PIANO LYRICS FROM THE HEBRIDES

Book I.

Contents

PAGE

FAIRY MUSIC *(CEÒL-BRUTHA)* Music Issuing from a Fairy Mound ___1

THE CHRIST-CHILD'S LULLABY *(TALADH CHRIOSTA)* _____4

HEBRIDEAN DANCE *(PORT A BIAL)* Mouth Music for dancing_6

CEOL-BRUTHA.*

Music issuing from a Fairy Mound.

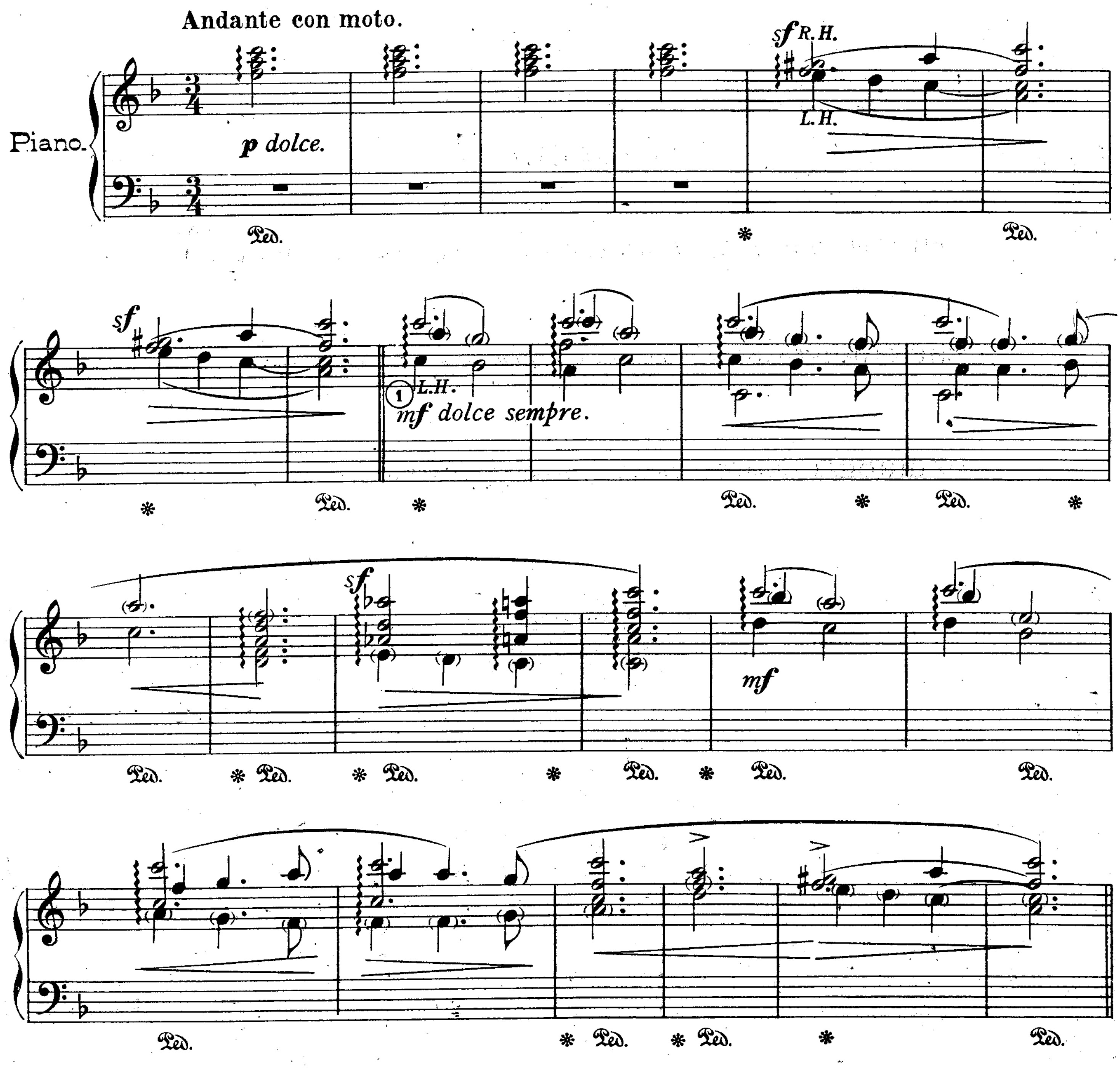
I am sad, O little sister,
O hi O, hu O ho;
Pity me, O little sister.
O hi O, hu O ho.

