TO MY FRIEND
Robert Radford

SONGS OF A WAYFARER

Composed

BY

JOHN IRELAND

BOOSEY & HAWKES

TO MY FRIEND
Robert Radford

SONGS OF A WAYFARER

Composed

BY

JOHN IRELAND

BOOSEY & CO.
LIMITED

Sole Selling Agents : Boosey & Hawkes, Ltd.
295 Regent Street, London, W.1
New York · Los Angeles · Sydney · Cape Town · Toronto · Paris

SONGS OF A WAYFARER

INDEX

	WORDS BY	PAGE
MEMORY	WILLIAM BLAKE	1
WHEN DAFFODILS BEGIN TO PEER	SHAKESPEARE	5
ENGLISH MAY	D.G.ROSSETTI	13
I WAS NOT SORROWFUL (SPLEEN)	ERNEST DOWSON	19
I WILL WALK ON THE EARTH	JAMES VILA BLAKE	25

Please include full details of title, author, composer and publisher of this work on THE PERFORMING RIGHT SOCIETY'S returns whenever it is publicly performed.

MEMORY.

MEMORY, hither come
  And tune your merry notes;
And while upon the wind
  Your music floats,
I'll pore upon the stream,
Where sighing lovers dream,
And fish for fancies as they pass
Within the watery glass.

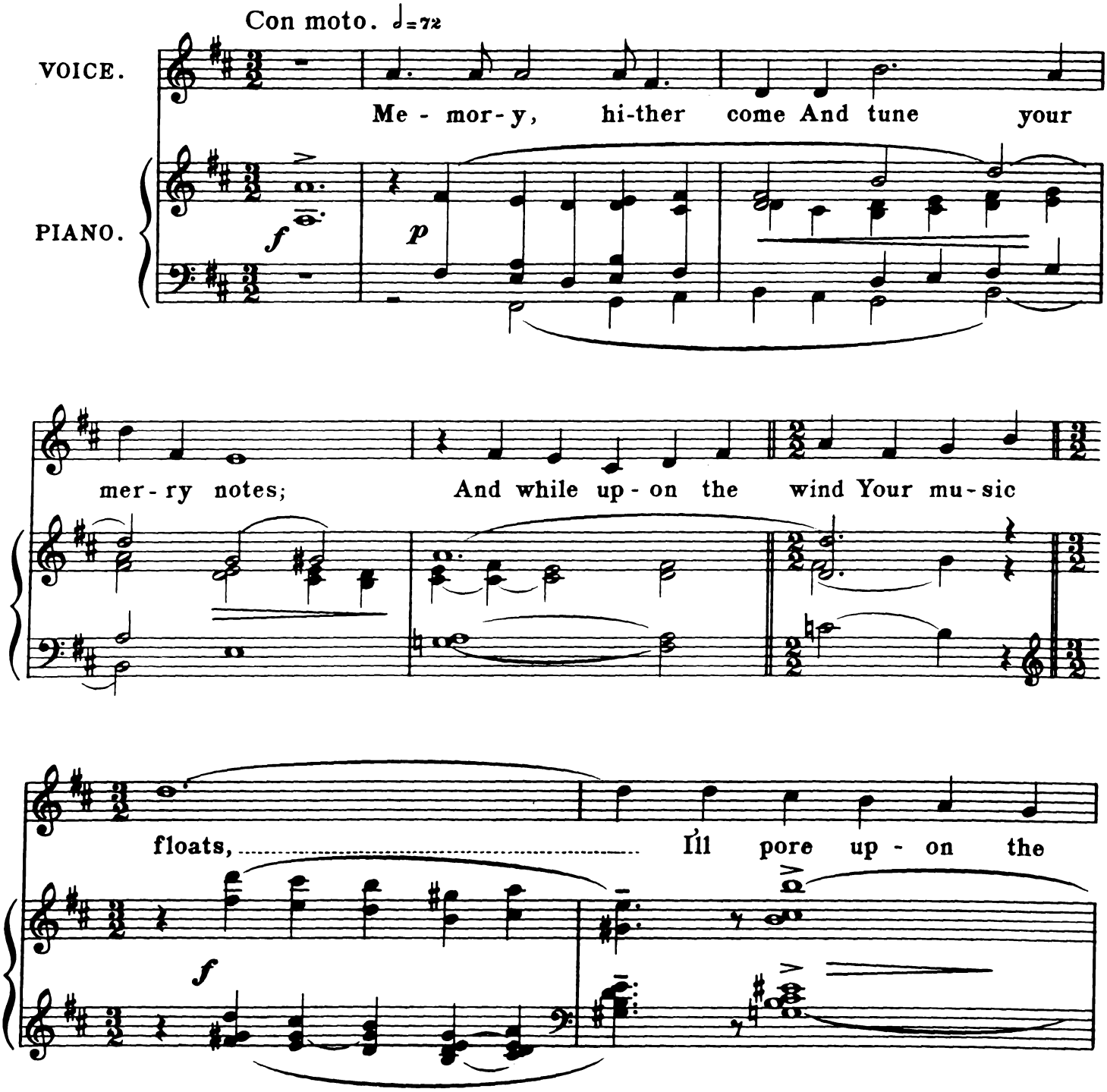
I'll drink of the clear stream,
  And hear the linnet's song,
And there I'll lie and dream
  The day along;
And when night comes I'll go
To places fit for woe,
Walking along the darkened valley,
With silent Melancholy.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Memory.

Words by
WILLIAM BLAKE.

Music by
JOHN IRELAND.



Copyright 1912 by Boosey & Co

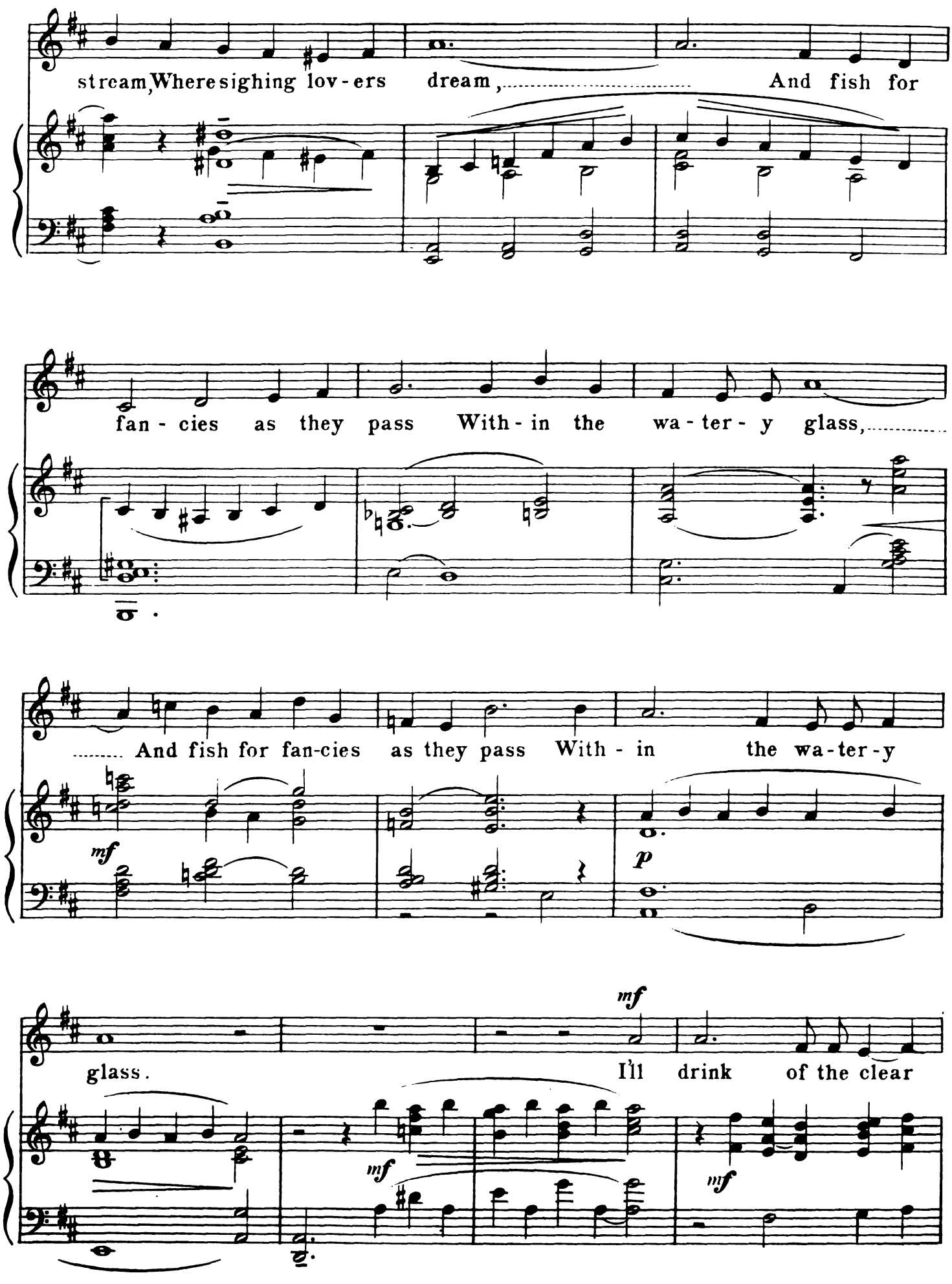
H. 7349.

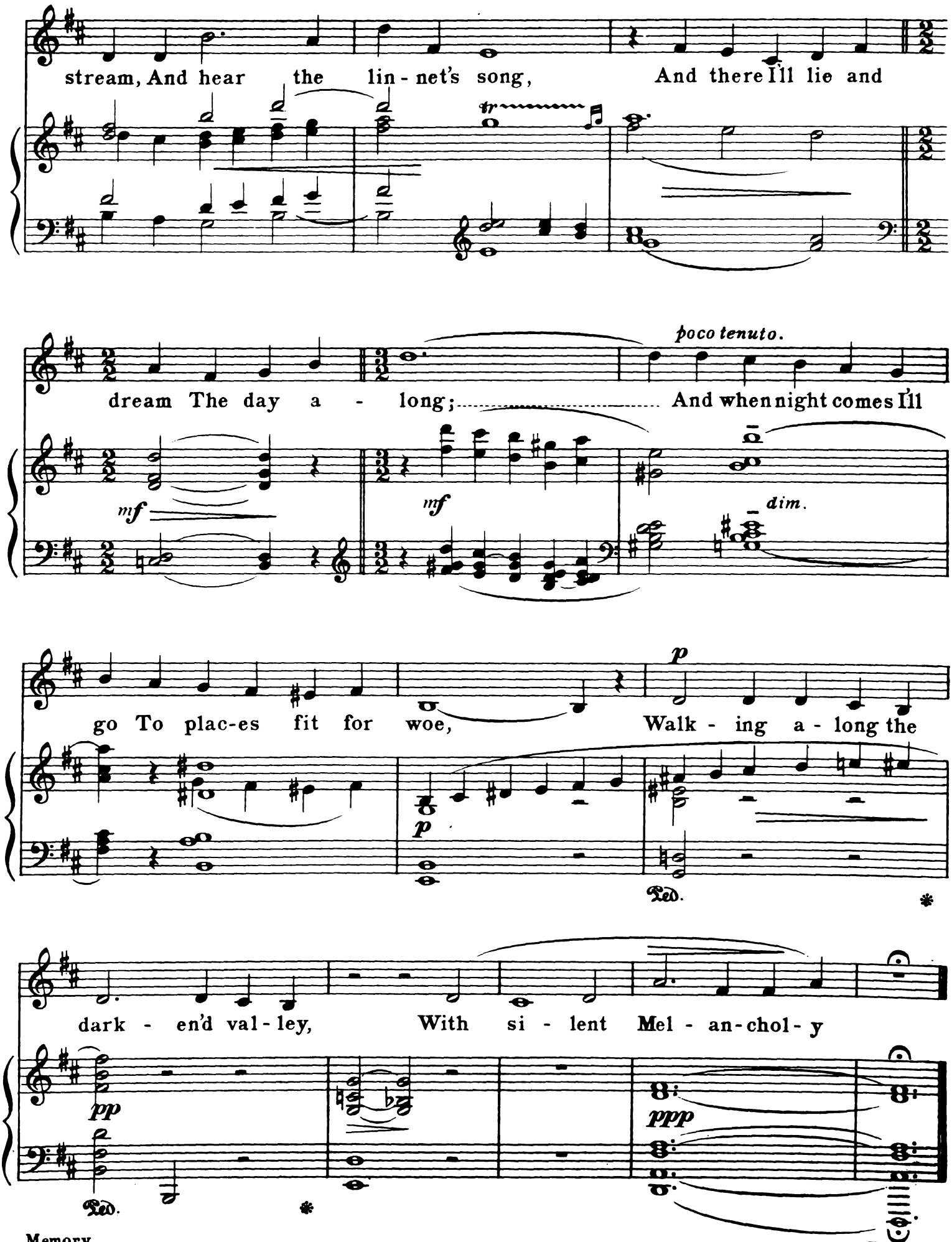
Sole Selling Agents: Boosey & Hawkes, Ltd. 295 Regent Street, London, W.1

