

SONGS  
OF THE  
HEBRIDES.

VOL. II.

# CRADLE SPELL OF DUNVEGAN.

Taladh an Leinibh Leoidich.

Collected at Eyemouth by KENNETH MACLEOD,  
and M KENNEDY-FRASER from  
BELLA MACDONALD,  
Berneray, Lewis.

Ancient Gaelic Words from Neil Macleod, the Skye Bard,  
English translation by Kenneth Macleod.  
Arranged for Voice and Piano by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

(♩ = 138)

Voice.

Piano.

*With a slight rubato over each two bars thus:*  
*held back. pushing on. held back.*

*Either Or.*

*sempre p*

*or) Ho ro vee-la - vòk (or) Ho ro*

Sleep, my lit-tle child, He - ro ten-der-ling, Dream, my  
*pushing on.* Ho ro mhile bhog, M'fheoil is miubhear thu, Ho ro

*simile*

*vee-la - vòk.*

lit-tle child, He - ro fawn-like one, High on mountain brows Be thy  
mhile bhog, Ni a' bhruidheann rium, 'Struagh nach faicinn fhein do.....

*Ad. \* Ad. \* Ad. \**

(or) true aimed ar - rows

stag-tryst, Speed thy yew ar - rows straight antler-wards.  
 bhual' ard, Co - tu gearr u - - aine mu d' ghuala ghil.

*riten.* *a tempo.*

(or) Ho ro vee-la - vòk

Sleep, my little child, He - ro gen-tle bred,  
 Ho ro mhile bhog, Mùl - tach iubhair thu,

*with slight rubato as before.*

\* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

(or) Ho ro vee-la - vòk

Dream, my lit-tle child, He - ro bat-tle bred, Skin like fall-ing snow,  
 Ho ro mhile bhog, Shult-mhor reamhar thu, Cha..... 'n ann o Chloinn,

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

Green thy mail-coat, Live thy steeds; Daunt - - less thy following.  
 Chuinn mo lean-abh, Cha..... 'n ann o Chloinn, Duibhn' mo leanabh beag.

*poco rit.*

(or) Ho ro vee-la - vòk  
 Sleep, my lit-tle one,  
 Ho ro mhile bhog,

*a tempo.*

\* Ped. \* Ped. \*

(or) Ho ro vee - la - vòk  
 Bone and flesh o' me, Dream, my lit-tle one, Blood and  
 Siol bu do - cha leam, Ho ro mhile bhog, Siol bu

Ped. Ped. \* Ped. \*

pith o' me, Dream thy hero dream, Thro' thy child - sleep, Hang thy  
 do - chaleam, Siol Leoid nan long, nan lann, nan tùireach, Loch - lann do

Ped. \* Ped. Ped. Ped. \* Ped. Ped. \*

shield, Loch - lann-like, Heaven-wards:..... Ho ro  
 dhearbh dhùth - chas, mo leanabh beag,..... Ho ro

*pp* *pp*

Ped. \* Ped. both pedals \*

vee-la-vök, Ho ro \*ai - ly, Ho ro vee-lavok, Ho ro  
 mhile bhog, Ho ro ei - le Ho ro mhile bhog, Ho ro

ai - ly, Our clan gal-ley sail, To thy dreamland, Through thy  
 ei - le, Ho, ro mhile bhog, 'Glac nan luireach, M'fheoil is

child-sleep, Ho ro ai - - ly. Sail  
 miubhear thu, Ni a' bhruidheann rium M'fheoil

thro' thy child - sleep.  
 is miubhear thu.

## WEAVING LILT.

A' Bheairt-Fhiodha.

Air and Gaelic Words from  
MALCOLM and ANNIE JOHNSON, Barra.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER  
and KENNETH MACLEOD.

*With a youthfully joyous swing.*

Piano. *mp*

*With mischievous playfulness.*

Wait to-day, love, till... to-mor-row, <sup>or Grah iss</sup> Ho - ro e - ci-can a - rin  
 Fuir-ich an diugh gus am maireach, Gradh air ei - teagan airinn

\* *Red.*

*sostenuto.*

hu - - o, While I weave fine lin-<sup>2</sup>en for thee, love,  
 hu o, Gus a sniomh mi léin' an t-snàth dhuit,

\* *Red.*

<sup>1</sup>Refrain syllables Italian pronunciation, or e-ci-can may sound like the naming of the English letters "h," "e," followed by the word "can"

<sup>2</sup>Prolong the N in this final syllable, not the vowel.  
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or Wait till

Linen for thee, fine linen for thee, love,  
*Bun a chíp, air a chíp, Bun a ruid, air a ruid,* While I weave fine linen for  
*gradh air ei-teagan air - inn*

*Ped. \**

thee, love, Wait to-day, love, till... to-morrow.....  
*hu o, Fuirich an diugh gus am maireach.....*

*Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \**

Wait to-day un-  
*Gus a sniomh mi*

*p*

*Ped. \**

or Grah iss

- til to - mor - row. Ho - ro e - ci - can a - rin hu - o.  
*lein' an t-snath dhuit. Gradh air ei - tea - gan air - inn hu - o.*

*p*

*Ped. \**

Sown is the lint, but och, och, will it grow, love?  
*Chuir - eadh an liòn 'Scha do dh'fhas e!*

Li - nen for thee, fine li - nen for thee, love,  
*Bun a chip, air chip, Bun an ruid, air an ruid,*

Sure will it grow fine linen for thee, love? Wait to - day, love,  
*Gradh air eiteagan. air - inn hu o, Fuirich an diugh*

till..... to - mor - row.  
*gus..... am maireach.*



Shut - tle I lent to the King..... of France, love,  
 Tha'n dealg spàil..... aig Righ..... na Fraing - e,

*delicately.*

LH

or Grah iss

Ho - ro e - ci - can a - rin hu o.  
 Gradh air eit - ea - gan air - inn hu - o,

Loom, it grows in the wood of St. Pat - rick,  
 Tha bheairt - fhiodh - a an coil - le Phad - ruig,

Shut - tle, nor loom, nor lint, nor loom, nor  
 Bun a chip, air a chip, Bun an ruid, air an ruid

shut-tle, nor loom, have I to weave, Nor lint, nor loom, nor  
 Ian..... beag air a nid, Seinnidh e lamh riut, Beinn dubh, seinn dubh,

or (Have I to

shut-tle, nor loom, Yet wait till I weave fine linen for  
 O ho ro lon dubh, Gradh..... air eiteag - an air - inn

thee, love. Wait to-day..... un -  
 hu o, Fuirich an diugh.....

til..... to-mor - row.....  
 gus am mair - each.....

