

The wee sma' glen

words by Marion Angus

music by Frances Cockburn

$\bullet = 82$

SA

mf 1. The wa - ter dreeped frae stane tae stane, The
(*soli*) *mf* 2. It was - na when she pu'ed the briar Nor
(*tutti*) *pp* 3. The whis - per gaed frae hill tae hill, The

TB

wild rose bloomed and dee'd its lane, But lip tae praise it
lauched tae see the row - ans' fire, But when her e'en grew
ve - ry herps o' Heaven grew still; God mind - ed on the

(v.3)

(v.3)

7

there was nane, *mp* Till Ma - ry cam' tae the Wee Sma' Glen.
saft and weet *pp* At sights ower fair and soonds ower sweet.
Wee Sma' Glen, *pp* And kenned it was - na wrocht in vain.