

# Queen Edinbro'

words and music by Zetta Sinclair

10 Your croon the state - ly cas - tle ha' Your rai - ment is the gair - dens braw, A loft - y  
19 throne is Ar - thur's Seat While the Forth laps roon thy re - gal feet. *Chorus* Oh  
Ed - in bro', Oh Ed - in bro' You're a queen we are proud tae show

Due homage yours frae a' the earth,  
Whaure'er a Scotsman draws a breath,  
Though far frae hame the Scottish mind  
Aye keeps your picture weel-enshrined.

*Oh Edinbro' ...*

Through history's page ye've warsled sair,  
Yet rampant raise the beast aince mair;  
And heroes' breath - tho lang been still,  
Hings roon ye noo tae charm and thrill.

*Oh Edinbro' ...*

Acclaimed each festive autumn fall,  
You proudly take your curtain-call;  
The past and present linked in fame,  
Around your fair and Royal name.

*Oh Edinbro' ...*

# A Toast to Stornoway

words and music by Zetta Sinclair

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff starts at measure 1 and ends at measure 7. The second staff starts at measure 8 and ends at measure 14. The third staff is labeled 'Chorus' and starts at measure 15, ending at measure 21. The fourth staff starts at measure 22 and ends at measure 28. The lyrics are: 'A - way to the west o'er the Min-ch's grey tide Lies Lew-is the Isle where a dear folk re-side, I'm drift-ing still clos-er and round-ing the bay Sail-ing near-er, still near-er to Storn - o - way \_\_\_\_\_ Wher - ev - er I roam, wher - ev - er my home Still a part of my heart lies in Storn - o - way \_\_\_\_\_'.

A - way to the west o'er the Min-ch's grey tide Lies Lew-is the Isle where a  
8 dear folk re-side, I'm drift-ing still clos-er and round-ing the bay Sail-ing near-er, still  
15 *Chorus*  
near-er to Storn - o - way \_\_\_\_\_ Wher - ev - er I roam, wher - ev - er my  
22  
home Still a part of my heart lies in Storn - o - way \_\_\_\_\_

So happy we wandered these woodlands so fair  
And I found a promise of peace that's so rare;  
Mem'ries so sweet that are with me to stay  
Bind me closer, still closer to Stornoway.

*Wherever I roam ...*

In gales that come howling so fierce through the Minch,  
The boats they are rocking and fighting each inch;  
Decks are fair swilling, crews near blown away  
As they seek and find shelter in Stornoway.

*Wherever I roam ...*

So here's to the beauty that fringes your shore,  
And here's to the folks with the wide open door,  
Here's to the voices so lilting and gay  
Calling sweetly, so sweetly from Stornoway.

*Wherever I roam ...*

# The Sang o' the Fisherman's Wife

words and music by Zetta Sinclair

*Sung with a flexible rhythm*



Storm is nigh, the sea-gulls cry, Gloam-in comes wi' glow'rin sky, Bonn-ie bairnies sing tae

7



cheer, Keep my hert fae dread and fear Keep my hert fae dread and fear.

Roond my knee my blessings three,  
Pray for Daddy on the sea.  
Bonnie bairnies a tae feed,  
May oor boatie safely speed;  
May oor boatie safely speed.

Comes the morn o' darkness shorn,  
Cast aside my thochts forlorn.  
Bonnie bairnies rin and see,  
I'll get ready tae mask his tea;  
I'll get ready tae mask his tea.

Watch and wait, a fisher's fate,  
Toil that's hard and risk that's great.  
Bonnie bairnies is't for ye,  
A' the hertache that gangs wi' the sea?  
A' the hertache that gangs wi' the sea?

# The Burdened Bird

words and music by Zetta Sinclair



Mend-ing her nets in the small room up-stairs, Sweet sang the bur-dened bird;—

9



Sigh-ing she hand-led the wear-y re-pairs Her hard work-inghands nev-er tired.—

17 *Chorus*



Daunt-ing de-press-ion at the door, Prec-ious her mo-ments of laugh-ter—

25



Guid-ing and chid-ing, her aur-a of love Is

29



with me for ev-er and af-ter.