New York · Los Angeles · Sydney · Cape Town · Toronto · Paris

All Rights Reserved

Printed in England


stream, Where sighing lov-ers dream, ... And fish for
fan-cies as they pass With-in the wa-ter-y glass, ...
..... And fish for fan-cies as they pass With-in the wa-ter-y
mf
p
mf
glass. I'll drink of the clear
mf
mf


stream, And hear the lin - net's song, And there I'll lie and
tr
poco tenuto.
dream The day a - long; And when night comes I'll
mf
mf
dim.
go To plac-es fit for woe, Walk - ing a - long the
p
p
Ped.
*
dark - en'd val - ley, With si - lent Mel - an-chol - y
pp
ppp
Ped.
*

WHEN DAFFODILS BEGIN TO PEER.

WHEN daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

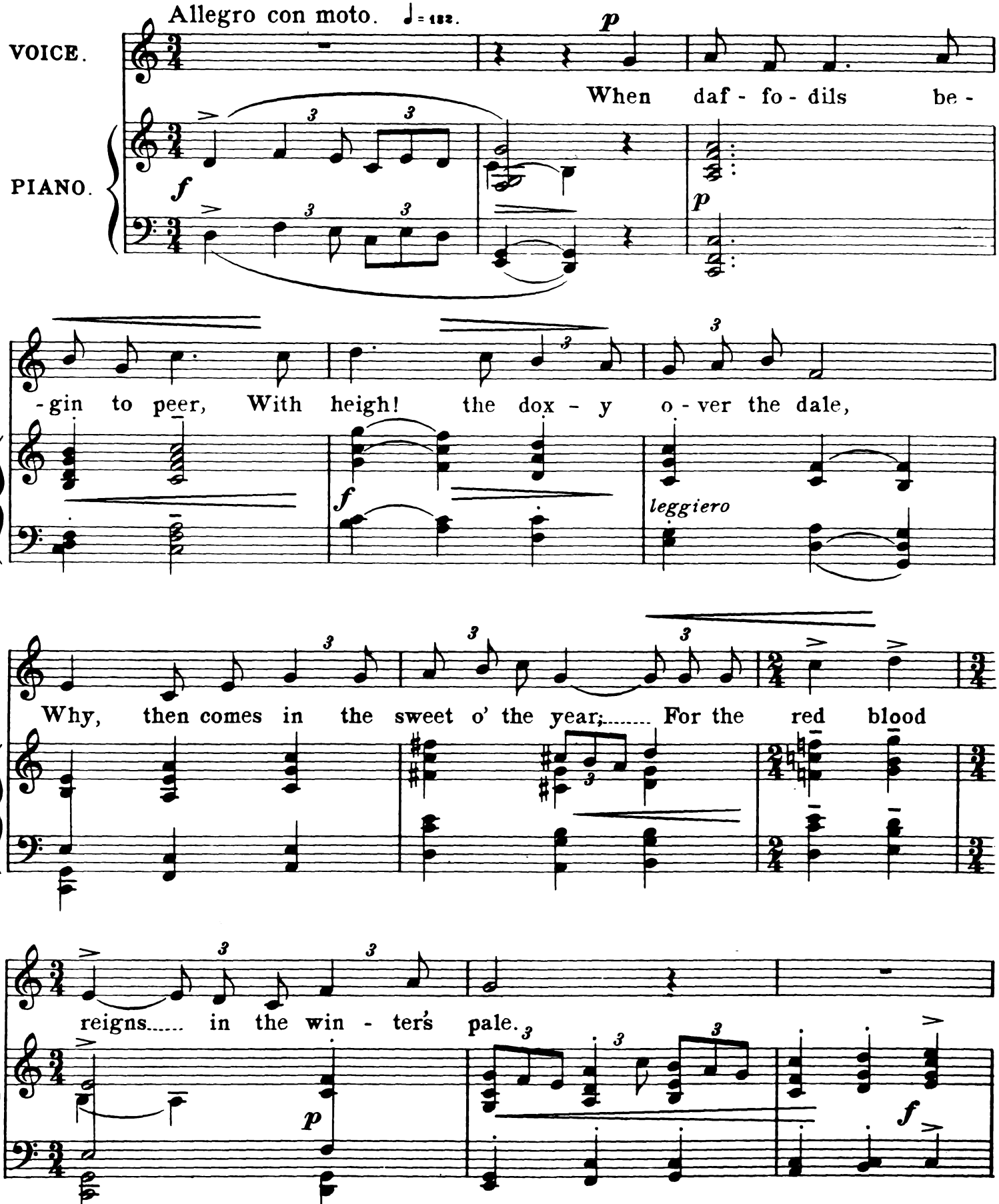
Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

SHAKESPEARE

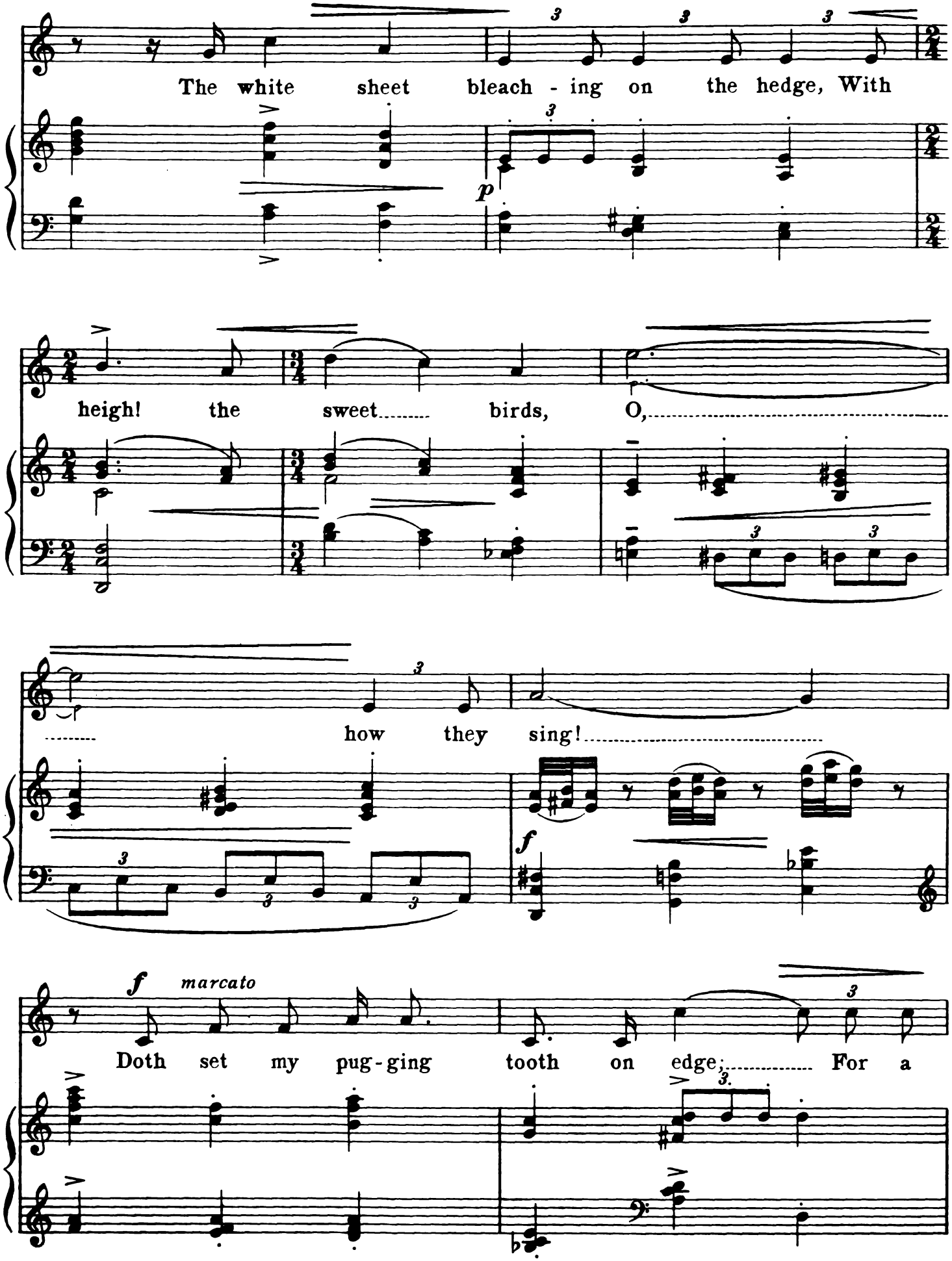
When daffodils begin to peer.

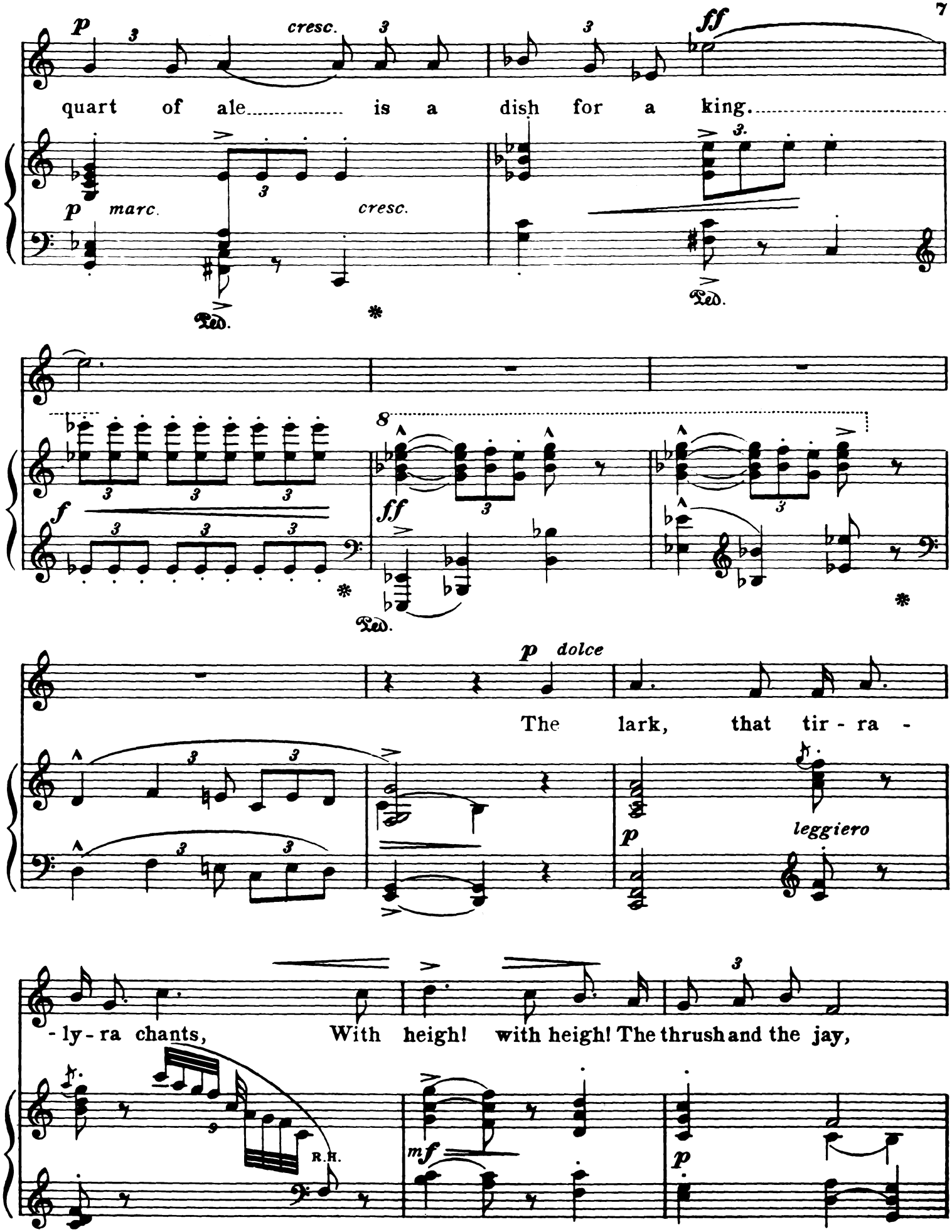
Words by
SHAKESPEARE.

