## Comb=Chruinneachadh Rioghail Piobaireachd

# THE ROYAL COLLECTION

OF

## PIOBAIREACHD.

Composed by

JOHN GRANT, EDINBURGH

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PUBLISHED BY

JOHN GRANT, 21 Murieston Crescent, Edinburgh

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#### Dedicated

BY

#### SPECIAL PERMISSION

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## THE PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS

OF

THE PIOBAIREACHD SOCIETY.



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#### Preface.

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HIS little book which I now present to the public, though small in bulk, nevertheless represents a good deal of thought and work; and the candid criticism of those who are capable of estimating the value of such work, tends to confirm my hope that its production is a true contribution to the revival of the theory and practice of the ancient art of Piobaireachd.

This spontaneous assurance from reliable quarters is further strengthened by the fact that my humble endeavour has been graced by the sanction of Royalty, inasmuch as His Majesty the King has been pleased to accept from my hand one tune as peculiarly his own. And it must be evident that this recognition, now as in past times, is the purest incentive to the highest efforts in musical creation.

This art is a royal art, as it has ever been; and if in the olden days it derived inspiration from dwelling on the royal cairns and on the ruins of departed glory, surely it is no derogation from its power that now, in its resurrection, it should receive audience and recognition in the presence of Kings and Princes.

I have the honour, with special permission, to dedicate this work to the President and members of The Piobaireachd Society, who have zealously aroused to the noble task of cherishing and promulgating the classical heritage of Ceòl-Mòr; and I also take this opportunity of heartily thanking the subscribers who have shown a patriotic willingness to help in furthering this ancient art, which is a peculiar possession of the Celtic people.

JOHN GRANT.

EDINBURGH, April, 1908.

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#### Introduction.



N the Ceòl Mor of the Celt we have the Gathering, the Salute, the Challenge, and the Lament. The occasion which called forth the Gathering was the time of war, when the fiery cross was hurried o'er mountain and through glen. The Gathering roused the martial spirit of the clans, and to its hurried notes every man turned out with unquestioning bravery. The coming of age of the chief, or his succession to the headship of his tribe, was

the theme of the triumphant Salute. The greatness of the chiefs of old and the yearning hope of the future found expression in those thrilling notes which gladdened the mountain solitudes. But a more doleful subject was the burden of the Lament, searching the heart to its inmost core, and tapping the fount of tears. For who that has ever been present at a chieftain's funeral where the flowing grass waves mournfully in the western breeze, as the zephyrs mean in the green dells, but must realize the pathos of the Lament for the hero who will never return. No more we tread the fancy haunted valley, where through the dark and lonely glen winds the dimpling stream; no more shall we look in the mirror of the radiant pools that reflect the image of the overhanging banks. He is sleeping beside the sounding surge that laves his narrow bed, for the chief has closed his eyes in darkness, and has quitted the light of the day. Surely here is a fit theme for the heartrending Lament. And as the piper dwells on the times that are gone and on the days of other years, he beholds the halls of ancient splendour, but alas! alas! they are desolate. The magic of young beauty has passed like a flower that fadeth, and the right arm of the warrior lies cold beneath the sod. These sentiments which crowded on the mind of the minstrel found, as we said, due utterance in the wail for departed glory, and the joys of the days that are gone.

It is well known that the dress, the arms, the music, and the musical instrument of the Highlands have characteristics which are peculiarly their own. There can be no prettier sight than a full-dressed Highland piper, filled with the spirit of the mist and the hills discoursing warlike lays on the great Highland bagpipe. In the field of carnage, its music inspires the flagging heart; in the halls of festivity it encourages joy; amid scenes of sorrow it is not out of place; thus testifying to its adaptability to the varied emotions of the human heart. There is no other instrument that possesses to such an extreme degree the power of moving a Highland heart either to gladness or to grief. The Violin indeed can bring sad tears, the harp can arouse soft feelings of melancholy-all these however are on a moderate scale—but for a slogan or a coronach commend me to the bagpipe. In the ear of imagination I hear the last of the great MacCrimmons; I see him gather his plaid around him as he paces the lofty battlements beneath the gathering clouds of night; I hear the moan of the waves that dash on the strand below, and the plaintive Lament mingles with the sob of the billows. Fond visions of the mind, dear to memory, reconstructing the scenes of old! Alas! the great battlements are now mossgrown and grey, and the billows sob alone.

