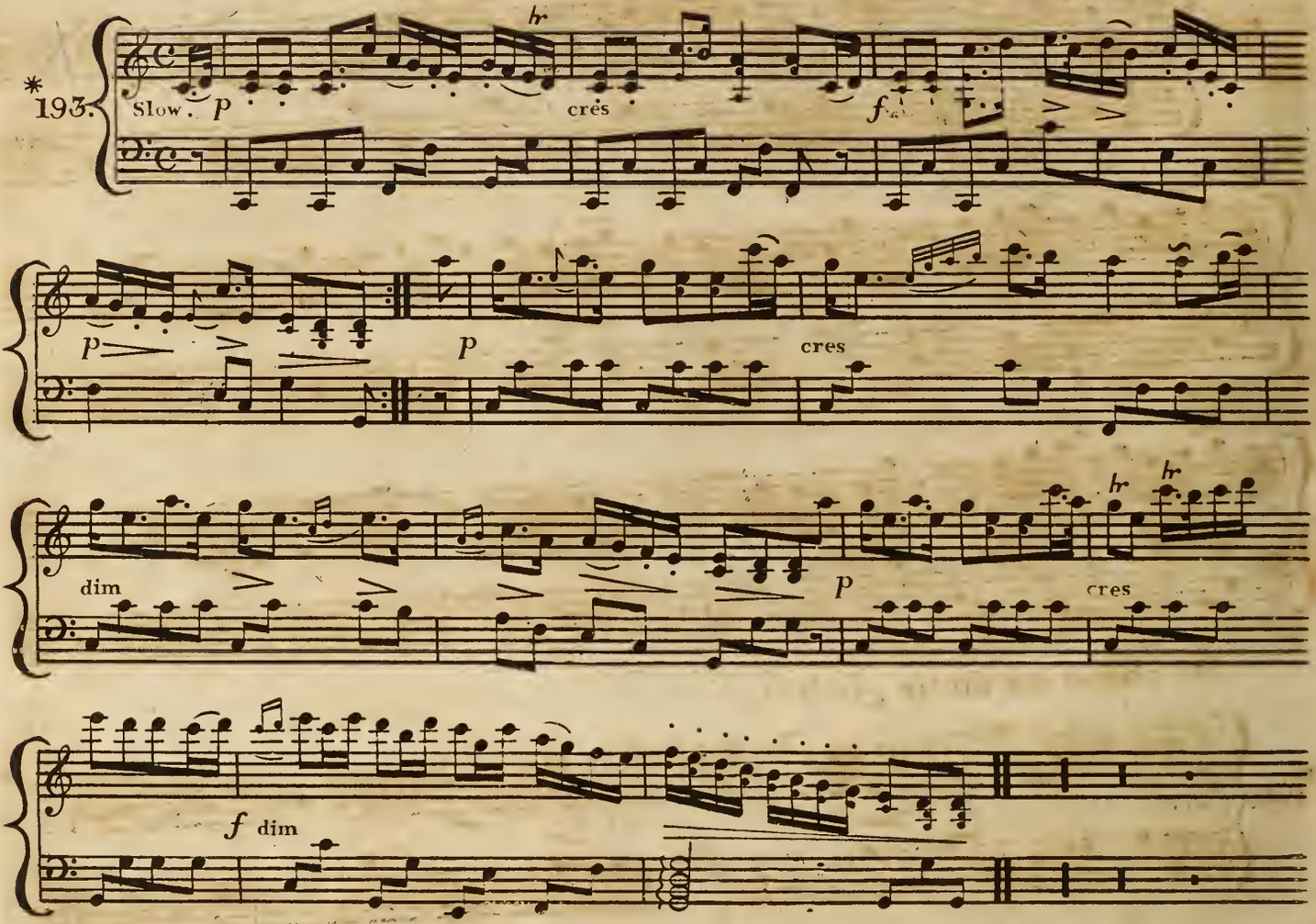


Aslacha na Ban'tighearn'.

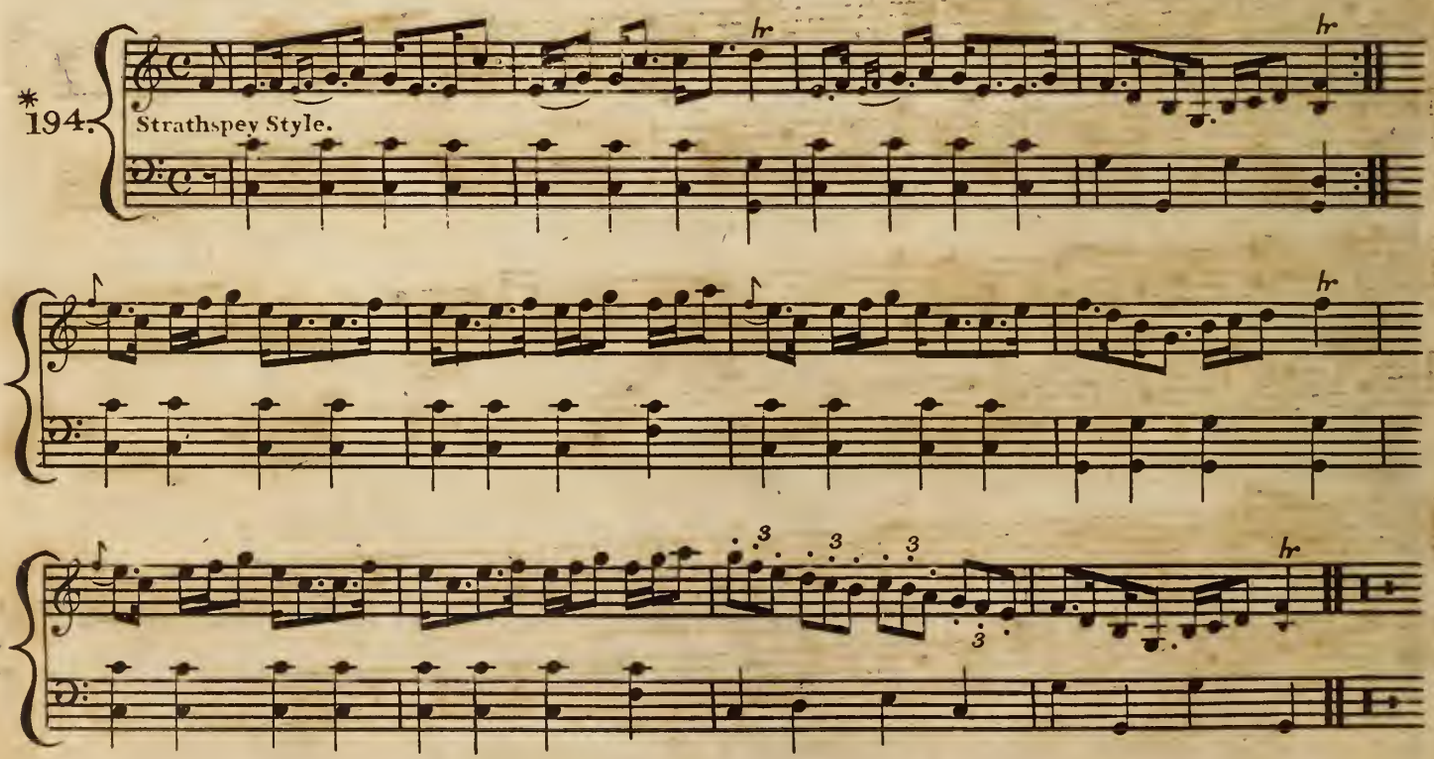
"The Lady's Expostulation with Rob: Roy."



Eass no Smuid. "The Fall of Foyers".

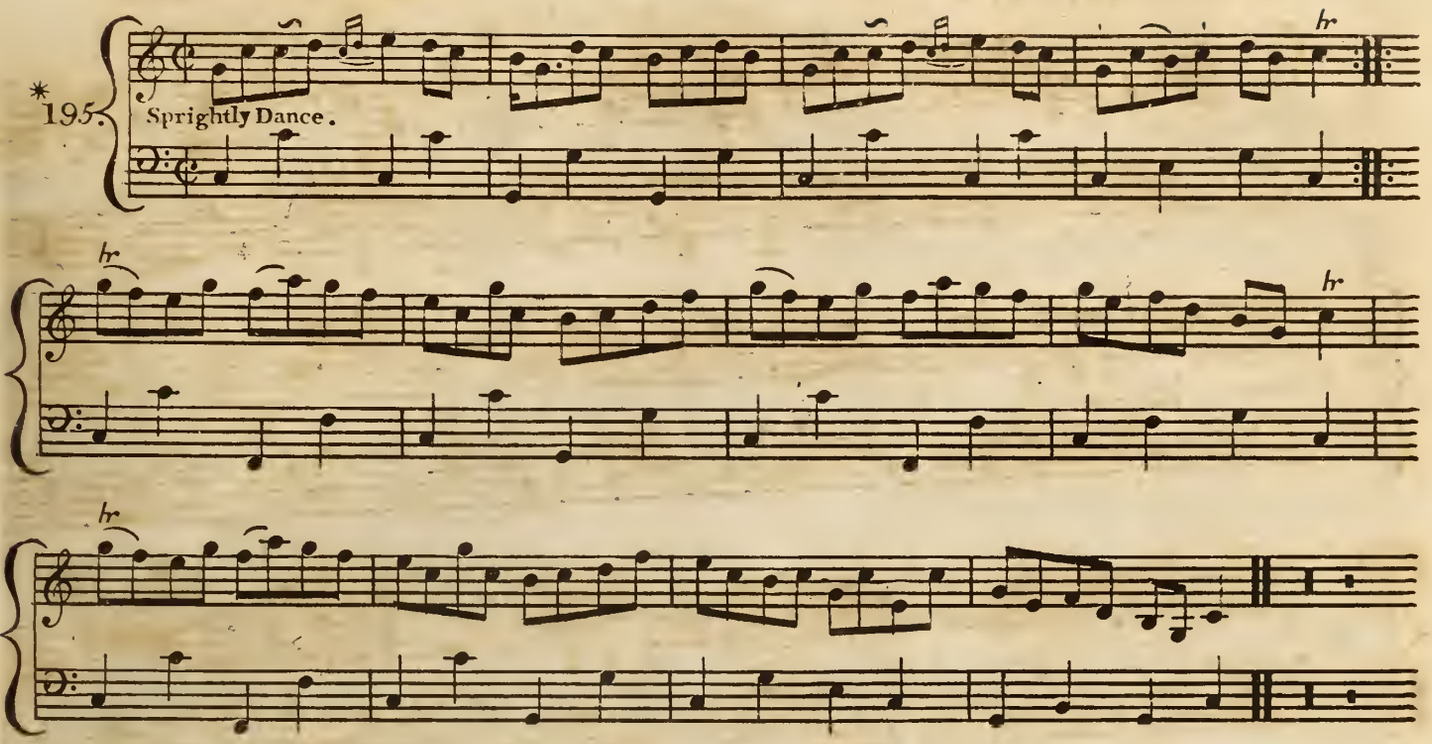


Taobh' Tuadh nan Garbh bheann. "The North Side of the Grampains".



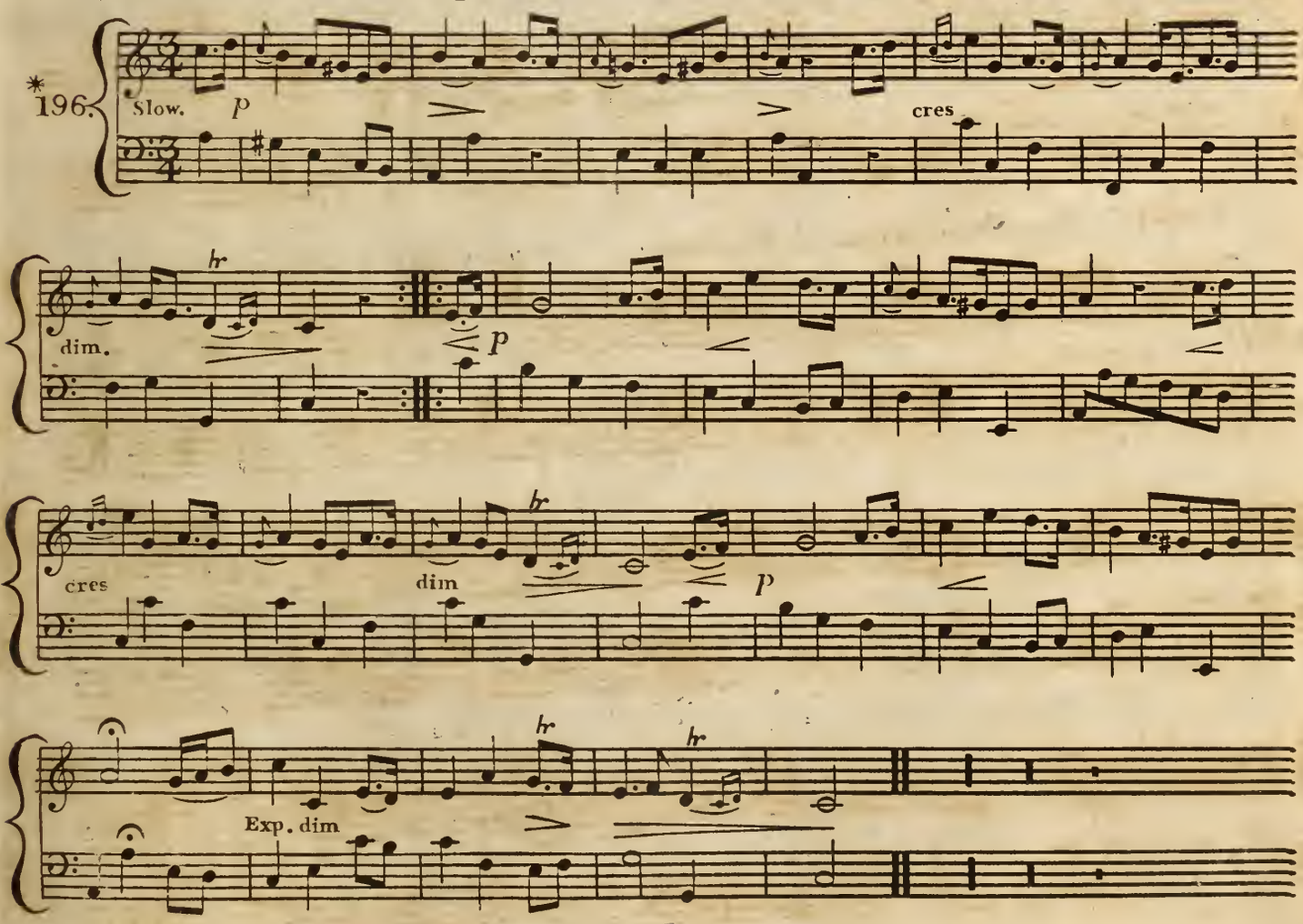
Tigh Eoin Groat.

"Johnny Groats."

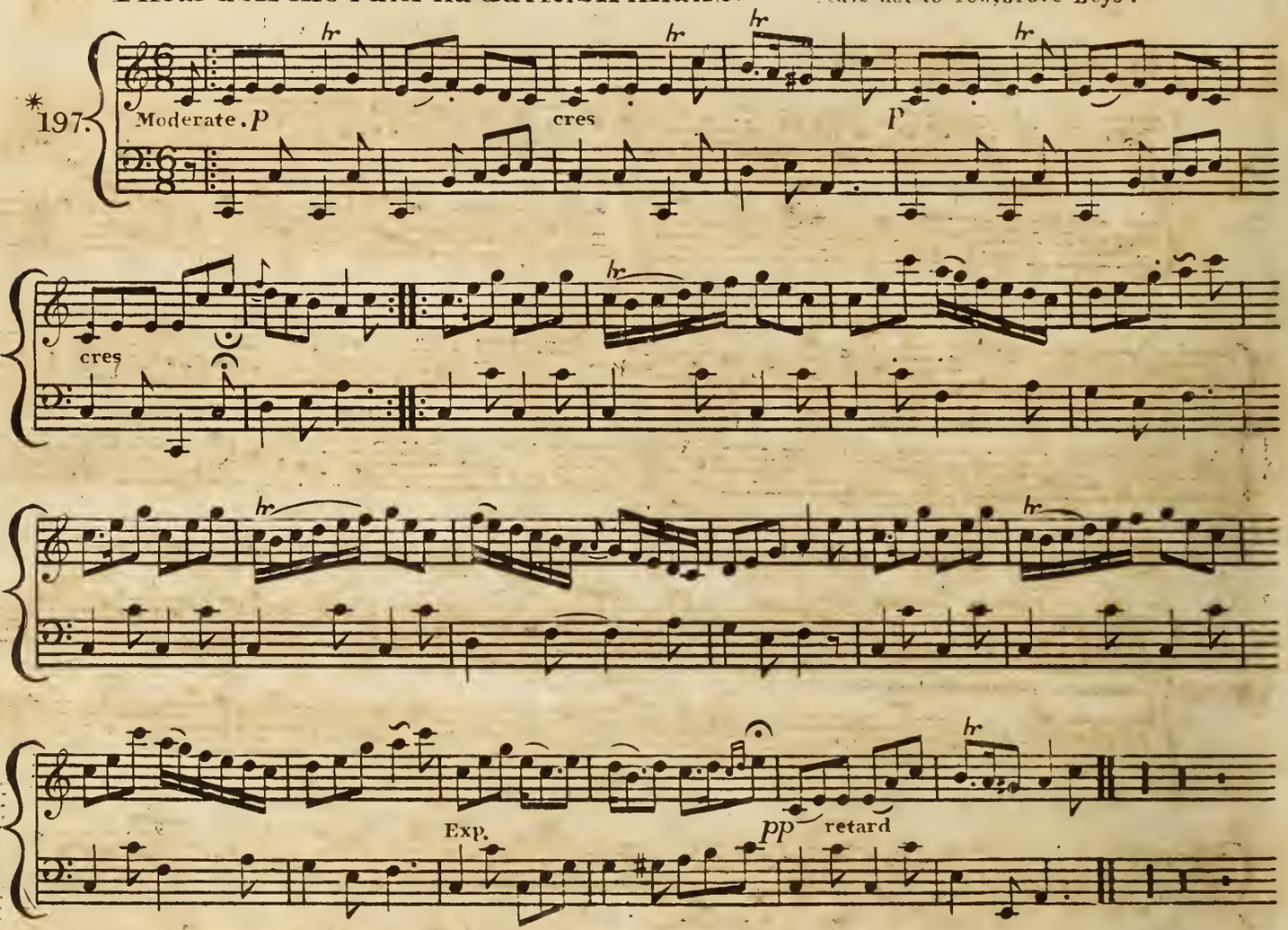


Mo chean air an ur ghibht.

