

THE VISION OF *DEIRDRE.

Aisling Diardre.

Words from the version collected by
DR ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL.
in the Isle of Barra.

Air from KENNETH MACLEOD. *Eigg.*
Arranged for Voice and Pianoforte by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Ominously. (M.M. ♩ = 108)

Piano.

with soft thick tone like that of horns.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of sixteenth-note chords in a 4/4 time signature, starting with a fermata. The left hand plays a simple harmonic accompaniment of quarter notes.

DEIRDRE.

I saw the three, the
Chunn-as na tri *na*

The vocal line begins with a fermata on the first measure. The piano accompaniment continues with the same sixteenth-note pattern in the right hand and quarter notes in the left hand.

three doves, the white, white doves, With the three, the
tri ca-la-ma-na, geal-a, geal-a, Leis na tri, na

L.H. *ben marcato.*

L.H.

The second part of the song features a more complex vocal line with slurs and accents. The piano accompaniment includes a section marked 'L.H. ben marcato' where the left hand plays a series of sixteenth-note chords.

*The Gaelic pronunciation of this name may be arrived at approximately by conjoining the two English words "Jeer" - "dray" thus.

three drops, Three drops of honey in their mouths.
tri ba-la-ga-ma meal - - a, meala, meal - a 'nam beul.

Oh..... Noi - sha, Vichk Oosh - na, Clear thou to
 'S o..... Naoi - se, Mhic Uish - ne, sor - chair

me the dark - ness of my tale.....
thu-sa dhomh dubh - ar mo sgeuil.

poco allarg. *a tempo.*

*Naoise, pronounce naoi - English roy in "annoy," and second syllable se - English "shut," without the final "t."
 The vision of Deirdre.

NAOISE. *Meno mosso.* (♩ = 84)

Nought thou see'st,..... save dreams born of pain.....
 Cha 'n'eil ann,..... ach bruaill - ean pràmh.....

..... and wo - man's fear - ing,..... Deir - dre, my
 is lionn - dubh mna,..... Dheir - dre mo

love
 ghaoil

Tempo I.

DEIRDRE.

I saw the three, the
Chunn - as, na tri, na

three hawks, the dour, dour hawks,
tri, seabh - a - ga du - airc, duairc,

With the three, the three cold drops of
Leis na tri, na tri brao - - - na,

blood of Heroes, cold drops of blood.
brao - - - na, fa - la, fuar - fhuil nan treun.

L. H.

L. H.

O Noi - sha, Vichk oosh - na,
 's O Naoi - se, Mhic Uis - ne,

Clear thou to me the dark - - ness of my
 Sor - chair thu - sa, dhomh dubh - ar mo

ritenuto.

tale.
 sgeuil.

a tempo.

NAOISE. *Meno mosso.* (M.M. ♩ = 84)

Nought thou see'st, save vi - sions of pain
 Cha 'n'eil ann, ach bruaill - ean pràmh.....

..... and wo - man's fear - ing, Deir -
 is lionn - dubh, mna, Dheir -

- dre, my own.
 - dre mo ghaoil **Tempo I.**

DEIRDRE.

I saw the three,..... the
 Chunn - as na tri..... na

three ra - vens, the three black ra - vens,
 tri fith - each - a dubh - - a, dubh - a,

With the three, the three leaves of the
 Leis na tri, na tri duill - eag - a

L. H.
 L. H.

tree of sor - row, Leaves of the yew tree of
 dubh - - ach, dubh - ach, Crann..... iubh ar an

rit un poco.

death. O Noi - sha, Vichk
éig. 'S o Naí - se, Mhic

oosh - na, Clear thou to me the dark - - ness of my
Uis - ne, Sor - chair thu - sa, dhomh dubh - ar mo

rit.

tale.
sgeuil.

a tempo.

Ped.



NAOISE. *Meno mosso.*

Nought thou see'st save dreams born of pain.....
 Cha 'n'eil ann, ach bruaill - ean pràmh.....

piu lento.

..... and wo - man's sor - row,
 is lionn - dubh mna,

Deir - - dre, my love.
 Dheir - - dre mo ghaoil.....

pp

Ad. una corda.

A TIREE TRAGEDY.

Mo Nighean donn a Cornaig*.

Air collected by PATUFFA KENNEDY-FRASER—
from ANNIE MACNEILL, Eriskay.

Words collected in Eigg

And translated by KENNETH MACLEOD.

Piano accompaniment by
GRANVILLE BANTOCK.

With dramatic emphasis

Voice.

Piano.

mf espress. e dolente.

