

*“Rhythm is the element of motion continually flowing onward.”*

ADOLPH CARPÉ.

## A 13th CENTURY LOVE LILT.

An gille dubh ciar-dubh.

Air taken down from Ann Macneill, Barra, and  
*Allegretto con moto.*  
*Liltingly.*

arr. with Translation and Pianoforte Accompaniment by  
 MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

PIANO.

*Or with no flats.*

Red. \*

\* Red.

§

Cha	dìr	-	ich	mi	bruth	-	ach,	's	cha	siubh	-	ail	mi	mòin	-	teach,
Is	truagh	nach	robh	mis	-	e	's	an	gill	-	e	dubh	ciar	-	dubh	An
Mo	ghill	-	e	dubh	bòidh	-	each,	ge	gòr	-	ach	le	càch	thu,		
No	more	by	green	hil	-	lock	or	moor	-	land	I	wan	-	der,	Light	
O	would	that	I	were	with	my	{	gill	-	e	dubh	ciar	-	dubh,	Up	
Tho'	kins	-	folk	de	-	ny	me,	my	{	geel	-	ya	doo	keer	-	doo, I'll

Dh'fhalbh	mo	ghuth	cinn	's	cha	seinn	mi	òr	-	an,	Cha					
aod	-	ainn	na	beinn	-	e	Fo	shil	-	eadh	nan	sian	-	tan,	An	
Dhean	-	ainn	do	phòs	-	adh	gun	deòin	do	mo	chàir	-	dean,	Is		
heart	-	ed	-	ly	lilt	-	ing	my	joy	in	blythe	*or	-	ain	But	
by	the	lone	†lag	-	an	that	lies	on	the	hill	-	slope,	Where			
wed	thee,	light	-	heart	-	ed	-	ly	lilt	-	ing	blythe	or	-	ain,	And

Additional verses in Mackenzie's *Beauties of Gaelic poetry*. "This little song is attributed to a Highland Sappho of the 13th Century!"—*Mackenzie*.  
 Copyright 1909 by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

†) lagan = a little hollow.

\*) orain = songs.

chaid - il mi uair o Luan gu Di - Dòmh - naich, 'S mo  
 lag - an beag fàs - aich no'n àit - eig - in diomh - air, 'S cha  
 shiubh - lainn leat fad - a Feadh lag - an is fhàs - ach, 'S cha  
*sleep - less by night I sigh love's sweet bur - den, 'Mo*  
*soft show'r - ing, cloud - lets trail gray o'er the moor - land, Ital. (Mó*  
*with thee aye wan - der by lag - an and fas - ach, Eng. Mo*

ghill - e dubh ciar - dubh tigh - inn fo m'ùidh, 'S mo ghill - e dubh  
 ghabh mi fear liath 's tu tigh - inn fo m'ùidh, 'S cha ghabh mi fear  
 ghabh mi fear liath 's tu tigh - inn fo m'ùidh, 'S cha ghabh mi fear  
*ghill - e dubh ciar - dubh tigh - inn fo m'uidh, Mo ghill - e dubh*  
 ghigl - a du chiar du ci - in fó mu-i, Mó ghigl - a du  
 geel - ya doo keer doo chee - in fo moo-ee, Mo geel - ya doo

ciar - dubh tigh - inn fo m'ùidh.  
 liath 's tu tigh - inn fo m'ùidh.  
 liath 's tu tigh - inn fo m'ùidh. *\*(Literal translation: And my dark, dusky dark lad coming under my care.)*  
*ciar - dubh tigh - inn fo m'uidh.*  
 chiar du ci - in fó mu-i. = Italian }  
 keer doo chee - in fo moo-ee. = English } phonetics.

D. §

# THE BALLAD OF MACNEILL OF BARRA.

O bhradaig dhuibh, ohi ohu  
 Bhris na glasan, ohi-u-o-i-o-u-o fal-u-o  
 Hao-i-ohi  
 A Mhuireartaich  
 A' chochail chraicinn,  
 Cuiridh mi ort  
 An dubh-chapaill.  
 C' àit' an d' fhàg thu  
 Ruairi 'n Tartair?  
 'S a mhac cluichteach  
 Nial a' Chaisteil?  
 'S Nial Glun-Dubh?  
 'S Nial Frasach?  
 Mo cheol-gàire  
 Ruairi 'n Tartair,  
 Bheireadh e fion  
 Do na h-eachaibh,  
 Chuireadh e cruidhean  
 Oir to 'n casan,  
 Chuireadh e flùr  
 Air an dealt dhaibh.  
 'S iomadh claidheamh  
 Gle-gheal lasrach,  
 'S iomadh targaid  
 Fuilteach sracach,  
 Chunnaic mo shùil  
 Anns a' chaisteal.  
 A chuid daoine  
 Mar na farspaich,  
 'S gach eun eile  
 Tha 'san ealtainn.  
 Chiteadh 'na thalla  
 Mùirn is macnas,  
 Gachan air òl,  
 Sìrd air dannsa,  
 Pìob is fìdheall  
 Dol 'nan deann-ruith,  
 Cruit nan teudan  
 Cur ris an annsgair.

## LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Ye black-thief ye,  
 Breaker of locks,  
 Ye Sea-Carlin<sup>1</sup>  
 Of the skin-husk,<sup>2</sup>  
 I will put on thee  
 The black-shame,<sup>3</sup>  
 Where hast left  
 Ruairi Tartar? [Roy the Turbulent.]  
 His son namely,  
 Nial of the castle?  
 Nial Glun-dubh, [Neil Black-knee.]  
 And Nial Frasach? [Neil the Showazor (of words and  
 blows) or Neil Fruitful.]  
 My music of laughter  
 Is Ruairi Tartar,  
 He would give wine  
 To the horses,<sup>4</sup>  
 He would their feet  
 Have gold-shodden,  
 He would put flowers  
 On the dew for them.  
 Many a sword  
 Flashing, flaming,  
 Many a targe  
 Torn and blood-stained,  
 Saw my eye  
 In the castle.  
 His force of men  
 As the seagulls,  
 And all the birds  
 In bird-kingdom.  
 In his Hall would be  
 Mirth and man-joy,  
 Gulping of drink,  
 Spirited dancing,  
 Pipe and fiddle  
 Going into gallop,  
 Harp of the strings  
 Adding to joy-shouts.

<sup>1</sup> The *Sea-Carlin* (*Muireartach* or *Muileartach*), one of the most terrible characters in Gaelic mythology, is probably the Western Sea personified. For her encounter with *Fionn* and his heroes see Campbell's *West Highland Tales* Vol. III., p. 136). <sup>2</sup> The *Sea-Carlin* is usually represented as dressed in the skin of her victims. <sup>3</sup> The Gaelic phrase, *an dubh-chapaill*, is obscure, but is always used in the sense of shame or sorrow—see *Celtic Review* (vol. III., p. 356).

<sup>4</sup> There is a similar tradition regarding Lord Seaforth (Mackenzie of Kintail), Macdonald of Clanranald, and probably other chiefs. "A great hero was Clanranald," said the old folk. "He would have seven casks of the ruddy wine of Spain in his stable, and if a stranger asked what that was for he would be told that that was the drink for Clanranald's horses. And when the hero would go to London he would make his smith shoe his horse with a gold shoe, and only one nail in it; and the horse would cast the shoe in the great street, and the English lords would gather round about it and pick it up and say: 'Sure the great Clanranald is in London—here is a golden shoe.'" One of the Macneill chiefs, however, went one better than that. Each evening, after dinner, he sent a "trumpeter" up to his castle-tower to make the following proclamation: Ye kings, princes, and potentates of all the earth, be it known unto you that Macneill of Barra has dined—the rest of the world may dine now!

KENNETH MACLEOD.

# THE BALLAD OF MACNEIL OF BARRA.

Words from John Macneill, Eriskay,  
M<sup>RS</sup> Maclean, Barra, and  
Island of Eigg version.

Old Words and Air noted down by M<sup>RS</sup> Kennedy  
Fraser from the singing of Ann Macneil, Barra.  
The English words and pianoforte arrangement by  
M<sup>RS</sup> KENNEDY-FRASER.

Moderato.  $\text{♩} = 112$ .

*Like the sea.*

PIANO.