\*

## THE SACRED WILD SWAN.

Long ago, before the days of the Red Flood, the Moon shone with such brightness that you could have seen the bristle in a man's foot, if bristle were there. Did not this put great anger on the Sun, as he lay on his back in the Outer Sea? I will arise, he said, and put shame on yon shameless Moon. And he arose.

Ever since, the Moon is paler than she ought to be, if ought were; save when the corn, ripening, puts the glow on her face. And her daughter, the Wild Swan, stately and silent under the Sun, is sweet-voiced, even if sad, under the Moon. And no good Islesman would put taunt or hurt on that same Wild Swan, although evil men once did both, leaving a woman-lord to keen over her mate:

Swan of the West,  
Mate of my heart,  
Westward I'd fly toward Jura.

K. M.

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**THE WILD SWAN.**  
 Eala fo leòn.

Air and words memorised by  
**KENNETH MACLEOD.**  
 In the Isle of Eigg.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by  
**MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.**

*Con grazia ma dolente.*

Voice. 

Piano. 

*With passionate tenderness.*

Swan o' the West, Mate o' my  
 Mhuirneinmo ghaoil, Ea-la fo



\* 2do.

heart, West-ward I'd fly toward Ju - ra,  
 leòn, Sint' air an lòn... 's tu reub - te,



\* 2do. \* 2do.

On night of stars, Strangewards I'd fly,  
*Oidh - che nan reul, Siubh-laidh mi céin,*

West - ward fly toward Ju - - ra.  
*Siar is céin a Dhiu - - ra.*

Swan o' the  
*Diobh-aíl am*

West, Mate o' my heart, Would that with  
*dhéidh, Siubh-laidh mi céin, Far nach bi*

thee... toward Ju - - - ra, On night of stars,  
*léirsgríos no tur - - - sa, Oidh - che nan reul,*

\* *Ad.* \*

Far might I fly, West - ward fly toward Ju - -  
*Siubhlaidh mi céin, Siar is céin a Dhiu - -*

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

- ra.....  
 - ra.....

*morendo.* *dim poco a poco.* *ppp*

\* \*

# COLL NURSE'S LILT.

## SHIBEAG, SHIBEAG.

Collected by  
MISS FRANCES TOLMIE.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

*With a dainty rhythm. (♩ = 116)*

Piano.

*mp leggiero.* *p*

My blue-eyed \* Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag,  
I u-bhil! Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag,

Shi-beag, Shi-beag, † u-vil! Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag o' the brown locks, My  
Shi-beag, Shi-beag, u-bhil! Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag a bhean was-al, I

blue-eyed Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag, u - vil!  
 u - bhil Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag, u - bhil!

Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag o' the brown locks! I will dance at thy bri-dal,  
 Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag a bhean uas - all Ni mi danns' aig do bhanais!

Blythely dance at thy bridal, I will dance at thy bri-dal, Auld wife tho' I  
 Ni mi danns' aig do bhanais, Ni mi danns' aig do bhanais: <sup>(Old)</sup> sean a bhios mi'n

be syne. My blue-eyed Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag,  
 uair <sup>(then)</sup> sin. I u - bhil, Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag,



u - vil! Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag o' the brown locks, My blue-eyed!  
 u - bhil! Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag a bhean uas - al, I u - bhil!

Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, u - vil! Shibeag, Shibeag,  
 Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, u - bhil! Shibeag, Shibeag,

*ten.*  
 Shibeag o' the brown locks. Woers fine will come cour-tin', Woers fine come  
 Shibeag a bhean uas - al. 'Sioma fear a bhios ad dhéidh Ea-dar-so's Bail -

courtin' to thee, But to <sup>none</sup> will I <sup>give</sup> gie thee Wantin' herds o' cat - tle, My  
 - e Dhun-Eideam. Cha tugainn do fhear gun spréidh thu, Euchdag a chuil dualaich! I

blue-eyed gen-tle mai-den, Shibeag, Shibeag, gen-tle mai-den, Blue-eyed  
 u - bhil! Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, u - bhil!

gen-tle mai-den, Shibeag o' the brown locks, \* I u - vil! Shibeag, Shibeag,  
 Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag a bhean uas - al, I u - bhil! Shibeag, Shibeag,

Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag u - vil! Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag o' the  
 Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag u - bhil! Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag a bhean

brown locks.  
 uas - - al.

*p* *poco rit.*

## HEART O' FIRE-LOVE.

Hail to Clanranald

M'eudail, M'eudail Mac 'ic Ailean.

Gaelic words  
and translation contributed by  
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Air collected by Kenneth Macleod  
and M. Kennedy-Fraser  
from Kirsty Mackinnon, Eigg.  
Arrangement for Voice and Piano by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Ecstatically.

Piano.

*or* *8*

*p*

*col' Ted.*

*p*

*ten. p*

\* Heart o' Fire - love, Son of Al - lan,  
M'eu - dail, m'eu - dail Mac 'ic Ai - lean,

*8*

Heart o' Fire - love to the Isle - Folk.  
Teo - ghaol Ei - ge a - gus Chan - aidh.

*8*

*poco rit.*

*Ted.* \* *Ted.* \* *Ted.* \* *Ted.* \*

\* This phrase in each verse moves forward, not reaching its climax till the beginning of the third bar with the word Heart again. Therefore a slight acceleration *rubato* must be used towards the climax which is then leant upon.

\* Ro - van - o,      Hi - ri - ri - ri - o,      O - van.  
 Ro - bhan - o,      Hi - ri - ri - ri - o,      O - bhan.

*a tempo.*      *risoluto.*

Hi - ri - ri - ri 'ai - ly,      Ro - van - o,      Hi - ri - ri - ri - o.  
 H - ri - ri - ri ei - le,      Ro - bhan - o,      Hi - ri - ri - ri - o.