Hands swift and sure with needle and twine,  
Sweet sang the burdened bird;  
Defly she hooked the net heavy with brine  
As tear after tear she repaired.

*Daunting depression at the door ....*

Work without end for the wife of the sea  
But sweet sang the burdened bird;  
Lovingly dandled her bairn on her knee  
She banished my fears with a word.

*Daunting depression at the door ....*

# Couthy Cullen

words and music by Zetta Sinclair

Hae ye seen the links o' Cul-len Couth-y Cul-len by the sea? On a meen-licht nicht a  
7  
Chorus  
bonn-ie sicht Come wan-der there wi' me. *I hae sailed the for-eign seas lang syne, I hae*  
12  
*seen toons by the score But I'm iv-er thank-fae tae be hame As I steek my ain front door.*

Hae ye seen the brigs o' Cullen  
Couthy Cullen by the sea?  
For they mak' the toon the bonniest room  
And pleasin' tae the e'e.  
*I hae sailed the foreign seas ...*

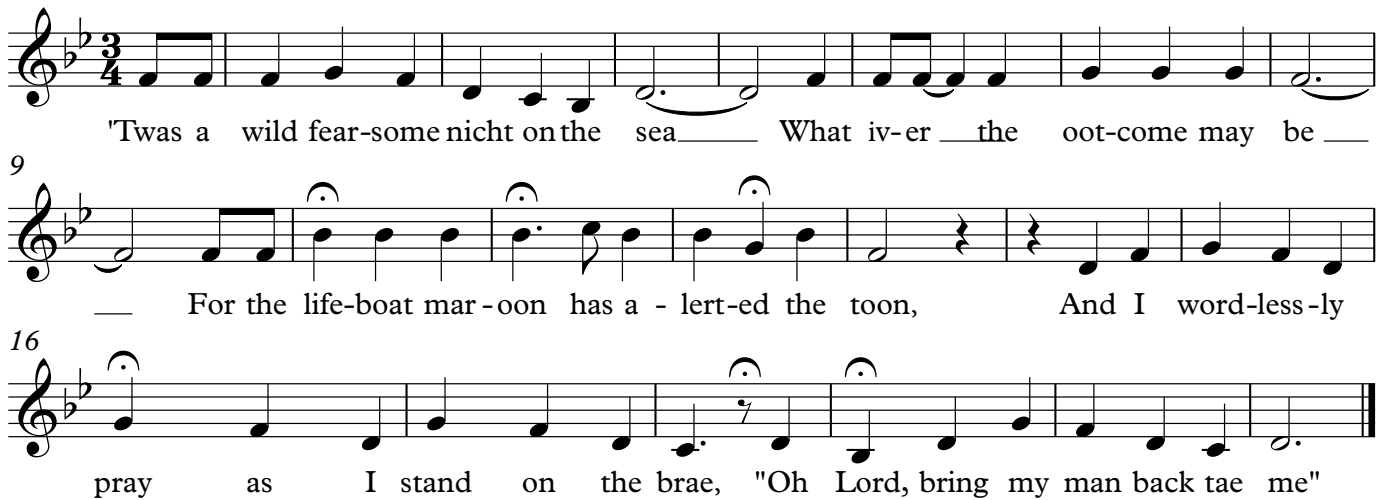
Hae ye seen the sands o' Cullen  
Couthy Cullen by the sea?  
Faur the bairnies play the leelang day  
As happy as can be.  
*I hae sailed the foreign seas ...*

Hae ye seen the hames o' Cullen  
Couthy Cullen by the sea?  
They're scrubbit clean baith oot and in  
And bricht as butterflees.  
*I hae sailed the foreign seas ...*

Dae ye ken the fowk o' Cullen  
Couthy Cullen by the sea?  
They're a mixture, sure, baith frank and dour  
But they're a dear tae me.  
*I hae sailed the foreign seas ...*

# The Lifeboat

words and music by Zetta Sinclair



'Twas a wild fear-some night on the sea What iv-er the oot-come may be

9 For the life-boat mar-oon has a - lert-ed the toon, And I word-less-ly

16 pray as I stand on the brae, "Oh Lord, bring my man back tae me"

There's sweethearts and wives standin' roon'  
The boat's crew are a' fae this toon,  
Sic an earnest-like thrang - sic a silence amang; And  
we pray as the mercy boat speeds on her way, "Oh dear  
Lord above hear oor cry".

