

A photograph of violinist Nicola Benedetti. She is smiling and looking towards the camera, holding a violin. She is wearing a strapless dress with a yellow and black plaid pattern. The background is a dense wall of small purple flowers.

NICOLA
BENEDETTI

HOMECOMING

A Scottish Fantasy

DECCA

A violinist with long brown hair and bangs, wearing a red jacket with a plaid collar and black leather straps, is holding a violin and bow. She is standing in front of a dense background of green foliage and small pink flowers.

NICOLA BENEDETTI

HOMECOMING

A Scottish

MAX BRUCH 1838-1920

Scottish Fantasy

- | | | | |
|---|-----|--|------|
| 1 | I | Introduction: Grave — Adagio cantabile | 8.27 |
| 2 | II | Scherzo: Allegro | 6.17 |
| 3 | III | Andante sostenuto | 7.00 |
| 4 | IV | Finale: Allegro guerriero | 9.19 |

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|------|
| 5 | | Ae Fond Kiss Robert Burns | 4.37 |
| 6 | | Auld Lang Syne Variations Trad. / Robert Burns | 4.05 |
| 7 | | My Love Is Like a Red Red Rose Robert Burns | 3.41 |

- | | | | |
|---|----|--|------|
| 8 | | Hurricane Set James Scott Skinner | 4.07 |
| | | Cadenza: Limonov/Benedetti | |
| | I | Spey in Spate | |
| | II | The Hurricane | |

9	The Dean Brig o' Edinburgh James Scott Skinner	3.11
	Banks Hornpipe Trad.	
10	Aberlady Phil Cunningham	3.45
11	Mouth Music and Tunes Set	5.11
	Trad. (I & III); Phil Cunningham & Iain MacDonald (II); Phil Cunningham (IV)	
I	Bothan a bh' aig Fionnghuala / Fionnghuala's Bothy	
II	The Appropriate Dipstick	
III	Meal do bhrògan / Enjoy your shoes	
IV	Hogties	
12	The Gentle Light That Wakes Me Phil Cunningham	6.05
13	Coisich a rùin (Walk, My Beloved) Trad.	4.08
14	Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond Trad.	5.26

NICOLA BENEDETTI violin

BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra / Rory Macdonald (1-5, 7, 14)

Phil Cunningham accordion (8-11, 13) / piano (12)

Julie Fowles vocals (11, 13) / whistles (11) · **Aly Bain** fiddle (12)

Duncan Chisholm fiddle (11) · **Tony Byrne** guitar (8, 11, 13)

Éamon Doorley bouzouki (8, 11, 13) · **Michael McGoldrick** flute (11)

James MacIntosh percussion (11) · **Ewen Vernal** double bass (8, 11, 13)

DDD

This recording is deeply personal. It's not often that a classical musician from Scotland has the good fortune of playing music from home, an opportunity I have greatly cherished over the last six months. Music of any origin can be presented by anyone, of course, but there is no doubting the deep connection and innate relevance to all that is *you* when presenting the music of your heritage.

Deciding what to record is a persistent challenge for me. Practically speaking, there's simply too much choice and never enough time. Since Vivaldi's fiery, virtuosic violin-writing spread throughout Europe in the early 1700s, composers from all over the world have dedicated work after work to the violin. Furthermore, the practical study of classical music can make one wary of challenging traditions the music appears to set for us. But I have found that with greater study of the total environment surrounding these compositions comes a deeper understanding of the malleable nature of this tradition. And if emotional and intellectual conviction towards one's artistic choices is sound, the fear of challenging conventions begins to dissipate.

It was in this spirit that I ventured into the unknown, setting out to combine two musical traditions, Classical and Scottish Folk, and within this context to demonstrate my adoration since childhood for the "People's Poet" of Scotland: Robert Burns. Coming from Ayrshire myself, Burns is close to my heart. But Bruch's *Scottish Fantasy* was undoubtedly the key to this exploration of merging worlds that have, for centuries, coexisted but rarely been recorded alongside one another.

