HEBRIDEAN MOTHER'S SONG.

"GUR MILIS MORAG."

REFRAIN.

Gur milis Mórág
Gur lagbach Mórág
Gur milis Mórág
Níphean Eoghan Óig.

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

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

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

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

“GUR MILIS MORAG.”

Melody and words taken down from Ann Macneil, Castle Bay, Barra, Fitted with English words, and Pianoforte Accomp. Composed by MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With passion. \( \text{\textcopyright} 1908 \text{ by M. KENNEBY-FRASER.} \)

MOORAG, GUR LAGHACH MOORAG, GUR MILIS

MOORAG, GUR LAGHACH MOORAG, MY LOVE-LY

"Sì Mor an Morag, Nìgh-ean Eugh-sin Oig."

Morag pronounce Morak.
Hebridean Mother's Song.
a little slower

Mo mhi - le marbh - aig
My life was dreary, My heart was

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

ann - tleadh oirn. Gur mi bhiodh uall -
she but smile. If she be coo -

Hebridean Mother's Song.
ruadh do a bhi fuar fe'n fhoid.

Gur

mi-lis Mo-rag, Gur lagh-ach Mo-

rag, My mi-lis Mo-rag, My joy, my Mo-

rag, My dear, my Mo-

rag, Nigh-ean Eogh-

ain my oig, child.
THE SHIP AT SEA.
Cuan ag eirigh.

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

Allegro vivace. Tempestuously.

Arranged for pianoforte and voice by MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.
The Ship at Sea.
The Ship at Sea.
The Ship at Sea.
The Ship at Sea.
A RAASAY LOVE LILT.

Thainig an Gille Dubh.

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

With a crisply marked rhythm.

Arranged for voice and pianoforte by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

PIANO.

**REFRAIN.** Liltingly.

Thainig an gill-e dubh raor 'na bhail-e so,

Come my gill-ie doo pass'd un-heeding he.

\[ \text{Una corda} \]

\[ \text{Cres.} \]

Came my gill-ie doo passed un-heeding he.

\[ \text{Tre corde} \]

\[ \text{Fine.} \]

\[ \text{Espressivo.} \]

1. 'S mis' tha gu tinn Le goirt-eas mo chinn, S'ged rach-a'inn 'na chill Cha till mo lean-nan rium.
3. Sealgh-air a' gheibh ith 'n chach air an bà, S'hoidh fail an daímh-chruide Air foib a' bhdr-atia leat.

1. Bin er thine thine Than blae-ber-ries new Fair-er thy face Than roses wet my dew.
2. Heart-sick I go Step heav-ey and slow Since my own love's Gone by na-heeding me.
3. Brav-er than he By land or by sea None hunts the wild duck Or dog by loch and brae.

\[ \text{Sostenuto} \]

\[ \text{Molto rit.} \]

*She wrote several songs, mostly in praise of Prince Charlie and the Macleods.
THE LOVE - WANDERING.
An Seachran-Gaoil.

1. O's tu's gura tu th'air m'aire,
   O's tu's gura tu th'air m'aire,
   O's tusa rùn tha tighinn dìth fainear dhomb,
   'S cha'n e croth buaille ne Feill a' bhaile.

2. Is trié a bha sinn fo sgìth an eileich,
   Ainsi an смáда an huib an t-selích.
   Bàrr an fhraoch dhuinn 'na choinnlean geala,
   Fèidh a' mhunaidh 'nan luchd faire.

3. An oidhche bha sinn air áird an fhirich,
   Bu leam do phògan's le deòin do mhire,
   An huib do bhreacain gu'n d'inn mi suidhe,
   'S gu'm b'hhearr do chomhradh na òr na crunna.

4. Ach gaol na h-òige b'è nòs am foil dhuit,
   'S maìrg a' dh'oladh a leòir de t-aobhneas.
   Thig mar sheudag de'n ghrein's i boilsgeadh,
   Gu'n teid e fuadan mar bhruadar oidhche.

5. Thug thu sear diom is thug thu siar diom,
   Thug thu ghealach is thug thu ghrìun diom,
   Thug thu'n criedhe a bha 'nam chìlah diom,
   Cha mhòn a ghaoi ghal, nach tug's mo Dhìa diom.

6. Ach ged a robh mi fo'n fhòid am màireach,
   Air mo char sios fo na leacabh bán,
   'S mi gu'n dùisgeadh le ùrachd slàinte,
   Na'n tigeadh gaol'an's e shuidhe lá�h rium.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mollachd athar's mollachd mathar,
Mollachd pheithraichean is bhraithrean,
Mollachd an fhìr a fhuair air làmh i,
'S a chuid eile aig a càirdean.
THE LOVE-WANDERING.

