'As the very rocks themselves'

PROGRAMME NOTE

On December 12th 1988, four young men from the Hebridean island of Iona were lost at sea on their way back from a dance in the mainland village of Bunessan. Donald Atkinson's text is based on this event and draws on a remarkable piece of journalism by Max MacLeod published in 'The Independent' on December 15th 1988.

The headline of Max MacLeod's article is thus:

'The Lost Sons of Iona'

Hay, Kirkpatrick, Dougal, MacFayden - 'They we're as much a part of the island as the very rocks themselves'.

The article ends:

At this moment on Iona the tiny community is suffering a downturn in its fortunes. The school is under threat of closure. The people are suffering from bad seasons in tourism and farming while the price of housing is now equal to that in London. But the community will survive. It will survive because it is built from people like the ones who were lost on Saturday night. Decent, hard working people who are prepared to take a risk. People who love the place. People who deserve our admiration. Let our prayers be with them this Christmas.

'As the very rocks themselves' intended for ambitious amateur choirs like the Hepton Singers and is dedicated to them. During a brief period last year when I stood in for Roger Scaife as director of the Hepton's I found it difficult to find pieces of substantial length around which shorter works might be placed. I have always found concerts comprising of long strings of madrigal length pieces a little tiresome. 'As the very rocks themselves' is an attempt to provide a substantial piece and the running time is around 20 minutes. There is a small but significant spatial element to the work, with some singers placed offstage.

The piece was commissioned by the Hepton Singers with funds made available form Yorkshire and Humberside Arts Association to whom I am grateful.

'As the very rocks themselves'

Iona: 12th December 1998

White Bird

A white bird has flown from grey hills away; by the sea-loch, lover stands dreaming.

A snell wind has blown from the skerries all day; of his dark wound the Silkie lies bleeding.

Their bight faces gone on the waters astray; with fulmar and blackback wheeling.

White bird alone to the far hills away; from the sea-loch, tide-water streaming.

Loose threads of cotton drawn through a cloud; the grey goose, the grey-lag are flying

Against that green island five fishermen rowed; in the tide-run, the silver-folk gleaming.

Frost in the sunlight, smoke in the air; flower of the hazel glade leaving.

Strands of torn linen drawn through a cloud; the white swans, the white swans flying. Bob Hay, Davy Kirkpatrick,
Ally Dougal, Logie MacFadyen,
do you see the red boats dancing
over the Sound of Iona?
Bob Hay, Davy Kirkpatrick,
Ally Dougal, Logie MacFadyen,
do you see the seagulls prancing
over the Sound of Iona?

Night

Night: whisper of hoar-frost on the grass,
Over the round hill, the moon-horse shakes a silver hoof.
Stars fall: and the Waggoner's child puts out a hand to catch them.
Wheels creak on the axle-tree, as the earth turns.

The Round Dance at Bunessan

With your git row, in the round dance at Bunessan, this moment take her by the left hand, then you turn her with the other, and only that moment, a second perhaps, before she moves on.

And then you are looking across, to measure, as she comes round, how long it will be before that will happen again.

And now you are looking as well at those in between, and pleasant to see how some of them, old or young, are beautiful too, whose hands you will take in passing as they come round.

And now you are thinking,
if you could break the chain
and draw her, when she comes round, to the centre,
if you could hold her there, as the dance goes round,
then the moment would last for ever,
lovely sound of Iona - lonely sound of Iona
but the others won't let you.

Under the Moon

Under the moon the small boat dances over the Sound of Iona.
Under the moon the bright wave dances over the Sound of Iona.

And the five men shout as they go, they sing, at the plunging stars, at the swung moon.

Till clouds darken, the flung squall blinds them, and a freak wave tumbles the boat like Leviathan,

A young girl howls in a caravan. On the rocks a blue kagoul.

They say the sea forgives, but the rocks are merciless.

Fa'doon

Boats on the lee shore, but gone are the fisherman, away from the island, away from the green holm.

Silent the keel-row, the songs would sing there, the girls and the men, who laughed as they worked so hard.

Fa'doon is the great house, a door left ajar there, Fa'doon is the place for an old man alone now. There where the grass grows, through the stones of the yard, there went my girl, with a song for the milking.

Lost is that tall ship, with her sails in the white clouds.

Lost is the snow-goose, that swam on the grey loch.

Dulled is the gold gleam on the scales of the herring.

The gulls will have oil for a shroud, when the tide turns.

Down-fallen the stone wall, in the ben of the blacksmith. The fire is gone out now, gone out, and the hearth cold.

Broken the mill wheel, by the rush of the burn.

And broken the wings of the swan, on the bright wire.

As the very rocks themselves

White Bird











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The Round Dance at Bunessan















B. as she comes round





























Fa'doon











