



W. Kennedy-Fraser
AND
Kenneth MacLeod.

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Maryon Kennedy-Fraser

108959

SEA TANGLE

SOME MORE

SONGS OF THE HEBRIDES

COLLECTED, EDITED, TRANSLATED,

AND ARRANGED

FOR

VOICE AND PIANOFORTE

BY

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER

AND

KENNETH MACLEOD.

PRICE 5/- NET.

(\$2.00).

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TO HER GRACE,
MILLICENT, DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND,
whose active interest in the revival of
Scots Music-Lore
is warmly appreciated by the Gaels.

FOREWORD.

I N 1909 I published, with the help of Kenneth Macleod, a volume of forty-five traditional Songs of the Hebrides, most of which we had collected orally in the Isles that lie off the north-west coast of Scotland. These we edited, translated, and arranged for voice and pianoforte; he, the Gaelic editor, being an Isleman by birth and by blood, and I, the musical editor, a mainland Gael.

Since the publication of our *Songs of the Hebrides* we have gathered, in various wanderings on the mainland and in the Isles, more than enough material to fill a second volume. Such racial flotsam and jetsam needs, however, much time for the sifting and arranging of it, and so we have decided to give out our material in handfuls, as each is ready, rather than delay publication until the whole will have been sifted and arranged. These separate handfuls can later be grouped into a second volume.

The bringing together of such ancient lore-music as is contained in this little album is no mere straightforward notation of words and air from a given folk-singer. Some of the folk have the word-memory, others the tune-memory; our task is to re-unite the best of what both the one and the other have preserved, thus bringing together once more the beautiful air and the beautiful words. "The Lament for Caristiona" is a case in point. In our first version, the beautiful words were mated with a poor air, and we had to wait several years before we discovered that Frances Tolmie had the beautiful air, sung to an incomplete version of the words. When brought together, so well did the two fit—the beautiful air and the beautiful words—that we found it unnecessary to alter a single syllable of the words, or to re-adjust the accent or value of a single note of the air.

In other cases, what is needed is careful editing and collating of the various versions brought together. Of "The Sea-Tangle," for instance, we have found different versions in the different Isles, and sometimes in the same Isle, most of them so characteristic as to make it difficult for us to decide which particular air should be selected for publication. Ultimately, realizing that the various legends connected with this Hebridean tragedy suggested a miniature song-cycle, we decided to use a different air to express each different emotion in the song. The result shows that there is an internal affinity between the different airs; to such an extent do they each and all bear the impress of the sea-tragedy that gave them birth, that they flow one from the other as naturally as do the different parts of a *durchcomponiertes Lied*. The airs in this, as in the previous collection, are faithful reproductions of the traditional stuff; they are unchanged tonally or rhythmically. In the setting of the "Daughter of Maive," however, we have used the various phrases that go to make up the tune, with a legitimate free repetition and interchange strictly in accordance with Hebridean folk-singing traditions. Out in the Isles the gifted musical folk-singer will frequently treat even the separate *motives* of a phrase in this fashion, and, breaking up the original air, make of it a freshly re-adjusted beautiful whole.

We have been singularly fortunate in getting airs of the old heroic type. In addition to Miss Tolmie's "Daughter of Maive," we give in this album "The Vision of Deirdre" (part of the finest folk-tale found in Britain), and the Ossianic chant of "Aillte," a hero of the Fayne,—a Hebridean analogue of the Greek Paris.

We have been equally fortunate in finding labour lilts, some of them extremely rare. Of these (probably more ancient than even the Heroic Lays) we have included an example of the rarest of all labour lilts—that of the quern-grinding.

The uncanny "Seal-Woman's Croon," in our *Songs of the Hebrides* is finer musically than the "Seal-Woman's Sea-Joy" here given, but the pretty tale that goes with the "Sea-Joy" is in great favour in the Isles, and the tune, if slight, is at least a little bit of realistic tone-painting. Patrick Macdonald, in his 18th century collection, now very rare, gives an example of the tunes the fishermen sang to attract the seals:—



HEBRIDEAN LABOUR SONGS.

I heard the *Bodachan** sung at a *waulking* in the Isle of Barra in the summer of 1911. These waulking songs are probably among the oldest of the surviving songs of the Isles. Communal labour tends to conserve the chants used in its practice, and in waulking (shrinking and fulling of the home-made cloth), which calls for the collaboration of from ten to twenty neighbours, the heavy, long-sustained, steadily rhythmical work could only be performed with the help of strongly rhythmical song. And if waulking is the most important of communal labour-song functions, it is also the gayest. And its gaiety is infectious, as any one who has had the good fortune to "assist" at a waulking can testify. Little wonder the old wives tell that when they were girls it was held a greater privilege to be invited to a waulking than to a dance! At a waulking the young men take no active part, they look on from a respectful distance by the open door or skylight window of the barn where the women, young and old, are seated at work. No doubt the lads make note the while of the particular maiden they hope to see home after the function, but the onlookers here are not essential. The real source of joy for the women lies in the strangely exhilarating effect of continuously repeated bodily movements accompanied by song.