Ancient Celtic Song.
Words taken down from the singing of
Susan Graeme, Mull, by Kenneth Macleod.
Air phonographed in Eriskay and arr. with piano accomp. by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With passionate fervour and very sustained.

PIANO

* Phrase as on opposite page. The phrasing marks given here apply to the Gaelic words.
Verse which is associated in some parts of the Highlands with another air, is sung in Eriskay to this air and is found in a version collected by Father Allan Macdonald.

The Love—wandering.
The Love—wandering.
MILKING CROON.
Cronan Bleoghain.

Air, Refrain, and one Verse noted from the singing of Peggy Macdonald, S.Uist, and arranged for voice and pianoforte by MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Tenderly enticing but strictly rhythmical.

Additional verses from the "Carmina Gadelica"

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* Do not trill the "r"
Bua-rach sio-man do chroth na t'ei - le Bua-rach sio - da do m'adh - an thein O bua-rach
Bo lurrach, bo na h-air-idh Bo a' bha - theach math - air laogh Buachaille
Silk - ert - ther for my own hei - fer, Rope of straw for the town - bred cat - tle, Herds-man

su-gain air erodh na duth - cha Bua-rach ur air mo bhual - eig gaol - sa.
Pa-druig is ban - ehaig Bri - de D'ar sion d'ar dion 's d'ar comh - nadh.
Pat - rick and milk - maid Bri - de Sain and se - ve you and shved you ev - er.

Il a bho - lag - ain il bho m'agh - an Il a bho - lag - aird bho m'agh - an Il a

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

Milking Croom.

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

ORAN BUAILE.

Old Hebridean Melody
Gaelic words collected by Alexander Carmichael.

Lowland words and Pianoforte accompaniment by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With great simplicity and gentle rhythmic swing.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Copyright 1909 by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.
black, the white, An' I hae m'ickle fear he's taen my heart for-

Geal 'san Ciar uam 's mor m'eag-al gu'n toir e mo chiall uam

bye, The hand-some lad frae Skye That's lift-ed a' oor cat-tle, a' oor kye, That's

Od-ha Ciar-aig lar-odh Duinn-eig Cha toir Mac Iain Ghiorr am bliadh-na Mhuil thu

ta'en the dun, the black, the white, An', lift-ed i' the bye-gaun

Thug e'n Dubh 'san Geal 'san Ciar uam 's mor m'eag-al gu'n toir

my ain heart for-bye.

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

A SOOTHING CROON FROM EIGG.

With languor.

Voice.

Note: The sheet music notes and words are presented in a vertical layout, as is typical for music notation.
As a last example of the Milking Croon, this Dairymaid's lilt with its capricious syncopations may be compared with the syncopated tunes of the Mermaid's Croon and the Sea-Sounds. The air was noted from the singing of Mr. Mackinnon, Castle Bay, Barra, and the words were collected by Kenneth Macleod.

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{Ho hi - o bho Hi - o bho Sìl do bhainne bho dhuinn.} \\
&\text{Ho i - o bho Hi - o bho Seathan 's a' ghiùsaich Hi o bho} \\
&\text{Ho i - o bho Hi - o bho Sìl do bhainn-e bho dhuinn} \\
&\text{Ho hi - o bho Hi - o bho Seathan 's an ionn-drainn Hi - o bho.}
\end{align*}
\]

**TALADH NA BANACHAIG.**

Sil do bhainne, bho dhuinn,
Seathan's a' ghiùsaich.
Sil do bhainne, bho dhuinn
Seathan's an ionndrainn.
Seathan, bho dhuinn,
Mo laoidh's mo shionnsar
Nàile, bho dhuinn,
Is loinn mo chìurraidh.
Seathan, bho dhuinn,
Seathan's a' ghiùsaich,
Bha mi a raoir
'S a' choill 'na dhùrdail.
Bha mi, bho dhuinn,
An laim a shùgraidh,
Nàile, bho dhuinn,
An soills' a shùl.

**THE DAIRYMAID'S CROON.**

Shower thy milk, my brownie,
*Seathan in the fir-copse,*
Shower thy milk, my brownie,
Seathan is a-weary.
Seathan, O brownie,
My hymn and chanter,
Sure, O brownie,
The joy and the wound of me.
Seathan, my brownie,
Seathan in the fir-copse,
Last night in the grove
I joyed in his cooing.
I joyed, O my brownie,
In the art of his wooing,
Sure, O my brownie,
In the light of his eye.

Old Gaelic for John. Pronounce as English "shame," substituting n for m.
MULL FISHER'S LOVE SONG.
O MHAIREAD OG!

