

SEA WRACK.

THE wrack was dark an' shiny where it floated in the sea,
There was no one in the brown boat but only him an' me;
Him to cut the sea wrack, me to mind the boat,
An' not a word between us the hours we were afloat.

The wet wrack,
The sea wrack,
The wrack was strong to cut.

We laid it on the grey rocks to wither in the sun,
An' what should call my lad then, to sail from Cushendun?
With a low moon, a full tide, a swell upon the deep,
Him to sail the old boat, me to fall asleep.

The dry wrack,
The sea wrack,
The wrack was dead so soon.

There' a fire low upon the rocks to burn the wrack to kelp,
There' a boat gone down upon the Moyle, an' sorra one to help!
Him beneath the salt sea, me upon the shore,
By sunlight or moonlight we'll lift the wrack no more.

The dark wrack,
The sea wrack,
The wrack may drift ashore.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

(By kind permission of the Authoress.)

Note — The Sea Wrack is a kind of sea-weed common on British shores. People go out in boats to cut and gather it; it is then laid on the rocks to dry, after which it is burnt to "kelp," a substance used for chemical purposes.

SEA WRACK.

Words by
MCIRA O'NEILL.
From "Songs of the Glens of Antrim" (by permission)

Music by
HAMILTON HARTY.

Lento ma con moto.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is for the Voice, starting with a treble clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics begin with "The.... wrack was dark an'". The middle staff is for the Piano, with a treble clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is also for the Piano, with a bass clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics continue through three more staves: "shi - ny where it float - ed in the sea," followed by "There was", and finally "no one in the brown boat but on - ly him an'..... me;". The piano part includes various dynamics like *p* (piano) and *f* (forte), and performance markings like *3* over a measure. The vocal line is melodic, with some slurs and grace notes.

Him to cut the sea wrack, me to mind the boat, An'

not a word be - tween us the hours we were a - float. The

wet wrack, The sea wrack, The wrack was strong to cut.....

We laid it on the

grey rocks to wither in the sun,
An' what should call my

lad then, to sail from Cush-en-dun?
With a low moon, a

full tide, a swell up-on the deep,
Him to sail the

old boat, me to fall a-sleep.
The

dry wrack, The Sea wrack, The wrack was dead so
sempre pp

agitato *molto accel.*
 soon. There' a fire low up -

cresc molto. *mf* *fed.*

- on the rocks to burn the wrack to
cresc.

kelp, There' a boat gone down up -
f

on the Moyle, an' sor-ra one to

help! Him be - neath the

cresc molto.

salt sea, me up - on the

L.H.

shore, By

sf

sec.

sf *

pp

sun - light or moon - light we'll lift the wrack no more. The
una corda.
8

dark wrack, The sea wrack,
pp *cresc.*
tre corde.

The wrack may drift a - shore
L.H.
ff

dim. *p* *L.H.* *pp*