

SIX IRISH FOLKSONGS.

THE WORDS BY
THOMAS MOORE.

ARRANGED FOR UNACCOMPANIED CHORUS (S.A.T.B.)

BY
C. V. STANFORD.
(OP. 78.)

No. 1.—Oh! breathe not his name.

(Air.—“The brown maid.”)

Adagio.
mp *pp*

SOPRANO.
Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade, Where

ALTO.
Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade, Where

TENOR.
Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade, Where

BASS.
Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade, Where

PIANO.
(For practice only.)
Adagio.
Let it sleep in the shade, . . .

p

cold and un-hon-our'd his rel-ics are laid; Sad, si-lent, and dark be the

cold and un-hon-our'd his rel-ics are laid; Sad, si-lent, and

cold and un-hon-our'd his rel-ics are laid; Sad, si-lent, and

. . . Where un-hon-our'd his rel-ics are laid:

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

(Also in Tonic Sol-fa Notation. Price One Penny.)

H. 3157.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the
 dark be the tears that we shed, As . . . the night-dew that falls on the
 dark be the tears that we shed, As . . . the night-dew that falls on the
 Si - lent the tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the

grass o'er his head, *rall. pp* o'er his head.
 grass o'er his head, *rall.* falls on the grass o'er his head.
 grass o'er his head, *rall.* that falls on the grass o'er his head.
 grass o'er his head, As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head. *rall.*

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

But the night - dew that falls, tho' in si - lence it weeps, . . .

But the night - dew that falls, . . . in si - lence it

But the night - dew that falls, the night - dew that falls, . . . in si - lence it

But the night-dew that falls, . . . tho' in

... Shall bright - en with ver - dure the

weeps, . . . Shall bright - en, shall bright - en with verdure the

weeps, . . . Shall bright - en with ver - dure, shall bright - en with ver - dure the

si - lence it weeps, Shall bright - en with ver - dure, shall bright - en with ver - dure the

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

f
grave . . where he sleeps; . . . And the tear that we shed,
grave . . where he sleeps, And the tear, the tear that we shed, though in
grave . . . where he sleeps, And the tear, the tear that we shed, though in
grave where he sleeps, And the tear, the tear that we shed, though in

pp
though in se - cret it rolls, . . . Shall . . .
se - cret, in se - cret it rolls, . . . Shall . . .
se - cret, in se - cret it rolls, . . . Shall . . .
se - cret, in se - cret it rolls, . . . Shall

rall.
long keep his mem - o - ry green, green in our souls.
rall.
long keep his mem - o - ry green, green in our souls.
rall.
long keep his mem - o - ry green, green in our . . . souls.
rall.
long keep his mem - o - ry green, green in our souls.

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(OP. 78.)

No. 2.—What the bee is to the flow'ret.

(Air.—“The yellow garron.”)

Allegretto.

SOPRANO. —

ALTO. —

TENOR. *mf*
What the bee is to . . the flow'r - et, When he looks for

BASS. *mf*
What the bee is to . . the flow'r - et, When he looks for

PIANO.
(For practice only.)

ho - ney dew Thro' the leaves that close em - bow'r it, That, my . . love, I'll

ho - ney dew Thro' the leaves that close em - bow'r it, That, my love, I'll

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(1)

H. 3153.

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOW'RET.

mf
And what the bank, with ver - dure glow - ing, Is to waves that

mf
What the bank, with ver - dure glow - ing, Is to waves that

p
be to you, . . . my love, . . . I'll be to

p
be to you, . . . my love, . . . I'll be . . .

poco rall. *p*
wan - der near, . . . Whis - p'ring kiss - es while they're go - ing,

poco rall. *p*
wan - der near, . . . Whis - p'ring kiss - es,

poco rall. *p*
you, Whis - p'ring, whis - p'ring kiss - es,

poco rall. *p*
to you, . . . Whis - p'ring, whis - p'ring kiss - es,

f *dim.*
That I'll be to you, my dear.

f *dim.*
That, that . . . I'll be, I'll be to you, . . . my dear.

f *dim.*
That, that . . . I'll be, I'll be to you, . . . my dear.

f *dim.*
That, that . . . I'll be to you, . . . my dear.