Low my hut is, low and narrow,
O hi O, hu O ho;
Wanting wisp o' thatch or heath rope.
O hi O, hu O ho.

The hill waters stream-sweep thro' it,
O hi O hu O ho;
Cold hill waters stream-sweep thro' it.
O hi O hu O ho.

From Barra.

For Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.



(1) The notes with stalks turned downwards to be played by left hand.

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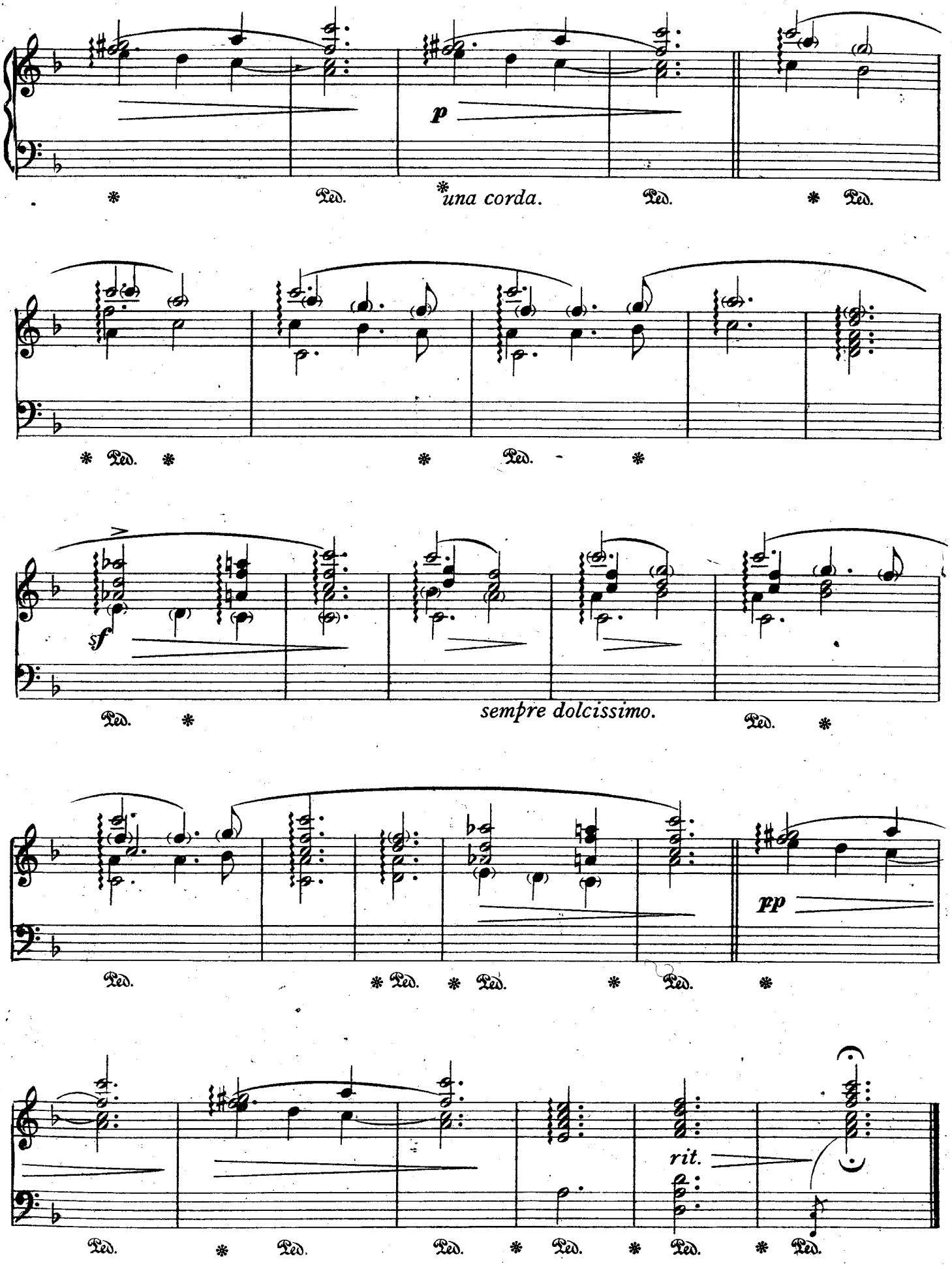
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sempre dolcissimo.
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rit.

THE CHRIST-CHILD'S LULLABY.

