

HEBRIDEAN MOTHER'S SONG.

"GUR MILIS MORAG."

REFRAIN.

Gur milis Mórág
 Gur laghach Mórág
 Gur milis Mórág
 Nighean Eoghain Òig.

1.

'S i Mòr an àilleachd
 'S i laogh a mathar
 'S e bhi 'ga taladh
 Mo rogha ceòil.
 Gur milis etc.

2.

Gur mi bhiodh uallach
 Air ruigh nan gruagach
 Ach Tormad Ruadh
 A bhi fuar fo'n fhoid.
 Gur milis etc.

3.

Mo mhìle marbhaisg
 Air an Fhrangach
 'Nuair leig e nall thu
 Chur anntlachd oirnn.
 Gur milis etc.

The story of this song is a Hebridean analogue to that of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." The woman, who in the song is singing to her child, had, when she was a girl, two lovers. The one she married went away as a soldier and was supposed to have been killed. The other took his place in the affections of the woman. But the long-absent man unexpectedly returns, and the woman (hearing of his return) is singing this song to her child (which is not *his* child) as he arrives at her cottage door. It is a song of passionate love for the child, and of as passionate desire that the unexpected and unwelcome husband, 'Tormad Ruadh' were under the sod.

HEBRIDEAN MOTHER'S SONG.

"GUR MILIS MORAG"

Melody and words taken down from
Ann Macneil, Castle Bay, Barra,

Fitted with English words, and Pianoforte Accom. Composed by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With passion. ♩ = 116.

VOICE.

Gur mi - lis
So sweet is

Mo - - rag, Gur lagh - ach Mo - - rag, Gur mi - lis
Mo - - rag, So dear is Mo - - rag, My love - ly

Mo - - rag, Nigh - ean Eogh - ain oig. 'Si Mor an
Mo - - rag, Mu dar - ling child. She's like a

aill - eachd 'S i laogh a math - - ar 'S e bhi 'ga
fiow - - ret But new - ly o - - pen'd, With eyes of

tal - - adh Mo ro - gha cèoil. Gur mi - lis
vio - - let, deep, pure and mild. So sweet is

Mo - - rag, Gur lagh - ach Mo - - rag, Gur mi - lis
Mo - - rag, My dear, my Mo - - rag, My joy, my

Mo - - rag, Nigh - ean Eogh - ain oig.
Mo - - rag, My own dear child:

a little slower

Mo mhi - le marbh - aisc Air an
 My life was drea - ry, My heart was

Fhran - gach 'Nuair leig e nall thu Chur
 wea - ry, Now heav'n is near me If

ann - tlachd oirm. Gur mi bhiodh uall -
 she but smile, If she be coo -

ach Air ruigh nan gruag - ach Ach Tor - mad
 ing, Ah! who'd be rue - ing, Tho' love's un -

p

f

p e dolce

ruadh a bhi fuar fo'n fhòid. Gur
do - - ing my heart did wile. My

mi - lis Mo - rag, Gur lagh - ach Mo - -
sweet, my Mo - - rag, My dear, my Mo - -

rag, Gur mi - lis Mo - rag, Nigh - ean Eogh - -
rag, My joy, my Mo - - rag, My life,

- - - - - ain oig,
my child.

THE SHIP AT SEA.

Cuan ag eirigh.

Gaelic verses collected by Kenneth Macleod.
Air and Chorus from Mrs Maclean, Barra.

Arranged for pianoforte and voice by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Allegro vivace. Tempestuously.

R.H.

PIANO.

The first system of the piano introduction features a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The bass clef staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a crescendo (*cres.*) marking. The music is marked *R.H.* (Right Hand) and *L.H.* (Left Hand).

The second system contains the first vocal phrase. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "0 daonn-an daonn - an" and "(0 dön - an dön - an". The piano part includes a *simile* marking and a *cres.* marking.

The third system contains the second vocal phrase. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "daonn-an Hug 0 ro ghaoil cuan ag eir - igh 0 daonn - an" and "dön - an Hook 0 ro göil coon - ak air - y)". The piano part includes a *cres.* marking, a *R.H.* marking, and several *cres.* markings.

The fourth system contains the third vocal phrase. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "daonn - an daonn - an Hug 0 ro ghaoil cuan ag eir - igh." The piano part includes a *cres.* marking and several *cres.* markings.

B'fhad - a
Far - I

♩. * ♩. * ♩.

chluinn - teadh fuaim na dar - aich 'S i 'na deann - aibh
hear the gal - lop - ing gal - ley Sound - ing thro' the

* ♩. * ♩. *

's a' chuan Eir - eann B'fhad - a chluinn - teadh fuaim a
sea of E - rin Far the sound of leap - ing

♩. * ♩. * ♩. * ♩.

boc - ail 'S a' mhuir ghuc - ag - aich ag eir - igh
bir - linn Bound - tug o'er the seeth - ing bil - lows

* ♩. * ♩. * ♩. *

> *cres.* > *f* >

The Ship at Sea.

0 daonn - an daonn - an daonn - an Hug o

* *Ad.* * *Ad.*

ro ghaoil cuan ag eir - igh 0 daonn - an

* *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

daonn - an daonn - an Hug o ro ghaoil cuan ag

* *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

eir - igh.

* *Ad.* *

The Ship at Sea.

Sruth is gaoth is lùth an aig - ein A sior -
Hurl they ruth - less 'gainst our gal - ley Wind and

*And. * And. * And.*

bhrag - ail air an eud - ail Thug mi'n stiuir an
tide and o - cean fu - ry At the helm the

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

laimh an Leòd - aich Gur e cheòl - san bàir - linn
rare Mac - Leod The bel - low - ing wave to him sweet

*And. * And. * And. **

bheum - ach. O daonn - an daonn - an daonn - an
mu - sic.

*And. * And. * And. **

Hug o ro ghaoil euan ag eir - igh

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

O daonn - an daonn - an daonn - an

Ad. * *Ad.* *

Hug o ro ghaoil euan ag eir - igh.

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

Ad. *

A RAASAY LOVE LILT.

Thainig an Gille Dubh.

Gaelic words ascribed to Lady D'Oyley,*
one of the Macleods of Raasay.

Arranged for voice and pianoforte by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With a crisply marked rhythm.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in 3/8 time, starting with a quarter rest followed by eighth notes. The left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. Dynamics include accents (>) and a crescendo (cres.). The instruction 'una corda' is written below the left hand.

una corda

§ REFRAIN. *Liltingly.*

The first refrain features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is in two staves. The lyrics are: 'Thain-ig an gill-e dubh raoir 'na bhail-e so, / Came my gill-ie doo pass'd un-heed-ing he,'. Dynamics include a crescendo (cres.) and mezzo-forte (mf). The instruction 'tre corde' is written below the piano part.

tre corde

The second refrain features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is in two staves. The lyrics are: 'S trom mo cheum o'n thréig mo lean-nan mi, Thain-ig an gill-e dubh raoir 'na bhail-e so. / Gone my dream since he's for-sak-en me Came my gill-ie doo pass'd un-heed-ing he.' The instruction 'Fine.' is written at the end of the vocal line.

Espressivo.

The third refrain features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is in two staves. The lyrics are: '1. 'S mis' tha gu tinn Le goirt-eas mo chinn, 'S ged rach-ainn 'na chill Cha till mo lean-nan rium. / 2. 'S guirm-e do shùil Na'n deare-ag fo'ndrùchd, 'S gur fin-ealt do ghnùis Na ùr-ros mheang-an-an. / 3. Sealg-air a' gheòidh'S an lach air an lòn, 'S bhiodh fuil an daimh-chròic Air fòid a' bharr-ain leat. / 1. Blu-er thine eye Than bla-ber-ries new Fair-er thy face Than ros-es wet wi' dew. / 2. Heart-sick I go Step hea-vy and slow Since my own love's Gone bye un-hesd-ing me. / 3. Brav-er than he By land or by sea None hunts the wild duck Or stag by loch and brae.' Dynamics include accents (>) and a 'D' symbol. The instruction 'sostenuto' is written below the piano part, and 'molto rit.' is written at the end of the piano part.

sostenuto *molto rit.*

*She wrote several songs, mostly in praise of Prince Charlie and the Macleods.



THE LOVE - WANDERING.

