The Lay of Diarmad

"The foe who has come, the foe who will come, the foe who is there now!"
THE SEA-SORROW.

The sea has given to Hebridean song its fiercest joy and its most passionate sorrow. The former is illustrated in the "Sea-reivers' Song" and "The Ship at Sea," the latter finds fitting expression in "The Sea-sorrow," "Ailein Duinn," and "The Seagull of the Land-under-waves." The songs of the sea-rapture are much less numerous and are, as a rule, the songs of men; the songs of the sea-sorrow are invariably the songs of women. The men rove and rove, and dream of strange lands and adventures beyond the waves.

But the women lose their husbands and brothers and sons and sweethearts, and the burden of their song is—

Fuar faur faur,
Fuar an cumh's gur siogach,
O bhuaidh gur 'naear i.

Cold cold cold,
Cold the sea and establish,
From depths to top wave she.

This gloomy picture of the Tir-fhilean, the Land-under-waves, is not, however, the one given by those who ought to know best: the spirits of the drowned ones. "Cold thy bed to-night," said a woman once to the spirit of her drowned husband. "It is neither hot nor cold," was the reply, "but just as one might wish, if as he wished he got." "If not cold, lonely at any rate," suggested the woman. "I have the best heroes of Lochlann beside me," said the man, "and the best bards of Erin, and the best story-tellers of Alba, and what we do not know ourselves, the seal and the swan tell us." "Treasure of my heart," said the woman, "are not we the foolish ones to be weeping and sorrowing for the men, and they so happy in the Land-under-waves!"

"Is fhior duim sìu! Thou speakest truth there!" said the man, as he vanished into the night and the sea. To sorrow for the drowned ones is worse than foolish, however, it is actually cruel to the men.

A heavy dress: sorrow,
A heavier shroud: sorrow.

And more than once the weeping woman on the shore has heard the voice of her lost one in the waves entreating her to lift off him the burden of her grief.

A-Vòire, my love, lift off me thy woe,
A-Vòire, my love, a-wore, my love,
Lift off me thy woe, lift off me thy woe.*

"Never a sigh comes from the heart," said a woman of Uist, "but a drop of blood falls in its place." And in Egg the old folk said that the tears of a woman's sorrow fell in blood-drops on the heart of her loved one under the sea—"and is it not the sad thing to be drowned twice, once by the waves, and once by the tears of your folk!" And not only is the sorrow of the women cruel to the drowned ones, but it is also a source of danger to themselves. It is considered wrong, for instance, to sing a drowning-song twice in an evening, and some of the older generation refuse to sing one at all after sunset. "It is not right," one is told, "to disturb the rest of the ones-no-more; it is bad enough to put sorrow on them, but it is seven times worse to put anger on them." And stories are current in which the spirits of the drowned ones, exasperated beyond all patience, appear in their old homes between midnight and cock-crow, and give the women-folk a fright which soon dries their tears and banishes their sorrow. It is a remarkable fact, indeed, that in the Hebrides (where one would least expect it) excess, whether of joy or of grief, is regarded as a direct tempting of Providence, and one is often told that "laughing overmuch is an omen of tears, and weeping overmuch an omen of greater evil to come." But the folk will tempt Providence all the same!

KENNETH MACLEOD.

SEA SORROW
Am Bron Mara.

Air taken down from the chanting of Mary Macdonald, Mingulay.

Arr. with words* and pianoforte accomp. by MARJORY KENNEDY FRASER, and KENNETH MACLEOD.

Copyright 1909 by Marjory Kennedy Fraser. *Old Gaelic words adapted; the translation is practically literal. pronunciation Hoo-yo-hoo-koo.
Taobh ri taobh gun dúil ri t'fhag-ail Sior dhol suain's ar màn-ran såmh-ach,
Side by side nor thought to part Ev-er quiet to sleep a-fall-ing,

Gair nan stuadh a luaigh gar tal-adh.
Croon of waves, O love, our tal-a. Hu io ho hug o Och mo león cha

chluinn mo ghradh mi Bath-adh suadh air mós-na chràit-ich. Beul a mhìr-e!
hears no more, Wave-drown'd is my cry of woe. Mouth of gladness!

's a' cheol-gair-e! 'Struagh nach mis-e bha ceart lamh riut,
mu-sic's laugh-ter! Sad that I am not be-side thee! Hu io ho hug o

Sea sorrow. "Talor lulling song."
The Air to this song is a form of wailing chant well known in the Isles. The notes of the recurrent refrain are constant, the various members of the reciting phrases are variable and interchangeable, and may be repeated or rearranged at pleasure. As the old time singers of laments and eulogies were oftentimes bards who improvised under the stress of emotion, they would naturally adapt these traditional chants to the needs of the moment. It is interesting to note how fond they were of the descending pentatonic formula—in sol mi re do—the notes of Wagner's Fire Music motive in the Walküre.

The words of the Sea-Widowhood (partly from M'Lean, the Glen, Barra, and partly from Kenneth Macleod) are sung to the same wailing chant, and strung together on a like linking recurrent "Ho ro bha hag o'"

Bantrachas-cuain.

Gura mis' tha fo mhulad  
'S mi air tulaich na h-àiridh;
Mi bhi faciinn nan gilean  
Anns an linne 'gam bàthadh;
Ged is oil leam gach aon diubh,  
Fear mo ghaoiil gur e chràidh mi,
'Se mo cheist do chul dualach  
'Ga shior-luadh air bharr sàile;
'S tu 'nad shineadh 'san tìùra,  
Far 'na bhrúchd a' mhùir-làin thu.
Righ! nach robh thu 'nad chadal  
Ann an Clachan na Tràghad;
Ann an Eaglais na Trianaid,  
Far an lionmhòr do chàirdean;
Gu'm biodh deoir mo dha shùla  
Mar an drùchd glasadadh t'fhàile.
Faic, a Dhia, mar tha mise—  
Bean gun mhìsheach gu bràth mi;
Bean gun mhìc gun fhèar-tighe,  
Bean gun aighear gun slainte;
Ged bu shumbadh an Nollaig  
'S dubh dòrranaich Caisg dhomh.

I am the woman of sorrow
On the knoll of the shellings;
A-seeing the lands
In the gulf a drowning.
Thou a hurt to me each one of them
He of my love is the wound of me.
Dear to me thy ringleted locks
Ever tossed about on the crest of the waves,
And thou low-lying in sea-wrack
Where the high tide has stranded thee.
O king! would that thou wert in sleep
In Clachan na Traghad;*
In the church of the Trinity
Where death-sleep thy friends;
Then would the tears of my eyes
Like the dew make green thy grave.
See, O God, how I am—
A woman without heart for ever,
A woman without son, without husband;
A woman without gladness or health.
Merry was my Christmas,
Black and sorrowful my Easter.

