

PRELUDE.

IN one of the Isles there is a cave which is known to the lobster-fishers, and to the otters. In front of it there is a wrecked smack, partly covered with sea-pinks. From its mouth one can see the Coolin hills.

One day, long ago, three galleys, each from a different isle, put into the creek near by; and the three crews, with their harpers, met in the cave, at the graying of night. Shortly before dawn the harping ceased, and the listening ones asked, softly but eagerly, whence the itch for music. Said a harper, "She was a knee-woman* who spent her days among the hills, looking for the plants of healing. Now and again, because of her gift, a call would come to her from the glen below, where the children were born and the people died. Her boy got the knowing from her, and the wonder of not knowing." Said the second harper, "I was herding a widow's one cow in a deserted sheiling. I saw a gnarled oak-tree standing alone, and a bird's nest in one of its branches. I climbed up to give a few worms to the little ones. The nest was empty. A thought and a sorrow came to me." Said the third harper, "It was a boat that came to our creek. There was a woman in her. And she sang a strange tune, something from another shore. My fingers will always be feeling now for the other shore." "Which makes you a harper," said the listening ones. "Which makes me a little child," said the harper.

* From the Gaelic for midwife.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

A WANDERING SHADE.

Faileas nam Beann.

As traditionally sung by
KENNETH MACLEOD.Arranged for Voice and Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

(♩. = about 52).
Or

Voice.

Piano.

R.H.

* L.H. *p* very softly and delicately throughout.

delicately and wistfully.

Ho ro ho ro hee ree,..... Hee
Ho ro ho ro hi ri,..... Hi

ree hee ree ho ro,..... A lone, lone.....
ri hi ri ho ro,..... Bean bhoch d mu.....

* The first note of the arpeggio figure to be played and sustained always by the left hand, the right taking the remaining three notes very rapidly in sequence after the first

shade..... I said to him I was on-ly a sim-ple lone
 sgaoil..... Gu'n duirt mi ris nachrobh an-nam ach on-rachdan

* *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

maid,..... Nor fa-ther, nor mo-ther, nor sis-ter nor brother, A
 baoth..... Gun ath-air, gun mhathair, gun phiu-thar, gun brathair, Bean

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.*

wand - - - ring shade.....
 bhochd..... mu sgaoil.....

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.*

Ho ro ho ro hee ree,..... Hee
 Ho ro ho ro hi ri,..... Hi

ree hee ree ho ro, A lone, lone
 ri hi ri ho ro, Bean bhoichd mu

* *Red.*

shade. I said to him I was on-ly a wan-der-ing
 sgaoil. Gu'n duirt mi ris nach robh an-nam ach faileas nam

* *Red.*

* *Red.*

*

shade, My an - ces - tors wait - ing un -
 beann, Mo shinn - sir gun ai - seid, A

Red.

* *Red.*

*

-born, by the waves in the land be - yond.
 feitheamh an ai - sig 'san tir - - ud thall.

Red.

* *Red.*

*

At the Wave Mouth.

Aig Beul nan Tonn.

English by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

* from Gaelic collected by himself.

Air noted from his singing.
(a Mediterranean tune?)
arr: by

M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

About 88 = 

Voice.

Piano.

smoothly

With the atmosphere and solemn rhythm of an Eastern religious dance.

With 2nd.

And
Co

who may the strange one be, Who croons be-side the wave - mouth Like
ì bhain-tigh'rn aill - idh bhinn, Air là na fea-mann cròic - idh I

sea-wrack brown and beau - teous, Who may yon strange one be?
seinn leath fhein fò'n tom ud, Aig beul nan tonn 'na h-òn - air?



*See also Carmina Gadelica Vol.II.

Nor
Cha

merle she nor ma - vis she, St Bride's bird she nor
lòn i, cha smeor - ach i, cha bhrìd - ean i 's cha'n

sea - mew, Nor seal from far a - way linn, Nor
fhuoil - eann, Cha ròn òn linn - idh thall i, Cha

kyle sea-maid - en she!
mhaigh - dean-mhar' òn chaol!

And who may the strange one be, Who
Co i bhain-tigh'rn àill - idh bhinn, Air

croons be - side the wave - mouth? Like sea-wrack brown and
lì na fea - mann cròic - idh? I seinn leath fhein fòn

beau - teous, Who may yon strange one be?
tom ud Aig beul nan tonn 'na h-on - air?

At the wave mouth.

ST. BRIDE IN LAUGHTER.

Now and again, in harvest time, when there is a light breeze, and the sea is on the swell, more from the joy of it than from evil intent, and the setting sun has the rich glow of the sea-tangle St. Bride's Bird, the oyster catcher, may be seen, proud and graceful, rising and falling with the rising and falling waves. On such an evening the Isle-folk say that Bride (Breedja) is in laughter.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

SEA MOODS.

Bruadar Mara.

BARRA FISHERS' SEA-PRAYER & SEA-JOY.

Two airs from S. Uist and Barra.

Words of "Sea Joy" by

KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Dreamily. (♩ = 92).

Piano.

Keep Ped. down to end of Prayer.

Sea-Prayer
Urnuigh Mhara.

On rise o'
① *Air cul nan*

wave or on steep o' hill, May thy hand sain and save....
tonn no air thaobh nam beann, Bi thu - sa leinn's bi do lamh

us still..... On back of wave or on
 fo'r ceann. Air cul nan tonn no air

slope o' brae, Be thou our help - er and guide,
 thaobh nam beann Bi thu - sa leinn's bi do lamh.....

we pray.....
 fo'r ceann.....

Be our guide..... we pray.....
 'S bi do lamh..... fo'r ceann.....

Ad.

*

poco più mosso. *a tempo.* *poco più mosso. accelerate little*

by little. *more and more rousing*

Sea Joy.
With fire. ♩ = 56

Skies to westward, Ho ee o
Soills' an fheamann, Ho i o

hold back. *f* *mf*

with Ped.

ten.

