

Creggyn Scarleode 26

Scarlet Rocks

Original Tune - Breesha Maddrell - Isle of Man

Arr. Carol Walker

D F#m G A

1+ Fret

6 D F#m G A Em

11 D C G D F#m

16 G A D F#m G

*Breesha wrote her tune in F major; I've transposed it to D major, but have followed her chord suggestions.

Greggyn Scarlodez

21 A D F#m G

25 A Em D C G

30 D G A

34 Em D Dmaj7 G6 C G

Coda

38 D F#m G A

slowing....

On the following pages is a haunting new melody composed in 2009 by Breesha Maddrell, editor of *Kiaull yn Theay 4*. In this wonderful little book, which is chock full of both traditional and modern Manx tunes, she writes the following description about her own tune: "A song full of troubled thoughts but one which looks forward to better times." In Breesha's version, which was written to fit the original lyrics collected in the 1890's, she leaves the ending purposely unresolved, suggesting that everything does not always turn out as we would wish it...

Creggyn Scarlozdz

My chree-lesh seaghyn tooillit,
 My algney trimshey lane,
 My klone jeh cadley spooillit,
 Gyn saveen cheet er m'ayrn.
 My lhie er ynnyd cheddin,
 Yeeearree aash ayns fardail,
 Son naght myr ta ny tonnyn,
 Ta m'aigney foast rouail.

Yn muir lesh goanlys caggey,
 Ta craa ny creggyn foym,
 As sneih lurg sneih er m'aigney
 Cur eh my chree ve trome.
 Ny brooinyn syrjey lhaggit,
 Lesh tonnyn sheer chleih foue,
 T'an cheeayll ain mennick mollit,
 As mooads nyn jerkal mow.

My ta yn sterrym troggal,
 'Sny bodjalyn dyn seiyt,
 T' an aer gaase dhoo as gobhal
 Yn soilshey hed neese veih.
 Myr bleayst goll fo ny lhongyn,
 Ga t'ad jeh darragh jeant,
 Ta'n sehill as mooads ny croneeyn,
 Cur er my chree ve falynt.

Myr shoh er chroshyn smooïnaght,
 Jeh'n creg cloaie mee skee,
 Foast er my lhong veg smooïnaght,
 Te aker ayns my chree ;
 Son cheeayll rnee red myr sonnish,
 Dy bee ain laa caghlaa,
 Bee'n sterrym dew'l shoh harrish,
 As voue mayd sollys hraa.

Scarlet Rocks

My heart with troubles vexèd,
 My mind with grief fillèd,
 My head of sleep despoilèd,
 No slumber comes to me.
 On this same place reclining,
 Desiring rest in vain,
 For just like unto the billows,
 My mind is still roaming.

The sea, warring with malice,
 The rocks beneath me shake,
 And pang on pang in my mind
 Cause my heart heaviness.
 The highest cliffs are loosened,
 By waves quite undermined,
 Our sense is often deceived,
 And our hopes brought to nought.

Before the storm arises,
 And the clouds are unbroke,
 The air grows dark, and hinders
 The light from coming down.
 Like shells the ships go under,
 Though they are made of oak,
 The world and all its troubles.
 Make my heart to be faint.

Thus on my crosses musing,
 Of the stony rock I 'm tired,
 Still on my small ship thinking,
 Its anchor in my heart ;
 I heard as by a whisper,
 That we will have a change,
 When this fierce storm is over,
 We'll have a brighter time.

From *Manx Ballads*, 1896