My brown-hair'd maid of Cor - nac, No
Mo nigh - ean donn a Cor - naig, gu'n

dim. *p sost.*

cresc. *più p* *dim.*

more art thou, my fair one, My brown-hair'd maid of Cor - nac,
robh thu buidh-e boidh-each, Mo nigh - ean donn a Cor - naig,

mp *più p* *dim.* *p*

* The three brothers of the Maid of Cornac had it in their minds to shoot her lover; by mischance they shot their sister instead; the lover spent the rest of his years making passionate songs to her who had given her life for his own.

p softly.

Thy sweet lips mu - sic
Do bheul beag maoth air

melancolico. *pp*

mur - mur - ing, A hurt - ling swan a - moan - ing, My
eal - aidh - eachd Mar eal - a bhan 'si leoin - te, Mo

cresc. *dim. mf espress. (with breadth of expression.)*

brown-hair'd maid o' Cor-nac, No more art thou, my
nigh - ean donn a Còr-naig, Gu'n robh thu buidh - e

cresc. *dim.* *mp* *ten.*

fair one, My brown hair'd maid o' Cor - nac.
boidh each, Mo nigh - ean donn a Cor - naig.

dim *p*

fp *sost.* *mp*

mp (*softly.*)

Thy bo - som white a -
Do chìoch - an mìn - e

espress. *dim.* *pp*

piu espress.

- wel - ter - ing in thy wealth - blood forth pour - ing, My
geal - a ùiad a' sil - eadh fal - a còmh - la, Mo

più p

dim. *mp*

brown-hair'd maid o' Cor - nac, No more art thou, my
nigh - ean donn a Cor - naig, Gu'n robh thu buidh - e

dim. *mp*

dim.

fair one, My brown-hair'd maid o' Cor - nac.
boidh - each, Mo nigh - ean donn a Cor - naig.

dim. *p* *mp*

Animando
mf (with energy.)

Ye Fates! ale for thy
 An lionn a bha gu'd

pp legato.

bri - dal feast whil'd thy death watch - ers'
 bhan - ais 'Sann air tfhal - air - e a

pp

lone wake, My brown-hair'd maid o'
 dh'òl - adh, Mo nigh - ean donn a

(tenderly.)

pp

Cor - nac, No more art thou, my dear one, My
 Cor - naig, Gu'n robh thu buidh - e boidh - each, Mo

dim. *mp* *p* *dim.* *più p*

p *doloroso.*

dim. **Più moto.**

brown-hair'd maid o' Cor - nac.
 nigh - ean donn a Cor - naig.

più p *dim. sf* *cresc.*

mf

f (with energy.) Con fuoco.

O God! in hand, fire -
 O Dhia! nach mi bh'air

sost. *fp*

- flashing sword, High cliffs be - hind my
 bhealach orr, Is lain - - nir liath 'san

Meno allegro.

(tenderly.)

foes' back, My brown-hair'd maid o' Cor - nac, A -
 dòrn ud! Mo nigh - ean donn a Cor - naig, Gu'n

p *mf*

f *p* *dim. p*

- las! No more, my own one, My
 robh thu buidh - e boidh - - - each, Mo

dim.

sost. *pp*

brown-hair'd maid o' Cor - nac.
 nigh - ean donn a Cor - naig.

dolciss. *rall. - pp*

dolciss. *espress.* *dim.* *sf* *sost.*

R.H. L.H. *pp*

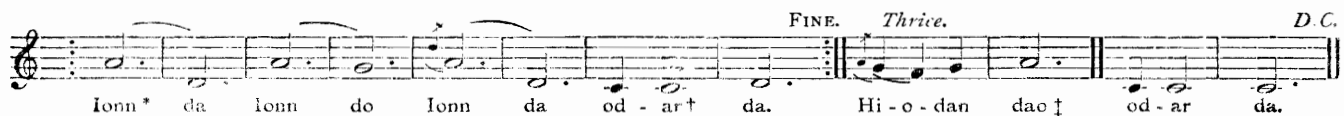
SEALWOMAN'S SEA-JOY.

The Islesman in whom goodness is stronger than love,[†] finding the sealwoman bathing in the creek, will let her go back to her own natural element; the Islesman in whom love is stronger than goodness cunningly hides her skin, and weds her on the third night after he has found her.

The sealwoman was hot and tired baking the bread and making the churn against her husband's return from the hunting-hill. "Ochön, the burning of me," thought she, "what would I not give for a dive and a dip into the beauteous coolness of the cool sea-water!" On the very heel of her words, who rushed in but her wee laddie, his two eyes aglow. "O mother, mother," cried he, "is not this the strange thing I have found in the old barley-kist, a thing softer than mist to my touch!" And if she looked, and look she did, this strange thing, softer than mist, was it not her own skin! Quickly, deftly, the sealwoman, tired and hot, put it on, and taking the straight track to the shore, it was nought for her then but a dip down and a keek up, all evening long, in the beauteous coolness of the cool sea-water. "Wee laddie of my heart," said she, ere night came upon her, "when thou and thy father will be in want, thou wilt set thy net off this rock, and thy mother will throw into it the choice fish that will make a laddie grow, and a man pleased with himself."