At this waulking we were women only, the men were out with the boats, and the women were already tired with a hard day's herring-packing. Yet the stirring old waulking song dispelled weariness and stimulated even the aged leaders to long-sustained exertion.

The cloth to be shrunk was blanketing, and for the process, a long narrow table had been improvised in a candle-lit barn. The women were seated on benches on either side. At one end stood a wooden tub in which the blanket was soaking in dilute ammonia. From the tub it was lifted and gathered in the hand like a thick woollen scarf, then stretched down the table to the far end, where, turned back on itself, it lay along the boards like an elongated "U."

The seated women, grasping in both hands the portion of thick scarf which lay before them, lifted it and began slowly to beat it rhythmically on the boards, the two sides alternating in movement.

An old woman, one of two song-leaders, began to croon softly. And, as one listened, a quaint refrain shaped itself, a theme fashioned in strong rhythmic and melodic outlines, calculated, like a fugue subject, to impress itself easily on the memory. This was caught up and repeated by the workers *tutti*. A verse phrase of a more recitative-like character, perhaps consisting of only eight notes to eight syllables, was then intoned by the leader, and this was followed by a second refrain, longer than the first, but again of a strongly rhythmical character. This, in its turn, was caught up and repeated in chorus. And now the leader sang the alternating verse portions only, leaving the refrains to the other women. But the musical interest was not yet exhausted, for the leader skilfully varied the verse themes, and I have tried in vain to catch and note *all* the changes rung on a few notes by one of these capable, practised folk-singers of the Isles.†

As the workers get heated with the excitement of tone and rhythm, and carried away by the hypnotic effect of repetition, the work becomes more and more rapid, and the cloth passes gradually round the table sunwise. The possibilities of one song having been exhausted, a second is intoned by a fresh leader, who, in her turn, sets the pattern of the refrain or refrains (some songs have only *one* recurrent refrain), and exercises her skill also in the improvisation of verse strains.

And when, after many songs, the waulking proper has come to an end, the web is carefully rolled up and "clapped." And the *Bodachan* was the clapping song we heard that night. The hungry rage of the man, with his "uabh, uabh, uabh, uabhan," and the mocking glee of the woman with her "hì, ri, rì, ri, rì, ri, rì, vak," clapped the cloth into shape and the fun was at an end. In the old days, but it is going out of fashion now, they sang also the consecration of the cloth:—

Car deiseal a h-aon,	Turn sunwise once,
Car deiseal a dha,	Turn sunwise twice,
Car deiseal a tri.	Turn sunwise thrice.
Beannachd an Dòmhnach air an aodach so.	The Blessing of the Lord on this cloth.

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

* *Bodachan* = little old man.

† For examples of the Waulking Song see "Songs of the Hebrides."

HAME OOR *BOTTACHAN. HAME CAM' HE.

(HO RO BHODACHAN.)

HAME oor bottachan, Hame cam' he,
Ragin', scoldin', Hame cam' he.

Ragin', scoldin', Hame cam' he,
Angert sair, hungert sair, Hame cam' he.

Cried oor bottachan, "†Meat for me!"
Angert, the quern-stanes crunch wad he.

Ooav, ooav, ooav, ooavan,
Ooav, ooavan, ooavee,
Hee-ree-ree-ree reè-ree-ree-vak,
Hò-ee-ò-ee, Hame oor bottachan, Hame cam' he.

Thainig mo bhodachan dachaidh,
Thuir e, fuireachdainn faireachdainn, "Thoir rud."

Bhrist e'n guite, Horo,
Shrachd e'n criathar, Horo.

Shrachd e'n criathar, Horo,
Chagain e bhrath ghlas, Horo.

Uabh, uabh, uabh, uabhan,
Uabh, uabhan, uabh i,
Hi-ri-ri-ri-ri-ri-ri-bhag
Sud am bodachan nach robh Dia leis.

*Bottachan (bodachan)—little old man.

†Meat—Lowland Scots pronunciation "mate."

THE STORY OF MAEVE.

Maive, the strong, had knowledge how to love and how to hate, and when hope slipped out of her love, a thought came to her from a black slimy cave in her heart—"My daughter may have the love of Fraoch, but I will have his life." Into fell sickness she went, and nevermore would she let healing on herself unless she got her fair palmful of the rowan-berries from the Dragon-isle in the Cold Cold Pool. Nor must hand be at the plucking of them save the hand of Fraoch alone. Across the waters of the Cold Cold Pool swam the hero, and while the Beast was in sleep, he plucked from the rowan tree a cluster of the healing berries and brought them back to Maive the strong. "No deed at all is this," said she, "a hero's offering would have been the tree itself, fruit and branch and root." Back again, through the waters of the Cold Cold Pool, swam the hero, and he tore the tree, fruit and branch and root, out of the earth, and with the crash and splash of sand and stone against heath and water, the sleeping Beast awoke—and, och, the sigh of him! never a knife had Fraoch. But further goes the sigh than the shout, and the sigh of Fraoch made its way a-winging to the heart of the daughter of Maive, and she took the track of the birds to the shore, and through the waters of the Cold Cold Pool, with a knife of gold for the hand of Fraoch. In the keenness of the blade there was death—death also in the teeth and the claws of the Beast. And the sigh of a friend by the side of the Cold Cold Pool is for a woman's jealousy and a hero's death.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

THE DAUGHTER OF MAEVE.

