First Number of the

CELTIC MELODIES,

Being a Collection of

ORIGINAL

SLOW HIGHLAND AIRS,
PIPE-REELS,
AND
Cainntearachd:

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED

Selected and Arranged by a

HIGHLANDER.

EDINBURGH

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PREFACE.

May I venture to recommend to a discriminating Public my Collection of Celtic Melodies. They are now for the first time published with the exception of Nos 1, 50, & 66 which have appeared before, but of which the true Highland sets are now given. I offer to the world the first number of a work which, if well received will be followed by a second.

I earnestly recommend a patient trial of all the slow airs. I think they require to be heard several times before one becomes accustomed to the short particular measure which some of them have, and wherein consists their greatest beauty. Highland Music in general has a rustic elegance, a naivety throughout that is quite beautiful. The present Tunes are attired in their own native simplicity, and not a point adopted that is not in the original.

I am a great admirer of foreign Music, and all its accompaniments; but sure am I a Highland or any slow plaintive air, ought not to be loaded with trills and shakes. The whole beauty of the few notes of which the airs consist, is in playing them distinctly, and with a full tone. A few shakes are pretty, but a very scanty number suffices; and I am firmly of opinion, that if our Highland airs were played in the style the natives sing them, with pathos and expression, at the same time simply, they would be much more thought of.

The Celtic Melodies must speak for themselves; and should the Pub. be take notice of them, it is for their ancient merits alone. The only share of favour I can claim, is in presenting genuine sets, and preserving their simplicity entire.
THE
CEL TIC
MELODIES.

NO. I.
"Biodh mid subhach?"
"Let us be merry!"

Pipe Set.

REEL

Walter & Anderson, Edinburgh.
No II.
"Falbh orra, Ho!"
"Ho away she goes!"  Boat Song.

SLOW AND DISTINCTLY.

No III.
Pipe Reel.
No. IV.
"Gur trom, trom a tha mi."
"Sad, sad am i."

No. V.
"Domhnall Ban."
"Fair Donald."

Chorus.

Air.
"Ge d' tha mighun Chro'dh gun aighean!"

Chorus. "Though I am without Cows or Queys!"

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"Gur mise tha sunndach"

"Tis me that's happy"
No. VIII.
Pipe Reel.

No. IX.

"Nuair bhi's cach na'n cadal samhach."
"When the rest are sound asleep".

Chorus.

Slow.

Air.
No. X.

'Tha mo chean air an fhleasgach'.

Chorus

"My affection is on the Lad".

WITH SPIRIT.

No. XI.

An Islay Pipe Reel.
"Cha 'n 'eil cailleach agam sfein!"

"I am alone since my wife died."

A Pipe Melody.

SLOW, WITH MARKED EXPRESSION.

There is a particular shake in Bagpipe music, which few people are acquainted with, and which is particularly exemplified, in this truly beautiful and ancient Bagpipe melody. That it may be played in its proper and original style, and that the performer may know where to apply it, I have put a \( \text{w} \) above the shake mark.

The common shake is thus \( \textit{\text{thus}} \) where in Pipe music

but this shake is not to be used \( \textit{\text{thus}} \) unless \( \text{w} \) is marked over it.

Example how it is to be played.

first bar of the "Pipe melody?"
No XIII.

"Pipe Reel."

No XIV.

"S tric mi smuaineach ort."

"Oft am I thinking of thee."

LIGHTLY AND
WITH SPIRIT.
O, dámhsaidh na coilich dhubh,
'S ruithidh na tunnagan;
Dámhsaidh na coilich dhubh,
Air an tulaich bhoidhich.

Translation:
O, the black cocks will dance,
And the ducks will reel,
The black cocks will dance,
On the bonny hilloch.
Cainntearadh, pronounced Canderach's are I believe a species of Music peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland. Before Piano's became so general, they were universally used for dancing at small merry meetings. At larger ones Weddings, &c. there was a Piper.

Two or three females sing together and seldom the dancing drowned the voice for they bawl in their loudest key.

This ancient custom like many others has nearly worn out, but I am happy to say that Cainntearadh, are still used in the islands and some few parts of the mainland. I have often danced to them and liked it as well, perhaps better than a Reel performed on an Instrument.

