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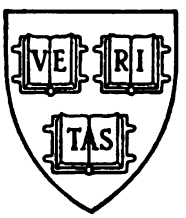

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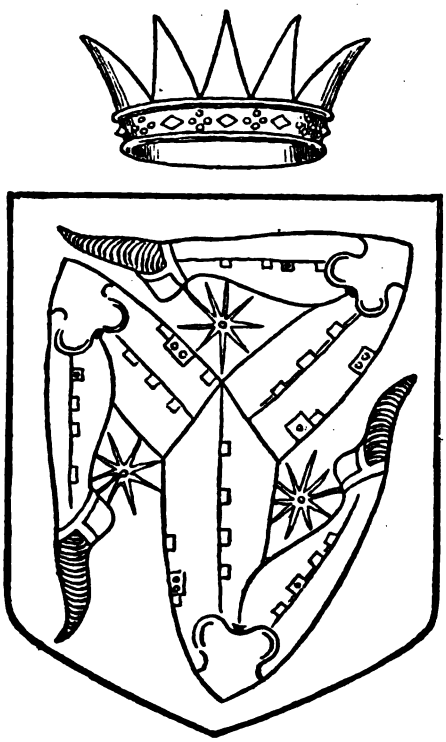

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PREFACE.

THE melodies of the Songs, Carols, and Dances contained in this Volume are the practical outcome of a project formed many years ago, and since often discussed 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 Man.

That the Island has possessed and still possesses a distinctive ancient national music of its own, is a fact as interesting as it was, till within the last two or three years, little known, even by those best versed in its history and the customs of its people.

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.

Fortunately there are still in the remote parts of the Island a few old people who possess a knowledge of this ancient music, but who, with characteristic modesty keep it to themselves, reluctant to sing the songs of their forefathers, lest the rising generation should, as indeed they often do, receive them with a lack of that reverence which they inspire in themselves. Unless they be preserved by writing, this knowledge must inevitably die within a very few years.

The object of the original projectors was to collect, record, and hand down all Manx National Melodies which could be found, whether printed, manuscript, or oral, ignoring any known to be not older than the present century; and as to those which had not been previously written, to take these down, from the persons who had a knowledge of them, with all the variations and imperfections due to oral transmission.

With this object in view they invited the co-operation of Mr. W. H. Gill, of Sidcup, Kent (a brother of Deemster Gill), who willingly joined them in the Summer of 1894, and a systematic search for Manx Music was then commenced.

Of music older than the present century none was found to have been printed except the thirteen tunes contained in "Mona Melodies"—a few of which had since been reprinted in various forms; and of manuscript music two or three tunes only were discovered.

The task was then undertaken of writing down the remaining mass of traditional melodies from the singing of those who still retained a knowledge of them, and who were found scattered over the whole of the Island. Tunes were obtained from every town and every parish, except one in which a thorough search has not yet been made—Dr. Clague working specially in the Southern parishes, Mr. W. H. Gill and Deemster Gill through the rest of the Island.

The result of the search, both as regards quantity and quality, far exceeded what was expected—and a large manuscript collection of over 260 local melodies has been secured. Of these some are complete, some are fragments only, and some are variations of other tunes.

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.

It is interesting to note that the contributors were chiefly men; that except in the case of the Carols, which are more generally known, and of a few other melodies, the various tunes were known to a very few besides the individuals from whom they were obtained, that more than half of the tunes which had been published in 1820 were entirely unknown, and that copies of the publication are extremely rare.

It is hoped ere long to publish the whole of this collection, with or without explanatory and other notes, for the use and information of those interested in the subject; meanwhile a selection of the melodies is given in this volume arranged for the Pianoforte by Mr. W. H. Gill.

After the search for melodies had proceeded to some extent, and their number, beauty, and national characteristics had been discussed, it was decided that the further object should be aimed at—of harmonising and arranging some of the melodies so as to adapt them for modern performance. vocal and instrumental—and thus make the best Manx Music generally known and once more heard.

Accordingly a selection was made and a volume of "Manx National Songs," with English words, was prepared by Mr. W. H. Gill, and published last year by Messrs. Boosey & Co., as a Volume of their Royal Edition of National Songs.

The present Volume contains a more extended selection including songs, carols, and dance music, arranged for the pianoforte

In the case of both Volumes the harmonies, the accompaniments, the symphonies and the arrangements generally are the work exclusively of Mr. W. H. Gill.

These Volumes are not intended to supersede the work originally contemplated. They however attain the original object in so far that they record most of the melodies of the general collection. These melodies can be studied, notwithstanding the added harmonies and arrangements which form no part of what was collected but are used merely as vehicles for the melodies, to ensure their being sung or played. Opinions may differ as to whether these harmonies and arrangements are justified or appropriate, they are given for what they are worth, and subject to the remarks on them in the "Sketch" by Mr. W. H. Gill, which follows this Preface.

The title "Manx National Music" is used in the sense only that the melodies, with many others now lost, are known to have been, in past days, popular and in general use in the Isle of Man, most of them associated with Manx words.

In the general collection and in this selection from it, tunes will be found which have evidently been imported, others which although probably native have a foreign complexion, and others again of great beauty and of undoubted antiquity, which appear to exist in this Island only, and possess characteristics distinctly local, especially those in the so-called "Dorian Mode," on the lines of which a strikingly large proportion of Manx Music is constructed.

In many cases it is as difficult, if indeed it is not impossible, to ascertain the original form of any given melody, as it is to discover its nationality; both must, in the large majority of cases, remain a matter of conjecture. The tunes in the general collection are recorded as they have been actually found to exist.

The work of discriminating between what is native and what imported, of deciding when and whence importation came, of determining whether or not the more ancient sacred music was introduced by the Church, and if so, whether before or since the Reformation, and of solving many other problems to which the general collection naturally gives rise, is one full of interest and of difficulty.

It involves more research than the compilers have, at present, time to devote to it; but being convinced that if adequately performed it would result in a valuable chapter in the history of national music, and knowing, as they do, that by far the greatest number of the tunes have never before been published or even reduced to writing, and come from a source which is rapidly being lost, the compilers consider they are doing a useful and patriotic work in rescuing these tunes and placing them on record for future use.

J. Fred. Gill.
J. Clague.
W. H. Gill.

Douglas, Isle of Man.
1st January, 1898.

MANX MUSIC.

A SKETCH.

INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE been asked to give a short account of the quest for Manx Music, in which, in concert with my brother, Deemster Gill, and our mutual friend, Dr. John Clague, I have had the privilege of taking an active part. I had hoped that someone more able and impartial than myself might have been found to undertake the task, but this has proved impracticable. Accordingly, at the risk of repeating myself by saying over again what I have already so often said in public, I venture to offer the following sketch—narrative, commentary, and apology in one—for what it is worth.

THE QUEST.

In the Summer of 1894 I was invited by my colleagues, as stated in the Preface, to help them in carrying out a project which had been formed many years ago and had since been often discussed by them, viz., to collect and preserve from the oblivion into which it was rapidly passing all that remained of the national music of the Isle of Man, for, with the exception of the thirteen tunes published in 1820 under the title "Mona Melodies," no attempt of the kind had ever been made before. The first steps of our joint undertaking were somewhat discouraging, for some people said, and to some extent truly, that it was

TOO LATE.

The old generation of untaught singing milkmaids and whistling ploughboys, and the race of itinerant fiddlers who used to delight the frequenters of the village inns, and the old people sitting in the cosy chimney-corners of the farm-houses, and the lasses and lads that danced in the barns at the *mehlias* or harvest-homes—these rustic musicians had passed away (so it was said) and the old tunes were being replaced by the tunes of the London music-halls. However, our gleanings from one source or another were not inconsiderable, and in spite of the seeming odds against us we still cherished a hope that by a carefully arranged

PLAN OF CAMPAIGN

we might yet discover in out-of-the-way spots on the mountains and among the solitary glens a remnant of the old folk who might still have retained some of the earlier tunes hitherto unrecorded.

THE HARVEST.

Nor were our hopes in vain, for subsequent search resulted in a success far exceeding our most sanguine expectations, and in a very considerable addition to our original collection.

CONTRIBUTORS.

We had the good fortune to interview in different parts of the Island quite a goodly number of old Manxmen and Manxwomen of ages ranging from 65 to 84, all more or less musically gifted, and some of whom had in their younger days enjoyed a local reputation as singers in church, chapel, farmhouse, or inn, as the case might be. These interviews took place indoors and out, in shoemaker's shops, in smithies, in public-houses, by the roadside, in mud-floored cottages, on door-steps, in turnip fields, and in cart-sheds. We found the tunes not in libraries or museums or concert-halls, for with the exception of a dozen or so they had never been written down; not in the drawing-rooms of the gentry, for piano-playing young ladies knew not of their existence; we got them not from the proud descendents of our great kings. Strange as it may appear, it is none the less true that we found them locked up in the heads and hearts of a few of the oldest men and women we could find; most of them unlettered, many of them more or less unskilled in music, all of them belonging to

THE PEASANT CLASS—

sailors, weavers, blacksmiths, fishermen, shoemakers, farm labourers, tillers of the land and sea, dwellers in little cottages of rough-hewn stone, which look as if they had built themselves, so like are they to the rough ground on which they stand, far distant from the towns, far away in the remotest wilds. The following extract from my diary—and I could give many more of a similar kind—will give some idea of the sort of people we had to interview, and of the wild surroundings of their secluded homes. It describes our visit to Philip Caine, or

"PHILLIE THE DESERT"

as he was called. He lived in a desert only in the sense that there were but few human habitations in sight, and yet a lovely spot not far from the "madding crowd" of that over-much crowded town called Douglas.

Very beautiful is that valley of West Baldwin, flanked by the rounded mountain of Garraghan, not far from his brother-mountain Pen-y-Phot. A clear stream meanders through the meadows, and the grey stems of the ash trees and birches flash like silver spears along the valley on this bright April day. In yonder little white-washed cottage by the road side that old man lives with his wife. The window-sills of red sand-stone are heightened with a wash of brilliant rose-colour, and on them there are a few bright flowers in pots. In front of it a trim little garden with flowering currants in full bloom, and golden daffodils in their happy negligée beauty. "Phillie is up in the loft," they tell us, "but he'll come down." Presently there appears at the top of the long flight of stone steps outside the barn an old man bent and crippled with rheumatism, his hair frosted with seventy-five winters, supporting himself with a stick in one hand, and a worn-out broom by way of a crutch under his arm. The cheerfulness and powers of endurance of the Manx peasantry are proverbial. As the old man crawled down those hard stone steps on hands and knees not a murmur escaped his lips. Only once afterwards the coming cloud overshadowed him for a moment. We were sitting in the cart-shed, and a horse-cloth spread over heaps of dried bracken afforded a homely couch in perfect keeping with the rustic surroundings. As the old man rose from his lowly seat with aching limbs he said, "I am thinking, Sir, it's Death; I don't think I'll be *in* another winter." But the next moment he was talking and singing and laughing as merrily as a child, and great was his delight to hear his tunes reproduced from the notes I had written down. The expression of that old man's face was wonderful to see. It was that of ecstasy. He had witnessed, as he thought, a miracle, a revelation, a piece of art-magic wrought in collusion with the Prince of Darkness. "Aw! grand extr'ordin'ry! Aw, well, well, I naver knew the lek was in!" As we left that old shed the valley was bathed in golden sunshine, the stream sang its old sweet song, and on

the sunny slope of the opposite hill the old man's grandson was driving his plough. That was on the 18th April, 1895, and during the interval which has elapsed, old Phillie the Desert has passed away "To where beyond these voices there is Peace."

Should the reader desire to know what means were used to coax the tunes out of these rugged but venerable and kind-hearted minstrels, I would remind him of that wonderful horn in the ancient legend; and how the music in it had got frozen and remained silent; and how on reaching home the player hung the horn up on its peg over the fire-place, and then gradually the music thawed, and lo! the air was flooded with streams of melody. It was the warmth of the fire that did it. And so, in spite of these old Manxmen's native reserve and shyness and sensitiveness, we soon found that the warmth of a kind word and a sympathetic smile opened to us all the treasures of their inmost hearts.

Of this music, thus rescued from the dead past,

THE FIRST NOTE

was struck in the hearing of the public, not in the little Island which had originally produced it, but in a small and somewhat obscure town in the south of England. In a lecture given before the *Sidcup Literary and Scientific Society*, on the 19th of March, 1895, I gave an account of our first voyage of discovery, and on that occasion was performed, for the first time in public, a concert programme consisting exclusively of Manx Music. The lecture, which was fully reported in the local newspaper, was reproduced in the *Musical Standard*, and, in view of the general interest which the subject aroused, the *Daily News* suggested the desirability of a repetition of the demonstration before a London audience. Accordingly, on the 14th of May, 1895, in response to an invitation from Sir John Stainer, I had the honour to read, at a meeting of the

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION

in London, a paper on Manx Music, with vocal and instrumental illustrations—and the sterling quality of these samples served to show that the find was well worth all the trouble that had been expended upon it.

I have often been asked,

ARE THE MANX A MUSICAL NATION?

By nature I believe they are. They certainly have good voices, and are very fond of music. But, until the beginning of the present century, they appear to have been wholly without a teacher. Poor old Shepherd of 90 years ago, with his Lancashire sol-fa system of singing, was the first musical missionary to the masses, and in our own day the disciples of John Curwen have introduced a better method. But, apart from these influences, we Manxmen have been musically self-taught, and the seeds of the music that is in us, such as it is, seem to have dropped direct from Heaven. Our only singing masters have been the birds of the air, the sea breezes, and the running brooks. If we had had more teachers we might have done better work. As it is, we have been a nation of untaught

NATURE SINGERS

and nature-poets and some of our tunes show it. There is that song, for instance, about the sheep under the snow (No. XXXI., Part I., Piano Arrangements). The originators of that melody (and it is without doubt as ancient as any of them) evidently knew nothing about harmony or the art of modulation as we understand it, and yet we have in it the *idea* of modulation in an embryonic state, prefigured like the full-blown rose in the tiny germ of the bud. Whatever may be the actual origin of this ancient music, it may be pretty safely conjectured that a great deal of it has been produced not by great composers, nor princes, nor court-bards taught by learned professors, but that it has

COME UP AS A FLOWER

out of the very soil, and has been moulded into shape by a slow process of

EVOLUTION

extending, it may be, over several centuries, by individual singers musically gifted, but technically untaught. All evolutionists are agreed that the two fundamental principles which underlie the life-history of an organism are

ENVIRONMENT AND HEREDITY.

And the life-history of a folk-song must follow these two universal laws of growth. The first step therefore to the due appreciation of Manx music is some knowledge, however slight, of the geographical position and physical character of the country which has produced the people, and of the characteristic traits—physical, intellectual, and moral—of the people who have produced the music. Under these two heads of Environment and Heredity, the following may be placed as the most important factors of evolution, viz.:—

I. Locality.
II. History.
III. Language.
IV. National Temperament.
V. National Instruments.

I.—LOCALITY.

Mr. Hall Caine, and many other eminent writers, have familiarized the world with the sweet beauty of the Manx scenery, and painted in glowing words the loveliness of its glens, its wealth of golden gorse and purple heather, and its "green hills by the sea." It would be strange if the dwellers in this enchanted land were not infected with a spirit of romanticism, and it is easy to see how to a simple-minded people the sights and sounds of Nature gradually assume definite shape, and at last find expression in wild melodies and the conception of fairies and phantoms. The faculty of seeing the unseen (if the expression may be allowed), and of hearing the inaudible so finely portrayed in Shakespeare's *Caliban*, is one of the earliest instincts in the evolution of man, and the very essence of the poetic art is but the emphasizing and higher development of this primitive child-like faculty. Hence it happens that to the unsophisticated Manxman—the cottager in the glen and on the lonely mountain-side—a belief in

FAIRIES

is to this day an essential part of his being. Until quite recently the mythology of Manxland was as real a thing as was the mythology of Ancient Greece. In illustration of this, here is a little story founded on fact relating with circumstantial detail the origin of one of our dance tunes, No. VI., Part III., called

"YN BOLLAN BANE."

The hero of the story was a Manx fiddler, who related it to a man who still lives to tell the tale. One night he went out on the mountains to look after his sheep, his only companions being his fiddle and his dog; and, on his way home, he came upon a favourite haunt of the fairies. To protect himself from their baneful influence, he had taken the precaution to gather some leaves of the *Bollan Bane (Mugwort)*, a weed possessing extraordinary properties which abounds in the island, and is reputed to be a specific against supernatural powers. The little people were making merry, as was their wont, dancing in the moonlight to the sound of their fairy fiddles. Desirous of learning the tune, which to him was new and very captivating, he listened attentively until he had caught it up and was able to reproduce it on his own fiddle. And then he went on his way home greatly rejoicing at his acquisition. When he had crossed the Slieu Dhoo and got to the big Carnane where the giant lies buried, he sat down to try the tune; but, alas! he had forgotten every note of it. Nothing daunted, however, he went back again, a whole mile or so, up the mountain slope and listened once more. The fairies were still, as he said, "carrying on." This time "he gor a good hould of the tune," and proceeded once more on his way home. It was now Sunday morning. The sun was rising as he crossed the big purple shoulder of Slieu Curn, and eventually he reached his little cottage home in Orry's dale, where, of course, he got a sound scolding from his good wife, Molly, for staying out all night.

However, music hath charms, and when he told his wife that he had got a tune which he would not exchange for a hundred pounds, she brightened up, and insisted on hearing it; and when, later on, "he purra a sthroke or two on the bow an' gav' her the tune," Molly, good soul, was so delighted that she vowed never again to be angry with a husband who could do "such terr'ble wondherful things."

II.—HISTORY.

The history of the Isle of Man is peculiarly interesting, and may be compared to a rich tapestry in which may be traced threads of many colours of nationality forming strongly contrasted patterns. For ages past the island was the battle field, as it is now the summer playground, of the surrounding nations. Its original inhabitants were Iberians, then it was conquered by the Celts, then by the Danes, after that by the Norwegians, then by the Scotch, and lastly by the English. Each of these nations has left its mark upon the character of its people, their language, their surnames, their place-names, and their ancient institutions. That being so, one would naturally expect to find in the national music of the island

TRACES

more or less marked of each of the nations who have had possession of it from time to time. As a matter of fact, traces of the Irish, Scotch, and English element are abundant. One of our tunes (No. XVI, Part I, Piano Arrangements) has been claimed by the Irish, by the Scotch, and by the English. The English call it "The Buff Coat"; the Scotch call it "The Deuks gang ower my daddie"; and Tom Moore appropriated it under the title, "My husband's a journey to Portugal gone." It is called in Manx "Kiark Catriney Marroo," which means "Catherine's hen is dead." Wherever the tune may have originated, the fact remains that it has, from time immemorial, been associated with an ancient custom held on St. Catherine's Day, and peculiar to the Isle of Man. Some of our tunes, however, are essentially Scotch in character, some are decidedly Irish, a few might pass for Welsh, while many have the unmistakable ring of the Old English School.

Indeed, it stands to reason, looking at the history and the geographical position of our island, that many of its tunes must have been

IMPORTED READY MADE,

and not composed on the spot. But, even so, Manxland should at least have the credit of having gathered into her bosom these waifs and strays of the surrounding lands, and thus kept them alive in the general struggle for existence. After allowing for all possible importations, there must still be a certain residue, be it large or small, purely Manx. Nothing short of an exhaustive search of all existing collections of folk-music can settle the question absolutely; but, so far as one can judge from the more generally accessible published collections, it would seem that such tunes as may have been imported into our little island have survived there, whereas they have been permitted to die and are now unknown elsewhere. Whatever be the origin of our music, a careful examination of our entire collection will leave no doubt in any candid mind that, as there is in our country and people

A CHARACTER PECULIARLY THEIR OWN,

so our music, taken as a whole, has an individually distinctive character which does not belong to the music of any other country. This can be more easily felt than described in words, but some of its specific characteristics will be described later on. Like those of Scotland, as described by Professor Shairp, these melodies of Manxland are "simple and yet strong; wild, yet sweet; answering wonderfully to the heart's primary emotions, lending themselves alike to sadness or gaiety, to humour, drollery, or pathos, to manly independence and resolve, or to heart-broken lamentation."

III.—LANGUAGE.

The ancient language of the Isle of Man is Gaelic, a branch of the Celtic. It was once the language of Europe and the universal language of the British Isles. Within the memory of men and women still living one-half of the population spoke Manx. Not many years ago it was taught in the schools; it was to be heard in the law courts, alike from the bench, from the bar, and from the witness-box. It was to be heard in the church service on one or more Sundays during each month. Now it is entirely discontinued. It has ceased to be taught in the schools; it is rarely heard in conversation except among the peasantry in out-of-the-way places. Writing thirty-six years ago, an accomplished Manx scholar described it as "a doomed language—an iceberg floating into Southern latitudes." To-day it is practically

A DEAD LANGUAGE.

To the philologist and antiquary, however, it possesses no small recommendation. It is peculiarly forcible and expressive. It is eminently a poetical language, dealing largely with metaphors. For instance, the Manx name for remorse is "a little bone in the breast." An inconstant person is styled "with me—with thee." For "the water is boiling" they say "the water is playing." The rainbow is "the going North." The Zodiac is the "footpath of the Sun." The word for child is "half-saint," and for bed "half-meat." The mere

SOUND OF THE LANGUAGE

has a grand rolling resonance and rhythmical pulse. Take, for instance, the last clause of the Lord's Prayer," "For Thine is the Kingdom":—"Son lhiats y reeriaght as y phooar as y ghloyr, son dy bragh as dy bragh. Amen."

This is the grave and sombre side of the language. It recalls the thunder of the big waves as they roll into the ocean caverns. But it has also a light and bright fantastic side, as illustrated in the following verses in imitation of the blackbird's song:—

"Kione jiarg, Kione jiarg,
Apyrn dhoo, Apyrn dhoo
Vel oo cheet, Vel oo cheet,
Skee fleau, Skee fleau,
Lhondoo, Lhondoo."

There may not be much sense or much poetry in this little song, and yet there is certainly *music* in it.

THE SOURCE OF FOLK SONGS

will always be an absolute mystery. Once the tune has been started it is comparatively easy to conceive the subsequent steps in the evolution; how one man put in a note here and another a note there; but the mystery is: how is the first idea produced, and whence does it come? Of the many existing definitions of Art perhaps the best, because the simplest, is that

ART IS AN IMITATION OF NATURE.

Take we then this jingle of words, and regard it as a little singing lesson from Nature. The very idea of it is pretty and poetical. It is an apostrophe to the blackbird. Picture the imitative animal, man, listening to the bird singing, then copying the birds' song-pattern, and translating it into his own word-language. It would be interesting to analyse the steps of the evolutionary process through which such a first idea as this, passing slowly through the alembic of Art, gets transformed and transmuted into a full-fledged blackbird song such as No. LVIII. (Piano Arrangements). Add a flute or clarinet *obbligato* and the summit of Art is attained. But are we to suppose that those Manx words are

A MERE JINGLE

of sound to please the ear of a child, and that the man who composed it was thinking of nothing beyond the mere bird? Would it be idle fancy and romance to suppose that he was really thinking, not so much of the bird as of his ruddy-haired sweetheart, who lives in the cottage with "the red fuchsia

tree" yonder? With this clue in mind let us translate the words into English.

Red head, Red head,
Black apron, black apron,
Are you coming? are you coming?
Tired waiting! tired waiting!
Blackbird! blackbird!

Primitive, rude, and unpolished as the thing is, one must admit that, in the very essence of it, it is a love-song; and if we analyse it we get this result. First the physical basis, the objective imitative element of Form—the melody and rhythm of *Sound*; and secondly, the subjective element of human *Emotion*—love, joy, sorrow, and kindred feelings, as the soul and motive. And when, in the words of Professor Shairp, Nature and "the sensitive imagination of man" meet, we have that "result or creation" which we call Art.

IV. NATIONAL TEMPERAMENT—

PHYSICAL, INTELLECTUAL, AND MORAL.

Some of our traits of character are conspicuous in our proverbs, of which we have a goodly number. One of these traits is our extreme caution, and a common saying with us is "Tra dy liooar." (Time enough.) But those who call us *slow* generally give us the credit of being also *sure*. In temperament the average Manxman is something between an Irishman and a Scotchman, the enthusiasm of the one being tempered with the coolness of the other. Neither optimist nor pessimist, he prefers in all things a middle course as the safest. His habitual policy is moderation. And if, as we have seen, the Manx peasantry are by nature superstitious, so also are they

ESSENTIALLY RELIGIOUS.

The large number and extreme simplicity of their ancient places of worship are evidences of a wide-spread and simple religious faith; and as in politics there are here no party differences, so in religion churchmen and dissenters are bosom friends. The seeds of Christianity introduced, as some think, in the fifth century by St. Patrick and his missionaries, seem to have found here a congenial soil. In later times John Wesley was particularly proud of his Manx preachers and of the islanders generally. He declares in his diary (1777) that in no other place had he found "so plain, so earnest, so simple, and so unpolluted a people." In those days the Manx sailor, before stepping on board his fishing boat, was wont to repeat a prayer invoking blessings on the fruits of his toil—a custom now more honoured in the breach than the observance. From very early times an extensive native literature had existed in the form of Carols. These were the fruits or accompaniments of a religious revival which, on the publication of

THE BIBLE IN MANX

in 1772, received a mighty accession of force. Here, as elsewhere, the opening of this marvellous picture-book operated like the touch of a magic spring. It was the Bible that inspired the greatest masterpieces of literature, painting, and music—Milton's great epic, Bunyan's incomparable allegory, Raphael's cartoons, Handel's "Messiah." So in this little kingdom of Man, it was the first opening of the Bible in the common language of the country that touched the heart and kindled the religious enthusiasm of the nation; and the result was the production of a vast number of these carols—a form of native literature which, though not of a high order, has a definite value in the history of letters.

V.—MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Unlike Ireland and the other surrounding countries, the Isle of Man cannot boast of any distinctively national musical instrument. Beyond a rude figure of a harp on one of the ancient Scandinavian crosses which abound in our country churchyards, and the existence, near Douglas, of a place named Glen Crutchery, the Harper's Glen,

NO TRACE OF THE HARP

can be found. Here, as elsewhere, the violin has always been, and is still, a favourite instrument; but its use in the past has been chiefly associated with dance music. Except in a limited sense the violin, like the human voice, has no fixed scale-intervals, and can, therefore, follow the voice with the same freedom that the voice can follow the instrument. Moreover, the older

MANX FIDDLES,

Dr. Clague tells me, were fitted with only three strings, the two lower ones supplying a continuous "pedal" harmony, like that produced by the drones of a bagpipe, whilst the highest string was reserved for the melody. Something of this effect is suggested in the piano arrangement of the two dances, Nos. XIV. and XVI., in Part III. of the present volume. But even for dancing purposes

THE VOICE

was, in days gone by, the instrument commonly employed; and, if no set words were available, a nonsense verse was extemporised. Thus the ideal of Manx music seems to be "Vox et praeterea nihil," which may be freely translated, Given a voice, man needs nothing more. Even to-day it is very noticeable that all through the singing of a song

THE WORDS RULE

while the music merely follows. It is chanting rather than singing. Or rather it appears as though music and words were twin-born. Nay, more, they are not kin, they are one; so that, if you ask your bard, as we often had occasion to do, to sing or hum the tune apart from the words, he can hardly do so, and if he once loses the words of his song the music is gone beyond recall. Hence we may truly say of Manx music that, having been born of the voice, it is

ESSENTIALLY VOCAL.

Indeed, we may carry our theorising one step farther. In early times, in all countries alike, the

LIMITATIONS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

while in some respects promoting musical progress, have at the same time retarded it by imposing upon the voice an uncongenial scale of "tempered" intervals, and by confining it to certain keys and modulations to the exclusion of others. Hence we may argue, from what has been stated above, that the dearth of musical instruments in Man may have had a beneficial effect by making the singers rely entirely upon their unaided voices, thus conducing to purer intonation as well as greater variety of melodic design. However that may be, I would venture to say to

THE MANX COMPOSER OF THE FUTURE,

"Now you have recovered your lost models, study reverently their lines and proportions, and continue the work your fathers have commenced. But be not content with mere imitation of outward form. You can no more make Manx music by using the Dorian mode than you can make Scotch music, as is popularly supposed, by playing at random on the black keys of the piano. What we want is not so much the old form as the old spirit of the thing. We want the heart of the people, and the life of the people, and their character stamped upon the music, so that in times to come our countrymen may be able to say of your music, as we can all say of many of these old tunes, 'that music is essentially Manx—Manx in character, in purpose, in feeling.'"

To estimate truly the intrinsic value of these melodies, especially the more ancient ones, one ought in strictness to see them as we found them, growing like wild flowers among the ling and gorse of our native land—bare, naked melodies, without harmony or accompaniment of any kind—very foundlings, many of them, without even a name; all of them without a pedigree; rough diamonds, without polish or setting. Moreover, to appreciate their full flavour, one ought to come upon them in their original wild state, nestling in the hearts and homes of these primitive people, now warm with the life-pulse of love and joy, now toned down with the weight of care and

sorrow and bitter endurance. They should be heard sung to

MANX WORDS

and with the vocal intonation peculiar to the people. It is delightful to hear these old men expatiate upon the superior strength and beauty of their ancient language as compared with English—for they know both languages, and are keenly critical. At the end of a verse or a line they will suddenly stop singing and lose themselves in an ecstasy of admiration, commenting upon what they have been singing about, translating a Manx word here and there, explaining an idiom, or enlarging upon the incidents of the story. Now it is the stirring history of the brave Thurot, now the sad disaster to the herring fleet; now it is the lost sheep, the jilted maiden, the courting, the marrying, the hush-a-bye-baby, the spinning, the milking, the ploughing, and all the varied incidents of a rough country life. It is all so real and earnest. No mawkishness, no affectation; all pointing to the stern fact that in these dwellings of the poor "life is real, life is earnest." In the singing of these old people, as well as in their recitation of poetry, of which latter they are particularly fond, we found at times almost a total absence of a definite

METRICAL ACCENT,

and in its stead an ever smoothly-flowing rhythm, relieved here and there —often in the least expected places—by a pause of indefinite length. In fact such was the freedom of the "phrasing," and to such an extent was the rhythmic structure concealed, that much of their music might be appropriately represented like

PLAIN SONG

without any bar-lines. Nor was this vagueness due to any lack of rhythmic sense on the part of the performer, for when a dance tune had to be sung it was rendered with due precision and clearness of accent. And yet, if the tunes could be written down, as with a phonograph, exactly as we heard them, and then reproduced faithfully, with all their vagueness of *tempo*, their uncertainness of intonation, their little quaverings and embellishments, quite unrepresentable by ordinary musical notation, if we had all these things faithfully registered, who would care for the result? Some would ask "Can these dry bones live?" Others would impatiently exclaim, "How different from the singing of trained singers!" Yes, and I had almost said, "How much better!" Strong, at least, in its very sincerity, and earnestness, and freedom, and artlessness, even as nature is stronger than art. To us, indeed, it was a definite pleasure, though not unmixed with sadness, to hear these old voices now cracked and wasted by a life-long strain of hardship, for one could perceive inside those rough hard husks a kernel sweet and fragrant as the almond—so true is it that when a man sings with his soul one has no mind to criticise his voice. But, apart from considerations of sentiment, two practical difficulties had to be faced. First, as regards

THE RAW MATERIAL,

the object was to obtain an absolutely *true record* of the melody, the whole melody, and nothing but the melody, and in attaining this object the difficulty was twofold, viz., to represent in the precise and inelastic terms of musical notation, without prejudice and uninfluenced by preconceived ideas of artistic right and wrong, the melody which, as actually heard, was often exceedingly vague and indefinite as regards both tune and time. In respect of *intonation*, the difficulty lay in discriminating between the peculiar *tonality* of the ancient "modes" and that of modern music; while as regards *time*, the difficulty was the right placing of the bar-lines with due regard to the grammatical accent as distinguished from the artistic pause and emphasis imported by the individual singer. And, secondly, as regards

THE WROUGHT MATERIAL,

the difficulty was to determine the precise form in which to present these melodies to the outside world, for it seemed clear that in order to make these rough things presentable to modern ears and palatable to modern taste,

THE FOUNDLINGS MUST BE CLOTHED,

the ore smelted, the gold minted, the diamonds polished and set, the flowers "arranged." Laying aside all metaphor, as editor of this music in its present form, I would say once for all that in endeavouring to combine antiquarian fidelity with artistic beauty I am conscious of having essayed a difficult if not impossible task. In

"ARRANGING"

the melodies full advantage has been taken of the latitude implied by the word. As regards the

HARMONIES,

my object, be it right or wrong, has been to add just enough of modern harmonic colour to make the tunes interesting to an average modern audience; and so give them a chance of life, not only in a scientific lecture or on the shelves of the antiquarian's library, but in the drawing-room of the rich, in the cottage of the poor, and in the concert hall. How far I have succeeded must be left for the critics and the people to decide. Again, in dealing with the vexed question of

"RESTORATION,"

the difficulty has been equally great, and I gladly avail myself of this opportunity to state exactly the extent of my "tampering," as some would call it. In those cases where the tune, as found, was obviously only a fragment of a larger whole I have ventured to supply new material, preserving as far as possible the character of the surviving portion. Fortunately the necessity for such restoration has arisen so seldom, and the additions which have been actually made are, under the circumstances, so trifling as to be scarcely worth mentioning. If only, however, to pacify the anti-restorationist the following

LIST OF ACTUAL RESTORATIONS

is given. The numbers refer to the piano arrangements.

Part I.—Nos. I. and VII., 4 bars added to introduce *dominant* cadence leading to a repeat; VIII., 8 bars added as 2nd subject; XXII., 4 bars added as 2nd subject; XXIV., 2 bars added, *inverted pedal;* XLVI., two different tunes (commonly sung to the same song) combined to form one tune; LII., 8 bars (minor theme) added as a variation; LV., 6 bars of symphony mistaken as part of melody by the Librettist, and set to words in song-book; LVII., 4 bars added as *coda;* LXIV., 4 bars added to form chorus; LXVIII., 2 bars added for symmetry.

Part II.—No additions.

Part III.—Nos. II. and IV., 8 bars added to form 2nd subject; VIII., 2 bars added to restore balance; XV., 8 bars (minor theme) added as a variation.

The propriety of these restorations, or the contrary, can be tested when, in accordance with our original plan,

THE ACTUAL MELODIES AS WE FOUND THEM

shall have been published in a separate volume.

"THE ROYAL EDITION."

But to resume my narrative. The next important step was the publication in September, 1896, by Messrs. Boosey, of 51 songs, selected from the general collection, and set to English words with piano accompaniment. As stated in the preface, the title of this book,

"MANX NATIONAL SONGS,"

is used in the sense only that the melodies, with many others now lost, are known to have been in past days popular, and in general use in the Isle of Man, most of them associated with Manx words. The publication of this song book was an important step, because it has given the music of Manxland a prominent position by placing it on the same shelf with that of other countries, and within the reach of all lovers of folk-music. This volume furnished the exclusive material for the programmes of several

CONCERTS.

One, given in Sidcup in February, 1897, attracted an exceptionally large audience, as did also two lecture recitals in London, the first on the 19th of December, 1896, under the auspices of the *Irish Literary Society*,

and the second on the 2nd of April, 1897, before the *London Manx Society*. These lectures and demonstrations were supplemented on the 7th and 14th of January, 1897, and again on the 29th of December, by concerts of Manx music in Douglas, which caused immense excitement, and attracted the largest patriotic audiences ever brought together in the island. That the book has been a success is amply proved by the frankly undisguised appreciation it has received from professional singers and their audiences, not only in London but in the provinces, as well as by the fact that within some three or four months of its publication a second issue of a thousand copies was called for.

But this volume of songs, which has already become so well known and so much appreciated, contains only the

FIRST-FRUITS OF THE HARVEST.

The success of the first instalment has justified the publishers in issuing, in accordance with the original design of the projectors this second volume, consisting of Manx music simply arranged for the piano—in fact a volume of

MANX SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.

Of this volume the first part consists of piano arrangements of all the

SONGS AND BALLADS

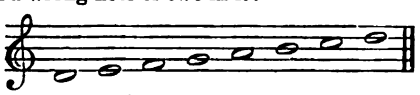
contained in the song book, besides many others, for which suitable English words will doubtless be forthcomnig in due time. The second part consists of

CAROLS AND HYMNS.

This class of Manx traditional music is that most generally known, and the singing of it in public has survived the longest. These *carvals*—a corruption of the English word carol—to which I have already referred in speaking of the essentially religious character of the Manx people, are ballads on sacred subjects which in days gone by it was the custom to sing in the churches and chapels on the eve of Christmas Day, called the *Oie-il-Verree*. Many of these carols are particularly interesting, as illustrating a very conspicuous characteristic of Manx music, viz.: the prevalence of the so-called

DORIAN MODE.

This mode, differing essentially, as it does, from our modern major and minor scales, lends a peculiar flavour which, despite its strangeness at first hearing, has nevertheless a very decided charm of its own. If anyone will play on the piano the following succession of notes up and down many times he will experience a strange mental sensation as of a scale with a wrong note or two in it:

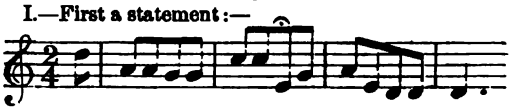


and, if he be of a combative disposition, he will probably be possessed of a strong desire to flatten the B and sharpen the C. Further study will show that this Dorian mode is one of the ancient alphabets of an idiom of music which has become practically obsolete. For a musician whose acquaintance with the ancient modes was confined to churches and scientific books to be brought face to face with them in actual simple peasant life, and hear these untaught, essentially unecclesiastical, and unscientific people actually singing "Gregorian" music—delightfully unconscious that they were doing anything out of the common—was an experience both novel and startling. One of the tunes in the song book (No. V., Part I., in the piano arrangements) besides furnishing an interesting and beautiful example of the Dorian mode is also a good typical specimen of a

STRUCTURAL FORM OF MELODY

common in Ireland, and still more common in the Isle of Man. In the conventional four-line melody there is generally first a musical thought or statement, then a reply, then another (or the same) statement, and lastly another (or the same) reply. In this and other tunes of the same type the *order* of statement and reply is different and peculiar. Here we have

I.—First a statement:—



II.—Then a reply:—

III.—Then a repetition (or modification) of the same reply:—

IV.—Finally a repetition (or modification) of the original statement:—

This scheme is analogous to that of the rhymes in "In Memoriam," where the first line rhymes with the fourth and the second with the third.

OTHER EXAMPLES

of this peculiar structure of melody are the following (the numbers refer to the piano arrangements):—Part I., Nos. III., V., IX., X., XXVI., XXXVI., XXXIX., XLI., L., LIX., LXI., LXII., LXXII., LXXXVIII., XC. Part II., Nos. II., III., IV., VI., X., XXI.

"The question of determining whether or not the more ancient

SACRED MUSIC

represented by these carols and hymns was introduced by the Church, and, if so, whether before or since the Reformation, as also of solving many other problems to which the general collection naturally gives rise, is one full of interest and difficulty. Such problems involve more research than the compilers have at present time to devote to it; but being convinced that if adequately performed it would result in a valuable chapter in the history of National Music, and knowing as they do that by far the greater number of the tunes have never before been published, or ever reduced to writing, and come from a source which is rapidly being lost, the compilers consider they are doing a useful and patriotic work in rescuing these tunes and placing them on record for future use." *

The third part of the book consists of

DANCE TUNES,

all more or less interesting, of which the pedigree cannot at present be fixed with any certainty.

CONCLUSION.

I cannot better conclude this sketch than by quoting the opinion of the "Little Manx Nation" itself, as expressed in its leading journal: "The compilers of these Manx National Songs have done the State a service by rescuing from almost certain extinction the songs of our native land; songs, many of them beautiful in their melodiousness and quaintness, strongly characteristic of the race which gave them birth, and, with few exceptions, entirely unknown to the present generation. This has been accomplished only by dint of unwearied devotion to a cause which to many would have seemed hopeless."

W. H. G.

Sidcup, Kent.
1st January, 1898.

* Preface—*antea.*

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PART I.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

NO.	MANX TITLE.	ENGLISH TITLE, *and Title in "Manx National Songs."*	PAGE
I.	Yn guilley de roie	A Boy to run and a Boy to hoe / *The Deemster's Daughter*	1
II.	Isbal foalsey	*False Isabel*	2
III.			2
IV.	Jerrey yn theill	The end of the World	3
V.		*As I went out one morning clear*	4
VI.	Sooree	Courting / *Gwendolen*	4
VII.		*When Maggie gangs away*	5
VIII.	Ushag veg ruy ny moaney dhoo	Little red bird of the black marsh / *Hush, little darling*	6
IX.		*I saw thee weep*	7
X.	Hie my graih shaghey	When my Love came near / *Love's Flight*	8
XI.	Hie mee stiagh dhys thie ben-treoghe.	I went into the Widow's house / *The cutting of the turf*	9
XII.		*We watched her breathing through the night*	10
XIII.	She boson dy row ayns Dover s'thie..	It was a boatswain whose house was at Dover	11
XIV.	Yn mwyllin skilley	Shelling corn at the mill	12
XV.		*An Autumn song*	13
XVI.	Kiark Catriney Marroo	Catherine's Hen is dead / *A Song of Farmers' Daughters, No. 2.*	14
XVII.		*The Manx Exile*	14
XVIII.	Ta traa gholl thie	It's time to go home / *The parting hour*	15
XIX.			16
XX.	Mylecharane, No. 1.	*Mylecharane*	16
XXI.	Mylecharane, No. 2.	*Mylecharane*	18
XXII.	My graih, nagh share dyn farraghtyn?	Had we not better wait, my dear? / *We'd better wait a while, my dear*	19
XXIII.	Juan y jaggad Keear	John with the grey jacket / *The Fairies' Dance*	20
XXIV.	Arrane ny jennyn	Song of the Jennys	21
XXV.		*Hunt the Wren*	22
XXVI.	Shannon rea	Clear Shannon	23
XXVII.	Arrane ny clean	Cradle Song / *O hush thee, my babie*	24
XXVIII.			25
XXIX.	Illiam Dhoan	Brown William / *Illiam Dhoan, No. 1.*	26
XXX.		*The Battle of Santwat*	27
XXXI.	Ny kirree fo niaghtey	*The Sheep under the Snow*	28
XXXII.	Thurot as Elliott	Thurot and Elliot	30
XXXIII.	Myr walkal mish magh moghrey	As I walked out one morning	30
XXXIV.	*Ellan Vannin*	Isle of Man / *Ellan Vannin*	31
XXXV.	Arrane mysh ny Baatyn-skeddan	Song of the Herring-fleet	32
XXXVI.			32
XXXVII.	Stroid ushtey	The Waistral	33
XXXVIII.	Yn Oabbyr-vwyllin	The Mill-hopper / *Happy as a King*	34
XXXIX.	Callin veg Dhoan	My little brown girl / *Fair maids of Mann*	35
XL.	Ec Ollic Ball ny Fiddleryn	At the Fiddler's Christmas Ball	36
XLI.	Sooree	Courting / *A Song on Farmers' Daughters, No. 1.*	36

NO.	MANX TITLE.	ENGLISH TITLE, *and Title in "Manx National Songs."*	PAGE
XLII.	Arrane meshtallagh	Drinking Song	38
XLIII.		*She answered me quite modestly*	38
XLIV.	Va oie ayns Cronk Ally Mooar	One night in Cronk Ally Mooar	40
XLV.	Arrane ny Queeyl-neuiee	Spinning-wheel Song	41
XLVI.	Yn Colbagh Breck er Sthrap	The Speckled heifer tethered / *The maid of Port-y-Shee; also* / *The King of the Sea*	42
XLVII.	Oh, Sheign dooin	Oh, we must / *Orry the Dane*	43
XLVIII.	Arrane mysh ny Baatyn-skeddan	Song of the Herring-Fleet / *The wreck of the Herring-Fleet*	44
XLIX.	Do.	Song of the Herring-Fleet	48
L.	Myr hie mee gys Sostyn	As I went to England	48
LI.	Ec ny Fiddleryn	Among the Fiddlers	49
LII.	My hene Dooinney veen	My own dear Man / *Heroes all!*	50
LIII.	Skeilley Vridey	Kirk Bride / *Manxmen we'll remain*	50
LIV.		*Lament of the Duchess of Gloucester*	52
LV.		*Robin and Betsy*	53
LVI.	My graih ta gholl-rish y ghrian	My love is like the sun	54
LVII.	Moghrey laa Boaldyn	The morning of May Day / *Home*	54
LVIII.		*O, what if the Fowler*	56
LIX.	Thurot as Elliot	Thurot and Elliot / *Thurot*	57
LX.	Arrane ny guilley-hesheree	*The Ploughman's Song*	58
LXI.	Nagh nee shen my graih?	Is not that my Love?	60
LXII.	Marrinys yn "Tiger"	*The Cruise of the "Tiger"*	60
LXIII.	Illiam y Thalhear	William the Tailor	61
LXIV.		*Ramsey Town*	62
LXV.	C'raad t'ou goll, my Chaillin veg dhoan?	Where are you going, my little brown girl?	63
LXVI.	Yn Sooreedeyr	The Courtier	63
LXVII.	Ta billey beg glass ayns garey my yshig	There is a little green tree in my father's garden	64
LXVIII.	O ven aeg, Ven aalin aeg	O young woman, fair young woman	64
LXIX.	Mie moghrey dhyts as gerjagh	Good morning and happiness	65
LXX.	Va daa lhong voish cheer y twoaie	There were two ships from the North	65
LXXI.	Ta Cashen ersooyl gys yn aarkey	Cashen has gone to sea	66
LXXII.	Y Graihder ny Sidoor	The Soldier's Lover	66
LXXIII.	Va Ben seyr ayns y Garey	It was a Lady in a garden	67
LXXIV.	Guillin my chree! cre nee mayd nish?	My dear boys! what shall we do now?	68
LXXV.	Ta mish Ben aeg berchagh	I am a youthful Lady	68
LXXVI.	O Kirree, t'ou gholl dy faagail me	O Kitty, you are going to leave me	69
LXXVII.	Ta Dick veg er yannoo mie	Little Dick has done well	69
LXXVIII.	Y Nastey-Phoosee	The Betrothal	70
LXXIX.	My Shenn Yshig	My old Father	70
LXXX.	Ayns n' Albin	In Scotland	71
LXXXI.	Ta'n Bock, aboo! ersooyl	Alas! the horse is gone	72
LXXXII.			73
LXXXIII.	Ree! Ben Juan Tammy	Run! John Tommy's wife	74
LXXXIV.	Va Shiaulteyr voish y twoaie	There was a Sailor from the North	75
LXXXV.	Illiam Boght	Poor William / *Slumber Darling**	76
LXXXVI.	Vannin Veg Veen	Dear little Isle of Man / *His last Good-bye**	77
LXXXVII.	Three Eeasteyryn Boghtey	Three poor Fishers	78
LXXXVIII.	Ushtey millish 'sy Garee	Sweet water in the Common	79
LXXXIX.	Tra va mee my guilley aegagh as raagh	When I was a young man	80
XC.	Va Nancy ayns Lunnon	Nancy in London	80
XCI.	Tra va mee aeg as lajer	When I was young and strong	81
XCII.	Bannaght lhiu, as shee dy row meriu, vraane ny Spainey	Farewell and adieu to you Spanish ladies	81
XCIII.	O Graih my Chree!	O love of my heart!	82

* As yet unpublished.

PART II.
CAROLS AND HYMNS.

NO.	MANX TITLE.	ENGLISH TITLE, *and Title in "Manx National Songs."*	PAGE
I.	.. ..	*Two Lovers*	83
II.	Shannon Rea	Clear Shannon	84
III.	Eaisht oo as clashtyn	Listen and hear .. / *The Harvest of the Sea*	84
IV.	.. ..	.. ..	85
V.	.. ..	.. ..	85
VI.	Carval Yoseph	Joseph's Carol	86
VII.	Mish ta'n Billey Roauyr	I am the Fruitful Tree	86
VIII.	.. ..	.. ..	87
XIX.	.. ..	.. ..	88
X.	.. ..	.. ..	88
XI.	Carval, Ny Drogh Vraane	Carol, Base Women / *Illiam Dhoan, No. 2*	89
XII.	.. ..	.. ..	90
XIII.	.. ..	.. ..	90
XIV.	.. ..	.. ..	91
XV.	Carval, Yn Mac stroialtagh	Carol, The Prodigal Son	91
XVI.	Do.	Do.	92
XVII.	.. ..	*The Good Old Way*	92
XVIII.	.. ..	.. ..	93
XIX.	Arrane ny Clean	Cradle Hymn / *Hush, my Babe*	93
XX.	Carval, Deiney as Vraane	Carol, Men and Women	94
XXI.	Carval, My Chaarjyn, gow shiu tastey	Carol, My Friend, take you notice ..	94
XXII.	Marroon, O colb ec Shee	Dirge, O Body at rest	95
XXIII.	Carval, Aarey Yacob	Carol, Jacob's Ladder	95
XXIV.	.. ..	.. ..	96
XXV.	Carval, Baase Chreest	Carol, The Death of Christ / *Remembrance**	96
XXVI.	.. ..	.. ..	97
XXVII.	Carval, Er Baase as Beaynid	Carol, On Death and Eternity	98
XXVIII.	Arrane ny Clean	Cradle Hymn	98
XXIX.	Carval ny Guillin bane	Carol of the White Boys	99
XXX.	Moylley gys Jee, my chaarjyn	Praise God, my Friends	100

PART III.
DANCE TUNES.

NO.	MANX TITLE.	ENGLISH TITLE, *and Title in "Manx National Songs."*	PAGE
I.	.. ..	Step Dance	101
II.	Yn Unnysup (Wandescope) .. .. / *Mannin veg villish veen*	The Minstrel's Cup / *Dear little Isle of Man*	102
III.	.. ..	*The Manxman and the King*	104
IV.	Hyndaa y builley	Return the Blow (Frog Dance)	105
V.	.. ..	Jig	106
VI.	Yn Bollan Bane	The White Herb	106
VII.	.. ..	Mona's Delight	108
VIII.	Tappaghyn Jiargey	Red Top-Knots .. / *The Rival Cockades*	109
IX.	Do.	Fantasia on No. VIII.	110
X.	Berry Dhoan	Brown Betty	111
XI.	.. ..	.. ..	112
XII.	Creg Willy Syl	Willy Sylvester's Rock	113
XIII.	Car y Phoosee	Wedding Song / *A Manx Wedding*	114
XIV.	Moghrey Laa Boaldyn	The morning of May Day	115
XV.	.. ..	Pageant Music	116
XVI.	Kyndagh rish ny dangeryn jeh'n Keayn	On account of the dangers of the sea ..	117
XVII.	.. ..	.. ..	118
XVIII.	Daunsin ny Ferishyn	Fairies' Dance	119

* As yet unpublished.

PART I.

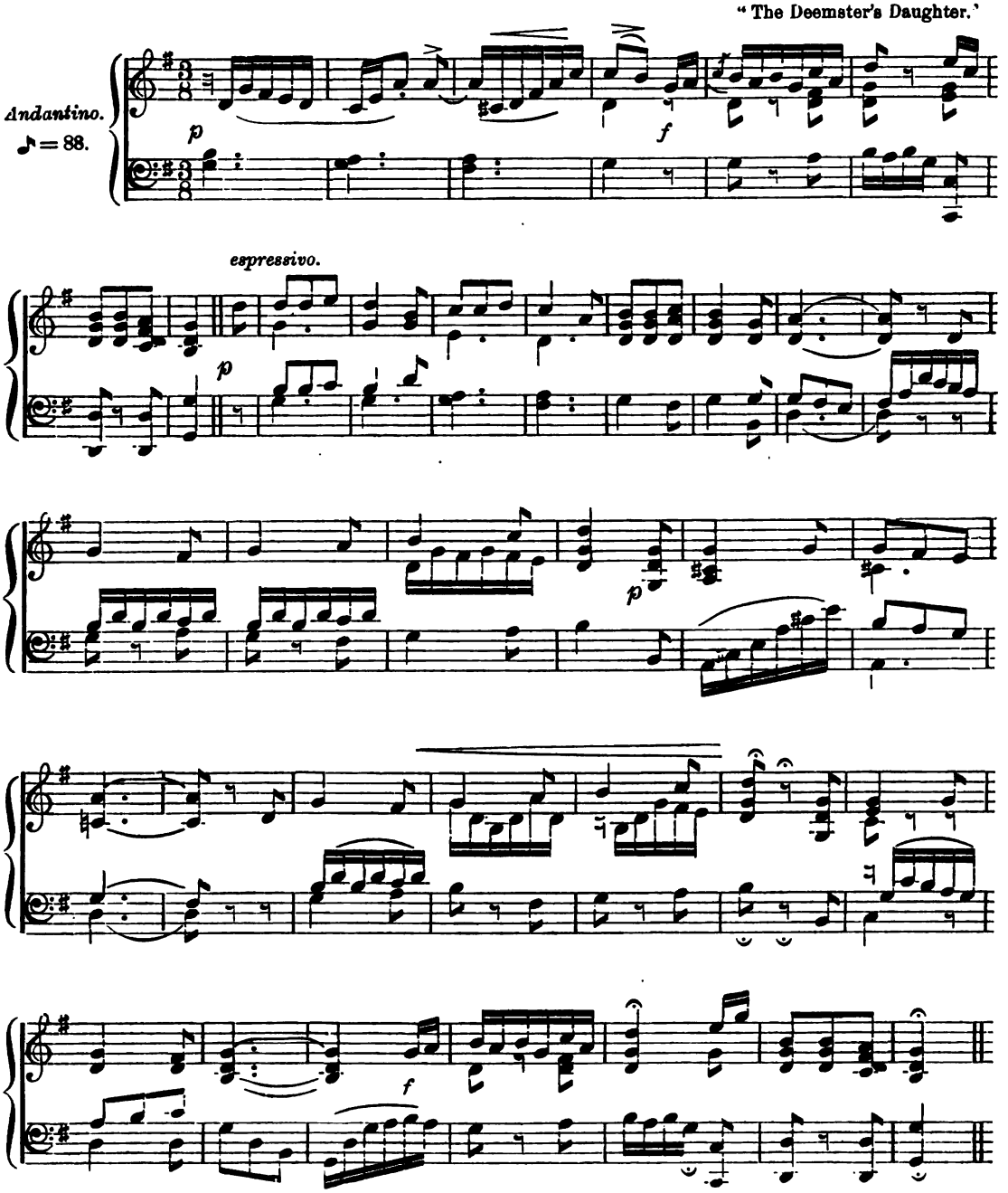
SONGS AND BALLADS.

I.

Yn guilley dy roie.

(A BOY TO RUN AND A BOY TO HOE.)

"The Deemster's Daughter."



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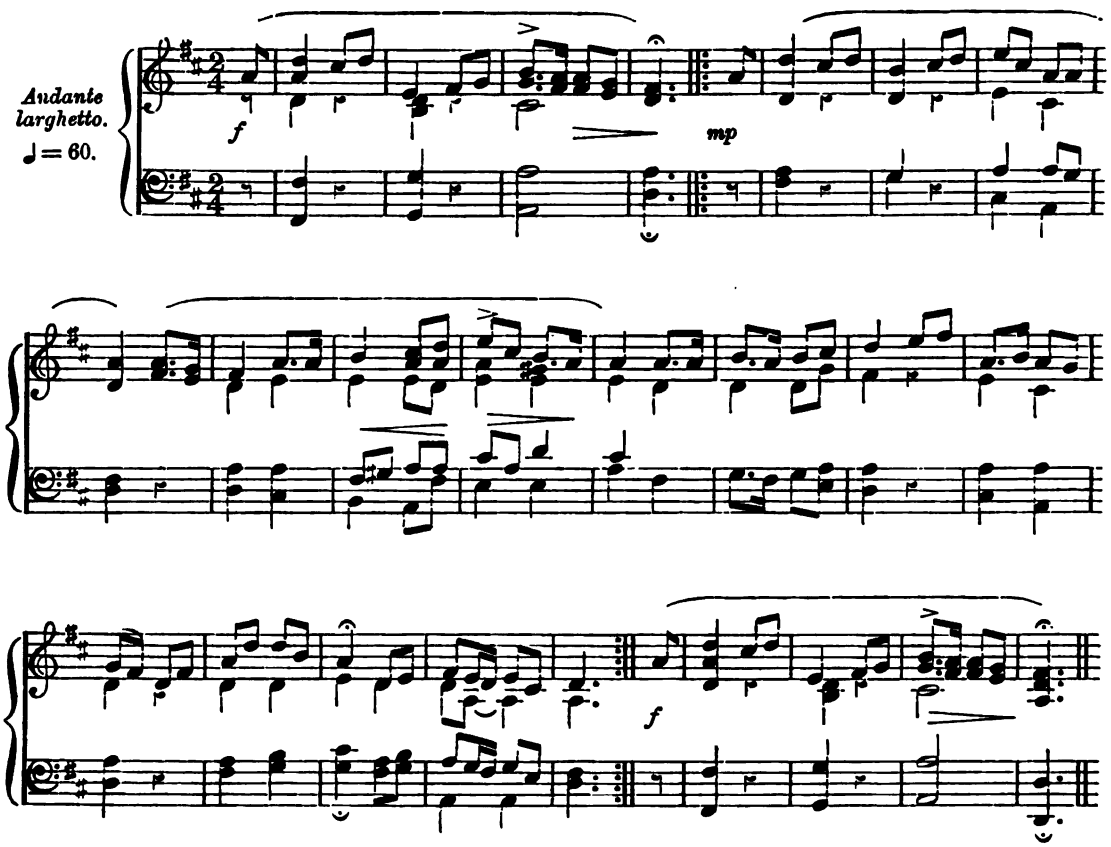
II.

Isbal Foalsey.

(FALSE ISABEL.)

"False Isabel."



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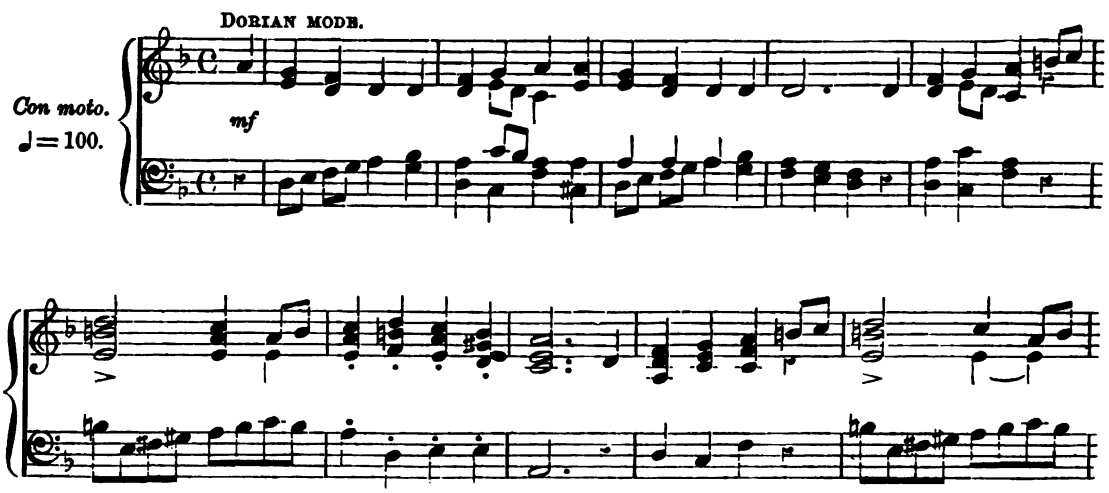
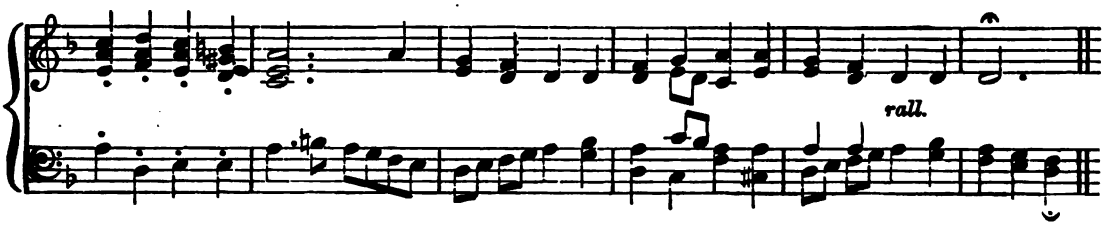
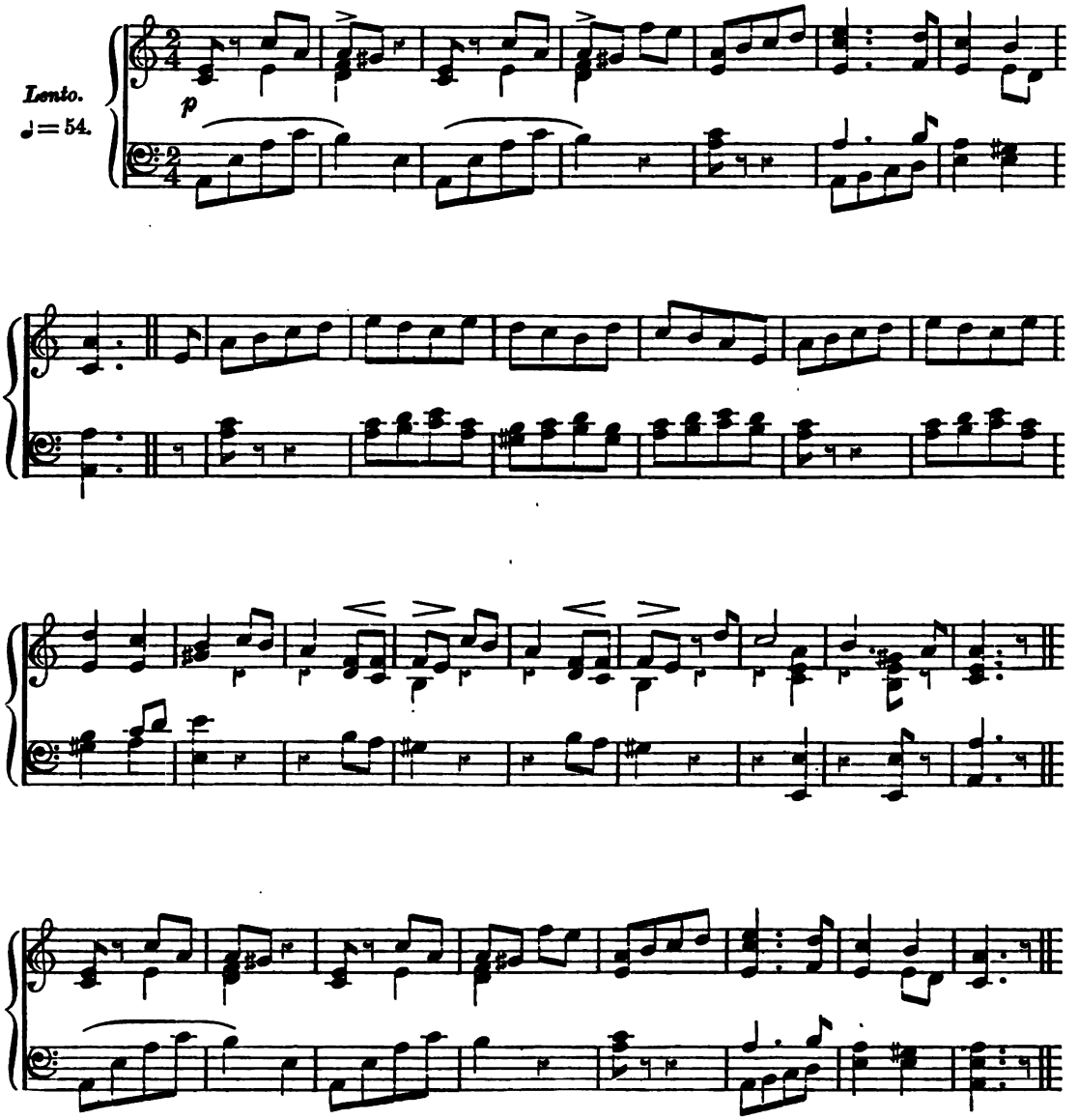




IV.

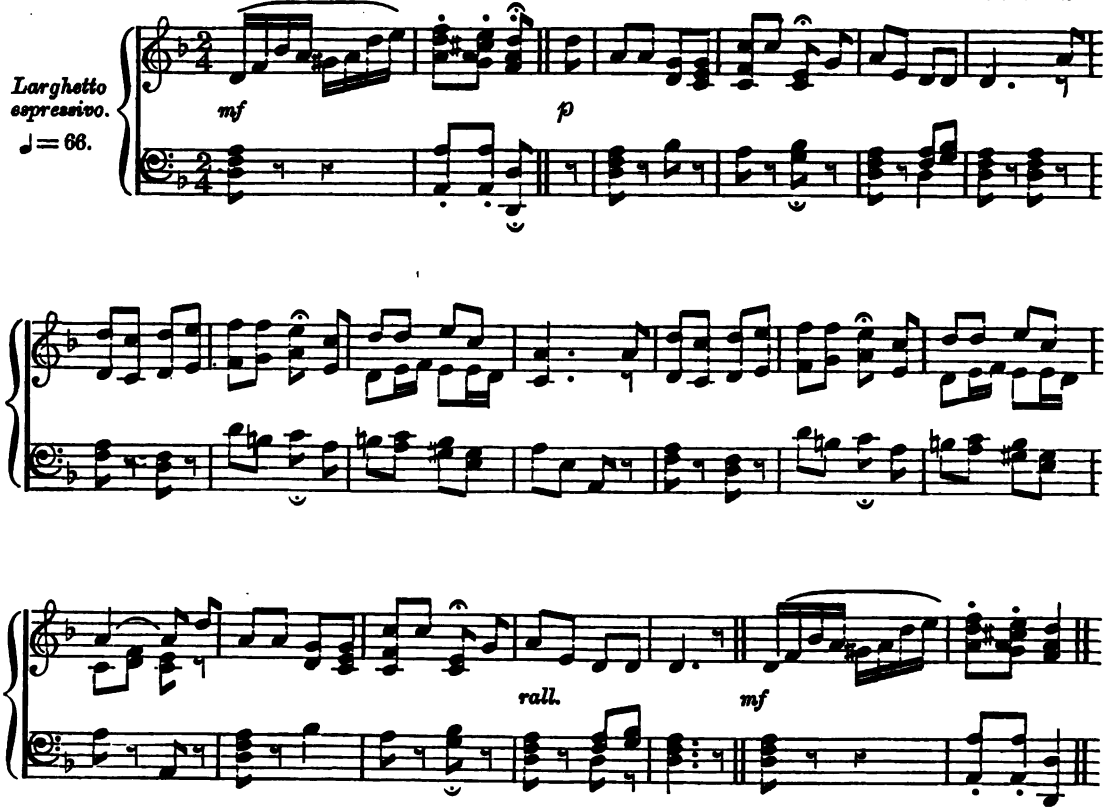
Jerrey yn theill.

(THE END OF THE WORLD.)



V.

"As I went out."

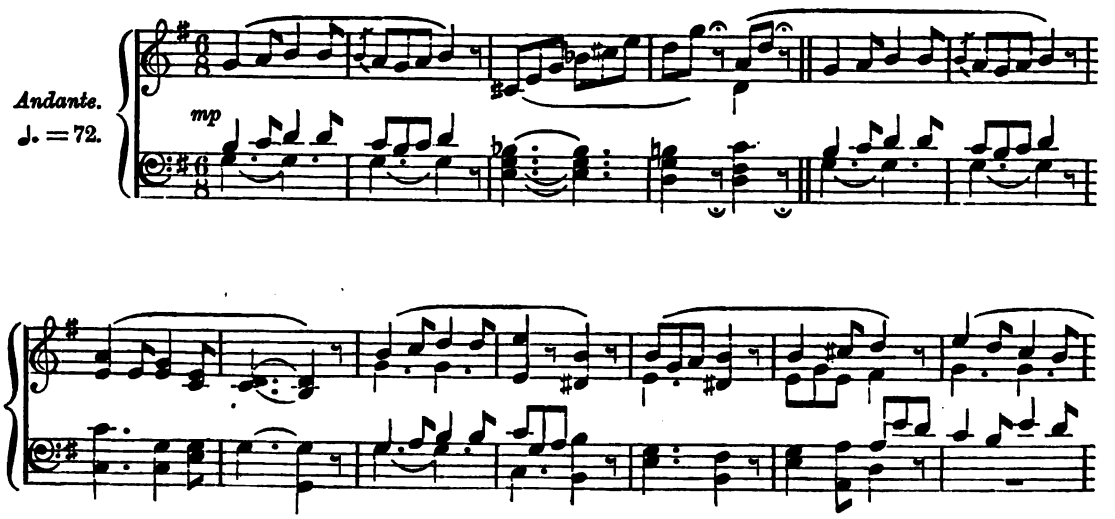


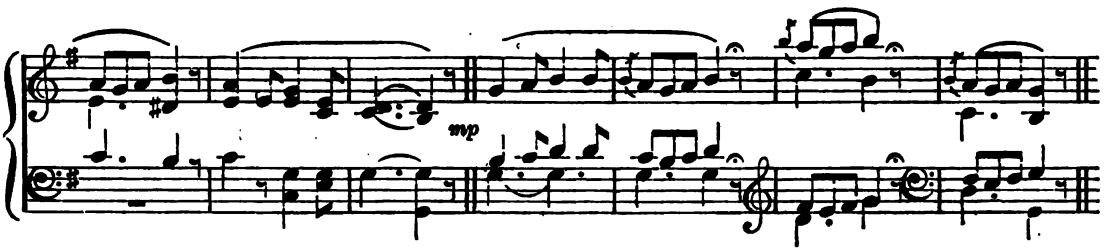
VI.

Sooree.

(COURTING.)

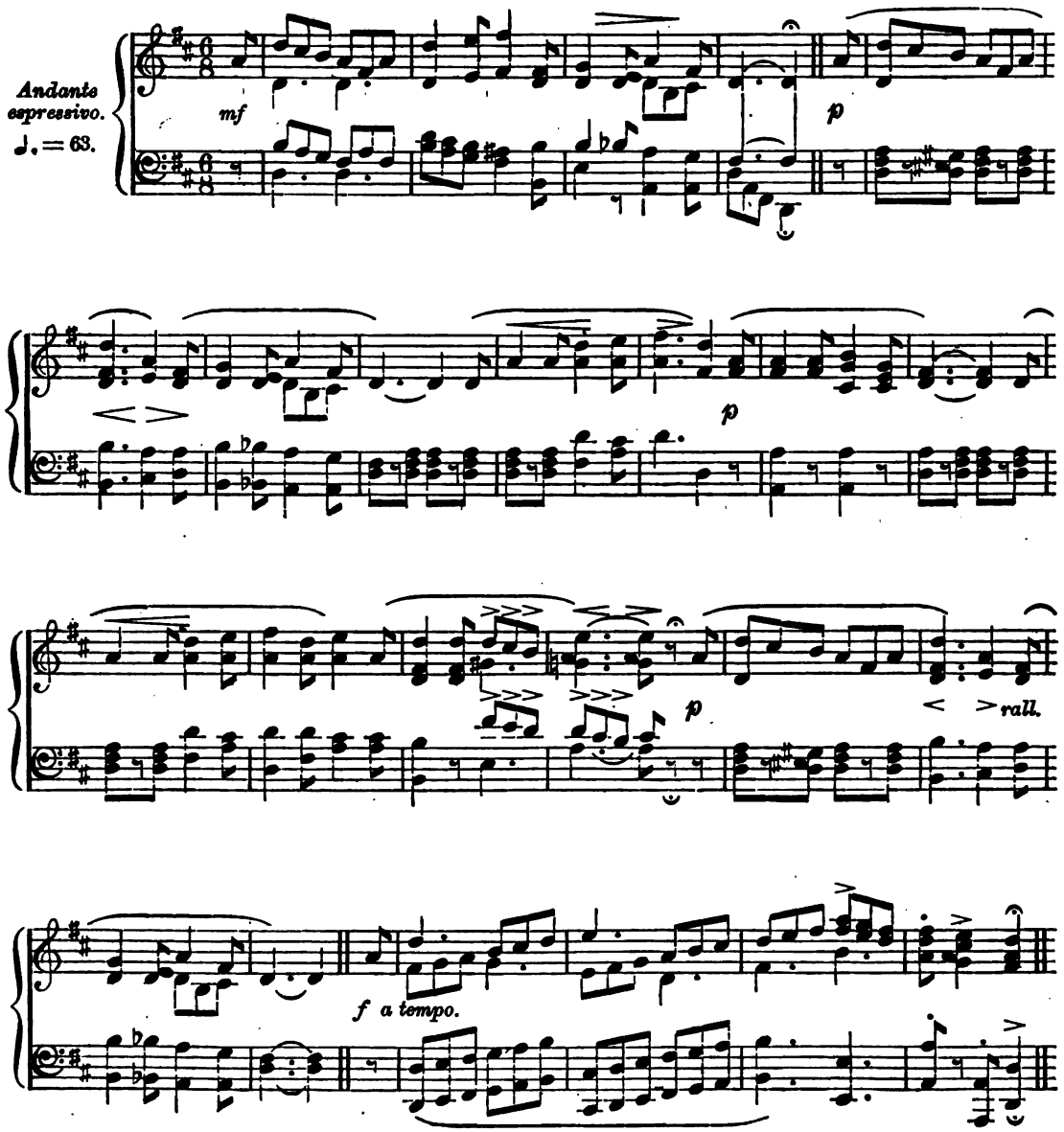
"Gwendolen."





VII.

"When Maggie gangs away."

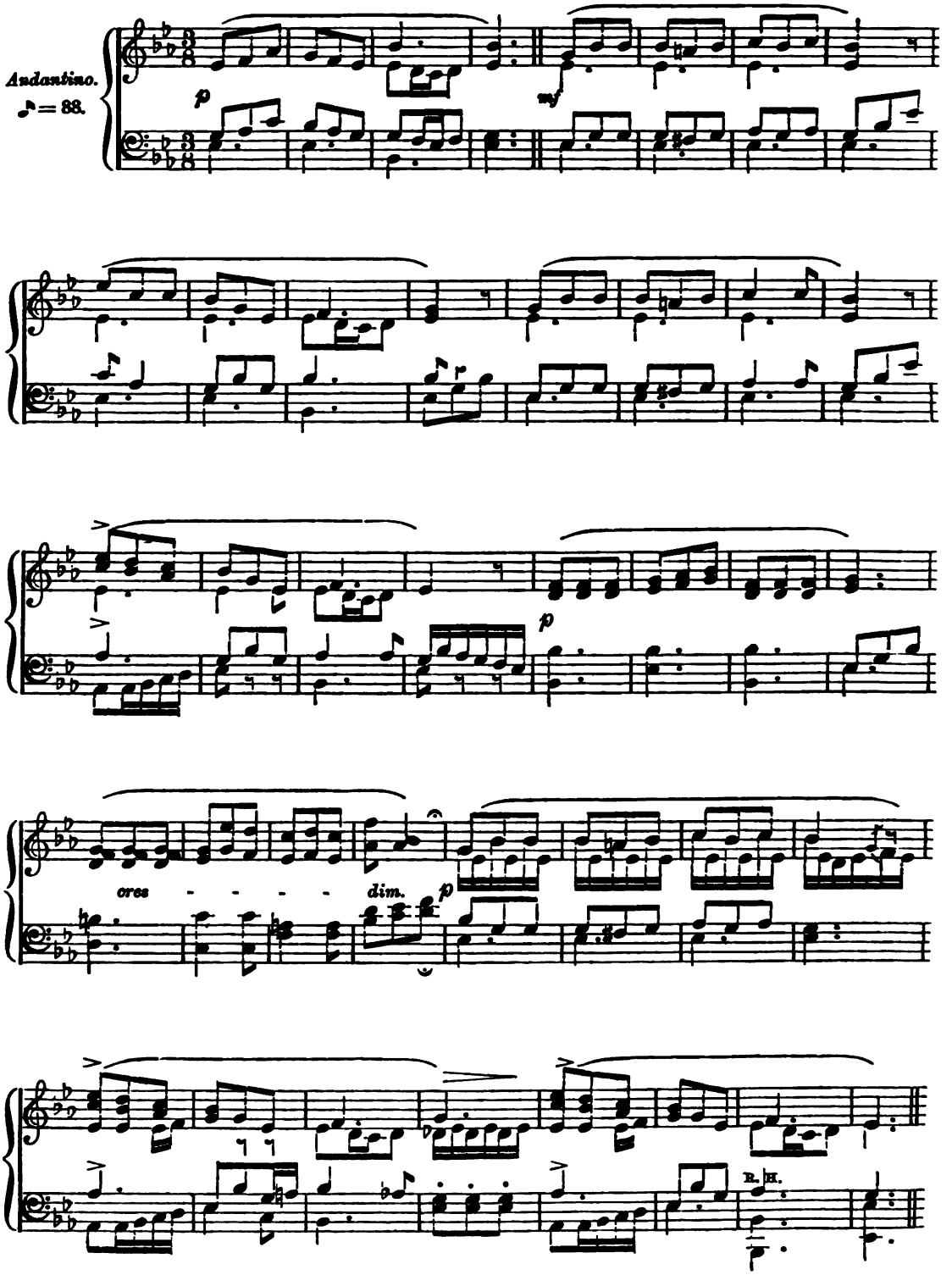


VIII.

Ushag veg ruy ny moaney dhoo.

(LITTLE RED BIRD OF THE BLACK MARSH.)

(Cradle Song.) **"Hush, little darling."**



IX.

"I saw thee weep."

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♩ = 63.

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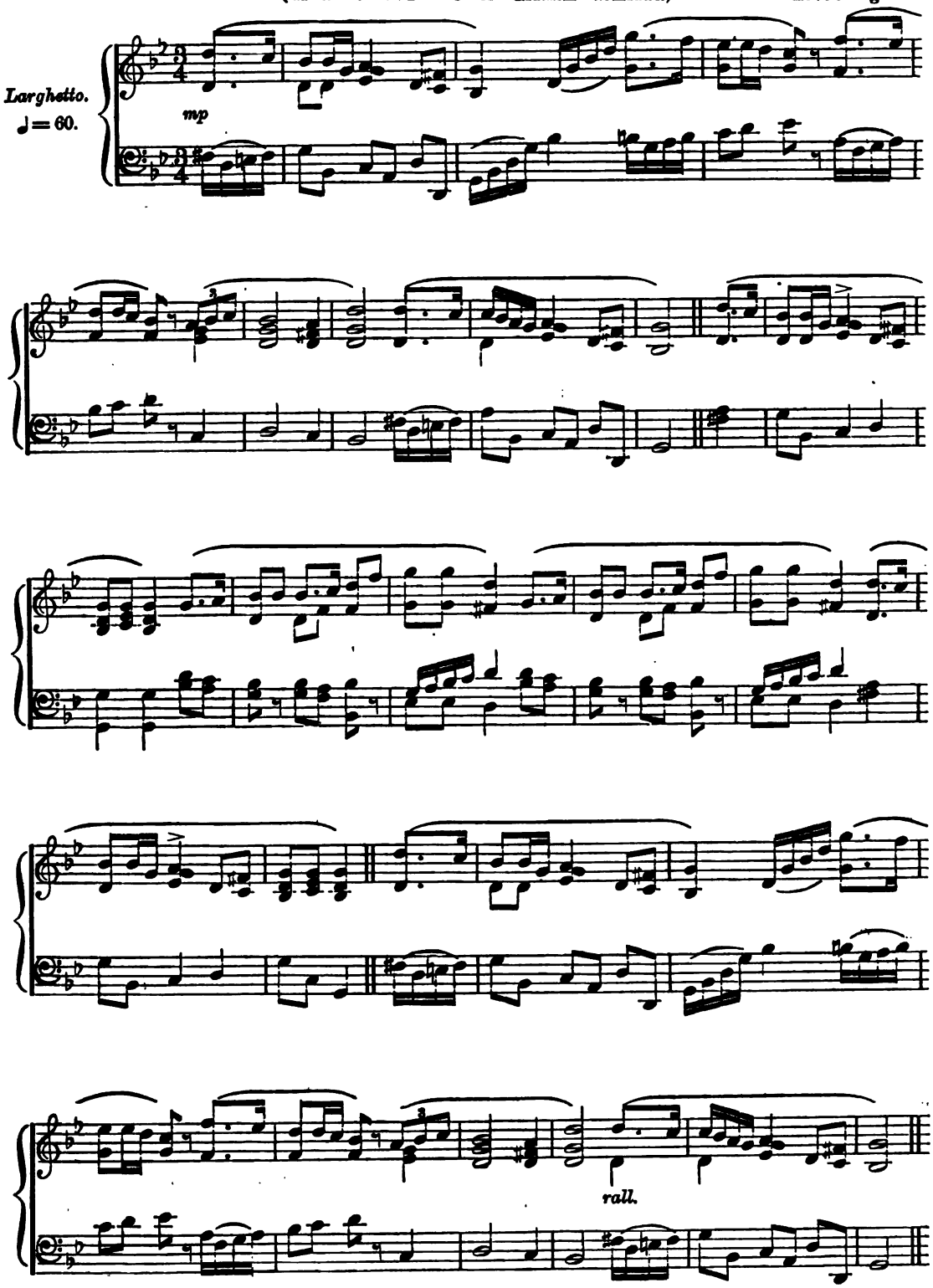
X.