To be sung with an appreciation of the melodic and rhythmical beauty of the old air. Not to be too freely recited.

Ru - a - ri Chief of Bar-ra ò - hu Plun - der'd ships of  
O bhrad - aig dhuibh o - hi o - hu Bhris na glas - an

*molto sostenuto*

"good"Queen Bess, O\* - i - o - u - o fal - u - o Ha -  
o - hi - o

2nd Verse.

i - o ò - hu Him, the Scots King o - hi ò - hu  
A Mhuir - ear - tach

\* Italian vowel sounds o: oh i: ee u: oo ò: aw

The story of the ballad refers to the capture by treachery of Ruari, "the stormy" Chief of the Macneills, in the time of King James VI.

\*\* All the verses of the Gaelic song may be sung to the accompaniment of the 1st verse or preferably to that of 1st & 2nd verses alternately.

*strisciato*

Trapp'd, be-tray'd and cra-ven slew, o - i - o - u - o - fal - u - o.  
*Choch - aill chraicinn o hi u*

3rd Verse.  
*dolce e soave*

Mer - chant ves - sel, o - hi ò - hu By his cas - tle an - chor'd  
*Cuir - idh mi ort An dubh chap-aill o - hi -*

lay, o - hi - o - hu - o - fal - u - o Ha - i - o ò - hi.  
*u*

Him they of - fer, o - hi ò - hu Wine and feast and wel - come  
*C'ait' an d'fhàg thu Ruar - i'n Tar-tair o - hi -*

*ten.* *Molto cantabile.*  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

true, o hi - o - u - o fal - u - o. Ha o - i - o - hu.

*u* *L.H.*

While they're feast-ing, o - hi o - hu, Lies the ship in  
*Mo* *cheol-gair-e* *L.H.* *Rua - ri'n Tar - tair*

*sempre*

\*

*ten.*

Cas - tle Bay, o - hi - o - hu - o fal - u - o Ha  
*o - hi - u*

*più dolce*

o - i - ò - hu. Song and harp-ing o - hi ò - hu.  
*'S iom - adh claidheamh*

*L.H.* *8* *L.H.* *L.H.*

*La.* \*

*With awakened alarm.* *With great hurry and agitation.*

Sud - den cla - mour, o - hi - - - o o - i - o - u - o  
 Gle - gheal las - rach

*f* *precipitadamente*

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

*ten.* \*

fal - u - o Ha i - o - o - hi. Out! \* Mo sgian dubh, o - hi ò - hu.  
 'S iom - adh tar - gaid o - hu o - hi

*ff*

Trai - tors vile and black are ye, o - hi - o - u - o fal - u - o.  
 Fuil - teach srac - ach o - hi - u

*ten.*

*f* *mancando poco a poco p* *pp*

Clos'd the hatch - es, o - i ò - hu, Sails the ship out to the sea, o  
 Chunn - aic mo shuil Anns a' chaisteal o - hi - u

*p* *ten.*

\*Pronounced mo skian du (Italian vowel sounds.)  
 The Ballad of Macneil of Barra.

*a tempo*

i - o - u - o fal - u - o. Vain, Mac - neil of Kish-mul's vassals  
chuid daoine o - hi o - hu

*ten.*

Vain your <sup>①</sup>cries a - long the shore, o - i - o - u - o - fal - u -  
Mar na fars-paich o L.H. hi - u - o

*Red.* \*

o, Rua - ri'n Tur - star, o - hi o - hu, May re - turn  
'S tu mo cheol

*Red.* \*

or

to Bar-ra shore no more.  
mo cheol's mo ghair e thu.

*pp.*

① It is said, they ran along the shore crying, "Carle of the skins, leave us our Macneil!"

# A DUNVEGAN DIRGE.

"Cha tig Mor."

Taken down, translated and pianoforte  
accompaniment composed by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Eriskay version of an old Celtic air.\*

Largo.  $\text{♩} = 48$ . (each minim beat, like a slow step.)

VOICE.

PIANO.

*Like a Funeral March.*

*pesante ma dolce*

*With strongly marked rhythm and yet very sustained.*

Cha tig Mór mo bhean dach - aidh, Cha tig Mór mo bhean  
Ah no more, my wife, home - ward Nev - er more thou't re -

ghaoil, Cha tig màth - air mo lein - ibh,. Nochd cha  
turn. For your mo - ther, my chil - dren, Night and

The musical score is written in 3/2 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is Largo, with a metronome marking of 48 quarter notes per minute. The piano accompaniment is marked 'pesante ma dolce' and 'molto sostenuto'. The lyrics are in Gaelic and English. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like 'pp' and 'mf'. There are also some decorative symbols like 'x' and '\*' under the piano part.

\* Played at the Funeral of Father Allan Macdonald, the Celtic Folklorist, in Eriskay.

laigh i ri m' thaobh. Bidh an crodh anns an... ead - radh, 'Siad a  
 day now you'll mourn; Help-less calves in the stead - ing With the

freag - airt nan... laogh, 'Sbidh mo Mhór-s' an Dun -  
 cat - tle stand bye, My \*Mor 's in Dun -

bheag - ain Nochd cha fhreag - air i'n glaodh. Cha tig Mor mo bhean  
 ve - gan, She'll no more tend the Kye. Nev - er more, my wife,

dach - aidh, Cha tig Mor mo bhean ghaoil Cha tig  
 home - ward, nev - er more thou't re - turn, For your

\*Mor = a woman's name, pronounced like English "more"

màth - air, mo lein - ibh Nochd cha laigh i ri m'  
 mo - ther, my chil - dren, Night and day now you'll

♪. \* ♪.

thaobh. \*\* 'S ged a shiubh - lainn a' mhach - air 'San ceum as  
 mourn. Ev - er wea - ry the \* mach - air Dazed and

\* ♪.

fhaid - e mu thuath, Bean t' aog - ais cha'n fhaic mi Ann an  
 foot - sore I tread; 'Mong the homes of the liv - ing Why

\*

clach - an nan sluagh. Fàs - aidh bàrr air a' chuil - ionn 'S fàs - aidh  
 seek I the dead? Come seed - time, come har - vest, At the

♪.

duill-each air craoibh, Fàs-aidh fras air an luach-air, 'S fad-a  
*shear-ing as of yore, My wife will sing \*Luin-neags, At the*

*poco rall.*

*p*

\* *Ad.*

bh'eam mo bhean ghaoil. Cha tig Mór mo bhean dach-aidh, Cha tig  
*milk-ing no more. No more, my wife, home-ward, No*

*p e sempre dim.*

*Ad.*

Mór mo bhean ghaoil, Cha tig màth-air mo  
*more thou'tt re-turn; For the mo-ther of my*

*dim.*

\* *Ad.*

lein-ibh, Nochd cha laigh i rim' thaobh.  
*chil-dren, Night and day now I mourn.*

*una corda*

\* Luinneag: a ditty. (pronounced Loonyak)

# A DUNVEGAN DIRGE.

An alternative harmonic version.

PIANO.

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef line with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The middle and bottom staves are grouped by a brace on the left and represent the piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass clef and a more melodic line in the treble clef. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' at the end of the system.

The second system continues the musical piece. It features a similar structure to the first system, with a single treble clef line and a piano accompaniment of two staves. The piano part continues with its characteristic accompaniment, and the melody in the treble clef line progresses. A triplet of eighth notes is again marked with a '3'.

The third system of music shows the continuation of the melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes some chords with a fermata over them, indicating a moment of suspension or emphasis. The overall mood remains somber and reflective.

The final system of music concludes the piece. It begins with a melodic line in the treble clef that leads into a section labeled "Coda." The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment. The piece ends with a final chord in the piano part.

Strisciamente.

Bheir mi hiu ra bho nail - e bho Bheir mi hiu ra bho ho ro

Bheir mi hiu ra bho nail - e bho An cad - al trom 's an deachaidh mi.

## THE SEAL-WOMAN'S CROON.

(Literal translation from the Gaelic.)