At length on that storm-wrackit shore  
A' hands help the lifeboat tae moor,  
And we learn o' the fate o' the skipper and mate ,  
And the fishermen pray as they stand 'neath the spray ,  
"Oh Lord, help their wives tae endure,  
Lord, father their bairns in this oor".

# Ballachulish

words and music by Zetta Sinclair

8  
Tak' ye the road through stark Glen-coe, Through cor-rie and mount-ain pass\_ ye  
go. Haste ye tae the north, tae your lov - er sae  
12  
true, In\_\_\_ Ba - lla - chu\_\_\_ lish wait - ing for you.

Come, bonnie lass, noo that simmer's at hand,  
And dinna lose hert in that barren bit land  
Ayont, Leven's waters lie sparkling and blue,  
And Ballachulish, waits here for you.

Keep ye the troth that ye made wi' me,  
And I will be yours till the day that I dee.  
I'll live in contentment that's granted tae few,  
In Ballachulish, wedded wi' you.

Tak' ye the road through stark Glencoe,  
Through corrie and mountain pass ye go.  
Haste ye tae the north, tae your lover sae true,  
In Ballachullish, waiting for you.

# Glencoe

words and music by Zetta Sinclair

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). It consists of four staves of music. The first staff is labeled 'Intro' and contains the first line of lyrics: 'Oo oo oo oh Glen - coe, The heart-ache and the woe...'. The second staff is labeled 'Verses' and contains the second line of lyrics: 'of Glen - coe. O'er crag and moor fore-bod-ing lowers and cold driv-ing snow'. The third staff contains the third line of lyrics: 'Clos-er looms the ev - il hour For Glen - coe;'. The fourth staff contains the fourth line of lyrics: 'Black hangs the snow o'er Glen - coe.'.

Maclan went to sign - too late  
An old stubborn man;  
He little knew he'd sealed the fate  
Of his clan - Grey clouds of snow o'er Glencoe.

The chief rode weary through the pass  
But he was refused;  
Whate'er the reason given - alas!  
The Campbells used - White drifts of snow in Glencoe.

Pretending friendship through the glen  
These soldiers so bold!  
They shared the food and drink and then  
Their honour sold - White still the snow in Glencoe.

That night while blizzards raged around  
And all were abed;  
The treacherous Campbells vengeance found  
A clan lay dead! - Red now the snow in Glencoe.

Mothers took their bairns and ran  
In anguish they fled;  
Cursing all the Campbell clan  
Till they too dropped dead.  
Still now the snow in Glencoe,  
Still, still the snow in Glencoe.



# The Deserted Wife

words and music by Zetta Sinclair



Oh lad-die fin ye left yer hame And vowed that ye'd re - turn a - gain,  
11 I trust-ed you and aye kept true But oh, is't a' in vain?—

Dear laddie though ye've turned aside  
Sweet memories will ever 'bide,  
My hert is fu' and warm for you  
Wi' love that's never died.

My love for you, ye glaikit loon  
Is ower a'thing far abune,  
The woes and cares, the hurts and sairs,  
And scorn o' half the toon.

Noo ken ye laddie fit ye've deen  
Wi' heid in clouds and twa blin' een?  
Oor bairnies twa they thrive ana',  
In spite o' hardship keen.

Is this my burden? Lat it be  
And strength tae bear the Lord may gie,  
I'm trachled noo but dinna rue  
The love I gave tae ye.

