

Songs
OF THE
185th Overseas
Battalion

Canadian Expeditionary
Force

CAPE BRETON
HIGHLANDERS

from
Angus.
Witley Camp.
England.
Dec 28/16.

Cape Bretoners will recognize several of these songs as old time favorites at milling frolics and such gatherings. Time and space did not permit of the inclusion of many others that should have a place in a collection of songs dedicated to the Cape Breton Highlanders. It is requested that those who may know one or more of the old English or Gaelic songs so familiar east of Canso will communicate with any of the officer of the 185th, as a second edition of this booklet is contemplated within a short time.

SONGS

OF THE
185th OVERSEAS BATTALION

C. E. F.
Cape Breton Highlanders

"Sìol na Fear Fearail."

GOD SAVE THE KING.

God save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the king.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the king.

Our loved Dominion bless
With peace and happiness
From shore to shore;
And let our Empire be
United, loyal, free
True to herself and Thee.
For evermore.

THE 185th's OWN SONG.

Donald from Bras d'Or.

When Donald come to Plaster Cove,
He sit upon a hill,
He see a Yankee fisherman
Come sailing down the stream
Says Donald "put your stewart down,
And heave your wessel to,
For I think I'd like to take a trip
To the Bras d'Or Lakes wis you."

Chorus:

Donald from Bras d'Or,
Donald from Bras d'Or,
So wild and so crazy,
Was Donald from Bras d'Or!

When Donald got out in the bay,
He was as sick as Hell,
He said unto the Captain
"I has a very bad spheell,
The mackerel she'll be schoolin',
We'll all stand by the rail,"
Says Donald "I'll be shiggered
And we'll hook him by the tail."

When Donald get to Boston,
 He buy a suit of clothes,
 He throw away his homespuns
 Likewise his crooked brogues;
 He buy a pair of gaiters
 I think twas size sixteen,
 For Donald like the Yankee girl
 What bake the Boston Bean.

While Donald was in Boston
 He get upon a spree,
 A big six foot Polisman
 Says, come along wis me;
 A prisoner was Donald
 Until his trial next day,
 When twenty dollars in greenbacks
 Poor Donald had to pay.

When Donald heard the 185th.
 Was going off to war
 Says he "I'll throw away my pick
 I wont dig any more;
 When the Colonel sees how smart I am
 And how well I earn my pay
 He'll make of me a Major,
 Or a Captain, anyway."

When the train pulled out with Donald
 The folks all wept and cried,
 Says Donald "Do not grieve my friends,
 I'll fill your hearts with pride;
 With breast adorned with medals
 I'll seek my native shore
 And in the House of Parliament
 I'll represent Bras d'Or."

When Donald came to Aldershot
 He sought the Colonel out,
 Says he "I hear you want a man
 To put the Huns to rout."
 Says the Colonel to the Adjutant
 "Have I seen this man before?"
 The Adjie smiled and sweetly said;
 "It's Donald from Bras d'Or."

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

By J. J. Dunbar, Scotsville, Inverness Co., C. B.

Oh we are the Highland Laddies,
Of the breed of manly men,
And we hail from fair Cape Breton,
Land of mountain, crag and glen.

Chorus:

Tha sinn do siol na fear fearail,
Bunaidh sinn do dream nach gheil
Bidh sinn dhileas d'on bhrataich
Se air mian gun bhuaidh cha til.

Highland lads from ben and shieling
Never let the old flag fall,
Hear the bagpipes loudly pealing,
Scots protect it one and all.

Lads remember how your Daddies
Fought and bled for freedoms cause
When they buckled on their plaidies,
Freeman stand or freeman fall.

Think of how midst muskets rattle
In the days of auld lang syne
On that bloody field of battle,
How they held that thin red line.

Scottish hearts are stoutly beating
Hark! the slogan of each clan,
The Union Jack is in our keeping,
Yes, we'll meet them man to man.

Highland bards have all been singing,
How they fought in every clime,
Hear their deeds of valor ringing,
Down the corridors of time.

S'airidh les an tir a fhaig sinn,
When we land across the brine,
We'll uphold Cape Breton's honour,
Driving Huns across the Rhine.

Oh, we are the Scottish spartans,
Of the breed that cannot yield,
Our fathers were the bonnie Tartans
Oft they stood on honours field.