The seals are the children of the King of Lochlann\* under spells—*clann Rìgh Lochlainn fo gheasaibh*. Beauty, wisdom, and bravery were in their blood as well as in their skins, and that was why their step-mother took the hate of destruction for them, and live she would not unless she got them out of the way. Seven long years did she spend with a namely magician, a-learning of the Black Art, until at last she was as good as her master at it, with a woman's wit forby. And what think ye of it!—did not the terrible carlin put her step-children under eternal spells, that they should be half-fish half-beast so long as waves should beat on the shores of Lochlann! Och! Och! that was the black deed—sure you would know by the very eyes of the seals that there is kingly blood in them. But the worst is still untold. Three times in the year, when the full moon is brightest, the seals must go back to their own natural state, whether they wish it or no. Their step-mother put this in the spells so that there might be a world of envy and sorrow in their hearts every time they saw others ruling in the kingdom which is theirs by right of blood. And if you were to see one of them as they should be always, if right were kept, you would take the love of your heart for that one, and if weddings were in your thoughts, sure enough a wedding there would be. Long ago, and not so long ago either, a man in Canna was shore-wandering on an autumn night and the moon full, and did he not see one of the seal lady-lords washing herself in a streamlet that was meeting the waves! And just as I said, he took the love of his heart for her, and he went and put deep sleep on her with a sort of charm that he had, and he carried her home in his arms. But och! och! when the wakening came, what had he before him but a seal! And though he needed all the goodness he had, love put softening in his heart, and he carried her down to the sea and let her swim away to her own kith and kin, where she ought to be. And she spent that night, it is said, on a reef near the shore, singing like a daft mavis, and this is one of her croons—indeed, all the seals are good at the songs, and though they are really of the race of Lochlann, it is the Gaelic they like best.

—KENNETH MACLEOD.

\*Geographically, *Lochlann* corresponds to the modern Scandinavia; mythologically, however, it is a Wonderland beyond the seas.

# THE SEAL-WOMAN'S CROON.

(An Cadal trom.)

From the traditional singing of  
Kenneth Macleod.

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

*With an alluring rhythmical swing.*  $\text{♩}$

VOICE. *dolce e misterioso*

PIANO. *p* *p leggierissimo*

nail - e bho Bheir mi hiù ra bho  
na - la vo Vèr mi hiu ra - vo

ho ro i Bheir mi hiù ra bho  
ho ro i Vèr mi hiu ra vo

nail - e bho An cad-al trom 'san deachaidh mi. deachaidh mi.  
na - la vo An cat-al traum san jèch - a mi.) *to*

\*  $\text{♩}$

\*  $\text{♩}$

\*  $\text{♩}$

\*  $\text{♩}$

except last verse. *to*  $\text{♩}$  last time only.

\* German "eh"

Tha mo chlu-as - ag an cras - gail dhonn \_\_\_\_\_ Anns an  
 Tha mo ghru-ag - ach-sa fa - da thall \_\_\_\_\_ Air na  
 Bidh mi mair - each a' snamh nan tonn \_\_\_\_\_ Thar an  
*Pil - low'd on the sea-wrack brown an I \_\_\_\_\_ On the*  
*Far a - way my own gruag - ach lone \_\_\_\_\_ On the*  
*On the mor-row shall I o'er the Sound \_\_\_\_\_ O'er the*

*legatissimo*

lonn - ar - as gheal o hi \_\_\_\_\_ Tha mo dhuan -  
 dàimh - sgeir-e gheal o hi \_\_\_\_\_ Fàth mo ghruam -  
 lonn - ar - as gheal o hi \_\_\_\_\_ Ni mi àbh -  
*gleam - ing white sheen - sand, o hi \_\_\_\_\_ Lull'd by sweet*  
*gleam - ing white friend - reefs, o hi \_\_\_\_\_ Lies, and that the*  
*gleam - ing white sheen - sand, o hi \_\_\_\_\_ Swim un - til I*

ag an gair-ich thonn 'Se'n cad - al trom \_\_\_\_\_ a dheal-aich sinn.  
 ain gu'n d'rinn mi chall 'Se'n cad - al trom \_\_\_\_\_ a dheal-aich sinn.  
 achd le gràdh-an donn An cad - al trom \_\_\_\_\_ cha dheal-aich sinn.  
*croon of waves I lie Could slum - ber deep \_\_\_\_\_ part thee and me.*  
*cause of all my moan, Did slum - ber deep \_\_\_\_\_ part thee and me.*  
*reach my \*grah-yun down, Nor slum - ber deep \_\_\_\_\_ part thee and me.*

*D*

# SPINNING SONG.

From the singing of Janet Macleod, Eigg,  
 memorized by Kenneth Macleod.

Noted and Arr: for voice and pianoforté by  
 MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Moderato. *With daintily marked rhythm.*

R.H.  
 L.H.  
*p e leggiero*

PIANO.  
 ♩ = 132.

♩

Hù rù rithill iu riu - a - ro hi rithill iu  
 \* Who - rue - reel - your - you - are - oh he - reel - you

rithill - o ro - a - ro hi rithill ithill o hiu o ro ro bha ho  
 reel - oh - row - ah - row he - reel - eel - oh - hew - oh - row - rove - ah - ho

*accel.* *Lunga pausa*

*accel.*

*a tempo* *ten.* *A little slower.*

hithillean beag cha la ò hill iu ra bho. Thug mi gaol duit  
 heel - an - peek - ha - la - oh heel - your - ah - vo. Love gave I to

*col canto* *espressivo*

Copyright 1909 by M. Kennedy-Fraser.

\*The sounds of the syllables of the refrain are here represented by monosyllabic English words.

*a tempo*

Thug mi gradh duit hithillean beag cha la o hill iu ra bho  
*thee my lov - er; heel - an - peck ha - la - oh heel - your - ah - vo*

*leggiero*

\*

*a little slower* *a tempo*

Nach tug piuth - ar riamh d'a brath - air Hù rù rithill iù  
*Love that sis - ter ne'er gave bro - ther, Who - rue - reel - your -*

*molto espress.* *leggiermente*

*And.*

\*

riu a ro hi rithill iù rithill o ro a ro hi rithill ithill o hill o  
*you - are - oh he - reel - you reel - oh - row - are - oh he - reel - eel - oh heel - oh*

*accel.*

*Lunga pausa.*

ro ro bhan ho hithillean beag cha la o hill iu ra bho  
*row - row - van - hoe heel - an - peck ha - la - oh heel - your - ah - vo*

*a tempo* *col canto*

Nach tug piuth - ar  
Love that sis - ter

*mf* *espressivo*

riamh d'a brath - air hithillean beag Cha la o hill iù ra bho  
ne'er gave bro - ther heel an peck Ha la o heel your ah vo

*leggiere*

Nach tug bean d'a eioch - ran ta - laidh Hù rù rithill iu  
To her lull'd one ne'er gave mo - ther Who - rae - reel your -

*mf* *molto espress.* *leggiere*

riu a ro hi rithill iù rithill o ro a ro hi rithill ithill o hill o  
you - are - oh he - reel - you reel - oh - row - ah - row hi - reel - eel - oh heel - oh

*accel.*

rò ro bhan hò hithillean beag cha la o hill iù ra bho  
row - row - van - hoe Heel - an - peck - ha - la - oh heel - your - ah - vo

*col canto*

'S tus' a' chuibh - eal  
 Thou the wheel and

*p* *mf* *espressivo*

*Ad.*

's mis' an snaith - lean hithillean beag cha la ho hill iu ra bho  
 I the thread, Ho heel - an - peek - ha - la - ho heel - your - ah - vo

*leggiero*

Sinn fo chal - a - nas an Dàin ghil Hù rù rithill iu  
 White fate spin - ning o'er our head Ho Who - rue - reel your -

*Ad.*

riu a ro hi rithill iu rithill o ro a ro hi rithill ithill o hiu o  
 you - are - oh he - reel - you reel - oh - row - ah - row he - reel - eel - oh hew - oh -

*accel.* *e* *cres.*

ro ro bhan ho hithillean beag cha la o hill iu ra bho.  
 row row - van - ho Heel - an - peek ha - la - oh heel - your - ah - vo.

