

## HERDMAN NIGHT.

The folk of the Isles, a labour brotherhood of men and women, are more or less willing thralls to Master Day. In the morning he sends out the women, with their crook-spades, into the field, or sets them to grind the barley and knead the dough for little mouths; and with the ebbing tide he sends the men, with their nets and lines, out to sea. But Night, the good herdman, bringeth all creatures home, the men from the sea, and the women from the field. And in due time, mindful of their schooling, he leads them, with the freshness of the burn upon them, to the hearth around which the *ceilidh* is wont to meet. And then it is song for the song and tale for the tale, spinning of wool and weaving of heath-rope, until the peats begin to lose themselves in the ashes. Once in a while, too, if luck is about, Herdman Night, coming upon the boats of other Isles in the open sea, brings them all, for their own good, into the *cala*, the harbour, where sits the *ceilidh* that never gets tired of him. And while the wind is blowing outside, little children, sitting at the feet of men from the sea, hear the many strange things which, on a day to come, they will sing or recite to some lucky one who is on errantry for those same strange things. So bringeth Night, the good herdman, even the songs and the tales home.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

# HERDMAN NIGHT.

Am Buachaille.

"Night is a good Herdman, He brings all creatures home."  
(Gaelic proverb)

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

Air collected by  
ANNIE and MALCOLM JOHNSTON in Barra.  
Gaelic and English words by KENNETH MACLEOD.

*Dreamily as a voice 'over the waters.*

Voice.

Piano.

*p*

*pp*

*col*

*- i*..... *Ho - ro - i*..... *Ho - ro - i* *Ho - ro -*

*- i*..... *The sea - mew* *cries*..... *Ho - ro -*  
*Deir faoil - eag* *bhàn*.....

*i*..... *Ho - ro - i* *Ho - ro - i*, *Sends Master Day his thralls to*  
*Ta'n la a' cur nam fear gu*

sea. *sàil.* Ho - ro - i, pull strong lads, Ho - ro -  
*Iom-air do ràmh,*

- i far out to sea .....  
*Ri muir - traigh.*

Ho - ro - i ..... Ho - ro -

- i Ho - ro - i ..... St. Bride's Bird  
 Deir Bri - dean

cries.....  
àigh.....

Ho - ro - i..... Ho - ro -

- i Ho-ro - i Calls herdman night his chil-dren home, Ho-ro -  
Ta'n oidh-che ta-ladh fhear òn t-sàil,

- i, pull strong lads, Ho-ro - i..... God speed you  
Iom-air do ramh, Ri muir

home.....  
làn.....

*p* *pp*

# THE DEATH-KEENING OF A HERO.\*

Seathan, Mac Righ Eireann.

Air and words collected by  
KENNETH MACLEOD,

from JANET MACLEOD, Skye and Eigg.  
and MARY HENDERSON, Lochaline, Morven.

Latter part of air, from MARY MACDONALD, Mingulay.

Arranged for voice and piano by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

**Agitato con moto** (♩. = about 92) *ma rubato*.

Voice.

Piano.

**Agitato ma sostenuto.**

A nal - la..... vó hee!..... A  
A nai - le..... bho hit..... A

**Broaden.**

nal - la..... vo ha! Wo - man sad and poor, and  
nai - le..... bho ha! Bean..... bhochd, chia - nail

*riten.* *espress.*

\* Traditionally this hero was known as the Son of the King of Erin. The thoughts of the Keening Woman are those of one who lived at a time when the Faith taught by St. Patrick and St. Columba was still strange to the folk.

Faster again.

sor - row - ful am I! A nal - la vo vó  
 thiamhaidh, dhubh - ach mi A nai - le bho

*colla voce.* *a tempo.*

*Ad.* \* *Ad.*

hee! A nal - la vó ha! Ah, to -  
 hi! A nai - le bho ha! Ach, tha

*Broaden.*

*Ad.*

- night in death, ... <sup>1</sup>Sea - than, Thou dost lie! A  
 Seathan an nochd 'na mharbh - an, Naile bhc hil A

*colla voce* *più tranquillo.*

*Ad.* \*

nal - la vó hee! A nal - la vó  
 naile bho hi! A naile bho

*Hasten.*

<sup>1</sup>Pronounced Shayun.  
 The death-keening of a Hero.

*Broaden.*

ha! Sad the tale to folk who fol - lowed thee, Nal-la vó  
 ha! Sgeula.... bochd le luchd a lean - amh - ainn, Naile bho

*riten.*

*Ad.* \*

hee!..... A nal-la..... vó hee!..... A nal-la..... vó  
 hi!..... A naile..... bho ha!..... A naile..... bho

*tempo.*

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

*ten.*

ha! Glad the tale to folk who hunt-ed thee, Nal-la vó  
 hi! Sgeula.... b'ait le luchd a sheil - ge. Naile bho

*colla voce.*

*Ad.* \*

hee.....  
 hi!.....

*rall e dim.*

*Ad.*

Slower. (♩ = about 100)

Know I hence nor joy nor glad - ness,<sup>1</sup> Hu ru na hu ra bhi  
'Smairg thuir rium - sa gum bu bhean shubhach mi,

ó, Keen - ing joys that ne'er will re - turn to me. L.H.  
Caoidh na dh'fhalbh, nach till..... o'n uidhe rium.

*rit.* *colla voce.* **f**

*Ad.*

Broken-hearted, fe - ver-toss'd brood-ing, Hu ru na  
Tha mo chridhe brist - e bruaileach,

**p** \*

hu ra bhi ó, And my tears, like well-springs flow - ing,  
Tha mo shil - teach ruith mar fhuar - an,

*dim.*

*Ped.*

<sup>1</sup>Refrain pronounced with Italian vowel sounds, and bh as v.  
The death-keening of a Hero.



Each heart-stormgust fiercer is rocking me, *Hu ru na...*  
*Till-eadh gailbh'gam shior ... luas - gadh,*

*hu ra bhi ó,* Pangs of longing aye fiercer con - suming me, *Hu ra bhi*  
*Guin na h-iargain'gam shior..... chuar-adh,*

*ó, Hu ra bhi ó, ó, Hu ru na hu ra bhi ó,*

Fires of pain aye fierc - er burning me.....  
*Bruth na diach - ainn'gam shior ghualadh.....*

If there be, as  
Ma's a fior na

*sotto voce*

cler - ics tell us, Heav'n of bliss and place... of  
their na clei - rich, Gu bheil ir - inn 's gu... bheil

tor - ment, My share of heav'n, Death take... and wel - come,  
neamh ann Mo chuid-sa neimh, di - beath an éig e

*riten.* *tempo.*

For one night with thee, my Sea - than, For but one  
Air - son oidh - che mar ris an eu - dail, Mar... ri

*ten.* *allargando.*

night with thee, \*moch - ai - ly.....  
Seath - an donn, mo cheile.....