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOW'RET.

mf

But they say the bee's a ro - ver, That he'll fly when sweets are gone ;

mf

But they say the bee's a ro - ver, That he'll fly when sweets are gone ;

mf

And when once the kiss is o - ver, Faith - less brooks will wan - der on, . . .

And when once the kiss is o - ver, Faith - less brooks will wan - der on, . . .

mf

Nay,

mf

Nay,

will wan - - der, wan - der on, . . .

will wan - - der, wan - der, wan - der on, . . .

nay, if flow'rs will lose their looks, if sun - ny banks will wear a - way,

nay, if flow'rs will lose their looks, if sun - ny banks will wear a - way,

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOW'RET.

Well, well, 'tis but right that bees and brooks should sip and kiss them

Well, well, Bees and brooks should sip and kiss them,

Well, well, Nay, 'tis but right that bees should sip and kiss them,

Well, well, Nay, 'tis but right that bees should sip and kiss them,

while they may, . . . while they may.

should sip and kiss them while they may.

should sip and kiss them while they may.

should kiss them while they may.

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BY
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(OP. 78.)

No. 3.—At the mid hour of night.

(Air.—“Molly, my dear.”)

Andante moderato.

SOPRANO.



At the mid hour of night, when stars are weep-ing, I fly To the

ALTO.



At the mid hour of night, when stars are weep-ing, I fly To the

TENOR.



At the mid hour of night, when stars are weep-ing, I fly To the

BASS.



When stars are weep-ing, I fly To the

PIANO.
(For practice only.)



lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye; And I

lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye; And I think, that if

lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye; And I think, that if

vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye;

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AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

think off, if spi - rits can steal from the re - gion of air, To re - vis - it past
 spi - rits can steal from the re - gion of air, To re - vis - it past
 spi - rits can steal from the re - gion of air, To re - vis - it past
 and if spi - rits can steal from the re - gion of air, To re - vis - it past

scenes of de - light, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our
 scenes of de - light, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our
 scenes of de - light, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our
 scenes of de - light, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our

love is re - mem - bered, ev'n in the sky. Then I sing the wild
 love is re - mem - bered, ev'n in the sky. Then I sing the wild song 'twas
 love is re - mem - bered, ev'n in the sky. Then I sing the wild
 love is re - mem - bered, ev'n in the sky. Then I sing the wild song 'twas

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

song 'twas once such plea - sure to hear, When our voi - ces com -
 once such plea - sure to hear, When our voi - ces com -
 song 'twas once such plea - sure to hear, When our voi - ces com -
 once such plea - sure, plea - sure to hear, When our

- ming - ling breath'd, like one, on the ear; And, as Ech - o far off thro' the
 - ming - ling breath'd, like one, on the ear; And, as Ech - o far
 - ming - ling breath'd, like one, on the ear; And, as Ech - o far
 voi - ces breath'd, like one, on the ear; And, as

vale my sad or - i - son rolls, I . . . think, oh my
 off thro' the vale, thro' the vale my sad or - i - son rolls, I think, oh my
 off thro' the vale, thro' the vale my sad or - i - son rolls, I think, oh my
 Ech - o far off my sad or - i - son rolls,

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

Più lento.
pp

love! 'tis thy voice from the King-dom of Souls, . . . Faint-ly an-swer-ing

love! 'tis thy voice from the King-dom of Souls, Faint ly an - swer-ing,

love! 'tis thy voice from the King-dom of Souls, Faint - ly an - swer - ing,

'Tis thy voice from the King-dom of Souls, Faint - ly an - swer - ing

still, the notes that once were so dear.

an - swer - ing still, . . . the notes . . that once were so dear.

an - swer - ing still, the notes . . that once were so dear.

still, the notes that once were so dear.

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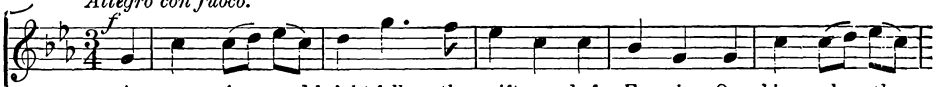
(OP. 78.)