*p e leggiero* *p rall.*

## SONGS OF LABOUR.

IN the Hebrides labour and song went hand in hand; labour gave rise to song, and song lightened labour. In this book specimens are given of songs associated with spinning, waulking, milking, churning, and rowing. Apart altogether from their musical value, they are of interest as a characteristic element in a life which is fast passing away. Labour is now being more and more divorced from song, and in the course of a very few years the folk will be surprised to hear that their fathers and mothers once used song as a substitute for steam and electricity! One reason is that labour itself is changing; in its old forms it was suited to song; in its new forms the noise of machinery is its music. The quern, for instance, is never used now except in a case of emergency in the outlying isles, and with the quern has disappeared some of the prettiest Gaelic croons. Likewise, patent churns impoverish equally the lilt and the buttermilk, and once sanitary law has forbidden hand-milking and home-waulking (or, at any rate, "human" waulking!) the last link between song and labour will have been snapped.

It is hardly necessary to say that the measure and the time of the labour-songs are suited to the special kind of work involved. In the spinning-song, for instance, "the long drawn out gradually accelerating phrase culminating in a long pause, is evoked by the periodic rhythm of the spinning itself." The wool is carded into rolls or "rowans" (Gaelic *rolag*), and the time of the song is really determined by the spinner's manipulation of the rolls. As a rule, the spinner is singing the verse and the short chorus as she stretches out her hand for another roll, joins it to the end of the spun one, and gets into the swing of the spinning; this done, the wheel and the long chorus go merrily together, gradually getting quicker, till the spinner, prolonging a note, stretches out as far as her right hand can reach what remains of the roll, and then, with a *hithullean beag cha la o hìll iù ra bhò*, runs it through to the bobbin.

Of the labour-songs which survive, the ones used for waulking, for fulling the home-spun cloth, are the most numerous and the most varied. The theme may be love or war or the praise of a chief, or even a tragedy such as the *Sea-Sorrow*; any song, indeed, may be used for waulking, provided the verse is sufficiently short and the chorus sufficiently long. Many of the old Ossianic ballads have been adapted for the purpose, each line forming a verse, followed by a chorus; the result being that ballads which might otherwise have been lost have been thus preserved, though in every case the diction has been greatly simplified and modernised in the process. There are, of course, different songs for different stages of the waulking,\* and the stages vary from two or three at a "little" waulking to anything up to twelve at a "big" waulking. The writer has noted the following well-defined stages at Hebridean waulkings within the last twenty years:—(1) Fairly slow songs—*òrain-teasachaidh*, "heating-songs"—to give the woman time to get into the swing of the work. (2) Lively songs—*òrain-teannachaidh*, "tightening-songs"—to break the back of the work. (3) Frolic-songs—*òrain-shùgraidh*—to give the maidens a chance of avowing or disavowing their sweethearts. (4 and 5) Stretching and clapping songs—*a' sìneadh 's a' baslachadh an aodaich*—to make certain that the cloth is of even breadth. (6) The consecration of the cloth—*coisrìgeadh an aodaich*. (7) Folding songs—*a' coimleachadh an aodaich*. As the consecration of the cloth is now practically a thing of the past, a specimen† of the chants used may be given—

Car deiseal a h-aon,  
Car deiseal a dhà,  
Car deiseal a trì.

A' ghrian gus a' chuan shiar,  
An cinneadh-daonda gus an Trianaid  
Anns gach gnìomh gu suthainn siorruidh,  
'S anns na sòlasaibh.

Beannachd an Dòmhnach air an aodach so,  
Gu meal 's gu'n caith na fiurain e  
Air muir 's air tìr, 's ann an caochladh  
Nam mòr-thonna.

Oran a h-aon air,  
Oran a dha,  
Oran a trì,

'S nar biodh fuaighteachd ris gu dilinn  
Ach ceol-gàire nan nìonag  
'S pògan-meala nam mineag  
'S nan òranaich!—  
Is fòghnaidh sin!

The sunwise turn once,  
The sunwise turn twice,  
The sunwise turn thrice. } *Suiting the action  
to the words.*

The sun to the Western Sea,  
Mankind to the Holy Three  
In each deed for aye and aye,  
And in the gladnesses.

The blessing of the Lord on this cloth,  
May the heroes wear it, enjoy it,  
By sea, by land, in the changes  
Of mighty waves.

One song on it,  
Two songs,  
Three songs,

And may there be sewed to it never  
But music-laughter of maidens,  
Honey-kisses of fair ones  
And singing ones—  
And that sufficeth!

It may be added that, in the case of the frolic-songs, verses were improvised in which the name of each maiden present was coupled with that of her sweetheart, to whom some slighting allusion‡ was invariably made; and the maiden, in her reply, was expected to resent this and to praise the slighted one up to the skies. Sometimes, however, either from want of will or want of pluck in the maiden (in the Hebrides it could hardly have been lack of poetic talent!) the young man was left unpraised and unsung, the result being civil war in the township, and breaking of hearts, if not of heads.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

\* It may be explained that the object of the waulking is to shrink and thicken the cloth. The web is steeped in ammonia and laid on a long narrow table, at which some twelve or twenty women sit down and thump and rub the cloth against the boards, always taking care to keep it moving sunwise round the table. Cloth for Sunday wear gets about two hours' waulking; cloth for the wear and tear of tilling and boating has to be thicker, and gets at least double the time. No one ever asks, however, "How long will it take?" but "How many songs will it take?"

† From Janet Macleod.

‡ The Gaelic expressions are: *cur nan gilleann 'san dùbhradh (or, tìradh)*; *'gan toirt us*; *'gam fògail ann*.

## THE EXILE'S DREAM.

Bruadar Céin.

Gaelic by KENNETH MACLEOD.  
Old Air noted in Gairloch by Stewart Home.

Pianoforte arrangement and translation by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

VOICE. *Or With gently swaying rhythm.*

PIANO. *dreamily.*  
(about 96=) *p e dolce*

raoir bha mo bhruadar, mo bhruadar, mo bhruadar, 'S an nochd bidh mo bhruad - ar am  
*fair is my Mor - ag, my Mor - ag, my Mor - ag, My love - ly young Mor - ag a -*  
(pronounce Mó - rak)

fuar-bheinn a' cheo, Gach oidh - che mo bhruadar 's an fhuar - bheinn 's an fhuar-bheinn, Is  
*down by you glen, I dream aye of Mor - ag, dream - wan - der wi' Mor - ag, Where*

t'fhuar - an a' nuall - an am chluais ri mo bheo.  
*leaps the brown burn from the mist on the Ben.* Tha

*e dolce*  
*colla voce*

The musical score is arranged in four systems. Each system contains a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The score includes various musical notations such as dynamics (p, e dolce, colla voce), articulation (accents, slurs), and performance instructions (Or, With gently swaying rhythm). The lyrics are in Gaelic with English translations below them. The score ends with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note.

nion - ag mo bhruid - air fo'n fhuar - bheinn fo'n fhuar - bheinn, Cho  
*sweet as hill - wa - ters, cool wa - ters, hill - wa - ters, My*

glan ris an fhuar - an, cho nuadh ris a' cheo A ghrian ghil an Domhnaich bi  
*\*nion - ag, my Mor - ag a - sleep in yon glen, And cool as at noon - tide the*

pòg - adh a ciabh - an Is mi - se 'ga h-iarg - ain 'sga  
*drift of white dew - mist, This dream to my hot heart parch'd*

h-iarr - aidh ri m' bheo. Ged's eian mi air m' ain - - eol o'n  
*dry on the plain. For dear is my Mor - - ag, my*

dach - aidh fo'n fhuar bheinn Is miann le mo bhruid - ar mo  
 nion - ag, my Mor - ag, My love - - ly young Mor - ag that

\* *Ad.* \*

bhruid - ar bhi'd cheo, An nion - - ag is tal - adh a  
 lives in yon glen, And dream - - ing o' Mor - ag, dream -

*Ad.*

graidh ghil 'gam dhan-adh 'S am fuar - an a' nuall-an am chluais ri mo bheo. \_\_\_\_\_  
 wan - d'ring wi' Mor - ag I hear the stream croon-ing be - neath the cold Ben. \_\_\_\_\_

*rit.*

*p e leggiero* *colla voce*

\* *Ad.* \*

OR

# THE CHRIST-CHILD'S LULLABY.

(Taladh Chriosta.)

Noted in Eriskay from the singing of Mrs John Macinnes.  
Words from FATHER ALLAN MACDONALD.

and arranged with pianoforte accomp: by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Lento. (M.M. ♩=68)

VOICE.