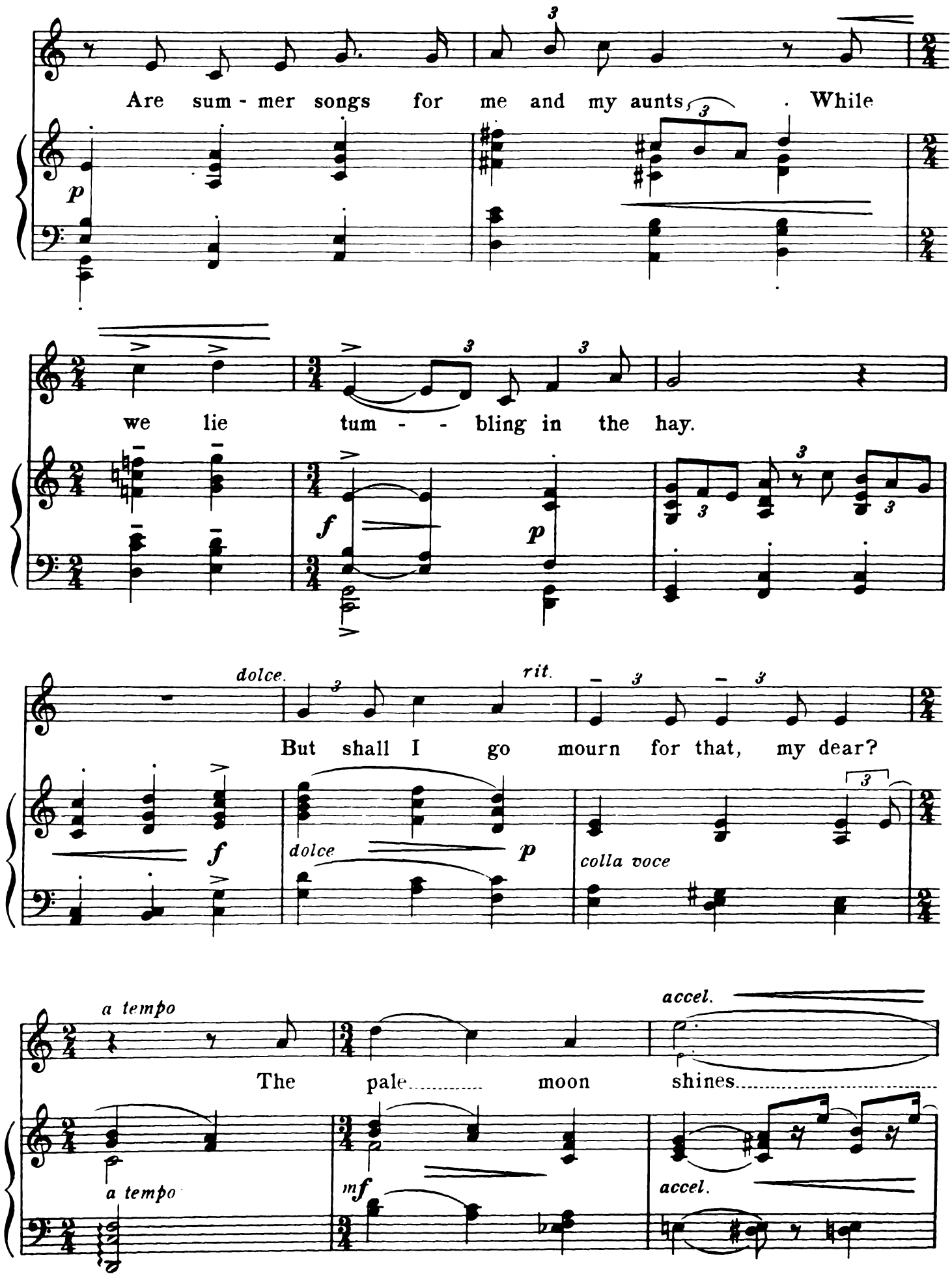
Music by
JOHN IRELAND.

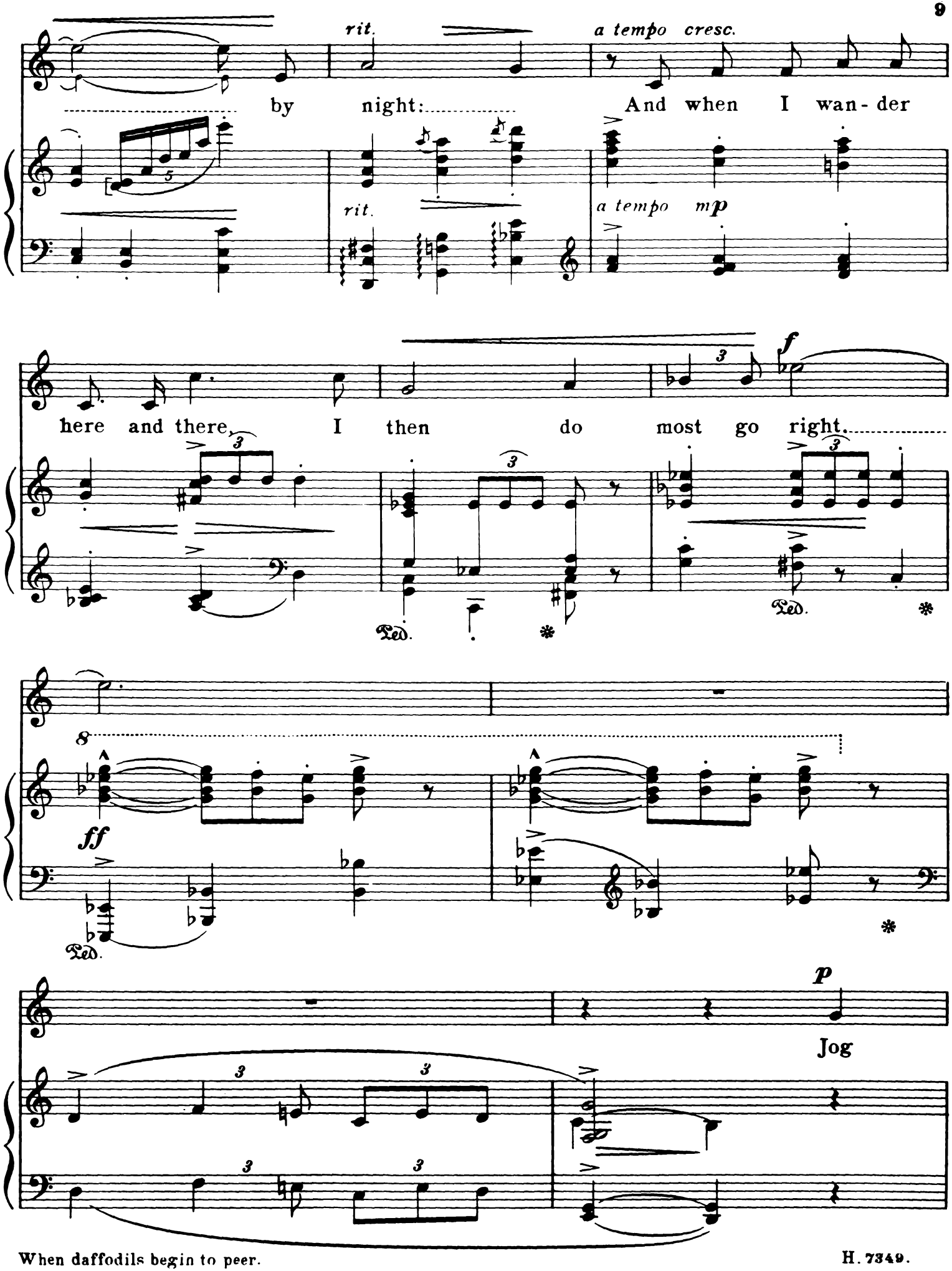


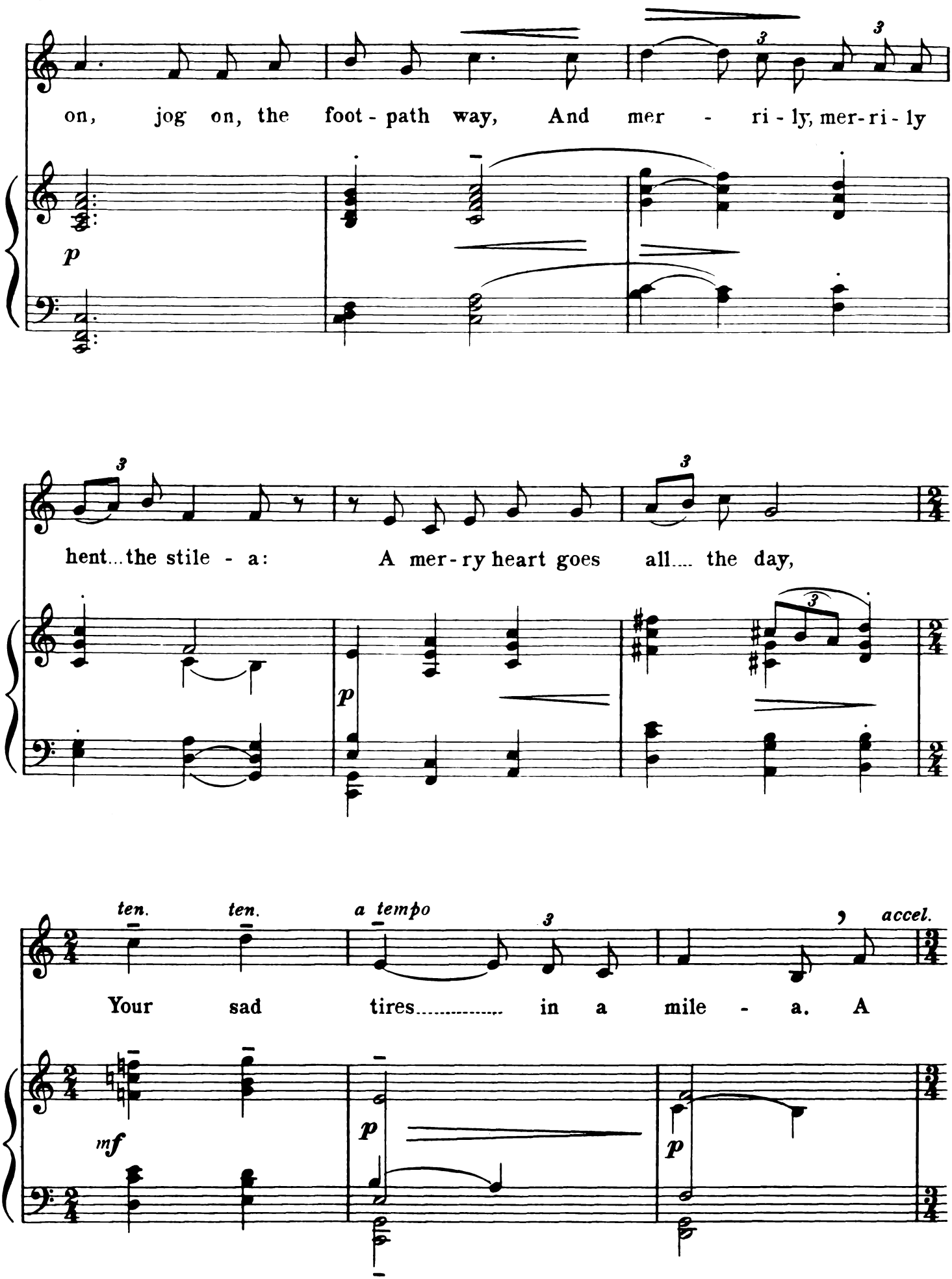
Copyright 1912 by Boosey & Co.