Melody noted down in the Island of Eriskay and fitted with English words and pianoforte accomp. by Longingly, with rubato.

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

VOICE.

PIANO.

\[ \text{\textcopyright 1909 by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.} \]

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

"The first syllable of the Gaelic name "Mhairead" is pronounced like the first syllable of the English name "Violet."
Mull Fisher's Love Song.
Mull's wild shore, for love of thee, Oh Mhair-ead.

heart is sore, chiall cha bhiodh For love o' thee, Oh Mhair-ead

Oirn marrs-bhuidh 'S a Mhair-ead

'Mhair-ead, my girl,
'S tu rinn mo leon.

Mull Fisher's Love Song.
Thy heart so true
Is call-eag bhoidh
and in-no-cent
each lur-ach thu.

Draws me to thee.
'S tu's guirm-e sull.

By night, by day,
'S a mhad-ainn chluin
I can-not pray.
Na'n deare air chul.

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

Mull Fisher's Love Song.
KISHMUL’S GALLEY.
A' Bhirlinn Bharrach.

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

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

With exultation.

Copyright 1909 by Marjory Kennedy-Fraser. *pronounced Keesb-mool.
Gu'n d'esch ba - ta Chloinn Neill seachad.
Gun cheann cum - ail air a h-acair.
Rua - ri Og an t-oigh - re maiseach.
'S Niall Graa - mach Mac Rua - ri'n Tair - tair.
Watch - ing Kish - muil's gal - ley sail - ing.

B'ait leam do bha - ta 'si gabh - ail Air fal - il.
Home - ward she knew - ly bot - tien 'Gainst the hurt - ling.

Kishmuil's Galley.
Now at last 'gainst wind and tide They've brought her to Neath
Kishmul's walls, Kishmul Castle our ancient glory.

Kishmul's Galley.

Slower and broader.

(80 = d)

(Note: The musical notation includes musical expressions and dynamics such as "ritenuto," "riten." and "pesante." The text and music are translated as follows:

"Mhic 'ill-eathain, o hi-o huo fal-u-o"

"Steach gu Ceisemul an athair Air fal-il-o, no"

"Galo (or fal-u-o) Or fal- o-ho)"

"Kishmul's Galley."
83

Fion o oih - che gas an
Here's red wine and feast for

pesante sempre.

lath a Pa li o hu o i o u
ag roes and harping too

rit. un poco

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

with exultation again to the end.

ad lib.

fal u o
col canto.

(col or falu o ko)

riten.
THE SEAGULL OF THE LAND-UNDER-WAVES.¹

**FAOILEAG TIRE-FO-THUINN.**

Fhaoileig bhig is fhaoileig mhara,
Fhaoileig a’ chuain na ceil t’ealaichd,
C’ait an d’fhag thu na fir ghéala?
Dh’ fhág mi iad ‘san doimhne-mhara,
Beul ri beul is iad gun anail,
Cùl ri cùl a’ sileadh fala.

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

O fhaoileig bhig is fhaoileig mhara,
’S iomadh Ògear ur-ghéal fallan,
Agus trean-fochar luthor allail,
Tha ‘n an suain am faur an aigeann;
Cha’n e’n tuail ein tha’ gam ghearradh,
Ach mo Ruairi a bhi mar-riu,
Ruairi Og, mo cheol-an-earraidh.

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

O fhaoileig bhig is fhaoileig mhara,
’S tric a laigh mi fo ‘earradh,
Ma laigh, cha b’ ann aig a bhaile
Ach lagan uain’an chuain a’ bharrach,
Siubh nam beann a’ dol thorainn,
Fuaim nan allt gabhail seachad,
Fada thall am fiadh ‘san lagan.

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

O fhaoileig bhig is fhaoileig mhara,
Sùil na h-Oighe bhi gam chaithris,
Ma’s e chluasag dha a’ ghaineamh,
Ma’s e suaineadh dha an fhéamainn,
Ma’s e na ròin a luchd-faire,
Ma’s e’n t-iasg a choinnleán geala,
’S a cheol-fhidhle gáir na mara.

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

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

¹ In the Land-under-Waves the spirits of the drowned ones ever wait for the coming of the "White Ship of the golden rudder and the silver masts and the silken sails" to carry them back to Tir-nam-baoi, the Land-of-the-Living.

² "Homeward Seagull." Translated thus because the Gaelic word Chuain ("Ocean") originally meant "harbour."

³ Ruairi Og (Young Rory) was one of the Dunvegan Macleods.

⁴ "Bird singing of Spring." Sweetest possible music. The idea is that the singing of the birds in Springtime seems doubly sweet after the gloom and the "Dampness" of winter.
THE SEAGULL OF THE LAND-UNDER-WAVES.