The Celtic Revival which has been taking place in recent years, has not only created a new interest in the language and literature of the Scottish Gael, but it has also been the means of quickening the cultivation of Highland Music, both vocal and instrumental. Lovers of things Celtic must feel grateful that the most energetic aspect of this Revival is the renewed prosecution of the art of Piobaireachd; and it is doubtful whether this

resurrection of an almost forgotten and lost art could ever have attained its present proficiency, without the inspiring influence of the patriotic spirit which finds expression, not only in the re-awakening of a heroic art, like Piobaireachd, but the formation of higher ideals and imperial aims. To every thoughtful mind which looks upon the past history of our nation, it must be evident that the warlike race who were the creators and ardent admirers of Piobaireachd in the old days, were also the race who were foremost in going up to the cannon's month. From the gory fields of the Peninsula to the crowning carnage of Waterloo; from the Heights of Alma to the fiery zone of Dargai, the warlike note of the Piobaireachd followed and inspired its admirers; and as it was their chief joy in life, so its music fulled them to sleep while they closed their eyes in death. O race of warriors who never fled from the foel shall we your descendants forget the music that in the tide of battle brought back to your minds on foreign shores the spell of your own native mountains? Shall we permit to perish that ancient art which combined in a harmony the romance, the renown, the glory, the tragedy, the joys and sorrows, the memories and hopes of our beloved fathers? Have we so fallen on degenerate days; has grovelling materialism quenched the aspirations, and obscured the remembrance of the days departed? The spirit of the mist and the mountain awakens us to better things, and indicates to our hearts that we shall not be untrue to ourselves nor, forget our paternal heritage.

And to illustrate the poetic spirit and atmosphere in which the great MacCrimmons produced their masterworks we may relate a tradition that lingers long by the peat fires of the imaginative West, how the renowned race of pipers first secured the mastery and the secret of harmony, through the virtue of a silver chanter bestowed by the Fairy Queen. Near the old musical college in Boreraig, Skye, there is a hollow on the edge of a precipice, and to that hollow, still called the Piper's Study, the pupils of the college would retire to practise. While a young MacCrimmon played one day, there appeared to him the Fairy Queen. She handed him a silver chanter by which he could charm the otter from the sea, the deer from the hill, and the lark from the clouds. But the price of this fatal pre-eminence was the hard condition that after a year and a day the youth must renounce his life on earth and enter the Fairy Kingdom through the Cave of Gold. The supposed disappearance of the young piper was commemorated by a MacCrimmon Piobaireachd, now lost, and called "The Cave of Gold."



### Fàilte a Mhòrachd Ro-dirdhearc Gamhar bii.

Bis Most Excellent Majesty Ming Edward bii. Salnte.

ACCEPTED BY HIS MAYESTY, 27TH JULY, 1906.

COMPOSED BY JOHN GRANT. Urlar. Thumb Variation. Variation Ist. Doubling of Variation Ist. Variation 2nd.

Doubling of Crunluath 

# Fàilte a Mhòrachd Ro-dirdhearc Camhar bii.

Bis Most Excellent Majesty Aing Edward bii. Salnte.

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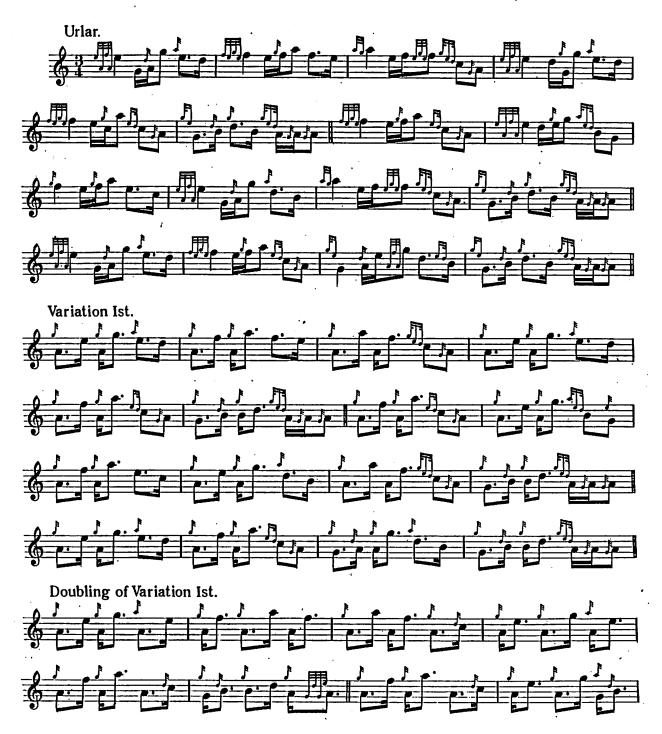