(Taladh Chriosta.)

THERE was once a shiftless laddie in the Isles who had lost his mother, and that is a sad tale, but who had got a step-mother and that is sometimes a sadder. On an evening there was, he brought home the cattle for the milking and if it was little they gave, and likely it was little, who was to blame for it but the poor orphan! "Son of another," said the step-mother in the heat of her anger, "there will never be luck in this house till you leave; but whoever heard of a luckless chick leaving of its own will!" But leave the shiftless laddie did and that of his own will, and ere the full moon rose that night, he was on the other side of the ben.

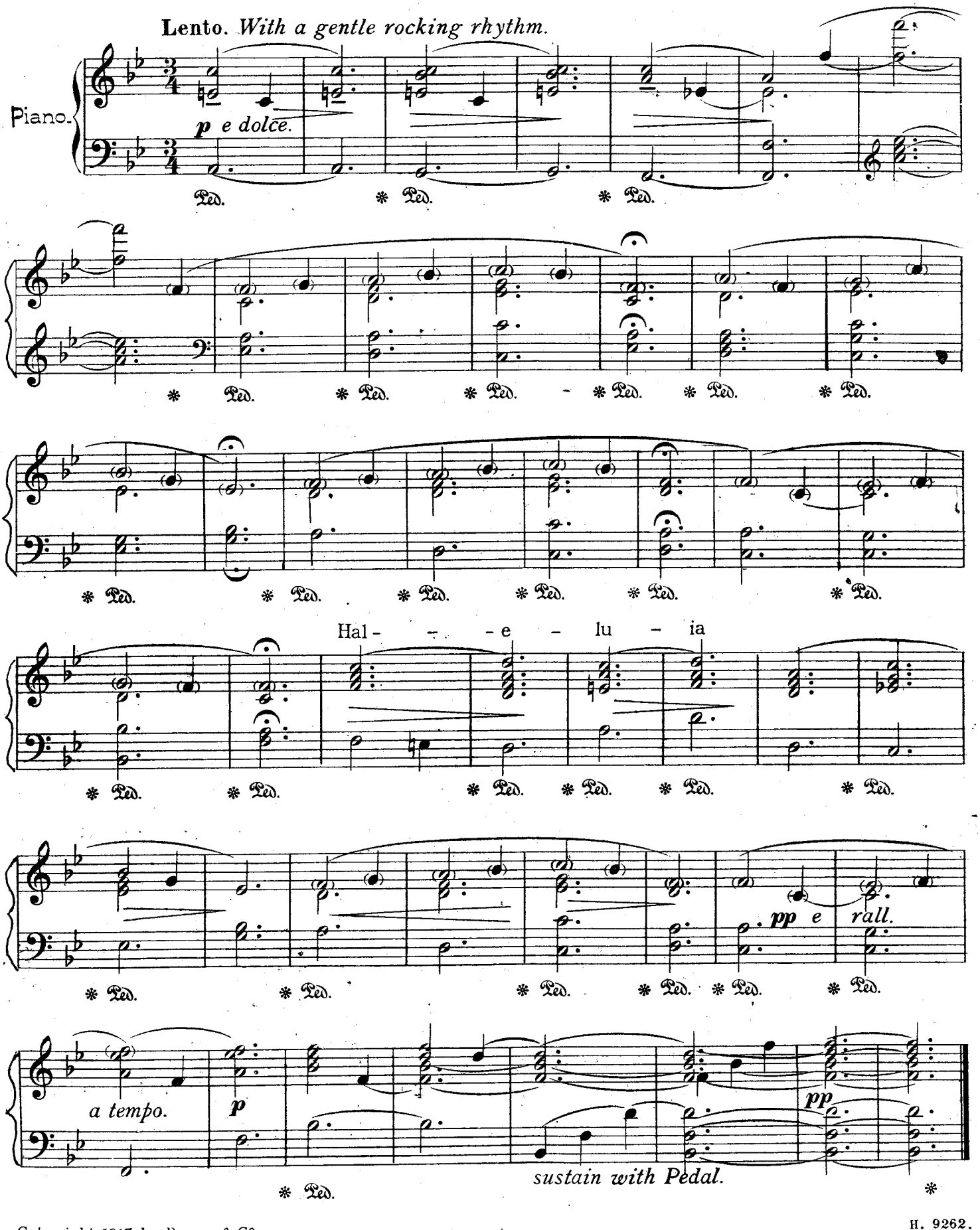
His step-mother could get neither sleep nor ease—her bed was like a cairn of stones in a forest of reptiles. "I will rise," she said, "and see if the night outside be better than the night inside." And she rose and went out, with her face towards the ben; nor did she stop till she saw and heard something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

KENNETH MACLEOD.