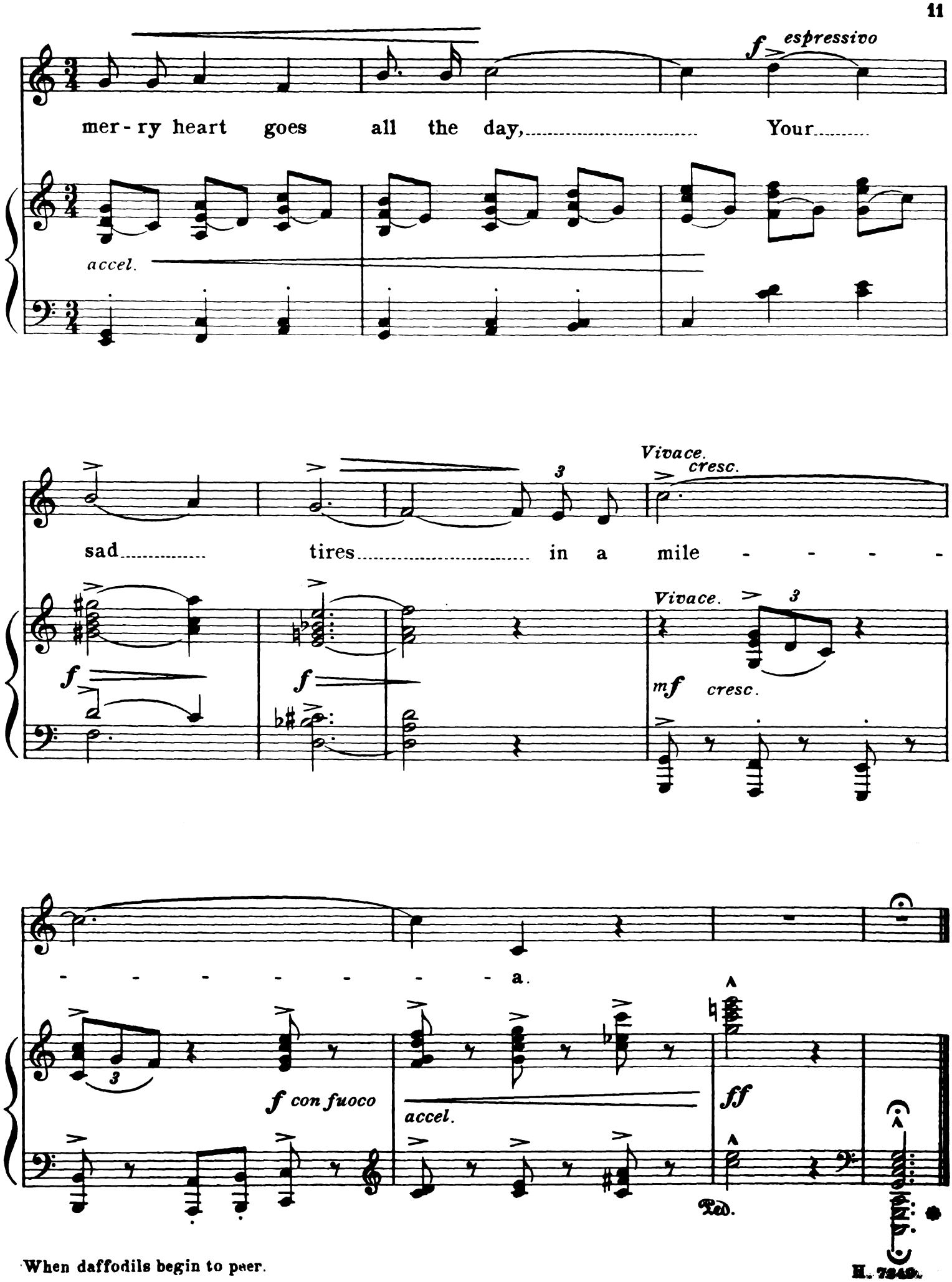

The white sheet bleach - ing on the hedge, With
heigh! the sweet birds, O,
how they sing!
f marcato
Doth set my pug-ging tooth on edge; For a


p
cresc.
ff
quart of ale is a dish for a king.
p marc.
cresc.
Ped.
f
ff
8
Ped.
p dolce
The lark, that tir - ra -
p
leggiero
- ly - ra chants, With heigh! with heigh! The thrush and the jay,
R.H.
mf
p


Are sum - mer songs for me and my aunts . While
p
we lie tum - - bling in the hay.
f
p
dolce.
rit.
But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
f
dolce
p
colla voce
a tempo
accel.
The pale..... moon shines.....
a tempo
mf
accel.


rit.
a tempo cresc.
by night:
And when I wan-der
rit.
a tempo mp
here and there,
I then do most go right.
f
Ped.
ff
Jog
p


on, jog on, the foot - path way, And mer - ri - ly, mer-ri - ly
p
hent... the stile - a: A mer-ry heart goes all.... the day,
p
ten. ten. a tempo accel.
Your sad tires..... in a mile - a. A
mf
p
p


f espressivo
mer - ry heart goes all the day, Your
accel.
Vivace.
cresc.
sad tires in a mile - - - -
f
f
Vivace.
mf cresc.
- - - - - - - - a.
f con fuoco
accel.
ff
Ped.

ENGLISH MAY.

WOULD God your health were as this month of May
  Should be, were this not England,—and your face
  Abroad, to give the gracious sunshine grace
And laugh beneath the budding hawthorn-spray.
But here the hedgerows pine from green to grey
  While yet May's lyre is tuning, and her song
  Is weak in shade that should in sun be strong;
And your pulse springs not to so faint a lay.

If in my life be breath of Italy,
  Would God that I might yield it all to you!
  So, when such grafted warmth had burgeoned through
The languor of your Maytime's hawthorn-tree,
My spirit at rest should walk unseen and see
  The garland of your beauty bloom anew.

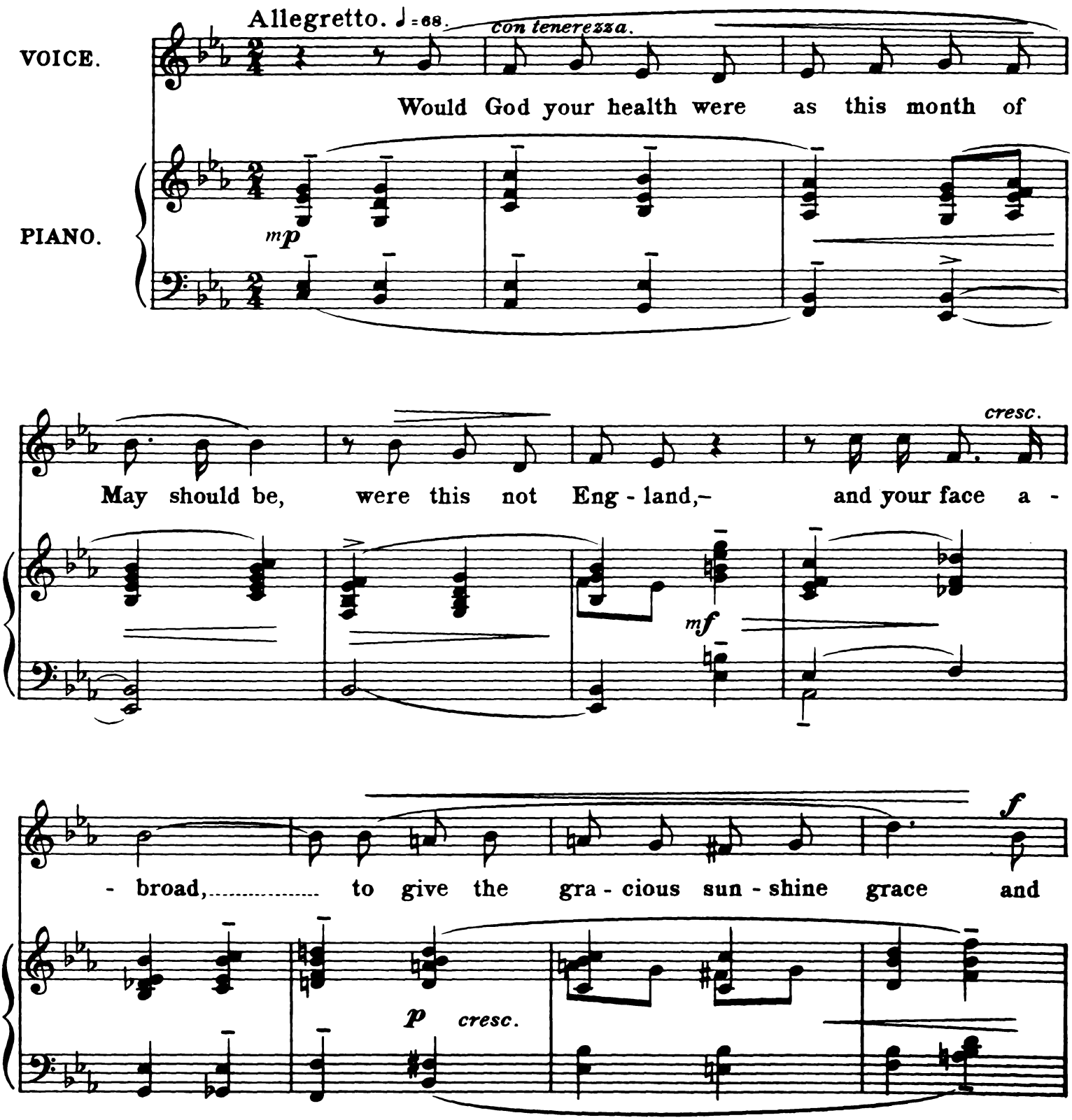
DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

(By permission of Messrs. ELLIS.)

