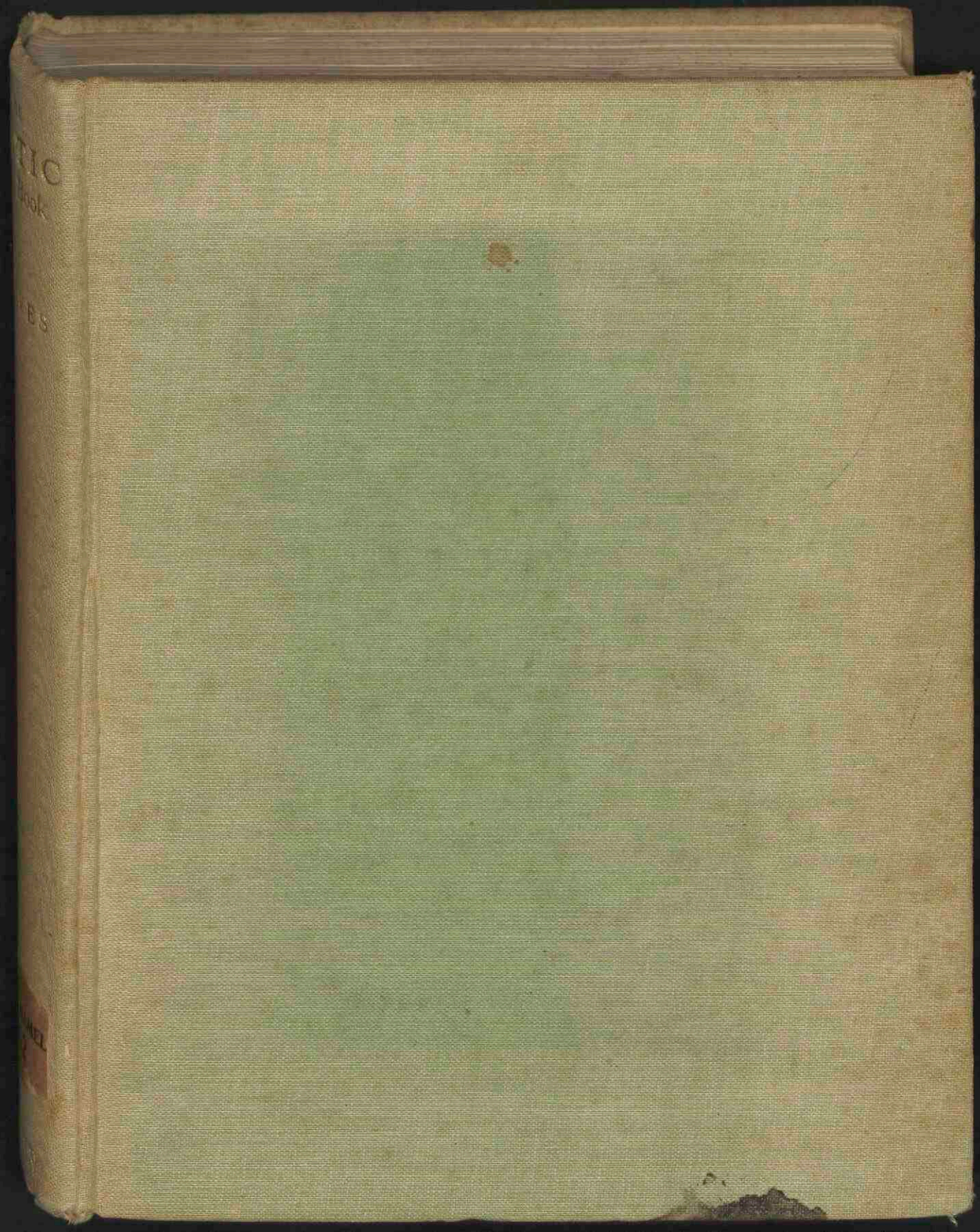




The Celtic song book : being representative folk songs of the six Celtic nations

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1923—1946

THE CELTIC SONG BOOK

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

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THE CELTIC SONG BOOK

*Being Representative Folk Songs of the
Six Celtic Nations*

Chosen by

Alfred Perceval Graves

LITT.D., F.R.S.L.

Author of

“The Irish Song Book,” “The Irish Fairy Book,”

“Irish Doric,” etc.

1928

ERNEST BENN LIMITED

DEDICATION

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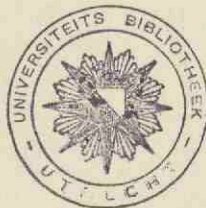
A. E. S. G.

My Amy, *bien aimée*,
How poor had been my part
At garnering these folk songs
Without your tuneful art ;
When your voice and hands commingled
O'er the black notes and the white,
As song by song we singled
With ever fresh delight ;

Until their royal roses,
Their wild flowers blush and pale,
We've set into six posies
Of the Cymro and the Gael.
And since to you thrice over
Their woven wealth belongs,
From your husband and your lover
Take this wreath of Celtic songs.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

June 12, 1926.



The Song of the Heather*

(A Rallying Song of the Six Celtic Nations)

SOPRANO.

Arranged by CHARLES WOOD
from Brian Boru's March.

Allegro energico.

(By special permission of Messrs. Boosey.)



A blos - som there blows That



scoffs at the snows, And fa - ces, root - fast, The



rage of the blast; Yet sweet - ens a sod No



slave ev - er trod, Since the moun - tains up - reared Their



al-tars to God.

That flow'r of the



free Is the hea - ther, the hea - ther! It

* This song has been translated by the leading Irish, Scotch Gaelic, Manx, Welsh, Breton, and Cornish poets into their native languages for singing in each Celtic country and at Pan-Celtic Festivals.

THE SONG OF THE HEATHER

springs where the sea And the land leap to - geth - er. Six

Na - tions are we, Yet be - neath its bright fea - ther, To -

marcato
- day we are one..... Where - so - ev - er we be.

Our blossom is red
 As the life-blood we shed,
 For Liberty's cause,
 Against alien laws ;
 When Lochiel and O'Neill
 And Llewellyn drew steel
 For Alba's and Erin's
 And Cambria's weal.

Then our couch, when we tired,
 Was the heather, the heather !
 Its beacon we fired
 In blue and black weather ;
 Its mead-cup inspired,
 When we pledged it together
 To the Prince of our choice
 Or the maid most admired.

Let the Saxon and Dane
 Bear rule o'er the plain,
 On the hem of God's robe
 Is our sceptre and globe ;
 For the Lord of all Light
 Stood revealed on the height,
 And to Heaven from the Mount
 Rose up in men's sight.

And the blossom and bud
 Of the heather, the heather,
 Is like His dear blood,
 Dropped hither and thither,
 From all evil to purge
 And evermore urge
 Each son of the Celt
 To the goal of all good.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

PREFACE

THE idea of bringing out a selection of Folk Songs of the Six Celtic Nations—the Irish, Scots, and Manx Gaels, and the Cymry of Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany—was mooted by me at the first Pan-Celtic Congress held in Dublin in 1901. It is at last realized in this volume.

Within its necessarily narrow limits, it has not been easy to do complete justice to the main objects I set before me when compiling it. These were to put into print the most beautiful typical airs of the Celtic nations over the worthiest native words which had been written to them, and to provide as satisfactory English or French translations of these as I could obtain for those of my readers who were not Breton or Welsh or Manx or Scottish Gaelic scholars: for at the outset I had learnt from leading authorities that so far no Gaelic words had been found worthy to mate the Irish melodies Moore and other Anglo-Irish lyrists had helped to immortalize. Hence the Irish language had to be regarded as for the time being lyrically derelict for my purpose.

Most of the Welsh songs had already been partnered by English words; for a few that remained without what appeared to me adequate translations, I have endeavoured to supply them.

The Breton songs selected are provided with fitting French or English translations; the French Breton and Breton songs of Théodore Botrel and François Jaffrenou (*Taldir*) have, of course, been left to stand alone.

The Highland and Island airs, owing to the use of traditional native words—or thanks to living Scots Gaelic poets, such as Mr. Kenneth McLeod, with whom Miss Frances Tolmie and Mrs. Kennedy Fraser have been in touch—are largely provided with Gaelic words, and some of these have been rendered into English by Miss Tolmie and myself. I am, moreover, greatly indebted to Miss Lucy Broadwood and Miss A. G. Gilchrist, and above all to Mrs. Kennedy Fraser for allowing me to use extracts from their authoritative essays on the special characteristics of Scotch Gaelic music and how it may best be sung.

Though the language of Mann is not strongly represented in this volume, it has yet been found possible to provide Manx words of

PREFACE

merit for not a few of its songs, and for these translations are given by Miss Mona Douglas, Mr. Philip Caine, and myself.

I owe much to Professor Diverres for his authoritative account of his country's music which introduces the Breton section of this volume, as well as for his discriminating assistance in the choice of Breton airs and words, and the help he has given me when translating the latter.

Much assistance of the same kind I have met with from Miss A. G. Gilchrist, Miss Mona Douglas, and Mr. J. E. Quayle, B.Mus., when choosing the Manx airs, and from Mr. Henry Jenner when selecting the Folk Songs in the Cornish Section and for his introduction to it, while to Miss Frances Tolmie and Mrs. Kennedy Fraser I have to make most grateful acknowledgment for the generous way in which they have put airs of their selection at my service and advised me upon their origin and their history. And here I must express my unfeigned sorrow at the passing away last Christmas of Miss Tolmie, who will never be forgotten for what she has done as one of the most enthusiastic and intelligent preservers of Gaelic Folk Tunes and Folk Songs of our times, and, indeed, of all time.

It only remains to express obligation to Messrs. Boosey for the use of words of mine that have already appeared by their permission in "The Irish Song Book," as also for the use of the words of "Father O'Flynn," although not to the air as modified by Sir Charles Stanford, but to the original air which I myself collected in County Kerry. To the same firm I am obliged for the use of my words to the Manx and Welsh Folk airs in this volume, and for those of "The Song of the Heather."

I have to thank Messrs. Methuen and Co. for the use of ten of the airs and accompanying words from Baring-Gould's "The Songs of the West"; Mrs. Kennedy Fraser for allowing me to print three of her "Songs of the Outer Hebrides"; and the late Miss Frances Tolmie and the Committee of the Folk Song Society for leave to use six of Miss Tolmie's Highland Gaelic airs and words; Henry Lemoine and Company of Paris for the use of seventeen of L. A. Bourgault-Ducondray's "Melodies Populaires de Basse-Bretagne"; and, finally, the late Théodore Botrel and François Jaffrenou, "Taldir" for Breton Folk Tunes collected by them and adorned by their beautiful words.

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GENERAL INTRODUCTION

WHAT is the origin of song? Evidently there is a musical instinct in the young of all races. How early do we note our children crooning of their own accord when in a contented or happy frame of mind! As with the child, so with the early races. Calls to cattle, street and country cries, with intonations such as the "jodling" of the Tyrolese, strike one as among the probable beginnings of folk song.

The songs of occupation would seem to be extended instances of these primeval chants. The occupation suggests certain measures: thus the rocking of the cradle, the blow of the hammer on the anvil, the sweep of the oars through the water, the turning of the spinning-wheel, each invites a rhythmic chant, monotonous at first, but afterwards taking on melodic cadences which become tunes. Yet age saddens, and hence the musical lament, the coronach of the Scotch, the caoine (keen) of the Irish, carried westward by the Indo-European races who in the earliest times added the strains of professional mourning to the anguished outcries of natural grief.

That the Celtic lullabies, plough-tunes, and laments are amongst the earliest of our songs and ballads is quite clear from their similarity to old Persian and Indian exemplars. The lullaby was the song of the hearth, the lament that of the community, and the mourners were, as among the Jews, professional minstrels of the locality—women in the smaller communities, men as well in the larger ones. The dignity of a special lamentation ode, however, was denied to commonplace people, and has been down to the present time so denied in Ireland.

We have already suggested the origin of song; but the want of an accompaniment to the voice was soon felt and supplied beyond the

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

hammer of the musical blacksmith or the sweep of the singing boatman's oars by something that included tone as well as rhythm. As such songs improved in rhythm and air they were supported by seven- and, later, nine-stringed instruments, till the harp of thirty strings was at last reached.

The singer was at first poet as well as musician, and chanted or cantillated narrative poems often of great length. Words were then of prime consequence, and the bard, even upon the battlefield, would recite the achievements of his chieftain and his ancestors as an incitement to fresh deeds of arms. Indeed, it is stated that as time went on the bard escorted him to battle surrounded by a group of harpers who accompanied his declamation with all the effect of a military band.

Thus, no doubt, arose the Irish, Scotch, and Welsh marches of the clans, and where the chiefs fell fighting, such laments over the fallen as are common to the Gaelic and Cymric branches of the Celt.

In these war chants we find the ballad in its most vivid expression, and this brings us to that most popular form of narrative poetry. Its subjects sung in different parts of Europe are substantially the same, as Mr. Cecil Sharp points out. "Some of them," he writes, "have been traced to an Eastern origin, and they all appear to have been drawn from a common storehouse. They are in many cases only versified forms of popular tales found over the world. The 'Gesta Romanorum,' the first published collection of European folk tales, is believed to have been compiled as early as the thirteenth century, and possibly in England. It contains several stories that have passed into ballads, some of which are even still being sung by the English peasants."

The original folk ballad was not only communal in authorship, but communal in performance also, and was danced as well as sung to, as is still the case, in the Faroe Islands. Some writers maintain that the game of ball formed part of the performance, and derive from the root "ball" the etymology of the words "ballet" and

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

"ballad." As time went on, dancing and song were divorced, each taking on a separate and independent existence and developing along its own lines. With this separation the words ballet and ballad became differentiated, the former being applied to the dance only, the latter to the song. Yet strangely enough the synonymous use of these two words survives. The English peasant will often say that he has learnt a particular song off a "ballet-sheet," meaning thereby a ballad-sheet.

Very soon after the separation of the song and dance had taken place, the song became less communal in its performance. A "leader of the ballad" made his appearance, between whom and the other singers the performance was divided. Later on the part allotted to the general bodies of singers, which at first was of considerable importance, gradually diminished until it had dwindled down to the chanting of certain stereotyped phrases at regular intervals, the whole of the narrative portion being supplied by the leader. Hence the song with its chorus or refrain, the latter often being an extract from some earlier song sung by the whole communal body of vocalists.

When, however, with the invention of printing, the educated classes were provided with a literature of their own, they were no longer dependent upon the minstrel for their amusement. The latter found his audience dwindling away, and with it his occupation and this compelled him to turn to the common people and to cater for their tastes. The folk demanded, as they had always done, the short and concise story: something better adapted to their understanding than the involved and lengthy stories of the Romances. The minstrel met this demand by breaking up the Romances into smaller pieces, each of which formed a complete story and was within the comprehension of the multitude. So, the Epics, which in the first instance had been built up out of the people's ballads were now disintegrated and served up in fragments for the benefit of the people.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

It would not be true to say that all our ballads have come down to us in this way. Many, no doubt, escaped absorption into the Romance, and have been handed down to us from very early times without break of continuity, while others have reached us from foreign sources—for the minstrels were inveterate wanderers. Nevertheless most authorities agree that our ballad literature consists for the most part of ballads, not of the earlier epoch—the ninth or tenth centuries—but of the second and later period, *i.e.* the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries.

As the song is an individual personal expression, not a communal one, it is naturally without history.

The solitary ploughman chanted to his team, the mother crooned to her infant, the lover rejoiced in, or lamented over, his love, but separately from his neighbours. Later on, however, we do find chorus songs, or songs of occupation, called "Loobeens," amongst the Irish, and "Luinigs" among the Highlanders, solos and alternately improvised utterances in song, such amœbean contests as occur in the Eclogues of Theocritus and Virgil. These were spinning and weaving and quilting songs sung at Gaelic working parties. And these sociable songs have their counterpart in such Welsh hearth songs as "The Poor Old Man" and "The Goat Counting Song," and in an occasional Manx Dialogue Song.

Here let us broadly consider the English, Welsh, Scottish, Irish, and Manx Folk Song music in their relation to one another. To what extent are they connected? Many of the English and Lowland Scottish songs are distinctly akin to one another in musical character and, as is now being proved, in lyrical ancestry, though in the greater number of instances the Scottish and the Border song and ballad words have been retained, whilst their English versions have lost poetical glamour.

The so-called Scottish "snap," a peculiar differentiation of Scottish tunes, is by some regarded as a legacy of gipsy fiddlers; by others, including Lachlan Macbean, as of Gaelic origin. The Cornish and

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Devon and some of the Somerset tunes have a more Celtic rhythm and sentiment than most of those in other parts of England. No wonder. They are the remains of a South Welsh minstrelsy. But our folk-song authorities have still to examine from the point of view of the ethnologist the question as to how far traces of Celtic influence can still be found existing in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and the North York moors, where the Celtic language persisted until after the Norman Conquest. Such an examination might prove the existence of airs with Celtic affinities in these counties. The songs of the West of England garnered by Samuel Baring Gould seem to lie half-way in character between English and South Welsh music. Welsh music, on the other hand, partakes of both an English and an Irish character. Much of it is full of the robust enjoyment of life, which we find in the folk songs of Merry England. With good reason. For, apart from the natural connection between England and Wales, there has been a musical coming-together in the past of Irish and Welsh musicians. Traces of this are noticeable in such beautiful Irish-Welsh airs as "Rhuddlan Marsh," "Captain Morgan's March," "The Vale of Clwyd," and in such airs in the Petrie collection as "Kathleen," clearly of Welsh origin, and "Doli," as clearly adapted from the Irish air "Kate Kearney."

There is, however, a much closer resemblance between the Irish and Highland and Island airs, as was to have been expected. For the very name of Scotland is derived from that of the Northern branch of the Irish Gaels who invaded, captured, and colonized Argyle and the Isles, and eventually supplanted the Picts' language and sovereignty over all North Britain.

Irish music deals in unexpected surprises ; it passes suddenly from melancholy to joyousness, and from depression to high spirits, much in the same way as the temperament of the Irish and Scottish Gael surprises the more equable Englishman by its mercurial variety.

The folk song of the Isle of Man, which has been conquered in turn by the Irish, North Welsh, Norse, Scots, and English, in its three

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hundred and twenty folk songs or more collected by Mr. Speaker Moore, Dr. Clague, and the brothers Gill, shows a very mixed character. The Irish note persists in its dance music and in a few of its love songs. Other airs are of English or Scottish importation, but there is quite an interesting amount of individual Manx music which is at its best in "Myle Charaine" and "The Sheep under the Snow," and, above all, in some of its fine old "carvals," or religious songs. There are very few old songs and ballads in the Manx language of any literary merit, in no sense at all equal in character to the music to which they are sung. Finer words probably existed and perished.

The words to the Welsh melodies, now commonly sung in Welsh, are of comparatively recent origin. Too many of the old folk words have passed away, but the considerable recovery of folk songs, valuable in part or whole for their lyrical quality, is going on actively under the auspices of the Welsh Folk Song Society.

Folk-song collection of the same kind is being carried on by the Irish Folk Song Society, which has of late been receiving assistance from the authorities of the Feis Ceoil, an Irish association which corresponds with the musical section of the Welsh National Eisteddfod.

The English Folk Song Society, under the guidance of a committee of musical experts of high repute, amongst whom have been Mr. Cecil Sharp, Mr. Fuller Maitland, Mr. Kitson, Miss Lucy Broadwood, Lady Gomme, Dr. Vaughan Williams, Miss A. G. Gilchrist, and Mrs. Kate Lee, have for the last generation been catering with entire impartiality for the musical needs and interests of the Four Nations within the British Seas. Miss Francis Tolmie's large collection of Scottish-Gaelic airs and words, Mr. Martin Freeman's two fine collections of Irish-Gaelic airs and words, and finally, Miss Gilchrist's collection of Manx airs and words, chiefly based on Dr. Clague's collection, are conclusive evidence of this impartial spirit.

The Breton musicians and poets are hard at work, as pointed out by Professor Diverres in his introduction to the Breton Section of

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this volume, in collecting, editing, and finding fresh words for their National Folk Song.

The Cornish airs and words in this collection are few in number, and do not appear to have been presented in their purest forms by Baring Gould, from whose collection, except in a couple of instances kindly supplied by Mr. Henry Jenner, they have been reproduced by permission of Messrs. Methuen, who hold the copyright of his "Songs of the West." It would be interesting if the authorities on Breton folk song would as far as possible trace the connection of the Cornish with their own native music.

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A REVIVAL is "a living again," and suggests an active anterior life. This certainly is true of Irish folk song. In Ireland's dim traditional dawn, music is reputed to have been introduced into the country by the Tuatha Da Dannan, whom an early legend describes as coming up from Greece along what is known as the Amber route, to the mouth of the Elbe, across Lochlann, now Norway and Sweden; thence across the centre of Alba or Scotland into Erin. And, remarkably enough, inscriptions of the very same kind as are found upon the tombs of these Da Dannan kings at New Grange are also to be met with, as pointed out by Mr. George Coffey, the celebrated Irish antiquary, all along the line of the Amber route, and in a belt of Norway and Sweden and Scotland and in Ireland, and nowhere else in Europe.

What was the nature of the music that this early people brought with them to Ireland? According to Dr. Petrie, our leading Irish musical antiquary, it consisted of plough tunes, lamentation airs, and lullabies. And these would be accounted for in the weird old folk tale which describes how the harper of the Tuatha Da Dannans recovered his magical harp from his Fomorian foes by playing upon it the *Goltree* airs, which turned their fury to weeping, and the *Soontree* tunes which sent them all to sleep, so enabling the Harper Uaithne to escape unscathed with the Daghdha's harp. But the old tale also states that the harper played upon another of the feelings of the Fomorians, by turning their weeping into laughing before they fell asleep, through his performance of the *Gentree*, or mirth-provoking music. If the old tale speaks truth, the class of Irish music which to this day is to be heard upon the harp and violin, setting us all dancing or quick-stepping, and raising our spirits as well as our toes and heels, is of very early origin. And, indeed, this may

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be well believed by students of the manners and customs of the early Irish who were not, as some of our poets suggest, a merely mystical or melancholy people, but a joyous and festive race—at any rate, in the intervals of hard fighting.

Dr. Petrie points out that the Irish lullabies are curiously like in character to Indian and Persian hush songs, and this would tend to support the belief in their early Eastern origin. The plough tunes similarly suggest a primeval origin by their character and intervals; and this is true of some of the earlier laments, such as the "Return from 'Fingal,'" or the realm of the Dublin Danes, by the victorious Dalcassians, chanting the death dirges of Brian Boru and his son Murrough who had just fallen at the battle of Clontarf. It may be here mentioned that as a rule the Irish marches are quick step marches. We have a number of these, and Mr. Arthur Darley, our famous Irish violinist, has been engaged in collecting them in a volume of Irish clan marches, which should be exceedingly interesting to all our O's and Mac's. These quick-step marches have been further quickened into jig tunes, whether in $\frac{6}{8}$ or $\frac{9}{8}$ time, and clan marches may be recovered through this dance medium.

Irish music was now in the hands both of the bards and the ecclesiastics, and the national instrument was the harp of from thirty to sixty strings. To this instrument the bards of the princes and chieftains, even upon the battlefield, would recite the achievements of his fathers as an incitement to his hereditary lord. It is stated, indeed, that the bard thus chanted on the old Irish battlefield, surrounded by a group of harpers who accompanied him almost with the effect of a military band.

In the Fenian tales there is reference made to the "Dord," which would appear to be a concerted cry or chorus—a cry of warning, if not a war cry.

As early as the close of the sixth century we gather from a passage in Adamnan's "Life of St. Columba" that the Irish monks sang canticles in counterpoint. St. Cellach, a student of Bangor, co. Down, the

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name implying "fair choir," or "chief choir," gave his name to the monastery of St. Gaul in Switzerland, which became like that of Bangor, a famous music school. Again, St. Mailduff, the Irish founder of Mailduffsburgh or Malmesbury in England, flourished in 670 and composed many beautiful hymns. I may add that Dr. Joyce told me some years since that a Latin hymn by Sedulius, whose Irish name was Shiel, is still sung at the Irish College in Rome to a very early Irish air, probably contemporary with the sixth-century Latin hymn.

Ireland, indeed, at this time was full of music; for, besides the harp, we had as musical instruments the war-pipes blown through the mouth by marching pipers, not played as are our beautiful union pipes, by the hand, the air being supplied by bellows held under the arm, while the musician remains seated. Great sums of money were paid to bards and minstrels for their songs. In those days "not worth a song" had no meaning in Ireland. There were hereditary families of minstrels, instrumental players, and singers, and their names have come down to us, thus the surname Ward means bard; Cronin has to do with the word *Cronawn*—the crooning of a song; Crotty is connected with the Irish *Cruit*, the Welsh *Crwth*, the English *Crowd*, and so forth.

Irish music was heard abundantly during the Crusades. Dante speaks with admiration of the Irish harp, and, indeed, there is a chorus of praise for Irish minstrelsy all through early and mediæval times, abroad and in this country, which may well be summed up by Drayton's lines in his *Polyolbion*:

The Irish I admire
And still cleave to that lyre,
As our Muse's mother;
And think till I expire
Apollo's such another.

When Henry VIII. became overlord of Ireland, though not king, the Irish harp was added to the English arms, and his daughter, Queen Elizabeth, took the greatest pleasure in Irish music. Sir

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Henry Sydney, in a letter to her in 1569, waxes enthusiastic over the dancing of Irish jigs by the ladies of Galway, whom he describes as very beautiful, magnificently dressed, and excellent dancers. This, as Dr. Grattan Flood points out, disposes of the suggestion that the jig-dance was borrowed from the Italians in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Meantime Ireland had become the music-school of Scotland, and to a large extent of North Wales. There had always been much passing backwards and forwards of minstrels from the north of Ireland and that part of Scotland which in early times had been conquered by Ulster warriors, and Griffith ap Cynan, Prince of North Wales, had, through his Irish mother and residence in Ireland, brought Irish minstrels and bards over to his country. There is considerable dispute as to how far North Wales was ever actually conquered by the Irish. Sir John Rhys maintains that there is good evidence of this. Certainly somehow or other, as will be mentioned later, there is a great deal in common between what are believed to be the earliest Welsh airs and early Irish ones.

Of Shakespeare and Irish music Dr. Grattan Flood has written an interesting chapter in his *History of Irish Music*. There is no doubt that Irish music was, as he states, much in vogue in England during the sixteenth century, and was in favour at Court during the last year of Queen Elizabeth's reign; for the Earl of Worcester writes on September 9, 1602, to the Earl of Shrewsbury in these terms: "We are frolic here in Court, much dancing in the Privy Chamber of country dances before the Queen's Majesty, who is exceedingly pleased therewith. Irish tunes are at this time most pleasing."

What are these dances? They are referred to as the *Hey*, a country dance or round, long known in the Irish Pale, and which is the origin of the English round or country dance, according to Dr. Grattan Flood; and *Trenchmore*, an Anglicized corruption of *Rinnce Mor* or the *Rinnce Fada*—that is, the long dance, the *Hey* being danced in a circle. One of the earliest *Heys* is stated by Sir John Hawkins to be "Sellenger's Round," which Sir Anthony St. Leger, or

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Selling, saw danced in Ireland in 1540, and brought back with him to England in 1548, where its popularity was so great that it was arranged by the famous master, Dr. William Byrd. Two Irish tunes mentioned under various names by Shakespeare had previously been identified by Malone, Dr. Petrie, and others. Dr. Grattan Flood claims to prove that nine others have been identified by him. "Callino custurame," the Anglicized form for "Little girl of my heart," "Colleen oge asthore," and "Duedane," meaning "Will you come?" or "Diuca Tu," are the earlier pair of finds. Dr. Grattan Flood claims "The Chevalier," "Fortune my Foe," "Peg a Ramsay," "Bonny Sweet Robin," and "Whoop, do me no harm, good man," referred to in *A Winter's Tale* twice over, but better known in Ireland as "Paddy Whack," and adapted by Moore to his melody "While History's Muse." "Well-a-day," or "Essex's Last Good-night," is also claimed by Dr. Grattan Flood, though I think somewhat doubtfully; but "The Fading," mentioned in the fourth act of *A Winter's Tale*, is by William Chappell's testimony the Irish dance tune of the *Rinnce Fada*, a dance to this day called *The Faddy* in Cornwall. I have not so much faith in Dr. Grattan Flood's claim to "Light o' Love" and "Come o'er the bourn, Bessie, to me," but "Yellow stockings" would appear to be the Irish "Cuma Liom" ("It is indifferent to me" or "I don't care"). Moore set it to his Irish melody, "Fairest, put on awhile."

We now pass through a period of stress and struggle in Ireland. Its chieftains, in spite of notable rallies made by the O'Neills, Owen Roe O'Donnell, and the Geraldines, the Norman Irish lords who became more Irish than the Irish, had less and less time to devote to the poetical and musical arts, and gradually, though very gradually, the Irish bard, famous for the three feats of solemn, gay, and sleep-compelling music, degenerated under the stress of the internecine conflicts between Saxon and Gael in Ireland, into the strolling minstrel, and finally into the itinerant piper or fiddler or the street ballad singer.

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The Irish Jacobite poems and songs, though one of them, the "Blackbird," is of great musical beauty, do not, for very good reasons, show that passionate attachment for the Stewart cause that pulses through Lady Nairne's beautiful Scottish Jacobite lyrics.

But some of them, such as the "Slender Red Steed" and the "Dawning of the Day," are full of patriotic fervour. Perhaps, however, the "Lament of the Irish Maiden for her Lover," who has gone to serve the Stewart cause abroad, which is found in various Anglo-Irish versions under the titles "Shule Agra" or "Shule Aroon," or "I wish I were on yonder Hill" is for passionate melancholy the best musical exemplification that could be given of these Irish Jacobite songs.

We now come to an important epoch in Irish folk and national music—that of the Granard and Belfast Meetings of harpers—promoted with the object of reviving the taste for Irish music, which had begun to decline during the Hanoverian period, under its German musical influences. These meetings, which took place between the years 1792 and 1800, were very successful, and awoke in the distinguished Belfast musician, Mr. Bunting, such an enthusiasm for Irish music that he henceforth devoted his main efforts to its collection and publication. Of the Belfast meeting he writes thus vividly: "All the best of the old class of harpers, a race of men then nearly extinct, and now gone for ever, were present: Hempson, O'Neill, Fanning, and seven others, the least able of whom has not left his equal behind. Hempson, who was more than a hundred years old at the time, realized the antique picture drawn by Cambrensis and Galilei, for he played with long crooked nails, the left hand above the right, and in his performance "the tinkling of the small wires under the deep notes of the bass" was particularly thrilling.

"He was the only one who played the very old music of the country, and this in a style of such finished excellence as persuaded me that the praises of the old Irish harp in Cambrensis, Fuller, and

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others, were no more than a just tribute to that admirable instrument and its then professors."

Bunting's first collection, consisting of sixty-six hitherto unpublished pieces, was brought out in 1796, and its success, combined with the establishment of the Irish Harp Society in Belfast as a consequence of the meeting of harpers in that city, attracted the attention of Thomas Moore. He was at the time still a student at Trinity College, Dublin, and it is recorded that when he played the tune of the "Fox's Sleep" to his friend Robert Emmet, that young patriot strode about the room exclaiming, "Heavens! what an air for an army to march to!" Moore then set himself to work to write words to Irish airs, chiefly derived from Bunting's collection, but had long to go a-begging with the MSS. of his earliest Irish Melodies.

It may have been that English publishers of music, however ready to own the beauty of the airs and their accompanying words, did not think them likely to pay, or possibly regarded some of them as perilously national for publication so soon after the Rebellion of '98. But Moore eventually secured the support of a compatriot in Power, the publisher, and the assistance of a still more important Irishman in Sir John Stevenson, the arranger of the Irish Melodies; we know now with what a remarkable result.

Power in his first announcement mentions the promise of assistance in the work from "other literary characters" beside Moore, though he does not specify them by name. But these writers would appear to have given way to Moore, whose strong zeal for his share of the work is shown in a letter to Stephenson of the year 1807, from which I quote an important passage:

"Our national music has never been properly collected, and while the composers of the Continent have enriched their operas with melodies borrowed from Ireland, very often without even the honesty of acknowledgment, we have left these treasures to a great degree unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our airs, like too many of our countrymen, have, for want of protection at home, passed into

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the service of foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better period of both Politics and Music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland at least, appears too plainly in the tone of sorrow and depression which characterizes most of our early songs.

“The task which you propose to me, of adapting words to these airs, is by no means easy. The poet, who would follow the various sentiments which they express, must feel and understand that rapid fluctuation of spirits, that unaccountable mixture of gloom and levity, which composes the character of my countrymen and has deeply tinged their music. Even in their liveliest strains we find some melancholy note intrude—some minor third or flat seventh—which throws its shade as it passes and makes even mirth interesting. If Burns had been an Irishman (and I would willingly give up all our claims upon Ossian for him) his heart would have been proud of such music, and his genius would have made it immortal.

“Another difficulty (which is, however, purely mechanical) arises from the irregular structure of many of those airs and the lawless kind of metre which it will in consequence be necessary to adapt to them. In these instances the poet must write, not to the eye, but to the ear; and must be content to have his verses of that description which Cicero mentions, *Quos si cantu spoliaveris nuda remanebit oratio*. That beautiful air, the “Twisting of the Rope,” which has all the romantic character of the Swiss Ranz des Vaches, is one of those wild and sentimental rakes which it will not be very easy to tie down in sober wedlock with poetry. However, notwithstanding all these difficulties, and the very little talent which I can bring to surmount them, the design appears to me so truly National that I shall feel much pleasure in giving it all the assistance in my power.”

The melodies appeared in groups of sixteen at a time, and immediately found favour, but not with the populace, whom they reached very gradually. It was in the drawing-rooms of the upper classes, where Moore himself sang his melodies with a small voice but exquisite feeling, that the Irish melodies first became famous.

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Moore was before his time in recognizing the artistic value of brevity in the modern song and ballad. Moreover, his knowledge of lyrical perspective is unrivalled, his thought is pellucid, never obscured by condensation or dimmed by diffuseness. But he most asserts his mastery in song-craft by the apparent ease with which he handles the most intricate musical measures, and mates the striking notes of each tune to the words most adapted to them both in sound and sense; to say nothing of the art with which he almost Italianizes English speech by a melodious sequence of varying vowels and alliterative consonants which almost sing themselves. Yet whilst Moore has, in addition to this vocal quality, the very perfection of playful wit and graceful fancy, as in "Quick! We have but a second," and now and again real pathos, as in "O breathe not his name!", "She is far from the land!"; and again, an irresistible martial spirit, as in "O the light entrancing" and "Avenging and bright falls the swift sword of Erin!", many of his melodies are not standing the test of time. This is either because our fine airs have been altered in time or character by him and Stevenson, and so depreciated, or have been assorted by Moore with the sentimental, metaphorical, and pseudo-philosophical fancies that took the taste of the English upper classes half a century ago, or because the tunes to which some of his finer lyrics are set are not of the first-rate quality.

If a great national collection of Irish melodies is to be formed it will be our plain duty to divorce these ill-matched lyrics from their present partners, and to mate them to worthy airs in the Petric and Joyce collections and in Bunting's last volume, which came after Moore's last melodies, and of which he was so ill-advisedly contemptuous. It is as plain an obligation to slip out of their golden settings Moore's occasional bits of green glass and to slip into them the occasional emeralds of his contemporaries and successors.*

* The above criticism of Moore's powers as a lyrical writer is quoted from the introduction to my *Irish Song Book*, one of the volumes in the New Irish Library, published by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

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The collections of Bunting may be said to have brought about the first revival of Irish folk music. His last volume—from which Thomas Moore drew nothing, and of which he spoke with unjustified contempt—considering the popular success of some of its melodies in Sir Charles Stanford's hands—appeared as late as 1840. For Bunting had long survived the romantic days of the northern Rebellion, when the "Parting of Friends" was very sadly and, as it proved, significantly sung in the presence of Wolfe Tone and that noble Irishman, Thomas Russell, both of whom expiated their acts of rebellion against British authority by the death penalty.

It had long been a matter of wonder that the Irish verses to which these airs had been sung were not forthcoming, although English renderings from them by Miss Balfour and others were published in this *de luxe* volume of 1840. The mystery has been solved quite recently by the late energetic secretary of the Irish Folk Song Society, Mrs. Milligan Fox, under remarkable circumstances. Calling at Morley's, the harp makers, she learnt that one of his customers had recently ordered an Irish harp on the ground that his grandfather had been a collector of Irish music. Mrs. Fox inquired his name and address. The purchaser proved to be Dr. Louis Macrory, of Battersea, who generously put a great amount of unpublished material inherited from his grandfather, Edward Bunting, at Mrs. Fox's disposal. He, furthermore, added to her delight by informing her that there were other Bunting papers in a box in Dublin. This proved to contain a great number of the Gaelic originals of the tunes in the Bunting collection. Why had they lain neglected for fifty years or more? Because Patrick Lynch, who had collected them round the country, had turned king's evidence against Russell, one of his employers upon this quest. Russell was sent to the gallows, the friendly company of folk-song collectors was broken up, and there was a strong feeling against the publication of manuscripts collected by Lynch, the informer, and hence their suppression till their discovery by Mrs. Milligan Fox. They have been in part translated

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into English by Miss Alice Milligan, Mrs. Milligan Fox's brilliant sister. Their entire translation and publication may be looked for in the future.

To revert to Dr. Petrie and that distinguished Irishman's great services to his country's folk songs. When Dr. Joyce was quite a young man he sent Petrie some beautiful folk songs which he had as a lad collected in his native Glenosheen. Petrie was delighted with these, and Joyce became a frequent caller at the doctor's house and heard his songs sung by Petrie's daughter Mary, who in her youth was very beautiful; Sir Frederick Burton's picture of the "Blind Girl at the Well" is an admirable likeness of her at that period. "How well," writes Dr. Joyce to me, "I recollect the procedure when I returned to Dublin for my vacation. One of the first things was to spend an evening with the whole family, the father and the four daughters, when Mary went through my new collection on the piano with the rest listening, especially Petrie himself, in rapt delight, as she came across some exquisite air he had not heard before. But of all the airs he was most delighted with the 'Wicked Kerry Man,' now in my *Ancient Irish Music*, p. 84."

Here is an anecdote of Petrie recorded by Dr. Joyce in another communication to me, showing how early his love for Irish music had been: "When Petrie was a boy he was a good player upon a little single keyed flute. One day he and another of his young companions set out for a visit to Glendalough, then in its primitive state of solitude. While passing Luggelaw they heard a girl near at hand singing a beautiful air. Instantly out came paper and pencil, and Petrie took it down and then played it on his little flute. His companions were charmed with it; and for the rest of the journey, every couple of miles when they sat down to rest, they cried, "Here, Petrie, out with your flute, and give us that lovely tune." That tune is now known as "Luggelaw," and to it Thomas Moore, to whom Petrie gave it, wrote his words (as lovely as the music):

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No not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When half awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full choir of heaven is near,—

Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign, blessed sounds again.

And this brings us to George Petrie's famous collection of Irish music, in the gathering of which he had been engaged with passionate interest from his seventeenth till after his seventieth year.

At first he freely gave these folk airs to Thomas Moore and Francis Holden, and even offered the use of his whole collection to Edward Bunting. But finally, for fear that the priceless hoard might be neglected or lost after his death, and also as a protest against the methods of noting and dealing with the airs pursued by Edward Bunting and Moore and Stevenson respectively, Petrie agreed to edit his collection for the Society for the Preservation and Publication of the Ancient Music of Ireland, which was founded in December, 1851.

One volume of this collection, comprising, however, only about a tenth part of it, saw the light in 1857. A supplement contains thirty-six airs, some of which, Dr. Stokes tells us, were sent to Petrie by personal friends, such as Thomas Davis, the patriot, William Allingham, the poet, Frederick Burton, the painter, and Patrick Macdowell, the sculptor; "whilst physicians, students, parish priests, Irish scholars, and college librarians all aided in the good work. But most of Petrie's airs have been noted by himself from the singing of the people, the chanting of some poor ballad-singer, the song of the emigrant, of peasant girls while milking their cows or performing their daily round of household duties, from the playing of wandering musicians, or from the whistling of farmers and ploughmen." And this description is typical of the method by which the airs were obtained, in this instance on the islands of Aran :

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"Inquiries having been made as to the names of persons 'who had music'—that is, who were known as possessors and singers of the old airs—an appointment was made with one or two of them to meet the members of the party at some cottage near the little village of Kilronan, which was their headquarters.

"To this cottage, when evening fell, Petrie, with his manuscript music-book and violin, and always accompanied by his friend, Professor Eugène O'Curry, the famous Irish scholar, used to proceed.

"Nothing could exceed the strange picturesqueness of the scenes which night after night were thus presented.

"On approaching the house, always lighted up by a blazing turf fire, it was seen to be surrounded by the islanders while its interior was crowded by figures, the rich colours of whose dresses, heightened by the firelight, showed with a strange vividness and variety, while their fine countenances were all animated with curiosity and pleasure.

"It would have required a Rembrandt to paint the scene. The minstrel—sometimes an old woman, sometimes a beautiful girl or a young man—was seated on a low stool in the chimney corner, while chairs for Petrie and O'Curry were placed opposite, the rest of the crowded audience remaining standing. The singer commenced, stopping at every two or three bars of the melody to permit the writing of the notes, and often repeating the passage until it was correctly taken down, and then going on with the melody exactly from the point where the singing was interrupted. The entire air being at last obtained, the singer—a second time—was called to give the song continuously, and when all corrections had been made, the violin, an instrument of great sweetness and power, was produced, and the air played as Petrie alone could play it, and often repeated.

"Never was the inherent love of music among the Irish people more shown than on this occasion: they listened with deep attention, while their heartfelt pleasure was expressed, less by exclamations than by gestures; and when the music ceased, a general and

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murmured conversation, in their own language, took place, which would continue till the next song was commenced."

Some further airs drawn from the Petrie collection, after the publication of the volume of 1857, have appeared in the form of piano arrangements by Francis Hoffmann, and in vocal settings in *Songs of Old Ireland*, *Songs of Erin*, and *Irish Folk Songs*, published by Boosey and Co., and in *Irish Songs and Ballads*, published by Novello, Ewer and Co. After this, however, the entire collection of about eighteen hundred airs in purely melodic form, exactly as they were noted down by Petrie, a vast treasure-house of folk song, was published by Messrs. Boosey and Co. for the Irish Literary Society under the editorship of the late Sir Charles Villiers Stanford.

Of recent collectors of Irish folk songs the longest at work, the most learned, most indefatigable, and the most enthusiastic—at any rate, on this side of the Atlantic Ocean—was Dr. Patrick Weston Joyce, who forty-one years ago published *Ancient Irish Music*, containing a hundred airs never printed before. At the age of eighty he published, in 1909, with Longmans' *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs*, a collection of no less than eight hundred and forty-two Irish airs and songs, hitherto unpublished, with a masterly preface dealing with the "Forde" and "Pigot" collections contained in his volume, the characteristics of Irish narrative airs, the origin of various settings of Irish airs, the relation between Irish and Danish music, the question as to how far harmony existed amongst the ancient Irish, the various kinds of dance tunes, the pace at which different kinds of Irish music should be played, and the total number of Irish airs, probably some five thousand, in existence.

This volume is a mine of beautiful airs and of interesting Anglo-Irish song and ballad words.

Mr. Francis O'Neill, for long chief of police in Chicago, is a famous living Irish collector of folk music. This enthusiast, beginning by setting down the Irish airs, learnt at his Irish-speaking mother's knee, and then through the course of years tapping the memories of

IRISH FOLK SONG

fellow-countrymen who had drifted to Chicago from all the four corners of the Green Isle, has succeeded in getting together a collection of some eighteen hundred and fifty Irish airs, of which at least five hundred had never been before in print. The great value of this collection consists in the number of instrumental airs which it contains. Levy's book of Irish dance music is dwarfed beside it. But to go back a little. A good selection from the Petrie collection, harmonized for the pianoforte but without words, was published after Petrie's death by Piggot of Dublin. The music was arranged by Hoffmann, a German resident in Dublin. The brothers Frank and Joseph Robinson also arranged Irish airs, and so did Sir Robert Stewart. But the first serious departure in this direction was made by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford in his arrangements of Irish airs, chiefly from the Petrie collection, to my words, in three volumes—*Songs of Old Ireland* and *Songs of Erin*, published by Boosey, and *Irish Songs and Ballads*, published by Novello. Dr. Charles Wood and I have also done a collection with Boosey, entitled *Irish Folk Songs*, and Stainer and Bell have fifty more Irish folk songs, which are gradually seeing the light, half the lyrics of which are by Thomas Davis, Gerald Griffin, Ferguson, Allingham, MacCall, and other well-known Irish song writers, the remainder being from my pen. Latterly, Mr. Herbert Hughes has brought out his *Songs of Ulla* and *Songs of Connaught*, with lyrics by Mr. Joseph Campbell, Mr. Paudraic Colum, and others; while Mrs. Milligan Fox, in conjunction with her sister, Alice Milligan, and her poetic friend, Ethnea Carbery, and others, has arranged several groups of beautiful North Country Irish airs, besides putting the musical public much in her debt by her *Annals of the Irish Harpers*.

