

RUARI OF DUNVEGAN.

(RUAIRIDH ÒG.)

Air collected in Benbecula by Father Macmillan.

Words by KENNETH MACLEOD,

After poem by Mary Macleod.

Noted and Arranged by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Joyously.

Key G♭ or G.

Voice.



Piano.

* col Ped.

1 * meaning "fine one."

2 * pronounced Rury,

3 pronounced like new but with the ó final in place of oo.

H. 9237.

se - cret tale 'tis, *liu lo - ho - ro, †trowm o - ro - ho, Ha - ra - va - lo.
 anns na h-Inn - se, Liü lo - ho - ro, trom o - ro - ho, Ha - ra - va - lo.

deciso

sustain ad lib.

f e marcato

Ad. *S.*

Man - y a head would cast its *snood for thee,
 Liu - thad gruag a thil - geadh stiom dhuit,

p *grazioso.*

D.S.

o - ho - la - lo, nyó no - hook - ó, Man - y a †coif waits
 o - ho - la - lo, neo no - hug - o, Liu - thad bréid ta

marcato.

* col *Ad.*

* pronounce as lieu in English † as in English trowel × sign of maidenhood † sign of wifehood
 Ruari of Dunvegan.

head for love o' thee, liù - lo - ho - ro, trowm o - ro - ho,
 feith - eamh cinn dhuit, liù - lo - ho - ro, trom o - ro - ho,

Ha - ra - va - lo.
 Ha - ra - va - lo.

p dolce

a little slower.

Lure of tree on bird of May-month, Lure of loch on
 Tal - adh craoibh air ian a' chèi - tein, Tal - adh loch air

burn of hill-side, Lure of sea on sun of yon-der sky,
allt an t-slei-bhe, Tal - adh cuain air grian an speur ud,

o - lo - la - lo, nyó ho hook-o. Lure of Rua - ri
 o - ho - la - lo, neó ho - hug - o. Tal - adh Ruai - ridh

espress. *cresc.*

ten. *Pa.*

¹óg on maid-ens, liu lo - ho - ro, Trowm o - ro - ho,
 Oig air euchd-aig, Ho - ho - la - lo, Trom o - ro - ho,

cresc molto. *a tempo.* *colla voce.*

Ha - ra - va lo, Rua - ri, Rua - ri,
 Ha - ra - bha - lo, Ruai - ridh, Ruai - ridh,

Rua - ri, een - alt, o ho - la - lo, nyó ho-hook - ó,
 Ruai - ridh, fhin - ealt, o ho - la - lo, neó ho-hug - o,

Many a coif waits head for love o' thee, liú lo - ho - ro,
 Liu - thad gruag a thil - geadh stiom dhuit, liú lo - ho - ro,

con Ped.

trowm o - ro - ho, Ha - ra - va - lo.....
 trom o - ro - ho, Ha - ra - va - lo.....

Ped.

O HEARTLING OF MY HEART.

A bho chridheag

(A MILKING PLAINT.)

Air and Gaelic words collected by
 M. KENNEDY-FRASER and KENNETH MACLEOD
 from ISABEL MACLEOD, Eigg.

English translation and Pianoforte accompaniment by
 MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Either, or

Molto espressivo ma semplice.

Voice.  A -
He

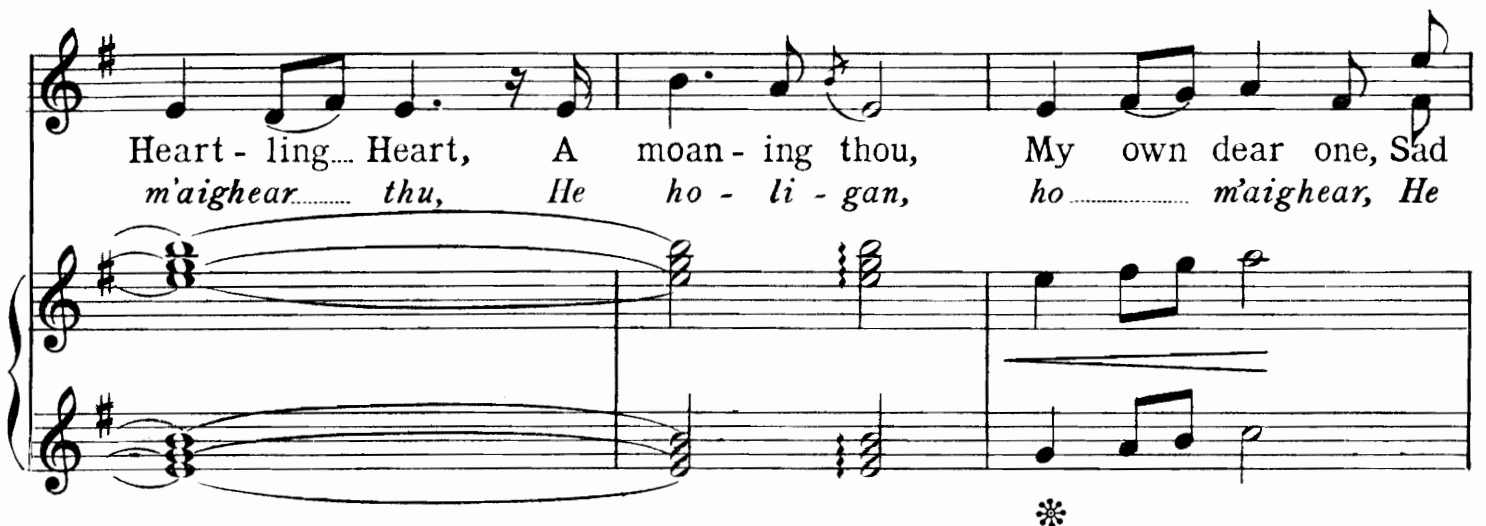
Piano.  *Ad.*

- moan - ing thou, My own dear one, A moan - ing thou,
 ho - li - gan, he ho m'aignear, He ho - li - gan,



Ad.