*mp* *passionately.*

Wo - man poor, sad, wist - ful,  
Bean bhoichd chian - ail, thiamh - aidh

*mp* *p*

*both Pedals.*

sor - row - ing.....  
dhubh - ach mi.....

*p* *pp*

\*

## AILLTE.\*

## AN OSSIANIC LAY.

Sailing among the outer Isles in the summer of 1911 in search of songs, we arrived from Barra at Loch Boisdale in South Uist, and driving northward through the island that same evening, by the farm where Flora Macdonald was born, we came at nightfall to one of the dangerous sea-fords that serve to cut off the Isle of Benbecula from the outside world. It was at this ford that Flora Macdonald was held up for a night at the Guard House when on her way to Clanranald's place to contrive the serving-woman's disguise in which she conveyed "Prince Charlie" to her mother's home in Skye. And we too were held up, but only by the tide.

Next day, crossing the ford to Benbecula, the isle of a thousand lochs, we came on an old Ossianic singer, of a type supposed to have long since passed away. He chanted tales of such length that you would go every day for a week to listen to one long tale, and he would begin to-morrow exactly where he left off to-day, and his tales were all in verse and traditional, for he could neither write nor read. At eighty-seven, still bright and active, he was to be seen daily out on the machar herding his cattle. And in the clean white sanded kitchen of his thatched cottage he sang, but not before he had set everything in perfect order for the ceremony—these old pagan tales are sacred to the Isleman. In the corner of the kitchen stood the hand-loom on which was stretched a blanket in the course of weaving; by the fire sat the *Cailleach* carding or combing out the wool; by the door a young woman spinning; and by the other side of the fire, the old keen bright-eyed, white-haired keeper of the traditional lore.

He chanted many lays, some on a monotone, the phrases defined by cadences, some on a gradually descending scale within the compass of a sixth†, and among them this well defined air to which he sang the Lay of Aillte.

Aillte, the hero of the lay, one of the handsomest of the young stalwarts of the Fayne, hurt that his leader, Fionn, had not included him among those bidden to a feast, fled to the court of the King of Lochlann and to him offered his services for a year and a day. The Queen, like another Helen, took the love of her heart for the young Gael, and together they escaped and sought the protection of the Fayne.

The King of Lochlann, enraged at the rape of the Queen, gathered his hosts and the hosts of nine other kings and descended on Fionn and the Fayne.

The old lay, which was supposed to be sung by Ossian to Patrick, details the magnificence of the Banners of the Fayne, and tells of the triumphant victory of the Gaels over the Lochlanners. And as the old Benbecula singer chanted the last verses that tell of the glories of the Gael, his body became tense with excitement and his eyes glowed with the fire of racial memory.‡

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

\*Pronounce like English words, "Isle"—"char."

†Compare the tune of "Tak yer auld cloak about ye."

‡Three verses only have been selected from the long poem, a version of which may be found in Campbell's "Waifs and Strays," Argyllshire Series.

## HEROIC OSSIANIC CHANT.

\*AILLTE.

A love tale of the flight of the Queen of Lochlann with Aillte, a young hero of the Fayne— the descent on Fionn (the leader of the Fayne) of the King of Lochlann with nine other Kings—the total destruction of the invading hosts. Sung by Ossian to Patrick.

(Collected in Benbecula, 1911).

Collected in the Island of Benbecula from  
CALUM MACMILLAN.  
and arranged for Voice and Piano by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

*Con fuoco.*

Piano.

*dolce espress e languendo.*  
L.H.

*con fuoco impetuoso.*

The queen of  
Thug Ban-righ

Loch-lin of the brown shields Deep love gave, that all en - du-reth, To Aillte  
Lochlainn nan sgiath donn Tromghaol trom, an gaol nach las-aich, Do Aillte

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

*Red.*

\*Pronounce like English words "Isle"— "char."

young of the keen - edg'd blades, And se - cret - ly with him fled  
*greadhanach nan arm ..... geur Gu'n d'fhalbh i ann an ceilg*

she.  
 leis.

The king of Loch-lin, his har - dy hosts In this  
*Chruinnich Rìgh Lochlainn gu grad a shluagh, Cabhlach*

hour of need gather'd, And with them came the migh - ty stalwarts Of nine  
*cruaidh gu'n tug e leis, 'Se sin a bha aig anns an uair, ..... Naoi*

kings from the north-ern shores.  
*righrean 's an slu - agh leo*

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The piano part includes dynamic markings of *f* and *p*, and is decorated with asterisks and wavy lines below the staff.

There were that wound-ed  
*Mur robh fear a chaidh o*

The second system continues the musical piece. The piano accompaniment features several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over the notes) and dynamic markings of *f* and *p*.

fell or died on the field of battle, But ne - ver one was home re -  
*fheum no chaidh do'n Ghrèig a null, Cha deachaidh fear d'a thir*

The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of block chords and simple rhythmic patterns.

- turning of all the migh-ty Loch - lin men  
*fein de na thug Righ Lochlainn..... nall*

The fourth system concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment features a *colla voce* marking and a final *ff* dynamic marking. The system ends with a double bar line.

# THE SHIP THAT SAILETH HOME.

Long a Sheolas Dhachaidh.

AN ISLEWARD CHANTY.

Air from MALCOLM and ANNIE JOHNSON, Barra,  
Gaelic and English Words from  
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

*Gracefully as the movement of a boat, yet exultantly as the whistle of the wind.*

♩ = about 60

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 4/4 time, key of D major. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth notes and a dynamic marking of *f*. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. A *ped.* marking is placed below the first measure.

or

Love that wanders give no heart to,  
Gael an fhuadain na toir cliabh dha,

*p*

*with Pedal always*

The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic line with a dynamic marking of *p*. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. A *ped.* marking is placed below the piano part.

