PIANO LYRICS FROM THE HEBRIDES

Book III.

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HEBRIDEAN SEA-REIVERS' SONG

Hookoryino! When winds do blow, Sea-reivers know the madd'ning music, Ho-i-o! When winds do blow.

Ho-i-ril! great shoals of seal
Hard by our keel fast follow after,
Ho-i-ril! great shoals of seal.
Wild sea-ducks and greedy geese
Look for a feast when we're at anchor
Ho-i-o! When winds do blow.

Hookeryino! on Davach low, There's corn and kine and golden candles, Ho-i-o! on Davach low.

Men at play, e'er close of day,
Will cold as clay in Kiel be lying
Ho-i-o! on Davach low.
Men that sleep will waken wide
E'er with the tide we leave their Cala
Ho-i-o! When winds do blow.



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1 Pirates. 2 Churchyard

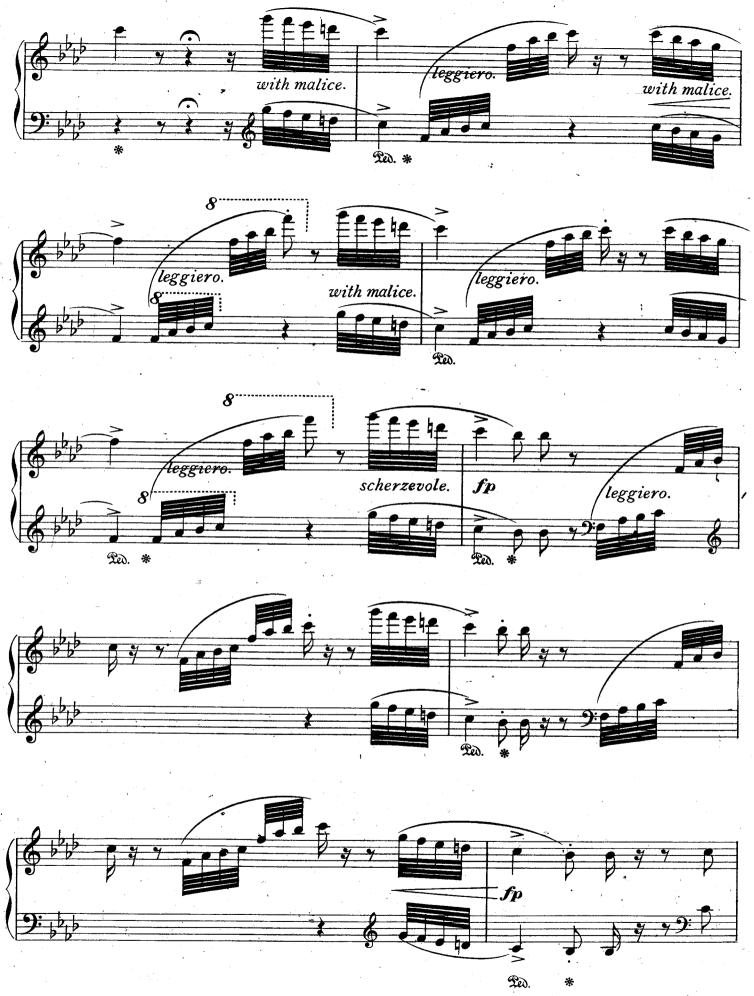






Sea Reivers' Song.

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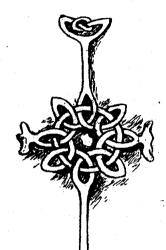




Sea Reivers' Song.

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THE RUNE OF COLUM-CILLE.



There was never a wand in the door of Iona, and one day a druid, from beyond the Moyle, landed in Port na Curach, to put testing on the magic which, if men spoke truth, had come in coracles from Erin to Iona. Above the shore he came face to face with one of the monks, Baithen of the tender heart, perhaps. "Tell me, holy man, how I shall know Colum-cille in the seeing, if see him I should." If see a man thou shouldest, O stranger, with the head of a King on him, and the look of a King, it is himself you will likely be seeing; and if, moreover, he should be healing the broken wing of a bird, it is not someone else you will be seeing then. "May good be with thee, holy man, but tell me, if thou mayest, what the magic, be it black or white, of this same Colum-cille" "Thou wilt hear it in the rune and in the song, O stranger from beyond the sea, and when thou hearest, it is upon thyself the great sorrow will be, that there is never a wand in the door of Iona, so that thou mightest dwell here all thy days."

Hear ye my Rune from the blue deeps of far days:—
* Colum-cille hath the keen eye of eagle,
So to seek the noontide of nine rays.