*heu - o, Shine like sea - tan - gle, Ho ee o 'hoo... o, †Breed - ja's in
hao - o Shuas 's na neoil ghea - la Ho i o hu - o 'S Brighde 'na

mp

*eu as in French

*oo, used to represent u as in "true" not as in "use"

† St. Bride as pronounced in Gaelic.

hold back.

laugh-ter rare, Fal"you" o ho ho Ho ee o heu - o.....
 h-ait-eas gaoil Fa-liu o ho ho Ho i o hao - o.....

a tempo.

broaden.

*

ten.

All I long for, Ho ee o heu o, Through the blue sea-deeps, Ho ee o
 Righ! ma's luath i, Ho i o hao o Long's i air fuar-adh, Ho i o

with ped. changing with each chord.

hold back.

hu - o, Out-sails my longing far, Fal"you"o ho ho Ho ee o heu o.
 hu - o Gur luaith' am brудар gaoil Fa-liu o ho ho Ho i o hao o.

hold back. accel. a little. hold back

Joy of seek - ing, Ho ee o heu - o, Joy of ne'er
 Aoibh mo thal - aidh Ho i o hao - o Aoibh bhios 'gam

ten.

with *And.*

find - ing; Ho ee o hoo o, Bree - ja's in laugh - ter rare,
 fhag - ail Ho i o hu o 'S Brigh - de 'na gair - e gaoil

Fal "you" o ho ho Ho ee o hoo o.....
 Fa-liu o ho ho Ho i o hu o.....

dolce.

And.

Sea Prayer. ♩ = 92

On rise of wave or on
Air cul nan tonn no air

dreamily again.

p

sed.

steep o' brae, Be thou our help-er and guide we
thaobh nam beann Bi thu - sa leinn's bi do lamh fo'r

pray, Be our guide
ceann 'S bi do lamh

sed.

we pray.
fo'r ceann.

*

THE COCKLE GATHERER.

'S trusaidh mi na Coilleagan.

Air from MARION MACLEOD, Eigg.
Words from KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arr. for Voice and Piano by
M. KENNEDY FRASER.

Suggesting sea-air and space.

E. or Eb

Piano. *p non-percussively.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and arpeggios, while the left hand plays a simple bass line. The tempo is marked 'p non-percussively'. There are two fermatas marked with 'Fed.' at the end of the first and second phrases.

Vivace.
♩ = about 84. *With a dainty swinging unbroken rhythm.*

Ee - tl[†] a doo* veel Ee - tl a doo ho ro
I dal a du vil I dal a du ho ro

very lightly.

The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the song. The piano accompaniment is marked 'very lightly'. The vocal line has a fermata over the first line.

Ee - tl a doo veel Blythe I ga - ther cock-les here,
I dal a du vil 'S tru-saidh mi na coil-leag-an

The second system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second two lines of the song. The piano accompaniment continues with a simple bass line.

† Like "tle" in Little. *"oo" is here meant to represent the Italian "u" which English singers are apt to mistake for "u" as in "use".

Ee - tl a doo veel Ee - tl a doo ho ro Ee - tl a doo veel
I dal a du vil I dal a du ho ro I dal a du vil

Blythe I gather cockles here. Joy scream o' sea - gulls Down on the skerry there,
'S tru-saidh mi na coilleag-an. Roic aig an fhaoileag, shios anns na sgeirein ud

Ped.

Joy scream o' sea - gulls While I gather cockles here, Joy scream o' sea - gulls
Roic aig an fhaoil-eag 'S trusaidh mi na coilleag-an Roic aig an fhaoileag

* Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

On the skerry there, Joy scream o' sea - gulls While I gather cockles here.
anns na sgeirean ud Roic aig an fhaoileag 'S trusaidh mi na coilleag-an

* Ped. * Ped. *

(1)

Ee - tl a doo veel Ee - tl a doo ho ro Ee - tl a doo veel
I dal a du vil I dal a du ho ro I dal a du vil

(1)

While I gather cockles here. Ee - tl a doo veel Ee - tl a doo ho ro
'Strusaidh mi na coilleagan I dal a du vil I dal a du ho ro

Ee - tl a doo veel While I gather cockles here. Laugh-ter of sea - waves
I dal a du vil 'Strusaidh mi na coilleag-an Gair aig an fhair - ge

Ped.

(1)
(r)

Down on the skerry there, Laugh-ter of sea - waves While I gather cockles here,
Shios annsna sgeirean ud Gair aig an fhair - ge 'Strusaidh mi na coilleag-an

*

⁽¹⁾As the rhythm *must* be kept going this first beat may be occasionally omitted to take breath.
 The Cockle gatherer.

Laugh-ter of sea-waves Down on the skerry there, Laugh-ter of sea-waves
 Gair aig an fhair - ge shios anns na sgeirean ud Gair aig an fhair - ge

While I gather cockles here. Ee - tl a doo veel Ee - tl a doo ho ro
 'Strusaidh mi na coilleag-an I dal a du vil I dal a du ho ro

Ee - tl a doo veel Blythe I gather cockles here, Ee - tl a doo veel
 I dal a du vil 'Strusaidh mi na coilleag-an I dal a du vil

Ee - tl a doo ho ro Ee - tl a doo veel Still I gather cockles here.
 I dal a du ho ro I dal a du vil 'Strusaidh mi na coilleag-an

*rigorously
in time.*

THE WIND ON THE MOOR.

NULL A MHONADH E NALL A MHONADH.

Air noted from the singing of
MARION MACLEOD. Eigg.

Arr. with English words and
Pianoforte acc. by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

♩ = 120 Like the moaning and howling and shrieking of the wind.

C# Minor or C Minor.

Piano. *p* sonorously.

High male voices.

Low female voices.

Moorland winds a-moan-ing ee-ri-ly, Moor-land winds a-wan-der;
Null a mhonadh e nall a mhonadh e Null a mhonadh gadheoin e

simile.

