

PART III.

Dedicated to all connected with  
THE MANX MUSIC FESTIVAL.  
(YN CHAGLYM KIAULLEE VANNINAGH.)

# Songs of my Fatherland.

A COLLECTION OF  
MANX MUSIC

*(Ancient and Modern).*

SELECTED, ADAPTED, AND COMPOSED

BY

W. H. GILL.

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No. 8.

## TYNWALD DAY.

"This primitive ceremonial, begun by King Orry early in the tenth century, is observed to this day. . . . We cannot afford to lose it. . . . It is the last visible sign of our independence as a nation . . . the badge of our ancient liberty . . . our hand-grip with the past."

THE LITTLE MANX NATION. - Hall Caine.

Words & Music by W. H. GILL.

*Andante con moto.*

*PIANO.*

SOLO. (Baritone.)

Let o-thers re-remember the fifth of No- vember, The

gunpow-der trea-son and plot, But the day of the year to

Manx-men most dear That sur-vives with- out blem-ish or blot



1st time Solo: 2nd time Chorus. (S.A.T.B.)

V.1. Is the Fifth of Ju - ly When the wea - ther is dry And, ev' - ry im -  
V.2,3,4,5. On the

- ped - i - ment scorn - - ing, We ne - ver for - get The

people we've met On Tyn - - wald Day \_\_\_\_ in the morn - - ing.

2.

Is it horses you're wanting?  
Or just galavanting?  
Here's supply that meets every demand;  
But the charm that it lends  
Is the meeting of friends,  
And the smile, and the shake of the hand.  
On the fifth of July, &c.

4.

The bells have done ringing,  
And now I hear singing  
And the people are all on their knees;  
Through the din of the fair  
I'm hearing the prayer  
For the Governor, Council, and Keys.  
On the fifth of July, &c.

3.

Young men who would marry  
Had better not tarry  
But straight to the Tynwald repair;  
There are sweethearts all drest  
In their smart Sunday best,  
And all of them sure to be there.  
On the fifth of July, &c.

5.

And then, in my dreaming,  
There comes a sweet gleaming  
Of all the kind faces I've seen;  
Like a bird to her nest  
Flies my soul to her rest  
In thy bosom, dear Vannin veg Veen.  
On the fifth of July, &c.



## THE THOLTAN.

Words by CUSHAG.

Music by W. H. GILL.

"One thing often touches me—the deserted cottages (*tholtans*) which are the results of emigration—the cold *chiollagh* (hearth) the bit of thorn where children have played, the *trammon* (elder tree) at the gable to keep away the fairies—and the vacant space, just so many feet of air, the *home*, the place where the bed was, where the babes were born and women wept."—Letters of T. E. Brown, II. 115–116.

1st Voice.  
2nd Voice.

*Andantino.*

PIANO.

*p* *pp*

Lone lit - tle

thol - tan left by the way - side, Where have they wandered that

loved thee of old? Where are the child - ren that played by the

fire - side, Poor lit - tle chiol - lagh for - lorn and cold?

(1) To use for building material the remains of a ruined chapel foreboded bad luck: hence the proverb—  
"A stone of the church be in thy dwelling."



Mute - ly the ga - bles are stand - ing a - sun - der,

*mf*

Raf - ter - less, rag - ged the ru - in be - tween.

All that was home - like, se - clu - ded, and ten - der

*pp* *cres* *cen* *do...*

Stripped of its shel - ter - ing thatch is seen.

*dim: e* *rall:*

2. 3.

Why have they left thee so drear and forsaken? Come winds of Autumn and cover it gently,	Poor little hearth-stone deserted and bare;
Was it misfortune, or sadder unthrift?	Cover it softly with leaves from the woodlands,
Was there a stone of the church <sup>(1)</sup> in thy building,	Lay it away from the cold bleak air.
Secretly working to send them adrift?	Hasten the day when those desolate gables,
Was it the dream of a new Eldorado	Holding their secret of failure and dearth,
Lured them away with its roseate hue,	Gently shall sink to their grave by the wayside,
Only to find the green hills of the distance	Hidden at last in the warm kind earth.
Bare as Baroöl to the nearer view?	



