

# SPREADING THE SEA-WRACK.

“O God of the Sea  
Put weed in the drawing wave,  
To enrich the soil,  
To shower on us food.”

From an ancient Hebridean prayer.

Words and arrangement for  
Voice and Piano by  
M. KENNEDY FRASER.

Air phonographed by  
KENNETH MACLEOD.  
from a N. Uist Singer.

*E<sup>b</sup> min. or E min.*  
**Moderato.** ♩=100.

Voice.

Piano.

*measuredly*  
*mp espressivo.*

**Very sustained**

Ho i ril ai il é o Ho i ril ai il é o  
Pronounce. Ho-ee-reel - <sup>1</sup>“I” eel-ay-o Ho-ee-reel - -“I” eel-ay-o Spreading wrack for

R.H. *leggiero.*

L.H. *with singing tone.*

seed and harvest, Ho i ril ai il é o Ho i ril ai il é o  
Ho-ee-reel - -“I” eel-ay-o Ho-ee-reel - -“I” eel-ay-o

<sup>1</sup>Pronounced like English “I” first person singular.  
Be careful to give the dotted crotchets in the melody their full duration with a feeling for the inner beats.

Ho i ril ai il é o      Spreading wrack for seed and harvest      Ho i ril ai il é o  
 Ho-ee-reel - "I"-eel-ay-o      Ho-ee-reel - "I"-eel-ay-o

Aye was toil light love at seedtime, O'er black soil a-

spreading sea wrack, Spreading wrack for au - tumn's har-vest.      Ho i ril  
 Ho - ee - reel -

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

ai il é o      Ho i ril      ai il é o      Ho e ril      ai il é o  
 - "I"-eel-ay-o      Ho-ee-reel -      - "I"-eel-ay-o      Ho-ee-reel -      - "I"-eel-ay-o

\*

Spreading wrack for seed and har-vest, Ho i ril ai il é o  
Ho - ee - reel - -"I" - eel-ay-o

*Ped.* \*

Hea-vy now I turn it o - ver, Rich sea spoil, the red the white wrack,

Spreading weed at seed - time lone-ly. Ho i ril ai il é o  
Ho - ee - reel - -"I" - eel-ay-o

Ho i ril ai il é o Ho i ril ai il é o  
 Ho-ee-reel - "I"- eel-ay-o Ho-ee-reel - "I"- eel-ay-o

*And.* \*

Spreading wrack for rea-per's har-vest, Ho i ril ai il é o  
 Ho-ee-reel "I"- eel-ay-o

*And.* \*

Ho i ril ai il é o Ho i ril ai il é o Spreading wrack for  
 Ho-ee-reel - "I"- eel-ay-o Ho-ee-reel - "I"- eel-ay-o

seed and harvest, Ho i ril ai il é o.  
 Ho-ee-reel - "I"- eel-ay-o.

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

## The \*Skīr of St. Kenneth.

It was the year of the Black Frost in the Skīr of St. Kenneth, when the ice, which on Christmas Eve but covered the quiet pools, was by Easter-tide creeping upward and downward on the very face of the waterfalls themselves. It was the year too of the dead birds, there being never a bit of softness anywhere big enough to let the beak of a little bird bird through to the worms below—and, O King of the elements, pity the poor when each tuft of earth is alike for hardness. And day after day the Clerk who was tending the Skīr scattered grain out of the lean barns on whatsoever tuft a little bird was likely to light upon, until one day he cried out, "Sorrow upon me, it is either the folks themselves or else the birds that must die." And on that same evening, taking to the road to keep himself warm, he saw one like unto a monk standing on a hillock near to the church of St. Kenneth, with a flock of birds flying a-round him. "Who art thou, stranger, and what thine errand?" asked the Clerk. "I am he whose name is on yonder church, and I am giving Communion to the birds before they die." "Please God, holy man, they shall not die. I myself will feed them." "And the song of the birds will be in thine own heart, good Clerk, and be it known unto thee that a full week before the lean barns are empty, the Good Being will send his soft wind from the West to put growth and greenness on the Skīr of St. Kenneth."

KENNETH MACLEOD.

\*Gaelic Sgīr, Parish.

# \*VOW SONG OF THE BIRDS.

## Processional.

Words by  
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Air noted from CALUM MACLEAN,  
Lochmaddy, N. Uist.  
Arr. for Voice and Piano by  
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

In Gb or G.  $\text{♩} = 100$ . *Strictly in processional rhythm, making the inner beats felt.*

Voice. 

Piano  *Cantabile ed espressivo.* *p e dolce.* R.H. L.H. L.H.

\* *Ad.*



Praise ye ev-er Him, Ho ha-lo-veech-owl o, Ha - le - lu - ia  
Ho ha-lo-vi-chall o,





Praise ye ev-er Him, Ho ha-lo-veech-owl o, Sing the birds His  
Ho ha-lo-vi-chall o,



\* *Ad.* \*

\* This song may be sung unaccompanied as a unison processional.

<sup>1</sup>Ch pronounced here as in loch. a very soft slight guttural.

N. B. Not like veetch, think rather of Ho ha-lo-vee<sup>h</sup>-howl<sup>o</sup>

praise-song hea-ven-ward, Ha - le - lu - ia, Ha - le - lu - ia,

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

Ho ha-lo-veech-owl - o, Hide the Christ when  
 Ho ha-lo-vi-chall - o,

*ten.* *ten.* *p e dolce.*

en - vy fol-lows Him, Ho ha-lo-veech-owl o,  
 Ho ha-lo-vi-chall o,

*ten.* *ten.*

Pull the thorns from out His hallow'd brow, Ho ha-lo-veech-owl o,  
 Ho ha-lo-vi-chall o,

*p dolce.* \*

Sing the birds His praise-song hea-ven-ward, Ha - le - lu - ia,

*exultantly.*

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

Ha - le - lu - ia, Ho ha-lo-veech-owl o,  
Ho ha-lo - vi - chall o,

*ten. ten.*

*Red. \* Red. \**

Pull the thorns from out His hallow'd brow, Ho ha-lo-veech-owl  
Ho ha-lo - vi - chall

*p dolce. espress.*

*ten.*  
o o Feed His poor when hun - ger har-rows them,

*p dolce.*

*Red. \**



Ho ha-lo-veech-owl o, Sing the birds His  
 Ho ha-lo-vi-chall o,

*ten.* *ten.*

*exultantly.*

*ped.* \*

praise-song hea-ven-ward Ha - le - lu - ia Ha - le - lu - ia

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

Ho ha-lo-veech-owl o  
 Ho ha-lo-vi-chall o

*ten.* *ten.*

*espressivo.*

*ped.* \*

Sing the birds His praise-song hea-ven-ward.

