

# **SONGS OF AN IRISH WANDERER**

**Six Irish Ballads for SATB Chorus**

**BRUCE TRINKLEY**

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## Six Irish Ballads for SATB Chorus Unaccompanied

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### ARRANGER'S NOTE

These Irish folk songs are drawn from three anthologies:

*Songs of Ireland* by J. L. Hatton and J. L. Molloy, published in 1880

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

*Irish Country Songs, Volume I*, 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. James Clarence Mangan (1803-1849) Irish poet and author, associated with the "Young Ireland" movement.

*Maig* (variants Maigue, Maigh), tributary of the River Shannon in County Limerick

*Finglas*, stream in western County Kerry flowing from Slieve Mish Mountains to Tralee Bay  
*rath*, a hill residence with a defensive earthen wall

2. Thomas Moore (1779-1852), Irish poet whose *Irish Melodies* (1808-1834) were set to traditional Irish tunes

3. Walter Maynard, 19th century Irish poet

4. George Reynolds, a favorite Irish song composer of the end of the 18th century

5. *Arranmore*, small hilly island off the northwest coast of Ireland in County Donegal; also known as Arran or North Arran. In *The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore*, A. D. Godley states:

"The inhabitants of Arranmore are still persuaded that, in a clear day, they can see from this coast Hy Brysail, or the Enchanted Island, the Paradise of the Pagan Irish, and concerning which they relate a number of romantic stories."

6. Douglas Hyde, 19th century Irish song collector and translator

# 1. Long Have I Wandered

For SATB Chorus

Translated from the Irish of George Roberts

by James Clarence Mangan

from *The Minstrelsy of Ireland* (1897)

Arr. Bruce Trinkley

*Adapted from the harmonization of Alfred Moffat*

**Andantino espressivo** ♩ = 100

**Soprano**

*p* Long, long have I wan - dered in search of my love, o - ver

**Alto**

*p* Long, long have I wan - dered in search of my love, o - ver

**Tenor**

*p* Long, long have I wan - dered in search of my love, o - ver

**Bass**

*p* Long, long have I wan - dered in search of my love, o - ver

**5**

*cresc. mp dim. p cresc.*

moor - land and moun - tain, through green - wood and grove, from the banks of the

*cresc. mp dim. p cresc.*

moor - land and moun - tain, through green - wood and grove, from the banks of the

*cresc. mp dim. p cresc.*

moor - land and moun - tain, through green - wood and grove, from the banks of the

*cresc. mp dim. p cresc.*

moor - land and moun - tain, through green - wood and grove, from the banks of the

10

*mf* *ten.* *mp*

Maig, un - to Fin - glas's flood, I have nev - er seen the

*mf* *ten.* *mp*

Maig, un - to Fin - glas's flood, I have nev - er seen the

*mf* *ten.* *mp*

Maig, un - to Fin - glas's flood, I have nev - er seen the

*mf* *ten.* *mp*

Maig, un - to Fin - glas's flood, I have nev - er seen the

14

*rit. e dim.* *p* *pp* *a tempo*

peer of this Child of the Wood. One bright sum-mer eve - ning a -

*rit. e dim.* *p* *pp*

peer of this Child of the Wood. One bright sum-mer eve - ning a -

*rit. e dim.* *p* *pp*

peer of this Child of the Wood. One bright sum-mer eve - ning a -

*rit. e dim.* *div. p* *unis. pp*

peer of this Child of the Wood. One bright sum-mer eve - ning a -

19

lone on my path, my steps led me on to the dark fair - y's

lone on my path, my steps led me on to the dark fair - y's

lone on my path, my steps led me on to the dark fair - y's

lone on my path, my steps led me on to the dark fair - y's

24

Rath; \_\_\_ and \_\_\_ seat - ed a - near it, my \_\_\_ fair \_\_\_ one \_\_\_ I \_\_\_

Rath; \_\_\_ and \_\_\_ seat - ed a - near it, my \_\_\_ fair \_\_\_ one \_\_\_ I

Rath; \_\_\_ and \_\_\_ seat - ed a - near it, my \_\_\_ fair I

Rath; \_\_\_ and \_\_\_ seat - ed a - near it, my \_\_\_ fair \_\_\_ I \_\_\_

28

found, \_\_\_ with her long \_\_\_ gold - en \_\_\_ locks trail - ing \_\_\_ down to the \_\_\_ ground. *rit.*

found, \_\_\_ with her long \_\_\_ gold - en \_\_\_ locks trail - ing \_\_\_ down to the ground.

found, \_\_\_ with her long \_\_\_ gold - en locks trail - ing down to the ground. \_\_\_

found, \_\_\_ with her long gold - en \_\_\_ locks trail - ing down to the ground. *div.*

