

COIRE NA CREICHE.

The image displays five staves of musical notation for the song 'Coire na Creiche'. Each staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 3/4. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style using quarter and eighth notes. The first staff contains the first line of music, the second and third staves continue the melody, the fourth staff shows a slight change in rhythm with a dotted quarter note, and the fifth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line.

Notation by ALICE S. R. MACLENNAN.

“ My last climbing day in Skye was a fitting end to a glorious spell among the Cuillin. My companion of the Lota Corrie adventure and I had spent a long day in a pageant of colour in Coire na Creiche, exploring among the rocks of Coire Tairneilear and among the Fairy Pools in Allt Coir' a' Mhadaidh. Our day was over, and we were lying in the warm sunshine, among the softly coloured heather and russet grass, gazing up towards the lovely peaks bathed in golden light, the shadows of clouds drifting over them taking on strange shapes and forms. No sound was heard but the soft lisp of water, the whispering of little wandering winds

COIRE NA CREICHE.

Oh, Bruach na Frithe looms high o'er the corrie
All russet and gold in the westering glow.
The Pools of the Fairies are blue in the sunlight ;
The red of the rowan is mirrored below.

Coire na Creiche.

The peaks are aflame in the fire of the sunset ;
The shadows are grey in the corries below.
The song of the waters is hushed into silence ;
The call of the raven comes softly and low.

Coire na Creiche.

The grey gauze of evening is dimming the glories
Of storm-shattered crests in the slender moon's light.
The peace that enfolds us with comfort and healing
Comes soft on the star-studded velvet of night,

Coire na Creiche.

Oh, Coire na Creiche of the mystical beauties,
Where songs of the fairies come softly and low ;
And peaks creep together to hold whispered converse
And tell of the secrets Man never can know.

Coire na Creiche.

HUGH D. WELSH.

among the grass and heather, and the soft call of a raven. There was a wonder and an unearthly glory about that evening light, with the sky radiant with the magic of sapphire, gold, rose and emerald, and the slender crescent of new moon silver against the glory. I was lost in contemplation and was so played upon by the magic beauty of the treasures around me that chords had been touched and the vibrations had been taking form. And so came to life an air we called 'Coire na Creiche.'"

(C.C.J., Vol. XV, p. 159.)