PIANO.

*With a gentle rocking rhythm.*

Mo ghaol, mo  
My joy, my

ghradh, is m'eud-ail thu! Gur m'iunn-tas ùr is m'eibh-neas thu! Mo mhac-an àl-ainn,  
love, my dar-ling thou! My trea-sure new, my rap-ture thou! My come-ly beau-teous

ceut-ach thu! cha'n fhiu mi fhein a bhi ad dhàil \*Ha - le - lu - i - a  
babe-son thou, un-wor-thy I to tend to thee

Ha - le - lu - i - a Ha - le - lu - i - a Ha - le - lu - i -

† The melody alluded to here is said to have been a Northern Sailor's folk-song heard by Chopin in the Mediterranean.

\* Italian vowel sounds.

Copyright 1909 by Marjory Kennedy-Fraser.

a. Mo ghaol an  
White sun of

t-suil a sheall-as tla! Mo ghaol an eridh' tha liont' le gradh! Ged is lean-abh  
hope and light art thou! Of love the heart and eye art thou! Tho' but a ten-der

thu gun chàil Is lion-mhor buaidh tha ort a' fàs. Ha - le - lu - i - a  
babe, I bow In heav'n-ly rap-ture un-to thee.

Ha - le - lu - i - a Ha - le - lu - i - a Ha - le - lu - i -

a. R.H.  
L.H.

# THE CHRIST-CHILD'S LULLABY.

[TALADH CHRIOSTA.]\*

*In Eigg and Uist this lullaby is associated with a legend of which the following is a literal translation:—*

**T**HERE was once a shiftless laddie in one of the isles who had lost his mother, and that is always a sad tale, but had got a stepmother in her place, and that is sometimes a sadder tale still. He was not like other children at anyrate, but wise where they were foolish, and foolish where they were wise; and he could never do or say anything but what put anger on his stepmother. There was no life for him in the house, and if out he should go, as out he would, that was a fault too. His neighbours said that he was growing into the grave. His stepmother said that he was growing up to the gallows. And he thought himself (but his thoughts were young and foolish) that he was growing towards something which fate was keeping for him. On an evening there was, he brought home, as usual, the cattle for the milking, and if they gave little milk that time, and likely it was little they gave, who was to blame for it but the poor orphan! "Son of another," said his stepmother in the heat of anger, "there will be no luck on this house till you leave; but whoever heard of a luckless chick leaving of its own will?" But leave the shiftless laddie did, and that of his own will, and ere the full moon rose at night, he was on the other side of the ben.

That night the stepmother could get neither sleep nor ease; there was something ringing in her ear, and something else stinging in her heart, until at last her bed was like a cairn of stones in a forest of reptiles. "I will rise," she said, "and see if the night outside is better than the night inside." She rose and went out, with her face towards the ben; nor did she ever stop until she saw and heard something which made her stop. What was this but a Woman, with the very heat-love of Heaven in her face, sitting on a grassy knoll and song-lulling a baby-son with the sweetest music ever heard under moon or sun; and at her feet was the shiftless laddie, his face like the dream of the Lord's night. "God of the Graces!" said the stepmother, "it is Mary Mother, and she is doing what I ought to be doing—song-lulling the orphan." And she fell on her knees and began to weep the soft warm tears of a mother; and when, after a while, she looked up, there was nobody there but herself and the shiftless laddie side by side.

And that is how the Christ's Lullaby was heard in the Isles.

## LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Mo ghaol, mo ghràdh, is m'eudail thu,  
M'iunnas ùr is m' eibhneas thu,  
Mo mhacan àlainn ceutach thu,  
Cha'n fhiu mi fhein bhì'd dhàil.

Tha mi 'g altrum Rìgh na Mòrachd!  
'S mise màthair Dhe na Glòrach!  
Nach buidhe, nach sona dhòmhsa!  
Tha mo chridhe làn de shòlas.

Mo ghaol an t-sùil a sheallas tlà,  
Mo ghaol an cridh' tha liont' le gràdh,  
Ged is leanabh thu gun chàil  
Is lionmhor buaidh tha ort a' fàs.

'S tu Rìgh nan Rìgh, 's tu Naomh nan Naomh,  
Dia am Mac thu 's siorruidh t' aois,  
'S tu mo Dhia 's mo leanabh caomh,  
'S tu àrd Cheann-feadhna chinne-daonda.

'S tusa grian gheal an dòchais  
Chuireas dorchadas air fògairt,  
Bheir thu clann-daoin' bho staid bhrònaich  
Gu naomhachd, soilleireachd, is eòlas.

Hosanna do Mhac Dhaibhidh,  
Mo Rìgh, mo Thighearna, 's mo Shlàn'ear!  
'S mòr mo shòlas bhì 'gad thàladh,  
'S beannaichte measg nam mnàì mi.

My love, my dear, my darling thou,  
My treasure new, my gladness thou,  
My comely beauteous babe-son thou,  
Unworthy I to tend to thee.

I the nurse of the King of Greatness!  
I the mother of the God of Glory!  
Am not I the glad to-be-envied one!  
O my heart is full of rapture.

O dear the eye that softly looks,  
O dear the heart that fondly loves,  
Tho' but a tender babe thou art,  
The graces all grow up with thee.

Art King of Kings, art Saint of Saints,  
God the Son of eternal age,  
Art my God and my gentle babe,  
Art the King-chief of humankind.

The fair white sun of hope Thou art,  
Putting the darkness into exile,  
Bringing mankind from a state of woe,  
To knowledge, light and holiness.

Hosanna to the Son of David,  
My King, my Lord, and my Saviour!  
Great my joy to be song-lulling thee—  
Blessed among the women I.

\* The Gaelic verses are taken from a selection of Hymns compiled by the late Father Allan Macdonald, the King-priest of Eriskay, and printed for private circulation.

# LOCH LEVEN LOVE LAMENT.

(Chuir mo leannan cul rium fhein.)

As sung in Eriskay by M<sup>rs</sup> Macinnes.

Arranged for voice and pianoforte by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

*With a mournful rocking rhythm, but not too slow.*

PIANO.

*With ♯.*

Chuir mo lean-nan cul rium fhein Cul mo lean-nain cul rium fhein  
 \*Hoor mow lan-nan cool room hain Cool mow lan-nan cool room hain

Thug mo lean-nan cul rium fhein Chuir sid gruam-an air an speur  
 Hook mow lan-nan cool room hain Hoor sheet groom an air an spare

Gur e mis-e tha gu tinn,  
 At my nets on Lev-en side,

\* English phonetics of Gaelic refrain, meaning "My love has turned from me?"

Taobh Loch Leamh - ainn air mo lìn Sgeul a fhuair mi chraidh mo chridh  
*Tales I hear of thee as bride While by dark Loch Leven I*

g'u'n do phos mo lean - nan fhin Chuir mò lean - nan cul rium fhein  
*sick at heart for - sak - en tie Hoor mow lan nan cool room hain*

Cul mo lean - nain cul rium fhein Thug mò lean - nan cul rium fhein  
*Cool mow len - nan cool room hain Hoor mow len nan cool room hain*

Chuir sid gruam - an air an speur \*Gur e mis - e tha fo ghruaim  
*Hoor sheet groom - an air an spare Gloom lies o'er me Day and night*

H-uil - e lath - a a - gus uair Dh' fhalbh mo lean - nan do'n taobh tuath  
*Creep - ing gloom broods o'er my sight Why mo len nan tell me why*

'S dh' fhag i mis - e bron - ach truagh Chuir mo leannan cul rium fhein  
*Must I here for - sak - en lie Hoor mow len - nan cool room hain*

Cul mo leannain cul rium fhein Thug mo lean - nan cul rium fhein  
*Cool mow len - nan cool room hain Hook mow len - nan cool room hain*

Chuir sid gruam - an air an speur.  
*Hoor sheet groom - an air an spare.*

# \*AN ISLAND SHEILING SONG.

(Maighdeanan na h-àiridh.)