There has been indeed a gradually growing demand for Irish folk music, but this has been largely due to the appearance of several notable Irish folk singers. One of them, a truly great and versatile singer of folk songs, Denis O'Sullivan, has, alas! passed from our midst; but we have in Mr. Harry Plunket Greene the most remarkable

NATIONAL MUSIC

interpreter of Irish songs, tragic, impetuous, dreamy, rollicking, who has appeared in our day. And not only is he a great singer, but a fine teacher, as anybody who has studied his volume on *The Interpretation of Song* must acknowledge. To every folk singer I commend what he says about the right way to sing folk songs, for with him precept and example are finely identical. Other fine singers of Irish songs have been Mr. Ledwich, better known as Herr Ludwig, and, of course, Joseph O'Mara.

The Gaelic League has not been idle in the collection and singing of folk songs. They have reintroduced the singing of Irish-Gaelic into the concert room, and collected many traditional songs and pipe and fiddle airs. The Feis Ceoil, the Irish Musical Festival, which sprung out of lectures on Irish folk song, delivered before the National Literary Society of Dublin by Dr. Annie Patterson and myself, encourages Irish National music by prizes for singing in Irish and English, and some of its members have taken down songs and pipers' and fiddlers' tunes from the phonograph; but the Feis Ceoil does not, like the Welsh Eisteddfod, offer prizes for collections of folk songs.

A collection of some seventy-five folk airs collected and edited by Arthur Darley and P. J. McCall for the Feis Ceoil Association, Senator Mrs. Costello's most interesting book of recently gathered Galway and Mayo airs with Gaelic words, and the volumes of the Irish Folk Society's publications, which come down to the year 1926, are the latest contributions to Irish folk-song literature.

IRISH FOLK SONG

Erin, the Tear and the Smile

THOMAS MOORE.

Air : "Eibhlín a rún."

By CAROL O'DALY, in *Fourteenth Century*.

Slowly.



E - rin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes



Blend like the rain - bow that hangs in the skies;



Shin - ing thro' sor-row's stream, Sad-d'ning thro' plea-sure's beam,



Thy suns, with doubt - ful gleam, Weep while they rise.

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease—
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase—
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite
And form, in Heaven's sight,
One arch of peace !

Go where Glory waits Thee

THOMAS MOORE.

Air: "Maid of the Valley."

Moderately slow.



Go where glo - ry waits thee, But, while fame e-lates thee,



pp a little slower.

Oh! still..... re - mem - ber me.



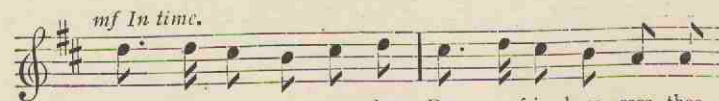
In time.

When the praise thou meet - est To thine ear is sweet - est,



pp a little slower.

Oh! then..... re - mem - ber me.



mf In time.

O - ther arms may press thee, Dear - er friends ca - ress thee,



p a little slower.

All the joys that bless thee Sweet - er far may be;



In time.

cresc.

But when friends are near - est, And when joys are dear - est,

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE



When, at eve thou rovest
 By the star thou lovest,
 Oh! then remember me.
 Think, when home returning,
 Bright we've seen it burning,
 Oh! thus remember me.
 Oft as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes,
 On its ling'ring roses,
 Once so loved by thee,
 Think of her who wove them,
 Her who made thee love them,
 Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh! then remember me.
 And, at night, when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh! still remember me.
 Then should music, stealing
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee;
 Then let mem'ry bring thee
 Strains I used to sing thee,—
 Oh! then remember me.

Let Erin remember the Days of Old

THOMAS MOORE.

Air: "The Little Red Fox."

In moderate time.



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col - lar of gold Which he won from her proud in - -



- - va - - der; When her Kings, with stan - dard of



green un - fur'd, Led the Red - Branch Knights to...



dan - - ger; Ere the em - 'rald gem.. of the



wes-tern world Was set in the crown of a stran - ger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round tow'rs of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining;
 Thus shall mem'ry often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
 Thus sighing, look thro' the waves of time,
 For long-faded glories they cover.

Silent, oh Moyle

THOMAS MOORE.

Air: "Arrah! my dear Eveleen."

Slowly and sadly.

Si - lent, oh Moyle, be the roar.. of thy wa - ter,
Break not, ye breez-es, your chain of re - pose; While
mur - mur-ing mourn - ful - ly, Lir's lone - ly daugh-ter
Tells to the night - star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death - note sing - ing,
Sleep, with wings in dark-ness furl'd? When will Heav'n, its
sweet bells ring - ing, Call my spi-rit from this storm - y world?

NATIONAL MUSIC

Sadly, oh Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
 Fate bids me languish long ages away ;
 Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
 Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
 When will that day-star, mildly springing,
 Warm our isle with peace and love?
 When will Heav'n, its sweet bells ringing,
 Call my spirit to the fields above?

Avenging and Bright

(Cruachan na feine)

Quickly and fiercely.

Poem by MOORE.

A - veng - ing and bright fall the swift sword of E - rin On

him who the brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd; For

ev - 'ry fond eye he hath wa - ken'd a.. tear in, A

drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,
 When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore—
 By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
 Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore,

AVENGING AND BRIGHT

We swear to avenge them! No joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head.

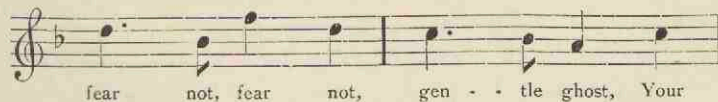
Yes, monarch! tho' sweet are our home recollections,
Tho' sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Tho' sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

The Flight of the Earls

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

Air: "The Boys of Wexford."

In moderate time.



NATIONAL MUSIC



sons shall turn un - true! Tho' fain to fly your



love - ly coast, They leave their hearts with you.

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As slowly into distance dim
Your shadow sinks and dies,
So o'er the ocean's utmost
rim
Another realm shall rise:
New hills shall swell, new vales
expand,
New rivers winding flow,
But could we for a foster
land
Your mother love forgo?

Shall mighty Espan's martial
praise
Our patriot pulses still,
And o'er your mem'rys fervent
rays
For ever cast a chill?
Oh no! we live for your relief,
Till, home from alien earth,
We share the smile that gilds
your grief,
The tear that gems your mirth.

Clare's Dragoons

THOMAS DAVIS.

Air: "Vive là!"

In march time.



When on Ram - il - lies' blood - y field The baffled French were



forced to yield, The vic - tor Sax - on back - ward reel'd Be -

CLARE'S DRAGOONS

- - fore the charge of Clare's men. The flags we con-quer'd
in that fray Look lone in Y - pres' choir they say: We'll
win them com - pa - ny to - day Or brave - ly die, like
Clare's men. *ff* Vi - ve là! for Ire - land's wrong,
Vi - ve là! for Ire land's right, And Vi - ve là! in..
bat - tle throng For a Span-ish steed and sa - - bre.

Another Clare is here to lead,
The worthy son of such a breed,
The French expect some famous deed
When Clare leads on his warriors.
Our Colonel comes from Brian's race,
His wounds are in his breast and face,
The gap of danger's still his place,
The foremost of his squadron.
Vive là! etc.

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Oh, comrades, think how Ireland pines
For exiled lords and rifled shrines,
Her dearest hope the ordered lines
And bursting charge of Clare's men.
Then fling your green flag to the sky,
Be Limerick your battle cry,
And charge till blood floats fetlock high
Around the track of Clare's men.

Vive là ! etc.

At the Mid Hour of Night

THOMAS MOORE.

Air: "Molly, my dear."

Moderately slow.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are
weep - ing, I fly To the lone vale we lov'd, when
life shone warm in thine eye; And I think oft, if
spi - - rits can steal from the re - gions of
air To re - vis - - it past scenes of de -

cresc.

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT

f *Slower. p*

- light, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our
love is re - mem - ber'd, even in the sky!

The image shows two staves of musical notation in G major (one sharp). The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 4/4. It contains the melody for the first line of the song. Above the staff, there is a dynamic marking 'f' and a tempo marking 'Slower. p' with a hairpin indicating a decrescendo. The second staff continues the melody for the second line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to hear,
When our voices, commingling, breath'd, like one, on the ear ;
And, as Echo far off thro' the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, O my love ! 'tis thy voice from the Kingdom of Souls,
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

The Little Red Lark

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

Air: "The Little Red Lark."

Flowing and not too quickly.

mf

Oh swan of slen - der - ness, Dove of ten - der - ness,
Jew-el of joy, a - rise !... The lit - tle red lark, Like a
soar - ing spark Of song, to his sun - burst flies..... But,

The image shows three staves of musical notation in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It begins with a treble clef and a dynamic marking 'mf'. The lyrics are written below the notes.

NATIONAL MUSIC



till.. thou'rt ris - - en, Earth is a pris - on



Full of my lone-some sighs; Then a-wake and dis-co-ver To



thy fond lov-er The morn of thy match-less eyes!...

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The dawn is dark to me,
Hark, oh hark to me,
Pulse of my heart, I pray!
And out of thy hiding
With blushes gliding,
Dazzle me with thy day.

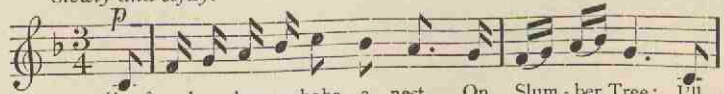
Ah, then once more to thee
Flying I'll pour to thee
Passion so sweet and gay,
The lark shall listen,
And dewdrops glisten
Laughing on ev'ry spray.

I've found my Bonny Babe a Nest

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

Two Irish Lullabies combined.

Slowly and softly.



I've found my bon-ny babe a nest On Slum-ber Tree: I'll



rock you there to ro - sy rest, As - tore Ma - chree! I'll

I'VE FOUND MY BONNY BABE A NEST



found my bon - ny babe a nest On Slum - ber Tree, I'll



rock you there to ro - sy rest, As-tore Ma-chree! Hush-o, Hush-o!..



..... Oh, lul - la - lo! sing all the leaves On Slum - ber



Tree, on Slum - ber Tree, Till ev - 'ry - thing that hurts or



grieves A - far must flee, a - far must flee.

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I'd put my pretty child to float
 Away from me,
 Within the new moon's silver
 boat
 On Slumber Sea.
 I'd put my pretty child to float
 Away from me,
 Within the new moon's silver
 boat
 On Slumber Sea.

Hush-o, Hush-o!
 And when your starry sail is
 o'er,
 From Slumber Sea, from Slumber
 Sea,
 My precious one, you'll step to
 shore
 On Mother's knee, on Mother's
 knee.

Shule Agra

ANON.
(Adapted by the Editor.)
With feeling.

Air: "Siúbhail a ghrádh."
(Come, my love!)

His hair was black, his eye was blue, His arm was stout, his
word was true. I wish in my heart I was with you. Go -
dé - - thu, ma - vour - - neen slaun. Shule,.. shule,..
shule a - gra!.... On - ly death can ease my woe, Since the
lad of my heart from me did go, Go - -
- dé - - - thu, ma - vour - - - - neen slaun!

'Tis oft I sat on my true love's knee;
Many a fond story he told to me.
He told me things that ne'er shall be.
Go-dé-thu, mavourneen slaun, etc.

SHULE AGRA

I sold my rock, I sold my reel ;
When my flax was spun I sold my wheel,
To buy my love a sword of steel.

Go-dé-thu, mavourneen slaun, etc.

But when King James was forced to flee,
The Wild Geese spread their wings to sea,
And bore ma bouchal far from me.

Go-dé-thu, mavourneen slaun, etc.

I saw them sail from Brandon Hill,
Then down I sat and cried my fill,
That every tear would turn a mill.

Go-dé-thu, mavourneen slaun, etc.

I wish the King would return to reign,
And bring my true love back again ;
I wish, and wish, but I wish in vain.

Go-dé-thu, mavourneen slaun, etc.

I'll dye my petticoat, I'll dye it red,
And round the world I'll beg my bread,
Till I find my love, alive or dead.

Go-dé-thu, mavourneen slaun, etc.

Kitty of Coleraine

ANON.

Playfully.

Air: "Kitty of Coleraine."



NATIONAL MUSIC



saw me she stum-bled, The pitch - er it tum - bled, And



all the sweet but - ter - milk wa - ter'd the plain.



"Oh, what shall I do now? 'Twas look - ing at you, now! Sure,



sure, such a pitch - er I'll ne'er meet a - gain! 'Twas the



pride of my dai - ry: O Bar - ney Mc - Clea - ry, You're



sent as a plague to the..... girls of Cole-raine."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain;
A kiss then I gave her, and, before I did leave her,
She vowed, for such pleasure, she'd break it again.
'Twas hay-making season; I can't tell the reason,
Misfortune will never come single, 'tis plain;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

The Lark in Clear Air

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

Air: "The Tailor."

Tenderly.



Dear thoughts are in my mind, and my soul soars en-



- chant-ed As I hear the sweet lark sing in the



clear air of the day. For a ten-der, beam-ing



smile to my hope has been... grant-ed, And to-



- mor-row she shall hear all my fond heart would say.

I shall tell her all my love, all my soul's adoration,
And I think she will hear me, and will not say me nay.
It is this that gives my soul all its joyous elation,
As I hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.

The Snowy-Breasted Pearl

Translated from the Irish by GEORGE PETRIE.

Air: "Péarla an bhrollaigh bháin."
(The Pearl of the White Breast.)

Not too slowly.



There's a col - leen fair as May, For a



year and for a day I have sought by ev'ry way Her heart to



gain. There's no art of tongue or eye Fond



youths with maid-ens try. But I've tried with ceaseless sigh, Yet tried in



vain. If to far - off France or Spain She



crossed the rag - ing main, Her face to see a-gain The seas I'd



brave. But... if 'tis Heav'n's de - cree That

THE SNOWY-BREASTED PEARL



mine she may not be, May the Son of Ma-ry me In mer-cy save.

Oh, thou blooming milk-white
dove
To whom I've given my love,
Do not ever thus reprove
My constancy.

There are maidens would be mine,
With wealth in land and kine,
If my heart would but incline
To turn from thee.

But a kiss with welcome bland
And touch of thy fair hand,
Is all that I demand,
Wouldst thou not spurn.

For if not mine, dear girl,
Oh, snowy-breasted pearl,
May I never from the fair
With life return.

Down by the Sally Gardens

W. B. YEATS.

Air: "The Maids of Mourne Shore."

Pensively.



Down by the sal - ly gar - dens, my love and I did



meet; She passed the sal - ly... gar - dens, with



lit - tle snow-white feet. She bid me take love ea - sy, as the

NATIONAL MUSIC



leaves grow on the tree ; But I, be-ing young and
fool - - ish, with her did not a - gree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy as the grass grows on the weirs ;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

Pastheen Fionn

From the Irish by SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

Air : "Pastheen Fionn."



Passionately.
Oh, my fair Pas-theen is my heart's de-light, Her
gay heart laughs in her blue eye bright, Like the
ap - - ple blos-som her bo - som white, And her

PASTHEEN FIONN

Faster.



neck like the swan's on a March morn bright. Then



O - ro, will you come with me, come with me, come with me?



O - ro, will you come with me, brown girl sweet? For



oh!.... I would go.... thro' snow and sleet. If



you would but come with me, brown girl sweet.

Love of my heart, my fair Pastheen !
Her cheeks are as red as the rose's sheen ;
But my lips have tasted no more, I ween,
Than the glass I drank to the health of my queen !

Then Oro, come with me ! come with me ! come with me ! etc.

Were I in the town, where's mirth and glee,
Or 'twixt two barrels of barley bree,
With my fair Pastheen upon my knee,
'Tis I would drink to her pleasantly !

Then Oro, come with me ! come with me ! come with me ! etc.

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Nine nights I lay in longing and pain,
Betwixt two bushes, beneath the rain,
Thinking to see you, love, once again ;
But whistle and call were all in vain !

Then Oro, come with me ! come with me ! come with me ! etc.

I'll leave my people, both friend and foe ;
From all the girls in the world I'll go ;
But from you, sweetheart, oh, never ! oh no !
Till I lie in the coffin, stretched cold and low !

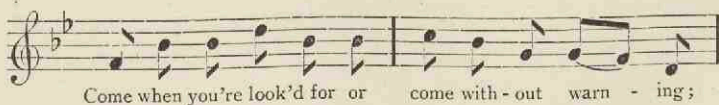
Then Oro, come with me ! come with me ! come with me ! etc.

The Welcome

THOMAS DAVIS.

Air : "Mo Bhuachailín Buidhe."
(My yellow-haired little boy.)

Brightly.



THE WELCOME



Light is my heart since the day we were plight - ed,



Red is my cheek that they told me was blight - ed, The



green of the trees looks far green-er than ev - er, And the



lin-nets are sing-ing, "True lov - ers don't sev - er!"

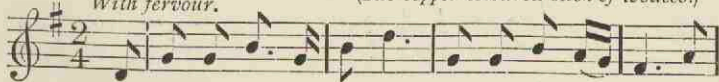
I'll pull you sweet flowers to wear if you choose 'em,
 Or, after you've kiss'd them they'll lie on my bosom;
 We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
 Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
 Oh! she'll whisper you, "Love, as unchangeably beaming,
 And trust, all in secret, as tunefully streaming,
 Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
 And our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

The Heather Glen

GEORGE SIGERSON.

*Air: "An Smachdaoin Crōn."
 (The copper-coloured stick of tobacco.)*

With fervour.



There blooms a bon - nie flow - er, Up the heath - er glen; Tho'

NATIONAL MUSIC



bright in sun, in show-er 'Tis just as bright a - gain. I



nev - er can pass by it, I nev - er dar' go nigh it,



My heart it won't be qui - et, Up the heath - er glen. Sing..



O, the bloom - ing heath - er! O, the heath - er glen! Where



fair - est fair - ies gath - er To lure in mor - tal men. I....



nev - er can pass by it, I.... nev - er dar' go



nigh it, My.. heart it won't be qui - et, Up the heath - er glen.

THE HEATHER GLEN

There sings a bonnie linnet,
Up the heather glen,
The voice has magic in it
Too sweet for mortal men !
It brings joy doon before us,
Wi' winsome, mellow chorus,
But flies far, too far, o'er us,
Up the heather glen.

Sing, O ! the blooming hea-
ther, etc.

O, might I pull the flower
That's blooming in that glen,
Nae sorrows that could lower
Would make me sad again !
And might I catch that linnet,
My heart—my hope are in it !
O, heaven itself I'd win it,
Up the heather glen !

Sing, O ! the blooming hea-
ther, etc.

No, not more Welcome

(Erin to Grattan)

THOMAS MOORE.

Air : "Luggelaw."

With expression.



No, not more wel-come the fai-ry num-bers Of mu-sic



fall on the sleep - er's ear, When half a -



- wak - ing from fear - ful slum - bers, He thinks the



full.... quire of heav'n is near,— Than came that

NATIONAL MUSIC

voice, when all for-sak - en, This... heart long had sleep-ing
lain, Nor thought its cold pulse would ev - er
wak - en to such be - nign, bless-ed sounds a - gain.

Sweet voice of comfort ! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind through some wreathèd shell :
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell !
'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken :
I'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, blessèd sounds again.

Little Mary Cassidy

FRANCIS A. FAHY.

Air : "The Little Stack of Barley."

With buoyant tenderness.

Oh, 'tis lit - tle Ma - ry Cas - si - dy's the
cause of all my mis - - er - y, The

LITTLE MARY CASSIDY



rai - son that I am not now the boy I used to be; Oh, she



bates the beau-ties all.. that we read a-bout in his-to-ry, Sure



half the coun-try side's as lost for her as me. Trav-el



Ire - land up and down, hill, vil - lage, vale, and town, Girl



like my col-leen d'own you'll be look-ing for in vain. Oh, I'd



ra-ther live in po-ver-ty with lit - tle Ma - ry Cas - si - dy, Than



Em - per - or with-out her be o'er Ger - ma - ny or Spain

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'Twas at the dance at Darmody's that first I caught a sight of her,
And heard her sing the Drinan Donn, till tears came in my eyes,
And ever since that blessed hour I'm dreaming day and night of her ;
The devil a wink of sleep at all I get from bed to rise.
Cheeks like the rose in June, song like the lark in tune,
Working, resting, night or noon, she never leaves my mind ;
Oh, till singing by my cabin fire sits little Mary Cassidy,
'Tis little aise or happiness I'm sure I'll never find.

What is wealth, what is fame, what is all that people fight about,
To a kind word from her lips or a love-glance from her eye?
Oh, though troubles throug my breast, sure they'd soon go to the
right-about
If I thought the curly head of her would rest there by and by.
Take all I own to-day, kith, kin, and care away,
Ship them all across the say, or to the frozen zone ;
Lave me an orphan bare—but lave me Mary Cassidy,
I never would feel lonely with the two of us alone.

The Winding Banks of Erne

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Air: "The River Roe."

Moderato.

A - dieu to Bel - a - shan - ny, where I was bred and.
born ; Go where I may, I'll think of you, As
sure as night and morn... The kind - ly spot, the

THE WINDING BANKS OF ERNE

friend - ly town, where ev - ry - one is known, And
 not a face in all the place but part - ly seems my own ; There's
 not a house or win - dow, There's not a tree or hill, But
 east or west, in for - eign lands, I'll re - col - lect them still... I
 leave my warm heart with you, tho' my back I'm forced to turn : A -
 - dieu to Bel - a - shan - ny, and the wind - ing banks of Erne.

No more on pleasant evenings we'll saunter down the Mall,
 When the trout is rising to the fly, the salmon to the fall !
 The boat comes straining on her net, and heavily she creeps,
 Cast off, cast off—she feels the oars, and to her berth she sweeps ;
 Now fore and aft keep hauling, and gathering up the clew,
 Till a silver wave of salmon rolls in among the crew.
 Then they may sit with pipes a-lit, and many a joke and yarn—
 Adieu to Belashanny, and the winding banks of Erne !

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The thrush will call through Camlin groves the livelong summer day;
 The waters run by mossy cliffs and banks with wild flowers gay;
 The girls will bring their work and sing beneath a twisted thorn,
 Or stray with sweethearts down the path among the growing corn;
 Along the river-side they go, where I have often been,
 Oh, never shall I see again the days that I have seen!
 A thousand chances are to one I never may return—
 Adieu to Belashanny, and the winding banks of Erne!

Now measure from the Commons down to each end of the Purt,
 Round the Abbey, Moy, and Knather—I wish no one any hurt;
 The Main Street, Back Street, College Lane, the Mall, and Portnasun,
 If any foes of mine are there, I pardon every one.
 I hope that man and womankind will do the same by me;
 For my heart is sore and heavy at voyaging the sea.
 My loving friends I'll bear in mind, and often fondly turn
 To think of Belashanny, and the winding banks of Erne.

The Red-Haired Man's Wife

KATHARINE HINKSON (Tynan).
 (Adapted to Music by the Editor.)

Air: "Bean an fhir ruaidh."
 (The red-haired man's wife.)

Slowly and smoothly.

The musical score is written on three staves of music in treble clef, 3/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff contains the first line of the song. The second staff contains the second line, with a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3' above them. The third staff contains the third line, ending with a double bar line.

Though full.. as... 'twill hold of.... gold the..

har - vest has.. smiled, I'll..... ne'er have re -

- lief.... from grief.... for that fond grey - eyed child,

THE RED-HAIRED MAN'S WIFE

Whom kin - dred most cru - el, poor jew - el, in - to
 love - less wed-ded life, With.... an - - guish be it
 told, have sold to be the Red-haired Man's wife.

That fond valentine of mine a letter I sent,
 That I'd soon sail with store galore to wed her ere Lent.
 Her friends stole the note I wrote, and far worse than with knife
 Have slain my bright pearl for a churl: she's the Red-haired Man's
 wife.

Oh, child and sweetheart, their art had you but withstood
 Till I had come home o'er the foam for our great joy and good,
 I had not now to go under woe o'er the salt sea's strife,
 A wanderer to France from the glance of the Red-haired Man's wife.

Emer's Farewell

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

Londonderry Air.

O might a maid con-fess her se-cret long-ing To one who
 dear-ly loves, but may not speak! A-las! I had not hidden to thy

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wrong-ing A bleed - - ing heart be - neath..... a



smil - ing cheek; I had not stemmed my bit - ter tears from



start - ing, And thou hadst learned my bo - som's dear dis -



- tress, And half the pain, the cru - el pain of



part - ing,.. Had passed, Cu - cul - lain, in.. thy. fond ca-ress.

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But go! Connacia's hostile trumpets call thee,
 Thy chariot mount and ride the Ridge of War,
 And prove whatever feat of arms befell thee,
 The hope and pride of Emer of Lismore;
 Ah, then return, my hero, girt with glory,
 To knit my virgin heart so near to thine,
 That all who seek thy name in Erin's story
 Shall find its loving letters linked with mine.

NOTE.—Cucullain was one of the most famous of the Irish legendary heroes, and is said to have withstood all Queen Maive of Connaught's champions at the great battle of the Ford.

Happy 'tis, thou Blind, for Thee

From the Irish by DOUGLAS HYDE.

Air: "Callino Casturame."
(Colleen oge asthore.)

With feeling.



Hap - py 'tis,.. thou blind, for thee, That thou se - - est



not.. our star; Couldst thou see.. but as... we see.. her,



Thou.. wouldst be.... but as.... we are.

Once I pitied sightless men,
I was then unscathed by sight;
Now I envy those who see not,
They can be not hurt by light.

Woe who once has seen her please,
And then sees her not each hour;
Woe for him her love-mesh binding,
Whose unwinding passes power.

His Home and His Own Country

EMILY H. HICKEY.

Air: "All Alive."

Foyfully.



I.. know not whe-ther to laugh or cry, So

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great - ly. ut - ter - ly glad.. am I; For



one whose beau-ti-ful, love-lit face.. The dis - tance hid for a



wea - ry space, Has come this day of all days to me, Who



am his home and his own coun - try: Has come on this day of all



days to me, Who am.... his home and his own coun-try.

What shall I say who am here at rest,
 Led from the good things up to the best?
 Little my knowledge, but this I know,
 It was God said, "Love each other so."
 O love, my love, who hast come to me,
 Thy love, thy home, and thy own country.

Dublin Bay

LADY DUFFERIN.

Air: "Dublin Bay."

Smoothly.



O Bay of Dub - - lin, how my heart you're
And nev - er till this life's pul - - sa - tion.



troub - lin', Your beau - ty.. haunts me like a fe - ver
ceas - es, My ear - liest, lat - est thought you'll fail to



dream; Like fro - zen foun - tains that the sun sets
be. Oh, none here knows how ve - ry fair that



bub - lin', My heart's blood warms when I but hear your name.
place is! And no one cares how dear it is to me.

Sweet Wicklow mountains! the soft sunlight sleepin'

On your green uplands is a picture rare;

You crowd around me, like young maidens peepin',

And puzzlin' me to say which is most fair,

As tho' you longed to see your own sweet faces

Reflected in that smooth and silver sea.

My fondest blessin' on those lovely places,

Tho' no one cares how dear they are to me.

How often, when alone at work I'm sittin',

And musing sadly on the days of yore,

I think I see my pretty Katie knittin',

The childer playin' round the cabin door;

I think I see the neighbours' kindly faces

All gathered round, their long-lost friend to see;

Though none here knows how very fair that place is,

Heav'n knows how dear my poor home was to me.

The Meeting of the Waters

THOMAS MOORE.

Air: "The Old Head of Denis."

With expression.

There is not in the wide world a val-ley so sweet As that
vale in whose bo-som the bright wa-ters meet, Oh! the
last rays of feel-ing and life must de-part, Ere the
bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart! Ere the
bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart!

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill ;
Oh, no—it was something more exquisite still :—

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear ;
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected in looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

The Song of the Woods

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

Air: "The Song of the Woods."



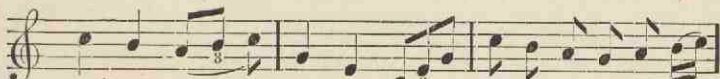
Not on - ly where Thy bless-ed bells Peal a -



- far..... for praise and prayer Or.. where Thy sol-enn or-gan



swells, Lord, not on - ly art thou there. Thy



voice of many.... wa-ters from.. out the ocean com - fort



speaks, Thy presence to a ra-diant rose thrills a thou-sand vir-gin



peaks. And here where in one wondrous woof aisle on



aisle.. and choir on choir, To.. rear thy rar-est tem-ple

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The Widow Malone

CHARLES LEVER.

Air: "The Gap in the Hedge."

Briskly.



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Put his arm round her waist,
Gave ten kisses at last—
"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,
My own!"
"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone!"

And the widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh—
For why?

But "Lucius," says she,
"Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Molly Malone,
Ohone!
You may marry your Molly Malone!"

Father O'Flynn

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

"Air: "The Top of Cork Road"



Of priests we can of - fer a charm-in' va - ri - e - ty

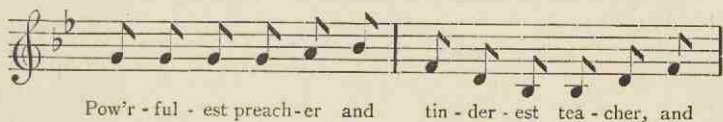
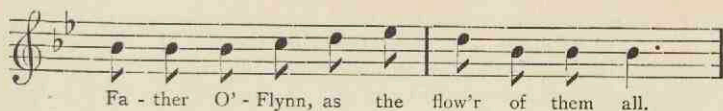


Far re - nown'd for larn - in' and pi - e - ty,



Still I'd ad - vance ye wid - out im - pro - pri - e - ty,

FATHER O'FLYNN



Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
 Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
 Faix and the devils and all at Divinity,
 Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all!
 Come, I venture to give ye my word,
 Never the likes of his logic was heard,
 Down from mythology into thayology,
 Troth! and conchology if he'd the call.

Here's a health, etc.

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Och, Father O'Flynn, you've a wonderful way wid you,
All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,
You've such a way wid you, Father avick !
Still for all you've so gentle a soul,
Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control ;
Checking the crazy ones, coaxin' onaisy ones,
Lifting the lazy ones on with the stick.

Here's a health, etc.

And tho' quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,
Where was the playboy could claim an equality
At comicality, Father, wid you ?
Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him off wid the rest :
Is it lave gaiety all to the laity ?
Cannot the Clergy be Irishmen too ?

Here's a health, etc.

SCOTCH FOLK SONG

SCOTLAND has not yet followed the example set in England, Ireland, and Wales by establishing a Folk Song Society of its own. There are, however, several folk-song collectors of great diligence and high qualifications actively employed in garnering the precious remains of their country's folk music and folk poetry. Of these the most pre-eminent is Mrs. Kennedy Fraser, daughter of David Kennedy, the famous Scottish singer, from whom she received a fine musical training. She had been a singer as well as a player of Scots songs under his instruction when quite a child, but made no special departure of her own as a folk-song collector and a converter of folk into art songs until, to use her own words, "the Breton volume of Ducoudray, with all its strangely beautiful airs on unfamiliar scales, with its poetically and musically suggestive pianoforte accompaniments, and its French singing translations by François Coppée," opened to her mind a vista of the possibilities of a new song development in the direction of a national Celtic art song.

This art song, she felt, "should incorporate faithfully within itself the Scotto-Celtic musical heritage, while at the same time itself growing organically out of the miniature form within it, which it thus enlarged and enframed." The difficulty was to find place and opportunity for original research work, such as that which made possible the achievement of Ducoudray. But in the year 1904 she was introduced by John Duncan—a Scottish painter, who had come back from his post as lecturer on Celtic art in Chicago University to study Celtic conditions at their source—"to the little obscure isle of Eriskay in the Outer Hebrides." To use Mrs. Kennedy Fraser's own words: "It is one of a long chain of isles known collectively as the Long Island, and to reach it I had to go by open fishing-boat from the neighbouring Isle of Uist. Our fishing-boat landed me at the first convenient point, and when I clambered up the pure, white

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shellfish-clad rock, I seemed on virgin soil. No trace of path or print of foot was to be seen. But crossing the damp grass in the gathering darkness we at last struck a narrow footpath, the only road in the island, and that but recently made. Here and there, as though dropped at random on the hillside, were long, oval-shaped cottages, built of undressed stone—walls three or four feet in height, and five to eight feet in thickness—the rafters of driftwood from across the Atlantic, gathered on its western shores, resting midway on the walls, leaving a projection two or three feet—a device that protects the thatch of the roof from the tornadoes of wind which are common on those wind-swept, treeless isles. The next morning the life of the isle unfolded itself—no roads, no fences, no carts, no wheelbarrows; burdens of all kinds were carried in creels on the backs of the folk or in panniers on the flanks of the ponies. And, of course, in an unfenced world everybody's cow was always getting into everybody else's corn!

“The brown-sailed herring-boats left every Monday morning for the fishing and returned every Saturday; and on Sundays the whole island turned out—brawny men and beautiful maidens, old wives and bare-footed bairns—as their priest himself tolled the bell that called them all to worship.

“Here at the ‘ceilidhs,’ round the peat fires that burned in the middle of the floor, I shared the life of our forebears, and here found that song and tale were of the necessities, not the luxuries, of life:

“I saw a stranger yestereen,
I put meat in the eating-place,
Drink in the drinking-place,
And music in the listening-place.

So runs an ancient rune recovered from the Gaelic by my island poet-collaborator, Rev. Kenneth MacLeod. He, since we joined forces, has not merely edited the Gaelic, but out of his own life-long ‘collecting’ has given me freely of valuable Hebridean lore, which but for him had been irretrievably lost.

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"Now, I had gone out to the isles with serious musical intent. I am not a mere folk song enthusiast. . . . I brought to my research work a specially cultivated faculty—the faculty of recognizing bare melody and, further, that of mere 'motives,' musical figures, out of which ever fresh melodies may evolve. I found remarkable airs of a type not noted by the amateur or semi-professional collectors, who may have worked in these regions in a desultory fashion before me. I had been thoroughly persuaded in my own mind before going out to the isles that there were such airs, and I was not disappointed. Indeed, the longer I work the more inclined I am to do homage to the musical geniuses whose work has come down to us orally through the ages more or less intact.

"Those who know our published collections will note that we do not there call them folk song, whatever that term may be assumed to imply. The folk (the isles-folk) have certainly in this case preserved for us our musical heritage; but who the original melodists were we shall probably never know. Be that as it may, the melodies themselves are not merely quaint racial survivals of value due mainly to Celtic enthusiasts: they are a valuable addition to the melodic wealth of the world.

"When I returned from my first 'raid' on the isles my *trouvailles* were regarded with incredulity by many in Edinburgh. 'How much of this is genuine?' I was asked. So, that there might be no Ossian-like controversy as to the authenticity and faithfulness of this work, I took with me a small recording phonograph, and with its help was able to secure most valuable variants of the melodies—such as are in evidence in the different verses of 'Kishmul's Galley,' for instance.

"This research stuff derives, I believe, from many ages and many races. Celtic lore would seem to have much in common with Hindu mythology and with Greek thought, and recurrent waves of Celtic inundation swept into and over Europe. Was it from the East?

"Partly Oriental in character, the Celts remain in the remotest

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isles and peninsulas still faithful to old memories and the old tongue, and if Hindu and Byzantine carving show affinity with that of Iona, there are distinct traces also in the Celtic airs of kinship with Persian, Greek, and Arabian.

“In setting the airs we have in no sense altered the melodies; we have merely tried to set them in an harmonic and rhythmic framework of pianoforte wrought metal, so to speak, as one would set a beautiful stone, a ‘cairngorm,’ or the like, and have tried by such setting to show the tune more clearly—have tried to bring out its peculiar character.

“‘In the chorus of humanity,’ says Renan, ‘no race equals the Celts in penetrative notes that go to the heart.’ A passionate pungency, a rhythmical *elan* these penetrative notes have. And these floating fragments of the ancient music lore of Gaeldom we bring not merely as something quaint, archaic, having peculiar and perhaps fascinating local colour and character, but as racial records that yet strike to the roots of all life wherever and whenever found—an elemental, basic, far-reaching expression of life.”

The above passages form the greater part of an address delivered by Mrs. Kennedy Fraser at the Celtic Congress held in the Isle of Man in July, 1924.

It was illustrated by Miss Margaret Kennedy's singing of “The Skye Fisher's Love Song,” “A Churning Lilt,” “The Benbecula Bridal,” “Cuchullan's Lament,” and “Kishmul's Galley.” Mrs. Kennedy Fraser also sang “The Fate Croon” and “A Soothing Croon from Eigg.”

But while Mrs. Kennedy Fraser is the leading collector of, and the leading artistic authority upon, the song of the Hebrides, she is also, as her father's daughter should be, the best worth listening to of all the living interpreters of Scotch song, whether Highland, Lowland, or Hebridean, and I am glad to be permitted to print her views in full, for they apply equally, though of course with allowance for racial differences in treatment, to the singing of the national music of the other Celtic nationalities.

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"Lowland Scots song, although tonally probably a branch, an offshoot of the Scotto-Celtic music lore of the Scots Highlands and Islands, has yet, in feeling, much that is akin to the Saxon. . . . No that *parfervidum Scotorum ingenium* is wanting in Lowland song, but just that there is a fiercer blast of Scots passion in the Highland than in the Lowland lore.

"As to the interpretation of Scots song, no generalization will suffice; there are so many types: the songs of reminiscences, the dramatic narrative ballads, the love-songs, the lullabies and other songs of occupation, and the laments.

"But for *all* song I would point out, that being one of the smaller forms of musical and literary crystallization of thoughts and feeling, and *these in sequence*, it calls for a very delicate judgment—how best, in such short space, to give full expression to the varying emotions without injury to the design—the everlasting problem in art, and that (song being different merely in degree and not in kind from other musical forms) *naïveté* is no mere essential to traditional song than it is to symphony, which is only an aggrandisement of song.

"I labour the point, because if you approach Scots song, Lowland, Highland, or Hebridean, with the faintest idea that the performance of it must be a pose, such as that of the Watteau Shepherdess period of French life in the eighteenth century, you will miss its meaning and scope.

"Scots song, in short, is art expressing itself in word and tune, in short forms. It is founded, as all vital art must be, on the manifestations of the human heart and mind. It must be psychologically true—we recognize ourselves in it. It must be beautiful in texture (tone) and convincing in design (form).

"The singing of traditional song such as Scotland has produced is one of the most crucial tests of the singer's art. Operatic work may cover crudities in composition; and, in what is popularly termed 'art-song,' so much of the interpretation is achieved by the com-

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poser's instrumental commentary, that the singer's task—if he (or she) be artist-musician enough to sing *mentally* through the accompaniment and have an imagination that is stirred by such musical tone-painting—is comparatively easy. The singer of the traditional *strophic* song, on the other hand, must by his own art, and aided only by his own creative imagination, supply all the subtle deviations from the normal that give a continuous, convincing, psychological sequence to the developments of the lyrical mood or of the dramatic situation. Such was the art of my father, David Kennedy, to which I was brought up from childhood, and I have never ceased to wonder since at the want of it in singers. I took it for granted! And yet it is asking a great deal of singers who essay Scots songs to reach this ideal.

“On the interpretative side the ancient song and ballad indeed presuppose a traditional culture, a culture which, as Yeats has pointed out in his essay on popular poetry, cannot be taken for granted in these days, and much study and imagination, therefore, may have to be brought to bear on the subject before it will yield its full message. Such is one of the peculiar difficulties on the interpretative side. On the technical side there is much to accomplish, for it is a great mistake to imagine that simple Scots songs are simple in performance. The voice must be cultured and controlled. But after studies in voice-production have been made, we are only at the beginning of things. Although there is a fine cantabile type in Scots song, few of the best of our songs can be regarded as mere opportunities for vocal display. Indeed, in some of the character songs and lilts (in which we are very rich) you must put your voice in your pocket, so to speak, and bring out only so much as is required at the moment to supply the necessary lilt and colour.

“On the purely musical side it cannot be too much insisted upon with young singers—and some not so very young either!—that accent and shape, beauty of form, intelligibility of phrase, and the

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hypnotism of rhythm—which plays such an all-important part in all art—can be attained only by carefully worked out *gradations*; and that such *gradations* can be achieved only by fierce economy, by cutting away as well as by adding on, by lessening the tone-quantity in one place that it may stand out in relief in another. If, indeed, you begin a tone-curving phrase with one shadow of a shade too much tone, you may from the first have made your intended crescendo curve impossible. And if—after a point, an accent arrived at, worked up to—you lean with the faintest too much stress or too long duration on a weak *following* beat—a common rhythmical feature in Scots music—you have wiped out again your climax, your point, you have destroyed your lilt, blurred your melodic shape.

“Hence one occasionally finds an *unconscious* singer—with a good voice naturally free from faults of production—with mind not concerned overmuch with voice or tone, nor hampered with a stiffly pictured notation, give a much better lilting rhythm than a half-trained singer who, thinking too exclusively of tone, gives it out in full measure, note after note, until one entirely loses the shape, and “cannot see the wood for the trees.”

Next to Mrs. Kennedy Fraser's four remarkable collections of over four hundred Hebridean folk music comes Miss Frances Tolmie's collection of 105 songs of occupation from the western isles of Scotland. “This collection,” as Miss Lucy Broadwood justly writes of it, in the third part of volume four of the *Journal of The Folksong Society*, “opens a mine of interest and delight to musicians, poets, folklorists, and historians, and undoubtedly forms one the most important contributions yet made towards the preservation of the purely traditional music and poetry of our British Isles in general and of Scotland in particular.

“Songs of occupation are among the most primal things in the history of mankind, and in their simple rhythms and intervals, first evolved by workers for their needs, we find the germs of all music and verse. The songs in this *Journal*, which represent but a small

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section from Miss Tolmie's mass of memories and lore, have not only been skilfully taken down, translated, and annotated by a Hebridean, familiar with Highland song from earliest infancy, but have received the value of a commentary by another Highlander, Dr. George Henderson, Lecturer on Celtic Languages and Literature in the University of Glasgow, and well known as an authority and writer on Celtic lore and literature.

"In addition, Miss A. G. Gilchrist, a constant student of comparative folk song, has carefully analyzed each air here printed, and has contributed to the *Journal* a very illuminating and suggestive essay upon the gapped scale system, to which these pure Gaelic tunes conform.

"It should be borne in mind that songs of occupation as a whole belong to the *luinneag* class, which is distinct from that of the *laoidh* (lay), hymn or Ossianic lay, and the *oran mor* (great song). To the latter classes belong the grand elegies and laments, songs of praise, rhapsodies, descriptive of the beauties of nature and the like, in which, to suit the words, the music flows in broad and majestic streams. Patrick M'Donald writes: 'Over all the Highlands there are various songs, which are sung to airs suited to the nature of the subject. But on the western coast, beneath Middle Lorne, and in all the Hebrides, *luinigs* are most in request. These are in general very short, and of a plaintive cast, analogous to their best poetry; and they are sung by the women, not only at their diversions, but also during almost every kind of work, where more than one person is employed, as milking the cows and watching the folds, fulling of cloth, grinding of grain with the quern or handmill, haymaking, and cutting down corn. The men, too, have *iorryms*, or songs for rowing, to which they keep time with their oars, as the women likewise do in their operations whenever the work admits of it. When the same airs are sung in their hours of relaxation, the time is marked by the motions of a napkin, which all the performers lay hold of. In singing, one person leads the band; but in a certain part of the tune

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he stops to take breath, while the rest strike in and complete the air, pronouncing to it a chorus of words and syllables generally of no signification.'"

The late Miss Tolmie, who was descended through both parents from Hebridean families of great distinction, thus describes the occasion of her forming her great Scots folk-song collection :

"In the year 1900, when spending a day at Dr. Alexander Carmichael's house at Taynuilt, near Loch Awe, I met Dr. George Henderson. In the course of conversation, and after I had been singing some 'Puir-a Beul' (mouth-tunes sung for dancing), both friends expressed a wish that I would write down all the tunes I remembered. This I promised to do, on condition that they would get the gaps in my verses filled up." This led to the getting together of Miss Tolmie's folk-song collection and its publication by the Folk Song Society.