The tale of the jealous love of Queen Maeve,
For Fraoch, son of Feeach, of the keen-edged blades.

Came love sickness fell, fell
To Maeve, the Queen (of o'er-flowing horns).
Put she knowledge o't on Fraoch,
Straight sought the hero her desire.

Answered she, ne'er heal'd I'll be
Till I have full my soft palms
Of rowan berries from the cold pool,
If only be they pull'd by Fraoch.

Lay the monster of the cold pool,
Deep sleeping by the cluster of rowan berries,
Yet safe pluck't he the fruit for Maeve,
Fraoch, son of Feeach, of the keen-edged blades.

Root and branch, still crav'd the Queen,
And forth again upon the quest went Fraoch,
Ah, grief of me! the beast tore his fair white skin,
She tore his fair white breast to wounding!

Came Maeve's daughter, of the white palms,
Fresh maid of the golden yellow hair.

The sigh of a friend by the burial cairn,
By Cruachan keening low of women!

The tale of the love of the daughter of Maeve,
For Fraoch, son of Feeach, of the keen-edged blades.

Am beud chuir an Rìghinn Maibh nan còrn fial,
Air Fraoch mac an Fhithich leis an iadach ghéur.

Thainig easlainte throm, throm,
Air inghean Odhaich nan còrn fial,
Agus chuir i fios gu Fraoch
'S dh' fhidir an laoch ciod e a miann.

Labhair i nach biodh i slàn
Mur faigheadh i làn a bas mhaoth
De chaorann an lochain fhuair,
O, 's gun a bhi 'gam buain ach Fraoch.

Ghluais Fraoch le ceum àigh
Is chaidh e shnàmh air an loch,
Fhuair e bhéist 'na sior-throm suain.
'S a ceann a suas ris an dos.

Thug mac Fithich nan arm géur
Ultach leis a chaora dearg—
"Ni fhòir mis, a laoch luinn,
Ach slat a bhuain as a bun."

Ghluais Fraoch 's nior laoch tiom
A shnàmh air an linne bhog,
Ghabh an caorann air bhàrr
Tharruing an crann as a fhreumh.

Rug a' bhéist air anns an tràigh
Ghlac i a làmh ann a craos,
Ghlac an laoch i air a dà ghial—
Is truagh, a Rìgh! nach maireann Fraoch.

Thainig inghean ùr nan geal làmh,
Ainnir a' chuailein chais àill.

Ta csna caraid an cluain Fhraoich,
Gul nam mna air Cruachan fuar.

An gaol a thug inghean Maibh nan còrn fial
Do Fhraoch mac an Fhithich nan arm géur.

AN OSSIANIC LAY.

Sailing among the outer Isles in the summer of 1911 in search of songs, we arrived from Barra at Loch Boisdale in South Uist, and driving northward through the island that same evening, by the farm where Flora Macdonald was born, we came at nightfall to one of the dangerous sea-fords that serve to cut off the Isle of Benbecula from the outside world. It was at this ford that Flora Macdonald was held up for a night at the Guard House when on her way to Clanranald's place to contrive the serving-woman's disguise in which she conveyed "Prince Charlie" to her mother's home in Skye. And we too were held up, but only by the tide.

Next day, crossing the ford to Benbecula, the isle of a thousand lochs, we came on an old Ossianic singer, of a type supposed to have long since passed away. He chants tales of such length that you will go every day for a week to listen to one long tale, and he will begin to-morrow exactly where he left off to-day, and his tales are all in verse and traditional, for he neither writes nor reads. At eighty-seven, still bright and active, he was to be seen daily out on the machar herding his cattle. And in the clean white sanded kitchen of his thatched cottage he sang, but not before he had set everything in perfect order for the ceremony—these old pagan tales are sacred to the Isleman. In the corner of the kitchen stood the handloom on which was stretched a blanket in the course of weaving; by the fire sat the *Cailleach* carding or combing out the wool; by the door a young woman spinning; and by the other side of the fire, the old keen bright-eyed, white-haired keeper of the traditional lore.

He chanted many lays, some on a monotone, the phrases defined by cadences, some on a gradually descending scale within the compass of a sixth*, and among them this well defined air to which he sang the Lay of Aillte.

Aillte, the hero of the lay, one of the handsomest of the young stalwarts of the Fayne, hurt that his leader, Fionn, had not included him among those bidden to a feast, fled to the court of the King of Lochlann and to him offered his services for a year and a day. The Queen, like another Helen, took the love of her heart for the young Gael, and together they escaped and sought the protection of the Fayne.