The Pipers have picked up the tunes, I have given both sets. The words have in general no meaning and are merely used to bring out the air.
"Thug mi gaol do mhac a Phibair."
"I have lov'd the Pipers Son."

No. XVIII.

'Strathspey.'
No. XIX.  
Pipé Reel.

No. XX.  
"Latha dhómhsa 's mi siubhal garbhlaich."
"One day as I was traversing mountains."

Air.

Chorus.
No. XXI.

"C' arson nach rachinn cuide riut."

"Why would I not go with you."

Mildate Time

No. XXII.

Pipe Reel. (Ave Maria)
No. XXIII. "A ghruagach an leodain!"
"Nymph with the beautiful hair!"

No. XXIV. "Gu'n d'thug mi sùil air an trupa ghlas!"
"I cast an eye on the grey troop!"

No. XXV. "Chaidh mi thun na traigh."
"I went to the Ebb!"
No. XXVI.
Cainntearachd (Lyric Set)

Sung in Reel Time.

Theid mi nual thair an abhainn, Thig mi nual thair an abhainn.

No. XXVII.
Cainntearachd (Pipe Set)

Reel.

Theid mi nual thair an abhainn, Thig mi nual thair an abhainn,
Theid mi nual thair an abhainn, 'S faisidh mi 'n tillieir.
I'll go over the river, I'll come over the river,
I'll go over the river, And I'll leave the tailor.
No. XXVIII.

"* Failtse na meisg."
"Salute to Drunkenness."

* This tune is ancient—it has been long in manuscript in a family—so long indeed that that it was composed immediately before they got it, I would call it a tolerable age. I procured it and give it to the world, with the addition of a plain bass.
No. XXIX.
Pipe Reel.

No. XXX.
"Nocht 's mi tuire."
"This 'night I mourn."

Unfully.
No. XXXI.

"S truagh gun d' thug thusa 's mise gaol."

"Alas, that you and I have loved."

No. XXXII.

"Cha dean u e thall na bhos."

Chorus.

"Ye'll neither do it here nor there."

No. XXXIII.

Pipe Reel.
No. XXXVI.

"Tha mi mo chadal!"

"I am asleep!"

SLOW.
No XXXVII.
Pipe Reel.

No XXXVIII.

"Na be mise 'n t-ean beag eatrom."
"If I was the little airy bird."

WITH
PRES S I O N.
Thanig iad, thanig iad, thanig iad, Fir an sgadain;
Thanig iad, thanig iad, Gillean geala 'chur na 'n lion.

Ti-ra ou a-dul-lum, Ti-ra ou a-dul-lum,
Ti-ra ou a-dul-lum, Sed-le dad-le dud-ul-lum.

Thanig iad, thanig iad, thanig iad,
Fir an sgadain;
Thanig iad, thanig iad,
Gillean geala 'chur na 'n lion.

Eoghan 's Dughall,
Fionladh 's Iseabail,
Eoghan 's Dughall,
Iseabail 's Oighrig.

Translation.
They've come, they've come, they've come,
The herring fishers;
They've come, they've come,
The fair lads who throw the nets.

Hugh and Dugal,
Finlay and Isobel,
Hugh and Dugal,
Isobel and Euphan.
No. XLII.
"Cainntearachd."

"Pipe Set."

REEL.

No. XLIII.

"Latha ghabh i fuadach."

"The day she drove away."

Chorus.

With gaiety
and feeling.

Air.
No XLIV. "The Wedding Horns."
Pipe Reel.

No XLV.
"Gur boidheach an comunn tha 'n comhnuidh's t-Strathmhor."
"The Company is beautiful that resides at Strathmore."

Suggestively slow, with feeling.
N° XLVI.
Pipe Reel.

N° XLVII.
Short Pipe March.
No. XLIV.
Pipe Reel.

No. XLV.

"Our boidheach an comunn tha'n comhnuilh's t-Strathmhor."

"The Company is beautiful that resides at Strathmore."
NO XLVIII.
"An cuidcachd rium a b' fhéarr leam."

"In my own company I would prefer you."

SERENADE.