Oh laddie fin ye left yer hame  
And vowed that ye'd return again,  
I trusted you and aye kept true  
But oh - is't a' in vain?

Is't a' in vain?

# Lullin the Littlin

words and music by Zetta Sinclair

8 Lie doon ma bonn - ie wee litt lin' \_\_\_\_\_ Roond wi' yer een tae the wa' \_\_\_\_\_

15 \_\_\_\_\_ Noo lie doon ma bairn-ie and sleep bonn-ie sleep- ies \_\_\_\_\_ Mam-my will  
CODA  
rock ye a - wa' \_\_\_\_\_ Hush ye noo ba loo loo la \_\_\_\_\_

22 *Slower and fading*  
Hush ye noo ba loo loo la \_\_\_\_\_ Hush ye noo ba loo loo la \_\_\_\_\_

An' dream o' yer Daddie's wee boatie  
Sailin' sae blithe on the sea,  
An' fin ye are waukened yer Daddie is comin'  
Wi' fishies tae fry tae yer tea.

An' dream o' the bonnie wee wabies  
Dancin' sae blithe on the sea,  
An' fin ye are waukened the tide will be turnin'  
An' I'll tak' ye wadin' wi' me.

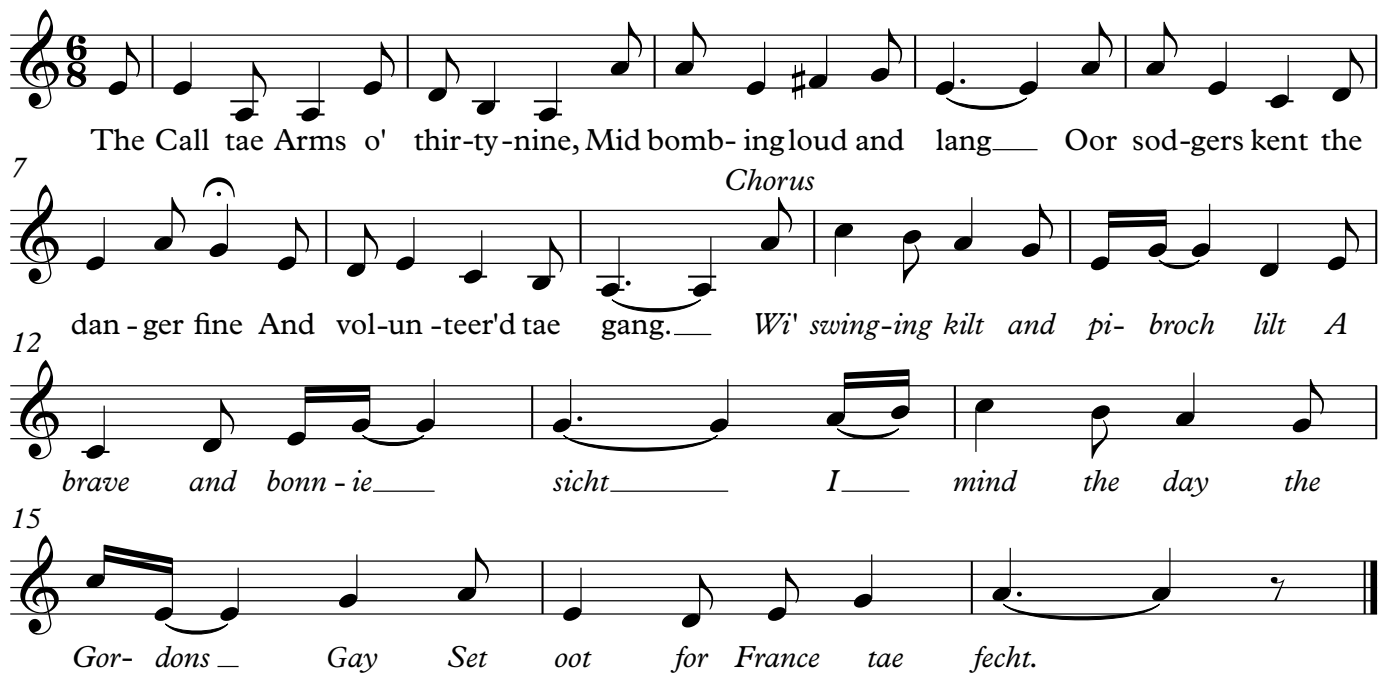
An' dream o' the bonnie wee buckies  
Nestlin' sae snug in the sand,  
An' fin ye are waukened the gamies ye'll play there,  
Wrapped in yer ain wonderland.