Hie my graih shaghey.

(WHEN MY LOVE CAME NEAR.) "Love's Flight."

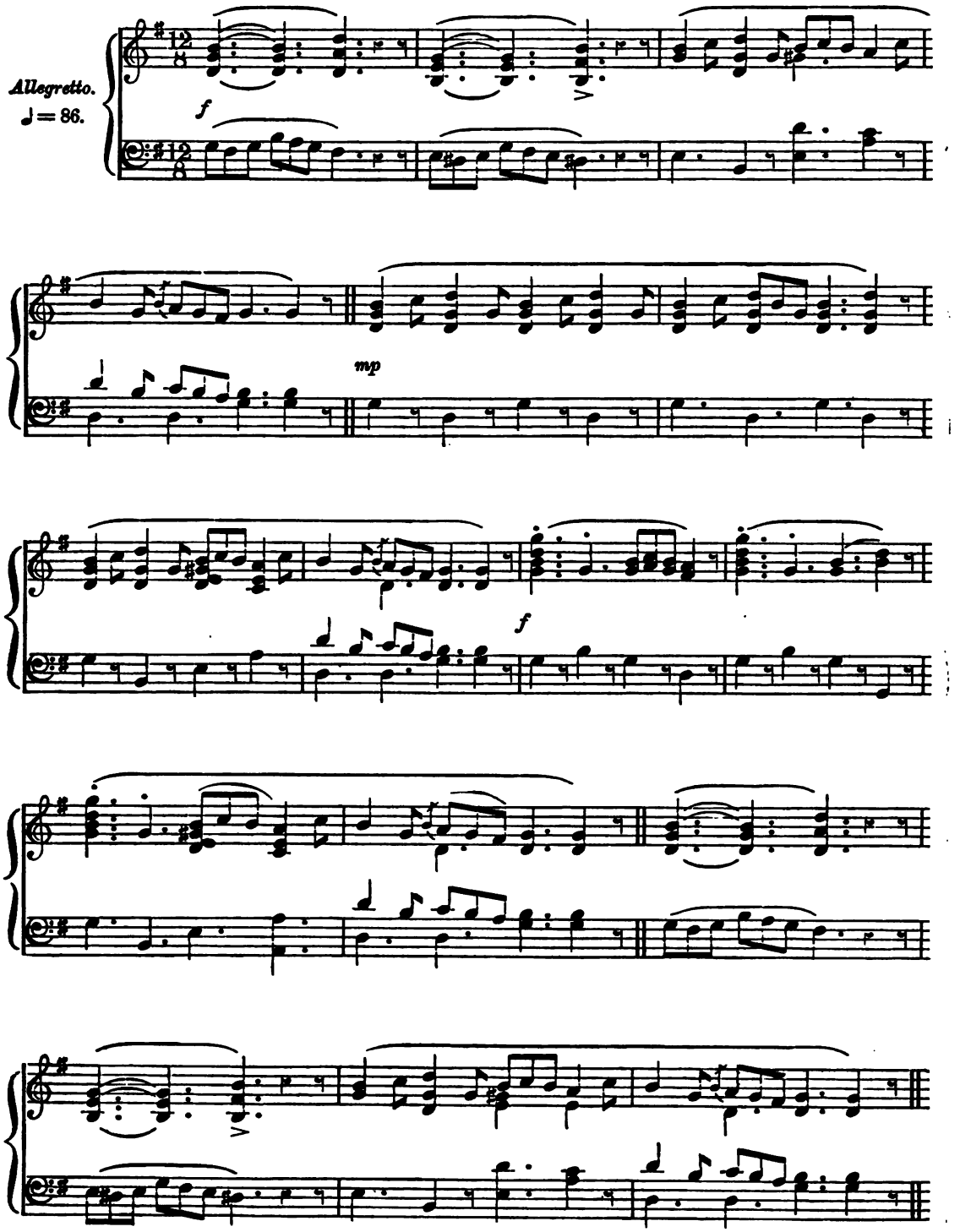


XI.

Hie mee stiagh dhys thie ben-treoghe.

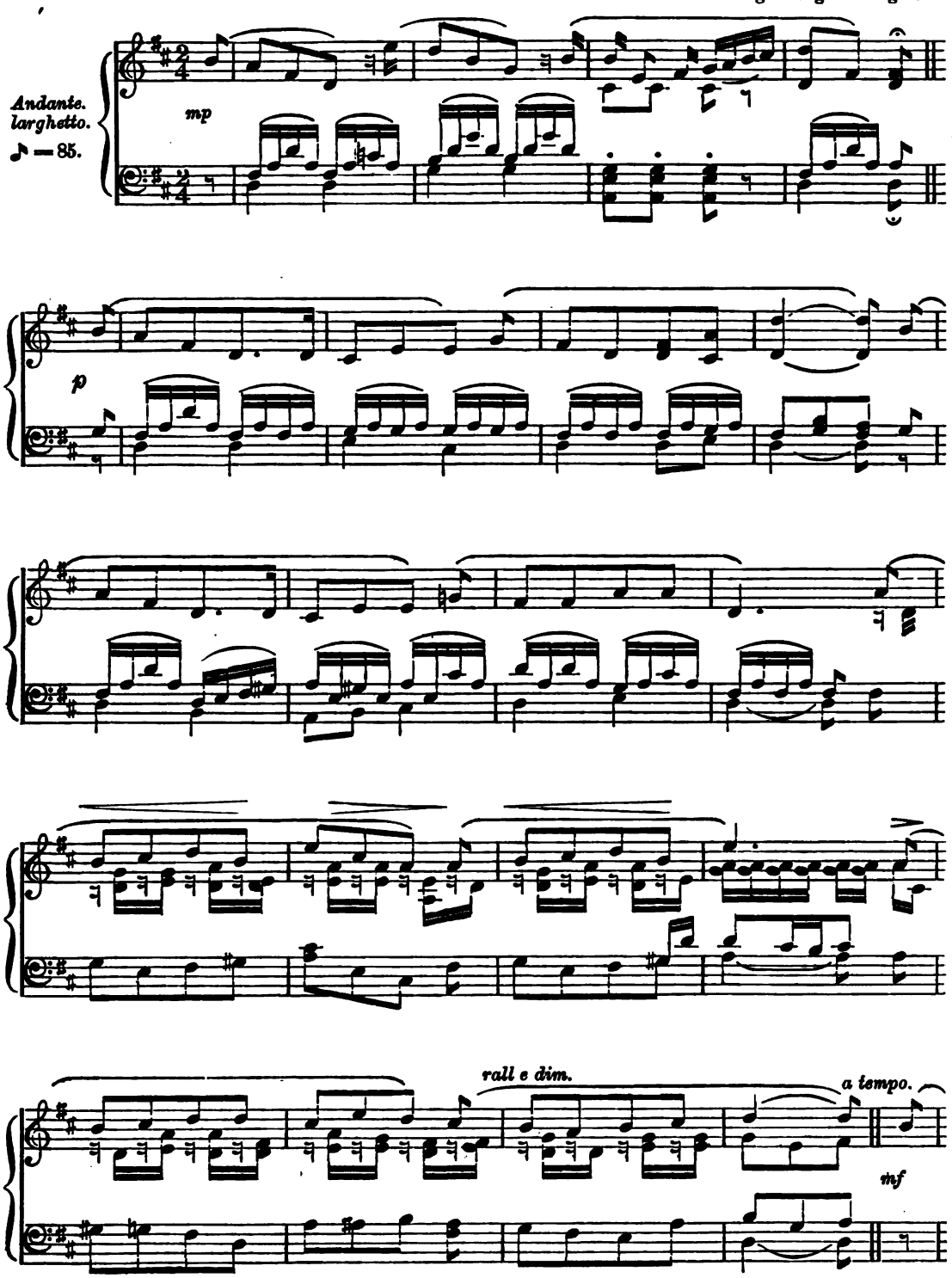
(I WENT INTO THE WIDOW'S HOUSE.)

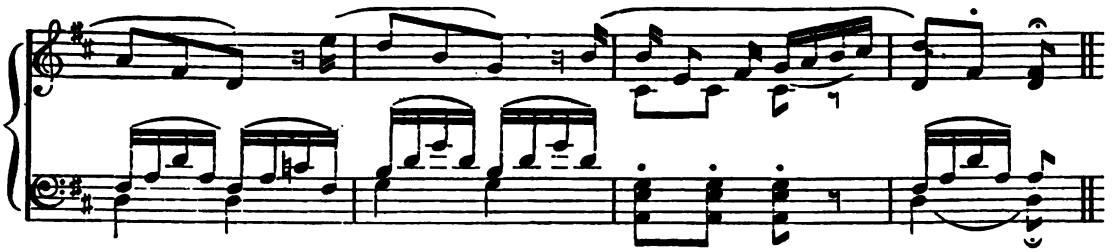
"The cutting of the turf."



XII.

"We watched her breathing through the night."

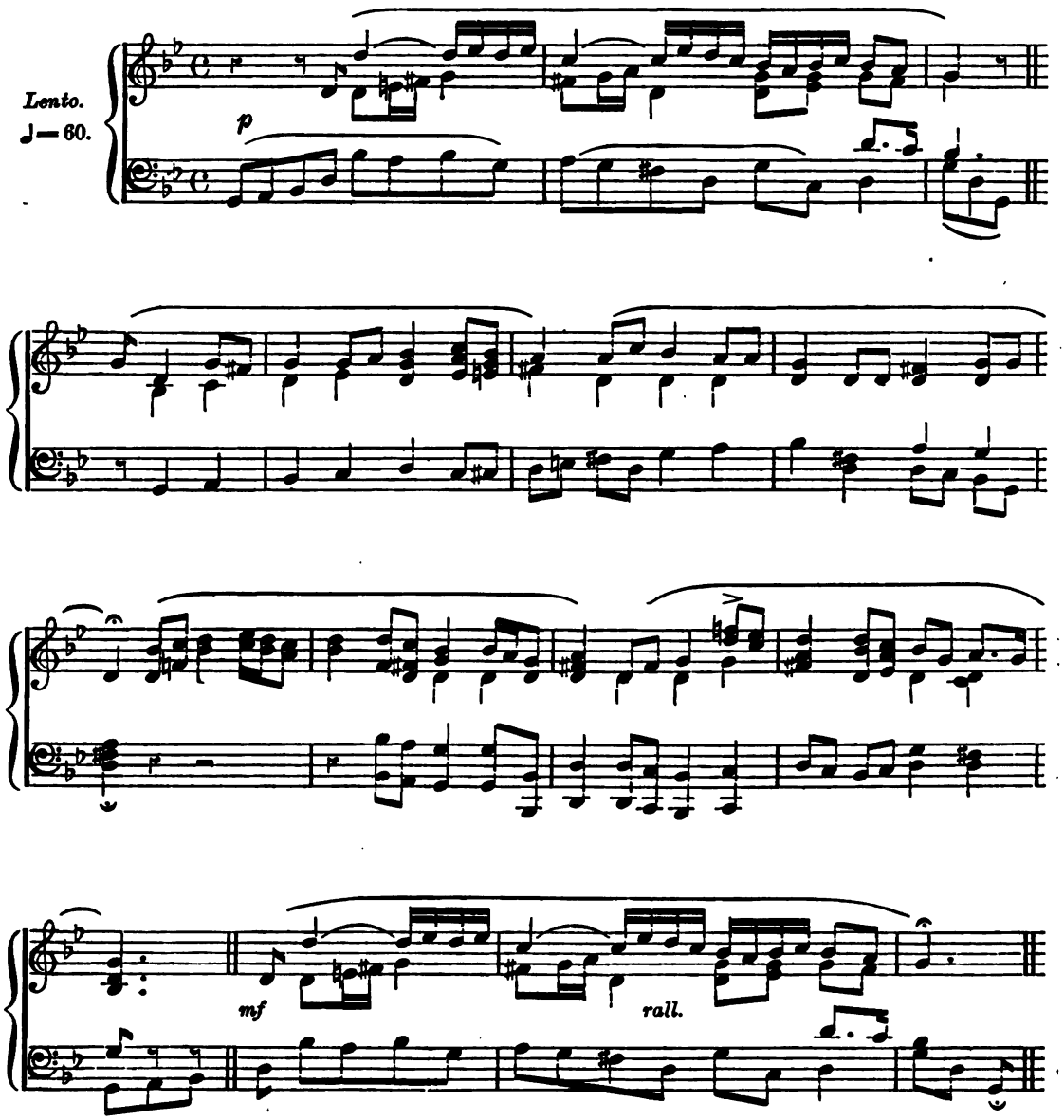




XIII.

She bosun dy row ayns Dover s'thie.

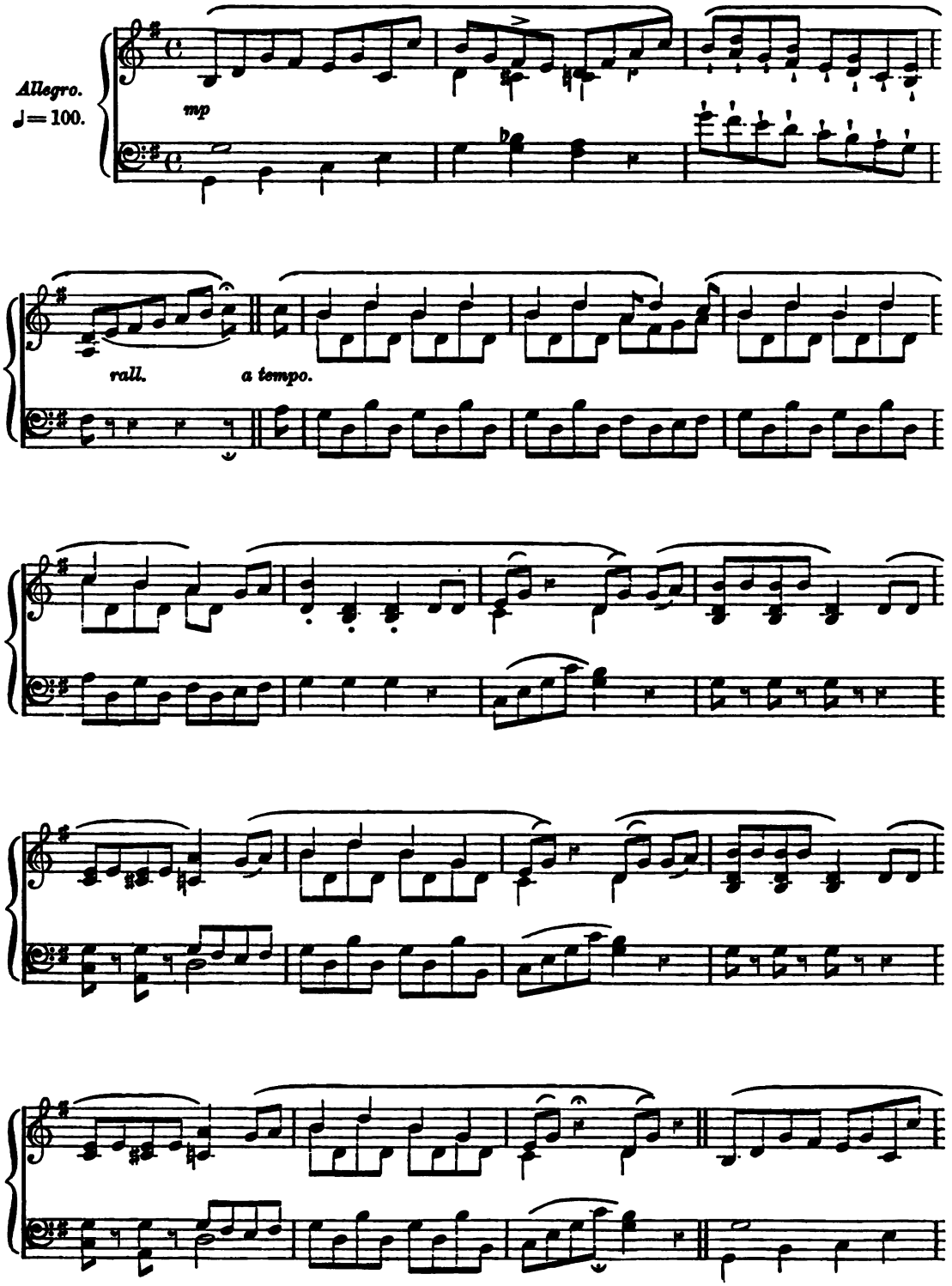
(IT WAS A BOATSWAIN WHOSE HOUSE WAS AT DOVER.)

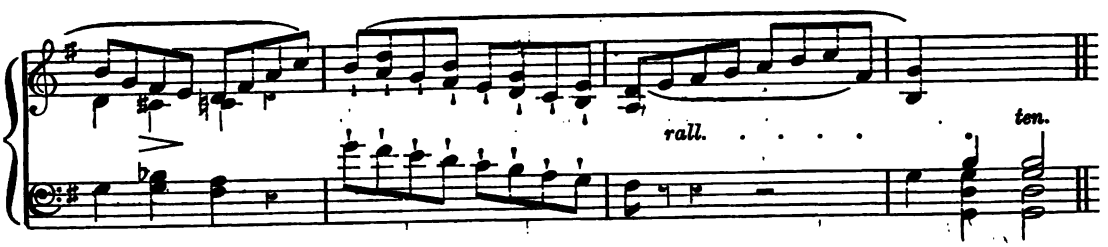


XIV.

Yn mwyllin skilley.

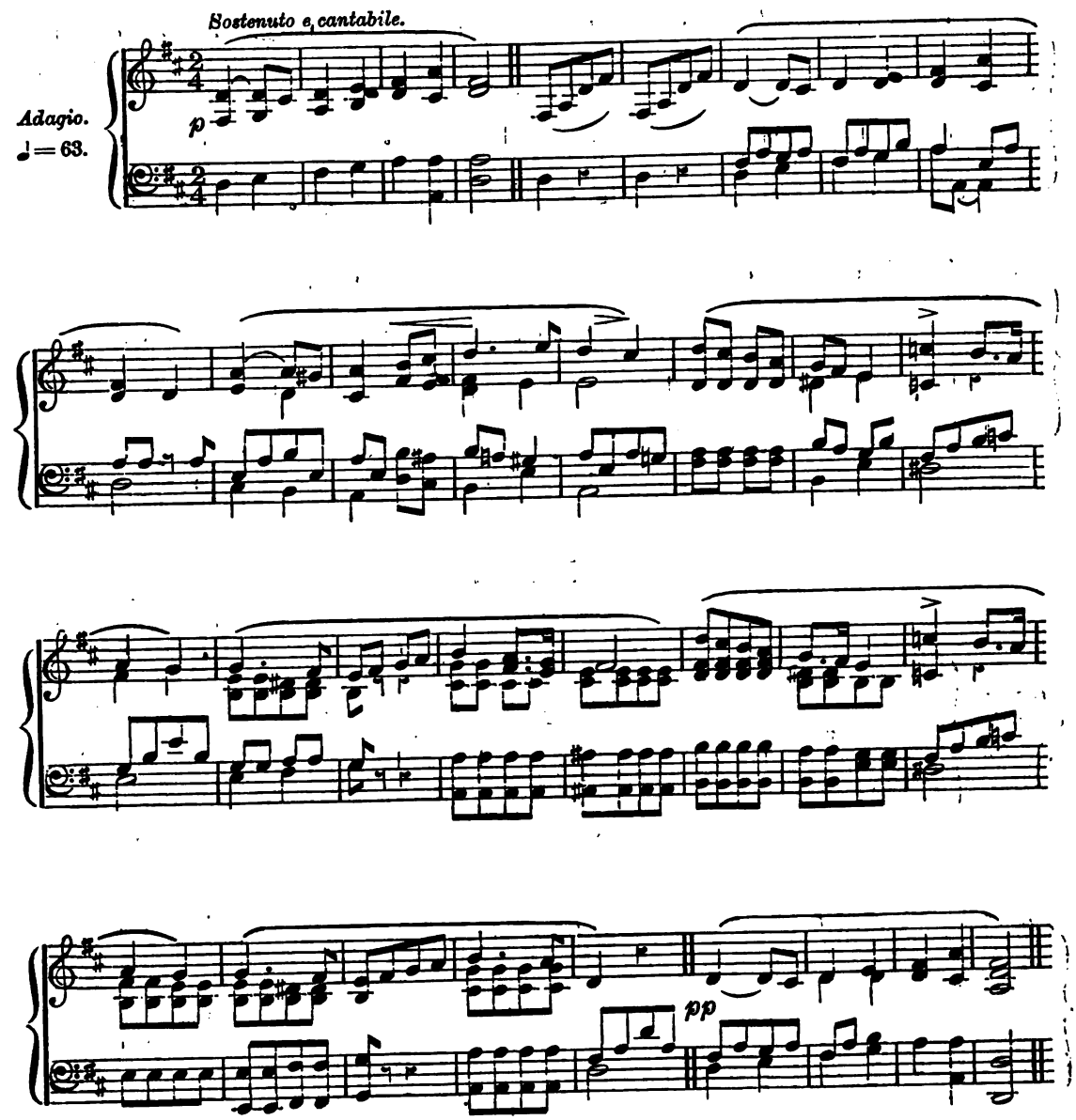
(SHELLING CORN AT THE MILL.)





XV.

"An Autumn song."

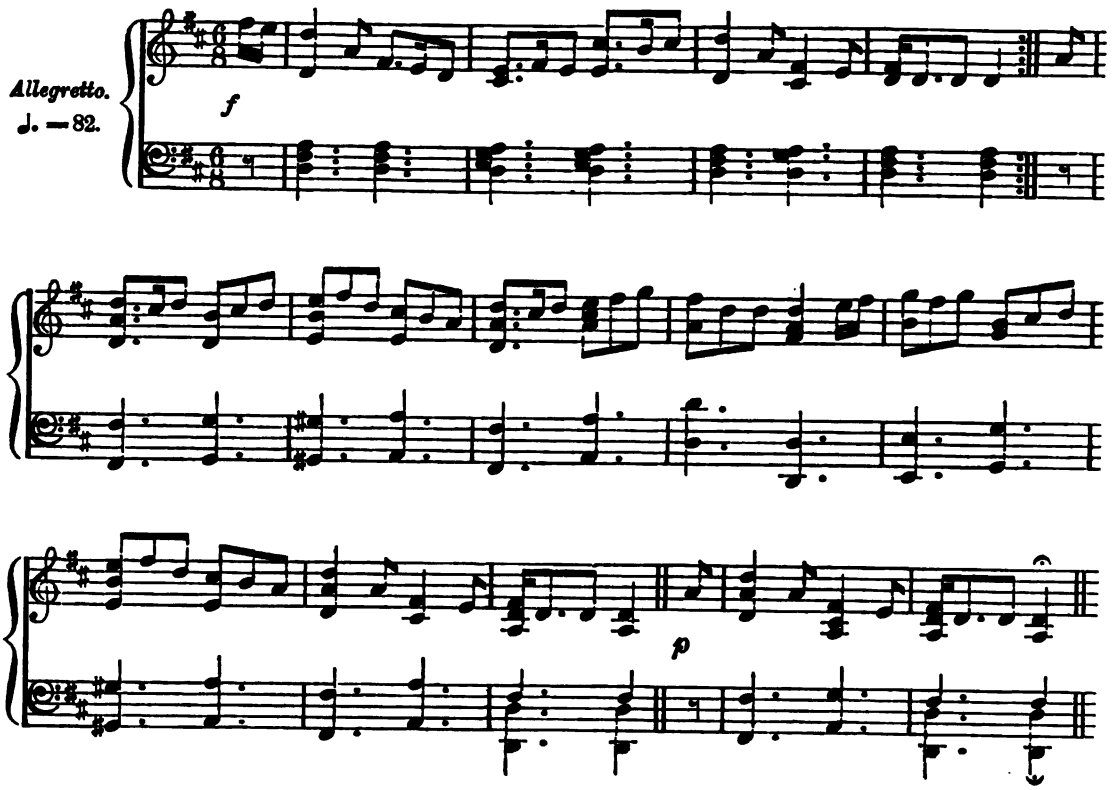


XVI.

Kiark Catriney Marroo.

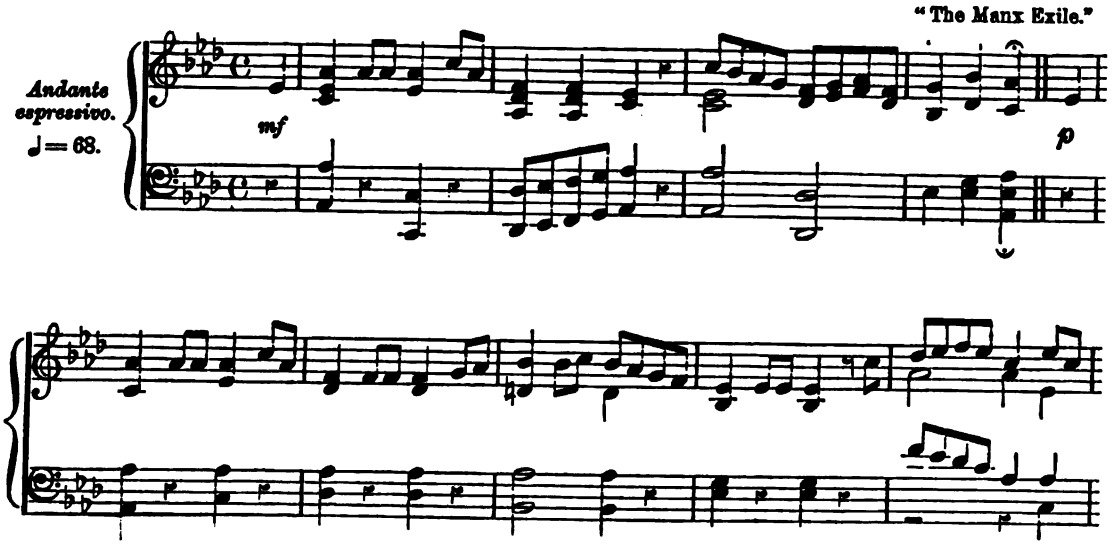
(CATHERINE'S HEN IS DEAD.)

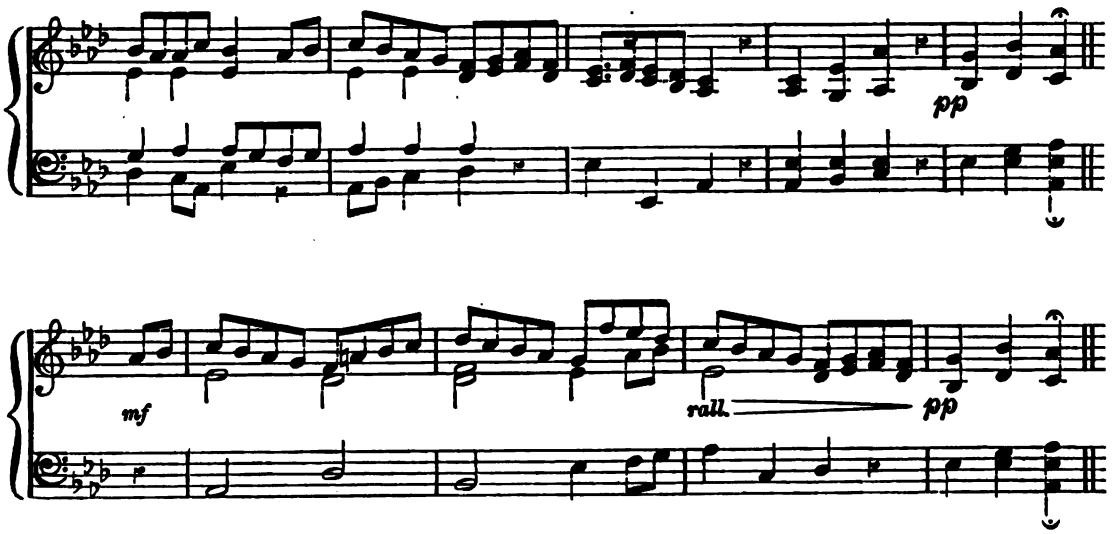
"A Song of Farmers' Daughters."



XVII.

"The Manx Exile."



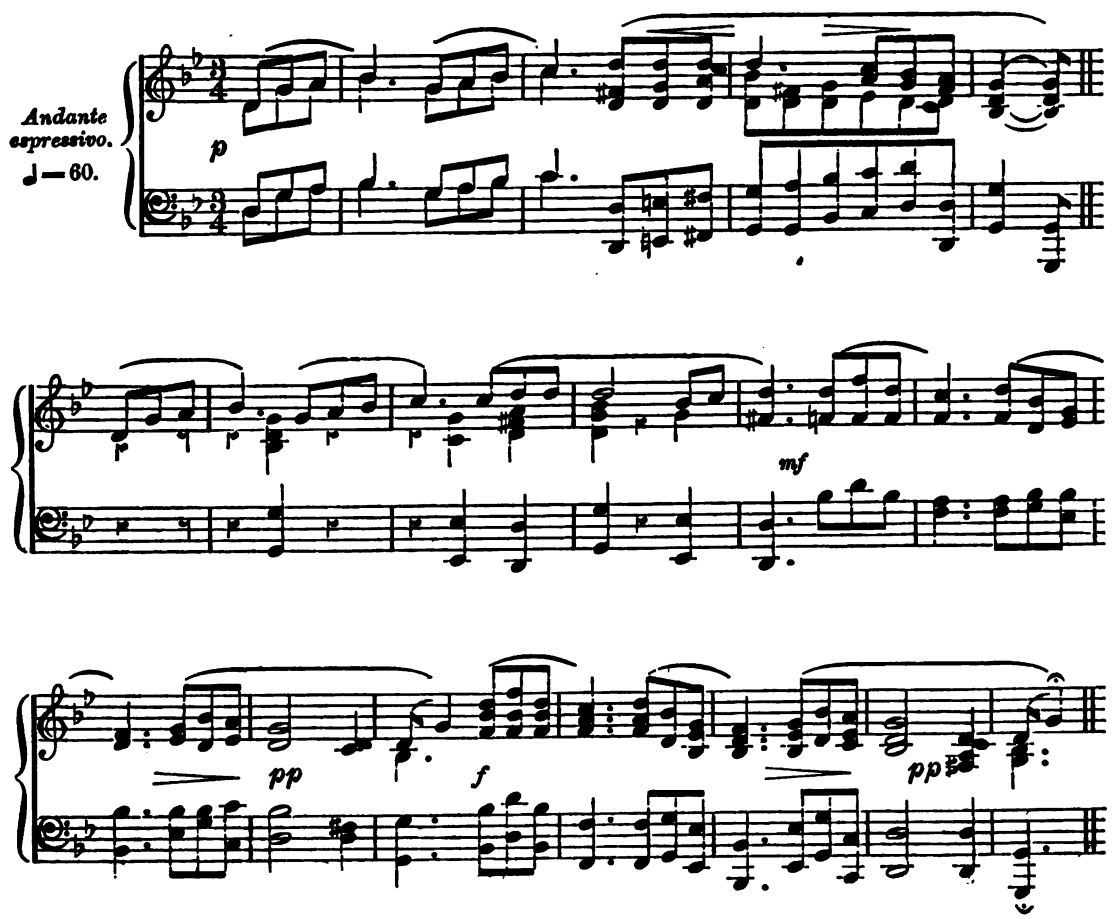


XVIII.

Ta traa gholl thie.

(IT'S TIME TO GO HOME.)

"The parting hour."



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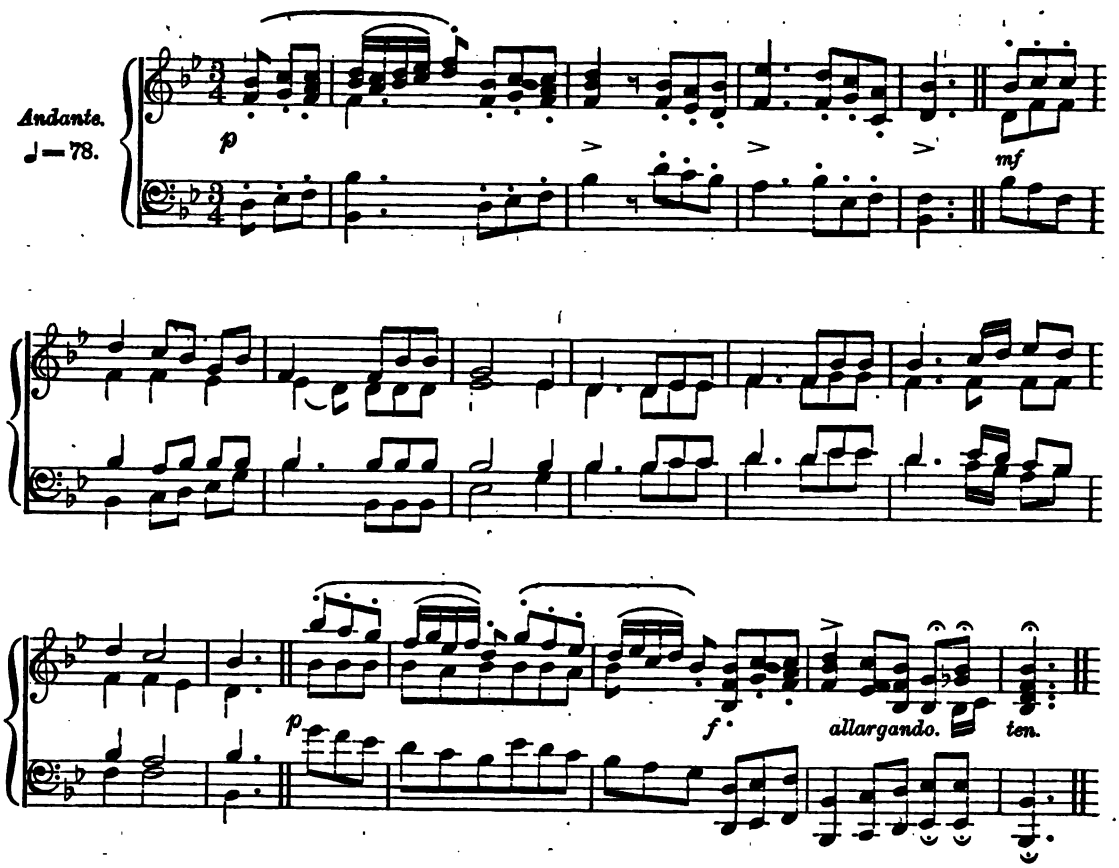
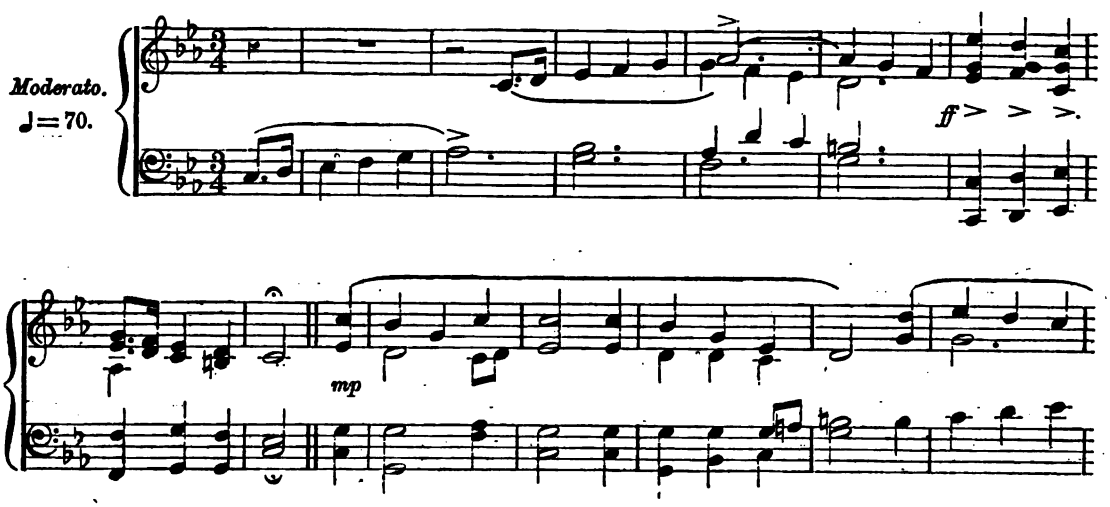
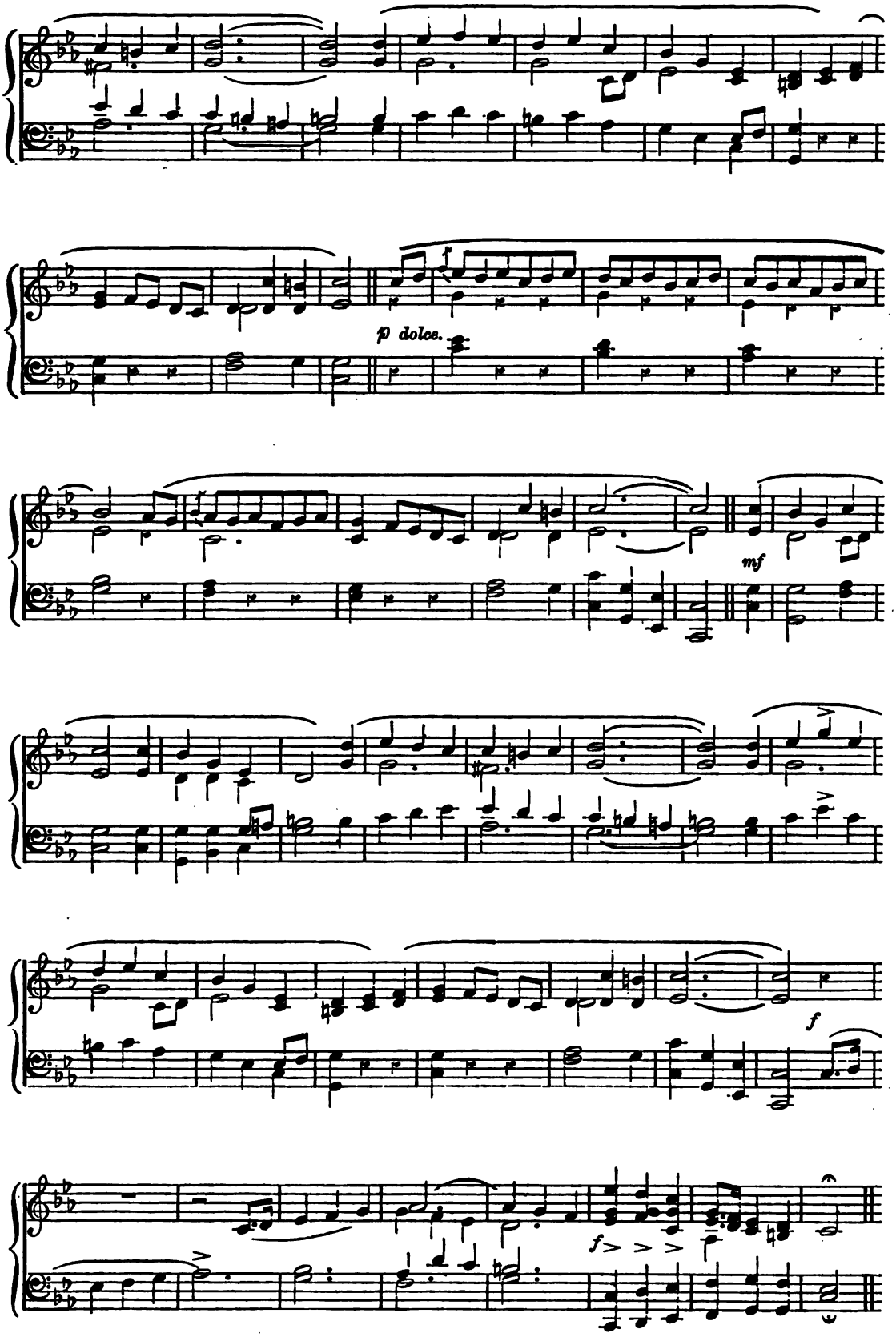


XX.

Mylecharane.—No. 1.

"Mylecharáne."

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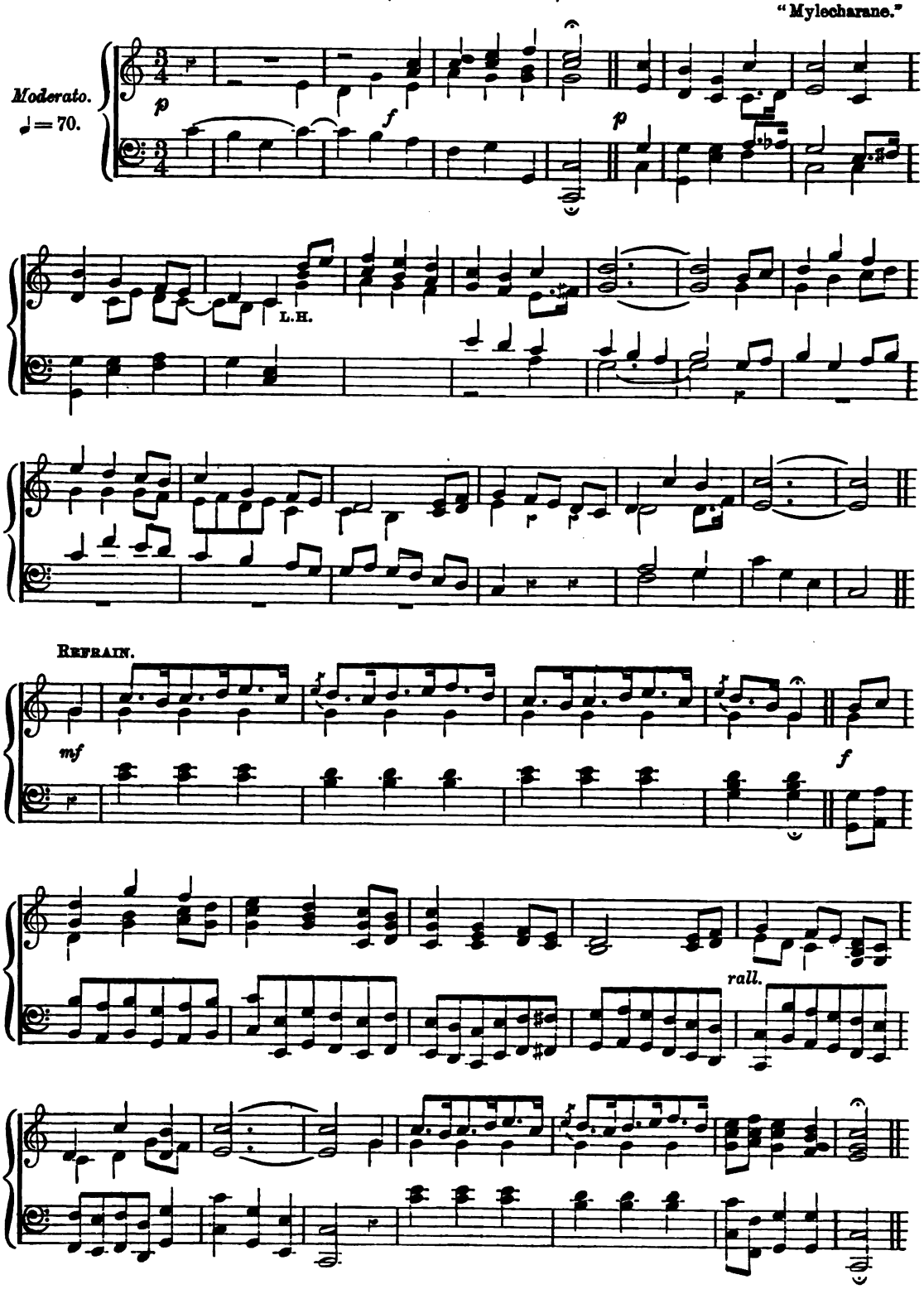
XXI.

Mylecharane.—No. 2.

(Modern Version.)

"Mylecharane."

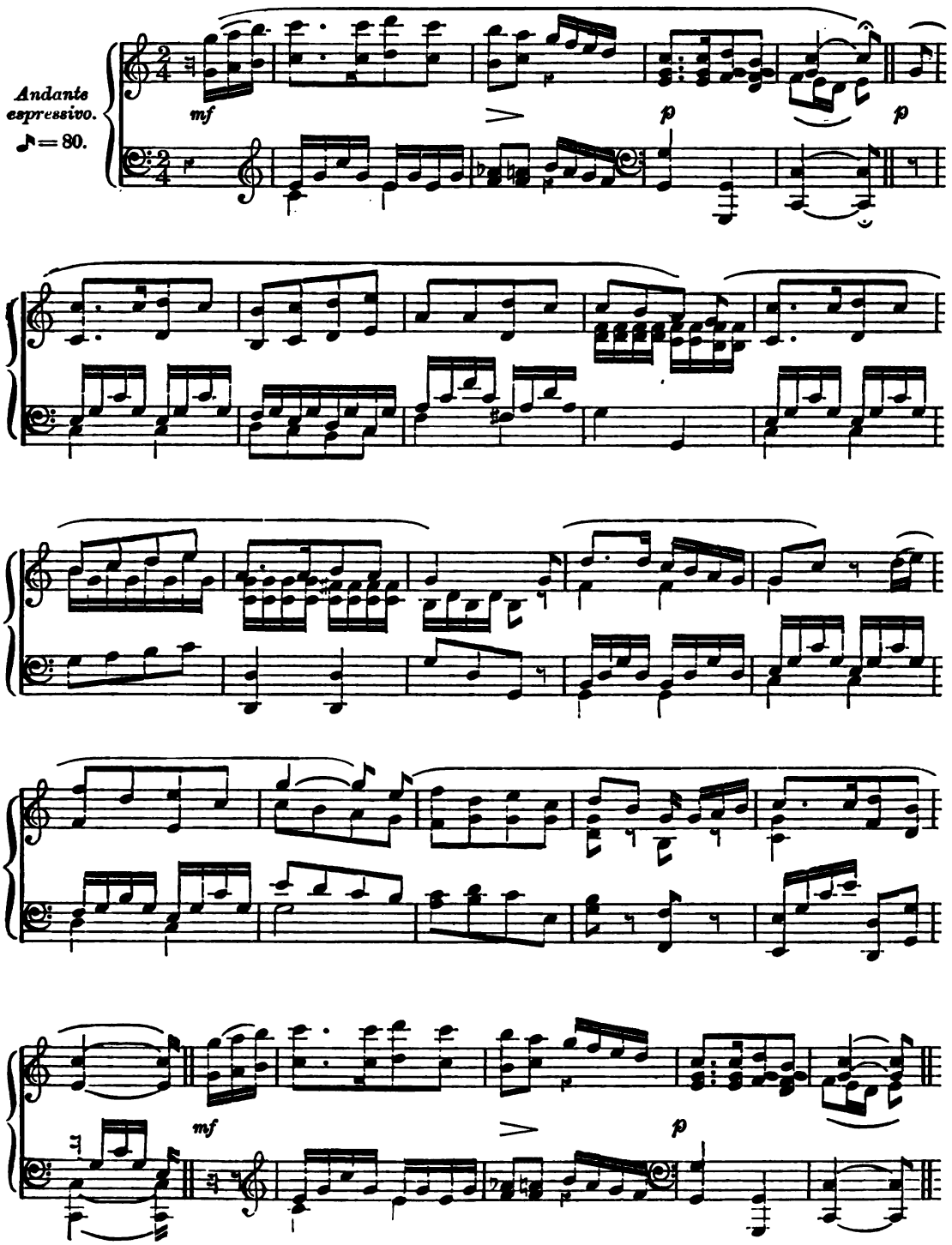


XXII.

My ghraih, nagh share dyn farraghtyn ?

(HAD WE NOT BETTER WAIT, MY DEAR?)

"We'd better wait awhile, my dear."

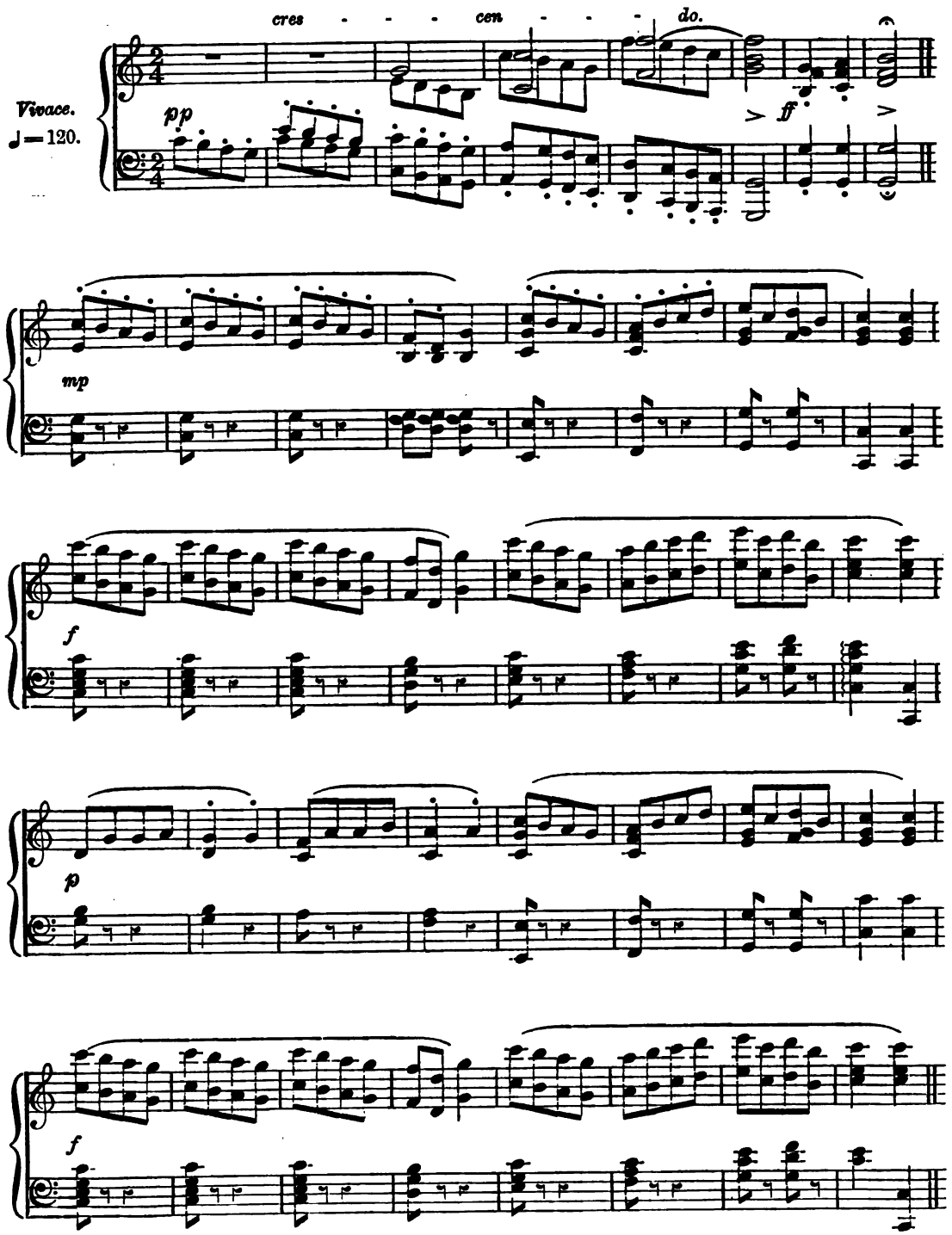


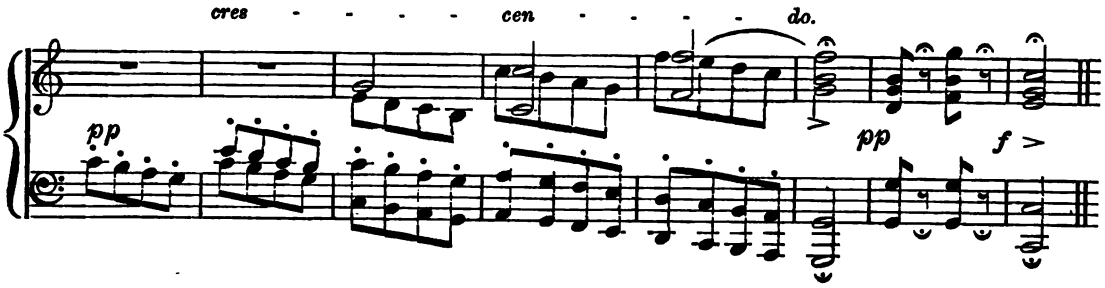
XXIII.

Juan y jaggad Keear.

(JOHN WITH THE GREY JACKET.)

"The Fairies' Dance."

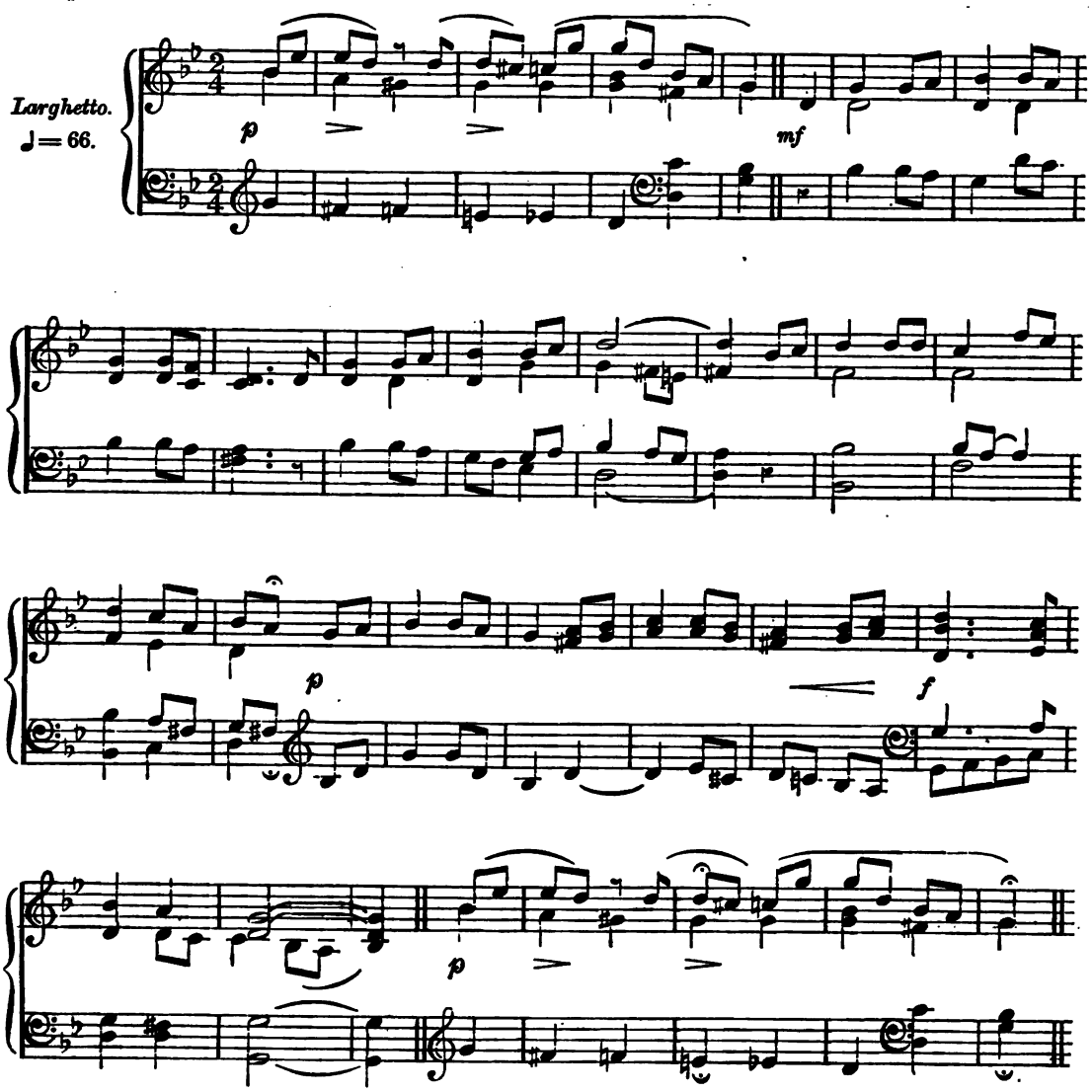




XXIV.

Arrane ny jennyn.

(SONG OF THE JENNYS.)*

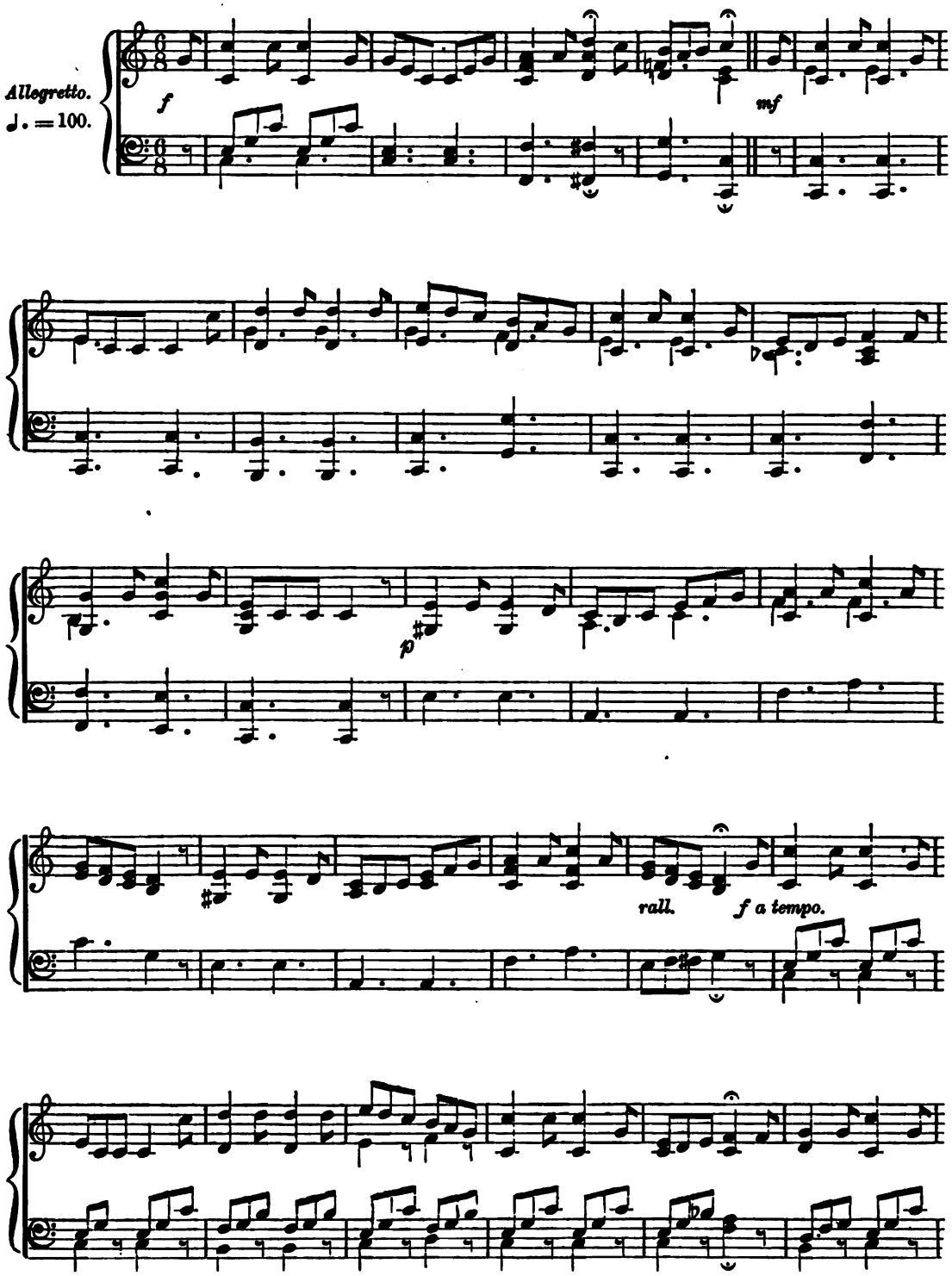


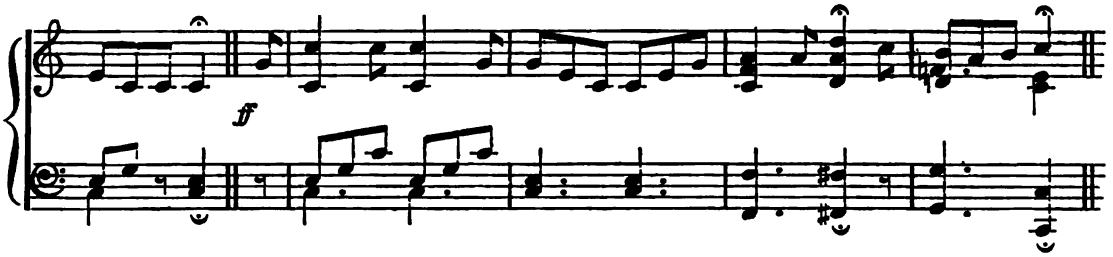
* Travelling beggars.

XXV.

Hunt the Wren

"Hunt the Wren."

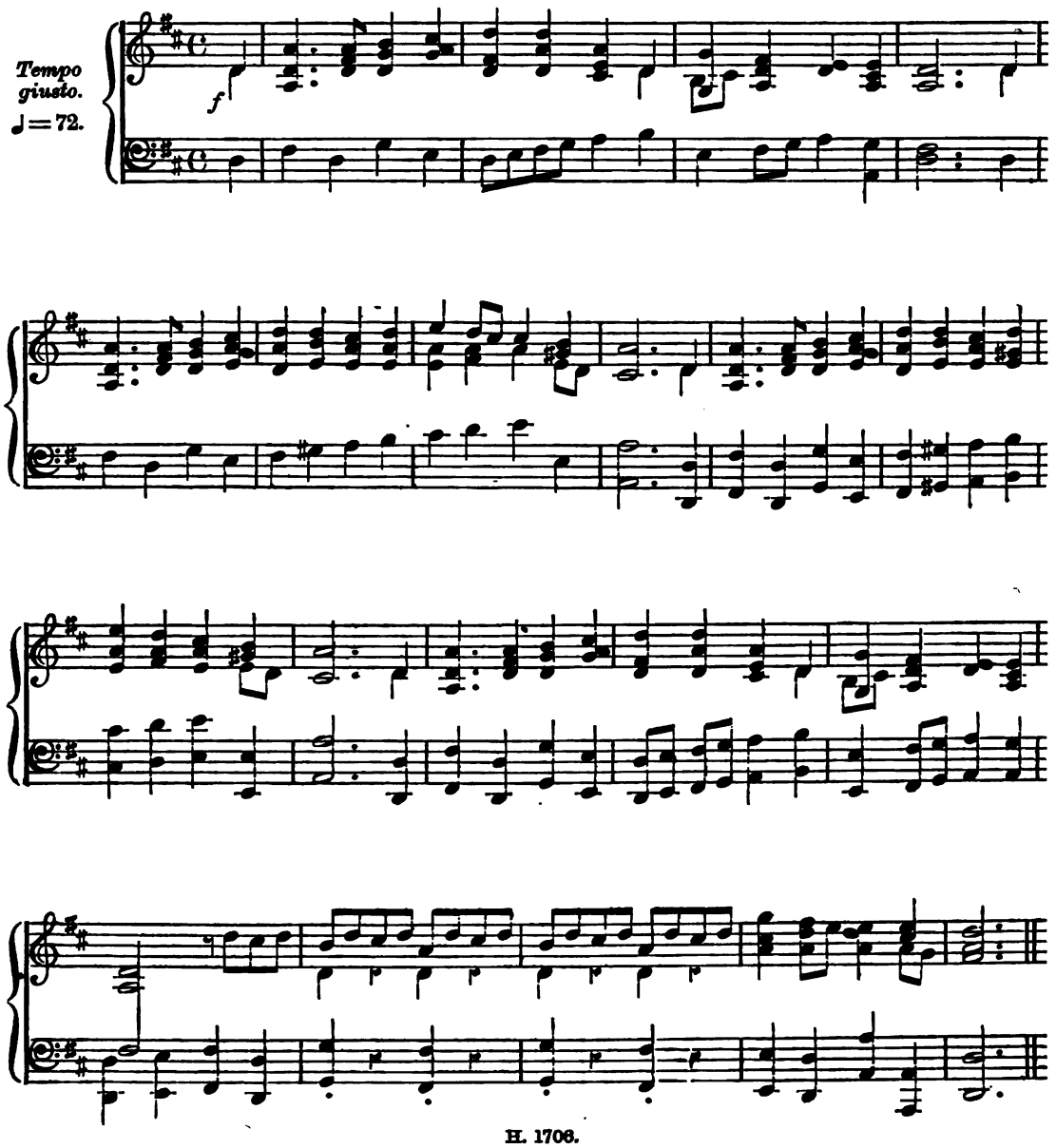




XXVI.

Shannon rea.

(CLEAR SHANNON.)

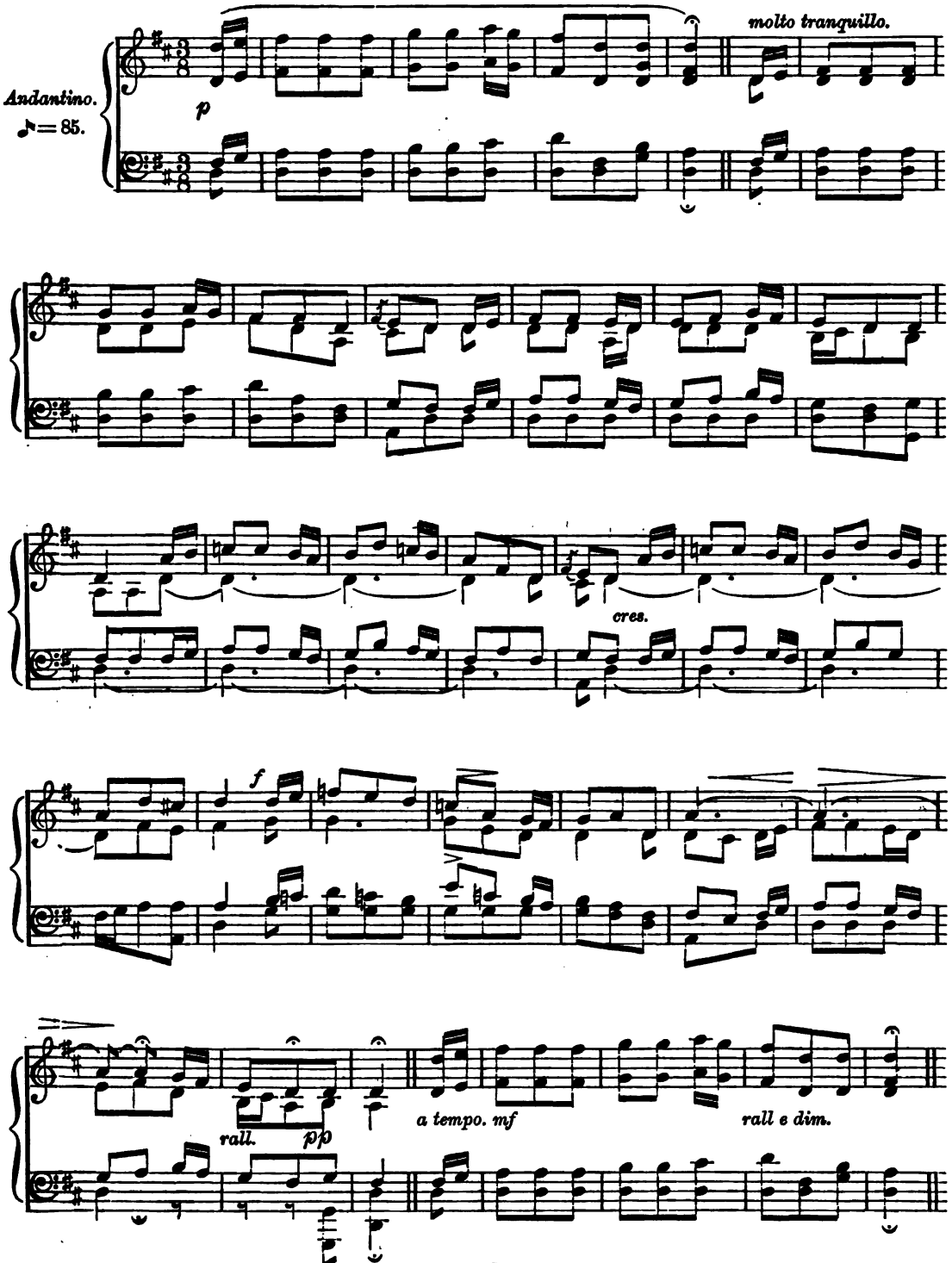


XXVII.

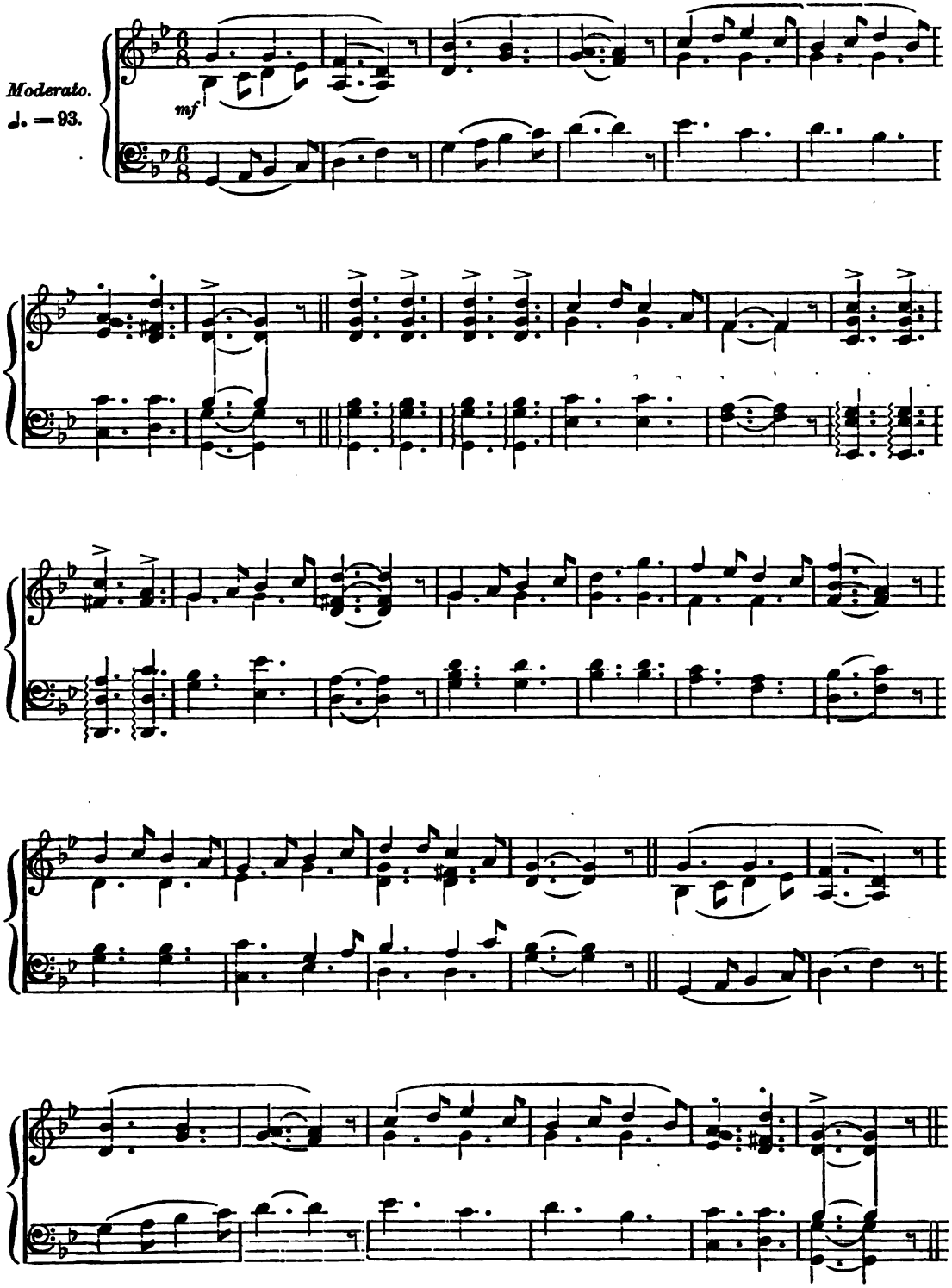
Arrane ny clean.

(CRADLE SONG.)

"O hush thee, my babie."



XXVIII.



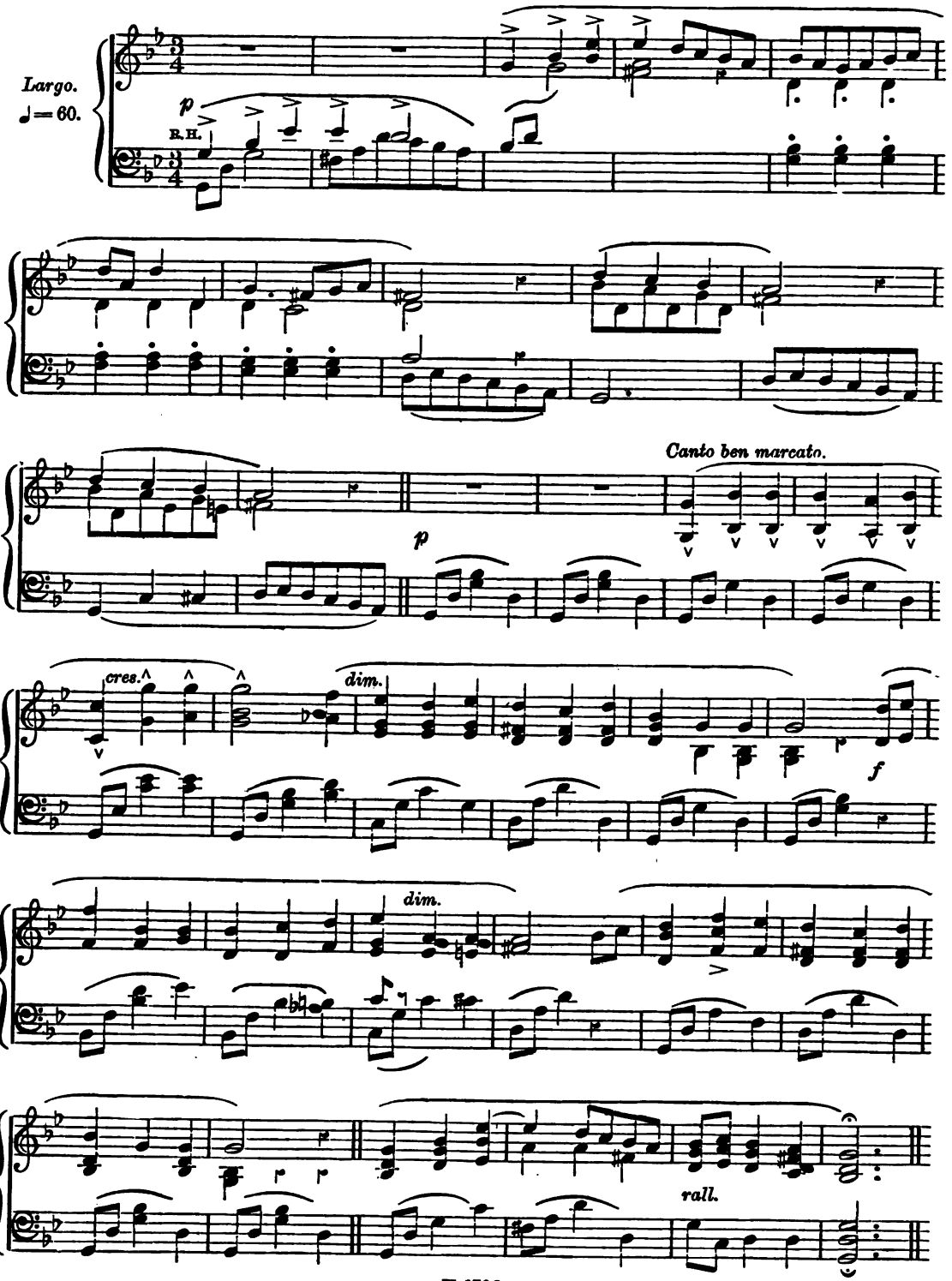
XXIX.

Illiam Dhoan.

(BROWN WILLIAM.)

Elegy on the death of the Patriot, William Christian.

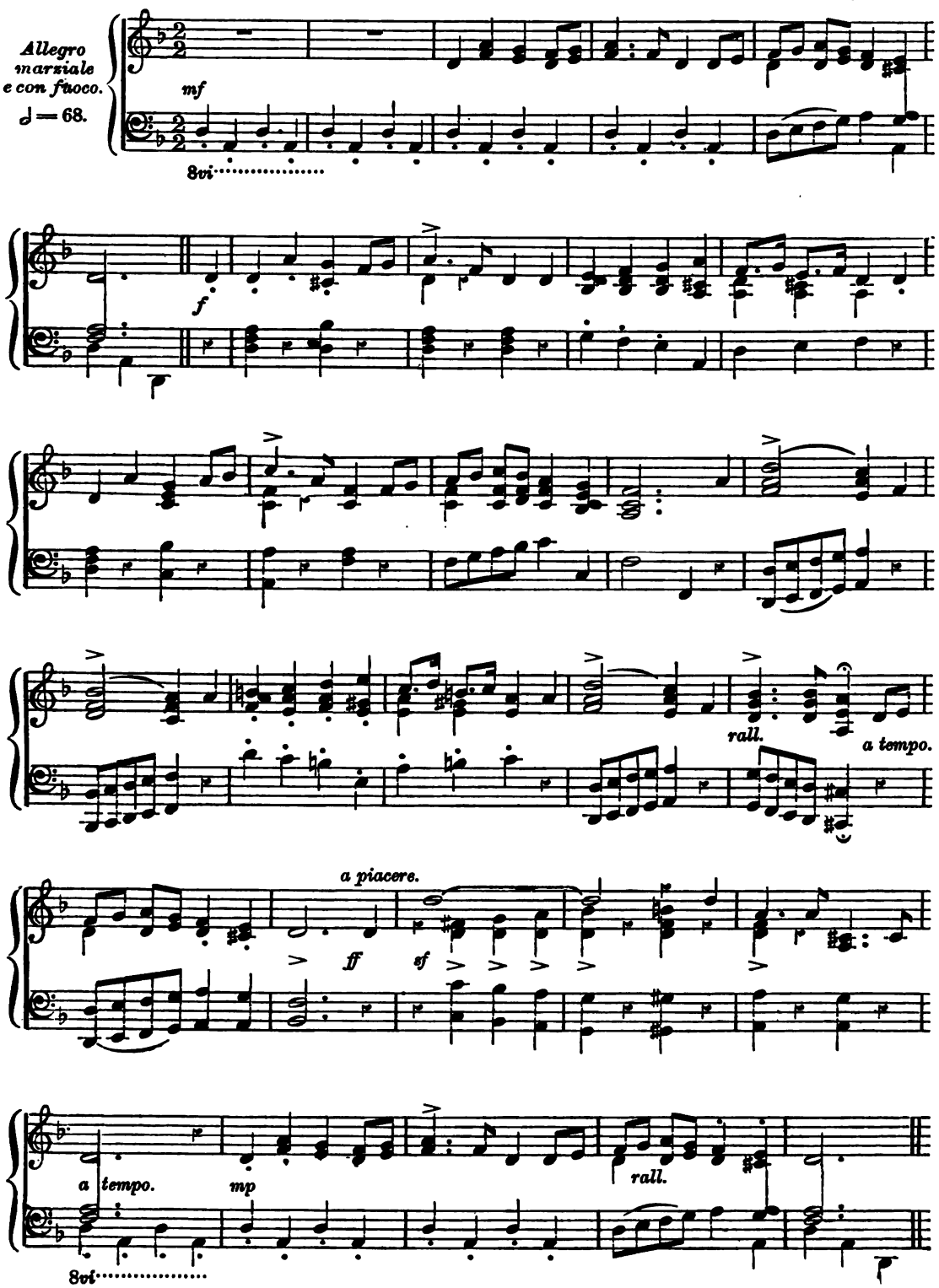
"Illiam Dhoan No. 1."