Old refrain with Gaelic verses by **Kenneth Macleod.**

Set with English words and pianoforte accomp. by

The melody taken down from the singing of Ann Macneill, Barra, and **MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.**

*Or Andante e molto espressivo. ♩ = 88.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

*legatissimo*

*R. H.*

*L. H.*

Thug mi'n òidh - che raoir's mi bruid - ar Mar ri  
 Last night by the sheil - ing was

nìon - ag - an na buail - e, B' fhin-ealt uas - al min na gruag-aich seinn nan  
 \*Mar - ie my be - lov - ed, Out on the hill - side by the sheil - ing, My

duan - ag anns an àir - idh Thug mi'n oidh - che raoir 'san àir - idh Thug mi'n  
*Mair - i, my be - lov - ed Mo \*Mhair - i, mo †lean - nan, mo*

oidh - che raoir 'san àir - idh, Chaith mi'n oidh - che cridh-eil caoimh-neil, Mar ri  
*Mhair - i, my be - lov - ed On the hill - side by the sheil - ing, My*

maigh-dean - an na h-àir - idh.  
*Mair - i my be - lov - ed.*

Thug mi'n oidh - che raoir 'san àir - idh 'S crodh a'  
*Like the white li - ly float - ing in the*

sil - eadh bainn - e tàl - aidh 'S dealt na h-oidh - che sil - eadh  
 peat hag's dark wa - ters, Pure and white as the

caomh - neis Air na maigh - dean - an 'san àir - idh Thug mi'n  
 li - ly in the peat hag's dark wa - ters, Mo

oidh - che raoir 'san àir - idh Thug mi'n oidh - che raoir 'san  
 Mhair - i, mo lean - nan Mo Mhair - i, my be -

àir - idh Chaith mi'n oidh - che cridh-eil caomh-neil Mar ri maigh-dean-an na  
 lov - ed, Like the li - ly white, float - ing in the peat hag's dark

And. \*

h-àir - idh.  
wa - ters.

*And.*

'S cian - ail dusg - adh an fhir -  
Like the blue gen - tian

\*

fhuad - ain 'Se sior - ionn - drainn tìr a bhruid - air, 'S tiamh - aidh  
bloom - ing Wet wi' dew in the sun - shine Are the

buan da thar na stuadh - an, Ceol nan gruag - ach anns an  
eyes of my Mair - i, pur - ple blue in the

àir - idh Thug mi'n oidh - che raoir 'san àir - idh Thug mi'n  
*sun - shine Mo Mhair - i, mo lean - nan Mo*

oidh - che raoir 'san air - idh Chaith mi'n oidh - che cridh-eil  
*Mhair - i, my be - lov - ed, Li - ly white, pure, gen - tian*

caimh - neil Mar ri maigh - dean - an na h-àir - idh.  
*eyed is my Mair - i, my be - lov - ed.*

## FAIRY MUSIC.

[CEOL-BRUTHA.]

*[A literal translation of some Gaelic notes taken down from old folk in the Hebrides.]*

**T**O-DAY is Friday, the day of the Cross, and we may speak well or ill, just as we like, of the Folk of the *bruth*\*, of the Fairy-den; were it any other day, they would hear the least whisper, and an ill word might put great anger on them. Why do they hate Friday and the Cross? Darling of my heart, it isn't hatred at all, at all—it is only envy. Hast never heard of the man of God who was one day reading the Holy Book on a knoll near Dunvegan Castle? That were indeed a tale to tell, but to make it short, did not the knoll open where there was no opening at all, and out came one of the Folk? "That is a good book thou art reading," said she to the man. "It is the Book of God," said he. "And is there any hope for us in the Book," asked she. As I have said, the man was a man of God, but though his heart was in heaven, his head was on earth, and if he told the truth, he told it artfully. "There is hope in the Book," said he, "for the whole seed of Adam." Almost before the words were out of his mouth, the little woman in green gave the shriek of perdition and vanished out of sight, but, for long after, a voice of wailing was heard in that same knoll: *Not of the seed of Adam we, not of the seed of Adam we.*

The poor Folk! it is likely they have their own share of trouble, just like ourselves; and if the tales be true, they often put trouble on others too. There was a woman in Barra herding cattle one day, and did not the Folk come upon her and carry her with them underground! At any other time the same woman would not have been against a little ploy, but, sad tale! she had left a babe at home, and sweeter than Fairy music is the laughter of her only child to the mother's ear and heart. Och! och! she must have been the sad one, sitting day and night in the *bruth*, eyes and arms seeking the little one that was not there. O darling of my heart, wae's me for the full breast and the empty knee. And the tale says that one evening she knew—but how she knew is what I do not know—that her sister was sitting on the knoll, and she began to croon a song in the hope that she might be heard above—

Little sister, O my sister,  
Pitiest thou my plaint to-night?

For all that, few who go into the *bruth* are as keen to leave it as was the woman of Barra. The Folk are so good at the music that if thou wert to enter the *bruth* to-day the sapling might become the tallest tree in the forest ere thou would'st get tired of listening. Hast heard of *Cnoc-na-piobaireachd*, the Knoll-of-piping, in Eigg? In my young days, and in the young days of the ones before me, all the lads of the island used to go there on the beautiful moonlight nights, and bending down an ear to the knoll, it was tunes they would get, and tunes indeed; reels that would make the Merry-dancers themselves go faster, and laments that would draw tears from the eyes of a corpse; sure, in one night, a lad o' music might get as many reels and laments as would marry and bury all the people in Eigg—ay, and in the whole Clanranald country forbye!

But I never heard that any of the young lads in Eigg had the luck of MacCrimmon. It was from the Folk of the *Bruth* that he got his share of music, and not little was that same share. Three of them came to him as he lay weeping on the knoll, and said the first: "I will give thee the championship of piping." Said the second: "I will give thee the championship of goodly company." Said the third: "Two championships are enough for any man; I will put an ill along with them—the madness of the full moon." And as it is the unlikely thing that often happens, better was the ill than the good, for the MacCrimmons never played so well as when the moon was full and the madness lay upon them. Hast ever heard of the two night-wanderers who were passing a wood near Dunvegan Castle? Said the one to the other: "Are they not the two beautiful things, the full moon in the sky and the music of the mavis in yonder wood?" "It is not the mavis at all," said the other; "it is Padruig Mor MacCrimmon, and the warbling of the mavis in his fingers."

KENNETH MACLEOD.

\* Pronounced br̄o.

# A FAIRY PLAINT.

(Ceol-brutha.)

Noted from the singing of M<sup>RS</sup> Macdonald,  
Skallary Barra,

and Arr. with pianoforte accompaniment by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Andante con moto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

*p dolce.*

Nach truagh leat fhein phiùthrag 's a phiuth-ar  
'S mi - se bhean bhoichd chian - ail dhubbach 0 hi 0 hu 0 ho  
*I an sad, O lit - tle sis - ter, O hi 0 hu 0 ho*  
*Low my hut is low and nar - row,*

*mf dolce sempre.*

*p*

Nach truagh leat fhein nochd mo chumh - a  
Mi'm both - an beag io - sal cumh - ann 0 hi 0 hu 0 ho  
*Pi - ty me, O lit - tle sis - ter. O hi 0 hu 0 ho*  
*Want - ing wisp o' thatch or heath - rope.*

*mf*

*p*

Gun lùb siom - ain gun sop  
 Ged's oil leam sin cha'n e  
 The hill - wa - ters stream - sweep  
 But not that, my cause of

tugh - aith Uis - ge nam beann  
 chreach mi 0 hi 0 hu 0 ho Cha'n e chuir mi  
 thro' it, 0 hi 0 hu 0 ho Cold hill - wa - ters  
 sor - row, 'Tis not that my

*sempre dolcissimo.*

sios 'na shruth leis.  
 cha'n e fhras mi. 0 hi 0 hu 0 ho.  
 stream - sweep thro' it. 0 hi 0 hu 0 ho.  
 cause of sor - row.

Ach m'aon nigh - ean m'aon nigh - ean.  
 But the loss of my one daugh - ter.

*p rall. e dim.* *rit.*

## A CHURNING LILT.

From the singing of Annie Johnstone.  
The Glen, Barra.