And the sealwoman, with a dip down and a keek up, went on liting her sea-joy in the cool sea-water.

KENNETH MACLEOD.



* Pronounce "You'n." † "otter." ‡ dao—like French "deux." All the other vowels as in Italian.

N.B.—The words have no meaning save their musical emotional effect.

† See tale of Sealwoman in Vol. I., p. 15.

SEAL-WOMAN'S SEA-JOY.

Mire-Mara.

Noted from the singing of
CATRIONA CAMPBELL.Arranged by
MARJORY KENNEDY FRASER.

(M. M. ♩. = 60)

Voice.

Piano.

mp

pesante.

* Ionn da, Ionn do, Ionn da,

† od - ar da Ionn da, Ionn do, Ionn da, od - ar da

Pronounce "You-n †ötter."

N. B. The words have no meaning save their musical emotional effect.

Hi-o dan *dao, Hi-o dan dao, Hi-o dan da, od-ar da.

Hi - o dan dao, Hi-o dan dao, Hi - o dan dao, od-ar da.

Ionn - da, Ionn - da, Ionn - da, od - ar da.

Ionn-da.....

pesante.

TO THE CRADLE LORD OF THE ISLES.

TALADH AN LEINIBH ÌLICH

Words collected and translated by KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arrangement for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Air collected in Eigg from KIRSTY MACKINNON,

by KENNETH MACLEOD
and MARGARET KENNEDY.

(♩ = 126)

Lullingly at first, but without dragging.

Voice. 

Piano. *p e dolce.* 

Child... of 'Is - la, falls the gloam-in',
I - an, O - an, ba mo lean - abh,

p 

Qui - et thy sleep - ing, strong thy wa - king,
Seamh gu'n laigh thu, Slàn gu'n eir - ich,

Leg. 

¹ Pronounced I-la

Child... of Is - la, falls the gloamin'.....
 U - an, I - an, ba mo leanabh.....

West - ern *Al - byn
 Ta leth Al - bann

thine for croft, sure, All... her Bens and all her cat - tle,
 na do dhi - leib, Ta..... fo 'beann-taibh, Ta fo 'ni dhuit,

All her †row - ans, all her ha - zel,
 Ta fo 'cao - runn, Ta fo 'cuil - eann,

broader.

All her bird - land, all her stag - land,
 Ta fo 'duil - leach, Ta fo 'crìon - aich,

broader.

lullingly.

Child... of Is - la, shall be thine.....
 U - an, O - an, ba mo leanabh.....

p lullingly again.

deciso.

Thine be Ju - ra,
 Gheibh mo lean - abh

deciso.

rit. un po. tempo.

thine green Is - la, Far flung Isles from *Lews to Ar - ran,
 cìob - an fear - ainn, Gheibh thu Rùm is Eig is Can - aidh,

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand. The vocal line is in a soprano or alto range. The score includes various musical markings such as dynamics (p, p lullingly again), articulation (accents), and performance instructions (broader, lullingly, deciso, rit. un po. tempo). The lyrics are in Gaelic and English, with the English lyrics in italics. The page number 151 is at the top center.

Mor - vern glens and Moy - dart wa - ters,
 I - le ghlas, Cinn - tir is Main - inn,

All the seas from Moyle to Man - nin,
 Diura nam fiadh 's an fhiadh - ach Ar ainn,

cresc. *exultantly.* *broaden*

ped. * *ped.* *

Child... of Is - la, shall be thine...
 U - an, I - an, ba mo leanabh...

tempo P *lullingly.*

ped. * *ped.*

Crown de - scend - ed, thou'rt the
 Fuil is feith nan righ fo m'

deciso. *deciso.* *cresc.*

* *ped.*

broaden.

ten. con moto.

blood of *Coll of the ships and *Conn of keen blades, Ne'er thy
laimh, Siol Choll - a nan long, Siol Chuinn nan geur lann. Bain - ne

dolce e con moto.

Ped.

growth from cool of wa - ters, But from heat of
cich - e bhan thug lugh dhuit, 'Scha bè bùrn a

moving forward. *cresc.*

poco ten.

wo - man's breast - milk, Child of Is - la, sleep till
dh'fhuar an to - bair, U - an, I - an, ba mo

moving forward to. *tempo.* *poco rall.*

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

dawn
ghaol.

morendo. *pp*

Ped.

*Conn. pronounce as crown but omitting "r."

*Coll and Conn, ancient Irish Kings from whom the Lords of the Isles were descended.

THE FATE CROON.