XXX.

The Battle of Santwat.

Composed by W. H. Gill.
(By request.)

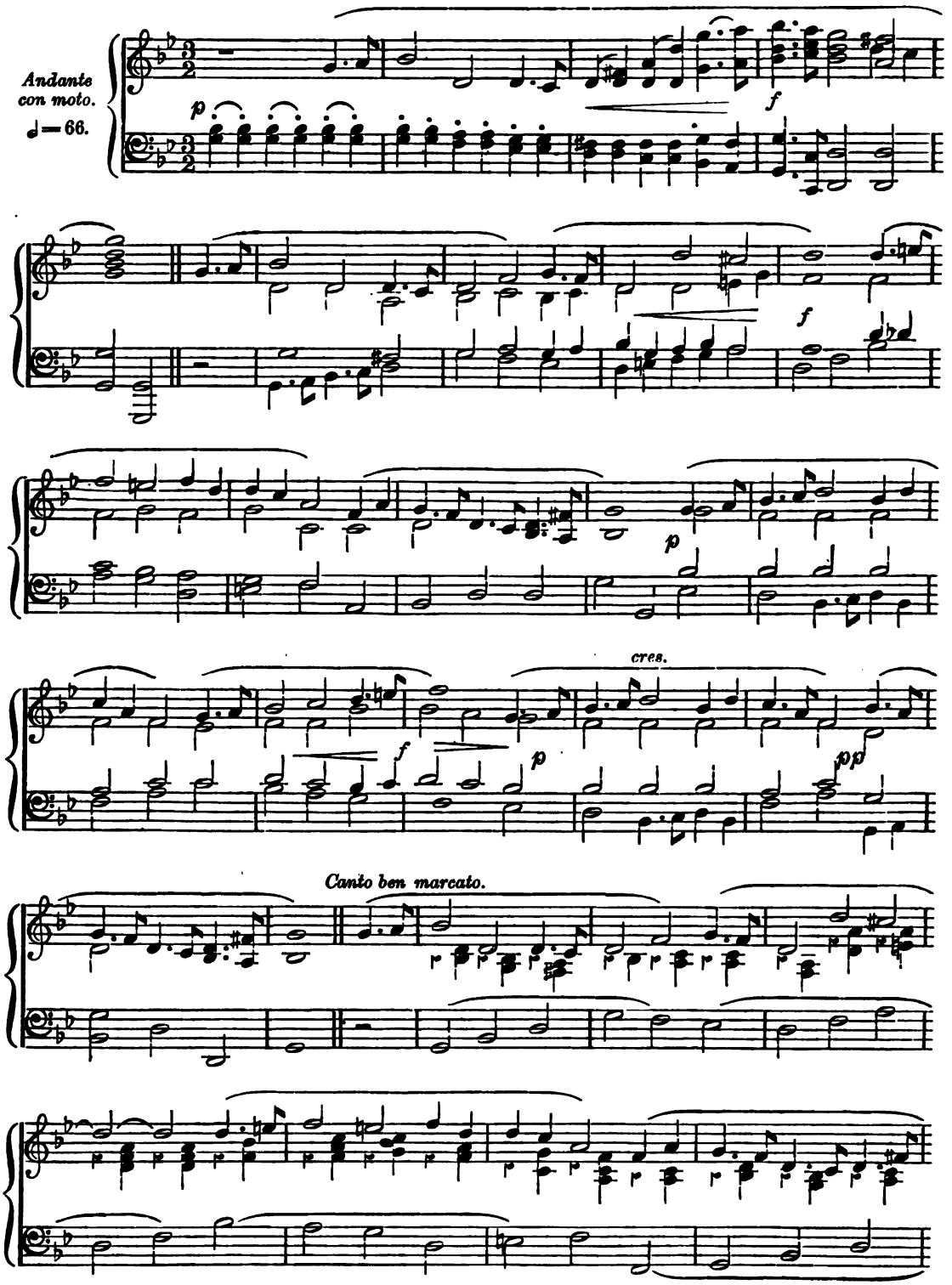


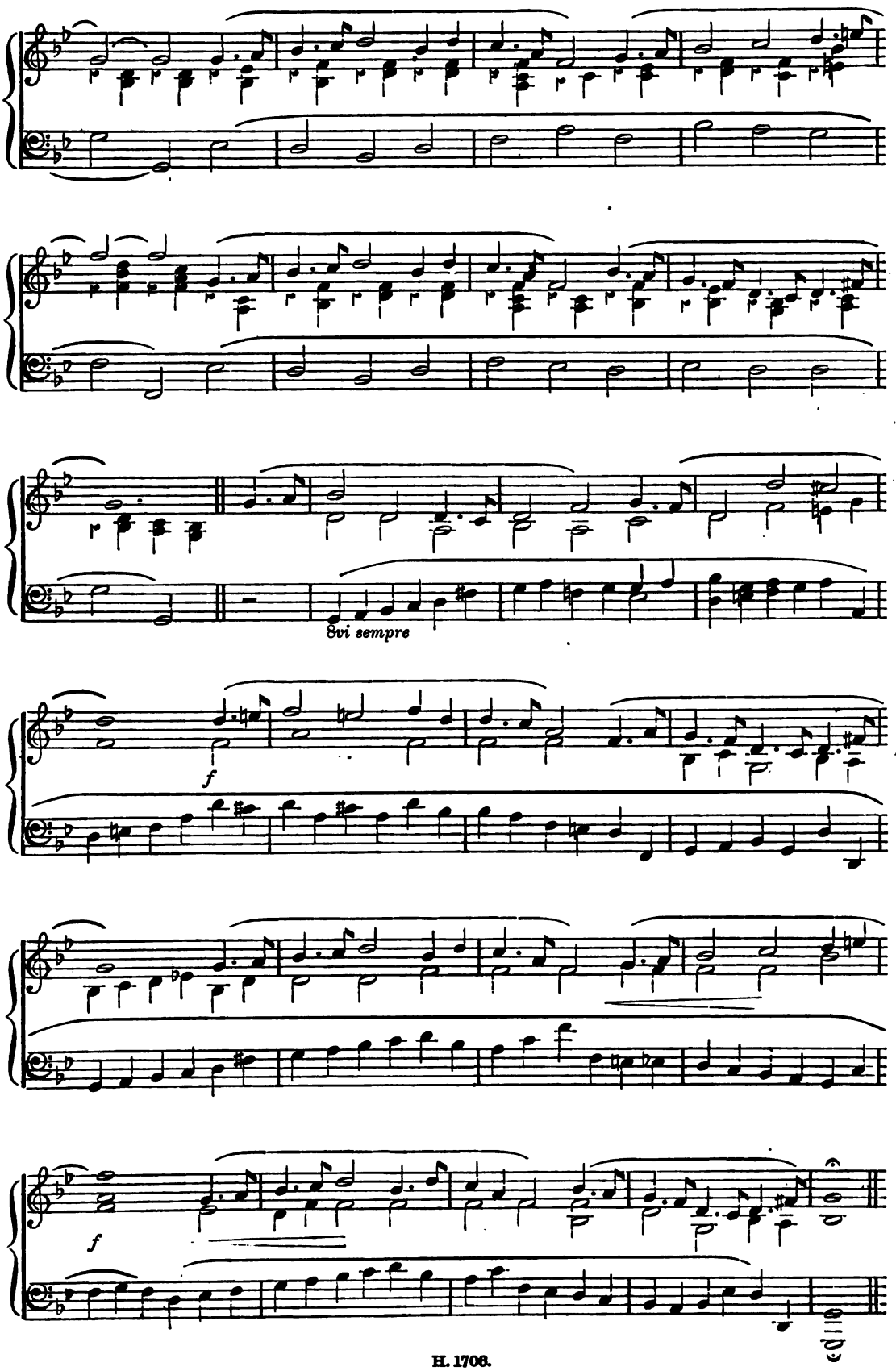
XXXI.

Ny kirree fo niaghtey.

(THE SHEEP UNDER THE SNOW.)

"The sheep under the snow."

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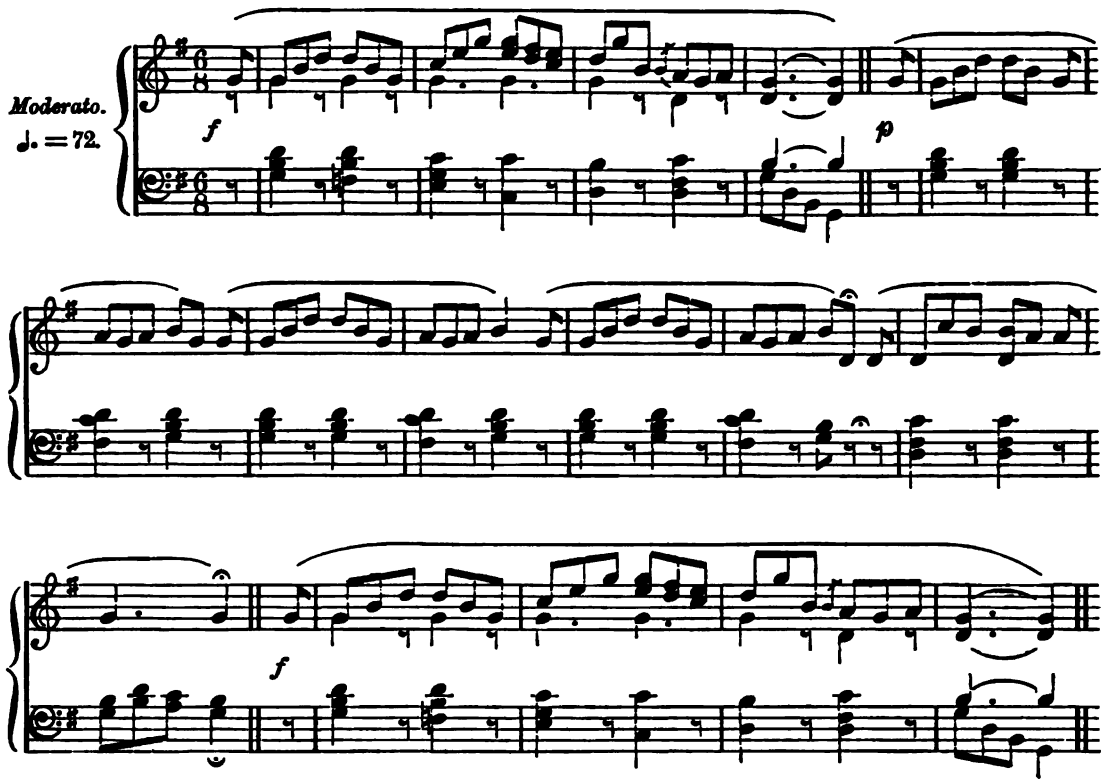
XXXII.

Thurot as Elliott.

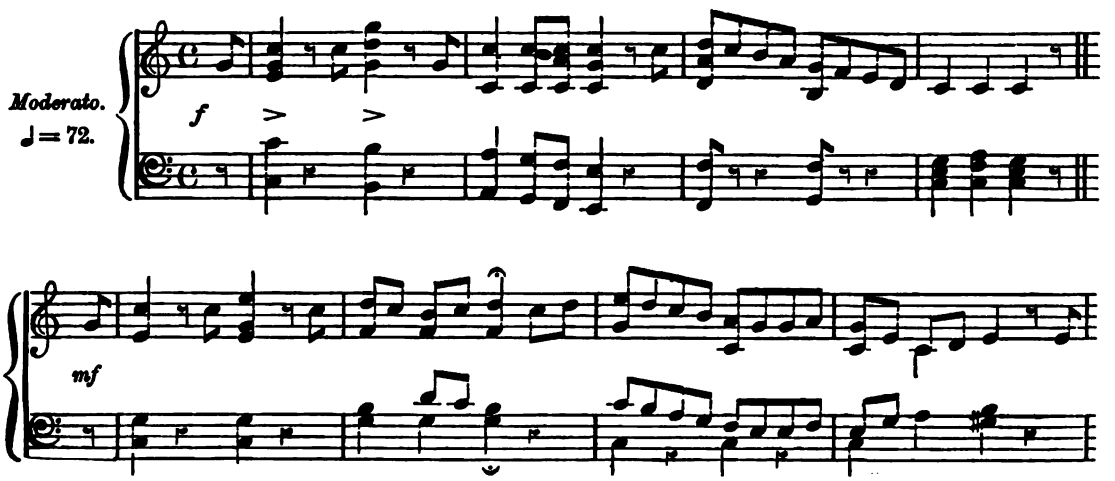
(THUROT AND ELLIOTT.)

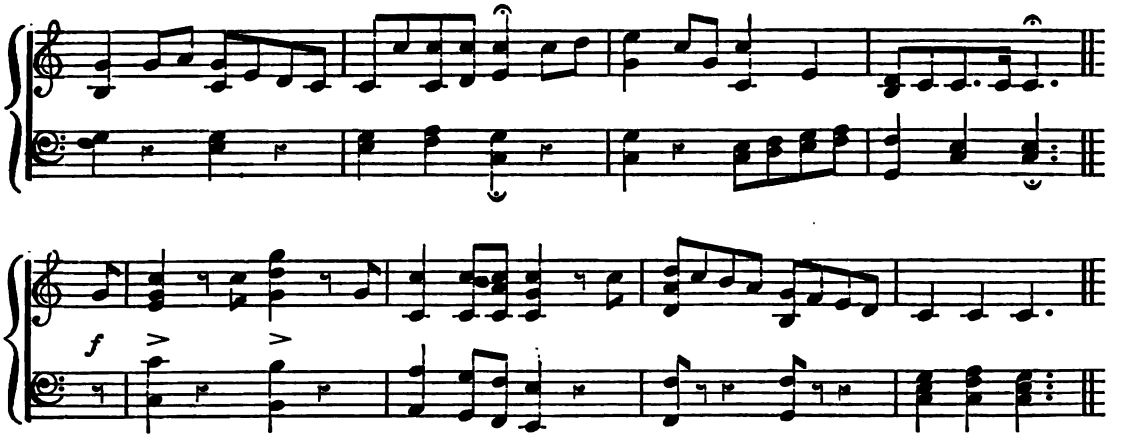


XXXIII.

Myr walkal mish magh moghrey

(AS I WALKED OUT ONE MORNING.)



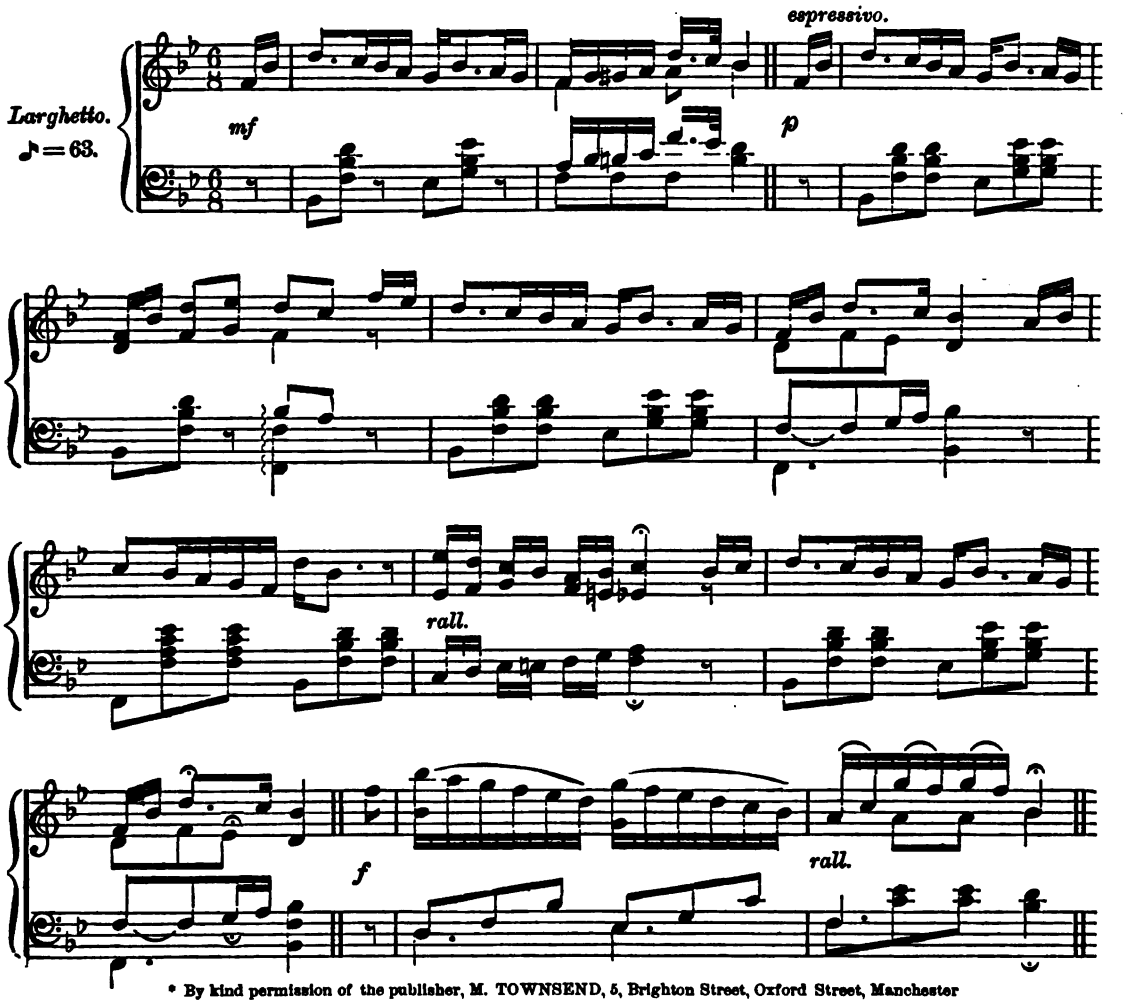


XXXIV.

Ellan Vannin.*

(ISLE OF MANN.)

Composed by J. TOWNSEND.



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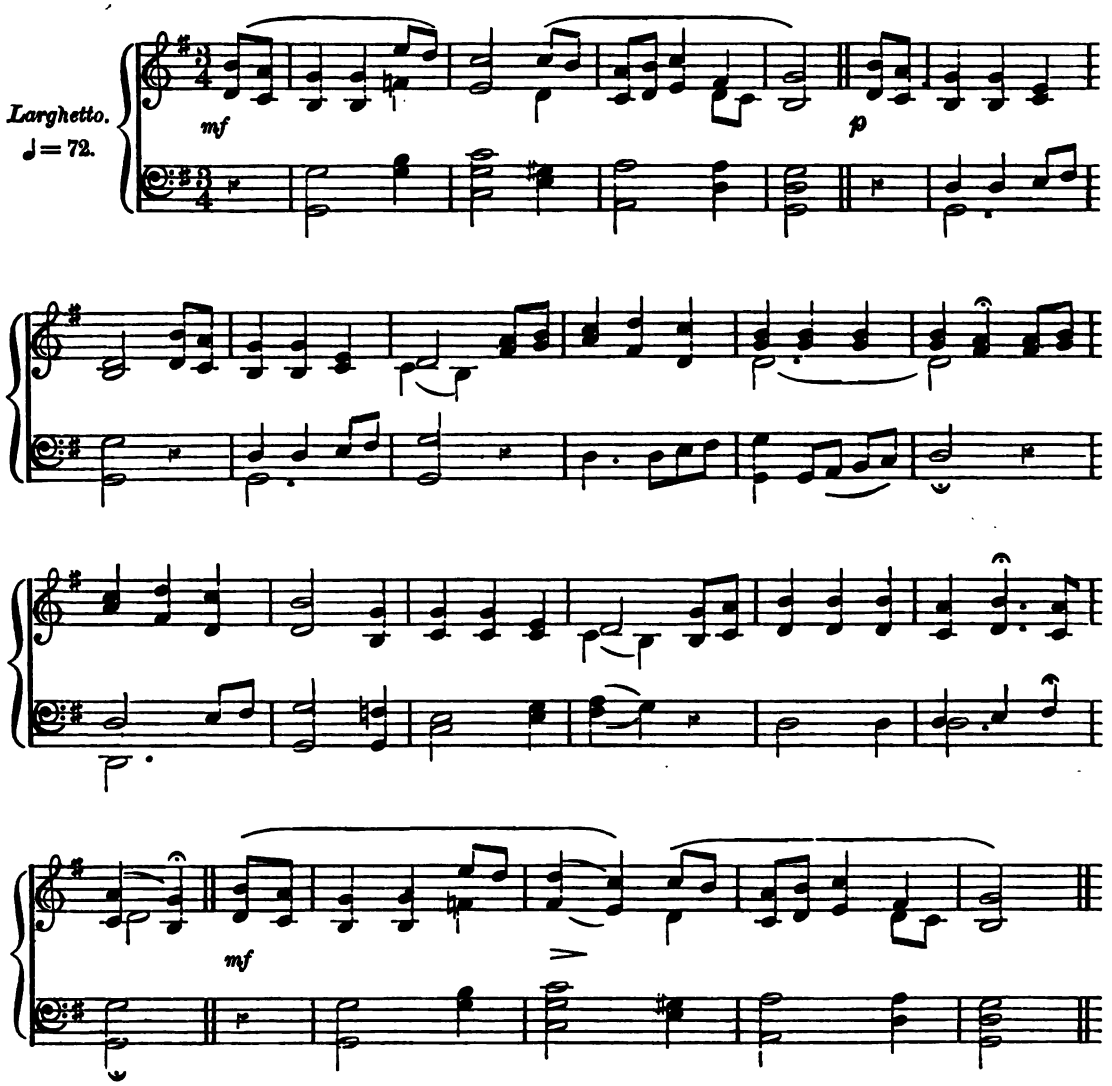
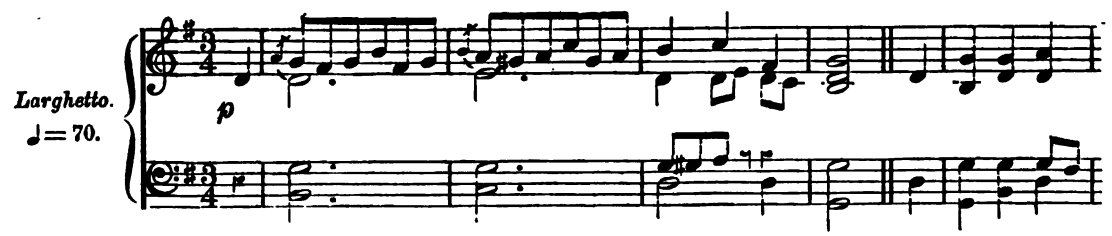
XXXV.

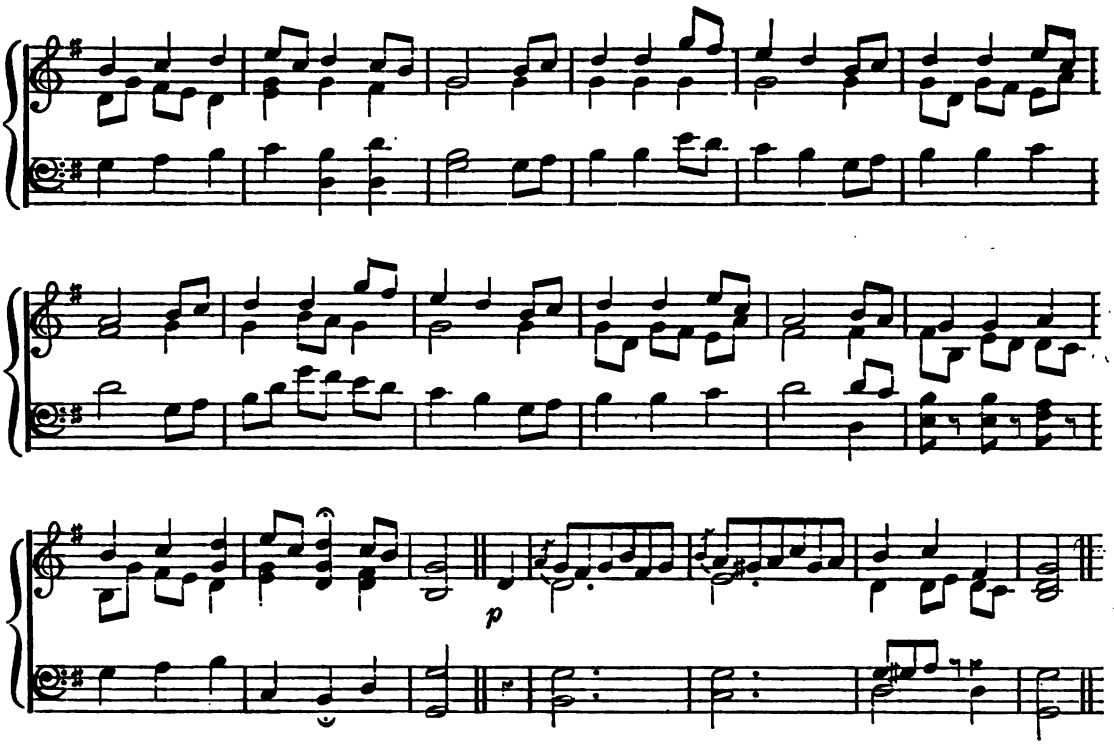
Arrane mysh ny Baatyn-skeddan.

(SONG OF THE HERRING FLEET.)



XXXVI.

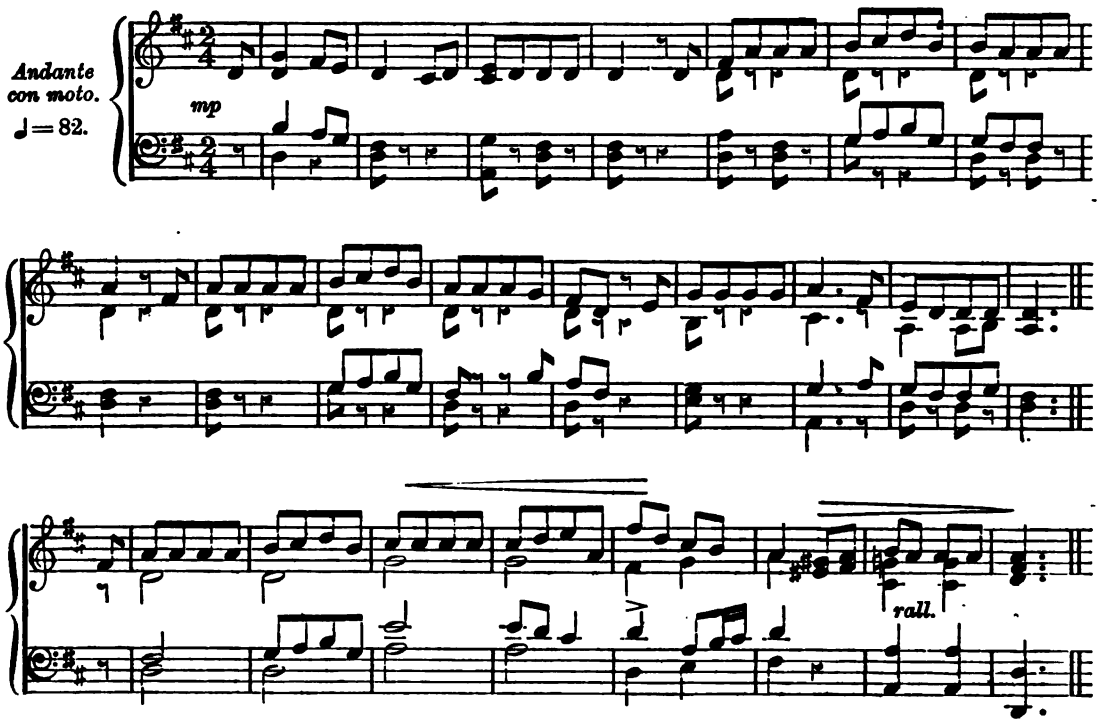




XXXVII.

Stroid ushtey.

(THE WAISTRAL.)

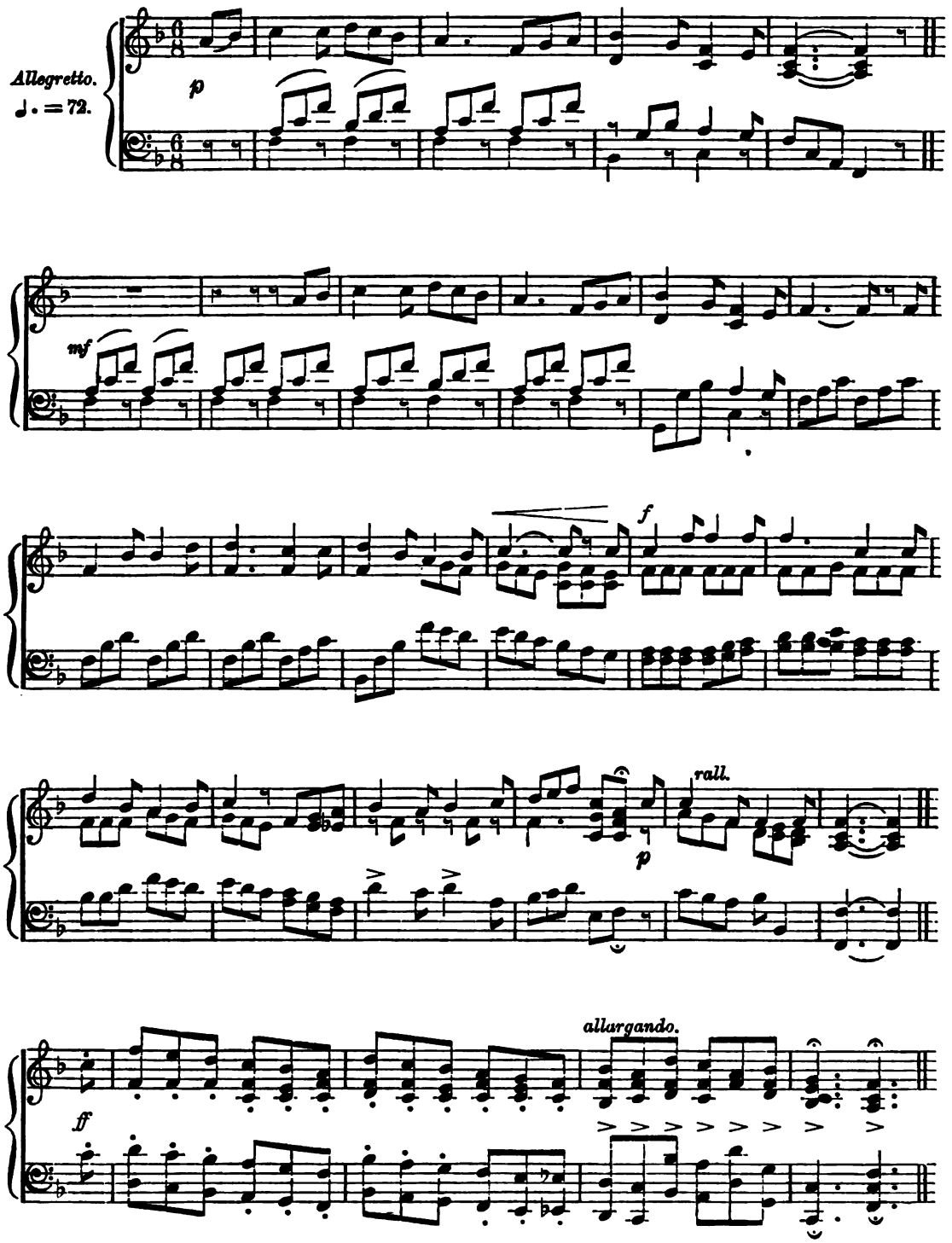


XXXVIII.

Yn Oabbyr-vwyllin.

(THE MILL-HOPPER.)

"Happy as a King."

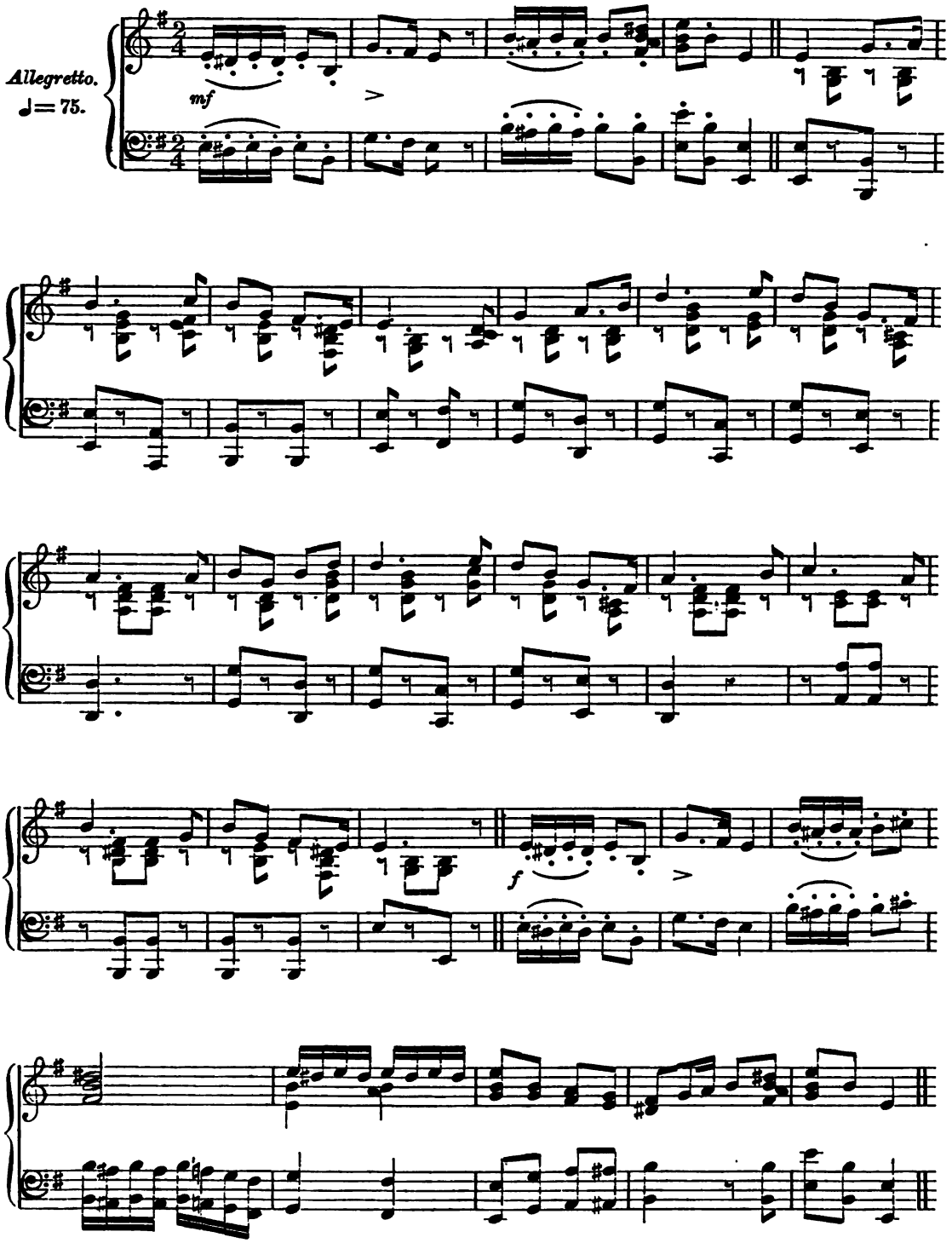


XXXIX.

Callin veg Dhoan.

(MY LITTLE BROWN GIRL.)

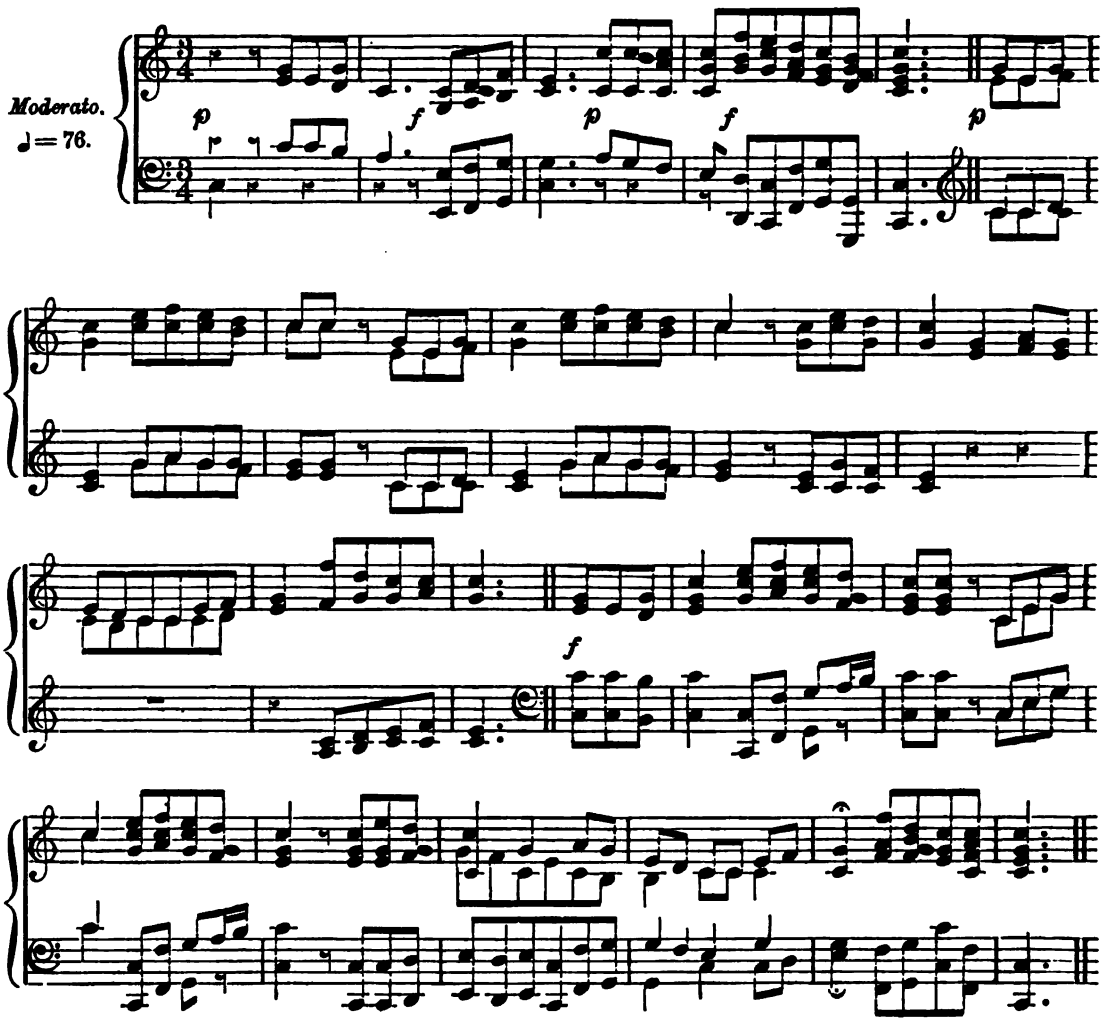
"Fair maids of Mann."



XL.

Ec ollic ball ny fiddleryn.

(AT THE FIDDLERS' CHRISTMAS BALL.)

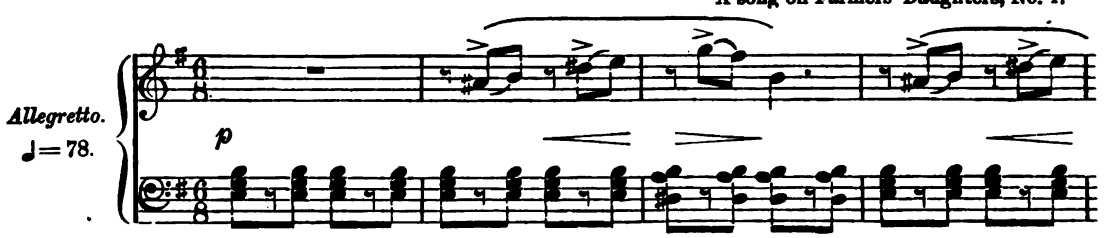


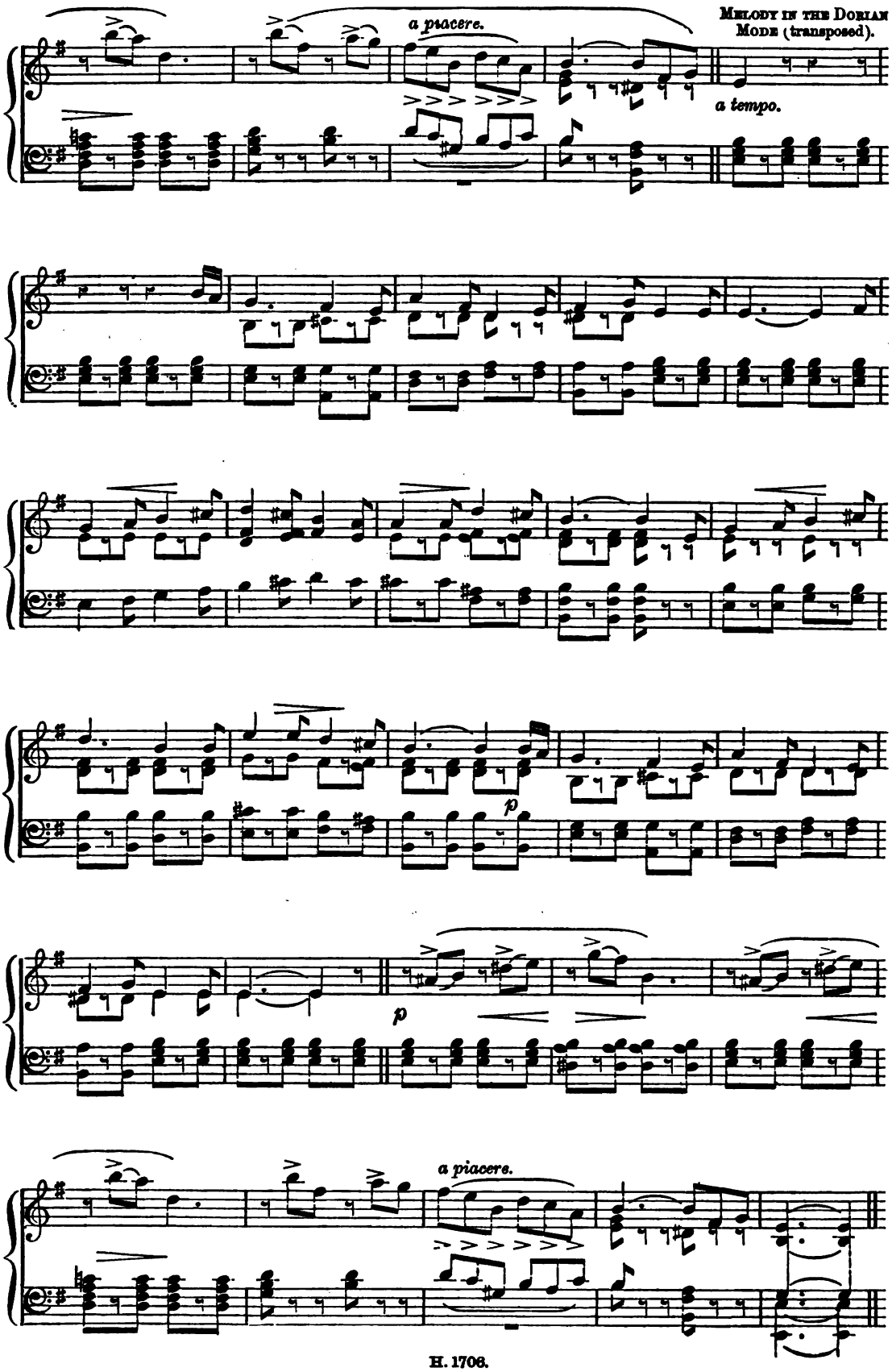
XLI.

Sooree.

(COURTING.)

"A song on Farmers' Daughters, No. 1."

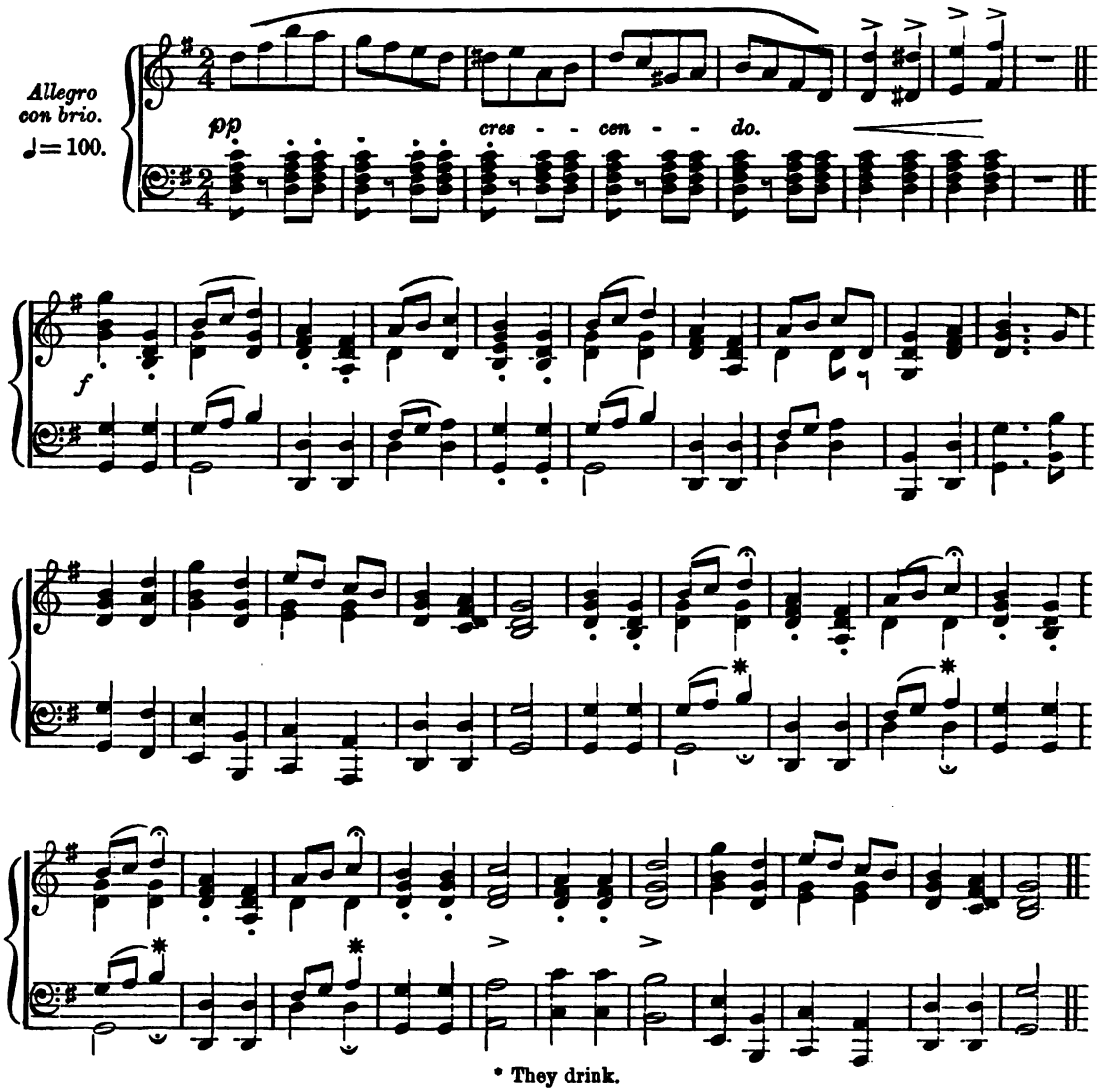



a piacere.
Melody in the Dorian Mode (transposed).
a tempo.
p
p
a piacere.

XLII.

Arrane Meshtallagh.

DRINKING SONG.)

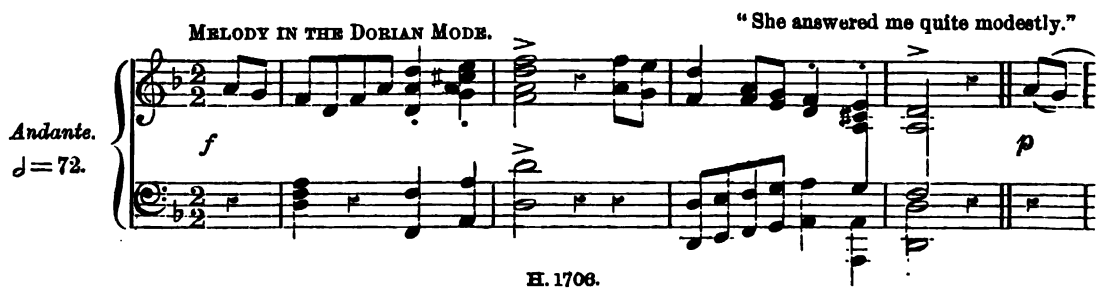


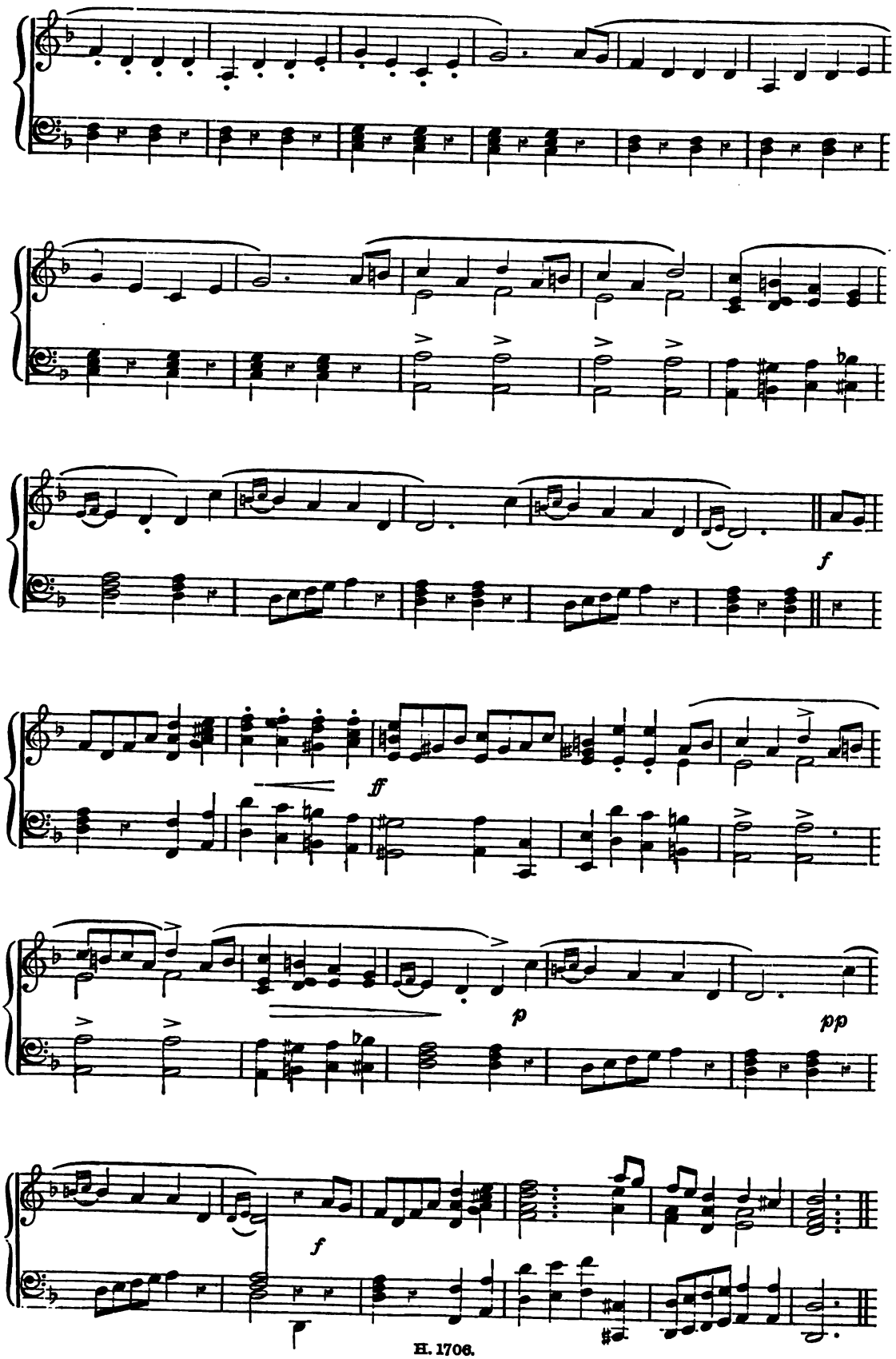
* They drink.

XLIII.

MELODY IN THE DORIAN MODE.

"She answered me quite modestly."

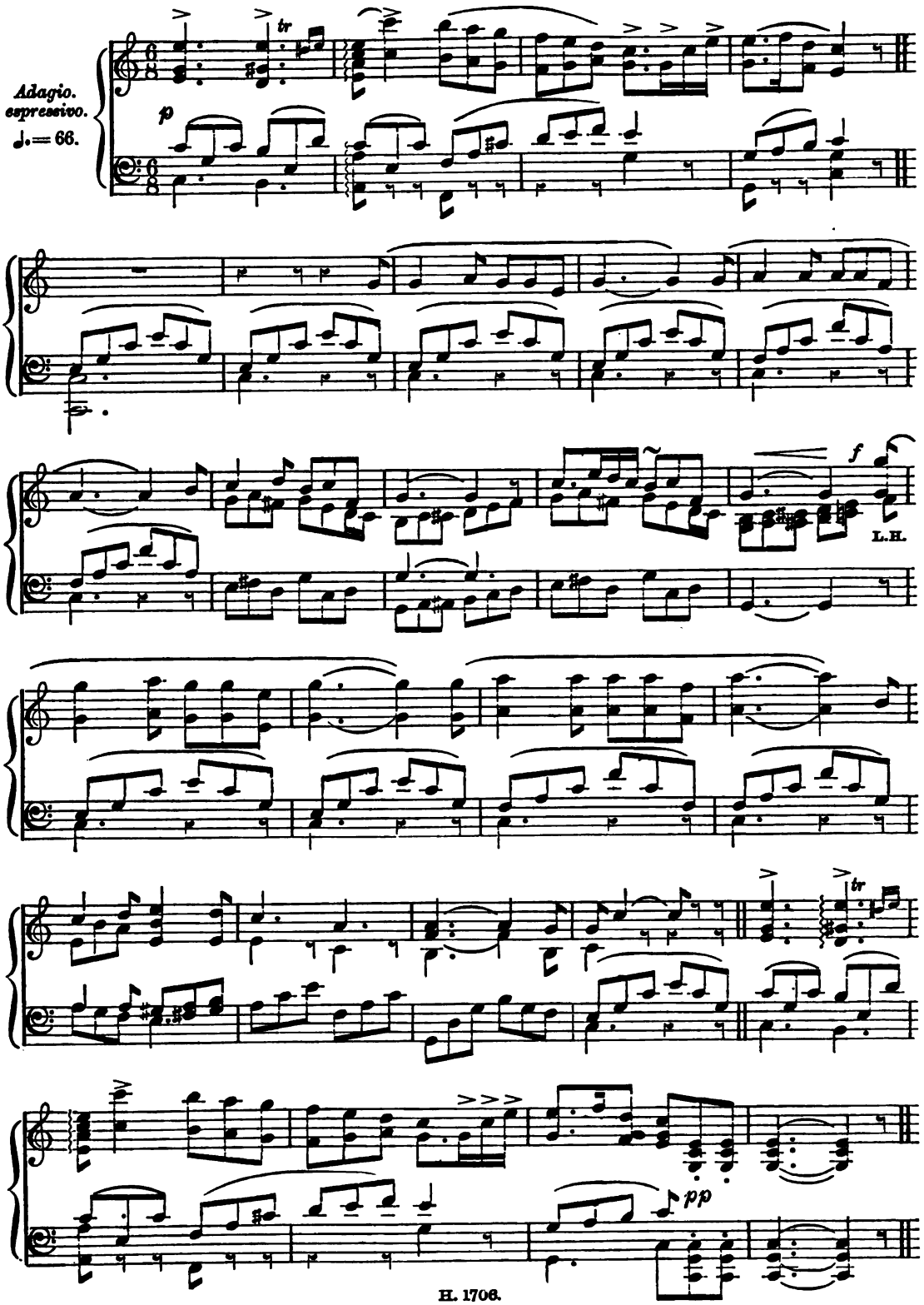



f
ff
p
pp
f

XLIV.

Va oie ayns Cronk Ally Mooar.

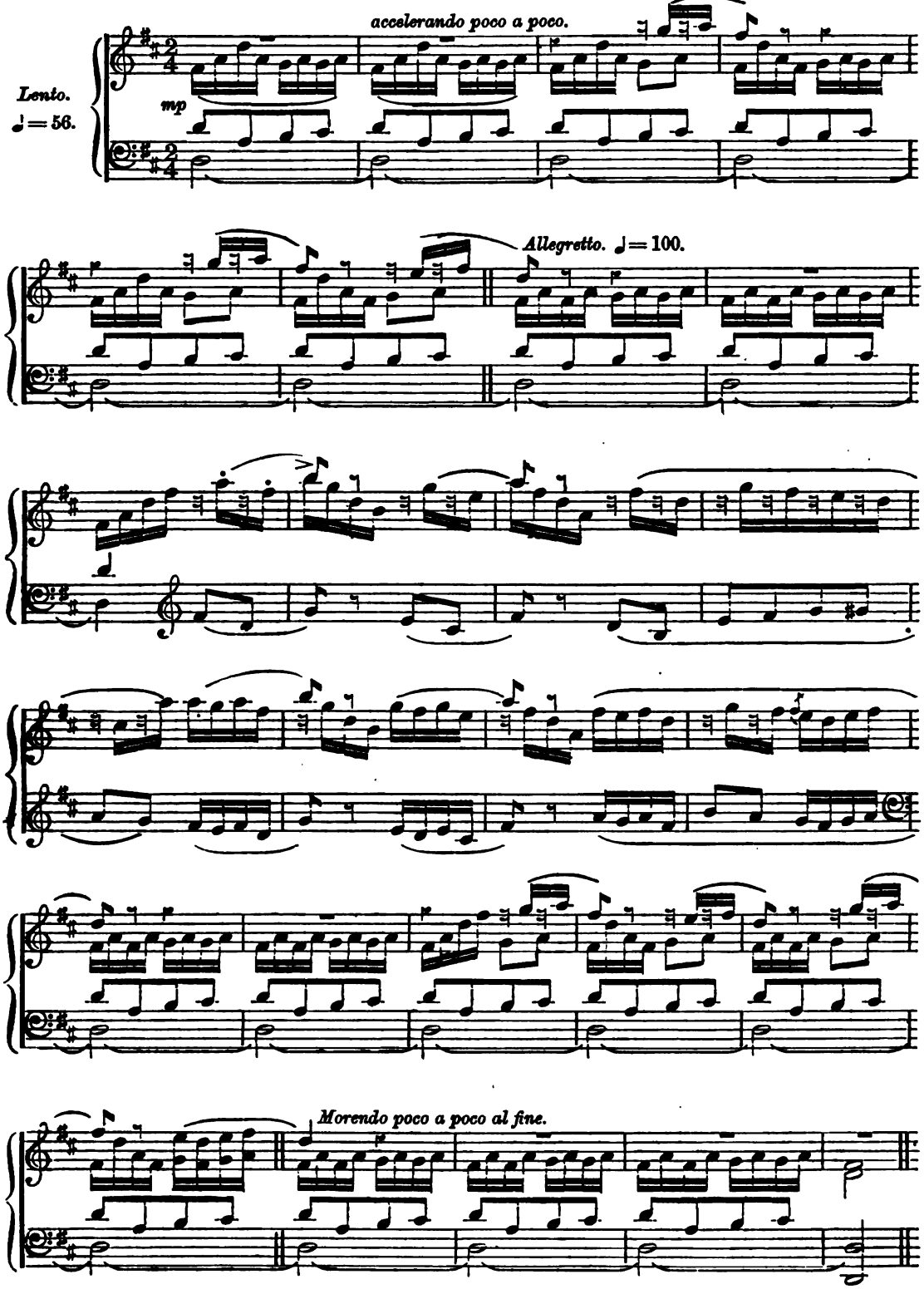
(ONE NIGHT IN CRONK ALLY MOOAR.)



XLV.

Arrane ny Queeyl-neuiee.

(SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.)

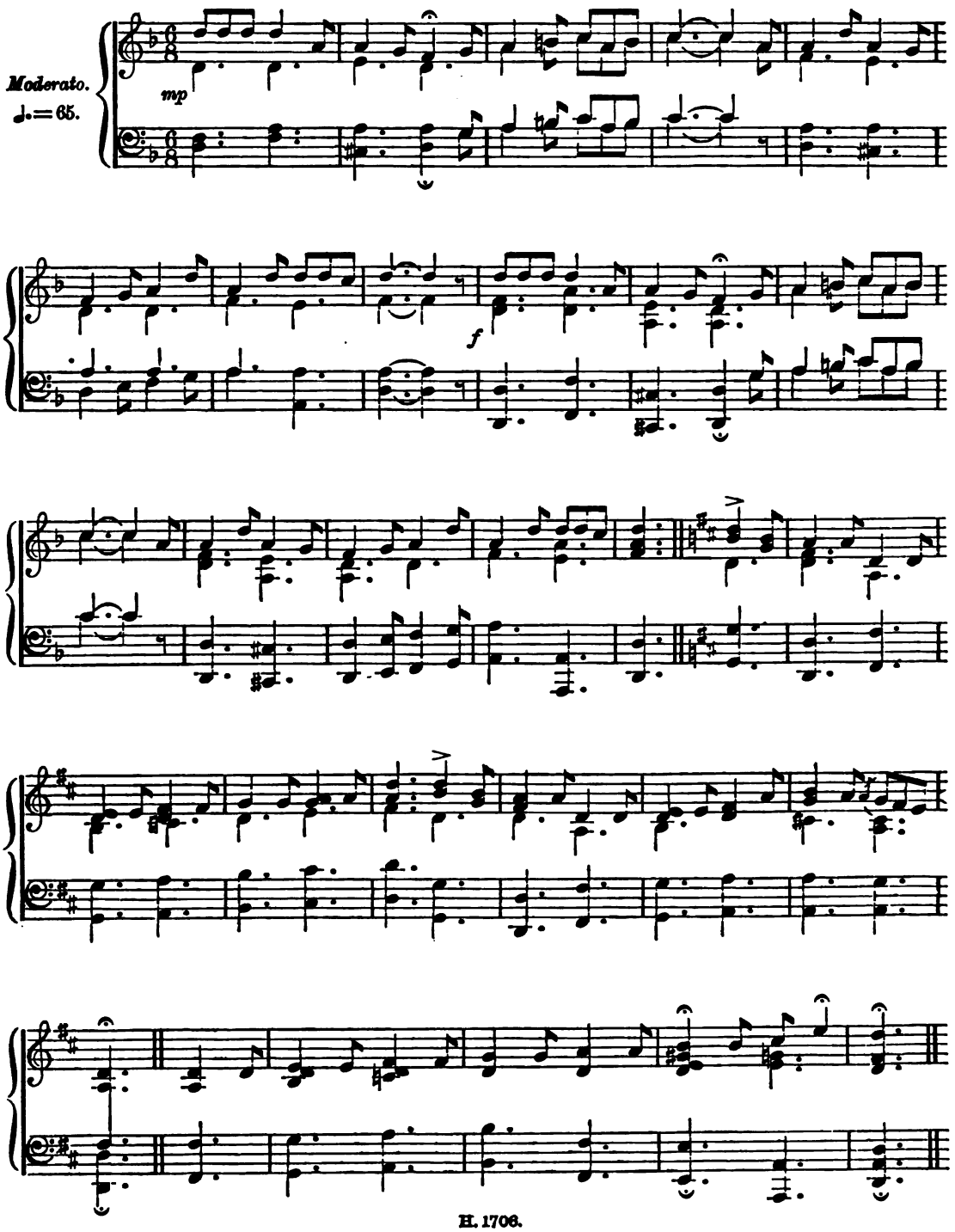


XLVI.

Yn colbagh breck er sthrap.

(THE SPECKLED HEIFER TETHERED.)

"The Maid of Port-y-Shee," *also*
"The King of the Sea."

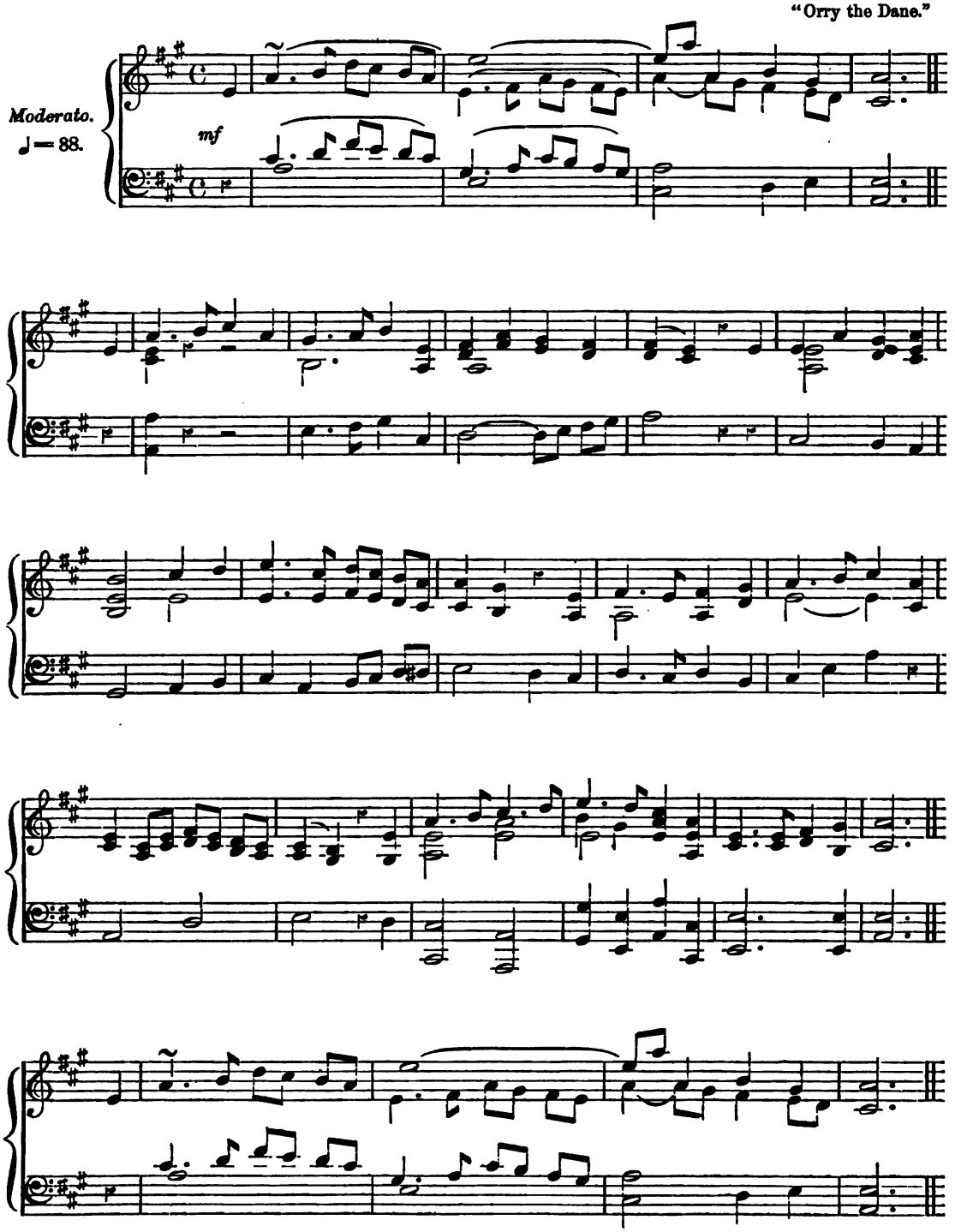


XLVII.

O sheign dooin.

(O! WE MUST.)

"Orry the Dane."

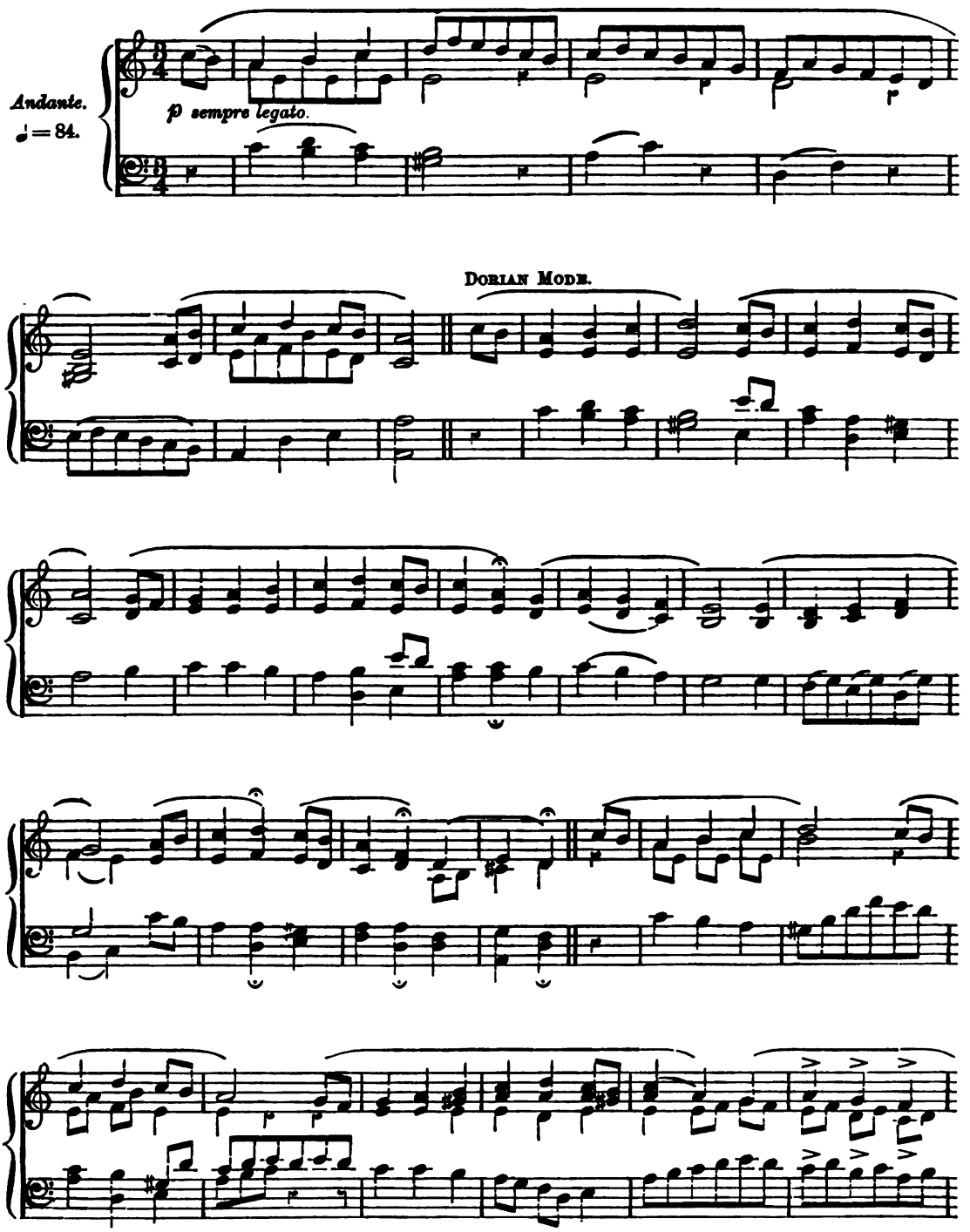


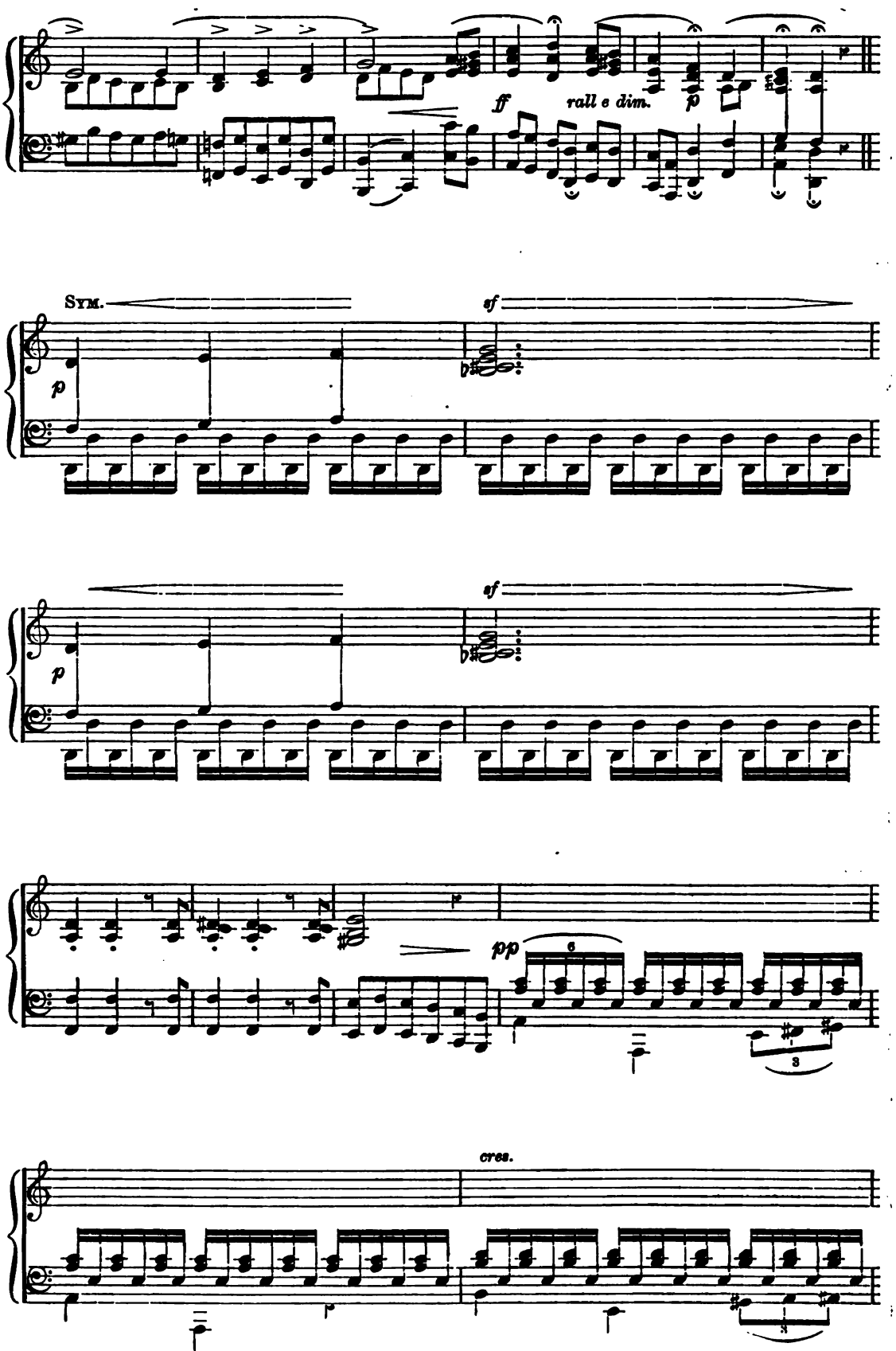
XLVIII.

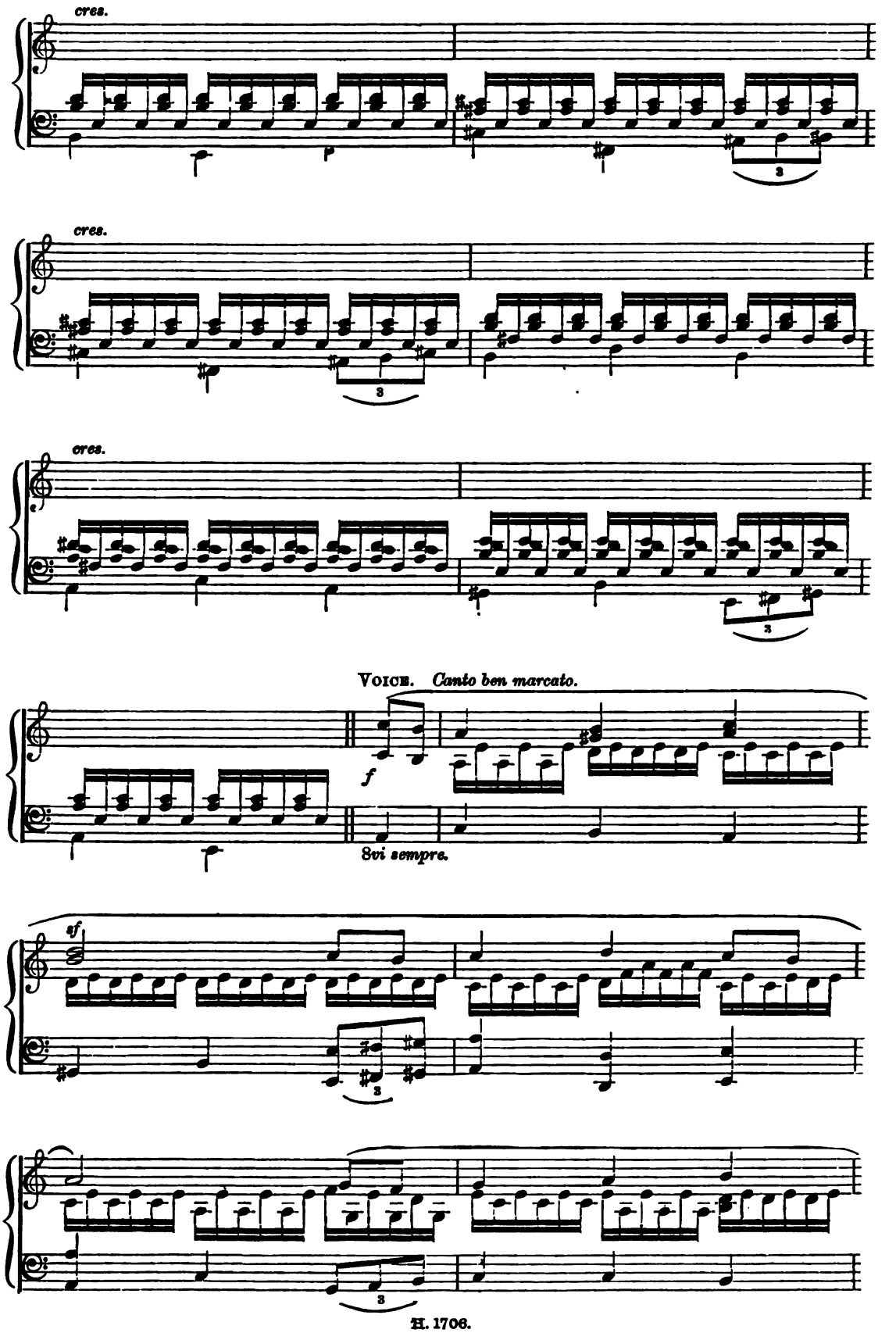
Arrane mysh ny Baatyn-skeddan.