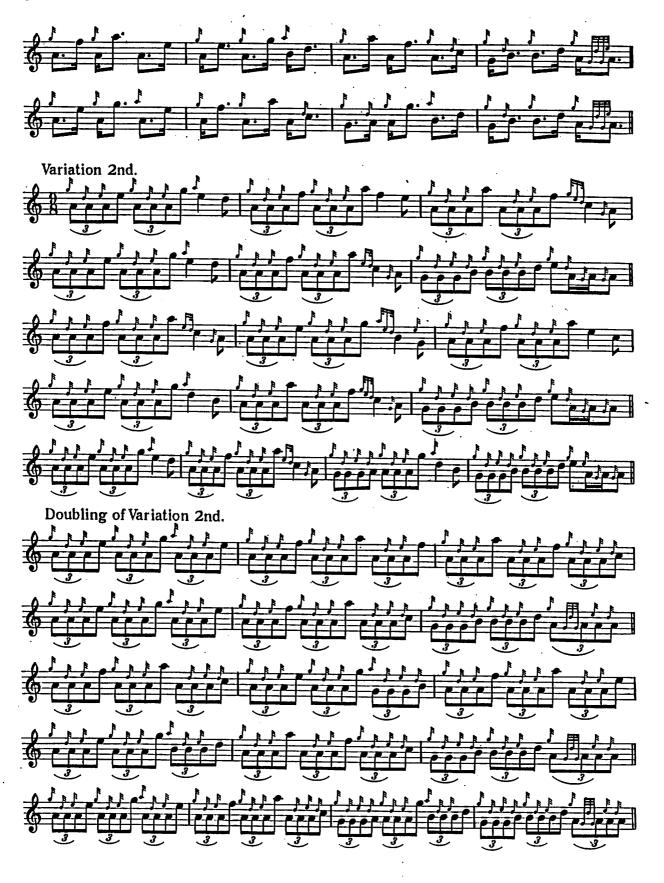


## Fàilt' an Dinc Chonnaich.

His Royal Fighness The Duke of Connanght's Salute.

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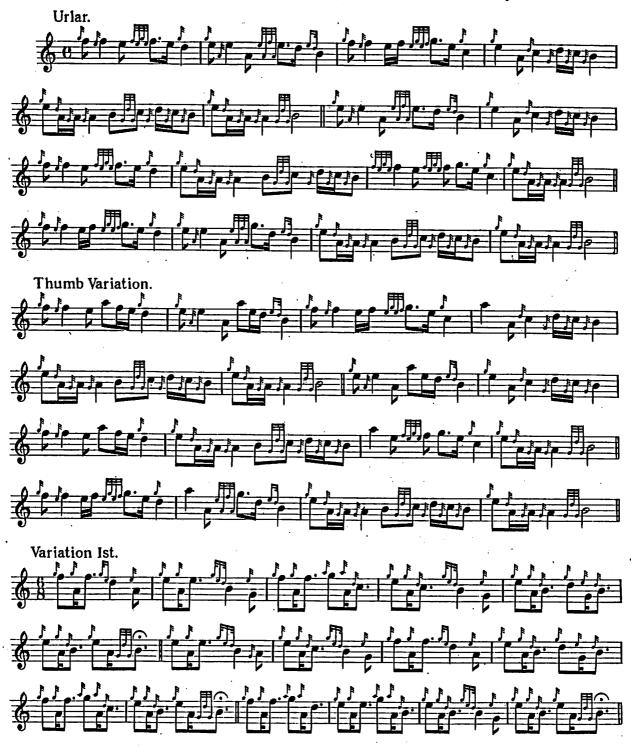


