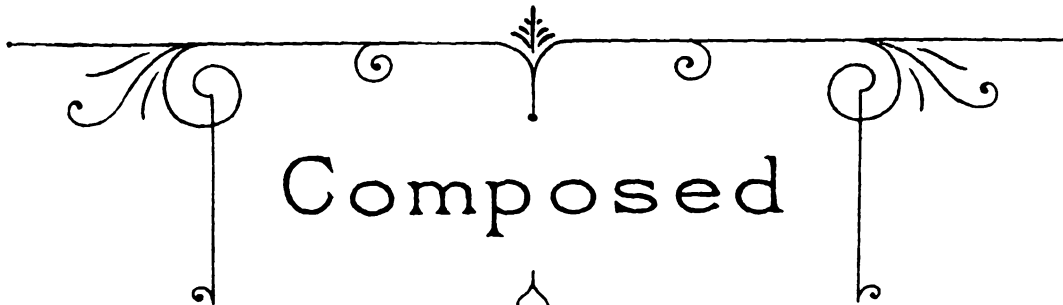


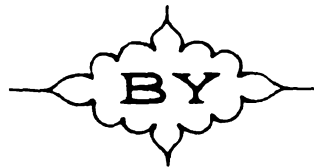
TO MY FRIEND
Robert Radford



SONGS OF A WAYFARER



Composed



JOHN IRELAND

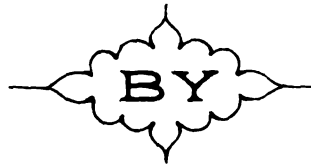
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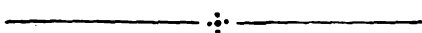
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SONGS OF A WAYFARER



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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.

Con moto. $\text{♩} = 72$

VOICE.

Me - mor - y, hi - ther come And tune your

PIANO.

mer - ry notes; And while up - on the wind Your mu - sic

floats, I'll pore up - on the

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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

glass. I'll drink of the clear

stream, And hear the lin-net's song, And there I'll lie and

dream The day a - long; And when night comes I'll

mf *mf* *dim.* *poco tenuto.*

go To plac-es fit for woe, Walk - ing a - long the

p *p*

dark - end val - ley, With si - lent Mel - an - chol - y

pp *ppp*

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.

5

Words by
SHAKESPEARE.

Music by
JOHN IRELAND.

Allegro con moto. ♩ = 132. *p*

VOICE. *p* When daf - fo - dils be -

PIANO. *f* *p*

- gin to peer, With heigh! the dox - y o - ver the dale,

f *leggiero*

Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;..... For the red blood

reigns..... in the win - ter's pale. *p* *f*

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

When daffodils begin to peer.

p 3 *cresc.* 3 3 *ff*

quart of ale..... is a dish for a king.....

p marc. 3 *cresc.* 3

ff

ff

8

ff

ff

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

we lie tum - - bling in the hay.

dolce. *rit.* But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

a tempo *accel.* The pale moon shines...

rit. *a tempo cresc.*

by night:..... And when I wan-der

rit. *a tempo mp*

here and there, I then do most go right.....

ff

rit. *a tempo*

ff

Red.

p

Jog

When daffodils begin to peer.

H. 7349.

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 3 accel.

Your sad tires..... in a mile - a. A

mf p p

mer-ry heart goes all the day, Your

f *espressivo*

accel.

sad tires in a mile

Vivace. cresc.

f

f

Vivace. 3

mf cresc.

a.

f con fuoco

accel.

ff

When daffodils begin to peer.

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.

VOICE. *Allegretto. ♩ = 68. con tenerezza.*

Would God your health were as this month of

PIANO. *mp*

cresc.

May should be, were this not Eng - land, - and your face a -

mf

- broad, to give the gra - cious sun - shine grace and

p cresc.

f

dim.

laugh..... be - neath the bud - ding haw - thorn - spray.

f *mp* *dolce.*

Red. *

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* *p a tempo.*

sun be strong; and

accel. cresc. *fp a tempo.*

pp

your pulse springs not to so faint a lay.

pp *p*

mf *cresc.*

sotto voce.

So, when such graft-ed warmth..... had bur-geon'd thro' the

L'istesso tempo.

lan-guor of your May-time's hawthorn-tree, My spi-rit at rest should

walk un - seen and see the gar - land of your beau - ty

bloom..... a - new.

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.

Andante moderato. ♩ 100-108. *p*

VOICE. *I*

PIANO. *p lontano (una corda.)*
con Ped.

was not sorrowful, I could not weep, And

pp

all my memories were put to sleep..... I

watched the river grow more white and strange,.....

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The lyrics are "watched the river grow more white and strange,.....". The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 6/8. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and chords in the treble.

All day till ev'-ning I watched it change.....

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "All day till ev'-ning I watched it change.....". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and chords in the treble.

cresc. *mf*

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line is silent. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and chords in the treble. The dynamic marking *cresc.* (crescendo) is placed above the first measure, and *mf* (mezzo-forte) is placed above the fourth measure.

All day till ev' - ning I watched the rain Beat

pp

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "All day till ev' - ning I watched the rain Beat". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and chords in the treble. The dynamic marking *pp* (pianissimo) is placed above the first measure.

wea - ri - ly up - on the win - - dow - pane.

p *l.h.*

ad.

♩ 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

ad.

I was not sorrowful.

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

ced.

*

f piangente.

All day mine hun - - ger for her

f molto caldamente.

dim.

heart..... be-came O - bli - vi - on,

p

ped. * *ped.* *

un-til the ev'-ning came,..... And left me sorrow-ful,.....

mp *p*

inclined to weep, With all my memories that could not

rit.

pp una corda. *rit.*

sleep.

a tempo.

ppp lontano. *m.s.*

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.

Allegro. $\text{♩} = 100$.

VOICE.

PIANO.

f *molto* *loco* *poco rit.*

col. 2.

f *in tempo.* *mf* *cresc.*

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

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegro' with a quarter note equal to 100 beats per minute. The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a series of chords and moving lines, with dynamics ranging from forte (f) to piano (p). The second system begins with the vocal line entering with the lyrics 'Up..... to the top o' the trees, Where sway the bird and the'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm. The third system continues the vocal line with 'breeze, And Song's wild eyes Look to the skies:'. The piano part concludes with a final chord. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings.

Up..... to the top o' the trees! Up,.....

cresc.

..... up..... to the top o' the trees!.....

ff

loco.

ff mosso.

poco rit.

Up..... to the peaks o' the cloud, Where

mf in tempo.

I will walk on the earth.

E - cho's sub - urbs crowd The light - nings' 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!.....

cresc.

rit.

ff mosso.

rit.

I will walk on the earth.

Meno mosso e largamente. ♩-78.

f *sempre con calore.*

Nay, I will walk on the earth; My... love them all is

ten.

f *ten.*

worth: In Love I see All of them be, And more—

cresc.

f marc. *cresc.*

more— I will walk on the earth, I will

ff *ten.* *3* *3*

walk... on the earth!

fff *colla voce.* *in tempo.* *8*

I will walk on the earth. 9. 49. E H. 7349.