*p*

Croon      of croons re - - born at dawn - light,  
 'Stu      mo cha - dal,      'stu      mo dhus - gadh,

*p*      *riten.*      *p*

Thou'rt my dream - ing, Thou my wa - king.  
 Anns a' mha - dainn S'tu'n sgeul ur domh.

*p* *poco rit.*

Red. \* Red. \* Red. \* Red. \* Red.

Ro - van - o, Hi - ri - ri - ri - o, O - - van,  
 Ro - bhan - o, Hi - ri - ri - ri - o, O - - bhan,

*a tempo.* *risoluto.*

Red. \* Red. \* Red. \*

Hi - ri - ri - ri - ai - ly, Ro - van - o, Hi - ri - ri - ri - o.  
 Hi - ri - ri - ri - ei - le, Ro - bhan - o, Hi - ri - ri - ri - o.

*p*

Red.

Of the swan - flock, guid - ing Swan thou, *ten.*  
*Aill - - eag - an am measg nan eal - a,*

*p* *colla voce.*

Sail - - ing by the Isles to \*Ca - la.  
*Long as àir - de thig gu Ca - la.*

*poco rit.*

Ro - van - o, Hi - ri - ri - ri - o, O - van,  
 Ro - bhan - o, Hi - ri - ri - ri - o, O - bhan,

*a tempo. risoluto.* *ff*

Hi - ri - ri - ri - ai - ly, Ro - van - o, Hi - ri - ri - ri - o.  
*Hi - ri - ri - ri - ei - le, Ro - bhan - o, Hi - ri - ri - ri - o.*

*allargando.*

## CUCHULLAN AND HIS SON.

First in time and first in prowess among the heroes of the Gael, Cuchullan is the sun arising.

Trained to the skill of arms, in the Isle of Skye, by Queen Sgathach and her warrior women, he went forth to the wars of Erin, nor remembered that he had left wife and child behind him. In red anger, Aife the Dour put her son under the spell, "In the day of thy manhood, meet him thou shalt in the deadly combat, nor tell who thou art." In the hour of fate, father and son met. The son, knowing, sent his spear shaft foremost. The father, not knowing, sent his spear point foremost. And the son fell.

Under a solitary tree, many hills away, the father, knowing, kept the death-watch over his only son :

Woe is me! my son a-keening.

And for days no bird dared perch on that tree. But one day a raven perched. And the folk said : Cuchullan is dead.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

## \* CUCHULLAN'S LAMENT FOR HIS SON.

Cuchulann 's a Mhac.

Air and words from Duncan Maclellan, Eigg,  
 Collected and translated by  
 KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arranged by  
 MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Maestoso e passionato.

Voice.

Piano.

*col Ped.*

Woe is  
 Och nan

me! My son a - keen - ing! Loud o'er the moor my  
 och is och ei - re! Trom mi ri siubh - al

wail - cry, Clang-ing thy shield and flame-keen  
 bein - ne, Arm mó mhic 's an da - ra

\* Pronounced Coo-hoolan.

† or it may be taken with key signature



ten.

sword, Who li - eth a - sleep in death cold.....  
 laimh 'Sa sgi - ath 'sa laimh..... ei - le.....

(or) Be my curse up - - on thee,  
 Ma - lis - ons be on thee, 'Ai - fe,  
 Mi - le mollachd air an Ai - fe,

Weav - ing thy spells o' ha - ting, Thou didst wile him  
 'Si dh'araich mi fo na gea - sa, 'Si chuir mis - e

cresc.

ten.

to his doom, A - seek - ing Cu - chul - lan of great feats.....  
 gu'm fhu - - lang, A dh'ionnsuidh Cu - chu - lann nan cleas - a.....

Woe is me! My son a - keen-ing!  
 Och nan och, is och ei - re!

Lord o'er the moors my wail - cry, Cu - chul - lan has  
 Trom mi ri siubh - al bein - ne, Arm mo

slain Cu - chul - lan's son, now ly - ing a - sleep in  
 mhic 's an da - ra laimh 'Sa sgi - ath's a laimh

*ten.*

*colla voce.*

death cold.....  
 ei - le.....

*p a tempo*

*pp*

## THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

Lord of the Isles, whose lofty name  
A thousand bards have given to fame,  
The mate of Monarchs, and allied  
On equal terms with England's pride.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

This from the Sleat Seanachie and from the two Books of Clanranald, the Red and the Black :

**T**HE age of the world at the time the Sons of Milé came into Erin, 3500. And here are the names of the Sons of Milé of Spain, to wit, Ir and Eremon and Eber the Fair, Arannan, Colpan of the Glaive, and Emergin White-Knee, the poet ; he was poet and seanachie and judge unto them ; likewise, the first Gaelic author. From the race of Eremon, aforesaid, through Conn\* of the Hundred Battles and through Coll the Noble, are the Lords of the Isles ; to whom pertained a big house and the half of Alba ; whose likeness was Cuchullan and he the sun arising ; and to whom is the headship of the Gael, as it is but right to proclaim.

Donald of the Isles, son of the Good John, son of Angus Og, son of Angus Mor, son of Donald, son of Ranald, son of Somerled, the noble and renowned high chief of the Hebrides. He it was who received the sceptre from his brother, Ranald, at the Cill of St. Donnan, in the Isle of Eigg.† And this is the manner in which a Lord of the Isles was crowned : There was a square stone, seven feet long, and the tract of a man's foot cut thereon, upon which he stood, denoting that he should walk in the footsteps and uprightness of his fathers, and that he was installed by right in his possessions. He was clothed in a white habit, to show his innocence and integrity of heart, and that he would be a light to his people, and maintain the true religion. Then he was to receive a white rod in his hand, intimating that he had power to rule, not with tyranny and partiality, but with discretion and sincerity. Then he received his forefathers' sword, signifying that his duty was to protect and defend his people from the incursions of their enemies, in peace or in war, as the obligations and customs of his fathers were. The ceremony being over, mass was said after the blessing of the bishop and seven priests, the people pouring their prayer for the success and prosperity of the new created Lord. When they were dismissed, the Lord of the Isles feasted them for a week thereafter ; and gave liberally to the monks, poets, bards and musicians.

