

FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT.

Music by Niel Gow, Jun.

Words by James Hogg.



Far o - ver yon hills of the heath-er' sae green, And
down by the cor-rie that sings to the sea, The bon-nie young Flo-ra sat
sigh-ing her lane, The dew on her plaid an' the tear in her e'e.
She look'd at a boat wi' the bree-zes that swung A -
way on the wave, like a bird of the main; An' aye as it les-sen'd she
sigh'd an' she sung, Fare-weel to the lad I shall
ne'er see a - gain; Fare - weel to my he - ro, the
gal-lant and young, Fare-weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain.

The muircock that craws on the brows o' Ben-
Connal,
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan-
Ronald,
Unawed and unhunted his eerie can claim;
The solan can sleep on his shelves on the shore,
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea;
But ah! there is aye whose hard fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha', nor hame in his country has
he;
The conflict is past, and our name is no
There's nocht left but sorrow for Scotland
an' 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 tryanny reyell'd in blood of the true?
Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and
good!
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy
brow.

Words by JOHN IMF

1. Sons
2. Sons

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Tar-nish

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Ours

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Giving stre
Like the thist
Harmless, i
Ours to shiek
Ours to pul
Ours to stand
And, if nee