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Flora McDonald's lament.

Gow, Neil, 1727-1897; Hogg, James, 1770-1835

London, UK: Mr. Wilson, 1870

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FLORA M^c DONALD'S LAMENT.

FROM

WILSON'S

Songs of Scotland

PART FIRST

Containing

1 WELCOME ROYAL CHARLIE.

2 WH'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE.

3 WAES ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

4 FLORA M^c DONALD'S LAMENT.

5 JOHNNIE COPE.

6 FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.

7 MARY MORISON.

8 THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

9 PIBROCH O' DHONUIL DHUI.

10 BIDE YE YET.

11 ALLISTER M^c ALLISTER.

12 GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

Ent. Stat. Hall.

Engraved & Lithographed by Robert Home, Edinburgh.

Price 1/.

PRINTED FOR M^r WILSON, LONDON & TO BE HAD AT THE MUSIC SHOPS.

Wilson

FLORA M^c DONALD'S LAMENT.

ANDANTINO CON MOTO E ESPRESS.

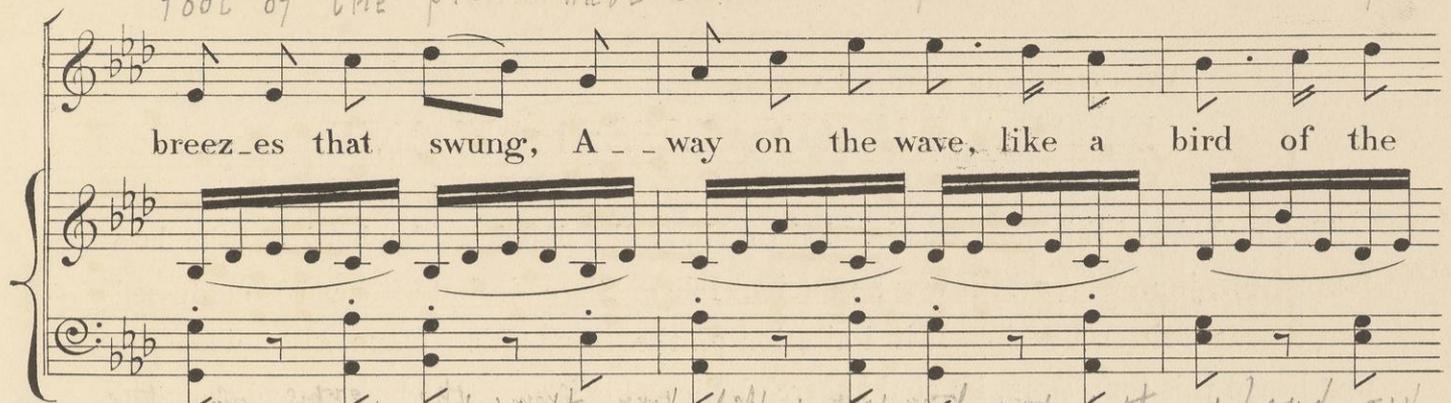
PIANO
FORTE.

The Tar is torn from the arms of the
 Far o - ver yon hills of the hea - ther sae
 just. The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave, The
 green, And down by the cor - rie that sings to the sea, The
 claymore for ever in darkness must; But red is the
 bon - ny young Flo - ra sat sigh - ing her lane, The dew on her
 sword of the stranger and slave. The hoof of the horse and the
 plaid, and the tear in her ee. She look'd at a boat, with the

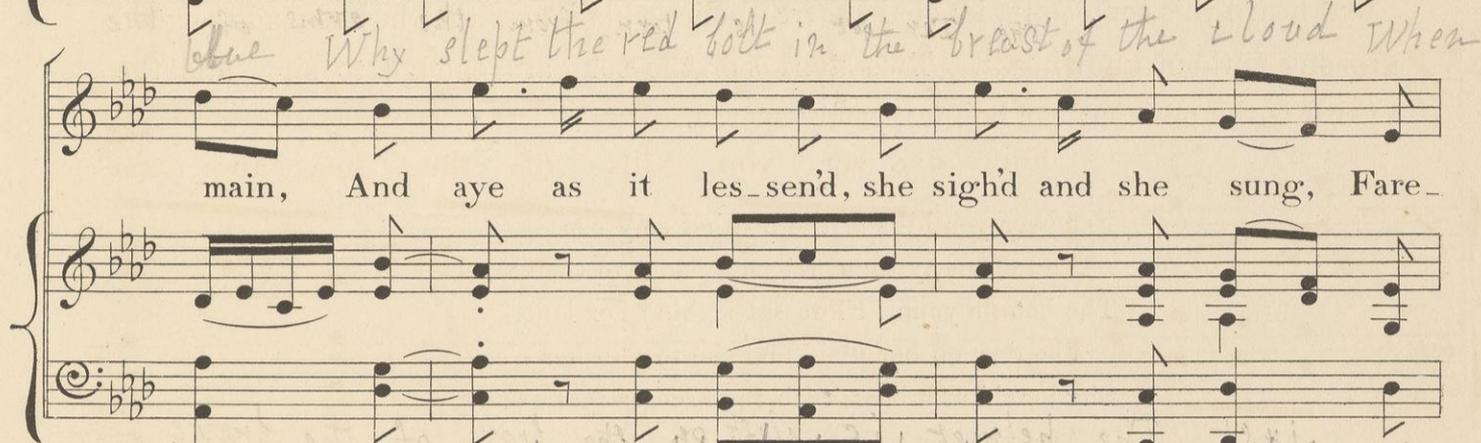
pp leg?

