


Song of the Yorkshire Dales

Poem F. W. Moorman

Trad tune arr. Janet Russell

Alto 

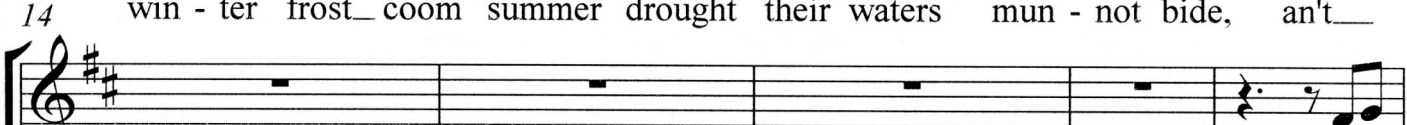
- 1) A__ song I sing o't York-shire Dales that wind from t'moors t'
2) bon - ny are_our dales i' March when't cur-lews take to't
3) East-ward ho! Is't_ song o't gales as theys sweep power fell an

5 

sea, __ From't breast o't fells where cloud racks sails their becks flow me r r i - ly __ Their
moors, __ There's rud-dy buds on iv - ry larch, prim ros es don their floors, but
lea, __ And East-ward ho! Is t' song o't dales that wind frae't moorst' sea. __ Coom

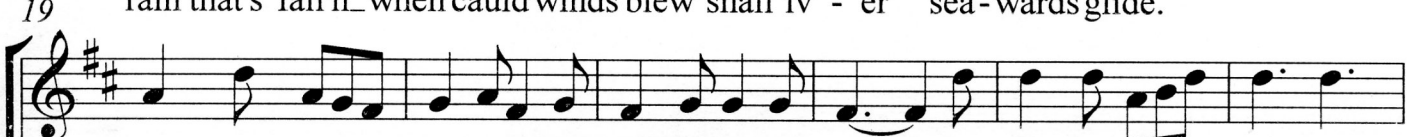
10 

banks are breet wi' moss an' broom, an' sweet is t'scent o't thyme. You can
bonn - ier yet __ when't Aug ust sun leets up yon plats_ o' ling, An'
win - ter frost_ coom summer drought their waters mun - not bide, an't__

14 

A. 

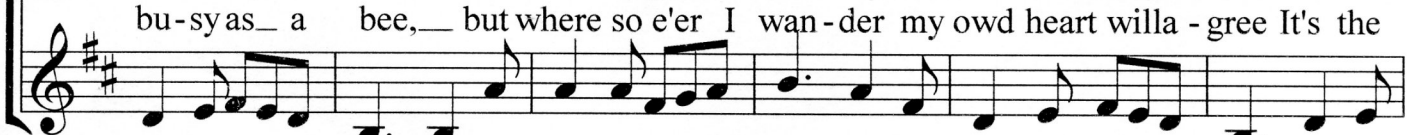
Oh__
hark to't bees_ soft drea - my soom in't fox-glove bells an't lime.
gert white fish - es lowp an' scun where t'weirs ower t'water hing
rain that's fall'n_ when cauld winds blew shall iv - er sea-wards glide.

19 

A. 

Swaledale's good for hor_ses an' Wens la dill for cheese An' Aire dill folk are bu - sy

25 

A. 

bu-sy as_ a bee, __ but where so e'er I wan-der my owd heart willa - gree It's the

31 

high high hills of Cra-ven where I'll al-ways long to be. 1.2. 3. be.

A. 

- 2) Re - et
3) Oh__