Miss Tolmie gives this graphic description of a waulking party :

"A waulking, while a useful and necessary domestic function, was also regarded as a pleasant form of entertainment. Invitations were issued, and the obliging guests came dressed neatly and specially for the occasion, with bare arms and stout aprons. They took their places—six to ten persons on each side, leaving elbow-room—at the waulking table. This was a long board, about three feet in width, grooved lengthways and resting on trestles. The cloth to be fulled or thickened was slowly dealt out from a vat at one end of the board. This vat, which contained a special liquid, was presided over by the good-wife of the house, or some other person of experience. The wet mass of cloth was firmly grasped by one of the waulkers and pushed towards the person opposite, who with a similar movement returned it to be sent to the next opposing pair. This process continued till the cloth had gone the round of the board three or four times. When the moisture in it had been duly absorbed, the cloth was plunged again into the vat 'to get a drink' and go the round of the board again until pronounced thick enough. Singing accom-

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panied the process throughout, songs of slow and solemn character coming first, followed by those in quicker time and merrier. Towards the close a slow measure was again used. The new web received its final treatment to the accompaniment of a solemn strain of song. During the singing of it the cloth was slowly and carefully wound round a board used to press it and give it a finish. According to Dr. Alexander Carmichael, this final process concludes still in some places with devout magical movements and words of benediction on the future wearer. For example, on seeing a young man receive a new suit, it was proper to salute him thus: 'Gum meal thu e; gun caith thu e, s'gum faigh thu bean r'a linn!' ('Mayst thou enjoy it; mayst thou wear it, and find a wife the while!').

"The waulking song differed from the 'duanag,' or ditty, in that its solo verse-part, consisting usually but of one line, though sometimes of two, was often (but not invariably) followed by a little refrain in meaningless syllables, and was succeeded by the chorus, in which all present, both workers and audience, joined. I once met a woman in North Uist who told me that the doctor advised her to frequent waulkings as the best remedy against mental depression, from which she suffered.

"There seems to have been no fixed rule as to the point at which the waulking songs began, whether with the solo or the chorus. A continuous round was kept up of the three parts—solo verse, solo refrain, and chorus—with no very marked ending.

"The reaping and rowing songs, proceeded in the same manner, were often heard at waulkings, and were usually included in the singer's traditional repertory. As to other music, there was no dancing at Killmaluag in the youth of Mary Ross, my informant, but the ordinary expression of gladness and sympathy when a wedding occurred could not be suppressed, and neighbours met at the house of the bride's family and sang joyous songs. The company when singing sat in a circle, each member of which was linked to the next by means of a handkerchief held at the ends between them. The

SCOTCH FOLK SONG

rhythm of the songs was vigorously marked by the waving up and down of the handkerchiefs in unison."

Miss Annie G. Gilchrist adds an interesting note on the modal system of Gaelic tunes, from which we quote: "A distinct line of demarcation may be observed between the music of the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, coinciding with the frontier lines of language and nationality. The folk songs of the two races differ rhythmically as the construction and poetical system of the two languages differ—emotionally as the characters of the Gael and Lowlander differ—and finally differ in scale; for Gaelic vocal music clings more or less to its ancient gapped scale, and retains a characteristic avoidance of certain notes, whereas Lowland Scottish music now approximates in its seven-note modal construction to the folk music of England. Lowland music has, however, been greatly enriched by borrowings from Gaelic sources. It has hitherto been generally assumed that the two-gapped—*i.e.*, five-note Scottish scale, known as the Scottish pentatonic scale, is equivalent to our scale of C major, with the fourth and seventh degrees absent; but a careful examination of the tunes in Miss Tolmie's happily genuine and undoctored collection has led me to the conclusion that this primitive pentatonic scale was rather equivalent to the scale of C to C with the third and seventh degree omitted (possibly built upon the three-fifths, C to G, D to A, F to C). This is the scale upon which many Highland *iorrums* (of which 'The Skye Boatsong' is a good and well-known example) and other songs of labour are constructed, without the upper C to form the complete pentatonic scale. Probably in such songs of labour we get very near the beginnings of a nation's folk music."

While dealing with Gaelic song, mention must be made of Lachlan Macbean's collection of "The Songs and Hymns of the Gael," with translations and music, and an introduction by the author published by Eneas Mackay, of 43, Murray Place, Stirling, in 1900. This is an earlier collection than Miss Tolmie's, and contains twenty-five High-

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land melodies printed for the first time, and the first collection of Highland sacred music. Its secular portion is divided into Love Songs, Songs of Home, Patriotic Songs, Songs of Grief, Humorous Songs, Ossianic Lays, Songs of Scenery and Miscellaneous Songs, all in Gaelic with good English verse translations by Mr. Macbean, which closely follow the metres and rhymes of the original.

The sacred songs published by Mr. Macbean had never before been printed, and of these he gives us thirty-six, their subjects being God the Father, Christ in His Life and Suffering and our connection with Him, Faith, the Christian Life, Youth, Death, Judgment, Heaven, and such national hymns as Grant's "Cry of the Gael," and Macfarland's "Supplication." Into the third section of his book, that of Gaelic Psalmody, Mr. Macbean has carried French, English, Welsh, and other psalm tunes, to which the Gaelic words that he gives us are sung.

In conclusion, Miss Lucy Broadwood may thus be well quoted : "The pathetic and wild beauty of Gaelic songs can only be realized by those who have heard them sung. Highlanders are very commonly gifted with fine voices, of a rich resonance, similar to that found amongst Italians. In Gaelic the vowels are open and pure, often succeeding and melting into each other as they do in Italian. Thus very strong *nessa di voce* vowel effects are produced, which heighten emotional expression in an extraordinary manner. The soft gutturals are more like those found in Dutch than in German, and trilled 'r's' are very vocal. Gaelic words have the strong accent on the first syllable, and in many words the last syllable is as elusive as the French mute 'e' when properly sung. This strong accent and weak ending in Gaelic words were observed and entirely misunderstood by Lowland Scottish and English musicians of the late seventeenth century onwards, and it is these manufacturers of Scottish music who are responsible for the invention of the odious 'snap' which arouses the indignation of the true Scot if he have anything of music in him.

SCOTCH FOLK SONG

"The Highlander makes marked use of the *crescendo* and the *diminuendo* phrasing, more especially when moved, with very great breadth and power.

"He accents vigorously, and makes much use of the *sporzando* on vowels; generally he uses grace-notes, varying them with every verse. Some singers, chiefly the older people, ornament as overprofusely as do many of the Irish, but as a rule Gaels adorn their airs sparingly and with musical good taste. They have a peculiar and characteristic way of carrying on one musical interval to the next by means of a rapid repetition and slide of the first note, producing a beautiful and soft kind of *appoggiatura* or *portamento* (not a 'scoop'), such as is heard in plainsong. Very commonly, too, the Gaelic singer beats time with his foot or feet and hands together."

SCOTCH FOLK SONG

The Bonnie Brier-Bush

In moderate time.

ANONYMOUS.

mf

There grows a bon-nie brier-bush in our kail - yard, And....

white are the blossoms on't in our kail - yard, Like

cresc.

wee bit white cock-ades for our loy-al Hie-land lads; And the

p

lass-es lo'e the bon-nie bush in our kail - yard.

But were they a' true that were far awa' ?
Oh ! were they a' true that were far awa' ?
They drew up wi' glaiket Englishers at Carlisle ha',
And forgot auld friends when far awa'.

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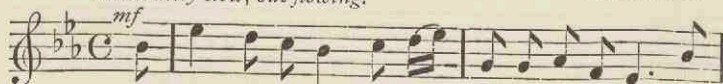
Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye hae been,
Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Athol Green ;
Ye lo'ed owre weel the dancin' at Carlisle ha',
And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa'.

He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me,
He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me,
A feather in his bonnet, and a ribbon at his knee ;
He's a bonnie Hieland laddie, and you be na he.

The Blue Bells of Scotland

Moderately slow, but flowing.

ANONYMOUS.



Oh! where, tell me where, is your Highland lad-die gone? Oh!



where, tell me where, is your High-land lad - die gone? He's



gone with streaming ban - ners where no-ble deeds are done, And it's



oh! in my heart I..... wish him safe at home. He's

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND



gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done, And it's



oh! in my heart I..... wish him safe at home.

Oh! where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie dwell?
Oh! where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie dwell?
He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, where blooms the sweet blue bell,
And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my laddie well.
He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, where blooms the sweet blue bell,
And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my laddie well.

Oh! what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
Oh! what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid,
And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland lad.
A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid,
And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland lad.

Oh! what, tell me what, if your Highland lad be slain?
Oh! what, tell me what, if your Highland lad be slain?
Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe again,
For it's oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain.
Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe again,
For it's oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain.

There's nae Luck about the House

Quick.

Attributed to JULIUS MICKLE.

And are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's
weel? Is this a time to talk o' wark? Ye jades, fling by your
wheel! Is this a time to think o' wark When Col-in's at the
door? Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay, And see him come a -
- shore. For there's nae luck a - bout the house, There's nae luck at
a', There's lit-tle pleasure in the house, When our gudeman's a - wa'.

Rise up and mak' a clean fire-
side,
Put on the muckle pot ;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat ;
And mak' their shoon as black as
slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw ;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been long awa'.
For there's nae luck, etc.

There are twa hens upon the bank
Hae fed this month and mair,
Mak' haste and thraw their necks
about,
That Colin weel may fare ;
And spread the table neat and
clean,
Gar ilka thing look brow ;
For wha can tell how Colin fared,
When he was far awa'.
For there's nae luck, etc.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE

Come, gie me down my bigonet,
 My bishop-satin gown ;
 And rin and tell the Bailie's
 wife
 That Colin's come to town :
 My Turkey-slippers maun gae on,
 My hose o' pearl blue ;
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's both leal and true.
 For there's nae luck, etc.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his
 speech,
 His breath like caller air !
 His very foot has music in't
 As he comes up the stair :
 And will I see his face again ?
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the
 thought,
 In troth I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck, etc.

The cauld blasts o' the winter
 wind,
 That thirled through my heart,
 They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
 Till death we'll never part :
 But what puts parting in my head,
 It may be far awa' ;
 The present moment is our ain'
 The neist we never saw !
 For there's nae luck, etc.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel
 content,
 I hae nae mair to crave ;
 Could I but live to mak' him blest,
 I'm blest aboon the lave.
 And will I see his face again ?
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the
 thought,
 In troth I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck, etc.

Afton Water

Moderately slow.

Poem by BURNS.

Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green

braes. Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a

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song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - -
 - sleep by thy mur-mur - ing stream. Flow gent - ly, sweet
 Af - ton, dis - - turb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
 Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills;
 There daily I wander as morn rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!
 There oft as mild ev'ning creeps over the lea,
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave
 As gath'ring sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave!

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

A Man's a Man for a' That

Moderately quick.

Poem by BURNS.

Is there for hon-est pov - er - ty That hangs his head, and

a' that? The cow - ard slave we pass him by, We

daur be puir for a' that. For a'..... that, and

a'.... that, Our toils ob-scure, and a' that; The

rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin'grey, and a' that,
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine;
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that,
The honest man, tho' ne'er sac puir,
Is king o' men for a' that.

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A king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his micht,
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
When man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

Annie Laurie

Moderately slow.

ANONYMOUS.

mf

Maxwellton braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's... the

dew, And it's there that An-nie Lau-rie Gie'd me her pro-mise

cresc.

true— Gie'd me her pro-mise true, Which ne'er for-got will

ANNIE LAURIE



be; And for bon-nie An - nie Lau-rie I'd lay me doon and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
 Her neck is like the swan,
 Her face it is the fairest
 That e'er the sun shone on—
 That e'er the sun shone
 on,
 And dark blue is her e'e :
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doon and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet ;
 And like winds in summer sighing,
 Her voice is low and sweet—
 Her voice is low and sweet,
 And she's a' the world to
 me ;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doon and dee.

Charlie is my Darling

ANONYMOUS.



Oh! Char-~~lie~~ is my dar - ling, my dar - ling, my dar-ling, Oh!



Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young Che - va - lier.



'Twas on a Mon-day morn-ing, Right ear - ly in the year, When

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Char-lie came to our town, The young Che - va - lier. Oh!



Char - lie is my dar - ling, my dar - ling, my dar - ling, Oh!



Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young Che - va - lier.

As he cam' marchin' up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear ;
And a' the folk cam' rinnin' out
To meet the Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, etc.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right
And the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, etc.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,
The young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, etc.

Oh! there were mony beating hearts,
And mony a hope and fear ;
And mony were the pray'rs put up
For the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, etc.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!

In march time.

Poem by BURNS.



Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has of-ten led,



Wel-come to your go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-rie!



Now's the day an' now's the hour, See the front of bat-tle lour;



See approach proud Edward's pow'r, Chains and sla-ve-rie!

Wha would be a traitor knave?
Wha would fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn an' flee!
Wha, for Scotland's king an' law,
Freedom's sword would strongly draw,
Freeman stand, and freeman fa',
Let him on wi' me!

By oppression's woes an' pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe!
Liberty's in ev'ry blow!
Let us do or dee!

The Campbells are comin'

In march time.

TRADITIONAL.

mf

The Camp-bells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The
 Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho. The Campbells are com-in' To
 bon-nie Loch-le-ven; The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho. FINE.

f

Up - - on the Lo-monds I lay, I lay,.... Up -
 - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, I look - ed down to
 bon - nie Loch-le-ven, And saw three bon - nie pi - pers play.

Great Argyle, he goes before,
 He makes the cannons and guns to roar,
 Wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe, and drum,
 The Campbells are comin', o-ho, o-ho.

The Campbells they are a' in arms,
 Their loyal faith and truth to show;
 Wi' banners rattlin' in the wind,
 The Campbells are comin', o-ho, o-ho.

Bonnie Dundee

Fairly quick.

Poem by SIR WALTER SCOTT.



To the Lords of Con-ven-tion 'twas Clav-er-house spoke; Ere the



King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke, Then



each cav - a - lier who loves hon - our and me, Let him



fol - low the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dun - dee. Come



fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come



sad - dle my hor - ses, and call out my men; Un -



- hook the west port, and let us gae free, For it's

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Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat,
But the provost (douce man) said, "Just e'en let it be,
For the toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee."

Come fill up, etc.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north ;
There are brave Duinnewassels, three thousand times three,
Will cry, "Hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee."

Come fill up, etc.

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper, I'll crouch with the fox ;
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst o' your glee,
Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets and me.

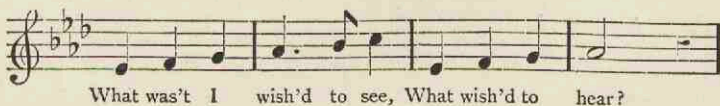
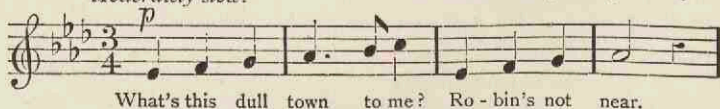
Come fill up, etc.

Robin Adair

Poem by BURNS.

Moderately slow.

Irish and Scotch form of melody.



ROBIN ADAIR

cresc.

Where all the joy and mirth Made this town heav'n on earth?

f

Oh, they're all fled with thee, Ro - bin A - dair.

What made th' assembly shine ?

Robin Adair.

What made the ball so fine ?

Robin was there.

What, when the play was o'er,

What made my heart so sore ?

Oh, it was parting with

Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair.

Yet he I lov'd so well

Still in my heart shall dwell ;

Oh, I can ne'er forget

Robin Adair.

Jock o' Hazeldean

Poem by SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Fairly slow.

mf

Why weep ye by the tide, la - dye? Why weep ye by the

tide?.. I'll wed ye to my youngest son, And ye shall be his

NATIONAL MUSIC



bride; And ye shall be his bride, la-dye, Sae come-ly to be



seen, But aye she loot the tears down fa' For Jock o' Ha-zel - dean.

Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
 And dry that cheek so pale,
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,
 And lord of Langleydale,
 His step is first in peaceful ha',
 His sword in battle keen—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

A chain o' gold ye shall not lack,
 Nor braid to bind your hair,
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
 And you, the foremost o' them a',
 Shall ride our forest queen—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,
 The taper glimmer'd fair,
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
 And dame and knight are there.
 They sought her baith by bow'r and ha',
 The lady was not seen;
 She's o'er the border and awa'
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

The Hundred Pipers

Poem by LADY NAIRNE.

Quick. *f*

Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a', Wi' a
hun - dred pipers an' a', an' a', We'll up an' gie'em a
blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pi-pers an' a', an' a'; Oh its
ower the Bor - der a - wa', a - wa', It's
ower the Bor - der a - wa', a - wa', We'll
on an' we'll march to Car - lisle Ha'. Wi' its yetts, its cas-tell an'

The musical score consists of six staves of music in G major and 6/8 time. The first staff begins with a 'Quick.' tempo marking and a forte 'f' dynamic. The melody is written in a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words like 'ower' and 'cas-tell' appearing to be misspellings of 'over' and 'castle' respectively. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets and slurs. The final staff ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

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a', an' a'. Wi' a hun-dred pi-pers an' a', an' a', Wi' a
 hun-dred pi-pers an' a', an' a'; We'll up an' gie 'em a
 blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun-dred pi-pers an' a', an' a'.

Oh ! our sodger lads look'd braw, look'd braw,
 Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a',
 Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glitt'ring gear,
 An' pibrochs sounding sweet an' clear.
 Will they a' return to their ain dear glen ?
 Will they a' return—our Hieland men ?
 Second-sighted Sandy look'd fu' wae,
 And mothers grat when they march'd awa'.
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a';
 But they'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw,
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

Oh ! wha is foremaist o' a', o' a' ?
 Oh wha does follow the blaw, the blaw ?
 Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurra !
 Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a' !
 His bonnet an' feathers he's waving high !
 His prancing steed maist seems to fly !
 The nor' wind plays with his curly hair,
 While the pipers blaw in an unco flare !
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
 We'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw,
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

THE HUNDRED PIPERS

The Esk was swollen, sae red, sae deep ;
 But shouter to shouter the brave lads keep ;
 Twa thousand swam ower to fell English ground,
 An' danc'd themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.
 Dumfounder'd, the English saw, they saw !
 Dumfounder'd, they heard the blaw, the blaw !
 Dumfounder'd, they a' ran awa', awa'
 Frae the hundred pipers an' a', an' a' !
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
 We'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw,
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

Leezie Lindsay

ANONYMOUS.

Fairly slow.



Will ye gang to the Hie-lans, Lee-zie Lind-say? Will ye



gang to the Hie-lans wi' me? Will ye gang to the



Hie-lans, Leezie Lindsay, My pride and my dar-ling to be?

To gang to the Hielans wi' you, sir,
 I dinna ken how that may be,
 For I ken na' the lan' that ye live in,
 Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

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O Leezie, lass, ye maun ken little
If sae be that ye dinna ken me,
My name is Lord Ronald MacDonald,
A chieftain o' high degree.

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee,
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald MacDonald,
His bride an' his darlin' to be.

Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon

Moderately slow.

Poem by BURNS.



YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON

war - bles on the flow - 'ry thorn, Ye mind me o' de -
 - part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn.

Of't ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
 By morning and by ev'ning shine,
 To hear the birds sing o' their loves,
 As fondly once I sang o' mine..
 Wi' lightsome heart I stretch'd my hand
 And pu'd a rosebud from the tree ;
 But my fause lover stole the rose
 And left, and left the thorn wi' me.

The Auld Hoose

Fairly slow.

Poem by LADY NAIRNE.

Oh! the auld hoose, the auld hoose, What tho' the rooms were wee, Oh,
 kind hearts were dwelling there, And bairnies fu' o' glee; The
 wild rose and the jes - sa - mine Still hang up - on the wa', Hoo

NATIONAL MUSIC



mo - ny che - rish'd me - mo-ries Do they, sweet flow'rs, re-ca'.

Oh ! the auld laird, the auld laird,
 Sae canty, kind, and crouse,
 Hoo mony did he welcome to
 His ain wee dear auld hoose.
 And the leddy too, sae genty,
 There shelter'd Scotland's heir,
 And' clipt a lock wit' her ain han'
 Fra his lang yellow hair.

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,
 The bluebells sweetly blaw,
 The bonnie Earn's clear winding still,
 But the auld hoose is awa'.
 The auld hoose, the auld hoose,
 Deserted tho' ye be.
 There ne'er can be a new hoose
 Will seem sae fair to me.

Still flourishing the auld pear tree
 The bairnies liked to see,
 And oh ! hoo aften did they speer
 When ripe they a' wad be.
 The voices sweet, the wee bit feet
 Aye rinnin' here and there,
 The merry shout—oh, whiles we greet
 To think we'll hear nae mair.

For they are a' wide scattered noo,
 Some to the Indies gane,
 And ane alas ! to her lang hame—
 Not here we'll meet again.
 The kirkyard, the kirkyard,
 Wi' flow'rs o' ev'ry hue,
 Is shelter'd by the holly's shade
 An' the dark sombre yew.

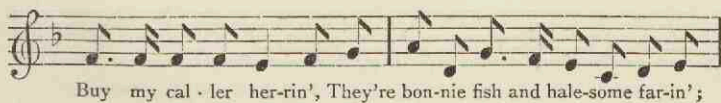
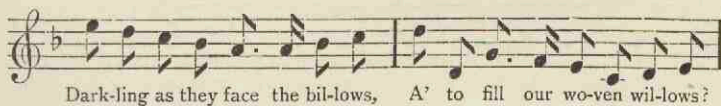
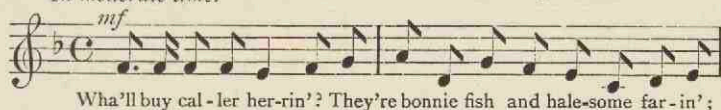
THE AULD HOOSE

The setting sun, the setting sun!
Hoo glorious it gaed down;
The cloudy splendour rais'd oor hearts
To cloudless skies aboon.
The auld dial, the auld dial,
It tauld hoo time did pass;
The wintry winds ha'e dang it down,
Noo hid 'mang weeds and grass.

Caller Herrin'

In moderate time.

Poem by LADY NAIRNE.



NATIONAL MUSIC



Buy my cal-ler her-rin', New drawn frae the Forth. Cal-ler



her-rin', cal-ler her-rin'. An' when the creel o' her-rin' passes,



La-dies, clad in silks and la-ces, Ga-ther in their braw pe-lis-ses,



Toss their heads and screw their fa-ces; Buy my cal-ler her-rin', They're



bon-nie fish and hale-some far-in'; Buy my cal-ler her-rin', New



drawn frae the Forth. Noo, nee-bor wives, come, tent my tell-in',



When the bon-nie fish ye're sell-in', At a word be aye your deal-in',

CALLER HERRIN'



Truth will stand when a' things fail-in'; Buy my cal-ler her-rin', They're



bon-nie fish and halesome far-in'; Buy my cal-ler her-rin', New



drawn frae the Forth. *f* Wha'll buy my cal-ler her-rin'? They're



no brought here without brave dar-in', Buy my cal-ler her-rin', Ye



lit-tle ken their worth. Wha'll buy my cal-ler her-rin'? O



ye may ca' them vul-gar far-in'; Wives and mi-thers, maist de-spair-in',



Ca' them lives o' men. Cal-ler her-rin', cal-ler her-rin'.

And ye shall walk in Silk Attire

In flowing time.

Poem by SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

mp

And ye shall walk in silk at - tire, And

cresc.

sil - ler ha'e to spare,.... Gin ye'll con - sent to

dim.

be.... my bride, Nor think on Don - - ald

mf

mair.... O, wha wud buy a silk - - en gown Wi'

cresc.

a poor bro - ken heart?... Or what's to me a

sil - ler crown, Gin frae my love.... I part?... ..

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE

The mind whose meanest wish is pure
Far dearer is to me ;
And ere I'm forced to break my faith
I'll lay me down and dee,
For I ha'e vow'd a virgin's vow
My lover's fate to share :
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
And what can man do mair ?

His mind and manners wan my heart,
He gratefu' took the gift,
And did I wish to see it back,
It wad be waur than theft ;
For langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me ;
And ere I'm forced to break my faith
I'll lay me down and dee.

The Lament of Flora Macdonald

*The verses by JAMES HOGG.
(From the Gaelic.)*

Rather slowly.

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo marking is 'Rather slowly.' and the dynamic marking is 'mf'. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some beamed sixteenth notes. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

Far o - ver yon hills of the hea - ther sae green, An'
down by the cor-rie that - sings to the sea, The
bon - nie young Flo - ra sat sigh - ing her lane, The

NATIONAL MUSIC

dew on her plaid, an' the tear in her e'e. She

cresc.
look'd at a.. boat wi' the bree - zes that swung, A -

- way on the wave like a bird on the main; An'

dim. *Slightly slower.* *mf In time.*
aye as it less - en'd she sigh'd an' she sung, "Fare -

- weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain, Fare -

mf
- weel to my he - ro. the gal - lant an' young, Fare -

- weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain."

THE LAMENT OF FLORA MACDONALD

The moorcock that crows on the brows o' Ben-Connal,
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame ;
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs o' Clan-Ronald,
Unawed and unhunted his eyrie can claim ;
The solan can sleep on the shelve of the shores,
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea,
But, ah, there is one whose hard fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha', nor hame in his country has he ;
The conflict is past, and our name is no more,
There nought left but sorrow for Scotland an' me !

The target is torn from the arm of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave ;
The hoof of the horse and the foot of the proud
Have trode o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue.
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud
When tyranny revell'd in the blood of the true ?
Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good !
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow.

Auld Lang Syne

In moderate time.

Poem by BURNS.



NATIONAL MUSIC

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll
tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne. *D.S.*

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine ;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, etc.

We twa hae paidl't in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine ;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, etc.

And there's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine ;
And we'll tak' a right gude willy-waught
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, etc.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine !
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, etc.

Là Millegàraidh

(The Day of Millé-gàree)

E - hò ro - - ho, ro - ho N'an - cuimhn - e leibh?
Re - mem - ber ye?

O hi ri - ri hi - ri ho - ro - ho. Là.... na - ho Aird - e.
The Day of the A-ird?

E - hò ro - ho, ro - ho; N'an Là eil - e. O - hi ri - ri, hi -
Or yon other?

- ni ho - ro - ho mill - - e, ga - raidh? E - - hò
Mill - - e - gà - ree?

ro - - ho ro - ho Bha - fir - - an Sin. O - hi ri ri, hi -
Sad are.. the men,

- ri ho - ro - ho Mir - - d'r rochcàr - adh. E - - hò
Prone there ly - ing.

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ro - - ho ro - ho. Is iom - a bean bhochd, O - hi ri ri, hi
And griev - ing women

ri ho - ro - ho. Gu truagh a caoin - eadh.
Loud - - - ly are keen - ing.

NOTE.—This was sung at a wauking of cloth by a band of singing women.

Dean Cadalan

(Make Sleeping, or "Sleep Thou Awhile")

Dean cad - al - an; Slàn gu'n duisg thu; Dean cad - al - an,
Sound sleep - ing be, Safe be wa - king; Sound sleep - ing be,

O! Chag - ar - ain! 'Se b'fhaid - e leam Gun a bhi dlùth dhuit.
O thou dar - ling! Sad I would be not to be near thee.

FINE.

Dean cad - al - an, Slàn gu'n duisg thu.
Sound sleep - ing be, Safe be wa - king.

An teid thu bhuaib Mhaoraich?



An teid thu bhuaib mhaoraich? An teid thu bhuaib-bhàirn-each. An
Wilt go and gather shell-fish? Wilt go and gather lim-pets? Wilt



teid thu bhuaib mhaoraich? A Chaol - as na-h-Aird - e?
go and gather shell-fish? By Kyle of the A-ird?



A Ghaoil-ein, a Ghaoil-ein, a Ghaoil-ein do mhàth ar: A
Thou loved one, thou dear one, Be-loved of thy mo-ther: Thou

D.C. al FINE.



Ghaoil-ein, a Ghaoil-ein, An teid thu bhuaib bhàirn-each?
loved one, thou dear one! Wilt go and gather shell-fish?

'S tràth chuir a' Ghrian

(Early has the Sun)



'S tràth chuir a' Ghrian fàilt air Stroth-o,
Ear-ly the sun greet-ing Stró-hó,



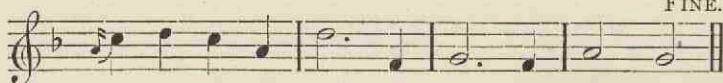
In-nis a' chruidh-laoigh,... chaor-ach's ghoibh-ar.
Pas-ture sweet for goat-flocks, sheep and cat-tle.

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Chì mi an òigh le hòr - - an fodh - am.
See there yon maid, Sweet songs she is sing - ing.

FINE.



'S ù - il air a luaidh, 'S a cuach fo chobh - ar.
Her eye is on her love, Her milk - pail froth - ing.

Dé a' ghaoil a bhitheadh ort?

(What, Love, aileth thee?)



Dé a' ghaoil a..... bhith - eadh ort?
Oh, my love, what ail - eth thee?



O! cha'n fhiòs - am. Ach, cha'n ith mi mìr an nochd.
That I know not. But to-night can I eat nought.



Annè do cheann a bhì.... goirt? O! cha'n fhiòs-am. Ach, cha'n
Is't thy head that paineth thee? That I know not. But to -



ith mi mìr an nochd. An è do Mhàth-air a ghabh ort?
night can I eat nought. But had thy mo - ther a-gainst thee ought?

DE A' GHAOIL A BHItheadh ORT?



O! cha'n fhìs-am. Ach cha'n ith mi mir an nochd.
O! I know not. But to-night can I eat nought.

Laoidh Fhraoich

(The Lay of Fraoich)



Thàn - ig ea-slaime trom trom. Air nigh-ean Eoch-aidh n n
Fe-ver's languor o'er - came Yo-chi's daugh-ter, knight* of the



còrn fial Ag-us chuir i fhòs gu Fraoch, 's dh'fhid-ir an
brim - ming horns. She sent the news to Fra - och, So that



laoch cìod è a miann. Thubh-airt i nach biodh i slàn, Mur
He - ro asked what would she? Back her an-swer came: The on - ly



faigh - 'dh' làn a bas mhaoth De Chaor - - unn a
cure Her soft white palms full of row - an fruit from



Lod - ain. Fhuair 's gun a bhith 'g am buain ach Fraoch.
Lod - ain pool, And on - ly Fraoch to seek for them.

* Or chief.

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Cnuas-ach sud nach d'rinn mi riamh Arsa Fraoch mac Idh-aidh n'an
 "Fruit I ne'er gathered," thus answered Fraoch Mac I - dad, the



arm geur; 'S ged nach d'rinn mi'n cnuas-ach's riamh, Theid mis' a
 war - rior. "But tho' nev - er here - to - fore, Yet I will



bhuaibh chaor-unn do Mhaibh, Dh' fhalbh è 's cha
 pluck the fruit for Maive." So a - way he



b'à turus àigh, Shnàmh è gu grinn air an loch is fhuair è Bhéist na
 hied, and swimming grace-ful - ly the deep loch, In sleep he the



sior-throm suain, 'S a craos suas ris an dos.
 mon - ster found, And her mouth close to the rowans.*

* The above is a form of chanting, and cannot be meticulously put into notation for use in English.

Am Bròn Binn: Aisling Rìgh Bhreatainn*

(The Melodious Sorrow: The Dream of the King of Britain)

FIRST ROUND.
REFRAIN.

FINE V.

Hó ró hùg - o hug - o. Chunn-aic Rìgh Bhreatainn na shuain.
Bri-tain's King sleep-ing be-held.

Rather slowly. REFRAIN. V.

Thug - aibh i ó, sint.... thug - aibh i.

D.C. al FINE V.

Naon - a bhean as aill - - e snuadh fo'n ghréin.
The most love - - ly maid be - neath the sun.

SECOND ROUND.

V.

Hó ró hùg-aibh hug-o. Gu'm b'fhear leis tuit-cam 'na gean.
He'd ra-ther win her re-gard.

FINE V.

Thug - aibh i o sint.... thug - aibh i.

D.C. al FINE.

No comh-radh fhear..... mar.... è fhéin.
Than con - verse with..... others like him - self.

* Sung at a "waulking" of cloth by a band of singing women.

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THIRD ROUND.

FINE V.

Hó ró hùg - o, hug - o. Labh-air Fios-fal-aich gu fial;
Said Fios-fal-laich* with good will

V.

Thug - aibh i ó, sint.... thug - aibh i.

D.C. al FINE.

Théid mi fhéin gu h - - iarr - - aidh dhuit.
I my - self will go and search for her.

FOURTH ROUND.

FINE V.

Hó ró hùg - o, hug - o. Mi fhéin, mo ghille 's mo chú.
I and my gil - lie and dog.

V.

Thug - aibh i ó, sint.... thug - aibh i.

D.C. al FINE.

'N ar triú - ir a shir - - - eadh na mnái.
Let us set out this..... maid to find.

* Fios-falaich = veiled knowledge.

AM BRÒN BINN : AISLING RIGH BHREATAINN

FIFTH ROUND.*

FINE V.

Hó ró hùg - o hùg - ó. 'S ann ag-am fhéin a ta 'n long.
'Tis I my - self own a ship. V.

Thug - aibh i ó, sint.... thug - aibh i.
D.C. al FINE.

As luaith a chuir - eas tonn 'na déidh.
Ve - ry swift to leave a wave be - hind.

SIXTH ROUND

V. FINE.

Hó ró hùg - o hùg - o. 'S ann ag-am fhéin a ta 'n cù.
I al - so have a good dog.

Thug - aibh i ó, sint.... thug - aibh i.
D.C. al FINE.

As luaith a chuir - - - eas súil ri seilg.
To the chase most quick to set his eye.

* This was a "waulking" song. There were other songs sung to the same subdued air.

NOTE.—A guess: the words of refrain *Thùg* and *hùg* may signify *give* and *took* in the waulking motion of the hands. *Thugaibh*, give ye.

Aig Beul nan Tonn

(At the Wave Mouth)

English by KENNETH MACLEOD
from Gaelic collected by him.

Air noted from his singing
(A Mediterranean tune ?)

Arranged by MARJORY KENNEDY FRASER.



Co i bhain-tigh'rn àill-idh bhinn, Air li na fea-mann
And who may the strange one be Who croons be-side the



cròic - idh, I seinn leath fhéin fo'n tom ud, Aig
wave - mouth Like sea-wrack brown and beau - teous, Who



beul nan tonn 'na h-'on - air? Cha lòn i, cha
may yon strange one be?..... Nor merle she nor



smeor-ach i, Cha bhrìd-ean i, 's cha'n fhaoil - eann. Cha
ma - vis she, St. Bride's bird she nor sea - mew, Nor



ròn o'n linn - idh thall i, Cha mhaig dean-mhar' o'n
seal from far a - - way linns, Nor kyle sea-maid - en



chaol!
she.

Co i bhain-tigh'er
And who may the

AIG BEUL NAN TONN



áill - idh bhinn, Air li na fea-mann cróic - idh, I
 strange one be Who croons be - side the wave-mouth, Like



seinn leath fhéin fo'n tom ud, Aig beul nan tonn 'na h'onair?
 sea-wrack brown and beau-teous, Who may yon strange one be?

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Nighean Rígh Eireann or Chailín Oig an Stiúir Thu Mí?

(The Courting of the King of Erin's Daughter)

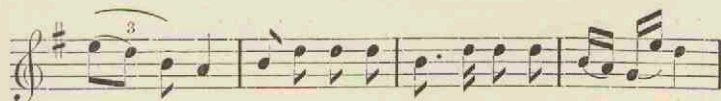
As learnt by KENNETH MACLEOD
 from ANN HENDERSON, MORVEN.

Noted and arranged by
 MARJORY KENNEDY FRASER.

(♩ = 60)



Chom i ceann is rinn i gair - e. Chailín oig, nach
 Bowed her head she, made she laugh-ter. Ha-lín òk, an



stiúir thu mí? Nighean Rígh Eireann shíos 'san àir-igh! Chai - lín o
 "stiúir" oo mee? E-rin's daughter she the milk-maid! Ha - lín o

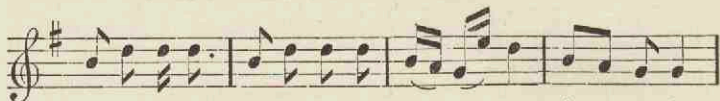


iu ro ho, Chailín oig, nach stiúir thu mí?
 "yew"-ro ho, Ha-lín òk an "stiúir" oo mee?

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'S dh'aithnich mi 's an uair mo cheud-ghradh, Chailin oig nach stiuir thu mi?
Knew I then my one, my true-love, Ha-lin òk, an "stuir" oo mee?



Beul à mhìre 's a' cheol-gair-e. Chai-lin o iu-ro-ho
Mu-sic's frol ic, Mu-sic's gladness, Ha-lin o "yew" ro-ho



Chai-lin oig nach stiuir thu mi?
Ha-lin òk an "stuir" oo mee?.....



Thog i ceann is rinn i gair-e. Chai-lin oig nach
Raised her head she, made her laught-er. Ha-lin òk an



stiuir thu mi? Reult na h-Ei-reann 'na cuid ailleachd!
"stuir" oo mee? The Star of Ei-rin in her share of beau-ty!



Chai-lin o iu-ro-ho. Chai-lin oig gu'n stiuir thu mi!
Ha-lin o "yew" ro-ho. Ha-lin òk gun "stuir" oo mee!

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Na Beannachdan

(The Joy Invocation)

From KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arranged by MARJORY KENNEDY FRASER.

(♩=66) *With a broad genial swinging rhythm.*

Can - tail o.... can - tail i.....
 Can - tle oh.... can - tle ee.....

FINE.

an Can - tail o.... can - tail i.....
 an Can - tle oh.... can - tle ee.....

Bean - nachd leis gach aon a dh'fhalbh 'S ma
 Joy to all the gone be - - fore Whose

dh'fhalbh gum b'ait leinn beo iad.....
 long - er stay had pleased us.....

D.S.

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Beannachd air gach aon nach dh'fhalbh
 'S na'm falbh-adh gum bu leone,
 Beannachd thun gach aon a thig
 'S ma thig gur h-ait leo ceol-an.

Joy to all the left behind
 Whose leaving would have grieved us ;
 Joy to all the still to come
 Whose song may lift the weary.

MANX FOLK SONG

IN the year 1906 Deemster Gill, Dr. J. Clague, and Mr. W. H. Gill combined to produce *Manx National Songs*, a volume containing fifty-one songs, arranged by Mr. W. H. Gill, with Messrs. Boosey, the well-known music publishers. English words by capable lyrical writers were written to the Manx airs in the book, and its origin and aims were set forth in an interesting preface, from which I quote these extracts :

“ The following songs are the first practical outcome of a project formed many years ago, and often discussed since by the Deemster Gill and his friend, Dr. Clague, to collect and preserve, from the oblivion into which it was rapidly passing, all that remained of the national music of the Isle of Mann.

“ With the exception of thirteen tunes, very imperfectly written down and arranged, published in 1820 under the title of ‘The Mona Melodies,’ and of two or three others which exist in manuscript, Manx music has remained oral and traditional, and although at one time well known and in every sense popular, it has of late years, with the declining national language, almost entirely disappeared. The object of the collectors was twofold : first, to record and hand down the melodies as they are now known, with the variations and imperfections due to oral transmission ; and secondly, to put some of these melodies into a form adapted for modern performance, vocal and instrumental.

“ In order to carry out these objects the original projectors were joined by Mr. W. H. Gill, and a systematic search for Manx music was begun. The result of the search, both as regards quantity and quality, far exceeded what was expected ; and a large manuscript collection of songs, carols, and dance music has been secured. It is hoped ere long to publish the whole of this collection ; meantime,

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the songs in this volume are given as showing one form into which the originals may be developed.

"For the most part the original songs were sung to Manx words, and it may be thought that these ought to be given in this volume. The following among other reasons have led to their omission, and to the substitution of English words :

"1. The primary object of this section of the work is popular rather than antiquarian—to make some of the best Manx songs generally known.

"2. The language being practically dead, songs with Manx words would not be generally sung.

"3. In many cases the original words possess little literary merit or historic interest, and in many others they are unfit for publication.

"4. Those interested in the Manx words will find a large collection of them in Mr. A. W. Moore's book, now in the press, with which it is desired that this work should not in any way interfere.

"It cannot be claimed that all the sources of information have been exhausted, but considerable trouble has been taken to find persons who possess any knowledge of the subject, and a collection of over 260 local melodies has been recorded. Of these some are complete, some are fragments only, and some are variations of other tunes."

The full collection referred to in the last paragraph was brought out not long afterwards by Messrs. Boosey, but arranged only for instrumental purposes by Mr. W. H. Gill.

The two collections became popular, but the song collection is not going to represent for the Isle of Mann what Moore's melodies represent for Ireland, as Mr. Gill had hoped. His material deserved a more musicianly treatment, which it is now beginning to receive at the hands of such composers as Dr. Vaughan Williams and Mr. Josef Holbrooke. For Mr. Gill adds to the preface of *Manx National Songs* that in "arranging" these he has taken full advantage of the latitude

MANX FOLK SONG

implied by that term. This means that by his own confession he has not only chosen what appears to him to have been the best variants of a given tune, and combined, in a couple of leading instances, major and minor versions of the same tune, but, even where the tune, as found, was obviously only a fragment, he has supplied new material, preserving as far as possible the spirit of the original. This was not the method pursued by Moore and Stevenson. Even granted that they did do something in the way of adapting old Irish airs to what they deemed modern requirements, they at any rate did not combine major and minor melodies or add fresh material of their own. The result in Mr. Gill's case is what was to be expected at the hands of an ardent amateur with a distinct lyrical gift, for though his two collections became popular, and he was fortunate in obtaining lyrical support which must undoubtedly be transferred to any succeeding edition of harmonized Manx folk songs, his unscholarly, if well-intentioned, tampering with the music of the Manx airs imposes a plain duty upon his musical successors to reset the songs and ballads which his *Manx National Songs* contains.

The *Collection of Old Manx Songs and Ballads*, treated from the antiquarian point of view by Mr. Speaker Moore and published almost simultaneously with *Manx National Songs*, has the great advantage of containing not only a number of correctly noted Manx airs, but also a large collection of Manx words discarded by Mr. Gill for the reasons above given. It is now fortunate that the Manx words have been thus recorded, for the recent revival of the Manx language makes the best of these original lyrics possess a fresh interest, and therefore Mr. Speaker Moore's volume, on this as well as historical and antiquarian grounds, has become of prime importance. It is introduced by an essay of poignant power written by the late T. E. Brown, by far the finest of Manx poets, which runs as follows :

“As regards the words and the music of the Manx songs, one is constantly startled by their disparity. Many of the tunes seem fitted, if not intended, to express emotions which find no utterance in the

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words. And the question occurs : Are these the original words? In the case of the best known among the tunes, 'Mylecharane,' the subject of the song is of a very prosaic kind. A dowry, for the first time in the Isle of Man, is given to a daughter, and is condemned by the lieges as of evil precedent. But the tune suggests a depth of ineffable melancholy.

"In 'Kirree fo Niaghtey' we have a tune, I should imagine, less trimmed to modern associations, a very noble, rugged product of conditions which it is hard to realize, even though we were to admit that a great snowfall and the rescue of the buried flocks may possibly have occasioned this vehement and irregular outburst.

"The love songs, for the most part, appeal to prudential considerations rather than passionate impulse. They affect the dialogue form, as in 'Moir as Ineen,' where the mother represents common sense, and the daughter betrays no consciousness of individual passion, but merely the general preference for the married as compared with the single life. In Scotch music we find a similar state of things. No one can for a moment pretend to be satisfied that the words of 'Robin Adair' were originally written to that tune, still less to allow the superb madness of 'Roslyn Castle' to be adequately mated with such rubbish as that with which it is fain to put up in books of Scottish song. We cannot resist the conviction that these great old tunes have lost their partners in life, that both tunes and words were the outcome of a more primitive age. For some reason or other the words were forgotten, and the tunes, in their forlorn widowhood, descended to the embrace of churls and varlets, or continued to exist in single blessedness, and became those 'songs without words' which serve as the basis of popular dance music.

"The next thing which strikes us in the survey of our little field is that the songs are so few in number, and, in quality, so trifling, so unromantic, so unpoetical, and so modern. The causes may be conjectured. In addition to those mentioned in Mr. Moore's Introduction, I venture to suggest the following :

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"1. There has never been a bardic class, nor have there been any royal or feudal traditions which could foster such a class. Hence the total lack of that stimulus which had so much to do with the literature of the Border Ballads. Of anything like the native literary instinct which has always obtained in Wales it is, in this connection, useless to speak.

"2. The football position of the island, kicked about from Celt to Norseman, from English to Scot. This must have affected the language as well as the temper and spirit of the people.