Moor-land winds a-moan-ing ee-ri-ly, Moor-land winds out yon-der.
Null a mhonadh e nall a mhonadh e Null a mhonadh ga dheoin e

ff L. H. *sfz*

Thro' the bog - land far - ing wea - ri - ly, Thro' the bog I wan - der,
 Null a mhonadh e nall a mhonadh e Null a mhonadh ga dheoin e,

Ped. * *Ped.* *

Fire-light, Love-light— Bare, I wan - der, Fire-light, Love-light,
 Oidh-che fhliuch fhuar! Blaths is comh-nail Oidh-che fhliuch fhuar,

ff *cresc. - e* *stringendo un poco.*

Ped. *

Seek - ing I wan - der. Moor - land winds aye moan - ing ee - ri - ly,
 Blaths is comh - nail Null a mhonadh e nall a mhon - adh e

loco.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Moor-land winds out yon -
Null a mhonadh ga dheoin -

- - - der.
 - - - e

Thro' the bog-land far - ing wea-ri - ly, Thro' the bog I wan - der,
Null a mhonadh e nall a mhonadh e Null a mhonadh ga dheoin e

Moor-land winds a-blow-ing ee-ri-ly, Moor-land winds out yon-der.
 Null a mhonadh e nall a mhonadh e Null a mhonadh ga dheoin e

ff

Thro' the bog-land far-ing wea-ri-ly, Thro' the bog I wan-der,
 Null a mhonadh e nall a mhonadh e Null a mhonadh ga dheoin e

Fire - light, love - light - Bare, I wan - der,
 Fhuar - adh dha - san..... blaths is..... comh - nail,

ff *crescendo.*

Fire - light, love - light, crav - ing I wan - der.
 Fhur - adh dha - san Blaths is comh - - nail

loco.

* *Ped.* *

Moor-land winds a-blow-ing ee - ri - ly, Moor-land winds out yon - -
 Null a mhonadh e Null a mhon-adh e Null a mhonadh ga dheoin - -

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.*

der.
e.

p *dim.* *pp*

* *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.*

DANCE TO YOUR SHADOW.

23

Bando Ribinnean.

PORT-A-BIAL = MOUTH MUSIC.

"But Mary Macrae heeded not, and went on in her own way, singing her songs and ballads, intoning her hymns and incantations, and chanting her own *port-a-bial*, mouth music, and dancing to her own shadow when nothing better was available"— *Carmina Gadelica*.

English words by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Noted from the singing of
MARION MACLEOD, Eigg.
Arranged for Voice and Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

(84 = ♩) *With a joyous dance-swing rhythm.*

Piano.

*Ho ro ha-ra-dal,*¹ *"Hind ye" ha-ra-dal, Ho ro.... ha-ra-dal "Hind ye" han dan.*

Ho ro ha-ra-dal, "Hind ye" ha-ra-dal, Ho ro.... ha-ra-dal, "Hind ye" han dan.

¹Sheinn i. = These two syllables pronounced like the English words "Hind ye" with or without the final d in hind.

Dance to your sha - dow when it's good to be liv - ing, lad,
 Dance to your sha - dow when it's hard to be liv - ing, lad,
 Dance to your sha - dow and let Fate to her fid - dle, lad,
¹Ban - do ri - bin - nean a shio - da's de ri - bin - nean,

Dance to your sha - dow when there's no - thing bet - ter near you.
 Dance to your sha - dow when there's no - thing bet - ter near you.
 Dance to your sha - dow when there's no - thing bet - ter near you.
 Ban - do ri - bin - nean a ruid - eal - adh mu'd cheann - sa.

Dance to your sha - dow when it's fine to be liv - ing, lad,
 Dance to your sha - dow when it's sore to be liv - ing, lad,
 Dance to your sha - dow for it's fine to be liv - ing lad,
 Ban - do ri - bin - nean a shio - da's de ri - bin - nean,

¹A loan word from the French, *Bandeaux*.

Dance to your sha-dow when there's no-thing bet-ter near you.
 Dance to your sha-dow when there's no-thing bet-ter near you.
 Dance to your sha-dow when there's no-thing bet-ter near you.
Ban - dó ri - bin-nean á ruid-eal - adh mu'd cheann - sa.

Ho ro ha-ra-dal, Hind ye ha-ra-dal, Ho ro.... ha-radal, Hind ye han dan.

Ho ro ha-ra-dal, Hind ye ha-ra-dal, Ho ro.... ha-ra-dal Hind ye han dan.

D. Fine.

The Aspen-tree.

There is more wisdom, says the Gael, in the bird-world than in the folk-world! Men fling their curses at the aspen-tree because wicked people made the Cross out of its wood, but the birds nest in its branches because, for shame of a deed which it could not help, it has ever since trembled in all its leaves.

Within the Rough Bounds, and half-way between St. Finnan's Isle and Shūna, there is a hidden glen which, in the olden days, was bare of all trees save one venerable aspen. On Good Friday, at sunset, the people of the shore and the hill clachans would march in procession to that aspen-tree, and forming themselves into a circle around it, would solemnly chant its curse to it. And in the coming and going of the years, the accursed aspen-tree became a sacred symbol, around which christian and pagan, hand in hand, bore witness against such as crucify the beautiful and the good, not knowing what they do.

KENNETH MACLEOD

Curse of the Aspen Tree.

A PROCESSIONAL.

An Crithiønn Cruaidh.

Words collected and
Translated by KENNETH MACLEOD.

Air, noted from his singing, learnt
by him in boyhood, in Eigg.

Arranged for voice and piano
by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

$\text{♩} = 60$ *With a steady processional swing.*

Piano.

espressivo, steadily.

pesante.

* with *sc.*

TENOR.

CONTRALTO.

A curse on thee thou
Mol - lachd ort a

as-pen tree, The King o' Bens was nailed to thee, Up-
chrithinn chrann, Ort a chroch - te Righ nam Beann,

espress.

* With *syncopated sc.* changing with each change of harmony.

See another Version in Carmina Gadelica Vol II, p.105.