An Seachran-Gaoil.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. O 's tu 's gura tu th' air m'aire,
O 's tu 's gura tu th' air m'aire,
O 's tusa rùn tha tighinn dlùth fainear dhomh,
'S cha'n e crodh buaile no Feill a' bhaile.</p> <p>2. Is tric a bha sinn fo sgàil an eilich,
Anns an smùdan an luib an t-seilich,
Bàrr an fhraoich dhuinn 'na choinnlean geala,
Féidh a' mhunaidh 'nan luchd faire.</p> <p>3. An oidhche bha sinn air àird an fhirich,
Bu leam do phògan 's le deòin do mhire,
An luib do bhreacain gu'n d'rinn mi suidhe,
'S gu'm b'fharr do chòmhradh na òr na cruinne.</p> <p>4. Ach gaol na h-òige b'e nòs am foill dhuit,
'S maing a' dh'òladh a leoir de t'aoibhneas,
Thig mar sheudaig de'n ghrein 's i boillsgeadh,
Gu'n teid e fuadan mar bhruadar oidhche.</p> <p>5. Thug thu sear diom is thug thu siar diom,
Thug thu ghealach is thug thu ghrian diom,
Thug thu'n cridhe a bha 'nam chliabh diom,
Cha mhòr, a ghaoil ghil, nach tug 's mo Dhia diom.</p> <p>6. Ach ged a robh mi fo'n fhòid am màireach,
Air mo chur sios fo na leacaibh bàna,
'S mi gu'n dùisgeadh le ùrachd slàinte
Na'n tigeadh gaolan 's e shuidhe làmh rium.</p> | <p>1. <i>Of thee and ever of thee my thoughts,
Of thee and ever of thee my thoughts,
Of thee, O love the thoughts that haunt,
Never of cattle nor Festal Day.</i></p> <p>2. <i>Under the shade of a rock our trysts,
Among the willow trees our cooing,
Spray of heather our candles white,
Stags of the hill our watchers.</i></p> <p>3. <i>The night we wandered to far off braes
Mine were thy kisses and, joy! thy frolic,
In the fold of thy plaid I sat me down,
Better thy speech than the world of gold.</i></p> <p>4. <i>But love of youth thy way is fickleness,
Alas, who would drink their fill of thy joy!
Comes it like a jewel-ray of the glistening sun,
Goes it like a dream of the night.</i></p> <p>5. <i>Hast taken off me the East, off me the West,
Hast taken off me the Moon, off me the Sun,
Hast taken off me the heart in my bosom,
And, O white love, almost off me my God.</i></p> <p>6. <i>But tho' I were under the sod to-morrow,
Low laid under the white flag-stones, (tomb-stones)
Gladsome my waking to newness of life
If loved-one but came and sat by my side.</i></p> |
|---|---|

The following verses, containing wild curses on the successful rival, are always associated with the above song.

Tha bean mo rùn-sa trom torrach,
Ach ma tha, gu'm beir i solar,
Gu'm beirear cat dith, gu'm beirear cù dith,
An nathair nimhe air a cùlaibh

Mollachd athar 's mollachd màthar,
Mollachd pheathraichean is bhràithrean,
Mollachd an fhir a fhuair air làimh i,
'S a' chuid eile aig a càirdean.

THE LOVE - WANDERING.

Ancient Celtic Song.

Words taken down from the singing of
Susan Græme, Mull, by Kenneth Macleod.

Air phonographed in Eriskay and arr. with piano accomp. by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With passionate fervour and very sustained.

PIANO

Or *f* *p* *f* *p* *f*

both Peds. *both Peds.* *both Peds.*

pp *pesante e molto espressivo* *mf*

both Peds. *with Ped.*

e *o* *'s tu* *'s gur - a* *tu* *th' air* *m'air - e* *o* *'s tu - sa* *ruin* *tha* *tigh - inn* *dlùth*
ing *For* *thee,* *on - ly* *thee* *I'm* *car - ing* *Too* *near,* *my* *love* *thou* *art,* *too* *dear*

fain - ear *dhomh* *Dh' fhalbh* *mo* *shug - radh* *o'n* *dh' fhag thu'm* *bail - e.*
un - to *my* *heart,* *My* *ev - 'ry* *thought* *ev - 'ry* *heart - throbb* *shar - ing.*

*Phrase as on opposite page.

The phrasing marks given here apply to the Gaelic words.

'S tric a bha sinn fo sgàil an eil - ich, Anns an
 Ach gaol na h-òig - e b'e nòs am foill dhuit 'S mairg a
 Thug thu sear dhìom is thug thu siar dhìom Thug thu
From me East and West thou'st riv - en From
 * Feas-gar foghair 's mi air ach - adh bhua - na Saoil sibh

smud - an an luib an t-seil - ich Bàrr an fhraoich
 dh'òl - adh a leoir de t'aoibh - neas Thig mar sheud -
 gheal - ach is thug thu ghrian dhìom Thug thu'n cridh -
me sun and moon hast riv - en From me O dear white
 fein nach mi fein bha truagh - a A h-ù - le te 's a

dhuinn 'na choinn - lean geal - a Féidh a' mhun - aidh
 aig de'n ghrein 's f' boillsg - eadh Gu'n teid' e fuad - an mar
 e a bha 'nam chliabh dhìom Cha mhòr a ghaoil ghil nach
love, hast rest e'en God a - bove And from my heart love's sweet
 fear fein - ri gual - ainn 'S mo lean - nan donn - sa gur

This verse which is associated in some parts of the Highlands with another air, is sung in Eriskay to this air and is found in a version collected by Father Allan Macdonald.

The Love—wandering.

'nan luchd fair - e.
 bhruid - ar oidh - che. O 's tu 's gur - a tu th' air
 tug s mo Dhia diom. For thee, thee a - lone, I'm
 rap - ture dri - ven.
 fa - da bh'uam - sa.

m'air e O 's tu 's gur - a tu th' air m'air -
 sigh - ing, For thee, on - ly thee, I'm sigh -

e O 's tu - sa rùin tha tigh - inn dlùth fain - ear dhomh
 ing My curse up - on her head, who drew thee in my stead, O

Dh'fhalbh mo shùg - radh o'n dh'fhag thu'm bail - e.
 dear white love for thy love I'm dy - ing.

D. S.
Fine.

The Love—wandering.

MILKING CROON.

Cronan Bleoghain.

Air, Refrain, and one Verse noted from
the singing of Peggy Macdonald, S.Uist,

and arranged for voice and pianoforte by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Tenderly enticing but strictly rhythmical.

VOICE. *Il a Eel - a -*

PIANO. *cantabile p e dolce p e dolce*

bho - lag - ain il bho m'agh - an Il a bho - lag - ain il bho m'agh - an Il a
vo - la - kin eel vo ma - an Eel - a - vo - la - kin eel vo ma - an Eel - a -

leggiero e mp

bho - lag - ain il bho m'agh - an Mo chroth laoigh air gach taobh an abh - ainn.
vo - la - kin eel vo ma - an Mó - chró lur air gach tuiv an a - van. ten.*

espress. ten. ten.

Additional verses from the "Carmina Gadelica"

Bua-rach sio-main do chrodh na t'ei - le Bua-rach sio - da do m'agh - an fhein O bua-rach
 Bo lur - ach, bo na h-air-idh Bo a' bha - theach math - air laogh Buachaille
Silk - en te - ther for my own hel - fer, Rope of straw for the town - land cat - tle, Herds-man

p

su - gain air crodh na duth - cha Bua - rach ur air mo bhuail - eig gaoil - sa.
 Pa - druig is ban - 'chaiig Bri - de D'ar sion d'ar dion 's d'ar comh - nadh.
*Pat - rick and milk - maid * Bri - de Sain and save you and shield you ev - er.*

senza respirare
espress.

Il a bho - lag - ain il bho m'agh - an Il - a bho - lag - air il bho m'agh - an Il a

bho - lag - ain il bho m'agh - an Mo chrodh - laoigh air gach taobh an abh - ainn.

rall. e dim.

*pronounced Breed-ya

MILKING SONG.

ORAN BUAILE.

Old Hebridean Melody
Gaelic words collected by Alexander Carmichael.

Lowland words and Pianoforte accompaniment by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

VOICE. $\text{♩} = 54.$

PIANO.

With great simplicity and gentle rhythmic swing.

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

dolce

Red.

Oh! the hand - some lad frae Skye, That's
Odh - a Ciar - aig iar - odh Duinn - eig

Red. *Red.* *Red.*

lift - ed a' the cat - tle, a' oor kye; He's ta'en the dun, the
Cha toir Mac Ian Ghiorr am bliadh - na Mhuil thu Thug e'n Dubh 's an

Red. *Red.* *Red.*

black, the white, An' I hae mic - kle fear he's ta'en my heart for -
 Geal 's an Ciar uam 'S mor m'eag - al gu'n toir e mo chiall uam

And. *

bye, The hand - some lad frae Skye That's lift - ed a' oor cat - tle, a' oor kye, That's
 Od - ha Ciar - aig iar - odh Duinn - eig Cha toir Mac Ian Ghiorr am bliadh - na Mhuil thu

ta'en the dun, the black, the white, An' lift - ed i' the bye - gaun
 Thug e'n Dubh 's an Geal 's an Ciar uam 'S mor m'eag - al gu'n toir

And. *

my ain heart for - bye.
 e mo chiall uam o.


pp *And.* *

The Milking Songs or Cow's Lullabies are among the quaintest of the old croons. The first given, "Il a bho-lagan," from S. Uist, is a good example of the happy use of an irregular rhythm (*i.e.* 7 beats in the bar) which sings delightfully to the natural swing of a dairymaid's milking in the byre. The second is of historical interest, referring, as it does, to the doings of a noted sea-reiver or pirate from Mull. Touching the use of the *taladh* or soothing croon by the people of the Isles 200 years ago, Martin, in his most entertaining account of the Western Isles, published in 1703, says of these lullabies:- "When a calf is slain it's an usual custom to cover another calf with its skin to suck the cow whose calf hath been slain, or else she gives no milk, nor suffers herself to be approached by anybody, and if she discover the Cheat, then she grows enraged for some days and the last remedy to pacifie her is to use the Sweetest Voice and sing all the time of milking her?" A good example of such a coaxing sympathising croon from the Island of Eigg, as noted from the singing of Miss Frances Tolmie of Skye, is here given.