*p* *pp*

*ped.* \*

# THE RÔDEL FISHING RUNE.

## RANN IASGAICH.

Noted from the singing of  
KENNETH MACLEOD  
learned by him in boyhood in Eigg.

Arranged by  
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

*Keep the lilt of the sing-song rhythm a-swinging.*

*♩ = 60*

Piano. *leggiero.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes with a lilt, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 60.

①

Sto - len hook and Hair - y line and Crook - ed rod of  
Dubh - an brad - ach Driamlach ro - bach Slat cam caor - ainn

The first system of the vocal line features a melodic line with a circled '1' above the first measure. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the introduction.

Row - an wood, New found on shore - land on the Lord's Day.  
Air a fao - tainn Anns a' chlad - ach air Di - dòmhnaich

*espress.*

*cantabile.*  
*riten. poco.*

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes performance directions: *espress.*, *cantabile.*, and *riten. poco.*

① Give time values as noted— do not dot the crotchets and convert others into quavers.

Wind from home-land! Out to sea ye! Love on <sup>②</sup> Col - um,  
 Gaoth on oir - thir, Mach ri cuan sibh; Gaol air Cal - um

*sostenuto.*

Love on <sup>③</sup> Clement, Sure to - night we'll \*light up Rō - - -  
 Gradh air Cliaman, Gum bi lias an Nochd an Ro - - -

*leggiero.*

- del. \_\_\_\_\_ Hook a ree oo, Hook a ree oo,  
 - dal. \_\_\_\_\_ Hug a ri u, Hug a ri u,

Hook a ree oo, ee oo, ee \_\_\_\_\_ oo.  
 Hug a ri u i u i \_\_\_\_\_ u.

② St. Columba of Iona. ③ St. Clement of Rödel, Harris. \* Fish oil for cruises.

# PUTTING THE TAUNT.

## CUR NA TAMAILTE.

Isle Laddies' singing game.

Flung by one side at the other— a relic of grown up ploys when folks lived by the chase

From KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arranged by  
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

Mockingly. about 100 =

Piano.

*lightly.*

The first system of piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The music is characterized by a light, rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

Think ye, have ye killed a her-on, Or a black rook e - ven?  
 Think ye, was't the ①calyach's pet-lamb, Think ye or a bo - gle?  
 Saoil na mharbh thu cor - ra-ghritheach, Saoil na mharbh thu ro - cais?  
 Saoil na thilg thu cao - ra caill-ich, Saoil na thilg thu bòchd - an?

The second system of piano accompaniment continues the musical accompaniment for the first system, maintaining the same key signature and time signature.

Think ye, have ye killed a her-on, or a ma-vis e - ven?  
 Think ye, was't the calyach's pet-lamb, or the pil-grim's old horse?  
 Saoil na thilg thu cor - ra-ghritheach, Uir-ead a - gus smeor - ach?  
 Saoil na thilg thu cao - ra caill-ich, No lair bhàn an deoir - idh? -

The third system of piano accompaniment concludes the musical accompaniment for the first system, maintaining the same key signature and time signature.

① cailleach = old wife.

Think ye, have ye killed a her-on, or a blackrook e-ven?  
 Think ye, have ye hit the pet-lamb, Think ye, or a bo-gle?  
*Saoil na mharbhthu cor-ra-ghritheach Saoil na mharbhthu ro-cais?*  
*Saoil na thilg thu cao-ra caill-ich Saoil na thilg thu bochd-an?*

Ho ho ho ho ho - oo - oo - an!  
*Ho ho ho ho ho ho u uan!*

Ho ho ho ho ho - oo - oo - an!  
*Ho ho ho ho ho ho u uan!*

*D. S. §*

Think ye, have ye hit the <sup>①</sup>Coolins, Think ye, or Isle  
 Saoil na bhuaile thu druim a' Chuilinn, Saoil na bhuaile thu

Rō - na? Think ye, have ye hit the Coolins,  
 Rō - naidh? Saoil na bhuaile thu druim a' Chuilinn,  
*gva.*

Or Isle <sup>②</sup>Moo - la's snow - cap? Think ye, have ye  
 No Bheinn Mhuil - each bhoidh - - each? Saoil na bhuaile thu

① The hills of Skye and Rùm. ② Mull.

hit the Cool - ins, Think ye, or Isle Rō - na?  
*druim a' Chuil - inn Saoil na bhuaile thu Rō - naidh?*

*gva.*.....

Ho ho ho ho Ho oo oo an!  
*Ho ho ho ho Ho u u - an!*

Ho ho ho ho Ho oo oo an!  
*Ho ho ho ho Ho u u an!*

*Ed.*

# The Rune of the Weaver.

## THE LIMPET GATHERER.

The woman was in the sea-shore pulling the limpets and what saw she but a wreath of mist, whiter than snow, gliding towards her from the far East. When she looked again, what saw she this time but a glow of light in the very centre of the wreath—and when she looked up the third time, who was in yonder glow of Light but the Weaver weaving his Rune. "O Mother of God, is it not the beautiful thing, the rune that is woven of the tears and the laughter?"

*Kenneth Macleod.*

Words by  
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Air noted from the singing of MARION MACLEOD, Eigg.  
and arranged for voice and piano by  
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

or about 80 = **With the ecstatic passion of the mystic.**

Voice. *O Loom of Love,*

Piano. *Cantabile.*  
*col *

Weave thy Rune, Loom of Love by lone waves, Oh

Loom of Love, Weave thy Rune. Thou'rt the laugh - ter,



Thou'rt the... tears, Oh Rune, by lone waves wo - - ven.

Thou'rt the song and thou'rt the... pain, Oh Rune by lone waves

wo - - ven, Oh Loom of Love, Weave thy Rune,.....

By lone waves weave thou.

# THE DOWERLESS MAIDEN.

## GUN CHRODH, GUN AIGHEAN.

English adaption and pianoforte accompaniment by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

120 = With a gentle movement, never draggingly.

Voice.

Piano.

*Red.*

\* Eel - a - ro - vo "lie" - eel - ay - o'  
 Il - a - ro - bho lai - il - e - o Low on turf or  
 Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun aigh-ean, Gun chrodh - laoigh gun

*L. H.* *L. H.*

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

high on heath - land, { Eel a - ro - vo "lie" - eel - ay - o'  
 chaor-aich ag - am, Il a - ro - bho lai - il - e - o  
 Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun aighean,

\* *Red.* \*

\*English sounds of Gaelic Syllables.  
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Sure I'll find my true love dear,  
 Gheobh mi fhath - ast oig - ear grinn.

