And Other Celtic Songs from the Highlands of Scotland

some collected and all arranged
for
Voice and Pianoforte
By

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Gaelic Editor
Kenneth-Macleod

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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.

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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

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* 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 Rıgh 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.

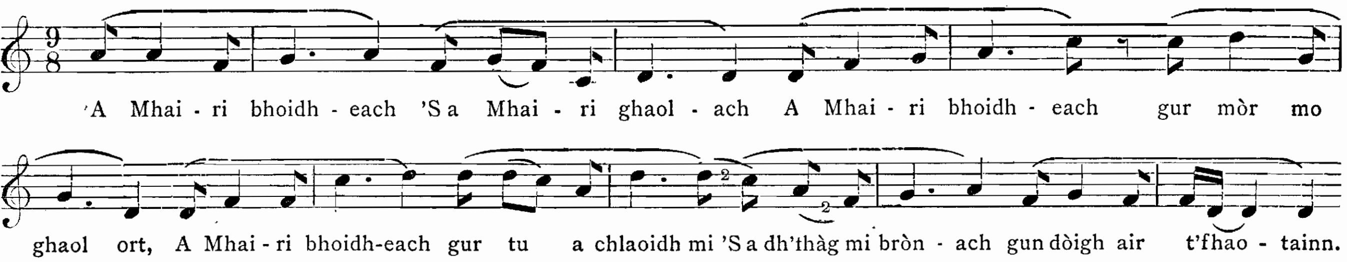
* A collection of Port-a-Beul in Tonic Solfa notation has been published by Dr. Keith Macdonald.

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.



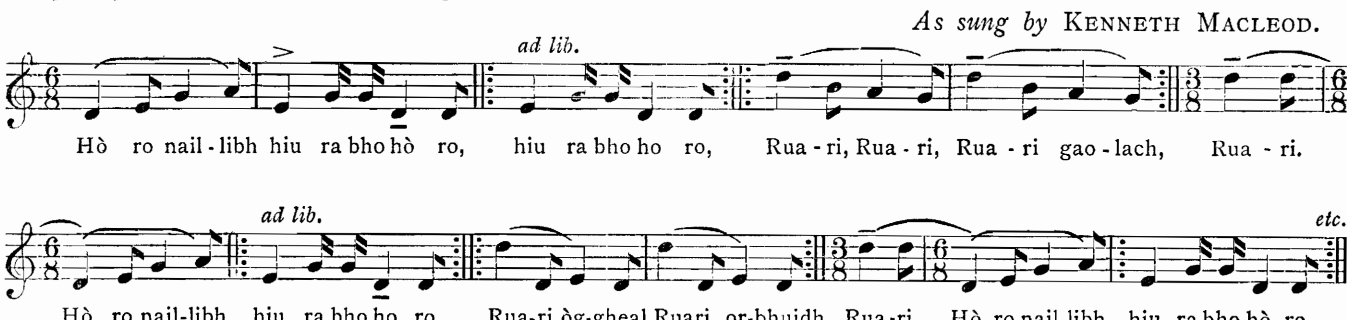
NOTE.—And therefore it is worth the singers' while to learn to pronounce the original Gaelic for singing purposes—they will be richly repaid for their trouble. We have provided English words, at times they are translations more or less literal, at times they are merely singing verses, good vocal syllables 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!

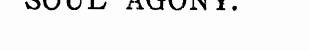
This is a Hebridean melody *pur Sang*.

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.