Hee ree - o hal - o - vee, Ebb and flow of wa - ters yon love,  
Hi - ri - o ha - lo bhi, Traghadh's lionadh ma - ra sud o,

The second system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic line with a dynamic marking of *p*. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. A *ped.* marking is placed below the piano part.



Ho - ro hee - o <sup>1</sup>how-lo ha lo vee,..... <sup>2</sup>lew ro va hoo - a.  
 Ho - ro hi - o chall o ha lo bhi,..... liù ro bha hu - a.

\* Led.

or  
 Love that loves thy cat-tle, hear not,  
 Gaol do spreidh - e, na toir cluas dha,

\* Led.

*broaden.* *tempo.*  
 Heeree - o halovee, Wind from Northland, cold wi' snow yon, Ho ro hee o howlo halovee  
 Hi-ri - o holo bhi, Gaoth a tuath le gail-inn sud o, Hi ro hi o chall o halo bhi

\* Led. \* Led.

<sup>1</sup>Pronounce like the two English words "How" and "Low."

*ten.*

lew - ro - va hoo - a.      Love that trem - bles      give no wound to,  
 liù - ro - bha hu - a.      Gaol na di uideachd      na toir leòn da,

\*

*allargando.*

Hee-ree - o ha-lo-vee,      Yon's the ship that sail - eth home-ward,  
 Hi-ri - o ha lo bhi,      Long a sheol - as dhachaidh sud O,

\*

*or*

Ho ro hee o, how-lo ha-lo-vee,.....      lew ro va hoo-a.  
 Ho-ro-hi o, chall o ha lo bhi,.....      liù ro bha hu a.

*ff*

## ST. BRIDE'S BIRD.

On a skerry, in ebb-tide, sat the Christ ; through the *bealach*, the mountain pass, came His enemies. A sea-bird, the oyster-catcher, looking on, said within himself, "Yon shall not be ; I will put wandering on the evil men." And he went and covered his Lord with sea-tangle. For remembrance, it was in the mind of St. Michael, and he the warden of the sea, to put the whiteness of an angel on the oyster-catcher. But St. Bride of the Isles, Foster-mother of Christ, put in her word, "Let the bird that saved my Child be just as He was, with but a touch of whiteness on him, for remembrance." Ever since, when St. Bride's Bird is on the wing, the touch of whiteness on him, as of an angel, is seen of all eyes, as though a cross.

The Sea-gull, in the Isles, is the carrier between the Land-under-waves and the Land-of-the-living. The Skylark is the songster of the Virgin Mary. And St. Bride's Bird, being the servant of the Foster-mother, keeps a warm eye on little children.

In the Isle of Eigg, long ago, three little motherless children were playing on the white sands of Laig Bay, long after all the other little ones of the township had been mothered to sleep. As they played, what espied one of the three but a coracle tied to a rock. "Her prow to the sea!" cried the little one, "let's now play at being sea-reivers." And, climbing into the coracle, they set her adrift on the out-going tide, singing the while, as the like of them should, bold reiving songs. But as midnight drew near and the giant hills of Rùm loomed over them, the reiver heart oozed out, and the child heart throbbed with fear. But the warm eye was not asleep. And quietly over the waves came Bride, the Foster-mother, answering the call of her sea-bird ; and from an armful of the moorland cannach she took the soft white tufts, and with them made a bed for the motherless three. And as she guided the coracle, on the inflowing tide, back to Laig Bay, she lulled them to sleep with a croon which, it is said, put the warm tears on the eyes of her own sea-bird.

U-vil ! u-vil !  
 Motherless three,  
 Cold and weary,  
 U-vil ! u-vil !

KENNETH MACLEOD.

## ST. BRIDE'S CORACLE.

Curach Brighde.

Old words from  
KENNETH MACLEOD.Air collected by Kenneth Macleod and  
M. Kennedy-Fraser,  
from Kirsty Mackinnon, Eigg.Accompaniment by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With hypnotic swing.

Piano.

*pp una corda*

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

- vil, U - vil, Co - ra - cle toss'd, U - vil, U - vil,  
- bhil, U - bhil, 'S truagh leam fhein, U - bhil, U - bhil,

\* \* \* \*

Sea - ward drift - ing, ho - ra - vo, Ho - run -  
 Clann gun mhath - air, ho - rabh - o, Ho - rionn -

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

- yai - ly, U - vil, U - vill! U -  
 - ei - le, U - bhil, U - bhil! U -

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

- vil, U - vil! Mo - ther-less three, U - vil, U -  
 - bhil, U - bhil! Caillt' air a' chuan, U - bhil, U -

*Ad.* \* *Ad.*

- vil! Cold and wea - ry! Ho - ra - vo,  
 - bhil! Fuar is an - rach, Ho - rabh - o,

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

Ho - run - yai - ly, U - vil, U - vil!  
 Ho - rionn - ei - le, U - bhil, U - bhil!

♩. \* ♩. \* ♩.

U - - - vil, U - vil! \* Bri - de be guide, U -  
 U - - - bhil, U - bhil! Cro - nan gu'n seinn, U -

\*

- - vil, U - vil! Home - ward steer - ing. Ho - ra - vo,  
 - - bhil, U - bhil! Ni mi àir - deachd. Ho - rabh - o,

♩. \* ♩. \* ♩. \* ♩. \* ♩. \* ♩.

Ho - run - yai - ly, U - vil, U - vil!  
 Ho - rionn - ei - le, U - bhil, U - bhil!

♩. \* ♩. \* ♩.

# 91 S<sup>t</sup> BRIDE'S CHILD-BATHING CROON.

Boislig Brighde.

Old words adapted by  
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Air collected by Kenneth Macleod  
and M. Kennedy-Fraser,  
from Kirsty Mackinnon, Eigg.  
Accompaniment by

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

For high voice in upper octave.

For very low voice in lower octave.

Oh joy, oh rap-ture! Dear... my  
M'aighear lur O..... M'aighear lur

PIANO. *Softly throughout.*

child... \*Bride be washing thee, lav - ing, cleans - ing thee..... Oh joy, oh  
O..... *Brighde gad liuth-ail, gad ionn-laid, M'aighear lur O..... M'aighear lur*

rap - ture! Dear... my child,..... As washed she, as cleansed she the Christ-child,  
O..... *M'aighear lur O..... Mar liuth-ail mar dh'ionnlaid i Crios - da,*

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked 'Softly throughout' and includes a second ending for the first system. The lyrics are in English and Gaelic, with the Gaelic text in italics.