No. 4.—The sword of Erin.

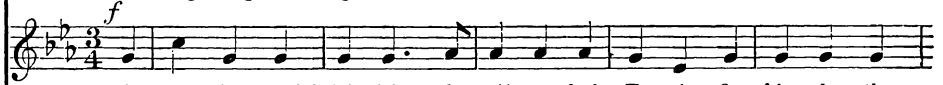
(Air.—“Cruachan na feine.”)

Allegro con fuoco.

SOPRANO.



ALTO.



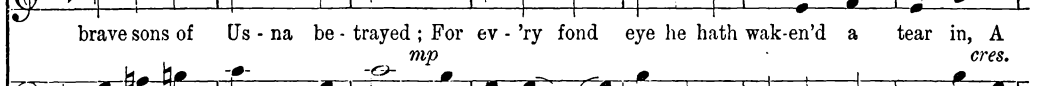
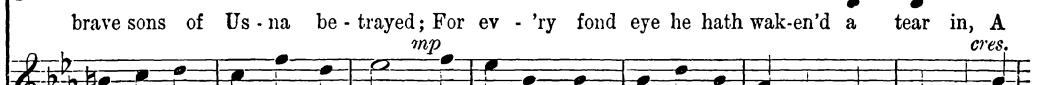
TENOR.



BASS.



PIANO.
(For practice only.)



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H. 3160.

THE SWORD OF ERIN.

rall.

a Tempo.

drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade. *p*

drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade. By the red cloud that

drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade. By the red

drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade. By the red

p

When U-ladh's three champions lay sleep-ing in

hung o-ver Co-nor's dark dwell-ing, When U-ladh's three champions lay sleep-ing in

cloud o-ver Co-nor's dark dwell-

cloud . . c-ver Co-nor's dark dwell . . .

cres.

gore, By the bil-lows of war, the bil-lows of war, Which waft-ed these

cres.

gore, By the bil-lows of war, the bil-lows of war, Which waft-ed these

cres.

- ing, By the bil-lows of war, which so of-ten, high swell-ing, Have waft-ed these

cres.

- ing, By the bil-lows of war, which so of-ten, high swell-ing, Have waft-ed these

THE SWORD OF ERIN.

he - roes to vic - to - ry's shore, We swear to re - venge them : No joy shall be

he - roes to vic - to - ry's shore, We swear to re - venge them : No joy shall be

he - roes to vic - to - ry's shore, We swear to re - venge them :

he - roes to vic - to - ry's shore, We swear to re - venge them :

poco a poco rall.

tast - ed, The harp shall be si - lent, the maid - en un - wed, Our halls shall be

tast - ed, The harp shall be si - lent, the maid - en un - wed, Our halls shall be

The harp shall be si - lent, the maid - en un - wed, Our halls shall be

The harp shall be si - lent, the maid - en un - wed, Our halls shall be

f a tempo.

mute, our fields shall lie wast - ed, Till ven - geance is wreak'd on the mur - der - er's head.

mute, our fields shall lie wast - ed, Till ven - geance is wreak'd on the mur - der - er's head.

mute, and our fields shall lie wast - ed, Till ven - geance is wreak'd on the mur - der - er's head.

mute, and our fields shall lie wast - ed, Till ven - geance is wreak'd on the mur - der - er's head.

THE SWORD OF ERIN.

f Yes, mon - arch ! Tho' sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, Tho' sweet are the
f Yes, mon - arch ! Sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, Tho' sweet . . are the
f Yes, mon - arch ! Sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, Tho' sweet are the
f Yes, mon - arch ! Sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, Tho' sweet are the

dim. *p*

poco rall.
 tears that from ten - der - ness fall ; Tho' sweet are our friend - ships, our hopes, our af -
 tears that from ten - der - ness fall ; Tho' sweet are our friend - ships, our hopes, our af -
 tears that from ten - der - ness fall ! Tho' sweet are our friend - ships, our hopes, our af -
 tears that from ten - der - ness fall ; Tho' sweet are our friend - ships, our hopes, our af -

a tempo. *ff* *più lento.*
 - fec - tions, Re - venge on a ty - rant is sweet - est of all !
 - fec - tions, Re - venge on a ty - rant is sweet - est of all !
 - fec - tions, Re - venge on a ty - rant is sweet - est of all !
 - fec - tions, Re - venge on a ty - rant is sweet - est of all !

a tempo. *più lento.*

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(Op. 78.)

