

# **SLIGO SONGS**

**Six Irish Airs for SATB Chorus and Piano**

**arranged by**

**BRUCE TRINKLEY**

# **SLIGO SONGS**

## **Six Irish Airs for SATB Chorus and Piano**

<b>1. Barney Brallaghan's Courtship</b>	<b>1</b>
Lyrics by Thomas Hudson; Music by Jonathan Blewitt (1782-1853)	
<b>2. Have You Been at Carrick?</b>	<b>8</b>
Lyrics by Edward Walsh (1805-1850)	
<b>3. The Next Market Day</b>	<b>15</b>
Ulster melody	
<b>4. I Dream of You in the Flowering Time</b>	<b>21</b>
Lyrics by Michael Hogan (1828-1899)	
<b>5. Wreathe the Bowl</b>	<b>27</b>
Lyrics by Thomas Moore (1779-1852)	
<b>6. Oh! Then Remember Me</b>	<b>36</b>
Lyrics by Thomas Moore (1779-1852)	

### **ARRANGER'S NOTE**

These Irish folk songs are drawn from two anthologies:

*The Minstrelsy of Ireland, 206 Irish Songs*, arranged for voice and piano by Alfred Moffat, published in 1897

*Irish Country Songs, Volume 1*, edited and arranged by Herbert Hughes, published in 1909

The arrangements were written during a residency at Dorland Mountain Arts Colony in Temecula, California in July 1998.

### **GLOSSARY and NOTES**

1. The comic verse was written by Thomas Hudson, sometime in the 1820s, to a tune by Jonathan Blewitt (1782-1853), the music director of the Theatre Royal, Dublin.
2. Edward Walsh (1805-1850), Irish schoolmaster and poet. Although he was best known as a translator from the Irish, he also wrote some fine original poetry.  
*Carrick*, one of a number of small villages and towns in Ireland
3. *Comber*, town in Northern Ireland, to the east of Belfast
4. Michael Hogan (1828-1899), wheelwright and poet. Known as the Bard of Thomond, he was one of the few Irish poets able to make a living from writing.
5. Thomas Moore (1779-1852), Irish poet whose *Irish Melodies* (1808-1834) were set to traditional Irish tunes.

## 1. Barney Brallaghan's Courtship

Music by *Jonathan Blewitt* (1782-1853)  
Lyrics by *Thomas Hudson* (dates unknown)

Tw'as on a windy night at two o'clock in the morning;  
an Irish lad so tight, all wind and weather scorning  
at Judy Callaghan's door, sitting upon the palings,  
his love-tale he did pour, and this was part of his wailings:

Only say you'll have Mister Brallaghan,  
don't say nay, charming Judy Callaghan!

Oh, list to what I say, it's charms you've got like Venus;  
own your love you may, there's only the wall between us;  
you lie fast asleep, snug in bed and snoring;  
round the house I creep, your hard heart imploring.

Only say you'll have Mister Brallaghan,  
don't say nay, charming Judy Callaghan!

I've got nine pigs and a sow, I've got a sty to sleep 'em;  
a calf and a brindled cow, and got a cabin to keep 'em;  
Sunday hose and coat, an old gray mare to ride on,  
saddle and bridle to boot which you may ride astride on.

Only say you'll have Mister Brallaghan,  
don't say nay, charming Judy Callaghan!

I've got an old tom cat it's through one eye he's staring;  
I've got a Sunday hat, not much the worse for wearing;  
I've got some gooseberry wine; trees had got no riper;  
I've got a fiddle fine, that only wants a piper.

Only say you'll have Mister Brallaghan,  
don't say nay, charming Judy Callaghan!

You've got a charming eye, and you've some spelling and reading;  
you've got, and so have I, a taste for genteel breeding;  
you are rich, fair and young, as ev'rybody's knowing,  
you've got a dacent tongue whene'er it's set a-going.

Only say you'll have Mister Brallaghan,  
don't say nay, charming Judy Callaghan!

Then for a wife till death it's I am willing to take ye;  
but och! I waste my breath, the Devil himself can't waken ye!  
Tis just beginning to rain, so I'll get under cover;  
I'll come tomorrow again and be your constant lover.

Only say you'll have Mister Brallaghan,  
don't say nay, charming Judy Callaghan!

## **2. Have You Been at Carrick?**

*Edward Walsh (1805-1850)*

Have you been at Carrick, and saw you my true love there?  
And saw you her features all beautiful, bright and fair?  
Saw you the most fragrant flowering, sweet apple-tree;  
Oh! saw you my loved one, and pines she in grief like me?

Oh! I've been at Carrick, and saw thy own true love there,  
And saw, too, her features all beautiful, bright, and fair;  
And saw the most fragrant flowering, sweet apple-tree;  
Oh! I saw thy loved one, she pines not in grief, like thee!