Lit - tle heed though I have nei - ther  
 Ged nach 'eil mo spreidh am buail - e

L. H. L. H.

\* Ped.

Ewes nor milk - kye, sheep nor cat - tle, Lit - tle heed though  
 No mo chaor - aich 'san fhraoch u - aine, Chan 'eil mi gun

\* Ped. Ped. \*

I have nei - ther, Sure I'll find my true love dear.  
 toch - radh uas - al, 'Sio - ma duan tha'n cùl mo chinn.

Eel - a - ro - vo "lie" - eel - ay - o  
 Il - a - ro - bho lai - il e - o High on crag or  
 Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun aigh - ean Gun chrodh-laoigh gun

low on moor-land Eel - a - ro - vo "lie" - eel - ay - o,  
 chaoraich a - gam Il - a - ro - bho lai - il - e - o,  
 Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun aigh - ean

Sure I'll find my true love dear.  
 Gheobh mi fhath - ast òig - ear grinn.

Ne'er was wealth o' kine on up-land, Sheep or goat on rock or shoreland,  
 Fhir a dh'im-ich - eas thar cuan-tan, Giul-ain mil - e beannachd urm-sa,

Aught to me, and my own dear one Far a - way on  
*Dh'ionn-suidh oig - ear a' chuil dual-aich, Ged nach d'fhuair mi*

storm - y seas. { Eel - a - ro - vo "lie" - eel - ay - o  
*e dhomh fhin. Ged Il - a - ro - bho la - il - e - o*  
*tha mi gun chrodh gun aigh - ean*

L. H. L. H.

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

High on crag-land Low on moorland { sheel - a - ro - vo la - eel - ay - o  
*Gun chrodh-laoigh gun chaoraich a-gam, Ged sil - a - ro - bho la - il - e - o'*  
*tha mi gun chrodh gun aigh - ean,*

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

Sure I'll find my true love dear.....  
*gheobh mi fhath - ast oig - ear grinn.....*

*p*

# RANNOCH HERDING SONG.

## "AN DRUIMIONN DUBH."

Gaelic words restored by  
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Argyllshire air, from Patrick Macdonald's collection,  
set to lowland words by Tannahill.

Pianoforte setting by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

**Largo**  
*With gentle wistfulness and simplicity.*

*Or*  
*With soft thick tone.*

Piano.

*col. 20.*

Blythe was the time when he  
*Gaelic refrain* Ho ro an Druimionn Dubh,  
'Stric a dh'eirich mi moch-thra o

*ten*

fee'd wi' my faither O, Hap - py were the days when we  
ho ro ei - le, Ho ro an Druimionn Dubh,  
luain gus an domh - nach, 'S a shaod mi thu dhach - aidh o

herd - ed the - gith - er O, Sweet were the hours when he  
 ho ro ei - le, Ho ro an Druimionn Dubh,  
 ghlean - nan nan smeor - ach, Dhìr - inn a su - as ri

*Red.* \*

rowed me in his plai - die O, An'vowed to be mine, my  
 ho ro eil - e, An Druimionn Dubhlaghach bu tu  
 gu - a - la na mòin - tich, Is thig - each an Druimionn Dubh

dear Hie - lant laddie O But  
 rogh - a mo spréidh - e \*Nuair  
 geum - raich am chòmh - ail

*ten ten*

\* All of the second verse and part of the first were orally collected by Kenneth Macleod from Ann Henderson, Lochaline, Morven in 1900

oh wae's me, wi' their sodg - er - in' sae gau - dy O, The  
*thig-eadh tu..... dhach-aidh an tùs an an - a - muich, Bu*

Laird's wysed a - wa' my..... dear Hie - lant lad - die O,  
*trom do..... cheum 's bu bhinn do mhonamh..... - an,*

Mist - y are the glens and the dark hills sae clou dy O, That  
*Bheir - eadh tu dhomh - sa..... làn..... a..... \*mhor - ach - ainn De*

aye seemd sae blythe wi' my dear Hielant laddie O.  
*bhain - ne tiugh mil - is o iom - all nan neoin - ean.* *ten.*



Fare-weel my yowe! and fare-weel my doggie O,  
Fuad - an an Druimionn Dubh, rogh - a mo spreidh - e,

*ten.*

Fareweel ye knowes, noo sae cheerless and scroggy O, Fare-weel Glen Feoch, my  
Tiamh-aidh do nuall - an am bua - ile nan reub - air, Fuad - an an t-òig-ear a

mammie and my dad-die O, I maun leave ye a' for my  
b'eol duinn le cheil - e, Och - àin mur a till e gur

dear Hie - lant lad-die O.....  
mis - e bhios deur - ach.....

*f pesante ma dolce*

# \*A MHAIRI BHAN.

## A Clyde-Side Love Lilt.

Live with me and be my love  
 And we will all the pleasures prove  
 That the hills, valleys, dales and fields  
 And all the craggy mountains yields.

*These lines said (by tradition in the Western Highlands)  
 to have been written by Shakespeare (or Marlowe?) to this air.*

Air from  
 Campbell's Language  
 Literature and Music  
 of the

From about (72-66 = ♩). As with a swinging gait in sunshine. Highland Clans? 1862.

Voice.

Fal "eel" "lay" "leave" o, Vah-ree Vahn,  
 Fal il e' li bho, Mhai-ri Bhan,

Piano.

*leggiero*

Vah-ree Vahn ..... Fal-eel-lay-leave, o, If that these  
 Mhai-ri Bhan ..... Fal il e' li bho, O gur truagh

pleasures may thee move, Then live with me and be my love,  
 nach mi fhein bha thall leat, Fal ill e' li bho, Mhairi Bhan.

\* Mary Fair, pronounced A Vahree Vahn.  
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\*Come with me and be my love And we will  
*Theid sinn fa - da null a Mhairi Bhan, Fa - da thall.....*

*sustained.*

..... all the plea-sures prove That the hills, val-leys, dales and  
 ..... *thun nam beann-tan ard, Fa - da thall, far an goir an*

fields And all the crag-gy moun - tains yields.  
*smeor - ach, Theid sinn fa - da null a Mhairi Bhan.*

Fal - eel - lay - leave - o, Vah - ree Vahn, Vah - ree Vahn,  
*Fal ill e li bho, Mhair-i Bhan, Mhair - i Bhan,...*

\* An old woman in Dumbartonshire, over 150 years ago, was wont to sing to this air these lines from "The Passionate Pilgrim"

A Mhairi Bhan.