A SOOTHING CROON FROM EIGG.


With languor.

VOICE.



Cìod è a ghaoil a bhitheadh ort?
 An è do cheann a bhi goirt?
 An è do mhathair a ghabh ort?
Ah, what my love ail - eth thee?
May - be thy heart ach - eth sore?
May - hap thy mo - ther was wrath?

PIANO.




O cha'n fhios a'm Ach cha'n ith mi mir an nochd!
Oh I know not, Nought can I eat to - - night!



As a last example of the Milking Croon, this Dairymaid's lilt with its capricious syncopations may be compared with the syncopated tunes of the Mermaid's Croon and the Sea-Sounds. The air was noted from the singing of M^{RS} Mackinnon, Castle Bay, Barra, and the words were collected by Kenneth Macleod.

Ho hi - ò bho Hi - o bho Sil do bhainne bho dhuinn,
 Ho - i - ò bho Hi - o bho Seathan 's a' ghius - aich Hi o bho
 Ho - i - o bho Hi - o bho Sil do bhainn-e bho dhuinn
 Ho hi - ò bho Hi - o bho Seathan 's an ionn - drainn Hi - o bho. *D.C.*

TALADH NA BANACHAIG.

Sil do bhainne, bho dhuinn,
 Seathan 's a' ghiùsaich,
 Sil do bhainne, bho dhuinn
 Seathan 'san ionndrainn.

Seathan, bho dhuinn,
 Mo laoidh 's mo shionnsar
 Nàile, bho dhuinn,
 Is loinn mo chiùrraidh.

Seathan, bho dhuinn,
 Seathan 's a' ghiùsaich,
 Bha mi a raoir
 'S a' choill 'na dhùrdail.

Bha mi, bho dhuinn,
 An luim a shùgraidh,
 Nàile, bho dhuinn,
 An soills' a shùla.

THE DAIRYMAID'S CROON.

*Shower thy milk, my brownie,
 * Seathan in the fir-copse,
 Shower thy milk, my brownie,
 Seathan is a-weary.*

*Seathan, O brownie,
 My hymn and chanter,
 Sure, O brownie,
 The joy and the wound of me.*

*Seathan, my brownie,
 Seathan in the fir-copse,
 Last night in the grove
 I joyed in his cooing.*

*I joyed, O my brownie,
 In the art of his wooing,
 Sure, O my brownie,
 In the light of his eye.*

MULL FISHER'S LOVE SONG.

O MHAIREAD OG!

Melody noted down in the Island of Eriskay and fitted with English words and pianoforte accomp. by

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Longingly, with rubato.

VOICE.  0 Mhair - ead og!
 + (Vy - rit awk)

PIANO.  *ritenuto un poco* *ten.* *ten.* *legatissimo e*
 ♩ = 120. *With ♯.*

ten.
 Mhair - ead, my girl,
 *Stu rinn mo leon

string. un poco *ritenuto* *legatissimo e string.*

Thy sea - blue eyes with witch - er - y
 Is cail - eag bhoidh each lur - ach thu

riten. un poco *legatissimo e string.* *no rall.*
 ♯. *

Haunt me by night Out on the
 'Stu's guirm - e suil 'S a' mhad-uinn

ritenuto *string.*
 ♯. L. H. *

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*Gaelic words noted down from the singing of Gillespie Macinnes by Alexander Carmichael.

†The first syllable of the Gaelic name "Mhairread" is pronounced like the first syllable of the English name "Violet"

deep
chiuin

I can - not sleep
Na'n dearc air chul

riten.

legatissimo

And. * *And.*

For love o' thee.
Nan duill-eag-an.

poco rall.

string.

And. *

O Mhair-ead og!
Och-oin a ri!

Mhair-ead, my
Nach mi bha.

rubato as before

girl,
thall

Thy voice like a mu
Ann an coil

And.

- sic o'er the sea Haunts me by day
 tean Mhuil - e leat Is mharbhainn iasg

* *Red.*

Off Mull's wild shore, My
 Is sith - ionn fhiadh 'S a

1 8
 4 5 *ten.*

* *Red.* *

heart is sore For love o' thee, Oh Mhair - ead
 chiall cha bhiodh Oirnn uir - eas - bhuidh 'S a Mhair - ead

ten.

* *Red.* *

og! Mhair - ead, my girl,
 og! 'S tu rinn mo leon.

Thy heart so true and in - no - cent
 Is cail - eag bhoidh each lur - ach thu,

Draws me to thee,
 'S tu's guirm - e suil

By night, by day, I can - not pray
 'S a' mhad - uinn chiuin Na'n deare air chul

For love o' thee.
 Nan duill - eag - an.

poco rall.

* KISHMUL'S GALLEY.

A' Bhirlinn Bharrach.

Words from Mrs Maclean, Barra.

With English adaptation and pianoforte accomp. by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Air from the singing of Mary Macdonald, Mingulay.

about 104 = ♩

VOICE.

Or

PIANO.

Or

p e dolce

add tremola measures ad lib.

col. 22.

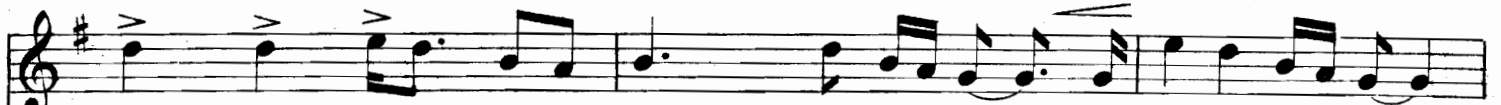
With exultation.

Lath - a dhomh am Beinn a' Cheath - aich,
 I gun slat gun rachd gun bheairt rith,
 Fear - char air stiuir lamh ri tap - adh,
 Gill - e dhill ean Mor an gais - geach
 High from the Ben. a Hay - ich

Air fal - il - o o - i - o - u
 On a day of days Sea - ward I gaz'd,

ten.

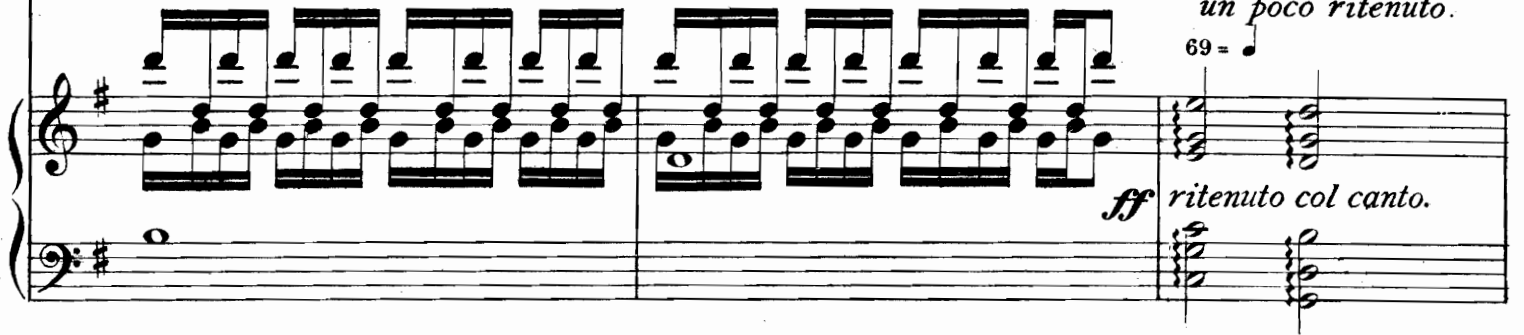
strisciato.



Gu'n deach ba - ta Chloinn Neill seachad.
 Gun cheann cum - ail air a h-acair. o hi - o hu - o,
 Rua - ri Og an t-oigh - re maiseach. (o hee oh. hoo oh,
 'S Niall Grua - mach Mac Rua - ri'n Tar - tair.
 Watch - ing Kish - mul's gal - ley sail - ing.

un poco ritenuto.

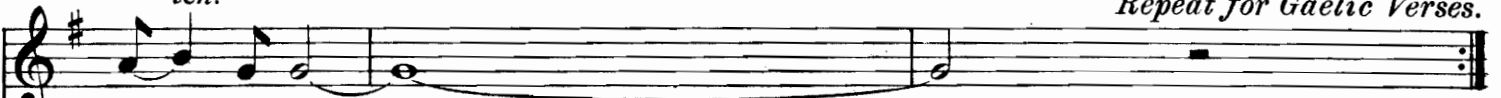
69 =



ff *ritenuto col canto.*

ten.

Repeat for Gaelic Verses.



fal - u - o
 fal oo o)
 (or faloo - o - ho)



tempo primo e dolce.

*ad lib.
 repetitions.*

Ad.



B'ait leam do bha - ta 's i gabh - ail Air fal - il
 Home - ward she brave - ly bat - tles 'Gainst the hurt - ling



* *Ad.*

o ho rion - a - so. Mach o dhuth - aich
waves Nor hoop nor yards, An - chor, cu - ble nor

(69 = ♩)
 Mhic 'Ill - eath - ain o hi - o hu - o fal - u - o
tac *kle has she.* (or falu - o - ho)

riten.
ff ritenuto.