- on the blade a black curse be, And on his hand who
 Mol - lachd ei - le air an lann, 'Sair an fhear a

set it free.
 chum 'na laimh.

f pesante. *f p f*

A curse on thee hard as-pen tree, The
 Mol - lachd ort a chrithinn chruaidh

King o grace was nailed to thee, The love of men and
 Ort a chroch-te Righ nam Buadh, Gaol nam Flaith-eas

an - gels he Whose blood flowed down from yon - der tree.
 gradh an t-sluaigh 'Sfhuil a' sil - eadh ort a nuas

f pesante

A

f

curse on thee, thou as-pen tree, A curse that thou should'st
Mol - lachd ort, a chrithinn chrann, Mol - lachd i - dir

ever be, A curse on whose-so eye may see And will not curse with
thu bhi ann Mol-lachd air gach suil an ceann Chi's nach mol-laich

me yon tree.
leam an crann.

no rall.

pp

THE HARP OF DUNVEGAN.

Clarsach Shil-Leoid.

AN TALLA 'M BU GHNATH LE MAC-LEOID.

Lament for the dead Chief.

Ode by ⁽¹⁾MARY MACLEOD.
Song maker of 16th-17th. cent.
English by KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arr. for Voice and Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

With majestic sadness. ♩ = 50.

Voice.

Piano.

With change of pedal to each arpeggio chord throughout.

L.H. R.H. L.H. R.H. L.H.

Hall o' Mu - sic! Thy Glo - ry, Thy lur-ing surg
Rightgur mu - lad - ach tha mi, 's mi gun mhire, gun

sto-ry Are now si - lent by the graves o' ⁽²⁾Sheel - lõtch!
mhanran, Anns an tal - la'm bu.... ghnath le Mac - leoid!

⁽¹⁾Mairi nighean Alasdair Ruadh, the greatest known poetess and singer of the Isles. ⁽²⁾Sil Leoid = the Clan Macleod.

Gone thy play and thy
Gu'm bi far - - um air

harp - ing, Thy... will - ow - y tune
thail - easg Agus fuaim air a'

warp-ing, All now si - lent by the graves o' Sheel -
chlarsaich Anns an tal - la'm bu..... ghnath le Mac -

- lotch. Seers and dream - ers for -
leoid. Chi mi chliar is na

- sake thee, Fire o' mu - sic no more wakes thee - He now
 daimh - ich A' treig - sinn na far-daich, O nach

li - eth in the grave o' Sheel - lotch.
 eisd thu ri fail - te luchd - ceoil.

Thy sweet harp - ing, my keen - ing!.....
 Right gur mu - lad - ach tha mil.....

p *morendo.* *Slow.*

34 SLEEPS - THE NOON IN THE DEEP BLUE SKY.

"The thrush's song of Glen-na-Sail,
The hounds deep bay at twilight's fall,
The barque's sharp grating on the shore,
Than cleric's chants delight me more."

Words after THOS. PATTISON'S
translation from Ossian, "The sweet voice of Cona"

Air from PATRICK MACDONALD'S collection, 1781.

Arranged by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER

(♩=60) With the still, ecstatic serenity of a summer noontide.

Voice.

①

Sleeps the
Bright the
Sweet the

Piano.

With a soft liquid tone throughout.

noon in the deep blue sky, While bright the
sun shines on Co - na's steep, While hounds for
winds soft - ly mur - mur - ing, Of ea - gle

p *p*

Ed. *

sun shines on Co - na's steep..... Sweet sounds the
chase all on fire are strain - ing. Their deep mouthed
sweet is the far heard cry. As sails she

Ed. * Ed. *

① The chords throughout slightly spread, not a true arpeggio.
Copyright 1921 by Boosey & Co

note of the lone - ly he - ron, Sleeps the
 bay sweet as bar - dic mu - sic, Sleeps the
 o'er Mor - ven's might - y sea - board, Sleeps the

And. *

noon in the deep blue sky. *D.C.*
 noon in the deep blue sky.
 noon in the deep blue sky. *last time only.*

And. * *And.* *D.C.* *p*

pp *Fine.*

UIST CATTLE CROON.

Cronan Cuallaich.

Words sung by a cattle herd at
Grimnis, by permission from
DR. CARMICHAEL'S "CARMINA GADELICA."

Air noted by FRANCES TOLMIE from
MARY ROSS, Kilmaluag, Skye.

Arr. for voice and piano (or harp), with translation, by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

Key G^b or G With a gently hypnotic swinging rhythm.

Voice.

Piano. *Smoothly sustained.*
about 78 =

To - day the kye win to hill - pas - ture,
An crodh an diugh a..... dol imi - rich

Red. *

Heel - ee-rodeen iss o hook - o, Sweet the grass o
Hill i ruin is o hug o, Dol a dh'ith eadh

Red. * *Red.*

cool hill - pas - tures, Heel - ee - roo - een iss o hook o,
 feur an fhi - rich, Hill - i - ruin is o hug o,

And.

Breed - - ja fair - white be at their milk - ing,
 Bri - - de bhith - gheal bhi..... 'gam bligh - inn,

*cantabile.
 sostenuto sempre e dolce.*

And.

Ho ro..... "lie" - eel - ay - o, Lead the kye
 Ho ro..... la - il - e - o'n Crodh an diugh

And.

to the hill - pas - tures, Heel - ee - roo - een iss o - hook - o.
 a..... dol imi - rich, Hill - i - ruin is o - hug - o.

And.

To - day the kye "flit" to hill - pas - tures,
 An crodh an diugh a dol imi - rich,

Heel - ee-rooeen iss o hook o, There to graze on
 Hill - i - ruin is o hug o, Dol a dh' ith - eadh

sweet hill grass - es, Heel - ee-rooeen iss o hook o.
 feur an fhi - rich, Hill - i - ruin is o hug o.

Ma - - ry, gen - tle, be at their keep - ing,
 Mui - - re mhin - gheal bhi..... 'gan glidh - eadh,

Red.

*

Ho ro - - "lie" - eel - ay - o, Keep - ing all
 Ho ro..... la - il e o,'n Crodh an diugh

Red.

*

out on hill - pas - tures, Heel - ee-roo-eeen iss o - hook - o.
 a..... dol imi - rich, Hill - i - ruin is o hug o.

Red.

*

Red.

*

p dolce. *pp*

Red.

*

*THE TWO CRONIES.

Bodach Innsechro'

Skye Dance Song,
from KEITH MACDONALD'S "Puirt-a-bial"

Arr, with Gaelic and English words
and accompaniment by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.
& KENNETH MACLEOD.

in D \flat or D.