foot of the proud have trod o'er the plume on the bon-net of 21

breez-es that swung, A - - way on the wave, like a bird of the

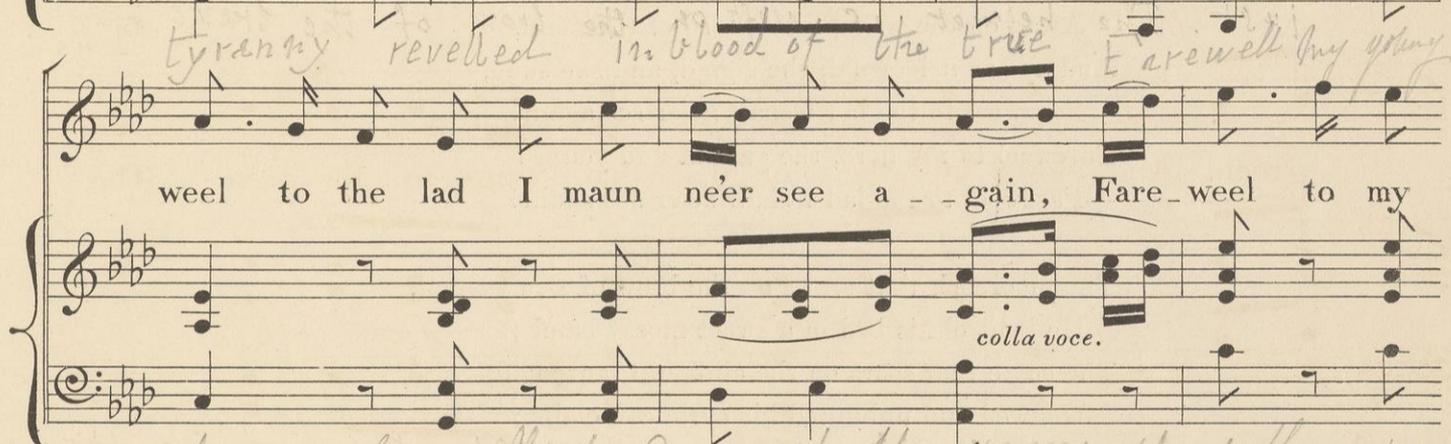


blue Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud when
main, And eye as it les-sen'd, she sigh'd and she sung, Fare-

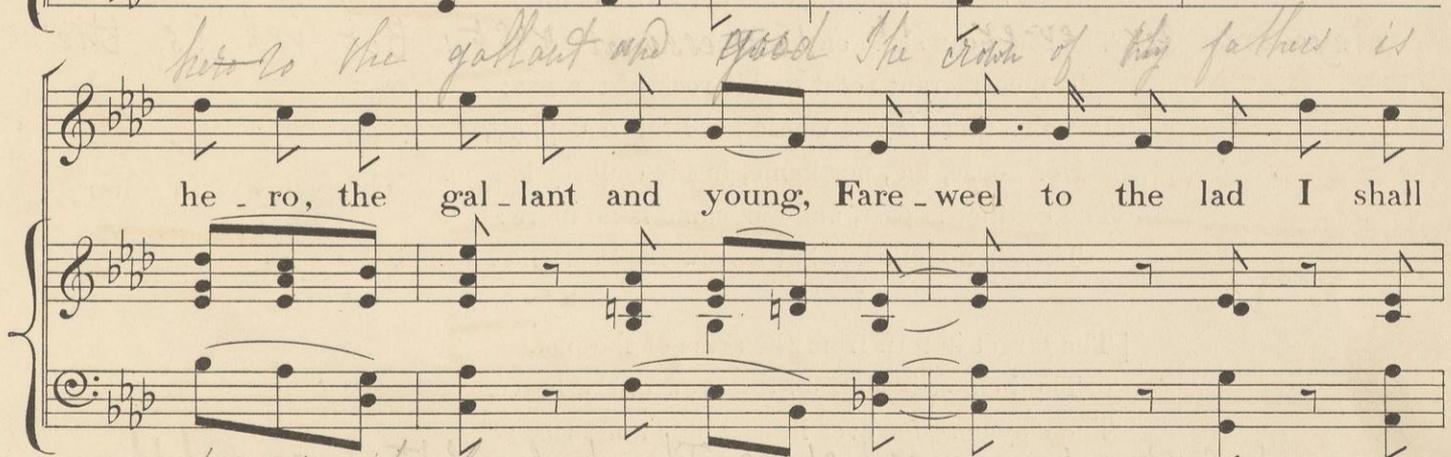


tyranny revelled in blood of the tree Farewell my young
weel to the lad I maun neer see a - - gain, Fare-weel to my

colla voce.



hero the gallant and young the crown of thy fathers is
he - ro, the gal-lant and young, Fare - weel to the lad I shall



mf
neer see a - gain.

Ped.



FLORA M'DONALD'S LAMENT.

The melody of this song was handed to HOGG the Ettrick Shepherd by the late NEIL GOW, jun., who said it was an ancient Isle of Skye air, but afterwards confessed that it was written by himself in imitation of the Skye airs. HOGG says, when he first heard this song sung, he could scarce believe his senses that he had made so good a song without knowing it. Two stanzas of the song are enough to sing, and the third is the one that can be most easily spared.

Far over yon hills of the heather so green,
And down by the corrie that sings to the sea,
The bonnie young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid and the tear in her e'e.
She look'd at a boat, with the breezes that swung
Away on the wave, like a bird of the main,
And aye as it lessen'd, she sigh'd, and she sung,
Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!
Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and young!
Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!

The moorcock that craws on the brow of Ben Connal,
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;
The eagle that soars on the cliffs of Clanronald,
Unawed and unhunted his eyrie can claim;
The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore,
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea;
But oh! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he.
The conflict is past, and our name is no more:
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me.

[The target is torn from the arms of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust;
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave.
The hoof of the horse and the foot of the proud,
Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue.
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?
Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good!
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow.]