Heart - ling... Heart, A moan - ing thou, My own dear one, Sad
 m'aignear... thu, He ho - li - gan, ho m'aignear, He



Ad.

moan - ing thou, Heart - ling..... Heart. 'Mong yon cat - tle
ho - li - gan, m'aigh - ear thu. Fhaic thu bho bheag

Ad.

on the mea-dow, See'st yon calfling by its mo-ther led, Hey
air an lian-aig, A laogh - an fhein air a bi - al - aibh, He

** Ad. * Ad.*

ho - li - kan, Ho - - 'my - er, Hey ho - li - kan,
ho - li - gan, ho..... m'aighear, He ho - li - gan,

** Ad.*

My - er..... oo! See'st yon bramble - - bush a - near her,
m'aighear..... thu! Fhaic thu'n dris a th'air a cul - aibh,

Bend - ing la-den with its berries red, Hey ho - li - kan,
 'S i air lubadh leis na smi-ar - an, He ho - li - gan, he

Ho - - my - er, Hey ho - li - kan, My - er..... oo. One
 ho..... m'aighear, He ho - li - gan, m'aighear..... thu. A

cause of sor-row Thou, my... dear one, My Heart - ling Heart,
 bho..... chridheag Thus' a..... bho,..... Is ion - nan ga - lar

links thee to me, Keen - ing thou thy calf, thy... dear one,
 dhomhs' is..... dhuit, Thu - sa caoidh do lur - an..... laoigh,.....

pp

keens - ing I my son 'neath the
Mi - se caoidh mo mhic fo'n

sea. Hey Ho - li - kan, Ho - - my - er,
mhuir. He ho - li - gan, ho m'aighear,

Sad keens - ing I
Is mi - se caoidh.....

Ad.

my son neath the sea.....
Mo mhic fo'n mhuir.....

pp

UIST CRADLE CROON.

Caidealan cuide rium fhin thu.

Lochmaddy air, collected by Kenneth Macleod
from Mrs Malloch, Crianlarich.
Words from Isabel Macleod, Eigg.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Lullingly, but not too slow.

Voice.

Sleep-y one, Croon o' the
Cai-deal-an cuide rium

Piano.

legatissimo.

col. Red.

wind and wave - let, Croon o' the wind and the wa - ters,
fhin am pais - de, Cai - dealan cuide rium fhin thu,

Sleep - y one, Croon o' the wind and wa - ters.
Cai - dealan cuide rium *fhin am pais - de.*

The musical score is arranged for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a tempo instruction 'Lullingly, but not too slow.' The voice part starts with a rest followed by the lyrics 'Sleep-y one, Croon o' the Cai-deal-an cuide rium'. The piano accompaniment begins with a 'legatissimo' marking and a 'col. Red.' instruction. The second system continues the vocal line with 'wind and wave - let, Croon o' the wind and the wa - ters, fhin am pais - de, Cai - dealan cuide rium fhin thu,'. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar melodic line. The third system concludes the piece with the lyrics 'Sleep - y one, Croon o' the wind and wa - ters. Cai - dealan cuide rium fhin am pais - de.' The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

Thou'rt my row - ans, Thou art my ha - zel nuts,
'Stu mo chaor - ann, 'Stu..... mo chnoth - an,

Sleep-y one, Croon o' the wa - rter, My ber-ries brown, my
Cai-dealan cuide rium fhin thu, Mo dhearcaga donna 's mo

cin - namon clus - ters, Sleep-y one, Croon o' the wa - ter.
tho - ma-da can - ail, Cai - dealan, cuide rium fhin thu.

Sleep to the croon o' the wind in the branches, The wave on the shore, The
Cai-dealan cuide rium, Cai-dealan cuide rium, Cai-dealan, Cai-dealan

whis - per - ing moor - land, Sleep to the croon o' the wind in the
cuide rium fhin thu, Cai - dealan cuide rium, Cai - dealan

hazel, The lap o' the waves by the whis - pering moor - land. Cool - in - a -
cuide rium, Cai - dealan, Cai - dealan cuide rium fhin thu. A chui - lein a

- roon, ne'er wake till morn - ing, Sleep to the croon o' the wa -
ruin, na duisg gu mad - ainn, Cai - dealan cuide rium fhin

- ters.
thu.

My hon - eý art thou on the tips o' the hea - ther,
 Mo mhil air bharr an fhrao - ich thu,

Sleep - y one, Croon o' the wa - ter, My whis - perling sweet, my
 Cai - dealan cuide rium fhin thu, A cha - gair nan cioch, bu

bo - som's de - sire thou, Sleep - y one, Croon o' the wa - ter.
 mhi - ann leam a - gam, Cai - dealan cuide rium fhin thu.

Sleep to the croon o' the wind in the branches, The wave on the shore, The
 Cai - dealan cuide rium, Cai - dealan cuide rium, Cai - dealan, Cai - deal - an,

whis - per - ing moor - land, Sleep to the croon o' the wind in the
cuide rium fhin thu, Cai - dealan cuide rium, Cai - dealan

hazel, The lap o' the wave by the whis - pering moor - land. Cool - in - a -
cuide rium, Cai - dealan, Cai - dealan, cuide rium fhin thu, Chuil - ein a

- roon, ne'er wake till morn - ing, Sleep to the croon o' the wa -
ruin, na duisg gu mad - ainn, Cai - dealan cuide rium fhin

- ters.
thu.

Ad.

(1) MINGULAY SEA-RAPTURE.

Long Mhór 's a' Bhàirlinn.

Air and Gaelic words collected by
M. and P. Kennedy-Fraser from
Mary Macdonald, Mingulay.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

(♩. = 60)

Piano.

Voice only.

Blue the sea-hills, Blu-er the sea-glens! Ho-ro, *Hu di!
Dh'éir-ich mi moch Ma-duinn àl-ainn, (Hoot dee)

Ho-ro, Hu di! Ho-ro ro ro, Hu di!