Of Donald of the Isles, aforesaid, there are many exploits and deeds written in other places. He fought the Battle of Harlaw against Duke Murdoch of Scotland in defence of his own right ; and he gave lands in Moola and in Islay to the Monastery of Iona ; and, likewise, made a covering of gold and silver for the relic of the hand of Colum-cille. He afterwards died in Islay. And this is the manner in which a Lord of the Isles would die : Monks and priests being over him, and he having received the Body of Christ, and the Holy Oil having been put upon him, his fair body was brought to Iona of Colum-cille. And the abbot and the monks and the vicars came forth to meet him, as it was the custom to meet the body of the King of the Isles ; and his service and waking were honourably performed during eight days and eight nights ; after which, his full noble body was laid in the same grave, with his fathers, in the Reilig of Oran.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

\* For Conn and Coll see the heroic lullaby, "The Cradle Lord of the Isles." p. 149.

† Towards the end of the 14th century. The processional, "To the Lord of the Isles," is said to have been sung at the Eigg crowning. Finlaggan in Islay was the usual place of crowning.

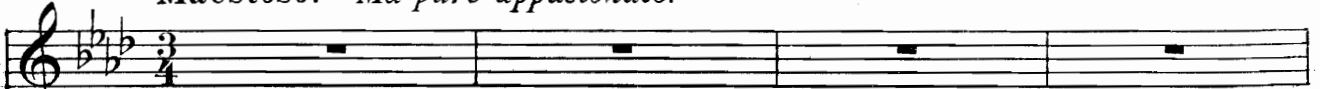
# TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.


## BUACHAILLE NAN EILEAN.

Air and words from the traditional singing of  
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Noted and arranged for voice and piano by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

*Maestoso. Ma pure appassionato.*

Voice. 

Piano. *With latent and intermittently resurging impetuosity.* 

Voice. 

Piano. 

Voice. 

Piano. 

*Red.* N. B. Slightly intone the "N" on the grace note indicated before proceeding to the vowel.  
\* Italian pronunciation.

Nal - la vo..... hit My..... King's son in his  
 Nail - ibh o..... hi! Mac mo righ 'na ei - deadh,

ar - mour, ro - va ha! With his spot - ted, speckled shield.  
 Nail - ibh o..... ha! Sgi - ath bal - la..... bhreac.

Nal - la vo hit White his spear-head gleaming, Nal - la vo  
 Nail - ibh o..... hi! Lann ceann - a gheal, Nailibh o.....

ha! Swift his ar - rows in their flight. Nal - la vo..... hit Great  
 ha! Is..... saigh - ead siubh - lach. Nail - ibh o..... hi! Long

Softly yet

*broadly flowing.*

gal - leys sail - ing, Nal - la vo ha! Hero  
 seo - lach, ro Nai - libh o ha! sonn do

*p dolce.*

*Ad.*

he like to Cu - chul - lan, o hi, Like the  
 chol - tais Cu - chu' - ann, o hi, A'

*cresc.*

*Ad.*

ri - sing sun! Nal - la vo ha!  
 ghrian ta' g' eirgh, Nai - libh o ha!

*mp* *più forte* *cresc.*

*ten.*

*Ad.* *accel. gradually broaden.*

Nal - la vo hi!  
 Nai - libh o hi!

*ff* *fff*

*Ad.*

# PEAT-FIRE SMOORING PRAYER.

Smàl an Tùrlach.

Air from ISHABEL MACLEOD, Eigg,  
Old fragment arranged and translated by  
KENNETH MACLEOD

Arranged for Voice and Piano or Clarsach by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With passionate prayerfulness.

Voice.

KEY A or Ab.

Piano.

*p* *pp*

*ad. sempre.*

Smoor the fire, Smoor the  
Rìgh nan Dùl, Rìgh nan

fire, Smoor the fire, as wanes the \*cruis-keen; Je - su, guide us  
Dùl, Smàl an tùr - lach, smàl an tùr - lach; Io - sa, leam 'nam

through the sleep-land, Smoor the fire, Smoor the fire. Je - su  
shuain, 'nam dhus-gadh. Rìgh nan Dùl, Rìgh nan Dùl Smàl an

Lord, and drown wi tears Fires o' rage where sleep lies wounded,  
 tùr - lach's bàth le deoir Fàd na còmh - raig - e 's na \*cuar-taich.

*p*  
*Ad. sempre.*

Fires o' rage where sleep lies wounded, Ra - ging fires, Ra - ging  
 Fàd na còmh - raig - e 's na cuar-taich, Bàth le d'dheoir, Bàth le d'

fires. God the Fa - ther, guard my child, Where meet swords, where  
 dheoir. Rìgh nan Dùl! bi dìon mo phais-de, Moch is ana - moch.

death is keening, Hear my cry! Hear my cry! Ma - ry  
 anns an àr ud, Rìgh nan Dùl! Rìgh nan Dùl! Mha - thair



Mo - ther, hear my cry! On thy knee a child was coo - ing,  
 Mhoir - e, Mhathair ghaoil, Mha - thair ghaoil thug glun do phais - de,

*And. sempre.*

On thy knee a child was coo - ing, Hear my cry! Hear my  
 Cum do shul air ceum mo ghraidh - sa, Mhath - air ghaoil, Mhath - air

cry! Arm o' smi - ting, Sword o' wounding, Stay thou the hand, stay  
 ghaoil. Làmh a leòn - adh, Làmh a chiurr - adh, Bac fein an lamh, Cuir

thou the wound, Ma - ry, hear a mo - ther's prayer.  
 stad 'san lann, Mhath - air ghaoil, tha math'r fo leon.

\*

# LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE.

Set to English words by  
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

Air collected by Frances Tolmie in N. Uist.  
Arranged by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With ecstatic serenity. (♩=120) and a wave-like rubato.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats. It features a right-hand melody with slurs and a left-hand accompaniment. Performance markings include *accell. poco.*, *linger.*, *ten.*, and *both Peds.* (pedals).