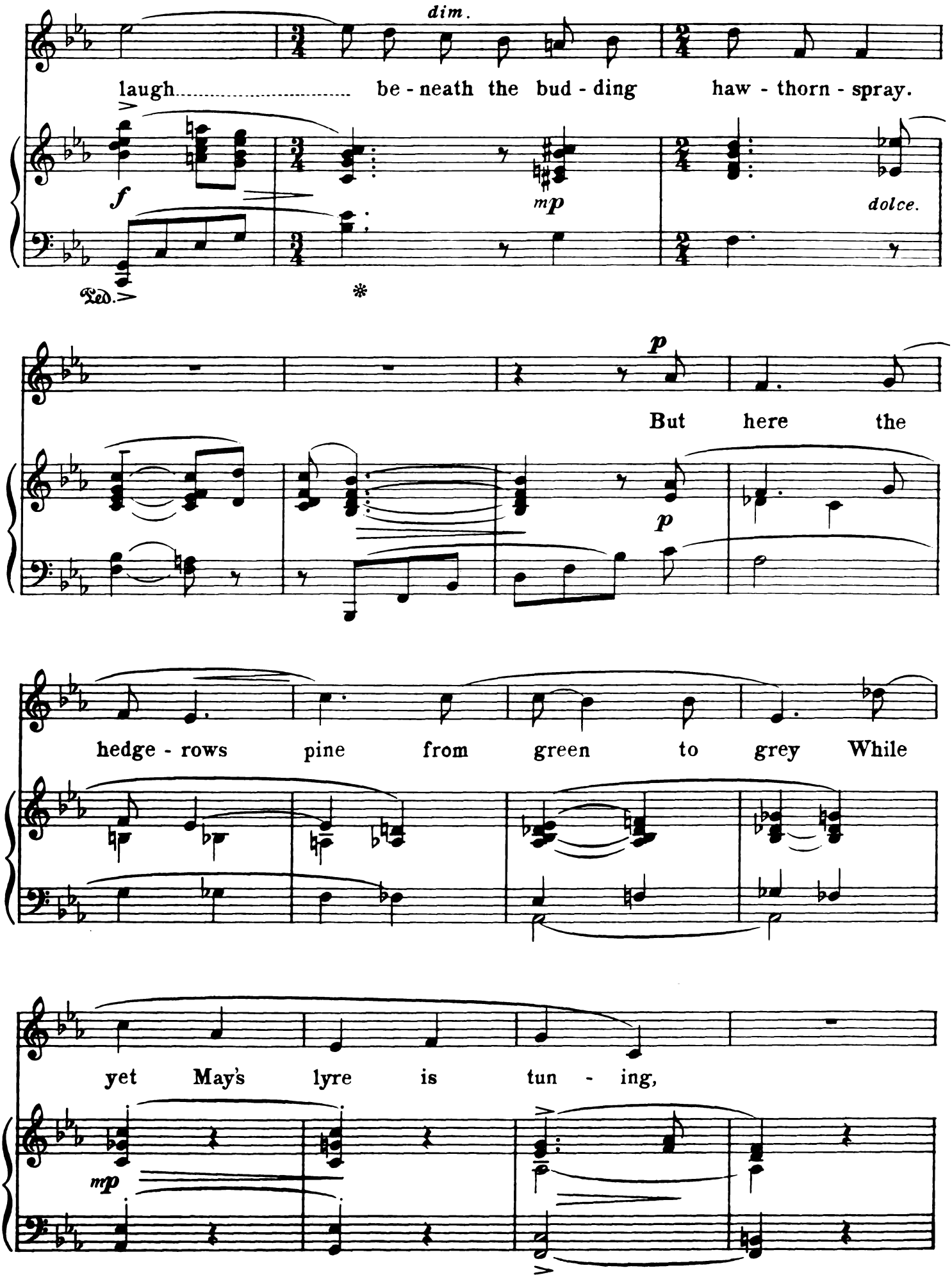
English May.

Words by
DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Music by
JOHN IRELAND.



Copyright 1912 by Boosey & Co


dim.
laugh..... be - neath the bud - ding haw - thorn - spray.
f
mp
dolce.
Ped.
*
p
But here the
p
hedge - rows pine from green to grey While
yet May's lyre is tun - ing,
mp

molto

and her song is weak in shade..... that should in

accel. f

sun be strong; and

p a tempo.

accel. cresc.

fp a tempo.

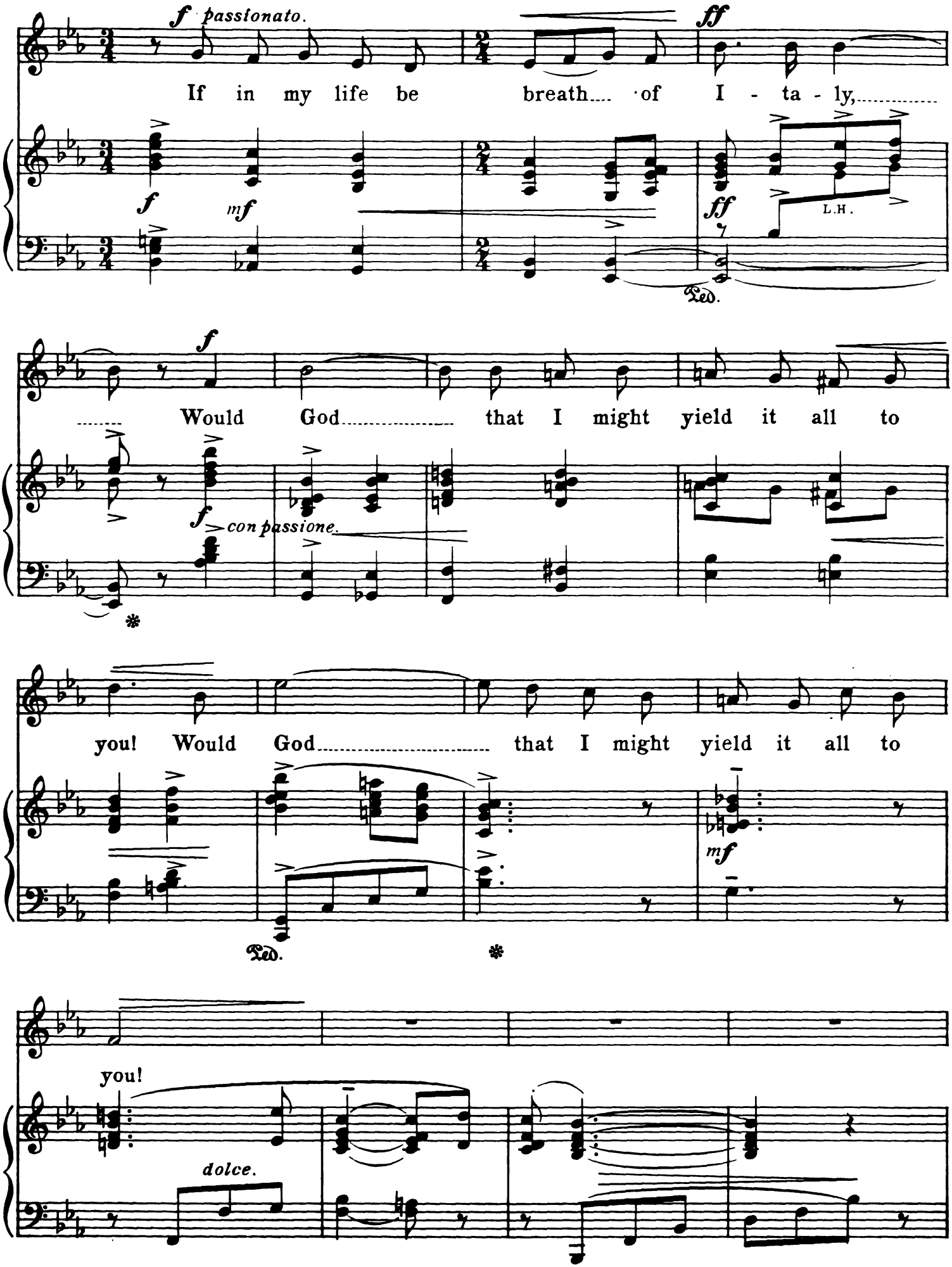
pp

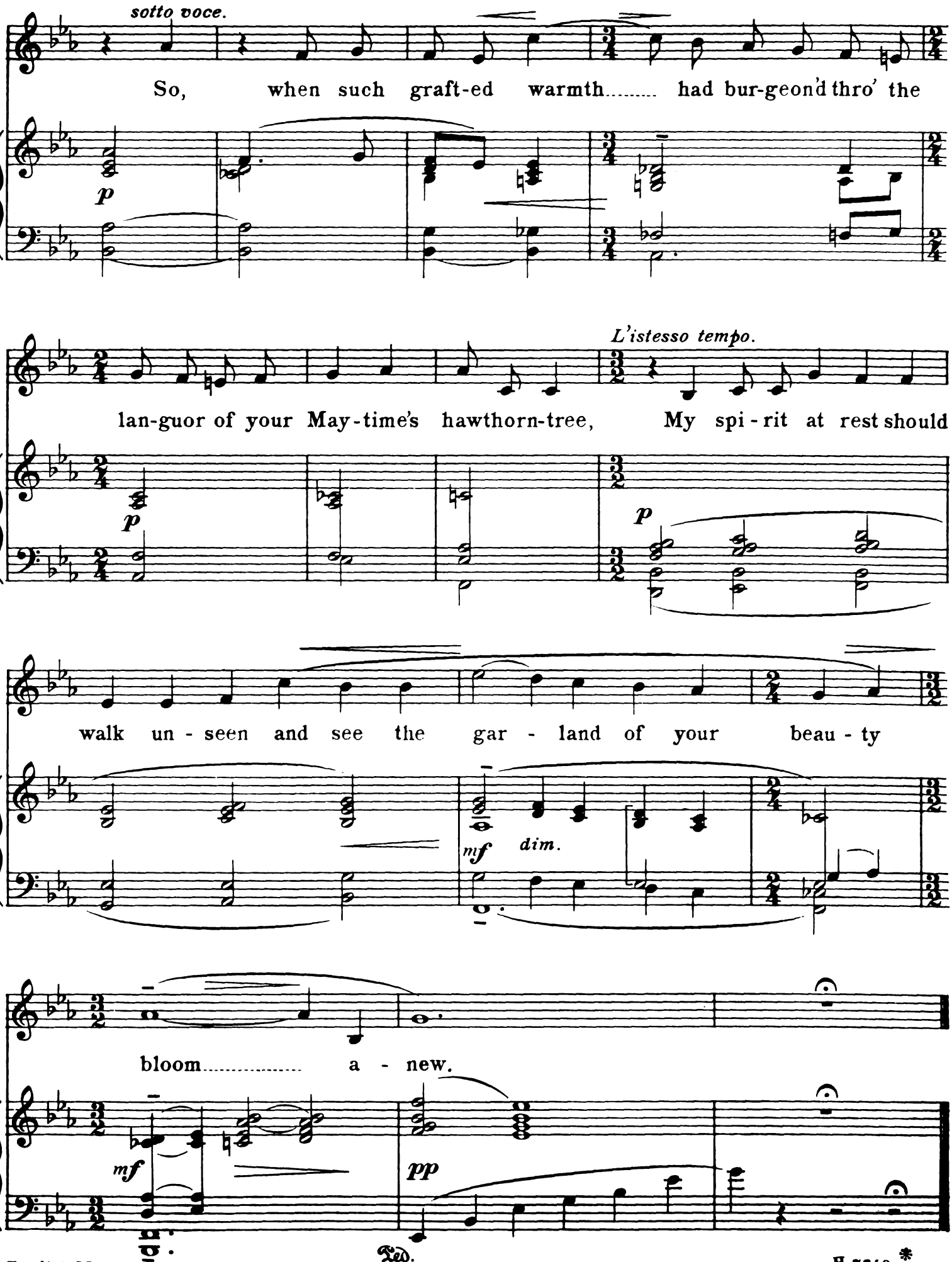
your pulse springs not to so faint a lay.

pp p

mf cresc.

Ped. *


f passionato.
ff
If in my life be breath of I - ta - ly,
f
mf
ff
L.H.
Ped.
f
Would God that I might yield it all to
f con passione.
you! Would God that I might yield it all to
mf
Ped.
you!
dolce.


sotto voce.
So, when such graft-ed warmth..... had bur-geon'd thro' the
p
L'istesso tempo.
lan-guor of your May-time's hawthorn-tree, My spi-rit at rest should
p
p
walk un-seen and see the gar-land of your beau-ty
mf
dim.
bloom..... a-new.
mf
pp
Ped.

I WAS NOT SORROWFUL.

(SPLEEN.)

I WAS not sorrowful, I could not weep,
And all my memories were put to sleep.

I watched the river grow more white and strange,
All day till evening I watched it change.

All day till evening I watched the rain
Beat wearily upon the window pane.

I was not sorrowful, but only tired
Of everything that ever I desired.

Her lips, her eyes, all day became to me
The shadow of a shadow utterly.

All day mine hunger for her heart became
Oblivion, until the evening came,

And left me sorrowful, inclined to weep,
With all my memories that could not sleep.

ERNEST DOWSON.