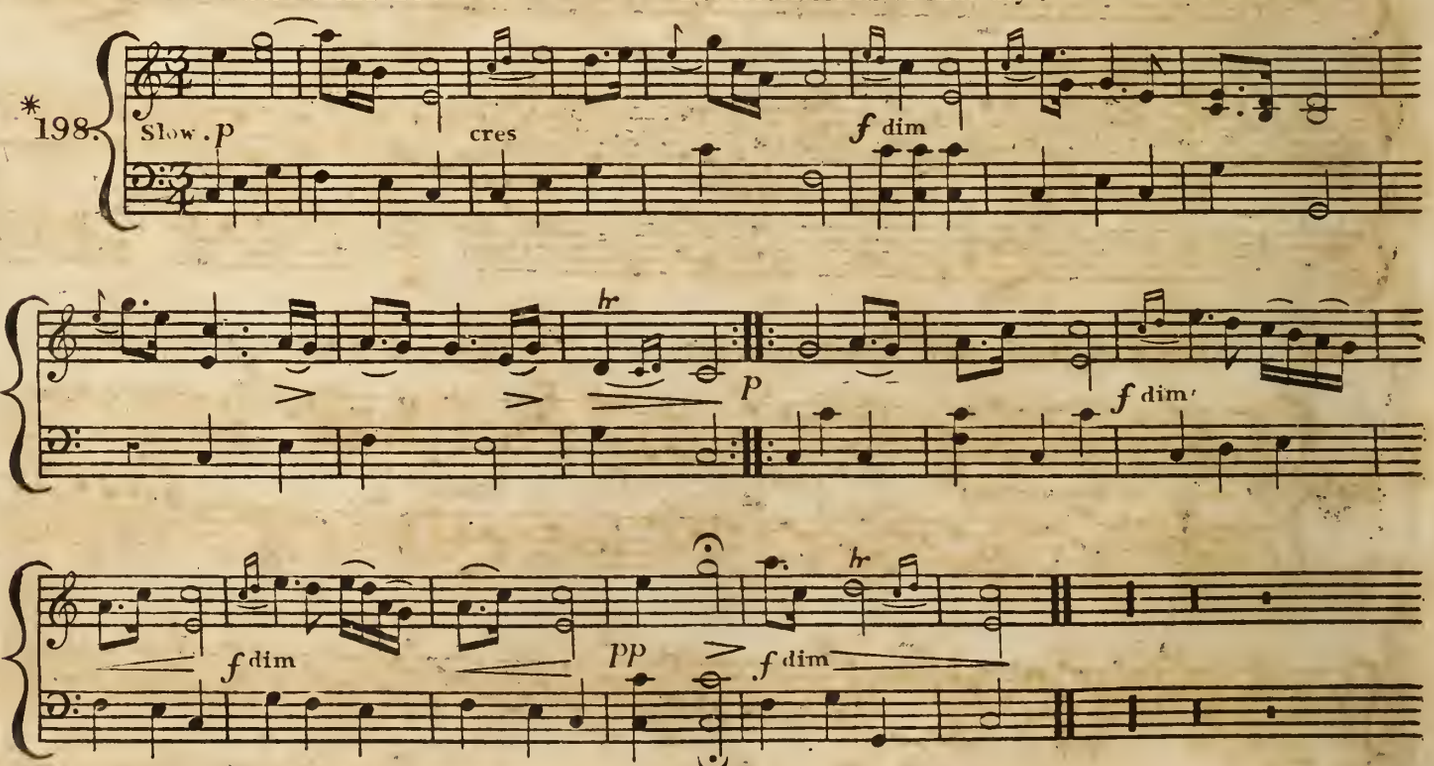
"My Recent Gift."



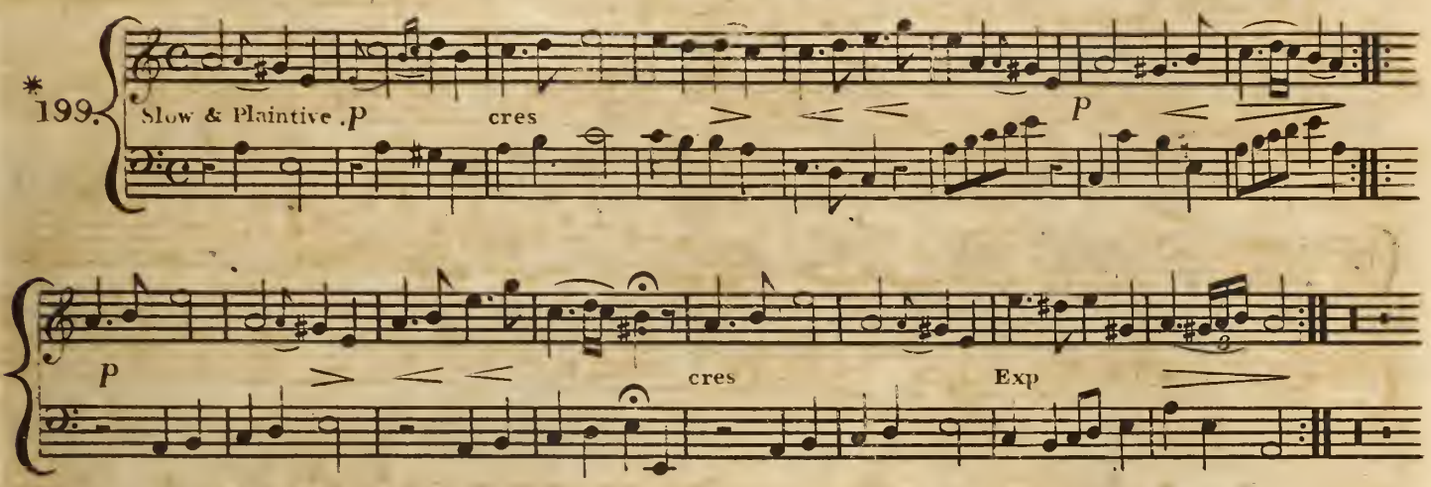
Fhear'ubh mo ruin na duiltibh imairt. "Cease not to row, brave Boys".



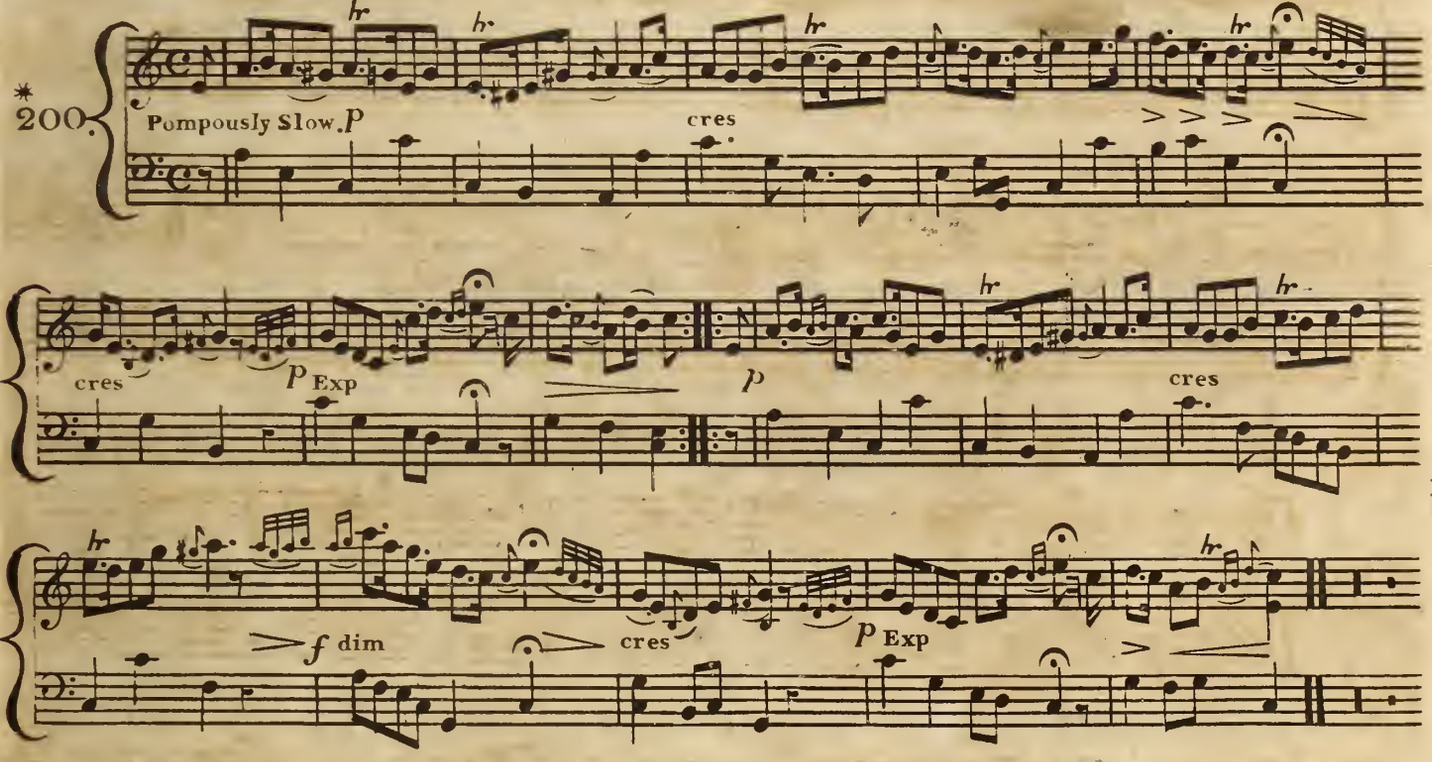
O chiadain an lo. "The Recollection of that day".



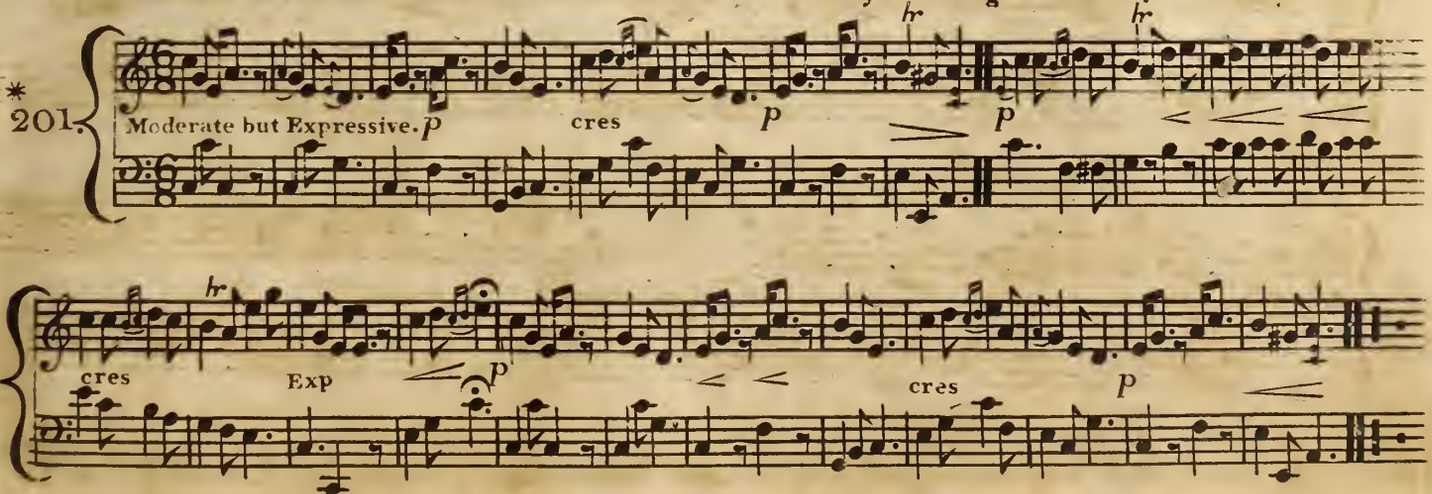
An cronan Muillach. "The Dirge of Mull".



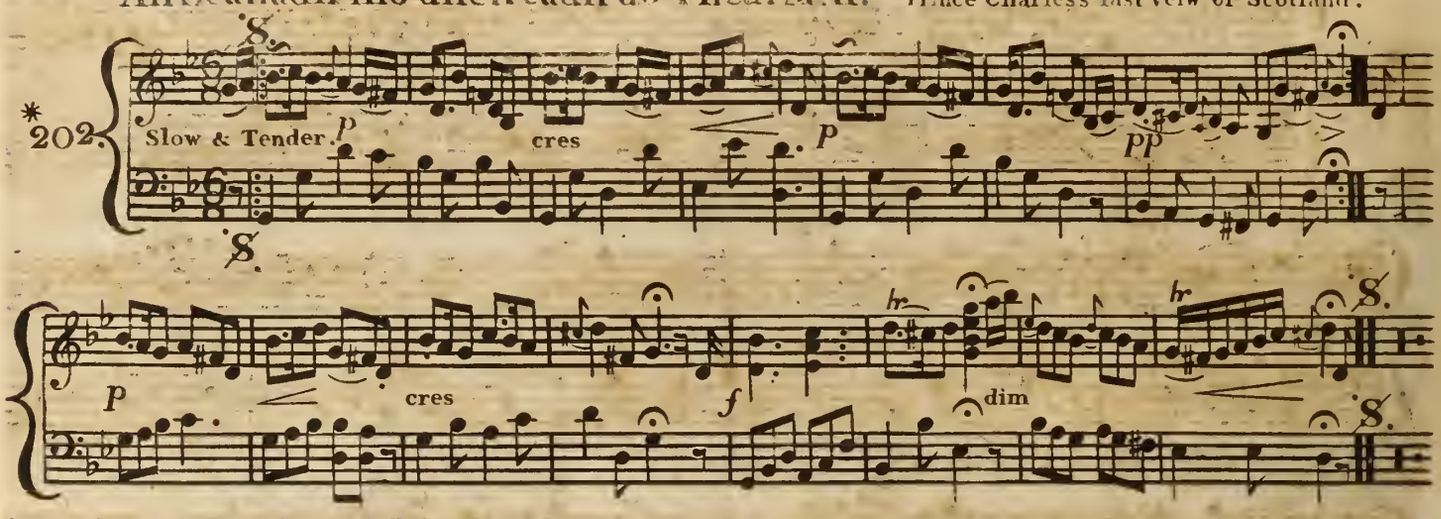
Cia iad ar Dee s'ar duile treun. "Where are your Gods and mighty hopes".



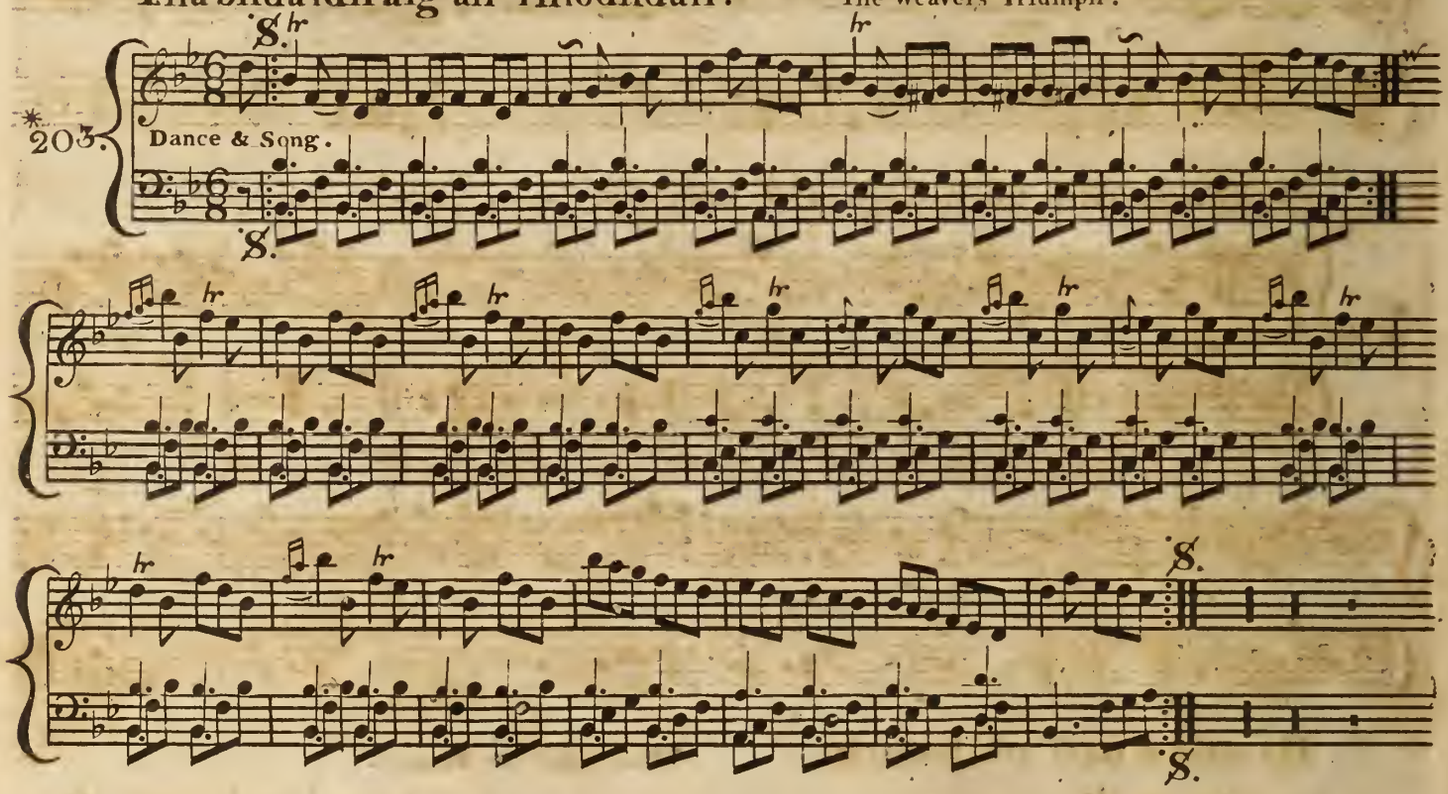
Cha mo leannan nun' thar sal. "My Love is gone to Sea".



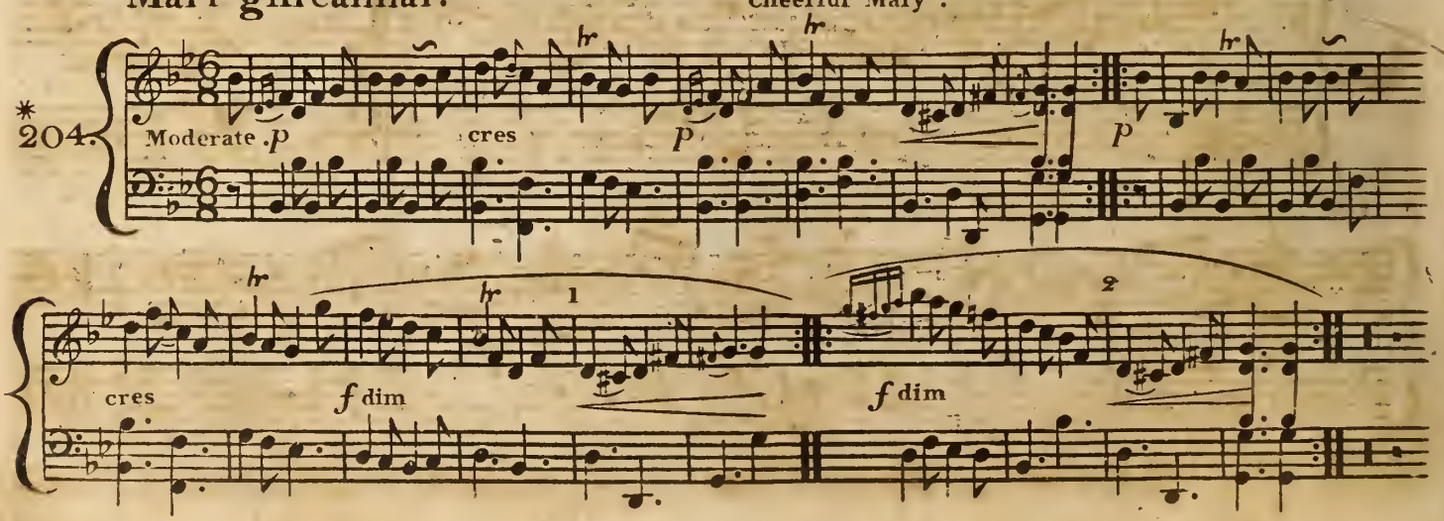
An Sealladh mo dheireadh do Thearlach. "Prince Charles's last veiw of Scotland".



