

THE CHIEFTAIN,

with an Accompaniment for the
Harp or Piano Forte,
 BY
J. Keffe,

Mus. in Ord. to his Majesty.

The Melody by a Lady. The Words by Tho^s. Campbell Esq^r.

3rd Edition. 1825.

Pr. 1/6^d

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A. D. A. N. T. E.

The musical score is written for Harp or Piano Forte in G major and common time. It consists of three systems of two staves each. The first system is marked 'A. D. A. N. T. E.' and includes a 'pia' dynamic marking. The second system includes a section marked 'A'. The third system contains the lyrics: 'Chieftain to the Highlands bound, Cry'd Boatman do not tarry; And I'll give thee a'.

sil-ver pound, To row us o'er the Ferry; And I'll give thee a silver pound, To

Largo.

row us o'er the Ferry; Now who beye would cross Lochgyle, This dark and

a tempo.

stor - - - - my water, O I'm the Chief of Ul - va's Isle, And

this Lord Ul - len's Daughter, And this Lord Ullen's Daughter.

2

"And fast before her Father's men,
Three days we've fled together,
For if he find us in the Glen,
My blood will stain the heather.
His Horsemen hard behind us ride,
Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny Bride,
When they have slain her Lover?"

3

Out spoke the hardy Highland Wight,
"I'll go my Chief, I'm ready,
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome Lady:
And by my word the bonny Bird,
In danger shall not tarry,
Lo though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the Ferry."

By this the Storm grew loud apace,
 The Water wraith was shrieking,
 And in the scowl of Heaven, each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking;
 But still as wilder blew the wind,
 And as the Night grew drearer,
 Adown the glen rode armed Men,
 Their trampling sounded nearer.

Oh haste thee! haste! the Lady cries;
 Tho' tempests round us gather,
 I'll meet the raging of the Skies,
 But not an angry Father,
 The Boat has left a stormy Land,
 A stormy Sea before her,
 When oh too strong for human hand,
 The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar,
 Of Waters fast prevailing,
 Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
 His wrath was chang'd to wailing:
 For sore dismay'd thro' storm and shade,
 His Child he did discover,
 One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
 And one was round her Lover.

Come back! come back! he cry'd in grief,
 Across this raging Water,
 And I'll forgive your Highland Chief,
 My Daughter, Oh my Daughter:
 'Twas vain, the loud wave lash'd the Shore,
 Return, or help preventing,
 The Waters wild went o'er his Child,
 And he was left lamenting.

* Water Spirit

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