Slower and broader.
 (80 = ♩) *ten.* *ten.* *ten.*
 Steach gu Ceise - mul an athair Air fal - il - o, no
 Now at last 'gainst wind and tide They've brought her to 'Neath

ritenuto. *ten.*

rion - a - so, Far am faigh-teadh cuirim ri gabh-aill.
 Kishmul's walls, Kishmul Cas-tle our an-cient glo - ry. o hi - o hu - o fal - u - o
 (or falu - o - ho)

pesante.

(Red. 14 bars.)

(♩. = ♩ = 80)

Fion o oidh - che gus an
 Here's red wine and feast for

R.H.
L.H.
pesante sempre.

lath - a Fa - li - o - hu o - i - o - - u
 he - roes and harping too

rit. un poco

Is clar - sach bhinn 'ga gleus - adh mar - ris, o hi - o hu - o
 — sweet harp - ing too o - i - o u - o o - hi - o hu - o

tranquillo
with exultation again to the end.

fal - u - o.
fal - u - o.
 (or falu - - o - ho)

ad lib.
col canto.
riten.

THE SEAGULL OF THE LAND-UNDER-WAVES.*

FAOILEAG TÌRE-FO-THUINN.

Fhaoileig bhig is fhaoileig mhara,
Fhaoileig a' chuain na ceil t' ealaidh,
C' àit' an d'fhàg thu na fir gheala?
Dh' fhàg mi iad 'san doimhne-mhara,
Beul ri beul is iad gun anail,
Cùl ri cùl a' sileadh fala.

O fhaoileig bhig is fhaoileig mhara,
'S iomadh òigear ùr-gheal fallan,
Agus treun-fhear luthor allail,
Tha 'nan suain am fuar an aigeann;
Cha'n e 'n tuail sin tha 'gam ghearradh,
Ach mo Ruairi a bhi mar-riu,
Ruairi Og, mo cheòlan-earraich.

O fhaoileig bhig is fhaoileig mhara,
'S tric a laigh mi fo 'earradh,
Ma laigh, cha b' ann aig a bhaile
Ach lagan uain' an cluain a' bharraich,
Siaban nam beann a' dol tharainn,
Fuaim nan allt gabhail seachad,
Fada thall am fiadh 'san langan.

O fhaoileig bhig is fhaoileig mhara,
Sùil na h-Oighe bhi 'gam chaithris,
Ma's e cluasag dha a' ghaineamh,
Ma's e suaineadh dha an fheamainn,
Ma's e na ròin a luchd-faire,
Ma's e 'n t-iasg a choinnlean geala,
'S a cheol-fidhle gàir na mara.

Little seagull, ocean seagull,
Homeward[†] seagull, hide thy tale not—
Tell me where the fair ones lie?
I left them all in the ocean depths,
Mouth to mouth and each one breathless,
Back to back and red blood flowing.

Little seagull, ocean seagull,
Many a stripling fair-young sturdy
Many a stout-heart bold and stately
Lie in sleep in the ocean-cool;
That not the tell-tale that cuts my heart,
But Ruairi* my own to be one with them too,
Ruairi Og; my bird-singing of spring.[‡]

Little seagull, ocean seagull,
Oft I laid me under his plaid,
But not in the croft I laid me down
But a grassy dell in the birchen copse,
Mist of the bens over us rolling,
Croon of the burns passing us by,
Far away the low of the stag.

O little seagull, ocean seagull,
The Virgin's eye be night-watching me,
If his pillow the sandy wreath,
If his shroud be the tangle-swathe,
If the seals be his wake attendants,
If the fish be his gleaming candles
And his harp-music the croon of waves.

* In the Land-under-Waves the spirits of the drowned ones ever wait for the coming of the "White Ship of the golden rudder and the silver masts and the silken sails" to carry them back to *Tir-nam-beo*, the Land-of-the-Living.

† "Homeward Seagull"—Translated thus because the Gaelic word *Cuan*, "Ocean," originally meant "harbour."

* RUAIRI OG (Young Rory) was one of the Dunvegan Macleods.

‡ "Bird singing of Spring"—Sweetest possible music. The idea is that the singing of the birds in Springtime seems doubly sweet after the gloom and the "dumbness" of winter.

THE SEAGULL OF THE LAND-UNDER-WAVES.

Old Skye Air from Frances Tolmie.
Words from Kenneth Macleod.

English adaptation and pianoforte accompaniment by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Andante con moto. $\text{♩} = 78$. *With a mournful rocking rhythm, but not too slow,*

VOICE. *Ho rionn ei - le o
Snow - white sea-gull, say*

PIANO. *R.H. L.H. p sostenuto*

and with an ever recurring cres. and dim.

o hihb o o - i - ri bho o - a - ho ho rionn
o - hi - mé sea - gull, say *Where, Ah!* where thou'st

f

ei - le o ho-i - o - ho Fhaoil - eig bhig is fhaoil - eig
left them, white sea - gull, say Where our fair young lads are

p cres. dim.

mhar - a Ho rionn ei - le o o - ibh - o o - i - ri
rest - ing, Ho - rin - yail - i - o o - i - vo o - i - ri -

bho o a ho ho riomm ei - le o ho-i - o -
vo

The first system of music features a vocal line in G major with a treble clef and a piano accompaniment in G major with a grand staff. The piano part includes dynamic markings like *mf* and *f*, and articulation marks such as asterisks and slurs.

ho Fhaoil - eig a' chuain na ceil t'eal-aidh.
 Grief with-in my heart is nest-ing.

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings *p* and *pp*, and articulation marks like asterisks and slurs.

Ho riomm ei - le o o-ibh - o o-i - ri - bho o-a - ho
 Back to back they lie, Life-less lie, Breath nor sigh from their

The third system features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *mp e molto sostenuto* and includes articulation marks like asterisks and slurs.

ho riomm ei - le o ho-i - o ho C'àit an d'fhàg thu na fir
 cold lips com-ing, Sea - wrack their shroud And their harps the sea's sad

The fourth system features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings *mf* and *pp*, and articulation marks like asterisks and slurs. The instruction *molto cantabile* is present.

The Seagull of the Land-under-Waves.

gheal - a? Ho riomn e - le o o - ibh - o o - i - ri -
 an - ail.
croon - ing.

Accompaniment includes dynamics: *And.*, ** And.*, ** And.*, ** And.*

bho o - a - ho ho riomn ei - le o

Accompaniment includes dynamics: *f*, *And.*

ho i - o - ho Dh' fhàg mi iad 'san dòimh - ne mhar -
 Cùl ri cùl a' sil - eadh fal -
And their dirge the sea's sad croon -

Accompaniment includes dynamics: *And.*, *colla voce.*, *a tempo.*

a.
 a.
ing.

Last time.

Accompaniment includes dynamics: *p*, *pp*

ULLAPOOL SAILOR'S SONG.

Old Celtic Air.

Gaelic words by HECTOR M^o KENZIE,
A sailor of Ullapool.

English words written and Pianoforte Accomp. composed by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Appassionato e molto sostenuto. ♩ = 72.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

mf

dim.

p

cres.

cres.

dim.

Gu ma slan a
Who my heart has

chi mi mo chailin di leas donn
free from sor-row deep un-bound,

Bean a' chuail - ein reidh Air an deis - e dh' éir - eadh
In her cool - ing ray Faith and peace for me has

8ve.!

For the sake of the singer who wishes to give the general musical effect of the original words but who may find it impossible to obtain lessons in Gaelic pronunciation, the *vowel sounds* of the Gaelic have been rendered, as far as possible, into English.
Copyright 1908 by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

fonn found, 'S i cainnt do bheoil bu
She lights the vale of

bhinn sleep, leam Her Nuair sure bhith clear eadh way m'inn - tinn steal - ing

trom round 'S tu thog-adh suas mo chridhe Nuair a
Who soft doth sooth my grief, **Luan - gheal

bhiodh tu bruidh-inn rium. sweet, the dream - ing moon.

** Luan-gheal: white moon; pronounced loan-yel.

*When the two Songs are sung in immediate succession, adopt this key-Signature for 'A Fairy's Love Song.'

A FAIRY'S LOVE SONG.

Old Celtic Words and Air.
 Lowland Words by JAMES HOGG,
 The Ettrick Shepherd, adapted.

Pianoforte Accompaniment composed by
 MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Moderato. Met. $\text{♩} = 78$.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Or

R.H.

ten. *ten.*

Tha mi sgith 's mi leam fhin Buain a rain - ich, * buain a rain - ich
 Ha mee s kee s mee lim heen Boo-in na rahn - ich † Boo-in na rahn - ich
 Why should I sit and sigh, Pu - in' brack - en, pu - in' brack - en,

ten. *ten.*

Tha mi sgith 's mi leam fhin Buain a rain - ich daonn - an.
 Ha mee s kee s mee lim heen Boo-in na rahn - ich * turn - an.
 Why should I sit and sigh On the hill - side drea - ry?

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*or "anns a mhonadh"

†The vowel here is like that of the word "turn" as pronounced by the English, without trilling the "r"?

‡Like German "ich"

Cul an tom-ain braigh an tom-ain Cul an tom-ain bhoidh - ich
 Cool an to - man Bry an to - man Cool an to - man vo - yach
 When I see the plov - er ris - ing Or the cur - lew wheel - ing,

Cul an tom-ain braigh an tom-ain H-uil - e lath - a m'òn - ar.
 Cool an to - man Bry an to - man hoo - la la nam *ur - nar
 Then I trow my mor - tal lov - er Back to me is steal - ing.

ten.