THE CHRIST-CHILD'S LULLABY.

From the Outer Hebrides.

for Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.



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MOUTH-MUSIC.

Faodar fidheall a chall,
Cha ruigear a leas bial a chall.

One may lose a fiddle,
One need not lose a mouth.

Gaelic Proverb.

ON the machair of the bluebells the man from the sea met a woman of the Isle herding the cattle. "I am thinking," said the reiver, "it is a full galley that will be leaving shore to-night." "And I am thinking," said the woman, "it is sorrow there will be on many a cow to-night, minding o' the empty milk-cogue and the crying bairns." "And I am thinking too," said the reiver, "since we cannot have a fight with men who are far away on the hunting-hill, it is thyself that will make the beautiful music to myself and my reiver-folk till turn o' tide." And the woman went and gathered a band as daft-minded and deft-footed as herself--"But," said she, "naught has any of us for the strangers but the Mouth-Music." "And what may that same Mouth-Music be, O woman of the Isle?" "By thy leave, O man from the sea, the Mouth-Music is a chuckle of the heart, putting song on the lip and dance on the foot." And forthwith the women began to dance to that same Mouth-Music, and the men from the sea forgot the tide, and the cattle forgot the sweet grass of the dew-month and came nearer, step by step, to sniff and to approve. Into the tune went the good breeding of the Isle, and its dance-luring, for the eye of it was on those other strange eyes that were looking on. But again and again the thing in the heart goaded the Mouth-Music into sea-breezes of laughter, thinking of the stranded galley, and of the men-folk who were even then returning home from the hunting-hill, with their yew arrows and their glaives. And on the heel of that thought came another, putting softness on the lip and quietness on the step, the thought of the bow and the glaive which a wee laddie might play with on the morrow—and none to chide him.

KENNETH MACLEOD [From the Gaelic.]

But Mary Macrae heeded not, and went on in her own way, singing her songs and ballads, intoning her hymns and incantations, and chanting her own *port-a-bial* mouth-music, and dancing to her own shadow, when nothing better was available.

Dr. ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL [Carmina Gadelica.]

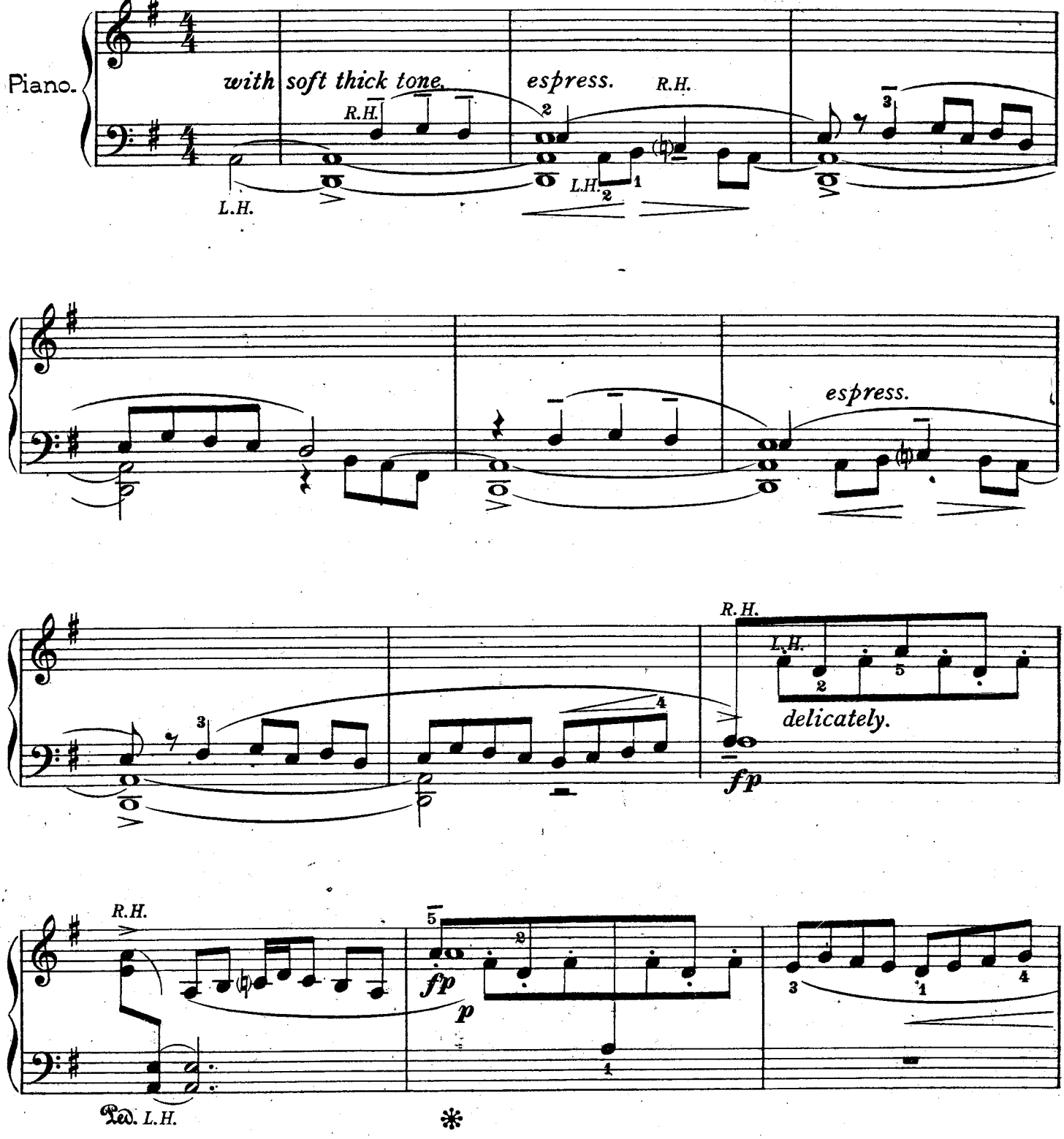
HEBRIDEAN DANCE.