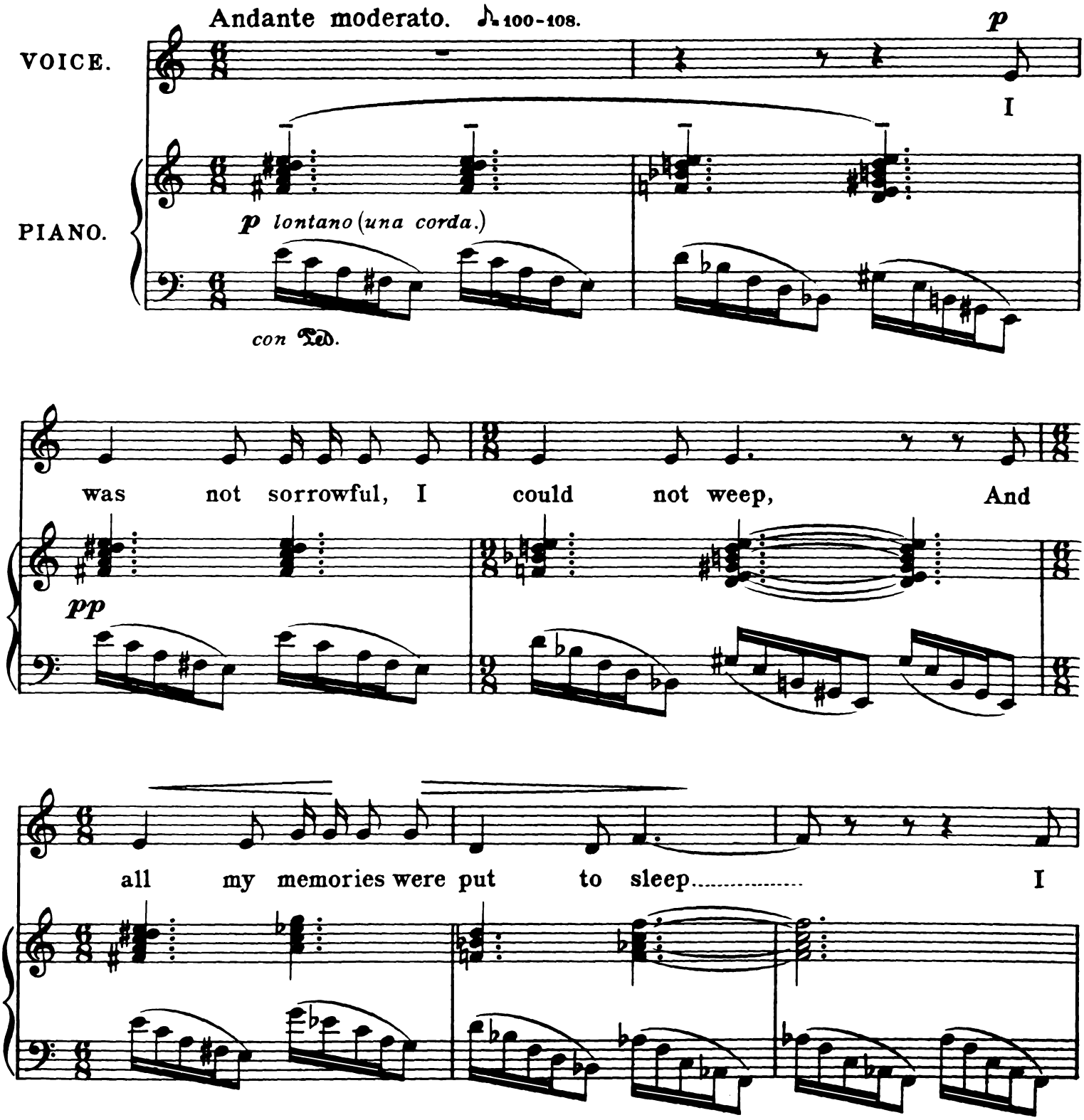
(By permission of Mr. JOHN LANE.)

I was not sorrowful.

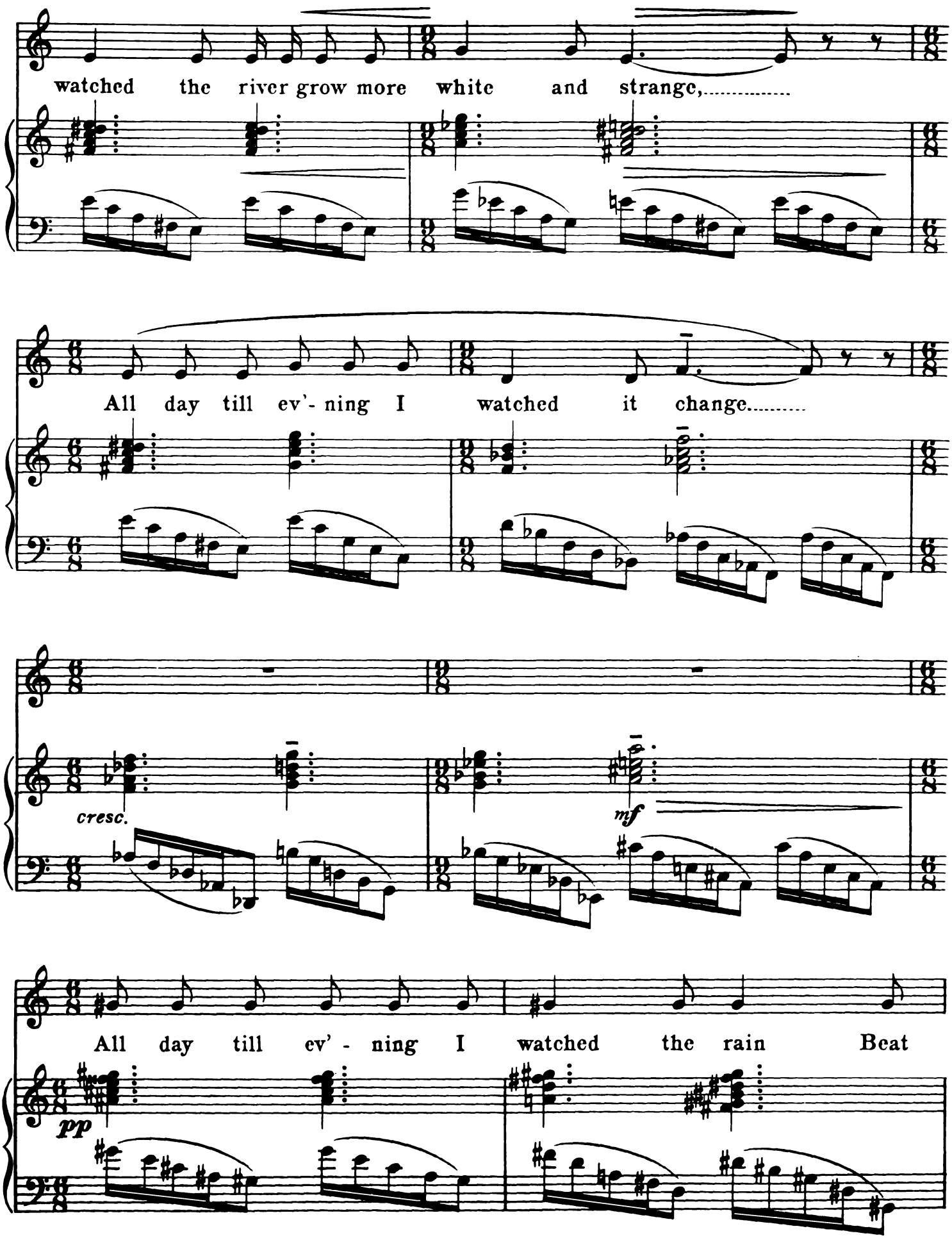
(Spleen.)

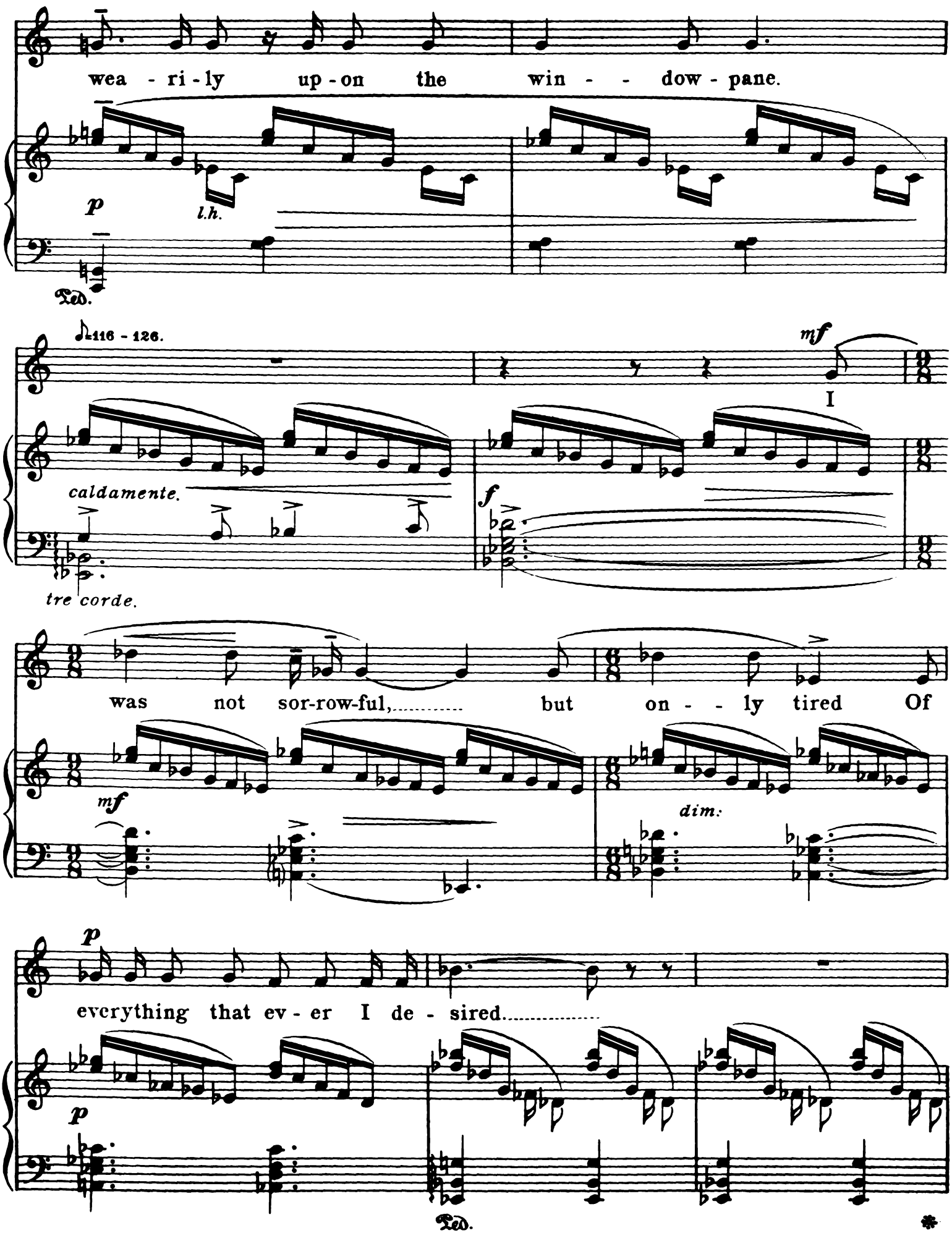
Words by
ERNEST DOWSON.