*The Church-of-the-Shore.
A HEBRIDEAN SEA-REIVERS' SONG.
(NA REUBAIREAN.)

Air from Penny Macdonald, Eriskay.

Con moto.

**VOICE.**

*Like the wind.*

**PIANO.**

*Hook - Hug Hook -

or in o, tha ghaoth san t-seol. Be sid ar eol bhi reub-adh mar-a,

*Hook -

o - rin - yol When winds do blow, Sea reiv-ers know the maddning mu-sic.

or in o, tha coin-lean oir, Tha ni is por air fold nan dabh-ach

*Hook -

o - rin - yol On Buv-ach low, There's kine and corn and gol-den caud-les

Ho i o, tha ghaoth san t-seol.

Ho i o the winds do blow.

Ho i o, tha roin nan caol A dol 'nansgaoth gu Fir - inn mar ruinn,

Ho i o, tha fir 'nan-drub A bhios 'nanduisg mus fag sinn cal-a.

Men at play, ere close of day Will, cold as clay in *kiel be ly-ing.

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*Keil a Ceil... meaning churchyard... pronounced Keil. Dabhach... a large corn vat... meaning here as much land as that amount of corn would sow.
Ho i o, tha ghaoth san t-seol.
Ho i o the winds do blow.

Wild sea-ducks and gree- dy geese Look for a feast when
Men that sleep will wak- en wide Ere with the tide we

ni sinn Man- ainn we're at an- chor.
am so' nath-oidhch' leave their Ca- la.

Cala= a haven, pronounced Ka-la.
A Hebridean Sea-Reivers' Song.
TIR-NAN-ÒG.
Or, Skye Fisher’s Song.

The Celtic Heaven, Tir-nan-Og, the Land-of-the-ever-Young, lies somewhere to the west of the Hebrides, where the sun sets. And the Celtic soul ever waits on the shore of the great Sea for the coming of the White Barge which, year in year out, ferries the elect across the waves to the Isle where they would be. And that same Barge needs wind nor sail nor rudder to make her speed like a bird over the sea; the wish of the Fate that guides her is her all and her in all.

1.
Gàir nan toinn gur trom an muallan
Seirm am chluais do ghluir,
Dàn nam beann, gach allt is fuaran,
Siaradh nuas le d’cheòl;
’S tu gach là gun tòmh mo bhuaireadh,
T’iargain bhuan ‘gam leòn,
’S tu gach oidhche chaoidh mo bhruadar,
O Tir-nan-Òg.

2.
Bás no bròn cha bheò ’nad loinn-thir,
Uir air foill ’s air gò,
Sàir sior-òl do dheò ’s do chaomhnis,
Aoibhneas sàmh ’s na neòil;
Reultan àrda là ’s a dh’oidhche
Boillsgeadh sèamh tro’ cheò,
Téudan tìthà fàs ad choiltean,
O Tir-nan-Òg.

3.
Cùl nan toinn tha long mo bhruadar
Fuaradh mar bu às,
Rùn an Dàin a ghnàth ìg glasaad
Ciùin le luaths an eòin;
Iubhraidh Bhàin na fàg mi’m thrughan
Taobh nan cuantan mòir,
Doimhne cràidh is gràidh’gam dhuanadh
Gu Tir-nan-Òg.

1. The roar of the waves, plaintive their sound,
   As they chant in my ear thy praise,
The song of the bens, the fountain and stream,
   With thy music downward flow;
By day my witchment ever thou art,
   Thy longing eternal me wounds,
And by night thou art ever my dream,
   O Tir nan Òg.*

2. Death nor sorrow in thy Beauty-land lives,
   In the grave are deceit and guile,
The brave ever drink of thy generous life,
   Gladness swims in the clouds;
Lofty stars by day and by night
   Shine softly through a mist,
Mellowest harps grow up in thy woods,
   O Tir nan Òg.

3. Behind the waves, the ship of my dream
   Goes sailing as of yore,
The wish of Fate ever speeds her way
   Silent and swift as a bird;
White Barge, O leave me not in distress
   On the shore of mighty seas,
Depths of pain and love me song-draw
   To Tir-nan-Òg.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

*Cheer nun òk (or in Italian spelling cir nan òk)
TIR-NAN-ÒG,
Or, Skye Fisher's Song.

Original Gaelic poem by KENNETH MACLEOD.
Melody noted in a fishing boat off the Isle of Eriskay from the singing of Gillespie Macinnes,
With a heavily rolling rhythm.

Gair nan tòrn gur
Fàr the rag-ged

From an small an Seirm ann chluais do ghloir
Jug-ged line of blue Cool-lins

Siar adhnuas le d’cheol
In the ev’ning glow
Purple wa-ter troughs cut-ting Clean my boat cleaves

S’s t’uchl la gun t’amh mo bhuaireadh
Pur-ple wa-ter troughs cut-ting

Copyright 1909 by Marjory Kennedy-Fraser.

*This song may be had separately.
By the glimmer of thine eyes in blackest night, I know,

By the joy that leaps and laughs there

When my love I show,

Thou lovest

Near er now, the mist by loch

The Tir-nan-Og.
Fuar-adh mar bu nos, Rùn an Dàin a ghnìth ga gluas-ad, Ciùin be luaths an Isle of Skye doth boom, And her lights shine soft by sea-ward, In the twilight.

Nòbhraich Bhàin na fìg mi’im throughan, Thabh nan cuantain mòr, Leggiero, mf eres.

Dùnadh craidh is ghràdha ’gum dh’um-adh, gu Tir nan Og.

Doimh-ne craidh is ghràdha ’gum dh’um-adh, gu Tir nan Og.

May be added or omitted at pleasure.

Tir-nan-Og.
SEA-SOUNDS.

