SONGS
OF THE
HEBRIDES.

Songs of the Hebrides

And Other Celtic Songs from the Highlands of Scotland

some collected and all arranged
for
Voice and Pianoforte
By

Marjory Kennedy-Fraser

Gaelic Editor
Kenneth-Macleod

Price One Guinea.

Boosey & Co
295, Regent Street, London, W.
and
9, East Seventeenth Street, New York.

Marjory Kennedy-Fraser

TO THE WOMEN OF THE HEBRIDES,

Who were not only skilled in the spinning and weaving of fine linen and in the curious arts of the dyer, but who sang at their work, and, singing, fashioned for themselves songs that are as rich in colour as the wools they steeped in lichen and heather, and as curious in construction as the tartans they designed—subtle, too, at times as the interlacements of Celtic illuminative art—this attempt to preserve and restore some of their songs is dedicated.

TO

THE SINGER OF THE ISLES.

You sing: and my soul is borne
To the isles of the outer seas—
To the far, wind-scarred, wave-worn
Wild Hebrides.

You sing: and with flight upon flight
Of white wings the air is alive;
And, deep through the waters of light,
The seal-folk dive.

You sing: and the lilies unfold
On the tarns: and the deep seas, aglow
With sapphire and emerald and gold,
Round green isles flow.

You sing: and each island is fair
As the islands of dream and desire,
Washed clean in the magical air,
With dawn afire.

You sing: and there steals through the song
The reek of the peat; and the gloom
Is alight with the faces that throng
The twilit room.

You sing: and the folk gather round
The hearth where the heroes are sung:
And soft in mine ear is the sound
Of the island tongue.

You sing: and the croon and the keen
  Of the wind and the wave I hear;
And the sighing of souls unseen;
  And the sob of fear.

You sing: and I hear the clash
  Of avenging swords, on the marge
Of the tide, and the death-blow's crash
  Through the hide-bound targe.

You sing: and I catch the gleam
  Of the lorn seal-maiden's eyes,
As, wild as a sea-bird's scream,
  Her wronged heart cries.

You sing: and I hear the croon
  Of the tender mother's joy,
That Mary sang under the moon
  To the homeless boy.

You sing: and the deeps resurge
  To the sound of the bearers' tread;
And the winds and the waters dirge
  Dunvegan's dead.

You sing: and the wind's in the sail!
  The hand to the tiller is set!
And never the dream shall fail,
  Nor the heart forget.

You sing: and loud in mine ears
  The deeps resound and rejoice;
And my heart, too, sings as it hears
  The heart in your voice.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

Many of the songs are published separately.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX—CONTINUED.

LEGENDS, NOTES, ETC., BY KENNETH MACLEOD.

CLASSIFIED CONTENTS.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

The first published collection of the vocal airs of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland was that which appeared in 1784, edited by the Rev. Patrick Macdonald, of Kilmore, Argyll. It contains over 200 airs, the majority provided with basses for the pianoforte, and all without words. The titles only are given of the traditional songs to which the airs were sung.

In an introduction to the collection, the remark is made that "in less than twenty years it would be in vain to attempt a collection of Highland music." The present collection appeared in 1909. In the intervening century and a quarter, many collections have been published, and scores of beautiful Highland and Island airs have been popularized beyond the confines of Scotland.

In Macdonald's collection, on page 21, appears a somewhat unmusical version of "Heman dubh" (see page 106 of the present volume). Apropos of the luck of the collector in hearing the best versions of airs, Macdonald remarks that in noting the tunes, "perhaps he has not always given the best sets of them, as he may not have had the good fortune to hear those sets. . . . When he had frequent opportunities of hearing an air, he chose that set which appeared to him the best, the most genuine. When he had not such opportunities, he satisfied himself with writing the notes which he heard."

INTRODUCTION.

"THE folk," says Richard Wagner, "are the vital force conditioning Art. And Art is not to be understood as an arbitrary, cultured, fashionably-evoked luxury, but as an inbred craving of the natural, genuine, and uncorrupted man." The airs in this collection were gathered, most of them, among the most natural, genuine, and uncorrupted people I have ever met, the dwellers in the lonely islands of the Outer Hebrides.

"An ancient race, living until our days, and almost under our eyes, its own life in some obscure islands and peninsulas of the West, more and more affected by external influences, but still faithful to its own tongue, its own memories, its own customs, and its own genius"—this of Renan's, on the Celtic race as a whole, is singularly applicable to our own Scots Outer Hebridean islanders, and to the dwellers on our western peninsulas. And such memories, customs, tongue, genius are crystallized in their songs. "Nothing," says Renan, "can equal the delicious sadness of the Celtic melodies; like emanations from above they fall, drop by drop, upon the soul, and pass through it like the memories of another world."

Over a century ago, Wordsworth, listening to The Solitary Reaper "breaking the silence of the seas among the furthest Hebrides," asked, "Will no one tell me what she sings?" and wonders if the burden of her song may be "of old, unhappy, far-off things," or of "some natural sorrow, loss, or pain that has been, and may be again." But then as now, "Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang as if her song could have no ending, I saw her singing at her work and o'er the sickle bending." And in a verse which has a place in more than one old Hebridean ballad, a solitary reaper, a deserted maiden sings:—

"Feasgar foghair 's mi air achadh bhuana
Saoil sibh fein nach mi fhein bha truagh dheth,
A h- uile te 's a fear fhein ri 'guallainn,
'S mo leannan donn-sa, gur fada bhuam-s' e."

("An autumn evening and I on the fields of reaping,
Think you not, was I not the sad one!
Every woman with her lad at her shoulder,
And my own brown-haired love afar from me.")

And there is another verse which I have heard coupled with this in an old song sung in the Outer Isles, a verse anent which W. B. Yeats has remarked, "If men did not remember, or half remember, impossible things; and it may be, if the worship of the sun and the moon had not left a faint reverence behind it, should we find a Celtic maiden singing:—

'Thug thu sear dhiom is thug thu siar dhiom,
Thug thu ghealach is thug thu ghrian dhiom,
Thug thu'n cridhe a bha 'nam chliabh dhiom,
Cha mhor a ghaoil-ghil nach tug thu Dia dhiom.'"

("You have taken the East from me, you have taken the West from me, you have taken the Moon from me, you have taken the Sun from me, and my fear is great, you have taken God from me!")

Wordsworth, drinking in the beauty and the emotional burden of the reaper's lyric, without following its literal sense, "listened motionless and still" until, filled with the sudden strangeness and beauty of the Hebridean song, he slowly mounted the hill while, as he tells us, "the music in my heart I bore, long after it was heard no more." Even in Wordsworth's day, some of the songs had already been noted and translated,

and, as if in answer to his "Will no one tell me what she sings?" the Highland Society sent out Alexander Campbell to the Isles to collect the people's Airs and Lyrics, and in 1816 he brought out his Albyn's Anthology, "A Select Collection of the Melodies and Vocal Poetry peculiar to Scotland and the Isles." In this the beautiful Hebridean "Ho ro Mhairi dhubh" first appeared with Christopher North's now well-known lowland verses "Turn ye to me," and for the old fairy song, "Tha mi sgith," Christopher North's boon companion, the matchless Ettrick shepherd, contributed verses. Although "Tha tighinn fodham eirigh," from South Uist, was included, and Sir Walter Scott furnished lowland singing versions of "Pibroch o' Donuil Dhubh" and the "Macgregor's Gathering," and the like, still the great wealth of Highland song was but scantily exploited. Since those days the gathered store has gradually accumulated, but it is even yet far from complete. While there is yet time it would be wise to collect zealously in every corner (preferably with the phonograph) that we may save what is fast dying out. Much has been done to re-circulate the songs among the people themselves by the publication of some of them in a cheap form, as, for instance, in the "Celtic Lyre" and the "Coisir chiuil." The present collection aims at bringing many songs that have never before been published in any form (and a few that have) within the reach of singers who are accustomed to the support of a pianoforte accompaniment, and who, if they will learn to pronounce the original Gaelic, will find themselves amply repaid for their trouble. As for translations, did not Don Quixote trenchantly remark that they were like the wrong side of an embroidery?

In the summer of 1882 I first studied Gaelic songs with Mrs. Mary Mackellar, the well-known Gaelic poetess, and from that time till the death in 1886 of my father, David Kennedy, the Scots singer, sang them literally round the world. But it was not till the summer of 1905 that I was able to carry out a long cherished scheme of myself attempting to collect, from the mouths of the reapers, spinners, and fishers of the Isles, songs that in all probability had been sung by my own foremothers and forefathers. For even in the case of our forebears having lived on the mainland, it is to the remote Isles now that we must go if we would find the old conditions of life, the old manners and customs, the old tales and songs, with which our grandmothers were familiar. For, although many of the songs sung in the Isles are undoubtedly of Hebridean origin, there are as certainly many which have drifted thither from the mainland. Such songs belong to all Celto-Scots—to all who have a strain of Celtic blood in their veins; and where is the Scot who can prove that he has not!

To make sure of fresh ground it was necessary to go beyond the reach of the tourist steamer, beyond that even of the small local plying vessels, and such a spot we found in the little Island of Eriskay, lying far out to the west of Oban, and less known to the outside world than the remote St. Kilda. It forms one of the outpost chain of islands known collectively as the Long Island, which includes besides Eriskay, Mingulay, Barra, North and South Uist, Benbecula, the Lewes, and Harris, where the nice peat-reek smelling heather and "cnotal" coloured tweeds come from. Eriskay, lying between Barra (the largest southerly island of the group) and South Uist, is reached by steamer from Oban to Loch Boisdale in South Uist, and thence by whatever means providence may send in your way. Miss Goodrich Freer, one of the few visitors to the island, who published her experiences in 1902 in the "Outer Isles," says: "Eriskay is a mere gull's nest, scarcely worth the name of an island, storm-beaten, wind-swept, treeless, shelterless, rocky. Although the distance across to the nearest point of Uist is probably not much more than two miles, the crossing is one not to be undertaken lightly. Always difficult, sometimes dangerous, it is not infrequently impossible." For this very reason it has remained "unspotted from the world," and during the twenty years that Father Allan Macdonald ministered to the people of the island he told me that probably not more than twenty people from the outside world had visited it.

It was early in August, 1905, that I set out by the 6 a.m. boat from Oban. Twelve hours later, at Loch Boisdale, in a dreary drizzle of rain, wet, sick and weary, I transhipped into a fishing smack which, by good luck, was leaving at once for Eriskay. The smack in which I found myself was much smaller than those used for fishing on the east coast. The rain continued to fall, and they put me into the cabin, about six feet square, with a stove burning in the middle of it. Though weak, I had life enough in me to rebel against this, so I struggled back to the hatchway, and scrambling up on to some barrels there, sat with my head in the open, in imminent danger of having it struck by the sweeping yard-arm as we tacked out of the bay. It was

a quiet night, and it took us about three hours to sail round to the island. We approached it at low tide, and as our fishers were bound for the fishing ground that night, they could not wait for deep enough water to enter the small harbour, or "Hown," and so landed us at the first convenient point. Handed ashore by the men, I set foot on what seemed virgin rock, for on scrambling up its perfectly pure white shell-fish-clad surface, no sign of pathway nor print of foot was to be seen. We were landed a mile from the Rudha Ban, where stood the chapel, the priest's house, and the house where I was to be lodged. To reach it we had a tramp through damp grass in the rain in the gathering darkness. Making our way over slippery rocks, we at last struck a pathway (the only road in the island, and that but recently made), and here and there, as though dropped at random on the bare rock, or nestling into the hillside, we came upon long, oval huts, built of undressed stone, innocent of cement or lime, and thatched with bracken, fastened by ropes of heather. Silent figures moved quietly about in the dim, fading light, now a man, now an old woman, now a dog, all with the characteristic quiet gait of the Western Highlander, giving a dreamy character to the whole picture, a dreaminess which did not vanish, I found, even in bright sunlight, for when I woke next morning and looked from my window out on to the sea from the house on the rock, I seemed to be on an enchanted island. The shallow water round this curving coast—that very shallowness which favoured Prince Charlie's landing here, and his escape from the English man-o'-war sent to dog him on his way over from France and to prevent his landing—this shallow water reflects the most gorgeous colourings, and we had great masses of deep purple, shrill green, and soft shell pink spread out between us and the horizon. 'Twas like Keats's

"Magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn."

The house stood with its back to the sea, and from the door on the other side we commanded a good general view of the island, the hill in the middle bearing about the same proportion to the sloping shores that Arthur's Seat does to the King's Park in Edinburgh. In fact, surround the King's Park with cliffs and the sea and you have a sort of counterpart to Eriskay, except that in the island you have more of rock and less of soil than you have in the Park. It is a curious fact that the strongholds of the Celts are generally found amid such surroundings. In describing Brittany, Renan wrote: "At every step the granite protrudes from a soil too scanty to cover it." These words are exactly applicable to Eriskay. And on this rock, with a little sandy soil in its hollows and a peat bog in one part, five hundred souls were making a livelihood by fishing, keeping a cow, a pony perhaps, and a few hens, and by growing little unfenced patches of potatoes and grain, grain which I have seen harvested by handfuls, roots and all. Looking down from our point of vantage, the life of the island unfolded itself after the fashion of a beehive with a glass top. No fences, no roads—with the exception of the footpath—no carts, no wheelbarrows even; burdens of all kinds were carried, exposed to the view of the interested onlooker, in creels on the backs of the people, or in panniers on the flanks of the Barra ponies. Sometimes the load would be seaweed for manure, or a particular kind of seaweed which they spread on the rocks out of reach of the sea till, sweetened by the rain and sun, it is fit to be used for bedding, and very good mattresses it makes. The peats, too, had to be carried in creels or in the horse panniers, and heather had to be fetched from a distance as there was none on the island, so boats could be seen leaving in the early morning for South Uist to fetch bracken and heather for thatching; and, returning the same night, men and women could be seen with the laden creels, toiling up the slope with their burdens, and storing the stuff in byres, against the needful re-thatching of the cottage roof. At all hours of the day, children, and old wives and maidens were to be seen herding, for in an unfenced world everybody's cow was always getting into everybody else's corn, and at any hour an exciting chase might be seen, when some four-footed feeder got into forbidden pasture. Then the boats, with their graceful brown wings, were a feature of the Monday mornings, going out to the fishing, and again, on the Saturdays, returning. Occasionally a boat went round to Loch Boisdale with barrels of fish or the like, and returned with stores; and although every morning Father Allan Macdonald held service in the little chapel on the hill, it was on Sunday mornings that the whole island turned out. Then a long procession of women, young and old, of bairns, and of great, dark, brawny men, might be seen winding up the hill, as Father Allan came out of his presbytery, and himself tolled the bell which called them to worship. All the southern part of the Long Island is Roman Catholic, and with this conservative form of the Christian church, we find the old customs, the old tales, the old songs, and a certain old-fashioned, gracious courtesy among the people. We had elected to go to the island precisely

because it was Father Allan's island—Father Allan whose name is known and revered by all who take an interest in Celtic folk-lore the world over; Father Allan, the gentle enthusiast, the kindly priest, the sympathetic pastor, and Celtic dreamer, who was cut off by influenza only a few short weeks after our memorable first visit to his island. But his spirit still lives and moves among his people, and I felt his presence as much on my second visit as on my first.

Our nearest neighbours on the hill were Father Allan and his housekeeper on the one side, and the dwellers in the post office on the other. The post office was a little thatched cottage which, unlike the majority of the old "black houses," could boast of a chimney and a triple partition. Here I soon made the acquaintance of the courteous, well-informed postal official, Dugald Macmillan, and of his beautiful, dignified old sister, Mairi Mhor. Their little clean, sanded kitchen, with its tiny home-made "dresser," adorned with fine old painted bowls and jugs, its two wooden benches along the walls with accommodation below for peats, its barrel of flour topped with the baking board (serving as a kitchen table), and its bag of oatmeal by the fire, was the recognised rendezvous of the island. There everyone was welcomed to the evening "ceilidh," and when word would go round that we were going down in the evenings, there would be gatherings of all who could sing or tell a story. The best singers on the island had remarkably low voices, and I understood that a low voice was particularly admired on the island, while high voices were preferred in Skye! One man, a young fisher, quiet in manner and dark and rather handsome in appearance, had songs that were not known to others. Two of these are The Mull Fisher's Song and The Skye Fisher's Song. The air I call "The Skye Fisher's Song" (to which the Gaelic editor, Kenneth Macleod, has written the original Gaelic poem "Tir-nan-og") interested me very much. Each collector who takes up work of this kind has naturally his own melodic affinities; he gathers what appeals to him most, and the tonal idiosyncrasies of this air recalled to me the character of some of the Breton airs in the unique collection made in 1881, at the instigation of the French government, by Bourgault Ducoudray.*

One fine Monday morning I realised that this song of Gillespie's was not yet noted down. I intended leaving the island during that week, and I knew that he might go off to the fishing that day and not return till Saturday night. There was no time to be lost. I set out before breakfast to his mother's house, a long, oblong, old-fashioned hut, standing back from the beach where Prince Charlie landed in 1745. A fairylike white beach it is, with sands that might have served for Prospero and Miranda, and where, it is said, Prince Charlie planted the creeping, fleshy-leaved, pink convolvulus which still grows there, and only there. Gillespie's mother came to the door when I knocked, and kindly bid me "Thig a stigh." I had enough Gaelic to know that I was asked to walk in. I have had to acquire what Gaelic I know, although my mother's father had no English when he was a boy, and my "forbears" on my father's side were also Gaelic-speaking. She sat me down on a low, three-legged stool by the peat fire which was burning brightly on the floor, and seated herself on another. I had learnt by the experience of semi-suffocation to prefer those low stools to the high deal chair which was always politely brought from behind the partition for the stranger's use. On the low stool one was free from the smoke which, when it reached a certain height, wandered at its own sweet will and escaped as best it might by the chinks in the "dry-stane" walls or the crevices in the roof. The interior of the old hut was really beautiful in the morning light, which slanted down from the small, deep-set windows on the dear old woman by the fire, who did not appear to regard my early visit as an intrusion, but cheerfully and promptly set herself to entertain me. She had no English, and I had little conversational Gaelic, so we sang Gaelic songs to one another, and she was pleased, and with Highland politeness said that I had "Gaidhlig gu leor." But by-and-bye the old man came in, and he told me that Gillespie was already out in the boat, which was lying at anchor in the harbour, and that he would be mending nets till midday, when they were to set sail. This was getting serious. I wanted that tune. So I went to Father Allan with my tale of woe, and he listened with a glint of humour and sympathy in his eyes, and said "Come with me." I trotted by his side—he was a tall, spare man—down from the presbytery on the rock to the little harbour, and by the door of the small store—there was only one store in the place where you could sometimes get bread, but oftener couldn't for love or money—by the door leant Dugald of the post-office and the clerk who attended to the sales. Father Allan

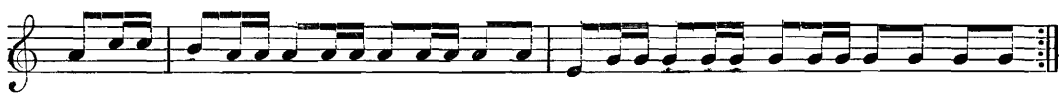
---

* Trente Melodies de Basse-Bretagne.

gave them orders to take me out in a small boat to the fishing-smack, where we would find Gillespie at his nets. The store was locked at once, the two men got a boat, and handing me off the slippery seaweed-covered rocks in the low tide, rowed me out to the harbour. Gillespie was busy with his nets, and they chaffed him, I could see, about the strange lady who was running after him for his singing. So I had to wait about half an hour before he would be persuaded to sing, although the men urged him with "Suas leis an oran." He continued mending his brown nets in the glorious morning sunlight, with the purple sea lying quiet round us. But at last he yielded, and having once begun, sang verse after verse, and I got it noted down. He sang it with a peculiar wood-wind-like quality of voice, which suggested a theme for orchestral treatment. The melody is most impressive when sung at a very low pitch. Indeed, the Islanders sing most of their songs at a much lower pitch than that at which I have transcribed them for ordinary use. They have quite abnormally low voices in some of the islands, and the city-dweller cannot hope to rival them in this respect.

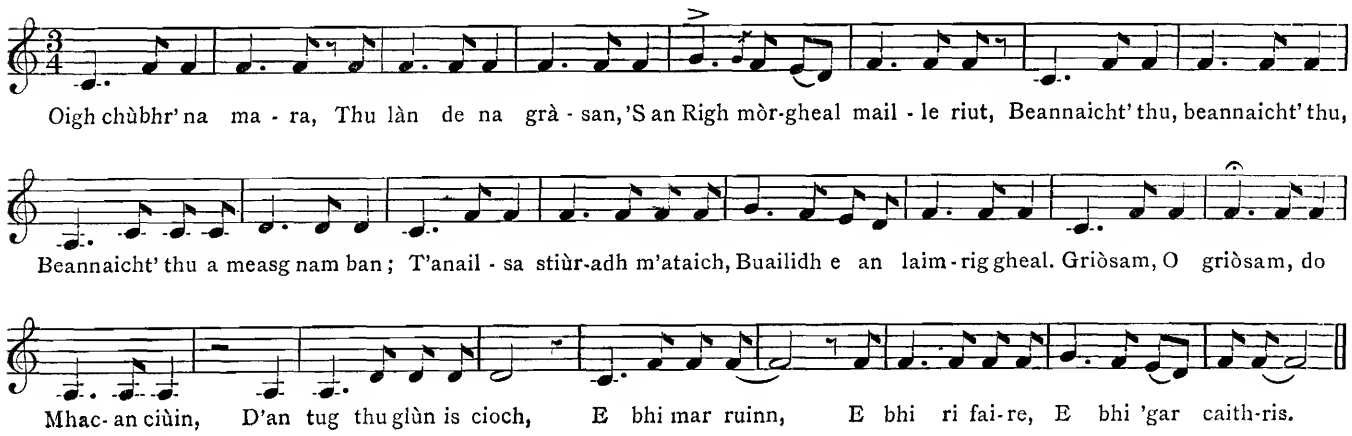
Another of the frequenters of the post-office kitchen was Duncan Macinnes, a crofter-fisherman with a big family of bright blue-eyed boys who came to the *ceilidhs* in the wake of father or mother, and, perched in twos on the corner of any available stool or vacant arm of a bench, drank in with evident avidity the songs and tales of their elders. Duncan had the "gift," as the isles-folk put it, of story-telling and of song. He would repeat long *Sgeulachdan* with a command of breath and rapidity and clearness of articulation that were the envy of all comers. He had a rich store of old world songs and sang me one of the *Duanags* in which the lads, on Christmas Eve, after an old fashion, chant the story of Christ's Birth. On this night of the year they make a round of visits in the townland, collecting Bannocks of Rye and Shekel. At each house they go through certain mysterious old rites, such as moving three times in a circle round the heads of the houseman and his wife, carrying a lighted candle the while, and if the light goes out, the augury is taken as a forewarning of death.

These chants are interesting as shedding light on the manner of intoning old incantations and prayers, such as are to be found in Alexander Carmichael's "Carmina Gadelica," and I give here another, sung to me by Mrs. Cumming, an old Eriskay woman over 90.



Possibly these are, as Kenneth Macleod suggests, a corrupted survival of the old Celtic Church Music, a link with Iona and St. Columba. We give as a final example one which he heard sung traditionally, the beautiful "Dawn Prayer" of the Clanranalds, which was wont to be chanted by the Macdonalds of the Isles, when crossing to their chiefs' mainland territories.

CLANRANALD'S DAWN-PRAYER.



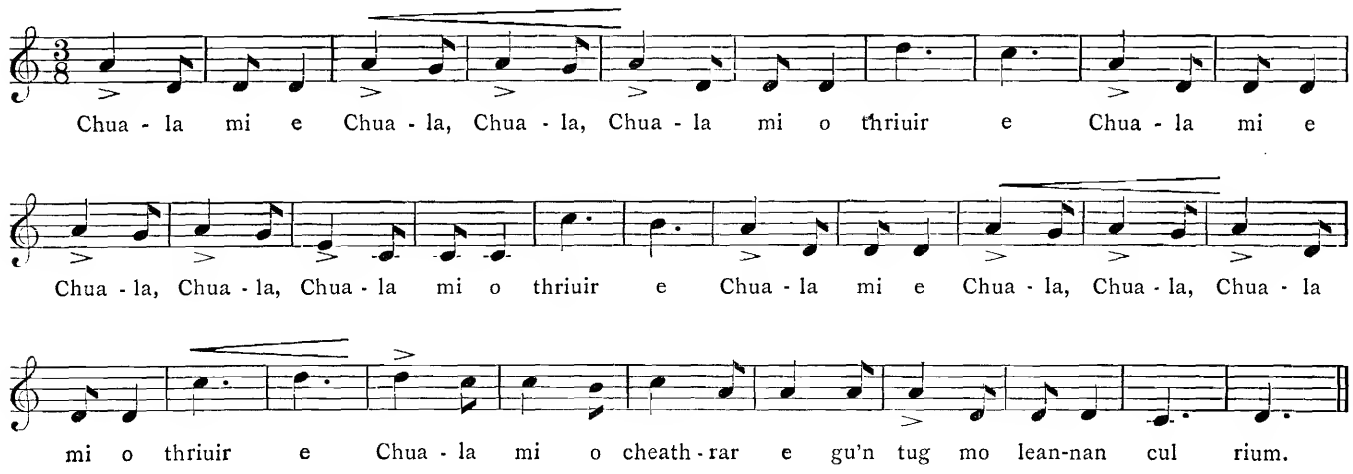
AN LAOIDH-AINNE.

Oigh chùbhr' na mara,
Thu làn de na gràsan,
'S an Righ mòr-gheal maille riut,
Beannaicht' thu, beannaicht' thu,
Beannaicht' thu a measg nam ban;
T'anail-sa stiùradh m'ataich,
Buailidh e an laimrig gheal.
Griòsam, O griòsam, do Mhacan ciùin,
D'an tug thu glùn is cioch,
E bhi mar ruinn,
E bhi ri faire,
E bhi 'gar caithris,
E sgaoileadh tharainn a chochaill bheannaicht
O ra-soluis gu ra-soluis,
O shoills' òg-ghil na camhanaich
Gu soills' òr-bhuidh an anamuich;
'S re na h-oidhche dubhara dòbhaidh,
E bhi 'gar còmhnadh,
E bhi 'gar seòladh,
E bhi 'gar steòrnadh,
Le h-iul agus glòir nan naoi gatha gréine,
Tro' mhuir, tro' chaol, tro' chùmhlait,
Gus an ruig sinn Mùideart
'S deagh Mhac 'ic Ailein,
O gus an ruig sinn Mùideart
'S deagh Mhac 'ic Ailein.

THE DAWN-PRAYER.

Fragrant maiden of the sea,
Thou art full of the graces,
And the Great White King is with thee.
Blessed art thou, blessed art thou,
Blessed art thou among women;
Thy breath steering my prayer,
It will reach the Haven White;
Let me beseech thy gentle Son
To whom thou gavest knee and suck
To be with us,
To be on watch,
To be awake;
To spread over us His Sacred Cowl
From ray-light to ray-light,
From the golden-yellow ray of twilight
To the new-born white ray of dawn,
And through the dark and dangerous night
To succour us,
To guide us,
To shine on us
With the guidance and glory of the nine rays of the Sun,
Through seas and straits and narrows
Until we come to Moidart
And the Good Clanranald,
O until we come to Moidart
And the Good Clanranald.

The Chants and Duans that were sung on special occasions are still remembered by a few, although the old customs themselves are dying out. If the somewhat colourless music of these chants continues to exist only for the sake of the words, the words accompanying the "port-a-beul,"* or mouth-music, on the other hand, exist mainly for the music. This mouth-music for dancing is characteristic and exhilarating in the extreme. Here is an example sung by the wife of Duncan-of-the-Sgeulachdan, the electrifying effect of which I shall never forget.



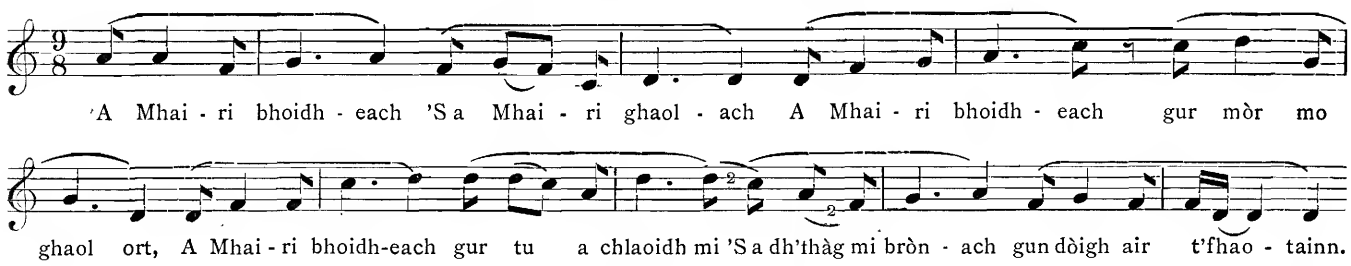
* A collection of Port-a-Beul in Tonic Solfa notation has been published by Dr. Keith Macdonald.

I can quite believe, as old people have assured me, that this voice-music had a passionate quality exceeding that of any dance-music produced by instruments. Certain women were famed for it, as also for the singing of "Orain Luaidh" (Waulking Songs), and were consequently much in request.

In the word-music of this Dance-Song we cannot but feel the musical beauty of the ever-recurrent vowel sound u=oo, illustrating as it does by its constant repetition the Celtic "vivifying love of excess." Indeed, the use of this vowel "u" in combination with the contrasting vowel "i"=ee" would seem to be almost an obsession with certain Gaelic lyricists. It arises doubtless from a love of colour, as these vowels are much more striking in colour than the broad vowel "a=ah" for example. In their happy arrangements of beautiful vowel sounds and syllables which at times have no meaning save a musical one, the Celtic folk are artistically right. For there is no reason why vocal music should not, in common with instrumental music, express emotion in purely musical terms. In some of the songs we find a preponderance of merely musical syllables with sparsely interjected sentences. In such cases, I have tried in arranging them to render phonetically with English monosyllabic *words* or with Italian syllables the original Gaelic sounds, and the singer should attempt the singing of them, since much of the intended purely musical effect of such songs is lost if words with a definite meaning are used throughout. It is precisely because the Isles folk are so musical that they do not want definite literal sense to unduly deaden the more highly emotional effect of pure sound. They feel with Swinburne that the sound *is* the sense! And it is their feeling for orchestral colour, so to speak, in vowels, that causes them to rely rather on assonance than on rhyme in their poetry generally.

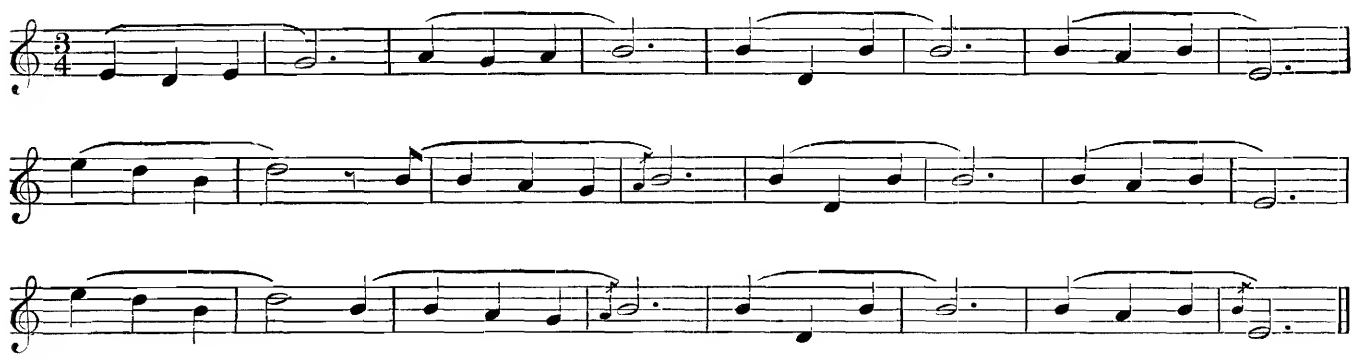
The writer on Gaelic song who has best understood the vowel-music of Gaelic poetry in its intimate relation to music proper is Thomas Pattison. Of the close correspondence between the rhythm and vowel-music of the words and the tunes to which they are sung he says, "It is as if they were the twin births of one passionate experience. Sometimes for a few lines," he adds, "it would almost appear as if it were difficult to say where the music begins and the words end—they blend and fit so wonderfully together." One may well apply in such cases, the saying of the Breton folk in regard to their songs, "Qui perd ses mots, perd son air." Another pregnant remark of Pattison's which shows musical insight is that "many of the tunes are to be regarded rather as *germs* of sweet music than as perfect melodies." They are indeed but germs, many of them—material with which to work—"motives" capable of elaboration and re-arrangement. And even the present day folk-singers treat them as such, and in the singing of the very old people one can still trace an old time bardic freedom in the use of melody, which should put an end to all disagreements as to authentic versions of this air or of that. In selecting from different versions, however, we should be careful to perpetuate the most strongly characteristic, the most faithful to the type, and to reject such as are at variance with the modal character of the air. Unmusical singers again, give one at times very dull versions of the most beautiful airs, and these being published are accepted as authentic. Compare this Eriskay version of "A Mhairi bhoidheach" for instance with the published versions—the sweep of its phrases is more passionate and beautiful. I did not collect it myself—it was kindly given me by Miss Amy Murray, who happened to be collecting in Eriskay one summer at the same time as myself.

A MHAIRI BHOIDHEACH.



NOTE.—And therefore it is worth the singers' while to learn to pronounce the original Gaelic for singing purposes—they will be richly repaid for their trouble. We have provided English words, at times they are translations more or less literal, at times they are merely singing verses, good vocal syllables provided for singers who have not the opportunity to learn the pronunciation of the original. In the cases of old songs which contain obsolete words and expressions, the Gaelic editor has provided literal translations of those for the sake of even Gaelic-speaking people who may find them difficult to understand or translate.

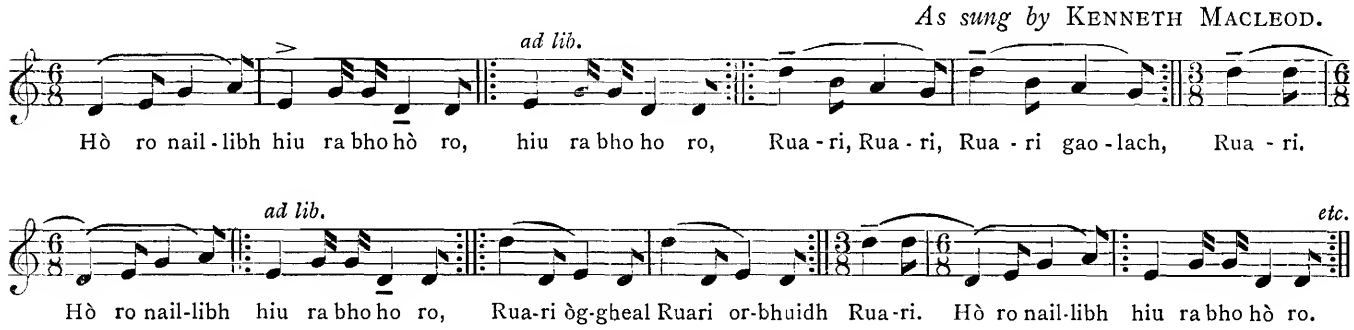
There is here no question of the genuineness of either version. Both are genuine, but one is more musical than the other. In this connection the traditional version here given of the well-known "Skye Boat Song," kindly played to me by Mr. Burn Murdoch, will be interesting!



This is a Hebridean melody *pur Sang*.

The legitimate licence used by some of the older folk-singers takes the form at times of *ad libitum* repetitions of the easily separable motives of a tune, as for instance in this ecstatic song of eulogy sung in praise of the famous Ruary Mor Macleod of Macleod.

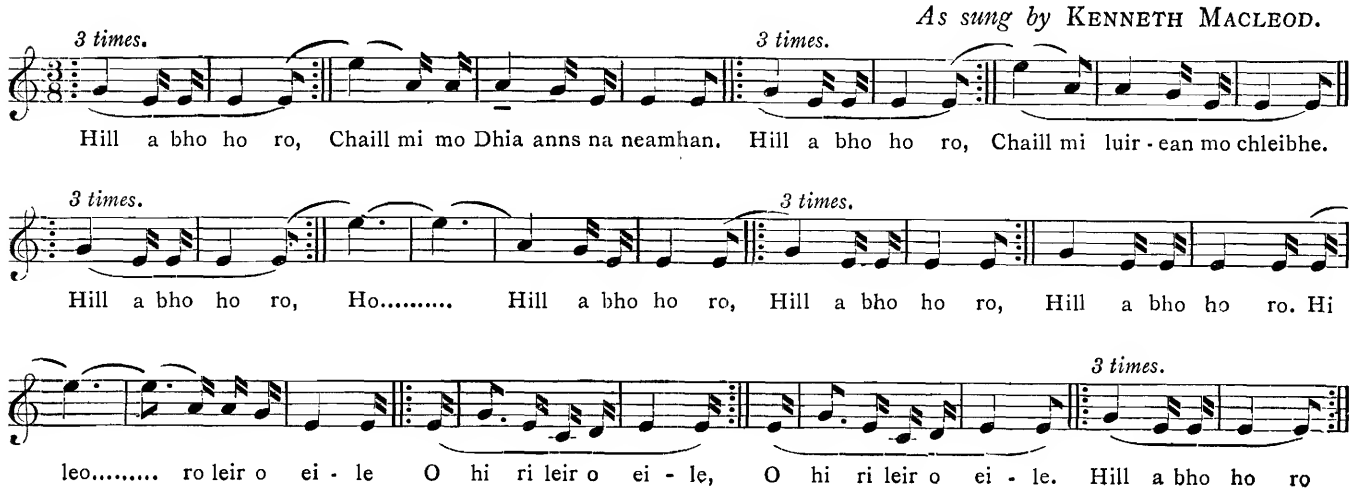
As sung by KENNETH MACLEOD.

