

No. 1. LOW.

No. 2. HIGH.

SONGS OF A ROVING CELT

Five Songs

POEMS BY

**MURDOCH
MACLEAN**

MUSIC BY

**CHARLES
VILLIERS
STANFORD**

ENOCH & SONS

No. 1. Low Voice.

No. 2. High Voice.

Songs of a Roving Celt

Five Songs

THE POEMS BY

Murdoch Maclean

(From "Songs of a Roving Celt" by kind permission of "The Year Book Press")

THE MUSIC BY

Charles Villiers Stanford

Op. 157.

1. THE PIBROCH.
2. ASSYNT OF THE SHADOWS.
3. THE SOBBING OF THE SPEY.
4. NO MORE.
5. THE CALL.

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PRICE 3/6 NET CASH.
\$1 NET.

London:

Enoch & Sons,

58, Great Marlborough Street, W.1.

NEW YORK: G. RICORDI & CO.

TORONTO: THE ANGLO-CANADIAN MUSIC COMPANY.

PARIS: ENOCH & CO.

The Pibroch.

Poem by
MURDOCH MACLEAN.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.
Op.157.

Allegro moderato e con fuoco.

Voice. *mf*

The

Piano. *pp*

pi - broch, man, the pi - broch! Up - on the north wind be -

- neath the list'ning sky? A thou - sand voi - ces rise to

poco cresc.

cheer it, As proud the kilt - ed High - land - ers go by.

dim.

p

pp

p

There's breath of moor and ben in it, And

p

sough of High - land glen in it, There's bat - tle's roar by sea and shore And

cresc.

tramp of march-ing men in it. There's

cresc.
rune of an-cient pride in it, And dirge of men who died in it, There's
cresc.

dar-ing bold of he - roes old, And strength that kings de -

- fied in it.
mf

There's feud of blood and hate in it, And

vengeance crying yet in it, There's rousing song of woe and wrong That

we may ne'er for - get in it.

There's note of haunting fears in it, And

mist of part - ing tears in it, There's grief for - lorn in

an - guish borne — A - down the fleet - ing years in it.

There's

dash of sea and foam in it, There's sigh of sons who

roam in it, There's blend - - ing strain— of

love and pain *p* That calls the wand - 'rer home— in it.

mf The

pi - broch, man, the pi - broch, the pi - broch, hear it

call - ing A - far a - mid the sol - i - tudes we

know.

p *dim.* *pp* *rall.*

Poco più lento.

The sil - ver dew's of night are soft - ly fall - ing, The stars

pp

— are on the hea - ther — let us go.

Assynt of the Shadows.

Poem by
MURDOCH MACLEAN.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.
Op.157.

Andante mesto. *p*

Voice. *p*

There's a driv-ing mist on As-synt of the

Piano. *p*

shadows, (My heart is sore *mo bhron,** my heart is sore)

The glamour of the dead comes o'er me creep-ing

* The Irish *Mavrone* (so pronounced.)

And chills the puls-ing of my bo-som's

core. For eyes that gaze on death be-hold its

trav-ail, (My heart is sore, mo bhron, my heart is sore)

And vain and doub-ly vain is hope and long-ing For him

Più animato.

— who turns — not — when his race is o'er.

The shroud is white be fore my straining vis ion (My

heart is sore, mo bhron, my heart is sore) —

The wov — — en shroud that soon must wind for

ev - er The sail - or's corse that

cresc. *f*

heaves be - yond the shore.

cresc.

Tempo I.

There's a

f *pp*

death - ly mist on As - synt of the shad - ows, (My

heart is sore, mo bhron, my heart is

sore, *molto* And

più lento in the bay there sleeps a man of As - synt, Nor life nor

love Shall call him ev - er more.

The Sobbing of the Spey.

Poem by
MURDOCH MACLEAN.

Music by
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Op.157.

Adagio. (With free declamation.)

Voice.

1. 'Tis the
2. Oh! the

Piano.

sob - bing of the Spey, Like the wea - ry voice a - cry - ing Of a
chil - dren of her fame Who re - turn to tell her nev - er That their

moth - er, lone and grey, For her lost ones ev - er
love is still the same For their own ro - man - tic

mf

sigh - - - ing; And where skies of sap-phire glis-ten In the
ri - - - ver; From the bonds of wealth ca-ress-ing, Mid the

pp rall.

lands be-yond the main, There are strain-ing ears that list-en As the
waste-lands and the green, How they fain would seek a bless-ing From the

colla parte

pp

a tempo

voice goes out a - gain ——— "Bring me back my sons and
reg-al Moun-tain Queen ——— But the spir-it of the

mf

daugh-ters, Chil-dren of a van-ished day; For the
wa-ters Still is call-ing "Come a-way"; And there's

sor - rows haunt the wa - ters In the sob - - -
grief for sons and daugh - ters In the sob - - -

p

- - - bing of the Spey."
- - - bing of the Spey.

p *cresc.*

3. There's a cry - ing in the night Like a

f

note of sadness stray - ing; Is there ear can hear a - right What the

pp

pp più lento

waft - ed voice is say - - - ing? Few there

be who know, but rath - er Turn them to the world - ly thrall; Yet wher -

f Largamente.