A Scottish Fantasy

The use of folk song in classical music has survived innumerable changes in social, philosophical and compositional trends. Musicians have faithfully returned to its wholesomeness again and again, often utilising entire melodies or striving to capture the nuanced style of playing on paper. The German composer Max Bruch (1838-1920) looked to Scotland's own for inspiration in creating his *Scottish Fantasy*, a work in four movements for violin and orchestra.

I recall hearing stories during my time at the Yehudi Menuhin School of the legendary violinist Jascha Heifetz recording this fiendishly difficult work. In fact, they were told to me by a musician who, in 1962, had snuck in through a back door with some friends after being refused entry and heard the entire thing from under a piano. Listening to inspiring tales of Heifetz's technical perfection, consistency and expression helped me through many tough hours of practice.

In fact, he recorded the *Scottish Fantasy* twice; first under Sir Thomas Beecham in 1953 and a second time in stereo under Sir Malcolm Sargent. Although to most violinists the *Scottish Fantasy* and Heifetz are inextricable, the piece was originally written for

another phenomenal virtuoso: Pablo de Sarasate (1844-1908). Composer and violinist had worked together before and had a great deal of respect for one another. But when Sarasate's cool reaction to the work rather offended Bruch, he then turned to Joseph Joachim, the leading German violinist of his day, for its premiere in Liverpool on 22 February 1881. Bruch conducted that evening but was so unhappy with the interpretation that he harshly declared that Joachim had "ruined" his work. Thankfully, Sarasate and Bruch eventually reconciled and performed it together on 15 March 1883 at a Liverpool Philharmonic Society concert in St James's Hall.

Musicians gather their inspiration from all walks of life. Many speak of the power of images, colours, stories or memories to strengthen their expression. I usually experience more of an abstract emotion when I play, but the opening of this *Fantasy* is a strong exception for me, awakening images deeply ingrained in my mind. For someone who never visited Scotland, Bruch's exploration of our landscape during this introduction is astonishingly clear.

The solo violin line beckons you to join a journey through brooding terrain and heavy weather — rising and falling, wild and tumultuous. But with the

sweet emergence of "Auld Rob Morris", a bonnie Robert Burns tune, Bruch turns our attention away from the land and onto the folklore of the Scottish people, and it is this which continues to take centre stage for much of the work.

The second movement, marked "Allegro", opens with a declaration of roughness and realness played by the orchestra. The solo violin enters with a convincing interpretation of "Dusty Miller" — euphoric, uplifting and virtuosic.

The care and tenderness with which Bruch encases "I'm A-Doun for Lack of Johnnie" in the third movement reveals his true adoration for folk song in all its purity and simplicity. During the recording session, the emergence of this tune cast a spell over us all. This very first take made the cut.

The final movement, based on "Hey Tutti Taiti", which Burns later adapted into "Scots, Wha Hae", is where Heifetz made his mark, and we are all playing catch-up. This is a very challenging set of variations, appropriately written on a theme in the spirit of battle: the Battle of Bannockburn to be precise, one that proved to be quite successful for the old Scots.

Robert Burns

Rabbie Burns was born in 1759 in Ayrshire, the county where I was born and raised. He was a natural liberal who had strong egalitarian views, discriminated against no one and strove to enlighten Scots beyond social hierarchy and religious oppression. This depth of compassion infuses his poems and songs.

My own connection with Burns is very strong. My mother grew up in a cottage down the road from one of his numerous homes. As a child, I sang his songs and distinctly remember to this day the fear and ongoing nightmares brought on by his thrilling poem "Tam O'Shanter". Re-reading his work as an adult, I am struck not just by the brutality and explicitness of his poems, but the tenderness too, particularly in his love for Scotland and for the people of Ayrshire.

In paying tribute to Burns, I chose to record three of his most loved songs. These traditional melodies have been interpreted in all kinds of ways but to my knowledge this is the first time they have been arranged for violin and orchestra. "Ae Fond Kiss", the first love song, is characterised by the passion and turmoil Burns felt in his painful relationship with "Clarinda" — Mrs Agnes (Nancy) McLehose.