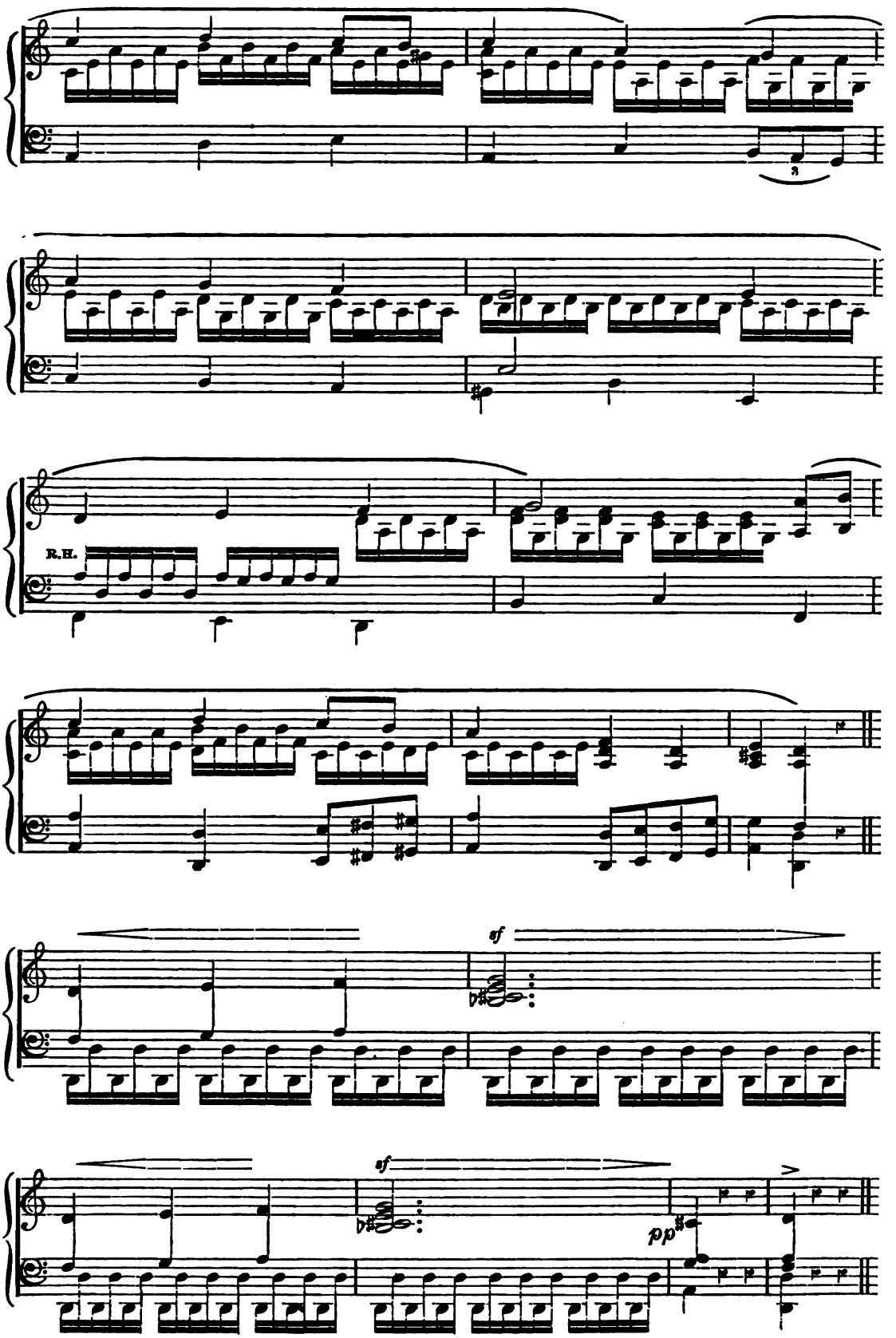
(SONG OF THE HERRING FLEET.)

"The wreck of the Herring Fleet."




ff
rall e dim.
p
Sym.
p
sf
p
sf
pp
6
3
cres.
3

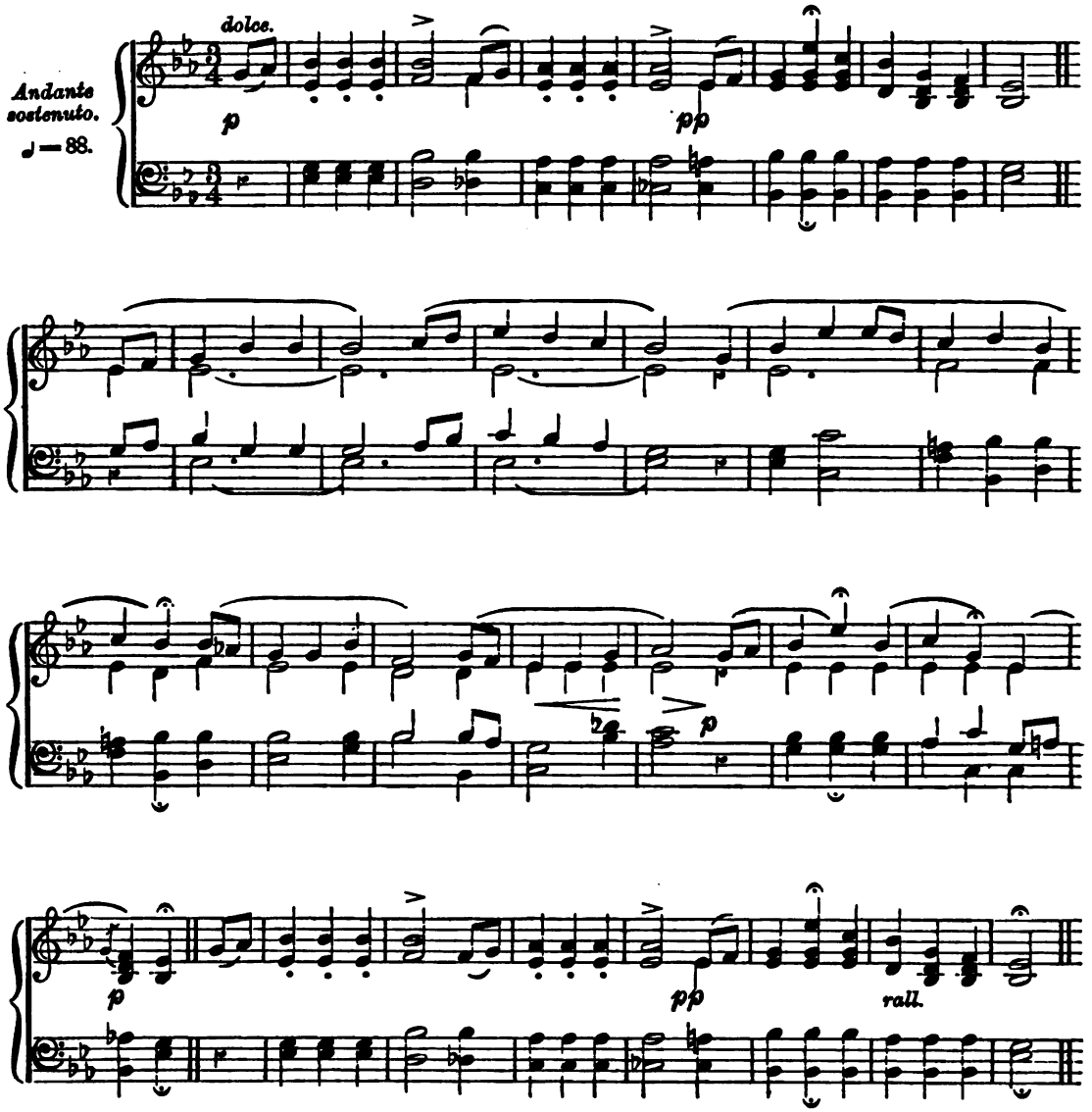

cres.
cres.
cres.
Voice. Canto ben marcato.
f
8vi sempre.
sf


R.H.
sf
sf
pp

XLIX.

Arrane mysh ny Baatyn-skeddan.

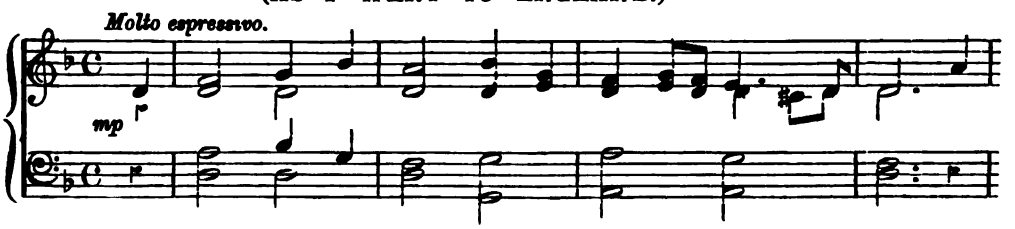
(SONG OF THE HERRING FLEET.)

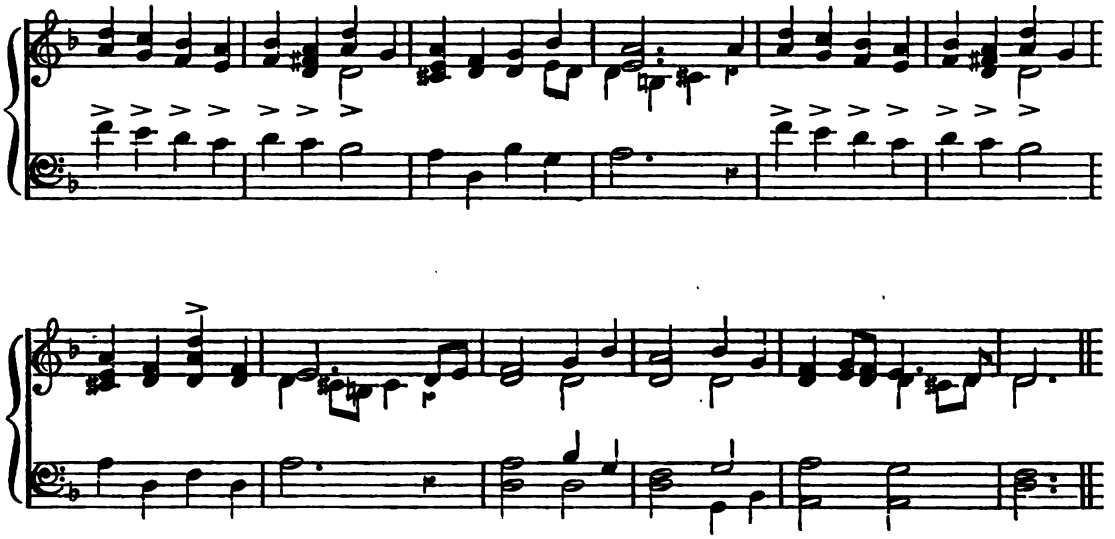


L.

Myr hie mee gys Sostyn.

(AS I WENT TO ENGLAND.)

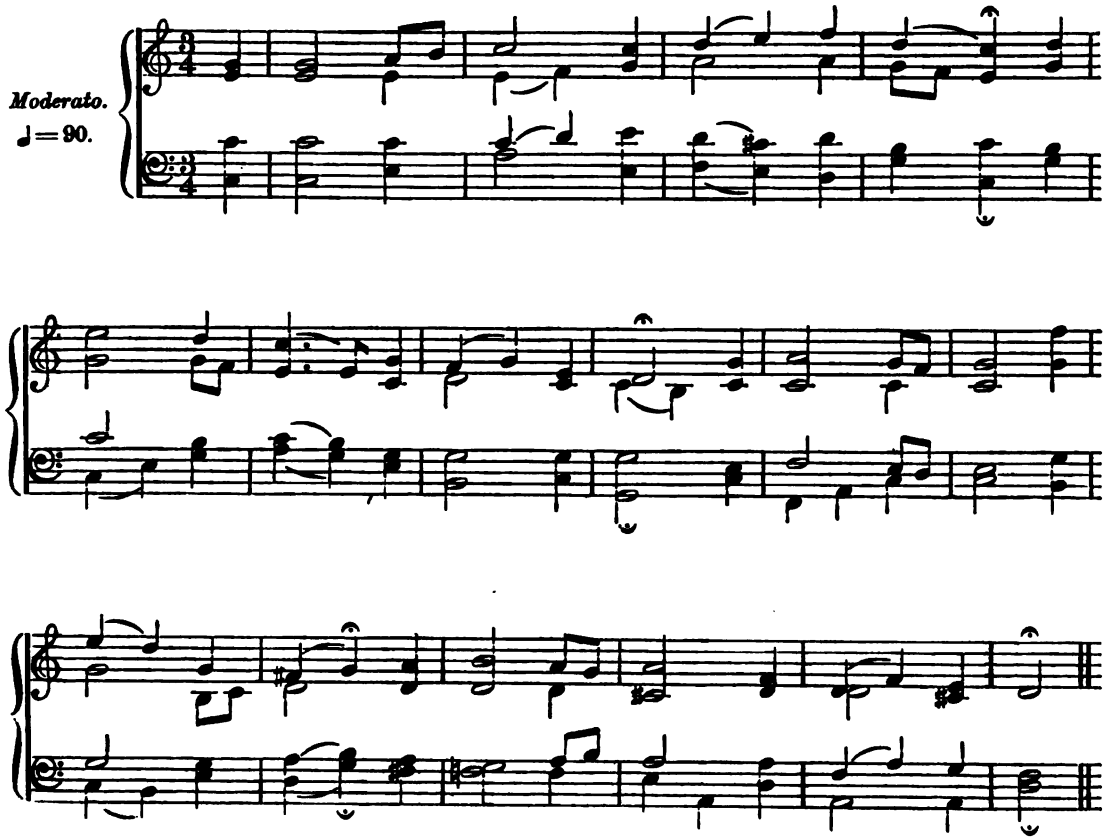




LI.

Ec ny Fiddleryn.

(AMONG THE FIDDLERS.)

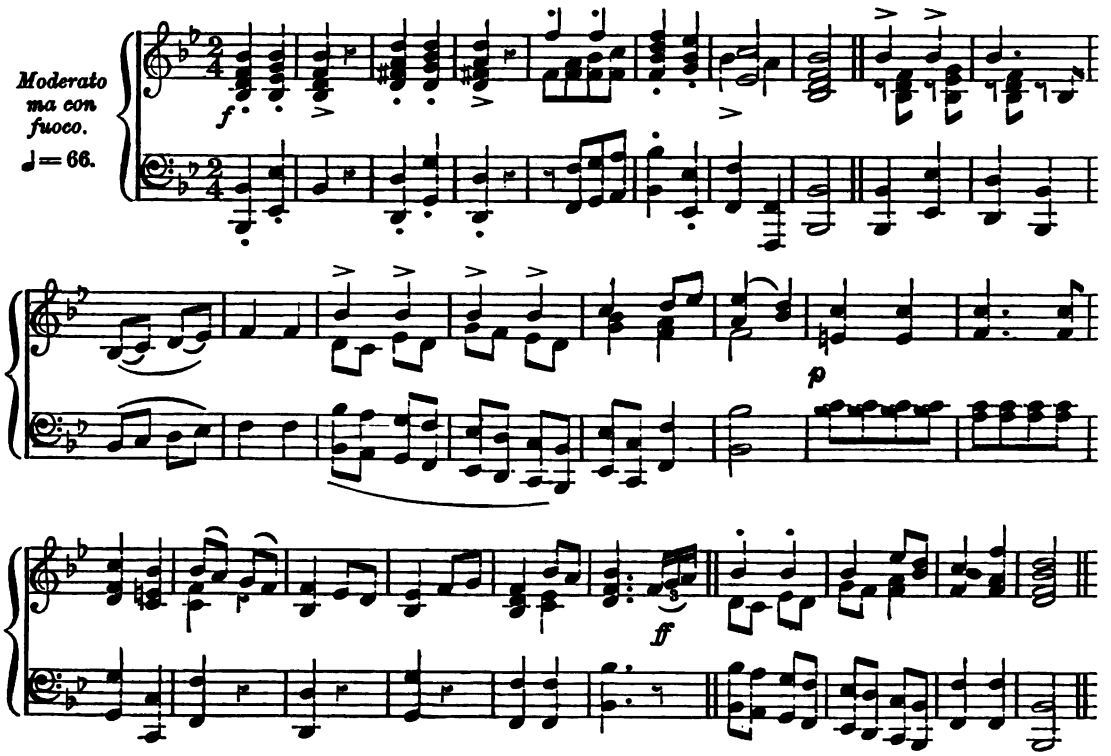


LII.

My hene Dooinney veen.

(MY OWN DEAR MAN.)

"Heroes all!"

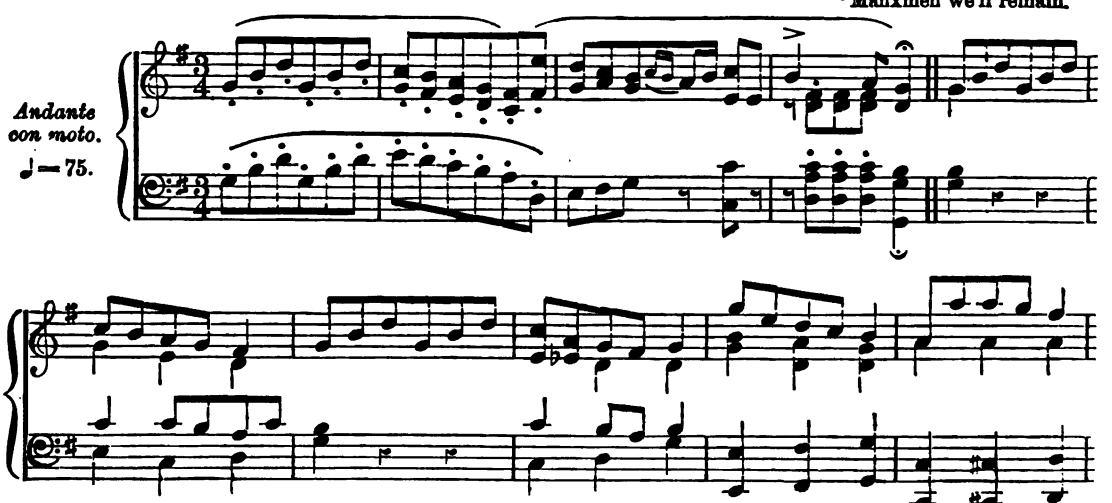


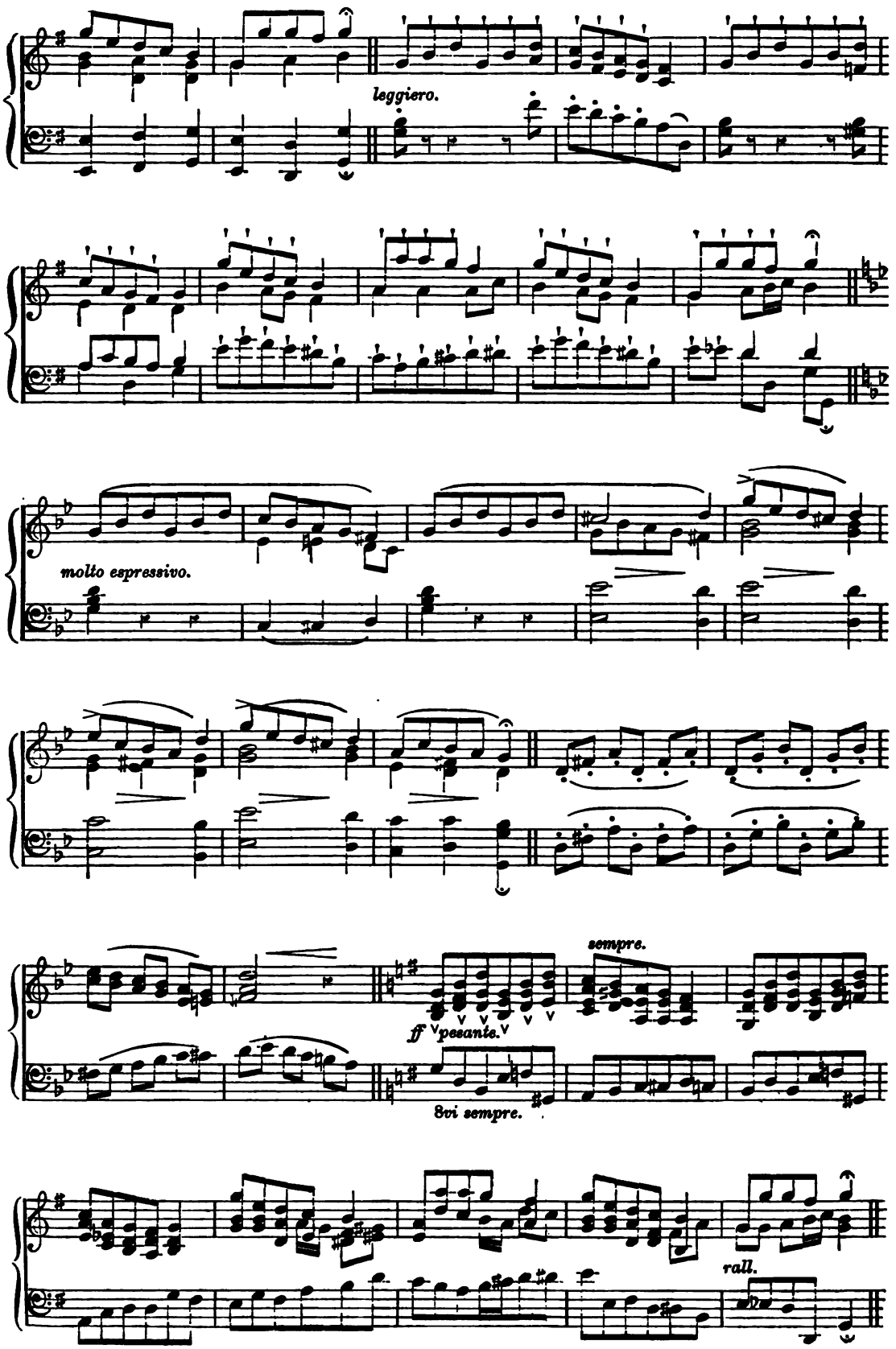
LIII.

Skeilley Vridey.

(KIRK BRIDE.)

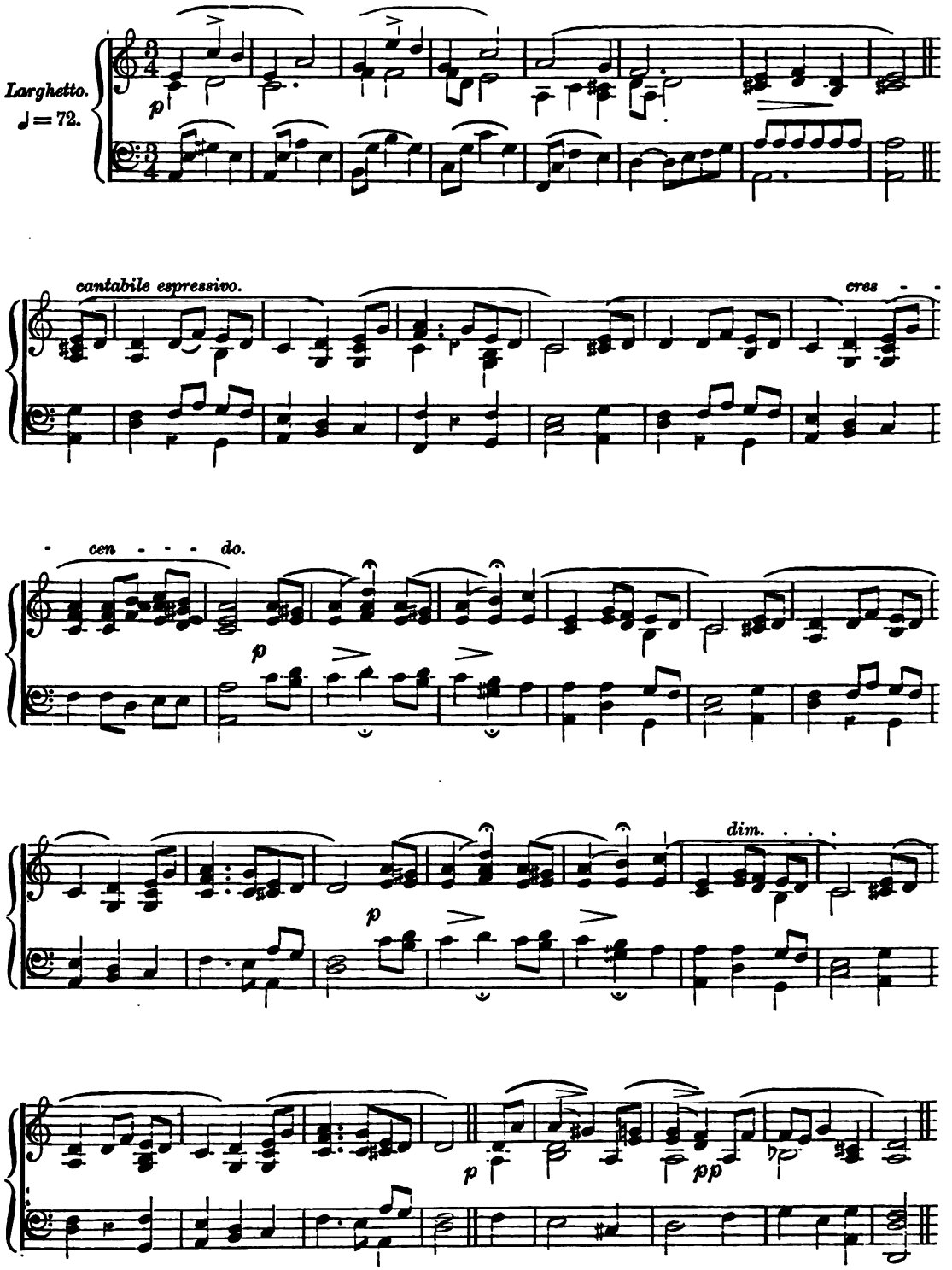
"Manxmen we'll remain."




leggiero.
molto espressivo.
sempre.
ff pesante.
8vi sempre.
rall.

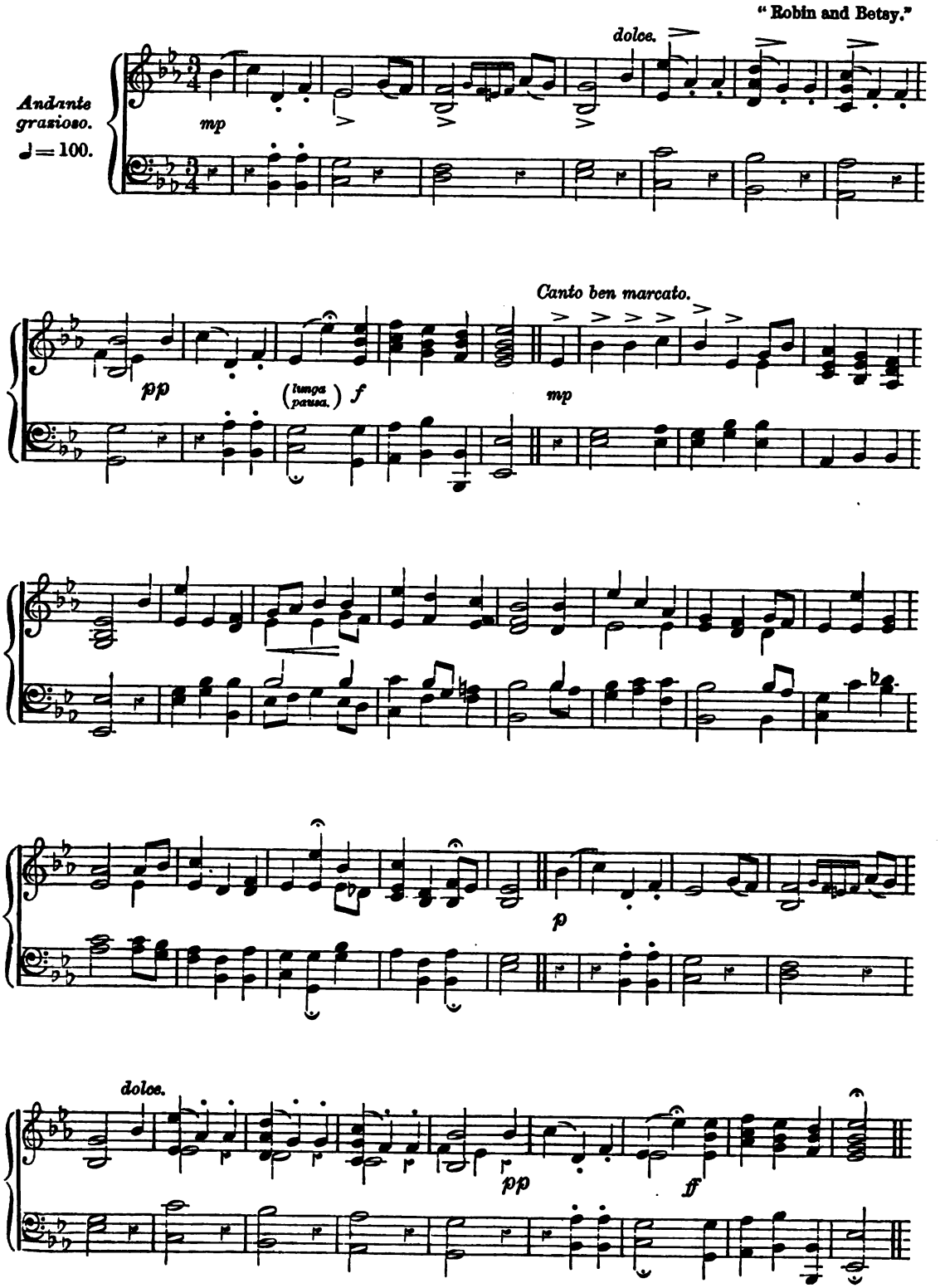
LIV.

"Lament of the Duchess of Gloucester."



LV.

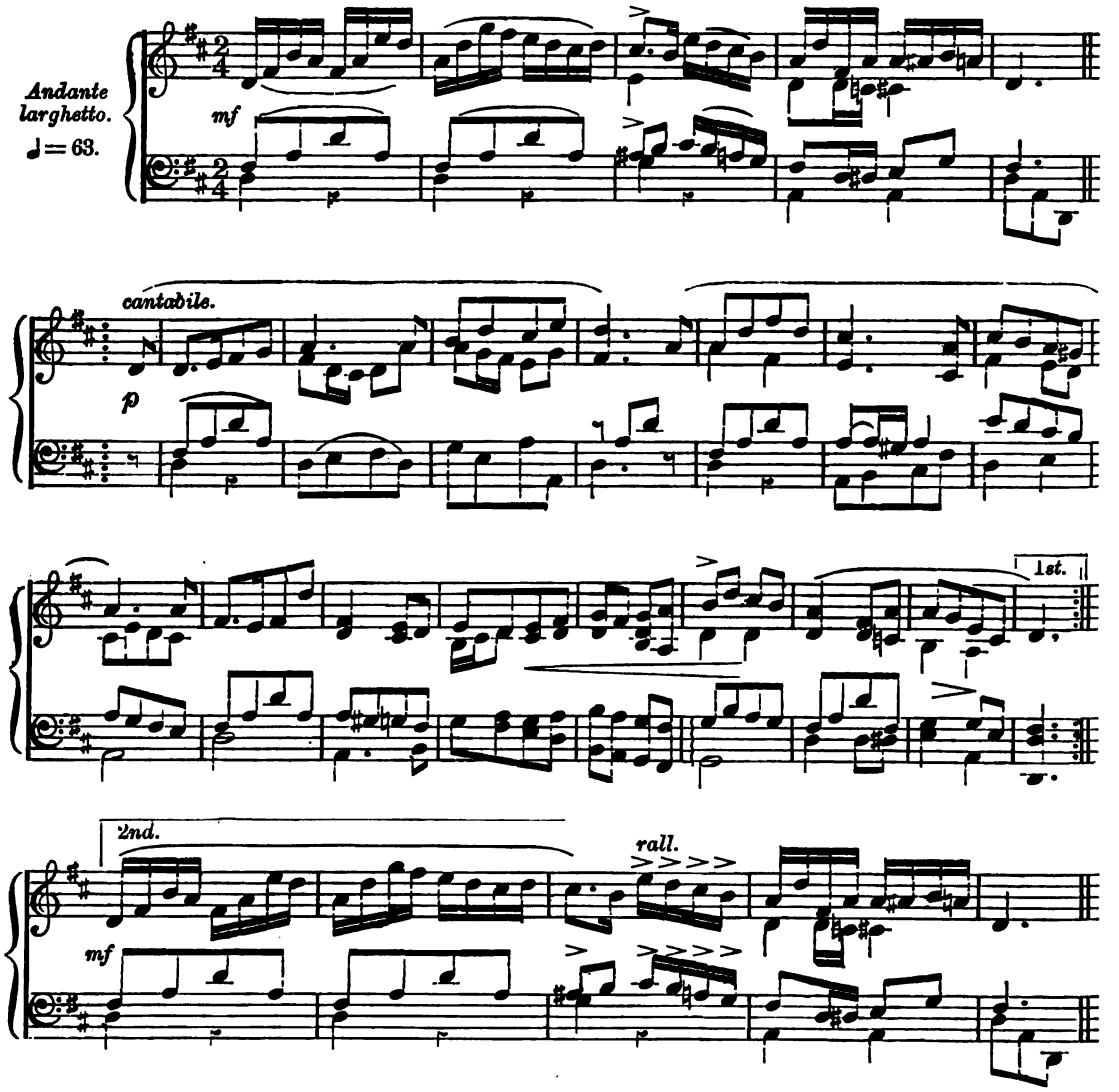
"Robin and Betsy."



LVI.

My graih ta gholl-rish y ghrian.

(MY LOVE IS LIKE THE SUN.)

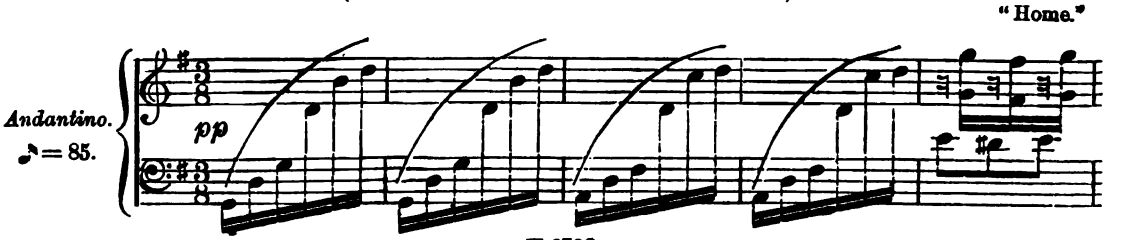


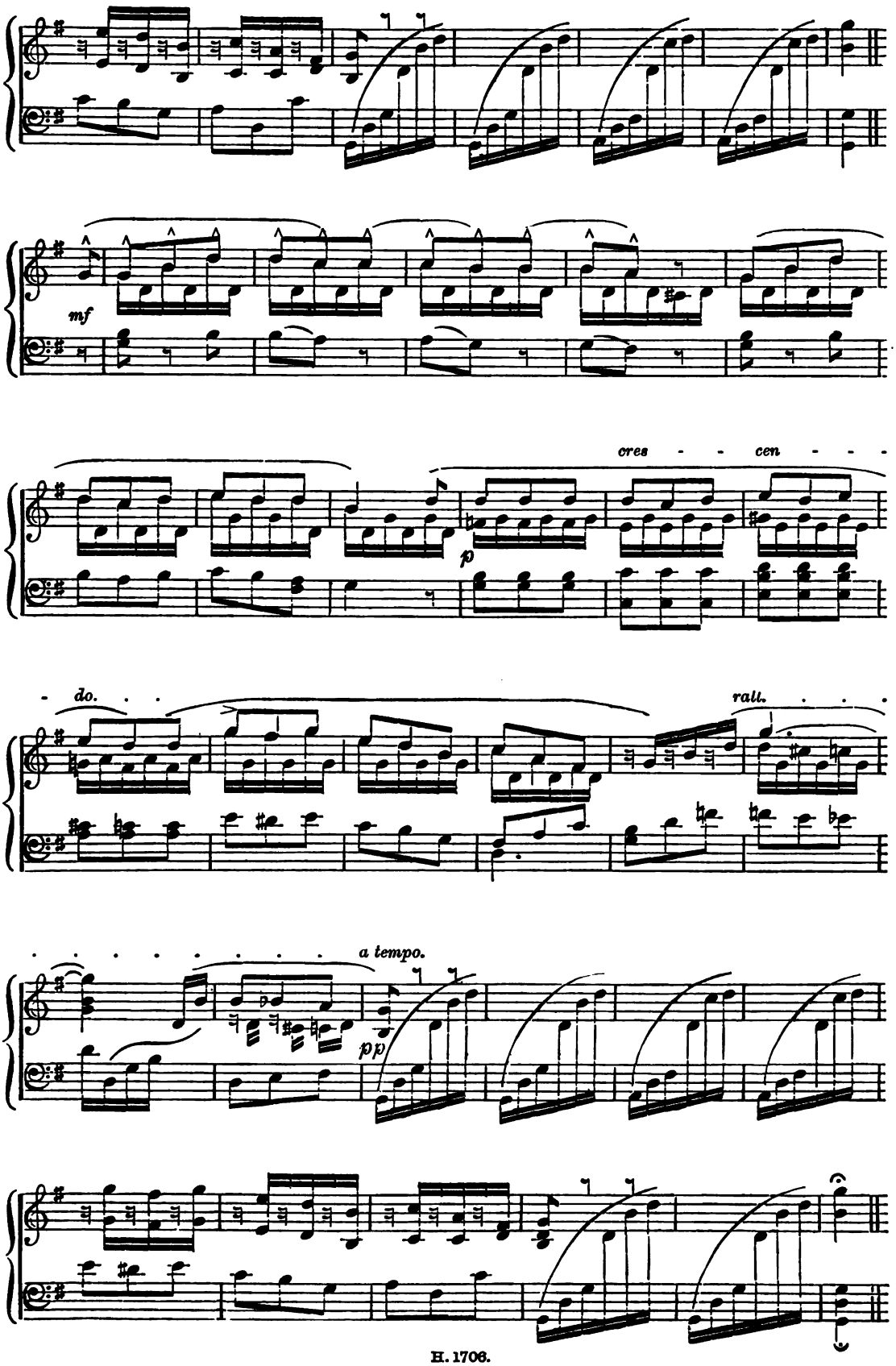
LVII.

Moghrey laa Boaldyn.

(THE MORNING OF MAY DAY.)

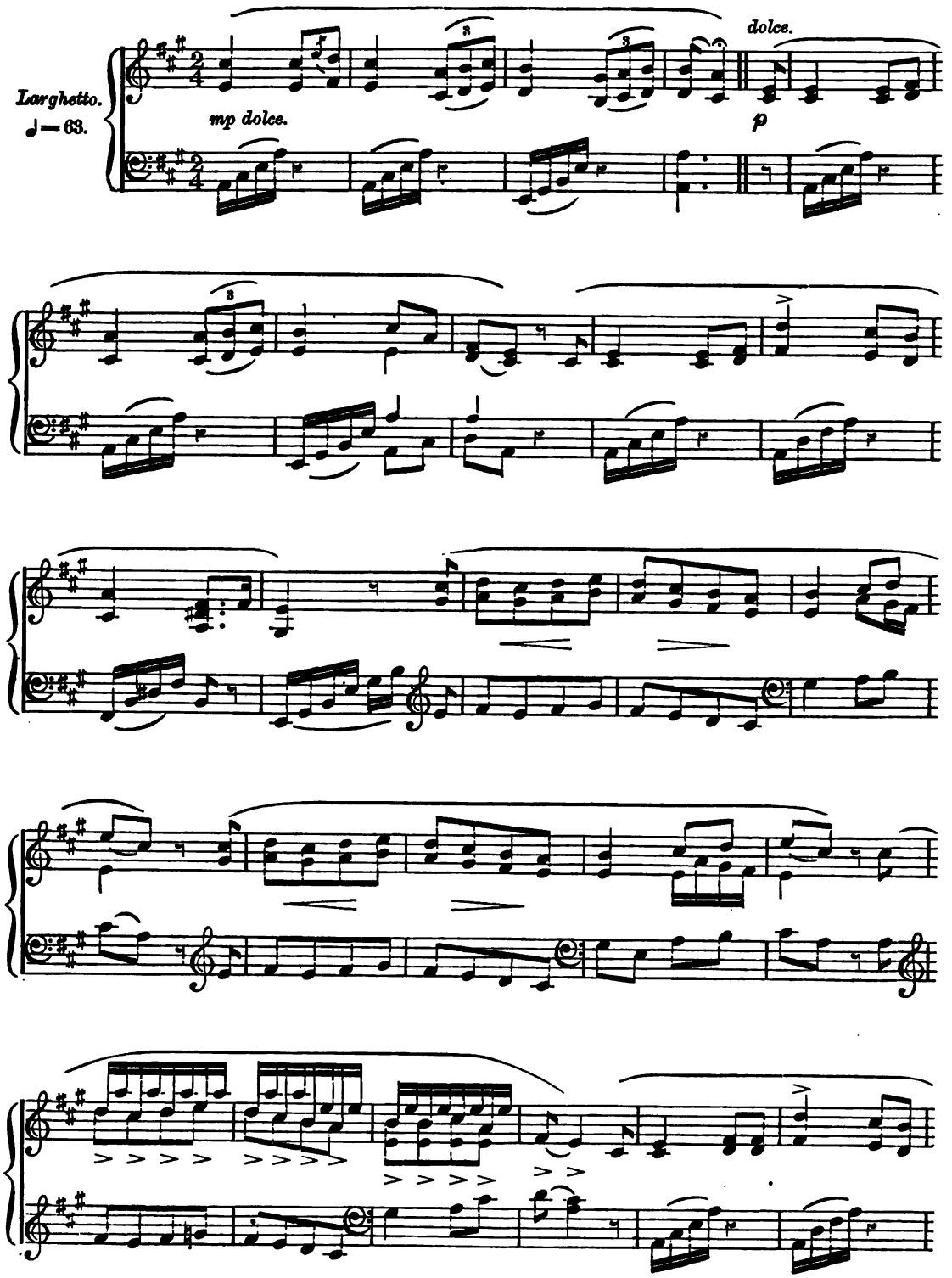
"Home."

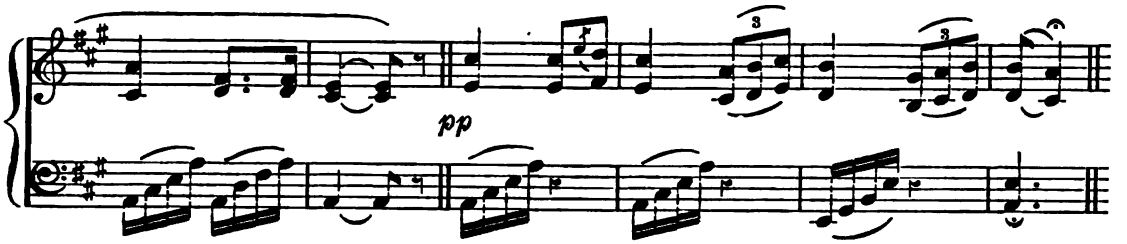



mf
cres - - cen - - -
p
do. . . .
rall. . . . .
a tempo.
pp

LVIII.

"O, what if the Fowler."



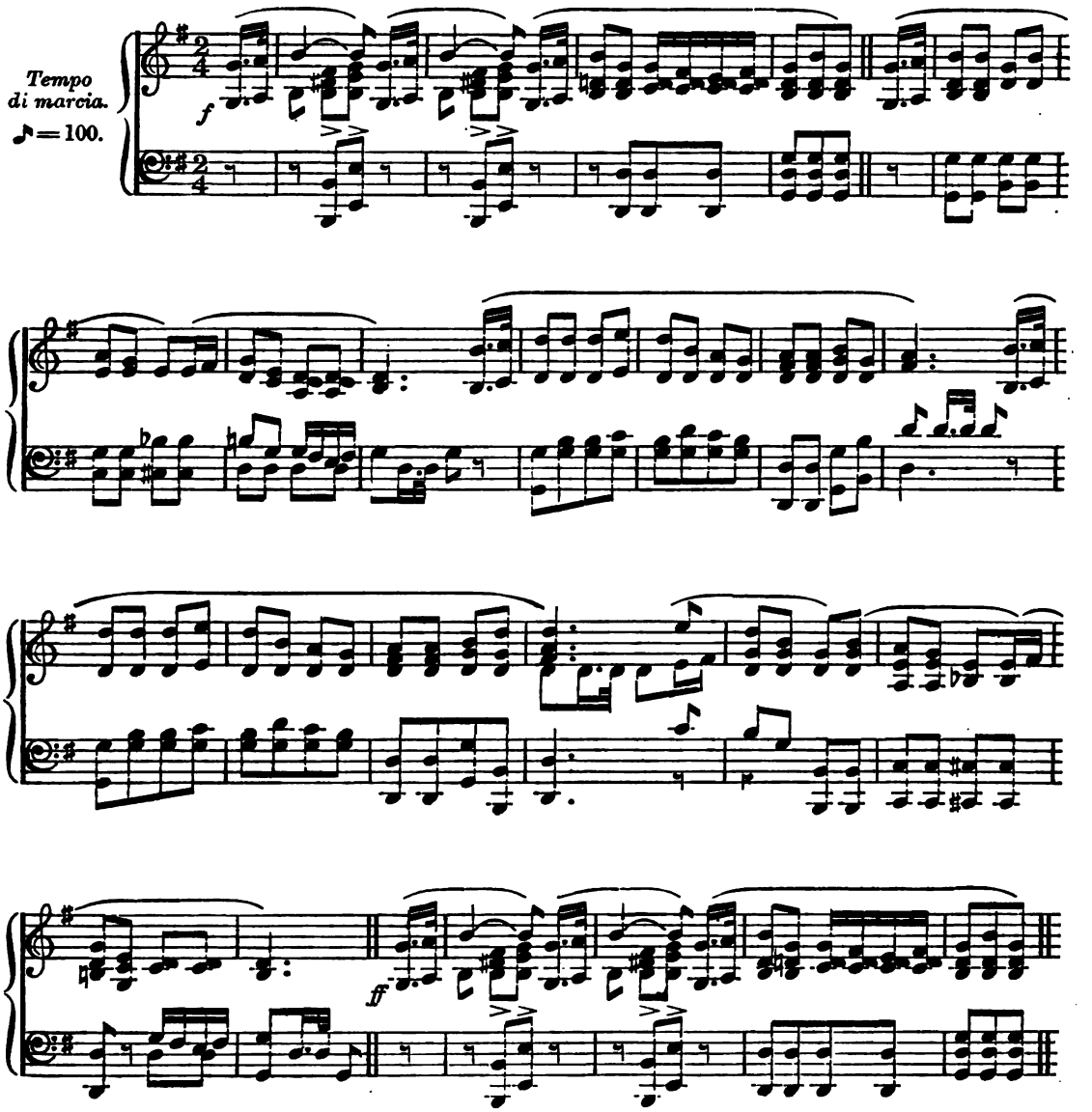


LIX.

Thurot as Elliot.

(THUROT AND ELLIOT.)

"Thurot."

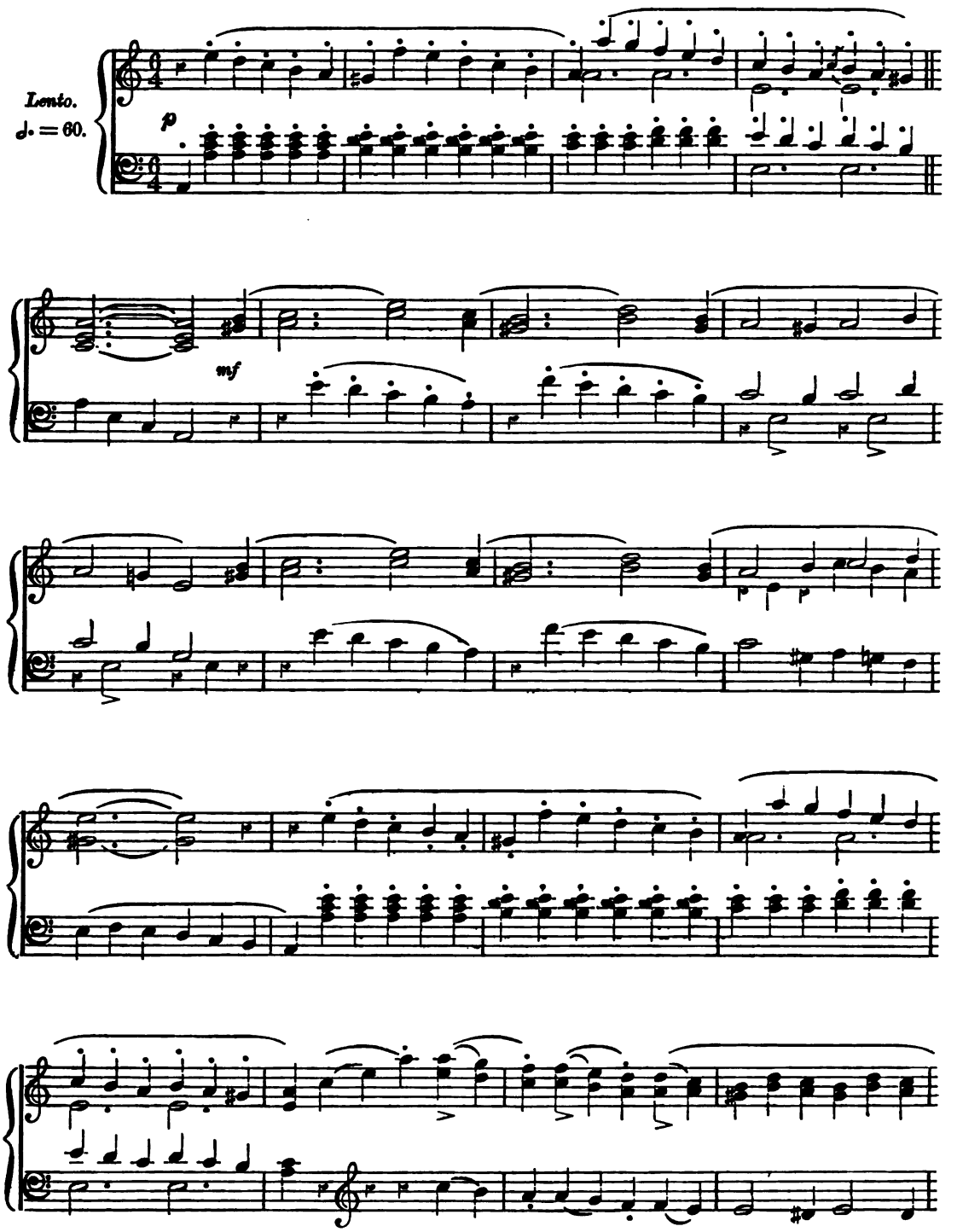


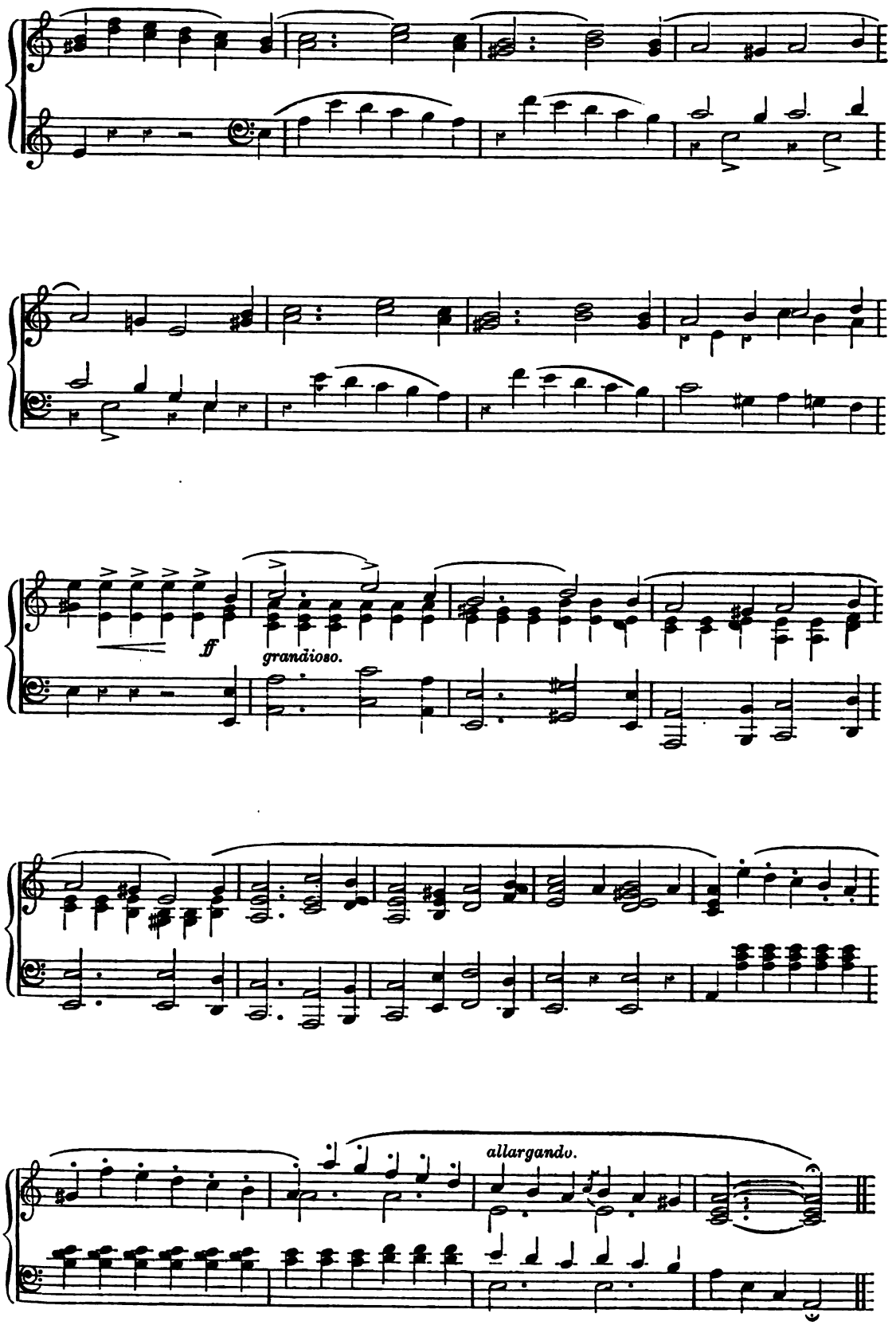
LX.

Arrane ny guilley-hesheree.

(PLOUGHMAN'S SONG.)

"The Ploughman's Song."



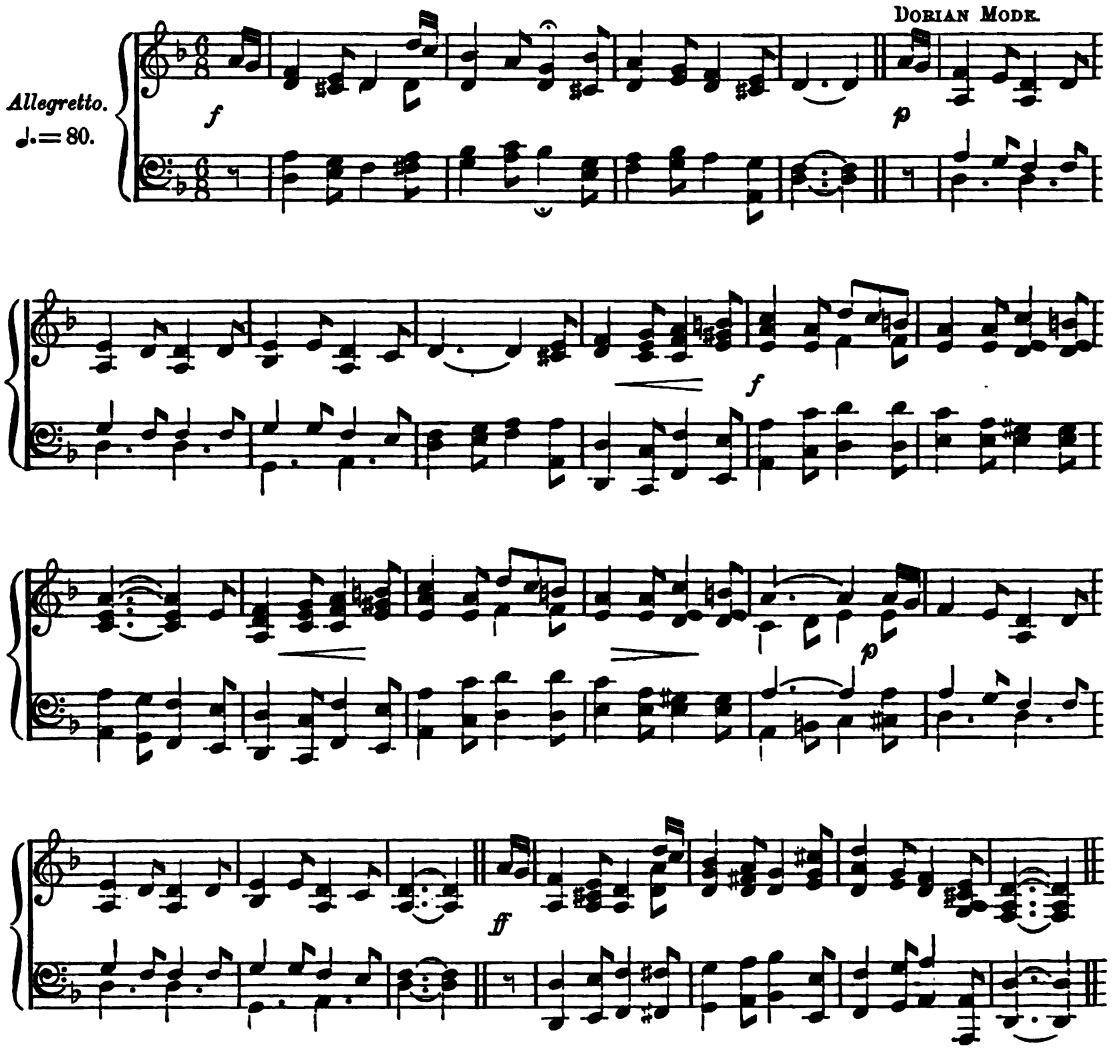

ff
grandioso.
allargando.

LXI.

Nagh nee shen my graih?

(IS NOT THAT MY LOVE?)

DORIAN MODE.

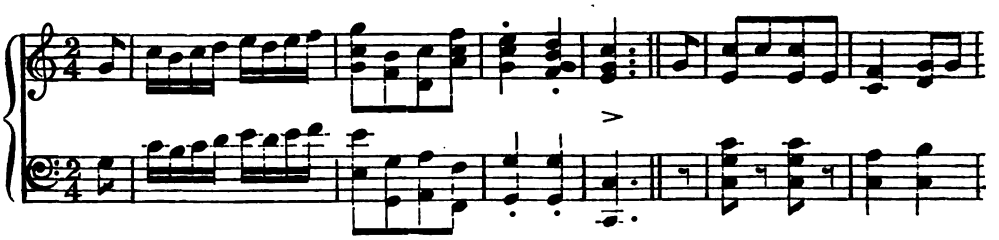


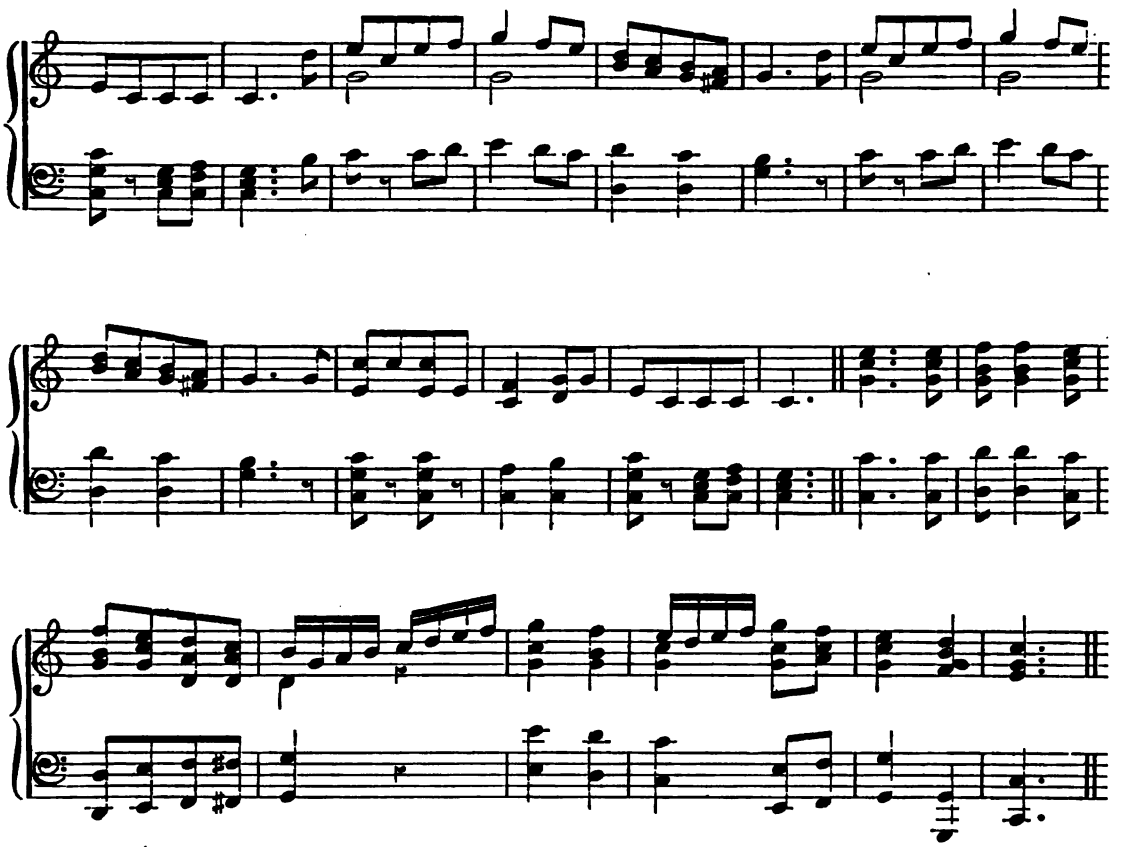
LXII.

Marrinys yn "Tiger."

(THE CRUISE OF THE "TIGER.")

"The Cruise of the 'Tiger.'"



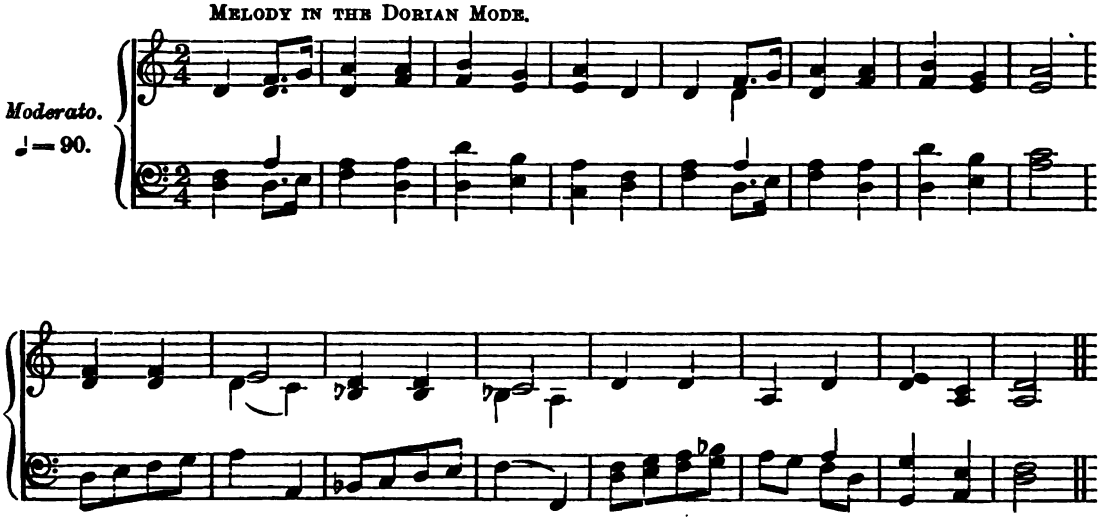


LXIII.

Illiam y Thalhear.

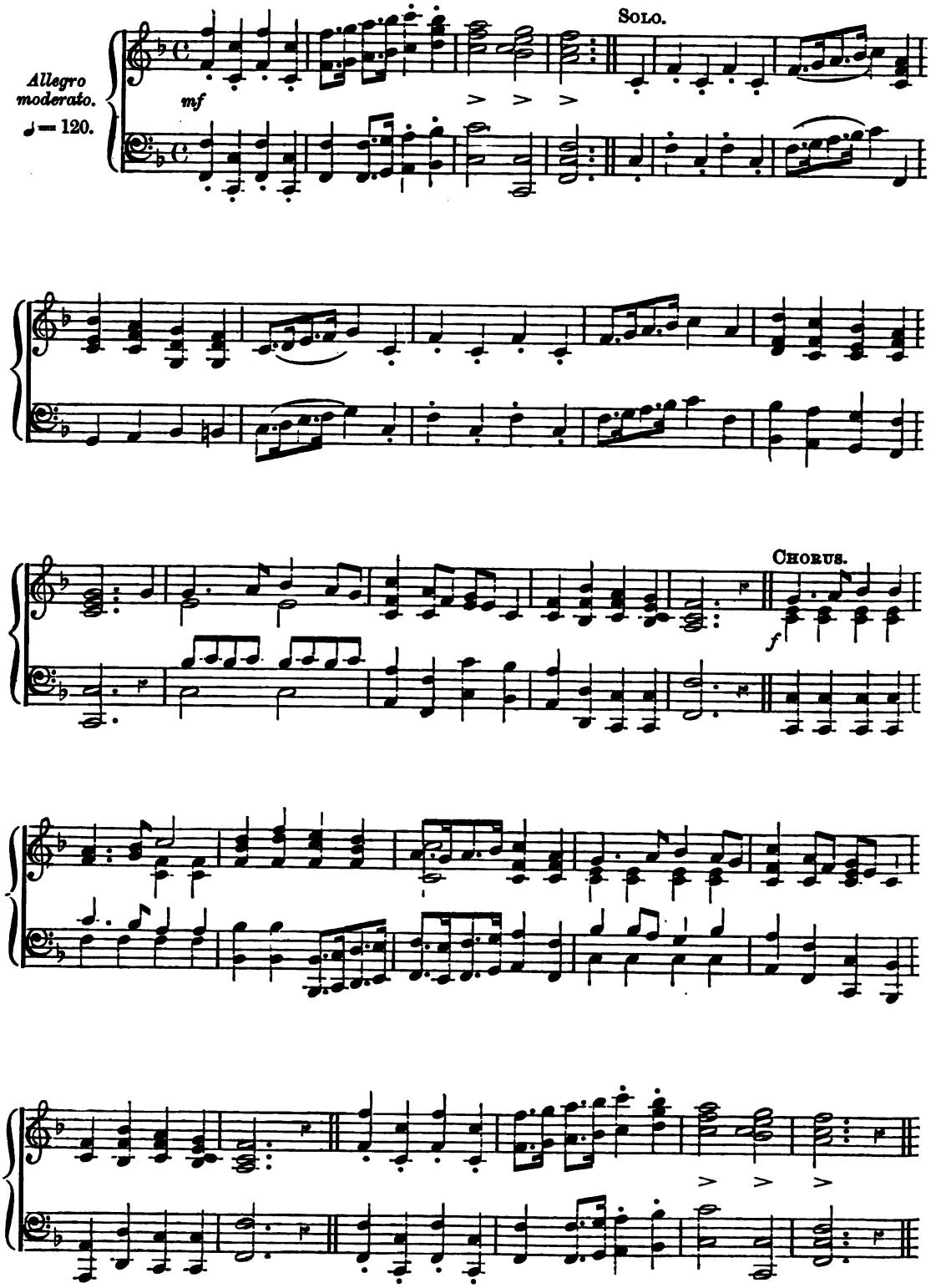
(WILLIAM THE TAILOR.)

MELODY IN THE DORIAN MODE.



LXIV.

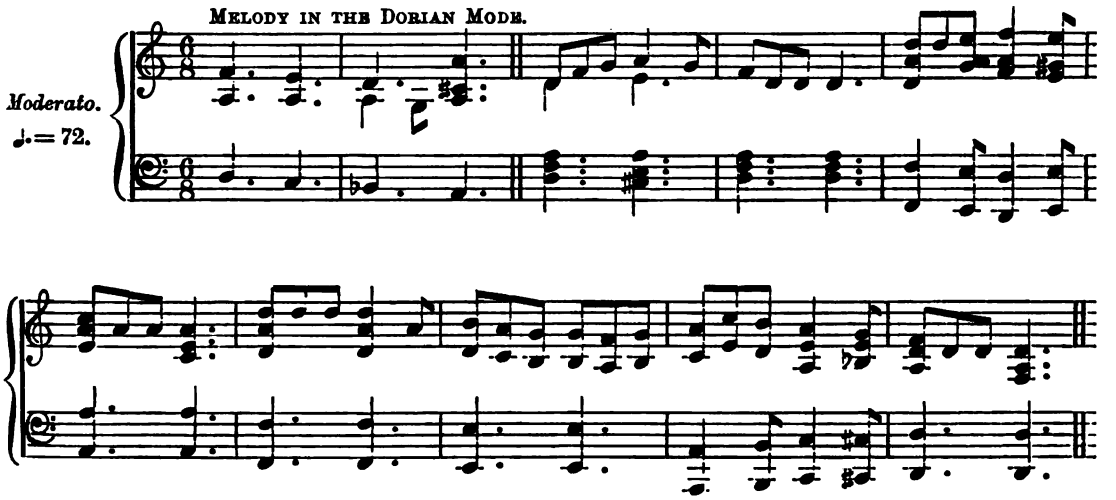
"Ramsey Town."



LXV.

C'raad t'ou goll, my Chaillin veg dhoan?

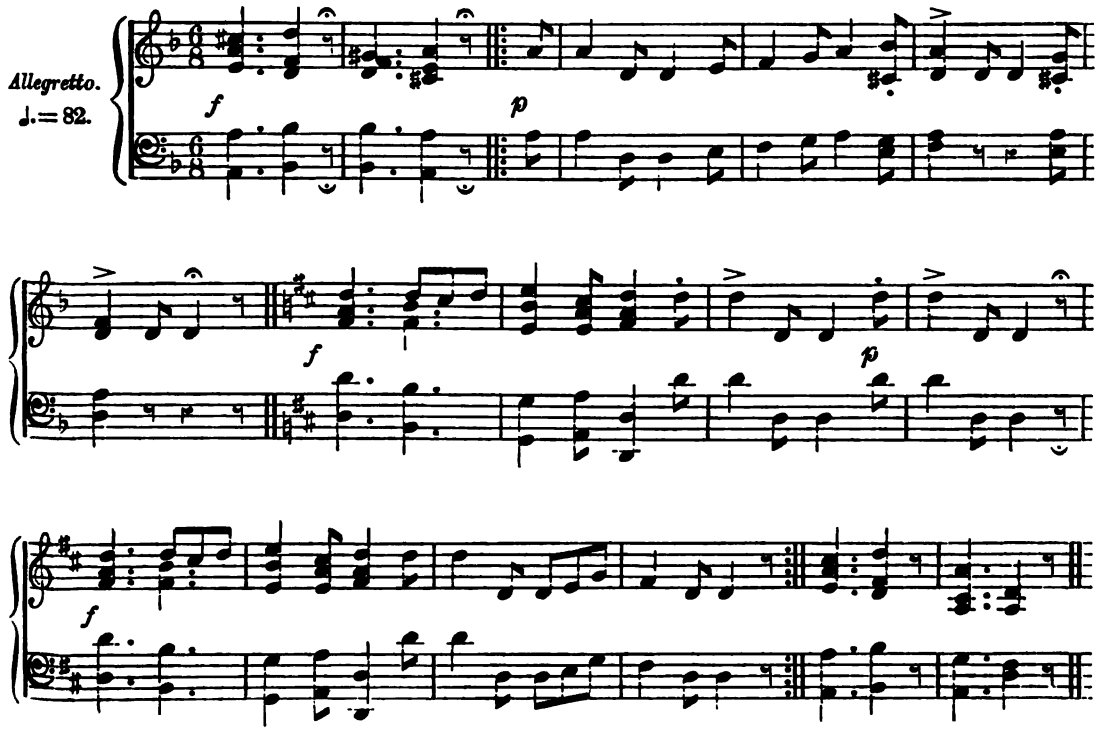
(WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY LITTLE BROWN GIRL?)



LXVI.

Yn Sooreedeyr.

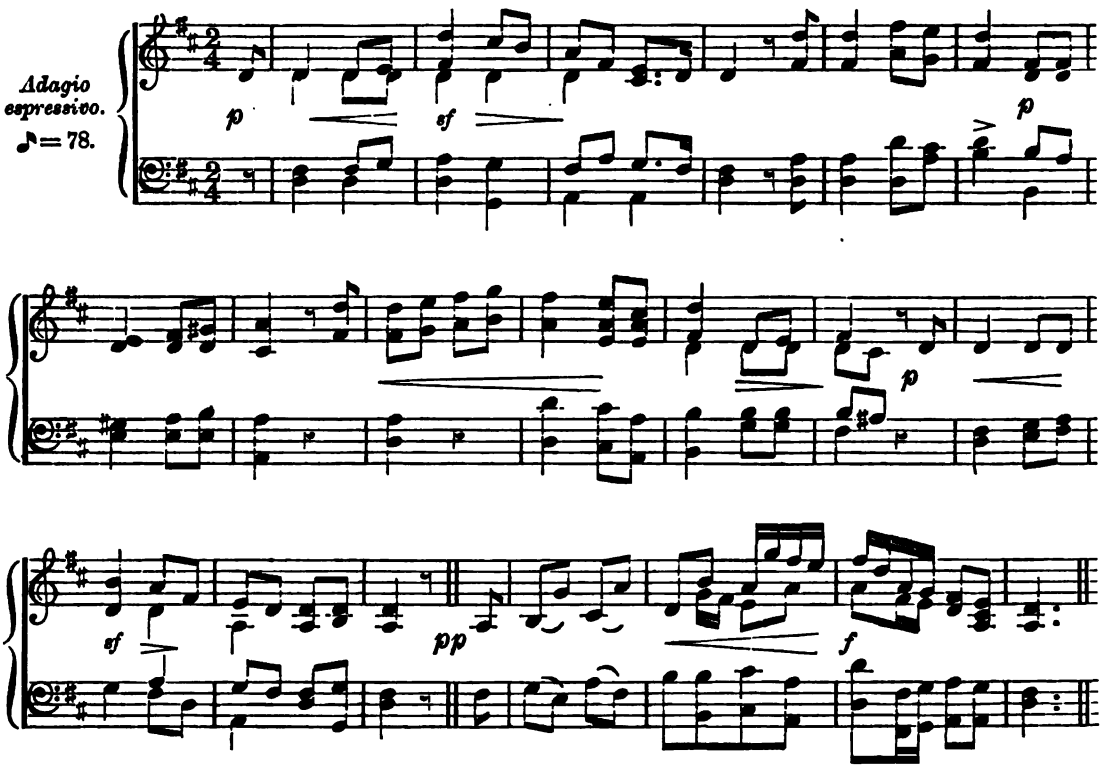
(THE COURTIER.)



LXVII.

Ta billey beg glass ayns garey my yishig.

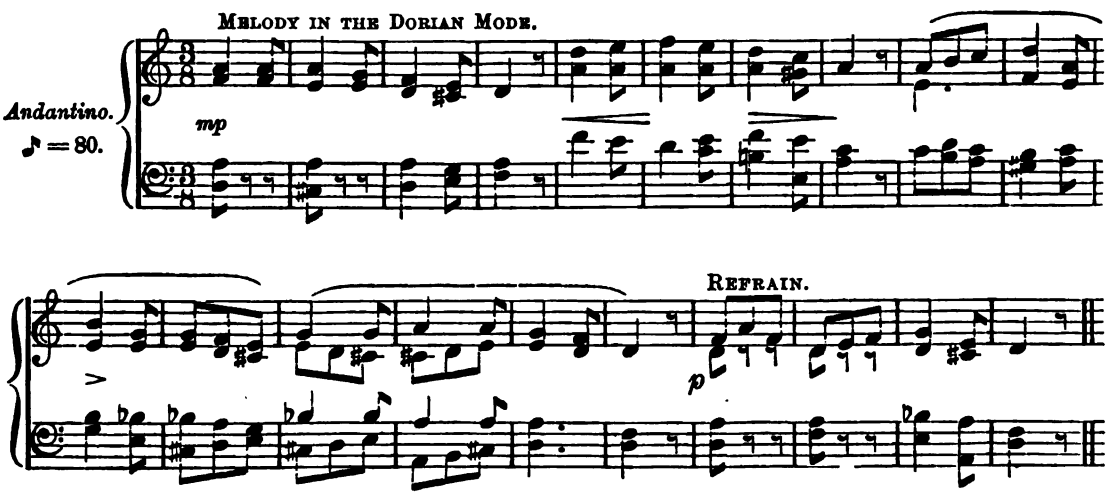
(THERE IS A LITTLE GREEN TREE IN MY FATHER'S GARDEN.)



LXVIII.

O Ven aeg, Ven aalin aeg.

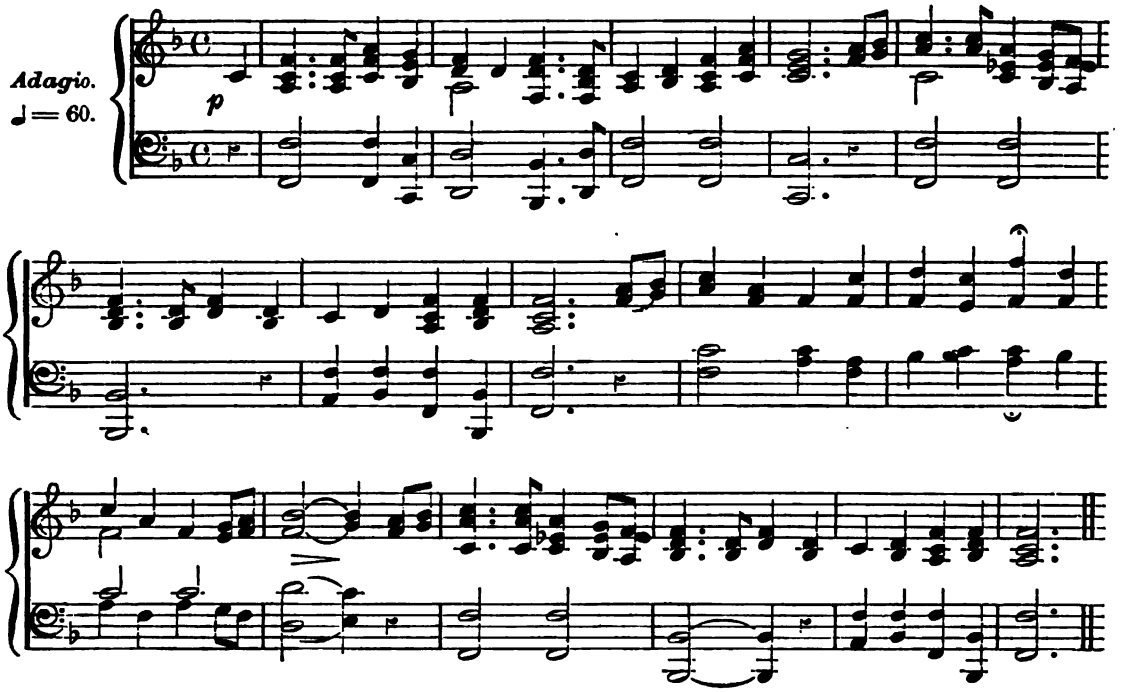
(O YOUNG WOMAN, FAIR YOUNG WOMAN.)



