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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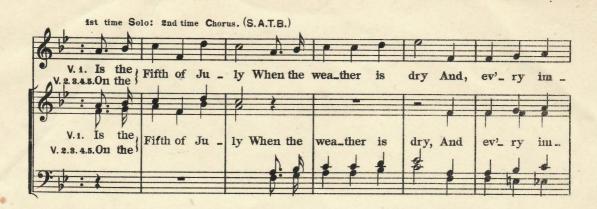
TYNWALD DAY.

"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.









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.

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.

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.

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.

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 bedwas, where the babes were born and women wept." - Letters of T. E. Brown, II. 115-116.



(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."



Why have they left thee so drear and forsaken? Come winds of Autumn and cover it gently,

Was it misfortune, or sadder unthrift?

Was there a stone of the church⁽¹⁾ in thy building,
Secretly working to send them adrift?

Was it the dream of a new Eldorado
Lured them away with its roseate hue,
Only to find the green hills of the distance
Bare as Barooil to the nearer view?

Poor little hearth-stone deserted and bare;
Cover it softly with leaves from the woodlands,
Lay it away from the cold bleak air.
Hasten the day when those desolate gables,
Holding their secret of failure and dearth,
Gently shall sink to their grave by the wayside,
Hidden at last in the warm kind earth.

"This is perfectly delicious! Neither 'Classical' nor 'Romantic'? What care ! ? 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 4896.



(6)

But when he comes at last, little baby mine, Oh, when he comes at last, little baby mine,

I'll hide you here in bedOh the pretty little head!
And nothin'll be said,
Little baby mine.

5.

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!
And then I'll let him know,
Little baby mine.

6.

And then you'll laugh and coo, little baby mine, And you as good as gold, little baby mine, Oh, then you'll laugh and coo, little baby mine; Oh you as good as gold, 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.

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.

1.

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.

3.

As reesht hig eh leah thie,

My Ihiannoo beg veen,

O, leah hig eh reesht thie,

My Ihiannoo beg veen;

'Sy Ihiabbee follyms oo

Lesh dty chione aalin veg doo,

As cha jirrym fockle roo

My oikan beg veen.

5.

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 eh oo,

My lhiannoo beg veen.

2.

O, cha vaik eh rieau oo,

My lhiannoo beg veen,
O, cha vaik eh rieau oo,

My lhiannoo beg veen;
Tou ooilley ny taym,
Ny lhie cadley ayns y chlean,
Tou my lhiannoo beg aalin,

My oikan beg veen.

4

Yn aanrit çhyndaa'm sheese,
My lhiannoo beg veen,
Yn aanrit çhyndaa'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.

6

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.

OMPOSITIONS OF W. H. GILL.

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