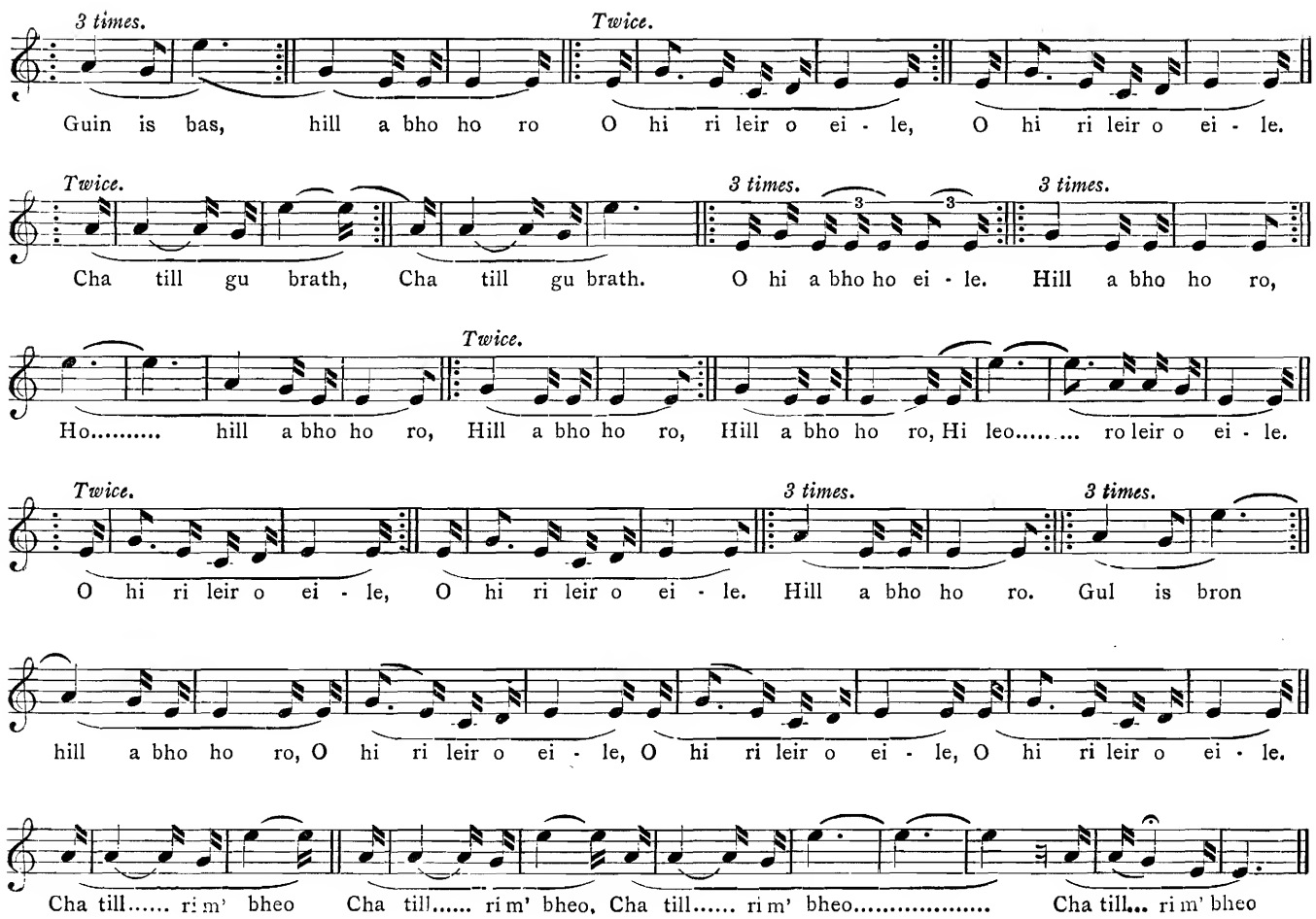


And also in this, a melody of the same class, although of an entirely different colour, the "Soul-Agony," said to have been composed by a woman who had sold her soul to the master of the black art, in order that her son might be gifted with the skill of music.

SOUL AGONY.

As sung by KENNETH MACLEOD.

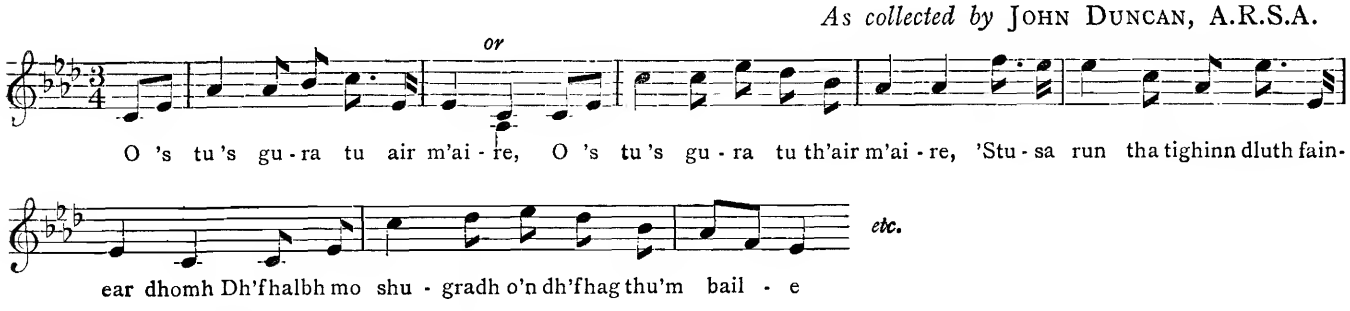




An example of the same sort of free repetition will be found in the last verse of "Heman Dubh" (In Hebrid Seas), which I have given exactly as the folk-singer gave it me. Again in "Kishmul's Galley," each verse is a spontaneous rebirth of the original, and no two verses are alike. With ornament, of course, the same thing holds good, and simple and elaborate forms of the same melody are found. Father Allan did not approve of the *graceless* versions of many tunes as they appear in print. Here is an unornamented version of the "Love-Wandering," quite as authentic it its way, however, as the phonographed version I have given later with an accompaniment; the grace notes in the latter are most expressive, and emphasize the passionate character of the air:—

O 'S TU 'S GURA TU.

As collected by JOHN DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.



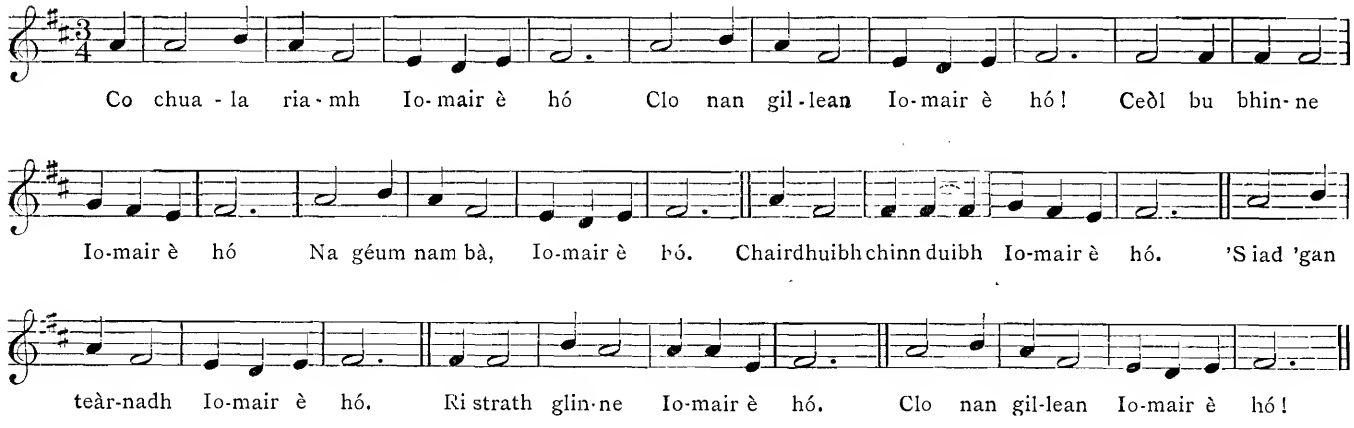
That the folk are free, not only in the treatment of the melodic outline, the form, and the ornament of their songs, but that they are rhythmically strong enough to use freedom with the metrical accents is

evidenced by their happy use of syncopation. Examples of this will be found in "Sea Sounds,"* and in the "Mermaid's Croon." I shall not soon forget my delight on first hearing the latter. The Rev. John MacNeill (Father Allan's successor), to whom I owe many a courtesy and the words of many a song, kindly took my daughter and myself over one afternoon to the Uist shore, whither many of my old Eriskay friends had migrated. The Isle of Eriskay being overcrowded, many of the crofters and fishermen were glad of the chance which offered to take up new crofts on South Uist.

Among these new settlers was one of the best singers of the island, Mrs. O'Henley, *née* Penny Macdonald. I was very anxious to meet her again, as she had many fine songs. Her husband's croft lay some distance back from the shore, and to reach it we had a tramp through a cold bog and a scramble up a brae-face. As the croft was but newly taken up, the cottage was not yet built. We saw a great cairn of dry peats burning above a huge grey boulder, and were told that by to-morrow morning the rock would be split by the heat of the smouldering turf, and be ready for use in the building of the walls. Meantime, for the summer months, the mother and bairns were being housed in a freshly put together turf sheiling, a most primitive shelter, but wherever this beautiful woman sat with a baby on her knee, there you had a living picture of the Madonna and Child. She was sitting by the peat fire, surrounded by her bairns, when we entered, and we sat on the little three-legged stool by her fire, as she crooned a number of songs to her baby and to us. This "He mo nighean dubh" was the last she sang, and I listened with delight and astonishment as she gave the little syncopated lullaby with the perfect feeling for rhythm which comes apparently from a life-long association of music with labour. Before I could get it noted, however, our crew re-appeared, hurried us off, carried us aboard, hoisted sail and were out into the Sound before we could draw breath. The Eriskay tide waits for no man!

Many of the best of the songs are labour songs, such as Rowing Songs, Milking Songs, Churning Songs, Spinning Songs, and Waulking (or fulling) Songs. Some of these, the latter particularly, are most exciting. I have seen the islanders while singing them seem to get hypnotised with their own rhythm, working themselves into a frenzy with it, and no one who has not witnessed it can realise what an intoxicating power strong rhythm can exercise over the Celtic temperament. By this "tyranny of rhythm," says the Dean of Lismore, "the folk songs of a race help to preserve its language." Here is an example of a simple rhythmical little labour song, a tiny rondo, invariable in the refrain, variable in the connecting episodes!

CLO NAN GILLEAN.



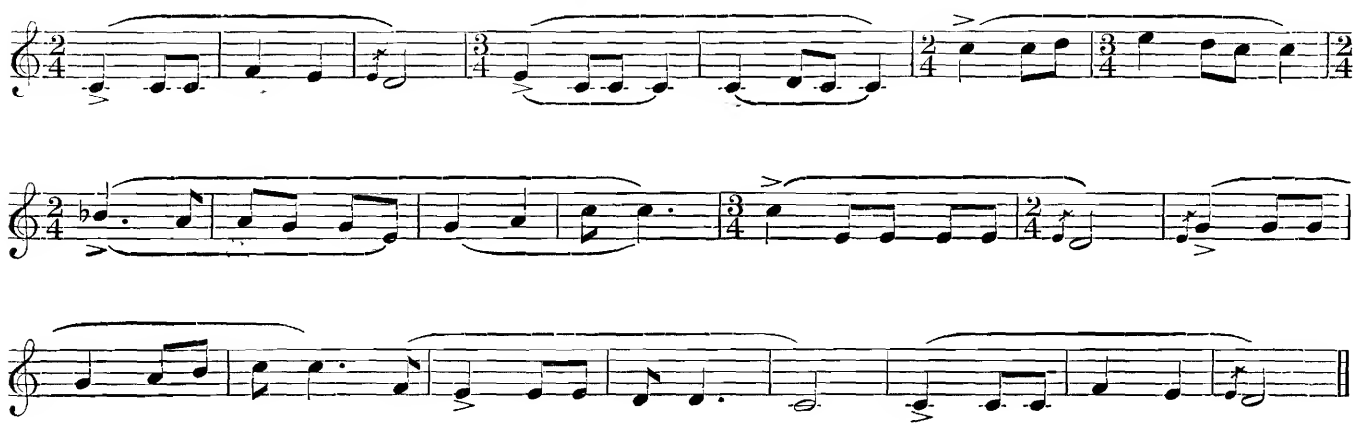
* Miss Frances Tolmie, from whom I noted this slow rowing song in the spring of 1908, says, "The good old woman, Oighrig Pheatan (or Effie Beaton), who sang it to me in 1861, was then about 80 years of age. Her period of youth would fall in the 18th century, when men still sang at their work. She remembered her mother telling her about the visit of Dr. Johnson to Ullinish, in the parish of Bracadale, in Skye, where she was in service. She was fond of commenting on the famous doctor's love of tea, and remembered how one morning this remarkable English gentleman drank eighteen cups to breakfast!

It was sung to me by Miss Frances Tolmie of Skye, to whom I owe some of the finest of the melodies included in this collection.

But the rhythms are not always those with which we are most familiar. Like the Finnish folk, who are partial to a five-beat rhythm, the Hebrideans indulge in strange combinations such as may be found in the Milking Song (page 70), which is in seven-beat time, and in the Waulking Song at page 161, which balances fives with threes. The seven-beat Milking Song (the words of which by the way had already been collected some forty years ago by Alexander Carmichael and included in his "Carmina Gadelica"), was sung to me by Peggy MacDonald, a dame who came across from South Uist to Eriskay on a visit to her friends on the island. She meant to stay a night or two, but was storm-stayed with us for over a week, greatly to my advantage, since living in the same house with her I was able to carry on the work of song-noting at all hours, beginning often in the morning before breakfast and filling in moments at odd times till the night was far spent. We were like-minded in our enthusiasm for Hebridean songs, and she listened with the keenest of interest to the phonograph records of songs I had collected from others, swiftly memorizing both words and music of such as took her fancy. She was a clever body, and justly proud of the fact that every one of her snod woollen garments was of her own carding, dyeing, spinning and weaving!

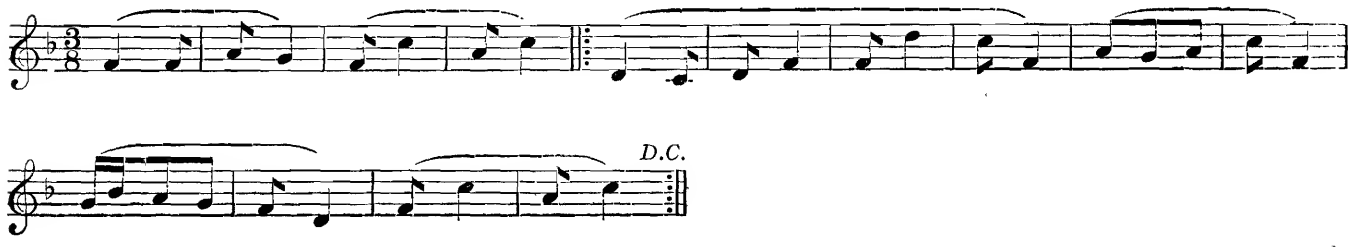
Still another specimen of irregular barring and phrasing I took down by kind permission of Mr. MacGregor Whyte of Tyree.

OLD TYREE AIR.



Although, as we have said, there are many variants of all traditional tunes, yet the rhythmical character as a rule, remains intact. A notable exception I found in the case of the Ballad of Macneill of Barra. After having set the first version (see page 4) exactly as I had first got it, I found, on my last visit to Barra, in the spring of 1908, that two women, Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Maclean, had a version in which the time was curiously converted from its fiercely direct duple form into a sinuously curving triple form, thus:—

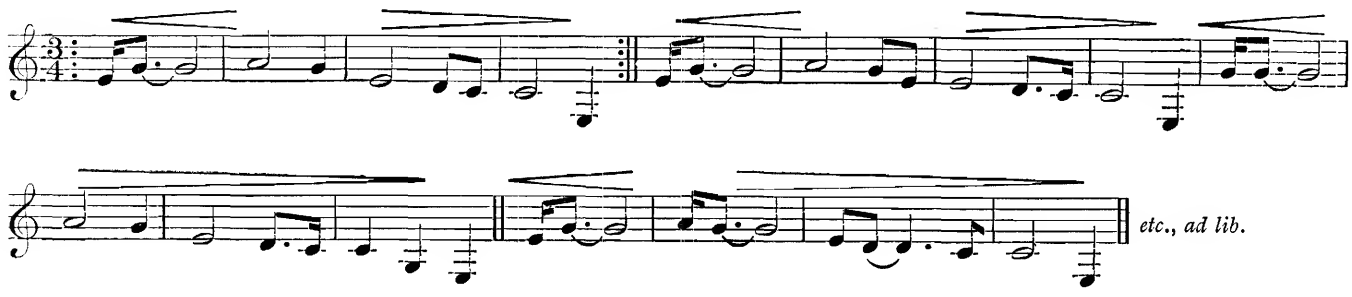
BALLAD OF MACNEILL OF BARRA.



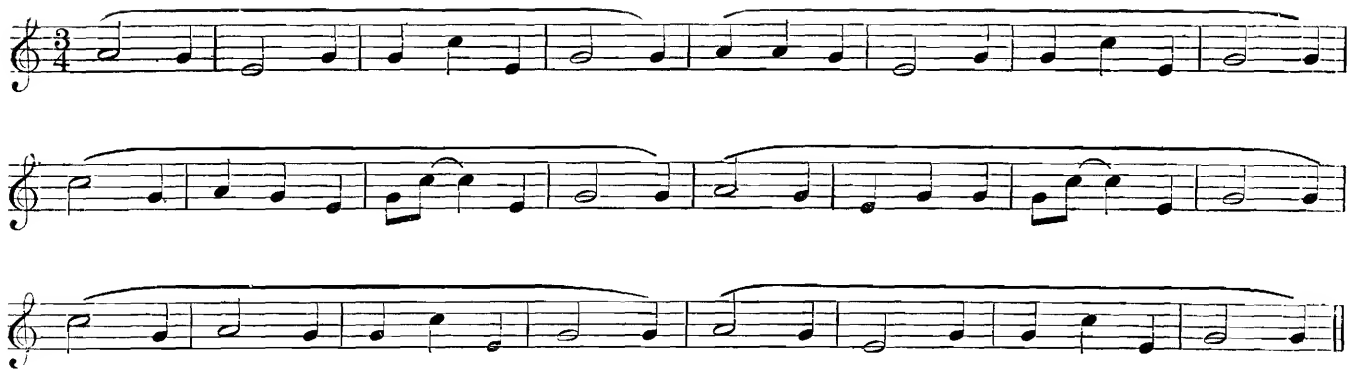
This song was made by a woman, and probably the majority of the songs in this collection have a like origin.

This Ballad of the Macneills of Barra is attributed to a Mingulay woman who lived some centuries ago. She was named Nic Iain Aoidh (the daughter of John of the Isles). I was told by a Mingulay Fisher that the tradition runs that she had her "gift" from the Master of the Black Art. The evil one asked when bestowing it, it is said, whether she would sing to please herself or to please others. Fiercely independent, she chose to please herself. No one, said Hector Macphie, my informant, could endure her singing! But she was victorious in a song-contest between herself and a Uist woman, and this Barra Ballad was the song she sang in Uist itself. At the end of the singing, when the vanquished singer dropped senseless from chagrin, the incensed Uist people would have bound Nic Iain Aoidh. But she escaped from them, ran to the shore where her boat lay moored, drew a knife from her bosom, cut the boat adrift, and was off to Barra before they could lay hands on her again. Song-Contests in those days did not make for an *entente cordiale* between rival islands! Judging by this tradition, the fiercer version of the song must surely be the original! The milder version I got late, late one dark wet night in the house of Mrs. Johnston in the Glen, Barra. It was in the spring of 1908. I had crossed the Minch on the hunt for the words of some of the airs which I had collected there the previous summer. Unwittingly I had gone at the very busiest season of the year, when the herring-fishing and the digging over of the croft-land occupied old and young, men and women alike, and when song-collecting was out of the question till darkness drove the weary field-workers home for the night. Unthinking people, Mrs. Maclean at Skallary remarked to me, will tell you that the islanders are lazy; and yet, she said, look round you at this time of the year and you will see that the whole island is dug over like a garden. And as I walked back by Brevaig to Castle Bay I saw men and women toiling with the spade in the black earth—lonely figures, bulking largely in the picture—the fields were so small—and every here and there, there was a blaze of colour where a sodden black patch was being spread with the gorgeous red-brown and ivory-white seaweed which is used for manure. The sea and land in Barra are inseparable playmates, and the sea-wrack for the fields is found close at hand and fetched easily on the back of the creel-girt ponies. Far otherwise is it in the neighbouring Isle of Mingulay, a bare rock in the swirl of the Atlantic. So greedy is this swirl that it robs the rock even of its seaweed. But the hardy islesmen, nothing daunted, fetch the needful wrack-manure from other shores, and, in rare quiet weather, land it from their boats, carrying it on their own backs in creels, to the shore.

I could not land at Mingulay, the weather was unpropitious, but I fortunately found in Barra one of the best of the old Mingulay singers. From her I heard songs of the most elemental character, consisting of mesmerizing repetitions of some one short, strongly marked phrase—like the pentatonic "Motif" of Wagner's Fire-music in the Walküre, as for instance:



In others, again, the repetition of some strongly-characteristic motive holds the thing together, and fascinates and hypnotizes you, the repetitions being strung together on strands of recitative-like sentences, or on more formalized, but still judiciously subordinated, phrases. Such is the chant of the "Sea-Sorrow" which I heard from her. Laments there are too, which are little more than sorrow-rocking figures, swaying musically on a few notes after the fashion of this wailing croon for the death of one of the crew of a six-oared galley, a chant in which the widow song-lulls her pain in tones that rock unceasingly above and below an ever-recurring sol thus:



I shall never forget hearing such from this old Mingulay woman with a voice, face, and bearing expressive alike of independence, gaiety and strength, nor the latent capacity for fierce joy to be seen in the eyes of these people who live in a world of wind and wave turmoil on lonely ocean rocks, where the air sweeps with intoxicating swiftness and energy, and the sea beats with a fascinating defiance. And if one is ever haunted by the restless movement of the wind and sea in the isles, it is in the songs themselves that there is no escape from it. Sing the strange "Seagull of the Land-under-waves" or the *"Sea-Sounds." How strongly the melodic curves of both and the subtle syncopation of the latter betray the Sea-birth of the music. Indeed, the islands and the songs and the sea are inseparable, as the island exile feels, singing far from the land of her birth, the land of the bent and Machair:

Chi mi'n t-ait 's an robh mi'n uiridh, oho
Chuala mi fuaim nan tuinne horo
Fuaim nan ramh a'reubadh tuinne horo
Fuaim an t-siabain ris a'mhuran horo.

TRANSLATION.

I see the place where I was of old,
I hear the roll of the waters,
The sounds of the dipping oars ohō,
The sounds of the seas against the shores horō. . . .

* A young Barra lad, Donald Sinclair, to whom I sang this air, said that the whole melody was but the sound-history of a single wave.

THE HEBRIDEAN SCALES.

The aim in collecting, noting, and harmonising these airs was æsthetic rather than theoretic. The songs selected for publication from among the hundreds that were heard sung, were chosen for their beauty or their character, their historical or national qualities, and not for the sake of illustrating scale theories. And yet it may interest such as seek to account to themselves for their own musical impressions if I attempt a popular exposition of the tonality of this music (of the scales, *i.e.*, which are used in the construction of these melodies), and make also, for convenient reference, a rough classification of the airs, on the basis of their scale-character on tonality.

By a scale we mean a certain relative arrangement of tonal material (sounds of different pitch), and whereas, in the European harmonic music of the last three centuries, the scale varieties (for harmonic reasons) have been reduced to two (the so-called major and minor), the Scoto-Celtic melodic music, on the contrary, still makes use of at least twelve. "The varied gradations of expression," says Helmholz, "which moderns attain by harmony and modulation had to be effected by the Greeks and *other nations that use homophonic music* by a more delicate and varied gradation of the tonal modes." And it is precisely to such variety of mode that we may trace much of the strangeness of this old-world music. Its character and strength, on the other hand, bear the impress of the race which fashioned it and used it for centuries, while its subtlety and beauty reflect the qualities of environment, the mystery and beauty of the hills and the sea and the sea-girt shores of the Western Isles.

Variety of Mode.

To facilitate reference and comparative study we have grouped the airs in the volume according to their scales.*

The scale we choose first for illustration has a very strong individuality, although differing in but one of its seven degrees from the corresponding seven degrees of the modern major scale. This potent difference lies in the 7th degree of the scale, which in the modern scale is major, in the Hebridean scale is minor. The different degrees of the scale are members of a tonal system, of which a chosen key-note or tonic is the centre. The nearer a note of the scale lies to the tonic (or to the tonic chord) the more it strains to reach it, and the 7th degree of the modern major scale, lying as it does only half a tone below the key-note, strains or leads up to it very strongly, and is therefore a potent factor in the tonality or inter-relativity of the notes of the scale. In the favourite Celtic form of the major scale, the 7th lies a *whole* tone below the keynote, and the consequent want of the excessively sensitive *leading-note* gives this form of the major scale a character of austere strength awanting in the other. That the powerful character of this whole-tone-below-the-key-note 7th (*i.e.*, minor 7th or flat 7th as it has been variously called) was as much felt by the old-time Celtic musicians who were familiar with it, as it is by us to whom it is unfamiliar and quaint, is evidenced by their use of it. Witness the employment of it in the Seal-Woman's Croon, where it emphasises the words "Cadal trom" = "deep sleep"; on the word *trom* = deep, it is most effectively prolonged. And in the "Dunvegan Dirge," note the cold shudder of desolation that it excites at its every recurrence. Those who would accustom themselves to the scale should take first the tune which I picked up in Barra to "Mo ghille dubh ciar dubh," in which the complete scale, without a single characteristic Scoto-Celtic "gap," comes tripping down in the last line of the tune as if to force itself upon our attention.

Major Scale with Minor 7th.

---

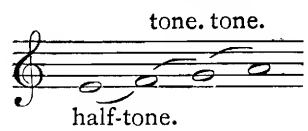
* These are the scales which for convenience may be found on the white keys of pianoforte or organ from (1) C to C, (2) D to D, (3) E to E, (4) F to F, (5) G to G, (6) A to A; the pentatonic scales (found *conveniently* on black keys exclusively, (7) F sharp to F sharp, (8) G sharp to G sharp, (9) A sharp to A sharp, (10) C sharp to C sharp, (11) D sharp to D sharp, (12) a mode or modes containing the notes B♭ and B♮.

Ducoudray, the well known collector of Greek and Breton airs, traces the affinity between present day Greek and Celtic folk-tonality, not to the influence of the church modes, as some do, but to a pre-pythagorean common source. That is to say, in all probability Greeks and Celts alike in the earlier stages of the evolution of the race, shared a common racial music formed on such scales, and all we may owe to the Greeks in this matter may be the classification and naming of modes that had already long been in use. The mediæval church, on the other hand, which borrowed its modes from the Greeks, confused the names of them in so doing, and if we would call the scale we have been discussing by its Greek name, it would be the Ionic, by its ecclesiastical name, the Mixolydian.

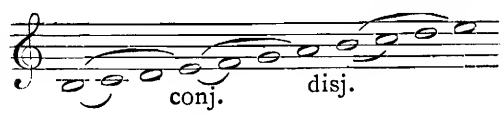
The Church, however, distinguished between two forms of each scale, calling these (1) *authentic* or (2) *plagal* according as you chose your (1) *keynote* or your (2) *fifth* of your scale for your *final*. In the "Loch Leven Love Plaint," "Chuir mo leannan," the plagal form of the scale under discussion will be found. But if we have these two (do-final and sol-final) forms of the major scale with the flat 7th, we find also in Hebridean music both authentic and plagal forms of the everyday major scale, the scale which has over-run modern Europe and killed off by its exuberant growth and harmonic expansion many other beautiful and pregnant melodic scales, which at one time flourished with it, side by side. In the Sheiling Song we have the complete modern major scale with the orthodox *leading*-note and convincingly conclusive do-final.*

Modern Major Scale.

This familiar modern major scale and its quaint old-fashioned sister-scale with the flat 7th, are but parts of a more extended series of tones which has been called the *natural* scale, a series of sounds originally built up, not from octaves, but from conjointly and disjointly linked tetrachords or series of four notes:—

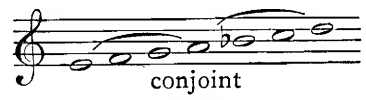


These tetrachords could be linked together diatonically conjointly or disjointly thus:—



NOTE.—In order that the singer may easily detect and feel the effect of the flat 7th which takes the place of the modern leading note, I have indicated it, as a rule, with an accidental flat or natural as the case may require. We have a precedent for such a notation. Two centuries ago the leading note was, even in major scales (as still in minor), noted with an accidental.

In order to bring the junction of the upper two tetrachords into line with that of the lower two, the B of the upper one was made transmutable, *i.e.*, it might be used either as B natural or as B flat, thus:—

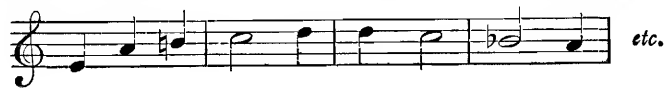


and melodies in which the B is thus transmutable are still commonly found out in the isles. In Clanranald's Song, "Biodh an deoch-sa'laimh mo ruin,"† we have a tune formed on such a scale in which this phrase shows the two forms of the B:—

---

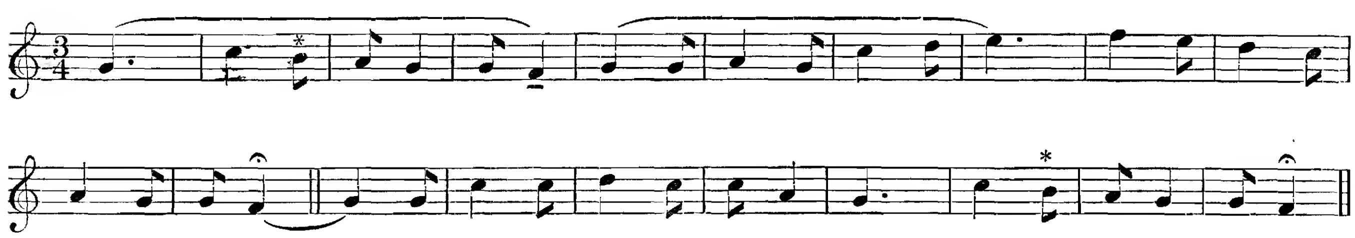
* The Spinning Song I have treated harmonically in the plagal form of the same, *i.e.*, with the final a 4th below the key-note, but have included it amongst the major scales with a minor 7th, in deference to those who take this view of it.

† I phonographed this song late one night in a crofter's house in Uig, Skye, the country of Flora Macdonald. I had just returned from a pilgrimage to Kilmuir, where the romantic heroine of the Hebrides lies buried. A great Celtic cross marks her grave. It stands like an ancient menhir looking across the Western Sea to the Outer Isles, where she was born.



Fa mode.

The scale varieties passed in review have all been major. There is still another complete major scale, comparatively rare, it is true, but of which we give here a perfect specimen, noted in Eriskay from the singing of Duncan Macinnes, the crofter-fisherman with the wonderful store of old songs and sgeulachdan.



The scale (from F to F) on which this tune is constructed differs from the orthodox major scale in the nature of its 4th degree. The B in the melody indicated by an asterisk would, in the orthodox major scale, be B flat.

Of complete minor scales (scales with a *minor* 3rd above the keynote) there are three, the re, mi, and la scales; but, before taking them up, we shall first illustrate some major scales which are incomplete or "gapped.'

Partially "Gapped" Scales.

These "gapped" scales are characteristic of Hebridean and indeed of all Scots Folk-tonality. Certain of these gapped scales are to be found elsewhere only in the Far East, in the music of China and Japan. In their pure form these scales consist of five notes instead of seven to the octave. It is a favourite trick to find them on keyboard instruments on the black keys thus: I I I I I (1 2 3 4 5) But, to correlate them with the scales we have been discussing, let us take the modern major scale, and remove its 4th and 7th degrees; we have thus one form of the five-toned or pentatonic scale: do re mi – sol la – do.

In many Scots airs we find a hybrid form of this scale, a form in which there is but one gap to the octave, *i.e.*, in some the 4th alone is omitted, in others the 7th. Examples showing the omission of the 4th are "The Eriskay Lullaby," "The Eriskay Love Lilt," and "The Hebridean Mother's Song." In "The Ship at Sea" we find a scale which "gaps" the 7th, and in "The Love Wandering" a similar scale (cadencing however, on the 5th.)

Pentatonic Scales.

These examples of partially gapped scales will serve to introduce us to the genuine pentatonic forms which may be said to constitute the tonal basis of perhaps a third of all the airs native to the isles.

Five distinct scales are obtainable from the pentatonic formula. If *for convenience* we call the five tones of this system Do re mi – sol la – we shall find airs constructed on:

(*a*)	Do re mi – sol la –	*or* I I I – I I –	
(*b*)	re mi – sol la – do	I I – I I – I	To represent
(*c*)	mi – sol la – do re	I – I I – I I	the Black
(*d*)	– sol la – do re mi	– I I – I I I	Keys.
(*e*)	la – do re mi – sol	I – I I I – I	

thus obtaining five different arrangements of what Sir Hubert Parry calls "this curious and characteristic formula of five."

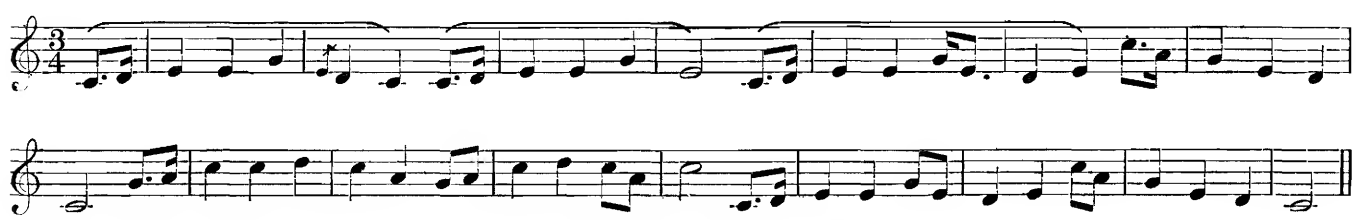
Examples following the above order are: (*a*) The Mull Fisher's Song—"S a Mhairead òg"; (*b*) The Fairy's Love Song—"Tha mi sgith"; (*c*) The Death Croon—"An Cronan Bais"; (*d*) Sea sorrow—"Beul a' mhire"; and (*e*) The Hebridean Sea-Reivers' Song—"Na Reubairean." Be it said, this classification is tentative only, since "in these scales of five tones the determination of the tonic is," according to Helmholz, "much more doubtful than in the scale of seven tones."

Circular Tunes. But there is a factor which militates against the determination of the tonic in Scots folk tunes, a factor which must never be lost sight of in trying to follow the interlacements of this elusive tonal system. *The tunes were framed for repetition.*

The songs were almost invariably long, consisting often of many verses strung on strongly characteristic recurrent refrains. They were intended, in the case of labour songs, to carry one over long stretches of monotonous labour. To this end it was essential that they should have an inherent *circular* quality; that they should tend to turn ever upon themselves; that they should appear to end, not at the end but at the beginning; that the last note, contrary to custom, should in its very nature be un-restful and onward-driving, carrying the singer perforce to the inevitable repetition. Indeed, the mysterious fascination of much of this music arises in all probability from this very quality of elusiveness which renders it so difficult to classify. The tunes haunt the mind's ear and endlessly repeat themselves, whirling ever wheel-like through the brain, since like the wind they come and go as they list, and have no definite tonic by which we may hold them fast.

As examples of this difficulty of classification, take the two pentatonic tunes "Tha mi sgith" and the Milking Song—"Odha ciaraig"; both end on re, but while in the first case, this re may be felt to be a tonic, in the Milking Song it may be felt to be a downward leading-note carrying us back to the first note of the tune, to which indeed, it has been allowed to fall (in our arrangement) at the final close.

But apart from classification, the whole question of the sturdy survival among us Scots of the ancient pentatonic scales is one of great interest. That we should find them in the folk music of the Scots and Irish Celts, and apparently nowhere else in our Western civilization, raises many questions. Why have these scales been preserved only here and in an ancient civilization like that of China and Japan? The best known tunes of the *daoine-sith* or mound dwellers are pentatonic, as for instance, the favourite "Crodh Chailein":—



in the pentatonic Do mode, as also the "Tha mi sgith" in the pentatonic Re mode.

That the mound-dwellers had music of their own, and that the Gaelic-speaking dwellers above ground borrowed it when they got the chance, is implied in many an old folk-tale. *Sian*, soft sorrowful music, issued from the green knoll, and the "slender women of the green kirtles and the yellow hair" sang lullabys and love songs. The old women in Barra, from whom I collected songs, spoke of the Fairy tunes as having been sung, not by the *daoine-sith*, but by the "bean anns a' bhruth"—the woman of the burrow. Since it is believed that the people who inhabited the mound-dwellings were probably, like the Finns and the Lapps, of Mongolian origin, may it not be that their racial scale was the pentatonic formula,* that this passed from them to the Gael, and from these again, by a process of filtration, into Lowland Scotland? For this ancient five-tone scale permeates all Scots folk-tonality, and as the Celtic tongue, literature and culture are more ancient than the Lowland speech and folk-art, we may reasonably suppose that Lowland music in this, as in many other respects, is indebted to Highland.

Of the music of the Isles-Folk about 1690, Martin says, "They have a great genius for Music and Mechanics. There are several of them who invent Tunes very taking in the South of Scotland and elsewhere. Some musicians have endeavoured to pass for first inventors of them by changing their name, but this has been impracticable, for whatever language gives the modern name, the tune still continues to speak in the true original, and of this I have been shewed several instances." And this process of Lowland assimilation of Highland music has gone on steadily ever since Martin's time.

Ducoudray, on Breton music, distinguishes between the tunes of the French Borderland, which he classes as *demi-sang*, and those of Brittany proper, which he designates *pur-sang*, but it might be difficult to

---

* A recent collection of Lapp Folk-Music by Armas Launis, Helsingfors, 1908, proves that the Lapp music is mainly Pentatonic, *vide* Internagionale Musik Gegsellschaft Monthly, April, 1909.

make always a like distinction between Lowland and Highland tunes, because of the process of assimilation which, be it said, may be mutual. Burns, as we know, was a great admirer of Highland tunes, and wrote Lowland lyrics to them. Tannahill likewise, with his "Dear Highland Laddie O," made popular in the Lowlands a beautiful Highland tune. And thus we find that not only have many pure Highland tunes been annexed by the Lowland Muse, but that they have been its direct source of inspiration.