One fine morn-ing, Ho-ro, Hu di! Rose I ear-ly,
 Fair-est of them, My own lov-er,
Dh'éir-ich mi moch Ma-duinn àl-ainn,
'S mo lean-nan fein Fear a b'fhearr dhiubh,

Ho-ro, Hu di! The hill shoul-der, Ho-ro, Hu di!
 Fair his bo-som,
Dhir-ich mi suas Fear bhroil-lich ghil,

¹A lonely rocky Isle-pronounced like English words "Mew"-lay.

* Pronounced Hoot-dee.

Climb'd I ear - ly, Ho - ro, Hu di! To the sky line,
 White his tu - nic, In what ha - ven,
Gual' a' bhràigh-e, *Dh'amhairc mi bh'uam*
'S léin - e bàin - e, *Ge b'è ca - la*

Ho-ro, Hu di! Gazed I out - ward, Ho - ro, Hu di!
 Ye to - night rest,
Fad' air fàir - e
Nochd an tàmh sibh,

There a great ship Ho - ro, Hu di! on the high seas,
 There be sing - ing, Mu - sic, glad - ness,
Chuñ - naic mi long *Mhòr 'sa' bhàir-linn,*
Gu'm bi féi - le, *Ceòl is màn - ran,*

Ho-ro, Hu di! Guns and can-nons, Ho-ro, Hu di!
 There be fro-lic,
Bu lion - mhor oirre
Gu'm bi mir - e.

Ma - ny had she, Ho-ro, Hu di! On her deck board
 There be laugh-ter, On the chess-board
Gunn - a 's can - an, *Mì - le fear fionn*
Ann is gàir - e. *Iom - airt gu tric*

Ho-ro, Hu di! Thou-sand fair men. Ho-ro, Hu di!
 There be play - ing.
Air a clàr aidh.
Air an tàil - easg.

D.S.

Rose I ear-ly Ho-ro, Hu di! one fine morn-ing.
Dhèir-ich mi moch *Maduinn àlainn.*

*

KISHMUL CRADLE CROON.

Mo Ruarachan.

Noted from ANNIE JOHNSON.
The Glen, Barra.

Arranged for Voice and Celtic Harp,
(or Piano)
by PATUFFA KENNEDY-FRASER.

Tenderly lulling.

Voice. Hee - o - ho - ro, mo

Piano. *p* *very softly throughout.*

With both Pedals.

¹Ru - ar - ach - an, Ho ree - o - ho - ro, mo Ru - ar - ach - an,

Hee - o - ho - ro, mo Ru - ar - ach - an, Mo ²Nial - lach - an ³beag, mo

Pronounce ¹"Roo"²"Nee-al"³"Peck"

Traditionally attributed to Nic Iain Aoidh, the woman who made the song to Kishmul's Galley. Said to have been sung by her to the baby, Ruari Macneill, neir to Kishmul.

*chubh - rach - an, Hee - o - ho - ro, mo Ru - ar - ach - an, Ho

ree - o - ho - ro, mo Ru - ar - ach - an, Hee - o - ho - ro, mo

Ru - ar - ach - an, Mo Nial-lach-an beag, mo chubh-rach-an,

Hee - o - ho ree, Hu - o - ho - ro, Mo Nial-lach-an beag, mo

mf *ben cantando.* *pp*

* 'Hoo'

chubh - rach - an, Hee - o - ho, ree - o - ho, ru - o - ho - ro, Mo

mf ben cantando.

Nial - lach - an beag, mo chubh - rach - an, Hee - o - ho - ro, mo

pp

Ru - ar - ach - an,

mf ben cantando. *cantabile*

mo Nial - lach - an beag, mo chubh - rach - an.

pp

D.S.

THE ISLE OF ST. DONNAN.

ST. DONNAN, being on his way to Eigg, the isle of caves and of dark deeds, bethought him to put into Iona, in order to make his confession to the abbot. For once, at any rate, the kingly Colum-cille was humble as a little child, thinking within himself that he was not worthy to be confessor to such an one as Donnán. "I will not confess thee, Donnán," he said, "for I am seeing the red blood of martyrdom about thine eyes." But the constraint of three was upon Donnán, the constraint of the Evangel, the constraint of fate, and the constraint of his own blood; and to the Isle of Eigg he must needs go, to preach the faith to the herdmen of the Queen of Moydart, to whom pertained the isle as dainty pasture for her brindled cattle. And the Islesfolk heard him gladly. But the Queen of Moydart, hearing the story across seas, shook her head. "I am keeping herdmen," she said, "to herd my milking cattle on the face of Corravine, and not to be herded themselves by a monk." And she sent word to them, by coracle, that they must put Donnán, the monk, to death. But that was just the one thing under the sun that the herdmen of Eigg would not do, even for the Queen of Moydart; whereupon, in red-hot rage, she sent a company of her own warrior women across to the isle, to do her bidding. And thus it was that during mass on a Day of the Lord, in the sixth century, St. Donnán, with fifty of the herdmen, entered into the red martyrdom. And at midnight—so the tale—a strange light shone upon his tomb, and voices from above chanted over it a song, some lines of which have come down through fourteen centuries:

The warm eye of Christ on the tomb of Donnán,
The stars so high on the tomb of Donnán,
The warm eye of Christ on the tomb of Donnán,
No ill, no ill to the tomb of Donnán.

The Isle of Eigg, as the sheep know but too well, has its own share of bramble bushes. A hundred years ago, a woman who had a name for thrift, as well as for art, went wool gathering to those same bramble bushes as regularly as others went dulse-pulling to the shore, and in due time there came out of her loom a web of blues and greens and crotals which a king might envy. Generally, the web went to a neighbour of her own, Iain Og Morrigh, who had an eye for art, if not for thrift, and who, like herself, was a weaver, but of song threads blown about by the four winds of heaven. It was he who, standing one day by the tomb of St. Donnán, and looking across to the face of Corravine, weaved old threads into new so cunningly that none could tell what of the web was his own and what the angels'. If, after a hundred years, the loosened threads have been put once more through the loom, it is still the same web that comes out of it: Youth on age, on the face of Corravine.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

THE ISLE OF ST. DONNAN.