- ev - er Scots - men ga - ther They can hear that home - land

dim. *mf*

call, Say - ing ev - er, say ing ev - er "Sons and



daugh-ers, why thus faith-less do ye stray, While the

sor-rows haunt the wa-ters In the sob - - -

- - - - - bing of the Spey?"

p

p

No More.

Poem by
MURDOCH MACLEAN.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.
Op.157.

Allegro molto.

Voice *f*

The cloud wrack o'er the

Piano. *f*

sul - len sea is fly - - - ing And the

mist hoar, The

dim.

night winds in their o - - - - - cean caves are

sigh - - - - - ing For ev - - - - - er -

- more, - - - - - And the thou - - - - - sand

voi - ces of the deep are cry - - - - -

p *cresc.* *mf*

- - - ing By the lone shore,

But An - gus ne - ver turns him home a - gain to

Mor - - ven. The

brows - ing flocks up - on the hill - sides roam - ing Have sought the

crest, The low-ing kine have left the field as gloam-ing

Fades in the West; And down the vale the wind-tossed

bee is hom-ing To its long rest,

Yet An-gus ne-ver turns him home a-gain to

Mor - - ven.

cresc.

f

For out beneath the

war - cloud's red - den'd awn - - - ing Where

fate is nigh, Where

cresc.

hearts are steel'd, and ea - - ger

cresc.

steeds are fawn - - ing And brave men

die,

cresc. *ff* *lunga*

p *tranquillo*

He soft - ly sleeps, nor wakes to see the

pp

dawn - - - ing In the grey

sky.

f And o - - - cean voi - ces wail his co - ro - *dim.*

- nach in Mor - - ven. *p* *pp*

The Call.

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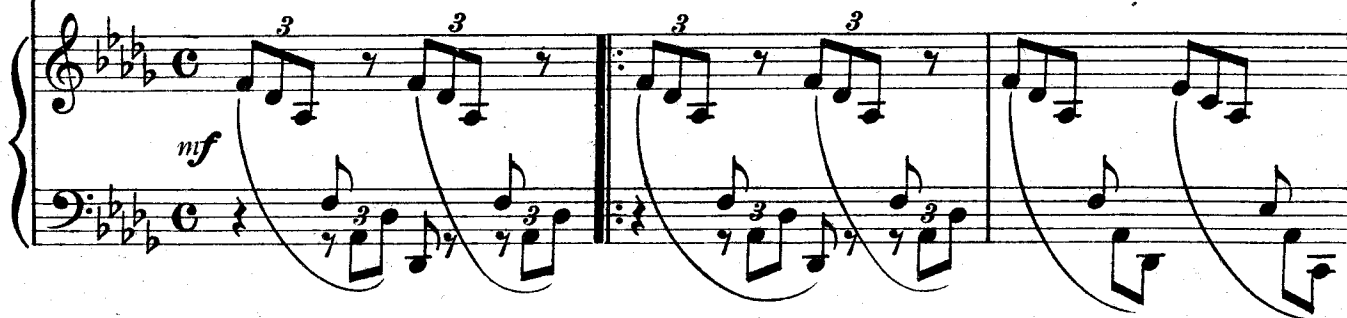
Allegro.

Voice.



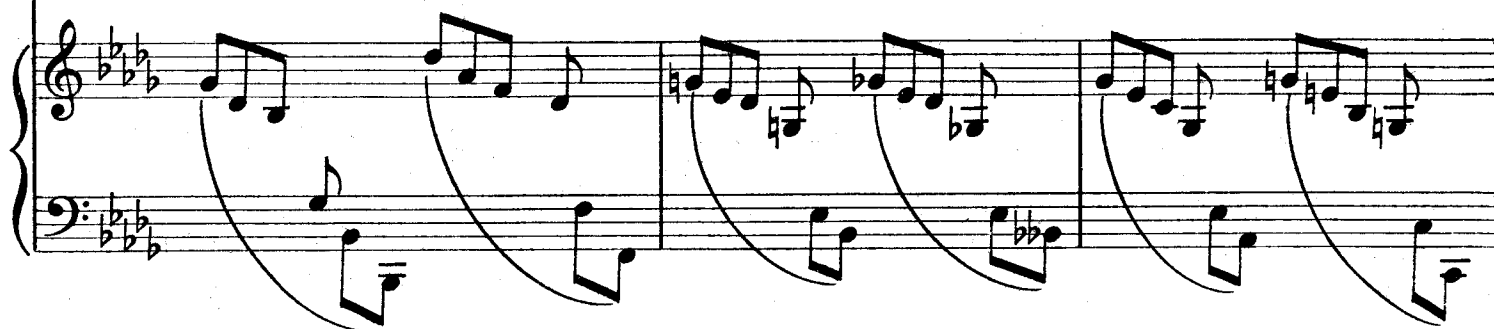
1. Oh! it's home, it's home, and
2. I can hear the voi - ces

Piano.