## BABY MINE.

"This is perfectly delicious! Neither 'Classical' nor 'Romantic'? What care I? It has the very essence of both. The heart of a man is in it. That's the Classics, that's the Romance. . . . It sings like an Angel."

Letter from T.E. Brown Ap. 27th 1896.

Words by T. E. BROWN.

Music by W. H. GILL.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO. *p* *cresc.* *f*

1. Oh! fa\_ther's at the sea, \_\_\_\_\_  
2. Oh, he's na\_var seen you yet, \_\_\_\_\_

*dim.* *p*

lit\_tle ba\_by mine, Oh! fa\_ther's at the sea, \_\_\_\_\_ lit\_tle ba\_by  
lit\_tle ba\_by mine, Oh, he's na\_var seen you yet, \_\_\_\_\_ lit\_tle ba\_by

mine; And you are all I've got Here a - sleep\_in' in your  
mine; And you are all I've got Here a - sleep\_in' in your

cot, Such a bles\_sed lit\_tle dot, Lit\_tle ba\_by mine.  
cot, Such a bles\_sed lit\_tle dot, Lit\_tle ba\_by mine.



But when he comes at last, little baby mine,  
 Oh, when he comes at last, little baby mine,  
     I'll hide you here in bed—  
     Oh the pretty little head!  
     And nothin'll be said,  
     Little baby mine.

And then you'll laugh and coo, little baby mine,  
 Oh, then you'll laugh and coo, little baby mine;  
     And then he'll say "What's this?"  
     And, likely, "Not amiss!"  
     And he'll kiss, and kiss, and kiss  
     Little baby mine.

Then I'll turn down the sheet, little baby mine,  
 Oh, I'll turn down the sheet, little baby mine.  
     The sheet as white as snow,  
     With a ho-ho-ho-ho-ho!  
     And then I'll let him know,  
     Little baby mine.

And you as good as gold, little baby mine,  
 Oh you as good as gold, little baby mine;  
     O howling, howling sea,  
     As quick as quick can be  
     Send my Billy back to me  
     And this baby mine.

### BABY MINE.

*Manx Translation by J. NELSON.*

Ta dty ayr ec y cheayn,  
     My lhiannoo beg veen,  
 Ta dty ayr ec y cheayn,  
     My lhiannoo beg veen;  
 As t'ou ooilley ny t'aym,  
 Ny lhie cadley ayns y chlean,  
 T'ou my lhiannoo beg aalin,  
     My oikan beg veen.

As reesht hig eh leah thie,  
     My lhiannoo beg veen,  
 O, leah hig eh reesht thie,  
     My lhiannoo beg veen;  
 'Sy lhiabbee follyms oo  
 Lesh dty chione aalin veg doo,  
 As cha jirrym fockle roo  
     My oikan beg veen.

As eisht nee oo gearey,  
     My lhiannoo beg veen,  
 As eisht nee oo gearey,  
     My lhiannoo beg veen;  
 Vrieys eh, "Cre ta shoh  
 T'ou er ny follaghtyn fo?"  
 Eisht paag, paag, paag, paag eh oo,  
     My lhiannoo beg veen.

O, cha vaik eh rieu oo,  
     My lhiannoo beg veen,  
 O, cha vaik eh rieu oo,  
     My lhiannoo beg veen;  
 T'ou ooilley ny t'aym,  
 Ny lhie cadley ayns y chlean,  
 T'ou my lhiannoo beg aalin,  
     My oikan beg veen.

Yn aanrit chyndaa'm sheese,  
     My lhiannoo beg veen,  
 Yn aanrit chyndaa'm sheese,  
     My lhiannoo beg veen.  
 Yn aanrit gial sniaghtey;  
 Gyllagh ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!  
 Verym fys jeed, my lhiannoo,  
     My oikan beg veen.

Myr yn airh buigh t'ou mie,  
     My lhiannoo beg veen,  
 O, myr'n airh buigh t'ou mie,  
     My lhiannoo beg veen.  
 O uss keayn dewil as keoie,  
 Curlesh my heshey hym thie,  
 My Illiam, as yishig vie  
     My oikan beg veen.



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