CAPE BRETON'S CALL TO ARMS.

*Composed for the 185th Battalion by Malcolm Gillis, South
West Margaree, C.B.*

Hark! I hear the pibroch sounding,
O'er each mountain, hill and glen,
Measures of proud martial music,
Rousing all our gallant men.

Chorus:

Blow the bugle, up and rally,
O'er Cape Breton's fair domain,
Call from every hill and valley,
Sìol na fear cha fearail trean.

Muster boys from every quarter,
Boys of Highland blood and cheer,
Boys that never never falter,
When your Country's call is near.

Heed no lover's fond caressing,
Heed no tear from Mother's eye,
Let no thoughts thine ardour dampen.,
Go across to do or die.

Leave the desk and don the bonnet,
Leave the chisel, leave the plough,
Leave the homes endearing comfort,
For the time to act is now.

Reach the front and fight for justice,
Let none act the laggard part,
Mine your forefathers were famous,
And were heroes true of heart.

Now the Prussian eagle never,
Shall alight on Freedom's plain,
But shall fall behind the trenches,
Dying with the blood of Cain.

Sing amidst the din of battle,
"Rule Britannia" rule the waves,
Until land and ocean sever,
Britains never shall be slaves!

Manly deeds and glorious laurels,
We anticipate for all,
Holding high our British laurels,
Fighting to prevent its fall.

Rally under Day, our Colonel,
Boys of every hill and glen,
Let your deeds e'er shower honours,
On Cape Breton's fair domain.

WHEN WE GET TO FLANDERS.

*By Piper Alex. J. MacDonell, A. Co. 185th. Overseas Bn.
C. E. F.*

(Old Gaelic Air).

We are the boys behind the guns,
And now we're off to meet the Huns,
Kaiser Bill will up and run,
When we get to Flanders!

Chorus:

 Faill-ill-e, Faill-ill-o,
 First the heel and then the toe,
 Pack your kits and off we go,
 Hurray for our Commanders!

There's McDonald from Bras d'Or,
Perhaps you heard of him before,
There'll be Judique on the floor,
When we get to Flanders!

We have boys from Margaree,
And from Craignish by the sea,
To tell the truth, 'tween you and me,
No better men in Flanders!

We have boys from old Port Hood,
Of the breed of manly brood,
You bet your boots they will make good,
When we get to Flanders!

Laddies from along the line,
Broad Cove Banks and from the mines,
When they reach the firing line,
There'll be Hell to Pay in Flanders!

We have boys from Lake Ainslie strand,
They will fight you know to beat the band,
They have done it on the Van,
They'll prove it now in Flanders!

Whycocomagh is to the fore,
When in midst of cannons roar,
They will prove it to the core,
When we get to Flanders!

Louisburg and Sydney town,
From Baddeck and all around,
They will slam the Kaiser down
When we get to Flanders!

Iona town, Shenacadie,
And Grand Narrows by the sea,
Its just as sure as sure can be,
They'll do well in Flanders!

Kaiser Bill you dirty brute,
The Devil will have you by hook or crook,
Pull on your larrigans and scoot,
Before we get to Flanders!

Murchadh mor a ghoidhean ruaidh,
Ged ach bitheadh agad ach bloith do thuaidhe,
Gheabh an Kaiser sud mun ghruaidh,
When he'll get to Flanders!

BROUGHTON HILL.

*By Archie MacEachern, D Co., 185th Cape Breton
Highlanders.*

Oh won't you be so kind young man,
Oh won't you be so free,
Oh won't you be so kind young man,
To come along with me.
Oh yes, Oh yes, I will,
When we get to Broughton Hill,
So we jogged along together my boys,
Till we get to Broughton Hill.

We got to Broughton Hill, my boys,
The grass was tall and green,
The way they used to drill us, boys,
The like was never seen!
From seven o'clock in the morning,
In the good old summer time,
And we had to be in bed, my boys,
At a quarter after nine.

See us poor boys returning home,
With legs so bare and cold,
The losing of our good puttees,
Would make your blood run cold,
Oh let her rip, Oh let her slip,
Its the kilts that I adore,
I'm a rambling, gambling son-of-a-gun,
And I'm right from Big Bras d'Or.