"3. We fell under the dominion of a great English family, the Stanleys, but we were not thereby admitted even to the doubtful advantages of the Feudal System. We were practically serfs, and this serfdom continued for three hundred years, terminating only in the Act of Settlement.

"4. This was a period of unhappiness, 'benevolent despotism' if you will, but absolute ignorance—tyranny, in fact, with certain compensations. One of them does *not* appear to have been culture of any kind or sort. The pre-Reformation clergy did nothing; it was to their interest to do nothing.

"5. Out of this mediæval darkness we were delivered by the Reformation. But there is no literary result: 'Who will sing us the songs of Zion?' We had none. I can imagine nothing more crushed and broken than the spirit of the Manx people as they passed under the ecclesiastical tyranny which, indeed, had never, under any secular regime, ceased, vampire-like, but with the best intentions, to suck the blood of our forefathers. Feudalism was a fruitful source of poetry. But we never had feudalism. What we had was serfdom. The American slaves could sing; they are a light mercurial race, and I would not give our poor old 'Kirree' for all their facile gushes of sentimentalism. We were Celts that never had fair play; we brooded, smouldered, did not come off. Even the dash of Norse blood failed to fire us, and, while the Russian serf continued to sing or sob through all the centuries melodic miseries now avail-

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able as 'pick-me-ups' for Teutonic dilettanti, we have been silent.

"6. It is impossible to over-estimate the baleful effects upon our song literature of the Church discipline as maintained by Bishops Barrow and Wilson. They were both good and excellent men, themselves no mean scholars, and capable of ancient as well as contemporary literature. But it would never have occurred to them that the Manxmen were fitted for anything except abject obedience. Archdeacon Rutter might fling a spell of Cavalier sentiment across the sullen waters, might even, as Bishop, venture to imperil his dignity by singing the praises of Manx ale; but how about the people? Love-songs, satires, and so forth, written by common men for common men! 'Lewdness, superfluity of naughtiness'—let him 'whistle o'er the lave o' t' in St. Germain's dungeon.' That would have been, in all probability, the fate of the Manx Burns.

"7. The people went on to Methodism; that was another yoke. The naturally bright and clever creatures, even after the long period of suppression, were quite capable, upon their liberation from serfdom in 1703, of asserting themselves, however late, in verse. Methodism came just in the nick of time. The very springs of song were seized by the new movement. Psalmody, carvals, and the like occupied all serious minds. But these were comparatively modern. What fascinates and tantalizes us is the *ignis fatuus* of a real relic of antiquity in the fragment, 'Fin as Oshin.' This may be an echo of an Epic or a Saga, but our copy dates only from 1762, and, in its present form, it suggests no antiquity of origin, the Manx exhibiting no archaic peculiarities. The subject, tone, and interest would seem to be ancient; but the Manx cannot have enjoyed the unparalleled privilege of retaining an unchanged and unmodified language for a period of seven hundred years.

"We submit, however, that, after all is said and done, this collection is not without traces of a struggling utterance, and a real, if depressed, national genius. If our love songs, for instance, are

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sparse, and strike no thrilling note of passion or tenderness, I think we can point to 'Songs connected with Customs and Superstitions as being full of interest. I would direct special attention to 'Berrey Dhone' (p. 72); it is a witch song of the ruggedest and most fantastic type."

To Mr. Gill's experiences as a folk-song collector and arranger of folk tunes and to the historical view of Manx music by Mr. T. E. Brown we may add an interesting view of the characteristics of Manx folk song presented by Mr. J. E. Quayle, Mus.B., a Manx musician of repute, to the Celtic Congress held in the Isle of Mann in July, 1921. Only a summary of his paper is, of course, given.

"The peculiar geographical position of Mann made it a kind of clearing-house for Irish, Scottish, and French smugglers, and a dumping-ground for impecunious English and Irish emigrants, all these succeeding conditions being completely inimical to the development of anything like a distinctive type of national song, and hence the perplexing character of Manx music. There is, however, one gleam of light. The Manx were a strongly religious people, and from about the twelfth century to the middle of the sixteenth there were religious houses on the island, whose influence on the common life of the people would be widely felt. This influence naturally involved the introduction into their music of the existing Greek musical modes. Of these Church modes the first, or Dorian, was most in common use, and then, its range being found too limited, it was combined with its plagal—that is, the scale whose final lies four notes below; this scale of eleven notes just covered the range of the ordinary untrained voice, and is the medium in which by far the greater number of our early Manx songs appear.

"Manx song, then, naturally divides into three main groups:

"1. (Early Period) Modal.

"2. (Transitional Period) Mixed modal and early modern.

"3. Modern major and minor (Ionian and Æolian) scales.

"The first group will include songs having their origin somewhere

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round the date of the dissolution of the monasteries in Britain, and extending well on into the seventeenth century. The second group will probably be late seventeenth and eighteenth century tunes, when the influence of modern scales began to be felt ; and the third group may include anything down to the early part of last century.

“ It may be assumed, therefore, that in the case of a people whose mental outlook was narrow and circumscribed, the Church represented the highest ideal, and that therefore any musical or artistic ideas that might occur to them would be expressed through the Church modes or Church art. Hence we find all the earlier Manx tunes expressed in Church modes. It has been assumed also that such tunes, when the religious houses broke up, fell victims to coarse words, and thus became discredited. But it is hazardous to express a direct opinion. Because of the breaking up of the religious houses, what is more likely than that the friars and mendicants who were attached to them scattered themselves over the countryside and either brought the tunes with them and dressed them up with doggerel lines, or composed fresh tunes in the medium with which they were familiar. The ballads in Speaker Moore's book are elementary both in idea and form ; the motif is often sordid, and unsuitable for poetic treatment. We may sing about a lost lover, but not about lost gold ; or greet the early primrose, but not the advent of a brood of spring chickens, nor mourn over the death of a favourite hen. It is curious what a utilitarian spirit animates most of these productions. Some consolation may be drawn from the fact that many English ballads of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries appeal just as strongly to prudential considerations, even if we grant them the saving grace of humour, which unhappily most of ours lack. Still I cannot bring myself to think that the tunes to ‘ Inneenyn Eirinee ’ or ‘ Ushtey Millish ‘Sy Garee ’ have any connection with the lines given under these titles in Mr. Moore's book ; there are many other similar instances.

“ Coming to the tunes of the second period, the quasi-ecclesiastical

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type, which combine in themselves the characteristics of the old modes with more modern elements, the first point to be noticed is the inconsistent use of the sharp seventh. There are tunes in which both forms appear almost side by side, as if the writer or singer was uncertain as to the right thing to do; in the best examples the sharpened seventh is generally reserved for the penultimate note, as in the fine tune 'Mylecharane.' Others, again, avoid the bugbear by using a plagal ending.

"I believe the early part of the eighteenth century to be almost barren of native production; everything was at a low ebb. The people were miserably poor—economically, socially, and morally bankrupt. How could they sing?

"The translation of the Bible into the Manx language and its publication in 1772 made things brighter, and this period is probably responsible for the production of those native hymns called 'carvals,' supposed to mean carols, though only a small number of these had reference to the Nativity. The Last Judgment, Hell, the Torments of the Damned, and the Joys of the Blessed were favourite subjects. I think that they were adapted to tunes already in existence, but it is difficult to speak with certainty, as the influence of the old modes may have continued here later than in adjoining countries. Many of these 'carval' tunes are very fine; some are comparatively modern in spirit, while others have the old and the new more or less happily blended. The advent of Methodism, almost concurrent with the publication of the Manx Bible, would give popular religious song a great impetus. Music was a strong plank in the programme of the reformers, and, as they had to find tunes for their hymns and find them quickly, it became the custom of Wesley and his followers, as it had been of Luther, to commandeer popular tunes. The practice had its drawback. People would sing, and if they could not sing the new hymns, why, they sang the old songs, with what results can be imagined. For example, there is a tune known as 'Carval Abban Rushen,' which was much used at the

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love-feasts of the early Manx Methodists. It comes from Malew, and I am informed by Mr. Thomas Taggart of that parish that it can be traced through three or four generations of his family back to Wesley's day. It belongs to the transition period, and has a Church mode and a modern scale quite cleverly combined, which makes it a particularly interesting example.

"Other tunes have the old and the new more sharply defined. 'The Good Old Way' is a fine Dorian tune, with a piece of pure Moody and Sankey, or its equivalent at that time; it was very popular at early Primitive Methodist Revival and Camp Meeting services. With regard to Manx national instruments and their influence on folk-tune, Chaloner, writing in the middle of the seventeenth century, says that the Manx people 'were much addicted to the music of the violyn, so that there is scarce a family in the island but more or less can play on it.' It would seem, then, that our only instrument was the fiddle, and this we had in common with every country in Europe, but we had no instrument of a distinctly national kind.

"The late Dr. Clague of Castletown claimed that there existed in the island a type of fiddle with three strings and a flat bridge and finger-board; the two lower strings tuned in fourths or fifths formed a drone, and the melody was played on the upper string, the effect produced being the imitation of a bagpipe with a chanter and two drones. There are a few tunes which give some colour to this theory. I do not think, however, that such an instrument was in general use. Mention is made, too, of a primitive flute, made from the branch of the elder-tree, but as its scale must have been very defective, its influence would be negligible. There are no traces of the harp.

"It is in the tunes of the third group that the chief weakness of much of our Manx folk music lies. Foreign elements have become so dominant that practically all traces of the older and stronger characteristics disappear. It is not the presence of the newer

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element that is regrettable. We all borrow from each other. What is lacking in the civilization of one country is borrowed from another. The Italians got their ideas of art and music from the Greeks; the Germans, French, and English from the Italians; the Russians from the French, and so on, and by a process of selection and assimilation, of grafting and pruning, new types are evolved, each country weaving into the web of its art those features which suits its peculiar temperament, and ultimately rejecting those which are repugnant to its national character. It was, I think, just here that we went astray; we failed to graft the new ideas on to the old stock, and our later music lost its purely national character, and here the modern Manx songs are wanting.

"After making allowance for foreign and doubtful elements and eliminating much that is fragmentary and of little account, there is, nevertheless, a residue of true Manx song, which is sufficient to establish our claim to a distinctive place in the literature of folk music."

The most recent, from the scientific point of view perhaps the most satisfactory, inquiries into the history and contents of Manx folk song are due to the combined activities of Miss Sophia Morrison, the Manx scholar and woman of letters, and Miss A. G. Gilchrist, the well-known authority on British folk songs. The latter lady thus describes their joint experiences in the introduction to No. 28 of the journal of the Folk Song Society, published in December, which, as well as No. 29 of this journal, is entirely devoted to Manx folk song.

"A collection of Manx folk song by Dr. John Clague, a Manxman with a large medical practice, covers practically the whole of the south of the island. He began his search for folk music about the year 1890, and gave four years to the search. As already suggested, selections from his manuscripts were published in *Manx National Songs*, 1896, and *Manx National Music*, 1898, both arranged by Mr. Gill. After the year 1894 the doctor ceased to collect, but took

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up the study of the Manx language, at which he worked hard until his death. From his earliest days he was deeply interested in everything connected with the land of his birth. The inauguration of the Manx Language Society specially appealed to him. To use his own words: 'I saw the mother-tongue rapidly dying out, and was anxious to secure and place on record all that would show it in its purest style.' During the last few years before his death he spent much time with old Manx folk "obtaining and writing down on the spot everything I could draw from them which threw light on the construction of the language." His notes were carefully transcribed in the thirty volumes or so which he left behind him.

"His book of *Manx Reminiscences*, which contains many interesting notes on the history, customs, folk lore, and folk medicine of the island, gathered during the last fifty years of the nineteenth century, was only just completed before his death in 1908, and was posthumously published in 1911. It is written in parallel pages of Manx, Gaelic, and English. The Clague collection consists of 315 tunes and variants." About 140 tunes from this source appear; some, however, in altered form, and adapted to new words in Mr. Gill's two collections, as already stated. But a considerable number of interest and value still remain in manuscript.

In 1913 the publication of selections from the tunes still unprinted was begun in *Mannin*, the half-yearly journal of the Manx Language Society, and in 1916 the editor, Miss Sophia Morrison, with whom she had been corresponding on Manx music and folk lore, asked Miss Gilchrist to assist her in the further selection of the most characteristic and valuable airs, lending her a copy of the Clague manuscript for the purpose. Seventeen had already been printed in *Mannin*, but two tunes only of Miss Gilchrist's selection—the wool-winding and grinding songs in *Mannin*, No. 8—had appeared before Miss Morrison's untimely and lamented death brought to an end the journal, of which she was the founder and inspiration. "It has therefore been a happy task," wrote Miss Gilchrist, "to take up

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again, this time in the folk-song journal, with the goodwill and assistance of my Manx friends, a small portion of the work to which she devoted herself—the recording and preservation of the traditional literature and lore of the Manx people—to which labour she joined the work of promoting the cultivation of the Manx language, literature, and music.

“At the time when Journal No. 28 was printed it was believed that the words belonging to most of the tunes noted by Dr. Clague were unhappily lost for ever, but last spring, 1925, by a most fortunate accident,” writes Miss Gilchrist, “Archdeacon Kewley, one of Dr. Clague’s best friends, discovered in an old exercise book a number of pencilled fragments in Dr. Clague’s handwriting. These proved to be the first verses and other fragments of most of the songs, whose tunes the doctor had recorded separately in the manuscripts from which the selection in Part I. were drawn. The net result of Archdeacon Kewley’s valuable discovery has been that only about ten, or less than one-eighth, of the song tunes in Part I. are now unpartnered with any words but their titles.” The importance of these Manx songs is shown by the fact that the Folk Song Society has already devoted the whole of its journals for the last two years to their publication, and that enough Manx material remains to form the entire contents of its 1926 journal.”

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Mannin Veen

(Dear Mona)

From Dr. Clague's MS. Collection.



Joar - ree, my t'ou lac - cal ve, Reaylt ayns sau - chys, shee as fea,
Stran - ger, if thou seek - est ease, Safe - ty, qui - et, and sweet peace,



My t'ou shir - rey aash dty hene, Eu - nys sheelt, dyn loight as glen,
If of rest thou wouldst be sure, Lov - est so - ber joys and pure,



Ayns shoh vees oo trean as reen, Tar, eisht, tar,
To the hills and val - leys green, Come, then, come,



Tar, O! tar, Tar, O! tar dys Man - nin Veen.
Come, oh! come, Come, oh! come to Man - nin Veen.

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If in conduct meek thou art,
 And for greatness hast no heart ;
 If the devil's cruel ways
 Thou withstandest all thy days ;
 If thou good and wise hast been,
 Come, then, come to Mannin
 Veen,

To the hills and valleys green,
 Come, then, come,
 Come, oh ! come,
 Come, oh ! come to Mannin Veen.

Traveller, seek no foreign strand,
 Thou wilt find no lovelier land ;
 Take the word of one who knows
 How our life here smoothly flows.
 Stranger, leave not this fair
 scene,

Make thy home in Mannin Veen.
 With its hills and valleys green,
 Come, then, come,
 Come, oh ! come,
 Come, oh ! come to Mannin Veen.

The Sea Invocation

Old Manx Song.

Collected and translated by
 MISS MONA DOUGLAS.



Geay jeh'n aer, ta my ghraih er y cheayn, Ho ro y
 Hea - ven - ly wind, my love's on the brine.



ree y ro, Ho ro y ree y ro! Jean yn ear - ish
 Make the wea-ther



kiune as meein, Ho ro y ree y ro, Ho ro y
 calm and fine,

THE SEA INVOCATION



ree y ro! Shon-est, Leod-est, as y.... kaa, Cur aigh-vie as
Give him luck and



mayn-rys da,... Slaynt as shee as eash dy vea,...
joy al - ways, Health and peace and length of days.



Ho ro y ree y ro, Ho ro y ree y ro!

Wind of the air, my love's on the brine,

Ho ro y ree y ro,

Ho ro y ree y ro!

Make the weather calm and fine,

Ho ro y ree y ro,

Ho ro y ree y ro!

Shonest, Leodest, and the Raa

Give him luck and joy always,

Health and peace and length of days.

Ho ro y ree y ro,

Ho ro y ree y ro!

Yn Bollan Bane

(The White Herb)

Old Manx Air.

Words by A. P. GRAVES.



Tip a tip tap! By hor-ri-ble hap, Your byre a-bove is

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blaz - ing! Haste ye, oh, haste, No time is to waste. Run
 out to call each neigh - bour. Run off in aid, Each
 man and each maid, Or lost is all our la - bour!

REFRAIN.

Bol - lan bells have spoilt your spells; Get out, you wick - ed fair - ies!
 Get you all out you ras - cal - ly rout, A - way from byre and dair - ies!

Pit a pat pit !
 Away they all flit,
 The elfin train
 From Bollan Bane.
 Hark ye, oh, hark !
 And mark ye, oh, mark,
 How in the dark they're plotting :
 " We'll spoil your flour,
 Your milk shall go sour,
 With blight your corn be rotting !"
 Bollan bells have spoilt your spells ;
 Get out you wicked fairies !
 Get you all out
 You rascally rout,
 Away from byre and dairies !

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Hooyl mee Karraghyn
 As hooyl mee Clieau Rea ;
 Va Berrey er y Vurroo
 As Raun ayns y naie !
 Hie ad roin gys y clieau dy hroggal eh voin ;
 Cha yerkyms jig Berrey Dhone thie er yn oie

Cradle Song : Ushag Veg Ruy

(Little Red Bird)

Manx Lullaby.

Translated by A. P. GRAVES.



Lit - tle red bird of the black turf - ridge,
 "Ush - ag veg ruy ny moan - ey doo,



Where did you sleep last night, dear? All the night long on the
 Cre'd chad-dil oo riyer s'yn oie?" "Nagh chaddil mish riyer er



brie - ry hedge, Rock'd by the cru - el wind's might there.
 baare yn dress, Tra va'n gheay sheid - cy gymmyr-key lesh."

Little red bird of the black turf-ridge,
 Where did you sleep last night, dear?
 All the night long on the roof's cold edge,
 Like many a homeless wight, there!

Little red bird of the black turf-ridge,
 Where did you sleep last night, dear?
 All the night long on a bush by the bridge,
 Rain'd on, to left and to right, there!

"Ushag veg ruy ny moaney doo,
 Cre'd chaddil oo riyer s'yn oie?"
 "Nagh chaddil mish riyer er baare y thooane,
 Myr shimme mac dooinney t'er chadley ayn roym."

CRADLE SONG : USHAG VEG RUY

“ Ushag veg ruy ny moaney doo,
Cre'd chaddil oo riy'r s'yn oie?”
“ Nagh chaddil mish riy'r er baare y crow,
Lesh flaghey tuittym er dagh cheu.”

LOVE SONGS

My Ghraih, T'ee Gollrish y Ghrian

Old Manx Air.

Words adapted by A. P. GRAVES.

Dark win-ter has gone past, And black - birds at last
Are call - ing their mates from the thorn; Their
hearts are full of glee, But mine of mi - ser - y....
Since a - las!.... of my love I'm all for - lorn.

My shining locks I'll shear,
And a black coat I'll wear
With a doublet of velvet so
green,
A frill around my neck,
Silk hose without speck
And close at my hand a sharp
skian.

I would not think it strange,
The whole world to range,
If only I'd news of my
dear,
But that I'll find him wed
With another maid instead,
It's greatly, it's greatly I
fear.

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True love is like the sun,
Through the long year to run,
Forever full shining and
pure.

False love is like the moon
That waneth too soon,
And never can constantly
endure.

Graih my Chree! (Love of my Heart)

Traditional Air and Manx words. Translated by MONA DOUGLAS.



Oh graih my chree, Oh vel oo mar - yn? Oh graih my chree. Oh
O graih my chree, will you not fol-low me? O love of my heart, O a -



vel uss dooisht? As man - nagh noym yn graih
- wake, a - wake! If I'll not get your love, and



my chree mar - ym, Sheign dou eisht ged - dyn Baase fe-gooish.
you to stay with me, Then must I give Death my heart to break!

Oh, love has tired my heart with sorrow
And filled my mind with a heavy grief;
Now sleep has left my house and rest returns not—
I seek them vainly, without relief.

Oh graih my chree! arise and come to me—
Love of my heart, O awake, awake!
If I'll not get your love, and you to stay with me,
Then will I give Death my heart to break!

O ta my chree lesh seaghyn tooilit,
As ta my aigney trimshey lane;
Nish ta my thie jeh cadley spooillit,
My lhie gyn saveen cheet er m'aym.

GRAIH MY CHREE!

Oh graih my chree! girree as tar hym—
 Oh graih my chree, O vel uss dooish!
 As mannagh noym yn graih my chree maryn,
 Eisht shegin dou geddyn baase fegooish!

Arrane y Lhondoo (The Song of the Blackbird)

Old Manx Song.

English words by A. P. GRAVES.



Gold Head and Black A - pron of wai-ting I'm wea-ry, For
 Kione jiarg, kione jiarg, A-pryn doo, a-pryn doo, O



up here with - out you how long the day-light goes. Gold
 'soddey yn traad, O 'sdeinagh y feau! Kione



Head and Black A - pron, my Lhon-doo, my Cher-ry, Gold
 jiarg, kione jiarg, A-pryn doo, A-pryn doo— O



Head and Black A - pron, my Li - ly, my Rose! Black
 she oo my rose, my li - lee, my hoo! Kione



A - pron, be - low there I hear your wheel hum-ming; But
 jiarg, kione jiarg, A-pryn doo, A-pryn doo, O

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in - to my long-ing arms when are you coming?
vel oo cheet hym, my Lhon-doo, my Lhon - doo?

Gold Head and Black Apron, I'm hear on the mountain,
How happy to greet you down there at the mill;
But when your fresh voice, like a silvery fountain,
In answer floats up, I am happier still.
Gold Head and Black Apron, ah, could I fly to thee,
Like blackbird to blackbird, I'd woo thee and woo thee!

My lovely Gold Head, I've a house builded for us,
Of grey, shining stones and of brown bonny thatch.
And oh, may the sun shower a bright blessing o'er us
That day when at last you come lifting the latch;
Gold Head and Black Apron and in we go walking,
Yourself and myself like two blackbirds a-talking.

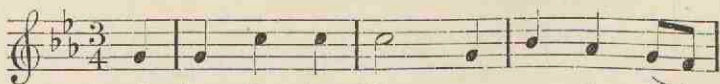
O Bee dty host, Lhiannoo

(Manx Lullaby)

Traditional Air.

Manx words by J. J. KNEEN.

Translated by A. P. GRAVES.



O bee dty host, Lhian - noo er dty bun
When lilacs are lush and bees in the



- jean! Tra heidys y gheay eisht leays-tee yn
blossom, When cuck-ooos are calling and black-birds do
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O BEE DTY HOST, LHIANNOO



clean; Tra vrishys y bang - an, neose dys yn
sing, O sleep in your sil - ence, babe of my



oir Hlg Lhian-noo as clean as ooil - ley nyn
bosom, As through the green boughs your cra - dle I



droor. O bee dty host nish, O Lhian-noo my chree!
swing. O hush you, my babe! O hush you, my love!

O smile in your sleep, my beautiful baby!
Although our ship's rocking, and billows are high;
Far o'er the wild waves, wherever our way be,
O child of my heart, 'tis safe you shall lie!
O hush you, my babe!
O hush you, my love!

On green hills afar the shadows they darken,
The moon's silver cradle is shining above;
Within it I'll put you and there you shall hearken
The songs that the stars sing, O child of my love.
O hush you, my babe!
O hush you, my love!

O bee dty host, Lhiannoo, er baare y tonn!
Tra yllys y gheay, bunjeanee yn lhong;
She harrish yn aarkey, harrish y cheayn,
Ayns lhiabbee slane b'oo, O Lhiannoo veg reen!
O bee dty host nish, O Lhiannoo my chree!

NATIONAL MUSIC

Hear er y chronk glass, O Lhiannoo my chree !
 Tra cheerys yn oie, rees ooilley ec shee ;
 Agh ass ynaer feayn hig snieuaneyn Kiaull—
 Eaisht ! cluinee uss adsyn troailt noon as noal ?
 O bee dty host nish, O Lhiannoo my chree !

The Ploughman's Song

Words by W. H. GILL.

Air: " Arrane ny guilley-hesheree."



THE PLOUGHMAN'S SONG

Together, as children, we played upon the village green ;
 For years loved as neighbours, till she became my bride ;
 But half through the winter there came a blight so cold and keen.
 My sweet Flower she drooped her head, she faded and she died.

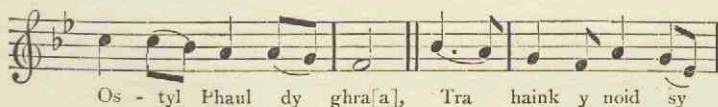
At Heaven's gate thou'rt waiting as thou wert used to do
 Before the Angels took thee and I was out at sea ;
 And now, in life's gloaming, my working days are short and few,
 And soon I'll be coming, love, to live once more with thee.

Carol of Bad Women (Jezebel Carol)

(Carval ny Drogh Vraane [Carval Yesebel])

FIRST TUNE.

Sung by R. SHIMMIN, Ballasalla Bridge.



NATIONAL MUSIC



ghar - ey, She'n.... ven s'leaic gheill hug da.

(Translated from the *Manx* by *Mona Douglas*.)

Come, all my friends and neighbours,

Give ear to good advice :
If sin you would put from you,
Take heed that you be wise,
And let no woman rule you,
For Woman is accurst—
When Satan found the Garden
She sprang to meet him first.

O covet not the beauty
Of lively womankind,
But think you on King David,
And Solomon's great mind ;
Remember Job and Samson—
All these through women fell,
And black death came on Naboth
Through cruel Jezebel.

The Scriptures tell how women
Are wild as beasts of prey,
And like a fiery dragon
They take their wicked
way ;

But there was one pure Virgin
Bore Christ at Bethlehem,
To show that sin and cruelty
Are but a part of them.

I praise high Mother Mary
And Mary Magdalene,
And she who ruled most justly—
Great Deborah, the Queen :
For men or women either
Who keep God's laws aright
Shall find the Blessed Country
And join the Hosts of Light.

Illiam Dhoan

English words by
ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

Second version of
"Carval Drogh Vraane."

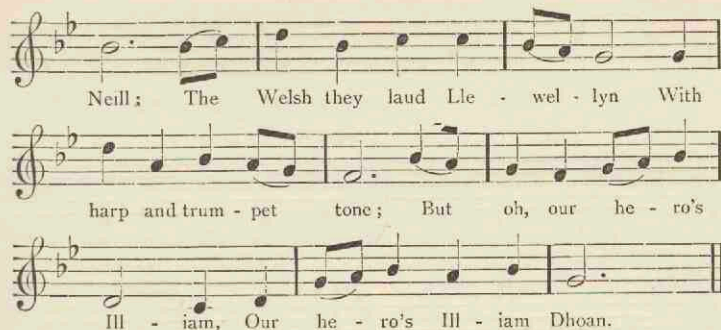


The Scot to might - y Wal-lace And lord - ly Bruce is



leal; The Ir-ish heart's the pa-lace Of Bry-an and O'-

ILLIAM DHOAN



Neill; The Welsh they laud Lle - wel - lyn With
harp and trum - pet tone; But oh, our he - ro's
Ill - iam, Our he - ro's Ill - iam Dhoan.

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For when Oppression flourished,
And we were slaves, not men,
What voice rebellion nourished,
And gave us heart again?
What proud, insurgent vassal
Could shake the tyrant's throne,
And pluck from him his Castle,
Say, who but Illiam Dhoan?

Ah, laurel tree fair risen,
But blasted at a breath,
O'erpowered and pent in prison,
Tried, doomed and led to death.

His dear ones he is clasping—
A flash, a fall, a groan,
And in his life-blood gasping
Lies gallant Illiam Dhoan.

His foes traduced him living,
His foes traduce him dead,
With hatred unforgiving,
Our hand, our heart, our head.
But when the dead have mounted
Before the Judgment Throne,
Which shall berighteous counted,
Shall they or Illiam Dhoan?

The King of the Sea

Words by T. FRED GILL.

Air: "Yn Colbagh Breck,"
("The Spotted Heifer.")



Up with the lug and let her run Be - fore the wind and

NATIONAL MUSIC



tide;.... The gan - nets plunge, the gulls keep watch, The

CHORUS.



her - ring shoal is wide. Oh! the her - ring, boys, the



herring, Oh! the her-ring, boys, for me! Red or kip-per'd, fresh or



pic-kled, Oh! the her - ring is king of the sea!

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Contrary Head and Niarbyl Point
 Will soon be left behind ;
 Off Fleshwick Bay, sou'west by west,
 Our merry friends will find,
 Oh ! the herring, etc.

Admiral Quirk has struck his flag,
 So down with the nets and pray
 The Fisher's Friend to bless our homes
 And toil by night and day.
 Oh ! the herring, etc.

Over the Cronkny-iree-laa
 The sun's bright signal shines ;
 'Tis time to haul our glittering train,
 And ship our loaded lines.
 Oh ! the herring, etc.

THE KING OF THE SEA

With moistened brow and grateful heart,
And joyful heart we raise,
As homeward glides our gallant craft,
Our morning songs of praise.
Oh! the herring, etc.

Christmas Mummers' Song-Dance: Re, Ben Yuan Tammy!

(Run, John Tammy's Wife!)

Noted by
MRS. CLAGUE.

Translation by
MISS MONA DOUGLAS.

Re, ben Yuan Tam-my, Re, ben Yuan hi-ra!
Hur-ra the wad-dle, Dim a dod-dle, dod-dle!

Re a spit-tag beg a, Shan-na reg-an bi-ra.
Re a spit-tag beg a, Shan-na reg-an bi-ra.
[or Ree a spit a veg a, Shu-na reg-as bur-ra.]

Dim a dod-dle, dim a dod-dle.

(The Mummers, passing through a village, sing to mock the village women who run out to look at them.)

Run, wife of Tommy!
Run, wife of Era!
All the married women run and chatter loudly!
Look at the wonder—
Quick! do not miss it—
You may never, never see another stranger!
Run! O fools, run fast! O women, run!

Baldwin

Words from the Manx by
MISS MONA DOUGLAS.

Air: "Moghrey laa Boaldyn."

In the Dorian Mode.

Oh, Boal - - dyn, sweet Boal - - dyn, It
flows with milk and hon - ey, And when our pock - ets
will go light, We'll seek Bar - rule for
REFRAIN.
mon - ey. Oh, Boal - dyn East and Boal - dyn West, By
night a fla - ming cres-cent! In the fields am I... where the
road goes down. Oh, Boal - dyn is right plea - sant!

Oh, Boaldyn, sweet Boaldyn,
'Tis there the girls are pretty,
But that shy, they slink along the lanes,
When entering Douglas City.
Oh, Boaldyn East, etc.

BALDWIN

In Boaldyn, sweet Boaldyn,
When wool comes in from shearing,
There's some would sell a farm for a song,
As quickly you'll be hearing.
Oh, Boaldyn East, etc.

Mylecharaine

Adapted by
A. P. GRAVES.

Sung by
ELIZA COOKSON, 1859.

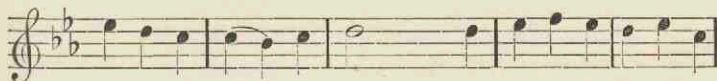
VERSE.

REFRAIN.



Inneen: "O Vyle - cha - raine, c'raad hooar oo dty sthojr?" *My -*
"O Myle - cha - raine, where got you this store? In -

VERSE.



- lom-ar-can daag oo mee; *Jissig*: "Nagh dooar mee 'sy Churragh eh
dark - ness a-lone, all alone! And why is your right hand all

REFRAIN.



dowin, dowin dy-liooar," *As my - lom-ar-can daag oo mee.*
crim - son with gore, And your face set as hard as a stone?

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"I dug up this crock, all full of red gold,
In darkness alone, all alone!
And as I was lifting it out of the mould
I cut my right hand on a stone."

NATIONAL MUSIC

"My arms they are longing my sweetheart to fold
In darkness alone, all alone!
Then give me a share of your treasure of gold,
To make him my husband and own."

"Well, since your quick eyes my treasure have seen
In darkness alone, all alone!
I'll portion enough of it, daughter Katrine,
For a husband and house of your own."

The murdered man cried with terrible oath,
From darkness alone, all alone:
"By Christ's broken body accursed are ye both
In the sight of His White Judgment throne."

And this is the way the farmers of Mann
In darkness alone, all alone!
The curse of the dowering of daughters began
And love after lucre has flown.

Ny Kirree fo Niaghtey

(The Sheep under the Snow)

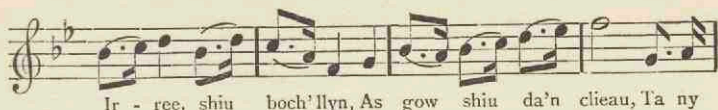
Translation by
MISS MONA DOUGLAS.

From a MS. of the late
J. F. CRELLIN OF ORRISDALE.

Plaintively.



MY KIRREE FO NIAGHTEY



Ir - ree, shiu boch' llyn, As gow shiu da'n cleiau, Ta ny



kir - ree fo niagh-tey, Cha dow-in as v'ad rieau.

Today a deep snow-fall,
 Last night a sharp frost ;
 The young lambs are living,
 But the old sheep are lost :
 O ! arise ye, my shepherds—
 Get away to the hill !
 The old sheep are dying,
 And the snow's falling still !

The master of Raby
 Lay sick on his bed,
 With the cry of lost ewes
 Like a fire in his head :
 O ! arise ye, etc.

Said the master of Raby,
 I am sick and alone ;
 My sheep cry for succour,
 My men yield them none :
 O ! arise ye, etc.

I have sheep at the Laggan,
 And goats on Cleiau Rea ;
 On the cliff of the Treasure
 The ewes go astray :
 O ! arise ye, etc.

Then out went the shepherds
 In darkness and dread,
 And far on the mountain
 They found the sheep—dead.
 For the whole flock lay smothered,
 In a drift on the hill,
 And o'er their dead bodies
 The snow mounted still.

Said the master of Raby,
 My sheep cried in vain ;
 And while I lay helpless
 None heeded their pain.
 And so they all perished
 For lack of your skill,
 And o'er their dead bodies
 The snow gathers still.

My great flocks are broken,
 And spent is my breath ;
 The few sheep now left me
 Shall witness my death.
 Get you gone, then, false shep-
 herds,
 Away from my sight,
 For no more I shall need you
 Over valley and height.

A Song on Farmers' Daughters

Words after the Manx by J. QUIRK.

Adapted by
ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

Air: "Kiark Catriney marroo"
(or "Catherine's Hen is dead").

Young men of Mann who stu-dy A lov - ing wife to

win, Take one whose cheek is rud-dy. Who's

ac - tive out and in,.. Who from her dis - staff

han - dle Steps smil - ing to her churn, Who

ne'er will stoop to scan - dal, To gos-sip ne'er will turn.

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Such were our ancient mothers,
Wise, gentle household guides,
Examples to all others,
And such should be your
brides,
Whom having won, O render
These women honour due ;
Be true to them and tender,
As they will prove to you.

So when ye stand together
Before the Judgment Throne,
Ye need not blame each other
For aught that ye have done ;
For we must stand in judgment,
To answer for our lives,
How wives have dealt with
husbands,
And husbands with their wives.

Yn Coayl jeh ny Baatyn-Skeddan

(The Loss of the Herring-Boats, Douglas, September 21, 1787)

Adapted from a Manx Ballad.

Words by

Sung by JOHN CAIN, Douglas.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES. *Air*: "Yn Coayl jeh ny Baatyn-Skeddan."

The musical score is written on three staves of music in treble clef, 3/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Cooince - jee, shenn as aeg, 'Sy vlein shiaght cheead yeig, Kiare -
- feed as shiaght, er cheayn Ghool-ish, Myr haink eh gy-kione, Va
eeay stagh vie ayn, Lesh ear-ish feer aa-lin as vil-lish.

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In seventeen eighty-seven,
Beneath a blue heaven,
On St. Matthew's night we were floating ;
Half our nets we had shot,
Where the herring boiled hot,
And the rest were all ready for shooting.

When, at two of the clock,
With a loud thunder shock,
The tempest it broke without warning,
And our joy turned to care,
All our praise into prayer
That we'd make Douglas harbour by morning.

In the roar of the blast,
Like a reed rocked the mast,
Every plank it was straining and chiding ;
While two men to each sweep,
To the billow's mad leap,
Twenty foot up and down we were riding.

NATIONAL MUSIC

The levin bolt crashed,
The blue lightning flashed,
Through the tempest so deaf'ning and blinding ;
Oars snapped fore and aft,
Craft fouled against craft,
And gunwhale on gunwhale was grinding.

Thus we floundered forlorn.
O'er the wild ocean borne,
Like the poor, foolish fish we'd been netting ;
Till struggling in sight,
Rose Douglas Bay Light,
On which our last hope we'd been setting.

Then we struck North and South
Of the blind harbour mouth,
Bruised and bleeding to shore we came sweeping ;
But our best, mid the foam,
On the threshold of home,
In the cold arms of Death they lay sleeping.

For St. Matthew's black day
We go mourning alway,
And with sorrowful sighing remember
Twenty-one swept away,
Twenty-one turned to clay,
On that black twenty-one of September.

The Cruise of the "Tiger"

Air : "Marrinys yn Tiger."

Words adapted by ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES from the original ballad of JOHN MOORE, one of the crew of the Manx privateer *Tiger* during the war with France and America.



THE CRUISE OF THE "TIGER"

scrib'd to buy the *Ti-ger*, An an-cient bat-tle-ship. Big
 Har-ry Qual-trough vo-ted The Cap-tain of her crew, And
 fierce-ly from her top-mast Our three-legg'd en-sign flew.

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"Oh! pity for our daughters,"
 The farmers all did say;
 "If cruel Boney slaughters
 Their lovers far away!"
 "Cheer up, cheer up, sad sweet-
 hearts,
 And fear not for our lives;
 For soon, with gold and glory,
 We're back to make you
 wives."

Three days away from Ramsey,
 Upon the briny deep,
 A fearful storm o'ertook us
 Which made our flesh to creep,
 But when its force abated,
 A Frenchman we descried,
 With merchandise full freighted,
 Before us on the tide.

We called her to surrender;
 Escape at first she tries,
 But soon we overhauled her,
 And took her for our prize;
 Yet little conversation
 Prevailed between us two,
 For she'd no Manx or English
 And we no "Parlez vous."

Safe home at last at Ramsey,
 We made the *Tiger* roar;
 And Governor and Council
 Came out to us from shore.
 But our Frenchman they no such
 man,
 Upon enquiry found,
 But just a friendly Dutchman,
 Whose crew we'd robbed and
 bound.

To England they removed us,
 Before whose court we went,
 Who tried and proved us pirates,
 Although without intent;
 And sold away the *Tiger*
 To indemnify the Dutch;
 Then to our scornful sweethearts
 Returned us mourning much.

Ye Manxmen all who ponder
 The reason of my rhyme,
 Take warning by the *Tiger*,
 Be prudent in good time!
 And ere you venture taking
 A French or Yankee craft,
 Be sure that you're not raking
 A Dutchman fore and aft.

Hunt the Wren*

From *Mona Melodies*, 1820.

FIRST TUNE.

[No words]

SECOND TUNE.

Arranged by W. H. GILL
as a Singing Version.

CHORUS (Boys and Girls)

"We'll hunt the wren," says Ro - bin the Bob - bin. "We'll
hunt the wren," says Rich - ie the Rob - in, "We'll hunt the wren," says

* Words arranged from *Manx Society's Publications*, Vol. XVI, by W. H. Gill.

HUNT THE WREN

FINIS.



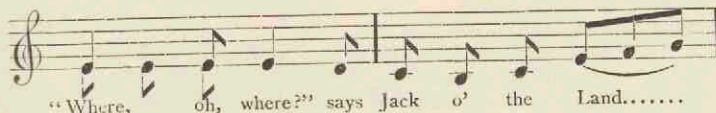
Jack o' the Land, "We'll hunt the wren," says ev - er - y one.
SEMI-CHORUS.



"Where, oh, where?" says Ro - bin the Bob - bin, "Oh



where, oh, where?" says Rich - ie the Rob - in,



"Where, oh, where?" says Jack o' the Land.....



"Where, oh, where?" says ev - er - y one.

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(Sung by wandering singers on St. Stephen's Day.)

CHORUS.

"In yonder green bush," says Robin the Bobbin.

"In yonder green bush," says Richie the Robin.

"In yonder green bush," says Jack o' the Land.

"In yonder green bush," says everyone.

"How get him down?" says Robin the Bobbin.

"Oh, how get him down?" says Richie the Robin.

"How get him down?" says Jack o' the Land.

"How get him down?" says everyone.

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CHORUS.

"With sticks and stones!" says Robin the Bobbin.
"With sticks and stones!" says Richie the Robin.
"With sticks and stones!" says Jack o' the Land.
"With sticks and stones!" says everyone.

SEMI-CHORUS.

"How get him home?" says Robin the Bobbin.
"Oh, how get him home?" says Richie the Robin.
"How get him home?" says Jack o' the Land.
"How get him home?" says everyone.

CHORUS.

"In the brewer's big cart!" says Robin the Bobbin.
"In the brewer's big cart!" says Richie the Robin.
"In the brewer's big cart!" says Jack o' the Land.
"In the brewer's big cart!" says everyone.

SEMI-CHORUS.

"How shall we boil him?" says Robin the Bobbin.
"How shall we boil him?" says Richie the Robin.
"How shall we boil him?" says Jack o' the Land.
"How shall we boil him?" says everyone.

CHORUS.

"In the brewer's big pan!" says Robin the Bobbin.
"In the brewer's big pan!" says Richie the Robin.
"In the brewer's big pan!" says Jack o' the Land.
"In the brewer's big pan!" says everyone.

SEMI-CHORUS.

"Who'll come to the dinner?" says Robin the Bobbin.
"Who'll come to the dinner?" says Richie the Robin.
"Who'll come to the dinner?" says Jack o' the Land.
"Who'll come to the dinner?" says everyone.

CHORUS.

"The King and the Queen!" says Robin the Bobbin.
"The King and the Queen!" says Richie the Robin.
"The King and the Queen!" says Jack o' the Land.
"The King and the Queen!" says everyone.

HUNT THE WREN

SEMI-CHORUS.

"How should we eat him?" says Robin the Bobbin.
"How should we eat him?" says Richie the Robin.
"How should we eat him?" says Jack o' the Land.
"How should we eat him?" says everyone.

CHORUS.

"With knives and forks!" says Robin the Bobbin.
"With knives and forks!" says Richie the Robin.
"With knives and forks!" says Jack o' the Land.
"With knives and forks!" says everyone.

SEMI-CHORUS.

"Eyes to the blind!" says Robin the Bobbin.
"Legs to the lame!" says Richie the Robin.
"Pluck to the poor!" says Jack o' the Land.
"Bones to the dogs!" says everyone.

CHORUS.

The wren, the wren, is King of all birds.
St. Stephen's day he's caught in the furze;
Although he is little, his family's great.
We pray you, good people, give us a treat.

Arrane Oie Vie: Te Traa Goll Thie

(Good-Night Song: "It is Time to go Home")

Words from the Manx by
Miss MONA DOUGLAS.

From the Clague Collection.
Sung by E. CORTEEN.

Gapped Mode (No 6th).



NATIONAL MUSIC



My ghuillyn vie
 Te traa goll thie,
 Ta'n stoyll foym
 Greinnagh me roym,
 Te cowrey dooin dy ghleasagh,
 Te tayrn dys traa ny liabbagh.

My ghuillyn vie,
 Te traa goll thie,
 T'an dooid cheet er y chiollagh
 (or Ta'n smarage gaase doo 'sy chiollagh);
 Te geginagh shin dy gholldy thie,
 Te bunnys traa dy ghra, oie vie.

Bedtime has come! We must go home,
 The very chairs have said;
 Gone is the day, O creep away—
 Night draws us to our bed!

Dark is the night; we have no light;
 The darkness comes on the hearth;
 In bed we lie, while from the sky
 The stars watch o'er the earth.

WELSH FOLK SONG

WELSH national music owes its origin to three sources—the use of the harp, ballad singing, and the folk song proper, which, unlike what remains of the art of the professional ballad singers, sprang directly from the heart of the Welsh people through the lips of her local poets, and was thoroughly Welsh in its characteristics.

