

## Sea Wrack

Text by *Moirá O'Neill* (Molly Keane) (1904-1996) [Irish], from *Songs of the Glens of Antrim* (1922)

Set by *Sir (Herbert) Hamilton Harty* (1879-1941) [Irish]

**The wrack was dark an' shiny where it floated in the sea,**  
[ðɫ ræk waz dɑ:k æn 'ʃa:ɪ.ni mɛr ɪt 'flo:ʊt.ɪd ɪn ðɫ si]

**There was no one in the brown boat but only him an' me;**  
[ðɛɹ waz no:ʊ wʌv ɪn ðɫ bra:ʊn bo:ʊt bʌt 'o:ʊn.li hɪm æn mi]

Him to cut the sea wrack, me to mind the boat,  
An' not a word between us the hours we were afloat.  
The wet wrack,  
The sea wrack,  
The wrack was strong to cut.

We laid it on the grey rocks to wither in the sun,  
An' what should call my lad then, to sail from Cushendun?  
With a low moon, a full tide, a swell upon the deep,  
Him to sail the old boat, me to fall asleep.  
The dry wrack,  
The sea wrack,  
The wrack was dead so soon.

There'(s) a fire low upon the rocks to burn the wrack to kelp,  
There'(s) a boat gone down upon the Moyle, an' sorra one to help!  
Him beneath the salt sea, me upon the shore,  
By sunlight or moonlight we'll lift the wrack no more.  
The dark wrack,  
The sea wrack,  
The wrack may drift ashore.

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The entire text to this title with the complete  
IPA transcription is available for download.

*Thank you!*

