

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

Turn ye to me

“Air Feasgar Ciuin Ceitein”

Trad arr Hary Campbell

Ver 1.3 (28.3.19)

Soprano

Alto

Bass

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

6

S.

A.

B.

oo

The sea-mew is moan - ing drear - i - ly,
The sea-birds are wail - ing wear - i - ly,
Mhai - ri-dhu, turn ye to me. The sea-mew is moan - ing drear - i - ly,

12

S.

A.

B.

mf

Ho - ro Mhai - ri-dhu, turn ye to me. Cold is the Hushed be thy
drear - i - ly, Ho - ro Mhai - ri-dhu, turn ye to me. oo
drear - i - ly, 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. Warm are the down-y plumes lin-ing his nest,—
 Thy home on the rocks is a shel-ter to thee,

B. oo oo

25

S. *f* Coldblows the storm there, *p* 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.