Further, in Ayrshire, Burns possibly came in contact with the music of the Cymric Celts, who once occupied that part of Scotland, and who may have left their own peculiar airs behind them.* But, leaving this pregnant question of the probable source of the pentatonic scale, and resuming the scale classification of the airs, we find that there still remain three seven-toned, or heptatonic scales, to consider. These are the three minor scales, *i.e.*, scales with the minor third. Theoretically there ought to be seven heptatonic scales, in practice there seem to be only six.

Seven-toned Minor Scales.

	Greek Names.	Mediæval Names.	On White Keys of Key-board Instrument.	
Do Scale	Lydian	Ionic	C to C	Major 3rd.
Sol ,,	Ionic	Myxolydian	G to G	
Fa ,,	Hypolydian	Lydian	F to F	
Mi ,,	Doric	Phrygian	E to E	Minor 3rd.
Re ,,	Phrygian	Doric	D to D	
La ,,	Eolic	Eolic	A to A	

The Mi Mode. Of the minors, the Mi mode is the most strikingly unlike the scales in every day use. In his "Sensations of Tone," Helmholz says of it, "It has a peculiar character which distinguishes it altogether from other modes. It is suited for the expression of dark mystery, deep depression and an utter lapse into melancholy in which it is impossible to collect our thoughts. On the other hand, as its *descending* leading-note (the minor 2nd above the key-note) gives it a certain amount of energy in descent, it is able to express earnest and majestic solemnity!"

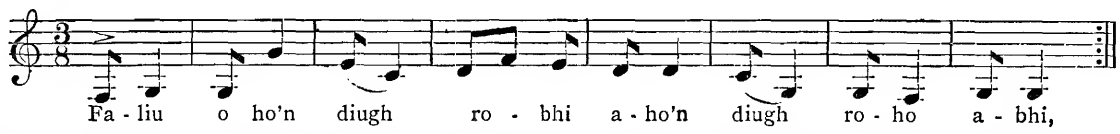
The Spartan boys, it is said, were exclusively taught this Mi (doric) mode, because it was considered to breathe dignity, manliness, and self-dependence. One example is the air to which "Tir-nan-Og" and the Skye-Fisher's Song have been set. Tunes in this mode are comparatively rare. If the characteristic minor 2nd be omitted, or "gapped," the scale resembles that of La. Two such gapped specimens are "Sea Sounds"—"Gair na Mara," and a Harris Love Lament—"Ailean Donn."

La & Re Modes. The La and Re modes, which alone remain to be considered now, may be said to be fore-runners of the modern minor, which indeed is but a modified combination of the two. The La and Re scales differ from each other in the character of the 6th alone, which is major in Re and minor in La. If in tunes on these scales the 6th be "gapped" the tunes may be classified as belonging to either. A specimen of such a gapped Re or La scale will be found in "The Bens of Jura"—"An T-Iarla Diurach."

Folk-song singers, like folk-song collectors, have their own tonal affinities, and one old salt, a Barra fisherman, seemed partial to the Re mode. He was known as the Bard of Briunish and sang the old airs to songs of his own making. He sang air after air to us in the Re mode (and if the evidence of the phonograph be taken) at about the Re pitch. In this mode the optional use of B♭ and B♮† seems to have been customary

---

* Mr. Bruce Home holds that there is a characteristic type of tune found in the south-west of which "My Nannie O," with its wide octave skips, is a good example. The fairy tune, "Tha mi sgith," has a like octave skip. And here is a very energetic specimen sung to me at the Presbytery at Eriskay by the wife of Duncan Macinnes.

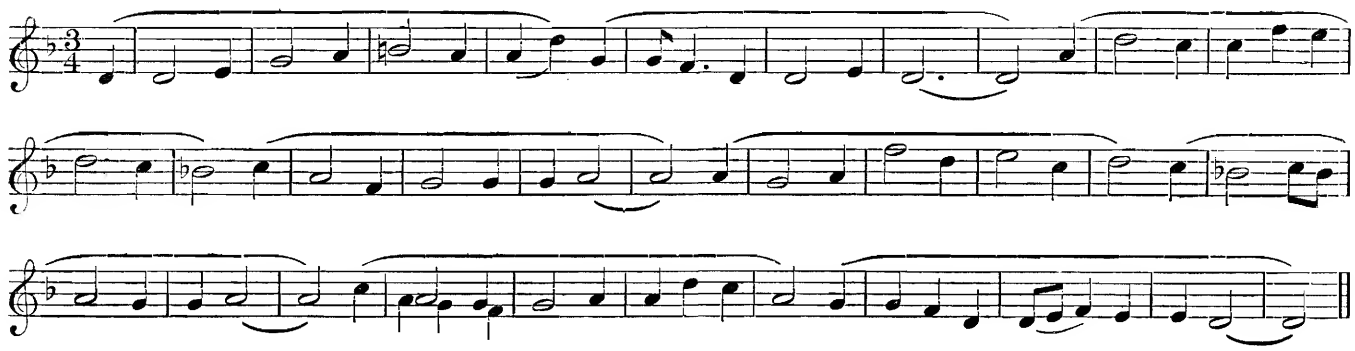


† About this question of *transmutable* notes, Cecil Sharp makes some interesting suggestions in his "Folk-Songs—Some Conclusions."

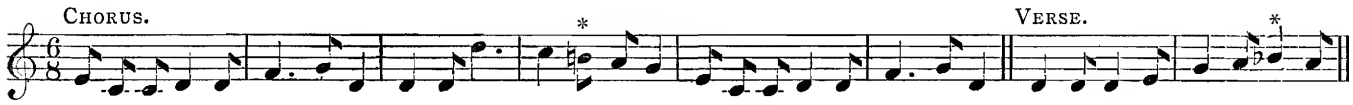
alike in Greek and in mediaeval practice, and we find frequent examples of this *transmutable* B in the songs of the isles. We give here two:

BARRA BARD'S LAMENT ON TWO YOUNG MEN.

(Mode of D with B♭ and B♮.)



'ILLEAN A HO.



La Mode. Of the la mode complete, "Alastair Mhic Cholla" will serve as a specimen.

Unfortunately, all these scales, as sung by the people, differ slightly from anything we can convey by any system of notation as yet in use. If in noting them down and thus trying to preserve them by other than the traditional aural method we sacrifice something of their character in this respect, it is imperative that we go further and compensate for this loss by furnishing them with an instrumental accompaniment. If in the days of the Greeks it was found difficult, as Aristotle says, to grasp a unison melody at a first hearing, how much more must that be the case now that we have learnt to rely upon a harmonic accompaniment. A melody, to be fully appreciated by the Greeks, had to become familiar through repetition. The modern art of harmonic accompaniment greatly lessens the need of the familiarizing process, since it helps to reveal, at a first hearing, the salient points and characteristic features of a tune.

"To add harmony to an ancient melody is practically to produce a modern composition on an ancient foundation."* There is no traditional method of harmonizing old Celtic airs (although we know from old songs that the harp was used with them), there can therefore be no standard save that of individual taste. If, in the harmonization of the airs in this collection, there may appear now and again a seeming ruggedness or crudity of expression, such has been deliberately chosen as suggesting faithfully and accentuating the peculiar character of the music. A born Celt, with a life-long familiarity with the music, I have tried to preserve the atmosphere of the old songs, and while working at them, I was ever haunted by the impressions of summers spent in a strange sound-world of surging sea and wailing wind and Celtic tonality.

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

95A, George Street, Edinburgh.
August, 1908.

---

* Abdy Williams in "Internazionale Musikgesellschaft Journal."

CONTENTS.

(Arranged in Scale-Groups.)

CONTENTS—CONTINUED.

(Scale-Groups.)

THE GAELIC EDITOR'S FORE-WORD.

THE Hebridean Celt is not of them who cannot sing because they are in a strange land; on the contrary, he never really finds his voice until he has wandered far from the Western Sea and the Isles. True, his singing is not always appreciated in his new surroundings, and in that case he goes apart into a quiet nook, near a waterfall, and there, under the stars, croons to himself the music of his folk. And as the old familiar sounds come rolling from the heart to the tongue, and from the tongue to the ear, he is no longer a stranger in a strange land—he is piloting a boat through the Western Sea to the creek in which, as a boy, he bathed, having dived from the flat rock with the queer name. How fragrant the night is now!—just the sort of night that comes fresh from the heart of the Good One. The sail is full of the homeward breeze; the waves leap and lap against the sides of the boat; the stately mountains glide past; the seagulls fly overhead; the lights along the shore beam softly and kindly, as if in welcome; and, ere long, to the best of luck is added the joy of danger. To the right is the Black Reef, to the left the Death-Rock, and, in the channel between them, the tangle is peeping through. But, there! the steering hand has lost none of its old cunning; a few turns of the helm and the boat heaves through, and is soon bounding into the creek. Across the slippery weed-covered rocks leaps the exile, and before him lies the well-beaten track of his youth, and of his father's youth. In the passing, he has time to notice the two or three old boats lying upside-down on the beach, and the heaps of mussel and limpet shells near the cottage door, relics of a generation of fishing; and then up goes the door sneck, and into the reek and the light of the peat steps the wanderer. How the kindly folk of the ceilidh spring up! all wonder and gladness, and—*Fàilt air an fhear a thainig dhachaidh*—Welcome to the man who has come home. But the night is short and must not be wasted; the man who has come home has much to hear and learn ere the flowing tide floats his boat again. He has forgotten the last three verses of *Ailein Duinn, o hì shiubhlainn leat;* he sees here a woman who has good reason to remember them; he must get her to sing the old song, the glory-song of pain, till the lost verses get a grip of his heart. And while he remembers—there is yon queer twirl in *Iùraibh o hì, iùraibh o hó*—he must learn it before he leaves. There is another thing too—another thing!—yes, scores and scores of other things, both songs and tales, which, if not picked up now, may go down into the grave to-morrow with this old woman or with that old man. If only time would dawdle a bit in the passing! But time never does when the Celt is supremely happy; and with a start and a shiver, the man who has come home suddenly realises that the ceilidh and the kent faces and the old songs and the Western Sea have all vanished, leaving the stars cold and the air chilly and the waterfall hoarse. And as the exile turns his face towards the home which is not home, his night-wish (and the old folks say that a night-wish always comes true) is something like this: if only the songs and tales of yon ceilidh were gathered into a book, so that they might be safe, for a while at any rate, from the sneaking fingers of that black thief Time!

The writer, as an Islesman, considers it a privilege to have been asked to give a little help in the making of such a book. Such material as he has contributed forms part of a collection of unpublished ballads and legends, partly handed down in his family, and partly picked up by himself in various isles. In the old leisurely days all the folk were collectors, though they knew it not, and as recently as fifteen years ago the gleanings of the past could be picked up with little trouble by youngsters born under a lucky star and on lucky soil—or in the parish of Small Isles!

In the middle of the nineteenth century a smack crossed from the Island of Eigg to the mainland once in the week, weather and inclination permitting, for the few letters and the one newspaper brought by the stage-coach from Fortwilliam to Arisaig: about a fortnight later, somebody sailed across from Rum to Eigg to see if any letters had arrived by the packet-boat within the previous month; in the course of another week, more or less, a shepherd from the west side of Rum, looking for stray sheep, unexpectedly found himself in the seaport clachan of Kinloch, and while there might remember to ask if there were any letters for the neighbouring Isle of Canna; on the following day the folk of Canna saw a fire on a certain hill in Rum, a sign that their letters had somehow or other found their way to the shepherd's house, and some time before the end of the week somebody who had probably never in his life received a letter sailed across the Sound, and returned with the mail-bag as soon as he felt in the mood for returning. Those were the days of song and tale, for no man was the slave of time or of the penny post, and to be in the mood for a thing was

but a short step from the thing itself. Canna Isle, now so unknown owing to quicker transport by steamers which are always passing by, was then the midway port between the Outer Isles and the mainland, and, as such, was a veritable mart of lore and music. The folk of the isle never hung pot of fish or potatoes on crook without putting into it the stranger's share, and seldom, if ever, went that share unclaimed. The herdman, night, which brings all creatures home, brought the boats of all the isles into the harbour; and for kindness received the strangers ever paid handsomely, if not in gold, at any rate in song and tale. The writer owes something to Canna Isle and to the boats which struck sail in its harbour. He owes even more to his native Eigg; the little island, six miles by three and a half, which now dreams, in the Western Sea, of the time when it was an independent kingdom, with a queen of its own! In its day it has been the scene of dark deeds, picturesque ceremonies, and plots without number. The martyrdom of St. Donnan in the sixth century, the crowning of a Lord of the Isles in the fifteenth, and the burning of all the inhabitants by the Macleods of Dunvegan in the sixteenth, are but the outstanding events in the history of an island which for centuries was the recognized centre of the Clanranald territories, and which, further back, in the days of the Island Kingdom, had been a favourite rallying-point for the Western clans, when in the mood for plots. Such a place was the natural home of tale and ballad, and tales and ballads there were, as plentiful as the blaeberries—so plentiful, indeed, that a man might live his full fourscore years in the island, and yet hear something new at the ceilidh every night of his life. The writer was fortunate enough to spend his boyhood in Eigg just before the old order of things had quite passed away. Several of the folk could boast that their parents had been taught a little reading and writing, and a great deal of poetry by *Raoghall Dubh*, son of the famous bard, *Alastair Mac Mhaighstir Alastair;* while everybody in the island over sixty years of age had been themselves pupils of *Iain og Morragh*, poet, musician, dancer, courtier, and, last of all, dominie. Ranald Macdonald is known in Gaelic literature as the compiler of a valuable collection of poems published in 1776, but if the Eigg tradition may be trusted, "Little worth were the things in the book compared with the things which were not there at all; sure, it is books, and books to excess, he might have sent out; never was his kist of meal as full as the one in which he kept the bits of paper and the old skins brimful of writing." If only the bits of paper* and the old skins (probably the missing Clanranald manuscripts) had been preserved!

Even more interesting than Ranald Macdonald was Iain Og Morragh. The son of a Skye laird, he spent his early years in a Government situation in London; but high living and a warm heart soon brought him within sight of the debtor's cell, and to save himself he had to escape to his native Skye, where for the next few years he told and retold wonderful stories of Court life and the Princess Caroline. Eventually his friends got him appointed to the parish school of Small Isles, and there, for over a generation, he played the fiddle, composed and collected† songs, and taught the youth of Eigg the Spanish ambassador's deportment and the Princess Caroline's curtsey. "He was a treasure of a teacher," said one of his old pupils; "on dull or rainy days, his first words to us always were: 'Ye children of other folk, what brought you here to-day? My curse on gloom! it was ever a bad teacher—let us to the fiddle and the dance.' And on bright sunny days he was equally sensible: 'Is it not a great sin, children of my heart, to be packed in this narrow room like puffins in a hole, while the sun is so warm and radiant outside, and the bird-world so frolicsome!' And, indeed, we were always of the same opinion ourselves, and, in the twinkling of an eye, out we all were on the green sward at the foot of the hill, laughing on the threshold of a beautiful day of song and dance. Och! och! the young, foolish days! But my thousand blessings on *Iain Og Morragh*—may his soul have found rest!" Wise old master! if he failed to make the youth of the island bad Saxons, he made them at any rate good Gaels, ready on the slightest provocation to rush into song, and dance, and tale. Eigg was in those days, and until recently, a nest of antique Celticism. Every inch of it was alive with legends and other-world beings. Mysterious tales made the caves and the kirkyard a terror by night; the sealwoman crooned on the reefs; the mermaid bathed in the creeks; the fairies sang and piped in the knolls; the water-sprite washed in a certain burn the shrouds of the dying; the kelpie hatched plots in the tarns against beautiful maidens; the spirits of murdered baby-heirs sobbed in gloomy nooks; mystic boats, "with a woman in the prow ever weeping, and a woman in the stern ever shrieking," glided into the bays at twilight; and on the first Monday of each quarter, a fire-ship passed the island at midnight, with "a long lean black creature on board, a fiddle in his hand, and he ever playing, and dancing, and laughing," while 'tween-decks lost souls clanked their

---

* See articles by Professor Mackinnon in *Celtic Review*, Vol. IV.

† In a fit of religious melancholia, Murray burnt all his MSS. Some of his songs, however, are still sung in Eigg and Skye.

chains, and shrieked, and cursed. Such was the Eigg night under the stars. Within doors, however, at the ceilidh, the folk told the tales and sang the ballads of the Fayne, or of the less ancient heroes, the Lord of the Isles, Macleod of Dunvegan, and "our own treasure, Clanranald,"—with, for Sundays and holy days, beautiful legends of Iona and Oronsay. But ever, whether on holy or on other eve, as midnight drew nearer, the tales and the songs, and the distant roar of the Western Sea grew weirder, until at last song and tale ceased, and the fire smouldered, and the cruisie-light flickered, and the folk whispered, while over the ceilidh crept the shadow of night and the mysteries hiding therein. "Sweet is the lark at dawn," said the Eigg folk, "but sweeter the cock at midnight."

There are echoes of other Isles, too, in this book. Eriskay, sacred to the memory of Father Allan Macdonald, makes itself seen and heard in the introduction; and the music of many isles and many seas lilts and sobs throughout the pages. In Uig, Skye, one may still see the little cottage which gave shelter long ago to the literary legacy brought from Dunvegan by one of *Clann a'Chomhairlich*, "The Counsellor's Family," and carried later to the Island of Eigg by a woman who never forgot song or tale, and whose favourite by-word* was: "A short giving with the gold, a long giving with the song; not far goes the golden coin in a crowd—to a world of folk goes the song." In that same cottage is a room in which Janet Macleod and a girl-friend once imprisoned a famous old songstress, the only woman in Uig who knew the spinning-song given in this book; nor did they set her free until they had memorised, behind the barred door, the long tricky chorus. The writer, for one, has reason to bless that little cottage on the shores of the Western Sea. Nor is it the only one. On a certain headland in North Uist there stands a crofter's house, overlooking a wide ford, beyond which lies a small island utterly unknown to the outside world. "This an inhabited island!" exclaimed a stranger who once found himself there, though how he knew not, "there is nothing here but white sand making a poor attempt to grow sea-bent; a score of solan-geese could eat up the whole place in a week!" But the solan-geese know better; so also do the women who milk the cattle, and the men who sow and reap the barley, and the lads who ride the sturdy little ponies across the fords. On moonlight nights, if the tide be suitable, the men folk of the little isle cross over to Uist, each going his own way according to the errand he is on, and some time before midnight they all form again in the headland house overlooking the ford. A youth is placed at the western window to watch for the appearing of certain reefs above water—the rider's reef,† if ponies are handy, the footman's otherwise; the rest of the company are in the humour for a ceildih, and if wit and humour, tales old and new, ballads of the brave long ago and satires on the latest wedding or the latest heresy hunt, can make a ceilidh, then here is the best in the Outer Isles—the ceilidh which never yawns. Time and tide are left waiting outside, and the reefs become dry, and wet again, ere the men rise to go; and as the last of them rides or wades across the ford, one feels that here is a world, in the world, of which London is not the centre, and gold not the god, and in which a man has time to remember that he is soul as well as flesh. The writer owes something to the house overlooking the ford. In another isle there stands, or let us say there stood, within sight and sound of the Outer Sea, a tack-house known to a lucky few as the House o' Music. To a Gael the soil around was historic; Flora Macdonald had played there in her young days; and in a certain ale-house, the ruins of which were now overgrown with nettles, the Clanranald gentlemen had, in the days of romance, toasted through the long weary years the Old Cause and Our King over the Water. But to get at the secret of the place one had to be a guest in the House o' Music; on a lucky night too, when visions could be seen in the peat fire, and when the songs were sung and the tales told by a Celtic patriarch, and by another, a woman pictured in the old lines:—

Bu bhriagh a sheinneadh i chruit,	Beautiful her music on the harp,
'S gu'm b' fhearr na sheinneadh, a beus.	Beautifuller than her music, her goodness.

One such night always meant another, and another meant a week, and at the end of that time, if the call of the world had to be obeyed, one left the House with the typical Celtic farewell ringing in one's ear: "Would it not be the beautiful thing now if you were just coming instead of going!" And the "beautiful thing" always did happen sooner or later, for that is the way of the West—a far wandering perhaps, but aye

---

* *Riaghladh goirid air an òr, riaghladh fad air an òran; cha'n fhada theid bonn òir ann an cuideachd, ach ruigidh an t-òran air làn cruinne de shluagh.*

† The appearing of a certain reef above water shows that the ford may be crossed by a rider; the appearing of another is a sign that a man on foot may now wade through.

back to the old tune, and the old friend, and the old isle. As for the House o' Music, such as knew it and loved it long ago can never keep it out of anything they write. The Western Sea is wide, however, and the Isles are many, and the old life and the weird tales and the queer songs and the sore tunes are all for the wanderer; for him who has sailed in the smacks and crossed by the fords and waited the ferry; who has heard runes chanted to the rising sun and to the new moon; who has seen mysterious rites of healing and saining in the dim crusie-light; who has frequented the midnight ceilidh of many clans and districts; who has helped the folk of the shore-clachan to dig for sand-eels in lonely bays under the full moon; who has spent long evenings with the wandering tribes, in the hazel wood, by the side of the burn; and who has camped out with ancient herdmen whose talk was of the old droving ploys: men mixing their cattle and their oaths at the toll-house, and clinking their glasses and joining in the chorus at the ale-house, on their way, by Kintail and Glengarry, by Lochaber and Rannoch, to the lowland trysts.

Cha robh ceol a sheinneadh eoin	Nor music that birds do sing
Moch no anamoch 's a' choill,	Late or early in the grove,
Cha robh ceol an caol no 'n cuan	Nor music of sound or sea
Nach cual' an ridire gun mhaill.	But heard the errant-knight anon.

Nearly all the songs and legends in this book have come from the Northern Hebrides—the Isles to the north of Ardnamurchan Point. This in itself is a confession that, even in the Hebrides, what may be called folk-life is gradually disappearing. "What is a feast for a king?" asks an ancient Gaelic by-word;* and the answer is: "The sea-ducks of Colonsay, the harping of Oronsay, and the swelling tunes of Jura." The king would need, however, to be less aesthetic in these days; he might still, indeed, dine off the sea-ducks of Colonsay, but not even his royal will could command the harping of Oronsay or the swelling tunes of Jura. And, before long, the Northern Isles may be equally barren of traditional music. Already the curious old songs are being forgotten, and in tone and colour, and probably in scale, the airs of the folk are changing.

The songs and legends given in this book then are of a life in the passing, and are such as the folk will recognise as their very own. Incidentally, they give a bird's-eye view of Gaeldom from the misty beginning to the present time. Fionn, and Diarmad, and Grainne are here; whether they be gods become men, or men become gods, who can decide?—at any rate, they love and hate, plot and weep, at a time when day and night have a mouth, and the birds speak, and the serpent is worshipped, and Hades is terrible, not because of its heat, but because of its biting cold. Here, too, is Iona, teaching truth to the living, chanting consolation to the dying, and battling to the death with paganism for possession of the Isles. And, as if to show the issue of the struggle, we have also here the salt life which reives and prays with equal vigour—always pagan by day and Christian by night. Here, too, is some of the glamour of Jacobite times; the Silver Whistle calling the Gaels, for the sake of the Old Cause and the honour of the fathers, to Prince Charlie's side; and Flora Macdonald, in a remote isle, stitching her sampler and making a love-lilt to her sweetheart, and then laying both aside to play with Saxondom for a king's life. And behind the mythological and historical movements, we find here the common life of the folk; work and love, pain and death; and the worst as well as the best of it set to music. Passing strange that drudgery and pain should rush into music as naturally as the sparks fly upward; that a girl milking a cow, an old dame spinning the wool, men rowing a clumsy fishing-skiff, a woman in tears because a seaman has been drowned—that such things should move the folk to song as easily as the dawn sets the lark trilling or twilight the mavis. To a race with soul, however, there is nothing common or tame in the whole range of life, from birth to death.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

NOTE.

Full versions of the Gaelic songs are given when they seem likely to be of literary or historical value; in other cases, only a few of the best verses are given—just enough to serve the singer's purpose. In the matter of dividing the Gaelic words into syllables, consistency has not been aimed at. For instance, a Highlander would naturally write Mór-ag; but for singing purposes Mó-rag conveys the sound better. In this book both methods have been followed, to show that as yet there is no stereotyped way of "syllablizing" Gaelic words for musical purposes.

STRATHLOCH, PITLOCHRIE,
October, 1908.

---

* *Dé is cuirm do righ? Lachain Cholosa, teudail Orosa, fuinn onfhadhach Dhiùra.* Perhaps *teudail* means here "chanting" rather than "harping."

GAELIC PRONUNCIATION.

SOME GENERAL RULES FOR SINGERS.

VOWELS:—

A E I O U = mainly the Italian vowel sounds, but "a" more French than Italian.

ia, io } Italian "i" prolonged, the "a" and "o" mere vanish vowels. Examples: piob = peep, cian = keen.

ua, uai, ui } Italian "u" prolonged, the "a," "ai" (Ital. é), and "i," vanish vowels. Examples: uair = uhr (German), luaths = loose, luib = loop, but with a ghost of the vanish vowel before the final consonant.

eo, iu } "o" and "u" are here prolonged, the initial vowels very short. Examples: ceol = kyawl, ciurr = cure.

oi, ai } Italian oi, ai; but ai has also other sounds: ai = French à in Marie = Mairi, and

ai, eu, ei } = Italian é. Examples: air, aig, speur, fein = English, air, ache, spare, fain.

ea Italian è (and frequently ya). Examples: fear = fer, in ferret; eala = yala.

ao, agh } = French œu in "cœur." English u in "curl."

Final double n and double l affect vowel sounds thus:—

anns = English "ounce."
thall = ,, "howl."
rinn = ,, "Rhine" (but cinn = "keen," sinn = "sheen").
tonn = ,, "town."
seinn = ,, "shine," and
trom = German "traum."

CONSONANTS:—

r trilled, but on breath only, without tone.

m = English m.
n = ,, n (sometimes more liquid).

c final, chd ,, } like German or Lowland Scots chk.

c and g = English k.
b ,, p = ,, p, but p, t, c slightly more explosive than b, d, g.
d ,, t = ,, t, but somewhat softer.

d before or after i or e like English t in "tune."
t ,, ,, ,, ch in "cheer."

s = English s in "so." Exceptions: Gaelic *so* and *sud* like English "show" and "shoot."

s before or after i or e = sh. Exceptions: is (and), and is (verb) followed by a consonant = iss.

l before e and i like English L, but in certain cases more liquid.
,, a, o, u, to be pronounced with a relaxed tongue.

Double n or double l, liquid, like Ital. gn and gl, or English l and n in "million" and in "pinion."

rt = rst.

n after c, g, m, generally pronounced r.

Between the consonants lm, lg, lbh, rm, rg, rbh, rc, and nm a distinct drawl (a vowel sound) is introduced, as falbh = falav.

---

h like English h.

h associated with other consonants affects them thus:

bh and mh = v.
th = h, except in "thu," when both consonants are silent.
fh = h, often silent.
dh and gh = German final g; before e and i = English y; final dh and gh, silent.
ph = English f.
sh = h.
ch = German or Scots in "loch."

mh has nasal effect upon adjacent vowel.

"*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

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

Allegretto con moto.

Liltingly.

PIANO.

Or with no flats.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

§

Cha dìr - ich mi bruth - ach, 's cha siubh - ail mi mòin - teach,
Is truagh nach robh mis - e 'san 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 Bu*
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 Mackenzies Beauties of Gaelic poetry. "This little song is attributed to a Highland Sappho of the 13th Century!"—*Mackenzie.*

†)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. S.

13th Century Love Lilt. *fàsach = moorland. (Pronounce "ach" as in German.)

THE BALLAD OF MACNEILL OF BARRA.

O bhradaig dhuibh, ohi ohu
Bhrist na glasan, ohi-u-o-i-o-u-o fal-u-o
Hao-i-ohi
A Mhuireartaich
A' chochaill chraicinn,
Cuiridh mi ort
An dubh-chapaill.
C' àit' an d' fhàg thu
Ruairi 'n Tartair ?
'S a mhac cliuiteach
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 fo '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.
Chìteadh 'na thalla
Mùirn is macnas,
Gachan air òl,
Sùrd air dannsa,
Pìob is fidheall
Dol 'nan deann-ruith,
Cruit nan teudan
Cur ris an annsgair.

Literal Translation.

Ye black-thief ye,
Breaker of locks,
Ye Sea-Carlin[1]
Of the skin-husk,[2]
I will put on thee
The black-shame.[3]
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 Showerer (of words and blows!) or Neil Fruitful.]
My music of laughter
Is Ruairi Tartar,
He would give wine
To the horses,[4]
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.

[1] 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). [2] The *Sea-Carlin* is usually represented as dressed in the skin of her victims. [3] The Gaelic phrase, *an dubh-chapaill*, is obscure, bnt is always used in the sense of shame or sorrow—see *Celtic Review* (vol. III., p. 356).

[4] 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,
Mrs Maclean, Barra, and
Island of Eigg version.

Old Words and Air noted down by Mrs Kennedy
Fraser from the singing of Ann Macneil, Barra.
The English words and pianoforte arrangement by
Mrs KENNEDY-FRASER.

Moderato. ♩ = 112.

Like the sea.

PIANO.

dolce e p

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 Bhrist na glas - an

molto sostenuto

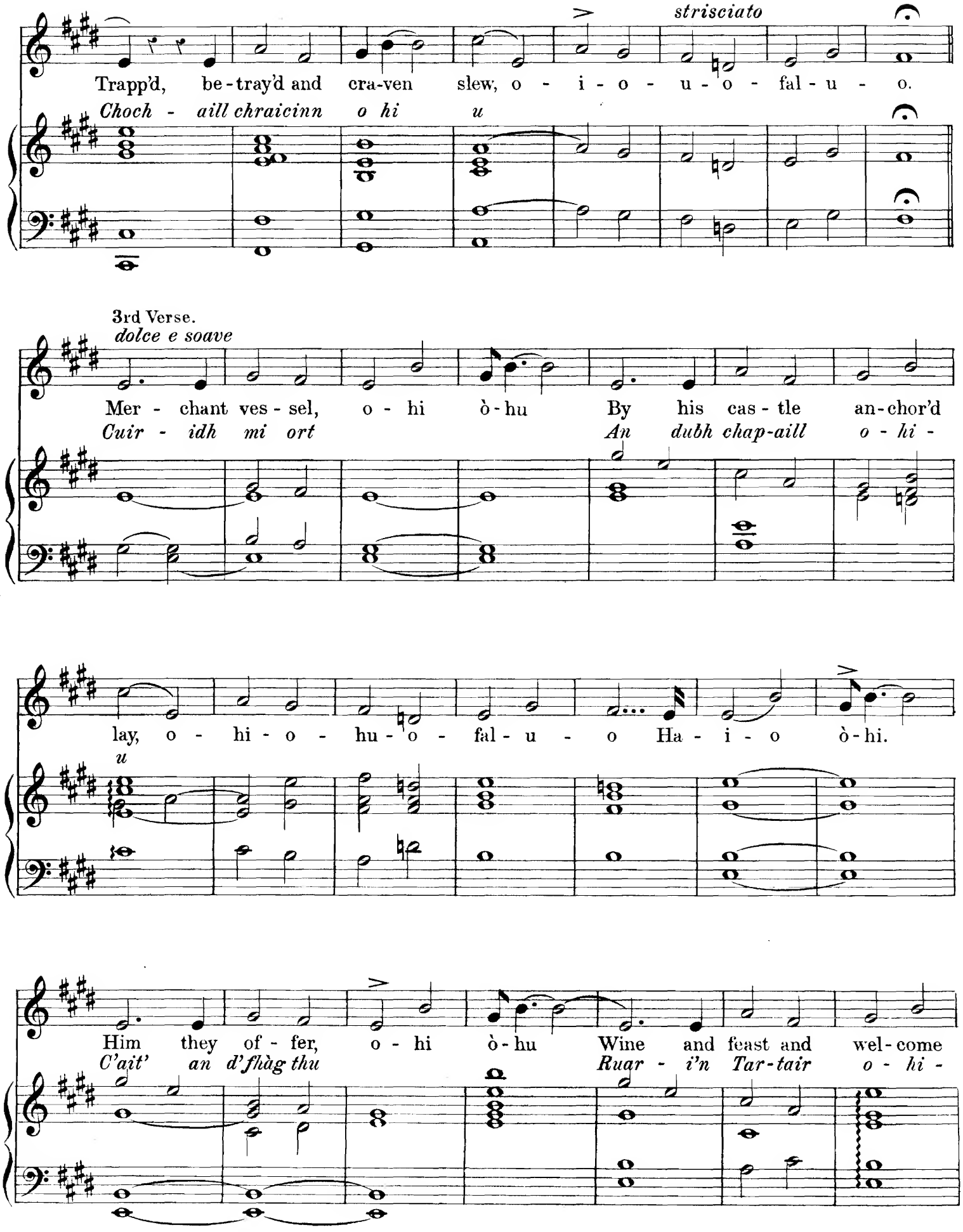
"good" Queen Bess, O* - i - o - u - o fal - u - o Ha -
o - hi - o

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 Macneils, 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. ♩· = ♩

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

u

L.H.

Ped.

While they're feast-ing, o - hi o - hu, Lies the ship in

Mo cheol - gair - e *Rua - ri'n Tar - tair*

L.H.

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.

Ped.

*

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

R.H.

L.H.

precipitatamente

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

ten.

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

f mancando poco a poco p

pp

ten.

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

p

*Pronounced mo skian du (Italian vowel sounds.)

a tempo

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

ten.

Vain your ①cries a - long the shore, o - i - o - u - o - fal - u -
Mar na fars-paich o - hi - u - o

L.H.

Ped. *

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

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."

Eriskay version of an old Celtic air.*

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

Largo. 𝅗𝅥 = 48. *(each minim beat, like a slow step.)*

VOICE.

PIANO.

Like a Funeral March.

pesante ma dolce

Ped. * Ped. *

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'lt re -

pp *mf* *molto sostenuto*

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

Ped. * Ped. *

*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, 'S iad a
day now you'll mourn; Help-less calves in the stead - ing With the

freag - airt nan... laogh, *'S bidh 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'lt re - turn, For your

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

A Dunvegan Dirge.

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 'S an 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-i - onn 'S fàs-aidh
seek I the dead? Come— seed-timè, come har - vest, At the

A Dunvegan Dirge.

* Machair = wide stretch of sandy shore. ** This verse was taken down by Eoghan Carmicheal.

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.

bh'uam 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.

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

dim.

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

R.H.

una corda

*Luinneag = a ditty. (pronounced Loonyak)

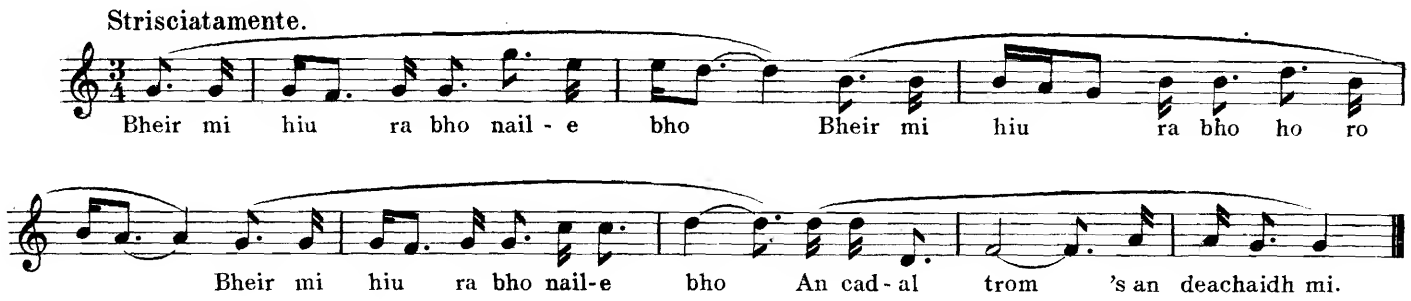
A DUNVEGAN DIRGE.

An alternative harmonic version.

PIANO.

p

Coda.



THE SEAL-WOMAN'S CROON.

(Literal translation from the Gaelic.)

The seals are the children of the King of Lochlann* under spells—*clann Righ 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.

VOICE.

PIANO.

dolce e misterioso

p

Bheir mi hiù ra bho
(Vér mi hiú ra - vo
(Italian phonetic spelling.)

p leggierissimo

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

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

except last verse. *to* last time only.

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

*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 am I ____ *On the*
Far a - way my own gruag - ach lone ____ *On the*
On the mor-row shall I o'er the Sound ____ *Oe'r 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*

Ped. * Ped.

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-yan down, Nor slum - ber deep* ____ *part thee and me.*

D.S.

* Ped. * Ped.

The Seal-woman's croon.

*gradh-an donn = loved one brown

SPINNING SONG.

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

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

Moderato. *With daintily marked rhythm.*

PIANO. ♩. = 132.

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

Hù rù rithill iu riu - a - ro hi rithill iu

* Who - rue - reel - your - you - are - oh he - reel - you

Lunga pausa

accel.

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.

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

hithillean beag cha la ò hill iu ra bho. Thug mi gaol duit

heel - an - peck - ha - la - oh heel - your - ah - vo. *Love gave I to*

col canto *espressivo*

*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

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

Spinning Song.

*This gradually accellerating phrase was sung as the thread was long drawn out.

Nach tug piuth - ar
Love that sis - ter

mf espressivo

Ped.

ten.

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

leggiero

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

molto espress.

mf

leggiero

Ped.

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

Spinning Song.

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

p

mf espressivo

Ped.

's mis' an snaith - lean hithillean beag cha la ho hill iu ra bho
I the thread, Ho - heel - an - peck - 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 -

Ped.

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 - peck ha - la - oh heel - your - ah - vo.

p e leggiero

p rall.

Spinning Song.

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 lilts 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 *hithillean beag cha la o hill iù ra bhó*, 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—*coisrigeadh an aodaich.* (7) Folding songs—*a' coinnleachadh 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 tri.

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

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

Oran a h-aon air,
Oran a dha,
Oran a tri,
'S nar biodh fuaighteadh ris gu dìlinn
Ach ceol-gàire nan nìonag
'S pògan-meala nam mìneag
'S nan òranaich'—
Is fóghnaidh 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 gillean 'san dùbhradh* (or, *tùradh*); *'gan toirt as*; *'gam fàgail 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.

With gently swaying rhythm.

VOICE.

PIANO.

(about 96=♩)

Or

dreamily.

p e dolce

An
O

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 'san fhuar-bheinn, Is
down by yon glen, I dream aye of Mor - ag, dream - wan - der wi' Mor - ag, Where

e dolce

p

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

Tha
O

colla voce

nion - ag mo bhruad - 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 's'ga
drift of white dew - mist, This dream to my hot heart parch'd

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

The Exile's Dream.