The King of Lochlann, enraged at the rape of the Queen, gathered his hosts and the hosts of nine other kings and descended on Fionn and the Fayne.

The old lay, which was supposed to be sung by Ossian to Patrick, details the magnificence of the Banners† of the Fayne, and tells of the triumphant victory of the Gaels over the Lochlanners. And as the old Benbecula singer chanted the last verses that tell of the glories of the Gael, his body became tense with excitement and his eyes glowed with the fire of racial memory.‡

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

*Compare the tune of "Tak yer auld cloak about ye."

† The Chant of the Banners will shortly be published separately.

‡ Three verses only have been selected from the long poem, a version of which may be found in Campbell's "Waifs and Strays," Argyllshire Series.

*AILLTE.

The queen of Lochlin of the brown shields
Deep love gave, that all endureth,
To Aillte young, of the keen-edged blades,
And secretly with him fled she.

The King of Lochlin, his hardy hosts
In this hour of need gathered,
And with them came the mighty stalwarts
Of nine kings from the northern shores.

There were that wounded fell,
Or died on the field of battle,
But never one was home returning,
Of all the mighty Lochlin men.

Thug Ban-rìgh Lochlainn nan sgiath donn
Trom-ghaol trom, an gaol nach lasaich,
Do Aillte greadhanach nan arm geur,
Gu'n d'fhalbh i ann an ceilg leis.

Chruinnich Rìgh Lochlainn gu grad a shluagh,
Cabhlach cruaidh gu'n tug e leis,
'Se sin a bha aig anns an uair,
Naoi rìghrean 's an sluagh leo.

Mur robh fear a chaidh o fheum
No chaidh do'n Ghréig a null,
Cha deachaidh fear d'a thir fein
De na thug Rìgh Lochlainn nall.

*Pronounce like English words, "Isle"—"char."

THE SEA-TANGLE; OR THE SISTERS.

Here is a tale of fate and the sea, and of human passion deep as either.

It was low tide; the heat was gathering itself into a sleepy haze; the two half-sisters, tired of the dulse-pulling, laid themselves down on the skerry, out of which grows the soft cool sea-tangle.

“Little sister of my heart,” said the jealous one, “in our child-days I used to weave the gold-brown tangle into thy gold-brown hair, and the gold-brown of the hair put the gold-brown of the tangle to shame; forget this once thou art the wife-mother, and play we the old play.” Deftly, cunningly, she weaved the hair into the tangle, crooning a lull-song as she weaved:

A chagarain gaoil, hao rao leó.

With the croon of the song and the lap of the waves, sleep came softly quietly to the lulled one—and softly quietly rose the tide, “O Great Being of the Graces,” moaned the jealous one, as the circle of water around the skerry became deeper and broader, “must I lose *him*, or must I lose my God!” And the sleeping one began to laugh and to babble out child-dreams: “Gold-brown hair and gold-brown tangle, and the sister of my heart weaving them.” “I will lose *him*!” sobbed the jealous one, and forthwith she began to unloose the gold-brown hair. (“Woman, stay thy hand!” bade Fate.) And the sleeping one now babbled out other dreams, this time the dreams of a woman: “The blessing of Jesus on my children—and on *him*.” To her feet sprang the jealous one—“I will lose my God!”—and with a step and a leap she was across the circle of water.

On the shore stood the jealous woman, her eye towards fate and the sea. Over the sleeping one, out on the skerry, crept the slimy clammy eel. Her waking cry was that of the wounded sea-bird: U vil! u vil!

KENNETH MACLEOD.

NOTE.—Island Greeks and Island Gaels have much in common. The Grecian conception of a rock-bound figure finds its counterpart in the tales and songs of the Hebrides, where the golden sea-tangle rooted to the rock, floating at high tide on the blue sea-water, suggests the hair and gown of a drowned woman.—M. K. F.

SEA-TANGLE; OR THE SISTERS.

TANGLE and hair,
 I weave ye,
 Fast to the rock
 I weave ye,
 Tangle and gold,
 I weave ye,
 Fast to the rock,
 I weave ye,

Far the haze upon the deep,
 On kyle nor sea, cool winds can breathe.

Tangle and gold, tangle and gold,
 Gold unto gold, I weave ye,
 Fast to the rock, I leave thee.

*Uvil, uvil.
 By the shore, no pity wilt show
 Woman yonder?
 Uvil, uvil.
 Jealous sister,
 Na haori, horò.
 Here enticed me,
 Hooko,
 And hast left me,
 Haori horó.
 Here a-drowning.
 Hooko.
 Cold my bed,
 Na Hooko.
 Cold and slimy,
 Hooko.
 Wet wi' tears,
 Na haori horò,
 Wet wi' brine,
 Na Hooko.