The second song, “My Love Is Like a Red Red Rose”, is a euphoric declaration of how positive love — a state in which the ever amorous Burns very often found himself — can be. “Auld Lang Syne” is Burns’s best-known song — sung every year around the world on New Year’s Eve. But here, for solo violin, it is given in its original version — a far more subtle, sweet and contemplative ode to remembrance and nostalgia. I commissioned the orchestral arrangements from the Irish composer and orchestrator Paul Campbell, who has a natural love and understanding of Celtic music. Over the course of our work, we had long discussions on matters musical and poetical, and I hope Burns would have been pleased by Paul’s dedication to

preserving the purity of these songs while expanding them to symphonic proportions. After all, it seems Burns endorsed the music publisher George Thomson’s (1757–1851) attempts to bring his work to the attention of classical composers, which resulted in arrangements by Haydn, Beethoven and Hummel.

“Auld Lang Syne” was arranged by the young pianist and conductor Petr Limonov, my mentor and friend. He though hard about the sentiment of this song and settled on a sad, prayer-like dedication. I would like to thank Petr for all his help with this recording. He spent many hours with me, working on the arrangements and structures, and challenging me to better articulate my desires.

Folk Collaborations

Growing up in Scotland, it is impossible to ignore Scottish folk music. Scots are fiercely proud of it, and many still love dancing and listening to it. The importance of the violin in Scottish music is undisputed — a folk band is incomplete without one, fiddle tunes make up an enormous body of reels and jigs, and the violin is a primary

exponent of the intensely soulful yet rarely indulgent slow airs.

Ironically, my own violinistic path didn’t bring me closer to Scottish tradition. In pursuing a classical education, I was encouraged to avoid mixing styles because the physical techniques required are so different. Sure, I knew a few reels and jigs, but my repertoire was not what you would



expect from a Scot whose profession it is to play the violin.

This collaboration has given me the invaluable opportunity to face the challenges of playing Scottish traditional music with some of Scotland's most esteemed folk musicians: Phil Cunningham, Aly Bain and Julie Fowlis. Phil and Julie went far beyond the call of duty in their dedication to this collaboration and I am hugely grateful to them. Throughout the research, rehearsal and recording process, all the musicians including Eamon Doorley (bouzouki), Tony Byrne (guitar), Ewen Vernal (double bass), Duncan Chisholm (fiddle) and James MacIntosh (percussion) created an intense energy of shared community and support. Not uncommon would be Aly Bain rushing into the studio between takes of "The Dean Brig o' Edinburgh", taking my violin from me to demonstrate what needed improving.

With their help and patience, I came a little way towards finding my own place within Scottish folk music. In trying to understand the rhythmic, stylistic and interpretational differences, I felt a disorienting shift in both my mental and physical state. The question quickly became "How far down this road do I go". I came to the same

conclusion as when trying to find my way in the minefield of options in interpreting Baroque music: try it all, research as much as possible, and settle on where your voice lies most comfortably.

The classical and folk story is one of endless collaboration and crossover, shared material and playing techniques. Our education categorises and separates traditions that were never that far apart. The more connections of this nature I discovered, the freer I felt to take liberties.

This feeling of liberation inspired the idea of adding a cadenza (a solo passage allowing freedom to improvise and demonstrate virtuosity) to one of James Scott Skinner's tunes "The Hurricane". Skinner, born in 1843, studied classical violin with the French maestro Charles Rougier, played in orchestras and also worked as a dancing master. He embraced all styles and integrated these discoveries into his own compositions, as you can hear beautifully in "The Dean Brig o' Edinburgh" and "Banks Hornpipe".

"The Dean Brig o' Edinburgh" is a strathspey — a dance in 4/4 time, full of scotch snaps, similar to a hornpipe but slower and more stately. The Scottish East Coast courtliness heard in this dance is fairly common, but the

nuanced rhythm has, over time, encouraged fiddle players to use rubato: not something that's welcome when trying to dance to a strathspey! This signals to me an emphatic shift towards the individual expression of the music and its interpreter, and away from the music's functionality. Equally, the tricky ricochet bowing used in the "Banks Hornpipe" no doubt came from Skinner's classical professor Rougier.