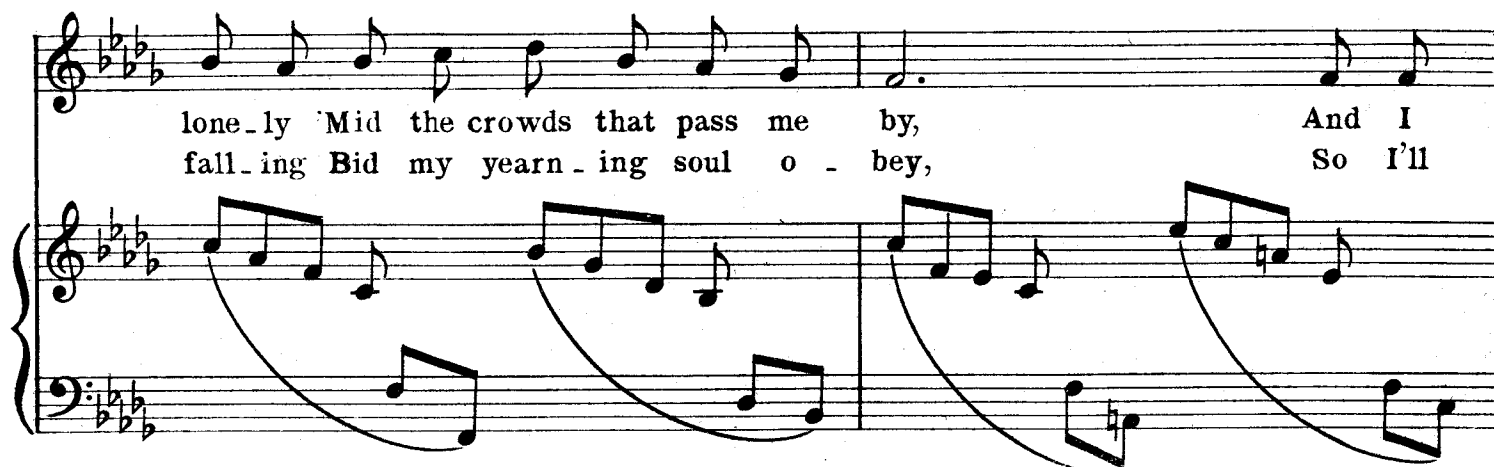
on - ly In its bo - som would I lie,
calling From the homeland night and day,

For I'm sore of heart and
And their whis - pers soft - ly



lone - ly Mid the crowds that pass me by,
fall - ing Bid my yearn - ing soul o - bey,

And I
So I'll



long to hear the hail-ing of the kind - ly fish-ers sail-ing Where the
leave the teem-ing ci - ty, with its lack of hu-man pi - ty, And take

o - cean winds are wailing up in Skye.
up a tramp - ing dit-ty, and a - way.

I am wea - ry of the striv-ing Af - ter
I will take my tar - tan plaid-ie And will

for-tune's flit-ting smile, With the great man's cru-el driv-ing And the
seek the moor-land brown, When the moon is shin-ing stea-dy, And the

poorman's hopeless toil, And I'd be with her who bore me, with the
stars are peeping down, With no part - ing look be - hind me lest the

clouds of hea - ven o'er me, And the drift - ing sea be -
fad - ing scenes re - mind me, Of the care that used to

fore me in the Kyle. *ten.* *p*
bind me in the town. 3. By the

crys - tal fountains Mid the low - land vales - ca - ress'd, O'er the

mea - dows and the mountains Shall my steps pursue their quest, Thro' Strath.

- more and up Glen - gar - ry, past Loch Eil and Ach - na - car - ry, Till at

length in peace they tar - ry in the West.

Oh! it's hard and scarred and lonely That cold island in the foam, And its

cresc.

sons know man-hood on - ly That their ea - ger feet may roam, Yet its

cresc.

p

mem - 'ries still are near - est and its fall - ing whis - pers clear - est, And to

p

me it's ev - er dear - est, for it's home.

ff

f

E. & S. 5150.

April
1918.

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