Tha bhuaidh aig an fhiodhdair. "The Weavers Triumph".

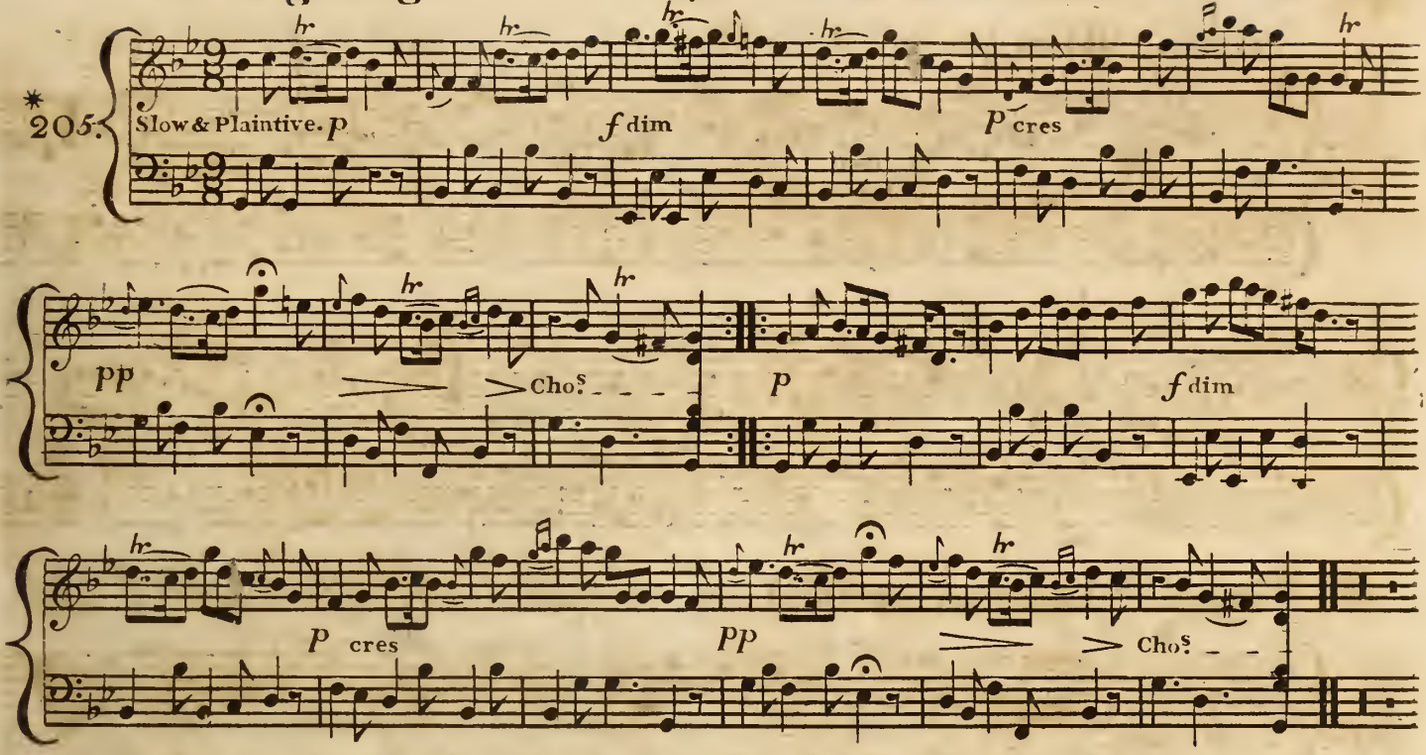


Mari ghreannar. "Cheerful Mary".



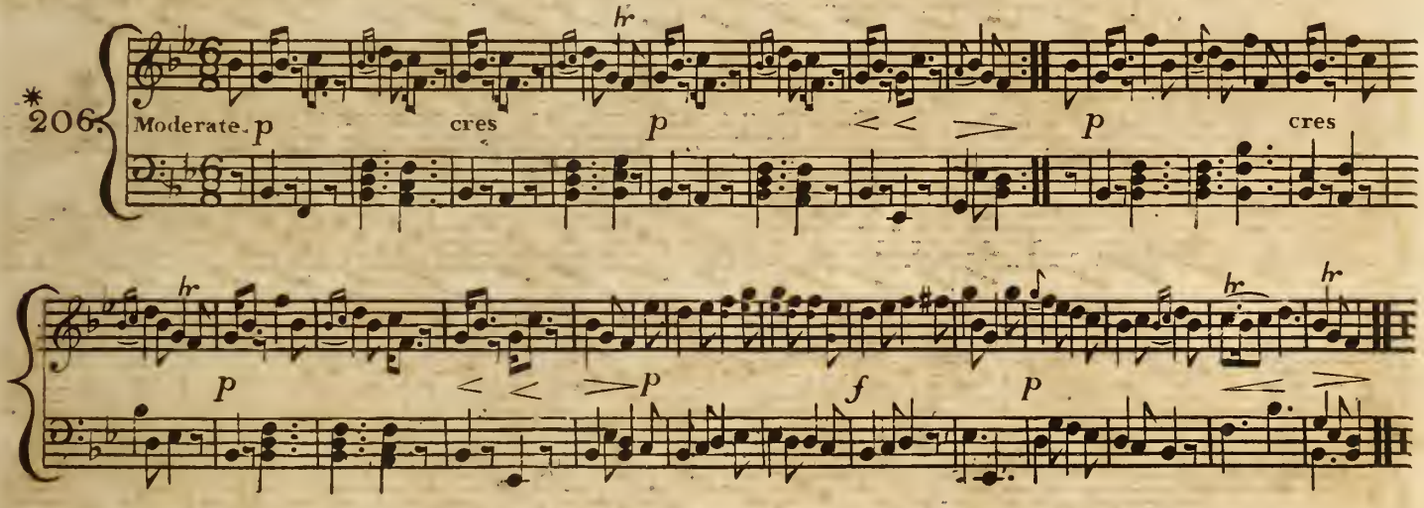
Mo Run geal og.

"A Lady to her Husband killed in Culloden".



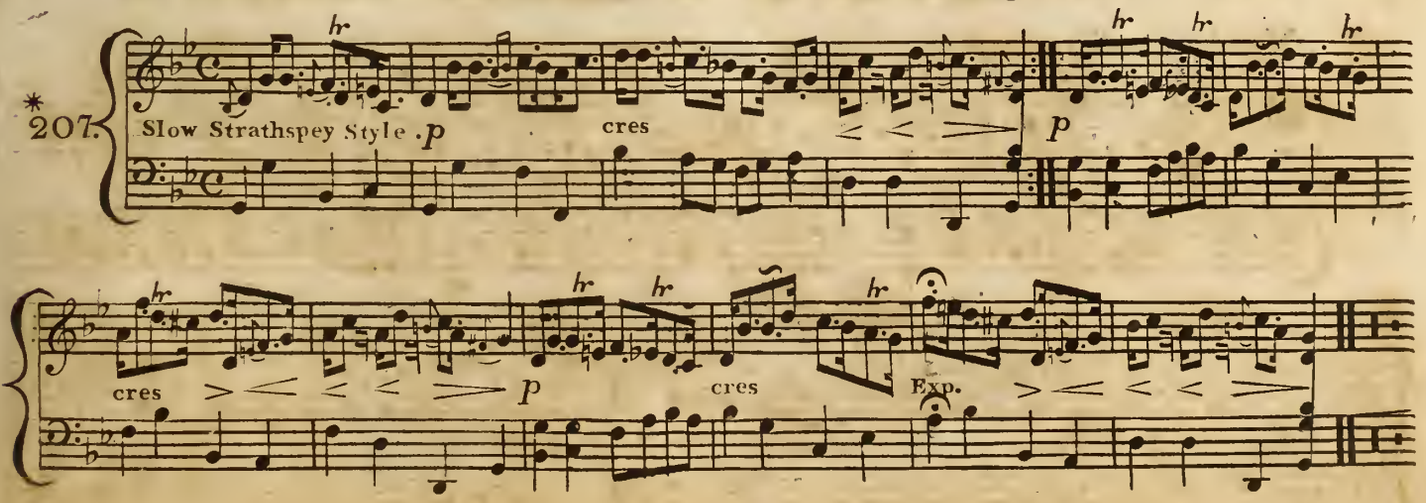
Ho cha cheillin nach du bear leam.

"I can't conceal that I prefer you".



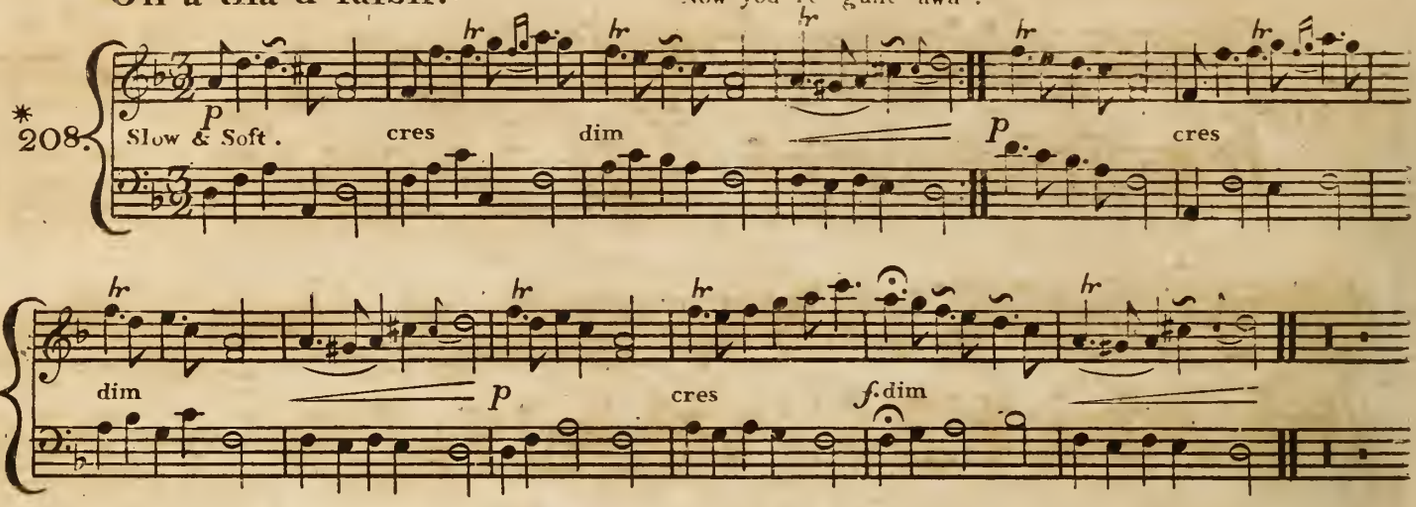
Ho cuir a nall am bodach.

"Pass about the Flagon".



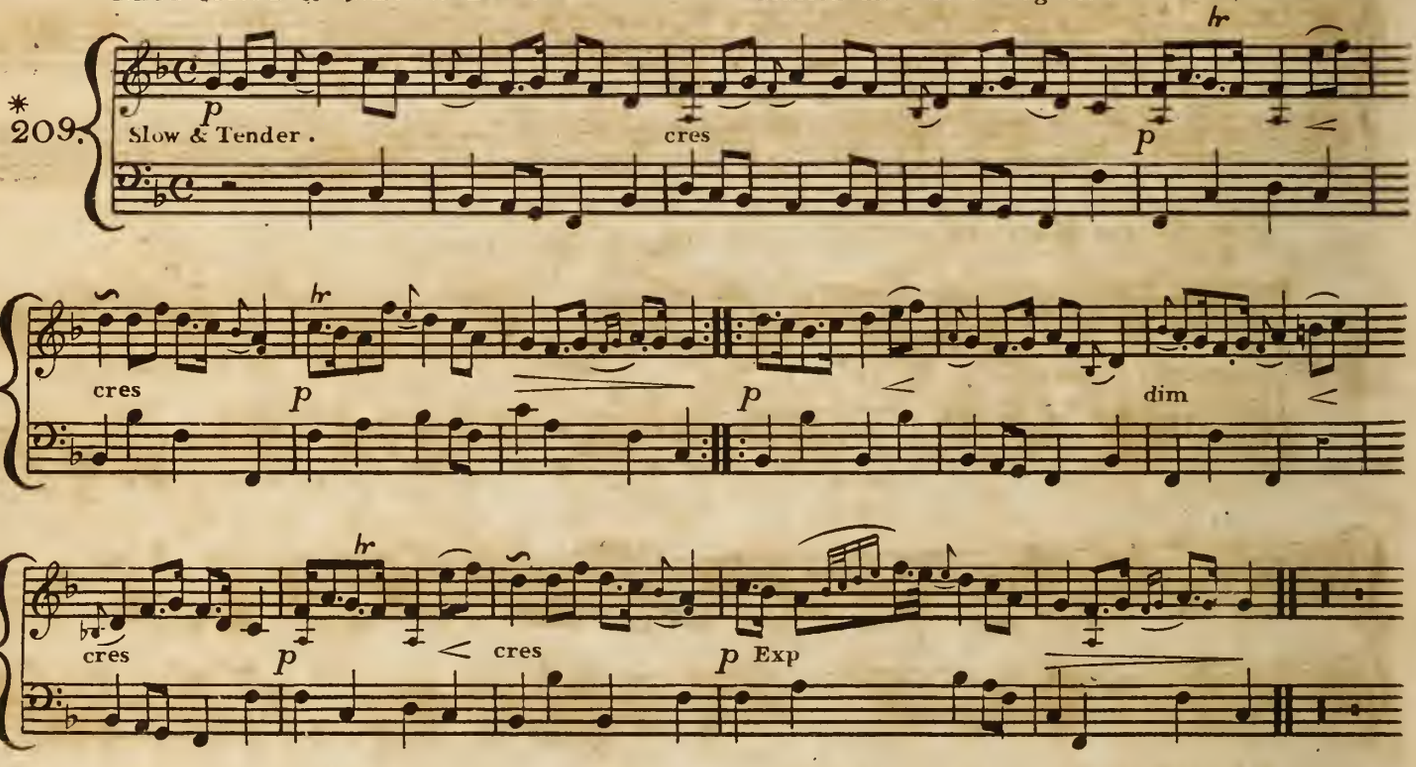
O'n a tha u falbh.

"Now you're gane awa".



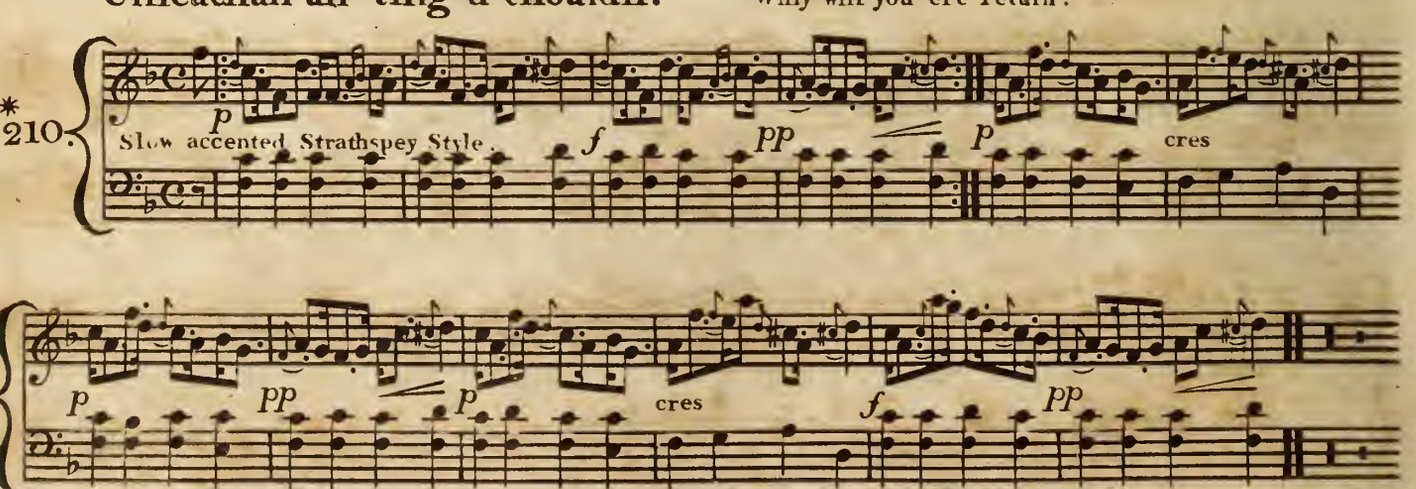
Mor nian a Ghibarlan.

"Marion the Knabs Daughter".



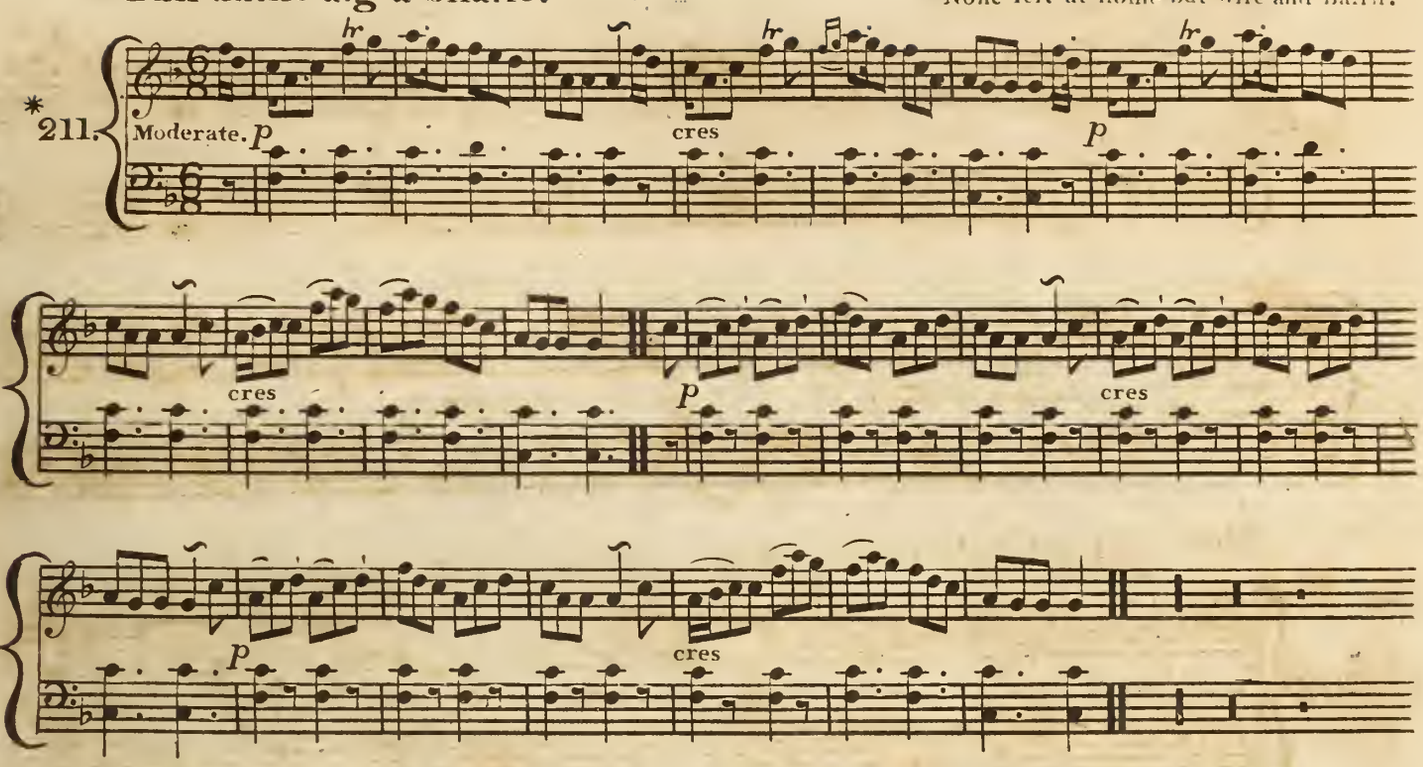
Uilleachan an thig u choaidh.

