# HILL TUNES

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# CARISTĪONA.

But yestereve the daughter of Clanranald had been laid into her deaths-sleep in the island of St. Finnan.

Today the men of Moydart had come back from the wars and the aged chief, with sorrow eating out his own heart, smiled a welcome on the men who had come home. And that night there was a feast of feasts in Castle Tirrum of Moydart and handing round of horns and health drinks.

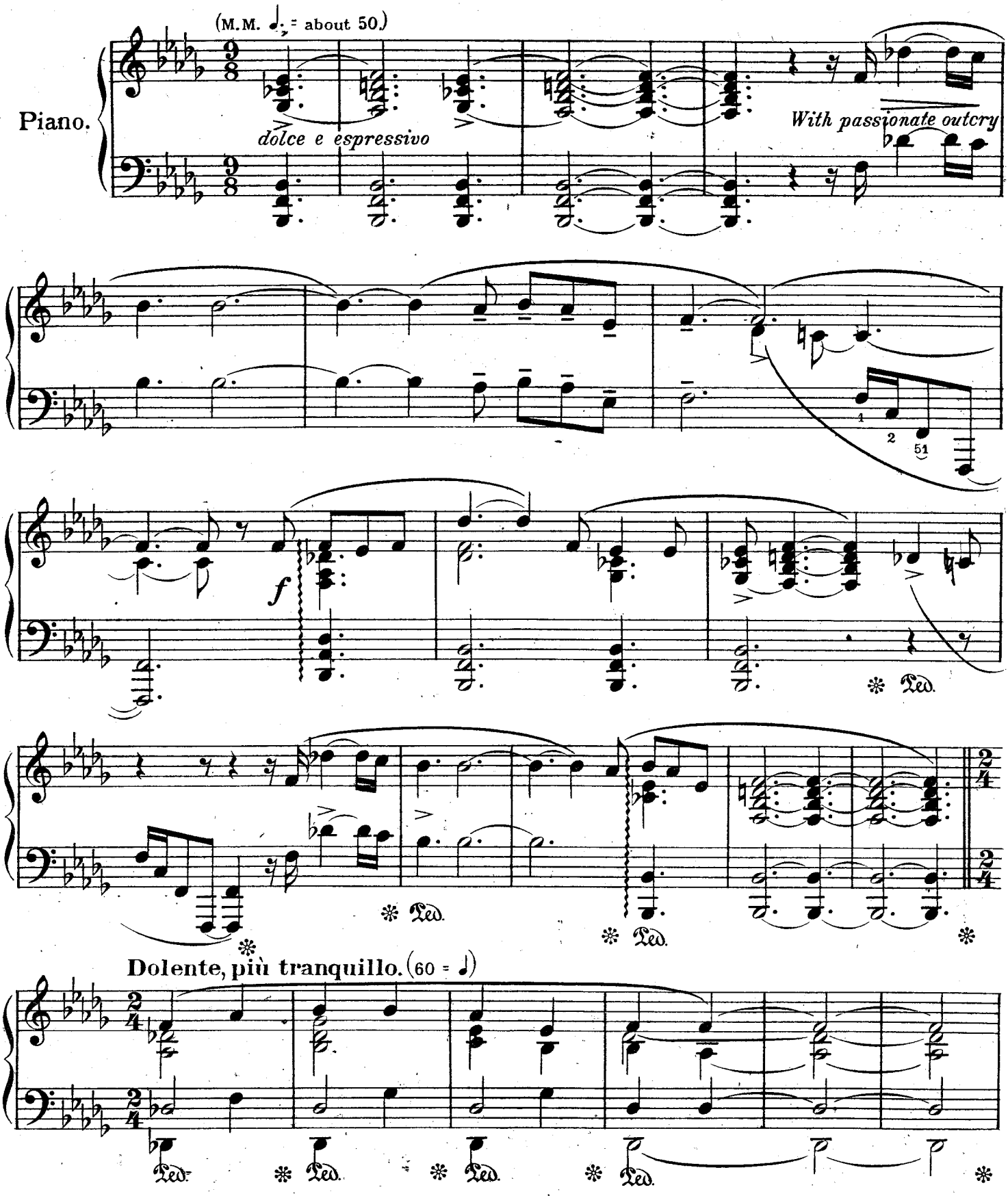
Out from the lights and the joy-shouts went the Lady of Clanranald, not knowing whither, groping blindly, led by a mother's soul-agony, the loss of her child. But far across the Bens lay the waters of Loch Sheil and the Isle of St. Finnan and long ere she could reach them the Lady of Clanranald sank into the heather and from her lips broke the cry: "My Caristīona, wilt answer my cry"? But only the night-hags answered and the far-away keening of the Western Sea.