Blessing of Jesus, blessing of mother,
 Blessing eternal be on my children.
 My little child, love of my cooing,
 Seekest thou to-night thy mother's bosom,
 And if thou seekest, vain is thy seeking,
 Full 'twill be of the sea water.
 Uvil, uvil.

Chagarain gaoil,
 Ho rao leó,
 Hao leo iro,
 Ho rao leó.
 Chagarain gaoil
 Ho rao leó,
 Hao leo iro.
 Ho rao leó.

'S fhada bh'uam a chi mi'n ceo,
 Cha 'n'eil deo an caol no'n cuan.

Chagarain gaoil, Chagarain gaoil,
 Chagarain gaoil hao rao leó,
 Hao leo iro hao ro leo.

Uvil, uvil,
 Nach truagh leat mi, bhean ud thall
 An cois na tràghad?
 Uvil, uvil.
 'Si bhean iadaich,
 Haori horó.
 Rinn mo thàladh,
 Hùg ó.
 'Sa dh'fhàg mise,
 Haori horó.
 An so 'gam bhàthadh,
 Hùg ó.
 'S fuar mo leaba,
 Hùg ó.
 Fuar-fhliuch sleamhain,
 Hùg ó.
 Fliuch le m' dheuraibh,
 Haori horó.
 'S fliuch le sàile,
 Hug ó.

Beannachd màthar, beannachd dhilinn,
 Beannachd Iosa air mo phaisdean,
 Mo leanabh beag, gaol mo mhànrain,
 Iarraidh tu nochd cioch do mhàthar,
 Ach ma dh'iarras's diomhain dà sin,
 Gu'm bi iad luma-làn de'n t'sàile,
 Uvil, uvil.

*The awakening sister's cry of terror. Pronounce as Italian, *i.e.* u-vil—oo-veel.

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) Italian “i” prolonged, the “a” and “o” mere vanish vowels.
io) Examples: piob = peep, cian = keen.

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

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

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

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

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

ao) } = French œu in “cœur.”

agh) } = 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) } like German or Lowland Scots chk.

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” = “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.

THE SEA TANGLE,

OR THE SISTERS.

“There were 'twa sisters sat in a bower,
There cam' a Knight to be their wooer,
He courted the eldest wi' glove and wi' ring,
But the youngest he lo'ed abune a' thing.”

Lowland Ballad.

Collected and arranged by
KENNETH MACLEOD
and
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

(♩ = 104)

With the mesmeric rhythm of lapping water.

Piano.

both Pedals. legatissimo.

ritenuto. dim.

Pedals off.

The elder sister song-lulls the younger to sleep on a reef that will be

Tan - gle and hair, I weave ye,
 Cha - gar - ain gaoil ho rao leó
 *(Ha - kar - in gaol ho rao leó)

(The Lullaby).

use both Pedals.

*As pronounced.

covered at high tide. And as she sings, she plaits her sister's golden hair together with the strands of

Fast to the rock I weave ye, Tan - gle and
Hao leo - i - ro ho rao leó Cha - gar - ain

golden tangle.

gold, I weave ye, Fast to the rock I
gaoil ho rao leó Hao leo i ro Ho

weave ye
rao leo

Far the haze up - - on the deep, On
'S fha - da bh'uam a - chi mi'n ceo ,

Kyle nor sea cool winds can breathe. Tan - gle and
 Cha 'n'eil deo an caol no'n cuan. Cha - gar - ain

gold, Tan - gle and gold, gold un - to gold, I
 gaoil, Cha - gar - ain gaoil, Cha - gar - ain gaoil hao

weave ye, Fast to the rock I leave
 rao leo, Hao leo i - ro hao ro

thee.
 leo

As the tide rises, the elder sister leaves the younger asleep, bound to the rock.

p legatissimo.

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It contains a series of whole notes, each with a horizontal line above it, indicating a sustained or breath-held note. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp. The right hand features a melodic line with a long, sweeping slur that spans across the first two systems. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line remains a series of whole notes with horizontal lines above them. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and harmonic structure as the first system, with the right hand's melodic line still under a long slur.

The third system continues the musical score. The vocal line remains a series of whole notes with horizontal lines above them. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and harmonic structure as the first system, with the right hand's melodic line still under a long slur.

The fourth system concludes the musical score. The vocal line remains a series of whole notes with horizontal lines above them. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and harmonic structure as the first system, with the right hand's melodic line still under a long slur. The system ends with a key signature change to three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat).

(The awakening)

*U - vil, u - vil U - vil, u -

f tre corde.

And.

- vil By the shore, no pi - ty wilt show
 Nach truagh leat mi, Bhean ud thall an

*

Wo - man yon - der? U - vil, u - vil
 cois na tràgh - ad?

..... u - vil, u - vil

*The awakening sister's cry of terror. Pronounced as Italian, i. e. u-vil: oo-veel.

Molto agitato e più mosso.

