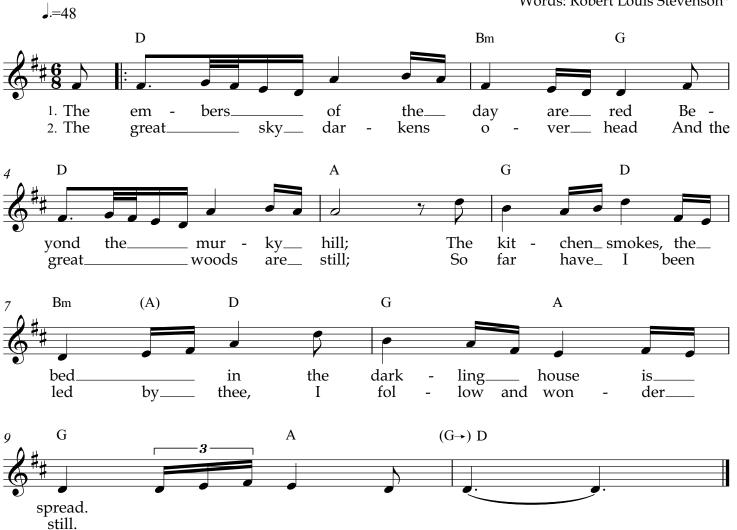
Evensong (The Bays of Harris)

Trad. Scottish Slow Air Words: Robert Louis Stevenson*



- 3. The breeze from the embalmed land Blows sudden toward the shore, And claps my cottage door. I hear / the signal, and I understand.
- 4. The night at thy command comes O'er the Bay of Harris' shore So far have I been led by thee I will not question more.