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

English adaptation and pianoforte accompaniment by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With a mournful rocking rhythm, but not too slow,

**VOICE.**

Andante con moto. \( \frac{1}{8} \) m.

**PIANO.**

and with an ever recurring cres. and dim.

Ho rionn eilé o
Snow - white sea-gull, say

Where, Aह, where thou'st

left them, white
sea-gull, say

Where, our fair young lads are

mhar - a Ho rionn' eilé o o-ibh - o o-i - ri
rest-ing, Ho riu-yail - i - o o-i - vo o-i - ri -
The Seagull of the Land-under-Waves.

Grief within my heart is nest- ing.

Back to back they lie, Life-less lie, Breath nor sigh from their

cold lips com-ing, Sea - wrack their shroud And their harps the sea's sad
The Seagull of the Land-under-Waves.
ULLAPOOL SAILOR'S SONG.

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

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

Appassionato e molto sostenuto. $J = 72.$

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

Copyright 1908 by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.
Luang-gheal; white moon; pronounced loon-yel.

When the two Songs are sung in immediate succession, adopt this Key-Signature for "A Fairy's Love Song."
A FAIRY'S LOVE SONG.

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

Pianoforte Accompaniment composed by MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Moderato. Met. \( \varphi = 78 \).

Tha mi sgith 's mi leam fhin Buain a rahn-ich, * buin a rahn-ich
Ha mee s kee s mee lim been Boo-in na rahn-ich; Boo-in na rahn-ich
Why should I sit and sigh, Pu-in' brack-en, pu-in' brack-en;

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

* Like German "ich"
A Fairy's Love Song.

*Like "y" in "try"
*Do not sound the "r"
a Fairy's Love Song.  

Ach'nuair chi  mi thu tighinn
Ach noor be  mee oo 'cheen

When the day  wears a-way,

Nuas  am beal-ach  muas  am beal-ach
Nooas  am byal-lach  nooas  am byal-lach

Sad  I look  a-down the val-ley;  Il-ka  sound  wi' a s'ound

'S gaol  mo chridh-e  comh rium
'S guil  mo chree-a  ko room

'Sets  my heart  a-thrill-ing.  Why  should  I  sit  and sigh,  Pu-in'  brack-en,

Buain  a rain-ich
Boo-an  na  rahn-ich.  Ha  mee  s'kee  s'mee  lim  been

All  a-love  and  wea-ry?

* "ch" as in the English "cheer"  
** do  "ot trill the "
* this verse by Mrs Moodie.
A Fairy's Love Song.

*do not trill the "r"*
THE WATER-KELPIE'S SONG.

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

A Mhir, a Mhid, till ri d' mhacan.
'S gheabha thu gadan bolidheach bhream uaim.

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

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

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

Mo sheana chab liath ri d' bhiala bheag bothch,
'S mi seinn phior dhuit.

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

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

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

Kenneth MacLeod.

*In Gaelic folk-lore the Kelpie seems to be represented by the poisian rather than by the ealtinge.
†In stories of this kind a piece of iron is usually the charm that frees the mortal from the wiles of supernatural beings, from put into a cradle saves the child from being taken by the fairest; a horse shoe is lucky everywhere; a man may enter the School of Black Art or a fairy den or even the Kelpie's under-loch dwelling and come out safely again, if he has a bit of iron about his person, or has stuck it into the door on his way in. Have we an allegory here?—So the iron age overcame hostile powers which had previously been victorious.
‡Literally, "the same one."
SKYE WATER-KELPIE'S LULLABY.

Old Gaelic words and tune from the Gesto Collection.

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

**VOICE.**

¡A Mhóir a ghaoil!

¡A - vore, my love!

**PIANOS.**

A Mhóir a shógh!

Till gu'mhacan is gheabh thumbradan breac ón

A - vore, my joy!

To thy babe come And trout-lings you'll get out the

loch, A hó hí A hó hí A hó hó - an A hó hó - an

loch, A hó hí A hó hí A hó hó - an A hó hó - an

A hó hó - an A hó hí A hó hí A Mhóir a shógh!

Than

A hó hó - an A hó hí A hó hí A - vore, my heart!

The

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

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night is dark, wet and dreary. Here's your bairnie neath the rock.

A hó hi A hó hi A hó hó-an A hó hó-an A hó hó-an
A hó hó-an A hó hó-an

cres.

A hó hi A hó hi A hó hi A hó hi A hó hi
A hó hó-an A hó hó-an A hó hó-an

A Mhóir a shógh! A Mhóir a ghaoil!

A vore, my love! A vore, my joy!

rall. e dim. colla voce

Gun teine, gun tuar, gun fhasgadh, is tu sior' choineadh

Wanting fire here, Wanting shelter, Wanting comfort, our babe is crying by the loch.

