

AN ERISKAY LOVE LILT.

*Vair me óro van o,
 Vair me óro van ee,
 Vair me óru o ho,
 Sad am I without thee.

When I'm lonely, dear white heart,
 Black the night or wild the sea,
 By love's light my foot finds
 The old pathway to thee.

Vair me óro van o,
 Vair me óro van ee,
 Vair me óru o ho,
 Sad am I without thee.

Thou'rt the music of my heart,
 Harp of joy, oh *cruit mo chridh,
 Moon of guidance by night,
 Strength and light thou'rt to me.

Vair me óro van o,
 Vair me óro van ee,
 Vair me óru o ho,
 Sad am I without thee.

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

*Vowel sounded as in English word "fair"

*"Harp of my heart," pronounced "crootch mochree,"

GRADH GEAL MO CHRIDH.

Bheir mi òro bhan o,
 Bheir mi òro bhan i,
 Bheir mi òru o ho,
 'S mi tha bronach's tu'm dhith.

'S iomadh oidhche fliuch is fuar,
 Ghabh mi cuairt is mi leam fhin,
 Gus an d'rainig mi'n t-ait,
 Far'n robh gradh geal mo chridh.

Bheir mi òro bhan o, etc.

'Na mo chlàrsaich cha robh ceòl,
 'Na mo mheoirean cha robh àgh,
 Rinn do phògsa mo leon,
 Fhuair mi Eolas an dàin.

Bheir mi òro bhan o, etc.

Fada siar air aghaidh cuain,
 'Se mo dhuansa Cruit-mo-chridh,
 Guth mo luaidh anns gach stuaidh,
 'Ga mo nuallan gu tir.

Bheir mi òro bhan o, etc.

Gur tu m'òige is mo rùn,
 Mo ré-iùil thu anns an oidhch,
 Tha mo dhrùidheach ad shùil,
 Tha mo chiurradh ad loinn.

Bheir mi òro bhan o, etc.

AN ERISKAY LOVE LILT.

Gradh Geal mo chridh.

Sung by Mary Macinnes, Eriskay.
Last three verses by KENNETH MACLEOD.

English adaptation and pianoforte accompaniment by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With tender passion.

VOICE.

Bheir mi
*Vair me

PIANO.
♩ = 92.
Cres.

ò - ro bhan o Bheir mi ò - ro bhan i Bheir mi ò - ru o ho 'S mi tha
o - ro van o Vair me o - ro van ee Vair me o - ru o ho Sad am

* Cres. *

bron - ach's tu'm dhith. 'S iom-adh
I with-out thee. When I'm
Fad - a

Cres.

oidh - che fliuch is fuar Ghabh mi cuairt is mi leam fhin, Gus an
lone - ly dear white heart Black the night or wild the sea, By love's
 siar air agh-aidh cuain 'Se mo dhuan - sa Cruit - mo-chridh, Guth mo

d'rain - ig mi'n t-àit Fàin robh gradh geal mo chridh. Bheir mi
light my foot finds The old path - way to thee. Vair me
 luaidh anns gach stuaidh 'Ga mo nuall - an gu tir.

o ro bhan o Bheir mi o ro bhan i Bheir mi o ru o
o ro van o Vair me o ro van ee Vair me o ru o

ho 'S mi tha bròn - ach's tu'm dhith.
ho Sad am I with-out thee.

'Na mo ehlàr-saich cha robh ceòl 'Na mo mheoir-ean cha robh àgh, Rinn do
Thou'rt the music of my heart, Harp of joy, oh 'cruit mo chridh, Moon of
 Gur tu m'òig-e is mo rùn, Mo re-iùil thu anns an oidhch, Tha mo

phòg-sa mo leon, Fhuair mi Eol-as an dàin. Bheir mi o ro bhan
guid-ance by night, Strength and light thou'rt to me. Vair me o ro van
 dhrùidh-eachd ad shùil, Tha mo chiurr-adh ad loinn.

o Bheir mi o ro bhan i Bheir mi o ru o ho 'S mi tha
o Vair me o ro van ee Vair me o ru o ho Sad am

bron-ach's tu'm dhith.
I with-out thee.

A BARRA LOVE LILT.

One fine morning
 Ho-ro-ho-i-o
 Rose I early,
 Ho-ro-ho-i-o
 The hill shoulder
 Ho-ro-ho-i-o
 Climbed I early
 Ho-ro-ho-i-o.

To the skyline,
 Ho-ro-i-o
 Gazed I seaward,
 Ho-ro-i-o
 There a great ship
 Ho-ro-i-o
 Braving high seas,
 Ho-ro-i-o.

On her deck were
 Ho-ro-ho-i-o
 Thousand fair men,
 Ho-ro-ho-i-o
 Fairest of them
 Ho-ro-ho-i-o
 My own dear one,
 Ho-ro-ho-i-o.