H. 40220.

Fal - eel - lay-leave-o, And if these plea-sures may thee  
*Fal ill e' li bho, O gurtruagh nach mi fhein bha*

move, Then live with me and be my love.  
*thall leat, Fal ill e li bho Mhair-i Bhan.*

*a little slower.*

\* Blue thy dew-wet eyes, Vah-ree  
 \* *Suil mar dhearc fo'n druchd a Mhair-i*

*dolce.*

Vahn, Cheeks like ripe row - an ber-ries red,  
*Bhan, Slios mar eal' anns an loch - an fhàs,*

\* This verse, English by M. Kennedy-Fraser and Gaelic by Kenneth Macleod, is based on the Gaelic misfit words found with the tune.

Like the swan, white..... thy..... throat, And  
*Lamh mar ur shneachd is gruaidh mar chaor - ann,*

white o' snow thy hands, Vah - ree Vahn.  
*Suil mar dhearc fo'n druchd a Mhair - i Bhan.*

*Tempo I.*

Or, Fal - eel - lay - leave - o, Vah - ree Vahn, Vah - ree Vahn,.....

Come with me and be my..... love, And we will.....  
*Theid sinn fa - da null a Mhair - i Bhan, Fa - da thall.....*

*softly.*

..... Fal - eel - lay - leave - o, If that these plea - sure may thee

..... all the plea - sures prove That the hills, val - leys dales and  
 ..... *thun nam beann - tan ard, Fa - da thall, far an goir an*

move, Then live with me and be my love.

fields And all the crag-gy moun - tains yields.  
*smeor - ach Theid sinn fá - da null a Mhairi Bhan.*

Come with me and be my..... love. And we will.....

Fal - eel - lay - leave - o, Vah - ree Vahn, Vah - ree Vahn.....  
*Fal ill e li bho, Mhair - i Bhan, Mhair - i Bhan.....*

*with more breadth*

..... all the plea - sures prove That the hills, val - leys, dales and

Fal - eel - lay - leave - o, And if these plea - sures may thee  
*Fal ill e li bho, O gurtruagh nach mi fhein bha*

fields And all the crag - gy moun - tains yields.

move, Then live with me and be my..... love.  
*thall leat, Fal ill e' li bho, Mhairi Bhan.*

## THE WITCHERY.

(“THE BIG SEVEN.”)

**S**UCH as wish to understand the Scottish Gael, what he is and what he is not, should study our witches as well as our saints. The responsible witches of Gaeldom were not of the weaklings who are merely bad-hearted, or are tricksters in self-defence. They were rather highly-gifted women who loved being alive, and who won their place by force of character, and by right of service. That supernatural powers were attributed to them by the people, makes one envy them; if they really possessed those powers, one envies them still more. The only vice in them which would, perhaps, have shocked the saints was their keen sense of humour.

As the recognised guardians of the home-parish, the witches had a solemn sense of responsibility. Each would fight the other, and sometimes all the others, in defence of parochial rights and privileges. Each, too, made full use of all the arts, whether conventional or unconventional, to bring the luck of milk to her own sheilings, or the luck of fish to her own shores. And if the old tales can be trusted, the cows did give milk in the sheilings, and the herring did come to the shores, sooner or later.

But the witches were racial as well as parochial patriots. If the kiltless armies sometimes wondered why the mist was so thick and the rock so unexpected in Gaelic territory, there was a woman in a place called Moy who knew. And as likely as not, she was at that very moment handing round silver goblets, with something in them, to the six guests who jested and laughed around the fire, serious business being over. Many a time, too, did those same seven big ones, standing on the headland of Knoydart, hurl winds and waves against such sloops of war as carried intentions that might not be good for Gaeldom. “It would not irk my great ship,” said a foreign princess, “to carry the little Isle of Barra on her bow.” But Barra was somewhat bigger than she knew, and behind Barra and the rest of Gaeldom stood Gormshuil of Moy and Doideag of Mull and Laorag of Tiree and Maol-odhar of Kintyre and Luideag of the Bens and Corrag, Daughter of Iain the Fair, and Cas a’Mhogain Riabhaich from Glencoe. The very names strike terror into one, even though the tub is not there.

The witches were, however, more companionable than their names. An evening with them in a certain ale-house on the Morar side of Loch Nevis, would have been a lesson in the joy of living to such as could forget to be genteel. One would cross many a ferry to see the seven old crones, dancing hand-in-hand their circular dance, to the rhythm of a maddening tune. Only, one could not merely look on; it is in the circle one would be, between Gormshuil and Doideag. Greatly to be envied was the keeper of that ale-house. And there is at least one Gael who thinks hungrily of these witchery graces :

Put I clearness in their head,  
Honey softness in their speech.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

# WITCHERY GRACES. OBAIDH NA CLOINNE.

To children, orphans, whose father had married again, the Witch here gives such graces as would protect them from a jealous step-mother, if jealous she should be.

from KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arranged by  
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

*♩ = 78. Tenderly. With a gently swinging rhythm.*

Voice. *Ho na hook*  
*Ho na hug*

Piano.

*o - reen o ho Hee na hee roo..... ree o*  
*o rin o ho Hi na hi ru..... ri o*

When I reach the child-ren lone, All a-lone, far a-way,  
Put I on them love and looks, Looks that jeal-ous eye ne'er sees,  
*Nuair a ruig-eas mi a' chlann, Ho a' chlann fad - a thall,*  
*Cuir-eam seir - - ce 'nan crann, Loinn nach fhaic ach suil an dàimh,*



Ho na hook o reen o ho Hee na hee roo..... ree o  
 Ho na hug o rin o ho Hi na hi ru..... ri o

*D. S.*

Put I clearness in their head, Hon-ey soft-ness in their speech,  
 Spell o walk-in' on the weak, Spell o' deft-ness on the blind,  
 Cuir-eam soin - - eann'nan ceann, Mìn-e meal - - a 'nan cainnt  
 Or-tha h-imeachd air an fhann, Or-tha h-iomairt air an dall

*Last verse only.* *Fine.*

Ho na hook..... Ho - reen yo ho.....  
 Ho na hug..... Ho rin o ho.....

*no rall.*

*Fine.*

# WITCHERY CANTRIPS.

## BÒILICH NAM BANA-BHUIDSEACH.

From KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arr. by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

about 66 = *Humorously.*

Voice.

Piano.

Na  
Pronounced Na

The first system of music features a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The voice line begins with a rest, followed by a note on the word 'Na'. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'about 66' and the mood is 'Humorously'. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

h-ei - tir - in o, na h-ei - tir - in o, Na h-ei - tir - in o.....  
 "hay" "cheer" in o, na hay cheer in o, Na hay cheer in o.....