Humourously, but with good rhythmical swing.

Voice. *Cherily* *dolefully.*

(92 = ♩)

¹ Bottach Inshach-ro, Bottach In-vershayla,
Bod-ach Inn-se-chro'; Bod-ach In-bhirseil-e

Piano.

cheerily. *dolefully* *simile.*

Bot-tach Insh-ach-ro, Bot-tach In-ver-shayl-a, Bot-tach Inshach-ro,
Bod-ach Inn-se-chro, Bod-ach In-bhir-seil-e, Bod-ach Inn-se-chro';

Bot-tach In-ver-shayl-a, Bot-tach Insh-ach-ro, Bot-tach In-ver-shay-la,
Bod-ach In-bhir-seil-e, Bod-ach Inn-se-chro'; Bod-ach In-bhir-seil-e

¹ Old man.

*Life long companions, always quarrelling, the old man of Innsechro' is a jolly soul, the other of Inbhirseile is melancholy.

Cried the cheer - fu' ¹Car - lie To his dole - fu' fel - low,
 Thuir an dar - na bod - ach Ris a' bhod - ach eil - e

L.H. L.H.

"I will put thy head In the peat - fire's hol - low!"
 "Cuir - idh mi do cheann Ann an lag an tein - e!"

L.H.

Bot - tach Insh - ach - ro, Bot - tach In - ver - shay - la
 Bod - ach Inn - se - chro, Bod - ach In - bhir - seil - e,

Bot - tach Insh - ach - ro, Bot - tach In - ver - shay - la
 Bod - ach Inn - se - chro, Bod - ach In - bhir - seil - e

Carlie (pronounced cayrlie) lowland Scots meaning little old man.

Back cried In - ver - shay - la "Tho' your ain head's gray, ²Auld
^{*}Thuir fear In - bhir - seil - e Ris a' bhod - ach bhead - rach

L.H. L.H.

fule ye've lit-tle sense If sense ³a - va' to stay ye!"
 "Tha do cheann cho li ath, Ama-dan dubh, gun chiall thu!"

L.H.

Bot - tach Insh - ach - ro, Bot - tach In - ver - shay - la
 Bod - ach Inn - se - chro; Bod - ach In - bhir - seil - e

Bot - tach Insh - ach - ro, Bot - tach In - ver - shay - la!
 Bod - ach Inn - se - chro; Bod - ach In - bhir - seil - e

*This last verse added by Kenneth Macleod.
 The Two Cronies.

²Old fool. ³At all.

The Birlinn of Clanranald OR Clanranald's Galley.

Birlinn Chlann Raonuill.

The English after Sheriff Nicholson's translation of
ALEXANDER MACDONALD'S famous *Gaelic sea-poem.

Two airs, both noted in Barra, the first from Malcolm Johnson (the elder); the second from the original singer of "Kishmul's Galley"

arr. by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

Prayer for the Blessing of the Birlinn.
Am Beannachadh.

$\text{♩} = 88$

With a smooth onward swing. not too slow.

Making the throb of the 2nd

VOICE.

PIANO.

Ay hó lay gó
 (1) E ho le gho,

beat distinctly felt in the dotted minims.

Ló hó lay ló Ay hó lay gó Hó ee (2) ai - ly, Ay
 Lo ho le leó E ho le gho, Ho i ei - le, E

ho lay gó Ló hó lay lyó Ay ho lay go
 ho le gho Lo ho le leó E ho le gho

(1 For those acquainted with Italian, the vowels in the original take the Italian sounds.

(2 To rhyme with daily.

* Macdonald's long sea-poem, from which these words have been selected, is the most famous in Gaelic literature.

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Ho ee ai - ly) Fa - ther of o - cean, Bless our
 Ho i ei - le Ath - qir a chruth - aich an

Ad.

bir - linn, Sweep smooth the waves, Our port draw nigh.
fhairge 'S gach gaoth a sheid - eas as gach àird.

*

Bless all our mast - hoops, Our ropes and hal - yards, May no e - vil
Beann - aich ar càdl - bhàrc is ar gais - gich - Cum - i

Ad.

e'er to them come nigh. Ay hó lay gó
fein 's a gas - raidh slan. E ho le gho

*

Lo hó lay lyo Ay ho lay go
Lo ho le leo E ho le gho

Ad.

held back a little for emphasis

And you our crew brave deeds en-coun-ter!
Na biodh oirbh tais - e gu dol air ghais - ge!

Tempo primo $\text{♩} = 88$

* *Ad.*

* *Ad.*

*

p

Ad.

*

Ad.

*

Ad.

*

Ad.

*

① This phrase, evidently borrowed by Wagner from the Northern sea-faring folk, was recorded by the phonograph from our singer of the isles. H. 10220.
The Birlinn of Clanranald.

The Sailing.
An Seoladh.

Speed our bir- linn black and shape- ly, Ho ro

'Nu - air thuit - eam - aid le aon slug - adh Sios 's na gleanntaibh

with fire

Led. *Led. *Led. *

Hook - a - vee, Bulg - ing sea-glens Piled be- fore us,.....

Hug a bhi, Bheir - te gach seol a bhiodh aic - e An

Led. *Led. *Led.

Ho ro Hook-a-vee, Blind-ed by the spray of sur- ges,

barr nan crann di, Hug a bhi, Na ceo - san-aich ard - a chrom-a

Led. *Led. *Led. *Led. *Led. *

Ho ro hook-a-vee, Watch - ing well the brin - y storm - hills.

Teachd 's a' bhair-ich Hug a bhi, Mu'n ti-geachd iad i - dir ann ar ca - raibh,

*And. *And. * And. And. **

Ho ro Hook - a-vee.

Chluinnt' an gair - ich, Hug a bhi.