Tha mi sgith 's mi leam fhin Buain a rain - ich buain a rain - ich,
 Ha mee s kee s mee lim heen Boo-an na rahn - ich Boo-an na rahn - ich
 Why should I sit and sigh, Pu - in' brack - en, pu - in' brack - en,

Tha mi sgith 's mi leam fhin Buain a rain-ich daonn-an.
 Ha mee s kee s mee lim heen Boo-an na rahn - ich turn - an.
 Why should I sit and sigh All a - lone and wea - ry?

dim.

a little slower

*Ach'nuair chi mi thu tighinn
 Ach noor hee mee oo *cheen
 When the day wears a - way,

Nuas am beal - ach nuas am beal - ach Gur a mi nach bi sgith
 Nooas am byal - lach nooas am byal - lach gur a mee nach bee s kee
 Sad I look a - down the val - ley; Il - ka sound wi' a stound

ten. ten.
 'Sgaol mo chridh-e comh rium Tha mi sgith 's mi leam fhin Buain a rain - ich
 'Sgurl mo chree - a ko room Ha mee s kee s mee lim heen Boo an na rahn - ich
 Sets my heart a - thrill - ing. Why should I sit and sigh, Pu - in' brack - en,

buain a rain - ich Tha mi sgith 's mi leam fhin Buain a rain - ich daonn - an.
 Boo an na rahn - ich. Ha mee s kee s mee lim heen Boo - an na rahn - ich **turn - nan.
 pu - in' brack - en, Why should I sit and sigh All a - lone and wea - ry?

a tempo

Cul an tom-ain braigh an tom-ain Cul an tom-ain bhoidh - ich
 Cool an To - man Bry an To - man Cool an to - man vo - yach
Ah! but there is some-thing want-ing, Oh! but I am wea - ry.

a tempo

Cul an tom-ain braigh an tom-ain H-uil - e lath - a m'òn - ar
 Cool an to - man Bry an to - man hill - a la nam ur* - nar
Come, my blythe and bon - nie lad, Come over the knowe to cheer me.

ten. ten. a tempo

Tha mi sgith 's mi leam fhin Buain a rain - ich buain a rain - ich
 Ha mee s kee s mee lim heen Boo an na rahn - ich Boo an na rahn - ich
Why should I sit and sigh, Pu - in' brack-en, pu - in' brack-en,

ten. ten.

rit.

Tha mi sgith 's mi leam fhin Buain a rain - ich daonn - an.
 Ha mee s kee s mee lim heen Boo an na rahn - ich turn - nan.
Why should I sit and sigh, Part - ed frae my dear - ie?

rit.

THE WATER-KELPIE'S SONG.

THE *each-uisge*, the water-horse, popularly but perhaps erroneously known as the Kelpie,* is the most terrible and the most feared of all the supernatural beings which the Gael has to contend with. To men he appears as a huge black hairy monster whose snort and gnash haunt them ever after like a nightmare; to women, especially the young and fair, he appears as a handsome youth with golden hair and laughing eyes. In the early years of the nineteenth century he met one of the Eigg maidens and made love to her under the shadow of the Scuir, but the warm sunshine being stronger than his wooing he fell asleep (and did not that itself show that he wasn't natural!) with his head in the girl's lap and his hand in her fine black locks. And as the maiden gently stroked his golden hair, did she not find it full of sand! And when she looked at his feet, were they not both hooved! Being of the old Clan Ranald blood, however, she neither fainted nor screamed, but taking up a sharp stone,† quietly cut her hair free and escaped home. The Kelpie has been generally more successful with the simpler maidens of Skye and Uist, who have at various times been cajoled into his under-loch dwelling and kept there for at least a year and a day. In the end, however, he is always left sitting on a knoll, under the shadow of a rock, song-lulling his child to sleep and trying to bribe the mother to return to her charge:

A Mhór, a Mhór, till ri d' mhacan,
'S gheabh thu gadan boidheach bhreac uam.

A-vöre, a-vöre, return to thy sonny,
Shalt get a bonnie withy of trout from me.

All this is in strict accord with Gaelic folk-lore; the strong is always beaten in the end, and the fiercest supernatural beings are credited with certain human qualities which make them more or less lovable, and attract one's pity and sympathy. In this respect a parallel may be drawn between the *Water-Kelpie's Song* and the *Address to the Deil*. Robert Burns has been justly praised by critics for "his beautiful and relenting spirit towards the traditional Enemy of Mankind:"

But, fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben,
O wad ye tak' a thought an' men',
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

But the bard's Celtic ancestors had already gone one better when they placed a little child on the terrible Kelpie's knee and made him croon a mother's lullaby:

Mo sheana chab liath ri d' bhial beag baoth,
'S mi seinn phort duit.

My gray old mouth to thy wee tender lips,
And I singing tunes to thee.

Nor is it a far-fetched idea to hold that Burns learned his charity towards the Deil from old Jenny Wilson who, as he tells us himself, "resided in the family and had the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elfcandles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery." At any rate, the Deil of Robert Burns is not the Satan of theology, but rather the *Muisean*‡ of Gaelic folk-lore—the gentlemanly scamp who is never out of mischief, and is always trying to take a mean advantage of poor mortals. And the analogy holds good to the end of the address. In Gaelic lore, *Muisean* strikes one as being at least as much fool as knave, and is as often as not outwitted by the clerics (a lost art though!) and by the wise men of the township; likewise with the Deil:

An' now, Auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin'
A certain Bardie's rantin', drinkin',
Some luckless hour will send him linkin'
To your black pit;
But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin',
An' cheat you yet.

All this is delightfully human and delightfully Celtic, and leads one to the "larger hope" (or rather the largest hope!) that the Deil may mend his ways and "still ha'e a stake." But how does the idea compare with the Gaelic picture—a little child being crooned to sleep on the kelpie's knee?

KENNETH MACLEOD.

* In Gaelic folk-lore the Kelpie seems to be represented by the *peallan* rather than by the *each-uisge*.

† In stories of this kind a piece of iron is usually the charm that frees the mortal from the wiles of supernatural beings. Iron put into a cradle saves the child from being stolen by the fairies; a horse shoe is lucky everywhere; a man may enter the School of Black Art or a fairy den or even the Kelpie's under-loch dwelling and come out safely again, if he has a bit of iron about his person, or has stuck it into the door on his way in. Have we an allegory here?—So the iron age overcame hostile powers which had previously been victorious.

‡ Literally, "the mean one."

SKYE WATER-KELPIE'S LULLABY.

Old Gaelic words and tune from the Gesto Collection.

Translated and arranged for pianoforte and voice by MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Rockingly. ♩ = 88.

VOICE. *Rockingly. ♩ = 88.*

PIANO.

f *dim. poco a poco* *p*

A Mhór a ghaoil! —
A - vore, my love! —

A Mhór a shògh! —
A - vore, my joy! —

Till gu d'mhacan is gheabh thum bradan breac òn
To thy babe come And trout-lings you'll get out the

loch, A hó hi A hó hi A hó hó - an A hó hó - an
loch, A ho hi A ho hi A ho ho - an A ho ho - an

A hó hó an A hó hi A hó hi. A Mhór a shògh! Thàn
A ho ho an A ho hi A ho hi. A - vore, my heart! The

rall. e dim.

The each-uisge or water horse had, in the form of a man, married a young woman named Mor. When she discovers by his daily absence and the gravel about his neck that her husband is a Kelpie, she flies, leaving her babe behind her; and the father sings, now to the child, now to the mother, in the hope of enticing her back to the Loch.

plaintively

oidhche nochd gu fliuch fras-ach Aig mo mhac-sa ri sgath chnocain.
 night is dark, wet and drea-ry, Here's your bairnie neath the rock.

f *p* *f* *p*

A hó hì A hó hì A hó hó-an A hó hó-an A hó hó an
 A ho hi A ho hi A ho ho-an A ho ho-an A ho ho an

cres. *f*

rall. e dim.
 A hó hì A hó hì. A Mhór a ghaoil! A Mhór a shògh!
 A ho hi A ho hi. A - vore, my love! A - vore, my joy!

rall. e dim. colla voce *f* *p* *f* *p*

Gun teine, gun tuar, gun fhasgadh, is tu sior* chòineadh
 Wanting fire here, Wanting shelter, Wanting com-fort, our babe is cry-ing by the loch.

f *p*

*or chànan.

...the dotted slur to indicate that the two notes sung to two syllables in the one language are slurred to one syllable in the other.

Skye water kelpie's lullaby.

A hó hi A hó hi A hó hó-an A hó hó-an A hó hó-an A hó hi
 A ho hi A ho hi A ho ho-an A ho ho-an A ho ho-an A ho hi

long pause

Ad.

A hó hi. A Mhór a ghaoil! A Mhór a shògh! Mo
 A ho hi. A - vore, my bride! A - vore, my heart! My

colla voce *f* *pleading* *f*

A little slower.

sheaná-chab liath ri do bheul beag baoth is mi seinn phort dhuit am Beinn Frochdaidh.*
 gray old mouth touching thy sweet lips, babe, and me singing songs to thee by Ben Frochkie.