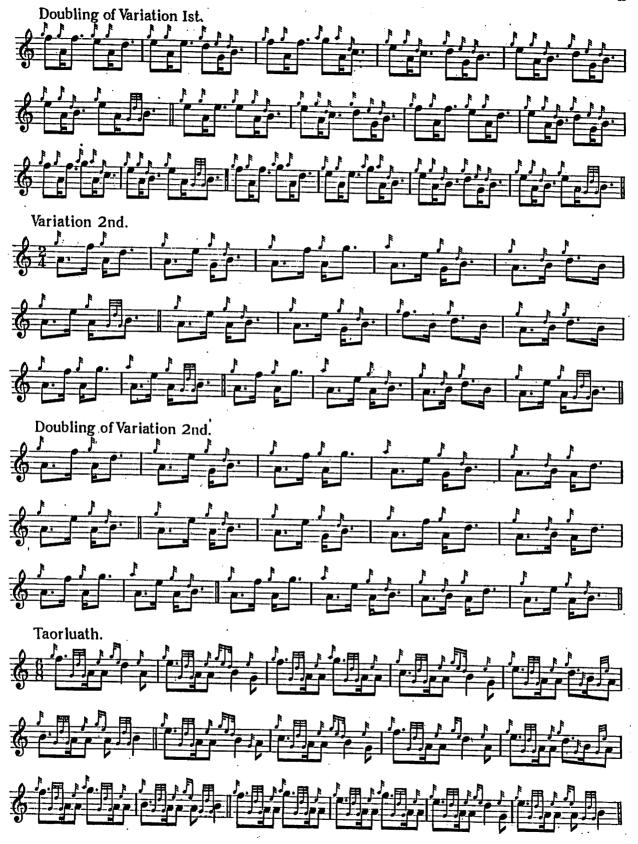


## Cumha a Mòrachd Ro-dirdheirc Ban-Righ Phictoria.

Rument for Ber Most Excellent Mujesty Queen Victoria.

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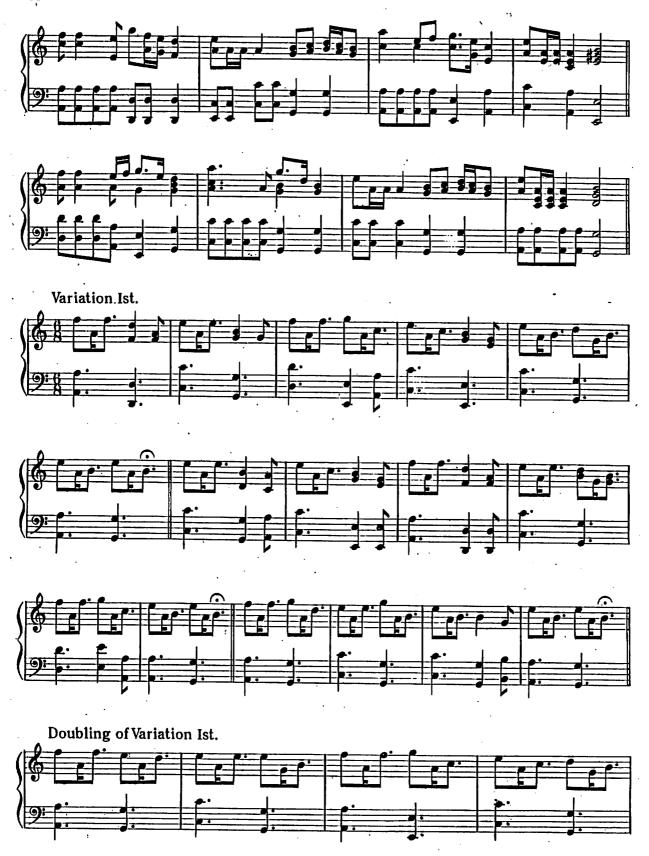


# Cumha a Mòrachd Ro-dirdheirc Ban-Righ Bhictoria.

Kament for Ber Most Excellent Majesty Queen Victoria.

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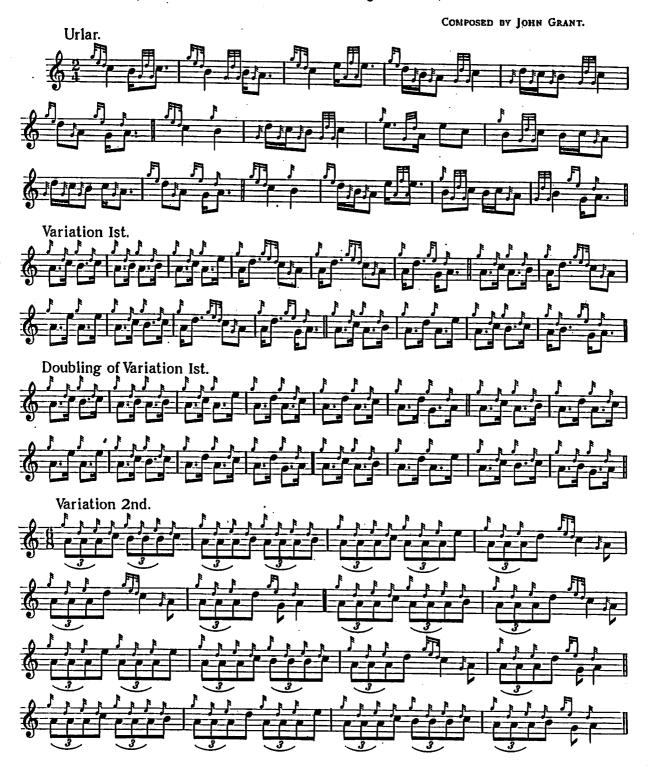