When seeking to slumber, my bosom is rent with sighs,  
I toss on my pillow till morning's blest beams arise;  
no aid, bright beloved, can reach me save God above,  
for a blood-lake is formed of the light of my eyes with love!

## **3. The Next Market Day**

Fragment of Tyrone ballad adapted to an Ulster melody

A maid goin' to Comber her markets to larn,  
To sell for her mammy three hanks o' fine yarn.  
She met with a young man along the highway  
Which caused this young damsel to dally and stray.

Sit ye beside me, I mean ye no harm.  
Sit ye beside me this new tune to larn.  
Here is three guineas your mammy to pay,  
So lay by your yarn till the next market day.

They sat down together, the grass it was green,  
And the day was the fairest that ever was seen.  
Oh, the look in your eyes beats a mornin' o' May,  
I could sit by your side till the next market day.

This young maid went home and the words that he said  
And the air that he played her still rang in her head.  
She says I'll go find him by land or by sea  
Till he larns me that tune called "The next market day."

**4. I Dream of You in the Flowering Time** *Michael Horgan (The Bard of Thomond) (1828-1899)*

I dream of you in the flowering time, when the summer is all aglow,  
and the kingly sun flings his heavenly fire on the blossoms that laugh below.  
When the fairy birds like living harps give a voice to the woodland wide;  
then I dream of you as I walk along and I wish you were by my side.

I dream of you when the moonlight dew lies white on the glistening mead,  
and the world with silent wonder looks up at her beautiful sisters arrayed,  
and a honeydrop from the angel's feast seems in my soul to glide;  
then I dream of you at that lovely hour, and wish you were by my side.

I'm ever in love, for my heart is fresh with the dews of ethereal spring,  
and my heart is dark with the magic wine of each beauteous brilliant thing.  
My banquet hall is the dark green wood with its bloom on the sunbeams dyed;  
Oh, living rose of my charmed soul, I wish you were by my side.

**5. Wreathe the Bowl**

*Thomas Moore (1779-1852)*

Wreathe the bowl with flowers of soul the brightest Wit can find us;  
we'll take a flight towards heaven tonight, and leave dull earth behind us.  
Should Love amid the wreaths be hid that Joy, enchanter, brings us,  
no danger fear, while wine is near, we'll drown him if he stings us.

Then wreathe the bowl with flowers of soul the brightest Wit can find us;  
we'll take a flight towards heaven tonight, and leave dull earth behind us.

Tw'as nectar fed of old, tis said, their Junos, Joves, Apollos;  
and man may brew his nectar too, the rich receipt's as follows:  
take wine like this, let looks of bliss around it well be blended,  
then bring wit's beam to warm the stream, and there's your nectar, splendid!

Then wreathe the bowl with flowers of soul the brightest Wit can find us;  
we'll take a flight towards heaven tonight, and leave dull earth behind us.

Say, why did Time his glass sublime fill up with sands unsightly,  
when wine, he knew, runs brisker through, and sparkles far more brightly?  
Oh, lend it us, and, smiling thus, the glass in two we'll sever,  
make pleasure glide in double tide, and fill both ends for ever!

Then wreathe the bowl with flowers of soul the brightest Wit can find us;  
we'll take a flight towards heaven tonight, and leave dull earth behind us!

## 6. Oh! Then Remember Me

*Thomas Moore (1779-1852)*

Go where glory waits thee,  
But while fame elates thee,  
    Oh! still remember me.  
When the praise thou meetest  
To thine ear is sweetest,  
    Oh! then remember me.  
Other arms may press thee,  
Dearer friends caress thee,  
All the joys that bless thee,  
    Sweeter far may be,  
But when friends are nearest,  
And when joys are dearest,  
    Oh! then, remember me.

When at eve thou rovest  
By the star thou lovest,  
    Oh! then remember me.  
Think when home returning,  
Bright we've seen it burning,  
    Oh! thus remember me.  
Oft as summer closes,  
When thine eye reposes  
On its lingering roses,  
    Once so loved by thee,  
Think of her who wove them,  
Her who made thee love them,  
    Oh! then remember me.

When around thee dying  
Autumn leaves are lying,  
    Oh! then remember me.  
And at night when gazing  
On the gay hearth blazing,  
    Oh! still remember me.  
Then should music, stealing  
All the soul of feeling  
To thy heart appealing,  
    Draw one tear from thee;  
Then let memory bring thee  
Strains I used to sing thee,  
    Oh! then, remember me.

