

"CILLE CHOIRILL"

SLOW AIR.

Kenneth Kennedy.

O-oh, where in the whole world, such beau—ty and peace, as Cille
Choirill, in the Braes of Loch—a—ber. 'Neath the
green moss-y mounds, ma—ny Clans lie a—sleep. All a—
-round are the hills they did wan—der. In
this Heav'n on Earth rest an—cest-ors blest: their
child—ren so true, shall nev—er for—get. Till the

"Cille Choirill(2)"

hills fade a—way, and the last tune is played, with
love, they will al—ways re—mem—ber.

BAGPIPE SETTING. P.M. MRS. R. STEWART, CARNOUSTIE.

O' where in the whole world, such Beauty and peace,
As Cille Choirill, in the Braes of Lochaber,
'Neath the green mossy mounds, many Clans lie asleep,
All around, are the hills they did wander.
In this Heav'n on Earth, rest ancestors blest,
Their children so true, shall never forget,
Till the hills fade away, and the last tune is played,
With love, they will always remember.

K.K.