In Eilean a' Cheo, the Isle of Mist, as the folk of the Hebrides call Skye, there is a certain headland which ought to be named, but is not, the Headland of Waiting. Many years ago, and yet not so many either, on one of those beautiful nights which have passed away with the fairies, a young maiden,* tempted by moonlight and love of the sea, found her way to the furthest point of that same headland, and also found where there that she was not alone. Sitting on the rocks were the women of the township, waiting and listening till the dip of the oars and the sound of the torram, the boat-song, should foretell the return of the men from the fishing-banks and the luck of their catch. By-and-bye, there came across the waves the sound of a light airy iorram (perhaps the sea-reivers' song) accompanied by short quick strokes. "Och! och!" said the women, "light is the fishing to-night, but lighter still are the hearts of our men, and warm the welcome before them, be their luck what it may." Later on came other sounds, fainter this time, the tired thud of long laborious strokes and the rising and falling of the slow-rowing iorram, iorram a' taig, iorram a' h aidh. "Isn't it the beautiful sound!" said the women, "there is luck on someone to-night, and the luck of one is the luck of all."

The sounds of the western sea are aye such as can be "understood" of the folk. They foretell good weather and bad, birth and death in the township, the drowning of dear ones on far-away shores. In the storm they voice the majesty of the King of the Elements, and in the quiet evening they fill one with a longing which is hope born of pain. Perhaps other seas have voices for other folk, but the western sea alone can speak in the Gaelic tongue and reach the Gaelic heart. To an Islesman the German Ocean, for instance, seems cold and dumb, a mere mass of water seasoned with salt; it has no mermaids and no second-sight, and if it has seals, they are not the children of the king of Lochlann. To one sea only does the old Gaelic by-word apply:

Dh' iorram a' mhuir a bh' go taighde.
The sea invites acquaintance.

And if the sea-sounds are sweet to the Islesman at home, they are sweeter still when by faith he hears them in the heart of the mainland, with the unfeeling mountains closing him in. "Columba must have seen a vision of angels to-night," said a man of the glens to one of the Iona monks, in the course of a missionary journey on the mainland; "there is the joy of heaven in his face." The master overheard the remark. "Angel nor saint have I seen," was his reply, "but I have heard the roar of the western sea, and the isle of my heart is in the midst of it." Centuries after, a daughter of MacNeill of Barra, home-yearning in a glen far away from the isles and the sea, heard the same eternal roar:

'S trom an ionadrainn th' air mo shuibhal,
Cha tog fheall e no cannt;
Gair na mara 'na mo chhausasbhe;
Dh' fhagaidin buinsheach mi sa' ghealainn;
Fuaim an taibh 'gan shior-dighiseach:
Tingaim, m' eudail, gu d' thir-dhalmh.

Deep the longings that has seized me,
Song nor fiddle lifts it off,
In my ear the ocean sounding
Sets me roving from the glen,
And sea-voices ever call me:
Come, O love, to thy home-land.

Centuries come and centuries go, but the sea-voices never lose their old charm. A few years ago a young Skye man working in Glengarry succeeded, by sleight of heart, in glorifying a very tiny waterfall into a mighty sea. "I sit in the heather and close my eyes," he said, "and methinks the waterfall is the western sea—and, O man of my heart, my heaven and my folk are in that music." More wonderful still was the "gift" of the Lewis servant girl in Glasgow, who could hear twelve different sea-sounds in the roar of the electric cars and the street traffic. The blood! the blood! it is aye the same. St. Columba in the sixth century, the Barra lady-lord in the sixteenth or seventeenth, the Skye crofter and the Lewis servant girl in the twentieth—they are all of the west and of the sea, and deep ever callet unto deep.

Kenneth MacLeod.

*The young maiden of the moonlight is still with us, a venerable gentlewoman beloved of all who love goodness and music; and she still sings iorram a' taig, iorram a' h aidh—as this book knows.
†Iorram=myram.
SEA-SOUNDS.

Gair na Mara.

(A Slow Skye Rowing Song)

Air and words noted from the singing of Frances Tolmie.

English adaptation and pianoforte accompaniment by MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Somewhat heavily, with a steady rhythmical swing and curving swell and decrease of

VOICE.

PIANO.

With "mäh" tone.

"Tur-aibh o hi" ("Your" ee vo hee) "Tur-aibh o ho" ("Your" ee vo ho)

"Chi miùtait's an Fuisim nan rámh a'

For the Isles my Sound of oars that

robb'miù'n ur - idh ho ro
reub-adh tuinn - e o ro
heart is wea - ry ho ro
rend the waves hi ho ro

Ho i ho rioune i-e-ile
Ho - ee - ho - con - yaily
Dear Sound a mi fuaim an t-siabaiu. Is love island sounds I'm hearing, ho-ro. Sound of sand-drift 'mong the mur-an, ho-ro.

Would I might see your'e o ho. Sound of dragging From the isles of Island Memories.
Island Memories.

"coram coracle"

Both Pedals.
AILEIN DUINN.

If by some happy chance this book should find its way to certain remote corners of the earth, both east and west, there are men there who will smile (but with a gulp in the throat) when their eyes light on the sad old drowning-song, *Aileen Duinn* & *riu shiubhaltn leid*. The picture of a little village in the isles will start up before them; at one end the ruins of a castle; on the shore below it an old boat turned upside down; a white-haired fisherman leaning against the boat; with a hand of boys at his feet. The sea, the village, the castle, and possibly the boat, are still there, but it is years now since old Angus, the man from Barra, dreamed away at the parting of night and day to *Tri-nan-ag*. Perhaps some of the boys are sitting at his feet there too, drinking in, as of yore, the talk to which the old song was always the preface:

Oh! yes, a beautiful song that, but sore to sing and seven times sorer to feel. I once knew a woman who both sang it and felt it—long, long ago. The sea, the sea, boys, she puts many a woman into the tears and the song, but for all that she is aye the mistress for old Angus. When I was a baby, it was the crone of the waves that put me to sleep, and almost before I could walk I began to paddle about in the wee lochans on the sand. And when I grew up to be a big strong lump of a lad, I was never happy till my father (rest to his soul!) took me as a hand on his own smack. Maybe you will be thinking there was no fun in that at all, but eh! boys, I can tell you it needed navigation to be a hand on my father's smack. There was Ardnamurchan Point, and whiles there was her residence, and there was the wicked swell off Eigg, and there was the wide sea between Skye and Uist, and there were reefs and rocks forbye, reefs and rocks on which name had never been put, and reefs and rocks which never came up except when our smack was at sea. But did you say fear, boys? Fear on old Angus, or young Angus, as he was then? Never the fear, boys; my father believed there was One above who was Ruler of the waves, and my mother was aye praying to that One, and myself, though so very serious-minded, took off my bonnet every time I passed the chapel or saw others on their knees. Och! och! those were the happy days. Whiles we went to Tobermory for goods, and whiles we even went to Oban for dainties—and eh! boys, those were the days, bigger than Glasgow is now, and the shops were finer, and the lights were brighter. I would go ashore with a few bawbee in my pocket, as proud as a king, and come aboard again with white carry and wee bits of ribbon for my mother, and trumps for the barns, and goodies for the lasses on the Lord-day. Oh! yes, I liked fine to be civil to the lasses, and walk to the chapel with them, and maybe give them texts that were no' in the Book at all. And then there was the run home, boys, through old *Carl Male*, past Ardornish and Duart and Fionnary and Drimnin—eh! boys, is there no' the taste of honey on each name of them? Ardornish and Duart and Fionnary and Drimnin! And it was there the fun would be, and more than fun, racing the Tyree smack through the Kyle; and I am telling you, boys, they were the heroines at the sailing, those same Tyree smacks. And there was one among them, but she was a wee devil from Colvay; and she must have had the *shishal-sideh*, the fairy speed, whatever. Her steersman would ask you in the passing—when did you scrape her keel?—and before an impudent answer could leap from your heart to your mouth, my hero could not hear one word you said—no, never a word, though you showed it with your tongue. Och! och! but you were small! And at twilight maybe, or soon after, we would be at anchor in Canna Isle, and if there we were, sure enough it was the ceilidh for us all, that night. And that was the ceilidh you might call a ceilidh! There would be a crew from Eigg and a crew from Uist, and whiles a crew from Soay, all kindly folk of our own isles; and after we had told them the news of the world, how the war was going on, and the price of lobsters in Oban, and when the salt-boat was expected in Tobermory, then the songs and the tales would begin, and it would be song for the song and tale for the tale till midnight, or maybe later if there was oil enough in the cruisie. But am not I the forgetful one! Midnight, did I say? I am telling you, boys, that if the tale-man from Eigg or the wee shaggy fiddler from Soay was there, and it was there they loved to be, it was never midnight nor ever rock-crow nor the going out of the cruisie that would send you home, but the end of a tale that had no end or the snapping of fiddle-strings without others to replace them. Eh! boys, the ceilidh, the ceilidh, and the cruisie, and the Bonnie fire of peats, and the tales of Eigg, and the crown of Uist, and the music of Soay, and the soft singing Gaelic of Canna Isle—eh! boys, the ceilidh, the ceilidh, the old beautiful ceilidhs of the young days that were! And next day, if we didn't leave Canna early, and it was never early we left, we would see, sometime before midnight maybe, the white swell on Barra shore, and for certain a light in one little cottage; and my father would be thinking too he could see my mother (though, of course, he couldn't) standing in the door and waving her best apron at us. And when we got home we would find supper put down for us in the ben-room (but we knew fine we were no' to be expecting the same next morning); and we would find too that the barns had fallen asleep with their wree handies lying wide open on the bedcover, ready at any moment to grip the goodies and the trumps—and eh! boys, they did look bonne, bonne in their sleep. And just as I would be noddelling into the same sleep myself, I would be hearing my father and my mother crooning side by side the old Night Blessing of the Isles:

A dhon Dàinn ìò dhòn thar a òcunn.
Dhòn duinn a'n sean-achainn do ghradh.

King of the Elements, our guide across the sea,
Grant us now soft sleep beneath thy wing of love.

Eh! boys, it was fine, fine while it lasted. But one night a woman in Barra sat at a cold fireside, though it was no' for want of peats, and wept the widow's tears, and sang *Aileen Duinn* & *riu shiubhaltn leid*. Oh! yes, a beautiful song, but sore to sing, and seven times sorer to feel.

* Pronounce hawn.

KENNETH MACLEOD.
AILEAN DONN.

Traditional version collected and literally translated by Kenneth Macleod.

Gura mise tha fo éislean
Moch 's a' mhaduinn is mi 'g eirigh; O hí etc.

Cha’n e bàs a' chruidh 's a' chéitein
Ach a fhìchead’s tha do leine. O hí etc.

Ged bu leam-sa buaile spréidhe
'S ann an diugh bu bheag mo spéis dith.

Ailein duinn a laoigh mo chéille,
An deach thu air tir an Eirinn!

Cha b’e sid mo rogha eín-thir
Ach an t-àit’ an ruigeadh m’ éigh thu.

Ailein duinn mo ghis 's mo ghaint,
'S truagh, a Bigh, nach mi bha làmh riut.

Ge b’e eilb no òb an tràigh thu,
Ge b’e tiurr am fág an lán thu.

Dh’òlainn deoch ge b’oil le càch e,*
Cha b’ann a dh’fhion dearg na Spàinne.

Fuil do chuim, a ghraideadh, a b’fhèarr leam,
An fhuil tha nuas o lag do bhràghadh.

O gu’n drùchdadh Dia air t’ anam
Na fhuaire mi de d’ bhrìolodh tairis.

Na fhuaire mi de d’ chòmhradh falaich,
Na fhuaire mi de d’ fhughan meala.

M’achan-sa, a Rìgh na Cathrach,
Gunn mi dhol an ùir no ‘n anart,

An talamh-toll no ‘n àite-falaich
Ach’s an roc an deachaidh Ailean.

I am the one under sorrow
In the early morn and I arising—

'Tis not the death of the kine in May-month
But the wetness of thy winding-sheet.

Though mine were a fold of cattle,
Sure, little my care for them to-day.

*Ailein Duinn, calf of my heart,
Art thou adrift on Erin’s shore?

That not my choice of a stranger-land,
But a place where my cry would reach thee.

*Ailein Duinn, my spell and my laughter,
Would, O King, that I were near thee,

On whatso bank or creek thou art stranded,
On whatso beach the tide has left thee.

I would drink a drink, gainsay it who might,
But not of the glowing wine of Spain—

"The blood of thy body, O love, I would rather,
The blood that comes from thy throat—hollow.

O may God bedew thy soul
With what I got of thy sweet caresses,

With what I got of thy secret-speech,
With what I got of thy honey-kisses.

My prayer to thee, O King of the Throne,
That I go not in earth nor in linen,

That I go not in hole-ground nor hidden-place
But in the tangle where lies my Allan.

Alexander Carmichael in his "Gairmice Gedelice" Vol II p 282 alludes to this song, saying ʻAnne Campbell, daughter of Donald Campbell, the entertainer of Prince Charlie at Scalpay, Harris, was exceptionally handsome. She was about to be married to Captain Allan Morrison, Crobrach, Lewis. He was drowned on the way to his marriage. Anne Campbell composed a beautiful lament for her love;" 

* The old Celts drank a friend’s blood as a mark of affection. In the early years of the 19th Century, Beathag Mhain, "Big Bethia" (Macdonald) a youth of Trotternish, Skye, drank ‘a mild intoxicating drink of the blood’ of Martin, the tacksman of Dunlarm, and gave her thanks to Providence that she would have that much of her lover at any rate! Alexander Carmichael has pointed out that both Shakespeare and Spenser refer to this custom.
HARRIS LOVE LAMENT.
(AILEAN DONN)

Melody noted from the traditional singing of Frances Tolmie.