# 1. Barney Brallaghan's Courtship

Jonathan Blewitt

For SATB Chorus and Piano

Arr. Bruce Trinkley

from *The Minstrelsy of Ireland* (1897)

**Allegretto** ♩ = 96

Piano

all women *mf* *poco rit.* *ten.*

Twas on a wind - y night at two o'clock in the morn - ing; an

*mf* *mp* *poco rit.* *ten.*

*a tempo* *div.*

Ir - ish lad\_ so tight, all wind and wea - ther scorn - ing at Ju - dy Cal - lag - han's door,

*a tempo*

*a tempo*

sit - ting up - on the pal - ings, his love - tale he did pour, and this was part of his wail - ings:

14 *f* *unis.*  
 On - ly say you'll have Mis-ter Bral-lag-han, don't say nay, charm-ing Ju-dy Cal-lag-han!

On - ly say you'll have Mis-ter Bral-lag-han, don't say nay, charm-ing Ju-dy Cal-lag-han!

14 *f*

18 *all men mf* *poco rit.* *ten.*  
 Oh, list to what I say, it's charms you've got\_\_ like Ve - nus;

18 *mf* *f* *mf* *poco rit.* *ten.*

21 *a tempo* *div.* *p*  
 own\_\_ your love you may, there's on - ly the wall be - tween us; you\_\_ lie fast a-sleep,

21 *a tempo* *p*



24 *mf* *p*

snug in bed and snor - ing; round the house I creep, your hard heart\_\_im - plor - ing.

24 *mf* *p*

27 *f* *unis.*

On - ly say you'll have Mis-ter Bral-lag-han, don't say nay, charm-ing Ju-dy Cal-lag-han!

On - ly say you'll have Mis-ter Bral-lag-han, don't say nay, charm-ing Ju-dy Cal-lag-han!

27 *f*

27 *f*

31 *mf* *humorously* *poco rit.* *ten.*

*solo bass* I've got nine pigs and a sow, I've got a sty\_\_ to sleep 'em; a

*solo bass* I've got an old\_\_ tom cat it's through one eye\_\_ he's star - ing;

31 *poco rit.* *ten.*

31 *mf* *f* *mp* *poco rit.* *ten.*

*a tempo**solo*

Sun - day hose\_\_ and coat,  
I've got some goose-ber - ry wine;

calf and a brin-dled cow, and got a cab-in to keep 'em; Sun - day hose\_\_ and coat,  
I've got a Sun - day hat, not much the worse for wear-ing; I've got some goose-ber - ry wine;

34 *a tempo*

an old gray mare to ride on, sad-dle and bri-dle to boot, which you may ride\_\_ a - stride on.  
trees\_\_ had got no rip - er; I've got a fid - dle fine, that on - ly wants a pip - er.

an old gray mare to ride on, sad-dle and bri-dle to boot, which you may ride\_\_ a - stride on.  
trees\_\_ had got no rip - er; I've got a fid - dle fine, that on - ly wants a pip - er.

*tutti* *f* On - ly say you'll have Mis-ter Bral-lag-han, don't say nay, charm-ing Ju-dy Cal-lag-han!

On - ly say you'll have Mis-ter Bral-lag-han, don't say nay, charm-ing Ju-dy Cal-lag-han!

44 *solo alto* *mp* *poco rit.* *ten.* *a tempo*

You've got a charming eye, and you've some spell-ing and read-ing; you've got, and so\_\_ have I,\_\_ a

44 *mp* *poco rit.* *ten.* *a tempo*

47 taste for gen - teel breed-ing; you are rich, fair and young, as ev'-ry-bod - y's know-ing,

*solo tenor* *mp*

47 you are rich, fair and young, as ev'-ry-bod - y's know-ing,

50 you've got a da - cent tongue when - e'er it's set\_\_ a - go - ing.

50 you've got a da - cent tongue when - e'er it's set\_\_ a - go - ing.

*tutti*  
[52] *f*  
On - ly say you'll have Mis-ter Bral-lag-han, don't say nay, charm-ing Ju-dy Cal-lag-han!

*tutti*  
*f*  
On - ly say you'll have Mis-ter Bral-lag-han, don't say nay, charm-ing Ju-dy Cal-lag-han!

[52] *f*

[56] *all men* *mf* *poco rit.* *ten.*  
Then for a wife\_\_till death it's I am will-ing to take\_\_ye; but

[56] *mf* *f* *mf* *poco rit.*

**Poco meno mosso**  
[59] *a tempo* *p* *expressively*  
Tis just be-gin-ning to rain,

*rit.* *div.* *p* *expressively*  
och!\_\_I waste my breath, the De-vil him-self can't wak-en ye! Tis just be-gin-ning to rain,

[59] *a tempo* *rit.* *p*

62

*rit. ten.*

so I'll get un - der cov - er; I'll come to-mor-row a - gain and be your con - stant lov - er.