Land o' Heart's De - sire,\* Isle of Youth, Dear Western Isle, Gleaming in

The vocal line begins with a dotted quarter note followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines. Performance markings include *ped.* and *\**.

sun - light! Land o' Heart's De - sire, Isle of

The vocal line has a long note for 'sun - light!' followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment includes *ten.* and *linger.* markings.

Youth!..... Far the cloudless

The vocal line has a long note for 'Youth!' followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment includes *simile.* and *ped.* markings.

\* *ped. tre corde.*

sky Stretches blue Across the Isle, Green in the sun - - -

*tranquillo.* *accel.*

*ped.* \* *ped.* \* *ped.* \* *ped.*

- - - light, - Far the cloudless sky Stretches

*ten.* *a tempo.* *poco rit.*

\* *ped.* *una corda.*

blue.....

*a tempo.*

\*

There shall thou and I Wander free,..... On sheen-white sands,

*tre corde.*

*ped.* \* *ped.* \* *ped.* \* *ped.*

Dreaming in star - light. Land

*And.* \* *And.*

o' Heart's De - sire, Isle of Youth.

*una corda.*

*And. sempre.*

*morendo.* *dim. e rall.* *pp*

\*

## THE LAY OF THE MIGHTY FOOL, PARSIFAL.

Strange to find to-day in the Isles, in living tradition, tales of the ordeals imposed on the legendary Amadan Mor, the Guileless One, the Mighty Fool, Peredur, Peronnik, Parsifal, as he is variously known in Celtic legend and in European literature based thereon.

The adventures of the Amadan Mor are evidently allegorical, possibly esoteric in origin. In the mystic valley he yields to temptation, but does not succumb, and, struggling on, he reaches the golden city. Campbell, of the West Highland Tales, considers this lay as an episode in the adventures of a Celtic hero who, in the 12th century, became *Perceval le chercheur du basin*. In the end he becomes possessor of that sacred basin of the Saint Graal and also of the holy lance, two symbols which, though Christian in the later stories are but the ancient Gaelic talismans which appear often in Gaelic tales—the shining weapon which destroys and the sacred cup which heals.

The four verses given here for singing purposes have been selected from the much longer ancient poem. In them, the Amadan Mor is depicted as a Celtic knight of ancient days. No mediæval personage, the figure is that of the aristocratic fighting Gaul of Europe in pre-Christian times. With long-flowing hair (*Gruagach*), sword on left thigh, *two* spears in hand—the Japanese fighting aristocracy, the Samurai, carried also two spears—he holds, as did his Culloden descendants, his small shield in grip. And he enters, not a flower garden of temptation, as in continental versions of the story, but an uncanny “Glen of meadow, grass and plain, where is heard the sound of waves.” The Lochlan to which he comes is a mythical Land-over-the-sea, as unreal geographically as Klingsor’s magical Garden. And in the mystic Glen of Spells he is the readier to drink the baneful cup offered him by the *Gruagach of the Cup* as the salt-water taste of his sea-travel is still in his mouth.

NOTE — Heroic Gaelic poetry of this kind is distinguished by its even seven syllables to a line. In the singing translation we have been able fortunately to give a literal rendering which is at the same time complete within each line.

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

# THE GLEN OF SPELLS.


(The Lay of the Great Fool).


Laoidh an Amadain Mhóir.

Words collated by KENNETH MACLEOD.  
Air collected from Kirsty Mackinnon, Eigg,  
by KENNETH MACLEOD and  
PATUFFA KENNEDY-FRASER

Arranged for Voice and Piano by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER

Maestoso. (♩ = 80)

Voice.  To Loch - lan, land of  
Lath - a do'n A -  
L.H.

Piano.  *poco rit.* *f a tempo mp*

Voice.  (or) man with - out guile,  
mu - sic sweet, Came one day A - ma - tan Mór,  
ma - dan Mhór An crìoch Lochlainn nan ceol caoin,

Piano.  *mp poco string. cresc.* *rall. f riten.*

Voice.  Great his thirst, wave - taste in mouth, And the cloud-mists  
Mòr a thart, blas thonn na bheul, A - gus sgleo nan

Piano.  *mf a tempo* *rall.* *riten.* *mp a tempo.* *poco rall.*

\*The great guileless one = Parcevale.

in his eyes. Re -  
*neul 'na shùil.*

*mp rit.* *a tempo.* *poco rall. e dim.*

- splen-dent he glen-ward de-scends, \*Grua - gach in full  
*A - lann a thear-nadh ri gleann, Grua - gach an làn*

*f mp* *mp cresc.*

*ten.*  
 flashing gold, Hand on blade by his left side,  
*dearrsadh òir, Lamh air lann air a thaobh clì,*

*al f rit.* *mp a tempo.* *cresc.* *rit.*

His two spears and shield in grip.  
*'S a dha shleagh 's a sgiath 'na dhòrn,*

*tempo.* *f*

\*Pronounced Grew-ak-ach, = one with flowing hair.

En - ter'd he the  
Chaidh e steach do'n

*mp*

*And.* \*

glen of bliss, Glen of meadow, grass and plain,  
ghleannan àigh, A b'aille slios fear is fonn,

*accel. un poco* *rit.*

*And.* \* *And.* \*

Glen aye se - cret, wist - - ful, quiet,  
Glean - nan diamh - air, tiamh - - aidh, ciuin,

*tempo. mp* *poco rit.*

*And.* \* *And.* \* *And.* \*

There one hears the sound of waves.  
Anns an cluinnteadh fuaim nan tonn.

*tempo.* *rit.* *tempo.* *mp*

*And.* \* *And.* \*



Glen of spells, the Dru - id's glen,  
Gleann nan geas - a, Gleann nan Druidh,

*poco dim e rall.* *cupo.*

Glen of mu - sic, aye and joy, But be - ware, lest,  
Anns an suth - ainnn mùirn is ceol, Ach na caid - il

*p string. un poco.* *rall f rit.* *a tempo.*

sleep - ing there, Come to thee the great - er woe!  
ann gu brath, Mu'n tig amh-ghar ort n'as mò!

