

Over the Bay

♩ = 120

Anne Gregson

As I look o - ver the bay the mor - ning air is clear

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so ver - y clear, I can see all the hous - es of Grange and the

12
high moun - tain range be - hind the small hills, and the

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tops of the mount - ains are cov - ered with snow. in the

21
| 1.
wat - er - y sun - light they spark - le and glow

As I look over the bay the morning air is clear, so very clear
I can see all the houses of Grange,
And the high mountain range behind the small hills.
And the tops of the mountains are covered with snow,
In the watery sunlight they sparkle and glow.

As I look far out to sea the hills tail off to lands I rarely can see.
There are chimneys of factories
And vaguely, maybe - maybe I can see
The shape of an island - I think it's that island,
There's a ship near the island - the island of birds.

And somewhere in that land there lives a bonny lad who'll come and see me.
And he'll come and see me today,
Through woods and round the bay, just to see me.
And he'll come and see me, and see me today,
Through the woods and round the bay, just to see me.