*ten.*

so I'll get un - der cov - er; I'll come to-mor-row a - gain and be your con - stant lov - er.

62

*rit. ten.*

**Presto**

65 *ff*

*non ritard. secco*

On - ly say you'll have Mis-ter Bral-lag-han, don't say nay, charm-ing Ju-dy Cal-lag-han!

*ff*

*secco*

On - ly say you'll have Mis-ter Bral-lag-han, don't say nay, charm-ing Ju-dy Cal-lag-han!

65 *ff*

*non ritard. secco*

# 2. Have You Been at Carrick?

For SATB Chorus and Piano

Edward Walsh

from *The Minstrelsy of Ireland* (1897)

Arr. Bruce Trinkley

**Andantino** ♩ = 88

**Tenor**

**Bass**

**Piano**

*poco rit.* *p*

Have

*p*

Have

*poco rit.*

*mp* *sempre legato*

*con pedale*

*a tempo*

you been at Car - rick, and saw you my true love there? And

*sempre legato* *mp*

you been at Car - rick, and saw you my true love there? And

*a tempo* *p* *mp*

The musical score is written for Tenor, Bass, and Piano. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andantino' with a quarter note equal to 88 beats per minute. The score begins with a piano introduction. The vocal parts enter with the word 'Have'. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, marked 'mp' and 'sempre legato'. The piano part includes a 'con pedale' instruction. The score then transitions to the main melody, marked 'a tempo'. The lyrics are: 'you been at Car - rick, and saw you my true love there? And'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line and a melody in the right hand. The score ends with a final chord.

10 *p*  
 saw you her\_\_ fea - tures all\_\_ beau - ti - ful, bright and fair? Saw\_\_

10 *p*  
 saw you her\_\_ fea - tures all\_\_ beau - ti - ful, bright and fair? Saw

15 *dolce* *rit.*  
 you\_\_ the\_\_ most fra - grant flow'r - ing, sweet\_\_ ap - ple

15 *dolce* *rit.*  
 you\_\_ the\_\_ most fra - grant flow'r - ing, sweet\_\_ ap - ple

19 *ten.* *quasi a tempo*  
 tree; Oh! saw you my\_\_ loved one, and pines she in\_\_ grief like

19 *ten.* *quasi a tempo*  
 tree; Oh! saw you my loved one, and pines she in\_\_ grief like

women divisi in three

*mp***Poco piu mosso**

Oh! I've been at Car-rick, and saw thy own true love there, And

Oh! I've been at Car-rick, and saw thy own true love there, And

Oh! I've been at Car-rick, and saw thy own true love there, And

me?

me?

me?

*mp* *sonore*

*mf*

saw, too, her fea - tures all beau - ti - ful, bright, and fair; And

saw, too, her fea - tures all beau - ti - ful, bright, and fair; And

saw, too, her fea - tures all beau - ti - ful, bright, and fair; And

saw, too, her fea - tures all beau - ti - ful, bright, and fair; And

*p*

*p*

*p*

*p*



35 *dolce* *rit.* *pp*

saw the most fra - grant flow'r - ing, sweet ap - ple - tree; Oh!

*dolce* *pp*

saw the most fra - grant flow'r - ing, sweet ap - ple - tree; Oh!

35 *rit.*

**Slower, molto espressivo**

40

I saw thy loved one, she pines not in grief, like thee!

I saw thy loved one, she pines not in grief, like thee!

I saw thy loved one, she pines not in grief, like thee!

40 *pp* *mf*

## Tempo primo

45 *pp* with passion

When seek - ing to slum - ber, my

*pp* with passion

When seek - ing to slum - ber, my

*pp* with passion

When seek - ing to slum - ber, my

*pp* with passion

When seek - ing to slum - ber, my

45

When seek - ing to slum - ber, my

51 *mp* *mf*

bo - som is \_\_\_ rent \_\_\_ with \_\_\_ sighs, I \_\_\_ toss on my \_\_\_ pil - low \_\_\_ till

