

Sea buckthorn

words by Helen Cruickshank

music by Michael Buck

♩ = 50

Choir 1

mf 1. Saut an' cru-el winds tae shear it, Nichts o' haar an' rain - - -
mf 2. Daith an' dule will stab ye sure-ly, Be ye man or wife,

Choir 2

p Woo - - - ssshhh, woo - - - ssshhh, *sim.* woo - - -
 Hm, hm, hm, hm, hm,

7

Ye micht think the sal-low buck-thorn Ne'er a hairst could hain;
 Mo-ny trauch-les an' mis-chan-ces In ilk weird are rife;

ssshhh, woo - - - ssshhh, woo - - - ssshhh,
 hm, hm, hm, hm, hm,

sea buckthorn 2

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mp But a - mang the sea - bleached branch - es Ash - en - grey as pain,
f Bide the storm ye can - na hin - der, Min - din' through the strife,

woo - - - sssh, woo - - - sssh, woo -
 hm, hm, hm, hm, hm,

19

cresc. (v.1) Thorn - set o - range ber - ries clus - ter *f* Fla - min', beau - ty - fain.
dim. (v.2) Hoo the lun - tin' lowe o' beau - ty *p* Lichts the grey o' life.

ssshh, woo - - - sssh, woo - - - sssh.
 hm, hm, hm, hm, hm.