Of these three influences upon Welsh music and song, that of the harp had for long been most potent. Not that the Welsh had been without vocal excellence early in their history. On the contrary, there is absolute evidence of the Welsh singing in four parts, as they still do so readily and tunefully, as early as the days of Giraldus Cambrensis, in the latter half of the twelfth century. For whilst giving the palm for harp music to the Irish harpists of his day, he speaks of the remarkable popularity of singing in parts amongst his own compatriots. But the Welsh harp, which was originally of leather strung with wire, afterwards of wood strung with hair, had developed by the fourteenth century into an instrument of superior structure and of much greater compass than that of the Irish harp. This adapted it to the diatonic scale, and therefore enabled it to take on the finer developments of mediæval music. Side by side with the use of the Welsh harp for merely instrumental purposes, as the medium of battle marches, lamentations, and epithalamia, the Welsh or triple harp, which was played with the left hand uppermost, was the vehicle for *penillion* singing, specially cultivated by the North Welsh. It is not so improbable that this very remarkable form of vocalization had its origin on the battle-field, where the bards of the clan incited their chieftains to heroic feats of arms to the accompaniment of a harp, or even a band of harps. The musical situation down to comparatively recent times in the Principality

NATIONAL MUSIC

may be said, therefore, to have been dominated by the harp. But such was the sense of melody inherent in the Welsh harpist that many of his airs readily lent themselves to song, though, strangely enough, their utilization in that respect, except in a very few instances, came from outside Wales; and we have the curious phenomenon of Thompson, a Scot, carrying harp tunes out of Wales to be set to the words of Scottish and English lyrical writers by German composers, such as Haydn and Beethoven. Meantime, beautiful folk songs were being evolved by the people of South Wales without any form of publication. These were carried—or, rather, the airs were carried—into England by Welsh musicians, and there published either separately or in connection with ballad operas. Thus Welsh music crossed the borders of Wales, and became popular in Great Britain and abroad.

Then followed a great setback to the use of the harp and the singing of folk ballads and folk songs. That setback was caused by the Welsh Methodist revival, which tabooed all dance music and practically all secular songs. The converted Welsh ceased to sing their folk songs except in remote parts of the country, and their children, therefore, had no opportunity of learning them. There was some compensation, however, in the introduction of the more serious airs into the service of the Church, and the fact that beautiful Welsh airs are an outcome, in a more solemn form, of Welsh diatonic and modal music.

But a change came about the middle of last century. Two Welsh bards, "Ceiriog" and "Talhairn," started writing beautiful Welsh words to the harp and to folk melodies, which began to be collected by musical experts. Brinley Richards's *Songs of Wales* embodies some of the best of these Welsh efforts; but many of the English versions of the Welsh words in that collection are either indifferent as verse or fail to catch the Welsh national spirit. What were the earlier collections of Welsh airs on which Welsh singers had thus to rely?

WELSH FOLK SONG

The first collection, compiled and arranged by John Parry, the blind harpist of Ruabon, and Ivan Williams, a London teacher of music, came out in three parts between the years 1742 and 1781.

In 1784 Edward Jones, Bardd y Brenin, the King's Bard, published *The Relic*, which, with *The Bardic Museum*, contained a large number of melodies not previously published. Then came John Parry, or the Bard Alaw, another London musician, and musical director of the Vauxhall Gardens, who published volumes of Welsh melodies with English words by Mrs. Hemans and other well-known writers, some of which were used in his ballad operas, particularly in his "Welsh Girl" and the "Trip to Wales." In 1809 appeared Dr. Crotch's *Forty Examples of Welsh Airs* without words, and the first of the eight volumes published by the Scot (Thompson) containing ninety airs, with lyrics written by Englishmen, and arrangements by Haydn, Beethoven, and Kozeluch. Many of these tunes were mutilated by Thompson. In 1829 appeared a collection of harp tunes containing a number of unpublished airs, badly arranged by their producer, Richard Roberts, the blind harpist of Caernarvon, and with execrable English words. To generalize on this period:

All the collections are by North Walian, most of them harpists; the melodies were harp tunes, either purely instrumental or adapted to the singing of *penillion* in the peculiar North Welsh style. Many of the tunes printed were of English origin, and there is an almost total absence of Welsh words in these collections. But we know, as subsequent collections prove, that there was a great store of folk songs with words and tunes of their own existing at that time, more especially in South Wales. Why were neither the melodies nor the words recorded?

Principal Davies has shown that the simple lyrics were despised by the regular bards because of the absence of all trace of cynghanedd, or verse consonance. An analogous reason accounts for the neglect of the tunes by the musician. The folk song only began to come

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into its own when Miss Maria Jane Williams, of Aberpergon, in the year 1844-45, brought out two collections of hitherto unpublished songs which had been sent to the Abergavenny Eisteddfod. For she obtained these songs from the people, recorded them exactly as she got them, did not reject those exhibiting ancient modes, and did not displace the original words. The collection of John Thomas, of about the same date, has some interesting tunes, but harks back to the old practice which omitted the words of the songs and even tampered with the tunes, though the accompaniments to them were simple and tasteful. The next period of private folk-song gathering is concerned with the collections of Brinley Richards, John Thomas Davidson, Owen Alaw (the *Gems of Welsh Melody*), Dr. Joseph Parry, and, above all, the interesting collection of Nicholas Bennet and Emlyn Evans (1861), and the popular edition of *Welsh National Songs* by the latter musician.

Mention has already been made of harp music specially suited to the singing of *penillion*. This is a method of singing, not only exclusively Welsh, but confessedly of great antiquity. The word is so spelt as to tempt the rash versifier to rhyme it with "pillion" or "postillion." Its method is even stranger than its spelling. A harper plays some well-known Welsh melody; the singer after the first few bars improvises a harmony to the air, timing his stanzas, or *penillion*, so as to end each one with the close of the air. It will be seen, therefore, that the harp does not accompany the voice—the voice accompanies the harp. The instrument certainly leads, but plays the same tune throughout, independently of the singer. But both harper and singer must have a keen sense of rhythm, time, and accent, for the voice has to strike out the proper beat or fraction of a beat as the length of the metre may demand. If the singer fails to accomplish this, he puts himself out of court. It is another peculiarity of the *penillion* for the singer to render his verses in a different time from that of the melody itself. Thus the singer will set metres in $\frac{6}{8}$ time, while the harp plays in $\frac{3}{4}$ time. Or, again,

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stanzas which demand a $\frac{6}{8}$ rhythm may even be sung to common time on the harp, the singing conveying to the ear what is called "cross-accentuation," or striking against the beats of the melody.

Penillion singing has been hitherto almost entirely confined to North Wales; but its introduction amongst the older children in the schools throughout the Principality, and with surprising success, makes it probable that it will become as popular in South as in North Wales.

As has been pointed out by Dr. Lloyd Williams and others, many of the Welsh folk songs are sung to modal tunes, and are more especially in the Dorian Mode.

In dealing with these tunes to be found amongst the older Welsh songs one must be careful how to regard them, for they are *sui generis*. Dr. Alfred Daniel very appositely deals with the question thus in a valuable paper on vocal traditions in Wales in the Transactions of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion for the year 1909-10: "Take the position of the Highland bagpiper. I wonder whether any of you have ever heard the Old Hundredth played slowly on the great pipes in what those learned in pipe music call the imperfect scale? I have, and the memory of the affliction has lingered with me many a long year. Why was it an affliction? Because the intervals of the scale on the pipes were very different from those required in the Old Hundredth; but for certain classes of pipe music—coronachs, pibrochs, laments—the intervals in the so-called imperfect scale are simply and definitely right. You cannot write 'imperfect scale' bagpipe music on the 'modulator scale' at all; and if you can do it on the staff notation, it is only because the reproduction from the printed page is done on the bagpipes. If you try to play a page of bagpipe music on the violin—unless, indeed, you are a West Highland violinist—or try to sing it, then the trained bagpiper who hears the reproduction thoroughly despises it, and says it is wrong and has no 'bite' in it. A bagpiper does not use the same scale as the tonic solfa-ist or the staff-

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notation-ist; and musically he and they do not think the same thoughts, have not the same preconceptions of what should be, do not speak the same musical language, and, in short, are musically aliens from one another. And yet each is right in his own place and from his own point of view. Each is the product of his environment and of a development which can be traced far back into history."

Curiously enough, in the highest Roman Catholic and Church of England congregations the old English modes either prevail or struggle for existence. In Welsh churches, and chapels even, choirs, harmoniums, or organs now guide the singing; harmony in four parts and full chords reign supreme, and the queer wail of the old unison singing of the minor mode or Dorian tunes, and the thrill that this produced, have almost become mere memories. For I am assured that to this day the enlightened musical directors of "Cymanfacedd," or the church congregational singing, live in apprehension of the intervention of aged voices singing in the old traditional scale, as I put it—out of tune as they deem it—and disconcertingly introducing undesired caco-coustical effects. It says much for the accuracy of ear of the old folk, as well as for their indomitable persistence, that any of them have been able to adhere to the old intervals under the circumstances.

It was my personal interest in the collection of Irish, English, and Manx folk songs, writing words to the tunes which were without them, and the circumstance of my finding myself across the Welsh border at Harlech, that attracted me to a closer study of the beautiful Welsh music. I had followed it with delight when played upon the harp by my Irish wife, but I had not entered into its special characteristics, nor had I till then possessed the means, since acquired, of knowing to what extent Welsh folk song had been systematically collected.

I soon, however, made up my mind that Dr. Joseph Parry's suggestion that his collection of songs—180 Welsh folk songs—was the last word as to Welsh airs and folk words worth collecting was

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an altogether erroneous assumption. I knew the Welsh to be a race of high musical taste and old musical traditions, and I also surmised from my experience of Irish and Manx folk-song collecting that Dr. Parry's 180 Welsh airs probably only represented a twentieth part of the sound body of Welsh folk music. I knew of some 6,000 Irish airs and of over 300 in the little Isle of Mann. Was Wales to be credited with only 180 of any value? I began to make enquiries. I got into communication with Dr. Lloyd Williams, Director of Music at the University College of Bangor, and its Principal, now Sir Harry Reichel, and found that, like myself, they were not only beginning to doubt that Welsh folk songs were so few, but had begun to give practical demonstration of the opposite view by looking up manuscript collections of unpublished Welsh airs, and taking down hitherto unrecorded Welsh folk songs from the lips of Welsh folk singers. I had noted that Ceiriog Hughes, the Welsh Burns, and the diligent collector of Welsh folk songs, had spoken of 1,172 Welsh airs being in existence, of which only a fraction had appeared in collections. Moreover, I had found that Mrs. Mary Davies, best known as Mary Davis, the famous Welsh singer, had been presented, as a wedding gift, with a collection of Welsh airs, long lost, which I believe had obtained the second prize as a collection of Welsh folk songs at the Llangollen Eisteddfod of 1858.

As a result of these investigations and the further co-operation of Sir William Preece, Sir Harry Reichel, Dr. Lloyd Williams, Robert Bryan, Llew Tegid, and others, it was decided to consider the question of forming a Welsh folk-song society. There was another reason which made the opportunity a specially appropriate one. The Board of Education had wisely decided that for the future the folk songs of the four nations of the United Kingdom should form the basis of the musical instruction of the scholars in our public elementary schools, and a list of the most suitable of folk and national songs belonging to England, Scotland, and Wales was

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drawn up. In this list some 35 Welsh airs were included in a total of 200; and Messrs. Boosey, the publishers of Brinley Richards's collection of Welsh airs, undertook the publication of *The National Song Book*, to be edited, on these lines, by the late Sir Charles Villiers Stanford. But when the Welshmen and others, who were setting the Welsh folk-song movement going, were consulted about the English and Welsh words to be included in the Welsh section of this work, they pointed out that few of the English words to the Welsh airs in Brinley Richards's collection were worthy of the Welsh originals, and that some of the latter were not of sufficient literary merit to deserve to stand side by side with the lyrics of Burns, Moore, and other leading British and Irish song-writers. Correspondence between the publishers and the Welsh experts led to an arrangement for the provision in the Welsh section of *The National Song Book* of English words of higher quality, and of good Welsh words for those of the rediscovered folk tunes that were without them.

Further *pourparlers* with the same publishers led to the production by them of a series of Welsh melodies, arranged by Dr. Arthur Somervell and Dr. Lloyd Williams, to Welsh words by the leading Welsh lyrists, in which the spirit of the original should be as faithfully followed as the Sassenach tongue permits. This series, in two parts, was published by Messrs. Boosey, and at once leaped into public favour. Meantime the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion had got wind of what we were about, and Sir Arthur Reichel and myself were invited to read papers on Welsh folk song before one of its sections at the National Eisteddfod of 1906. The meeting was held in the Carnarvon County Hall, under the presidency of Sir William Preece, K.C.B., F.R.S., and was well attended. Sir Harry Reichel's paper was not musically illustrated, but dealt comprehensively with the Welsh folk-song collections, published and unpublished, lying open to musical treatment, and containing within their pages a fine foundation upon which a national school of Welsh

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music might be built. Upon this aspect of the value of folk music Sir Harry Reichel laid the fullest stress, offering interesting parallels of what had been done in this direction by the great Continental composers.

My own paper was musically illustrated by a small party of singers, chosen from the Eisteddfod choir, as well as by two distinguished professional singers, Miss Grace Roberts, of Liverpool, and Mr. Maldwyn Evans, of Bangor. The large audience were as delighted as they were surprised by this production of a considerable group of Welsh folk songs hitherto entirely unknown to them, contributed by the activities of Dr. Lloyd Williams, Mr. Robert Bryan, Mr. Silyn Roberts, and others.

A general discussion followed the two addresses, and in this the chairman, Sir William Preece, Sir Marchant Williams, Sir Edward Anwyl, and others took part. As a result it was unanimously resolved to form a Welsh folk-song society, and a committee was appointed to draw up a scheme for presentation to the first meeting of the subscribers, to be held at the Swansea Eisteddfod in 1907.

The Welsh folk-song society thus started has never looked behind. It has reached a membership of nearly four hundred folk-song lovers. Its journal is edited with consummate skill by Dr. Lloyd Williams, and has had the literary assistance of distinguished Welsh men of letters, including Professor T. Gwyn Jones, of Aberystwyth. Year by year the Welsh folk-song journal has appeared, and its pages contain hundreds of freshly discovered Welsh folk tunes and words, made doubly interesting by illuminating comments upon them, written by the leading folk-song experts. Sir William Preece was the Society's first President, and his daughter, Miss Amy Preece, acted with Mrs. Mary Davies as joint secretary. His mantle has passed to Mrs. Mary Davies, now deservedly a Doctor of Music, while Mrs. Herbert Lewis, now Lady Lewis, succeeded her as the Society's secretary. These two ladies have in addition done most important work in collecting folk songs in different parts of the

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Principality, and lecturing upon them with telling musical illustrations by vocalists whom they have taught the true art of folk singing. Dr. Lloyd Williams, who began his folk-song work by training his musical students at Bangor in the art of folk-song collecting, has done much lecturing himself from an Eisteddfod or university chair and from many a village platform. Another active folk-song collector is Mrs. Gwyneddon Davies ; and the enthusiasm of Mr. Philip Thomas has done much to carry the best folk songs into the Welsh elementary schools.

The next step in this movement will no doubt be the appearance of Welsh folk opera ; and when instrumental music in Wales reaches the level of its vocal music, a Welsh national opera, with a fine and full national Welsh orchestra, may be confidently looked forward to.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

WELSH FOLK SONG

The Ash Grove

(Llwyn On)

English words by JOHN OXENFORD.

Welsh words by CEIRIOG

In moderate time.



The beau - ti - ful Ash grove, how plain - ly 'tis
Yn Mhal - as Llwyn On gynt, fe drig - ai pen -



speak - ing, The wind thro' it play - ing has lan - guage for
- def - ig, Ef e oedd ys - gwei - ar ac ar - glwydd y



me; When o - ver its branch - es the sun - light is
wlad; Ac idd - o un en - eth a an - wyd yn




break - ing, A host of kind fa - ces is gaz - ing on me.
un - ig, A hi 'nol yr han - es oedd aer - es ei thad.




The friends of my child - hood a - gain are be - fore me, Fond
Aeth Car - iad i'w gwel - ed, yn lan a phur lenc - yn, Ond

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Slower. *In time.*



me - mo - ries wa - ken as free - ly I roam, With
 cod - ai'r ys - gwei - ar yn af - ar ac erch, I



soft whis-pers la - den its leaves rus - tle o'er me, The
 saeth-u'r bach - gen - yn, ond gwŷr - odd ei lin - yn, A'i



Ash grove, the Ash grove, that shel - ter'd my home.
 er - gyd yn wyr - gam i fyn - wes ei ferch.

My laughter is over, my step loses lightness,
 Old country-side measures steal soft on mine ear ;
 I only remember the past and its brightness,
 The dear ones I mourn for again gather here.
 From out of the shadows their loving looks greet me,
 And wistfully searching the leafy green dome,
 I find other faces fond bending to greet me :
 The Ash grove, the Ash grove alone is my home !

Ryh hwyr ydoedd galw y saeth at y llinyn,
 A'r llances yn marw yn welw a gwan ;
 Bygythiodd ei gleddyf trwy galon y llencyn ;
 Ond ni redai Cariad un fodfedd o'r fan.
 'Roedd Golud, ei "darpar" yn hên ac anynad,
 A geiriau diweddaf yr Aeres hardd hon,
 Oedd, " gwell genyf farw trwy ergyd fy Nghariad,
 Na byw gyda Golud yn Mhalas Llwyn On."

The Bells of Aberdovey

(Clychau Aberdyfi)

English words by A. P. GRAVES.

Welsh words by CEIRIOG.

Rather slow.



If to me as true thou art, As I'm true to thee, sweet-heart,
Os wyt ti yn bur i mi, Fel 'rwyf fi yn bur i ti, Mal

Slower. In time.



We'll hear one, two, three, four, five, From the bells of A - ber-do-vey.
un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, chwech, Meddai clychau Ab - er - dy - fi.



Hear one, two, three, four, five, six, Hear
un, dau, tri, ped - war, pump, chwech, saith, Mal

Slower. In time.



one, two, three, four, five, and six, From the bells of A - ber-do-vey.
un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, chwech, Meddai clychau Ab - er - dy - fi.



Glad's a lad his lass to wed, When she sighed I love ye!
Hoff gan fab yw medd - u serch Y ferch mae am bri - od - i,

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But to-day on air I tread For Gwen of A-ber-do-vey.
Hoff gan in - nau, ym mhob man. Am Mor-fydd Ab-er - dy - fi.



While the heart beats in my breast, Ca-riad,* I will love ye, By
Os wyt ti'n fy nghar-u i, Fel 'rwyf fi'n dy gar - u di, Mal
Slower.



one, two, three, and all the rest, Of the bells of A-ber-do-vey.
un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, chwech, Meddai clychau Ab-er - dy - fi.

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When I cross the sea once more,
Love comes knocking at my door
Like one, two, three, four, five,
six

Of the bells of Aderdovey ;
One, two, three, four, five and
six,

Like one, two, three, four, five
and six

Of the bells of Aberdovey.
Little loves and hopes shall fly
Round us in a covey ;
When we are married, you
and I,

At home in Aberdovey !
If to me as true thou art,
As I'm true to thee, sweetheart,
We'll hear one, two, three, four,
five, six !

From the bells of Aberdovey.

Pan ddôf adref tros y môr,
Cariad gura wrth dy ddôr ;
Un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump,
chwech,

Meddai clychau Aberdyfi.
Un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump,
chwech,

Mal un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump,
chwech,

Meddai clychau Aberdyfi.
Paid a'i wneud yn galon wan,
Pan ddaw o dan dy faner,
Os bydd gennyf air i'w ddweyd,
Bydd gwneud yn well o'r
hanner ;

Os wyt ti'n fy ngharu i,
Fel 'rwyf fi'n dy garu di,
Mal un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump,
chwech,

Meddai clychau Aberdyfi.

* My darling.

The Rising of the Lark

(Codiad yr Hedydd)

Imitated from the original Welsh by
MARIA X. HAYES.

Welsh words by
CEIRIOG.

Lively.



Hark! hark! his ma-tin praise In warblings sweet the lark doth raise To
Clyw! clyw! for - eu - ol glod. O! fwyn-ed yw'r defn-yn-nau'n dod, O



Pa - ra - dise a - bove. Are they the pearls of song Dropp'd
wyn-fa lân i lawr. Ai mân ddefn-yn - nau cân, An -



by a count-less an - gel throng When singing peace and love?
- ei - rif lu, ryw dyr - fa lân, Ddi-hangodd gyd - a'r wawr?

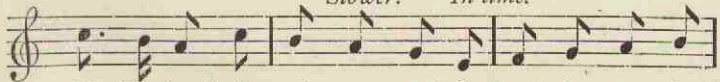


Scarce doth move the gos - sa - mer, Nor doth the pur - ple
Mud yw'r aw - el ar y waun, A brig y grŷg yn



hea - ther stir, And the brook doth pause to hear, While
es - mwyth grŷn, Gwran - do mae yr ab - er gain, Ac

Slower. In time.



hi - ding 'neath the rush - y ground, So heav'n - ly ten - der
yn y brwyn ym - gudd - ia'i hun:—Mor ne - fol serch - ol

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is the sound That comes man-kind to cheer.
yd - yw'r sain, Sy'n dod i swyn - o dyn.

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Rise, rise, oh lark, then rise
On soft grey wing toward yon
skies ;

Ascending higher yet :
May no sweet note be lost !
Rise nearer to that happy host,
That earthly pains forget !
Sing and let the wide world hear
Thy melody so sweet and clear,
Waking longing in mankind
To follow to those heights untrod,
Yet nearer day and nearer God,
Eternal joy to find !

Cwyd, cwyd ehedydd, cwyd,
O le i le ar adain lwyd.

Yn uwch, yn uwch o hyd :
Cân, cân dy nodau cu,
A dos yn nes at lawen lu
Adawodd boen y byd.
Canu mae, a'r byd a glyw
Ei alaw lon o uchel le :
Cyfyd hiraeth dynolryw,
Ar ôl ei lais i froydd ne' :
Yn nes at Ddydd, yn nes at
Dduw
I fyny fel efe !

Men of Harlech

(Rhyfelgyrch Gwyr Harlech)

English words by A. P. GRAVES.

Welsh words by CEIRIOG.
Siege of the Castle, A. D. 1468.

With spirit



Fierce the bea - con light is flam - ing, With its tongues of
We - le goel - certh wen yn flam - io, A that - od - au



fire pro - claim - ing, "Chief - tains, sun - dered to your sham - ing,
tân yn bloedd - io, Ar i'r dewr - ion ddod i da - ro,

MEN OF HARLECH



Strongly now u - nite!" At the call all Ar - fon ral - lies,
Unwaith et - o'n un: Gan fan - llef - au ty - wys - og - ion,



War cries rend her hills and val - leys, Troop on troop, with
Llais gel - yn - ion, trwst arf - og - ion, A char - lam - iad



head - long sal - lies, Hur - tle to the fight. Chiefs lie dead and
y march - og - ion, Craig ar graig a grŷn! Ar - fon byth ni



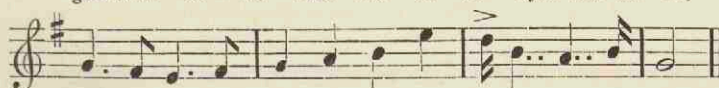
wounded, Yet, where first 'twas grounded, Free - dom's flag still
or - fydd, Cen - ir yn dra - gy - wydd; Cym - ru fydd fel



holds the crag—Her trum - pet still is sounded. O there we'll keep her
Cym - ru fu, Yn glod - us ym mys - gwledydd. Yng ngwyn ol - eu - ni'r



ban - ner fly - ing, While the pale lips of the dy - ing
goel certh ac - w, Tros wef - us - au Cym - ro'n ma - rw,



Ec - ho to our shout de - fy - ing, "Har - lech for the right!"
An - ni - byn - iaeth sydd yn gal - w, Am ei dewr - af dyn.

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Shall the Saxon army shake you,
Smite, pursue, and overtake you?
Men of Harlech, God shall make
you

Victors, blow for blow!
As the rivers of Eryri
Sweep the vale with flooded fury,
Gwalia from her mountain eyrie
Thunders on the foe!

Now, avenging Briton,
Smite as he has smitten!
Let your rage on history's page
In Saxon blood be written!

His lance is long, but yours is
longer, [stronger!
Strong his sword, but yours is
One stroke more! and then your
wronger

At your feet lies low!

Ni chaiff gelyn ladd ac ymlid—
Harlech! Harlech! cwyd i'w
herlid; [ddid,

Y mae Rhoddwr mawr ein Rhy-
Yn rhoi nerth i ni.

Wele Gymru a'i byddinoedd,
Yn ymddywallt o'r mynyddoedd!
Rhuthrant fel rhacadrâu dyf-
roedd,

Llamant fel y lli!
Llwyddiant i'n llyuddion!
Rwystro bâr yr estron!

Gwybod yn ei galon ga,
Fel bratha cleddyf Brython;
Y cledd yn erbyn cledd a
chwery,

Dûr yn erbyn dûr a dery,
Wele faner Gwaliai fyny,
Rhyddid aiff a hi!

White Snowdon

(Eryri Wen)

English words by FELICIA HEMANS.

Welsh Penillim words.

Boldly.



Theirs was no dream, oh! monarch hill, With Heav'n's own a-zure
Er - yr - i Wen, fren-hin-es bur, Dae - ar - ol ferch y



crown'd! Who call'd thee, what thou shalt be still, White
ne, Mewn aw - yr las ac wyb - ren gl'r, Ac

WHITE SNOWDON

Snow-don's ho - ly ground. They fa - bled not, thy
 yn dy sanct - aidd le. Yn fab "y myn - ydd

cresc.

sons who told Of the dread pow'r en-shrin'd With -
 hwn" y'm gwnaed. I dy ofn - i er er - ioed; Mae

- in thy cloud - y man - tle's fold, And on thy rush - ing wind;
 tân yn rhed - eg trwy fyngwaed, Pan safwyf wrth - dy droed!

Tho' from their stormy haunts
 of yore,
 Thine eagles long have flown;
 As proud a flight the soul shall
 soar
 Yet from thy mountain throne!
 Pierce then the heav'ns, thou hill
 of streams!
 And make the snows thy crest!
 The sunlight of immortal dreams
 Around thee still shall rest.

O'th gylch mae cestyll cedyrn
 mawr,
 Yn mynd yn friwsion mân;
 O'th gylch mae twrdd tymhest -
 loedd gawr,
 Yn rhuo'u gaeaf-gân.
 Ond dyma gastell gododd
 Duw,
 Ag cira ar ei ben,
 I Annibyniaeth Cymru fyw
 Am byth, Eryri Wen.

Hunting the Hare

(Hela'r 'Sgyfarnog)

English words by A. P. GRAVES.

Welsh words by LLEW TEGID.

Lively.

O the yelp-ing of hounds, the skelping A - long the cov-er and
 Dewch i'r hel - fa, mae'r ud - gryn yn canu, Yr haul ly - ga - da dros

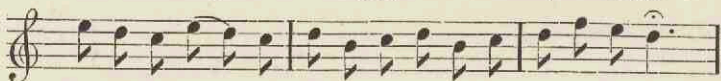
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out at the back! O the gal-lop-ing, O the wal-lop-ing!
 ysg-wydd y bryn; Draw i'r dar-en mae pawb yn ym-dyr-ru, A'r



O the rush of the "gone a-way" Jack! Off like a fea-ther he
 ad - sain ddeffry daw - el - weh y glyn: Hel-wyr a hel-gwn a



floats on the hea - ther—Blackberry call-ing the tune in his track,
 helfeirch af-lonydd,—Ha, ha! mae yr aw-yr yn llawn o fwyn-had,



Spot and Spi - der, and Beau - - ty be - side her,
 Clwych mae'r cwn we - di tar - o y trywydd, Mae'r



Then Red Rake and the rest of the pack.
 hen fyth - eu - ad yn ar - wain y gâd.

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Now they've lost him and now they're finding him,
 Now he's winding 'em round by the stack!
 Hark! the horn! To the height we follow 'em,
 Cheer and holloa 'em for'ard or back.
 Ne'er such a frisker at fate cocked a whisker,
 Or hustled us brisker, than yonder old Jack.
 One more double across the stubble,
 And he's in trouble and tossed by the pack.

HUNTING THE HARE

Day and grey are away to the stable,
 And jovial hunters the table attack ;
 Meat we're munching and oats they're crunching,
 And pails they empty and bottles we crack !
 Here's to the Master ! no fairer or faster
 To steady the heady or screw up the slack !
 Here's to the Hunt ! and our glasses a-jingle
 With joy commingle—and here's to the Pack !

Dacw'r gwta o blith y twmpathau,
 Drwy'r grug a'r eithin fel awel o wynt ;
 Ffwrdd â'r helwyr fel mellt a tharanau,
 A ffwrdd â'r helgwn yn gyflym—yn gynt :
 Dros glawdd y mynydd fel hediaid pioden,
 A throï ar i fyny, ar aswy a de,
 Dros y Lledwyn a thrwy F'wlch-y-fedwen,
 A phawb yn dilyn, heb wybod i ble.

O, mor ddifyr i'r dyrfa, ar derfyn
 Y dydd, yw cwrddydd o amgylch y bwrdd ;
 Iach awelon a gludodd i'w canlyn,
 Mewn hoen, bob gofal a gofid i ffwrdd.
 Prid yw i'r prydydd roi cân i'r Pencynydd,
 A moled pob helydd y Llywydd yn llon ;
 Mawl i'r geinach mwy elo ar gynnydd,
 Hen gamp ysblennydd, ddihenydd yw hon.

This Garden Now

(I Blas Gogerddan)

English words by A. P. GRAVES.

Welsh words by CEIRIOG.

In moderate time.



“With-out thy Sire hast thou returned?” In grief the Prin-cess
 “I Blas Go-gerdd-an heb dy dad? Fy mab, er-glyw fy

NATIONAL MUSIC

cried! "Go back!—or from my sight be spurn'd—To
 llef, Dôs yn dy ôl i faes y gâd, Ac
 bat - tle by his side, I gave thee birth; but
 ym - ladd gyd - ag ef! Dy fam wyf fi, a
 struck to earth I'd soon-er see thee lie, Or on thy bier come
 gwell gan fam, It' goll-i'th waed fel dwfr, Neu ag - or drws i
 carried here, Than thus a cra-ven fly!... Or on thy bier come
 gorff y dewr, Na der-byn bachgen llwfr.... Neu ag - or drws i
Slower.
 car - ried here, Than thus a cra - ven fly!"
 gorff y dewr, Na der - byn bach - gen llwfr."
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"Seek yonder hall and pore on all
 The portraits of thy race;
 The courage high that fires each
 eye
 Canst thou endure to face?"
 "I'll bring no blame on thy fair
 name,
 Or my forefathers slight!
 But kiss and bless me, mother
 dear,
 Ere I return to fight."

He fought and fell—his stricken
 corse
 They bore to her abode.
 "My son!" she shrieked, in wild
 remorse;
 "Forgive me, oh! my God!"
 Then from the wall old voices fall:
 "Rejoice for such a son!
 His deed and thine shall death-
 less shine,
 Whilst Gwalia's waters run!"

THIS GARDEN NOW

“Pr neuadd dos, ac yno gwêl
 Arluniau'r Prysiaid pur ;
 Mae tân yn llygad llym pob
 un,
 Yn goleu ar y mur.”—
 “Nid fi yw'r mab amharcha'i
 fam,
 Ac enw tŷ ei dad :
 Cusenwch fi, fy mam ” medd ef,
 Ac aeth yn ôl i'r gâd.

Daeth ef yn ôl i dŷ ei fam,
 Ond nid, ond nid yn fyw:
 Medd hithau, “O fy mab ! fy
 mab !
 O maddeu im, O Dduw !”
 Ar hyn atebai llais o'r mur :
 “Trwy Gymru tra rhêd dwfr,
 Mil gwell yw marw'n fachgen
 dewr,
 Na byw yn fachgen llwfr !”

Adieu to Dear Cambria (Llandyfri)

English words by A. P. GRAVES.

Welsh author unknown.

Moderately quick.

Slower.



Fare-well to thee, Cymru, fare-well ! my own moun-tain, Fare -
 Yn iach i ti Gymru, ffar-wel i'th fyn-ydd-oedd, Dy

In time.



- well ! spark-ling foun-tain, green field of my flock ! And
 nent - ydd gris - ial - og a'th ddol - ydd di - ail ; Y

Slower.



woods where in boy-hood I wan-der'd be-hold-ing The
 coed-ydd lle treul-iais fy ieu-anc flyn-ydd-oedd, Lle

In time.


Slower.




heath flow'r un-fold-ing, the ash-leaf un-lock.
 gwyl-iais ag-or-iad y blod-au a'r dail!

NATIONAL MUSIC

In time.




My ship's on the shore, and a - las! we must sev - er; My
Mae'r llong yn y porth yn dis - gwyl am da - naf, O




grief that I ev - er should sail the far seas! Fare -
gwac i mi fedd-wl ym - ad - ael er - ioed; Ffar -

Slower.



- well! my fond mo - ther, all mo - thers ex - cell - ing, A -
- well! o'r holl fam - au, y bur - af, a'r lan - af, A'm

dim.



- dieu! dear old dwell - ing hid up in the trees.
car - tref gwyn an - nwyl y - nghan - ol y coed!

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In hoar ocean's ear how our brook seems to whisper :
 "O say shall he prosper ; safe home shall he fleet ?
 With hands full or empty there shall he stand knocking,
 Till dear ones come flocking their exile to greet."
 Then let Cymru's breezes, fresh caught from the billow,
 Again lull my pillow, again light my cheek ;
 Until for the long rest I'm ready, I'm ready !
 And with my tired body her bosom I seek.

Fy nwylaw ddychwelant yn llawn neu yn weigion
 I agor drws annwyl fy nghartref gwyn draw :
 Mac'r afon yn sisial yn nghlust yr hen eigion,
 Gan ofyn pa ddiwrnod yn ôl â fi ddaw !
 O ! am dy hen awyr i wrido fy ngruddiau,
 A'm hwian fel plentyn i hûno mewn hedd ;
 A phan y gadawaf hên fyd y cystuddiau,
 Rhwng muriau'r hên fynwent O ! torrwech fy medd.

The Black Monk

(Y Mynach Du)

English words by A. P. GRAVES.

Welsh "Penillim."

In moderate time.

The old black monk stood still to hear
Hen Fyn - ach Du Caer - lle - on Gawr,

Caer-le - on's bells go clang - ing clear; Ding, dong,
Yn gwrn - do clych - au'r ddin - as fawr; Ding, dong,

ding, dong, ding, dong! Then lamenting thus he paced the wall: "How
ding, dong, ding, dong, A rod - iai hyd y mur - iau'n syn, Gan

long, O Thou that know - est all, Shall our mon - arch be left in
ddwed - yd wrth - o'i hun fel hyn, O! pa hyd mewngef - yn - nau

thrall? Oh, how long shall Grif - fith dwell In his
tyn, Ced - wir ef - ein bren - in cu, Yn ei

cold and sun-less cell, Still heark'ning to that haunt-ing
garch-ar oer a du, Nos a dydd i wrando'n

NATIONAL MUSIC



bell ; Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong!
brudd ; Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,



Li - ber - ty's dirge, Lord, let it not toll ! De - li - ver our land from the
Ai cnul ein Han - ni - byn - iaeth yw ! O gâd i Rydd - id



des - pot's con - trol, And guide her to free - dom's goal !"
et - - o fyw, I'rwy holl Gym - ru wen O ! Dduw.

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'Tis ages since, with eyes tear-blurred,
Caerleon's monk stood still and heard ;
 Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong !
Yet, over Deva dimly tolled,
Caerleon's bells to Arfon rolled
Waken memories manifold,
On the breeze aloud they cry,
On the breeze, bewailing, die,
Voiceful of eternity.
 Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong !
Now they lament not for captive kings,
For over white Wales on her eagle wings
Up to heav'n our young Freedom springs !

Mae llawer tro ar fyd er hyn,
Er pan glywai'r mynach syn,
 Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,
Ar lannau'r Ddyfrdwy ar bob pryd,
O ddydd i ddydd hyd ddiwedd byd,
Y mae'r clychau'n fyw o hyd.

THE BLACK MONK

Hyd y muriau megis cynt,
Yn cydgywnfan gyda'r gwynt,
Yn ein clyw su oesol yw ;
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.
'Does neb am frenin heddiw'n brudd,
Ond fel yr hedydd doriad dydd,
Y mae holl Gymru wen yn rhydd.

Venture, Gwen

(The Stars in Heaven are Bright)
(Mentra, Gwen)

English words by A. P. GRAVES.

Welsh words by CEIRIOG.

In moderate time.

Musical notation for the first line of the song, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally quarter notes A4 and G4. The music is marked *mf*.

O'er Cym - ru, like a star, Bright - est Gwen, whit - est
Am dan - at ti mae son, Wen - naf Wen, Wen - naf

Musical notation for the second line of the song, continuing the melody from the first line. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody continues with quarter notes G4, A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally quarter notes A4 and G4.

Gwen! Thy fame has flashed a - far, Bright - est
Wen, O Fyn - wy fawr i Fon, Wen - naf

Musical notation for the third line of the song, continuing the melody. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody continues with quarter notes G4, A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally quarter notes A4 and G4.

Gwen! The cres - set on yon gate - way Was
Wen: I'r cas - tell ac - w he - no, Rhaid

Musical notation for the fourth line of the song, continuing the melody. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody continues with quarter notes G4, A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally quarter notes A4 and G4.

set to light thy late way; Fear not to en - ter
it - i droi a hu - no, Hen deu - lu iawn sydd

NATIONAL MUSIC



straight-way! On - ly, ven - ture, ven - ture, Gwen!
 yn - ddo, Da di men - tra, men - tra Gwen.

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Far better here to bide,
 Fairest Gwen, dearest Gwen!
 Than tempt the mountain side,
 Dearest Gwen!
 Their torches wave us thither,
 Then, arm in arm together,
 From out the angry weather,
 Let us venture, venture, Gwen!

O'th flaen mac mynydd maith,
 Wennaf Wen, Wennaf Wen.
 Gwell iti dorri'th daith,
 Wennaf Wen,
 Wel, yn fy mraich gan hynny,
 Yr awn gan benderfynu,
 Fod yn y castell lety;
 Da di, mentra, mentra, Gwen.

What means this marshalled line?
 Whitest Gwen, brightest Gwen!
 These men-at-arms are mine,
 Brightest Gwen!
 Thou Queen of Crogen Castle,
 Yet I, its Lord, thy vassal!
 Now welcome to the wassail,
 Welcome, welcome, welcome,
 Gwen!

Fi piau'r castell hwn,
 Wennaf Wen, Wennaf Wen,
 Ti elli fyw mi wn,
 Wennaf Wen,
 Yn wraig yng Nghastell Cro-
 gen,
 I'w barchu ef a'i berchen;
 A chymer fi'n y fargen,
 Da di, mentra, mentra, Gwen.

Forth to the Battle

(Rhyfelgyrch Capten Morgan)

English words by A. P. GRAVES.

Welsh words by CEIRIORG.

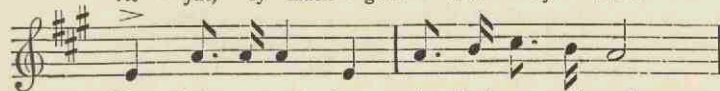


Fast to thy gir - dle fix thy fa - ther's brand!
 Rhwym wrth dy wreg - ys, gledd - yf gwyn dy dad;

FORTH TO THE BATTLE



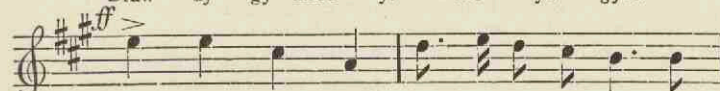
Forth then his slay - ers to with - stand!
At - ynt, fy mach - gen! tros dy wlad!



Ham - lets are smok - ing in their e - vil path.
Mŵg y pen - tref - ydd gyf - yd gyd - a'r gwynt,



Rise, Cym - ru's cham - pions, in your wrath!
Draw dy gy - mrod - yr ânt yn gynt.



No more weep - ing! to the sad - dle spring! O
Sych dy ddag - rau, i dy gyf - rwy naid,



hark the rush - ing ar - - rows like ser - pents sing!
Gwrando'r saethau'n su - - o fel seirff di - baid;



Now re - mem - ber, as you bend your bow, Your
Wrth dy fw - a, hyn wna'th fraich yn gref,



sire with - in his cham - ber cold and low.
Cof - ia am dy dad, fel bu far - w ef!

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NATIONAL MUSIC

Full on the Saxon give your horses head !
Raise, raise the Dragon to his dread ;
Now he has broken, now he flies in fear !
Now let your trumpet terrify his ear !
Shouts of triumph wake and echo on
For victory, our victory o'er Moel y Don :
God go with thee ! covering thy head,
For sacred is the stroke for a father dead.

Marchog i'w canol ! dangos dy arf-bais,
Cyfod gochfaner—dychryn Sais !
Chwŷth yr hen udgorn a ferwina'i glust,
Byw o'i enciliad bydd yn dyst.
Sŵn gorfoledd clyw yr ennyd hon,
Bloeddio "Buddugoliaeth" tros Foel y Dòn ;
Bendith arnat, dos yn enw'r nef !
Cofia am dy dad, fel bu farw ef !

Gwendoleen's Repose

(Hun Gwennlian)

Welsh words by CEIRIOG.

Old Air :

English words by A. P. GRAVES. "A Gentle Maid in Secret sighed."

Moderately quick, with expression.



My Gwen - do - leen, my heart's de - light! Sleep on thro'
Gwen - lli - an fach, fy nghal - on dlos, 'Rwy't ti yn



shiv' - ring spear and brand, An ap - ple ro - sy red with -
hun - o yn ddi - fraw, Gan ddal dy a - fal bach mel -

GWENDOLEEN'S REPOSE



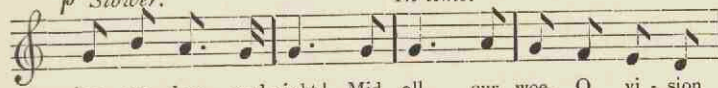
- in thy ba - by hand; Thy pil - lowed cheeks a
- yn - goch yn dy law. Mae'th rudd iau an - nwy!



pair of ro - ses bright, Thy heart as hap - py day and night!
fel gwrid-og rós; Mae'th fron yn dded-wydd ddydd a nos,

p Slower.

In time.



hap - py day and night! Mid all our woe, O vi - sion
dded-wydd ddydd a nos, Ym myd y go - fid O! gwyn



rare! Sweet lit - tle prin - cess cra - dled there, The ap - ple
fyd t'wys-og - es if - anc yn ei chryd, Yn dal ei

Slower.



in thy hand—thy all of earth - ly care.
haf - al bach—ei holl o of - al byd.

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Thy brethren battle with the foe,
Thy Sire's red strokes around him sweep,
Whilst thou, his bonny babe, art smiling through thy sleep.
All Gwalia shudders at the Norman blow!
What are the angels whispering low
Of thy father now?
Bright babe, asleep upon my knee,
How many a Queen of high degree
Would cast away her crown to slumber thus like thee!

NATIONAL MUSIC

Mae gennyf frodyr yn y gad,
 Mae'th dad a'i gleddyf wrth ei glun,
 A thithau'n cysgu'n drwm, gan wenu trwy dy hun.
 Mae trwst y Norman yn crynu'r wlad,
 Beth wŷr yr engyl am dy dad?
 O! am orffwyso'n ddedwydd iach,—
 Mae breninesau uchel âch,
 A roent eu gorsedd fainc am gwsg t'wysoges fach.

David of the White Rock

(Dafydd y Gareg Wen)

English words by A. P. GRAVES.

Welsh words by CEIRIOG.

Air by DAVID OWEN.

Rather slowly.

“All my powers wi-ther, Death press-es me
 “Car- iwch,” medd Daf-ydd, “fy nhel- yn i

Slower.

hard; Bear my harp hither!” Sigh-ed Da-vid the
 mi, Ceis-iaf cyn mar-w roi tŷn ar-ni

In time.

Bard. “Thus while life ling-ers, In
 hi. Cod-wch fy nwy-law i

one lof-ty strain, Oh, let my
 gyr-raedd y tant, Duw a'ch ben-

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DAVID OF THE WHITE ROCK



fond fingers A - - wake it a - - ga'n."
dith - - io, fy ngwedd - w a'm plant."

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Last night an angel
Cried, "David, come, sound
Christ's dear Evangel
Death's valley round!"

Wife and child hearkened
His harp's solemn swell;
Till his eye darkened,
And lifeless he fell.

"Neithiwr mi glywais lais angel fel hyn :
'Dafydd, tyrd adref a chware trwy'r glyn.'"
Delyn fy mebyd ! ffarwel i dy dant,—
Duw a'ch bendithio, fy ngweddw a'm plant.