*And. **

Hoist we sail from ^①U-ist of wild geese, Ho ro
Iad a' sguab-adh nan tonn beag-a, Lom 'g an sgiursadh,

Ed. as before

hook-a-vee, Oars a twist-ing bil-lows a-curl-ing,
Hug a bhi Chinn-eadh i 'n a h-aon mhuir bhas-mhoir,

Ho ro hook-a-vee, Thrust our gal-ley hissing through sea-glens,
'S càs a stiuradh Hug a bhi Nuair a thuit-eam-aid fo bharr nan

Ho ro hook-a-vee, Fire-balls blaz-ing high i' the rigging.
ard-thonn giobach Hug a bhi, Gur beag nach doch-ainn - eadh a sail

Red. *

Ho ro..... hook-a-vee.
An t-aig-eal sligneach Hug a bhi

Red. *

Full the deep of crawl - ing spec-tres, Ho ro
An fhair - ge 'g a maistreadh 's'g a sloistreadh Roimh a chéile

*Since in the Gaelic pronunciation here there is a vocalized sound between ther and the g which does not appear in the spelling, two notes are given for what appears one syllable.
 The Birlinn of Clanranald.

hook-a-vee, Seals all torn and great sea-mon-sters, Ho ro Hook - a-vee.

Hug a bhi, Gun robh roin is mial - a mòr Am barrachd éigin, Hug a thi,

All a-howl-ing, screech-ing, groan-ing, Ho ro Hoök - a-vee,

Onfhadh is tomaidh na ma - ra, 'S falbh na luinge, Hug a bhi

"Drag us all a - board your bir-linn," Ho ro.....

Sradath an eanach - ainn - ean geala, Feadh gach tuinne

Hook - a - vee.....

Hug a bhi *Na*

The first system of the musical score consists of two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in G major and 4/4 time. The first vocal line has a dotted quarter note followed by a quarter note, then a half note, and a dotted half note. The second vocal line has a dotted quarter note, a quarter note, a half note, and a dotted half note. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

Drive the moun-tain mon - sters on - ward, Ho ro

duil - ean uach - drach is ioch - drach, Ruinn a' cogadh

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal staves have a dotted quarter note, a quarter note, a half note, and a dotted half note. The piano accompaniment includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

Hook - a - vee, Pound - ing grey-backed swirl - ing ed - dies,

Hug a bhi Tal - amh, tein - e, 's wis - ge's sian - ghaoth

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal staves have a dotted quarter note, a quarter note, a half note, and a dotted half note. The piano accompaniment includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

Ho ro Hook-a-vee Send the surge in sparkles sky-ward

Ruinn air togail Hug a bhi Ach nuair dh'fhairtlich air an fhairge

Ho ro Hook - a - vee, Hoa - ry - head - ed seas up - swelling,

Toirt oirnn strìochdadh, Hug a bhi, Ghabh i truas le fai - te gàire,

Ho ro..... Hook - a - vee.

Rinn i sith ruinn Hug a bhi.

THE SKYE STEERSMAN'S SONG.

'S mo lamh air a stiuir.

Noted from the singing of Malcolm Stewart, Portree, Skye
The Gaelic a fragment.

The English and accompaniment by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

or **Steadily** (♩ = 80) (For Tenor in Flats.)
(or Contralto in Sharps.)

Voice. *Gun pronounced GOON*

Piano. *With thick soft tone.*
pp leggiero.
softly rocking.
with both Pedals.

(1)

mhi - re, gun mhanran, 'S mo lamh air a stiuir, Gun mhi - re, gun mhanran, 'S mo
"veer" - a, goon vahran, 'S mo lav - "air" a "stew"-r, Goon "veer" a goon vahran, 'S mo

lamh air a stiuir, Leig dhìot an cadal Is tionndaidh rium.....
lahv - "air" a "stew"-r, "Lake" yee-ot an catal Iss "tune"-dee "room".....

mf
pp una corda.
tre corde.

(1) Keep throughout the sense of a second throb on the dot of the dotted crotchets in the melody.
(2) In the attempted phonetic rendering of the refrain, I have used, among the syllables, the English words: veer, air, stew, lake, tune, room.

My heart it is lone-ly, No light on the
 shore, no star in the sky, No love - light on the shore, Ah
 wake from slumber and turn, love, to me.
 No joy here, no rap - ture, All lone-ly I steer, The

mf
pp leggiero.
tre corde.
una corda.

(1) The G \flat is noted to call the singer's attention to the tonality.

(2) This D \flat will be D \sharp in the Contralto key.

sky lowering o'er me As lone - ly I steer, Ah wake from

mf
tre corde.

slum-ber and turn, love, to me. Gun mhir-e gun mhan - ran 'Smo
Goon veer - a goon vahr an 'Smo

pp
una corda.

lamh air a stiuir Gun mhir-e gun mhan - ran 'Smo lamh air a
lahv air a stewr, Goon veer a goon vhar an 'Smo lavh "air" a

stiuir Leig dhiot an cadal Is tionndaidh rium.....
"stew'r "Lake" yee-ot an catal Iss "tune"-dee "room."

mf
tre corde.

pp leggiero.
una corda.

The Harper.

The Islesfolk did well to have reverence for the wind and the sea!
The wonderful things always drifted from the other shore. And beyond
the furthest away isle there was still another.

A player on the harp who had spent the thrice seven years in the
schools of Erin and of Alba, found in his creek, one morning, a little lost
child who had come out of the sea and the night. He played tunes to her;
some for the healing, some for the sleeping, and one for the going. But
a whisper went through the Isles that it was the player himself who
wandered away in the little child, and that it was the little child who
lived on in the harper. At any rate, his tunes would now be putting
wonder on the people. They would be closing the doors lest any of
his music should escape. And at last they would find themselves in a
sleep-boat, putting out to sea afresh.

KENNETH MACLEOD

THE HARPER.

An Clarsair.

A famous old air,
An Dubh ghleus,
 in old Stornoway Castle in the Lewes.

Noted from the singing of
KENNETH MACLEOD
 and arranged for Voice and Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

♩ = 52.

Piano. *pp*

col. 2nd.