*mp* *mf*

bo - som is rent with sighs, I \_\_\_ toss on my \_\_\_ pil - low \_\_\_ till

*mp* *mf*

bo - som is rent with sighs, I \_\_\_ toss on my \_\_\_ pil - low till

*mp* *mf*

bo - som is \_\_\_ rent with sighs, I \_\_\_ toss on my pil - low till

51

56 *dim.* *mp*

morn-ing's blest beams a - rise; no aid, bright be - lov - ed, can

*dim.* *mp*

morn-ing's blest beams a - rise; no aid, bright be - lov - ed, can

*dim.* *mp*

morn-ing's blest beams a - rise; no aid, bright be - lov - ed, can

*dim.* *mp*

morn-ing's blest beams a - rise; no aid, bright be - lov - ed, can

56

61 *molto rit. e dim.* *ten.* *p a tempo*

reach me save God a - bove, for a blood - lake is formed of the

*molto rit. e dim.* *ten.* *p*

reach me save God a - bove, for a blood - lake is formed of the

*molto rit. e dim.* *ten.* *p*

reach me save God a - bove, for a blood - lake is formed of the

*molto rit. e dim.* *ten.* *p*

reach me save God a - bove, for a blood - lake is formed of the

61 *a tempo*

66

*allarg.**ten.**a tempo*

light of my eyes with love!

light of my eyes with love!

light of my eyes with love!

light of my eyes with love!

66

*allarg.**ten.**a tempo*

70

*poco rit.*

70

*poco rit.*

# 3. The Next Market Day

For SATB Chorus and Piano

**Ulster Melody**

from *Irish Country Songs*, Volume 1 (1909)

**Arr. Bruce Trinkley**

**Allegro vivace**  $\text{♩} = 72-80$

*mp*

Soprano/Alto

Tenor/Bass

Piano

*f* *mp* *secco*

A maid goin' to Com-ber her

A maid goin' to Com-ber her

mar-kets to larn, to sell for her mam-my three hanks o' fine yarn. She met with a

mar-kets to larn, to sell for her mam-my three hanks o' fine yarn. She met with a

8

8

15

young man a - long the high - way which caused this young dam-sel to dal - ly and stray. *div.*

15

young man a - long the high - way which caused this young dam-sel to dal - ly and stray.

23 *p hushed*

Sit ye be - side me, I mean ye no harm. Sit ye be - side me this new tune to

*p hushed*

Sit ye be - side me, I mean ye no harm. Sit ye be - side me this

23

*p*

*con pedale*

30 *cresc.* *mf*

larn. Here is three guin - eas your mam-my to pay, so lay by your

*cresc.* *mf*

30

*cresc.* *mf*

new tune to larn. Here is three guin - eas your mam - my to pay, so

36 *dim.* *poco rit.*

yarn till the next mar - ket day.

*dim.*

lay by your yarn till the next mar - ket day.

36 *dim.* *mp* *poco rit.* *mf*

**Slower**

41 *pp* *expressively* *ten.*

They sat down to - ge - ther, the grass it was green, and the day was the fair - est that

*pp* *expressively* *ten.*

They sat down to - ge - ther, the grass it was green, and the day was the fair - est that

*pp* *expressively* *ten.*

They sat down to - ge - ther, the grass it was green, and the day was the fair - est that

*pp* *expressively* *ten.*

They sat down to - ge - ther, the grass it was green, and the day was the fair - est that

41 *p* *pp*

48 *ten.* *ten.*

ev - er was seen. Oh, the look in your eyes beats a morn - in' o' May, I could

*ten.* *ten.*

ev - er was seen. Oh, the look in your eyes beats a morn - in' o' May, I could

*ten.* *ten.*

ev - er was seen. Oh, the look in your eyes beats a morn - in' o' May, I could

*ten.* *ten.*

ev - er was seen. Oh, the look in your eyes beats a morn - in' o' May, I could

48

54 *rit. e dim.* **Tempo primo**

sit by your side till the next mar - ket day.

*f*

sit by your side till the next mar - ket day. This

*f*

sit by your side till the next mar - ket day. This

54 *rit. e dim.* *ff*



60 *f*

This young maid went home and the words that he said and the air that he

young maid went home and the words that he said and the air that he played her still rang in her

young maid went home and the words that he said and the air that he played her still rang in her

This young maid went home and the words that he said and the air that he

60 *f*

played her still rang in her head. She says I'll go find him till he larns me that

head. She says I'll go find him by land or by sea till he larns me that

head. She says I'll go find him by land or by sea till he larns me that

played her still rang in her head. She says I'll go find him till he larns me that

67

67

73 *ff*

tune called "The next mar - ket day." till he larns me \_\_\_\_\_ that tune called \_\_\_\_\_

*ff*

tune called "The next mar - ket day." till he larns me \_\_\_\_\_ that tune called \_\_\_\_\_

*ff*

tune called "The next mar - ket day." till he larns me \_\_\_\_\_ that tune called \_\_\_\_\_

*ff*

tune called "The next mar - ket day." till he larns me \_\_\_\_\_ that tune called \_\_\_\_\_

79 *rit.* , *a tempo*

— "The next mar - ket day." —

— "The next mar - ket day." —

— "The next mar - ket day." —

— "The next mar - ket day." —

79 *rit.* , *a tempo* *non ritard.*

# 4. I Dream of You in the Flowering Time

For SATB Chorus and Piano

Michael Hogan (The Bard of Thomond)

