

Songs of Longing *for* Places I Have Never Been

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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_

9 salt sea 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. 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 re - turn u - ni - ted we will be, It's not the
lea - ving of Li - ver - pool that grieves me, but my dar - ling 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

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

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

25 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 Luvie,
And fondly sae did I o' mine,

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!
And my fause Luvie 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

G Em C D

A far croon in' is pul-lin' me a-way As take I wi' my cro-mak to the road, The

5 G Em C G D G

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

9 G Em C D

Tum-mel and Loch Ran-noch and Loch - a-ber I will go, By heath-er tracks wi' heav-en in theirwiles, If it's

13 G Em C G D

think-in' in your in-ner heart brag-gart's in my step, You've ne-ver 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