No. 5.—It is not the tear.

(Air.—“The sixpence.”)

Andante.
p

SOPRANO.
It is not the tear, at this mo - ment shed, When the

ALTO.
p
It is not the tear, at this mo - ment shed, When the

TENOR.
p
It is not the tear, at this mo - ment shed, When the

BASS.
p
It is not the tear, at this mo - ment shed, When the

PIANO.
(For practice only.)

cold turf has just been laid o'er him, That can tell how be-lov'd was the

cold turf has just been laid o'er him, That can tell how be-lov'd was the

cold turf has just been laid o'er him, That can tell how be-lov'd was the

cold turf has just been laid o'er him, That can tell how be-lov'd was the

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(1)

H. 3161.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR.

friend that's fled, Or how deep in our hearts we de - plore him, 'Tis the
 friend that's fled, Or how deep in our hearts we de - plore him, 'Tis the
 friend that's fled, Or how deep in our hearts we de - plore him, 'Tis the

tear, thro' a long day wept, 'Tis life's whole path o'er -
 tear, thro' a long day wept, 'Tis life's whole path o'er -
 tear, thro' ma - ny a long day wept, 'Tis life's whole path o'er -

- shad - ed; 'Tis the one . . re - mem - brance, fond - ly kept, When all
 - shad - ed; 'Tis the one . . re - mem - brance, fond - ly kept, When all
 - shad - ed; 'Tis the one . . re - mem - brance, fond - ly kept, When all

IT IS NOT THE TEAR.

high - er griefs have fa - - - ded. Thus his mem - or - y, *pp*
 high - er griefs have fa - - - ded. Thus his mem - or - y, *pp*
 high - er griefs have fa - - - ded. Thus his mem - or - y, *pp*
 high - er griefs have fa - - - ded. Thus his *mp*

like some ho - ly light, Kept a - live in our hearts, will im -
 like some ho - - ly, ho - - ly light, Kept a - live in our hearts, will im -
 like some ho - - ly light, Kept a - live in our hearts, will im - *p*
 mem - or - y, like some ho - ly light, Kept a - live in our hearts, will im -

- prove them, For worth shall look fair - er, and truth more bright, When we *f*
 - prove them, For worth shall look fair - er, and truth more bright, When we *f*
 - prove . . . them, For worth shall look fair - er, and truth more bright, When we *f*
 - prove them, For worth shall look fair - er, and truth more bright, When we *f*

IT IS NOT THE TEAR.

think how he lived but to love them. And no fresh - er flow - ers the
 think how he lived but to love . . . them. And no fresh - er flow - ers the
 think how he lived but to love . . . them. And no fresh - er flow - ers the
 think he lived but to love them. And no fresh - er flow - ers the

sod per - fume Where bu - ried saints are ly - ing, So our
 sod per - fume Where bu - ried saints are ly - ing, So our
 sod per - fume Where bu - ried saints are ly - ing, So our
 sod per - fume Where bu - ried saints are ly - ing, So our

hearts shall bor - row a sweet'ning bloom From the im - age he left there in dy - ing.
 hearts shall bor - row a sweet'ning bloom From the im - age he left there in dy - ing.
 hearts shall bor - row a sweet'ning bloom From the im - age he left there in dy - ing.
 hearts shall bor - row a sweet'ning bloom From the im - age he left there in dy - ing.

Piu lento. *pp* *rall.*

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(OP. 78.)

No. 6.—Oh, the sight entrancing.

(Air.—“Planxty Sudley.”)

Allegro con fuoco.

SOPRANO



1. Oh, the sight en - tranc - ing, When morn - ing's beam is glanc - ing O'er

ALTO.