Arr. Bruce Trinkley

from *The Minstrelsy of Ireland* (1897)

**Andante espressivo** ♩ = 56 *p* *sempre legato* *div.*

Soprano/Alto

Tenor/Bass

Piano

*mp* *sempre legato* *p*

*con pedale*

5 *unis.*

sum-mer is all a - glow, and the king - ly sun flings his heav-en - ly fire on the

5

9 *mp*

blos-soms that laugh be - low. When the fai - ry birds like liv - ing harps give a

*mp*

blos-soms that laugh be - low. When the fai - ry birds like liv - ing harps give a

*mp*

blos-soms that laugh be - low. When the fai - ry birds like liv - ing harps give a

*mp*

blos-soms that laugh be - low. When the fai - ry birds like liv - ing harps give a

9

13

voice to the wood - land wide; then I dream of you as I walk a - long and I

voice to the wood - land wide; then I dream of you as I walk a - long and I

voice to the wood - land wide; then I dream of you as I walk a - long and I

voice to the wood - land wide; then I dream of you as I walk a - long and I

13

17 *solo p hushed*

wish you were by \_\_\_\_ my side. \_\_\_\_ I dream of you when the

8 wish you were by my side. \_\_\_\_

8 *solo p hushed*

wish you were by \_\_\_\_ my side. \_\_\_\_ I dream of you when the

17 wish you were by my side. \_\_\_\_

21 *ten.*

moon - light dew\_\_lies white on the glis - ten-ing mead, \_\_\_\_ and the world with si - lent

8 *ten.*

moon - light dew\_\_lies white on the glis - ten-ing mead, \_\_\_\_ and the world with si - lent

21 *ten.*

25 *mp*  
 won-der looks up at her beau-ti-ful sis-ters ar-rayed, and a hon-ey-drop from the

8 won-der looks up at her beau-ti-ful sis-ters ar-rayed, and a hon-ey-drop from the

25 *mp*

29 *p*  
 an-gel's feast seems in my sould to glide; then I dream of you at that

8 an-gel's feast seems in my sould to glide; then I dream of you at that

29 *p*

33 *tutti mp*  
 love-ly hour, and wish you were by my side. I'm

8 love-ly hour, and wish you were by my side. I'm *tutti mp*

33

37

sub. *pp* 25

ev - er in love, for my heart is fresh with the dew - s of e - the - re - al spring, \_\_\_\_\_ and my

ev - er in love, for my heart is fresh with the dew - s of e - the - re - al spring, \_\_\_\_\_ and my

ev - er in love, for my heart is fresh with the dew - s of e - the - re - al spring, \_\_\_\_\_ and my

ev - er in love, for my heart is fresh with the dew - s \_\_\_\_\_ of spring, \_\_\_\_\_ and my

37

*mp*

41

*cresc.**f*

heart is dark with the mag - ic wine of each beau - te - ous bril - liant thing. \_\_\_\_\_ My

heart is dark with the mag - ic wine of each beau - teous bril - liant thing. My

heart is dark with the mag - ic wine of each beau - te - ous bril - liant thing. \_\_\_\_\_ My

heart is dark \_\_\_\_\_ with wine of each beau - teous bril - liant thing. My

*cresc.**f**cresc.**f**cresc.**f*

41

*pp*

ban - quet-hall is the dark green wood with its bloom on the sun - beams dyed; Oh,

Ban - quet-hall is the dark green wood with its bloom on the sun - beams dyed; Oh,

ban - quet-hall is the dark green wood with its bloom on the sun - beams dyed; Oh,

ban - quet-hall is the dark green wood with its bloom on the sun - beams dyed; Oh,

*f* *dim.*

*molto allarg.*

liv - ing rose of my charm - ed soul, I wish you were by my side.

liv - ing rose of my charm - ed soul, I wish you were my side.

liv - ing rose of my charm - ed soul, I wish you were by my side.

liv - ing rose soul, I wish you were by my side.