Port a Bial.

From the Isle of Eriskay.

For Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

With an alluringly rhythmic swing. (♩=80) *poco rubato.*



In pronouncing the Gaelic word Port = a tune, there is a slight "S" sound between the "R" and the "T."
Bial = mouth, is pronounced Bee-al.

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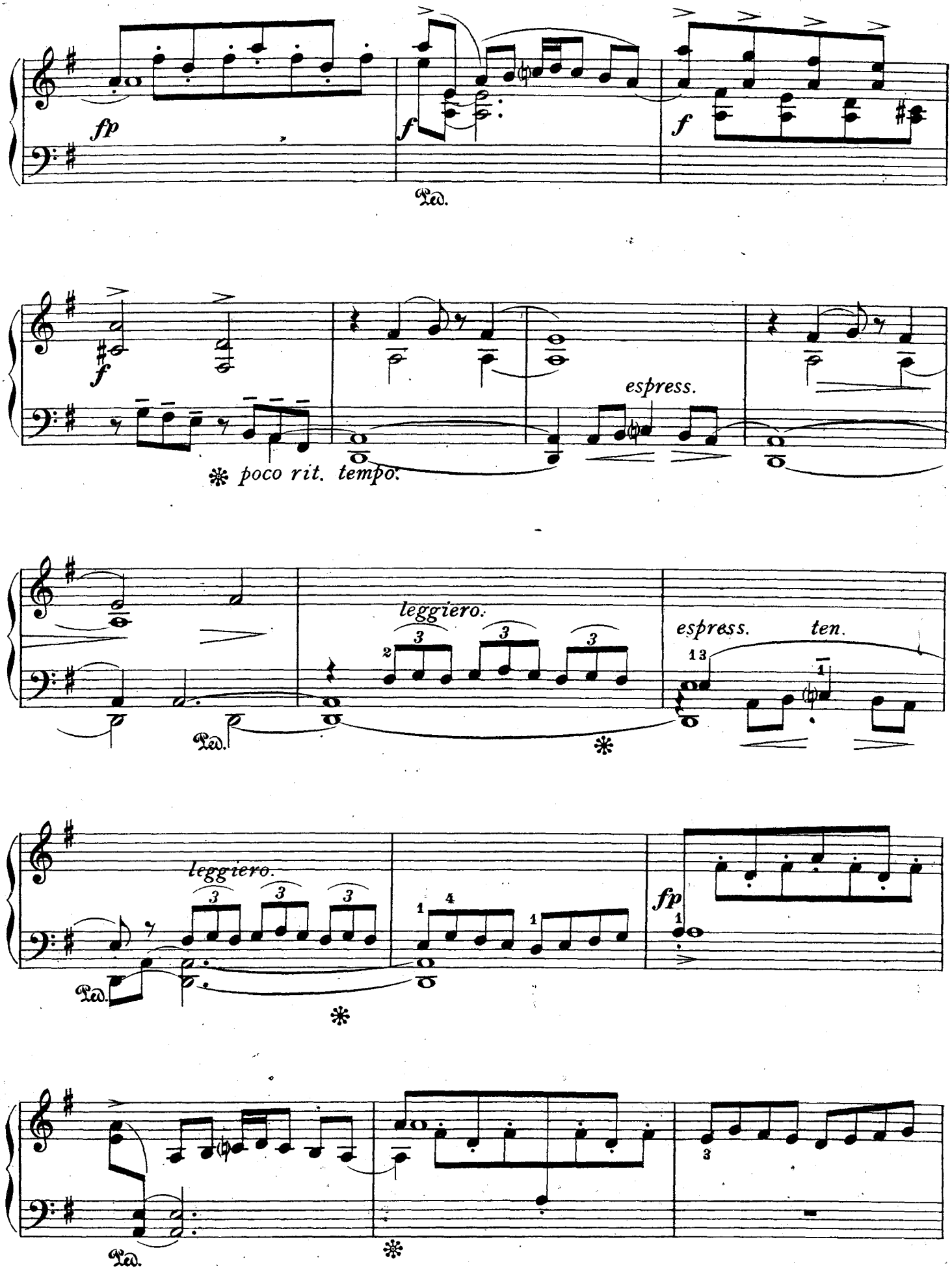
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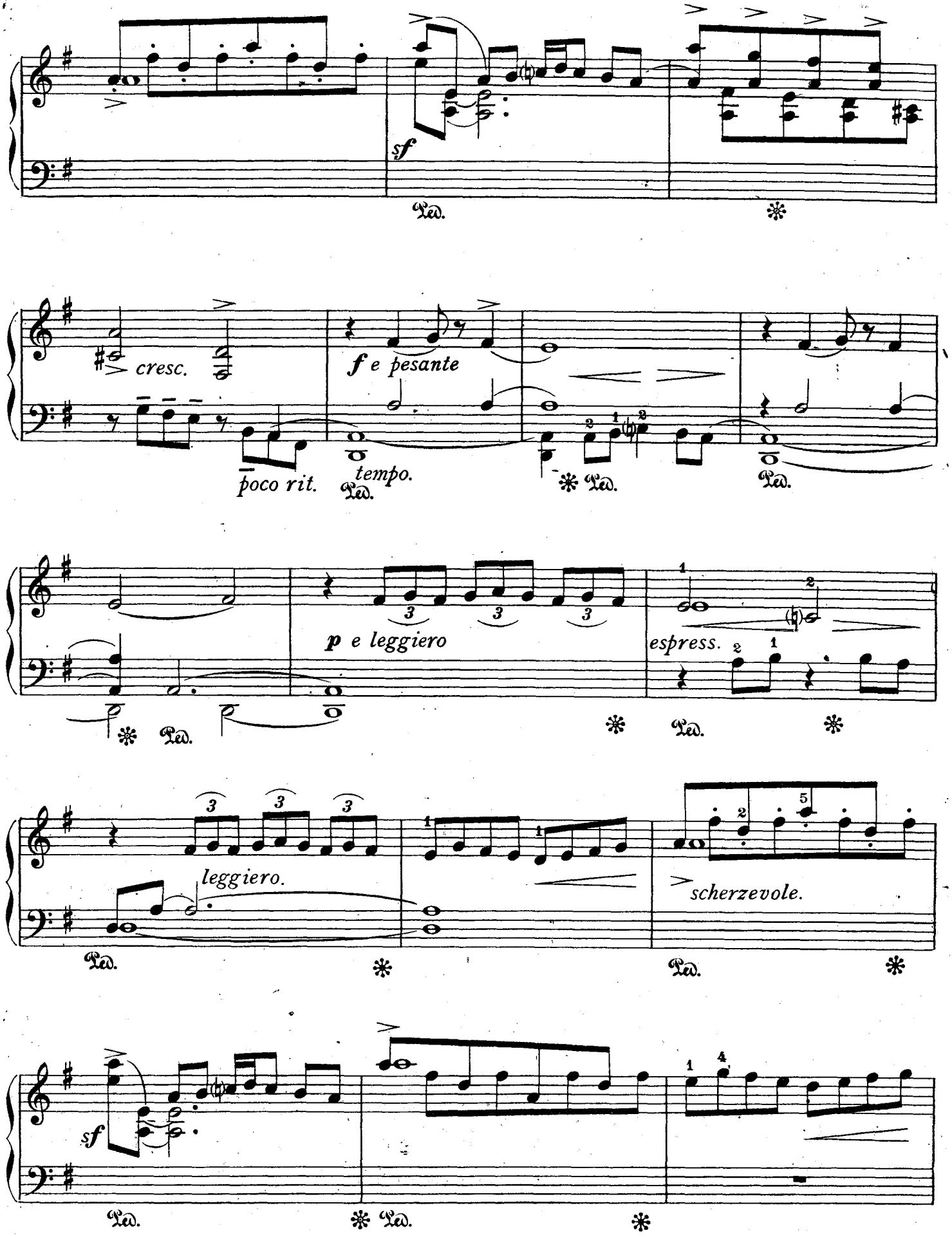
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