

14.—ORAN DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH.

(NA ACHNACOCHAN.)

(SONG TO PRINCE CHARLIE.)

This song has a pleasant place in my memory, from hearing it very frequently sung by one of my earliest and best friends, the late John Stewart Menzies, of Chesthill. It is a favourite Jacobite ditty.

Lively.

Mode of the 2nd of the Scale.

Translation by CHARLES STEWART.

Arranged by JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.



SOPRANO.

| d :—:d | s :—:s | 1 :—:t:1 | 1 :—:s:m | d' :—:t:1 | 1 :—:s:m | r :—:m:r | m :—:r
| d :—:d | d :—:d | d :—:f | f :—:m:d | d :—:d | f :—:m:d | t₁ :—:t₁ | t₁ :—:t₁

ALTO.

Youth - ful Prince, of mien so good - ly, Love I gave thee, love en - dur - ing;
'Thearl - aich òig a' chual - ein chiataich, Thug mi gaol dhuit 's cha ghaol bliadhna;

TENOR
(Soprano lower.)

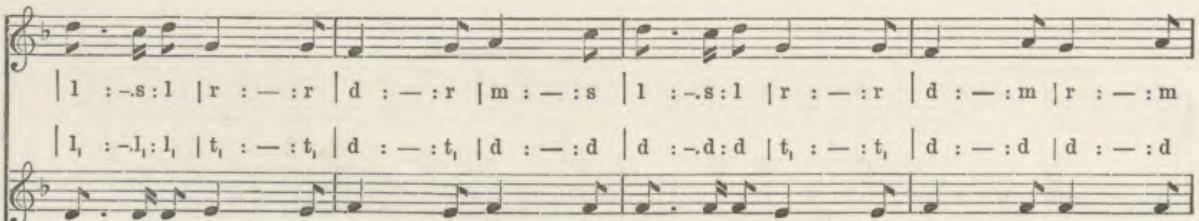
| m :—:m | m :—:m | f :—:f | s :—:s | 1 :—:f | s :—:s | s :—:s | s :—:s
| d :—:d | d :—:d | d :—:d | d :—:d | f :—:f | d :—:d | s₁ :—:s₁ | s₁ :—:s₁

BASS.

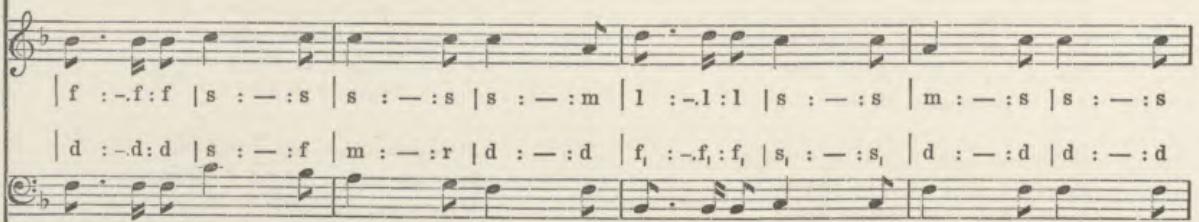
PIANO.



Love to touch the deeps of despair - ing, I could wish I never had known you.
 Gaol nach tug - ainn do dhiuc na dh' iarla, B' fhearr leam fhéin nach fhae' mi riamh thu.



Héelyérin O än nā hō rō, Na Héelyérin O än nā hō rē; Na
 Hillirin O an na ho ro, 'S na hillirin O an na ho ri; Na



heelyérín O än nā hō rō, A - las! your hopes the foe o'er-threw.
hillirin O an na ho ro, Mo lean - dubh mōr o'n chaidh tu dh'inn.

I'd follow thee late, I'd follow thee early,
Follow through woods, and rocks, and cairns;
Thou art my dear one, thou art my darling,
Thou art my choice of all in Albin.

Heelyérín O än, &c.

Youth most noble, over whose shoulders
Graceful locks in waves are flowing;
Sweeter than softest cuckoo's cooing,
Is the voice of thy fond wooing.

Heelyérín O än, &c.

Slaughtered are brothers, slaughtered is father;
Homestead is harried, and mother is ruined;
Friends and kindred sadly bewailing;
Still I could bear it if triumphed had Charlie.

Heelyérín O än, &c.

Shiùbhlainn moch leat, shiùbhlainn anamoch,
Air feadh choilltean, chreagan 's gharbhlach;
O! gur h-e mo rhùn an sealgair,
'S tu mo raghainn do shluagh Alba.

Hillirin O an, &c.

Fhleasgaich ud am beul a' Ghlinne,
Le t-fhàlt dualach'sios mu d' shlinnean,
B' annsa leam na chuach bu bhinne,
'Nuair dheanadh tu rium do chòmhradh milis.

Hillirin O an, &c.

Mharbh iad m' athair 's mo dhà bhràthair;
Mhill iad mo chinneadh 's chreach iad mo chàirdean;
Sgrios iad mo dhùthaich, rhìsg iad mo mhàthair;
'S bu laoghaid mo mhulad nan cinneadh le Teàrlach.

Hillirin O an, &c.