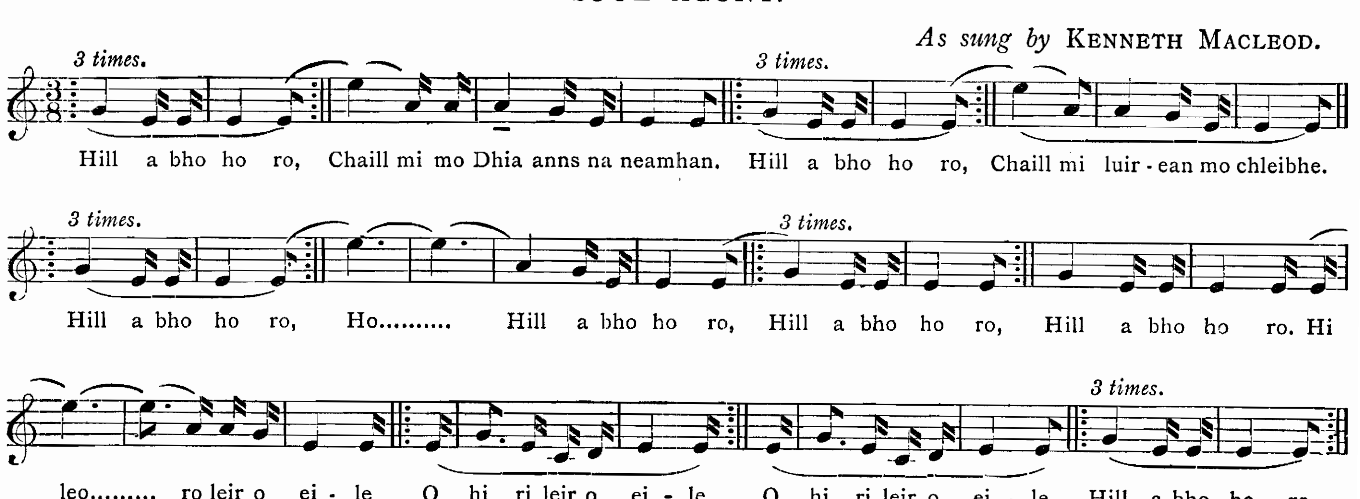


And also in this, a melody of the same class, although of an entirely different colour, the "Soul-Agony," said to have been composed by a woman who had sold her soul to the master of the black art, in order that her son might be gifted with the skill of music.



SOUL AGONY.

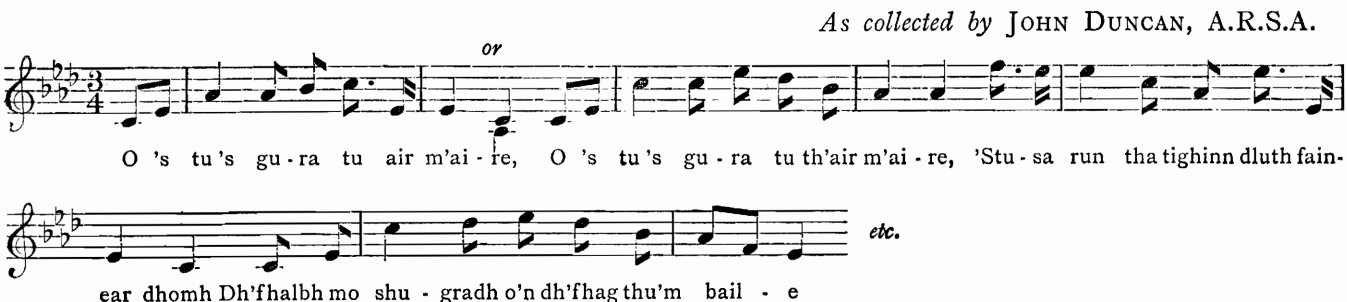
As sung by KENNETH MACLEOD.



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.



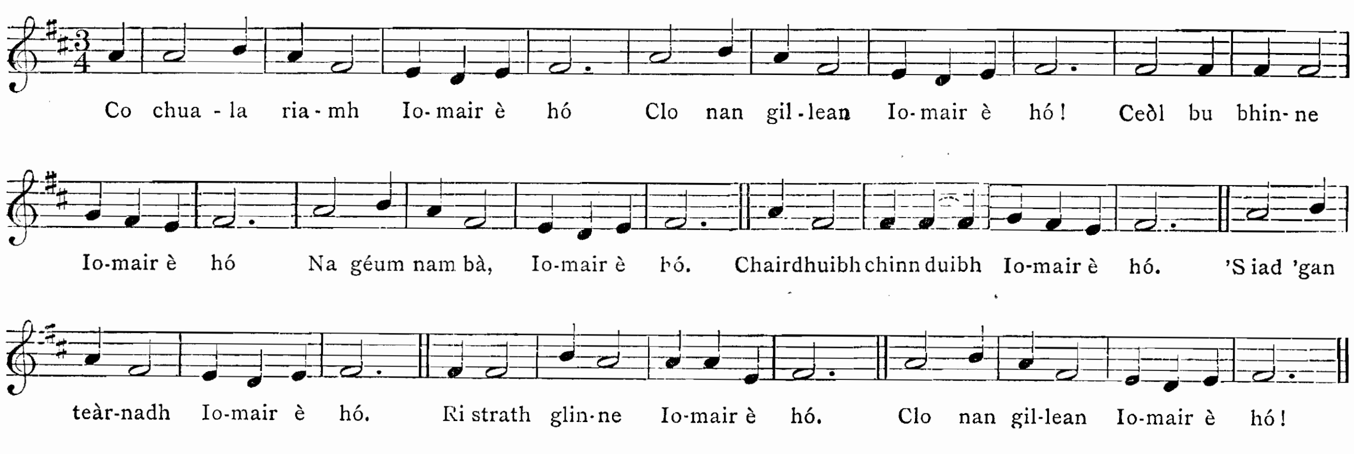
That the folk are free, not only in the treatment of the melodic outline, the form, and the ornament of their songs, but that they are rhythmically strong enough to use freedom with the metrical accents is

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.

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*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 majoı 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 (1 2 3) I I (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 ıe 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

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* 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

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* 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♮.)

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.

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*Abdy Williams in "Internazionale Musikgesellschaft Journal."

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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

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* 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

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* *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.

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* *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.

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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.