

The Song of the Golden Gorse

'Ellan Vannin veg veen' - There is always gold on cushags there.

Manx Saying.

Sheikh Abdullah Quilliam

J. Townsend

Cheerfully ♩ = 96

Baritone 

4
1. I tell you I'm Queen of the Moun-tain I feel a spoilt_ beau-ty's
2. The ra - vine and glen a - dor - ning High up on some ro - cky

Bar. 

9
pride_ As I peer from reed-lined foun-tain Gem of shi-ning wa - ter - side By the
ledge Your ef-forts to reach me scor-ning I cling close to moss-bound edge In a

Bar. 

13
banks of the run ning wa - ters With a glo-rious gol - den sheen_ Thus do I
pa - lace of na-ture's buil- ding My throne on the scarped cliff keen_ Like the sun_

Bar. 

of fair Mo-na's daugh ters_ Long reign as the Moun-tain Queen.
beams side bright gild- ing I reign as the Moun-tain Queen.

1. I tell you I'm Queen of the Mountain,
I feel a spoilt beauty's pride
As I peer from reed-lined fountain,
Gem of shining waterside.
By the banks of the running waters,
With a glorious golden sheen,
Thus do I of Fair Mona's daughters
Long reign as the Mountain Queen.

2. The ravine and glen adorning,
High up on some rocky ledge;
Your efforts to reach me, scorning,
I cling close to moss-bound edge.
In a palace of nature's building,
My throne on the scarped cliff keen,
Like the sunbeams, side bright gilding,
I reign as the Mountain Queen.

3. From my mountain home you'd tear me,
For the girl whose love you prize:
Nor less is the love you bear me,
In the kindling of bright eyes.
But whether by stream or in bower,
Or in Manx bride's nosegay seen,
You call me the brightest flower,
And say I'm the Mountain Queen.

4. When the raging storms of winter
Madly rush over my head,
Deeper still my roots will enter,
And grow in their turfy bed,
Till the summer's bright sun returning
To me a new life will mean,
And then once more you'll be yearning
To capture the Mountain Queen.