*molto allarg.*

*p*



# 5. Wreathe the Bowl

For SATB Chorus and Piano

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)  
from *The Minstrelsy of Ireland* (1897)

Arr. Bruce Trinkley

**Unison** *Spiritoso* ♩ = 92 *f*

Wreathe the bowl with flowers of soul the

**Piano** *ff sonore* *f* *con pedale*

bright - est wit\_ can find us; we'll take a flight towards heav'n to-night, and

leave\_ dull earth be - hind us. Should Love\_ a - mid the wreaths be hid that

*solo sop.* *mf* *8va* *mf*

13 Joy, en-chant - er, brings us,  
*solo mf*  
 no dan - ger fear, while wine is near, we'll

17 *tutti f*  
 Then wreathe the bowl with flow'rs of soul the  
*f*  
 Then wreathe the bowl with flow'rs of soul the  
*tutti f*  
 drown him if he stings us. Then wreathe the bowl with flow'rs of soul the  
*f*

17 Then wreathe the bowl with flow'rs of soul the  
*f*

21

bright - est Wit\_\_ can find us; we'll take a flight towards heav'n to-night, and

bright - est Wit\_\_ can find us; we'll take a flight towards heav'n to-night, and

8 Wreathe est Wit can find us; we'll take a flight towards heav'n to-night, and

bright - est Wit can find us; we'll take a flight towards heav'n to-night, and

21

25

leave\_\_ dull earth\_\_ be - hind us! *solo mf*

leave dull earth be - hind us! Twas nec - tar fed of old, tis said, their

8 leave\_\_ dull earth\_\_ be - hind\_\_ us!

leave dull earth be - hind us!

25

*mf*

29 Ju - nos, Joves, A - pol - los; the

*solo mf*

and man may brew his nec - tar too, the

29

33 *mf* take wine like this, let looks of bliss a -

*tutti mf*

rich re-ceipt's as fol - lows: take wine like this, let looks of bliss a -

*tutti mf*

rich re-ceipt's as fol - lows: take wine like this, let looks of bliss a -

*mf*

take wine like this, let looks of bliss a -

*8va*

33

37

round\_\_ it well be blend - ed, then bring\_\_ wit's beam to warm the stream, and

round it well be blend - ed, then bring\_\_ wit's beam to warm the stream, and

round\_\_ it well be blend - ed, then bring\_\_ wit's beam to warm the stream, and

round\_\_ it well be blend - ed, then bring wit's beam to warm the stream, and

37

there's\_\_ your nec - tar, splen - did! Then wreathe the bowl with flow'rs of soul the

there's your nec - tar, splen - did! Then wreathe the bowl with flow'rs of soul the

there's\_\_ your nec - tar, splen - did! Then wreathe the bowl with flow'rs of soul the

there's your nec - tar, splen - did! Then wreathe the bowl with flow'rs of soul the

41

there's your nec - tar, splen - did! Then wreathe the bowl with flow'rs of soul the

41

45

bright - est Wit\_\_ can find us; we'll take a flight towards heav'n to-night, and

bright - est Wit\_\_ can find us; we'll take a flight towards heav'n to-night, and

8  
bright - est Wit can find us; we'll take a flight towards heav'n to-night, and

bright - est Wit can find us; we'll take a flight towards heav'n to-night, and

45

leave\_\_ dull earth\_\_ be - hind us!

leave dull earth be - hind us!

8  
leave\_\_ dull earth\_\_ be - hind us! *solo mf*

leave dull earth be - hind us! Say, why did Time his glass sub-lime fill

49

*mf*

53 *solo mf*

when wine, he knew, runs brisk - er through, and

up with sands\_\_un - sight - ly, and

53

57 *mp*

spar - kles far\_\_ more bright - ly? Oh, lend\_\_ it us, and, smil - ing thus, the

*solo mp*

Oh, lend\_\_ it us, and, smil - ing thus, the

*solo mp*

Oh, lend\_\_ it us, and, smil - ing thus, the

*mp*

spar - kles far\_\_ more bright - ly? Oh, lend it us, and, smil - ing thus, the

*8va* -----

57 *mp*

61

glass\_\_ in two we'll sev - er, make plea - sure glide in dou - ble tide, and

glass in two we'll sev - er, make plea - sure glide in dou - ble tide, and

8 glass\_\_ in two we'll sev - er, make plea - sure glide in dou - ble tide, and

glass\_\_ in two we'll sev - er, make plea - sure glide in dou - ble tide, and

61

65

*tutti ff*

fill\_\_ both ends for ev - er! Then wreathe the bowl with flow'rs of soul the

*tutti ff*

fill both ends for ev - er! Then wreathe the bowl with flow'rs of soul the

*tutti ff*

8 fill\_\_ both ends for ev - er! Then wreathe the bowl with flow'rs of soul the

*tutti ff*

fill both ends for ev - er! Then wreathe the bowl with flow'rs of soul the

65

*ff*



69

bright - est Wit\_\_ can find us; we'll take a flight towards heav'n to-night, and

bright - est Wit\_\_ can find us; we'll take a flight towards heav'n to-night, and

8 bright - est Wit can find us; we'll take a flight towards heav'n to-night, and

bright - est Wit can find us; we'll take a flight towards heav'n to-night, and

69

73

*allargando*

leave\_\_ dull earth be - hind us! and leave\_\_ dull earth\_\_ be - hind us!

leave dull earth be - hind us! and leave dull earth\_\_ be - hind us!