Andante con moto. \( \text{\textit{d}} = 88 \).

Translation and Pianoforte Accompaniment by MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Like the sea.

Very sustained.

Gur-a mis-e tha fo čis-lean Moch, 'sa mha-duinn
Cha'ne bás a' chruidh 'sa' chéit-ein Ach a fhlich-ead
Al-lan duinn, thy wind-ing sheet o' sea - white foam is

is mi-g' eir-igh O hi "shiubh-lainn leat! Hi ri bho
'sha do lein-e (Engl.) Oh hear "hew"' lin-let Heer-eev-o
loose-ly wuv-en (Ital.) O hi hiu-lin-lét Hi - ri vo

ho ru bhi hi ri-bho Hò rionn o - ho Ail-ein duinn
ho - roo-vee heer-eve-o Ho reen yo-ho Al-lan too-ee'en
ho - ru-vi hi - ri-vo Ho rign o - ho Al-an tula

"shiubh-lainn leat = I would wander with thee.

Pronounced like English "Hew," "linn" and "let."

Ailean duinn = O brown-haired Allan. \( \text{\textit{duinn}} \) pronounced like English "down."

Copyright 1909 by M. Kennedy-Fraser.
Harris Love Lament. The bracketed verses from Kenneth MacLeod's version to be omitted in performance.
Ail-ein duinn O hi shiübhlainn leat.
Al-lan too-en O hee hew lin-let.
Al-an tuin O hi hiu lin-let.

Ma'sè 'n t-iàsng do choillnleann gèal-a
Fish-es are thy candles white and seals the watchers.

*Na-fhùair mi ded' chòmhradh fall-ach
(What I got of secret speech with what I got of

do luchd-fair-e O hi shiübhlainn leat
by thy bed. O hee hew lin-let Heer-eev-o

phòg-an meal-a O hi hiu lin-let Hi-ri-vo
honey kisses

Ho ru bhi Hi-ri-bho Ho rionn o-ho Ail-ein duinn
Ho-roo-vee Heer-eev-o Ho reen-yo-ho Al-lan too-en
Ho-ru-vi Hi-ri-vo Ho riga-o-ho Al-an tuin

Harris Love Lament. *May be omitted.
O hi shiúbh-lainn leat.
O kee hew-lin-let.
O hi hiú-lin-let.

Mách-an-aich gu Rígh-na-Cath-rach
Thron-ed King! May my grave be

by Al-lan in the pur-ple sea.

maestoso

Ach 'san áit' an deach thu Ail-ein
Hi ri ri ri u bhi Hi o thug

O kee hew-lin-let
Hee ree ree ree oo vee
Hee o hock

L.H.

R.H.

Harris Love Lament.
AN ISLAND JACOBITE SONG.

The Silver Whistle.
(An Fhideag Airgid.)

Words orally collected by
MRS E. C. WATSON.

Air noted in Eriskay from the singing of Peggie Macinnes and arranged for piano and voice by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Breezily with strongly marked rhythm.

PIANO.

The last few lines of Mrs Watson's version (Celtic Review Vol. 1.) have been omitted, and other lines from a Skye version substituted.
Mac mo Righ air tigh-inn a dh'Alb-a. Hi ri luth-il o
Le stáir oir is dà chraann air-gid. Reu-r reù lyeur-seil-oh.
Nail-le bò mo chion's mo sheall-adh.
Fail-te fail-te mairn is eilidhuit.
Phob 'san nuall-an air an ur-lar.
Co a sheinneas an fhid-eog air-gid.
Our king's son has come to Al-byn.
And her sails of silk of Gal-vain.
Who will sound the sil-ver whis-tle.

Air bhuigh mhòr thar na fear-ge. Ho ro Hù o luth-il o
'Scup-all oir' de shiod na Gail-bhein.
Tear-lach og nan gorm-bhùileasach.
Fhid-leir-achd is rogh-a ciúil dhuit.
Claidhean is-rach air an rùs-gadh.
Mae mo Righ air tir an Alb-a,
On a great ship over the o-cean.
Gold-en pulleys to run her cables in.
My king's son's a shore in Al-byn.

An Island Jacobite song.
LOCHBROOM LOVE SONG.
(MAIRI LAGHACH)

Gaelic Words by J. MACDONALD.
Old Celtic Air.

Free translation and Pianoforte arrangement by MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With simplicity and sweetness.

With well marked rhythm.

*Mairi - somewhat like the English word, lurk.*

**A vowel somewhat like that in the word 'lurk.'**

† The "T" in "Tu" softer than the English "T," somewhat like "D.'

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Lochbroom Love Song.

Anns = pronounced like the English term of weight "ounce."
All the earth is singing a little slower

Nature's song of morn, 

Lav'rocks o'er the *mach-air*

Mavis by the thorn: And our two hearts sing with

Throbbing beat the *torun*, Life and joy and pleasure, Love and May new born.

"Macbairn" Gaelic word meaning Sandy shore.
† Oran = Gaelic word meaning Song, pronounced Orn.
Lochbroom Love Song.
THE BENS OF JURA.
An t-Iarla Diùrach.

As collected and literally translated by Kenneth Macleod.

1. Ma's ann 'gam mhealladh, a ghaoil, a bha thu,
   Ma's ann 'gam mhealladh as deigh do gheallaidh,
   'Se luaidh do mholaith ni mi gu bràth.
   Ma's ann 'gam mhealladh, a ghaoil, a bha thu.

2. Righ! gur mise tha gu tursach,
   Gaol an iarla 'ga mo chiurradh,
   Tha na deoir a'sior-ruith o m' shùilean
   'S mo chridhe bruìte le guin do ghraidh.

3. Bha mi rásor leat' na mo bhruadar
   Thall an Dùrach nam beann fuara,
   Bha do phògan mar bhiolair uaine —
   Ach dhìfhalbh am bruadar dìth'an an cràdh.

4. Siubhlaidh gealach anns an iarmailt,
   Anns a'mhedainn eiridh grian oirn,
   'S coma leam-sa sear no siar iad
   Is gaol an iarla 'na thuainear-bhàis.