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the voice line. The piano part includes a double bar line at the beginning of the system. A small asterisk (\*) is placed below the piano part in the middle of the system.

..... ri u-gad i H-ei-tir - in o, na h-ei-tir - in o. *Fine.*  
 ..... ree oo kat ee Hay cheer in o, na hay cheer in o.

The third system concludes the piece. The voice line ends with a final note and a fermata. The piano accompaniment also concludes with a final chord. The word 'Fine.' is written at the end of both the voice and piano lines.

1st Witch  
CORRAG.  
Oh I last night in Dun - tultm and<sup>①</sup>Car - saig And  
Bha mi'n raoir an Dun-tuilm 's an Car - saig Is

2nd Witch  
DOIDEAG.  
To - night I will be in In - ver - ar - y, 'Neath  
Gum bi mi an nochd am Bail' In-bhir - ao - ra Sfo

3rd Witch  
LAORAG.  
And I last night in Ran-noch and Is - la, I -  
Bha mi'n raoir an Rain-each 's an I - le, An

4th Witch  
GORMSHUIL.  
To - night I will be in <sup>②</sup>U - ist of shell-drakes And  
Gum bi mi an nochd an Uibh - ist nan cra - ghiadh, Air

Piano.

D. S.  $\text{\textcircled{S}}$

o'er in Brae-mar went fro - ick - ing! Na  
thall am Braighmharr am ghor - ai - chel Na

trees... in Keppoch a - fro - ick - ing! Na  
chraobhan na Ceapaich am ghor - ai - chel Na

- o - na and Can - na went fro - ick - ing! Na  
Can - aidh 's an I am ghor - ai - chel Na

<sup>③</sup>Kil - chiar - an strand a - fro - ick - ing! Na  
traigh Cill - Chiar - an am ghor - ai - che! Na

D. S.  $\text{\textcircled{S}}$

Pronounced.— ① Karsik, ② yew-ist, ③ Keel-heer-an.

# The Witchery Milking Croon.

OBAIDH BUAILE.

The tale has it that after a certain cattle lifting, which left never a cow to the raided ones, the good witch invited the raided women and children to her house with their cogues, and tying her apron to a black rafter above her, milked away all the milk from the greedy ones' fold.

From KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arranged by  
M. KENNEDY-FRASER

Smoothly, softly, lullingly throughout (♩:120).

Voice. *caressingly.* Ho ro ho ro ho ro ho ro Ho

Piano. *p e dolce.*

ro ho ro black cow o-verhead, No ud-der hath she, nor eye-sight, Ho  
bo dhubh os mochionn, Gu bheil i gun ùth is gun suil - ean,  
Thou<sup>①</sup>town o-ver there, Good luck on thy greed and thy hoard - ing,  
A bhaile sin thall Gu meal is gu'n caith sibh bhur crìn - e

ro ho ro Nor drinks she nor eats And 'twould drown a great ship her milk  
Cha'n ith i's cha'n òl Sgu'n doirt i na bha - thadh  
The drought's on thy fold, An e - vil less e - vil than  
Gur seasg bhur crodh laoigh 'Sma's cro-nail, o - cho - in bhur

① i.e. Crofting village.

*D. S.*  $\frac{3}{8}$

pour - - ing, Ho ro ho ro, Ho ro ho ro, Ho ro, ho ro Thou black  
*iubh - rach, Ho ro ho ro, Ho ro ho ro, Ho ro, ho ro..... Bo*  
 cold hearts.  
*mì - - run.*

cow o-ver-head, There's joy on the poor and the weak - ly Ho ro ho ro, There's  
*dhubh os mo chionn, Bidh sunnd air na dil-leachd-ain mhaoth - a Bidh*

crowd-ie and cheese For women and dear wee chil - dren.  
*gruithiam bidh càis Aig mnathan 'saig paisdean gaol - ach.*

# THE WITCHERY FATE SONG.

Down comes the Hawk and she flies no more.

Chunna mi'n t-Seabhag.

Noted from the singing of  
KENNETH MACLEOD,  
who learnt it in boyhood in Eigg.

M. KENNEDY-FRASER.  
English by KENNETH MACLEOD.

Two of the "Big Seven" (famous Witches) Gormshuil (Gorumhool) from Moy and Corrag Nighean Iain Bhain (Korrack nee-an Eean Vahn) or as she sometimes called herself, "Corrag from Nowhere," were talking old ploys on a sea-rock in Knoydart when a hawk which had been circling above them, suddenly dropped down with its back to the ground.

♩. = about 52.

Piano.

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The music is in 6/8 time and features a series of chords and melodic lines. There are triplets in the bass line and an 8-measure rest in the treble line.

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment, consisting of two staves. It includes a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking and a *See* instruction. The music continues with chords and melodic lines.

yon-der the hawk and her back to the ground, See yon-der the hawk and her  
Chun-na mi'n t-seabh-ag 's a cùl ri làr, Chun-na mi'n t-seabh-ag 's a

Musical notation for the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are: "yon-der the hawk and her back to the ground, See yon-der the hawk and her Chun-na mi'n t-seabh-ag 's a cùl ri làr, Chun-na mi'n t-seabh-ag 's a".

back to the ground, And Corrac from No-way and Gormhool from Moy-way To-  
*cul ri lar, 'Sbidh Corrag Iain Bhain 'sbidh Gormshuil na Maigh A*

*Blue-eye*

\*

mor-row must leave the play o' the waves. Ah me, it is sore on the  
*fag-ail am mair-each siab-an nan tonn 'Sa righ gura trom air an*

old still young, A ree a, A ree. Down comes the hawk and she  
*òg-shean e A ri a, a ri Chun-na mi'n t-seabhag 'sa*

flies no more.  
*cùl ri làr.*

*pp* *pp*

Down comes the hawk and she flies no more,  
*Chun - na mi'n t-seabhag's a cùl ri làr,*

*Red.*

Down comes the hawk and she flies nevermore, And Corrak from No-way and  
*Chun - na mi'n t-seabhag'sa cul ri lar 'Sbidh Corrag Iain Bhain 's bidh*

\*

Gormhool from Moy-way, Will leave ev-er-more the lea and the shore, The  
*Blue - eye*  
*Gormshuil na Maigh, A' fag-ail gu brath gach cla-dach is fonn, Gach*



glens and the hills where they loved to rove; If days could re - turn, I'd heap  
*la - gan is tom air am b'eo - lach iad; An diugh nam b'e'n de, chuirinn*

laugh on the laugh, Nor seek e'er to know what black fate might hide. A  
*gair - e ri gair, Is gu de bhiodh 'san dan dubh cha'n fheor - aich - inn. A*

ree, a a ree, Down comes the hawk and she flies no more.  
*ri, a a ri Chun - na mi'n t-scabh - ag sa cùl ri lar.*

# THE CHANTY THAT BEGUILED THE WITCH

## (1) Gormshuil the Blue-Eyed

HA-RIM, HA-RÓ.