A hó hi A hó hi A hó hó-an A hó hó.
 A ho hi A ho hi A ho ho-an A ho ho.

f *dim.* *pp* *rit.*

*Between Gesto and Portree in Skye.
 Skye water-kelpie's lullaby.

THE DEATH CROON.

(AN CRONAN BAIS.)

As traditionally sung by
Kenneth Macleod.

Lento. An t-anam chara. *The soul-friend.*

VOICE. *pesante ma dolce p*

Thú dol dhach-aidh an nochd do'n t-sior thigh
Home thou'rt go-ing to-night to the Win-ter

PIANO. *pesante ma dolce p*

With both Pedals.

Geamh-raidh, Do'n t-sior thigh Fogh-air is Earr-aich is Samh-raidh Thú dol
Ev-er-house, The Au-tumn, Sum-mer, and Spring-tide Ev-er-house Home art

dhach-aidh an nochd an seirm nan cann-tair'S geal ain-glean 'gad fheitheamh air
go-ing to-night on mu-sic of can-tors, White an-gels thee wait on the

buaich na h-aibh-ne Dia an t-ath-air 'na do shuain.
shores of the *Av-on. God the Fu-ther with thee in sleep,

dim. pp mp

© May be cut from here to sign p 100.

*Avon: English form of the Gaelic word for river.

Io - sa Crios - da na do shuain Dia an Spior - ad
 Jes - us Christ with thee in sleep, God the Spi - rit with

Uile. **TUTTI*. The three cantors.

'na do shuain Caid - il gu eiuin Caid - il gu eiuin.
 thee in sleep Soft - ly sleep, Soft - ly sleep.

pp

An t-anam chara. One voice.

Caid - il a luaidh an uchd do Mhath - ar Caid - il a luaidh 's i
 Sleep oh love on Mo - ther's bo - som, Sleep while she sings soft

mp

fein 'gad tha - ladh Cad - al a' Mhic an uchd na h-Oigh - e
 lull - ings to thee, The sleep of the Son on Ma - ry's bo - som,

Uile. *All.*

Caid - il e caid-il e 's dhiot gach bròn Caid - il e caid-il e
sleep and put off from thee ev - 'ry woe Sleep, and put off from thee

's dhiot gach bròn Caid - il e caid-il e 's dhiot gach bròn.
ev - 'ry woe, Sleep, and put off from thee ev - 'ry woe.

○ An t-anam chara. *One voice.*

Uile. *All.*

Cad - al òg Io - sa Cad-al beò Io - sa Cad-al gloir Io - sa Caid-il e
 Cad - al gaoil Io - sa Cad-al muirn Io - sa Cad-al ciuin Io - sa *Sleep and put*
Youth-sleep of Jes - us, Life-sleep of Jes - us, Glo - ry sleep of Jes - us,
Love-sleep of Jes - us, Joy-sleep of Jes - us, Peace-sleep of Jes - us,

mf p mf p mf p

caid - il e 's dhiot gach bròn, Caid - il e caid-il e 's dhiot gach bròn.
from thee thy ev - 'ry woe, Sleep and put off from thee ev - 'ry woe.

An t-anam chara. *One voice.*

Cad - al nan seachd bu - adh ort Cad - al nan seachd lu - an ort Cad - al nan seachd
Sleep of sev - en vir - tues on thee, Sleep of sev - en moons up - on thee, Sleep of sev - en

Uile. *All.*

su - an ort Caid - il e caid - il e 's dhiot gach bròn Caid - il e
slum - bers on thee. Soft - ly sleep, Soft - ly sleep, free from woe, Soft - ly sleep,

* An t-anam chara. *One voice.*

caid - il e 's dhiot gach bròn Bruad - ar Mhoir - e is Dia 'na taobh
Soft - ly sleep, free from woe. Dream of Ma - ry and God in her side,

Bruad - ar Chal - uim an I nan naomh Bruad - ar lein - ibh nach einn gu
Dream of Co - lun - ba in saint - ed Isle, Dream of the one that was ev - er a

*
 h-aois *child: bron woe* Bruad - ar cad - ail gach aon do m' ghaol
All these dream-ings, dear love, be thine.

legatissimo *R.H.* *R.H.*

Uile. All.
 Bruad - ar cad - ail gach aon do m' ghaol Bruad - ar cad - ail gach
All these dream-ings, dear love, be thine All these dream-ings, dear

L.H. *pp*

* *An t-anam chara. One voice.* *Uile. All.*
 aon do m' ghaol Tha duibhr' a' bhàis - chad-ail a luaidh 'na do shùil Ach caid - il gu
love, be thine. The dusk of the Death-sleep is, love, in thine eye, But soft - ly thou'll

pp

eiuin Caid - il gu eiuin, Caid - il gu eiuin, Caid - il gu
sleep, Soft - ly thou'll sleep, Soft - ly sleep, Soft - ly

An t-anam chara. *One voice.*

eiuin An ainm na Trian - aid slan le do phian - tan Tha Criòsd air
sleep. In name of the three in one, Peace to thy pain, The Christ is

tigh - inn 's tha sith 'na do ghnuis O tha Criòsd air tigh - inn 's tha
come, thou'rt at Peace from all pain, O the Christ is come, thou'rt at

* Uile. *All.*

sith na do ghnuis Caid - il gu eiuin, Caid - il gu eiuin,
peace from all pain, Soft - ly to sleep, Soft - ly to sleep,

Caid - il gu eiuin, Caid - il gu eiuin.
Soft - ly to sleep, Soft - ly to sleep.

THE DEATH-CROON.¹

IN the days of the old Celtic church, the Death-croon was chanted over the dying by the *anam-chara*, the soul-friend, assisted by three chanters. Later on, the rite passed into the hands of *seanairean a' bhaile*, the elders of the township, and the *mnathan-tuiridh*, the mourning-women, the latter eventually developing into a professional class, whose services could always be obtained for a consideration. In more recent times, the *bean-ghluin*, the knee-woman, the midwife, was also the *bean-tuiridh*, the mourning-woman, and as the friend of the folk in the coming and the going of life, was regarded with the greatest veneration both by young and by old. To this day the knee-woman of the isles chants her runes and celebrates her mysteries in the houses of birth and of death, but always with closed doors—metaphorically, at any rate. As recently as eighteen years ago, a Death-croon was chanted over a dying person in the Island of Eigg.

An ceò 's an drùchd,
An drùchd 's an ceò,
An ceò 's an drùchd
An sùil mo ghràidh,
An sùil mo ghràidh,
A Thì dh' fhosgail an t-sùil òg,
Dùn i an nochd an clò a' bhàis,
An clò a' bhàis.

The mist the dew,
The dew the mist,
The mist the dew
In the eye of my love,
In the eye of my love.
Thou who did'st open the young eye,
Close it to-night in the sleep of death,
In the sleep of death.

From the nineteenth to the sixth century is a far cry, but the Death-croon brings the two together. St. Donnan of Eigg and fifty of his *muinntir*, his disciples, had suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Queen of the Isle, and were sleeping their first night's death-sleep in the churchyard now known as *Cill-Donnain*. At midnight *solus an aigh*, a blessed light, was seen above the graves, and voices were heard chanting a croon of which only a few lines have been handed down.

Is moch a chuireas a' ghrian fàilt air Donnain,
Is moch a sheinneas an t-ian àilleachd Donnain,
Is moch a dh' fhàsas am fiar air ùir Donnain.
Sùil bhlàth Chrìosd air an ùir,
Reulta na h-iarmailt air an ùir,
Cha bheud cha bheud a dh' ùir Donnain.

Early gives the sun greeting to Donnan,
Early sings the bird the greatness of Donnan,
Early grows the grass on the grave of Donnan,
The warm eye of Christ on the grave,
The stars of the heavens on the grave,
No harm, no harm to Donnan's dust.

And said the old folk of Eigg: The Queen and her maidens saw the light and heard the singing and, way of the women! wonder brought them towards the churchyard. And, sure, there must have been *tàladh*, fascination, in the light, for as *it* would move *they* would follow, and did it not bring them little by little, and not little was that same little, to the loch² you know yourself, the one in which the *each-uisge*, the water-horse, lives—and, O Mary Mother, was it not there the judgment was!

In the isles the black loch among the hills is always associated with death and unholy deeds and croons. The sea, with its ebb and its flow, is suggestive of life. If it has the terrible strength, it has also the nobility, of the lion. But the loch among the hills is a snake—black and slimy, with death in its eye. A tale and a croon⁴ will tell the rest.

On a night there was, it befell a *pears-eaglais*, a cleric, to be returning from the hill to the shore-clachan, and what came upon him but the weather of the seven elements—and what can be worse than that! Since he could not do better, he did the best he could, and his only choice being an evil, he took shelter in a cave under a rock. He had not been long there when a great white lightning sudden-flashed before his two eyes, and in the glare he saw a deep black loch between two precipices; and O Blessed Being of the Graces! beside the loch was a man in the death-throe, and three wizards crooning over him—a lean black wizard, a bald grey wizard, and a sleek yellow wizard.

¹ Learned by the writer, partly from his aunt, Janet Macleod, and partly from Raonaid Campbell, a native of Eigg; stray lines were afterwards got from Catriona Macleod, Trotternish, Skye, but she said they were part of a *piobaireachd* which was much played at funerals in olden days.

