

The Simonside Walker

Arranged: Graham Stacy

Verse 5

Duncan Carlisle

I've seen these hills at sum - mer noons In mist and rain and sun-shine bright

Seen these hills Mist rain sun

6
Been there when the win-ter moon Turned rime frost in - to el - fin lights _____

When the moon El - fin lights _____

The musical score is written in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment line on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line. The first system contains the first two lines of lyrics. The second system starts with a measure number '6' and contains the next two lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of simple chords and single notes that support the vocal melody.

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Arranged: Graham Stacy

Learned from the singing of Graham Dick

Duncan Carlisle

Mis - ty blue from low - er vale And high a - bove the ri - ver ride

Mis - ty blue from low - er vale And high a - bove the ri - ver ride

Mis - ty blue from low - er vale And high a - bove the ri - ver ride

Mis - ty blue from low - er vale And high a - bove the ri - ver ride

5

Pride of all the Co - quet Dale The bon - ny hills of Si - mon - side

Pride of all the Co - quet Dale The bon - ny hills of Si - mon - side

Pride of all the Co - quet Dale The bon - ny hills of Si - mon - side

Pride of all the Co - quet Dale The bon - ny hills of Si - mon - side

9

LAST TIME ONLY

The bon - ny hills of Si - mon - side

The bon - ny hills of Si - mon Si - mon - side

The bon - ny hills of Si - mon Si - mon - side

The bon - ny hills of Si - mon Si - mon - side

The Simonside Walker

Misty blue from lower vale
And high above the river ride,
Pride of all the Coquet Dale,
The bonny hills of Simonside.

Long ago I took their lure
And many miles fell to my stride,
From Dardon Lough to Garleigh Moor,
I wandered free on Simonside.

Their wild places call me still,
Selby's Cove and Caud Hole Moss,
Grey Mare Crag 'nd Tosson Hill,
The sad remains of Great Steng Cross.

On the Ravens Heugh I've stayed
To watch th' evening shadows steal
And like a bird survey'd the world,
High over lonely Wolfershiel.

I've seen these hills at summer noons,
In mist and rain or sunshine bright
And been there when the winter moon
Turned rime frost into elfin lights.

Misty blue from lower vale
And high above the river ride,
Pride of all the Coquet Dale,
The bonny hills of Simonside.