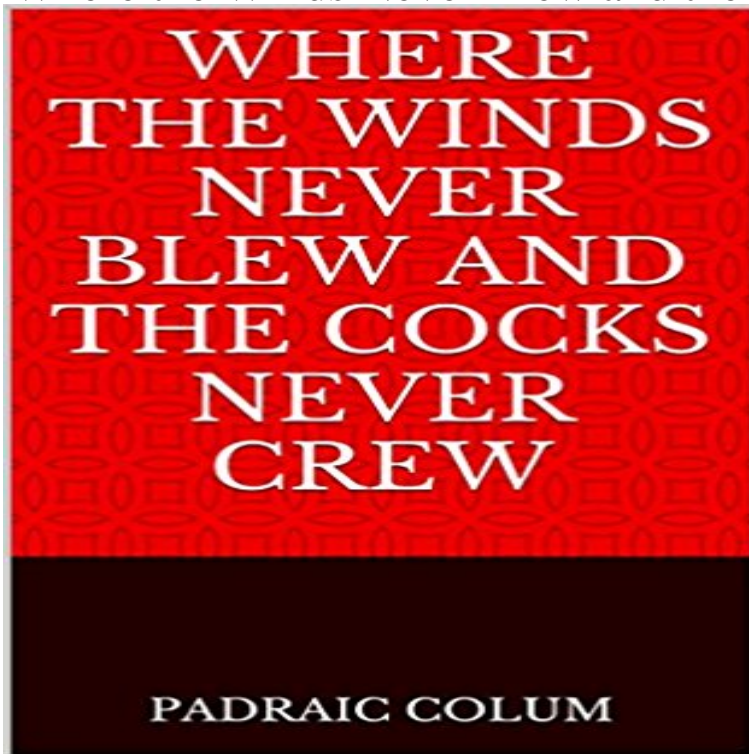


Where the Winds Never Blew and the Cocks Never Crew



Once on a time there was an Old Woman who made brooms (only she called them besoms) out of the heather that grew on the mountain. To the very top of this mountain she went one day, gathering her heather; and when she looked down, the other side of the mountain seemed so much nicer than the side she lived on that the Old Woman kept going down and never turning back. And when she got to the bottom, she found friends there; and they treated her so well that she had no need to gather heather nor to make and sell besoms any more. There were creatures in and about the house the Old Woman left behind her. There was a cat whose name was Tibbie, a dog whose name was Gruff, a goose whose name was Old Mother Gabble; there was a guinea hen whose name was Speckie, a lone pigeon whose name was Croodie, and a goat who had no name at all. And besides these there was a wren who lived in the thatch of the Old Womans house and a cricket who lived in the ashes of her hearth; the wrens name was Droileen and the crickets was Krak-krak. Krak-krak was the first to know that the Old Woman had gone from them. Hearth is cold, hearth is cold, he complained in the morning. Gone away, gone away, he complained in the afternoon. Left behind, left behind, he complained when it was nightfall. He was a solemn old fellow, the very color of ashes.

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Where the Winds Never Blew and the Cocks Never Crew

boy himself **Kilmeny - Lyrics Wikia** Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew, Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew. But it seemd as the harp of the sky had rung, And the airs of