\*Pronounce Breed-ya.

Laveth she thee..... Oh joy, oh rap - ture! Dear my child,.....  
*M'aighear lur O..... M'aighear lur O,..... M'aighear lur O,.....*

..... In wa - ter from welof King Dav - id, Laveth she thee..... Oh joy, oh  
 ..... *An sil-teach a fuaran Righ Daibhidh, M'aighear lur O..... M'aighear lur*

rap - ture! Dear my child,..... In wa - ter with fra - grance of an - gels,  
 O,..... *M'aighear lur O,..... Is fionnair-eachd ainghean 'na fhior-uisg,*

Lav - eth she thee,.... As Je - sus the Christ-child, Lav - eth she thee.....  
*M'aighear lur O,..... M'aighear lur O,..... M'aighear lur O,.....*



## THE RUNE OF COLUM-CILLE.

**G**ENERATIONS ago, the Rune of Colum-cille, words and tune, sailed forth from Iona to the other Isles. In the changes of wind and tide the two seem to have lost sight of each other, the words ultimately drifting to St. Donnan's Isle of Eigg, the tune to the little Isle of Eriskay, further west. But whoso awaiteth the ferry long enough will get across sometime, and the two separated ones, words and tune, are now speaking each other again, in safe anchorage.

There was never a wand in the door of Iona, and one day a druid, from beyond the Moyle, landed in Port na Curach, to put testing on the magic which, if men spoke truth, had come in coracles from Erin to Iona. Above the shore he came face to face with one of the monks; Baithen of the tender heart, perhaps. "Tell me, holy man, how I shall know Colum-cille in the seeing, if see him I should." "If see a man thou shouldest, O stranger, with the head of a King on him, and the look of a King, it is himself you will likely be seeing; and if, moreover, he should be healing the broken wing of a bird, it is not someone else you will be seeing then." "May good be with thee, holy man, but tell me, if thou mayest, what the magic, be it black or white, of this same Colum-cille." "Thou wilt hear it in the rune and in the song, O stranger from beyond the sea, and when thou hearest, it is upon thyself the great sorrow will be, that there is never a wand in the door of Iona, so that thou mightest dwell here all thy days."

While this book was being made, one stood by the well of Colum-cille, in the Isle of Eigg. "Let us drink of its water," said a fisher lad of the Isle, "and may our share of Colum-cille take us safely across."

KENNETH MACLEOD.

## THE RUNE OF COLUMCILL.

## AILLEACHD CHALUM-CHILLE.

Words adapted by KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.Air collected by M. & P. KENNEDY-FRASER,  
From Penny O'Henly, Eriskay.

Voice.

Piano.

*p e semplice*

*With ecstatic simplicity, moving onward without dragging.*

Hear ye my rune..... from the blue.....  
An uair..... bha..... I..... Chalum-.....

deeps of far..... days, Sang and flush'd I - o - na's heart,.....  
chill - e mar a bha, Sheinn ar sinn - sir aill - eachd Cha - lum,

*p*

\* Ped.

<sup>1</sup>Col - um - cill..... hath the keen..... eye of ea - gles,  
Suil na h-io - lair ta an ceann..... Cha - lum - chill - e

So to seek the noon - tide of nine.....  
Chum e dh'amh - airc air naoi gath - a grein - e mheadh-on

rays..... Hear  
la..... An

*p*

*Red.*

ye my rune..... from the blue..... deeps of far..... days,  
uair bha I Cha - lum - chill - e mar a bha!

<sup>1</sup>Colum of the cell- pronounced like English words "column"—"keel"  
The Rune of Columcill.

Sang and throbb'd I - o - na's heart,..... Col - um - cill.....  
 Sheinn ar sinn - sir ail - leachd Chalum,..... Lùgh an daimh.....

*p*

*Red.*

hath the strong..... back of elk - stag, So to bear.....  
 ta an druim..... Cha - lum - chil - le Chum e ghiulan.....

*\**

*With elation.*

all our peo - ple's bur - dens.....  
 cuall - - a' mhuinn - - tir fein.....

*deciso.*

*2*

Hear ye my rune.....  
 An uair..... bha.....

*p*

*Red.*

from the blue..... deeps of far days,  
 I..... Cha - lum - chil - le mar a bha,

\*

Sang and thrilled I - o - na's heart,..... Col - um - cill.....  
 Sheinn ar sinn - sir ail - leachd Chalum,..... Mìn - e maigh - dinn

*Ad.*

hath the soft..... hand of wo - man, So to soothe the  
 ta an laimh..... Cha - lum - chil - le Chum e leigh - eas

sore..... wounds of bruis - - ed ones.....  
 leòn..... nam brui - - te sgith.....

*Ad.*

\*

*Ad.*

\*

# HEBRIDEAN SMUGGLER'S SONG.

Braid air a' Bhraid.

Old Gaelic words adapted by  
KENNETH MACLEOD.  
Pianoforte accompaniment by  
GRANVILLE BANTOCK.

Air collected by KENNETH MACLEOD  
and M KENNEDY-FRASER from  
BELLA MACDONALD, Berneray, Lewis.

**Impetuoso molto.**

Key  $A\flat$  or  $A$ .

Voice. *f*

Piano. *f con fuoco.* *dim.*

Ho

\*Dhìl - sead! Ho Dhìl - sead! To the †Kyle where are ships o'  
Do na càoil 'sam bi long-a

*mf* *cresc.*

\*Diar - mad, Ho Dhìl - sead, Ho Dhìl - sead With  
Dhiar - mad,

*mf*

\*Name of the ship, pronounced Yeelshut, meaning Loyalty.  
†Traditional ancestor of the Campbells, pronounce Deermat.

†Straits.

joy she flew, the gal-lop-ing\* yew, on sea a-foam in the  
 'Sait leam fhein an giu-thas 'na roid, 'san toñn 'na cop 'san

*mp* *mf*

blue <sup>†</sup>lift. Ho Dhil - sead! Ho Dhil - sead!  
 ìarm - - ailt.

*f* *mp* *sf* *sost.*

Ho

*f* *con fuoco.* *dim*

Dhil - sead! Ho Dhil - sead! To the Kyles and the ships o'  
 Do na caoil 'sam bi long - a

*mf* *cresc.*

\* The boats were built of the wood of the Yew tree.  
 Hebridean Smuggler's Song.

