

SONGS OF LONGING FOR PLACES I HAVE NEVER BEEN

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This document is part of a tutorial on formatting books containing sheet music.
This version was built with sheet music notated in [MuseScore](#), exported as SVG pictures, cropped in [Inkscape](#)
and inserted into [LibreOffice](#).

For the complete tutorial, visit www.cowirrie.com/blog/sheet-music-to-book.

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1. THE ROSE OF ARANMORE

Composer: Traditional

Lyricist: Traditional

My_ thoughts to - day, though I'm far a - way___ Dwell on Tyr - con - nel's shore___ The_ salt sea

10 air and the col - leens fair,___ Of love - ly green___ Gwee - dore._____ There's a

17 flo - wer there___ be - yond com - pare that I'll trea - sure e - ver - more,_____ It's that

25 grand col - leen in her gown of green, The rose of A - ran - more._____

1.

My thoughts today, though I'm far away,
Dwell on Tyrconnell's shore,
The salt sea air and the colleens fair,
Of lovely green Gweedore.
There's a flower there, beyond compare,
That I'll treasure evermore,
It's that grand colleen in her gown of green,
The Rose of Aranmore.

2.

I've travelled far 'neath the northern star,
Since the day I said goodbye,
And seen many maids in the golden glades
Beneath a tropic sky.
There's a vision in my reverie,
I always will adore,
It's that grand colleen in her gown of green,
The Rose of Aranmore.

3.

But soon I will return again
To the scenes I loved so well,
Where many an Irish lad and lass
Their tales of love do tell.
The silv'ry dunes and blue lagoons,
Along the Ross's shore,
And that grand colleen in her gown of green,
The Rose of Aranmore.

2. THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

Composer: Traditional

Lyricist: Traditional

Collector: William Main Doerflinger (1910-2000)

From a performance by: Richard Maitland

Fare - well to you, my own true love, I am go - ing far a - way, I am

bound for Ca - li - for - ni - a, but I know that I'll re - turn some day. So it's

fare thee well, my own true love, when I return u - ni - ted we will be, It's not the

lea - ving of Li-ver - pool that grieves me, but my darl-ing when I think of thee.

1.

Farewell to you, my own true love,
I am going far away,
I am bound for California,
But I know that I'll return some day.

Chorus

So it's fare thee well, my own true love,
When I return united we will be,
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,
But my darling when I think of thee.

2.

I have signed upon a Yankee sailing ship,
Davy Crockett is her name,
And Burgess is the master of her,
And they say that she's a floating shame.

Chorus

3.

Oh the Sun is shining on the harbour love,
And I wish I could remain,
For I know it will be a long, long time,
Before I see you again.

Chorus

3. THE BANKS O' DOON

Composer: Traditional

Lyricist: Robert Burns (1759-1796)

Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How

can ye chant ye lit - tle birds, And I sae wear - y fu' o' care! Thou'll

break my heart, thou warb - ling bird, That wan - tons thro' the flow - er - ing thorn! Thou

minds me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn.

1.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn!
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

2.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its Luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine,

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!
And my fause Luver staw my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

4. THE ROAD TO THE ISLES

Composer: Pipe Major John MacLellan (1875-1949)

Lyricist: Reverend Kenneth MacLeod (1871-1955)

Collector: Marjory Kennedy-Fraser (1857-1930)

From a performance by: Malcolm Johnson, Barra



A far croon - in' is pullin' me a-way As I take I wi' my cromak to the road, The

far Cool - ins are puttin' love on me As step I wi' the sun - light for my load. Sure, by

Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Loch - a - ber I will go, By heather tracks wi' heaven in their wiles, If it's

think - in' in your inner heart braggart's in my step, You've never smelt the tan - gle o' the Isles.

1.

A far crooning' is pullin' me away
As take I wi' my cromak to the road,
The far Coolins are puttin' love on me,
As step I wi' the sunlight for my load.

Chorus

Sure, by Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Lochaber I will
go,
By heather tracks wi' heaven in their wiles,
If it's thinkin' in your inner heart braggart's in my step,
You've never smelt the tangle o' the Isles.

2.

It's by sheil water the track is to the west,
By Aillort and by Morar to the sea,
The cool crews I am thinkin' o' for pluck,
And bracken for a wink on Mother knee.

Chorus

3.

It's the blue Islands are pullin' me away,
Their laughter puts the leap upon the lame,
The blue Islands from the Skerries to the Lews,
Wi' heather honey taste upon each name.

Chorus

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¹ A collection this small doesn't really need an index, but this document exists to demonstrate how a word processor importing notation graphics can be more flexible than a notation editor. So, this document contains a table of contents, an index, and this footnote – making full use of automated fields, numbering and formatting.