

55563

CENTENARY

OF THE BIRTH OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SONGS sung by Mr KENNEDY at the
EDINBURGH FESTIVAL.

SONG FOR THE OCCASION.

Words by JAMES BALLANTINE. Music by GEORGE CROAL.

Come let us raise a grateful song,
On this our Minstrel's Natal day ;
And all the world shall round us throng,
Heart homage to his name to pay.
One hundred years have passed away,
Since first awoke that watchful eye ;
Who's sparkling glance and genial ray,
Have kindled light that ne'er can die.

See his glory brightly shining,
Over Palace, Hall, and Cot ;
See the Myriad Nations twining,
Laurel wreaths round Walter Scott.

Immortal strains of Auld Lang Syne,
Are floating on the ambient air ;
While Fame and Time strew flowers divine,
Around the Wizard Minstrel's chair,—
Who in his hundredth year sits there,
With songs and stories as of yore ;
Still charming all the brave and fair,
Still linking hearts for evermore.

See his glory, etc.

Statesmen and Warriors gather round,
And Prince and Peasant swell the train ;
The sky cleft hills, the glens profound,
Prolong the universal strain.
O'er all the World the loud refrain,
Of grateful joy spreads wide and far ;
And Scotland's radiance ne'er can wane,
Illumed by such a lustrous star.

See his glory, etc.

EDINBURGH, 9th August 1871.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

Words by SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Scottish Melody.

Why weep ye by the tide, layde, why weep ye by the tide ?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son, and ye shall be his bride ;
And ye shall be his bride, layde, sae comely to be seen :
But aye she loot the tears doon fa', for Jock o' Hazeldean.
Now let this wilfu' grief be done, and dry that cheek so pale ;
Young Frank is chief of Errington, and lord of Langley dale ;
His step is first in peacefu' ha', his sword in battle keen,
But aye she loot the tears down fa', for Jock o' Hazeldean.

A chain of gowd ye shall not lack, nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk, nor palfrey fresh and
fair ;
And you the foremost o' them a', shall ride our forest queen,
But aye she loot the tears down fa', for Jock o' Hazeldean.
The kirk was decked at morning tide, the tapers glimmer'd fair ;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride, but ne'er a bride
was there,
They sought her baith by bower and ha', the layde wasna seen,
She's owre the border and awa, wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.



THE MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

Words by SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Music by ALEX. LEE.

The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
And our clan has a name that is nameless by day,
Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo,
Then haloo, haloo, haloo, Gregalach.

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flame and their flesh to the eagles.
Then gather, gather, gather, gather, gather, gather,
While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,
Macgregor despite them shall flourish for ever.

Glenorchy's proud mountain, Colchurn and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon, no longer are ours.
We're landless, landless, landless, Gregalach, landless, land-
less, landless.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Benlomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt.
Then haloo, haloo, haloo, Gregalach.

If they rob us of name, etc.

*YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

Words by SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Music by GEORGE CROAL.

O, young Lochinvar has come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best ;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none ;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late ;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers and all :
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar !"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied ;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet, the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure !" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "Twere better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door and the charger stood near ;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
"She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur,
They'll have fleet steeds that follow" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran ;
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannonbie Lee.

But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

*From the Centenary Souvenir, six songs by Sir Walter Scott.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR

Words by SIR WALTER SCOT, Music by GEORGE CROALL

O'er the hills and valleys
Through the forest and the glen,
And the young Lochinvar,
So brave and bold and free,
For the love of a fair maid,
In his armor rode he,
And the young Lochinvar,
So brave and bold and free,
For the love of a fair maid,
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