"Willy will you ere return".



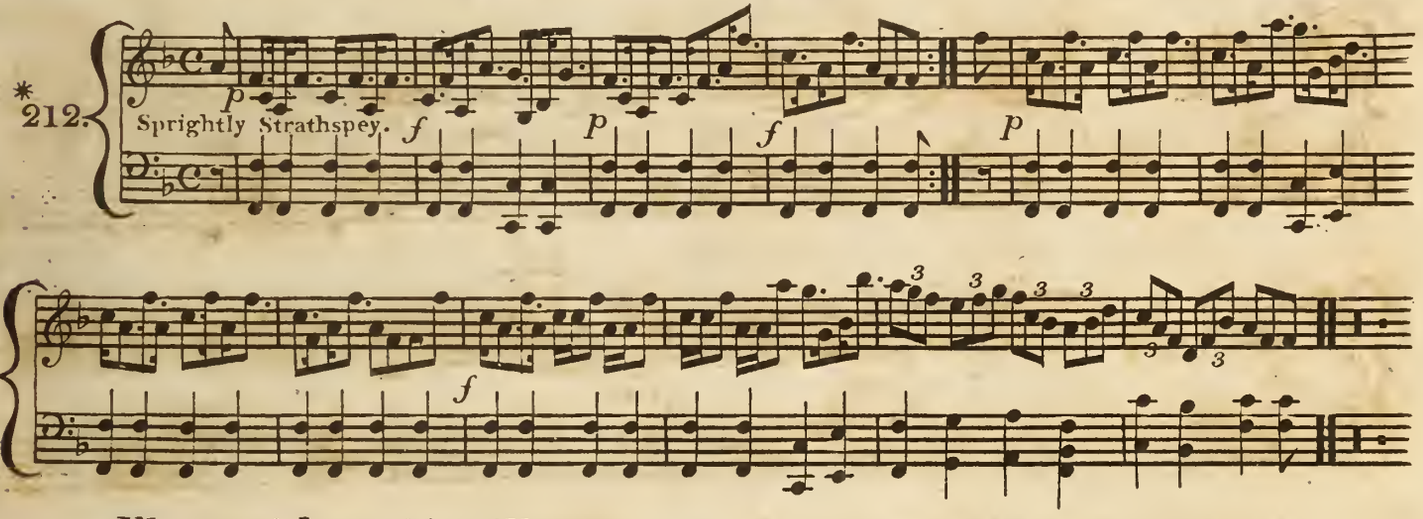
Gun duine aig a bhaile.

"None left at home but Wife and Bairn".



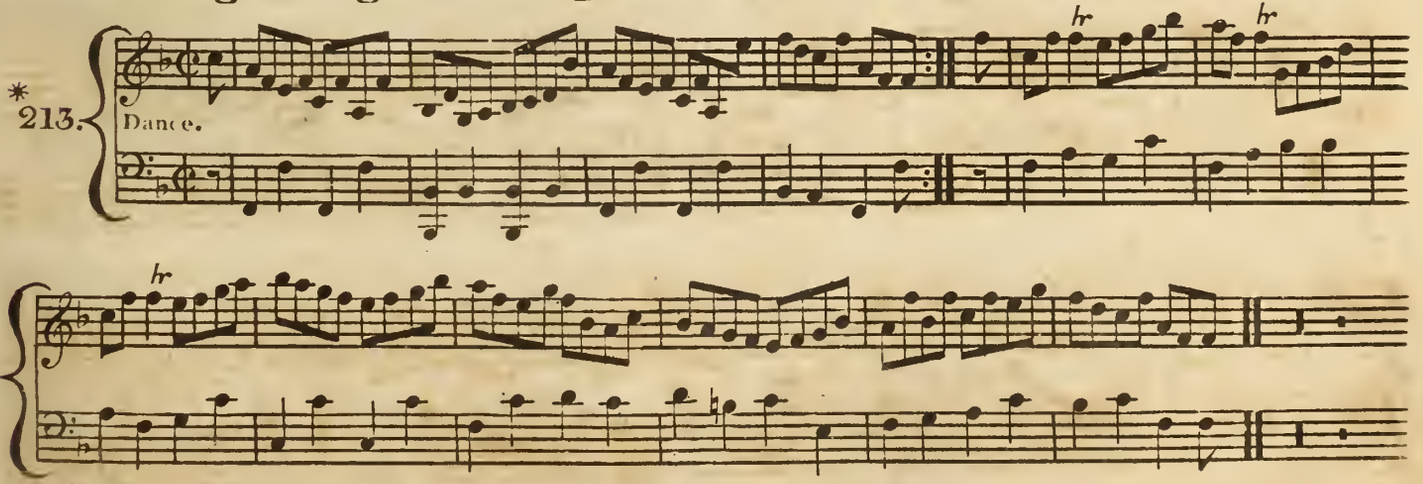
Failte na Ban mharc.

"The Marchioness Salute".

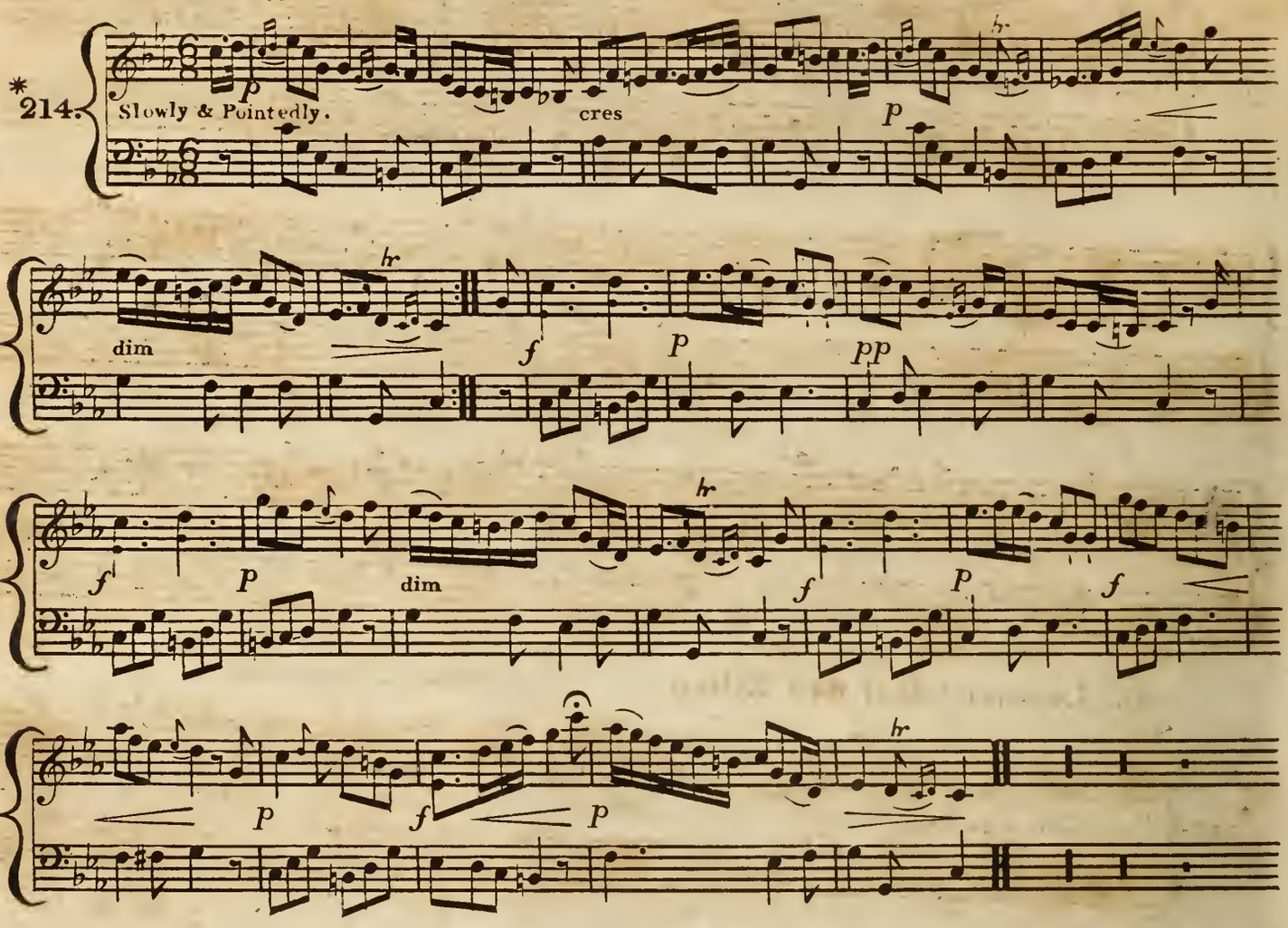


Fleasguich og is cailleagan.

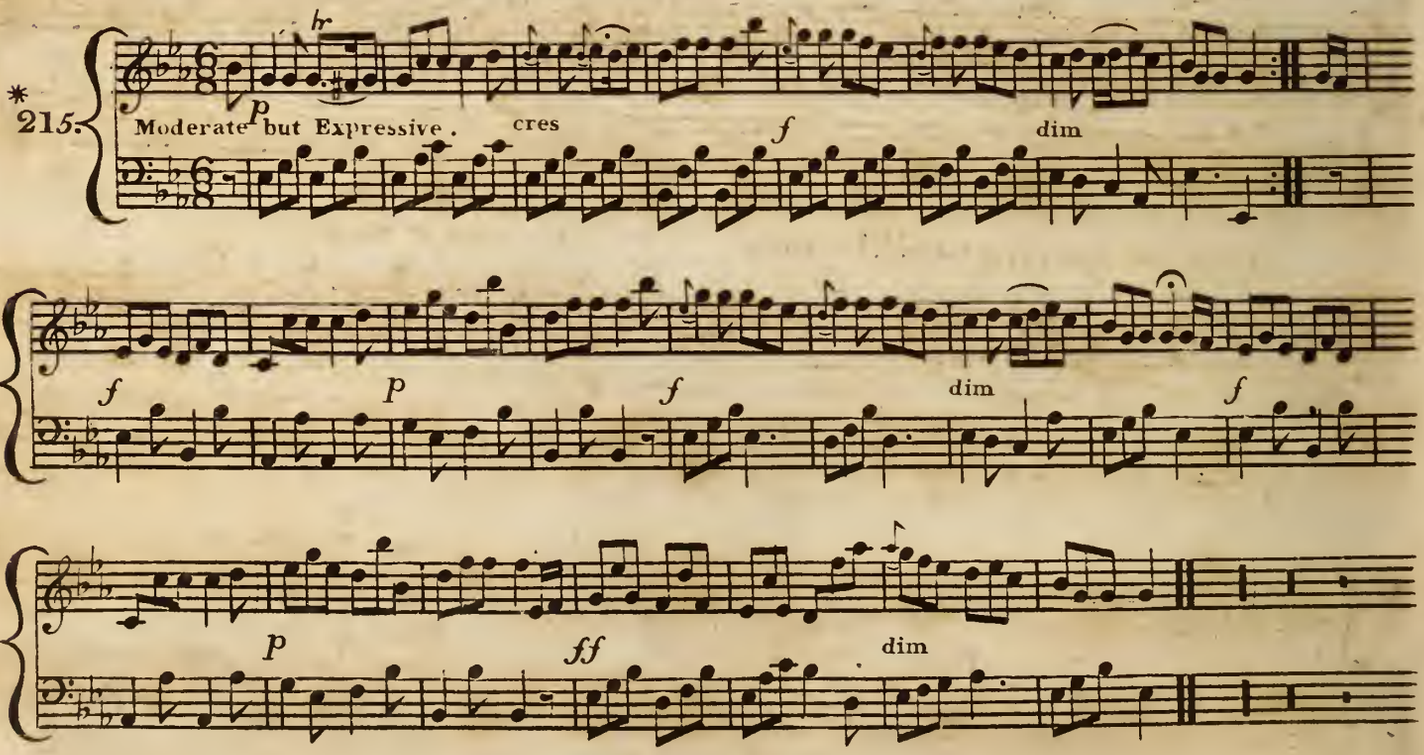
"Merry Lads & bonny Lasses".



Eillan Aigaish. "The Isle of Aigas."

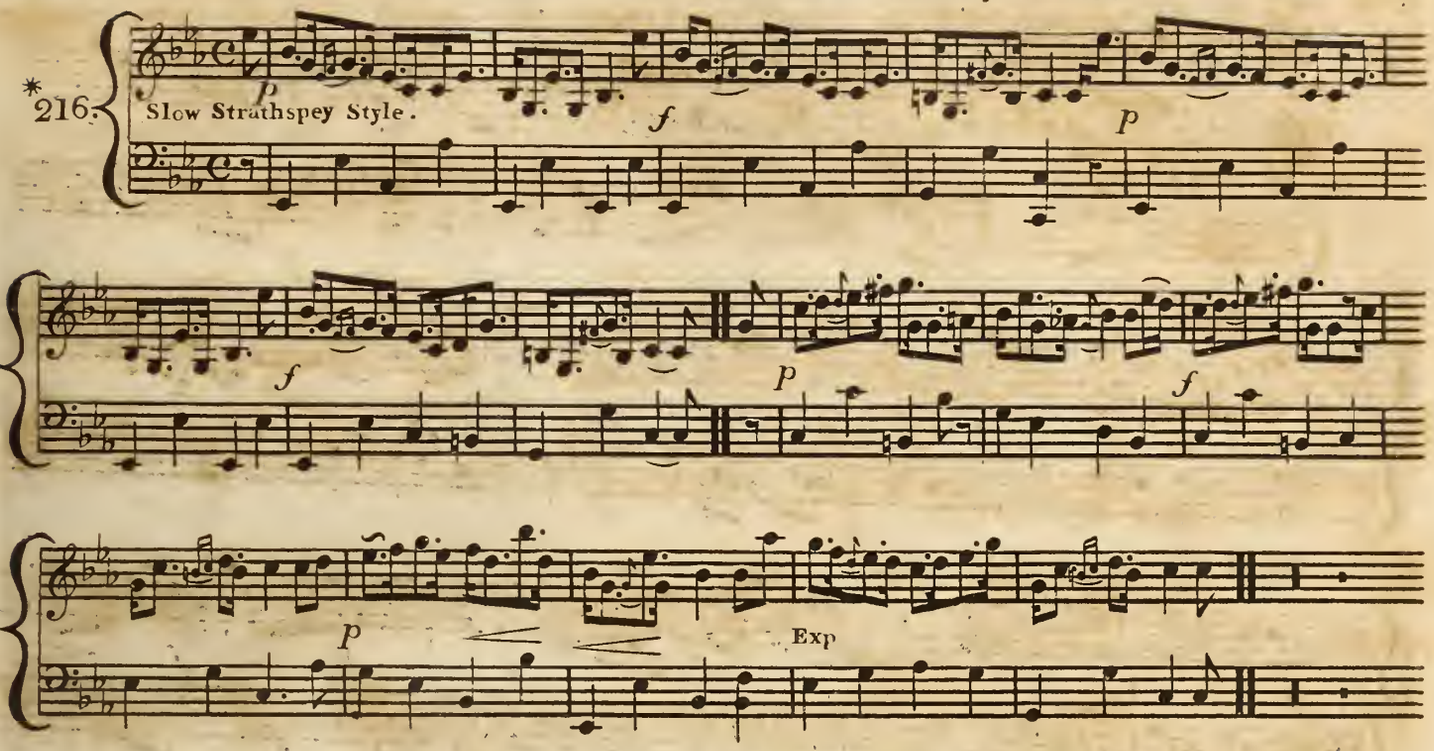


An crann tairadh. or Chrois taire. "The Fire Cross Song."



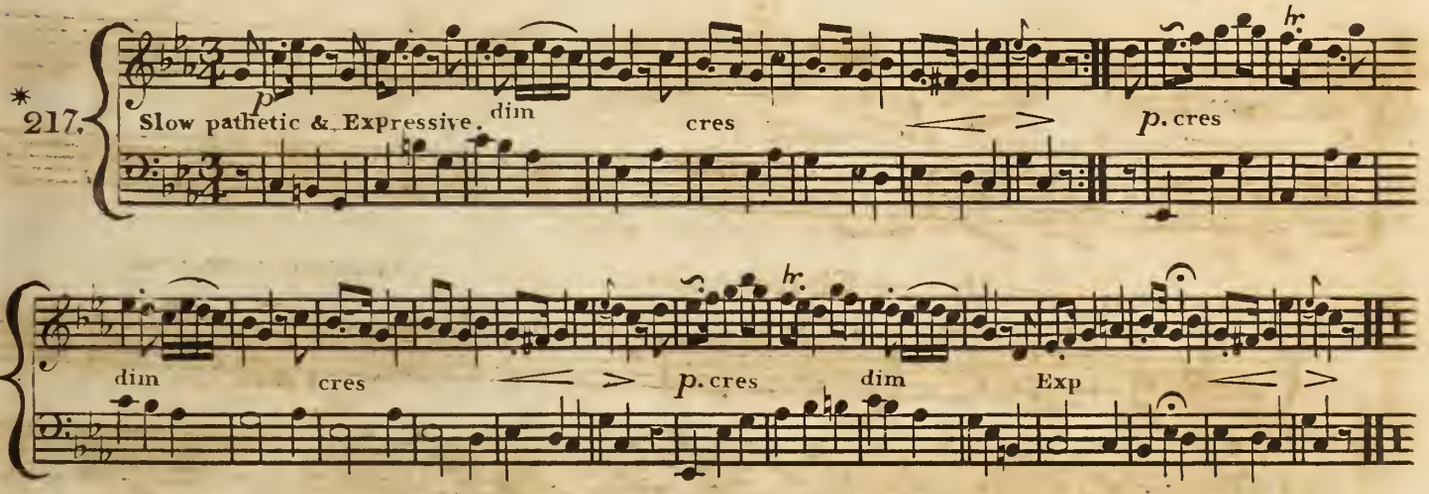
Stradh-maisidh.

"Macpherson of Strathmashy," whose recitations occassioned the Publication of Ossian by his Friend.