MO RUN GEAL DILEAS.

(My Faithful Fair One.)

Chorus.

Mo run geal dileas, dileas, dileas,
Mo run geal dileas nach till thu nall?
Cha till mi fein leat, a ghaoil, cha'n fhaoid mi,
'S ann tha mo ghaol-sa 'na laidhe tinn.

Is truagh nach robh mi an riochd na faoilinn
A shnamhadh actrom air bharr nan tonn;
Is bheirinn sgrìobag do'n eilean Bleach,
Far bheil an ribhinn dh'fhag m'inntinn trom.

Is truagh nach robh mi's mo rogha ceile
Air mullach shleibhte nom beanntan mor,
'S gun bhi 'gar n'eisdeachd ach coin an t-sleibhe,
S' gu'n tugainn fhein di na ceudan pog.

Thug mi corragus naoi miosan
Anns na h-Innsean a b'fhaidhe thall,
'S bean boichead t'oadainn cha robh-ri
'S bean boichead t'aodainn cha robh-re fhaoainn,
'S ged ghei bhinn saoghal cha'n fhanainn ann.

(The following verses may be sung to the same air
but are in no sense a translation of the above song).

I went to Norman's for pair of brogans,
A bar of soap and a pound of tea,
But Norman said that he could not give them,
Till fish got plenty on Scatterie.

I went down to the Sydney coal mines,
 A-loading coal out at number three,
 Oh! I was boarding at Donald Norman's,
 He had the daughters could make good tea.

Peter Edwards and Duncan Rory,
 The damndest shavers you ever see,
 A-spearing eels in the month of April,
 And starving slaves out on Scatterie.

I wish I were over on Lord Island,
 I'd get good board and a bowl of tea,
 A-standing over at Duncan's door,
 And gazing over the dark blue sea.

As I crossed over to the Big Harbour,
 A-purpose for to see the spray,
 I spied a maiden from Boularderie over,
 I surely thought she was Queen of May.

I laid my head on a cask of brandy,
 It is my fancy, I do declare,
 And while I'm drinking, I'm always thinking,
 How can I win that young lady fair?

The sweetest apple may soon grow rotten,
 The hottest love it may soon grow cold,
 That young man's promise will be forgotten,
 Take care young lady don't be so bold.

I wish I were on the ocean sailing
 As far from land as my eye can see,
 A-sailing over the deepest water,
 Where woman's love could not trouble me.

YOUNG MUNRO, CHARLIE AGAM.

How well do I remember
 The first time I saw my love
 Walking down her father's garden,
 Down beneath the shady glow.

Chorus:

Young Munro, Charlie agam
 Young Munro gur thu mo run,
 Young Munro, Charlie agam
 Handsome Charlie, Young Munro

When I saw you at the dance house,
 I couldn't dance a step at all
 Thinking of my handsome young one,
 Who could dance among them all.

Her shoes made of Spanish leather
 And her stockings made of silk,
 Every thing was neat about her,
 And her skin was white as milk.

With a lamp upon her table
 And a basin in her hand,
 With a towel on her elbow,
 Like an angel she did stand.

WEE DEOCH AN DORIS.

(By *Sergt. Johnstone, 94th Argyle Highlanders.*)

Chorus:

Just a wee deoch an doris,
 Just a wee yin that's a',
 Just a wee deoch an doris,
 Before we gang awa,
 We're off to fecht the Kaiser,
 And his baby murdering men,
 And we'll give him a taste of the N. S. Steel,
 O' the one eighty fifth ye ken.

There's a gude old Scottish custom,
 That has stood the test of time,
 Its when you bid your host gude nicht,
 Ye'll a' sing auld lang syne,
 But when we say farewell to you
 Its no lang syne we'll sing
 But we'll raise our caps abune oor heids,
 And we'll make the rafters ring.

We've gathered all the clansmen,
 Frae round Cape Bretons shore,
 We've Macs o' a' description,
 Like brave Donald frae Bras d'Or
 And ye'll fairly burst wi' envy,
 When you see our tartans gay,
 Ye'll doff your caps and raise your hats,
 And then we'll hear you say:

And now we're fairly started,
 On our route march to Berlin,
 And we're fit and fu' o' fettle,
 Keen to prick a German skin,
 And we" fecht for dear old England,
 And loved Canada so braw,
 So doff your caps and raise your hats,
 Wi a Hip, Hip, Hip, Hurrah!



IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY.

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,
As the streets were paved with gold sure everyone was gay,
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester Square
Till Paddy got excited, and shouted to them there.—

Chorus:

"It's a long way to Tipperary
Its a long way to go, ~~way~~
Its a long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know,
Good bye Piccadilly
Farewell, Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there!"

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O',
Saying, "Should you not receive it, write and let me know!
If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear," said he,
"Remember it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame on
me."

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O'
Saying, "Mike Maloney wants to marry me, and so
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame.
For love has fairly drove me silly—hoping your the same!"

THE HIGHLANDER'S TIPPERARY.

Up to feckless London cam a Hielandman lang syne,
As the Southernns were a wee bit saft he prospered mighty
fine

Kept awa frae Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester Square,
Sticket tae his wee bit change, forbye his heart was sair.

Chorus:

Its a lang way tae Auchtermochty,
Its a lang way tae Perth,
Its a lang way tae get onywhere
Frae onywhere else on earth,
Guidbye tae Ballachulish, farewell but and ben,
Its a lang, lang way tae Auchtermochty
But I'll gang back again.

Sandy wrote a wee bit screed tae the lassie that he lo'ed
Telt her o' the Kiltie lads wha'll mak the Empire prood,
If my letter should be langer, Kirsty dear said he,
Remember that I'm writing with a rifle on my knee,

Kirsty wrote a letter maist becoming tae a lass,
Sayin, "Censors ken nae Gaelic, sae they'll let pass,
Stay and feenish fechtin for auld bonnie Scotland's fame.
But I'll never marry ye until the Belgians get back hame,"

THERE A PIPER PLAYING IN THE MORNING.

A Highland Regiment was forced to go
 Tae a distant land across the foam,
 While a puir old mother wi' a heavy heart
 Waited anxiously at home,
 Soon her sad face beamed with a smile again,
 When a letter came across the sea,
 For it said "don't cry, Don't you sigh,
 I am as happy as can be,

Chorus:

There's a piper playing in the morning,
 An old Scots tune so fine
 There's a tartan plaidie,
 Buckled on each laddie,
 And its just like auld lang syne,
 Ye can hear them praising bonny Scotlan
 Bonny Scotland's fame,
 So don't sigh dear, I'm a'richt here,
 Its just like being at hame!

The fierce fight lengthened and the months dragged on,
 Whilst the roll call shortened day by day,
 Tho they saw their comrades falling by one,
 Yet they bravely fought their way,
 And the handful left had sworn to do or die,
 And with one long cheer they forged ahead,
 And a Highland lad fought like mad,
 As a mother proudly read.

The flag was planted neath a scorching sun,
 Where the white man's reign will ever rule,
 And the brave Scotch soldiers who had fought and won,
 Were returning home again.
 And a Highland mother watched the passing ranks,
 For the face o' one she lov'd sae dear,
 And with frenzied joy, kissed her boy,
 As he whispered in her ear:



THE CAMERON MEN.

There's many a man in the Cameron clan,
Who has followed his chief to the field,
Who has sworn to support him or die by his side,
For a Cameron never can yield.

Chorus:

I hear the Pibroch sounding, sounding,
Deep o'er the mountain and glen,
While light springing footstep are trampling the
heath,
Tis the march of the Cameron men,
Tis the march, Tis the march, Tis the
March of the Cameron men.

Oh proudly they walk for each Cameron knows,
He may tread on the heather no more,
But boldly he follows his chief to the field,
Where his laurels were gathered before.

The moon has arisen it shines on the path,
Now trod by the gallant and true
High high are their hopes for their chieftan hath said,
That what ever men dare they can do.

CAISMEACHD CHLOINN CHAMRAIN.

(The March of the Cameron Men.)

Cha'n'eil og-an-ach treun de chloinn Chamrain gu leir
Nach teid deonach fo Bhrataich Lochial
Gu buaidh no gu bas's bidh iad dileas's gach cas,
Oir geill cha d'thug Camranach riamh.