Over the Stone

(Tros y Garreg)

English words by
A. P. GRAVES.

Welsh words to an old Welsh air,
by CEIRIOG.

Moderately quick.



O that hap - - py sum - - mer week,
Tros y gar - - reg gam - - fa gu,



When once more my home I'll seek! Leave the mill-side,
Et - o'n hoy - w ac yn hy, Fy an wyl - af

NATIONAL MUSIC



Climb the hill - side, Past the stone up - on the peak.
Loer - wen lan - af, Dof i'th wel - ed yn dy dŷ:



There up - on Me - rion - eth's brow, See! it beck - ons
Heb un an - af, clais, na chlwyf, Ar fy ffordd o'r



to me now. Up - ward, up - ward as I spring,
rhyf - el'rwyf; Cyf - od ba - bell ar y lôn,



Heart and foot in time shall ring; Whilst a pre - sent,
Gwa - hodd yn - o wreng a bôn, Gor - fol - edd - us



Fine and plea - sant, To my mo - ther lone I bring.
Wlad sydd wedd - us, Pan ddaw Rhys i Yn - ys Fôn.

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Past the stone when I resort,
In the meadow how we'll sport,
On the settle,
Round the kettle,
How we'll chat, and sing and
court,
When that week of weeks is back,

With what joy I'll take the
track
Upward, upward as I spring,
Heart and foot in time shall ring;
Whilst a present;
Fine and pleasant,
To my mother lone I bring.

OVER THE STONE

Cafodd Gormes farwol glwy,
Tudur yw ein brenin mwy;
Ffôl yw ceisio,
Neu ddyfeisio,
Brenin arall meddynt hwy.
Loerwen lân fy aelwyd gu,

Ar fy nhaith 'rwyf i i'm tŷ
Cwyd y "Ddraig" ar Graig y Don,
Deffro delyn Cymru lon:
Gwŷr y cennin,
Medd y brenin,
Gariodd iddo'r goron hon!

The Marsh of Rhuddlan*

(Morfa Rhuddlan)

English words by A. P. GRAVES.

Welsh words to an old Welsh air,
by IŪAN GLAN GEIRIONYDD.

Slowly.

O - ver Er - y - ri the set - ting sun
Cil - ia'r haul - draw dros ael bryn - iau hael

flash - es, Night's cur - tain clo - ses o'er
Ar - fon, Llen - ni nôs sy'n mynd dros

moor-land and lea, Now not a breath stirs the
ddôl a rhôs weith-ion; Pob rhyw chwa ym - aith a

sha - dow - y ash - es, Far, far a -
gil - ia o'r llwyn - i; Ar fy nghlust

* Rhuddlan pronounced Rheethlan, with the *th* soft as in *thee*.

NATIONAL MUSIC



- way falls the sigh of the sea.....
draw mae ust y dôn yn dis - te - wi :



Yet ev' - ry pa - tri - ot pulse in my
Dan fy mron clyw - a'm llôn ga - lon yn



bo - dy Knocks at the door of my
cur - o, Gan fawr rym dig - ter llym,



pas - sion - ate heart, While Rhudd - lan
wrth im' fy - fyr - io, Ar y pryd



Marsh in thy bat - tle - field blood - y,
pan fu drud waed - lyd gyf - la - fan,



Curs'd of the Cym - ry, a - gain I take part.
Pan wnaed brad Cym - ru fad ar For - fa Rhuddlan.

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THE MARSH OF RHUDDLAN

Out of the gloom leap the loud crashing targes,
Through the spear forest the battle-axe breaks,
Arrows fly hissing—to thundering charges
E'en to its marges the red morass quakes !
O'er the wild tumult, the wail of the wounded,
Hark ! the clear voice of Caradoc is rolled :
“ Into yon breach ! or betrayed and surrounded
On Rhuddlan Marsh let the moon find us cold.”

Quick to his call hero hearts are up-leaping,
Fierce as their swords hero faces out-flame ;
Strong hero arms the red harvest are reaping,
Gap after gap to their glory they claim !
Then with one voice all our nation kneels praying :
“ Great is our jeopardy, Lord God of Hosts,
Only in Thee our last hope we are staying,
None but Thine Arm can deliver our coasts !”

Honour and hope kept the vantage till sunset,
Then overpowered our battle gave way,
Vaunt not, proud foe, your victorious onset—
Numbers, not valour, have won you the day !
Oh ! but yon crowd that with Heaven interceded—
Grey-headed grandsire, weak woman and child—
Now from their knees, their petition unheeded,
Flock in white terror far into the wild !

Coom after coom to Eryri's recesses
Echoes the cry of those desolate ones ;
Whilst Mother Wales, as she tears her wild tresses,
Weeps o'er the urns of her mightiest sons !
Beauty's rose dies at Caradoc's disaster,
Terror and panic his battlements climb ;
Whilst his arch-minstrel, lamenting his master,
Makes Morva Rhuddlan our dirge for all time.

Trwy y gwyll gwelaf ddull teryll y darian,
Clywaf sí eirf heb ri' arni yn tincian.
O'r bwâu gwyllt mac'n gwau saethau gan sío ;
A thrwst mawr nes mac'r llawr rhuddwawr yn siglo ;

LADY GWENNY

search! and this pound to a pen - ny, When you've one wo-man to
 frein - iol yn cyf - ran - nu; Meg - is gwin i'r

show us as hu - man And love - ly as our La - dy
 gal - on gu, A fo rhy drom i

Gwen - ny; For she has the scorn for all scorn - ers, And
 gan - u: Y tlawd a fu'n new - yn - u, Y

she has the tear for all mourn-ers, Yet joy - ing with joy, With
 llwm a fu yn rhyn - u, E - fe wyr am Hen

CRUC.

no crabb'd an - noy To pull down her mouth at the cor - ners.
 wlad fy mam, A char - ed - ig - rwydd Cym - ru.
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Up with the lark in the pasture you'll meet with her,
 Songs like his own sweetly trilling,
 Carrying now for some poor folk a treat with her,
 Small mouths with lollypops filling:
 And while, as he stands in a puzzle,
 She strokes the fierce bull on his muzzle,
 The calves and the lambs
 Run deserting their dams
 In her kind hands their noses to nuzzle.

NATIONAL MUSIC

Now with her maidens a sweet Cymric cadence
She leads, just to lighten their sewing ;
Now at the farm, her food basket on arm,
She has set all the cock'rels a-crowing.
The turkey-cock strutting and strumming,
His bag-pipe puts by at her humming,
And even the old gander,
The fowl-yard's commander,
He winks his sly eye at her coming.

Never to wandering minstrel or pondering
Poet her castle gate closes ;
Ever her kindly cheer—ever her praise sincere
Falls like the dew on faint roses.
And when her Penillions rhyming
She mates to her triple harp's chiming,
In her green Gorsedd gown—
The half of the town
Up the fences to hear her are climbing.

Men in all fashions have pleaded their passions—
The scholar, the saint, and the sinner,
Pleaded in vain Lady Gwenny to gain—
For only a hero shall win her :
And to share his strong work and sweet leisure
He'll have no keen chaser of pleasure,
But a loving young beauty
With a soul set on duty,
And a heart full of heaven's hid treasure.

Beth adferar' rhosyn gwyw ?
Ond gwlithyn bach y boreu ;
Beth sy'n cadw'r tlawd yn fyw ?
Efe sy'n gwybod oreu.
Bob dydd parhawn gan hynny
I godi'r gwan i fyny ;
O hyd, o hyd
Bid oes y byd
I garedigrwydd Cymru.

The Blackbird *

(Y Fwyalchen)

English words by A. P. GRAVES. Welsh words and air traditional.

Flowing and with expression.



O sweet-est of black-birds, come lis-ten! Nay,
O gwan-daw! v ber-aidd fwy-ach-en, Clyw,



bird of dark co-lour, give ear; Wilt thou
e-dn mwyn serch-og liw du; A



hence as my mes-sen-ger has-ten To the
ai di yn gen-nad heb oed-i, At



maid of all maid-ens most dear? And
ferch fum i'n gar-u mor gu? A



tell her whose form of soft white-ness Out-
dy-wed, mal hyn wrth liw'r man-od; O'i

* By permission—from Miss Jane Williams's Collection.

NATIONAL MUSIC



- daz - zles the wind - dri - ven snow, Whose
char - iad 'rwy'n bar - od i'r bedd. A



face dims the A - pril dawn's bright-ness—That with -
'myw - yd, ar sodd - i, sy'n gorff-wys Ar



- out her I per - ish - - ing go.
ddwy - law'r un gein - lwys ei gwedd.

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And if she but toss back her tresses,
Broom-golden, and scornful reply,
"Cold snow from Eryri's* recesses—
A dawn of false April am I."
Then answer her, blackbird, with boldness :
"Yet love, with his magical ray,
Can melt the snow bosom of coldness,
And turn fickle April to May."

Mae'n dda mod i'n galed fy nghalon,
Lliw blodau drain gwynion yr allt ;
Mae'n dda mod i'n ysgawn fy meddwl,
Lliw'r banadyl melyn ei wallt.
Mae'n dda mod i'n ieuanc, 'rwy'n gwybod,
Heb arfer fawr drafod y byd :
Pam peidiaist ti ferch a 'mhriodi,
A minnau'n dy ganlyn di cyd !

* Snowdon's.

The Dove

(Y Deryn Pur)

English words by A. P. GRAVES. Welsh words and air traditional.

Moderately slow.



Fair dove, on blue, far-glanc-ing wing, Be thou love's loy - al
Y 'der - yn pur a'r ad-ain las, Bydd im - i'n was di -



ser-vant, And round her case-ment flut-ter - ing Sigh
- bryd-er, O brys - ur brys - ia at y ferch, Lle



forth this mes - sage fer-vent; Tell her how, un -
rhois i'm serch yn gyn-nar. Dos di at - i,



- to my wrong - ing, Bit - ter tears of baf - fled long-ing,
dyw - ed wrth - i, 'Mod i'n wy - lo'r dŵr yn he - li,



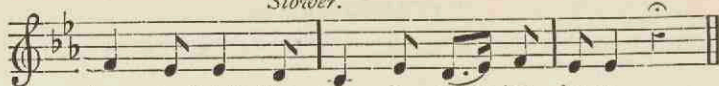
For her sake my cheeks are thronging, And O,.... if then thou
Mod i'n ir - ad am ei gwel-ed, Ac o'i.... char-iaid yn



canst not move her, May God for - give her
ffael - ua cher - dded, O! Duw fadd - eu - o'r

NATIONAL MUSIC

Slower.



beau - ty bright The woe it works her lov - er.
hardd ei llun, Am boen - i dyn mor ga - led!

(Reproduced from "Welsh Melodies," Vol. II., by kind permission of Messrs. Boosey and Co., Ltd.)

For as I gaily crossed the grass,
When holidays were keeping,
The loveliest lady ever was
Across the lawn came sweeping,
Passion stricken by the glowing
Virgin vision past me going,
"Ne'er," I cried, "in Cymru's showing
Was mortal maid such glory given!
For sure she is some angel bright
Strayed earthward out of Heaven!"

Pan own yn hoenus iawn fy hwyl,
Ddiwarnod gŵyl yn gwylio,
Canfyddwn fenyw lana' rioed,
Ar ysgawn droed yn rhodio.
Pan ei gwelais syth mi sefais,
Yn fy nghalon mi feddyliais,
Wele ddynes lana'r deyrnas,
A'i gwén yn harddu'r ôll o'i chwmpas—
Ni fyn'swn gredu un dyn byw,
Nad oedd hi ryw angyles!

Vale of Clwyd

(Yn Nyffryn Clwyd)

English words by A. P. GRAVES.

Welsh words by CEIRIOG.
Old Air: "The Missing Boat."

Slow.



By Clwyd, all hoar with moss, Lies a storm-shat-ter'd
Yn Nyff-ryn Clwyd nid oes, Dim ond darn bach o'r

VALE OF CLWYD

cross That guard-ed once a he-ro's.....
groes, Oedd gynt yn gol-ofn ar lās.....

cresc.

grave; A-round from wood to steep The
fedd; Y bu-gail gân i'w braidd, Tra

shep-herd calls his sheep, Be-low in cen-turied
Ein-ion Rir-id Vlaidd Yn gor-fwys dan ei

Slower.

sleep Great Ein-ion grasps his glaive
droed, Gan af-ael yn ei gledd.

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But though his shape is dust,
Though his dread sword is rust,
To memory's light they leap
forth anew;
Till, Clwyd, with prouder swell
Our hearts thy praises tell,
For their stern sakes who fell
To Gwalia's standard true!

If black oblivion's pall
On their bright fame must fall,
It first shall quench the stars'
keen fires;
For O, from hills to waves,
While holy Freedom paves
Our footsteps with their graves,
We'll celebrate our sires!

Ond cedwir ei goffâd
Er mewn pridd mewn parhad;
Glân yw ei gleddyf fel
erioed.

Os caru cofio'r wyd
Am ddolydd Dyffryn Clwyd,
O! cofia gofio'r dewr
Sydd yno dan dy droed.

Mewn anghof ni chânt fod,
Wŷr y clëdd, hir eu clod,
Tra'r awel tros eu beddau
chwŷth:

Y mae yng Nghymru fyrdd
O feddau ar y ffyrdd,
Yn balmant hyd yr hwn
Y rhodia Rhyddid byth!

Black Sir Harry

(Syr Harri Ddu)

English words revised by A. P. GRAVES. Welsh words traditional.

Moderately quick.



Black was his plume, black was his shield,
Du oedd ei bryd a'i dar - ian gref,



Brav - er ne'er did fal - chion wield;
Ni bu dewr - ach dan y nef:



Show'rs of shafts would rat - tle Round him in the bat - tle,
Er i'r saeth - au chwyrn - u Yn y gad o'i ddeu - tu,



Yet he knew not how to yield.
An - orch - fyg - ol yd - oedd ef.



When a gal - lant foe lay con - quer'd on the plain,
Llef y gorch - fyg - ed - ig nid yn of - er bu,



Mer - cy from Sir Har - ry he ne'er asked in vain;
Am gael gwên tru - gar - edd gan Syr Har - ri Ddu;

BLACK SIR HARRY



Con - stant to his friends, what - e'er the cost, he proved,
 Ffydd - lon i'w gyf - eill - ion oedd hyd ang - eu erch,



None more faith - ful lived and loved.
 Ni bu neb mwy pur mewn serch.

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Ay ! though when he proudly went past,
 Sparkled many a lady's eye,
 Through that starry shower,
 To his dear one's bower
 He but made the fonder haste.
 Long the bard shall sing the praises of his fame,
 And in deathless verse preserve his noble name :
 Black Sir Harry, with the dark and sparkling eye,
 Like our song shall never die !

Mewn llawer llys, gan faint ei swyn,
 Ochencidiai'r merched mwyn ;
 Gydag iaith y galon
 Canai i'w gariadon
 Odlau serch mewn llawer llwyn.
 Awen bêr y bardd a fythol gân ei glod,
 Ac mewn didranc gerdd ei enw byth gaiff fod :
 Bydd Syr Harri gyda'r llygaid llawn o dân,
 Yn anfarwol fel ein cân.

St. David's Day

(Dydd Gwyl Dewi)

English words by HENRY DAVIES.

Welsh words by CEIRIOG.

When King Cad-wall - on famed of old, Mid
Pan oedd Cad-wall - on gynt yn dal Gwi -

tu - mulds and a - larms, With daunt-less heart and
- al - en Fryd - ain Fawr, 'Roedd gan y Sae - son

cour - age bold Led on the Brit - ish arms; He
fil - wr tal O'r en - w "Ed - win Gawr." 'Roedd

bade his men ne'er fret nor grieve, Nor
Ed - win Gawr yn cab - - lu'r saint, Ac

doubt the com - ing fray; For well he knew it
en - wau pawb o'u plant: Ond lladd - wyd Ed - win

was the eve Of great St. Da-vid's Day.....
er ei faint, Ar Ddy-gwyl De-wi Sant.....

ST. DAVID'S DAY

The Saxons in the wild distress
Of this their hour of need,
Disguised them in the British dress,
The hero to mislead.
But soon Cadwallon, quick of ken,
Perceived the craven play,
And gave a leek to all his men
Upon St. David's Day.

"Behold!" the gallant Monarch cried,
"A trophy bright and green!
And let it for our battle guide
In every crest be seen.
That when we meet, as meet we must,
The Saxons' proud array,
We all may know in whom to trust
On good St. David's Day."

Anon arose the battle shout,
The crash of spear and bow;
But, ayé, the green leek pointed out
The Welshman from his foe.
The Saxons made a stout defence,
But fled at length away,
And conquest crowned the British Prince
On great St. David's Day.

We'll cherish still that field of fame,
Whate'er may be our lot,
As long as Gwalia hath a name
Her speech is unforgot;
And braver badge we ne'er will seek
Whatever others may,
But still be proud to wear the leek
On good St. David's Day.

'Roedd gan y Saeson dri am un
O filwyr mwy na ni,
Ond medd Cadwallon wrtho'i hun,
"Y Cymry aiff a hi;"

NATIONAL MUSIC

Pob un o'r Saeson, mi wnaflw,
Y fory deifl ei gant.
Ac felly bu hi "meddan 'nhw,"
Ar Ddygwyl Dewi Sant.

Er mwyn ein twyllo, fel erioed,
Beth ddarfur Saeson croch,
Ond gwisgo'u hunain yn ddi-oed,
Fel ni, mewn siercyn coch.
Ond aeth pob Cymro, fel bu'r hap,
I ardd yn ymyl nant,
A rhodd genhinen yn ei gap,
Ar Ddygwyl Dewi Sant.

Hen arwydd oedd ar ddydd y gâd
Rhwyng gwŷr y "Ddraig" a'r "Llew";
Mae'n arwydd eto ym mhob gwlad,
Lle megir Cymro glew.
Mae'n bechgyn heddyw oll ar daen,
Hyd lawer bryn a phant:
Ddaw Dic Shon Dafydd byth ym mlaen
Ar Ddygwyl Dewi Sant.

Pob parch i ereill, ni waeth pwy,
Ond ceisiwn ar ein hynt
Wneyd Cymru fory'n llawer mwy
Nag ydoedd Cymru gynt;
Nawr gyda'n gilydd canwn gerdd,
A phennill gyda'r tant:
A gwisgwn fyth Genhinen werdd
Ar Ddygwyl Dewi Sant.

Codiad yr Haul (The Rising of the Sun)

English words by A. P. GRAVES.

Welsh words by CEIRIOG.



Sun! Sun! out of the deep, with burn - ing brow once
Haul! Haul! ar - aul ei rudd, A gwawl bor - eu - awl

CODIAD YR HAUL



more up-leap! Shine forth, shine forth, She - ki - nah bright, O'er
 dwyf - awl dydd, Mae'n dod, mae'n dod, yn goch ei liw, She -



o - cean's mir - ror flash thy light; While earth a - dores with
 - cei - nah sanct-aidd An - ian yw, Yn troi trwy ym - er -



rapt de - light! Star on star to greet you,
 - od - raeth Duw! Mil o sér o'i gylch sy'n



While with cho - rus clear they throng, Fade out
 can - u meg - is ad - ar mân, Todd - ant



as they meet you, Lost like larks in their own song,
 yn ei wyn - eb, Ac ym - gudd-iant ar wa-hân, Try'r



Now the shy moon has hid her face The while you run your
 wyl-aidd loer o'i wydd yn awr, Mae'n dod, mae'n dod, ar

NATIONAL MUSIC



he - ro race, Re - joic - ing through the fields of space!
don - nau'r wawr, Fel llong o'r Tra-gwydd - ol - deb mawr!

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'Sun-King, under your plumes,
Dawn's rose of roses, buds, and blooms—
In steadfast circles round your car
The faithful planets smile from far
Faint homage on your sovran star!
Fair, rare colours are swimming
Through the clouds beneath your track;
Red-fire Snowdon is rimming,
Blood-red all are sea and wrack.

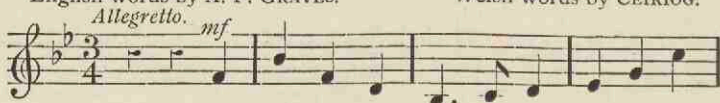
Gwawr ! Gwawr ! geinwawr ei grudd,
A gwawl boreuawl dwyfawl dydd ;
Mae ei blanedau ffyddlon draw
Yn gwenu arno yn ddi-fraw,
Gan ei longyfarch ar bob llaw.
Hardd, hardd liwiau nofiant
Trwy'r cymylau dan ei draed.
Coch dân mawr yw'r Wyddfa,
Dwfr y môr a dry yn waed,
Try'r wylaidd loer o'i wydd yn awr,
Mae'r haul yn dod ar donnau'r wawr,
Fel llong o'r Tragwyddoldeb mawr !

Jenny Jones

(Cadair Idris)

English words by A. P. GRAVES.

Welsh words by CEIRIOG.



One morn from Llan - goll - en's dim vi - ol - et
Bum in - nau'n rhod - ian - na, yn nyff - ryn Llan -

JENNY JONES



val - ley Light - heart - ed I clamb - ered to Caer Din - as
- goll - en, Yn dring - o y myn - ydd i Gaer Din - as



Bran. O'er Cyn - wyd and Cor - wen I saw the sun
Brân. Yn ed - rych i fyn - y at Gyn - wyd a



sal - ly, Ru - ab - on's far rid - ges faint flush'd with the
Chor - wen, A myn - ydd Rhiw - ab - on yn deif - io gan



dawn. As I look'd, Berwyn's wat - ers to sil - ver were
dân. Mi a wel - ais lân ddyfr - oedd ab - er - oedd y



smit - ten, And Dee danced in dia - monds to left and to
Ber - wyn, A da ar - dal Dwr - du ar as - wy a



right; But when one lone - ly cot - tage my lov - er's eyes
de; Ond mi wel - ais lân fwth - yn, nis gwn i beth

NATIONAL MUSIC



lit on, Sure, ev-'ry-thing else fa-ded out of my sight.
wed-yn, Nis gall-wn i wel-ed dim byd ond e-fe.
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Messrs. Boosey and Co., Ltd.)

From the Castle downhill like a deer I went racing,
With heart pit-a-patting I leaped the ford stones;
Till my feet through the air, like a pair of swifts chasing,
Swept me straight to the doorstep of sweet Jenny Jones.
She sat by her father and I by her brother,
Her sisters, like roses, ranged round me for choice;
But of all and of any I only saw Jenny,
And listened alone to each tone of her voice.

In the church of Llangollen when joybells were chiming,
If once my wits wandered, right well I knew why.
'Twas Jenny's "I take thee!" to heaven sent them climbing,
Until her soft pinch pulled me back from the sky.
I love a good neighbour, I love rest from labour,
Good music and preaching, my pipe and my purse;
But, above all and any, I love my own Jenny,
For richer, for poorer, for better, for worse.

Disgynnais o'r Castell, a chroesais yr afon,
Fel curai sg nghalon anghofiaf fi byth;
Ar fel heb yn wybod i'm traed ar fy union,
At dŷ Jenny Jones ymgyfeiriais yn syth.
Ae er iddi cistedd ym mysg ei chwiorydd,
A'i thad wrth ei hochor yn siaræd â mi;
Gyda'i brawd o'r tu arall, nis gwn i mo'r herwydd,
Nis gallwn i weled neb byw oud hyhi!

Yn eglwys Llangollen, a'r clychan yn canu,
Os aethum yn wirion mi wn pwy a'm gwnaeth;
Unasom â'n gilydd byth byth i wahanu,
Yn dlawd neu'n gyfoethog, yn well neu yn waeth.
Mae'n dda gennyf bobpeth, 'neuwedig fy hunan,
Mae Jenny yn gwybod yu well na myfi;
Mae yn dda gennyf ganu, mae'n dda gennyf arian,
Ond nis gallaf garu dim byd heblaw hi.

Bugail yr Hafod

(When I was a Shepherd)

English words by A. P. GRAVES.

Welsh words by CEIRIOG.



When I was a shep-herd in Ha-fod my
Pan oedd - wn i'n fu - gail yn Ha-fod y



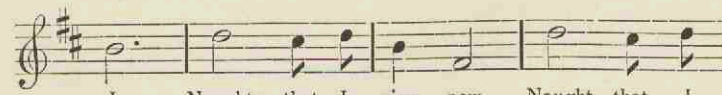
home, Through hay-field and corn-field my flock still would
Rhyd, A'r de - faid yn dy - fod i'r gwair a'r i - raidd



roam; While bliss - ful - ly dream - ing at noon we would
ŷd; Tan goed - en gys - go - dol mor dded-wydd o'wn



lie Un - der ash - tree or beech - tree, my col - lie and
i Yn cys - gu yn cys - gu yn y - myl trwyn fy



I. Naught that I view now, Naught that I
nghi: Gwe - laf a we - laf, Af fan y



do now, Dims the glowing fan - cies Caught by childhood's
fy - naf, Y - no mae fy ngha - lon, E - fo hen gy -

NATIONAL MUSIC



gian - ces Fresh from the rays That co - lour with en -
foed - ion Yn mwyn - hau Y meysydd a'r



- chant - ment Those long sum - mer days.
dol - ydd, A'r haf - ddydd ar ei hyd.

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At home, of an evening my heart's one desire
Was for carving and carving before the red fire ;
While Nesta's four needles, my mother's flax wheel,
Kept time to the cadence our voices would peal.
 No new affection
 Dulls that recollection ;
 Still on wings of longing
 Loving thoughts come thronging
Home to that hearth, the dearest and sincerest
 And warmest on earth.

The swallows that Autumn sweeps out of the West,
With springtime, sweet springtime, flutter home to their nest ;
But Cymru's poor exiles a lifetime may roam,
And only in fancy fly back to their home.
 Woes in a bevy
 Turn bosoms heavy ;
 Yet, in life's December,
 Still will we remember
Smiling in sight, by sunshine or moonshine,
 Our cottage lime-white.

BUGAIL YR HAFOD

Pan oeddwn i gartref fy mhennaf fwynhad
 Oedd naddu a naddu ar aelwyd glyd fy nhad :
 Tra'm chwaer efo'i hosan a mam efo'r carth,
 Yn nyddu, yn nyddu ar garreg lân y barth.

Dened a ddeno
 Anian dyn yno,
 Hedaf yn fy afaeth
 Ar adenydd hiraeth
 I'r hen dŷ,

Glân gynnes dirodres adewais yn fy ngwlad.

Mae'r wennol yn crwydro o'i hannedd ddi-lyth,
 Ond dychwel wna'r wennol yn ol i'w hannwyl nyth ;
 A chrwydro wnawn ninnau ym mhell ar ein hynt,
 Gan gofio'r hen gartref chwarenem ynddo gynt.

Pwyso mae adfyd,
 Chwerwi mae bywyd ;
 Chwerwed ef a chwerwo,
 Melys ydyw cofio
 Annedd wen,

Dan heulwen yr awen a wena arnom byth.

Wherever Hearts are True

(Tra bo Dau)

English words by A. P. GRAVES. Welsh words and air traditional.



Go, gen-tle dove, whom my dear love Has at her
 Mae'r hon a gâr fy nghal-on i Ym-hell oddi-



heart.... ca-ressed; This mes-sage bear a-cross the
 y ma'n byw, A hir-aeth am ei gwel-ed

NATIONAL MUSIC

air Un - to her long - ing breast! Say beau-ty's
 hi A'm gwna yn ddrwg fy lliw. Mewn es - tron

rose to meet me glows And star-ry looks.... are
 wlad yn glaf o serch Rwy'n ed-rych dros..... y

rit. a tempo

shot; But I so miss her lov - ing kiss, Tell her to
 dòn; Yn cur - io beu - nydd am y ferch Sydd i mi'n

fear.. them not. Rich-es de-sert or de - ceive us,
 bur... ei bron. Cyf-oeth nid yw ond of - er - edd,

rit.

Beau - ty dis-solves like the dew.... Love will out -
 Glen-did nid yw yn par - hau.... Ond car - iad

a tempo

- last the rud - est blast, Wher-ev - er hearts are true.
 pur sydd fel - y dŵr, Yn par - a tra bo dau.

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WHEREVER HEARTS ARE TRUE

Say I adore her all the more,
Since I have crossed the seas,
And when from her I coldly err,
The very fire shall freeze.
Tell her that still with eager will
For her I'll do and dare,
Till gathered gold enow I hold
With her my life to share.
Riches desert or deceive us ;
Beauty dissolves like the dew ;
Love will outlast the rudest blast,
Wherever hearts are true.

O ! 'r dewis hardd ddewisais i
Oedd dewis lodes lân ;
A chyn bydd 'difar gennyf fi,
O ! rhewi wnaiffy tân.
Mae f'annwyl riai'n dros y lli,
Gobeithio 'i bod hi'n iach :
Rwy'n caru'r tir lle cerddo hi,
Dan wraidd fy nghalon fach.
Cyfoeth nid yw ond oferredd,
Glended nid yw yn parhau,
Ond cariad pur sydd fel y dŵr
Yn para tra bo dau.

Rhywun

(Some-one)

English words by A. P. GRAVES.

Welsh words by ALUN.



"Grief" I heard them ev - er say-ing, Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,
Clyw - ais la - wer sôn a sia-rad, Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,

NATIONAL MUSIC



ho,.... In a lov - er's path goes straying. Ho,ho,ho, ho,ho,ho,
 ho,.... Fod rhyw boen yn di - lyn cariad. Ho,ho,ho, ho,ho,ho,



ho,.... So I thought I'd ne'er be-come one. Fol - lol -
 ho,.... Ar y sôn gwnawn in - nau chwyr-thin, Ffol - lol -



- la-di-ei-o! Till I saw the face of Some-one. Fol-lol - la-di-ei-o!
 - la-di-ei-o! Nes y gwel-ais wyn-eb Rhyw-un. Ffol-lol - la-di-ei-o!

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Now, though counsel, though correction,
 Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
 Though the pangs of spurned affection,
 Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
 Make my joyful heart a glum one,
 Fol-lol, la-di-ei-o!
 They'll not steal it back from Some-one,
 Fol-lol, la-di-ei-o!

While the snow cliffs crown Eryri
 Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
 Trees the top of Beili bury,
 Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
 Aye, and Alun's waters hum on,
 Fol-lol, la-di-ei-o!
 Pure my heart I'll keep for Some-one,
 Fol-lol, la-di-ei-o!

RHWYUN

White and cold the marble boulder !
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho !
White the fall from Berwyn's shoulder !
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho !
White and cold the snow-field's blossom !
Fol-lol, la-di-ei-o !
Whiter, colder, Someone's bosom !
Fol-lol, la-di-ei-o !

Ni wna cyngor, ni wna cysur,
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho !
Ni wna canmil mwy o ddolur,
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho !
Ac ni wna ceryddon undyn,
Ffol, lol-la-di-ei-o !
Beri'm beidis caru Rhywun,
Ffol, lol-la-di-ei-o !

Tra bo clogwyn yn Eryri,
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho !
Tra bo coed ar ben y Beili,
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho !
Tra bo dwr yn afon Alun,
Ffol, lol-lol-di-ei-o !
Cadwaf galon bur i Rywun,
Ffol, lol-lo-di-ei-o !

Breuddwyd y Bardd

(The Bard's Dream)

English words by A. P. GRAVES.

Welsh words by CEIRIOG.



Be - side his lone hearth he sat dream-ing, The
Eis - tedd - ai hen fardd yn ei ga - dair, Yn

NATIONAL MUSIC

bard with the tress - es of snow; Be - fore him fond
war - grwm a'i wallt fel y gwlan; A'i fedd - wl e -

fa - ces went streaming, Dear forms of the long, long a -
- hed - odd i'r am - ser Y gwel - id ei blant wrth y

p

- go. His eye - lids wax hea - vy; A beau - ti - ful
tân. Ei am - rant a gae - odd, ac y - na breu -

be - vy Are clasp - ing and kiss - ing their min - strel grief scarred! A
- ddwyd - iodd, Yn we - lw ac un - ig heb neb i'w wa - hardd, Yng

rit.

dream of de - light is the dream of the Bard!
ngwyn - fyd ei ga - lon breu - ddwyd - iodd y Bardd!

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His *cariad* once more he is winning
And bearing her home as his bride;
His first-born again is beginning
To walk and to talk by his side.
Say not they have perished,
His chosen and cherished!
They still can steal back through Heaven's gateway unbarred.
A dream of delight is the dream of the Bard!

BREUDDWYD Y BARDD

And though not a song has been printed
Of all that his fancy has wrought,
He now sees in golden lines minted
The ore of his labouring thought :
While young men and maidens,
Soul flushed by their cadence,
With joy give their all for old Cymru's regard.
Oh ! his dream of all dreams was that dream of the Bard.

Fe welodd ei hun yn priodi
Genethig anwylaf y wlad :
Fe glywodd ei gyntaf-anedig
Gan wenu'n ei alw fe'n "dad."
Ni welodd ef gladdu ei briod a'i deulu,
Na deilen wywedig yn disgyn o'r ardd ;—
Na, breuddwyd ei febyd freuddwydiodd y bardd !

Er na bu un linell mewn argraff
O waith y breuddwydiwr erioed :
Fe wél ef ei waith yn gyfrolan,
A dynion yn rhodio fel coed,
A bechgyn yn darllen cynrychion ei awen ;
Fe wél anfarwoldeb trwy gwsg, ac fe chwarrdd,—
Breuddwydion ei galon freuddwydiodd y bardd !

Cuckoo, Dear (Y Gwew Fach)

English words by
A. P. GRAVES.

Welsh adapted from traditional
verse by ROBERT BRYAN.



Cuck-oo, dear, what i - dle fol - ly, Fal de ral de roo, doo ree
Gw - cw fach, ond wyt ti'n ffol - og, Ffal di ral di rw, dw ri

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mp

ri ti toh! Call - ing here thro' prick - ly hol - ly,
rai tai to! 'N can - u 'mhlith yr eith - in pig - og,

pp

Fal de ral de roo, doo ree ri ti toh!
Ffal di ral di rw, dw ri rai tai to!

mf *rall.* *f a tempo*

To Dol - gell - y if you'd fly on, Fal de ral de roo, de
Dos i blwy Dol - gell - an dir - ion, Ffal di ral di rw di

rall. *p a tempo*

ri ti yoh!.... Soft green boughs you'd get to cry on,
rai tai io!.... Ti gei yn - o lwyn - i gwyrdd-ion,

Fal de ral de roo, doo ree ri ti yoh!
Ffal di ral di rw, dw ri rai tai io!

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Cuckoo, dear, my heart's companion,
Fal de ral de roo, doo ree ri ti toh!
Fly from here across the Union,
Fal de ral de roo, doo ree ri ti toh!
There a moment lightly hover,
Fal de ral de roo, de ri ti yoh!
O'er the home of my true lover,
Fal de ral de roo, doo ree ri ti yoh!

CUCKOO, DEAR

Cuckoo, dear, if there you find him,
Fal de ral de roo, doo ree ri ti toh!
Sad of cheer. O perch behind him,
Fal de ral de roo, doo ree ri ti toh!
Then a Springtide carol sing him,
Fal de ral de roo, de ri ti yoh!
That shall hope and comfort bring him!
Fal de ral de roo, doo ree ri ti yoh!

Gcw fach, ehed yn union
Ffal di ral di rw, dw ri rai tai to!
Tua glan yr afon Wnion,
Ffal di ral di rw, dw ri rai tai to!
Ar dy adain aros ennyd,
Ffal di ral di rw, di rai tai io!
Wrth aneddle fy anwylyd,
Ffal di ral di rw, dw ri rai tai io!

Gcw fach, os yno gweli,
Ffal di ral di rw, dw ri rai tai to!
Rywun wyla'r dwr yn heli,
Ffal di ral di rw, dw ri rai tai to!
Cana gân y gwanwyn iddo,
Ffal di ral di rw, di rai tai io!
Cân o obaith i'w gysuro,
Ffal di ral di rw, dw ri rai tai io!

Y Gadlys

(Caradoc's Trump)

English words by A. P. GRAVES.

Welsh words by CEIRIOG.



Ca - rad - oc's trump was sound- ing His
Ca - rad - og eil - w'i ddeil-iaid, Ag



coun - try's bat - tle call; Si - lur - ians forth went
ud - gorn ar ei fant; Fe ruth - rodd y Si -

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bound-ing, Yet on - - ly fought to fall. Un -
 lur - iaid, Cwyp - as - - ant yn y pant. En -



- til her cham-pions chid-ing, As at the Ro - man
 - cil - iodd ar - wyr en - wog; Ond ar y march a'r



charge they reeled, Ca - rad - oc's Queen, right up the field, A
 gwdd - w brith, Fe ddaw'r fren - hin - es deg i'w plith, I



fie - ry roan came rid - ing, Ca - rad - oc's Queen, right
 ed - rych am Gar - ad - og Fe ddaw'r fren - hin - es



up the field, A fie - ry roan came rid - ing.
 deg i'w plith, I ed - rych am Ga - rad - og.

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 Messrs. Boosey and Co., Ltd.)*

Y GADLYS

Then ever to the onset
 Our gallant fathers rushed,
 Till redder than the sunset
 Their patriot life-blood gushed.
 The spate an army swallowed,
 The while upon her fiery roan,
 Caradoc's Queen in clarion
 tone,
 Cried: "Forward!" and they
 followed.

The battle-blinded Roman
 Saw but a speckled steed;
 Our host, the queenliest woman
 That Cambria e'er shall breed.
 The trumpet blast of Britain
 Once more won every warrior
 back.
 Like lions to one last attack,
 They leap'd and Rome lay
 smitten.

Mae cynnwrf yn y ceunant
 Ar derfyn dydd y gad;
 A dynion dewr orweddant
 I farw tross eu gwlad.
 Yr afon foddodd fyddin,
 Ond ar y march ar gwddw
 brith
 Fe ddaw'r frenhines deg i'w
 plith,
 I edrych am y brenin.

Fe welodd y Rhufeiniaid
 Y march a'r gwddw brith;
 Ond gwelodd y Brythoniaid
 Frenhines yn eu plith.
 Mae'r corn yn ail udganu,
 Brythoniaid yn eu holau
 drônt,
 Rhufeiniaid yn eu holau
 ffônt
 O flaen cleddyfau Cymru.

Merch Megan

(The Song of the Thrush)

English words by A. P. GRAVES.

Welsh words by CEIRIOG.



With dawn's ro - sy beams A rap - ture far
 "Mi wel - ais fy merch" medd Gruff-ydd ap



ring - ing A - roused me from dreams And guid - ed me
 Cyn - an, "Ar ddi-wedd y wledd, pam dig-iodd fy

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forth, A - loft his rapt lay A lone thrush was
mun? Nis gwel-ais hi 'rioed mor bryd-ferth yn



sing - ing, The Dru - id of day to wor - ship - ping
un - man; Caiff ddy - fod yn ôl i'w hael - wyd ei



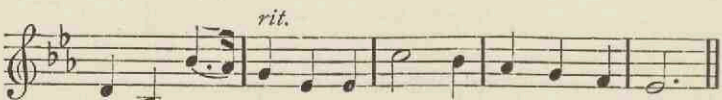
earth. And still with-out fal - ter On Nat - ure's high
hun. Er pan y'm gad - aw - odd mae'm ca - lon ar



al - tar Min - is - trant he of - fered His song sac - ri -
dor - ri: Ang - har - ad, ty nghor - on, O madd - eu i



- fice. Strains pass - ing all words From Gwal - ia's green
mi!" "O - na - ge," medd Rhys, "nid eidd - ot mo -



psal - ter The Bard of the birds Poured forth to the skies.
- hon - i, Nid merch i ti oedd—Merch Meg-an oedd hi."

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- long the lea - fy way; When a black-bird blithe up-springing Set such
'ngha-lon i yn rhydd Clywn i'r 'der - yn du pig-fe - lyn Yn



rap-ture round him ringing That his singing Stole my ve-ry heart a-way.
- can-u yn y dyff-ryn, A min-nau'n ei serch-u yn y gwŷdd.

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And there he trilled and fluted
And luted, oh ! so well,
That I below stood rooted
And ravished in the dell,
Till Gwenllian's shape entranc-
ing, [cing,
Down the dewy woodland dan-
Mischief glancing,
Snapped the golden spell.

O hir aros yno
Tra hoffais e'n tŷwnio,
A'm serch roddais arno;
A gwedyd i chwi'r gwir,
Fy meddwl fe hudwys,
Fy nghalon i fe ddenwys
Yn dirion,
Ar doriad y dydd.

Lullaby (Suo-gân)

English words by A. P. GRAVES. Welsh words by ROBERT BRYAN.

Andante dolcissimo.

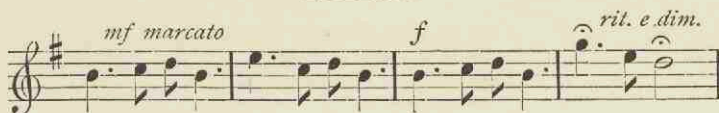


As a blos-som sweet and ro-sy Folds its pe-tals for the night,
Hun - a blent-yn at fy myn-wes Clyd a chyn-nes yd - yw hon;



In my bo-som curl-ing co - sy, Hush you, hush you, ba - by bright.
Breich-iau mam sy'n dŷn am dan-at, Car - iad mam sy dan fy mron;

LULLABY



While I'm by thee, no-thing cru-el, Not one harm-ful sound or sight,
Ni cha dim am - har-u'th gyn-tun, Ni wna un-dyn à thi gam;



Shall come nigh thee, O my je-wel! O my arm-ful of de-light!
Hun - a'n daw-el, an - nwył blen-tyñ, Hun-a'n fwyn ar fron dy fam.

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Little flowerets in the meadows,
Little nestlings in the trees,
Now are sleeping in the shadows
To the cradling of the breeze;
But the blossom of my bosom,
But the birdie on my knees,
While I lock him there and rock him,
Has a warmer nest than these.

Start not! 'tis the ivy only
Tapping, tapping o'er and o'er;
Start not! 'tis the billow lonely,
Lapping, lapping on the shore.
Through your dreaming you are beaming,
Oh, so purely now, my store,
You must see your Angel, surely,
Smiling through Heaven's open door.

Huna'n dawel heno, huna,
Huna'n fwyn, y tlws ei lun;
Pam yr wyt yn awr yn gwenu,
Gwenu'n dirion yn dy hun?
Ai angylion fry sy'n gwenu,
Arnat ti yn gwenu'n llon?
Tithau'n gwenu'n ôl dan huno,
Huno'n dawel ar fy mron?

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Paid ag ofni, dim ond deilen
 Gura, gura ar y ddôr ;
 Paid ag ofni, tòn fach unig
 Sua, sua ar lan y môr ;
 Huna, blentyn, nid oes yma
 Ddim i roddi iti fraw ;
 Gwena'n dawel yn fy mynwes
 Ar yr engyl gwynion draw.

Yr Hufen Melyn (The Yellow Cream)

English words by A. P. GRAVES.

Welsh words by EIFIM WYN.



The win - ter thro' I lov'd her true, but tar - ried, Till
 Er ca - ru'r fun yn fwy nag un, ni fed - rwn Mo



when the bless - om laugh'd up - on the boughs, In
 ddweyd fy serch, na go - fyn am ei llaw. At



sha - dow cool her milk - ing stool I car - ried, While
 feu - dy'r coed ei stôl dri-throed a ddyg - wn, Bob



Gwen went call - ing, call - ing home the cows. Then
 dydd wrth nôl ei buch - od o - ddi draw. A

YR HUFEN MELYN



as they ran a-round her can in ri - ot, I
phan y doent dan chwarae gylch ei chun - nog. Eu



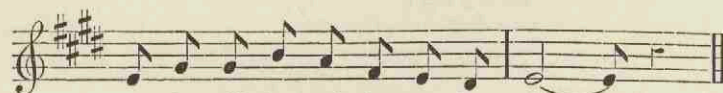
hooshed them, hooshed them all in - to the shed; With
rhwym - o wnawn yn ddwy res. o dan dô,



buck and bellow, black and yellow, dun and sallow, white and red, On
Dwy-res dir-ion o for-wyn-ion, du - on, brithion, tec-caf bro, O



lit - ter good to chew the cud in qui - et, Then
bor - fa iras y dal - ar las feill io - nog, A



to the milk-ing each in turn be led.....
Gwen yn go-dro'r deu-ddeg yn eu tro.....

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From sweet bird throats a thousand notes were thronging,
While cuckoo called to cuckoo soft and clear,
"They mate," thought I, "to satisfy Love's longing ;
'Tis time I, too, make bold to woo my dear !"

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Her milker's skill each warm white rill set flowing,
Across her pail she crooned the Penrhaw air ;
With look entreating, colour fleeting, heart loud beating, I watched
her there,
Her lovely face with joyous grace was glowing ;
The happy cows stood still to seek her care.