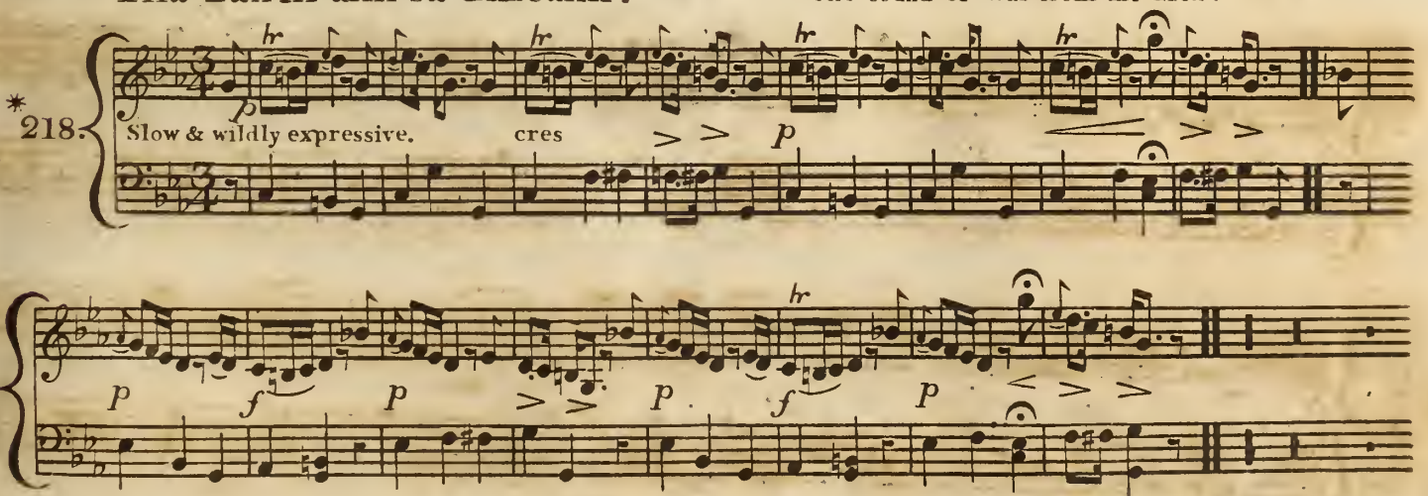
Mac Dhonaill Mor nan Eillan.

Macdonald Lord of the Isles.

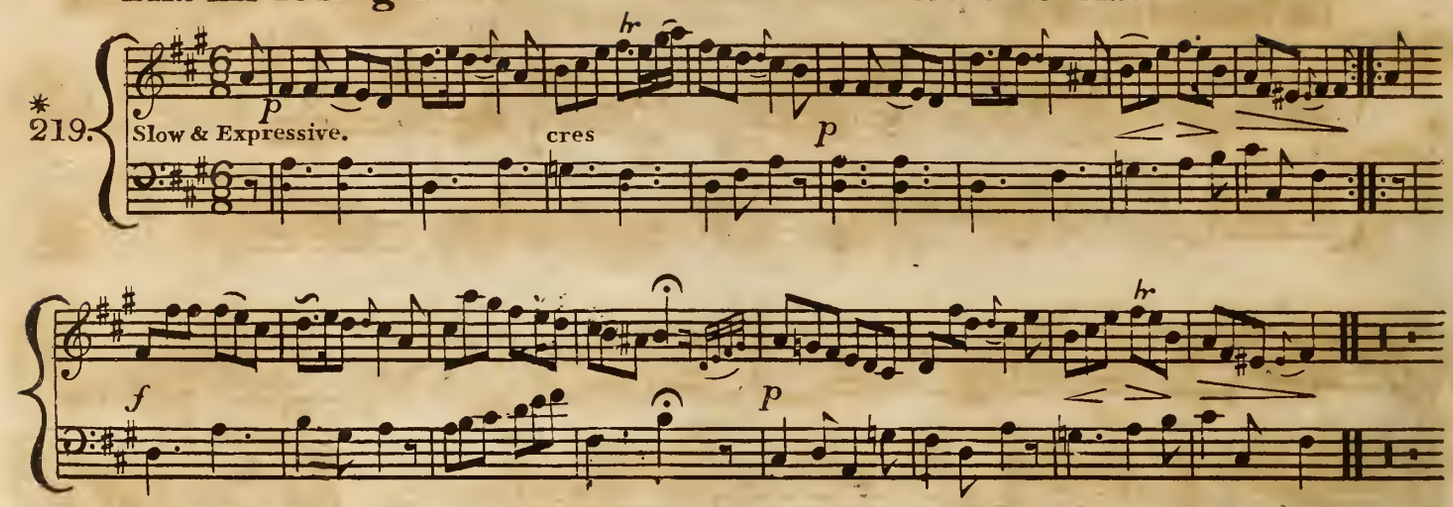


Tha Tairm ann sa Ghleann.

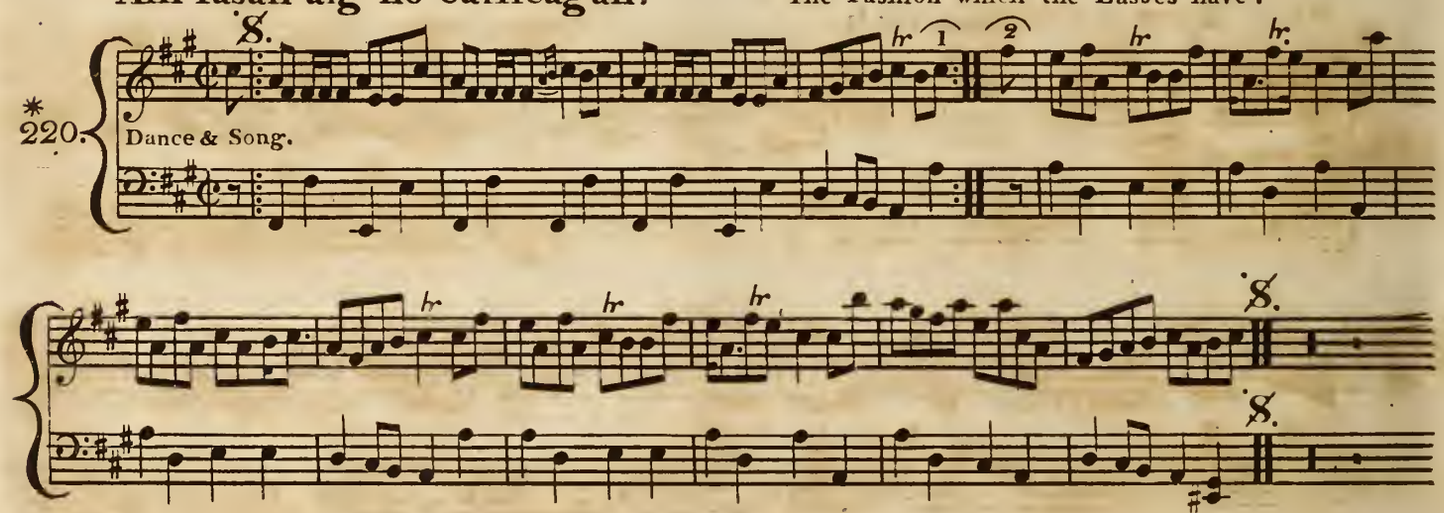
The sound of War from the Glen.



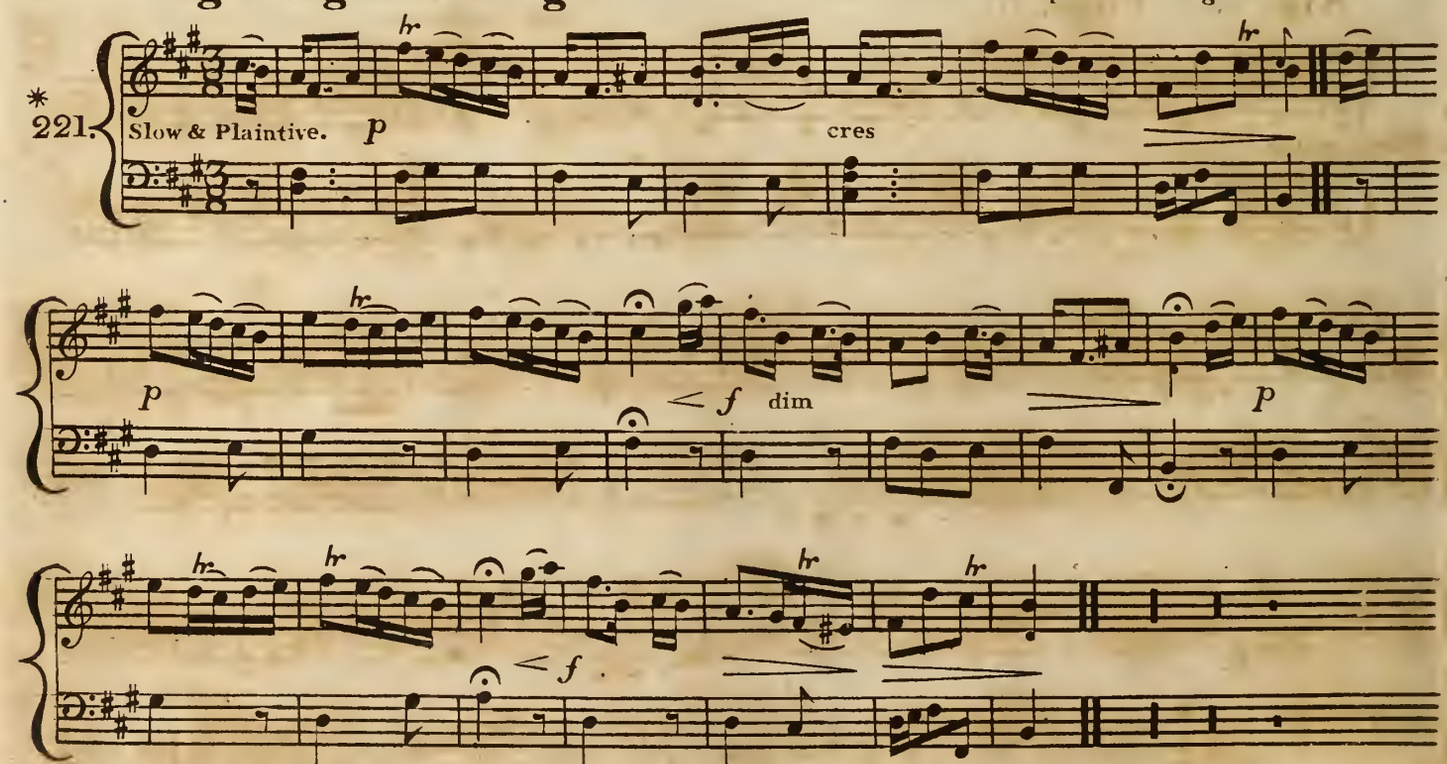
Tha mi fodh ghruaim. "Flora Mc Donalds Adieu to the Prince."



Am fasan aig no Cailleagan. "The Fashion which the Lasses have."

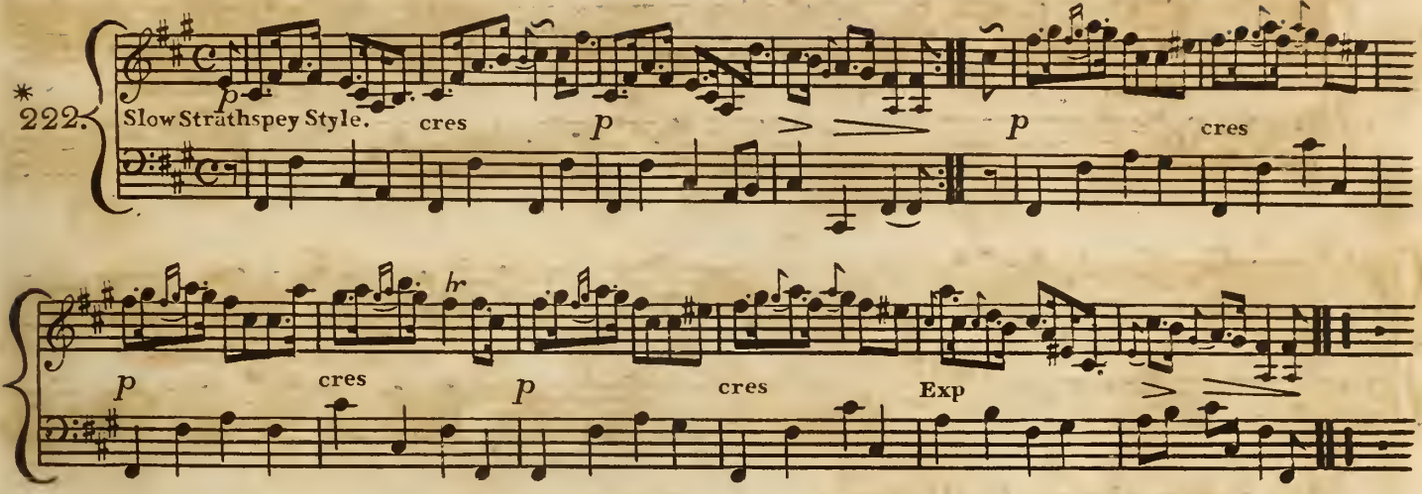


Sealg is sugradh nan gleann. "The ancient sports of the glen."



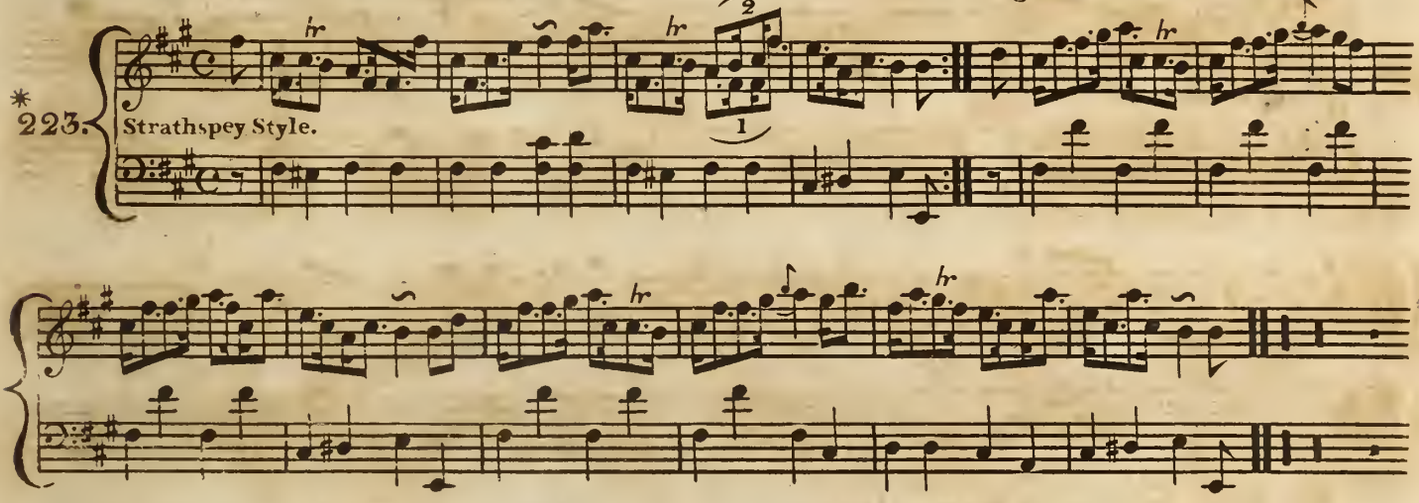
Tighearna Chulodair.

"Lord President Forbes."



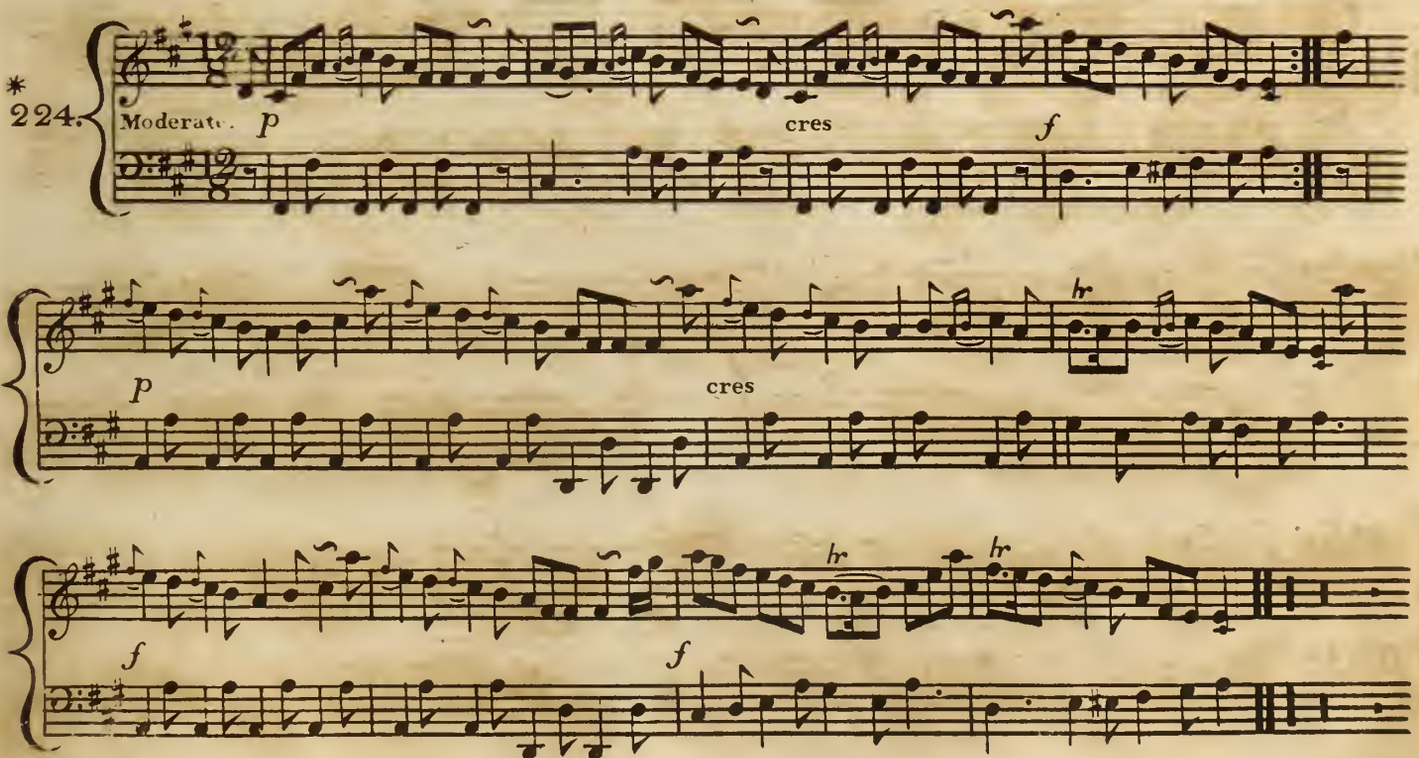
Nian donn ro' bheadarach.

"The darling."