When the Skye witches were spell-fighting the mighty Gormshuil (Blue-Eye) of Moy, for a herring-shoal, a Dunvegan laddie was sent to beguile Gormshuil with this song. It did its work. Once she got into the fine swinging "Ha rim" chorus she could not get back to the verse and went on singing the chorus through a whole tide, six hours. By that time the shoal was safe in Loch Slapin, Skye.

From KENNETH MACLEOD.

### Refrain.

With a somewhat slow and heavy unbroken swing (about  $\text{♩} = 52$ )

Ha rim ha ro ho Ho ro leathag i Ha  
*Pronounce. Ha rim ha ro ho Ho ro <sup>2</sup>lack - ey Ha*

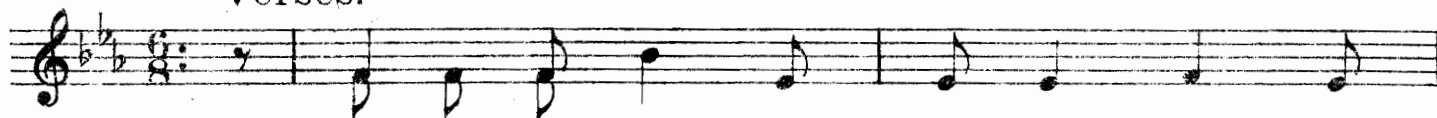
rim ho ro - ho Ho ro leathagi Ha rim ho ro - ho  
*rim ho ro ho Ho ro lack - ey Ha rim ho ro - ho*

Ho ro leathag i Ho ro ei - le Ho ro leathag i  
*Ho ro lack - ey Ho ro ai - ly Ho ro lack - ey*

\* To be sung by a number of voices in unison, unaccompanied.

(1) pronounced Gorumhool. (2) rather roll-yacky.

## Verses.



Dhi - rich mi moch ma - dainn chei - tein  
 Piob is clar - sach air a h-ur - lar,  
 Theid thu dh'Eir - inn ri aon lan, Is  
 Gur deuchainn air gach gaath a shei - deas  
*In the ear - ly spring-time morn - ing,*  
*Pi - ping, harp - ing, on her floor - ing,*  
*While one tide flows makes she Er - in,*  
*Ne - ver a wind but fears the strain Of*



Su - as ri gual - a chais an t-sleibh-e Chun-na mi long 's i an  
 Mic a' fas ri fuil an duthchais... Cha robh eun nach  
 till - idh tu ri aon mhuir-traigh..... 'S fhad 's a lean-as aon  
 Do shiuil bha - na lion - adh glé-lan..... Thug thu'n Cuil - inn  
*Climbed I high the steep hill shoul - der, Yo - hot a ship a -*  
*Youth blooddrawn to ways of yore - dom, On sleeping sea - birds*  
*While yon tide ebbs, back can sail she, If stave but hold to*  
*fill-ing thy sail when un - der way, I lose e'en the Cool-ins be -*



lain - nir grein - e Ho ro ei - le, Long Shil-Leoid i.  
 d'rinn i dhus - gadh Long a' chiuil is Long Shil-Leoid i.  
 chlar ri clar, Gun snamh thu linn-e's gur Long Shil Leoid thu.  
 mor ri speur diom, Ho ro ei - le, Long Shil-Leoid thu  
*glow in sun - shine, Ho ro ai - ly, Ship o' <sup>(3)</sup>Sheel-lodge she.*  
*put she soar - ing, Ship o' mu - sic, Ship o' Sheel-lodge she.*  
*stave she'll fare A - cross the linn - he, Ship o' Sheel-lodge she.*  
*hind yon sail, Yo ho ro ai - ly, Ship o' Sheel-lodge she.*

(3) Sil Leod = the seed or Clan of Macleod.

## WITCHERY CROON.

Fise Faise Fó.

From  
KENNETH MACLEOD.Arr. for Voice and Piano by  
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

Voice.  $\text{♩} = 100.$   
 With a steady rhythm.  
 Piano. *ten.* *leggiro.* *ten.*

*Ed.* \*

With dance-like rhythm.  
 Feesh-a fash-a fo,  
 Fis - e fais - e fo,

*p* *pp*

Hee air a vo Hee a vo Feesh-a fash-a fo  
 Hi air a bho Hi a bho Fis - e fais - e fo

*♩ parlante.*

Hee air a vo      Hee a vo      That was in the prophecy,      Na  
 To our shores the herring shoal,  
 And the eggs of a henthats old,  
 Hi air a bho      Hi a. bho      Sid gu robh's an tailgneachd      Na  
 Dhach-aidh thun ar cladaichean  
 Le uibh - ean na seana chirc

*Cantabile.*

hao eel yo.  
 hao i leo.

Feesh - a fash - a fo      Hee air a vo      Hee a vo  
 Fis - e fais - e fo      Hi air a bho      Hi a bho

Feesh - a fash - a fo      Hee air a vo      Hee a vo.  
 Fis - e fais - e fo      Hi air a bho      Hi a bho.

*parlante.* *Cantabile.*

Oft I brought by wizard-ry Na hao eel yo  
 Thro' the min - nows in the cogue.  
 That was in the prophe - sy.  
 'Stric a thug mi'n sgadanaich. Na hao i leo  
 Leis a'mhead - ar gharbh - an.  
 Sid gu robh 'san tailgneachd

Feesh - a fash - a fo Hee air a vo  
 Fis - e fais - e fo Hi air a bho

Hee a vo Feesh-a fash-a fo Hee air a vo Hee a vo  
 Hi a bho Fis - e fais - e fo Hi air a bho Hi a bho.

*D.S.*  
*Fine.*

# THE SEA-QUEST.

175

## OR THE HARP-SORROW.

Am Bròn Binn.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER

The melodies collected by  
MISS FRANCES TOLMIE, Skye  
& MISS ANNIE JOHNSON, Barra.

Words collected and collated by  
KENNETH MACLEOD.

An ancient Arthurian tale.

Con moto (♩=126)

Piano.