The music of Phil Cunningham features strongly on this album, and it was an honour to record "Aberlady" (named after the town the entire band stayed in during the recording), "The Gentle Light that Wakes Me" and "Hogties" with the man himself.

This tribute to Scottish music would have felt incomplete to me without representing the Gaelic language and culture. Gaelic was the predominant language of Scotland until the end of the eleventh century. By the later Middle Ages, it had retreated to the Highlands and Hebrides, which maintained some degree of independence within the Scottish state. The number of Gaelic speakers today is estimated at just 58,000. "Coisich a rùin" is a waulking song: music that accompanied the practice of waulking cloth (rhythmically

beating newly woven cloth on a table to shrink it) by groups of women. In fact, Julie Fowlis's grandmother was one of the last women to waulk tweed in North Uist. This song is presumably from the Hebrides and tells the tale of a woman's suffering after losing her love to the waves. Julie's incomparable singing reveals the shared strength and vulnerability no doubt felt by many women awaiting the return of their husbands at sea. During the recording sessions Julie and I discussed many aspects of Gaelic culture and language. "Coisich a rùin" exemplifies the way grief is portrayed in Gaelic — raw, unadorned and matter-of-fact, with no attempt at romanticising or poeticising pain. We also discussed the way in which praise and satire are important themes in Gaelic poetry, and how through the use of the negative form in the language, praise can actually be enhanced or exaggerated.

"The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond" is one of Scotland's most-loved tunes. It is often used to bid farewell, and does just that on this album. First published in 1841, this tune has inspired many interpretations from composers and performers over the years. Paul Campbell's arrangement glides through a variety of guises and upholds the versatility of "The Bonnie

Banks". From melancholy to heroic pride, from a rough-and-ready 6/8 reel to classical virtuosity, we hear it all before returning for one last "goodbye". There are many legends surrounding this song, but I most love the old Celtic myth — that the soul of a Scot who dies outside his or her homeland will find its way back home by the spiritual road, or the low road: "You take the high road and I'll take the low road, and I'll be in Scotland afore ye..."

Nicola Benedetti

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BURNS POEMS

AULD ROB MORRIS

There's Auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the King o' gude fellows, and wale o' auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonie lass, his dautie and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning among the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh! she's an Heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
O how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction nae words can express.

**ROBERT BRUCE'S MARCH TO BANNOCKBURN
(SCOTS, WHA HAE)**

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power —
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow! —
Let us do or die!

AE FOND KISS

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met — or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

A RED RED ROSE

O my Luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O my Luve's like the melodie,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only Luve!
And fare-thee-weel, a while!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile!

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?

*For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.*

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

And there's a hand, my trusty fere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.



Robert Burns



SUNG TEXTS

11 MOUTH MUSIC AND TUNES SET

I
Thuir an gobha “Fuirichidh mi!”
S thuir an gobha “Falbhaidh mi!”
Thuir an gobha leis an othail
A bh’air an doras an t-sabhail
Gu rachadh e shuirighe.

‘S a gheala tham bothan am bothan
Pe ho ro bha shin an doicheam
‘S a gheala tham de than an doicheim
Bothan a bh’aig Fionnghala.

Bheirinn fead air fulmairean
Bheirinn fead air falmairean
Liùghannan beaga na mara
Bheireamaid greis air an tarraing
Na maireadh na duirgh dhuinn.

‘S a gheala tham bothan am bothan
Pe ho ro bha shin an doicheam
‘S a gheala tham de than an doicheim
Bothan a bh’aig Fionnghala.

III
Meal do bhrògan, caith do bhrògan
Meal do bhrògan dubha, Nèill
Meal do bhrògan, caith do bhrògan,
Meal do bhrògan dubha, Nèill
Meal do bhrògan, caith do bhrògan
Meal do bhrògan dubha, Nèill

I
The blacksmith said “I’ll wait!”
The blacksmith said “I’ll go!”
The blacksmith said, in the confusion,
Standing in the door of the barn
That he’d go courting.

‘S a gheala tham bothan am bothan
Pe ho ro bha shin an doicheam
‘S a gheala tham de than an doicheim
Bothan a bh’aig Fionnghala.

