

LAMENT FOR MAC LEAN OF ARDGOUR.*

Words by HAROLD BOULTON.

Old Melody preserved in the Ardgour district, arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.

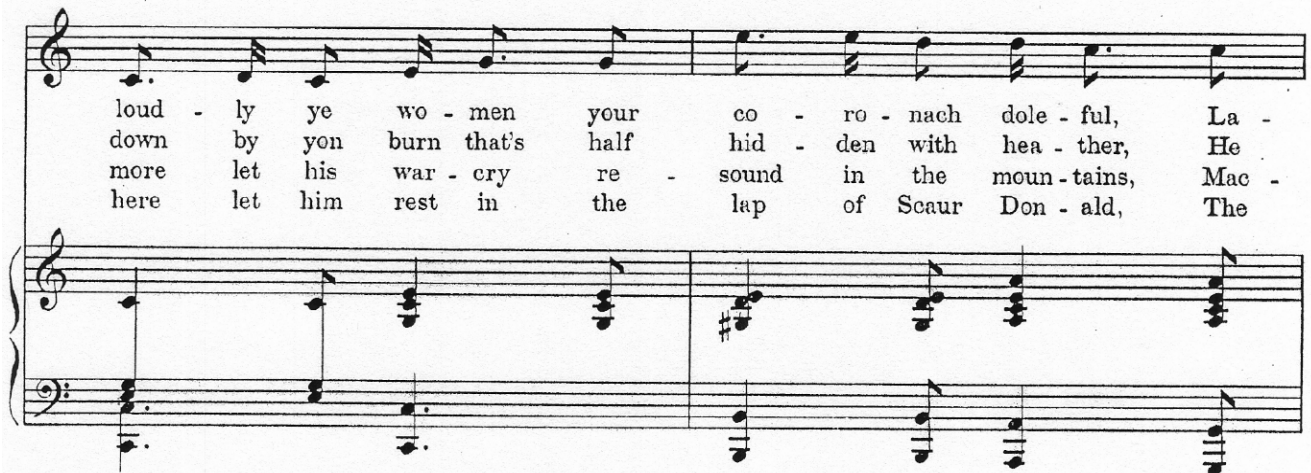
Solemn and slow.

VOICE. 

Andante pomposo.

PIANO. 

1. Wail
2. Low
3. Once
4. Then



loud - ly ye wo - men your co - ro - nach dole - ful, La -
 down by yon burn that's half hid - den with hea - ther, He
 more let his war - cry re - sound in the moun - tains, Mac -
 here let him rest in the lap of Scaur Don - ald, The

*"Donald the hunter" one of the earlier chiefs of the Ardgour Macleans and much beloved by his clan, was famous for his passionate love of hunting. The Air of this lament for his death has been handed down from generation to generation in the Ardgour district. Scaur Donald, a hill in his territory, is named after him.

From "Songs of the North." By kind permission of Messrs. J. B. Cramer & Co.

The MacLean Music.

ment him ye pip - ers, tread so - lemn and slow; Mown
 lurked like a li - on in the lair he knew well; 'Twas
 don - als shall hear it in eer - ie Glen - coe, Its
 wind for his watch - er, the mist for his shroud, Where the

down like a flower is the chief of Ard - gour, And the
 there sobbed the red - deer to feel his keen dag - ger, There
 e - choes shall float o'er the braes of Loch - a - ber, And
 green and the grey moss will weave their wild tar - tans, A

hearts of the clans - men are wea - ry with woe.
 pierced by his ar - row the cail - zie cock fell:
 Stew - arts at Ap - pin that slo - gan shall know;
 cov - er - ing meet for a chief - tain so proud.

p

In peace - time he ruled like a
 How oft when at e'en he would
 And borne to the wa - ters be -
 For free as the ea - gle these

f sf p

fa - ther a - mong us, Un - con - quered in fight was the
 watch for the wild - fowl, Like light - ning his co - ra - cle
 yond the Loch Linnhe, 'Twixt Mor - ven and Mull where the
 rocks were his ey - rie, And free as the ea - gle his

rit. *f in time*

blade that he bore; But the chase was the glo - ry and
 sped from the shore; But still, and for aye, as we
 tide ed - dies roar, Mac - gil - lians shall hear it and
 spi - rit shall soar O'er the crags and the cor - ries that

with the voice *f*

pride of his man-hood, Strong Don - ald the hun - ter, Mac -
cross the lone loch - an, Is Don - ald the hun - ter, Mac -
mourn for their kins - man, For Don - ald the hun - ter, Mac -
erst knew the foot - fall Of Don - ald the hun - ter, Mac -

gil - li - an More.
gil - li - an More.
gil - li - an More.
gil - li - an More.

sonorously
with expressin
rit.

D. C. Last time.

rit.
cres.