

The Hills of Kerry

Marjorie L. C. Hickthall

Olev Speaks

Highland 1917 100 pages

100 pages

100



High Voice

To Mr. Alfred Rogerson Barrington



Low Voice

3

The Hills of Kerry

Poem by MARJORIE L.C. PICKTHALL *

OLEY SPEAKS

Moderato *slowly*

There's a star a-bove the cañ-on and the

mournfully

ear - ly wind is sweet; And all the peaks o' Par - a - dise are

ten. ten.

laid be - fore my feet. But, oh, I'm wea - ry, wea - ry, and they

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will not let me be The mist - y Ker - ry head - land run - nin'

west-ward to the sea, run-nin' west-ward to the sea.

Oh some has hearts less faith - ful and some has souls more brave And

sure be-side these lands they'd lie as low as a - ny grave, But it's

ten. ten.

I that's wea - ry, wea - ry, and they will not let me rest, The

rall

lit - tle hills o' Ker - ry run - nin' out - ward to the west, run - nin'

Like sighing

out - ward to the west, Ah, Ah, The

Slower to end

lit - tle hills o' Ker - ry run - nin' out - ward to the sea.

p *pp*