*Maiden— pronounced neenak.

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

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

ġraidh ġhil 'ġam dhuan-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

OR

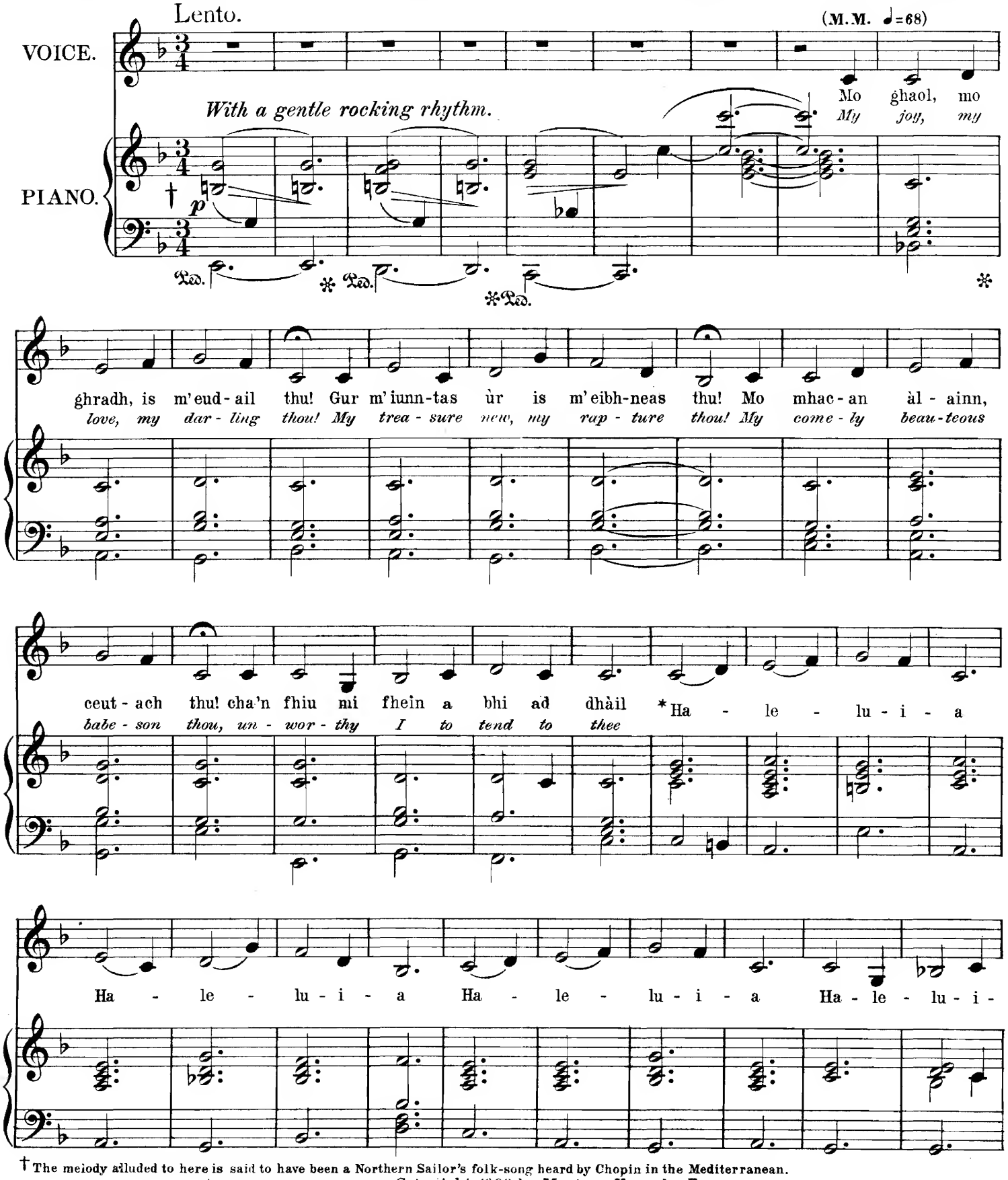
The Exile's Dream.

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.



† 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.

a.

Mo ghaol an
White sun of

t-suil a sheall-as tla! Mo ghaol an eridh' tha lionť 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.

L. H. *R. H.* Ped. ✻

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:—

THERE 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'iunntas ùr is m' eibhneas thu, Mo mhacan àlainn ceutach thu, Cha'n fhiu mi fhein bhi'd dhàil.	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.
Tha mi 'g altrum Righ na Mòrachd! 'S mise màthair Dhe na Glòrach! Nach buidhe, nach sona dhòmhsa! Tha mo chridhe làn de shòlas.	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.
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.	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.
'S tu Righ nan Righ, '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.	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.
'S tusa grian gheal an dòchais Chuireas dorchadas air fògairt, Bheir thu clann-daoin' bho staid bhrònaich Gu naomhachd, soilleireachd, is eòlas.	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 do Mhac Dhaibhidh, Mo Righ, mo Thighearna, 's mo Shlàn'ear! 'S mòr mo shòlas bhi 'gad thàladh, 'S beannaichte measg nam mnài mi.	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.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

LOCH LEVEN LOVE LAMENT.

(Chuir mo leannan cul rium fhein.)

As sung in Eriskay by Mrs Macinnes.

Arranged for voice and pianoforte by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With a mournful rocking rhythm, but not too slow.

PIANO.

With Ped.

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 Lev - en I

gu'n do phos mo lean - nan fhin Chuir mo lean - nan cul rium fhein
sick at heart for - sak - en lie Hoor mow lan nan cool room hain

Cul mo lean - nain 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 *Gur e mis - e tha fo ghruaim
Hoor sheet groom - an air an spare *Gloom lies o'er me Day and night*

Loch Leven Love Lament.

* Verse written by Henry Whyte.

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

Ped.

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

ff

*

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

dim.

p

Ped.

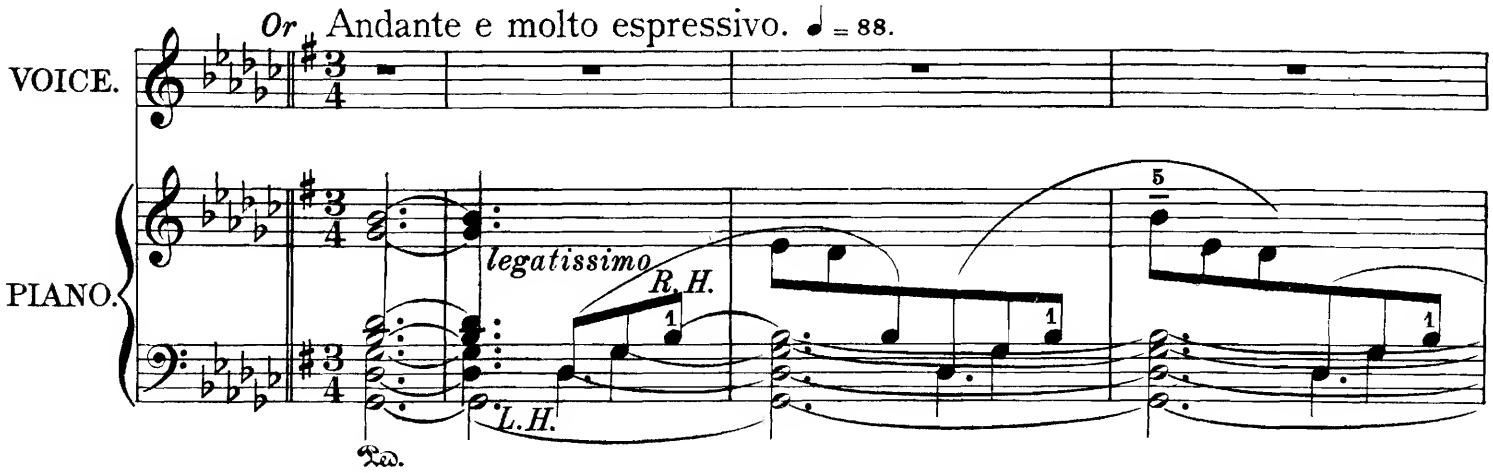
Loch Leven Love Lament.

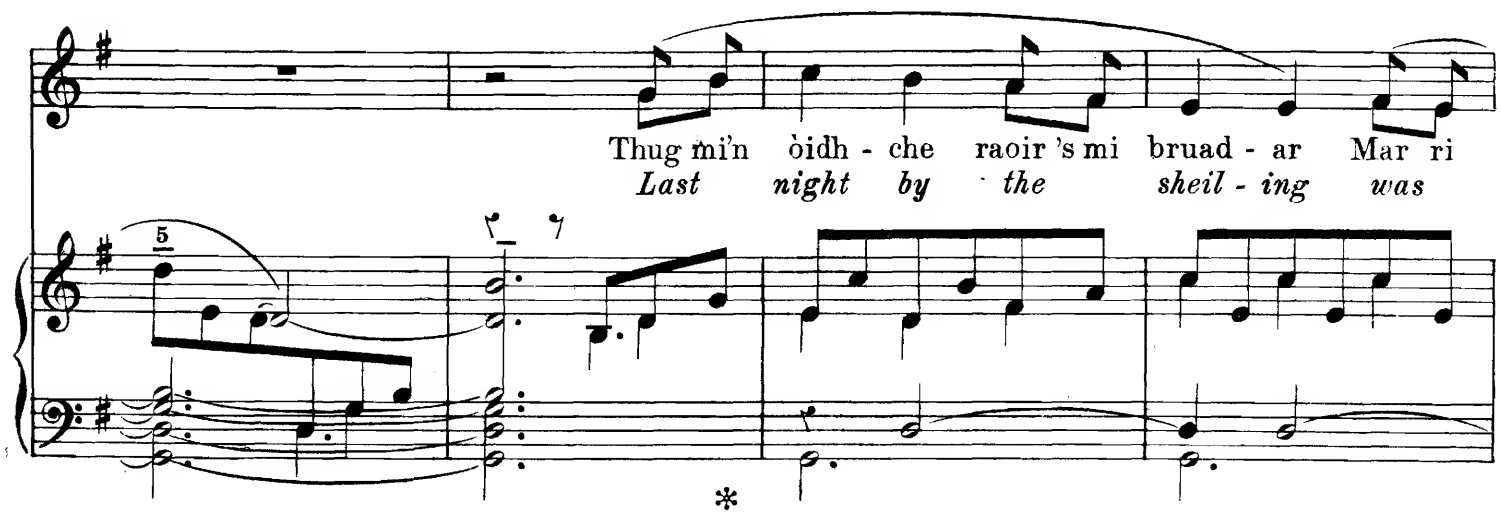
*AN ISLAND SHEILING SONG.

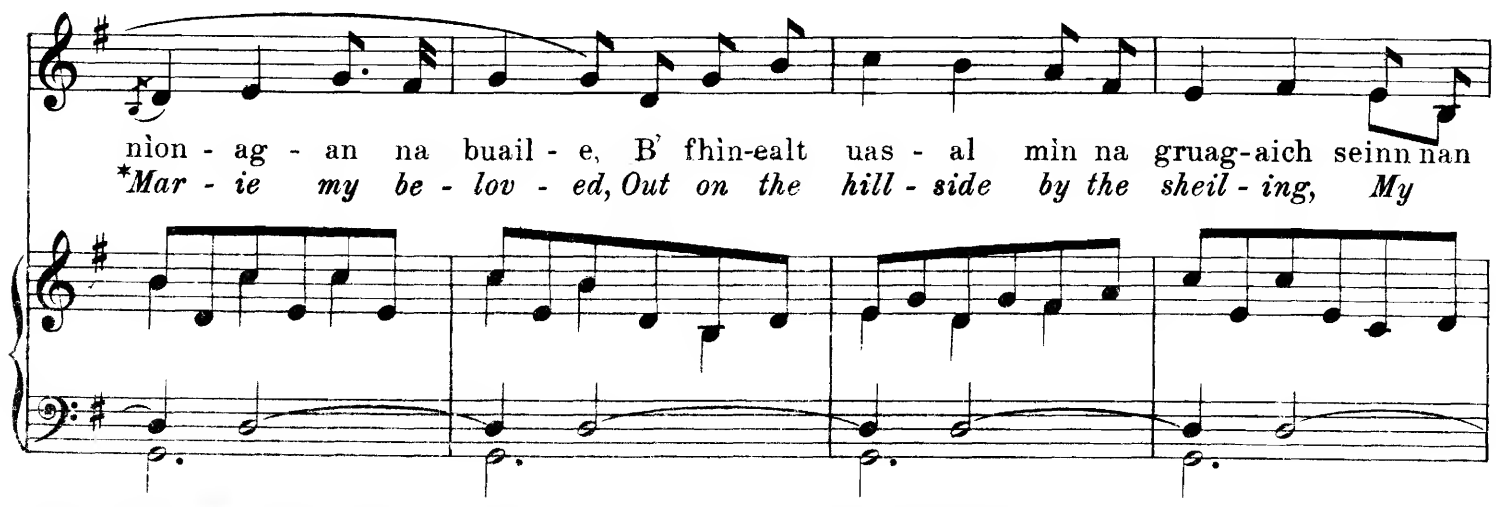
(Maighdeanan na h-àiridh.)

Old refrain with Gaelic verses by Kenneth Macleod.
The melody taken down from the singing of Ann Macneill, Barra, and

Set with English words and pianoforte accomp. by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.







*Gaelic "Mairi" is pronounced like French "Marie."

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

An island sheiling song. *Pronounced here Varie † lennan.

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

caoimh - 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 caoimh - neil Mar ri maigh-dean - an na
lov - ed, Like the li - ly white, float - ing in the peat hag's dark

Ped. *

An island sheiling song.

h-àir - idh.
wa - ters.

Ped.

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

*

fhuad - ain 'Se sior - ionn - drainn tìr a bhruad - 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

An island sheiling song.

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

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

An island sheiling song.

FAIRY MUSIC.

[CEOL-BRUTHA.]

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

TO-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.

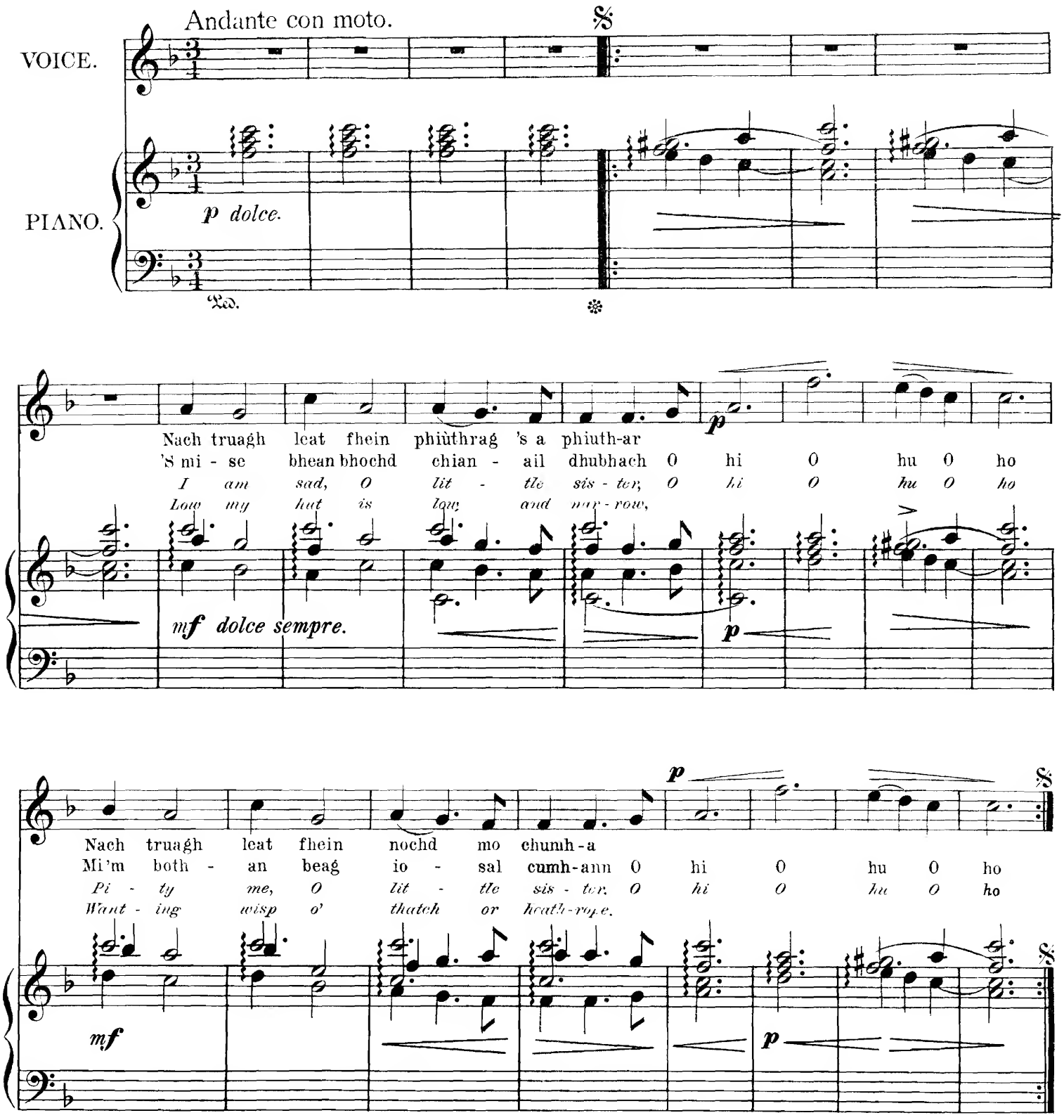
* Pronounced brŏo.

A FAIRY PLAINT.

(Ceol-brutha.)

Noted from the singing of Mrs Macdonald,
Skallary Barra,

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



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

sempre doleissimo.

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

p

rit.

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

p rall.e dim.

rit.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

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=♩

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,

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 claon' A' laghdach - adh a' bhainne,

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

p

leggiero

*Uig. (Wick) a bay.

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 Dr 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*

Biodh an
(*Last refrain.*) 'S biodh an

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.

Fine.

Ped. * Ped. 8 Ped.

Ol - adh no nach òl - adh cach i, Biodh i làn air ceann a' bhùird;
Dh'òlainn deoch slain - te Righ 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 - raich - 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 mairg a shamh - ladh Col - a creag - ach Ri Dun - bheag-ain no Dun - tuilm;
'S truagh nach fhaic - inn cais - teal Dhubh-aird Dol 'na sprudh - an anns a chuan.
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 a-gain, 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 rōōn, "my love!"
A health to him of the *Tur* (Tōōr, "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'[1] piloting her way;

Speeding was she through the narrows,
In her mast-top the 'red-spray:'[2]

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,* (Rōōm.

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

Fie! to even Coll the craggy
To Dunvegan or Duntulm![3] (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*[4] 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.

[1] 'Red-Hand'—The Macdonald Crest.
[2] 'Red-Spray'—The Macdonald badge is the purple-heath.
[3] Duntulm Castle, in Trotternish, was once the Skye home of the Sleat Macdonalds; it is now a picturesque ruin.
[4] *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*

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*

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

sf

with tenderness

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

mp *dolce*

*pronounced mo roon. means my love

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

Ped.

Verse.

'làimh 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

Ped. * Ped. *

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

Ped. *

with energy

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

accel. *rit.*

Ped. *

Clanranald's parting song.

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 Na'n 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

Clanranald's parting song.

*pronounced "room"

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

Ped. *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

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

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

*"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

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

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

morendo

la Ho - ro la.

An Eriskay Lullaby.

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

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

† Wi' the birds to your nest ye maun gang a - wa'

Ho - ro ei - le, Biodh an fhaoil - eag's an eal - a a' fair - e do
While the sea - gull and swan for thy **cur - ach are*

ear - - ly,

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

* Pronounced "coor-ach"— means coracle.
** The name given in the stories to the mermaid's coracle.

† Alternative words.

An Eriskay Lullaby.

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

morendo

la, Ho - ro la.

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

p

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

An Eriskay Lullaby.

Wi' 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 fa - ther be

ear - - ly,

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

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

morendo

la, Ho - ro la.

pp

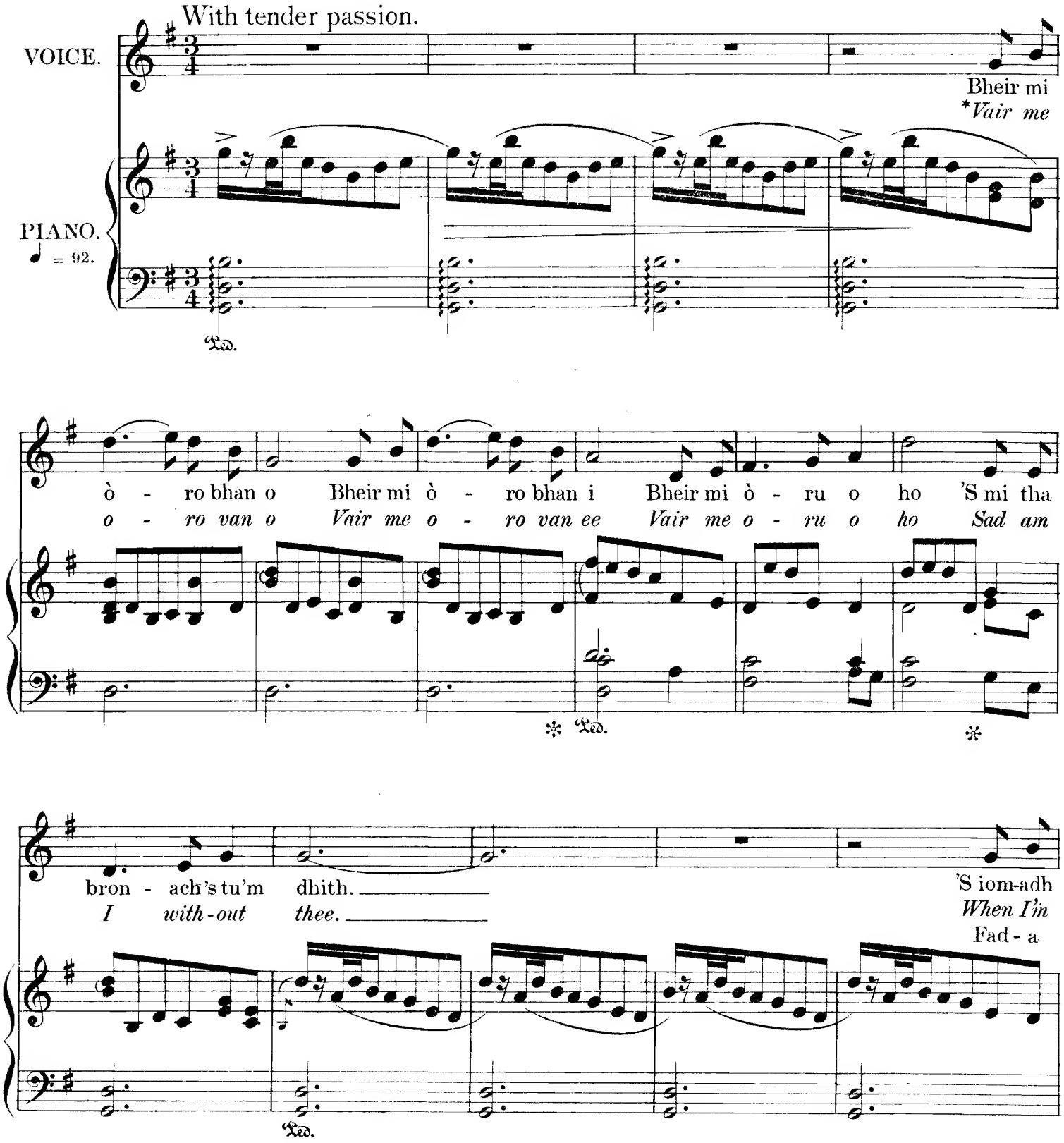
An Eriskay Lullaby.

AN ERISKAY LOVE LILT.

Gradh Geal mo chridh.

Sung by Mary Macinnes, Eriskay.
Last three verses by KENNETH MACLEOD.

English adaptation and pianoforte accompaniment by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.



*Vowel sound as in English word "hair."

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-àit Fa'n 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.

An Eriskay love lilt.

'Na mo chlàr - saich cha robh ceòl 'Na mo mheoir - ean cha robh àgh, Rinn do
*Thou'rt the mus - ic of my heart, Harp of joy, oh *cruit 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 Eol - 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.

An Eriskay love lilt.

* "Harp of my heart," pronounced "crootch mo chree"

Air an fhear 's mi nach dean - adh lochd
Leis an seinn - teadh gu ciuin a' chruit,
Mar a' ghrian thu 's i smal - adh reult
Lean - adh dluth fo do shuil 'san t-seilg
sinn ri faire mu cheal - chorp bu righ
Thee would I cause nor pain nor sigh
Who would soft - ly play the harp
Went the sun put - ting stars to shame
Hunt - trail in thy love have they found
That we to - night death - watch a king

Cha robh treun gun a dhèach - ainn fein
Air an laoch cha do dhearg am fraoch,
Bha 'n treas bàs guin - eadh bàrr do luinn,
'S o'n a b'ait le mo Dhearg an triuir
'S duth d'ar caithris bhi gu flath - ail fial
To each brave com - eth test of fire
Blood fury left on thee stain nor mark
[4]*Deaths three point ed they thy blade*
Three there were dear to thee I trow
State ly calm, o - pen hand, our mien

cresc

'S truagh do'n té tha gun cheil' an nochd.
Ged a ghiùg - adh mo ghaol le tuirc.
Ged nach cluinn thu an nochd an streup.
Theid an triuir anns an uir le Dearg.
B'e sid riamh mais - e Dheirg 'na chlìth.
Black er fate to be left be hind.
Tho' low laid by the boar at last.
Tho' thou to night art deaf to fame.
Let these three be to thee for shroud.
Such was Dearg in his life I ween.

dolente *mancando*

[4] "The foe who has come, the foe who will come, the foe who is there now."

THE SEA-SORROW.

THE sea has given to Hebridean song its fiercest joy and its most passionate sorrow. The former is illustrated in the "Sea-reivers' Song" and "The Ship at Sea;" the latter finds fitting expression in "The Sea-sorrow," "Ailein Duinn," and "The Seagull of the Land-under-waves." The songs of the sea-rapture are much less numerous and are, as a rule, the songs of men; the songs of the sea-sorrow are invariably the songs of women. The men reive and rove, and dream of strange lands and adventures beyond the waves.

Tha na luingis a' seoladh	The ships go a-sailing
Le'n cuid òigear tro 'n chaol,	With the young through the straits,
An tòir air gaisge 's air gàbhadh,	In search of adventure and danger,
Air ceol-gàire 's air gaol.	The music-of-laughter and love.

But the women lose their husbands and brothers and sons and sweethearts, and the burden of their song is—

Fuar fuar fuar,	Cold cold cold,
Fuar an cuan 's gur snàgach,	Cold the sea and snakish,
Fuar fuar fuar	Cold cold cold,
O h-aigeal gu 'barr i.	From depths to top-wave she.

This gloomy picture of the *Tir-fo-thuinn*, the Land-under-waves, is not, however, the one given by those who ought to know best: the spirits of the drowned ones. "Cold thy bed to-night," said a woman once to the spirit of her drowned husband. "It is neither hot nor cold," was the reply, "but just as one might wish, if as he wished he got." "If not cold, lonely at any rate," suggested the woman. "I have the best heroes of Lochlann beside me," said the man, "and the best bards of Erin, and the best story-tellers of Alba, and what we do not know ourselves, the seal and the swan tell us." "Treasure of my heart," said the woman, "are not we the foolish ones to be weeping and sorrowing for the men, and they so happy in the Land-under-waves!" "*Is fhior duit sin*! Thou speakest truth there!" said the man, as he vanished into the night and the sea. To sorrow for the drowned ones is worse than foolish, however, it is actually cruel to the men.

Is trom an t-éideadh am bròn,	A heavy dress: sorrow,
Is truim' an léine am bròn,	A heavier shroud: sorrow,

And more than once the weeping woman on the shore has heard the voice of her lost one in the waves entreating her to lift off him the burden of her grief.

A-Vòre, my love, lift off me thy woe,	The cleric has gone above, but better far to be below
The clouds are above and the clouds are below,	A-Vòre, my love, a-vore, my love,
The stars are above and the stars are below,	Lift off me thy woe, lift off me thy woe.*

"Never a sigh comes from the heart," said a woman of Uist, "but a drop of blood falls in its place." And in Eigg the old folk said that the tears of a woman o' sorrow fell in blood-drops on the heart of her loved one under the sea—"and is it not the sad thing to be drowned twice, once by the waves, and once by the tears of your folk!" And not only is the sorrow of the women cruel to the drowned ones, but it is also a source of danger to themselves. It is considered wrong, for instance, to sing a drowning-song twice in an evening, and some of the older generation refuse to sing one at all after sunset. "It is not right," one is told, "to disturb the rest of the ones-no-more; it is bad enough to put sorrow on them, but it is seven times worse to put anger on them." And stories are current in which the spirits of the drowned ones, exasperated beyond all patience, appear in their old homes between midnight and cock-crow, and give the women-folk a fright which soon dries their tears and banishes their sorrow. It is a remarkable fact, indeed, that in the Hebrides (where one would least expect it) excess, whether of joy or of grief, is regarded as a direct tempting of Providence, and one is often told that "laughing overmuch is an omen of tears, and weeping overmuch an omen of greater evil to come" But the folk *will* tempt Providence all the same!

KENNETH MACLEOD.

* The Gaelic version has appeared in *The Celtic Review*, vol. IV., p. 248

SEA SORROW.

Am Bron Mara.

Air taken down from the chanting of
Mary Macdonald, Mingulay.

†Arr. with words and pianoforte accomp. by
MARJORY KENNEDY FRASER, and
KENNETH MACLEOD.

VOICE.

PIANO.
(80 = ♩)

With a sad rocking rhythm.

pesante ma dolce

With Pedal.

(Bial)

Beul a' mhir - e
Mouth of glad-ness!

's a' cheol-gàir - e! 'S truagh nach mis - e bha ceart lamh riut.
mu - sic's laugh - ter Sad that I am not be - side thee.

*Hu io ho

hug o

An druim a' chuain no'n iom - all tragh - ad, Ge b'e àit am
On ridge of o - cean, shelf of shore What place so e'er the

fàg an làn thu Hu io ho hug o
tide has left thee

Taobh ri taobh a ghaoil mar b'àbh-aist
Side by side, my love, dear heart

†Old Gaelic words adapted; the translation is practically literal.

*pronounced Hoo-yo-ho-hook-o

Taobh ri taobh gun dùil ri t'fhag-ail Sior dhol suain 's ar màn-ran sàmh-ach,
Side by side nor thought to part Ev-er quiet to sleep a-fall-ing,

Gair nan stuadh a luaidh'gar tal-adh. Hu io ho hug o Och mo leòn cha
*Croon of waves, O love, our *tal-a.* *Ah! my wound! he*

chluinn mo ghradh mi Bath-adh stuadh air m'os-na chrait-ich. Beul a' mhir-e!
hears no more, Wave-drown'd is my cry of woe. Mouth of gladness!

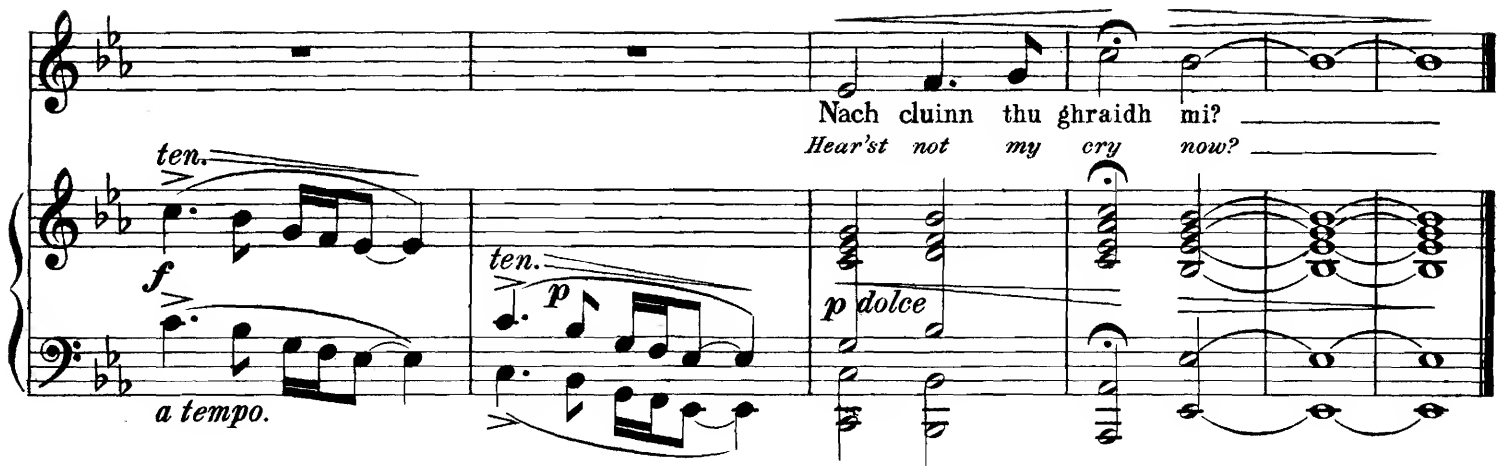
's a' cheol-gair-e! 'S truagh nach mis-e bha ceart lamh riut, Hu io ho hug o
mu-sic's laugh-ter! Sad that I am not be-side thee!

rall.

f a tempo.

Sea sorrow.

*tala = lulling song.



The Air to this song is a form of wailing chant well known in the Isles. The notes of the recurrent refrain are constant, the various members of the reciting phrases are variable and interchangeable, and may be repeated or re-arranged at pleasure. As the old time singers of laments and eulogies were ofttimes bards who improvised under the stress of emotion, they would naturally adapt these traditional chants to the needs of the moment. It is interesting to note how fond they were of the descending pentatonic formula—la sol mi re do—the notes of Wagner's Fire Music motive in the Walküre.

The words of the Sea-Widowhood (partly from Mrs Maclean, the Glen, Barra, and partly from Kenneth Macleod) are sung to the same wailing chant, and strung together on a like linking recurrent "Ho ro bha hug o."

Bantrachas-cuain.

Gura mis' tha fo mhulad
'S mi air tulaich na h-àiridh;

Mi bhi faicinn nan gillean
Anns an linne 'gam bàthadh;

Ged is oil leam gach aon diubh,
Fear mo ghaoil gur e chraidh mi,

'Se mo cheist do chul dualach
'Ga shior-luadh air bharr sàile;

'S tu 'nad shìneadh 'san tiùrra,
Far 'na bhrùchd a' mhuir-làn thu.

Righ! nach robh thu 'nad chadal
Ann an Clachan na Tràghad;

Ann an Eaglais na Trianaid,
Far an lionmhor do chàirdean;

Gu 'm biodh deoir mo dha shùla
Mar an drùchd glasadh t' fhàile.

Faic, a Dhia, mar tha mise—
Bean gun mhisneach gu bràth mi;

Bean gun mhac gun fhear-tighe,
Bean gun aighear gun slainte;

Ged bu shunndach an Nollaig
'S dubh dorranach Caisg dhomh.

The Sea-Widowhood.

I am the woman of sorrow
On the knoll of the sheiling;

A-seeing the lads
In the gulf a drowning,

Tho' a hurt to me each one of them
He of my love is the wound of me.

Dear to me thy ringleted locks
Ever tossed about on the crest of the waves,

And thou low-lying in sea-wrack
Where the high tide has stranded thee.

O king! would that thou wert in sleep
*In Clachan na Trāghad;**

In the church of the Trinity
Where death-sleep thy friends;

Then would the tears of my eyes
Like the dew make green thy grave.

See, O God, how I am—
A woman without heart for ever,

A woman without son, without husband;
A woman without gladness or health.

Merry was my Christmas,
Black and sorrowful my Easter.

*The Church-of-the-Shore.

A HEBRIDEAN SEA-REIVERS' SONG.

(NA REUBAIREAN.)

Air from Penny Macdonald. Eriskay.
Old Gaelic words from Kenneth Macleod.

Arranged with adaptation and Pianoforte Accomp. by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Con moto.

Like the wind.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Hug *Hook -*

Hug *Hook -*

8

7 7 7

L.H. *R.H.*

Ped.

Ho i ò, tha ghaoth 'san t-seol, Bè sid ar ceol bhi reub-adh mar - a,
ò - rin - yo! When winds do blow, Sea reiv - ers know the madd'ning mu - sic.
Ho i ò, tha coinn-lean oir, Tha nì is pòr air foid nan dabh-ach
ò - rin - yo! On Dav - ach low, There's kine and corn and gol - den can-dles

f

Ho i ò, tha ghaoth 'san t-seol.
Ho - i - o the winds do blow.

Ped.

Ho i ò, tha ròin nan caol A' dol 'nan sgaoth gu Eir - inn mar ruinn,
Ho - i - ril. great shoals of seal Hard by our keel fast fol - low af - ter
Ho i ò, tha fir 'nan drùb A bhios 'nan dùisg mus fàg sinn cal - a.
*Men at play, ere close of day Will, cold as clay in *kiel be ly - ing.*

*Keil = Cell = meaning churchyard = pronounced Keel.

Dabhach = a large corn-vat = meaning here as much land as that amount of corn would sow.

Ho i ò, tha ghaoth san t-seol.
Ho - i - o the winds do blow.

Ho i ò, tha lach-aidh's geoidh An dùil ri ròic 'nuair
Wild sea-ducks and gree - dy geese Look for a feast when
Ho i ò, tha fir air ghìll A bhios 'sa' chìll mu'n
Men that sleep will wak - en wide Ere with the tide we

ten

colla voce

ni sinn Man-ainn Ho i ò, tha ghaoth 'san t-seol.
we're at an - chor. Ho - i - o the winds do blow.
am so'n ath-oidhch'
leave their Ca - la.

Last time only. 8va

ff

Cala= a haven. pronounced Ka-la.

A Hebridean Sea-Reivers' Song.

TIR-NAN-ÒG.

Or, Skye Fisher's Song.

The Celtic Heaven, *Tir-nan-Og*, the Land-of-the-ever-Young, lies somewhere to the west of the Hebrides, where the sun sets. And the Celtic soul ever waits on the shore of the great Sea for the coming of the White Barge which, year in year out, ferries the elect across the waves to the Isle where they would be. And that same Barge needs wind nor sail nor rudder to make her speed like a bird over the sea; the wish of the Fate that guides her is her all and her in all.

