



Highland Love Song

GU MA SLAN A CHI MI
(Ullapool Sailor's Song)

Hugh S. Robertson
(1874-1952)

In mood, tender. In movement, flowing. ♩ = 80

S *mf* Health and joy be with you, My bon - nie nut - brown maid, With

A *mf* Health and joy be with you, My bon - nie nut - brown maid, With

T *mf* Health and joy be with you, My bon - nie nut - brown maid, Withtress - es,

B *mf* Health and joy be with you, My bon - nie nut - brown maid, Withtress - es,

5
S tress - es rich - ly flow - ing, With vir - gin grace ar - ray'd; Thy

A tress - es rich - ly flow - ing, With vir - gin grace ar - ray'd; Thy voice, thy

T tress - es rich - ly flow - ing, With vir - gin grace ar - ray'd; Thy voice, thy

B tress - es rich - ly flow - ing, With vir - gin grace ar - ray'd; Thy

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S voice to me is mu - sic When heav - y I may be, It

A voice to me is mu - sic When heav - y I may be, It

T voice to me is mu - sic When heav - y I may be, It

B voice is mu - sic, It heals my heart's, my

13

S heals my heart's deep sor - row To speak a word with thee. *rall.*

A heals my heart's deep sor - row To speak a word with thee. *rall.*

T heals my heart's deep sor - row To speak a word with thee. *rall.*

B heart's deep sor - row To speak a word with thee. *rall.*

a tempo

S In sad - ness I am rock - ing This night up - on the sea; For

A In sad - ness I am rock - ing This night up - on the sea; For

T In sad - ness I am rock - ing This night up - on the sea; For trou - bled,

B In sad - ness I am rock - ing This night up - on the sea; For trou - bled,

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S *cresc.*
 trou - bled is my slum - ber, When thy smile is far from me; On

A *cresc.*
 trou - bled is my slum - ber, When thy smile is far from me; On thee, on

T *cresc.*
 trou - bled is my slum - ber, When thy smile is far from me; On thee, on

B *cresc.*
 trou - bled is my slum - ber, When thy smile is far from me; On

25

S
 thee I'm ev - er think - ing, Thy face is ev - er near; And

A
 thee I'm ev - er think - ing, Thy face is ev - er near; And

T
 thee I'm ev - er think - ing, Thy face is ev - er near; And

B
 thee I'm think - ing, And if I may, I

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S *dim. rall.*
 if I may not find thee, Then death a - lone is dear.

A *dim. rall.*
 if I may not find thee, Then death a - lone is dear.

T *dim. rall.*
 if I may not find thee, Then death a - lone is dear.

B *dim. rall.*
 may not find thee, Then death a - lone is dear.

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Much slower to end

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S Hum (open lips) *morendo*

A Hum (open lips) *morendo*

T Hum (open lips) *morendo*

B Health and joy be with you, My bon - nie nut - brown maid. *morendo*

The effect may be improved by giving the words to the 1st basses only, and letting the 2nd basses hum the melody in union.

J. Curwen & Sons
(1917)

Sir Hugh Stevenson Robertson (1874–1952) was born in Glasgow, Scotland, son of a Funeral Undertaker and Carriage Hirer, and served as an assistant in the family enterprise, eventually becoming manager. He first established his musical career as conductor of the Toynbee House Choir in Glasgow. He took leadership of the Toynbee Musical Association and transformed it, founding the Glasgow Orpheus Choir. He was director of the Orpheus choir for almost fifty years, leading it to national and international recognition. The Orpheus Choir had no equal in Britain and toured widely. He is recognized as one of the most significant British coral directors in history. He was also active as teacher, composer, adjudicator, critic, poet, playwright, essayist, and lecturer. He died at his home in Cathcart, Glasgow. His son was the Australian politician and diplomat Hugh Robertson. His compositions include a significant number of part-songs, especially settings of Scottish folk songs.

Health and joy be with you,
My bonnie nut-brown maid,
With tresses richly flowing,
With virgin grace array'd;
Thy voice to me is music
When heavy I may be,
It heals my heart's deep sorrow
To speak a word with thee.

In sadness I am rocking
This night upon the sea;
For troubled is my slumber,
When thy smile is far from me;
On thee I'm ever thinking,
Thy face is ever near;
And if I may not find thee,
Then death alone is dear.

transl. from the Gaelic
by John Stuart Blackie (1809–1895)

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