In what haven
 Ho-ro-i-o
 She to-night rest,
 Ho-ro-i-o
 There be singing,
 Ho-ro-i-o
 Music's laughter
 Ho-ro-i-o.

Dh' eirich mi moch
 Ho-ro-ho-i-o
 Maduin aluinn
 Ho-ro-ho-i-o
 Dhirich misuas
 Ho-ro-ho-i-o
 Gual' a bhraighe
 Ho-ro-ho-i-o

Dh' amhairc mi bh' uam
 Ho-ro-i-o
 Fad' air fàire
 Ho-ro-i-o
 Chunnaic mi long
 Ho-ro-i-o
 Mhor' sa bhairlinn
 Ho-ro-i-o

Mile fear fionn
 Ho-ro-ho-i-o
 Air a clàr aidh
 Ho-ro-ho-i-o
 Is mo leannan fhein
 Ho-ro-ho-i-o
 Fear a b' fhearr dhuib
 Ho-ro-ho-i-o

Ge b' e cala
 Ho-ro-i-o
 Nochd an tamh sibh
 Ho-ro-i-o
 Gu' m bi fèile
 Ho-ro-i-o
 Ceòl is manran
 Ho-ro-i-o

M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

A BARRA LOVE LILT.

Two airs alternate, one noted by
FRANCES TOLMIE,
the other (as also the Gaelic words) by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER, in Barra.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

With a fluently incisive rhythm. ♩=120.

Voice.

Piano.

mf joyously.

p dolce.

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.*

① ② ③

One fine morn-ing Ho - ro - ho - i - o
Dh'ei-rich mi moch

With a good singing tone.

* *Ad.* * *Ad.* *Ad.*

- ① Francis Tolmie's air. ② The minim here is in the nature of a syncopation, do not delay its entry, and always feel the third beat in the bar.
③ Pronounce the refrain *Hó-ró-hó-en-ó* very smoothly.

Rose I ear - ly, Ho - ro - ho - i o
 Ma - duinn al - uinn

simile.

The hill shoul - der Ho - ro - ho - i - o
 Dhi - rich mi suas

Climbed I ear - ly, Ho - ro - ho - i - o
 Gual' a bhrai - ghe

Slower (♩ = 100)

To the sky line, Ho - ro - i - o
 Dh'amh - airc mi bh'uam

deciso.

⊕ Barra Air.

A Barra Love Lilt.

Gazed I sea - ward. Ho - ro - i - o There a
 Fad' air fài - re Chùn - naic

great ship, Ho - ro - i - o Brav - ing high seas,
 mi long, Mhor 'sa bhair - linn

Ho - ro - i - o On her deck were Ho - ro - ho -
 Mi - le fear fionn

Faster again. * *Red.* * *Red.*

p dolce.

* *Red.* *simile.*

- i - o Thousand fair..... men. Ho - ro - ho - i - o
 Air a clàr..... aidh

On her
Mi - le

ben cantando.

deck were
fear fionn

Ho - ro - ho - i - o

Thousand fair men,
Air a clàr-aidh

Ho - ro - ho - i - o

Fair - est of them
Is mo lean-nan fhein

Ho - ro - ho -

- i - o

My own dear..... one,
Fear a b' shearr dhiubh

Ho - ro - ho - i - o

Slower.

In what ha - ven Ho - ro - i - o
Ge b'e ca - la

She to - night rest, Ho - ro - i - o
Nochd an tamh sibh

There be sing - ing, Ho - ro - i - o
Gu'm bi fei - le

Mu - sic's laugh - ter. Ho - ro - i - o
Ceòl is màn - ran

Faster again.

One fine morn - ing
Dh'ei - rich mi moch Ho - ro - ho - i - o

p dolce.

Climbed I ear - ly.
Ma - duinn al - uinn Ho - ro - ho - i - o

mf joyously.

più p

THE ISLAND HERDMAID.

Grows the *yarrow in yonder grove,
Bides the yarrow when waters rove,
Dew o' the dawn and dew o' gloamin'
Keep thee fair till wakens love.

Herds a maiden in yonder grove,
Laughter of streams in her eyes of love,
Sweet her call when flocks awander,
Calls my heart, sweet herd maiden she.

Hide her beauty nor tell her name,
Two red cheeks like the rasps in flame,
Guileless she as Mary mother,
Calls my heart, sweet herd maiden she.

Grows the yarrow in yonder grove,
Bides the yarrow when waters rove,
Dew o' the dawn and dew o' gloamin'
Keep thee fair till wakens love.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

*The Yarrow is the Plant one pulls on May Day to
see how the love course is running.

"'SA CHOILL UD THALL"

FAIL ill ohoro Faill ill o
Hu ill ohoro Hu il o
Fal ill ill eil is hu o roho
O! 'si rùn mo cheill a bh'ann.