1.

Gàir nan tonn gur trom an nuallan
Seirm am chluais do ghlòir,
Dan nam beann, gach allt is fuaran,
Siaradh nuas le d' cheòl;
'S tu gach là gun tàmh mo bhuaireadh,
T' iargain bhuan 'gam leòn,
'S tu gach oidhche chaoidh mo bhruadar,
O Thìr-nan-Òg.

2.

Bàs no bròn cha bheò 'nad loinn-thir,
Ùir air foill 's air gò,
Sàir sior-òl do dheò 's do chaoimhneis,
Aoibhneas snàmh 's na neòil;
Reultan àrda là 's a dh' oidhche
Boillsgeadh sèamh tro' cheò,
Teudan tlàtha fàs ad choilltean,
O Thìr-nan-Òg.

3.

Cùl nan tonn tha long mo bhruadair
Fuaradh mar bu nòs,
Rùn an Dàin a ghnàth 'ga gluasad
Ciuin le luaths an eòin;
Iubhraich Bhàin na fàg mi 'm thruaghan
Taobh nan cuantan mòr,
Doimhne cràidh is gràidh 'gam dhuanadh
Gu Tìr-nan-Òg.

1.

The roar of the waves, plaintive their sound,
As they chant in my ear thy praise,
The song of the bens, the fountain and stream,
With thy music downward flow;
By day my witchment ever thou art,
Thy longing eternal me wounds,
And by night thou art ever my dream,
*O Tir nan Ōg.**

2.

Death nor sorrow in thy Beauty-land lives,
In the grave are deceit and guile,
The brave ever drink of thy generous life,
Gladness swims in the clouds;
Lofty stars by day and by night
Shine softly through a mist,
Mellowest harps grow up in thy woods,
O Tir nan Og.

3.

Behind the waves, the ship of my dream
Goes sailing as of yore,
The wish of Fate ever speeds her way
Silent and swift as a bird;
White Barge, O leave me not in distress
On the shore of mighty seas,
Depths of pain and love me song-draw
To Tir-nan-Og.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

* Cheer nun ōk (or in Italian spelling cir nan ok)

TIR-NAN-ÒG,

Or,* Skye Fisher's Song.

Original Gaelic poem by KENNETH MACLEOD.
Melody noted in a fishing boat off the Isle of Eriskay
from the singing of Gillespie Macinnes,

and fitted with English words and piano accomp. by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With a heavily rolling rhythm.

VOICE.

PIANO.

♩ = 90. about.

pesante ma dolce

Or Gàir nan tonn gur
Far the rug-ged

R.H. *L.H.*

L.H. *With Pedal.*

Il canto marcato.

trom an nuall-an Seirm am chluais do ghloir Dan nam beann gach allt is fuar-an
mis-ty Isle The Isle of Skye doth show *Jag-ged line of blue Cool-lins*

Siar-adh nuas le d' cheòl 'S tu gach là gun tàmh mo bhuaireadh T' iar-gain bhuan'gam
In the ev-'ning glow *Pur-ple wa-ter troughs swift cut-ting* *Clean my boat cleaves*

or *And to-night* or

leòn 'S tu gach oidhche chaoidh mo bhruadar O Thir nan Òg.
thro' *And to-night a-gain I'll greet thee,* **mo nee-an doo.*

*mo nighean dubh = my maiden dark

* This song may be had separately.

Bàs no bròn cha bheò 'nad loinn-thir Ùir air foill 's air gò Sàir sior òl do
By the glimmer of thine eyes in black-est night, I know, By the light of

dheò 's do chaoimhneis Aoibhneas snamh's na neoil Reul-tan ar - da la 's a dh' oidhche
love that's kin - dl'd When my love I show, By the joy that leaps and laughs there

or *I know,*

Boillsgeadh seamh tro' cheò Teu - dan tlàth - a fàs ad choill - tean O Thir nan
Like the danc - ing sea, By all these, I know, mo nee - an, Thou lov - est

cres.

Ped.

Òg.
me.

Cul nan tonn tha long mo bhruad - air
Near - er now, the mis - ty Isle, The

p

Fuar - adh mar bu nos Rùn an Dàin a ghnàth 'ga gluas-ad Ciuin le luaths an
Isle of Skye doth loom, And her lights shine soft - ly sea - ward In the twi - light

eòin Iùbhraich Bhàin na fàg mi'm thruaghan Taobh nan cuantan mòr.
gloom, Like the light of love that tra - vels Twixt my heart and thine.

leggiero *mf cres.*

or *And to - night*

Doimh - ne craidh is graidh 'gam dhuan-adh gu Tir nan Òg.
And to night a - gain 'twill light us O heart of mine.

cres. *ff* *p*

May be added or omitted at pleasure.

By the glimmer of thine eyes, I know, I know.

dim. *p rall.* *colla voce* *p* *p*

SEA-SOUNDS.

IN *Eilean a' Cheo*, the Isle of Mist, as the folk of the Hebrides call Skye, there is a certain headland which ought to be named, but is not, the Headland of Waiting. Many years ago, and yet not so many either, on one of those beautiful nights which have passed away with the fairies, a young maiden,* tempted by moonlight and love of the sea, found her way to the furthest point of that same headland, and also found when there that she was not alone. Sitting on the rocks were the women of the township, waiting and listening till the dip of the oars and the sound of the *iorram*†, the boat-song, should foretell the return of the men from the fishing-banks and the luck of their catch. By-and-bye, there came across the waves the sound of a light airy iorram (perhaps the sea-reivers' song) accompanied by short quick strokes. "Och! och!" said the women, "light is the fishing to-night, but lighter still are the hearts of our men, and warm the welcome before them, be their luck what it may." Later on came other sounds, fainter this time, the tired thud of long laborious strokes and the rising and falling of the slow-rowing iorram, *Iùraibh o hì, iùraibh o hó*. "Isn't it the beautiful sound!" said the women, "there is luck on someone to-night, and the luck of one is the luck of all."

The sounds of the western sea are aye such as can be "understanded" of the folk. They foretell good weather and bad, birth and death in the township, the drowning of dear ones on far-away shores. In the storm they voice the majesty of the King of the Elements, and in the quiet evening they fill one with a longing which is hope born of pain. Perhaps other seas have voices for other folk, but the western sea alone can speak in the Gaelic tongue and reach the Gaelic heart. To an Islesman the German Ocean, for instance, seems cold and dumb, a mere mass of water seasoned with salt; it has no mermaids and no second-sight, and if it has seals, they are not the children of the king of Lochlann. To one sea only does the old Gaelic by-word apply:

Dh' iarr a' mhuir a bhi 'ga tadhal.
The sea invites acquaintance.

And if the sea-sounds are sweet to the Islesman at home, they are sweeter still when by faith he hears them in the heart of the mainland, with the unfeeling mountains closing him in. "Columba must have seen a vision of angels to-night," said a man of the glens to one of the Iona monks, in the course of a missionary journey on the mainland; "there is the joy of heaven in his face." The master overheard the remark. "Angel nor saint have I seen," was his reply, "but I have heard the roar of the western sea, and the isle of my heart is in the midst of it." Centuries after, a daughter of Macneill of Barra, home-yearning in a glen far away from the isles and the sea, heard the same eternal roar:

'S trom an ionndrainn th' air mo shiubhal,
Cha tog fidheall e no cannt;
Gàir na mara 'na mo chluasaibh,
Dh' fhàg sid luaineach mi sa' ghleann;
Fuaim an taibh 'gam shior-éigheach:
Tiugainn, m' eudail, gu d' thir-dhàimh.

Deep the longing that has seized me,
Song nor fiddle lifts it off,
In my ear the ocean sounding
Sets me roving from the glen,
And sea-voices ever call me:
Come, O love, to thy home-land.

Centuries come and centuries go, but the sea-voices never lose their old charm. A few years ago a young Skyeman working in Glengarry succeeded, by sleight of heart, in glorifying a very tiny waterfall into a mighty sea. "I sit in the heather and close my eyes," he said, "and methinks the waterfall is the western sea—and, O man of my heart, my heaven and my folk are in that music." More wonderful still was the "gift" of the Lews servant girl in Glasgow, who could hear twelve different sea-sounds in the roar of the electric cars and the street traffic. The blood! the blood! it is aye the same. St. Columba in the sixth century, the Barra lady-lord in the sixteenth or seventeenth, the Skye crofter and the Lews servant girl in the twentieth—they are all of the west and of the sea, and deep ever calleth unto deep.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

*The young maiden of the moonlight is still with us, a venerable gentlewoman beloved of all who love goodness and music; and she still sings *Iuraibh o hì, iuraibh o hó*—as this book knows.

† Iorram=yïram.

SEA-SOUNDS.

Gair na Mara.

(A Slow Skye Rowing Song.)

Air and words noted from the singing of
Frances Tolmie.

English adaptation and pianoforte accompaniment by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Somewhat heavily, with a steady rhythmical swing and curving swell and decrease of

VOICE.

PIANO.

f

With Ped.

tone.

Iur-aibh o hi
("Your'- ee - vo hee)

Iur-aibh o ho
("Your'- ee - vo ho)

Chi mi'n t-ait' 's an
Fuaim nan ramh a'
For the Isles my
Sound of oars that

robh mi'n uir - idh ho ro
reub-adh tuinn - e o ro
heart is wea - ry ho ro
rend the waves hi ho ro

Ho i ho rìonn ei-le
Ho - ee - ho - - ron - yaily

Iur - aibh o hi Iur - aibh o ho
Your - ee vo hee Your - ee vo ho

Ped. Ped. *

Chual - a mi fuaim nan tuinn - e ho ro
Fuaim an t-siabain ris a' mhur - an, ho ro
Dear lov'd is-land sounds I'm hear - - ing, ho ro
*Sound of sand-drift'mong the *mur - - an, ho ro*

Ho -

Ped.

i - ho rionn ei - le

f

Ped.

Iur - aibh o hi
Iur - aibh o hi Iur - aibh o ho
Iur - aibh o hi Your ee o ho
Would I might see

Fuaim nam ball
Cha'n fhaic mi
Sound of dragging
From the isles of

p

* muran = sea-bent

ri'n cuid phul - ag, o ho
ba - ta no cu - rach, o ho
ca - bles o'er shin - gles o ho
*mur - an, a *cu - rach o ho*

Ho - i - o - rionn ei - le

With Ped.

Iur - aibh o hi
Iur - aibh o hi
Iur - aibh o hi
Would I might hear

Iur - aibh o
Your ee vo

Ped. * Ped.

Fuaim nan Gall ri'n cuid luing - - is
A' till-eadh o thir nan tuinn - - e
Sound of sea-men's voi - ces ring - - ing
Boat or cu-rach from the isles row-ing

ho
ho
Ho -

* Ped.

ro Ho i - ho rionn ei - le.

With Ped.

Both Pedals.

*curach = coracle

AILEIN DUINN.

IF by some happy chance this book should find its way to certain remote corners of the earth, both east and west, there are men there who will smile (but with a gulp in the throat) when their eyes light on the sad old drowning-song, *Ailein Duinn o hì shiubhlainn leat.* The picture of a little village in the isles will start up before them; at one end the ruins of a castle; on the shore below it an old boat turned upside down; a white-haired fisherman leaning against the boat, with a band of boys at his feet. The sea, the village, the castle, and possibly the boat, are still there, but it is years now since old Angus, the man from Barra, dreamed away at the parting of night and day to *Tìr-nan-òg.* Perhaps some of the boys are sitting at his feet there too, drinking in, as of yore, the talk to which the old song was always the preface:

Oh! yes, a beautiful song that, but sore to sing and seven times sorer to feel. I once knew a woman who both sang it and felt it—long, long ago. The sea, the sea, boys, she puts many a woman into the tears and the song, but for all that she is aye the mistress for old Angus. When I was a baby, it was the crōnan of the waves that put me to sleep, and almost before I could walk I began to paddle about in the wee lochans on the sand. And when I grew up to be a big strong stump of a lad, I was never happy till my father (rest to his soul!) took me as a hand on his own smack. Maybe you will be thinking there was no fun in that at all, but eh! boys, I can tell you it needed navigation to be a hand on my father's smack. There was Ardnamurchan Point, and whiles there was Corrievreckan, and there was the wicked swell off Eigg, and there was the wide sea between Skye and Uist, and there were reefs and rocks forbye, reefs and rocks on which name had never been put, and reefs and rocks which never came up except when our smack was at sea. But did you say fear, boys? Fear on old Angus, or young Angus, as he was then? Never the fear, boys; my father believed there was One above who was Ruler of the waves, and my mother was aye praying to that One, and myself, though no very serious-minded, took off my bonnet every time I passed the chapel or saw others on their knees. Och! och! those were the happy days. Whiles we went to Tobermory for goods, and whiles we even went to Oban for dainties—and eh! boys, those towns were big then, bigger than Glasgow is now, and the shops were finer, and the lights were brighter. I would go ashore with a few bawbees in my pocket, as proud as a king, and come aboard again with white carvy and wee bits of ribbon for my mother, and trumps for the bairns, and goodies for the lassies on the Lord-day. Oh! yes, I liked fine to be civil to the lassies, and walk to the chapel with them, and maybe give them texts that were no' in the Book at all. And then there was the run home, boys, through old *Caol Muile*, past Ardtōrnish and Duart and Fiunary and Drimnin—eh! boys, is there no' the taste of honey on each name of them! Ardtōrnish and Duart and Fiunary and Drimnin! And it was there the fun would be, and more than fun, racing the Tyree smacks through the Kyles; and I am telling you, boys, they were the heroines at the sailing, those same Tyree smacks. And there was one among them, but she was a wee devil from Colonsay, and sure she must have had the *siubhal-sìthe*, the fairy speed, whatever. Her steersman would ask you in the passing—when did you scrape her keel?—and before an impudent answer could leap from your heart to your mouth, my hero could not hear one word you said—no, never a word, though you should have a thunder on the tip of your tongue. Och! och! but yon wee devil from Colonsay! And at twilight maybe, or soon after, we would be at anchor in Canna Isle, and if there we were, sure enough it was the ceilidh for us all, that night. And that was the ceilidh you might call a ceilidh! There would be a crew from Eigg and a crew from Uist, and whiles a crew from Sōay, all kindly folk of our own isles; and after we had told them the news of the world, how the war was going on, and the price of lobsters in Oban, and when the salt-boat was expected in Tobermory, then the songs and the tales would begin, and it would be song for the song and tale for the tale till midnight, or maybe later if there was oil enough in the cruisie. But am not I the forgetful one! Midnight, did I say? I am telling you, boys, that if the tale-man from Eigg or the wee shaggy fiddler from Sōay was there, and it was **there they loved to be, it was never** midnight then nor cock-crow nor the going out of the cruisie that would see us away, but the end of a tale that had no end or the snapping of fiddle-strings without others to replace them. Eh! boys, the ceilidh,* the ceilidh, and the cruisie, and the bonnie fire of peats, and the tales of Eigg, and the croons of Uist, and the music of Sōay, and the soft singing Gaelic of Canna Isle—eh! boys, the ceilidh, the ceilidh, the old beautiful ceilidh of the young days that were! And next day, if we didn't leave Canna early, and it was never early we left, we would see, sometime before midnight maybe, the white swell on Barra shore, and for certain a light in one little cottage; and my father would be thinking too he could see my mother (though, of course, he couldn't) standing in the door and waving her best apron at us. And when we got home we would find supper put down for us in the ben-room (but we knew fine we were no' to be expecting the same next morning); and we would find too that the bairns had fallen asleep with their wee handies lying wide open on the bedcover, ready at any moment to grip the goodies and the trumps—and eh! boys, they did look bonnie, bonnie in their sleep. And just as I would be nid-nodding into the same sleep myself, I would be hearing my father and my mother crooning side by side the old Night Blessing of the Isles:

A Dhe nan Dùl rinn iùl duinn thar a' chuan,	King of the Elements, our guide across the sea,
Thoir duinn a nis sèamh-shuain fo sgéith do ghràidh.	Grant us now soft sleep beneath thy wing of love.

Eh! boys, it was fine, fine while it lasted. But one night a woman in Barra sat at a cold fireside, though it was no' for want of peats, and wept the widow's tears, and sang *Ailein Duinn o hì shiubhlainn leat.* Oh! yes, a beautiful song, but sore to sing, and seven times sorer to feel.

* Pronounce kaylee.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

AILEAN DONN.

Traditional version collected and literally translated by Kenneth Macleod.

Gura mise tha fo éislean
Moch 's a' mhaduinn is mi 'g eirigh; O hì etc.

Cha'n e bàs a' chruidh 's a' chéitein
Ach a fhlichead 's tha do leine. O hì etc.

Ged bu leam-sa buaile spréidhe
'S ann an diugh bu bheag mo spéis dith.

Ailein duinn a laoigh mo chéille,
An deach thu air tir an Eirinn?

Cha b'e sid mo rogha céin-thir
Ach an t-àit' an ruigeadh m' éigh thu.

Ailein duinn mo ghis 's mo ghàire,
'S truagh, a Righ, nach mi bha làmh riut.

Ge b'e eilb no òb an tràigh thu,
Ge b'e tiurr am fàg an làn thu.

Dh' òlainn deoch ge b' oil le càch e,*
Cha b' ann a dh' fhion dearg na Spàinne.

Fuil do chuim, a ghraidh, a b' fhearr leam,
An fhuil tha nuas o lag do bhràghad.

O gu'n drùchdadh Dia air t' anam
Na fhuair mi de d' bhrìodal tairis.

Na fhuair mi de d' chòmhradh falaich,
Na fhuair mi de d' phògan meala.

M' achan-sa, a Righ na Cathrach,
Gun mi dhol an ùir no 'n anart,

An talamh-toll no 'n àite-falaich
Ach 's an roc an deachaidh Ailean.

I am the one under sorrow
In the early morn and I arising—

'Tis not the death of the kine in May-month
But the wetness of thy winding-sheet.

Though mine were a fold of cattle,
Sure, little my care for them to-day.

Ailein Duinn, calf of my heart,
Art thou adrift on Erin's shore?

That not my choice of a stranger-land,
But a place where my cry would reach thee.

Ailein Duinn, my spell and my laughter,
Would, O King, that I were near thee,

On whatso bank or creek thou art stranded,
On whatso beach the tide has lèft thee.

I would drink a drink, gainsay it who might,
But not of the glowing wine of Spain—

*The blood of thy body, O love, I would rather,
The blood that comes from thy throat-hollow.

O may God bedew thy soul
With what I got of thy sweet caresses,

With what I got of thy secret-speech,
With what I got of thy honey-kisses.

My prayer to thee, O King of the Throne,
That I go not in earth nor in linen,

That I go not in hole-ground nor hidden-place
But in the tangle where lies my Allan.

Alexander Carmichael in his "Carmina Gadelica" Vol II p 282 alludes to this song, saying "Anne Campbell, daughter of Donald Campbell, the entertainer of Prince Charlie at Scalpay, Harris, was exceptionally handsome. She was about to be married to Captain Allan Morrison, Crosbost, Lews. He was drowned on the way to his marriage. Anne Campbell composed a beautiful lament for her lover."

* The old Celts drank a friend's blood as a mark of affection. In the early years of the 19th Century. *Beathag Mhòr*, "Big Bethia" (Macdonald?) a poetess of Trotternish, Skye, drank "a mild intoxicating drink of the blood" of Martin, the tacksman of Duntulm, "and gave she thanks to Providence that she would have that much of her lover at anyrate." Alexander Carmichael has pointed out that both Shakespeare and Spenser refer to this custom.

HARRIS LOVE LAMENT.

(AILEAN DONN.)

Melody noted from the traditional singing of Frances Tolmie.

Translation and Pianoforte Accompaniment by MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Andante con moto. ♩ = 88.

Like the sea.

PIANO. *p* *R.H.* *L.H.* *L.H.* Ped. *sempre e legatissimo*

Very sustained.

Gur - a mis - e tha fo éis - lean Moch, 'sa mha - duinn
Cha'n e bàs a' chruidh 'sa' chéit - ein Ach a fhlich - ead
Al - lan† duinn, thy wind - ing sheet o' sea - white foam is

is mi· 'g éir - igh O hì *shiubh-lainn leat! Hi ri bho
'stha do lein - e (*Engl.*) Oh hee "hew" - lin - let Heer - eev - o
loose - ly wov - en (*Ital.*) O hi hiu - lin - lèt Hi - ri - vo

ho ru bhi hi ri - bho Hò rionn o - ho Ail - ein duinn
ho - roo - vee heer - eev - o Ho reen yo - ho Al - lan too-een
ho - ru - vi hi - ri - vo Ho rign o - ho Al - an tuìn

*Shiubhlainn leat = I would wander with thee. † Pronounced like English "Hew" "linn" and "let."
Ailein duinn = O brown-haired Allan. † Pronounced too-een; or "donn" pronounced like English "down."

O hì shiùbhlainn leat.
Oh hee "hew" - lin - let.
O hi hiù - lin - lèt.

Ma's è cluas - ag dhuit a' ghaineamh,
Pil-lo'id is thy head on sand, thy
{ O gu'n drùchd-adh Dia air t'an - am
{ *God be - dew thy soul with what I*

Ma's è leab - a dhuit an fheamainn O hi shiùbh-lainn leat
bed the gold - en sea - weeds tan - gle. O hee "hew" - lin - let
na fhuair mi ded' bhrìod - al tair - is O hi hiu - lin - lèt
got from thee of sweet car - ess - es,

Hi ri bho ho - ru - bhi Hi ri bho Ho rionn o - ho
Heer - eev - o ho - roo - vee Heer - eev - o Ho reen - vo - ho
Hi - ri - vo ho - ru - vi Hi - ri - vo Ho rign - o - ho

Harris Love Lament.

The bracketed verses from Kenneth Macleod's version to be omitted in performance.

Ail - ein duinn O hi shiùbh - lainn leat
Al - lan too-een O hee hew - lin - let
Al - an tuin O hi hiù - lin - lèt

Ma's è 'n t-iasg do choinnlean geal - a Ma's è na rò - in
Fish-es are thy can-dles white and seals the watchers
{*Na fhuair mi ded' chòmhradh fal - aich Na fhuair mi ded'
{*What I got of se - cret speech with what I got of*

do luchd - fair - e O hì shiùbh - lainn leat Hi - ri - bho
by thy bed. O hee hew - lin - let Heer - eev - o
phòg - an meal - a O hi hiu - lin - lèt Hi - ri - vo
hon - ey kiss - es

Ho ru bhi Hi - ri - bho Ho rionn o - ho Ail - ein duinn
Ho - roo - vee Heer - eev - o Ho reen - yo - ho Al - lan too-een
Ho - ru - vi Hi - ri - vo Ho rign - o - ho Al - an tuin

Harris Love Lament. *May be omitted.

O hi shiùbh - lainn leat.
O hee hew - lin - let.
O hi hiù - lin - lèt.

Ped. *

M'ach-an-aich gu Righ-na-Cath-rach gun mi dhol an ùir no'n gain-imh
Thron-ed King! May my grave be by Al-lan in the pur-ple sea.

maestoso

f

Ped. *

Ach 's an àit' an deach thu Ail-ein Hi ri ri ri u bhi Hi o thug
O hee hew - lin - let Hee ree ree ree oo vee Hee o hook
O hi hiu - lin - lèt Hi ri ri ri u vi Hi o huk

R.H. *R.H.*

L.H. *L.H.*

f

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

Ho rionn o - ho Ail-ein duinn O hi shiùbh - lainn leat!
Ho reen yo - ho Al - lan too-een O hee hew - lin - let.
Ho rign - o - ho Al - an tuin O hi hiu - lin - lèt.

mf *dim.* *p* *pp*

Ped. *

AN ISLAND JACOBITE SONG.

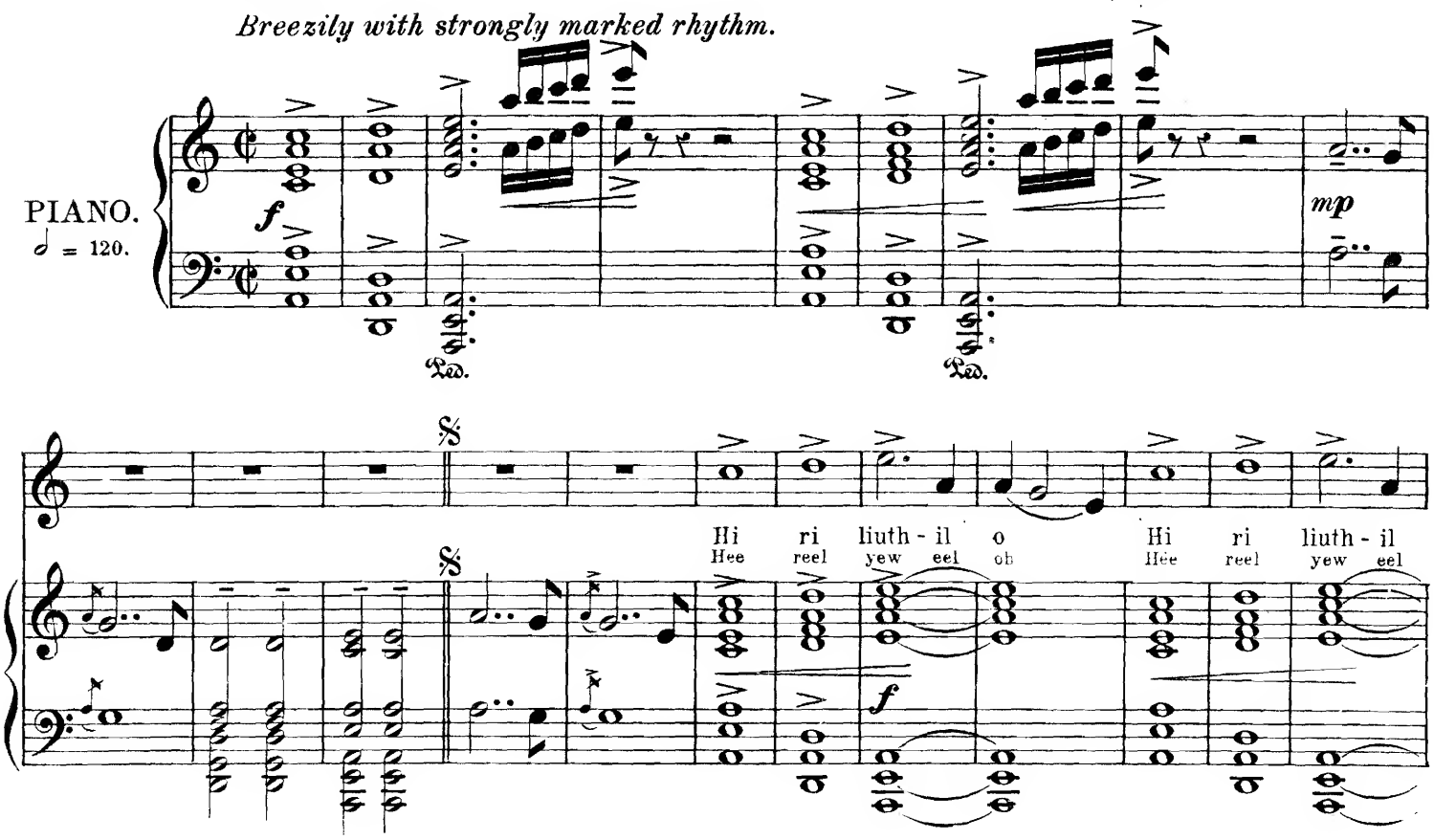
The Silver Whistle.

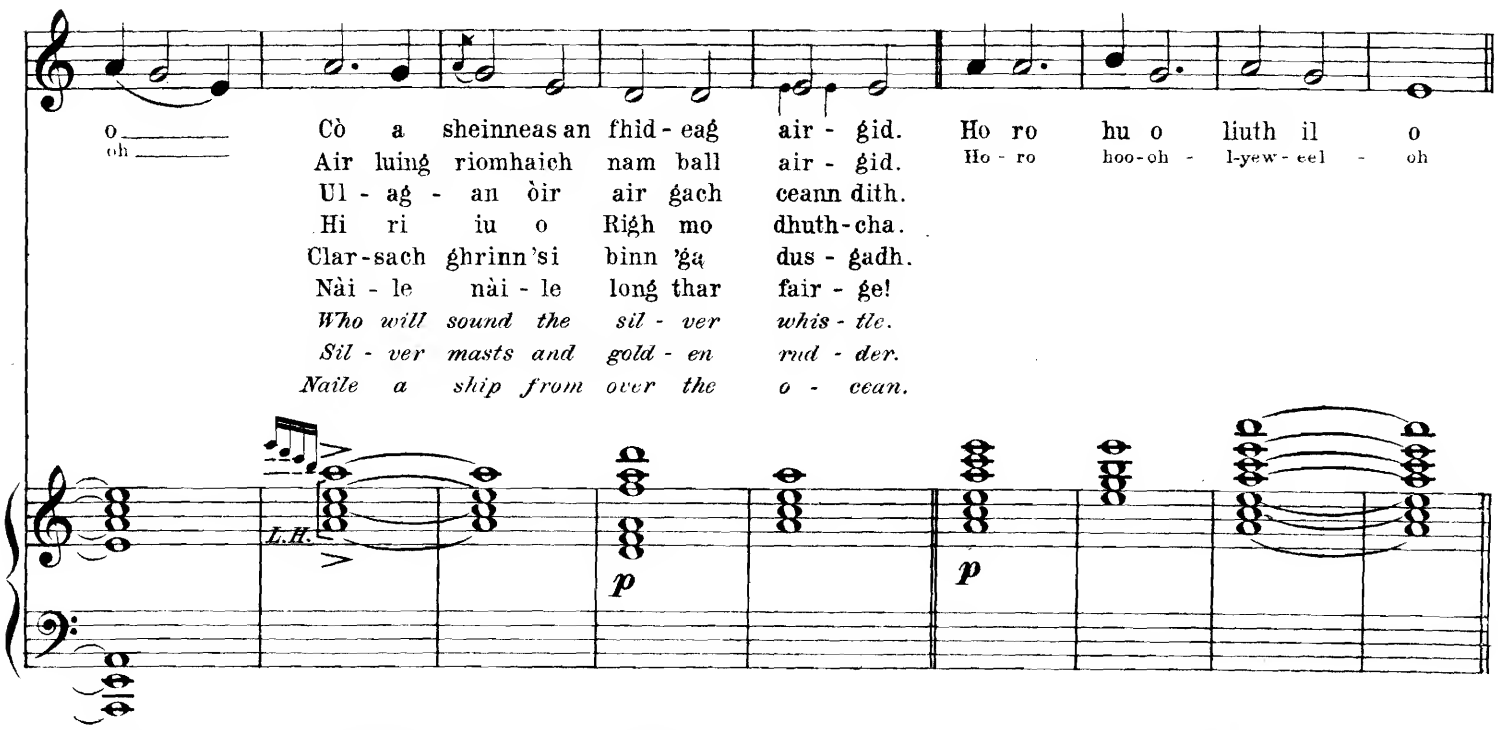
(An Fhideag Airgid.)

*Words orally collected by
Mrs E. C. WATSON.

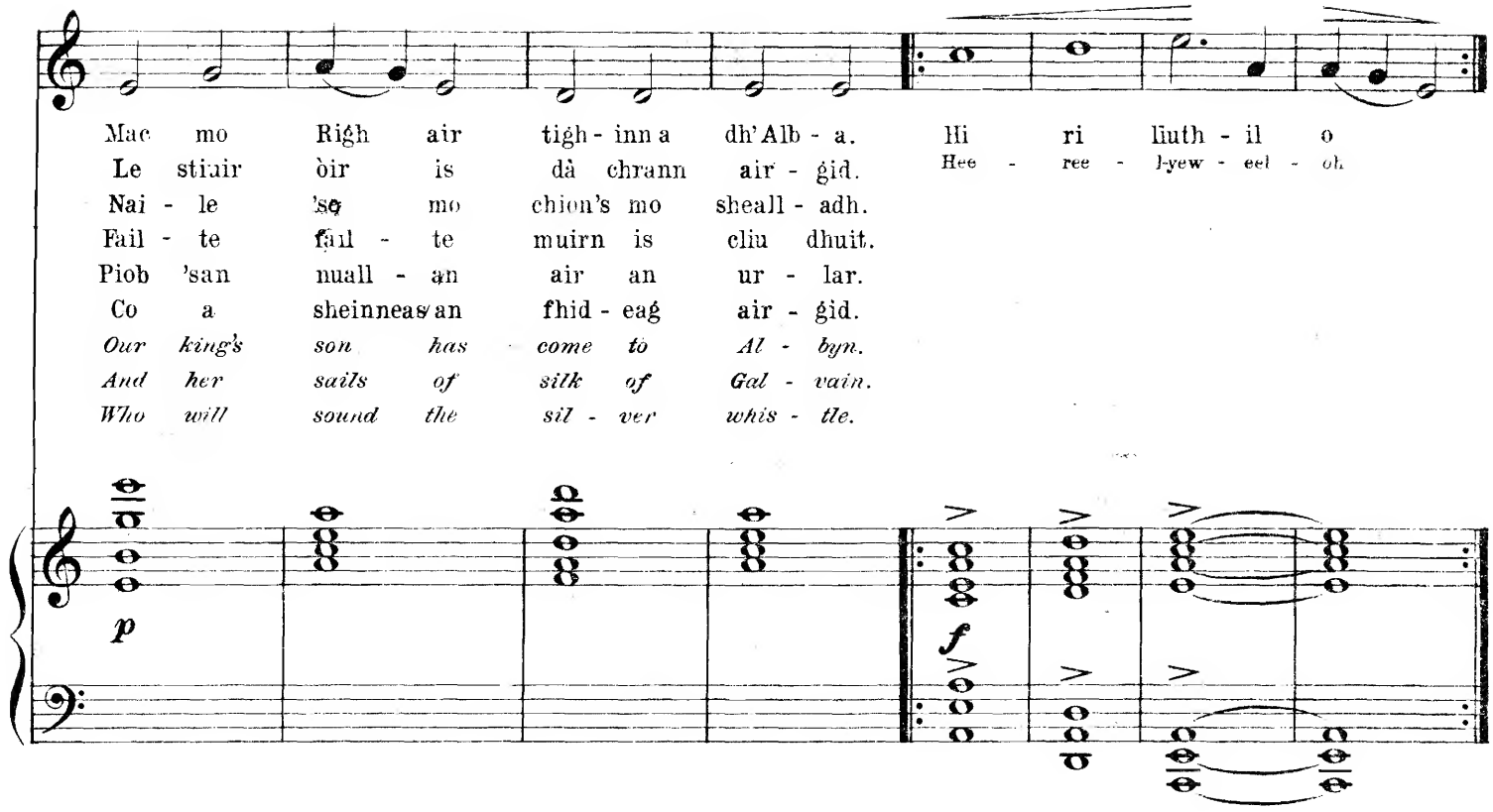
Air noted in Eriskay from the singing of Peggie Macinnes and arranged for piano and voice by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Breezily with strongly marked rhythm.





*The last few lines of Mrs Watson's version (*Celtic Review* Vol. I.) have been omitted, and other lines from a Skye version substituted.



An Island Jacobite song.

LOCHBROOM LOVE SONG.

(MÀIRI LAGHACH.)

Gaelic Words by J. MACDONALD.
Old Celtic Air.

Free translation and Pianoforte arrangement by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With simplicity and sweetness.

VOICE.

PIANO.

(M.M. ♩=66)
Con moto.

8

tr

♩ = 88

(M.M. ♩=90) *With well marked rhythm.*

*Hó mo Mhàir - i lagh - ach, 'S tu mo Mhàir - i bhinn,
Ho mo vahr - ee leu - ach †'S too mo vahr - ee veen

Ped. * Ped. *

Hó mo Mhàir - i lagh - ach, 'S tu mo Mhàir - i ghrinn,
Ho mo vahr - ee leu - ach 'S too mo vahr - ee ghreen

ten.

Ped.

*Literally = Ho, my Mary kind, Thou'rt my Mary sweet, Lovely Mary, born in the glen.
** A vowel somewhat like that in the English word, "lurk."
† The "T" in "Tu" softer than the English "T," somewhat like "D."

Hó i hó mo Mhàir - i, 'S tu mo Mhair - i bhinn,
Ho ee ho mo vahr - ee S too mo vahr - ee veen

Mhàir - i bhoidheach lur-ach, Rug - adh anns na glinn.
Vahr - ee vo - yach loor-ach Roog - agh *ounce na gleen.

B'òg bha mis' is Màir - i 'M fàs - aich-ean Ghlinn-smeòil, 'N uair chuir mac - an Bhen-uis
Lad and lass the - gi - ther, As we gaed yes - treen, Thro' peat bog and hea - ther

Saigh-ead gheur am fheòil Tharraing sinn ri chéil-e Ann an eud cho beò,
Mony a day we've been; And as bairn - ies playing By the loch we've seen

Lochbroom Love Song.

Anns = pronounced like the English term of weight "ounce"

'S nach robh air an t-saoghal A thuggaol cho mōr. Hó mo Mhàir - i lagh-ach
Fair - ies wi' their coats an' Kir - tles o' the green. Ho mo vahr - ee leu - ach

'S tu mo Mhàir - i bhinn Hó mo Mhàir - i lagh - ach
'S tu mo vair - ee veen Ho mo vahr - ee leu - ach

'S tu mo Mhàir - i ghrinn Hó i hó mo Mhàir - i
'S tu mo vahr - ee ghreen Ho ee ho mo vahr - ee

'S tu mo Mhàir - i bhinn Mhàir - i bhoidheach lur-ach Rug-adh anns na
S tu mo vahr - ee veen Vahr - ee vo - yach loor-ach Roog - agh ounce na

glinn.
gleen.

Cha robh inn - eal ciuil A
All the earth is sing - ing

a little slower

fhuair - eadh riamh fo'n ghréin, A
Na - ture's song of morn,

dh'aith - ris - eadh air chòir Gach
*Lav - 'rocks o'er the *mach - air,*

ceòl bhiodh a - gainn féin
Ma - vis by the thorn;

Uis - eag air gach lò - nan
And our two hearts sing with

Smeòr - ach air gach géig,
Throb-bing beat the †oran,

Cuth - ag is gùg gùg aic;
Life and joy and plea-sure,

'Mad - ainn chùbhraidh Chéit.
Love and May new born.

ritenuto.

* Machair = Gaelic word meaning Sandy shore.
† Oran = Gaelic word meaning Song, pronounced ōrn.

Briskly again.