Cronan an Dain.

Collected from Kirsty Mackinnon, Eigg,
by M. KENNEDY-FRASER and KENNETH MACLEOD.

Voice.

Piano.

With hypnotic swing.

Pronunciation* Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro leanainn thu, Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro
 English { Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro len-in "new" Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro
 Italian { Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro len-in iù Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro

leanainn thu, Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro leanainn thu, Ged bhiodh an uair
 len-in "new" Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro len-in "new" "Get" vee an oor
 len-in iù Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro len-in iù Ghet vi an ur

* As only with the sounds of the original Gaelic can the hypnotic effect of this Croon be obtained, a guide to the pronunciation is here given, the 2nd line in English syllables, the 3rd line in Italian syllables within inverted commas; new, air, moor, try, do, pronounced like English words.

ten.

air a' chuan leanainn thu, Ged bhiodh an uair air a' chuan, leanainn thu, Ho-
 "air" a - hoo-n len-in "new" "Get" vee an oor "air" a hooan len-in "new" Ho-
 èr a hù-an len-in - iù Ghet vi an ur èr a hù-an len-in - iù Ho-

- ro - ro - ro - ro lean-ainn thu, Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro
 - ro - ro - ro - ro len - in "new" Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro
 - ro - ro - ro - ro len - in - iù Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro

lean-ainn thu, Ri muir... lan, ri muir traigh lean-ainn thu, Ri muir..... lan
 len - in "new" Ree "moor" lahn ree "moor" "try" len - in "new" Ree "moor"..... lahn
 len - in - iù Ri mur... lan, ri mur trai len-in - iù Ri mur..... lan

ri muir traigh, leanainn thu, Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro leanainn thu, Ho-
 ree "moor" "try" len-in "new" Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro len - in "new" Ho-
 ri mur trai len-in - iù Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro len-in - iù Ho-

- ro - ro - ro - ro, leanainn thu, Ri dubh phian, ri dubh ciar
 - ro - ro - ro - ro, len-in "new" Ree "do" feen ree "do" keer
 - ro - ro - ro - ro, len-in - iu Ri du fin ri du chir

leanainn thu, Ri dubh..... phian, ri dubh ciar leanainn thu, Ho
 len-in "new" Ree "do"..... feen ree "do" keer len-in "new" Ho
 len-in iù Ri du..... fin ri du chir len-in - iù Ho

- ro - ro - ro - ro, leanainn thu, Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro leanainn thu, Ged
 - ro - ro - ro - ro, len-in "new" Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro len-in "new" "Get"
 - ro - ro - ro - ro, len-in - iù Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro len-in - iù Ghet

bhiodh an uair..... air a' chuan,..... leanainn thu.....
 vee an oor..... air a hoon..... len-in "new?".....
 vi an ur..... er a huan..... len-in - iù.....

BLOWETH THE WEST WIND.

Raonull Òg.*

Collected by M. KENNEDY-FRASER and
P. KENNEDY-FRASER in Benbecula,
from the wife of Calum Barrach of the Ossianic Lays.

Pianoforte accompaniment by
GRANVILLE BANTOCK.

With boisterous energy.

Voice.

Piano.

f *cresc.*

R.H.

L.H. *Ped.*

Lad down yon-der, Ho - i - o, Keep'st thou watch there?
'Ille sin shios, Bheil thu 't fhaireachadh,

f *mf* *sost.*

arpegg.

Ho-ro yal-lo-vi, Keep a look-out, Ho-i - o, Ho-i - o - ro,
Ho-ro gheallaibh i, Seall a mach, o, ten. ten. ten. ten.

cresc. *p* *mp* *f*

*Song of a moonlight elopement.

mf

Say doth the moon shine clear,
Bheil a' ghealach ann? Ho - i, yal-lo-vi,
gheall aibh i, O hi - o ho-ro-ro,

p sost *f* *p*

f *mf* *cresc*

ho - i o - ho, Say doth the moon shine clear?
Bheil a' ghealach ann? Ho - i o - ro,

f *p sost.* *f* *dim*

f allarg. **Tempo I.**

O - hi - o - ho - ro.

R.H. *f* *cresc.*

L.H. *ped.*

mf

Is't a west wind, Ho - i - - o,
 No *bheil a' ghaoth,* ten. ten. ten.

mp *arpegg.*

cresc. *mp*

Blow-ing stead-i - ly, Ho-ro, yal-lo - vi, And may my love
 Siar gun charachadh? gheallaibh . i, No faod mo ghaol
 ten. ten.

cresc. *f*

Ho-i - o, Ho-i - o - ho, Safe launch his bir - linn now?
 A' bhir - linn charachadh?.....