Aodann Corrabheinn.

Words contributed by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

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

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With ecstatic simplicity. (♩=130)

Voice.

Piano.

Ad.

Milk - ing - cat-tle on the face o' *Cor-ra-vine, Dew o' the
 Tha'n crodh - laoigh air..... aod - ainn Cor-ra-bheinn, Drúchd nan.....

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

skies on the face o'..... Cor-ra-vine, Milk - ing - cat-tle on the
 speur air..... feur - ach..... Cor-rabheinn, Tha'n crodh - laoigh air

Ad. * *Ad.* *

* Pronounce last syllable of this word like English word "vine."

face o' Cor-ra-vine, Youth on age on the face o'
 aod - ainn Cor-ra-bheinn, Og an aois air aod - ainn

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

Cor-ra-vine. Yon - der see I the
 Cor-ra-bheinn. Chi mi thal - lud.....

Red.

Isle o' the Deer, Yon - der see... I the *Scur to the
 ei - lean an fheidh, Chi mi thall - ud an Sgúrr ri

*

sky, Yon - der see... I the Isle o' the Deer, The
 spéur, Chi mi thall - ud ei - lean an fheidh,

* The curious hill of Eigg, rhyming with "poor,"
 pronounced "Skoor"

rug-ged..... bens o' my..... love, to the sky. Milk - ing -
Beannta..... *cor - rach mo.....* *ghaoil ri* *speur.* *Tha'n crodh -*

Red.

- cat-tle on the face o' Cor-ravine, Dew o' the skies on the
- *laoigh air* *aod - ainn* *Cor-rabheinn, Druchd nan.....* *speur air*

* *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

face o'..... Cor-ravine, Milk - ing - cat-tle on the face o'
feur - ach *Cor-rabheinn,* *Tha'n crodh - laoigh air* *aod - ainn*

Red.

* *Red.* *

Cor-ravine, Youth on age on the face o' Cor-ra-vine.
Cor-rabheinn, *Og an aois air* *aod - ainn* *Cor-rabheinn.*

Red.

* *Red.* *

⊕ If to be sung as a pastoral, the song might finish here, with the addition of last three bars of accompaniment.

A little slower.

Ear - ly puts the sun greeting on Stro-a, Ear - ly chant the
 Trath chuireas a ghrian fàilt air Strodha, Trath cheileireas

Ad. *

birds the beau - ty o' Don-nan, Ear - ly puts the sun
 ian aill - eachd Dhon-nan, Trath chuireas a ghrian

Ad. * *Ad.* *

greet-ing on Stro-a, Ear - ly grows the grass on the Sheiling o'
 fàilt air Strodha, 'Sa chinneas am fiar air air - igh

Ad. * *Ad.* *

♠ If to be sung as a Song of St Donnan,
 it might begin here only.

Don-nan, The warm eye o' Christ on the tomb o'..... Donnan, The
 Dhonnán, Blath - shuil Chríod air tung - a..... Dhonnán,

stars so high on the tomb o'..... Don-nan, The
 Reul - ta ard air..... tung - a..... Dhon-nan,

warm eye o' Christ on the tomb o'..... Don-nan, No
 Blath - shuil..... Chríod air tung - a..... Dhon-nan, Cha

ill, no ill on the tomb o' Don - nan.
 bheud, cha bheud do thung - a Dhon-nan.

Milk - ing - cat-tle on the face o' Cor-ra-vine, Dew o' the
 Tha'n crodh - laoigh air aod - ainn Cor-rabheinn, Druchd nan

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

skies on the face o' Cor-ra-vine, Milk - ing - cat-tle on the
 speur air feur - ach Cor-rabheinn, Tha'n crodh - laoigh air

* *Ad.* *

face o' Cor-ra-vine, Youth on age.....
 aod - ainn Cor-rabheinn, Òg an aois.....

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

..... on the face o' Cor-ra - vine.....
 air aod - ainn Cor-ra - bheinn.....

* *Ad.* * *Ad.*

THE TROUTLING OF THE SACRED WELL.

In the Holy Wells of the Isles there lived, through generations,
a trout which, in the thoughts of the folk, was accounted pious as
a monk and worldly-wise as a Druid. To such a trout went the maid
of the song for tidings of her absent lover.

Words after the Gaelic by KENNETH MACLEOD,
Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Air collected by P. & M. KENNEDY-FRASER
From the singing of
ANNE MONK, Uachdar Benbècula.

Andante (♩=50)

Voice.

With a wistfully sweet questioning.

Piano.

dolce e semplice.

col. 2^{do}.

Trout - ling, gray-blue sil - v'ry seer..... O' yon
Trout - ling, lit - tle gray - blue seer..... O' yon

well, Tell me where is now my love,
well, Tell me where is now my love,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Andante' and a metronome marking of '(♩=50)'. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/2. The voice part starts with a wistful, questioning melody. The piano accompaniment is marked 'dolce e semplice' and features a flowing, arpeggiated texture. The lyrics are in English and Gaelic, with the first line being 'Trout - ling, gray-blue sil - v'ry seer..... O' yon' and the second line 'Trout - ling, lit - tle gray - blue seer..... O' yon'. The second system of the score includes a repeat sign and a first ending bracket. The third system continues the melody and accompaniment, with the lyrics 'well, Tell me where is now my love, well, Tell me where is now my love,'. The score concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

Where, ah where roves the youth, Stays he hunt - ing
 Roves he east, roves he west, Sails he home - ward,

far in stag - land, or sails he home - - ward?.....
 or at back of sun lies he sleep - - ing?.....

ten. *riten.*

colla voce.

D. S.

Red.

Trout-ling, sil-v'ry gray-blue seer..... O'yon well,

* *Red.*

Tell to me, goes Ma-ry's son With my love, and may I

* *Red.*

Now and ev - er leave my plaint in yon well that ebbs not.....

poco ten.

colla voce.