So lie doon ma bonnie wee littlin  
Roond wi' yer een tae the wa',  
Noo lie down ma bairnie and sleep bonnie sleepies  
Mammy will rock ye awa'.

*Hush ye noo ba loo loo la*  
*Hush ye noo ba loo loo la*  
*Hush ye noo ba loo loo la.*

# The Call Tae Arms

words by Zetta Sinclair  
music traditional



7 The Call tae Arms o' thir-ty-nine, Mid bomb- ing loud and lang\_\_\_ Oor sod-gers kent the

12 dan - ger fine And vol-un -teer'd tae gang. \_\_\_ *Chorus* Wi' swing-ing kilt and pi- broch lilt A

15 brave and bonn - ie \_\_\_ sicht \_\_\_ I \_\_\_ mind the day the

Gor- dons \_ Gay Set oot for France tae fecht.

The streets were lined as row on row  
They marched in bricht array.  
Oor lads set oot tae face the foe  
That black and sorry day.

*Wi' swinging kilt and pibroch lilt .....*

And mony died on foreign soil  
Far fae their hameland dear.  
Yet I see them in marchin' file  
Tae soond o' bagpipes clear.

*Wi' swinging kilt and pibroch lilt .....*

# Lament for the Commandos

words and music by Zetta Sinclair

8 There stands by yon-der might-y Ben A mon-u-ment tae oor com- mand - o men;

14 Si-lent braves, Noo in graves, In lands a - yont the sea. Ah, me! Ma

19 hert is sair for ye. Nae haz-ard that ye wid-ne dare, Nae raid sae fear some

24 — but ye did your share, Ladd-ies braw, We are a', sae deep in

debt tae ye. Ah, me! Ma hert is sair for

28 *Slower*  
ye, *pp* Ma hert is sair, sair for ye.

The musical score is written in treble clef with various time signatures: 4/4, 5/4, 3/4, 2/4, and 3/4. It includes dynamic markings such as *pp* and performance instructions like *Slower*. The lyrics are in Scottish Gaelic and English, with some words in italics.

# Dunkirk

words and music by Zetta Sinclair

12 Mo-ny wear - y men, fac - ing death and bear - ing pain, On that bombed and bloody  
12 beach o' Dun - kirk. As I wound - ed lay, I could hear a com - rade  
24 *faint drum beats*  
pray, *pp* What a night what a night what a night!

Mony miles between hame o' mine, beloved scene,  
And that bombed and bloody beach o' Dunkirk.  
Oh my hert was sair would I see hame iver mair?  
But I micht - but I micht - but I micht!

Mony heroes fell and the rest endured a' hell  
On that bombed and bloody beach o' Dunkirk.  
'Twas a brave retreat, its accomplishment a feat;  
Sic a sicht - sic a sicht - sic a sicht!

# The Blind Maid o' Moray

words and music by Zetta Sinclair

As I wan-dered the Laich o' Mo- ray \_\_\_ A\_ bon-nie lass passed by me But  
10  
ni-ver a glance did she gie me As I socht lang tae catch her e'e \_\_\_ I mused it  
19  
lang as I watched her gang Syne I kent that the maid could na see \_\_\_ But I'll wan-der the  
28  
Laich \_\_\_ o' Mo- ray \_\_\_ And I'll find that lass or I'll dee \_\_\_

Noo, I've wandered the Laich o' Moray  
By the Findhorn and doon through Strathspey,  
Frae the Castle o' Gordon tae Cromdale,  
My vigil I've kept nicht and day.  
Aye heich and laich I've ca'ed fu' weel,  
Wi' a hert that wis empty o' glee,  
But I'll wander the Laich o' Moray  
And I'll find that lass - or I'll dee.