Jea - lous sister, na
'S i bhean i - ad - aich Hao ri ho - ró Here en - tic'd me,
Rinn mo thà - ladh

f *non legato*

And hast left me
Hùg ó 'S a dh' fhàg mi - se Hao ri ho - ró

Hook

here a - drowning.
An so 'gam bhàth - adh Hùg ó

Hook

Meno mosso.

Cold my bed, na
'S fuar mo leab - a Hùg o Cold and sli - my,
Fuar - fhliuch steamh - ain

mp *p cresc.*

Hùg... ó.....
 Wet wi' tears na
 Fliuch le m' dheu - raibh hao - ri ho - rò

f sempre.

Wet..... wi brine, na
 'S fliuch le sàì - le Hùg ó.....

decresc.

Blessing of Je - sus, Blessing of mo - ther,
 Beann - achd mà - thar, Beann - achd dhì - linn,

pp

both Pedals.

Blessing e - ter - nal Be on my chil - dren:.....
 Beann - achd I - osa Air mo phaisdean.....

The drowning mother dreaming of her babe, song-lulls it with her last breath.

Poco meno mosso.

My lit-tle child, Love of my coo-ing, Seek'st thou to-night Thy mother's
 Mo leanabh beag, Gaol mo mhànrain, Iarraidh tu nochd Cioch do

dolce e legatissimo.

both Pedals.

bo-som, And if thou seek'st, Vain is thy seek-ing, Full 'twill be
 mhàthar, Ach... ma dh'iarras's diomh-ain dà sin, Gu'm bi iad lu-ma-

of the sea wa-ter
 lan... de'n t-sàile U-vil! u-vil! U-vil! u-

f tre corde. *p rall.*

Leg.

- vil!.....

pp *rall. ppp*

both Pedals.

A MORAR REAPER'S SONG.

ORAN BUANA.

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

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

With a wistful gaiety in the monotonous rhythmic swing.

Piano. *mp*

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

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

† First verse as sung by Mrs Malloch.

*Italian phonetic rendering of the Gaelic refrain.

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

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

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

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

hu - ro

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

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

Grass - full, fold - ful
 Gria - nach mòdh - ar
 Gài - reach dua - nach

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

*Month of Youth, i. e. June.

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

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

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

hu - o

HEROIC OSSIANIC CHANT.

*AILLTE.

A love tale of the flight of the Queen of Lochlann with Aillte, a young hero of the Fayne— the descent on Fionn (the leader of the Fayne) of the King of Lochlann with nine other Kings—the total destruction of the invading hosts. Sung by Ossian to Patrick.

(Collected in Benbecula, 1911).

Collected in the Island of Benbecula from
CALUM MACMILLAN.
 and arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Con fuoco.

Piano.

dolce espress e languendo.
L.H.

con fuoco impetuoso.

The queen of
 Thug Ban-righ

R.H.
L.H.

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

Loch-lin of the brown shields Deep love gave, that all en - du-reth, To Aillte
 Lochlainn nan sgiath donn Tromghaol trom, an gaol nach las-aich, Do Aillte

Red.

*Pronounce like English words "Isle"— "char."

young of the keen - edg'd blades, And se - cret - ly with him fled
greadhanach nan arm gear Gu'n d'fhalbh i ann an ceilg

she.
leis.

The king of Loch-lin, his har - dy hosts In this
Chruinnich Rìgh Lochlainn gu grad a shluagh, Cabhlach

hour of need gather'd, And with them came the migh - ty stalwarts Of nine
cruaidh gu'n tug e leis, 'Se sin a bha aig anns an uair, Naoi

kings from the north-ern shores.
righrean 's an slu - agh leo

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

There were that wound-ed
Mur robh fear a chaidh o

Ped. * *Ped.*

fell or died on the field of battle, But ne-ver one was home re-
fheum no chaidh do'n Ghréig a null, Cha deachaidh fear d'a thir

- turning of all the migh-ty Loch - lin men
fein de na thug Righ Lochlainn..... nall

colla voce. *ff*

SONG OF THE *LINN-QUERN.*

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

Arranged by
 MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

(M.M. ♩. = about 69)

Voice.

Piano.

leggiero. frolicsome.

cupo.

*Red. **

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

*Linn= Waterfall. *Quern= Hand mill.

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

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

L.H.

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

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

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

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

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

poco rall e molto dim. *pp*

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

CARISTIONA.

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

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

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

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

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

Kenneth Macleod.

Words collected by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

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

(M.M. ♩. = about 50)

with passion.

Voice.

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

Piano.

p dolce e pesante.

col. ^{no.}

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

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

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

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

Più tranquillo. (M.M. ♩ = about 60)

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

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

*Kisting - laying in the Kist or coffin.

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

Tempo I.

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

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

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

R. H.
 L. H.
 pp

SEAL-WOMAN'S SEA-JOY.

Noted from the singing of
CATRIONA CAMPBELL.

Arranged by
MARJORY KENNEDY FRASER.

(M. M. ♩. = 60)

Voice.

Piano.

mp

* Ionn da Ionn do, Ionn da,

pesante.