Red.

* *Red.* *

A DRUID OF THE ISLES.

Druidh Innsegall.

Words collected and translated
by KENNETH MACLEOD.

Air from ANNIE JOHNSON, Barra,
Arranged for Voice and Piano
by MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

On a headland in the Isle of Mull stood a Druid gazing at a coracle which was making for the Isle of Colonsay.

“There was a day—the wound of me —
When mine by right of blood
Yon Isle of hazel and tender grass,
And Oronsay of the cells and sanctuary?”

*“Bha uair—sin mo dhiobhail —
‘S be sid mo dhearbh dhilsead,
Eilean a chuill ’s à mhinich,
‘S Orasa nan ceall ’s na dideann.”*

But the Monks of Iona had seized the Isle, and for the Druid there was nothing left but the song which abides:—

A DRUID OF THE ISLES.

With simplicity and *pathos*. (♩ = 60)

Voice. *G^b or G*

Piano. *mf p mf p pp*

*Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. **

My...
Mo...

wounding, o hee! Thro' the narrows sails my*curach, Lost her foam-track, o hee!
dhiobhail, o hi! Tha an cur-ach thar a chaolas, Chaill mi caoir-e, o hi!

maestoso.

With *Red.*

1. Would her wings the sea-duck lend, So I might reach thy sheen-sand,
 1. *Cha toir lach a da sgéith dhomh, Cha tabh-ar b'og a deigh ort,*
 2. Ne'er will guide me seal so I might track his se-cret trea-sure,
 2. *Cha toir ròn a phliuta-gan, cha tabh-ar 's mor an ul-aidh thu*

*Red. * Red. * Red. * Red.*

*Coracle, pronounced coorach.

rit. un poco

ten.

My wounding, o hee! Thro' the narrows sails my curach, Gone her foam-track, o hee!
 Mo dhiobhail, o hi! Tha an cur-ach thar a chaolas, Chaill mi caoir-e, o hi!

3. Wa - ter gat I from thy cool streams, Cress - es sweet from Odh - ran.
 3. Thug an to - bair fu - ar burn domh, 'S Odh - ran biol - air ur domh.
 4. Pith and strength from Car - nan gat I, Mu - sic sweet from Trah - Bàn.
 4. Thug an Car - nan li is luth dhomh, Rinn an Traigh - Bàn nuall domh

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

Last
verse
only.

ten.

My wounding, o hee! Thro' the narrows sails my curach, Gone her foam-track, o hee!.....
 Mo dhiobhail, o hi! Tha an cur-ach thar a chaolas, Chaill mi caoir-e, o hi.....

(or gone) (or E'en)

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MY DUSKY LAD IN MANINN'S ISLE.
MO GHILLE DUBH.

Collected by M. and Patuffa Kennedy-Fraser in Eriskay,
 from Annie Macneill in 1907.

Gaelic words collected and translated by Kenneth Macleod.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

In early days the Isle of Man (Maninn's Isle) formed, with the Hebrides, the kingdom of the Lords of the Isles.

With strong rhythmic swing. (♩ = 38)

Piano. *f e deciso*

The score consists of three systems. The first system is a piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time, marked 'f e deciso'. It features a strong rhythmic swing. The second system begins with the vocal line: 'My *gee-la doo, for - sake thee! For Mo ghille dubh, cha treig mi, Sle'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. The third system continues the vocal line: 'kine or gold, for - sake thee, My gee-la doo, for - sake thee! Tho' fear a'chruidhcha teid..... mi, Mo ghille dubh, cha treig mi, ge'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support throughout.

My *gee-la doo, for - sake thee! For
 Mo ghille dubh, cha treig mi, Sle

kine or gold, for - sake thee, My gee-la doo, for - sake thee! Tho'
 fear a'chruidhcha teid..... mi, Mo ghille dubh, cha treig mi, ge

*gille dubh = dark lad, pronounce the g hard, as in "gilt"

long thy stay in Maninn's Isle. Tho' kins-folk would be - stow me On
fad air chéin am Maininn thu. Ged tha mo dhàimhich deò - nach Mo

Ad. * *Ad.* *

brag-gart o' the gold - dross, My Heart's love, my young
thoirt do'n bha - lach òr - ach, 'Se gaol mo chridh' an

Ad.

* *Ad.*

*

rov - er, Sails o'er the sea to Man-inn's Isle.
t-òig - ear A sheol do'n Eil - ean Mhainean - nach.

Thou ei - der duck! thou mild gull! Far
Na'm faigh - inn lach no faoil - eann A

p e dolce.
Ad.

*

Ad.

*

speed ye o'er the wild sea, And wile to me the
dh'fhàg - adh na sean - chaoil so, Gu'n cuir - inn iad a

Ped. * *Ped.* *

rov - er, Ah wile my love from Maninn's Isle.
ghaol - adh Mo ghaoil o'n Ei-lean Mhainean - nach.

Ped. * *Ped.* *

deciso.

Ped.

My
Mo

gee - la doo, For - sake thee, Ah no!
ghil - le dubh, cha treig mi, 'S chàn fhàgt!

Ped. * *Ped.*

THE SINGING WATERS.

The child of the Isles, in his play hours and in his herding hours, makes for the nearest linn, and building a boat out of the iris leaves, he gives her prow to the sea and her stern to the shore, so to sail to a wonderland beyond the waves.

The Islesman, tracking his work into the heart of the mainland, is wont, in his sane moments, to go sea-wandering to the nearest waterfall, or even waters without a fall, if only they sing true. There he becomes the little child again, making, as in his herding days, the iris boats—great ships of Lochlann, galleys of Kishmul, and saucy little smacks of Tìree. The linn is the Western Sea; the stones are the Isles. Here is the Scoor of Eigg, there the Coolin of Rùm; further out, if the stones be big and shapely enough, are the Coolins of Skye; and still further away, the many Isles from the Butt of Lewis to Barra Head. And the boats!