*Kenneth Macleod.*

Pronounced Ka-ris-chee-ona. ch- as in English "cheer."

# *CARISTIONA.

For Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.




*From Vol. II. "Songs of the Hebrides."

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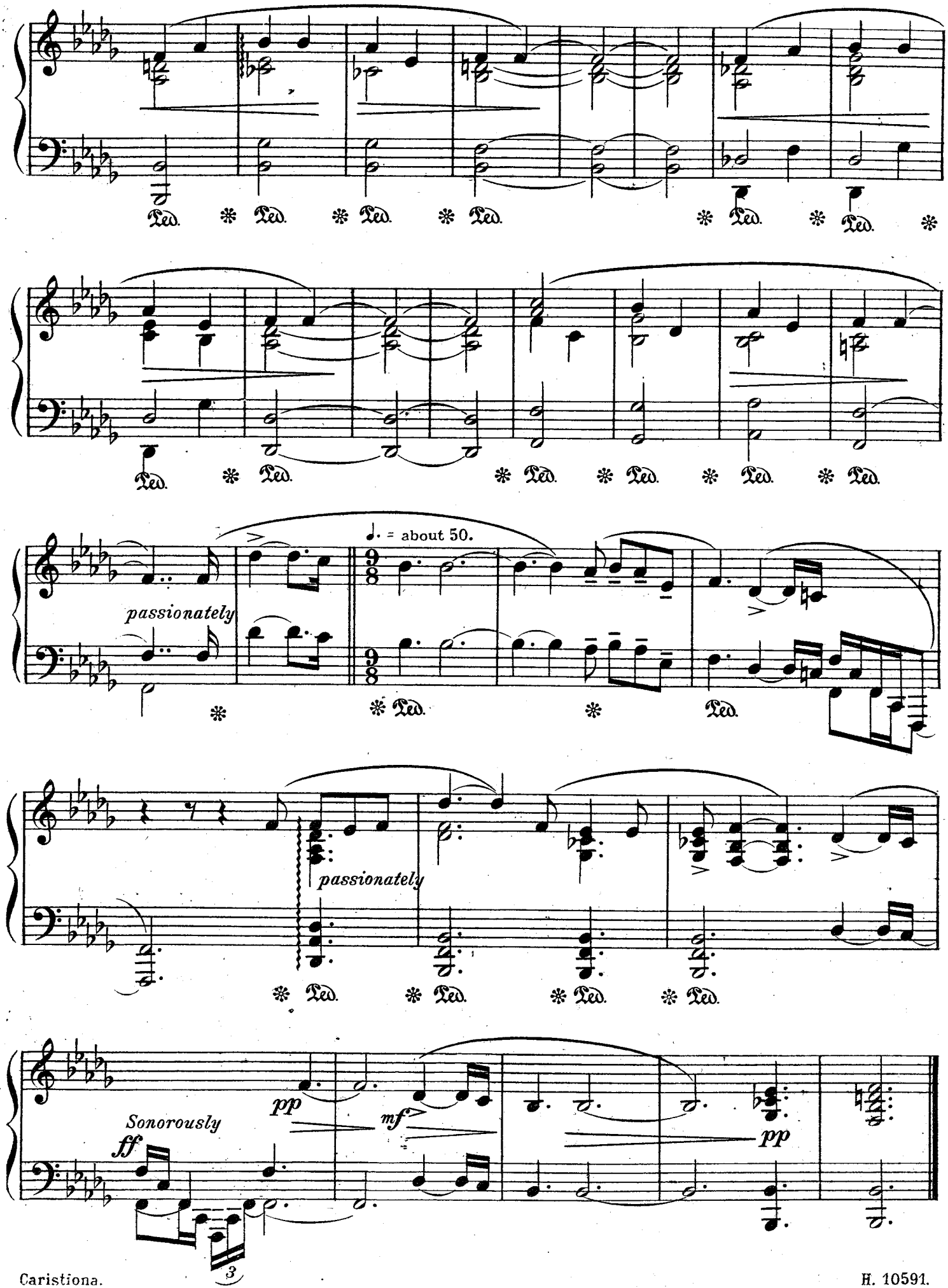
Ped.
♩. = about 50.
passionately
passionately
Sonorously
ff
pp
mf
pp
3