Chorus:

Nach cluinn sibh fuaim na pioba tighinn,
Gu h-ard thar monadh'us ghleann;
Agus cas cheuman eutrom a' saltairt an fhraoich!
'Si caismeachd Chloinn-Chamrain a th'ann!—
'Si th'ann! 'Si th'ann!
Agus cas cheuman eutrom a' saltairt an fhraoich!
'Si caismeachd Chloinn Chamrain a th'ann!

O! 's uallach an ceum, ged tha fios aig gach treun
Gu'm faod e 'bhi maireach 'san uir;
Ach gach cheuman eutrom a' saltairt an fhraoich!
Ach gach Armunn, gun sgath, theid le 'Cheannard do'n
bhlar,
Far'm bu dualach dhaibh buaidh agus cliu.
Nach cluinn sibh fuaim na pioba tightinn, etc.

The 'ghealach ag eiridh, 's tha 'gathan air ceuman
Nan oigear tha treun agus fìor;
S'ard dochas an cleibh, 's thuirt an Ceannard e fein
Gur laoich iad nach geill anns an strìth.
Nach cluinn sibh fuaim na pioba tightinn, etc.

THE 85th FEATHER.

By the Courtesy of the 85th the Words "85th" in this song have been changed to "Highlanders" so that the song may be sung by 185th men.

I used to walk the sidewalk of a Nova Scotia Town,
There was a man came down, his face was bronzed and brown,
He told us how King George was calling each to do his share
He offered us a Khaki coat to wear,
He told us how the call had gone far over land and sea,
And when I heard that speakers word,
I said "Why that means me."

Chorus:

Now we wear the feather, the Highlanders feather,
We wear it with pride and joy,
That fake advertiser, old Billy the Kaiser,
Shall hear from each Bluenose boy,
When trouble is brewing our bit we'll be doing,
To hammer down Britain's foes,
With the Bagpipes ahumming,
The Highlanders coming,
From the land where the maple leaf grows!

And when we've put the Kaiser where he cannot ride or
roam,
We'll beat it straight for home, across the raging foam,
Where every pretty girl we meet will greet us with a smile,
They'll not forget, but wait for us a while,
And never were such lassies so sweet, so fair, so true,
A welcome warm as sunshine waits our boys when they get
through.

And When for King and Country we shall all have done
our bit,
And safe at home we sit, when Kaiser Bill has quit.
We'll tell how sons of Canada for country did and dared,
The glory Borden's fighting gamecocks shared,
And though the years may find our boys in far and distant
lands
In memory how often we shall clasp our comrades hands.



WE'LL NEVER LET THE OLD FLAG FALL.

Britain's flag has always stood for Justice,
 Britain's hope has always been for Peace;
 Britain's foes have known that they could trust us
 To do our best to make the cannons cease.
 Britain's blood will never stand for insult,
 Britain's sons will rally at her call,
 Britain's pride will never let her exult,
 But we'll never let the old flag fall.

Chorus:

We'll never let the old flag fall,
 For we love it the best of all;
 We don't want to fight to show our might,
 But when we start, we'll fight, fight, fight.
 In peace or war you'll hear us sing,
 God save the flag, God save the King,
 At the ends of the world, the flag's unfurl'd,
 We'll never let the old flag fall.

Britain's sons have always called her Mother,
 Britain's sons have always loved her best,
 Britain's sons would die to show they love her,
 The dear old Flag, laid on each manly breast;
 Britain's ships have always ruled the ocean,
 Britain's sons will serve her one and all,
 Britain's sons will show their true devotion,
 And we'll never let the old flag fall.

TILL THE BOYS COME HOME.

(Keep the Home Fires Burning.)

They were summoned from the hillside
 They were called in from the glen,
 And the country found them ready
 At the stirring call for man.
 Let no tears add to their hardships,
 As the soldiers pass along,
 And although your heart is breaking
 Make it sing this cheery song.

Chorus:

Keep the Home fires burning,
 While your hearts are yearning,
 Though your lads are far away
 They dream of home;
 There's a silver lining
 Through the dark clouds shining,
 Turn the dark cloud inside out
 Till the boys come home.

Over seas there came a pleading
 "Help a nation in distress"
 And we gave our glorious laddies
 Honor bade us do no less;
 For no gallant son of Britain
 To a foreign yoke shall bend,
 And no Englishman is silent
 To the sacred call of friend.