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

Pronounce "You-n †"otter."

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

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

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

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

Ionn-da.....

pesante.

*dao: like French "deux" All the other vowels as in Italian.

THE DAUGHTER OF MAEVE.

A VERSION OF THE DRAGON MYTH, "THE DAUGHTER OF MAEVE"— Maeve, jealous of the love of Fraoch for her own daughter, sends him twice on the deadly quest of the rowan berries that grow above the dragon's mouth. Fraoch slays the beast, but is himself killed. Maeve's daughter and the women bewail his loss.

Words collected from various sources by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Air noted from the singing of
Miss FRANCES TOLMIE.

Arranged for Voice and Pianoforte by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Maestoso e dolente. (M.M. ♩ = about 84)

Piano.

Più mosso.

The tale of the jea-lous.... love of Queen Meave For
Am béud chuir an Righ-inn Maibh nan corn fial Air

Fraoch, son of Feeach, of the keen-edged blades.....

Fraoch mac an Fhithich leis an ia - dach gheur.....

The first system of music features two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef with a key signature of three flats and a 6/8 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The piano part includes a *cresc.* marking and a *ff* dynamic marking.

Came love sick-ness fell, fell to

Thain - ig ea - slain - te throm, throm, Air

(M.M. ♩. = about 58)

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment is marked *mf*. The tempo marking indicates a metronome marking of approximately 58 beats per minute.

Meave, the Queen, (of o'er - flow - ing horns).....

ingh - ean Odh - aich nan còrn fial,.....

The third system concludes the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment includes a *ff* dynamic marking and a *L.H.* (Left Hand) marking.

Put she
Ag - us

p

know - ledge o't on Fraoch, straight sought the he - ro her de -
chuir..... i fios gu Fraoch 'S dh' fhi - dir an laoch ciòd e a

leggiere.
without *ped.*

- sire..... Answer'd she, ne'er heal'd I'll be till
mi - ann. Labhair i nach biodh i slàn Mur

(M.M. ♩ = about 86)
teneramente.
molto rit.
mp

I have full my soft palms of ro-wan ber-ries from the
 faigheadh i làn a bas mhaoth De chaor - ann an

cupo.

cold..... pool, if on - ly be they pull'd by
 loch - ain fhuair O,'s gun a bhi 'gam buain ach

Fraoch.
 Fraoch.

dolce.
dolce e espress.

Lay the mon-ster of the cold pool, Deep

Ghlu-ais Fraoch le ceum àigh Is
Ghlu-ais Fraoch, 's nior laoch tiom, A

(M. M. ♩ = about 58)

sleep-ing by the cluster of rowan ber-ries, Yet safe

chaidh e shnàmh.... air an loch, Fhuair e
shnàmh air an lin - ne bhog, Ghabh an

rall.

pluck't he the fruit for Meave, Fraoch, son of Feeach, of the keen-edged blades.

bhéist 'na sior-throm suain 'S a ceann a su - as ris an dos.
cao - - rann air bharr, Tharruing an crann.... as a fhreumh.

briskly. *ten.* *cresc.* *f*

♯ (From ♯ to ♯ may be sung an octave lower.)

Root and branch, still crav'd the Queen, and
 Thug mac Fithich nan arm géur
 Rug a' bhéist air anns an tràigh,

poco rit.
without Ped.

forth again upon the quest went Fraoch, Ah, grief of me! The beast tore his
 Ul - tach leis a chao-ra dearg- "Ni fhòir mis, a
 Ghlac i a lamh ann a craos, Ghlac an laoch i air a

ten.
stringendo e marcato. *f colla voce.* *stentato.*

fair white skin, she tore his fair white breast to wounding!
 laoch luinn, Ach slat a bhuaire as a bun?....
 dà..... ghial- Is truagh, a Rìgh! nach mair-eann Fraoch.

ten.
colla voce. *lamentevole.*

Came Maeve's daughter, of the white palms, Fresh Maid of the gold - en

Thain - ig inghean ùr nan geal lamh, Ain - nir a' chuail - ein

Meno mosso. (M.M. ♩ = about 122)

tenderly.

yel - low.... hair. The

chais aill. Ta

sigh of a friend by the bur - ial cairn, By Cruachan keening low of

os - na car - aid an cluain Fhraoich, Gul nam mna air Cruachan

wo-men!

fu - ar

pesante ma dolce.

without *ped.*

ped.

(♩. = ♩)

Freely declaimed.

The tale of the love of the daughter of Meave, For

An gaol a thug ingh - ean Maibh nan corn fial Do

Fraoch, Son of Feeach, of the keen-edged blades.

Fhraoch mac an Fhithich nan arm géur.

cresc.

L.H. *ff* *p*

HAME OOR *BOTTACHAN, HAME CAM' HE.

HO RO BHODACHAN.

Noted from the singing of
MRS CAMERON, Barra.