# THE SONG OF THE LINN-QUERN.*

The Gaelic byword says that "Second sight comes from the blood, second hearing from the blindness."

A blind woman of Uist was wont to go out each evening, with the township lads, to bring the cattle home to the milking—she having the ear to hear, and they the eye to see, where the cattle would be. One evening, the lowing being far away, the lads set forward towards it, and the blind woman laid her fatigue by the side of a linn. And here the strange thing happened—what came out of the linn but beautiful music, the lilt, laughing, leaping, frolicking, of two water-fairies busy at the quern-grinding. When the blind woman went home that night, she had a tale to tell and a song to sing in the township; and each day, anew, she told that same tale and sang that same tune, morning, noon, and evening. "Foolishness is on thee," said the other women, "dost thou not know that it is ever forbidden to sing what the fairies sing, and to tell what the fairies tell? Sure, the black-sorrow will come on the heel of thy foolishness." And perhaps the black-sorrow did come—if it was not white-joy instead!—at any rate, one morning the blind woman went out, and in the evening she returned not. And the township women said: "To-night there will be three of them singing the Song of the Linn-quern."

KENNETH MACLEOD.

* The quern, in its simplest form, consisted of two flat, circular stones, between which the grain was ground, a handle or handles being inserted into a hole or holes in the upper stone. A waterfall so acting on the stones in the linn or pool below may form natural querns.

# ①Song of the *Linn-Quern.†

## Fuaim na Brathain anns an Linnidh.

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

For Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

(M. M. ♩. = about 69.)

Piano.

*leggiero* *frolicsome*

*cupo.*

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

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

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

Lit - tle roe-deer,
*Ear-beag bheag*

*Linn = Waterfall. †Quern = Hand mill. ①From Vol. II. "Songs of the Hebrides."