* or ch'ann

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

Skye water kelpie's lullaby.
Between Gesto and Portree in Skye.

Skye water-kelpie's lullaby.
THE DEATH CROON.
(AN CRONAN BAIS.)

As traditionally sung by Kenneth Macleod.

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

Thu dol dhach-aith an nocht do'n t-sior thigh
Home thou'rt going to-night to the Winter.

PIANO.  penante mo dolce

With both Pedals.

Geamh-raidh, Do'n t-sior thigh   Fogh-air is   Ear-ruch is   Samh-raidh   Thu dol
Ever-house, The Autumn, Summer, and Spring-tide  Ever-house  Home art

Go'ing to-night on music of cantares, White an-gels there wait on thee;

Dhach-aith an nocht an a'chinn nan cann-tuir's gheal    Ain-glean    Ned    Theileamh air

Do'n t-sior thigh on seirm nan mairg nan e'f feal    Ain-glean    Jed    Theileamh air

Geamh-raidh, Do'n t-sior thigh   Fogh-air is   Ear-ruch is   Samh-raidh   Thu dol
Ever-house, The Autumn, Summer, and Spring-tide  Ever-house  Home art

brusich  'na  h-aibh-ne  Dia  an  t-ath-air  'na  do  shuain.

Shores of the Avon.  God the Father with thee in sleep.

© May be cut from here to sign p 100.

*Avon: English form of the Gaelic word for river.
Immanuel Criosda na do shuin Dia an Spiorad
Jesus Christ with thee in sleep, God the Spirit with thee.

Uile. *TUTTI. The three cantors.

'ta do shuin Caid il gu cuin Caid il gu cuin.
Softly sleep, Softly sleep.

An t-a'nam chara. One voice.

Caid il a haidh an uchd do Mhath ar Caid il a haidh 'si
Sleep oh love on Mother's bosom, Sleep while she sings soft

The Death Croon.

fein 'gad tha-ladh Cudal a Mhic an uchd na h-Oigh-e
Lullings to thee, The sleep of the Son on Mary's bosom.

*It may be sung throughout by one voice.
Caid-il e caid-il e 's dhiot gach brón Caid-il e caid-il e
Sleep and put off from thee every woe Sleep, and put off from thee

's dhiot gach brón Caid-il e caid-il e 's dhiot gach brón.
ev-ery woe, Sleep, and put off from thee every woe.

An t-anam chara. One voice.

Uile. All.

Caid-al ög lo-sa Cad-al beab lo-sa Cad-al gloir lo-sa Caid-il e
Cad-al gaoi lo-sa Cad-al muirn lo-sa Cad-al ciuin lo-sa Sleep and put
Youth-sleep of Jes-us, Life-sleep of Jes-us, Glo-ry sleep of Jes-us,
Love-sleep of Jes-us, Joy-sleep of Jes-us, Peace-sleep of Jes-us,

mf p mf p mf p

Caid-il e 's dhiot gach brón, Caid-il e caid-il e 's dhiot gach brón.
from thee thy every woe, Sleep and put off from thee every woe.

The Death Croon.
An t-anam chara. One voice.

Uile. All.

An t-anam chara. One voice.

The Death Croon.

* May be cut to sign * on p 102.
The Death Croon.

May be cut to sign # on p 103.
An t-anam chara. One voice.

Ein einin An ainn na Trian-aid slan le do phian-fan an The Criost air
sleep. In name of the three in one, Peace to thy pain, The Christ is

Tigh-inn’s the sith ‘na do ghunais 0 the Criost air tigh-inn in the
come, thou’re at Peace from all pain, 0 the Christ is come, thou’re at

Uile. All.

Sith na do ghunais Caid il gu eimin. Caid il gu eimin.
peace from all pain, Softly to sleep, Softly to sleep.

Caid il gu eimin. Caid il gu eimin.
Softly to sleep, Softly to sleep.

The Death Croon.
THE DEATH-CROON.¹

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

An ceò 's an drùchd,
An drùchd 's an ceò,
An roch 's an drùchd.
An sòil mo guraidh,
An sòil mo guraidh.
A Tha dh' fhogail an t-sàil òg,
Dàn i an nochd an clò a' bhaic.
An clò a' bhlaic.

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

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

¹ Is moch a chuirinn a' ghrian faile air Donnan.
Is moch a cheumas ann a làidh àsail ar Dàonnain.
Is moch a Ghlas am an eòr air Dàonnain.
Saol nà b'fhiosd air an air.
Realta na h-àirde air an air.
Cha bhuidh cha bhisne a' chàir Dàonnain.