I’d knock spots off the fulmars
I’d knock spots off the hakes
The little lythes in the sea
We’d spend time hauling them out
If our handlines lasted.

‘S a gheala tham bothan am bothan
Pe ho ro bha shin an doicheam
‘S a gheala tham de than an doicheim
Bothan a bh’aig Fionnghala.

III
Enjoy your shoes, wear your shoes, Neil
Enjoy your black shoes Neil
Enjoy your shoes, wear your shoes, Neil
Enjoy your black shoes Neil
Enjoy your shoes, wear your shoes, Neil
Enjoy your black shoes Neil

Nuair a rachadh i na siubhal
Meal do bhrògan dubha, Nèill.

Tha aon sùil, tha dà shùil air màthair
Nèill duibh
Dà shùil air màthair Nèill
Tha aon sùil, tha dà shùil air màthair
Nèill duibh
Dà shùil air màthair Nèill
Tha aon sùil, tha dà shùil air màthair
Nèill duibh
Dà shùil air màthair Nèill
Nuair a rachadh i na siubhal
Meal do bhrògan dubha, Nèill.

13 COISICH A RÙIN

(Bhon t-seinn aig Catriona
NicDhòmhnaill, Catriona Shomhairle)

Coisich a rùin, hù ill ho rò
Lùb nan geal làmh, o hì a bhò
‘S minig a bha, hù ill ho rò
Mi fo d’ earradh, och hòi reann ò.

‘S minig a bha, hù ill ho rò
Mi fo d’ earradh, o hì a bhò
‘S mi fo chirb, hù ill ho rò
Do bhreacain bhallaich, och hòi reann ò.

‘S mi fo chirb, hù ill ho rò
Do bhreacain bhallaich, o hì a bhò
An lagan uaigneach, hù ill ho rò
Chluain a’ bharrach, och hòi reann ò.

When she’d go searching
Enjoy your black shoes, Neil.

Neil’s mother has one eye, two eyes
Neil’s mother has two eyes
Neil’s mother has one eye, two eyes
Neil’s mother has two eyes
Neil’s mother has one eye, two eyes
Neil’s mother has two eyes
When she’d go searching
Enjoy your black shoes, Neil.

(From the singing of
Catriona MacDonald)

Walk, my beloved, hù ill ho rò
Youth of the white arms, o hì a bhò
Often were we, hù ill ho rò
Under your cover, och hòi reann ò.

Often were we, hù ill ho rò
Under your cover, o hì a bhò
With me beneath, hù ill ho rò
Your tartan plaid, och hòi reann ò.

With me beneath, hù ill ho rò
Your tartan plaid, o hì a bhò
In a lonely valley, hù ill ho rò
In a dell of birch trees, och hòi reann ò.

'N lagan uaigneach, hù ill ho rò
Chluain a' bharrach, o hì a bhò
Siaban nam beann, hù ill ho rò
Sior chuir tharainn, och hòireann o.

Siaban nam beann, hù ill ho rò
Sior chuir tharainn, o hì a bhò
Uisge fìorghlan, hù ill ho rò
Fuarghlan, fallain, och hòireann o.

Uisge fìorghlan, hù ill ho rò
Fuarghlan, fallain, o hì a bhò
'N cois an fhèidh, hù ill ho rò
As àirde langain, och hòireann o.

'N cois an fhèidh, hù ill ho rò
As àirde langain, o hì a bhò
'S mise bhean bhoichd, hù ill ho rò
A th' air mo bhuairleadh, och hòireann o.

'S mise bhean bhoichd, hù ill ho rò
A th' air mo bhuairleadh o hì a bhò
Ma thug Clann Nèill hù ill ho rò
Druim a chuain orr' och hòireann o.

Ma thug Clann Nèill hù ill ho rò
Druim a chuain orr' o hì a bhò
'S nam brataichean hù ill ho rò
Dearg is uaine, och hòireann o.

In a lonely valley, hù ill ho rò
In a dell of birch trees, o hì a bhò
Mist from the mountains, hù ill ho rò
Sweeping over us, och hòireann o.