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

*Lightly and with well marked rhythm.*

PIANO.  
104=d

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

Am mais-treadh bha aig Moire Air ùr - lar a' ghlinne, A'  
Oh Ma - ry had a churning A - down by the \*Wick, Sweet  
Thig na saor - a, Thig na daor-a, Thig na caon - a, Thig na caomh-a,

The first system of the song features a vocal line with lyrics in Gaelic and English. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with chords and eighth notes. The key signature remains two flats, and the time signature is common time.

meu-dach - adh an ime, A' laghdach - adh a' bhainne,) Thig, a chuinneig,  
milk she would be turning All in - to but - ter thick. Quick, come but - ter  
Thig na gaol - a Thig na clao'n A' laghdach - adh a' bhainne,)

The second system continues the song with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes some triplet markings. The key signature and time signature are consistent with the previous systems.

thig. Blàthach gu dòrn 'S im gu nilinn, Thig, a chuinneig, thig.  
quick. But - ter - milk and sweet but - ter. Quick, come but - ter quick.

*p* *leggiero*

The final system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a *p* (piano) dynamic marking and a *leggiero* (light) tempo marking. The key signature and time signature are consistent with the previous systems.

*Ped.*

\*Tha glug an so, Tha glag an so, Tha glag an so, Tha glug an so, Tha  
*Would but-ter but come quick-ly, Full blythe were we I wist, With*  
 Thig an lòn, Thig an smeòl, Thig an ceòl as a' bhruth

rud as fhearr na chòir an so Tha rud as fhearr na fion ann.  
*but-ter to the el-bow, But-ter milk up to the wrist.*  
 Thig a' chuth-ag, Thig a' cheath-ag Thig an fhos-gag athair.

Thig a chuinneig, thig. Blathach gu dòrn 'Sim gu uilinn, Thig a chuinneig, thig.  
*Heek ach-hoon-yak heek. Blach goo dòrn, Seem goo ool-een Heek ach-hoon-yak heek.*

\*This verse and the following were added (by kind permission of D<sup>r</sup> Alexander Carmichael) from the "Carmina Gadelica."

A Churning Lilt.

## \* SUIRGHE MHIC 'IC AILEIN.

(CLANRANALD'S SWEETHEARTING.)

Gaelic version.

With a passionate swing.

VOICE.

PIANO.

*mf* *cres.* *f*

(Last refrain.)

Biodh an  
'S biodh an

*Fine.*

deoch - sa làimh mo rùin, Slàin - te le fear an Tùir, Biodh an deoch - sa làimh mo rùin.  
deoch - sa làimh mo rùin, Slàin - te na te nach diùlt, 'S biodh an deoch - sa làimh mo rùin.

*Dal* §

Ol - adh no nach òl - adh cach i, Biodh i làn air ceann a' bhùird;  
Dh'òlainn deoch slain - te Rìgh Seu - mas, Bhi 'ga éigh - each air a' chrùn;  
Is deoch slain - te Mhic 'ic Ail - ein, Ge b'e cal' an leag thu siuil.  
Sùil gu'n tug mi thar mo ghual - ann Rinn mi cuairt - each air a' chuan;  
Chunn - acas bà - ta air an fhair - ge Is làmh dhearg air an stiuir;  
Chunn - acas dol seach na caoil i, 'S bad - an fraoich am bàrr an t-siuil;  
Fhir a chunn - aic air an t-sàil' i, Beannaich an long bhàn 's a daoin';  
Beannaich a croinn ard' 's a h-acuinn, A cuid ac - ràich - ean 's a siuil.  
Ged a tha mi so an Col - a B'e mo thoil e dol a Rùm;  
Ag - us as a sin do dh'Uidh - ist Na'n d'fhuair mi mo ghuidh - e leam;  
'S maireg a shamh - ladh Col - a creag - ach Ri Dun - bheag - ain no Dun - tuilm;  
'S truagh nach fhaic - inn cais - teal Dhuh - aird Dol 'na sprudh - an anns a chuar.  
Gur e m'eu - dail Mac 'ic Ail - ein Seach na bal - aich tha 'gam dhuan;  
Mo rùn air muim - e nam mac - amh A rinn t'al - trum air a glùn;  
'Se am mac as fhearr na'n t-ath - air An cliu 's an aigh - ear 's an sunnd;  
'S mur a b'e gur tu mo bhràth - air 'S mi nach àich - eadh i - dir thu.

(Agus fhreagair Mac 'ic Ailein.)

Gheabh mi lean - nan anns gach siubh - al Ach b'e'n ul - aidh piu - thar nùis;  
'S ged a tha mi nochd a' seol - adh Na biodh ceol - ag bheag fo lionn;  
Cha dean sruth no gaoth mo thill - eadh Gus an cinn - ich mi mo rùn.

*Dal* §

## SUIRGHE MHIC 'IC AILEIN.

(CLANRANALD'S SWEETHEARTING.)

Collected and Edited by Kenneth Macleod.

(A literal translation from the Gaelic.)

A wild man was old Clanranald, without fear of God, without dread of foe, without love of friend, and thus it was that he banished his infant-daughter to her mother's relatives, the Macleans of Duart. Nor did he ever see her again, for as *she* was growing into youth, *he* was growing into the grave. And when he died, indeed it was not the father's son who heired him, but as warm-hearted and brave a lad as ever put hand to a Clanranald helm; haply it was the good blood of the long-before that was a-showing itself in the youth. On a year there was, what should happen but that young Clanranald took it into his head to visit the Lord of Coll, they being of the same blood though not of the same name, and warm is blood even in the skin of a dog. And it was there the gathering was! And the eating! And the drinking! And the music-of-laughter! And if one health-drink was quaffed to anybody else, there were two if not three quaffed to a young lady-lord of Duart Castle. And as mischance will sometimes have it, what did young Clanranald do but take love for her, and it was everything under the white sun he would do but return to Uist without her. She was listening to him at first, a-testing him, to see if he was his father's son; and when she saw that indeed he was not, but as eagle compared with raven, my hand and soul to you but she was glad and right-glad. On an evening there was, what think ye but the company were all going on merriment, and they in great glee after a seal-hunt, and nothing less would serve every *balach* (raw-lad) in the assemblage, but make a *duanag* (songlet) to the lady-lord from Duart Castle. At last and at long last came the reply-chance to her, and this is the song she sang, and ere there was end to it, young Clanranald knew that she was his own dear sister.

This cup to thy lips, *mo run*, (mo rōon, "my love?")

A health to him of the *Tur* (Tōor, "tower?")

This cup to thy lips, *mo run*,

Let the others drain nor drain it,  
Brim it at the table dais;

Drink I the health of *Righ Seumas* (Ree Shameus, King James).  
For his crown-proclaiming pray;

And the health of young ClanRanald,  
Whatso port thou strikest sail.

A look gave I across my shoulder,  
Made eye-roving of the main;

A boat espyed I on the high sea,  
'Red-Hand'<sup>1</sup> piloting her way;

Speeding was she through the narrows,  
In her mast-top the 'red-spray':<sup>2</sup>

Whoso on the ocean sight her,  
Bless the white-ship and her fare;

Bless her rigging and her high-masts,  
All her anchors and her sails.

Though my stay be here in Coll  
Sure my thought is towards *Rum*, (Rōom).

And from thence away to Uist  
If the wish I wished came true.

Fie! to even Coll the craggy  
To Dunvegan or Duntulm!<sup>3</sup> (Dōōn-tōōlm)

Would I saw your Duart Castle  
Seaward crashing into ruins!

Sure my darling is Clanranald,  
Not those braggarts with their lays;

My love the foster nurse of heroes,  
In thy rearing rings her praise;

Better the son than the father  
In wit, in ardour, and in fame;

Were it not thou art my brother,  
Sure I'd never say thee nay!

*And young Clanranald made answer:—*

Every roaming brings a sweetheart,  
But a new sister—there's the trove!

And tho' tonight I must a-roving,  
Be not *ceolag*<sup>4</sup> dear in woe;

Wind nor tide shall make me tarry  
Till I clan-restore my own.

And *this* cup to thy lips, my maid,  
The health of her who won't say nay,  
And this cup to thy lips, my maid.

<sup>1</sup> 'Red-Hand'—The Macdonald Crest.

<sup>2</sup> 'Red-Spray'—The Macdonald badge is the purple-heath.

<sup>3</sup> Duntulm Castle, in Trotternish, was once the Skye home of the Sleat Macdonalds; it is now a picturesque ruin.