Hó mo Mhàir - i lagh - ach 'S tu mo Mhàir - i bhinn
Ho mo vahr - ee leu - ach S tu mo vahr - ee veen

Hó mo Mhàir - i lagh - ach 'S tu mo Mhàir - i ghrinn
Ho mo vahr - ee leu - ach S tu mo vahr - ee ghreen

Hó i hó mo Mhàir - i 'S tu mo Mhàir - i bhinn
Ho ee ho mo vahr - ee S tu mo vahr - ee veen

ritenuto.

Mhàir-i bhoidheach lur-ach Rug-adh anns na glinn.
Vahr - ee vo - yach loor-ach Roog - agh*ounce na gleen.

colla voce.

L.H.

THE BENS OF JURA.

An t-Iarla Diùrach.

As collected and literally translated by Kenneth Macleod.

1. Ma's ann 'gam 'mhealladh, a ghaoil, a bha thu,
Ma's ann 'gam mhealladh as deigh do gheallaidh,
'Se luaidh do mholaidh ni mi gu bràth,
Ma's ann 'gam mhealladh, a ghaoil, a bha thu.

2. Righ! gur mise tha gu tursach,
Gaol an iarla 'ga mo chiurradh,
Tha na dèoir a' sior-ruith o m' shùilean
'S mo chridhe brùite le guin do ghràidh.

3. Bha mi raoir leat 'na mo bhruadar
Thall an Diùra nam beann fuara,
Bha do phògan mar bhiolair uaine—
Ach dh'fhalbh am bruadar is dh'fhan an cràdh.

4. Siubhlaidh gealach anns an iarmailt,
Anns a' mhadainn eiridh grian oirnn,
'S coma leam-sa sear no siar iad
Is gaol an iarla 'na thuaineal-bàis.

5. Thig, a ghaoil, agus dùin mo shùilean
'S a' chiste-chaoil far nach dean mi dùsgadh,
Cuir a sios mi an duslach Diùrach,
Oir 's ann 'san ùir a ni mise tàmh.

1. *If deceiving me, o love, thou wert;*
If deceiving me despite thy vow;
Yet chant thy praise I ever will,
Tho' deceiving me, o love, thou wert.

2. *O King! I am the sorrowful one,*
And the love of the Earl a-hurting me;
The tears are ever running from mine eyes,
And my heart is bruised with the sting of thy love.

3. *Last night I was with thee in my dream,*
Across in Jura of the cold bens;
Thy kisses were like the green water-cresses
—Fled the dream— remained the pain.

4. *In the heavens will glide the moon,*
And in the morning the sun will arise over us;
What care I whether East or West they go,
And the love of the Earl like the torpor of death.

5. *Come, o love, and close my eyes*
In the narrow kist where I shall never awake;
Lay me down under earth from Jura—
In the grave alone is there rest for me.

Composed, it is said, by one of the young lady-lords of Lochbuie (Maclaine), who had fallen in love with Campbell of Jura. In the songs the title earl or lord is given freely to chiefs and to chieftains.

THE BENS OF JURA.

An t-Iarla Diùrach.

Traditional words from Kenneth Macleod.
Old air from Mull, first noted by Henry Whyte.

Translation and pianoforte accompaniment by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Or *With a passionate rocking rhythm.* 104 = ♪

PIANO

p espressivo e rubato.

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped.

ten. *ten.* *ten.* *ten.*

Ma's ann 'gam mheall-adh, a ghaoil, a bha thu Ma's ann 'gam mheall-adh as deigh do
Like wa - ter - cress ga-ther'd fresh from cool streams Thy kiss, dear love, by the Bens of

col canto.

ten. *ten.*

gheall-aidh 'Se luaidh do mhol-aidh ni mi gu brath Ma's ann 'gam mheall-adh a ghaoil, a
Ju - ra. Cold, cold the Bens; or hills cold thy love as they. Like wa - ter - cress ga-ther'd fresh from

col canto.

bha thu. Bha mi raoir leat 'na mo
cool streams. Gold the morn at dawn up -

long pause.

rall. *f*

Ped.

The phrasing indicated applies to the English words only. Sing with characteristic Celtic leaning on the assonance on "e" in "cress," "fresh," "i" in "streams," "dear," and contrast strongly the two vowels "u" and "i" in "cool streams."

morendo. più agitato.

bhruad-ar Thall an Diùr-a nam beann fuar-a Bha do phòg-an mar bhiol-air
wing-eth, Dreams the night deep-drown'd in dew-mist, And my heart, reft of its own

col canto. dim. p pp mf

ritenuto.
ten.

uain-e Achdh'fhalbh am bruad-ar is dh'fhan an cradh. Ma's ann 'gam
sun, Deep lies sunk in death-tor-por cold and grey. Like wa-ter-

f

ten. ten.

mheall-adh, a ghaoil, a bha thu Ma's ann 'gam mhealladh as deigh do gheall-aidh 'Se luaidh do
cress ga-ther'd fresh from cool streams Thy kiss dear love, by the Bens of Ju-ra Cold, cold the

col canto.

ten.

mhol-aidh ni mi gu brath Ma's ann 'gam mheall-adh, a ghaoil, a bha thu.
Bens, hills cold the mist and gray. Like wa-ter-cress ga-ther'd fresh from cool streams.

col canto. p pp

FLORA MACDONALD.

NO one will be surpised to find Flora Macdonald among the singers of the isles. Her whole life was a song which lives and will live in the heart and on the lips of the folk. In making a love-lilt to her sweetheart (Allan Macdonald of Kingsburgh) she was but following the beautiful custom of her country. Now and again, when some of the old western homes are broken up, one sees in a box of odds and ends a framed piece of sampler-work, with various family names embroidered upon it. In Flora Macdonald's days, and for many years after, the Hebridean maiden spent her evenings making her one song and stitching her sampler, for these, rather than trinkets of gold and silver, were to be her offering to her lover. The sampler became in due time the family record, telling of life and death, joy and sorrow; but the song wandered furth of the home and was sung by the folk as a bit of sampler-work done by a girl in love.

Flora Macdonald stands high in history, but she stands still higher in the lore of the Hebrides. The folk have not, indeed, composed many songs in her praise, but they have done better; what is done to the great only—they have taken the finest ballads of an older world, and made her their heroine. It would be difficult, for instance, to mention a more passionate poem than "Seathan, Son of the King of Erin,"[1] the lament of a maid of ancient times for her slain lover, and there are those in the isles who find in it the life of Flora Macdonald, and her loyalty to her king. The folk seldom err in their reading of character, and in the case of Prince Charlie and Flora Macdonald, they have probably judged aright both the man and the woman. The man has impressed them, not so much by his strength as by his misfortunes and the charm of his person and cause. The woman, on the other hand, has always been regarded as the latter-day embodiment of an older and stronger heroism. The former feeling created, of necessity, a new literature, tender, glowing, spirited; the latter found itself already voiced in the ballads of the ancient past.

Numerous anecdotes[2] of Flora Macdonald and the Prince, some of them pathetic, some playful, are still floating through the isles, and may be picked up easily by the sympathetic hand. In Kilmuir, Skye, some of the women were greatly distressed that a gentlewoman like *Fionnaghal Airidh-mhuileann*[3] should be so extremely deferential to "a long-legged hussy of a servant, and she not of our own country at all." "Tell them," said Flora Macdonald, "that Betty Burke is Irish, and, sure, might she not put the knife into me, if I weren't civil to her!" The explanation quite satisfied Protestant Skye, which then, as now, had grave doubts about Catholic Erin. It was on a somewhat similar occasion that Flora Macdonald remarked, partly in jest and very much in earnest: "Here is one would give her share of the world, and herself along with it, to get that same Irish girl out of the country." It is worth recording that in Skye Betty Burke had the reputation of being a beautiful Gaelic speaker; "But it is not the same as our Gaelic," said the folk; "we can understand every word she says, but we cannot understand what the words mean." Evidently Prince Charlie's dialect was a judicious mixture of Gaelic and French, which probably made better sound than sense. When in the course of time it leaked out who Betty Burke really was, the folk had difficulty in finding even Gaelic words strong enough to express their feelings. "But it is not a wonderful thing at all," said an old man at the ceilidh. "Does not the lark say in her song, [4]*Gur minig, minig, minig a theid Criosd an riochd a' choigrich*, that often, often, often goes the Christ in the stranger's guise!" Loyalty could hardly go further. And according to all accounts, the few, and they were not really few, who had been in the secret, went all their days the more softly and the more stately because of what had been, and, in the telling, ever added to the glamour of the tale. "Lady of Kingsburgh," said a cleric who was equally devoted to the Hanoverian dynasty and to Pauline theology, "thou art surely talking of the Apostle Paul, not of a sinful man of our own generation." "Thou man without sense," was the quick retort, "Paul is not the name of my king." And as the tradition grew and mellowed, the halo round Flora Macdonald's head glowed with a deeper, softer light, like the autumn moon shining through mist. "Flora, Flora," said Malcolm Macleod of Raasay,[5] who had himself assisted in the prince's escape, "no wonder tho' thine eye be pure and thy hand white—the eye has seen and the hand has guided my king." And the old folk whisper that Flora Macdonald's own last words were: ***Criost is Ailean is Tearlach Og.***

KENNETH MACLEOD.

[1] This beautiful ballad will appear, we understand, in the new volumes of *Carmina Gadelica*. *Seathan* (Shayan)=John.

[2] For the anecdotes given here, the writer is mainly indebted to Marion Macleod, who had them from her aunt, Janet Macleod, so often mentioned in this book.

[3] Flora of Arrie-vŏolin. She was of the family of Airidh-Mhuileann (Anglicised into Milton), South Uist.

[4] The words occur in a rune, well known in Eigg and Skye as the "Rune of Hospitality"

[5] *Fhionnaghal, Fhionnaghal, cha'n ioghnadh ged a bhiodh do shùil glan 's do làmh geal; chunnaic an t sùil, is sheòl an làmh, mo Righ.* Malcolm Macleod was bard and courtier as well as fighter. See Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, I. 164, 168.

FLORA MACDONALD'S LOVE SONG.

Composed by FLORA MACDONALD.
Sung traditionally by Kenneth Macleod.

Air noted and arranged by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With a tenderly passionate swinging rhythm.

PIANO.
♩ = 144.

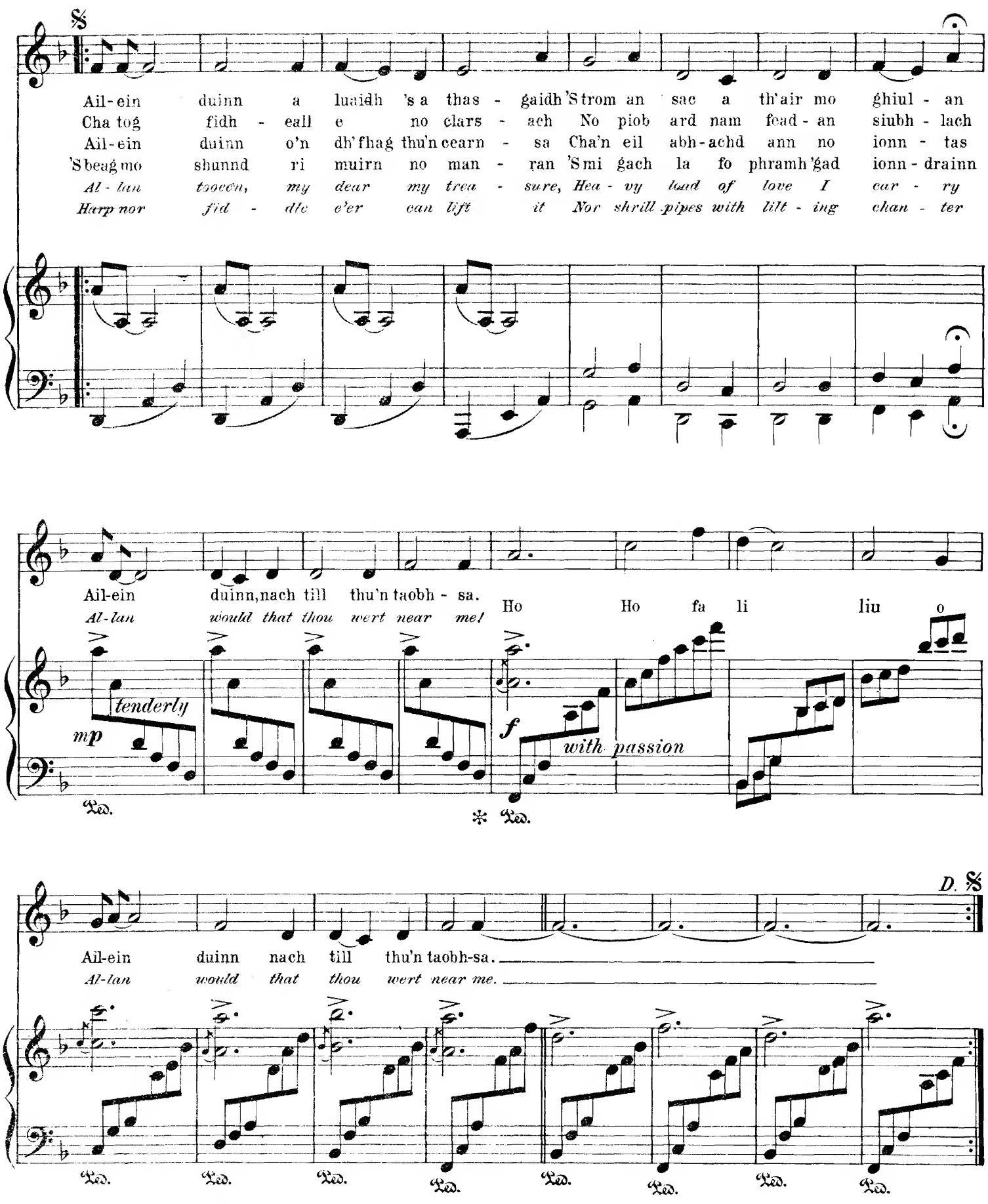
mf *p* *R.H.* *simile* *L.H.* Ped.

Ail - ein duinn nach till thu'n taobh - sa?
(Al - lan tooeen nach cheel oo'n turv - sa)
Al - lan would that thou couldst hear me!

Ho Ho fa li liu o Ail - ein duinn nach
Al - lan, would that

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

till thu'n taobh - sa?
thou wert near me!


Ail-ein duinn a luaidh 's a thas - gaidh 'S trom an sac a th'air mo ghiul - an
Cha tog fidh - eall e no clars - ach No piob ard nam fead - an siubh - lach
Ail-ein duinn o'n dh'fhag thu'n cearn - sa Cha'n eil abh - achd ann no ionn - tas
'S beag mo shunnd ri muirn no man - ran 'S mi gach la fo phramh'gad ionn - drainn
Al - lan tooeen, my dear my trea - sure, Hea - vy load of love I car - ry
Harp nor fid - dle e'er can lift it Nor shrill pipes with lilt - ing chan - ter
Ail-ein duinn, nach till thu'n taobh - sa.
Al-lan would that thou wert near me!
Ho Ho fa li liu o
tenderly
mp
f
with passion
Ped.
* Ped.
D. S.
Ail-ein duinn nach till thu'n taobh-sa.
Al-lan would that thou wert near me.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Ail - ein Ail - ein mo ghaol Ail - ein Marc-raich nan each seang-a sunn - dach.
Ail - ein dninn an lead - ain shoill - eir Shiubhlainn coil - le 's doir - e dluth leat.
Ail - ein dninn a' bhroill - ich bhoidh - ich 'S mil - se leam do phog na siuc - ar.
Sad each day for thee I'm long - ing Gone with thee all joy and glad - ness.
In deep groves and leaf - y wood - lands Fain would I with thee be wan - d'ring.
Al - lan of the curl - ing ring - lets, Sweet to me thy hon - ey kiss - es.

pp *pesante*

Ail - ein dninn nach till thu'n taobh - sa. Ho Ho fa
Al - lan would that thou wert near me.
(Al - lan tooeen nach cheel oo'n turv - sa.)

f

li liu o Ail - ein dninn nach till thu'n taobh - sa.
Al - lan would that thou wert near me.

𝄋 *Last Verse only.*

Flora Macdonald's Love Song.

THE DEATH FAREWELL.

(O cha tu cha tu thilleas.)

Air noted from the singing of Joan Stuart, Lewis.
Old Gaelic words adapted by Kenneth Macleod.

Arranged for voice and Pianoforte by
MARJORY KENNEDY FRASER.

With a dirge like rhythm.

PIANO. *pesante e dolente*

O cha tu cha tu thill - eas O cha tu cha tu thill - eas
(Oh *cha to cha to heel - yas O cha to cha to heel - yas
O re - turn, re - turn thou'lt nev - er O re - turn re - turn thou'lt nev - er

'S cinnt-each mi nach tu thill - eas 'S tha mo chridh - e shios fo 'n fhòid.
Skeen tyach me nach to heel - yas Ha mo chree a hevas fohn °otch.)
Sure am I re - turn thou'lt nev - er Lies my heart deep in yon grave.

*The German "ch" °the English terminal "tch" "tu" like English "to" or "too."

O an Dàn an Dàn 'gam bhuair - eadh, O am Bàs am Bàs 'gam ghual - adh,
O cha'n àill cha'n àill leam dùsg - adh O gu'm b'fhearr gu'm b'fhearr an ùir leam
O cha till cha till mi dhach - aidh O cha tàmh cha tàmh air m'ain - eol,
Oh the Fates the Fates that blind me O the fires of Death that try me
Home - ward nev - er more re - turn - ing Nev - er rest - ing ev - er yearn - ing

Là is oidh - che dhomh mar bhruaill - ean Tha mo bhruad - ar shios fo 'n fhòid.
Chaill mi m'àird-eachd chaill mo chùr - sa Tha mo stiuir - sa shios fo 'n fhòid.
O cha till 's cha tamh rim' mhair - eann Tha mo cha - la shios fo 'n fhòid.
Light and dark come like a night - mare Lies my life dream in yon grave.
Steers my heart with fev - er'd burn - ing Lies my Ha - ven in the grave.

Ped. *

O cha tu cha tu thill - eas 'S cinnt - each mi nach tu thill - eas
O re - turn re - turn I dare not Rove a - far a - far I care not

* Ped.

Fine.

O cha tu cha tu thill - eas Tha mo chridh - e shios fo'n fhoid.
O re - turn or rest I may not, Lies my ha - ven in yon grave.

pesante ma dolce

pp

The death Farewell.

THE MERMAID'S CROON.

Cronan na Maighdinn-Mhara.

Air as phonographed from the singing of Penny O'Henley, S. Uist, and Traditional words from Eigg.

Arranged for voice and pianoforte by MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Dreamily, with gently swinging rhythm.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Ho! mo

(Ho mo

(Italian phonetics.)

nigh'n dubh He! mo nigh'n dubh mo nigh - ean dubh 'S tu mo

ni-an du He mo ni-an du mo ni - an du Stu mo

chuach - ag He! mo nigh'n dubh Ho! mo nigh'n dubh Mo nigh -

chuach - ak.)

— ean dubh 'S tu mo chuach - ag.

* The Mermaid was married to a "mortal."

Caid - il a luaidh Fo chobh - air nan stuadh Air bodh - a na
Caid - il a ghraidh O caid - il mu thràth Is t'ath - air air
Sleep be neath The foam o' the waves On reefs of
Thy sea - bed The seals o'er - head From reiv - ers

suaih 'S do bhruad - ar 's a' cheò - ban Caid - il a luaidh Fo chobh - air nan
bhàigh Is fad - al mo phòig air Caid - il a ghraidh O caid - il mu
sleep Dream - ing in dew - mist Sleep be - neath the foam o' the
dread Se - cure - ly guard - ing Seals o'er - head thy deep sea -

rit. *D* 𝄋

stuadh Air bodh - a na suain 'S do bhruad - ar 's a' cheò - ban.
thràth Is t'ath - air air bhàigh Is fad - al mo phòig air.
waves On reefs of sleep Dream - ing in dew - mist.
bed From reiv - ers dread Se - cure - ly guard - ing.

rit.

Ho! mo nigh'n dubh He! mo nigh'n dubh Mo nigh -
(Ho mo ni-an du He mo ni an du Mo ni -

The Mermaid's croon.

— ean dubh 's tu mo chuach - ag He! mo nigh'n dubh
— an du stu mo chu-ach - ak.)

Ho! mo nigh'n dubh Mo nigh - ean dubh 'S tu mo chuach - ag.

Ped.

Eal - a rid' thaobh Is
White I croon, White

roin os do chionn Lach-a Mhoir - e 's a' chaol 'S cha'n *fhaob - ar mo
swan of the moon, Wild duck of the sound, By thee are

rit.

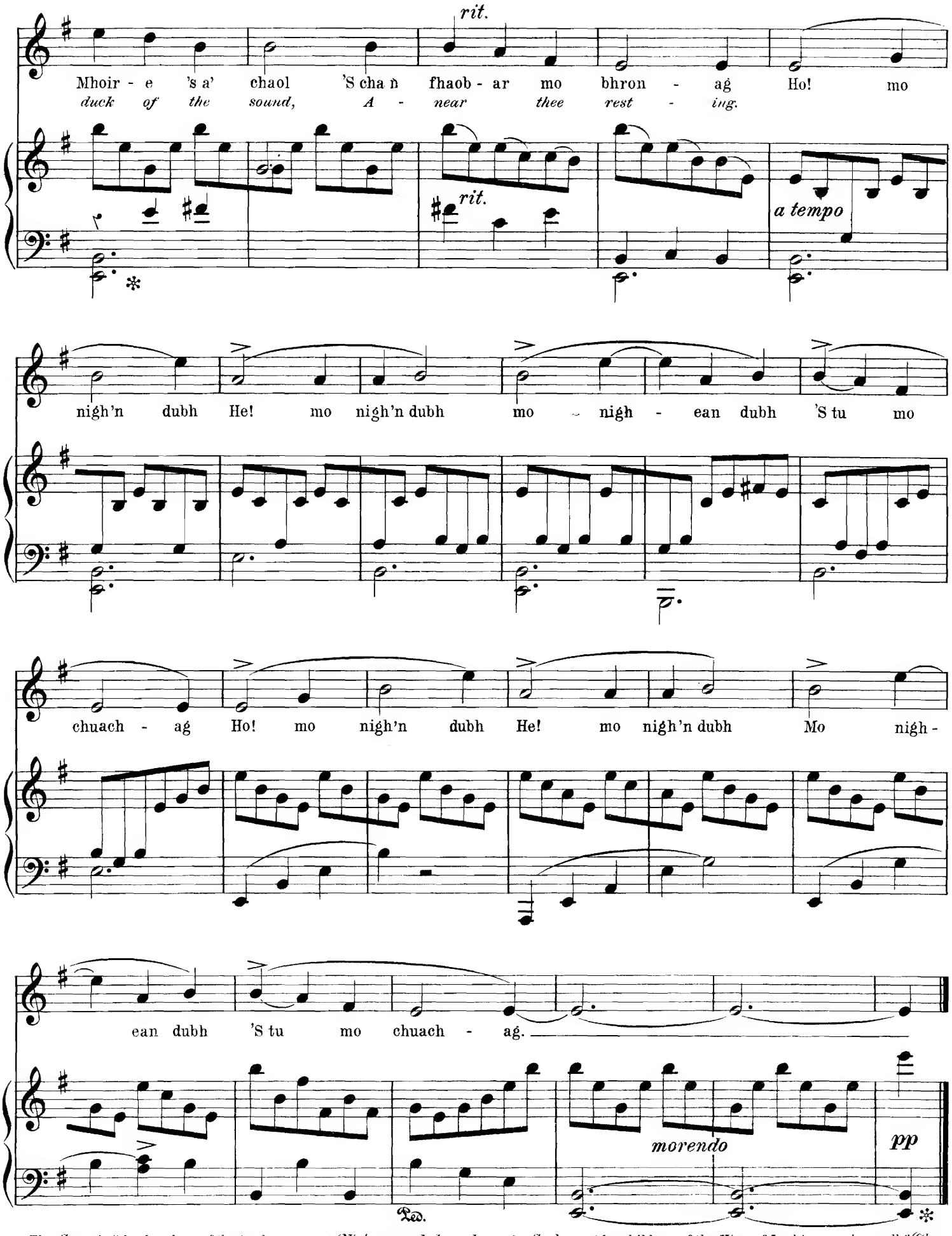
rit.

bhròn - ag Eal - a ri'd thaobh Is roin os do chionn Lach-a
rest - ing. Moon white swan, White swan of the moon, Wild

Ped.

The Mermaid's croon.

*"Reiver-stolen"



The *Swan* is "the daughter of the twelve moons" *(Nighean an da luan deug)* the *Seals* are "the children of the King of Lochlann under spells" *(Clann Righ Lochlainn fo gheasa)* and the *Mallard* is under the Virgin's protection; hence all three are "sacred," and not even the reivers would meddle with the "tenderling" left under such protection.

The Mermaid s croon.

A HEBRIDEAN SEAFARING SONG.

The Black Loorgin.

AN LURGAINN DUBH.

Old Hebridean Air and Words as sung by the Gaelic bardess Mary Mackellar.

English Words and Pianoforte arrangement by MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

M. ♩ = 88. *With a somewhat tempestuous swing.*

PIANO.

f L.H. *cres.* *poco* *a* *poco*

Leis an Lurg - ainn o hì
*On the Loor - *gin, yo hee,*

L.H.

Leis an Lurg - ainn o hò Leis an Lurg-ainn dubh io
On the Loor - gin, yo ho, On the Loor-gin doo, yo

*gin pronounced with hard "g" as in the English word be-gin, and yet somewhat like "k" in "kin."

hi B'eig - inn falbh le cuid seòl
hee; "We must sail by night - fall;"

ff

col Ped.

Thuirt an sgiob - air o hì
Cries the skip - per, o hee,

L.H.

mf

Ri chuid ghill - ean o hò
*to his *gill - yan, o ho;*

L.H.

Ped. * Ped.

"Glac - aibh mis - neach o hì 's dean - aibh
"Up the an - chor, o hee, To your

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

A Hebridean Seafaring Song.

*Gillean — lads.

dìch - ioll, a sheòid"
ropes with you all."

Ped. * Ped.

Leis an Lurg-ainn o hì Leis an Lurg-ainn o
On the Loor-gin, yo hee, On the Loor-gin, yo

R.H. L.H. Ped. *

hò Leis an Lurgainndubh o hì B'eig - inn falbh le cuid
ho, On the Laor-gin doo, yo hee, We must sail by night-

R.H. Ped. L.H. *

seòl An Cuan
*fall. *"Crowd her*

Ped.

A Hebridean Seafaring Song.

*From the translation by Malcolm Macfarlane.

Eir - eann o hì
sails on,' o hee,

L.H. L.H.

— Muir ag eir - igh o hò — Cha bu
— *Thro' high gales, on o ho,* — *Sure as*

Ped. * Ped. * *

léir dhuinn o hì Ni fo'n ghréin ach na
sea - gull go we E'en thro' rain - - storm and

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

neòil.
squall.

Ped.

A Hebridean Seafaring Song.

Leis an Lurg - ainn o hì Leis an
On the Loor - gin, yo hee, On the

R.H. * L.H. Ped.

Lurg - ainn o hò Leis an Lurgainn dubh o hì B'eig - inn
Loor - gin, yo ho, On the Loor-gin doo, yo hee, We must

R.H. Ped.

falbh le cuid seol.
sail by night - fall.

ff * Ped.

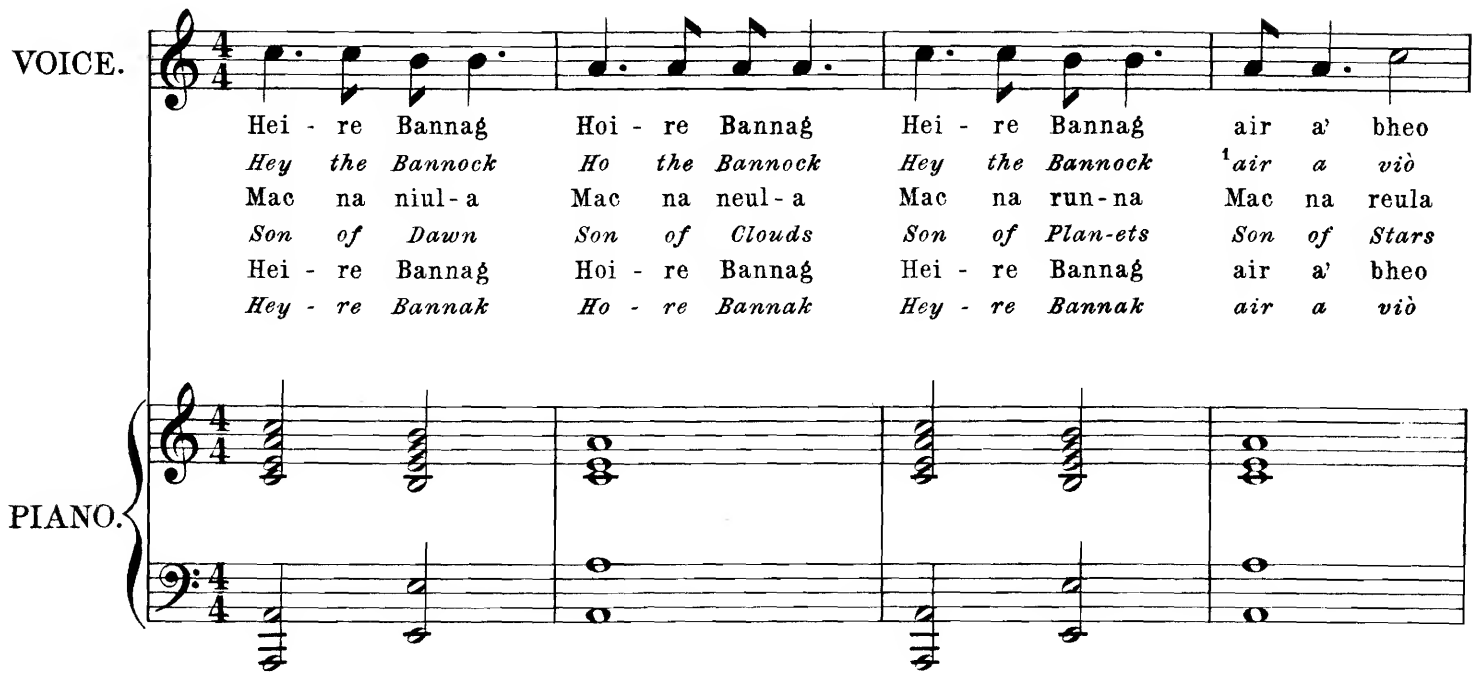
fff *

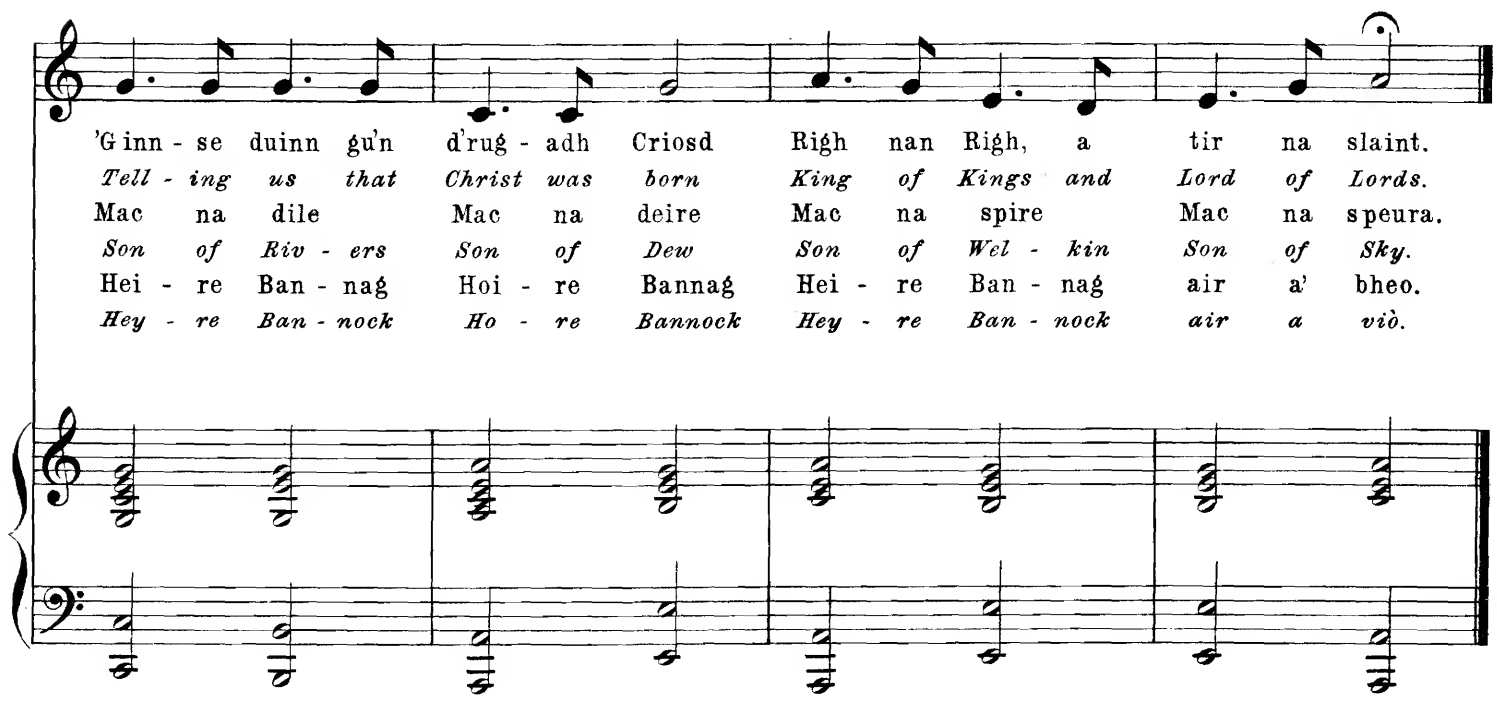
A Hebridean Seafaring Song.

CHRISTMAS DUANAG.

DUAN NOLLAIG.

Method of Chanting Christmas Carols etc.
From the Chanting of Duncan Macinnes, Eriskay.





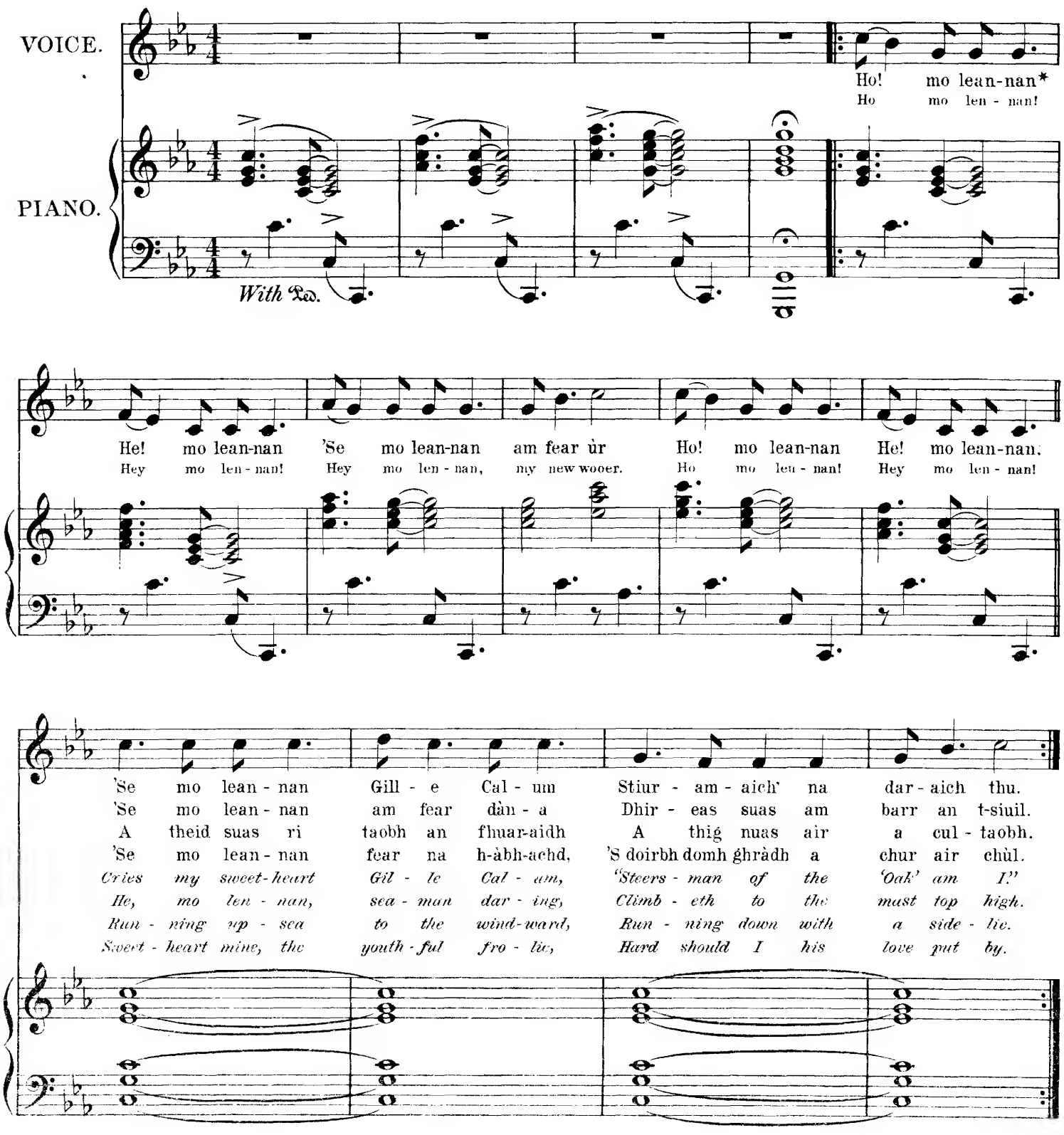
1 On the living. The words are from the first volume of "Carmina Gadelica."

HEBRIDEAN WAULKING SONG.