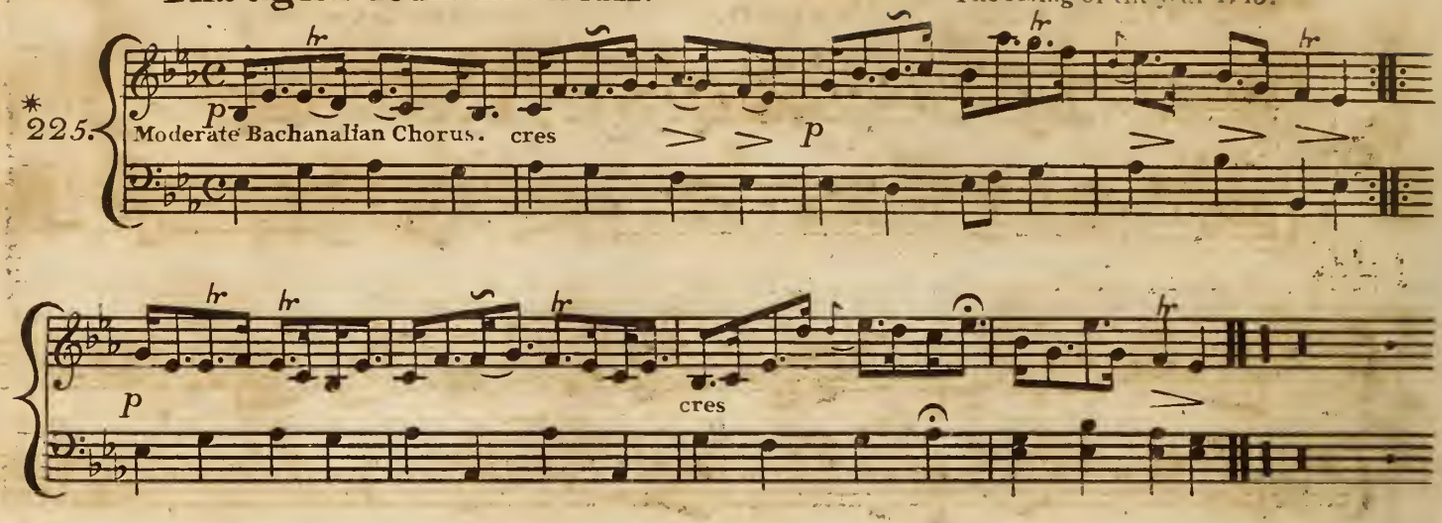
Nian nan Coarach.

"The Shepherdess."



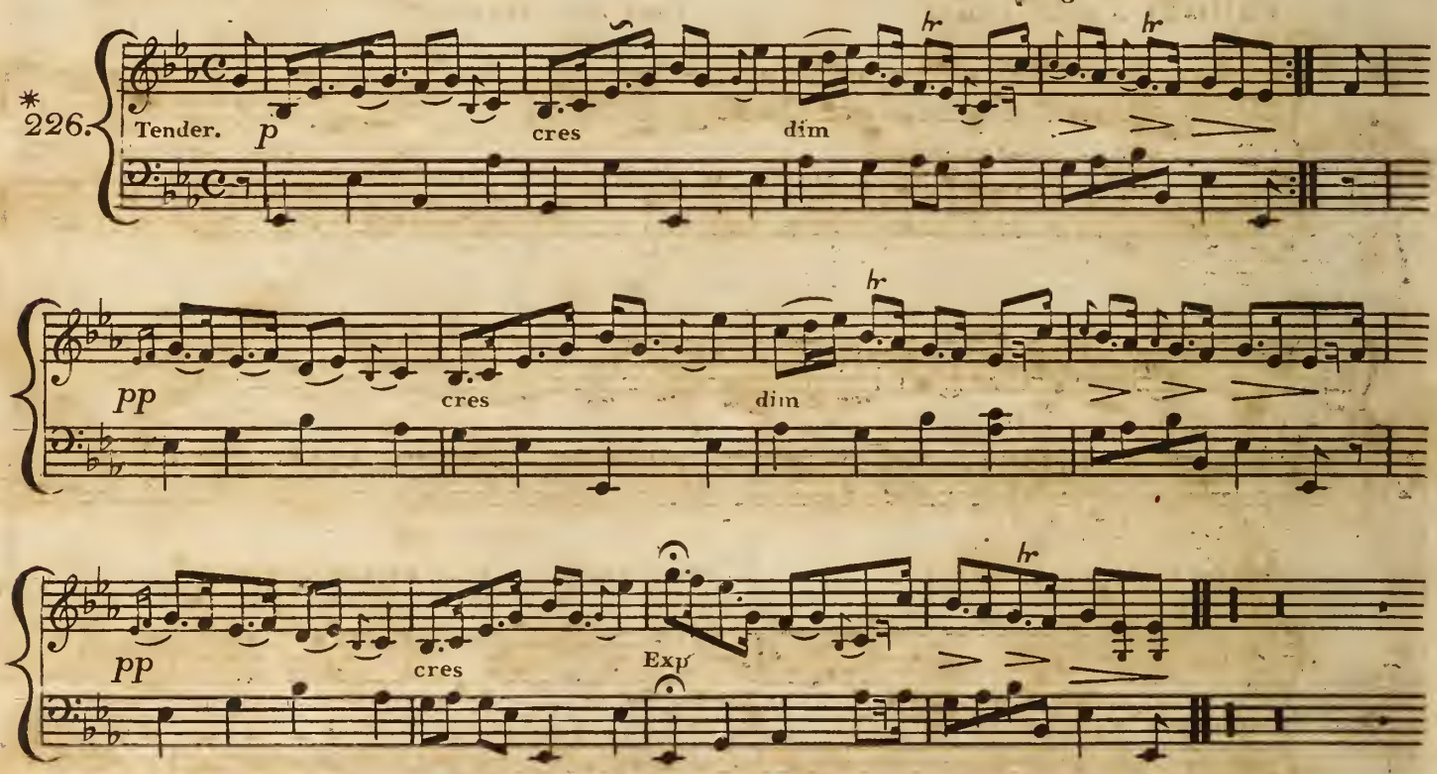
Tha tighn' fodham eiridh.

"The rising of the year 1715."



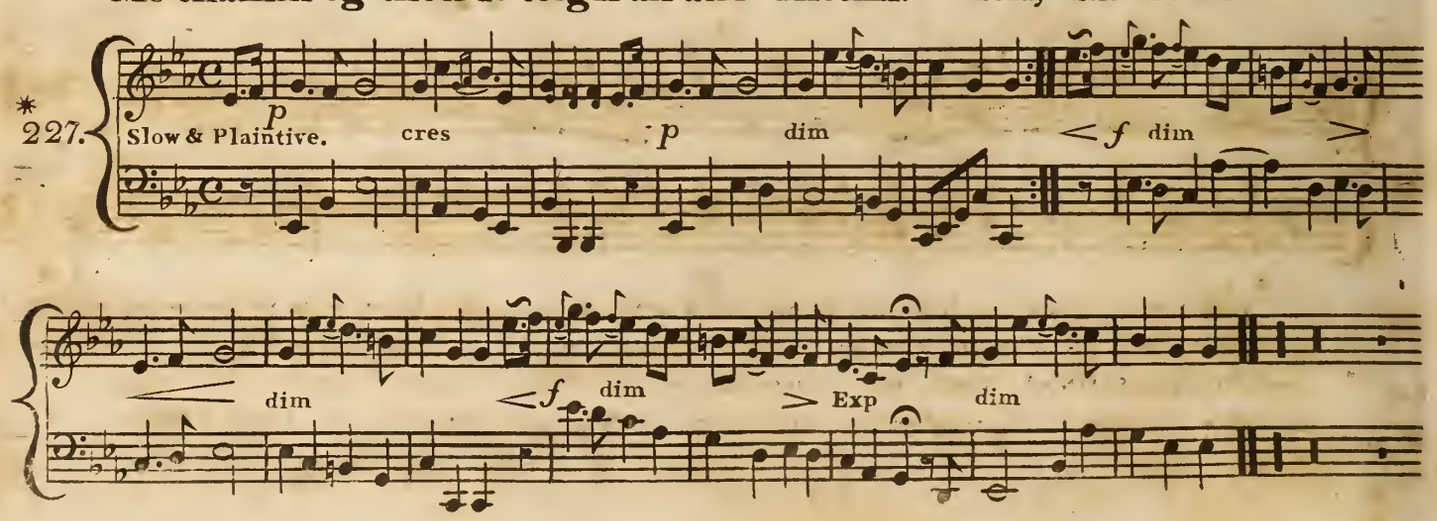
Ho cha neil mulad oirn.

"The Emigrant's Adieu."

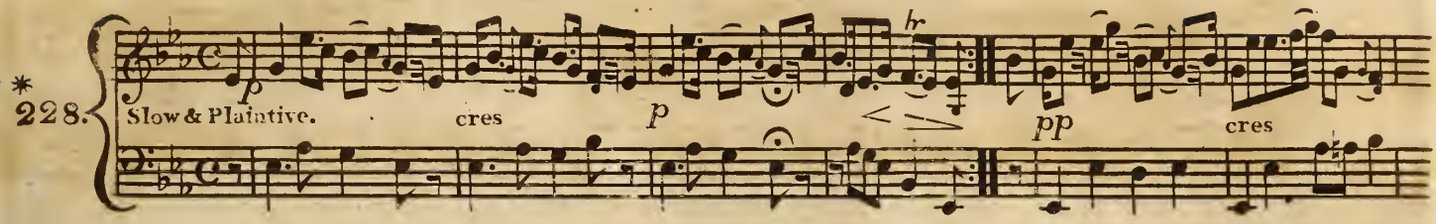


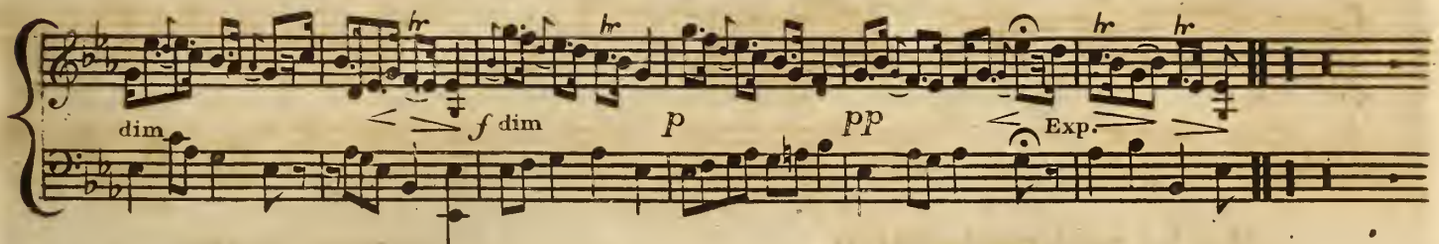
Mo chaillin og thoir le toigh an airr' dhomh.

"Bonny lassie take advice."

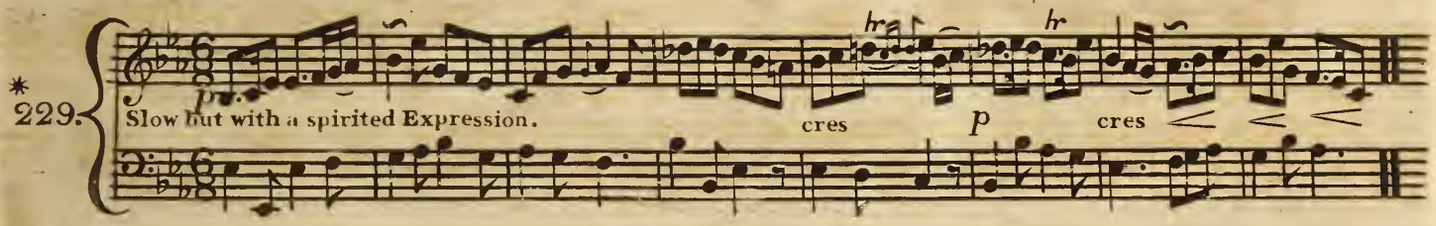


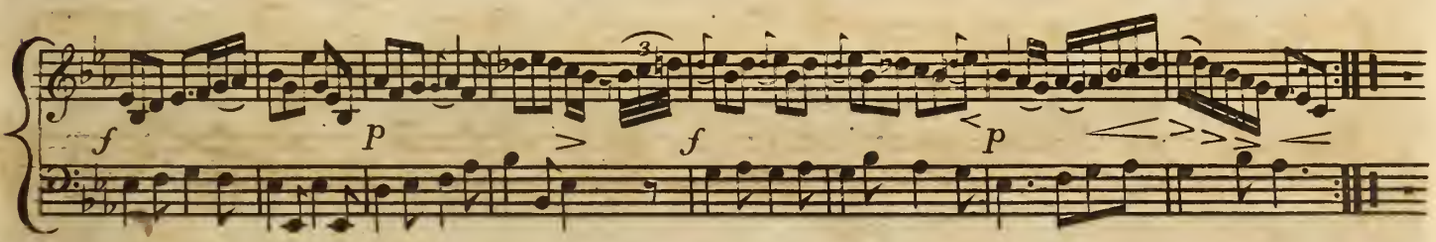
S'olc a chuir a mhireadh rium. "The Love that has undone me."



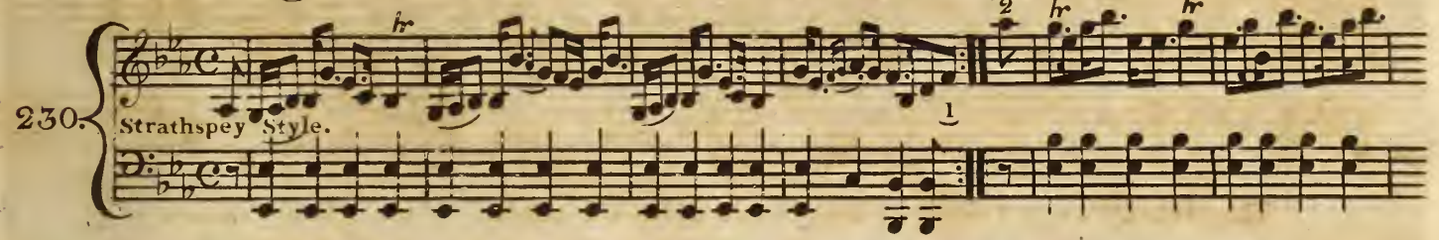


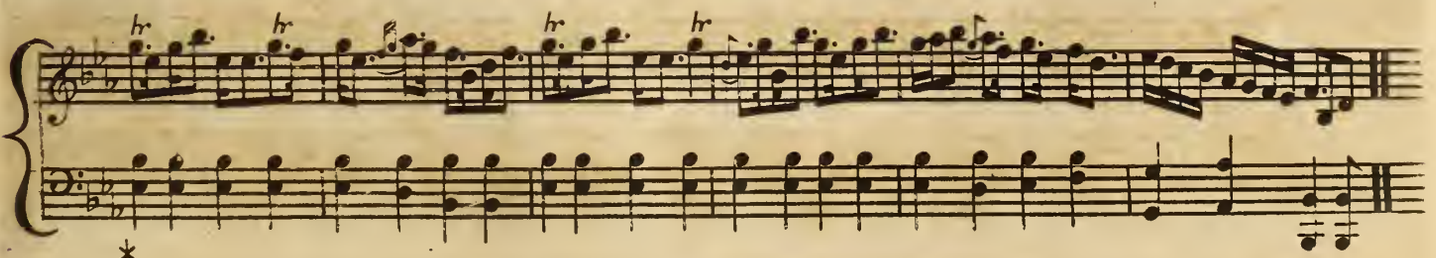
Callum a ghlinne. "Malcolm of the Glen."





Mile taing'an udair.* "The Editors thanks to Mr Nathaniel Gow."*





*THE Editor cannot conclude this tedious work, without expressing his thanks in the most public manner, for the aid afforded him by Mr GOW, throughout this undertaking, and to the other eminent PROFESSIONAL MEN, who assisted in revisal of a work, which might often require a Sacrifice of their Skill, in blending the Science of Music, with the wild and simple Effusions of Nature.

Postscript.

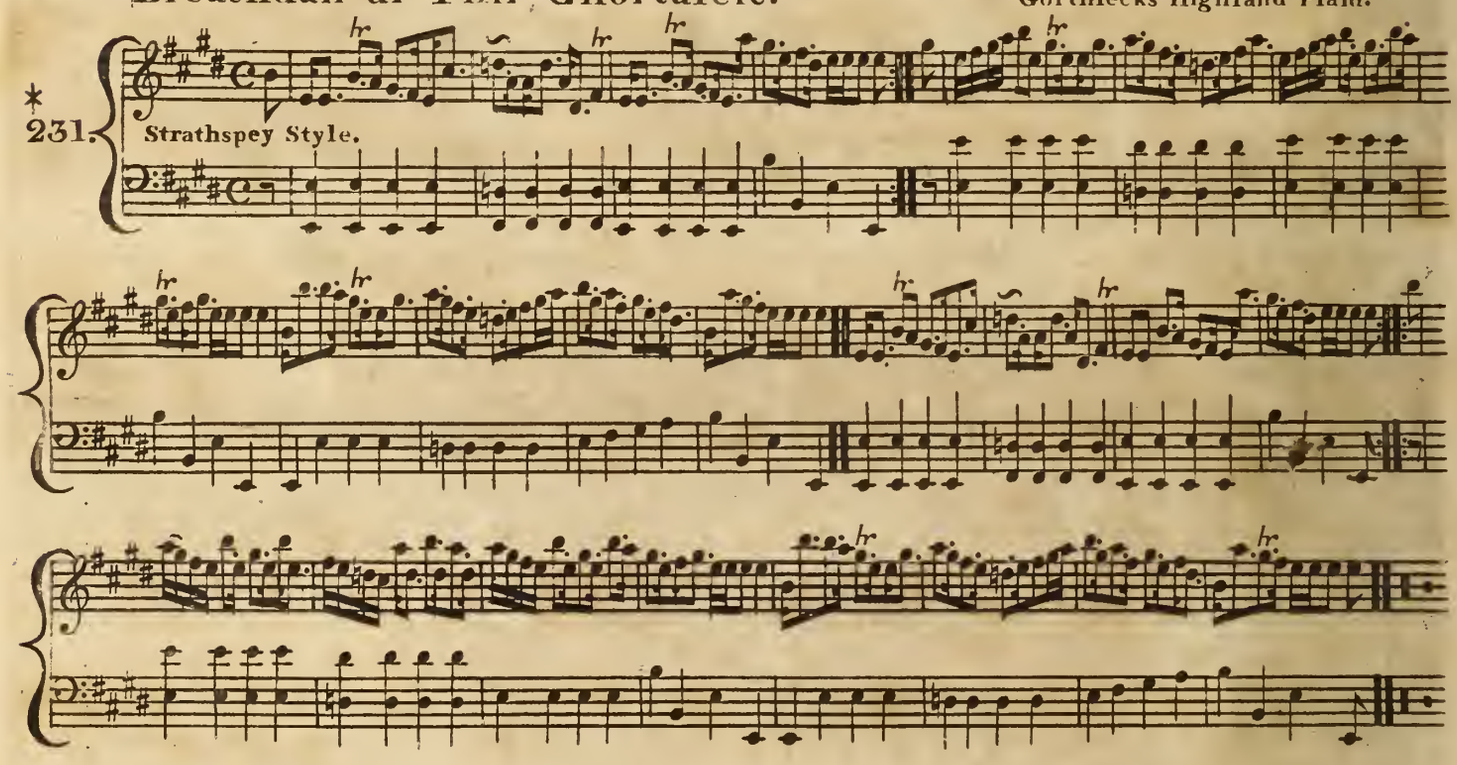
*The following Medley so properly belongs to this Work that after compleating his Index, the Editor cannot resist adjecting it, having been composed on the following occasion.—

Lord Lovat spent the last six Months previous to his being apprehended, chiefly in the House of Thos. Fraser Esqr. of Gorthleck, the Editors maternal Grandfather, where he had his only Interview with Prince Charles after his defeat, and not at Castleduny as mentioned in the Culloden Papers.—His residence there, or elsewhere, rendered the Place for the time, the Focus of the Rebellion, and brought a concourse of Visitors, of all descriptions friendly to the cause; but chiefly, men of the best talents and address, not likely to commit themselves, if intercepted.—These, who where of course entertained according to the manner of the times, naturally joined in narrative and Song, & this considerably added to the many opportunities which the original Compiler of these Melodies had, of hearing and acquiring them, being a daily Visitor, not a Mile distant.—And Independent of Recitation from men of this Stamp,— he had the advantage of hearing many of the Airs, from Lord Lovats attendant Minstrel and Bard, who was the Composer of the following, complimentary of Old Gorthlecks appearance, on some of these occasions, in a new belted Plaid, whereupon the Minstrel claimed the old one as his reward, which was instantly granted, and the Music commemorative of it immediately performed and Sung.