Her touch of silk of milk had eased each udder,
Yet beating, beating on in wild unrest,
My heart of doubt, a boat without a rudder
Still rode the sighing billow of my breast ;
Till Gwen, her eyes with soft surprise upturning,
Read all the trouble written in my own,
And lucky fellow, lucky fellow, lucky fellow that I'd grown,
Her pride forsook, gave back my look of yearning,
Then brightly blushing from my arms was flown.

Ar fis o haf pan own yn glaf o gariad,
Mi glywn y gôg yn canu yn y llwyn ;
A daeth i 'mryd ei bod yn bryd i'm siarad
Am wneud fy nyth, fel pob aderyn mwyn.
Eisteddai Gwen gan fedrus, fedrus odro,
A chanu uwch ei stên yr hen Ben Rhaw ;
Minnau'n gwrando, ac yn gwrido, a phetruso'n hir o draw,
Swyn serch ei hun oedd yn ei llun a'i hosgo,
A'r buchod wrth eu bodd o dan ei llaw.

Eu trin a wnaeth a hêl y llaeth i'w phiser,
Cyn imi wybod sut i dorri gair ;
O fewn fy mron mi deimlwn dôn o bryder,
A dim ond un diwrnod hyd y ffair !
Ond Gwen a droes, gan wrido fel fy hunan,
Ac uwch yr hufen melyn gwyn fy myd !
Cefais felus win ei gwefus wedi ofnus oedi cyd ;
A rhoes ei gair y cawn cyn ffair Gŵyl Ifan,
Roi 'r fodrwy ar ei llaw, a newid byd.

CORNISH FOLK SONG

My friend, Dr. Henry Jenner, M.A., F.S.A., the leading authority on all Cornish Antiquarian Subjects, kindly supplies these notes on the Cornish Folk Songs in Baring-Gould's *Songs of the West*, of which Messrs. Methuen have given the melodic use in this collection.

Limadie.—This used to be sung fifty or sixty years ago by the late Samuel Gilbert, landlord of the Falcon Inn at St. Mawgan-in-Pydar. Its origin is unknown. It was obtained from Mr. William Gilbert, son of S. Gilbert.

The Hunting of Arscott of Tetcoll.—This is a cheery hunting song, with a good tune and words of the usual sporting doggerel. It describes a run from Pencarrow in Egloshayle to Penkenner in St. Gennys, where they seem to have gone over the cliff, after which John Arscott became a sort of ghostly Wild Huntsman, and may be seen on full-moon nights with his pack in full cry from Pencarrow to Dazard in St. Gennys. This was a popular song at hunting dinners of old time in East Cornwall and North-West Devon. The version in *Songs of the West* is an eclectic one, touched up by Baring-Gould.

Cold Blows the Wind of Night, Sweetheart.—A song of a girl sitting and mourning by her dead lover's grave, and talking with his ghost. It is a beautiful melancholy tune, with the words rather fragmentary, two verses being added by Baring-Gould. It came from Trelawne, in Pelynt.

Widdecombe Fair.—Perhaps the most popular of Devon songs, and also sung to the same words on a variant tune in Somerset, and there noted by Cecil Sharp.

The Helstcn Furry Dance.—This is a capital tune, with curious but rather unintelligible words. It has been included, if only for the tune of our one really Cornish folk dance. It is well known and very popular, especially at folk-dancing festivals.

The Dilly Song.—This, of course, is found all over the world, and forms of it are known in French, Breton, German, Flemish, Latin, Hebrew, Modern Greek, and other languages. It is one of the

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common "cumulative" songs. The tune given by Baring-Gould is not quite the same as a Camborne traditional tune, but of the same character. It is the song beginning :

Come, and I will sing you.
What will you sing me?
I will sing you One, oh!
What is your One, oh?
One of them is all alone, and ever will remain so.

I have about fifteen versions of the words, some of them better than Baring-Gould's. I heard a very good version of words and tune sung recently by a St. Ives folk-song choir. It had been collected locally. Though not, of course, distinctively Cornish, it has survived more in Cornwall than anywhere else.

The Streams of Nantsian.—This appears to have local colour in it. I cannot identify *Nantsian* for certain, but it is very likely to be Lantine in Golant, near Fowey, which is called *Lancien* in Bérout's poem of *Tristan*, and appears as *Nauntyane* in 1346 in *Feudal Aids*. *Lan* (=monastery) and *Nant* (later *Nans*) (=valley) are often confused in Cornish place-names, and the form *Nauntyane* would later become *Nansyan*. Indeed, it occurs as *Nauncyan* in a document of 1283-4 in the Assize Rolls. Professor Loth (*Contributions à l'Étude des Romans de la Table Ronde*, pp. 72-75) has a good deal to say about the place, which, and not Tintagel, he holds to have been King Mark's castle. One verse of the song is :

On a rocky cliff yonder
A castle up-stands :
To the seamen a wonder
Above the black clouds.
'Tis of ivory builded,
With diamonds glazed bright,
And with gold it is gilded,
To shine in the night.

Was this King Mark's castle? I am certainly inclined to think that *Nantsian* is *Lantine*. If so, it is a real local song. The words begin :

O the streams of Nantsian
In two parts divide,

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which is exactly what happens opposite Lantine, for there the creek that runs down from Lerryn joins the Fowey River. The words are not of high quality, but the interest is in their local application. There is no castle now at Lantine, though Castle Dore, a fine earth-work, is on the hill above it, but might it not be that this is a translation of a lost Cornish song, written when the form *Nansyan* was used? On the whole, this seems the most definitely Cornish of all these songs. At Castle Dore an inscribed stone was found, bearing the word *Drustagni Cunomori Filius*. Is *Drustagnus* Tristan?

The Keenly Lode.—A comic mining song about a "dowser" (divining-rod man) who finds a lode which looks "keenly" (*i.e.*, promising—a common Cornish mining expression) and floats a company to work it. They dig and find a buried horse, whose shoes were the metal which caused the hazel-rod to turn. The dowser, however, leaves Cornwall with a fortune, while the shareholders drop their money. The tune is not bad, and the local colour is amusing.

The Marigold.—This is a song about a sea-fight of a ship called *The Marigold*, Captain Sir Thomas Merrifield, of Bristol, against Turkish rovers. It was taken down by Davies Gilbert, the Cornish historian, from an old man of eighty-six at St. Erth (the parish in which I am now writing) in 1830. It is of no great interest or local character. The tune is good and rather archaic. Baring-Gould says it is in the Dorian mode (the mode of the First Tone). I should have said it was only, as he gives it, in G minor, but that is as may be.

The Lover's Tasks.—A local form, once popular in Cornwall, of the common puzzle song. It begins:

O buy me, my Lady, a cambric shirt,
Whilst every grove rings with a merry antine (anthem?),
And stitch it without any needle work,
And thou shalt be a true lover of mine.

The second and fourth lines are the burdens of every verse. He sets her, and she sets him, four apparently impossible and contradictory tasks. The tune is simple and the words amusing.

CORNISH FOLK SONG

Limadie



Oh, ear - ly one morn-ing, as I was a - walk-ing, The



fields and the mea - dows they looked so green and gay, The



birds sang so sweet - ly, so plea-sant and so charm-ing, So



ear - ly in the morn - ing at break of the day.

Oh, hark ! oh, hark ! how the nightingale is singing,

The lark she is taking her flight in the air,

The turtle-dove in every green bower is building,

The sun is just glimmering ; arise thou, my dear.

Arise, love, arise, I have plucked you a nosegay,

The sweetest of flowers that grow in yonder grove ;

Oh, I have plucked them fresh from the lily, pink, and rose-tree,

And it's all for my Limadie, the girl that I love.

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Oh, Limadie ! oh, Limadie ! thou art the fairest flower,
Thou art the sweetest flower that e'er mine eyes did see,
And the tunes that I will play to thee shall be on flute of ivory,
For my heart is so full of soft love melody.

Oh, why should my true love be banished from me?
Oh, why should she die and I never see her more?
Because that her parents look so slightly upon me,
I, too, will die for Limadie, the girl I adore.

The Hunting of Arscott of Tetcott *

(1652)



(6 bars rest.)

In the month of No - vem - ber, in the
Came o'er from Pen - car - row, not fear -



year fif - ty - two; Three. jol - ly fox - hunt - ers, All
- ing a wet coat, To have some di - ver - sion with



Sons of the Blue,
Ars - cott of Tet - cott.

Fol - de - rol, lol - de - rol,

* From *Songs and Ballads of the West*, Fourth Edition, revised.

† These notes may be sung if the others are too high.

THE HUNTING OF ARSCOTT OF TETCOTT



lol - de - rol, lol; Sing, fol - de - rol, lol - de - rol,



lol - de - rol, lol; Came o'er from Pen - car - row not



fear-ing a wet coat, To have some di-ver-sion with Ars-cott of Tet-cott.

The daylight was dawning, right radiant the morn,
When Arscott of Tetcott he winded his horn ;
He blew such a flourish, so loud in the hall,
The rafters resounded, and danced to the call.
Sing, Fol de rol de rol, etc.

In the kitchen the servants, in kennel the hounds,
In the stable the horses were roused by the sounds,
On Black-Cap in saddle sat Arscott, " Today
I will show you good sport, lads. Hark ! follow, away !"
Sing, Fol de rol de rol, etc.

They tried in the coppice, from Becket to Thorn,
There were Ringwood and Rally, and Princess and Scorn,
Then out bounded Reynard, away they all went,
With the wind in their tails, on a beautiful scent.
Sing, Fol de rol de rol, etc.

* These notes may be sung if the others are too high.

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They hunted o'er fallow, o'er field and on moor,
And never a hound, man, or horse would give o'er.
Sly Reynard kept distance for many a mile,
And no one dismounted for gate or for stile.
Sing, Fol de rol de rol, etc.

Thro' Whitstone and Poundstock, St. Gennys they run,
As a fireball, red, in the sea set the sun.
Then out on Penkenner—a leap, and they go,
Full five hundred feet to the ocean below.
Sing, Fol de rol de rol, etc.

When the full moon is shining as clear as the day,
John Arscott still hunteth the country, they say ;
You may see him on Black-Cap, and hear, in full cry,
The pack from Pencarrow to Dazard go by.
Sing, Fol de rol de rol, etc.

Cold Blows the Wind, Sweetheart

(♩ = 106) *Mournfully.*



COLD BLOWS THE WIND, SWEETHEART

Ending for v. 8. Vv. 9 and 10. *A little faster.*

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains the lyrics 'slain! long,'. Above the staff, there is a box labeled 'Ending for v. 8.' and a double bar line. The second staff starts with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (D major). It contains the lyrics 'Now I have mourn'd up-'. The third staff continues with 'on his grave A twelve-month and a day; I'll'. The fourth staff concludes with 'set my sail be - - fore the wind To waft me far a - - way.....'. The music features various note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together.

slain! long, Now I have mourn'd up-
on his grave A twelve-month and a day; I'll
set my sail be - - fore the wind To
waft me far a - - way.....

A twelvemonth and a day being up

The ghost began to speak :

“ Why sit you here by my graveside
From dusk till dawning break?

“ What is it that you want of me,
And will not let me sleep?
Your salten tears they trickle down
My winding-sheet to steep.”

“ Oh, I will now redeem the pledge,
The pledge that once I gave ;
A kiss from off thy lily-white lips
Is all of you I crave.”

“ Cold are my lips in death, sweetheart,
My breath is earthy strong.
If you do touch my clay-cold lips,
Your time will not be long.”

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Then through the mould he heaved his head,
And through the herbage-green
There fell a frosted bramble-leaf,
It came their lips between.

“ Now if you were not true in word,
As now I know you be,
I'd tear you as the withered leaves
Are torn from off the tree.

“ And well for you that bramble-leaf
Betwixt our lips was flung.
The living to the living hold,
Dead to the dead belong.”

* * * *

“ Now I have mourn'd upon his grave
A twelvemonth and a day,
I'll set my sail before the wind
To waft me far away.

“ I'll set my sail before the wind
Ere comes the break of day ;
I'll seek another lover new,
And change my roundelay.”

Flowers and Weeds

The musical notation consists of two staves in G major (one sharp). The first staff contains the melody for the first line of lyrics: "In my gar - den grew plen - ty of thyme, It would flourish by night and by day. O'er the wall came a lad, He took". The second staff contains the accompaniment for the same lyrics. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

In my gar - den grew plen - ty of thyme, It would
flourish by night and by day. O'er the wall came a lad, He took

FLOWERS AND WEEDS

all that I had, And stole my thyme a - way, And
 stole my thyme a - way.

The image shows two staves of musical notation in G major. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of lyrics, with a 'rall.' marking above the second measure and a 'tempo' marking above the final measure. The second staff continues the melody for the second line of lyrics.

My garden with heartsease was bright,
 The pansy so pied and so gay ;
 One slipped through the gate, and, alas ! cruel fate,
 My heartsease took away.

My garden grew self-heal and balm,
 And speedwell that's blue for an hour,
 Then blossoms again, O grievous my pain !
 I'm plundered of each flower.

There grows in my garden the ruc,
 And love-lies-a-bleeding droops there,
 The hyssop and myrrh, the teazle and burr,
 In place of blossoms fair.

The willow with branches that weep,
 The thorn and the cypress-tree,
 O ! why were the seeds of dolorous weeds
 Thus scattered there by thee ?

The Hal-an-Tow ; or, Helston Furry Dance

Ro - bin Hood and lit - tle John They

The image shows a single staff of musical notation in F major. The melody is simple and rhythmic, consisting of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the staff.

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both have gone to the fair, O! And we will to the
 * merry green-wood To see what they do
 there, O! And for to chase O! to
 chase the buck and doe. With Hal-an-tow,† jol-ly
 * rum-ble, O! to chase the buck and doe.

And we were up as soon as the day, O!
 For to fetch the Summer home,
 The Summer and the May, O!
 Now the Winter is agone, O!

Where are those Spaniards
 That make so great a boast, O?
 Why, they shall eat the grey goose feathers,
 And we will eat the roast, O!
 In every land, O! the land where'er we go,
 With Hal-an-tow, jolly rumble, O!
 And we were up, etc.

* The small notes are sometimes sung.

† Heel-and-toe.

THE HAL-AN-TOW ; OR, HELSTON FURRY DANCE

As for that good knight, St. George,
St. George he was a knight, O !
Of all the knights in Christendom,
St. George he is the right, O !
In every land, O ! the land where'er we go,
With Hal-an-tow, jolly rumble, O !

And we were up, etc.

God bless Modryb Maria*
And all her power and might, O !
And send us peace in Merry England,
Send peace by day and night, O !
To merry England, O ! both now and ever mo',
With Hal-an-tow, jolly rumble, O !

And we were up, etc.

The Dilly Song

Smoothly and not too fast. ♩ = 120.

The musical score for 'The Dilly Song' consists of three staves of music in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Smoothly and not too fast' with a quarter note equal to 120 beats per minute. The lyrics are: 'Come, and I will sing you! What will you sing me? What will you sing me?' The melody is simple and repetitive, with the first staff starting on a G4 and moving stepwise to a B4, then back down. The second and third staves continue the melody with similar patterns.

* What is sung actually is Aunt Mary Moses, but this is probably a corrupt alteration from the Cornish Modryb (Aunt). This has been changed to Moses and translated before the name to fill out the line. "Aunt" and "Uncle" are titles of reverence given in Cornwall quite irrespective of relationship.

NATIONAL MUSIC

I will sing you One, O!

What is your One, O?

What is your One, O?

One of them is all a-lone, and ev-er will re-main so;

One of them is all a-lone, and ev-er will re-

One of them is

un poco rall.

ev - - er will re - main so.

- main so; and ev - er will re - main so.

all a - lone, and ev - er will re - main so.

THE DILLY SONG

- Come, and I will sing you.
What will you sing me?
I will sing you Two, O!
What is your Two, O?
Two of them are lily-white babes, and dress'd all in green, O!
- Come, and I will sing you.
What will you sing me?
I will sing you Three, O!
What is your Three, O?
Three of them are strangers, o'er the wide world they are rangers.
- Come, and I will sing you.
What will you sing me?
I will sing you Four, O!
What is your Four, O?
Four it is the Dilly Hour, when blooms the gillyflower.
- Come, and I will sing you.
What will you sing me?
I will sing you Five, O!
What is your Five, O?
Five it is the Dilly Bird, that's never seen, but heard, O!
- Come, and I will sing you.
What will you sing me?
I will sing you Six, O!
What is your Six, O?
Six the Ferryman in the Boat, that doth on the river float, O!
- Come, and I will sing you.
What will you sing me?
I will sing you Seven, O!
What is your seven, O?
Seven it is the crown of Heaven, the shining stars be seven, O!
- Come, and I will sing you.
What will you sing me?
I will sing you Eight, O!
What is your Eight, O?
Eight is the morning break, when all the world's awake, O!

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Come, and I will sing you.
What will you sing me?
I will sing you Nine, O!
What is your Nine, O?
Nine it is the pale moonshine, the pale moonlight is nine, O

Come, and I will sing you.
What will you sing me?
I will sing you Ten, O!
What is your Ten, O?
Ten forbids all kind of sin, and ten again begin, O!

The Streams of Nantsian



(3 bars rest.) O the streams of Nant - si - an; In two parts di -



- vide; Where the young men in danc - ing meet sweet-heart and



bride. They will take no de - ni - al, we must fro - lic and



sing; And the sound of the vi - ol, O it makes my heart

THE STREAMS OF NANTSIAN



ring; And the sound of the vi - ol, O it makes my heart ring.

On the rocky cliff yonder
A castle up-stands;
To the seamen a wonder
Above the black sands.
'Tis of ivory builded
With diamonds glazed bright,
And with gold it is gilded,
To shine in the night.

Over yonder high mountain
The wild fowl do fly;
And in ocean's deep fountain
The fairest pearls lie.
On eagle's wings soaring,
I'll speed as the wind;
Ocean's fountain exploring,
My true love I'll find.

O the streams of Nantsian
Divide in two parts,
And rejoin as in dancing
Do lads their sweethearts.
So the streams, bright and shining,
Tho' parted in twain,
Reunite, intertwining,
One thenceforth remain.

The Keenly Lode



(3 bars rest.)

Old Un-cle Pen - ger - ric a



Cap - tain was, A dow - ser shrewd was he; Who

NATIONAL MUSIC



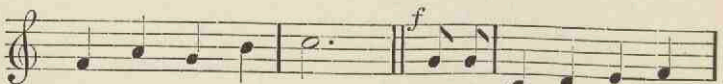
feathered his nest from the keen - ly lode, That rui - ned you and



me. The Cap - tain was tra - ver-sing Brandy Moor, With



ha-zel twig in hand, The ha - zel twisted and turned a - bout And



brought him to a stand. Oh! the keen - ly lode, the



keen - ly lode, Of balls the best, my boys; Old



Un - cle Pen - ger - ric ve - ry well know'd How to



feather his nest, my boys.

THE KEENLY LODE

Old Uncle Pengerric so big did brag
Of ore in Brandy Báll :
"Come, fork out your money, my Christian friends,
Your fortunes treble all."
Now Uncle was reckoned a preacher stout,
A burning and shining light.
The people all said, "What he has in head
Will surely turn out right."
Oh ! the keenly lode, etc.

The Company floated, the Shares up paid,
The gold came flowing in.
He set up a whim, and began to sink
For the keenly lode of tin.
He had not burrowed but five foot six
Ere he came to a buried hoss.
Said Uncle Pengerric, "No fault of mine,
Tho't turn out someone's loss."
Oh ! the keenly lode, etc.

The shaft descended, but ne'er a grain
Of ore was brought to ground.
And presently Uncle Pengerric, too,
Was not in Cornwall found.
But wherever he goes, and whenever he talks,
He says : "The rod told true,
It brought to me luck, but it turn'd and struck
At nought but an old horseshoe."
Oh ! the keenly lode, etc.

NOTE.—A Keenly Lode is a lode that promises well. A Báll is the Cornish for a mine.

The Lover's Tasks

Moderato.

The musical notation is on a single staff with a treble clef. The time signature is 6/8. The first measure contains a whole rest. The second measure contains a whole rest. The third measure contains a whole note with a fermata above it. The fourth measure contains a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The fifth measure contains a quarter note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F5, and a quarter note G5. The sixth measure contains a quarter note A5, a quarter note B5, a quarter note C6, and a quarter note B5. The seventh measure contains a quarter note A5, a quarter note G5, a quarter note F5, and a quarter note E5. The eighth measure contains a quarter note D5, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note A4. The piece ends with a double bar line.

p

O buy me, my la - dy, a

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cam - bric shirt, Whilst ev' - ry grove rings with a
mer - ry an - tine, And stitch it with - out an - y
nee - dle work, And thou shalt be a true lov - er of mine.

O thou must wash it in yonder well,
 Whilst every grove rings with a merry antine,
 Where never a drop of water in fell,
 And thou shalt be a true lover of mine.

And thou must bleach it on yonder grass,
 Whilst every grove rings with a merry antine,
 Where never a foot or hoof did pass,
 And thou shalt be a true lover of mine.

And thou must hang it upon a white thorn,
 Whilst every grove rings with a merry antine,
 That never blossom'd since Adam was born,
 And thou shalt be a true lover of mine.

And when these works are finished and done,
 Whilst every grove rings with a merry antine,
 I'll take and marry thee under the sun,
 And thou shalt be a true lover of mine.

* SHE : Thou must buy for me an acre of land,
 Whilst every grove rings with a merry antine,
 Between the salt sea and the yellow sand,
 And thou shalt be a true lover of mine.

* All the second part may be omitted.

THE LOVER'S TASKS

Thou must plough it o'er with a horse's horn
Whilst every grove rings with a merry antine,
And sow it over with a peppercorn,
And thou shalt be a true lover of mine.

Thou must reap it, too, with a piece of leather,
Whilst every grove rings with a merry antine,
And bind it up with a peacock's feather,
And thou shalt be a true lover of mine.

Thou must take it up in a bottomless sack,
Whilst every grove rings with a merry antine,
And bear it to the mill on a butterfly's back,
And thou shalt be a true lover of mine.

And when these works are finished and done,
Whilst every grove rings with a merry antine,
I'll take and marry thee under the sun,
And thou shalt be a true lover of mine.

The Marigold

Allegro con energia. *mf*

'Twas East - North - East, so

The first line of music is in G minor, 3/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. It begins with a whole rest, followed by a half rest, and then a quarter rest. The melody then starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, and G4.

near the line, So near as we could lie, We'd scarcely left our

The second line of music continues the melody from the first line. It starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, and G4. The next measure has a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B4. The final measure has a quarter note C5, followed by a quarter note B4, and then a quarter note A4.

load - ing port, Ere ten sail of Turks we spy. "Come,

The third line of music continues the melody. It starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, and G4. The next measure has a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B4. The final measure has a quarter note C5, followed by a quarter note B4, and then a quarter note A4. The word "Come," is written above the final note.

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strike your col-ours, ye Eng-lish dogs, Strike col - ours pre - sent -
 - ly, Come, strike your colours, ye Eng - lish dogs, Or
 they shall be struck by we." *D.C. dal* ;**S**:

Our captain being a valiant man,
 On quarterdeck did stand :
 "It ne'er shall be said that we did run
 While we have aboard a hand."
 O! then out spoke our boatswain bold,
 To the gunner then spake he :
 "Come, plant your guns while they are cold,
 Both powder and shot are free."

Broadside to broadside we return'd
 From morn till day was done,
 Till three we sank, and three we burn'd,
 And three away did run,
 Till three we sank, and three we burn'd,
 And three did sail away ;
 And one we brought to merry England
 To show we'd won the day.

Now if you'd known our goodly ship,
 And knew our captain's name :
 Sir Thomas Merrifield captain was
 Of the *Marigold*, ship of fame.
 A gallant man Sir Thomas was
 Of famous Bristow town ;
 A gallant crew were we aboard,
 We gained us great renown.

There is a Tavern in the Town

p *Shouted.*

There is a tav-ern in the town, in the town, And

there my dear love sits him down, sits him down, And

drinks his wine 'mid laugh - - ter free, And

Chorus.

nev - er, nev - er thinks of me. Fare thee

well, for I must leave thee, Do not let the parting grieve thee, And re -

- mem-ber that the best of friends must part, must part. A -

- dieu, a - dieu, kind friends, a - dieu, a - dieu, a - dieu, I

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can no lon - ger stay with you, stay with you, I'll

poco rit.

hang my harp on a weep - ing wil - low tree, And

1st and 2nd.

may the world go well with thee. thee.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
 Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark,
 And now my love once true to me,
 Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

Fare thee well, etc.

Oh ! dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep,
 Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,
 And on my breast carve a turtle-dove,
 To signify I died of love.

Fare thee well, etc.

Widdecombe Fair

"Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your grey mare,

WIDDECOMBE FAIR



All a - long, down a - long, out a - long, lee. For I



want for to go to Wid - de-combe Fair, Wi' Bill



Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, Old



Un - cle Tom Cob - ley and all— Old Un - cle Tom Cob-ley and



all..... Old Un - cle Tom Cob - ley and all.".....

“And when shall I see again my grey mare?”

All along, down along, out along, lee.

“By Friday soon, or Saturday noon,

Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,

Dan'l Whiddon,

Harry Hawk, old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,”

Chorus. Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.

Then Friday came, and Saturday noon,

All along, down along, out along, lee ;

But Tom Pearce's old mare hath not trotted home,

Wi' Bill Brewer, etc.

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So Tom Pearce he got up to the top o' the hill,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
And he seed his old mare down a-making her will
Wi' Bill Brewer, etc.

So Tom Pearce's old mare, her took sick and died,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
And Tom he sat down on a stone and he cried,
Wi' Bill Brewer, etc.

But this isn't the end of this shocking affair,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
Nor though they be dead, of the horrid career
Of Bill Brewer, etc.

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear gashly white,
Wi' Bill Brewer, etc.

And all the long night be heard skirling and groans,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
From Tom Pearce's old mare in her rattling bones,
And from Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter
Davy, Dan'l Whiddon,
Harry Hawk, old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,
Chorus. Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.

CELTIC MUSIC IN BRITTANY

ONE must not conclude that Breton music, because it has been kept only amongst the people, is without rules of any kind ; this would be a great mistake. "The rusticity of these folk songs," says a Breton composer, M. Duhamel, "really veils a very complex and clever tradition, hides very precise and strict rules, however ignored by those who observe them without knowledge."

The popular melodies of Brittany can be classified as follows : songs, hymns, dancing tunes.

The songs are of two kinds : the historical song called *Gwerz* and the lyric song called *Son*. The *Gwerz* has no refrain and the melody is often very simple. The *Son*, which is generally a love song, sometimes a lullaby, has always a refrain—the *Diskan*—which is repeated by the crowd listening to the singer.

The melody of the hymns is built on the same type as that of the *Gwerz*, and hymns have often been written to be sung to the same tune as well-known *gwerziou*. The dance music is extremely abundant, and can compete in number with the Scottish dancing tunes. It is very curious to notice that the rhythm most generally adopted is very much the same as that of the Scottish reel. Indeed, many Breton dances are *in* reel tune measures.

The instrument used by the Bretons is the bagpipe, but if in its construction it is more primitive and smaller than the Scottish, in sound it is more powerful and more piercing. The bagpipe is never played by itself ; it is always accompanied by another instrument, a kind of hautboy, called *Bombard*; and sometimes, but very rarely, by a small drum. It is an interesting fact that the two instruments *are*

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not in tune. There is between the two a small interval, which at the beginning is quite perceptible, but very soon disappears, without any doubt under the efforts of the player blowing in his instrument with all his strength and "forcing the note."

There is nothing more strange than to see the pipers at a Breton dance, generally in a field or some public place. In a corner are two big casks, on the top of which stand the pipers, doing their best to make as much noise as possible, and marking the time with their right foot. They play as long as they can bear the strain, and then stop suddenly with an *appoggiatura*, finishing on a high-pitched note.

Before going further, I should like to point out most emphatically that our national music must not be confused with a swarm of third-rate songs, generally, but unfortunately not always, in French, written by French composers for music halls; sometimes, I am sorry to say, by some of my countrymen, and which are to be found all over the market, where they are sold as Breton music. Their rhythm and the mode in which they are written, generally minor, will allow a trained ear to detect them at once.

For there is amongst those who are not well acquainted with Breton music—I ought to say with the music of every Celtic country—a very curious belief that the Celts always sing in the minor. This belief arises quite naturally from the fact that the learned music, the only kind actually taught in the schools, knows only two modes, the major and the minor, and that on hearing a Celt sing in another mode, the ear of the foreign listener is always led, by a natural process, to assimilate this old mode to one for which it has been trained. The unavoidable conclusion is that the singer sings quite *out of tune.*

As a matter of fact, the Celtic tunes are infinitely richer than the learned music in what forms the very elements of any kind of music, I mean to say rhythm and modes; and what is true for the Celtic countries in general applies also to Brittany.

There is a rule in learned music, according to which a phrase of

CELTIC MUSIC IN BRITTANY

melody must be composed of four or eight bars. After being observed for many centuries, this has been partially abandoned in modern times, but after long discussions. "Such a rule," notes a Breton musician, "has been quietly violated by our countrymen ever since there have been Celts who sing." And if you study the folk songs of the Celtic countries, you will find phrases of 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 bars, a licence which, far from doing any harm, gives them a freedom and a variety not to be found in learned music.

The time also presents peculiarities worthy to be noticed. Besides the double, triple, and quadruple time, the Celtic music makes an exhaustive use of measures of 5, 7, and even 9 beats to the bar. It is quite true that we may now find the latter used in the work of modern composers, but their introduction is very recent. The Celts, on the contrary, have always been accustomed to use them.

In many Breton songs we may even find the unit of time to be the crotchet for the first half of the bar, and the dotted crotchet for the other half. This gives us a $2\frac{1}{2}$ -4 time, a $3\frac{1}{2}$ -4 time, and a $4\frac{1}{2}$ -4 time. Such facts must evidently give quite a shock to professional musicians, but it does not hurt the Celtic ears; and, after all, the effect must not be so bad, since one of the best modern French composers, M. Florent Schmid, had in recent years the boldness to make use of $2\frac{1}{2}$ -4 and $3\frac{1}{2}$ -4 time measures. Lastly, we must notice that the greatest freedom exists for the use of the measures in a tune, and that the time may change according to the will of the composer. I know even of the existence of a Breton tune which, unfortunately, I failed to get, where the time changes at each bar.

The modes used by the Celts are still more curious than their rhythms. The learned music, which we all know, uses only two modes, the major and the minor, and very few people, except specialists, know that there are many others in existence. A Breton musician, M. Duhamel, who has devoted all his time and knowledge to the study of the modal system of the Celts, told me that he had

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found in Celtic music twenty different modes for the complete scales only, a figure which becomes thirty if we count also the incomplete scales.

Personally I know of thirteen modes in the diatonic system, the only one with a few exceptions actually found in Brittany. The pentatonic and hexatonic scales, so frequent in the music of the Gaels, have not yet been discovered, as far as I am aware, in Breton tunes.

It was, I believe, a Breton musician, Bourgault Ducoudray, Professor of the History of Music at the French Conservatoire, who was the first to notice in Celtic music the extensive use of modes similar to those known to have existed in ancient Greece. This discovery was made public in 1885, when Bourgault Ducoudray published the results of his researches in his book *Trente Mélodies de Basse Bretagne*.

The work of the much-lamented master was carried on by his pupils, and, in 1911, M. Maurice Duhamel was able to publish for the first time a complete exposition of the Celtic modal system. This modal system, which is only to be found in its completeness in the melodies of Brittany, has at least fifteen modes, of which thirteen are diatonic, whilst two make use of chromatic tones.

If we classify these modes according to their tonic, or key-note, in taking as a type the scale of DOH, we shall see that :

Three modes have DOH as a tonic,

Two have RAY,

Three have FAH,

Three have SOH,

Four have LAH,

and none has either ME or TE.

Since the seventeenth century, learned musicians have been attracted by the treasures which were to be found in folk music, and we owe to them many collections of songs. Unfortunately, their ignorance of the existence of the old modes led them to correct these songs, and rewrite them in modern scales, mostly minor. Such

CELTIC MUSIC IN BRITTANY

mutilation had the effect of utterly destroying the character of the tune, and one can judge of the havoc in Celtic music by looking at the collections published in the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. But these mutilations were indeed as nothing compared with what the melodies were going to suffer at the hands of musicians attempting to harmonize them. Look at the collections of Welsh and Breton songs arranged for pianoforte, and published in the nineteenth century; nothing poorer can be found, except perhaps similar collections of Irish and Scottish songs. The best example I ever came across was that of a Scottish reel in the hypophrygian mode, otherwise in the key of G without accidentals, the accompaniment of which was written in the major key of D!

Brittany did not escape the common fate. The first extensive collection of Breton tunes was, I believe, published by Hersart de la Villemarqué in 1839, at the end of the first edition of his much-discussed *Barzaz Breiz*. I shall not speak here of the value of the book. M. de la Villemarqué has been, a little unjustly I think, called the Breton Macpherson, and the authenticity of many of his songs is evidently doubtful; but if, in my opinion, most of the melodies are genuine, some of them, at any rate, have been more or less mutilated. In a subsequent edition, accompaniments were published with the tunes, but fortunately have since been suppressed.

In 1885 appeared the collection published by Bourgault Ducou-dray, *Trenle Melodies de Basse Bretagne*, already mentioned above, which is the first reliable document on Breton music, and the first publication where we find accompaniments not only written by a good musician, but by a musician who was thoroughly aware of the characteristics of our national music, and had had the honour of discovering in it the old modes of ancient Greece.

In 1889 was published *Chansons et Danses des Bretons*, by N. Quellien, containing twenty-seven dancing tunes and a good number of other melodies, a very sincere, but unfortunately very limited attempt.

NATIONAL MUSIC

It is with the awakening of Brittany, at the close of the nineteenth century, that we begin to see people take interest in collecting folk songs. Special mention should be made of the Breton reviews *Le Clocher Breton* and *Dihunamb* for their good work in publishing folk songs, and to the collections made by MM. Laterre, Gourvil, Abbé Henry, Loeiz Hericu, Maurice Duhamel.

It was only a few years before the war that the work was really started on scientific lines. A group of Breton patriots, headed by M. Vallée, began to go thoroughly and methodically through the country, collecting the folk songs on phonograph rolls from the lips of the singers themselves, and formed a splendid collection which was deposited at the University of Rennes.

Professional musicians also entered the field of research. Some of them, such as Paul Le Flem and especially Paul Ladmirault, winner of the first prize for harmony at the French "Conservatoire," began to write learned music out of the material supplied by the Breton folk songs. Others, like Maurice Duhamel, published a great number of popular melodies, and tried, in my opinion with great success, to continue the work of Bourgault Ducoudray and to unravel the theory and rules of Celtic music.*

The foundation of the *Association des Compositeurs Bretons*, two years before the war, was the natural consequence of this movement, and the original compositions written by its members were found good enough to be performed in the great concerts, and even, I believe, on the operatic stage in Paris.

This shows us that if a study of the Celtic tunes is interesting and fruitful because it enlightens what we already know of the old modes, thanks to the ancient Greek writers, it must not be believed that our national tunes are only important from an archæological point of view. The real rôle of Celtic music has not yet begun, and it

* See M. Duhamel, *Les quinze modes de la musique bretonne* (*Annales de Bretagne*, vol. XXVI, p. 687); *ibid.*, *La Musique Celtique* (*Buhez Breiz*), vol. I, p. 28).

CELTIC MUSIC IN BRITTANY

depends upon modern composers to make a proper use of it and acquire through it an originality which could not be got anywhere else.

The question is whether our Celtic composers will follow the common pathway and condemn themselves to write a music which, no doubt, will be very fine, but more or less an imitation of German, French, or English music ; or, following the example given a few years ago by some Russian musicians, if they will look for inspiration to their national music, and, providing for it an adequate harmony, attain a real originality.

What the Russians have done, the Celts can do by a serious study of their folk lore and of the characteristics and atmosphere of the Celtic countries. For it would be a great mistake to limit studies to one country alone. It is by studying the various phases of the native music of each of the Celtic countries that we may hope to acquire a complete mastery of the musical system of the Celts. Such an idea has already been expressed many years ago by the late Bourgault Ducoudray, and it is a pleasure for me to see that his appeal has been heard by a school of young Breton musicians. We shall now be able to see a powerful, original, and really national music develop in our countries, a music which will be able to describe the poetry of our landscapes, and to express better than any other the feelings and the soul of our people.

PAUL DIVERRES.

CELTIC MUSIC IN BRITTANY

Le Semeur



Quand je sème à main plei - - - ne, Sous



le grand ciel d'hi - ver . . . J'ai d'un cô - té la



plai - ne, De l'au - tre j'ai la mer! J'ai



d'un cô-té la plai-ne, De l'au-tre j'ai la mer!....

Pour l'an prochain je donne
Du pain à trois hameaux,
Tout en faisant l'aumône
A cent petits oiseaux.

(Le Chœur répète.)

Sous la bise glacée
Je sue en cheminant ;
C'est la bonne rosée,
Pour féconder mon champ.

(Le Chœur répète.)

Quand je sème à main pleine
Sous le grand ciel d'hiver,
J'ai d'uncôté la plaine,
De l'autre j'ai la mer !
(Le Chœur répète.)

O Mon Dieu la Triste Nouvelle

O mon Dieu! la tris-te nou-vel-le. Tout à
Pheu-re j'ai re-çue! Mon a-mour, ma douce a-
cresc.
mi-e, Je ne l'au-rai ja-mais plus!..... Ma mai-
-tres-se se ma-ri-e Que j'ai-mais si ten-dre-
-ment. Hé-las!..... hé-las! ah quand j'y
pen-se, De dou-leur mon cœur se fend.....

Ici tout me parle d'elle
Et tout me fait mal à voir.
J'ai senti mes yeux pleins de larmes
En passant près du lavoir.
Je ne peux plus voir la lande
Où tous deux avons passé.
Hélas ! hélas ! et l'aubépine
A l'odeur de son baiser.

O MON DIEU LA TRISTE NOUVELLE

Bonnes gens et vous gens de marque
De la paroisse de Plestin.
Adieu donc, trop lourde est ma peine ;
Je m'en vais plein de chagrin.
Afin qu'il me la rappelle,
J'ai coupé le gênet d'or.
Hélas ! hélas ! pour qu'il demeure
Sur mon cœur jusqu'à la mort.

Pebez kélou, o ma Doué, emez hirio recévet !
Va mestrezik, va c'haranté a clévan zo dimézet ;
Va mestrezik va c'haranté nini garien ar muia :
A pa sonjan e kementsé va c'halon a fell ranna.

Oll plijaduriou an natur a zo achu evidon ;
Achu eze plijadur a hanvê va c'halon ;
Achu é ar c'hontentament evidon barz ar béd-man :
Foei d'an aour a foei d'an arc'hant ; e nep gis n'ho zeziran.

Me garche cavet ar matier a kement a vè capabl
Da renta va c'halon seder, da séc' hi va daou lagad,
Da rejouissa va c'halon da contenti ma spéret,
Dam zenna deuz an affliction a da rei d'in ar iec'het.

Mes kementsé zo impossibl na ne éruo biken,
Mé é ar muia misérabl deus an oll crouadurien ;
Mé meus collet en eun instant ar frouez deus a pemb blavez,
En eur goll va c'hontentament va plijadur, va mestres.

Adieu eta, pares Plestin, adieu tud a gonsekans,
Me a meuz cavet va chagrin è mesk ho rejouissans,
Me meuz ho heuillet gant douster ac ho quita gant glac'har,
Evel demeurez eun durzunel pa vè prinved deuz hé far.

Lamentations

(Kanvow)

Solo. Bien rythmé.



Quand u - ne fil - le se ma - rie, El - le ne sait

NATIONAL MUSIC

Chœur.

ce.... qui l'at - tend. Quand u - ne fil - le se ma -
 - rie, El - le ne sait ce..... qui l'at - tend.

Solo. Avec force.

Pleu - - re, ma ca - ma - ra - de pleu - re ton beau prin -
 * *Chœur.*
 - temps. Pleu - - re ma ca - ma - ra - de, pleu -
 * *Chœur pour fini.*
 - re ton beau prin - temps!.... Pleu - - - re ma
poco riten.
 ca - ma - ra - de, pleu - - re ton beau prin - temps!

On croit que l'or tombe des arbr' !
 Et que les feuilles sont d'argent.
 Pleure, ma camarade, pleure ton beau printemps.

NOTE.—Each phrase is repeated.

LAMENTATIONS

J'ai su depuis qu'on se condamne,
A travailler bien rudement.
Pleure, ma camarade, pleure ton beau printemps.

Je sais qu'il faut recevoir même
Un coup de pied de temps en temps
Pleure ma camarade, pleure ton beau printemps.

Qu'il faut filer sa quenouillée
Et de son pied bercer l'enfant.
Pleure ma camarade, pleure ton beau printemps.

Et s'en aller, qu'il pleuve ou gèle,
Avec les linges à l'étang.
Pleure, ma camarade, pleure ton beau printemps.

End dud yawang a pe zimant,
Ne ouyant ket petrè erant :
En dud yawang a pe zínant,
Ne ouyant ket petrè erant :
Adieu, Kameradezék, adieu evit
james !

En dud yawang e jonch ket è,
E kwec'h en or a vég er gué.
Adieu, etc.

E kwec'h en or a vég er gué,
E vè en del melen évé.
Adieu, etc.

En del melen, e za d'en ias ;
Kalon merc 'h yawang e hunad.
Adieu, etc.

Me jouje d'ein pe vezèn dimet
Vzè kére t' ein bou' labouret.
Adieu, etc.

Meid breman e ouyan rec'h mat
I ma re' t'ein-mé labourat.
Adieu, etc.

I ma re't'ein-mé labourat
A resow meurék a dol trat.
Adieu, etc.

A resow meurék a dol trad,
A red néo div tèr guelchad.
Adieu, etc.

Ma red néo div tèr guèlchad,
Ha huichellad ge' bek me zrat.
Adieu, etc.

I má re't'ein gober doc 'hpen,
Monet ged er lianow d'er lénn.
Adieu, etc.

Monet ged er lianow d'er lenn,
Ag o hannein ag o distén.
Adieu, etc.

Le Sabotier



È - cou - tez a - mis, é - cou - tez,
Che - la - wed oll a che - la - wed,



Tran lar di rè - no, Un son - net tout frais com - po - sé.
Tran lar di rè - no, Or gan - nen a ne - ve za - vet.



Tran lar di ra lan la Tran lar di rè - no.
Tran lar di ra lan la Tran lar di rè - no.

C'est un sabotier qui l'a fait
Tran lar di rèno,
Et qui loge dans la forêt
Tran lar di ra lan la,
Tran lar di rèno.

La fumée noircit les parois
Tran lar di rèno,
De sa cabane au fond des bois
Tran lar di ra lan la,
Tran lar di rèno.

Et elle est toute tapissée
Tran lar di rèno,
Par les cheveux des araignées
Tran lar di ra lan la,
Tran lar di rèno.

Comment lui porter son dîner ?
Tran lar di rèno,
Je ne sais chemin ni sentier
Tran lar di ra lan la,
Tran lar di rèno.

Bonne femme passez par là,
Tran lar di rèno
De loin sa scie vous guidera
Tran lar di ra lan la,
Tran lar di rèno.

Sa scie, sa hache et son paroir
Tran lar di rèno
Qui font bravement leur devoir
Tran lar di ra lan la,
Tran lar di rèno.

LE SABOTIER

Le sabotier est a siffler
Tran lar di rèno,
Avec son chapeau de côté.
Tran lar di ra lan la,
Tran lar di rèno.

Qu'apportes tu pour le dîner
Tran lar di rèno,
Que je t'aide à te décharger ?
Tran lar di ra lan la,
Tran la di rèno.

Je n'ai pu t'apporter ce soir
Tran lar di rèno,
Qu'une galette de blé noir
Tran lar di ra lan la,
Tran lar di rèno.

Nous serons plus riches bientôt.
Tran lar di rèno,
Quand j'aurai vendu mes sabots.
Tran lar di ra lan la,
Tran lar di rèno.

Ma douce, et dimanche prochain,
Tran lar di rèno,
Nous aurons du lard et du vin !
Tran lar di ra lan la,
Tran lar di rèno.

Silvestrik

Molto moderato.