† Sky.

Diar - mad.  
Dh̃iar - mad! Ho Dhil - sead! Ho Dhil - - sead! A

whack and yo-hee, on yew and on sea, So thirst we for ships o'  
(2) Crag is hug air iubh-ar 'sair muir, 'San càil gu luing-eis  
(4) Ràchd am ban 'A Dh'ain-deoin gach rud, 'Se'n lèon fir - truid 'sgun

Diar - mad.  
Dh̃iar - mad. Ho Dh̃il-sead! Ho Dh̃il-sead!  
fh̃ion daibh!

Ho Dhil - sead! Ho Dhil - sead! To the  
Do na



Kyle where is wine o'      Diar - mad,  
 caoil 'sam bi long-a      Dhiar - mad, Ho Dhil - sead! Ho

*cresc.*      *mf*

Thieve we the theft o' Mac Cail-ein to-night, So  
 Dhil - - sead (3) Bràid air braid Mhic Cai-lein an nochd 'Soch -  
 (5) Spràchd nan Duibh-neach, glug-ad - a - glag! 'Sgùn

*mp*

drink we the wine o'      Diar - - mad!  
 òn bidh sprochd air      Diar - - mad! Ho Dhil - sead! Ho  
 òl sinn "Frangach"      Dhiar - - mad.

*mf*      *f*      *mp*

Dhil - sead!

*sf* *sostenuto.*      *f* *con fuoco.*      *sf*

<sup>1</sup>Patronymic of the Argylls, pronounced Mackallan.  
 Hebridean Smuggler's Song.

# RAASAY LAMENT.

Cumha Mhic'ille Chalum.

Gaelic words from Eigg,  
Collected, edited and translated by  
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Air phonographed from the singing of  
FATHER IAIN MACMILLAN, Benbecula, and  
Arranged for Voice and Piano by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

(♩=80) *Passionately sustained.*

Voice.

'Tis  
Is

Piano.

*sotto voce.*

*col 2<sup>do</sup>.*

I ev - er sit - ting by the sea - shore, I nor  
*mi am shuidh ar an fhaodh - lainn, 'Smi gun*

*cresc.*

glad - ness nor joy..... know, nor blythe - some  
*fhaoil - te, gun fhuran, Right! Cha tog mi*

*più forte.*

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 80. The first system begins with the tempo marking and the instruction 'Passionately sustained.' The piano part starts with a 'col 2<sup>do</sup>' marking and includes a 'sotto voce' instruction. The second system includes a 'cresc.' (crescendo) marking. The third system includes a 'più forte' marking. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with Gaelic words in italics and English words in a standard font. There are three triplet markings in the piano part across the three systems.

lilt can raise, Since the Fri - - - day of my  
 fonn ao - trom O Dhi h-aoin - - - e mo

sor - row, <sup>1</sup>Sheel - o - ro - va - ho, Sheel - o - ho - -  
 - dhunaidh, Sil - o - ro - bha - ho, Sil o ho

- - - ro - va - ho, Sheel - o - ho, Sheel  
 - - - ro - bha - ho, Sil - o - ho Sil

- o - - ro - va ho - ron\* - yai - ly.....  
 - o - - ro - bha ho - roinn ei - le.....

<sup>1</sup>Refrain (meaning "Flow o Tears" to be sung very Sostenuto with ever-recurring swell and diminish in tone and with passionate sorrow.

\*To rhyme with daily.

Since yon day when my he - ro  
 O'n - là chail - eadh am bà - ta

drown - èd lay, and the boat was lost, My grief! since  
 Air na bhath - adh an cur - aith, Gil - le Cal - um

*f* passionately.

yon sad day, <sup>1</sup>I - an Mór! How sad the tale, Sheel -  
 a b'òig - e, I - ain Mór! mo sgeul duilich, Sil

o - ro - va ho, Sheel - o - ho - - - ro - va ho.....  
 o ro - bha ho, Sil - o - ho - - - ro - bha ho.....

Sheel - o - ho, Sheel - o - ro - va -  
 Sil - o - ho, Sil - o - ro bha -

*mp*

- ho, ron - yai - ly.  
 ho, roinn ei - le.

3 3

Strong was thy shoul - der, my he - ro, Tho' sore - tried it the  
 'Si do ghua - la bha lai - dir Ged a shàr - aich a'

*martellato e forte.*

sea,-- Ah! No man of A - dam's race dare put hand.....  
 mhuir i Righ! cha b'fhear de shliochd Adh - aimh chuireadh làmh

*sempre forte.*

*dim.*

on the he-ro, Sheel - o - ro-va ho, Sheel o - ho -  
 anns a' chur - aith Sil - o - ro bha ho, Sil o - ho -

- - ro - va ho ..... Sheel o ho, Sheel  
 - - ro - bha ho ..... Sil o ho, Sil

o ro - va - ho - ron - yai - ly .....  
 o ro - bha - ho - roinn ei - le

Low - ly to - night .... thy pil - low,  
 Nochd .... gur h-iosal .... do chluasag,

*sostenuto espressivo.*

In cold tomb of the waves, Lies my loved one  
 Fo lic fhuar - aith na tuinne, 'S ann an clach - an

in his sleep, In the \*clach - an that ebbs not. Sheel o - ro - va  
 na tragh - ad Tha mo ghradh - sa 'na uir - igh Sil o - ro - bha

ho, Sheel o ho - - ro - va ho - - - Sheel o  
 ho, Sil o ho - - ro - bha ho - - - Sil o

ho, Sheel o ro - va ho - ron yai - ly.....  
 ho, Sil o ro - bha ho - roinn ei - le.....

*poco meno mosso.*

He - roes for thee..... are  
'Sìom - ad bain - tighear - na

wail - ing, White coifed dames, snoo - ded maids  
bhreid - ghil Bhios gu deur - ach 'gad chumh - -

a - - - Keen - ing thee with tears, I - an  
- a Sìom - ach og uas - al Nach bu

Mór,..... my he - ro, Sheel o ro - va -  
du - - - al bhì fo mhul - ad, Sil o ro - bha



ho, Sheel o ho ro - va ho - -  
 ho, Sil o ho ro - bha ho - -

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The vocal line begins with a fermata over the first measure, followed by a series of notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands, with a dynamic marking of *p* and a triplet of eighth notes in the bass line.