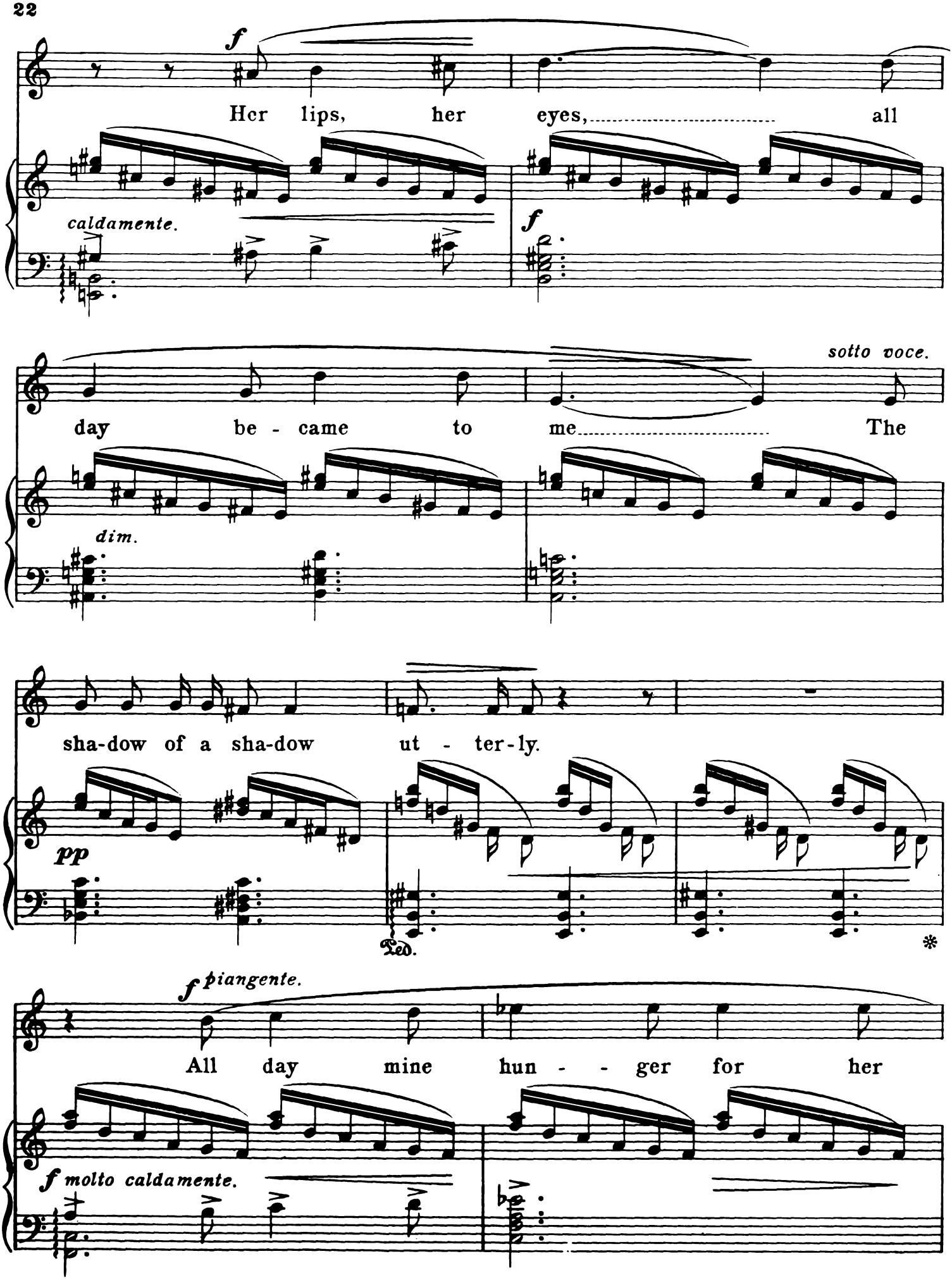
Music by
JOHN IRELAND.

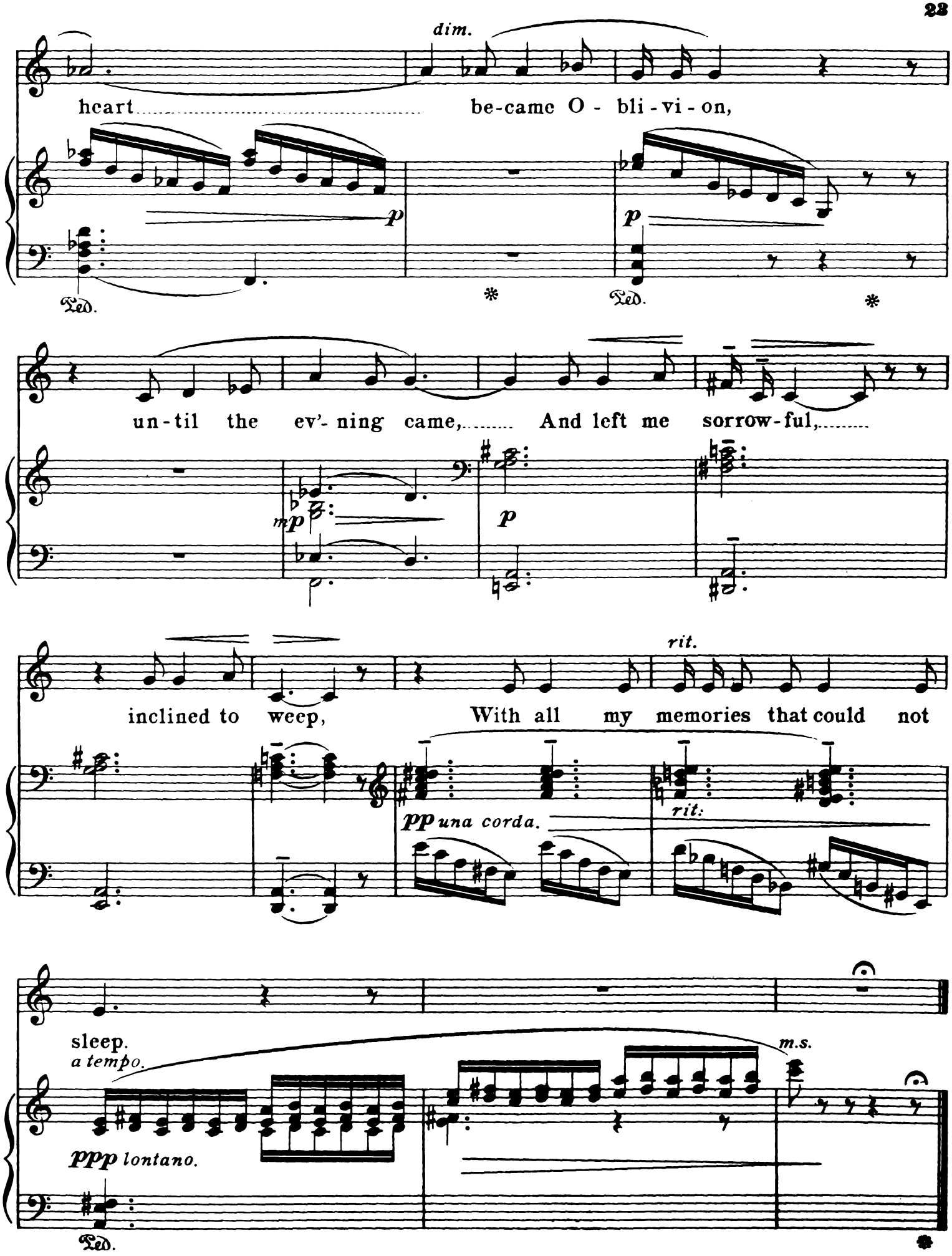


Copyright 1912 by Boosey & Co.


watched the river grow more white and strange,.....
All day till ev'- ning I watched it change.....
cresc.
mf
All day till ev' - ning I watched the rain Beat
pp


wea - ri - ly up - on the win - - dow - pane.
p
l.h.
Ped.
♩=116 - 126.
mf
I
caldamente.
f
tre corde.
was not sor-row-ful,..... but on - - ly tired Of
mf
dim.
p
everything that ev - er I de - sired.....
p
Ped.
*


f
Her lips, her eyes, all
caldamente.
f
sotto voce.
day be - came to me The
dim.
sha-dow of a sha-dow ut - ter-ly.
pp
Ped.
*
f piangente.
All day mine hun - - ger for her
f molto caldamente.


dim.
heart
be-came O - bli - vi - on,
p
Ped.
*
p
Ped.
*
un-til the ev'- ning came,
And left me sorrow-ful,
mp
p
rit.
inclined to weep,
With all my memories that could not
pp una corda.
rit.
sleep.
a tempo.
m.s.
ppp lontano.
Ped.

I WILL WALK ON THE EARTH.

Up to the top o' the trees,
Where sway the bird and the breeze,
  And Song's wild eyes
  Look to the skies:
Up to the top o' the trees!

Up to the peaks o' the cloud,
Where Echo's suburbs crowd
  The lightning's flash
  And thunderous crash:
Up to the peaks o' the cloud!

Nay, I will walk on the earth;
My love them all is worth:
    In Love I see
    All of them be,
And more—I will walk on the earth!

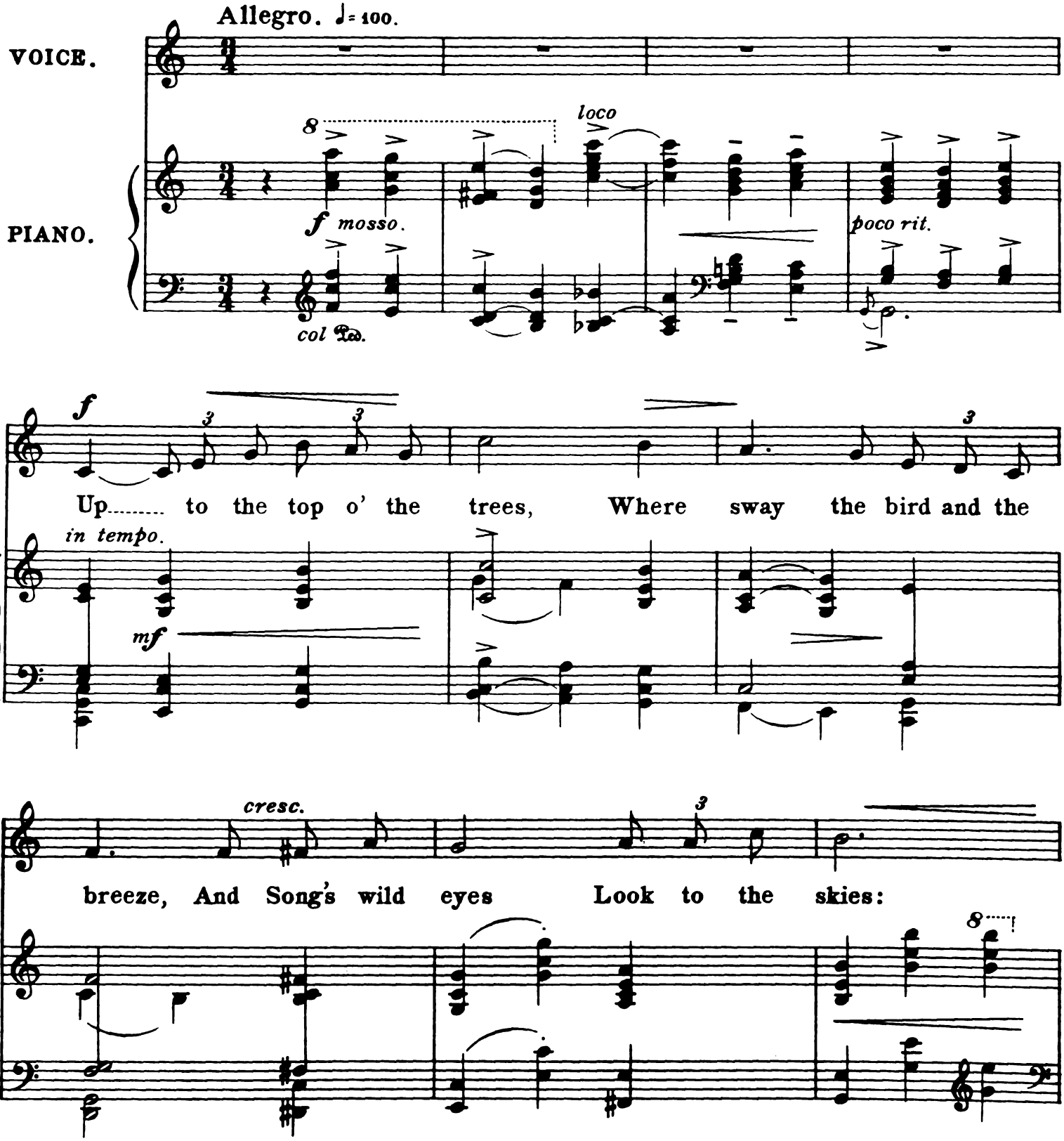
JAMES VILA BLAKE.

—From "Songs."