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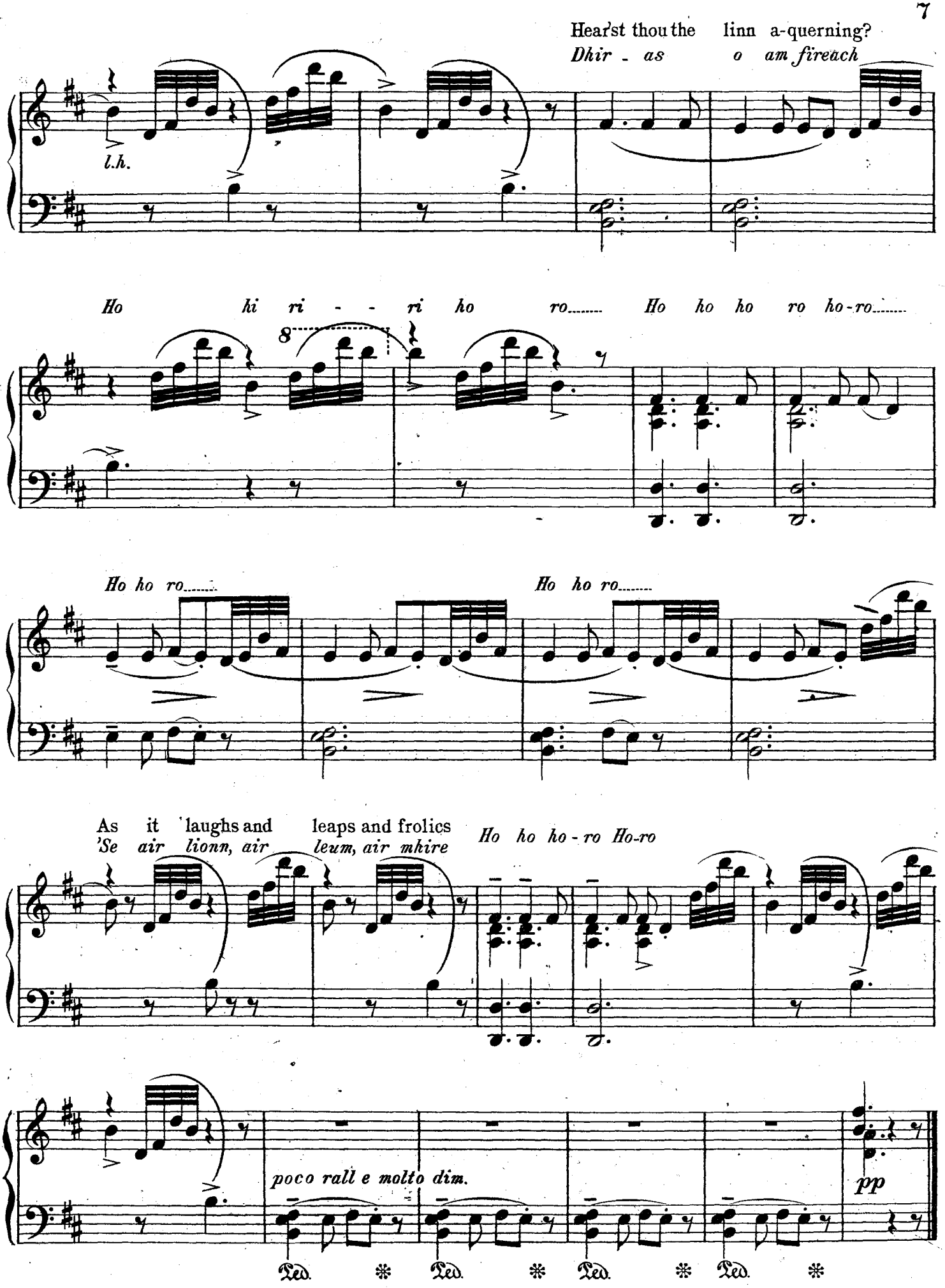
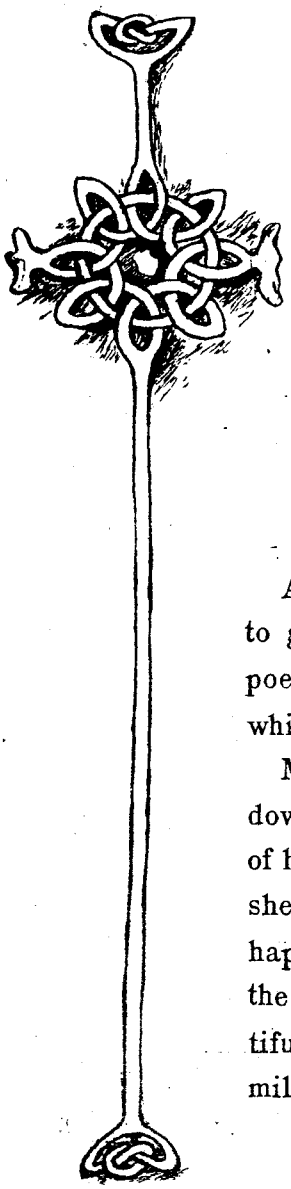

Hear'st thou the linn a-querning?
Dhir - as o am fireach
l.h.
Ho hi ri - - ri ho ro..... Ho ho ho ro ho-ro.....
8
Ho ho ro..... Ho ho ro.....
As it laughs and leaps and frolics
'Se air lionn, air leum, air mhire
Ho ho ho-ro Ho-ro
poco rall e molto dim.
pp
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *



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

An Islesman is under spells both to his heart and to his head, to give love to Mary Macleod, the most fascinating figure in Gaelic poetry from the begining of the seventeenth century to a century on which fate has not yet put a name.