5. Thig, a ghaoil, agus dùin mo shùilean
   'Sà' chiste-chaoil far nach dean mi dùsgadh,
   Cuir a sios mi an duslach Diùrach,
   Oir's ann 'san ùr a ni mise tàmh.

1. If deceiving me, o love, thou wert;
   If deceiving me despite thy vow;
   Yet chant thy praise I ever will,
   Tho' deceiving me, o love, thou wert.

2. O King! I am the sorrowful one,
   And the love of the Earl a-hurting me;
   The tears are ever running from mine eyes,
   And my heart is bruised with the sting of thy love.

3. Last night I was with thee in my dream,
   Across in Jura of the cold bens;
   Thy kisses were like the green water-cresses
   —Fled the dream — remained the pain.

4. In the heavens will glide the moon,
   And in the morning the sun will arise over us;
   What care I whether East or West they go,
   And the love of the Earl like the torpor of death.

5. Come, o love, and close my eyes
   In the narrow kist where I shall never awake;
   Lay me down under earth from Jura—
   In the grave alone is there rest for me.

Composed, it is said, by one of the young lady-lords of Lochbuie (Maclaine), who had fallen in love with Campbell of Jura.
In the songs the title earl or lord is given freely to chiefs and to chieftains.
THE BENS OF JURA.
An t-Iarla Diurach.

Traditional words from Kenneth Macleod. Old air from Mull, first noted by Henry Whyte. Translation and pianoforte accompaniment by MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Or With a passionate rocking rhythm. 104 =

Ma's ann 'gám mhéall-adh, a ghaoil, a bha thu Ma's ann 'gám mhéall-adh as deigh do Like wa··ter··cress ga··thered·fresh·from cool··stre··ams Thy kisses, dear love, by the Bens of

geall·aidh'Se luaidh do mhol·aidh ni mi gu brath Ma's ann 'gám mhéall·adh a ghaoil, a

ju··ra. Cold, cold the Bens; cold thy love as they. Like we·ter·cress ga··thered·fresh·from

col·canto.

bha thu.

Bha mi raoir leat 'na mo

cool·stre·ams.

Gold the morn at, dawn up·

long pause.

The phrasing indicated applies to the English words only. Sing with characteristic Celtic leaning on the assonance on "a" in "cress", "fresh", "i" in "streams", "dear" and contrast strongly the two vowels "a" and "i" in "cool streams".

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FLORA MACDONALD.

No one will be surprised to find Flora Macdonald among the singers of the isles. Her whole life was a song which lives and will live in the heart and on the lips of the folk. In making a love-lit to her sweetheart (Allan Macdonald of Kingsburgh) she was but following the beautiful custom of her country. Now and again, when some of the old western homes are broken up, one sees in a box of odds and ends a framed piece of sampler-work, with various family names embroidered upon it. In Flora Macdonald’s days, and for many years after, the Hebridean maiden spent her evenings making her one song and stitching her sampler, for these, rather than trinkets of gold and silver, were to be her offering to her lover. The sampler became in due time the family record, telling of life and death, joy and sorrow; but the song wandered forth of the home and was sung by the folk as a lot of sampler-work done by a girl in love.

Flora Macdonald stands high in history, but she stands still higher in the lore of the Hebrides. The folk have not, indeed, composed many songs in her praise, but they have done better; what is done here is only the more of the finest ballads of an older world, and made her their heroine. It would be difficult, for instance, to mention a more passionate poem than “Seathan, Son of the King of Erin,” 1 the lament of a maid of ancient times for her slain lover, and the tale of the song, sung there in the isles who find in it the life of Flora Macdonald, and her loyalty to her king. The folk seldom err in their reading of character, and in the case of Prince Charlie and Flora Macdonald, they have probably judged aright both the man and the woman. The man has impressed them, not so much by his strength as by his misfortunes and the charm of his person and cause. The woman, on the other hand, has always been regarded as the latter-day embodiment of an older and stronger heroism. The former feeling created, of necessity, a new literature, tender, glowing, spirited; the latter found itself already voiced in the ballads of the ancient past.

Numerous anecdotes 2 of Flora Macdonald and the Prince, some of them pathetic, some playful, are still floating through the isles, and may be picked up easily by the sympathetic hand. In Kilmuir, Skye, some of the women were greatly distressed that a gentlewoman like Flora Macdonald should be so extremely deferential to “a long-legged husky of a servant, and she not of our own country at all.” 3 “Tell them,” said Flora Macdonald, “that Betty Burke is Irish, and, sure, might she not put the knife into me, if I weren’t civil to her!” The explanation quite satisfied Protestant Skye, which then, as now, had grave doubts about Catholic Erin. It was on a somewhat similar occasion that Flora Macdonald remarked, partly in jest and very much in earnest: “Here is one would give her share of the world, and herself along with it, to get that same Irish girl out of the country.” It is worth recording that in Skye Betty Burke had the reputation of being a beautiful Gaelic speaker; “But it is not the same as our Gaelic,” said the folk; “we can understand every word she says, but we cannot understand what the words mean.” Evidently Prince Charlie’s dialect was a judicious mixture of Gaelic and French, which probably made better sound than sense. When in the course of time it leaked out who Betty Burke really was, the folk had difficulty in finding even Gaelic words strong enough to express their feelings. “But it is not a wonderful thing at all,” said an old man at the ceilidh; “Does not the lark say in her song, ‘Gar minig, minig, minig a’ chiomfrich’—that often, often, often goes the Christ in the stranger’s guise?” Loyalty could hardly go further. And according to all accounts, the few, and they were not really few, who had been in the secret, went all their days the more softly and the more stately because of what had been, and, in the telling, ever added to the glamour of the tale. “Lady of Kingsburgh,” said a cleric who was equally devoted to the Hanoverian dynasty and to Pauline theology; “It is a surely telling of the Apostle Paul, not of a sinful man of our own generation.” “Thou man without sense,” was the quick retort, “Paul is not the name of my king.” And as the tradition grew and mellowed, the halo round Flora Macdonald’s head glowed with a deeper, softer light, like the autumn moon shining through mist. “Flora, Flora,” said Malcolm Macleod of Raasay, 4 who had himself assisted in the prince’s escape, “no wonder thy’ thine eye be pure and thy hand white—the eye has seen and the hand has guided my king.” And the old folk whisper that Flora Macdonald’s own last words were: Criost is Aileam is Tearlach Og.

Kenneth MacLeod.