# 2. While Gazing on the Moon's Light

For SATB Chorus

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

from *The Minstrelsy of Ireland* (1897)

Arr. Bruce Trinkley

Adapted from the harmonization of Alfred Moffat

**Larghetto**  $\text{♩} = 63$

*pp* *p legato*

Soprano *pp* *p legato*

Alto *pp* *p legato*

Tenor *pp* *p legato*

Bass *pp* *p legato*

Oo \_\_\_\_\_ While gaz-ing on the moon's light, a

7 *mf*

mo-ment from her smile I turned, to look at orbs that more bright in lone and dis-tant glo-ry burned:but

*mf*

mo-ment from her smile I turned, to look at orbs that more bright in lone and dis-tant glo-ry burned: but

*mf*

mo-ment from her smile I turned, to look at orbs more \_\_\_\_\_ bright in lone and dis-tant glo-ry burned: but

*mf*

mo-ment from her smile I turned, to look at orbs more bright in lone and dis-tant glo-ry burned: but

13 *mp*

too far each proud star for me to feel its warm - ing flame; much more dear, that

*mp*

too far each proud star for me to feel its warm - ing flame; much more dear, that

*mp*

too far each proud star for me to feel its warm - ing flame; much more dear, that

*mp*

too far each proud star for me to feel its warm - ing flame; much more dear, that

18

mild sphere, which near our plan - et smil - ing came: thus, Ma - ry, be but thou mine own, while

mild sphere, which near our plan - et smil - ing came: thus, Ma - ry, be but thou mine own, while

mild sphere, which near our plan - et smil - ing came: thus, Ma - ry, be but thou mine own, while

mild sphere, which near our plan - et smil - ing came: thus, Ma - ry, be but thou mine own, while

23 *p* *allarg.*

bright-er eyes un - heed-ed play, I'll love those moon-light looks a - lone, that bless my home and guide my way.

*p*

bright-er eyes un - heed-ed play, I'll love those moon-light looks a - lone, that bless my home and guide my way.

*p*

bright-er eyes un - heed-ed play, I'll love those moon-light looks a - lone, that bless my home and guide my way.

*p*

bright-er eyes un - heed-ed play, I'll love those moon-light looks a - lone, that bless my home and guide my way.

# 3. Mourn Not for Me

For SATB Chorus

Walter Maynard

from *Songs of Ireland* (1880)

Arr. Bruce Trinkley

**Andante espressivo**  = 92

*p*

**Soprano**

Mourn not for me when I'm no more, I would not have one

**Alto**

Mourn not for me when I'm no more, I would not have one

**Tenor**

Mourn not for me when I'm no more, I would not have one

**Bass**

Mourn not for me when I'm no more, I would not have one

**4**

*mp* *mf*

tear be - dim the lus - tre of bright eyes by my fu - ner - eal bier. Let

*mp* *mf*

tear be - dim the lus - tre of bright eyes by my fu - ner - eal bier. Let

*mp* *mf*

tear be - dim the lus - tre of bright eyes by my fu - ner - eal bier. Let

*mp* *mf*

tear be - dim the lus - tre of bright eyes by my fu - ner - eal bier. Let not, let



9

not sad tones of grief be heard be - neath the sol - emn shade, a -

not sad tones of grief be heard be - neath the sol - emn shade, a -

not sad tones of grief be heard be - neath the sol - emn shade, a -

not sad tones of grief be heard be - neath the sol - emn shade, a -

13

mong those who may gath - er round near there where I am laid. Let

mong those who may gath - er round near there where I am laid. Let

mong those who may gath - er round near there where I am laid. Let

mong those who may gath - er round near there where I am laid. Let

17

not the mock - er - y of woe true sor - row's sem - blance take, to

not the mock - er - y of woe true sor - row's sem - blance take, to

not the mock - er - y of woe true sor - row's sem - blance take, to

not the mock - er - y of woe true sor - row's sem - blance take, to coun - ter,

21 *mf*

coun - ter - feit a fond re - gret not felt for my poor sake. E -

coun - ter - feit a fond re - gret not felt for my poor sake. E -

coun - ter - feit a fond re - gret not felt for my poor sake. E -

coun - ter - feit a fond re - gret not felt for my poor sake. E -

25 *p*

nough, if lov - ing thoughts of me some kind heart pon - der o'er, and

nough, if lov - ing thoughts of me some kind heart pon - der o'er, and

nough, if lov - ing thoughts of me some kind heart pon - der o'er, and

nough, if lov - ing thoughts of me some kind heart pon - der o'er, and

29 *allarg.*

all my fol - lies be for - got when I shall be no more.

all my fol - lies be for - got when I shall be no more.

all my fol - lies be for - got when I shall be no more.

all my fol - lies be for - got when I shall be no more.