No door be o - pen Lest flee yon
Nach dùin thu bhear - na, Mun teich an

mu - sic, Nor cease thy harp - - ing so sweet and
ceòl ud 'Snach seinn thu chlar - - sach A ta 'gam

calm - - ing, Thou King of harp - - ing Ne'er cease thy
chlò - - thadh, A Righ na clar - - saich Nach seinn thu'n

mu - sic. My barge is
ceòl ud. Tha mi - se

sail - ing on seas of youth - bliss, Thou King of harp - ing ne'er cease thy
seo - ladh Air cuan na h-oi - ge, A Righ na clar - saich Nach seinn thu'n

mu - sic. My barge is
ceòl ud. Tha mi - se

sail - - ing on seas of youth - - bliss, Thou King of
 seo - - ladh Air cuan na h-oi - - ge, A Righ na

harp - - ing, Ne'er cease thy mu - sic.
 clar - - saich, Nach seinn thu'n ceòl ud.

rall. e dim.

No door be o - pen, Lest flee yon
 Nach duin thu bhear - na, Mun teich an

still softer.

mu sic.....
 ceòl ud.....

pp

KIRSTEEN.

Co bhios agad, Chairistiona.

Air from Skye, Gaelic from
KENNETH MACLEOD.

English and Piano acc. by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

E or E \flat With gentle movement (♩ = about 76)

Voice

Who will walk with thee, Kirsteen,
Co bhios a - gad, Chair - is - tio - na,

Piano

Espressivo.

By the deep blue sea, Kir - steen, O'er the frag - rant
Oidh - che gheal - aich, Chair - is - tio - na, Co bhios a - gad,

lea Who'll be by thy
Chair - is - tio - na, Co bhios a - gad,

side, Kirsteen, At the high spring - tide, Kirsteen,
 Chairis - tio - na, Air do bhan - ais Chair - is - tio - na,

Walk-in' with his bride? And, when thou grown
 Co bhios ag - ad Chair - is - tio - na, Co bhios a - gad

frail, Kirsteen, { Win - to * Been - ya - "veil," Kirsteen,
 Chairis - tio - na, Fare with * Beul an Anamuich, Chair - is - tio - na,

Who'd fain with thee sail?
 Cobhios ag - ad, Chair - is - tio - na.

* Binne Bheul - pronounced "Been'-ya-'veil"

"Mouth of music" who needed neither rudder nor sail, but only the wish of her own heart to carry her in her own barge to where the sun never sets, the wind never rises and the music never ceases.

Kirsteen.

RUNE OF THE MOON.

RANN DO'N GHEALAICH.

Words from KENNETH MACLEOD
to an ancient Hebridean air.

Arranged for voice and piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

With ecstatic nature-reverence (about $\text{♩} = 80$)

Voice.

Piano.

very softly.

with ♩ .

Hail to thee, thou
Di - do - bheath, a

new lit moon, I bend the knee, thou queen so
gheal - ach ur Is sleuchd - am glun, a righ - inn

fair; Through the dark clouds thine the way be,.....
 bhàn; Bu - aìdh dhuit - se thar gach neul dubh,

Thine who lead - est..... all the stars; Though thy
 'S tu air cheann nan..... reul - tan ard; 'S air cho

light e'en find me joy - - filled, Put thou flow - tide
 maith's gun d'fhuair do lì..... mi,..... Cuir - s' an lion - adh

on the flood, Send thou flow - tide.... on the flood.
 air an lan, Cuir - s' an lion - adh.... air an lan.

broader *poco rit.*

BLESSING OF THE ROAD.

Duan an Rathaid.

Air and words noted from the singing of
KENNETH MACLEOD.
 learnt by him in boyhood in Eigg.

Arr. for Voice and Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

At about the pace of a steady trot. ♩ = 132.

Piano.

Hin din dan ¹du - i, Hin din dan du - i,

Hin din dan du - i, Hin din dan dao. ²Hao ri o - ro

hao ri o Hin din dan du - i, Hin din dan dao.

dim. *poco a poco.* *sostenuto.* *p*

¹Pronounce like English "do," not like "dew."

²Vowel sounds as in English "her"

With a little more breathing space.

May the hills lie low, May the sloughs fill up.
 Mayall e - vil sleep, May the good a - wake.
 Gum bu reidh gach cnoc, Gum bu duint' gach sloc.
 Gum bi olc 'na shuain, Gum bi maith 'na luaths.

a tempo. *slightly slower again.* *D.C.*

Hao..... ri o In..... thy way!
 {Roimh..... do cheum!
 {Na.....

f *D.C.*

last time only. *a tempo.* *riten.*

Hin din dan du - i Hin din dan dao!

p *Fine.*

THE HAZEL BY THE RIVER.

Hin, Hin, Haradala.

MOUTH MUSIC.

An ancient Skye mouth-tune from
KEITH MACDONALD'S Puirt-a-Beul.