LXIX.

Mie moghrey dhyts as gerjagh.

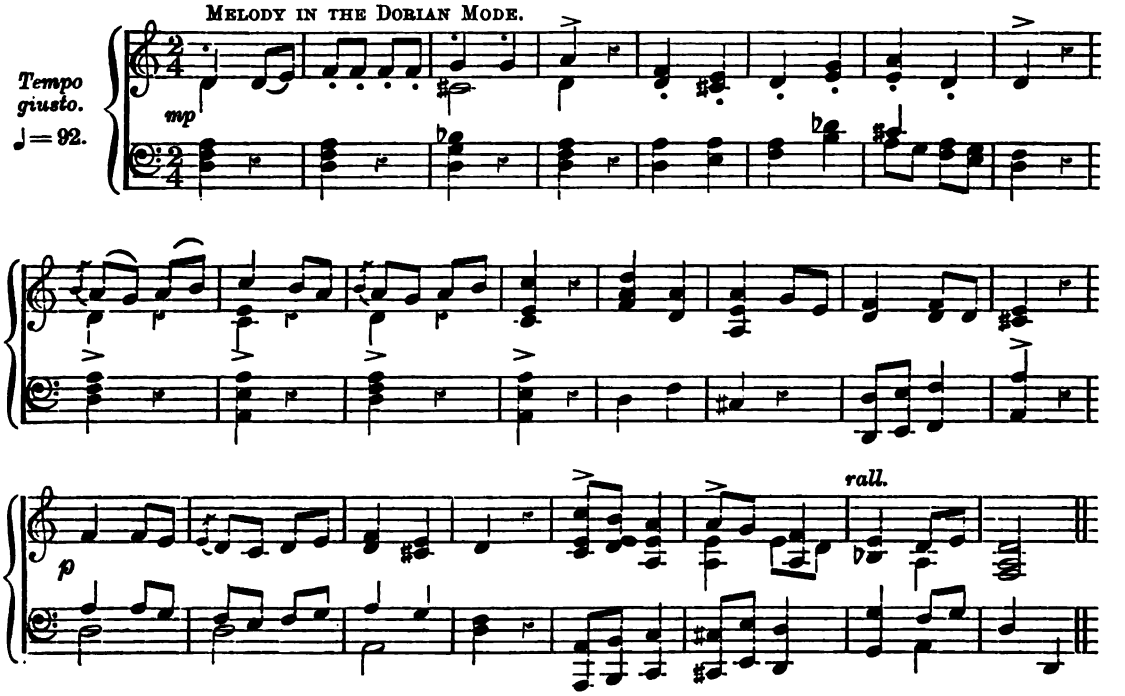
(GOOD MORNING AND HAPPINESS.)



LXX.

Va daa lhong voish cheer y twoaie.

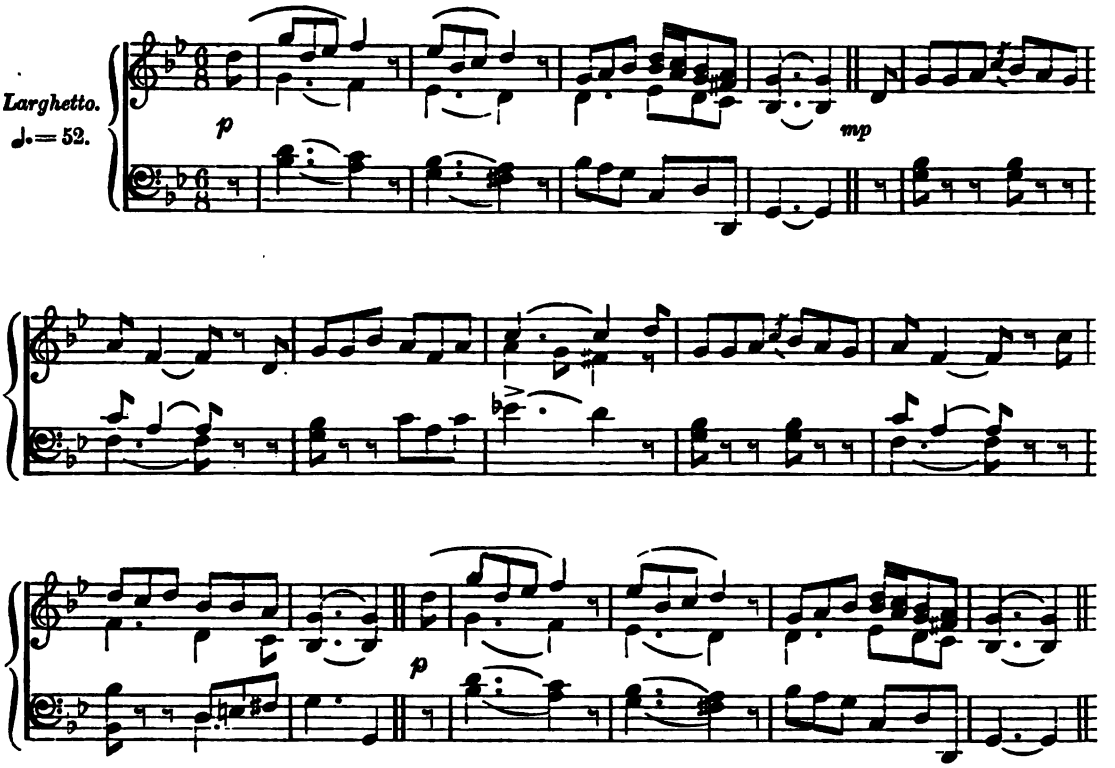
(THERE WERE TWO SHIPS FROM THE NORTH.)



LXXI.

Ta Cashen ersooyl gys yn aarkey.

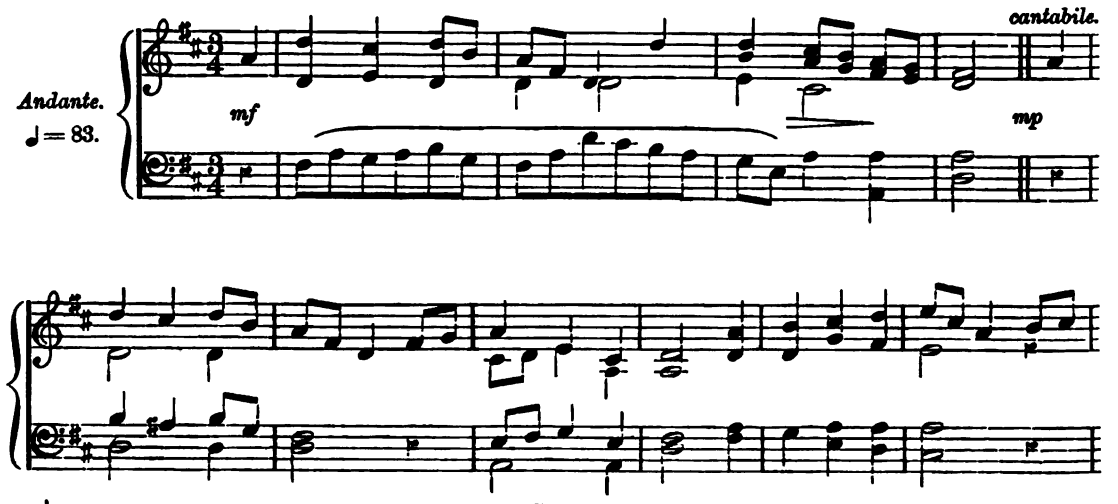
(CASHEN HAS GONE TO SEA.)

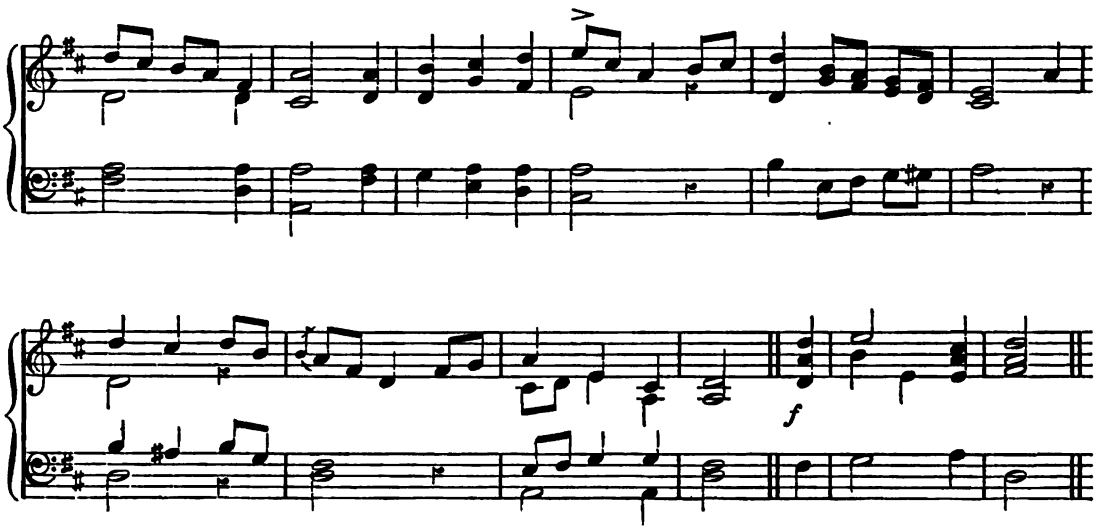


LXXII.

Y Graihder ny Sidoor.

(THE SOLDIER'S LOVER.)

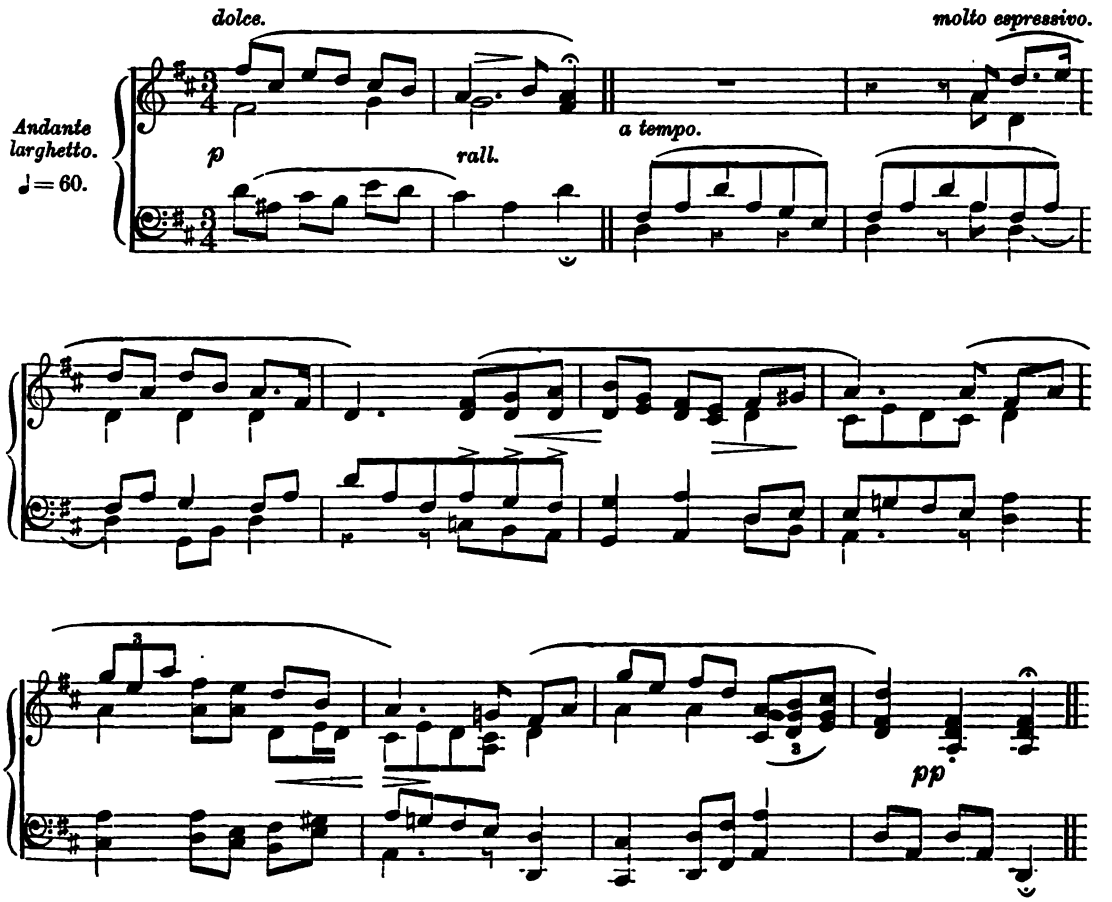




LXXIII.

Va ben seyr ayns y garey.

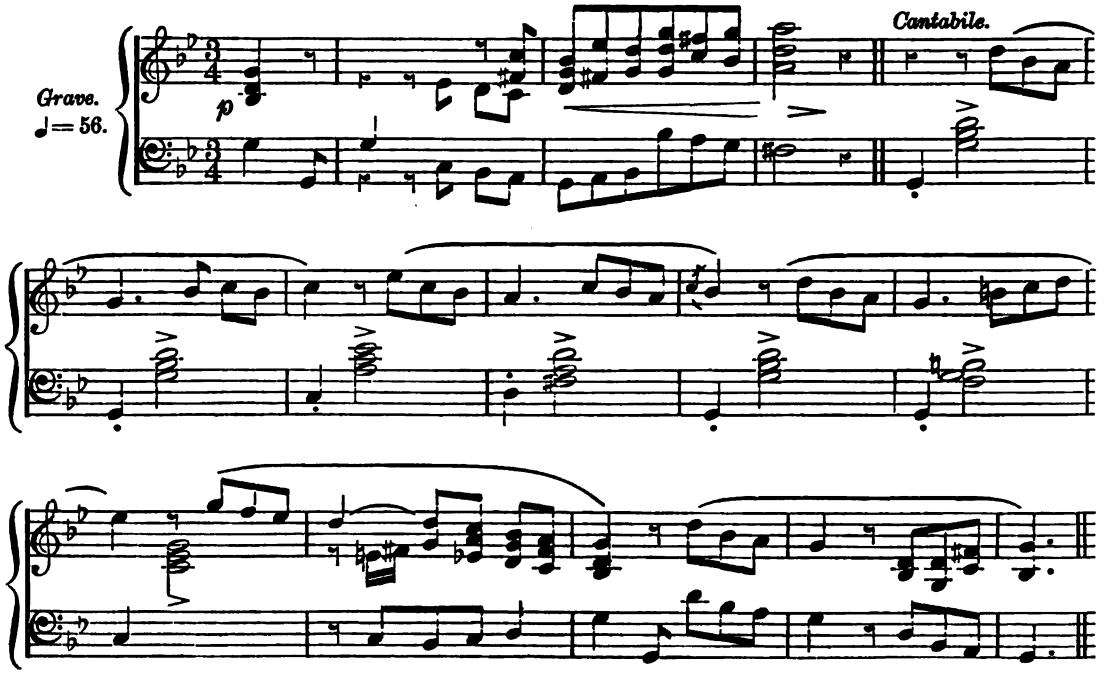
(IT WAS A LADY IN A GARDEN.)



LXXIV.

Guillin my chree! cre nee mayd nish?

(MY DEAR BOYS! WHAT SHALL WE DO NOW?)

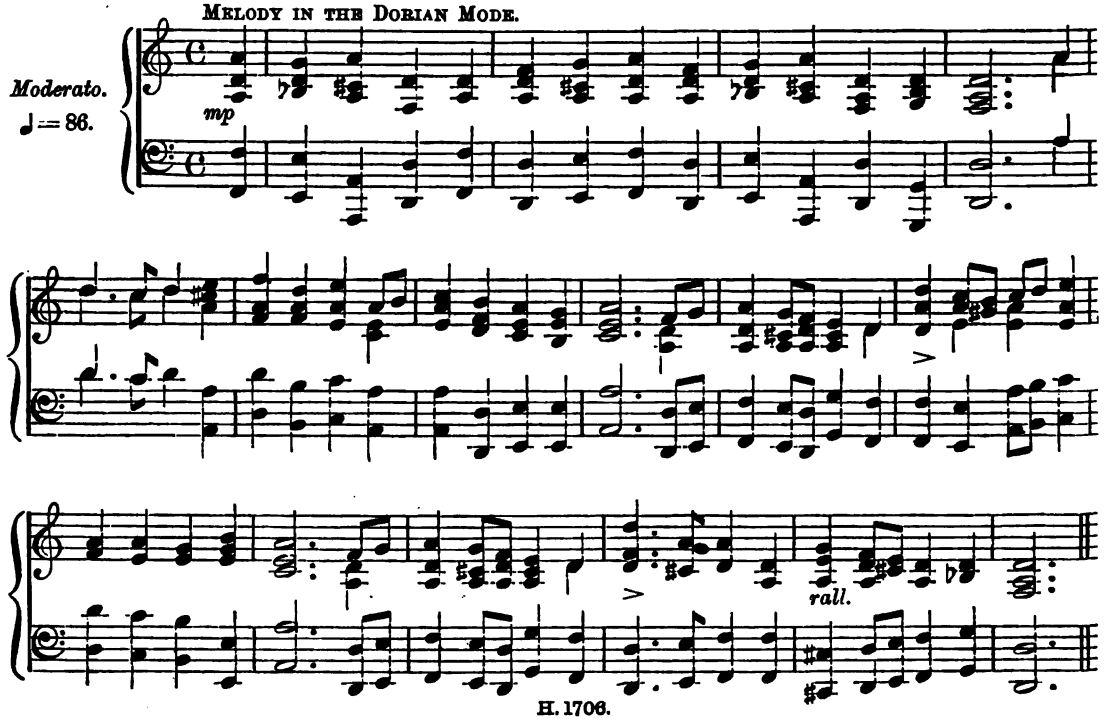


LXXV.

Ta mish Ben aeg berchagh.

(I AM A YOUTHFUL LADY.)

MELODY IN THE DORIAN MODE.

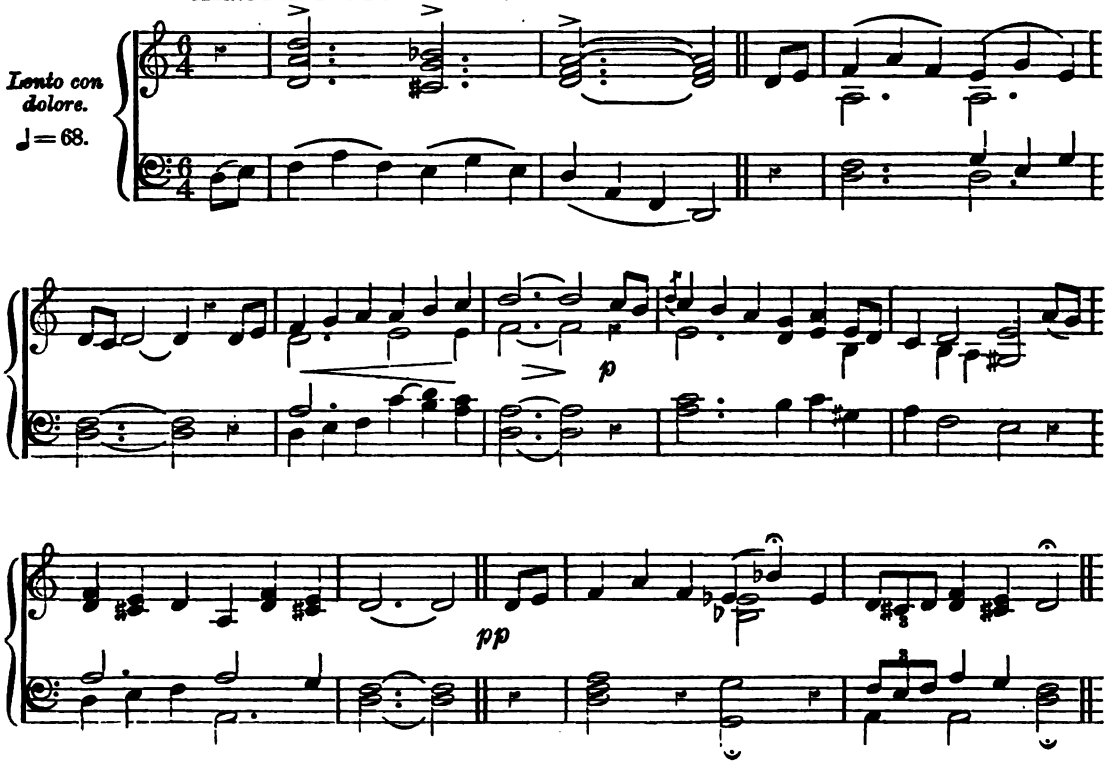


LXXVI.

O Kirree, t'ou gholl dy faagail me.

(O KITTY, YOU ARE GOING TO LEAVE ME.)

MELODY IN THE DORIAN MODE.

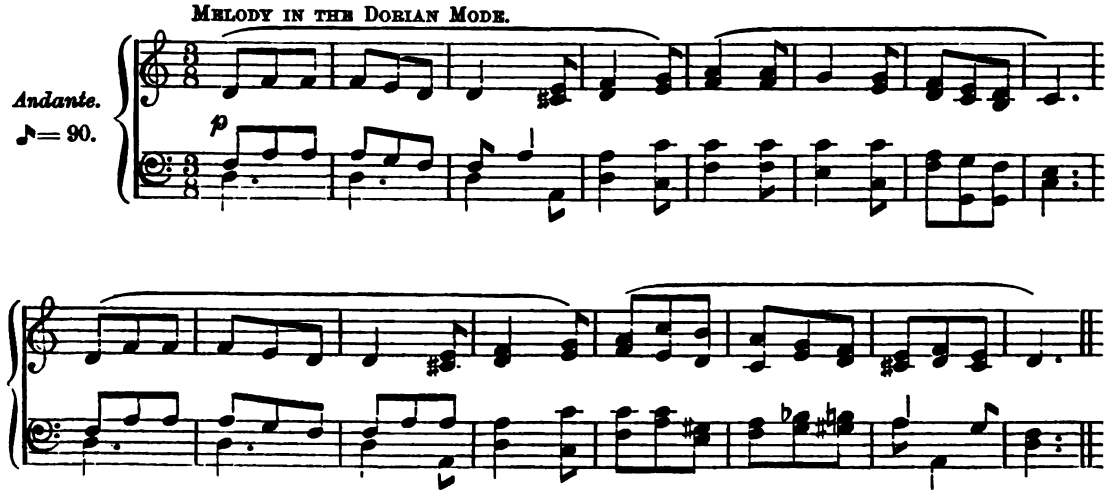


LXXVII.

Ta Dick veg er yannoo mie.

(LITTLE DICK HAS DONE WELL.)

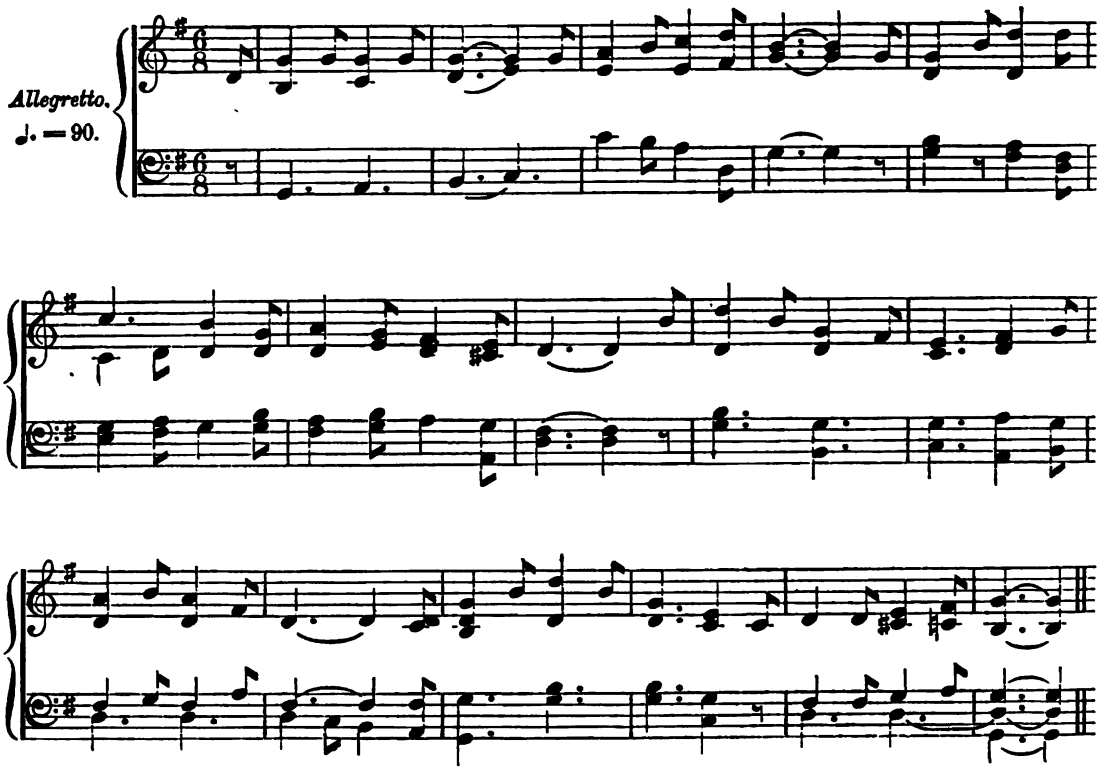
MELODY IN THE DORIAN MODE.



LXXVIII.

Y Nastey-phoosee.

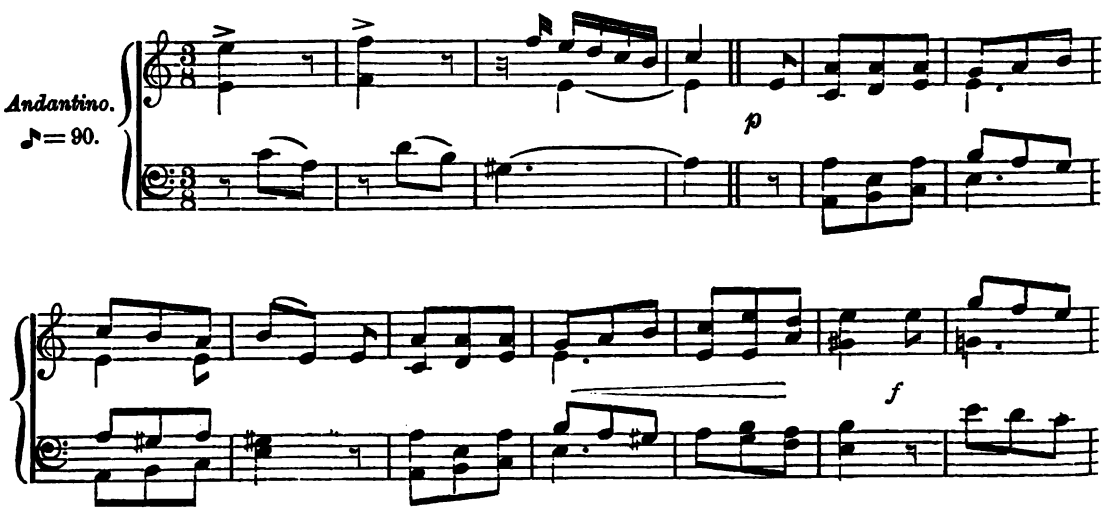
(THE BETROTHAL.)

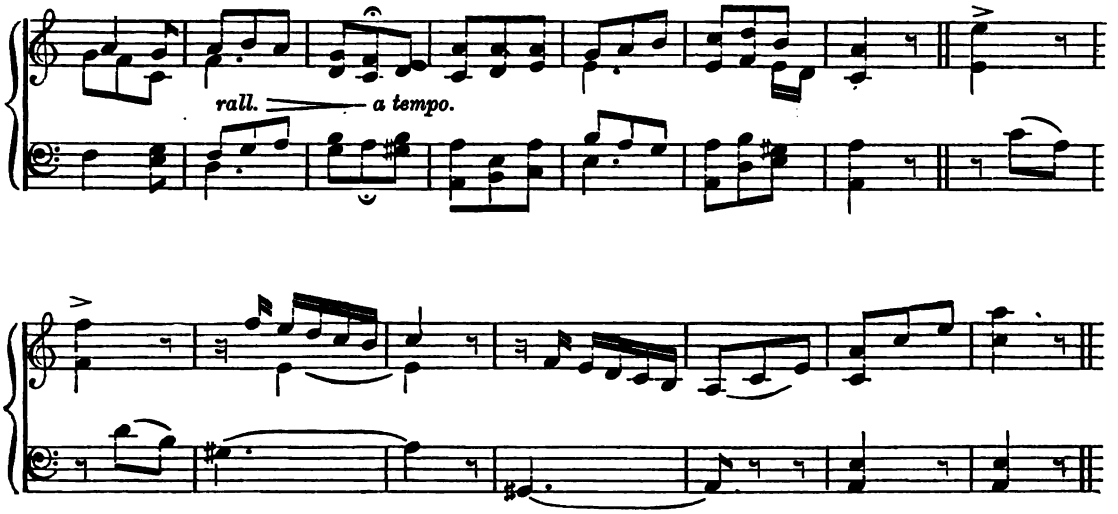


LXXIX.

My Shenn Yishig.

(MY OLD FATHER.)

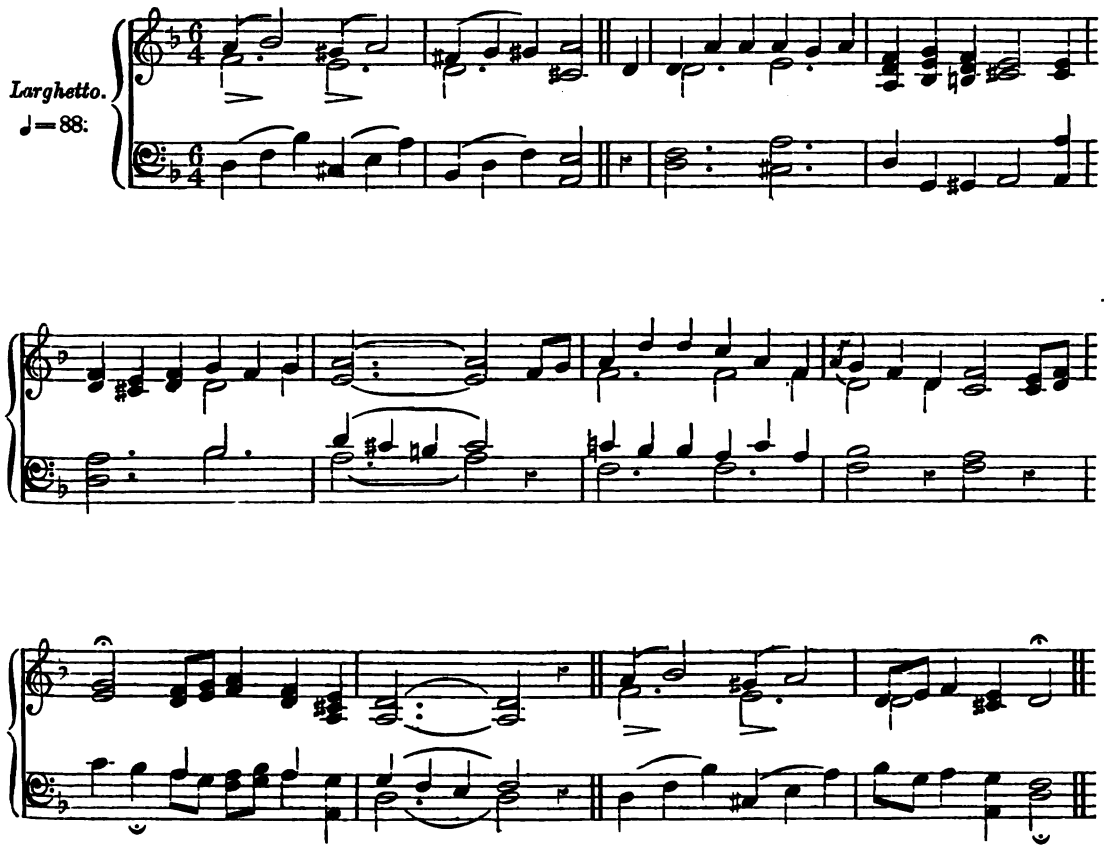




LXXX.

Ayns n' Albin.

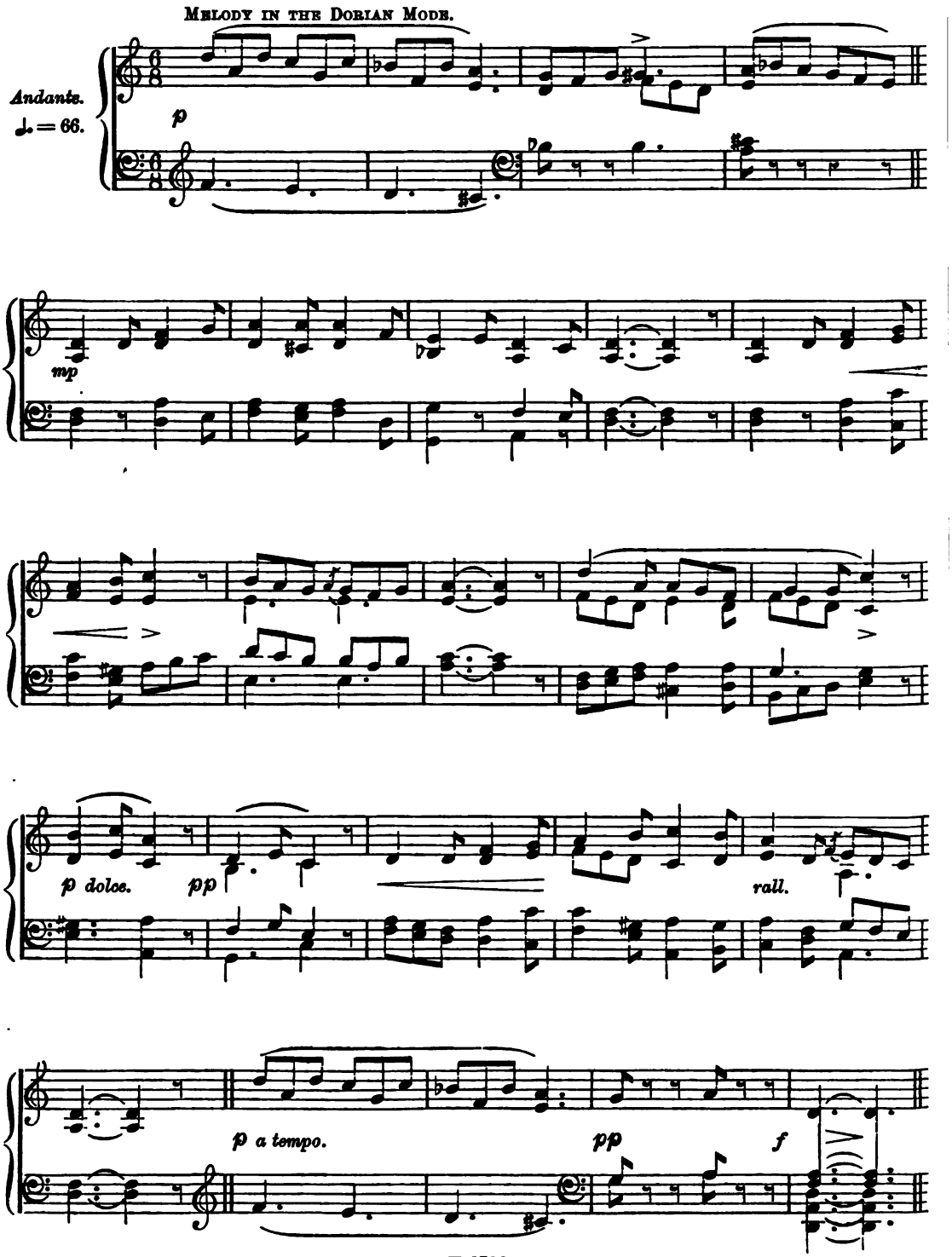
(IN SCOTLAND.)



LXXXI.

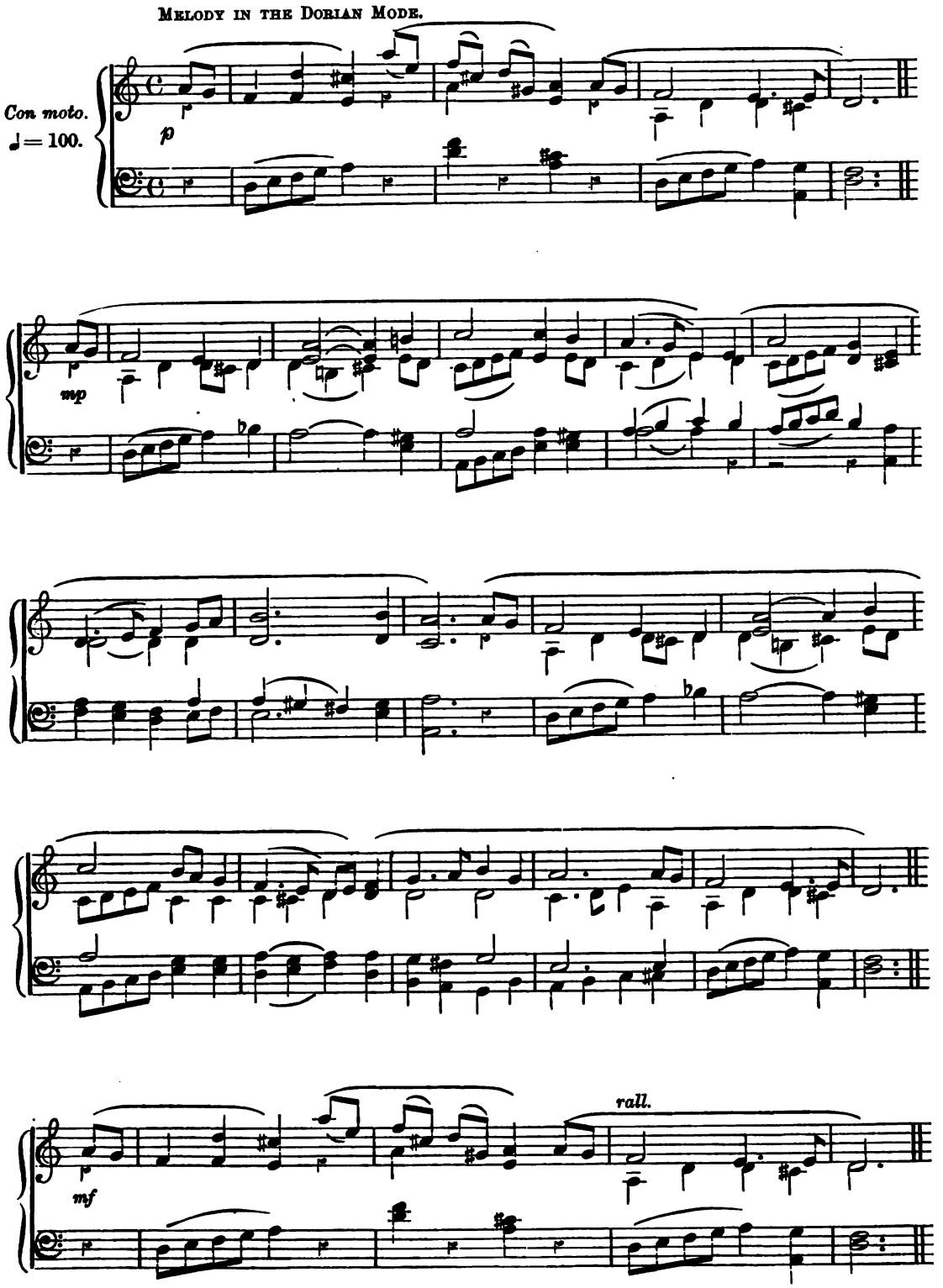
Ta'n Bock, aboo! ersooyl.

(ALAS! THE HORSE IS GONE.)



LXXXII.

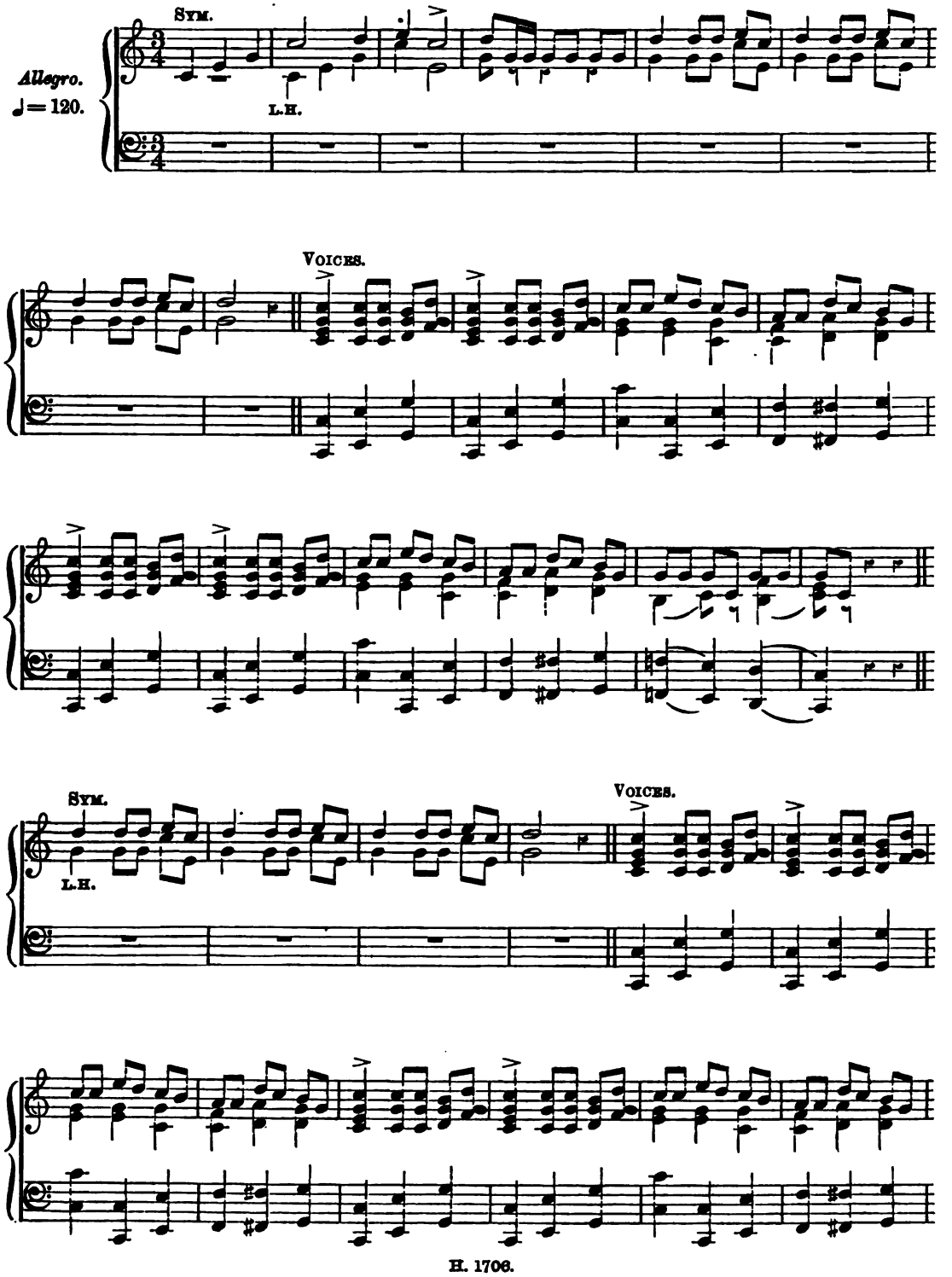
MELODY IN THE DORIAN MODE.

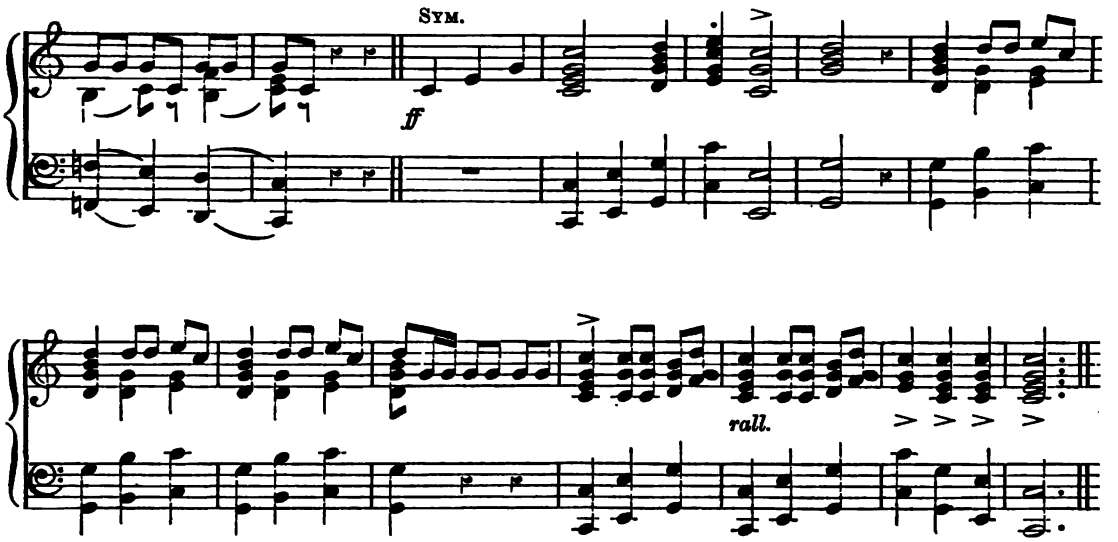


LXXXIII.

Ree! Ben Juan Tammy.

(RUN! JOHN TOMMY'S WIFE.)

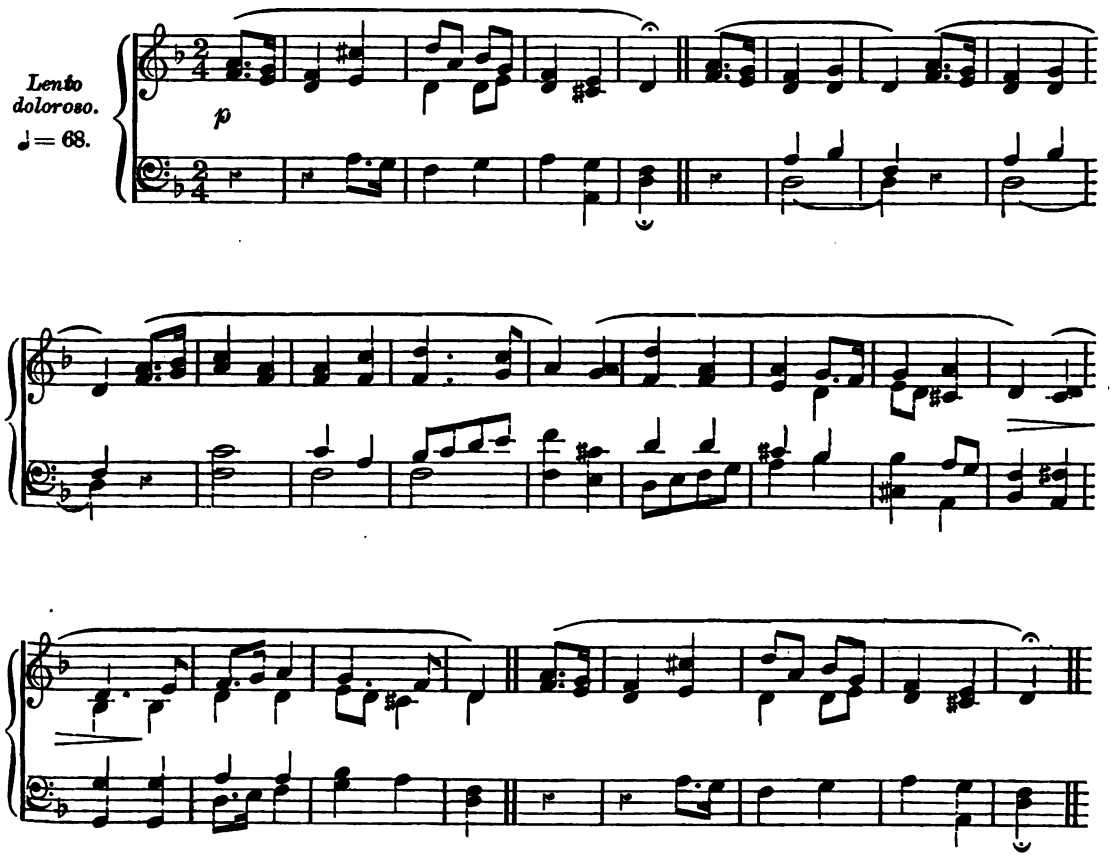




LXXXIV.

Va Shiaulteyr voish y twoaie.

(THERE WAS A SAILOR FROM THE NORTH.)

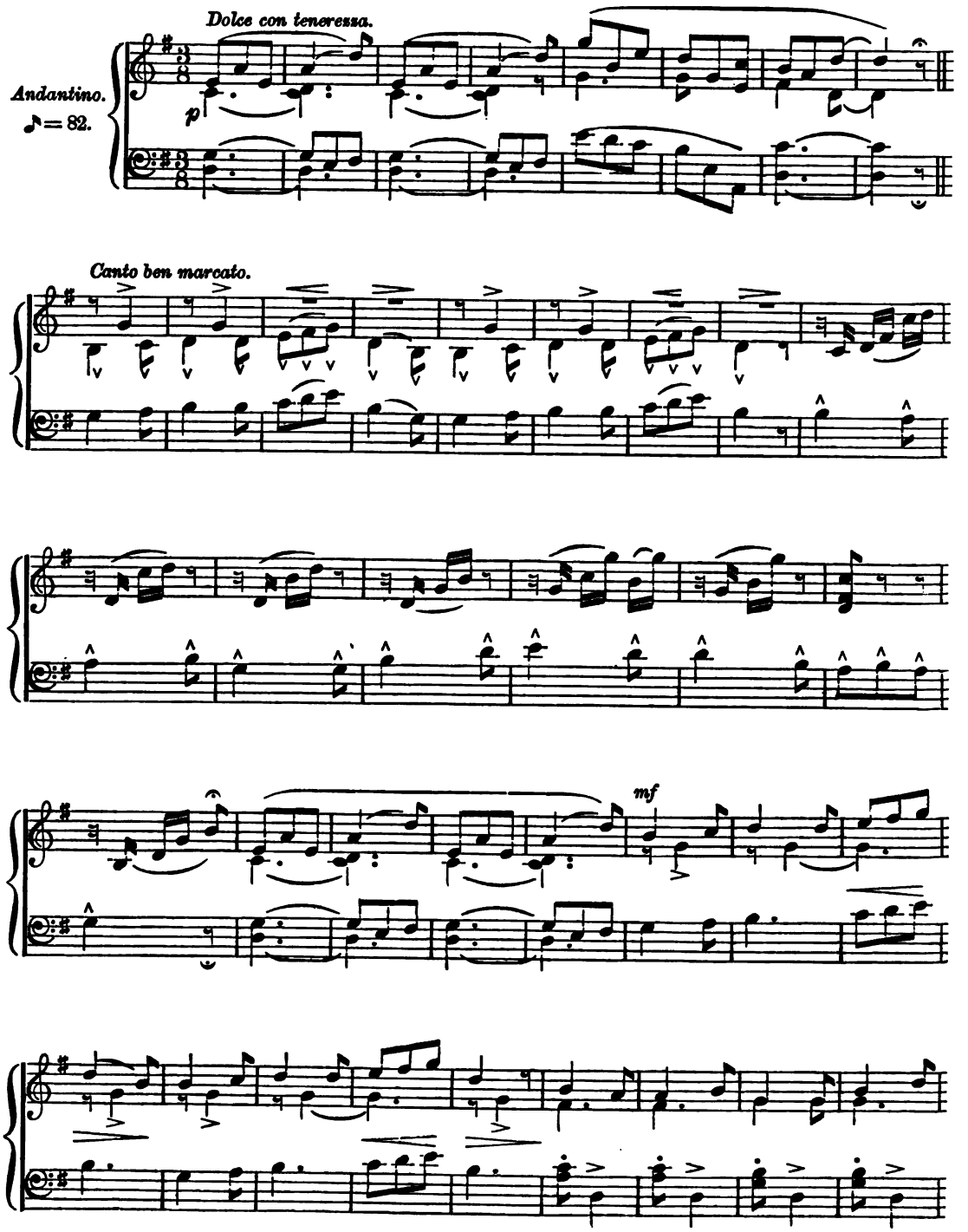


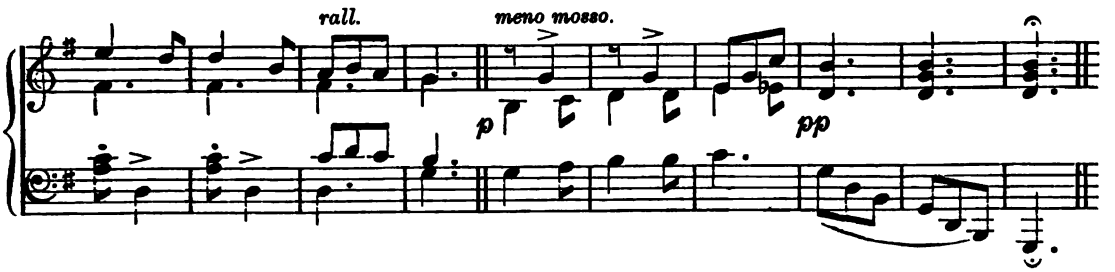
LXXXV.

Illiam Boght.

(POOR WILLIAM.)

"Slumber Song."



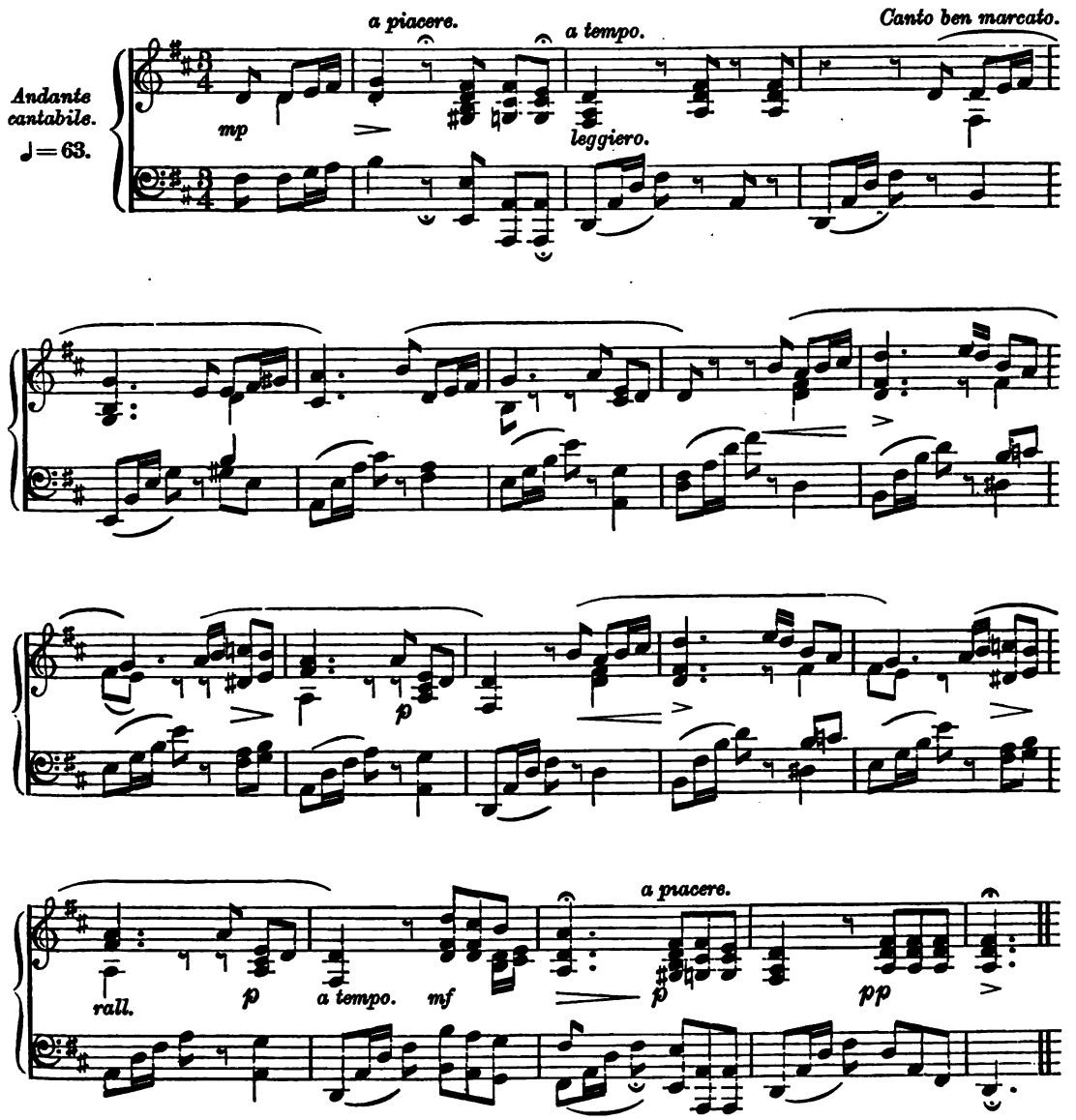


LXXXVI.

Vannin Veg Veen.

(DEAR LITTLE ISLE OF MAN.)

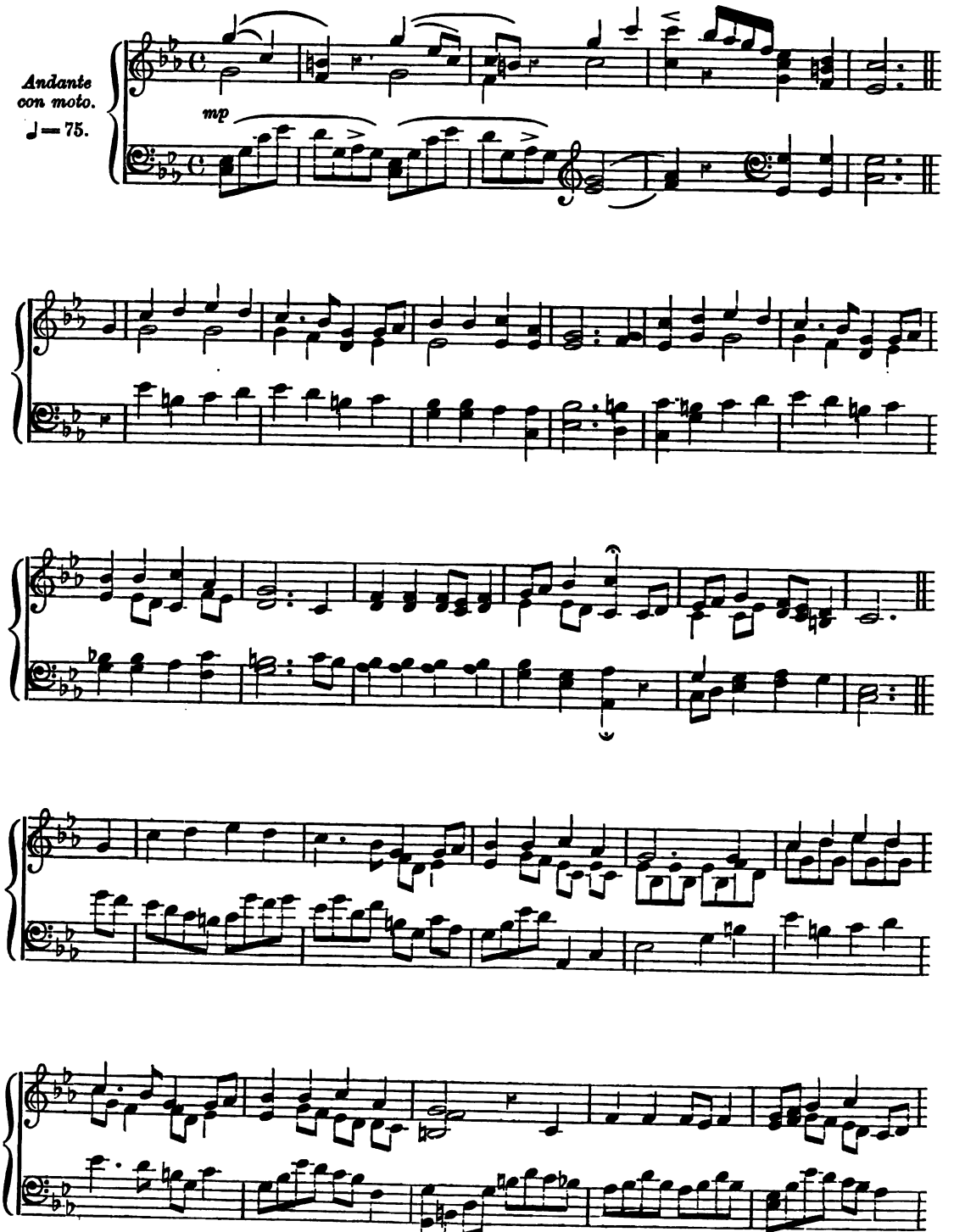
"His last Good-bye."

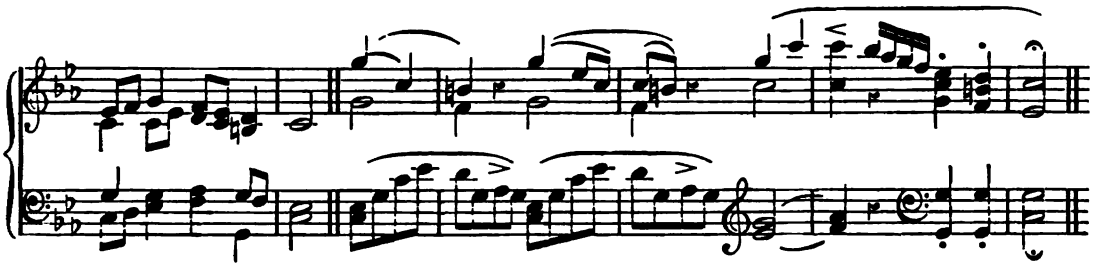


LXXXVII.

Three Eeasteyryn Boghtey.

(THREE POOR FISHERS.)

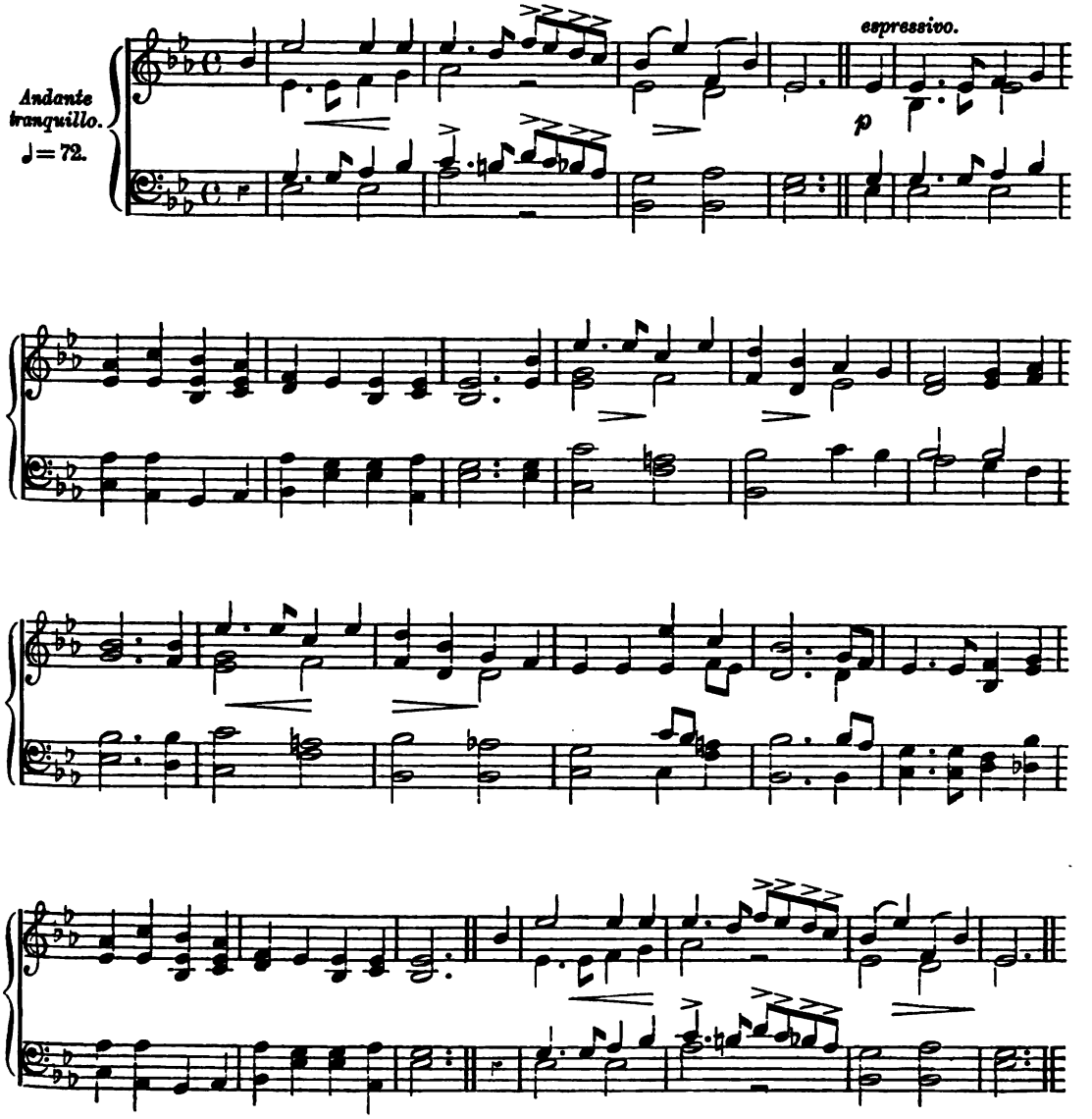




LXXXVIII.

Ushtey millish 'sy Garee.

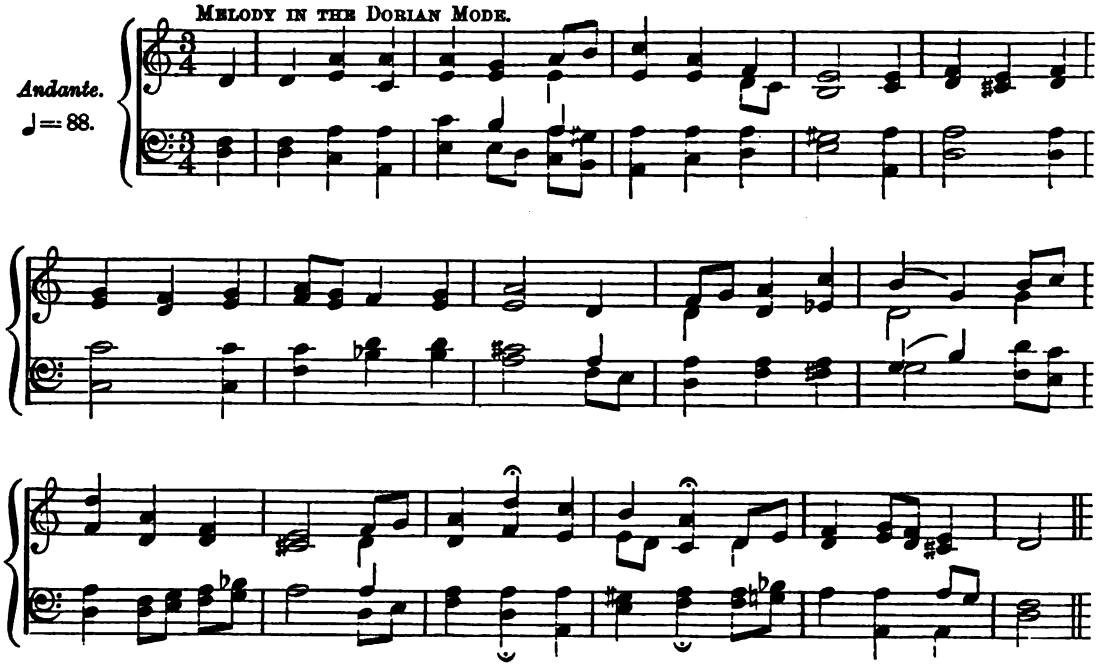
(SWEET WATER IN THE COMMON.)



LXXXIX.

Tra va mee my guilley aegagh as raagh.

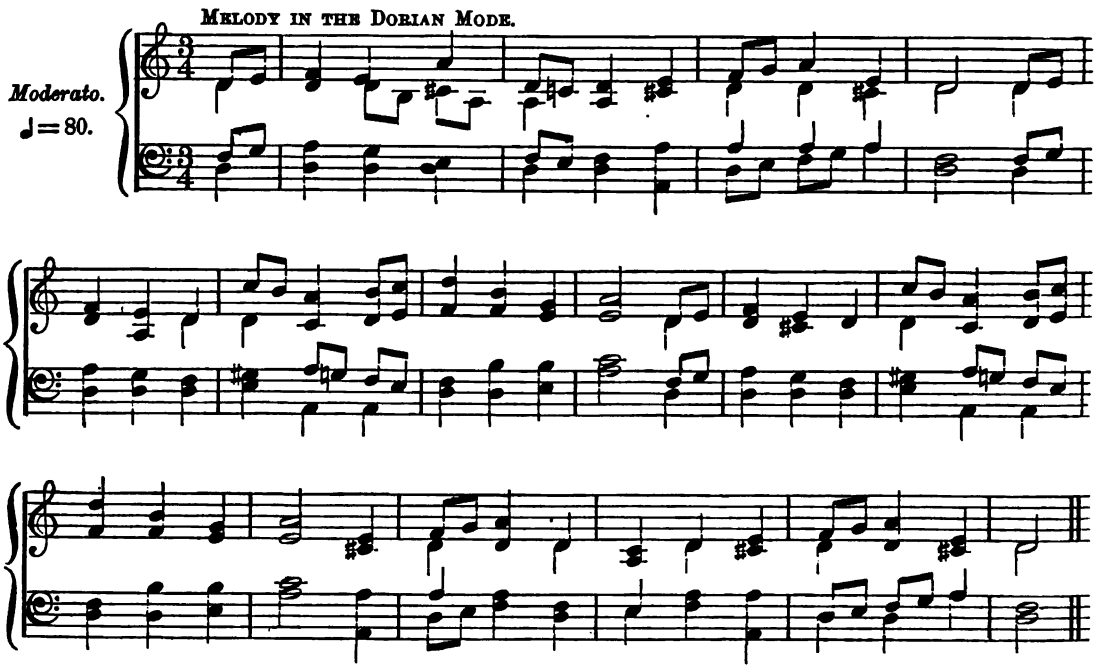
(WHEN I WAS A YOUNG MAN.)



XC.

Va Nancy ayns Lunnon.

(NANCY IN LONDON.)

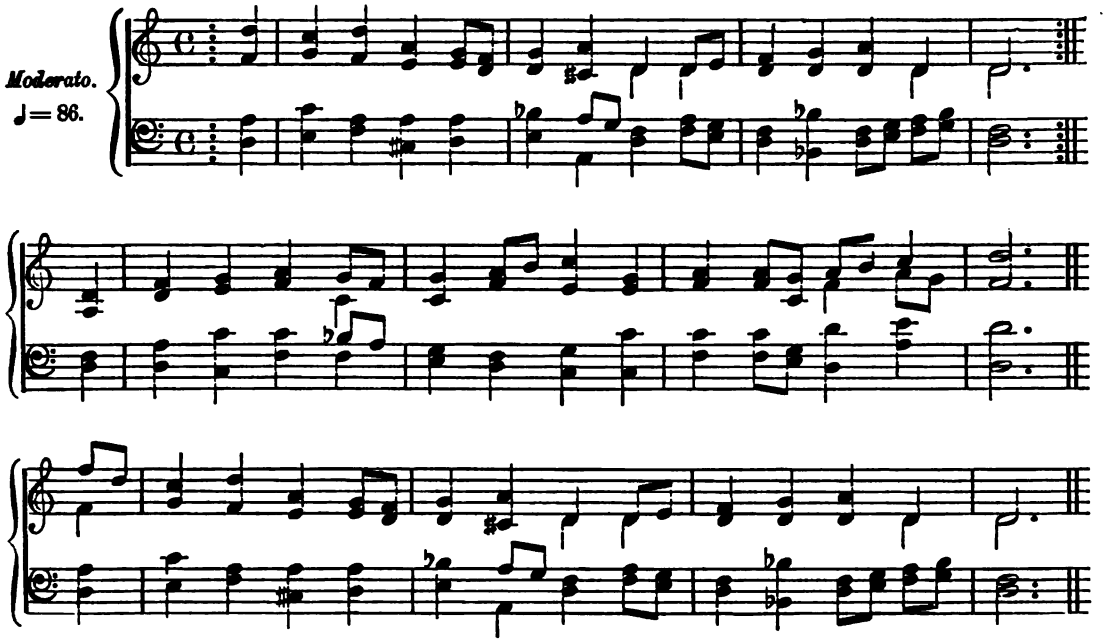


XCI.

Tra va mee aeg as lajer.

(WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND STRONG.)

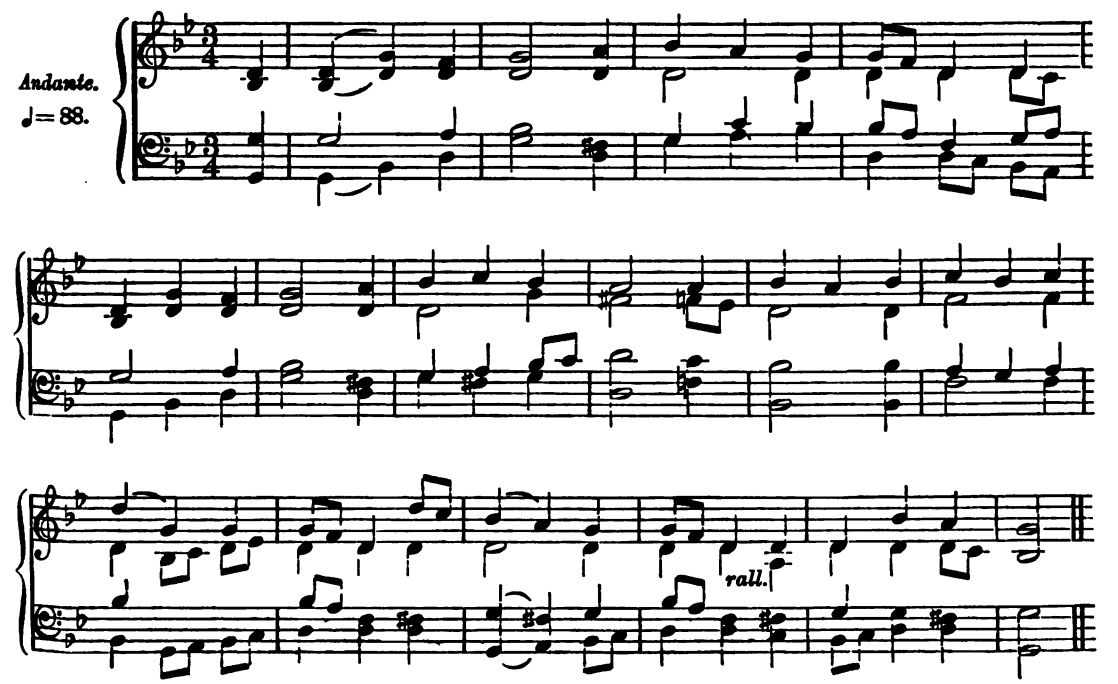
MELODY IN THE DORIAN MODE.



XCII.

Bannaght lhiu, as shee dy row meriu, vraane ny Spainey.

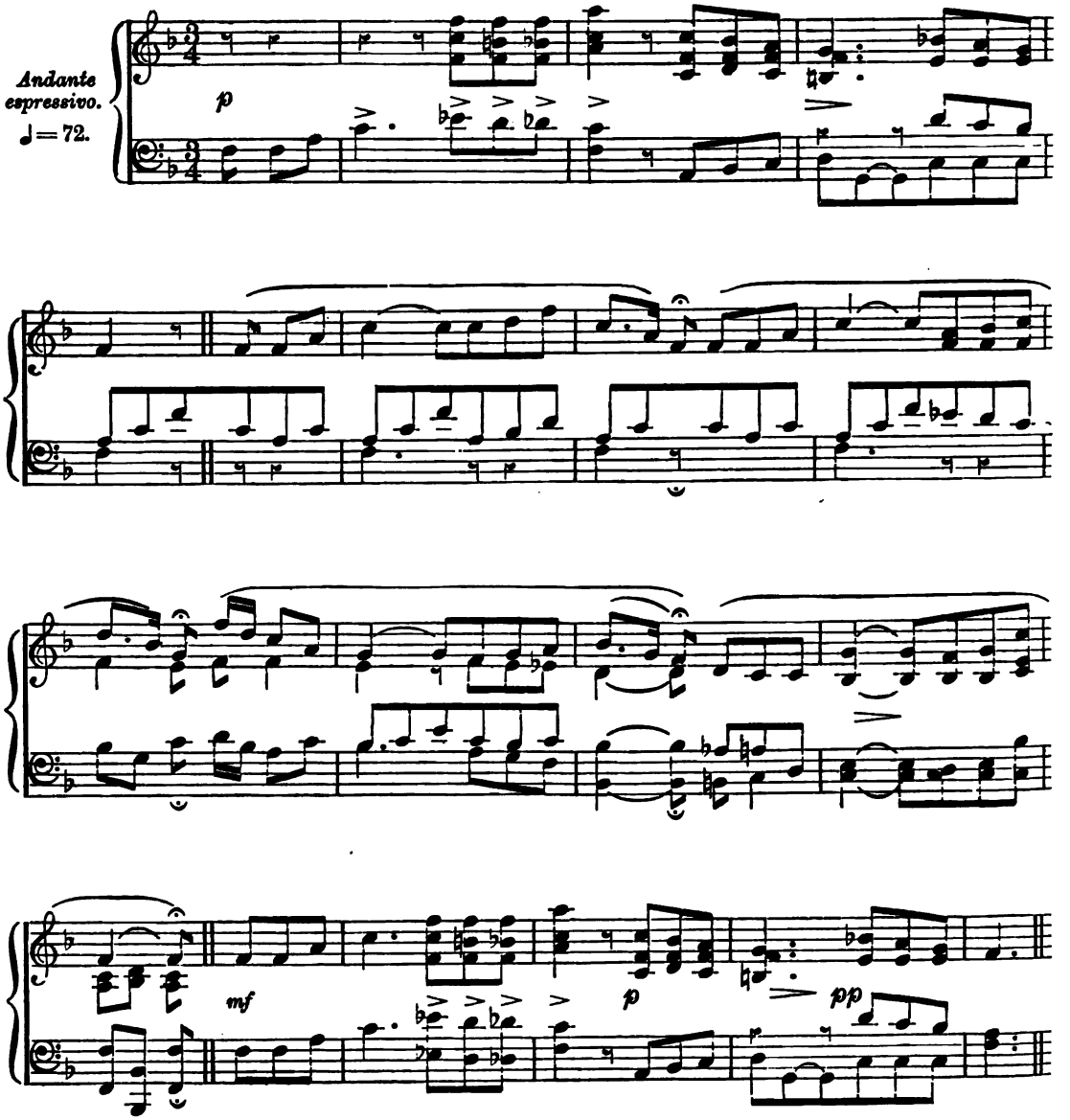
(FAREWELL AND ADIEU TO YOU SPANISH LADIES.)