Mist from the mountains, hù ill ho rò
Sweeping over us, o hì a bhò
Clear water, hù ill ho rò
Cool and healthy, och hòireann o.

Clear water, hù ill ho rò
Cool and healthy, o hì a bhò
Near the deer, hù ill ho rò
Of the loud bellowing, och hòireann o.

Near the deer, hù ill ho rò
Of the loud bellowing, o hì a bhò
I am the poor woman, hù ill ho rò
Who is troubled, och hòireann o.

I am the poor woman, hù ill ho rò
Who is troubled, o hì a bhò
If Clann Nèill (The MacNeils),
hù ill ho rò
Have gone to sea, och hòireann o.

If Clann Nèill (The MacNeils),
hù ill ho rò
Have gone to sea, o hì a bhò
Displaying their fast galleys, hù ill ho rò
With banners red and green,
och hòireann o.

'S nam brataichean, hù ill ho rò
Dearg is uaine, o hì a bhò
Mas e bobhstair, hù ill ho rò
Dhuibh a' ghainneamh, och hòireann o.

Mas e bobhstair, hù ill ho rò
Dhuibh a' ghainneamh, o hì a bhò
Mas e 'n t-slaodach, hù ill ho rò
'S aodach tarraing, och hòireann o.

Mas e 'n t-slaodach, hù ill ho rò
'S aodach tarraing, o hì a bhò
Mas e na sgairbh, hù ill ho rò
Ur luchd faire, och hòireann o.

Mas e na sgairbh, hù ill ho rò
Ur luchd faire, o hì a bhò
Ur coinnealan àrd, hù ill ho rò
Na reultan geala, och hòireann o.

Ur coinnealan àrd, hù ill ho rò
Na reultan geala, o hì a bhò
'S ùr ceòl fìdhle, hù ill ho rò
Gaoir na mara, och hòireann o.

Displaying their fast galleys,
hù ill ho rò
With banners red and green, o hì a bhò
If your mattress, hù ill ho rò
Is of sand, och hòireann o.

If your mattress, hù ill ho rò
Is of sand, o hì a bhò
If seaweed is, hù ill ho rò
Your winding sheet, och hòireann o.

If seaweed is, hù ill ho rò
Your winding sheet, o hì a bhò
If cormorants are, hù ill ho rò
Your watch keepers, och hòireann o.

If cormorants are, hù ill ho rò
Your watch keepers, o hì a bhò
If your tall candles, hù ill ho rò
Are the stars, och hòireann o.

If your tall candles, hù ill ho rò
Are the stars, o hì a bhò
If your fiddle music, hù ill ho rò
Is the loud murmuring of the waves,
och hòireann o.



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Executive Producer: Alexander Van Ingen
Recording Producers: Andrew Walton (1-7, 14); Phil Cunningham,
Julie Fowles, Alexander Van Ingen (8-13)
Recording Engineers: Mike Clements (1-7, 14); Stuart Hamilton (8-13)
Editing Facilities: Castlesound Studios; Matthew Bennett; Abbey Road Studios
Recording Facilities: Castlesound Studios (13-15 January 2014);
K & A Productions (19-21 January 2014)
Recording Editors: Andrew Walton (1-7, 14); Stuart Hamilton (8, 11, 13);
Matthew Bennett, Simon Kiln (9, 10, 12)
Mixing: Andrew Walton (1-7, 14); Stuart Hamilton (8, 11, 13); Jonathan Allen (9, 10, 12)
Recording Locations: City Halls, Glasgow (1-7, 14), Castlesound Studios, Pencaitland (8-13)
Recording Dates: 13-15 & 19-21 January 2014
Mastering: Andrew Walton
Production Coordinator: Sarah Mitchell

Arrangements: Paul Campbell (5, 7, 14); Petr Limonov (6); Nicola Benedetti & Éamon Doorley (8);
Nicola Benedetti & Phil Cunningham (9); Julie Fowles & Phil Cunningham (11/I & III);
Phil Cunningham (11/IV); Julie Fowles, Nicola Benedetti & Éamon Doorley (13)

BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra
Director: Gavin Reid · Senior Producer: Andrew Trinick · Guest Leader: Stephen Bryant

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