

THE LASS OF AUGHRIM

Irish Folksong

For SSA Chorus and Piano

The Lass of Aughrim is an Irish folksong which has many variants in both melody and words. Aughrim, in County Galway, was the site of a famous battle between William and James in 1691. This folksong is probably best known to readers of James Joyce from the short story "The Dead," where it figures crucially in the plot.

The folksong tells of a love betrayed. The lyrics record a confrontation between two speakers, a man and a woman. He wants proof that she is the girl he used to know in Aughrim. She insists that she is and, in the final stanza, reveals that she now has a child. She laments the lover's rejection of herself and his child.

The choral arrangement should be sung simply in the style of a folk ballad, with great expression and beauty of tone.

Pronunciation Note

The "au" in Aughrim is pronounced like "awe", the "gh" with a light aspiration, and the "r" is flipped. The accent is on the first syllable.

Arranged by

BRUCE TRINKLEY

For Paul McPhail and the Penn State Women's Chorale

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Andante espressivo $\text{♩} = 96$

Piano *mp legato*

con pedale

4 *solo or tutti p*

If _ you be the Lass of _ Augh - rim, as I'm tak - ing you mean to be,

pp

Oo _____

pp

Oo _____

4

9 *tutti mp*

Tell _____ me the first to - en that passed be-tween you and me. _____ Oh _____

Oo _____ Oh _____

Oo _____ Oh _____

9 *mp*



13 *mf*

don't you re - mem - ber that night on yon lean hill _____ When

don't you re - mem - ber that night on yon lean hill _____ When

don't you re - mem - ber that night on yon lean hill _____ When

13 *mf*



17

mp

we both met to - ge - ther which I'm sor - ry__ now to tell._____ Oh the

we met to - ge - ther which I'm sor - ry now now to tell.

we met to - ge - ther which I'm sor - ry now to now to tell.

17

mp

21

cresc. *rit. e dim.* *p*

rain falls on my yel - low locks And the dew it wets__ my__ skin._____ My

p *cresc.* *rit. e dim.* *p*

Oh the rain falls up - on my yel-low locks And the dew__ it__ wets__ my__ skin._____ My

p *cresc.* *rit. e dim.* *p*

Oh the rain it falls up - on my yel-low locks__ And the dew__ it__ wets my skin._____ My

21

cresc. *rit. e dim.* *p*

25 *espressivo* *pp*

babe lies cold with - in my arms, But none will let me in. My

espressivo *pp*

babe lies cold in my arms, But none let me in. My

espressivo *pp*

babe lies cold in my arms, But none let me in. My

25 *espressivo* *pp*

29 *allarg.*

babe lies cold with - in my arms, But none will let me in.

allarg.

babe lies cold with - in my arms, But none will let me in.

allarg.

babe lies cold with - in my arms, But none will let me in.

29 *allarg.*