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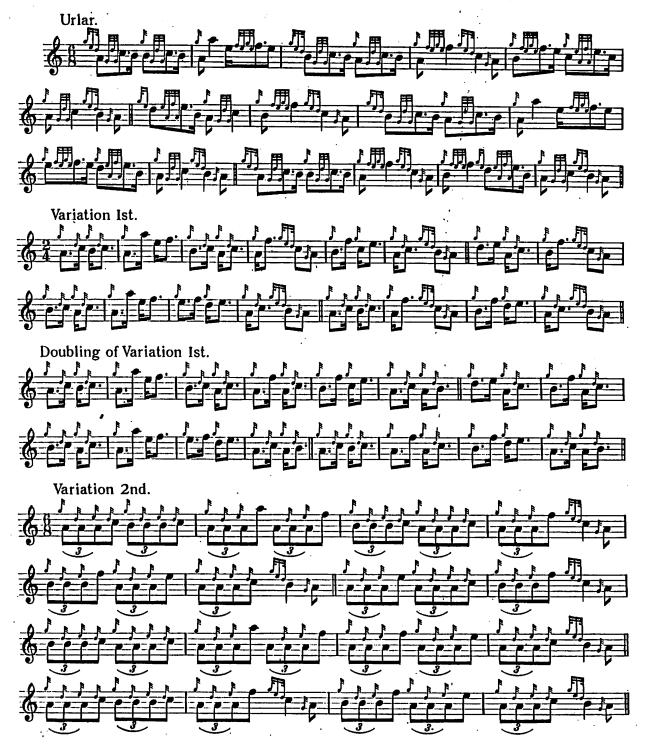




## Failt' an Ridire Gilleaspuig Caimbnel.

Aord Archibald Campbell's Salnte.

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## Fàilte Comunn na Piobaireachd.

The Piobaireachd Society's Salute.

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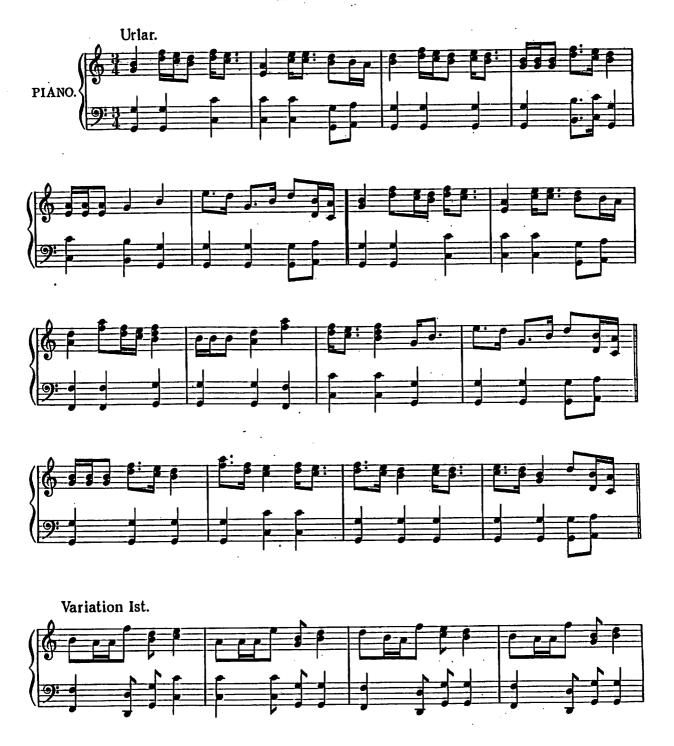




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