Arranged and translated by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Martellato. (♩. = 108)

Piano. *ff* *p* *ff*

(♩. = 84)

Hame oor bot - ta - chan, Hame cam' he,.....
Thain - ig mo bho - da - chan dach - aidh.....

Ra - gin', scold - in', Hame cam' he.....
Thuir e, fuireachdainn faireachdainn, "Thoir rud."

martellato.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. The first system is a piano introduction in 12/8 time, marked 'Martellato' with a tempo of 108. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano part consists of a series of chords in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. The second system is the first vocal line, with a tempo of 84. It includes a vocal line with lyrics in Gaelic and English, and a piano accompaniment. The third system is the second vocal line, also with lyrics in Gaelic and English, and a piano accompaniment. The piano part in the third system is marked 'martellato'.

*bottachan (bodachan) = little old man.

(The angry man.)

oo - av, oo - av, oo - av, oo - av - an,
 u - abh u - abh u - abh u - abh an,

martellato. *mf*

(The mocking woman.)

oo - av oo - av - an oo - av - ee Hee - ree - ree ree - ree - ree - ree - vak
 u - abh u abh - an u - abh - an Hi - ri - ri ri - ri - ri - ri - bhag

allarg.

or

Ho - ee - o - ee Hame oor bot-ta-chan, Hame cam' he.
 Ho - i - o - i Ho ro bho-da-chain, Ho - ro.....

ff

p *ff* *p*

Ra - gin', scold - in', Hame cam' he.....
 Bhrìst e'n gui - te Ho - - ro,.....

mf *>* *martellato.*

An - gert sair, hun - gert sair, Hame cam' he.....
 Shrachd e'n cri - a - thar, Ho - - ro.....

mf *>* *martellato.*

oo - àv oo - àv oo - av oo - av - an oo - av oo - av - an oo - av - ee
 u - abh u - abh u - abh u - abh - an u - abh u - abh - an u - abh - i

mf

allargando. *a tempo.*

Hee-ree-ree-ree-ree-ree-ree-vak Ho-ee-o-ee Hame oor bot-ta-chan, Hame cam'
 Hi-ri-ri-ri-ri-ri-ri-ri-ri zhag Ho-i-o-i Ho-ro bhod-o-chàin ho-ro

rit. *a tempo.*

he. Cried oor bot-tachan, "Meat for me!"
Shrachd e'n cri-ath-ar, ho - ro

An-gert, the quernstanes crunch wad he.
Cha-gain e bhrath ghlàs Ho - ro.

oo-av oo-av oo-av ooav-an oo-av, ooav-an oo-av-ee Hee-ree-ree-ree-ree-ree-vak,
u-abh u-abh u-abh u-abh-an u-abh u-abh-an u-abh-i Hi-ri-ri-ri-ri-ri-ri-bhag.

broader.

Ho - ee - o - ee, Hame oor bot-tachan, Hame cam' he
Ho - i - o - i Sud am bo-dachan Nach robh Dia leis.

* Meat - lowland Scots pronunciation "mate?"

THE VISION OF *DEIRDRE.

Words from the version collected by
D^r ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL,
in the Isle of Barra.

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

Ominously. (M.M. ♩ = 108)

Piano.

with soft thick tone like that of horns.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 4/4 time, marked 'Ominously' with a metronome marking of 108. The right hand features a continuous, dense pattern of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a simple harmonic accompaniment of quarter notes.

DEIRDRE.

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

The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern as the introduction.

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

L.H. *ben marcato.*

L.H.

The second part of the song features a more complex vocal melody. The piano accompaniment includes a section marked 'L.H. ben marcato' (left hand, ben marcato), where the left hand plays a series of eighth notes.

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

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

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

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

poco allarg. *a tempo.*



*Naoise, pronounce naoi = English noy in "annoy," and second syllable se = English "shut," without the final "t."

NAOISE. *Meno mosso.* (♩ = 84)

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

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

love
 ghaoil **Tempo I.**

DEIRDRE.

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

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

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

L. H.

L. H.

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

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

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

ritenuto.

tale.
 sgeuil.....

a tempo.



NAOISE. *Meno mosso.* (M.M. ♩ = 84)

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

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

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

DEIRDRE.

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

The first system of the musical score for 'DEIRDRE.' features a vocal line in G minor with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5, then a half note D5. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

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

The second system continues the vocal melody with quarter notes D5, E5, F5, and G5, followed by a half note A5. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first system.

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

The third system features a vocal melody with quarter notes G5, A5, Bb5, and C6, followed by a half note D6. The piano accompaniment includes a section in the left hand marked 'L.H.' with a melodic line.

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

The fourth system concludes the vocal melody with quarter notes D6, E6, F6, and G6, followed by a half note A6. The piano accompaniment features a section in the right hand marked 'rit un poco.' and a melodic line in the left hand.

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

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

rit.

tale.
 sgeuil.

a tempo.

rit.



NAOISE. *Meno mosso.*

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

più lento.

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

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

pp

Rec. una corda.