ance, comes up solid and strong here, with ear-pleasing harmonies and solos. And if what Robert Frost said is true, that “a poet begins in delight and ends in wisdom”, then these are true poets. There is no shortage of wisdom here.

Bill Gallaher

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I was so curious about the “at least a dozen” typographical errors and omissions on the lyric sheet [of Sunsets I’ve Galloped Into . . . – see review, 23:1, p. 18] that I went back to it with Archie’s handwritten notes. I did find one that I had missed in the proofreading, an “r” left out in the first word of the last verse in “All That You Ask”, which I hadn’t noticed before. There was another that I had spotted earlier, but too late to change it on the first pressing. In Archie’s introductory notes there was an “s” added to Eastfield that shouldn’t have been there. As for the rest, I typed the lyrics just as Archie had written them. When Archie saw the finished product, the only typo he noted was the additional “s”.

Bill Gallaher
The reason the words for “The Black Horse” were omitted was because Archie didn’t provide them. It is kind of difficult doing things long distance when a musician is travelling constantly and time is of the essence. Archie’s recitation was perfectly clear, so we provided the title and left it at that. I wasn’t about to tackle trying to spell correctly the names of all of the places in Scotland. That would be like asking someone in Scotland to correctly spell names like Musquodoboit, Grand-Étang, Havre Boucher, Ecum Secum or Whyecomagh, if some brave Nova Scotian wrote a poem naming these places and recorded the poem in Scotland.

The words for the Laird of Udny on Off the Map were omitted for the same reasons.

Valerie Rogers

Départ Pour Les Îles

Je pars pour un voyage, suivant l’étoil’ du nord.
Je vois mon équipage, il est ancré z-au port.
Il faut hisser les voiles; grand Dieu! quel triste sort.
Prie Dieu pour moi la belle, pour qu’ je revienne encore.

Quand tu s’ras dessur ces îles, sur ces îles bien z-éloignées,
Tu voleras ces bell’s Canadiennes qui te charmeront le coeur;
Et moi, fill’ malheureuse, je serai la délaissée.
Que l’amour est bien trompeuse quand on est bien z-éloigné.

Lisette, oh! ma Lisette, souviens-toi quoi j’ t’ai promis.
Je te le répète encore auparavant de partir.
Sois moî fidèlé et sage, la bell’ conserv’ moi dans ton coeur.
Au retour de mon voyage, la bell’ je f’rai ton bonheur.