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

And said the old folk of Eigg: The Queen and her maidens saw the light and heard the singing and, way of the women! wonder brought them towards the churchyard. And, sure, there must have been taladh, fascination, in the light, for as it would move they would follow, and did it not bring them little by little, and not little was that same little, to the loch ¹ you know yourself, the one in which the each-usige, the water-horse, lives—and, O Mary Mother, was it not there the judgment was!

In the isles the black loch among the hills is always associated with death and unholy deeds and croons. The sea, with its ebb and its flow, is suggestive of life. If it has the terrible strength, it has also the nobility, of the lion. But the loch among the hills is a snake—black and slimy, with death in its eye. A tale and a croon ² will tell the rest.

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

¹ Learned by the writer, partly from his aunt, Janet MacLeod, and partly from Rosamal Campbell, a native of Eigg; stray lines were afterwards got from Cornina MacLeod, Trotternish, Skye, but she said they were part of a potharesealed which was much played at funerals in olden days.
² Is moch a chuirinn a ghrian faile air Stròth. Early gives the sun greeting to Stròth.
³ Still called Loch NaN Bhàrainntair, "the loch of the big woman."
Ars' am baobh caol dhúibh:
Ospag, ospag, Bí ar a th’ ann!
*Nuair bhios tu thall, nuair bhios tu thall,
Bhith tu’ an laimh, bhith tu’ an laimh,
Speachan an diugh, meanbhagan am móraich,
*Gad itheadh, gad thachas, gad mháthadh,
Thall thall,
Fhír a th’ ann.

Ars' am baobh maol glas:
Ospag, ospag, Bí ar a th’ ann!
*Nuair bhios tu thall, nuair bhios tu thall,
Bhith tu’ an laimh, bhith tu’ an laimh,
Fithcheach os do chionn, giongan ad thall,
Nathair-sínne ‘s t'eachd dhúibh, ‘s t'eachd dhúibh,
Thall thall,
Fhír a th’ ann.

Ars' am baobh caol boidhe:
Ospag, ospag, Bí ar a th’ ann!
*Nuair bhios tu thall, nuair bhios tu thall,
Bhith tu’ an laimh, bhith tu’ an laimh,
Goth bh’reachadh teacht an t-séileach,
Gum is fuasadh mar uige goiletich,
Thall thall,
Fhír a th’ ann.

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

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

Kenneth MacLeod.

* Witches and wizards were notorious for tricky diction. One of their worst curses went forth disguised as a blessing:
Ars Th’ Lieir Neacha an bhean mhaoileach, "The Being that lies, in Heaven lies thee." "May He do that same," said the unwary ones, and at once the curse took a grip of them. "May the Being that lies in Heaven gain on us," said the wise ones—and in! the curse disappeared in black smoke.

* Peggy MacComich—Peigi Bhas. She and her brother, Vincent MacEachin, carried with them into the grave legends and runes which, had they been读懂 down, would have made quite a remarkable volume.
IN HEBRID SEAS.
(Heman Dubh. An ancient Waulking Song.)

Noted from the singing of Joan Stuart, Coll. Lewis, and Arr: for voice and piano with English words by MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

PIANO.

With Pedal.

With a swinging rhythm.

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This key is recommended.

This song is published separately in two keys—C & E minor.
Hem-an dubh hi-ri-o-ro
Hem-an dubh hi-ri-o
Hem-an dubh hi! mo leannan
Hem-an dubh

Hay-man do hee-ree-oh-row
Hay-man do hee-ree-oh
or Leavin' the Lees to lee-ward, Blyth-ly a-

Hay-man do
Hay-man do

Hem-an dubh hi-ri-o
Hem-an dubh ha-

mo
mo

leannan
leannan

Hem
Hem

-andubh
-andubh

hi-ri-o
hi-ri-o

Hem-andubh
Hem-andubh

hame
hame

Ha!
Ha!

leannan
leannan

Hem
Hem

-andubh
-andubh

Mo leannan
Mo leannan

Hem
Hem

-andubh
-andubh

Hem
Hem

-andubh
-andubh

Leavin' the Lees to lee-ward, Blyth-ly a-

Sea-ing sea-ward, While the keel, the
curl-ing wave-let Tos
es high, spray-ing round.

shelv-ing shore, Turn-y the wa-

that rise,

shelv-ing shore, Turn-y the wa-

that rise,

shelv-ing shore, Turn-y the wa-

that rise,

shelv-ing shore, Turn-y the wa-

that rise,

shelv-ing shore, Turn-y the wa-

that rise,
The image contains sheet music and lyrics, which seem to be from a musical work. The text appears to be in Gaelic and English, discussing themes such as sailing, waves, and specific locations like the Minch and Skye. The sheet music includes musical notation and lyrics that are likely to be sung or recited. The lyrics mention locations and natural elements, indicating a maritime or coastal theme. The musical notation includes various symbols and notes typical of sheet music, indicating different pitches and rhythms. The overall impression is of a musical piece that tells a story, possibly interpretive of the Scottish Highlands or similar landscapes.
In Hebrid Seas:
THE LAY OF DIARMAD.