² *Iain Og Morragh*, the poet-schoolmaster of Eigg in the early part of the 19th century, began one of his songs in praise of the island with the lines:

Is moch a chuireas a' ghrian fàilt air Stròdha.
Early gives the sun greeting to Stròdha.

³ Still called *Loch nam ban mór*, "the loch of the big women."

⁴ The tale and the croon were got from old Vincent MacEachin, Island of Eigg.

Ars' am baobh caol dubh :

Ospag, ospag, fhir a th' ann !
 'Nuair bhios tu thall, 'nuair bhios tu thall,
 Bidh tus' an laimh, bidh tus' an laimh,
 Speachan an diugh, meanbhagan am màireach,
 'Gad itheadh, 'gad thachas, 'gad mhàmadh,
 Thall thall,
 Fhir a th' ann.

Ars' am baobh maol glas :

Ospag, ospag, fhir a th' ann !
 'Nuair bhios tu thall, 'nuair bhios tu thall,
 Bidh tus' an laimh, bidh tus' an laimh,
 Fitheach os do chionn, giogan ad shùil,
 Nathair-nimhe 's i teachd dhùth, 's i teachd dhùth,
 Thall thall,
 Fhir a th' ann.

Ars' am baobh caol buidhe :

Ospag, ospag, fhir a th' ann !
 'Nuair bhios tu thall, 'nuair bhios tu thall,
 Bidh tus' an laimh, bidh tus' an laimh,
 Gaoth 'ga reothadh feadh an t-seilich,
 Guin is fuachd mar uisge goileach,
 Thall, thall,
 Fhir a bh' ann.

Said the lean black wizard :

Torture, torture, man that be !
 Over there, over there,
 Thou shalt be bound, thou shalt be bound,
 Wasps to-day, midges to-morrow,
 Eating thee, itching thee, tumouring thee,
 Over there, over there,
 Man that be.

Said the bald grey wizard :

Torture, torture, man that be !
 Over there, over there,
 Thou shalt be bound, thou shalt be bound,
 A raven above thee, a thistle in thine eye,
 A venom-serpent coming nigh, coming nigh,
 Over there, over there,
 Man that be.

Said the sieek yellow wizard :

Torture, torture, man that be !
 Over there, over there,
 Thou shalt be bound, thou shalt be bound,
 Wind a-freezing through the willows,
 Stinging cold like scalding water,
 Over there, over there,
 Man that *was*.⁵

And while the wizards were at the croon, the cleric was making the *caim*, the sacred circle, round about himself; and once he had made the picture of the Cross on it and blessed it in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, he knew then that no evil could come upon him, howsoever long till cock-crow—but for all that, O man of my heart, the loch was deep and the loch was black!

From the hills, the last refuge of paganism, the Death-croon leads us to the sea and the Iona coracles. A world of years ago (said an old Eigg woman),⁶ long long before Prince Charlie landed in Moidart, the folk there were fierce and dark and ignorant; they kept *Bealltainn*, Beltane, better than Christmas or Easter Sunday, and (O Mary Mother, sain us from evil!) it is said they would even be praying to the serpents. Columba of my love heard of this, and it gave him a sore heart that people should be so far in their own light as to turn their back on heaven and the saints—sure, he was ever the *àilleagan*, the beauteous-one, son of a king and grandson of a king, and he might have been a king himself, had that been his wish—but to get back to my tale, he sent two of his monks to Moidart to teach the folk there the good Christian ways of the church. But were they not the foolish ones, the folk of Moidart! They would not listen to the monks, and at last the younger of the two said: "We will return to Iona and leave the seven curses of the church on Moidart." In the dusk of evening the two were down on the shore, with their coracle in sailing trim, and something in their faces which no wise person would wish to see. "I hear the dip of oars," said the younger one, "and the sound is making for the point further down." Wonder soon brought them to the spot, and what they saw was a coracle gliding away into the darkness, a lady-lord clothed in white lying on the strand, and a baby boy sucking a cold breast. And the older monk began to chant the Death-croon over the dead, but I do not know what the words were, for it is said he never chanted that croon again, but always a better one. Before he was through with it, the eyes of the baby boy were upon him. "She is not dead," said the little one, "but she always loses life and milk when the monks of Iona lose their heat-love for the folk." What more? O treasure of my heart, miserable creatures like us may not know what passed between the Blessed Mary and her Son and the monks of Iona—but, at any rate, the two men returned to their coracle and made a hole in her.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

⁵ Witches and wizards were notorious for tricky diction. One of their worst curses went forth disguised as a blessing: *An Tì bh' air Neamh 'gad bheannachadh*, "The Being that *was* in Heaven bless thee." "May He do that same," said the unwary ones, and at once the curse took a grip of them. "May the Being that *is* in Heaven sain us," said the wise ones—and lo! the curse disappeared in black smoke.

⁶ Peggy MacCormick—*Peigi Bhàn*. She and her brother, Vincent MacEachin, carried with them into the grave legends and runes which, had they been noted down, would have made quite a remarkable volume.

IN HEBRID SEAS.

(Heman Dubh. An ancient Waulking Song.)

Noted from the singing of Joan Stuart, Coll. Lewis,
Moderato.

and Arr: for voice and piano with English words by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

PIANO.

Or *leggiere* *pesante*

With Pedal.

With a swinging rhythm.

Hem-an dubh bóid ad aindeoin, Hem-an dubh hi - ri - o, Hem - an dubh
Green lies the dunc - ing wa - ter, Green, pur - ple, barr'd with gold; Brown wing'd my

sear no siar e, Hem - an dubh chaoidh nach gabhainn Uas - al mor 's e guan - ach fal - amh,
boat flies o'er her, Brown wing'd, while out the wa - ter White the keel, the curl - ing wave - let

Hem - an dubh hi - ri - o.
Toss - es high, spraying round.

Hem-an dubh hi-ri-o-ro Hem-an dubh hi-ri-o Hem-an dubh ha! mo leannan Hem-an dubh
 Hay-man-do hee-rec-oh-row Hay-man-do hee-rec-oh Hay-man do ha mow len-nan Hay-man do
 or *Leav-ing the Lews to lee-ward, Blyth-ly a-*

hi-ri-o-ro, Falbh mo leannan-sa? Falbh e, falbh e? Hem-an dubh hi-ri-o
 Hee-rec-oh-row falav mow len-nan sa falav ay falav ay Hay-man do Hee-rec-oh
sail-ing sea-ward, White the keel, the curl-ing wave-let Toss es high, spray-ing round.

Hem-an dubh cleas nan aighean, Hem-an dubh hi-ri-o,
Tuwn-y the shelv-ing shore, Tuwn-y the seals that rise,

Hem-an dubh ris na beann-taibh, Laighe seamh is eir-igh fal-lan, Cearb-ag uain-e
Plung-ing be-neath the wa-ter, Plung-ing in sharp sur-prise, with eyes of fear and

*"dubh" pronounce like English verb "do," yet the "d" somewhat approaching the "t" in "to!"

suaint-e thar-am, Hem-an dubh hi-ri-o
 wild a-larm As the white keel fast thi-ther flies.

Hem - - an dubh hi-ri-o - ro Hem - - an dubh hi-ri-o, Hem-an dubh
 Leav-ing the

ha! mo lean-nan, Hem-an dubh hi-ri-o-ro Falbh mo lean-nan-sa? Falbh e, falbh e?
 *Lews to lee-ward, Blyth-ly a-sail-ing sea-ward, White the keel, the curl-ing wave-let

Hem - an dubh hi-ri-o Hem-an dubh
 Toss-es high, spray-ing round. Isle now by

p *pp* *tranquillamente*

ruaig nan aigh-ean, Hem-an dubh hi-ri-o, Hem-an dubh rinn e m'fharr-aid, Hem-an dubh
 isle re-cedes, As we sail o'er the Minch to Skye, Blue peaks of *Lews we leave, As the high cliffs are

colla voce

In Hebrid Seas.

* Pronounce like English word "lose!" (No 2.)

poco a poco più agitato

thairg e deoch air, Hem - an dubh, bhlas na meal - a, Dh'òl mo leoir is leam cha'n aith - reach
draw - ing nigh, The black crags of Skye, that beet - ling Frown - ing down thro' a veil of mist, O'er the

Hem - an dubh hi - ri - o
frail craft are tow'r - ing high.

Hem - an dubh hi - ri - o - ro, Hem - an dubh hi - ri - o Hem - an dubh
Hay - man do, heav - ing shore - ward, Hay - man do Hee - ree - o Tow'r high the

ha! mo lean - nan, Hem - an dubh hi - ri - o - ro Falbh mo leannan sa? Ha!
seas be - hind us, Tow'r high the crags a - bove us, By the shore we lie
or (crag a - bove) or (seas be - hind)

rall Falbh mo leannan sa? *a tempo* Hem - an dubh hi - ri - o.
at an - chor, Hay - man do Hee - ree - o.

In Hebrid Seas:

THE LAY OF DIARMAD.

Literally translated from the Gaelic, as told in the Island of Eigg.