# 4. Kathleen O'More

For SATB Chorus

George Reynolds

from *The Minstrelsy of Ireland* (1897)

Arr. Bruce Trinkley

**Larghetto**  $\text{♩} = 54$   
*mp*

**Soprano**  
My love, still I think that I see her once more, but a - las! she has left me her

**Alto**  
My love, still I think that I see her once more, but a - las! she has left me her

**Tenor**  
My love, still I think that I see her once more, but a - las! she has left me her

**Bass**  
My love, still I think that I see her once more, but a - las! she has left me her

**4** *mf* *dim.*  
loss to de - plore, my own lit - tle Kath - leen, my poor lit - tle Kath - leen, my

*mf* *dim.*  
loss to de - plore, my own lit - tle Kath - leen, my poor lit - tle Kath - leen, my

*mf* *dim.*  
loss to de - plore, my own lit - tle Kath - leen, my poor lit - tle Kath - leen, my

*mf* *dim.*  
loss to de - plore, my own lit - tle Kath - leen, my poor lit - tle Kath - leen, my

7

*mp* Kath - leen O' - More! \_\_\_\_\_ *pp* Her hair gloss - y black her eyes were dark blue, her \_\_\_\_\_

*mp* Kath - leen O' - More! \_\_\_\_\_ *pp* Her hair gloss - y black her eyes were dark blue, her \_\_\_\_\_

*mp* poor lit - tle Kath - leen, Kath - leen O' - More! *pp* Her hair gloss - y black her eyes were dark blue, her \_\_\_\_\_

*mp* Kath - leen O' - More! \_\_\_\_\_ *pp* Her hair gloss - y black her eyes were dark blue, her \_\_\_\_\_

11

col - our still chang - ing, her smiles ev - er new, so \_\_\_\_\_ pret - ty was Kath - leen, my

col - our still chang - ing, her smiles ev - er new, so \_\_\_\_\_ pret - ty was Kath - leen, my

col - our still chang - ing, her smiles ev - er new, so pret - ty was Kath - leen, my

col - our still chang - ing, her smiles ev - er new, so pret - ty was Kath - leen, my

14

sweet lit - tle Kath - leen, my Kath - leen O' - More! \_\_\_\_\_

sweet lit - tle Kath - leen, my Kath - leen O' - More! \_\_\_\_\_

sweet lit - tle Kath - leen, my sweet lit - tle Kath - leen, Kath - leen O' - More! *mf* She

sweet lit - tle Kath - leen, my Kath - leen O' - More! \_\_\_\_\_ *mf* She

17 *p* *mp* *mf*

Oo so

*p* *mp* *mf*

Oo so

8 milked the dun cow that ne'er of - fered to stir; though wick - ed to all, it was gen - tle to her, so

milked the dun cow that ne'er of - fered to stir; though wick - ed to all, it was gen - tle to her, so

21 *mp* *p* *allarg.*

kind was my Kath - leen, my poor lit - tle Kath - leen, my Kath - leen O' - More! \_\_\_\_\_

*mp* *p* *allarg.*

kind was my Kath - leen, my poor lit - tle Kath - leen, my Kath - leen O' - More! \_\_\_\_\_

*mp* *p* *allarg.*

kind was my Kath - leen, my poor lit - tle Kath - leen, my poor lit - tle Kath - leen, Kath - leen O' - More!

*mp* *p* *allarg.*

kind was my Kath - leen, my poor lit - tle Kath - leen, my Kath - leen O' - More! \_\_\_\_\_

# 5. Arranmore

For SATB Chorus

Thomas Moore

from *The Minstrelsy of Ireland* (1897)

Arr. Bruce Trinkley

**Largo**  $\text{♩} = 50$   
*mf*

Soprano  
 Oh! Ar - ran - more, loved Ar - ran - more, how oft I dream of thee, and

Alto  
*mf*  
 Oh! Ar - ran - more, loved Ar - ran - more, how oft I dream of thee, and

Tenor  
*mf*  
 Oh! Ar - ran - more, loved Ar - ran - more, how oft I dream of thee, and

Bass  
*mf*  
 Oh! Ar - ran - more, loved Ar - ran - more, how oft I dream of thee, and

3 *mp*

of those days when, by thy shore, I wan - dered young and free. Full

of those days when, by thy shore, I wan - dered young and free.

of those days when, by thy shore, I wan - dered so young and free.

of those days when, by thy shore, I wan - dered so young and free.

