

The Land We Love

Ken Johnston

for unaccompanied SATB voices

Words by Will H. Ogilvie

and used with the kind permission of his great-granddaughter, Catherine Reid

W. H. Ogilvie (1869-1963) was born and brought up near Kelso in the Scottish borders. When he was 20, he went to Australia to work. While there he had many poems published. In his 30's he returned to Scotland and settled in the borders, where he continued to write. There are memorial cairns to him in Bourke, Australia and on the road to Roberton in the Scottish borders.

Composed January 2003

Duration of piece: 5' 30"

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Poem - Will H. Ogilvie

Music - Ken Johnston

Flowing but not hurried ♩ = 90

S
A
T
B

pp mm mp
Just a line of blue

10
pp mm p
hills to re-mem-ber: Just a val-ley one fails to for-get, Whe-ther

17
mm oo
bound with the gold of Sep-tem-ber Or with jewels of mid-sum-mer set! Just a

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25 (no breath)

fringe of dark wood-land and cop- pice, Just a rib- bon of ri- ver and stream For a

33 (stagger breathing) (no breath) *pp*

hem to the corn - fields whose pop - pies Burn soft as a rose in a dream! mm

41 *p* *p* *mp* *p*

Just a sweep of marsh-

49

moor-land and hea-ther, Just a brae where the black-fa-ces climb, Just a Just a brae where the black-fa-ces climb, ah

mp (melody) *p*

56

ah And the burns out of Che-vi-ot chime! loch where the grey gulls for-ga-ther And the burns out of Che-vi-ot chime! And the burns out of Che-vi-ot chime!

cresc. *mf* *mf* (melody) *mf*

63

oo oo oo oo Just a glen where the wild-duck and phea-sant Find a shel-ter-ing nook from the oo oo

mp *mf* *mp*

70 *mf* (melody) *mp*

Just a peel-tower that stoops to the Pre-sent With the le-gend and

mf *p*

Just a peel-tower that stoops to the Pre-sent oo

mf *p*

blast, Just a peel-tower that stoops to the Pre-sent oo

mf *p*

Just a peel-tower that stoops to the Pre-sent oo

77 *p*

lore of the Past! mm mm

p mm mm

p mm mm

p mm mm

86 *mf* (melody) *mf*

Just an ab-bey that, ru-ined and hoa-ry And racked with the reign of the

mf

Just an ab-bey that, ru-ined and hoa-ry And racked with the reign of the

mf

Just an ab-bey that, ru-ined and hoa-ry And racked with the reign of the

mf

Just an ah racked with the reign of the

93

years, _____ Tells a mys-tic and mar-vel-lous sto-ry _____ That breaks on the si-lence like

years, _____ Tells a mys-tic and mar-vel-lous sto-ry _____ That breaks on the si-lence like

years, _____ Tells a mys-tic and mar-vel-lous sto-ry _____ That breaks on the si-lence like

years, _____ Tells a mys-tic and mar-vel-lous sto-ry _____ That breaks on the si-lence like

101

tears! _____ oo _____ *p*

tears! _____ oo _____ *p*

tears! _____ oo _____ *p*

tears! _____ Just a for-tress, per-haps, or a fast-ness, _____ Just a bridge or a grave or a *mp*

109

_____ That has saved from Time's in-finite vast-ness _____ Some tale half as old as Time's *mp* *div.* *unis.*

_____ ah _____

_____ ah _____

stone, _____ ah _____ *p*

117

own! mm mm There's a

127

spell in this Land of the Mar- ches, In this Bor- der that gave us our birth, In this

135

spot where the Hea- ven's wide arch is Spread blue o'er the best of the earth! 'Tis the ah ah ah

143

shrine where our hearts keep re-turn-ing _____ Wher-e-ver our feet may be led; _____

cresc.

150

_____ All our love on that al-tar lies burn-ing, _____ All our song-wreaths a-round it are

f *mp* *poco rit.*

mf *p*

ah mm

ah mm

ah mm

157

spread. _____ mm mm

pp *rit.*

mm mm

mm mm

mm mm