They make for Uist, they make for Lewis,
They make for Ròdel of Harris,
The sunny Isle of beauteous women,
The sandy Isle of sturdy men.

And when the night has swallowed up the last great ship of Lochlann, the Islesman bends his ear to the singing waters, and in them he hears the waves breaking on far-away shores, from the White Sands of Colonsay to St. Clement's Strand in Harris.

Croon, river, sea laughter
To an exile sea longing,
Croon, river, sea laughter.

Thus a mother of the Isles, thinking of an absent one: O Thou who didst watch over my little child, as he played with the iris boats, and he a-herding, watch over him, too, as he puts out to sea, or yearns at the foot of far-away hills.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

ISHABEL OF KINTANGAVAL'S CROON.

Singing Waters.
CRONAN AN EASA.

Gaelic and English words by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Air from ISABEL MACNEILL, Barra.

With hypnotic swing. (♩ = about 48)

Voice. 

Piano. 

Both pedals.

sostenuto sempre.

Croon, ri - ver, Sea - - laugh-ter To an exile
Seinn easain, gair..... ma - ra, Dubh-ach ait e'n



sea - - longing. Croon,..... ri - ver, Sea - laugh-ter.....
tir main-eoil. Seinn,..... eas - ain, gair ma - ra.....



*Give careful attention to the time division and accents of the melody, its inner pulse.

Croon, ri-ver, Seas..... breaking,
Seinn easain, traigh..... Bharraidh,

pp

Tempest toss'd on lone Bar-ra. Croon, ri-ver,
Tonna troma, traigh Bharraidh. Seinn easain,

Seas..... breaking..... Croon ri-ver,
traigh..... Bharraidh..... Seinn eas-ain,

leggiero.

Seas..... roll-ing, Lilt-ing west o' green Can-na.
Cuan..... Chanaidh, Mire - - mara, Cuan Chanaidh.

Croon, ri-ver, Seas rolling,
Seinn easain, Cuan Chanaidh,

Croon, ri-ver, deeps call-ing, Lulls nor
Seinn easain, gàir ma-ra, "Fhir ud

ebbs the Sea-long-ing. Croon, ri-ver,
thall-ud, till dach-aidh." Seinn, eas-ain,

Ad.

deeps call-ing
gàir ma-ra

pp

Ad.

SEA-LONGING.

An Ionndrainn-Mhara.

Old fragment adapted and translated
by KENNETH MACLEOD.

Collected by M. & P. KENNEDY-FRASER
from ANNE MONK, Benbecula,
Pianoforte accompaniment by
GRANVILLE BANTOCK.

Lento sostenuto.

Voice.

Piano.

p

espr.

espress.

mp espress.

Sore sea - long - ing in my heart, Blue deep Bar - ra
Trom mo mhu - lad a bhi ann, Mi air m'aineol

pp dolce.

mp sonore.

dim. *p* *dim.*

waves are call - ing, Sore sea - long - ing in..... my heart.
anns a' ghleann, Trom mo mhu - lad a..... bhi ann.

dim. *p* *dim.*

Poco allegretto.

226

Allargando.

mp cantando.

cresc.

f

Glides the sun, but ah! how slow - ly, Far a -
Trom an ionn - drainn air mo shiu - bhal, Cha tog

mp

cresc.

f arpegg.

Tempo I.

Red.

dim.

pp dolciss.

- way..... to lur - ing seas! Sore sea - long-ing
fidh - eall e no cannt, Trom mo *mhu-lad*

dim.

pp sost.

cresc.

in my heart, Blue deep Bar - ra waves are
a bhi ann, Mi air m'ain-eol *anns a'*

cresc.

dim.

p

call - ing, Sore sea - long-ing in..... my heart.
ghleann, Trom mo mhu-lad a bhi ann.

sost. e dim.

p espress.

più p

cresc.

Poco largamente.

cresc.

mf

Hear'st, O Sun, the roll of wa - ters, Break - ing,
 Gair na ma - ra 'na mo chluas - aibh, Dh'fhag sid
 Fuaim an taibh 'gam shior..... eigh - each: Tiug - ainn,

mf pesante.

più f

f

dim. *a tempo I.*

call - ing by yon Isle? Sore sea - long - ing
 luain - each mi 'sa ghleann. Trom mo mhu - lad
 m' - eu - dail, gu d'thir dhaimh.

dim. *p*

sonore.

dim. *mp*

in my heart, Blue deep Bar - ra waves are
 a bhi ann, Mi air m'ain - eol anns a'

dim. *più p*

dim. *più p* *ritard.* *Repeat for gaelic only.* *dim.*

call - ing, Sore sea - long - ing in..... my heart.
 ghleann, Trom mo mhu - lad a..... bhi ann.

dim. *pp* *dim.*

Poco allegretto.

mp cantando. cresc.

Sun on high, ere falls the gloam - in',
 Aghrian ud shuas, gur beag an t-iogh - nadh
 Thu sa triall o'n ghleann 's o'n oidh - che,

mp cresc.

Allargando.

f dim.

Heart to heart thou't greet yon waves.
 gloir na faoil - te bhi mu d' cheann. *To Refrain*
 Null gu coibh - neas nan cuan thall. *at*

f arpegg. p cresc.

*Omit for English.**mp For additional Gaelic verses only.*

cresc.

Na'm bu leam do thriall sna speur - aibh
 Ach pog - aidh - tus' an nochd cuan Bhar - raidh

mp cresc.

Allargando.

f *dim.*

Nail, cha bhiodh mo cheum cho nall.
 S'mis fo bhar-raibh cruaidh nam beann,

f arpegg. *p* *cresc.*

Più lento.

pp *dolciss.* *cresc.*

Ma-ry Mo-ther, how I yearn, Blue deep Bar-ra
 Trom mo mhulad a bhi ann, Mi air m'ain-eol

Refrain.

pp *sost.* *cresc.*

più p *rall. molto.* *Repeat for Gaelic only.* *pp* *sost.*

waves are call-ing, Ma-ry Mo-ther, how I yearn.....
 anns a' ghleann, Trom mo mhulad a bhi ann.....

p *espress.* *espress* *dolciss.* *pp*

più p

THE REIVING RAPTURE.