<sup>4</sup> *Ceolag*, Kyōlak, 'little-music-one'.

## CLANRANALD'S PARTING SONG.

Air taken down from Peter Stuart,  
crofter, Uig, Skye, and fitted with

English adaptation and arrangement for Pianoforte and Voice by  
MARJORY KENNEDY FRASER.

Comodo.

*Like the boat rocking in the bay.*

PIANO.

Or *mf*

*And.*

REFRAIN.  
*with energy*

Biodh an deoch-sa 'làimh mo ruin Slaint - e le fear an  
(He) Here's a health to thee, \*mo run We'll drain the cup, for

*pesante sempre.* *f*

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

Tuir Biodh an deoch-sa 'làimh mo ruin  
soon We shall be part-ing now, mo run

*sf*

\* *And.* \*

*with tenderness* Biodh an deoch - sa 'làimh mo  
(She) Be true to me, mo

*mp* *dolce*

\* *And.* \*

ruin Slaint - e le fear an Tuir Biodh an deoch - sa  
 run Flies swift the hour, full soon We two must part - ed

*Verse.*

'laimh mo ruin. Ged a tha mi so an Col - a Bè mo  
 be, mo run. Sad I bide on craggy Coll, and fain would be

thoil e dol a Rùm Biodh an deoch - sa 'laimh mo ruin  
 sail - ing out with thee, But you'll be true to me, mo run

*with energy*

Biodh an deoch - sa 'laimh mo ruin  
 (He) Here's a health to thee, mo run

*accel.* *rit.*

Slaint - e le fear an Tuir Biodh an deoch-sa 'làimh mo ruin,  
 I'll drain the cup, for soon I shall be sail-ing now, mo run,

*pesante.*

*Verse.*

A - gus as a sin do dh'Uidhist Nàh d'fhuair mi mo ghuidh-e  
 Sail-ing I'll be by rocky \*Rum, by wing-ed Skye and U - ist

\* \* \*

*Repeat for Gaelic version.*

leam Biodh an deoch - sa 'làimh mo ruin,  
 blue, Ere I re - turn to thee, mo run,

*tenderly*

\* \*

*with tenderness*

— Biodh an deoch - sa 'làimh mo ruin.  
 — (She) But you'll be true to me, mo run.

*dim.* *pp*

\* \*

# AN ERISKAY LULLABY.

Taladh Eirisgeach.  
(The Mermaid's Song.)

Gaelic words adapted from an old Hebridean song by KENNETH MACLEOD.  
Old Celtic melody, noted in the Isle of Eriskay from the singing of Mary Macinnes.

Music and English Words Arr: by  
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Andante con moto.

*With smooth and unbroken swing throughout.*

PIANO.

Or *p*

*And. sempre una corda*

Ho - ro La - dy bhig. Ho - ro \*\*ei - le, Ho - ro

(La - dy wee)  
\* Là - di - vik

*p and very smoothly sustained*

*And. \**

la - dy bhig, Ho - ro ei - le, Ho - ro la - dy bhig,  
là - di - vik, là - di - vik,

*And. \**

Copyright 1908 by M. Kennedy-Fraser.

\*"a" as in "lad"      \*\*pronounced ay-lay same vowel sound before and after the "l"  
The Singer, who learnt this song from Father Allan Macdonald, pronounced the *a* in "Lady" like a French "a"

Ho - ro ei - le A luaidh biodh na stuadh - an 'gad luasg - adh gu  
*My babe on a curl - ing green wave, be thy*

\* Rit. \* Rit. \* Rit. \*

bruad - ar Ho - ro la - dy bhig Ho - ro ei - le  
*crad - ling la - di - vik*

Rit. \*

Ho - ro La - dy bhig Ho - ro ei - le Ho - ro  
*La - di - vik*

Rit. \* Rit. \* Rit. \* morendo

la Ho - ro la.

Ho - ro lean - a - bain,  
 little child  
 là na ban, Ho - ro ei - le, Ho - ro

*p*

\* *Ad.* \*

lean - a - bain, Ho - ro ei - le, Ho - ro lean - a - bain,  
 là - na - ban, là - na - ban,

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

† Wi' the birds to your nest ye maun gang a - wa'  
 Ho - ro ei - le, Bìodh an fhaoil - eag's an eal - a a' fair - e do  
*While the sea - gull and swan for thy \*cur - ach are*

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

ear - - ly,  
 \*\*chuas - aig. Ho - ro lean - a - bain, Ho - ro ei - le,  
*ear - ing. là - na - ban,*

*Ad.*

\* Pronounced "coer-ach" means coracle. † Alternative words.  
 \*\* The name given in the stories to the mermaid's coracle.

Ho - ro lean - a - bain, Ho - ro ei - le, Ho - ro  
là - na - ban,

*morendo*

Ced. \* Ced. \* Ced. \* Ced.

la, Ho - ro la,

Ho - ro La - dy bhig, Ho - ro ei - le, Ho - ro  
Là - di - vik,

*p*

\* Ced. \*

la - dy bhig, Ho - ro ei - le, Ho - ro la - dy bhig,  
là - di - vik,

Ced. \* Ced. \* Ced.

Wit' the lark i' the morn-in' ye'll rise a-gain

Ho - ro ei - le, Fuaim nan ramh anns a' Bhaigh, sid mo ghràdh - sa 'gam  
 With his nets from the Bay will thy fu - ther be

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

ear - - ly,

dhuan - adh. Ho - ro lean - a - bain, Ho - ro ei - le,  
 far - ing. là - na - ban,

*Ad.* \*

Ho - ro lean - a - bain, Ho - ro ei - le, Ho - ro  
 là - na - ban,

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

*morendo*

la, Ho - ro la.

*pp*

\*

## AN ERISKAY LOVE LILT.

Gradh Geal mo chridh.

Sung by Mary Macinnes, Eriskay.

English adaptation and pianoforte accompaniment by

Last three verses by KENNETH MACLEOD.

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With tender passion.

VOICE.

PIANO.

$\text{♩} = 92.$

Bheir mi  
\*Vair me

ò - ro bhan o Bheir mi ò - ro bhan i Bheir mi ò - ru o ho 'S mi tha  
o - ro van o Vair me o - ro van ee Vair me o - ru o ho Sad am

bron - ach's tu'm dhith. \_\_\_\_\_ 'S iom-adh  
I with-out thee. \_\_\_\_\_ When I'm  
Fad - a

oidh - che fliuch is fuar      Ghabh mi cuairt      is mi leam fhin,      Gus an  
*lone - ly dear white heart      Black the night      or wild the sea,      By love's*  
 siar      air agh-aidh cuain      'Se mo dhuan - sa Cruit - mo-chridh,      Guth mo

d'rain - ig mi'n t-ait      Fàin robh gradh      geal mo      chridh.      Bheir mi  
*light      my foot      finds      The old path - way to      thee.      Vair me*  
 luaidh      anns gach      stuaidh      'Ga mo nuall - an gu      tir.

o      ro bhan o      Bheir mi o      ro bhan i      Bheir mi o      ru o  
*o      ro van o      Vair me o      ro van ee      Vair me o      ru o*

ho      'S mi tha bròn - ach's tu'm      dhith.  
*ho      Sad am I      with-out      thee.*

'Na mo chlár-saich cha robh ceòl 'Na mo mheoir-ean cha robh àgh, Rinn do  
*Thou'rt the music of my heart, Harp of joy, oh'eruit mo chridh, Moon of*  
 Gur tu m'òig-e is mo rùn, Mo re-iùil thu anns an oidhch, Tha mo

*f*

♬. \* ♬. \* ♬. \* ♬. \*

phòg-sa mo leon, Fhuair mi Eòl-as an dàin. Bheir mi o ro bhan  
*guid-ance by night, Strength and light thou'rt to me. Vair me o ro van*  
 dhrùidh-eachd ad shùil, Tha mo chiurr-adh ad loinn.

♬.

♬.

o Bheir mi o ro bhan i Bheir mi o ru o ho 'S mi tha  
 o Vair me o ro van ee Vair me o ru o ho Sad am

\* ♬. \*

bron-ach's tu'm dhith.  
*I with-out thee.*

♬.

♬.