Syne I wandered the Laich o' Moray  
Lang the shore wi' the boats sailin' by,  
And 'twas there 'mang the seaweed and sand-dunes  
That the Good Lord above heard my cry.  
My maid wept there for her father dear  
He'd been lost in the stormy North Sea,  
But - we'll wed noo and settle in Moray,  
And I'll cherish my lass till I dee.

# Spinning Wheel

words and music by Zetta Sinclair

8 Whirr-ing soft - ly the wheel as the feet gent-ly tread, Ma-ny the hands that have  
15 wo-ven your thread, There in your in - gle nook co - sy and warm, Spinn- ing life's  
22 threads with your yarn\_\_\_\_\_ Dreams have gone in - to your keep-ing un - told, and a  
28 glor - i - ous pag-eant of old\_\_\_\_\_ Spinn-ing wheel in the cor-ner your  
whirring and sigh- ing\_\_\_\_\_ breathes a song of a day that's dy- ing\_\_\_\_\_

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/4 time signature. It consists of five staves of music. The lyrics are placed below the notes, with line numbers 8, 15, 22, and 28 indicating the start of each line of text. The music features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with some phrases ending in a fermata. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

As the lass sits and spins like our mothers before,  
My mind keeps returning to dear days of yore,  
Tartans and plaids worn by proud highland clans  
Fashioned by toil-worn hands,  
Songs of the brave with lamenting refrains  
And the softest of lulling song strains,  
Spinning wheel in the corner  
You've charm of your own,  
Crooning songs of a day that's gone.

# The Hunt

words and music by Zetta Sinclair

## Tune 1

*At first sung in free rhythm*



On a morn - ing bright so cool and clear The dread hall - oo - oo comes  
The hunts-man view the fox at last And sound hall - oo - oo - as  
The hunts-men shout and wild - ly flail Then raise their ban - ner a



through the air. On a vill - age green at the break of day See the hounds and the  
they ride fast And the devil - ish horde in a fu - ry flies Tal - li - ho and it's  
rus - set tail Such a blood - y deed, such an in - sane greed Have they had their



hun - ters meet for sport and play  
on and it's on to the sac - ri - fice  
fill of the kill Will they ever in - deed?  
*Chorus*  
With a care-free tal-li al-li - oh



And it's off to the hunt they go; And it's off to the hunt, to be in at the kill



With a care-free tal-li al-li - oh

FINE

## Tune 2

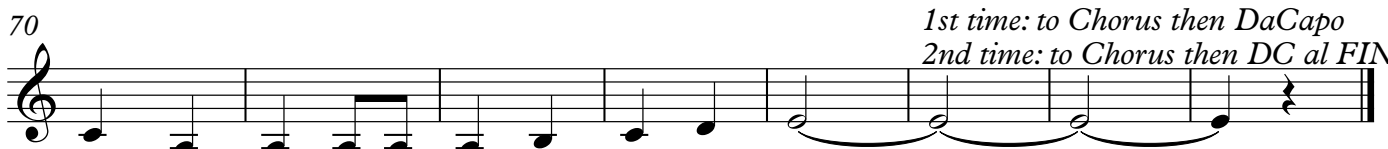
The starv - ing hounds  
The fox he knows



catch Rey-nard's scent With frenz - ied sounds the air is  
- he's going to die He's forced to earth with strang-led



rent And the fox he hears and he's filled with fright And in  
cry And the hounds close in for the fear - ful death And they



dread he runs and he runs with all his might  
tear and they tear at the beast with snarl - ing breath

*1st time: to Chorus then DaCapo  
2nd time: to Chorus then DC al FINE*



# Glen Isla

words and music by Zetta Sinclair

9  
Glen Is - la gleams, Glen Is - la dreams, All in the noon - day sun

17  
Ver-dant the glade, plea-sant the shade, Cast by the trees in Glen Is - la.

*Chorus*  
24  
Then we'll walk down, down by the Reek-ie Linn, Where the falls make love to the  
riv - er

29  
Walk with your lov - er or walk with a  
friend  
By the banks of the beaut - i - ful Is - la.

Happy the days spent on your braes,  
Gathering the wild black sloe;  
Neighb'ring Glenshee in her majesty  
Beckons you on to Glen Isla.