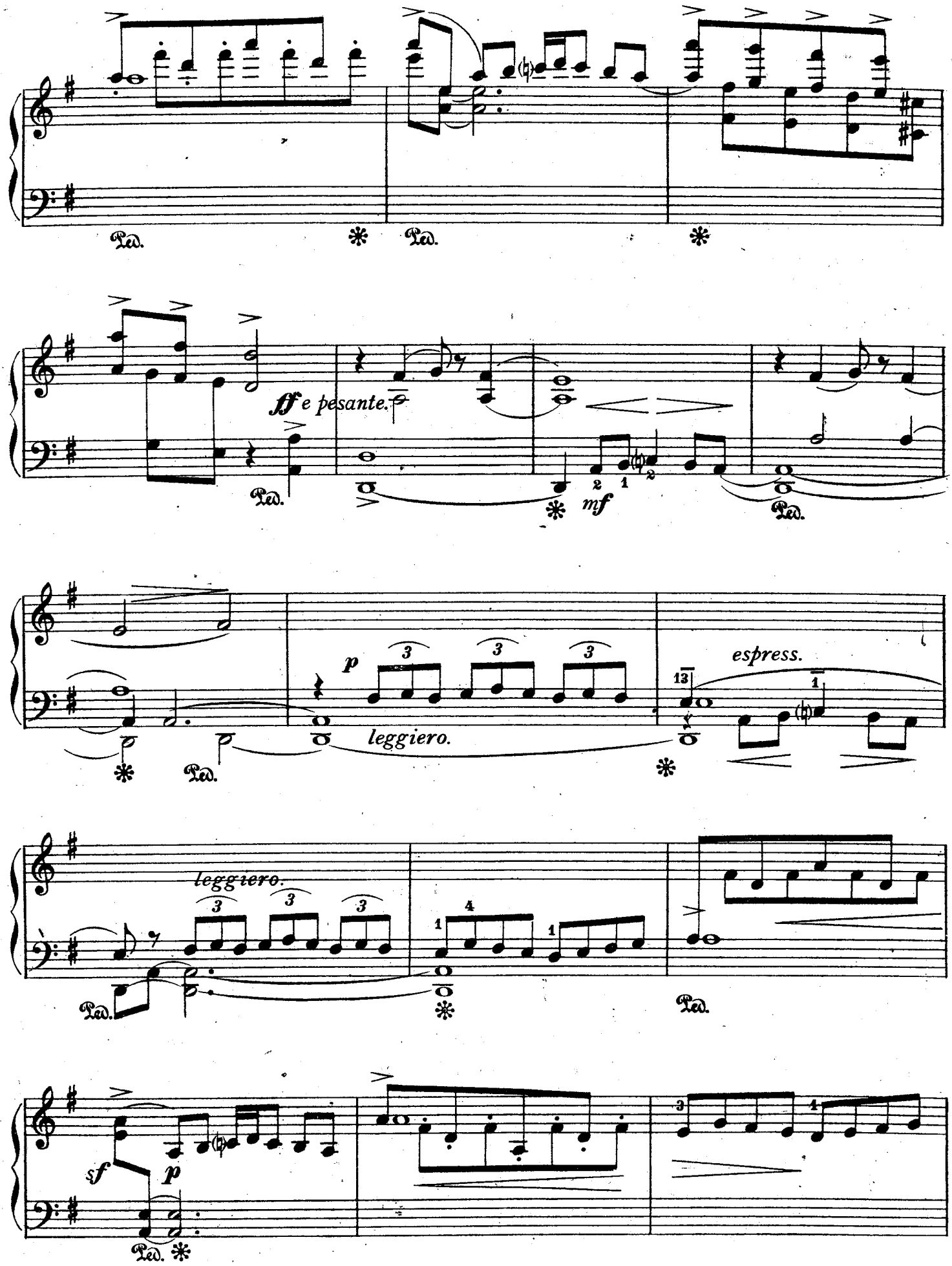
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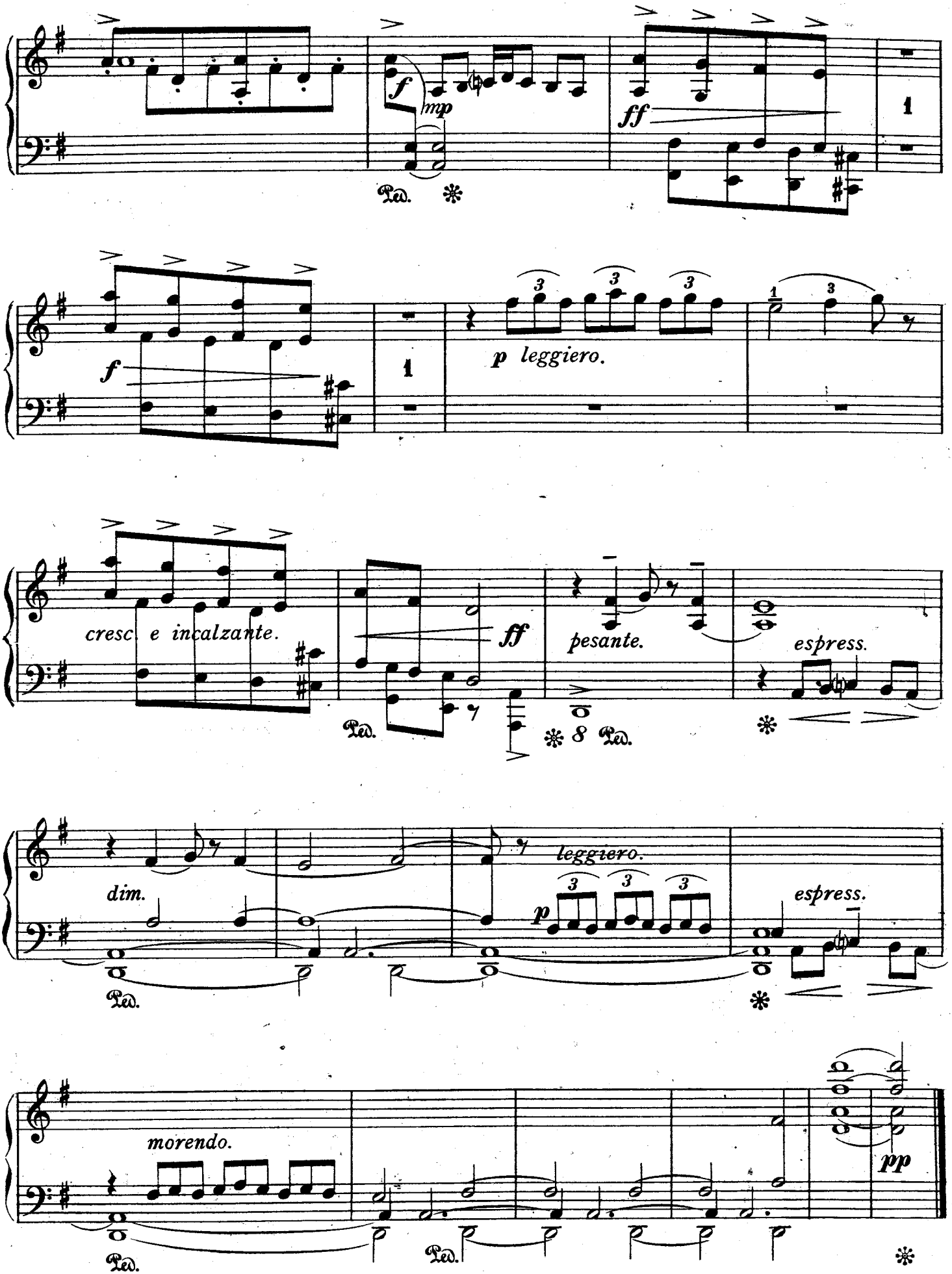
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