(Generally (and popularly) speaking, what *King Arthur* is to the Cymric Celts, so is *Fionn*, the Fair One, to the Celts of Ireland and Scotland. Of the points of resemblance between the different romances circling round these two heroes, perhaps the most interesting is the love-story of *Diarmad* and *Grainne* in the *Fionn Saga*, corresponding to that of *Guinevere* and *Lancelot* in Arthurian Romance. Here is the story of *Diarmad*, as told not so long ago by old folk in the Island of Eigg.)

There was a Beauty-spot on the brow of Diarmad, the son of Fionn's sister, and woman-soever who saw it took the love of her heart for him, so that nothing could gladden her but to be within sight of his eye. The rest of the *Fayne*¹ were not at all pleased at this; no worth was hunting or fishing or fighting if Diarmad was not there, but if there he was, there would be the women also, and think ye that fin of salmon or antler of stag or head of foe would come into camp, with all the women of the countryside about! At last, and at long last, the word went out that Diarmad must needs put a covering on his Beauty-spot, and if this he did, no more were women seen in the fighting camp of the *Fayne*.

On a day of days, Diarmad was walking to and fro in front of Fionn's house, and unwittingly he tramped on the tail of a little pup that was frisking and frolicing about his feet. Stooped the hero down to caress the pretty little awkward creature, and if he did, off his brow slipped the covering. And och! och! sure, mischance was in Fate that day, for who was standing in the door but *Grainne*, wife of Fionn, loveliest of women, the choice-one of Alba and Erin and every country on which a tale is put. No sooner got she a glimpse of the Beauty-spot than she took for Diarmad the full-love of her heart, and deeper was that love than the deepness of the sea, and stronger than the sun of the thaw. "I will go with thee, Diarmad," said she, "to the far-off edge of the world." "Thou shalt not go with me!" said Diarmad, "great would be the disgrace to me if I did wrong to my mother's brother?" "I will go with thee, Diarmad," said she, "so long as there is a drop of water in the sea or a beam of light in the sun, and when one or other of them fail, I will die with thee then?" But no eye had Diarmad for her, and his ear and his thought were towards the whining of far away hounds and they omening evil. And Grainne went then and put on Diarmad the Three Spells of Love, one in his eye to make him see what she wished him to see, one in his mouth to make him say what she wished him to say, and one in his heart to make him think what she wished him to think; and when Diarmad looked at her again, bethought he that here was a woman fairer than the rising of the sun after the night of the heavy dew, and took he for her now the heat-love of his heart, and stronger was that love than the fear of disgrace. "We will go, Diarmad," said Grainne. "We will go, Grainne," said Diarmad. And they took the track of the stag and the hind across the hill, and as they went they were leaving behind them the light of the day and entering the dusk of the night. At last they heard the whoop of the night-hag,² and they understood that this was the Forest of Gloom—at any rate, if that was not its name, no other name had ever been put on it. "We will stay here, Diarmad," said Grainne, "We will stay," said Diarmad, "but what if the *Fayne* come after us?" "They will not come," said Grainne, "if the Venom-boar be here, and it is here he is!"

But not so went the matter. Ere the little birds of song could sip the cool morning water, heard was the baying of hounds, and behind them were Fionn and his men. Diarmad came out of the wood to meet them. "Diarmad," said Fionn, "it is not the hunting of the stag that put us so early from home to-day." "If it is not that," said Diarmad, "it is a worse errand!" "That same," said Fionn, "we are on the track of the Venom-boar, and he spoiling our hunting since a day and a year—I like not, O son of my sister, the mischance that takes off me stag or hind!" "And not far off is that same mischance," said the other. "Thou wilt come with us, Diarmad," said Fionn, "it was not thy wont to be slack in the hunting-hill, and sweeter in the ear is the baying of the hound than the cooing of the dove in the wood!" "I will come with you," said Diarmad, "though it were the last time!" From the rising to the setting of the sun tracked they the Venom-boar, and if once they were on his scent twice were they off it all day long, and if at last he was killed, the honour of the deed to Diarmad.

"The length of the boar," said Fionn, "is seven feet four times!" "Three times," said Diarmad, "and thou wilt be at it!" "Measure and see," said Fionn. Diarmad measured—"Seven feet three times," said he, "and not an inch more!" "That may be so, as thou hast measured," said Fionn, "but measure thou the boar against the bristle, and thou wilt see that I am right!" Diarmad measured again, this time against the bristle, and if he did, into his finger went one of the poisonous bristles, and ere long Death was at his throat. "What is fated must happen,"³ said Fionn, "*Diarmad* it was, *Dearg*⁴ it is!"

"O brother of my mother," said *Dearg*, "where be thy healing cup?" "I left it at home," said Fionn, "but O son of my sister, I will not let death on thee; I will go to the well of the birds,⁵ and lift in my two palms the water that will

make healing to thee?' And Fionn ran to the well and in his two palms lifted the pure clear water that the birds delight to drink, but Dearg was out of his sight now, and anger began to blind him. "He took off me the Beauty of my wife," said he, "I will not make healing to him." And as his anger rose, his fingers began to sneak from each other, and when he came back to Dearg, water nor water had he for the healing. "O brother of my mother," said Dearg, and he in great pain, "where be thy healing?" Stronger now was pity than anger in the heart of Fionn, and he ran back to the well of the birds, and lifted in his two palms the pure clear water that would make the healing of life. But Dearg was again out of his sight, and anger began to smother pity. "He took off me the Wisdom of my wife, I will not make healing to him." And as the anger rose in his breast, the water in his palms subsided, until at last not a drop was to be seen. Dearg had now the rattle in his throat, and the heart of Fionn filled again with pity, and he ran back to the well of the birds, and lifted in his two palms the pure clear water of healing. But he could not see Dearg now, and he could only think of the disgrace brought on himself and the *Fayre*. "He took off me the Love of my wife, I will not make healing to him, I will let death on him." And what of the water oozed not through his fingers was sucked up by the heat of his anger, and when he came back his palms were as dry as a rock under the mid-day sun. Dearg was now in the last of the Three Agonies,⁶ and Fionn shed over him the tears of love and pity. "My dear sister's only son," said he, "I will not let death on him, I will make healing to him." And he gave one great standing-jump⁷ to the well of the birds, and another great standing-jump back, with the pure clear water of healing in his palms; but if quick he was, quicker still was the coming of Death, and Dearg was now in his sleep.

And that night *Grainne*, Love-of-women, kept the death-watch over Dearg, and she made the Lay⁸ to him which the sorrow-women of the wake still sing. And next morning, when they were putting him into the grave, along with his hawk and hound, sudden-leapt Grainne in beside him—and she and Dearg were left in the Death-sleep side by side.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

¹Gaelic *Feinn*, the collective name for Fionn's Followers.

²The owl.

³ It had been prophesied that Diarmad and the Venom-boar should have "the one death."

⁴"Red," "blood red."

⁵ The tale of Diarmad has been localised in the Island of Eigg. *Tobar-an-tuirc*, "The boar's well," is still pointed out, and its water is supposed to have the healing virtue which Diarmad needed so much but never got. Within a mile of it is *Tobar-nan-eun*, "The well of the birds."

⁶ The Three Agonies are: *An e so an t-Eug? Is eagal leam gur e. Is eagal leam nach e.* "Is this death? I fear it is. I fear it isn't."

⁷Gaelic: *crunn-leum*—a leap without a run. A running leap is called *leum-roid*.

⁸ This Lay was of old considered the masterpiece of its kind—*Gach dùn gu Dùn an Deirg*. "The lays up to the Lay of Dearg." The version given here was carried from Skye to Eigg by Janet Macleod.

THE LAY OF DIARMAD.

Traditional Version from
Janet Macleod, Eigg.

Arr. (to the traditional air) for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Maestoso e dolente.

PIANO.
♩. = 50.

Musical notation for the piano introduction, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. The melody is marked 'Maestoso e dolente' and includes the instruction 'With thick soft tone, as of horns.' The bass line consists of sustained chords.

Dearg mac	Deirg gur - a	mi do	bhean
Dearg mac	Olla ¹ bu tu	eridh an	iuil
Dearg mac	Alla ² bu tu	deilm ³ nam	Fiann
Chi mi'n	t-seabhag a - gus	chi mi'n	cù
'S dùth dhuinn	arral is cha	dheòir an	nochd,
*Dearg son of	Dearg I am	wife of	thine
Dearg son of	Olla of the	guid - ing	heart
Dearg son of	Alla who fight -	joy'd the	Fayne
I see thy	hawk and I see	thy	hound
Shed no	tear on his	bier but	sing

Piano accompaniment for the first vocal line, including dynamic markings (mf, p, f) and performance instructions like 'Red.' and '*'.

Air an	fhear 's mi nach	dean - adh	lochd.
Leis an	seinn - teadh gu	ciuin a'	chruit.
Mar a'	ghrian thu 's i	smal - adh	reult.
Lean - adh	dlùth fo do	shuil 'san	t-seilg.
Sinn ri	faire mu gheal -	chorp bu	righ.
Thee would I	cause nor	pain nor	sigh.
Who would	soft - - - l;	play the	harp.
West the	sun put - ting	stars to	shame.
In thy	love the hunt -	trail they	found.
That we to -	night death -	watch a	king.

Piano accompaniment for the second vocal line, including dynamic markings (mf, p, cres., f) and performance instructions like 'Red.' and '*'.

¹Splendour? ²Renown? ³Battle-rapture.
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* Pronounce Jerak.