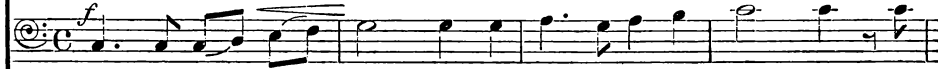
1. Oh, the sight en - tranc - ing, When morn - ing's beam is glanc - ing O'er

TENOR.



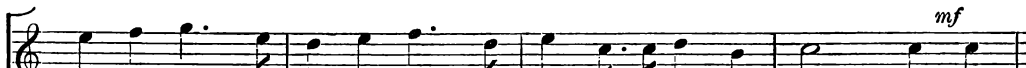
1. Oh, the sight en - tranc - ing, When morn - ing's beam is glanc - ing O'er

BASS.

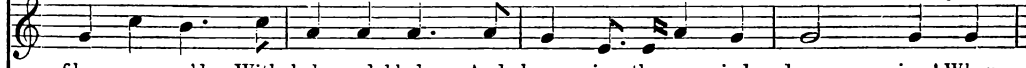


1. Oh, the sight en - tranc - ing, When morn - ing's beam is glanc - ing O'er

PIANO.
(For practice only.)



files ar - ray'd With helm and blade, And plumes in the gay wind danc - ing! When *mf*



files ar - ray'd With helm and blade, And plumes in the gay wind danc - ing! When *mf*



files ar - ray'd With helm and blade, And plumes in the gay wind danc - ing! When *f*



files ar - ray'd With helm and blade, And plumes in the gay wind danc - ing! When



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(1)

H. 3162.

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

hearts are beat - ing, And the trum - pet's voice re -

hearts are beat - ing, And the trum - pet's voice re -

hearts are beat - ing, And the trum - pet's voice re -

hearts are all high - beat - ing, And the trum - pet's voice re -

p
- peat - ing That song, whose breath May lead to death, But

p
- peat - ing That song, whose breath May lead to death, But

p
- peat - ing That song, whose breath May lead to death, But

p
- peat - ing That song, whose breath May lead to death, But

nev - er to re - treat - ing.

mf
nev - er to re - treat - ing. Then, if a cloud comes o - ver The

mf
nev - er to re - treat - ing. Then, if a cloud comes o - ver The

mf
nev - er to re - treat - ing. Then, if a cloud comes o - ver The

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

mf

Think 'tis the shade By

brow of sire or lov - er,

Think 'tis the shade By

brow of sire or lov - er,

Think 'tis the

brow of sire or lov - er,

Think 'tis the

Vic - t'ry made, Whose wings right o'er us ho - ver.

Oh, that sight en -

Vic - t'ry made, Whose wings right o'er us ho - ver.

Oh, that sight en

shade of Vic-t'ry, Whose wings right o'er us ho - ver.

Oh, that sight en -

shade of Vic-t'ry, Whose wings right o'er us ho - ver.

Oh, that sight en -

- tranc - ing, When morn - ing's beam is glanc - ing O'er files ar - ray'd With

- tranc - ing, When morn - ing's beam is glanc - ing O'er files ar - ray'd With

- tranc - ing, When morn - ing's beam is glanc - ing O'er files ar - ray'd With

- tranc - ing, When morn - ing's beam is glanc - ing O'er files ar - ray'd With

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

helm and blade, And plumes in the gay wind danc - - ing!

helm and blade, And plumes in the gay wind danc - - ing!

helm and blade, And plumes in the gay wind danc - - ing!

helm and blade, And plumes in the gay wind danc - - ing!