THE ROLL CALL.

When my King and Country call me
 And I'm wanted at the front,
 When the shrapnel shells are bursting in the air
 When the foe in fury charges and we are sent to bear the
 brunt,
 And the Roll is called for service, I'll be there.

Chorus:—When the Roll is called for service, etc.

When the Kaiser's lines are broken and his armies out of
 France,
 When the Belgian desolation we repair,
 When the final muster's ordered and the bugle sounds
 advance.
 May the God of Battles help me to be there.

Chorus:—May the God of battles help me, etc.

When the Allies march through Prussia with the foe in
 full retreat,
 That our hearts be kept from hatred is our Prayer,
 When the right of might is ended in a crushing last defeat,
 And the Roll is called in Berlin, I'll be there.

Chorus:—When the Roll is called in Berlin, etc.

When for me last post is sounded and I cross the silent
 ford,
 I have a Pilot who of mine fields will beware,
 When Reveille sounds in heaven and the Armies of the
 Lord,

Chorus:—Sing the Hallleulah chorus, I'll be there.

MO NIGHEAN DONN, BHOIDHEACH—MY
BROWN-HAILED MAIDEN.

A nighean dhonn nam blath-shul,
 Gur trom a thug mi gradh dhuit:
 Tha d'iomhaigh ghaoil, 'us d'ailleachd,
 A ghnath tigh'nn fo m'uidh.

Chorus:

Ho ro mo nighean donn, bhoidheach,
 Hi ri mo nighean donn, bhoidheach,
 Mo chaileag laghach bhoidheach,
 Cha pos ainn ach thu.

Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal
 Gu bheil mo mhiann 's mo ghaol ort;
 'S ged chaidh mi uait air faondradh,
 Cha chaochail mo run.

'N uair bha mi ann ad lathair,
 Bu shona bha mo laithean—
 A' sealbhadh do mhanrain.
 'Us aille do ghuais.

Gnuis aoidheil, bhannail, mhalda
 Na h-oigh a's caoimhe nadur;
 I suairce, ceanail, baigheil,
 Lan grais agus muirn.

Ach riamh o'n dh' fhaig mi d'fhianuis,
 Gu bheil mi dubhach, cianail;
 Mo chridhe trom ga phianadh
 Le iaguin do ruin.

Ge lurach air a' chabhsair
 Na mnathan oga Gallda,
 A righ! gur beag mo gheall-s'
 Air bhi sealltainn 'n an gnuis.

'S ann tha mo run 's na beanntaibh,
 Far bheil mo ribhinn ghreannar,
 Mar ros am fasach Shamhraidh,
 An gleann fad' o shuil.

Ach 'n uair a thig an Samhradh,
 Bleir mise sgrio b do 'n ghleann ud,
 'S gu 'n tog mi leam do 'n Ghalldachd,
 Gu h-annsail, am flur.

(Translation).

Thine eye with love is gleaming;
 Thy face with beauty beaming;
 When waking, or when dreaming,
 My thoughts dwell on thee.

Forget thee will I never,
 But I will love thee ever;
 Though many miles us sever,
 I'm still true to thee.

When I was staying near thee,
 They presence sweet did cheer me.
 And charming 'twas to hear thee
 Sing gaily and free.

Of cheerful, comely features;
 Of gentle, kindly nature;
 There ne'er was living creature
 More lovely than thee.

But now that thou 'rt not by, love,—
 I often sit and sigh, love,—
 And wish that thou wert nigh love,
 To bring joy to me.

Though Lowland girls are fine, love,
 E'en some may say divine, love,
 There's none can thee outshine, love,
 Or lure me from thee.

For 'mong the hills she's dwelling,
 Where crystal streams are welling;
 Like rose all flowers excelling,
 The maiden for me.

When summer comes again, love,
 I'll seek your highland glen, love,
 Mine own to make you then, love,
 And take thee with me.

FEAR A BHATA.

(The Boatman).

'S tric my sealtuinn o'n chnoc a's airde,
 Dh' fheuch am faic mi fear a'bhata;
 An tig thu'n diugh, no'n thu 'maireach,
 S' mur tig thi idir, gur truagh a ta mi.