Breachdan ur Fhir Ghortaleic.

"Gorthlecks Highland Plaid."

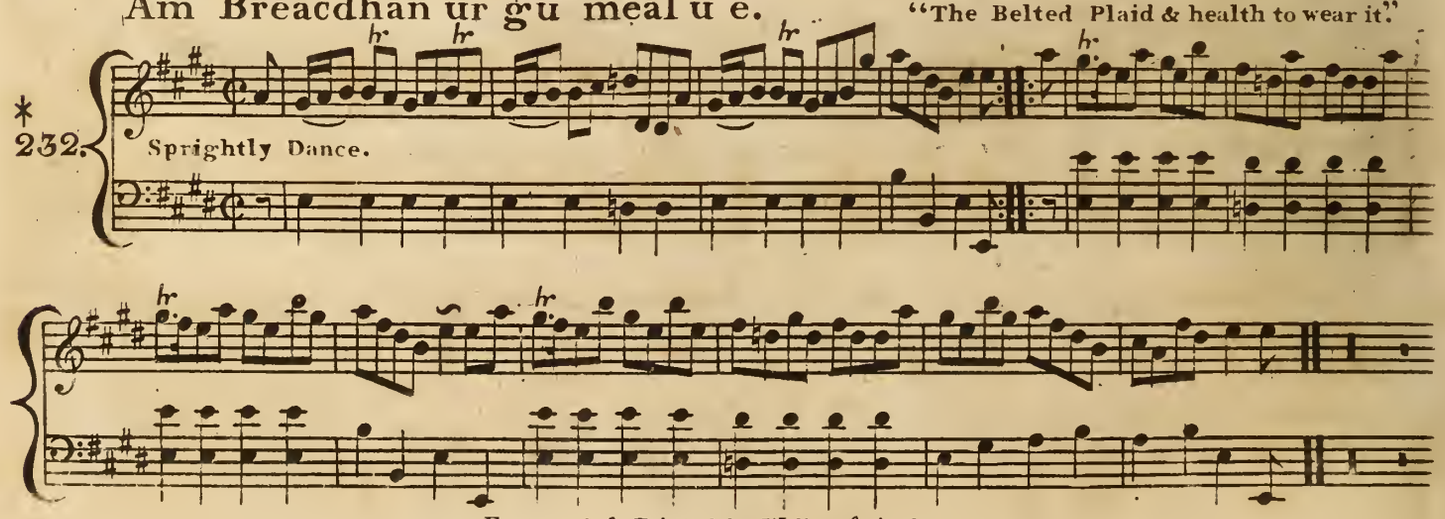
*231. Strathspey Style.



Am Breacdhan ur gu meal u e.

"The Belted Plaid & health to wear it."

*232. Sprightly Dance.



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APPENDIX.

In giving an Appendix, containing such Notes as the Editor has been able to collect, relative to these Melodies, it may be expected that something should be said of their originality, particularly regarding a few of them, which bear a resemblance to some of our standard Scottish Melodies. He apprehends, however, very little may be necessary beyond the few following observations :—

Since the harp ceased with the feudal system, there appear to have been no musicians of eminence in the Highlands capable of importing such Melodies, much less of preserving them as sung to their native words, or giving that effect to their circulation, which popular verses never fail to produce. Hence the proof of their being genuine natives; while, on the other hand, there existed in Edinburgh an Oswald, a Macgibbon, and others, who were extremely industrious in collecting the Scottish Melodies, and, no doubt, eager to take up the subject of such as they could catch from the Highlands and Isles, easily metamorphosed, with the aid of Ramsay to write verses to them. Of this description is the Air of ' Wat ye wha I met yestreen,' undeniably a Highland Melody. This may account, in part, for the existing similitude, unless we are to suppose, regarding some of the more ancient, that the resemblance existed since the Gaelic language was the language of the Scottish Court, and of Ireland, as well as of the Highlands of Scotland. It cannot, therefore, be deemed unreasonable to suppose that a few of the Melodies usually sung in that language should remain yet common to each of the countries in which a common language was at one period spoken.

With regard to Oswald and Macgibbon, it is observable, that the taste of the period in which they lived, tended to complicate simple melody, and enlarge upon it with a rhapsody of variations, which both these musicians have done, to an unmeaning extent. From its very base, the simplicity of the original is lost, as will be pointed out in several prominent instances, wherein, the Editor apprehends, he furnishes simple, but well-known originals, that will, to the taste of many, be thought to equal, if not surpass, the Scottish Melody apparently built upon them. The merits of Macgibbon and Oswald in rescuing many fine airs from oblivion, were undoubtedly very great notwithstanding.

The Highland Melodies have always been, and still are, exquisitely simple, whilst those of the Lowland Scots, from some perverted taste for instrumental execution, with variations, had almost lost their characteristic simplicity, till restored by the vocal powers of Messrs. D. Corri, Urbani, and other masters, within the last 40 years, and their recent publication, with the transcendent verses of Ramsay, Macneil, and Burns.

This restoration of the simplicity of taste has produced a relish for the Highland Melodies, of which the Editor now, with great deference, places so large a number in the hands of the Public. And having mentioned the perversion of taste, which, though he does not assert it to have been universal, yet went a great length, he will conclude these observations by giving one example. Thus, the beautiful Scots tune of *Logan Water* is to be found with large variations,—was frequently played as a high dance,—or as a martial quick-

step,—and sometimes sung in a style approaching to its present standard,—whilst, in the Editor's opinion, it is made up of a still more simple Melody, contained in this Work, perfectly suited to Burns's Verses,—but importing, in the Gaelic, the plaintive soliloquy of some unhappy fellow, whose wife had scolded him,—a subject, of course, common to the earliest stage of society, as well as the present. For it is evident that no air, having original words in the Scottish dialect now current, can boast of much antiquity; if old, it would partake of the idiom and dialect of King James, Gavin Douglas, or other poets cotemporary with its composition.

Here the Editor must remark how extremely difficult it is to trace the authenticity of Love Songs, which chiefly refer to scenes in private life between individuals, and which each pair of lovers attach to their own case,—whilst Songs or Melodies, rendered interesting, as alluding to events either local or circumstantial, are instantly traced, and rapturously associated with the events which gave rise to them, which must tend greatly to aid the Poet in framing Verses to them,—the main intention of these Notes.

In reading the following Notes, they will become the more intelligible, by turning up the name of each Air, without which they may sometimes appear unconnected, from the wish of condensing them, or perhaps rather from the Editor's inadequacy of expression, inhabituated as he is to committing his sentiments to the press.

No. 1.—This much-admired melody, the Editor took down from the singing of his father, Captain John Fraser. It resembles the genuine Scottish stile, but it stamps its own originality, for there can be no doubt, if rightly known, it could not long remain dormant.—It is very common in Inverness-shire, but imperfectly sung as a rant, to verses composed to General Fraser of Lovat, when raising his first Highland regiments. But the sickness or *langour of love* was the subject of it, as sung by the Editor's father,—and with this note upon an air commencing the work,—the editor begs leave to caution performers, that new beauties will arise in most of these airs, the more deliberately they are played, if not otherwise marked.

No. 2.—There are few collections of Gaelic songs but begin with this *rebel war song*, so that it is well known, and contains a verse in praise of the virtues and valour of each of the Highland clans who joined in the rebellion, but anticipating more than they seemed capable of performing.

No. 3.—Grant of Sheugly, supposed composer only of the verses, to this beautiful ancient air, was himself a performer on the Violin, Pipe, and Harp, and, it would appear, a poet, in like manner. In appreciating the qualities of each instrument, he supposes they had quarrelled, and that he was called upon to decide the contest. In addressing a verse to his pipe, he observes 'how it would delight him, on hearing the sound of 'war, to listen to her notes, in striking up the *gathering*, to rally 'round the Chief, on a frosty spring morning, whilst the hard 'earth reverberated all her notes, so as to be heard by the 'most distant person interested.' To the harp he says,—'the 'pleasure which thy tones afford, are doubled, whilst accom-'panying a sweet female voice, or round the festive board, in-'spired by love or wine, I reach beyond my ordinary capacity, 'and feel the pleasure of pleasing.' But to his violin, which he calls by the literal name of the air, *Mary George's daughter*, and seems to have been his favourite, though held cheap by the other combatants, he says,—'I love thee, for the sake of 'those who do,—the sprightly youth and bonny lasses,—all of 'whom declare, that, at a wedding, dance, or ball, thou, with 'thy bass in attendance, can have no competitor,—thy music 'having the effect of electricity on those who listen to it,'—and, on thus receiving their due share of praise, their reconciliation is convivially celebrated. The Editor's grandfather acquired this air from a successor of the composer, who was his cotemporary.

No. 4.—The Gaelic song usually associated with this melody, was composed to a lady of the family of —— M'Kenzie, Bart. of Gairloch, in Ross-shire. The words sung by the Editor's father referred to a youth going abroad. Mr. Campbell, in his Albyn's Anthology, gives the name of this air to no less than two of the few Highland melodies contained in it.

No. 5.—Though this air appears complimentary to the Highland Society, it was originally composed for an association in the 1745, in favour of the Pretender, which assumed the name of the Highland Association.

No. 6.—The celebration of Hugmanay, and birth of New Year, which we are at this day so fond of calling to remembrance, constitute an anniversary so ancient and universal, it is no wonder to see them become the subject of song in times of more superstitious attention to them. A Gaelic song to this melody was sung by the Editor's father, descriptive of the amusement of that night of mirth and festivity, not unlike in stile to Burns's Hallowe'en, or that which he elsewhere describes, as 'the happy day the year begins.'

No. 7.—The words of which first describe the singularity of the marriage-ritual, as performed in St. Kilda, at an early period, before they had an established missionary; and then humorously jeer a young fellow, who resiled from the pleasures, the labours, entertainment, and expence of equipping for the matrimonial state,—while the bride continues willing to undertake them. This air, with many others, is murdered in Macdonald's collection,—whilst the editor is most happy to find his father's set of it exactly tally with that of Miss Macleod of St. Kilda, now in Edinburgh.

No. 8.—The song associated with this air, describes the battle of Kinlochlochy, minutely noticed in the Quarterly Re-

view of the Culloden Papers, wherein Lovat and Clanranald were the combatants, and where, owing to a party who promised help to the Frasers not coming up, it is said that clan would have been annihilated, had not the wives of 80 gentlemen of the name, killed there, providentially brought forth 80 male children. It is called *Blar Leine*, from the parties having stripped to their shirts.

No. 9 is a beautiful and tender love-song, of which the origin is not easily traced, no name being mentioned. The cow-boy seems, however, from the words, either to have been drowned, or at least amissing,—perhaps enlisted,—whilst his sweetheart and parents are querulously in search of him.

No. 10.—The traveller, benighted in snow, was most pathetically described in Gaelic words, repeated by the Editor's father,—and the air conveys a feeling which the mind readily associates with such a bewildering occurrence,—nay, even with his having perished there.—*Vide* note 169.

No. 11.—Of the orphan, the Editor remembers his father sing no more than one complete verse, which mentioned neither time nor place, he cannot therefore trace its occasion, which may be very remote, as death and war, with the barbarous animosities of times past, have produced applicable events at all periods,—and till some poet of eminence takes up the subject, the performer is left in silent admiration of its beauty.

No. 12.—Loch Ruthven, celebrated in this air, is as famous in Inverness-shire, for the sport it affords the angler, as Loch Erroch on the confines of Perthshire.

No. 13.—The feet-washing is certainly a momentous concern, associating ominous trepidation with merriment, exquisitely described, as sung in Gaelic, by Culduthel, and the Editor's grandfather, the gentlemen alluded to in the Prospectus. The air is a local pipe reel, of which a number are introduced in this work, not exceeded by any now in circulalation, and hitherto neglected, as chiefly performed by pipers, who frequently miss whole bars, or whole measures, rendering the airs scarcely attainable but from the words,—and ordinary performers on the violin are not ready to take them up, as they require a distinct bow to each note. The Editor's father sallied forth with this one, and many others of them, to be noticed in their places, for the first time, when singing to his little grandchildren,—and they, dancing and enjoying his song beyond all the music in the world,—whilst his kindness, and their obedience, gave a mutual encouragement to persevere, till the Editor wrote down the music, careless of the words, which he now regrets.

No. 14.—This air, as well as the words, are the genulne composition of Neil Kennedy, fox-hunter to Glengary, being his adieu to his native country on emigrating to America.

No. 15.—This is the air of an unpublished rhapsodical address of Robert Downe, the Sutherland poet, to the castle of Dunrobin, on passing it,—alluding, in part, to the Countess marrying an English nobleman, not likely to listen to him, or patronise his genius.

No. 16.—The words and music of the Banks of Lochness are the composition of a very obscure individual, whom the Editor remembers, and are descriptive of the natural beauties which adorn that part of the country, forming a very interesting subject for the genuine poet or landscape painter.

No. 17.—The Wedding Ring is framed by the Editor, from a very imperfect melody, and fancied by the lady whose name it bears, to whom he wishes every connubial comfort.

No 18.—This air has verses to the colonel of Glengary's regiment in Prince Charles's army, who was killed by a random shot from one of his own men on the street of Falkirk in 1745, an event which much deranged their proceedings. There are words also on Lord Lovat's decapitation.

No. 19.—This set of the Ewe with the crooked horn appears to be a standard, formed a century ago, by three neighbouring gentlemen in Nairnshire, eminent performers, Mr. Rose of Kilravock, Mr. Campbell of Budyet, and Mr. Sutherland of Kinsteary. It may not be generally known, that the Ewe thus celebrated is no other than the *whisky still, with its crooked horn*, which gave more milk than all the sheep in the country.

No. 20 is a genuine lively air of the Isle of Skye, sung and danced at the same time, the name of which shews, that while the male dancers exert their agility, the one half must preserve a posture of attack, and the other half a posture of defence.

No. 21.—The words sung to this melody express surprise at the success of the weaver's daughter in finding a husband, and, for the comfort of her new yoke-fellow, give a ludicrous detail of her former intimacy with many well-known characters around Lochness.

No. 22.—The Goat Penn, supposed remotely situated, appears, by the Gaelic words, to have been the rendezvous of two lovers. It is long known as a Scotch dance, but makes a beautiful and delicate air, if slowly performed, worthy of suitable words, and is inserted to reclaim it as a Highland melody.

No. 23.—The air of Lord Reay, the Editor apprehends to be one of Robert Downe, the Sutherland poet's composition, on some memorable and melancholy event in that family.

No. 24 is avowedly Robert Downe's, the words passionately describing disappointed love, and jealousy at the successs of his competitor. The three first notes of the second measure, imitating a sneering laugh at his own folly, for trusting so much to the faith of womankind, if a preferable match offers.

Nos. 25 and 26.—Sung with inimitable humour by the late Alexander Fraser, Esq. of Culduthel, and the Editor's grandfather. No. 26 also forming one of the pipe reels characterised in Note 13.

No. 27.—Sir John Sinclair was so kind as transmit a copy of this Fingalian air to the Editor, when first brought forward. In a work avowedly compiling the Celtic melodies, for the purpose of being associated with poetry, it will scarcely be deemed presumption to have inserted it.

No. 28 is also a favourite Ossianic measure, to which the Editor has heard a great many fragments of the original recited. He had, however, previously acquired the air, as handed from Alexander Fraser of Leadclune, patronimically Alastar Mac H'uistan, who lived during the last century, and was progenitor of the present Alexander Fraser, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, &c. He was a sterling reciter of Ossian, and a bard, whose genius, sentiments, and principles, (as appears from a beautiful poem to this air, and many others,) would have done honour to a more advanced stage of society.

No. 29.—Glengarry's family have always been celebrated for supporting the dignity of a Highland chief, and for keeping up a retinue of minstrels; hence the tendency of minstrels to celebrate their patrons. Glengary's late piper, his blind bard and minstrel, and Niel Kennedy, his late foxhunter, have all been listened to with much pleasure by competent judges.

No. 30 celebrates the beauty of a young lady, in terms which she thinks so very far beyond her due, that she requested her name to remain uncommunicated.

No. 31 commemorates a horrid massacre of three brothers of the family of Macdonell of Keppoch, at the instigation of the next in succession, some generations back. The air seems to be the riginal on which the Mucking of Geordie's Byre is built, and by no means inferior to it, as sung by the Editor's progenitor.

No. 32.—Inverary-castle, and Argyllshire in general, is a part of the country the Editor has not much frequented; but this air celebrates the splendour of that edifice, and the magnificence, tempered with benevolence and condescension, therein supported by the late Duke.

No. 33.—The air of the dram-shell, or *quaich*, was a particular favourite with the famous Gaelic poet, Alexander M'Donell, whose jacobite songs were burnt soon after the 1745,—with which he coupled this strong expression, though by no means given to excess,—' *That it was when the quaich was at his lips, the sentiments of the heart came forth genuine,*'—alluding to his enthusiastic attachment to the Stewart family, and *vice versa*.

No. 34 is claimed both by the Irish and Lowland Scotch. There being very ancient Gaelic words to it, the Highlands have as well-founded a claim to it as either, which the Editor is bound to assert. It was since the air was printed that he observed it furnished with words by H. Macneil, Esq. who is entirely of the Editor's opinion regarding its origin.

Nos. 35 and 36.—The Highlands of Banffshire, extending south of the spey, have been long famous for the best dancers of the Strathspeys, which must have been well performed, to inspire them sufficiently. In this district also lie the most picturesque scenery, the finest sporting grounds and deer forests, perhaps, in Great Britain, belonging to the Duke of Gordon, Earl of Fife, &c. long inaccessible to strangers, from the badness of the roads, and want of bridges. No. 36 is one of the pipe-reels referred to in Note 13.

No. 37 is a well-known composition of the celebrated female bard of the laird of Macleod, but often sung to an imperfect melody. The real air is given in this work as sung by Culduthel.

No. 38.—The Editor acquired this beautiful melody from his father, but cannot trace any anecdote regarding it. He, however, thinks it originated in the district of Glenmorison, where there is a sweet spot, which still bears the Gaelic name of it, and marches with the property on which Mr. Fraser of Culduthel, so often mentioned, then lived. It certainly bears the marks of his style.

No. 39.—This air, from having been new-modelled by MacGibbon or Oswald, is claimed as a Lowland Scots melody,—whilst the original will be found by far the most simple and beautiful of the two, as sung to Gaelic words by the same gentleman.

Nos. 40 and 41.—The first of these, was sung by the Editor's father; the other is one of the pipe-reels mentioned in Note 13, many of which he acquired during his service in Canada, in a corps of Caledonians, inspired with their success.

No. 42.—The Highlanders, it would seem, were as much inclined as others to resist the authority assumed by the clergy, in extorting confessions, and venting public reproofs, &c. as the words to this air appear to intimate, and they felt particularly sore upon this point, if the clergyman was a worthless person himself.

No. 43.—This is an admirable one of the pipe reels, so often mentioned, wherein the piper compares his bag and chanter to a well stuffed haggis with its pin. Burns, having taken up so many of the same ideas in his excellent poem to a haggis, may have heard the meaning conveyed by the words, though his genius was so original and capacious, that this is mere conjecture.