*rit. un poco.* *tempo.* *rall.* *rit.*

*sf tempo.* *rit. dim.* *p*

## THE ISLAND HERDMAID.

"Sa choill ud thall."

Gaelic words and Air collected in Eigg

by FRANCES TOLMIE.

English by KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Key E or E $\flat$ . Andante sostenuto.  $\text{♩} = 120$

Voice.

Piano.

<sup>1</sup>Arpeggio on 1st beat of each bar  
caressingly slow.

*p dolce.*

col  $\text{♩}$ .

Grows the\* yarrow in yon - der grove, Bides the yarrow when  
Fail ill o - ho - ro Faill ill Hu ill o - ho - ro

wa - ters rove, Dew o' the dawn and dew o' gloam - in'  
Hu il o Fal ill ill eil is hu o ro - ho

<sup>1</sup>The highest note of chord arrives on the beat, the others precede the beat.

\*The Yarrow is the plant one pulls on May Day to see how the love course is running.

Keep thee fair..... till wa - kens love.  
*O! 'si rùn..... mo cheill a bh'ann.*

§

Herds a mai- den in yon-der grove Laughter of streams in her eyes of love,  
 Hide her beau-ty nor tell her name, Two red cheeks like the rasps in flame,  
*La dhomh bhi..... 's a choill ud thall Chunna-cas gru-ag-ach nan ros g mall,*  
*Dh'inn-sinn dreach mo lean-nain duit, Da.....ghruaidh dhearg cho dearg ri subh,*

Sweet her call when flocks a-wan - der, Calls my heart..... sweet herd maiden  
 Guilè - less she as Ma - ry mo - ther, Calls my heart..... sweet herd maiden  
*Sla-tag 'na laimh 'si cuallach mheann, O 'si rùn..... mo cheill a*  
*Beul gun lochd nach aith - ris sgeul..... O 'si rùn..... mo cheill a*

D.S.

she.  
she.  
bh'ann.  
bh'ann.

Grows the yarrow in  
Faill ill o - ho - ro

D.S.

yon - der grove, Bides the yarrow when wa - ters rove,  
Faill ill o, Hu il o - ho - ro, Hu il o,

Dew o' the dawn and dew o' gloam - in' Keep thee fair .....  
Fall il il eil is Hu o ro ho O 'si run.....

till wa - kens love.....  
mo cheill a bh'ann.....

pp

# THE REIVING SHIP.

An Long Reubaidh.

Collected by KENNETH MACLEOD  
and M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

from MRS MACDONALD, Eigg.

English translation by KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

**Exultantly.** (♩ = 112).

1 hi pronounced hee. 2 In these sea rapturous syllables, prolong the m into a sharply explosive b.  
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reiv - ing  
chuan - ta

*exultantly*

A ho hi hir - rum -

*mp* soave.

bo! Flashing by the frowning head - lands  
S'ioma rudh - a dubh a dh'fhuar i

*exultantly*

<sup>1</sup>Quest of adventure and spoil. (pronounced reeving)  
The Reiving Ship.

A ho hi hir-rum - bo!

*mp*

*Leg.* \*

Ear - ly sails..... she to the reiv - ing.  
Moch a theid..... i reu - badh ma - ra.

*f*

*Leg.* \* *Leg.* \* *Leg.* \*

*Exultantly.*

*Leg.* \* *Leg.* \*

A ho hi hirrum - bo! Grinds be - neath..... her, gray blue  
'Siom - a bairn - each ghlas a

*p*

*Leg.* \*

lim - pets, A ho hi hir-rum - bo! Crun - ches  
 bhuaín i A ho hi hir-rum - bo! 'S iom - a

curv - ing wheelks to sand - drift. A ho hi  
 faoch - ag chrom a bhruaín i A ho hi

*f* exultantly.

Red.

with an ever onward sweep. A ho

hi hirrum - bo! Ear-ly sails..... she to the reiv - ing.  
 Moch a theid..... i reubadh ma - ra.

*f*

Red. \* Red. \* Red.



Two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system consists of a treble and bass staff. The second system also consists of a treble and bass staff. The music is in a minor key with a 3/4 time signature. There are several measures of rests in the treble staff, followed by active accompaniment in both staves. The bass staff has some notes marked with 'Ped.' and asterisks.

Sweeps she gai - ly Moo-la's wa - ters, Kyles and Moyles.... to fair green  
 Theid i troimh Chaol Mui - le rua - thar Theid 'na deann..... don' Eil-ean

held back slightly. *soave e p*

The vocal line is in a treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

'Is - la, Leaps her way..... to Isles of dar - ing, Glean-ing  
 Uain - e, 's in - nis riabh - ach nam fear bu - adh - or 'sin - nis

with growing excitement.

The vocal line is in a treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Isles..... of blades and laugh - ter.  
 ghrian - àch nam ban ual - lach A ho hi.....

*f* exultantly

The vocal line is in a treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

<sup>1</sup> pronounced like English word Isle with an added ah.  
 The Reiving Ship.

*With a rapturously onward sweep.*

A ho

to Isles of dar - - - ing In the  
 hir - rum - bo. Moch a

*ff*

\* Led.      \* Led.

dawn she goes a reiv - ing. A ho hi  
 theid i reu-badh ma - ra.

*ff*

*always exultantly.*

\* Led.      \* Led.

*leaping forward.*

# THE BIRLINN OF THE WHITE SHOULDERS.

(A Clanranald Seaman's love song to his boat)

IUBHRACH NAN GUALA GEALA.

Air from Calum Maclean, Lochmaddy.  
Gaelic words adapted by Kenneth Macleod.  
English adaptation by M. Kennedy-Fraser.

Pianoforte accompaniment by  
GRANVILLE BANTOCK.

*Sostenuto con moto rubato.*

Voice.

Piano.

*ad lib.*

*ten. poco.*

Out at sea, Fair is she, Fair - er than the Dame Clanranald,  
Moch Di - luain, Ghabh i'n cuan, Boidh-each i le gual - a geal - a,

*p* *mf*

*Allegretto.*

Fair - er than she!..... Not a wave in straits or narrows  
Rit moch Di - luain!..... Cha bhi tonn an caol n'ò cumhlaid,

*p* *dim* *p*

*ten. poco.*

But is glad when she..... is com-ing Out to sea! Fair is she,  
 Nach bi muir - neach 'si..... air aig-eal Moch Di-luain, Ghabh i'n cuan,

*cresc. espress. p più p*

Fair - er than the Dame Clan-ran-ald, Fair - er than she!.....  
 Boidh-each i le gual - a geal - a, Rit Moch Di - luain!.....