(Generally and popularly) speaking, what King Arthur is to the Cymric Celts, so is Fianna, the Fair One, to the Celts of Ireland and Scotland. Of the points of resemblance between the different romances circling round these two heroes, perhaps the most interesting is the love-story of Diarmad and Grainne in the Fianna Saga, corresponding to that of Guinevere and Lancelot in Arthurian Romance. Here is the story of Diarmad, as told not so long ago by old folk in the Island of Eigg.

There was a Beauty-spot on the brow of Diarmad, the son of Fianna's sister, and woman-sower who saw it took the love of her heart for him, so that nothing could gladden her but to be within sight of his eye. The rest of the Fianna were not at all pleased at this; no worth was hunting or fishing or fighting if Diarmad was not there, but if there was, there would be the women also, and think ye that fin of salmon or auter of stag or head of doe would come into camp, with all the women of the countryside about! At last, and at long last, the word went out that Diarmad must needs put a covering on his Beauty-spot, and if this he did, no more were women seen in the fighting camp of the Fianna.

On a day of days, Diarmad was walking to and fro in front of Fianna's house, and unwittingly he tramped on the tail of a little pup that was frisking and frolicng about his feet. Stopped the hero down to caress the pretty little awkward creature, and if he did, off his brow slipped the covering. And oh! oh! sure, mischance was in Fate that day, for who was standing in the door but Grainne, wife of Fianna, loveliest of women, the choice-one of Alba and Erin and every country on which a tale is put. No sooner got she a glimpse of the Beauty-spot than she took for Diarmad the full-love of her heart, and deeper was that love than the depthess of the sea, and stronger than the sun of the thaw.

"I will go with thee, Diarmad," said she, "to the far-off edge of the world." "Thou shalt not go with me," said Diarmad, "great would be the disgrace to me if I did wrong to my mother's brother." "I will go with thee, Diarmad," said she, "so long as there is a drop of water in the sea or a beam of light in the sun, and when one or other of them fail, I will die with thee then!" But no eye had Diarmad for her, and his ear and his thought were towards the whining of far-away hounds and they omenng evil. And Grainne went then and put on Diarmad the Three Spells of Love: one in his eye to make him see what she wished him to see, one in his mouth to make him say what she wished him to say, and one in his heart to make him think what she wished him to think; and when Diarmad looked at her again, bothheath he that here was a woman fairer than the rising of the sun after the night of the heavy dew, and took he for her now the heat-love of his heart, and stronger was that love than the fear of disgrace.

"We will go, Diarmad," said Grainne. "We will go, Grainne," said Diarmad. And they took the track of the stag and the hind across the hill, and as they went they were leaving behind them the light of the day and entering the dusk of the night. At last they heard the whoop of the night-hag, and they understood that this was the Forest of Gloom—at any rate, if that was not its name, no other name had ever been put on it. "We will stay here, Diarmad," said Grainne. "We will stay," said Diarmad. "But what if the Fianna come after us?" "They will not come," said Grainne, "if the Venom-boar be here, and it is here he is!"

But not so went the matter. Ere the little birds of song could sip the cool morning water, heard was the baying of hounds, and behind them were Fianna and his men. Diarmad came out of the wood to meet them. "Diarmad," said Fianna, "it is not the hunting of the stag that put us so early from home to-day: If it is not that, said Diarmad; it is a worse errand. "That same," said Fianna, "we are on the track of the Venom-boar, and he spoiling our hunting since a day and a year...I like not, O son of my sister, the mischance that takes off me stag or hind." "And not far off is that same mischance," said the other. "Thou wilt come with us, Diarmad," said Fianna, "it was not thy wont to be slack in the hunting-hill, and sweeter in the ear is the baying of the hound than the cooing of the dove in the wood." "I will come with you," said Diarmad, "though it were the last time! From the rising to the setting of the sun tracked they the Venom-boar, and if once they were on his scent twice were they off it all day long, and if at last he was killed, the honour of the deed to Diarmad.