- - - - Sheel o ho, Sheel o ro - va -  
 - - - - Sil o ho, Sil o ro - bha -

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a fermata over the first measure and then continues with notes. The piano accompaniment features a dynamic marking of *p* and continues with chords and moving lines.

ho ron - yai - ly  
 ho roinn ei - le

The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a fermata over the first measure. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *p* and features triplet markings in the bass line.

*p senza rall.* *pp*

The fourth system concludes the piece. The vocal line is mostly silent, with a fermata at the end. The piano accompaniment features a dynamic marking of *p senza rall.* and ends with a *pp* marking. There are also some markings like *Red.* and *\** at the bottom of the page.

## HEBRIDEAN LABOUR SONGS.

Although there is surely "a delicious sadness in Celtic song," yet there are humorous songs to be heard in the Isles, dealing with the doings of houseman and housewife, after the fashion of Lowland song in "Get up an' bar the door, O," and "Tak' yer auld cloak about ye." And this song of the *Bodachan*\* who, coming home hungry and angry, and finding no food in the house, crunches the great, grey, granite quern-stones in his wrath, finds a parallel also in Breton song where, in a similar quandary, a gudewife sings:

Mon mari m'a commandé  
Des crêpes pour son dîner,  
Mais comment le contenter, commère?  
La poêle est chez l'chaudronnier,  
La farine à récolter,  
Et le beurre est au marché, commère!

I heard the *Bodachan* sung at a *waulking* in the Isle of Barra in the summer of 1911. These waulking songs are probably among the oldest of the surviving songs of the Isles. Communal labour tends to conserve the chants used in its practice, and in waulking (shrinking and fulling of the home-made cloth), which calls for the collaboration of from ten to twenty neighbours, the heavy, long-sustained, steadily rhythmical work could only be performed with the help of strongly rhythmical song. And if waulking is the most important of communal labour-song functions, it is also the gayest. And its gaiety is infectious, as anyone who has had the good fortune to "assist" at a waulking can testify. Little wonder the old wives tell that when they were girls it was held a greater privilege to be invited to a waulking than to a dance! At a waulking the young men take no active part, they look on from a respectful distance by the open door or skylight window of the barn where the women, young and old, are seated at work. No doubt the lads make note the while of the particular maiden they hope to see home after the function, but the onlookers here are not essential. The real source of joy for the women lies in the strangely exhilarating effect of continuously repeated bodily movements accompanied by song.

At this waulking we were women only, the men were out with the boats, and the women were already tired with a hard day's herring-packing. Yet the stirring old waulking song dispelled weariness and stimulated even the aged leaders to long-sustained exertion.

The cloth to be shrunk was blanketing, and for the process a long narrow table had been improvised in a candle-lit barn. The women were seated on benches on either side. At one end stood a wooden tub in which the blanket was soaking in dilute ammonia. From the tub it was lifted and gathered in the hand like a thick woollen scarf, then stretched down the table to the far end, where, turned back on itself, it lay along the boards like an elongated "U."

The seated women, grasping in both hands the portion of thick scarf which lay before them, lifted it and began slowly to beat it rhythmically on the boards, the two sides alternating in movement.

An old woman, one of two song-leaders, began to croon softly. And, as one listened, a quaint refrain shaped itself, a theme fashioned in strong rhythmic and melodic outlines, calculated, like a fugue subject, to impress itself easily on the memory. This was caught up and repeated by the workers *tutti*. A verse phrase of a more recitative-like character, perhaps consisting of only eight notes to eight syllables, was then intoned by the leader, and this was followed by a second refrain, longer than the first, but again of a strongly rhythmical character. This, in its turn, was caught up and repeated in chorus. And now the leader sang the alternating verse portions only, leaving the refrains to the other women. But the musical interest was not yet exhausted, for the leader skilfully varied the verse themes, and I have tried in vain to catch and note *all* the changes rung on a few notes by one of these capable, practised folk-singers of the Isles.

As the workers get heated with the excitement of tone and rhythm, and carried away by the hypnotic effect of repetition, the work becomes more and more rapid, and the cloth passes gradually round the table sunwise. The possibilities of one song having been exhausted, a second is intoned by a fresh leader, who, in her turn, sets the pattern of the refrain or refrains (some songs have only *one* recurrent refrain), and exercises her skill also in the improvisation of verse strains.

And when, after many songs, the waulking proper has come to an end, the web is carefully rolled up and "clapped." And the *Bodachan* was the clapping song we heard that night. The hungry rage of the man, with his "uabh, uabh, uabh, uabhan," and the mocking glee of the woman with her "hi, ri, ri, ri, ri, ri, ri, vak," clapped the cloth into shape and the fun was at an end. In the old days, but it is going out of fashion now, they sang also the consecration of the cloth:—

Car deiseal a h-aon,  
Car deiseal a dha,  
Car deiseal a tri.  
Beannachd an Dòmhnach air an aodach so.

Turn sunwise once,  
Turn sunwise twice,  
Turn sunwise thrice.  
The Blessing of the Lord on this cloth.

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

\* *Bodachan* = little old man.

# † HAME OOR \*BOTTACHAN, HAME CAM' HE.

HO RO BHODACHAN.

Noted from the singing of  
MRS CAMERON, Barra.

Arranged and translated by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

**Martellato.** (♩. = 108)

Piano. *ff* *p* *ff*

(♩. = 84)

Hame oor bot - ta - chan, Hame cam' he,.....  
Thain - ig mo bho - da - chan dach - aidh.....

Ra - gin', scold - in', Hame cam' he.....  
Thuir e, fuireachdainn faireachdainn, "Thoir rud".....

*martellato.*

† Lowland Scots, meaning "Home our?"

\*bottachan (bodachan) = little old man.

(The angry man.)

oo - av, oo - av, oo - av, oo - av - an,  
 u - abh u - abh u - abh u - abh an,

*martellato.* *mf*

(The mocking woman.)

oo - av oo - av - an oo - av - ee Hee - ree - ree ree - ree - ree - ree - vak  
 u - abh u abh - an u - abh - an Hi - ri - ri ri - ri - ri - ri - bhag

*8*

*allarg.* or  
 Ho - ee - o - ee Hame oor bot-ta-chan, Hame cam' he.  
 Ho - i - o - i Ho ro bho-da-chain, Ho - ro.....