Colum-cille hath the strong back of Elk stag So to bear all our people's burdens.

Colum-cille hath the soft hand of woman, So to soothe the sore wounds of bruised ones.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

From a pencil drawing by Patuffa Kennedy-Fraser of a Celtic Cross in Iona.

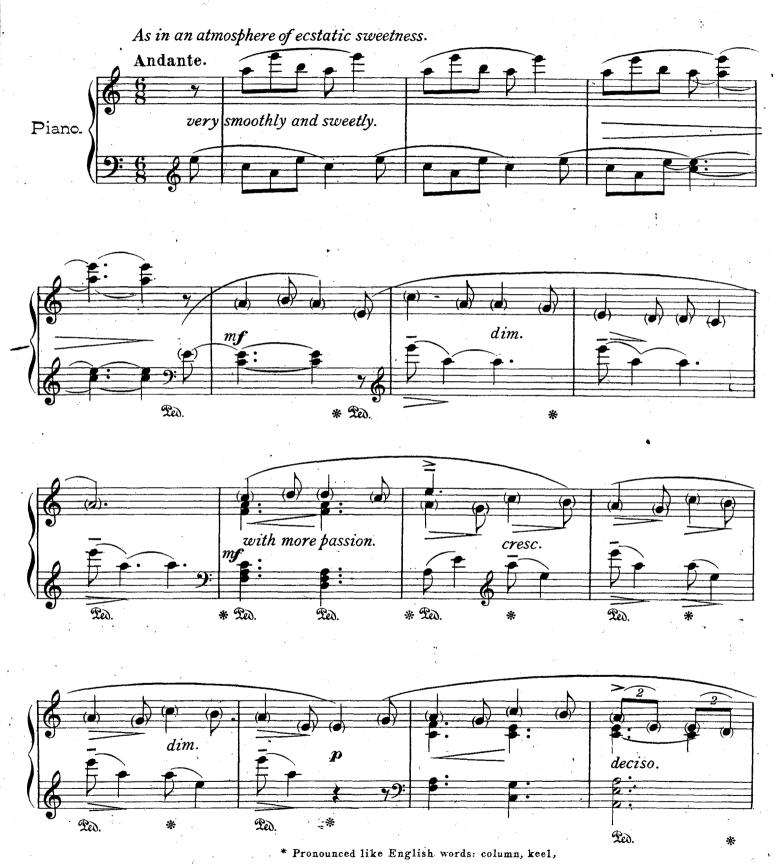
^{*}Columba, pronounce like English words Column, keel,

THE RUNE OF *COLUM-CILLE.

Columba of Iona.

From the Outer Hebrides.

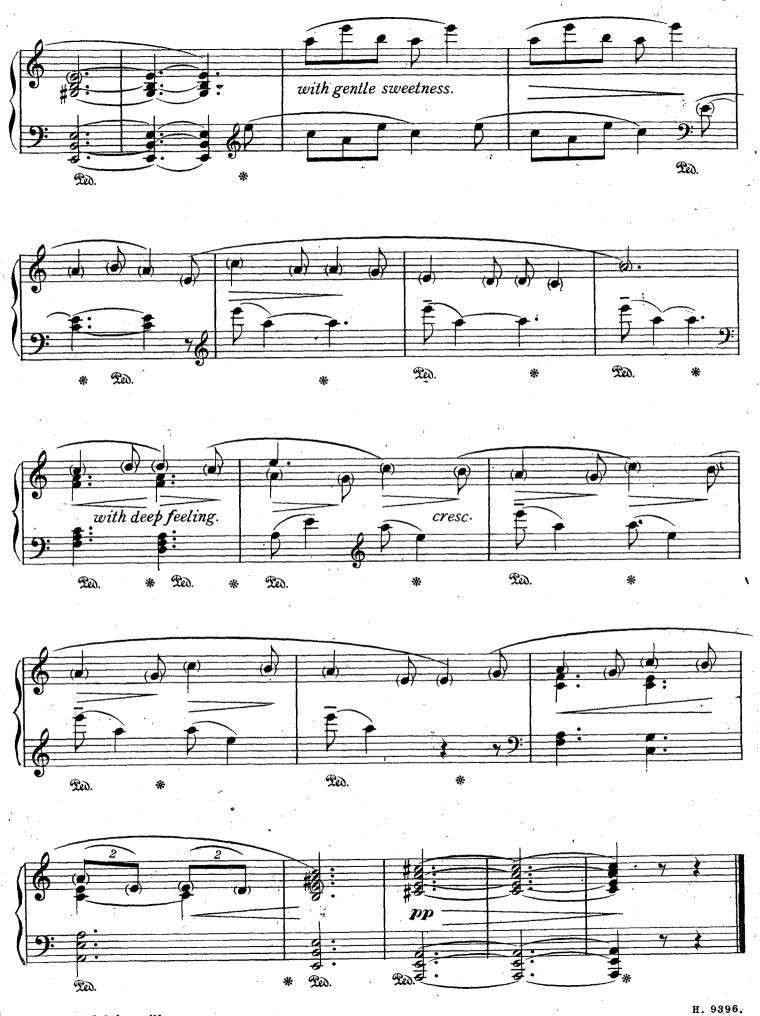
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER



The melody notes, indicated by brackets, to be played throughout with thick singing tone. Copyright 1918 by Boosey & Co.

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The Rune of Colum-cille

A BENBECULA BRIDAL.

Benbecula is one of the outpost isles and is surrounded by a "shoaling sea the lovely blue playing into the green". From the sheen-white sands of its western shores one looks out on an unbroken stretch of the Atlantic, as did the Gaels of yore, sensing a land of heart's desire, Tir nan og, and "catching a glimpse against the sunset of its summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea".

To reach Benbecula we had to land from the little steamer at Loch-boisdale in South Uist and drive northwards the length of the island through bogland, lower at times than sea level, lit slantwise by the afternoon sun glinting on long chains of water-lily lochs. The drive ended in the crossing of one of the dangerous sea-fords which serve to cut off the isle effectively from the outside world. The north ford, which we crossed later, covers five miles of treacherous sand, and on this trackless stretch travellers, at times, overtaken by a mist which obscures distant land-marks, unwittingly and fatally turn towards the swiftly incoming tide. Fishing is not followed in Benbecula owing to the dangerous shallowness of the waters round its coast. Cattle-tending and weaving occupy the folk.

To the priest of the island, Father Iain Macmillan, we owed our introduction to the folk and the success that followed our song-quest among them.

While we were seated in a cottage one evening listening to the songs, Father Macmillan kept watch through the little gable window that gave on the *machar* southwards. He was expecting a bridal party. Suddenly he exclaimed "Here they come," and straightway carried us all off to his little church, and after the ceremony to the little presbytery where we assisted in the nine foot square vestibule in a festal reel, the piper and the onlookers craning their necks from the adjacent parlours. After the reel the customary gun-shots were fired, and the bridal party formed up, with a piper at its head to recross the *machar*, making straight across country some 5 miles to the bridaegroom's house. And as we drove back in the misty moonlight, by the high road, we could follow the track of the bridal procession by the sound of the pipes across the moor and the signalling gunshots that came from each lamp-lit low thatched cottage as the bridal party approached and passed. It was a strange scene. Veils of mist were rising from each little tarn, and the moon hung low from the middle of the sky like a great golden lamp. But there are strange traveller's tales of atmospheric illusions in Benbecula. A grove of trees appeared to one in this treeless isle. Nearer approach suggested a hedgerow, still nearer inspection proved the illusory grove to be a row of potato shaws!

Far thro' peat and bog and moorland Hidi hua! Hidi hua! 'Tween brown lochs, by green shoreland Hie we with song and piping.

Red the moon swings o'er the moorland. Hidi hua! Hidi hua! From the houses, hear the gunshots, Friendly their festal greeting.

White the mist, the tarns a-veiling, Hidi hua! Hidi hua! Veiling sea, isle and starland As we go piping homeward.