5

man - y a path I've tried since then through plea - sure's flow - 'ry maze, but

*p* *mf*

Oo but

*p* *mf*

Oo but

*p* *mf*

Oo but

7

ne'er could find the bliss a - gain I felt in those sweet days. How

*rit. e dim.* *p*

ne'er could find the bliss a - gain I felt in those sweet days. How

*rit. e dim.* *p*

ne'er could find the bliss a - gain I felt in those sweet days. How

*rit. e dim.* *p*

ne'er could find the bliss a - gain I felt in those sweet days. How

*rit. e dim.* *p*

9

*a tempo*

blithe up - on thy breez - y cliffs at sun - ny morn I've stood, with

*a tempo*

blithe up - on thy breez - y cliffs at sun - ny morn I've stood, with

*a tempo*

blithe up - on thy breez - y cliffs at sun - ny morn I've stood, with

*a tempo*

blithe up - on thy breez - y cliffs at sun - ny morn I've stood, with

11 *mp*

heart as bound - ing as the skiffs that danced a - long thy flood; or,

heart as bound - ing as the skiffs that danced a - long thy flood;

heart as bound - ing as the skiffs that danced \_\_\_\_\_ a - long thy flood;

heart as bound - ing as the skiffs that danced \_\_\_\_\_ a - long thy flood;

13 *mf*

when the west - ern wave grew bright with day - light's part - ing wing, \_\_\_\_\_ have

Oo \_\_\_\_\_ have

Oo \_\_\_\_\_ have

Oo \_\_\_\_\_ have

15 *rit. e dim.*

sought that E - den in its light which dream - ing po - ets sing. \_\_\_\_\_

sought that E - den in its light which dream - ing po - ets sing. \_\_\_\_\_

sought that E - den in its light which dream - ing \_\_\_\_\_ po - ets sing.

sought that E - den in its light which dream - ing \_\_\_\_\_ po - ets sing.



# 6. My Love, Oh, She Is My Love

For SATB Chorus

Douglas Hyde

from *Irish Country Songs* Volume 1 (1909)

Arr. Bruce Trinkley

**Andante con moto**  $\text{♩} = 88$

*mp*

Soprano

She casts a spell, oh, casts a spell which haunts me more than I can tell, more

Alto

She casts a spell, oh, casts a spell which haunts me more than I can tell, more

Tenor

She casts a spell, oh, casts a spell which haunts me more than I can tell, more

Bass

She casts a spell, oh, casts a spell which haunts me more than I can tell, more

5

*mf*

dear be - cause she makes me ill \_\_\_\_ than who would will to make me well. \_\_\_\_ She

*mf*

dear be - cause she makes me ill than who would will to make me well. \_\_\_\_ She

*mf*

dear be - cause she makes me ill \_\_\_\_ than who would will to make me well. \_\_\_\_ She

*mf*

dear be - cause she makes me ill than who would will to make me well. \_\_\_\_ She

10

is my store, oh, she my store, whose grey eyes wound-ed me so sore, who will not place in

is my store, oh, she my store, whose grey eyes wound-ed me so sore, who will not place in

is my store, oh, she my store, whose grey eyes wound-ed me so sore, who will not place in

15

mine her palm who will not calm me a - ny more. She's my de - sire, oh,

mine her palm who will not calm me a - ny more. She's my de - sire, oh,

mine her palm who will not calm me a - ny more. She's my de - sire, oh,

mine her palm who will not calm me a - ny more. She's my de - sire, oh,

20

my de - sire, more glo - rious than the bright sun's fire, who were than wind - blown

my de - sire, more glo - rious than the bright sun's fire, who were than wind - blown

my de - sire, more glo - rious than the bright sun's fire, who were than wind - blown

my de - sire, more glo - rious than the bright sun's fire, who were than wind - blown

24 *f* *rit. e dim.* *a tempo* *pp* with mock pathos

ice more cold were I so bold as to sit by her Oh, she it is hath

*f* *rit. e dim.* *pp* with mock pathos

ice more cold were I so bold as to sit by her Oh, she it is hath

*f* *rit. e dim.* *pp* with mock pathos

ice more cold were I so bold as to sit by her Oh, she it is hath

*f* *rit. e dim.* *pp* with mock pathos

ice more cold were I so bold as to sit by her Oh, she it is hath

29

stole my heart and left a void and ach - ing smart, and if she soft - en

stole my heart and left a void and ach - ing smart, and if she soft - en

stole my heart and left a void and ach - ing smart, and if she soft - en

stole my heart and left a void and ach - ing smart, and if she soft - en

33

not her eye then life and I in pain must part.

not her eye then life and I in pain must part.

not her eye then life and I in pain must part.

not her eye then life and I in pain must part.