*ff*

*p* *ff* *p*



he. Cried oor bot-tachan, "Meat for me!"  
*Shrachd e'n cri-ath-ar, ho - ro*

An-gert, the quernstanes crunch wad he.  
*Cha-gain e bhrath ghlas Ho - ro.*

*oo-av oo-av oo-av ooav-an oo-av, ooav-an oo-av-ee Hee-ree-ree-ree-ree-ree-vak,*  
*u-abh u-abh u-abh u-abh-an u-abh u-abh-an u-abh-i Hi-ri-ri-ri-ri-ri-ri-bhag.*

*broader.*  
*Ho - ee - o - ee, Hame oor bot-tachan, Hame cam' he*  
*Ho - i - o - i Sud am bo-dachan Nach robh Dia leis.*

\* Meat - lowland Scots pronunciation "mate?"  
 Hame oor Bottachan, hame cam' He.

# A WAULKING SONG OF THE GLEN.

Gone the Boat and gone my Lover.

DH' FHALBH AM BATA, DH' FHALBH THU LEANNAIN.

Air and Words collected  
by M. Kennedy-Fraser  
and Annie Johnson at the Glen, Barra.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

*Con moto* (♩ = 120) *With an ever forward swinging rhythm.*

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

Sad I and  
'S mul - a - dach

lone - ly,  
truagh,

\*Hao - ri - i - vo,

Sor - row - ful  
'Sci - an - ail

croon - ing,  
tha mi,

Hao - ri - i - vo,

Gone the boat, gone thou, my lo-ver,  
Dh'fhalbh am ba - ta, Hao - ri - ibh - o,



Ho - ro hu - a, Hao - ri - i - vo, Farewell, I  
*Dh' fhalbh thu lean - nain,* *Thoir sor - aidh*

*dim.* *poco rit.*

greet thee! Ho - ro - i - vo, Ho - ro - hu - a,  
*bhu - am!*

*a tempo.*

Ho - ro - i - vo.....

Down in yon hol-low, Hao - ri - i - vo, Yon lea - fy,  
*Si - os 'san lag - an,* *Ios - - al*

*p* *f*



\*la - gan, Ho - ro - i - vo, Cuckoos are sing - ing,  
bhoidh - each, Ghairm a' chuth - ag,

Ho - ro - i - vo, Sing - ing the † Ma - vis, Hao - ri - i - vo,  
'Sghairm an smeo - rach,

*cresc.*

Sing - ing ilk bird its own bird - rap - ture.  
'Sghairm gach ian 's an eal - tuinn comh - la. Ho - ro -

*dolce.*

hu - a, Hao - ri - i - vo.....

*leggiero. p*

\* lagan. green hollow; pronounced lakan.  
† thrush. lowland Scots, pronounced May-vis.

In yon green hol low, Hao - ri - i - vo, Peas will be  
 Si - os 'san la - gan, Fas - aidh

*mf* *sostenuto*

grow - ing, Hao - ri - i - vo, Beans too will grow there,  
 pea - sair, 'S fas - - aidh pòn - air,

*p* *p e leggiero.*

Hao - ri - i - vo, Ho - ro hu - a, Hao - ri -

- i - vo, Grow will bar - ley, grow will  
 'S fas - aidh coirc' is fas - - aidh

*leggiero.*

oats there, Ho - ro hu - a, hao - ri -  
 eor - na.

*deciso.*

- i - vo, In <sup>(cups)</sup>\*quaichs of yel - low gold will  
 'Sfas - - aidh lionn 'nan cuach - an

*leggiero.*

ale grow! Ho - ro hu - a, hao - ri -  
 or - bhuidh!

*deciso.*

- i - vo

*p*

## THE GRAIL GALLEY.

The Islesman, in his Grail tracking, puts out to sea ; in a Barge, too, which is unto him according to his longing, and according to his vow. But as the Gaelic has it, "So frail the boat, so vast the sea!" And he who is wise with the wisdom of a hundred storms will have two tillers to his rudder : the Art of the Druids for the luck of wind, and the Faith of Iona for the stilling of the waves. And for the young the *cala*, the haven, is in the *Eilean Uaine*, the Green Isle, the place where all the good that has not been shall be ; and for the aged it is in *Tir-nan-og*, the Land of Youth, the place where all the good that has been shall be again. But be the course what it may, the two Barges will, at fall of night, speak each other off the same shore.

K. M.

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THE GRAIL GALLEY.

Long mo Bhruadair.

Words by  
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Air collected by  
M. and E. P. Kennedy-Fraser,  
in Benbecula from Mrs Macmillan.  
Arranged for Voice and Piano by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With ecstatic rhythm.

Voice. She cometh, my barge of love and longing,  
*Fhuair mi'n iubhrach ùr a dh'iarr mi,*

Piano. *p* *p*

*Ad.* \*

\*Ho ro ho lui... leó, Hi ri a vo, Hu-ri vi hu-o, Ho ro ho

*Ad.* \*

lui... leó, Love and longing sail her westward,  
*Seolaidh gaol is ionndrainn siar i,* Ho ro ho lui... leó, *An*

*p*

*Ad. without change*

Where may rest each wish a- seek- ing,  
*tì air àit' an tàmh mùil'iarrtus,* Ho ro ho lu- i leó,

Hi ri a vo, Hu-ri vi hu a, Ho ro ho lu- i leó,

The truth of I- o- na in her saining, in her go- ing,  
*Ceart na h- I 'na si-an 'na gluasad,* Ho ro ho

Led. \* Led. \*

lu- i leó, The art of the Druids in her course, in her wind- warding,  
*Feart nan Draoi... 'na caoir 'na fuaradh* Ho ro ho

Led. \* Led. \* Led.

lu-i leó. Hi ri a vo, Huravi hu-o, Ho ro ho lu-i leó.

