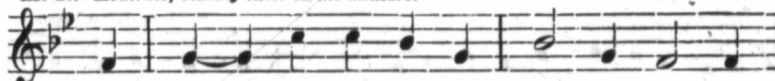
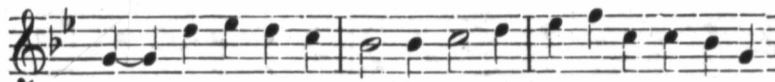


O, TILL, A LEANNAIN--RETURN, MY DARLING.

Key Bb.—Moderato, beating twice in the measure.



SEISD—O, till a leann-ain, O, till, O, till, O,
CHORUS—Re - turn, my dar - ling, re - turn, re - turn! Re -



till, a leann-ain O, till, O, till! Dean cabh-aig a Mhai-li a
turn, my dar-ling, re - turn, re - turn! O, haste thee, my fair one, Re -



duth-aich nan Gall-ach, No theid mi le h-aimh-eal do'n chill, do'n chill!
turn now, my rare one, Nor leave me thus dai-ly to mourn, to mourn.

O thus' a gheibh sealladh de m' ghaol, de m' If ever my loved one you see, you see,
ghaol,
Thoir fios dhi gu 'n robh i dhomh fein, O, tell her that she was to me, to me,
dhomh fein, A chart for life's ocean,
Mar chridhe do m' bhroilleach, A heart for each motion,
Mar iul-chairt do 'n mharaich', My sun and my portion was she, was she.
Mar ait-ghrein an Earraich do 'n t-saogh'l,
do 'n t-saogh'l.

O, c' aite 'm bheil coimeas do m' luaidh, do m' luaidh? O, what with my love may compare, compare!
Not the swan or the rose so fair, so fair;
Mar ros air uchd eala tha 'gruaidh, tha Much whiter I trow,
'gruaidh; Than snow is her brow,
Clar-aghaidh a's gile Or the sun setting low, so fair, so fair.

Na 'm baine 'g a shileadh, Na 'm baine 'g a shileadh,
No 'ghrian 's i gu luidhe 's a' chuan, s a' chuan.

Na 'm faicadh tu 'pearsa gun mheang, gun mheang— If you on my dear one should gaze, should gaze,

Na 'n cluinneadh tu 'labhairt gun sgraing, gun sgraing— If you were to hear what she says, she says,
If you heard my pretty

Na 'm biodh tu le 'm chruinneig One singing her ditty,
'N am togail nan luinneag, Your bosom would get in a blaze, a blaze.

Gu 'n lasadh do'chridhe gun taing, gun taing.

Mo chridhe-sa 's tusa 'bhios truagh, 'bhios truagh. But if she forsake me, my gloom, my gloom!
All pleasure and strength shall consume,

Mur pill is' 'thog oirre gu Cluaidh, gu Cluaidh:— consume,

Gu 'm b' fhearr na bhi maille And rather than stray

Ri te eil' air thalamh, With another away,

'Bhi sinnte ri m' Mhaili 's an uaigh, 's an uaigh! I would lie with my May in the tomb, the tomb.

MY

Words by JOHN INCH
With Spirit

1. Oh, weel
2. When trav



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gie my ha



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cite her



nae lan' l
faithers d



sea; I

Oh, Scotland
Wi' scenery
Whaur Natur
That stan'
Each mount
Are fu' o' s
Wha reads th
Can ne'er