XCIII.

O Graih my Chree!

(O LOVE OF MY HEART!)



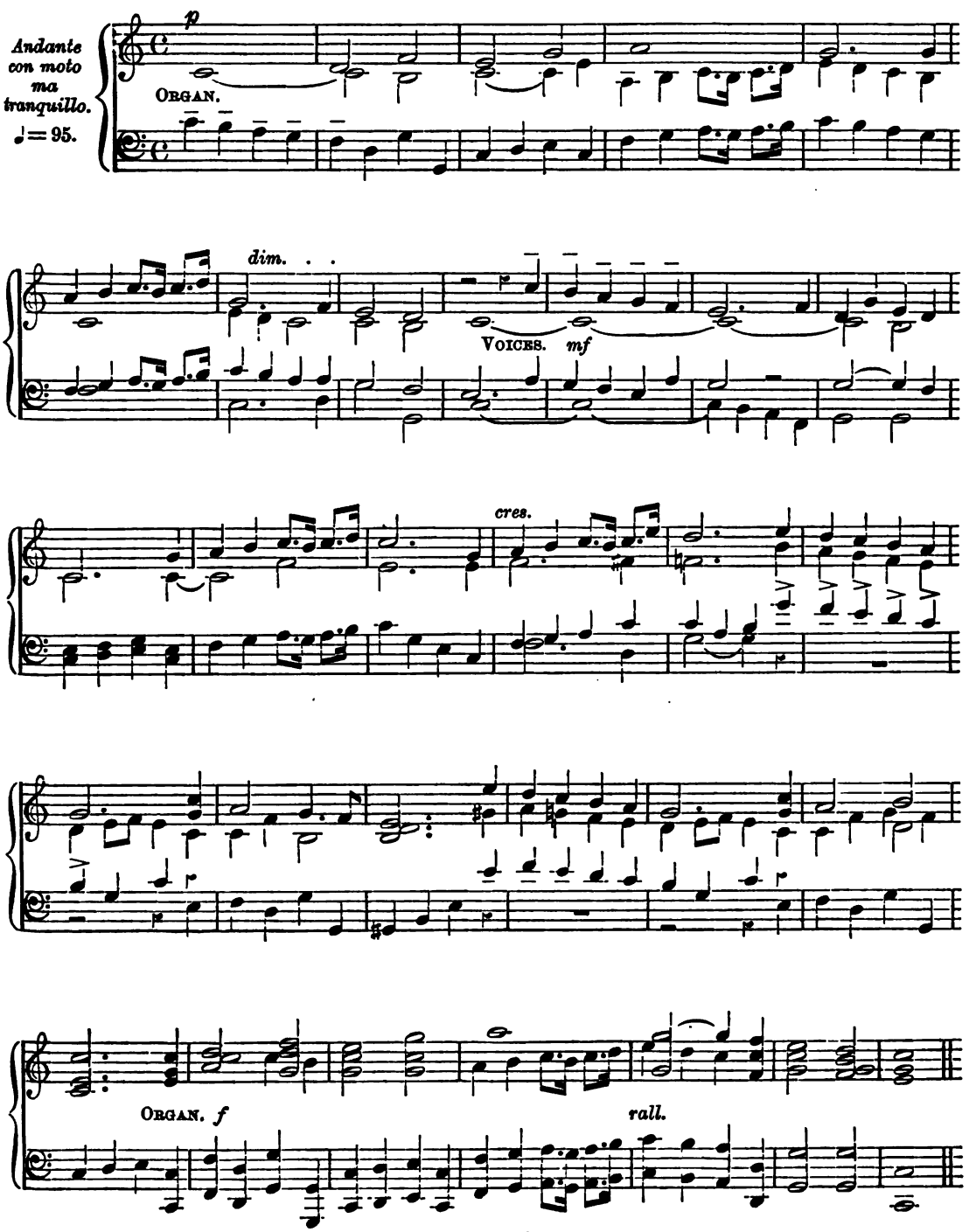
END OF PART I.

PART II.

CAROLS AND HYMNS.

I.

"Two Lovers."

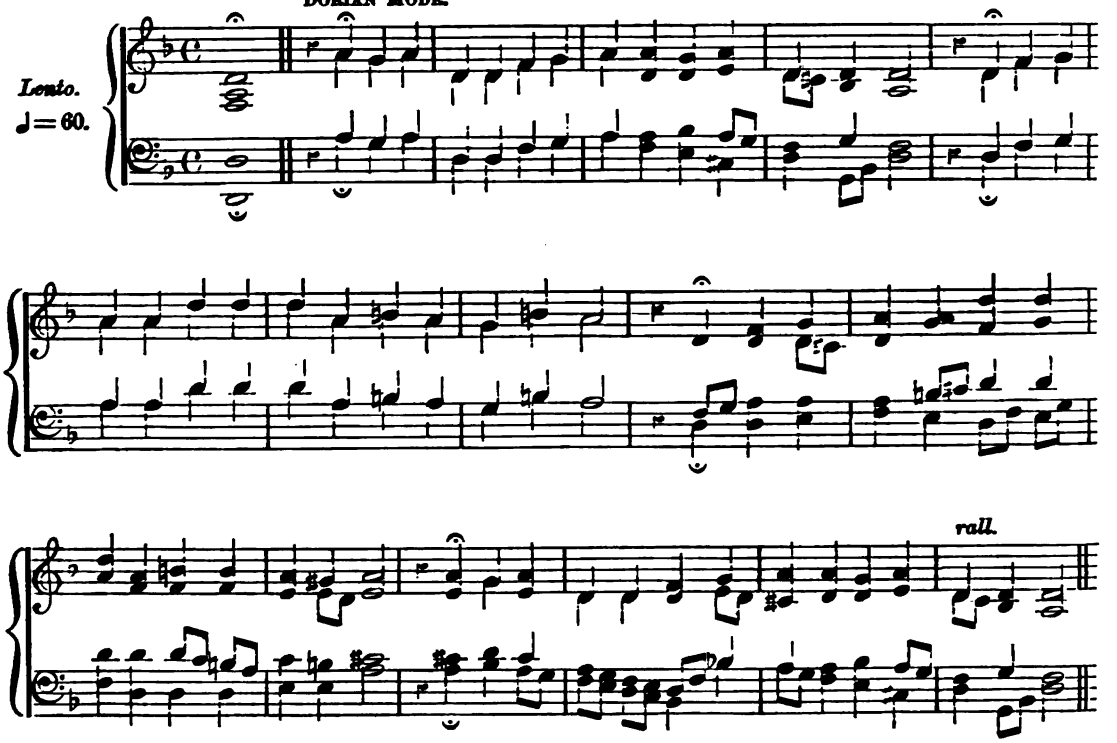


II.

"Shannon rea."
(Clear Shannon.)

DORIAN MODE.

Lento.
♩= 60.



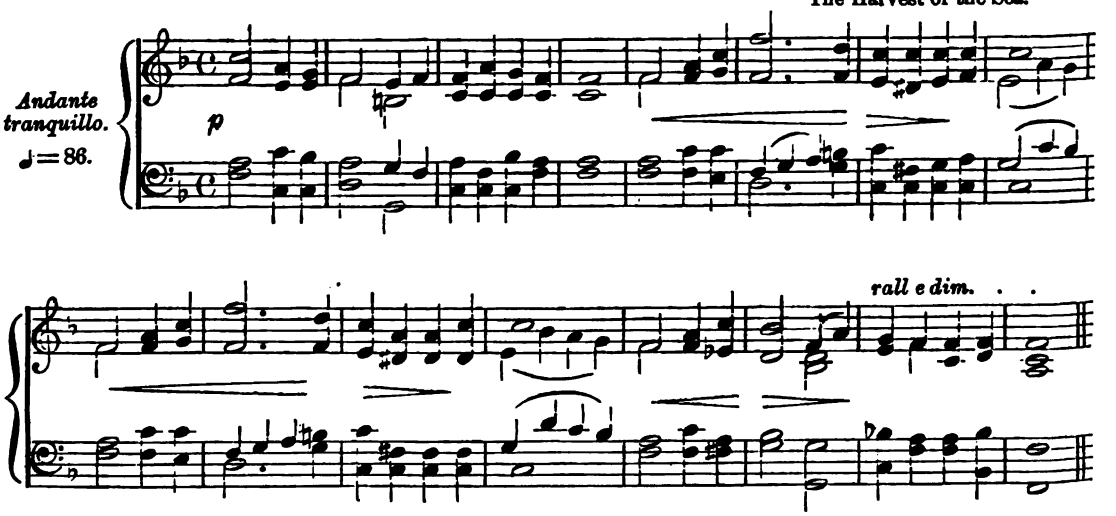
III.

Eaisht oo as clashtyn.

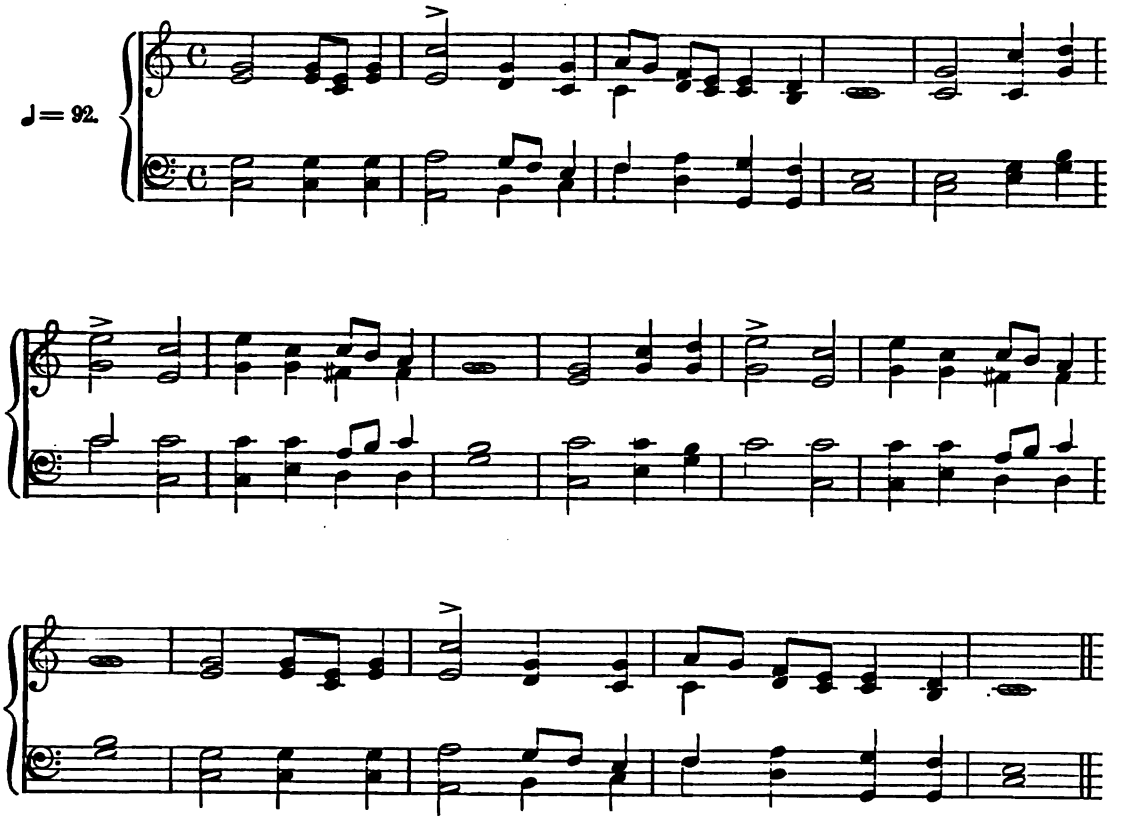
(LISTEN AND HEAR.)

Manx Fishermen's Evening Hymn,
"The Harvest of the Sea."

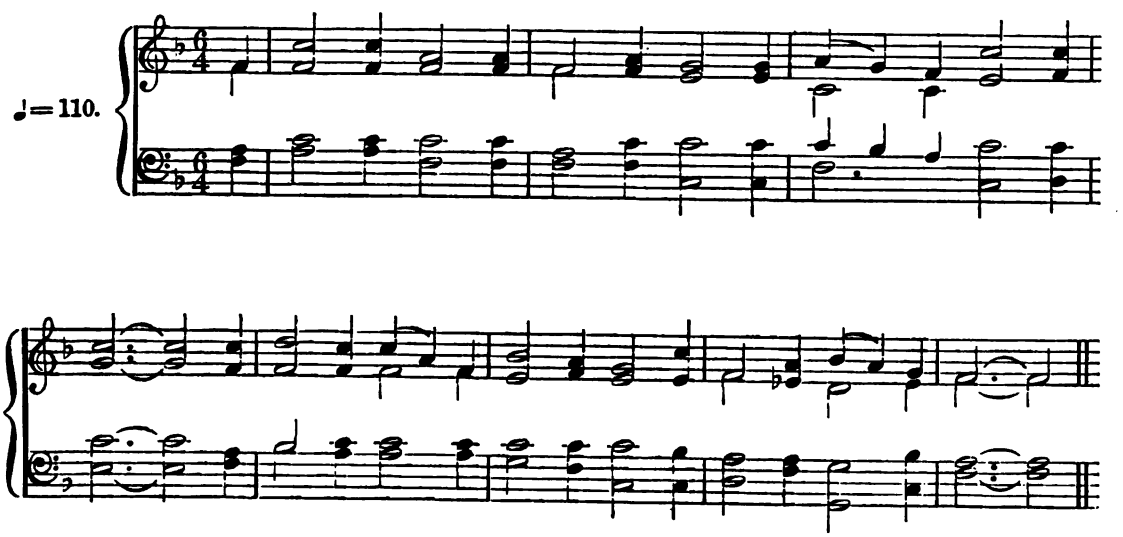
Andante tranquillo.
♩= 86.



IV.



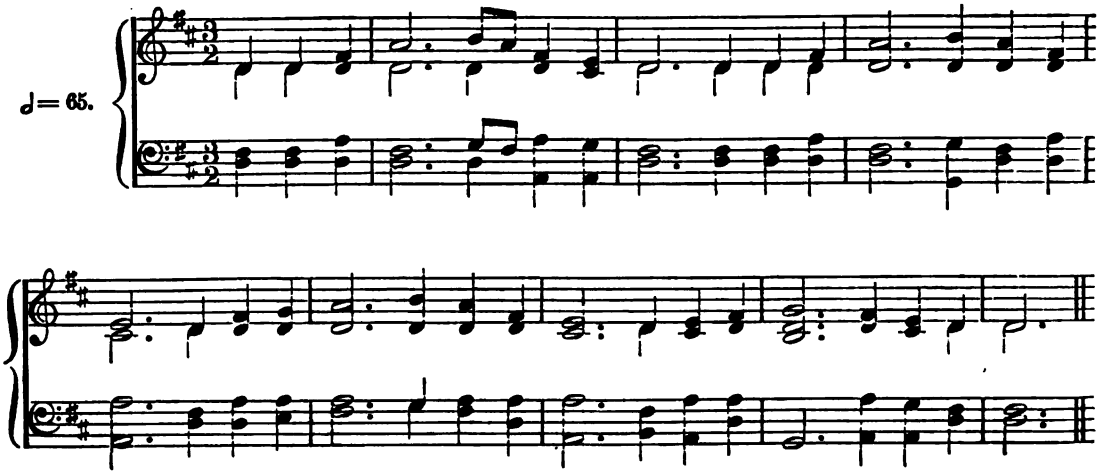
V.



VI.

Carval Yoseph.

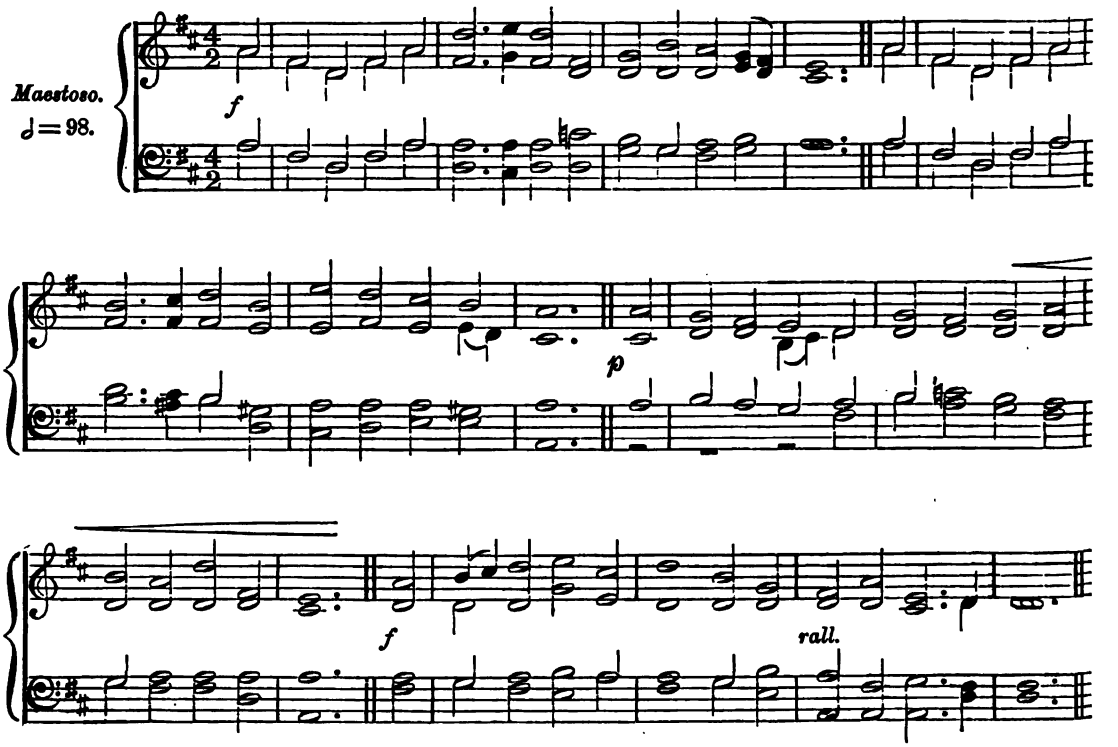
(JOSEPH'S CAROL.)



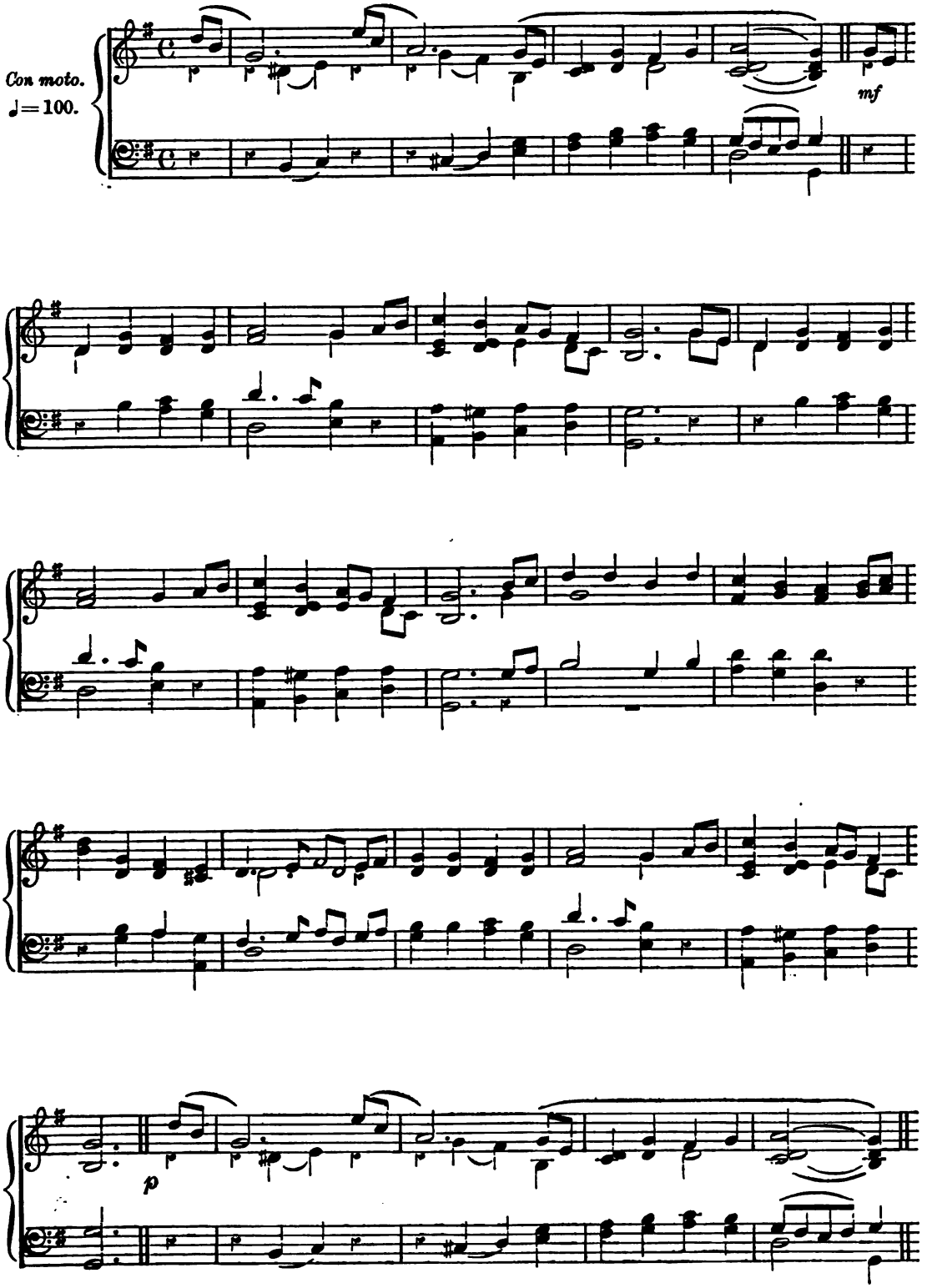
VII.

Mish ta'n Billey Roauyr.

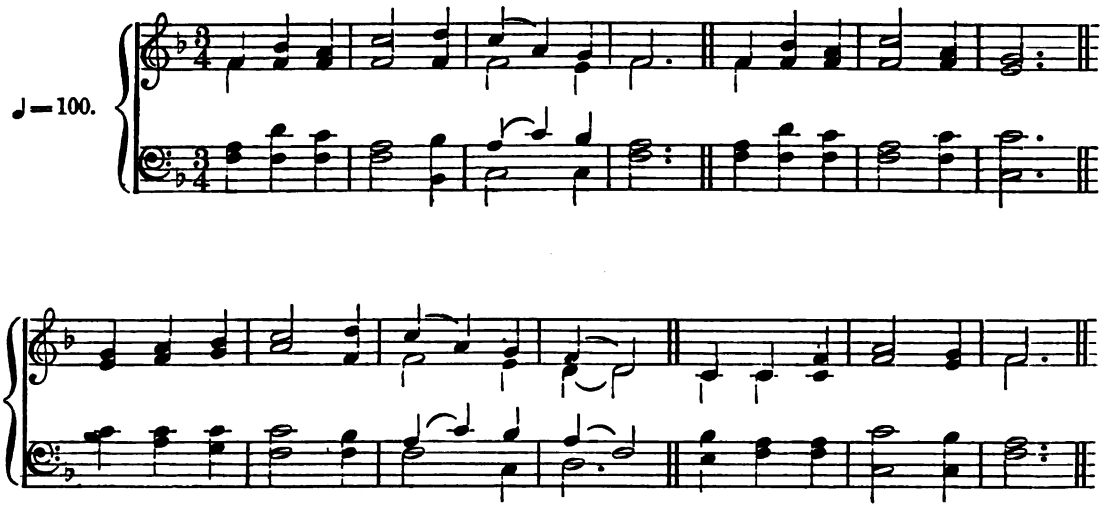
(I AM THE FRUITFUL TREE.)



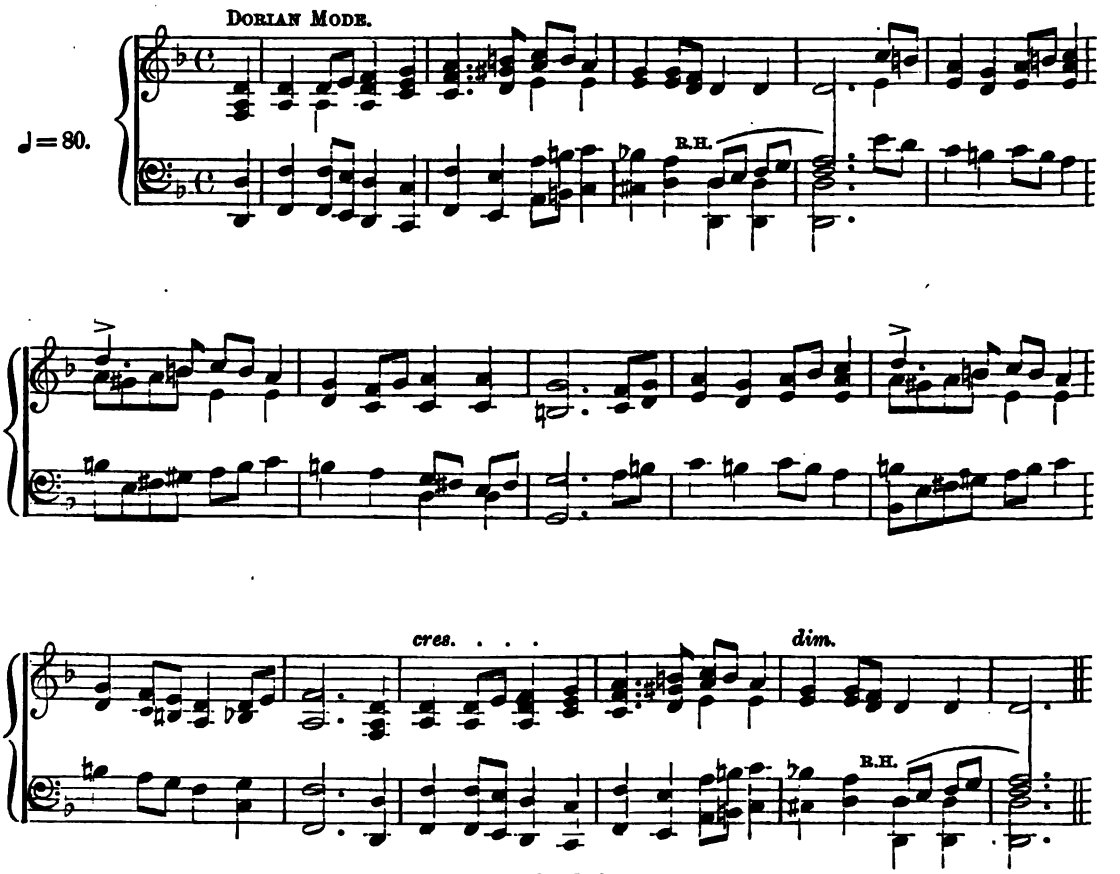
VIII.



IX.



X.

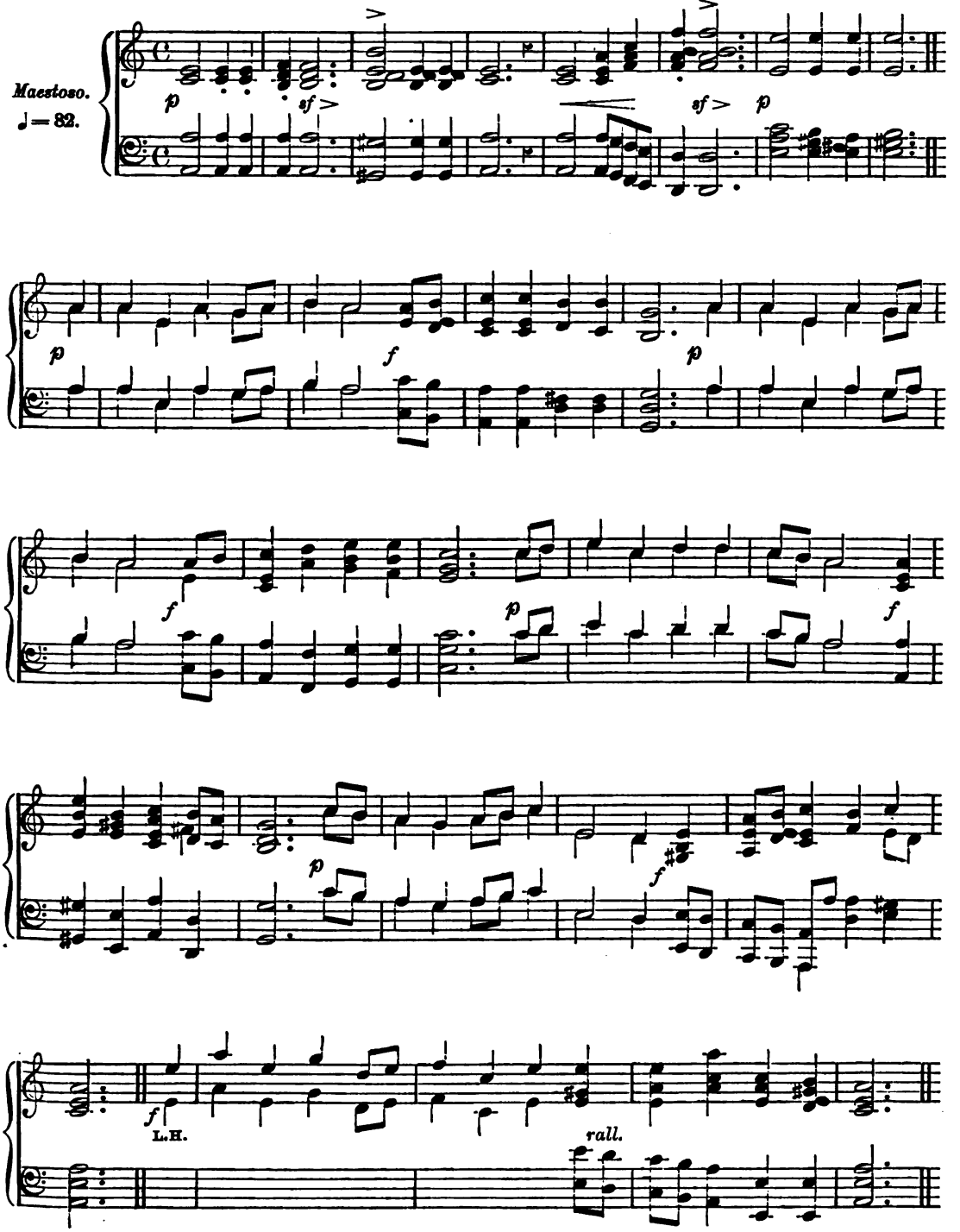


XI.

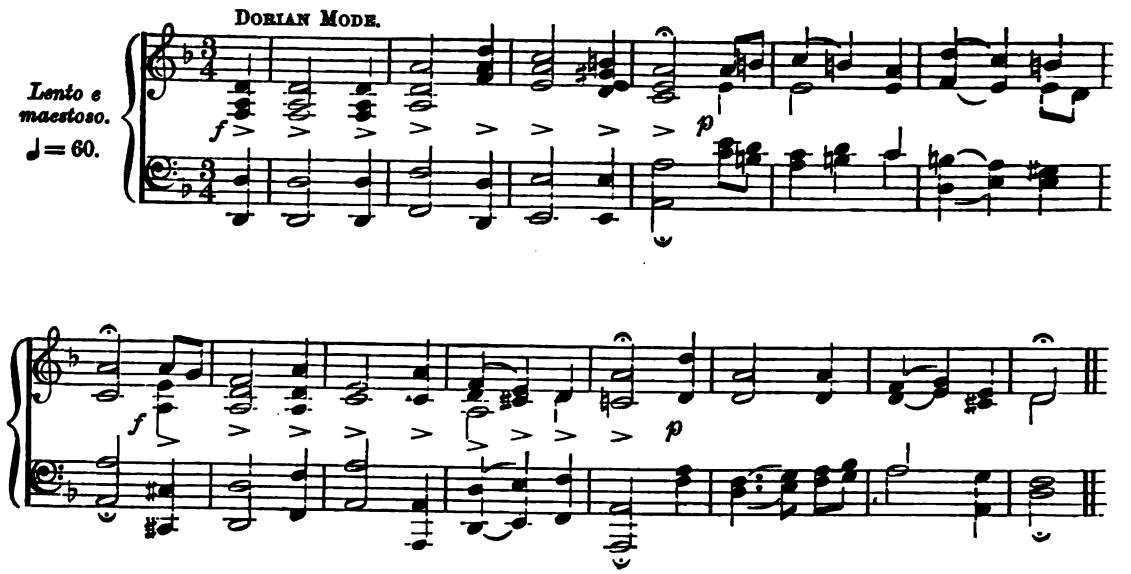
Carval, Ny Drogh Vraane.

(CAROL, BASE WOMEN.)

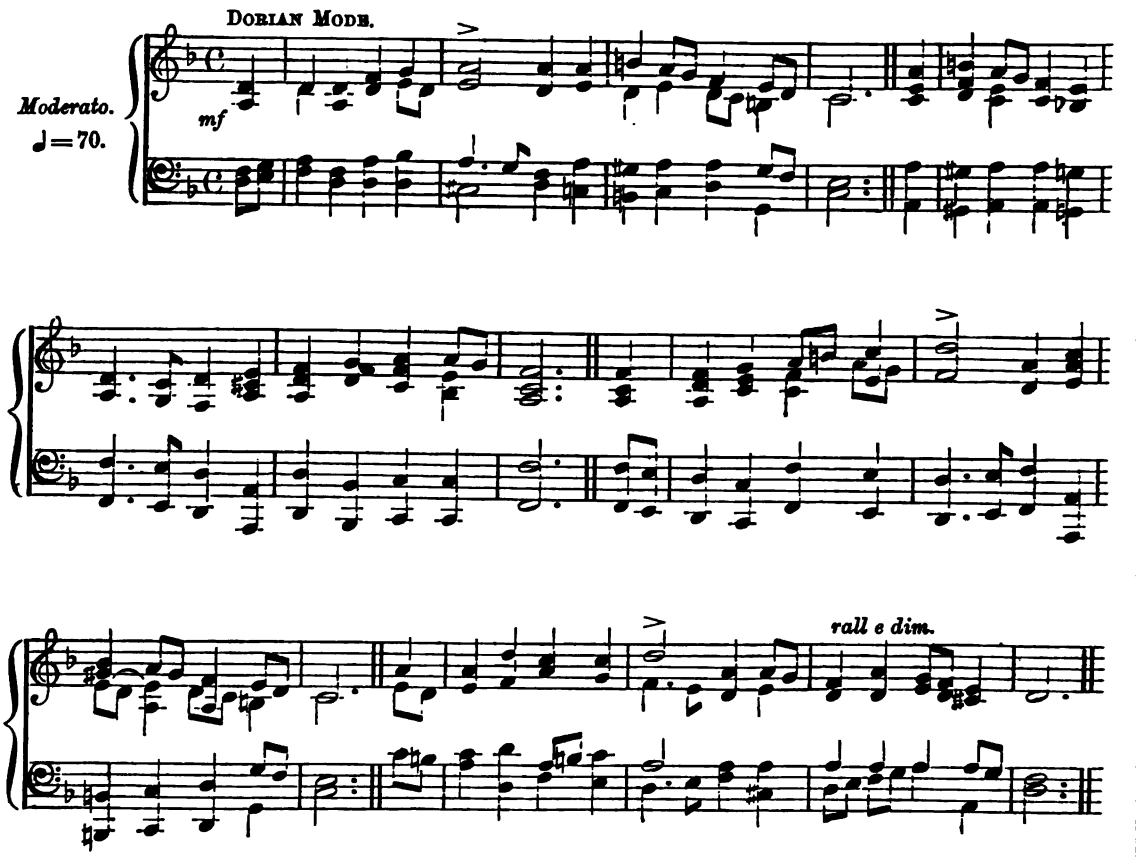
"Illiam Dhoan, No. 2."



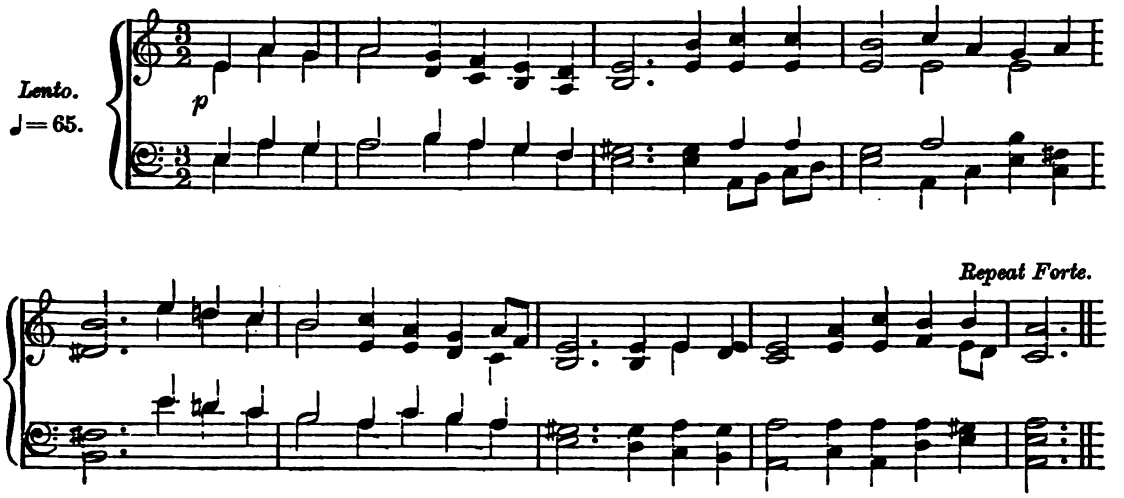
XII.


Dorian Mode.
Lento e maestoso.
♩ = 60.
f
p
f
p

XIII.


Dorian Mode.
Moderato.
♩ = 70.
mf
rall e dim.

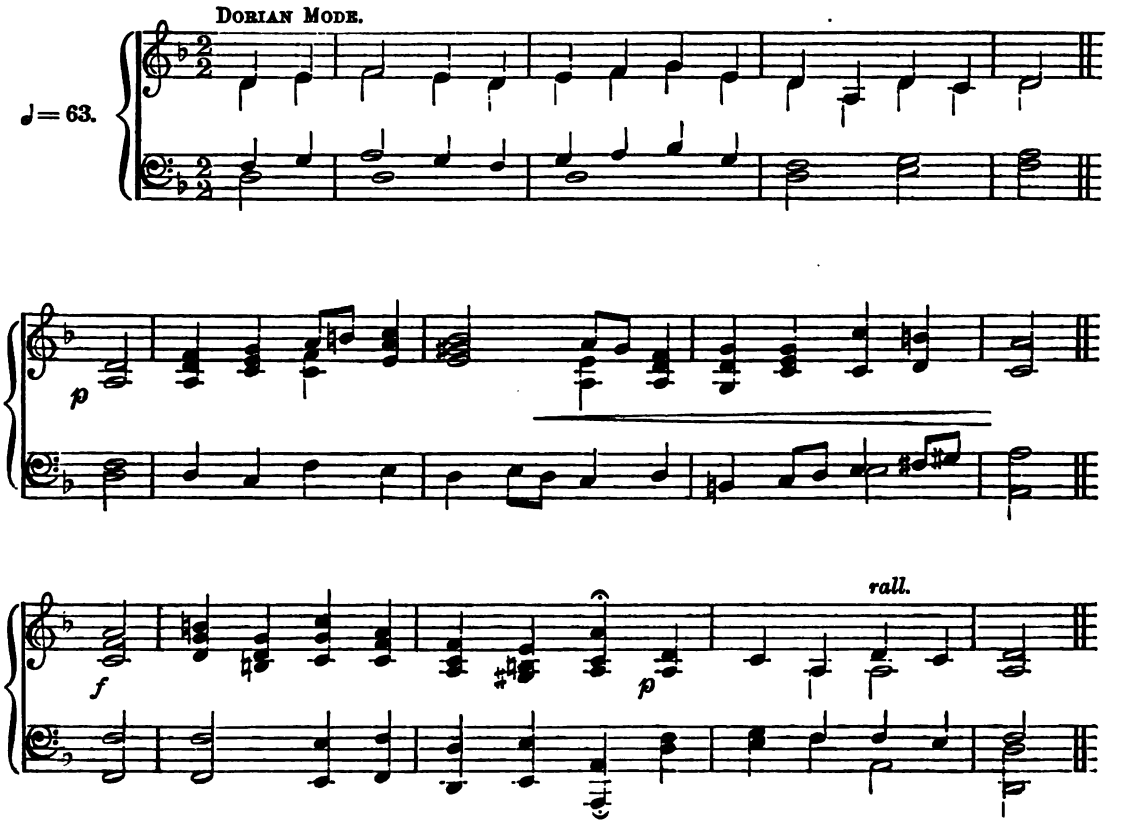
XIV.



XV.

Carval, Yn Mac stroialtagh.

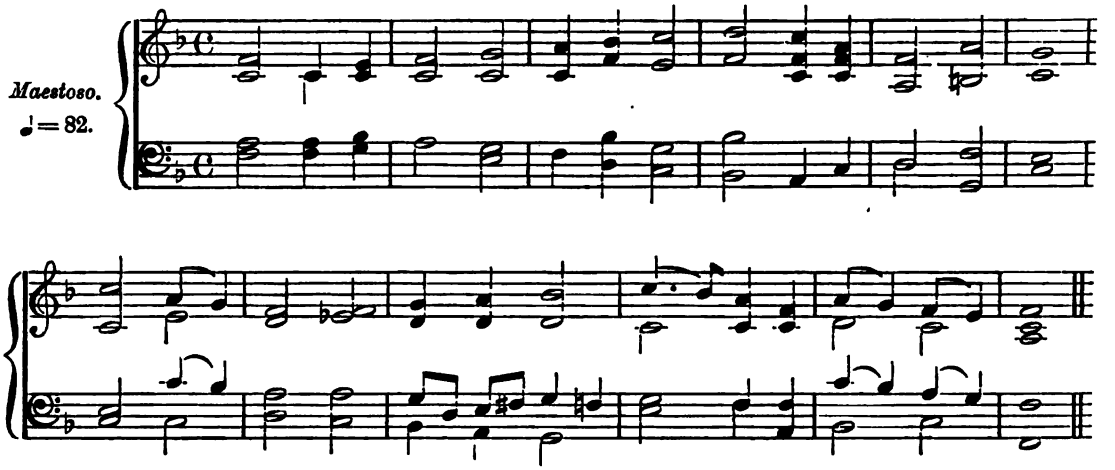
(CAROL, THE PRODIGAL SON.)



XVI.

Carval, Yn Mac stroialtagh.

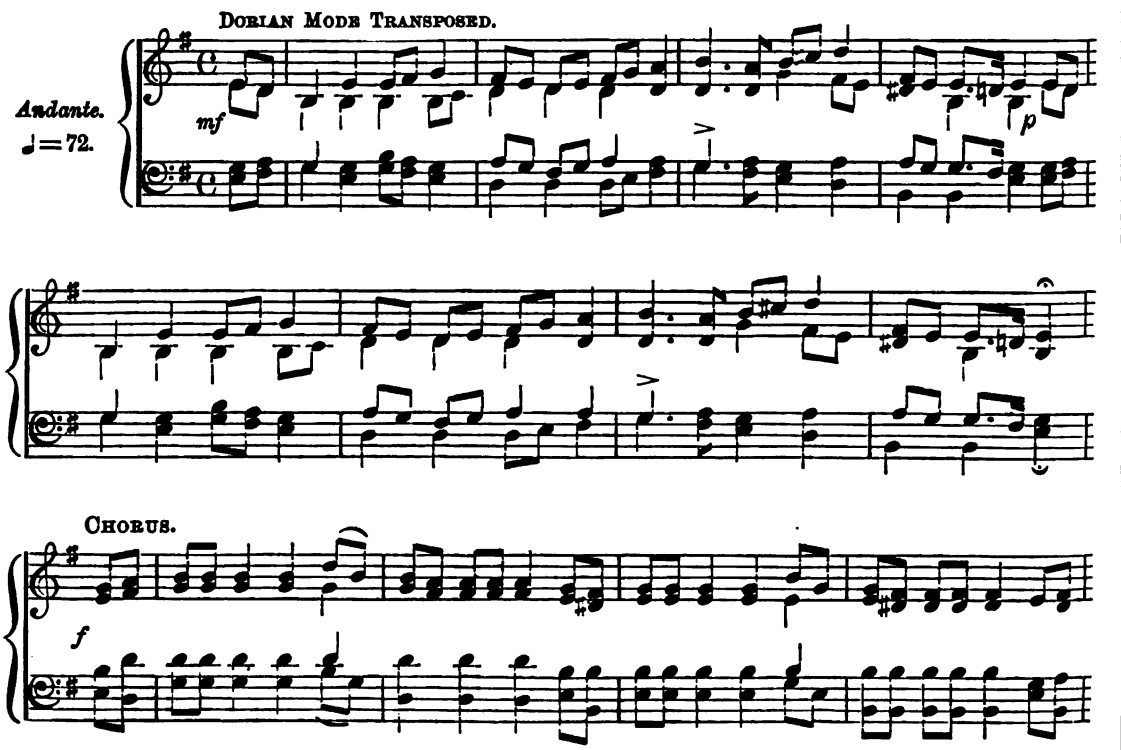
(CAROL, THE PRODIGAL SON.)

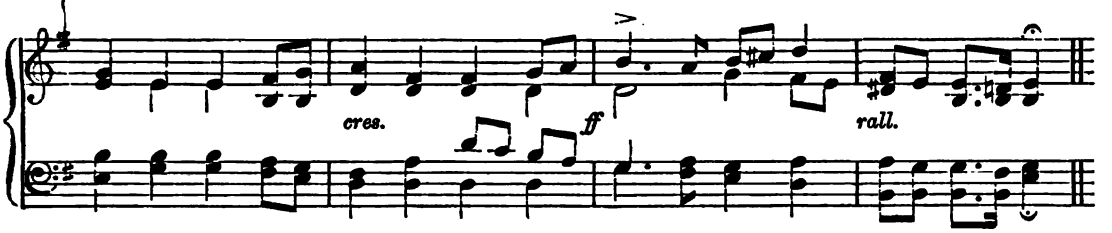


XVII.

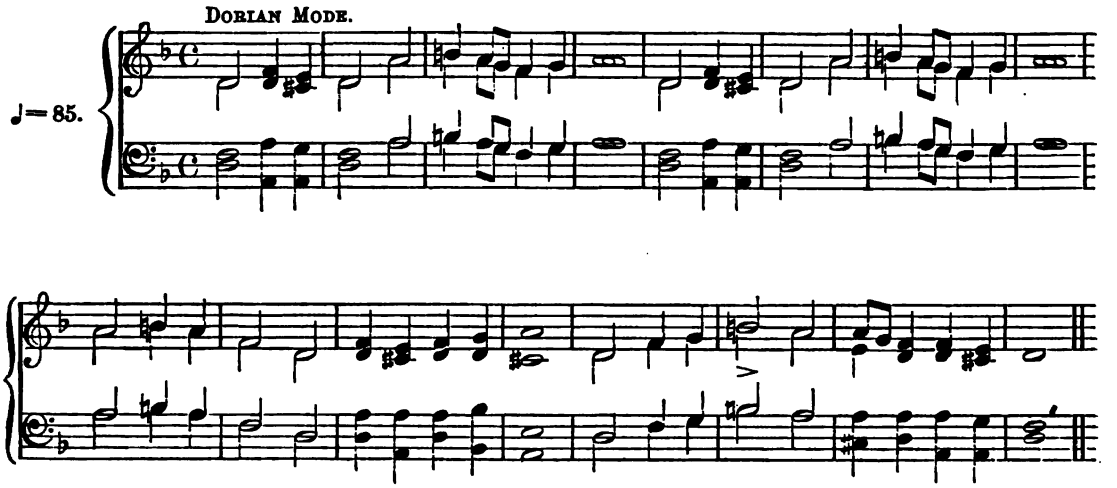
The good old Way.

(Revival Hymn of the Primitive Methodists.)





XVIII.

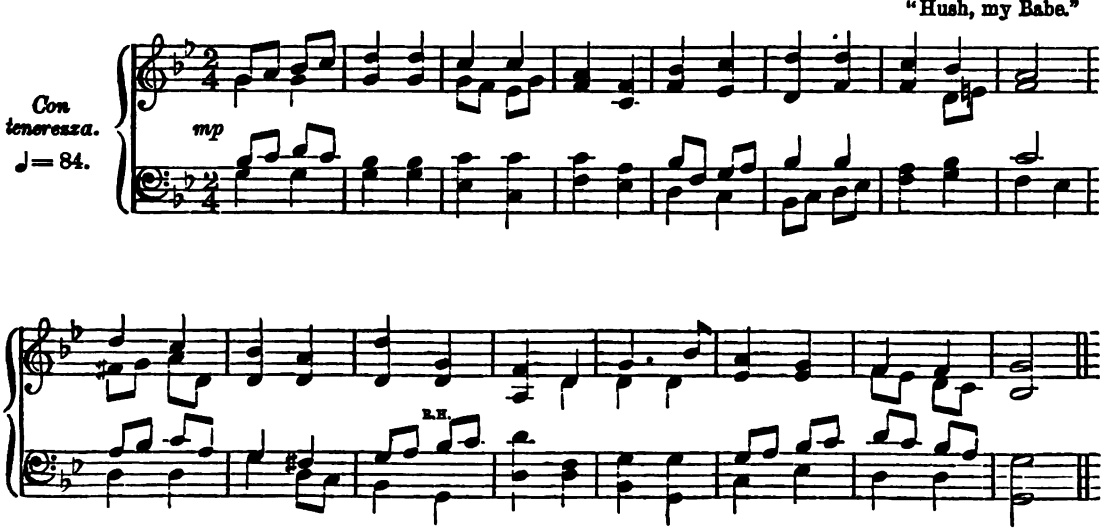


XIX.

Arrane ny Clean.

(CRADLE HYMN.)

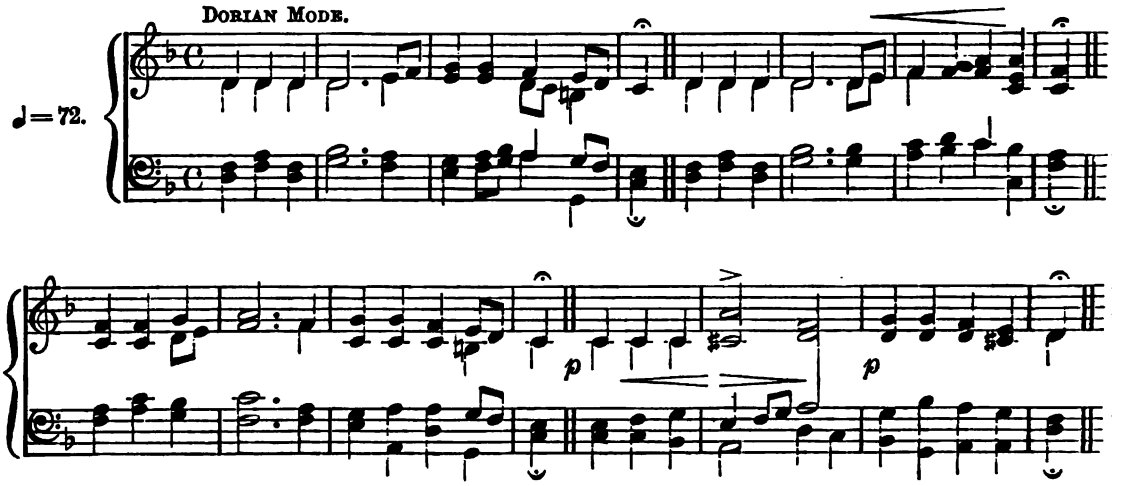
"Hush, my Babe."



XX.

Carval, Deiney as Vraane.

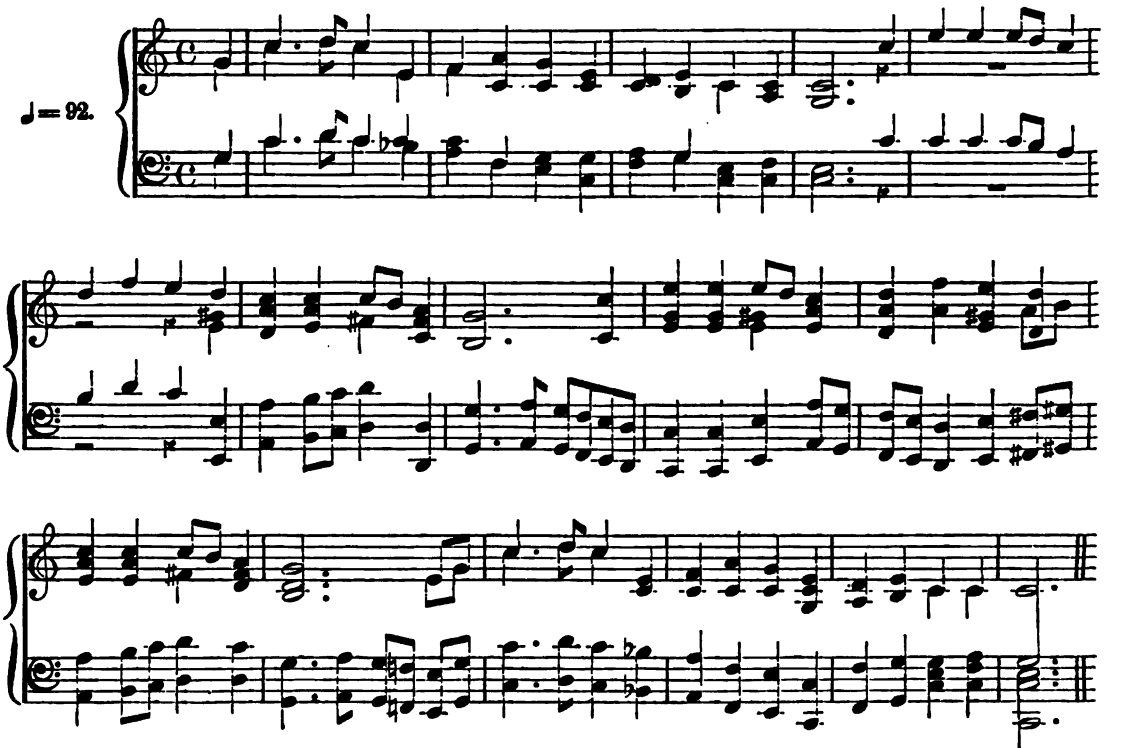
(CAROL, MEN AND WOMEN.)



XXI.

Carval, My Chaarjyn, gow shiu tastey.

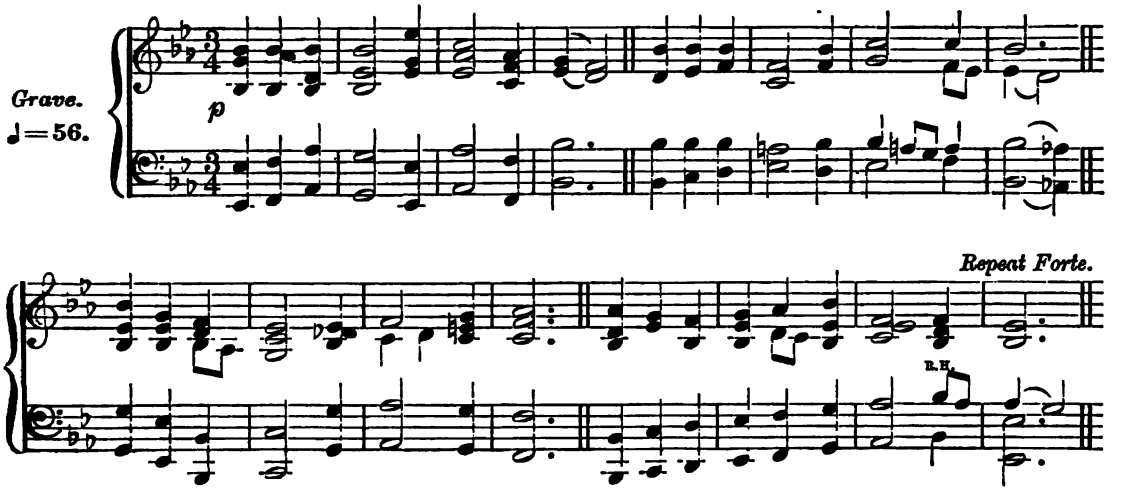
(CAROL, MY FRIENDS, TAKE YOU NOTICE.)



XXII.

Marroon, O colb ec Shee.

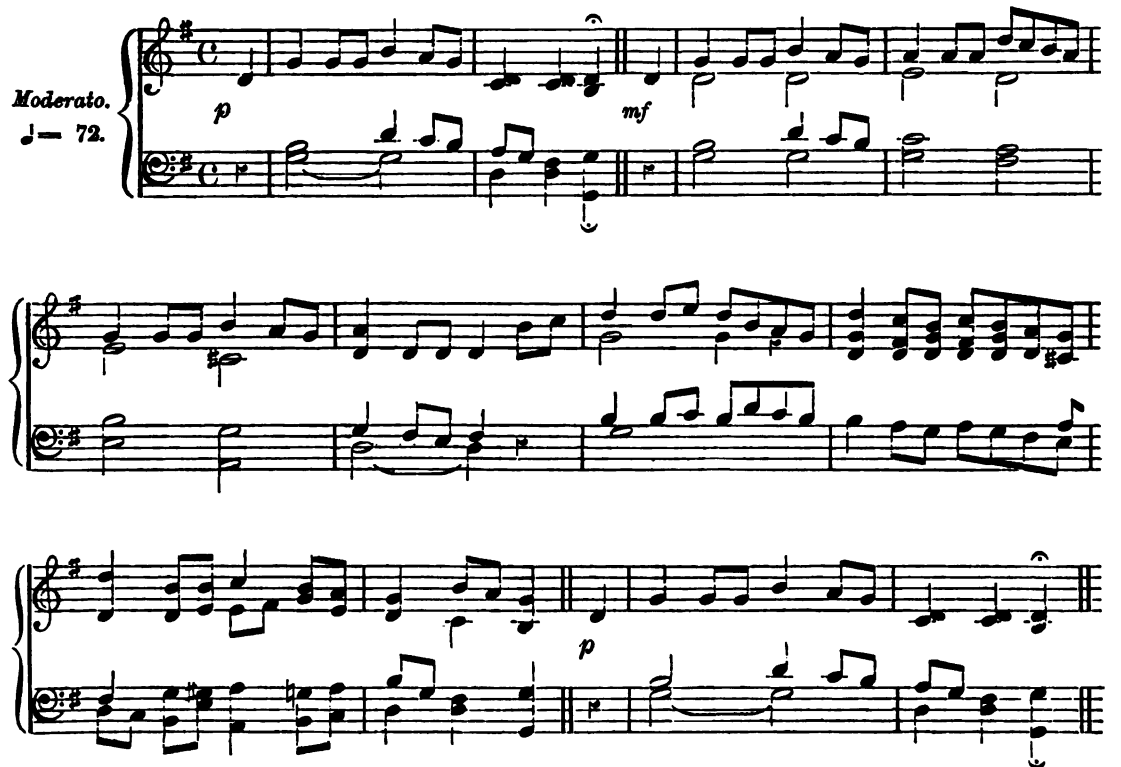
(DIRGE, O BODY AT REST.)



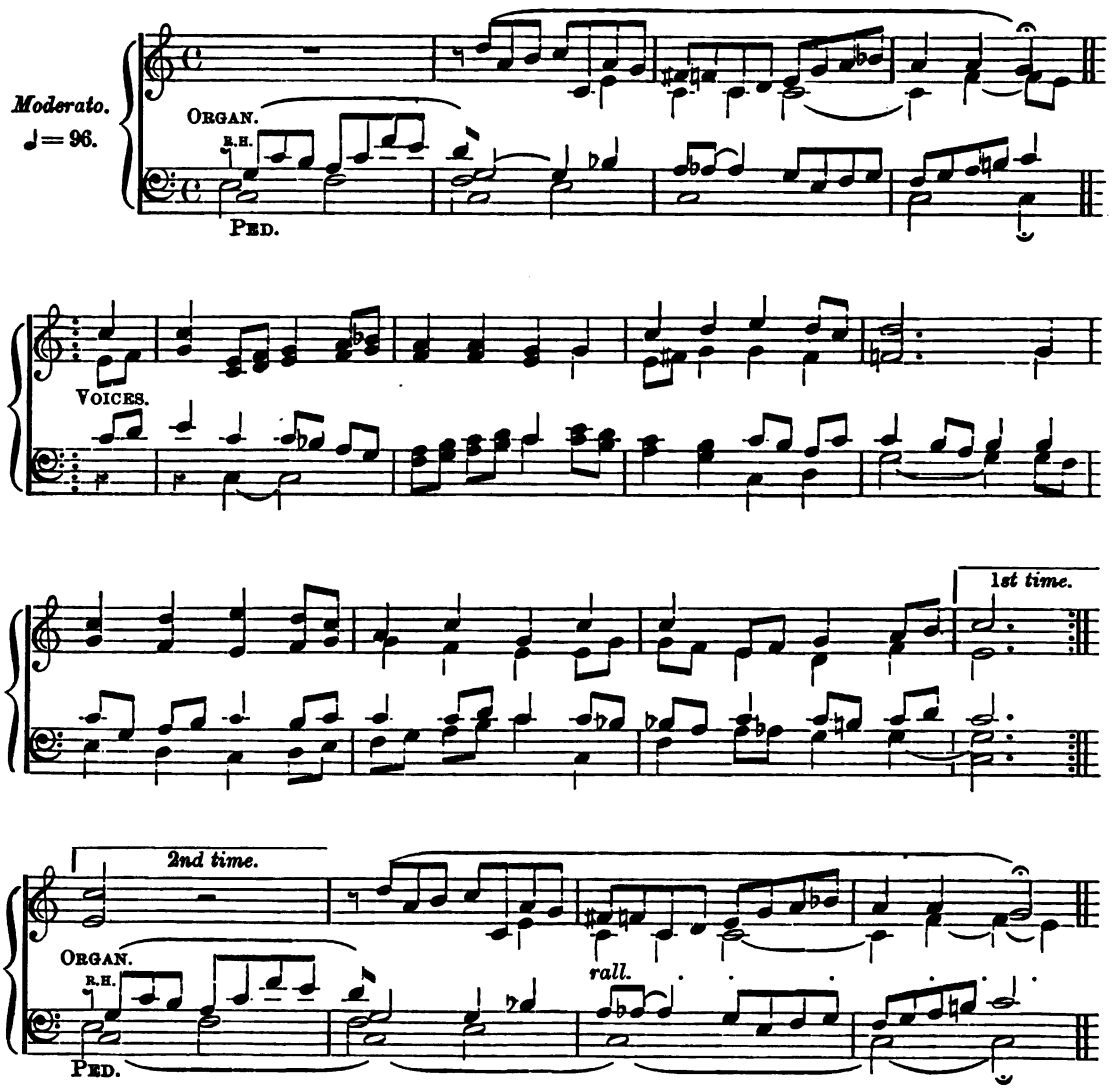
XXIII.

Carval, Aarey Yacob.

(CAROL, JACOB'S LADDER.)



XXIV.

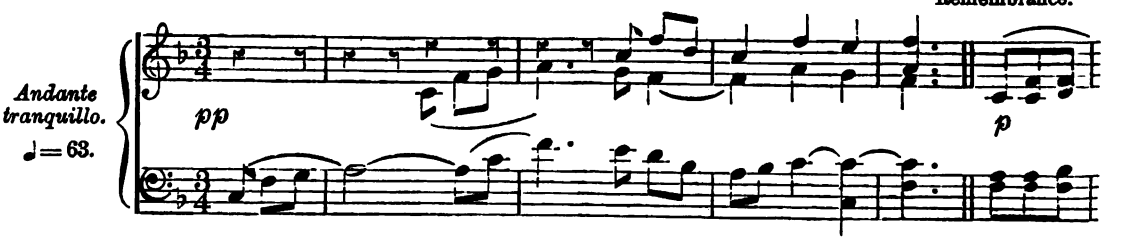


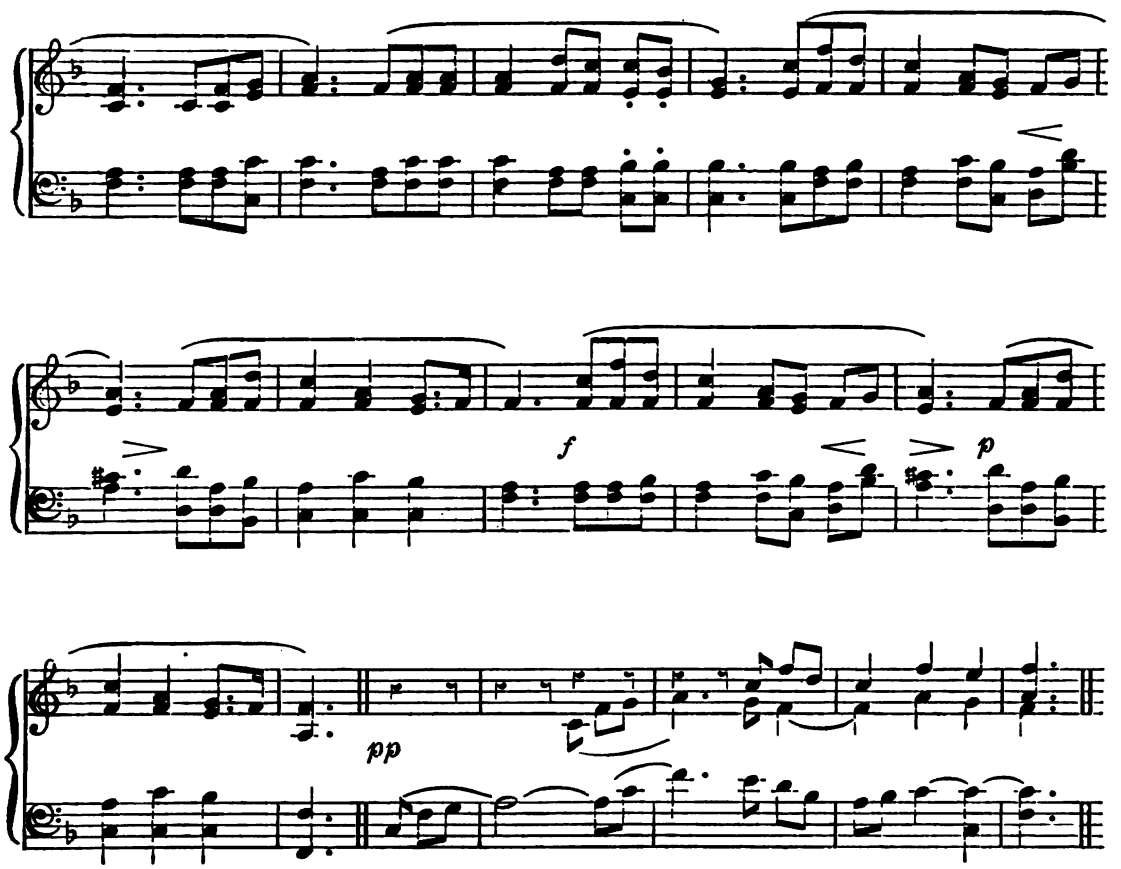
XXV.

Carval, Baase Chreest.

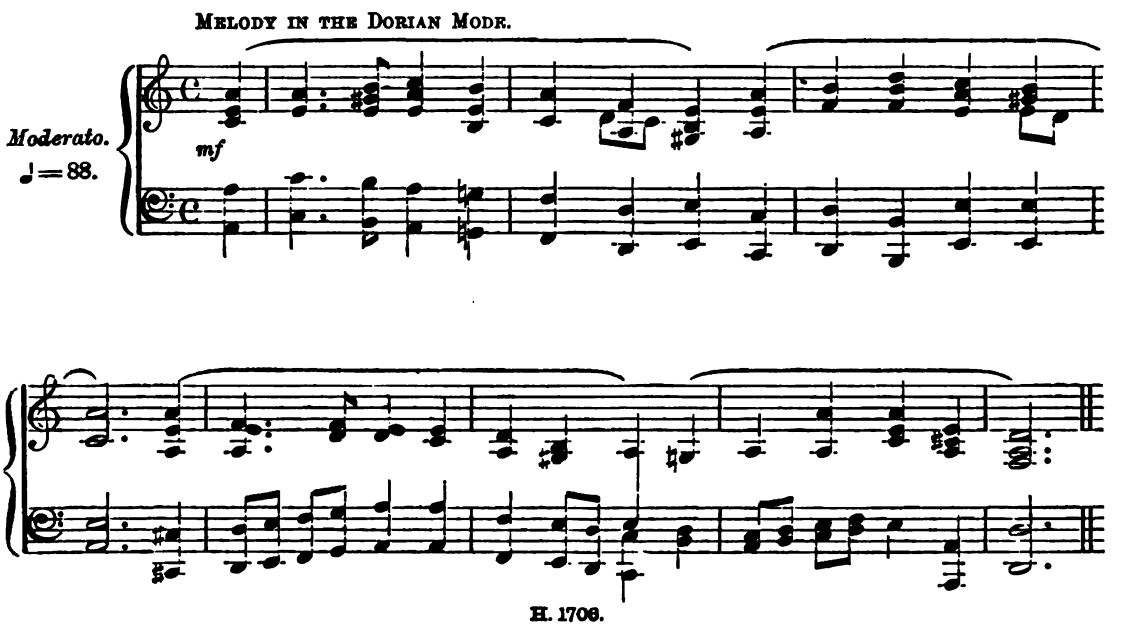
(CAROL, THE DEATH OF CHRIST.)

"Remembrance."





XXVI.

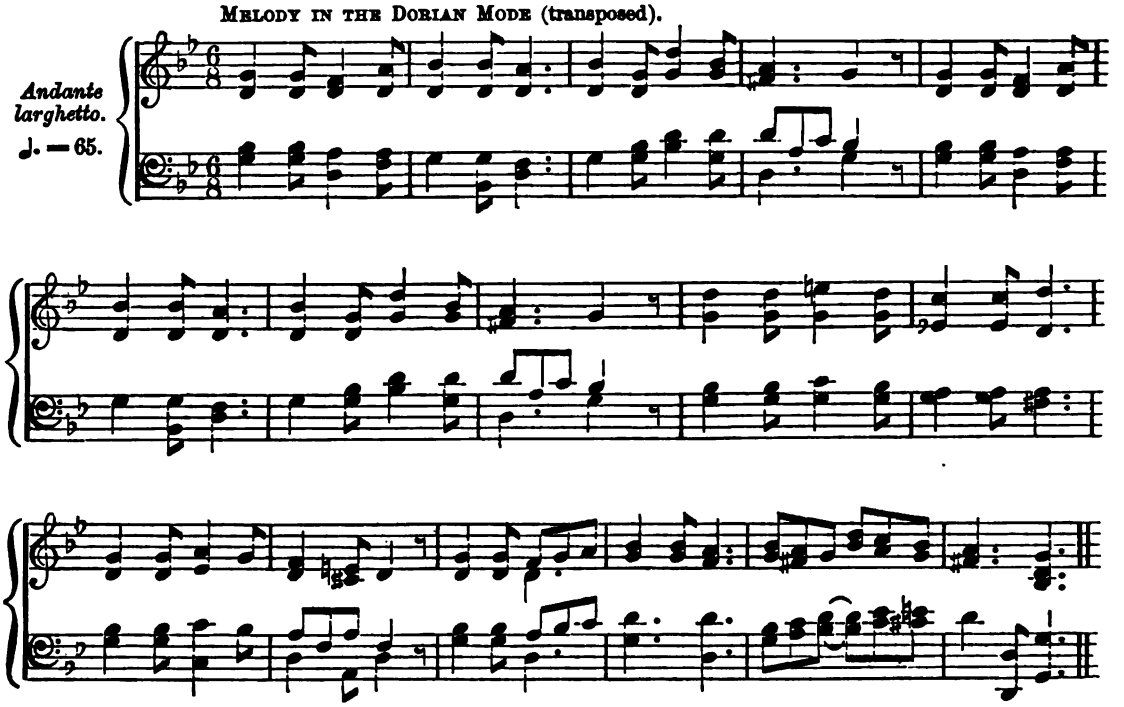


XXVII.

Carval, Er Baase as Beaynid.

(CAROL, ON DEATH AND ETERNITY.)

MELODY IN THE DORIAN MODE (transposed).

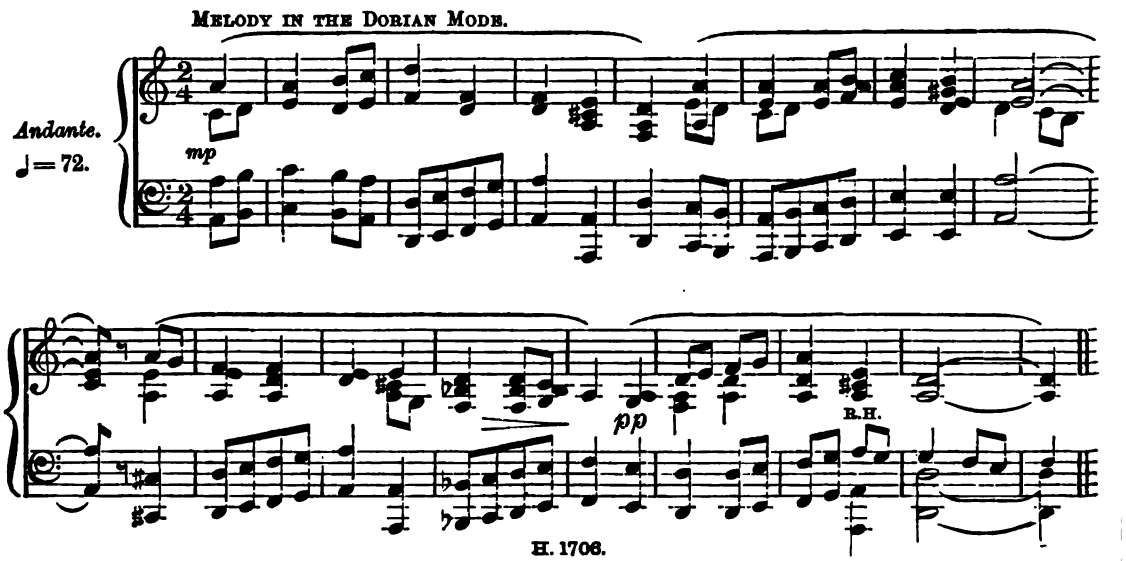


XXVIII.

Arrane ny Clean.

(CRADLE HYMN.)

MELODY IN THE DORIAN MODE.

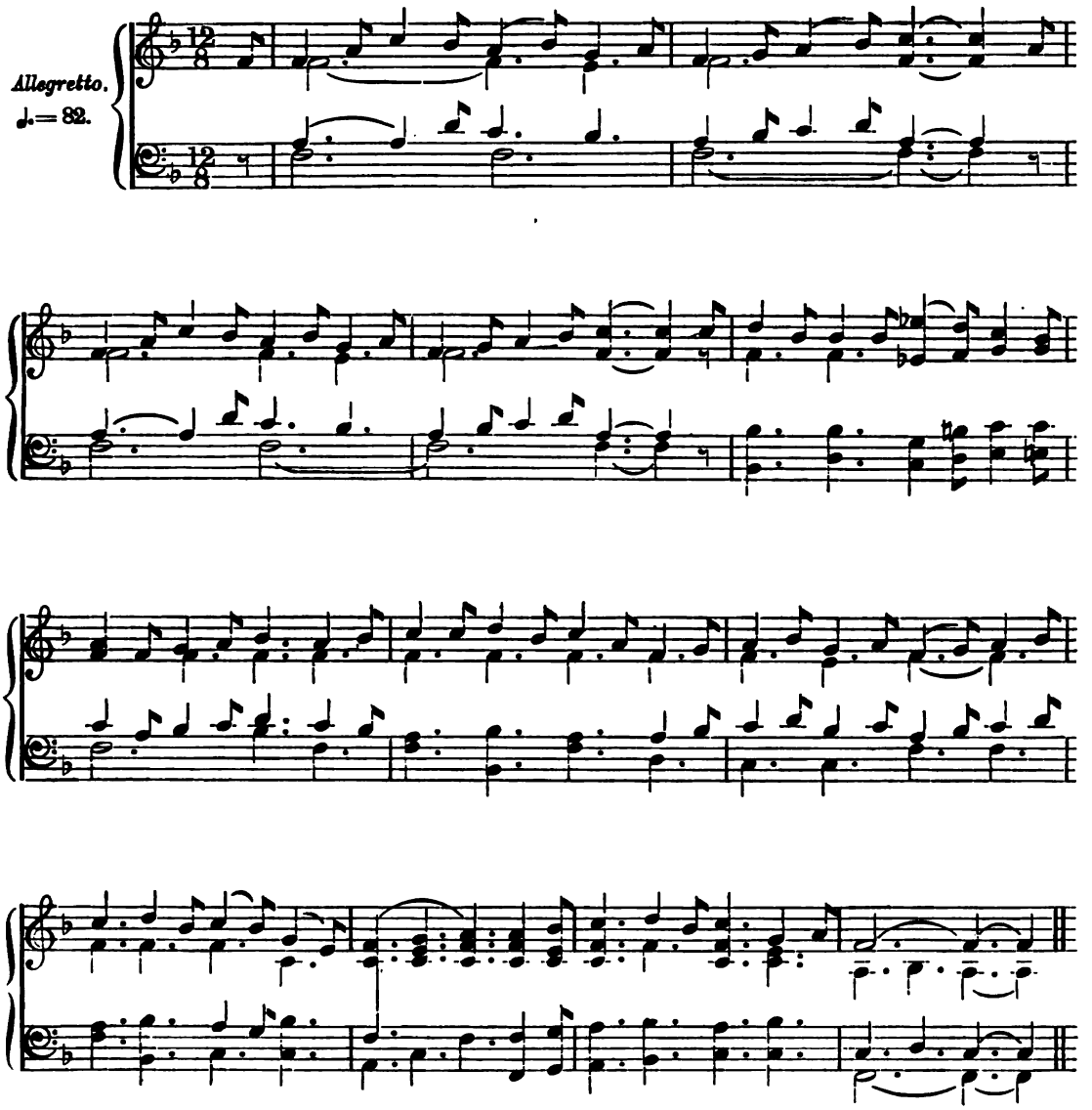


XXIX.

Carval ny Guillin bane.

(CAROL OF THE WHITE BOYS.)*

I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,
A pocket full of money and a cellar full of beer;
So, long may you live, and so, happy may you be,
For I ne'er can do for Jesus Christ what He has done for me;
And I wish you glad tidings of joy,
And I wish you glad tidings of joy.