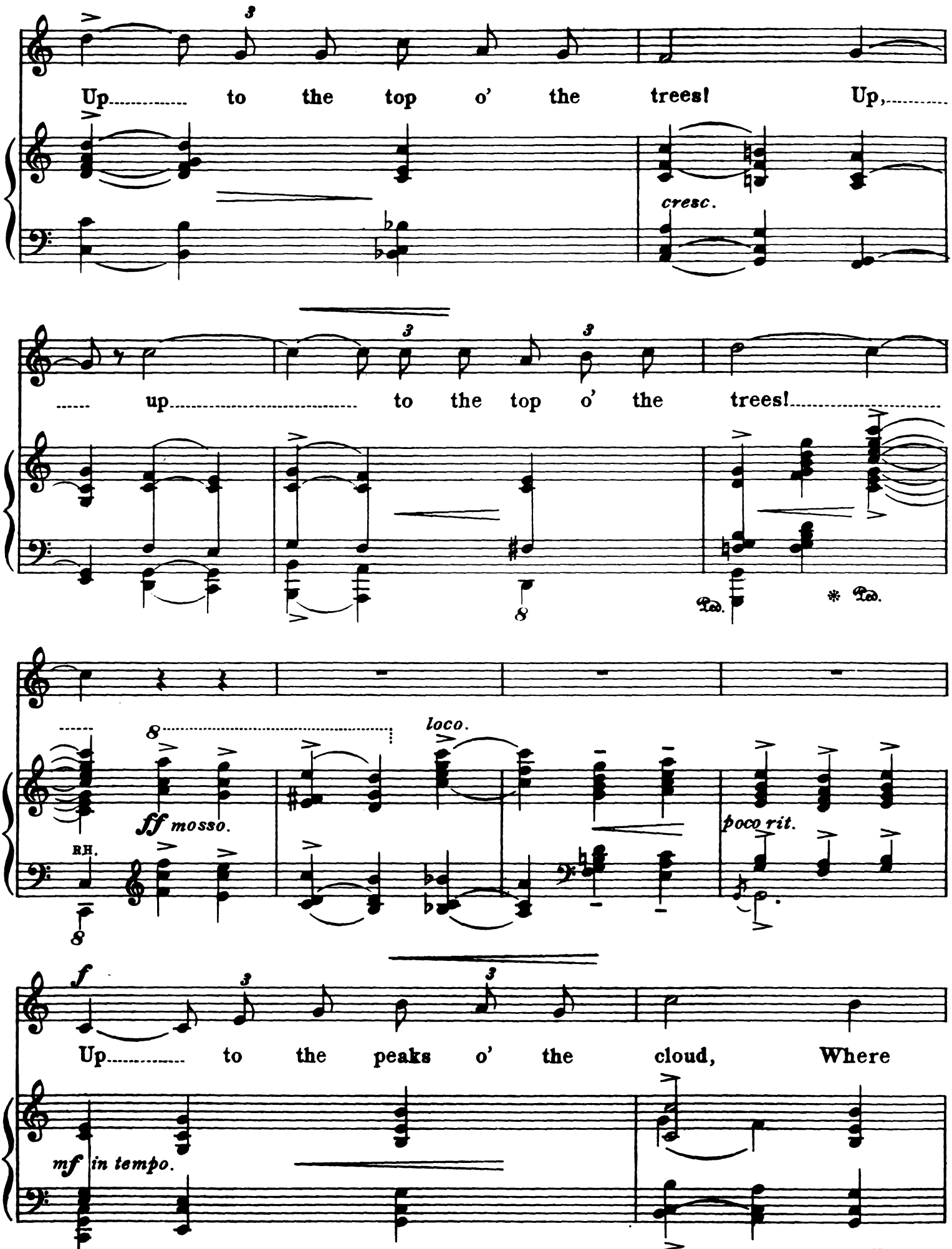
I will walk on the earth.

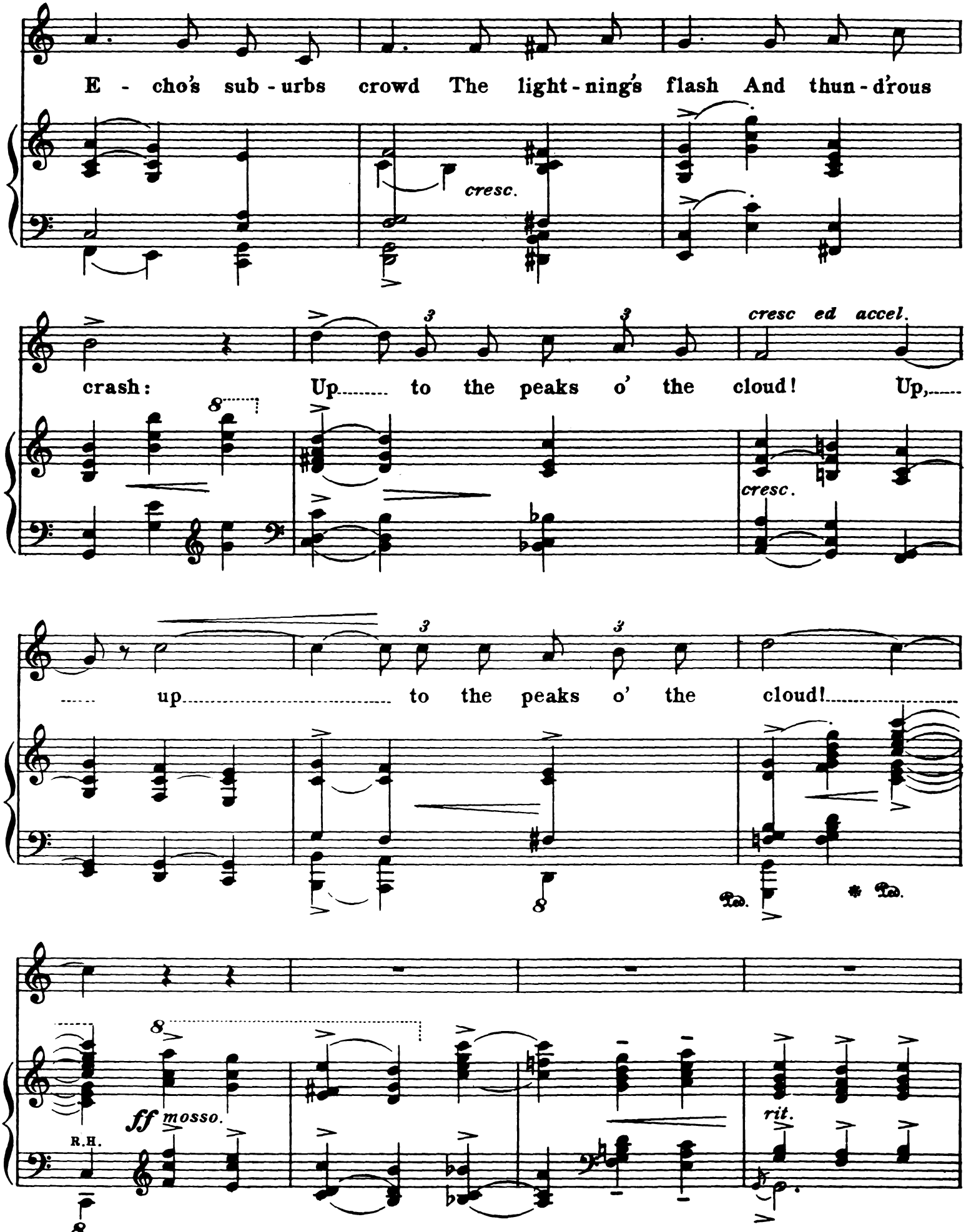
Words by
JAMES VILA BLAKE.

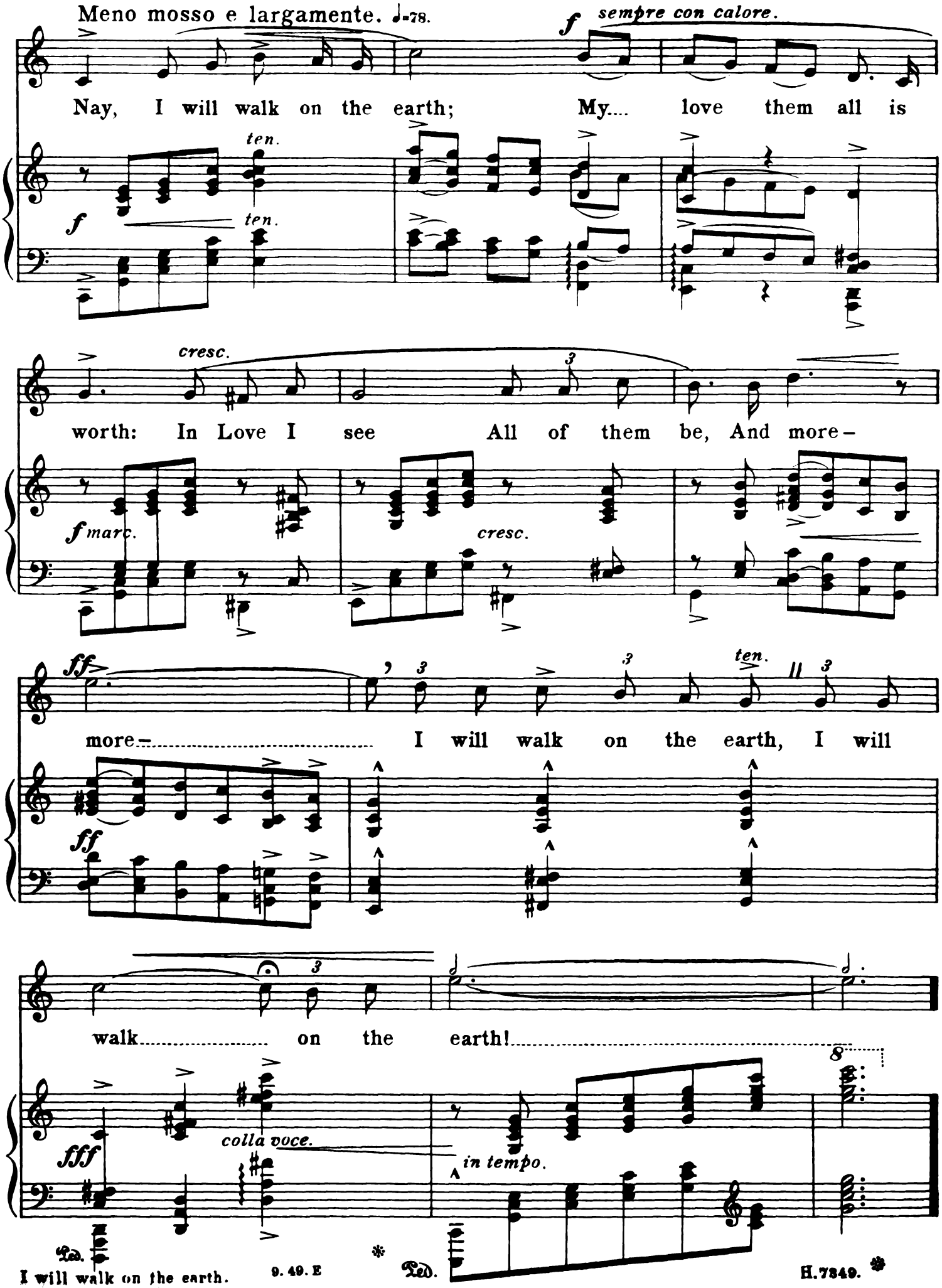
Music by
JOHN IRELAND.



Copyright 1912 by Boosey & Co


Up to the top o' the trees! Up,
cresc.
up to the top o' the trees!
Ped.
* Ped.
8
loco.
ff mosso.
RH.
poco rit.
f
Up to the peaks o' the cloud, Where
mf in tempo.


E - cho's sub - urbs crowd The light - ning's flash And thun - d'rous
cresc.
crash: Up to the peaks o' the cloud! Up,
cresc ed accel.
cresc.
up to the peaks o' the cloud!
Ped. * Ped.
ff mosso.
R.H.
rit.


Meno mosso e largamente. ♩=78.
sempre con calore.
Nay, I will walk on the earth; My.... love them all is
ten.
ten.
cresc.
worth: In Love I see All of them be, And more-
fmarc.
cresc.
more- I will walk on the earth, I will
ten.
walk on the earth!
colla voce.
in tempo.
Ped.
Ped.