*mp dim.*

*a tempo sostenuto.*

*p pp*

*L.H. L.H.*

*poco ten.*

Out to sea far - eth she, White her shoulders crest-ing sea foam,  
 Moch Di-luain, Ghabh i'n cuan, Boidh-each i le..... gual - a geal - a,

*p mf*

## Allegretto

*poco ten.*

Far far-eth she..... Out to Uist and out to Lewis, And  
 Ri! Moch Di - luain..... Theid i dh'Uibh - ist, theid i Leodhas, Is

*p dim.* *p*

out-ward bound to Rodel in Harris, Far - eth she, Out to sea,  
 theid i Ròd - al anns na h-Earadh, Moch Dituain, Ghabh i'n cuan,

*cresc. espress. p più p*

White her shoulders crest-ing sea-foam, Far far-eth she!.....  
 Boidh - each i le gual - a geal - a, Ri! Moch Di - luain.....

*mp dim.*

*a tempo sostenuto.*

Out at sea  
 'S boidhch' am bà - ta

*p pp p* *L.H. L.H.*

fair-est she, White her shoulders crest-ing sea-foam, Fairest is  
 'Si na còmh-dach Na Bain-tigh-earn òg..... Mhic 'ic Ai-lein, Rì! Moch Di-

*mf* *dim.*

*Allegretto*

she!.... Not a seal or brindled sea-duck, But would fain be  
 luain..... Cha bhi ròn no lach-a riabh-ach, Nach bi 'g iar-raidh,

*p* *cresc* *espress*

*poco ten.*

follow-ing af-ter Out to sea! Fair-est she, Fair-er than the  
 bhi 'ga leanachd Moch Di-tuain, Ghabh i'n cuan, Boidh-each i le

*p* *mp*

Dame Clanranald, Fair-er than she!  
 gual-a geal-a, Rì! Moch Di-luain!

*p* *dim.* *pp* *morendo.* *L.H.*

## THE SEA-TANGLE ; OR "THE SISTERS."

Here is a tale of fate and the sea, and of human passion deep as either.

It was low tide ; the heat was gathering itself into a sleepy haze ; the two half-sisters, tired of the dulse-pulling, laid themselves down on the skerry, out of which grows the soft cool sea-tangle.

"Little sister of my heart," said the jealous one, "in our child-days I used to weave the gold-brown tangle into thy gold-brown hair, and the gold-brown of the hair put the gold-brown of the tangle to shame ; forget this once thou art the wife-mother, and play we the old play." Deftly, cunningly, she weaved the hair into the tangle, crooning a lull-song as she weaved :

A chagarain gaoil, hao rao leó.

With the croon of the song and the lap of the waves, sleep came softly, quietly to the lulled one—and softly, quietly rose the tide. "O Great Being of the Graces," moaned the jealous one, as the circle of water around the skerry became deeper and broader, "must I lose *him*, or must I lose my God !" And the sleeping one began to laugh and to babble out child-dreams : "Gold-brown hair and gold-brown tangle, and the sister of my heart weaving them." "I will lose *him* !" sobbed the jealous one, and forthwith she began to unloose the gold-brown hair. ("Woman, stay thy hand !" bade Fate.) And the sleeping one now babbled out other dreams, this time the dreams of a woman : "The blessing of Jesus on my children—and on *him*." To her feet sprang the jealous one—"I will lose my God !"—and with a step and a leap she was across the circle of water.

On the shore stood the jealous woman, her eye towards fate and the sea. Over the sleeping one, out on the skerry, crept the slimy, clammy eel. Her waking cry was that of the wounded sea-bird : U vil ! u vil !

KENNETH MACLEOD.

NOTE.—Island Greeks and Island Gaels have much in common. The Grecian conception of a rock-bound figure finds its counterpart in the tales and songs of the Hebrides, where the golden sea-tangle rooted to the rock, floating at high tide on the blue sea-water, suggests the hair and gown of a drowned woman.—M. K. F.

# THE SEA TANGLE,

or  
THE SISTERS.

## An Sgeir-Mhara.

“There were ‘twa sisters sat in a bower,  
There cam’ a Knight to be their wooer,  
He courted the eldest wi’ glove and wi’ ring,  
But the youngest he lo’ed abune a’ thing.”

*Lowland Ballad.*

Collected and arranged by  
**KENNETH MACLEOD**  
and  
**MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.**

(♩ = 104)

*With the mesmeric rhythm of lapping water.*

Piano.

*both Pedals.      legatissimo.*

*ritenuto.      dim.*

*Pedals off.*

The elder sister song - lulls the younger to sleep on a reef that will be

(The Lullaby).

Tan - gle and hair, I weave ye,
Cha - gar - ain gaoil ho rao léó
* (Ha - kar - in gaol ho rao leo)

*use both Pedals.*

\*As pronounced.



covered at high tide. And as she sings, she plaits her sister's golden hair together with the strands of

Fast to the rock I weave ye, Tan - gle and  
Hao leo - i - ro ho rao leó Cha - gar - ain

golden tangle.

gold, I weave ye; Fast to the rock I  
gaoil ho rao leó Hao leo i ro Ho

weave ye  
rao leo

Far the haze up - - on the deep, On  
'S fha - da bh'uam a chi mi'n ceo ,

Kyle nor sea cool winds can breathe. Tan - gle and  
 Cha 'n'eil deo an caol no'n cuan. Cha - gar - ain

gold, Tan - gle and gold, gold un - to gold, I  
 gaoil, Cha - gar - ain gaoil, Cha - gar - ain gaoil hao

weave ye, Fast to the rock I leave  
 rao leo, Hao leo i - ro hao ro

thee. ....  
 leo .....

As the tide rises, the elder sister leaves the younger asleep, bound to the rock.