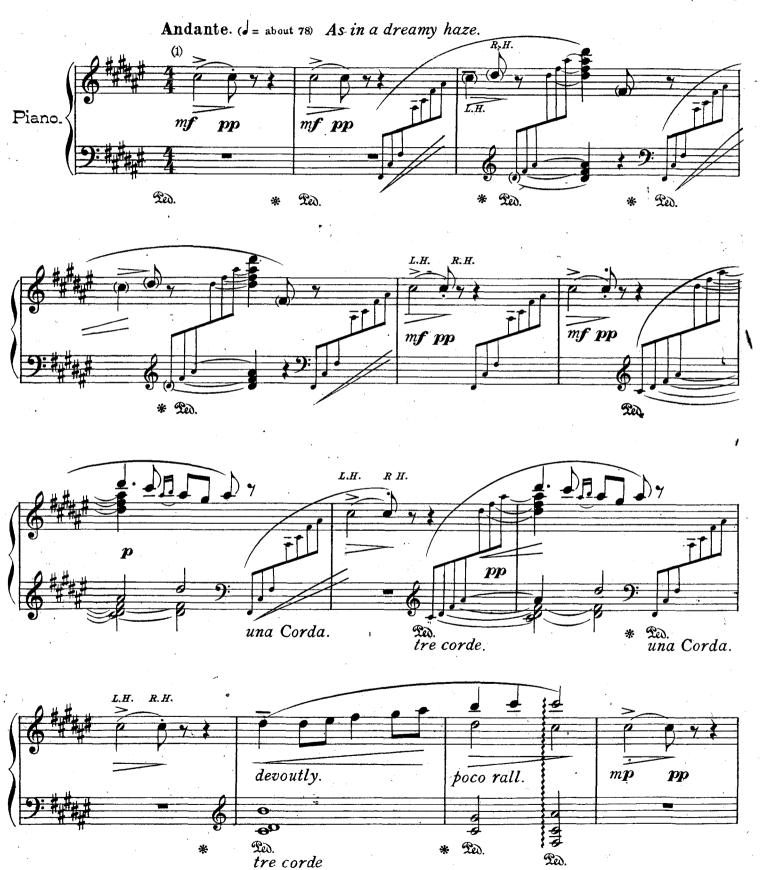
Home at last the bridal convoy, Hidi hua! Hidi hua! Glow of peat, rap of reel-step, Sea-laughter, thrill of piping! Hi-o halovi ri-o-vi hua, hua!

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

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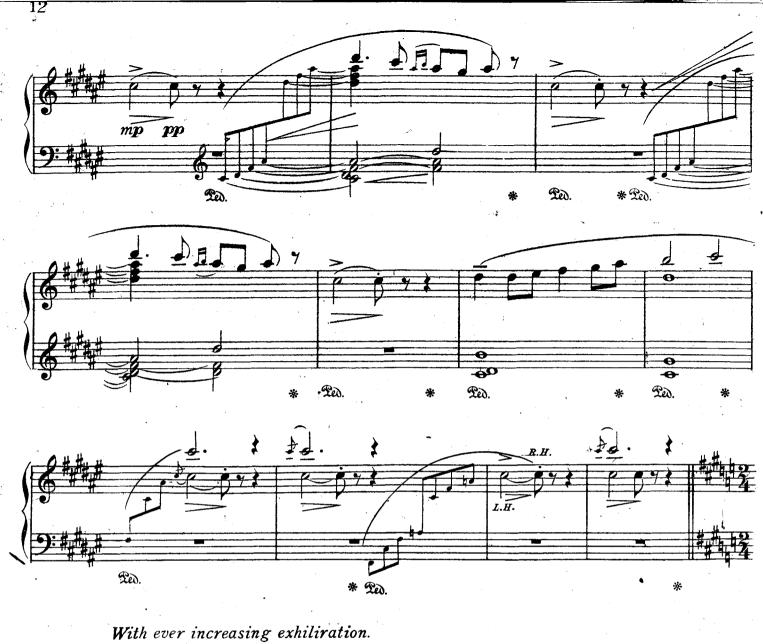
A BENBÉCULA BRIDAL.

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER



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(1) The two C? (Church bells) are slurred, not tied, and in every case, throughout the piece, are to be sounded twice.









(1) This dance measure is from the Isle of Eigg.



A Benbecula Bridal

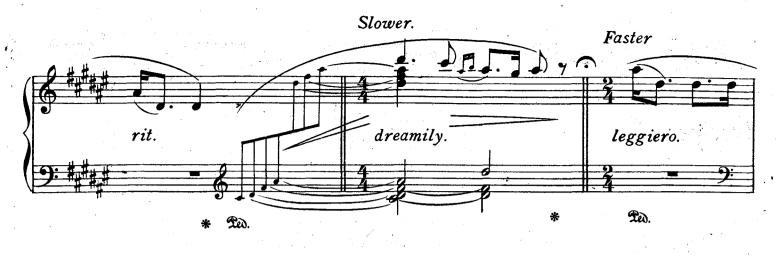




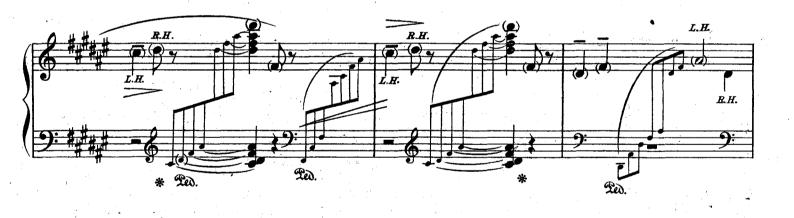














(1) This, The Bridal processional theme, from Benbècula