O - hi ho-ro-ro, O - hi O ho-ro-ro, Ho-i o - ho,
 ten. ten.

mf *cresc.* *f* *allarg.*

Launch ye the bir - linn then, Ho-i ho-ro-ro, O - hi - O - ho-ro-ro,
 A' bhir - linn cha - ra - chadh, dim.

Poco più moto.

Her prow sea-ward,
A h-aghaidh ri muir,

Ad.

* *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

Ho - i - o,
Cul ri fear - ann

Her stern land-ward,
Ho - i, yal - lo - vi,
gheallaibh i, A

Ad.

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

Ro - nald, my love,
Rao - naill, a ruin, Ho - i - o,

Ad.
cresc.

* *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

Ho - i - o - ho,

Keep thou thy pledge to me,
Cum do gheall - adh rium,

cresc.

mf

Ad.

* *Ad.* *

cresc.
 Ho - i, ho - ro - ro, Ho - i - o ho - ro - ro,

cresc.
 Ho - i - o - ho, Blow-eth the west wind fair,
 No bheil a' ghaoth an iar

Ho - i, stead - i - ly, Ho - ro yal - lo - vi,
 gun..... cha - rachadh, O - hi - o - ho, Bheil a' ghealach ann?

a tempo. *sost.*
 Ho - i, stead - i - ly.....
 gheallaibh i.....

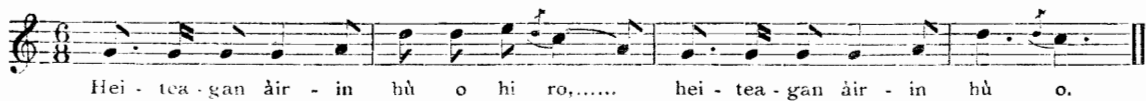
p *cresc.* *f* *sost.*
 L.H. R.H.

THE REAPER.

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending ;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending."

Wordsworth's *Solitary Reaper*.

The isles and the mainland of Gaeldom are full of ridges and furrows in which, generations back, the oats and the barley grew and the reapers sang, but which, wrested from their tillers, have long since, for the very shame of it, as the bard* has it, covered themselves with moss and heather and bracken. In the days when those ridges and furrows had a spring-tide and a harvest-tide, Gaeldom was a land of glad song. Sixty years ago, the *Gruagach*, a woman of the other-world, standing on the Laig † brae in Eigg, watched, along with a mystic of the isle, the reaping of the fields of Cleeadale. Across the waving corn rose and fell, like the waves of Laig Bay, the lilt of the reaping song: *Heiteagan àirin hu ho-i-ro, heiteagan àirin hu o*. "O Ian Og," said the woman of the other-world, "the making of the bread, is it not the gladsome thing!" It was—it may be—it should be. And yet the reaping-song of the Gael has never been the purely joyous gladness of the young mavié¹ which has never known the sorrow of the empty nest or of the deserted wood. To the singing of the harvest-song goes the life of a year, or of all the years—the summer that is gone, the winter that is coming; the ones who have sown but are not here to reap; the ones who will sow when the reapers that are will have been forgotten; the Good Being who makes the sun shine and the corn ripen, and who opens the ear to the singing sands of Morar, and the eye to the phantom kingliness of the Coolins of Rùm and the Coolins of Skye. There may be the breath of a sigh in that song, but there is also in it a whole storm of rapture, perhaps of feyness.² Gladness must come to its own some time; for the sorrows there are all the times; for the reaping there is but one time. To the harvest-field go we, then, for life as it ought to be. The sickle is fate, the hand that holds it is ours, and for once we will be the conqueror. Cut we down a sorrow here and a pain there, bind them, and make them our slaves. Sure, then, this is the glad day, and the beautiful world, and the brave life—what we shall afterwards dream of in the long winter night.



KENNETH MACLEOD.

* Calum Campbell Macphail, Bard of Lorn.

† Pronounced as English "like" (prolonged vowel).

¹ Thrush.

² Uncannily high spirits.

A MORAR REAPER'S SONG.

ORAN BUANA.

Gaelic words† adapted by
KENNETH MACLEOD
from
ALEXANDER MACDONALD,
with a literal English Translation.

Phonographed from the singing of
M^{rs} MALLOCH, CRUANLARICH.
(Native of N. UIST.)

With a wistful gaiety in the monotonous rhythmic swing.

Piano.

The score consists of three systems. The first system is a piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked *mp* and *p*. The second system contains the first vocal line with the lyrics: "Hei - tea-gan ài - rin hu - ho - ro..... Hei - tea-gan ài - rin" and a phonetic transcription below: "* (e - ci - can a - rin hu ho ro.....) (e - ci - can a - rin". The third system contains the second vocal line with the lyrics: "hù - o Beau-teous Mo - rar, green thy coat is, Sheen o' gold on thy" and "hu - o) A Mhór-thir bhoidheach gorm do chò - ta, Fiamh an òir air". The piano accompaniment for the second and third systems is marked *p*.