(Translation)

I clim the mountain, I scan the ocean,
 For you my boatman, with fond devotion.,
 Wilt come tonight love, wilt come tomorrow,
 Wilt ever come love to ease my sorrow?

Chorus:

Fhir a bhata na horo eile, Fhir a bhata na^a horo eile;
 Fhir a bhata na horo eile, Mo shoraidh slan leat,
 gach ait an teid thu.

(Translation)

O my boatman, na horo eile, O my boatman, na horo eile,
 O my boatman, na horo eile,
 May you happy be where'er thou sailest!

Tha mo chridhe-sa briste, bruite;
 'S tric ne deoir a' ruith o'm shuilean;
 An tig thu'n nochd, no'm bi mo dhuil riut?
 No'n duin mi'n dorus, le osna thursaich?

(Translation)

I sit and wait love, for your appearing,
 I fear, yet hope, love, that you are coming,
 Can I expect thee tonight to cheer me?
 Or close the door, sighing, sad and weary?

'S tric mi foighneachd de luchd nam bata,
 Am fac iad thu, no'm bheil thu sabhailt;
 Ach's ann a tha gach, aon diubh'g raitinn,
 Gur gorach mise, me thug mi gradh dhuit.

Gheall mo leannan domh gun de'n t-sioda;
 Gheall e siod agus breacan riomhach;
 Fainn oir anns am faicinn iomhaigh;
 Ach's eagel gu'n dean e di-chuimhn.

(Translation)

My love he promised to bring his ladie
 A silken gown and a tartan plaidie,
 A ring of gold that would show her shadow
 But now I fear it is all forgotten.

GUN CHRODH GUN AIGHEAN.

(The Tocherless Lass)

Fhìr a di' imicheas thar chuantan,
Giulain mìle beannachd uamsa
Dh' ionnsaidh oigear a chuil dualaich,
Ged nach d'fhuair mi e dhomh fhin.

Chorus:

Ged tha mi gun crod gun aighean,
Gun chrodh-laoigh gun chaoraich agam;
Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun aighean,
Gheibh mi fhathast oigear grinn.

'Fhleasgaich thainig nall a Shuaineart,
Bu tu fhein an sar dhuin'-uasal;
Gheibhinn cadal leath gun chluasaig
Air cho fuar's g'am biodh an oidhch'.

Ged nach eil mo spreidh air lointean
Mo chrodh no mo chaoraich bhoidheach,
Bheirinn tochar dhuit an ordugh,
Cho math ri te og san tìr.

Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun chaoraich,
Cha'n eil mi gun mhaise 'm aodann;
Dh' fhighinn breacan a bhiodh caol dhuit,
'S dheanainn aodach a bhiodh grinn.

ORAN NA CAILLICH.

(The Auld Wife's Song.)

O hi, O ha! gur cruaidh a' chailleach,
O hi, O ha! gur fuar a' chailleach,
Ho re, Ho ra! 'si ghraim a' chailleach
Dh' fhag mise'nam am-a-dan gor ach.

Ma theid mi gu feill, gu feisd no banais
Bidh is-e lan eud, si fein aig baile;
'S ma bheir mi le sug-radh suil air cailleig,
Gur diomb agus falachd sud dhomhsa.

Mur ceannaich mi *tea*, cha'n fhiach mi m'fharraid,
A leigheas a cinn, 's i tinn a' gearan,
Cha dean i rium sith, ach strith is carraid;
'S ri canran teallaich i'n comhnuidh.
O hi, O ha! etc.

Cha'n airgead, cha'n or, cha stor, cha trusgan
Chuir mis air a toir re moran cuirteis;
Ach dalladh fo sgleo le seorsa buidseachd—
'S ann agam tha'n t-uirsgheil air Seonaid.
O hi, O ha! etc.

O CANADA.

O Canada! Our home, our native land,
True patriots' love thou dost in us command.
We see thee rising, dear land,
The true worth strong and free,
And stand on guard, O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee.

Chorus:

O Canada! O Canada!
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.

O Canada! beneath thy shining skies
Thy stalwart sons and gentle maidens rise,
And so abide, O Canada,
From East to Western sea,
Where e'er thy pines and prairies are,
The true worth strong and free.