1 This beautiful ballad will appear, we understand, in the new volumes of Carmina Gadelica. Seathan (Shayan)—John.
2 For the anecdotes given here, the writer is entirely indebted to Marion Macleod, who had them from her aunt, Janet Macleod, so often mentioned in this book.
3 Flora of Arrivey—John. She was of the family of Aird-Mhuilean (Anglicised into Milton). South Uist.
4 The words occur in a rune, well known in Eige and Skye as the “Rune of Hospitality.”
5 Macleod, Flora Macdonald, when asked why got a Shawl to shiel glaim ’t a shiel guail, channell or i sail, it shiel an cilm, no’ Righ. Malcolm Macleod was hard and courteous as well as fighter. See Havelock’s Journal of a Tour in the Hebrides, 1, 254, 255.
FLORA MACDONALD’S LOVE SONG.

Composed by FLORA MACDONALD.
Sung traditionally by Kenneth MacLeod.

With a tenderly passionate swinging rhythm.

Air noted and arranged by MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

PIANO:

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\[ \text{SAFETY WARNING: Do not sell, exchange, transfer, or dispose of the music without the consent of the owner.} \]
Flora MacDonald's Love Song.
All-ein All-ein mo ghaol All-ein Marc-raich nan each seang-a sann-dach.
All-ein dhuinn an lead-ain sholl-eir Shiuibhlainn coil-le's doir-e dhuth leat.
All-ein dhuinn a' bhroll-ich bhoidh-ich 'S mil-se lean do phog na siuc-arr.

In deep groves and leafy woodlands Ruin would I with thee be wandering.
All-lan of the curling ringlets, Sweet to me thy honey kisses.

All-ein dhuinn nach till thu'n taobh sa. Ho Ho fa
(All-lan would that thou wert near me.)

li lin o All-ein dhuinn nach till thu'n taobh sa.
All-lan would that thou wert near me.

Flora Macdonald's Love Song.
THE DEATH FAREWELL.
(O cha tu cha tu thilleas.)

Air noted from the singing of Joan Stuart, Lewis.
Old Gaelic words adapted by Kenneth MacLeod.

With a dirge like rhythm.

Arranged for voice and Pianoforte by
MARJORY KENNEDY FRASER.

*The German 'ch' is the English terminal 'ch': 'tu' like English 'to' or 'too'!
Oh the Fates that blind me, O the fires of death that try me.

Light and dark come like a nightmare, Lies my life dream in the grave.

O return, return I dare not move a far, I care not.

O return or rest I may not, Lies my haven in the grave.

The death Farewell.
THE MERMAID'S CROON.
Cronan na Maighdinn-Mhara.

Air as phonographed from the singing of Penny O'Henley
S. Uist, and Traditional words from Eigg.

Dreamily, with gently swinging rhythm.

Arranged for voice and pianoforte by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

* The Mermaid was married to a 'mortal'!
The Mermaid's croon.

"Reiver-stolen"
The Swan is "the daughter of the twelve moons" (Nigheanan du bhun duig); the Seals are "the children of the King of Lochlann under spells" (Duain Uilh Leaghlainn, fi gheann) and the Mallard is under the Virgin's protection; hence all three are "sacred," and not even the rebels would meddle with the "tenderling" left under such protection.

The Mermaid's croon.
A HEBRIDEAN SEAFARING SONG.
The Black Loorgin.
AN LURGAINN DUBH.

Old Hebridean Air and Words as sung by the Gaelic bardess Mary Mackellar.

English Words and Pianoforte arrangement by MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

M. 88. With a somewhat tempestuous swing.

PIANO.

Leis an Lurg-ainn o hi
On the Loor-gin, yo hee,

Leis an Lurg-ainn o ho
Leis an Lurg-ainndubh in
On the Loor-gin, yo ho,
On the Loor-gin doo, yo

"gin pronounced with hard "g" as in the English word be-gin, and yet somewhat like "k" in "kin".
A Hebridean Seafaring Song.
A Hebridean Seafaring Song.

*From the translation by Malcolm Macfarlane.*
Eir sail on' hee,
L.H.

Muir ag eir, on o ho
Cha bu

leir dhunn o hi
Ni fo'n ghréin
ach na
sea gull go we
E'en thro' raia storm and

neol.
squall.

A Hebridean Seafaring Song.
Leis an Lurgainn o hli Leis an 
On the Loor-gin, yo hree, On the 

Lurg-ainn o ho Leis an Lurgainn dubh o hli B'eig - inn
Loor-gin, yo ho, On the Loor-gin doo, yo hree, We must

fulb le cuid seol. sail by night - fall.

A Hebridean Seafaring Song.
CHRISTMAS DUANAG.
DUAN NOLLAIG.

Method of Chanting Christmas Carols etc.
From the Chanting of Duncan Macinnes, Eriskay.

VOICE.

Hei - re Bannag  Hoi - re Bannag  Hei - re Bannag  air a' bheo
Hey the Bannock  Ho the Bannock  Hey the Bannock  'air a viò
Mac na niul-a  Mac na neul-a  Mac na run-na  Mac na reula
Son of Dawn  Son of Clouds  Son of Plan-ets  Son of Stars
Hei - re Bannag  Hoi - re Bannag  Hei - re Bannag  air a' bheo
Hey - re Bannak  Ho - re Bannak  Hey - re Bannak  air a viò

PIANO.

'Ginn - se duinn gu'n drug - adh  Criosed  Righ nan Righ, a tir na slaint.
Tell - ing us that  Christ was born  King of Kings and  Lord of Lords.
Mae na dile  Mac na deire  Mac na spire  Mac na speura.
Son of Rivers  Son of Dew  Son of Wil - kin  Son of Sky.
Hei - re Ban - naig  Hoi - re Bannag  Hei - re Bannag  air a' bheo.
Hey - re Bannock  Ho - re Bannock  Hey - re Bannock  air a viò.

On the living. The words are from the first volume of 'Carmina Gadelica.'
HEBRIDEAN WAULKING SONG.

Ho! mo leannan.

Air and Chorus from the singing of
Penelope Macdonald Eriskay.
Words from Island of Eigg.

Noted and arranged by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

HO! MO LEANNAN

Hey mo leannan, my new wooer.
Ho! mo leannan!

S=\text{sweetheart}
Walking songs of various types are used in the course of shrinking one and the same web of cloth. Beginning with a moderately slow tempo, they become ever more fast and furious. When the shrinking process is complete, the web is rolled up and clapped to a lively song. The specimen here given was phonographed from the singing of Mary Johnstone, The Glen, Barra.

A Lively clapping song.