Arr. for Voice and Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

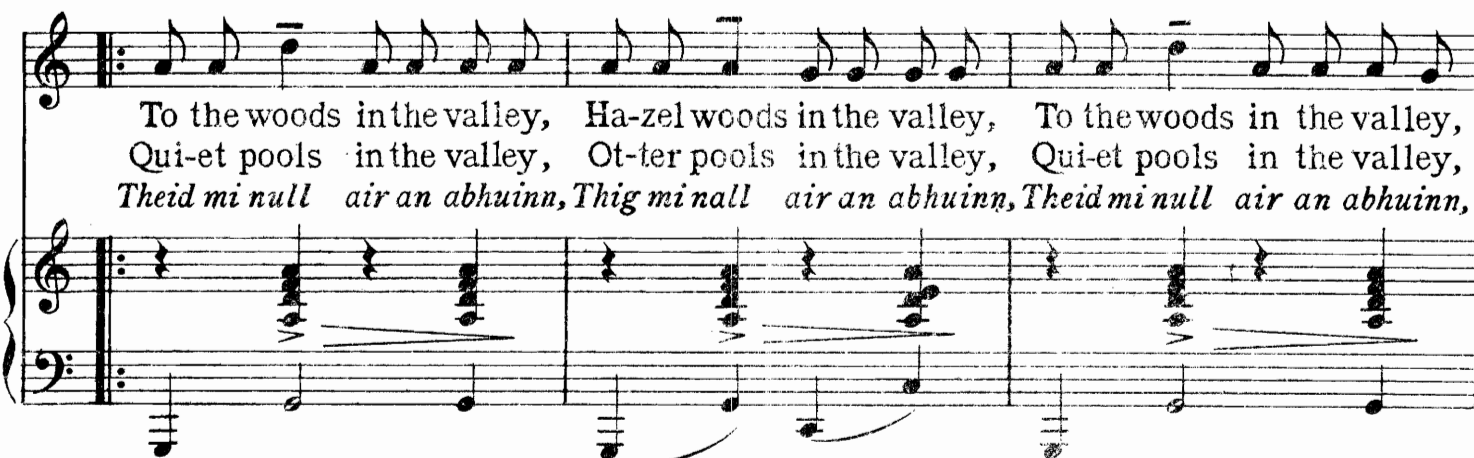
about 80 = 

Piano *p* lightly agitated. *mf* deciso

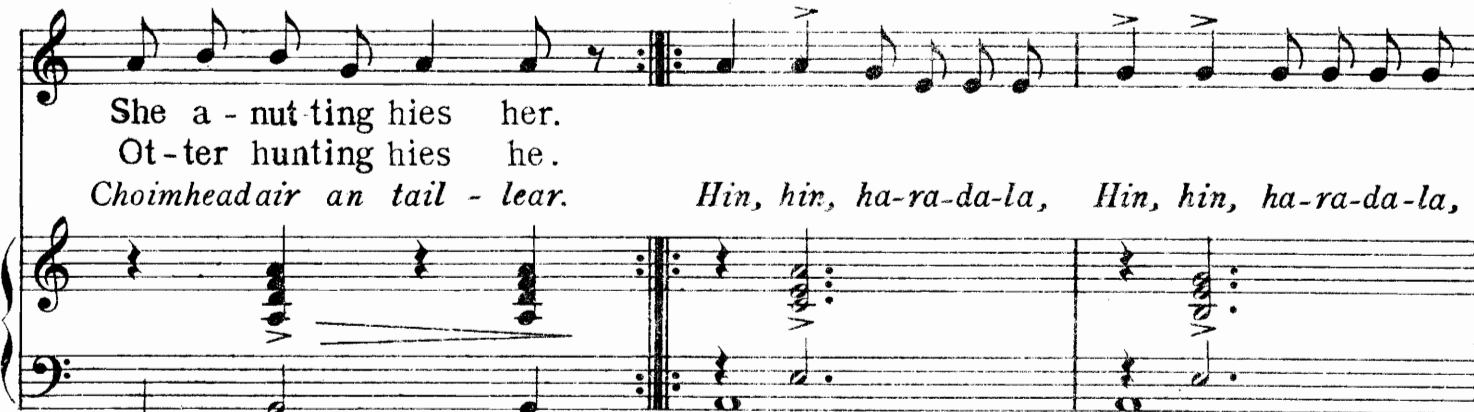
Hin, hin, ha-ra-da-la Hin, hin, ha-ra-da-la Hin, ho ha-ra-da-la Hin, ha-ra-dal o ro



To the woods in the valley, Ha-zel woods in the valley, To the woods in the valley,
Qui-et pools in the valley, Ot-ter pools in the valley, Qui-et pools in the valley,
Theid mi null air an abhuinn, Thig mi nall air an abhuinn, Theid mi null air an abhuinn,



She a - nut ting hies her.
Ot-ter hunting hies he.
Choi-mheadair an tail - lear. Hin, hin, ha-ra-da-la, Hin, hin, ha-ra-da-la,



Hin, ho, ha-ra-da-la, Hin, ha ra dal o ro.

p lightly agitated.

Hazel woods in the valley, Mossy woods in the valley Hazel woods in the valley,
 Ot-ter pools in the ri-ver, *Wa-ter dogs in the ri-ver Ot-ter pools in the ri-ver,
 Tha na maoir ga ma shireadh, Tha na saoir ga mo shireadh, Tha na maoir ga mo shireadh,

He a - nut-ting spies her.
 Hi-ther hunting hies he.
 Cha gabh mi ach tail-lear. *Hin, hin, ha-ra-da-la, Hin, hin, ha-ra-da-la,*

last time only.

Hin, ho, ha-ra-da-la, Hin, ha-ra-dal o ro.

pp

MAKING LAUGHTER.¹

I WENT a-courting the daughter of the King of Erin. She asked for the things that might not be: a castle on each of the sunny knolls; a mill on every stream in Erin; a cat with sixty tails. She made her vow, and I made mine. I would not return to her, nor let love gray me, from now to the thrawn-day.

I went hill-wandering. Came a brown maiden of the sheiling: "I am a milkmaid from the fields of the cattle, from the rockland of the folds. I have given love to thee that mother never gave to the child she was crooning, nor cow of the sheiling to her calf. Though the King's son should come to woo me, I would not be taking him. I am a milkmaid; thou art a herdman."

For a year and a quarter I lay in a fever. Yon forward milkmaid would not be coming to ask for me. On the last day of the fifth quarter, she reached the window. "Man who art in there, how art thou?" "I am but sad and sore; the hair of my head is in ringlets on the floor." "Sorrow upon me if it would not please me better to see thee well." And she sped away to the sheiling.

Early on the morrow I went down to the white strand to play at the shinty.² I beat the young King of Lochlann by a hail³; I beat the young King of Spain by another. And the brown maiden came to my side; she asked if I might be feeling well. "Is it asking me if I am well thou art? Altogether well to my friends. Not quite so well to the others." Bowed her head she, made she laughter.

'Listen, thou woman without sense, without shame. Were it not that my mother was a woman, I would tell a tale of the women. They are like a fox at hide-and-peek, or like the elusive eel in the wet sand.'" Raised her head she, made she laughter. And who was it but herself, the King of Erin's daughter, mouth of frolic and of music-laughter. *Chailin og, a stiuir thu mi?*

¹ The old Gaelic ballad, of which the above is a prose translation, was contributed to the *Celtic Review*, April, 1908.

² An ancient Celtic game, of which hockey is a form.

³ A goal in shinty.

KENNETH MACLEOD.