

The Sobbing of the Spey

3

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Adagio

(With free declamation)

Voice

1. 'Tis the sob-bing of the Spey, Like the
2. Oh! the chil-dren of her fame Who re -

Piano

6

wea-ry voice a - cry-ing Of a moth-er, lone and grey, For her lost ones ev - er sigh -
-turn to tell her nev-er That their love is still the same For their own ro-man-tic ri -

10

- ing; And where skies of sapphires glis-ten In the lands be-yond the main, There are
- ver; From the bonds of wealth ca - ressing, 'Mid the waste-lands and the green, How they

mf *f* *colla parte*

straining ears that list - en As the voice goes out a - gain *a tempo* "Bring me
fain would seek a blessing From the reg - al Mou - tain Queen. But the

back my sons and daugh - ters, Chil - dren of a van - ished day; For the
spir - it of the wa - ters Still is call - ing "Come a - way;" And there's

sor - rows haunt the wa - ters In the sob - - - bing of the Spey."
grief for sons and daugh - ters In the sob - - - bing of the Spey.

26

f

pp

3. There's a crying in the night Like a note of sadness straying; Is there

30

pp *pento*

ear can hear a right What the waft-ed voice is say - - - ing? Few there

34

Largamente

be who know, but rather Turn them to the world-ly thrall; Yet wher - ev - er Scots-men gather They can

37

dim. *mf*

hear that home-land call. Say-ing ev - er, say-ing ev - er "Sons and

41

daugh-ters, why thus faith-less do ye stray, While the sor-rows haunt the wa-ters In the

46

sob - - - bing of the Spey?"

p

53

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