

(The) day will rise

The Song of George Campbell Hay

The poem *Song* by George Campbell Hay is his English version of his own Gaelic poem *Òran*, and is here slightly adapted by John MacNeill for singing to a MacNeill tune.

The **day** _ will **rise** and the **sun** from **east-ward**,
the _ **mist** in its **rays** _ from **marsh** and **plain**,
the _ **dew** _ will **rise** from the **bend-ing branch-es**;
och, _ **when** will my **own** _ heart **rise** [_] a-gain?
For a **treasure shines** on the **head** that **haunts** me
like _ **old kings' vaults** or the **spoils** [_] of **Spain**,
is the gold _ hair **fall-ing a- bout** her **shoul-ders**,
the _ **red** _ gold **pour-ing** like **burn-ing** _ **rain**.

Her **mouth** is the **sun** _ through **red** wine **shin-ing**,
her _ **lips** that are **tend-er** and **fine** with **pride**,
so _ **white** is the **neck** where the **ring-lets clust-er**,
like a **white** _ stone **un-der** the **run**[_]- ning **tide**,
like a **burst** of **sun** _ on **brok-en wat-er**,
when the **mad** wind **scat-ters** the **spin** [_]- drift **wide**,
or the **drift**_ing **snow** that the **wind** is **blow-ing**,
swirl-ing, **whisp-er-ing**, **cold** on the **bare** hill- _ **side**.

By **night** _ I **trav-elled** rough **lone-ly plac-es**,
and _ **down** by Garv- **alt** _ I **took** my **way**,
till I **reached** _ at **dawn-ing** the **rock-y sum-mit**
a_ - **bove** _ the **town** where my **darl**[_]- ing **lay**,
the _ **stars** were **fad-ing**, the **sky** was **pal-ing**,
the _ **cock** told **loud** in her **home** [_] of **day**,
I _ **saw** _ the **smoke** from her **hearth-stone ris-ing**,
I _ **wept** _ and **sigh-ing** I **turned** a- _ **way**.

From **show-er-y mead-ows** the **wind** comes **soft-ly**
with a **scent** _ of **blos-soms** and **tend-er grass**;
how _ **heart-some** the **breez-es** from **nar-row val-leys**,
bog _ **myr-tle** and **heath-er** they **breathe** [_] and **pass**;
but the **south** wind **sing-ing** that **comes** to **lull** us
from _ **sleep-y hill-sides** and **seas** [_] of **glass**,
now _ **brings** to me **thoughts** _ of **care** and **sor-row**
spill-ing out of the **airt** _ where **dwells** my _ **lass**, where **dwells** my (_) **lass**.

Notes:

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Syllables in bold are sung on the first beat of the bar. Hyphens separate the syllables of multi-syllable words. An underscore indicates a further note for the previous syllable. Underscores in square brackets apply to the tune but not to the harmony part. The underscore in round brackets is for the harmony part only. The repetition in the last line applies only if the coda is being sung. MacNeill's additions are in red – this version 26 November 2015. Hay's *Song* is in black, and is here complete.

Garvalt is a burn flowing into Skipness River in Kintyre.

[Addition to verse one line one changed on 9 Aug 2017.]