*mf*

When the blackness and the tem-pest do her wander,  
Nuair bhios duibh - re 'sgaoth 'gafiaradh, Ho - ro ho

*f deciso.*

lu-i leó, When the roar of the waves is fear un-to her,  
Nuair bhios buir - ich stuadh 'na fhiamh di,

*p*

Ho ro ho lu-i leó. Hi ri a vo, Huravi hu o,

*f deciso.*

*Tranquillo.*

Ho ro ho lu-i leo, Westward goes she to the Green Isle,  
 Siar gu'n teid do'n Eil-ean Uaine,

*Ad.* \*

Ho ro ho lui leo, The quiet haven of the  
 Ca-la min nan

*Ad.* *Ad.*

tired, the wand'ring, Ho ro ho lui leo, Where grail drinks the vow, the  
 sgith 's nam fuadan Anns an..... còrnar

*animato.*

vow of our dreaming, Ho ro ho lu-i leo.....  
 boid is brua-dar,

*allargando.*

*colla voce*

*mp*

*Ad.*



# BENBÈCULA BRIDAL PROCESSION.

## AN TRIALL-BAINNSE

Gaelic poem by  
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Air collected in Benbecula by  
M. and E. P. Kennedy-Fraser from  
Father Iain Macmillan.  
English words and Piano accompaniment by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

*Delicately. With a joyous swinging rhythm.*

Piano.

Or

*f*

*Tri.*

Far thro' peat and  
*Triall* an àigh, ho

*p* *pp*

bog and moor land, \*Hi - di Hu - a  
ho 'se bhan-ais i,

*Tri.* \* *Tri.* \* *Tri.*

Hi - di Hu - a, 'Tween brown lochs, By green shore - land,  
 Or a ciabh, a ghrian an an - a - moich,

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

Hie we with song and pi-ping, \*Hi - o ha-lo-vi ri-u-vi hu - a  
 Sròl mìn, a cheo, nan canach dhi,

*Ad.* \*

hua.....

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

White the mist the tarns a - veil - ing,  
 Triall an àigh, ho ho 'se bhanais i,

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

Hi - di Hu - a, Hi - di Hu - a, Veil - ing sea,  
 Teò a chridh? a  
 Sùrd air pìob,

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

Isle and Star - land, While we go pi - ping homeward,  
 luan na tair-is-eachd, Sior - sheun e, 'reul - ta caith-ris-each,  
 o - rain chaith-ream-ach, Nuall binn o ghàir nam mar - an - na,

\* *Ped.*

Hi - o Ha-lo-vi ri - u-vi hu - a hu-a.....

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

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

Red the moon swings o'er the moor - land, Hi - di Hu - a,  
*Triall an àigh, ho ho 'se bhanais i,*

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

Hi - di Hu - a, From the houses hear the <sup>1</sup>gun - shots,  
*Mìn do'n cheum fòid na machar - ach,*

*\* Red.*

Friend - ly their fes - tal greeting, Hi - o ha - lo - vi ri - u - vi hu - a  
*Dheoin Dia, cho mìn gach al - la - ban,*

hu - a,..... Home at last the bri - dal con - voy,  
*Triall an àigh ho ho - 's e bhan - ais i,*

*\* Red.*

Hi - di Hu - a, Hi - di Hu - a, Glow of peat,  
*a Bhrigh-de chiuin, a*

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

Rap of reel - step, Sea - laugh-ter, Thrill of pi - ping,  
*Mhicheil fhlath - as - aich Triall leinn is hot 'se bhanais i,*

Hi - o ha-lo-vi ri-u-vi hu - a, Hi - o ha-lo-vi ri-u-vi hu - o,

*poco cresc. cresc.*

*Red.*

Hi - o ha-lo-vi ri-u-vi hu - a hua.....

*cresc. ff Red. \**

## THE VISION OF DEIRDRE.

Love and blood were in the prophecy for Deirdre, our woman of beauty and of goodness ; her life is one of the "three sorrows of story-telling."

\*Deirdre was out on the hill taking the scene and drinking the sun, and whom saw she passing but three men on a journey. "Something tells me," said she to herself, "that these are the three sons of Uisne, and that Naoise is he who has all that is above the slope of the shoulders over all the men of Erin." And the love of Naoise became so implanted in the heart of Deirdre that she could not remain without going after him. His two brothers seeing her coming whom the King of Ulster was wishing to wed, said the one to the other : "Let us hasten our feet and hurry our steps ; we have the long distance to do, and the darkness of night falling." "Naoise, thou son of Uisne," called Deirdre once, twice, thrice, "Naoise, thou son of Uisne, is it intending to leave me thou art?" "What is the wounded sore cry, the sweetest my ear has ever heard, and the sorest that has ever struck my heart, of all the cries that have ever reached me?" said Naoise. "It is but the wail of the lake-swans of the King of Ulster," said his brothers. "There is one of the three cries of distress there," said Naoise, "and with the vow of a hero upon me, I can go no further than this till I see whence the cry."

Naoise and Deirdre met. "Never in the course of the day nor in the dream of the night," thought Naoise to himself, "have I seen in bodily form a blood-drop so lovely as the blood-drop that is here." And Naoise gave love to Deirdre that he never gave to thing, nor to vision, nor to person, but to herself alone. And for fear of the anger of the King of Ulster, the three sons of Uisne crossed the sea to Alba, and Deirdre with them.

An ambassador came from the King of Ulster to the three sons of Uisne in Alba. "The best tale I have for you," said the ambassador, "is that the King of Ulster is preparing a great joyous banquet for his friends and kinsmen throughout the whole length of all Erin ; and he has vowed a vow by the earth that is beneath him, by the sky that is above him, and by the westward-passing sun, that he will never have day-peace nor night-rest if the Children of Uisne, his own kinsmen, do not return to the land of their home to sit down by his side at the banquet." "We will go," said Naoise. "We will go," said his brothers. "You will go," said the ambassador. Said Deirdre : "I have seen a vision, and, oh ! Naoise, explain it to me—

‘I have seen the three black ravens  
With the three sad leaves of the yew-tree of death ;  
And, oh ! Naoise, thou son of Uisne,  
Enlighten to me the darkness of my tale.’

"It is but the disturbance of sleep, and woman's melancholy, O Deirdre," said Naoise—"it will be unfriendly of us if we do not go, Deirdre." "It will be unfriendly," said the ambassador. But Deirdre was heavy-showering the tears, and she sang :

"Beloved is the land, that yonder land,  
Alba of the woods and the lakes,  
Sore to my heart to be leaving thee,  
But I go with Naoise."

And she went.

Tears and blood were in the prophecy for Deirdre, our woman of sorrow.

\* Condensed by KENNETH MACLEOD from the middle part of Dr. Alexander Carmichael's "Deirdre."  
(orally collected in Barra in 1867).