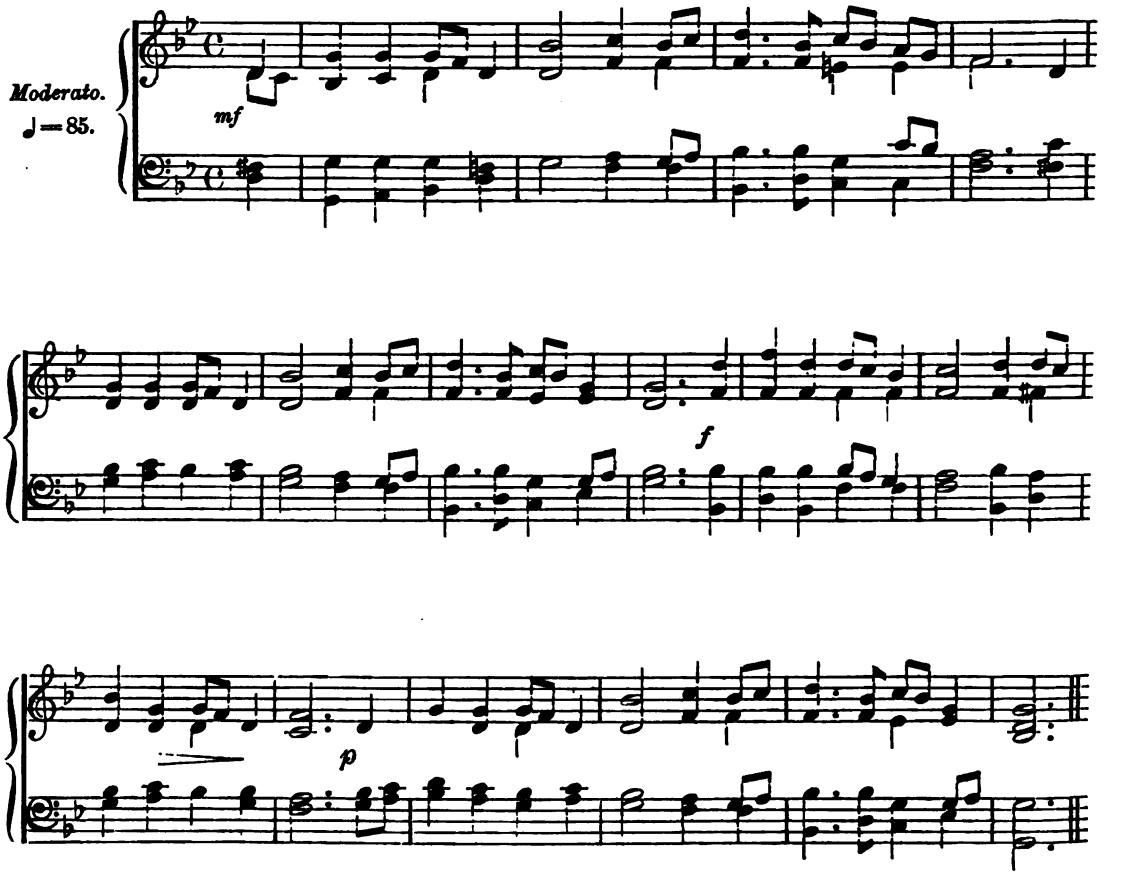


* This is an adaptation of the well-known English Carol as sung in the Isle of Man by the White Boys (itinerant actors) in the play of "St. George and the Dragon."

XXX.

Moylley gys Jee, my chaarjyn.

(PRAISE GOD, MY FRIENDS.)



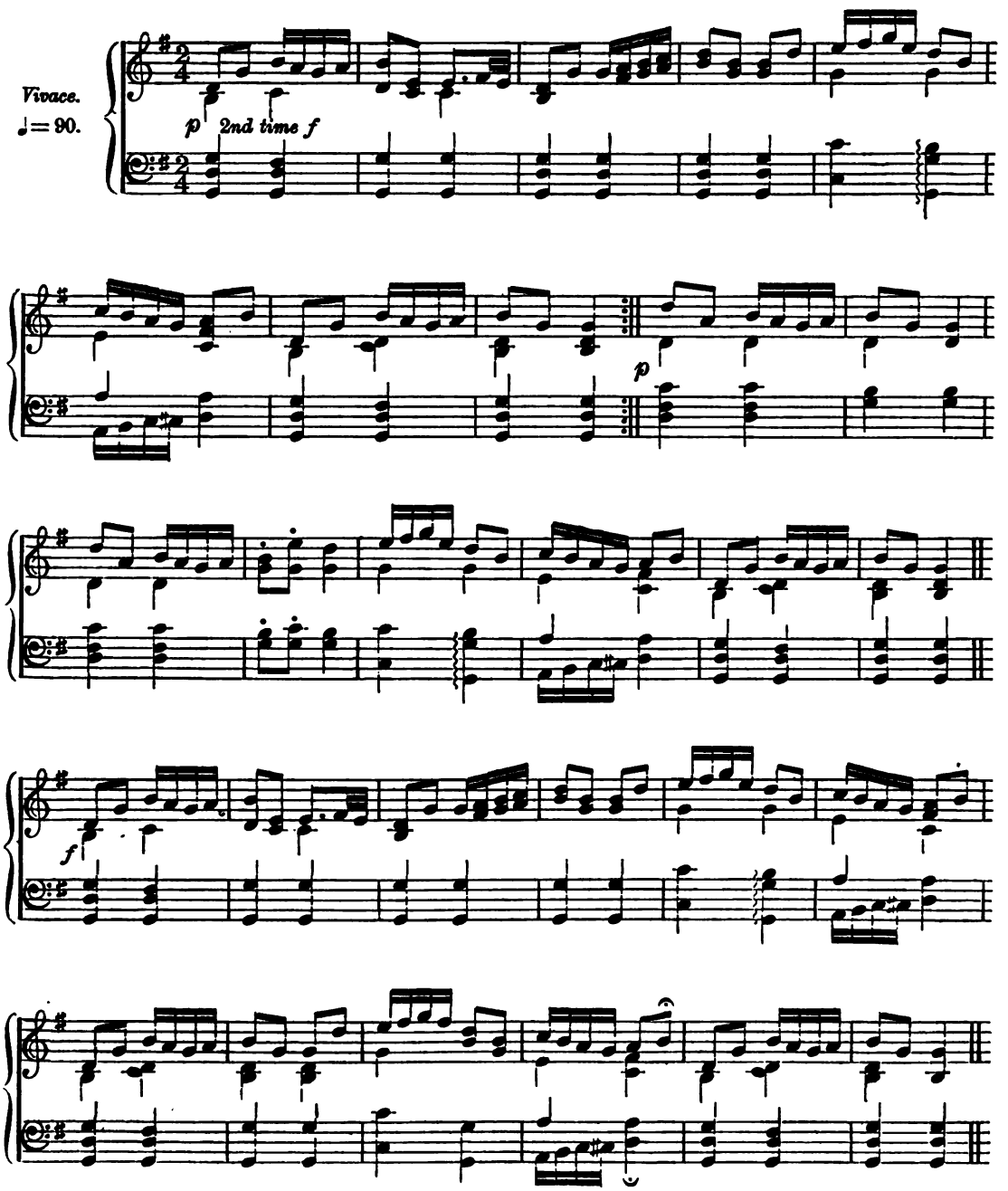
END OF PART II.

PART III.

DANCE TUNES.

I.

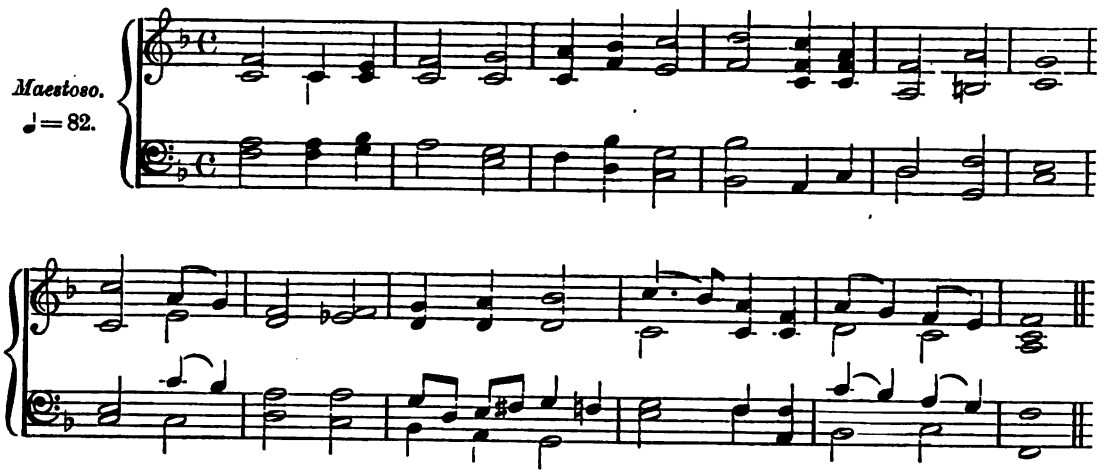
Step Dance.



XVI.

Carval, Yn Mac stroialtagh.

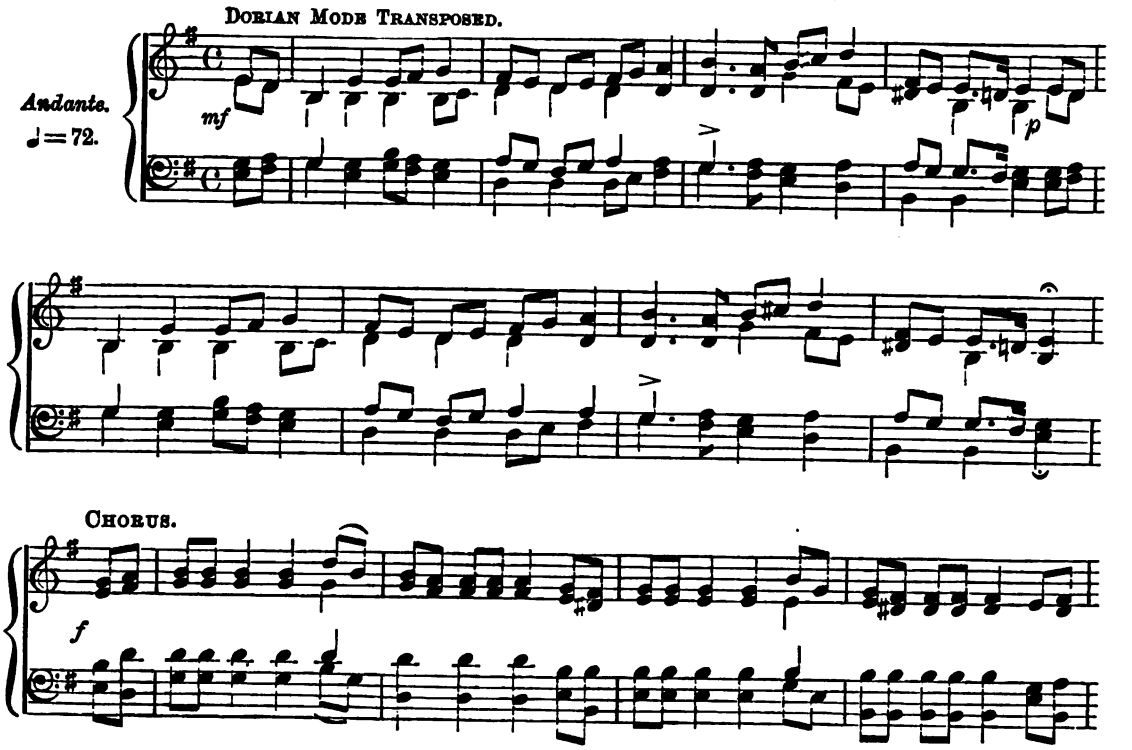
(CAROL, THE PRODIGAL SON.)

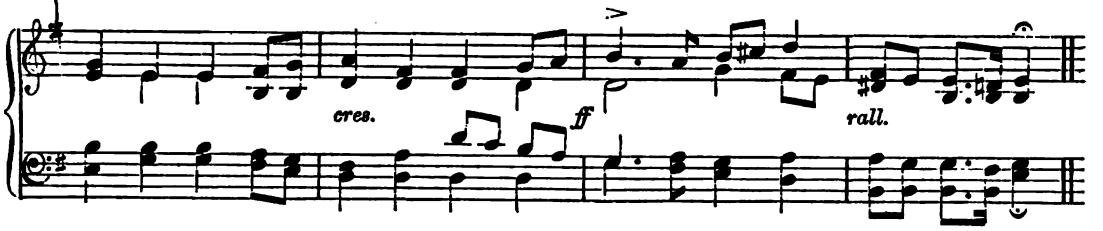


XVII.

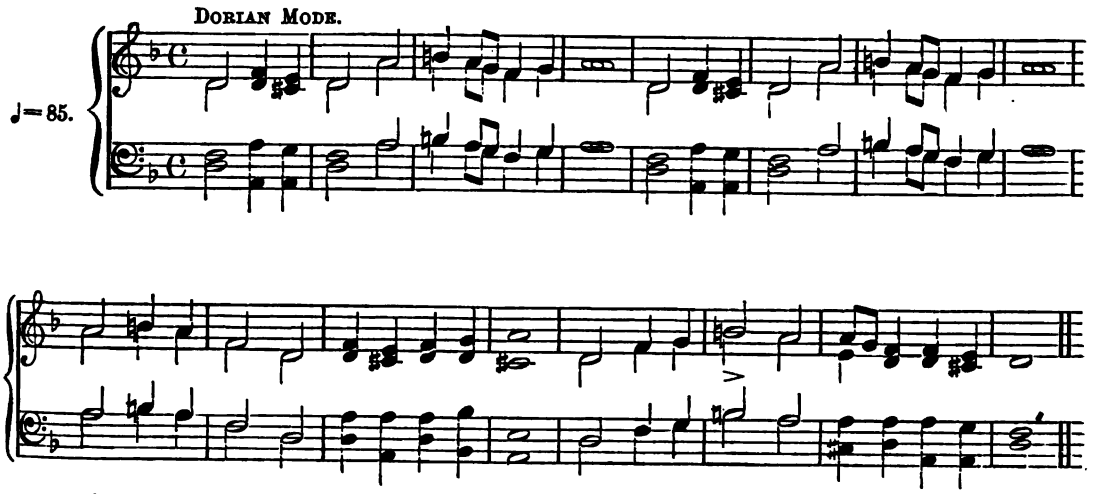
The good old Way.

(REVIVAL HYMN OF THE PRIMITIVE METHODISTS.)





XVIII.

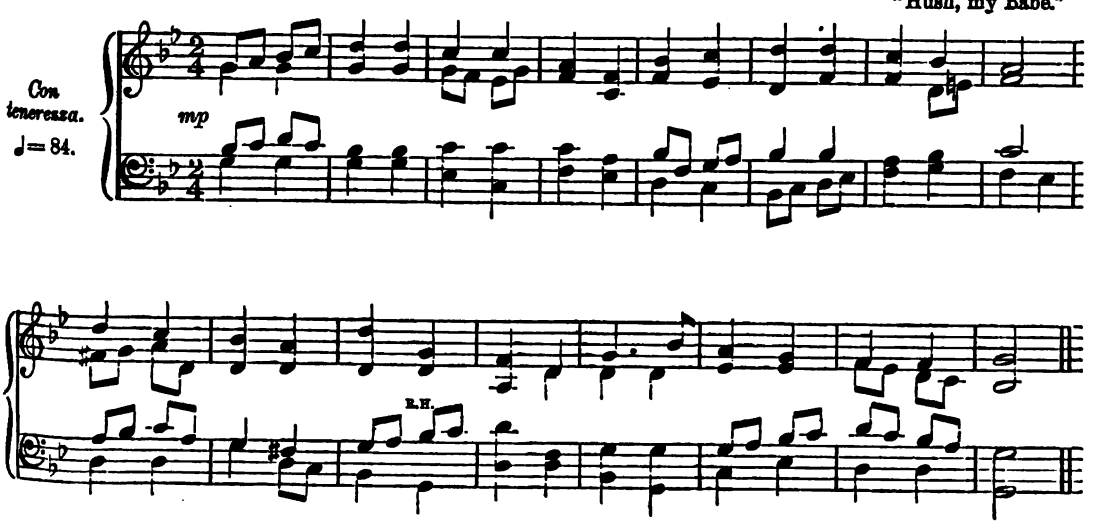


XIX.

Arrane ny Clean.

(CRADLE HYMN.)

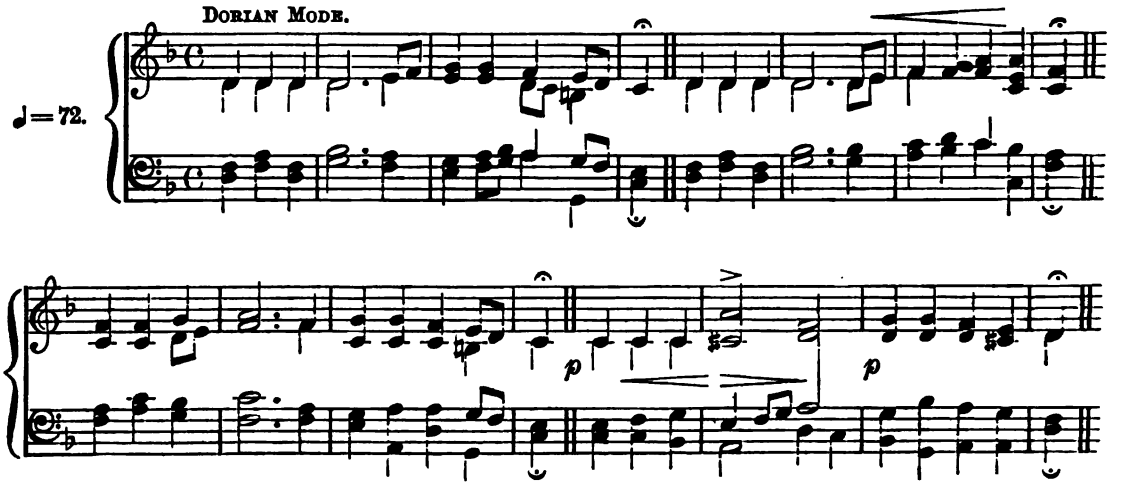
"Hush, my Babe."



XX.

Carval, Deiney as Vraane.

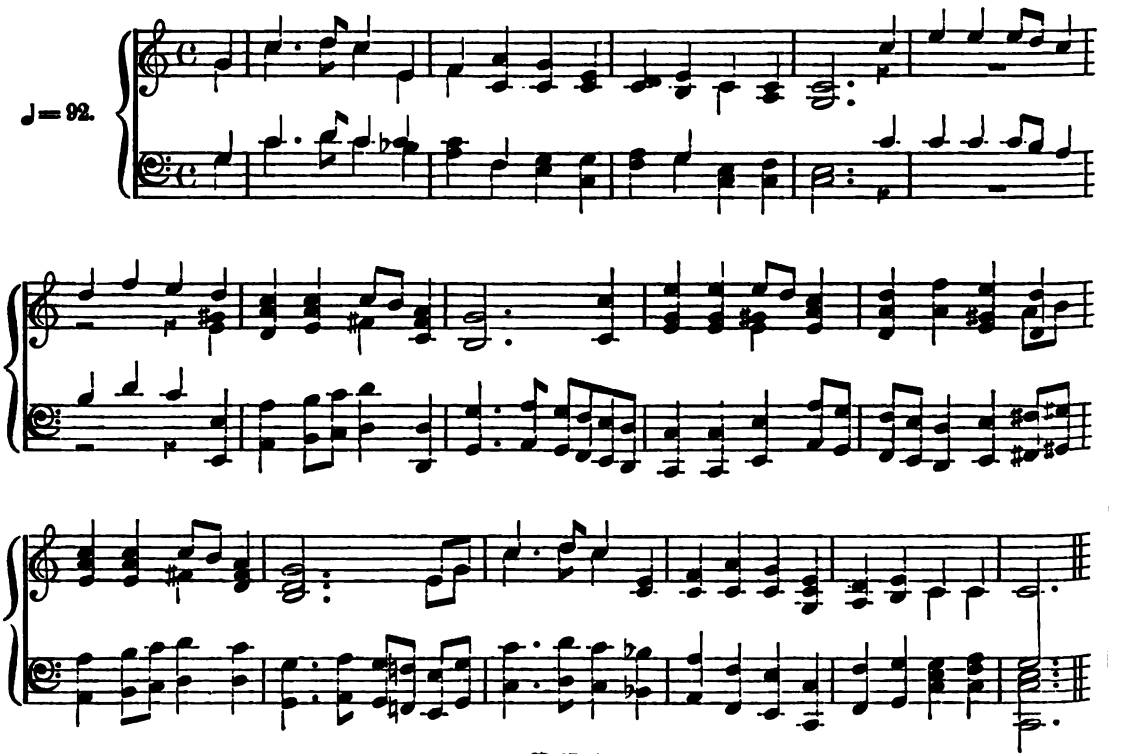
(CAROL, MEN AND WOMEN.)



XXI.

Carval, My Chaarjyn, gow shiu tastey.

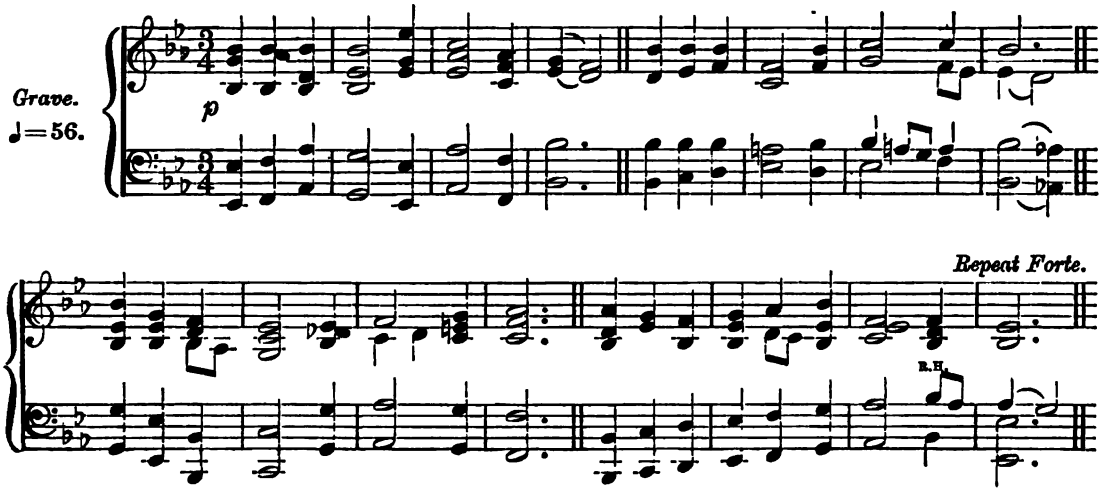
(CAROL, MY FRIENDS, TAKE YOU NOTICE.)



XXII.

Marroon, O colb ec Shee.

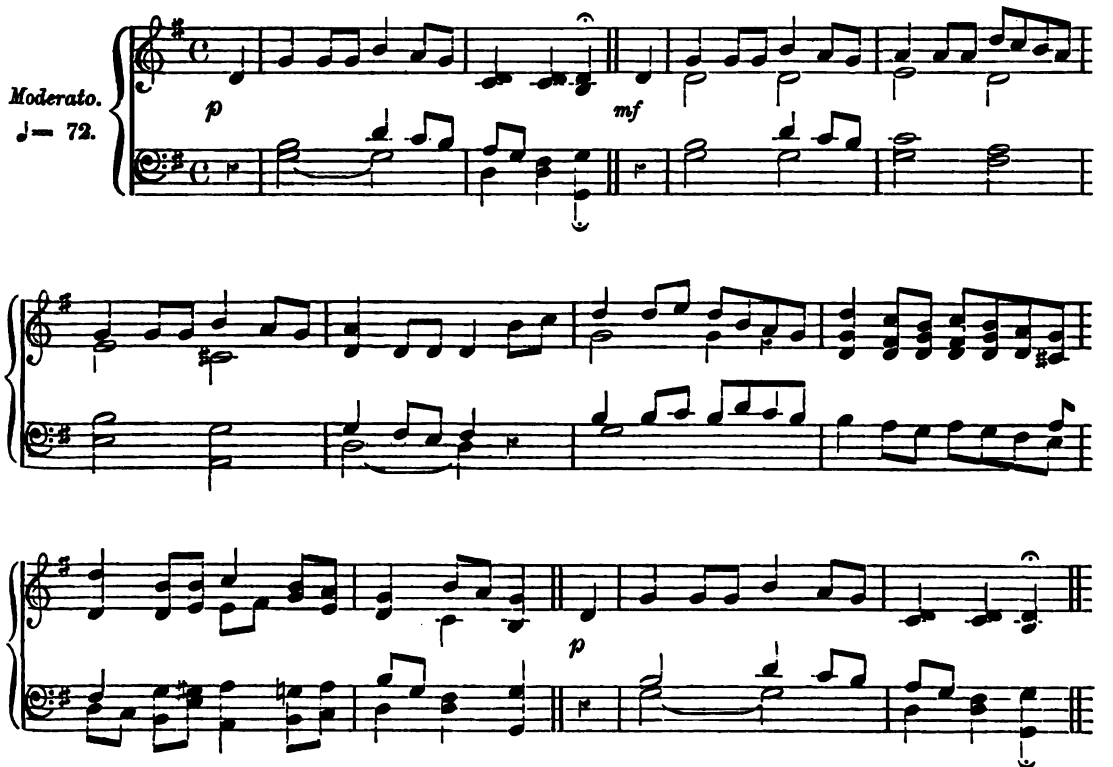
(DIRGE, O BODY AT REST.)



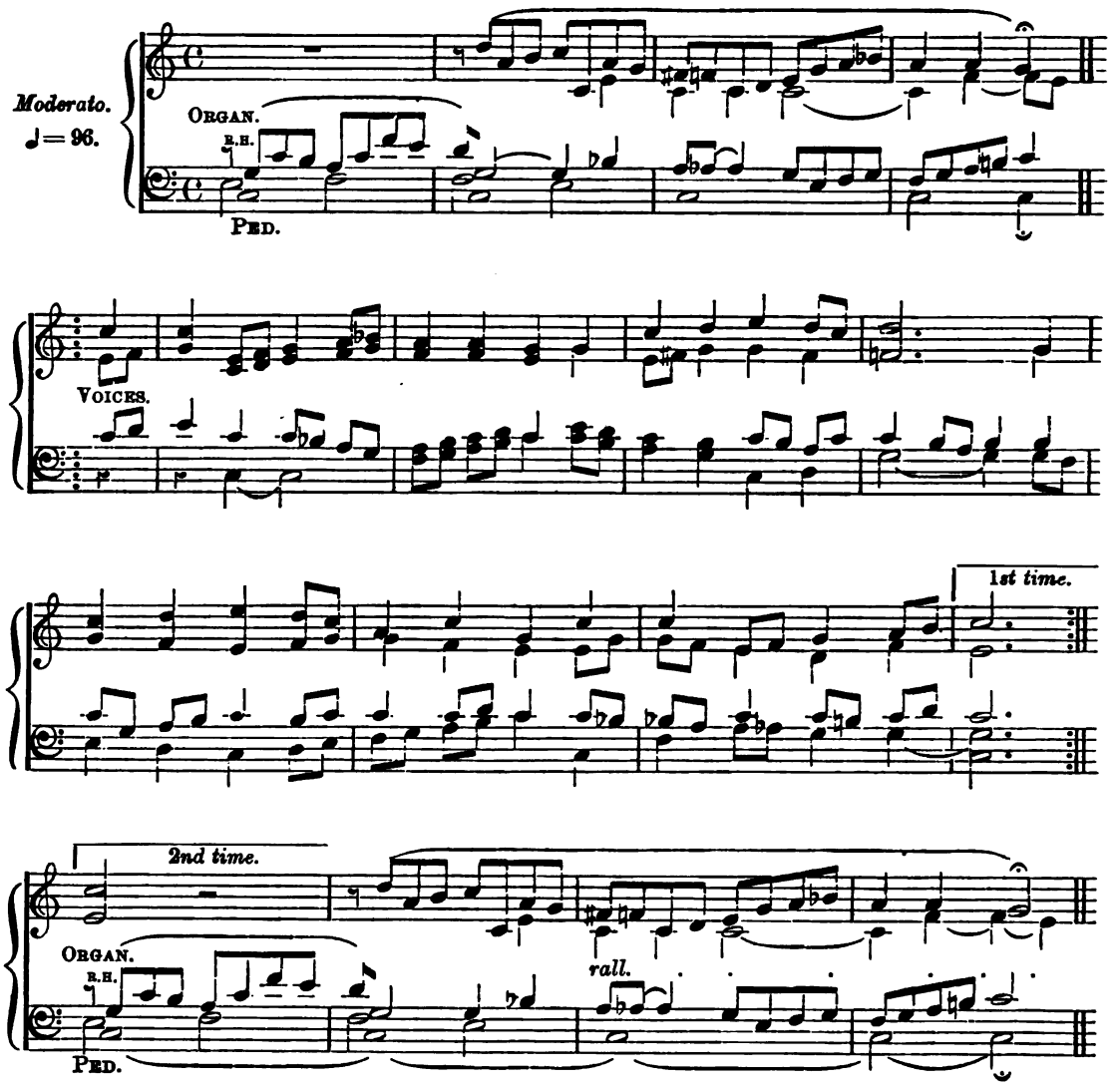
XXIII.

Carval, Aarey Yacob.

(CAROL, JACOB'S LADDER.)



XXIV.

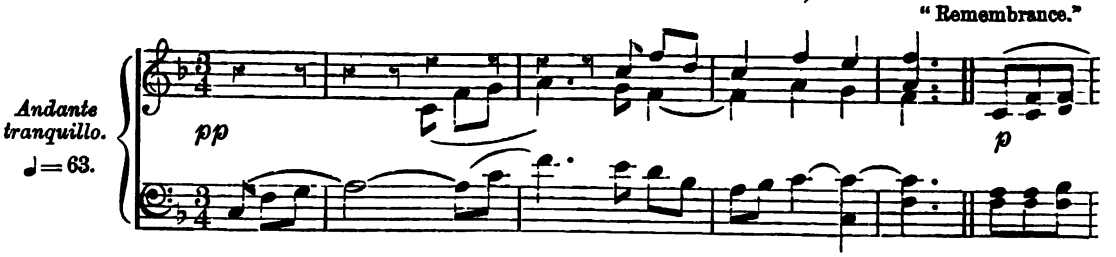


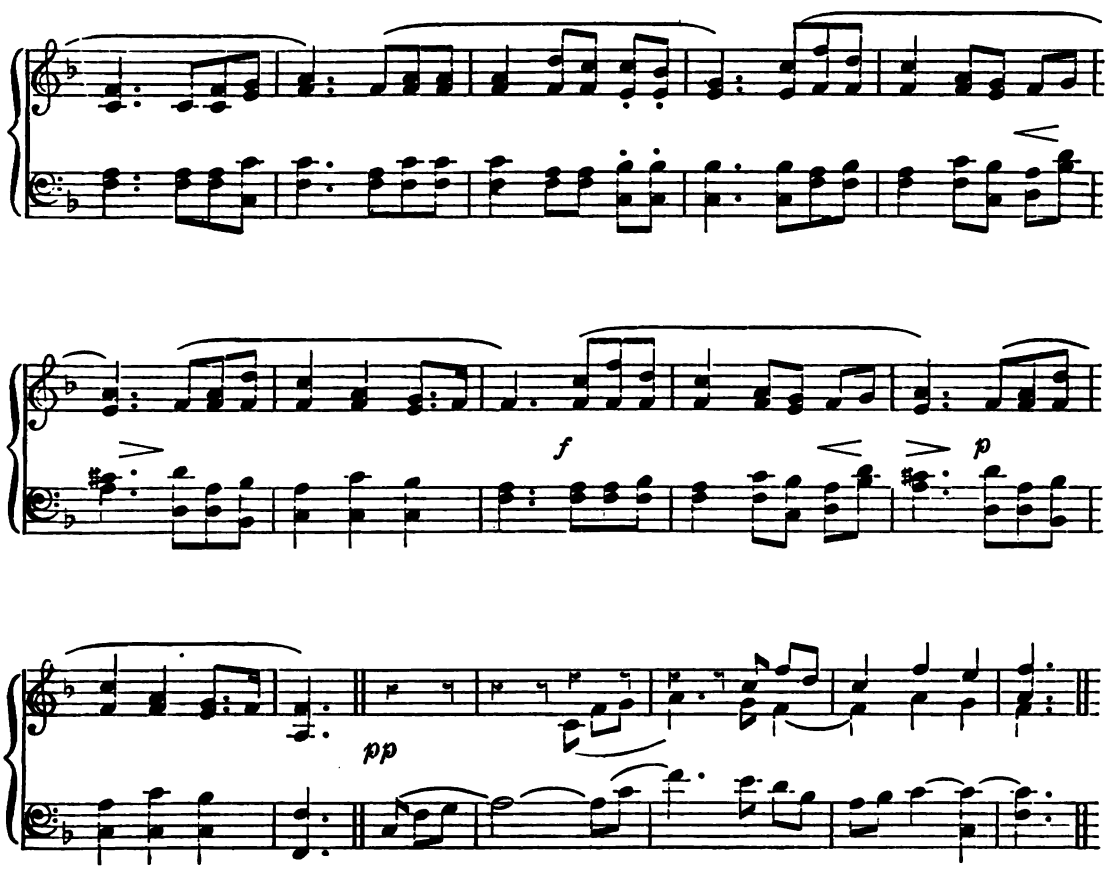
XXV.

Carval, Baase Chreest.

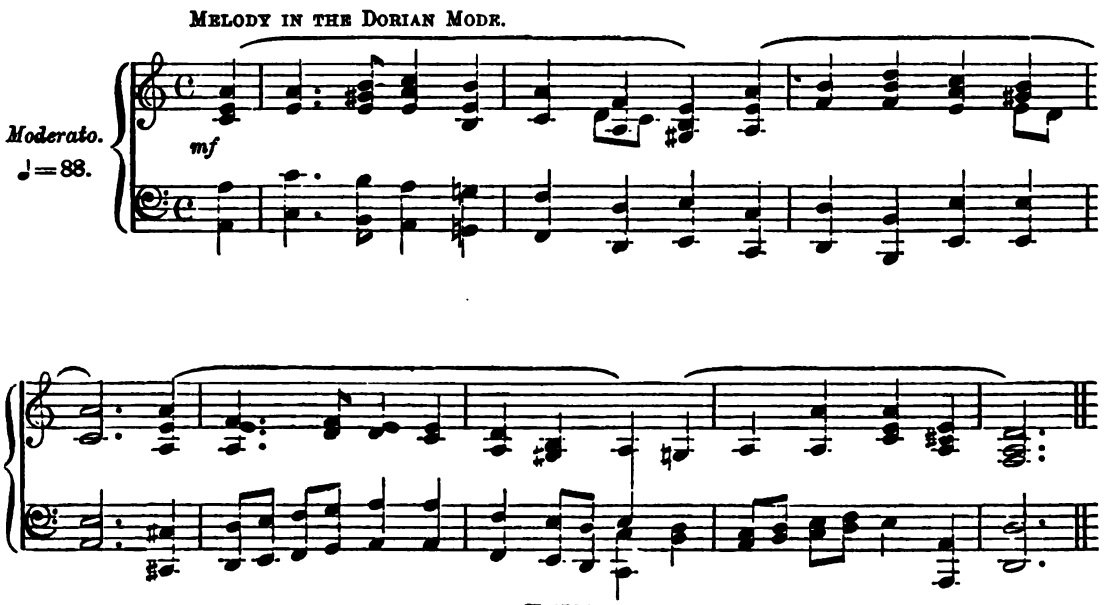
(CAROL, THE DEATH OF CHRIST.)

"Remembrance."





XXVI.

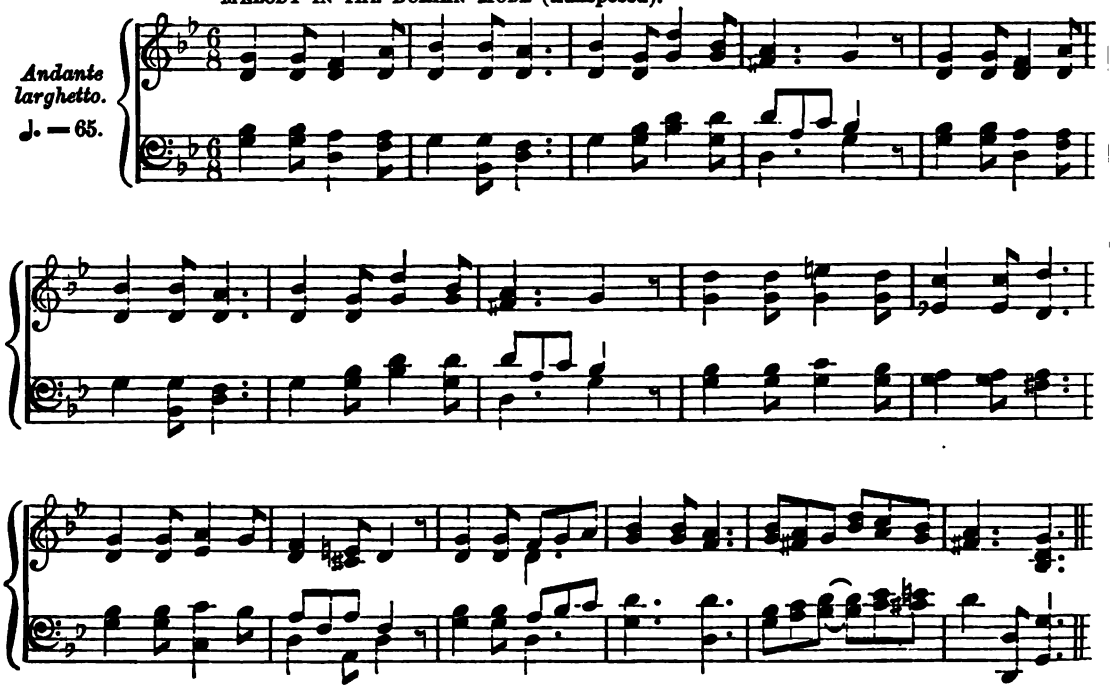


XXVII.

Carval, Er Baase as Beaynid.

(CAROL, ON DEATH AND ETERNITY.)

MELODY IN THE DORIAN MODE (transposed).

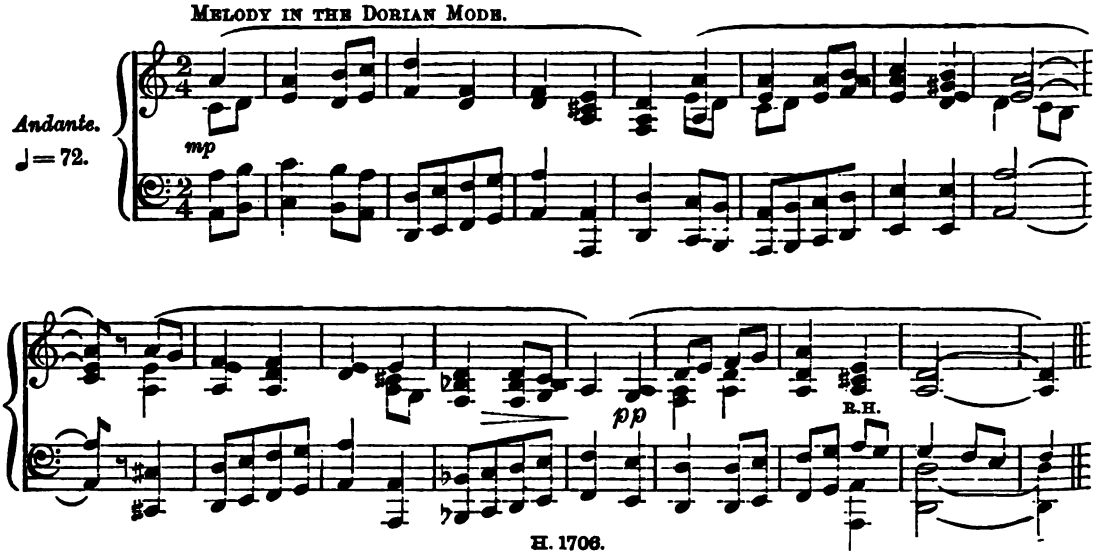


XXVIII.

Arrane ny Clean.

(CRADLE HYMN.)

MELODY IN THE DORIAN MODE.

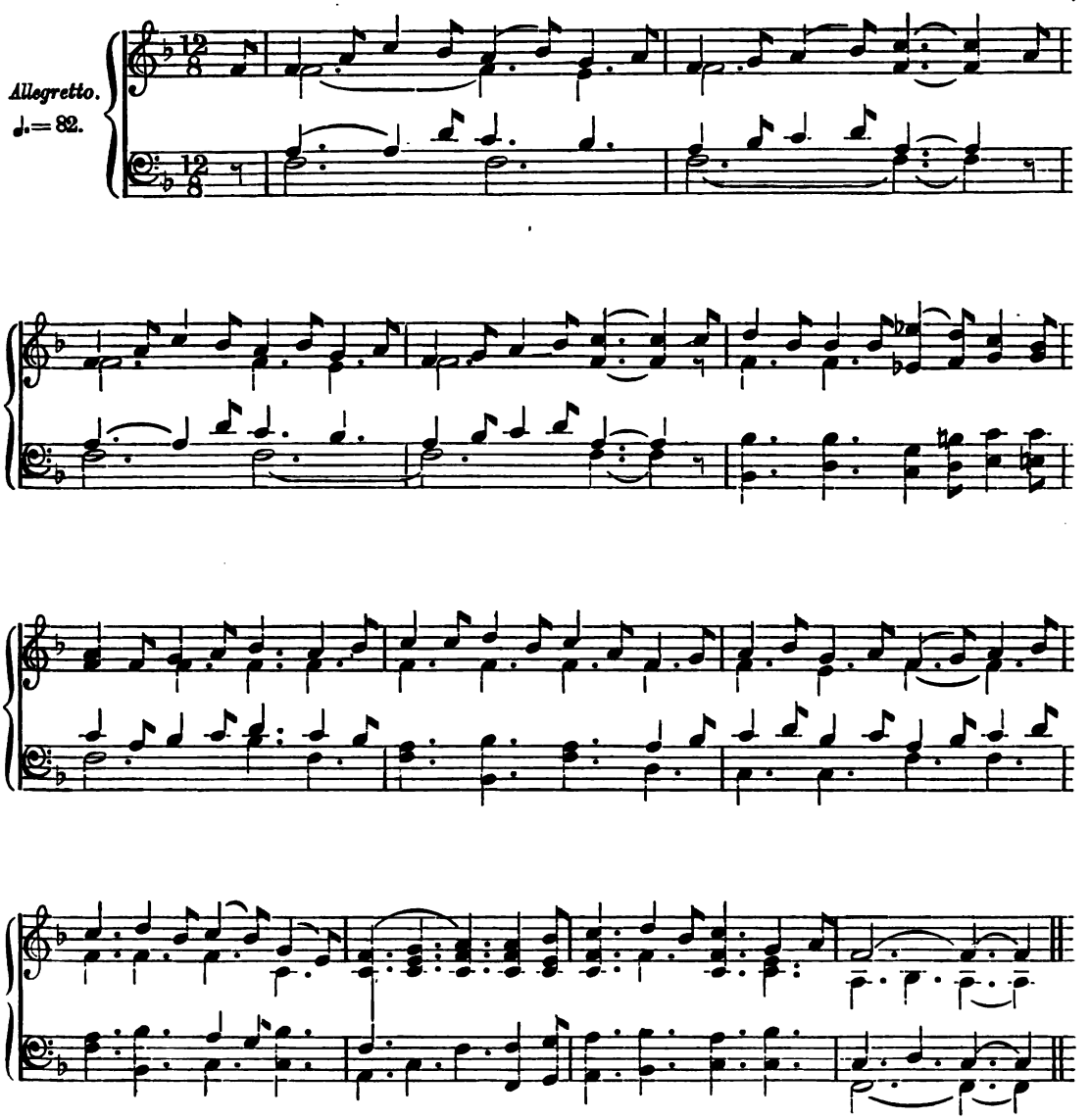


XXIX.

Carval ny Guillin bane.

(CAROL OF THE WHITE BOYS.)*

I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,
A pocket full of money and a cellar full of beer;
So, long may you live, and so, happy may you be,
For I ne'er can do for Jesus Christ what He has done for me;
And I wish you glad tidings of joy,
And I wish you glad tidings of joy.

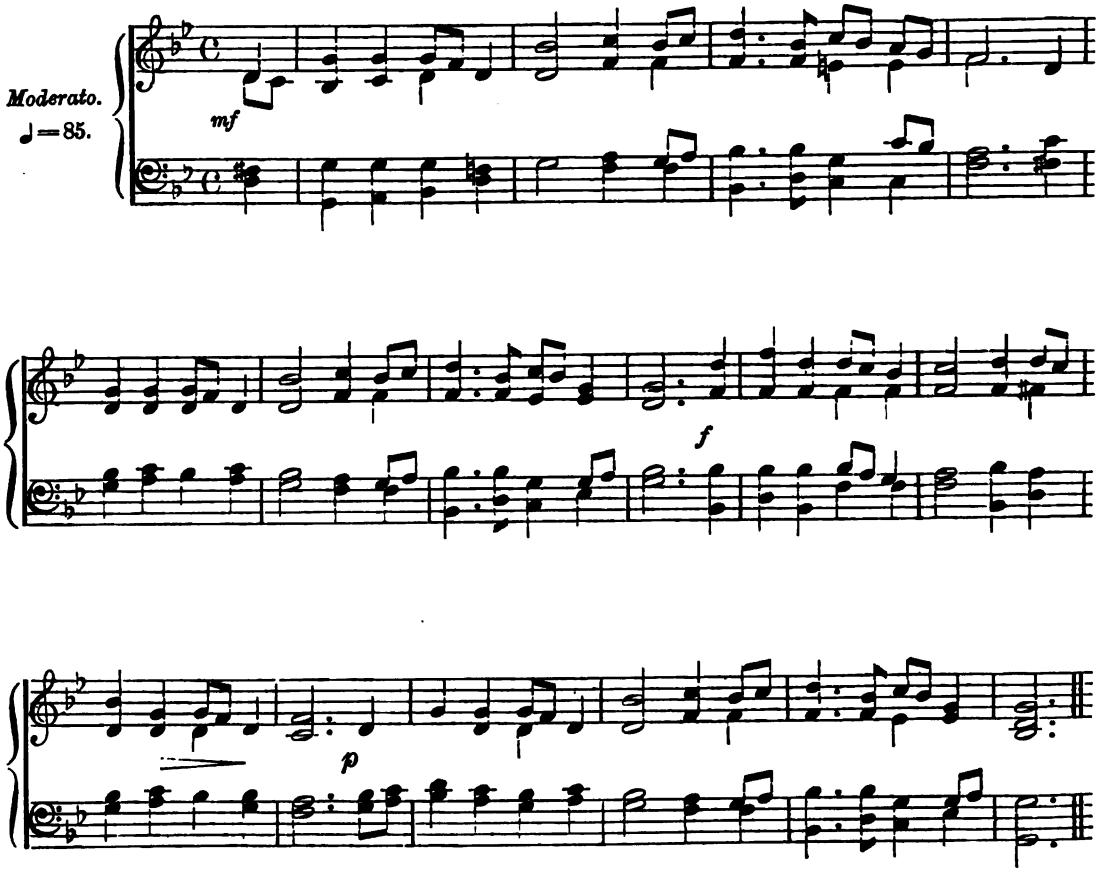


* This is an adaptation of the well-known English Carol as sung in the Isle of Man by the White Boys (itinerant actors) in the play of "St. George and the Dragon."

XXX.

Moylley gys Jee, my chaarjyn.

(PRAISE GOD, MY FRIENDS.)



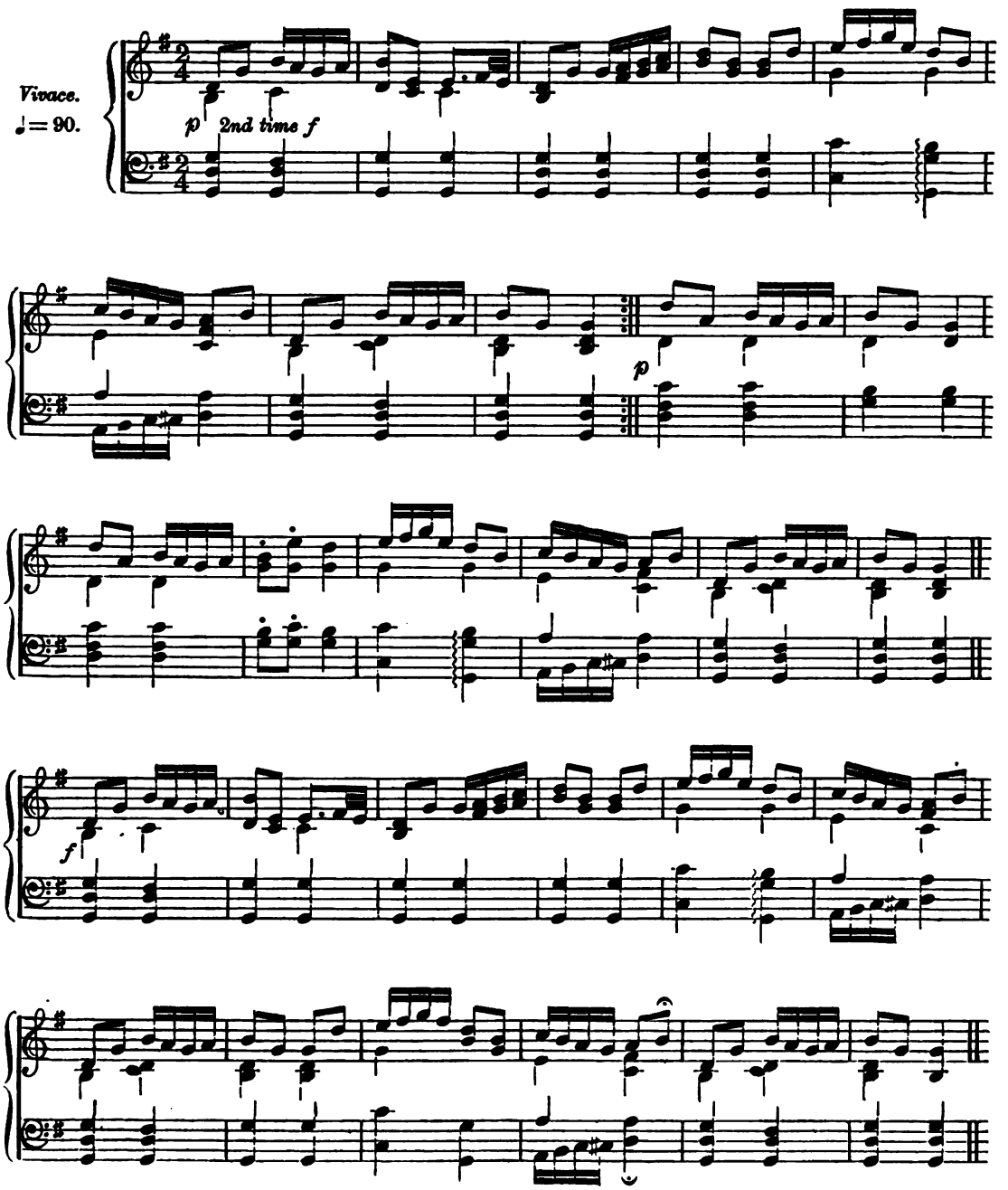
END OF PART II.

PART III.

DANCE TUNES.

I.

Step Dance.

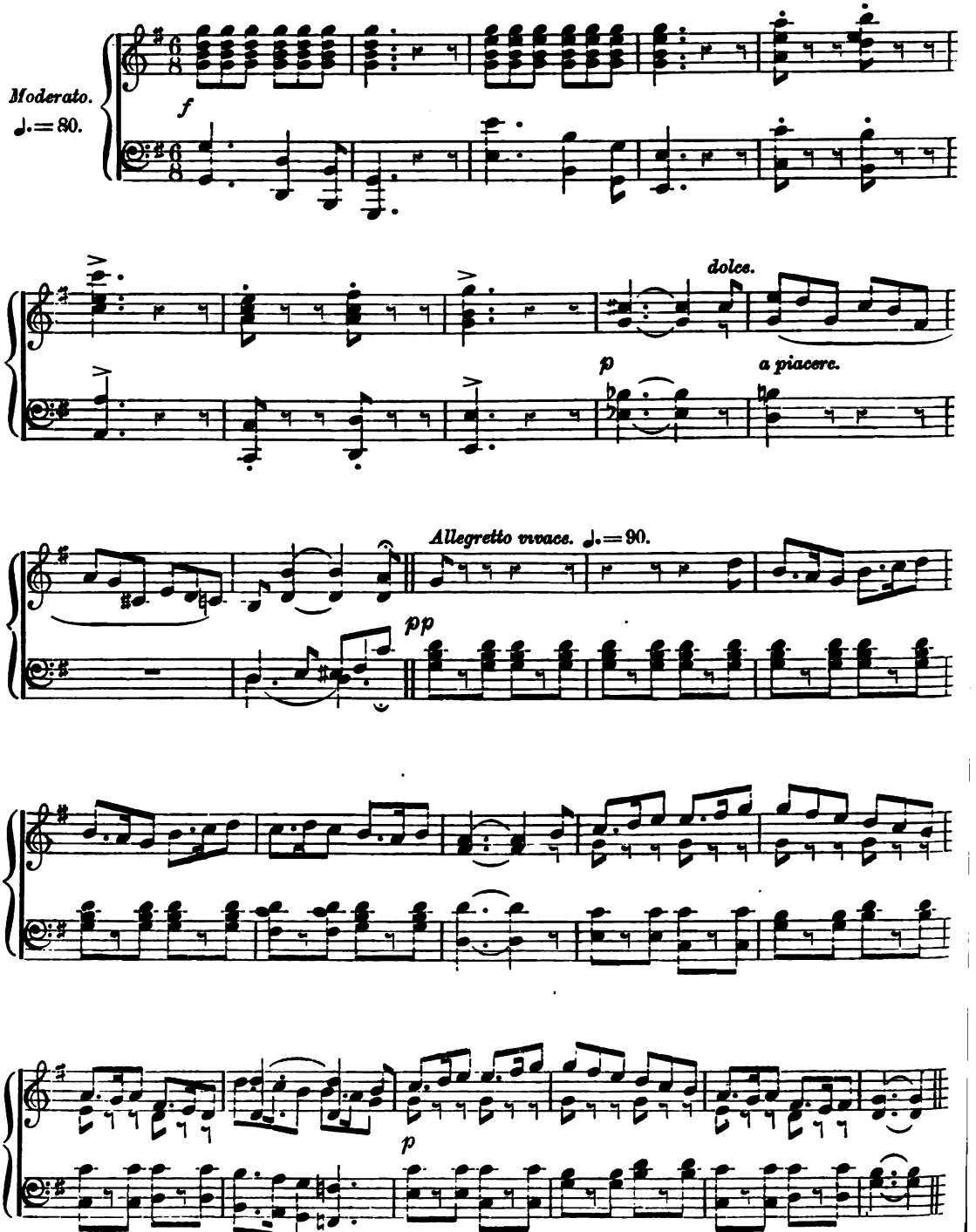


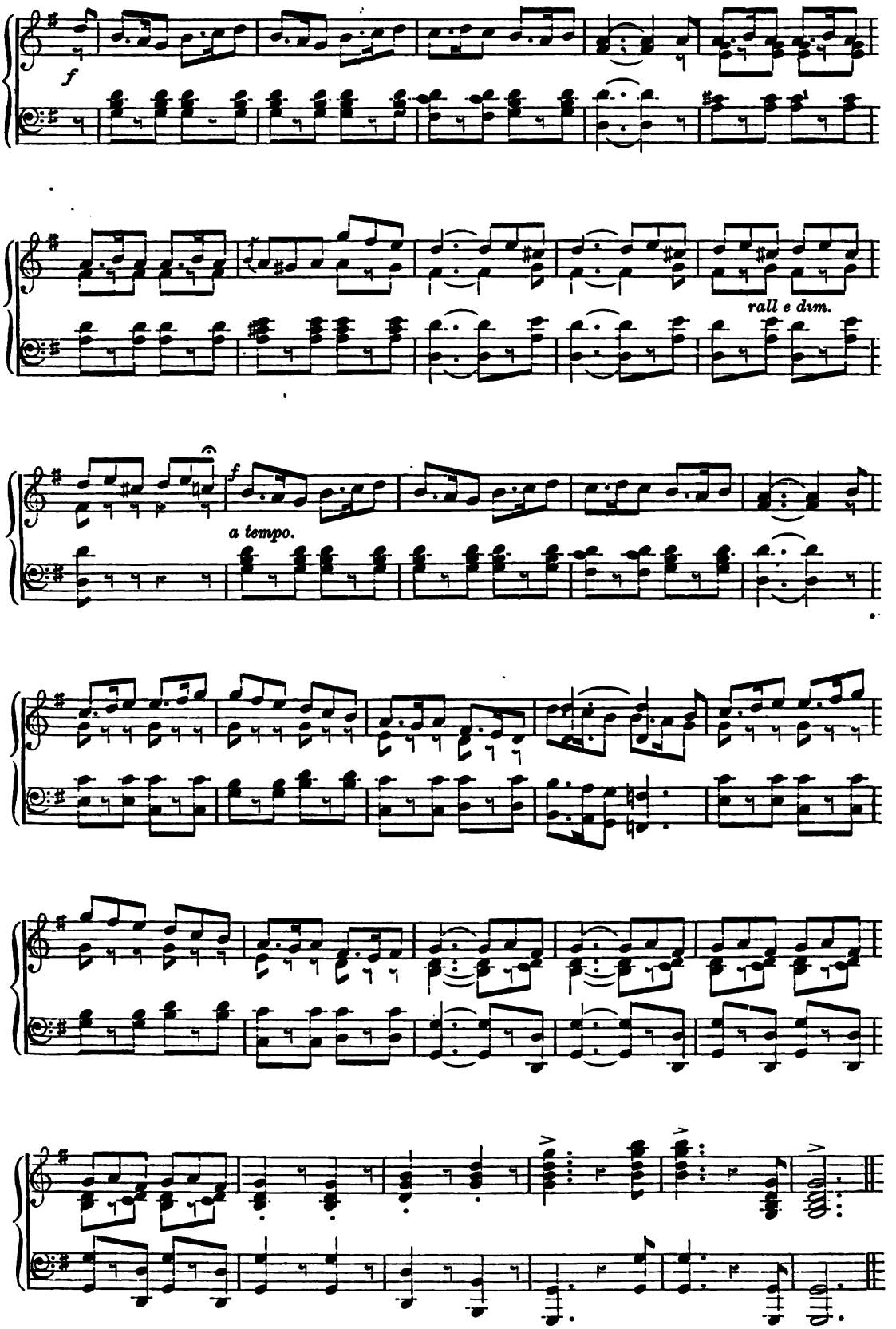
II.

Yn Unnysup.

(WANDESCOPE—THE MINSTREL'S CUP.)

"Mannin veg villiah veen."

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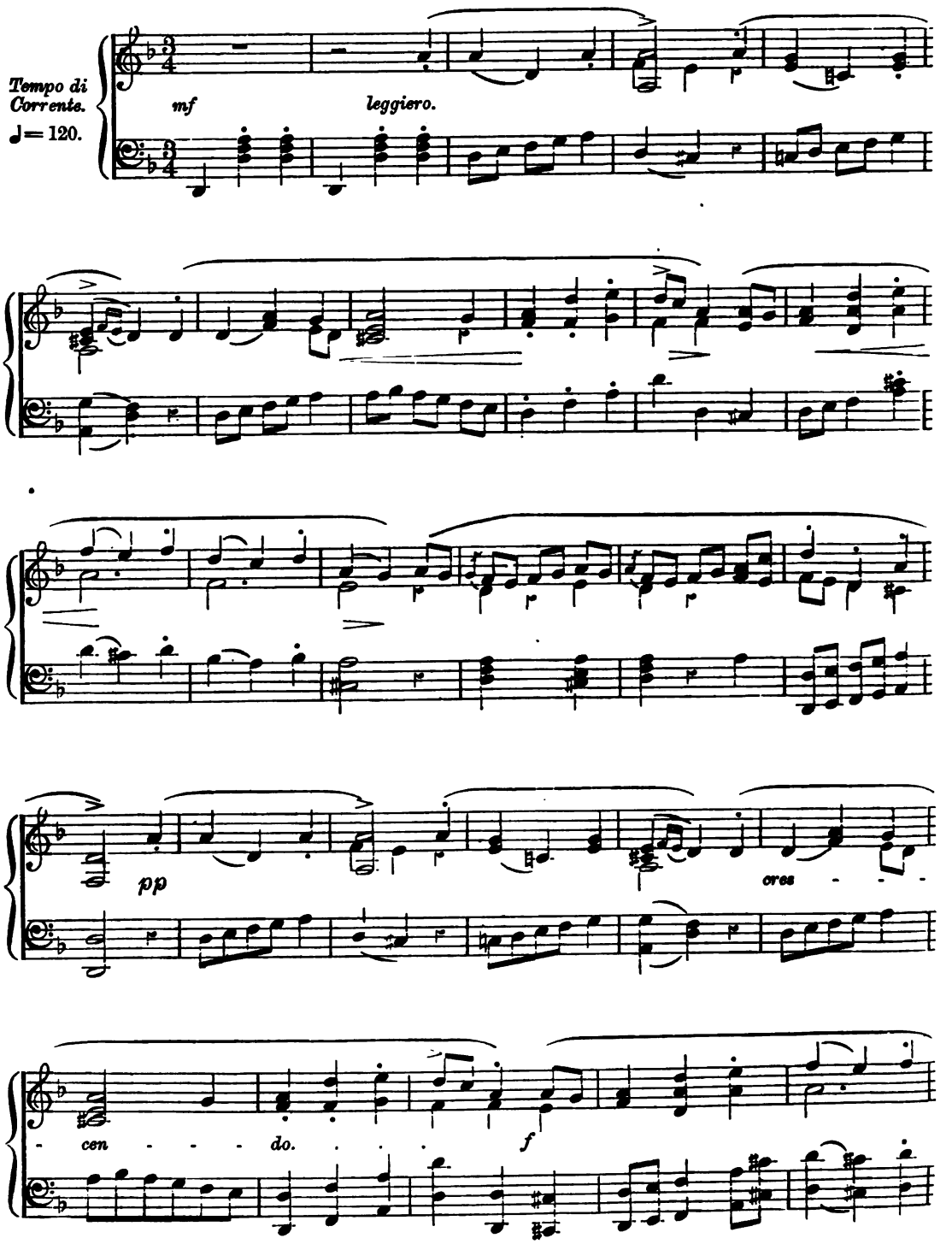
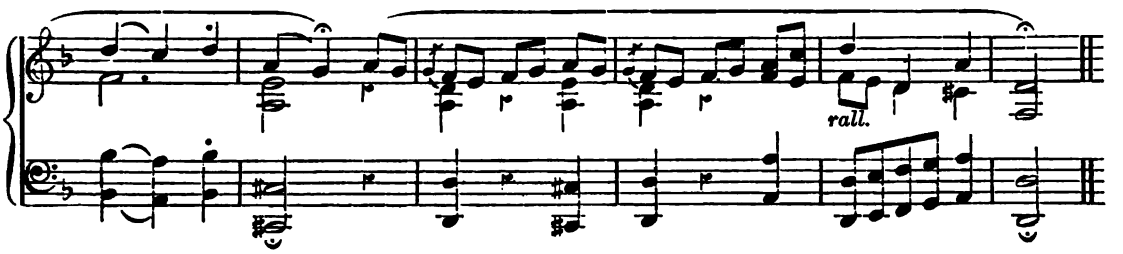
III.

"The Manxman and the King."

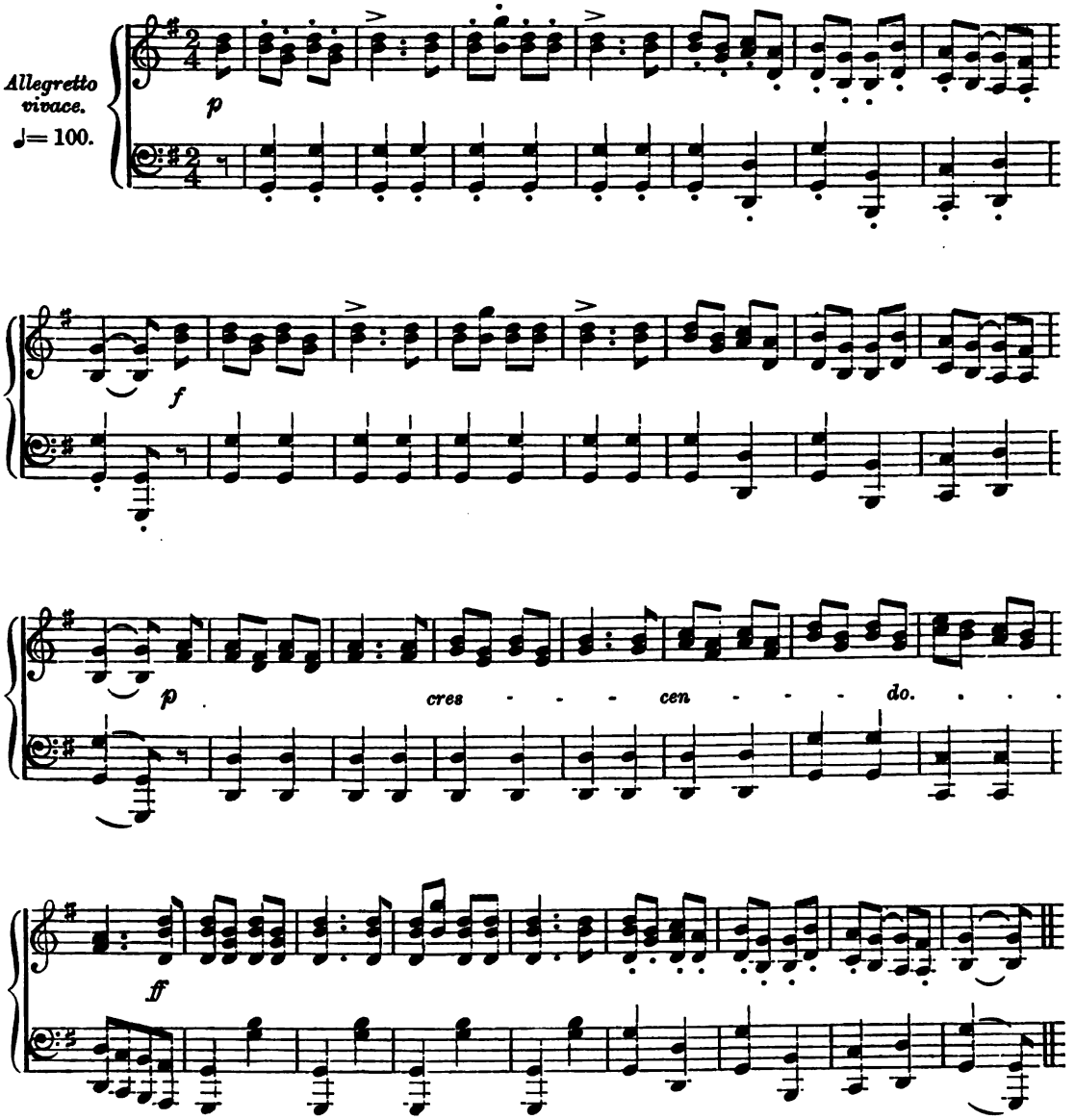




IV.

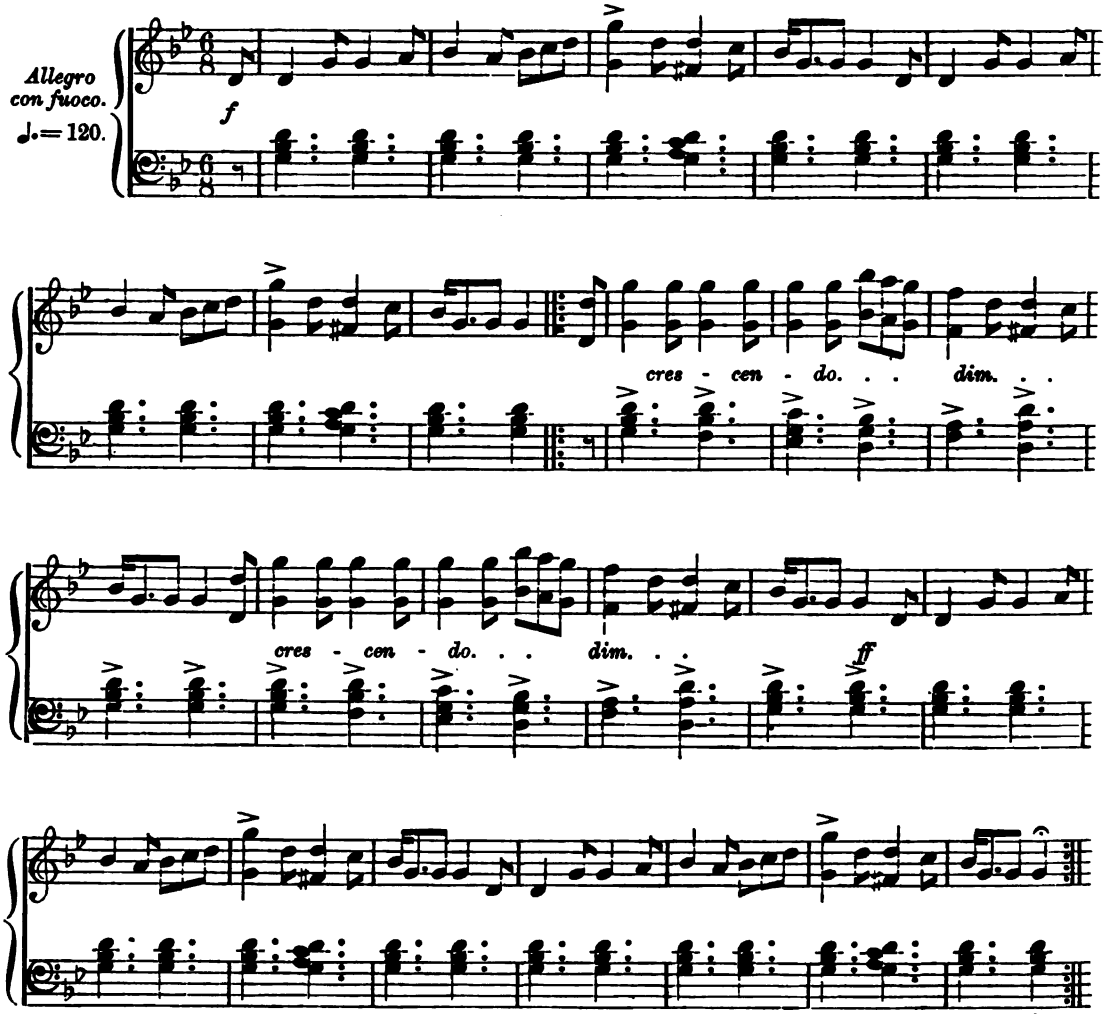
Frog Dance.

(HYNDAA Y BUILLEY—RETURN THE BLOW.)



V.

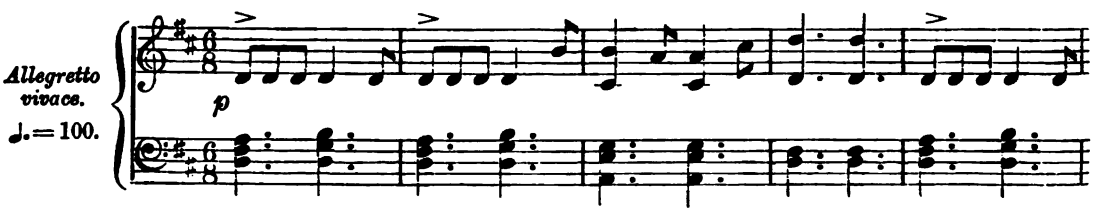
Jig.



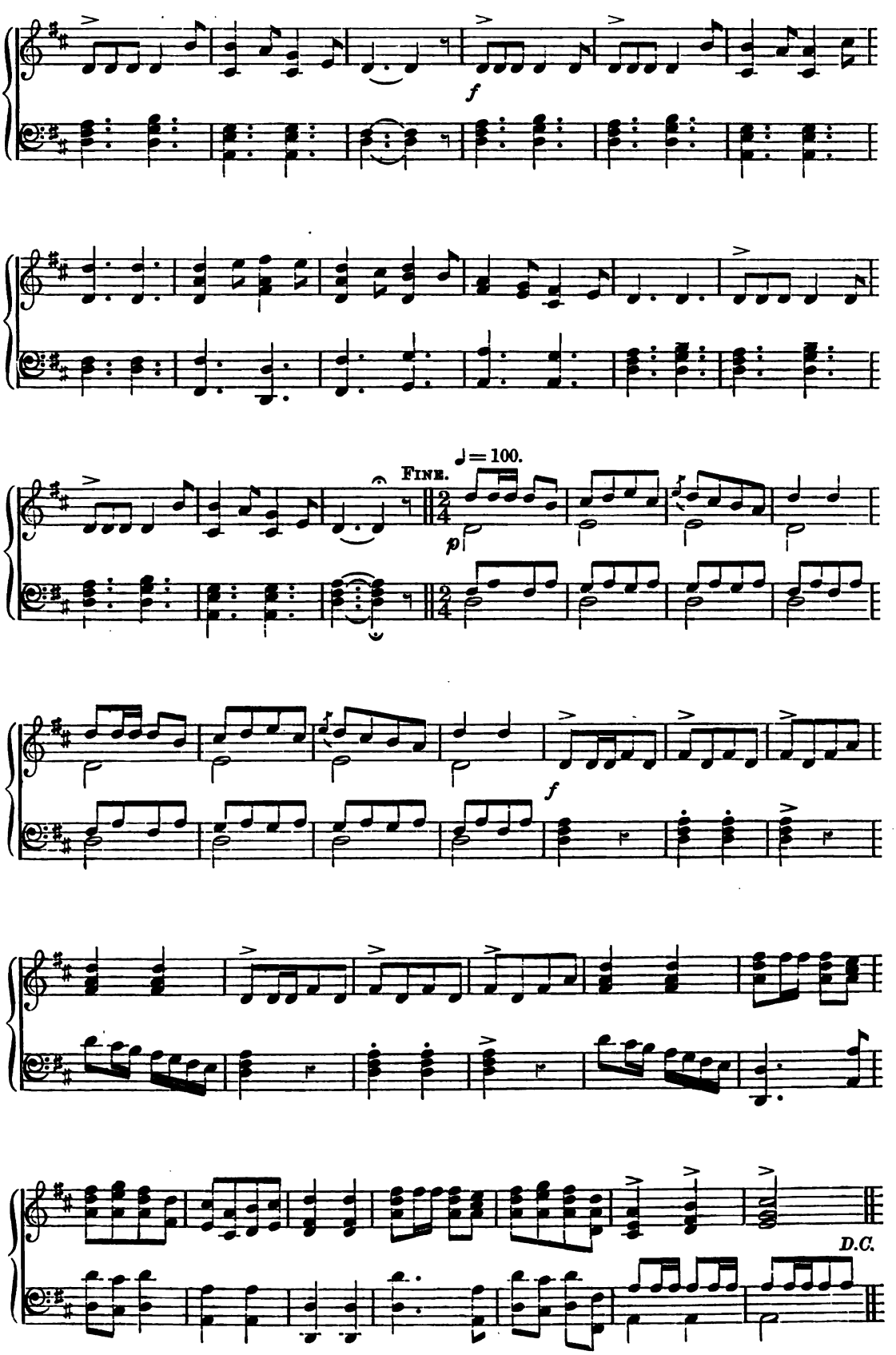
VI.

Yn Bollan Bane.

(THE WHITE HERB.)*



* Mugwort, said to be a preventive against the malignant influence of the fairies.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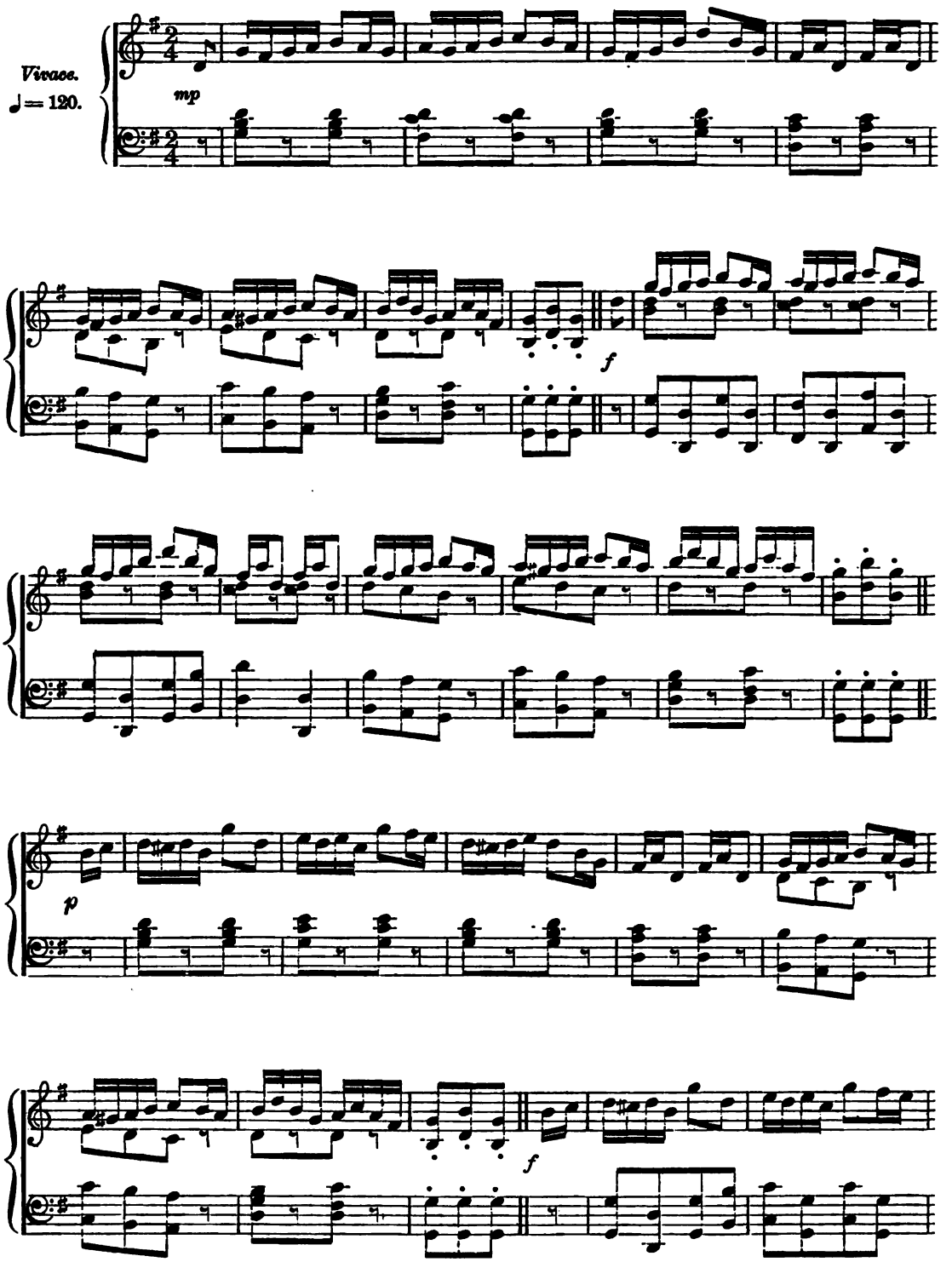
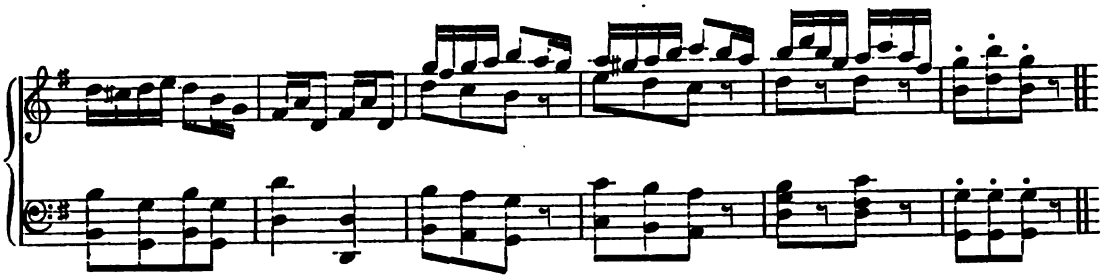
VII.

Mona's Delight.