8 leave\_\_ dull earth be - hind\_\_\_\_ us! and leave dull earth be - hind\_\_\_\_ us!

leave dull earth be - hind us! and leave\_\_ dull earth\_\_ be - hind us!

73

*allargando*

# 6. Oh! Then Remember Me

For SATB Chorus and Piano

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

Arr. Bruce Trinkley

from *The Minstrelsy of Ireland* (1897)

**Andante con maestoso** ♩ = 60

**Soprano/Alto** *mf*

Go where glo - ry\_\_ waits thee, but while fame e - lates thee,

**Tenor/Bass** *mf*

Go where glo - ry\_\_ waits thee, but while fame e - lates thee,

**Piano** *sonore* *f* *mf*

4

Oh! still re - mem - ber me. When the praisethou meet - est to thine ear is sweet - est,

Oh! still re - mem - ber me. When the praise thou meet - est to thine ear is sweet - est,

4

8

Oh! then re - mem - ber me. *div. f* Oth - er arms may press thee, dear - er friends ca - res - s thee,

Oh! then re - mem - ber me.

Oth - er arms may press thee,

dear - er friends ca - res - s thee,

8

*f*

12

*poco rit. mp* all the joys that bless thee, *ten. unis. a tempo* sweet - er far may be, but when friends are near - est,

all the joys that bless thee,

sweet - er far may be,

but when friends are near - est,

12

*poco rit. mp* *a tempo*

15

*p div.* and when joys are dear - est, Oh! then, re - mem - ber me. When at eve thou \_rov - est

and when joys are dear - est, Oh! then, re - mem - ber me.

15

*p*

19

by the star thou lov-est, Oh! then re - mem-ber me. Think when home re - turn-ing,

by the star thou lov-est, Oh! then re - mem-ber me. Think when home re - turn-ing,

*mp cresc.*

*mp cresc.*

*mp cresc.*

23

bright we've seen it burn-ing, Oh! thus re - mem-ber me. Oft as sum-mer clos-es,

bright we've seen it burn-ing, Oh! thus re - mem-ber me. Oft as sum-mer clos-es,

*p*

*p*

*p*

27

when thine eye re - pos - es on its ling' - ring ros - es, once so loved by thee, *ten.*

when thine eye re - pos - es on its ling' - ring ros - es, once so loved by thee, *ten.*

*poco rit.* *ten.* *ten.*

*poco rit.* *ten.*

*a tempo*  
*pp*  
 30 think of her who wove them, her who made thee love them, Oh! then re - mem-ber  
*pp*  
 think of her who wove them, her who made thee love them, Oh! then re - mem-ber  
*a tempo*  
*pp*

33 me.  
 me.  
*mp*  
 When a-round thee dy - ing au - tumn leaves are ly - ing,  
*mp*  
 When a-round thee dy - ing au - tumn leaves are ly - ing,  
 33  
*mp*

36 *div. mf*

Oh! then re - mem - ber me. And at night when gaz - ing on the gay hearth blaz - ing,

*mf div.*

Oh! then re - mem - ber me. And at night when gaz - ing on the gay hearth blaz - ing,

36 *mf*

40 *f*

all the soul of feel - ing

*f*

Then should mu - sic, steal - ing all the soul of feel - ing

*f*

Oh! still re - mem - ber me. Then should mu - sic, steal - ing all the soul of feel - ing

*f*

Oh! still re - mem - ber me. Then should mu - sic, steal - ing all the soul of feel - ing

40 *f*

44 *molto rit. e dim.* *ten. p molto espressivo*

to thy heart ap-peal-ing, draw one tear from thee; then let mem-'ry bring thee strains I used to sing thee,

to thy heart ap-peal-ing, draw one tear from thee; then let mem-'ry bring thee strains I used to sing thee,

to thy heart ap-peal-ing, draw one tear from thee; then let mem-'ry bring thee strains I used to sing thee,

to thy heart ap-peal-ing, draw one tear from thee; then let mem-'ry bring thee strains I used to sing thee,

44 *molto rit. e dim.* *ten. p molto espressivo*

to thy heart ap-peal-ing, draw one tear from thee; then let mem-'ry bring thee strains I used to sing thee,

48 *pp* *rit.*

Oh! then, re - mem-ber me. Oh! then, re - mem - ber me.

*div. pp*

Oh! then, re - mem-ber me. Oh! then, re - mem - ber me.

*pp*

Oh! then, re - mem-ber me. Oh! then, re - mem - ber me.

*pp*

Oh! then, re - mem-ber me. re - mem - ber me.

48 *pp* *rit.*