† First verse as sung by Mrs Malloch.

* Italian phonetic rendering of the Gaelic refrain.

fore - head. Hei - tea - gan ài - rin hu ho - ro.....
 t'ao - dainn. e - ci - can a - rin

Hei - tea - gan ài - rin hù - o Full o' bird mu - sic
 e - ci - can a - rin Ia - nach cann - taidh

thou in Bel - tane, Frag - rant wi' dew - la - den ha - zel.
 thu 's a' Bhealltainn, Fàì - - le call - tainn mhaoth dhiot.

Hei - tea - gan ài - rin hu ho - ro..... Hei - tea - gan ài - rin
 (é - ci - can a - rin) (é - ci - can a - rin)

hu - ro

Hei - tea - gan ài - rin hu ho - ro,.....
(e - ci - can a - rin)

Hei - tea - gan ài - rin hu - o Grass - full, fold - ful
(e - ci - can a - rin) Gria - nach mòdh - ar
Gài - reach dua - nach

thou in **Ok - vees?* Laugh - ing, songful thy reap - ing.
thu 's an òg - mhios, Fia - rach crò - thach brao - nach.
àin do bhua - na - Biadh do bhuar 's do dhaoin - e.

Hei - tea-gan ài - rin hu - o - ro Hei - tea-gan ài - rin
 (é - ci - can a - rin) (é - ci - can a - rin)

hu - o Beau-teous Mo - rar, green thy coat and Sheen o' gold on thy
 A Mhór-thir bhoidheach gorm do chò - ta Fiamh an òir air

fore - head. Hei-tea-gan ài - rin hu - ho - ro Hei-tea-gan ài - rin
 t'ao - dainn. (é - ci - can a - rin) (é - ci - can a - rin)

hu - o

THE SONG OF THE LINN-QUERN.*

The Gaelic byword says that "Second sight comes from the blood, second hearing from the blindness."

A blind woman of Uist was wont to go out each evening, with the township lads, to bring the cattle home to the milking—she having the ear to hear, and they the eye to see, where the cattle would be. One evening, the lowing being far away, the lads set forward towards it, and the blind woman laid her fatigue by the side of a linn. And here the strange thing happened—what came out of the linn but beautiful music, the lilt, laughing, leaping, frolicking, of two water-fairies busy at the quern-grinding. When the blind woman went home that night, she had a tale to tell and a song to sing in the township; and each day, anew, she told that same tale and sang that same tune, morning, noon, and evening. "Foolishness is on thee," said the other women, "dost thou not know that it is ever forbidden to sing what the fairies sing, and to tell what the fairies tell? Sure, the black-sorrow will come on the heel of thy foolishness." And perhaps the black-sorrow did come—if it was not white-joy instead!—at any rate, one morning the blind woman went out, and in the evening she returned not. And the township women said: "To-night there will be three of them singing the Song of the Linn-quern."

KENNETH MACLEOD.

* The quern, in its simplest form, consisted of two flat, circular stones, between which the grain was ground, a handle or handles being inserted into a hole or holes in the upper stone. A waterfall so acting on the stones in the linn or pool below may form natural querns.

SONG OF THE *LINN-QUERN.*

Fuaim na Brathain anns an Linnidh.

Phonographed from the singing of
 CATRIONA CAMPBELL, (Ghan (Native of South Uist.))
 by
 KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arranged by
 MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

(M.M. ♩. = about 69)

Voice.

Piano.

leggiero. *frivolicsome.*

cupo.

Ho - - ho Ho - - ro ho-ro..... Ho - - ho ho -

*Linn= Waterfall. *Quern= Hand mill.

- ro ho - ro..... Ho - ho - ro..... Lit-tle roe-deer,
Ear-beag bheag

Hear'st thou the linn a-quer-ning?
dh̄ir - - - as o am fir-each,

L.H.

Ho hi ri - - ri ho ro..... Ho ho ho ro ho-ro.....

Ho ha ro..... Ho ho ro.....

Lit-tle need fear pulse of grinding Mu-sic of querning
Eagal na biodh ort no gio-rag, Fuaim na brathain

in the linnhe *Ho ho ho - ro ho léo* As it laughs and
anns an linnidh 'Se air lionn, air

leaps and frolics *Ho ho ho - ro Ho-ro*
leum, air mhire

poco rall e molto dim. *pp*

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

ISLE OF MY HEART.

EILEAN MO CHRIDH.

From Gaelic Verses by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Air collected at Eyemouth from Joan Stuart, Lewes, by
M. and D. Kennedy-Fraser.