NO XLIX.
"Mo ghaol air falbh."

"My Love's away."

CHORUS.

BURNFULLY.
No LII.
"Bha mo nighean donn bhoidheach."
"My bonny brown maid and I."

No LIII.
"O mar sud chaidh an Clòth."
"So and So went the Cloth."

No LIV.
Pipe Reel.
"Marbh-Rann:" *Dirge*.

'S ann moch-thrath Didomhuich, Mar nach d'orduich am focal,

Twas early on Sunday, As not ordered by the word,

Ghluais sinn o'n t seann Doirlinn, 'S gu'm bu bhoidheach ar coslas;

We steered from old Doirlinn, And beautiful was our appearance,

Bha tri fichead fo sheol againn, Ann an ordugh dhol dachaidh,

There was sixty under sail of us, In order to go home.

Ach's mor ma eagal's mo churam, Nach b'inn cunntas air fad ann.

but I am greatly afraid, the number will not all be there.

* This is a wild undisciplined, but singularly beautiful air. I have given the words, which will show there is an immense run of them. I can very faintly convey the manner in which it is sung. One note (or perhaps bar), is lengthed beyond its usual time, when the rest of the bar and sometimes the two following are hurriedly slid over to the next long note, in a manner quite fascinating to the hearer.
I think our Highland reels are not improved of late, by the introduction of quadrille steps throu' the reel and setting.

Keep a Quadrille in its own place,
And it's beautiful and graceful,
And keep a reel in it's primitive purity,
And what is better.
No. LVIII.
"Gur mise nach 'eil slán bho' n trà so 'n dè?"
"I am unwell since this time yesterday."

MOURNFUL.

No. LIX.
"Ga d' thei mi 'n so am aonar."
"Thee' I am here alone?"

SLOW, BUT CHEERFUL.

Another superlatively elegant new fashion in the reel system, is to see four persons chasing each other round a room, exactly if I may use the simile and old adage, 'Like a string of wild geese.' I appeal to any person not dancing, if the neat and ancient manner of crossing in the reel, does not look five thousand times bet-

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O Tempora O Mores!
No. LX. 160.
Pipe Reel.

This Reel does famously for the highland way of dancing. It must appear droll to a stranger. The right foot is first put down, the left drawn on a level with it, the right foot advanced again, and a kind of bob or sway for the fourth movement, this is not done smoothly but thumped through telling every step, the setting is the same, perhaps with the addition a few side kicks to finish, just as you or I would finish with a "Jette Assemble!" But the lads, brogue it so heartily, and the maidens trip it heartily, that it is a question whether it is not more animated, than half sailing, half sleeping, and half walking, of the higher classes.
No. LXI.

A Jacobite Air.

GHTLY.

No. LXII.

"Mo shorridh sunntach slán leibh?"

"My hearty lively wishes to you."

Gaily.
"Mile mallachd air an éug,
Thug e bh’uam mo chailleach fhein,
H_uile rud gu’n d’rinn i dh’ fhéum,
’S eibhinn gu’n de shiubhail i:"

'S eibhinn gu’n de shiubhail i. 'S eibhinn gu’n de shiubhail i.

'S eibhinn gu’n de shiubhail i. 'S eibhinn gu’n de shiubhail i.

"Mile mallachd air an éug,
Thug e bh’uam mo chailleach fhein.
H_uile rud gu’n d’rinn i dh’ fhéum.
’S eibhinn gu’n de shiubhail i:"

(Last line repeated four times.)

Translation.

"A thousand curses upon death,
That took from me my old wife;
For all the good she ever did,
It is pleasant she has left us,"

"Cainntearachd.

NO. LXIII. 63
N° LXIV.  
Cainntearachd.  

REEL.

N° LXV.
Pipe Reel. [The birds of the chaber.]
Faillte Scarba is given in the Revd Patrick McDonald's Collection, but in such a mutilated condition, that unless a person knew it before, they would hardly select it for a beauty.

It is perfectly wild, as much so as Scarba itself. I noted it from the singing of a Highland Lady.
I got this in M.S. and think it a most perfect piece of musical composition.
No. LXIX.

Tha gaol again air an nighinn.

'I love the Lassie!'