

John Wilson (1785–1854)  
aka Christopher North  
1816?

# Turn ye to me

*"Air Feasgar Ciuin Ceitein"*  
Trad arr Harry Campbell  
Ver 1.3 (28.3.19)

Soprano, Alto, and Bass parts are shown in 3/4 time, G major. The vocal parts consist of sustained notes with fermatas. The lyrics begin with "1: The stars are burn-ing cheer-ily, cheer-ily, Ho-ro" and "2: The waves are danc-ing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly," followed by a repeat sign.

1: The stars are burn-ing cheer-ily, cheer-ily, Ho-ro  
2: The waves are danc-ing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly,

The score continues with measures 6-11. The Alto part has a melodic line with eighth-note patterns. The lyrics include "The sea-mew is moan-ing drear-ily, The sea-birds are wail-ing wear-ily," and "Mhai-ri-dhu, turn ye to me. The sea-mew is moan-ing drear-ily," followed by a repeat sign.

6  
S. mm  
A. mm  
B.  
The sea-mew is moan-ing drear-ily,  
The sea-birds are wail-ing wear-ily,  
Mhai-ri-dhu, turn ye to me. The sea-mew is moan-ing drear-ily,

The final section begins at measure 12. The Soprano part has a melodic line with eighth-note patterns. The lyrics include "Ho-ro Mhai-ri-dhu, turn ye to me. Cold is the Hushed be thy," and "drear-ily, Ho-ro Mhai-ri-dhu, turn ye to me. oo," followed by "drear-ily, Ho-ro Mhai-ri-dhu, turn ye to me. oo."

12  
S. mm  
A. mm  
B.  
Ho-ro Mhai-ri-dhu, turn ye to me. Cold is the Hushed be thy  
drear-ily, Ho-ro Mhai-ri-dhu, turn ye to me. oo  
drear-ily, Ho-ro Mhai-ri-dhu, turn ye to me. oo

18

S. storm wind that ruf-fles his breast\_\_\_\_ Warm are the down-y plumes lin-ing his nest,—  
moan-ing, lone bird of the sea, Thy home on the rocks is a shel-ter to thee

A. \_\_\_\_\_ Thy Warm are the down-y plumes lin-ing his nest,—  
\_\_\_\_\_ home on the rocks is a shel-ter to thee,

B. \_\_\_\_\_ oo\_\_\_\_\_ oo\_\_\_\_\_

25

S. ***f*** Coldblows the storm there, Soft falls the snow there; Ho - ro Mhai - ri-dhu,  
Thy house the an - gry wave, Mine but the lone - ly grave;

A. Coldblows the storm there, Soft falls the snow there; Ho - ro Mhai - ri-dhu,  
Thy house the an - gry wave, Mine but the lone - ly grave;

B. Cold is the storm there, Soft falls the snow there; Ho - ro Mhai - ri-dhu,  
Thy house the ang - ry wave, Mine but the lone - ly grave;

31

S. ***pp*** turn ye to me. mm\_\_\_\_\_ mm\_\_\_\_\_

A. turn ye to me. mm\_\_\_\_\_ mm\_\_\_\_\_

B. turn ye to me. Ho - ro Mhai - ri-dhu, turn ye to me.