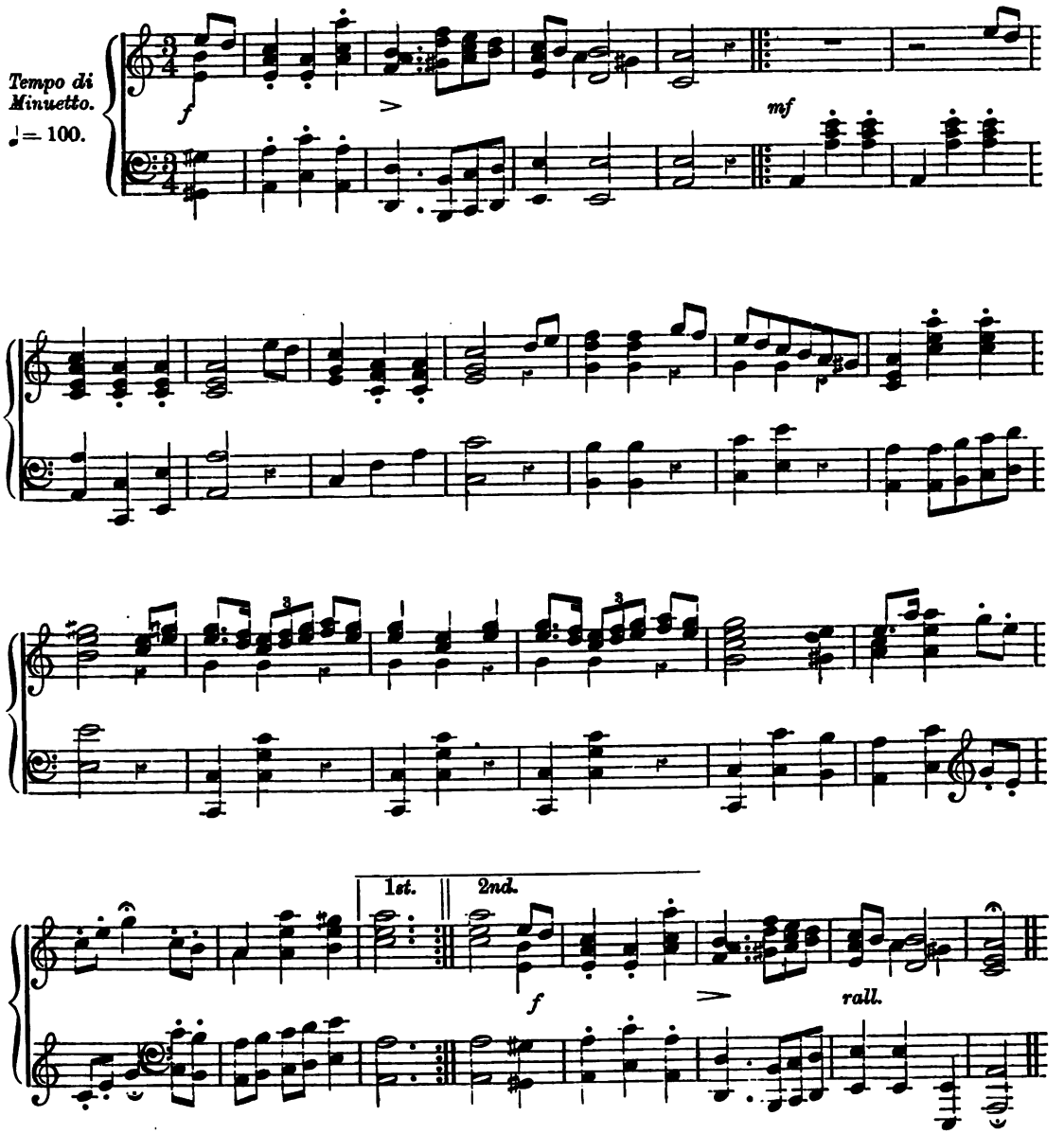


VIII.

Tappaghyn Jiargey.

(RED TOP-KNOTS.)

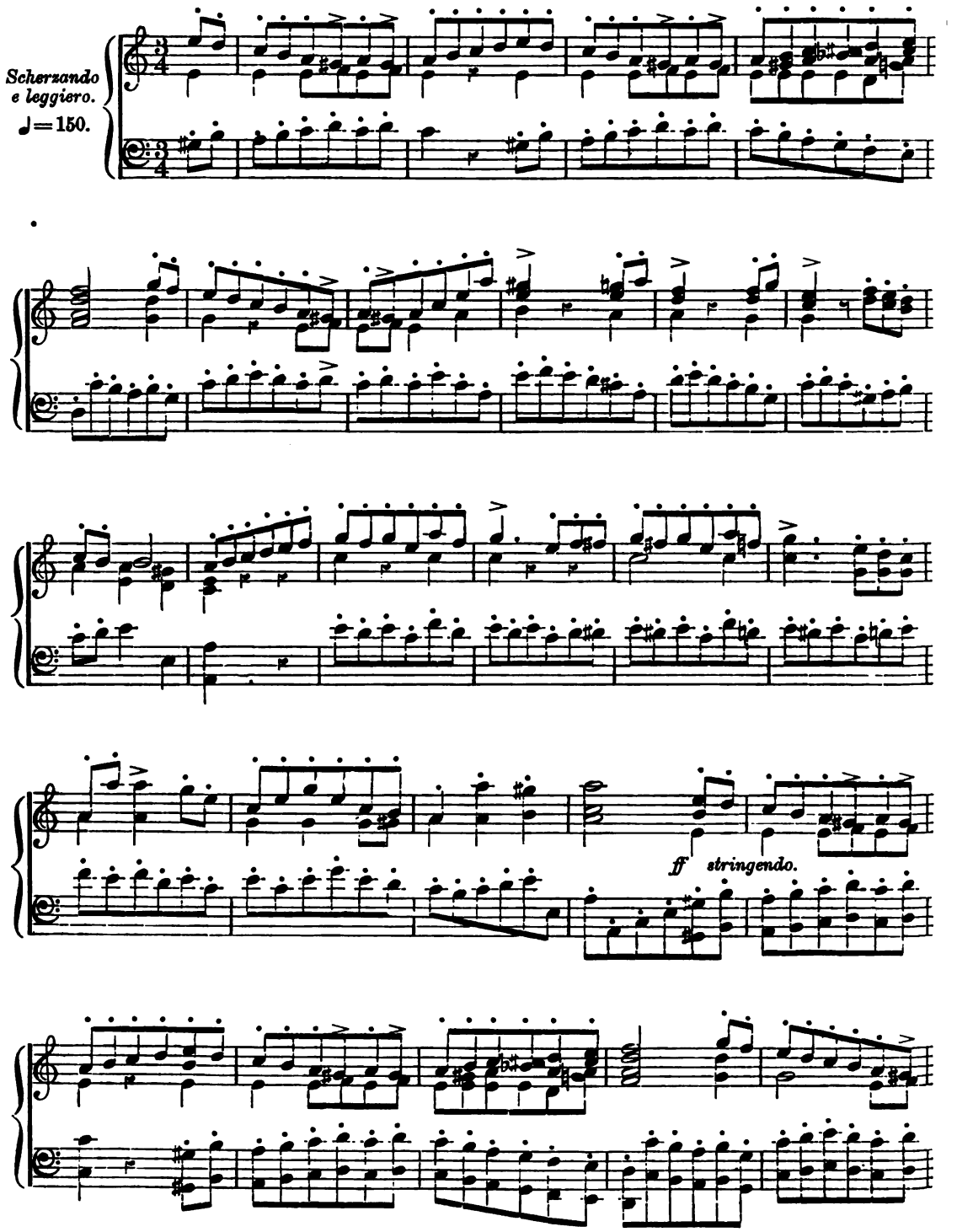
"The Rival Cockades."

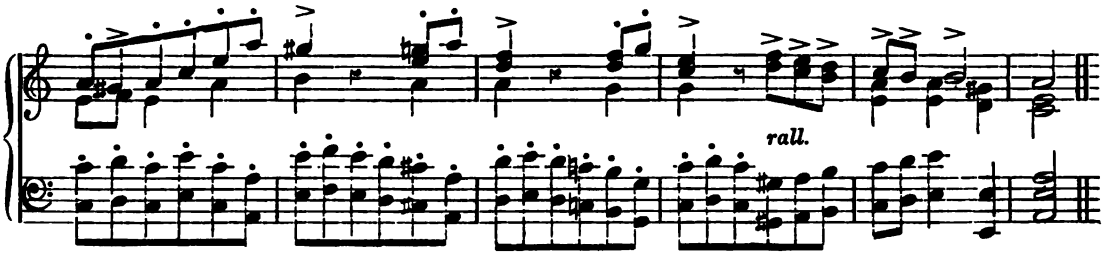


IX.

Fantasia on the foregoing.

W. H. G.

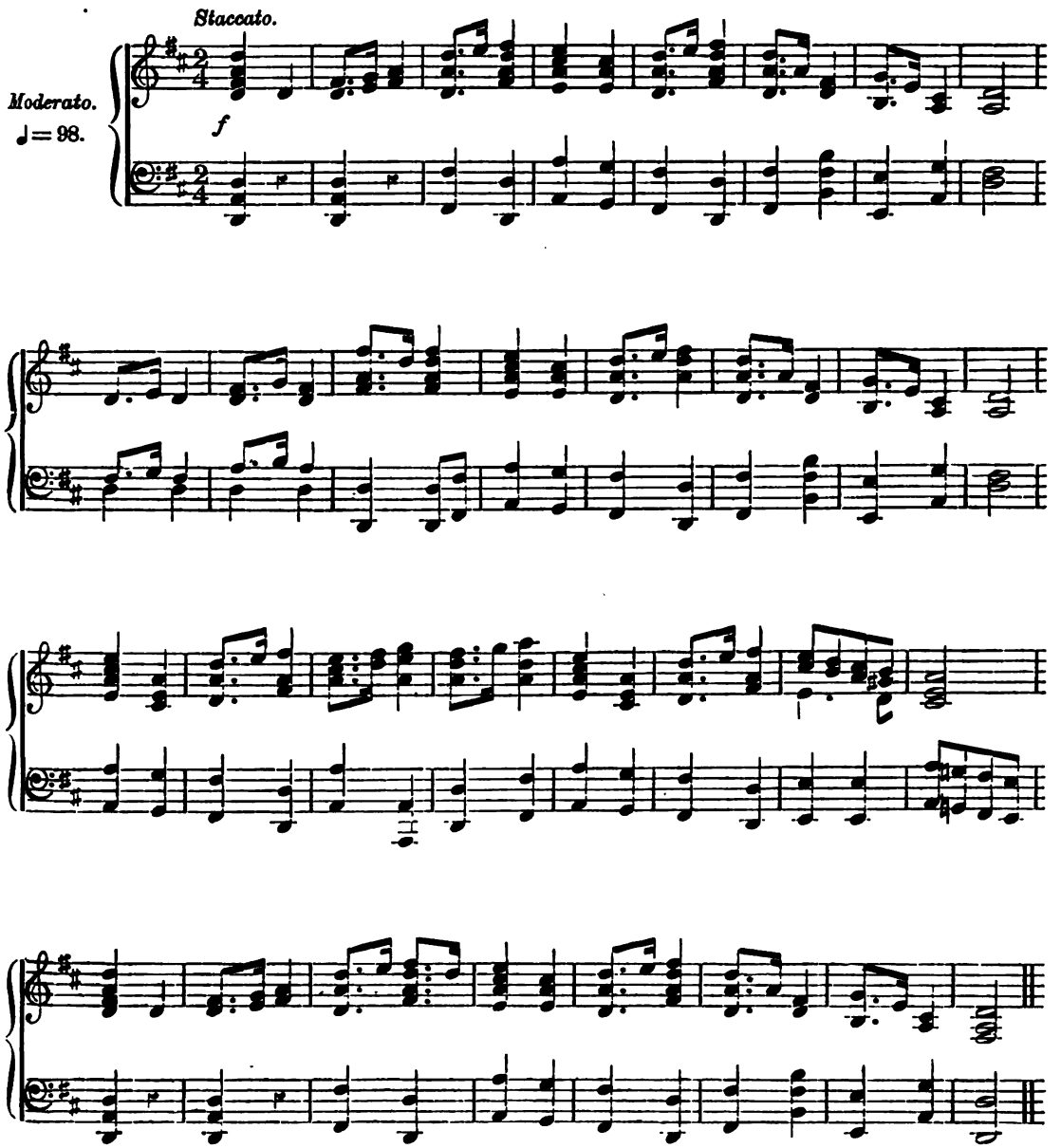




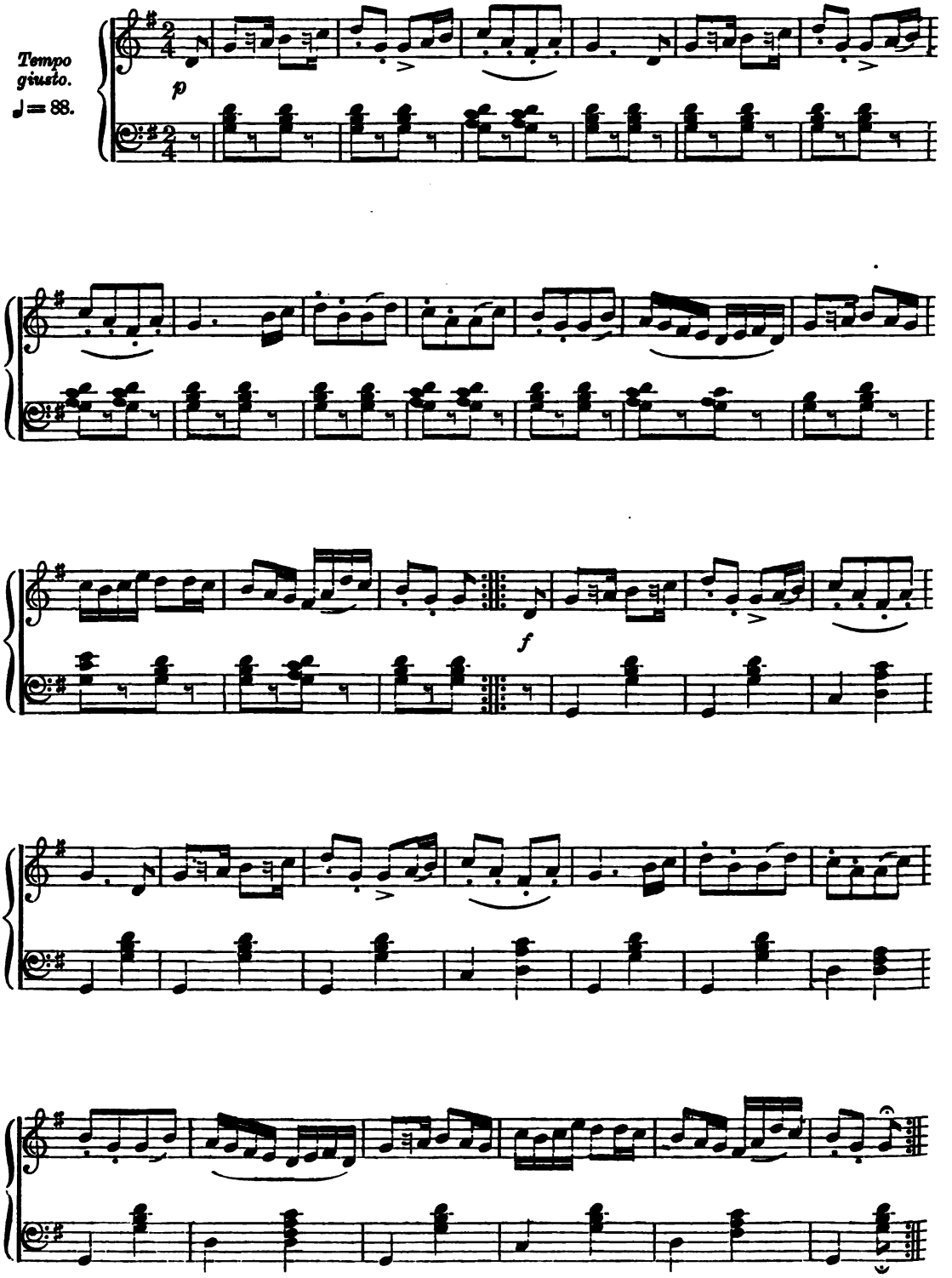
X.

Berry Dhoan.

(BROWN BETTY.)



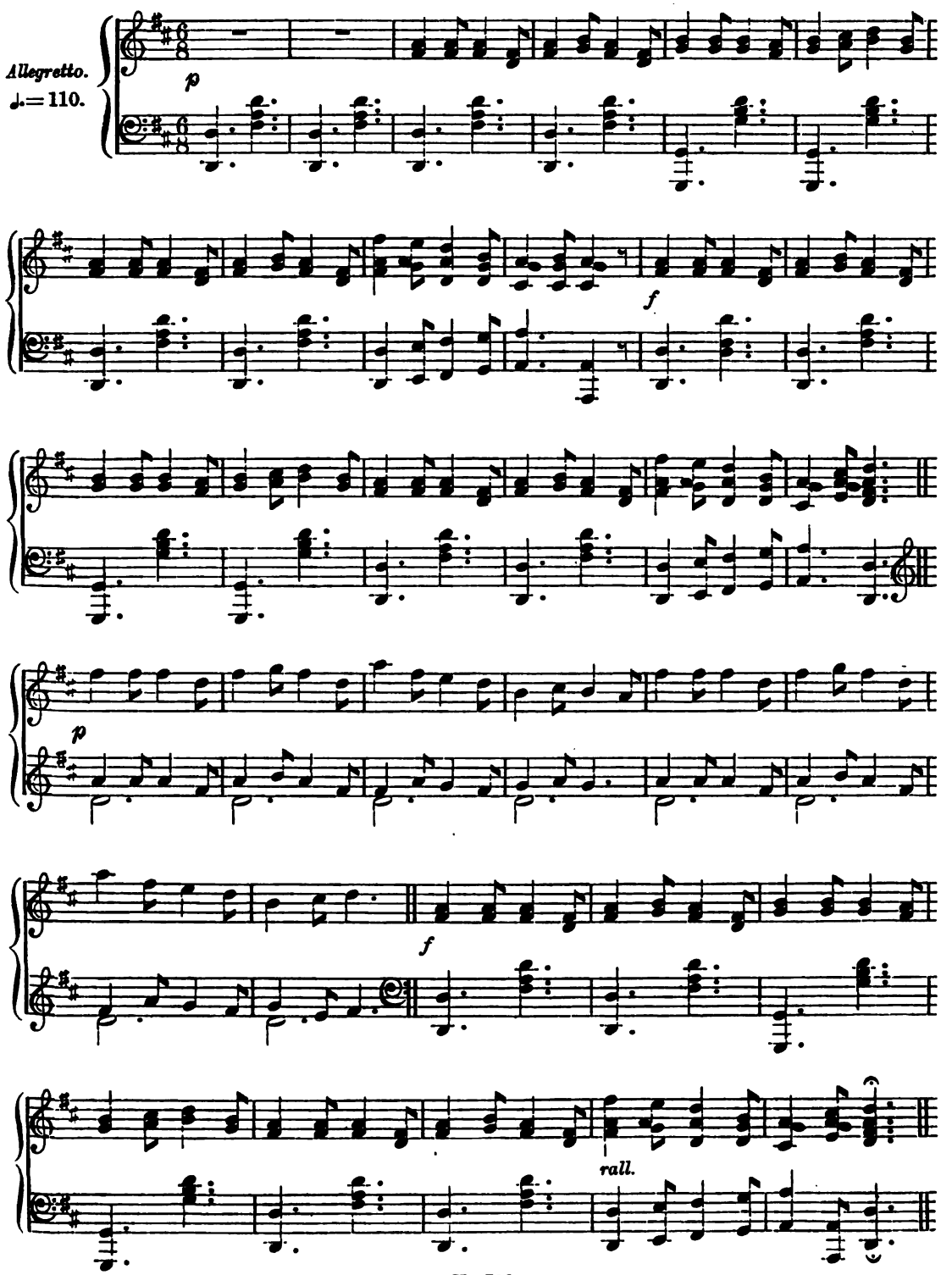
XI.



XII.

Creg Willy Syl.

(WILLY SYLVESTER'S ROCK.)

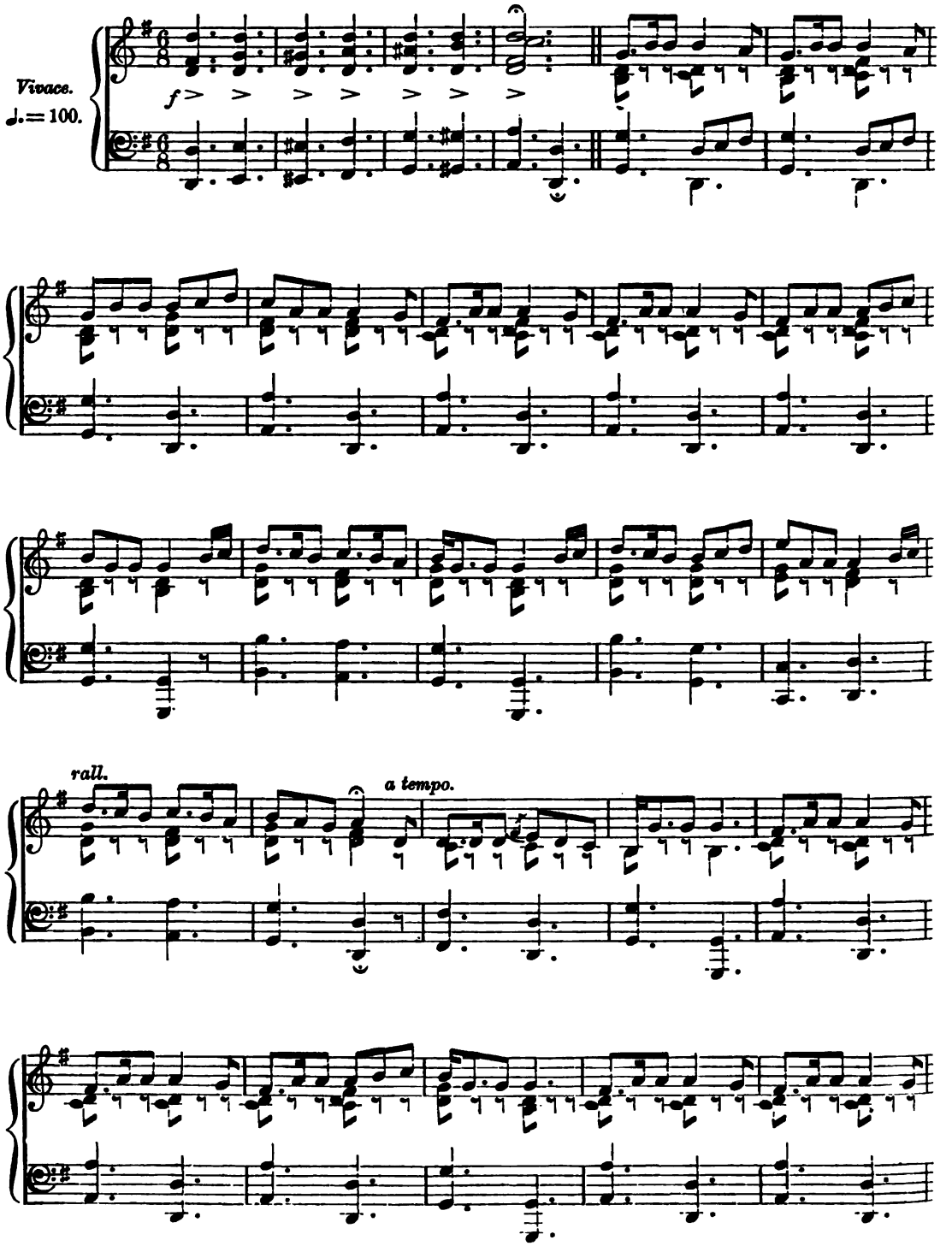


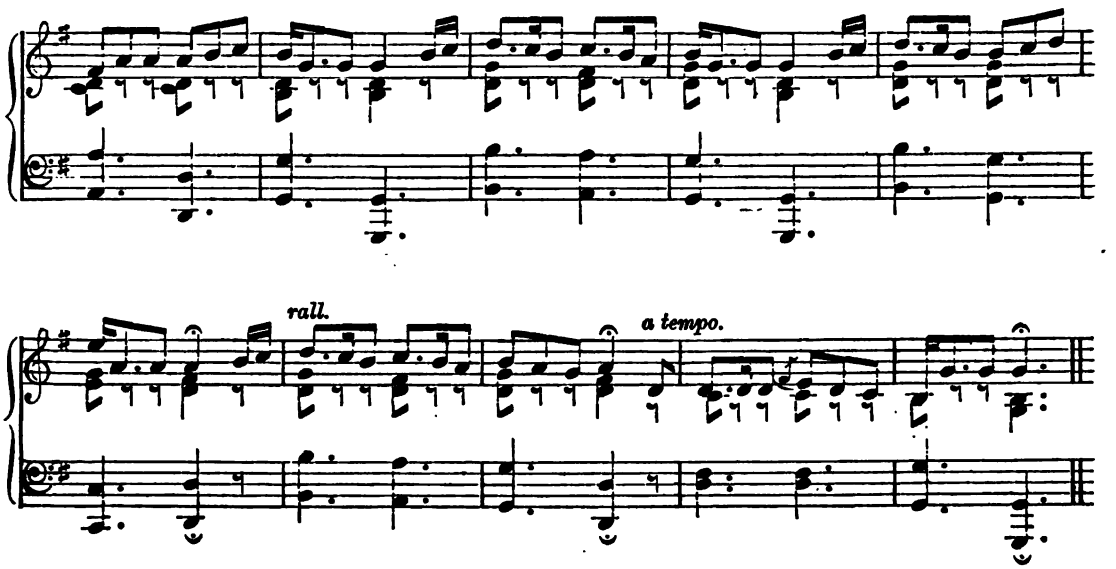
XIII.

Car y Phoosee.

(WEDDING SONG.)

"A Manx Wedding."

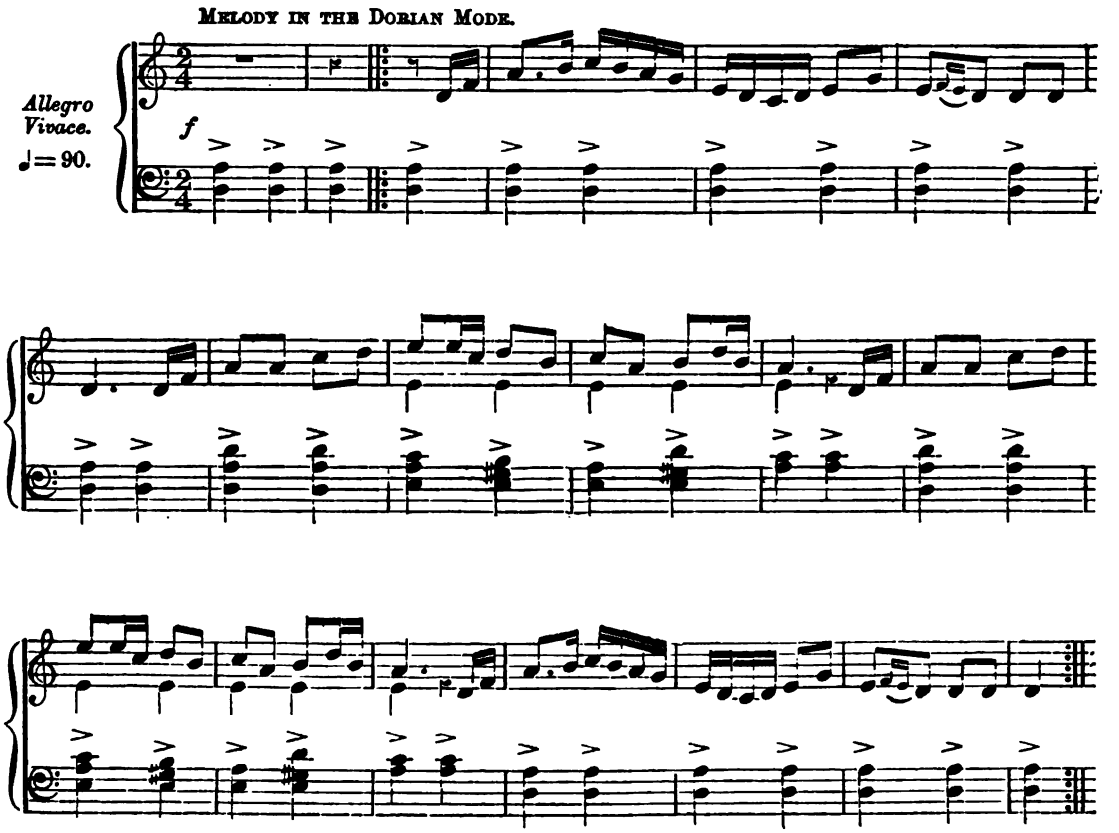




XIV.

Moghrey Laa Boaldyn.

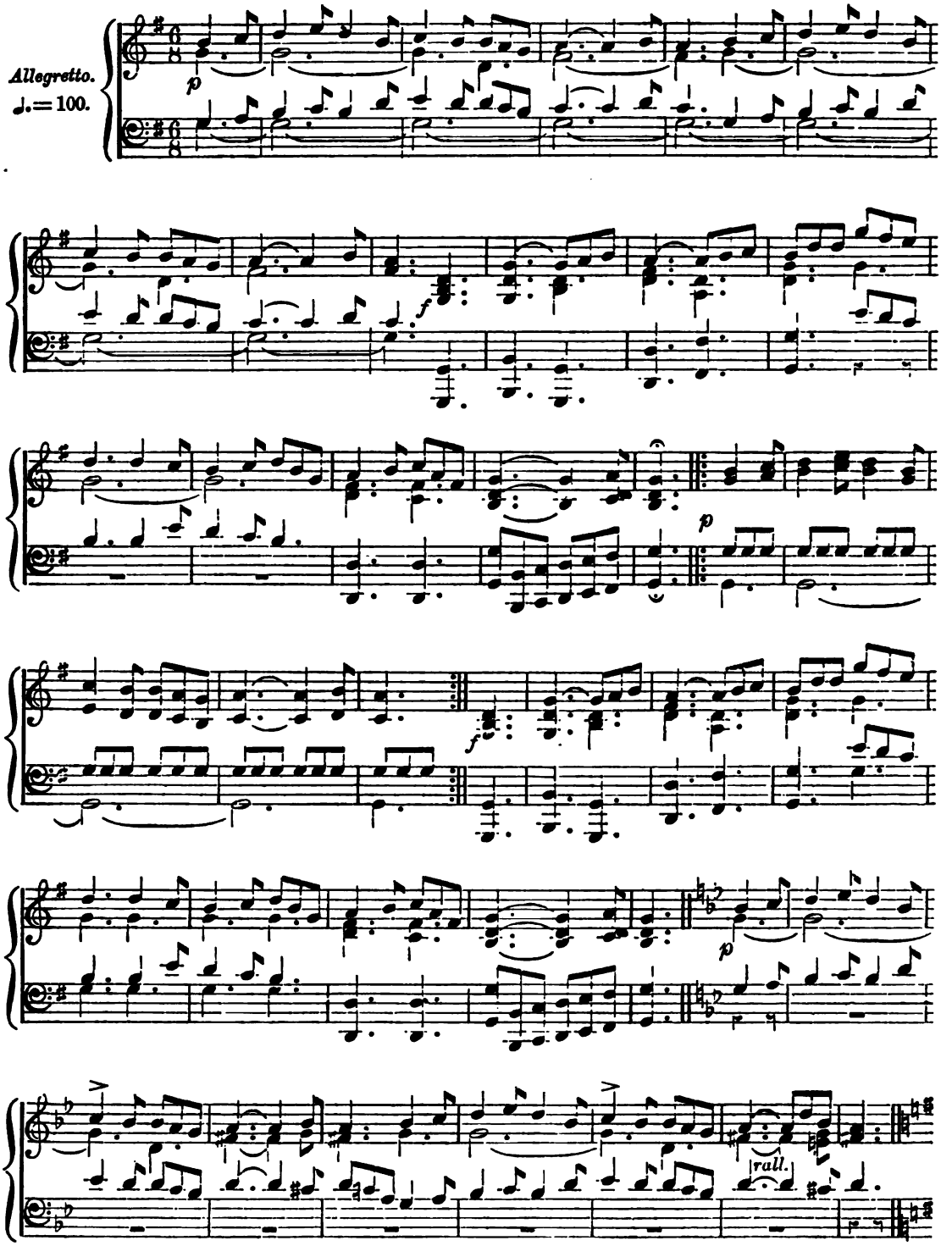
(THE MORNING OF MAY DAY.)

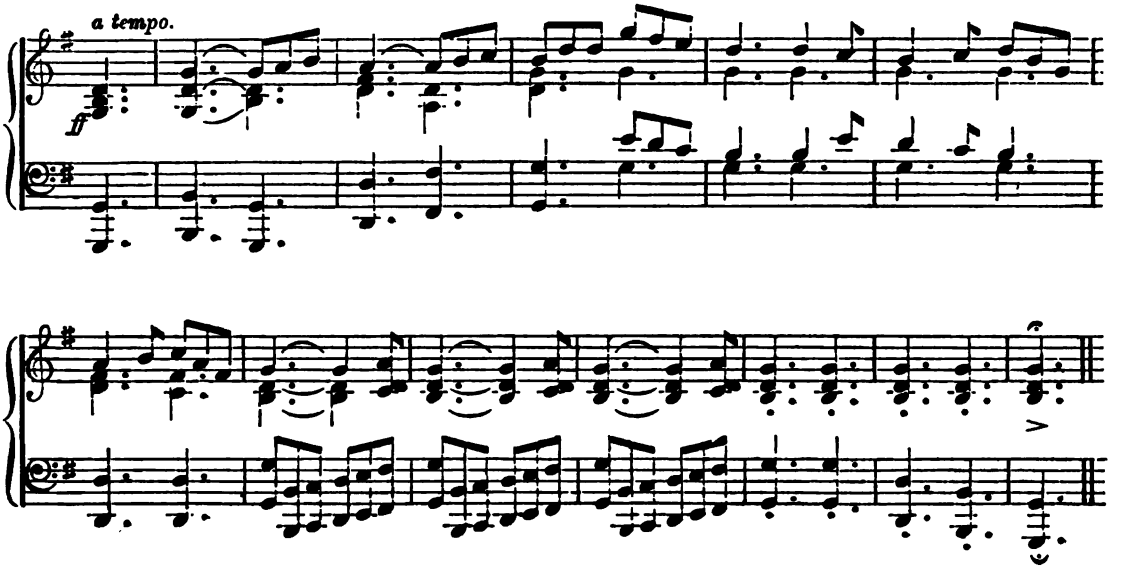


XV.

Pageant Music,

Played by Clague, Fiddler y Chiarn (The Lord's Fiddler), on the occasion of the first landing of the Duke of Athol as "Lord in Mann."



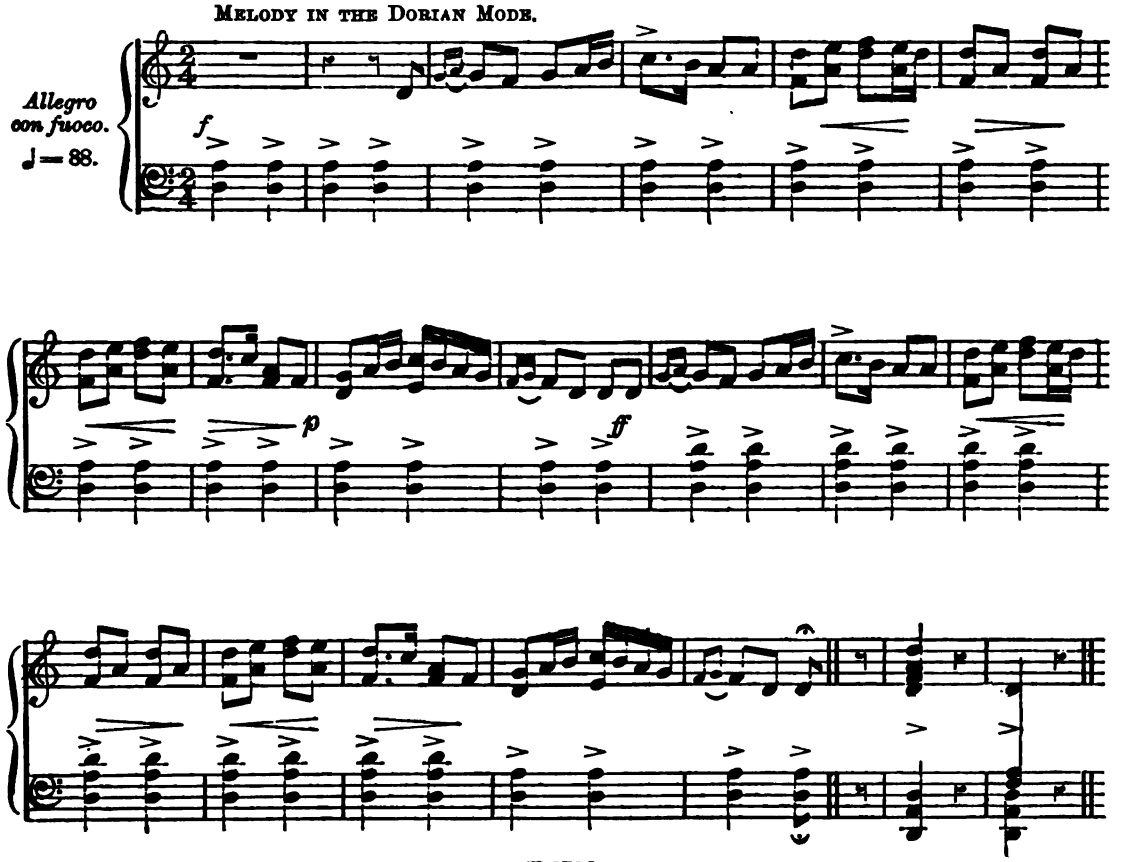


XVI.

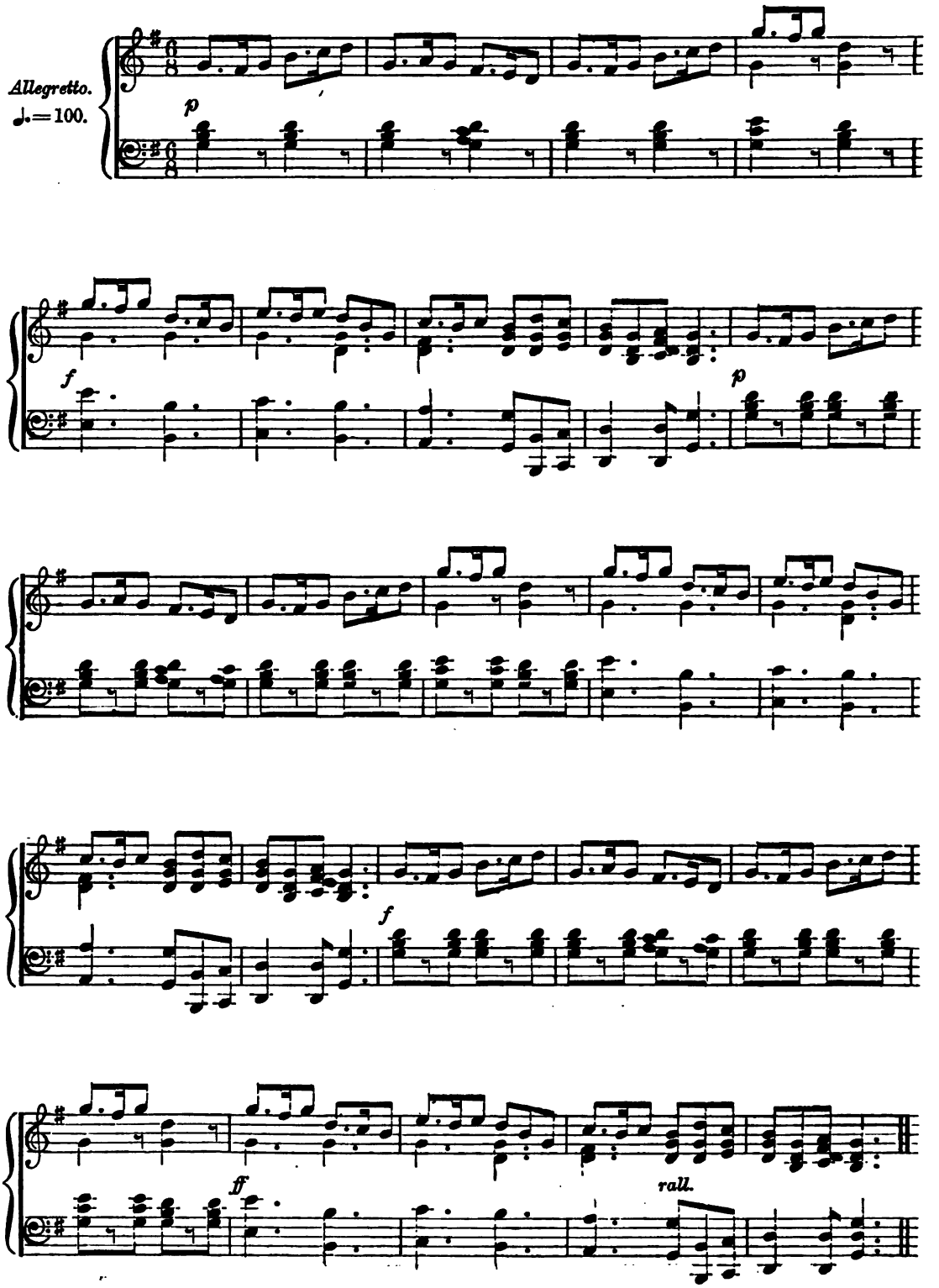
Kyndagh rish ny dangeryn jeh'n Keayn.

(ON ACCOUNT OF THE DANGERS OF THE SEA.)

MELODY IN THE DORIAN MODE.



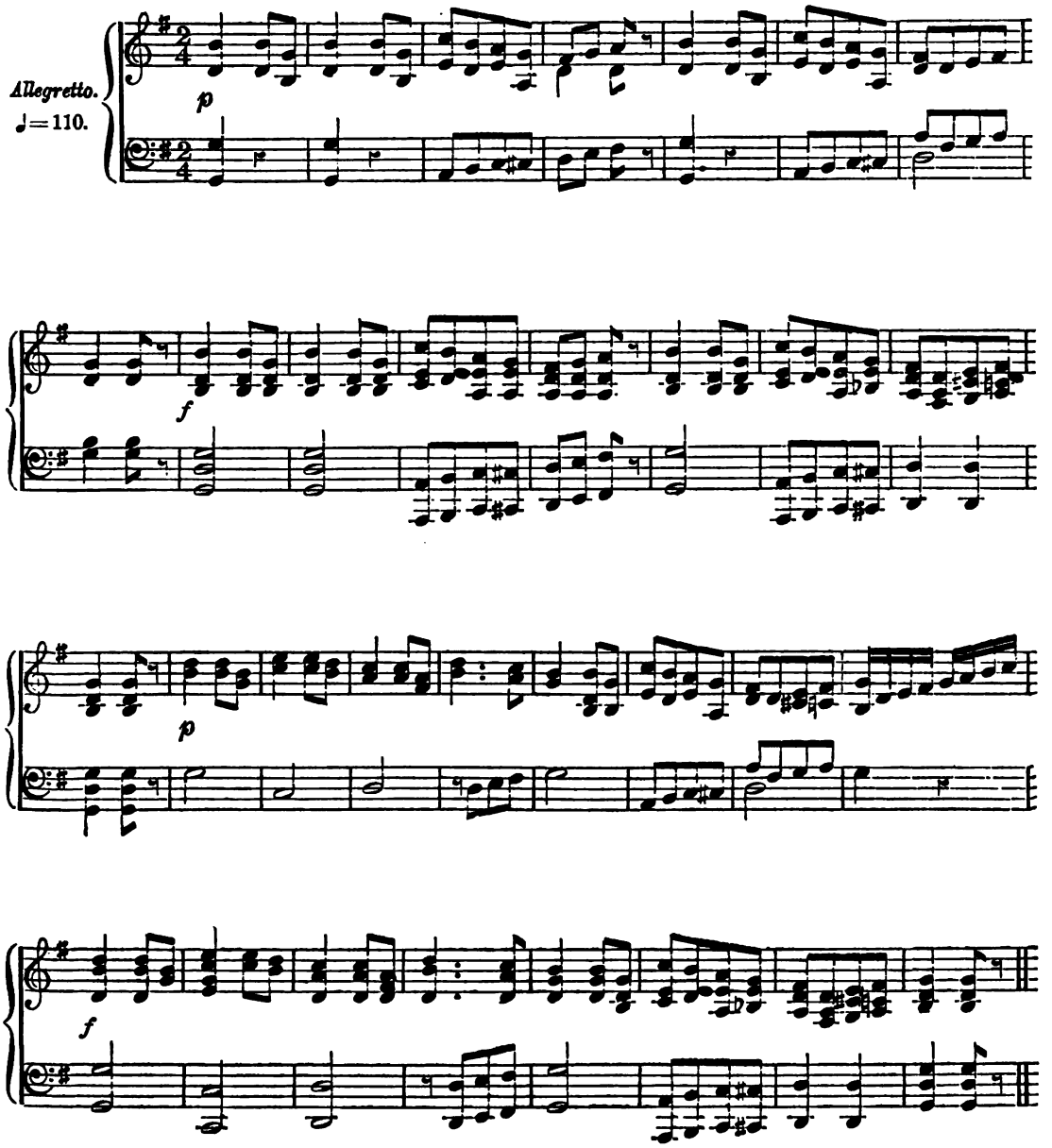
XVII.



XVIII.

Daunsin ny Ferishyn.

(FAIRIES' DANCE.)



END OF PART III.

MANX NATIONAL SONGS

WITH ENGLISH WORDS,

Selected from the MS. Collection of THE DEEMSTER GILL, Dr. J. CLAGUE, and W. H. GILL, and arranged by W. H. GILL.

Price, Paper Cover, 2s. 6d.; Cloth, gilt, 4s.

ENGLISH TITLE.	AUTHOR OF ENGLISH WORDS.	MANX TITLE OF AIR.
The Sheep under the Snow	W. H. Gill	Ny Kirree fo Niaghtey
The Cruise of the "Tiger"	A. P. Graves	Marrinys yn Tiger
Hush, little Darling	Emil Ingram	Ushag veg ruy ny moaney dhoo
The Wreck of the Herring Fleet	A. P. Graves	Arrane mysh ny Baatyn-skeddan
She sang to her Spinet	Do.	
A Song on Farmers' Daughters, No. 1.	J. Quirk	Sooree
Illiam Dhoan, No. 1.	E. Crabb	Baase Illiam Dhoan
Lament of the Duchess of Gloucester.	A. P. Graves	
Robin and Betsy	Do.	
Two Lovers	Do.	
Mylecharane	W. H. Gill	
I saw thee weep	Byron	
Fair Maids of Mann	A. P. Graves	Callin veg Dhoan
Manxmen we'll remain	Do.	Skeeyl-y-Vridey
The King of the Sea	J. Fred. Gill	Yn Colbagh Breck er Sthrap
Thurot	E. Crabb	Thurot as Elliott
The Parting Hour	A. P. Graves	Ta traa gholl thie
Hush, my Dear, lie still and slumber	Dr. Watts	Arrane ny Clean
Dear sweet little Mann	Hugh Stowell	Yn Unnysup
The Good Old Way		
Hunt the Wren	Traditional	
We'd better wait a while, my Dear	E. Crabb	My Graih, nagh share dyn farraghtyn?
Ellan Vannin	Eliza Craven Green	
The Rival Cockades	W. H. Gill	Tappaghyn Jiargey
False Isabel	E. Crabb	Isbal Foalsey
O hush thee, my Babie	Sir Walter Scott	Arrane ny Clean
Orry the Dane	Martin F. Tupper	O Sheiga Dooin
We watched her breathing through the night	Hood	
As I went out one morning clear	Emil Ingram	
Heroes all! Row slowly shoreward	E. Crabb	My hene woonney veen
A Song on Farmers' Daughters, No. 2.	J. Quirk	Kiark Catriney marroo
The Manxman and the King	T. E. Brown	
Ramsey Town	E. Crabb	
Home	Emil Ingram	Moghrey laa Boaldyn
The Maid of Port y Shee	W. H. Gill	Yn Colbagh Breck er Sthrap
She answered me quite modestly	Emil Ingram	
A Manx Wedding	W. H. Gill	Car y Phoosee
Illiam Dhoan, No. 2	A. P. Graves	Drogh Vraane
O, what if the Fowler my Blackbird has taken	Charles Dalmon	
Gwendolen	Do.	Sooree
When Maggy gangs away	James Hogg	
The Ploughman's Song	W. H. Gill	Arrane ny guilley-hesheree
The Fairies' Dance	Edw. Oxenford	Juan y jaggad Keear
The Battle of Santwat	A. P. Graves	
Love's Flight	Edw. Oxenford	Hie my graih shaghey
The Deemster's Daughter	Charles Dalmon	Yn guilley dy roie
An Autumn Song	Edw. Oxenford	
The Cutting of the Turf	Do.	Hie mee stiagh dhys thie bentreoghe
The Manx Exile	Do.	
Happy as a King	W. H. Gill	Yn Oabbyr-vwyllin
The Harvest of the Sea	Do.	Eash oo as Clashtyn

MANX NATIONAL SONGS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE Album of Manx Songs lately issued by Messrs. Boosey & Co. contains a large number of beautiful and characteristic airs of the Isle of Man, which have been tastefully arranged by W. H. Gill, with due regard to the melodic structure of the tunes. They have been collected by the Deemster Gill, Dr. J. Clague, and the Editor, and the work has been excellently done.—*The Times.* July 29th, 1897.

The songs of Manxland seem up to the present to have been undeservedly neglected. A selection of "Manx National Songs," arranged by W. H. Gill, deserves the attention of vocalists. . . . Among them will be found some that can well compare in point of melodic beauty with those of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and these will doubtless speedily find their way to the concert platform. Mr. W. H. Gill's accompaniments are quite suitable, and the volume contains an interesting paper on Manx music.—*Morning Post.* April 14th, 1897.

Messrs. Boosey have made a most interesting and valuable addition to their series of Song Books in the shape of a volume of 51 Manx National Songs. All musical antiquarians and lovers of national music will be indebted to Mr. W. H. Gill, who [with his colleagues] has saved these old tunes from oblivion, and has furnished them with appropriate and musicianly harmonies.—*The Musician.* May 19th, 1897.

It is interesting to learn that many of these songs have already become popular among the public singers, both in London and the provinces, and several of them have been well received at the London Ballad Concerts. But the most gratifying tribute to Mr. Gill and his coadjutors must be that which was accorded to them in the Isle of Man in January last. The concert, which was given in Douglas, and of which the programme consisted exclusively of music taken from their collection, attracted the largest patriotic audience ever brought together in the Island.—*Isle of Man Examiner.* April 10th, 1897.

A new and characteristic set of indigenous ballads. . . . . English musicians will be only too delighted to get hold of anything so fresh and naïve as these quaint and melodious ballads. "The King of the Sea;" "Hunt the Wren," a gay children's chorus sung by itinerant singers on St. Stephen's Day; a coaxing courting ditty called "Gwendolen"; "The Maid of Port y Shee," a lover's story; the melancholy wail in "Oh, what if the fowler my blackbird has taken!" and the solemn Fisherman's Evening Hyma, "The Harvest of the Sea"—each has a charm and quality of its own, and so have many more.—*Bradford Observer.* March 23rd, 1897.

Three Manxmen have made wonderful discoveries in the Isle of Man. They have actually found a national music and about 250 national melodies, which, but for their efforts, would have been utterly lost.—*Whitehall Review.* December 26th, 1896.

A fine collection.—*Leicester Post.* Dec. 26th, 1896.

Of the excellence of the musical arrangements we cannot speak too highly. The pianoforte accompaniments are most carefully written and contain beautiful music, evidently the work of a master hand.—*Isle of Man Times.* September 5th, 1896.

Mr. Gill is fully competent for his work.—*Musical Herald.* January, 1897.

The harmonies, accompaniments, and symphonies always reveal the hand of the cultured musician . . . . often extremely effective and sometimes very beautiful.—*St. Martin's le Grand.* October, 1896.

The accompaniments throughout are very musicianly, and Mr. W. H. Gill has shown himself quite the right man in the right place.—*The Manxman.* December 19th, 1896.

A fine collection. . . . . Messrs. Boosey have wisely included in the volume Mr. Gill's valuable Musical Association paper.—*Daily Chronicle.* December 21st, 1896.

The Isle of Man has its bards no less than musical little Wales. At least, so says Mr. W. H. Gill, who has been relating his discoveries to the Irish Literary Society. A very ancient date is claimed for some of these tunes. . . . The worst of it is that irreverent persons claim that the tunes are really Irish, but the tables are neatly turned with a declaration that a well-known air used by Moore is in reality of Manx origin. Even more effective is the retort upon the audacious person who ventured to assert that one of the melodies was plagiarized from Sir Arthur Sullivan's "O, hush thee, my babie." The evidence against such a theory is crushing. The air had been whistled to the lecturer by a man of seventy who had it sung to him without words by his mother when he lay a babe in the cradle.—*The Globe.* December 21st, 1896.

Mr. Gill and his colleagues have rendered to Manx music a service similar to that performed by Bishop Percy towards English ballad literature, and by Sir Walter Scott towards the minstrelsy of the Border.—*Morning Post.* December 21st, 1896.

The issue of this little work is one of those footprints on the sands of time which will pass down to posterity as ineffaceable as the wave-ripples in the sandstone of our native rocks. . . . . A collection of melodies too tuneful to die; melodies which are essentially Manx and, in spirit and in colour, redolent of the land of the "cushag"—an addition to the literary and musical property of the Island, almost beyond price. There are really some beautiful things which ought to receive the attention of all vocalists. For a bass solo, for example, nothing could be finer than "Heroes all," or "The Wreck of the Herring Fleet," the accompaniment to which is very descriptive and good. Tenors, too, have some lovely things such as "Gwendolen." For contraltos and sopranos there are "The sheep under the snow," a ballad of the best type; "The lament of the Duchess of Gloucester," "The parting hour," "The maid of Port y Shee," and "Ushag veg ruy," a slumber song of exquisite sweetness. The humorous side is represented by "A Manx wedding," the Anglo-Manx words of which by Mr. W. H. Gill, whose mastery of the Manx vernacular is apparent in every line, are very clever and appropriate.—*The Manxman.* December 19th, 1896.

If any of my readers are in want of a very charming song I can recommend the Manx "Ushag veg ruy."—*Northern Whig.* December 30th, 1896.

"The Manx Fishermen's Evening Hymn" created a profound impression, the whole audience standing.—*Liverpool Post.* January 9th, 1897.

A Lecture-Recital was given by Mr. W. H. Gill on the 19th ult. [Dec. 19th, 1896] in the Queen's Hall, under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society. Mr. W. H. Gill gave an interesting sketch of the manner in which the songs had been obtained. The musical illustrations were given in a very complete manner. A small orchestra, assisted by Miss Grace M. Smith at the pianoforte, played several Manx airs and dances, and accompanied a well-balanced and excellent choir; and the songs and vocal solo parts were sung by Madame Kate Lee, Madame de Fonblanque, Mr. Walter Ford, and Mr. Franklin Clive, in addition to which several characteristic recitations were given with the utmost success by Mr. P. J. Kirwan. Mr. Gill deserves commendation for the preservation of a people's music that is well worthy of the attention of musicians, especially vocalists.—*Musical Times.* January 1st, 1897.

Any publication tending to awaken interest in true folk-music deserves cordial welcome, and there can be no doubt that the volume of Manx Songs now offered to the public contains some real treasures from an almost undiscovered country. . . . This first instalment contains much that is quaint, pretty, and charming, and there is enough family likeness among many of the songs to suggest that there really is such a thing as a Manx style.—*Manchester Guardian.* December 24th, 1896.

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A hunting we will go
Alice Gray
All in the Downs (Black-eyed Susan)
Anchorsmith (the)
Anchor's weigh'd (the)
Arethusa (the)
Arrow and the song (the)
A thousand a year
Away to the mountain's brow
Bailiff's daughter of Islington (the)
Banks of Allan Water (the)
Barbara Allen
Bay of Biscay (the)
Begone! Dull Care
Bid me discourse
Blow high, blow low
Blow, blow, thou winter wind
British Grenadiers (the)
Cease your funning
Cherry Ripe
Come, lasses and lads
Dashing White Sergeant (the)
Death of Nelson (the)
Deep, deep sea (the)
Deserter's meditation (the)
Down among the dead men
Drink to me only
Early one morning
Farewell (the)
Flow, thou regal purple stream
Gally the Troubadour
Girl I left behind me (the)
Hearts of oak
Heaving of the lead (the)
Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen
Home, sweet home
Hope told a flattering tale
I am a friar of orders grey
I attempt from Love's sickness to fly
I lock'd up all my treasure
It was a lover and his lass
I've been roaming
Jockey to the fair
Jolly young waterman (the)
Lass of Richmond Hill (the)
Leather bottel (the)
Lo! here the gentle lark
Love has eyes
Lovely Nan
Meet me by moonlight
My lodging is on the cold ground
Near Woodstock Town
Now Phœbus sinketh in the west
O, bid your faithful Ariel fly
Oh! firm as oak
Oh! rest thee, babe
Oh! say not woman's heart is bought
Oh! the oak and the ash
Oh, no, we never mention her
O, willow, willow
Pilgrim of love (the)
Plough-boy (the)
Pray, Goody
Pretty mocking bird
Primroses deck the bank's green side
Roast beef of old England (the)
Rocked in the cradle of the deep
Rule Britannia
Safely follow him
Sailor's journal (the)
Sally in our alley
Sigh no more, ladies
Should he upbraid
Soldier tired of war's alarms (the)
Soldier's tear (the)
Streamlet that flow'd (the)
Tell her I'll love her
Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee
Tell me, my heart
Then farewell! my trim-built wherry
There was a jolly miller
Thorn (the)
Those evening bells
Token (the)
Tom Bowling
Three Ravens (the)
Under the greenwood tree
Vicar of Bray (the)
Wapping old stairs
We all love a pretty girl under the rose
We met—'twas in a crowd
What shall I do to show how much I love her?
While the lads of the village
When forced from dear Hebe
When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove
Where the bee sucks
With lowly suit and plaintive ditty
Woodpecker (the)
Wolf (the)
Ye twice ten hundred deities

THE SONGS OF ENGLAND.—Vol. II.

EDITED BY J. L. HATTON.

All's one to Jack
All things love thee, so do I
Amo, amas, I love a lass
And has she then fail'd in her truth?
Banks of the blue Moselle (the)
Beautiful maid (the)
Bee proffers honey but bears a sting (the)
Bird of the wilderness
Bloom is on the rye
Breaking of the day (the)
Bring me, boy, a bowl of wine
By dimpled brook
By the gaily circling glass
Come live with me, and be my love
Come where the aspens quiver
Come you not from Newcastle?
County Guy
Crabbed age and youth
Cupid's garden
Dulce domum
Ere around the huge oak
Faint and wearily
Follow, follow over mountain
Flowing bowl (the)
Fly away, pretty moth
Fresh and strong the breeze is blowing
From Oberon in fairyland
Garden gate (the)
Haste to the wedding
Heart should be happy and merry
He loves, and rides away
He was famed for deeds of arms
High-mettled racer (the)
How stands the glass around?
Hunt is up (the)
Huntsman, rest
I remember, I remember
Isle of beauty
Is there a heart that never loved?
Jack Rattlin
Julia to the wood-robin
Just like love is yonder rose
Kiss, dear maid (the)
Lass that loves a sailor (the)
Let fame sound the trumpet
Little love is a mischievous boy
Love me little, love me long
Love's Ritornella
Love will find out the way
May we ne'er want a friend
Milking pail (the)
Minstrel's request (the)
Mountain maid (the)
My boat is on the shore
My dog and my gun
My friend and pitcher
My heart with love is beating
My pretty Jane
No more by sorrow
O, give me but my Arab steed
Old Commodore (the)
Old Towler
Oh! 'tis the melody
On, by the spur of valour goaded
Our country is our ship
Phillida flouts me
Poacher (the)
Poor Jack
Poor Joe, the marine
Queen of May (the)
Rest, warrior, rest
Rose had been washed (the)
Rose of the valley
Said a smile to a tear
Sapling oak (the)
Since first I saw your face
Soldier's adieu (the)
Soldier's dream (the)
Southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Stand to your guns
Storm (the)
Sun is o'er the mountain (the)
Sweet day, so cool
Thine am I, my faithful fair
Thou soft-flowing Avon
'Tis but fancy's sketch
Titania's song
Tobacco is an Indian weed
To-morrow
Tom Starboard
To the maypole away
To the maypole haste away
True courage
We be three poor mariners
Well of St. Keyne
When pensive I thought of my love
When that I was a little tiny boy
Who deeply drinks of wine
Will Watch
Woodman (the)
Yarico to her lover
You gentlemen of England

THE SONGS OF ENGLAND.—Vol. III.

EDITED BY EATON FANING.

Adieu to delight
Arise, ye subterranean winds
Bells (the)
Better Land (the) *(Sterndale Bennett)*
Brave old oak (the)
By the simplicity of Venus' doves
Cold wave my love lies under (the)
Come into the Garden, Maud *(Balfe)*
Deck not with gems
Diver (the)
Flying Dutchman (the)
Friend of the brave
Gaily I take my way
Golden days *(Sullivan)*
Good night, good night, beloved
Green trees whispered low and mild (the)
Hearts and Homes
Heart bowed down (the)
He swore he'd drink old England dry *(Sussex Song)*
I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls
I love the merry sunshine
If my mistress hide her face
I'll be no submissive wife
In this old chair my father sat
It was fifty years ago
Jeannette and Jeannot
John Peel *(Old Hunting Song)*
Last man (the)
Let the dreadful engines
Light of other days (the)
Long, long ago
Love was once a little boy
Lovers' controversy
Madoline
Mistletoe bough (the)
Monks of old (the)
Near the lake where drooped the willow
Oh! where do fairies hide their heads?
Once again
Outlaw (the)
Over hill, over dale
Parting (the)
Peace of the valley (the)
Philip the falconer
Phillis is my only joy
Pilot (the)
Rest, my child
Scenes that are brightest
Sea (the)
Self-banished (the)
She wandered down the mountain side
Take, oh! take those lips away
There is a flower that bloometh
Thou art gone from my gaze
Three ages of love (the)
Through the wood
Thus when the mariner inclined to sleep
Tight little island (the)
'Tis when to sleep
'Tis the harp in the air
Tom Tough
True English sailor (the)
Truth in absence
Wake, my love
We may be happy yet
When daisies pied *(As you like it)*
When Lubin sings of youth's delight
When other lips
White squall (the)
Why are you wandering here, I pray?
Woman
Yes! let me like a soldier fall

A complete List of Contents of the Royal Song Books sent on application.

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND.—Vol. I.

The Music edited by COLIN BROWN and J. PITTMAN.

The words revised, with an introduction on Scotch Poetry and Music, by DR. CHARLES MACKAY.

As fond kiss, and then
Afton Water
Allister Macallister
Annie Laurie
And oh! for ane-and-twenty
And ye shall walk in silk attire (English version)
Ditto (Scotch version)
Auld Joe Nicholson's bonnie Nannie
Auld Rob Morris
Auld lang syne
Auld Robin Gray
Awa', Whigs, awa'
Aye wakin', O!
Barbara Allan
Bide ye yet
Birks of Aberfeldy (the)
Birks of Invermay (the)
Blude red rose at Yule
Blue bells of Scotland (the)
Blue bonnets over the border
Blythe, blythe and merry
Bostie rows (the)
Bonnie brier bush (the)
Bonnie Dundee
Bonnie house o' Airlie (the)
Bonnie Jean
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie
Bonnie wee thing
Braes aboon Bonaw (the)
Braes of Balquhidder (the)
Braes of Yarrow (the)
Braw, braw lads
Broom a' the Cowdenknowes
Bush aboon Traquair (the)
Ca' the ewes to the Knowes
Caller Herrin'
Campbells are comin' (the)
Cam ye by Athol
Cauld kail in Aberdeen
Charlie is my darling
Come o'er the stream, Charlie
Come under my plaidie
Corn rigs are bonnie
Craigie-Burn Wood
Dainty Davie
Deuks dang ow're my daddie
Duncan Gray
Ewe-bughts (the)
Ewie wi' the crooked horn
Farewell to Lochaber
Farewell thou fair day
Flowers o' the forest (the)
For lack of gold
Gae bring to me a pint o' wine
Get up and bar the door
Gilderoy
Gin a body meet a body (Comin' thro' the rye)
Gloomy winter's now awa'
Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'
Green grow the rashes, O
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear
Here awa', there awa'
He's owre the hills
Hey, Johnnie Cope
Highland lad my love was born (a)
Highland Mary
Highland Watch (the)
Huntingtower; or When ye gang awa', Jamie
I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen
I hae laid a herrin' in saut
I lo'e na a laddie but ane
I'm owre young to marry yet
In the garb of old Gaul
Jenny's bawbee
Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane
Jock o' Hazeldean
John Anderson, my Jo'
John Grumlie
John of Badenyon
Kelvin Grove
Kind Robin lo'es me
Laird o' Cockpen (the)
Lament of Flora Macdonald
Land o' the Leal (the)
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks
Lass o' Gowrie (the)
Lass o' Patie's Mill (the)
Last May a braw wooer
Last time I came o'er the muir (the)
Lea rig (the)
Leezie Lindsay
Lewie Gordon
Lily of the Vale is sweet (the)
Logan Water
Logie o' Buchan
Lord Ronald
Lord Gregory
Loudon's bonnie woods
Lowlands o' Holland (the)
Maggie Lauder
Maid of Glenconnel (the)
Maid of Islay (the)
Man's a man for a' that (a)
Mary Morison
Mary's dream
Merry may the keel row
Muirland Willie
My ain fireside
My ain kind dearie, O
My boy Tammie
My heart is sair
My heart's in the Highlands
My Jo Janet
My love is like a red, red rose
My love she's but a lassie yet
My love's in Germanie
My mither's aye glowerin
My Nannie, O
My Nannie's awa
My only Joe and dearie
My tocher's the jewel
My wife has ta'en the gee
My wife's a winsome wee thing
O dinna think, bonnie lassie
O'er the muir
O' a' the airts the win' can blaw
On! hush thee, my baby
Oh, open the door
O, saw ye my wee thing?
Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast?
O, lassie, art thou sleeping?
O, love will venture in
O, Nannie, wilt thou gang
O, Puirtith cauld
O, saw ye bonnie Leslie?
O, speed, Lord Nithsdale
O, this is no my ain lassie
O, true love is a bonnie flower
O, waly, waly up the bank
O, wha is she that lo'es me?
O, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad
O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Piper of Dundee (the)
Polly Stewart
Robin Adair
Rosebud by my early walk (a)
Roslin Castle
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch
Saw ye Johnnie comin'?
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace
She's fair and fause
Smile again, my bonnie lassie
Soldier's return (the)
Tak' your auld cloak aboot ye
Tam Glen
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame
There's nae luck about the house
There was a lad was born in Kyle
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie
Tullochgorum
Turn again, thou fair Eliza
Twa bonnie maidens
Up in the morning early
Waefu' heart (the)
Wae's me for Prince Charlie
Weary pund o' tow (the)
Wee, wee German lairdie
Weel may the keel row
Welcome, Royal Charlie
We're a' noddin'
What ails this heart o' mine?
What's a' the steer, kimmer?
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie?
Wha'll be King but Charlie?
When the King comes owre
When the kye come hame
Where are the joys?
Whistle o'er the lave o't
Wilt thou be my dearie?
Winter it is past (the)
Within a mile of Edinburgh Town
Woo'd and married and a'
Year that's awa' (the)
Ye Banks and Braes
Yellow-haired laddie (the)

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND.—Vol. II.

Edited by MYLES B. FOSTER.

A Country Lass
Adieu, Dundee!
As nicht i' the gloaming
Alas! that I cam' o'er the muir
An thou wert mine ain thing
Accuse me not
A rosebud by my early walk
Argyle is my name
A Southland Jenny
At Polwart on the green
At Willie's wedding on the green
Auld King Coul
Away, ye gay landscapes
Baloo, my boy
Bannocks o' bearmeal
Behold, my Love, how green the groves
Beneath a green shade
Bessie Bell and Mary Grey
Bird of the Wilderness
Bonnie Bessie Lee
Bonny Bessy
Bonnie Lizzie Baillie
Cock up your beaver
Come, boat me o'er
Despairing Mary
Donald
Donald Caird's come again
Drap o' capie, O!
Draw the sword, Scotland
Farewell, thou Stream
Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall
Fine flowers in the valley
Gae to the kye wi' me, Johnny
Go to Berwick, Johnny
Guidwife, count the lawin'
Hardyknute
Hail to the Chief!
Hame cam' our gudeman at e'en
Hame, hame, hame!
Heather Jock's noo awa'
Her daddy forbade
Hey, the dusty miller
How sweet this lone vale
Hughie Graham
How lang and dreary is the night
I dreamed I lay where flowers were springing
I ance was a wanter
I'll bid my heart be still
I'll ha'e my coat o' gude snuff-brown
I love my love in secret
I'm a' doun for lack o' Johnnie
I sing of a land
It's up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk
I wish I war where Eelin lies
John, come kiss me now
Jeanie's black een
Keen blaws the wind o'er Donocht-Head
Kellyburnbraes
Lady Mary Ann
Macgregors' Gathering
Mary Macneil
Mary of Argyle
McPherson's farewell
Mirk and rainy is the night
Mother, mother, hear the news
Musing on the roaring ocean
My Father has forty good shillings
My Harry was a gallant gay
My love was born in Aberdeen
O Bothwell Bank
Och hey! Johnnie lad
Oh, aye my wife she dang me
Oh, can ye sew cushions?
Oh, gin I were where Gadie rins
Oh, Kenmure's on and awa', Willie
Oh, bonny was yon rosy brier
Oh, lay thy loof in mine, lass
Oh, raging Fortune's withering blast
Oh! thou art all so tender
Oh, wae upon that fearfu' deed
Oh! were I on Parnassus Hill
Oh, wha's at the window?
Oh, wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
O lassie, art thou sleeping yet?
O Love, thou delight'st in man's ruin
On Cessnock Banks
O Tibbie, I ha'e seen the day
Out over the Forth
O' mighty Nature's handiworks
Peggie, now the King's come
Queen Mary's farewell to Alloa
Queen Mary's lament
Rab Roryson's bonnet
Rattlin' roarin' Willie
Red gleams the Sun
Red, red is the path to glory!
Robin Tamson's smiddy
Romantic Esk!
Sae far awa'
Sic a wife as Willie had
Since all thy vows, false maid
The American War
The Auld Man
The Athole Gathering
The Auld Heese
The Banks of the Devon
The Battle of Killiecrankie
The bonny banks o' Loch Lomon'
The Collier's bonnie lassie
The Cooper o' Cuddie
The Carles o' Dysart
The day returns
The glancing of her apron
The Highland Widow's lament
The hundred pipers
The humble beggar
The Lass o' Ecclefechan
The maid that tends the goats
The mirk night o' December
Themel Monsie's bonnie Mary
The Northern Lass
There cam' a young man to my daddie's door
There was a lass and she was fair
The smiling Spring
The Sun rises bright in France
The Rural Queen
The tither morn
The women are a' gane wud
The wren
Todlen hame
Thou art gane awa' frae me
Thou bonnie wood of Craigielea
Thou dark-winding Carron
'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e
Wae is my heart
We'll meet beside the Dusky Glen
When merry hearts were gay
When Maggie and I was acquaint
When Phœbus bright
With broken words
Where ha'e ye been sae braw, Lad?
Young Peggie blooms our bonniest lass
Ye maun gang to your father, Janet

THE SONGS OF IRELAND.

EDITED BY J. L. HATTON & J. L. MOLLOY.

Around me, blessed image
As a beam o'er the face
As slow our ship
At eve I wandered
At the mid-hour
Avenging and bright
Believe me, if all those
Bells of Shandon (the)
By that Lake
Come o'er the sea
Come, rest in this bosom
Come, send round the wine
Come, take thy Harp
Cruiskeen Lawn
Dear Harp of my country
Drink to her
Emigrants (the)
Erin! oh, Erin
Erin! the tear
Eveleen's bower
Exile of Erin (the)
Farewell!—but whenever
Fill the bumper fair!
First Swallow (the)
Fly not yet
Forget not the Angels
Forget not the field
Gap in the hedge (the)
Girl I left behind me (the)
Go where glory waits thee
Harp that once
Has sorrow thy young days
Here we dwell
How oft has the Banshee
I'd mourn the hopes
If thou'lt be mine
I'm a poor Irish girl
I'm a poor stranger
In the morning of life
Irish Exile (the)
I saw from the Beach
I saw thy form
It is not the tear
It was on a fine summer
Kate Kearney
Kathleen O'Moore
Kitty of Coleraine
Lake of Coolfin (the)
Last Rose of Summer (the)
Lesbia hath a beaming eye
Let Erin remember
Let others breathe
Meeting of the waters (the)
Minstrel boy (the)
Mother's lamentation (the)
Mourn not for me
My bonnie Cuckoo
My gentle Harp
Nay, tell me not
Night closed around
No, not more welcome
Oft in the stilly night
Oh! blame not the bard
Oh! breathe not his name
Oh! doubt me not
Oh! for the swords
Oh! had we some bright
Oh! leave me
Oh! the Shamrock
Oh! the days are gone
Oh! think not my spirits
One bumper at parting
Peggy Bawn
Rakes of Mallow (the)
Remember thee!
Rich and rare
Savourneen Deelish
She is far from the land
Shule Agra
Silent, oh Moyle
Smile, my Kathleen
St. Senanus and the Lady
Sublime was the warning
Take back the virgin page
They may rail at this life
This life is all chequer'd
Though all bright flowers
Tho' the last glimpse
Tho' dark are our sorrows
Through grief and danger
Time I've lost in wooing
'Tis believed that this Harp
'Tis no time to take a wife
'Tis sweet to think
To Ladies' eyes
Valley lay smiling (the)
We may roam
When cold in the earth
When first I met thee
Where'er I see
When he, who adores thee
When in death
When through life
While gazing on the
While History's Muse
Wreath the bowl
You remember Ellen
Young May Moon (the)

THE SONGS OF WALES.

WITH ENGLISH AND WELSH WORDS.

EDITED BY BRINLEY RICHARDS.

Adieu to dear Cambria (Llandovery)
All the day (Hob y derry dando, North Wales)
Do. (do. South Wales
All through the night
Ash Grove (the)
Do. (as sung on St. David's Day)
Bending the shoe
Bells of Aberdovey (the)
Blackbird (the)
Black Monk (the)
Cambrian Plume (the)
Cambrian War-song (the)
David of the White Rock
Exile of Cambria (the) (Ned Pugh's Niece)
Gentle maid (a) (Princess Gwenllian's Repose)
Fair Cambria (Dafydd ap Gwilym's Delight)
Forth to the Battle (Captain Morgan's March)
From dull slumber (Rising of the Sun)
Hark! afar the bugle (Come to Battle)
Hall of my Chieftain (the) (Door-clapper)
Hirlas Horn (the) (Three hundred pounds)
Hunting the hare
Idle days in summer (Watching the blooming wheat)
Lament (the) (Heavy heart)
Let now the harp (Lambs' Fold Vale)
Loudly proclaim (Departure of the King)
Marsh of Rhuddlan (the)
Megan's fair daughter
Men of Harlech (the)
Miller's Daughter (the)
Mighty warrior (a) (Sweet Richard)
Missing Boat (the) (Vale of Clwyd)
Monk's March (the)
My heart (Loth to depart)
New-Year's Eve
Nightingale (the) (Nightingale's voice)
Now strike the harp (Let the kind minstrel)
On this day (King's delight)
Once a farmer and his wife (Quarrelling couple)
One bright summer (Cadair Idris)
Over the stone
Saint David's Day
She must be mine
Spring-time is returning (Queen's Dream)
Stars in Heaven (the) (Venture Gwen)
Sweet warbler (Rising of the lark)
Taliesin's Prophecy (Dawn of day)
Thou gentle Dove
Trumpet sounding loudly (the)
This garden now (Gogerddan)
Too well I know
Under yonder oaken tree (Welcome of the Hostess)
Vale of Llangollen (the) (Crystal Ground)
War-song of the Men of Glamorgan (the)
Weep not, I pray (Love's Fascination)
Welsh Carol (a)
When morning is breaking (Pass of Llanberris)
When I was young (Winifreda)
White Snowdon
Why camest thou before me? (Maid of Sker)
Why lingers my gaze? (Lady Owen's delight)
Woe to the day (Men of Dovey)

APPENDIX.

At early dawn (Y Bore Glas)
Fanny (Ffanni Blodau'r Ffair)
When I was roaming (Pan o'wn i'n Rhodio)
Black Sir Harry (Sur Harri Ddu)
The Bard's Love (Cariad y Bardd)
Ap Shenkin (Ap Siencyn)
All through the night (Ar hyd y nos)

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The Sheep under the Snow	W. H. Gill	Ny Kirree fo Niaghtey
The Cruise of the "Tiger"	A. P. Graves	Marrinys yn Tiger
Hush, little Darling	Emil Ingram	Ushag veg ruy ny moaney dhoo
The Wreck of the Herring Fleet	A. P. Graves	Arrane mysh ny Baatyn-skeddan
She sang to her Spinet	Do.	
A Song on Farmers' Daughters, No. 1.	J. Quirk	Sooree
Illiam Dhoan, No. 1.	E. Crabb	Baase Illiam Dhoan
Lament of the Duchess of Gloucester.	A. P. Graves	
Robin and Betsy	Do.	
Two Lovers	Do.	
Mylecharane	W. H. Gill	
I saw thee weep	Byron	
Fair Maids of Mann	A. P. Graves	Callin veg Dhoan
Manxmen we'll remain	Do.	Skeeyl-y-Vridey
The King of the Sea	J. Fred. Gill	Yn Colbagh Breck er Sthrap
Thurot	E. Crabb	Thurot as Elliott
The Parting Hour	A. P. Graves	Ta traa gholl thie
Hush, my Dear, lie still and slumber	Dr. Watts	Arrane ny Clean
Dear sweet little Mann	Hugh Stowell	Yn Unnysup
The Good Old Way		
Hunt the Wren	Traditional	
We'd better wait a while, my Dear	E. Crabb	My Ghlaih, nagh share dyn farraghtyn?
Ellan Vannin	Eliza Craven Green	
The Rival Cockades	W. H. Gill	Tappaghyn Jiargey
False Isabel	E. Crabb	Isbal Foalsey
O hush thee, my Babie	Sir Walter Scott	Arrane ny Clean
Orry the Dane	Martin F. Tupper	O Sheign Dooin
We watched her breathing through the night	Hood	
As I went out one morning clear	Emil Ingram	
Heroes all! Row slowly shoreward	E. Crabb	My hene wooinney veen
A Song on Farmers' Daughters, No. 2.	J. Quirk	Kiark Catriney marroo
The Manxman and the King	T. E. Brown	
Ramsey Town	E. Crabb	
Home	Emil Ingram	Moghrey laa Boaldyn
The Maid of Port y Shee	W. H. Gill	Yn Colbagh Breck er Sthrap
She answered me quite modestly	Emil Ingram	
A Manx Wedding	W. H. Gill	Car y Phoosee
Illiam Dhoan, No. 2	A. P. Graves	Drogh Vraane
O, what if the Fowler my Blackbird has taken	Charles Dalmon	
Gwendolen	Do.	Sooree
When Maggy gangs away	James Hogg	
The Ploughman's Song	W. H. Gill	Arrane ny guilley-hesheree
The Fairies' Dance	Edw. Oxenford	Juan y jaggad Keear
The Battle of Santwat	A. P. Graves	
Love's Flight	Edw. Oxenford	Hie my graih shaghey
The Deemster's Daughter	Charles Dalmon	Yn guilley dy roie
An Autumn Song	Edw. Oxenford	
The Cutting of the Turf	Do.	Hie mee stiagh dhys thie ben-treoghe
The Manx Exile	Do.	
Happy as a King	W. H. Gill	Yn Oabbyr-vwyllin
The Harvest of the Sea	Do.	Eash oo as Clashtyn

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