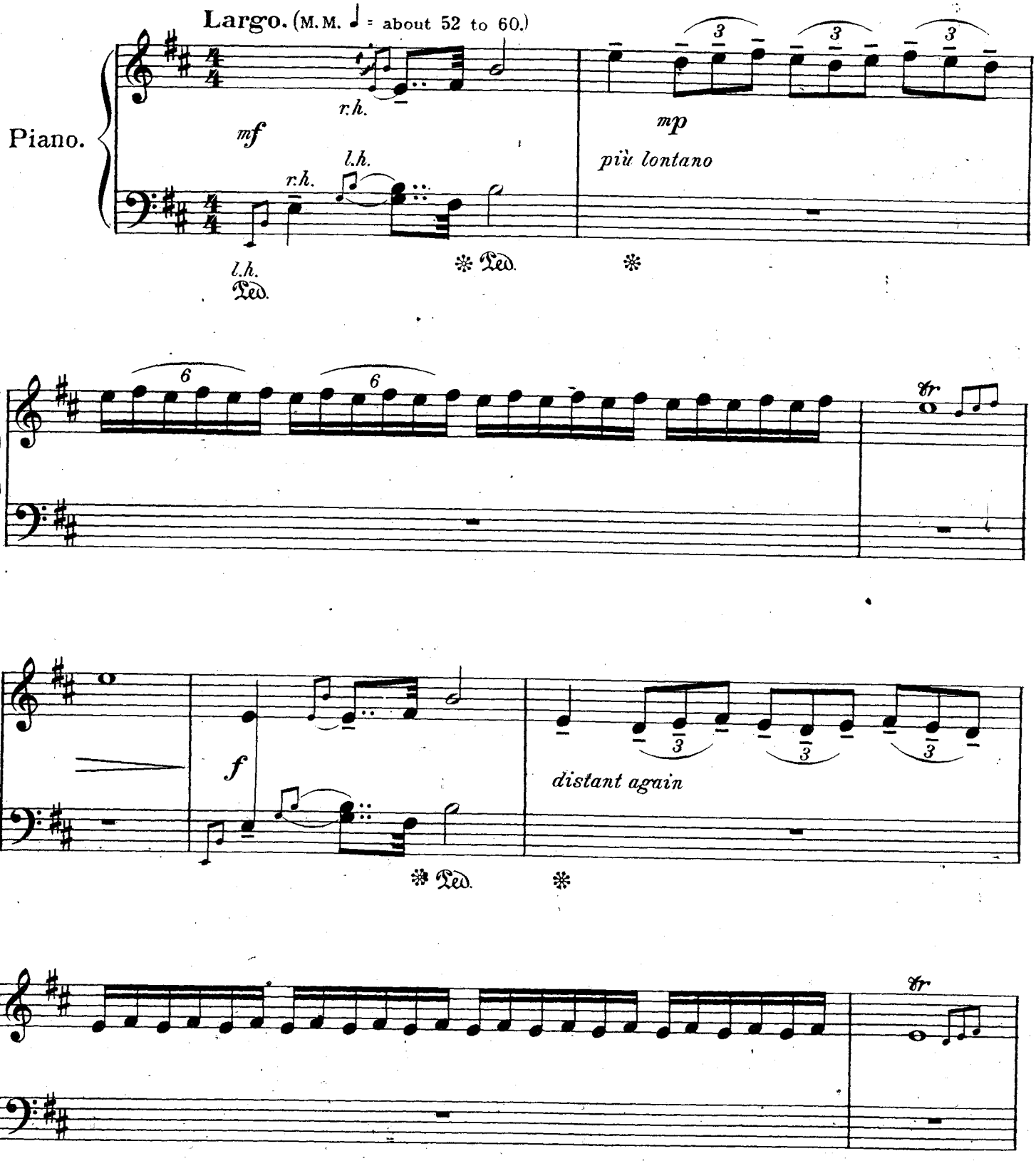
Mary Macleod or Mairi, daughter of Alastair Rua, sleeps, face downward, by the church of St. Clement, in Rōdel of Harris, the Iona of her Clan. "Not on the clouds, would my eyes be, O kinsfolk," said she in the parting, "but on Rōdel of Harris." Her thought was perhaps the thought of Bride, the Foster-Mother, even as her blood was the blood: Beautiful the cloud on high, my children, but more beautiful still the shower which falleth, giving growth to the corn and milk to the cattle, for little children.