Reubadh na Mara.

Fragment adapted and collected by
KENNETH MACLEOD

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

KEY A. or Ab.

Voice.

Piano.

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

cresc. *dim.*

ped. * *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* *

Thro' the straits the boat
Thug am ba..... ta na caoil

sails, Ho-ro i..... na ho horo, (Yel-li), And my
oirr' Bha mo

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

* *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* *

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system contains a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a prominent left-hand (L.H.) melodic line with a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The first system shows the piano part starting with a key signature change from A major to A-flat major. The second system includes the lyrics 'Thro' the straits the boat / Thug am ba..... ta na caoil'. The third system includes the lyrics 'sails, Ho-ro i..... na ho horo, (Yel-li), And my / oirr' Bha mo'. Performance markings include 'ped.' (pedal) and '* ped.' (pedal) with asterisks, and dynamic markings 'cresc.' and 'dim.'. The key signature is indicated as 'KEY A. or Ab.' at the top.

love sails a - board her, Horo i na ho horo
 ghaol innt' a dh'fheara, simile. ten.
 L.H. L.H.

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

yel - li. With him
 Bha Mac

* Led. * Led. *

Lovat Macleod and young Glen - gar - ry.
 Shimidh's MacLeod innt', Tighearn og Ghlinne - gar - aidh. Ho - ro

mp

i na ho horo yal-li, Ho-ro i na ho horo

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

yel - li..... Black the
Fliuch an

*Led. *Led.

day..... and wild the sea,
la..... a fhuair m'èudail, Ho - ro i..... na ho ho ro

yel - li, For my lad..... a - sea - reiv-ing.
Dhol a reub - adh na ma-ra. Ho - ro

i..... na ho ho ro yel-li..... Day of
Chaidh an
ten.

flooding of tempest, of pit-i-less drenching,
latha gu dì-le 'sgu sior uisge gail-linn, Ho-ro i..... na ho ho-ro

yelli,..... Ho-ro i..... na ho ho-ro yalli,.....

f relentlessly.

Ad.

*Ree nun
 Righ nan

* *Ad.* * *Ad.*

tool!..... Ah hear our pray'r, Steer the bir - linn to
dul,..... gun till na fearu, Stiuir a' bhir - linn gu

smoothly and sonorously.

Ad.

Ca - la, Ree nun tool, Ah hear my pray'r
 har - bour, R.H. Son of Ma - ry,
 Cha - la, Righ nan dul, g'u'n till na fearu

L.H. *p*

*

p

ped. * *ped.* * *ped.*

What and if she make the shore,
 De ma lei - gear gu tir i Ho - ro

*

i na ho ho-ro yelli, Wild the deeds sure in
 Gu'm bi mi - sta mu'n

ped.

Ca-la, Ho - ro i na ho ho-ro yelli, All.
 Cha-la, Ho - ro i na ho ho-ro yelli, Bidh

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a melodic phrase, followed by a rest, and then continues with a series of notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

mate - less the wo - men, Fair fresh men all life - less,
 mnath - an gun cheil' ann, Fir gle - gheal gun an - ail, Ho - ro

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has a similar structure to the first system, with a melodic line and rests. The piano accompaniment includes some sustained chords and moving bass lines. A small asterisk (*) is placed below the piano part in the first measure of this system.

i na ho ho-ro yal-li, Ho - ro i na ho ho-ro

The third system of music shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The system concludes with a *Fin.* marking at the end of the piano part.

yal - li. Son of
 Righ nan

The fourth system features the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part starts with a dynamic marking of *p* and later changes to *pp* (pianissimo). The system ends with a final melodic phrase in the piano part.

Ma - ry, hear my pray'r, Steer the bir - linn to
 dul! gu'n till na fearu, Stiuir a' bhir - linn gu

smoothly and sonorously

* *Ad.*

Ca-la, Ree nun tool!.....*gun tcheel na fer-roo, Ree nun
 Cha-la, Righ nan dul! gun till na fea-ru, Righ nan

*

tool,.... gun tcheel na fer-roo.... Ho-ro i..... na ho.....
 dul,.... gu'n till na fearu.....

Ad. * *Ad.*

..... ho-ro yel - li.

riten e marcato.

* *Ad.* *

YE HIGHLANDS AND YE LOWLANDS.

Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands

Homeland, our music.

Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands.

1.

Dear the clouded bens,
Hazel glens and lonely moorland,
Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands.

2.

Dear the golden carse,
Peaty hags and mystic woodlands,
Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands.

3.

Dear the Western skies
And the dreaming Isles of croonland,
Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands.

Words by
KENNETH MACLEOD

Adapted to an old rowing measure collected by him
from M^{rs} Malloch, Loch Maddy.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

*Either in B
or B^b*

With measured swing, but not too slow.

Piano.

f

Leg.

Ye High - lands and ye low - lands,

mf

Leg.

Al - byn our own land, Ye High - lands and ye Low - lands.

Leg.

He - roes' blood and tears Thro' the years have sealed our

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 whole rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment includes a triplet of eighth notes in the bass line and various chords in the right hand. There are four asterisks with 'Ped.' markings below the piano staff.

Sto - ry, Our Free - land and our old land, High - land and

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. There are four asterisks with 'Ped.' markings below the piano staff.

Low - land, Our Free - land and our old land.

The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a whole rest. The piano accompaniment includes a triplet of eighth notes in the bass line. There are four asterisks with 'Ped.' markings below the piano staff, and the instruction 'L. H. R. H.' is written above the bass line.

Sa - cred days of yore Bid us hold our an - cient glo - ry, As

The fourth system features the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The piano accompaniment includes a triplet of eighth notes in the bass line and a 'cresc.' marking above the right hand. There are four asterisks with 'Ped.' markings below the piano staff.