*p* *legatissimo.*

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It features a long, flowing melodic line with several slurs and fermatas. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature. It features a steady, rhythmic accompaniment with slurs and fermatas. The tempo and dynamics are marked as *p* *legatissimo.*

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line features a long, flowing melodic line with several slurs and fermatas. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady, rhythmic accompaniment, featuring slurs and fermatas.

The third system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line features a long, flowing melodic line with several slurs and fermatas. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady, rhythmic accompaniment, featuring slurs and fermatas.

The fourth system of the musical score concludes the piece. The vocal line features a long, flowing melodic line with several slurs and fermatas. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady, rhythmic accompaniment, featuring slurs and fermatas. The key signature changes to three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab) in the final measure.

(The awakening)

\*U - vil, u - vil ..... U - vil, u -

*f* tre corde.

*And.*

- vil By the shore, no pi - ty wilt show  
Nach truagh leat mi, Bhean ud thall an

\*

Wo - man yon - der?  
cois na tràgh - ad? U - vil, u - vil .....

*f*

u - vil, u - vil .....

*f*

2/4

\*The awakening sister's cry of terror. Pronounced as Italian, i. e. u-vil- oo-veel.

Molto agitato e più mosso.

Jea - lous sister, na Hao ri ho-ró Here en - tic'd me,  
 'S i bhean i - ad - aich Rinn mo thà - ladh

*f* *non legato*

*Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.*

And hast left me  
 {Hùg ó..... 'S a dh'fhàg mi - se Hao ri ho-ró  
 Hook

here a - drowning.  
 An so 'gam bhàth-adh {Hùg ó.....  
 Hook

May be omitted in performance.

Meno mosso.

Cold my bed, na Cold and sli - my,  
 'S fuar mo leab - a Hùg o Fuar - fhliuch steamh - ain

*mp* *p* *cresc.*

*Hùg*..... *ó*.....

Wet wi' tears na  
Fliuch le m' dheu - raibh hao - ri ho - ro

*f sempre.*

Wet..... wi brine, na  
'S fliuch le sàì - le Hùg *ó*.....

*decresc.*

⊙ Resume here.

Blessing of Je - sus, Blessing of mo - ther,  
Beann - achd mà - thar, Beann - achd dhì - linn,

*pp*

*both Pedals.*

Blessing e - ter - nal Be on my chil - dren.....  
Beann - achd I - osa Air mo phaisdean .....

The drowning mother dreaming of her babe, song-lulls it with her last breath.

*Poco meno mosso.*

My lit-tle child, Love of my coo-ing, Seek'st thou to-night Thy mother's  
*Mo leanabh beag, Gaol mo mhànrain, Iarraidh tu nochd Cioch do*

*dolce e legatissimo.*

*both Pedals.*

bo-som, And if thou seek'st, Vain is thy seek-ing, Full 'twill be  
*mhàthar, Ach... ma dh'iarras's diomh-ain dà sin, Gu'm bi iad lu-ma-*

of sea wa-ter  
*lan... de'n t-sàile U-vill! u-vill! U-vill! u-*

*f tre corde.* *p rall.*

*Red.*

*- vill...*

*pp* *rall. ppp*

*both Pedals.*

64  
ISLAY REAPER'S SONG.

(Buain a' Choirce).

Gaelic words and air from  
MISS MACTAVISH, ISLAY.

Translated and arranged for  
Voice and Piano by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With a wistfully gay, steadily rhythmic swing. (♩. = 72)

Voice.

Piano.

*p* accompaniment subdued throughout. *pp*

*Both Vers*

day in the corn - field, I a - reap - in', Cut - tin' my sheaf (and it  
Lath - a dhomh 'smi buain a' choir - ce, Ghearr mi'm beum, ('s cha

was - na ea - sy,) \* Ho - ro, na hò - ro - ri - o.  
robh.... e so - cair,) \* \* \*

N.B. In singing, accent as indicated, only *once* in four bars.

\*Italian pronunciation.



Hi - ri ri - ri ho - ro \*ei - le, Ho - ro na hò - ri - ri - o.

\**Ad.*

Reap - in' the corn, I  
Ghearr mi'm beum, 's cha

cut my sheaf, But cut - tin' my knee 'twas, och - one... an' sigh - in'  
robh e soc - air, Ghearr mi mo ghlun is leig... mi os - na,

\*

Ho - ro, na hò - ri - ri - o, Hi - ri ri - ri ho - ro ei - le,

\*

Hò - ró, na hò - ri - ri - o.

*p* *pp*

*Ped.*

Sigh-in' I sat on a lone - ly hil - lock, Look-in' to see if my  
Shuidh mi air uaibh-ir a' ghoir-tein, Dh'fheuch am faic - inn

*sempre*

lover was com - in.  
fear... do chol-tais. Hò - ro, na hò - ri - ri - o. Hi - ri - ri - ri,

*cresc.*

\* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

Hò - ro - ei - le, Hò - ro, na hò - ri - ri - o.

*p* *pp*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.*

Look-in' to see if my lover would come, The  
*Dh'fheuch am faic - inn fear do chol - tais,*

fair-cheek'd boy o' the cur - ly ring - lets.  
*Fear chuil duinn 's nan gruaidh-ean dos - rach. Ho - ro na*

ho - ri - ri - o. *espress.* Hi - ri - ri - ri Ho - ro ei - le,  
*mf* *poco rit*

Ho - ro na Ho - ri - ri - o.....  
*p a tempo.* *leggiero. R.H. rit.*

*a little slower.*  
*ten.*

*ten.*

*tempo.*

Snow white sea - gull, Lit - tle white sea - gull, Bear my greet - ings a -  
Fhaoil - inn \*bhig a shnamhas an ca - la, Beir mo shoraidh uam

*col canto.*

*tempo.*

*ten.*

*tempo.*

- cross to my true - love! Ho - ro na hò - ri - ri - o  
gu..... mo lean - nan!

*ten.*

*tempo.*

Hi - ri - ri - ri ho - ro ei - le Ho - ro na

*cresc.*

*espress.*

*col canto.*

*p*

*leggiero.*

*Ad.*

\*

ho - ri - ri - o

*p*