La dhomh bhi 's a choill ud thall
Chunnacas gruagach nan rosg mall,
Slatag 'na laimh 'si cuallach mheann,
O! 'si rùn mo cheill a bh'ann.

Dh'innsinn dreach mo leannain duit,
Da ghruaidh dhearg cho dearg ri subh,
Beul gun lochd nach aithris sgeul
O! 'si rùn mo cheill a bh'ann.

Faill ill ohoro Faill ill o,
Hu il ohoro, Hu il o,
Fall il il eil is Hu o roho
O! 'si rùn mo cheill a bh'ann.

FRANCES TOLMIE.

THE ISLAND HERDMAID.

“Sa choill ud thall”

Gaelic words and Air collected in Eigg
by FRANCES TOLMIE.

English by KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Andante sostenuto. (♩ = 120)

Voice.

Piano.

*Arpeggio on 1st beat of each bar
caressingly slow*

p dolce

col. Ed.

Grows the*yar-row in yon-der grove, Bides the yar-row when
Fail ill o-ho-ro Fail ill o Hu ill o-ho-ro

espress.

wa-ters rove, Dew o' the dawn and dew o' gloam-in'
Hu-il-o Fal ill ill eil is hu o-ro-ho

¹The highest note of chord arrives *on* the beat, the others precede the beat.

*The Yarrow is the plant one pulls on May Day to see how the love course is running.

Keep thee fair..... till wa - kens love.
 O! 'si rùn..... mo cheill a bh'ann.

p

Herds a mai - den in yon - der grove, Laughter of streams in her eyes of love,
 Hide her beau - ty nor tell her name, Two red cheeks like the rasps in flame,
 La dhomh bhi..... 's a choill ud thall Chunnas gru - ag - ach nan ros g mall,
 Dh'inn sinn dreach mo lean - nain duit, Da.....ghruaidh dhearg cho dearg ri subh,

espress.

Sweet her call when flocks a - wan - der, Calls my heart..... sweet herd maiden
 Guile - less she as Ma - ry mo - ther, Calls my heart..... sweet herd maiden
 Sla - tag 'na laimh 'si cuallach mheann, O 'si rùn..... mo cheill a
 Beul gun lochd nach aith - ris sgeul..... O 'si rùn..... mo cheill a

D.S.

she.
she.
bh'ann.
bh'ann.

Grows the yar-row in
Faill ill o-ho-ro

D.S.

yon-der grove,
Faill ill o,

Bides the yar-row when
Hu il o-ho-ro,

wa-ters rove,
Hu il o,

Dew o' the dawn and dew o' gloam-in' Keep thee fair.....
Fal il il eil is Hu o ro ho O 'si run.....

till wa-kens love.....
mo cheill..... a bh'ann.....

pp

PULLING THE SEA-DULSE.

Adó, Adé! Clings dulse to the sea-rock
Clings heart to the loved one
Be 't high tide or low tide,
Adó, Adé!

Pulling the dulse by the sea rocks at low tide
Ne'er pull I thy love, lad, be 't high tide or low,
Adó, Adé!

Shoreward the sea-mew
Comes flying at low tide,
But sea-ward my heart flies
Out sea-ward to thee,

Adó, Adé! Clings dulse to the sea-rock
Clings heart to the loved one
Be 't high tide or low tide,
Adó, Adé!

KENNETH MACLEOD.

PULLING THE SEA-DULSE.

Words by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Devised for Voice and Piano (or Harp) by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER,

from a fragment of melody in
Patrick Macdonald's collection.

Andante con moto. (With a wistful grace.)

Voice. ①

Piano.

- dó, A - dé, Clings dulse to the sea-rock, Clings heart to the loved one, Be't

high tide or low tide, A - dó, A - dé.....

Ped. ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.*

① Italian vowel sounds, i. e. English *adoh*, *aday*.

Pulling the dulse by the sea-rocks at low tide, Ne'er pull I thy love, lad, Be't

And. * *And.* * *And.* * *And.* * *And.* * *And.* *

high tide or low, A - dó, A - dé,.... Clings dulse to the sea-rock, Clings

And. * *And.* * *And.*

heart to the loved one, Be't high tide or low tide, A - dó, A - dé.....

And.

A - dó, A - dé.....

dolce.

* *And.*

Shoreward the sea-mew comes

* Led. * Led. * Led. * Led. * Led.

fly-ing at low tide, But seaward my heart flies out seaward to thee, A -

* Led. * Led. * Led. * Led. * Led. * Led.

- dó, A-dé, Clings dulse to the searock, Clings heart to the loved one, Be't

dolce.

* Led. * Led. * Led. * Led.

high tide or low tide, A - dó, A-dé.....

pp

* Led. * Led. * Led. * Led. *