*Then we'll walk down ...*

Wintering there, snow everywhere,  
Blankets the loch and ben.  
Even the deer are losing their fear  
In the beautiful peace of Glen Isla.

*Then we'll walk down ...*


Ice flowing down by the Reekie Linn,  
Crumbles and falls to the river.  
White wonderland with springtime at hand  
By the banks of the beautiful Isla.

*Then we'll walk down ...*

# Lullaby for Kerowin

words and music by Zetta Sinclair


*Chorus*



Baa baa Lamb-ie noo, Cud-dle doon a whil - ie; Win-na lat the kel-pies come, Tae


7

*Verse 1*



tak' oor lit - tle quin - ie. Win-na sell her for the gold Or a thoo-sand pen - nies.


13



Niv - er niv - er, cause we love her, Oor wee prec - ious bairn - ie.

17

*CODA*



Win - na lat the kelp - ies come, Tae tak' oor lit - tle quin - ie.

*Baa baa Lambie noo,  
Cuddle doon a whilie;  
Winna lat the kelpies come,  
Tae tak oor precious bairmie.*

Winna lat the black dog ben  
Nor the scoorie moosie.  
Doon a heidie, tak' a feedie,  
In her mammy's bosie.

*Baa baa Lambie noo,  
Cuddle doon a whilie;  
Winna lat the kelpies come  
Tae tak' oor little quinie.*

*(CODA) Winna lat the kelpies  
come Tae tak' oor little quinie.*

# A Highland Lullaby

words and music by Zetta Sinclair

9 Hush\_ ye noo\_ my cush - ie doo, I'll sit by your cra - dle head\_

17 Fire\_ light glow, lamp\_ turned low, I will sing tae my bairn-ie in bed\_

25 Gent - ly rock, your bright eyes mock. Nod sprink-les his dust a - new\_

kind\_ ly sleep, soft\_ and deep Is a friend, dear, if on - ly you knew.\_

Hush ye noo, my cushie doo,  
Sleep warm in your cradle nest.  
May a star guide you far,  
To a daisy-filled dreamland of rest;  
Bairnie wee, sae dear tae me,  
Now glowing with sleep's caress,  
While I sing, angels wing  
Round your bedside to guard you and bless.

# The Bonnie Boats o' Buckie

words and music by Zetta Sinclair

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first staff contains the first line of music with lyrics: 'See the bonn-ie boats o' Buck-ie Sail-ing out a -cross the bay Now there's a sight on a'. The second staff starts at measure 6 and contains lyrics: 'summ-er's night Be - fore the sun sets for the day'. The third staff starts at measure 9 and contains lyrics: 'Be - fore the sun sets for the day'. The score includes various musical notations such as quarter notes, eighth notes, and rests.

See the bonnie boats o' Buckie  
Spreading out across the bay,  
They are prawning 'til the dawning,  
Sailing home at break o' day,  
Sailing home at break o' day.

See the fishermen o' Buckie  
Happy crew-mates you may say?  
But hear them bawlin' at the haulin'  
Tailin' prawns wi' gulls at bay,  
Tailin' prawns wi' gulls at bay.

See the fisher folk o' Buckie  
What a price they have to pay!  
To earn their bread they mourn their dead;  
But go to sea another day,  
But go to sea another day.

See the bonnie boats o' Buckie  
All lit up across the bay,  
There's a sight on a winter's night  
When Northern Lights sweep o'er the bay,  
When Northern Lights sweep o'er the bay.