*Kenneth Macleod.*

# ON THE HILLS.

## *Rannoch Herding Song.

For Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.




*From Vol. II. Songs of the Hebrides. Also published as a separate song.

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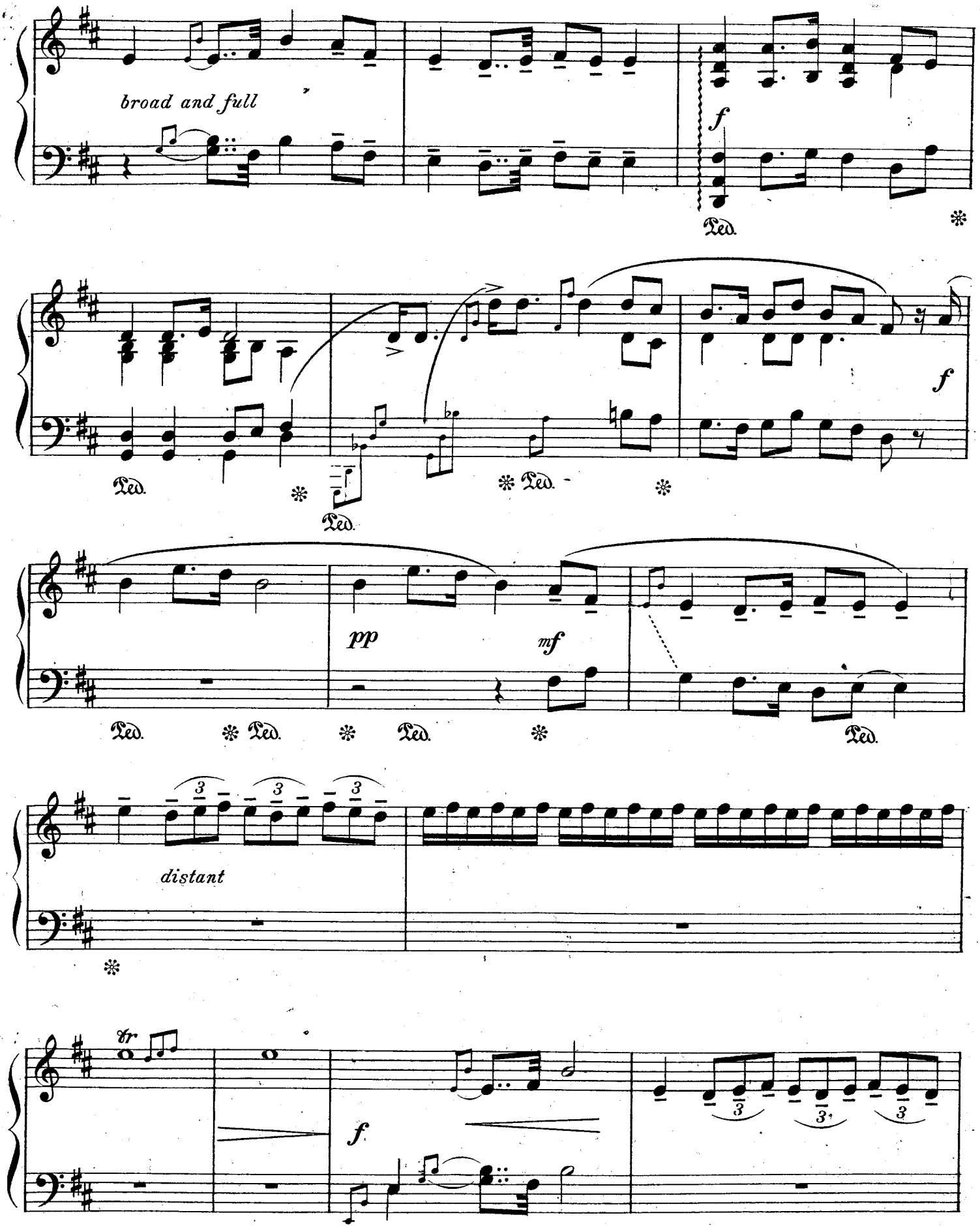
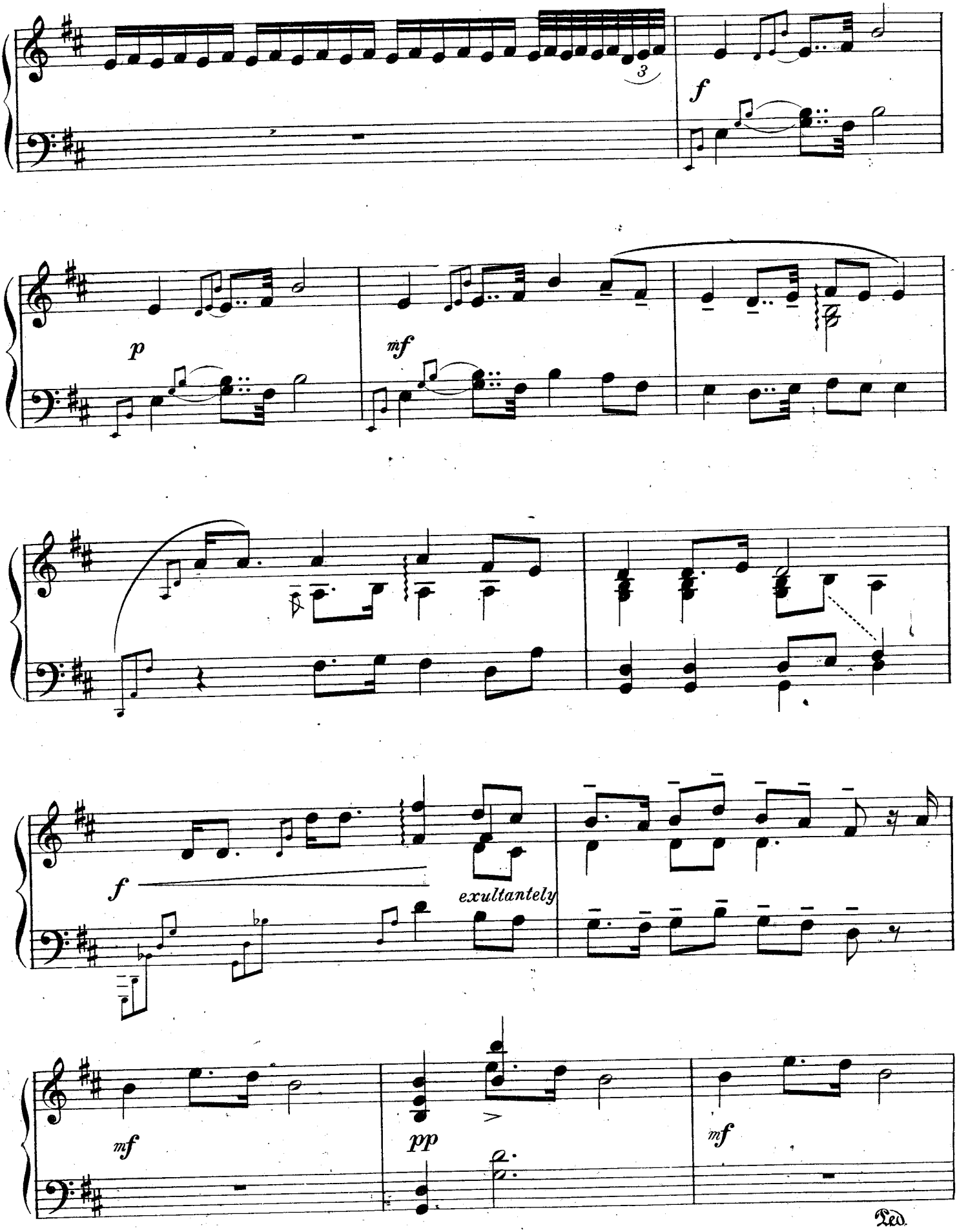