2. Yet 'tis not helm or feath - er— For ask yon des - pot, wheth - er His

2. Yet 'tis not helm or feath - er— For ask yon des - pot, wheth - er His

2. Yet 'tis not helm or feath - er— For ask yon des - pot, wheth - er His

2. Yet 'tis not helm or feath - er— For ask yon des - pot, wheth - er His

plum - ed bands Could bring such hands And hearts as ours to - geth - er. Leave *mf*

plum - ed bands Could bring such hands And hearts as ours to - geth - er. Leave *mf*

plum - ed bands Could bring such hands And hearts as ours to - geth - er. Leave *mf*

plum - ed bands Could bring such hands And hearts as ours to - geth - er. Leave *f*

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

poms to those who need . . 'em, Give man but heart and

poms to those who need 'em, Give man but heart and

poms to those who need . . . 'em, Give man but heart and

poms to those who need . . . 'em, Give man but heart and

free - dom, And proud he braves The gau - diest slaves, That

free - dom, And proud he braves The gau - diest slaves, That

free - dom, And proud he braves The gau - diest slaves, That

free - dom, And proud he braves The gau - diest slaves, That

crawl when mon - archs lead 'em. The sword may pierce the beav - er, Stone

crawl when mon - archs lead 'em. The sword may pierce the beav - er, Stone

crawl when mon - archs lead 'em. The sword may pierce the beav - er, Stone

crawl when mon - archs lead 'em. The sword may pierce the beav - er, Stone

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

walls in time may sev - er, 'Tis mind a - lone, Worth
 walls in time may sev - er, 'Tis mind a - lone, Worth
 walls in time may sev - er, 'Tis mind, 'tis
 walls in time may sev - er, 'Tis mind, 'tis

steel and stone, That keeps men free for ev - er. Oh, that sight en - -
 steel and stone, That keeps men free for ev - er. Oh, that sight en - -
 mind a - lone, That keeps men free for ev - er. Oh, that sight en - -
 mind a - lone, That keeps men free for ev - er. Oh, that sight en - -

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

tranc - ing, When morn - ing's beam is . . glanc - ing O'er files arrayed With

tranc - ing, When morn - ing's beam is glanc - ing O'er files arrayed With

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helm and blade, In Free - dom's cause ad - vanc - ing!

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*12 Fair shines the moon (Rigoletto) (S.A.T.B.) *Verdi*
20 To Thee we call (Mosé) (S.A.T.B.) *Rossini*
56 With thy prophetic (Norma) (T.T.B.B.) ... *Bellini*
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(S.A.T.B.)
86 Santa Maria (Dinorah) (S.T.B.) *Meyerbeer*
88 O'er the calm and sparkling (Vespers)
(S.A.T.T.B.) *Verdi*
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94 The dance invites (Mirella) (S.S.A.) *Gounod*
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128 Soldiers' Chorus (Trovatore) (T.T.B.B.)
129 Miserere and Tower Scene (Trovatore)
(S.S.A.A.T.B.)
130 Villagers' Chorus (Dinorah) (S.A.T.B.) *Meyerbeer*
135 Page's Rondo (Princess) (S.S.A.A.) *Offenbach*
136 Hark ! 'tis the trumpet (Puritani) (S.A.T.B.)
Bellini
137 { See what grace (Martha) (S.A.T.B.) *Flotow*
{ On yonder rock (Fra Diavolo) (S.A.T.B.) *Auber*
138 { Richmond Fair (Martha) (S.A.T.B.) *Flotow*
{ Hither now gather (Martha) (S.A.T.B.) ...
{ Blithesome and bright (William Tell)
(S.A.T.B.) *Rossini*
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*145 Huntsmen's Chorus (Freischütz) (S.A.T.B.) *Weber*
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{ The Gendarmes (Genevieve) (S.A.T.B.)
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(S.A.T.B.) *Bellini*
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{ Song of the Brotherhood (Madame Angot)
*158 { (S.A.T.B.) *Lecocq*
{ Hence, now away (Madame Angot) (S.A.A.B.)
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174 We'd run them in (Genevieve) (T.T.B.B.)
Offenbach
182 Fair shines the moon (Rigoletto) (T.B.B.) *Verdi*
*220 Spinning Chorus (Flying Dutchman) (S.S.A.A.)
Wagner
*271 Gipsy Chorus (Bohemian Girl) (S.A.T.B.) ... *Balfe*
*346 Soldiers' Chorus (Faust), with new words
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*347 In this hour of softened splendour (S.A.T.B.)
Pinsuti
*348 All among the barley (S.A.T.B.) *Elizabeth Stirling*
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