A Saint Mi-chel en Grè-ve Mon fils est en - ga -
En - trè I - liz sant Lo - renz ha cha - pel sant Her -



- gé;..... Je fus au ca - pi - tai - ne Pour le lui
- vé..... Zo un den gen - til ia - ouank o se - vel



de - man - der..... Mon vieux c'est im - pos - si - ble C'est
he ar - me..... Zo un den gen - til ia - ouank o

NATIONAL MUSIC

Mon meil - leur sol - - dat;..... Il a tou -
se - vel he ar - - - me..... Me meuz ur

- ché la som-me, Je ne le ren-drai pas.....
mab Sil - ves-trik hag e - lar mont i - vè.....

Oiseau de ma muraille,
Va t'en vers mon enfant !
Savoir s'il est en vie,
S'il est au régiment.
Bonjours, petit Sylvestre !
Bonjour, petit oiseau
Va dire à mon vieux père
Que je reviens bientôt.

Le vieux bonhomme pleure,
Couché dans son grand lit ;
Au loin les filles chantent
La chanson de son fils.
Le soldat sur la porte
L'écoute avec amour ;
Ne pleure pas, mon père,
Sylvestre est de retour.

NOTE.—There is only one verse of the Breton, that under the music.

Un Jour sur le Pont de Tréguier

(War bont ann Naonet)

Un jour sur le pont de Tré-guier. Lan-de-ra li -
Pa oann war bont ann Nao-net gai. Lan-de-moa, li -

dé - - ré, Un jour sur le pont de Tré-guier
bé - - ré, Pa oann war bont ann Nao-net gai

lan - de - ra li - dé - - ré. J'a - per - çus
lan - de - moa, li - bé - - ré. Ber - ge - renn

UN JOUR SUR LE PONT DE TRÉGUIER



u - ne fil - le un deux trois dé - li - ra
o - we - la Un deux trois de - ly - ra



Qui s'est mise à pleu-rer. Lan-dé-ra li - de - ré....
Trois ca - va - liers de bois Lan-de-moa, mé ga - ré....

“Ma fille, pourquoi donc pleurer ?
Landéra, lidéré.

Ma fille, pourquoi donc pleurer ?
Landéra, lidéré.”

“Je pleure après ma bague,
Un deux trois délira.

Que j'ai laissé tomber
Landéra, lidéré.”

“Et que voudras tu me donner,
Landéra, lidéré.

Et que voudras tu me donner.
Landéra, lidéré.”

“Si je te la rapporte ?
Un deux trois délira.”

“Je te donne un baiser
Landéra, lidéré.”

Au premier coup qu'il a plongé,
Landéra, lidéré,

Au premier coup qu'il a plongé,
Landéra, lidéré.

Il voit l'anneau qui brille,
Un deux trois, délira.

Au second l'a touché,
Landéra, lidéré.

Pour le faire encore plonger,
Landéra, lidéré,

Pour le faire encore plonger,
Landéra, lidéré.

Elle fait un sourire
Un deux trois délira.

Il n'a point remonté
Landéra, lidéré.

Le père en train de regarder
Landéra, lidéré,

Le père en train de regarder
Landéra, lidéré.

Etant à sa fenêtre
Un deux trois, délira.

Se met à sangloter
Landéra, lidéré.

J'avais trois garçons bien plantés,
Landéra, lidéré,

J'avais trois garçons bien plantés,
Landéra, lidéré.

Et pour la même femme,
Un deux trois, délira.

Tous trois se sont noyés,
Landéra, lidéré !

NATIONAL MUSIC

Me welet eur vergerenn, *gai landemoa*, etc. (*bis*).
War ar pont o wela. *Un deux trois*, etc.

Petra'ch eus-hu da wela, *gai*, etc.
Plac'hik d'in-me laret. *Un deux trois*, etc.

Ma gwalenn er mor kouezet, *gai*, etc.
Piou a iélo d'hi zapa? *Un deux trois*, etc.

Petra rofet-hu d'in-me, *gai*, etc.
Me iallo d'hi zapa. *Un deux trois*, etc.

Pemp kant scoet en aour meleun, *gai*, etc.
Mar gallet hi zapa. *Un deux trois*, etc.

Na d'ar c'henta plonjadenn, *gai*, etc.
Ar walenn we guelet. *Un deux trois*, etc.

Ha d'ann eill plonjadenn, *gai*, etc.
Ar walenn we touchet. *Un deux trois*, etc.

Ha d'ann dervet plonjadenn, *gai*, etc.
Ar mab a we beuzet. *Un deux trois*, etc.

He dad a oa er prennestr, *gai*, etc.
O kommanz da wela. *Un deux trois*, etc.

Tri mab am eus me ganet, *gai*, etc.
Ho zri ez int beuzet. *Un deux trois*, etc.

En bered sakr ann Drindet, *gai*, etc.
Meus tri mab douaret. *Un deux trois*, etc.

Disons le Chaplet



Di - sons le cha - pe - let à ge - noux sur la
Drin - det sau - tel pros - ter - net di ra zoc'h d'an

DISONS LE CHAPLET



ter - re;..... Jé - sus nous tend les bras du haut
daou - lin..... Me o ped da rei zi - cour d'o



de son cal - vai - re..... I - ci nous a - vons
jer - vi - ger in - dign..... Va spe - ret a zo



Un peu élargi.

tous la mi - sère en par - ta - ge: Jé - sus souffrant pour
fra - gil a va stud - i i - zel Scle - ri - gen a ou -



nous, don - ne nous le cou - ra - ge.....
- le - nan ouz - oc'h drin - det san - tel.....

Qui donc aurait le droit de haïr sa misère
Devant le fils de Dieu navré sur le Calvaire?
Au sein de la douleur il n'a que patience:
Jésus, mets nous au cœur l'amour de la souffrance.

NOTE.—Only one verse of the Breton version.

Le Paradis

(Ar Baradoz)



Je crois au pa - - ra - dis,.... Jé -

NATIONAL MUSIC

sus nous l'a pro-mis.... J'es père al-ler un
 jour Au glo-ri-eux sé-jour..... J'es -
 - père al-ler un jour Au glo-ri-eux sé -
 jour....

dernière strophe.

*
 Sein du pa-ra-dis.....

Je tiens, mes yeux ravis
 Au ciel, mon vrai pays :
 J'y volerai bientôt
 Comme un petit oiseau
 J'y volerai bientôt
 Comme un petit oiseau.

Je serai délivré
 Et je m'élèverai
 Plus haut que le soleil,
 Que les astres du ciel.
 Plus haut que le soleil,
 Que les astres du ciel.

Adieu, pays d'Arvor—
 Que j'aperçois encor.
 Adieu, monde affligé
 De deuil et de péché !
 Adieu, monde affligé
 De deuil et de péché !

Je vais connaître enfin
 Les saintes et les saints ;
 Je vais bientôt les voir,
 Prêts à me recevoir.
 Je vais bientôt les voir,
 Prêts à me recevoir.

De près j'honorerai
 La Vierge sans péché
 Et les astres qui font
 Couronne sur son front.
 Et les astres qui font
 Couronne sur son front.

La porte s'ouvrira,
 Jésus me recevra
 "Fleuris comme un beau lys
 Au sein du paradis !
 Fleuris comme un beau lys
 Au sein du paradis !"

LE PARADIS

Jésuz ! peger braz eo—
 Plijadur ann eneo
 Pâ zint dirak Doue
 Hag enn he garante.

(This hymn is so well known in Brittany that we omit later verses.)

Le Rapt, or Scraperez



“ Com-bien ton blé, beau ma-te-lot, Com -
 Mar-tol - lo - - - det, d'in ho le-ret, mar -



· bien ton blé, beau ma-te - lot? Il m'en fau -
 - tol - lo det, d'in ho le - ret. Peguement a



- draît qua-tre boisseaux, Ventur ma di - - - ret - te.
 leket en eur c'hant ed, Vantur ma di - - - ret - te.



Pour mes crê-pes de lun-di." Ventur ma di-ri.....
 Vot gran - dur gra-ve dé-zi. Vantur ma di-ri.....



Et je ser - ai ton ma - ri Ven - tur ma di - ri.
 Vot' grand - ur gra - ve dé - zi Van - tur ma di - ri.

NATIONAL MUSIC

“ Pour tous c'est trois livres dix sous,
 Pour tous c'est trois livres dix sous,
 Mais ce sera bien moins pour vous.
 Ventur ma dirette.
 Car vos yeux sont bien jolis.”
 Ventur ma diri.

Quand dans la barque elle est entrée,
 Quand dans la barque elle est entrée.
 Ils ont bien vite appareillé.
 Ventur ma dirette.
 Pour le large ils sont partis
 Ventur ma diri.

“ Nenni, je ne puis naviguer,
 Nenni, je ne puis naviguer,
 Car j'entends mes enfants crier.
 Ventur ma dirette.
 Et mon diner n'est pas cuit,”
 Ventur ma diri.

“ Ma belle, tu n'as pas quinze ans,
 Ma belle, tu n'as pas quinze ans.
 Tu n'as pas encore eu d'enfants,
 Ventur ma dirette,
 Et je serai ton mari,”
 Ventur ma diri.

<p>E ma seiz liwr met pemp kwéncg (<i>bis</i>) Deut ar vag itron, hag a volfet. Vantur ma dirette, etc.</p> <p>Pa voa et an itron e'r vag, Hag hi commanc, da navigat. Vantur, etc.</p> <p>Plac'hik iaouank, d'in ho lèret Ganimp d'an Indrez a teufét, Vantur, etc.</p>	<p>Ganeoch d'an Indrez nan in ket Gant va fried vin gourdrouzet. Vantur, etc.</p> <p>Me gléo ma zad ouz ma goulen Ha ma bugélik o vreufel. Vantur, etc.</p> <p>Na markét eur liou war ho pég Pé bet faligodik ebet. Vantur, etc.</p>
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Iannik le Bon Garçon

Voy - a - geurs de Pa - ris, voy - a - geurs de Rou -
- en,..... N'al - lez pas à Car - haix lo - ger au
coq d'ar - gent..... Ian - nik le bon gar - çon y est
ve - nu pour tant,..... A fait don - ner l'a -
Un peu elargi.
- voine à son bon che - val blanc.....

Quand Nona la servante à sa chambre a monté,
Iannik le Bon Garçon s'est mis à badiner ;
Mais quand il lui eut dit qu'il était marié,
La petite Nona s'est mise à soupirer.

“ Ma petite Nona, pourquoi faire un soupir ? ”
“ Marchand, pauvre marchand, ici tu dois mourir.
Regarde sous le lit et tu vas bien frémir
En voyant le couteau dont ils se vont servir.

A la dernière foire en ont égorgé trois.”
“ Ma petite Nona, sauve-moi, sauve-moi,
J'ai trois frères, trois gars solides comme moi.
L'un sera ton mari ; je te laisse le choix.”

NATIONAL MUSIC

L'aubergiste à minuit se réveille en sursaut,
Allume la chandelle et prend son grand couteau
Mais Iannick dans la nuit s'est sauvé par l'enclos
A pris la fille en croupe et s'enfuit au galop.

C'est la belle Nona qu'il faut voir maintenant
Avec ses bas à jour et ses boucles d'argent.
Elle vient d'épouser le frère du marchand,
Et c'est bien la plus brave au marché de Rouen.

Ur marc'hadour bihan, euz ar ger a Rouan,
Zo et da Gerhaes, da foario galan goan
Da brena daou c'houpl saout, ur c'houpl oc'henn iwe
Ewit gonit gant he e bars ar foar newe.

Le Départ de l'Âme

Quand Pâ - me fut le corps, El -
Di - dos - tait da gle - vet, Ka -

- le mur - mure en s'en - vo - lant: " Je -
- - na ann dis - par - ti. Di -

m'en vais te quit - ter, Mon pau - vre corps pour
- dos - tait da gle - vet. Ka - na ann - -

bien long temps. Nous nous re - trou - ve - rons.....
- dis - par - ti. A - ra ann e - ne - mad.....

LE DEPART DE L'ÂME



au der - nier ju - ge - ment, Nous nous re - trou - ve -
pa ea mez deuz ann ti. A - ra ann e - ne -



- rons. au der-nier ju - ge - - ment."
- mad. pa ea mez deuz ann ti.

LE CORPS : Mon âme, en ce temps la
Ma cendre même aura passé.

L'ÂME : Mon corps, ne doute pas,
Je saurai bien te retrouver.
Dieu qui créa la chair
Peut la ressusciter.

Le Clerc de Trémélo

Veloce.



Le clerc re - - - - - vient de Tré - mé -



- lo..... Re-vient bien vite au grand ga .

NATIONAL MUSIC

Très ralenti. Désolé.

poco riten.



“ Pourquoi sonner ainsi le glas ? ”

“ Ta bonne amie est morte, hélas ! ”

“ On est est à l'enterrer là-bas. ”

“ Pourquoi jeter la terre ainsi ? ”

Le prêtre en a bien assez mis.

Demain je veux ma place ici.

Au ciel nous sommes mariés,

Son lit je n'ai pu partager.

Près d'elle ici je dormirai. ”

La Petite Robe

Vivace.



J'a-va-is pris u - ne maîtresse Et de bon-ne mai-son, Gai!
Mem-wè chué-jed or vès-tres, Or pla-hék a da-chen, Ge!



J'al-lais com-man-der la mes-se Pour nous é - pou - ser....
Mem-wè chué-jed or vès-tres, Or pla-hék a da-chen....



Ta - rik ta - rik lon la, Je lui croy-ais du bien. Oh!
Ta - rik ta - rik lon la, Hi la - re d'cin y a, Ho!

LA PETIT ROBE



Ta - rik ta - rik lon la, Mais el - le n'a - vait rien....
Ta - rik ta - rik lon la, Hi la - re d'èin y a.....

Je vais la voir un Dimanche,
Pour faire ma cour. Gai!
N'ai vu qu'une vache blanche
Au ventre efflanqué.
Tarik, tarik, lon la,
La bête ne vant rien, oh!
Tarik, tarik, lon la,
Mais elle est au voisin.

N'ai vu qu'une robe grise
Accrochée au mur. Gai!
Toute pleine de reprises,
Au jupon troué,
Tarik, tarik, lon la,
Mariez vous, mes vieux, oh!
Tarik, tarik, lon la,
Mais renseignez vous mieux!

Me mont a goulan digeti,
Na hi dwè madow. Gé!
Tarik, tarik, lon la,
Hi larè d'èin y a. Ho!
Tarik, tarik, lon la,
Hi larè d'èin y a.

Ha mé Kerhet on devech
Vi' monet ti guelet. Gé!
Tarik, tarik, lon la,
A hi n'en dwè nitra. Ho!

Nemeit or goc'h viohék biskorn
E wè e korn er hrow. Gé!
E wè d'i amiyow. Ho!

Ha nemeit or goc'h vrohék ru
E wè doc'h er berchen. Gé!
E wè karguet à huen. Ho!

L'Angélus



La cloche son - ne l'an - gé - lus; La terre a
Ni hou - sa - lud guet ca - ran - té Rouannès er



cresc.
donc un jour de plus! Sain - te Vier - ge Ma -
saent hag en é - lé;— Hui e zou be - ni -

NATIONAL MUSIC

- rie. "O Pi - a"..... A jam - ais
- guet. "O Pi - a"..... Hag a hroe -

sois bé-nie "A - ve Ma - ri - a!".....
- ceu car-guet "A - ve Ma - ri - a!".....

On sent la bonne odeur du foin,
L'étoile brille au ciel de juin.
Sainte Vierge Marie, "O Pia."
A jamais sois bénie. "Ave Maria!"

NOTE.—Only one verse of the Breton version.

Le Soleil Monte

mf

Le so - leil monte à l'ho - ri - zon, La - caille est
dans les blés, la caille est dans les blés.....
Ma Jeanne, é - cou - te ma chanson Quel

LE SOLEIL MONTE

beautemps pour s'ai-mer! La la!..... Ma Jeanne, é-
 -cou-te, ma chanson. Quel beautemps pour s'ai-mer!.....

The musical score consists of two staves of music in a single system. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. It features a melody with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) and includes accents (^) over several notes. The second staff continues the melody and includes a fermata over the final note.

Le vent caresse la moisson ;
 Les champs sont embaumés.
 Ma Jeanne, écoute ma chanson.
 Quel beau temps pour s'aimer! La, la!

Non, Le Tailleur N'est Pas un Homme

Non, le tail-leur n'est pas un homme: Ce n'est rien
 qu'un tail-leur— Il a peur des coups, Il ta lle et
 coud, Et s'ac-crou-pit sur ses ge-noux. Non, le tail-
 -leur n'est pas un homme; Ce n'est rien qu'un tail-

The musical score consists of four staves of music in a single system. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. It features a melody with dynamic markings of *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *f* (forte), and includes accents (^) over several notes. The second staff continues the melody and includes a *crescendo* marking. The third staff continues the melody and includes a *f* marking. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a *sf* (sforzando) marking and a double bar line with repeat dots.

NATIONAL MUSIC



- leur, ce n'est rien qu'un tail - leur !

Non, le tailleur n'est pas un homme ;
Ce n'est rien qu'un tailleur.
C'est un fainéant,
Trop complaisant,
Quand une fille a des galants.
Non le tailleur, etc.

Non, le tailleur n'est pas un homme ;
Ce n'est rien qu'un tailleur.
Nous nous amusons
De ses chansons,
Mais c'est nous qui les arrosons.
Non le tailleur, etc.

Au Son du Fifre



Au son du fifre et du biniou, S'en va ga - ment un long cor -



- tè - ge. Le ciel est bleu, le vent est doux. Lan dou di di



lan dou di da. Les pommiers ont des fleurs de nei - ge. Le

AU SON DU FIFRE



ciel est bleu, le vent est doux. Lan dou di di lan dou di da.



Les pommiers ont des fleurs de nei - ge. Fil - les et gars, for -



- mez un rond A l'ombre des feuilles nou - vel - les, Et



jusqu'au soir nous tourn-er - ons, Lan dou di di lan dou di da,



Com - me les vi - ves hi - ron - del - les Et jus-qu'au soir nous



tourn - er - ons, Lan dou di di lan dou di da,



Com-me les vi-ves hi-ron-del-les Ah! Ah! Ah!

How Soon will Summer Shine ?

ALFRED AND ROSALEEN GRAVES.



"Oh, when will sum - mer shine? tell me!" "Why,



soon the birds will sing— hark ye!" A



bird will sing on eve - ry tree, The night - in - gale and



wren come again, The paint - ed jay and owl so gloomy.....

The quail will cry the long day through ;
The thrushes warble : " He loves you !"
And flowers of shining gold and blue
With leaves of dainty green shall be seen,
And wedding bells shake every steeple.

My lover's calling me, how oft !
My lover's whistling me, how soft !
" Come up, my love, come up aloft !
Where firs shut out the sky, here am I."
Oh, how my heart leaps up to hear him.

The Silver Mirror

(Les Miroirs d'Argent) (Er milvérieu Argant)

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.



Once in our village lived a love-ly lass,



No oth-er maid at all could match her;



Yet nev-er maid so mourn-ful was.

"What use are lovers now to me?" she said,
"What use my looks that all are praising?
Since I shall surely die unwed."

"Nay! say not so," her father spake;
"Dry your fond eyes! and cease from weeping;
For in a year a bride you'll make."

But at his words she shook her golden head.

"No! father, no!" she answered, sighing,
"When summer comes, I shall be dead.

"Then bury me in lonely, virgin ground.
Four flowering bushes plant above me;
Hid meaning in each one is found.

"Two red rose bushes and a laurel tree,
And, for the fourth, a love-lies-bleeding,
Plant them, dear father, over me.

"Then when at Vannes for peace the trumpets wake,
Soldiers to Bod Fai home returning
Each from my grave his flower shall take.

NATIONAL MUSIC

"Each one of them his favourite flower shall take,
Then stand, his rosary reciting
For her who died of love's heart-break.

"For o'er the mirror's round, alas!
That my dear Jean gave me at parting,
I saw today his dead face pass."

(The words by kind permission of Messrs. Stainer and Bell.)

La Basse-Brettonne



E - cou - tez, jeu-nes Mar-mail-les, Du jo - li pa ys d'ar



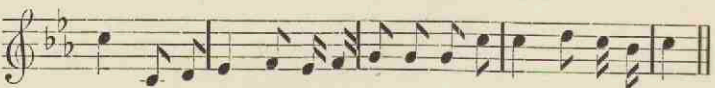
vor, Ceux de Vanne et de Cor-nou-ailles Du Lé - on et du Tré -



- gor, E-cou - tez bel-les Y - von-nes pe tits Yanns, pe-tits Y -



- vons: Gai, gai, gai! Res-tez Bre - ton-nes! Bon, bon, bon! Res-tez Bre -



- tons! Gai, gai, gai! Res-tez Bre-ton-nes! Bon, Bon, Bon! Restez Bretons!

LA BASSE-BRETONNE

Conservez vos robes faites
Moitié drap, moitié velours,
Tabliers et collerettes,
Devantiers brodés à jour ;
Gardez vos coiffes mignonnes,
Vos chupens, vos chapeaux ronds.

Gai, gai, gai ! etc.

Retenez bien les légendes
Que diront ceux de jadis
Autour des bons feux de landes
Allumés dans vos logis,
Leurs plaintes monotones
Et leurs joyeuses chansons :

Gai, gai, gai ! etc.

Gardez-vous des folles danses
Qu'on importe on ne sait d'où ;
Mais suivez, bien en cadences
La bombarde et le biniou ;
Les vieilles danses sont bonnes :
Jabadaos et rigaudons !

Gai, gai, gai ! etc.

Conservez dans vos chaumières,
Le respect des grands Aïeux ;
Soyez forts comme vos Pères
Et soyez chrétiens comme eux :
Priez vos saintes Patronnes
Et priez vos saints Patrons.

Gai, gai, gai ! etc.

Me anvez eur goulmik

(Je connais une Colombe*)

TALDIR.

Sur un air de danse.

Me an - vez eur goulmik Dindan ar c'hoa - jou, Uhel
eo he nei - zik, Ha teo ar bou - jou, Kouls-kou -
- de me am euz es - per Da gaout an doa - re Da c'hou

* La colombe craintive s'est enfuie dans les bois touffus et le chanteur se lamente de son abandon. Mais il espère la retrouver et la posséder de nouveau, sinon sur terre, du moins dans le bleu paradis.

NATIONAL MUSIC

D.C.



- nid he c'ha lon de - ner Ha d'hi c'haout d'in - me.

Me anvez eur goulmik
Ter ha gwe meurbed
Vel eur c'had eo spontik
Ne gar ket ar bed;
Koulskoude me am euz esper
Da gaout an doare
Da c'hounid he c'halon dener
Ha d'hi c'haout d'in-me.

Koulskoude, ma c'houlmik,
Ma teuz m'ankouaet
Em c'hreiz ma c'halonik
Da garo bepred!
Hag e virin c'hoaz an esper
Da gaout an doare
Da weled da ieuzou tener
O c'hoarzin d'in-me.

Me anvez eur goulmik
Duze barz ma bro:
Ma spered klanvidik
A gred eo maro!
Koulskoude me am euz esper
Da gaout an doare
Da hadgweled he drem seder
Ha d'hi c'haout d'in-me.

Ha mar d-out, ma c'houlmik,
Marvet d'an douar,
Ennon ma c'halonik
Wenvo a c'hlae'har. . . .
Mez mirout a rai an esper
D'az tizout eun de
Er baradoz glan ha seder
E touez an éle!

*French translation by ERWAN BERTHOU (Kaledvoulh), Druid
of the Gorsedd of Brittany.*

J'aime une colombe
Qui vit dans les bois
Dont le nid surplombe
Les nids que je vois.
Mais je garde l'espérance
De pouvoir un jour
Emporter sa résistance
A force d'amour.

J'aime une colombe
Qui fuit loin de moi,
La biche qui tombe
N'a pas plus d'émoi.
Mais je garde l'espérance
De pouvoir un jour
Capturer sa confiance
A force d'amour.

Pourtant, ma colombe,
Si tu m'oubliais
Moi jusqu'à la tombe
Je me souviendrais!
Mais je garde l'espérance
De te voir un jour
Me sourire avec clémence
Sans aucun détour.

J'aime une colombe
Au pays là-bas
Mon esprit succombe
Craignant son trépas.
Cependant j'ai l'espérance
De pouvoir un jour
Dans ses grands yeux d'innocence
Mirer mon amour.

ME ANVER EUR GOULMIK

Hélas, ma colombe,
Tu fuis dans la mort
Et mon cœur retombe
Dans le déconfort,
Mais il garde l'espérance
De l'atteindre un jour
Au Ciel, où ta pure essence
M'aimera toujours !

Le Grand Lustukru

THÉODORE BOTREL.

Allegretto. 4 §: 1

En - ten - dez - vous dans la
plai - ne Ce bruit ve - nant jus - qu'à nous ? On di -
- rait un bruit de chai - ne Se traî - nant sur les cail - loux..
mystérieux, apeuré. *rall.*
..... C'est le grand Lus - tu - kru qui pas se, Qui re -
- passe et s'en i - - ra Em - por - - tant dans sa be -

NATIONAL MUSIC



- sa - ce Tous les petits gas Qui ne dor - ment pas!



Très doux, berceur, à mi-voix

Lon lon la, Lon lon la, Lon lon la, Li - re



la, lon la! la, lon la!

[Tous droits réservés.]

Quelle est cette voix démente
 Qui traverse nos volets?
 Non, ce n'est pas la tourmente
 Qui joue avec les galets:
 C'est le grand Lustukru qui
 gronde,
 Qui gronde... et bientôt rira
 En ramassant à la ronde
 Tous les petits gas
 Qui ne dorment pas!
 Lon lon la, etc.

Qui donc gémit de la sorte
 Dans l'enclos, tout près d'ici?
 Faudra-t-il donc que je sorte
 Pour voir qui soupire ainsi?
 C'est le grand Lustukru qui
 pleure:
 Il a faim... et mangera
 Crus-tout-vifs, sans pain ni beurre,
 Tous les petits gas
 Qui ne dorment pas!
 Lon lon la, etc.

Qui voulez-vous que je mette
 Dans le sac au vilain vieux?
 Mon Dorik et ma Jeannette
 Viennent de fermer les yeux:
 Allez-vous en, méchant homme,
 Quérir ailleurs vos repas:
 Puisqu'ils font leur petit somme,
 Non, vous n'aurez pas
 Mes deux petits gas!
 Lon lon la, etc.

La Cruelle Berceuse

THÉODORE BOTREL.

Andantino non troppo.

4



La pau - vre veuve en sa chaumiè - re



A son pe - tit chan - tait tout bas: "Le Flot dé - ja



m'a pris ton frè - re; "Il l'aimait trop, ne l'ai - me pas!"

REFRAIN.



Ber - ce, di - sait la Mer per - verse, Ser - re - le b'en



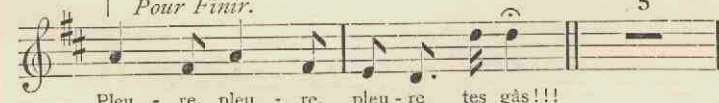
dans tes deux bras! Ber - ce, ber - ce, Ber - ce ton gâs!

Pour les Couplets.



Ber - ce, ber - ce, ber - ce ton gâs!

Pour Finir.



Pleu - re, pleu - re, pleu - re tes gâs!!!

[Tous droits réservés.]

NATIONAL MUSIC

Lorsque la Mer était très douce
Le petit gâs lui murmurait :
" Espère un peu, je serai mousse :
" Dès mes douze ans je partirai!..."

Rêve, disait le Vent de grève,
Rêve au beau jour où tu fuiras :
Rêve, rêve,
Rêve, mon gâs! } *bis.*

Lorsque la Mer était mauvaise
Le petit gâs à demi-nu
Chantait, debout sur la falaise,
Le front tourné vers l'Inconnu....

Chante, disait la Mer méchante,
Chante aussi fort que tu pour-
ras :
Chante, chante, } *bis.*
Chante, mon gâs! }

Un jour enfin la pauvre veuve
A vu partir son dernier-né...
S'en est allé vers Terre-Neuve
Comme autrefois son frère aîné!

Danse! Le Flot roule en cadence!
Jusqu'à ta mort tu danseras :
Danse, danse, } *bis.*
Danse, mon gâs! }

Son gâs parti, la pauvre femme
L'espère en vain depuis un an
En maudissant le Mer infâme
Qui lui répond en ricanant :

" Pleure, gémis! hurle à cette
heure :
J'ai, micux que toi, serré mes bras!"
Pleure, pleure, } *bis.*
Pleure tes gâs!!! }

Lâr d'in, Iann Soudard

(Dis moi, Jean Soldat)

TALDIR.

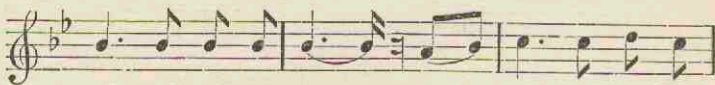
Air Breton.



Lâr d'in, Iann Sou - dard, ma mi - gnon, Perag



out deu - et ken fi - - - er? Da be - tra



e sonj da ga - lon Pa vez o kui - tât

LÂR D'IN, IANN SOUDARD

ar ger?..... Me sonj neu-ze d'am dou-sik
 koant Am gor-toz en eur oue - - la....
 En Lo-krist, par - roz Tre - bri - ant, Ha
 ma spe-red a gren - - va.....

Dis-moi, Jean Soldat, mon ami,
 Jeune conscrit de Basse-Bretagne,
 A quoi songe ton cœur
 Quand éclate la guerre ?

Quand la guerre fait rage
 Mon esprit reste sans inquiétude,
 Je pense que je mourrai avec
 honneur
 Pour défendre mon pays chéri.

Dis-moi, Jean Soldat, mon ami,
 Quand retentissent les coups de
 canon,

A quoi songe ton cœur
 Au milieu du combat désordonné ?

Je songe à mon heure dernière
 Et à ma pauvre mère qui est au
 pays ;

Et je prie Sainte Anne
 De me protéger à l'heure de la
 mort.

Dis-moi, Jean Soldat, mon ami,
 Si loin de ton pays chéri,
 A quoi songe ton cœur
 Quand tu es couché sur la paille ?

Quand je suis sur la paille, bien
 enveloppé,

Je songe à ma petite maison
 Et aux histoires que l'on raconte
 chaque soir

Autour de la large cheminée !

Dis-moi, Jean Soldat, mon ami,
 Quand sera finie la guerre,
 A quoi songera ton cœur,
 Quand tu seras en route pour la
 Basse-Bretagne ?

Je songerai à mes parents qui je
 vais revoir,

A l'église de la petite paroisse,
 Et au mariage qui se fera
 Entre moi et la petite Française.

Le Petit Grégoire

THÉODORE BOTREL.

Allegretto.

8 :§:

La ma - man du pe - tit homme Lui dit, un ma -
- tin : " A seize ans, t'es haut tout comme No - tre huche à
pain, A la Vil - le tu peux faire Un bon ap - pren -
rall. *Vivo*
- ti; Mais, pour la - bou - rer la ter - re, T'es ben trop pe -
ad lib. 4 :§:

- tit, mon ami! T'es ben trop pe - tit, Dame oui!"

Dans son palais de Versailles
Fut trouver le Roi :
" Je suis gâs de Cornouailles,
Sire, équipez-moi !"
Mais, le bon Roi Louis Scize
En riant lui dit :
" Pour être ' garde française '
T'es ben trop petit, mon ami,
T'es ben trop petit,
Dame, oui !"

La Guerre éclate en Bretagne
Au printemps suivant,
Et Grégoire entre en campagne
Avec Jean Chouan . . .
Les balles passaient, nombreuses,
Au-dessus de lui,
En sifflottant, dédaigneuses :
" Il est trop petit, ce joli,
Il est trop petit,
Dame, oui !"

LE PETIT GRÉGOIRE

Cependant une le frappe
 Entre les deux yeux . . .
 Par le trou l'âme s'échappe :
 Grégoire est aux cieux !
 Là, saint Pierre qu'il dérange
 Lui crie : " Hors d'ici !
 Il nous faut un grand Archange :
 T'es ben trop petit, mon ami,
 T'es ben trop petit,
 Dame, oui !"

Mais, en apprenant la chose,
 Jésus se fâcha ;
 Entr'ouvrit son manteau rose
 Pour qu'il s'y cachât ;
 Fit entrer ainsi Grégoire
 Dans son Paradis,
 En disant : " Mon ciel de gloire,
 En vérité, je vous le dis,
 Est pour les petits,
 Dame, oui !"

Sao Breiz-Izel

(Lève-toi Bretagne)

TALDIR,

Viel air breton.

Allegro.



NATIONAL MUSIC



fenn Breiz da vir - vi - ken! Breiz da vir - vi - ken!

Dihun Breiz-Vihan, ma mam binniget,
Rag an deiz a zo digouezet ;
Hon galv a ziston wer benn ar mene
Hag ac'h entana peb enc
Deuz peb parroz Breiziz a ziskenn,

AN HOLL : Breiz da virviken ! Breiz da virviken !

O iouc'hadennou a red dreuz d'an êr
Beteg goueled al lanneier,
Ar mammou a zigas o bugale
Da gaout o zadou en arme,
N'euz met eur iouc'h en Breiz penn-da-benn

AN HOLL : Breiz da virviken ! Breiz da virviken !

Mene-Bre 'ro dorn da Vene-Kragou,
Tridal a ra o c'hribennou,
Anê o-hunan o reier a ruill,
War an enebour kouezont puill
Gwagen ar mor a lar d'ar wagen :

AN HOLL : Breiz da virviken ! Breiz da virviken !

Beteg ar gwelec'hiou ar re bella
Ar c'horn a vrezel a vouda
Hag a lar d'an holl boblou euz ar bed
E ma beo gouenn ar Vretoned,
An avel-mor iud en eur dremenn :

AN HOLL : Breiz da virviken ! Breiz da virviken !

Kalonou an holl a zo entanet
Hag an divrec'h a zo nerzet,
Paotred Breiz-Vihan ha Breiziz-Tramor
A skloum o daouarn dreist ar mor :
Holl C'halloudek, ro'n trec'h d'az mibien,

AN HOLL : Breiz da virviken ! Breiz da virviken !

SAO BREIZ-IZEL

*French translation by ERWAN BERTHOU (Kaledvoulc'h)
Druid in the Gorsedd of Brittany.*

Relève, Breiz, tes drapeaux glorieux
Rougis du sang de nos aïeux.
Suspendons tous le glaive au baudrier ;
Que nos bras soient forgés d'acier,
Et n'ayons plus qu'un cri désormais,
Bretagne à jamais ! Bretagne à jamais !

Relève-toi, Bretagne au front chenu,
Car le grand jour est survenu !
Sur les hauteurs notre appel retentit
Au cœur du faible et du petit,
Tous les Bretons accourent tout prêts.
Bretagne à jamais ! Bretagne à jamais :

Leur cri d'appel a déchiré les airs
Jusqu'aux landiers les plus déserts.
Les mères ont amené leurs enfants
Au front rejoindre leurs parents,
Il n'est qu'un cri partout désormais,
Bretagne à jamais ! Bretagne à jamais !

Les monts de Bré vers les monts de Kragou,
Se sont inclinés tout à coup,
Et les rochers rugissant de leurs flancs
Se roulent sur les assaillants ;
Le flot répète au flot déchaîné,
Bretagne à jamais ! Bretagne à jamais !

Jusqu'au désert où le sable rougit
La corne de guerre a mugit
Disant le réveil des villes, des bourgs
De Breiz-Izel libre toujours,
Le vent de mer chante ses hauts faits,
Bretagne à jamais ! Bretagne à jamais !

Des cœurs puissants animent des bras forts
Qui briseront tous les efforts ;
Les gars de Breiz et les gars d'Outre Mer
Joindront bientôt leurs mains de fer.
Dieu ! Nous vaincrons si tu le permets,
Bretagne à jamais ! Bretagne à jamais !

Par le Petit Doigt

(Chanson alternée)

THÉODORE BOTREL.

Allegretto non troppo.

4 ♩ :

Quand tu re-ve-nais de clas-se Tout le long du
grand che-min, Dès que je te voy-ais las-se,
Vers toi je ten-dais la main, Et je te ra-me-
rall.
-nais chez toi En te tenant Bien gen-ti-ment
a tempo
Par le pe-tit doigt. Lon-la, lon-lai-re,
Par le pe-tit doigt, Lon - - - la!
rall. - - - - - ♩ :

PAR LE PETIT DOIGT

YVONNE :

Lorsque venait le dimanche
Tu mettais ton gilet bleu,
Je mettais ma coiffe blanche
Et nous allions prier Dieu
Au vieux bourg de St-Jean-du-
Doigt,

En nous tenant
Modestement
Par le petit doigt,
Lonla, lonlaire,
Par le petit doigt, } *bis.*
Lonla !

JEAN-PIERRE :

Puis, aux bons soirs d'assemblée,
Après la moisson d'Août,
Nous dansions la Dérobée
Au son d'un gai biniou,
Et tu ne dansais qu'avec moi

En me tenant
Bien gentiment
Par le petit doigt, etc.

YVONNE :

Mais un vilain soir d'automne
Mon Pierric part à Toulon
Disant : " Adieu, mon Yvonne,
Quatre ans marin... c'est bien
long !"

Moi, j'avais l'âme en désarroi
Te retenant
Bien tristement
Par le petit doigt, etc.

JEAN-PIERRE :

Quatre ans passent, quoi qu'on
dise,
Tant et si bien qu'un beau jour
Nous sortîmes de l'église

Tous les deux unis d'amour,
Le cœur rempli d'un doux émoi,

En nous tenant
Bien fièrement
Par le petit doigt, etc.

YVONNE :

Et nous voici père et mère
D'un mignon petit enfant
Qui se traîne encore à terre,
Quoiqu'il ait bientôt un an :
Il ne marche sans trop d'effroi

Qu'en nous tenant
Bien fortement
Par le petit doigt, etc.

JEAN-PIERRE :

Il serait doux, il me semble,
Quand nous serons vieux, très
vieux,

De fermer, tous deux ensemble,
Pour toujours, nos pauvres yeux
Dans notre vieux lit-clos étroit,

En nous tenant
Bien doucement
Par le petit doigt, etc.

YVONNE :

Et nous dirons à Saint Pierre :
" Ouvre-nous vite les cieux !
Mais il faut prendre la paire
Ou nous refuser tous deux,
Car nous voulons entrer chez Toi

En nous tenant
Bien gentiment
Par le petit doigt,
Monsieur Saint-Pierre,
Par le petit doigt, } *bis.*
Lonla !"

E kreiz Nozveziou hir ar Gouan

(Durant les longues veillées d'hiver*)

TALDIR.

Sur un air de Marc' harit Phulup.



E kreiz noz - ve - ziou hir ar goan Hol - la



i - ka hol - la - ik, E kreiz noz - ve - ziou hir ar



goan Eo brao di - vi - zi ha ka - nan.

Pa iud er meaz ar gorventen (*bis*)
Ha pa strak mein glaz an doen.

Pa ve jistr mad war an toliou (*bis*)
Ha levenez er c'halonou.

Merc'hed koant ive tro war dro
(*bis*)

Ha potred vad euz a beb bro.

Mare mare er gwele-kloz (*bis*)

E klever mouez dous ar vam goz.

Silaouit holl ! Ref ket a drouz
(*bis*),

Ar vam goz a zo kousket dous.

Mez varc'hoaz vintin e savo
(*bis*)

Ha koantoc'h vid biskoaz e vo !

Kaëroc'h evid eur boked roz
(*bis*)

E vo Breiz-Izel hon Mam goz !

Au milieu des longues nuits d'hiver,
Hollaïka, hollaïk !

Au milieu des longues nuits d'hiver,
Qu'il fait beau bavarder et chanter.

* Cette chanson dit le plaisir des veillées autour de l'âtre, quand le cidre pétille et que gars et filles se contentent de fleurette, non loin du lit-clos où sommeille la grand'mère. La grand'mère c'est la Bretagne, qui demain se levera et sera plus belle qu'un bouquet de roses.

E KREIZ NOZVEZIOU HIR AR GOUAN

Quand siffle au dehors la tempête,
Et quand craquent les ardoises bleues du toit.

Quand il y a du bon cidre sur les tables
Et de la joie dans les cœurs.

De jolies filles tout à l'entour
Et de solides gars de la contrée.

De temps à autre dans le lit-clos
On entend la voix de la grand'mère.

Écoutez tous, ne faites pas de bruit,
La Bretagne est là qui dort doucement.

Mais demain matin elle se levera
Et sera plus belle que jamais.

Plus belle qu'un bouquet de roses,
Sera la Bretagne notre grand'mère.

Plus belle que le soleil sacré
Sera notre grand'mère Bretagne.

Dors, mon gâs!

(Berceuse)

THÉODORE BOTREL.

Moderato.

8 ♩ :



A cô-té de ta mè-re, Fais ton pe-tit do-



- do..... Sans sa-voir que ton pê-re S'en est al-lé sur

NATIONAL MUSIC



l'eau! La Vague est en co - lè - re Et mur-mu-re là -



- has. A cô - té de ta mère, Fais do-do mon p'tit gâs!

Pour te bercer je chante !
Fais bien vite dodo,
Car dans ma voix tremblante
J'étouffe un long sanglot.
Quand la Mer est méchante
Mon cœur sonne le glas...
Mais il faut que je chante !
Fais dodo, mon p'tit gâs !

Si la douleur m'agite
Lorsque tu fais dodo,
C'est qu'un jour on se quitte :
Tu seras matelot.
Sur la vague maudite
Bien loin tu t'en iras...
Ne grandis pas trop vite :
Fais dodo, mon p'tit gâs !

Me ho salud, tud a galon

(Je vous salue, braves gens) (Evid digerri ar goueliou)

TALDIR.

Air breton.

Lusk kerzet.



Me ho salud tud a ga - lon Fleuren iaou-an - kiz

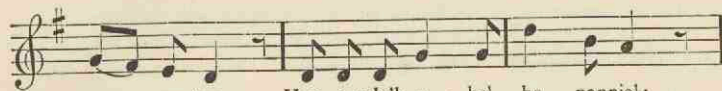


ar c'hanton, Me ho sa - lud tud a ga - lon,

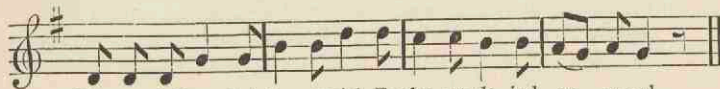
ME HO SALUD, TUD A GALON



Fleuren ioauan - kiz ar c'hanton A ra e nor d'ar



vro vre-ton, Hag a zalc'h u - hel ho panniel;



Hag a zalc'h u - hel ho panniel, En des-pet da iud an a-vel.

En despet d'an avel gwalorn
Ni chomo bepred dorn ouz
dorn

Ha ni welo deuz a bep korn
Tud eleiz o tond d'an arme;
Tud eleiz o tond d'an arme
Vid difenn gwirioù a c'hontre.

Evid difenn ar Brezonek
Ken enorus hag ar Gallek
Ar bihana vo kalonek,
Hag an disterra vo nerzus;
Hag an disterra vo nerzus
Rag souz' a-drenv a ve mezus.

Kemend Breton a zo d'emp kar
Kemend Bretonnez zo d'emp
c'hoar,

Ebarz ar vro-ma omp holl par
Dre 'n em zikour 'n eil egile;
Dre 'n em zikour 'n eil egile
Breiz vo gloriuz heb dale!

Ganeomp eo bet hadet an ed
En parkeier ar Vretoned,
Ganeomp e vo ive eostet,
Hag ar greun mad e-leiz hon zi
Hag ar greun mad e-leiz hon zi
A vago c'hoaz meur a remzi.

Rog echui ma c'hanaouen,
Chom a ra ganin da c'houlen
Ma kresko bemdeiz ar vanden
Euz ar re zo don en o c'hreiz;
Euz ar re zo don en o c'hreiz
Gwir garantez evid o Breiz!

Je vous salue, gens de cœur, élite de la jeunesse du
canton, qui faites honneur au pays breton et qui tenez
haut votre bannière, malgré les rafales du vent.

NATIONAL MUSIC

Malgré le vent du nord-est nous resterons toujours la main dans la main, et nous verrons de toutes parts les recrues accourir à l'armée pour défendre les droits du pays.

Pour défendre le Breton aussi honorable que le Français, le plus petit sera courageux et le plus faible sera fort, car reculer serait une honte.

Chaque Breton nous est parent, chaque Bretonne nous est sœur, dans ce pays nous sommes tous égaux, en nous entr'aidant l'un l'autre, la Bretagne sera glorieuse bientôt.

Nous avons semé le blé dans les champs des Bretons, nous le moissonnerons aussi, et le bon grain dans notre maison nourrira encore plusieurs générations.

Avant d'achever ma chanson, il me reste à souhaiter que s'augmente journellement le nombre de ceux qui ont au fond de la poitrine un véritable amour pour leur Bretagne.

v. 5994