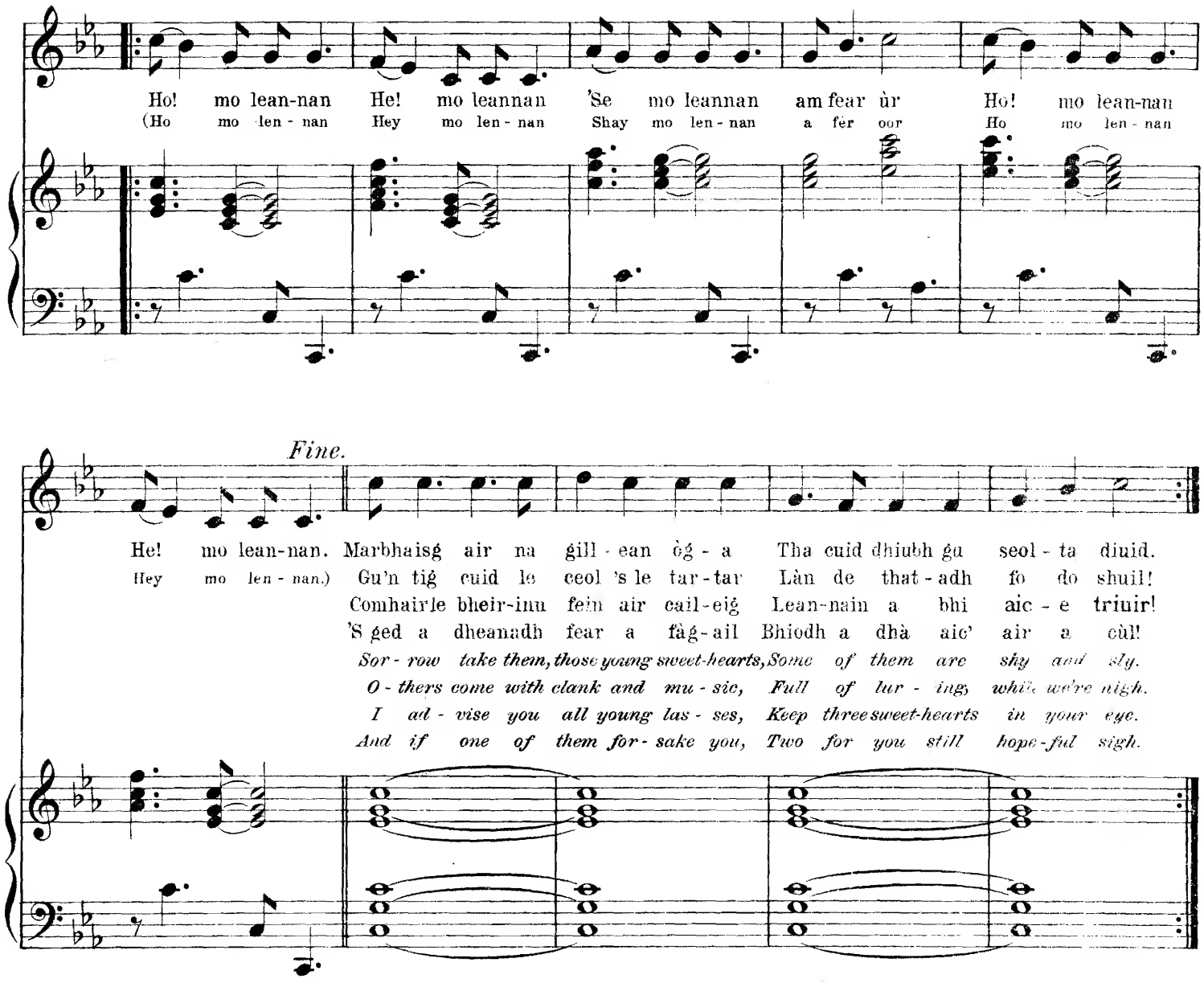
Ho! mo leannan.

Air and Chorus from the singing of
Penelope Macdonald Eriskay.
Words from Island of Eigg.

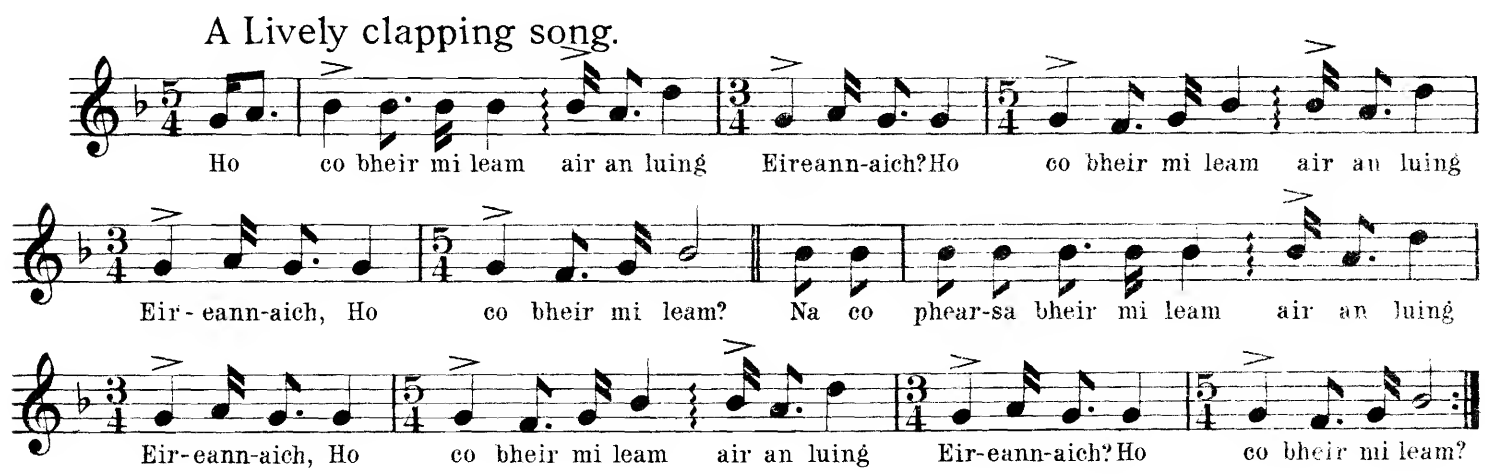
Noted and arranged by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.



* leannan = sweetheart



Waulking songs of various types are used in the course of shrinking one and the same web of cloth. Beginning with a moderately slow *tempo* they become ever more fast and furious. When the shrinking process is complete, the web is rolled up and clapped to a lively song. The quaint specimen here given was phonographed from the singing of Mary Johnstone, The Glen, Barra.



Hebridean Waulking Song.

ALISTER, SON OF COLL THE SPLENDID.

Alasdair Mhic o-hó
Cholla ghasda, o-hó
As do laimh gu'n o-hó
Earbainn tapadh trom eile.

Mharbhadh Tighearn
Ach-nam-Breac leat.

Thiodhlaigeadh an
Oir an loch e.

'S ge beag mi fein
*Bhuail mi ploc air.

Chuir sid gruaim air
Niall a' Chaisteil.

Dh' fhag e lionn-dubh
Air a mhacaibh.

'S bha Ni' Lachlainn
Fhein 'ga bhasail.†

'S bha Nic-Còmail‡
'N deigh a creachadh.

'S beag ioghnadh dhith
B' fhiach a mac e.

* Probably helped to put green turf on his grave.
† In some districts means to dress a corpse; in others, to wring one's hands in sorrow.
‡ Nic-Dhomhnaill.

THE above fragment evidently refers to the Battle of Inverlochy, fought in 1645 between the Covenanters (led, in the absence of Argyll, by Campbell of Auchinbreck) and the Royalists under the Marquess of Montrose. The hero of the song is the "Colkitto" of English writers, Alasdair Macdonald (son of *Colla Ciotach*, "Coll the left-handed"), Montrose's chief lieutenant in his short but splendid campaign on behalf of King Charles I.

As might be expected, heroic verse bulks largely in Gaelic poetry, and the fame of a clan depended, and still depends perhaps, as much on luck with the song as on luck with the sword. What the bards sang long ago, the folk now believe, and the unpopularity of more than one clan may be traced to the hostility of song. A really good bard made a most dangerous enemy; he generally took a one-sided view of things, the view of his own clan or district, but the song survived and ultimately came to form the ideas of a much wider area than the one to which it had originally appealed. But if the bard was strong in abuse, he was even stronger in praise —fortunately for several of the western clans and families! In a moment of inspiration, some old Macdonald bard sang of the Lord of the Isles as *Buachaille nan Eilean*, "the Shepherd of the Isles," and for centuries after the downfall of the Island Kingdom, the thought could touch the hearts of men whose heads were proof against an Argyll's subtlest diplomacy. The Macdonalds of Clanranald and the Macleods of Dunvegan were doubtless "bonnie fighters," but it is no reproach to them to say that they owe a good deal of their traditional glory to song and music.

This is the Clanranald of the bards:

M'eudail m' eudail Mac 'ic Ailein,
Cabrach a measg fhiadh nam beann thu,
Bradan a measg bhreac nan allt thu,
Ailleagan a measg nan eala,
An long as àirde thig gu eala.

My treasure, my treasure, Clanranald,
Stag among the deer of the bens,
Salmon among the trout of the streams,
Loveliest among the swans,
Loftiest ship that makes the harbour.

And this is Macleod:

Mac-Leoid a Dunbheagain
Nam pioban 's nam feadan,
'S mi gu'n deanadh do fhreagairt
Le fead chinn a' mheòir.

Siubhal fad aig mo ghràdh-sa
Le ghillean 's le bhata,
An doineann do thàladh
S a' bhàirlinn do cheol.

Macleod from Dunvegan
Of the pipes and the chanters,
Blythe would I thee answer
With the finger-end trill.

A far-rover my love is
With his lads and his long-boat,
The tempest thy lull-song,
Thy music the waves.

Unfortunately, the old clan-songs are fast dying out, even in the Hebrides, and the fragments which remain are in many cases so mutilated as to be of little value either as tradition or as poetry, though they are always worth rescuing for the sake of the airs to which they are sung.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

ALISTER, SON OF COLL THE SPLENDID.

(Alasdair Mac Colla.)

As phonographed from the singing of Annie Macneill, Barra.
An Old Barra Waulking Song.

Arranged by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With heroic fervour.

PIANO.

Al - as - dair Mhic o - i - ho Choll - a ghas - da o - i - ho As do laimh gu'n o - ho
Al - is - ter, brave son art thou, of Coll the splen - did, o - ho Twas thy hand, that struck the blow,
Ach nam breac lies low By the loch shore o - ho Him they bu - ry o - ho

CHORUS.

Ear - bainn tap - adh trom ei - le. Chall eil - ibh o hi chall o ho ro chall eil - ibh o - hao chall o ho - ro
Thine the brave deed, trowm ai - ly.
And for him make moan and wailing.
How - lay - leev - o - hee How - lo - ho - ro How - lay - leev - o - how how - lo - ho - ro

Chall a lo hao ri-o chall a ho ro Hao i o ho trom ei - le.
How - la - lo how-ree-o, how - la ho - ro, Ha - o-ee o ho, trowm ai - ly.

THE CELTIC GLOOM.

HEBRIDEAN folk-song, with its sadness and its longing, will probably be brought forward as another proof of what is called the Celtic Gloom. It would be a mistake, however, to think that the word gloom covers the whole or anything like the whole of western life and character. The Celt is a creature of extremes; his sadness is despair, his joy is rapture; and owing to quite explainable causes, the extreme of sadness makes the greater impression both on himself and on the outside world. "The sigh goes further than the shout," as the Gaelic proverb puts it; a whole day's rapture is soon forgotten, but a sigh in the night lingers long in the ear and heart. A stranger once attended a *deireadh-buana*, a harvest festival, in one of the isles; the music of pipe and fiddle, the mouth-tunes, the dancing, the merriment, all were equally glorious and uproarious; in the midst of it all, a woman chanted a croon of longing and pathos; ever after, the Hebrides meant to the stranger a tired woman and a yearning in the night. Just as in a man's own life one week of real pain makes a greater impression than a whole year of gladness, so in judging others, whether individually or as a race, he is less affected by the frequent laughter than by the occasional sigh. In the Hebrides one's judgment is further affected by the weirdness of the physical features—the sea and the land ever meeting in strange ways and forms and with strange sounds—and in some cases at any rate, the gloom is in the observer himself, whether Celt or non-Celt, rather than in the people observed. Some years ago two Gaels sat in the chapel-house of Eriskay and for hours recited to each other humorous Gaelic songs and stories, the one those of South Uist, the other those of Eigg and Skye. In both cases the audience, though small, was appreciative and laughed as heartily as the soft light of a peat fire in twilight would allow; then, all of a sudden, the humour and the laughter ceased. The Western Sea breaking on the shores of Uist had taken advantage of a momentary lull in the conversation to make itself heard, and almost unconsciously the talk became a paraphrase of the Morvern bard's wistful lines:

'S mi air m'uilinn air an t-sliabh	On the hillside I recline,
'S mi ri iargain na bheil uam,	Ever yearning for the lost,
'S tric mo shùil a' sireadh siar	Ever looking to the west,
Far an laigh a' ghrian's a' chuan.	Where the sun sets in the sea.

Later on the two men, still full of the Celtic Gloom, strolled through the mystic treeless island, and in the faint moonlight everything they saw and heard became steeped in sadness. And though boisterous reels were being danced in one cottage, and light airy iorrams, boat-songs, were being sung in another, yet the very joy-sounds seemed to die away in a yearning and a sigh. So ever meet the two extremes in the Celtic character; the rapture needs little excuse to rush into dance and frolic or, in its more restrained mood, into humour and laughter, but the sound of a distant wave may at any moment turn it into the depths of sadness. And this reminds one of another element in the case which ought not to be forgotten. The Celtic rapture finds its natural outlet in shout and dance and physical exertion, things which do not last; the Celtic Gloom, on the other hand, relieves itself in song and music, things which last and can be handed down from generation to generation. And there is the further difference that such songs of rapture as do exist are sung mostly by men in the prime of life, and are oftenest heard in the village tap-room or on the way home from market, while the songs of gloom are crooned by the old men and by the women, old and young, at the fireside, with the children sitting at their feet. This partly explains the remarkable fact that, while the sweetest songs of gloom are on the lips of the folk, the best specimens of the songs of rapture are to be found in the published works of the known bards.

* * * * * * * * * *

The Western Sea, as every islesman knows, can, even on a quiet evening, laugh like a youth whose love-tale is running smoothly, and moan like an aged man bewailing the sins of the past; both the laugh and the moan, however, are the children of the *atmosphere* rather than of the sea itself.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

HEBRIDEAN MOTHER'S SONG.

"GUR MILIS MORAG."

REFRAIN.
Gur milis Mórag
Gur laghach Mórag
Gur milis Mórag
Nighean Eoghain Òig.

1.
'S i Mòr an àilleachd
'S i laogh a mathar
'S e bhi 'ga taladh
Mo rogha ceòil.
Gur milis etc.

2.
Gur mi bhiodh uallach
Air ruigh nan gruagach
Ach Tormad Ruadh
A bhi fuar fo 'n fhoid.
Gur milis etc.

3.
Mo mhile marbhaisg
Air an Fhrangach
'Nuair leig e nall thu
Chur anntlachd oirnn.
Gur milis etc.

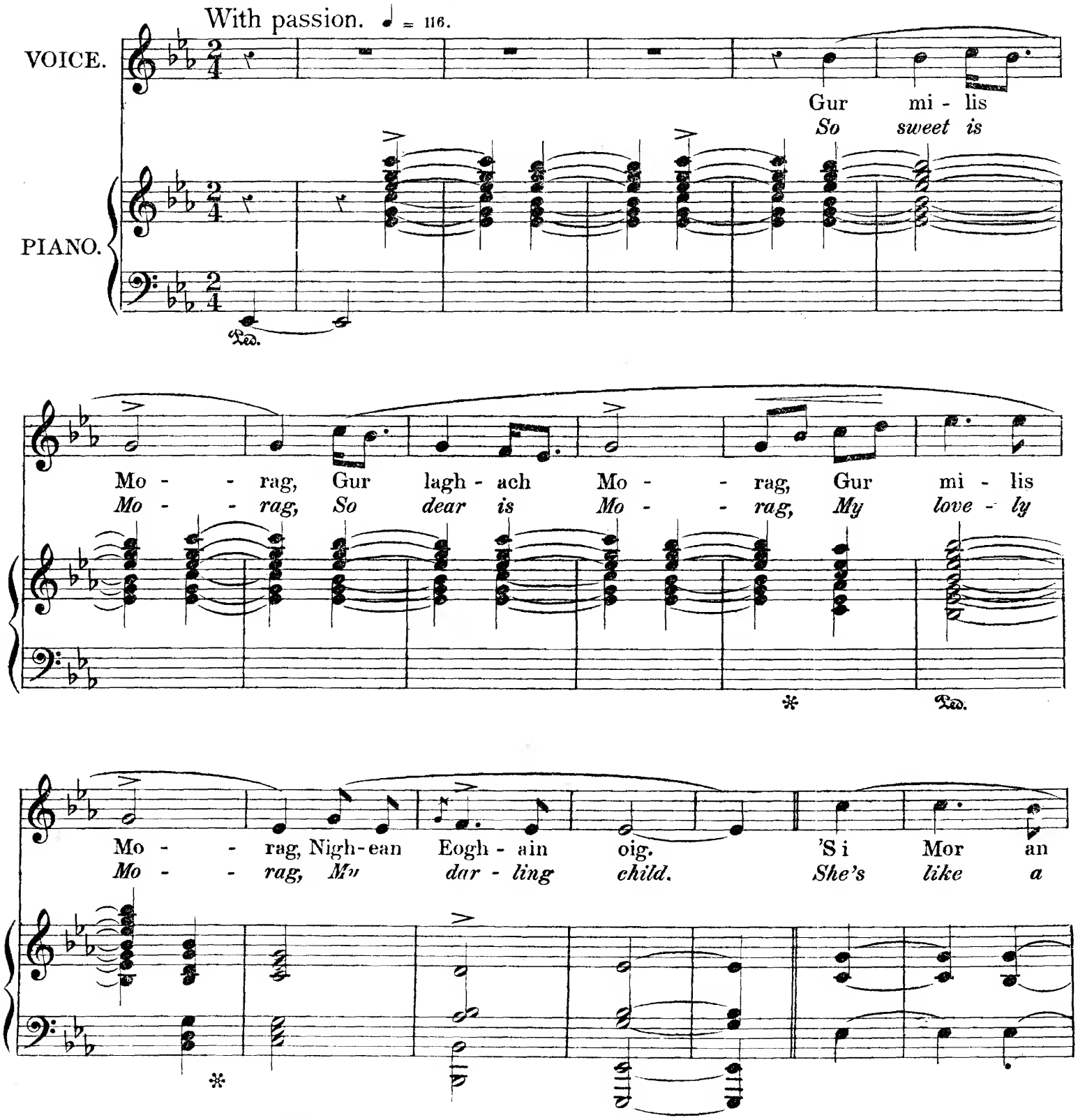
The story of this song is a Hebridean analogue to that of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." The woman, who in the song is singing to her child, had, when she was a girl, two lovers. The one she married went away as a soldier and was supposed to have been killed. The other took his place in the affections of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

HEBRIDEAN MOTHER'S SONG.

"GUR MILIS MORAG."

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

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



Morag= pronounced Mórak.

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

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

Ped.

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

*

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

Ped.

Hebridean Mother's Song.

a little slower

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

p

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

f

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

p e dolce

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

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

Ped.

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

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

ff

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

- - - - - ain oig.
my child.

* Ped. *

Hebridean Mother's Song.

THE SHIP AT SEA.

Cuan ag eirigh.

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

Arranged for pianoforte and voice by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Allegro vivace. *Tempestuously.*

PIANO.

f

Ped.

R.H.

L.H.

Ped.

O daonn-an daonn - an
(O dön - an dön - an

simile

Ped. ✻

daonn-an Hug o ro ghaoil cuan ag eir - igh O daonn - an
dön - an Hook o ro göl coon - ak air - y)

cres.

R.H.

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

f

daonn - an daonn - an Hug o ro ghaoil cuan ag eir - igh.

cres.

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

B'fhad - a
Far I

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

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

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

cres.

O daonn - an daonn - an daonn - an Hug o

ro ghaoil cuan ag eir - igh O daonn - an

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

eir - igh.

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

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

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

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

The Ship at Sea.

Hug o ro ghaoil cuan ag eir - igh

O daonn - an daonn - an daonn - an

Hug o ro ghaoil cuan ag eir - igh.

f *ff*

The Ship at Sea.

A RAASAY LOVE LILT.

Thainig an Gille Dubh.

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

Arranged for voice and pianoforte by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With a crisply marked rhythm.

PIANO.

una corda

cres.

𝄋 *REFRAIN. Liltingly.*

Thain-ig an ġill - e dubh raoir 'na bhail - e so,
Came my gill - ie doo pass'd un - heed - ing he,

cres.

mf

tre corde

Fine.

'S trom mo cheum o'n thréig mo lean-nan mi, Thain-ig an ġill - e dubh raoir 'na bhail - e so.
Gone my dream since he's for - sak - en me Came my gill - ie doo pass'd un - heed - ing he.

Espressivo.

D 𝄋

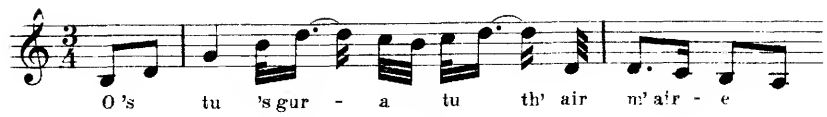
1. 'S mis' tha ġu tinn Le ġoirt-eas mo chinn,'S ġed rach-ainn 'na chill Cha till mo lean - nan rium.
2. 'S ġuirm - e do shùil Na'n dearc - ag fo'n drùchd,'S ġur fin - ealt do ġhnùis Na ùr - ros mheang-an - an.
3. Sealġ - air a' ġheòidh'S an lach air an lòn,'S bhiodh fuil an daimh-chròic Air fòid a' bharr - ain leat.

1. Blu - er thine eye Than blae - ber - ries new Fair - er thy face Than ros - es wet wi' dew.
2. Heart - sick I go Step hea - vy and slow Since my own love's Gone bye un - heed - ing me.
3. Brav - er than he By land or by sea None hunts the wild duck Or stag by loch and brae.

sostenuto

molto rit.

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



THE LOVE-WANDERING.

An Seachran-Gaoil.

1. O 's tu 's gura tu th' air m' aire,
O 's tu 's gura tu th' air m' aire,
O 's tusa rùin tha tighinn dlùth fainear dhomh,
'S cha 'n e crodh buaile no Feill a' bhaile.

2. Is tric a bha sinn fo sgàil an eilich,
Anns an smùdan an luib an t-seilich,
Bàrr an fhraoich dhuinn 'na choinnlean geala,
Féidh a' mhunaidh 'nan luchd faire.

3. An oidhche bha sinn air àird an fhirich,
Bu leam do phògan 's le deòin do mhire,
An luib do bhreacain gu 'n d'rinn mi suidhe,
'S gu 'm b' fhearr do chòmhradh na òr na cruinne.

4. Ach gaol na h-òige b'e nòs am foill dhuit,
'S mairg a dh' òladh a leoir de t' aoibhneas,
Thig mar sheudaig de 'n ghrein 's i boillsgeadh,
Gu 'n teid e fuadan mar bhruadar oidhche.

5. Thug thu sear diom is thug thu siar diom,
Thug thu ghealach is thug thu ghrian diom,
Thug thu 'n cridhe a bha 'nam chliabh diom,
Cha mhòr, a ghaoil ghil, nach tug 's mo Dhia diom.

6. Ach ged a robh mi fo 'n fhòid am màireach,
Air mo chur sios fo na leacaibh bàna,
'S mi gu 'n dùisgeadh le ùrachd slàinte
Na 'n tigeadh gaolan 's e shuidhe làmh rium.

1. *Of thee and ever of thee my thoughts,*
Of thee and ever of thee my thoughts,
Of thee, O love the thoughts that haunt,
Never of cattle nor Festal Day.

2. *Under the shade of a rock our trysts,*
Among the willow trees our cooing,
Spray of heather our candles white,
Stags of the hill our watchers.

3. *The night we wandered to far off braes*
Mine were thy kisses and joy! thy frolic,
In the fold of thy plaid I sat me down,
Better thy speech than the world of gold.

4. *But love of youth thy way is fickleness,*
Alas, who would drink their fill of thy joy!
Comes it like a jewel-ray of the glistening sun,
Goes it like a dream of the night.

5. *Hast taken off me the East, off me the West,*
Hast taken off me the Moon, off me the Sun,
Hast taken off me the heart in my bosom,
And, O white love, almost off me my God.

6. *But tho' I were under the sod to-morrow,*
Low laid under the white flag-stones, (tomb-stones
Gladsome my waking to newness of life
If loved-one but came and sat by my side.

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

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

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

THE LOVE - WANDERING.

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

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

With passionate fervour and very sustained.

PIANO

Or

both Peds. *both Peds.*

O 's tu 's gur - a tu th' air m'air -
'Tis for thee, on - ly thee I'm car -

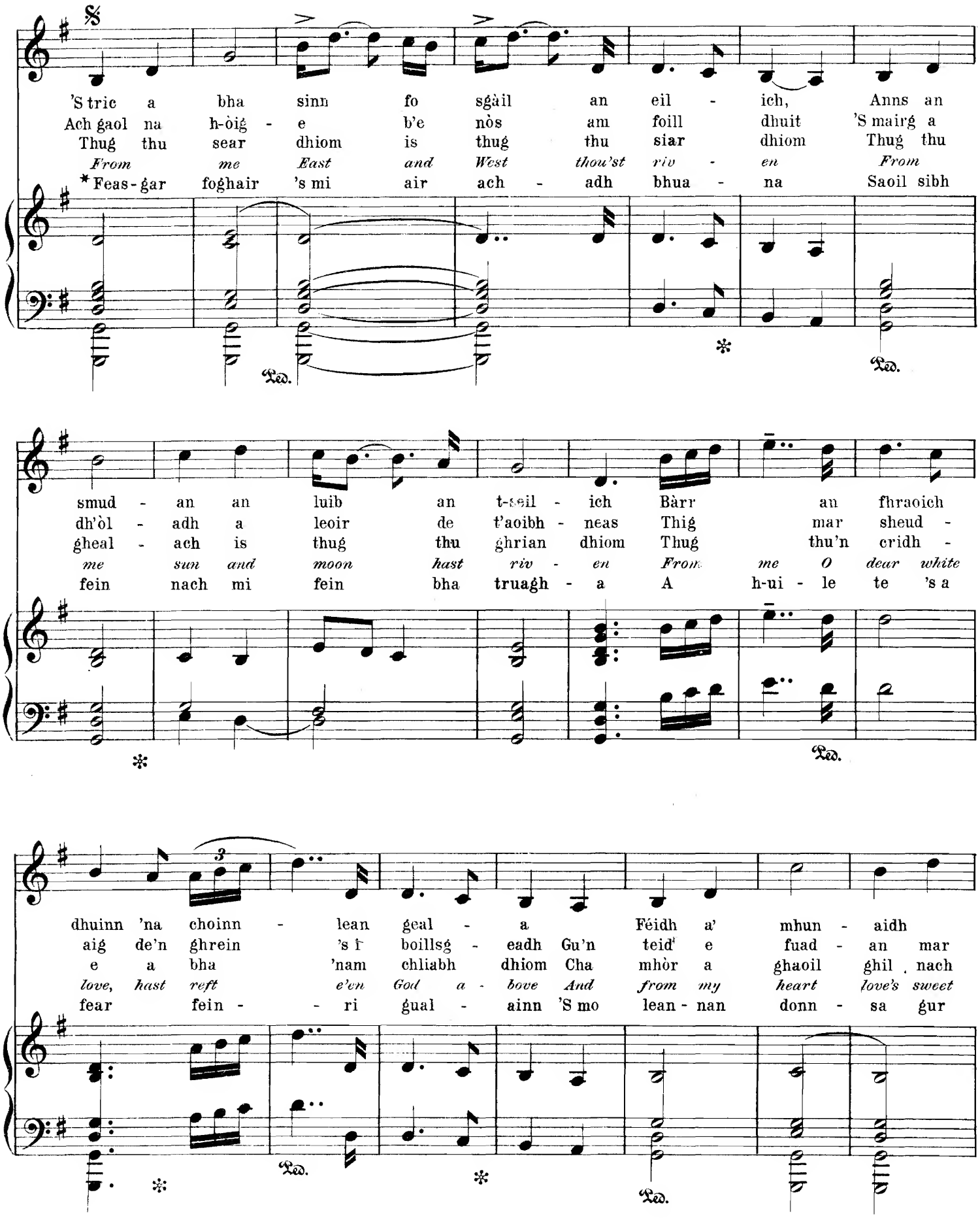
pp *pesante e molto espressivo* *mf*

both Peds. *with Ped.*

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

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

*Phrase as on opposite page. The phrasing marks given here apply to the Gaelic words.



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

The Love—wandering.

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

Ped.

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

*

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

Ped. * Ped. *

D. S.

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

Fine.

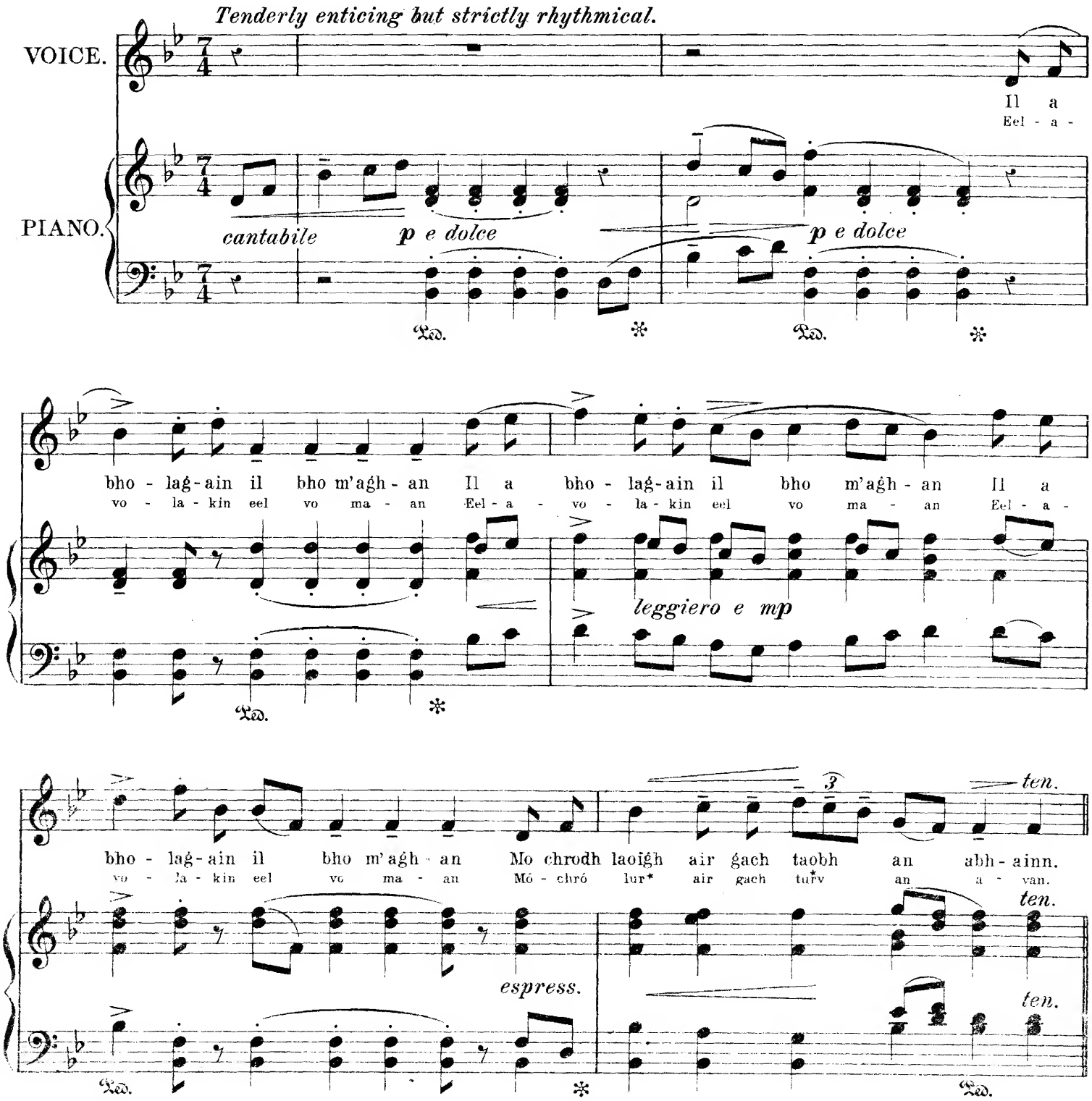
The Love—wandering.

MILKING CROON.

Cronan Bleoghain.

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

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



Additional verses from the "Carmina Gadelica"

* Do not trill the "r"

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

p

senza respirare

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

espress.

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

rall. e dim.

*pronounced Breed-ya

In melodic outline, this air, in spite of its peculiar rhythm, strongly resembles that of the "Love Wandering"

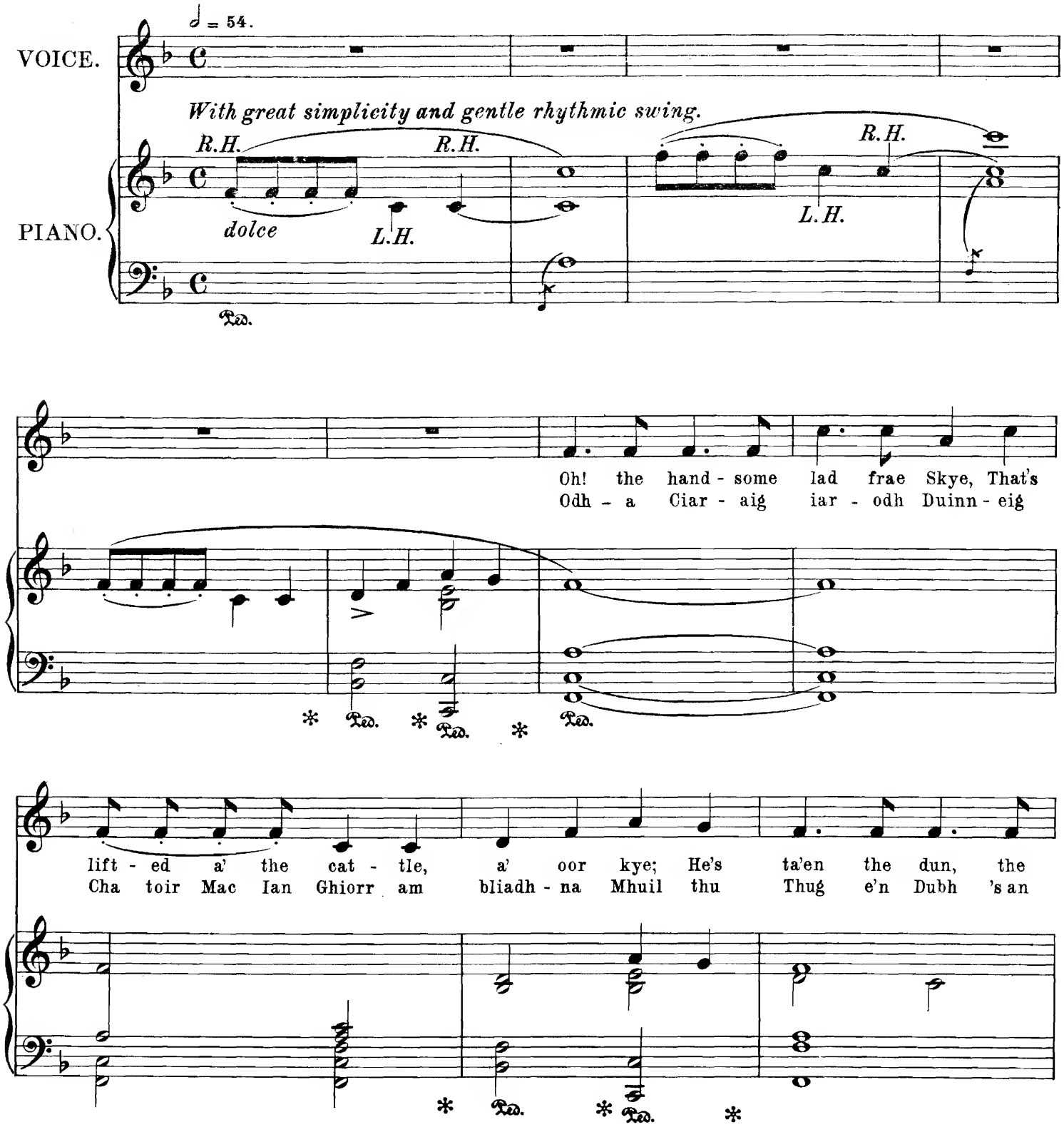
Milking Croon.

MILKING SONG.

ORAN BUAILE.

Old Hebridean Melody
Gaelic words collected by Alexander Carmichael.

Lowland words and Pianoforte accompaniment by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.



