

# Sea buckthorn

words by Helen Cruickshank

music by Michael Buck

♩ = 50

*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,

*p* Woo - - - ssshhh, woo - - - ssshhh, woo - - - *simile*  
Hm, hm, hm, hm, hm,

7  
Ye micht think the sal-low buck-thorn Ne'er a hairst could hain;  
Mo-ny trach-les an' mis-chan-ces In ilk weird are rife;

7  
ssshhh, woo - - - ssshhh, woo - - - ssshhh,  
7  
hm, hm, hm, hm, hm,

13

*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,

13

woo - - - ssshhh, woo - - - ssshhh, 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.

19

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