No. 44 reports the intention of an individual, seemingly long absent, to return to the braes of Lochiel, where he could enjoy the pleasures of the chace in perfection. The circumstances of the times banished so many from their native country, that it is difficult to trace the allusion.

No. 45.—The Editor conceives the boat songs among the most interesting and expressive of the airs peculiar to the Highlands; they are composed in a regular measure, to keep time with the rowers.

No. 46.—This air and No. 45, the Editor acquired from a gentleman belonging to the island of Uist, and is given exactly as sung by him.

No. 47.—Mary, young and fair, has had words given to it by Duncan M'Intyre, a Breadalbane man, who published a volume of Gaelic songs; the air was previously known, as sung by the gentlemen alluded to in the prospectus.

No. 48.—The name of this air bespeaks it a native of the Highlands of Aberdeenshire, where many of our best strathspeys have their origin. The present set of it was communicated to the Editor's father by the late General Fraser of Lovat, whose particular favourite it was.

No. 49.—In the words of the pipe slang, the noisy rattling piper of a country wedding draws a ridiculous comparison betwixt his own music and that of the violin, so frequently interrupted by breaking of the strings, tuning, &c. whereas, he appeals to all the bonny lasses, if his chanter was ever known to fail while they continue dancing.

No. 50.—This air the Editor has heard to be the composition of Neil Kennedy, fox-hunter to Glengarry, formerly mentioned, who took the part of a young girl, to whom *the shepherd* had promised marriage, yet forsook her, and, in her name, holds up his character in a very detestable point of view.

No. 51.—Urquhart-castle is one of the first objects that strike the traveller's eye, on getting a full view of Lochness. It is interesting in history, from the defence made by its governor against Edward Longshanks, who required possession of all our forts and and garrisons. It forms, with the objects around it, one of the grandest and most interesting landscapes in that country; nor will the memorial of it die the sooner of having this popular melody associated with it.

No. 52.—This air had its origin from an observation of the late parochial minister of Abertarff, who used to say, that of a number of respectable people, who lived there, they were never without some disputes that embittered their lives, chiefly among the females. These must have run high, when the minister christened the place by the epithet of ' Little Hell.' There are words by one M'Gruer.

No. 53.—The Maid of Sutherland has words by Robert Downe, and various Highland bards. This melody the Editor never heard in so perfect a shape as it had been acquired by his father from the gentlemen mentioned in the Prospectus, and given in this Work. They, of course, sung it with high glee, from the connection of one of them with a Sutherland family; but the ordinary name of the air is, ' The maid who gathered bilberries.'

No. 54.—The shealing in the braes of Rannoch is also given as acquired from the same gentlemen, and more recently sung by Colonel John Ross of the 86th regiment.

No. 55.—A very imperfect set, indeed, of this melody pervades a good part of the country. In Burns's Reliques, published by Mr. Cromek, there is a song, called 'The Banks of the 'Devon,' said to be to this air, of which the Editor was ignorant; but it is observed that Burns acquired the air from a young lady in Inverness,—doubtless from one who had similar access with the Editor to the compilations of his progenitor and Mr. Fraser of Culduthel.

No. 56.—This air has Gaelic words of various merit, and is called by Mr. Campbell, in his Albyn's Anthology, the 'Ailegan,' a name he also bestows on another air of the few he exhibits; but the best Gaelic poem to it, seen by the Editor, is a hymn to the Saviour, by one Buchanan, a native of Rannoch.

No. 57.—The poet, in the *Massacre of Glencoe*, as handed by the Editor's progenitor, addresses himself to the owl, as the only witness of a deed perpetrated under silence of night, and pretends be is telling from her narration every circumstance of barbarity relating to that melancholy event.

No. 58.—The very name of this air precludes from obtaining much information regarding the particular occasion of it; but it is the genuine set, sung by the gentlemen mentioned in the prospectus.

No. 59.—The name of this melody bespeaks what gave occasion to it. It is the production of the famous poet, Alexander M'Donell, who is never at a loss in addressing the feelings, and who says he would for ever regard Lord Lovat's death as murder, having been tried merely by his enemies.

No. 60.—This is another air of the same poet, to which he forms a dialogue betwixt the enemy and friend of whisky. The friend, in his praises, makes a quick rhapsody of this beautiful air, while the enemy's plaintive reply is all that could be wished.

No. 61.—The Editor has already attempted to rescue this melody from a claim of its being Irish. The author, John M'Murdo or M'Rae of Kintail, was one of the most sentimental composers of song ever known in the North, and several others of his will be pointed out in this work. He observes, in the words to this air, that though his wife may sometimes brawl at him for consuming, in convivial excess, his means of supporting her and his young family, he must devote a part of it to social friendship, that often links men closer than chieftainry or relationship.

No. 62.—This is one of the airs which bear similitude to one of our standard Scottish melodies, 'In winter, when the rain 'rain'd cauld'—How an air, with words so ancient as those attached to this one, should have existed in the Highlands, and no person to import it, can only be accounted for by its being a real native, and new-modelled by Oswald or M'Gibbon.

No. 63.—Of this air the very same may be said; but it is more fully referred to in the introduction to the Appendix. In the Editor's opinion, the simplicity of the originals, stamp their character and authenticity.

No 64 was occasioned by the bonfires raised on all the surrounding hills, upon the late General Fraser of Lovat's election for the county of Inverness, even before his estate was restored to him. It makes a charming medley with No. 52.

No. 65.—There are words of various merit to this air, often imperfectly sung. Those which bear the name given in this work suit it best; and relate to some occasion the Macleod family had for recruiting men, when the heir was a minor, and a lady the active instrument. The words profess the warmest attachment to her and the family interests.

No. 66.—The words of this air depict the mutual esteem subsisting betwixt friends, and not lovers. The air is from the Editor's progenitor, but there are beautiful words by Neil Kennedy, Glengarry's fox-hunter.

No. 66.—Were it known to government what veneration and attachment even the most common Highlander entertains for his native spot—that there is no sacrifice for the service of his country but he will cheerfully submit to, on condition of its being ultimately preserved to him and his family—they would certainly interpose some remedy to prevent the depopulation of the Highlands, a measure of which they have shewn themselves, worthy on every occasion of putting their conduct to the test. This air is derived from the Editor's progenitor.

No. 68.—The restoration of the Lovat estate, and the other estates forfeited in 1745, gave occasion to this air, expressing the joy of the inhabitants at the return of their former landlords, after the tyranny exercised by some of the commissioner's factors.

No. 69 is an air peculiar to the island of Uist. The baron-bailie of a large estate was a man of considerable importance in remote times The return of his son to his native country is celebrated by the Uist lasses, with whom he seems to have been a peculiar favourite, either as good looking, or possessing some other attractive qualification. Formerly in Uist all the dancers sung their own music.

No. 70.—Of this air the Editor has heard many imperfect sets; it is given in this work as sung by the gentlemen alluded to in the Prospectus. The Gaelic words are well known, which renders the matter attainable.

No. 71.—The Editor never heard this melody sung with any taste, but by his father; the words must have been different from those now current, as the air was rendered slow and plaintive, though frequently now sung in dancing time, which destroys it.

No. 72.—This was acquired by the Editor's grandfather from Lachlan M'Pherson of Strathmashy, of whom mention has already been made. He lived near the source of Spey, and it has every chance of being his composition, as he was a genuine poet, and sung with taste and spirit.

No. 73 preserves the memorial of one of those predatory excursions which the Highlanders were in the habit of making to carry off the cattle of the neighbouring low countries; considered, from the ignorance of the times, rather commendable as an act of prowess, than reprehensible as an act of aggression. He believes the air peculiar to his native country south of Lochness.

No. 74.—Whether the subject matter of this air was a real or imaginary periwig, the Editor is not prepared to assert; but so popular was it, as sung by the gentlemen mentioned in the prospectus, that a roar of laughter succeeded each verse, infinitely longer than any verse of the song, in every company where they were prevailed upon to attempt it.

No. 75.—The words of this air are to be found in most

compilations of Gaelic songs; the melody, as sung by the Editor's father, is highly worthy of English words.

No. 76.—Mr. Scott's poem of the Lady of the Lake was presented to the Editor by some young ladies in Edinburgh, on condition of furnishing this air from his ancient stock, to the Boat Song, beginning 'Hail to the chief,' &c.

No. 77.—The dancing set alone of this air has as yet been handed to the public. It was performed with peculiar taste by Major Logan, whose set of it the Editor was at pains to acquire, but scarcely differing from a song to the same air, sung by the Editor's father, composed by Mrs. Fraser of Bruiach, to a gentleman of the family of Fraser of Belladrum, expressing her regret at his continuing too long a bachelor, and intimating, that if he waited till she became a widow, she would be at his service.

No. 78.—The Editor has often listened with delight to his father singing this air; it is so far preferable to the set of it now bandied over the country, as not to admit of the smallest comparison.

No. 79.—The very same observation applies to this charming lullaby.

No. 80 is the composition of a man of the name of Gow, who lived in Dunmacglass, in Inverness-shire, during the last century. He was miller, carpenter, and minstrel to the family of Dunmacglass, and his sons in the capacity of gamekeepers or sportsmen, supplied the table with venison and game. The air celebrates the alertness of these young fellows.

No. 81.—The Highland Troop is the Editor's composition, intended as a salute to the Black Watch and others, on their return as CONQUERORS from Egypt. Its recent date cannot detract from its character as a Highland melody, he having comparatively little knowledge of any other species of music.

No. 82.—The ancient family to which this air is complimentary, has been long remarkable for a race of proprietors, the most beneficent and kind to their tenantry, and hospitable in the extreme to friends or strangers. The tenantry, from the above circumstance, have the appearance of a superior order of Highlanders, much given to pastime and song; and it is hoped their beautiful and romantic district, being now rendered the thoroughfare to the west coast by one of the finest roads in the island, will tend to the benefit of both. The Editor is informed that the present proprietor has rendered smuggling an irritancy of their leases—an example worthy of imitation.

No. 83.—This air celebrates the foundation-stone of Inverness, if it may be so termed, which is still religiously preserved near the cross,—it belongs to the armorial bearing of the town,—is engraven upon its seal,—and is the universal toast, when drinking the health or prosperity of its community. It was formerly the resting place of the servant girls, in bringing their water-pails from the river, of course a celebrated rendezvous for obtaining all the news and scandal imaginable.

No. 84.—The few verses the Editor heard of this delightful simple melody, mentioned no name that could enable him to trace the event which gave rise to it. There is an imperfect set of it, in the collection of the Reverend Patrick MacDonald,—which corroborates its being a Highland melody. The set now given was from the gentlemen alluded to in the prospectus.

No. 85.—The words to this air are in most collections of Gaelic songs,—and hearing these translated will explain the occasion and circumstances of *the privation* to a poet, who takes up the subject, better than any recapitulation of the Editor's,—his first province being to communicate the airs correctly and intelligibly, in order to establish their standard, before the poet attempts to attach verses.

No. 86.—This is a Highland melody, of a beautifully wild and solemn cast, totally unfit for any single instrument possessed in that country, and merely suited to a voice of sufficient length of tone. The Editor's progenitor had various sets of words to it,—but the organ is the instrument to display it.

No. 87.—This, perhaps, will be as popular a melody as any in this volume. The only words the Editor ever heard to it were from his father,—from whom he first heard the second and third parts. The first and last parts have been long communicated by Mr. Gow, and as long admired,—and he is good enough to say it loses none of its character, but much the reverse, as now presented.

No. 88.—This is an air, not alluding to any melancholy event, as it would infer from the translation of the name, but of the same cast with No. 1, passionately descriptive of the listless and languid state of an extravagant lover, whose affections are fixed, and had yet obtained no encouragement to hope for final success. There are words by Mrs. Fraser of Bruiach, formerly mentioned, and mother of Lieutenant-general Fraser, late second in command in Scotland under Earl Moira, sung by the Editor's progenitor.

No. 89.—This air celebrates a part of the country more replete with interesting objects to the admirers of the works of nature or gigantic labour,—to the artist in point of grand scenery,—and to the sportsman and angler, in their respective pursuits, than any other part of the island. The picturesque views the Editor could point out along the chain of lakes cannot be exceeded in sublimity. The constrast formed by the lakes and vales below with the more elevated sloping wooded skirts, broken with water-falls, backed by the seemingly conic land-mark of Mealfuarmony, i. e. *Cold Pinnacle*, or the stupendous Ben Nevis, unremittingly caped with snow,—and with a clear day giving a view of most of the western isles from its top, form, perhaps, some of the grandest landscape subjects to be met with, and all within this *great glen*. The valleys and cascades, formed by the various rivers, are no less interesting, and particularly the falls of Foyers and Morrison, rivers which should be traced to their sources by sportsmen and anglers. These are the works of nature; but the works of herculean labour in this quarter, merit attention. 1*st*, The ancient chain of vitrified forts; 2*d*, The parallel roads of Glenroy, communicating with an arm of this *great glen*. The castles of Inverness, Urquhart, Glengary, and Inverlochy. The government forts, and the towns and harbours, which terminate this valley at each sea,—Cromarty, being one of the finest navy stations in Europe, which any other nation would be proud to possess,—the military and parliamentary roads and bridges,—and, finally, the Caledonian canal, rendering this part as likely to become interesting in a commercial point of view as it is in point of attractive scenery.

No. 90.—This air is so very characteristic of the event which gave rise to it, that a gentleman in Edinburgh remarked, he thought he saw the Highlanders in full trot to Prince Charles's standard, on hearing it played, which should be in a style as quick as possible, and makes an admirable dance.

No. 91.—This air celebrates the district of Ferintosh, so famous for the production of the genuine Highland beverage, called whisky. The superiority of the quality produced arose from tbe privilege of distilling, duty free,—a privilege which the government found it necessary to purchase from Mr. Forbes of Culloden, the proprietor, when the revenue from excise became of such immense importance.

No. 92 is generally performed with great rapidity, during the ceremonial of bedding the bride, and as celebrated as " Cuttymun and Treeladdle" in the low country, for exciting the agility of the dancers.

No. 93 is an air acquired through the Editor's progenitor, as here communicated, but he has heard it sung with great taste, by several young ladies, to the native words, though not generally known, or yet associated with English or Scottisb verse.

No. 94.—This air was seemingly intended for application to the case of some individual who had lost a friend, breathing a soothing, plaintive strain, congenial with the natural feelings on such an event.

No. 95.—The Editor discovered this air in an ancient manuscript, in the possession of his father, of some of the band music of the 78th regiment, to which he belonged, raised by the late General Fraser of Lovat, in the 1757 ;—it seems to be quick march time, built upon Lord Kelly's strathspey, unless antecedent to it.—M'Arthur, the master of tbe band, was instructed, witb the view of becoming minstrel to the Kilravock family, and had access to much of tbe music of the Nairnshire gentlemen formerly mentioned.

No. 96.—Tbis air the Editor had from his friend, Alexander Leslie, Esq. who composed it to an amiable young lady, of whom he evidently, from its strain, became enamoured, unconscious of ber engagement to her present husband. She is equally worthy of tbe compliment paid, as maid and wife,—and, being a special favourite of the Editor's, he begs leave to use her maiden name, which best hands the compliment to posterity. Mary Scott, Barbara Allen, or Katharine Ogie, will live for ever, whilst airs having Miss or Mrs. attached to them, change daily to the name of the person who calls for tbem.

No. 97.—This is an air to which the Editor's father used to repeat sterling Gaelic words, lamenting the fate of Prince Cbarles, after the battle of Culloden, and acquired from the gentlemen mentioned in the prospectus ;—the burning of Mac-Donell's collection of the jacobite songs, is an event now to be regretted, when they can no longer affect the public mind.

No. 98.—This air has a variety of Gaelic verses to it, but those most entitled to the denomination of a poem are Dugald Buchanan's reflections on turning up, and surveying a scull, which he handles with a versatility of talent worthy of a genuine poet.

Nos. 99 and 100.—Tbese two form a medley, in high request, from the occasion which gave rise to them. It may readily be remembered, that it was not only where Huntly's wedding took place it fell to be celebrated,—many gentlemen interested in the prosperity of his family, assembled their friends, and celebrated this wedding ideally at their own homes,—others entertained tbeir tenantry round a bonfire, with Highland cheer, and dancing to the bag-pipe,—Lovat, in particular, had bonfires on all his bills. Indeed, where all were so anxious to testify their respectful attachment to this amiable nobleman, it is impossible to discriminate. Let the Editor's mite be permitted to commemorate it.

No. 101.—The Poet's Grave is a delightful solemn dirge the Editor never heard from any other but bis father, repeated on his first reading Dr. Curries' edition of Burns, which gives such a moving picture of the Bard's fate. No single instrument but the organ can do it full justice,—but it must be delightful, with either a full vocal or instrumental harmony.

No. 102 is a tribute of respect from the Editor to tbe worthy author of the Celtic Antiquities, perbaps the individual, in point of taste and knowledge, most capable of appreciating the merits of the present work,—his unqualified approbation having been the first stimulus to the Editor's undertaking it.

No. 103.—Beaufort castle, since General Fraser's death, in 1782, has not been the scene of much festivity, though perfectly the reverse upon any occasion of his residence there. Every memorial of so estimable a public character should be preserved.

No. 104.—This air sings delightfully and expressively in Gaelic. The parties to the words were seemingly persons above the ordinary rank. Whether the lady alludes to the cabin of his vessel, or boat, or to some apartment of her lover's residence, called the green chamber, she mentions her delight at being there, wbere the best society met, to be entertained with Spanish wine from the hand of her lover.

No. 105.—The Cock of the Nortb cxplains its original, being an honorary title of the Dukes of Gordon, by which that noble family deserve and delight to be known.

No. 106.—The ancient family of Menzies, Bart. bave immemorially inherited the beautiful banks of Tay, which, before assuming their present perfect cultivation, must have grazed some of the finest cattle of any part in the central Highlands. These were of course subject to the spoliations of their more predatory neighbours ; hence, when music was well performed, the prize allotted the minstrel was one of Menzies's cows, in other words, ' Fair fa' the minstrel, he is worthy of one of Menzies's cows.' The expression is so common, that a better definition of it may be given, than this one, compressed within a note, merely to shew the allusion

No. 107.—This air the Editor never heard from any individual but his father, who acquired it, with the words, through the gentlemen named in the prospectus. Both the air and words must have been addressed to a lady of superior beauty and accomplishment. The music with which she commenced in the morning, is represented to be so delightful, that tbe songsters of the grove ceased, and approached her chamber to listen. The verses contain many other beautiful allusions. But the Editor regrets to say, that, on submitting a M.S. of this work to Mr. G. Thomson, witb the intention of offering him some of the best of these airs, to be associated with poetry, and and brought into repute, this air, and another which shall be noticed, were all which that gentleman deemed worthy of being incorporated with *his* Scottish Melodies, which, nevertheless, include ' Jenny dang the weaver,' ' Jenny's bawbee,' &c. The public can now judge of both tbe accuracy and object of such an opinion.

No. 108.—Admirably sung to the native words by the late Colonel Fraser of Culduthel, son of the gentleman mentioned in the prospectus, and highly worthy of Englisb or Scottish verses.

No. 109.—The words and music of this air appear to be the composition of M'Intyre, a bard belonging to the district of Breadalbane, who has published a volume of Gaelic poetry, and is in genuine praise of our present GRACIOUS AND BELOVED SOVEREIGN, and of the benefits we have enjoyed under his mild and benign government. The air is incomparably grand, though simple, and worthy of verses appropriate to the original subject, which is justly, but locally, handled in the Gaelic, yet, with the ornament of patriotic and loyal verses, might even rival ' *God save the King.*'