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

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

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

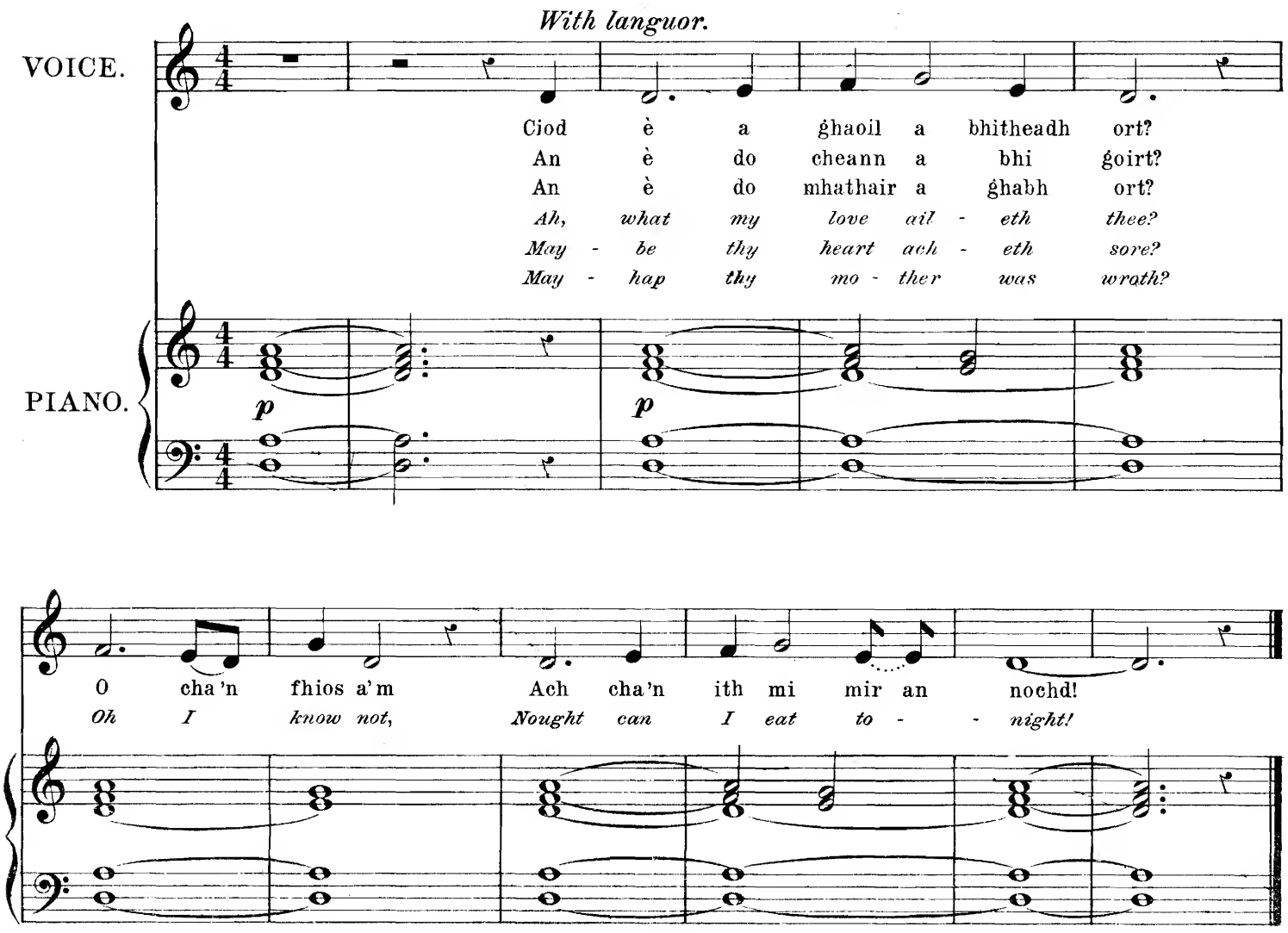
my ain heart for - bye.
e mo chiall uam o.

pp

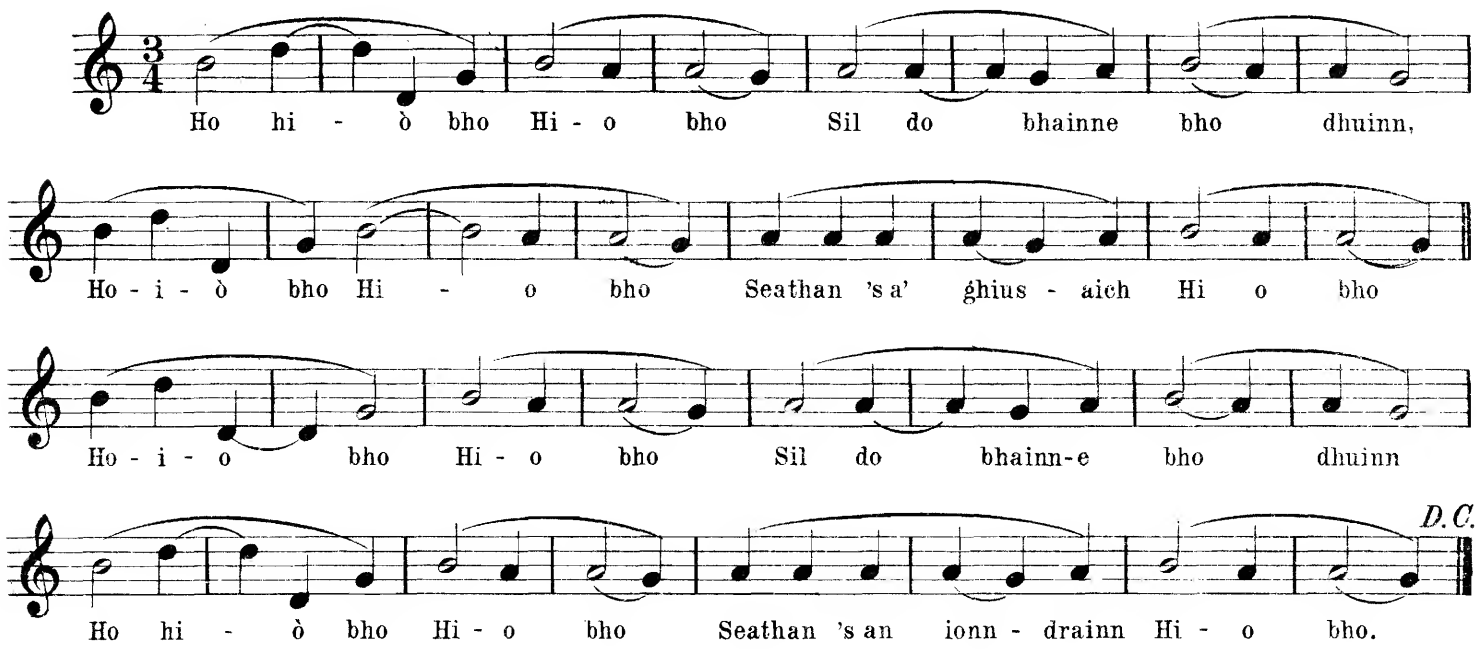
Milking Song.

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

A SOOTHING CROON FROM EIGG.



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



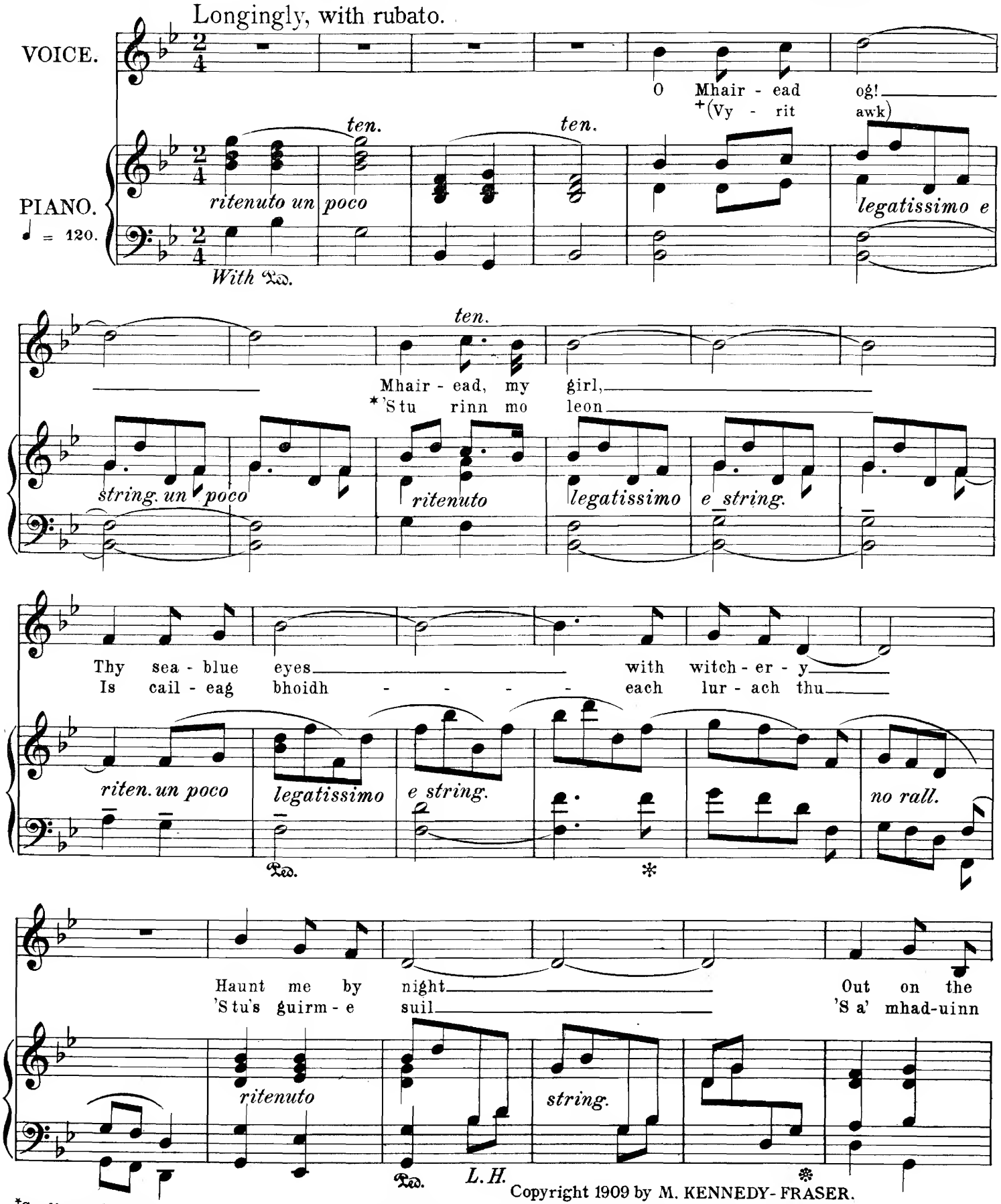
TALADH NA BANACHAIG.	*THE DAIRYMAID'S CROON.*
Sil do bhainne, bho dhuinn,	*Shower thy milk, my brownie,*
Seathan 's a' ghiùsaich,	* *Seathan in the fir-copse,*
Sil do bhainne, bho dhuinn	*Shower thy milk, my brownie,*
Seathan 'san ionndrainn.	*Seathan is a-weary.*
Seathan, bho dhuinn,	*Seathan, O brownie,*
Mo laoidh 's mo shionnsar	*My hymn and chanter,*
Nàile, bho dhuinn,	*Sure, O brownie,*
Is loinn mo chiùrraidh.	*The joy and the wound of me.*
Seathan, bho dhuinn,	*Seathan, my brownie,*
Seathan 's a' ghiùsaich,	*Seathan in the fir-copse,*
Bha mi a raoir	*Last night in the grove*
'S a' choill 'na dhùrdail.	*I joyed in his cooing.*
Bha mi, bho dhuinn,	*I joyed, O my brownie,*
An luim a shùgraidh,	*In the art of his wooing,*
Nàile, bho dhuinn,	*Sure, O my brownie,*
An soills' a shùla.	*In the light of his eye.*

* Old Gaelic for John. Pronounce as English "shame," substituting n for m.

MULL FISHER'S LOVE SONG.

O MHAIREAD OG!

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



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

+The first syllable of the Gaelic name "Mhairead" is pronounced like the first syllable of the English name "Violet."

deep I can - not sleep
chiuin Na'n dearc air chul

riten. legatissimo

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

poco rall. string.

O Mhair - ead og! Mhair - ead, my
Och - oin a ri! Nach mi bha.

rubato as before

girl, Thy voice like mu - - -
thall Ann an coill

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

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

heart is sore —
chiall cha bhiodh —

For love o' thee, Oh Mhair - ead
Oirnn uir - eas - bhuidh 'S a Mhair - ead

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

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

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

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

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

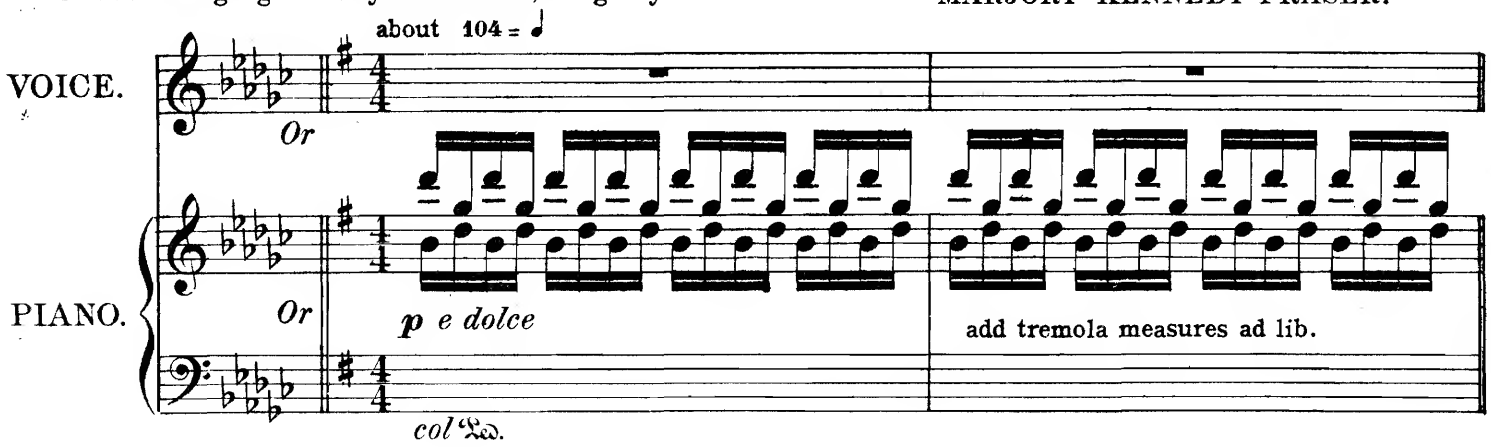
poco rall.

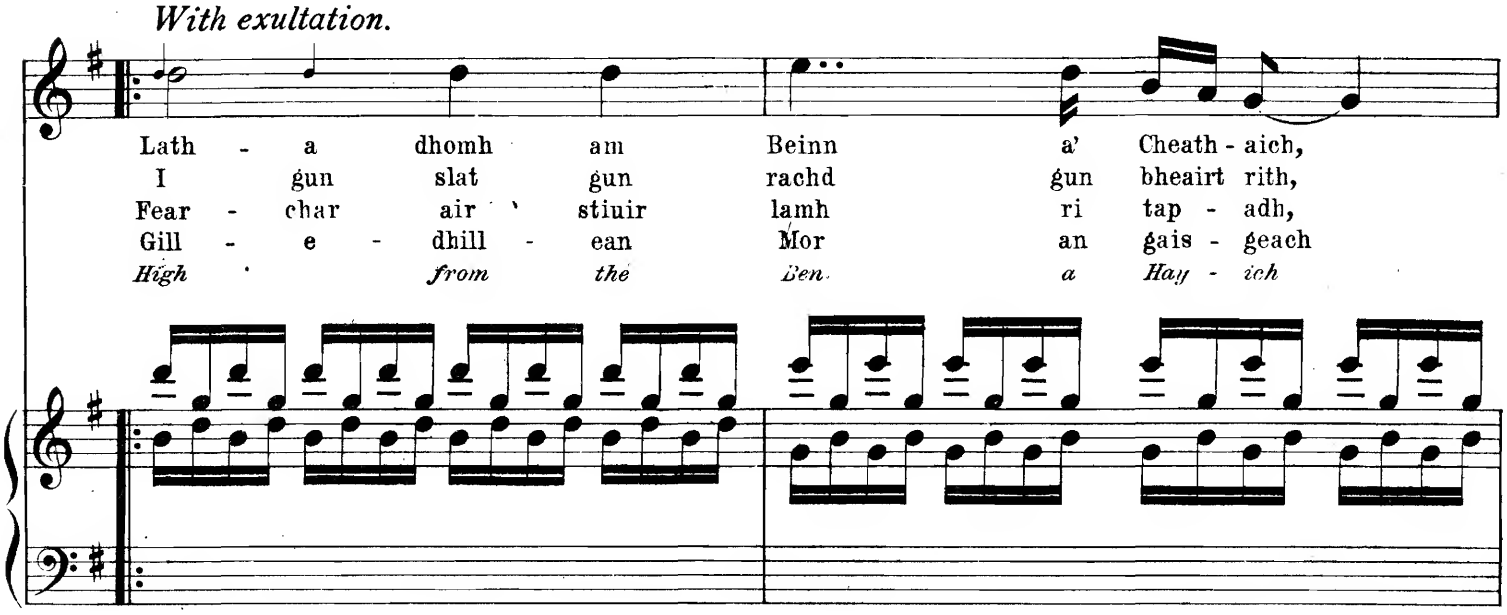
*KISHMUL'S GALLEY.

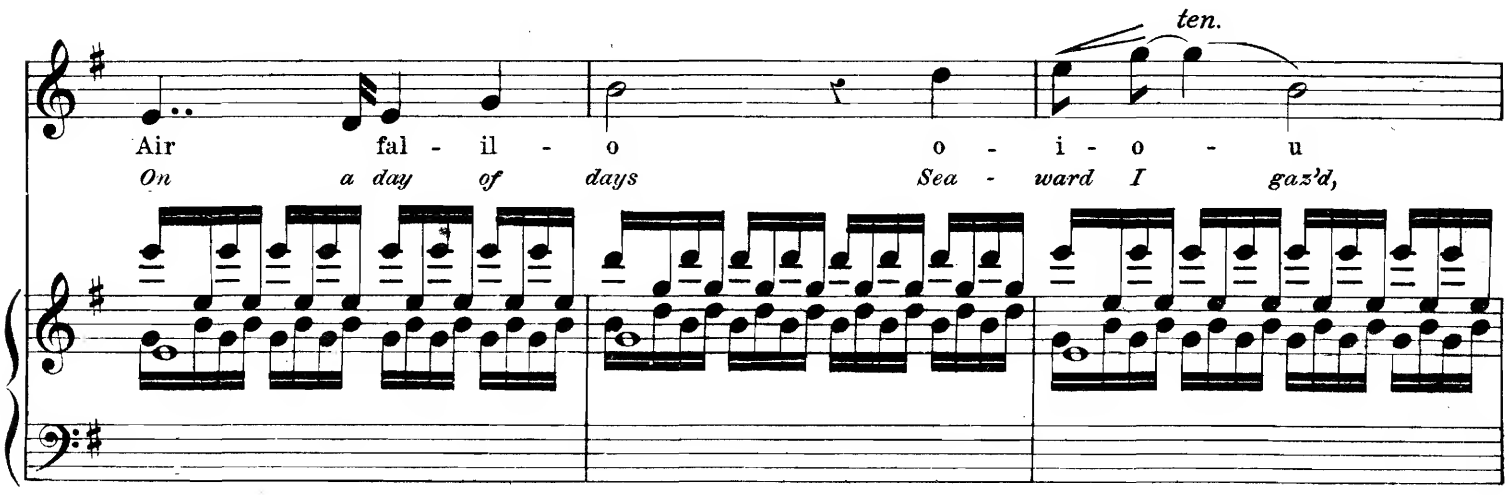
A' Bhirlinn Bharrach.

Words from Mrs Maclean, Barra.
Air from the singing of Mary Macdonald, Mingulay.

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







*pronounced Keesh-mool.

strisciato.

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

o hi - o hu - o,
(o hee oh. hoo oh,

un poco ritenuto.

69 = ♩

ff *ritenuto col canto.*

ten.

Repeat for Gaelic Verses.

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

tempo primo e dolce.

ad lib. repetitions.

Ped.

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

✻ Ped.

Kishmul's Galley.

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

(69 = ♩)

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

riten.

ff *ritenuto.*

Slower and broader.

(80 = ♩)

ten. *ten.* *ten.*

Steach gu Ceise - mul an athair Air fal - il - o, no
Now at last 'gainst wind and tide They've brought her to *'Neath*

sf *sf* *ritenuto.* *ten.*

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

pesante.

(Ped. 14 bars.)

Kishmul's Galley.

(♩. = ♩ = 80)

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

R.H.
L.H.
pesante sempre.

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

rit. un poco

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

tranquillo

with exultation again to the end.

ad lib.

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

col canto.

riten.

Ped. Ped.

THE SEAGULL OF THE LAND-UNDER-WAVES.*

FAOILEAG TÌRE-FO-THUINN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE SEAGULL OF THE LAND-UNDER-WAVES.

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

English adaptation and pianoforte accompaniment by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Andante con moto. ♩ = 78.

With a mournful rocking rhythm, but not too slow,

VOICE.

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

PIANO.

R.H.
L.H.
p sostenuto

and with an ever recurring cres. and dim.

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

f

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

p *cres.* *dim.*

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

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

p

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

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

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

p *pp*

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

mp e molto sostenuto

ho rionn ei - le o ho - i - o ho C'àit an d'fhàg thu na fir
Beul ri beul is iad gun
cold lips com-ing, Sea - wrack their shroud And their harps the sea's sad

molto cantabile

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

bho o - a - ho ho rionn ei - le o

f

ten.

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

colla voce. *a tempo.*

a.
a.
ing.

p

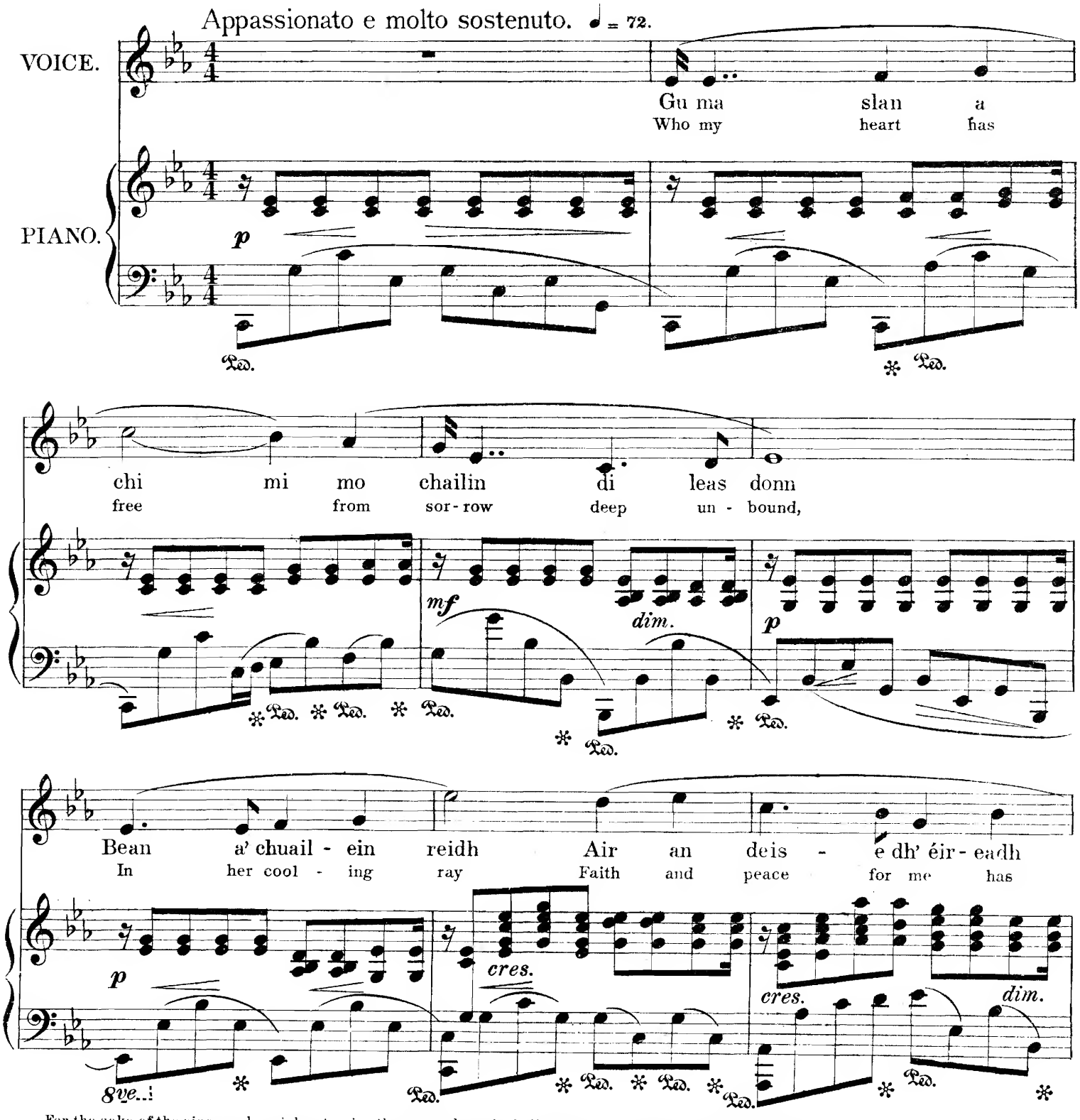
Last time.

pp

ULLAPOOL SAILOR'S SONG.

Old Celtic Air.
Gaelic words by HECTOR Mc KENZIE,
A sailor of Ullapool.

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



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

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

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

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

ten. riten.

colla voce

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

pp

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

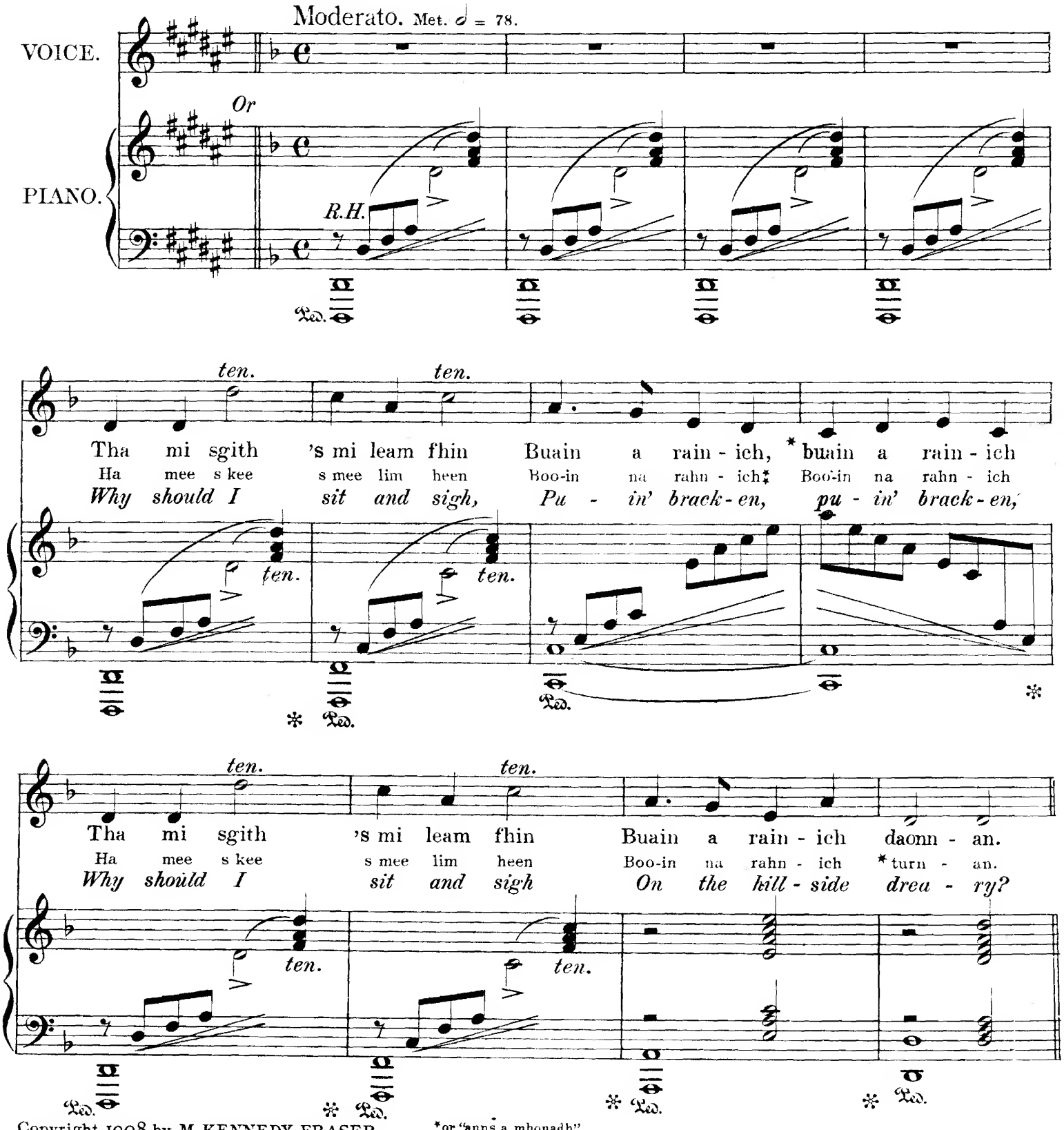
Ullapool Sailor's Song.

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

A FAIRY'S LOVE SONG.

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

Pianoforte Accompaniment composed by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.



*or "anns a mhonadh"

*The vowel here is like that of the word "turn" as pronounced by the English without trilling the "r."

‡Like German "ich."

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

ten.

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

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

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

dim.

A Fairy's Love Song.

‡ Like "y" in "try"

* Do not sound the "r"

a little slower

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

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

ten. *ten.*

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

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

A Fairy's Love Song.

* "ch" as in the English "cheer"

** do not trill the "r"

**this verse by Mrs Moodie.*

a tempo

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

a tempo

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

ten. *ten.* *a tempo*

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

ten. *ten.*

rit.

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

rit.

*do not trill the "r"

THE WATER-KELPIE'S SONG.

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

A Mhór, a Mhór, till ri d' mhacan,	A-vōre, a-vōre, return to thy sonny,
'S gheabh thu gadan boidheach bhreac uam.	Shalt get a bonnie withy of trout from me.

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

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

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

Mo sheana chab liath ri d' bhial beag baoth,	My gray old mouth to thy wee tender lips,
'S mi seinn phort duit.	And I singing tunes to thee.

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

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

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

KENNETH MACLEOD.

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

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

‡ Literally, "the mean one."

SKYE WATER-KELPIE'S LULLABY.

Old Gaelic words and tune from the Gesto Collection.

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

Rockingly. ♩ = 88.

VOICE.

PIANO.

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

f *dim. poco a poco* *p*

— A Mhór a shògh! — *A - vore, my joy!* —

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

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

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

rall. e dim.

f *p*

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

plaintively

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

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

cres.

rall. e dim.

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

rall. e dim. colla voce

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

*or chànran.

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

Skye water kelpie's lullaby.

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

long pause

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

colla voce *pleading*

A little slower.

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

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

rit. *dim.* *pp*

*Between Gesto and Portree in Skye.

Skye water-kelpie's lullaby.

THE DEATH CROON.

(AN CRONAN BAIS.)

As traditionally sung by
Kenneth Macleod.

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

VOICE. PIANO.

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

pesante ma dolce p

With both Pedals.

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

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

p

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

dim. *pp* *mp*

⊙ *May be cut from here to sign p 100.*

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

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

Uile. **TUTTI. The three cantors.*

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

pp

An t-anam chara. *One voice.*

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

mp

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

*It may be sung throughout by one voice.

Uile. *All.*

Caid - il e caid - il e 's dhiot gach bròn Caid - il e caid - il e

sleep and put off from thee ev - 'ry woe Sleep, and put off from thee

pp

's dhiot gach bròn Caid - il e caid - il e 's dhiot gach bròn.

ev - 'ry woe, Sleep, and put off from thee ev - 'ry woe.

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

Cad - al òg Io - sa Cad-al beò Io - sa Cad-al gloir Io - sa Caid-il e

Cad - al gaoil Io - sa Cad-al muirn Io - sa Cad-al ciuin Io - sa *Sleep and put*

Youth-sleep of Jes - us, Life-sleep of Jes - us, Glo - ry sleep of Jes - us,

Love-sleep of Jes - us, Joy-sleep of Jes - us, Peace-sleep of Jes - us,

mf *p* *mf* *p* *mf* *p*

caid - il e 's dhiot gach bròn, Caid - il e caid-il e 's dhiot gach bròn.

from thee thy ev - 'ry woe, Sleep and put off from thee ev - 'ry woe.

An t-anam chara. *One voice.*

Cad - al nan seachd bu - adh ort Cad - al nan seachd lu - an ort Cad - al nan seachd

Sleep of sev - en vir - tues on thee, Sleep of sev - en moons up - on thee, Sleep of sev - en

Uile. *All.*

su - an ort Caid - il e caid - il e 's dhiot gach bròn Caid - il e

slum - bers on thee. Soft - ly sleep, Soft - ly sleep, free from woe, Soft - ly sleep,

pp

An t-anam chara. *One voice.*

caid - il e 's dhiot gach bròn Bruad - ar Mhoir-e is Dia 'na taobh

Soft - ly sleep, free from woe. Dream of Ma - ry and God in her side,

mp

Bruad - ar Chal - uim an I nan naomh Bruad - ar lein - ibh nach cinn gu

Dream of Co - lum - ba in saint - ed Isle, Dream of the one that was ev - er a

* *May be cut to sign * on p 102.*

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

R.H. *R.H.*

legatissimo

Uile. *All.*

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

L.H.

pp

❊ An t-anam chara. *One voice.*

Uile. *All.*

aon do m' ghaol Tha duibhr' a' bhàis - chad-ail a luaidh 'na do shùil Ach caid - il gu
love, be thine. The dusk of the Death-sleep is, love, in thine eye, But soft - ly thou'lt

pp

ciuin Caid - il gu ciuin, Caid - il gu ciuin, Caid - il gu
sleep, Soft - ly thou'lt sleep, Soft - ly sleep, Soft - ly

May be cut to sign ❊ on p 103.

An t-anam chara. *One voice.*

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

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

f

cres.

>

✻ Uile. *All.*

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

pp

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

p *dim.* *pp* *ppp*

THE DEATH-CROON.[1]

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

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

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

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

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

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

And said the old folk of Eigg: The Queen and her maidens saw the light and heard the singing and, way of the women! wonder brought them towards the churchyard. And, sure, there must have been *tàladh*, fascination, in the light, for as *it* would move *they* would follow, and did it not bring them little by little, and not little was that same little, to the loch[3] you know yourself, the one in which the *each-uisge*, the water-horse, lives—and, O Mary Mother, was it not there the judgment was!

In the isles the black loch among the hills is always associated with death and unholy deeds and croons. The sea, with its ebb and its flow, is suggestive of life. If it has the terrible strength, it has also the nobility, of the lion. But the loch among the hills is a snake—black and slimy, with death in its eye. A tale and a croon[4] will tell the rest.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ars' am baobh caol dubh :

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

Ars' am baobh maol glas :

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

Ars' am baobh caol buidhe :

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

Said the lean black wizard :

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

Said the bald grey wizard :

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

Said the sleek yellow wizard :

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

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

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

KENNETH MACLEOD.

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

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

IN HEBRID SEAS.

(Heman Dubh. An ancient Waulking Song.)

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

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

Moderato.

PIANO.

Or →

leggiero

pesante

With Pedal.

With a swinging rhythm.

Hem-an dubh bóid ad aindeoin, Hem-an dubh hi - ri - o, Hem - an dubh

Green lies the danc - ing wa-ter, Green, pur-ple, barr'd with gold; Brown wing'd my

sear no siar e, Hem - an dubh chaoidh nach gabhainn Uas - al mor 's e guan-ach fal - amh,

boat flies o'er her, Brown wing'd, while out the wa - ter White the keel, the curl - ing wave - let

Ped.

Hem - an dubh hi - ri - o.

Toss - es high, spraying round.

*This Key is recommended.

This song is published separately in two keys- C & E minor.

Hem-an dubh hi-ri-o-ro Hem-an dubh hi-ri-o Hem-an dubh ha! mo leannan Hem-an dubh

Hay-man-*do hee-ree-oh-row Hay-man-do hee-ree-oh Hay-man do ha mow len-nan Hay-man do

or *Leav-ing the Lews to lee-ward, Blyth-ly a-*

hi-ri-o-ro, Falbh mo leannan-sa? Falbh e, falbh e? Hem-an dubh hi-ri-o

Hee-ree-oh-row falav mow len-nan sa falav ay falav ay Hay-man do Hee-ree-oh

sail-ing sea-ward, White the keel, the curl-ing wave-let Toss es high, spray-ing round.

ten.

Hem-an dubh cleas nan aighean, Hem-an dubh hi-ri-o,

Tawn-y the shelv-ing shore, Tawn-y the seals that rise,

Hem-an dubh ris na beann-taibh, Laighe seamh is eir-igh fal-lan, Cearb-ag uain-e

Plung-ing be-neath the wa-ter, Plung-ing in sharp sur-prise, with eyes of fear and

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

In Hebrid Seas.

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

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

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

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

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

tranquillamente

colla voce

In Hebrid Seas.

* Pronounce like English word "lose."

poco a poco più agitato

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

cres.

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

ff

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

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

rall *a tempo*

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

a tempo

ff

THE LAY OF DIARMAD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

make healing to thee." And Fionn ran to the well and in his two palms lifted the pure clear water that the birds delight to drink, but Dearg was out of his sight now, and anger began to blind him. "He took off me the Beauty of my wife," said he, "I will not make healing to him." And as his anger rose, his fingers began to sneak from each other, and when he came back to Dearg, water nor water had he for the healing. "O brother of my mother," said Dearg, and he in great pain, "where be thy healing?" Stronger now was pity than anger in the heart of Fionn, and he ran back to the well of the birds, and lifted in his two palms the pure clear water that would make the healing of life. But Dearg was again out of his sight, and anger began to smother pity. "He took off me the Wisdom of my wife, I will not make healing to him." And as the anger rose in his breast, the water in his palms subsided, until at last not a drop was to be seen. Dearg had now the rattle in his throat, and the heart of Fionn filled again with pity, and he ran back to the well of the birds, and lifted in his two palms the pure clear water of healing. But he could not see Dearg now, and he could only think of the disgrace brought on himself and the *Fiann*. "He took off me the Love of my wife, I will not make healing to him, I will let death on him." And what of the water oozed not through his fingers was sucked up by the heat of his anger, and when he came back his palms were as dry as a rock under the mid-day sun. Dearg was now in the last of the Three Agonies[6], and Fionn shed over him the tears of love and pity. "My dear sister's only son," said he, "I will not let death on him, I will make healing to him." And he gave one great standing-jump[7] to the well of the birds, and another great standing-jump back, with the pure clear water of healing in his palms; but if quick he was, quicker still was the coming of Death, and Dearg was now in his sleep.

And that night *Grainne*, Love-of-women, kept the death-watch over Dearg, and she made the Lay[8] to him which the sorrow-women of the wake still sing. And next morning, when they were putting him into the grave, along with his hawk and hound, sudden-leapt Grainne in beside him—and she and Dearg were left in the Death-sleep side by side.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

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

[2] The owl.

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

[4] "Red," "blood red."

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

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

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

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

The Lay of Diarmad.

THE LAY OF DIARMAD.

Traditional Version from
Janet Macleod, Eigg.

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

Maestoso e dolente.

PIANO.
♩. = 50.

With thick soft tone, as of horns.

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

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

[1]Splendour? [2]Renown? [3]Battle-rapture.

*Pronounce Jerak.