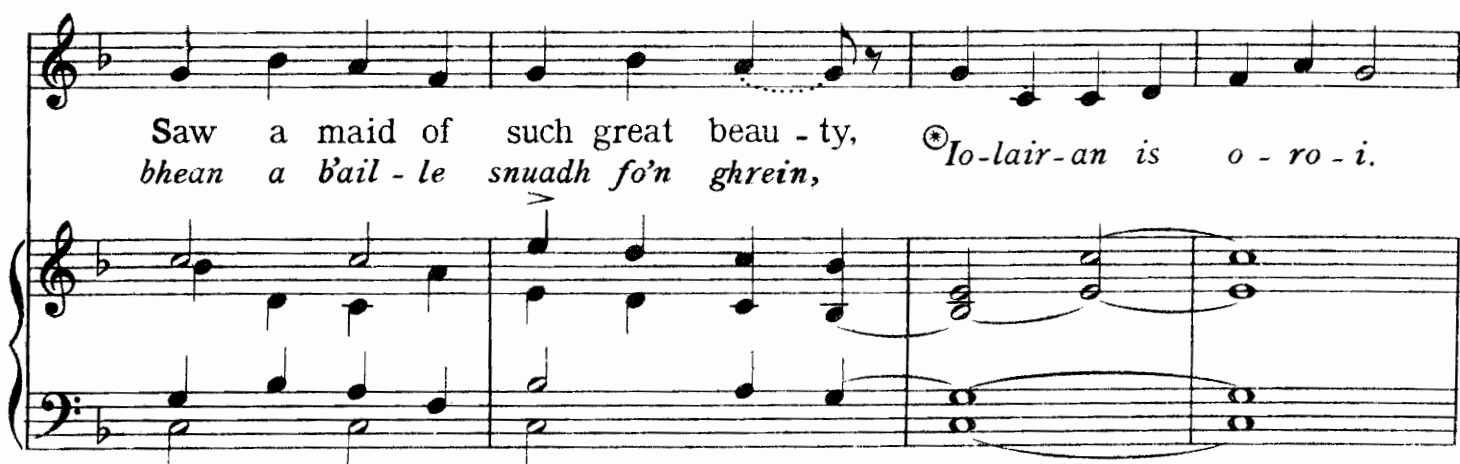


*Semplice and not too slow.*

In his sleep the King of Bri-tain,  
Chun-naic Rìgh Bhreatainn' na shu-ain, \*Io-lair o-bhan o-ro-i A'



Saw a maid of such great beau-ty,  
bhean a bail-le snuadh fo'n ghrein, ©Io-lair-an is o-ro-i.



\* Pronounce, eòlar ovan o-ro-ee.  
© eòlaran iss o-ro-ee.

N.B. The metronome marks given throughout  
are merely an attempted approximate notation  
of the elastic time swerving adopted by any good singer of a dramatic ballad

That he fain would be in her grace,  
*Gu'm b'fhearr leis..... tuit-eam 'na gean, Io-lair o-bhan*

*o-ro-i* Fain-er than have speech with courtiers,  
*Na comh-radh fhear mar e fhein Io-lair-an is*

*a tempo*

*o-ro-i.* Cried Fios-falaich with zeal I for thee seek-ing her  
*Labhair Fios-falaich gu fial: "Theid mi fhein 'ga h-iarraidh*

(♩ = 92)

*go dhuit."* \*Hu-gaibh i Hu-gaibh ei-le! My-Mi-

(♩ = 96)



♩ = 26)

- self, my gil - lie and my hound. For seven weeks and  
 - fhein, mo ghill - e is mo chu. Fad sheachd seachd - an -

two months long - er, Io - lair o - bhan  
 an is da mhios,

o - ro - i, Far sea - wan - der'd  
 Bha sinn sgith ri

Fi - os - fa - laich, Io - lair - an is o - ro - i,  
 siubh - al cu - ain,

When sea cir-cled, nigh o - cean's edge,  
*Faic-ear an io-mall a' chu - ain ghairbh,*

*Io-lair o-bhan o-ro-i* Rose, green - set a smooth white \*clach - an  
*Cla - chan meadh - a min - gheal gorm*

*Io - lair - an is* *o - ro - i* **Faster** (♩. = 84) As sailed he  
*An àm dhomh*

close to its base, swung... down a great black chain.....  
*seol-adh ri bhun, Thain-ig slabh-ruidh dhubh an nuas.....*

(♩ = 126) (♩ = 96)

*pesante.*

*Ed.*

Hu - gaibh i Hu - gaibh ei - le'

(♩ = 126) (♩ = 96)

Nei - ther fear nor dread had he,  
Cha do ghabh mi sgaoimno fiamh,

*ppv*

*sempre f*

Hu - gaibh i

(♩ = 126)

Hu - gaibh ei - le' Swift the sea-quest climb dared he,  
Rinn mi an dion - ruith a suas

*ppv*

*f*

*pesante.*

*Ed.*

*ff*

*ff*

*rall. dim.*

Fair young maiden spied he, white coifed, slum - bring on..... couch of  
 Faic - ear ain - nir bhreidgheal òg..... Ann an uir - igh oir fo

*a tempo.*

*p*

(♩ = 96) *Dolce.*

gold.  
 phràmh

Hu - gaibh i Hu - gaibh ei - le,

*p e dolce.*

Whit - er than the snow - drift she,  
 Bu ghile..... na'n cabh - adh a cneas

Hu - gaibh i

*p*

*sempre dolce.*

Hu - gaibh ei - le. Blue her eyes, like blossoms white her teeth.....  
 Gorm a ros g 'sa deud..... mar..... bhblath.....

*p*

(♩ = 72)

A blood..... drop on the  
Boin - ne fo - la air

*p e dolce.*

\*

wing of the o - cean, Beau - ty as each might de - sire,.....  
sgeith a' chuain A' snu - adh a' frea - gairt gach deoin.....

(♩ = 96) (♩ = 126)

Hu - gaibh i Hu - gaibh ei - le Bare - ly her foot - fall brush'd the  
Cha ghluais - eadh a cas an

*sempre p*

(♩ = 96)

dew, druchd Hu - gaibh i Hu - gaibh ei - le.

*pp*

(♩ = 126)

Nor did she e'en the birds a - wake.....  
 'Scha mhò a dhuis - geadh i na h-eoin.....

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 126. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part includes a *pp* dynamic marking.

Harp in hand the  
 Cruit an laimh na

*dolce.*

The second system continues the piano accompaniment from the first system. It features several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over the notes) and is marked with the tempo *dolce.*

(♩ = 80)

fair fresh mai - den, Sweet - ly played there - on.....  
 Fin - ne gheal ur, Bu bhriagh a shein - neadh ia' chlar.....

*Tranquillo*

*Red.*

The third system of music shows a change in tempo to quarter note = 80. The piano accompaniment includes a section marked *Tranquillo* and *Red.* (ritardando).