"The length of the boar," said Fianna, "is seven feet four times! Three times," said Diarmad, "and thou wilt be at it! Measure and sec," said Fianna. Diarmad measured. Seven feet three times," said he, "and not an inch more!" "That may be so, as thou hast measured," said Fianna, "but measure thou the boar against the bristle, and thou wilt see that I am right!" Diarmad measured again, this time against the bristle, and if he did, into his finger went one of the poisonous bristles, and ere long Death was at his throat. "What is fated must happen," said Fianna, "Diarmad it was, Dearg! it is!"

"O brother of my mother," said Dearg, "where be thy healing cup!" "I left it at home," said Fianna, "but O son of my sister, I will not let death on thee; I will go to the well of the birds, and lift in my two palms the water that will
make healing to thee!" And Fionn ran to the well and in his two palms lifted the pure clear water that the birds delight to drink, but Dearg was out of his sight now, and anger began to blind him. "He took off me the Beauty of my wife!" said he, "I will not make healing to him!" And as his anger rose, his fingers began to sneeze from each other, and when he came back to Dearg, water nor water had he for the healing. "O brother of my mother!" said Dearg, and he in great pain, "where be thy healing?" Stronger now was pity than anger in the heart of Fionn, and he ran back to the well of the birds, and lifted in his two palms the pure clear water that would make the healing of life. But Dearg was again out of his sight, and anger began to smother pity. "He took off me the Wisdom of my wife, I will not make healing to him! And as the anger rose in his breast, the water in his palms subsided, until at last not a drop was to be seen. Dearg had now the rattle in his throat, and the heart of Fionn filled again with pity, and he ran back to the well of the birds, and lifted in his two palms the pure clear water of healing. But he could not see Dearg now, and he could only think of the disgrace brought on himself and the Fesyer. "He took off me the Love of my wife, I will not make healing to him, I will let death on him!" And what of the water oozed not through his fingers was sucked up by the heat of his anger, and when he came back his palms were as dry as a rock under the mid-day sun. Dearg was now in the last of the Three Agonies and Fionn shed over him the tears of love and pity. "My dear sister's only son!" said he, "I will not let death on him. I will make healing to him! And he gave one great standing-jump to the well of the birds, and another great standing-jump back, with the pure clear water of healing in his palms; but if quick he was, quicker still was the coming of Death, and Dearg was now in his sleep.

And that night Grainne, Love-of-women, kept the death-watch over Dearg, and she made the Lay to him which the sorrow-women of the wake still sing. And next morning, when they were putting him into the grave, along with his hawk and hound, sudden-leapt Grainne in beside him—and she and Dearg were left in the Death-sleep side by side.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

---

1Gaelic Fionn, the collective name for Fionn's Followers.

2The owl.

3 It had been prophesied that Diarmad and the Venom-boar should have "the one death!"

4"Red," "blood red."

5 The tale of Diarmad has been localised in the isle of Eigg. Tobar-na-faoe, "The drums well," is still pointed out, and its water is supposed to have the healing virtue which Diarmad needed so much but never got. Within a mile of it is Tobar-nan-eamhann, "The well of the birds!"

6 The Three Agonies are: An e so on tu Eig, 'Is eagal leam go e. Is eagal leam doibh e.' "Is this death? I fear it is. I fear it isn't!"

7Gaelic: eagal-leam = a leap without a run. A running leap is called leam-roid.

8 This Lay was of old considered the masterpiece of its kind. Gach dua gu Dhu an Dearg, "The lays up to the Lay of Dearg." The version given here was carried from Skye to Eigg by Janet Macleod.

The Lay of Diarmad.
THE LAY OF DIARMAD.

Traditional Version from
Janet Macleod, Eigg.

Maestoso e dolente.

Arr. to the traditional air for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

PIANO.

With thick soft tone, as of horns.

Dearg mac Deirg gar - a mi do bhean
Dearg mac Olla1 bu tu eridh an iuil
Dearg mac Alla2 bu tu deilm3 nam Fionn
Chi mi'n t-sceabhaig a' gus eil mi'n eil
S'duth dhuinn arral is cha dheoir an nocht:
*Dearg son of Dearg I am wife of thon
Dearg son of Olla of the guiding heart
Dearg son of Alla who fight - fo'ld the Payne
I see thy hound and I see thy hound
Shed no tear on his bier but sing

Air an fhbeir 's mi nach dean - adh leorb.
Leis an seinn teadh gu ciuin a' chrust.
Mar a' ghrian thu 's i small adh reult.
Lean adh dluth thol do shuill man t-seilg.
Sinn ri faire mu gheal - chorp bu righ.
Thee would I cause nor pain nor wch.
Who would soft - - - - ly play the harp.
West the sun put - ting stars to shame.
In thy love the hunt - trail they found.
That we to night death - watch a king.

1 Splendour? 2 Renown? 3 Battle-capture.

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Pronounce Jerak.