English Verses and Piano accompaniment by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Wistfully and gracefully.

Voice.

Piano.

pp *swiftly and lightly.* *L.H.*

R.H.

* * *

pp *pp* *pp*

8 8

As
Mo

* *

down by the shore I wan - der ear - ly at morn,..... A -
chridh - e fo leòn, och - oin, nach fhaod mi bhi ann!..... Mo

down by the shore-land wan-der ear-ly at morn,..... The
 chridh-e fo leòd, och - oin, nach fhaod mi bhi thall,..... Mo

ten.

sea and the sky a - bove, so blue,.... so blue,..... Low
 chridh-e fo dhìo - bhail Rìgh! nach robh mis - e thall,..... An

colla voce.

pp

* * * * *

sigh,.... "a nìgean, 'tis true, your love... loves you?"..... The
 eilean... ^{a nìgean} mo chridh, 'sfo thaobh-ghil leitir nam beann..... Sior

* * * * *

moss to the moor-land mur-murs all the day long,..... The
 iar-gain'nam chom is fonn an eil-ein 'nam chluais,..... Sior

pp

* * * * *

oak to the ha - zel wafts the same... sweet song,..... The
chron-an nan allt 'san deann-ruith siaradh gu cuan,..... Sior

Ped. * *Ped.* *f* *Ped.*

rock to the tan - gle sighs, "tis true,..... 'tis true,"..... soft
ghàir-ich nan stuadh sior bhual - adh shios ag - us shuas,..... Is

* *f*

sighs, * "a nee - an doo, your love... loves you?"..... A -
nigheanag nan dual ri duan fo leitir nam beann..... Mo

f *Ped.*

down by the shore-land wan-d'ring night... or morn,..... Far
chridhe fo leòn, och - oin, nach fhaod mi bhi ann,..... Mo

down by the shore-land wan-d'ring night... or morn,..... The
chridhe fo leòn, och - oin, nach fhaod mi bhi thall,..... Mo

ten.
 rock to the tan-gle sighs, 'tis true, 'tis true,..... Soft
chridhe fo dhìobhail, Rìgh! nach robh... mise thall,..... An

colla voce.

* *Ad.* *

sighs, "a nee - an doo, your love loves you".....
eilean moghaoil, 's fo thaobh-ghil leitir nam beann.....

Ad. * *Ad.*

* *Ad.* * *Ad.*

The lark to the ma - vis ca - rols her sweet
 Tha cuid de mo shluagh'nan suain an eilean mo

song,..... The gull to the sea - mew cries the shore a
 ghraidh,..... Tha cuid diubh'nanduisg ri ur - nuighdhion air mo

- long,..... Nor seal.... nor swan can hide it from you,..... from
 sgàth,..... 'Scha chaill mi mo dhùil 's mo rùn,..... mun' criochnaich mo

you,..... your heart,..... mo neen, Sing's
 lá,..... Gu'n till..... mi, dheoin Dia, gu

true, your love..... loves you..... Down
m'iarr - tus, leitir..... nam beann..... Mo

by the white shore-land wan-d'ring night or morn,..... A -
chridhe fo leòn, och - oin, nach fhaod mi bhi ann..... Mo

* **ad.*

- down the white shore-land wan-d'ring night.... or morn,..... The
chridh - e fo leòn, och - oin, nach fhaod mi bhi thall,..... Mo

* **ad.*

sea and the sky a - bove, so blue,..... so
chridh - e fo dhìo - bhail, Rìgh! nach robh..... mise

* **ad.*

colla voce.

blue,..... Low, sigh,..... "'tis true, mo
 thall,..... An eilean..... mo chridh,'s fo

* *Ad. to the end.*

nighean, your love..... loves you,".....
^{neen}
 thaobh - ghil leitir..... nam beann,.....

"Your love.....
 Nach robh.....

una corda.

..... loves you?".....
 mi - se thall!.....

dim. e rall. p

ALTAR ISLE O' THE SEA.

THE BENS O' RUM.
Donull nan Donull.

Air and Gaelic words collected
from KIRSTY MACKINNON, Eigg.

English words by KENNETH MACLEOD
and M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

dolce e pesante.

col Ped.

Ped.

Eil - ean *Rùm, Eil - ean Rùm, Eil - ean
Pronounce (Ail - an Room)
 Gur a boidh - each, gur a boidh - each, Gur a

Rùm, mo - chree, Ev - er haunt I the *Byàll - ach, Gaz - ing
 boidh - each na lòin, Gur a boidh - each an leit - ir Air an

* *Ped.*

* *Ped.*

* *Ped.*

* *Ped.*

* *Ped.*

*Pronounce like English word "room" or sing, instead of the Gaelic, the English equivalent, Isle o' Rum.