*rall.*

The fourth system continues the piano accompaniment, marked with a *rall.* (rallentando) tempo. The system concludes with a final cadence.

THE KNIGHT SINGS.  
*molto sostenuto e espressivo.*

Thy Harp sor - row woundeth me sore,  
Do Bhron Binn'-'gam chur gu leòn Io - lair obh - am

*espress e molto legato.*

o - ro - i Not for thee is meet such sor-row.  
'Scha b'e choir thu bhi fo bheud Io - lair - an is

(♩ = 62) THE LADY SINGS.

o - ro - i..... Man, a - risen from  
Fhir a thain - ig

out the sea ..... Woe to a greet-ing one here!  
oirmn o'n chu - an..... 'Stru-agh fear beann-ach-aidh-an so.

(♩ = 96) (♩ = 126).

*Hugaibh - i Hugaibh ei-le* Fear thou the man who ruleth here,  
*Aig fear na cathrach so fein*

(♩ = 126).

*Hu-gaibh - i Hu-guibh ei-le* Of sea quest nor he-ro deeds recks  
*Nach d'fhi-dir ri-amh treun no*

THE KNIGHT.  
 (♩ = 120) *passionately.*

he." "By thy fair face, gen-tle dame, Like to me his  
*truas* "Air do ghnuis ghil a bhean mhald 'Scoing - eis leam a

*espress. e marcato*

love or hate, That for which I cross'd the o-ccean, That will I do  
*ghradh no fhuath, An t-aobh - ar mun tai-nig mi steach Ni mi e mu'n*



Più mosso. (♩ = 92)

ere I go. Put they Fios - fal-aich in hi - ding, As  
 teid mi mach'' Chuir iad Fios - fal-aich an cleith

(♩ = 96)

came the \*Fer - ra - mohr home,  
 Thainig a steach am Fear Mor Hu - gaibh i Hu - gaibh ei - le

Harp - ing, the Big man she be - guiled,.....  
 Cuir - idh sinn cealg..... mu'n Fhear Mhor .....

*p* *dolce pesante.*

Fell he in-to an ev - er deep sleep,  
 Thuit e-san'na shior-throm su - ain An

*f* *rall.*

*both Pedals.*

\* Fear Mor = Big man.

Tired and sea - - tossed he,  
*deis bhi cuart-ach - adh cuain ghairbh*      *Hu-gaibh i,*      *Hu-gaibh ei - le,*

*mp*

(♩ = 126)

From his belt the sword took she,  
*Thug i'n claidh - eamh nios o chrios,*

*agitato.*

(♩ = 126)

*Hu - gaibh - i*      *Hu - gaibh ei - le*      Left him dead, naught know - ing  
*'S dh'fhag i e gun fhios da*

*f*

he!  
*marbh!*

*with exultation.*      *sempre forte*

*Red.*

*rit.* *f*

*With exultation to the end* <sup>3</sup>

Here have ye the end of my tale,  
 Sin a - gaibh deireadh mo sgeoil, Io-lar obh-an o - ro - i

As was sung to me \*Brón Binn.  
 Mar a shein-neadh am Brón Binn. Io-lar-an is o - ro - i

Hu - gaibh - i, Hu - gaibh ei - le.

*Ped.*

\* The Gaelic title of the ballad, meaning melodious sorrow,  
 pronounced *prawn been-ya*, i.e. as three syllables.

# The Peat-Fire Flame.

A TRAMPING SONG.  
companion to "The Road to the Isles?"

Words by KENNETH MACLEOD,  
to a tune played on the chanter  
by MALCOLM JOHNSON.

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

Key E, or E $\flat$  Moderato.  $\text{♩} = 80$

Voice. *Marching time.* Far a-way and o'er the moor,

Piano. *mf marcato.* *p*

\* Na - la

Far a-way and o'er the moor, Mo-rar waits for a boat that sail-eth-

Far a-way, down Low-land way, I..... dream the dream I learned, lad,

\* When the song (in tramping) is sung in unison without accompaniment, these two melody notes may be sung by the higher voices to this Gaelic ejaculation *Naille*, meaning behold.

By the light o' the peat-fire flame, Light for love, for lilt o' grail-deeds

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

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of music. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are 'By the light o' the peat-fire flame, Light for love, for lilt o' grail-deeds'. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with chords and moving lines. There are dynamic markings 'And.' at the beginning and end of the system, and two asterisks with 'And.' in between.

By the light o' the peat-fire flame, The light the hill-folk yearn for.

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth lines of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'By the light o' the peat-fire flame, The light the hill-folk yearn for.'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

Far a - way, down Low-land way,...

*mf* *And.*

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of music. The vocal line has a long note followed by the lyrics 'Far a - way, down Low-land way,...'. The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. There is a dynamic marking 'mf' and a 'cresc.' marking. The system ends with 'And.'.

Far away, down Low-land way, Grim's the toil, with-out tune or dream, lad,

*And.* \*

Detailed description: This system contains the seventh and eighth lines of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Far away, down Low-land way, Grim's the toil, with-out tune or dream, lad,'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. The system ends with 'And.' and an asterisk.

All you need's a creel and love For the dream the heart can weave, lad,

By the light o'the peat-fire flame, Light for love, for... lilt, for laugh-ter,

*Red.*

By the light o' the peat-fire flame, The light the hill-folk yearn for.

*Red.*

Far a-way and o'er the moor,

\* *Red.* \*

Far a-way the tramp and tread, Tune and laugh-ter of all the he - roes

*Ad.*

Pulls me on-ward o'er the trail Of the dream my heart may weave, lad,

By the light o' the peat-fire flame, Light for love, for... lilt (for laugh-ter, o' grail-deeds

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

By the light o' the peat-fire flame, The light the hill-folk yearn for.

*tempo.* *poco rit. D. S. al Fine.*

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

## Fare thee well.

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Mairi, Daughter of Alastair Rua, having seen the last of her nurslings steering a boat, was now leaving Dunvegan Castle for her own Isle of Bernera. Her right arm was leaning on a staff; her left arm was carrying a little burden that was no longer there. And whom met she on the track to the leaving shore but Blind Ruari, the Harper. "I am not envying thee, Mairi, Daughter of Alastair Rua, blind though I am. It is growing out of thine arms the little ones will always be — and are they not the two sore things, the broken harp and the empty arm." "It is thine own finger that can touch the string, Blind Ruari. But I am thinking it is not out of its own head the harp is singing, or the arm is fondling. And so fare thee well, Ruari, Harper, maker of music." "And fare thee well, Mairi, Daughter of Alastair Rua, maker of song."