

Christinn

C Em F Am C Am

7 C G7 C Em F D

14 C Am G C

1. Soft be thy pathway and light be thy stepping,
Sweet be the song on thy lips, Christinn.
Lone on the hillside, thy lover is lying
And pale is the hue of his cheek, Christinn.
2. The bird in the woodland the trout in the river,
The deer on the hillside are fair, Christinn,
But he who was fairer lies low in the bracken,
He's emptied his heart of his cares, Christinn.
3. Bright blow the flowers by clear, winding cutty
Like bonnie white clouds in the blue, Christinn,
But their glory at noontide is darkened with mourning,
For joys that can never return, Christinn.

"Christinn" is a song from Scotland. I have been unable to track this beyond Gordon Bok's note in his book. It has a lovely melody and tragic words but that is all I can find so far.

It was printed in Gordon Bok's **Time and the Flying Snow** and recorded by him on **Turning Toward the Morning**.

Gordon Bok sings this in a medley with "Kirsteen" which is also in this Celtic section.