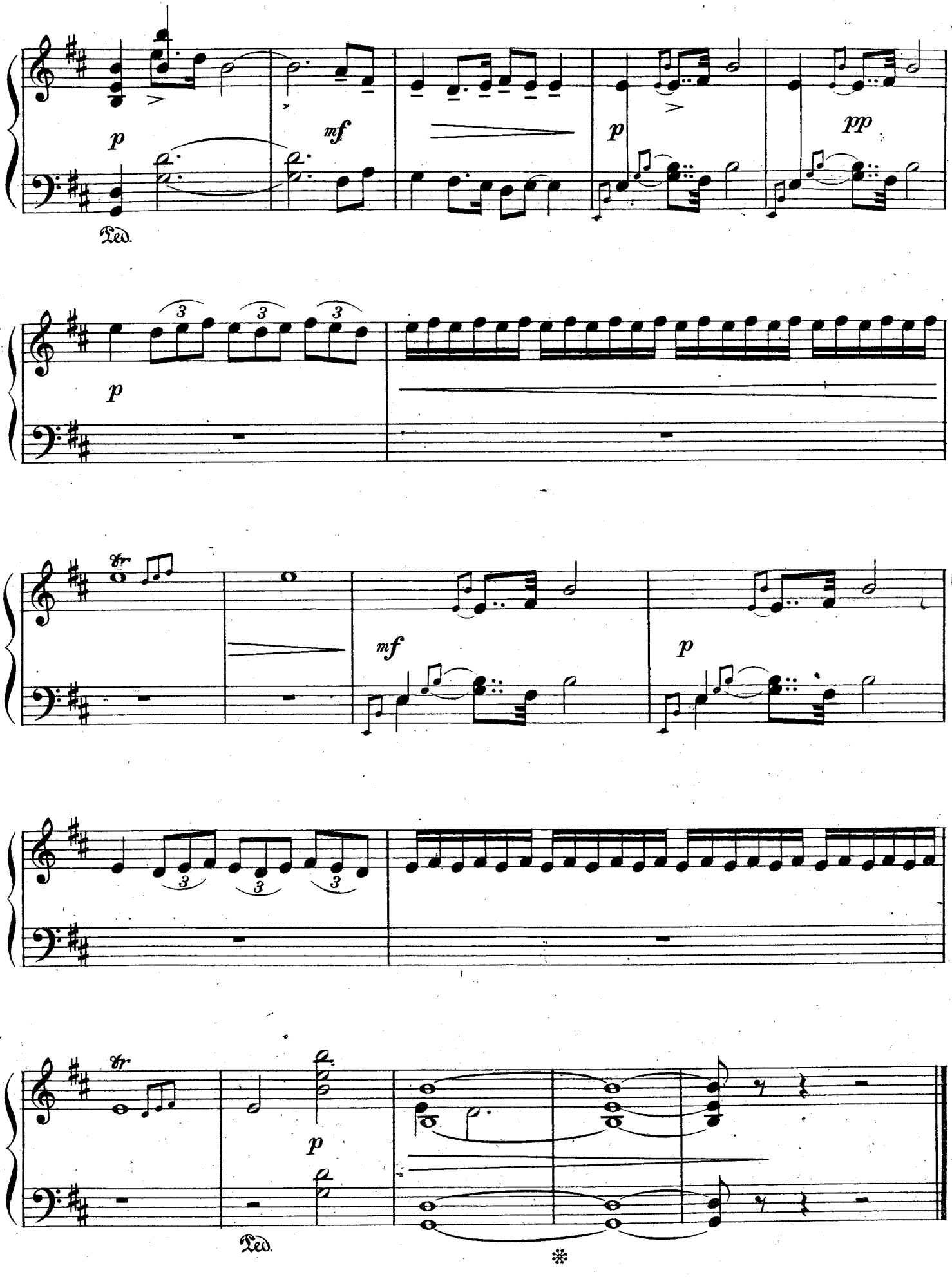

broad and full
f
Ped.
f
Ped.
pp
mf
distant
tr
f


3
f
p
mf
f
exultantely
mf
pp
mf
Ped.


p
mf
p
pp
Ped.
p
tr
mf
p
tr
p
Ped.
*