Hebridean Waulking Song.
ALISTER, SON OF COLL THE SPLENDID.

The above fragment evidently refers to the Battle of Inverlochy, fought in 1645 between the Covenanters (led, in the absence of Argyll, by Campbell of Auchinbreck) and the Royalists under the Marquess of Montrose. The hero of the song is the "Colkitto" of English writers, Alaschuir Macdonald (son of Colla Ciotach. "Coll the left-handed"), Montrose's chief lieutenant in his short but splendid campaign on behalf of King Charles I.

As might be expected, heroic verse bulks largely in Gaelic poetry, and the fame of a clan depended, and still depends perhaps, as much on huck with the song as on luck with the sword. What the bards sang long ago, the folk now believe, and the unpopularity of more than one clan may be traced to the hostility of song. A really good bard made a most dangerous enemy; he generally took a one-sided view of things, the view of his own clan or district, but the song survived and ultimately came to form the ideas of a much wider area than the one to which it had originally appealed. But if the bard was strong in abuse, he was even stronger in praise—fortunately for several of the western clans and families! In a moment of inspiration, some old Macdonald bard sang of the Lord of the Isles as *Buachaille nam Eilean* "the Shepherd of the Isles," and for centuries after the downfall of the Island Kingdom, the thought could touch the hearts of men whose heads were proof against an Argyll's subtlest diplomacy. The Macdonalds of Clanranald and the Macleods of Dunvegan were doubtless "bonnie fighters," but it is no reproach to them to say that they owe a good deal of their traditional glory to song and music.

This is the Clanranald of the bards:

M'cudail m' cudail Mac 'ic Ailein, My treasure, my treasure, Clanranald, 
Cabrach a meag shiadh nam beainn thu, Stag among the deer of the bens, 
Bradan a meag bhreac nan allt thu, Salmon among the trout of the streams, 
Allseagan a meag nan eal, Loveliest among the swans, 
An long a hridh thu an gu eala. Lofiest ship that makes the harbour.

And this is Macleod:

Mac-Leoid a Dunbeagain Macleod from Dunvegan 
Nam phuiben 's nam leadan, Of the pipes and the chanters, 
"S m' gu'n dosaith do thrasgaid With the finger-end trill, 
Le fead chuirn a' mhreict. A far-over my love is 
Sinbhaladh aig mo ghradh-sa With his lads and his long-boat, 
Le ghillean 's le bhaite, The tempest thy full-song, 
An doinesa do thaladh. Thy music the waves.

Unfortunately, the old clan-songs are fast dying out, even in the Hebrides, and the fragments which remain are in many cases so mutilated as to be of little value either as tradition or as poetry, though they are always worth rescuing for the sake of the airs to which they are sung.

Kenneth Macleod,
ALISTER, SON OF COLL THE SPLENDID.
(Alasdair Mac Colla.)

As phonographed from the singing of Annie Macneill, Barra.
An Old Barra Waulking Song.

With heroic fervour.

Arranged by MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

PIANO.
THE CELTIC GLOOM.

HEBRIDIAN folk-song, with its sadness and its longing, will probably be brought forward as another proof of what is called the Celtic Gloom. It would be a mistake, however, to think that the word gloom covers the whole or anything like the whole of western life and character. The Celt is a creature of extremes; his sadness is despair, his joy is rapture; and owing to quite explainable causes, the extreme of sadness makes the greater impression both on himself and on the outside world. "The sigh goes further than the shout," as the Gaelic proverb puts it; a whole day's rapture is soon forgotten, but a sigh in the night lingers long in the ear and heart. A stranger once attended a déanadh-bhuam, a harvest festival, in one of the isles; the music of pipe and fiddle, the mouth-tunes, the dancing, the merriment, were all equally glorious and uproarious; in the midst of it all, a woman chanted a crom of longing and paths; ever after, the Hebrides meant to the stranger a tired woman and a yearning in the night. Just as in a man's own life one week of real pain makes a greater impression than a whole year of gladness, so in judging others, whether individually or as a race, he is less affected by the frequent laughter than by the occasional sigh. In the Hebrides one's judgment is further affected by the weirdness of the physical features—the sea and the land ever meeting in strange ways and forms and with strange sounds—and in some cases at any rate, the gloom is in the observer himself, whether Celt or non-Celt, rather than in the people observed. Some years ago two Gaels sat in the chapel-house of Eriskay and for hours recited to each other the songs and stories, the one those of South Uist, the other those of Eigg and Skye. In both cases the audience, though small, was appreciative and laughed as heartily as the soft light of a peat fire in twilight would allow; then, all of a sudden, the humour and the laughter ceased. The Western Sea breaking on the shores of Uist had taken advantage of a momentary lull in the conversation to make itself heard, and almost unconsciously the talk became a paraphrase of the Morvern bard's wistful lines:

'S mi air m'ailinn air an t'ealaibh
'S mi ri iargain na bheul nam,
'S tric mo shìall a' streachd sir
Far an laigh a' ghlasain a' chuan.

On the hillside I recline,
Ever yearning for the lost,
Ever looking to the west,
Where the sun sets in the sea.

Later on the two men, still full of the Celtic Gloom, strolled through the mystic treeless island, and in the faint moonlight everything they saw and heard became steeped in sadness. And though boisterous reels were being danced in one cottage, and light airy talland, boat-songs, were being sung in another, yet the very joy-sounds seemed to die away in a yearning and a sigh. So ever meet the two extremes in the Celtic character, and the rapture needs little excuse to rush into dance and frolic or, in its more restrained mood, into humour and laughter, but the sound of a distant wave may at any moment turn it into the depths of sadness. And this reminds one of another element in the case which ought not to be forgotten. The Celtic rapture finds its natural outlet in shout and dance and physical exertion, things which do not last; the Celtic Gloom, on the other hand, relieves itself in song and music, things which last and can be handed down from generation to generation. And there is the further difference that such songs of rapture as do exist are sung mostly by men in the prime of life, and are oftenest heard in the village tap-room or on the way home from market, while the songs of gloom are crooned by the old men and by the women, old and young, at the fireside, with the children sitting at their feet. This partly explains the remarkable fact that, while the sweetest songs of gloom are on the lips of the folk, the best specimens of the songs of rapture are to be found in the published works of the known bards.

... The Western Sea, as every islesman knows, can, even on a quiet evening, laugh like a youth whose love-tale is running smoothly, and moan like an aged man bewailing the sins of the past; both the laugh and the moan, however, are the children of the atmosphere rather than of the sea itself.

KENNETH MACLEOD.