Free - land and as bold land, High - land and Low - land, As

mf

ped. * *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* *

Free - land and as bold land. Faith that dare not lie But can

mp

ped. L.H. R.H. * *ped.* *

die for Kith and Home - land, For Kith - land and for Home - land,

cresc. *f*

ped. * *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* *

High - land and Low - land, For Kith - land and for Home - land.

ped. * *ped.* * *ped.* *

THE ROAD TO THE ISLES.

A Tramping Song.

Words by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

To an air played by MALCOLM JOHNSON, Barra,
on the chanter; arranged for Voice and Harp,
(or Piano) by

PATUFFA KENNEDY-FRASER.

Key $A\flat$ or A.

In blythely forward marching time. with a

Voice.

A far croon-in' is pullin' me a-way As
³Sheil wa - ter the track is to the west, By
 blue Is - lands are pullin' me a-way, Their

Piano.

mf *p leggiero sempre.*

daintily marked rhythm.

take I wi' my ¹cromak to the road, The far Cool - ins are
⁴Aill-ort and by Morar to the sea, The cool cres-ses I am
 laughter puts the leap up - on the lame, The blue Is-lands from the

Refrain.

put-tin' love on me As step I wi' the sunlight for my load.
 thinkin' o' for pluck, And bracken for a wink on Mother knee. Sure, by
 Skerries to the ²Lews, Wi' heather honey taste up-on each name.

¹A crook-handled walking stick.
Copyright 1917 by Boosey & Co.

²Pronounce exactly like the English word "Lose."
⁴Pronounce first syllable like English "Isle."

³Pronounced "Sheel."

Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Loch-a-ber I will go, By heather tracks wi' heaven in their

wiles; If it's thinkin' in your inner heart braggart's in my step, You've
or (swank is)

ne-ver smelt the tangle o' the Isles. Oh, the far Cool-ins are

puttin' love on me, As step I wi' my cromak to the Isles. Its by Isles.
 Its the

D.S.
Ist & 2nd Verses. | *3rd Verse.*

Fine.

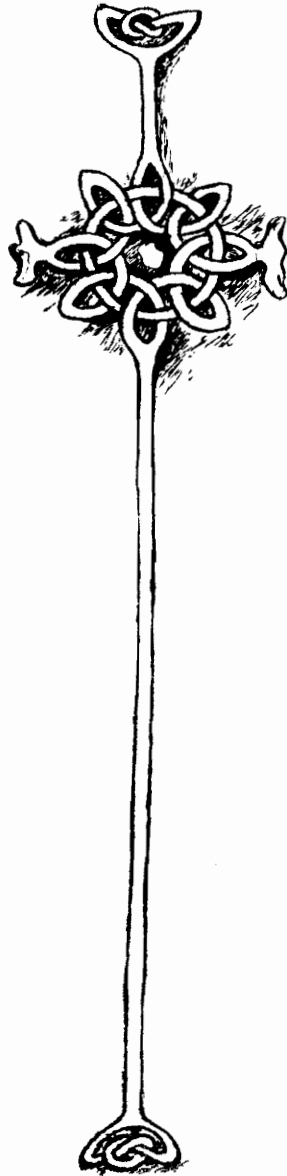
THE PASSING OF BINNEVALE.

* Binnevale, Mouth of Music, had been for long on strangerhood in the Land of Barley, and on a day of days she said it was now meet for her to return homeward to her own sceptre-land, where the sun never sets, nor the wind rises, nor the music ends. In the graying of night she entered the Barge that needed sail nor rudder, but only the wish of her own heart, to make it go, and like a swan she glided out of sight. But on the gentle breeze of the autumntide she left behind her many a farewell, many a benediction :

Fare ye well, O folk of my love ;
 There is guiding light on skerry that is known to me ;
 West of it lies my home.
 Fare ye well, O folk of my love ;
 In the ebb, in the flow ;
 And whoso would follow me,
 Let him take to the ferry of those same waves ;
 And fare ye well, O folk of my love.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

* Binne-Bheul (Gaelic). Pronounced, " Binny-vail."



*From a pencil drawing
by Patuffa Kennedy-Fraser
of a Celtic Cross in Iona.*

APPRECIATIONS.

"Mrs Kennedy-Fraser holds the highest place among British folk-song collectors. She has laboured hard in the collection and editing of Hebridean song. She has a poet's love of the islands and the peculiar phase of civilisation they represent; but she is also a very skilled musician, and the accompaniments she has arranged for these songs are equal to the best that has been done in any other field. The songs themselves have a strange beauty that grows on us the better we know them. They have a very definite physiognomy and a very definite soul, both of them the result of the constant pressure of a very definite environment upon a people virtually isolated from the general life of Europe. These islands seem to have produced some song-writers to whom it is not at all extravagant to attribute genius. There are melodies among these songs that are as purely perfect as any melody could be. Schubert and Hugo Wolf would have knelt and kissed the hands of the men who conceived them... for sheer beauty of invention, sheer loveliness in the mere fall of the notes, some of these melodies are without their superior, whether in folk-song or in art-song. Schubert himself never wrote a more perfectly satisfying or more haunting melody, for example, than that of the 'Sea-gull of the Land-under-Waves.'

ERNEST NEWMAN,

When the pianoforte is used as a medium of approach to understanding the peculiar idiom of Celtic music, the harmony and rhythm should be most subtly adapted to the mood or atmosphere following it sinuously as the foam-wake whitens around the boat's keel, or the sail is trimmed to a favouring breeze.

As an example of how this result has been achieved, Mrs Kennedy-Fraser's "Songs of the Hebrides" takes the foremost place. It is a classic work, unique in its knowledge and expression of the peculiar characteristics of Gaelic Music.

In the "Land-of-the-ever-young," maybe, old age will recapture its lost youth, and the weary heart will find a solace for all its sorrows. But whether the wanderer be musician, singer, Persian poet, or dervish, this new volume of Hebridean Song contains

"a Key
That shall unlock the Door he howls without"

GRANVILLE BANTOCK.