*Beàllach = a pass.

out - ward to sea, Float - ing clouds lie a - bove, Float - ing
sgaoil - eadh an ceò, Gur a boidh - each an Los - aid, 'S Baile -

Ad. * 8.

Cool - ins be - low, * Tir - nan - og o' my heart, Floats my
ghrob - an 'na chòir; Leam is boidh - che Cinnloch Far am bi mo

Ad. *

dream to thy glow Ev - er
sheachd - rùn ag òl. 2. Nail, a
 3. 'S truagh nach

Ad. *

float - ing, ever float - ing, ev - er float - ing by thee, Are
Dhòn - uill nan Dòn - ull, Bidh mi bròn - ach ad dhéidh, Do chul
mis - e mar shionn - ach Bh'air an tul - aich ud shuas, Ag - us

Ad. *

white clouds of in - cense, - Al - tar Isle o' the Sea, Like
bach - lag - ach boidh-each, 'Se mar ait - eal nan seud; Cha bhi
tu - sa mar ea - la Mach air bharr-aibh nan stuadh, Gu'n

in - cense of love, Ri - sing out of the gloom, Are the
òg - bhean 'sna gleann-aibh, Nach bi ort ann an geall, No
dian - ainn do lean - tail, Gu'n ceart mheall - ainn thu leam, Mo cheist

mist wreaths that float on thy blue peaks, O Rùm, Eil - ean
cuach - ag an coill Nach bi lan - tùr - sach ad - dheidh, Nàil, a
òg a' chùil chlann-aich, Ort tha mis' ann an geall.

Rùm, Eil-ean Rùm, Eil-ean Rùm, mo-chree, Sure a vow I am
 Dhòn - uill nan Dòn - ull, Suil mhòdhar ad cheann, 'S ma's a dèon-ach le

deciso

ma-king, Al-tar Isle o' the sea, Floating mist-wreaths a -
 Bri-an, Leat mis-e air laimh, Leat mis-e mar

8 *Ad. 8*

-bove, float-ing Coolins be-low, Tir-nan-òg o' my heart, Glides my
 gheal-ach, Leat mis-e mar ghrian, Leat mis-e mu'n caill mi M'uile

Ad.

dream to thy glow.
 chainnt is mo chiall.

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

CARISTIONA.

The Lady of Clanranald sat on the shore of Moydart watching the setting sun, and as she watched, she saw with the keen eye of a mother's love and a mother's pain, *two ships* sailing through the Western Sea. From the one, though sailing seaward, came the sounds of harping and of song, and of a bride's laugh that was sweeter than both— while from the mast-top waved the Clanranald badge, a spray of purple heather, fresh with the bloom of the hillside.

From the other ship, though sailing homeward, came the sound of the croon and the keening for the dead— the bride of yesterday— the one-no-more of to-night— while from the mast-top drooped and withered a spray of purple heather.

Behind the Bens of Rùm the sun had set, but the Lady of Clanranald sat on the shore of Moydart, wailing a mother's wound to the night and the sea.

O Caristiona— answer my cry—
No answer to-night— the wound! the wound!
O Caristiona— answer my cry.

But only the night-hag answered, and the far-away keening of the Western Sea.

Kenneth Macleod.

Words collected by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Clanranald Air collected by
FRANCES TOLMIE.
Pianoforte arrangement by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

(M.M. ♩. = about 50)

with passion.

Voice.

My Car - is - tio - na!.....
'S a Chair - is - tio - na!.....

Piano.

p dolce e pesante.

col. Red.

..... Wilt an - swer my cry! Naught answer'st to
..... Nach fhreagair thu mi? Cha fhreagair thu

*"Caristiona" pronounced as though Italian, with a leaning on the "i" in "tio"

night? my grief! ah me! My Car - is -
 noch, mo dhiobh-ail mi! 'S a Chair - is -

- tio - na! Wilt an - swer my cry?
 - tio - na Nach fhreagair thu mi?

Più tranquillo. (M.M. ♩ = about 60)

Deep my heart is griev-ing, griev-ing, And my eyes are
 Tha mo chridh-e bris - te bris - te, Tha mo shùil gu

streaming, streaming, I yes - treen stood by thy *Kis-ting,
 sil - teach sil - teach, Bha mi'n dé 'gad chur 's a' chistidh

By the grave to - day am list' ning, My Ca - ris -
 Bha mi'n diugh air bruaich do li - ce 'S a Chair - is -

Tempo I.

- tio - na! Wilt an - swer my cry?
 - tio - na Nach fhrea-gair thu mi?

Still answe'rest thou naught. My grief! ah me!
 Cha fhrea-gair thu nochd, mo dhiobhail mi!

My Ca - ris - tio - na!
 's a Chair - is - tio - na!

R. H.
 L. H.

pp