

Nº 1  
LOW VOICE.

Nº 2  
HIGH VOICE

# AN IRISH IDYLL

⇒ IN ⇐

## SIX MINIATURES

FOR

VOICE WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT

THE WORDS FROM

"SONGS OF THE GLENS OF ANTRIM"

BY

### MOIRA O' NEILL

(BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS)

Set to Music by

∴

## C. VILLIERS STANFORD

(OP. 77.)

---

Price 9/- net  
(1951)

---

Boosey & Co  
Limited

*Sole Selling Agents:*

Boosey & Hawkes Ltd.  
295 Regent Street, London, W.1  
New York · Chicago · Los Angeles · Paris  
Buenos Aires · Toronto · Capetown · Sydney · Bonn



# CONTENTS.



CORRYMEELA .....	1
THE FAIRY LOUGH .....	8
CUTTIN RUSHES .....	14
JOHNEEN .....	22
A BROKEN SONG .....	30
BACK TO IRELAND .....	34



## CORRYMEELA.

---

Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,  
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;  
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!  
*Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.*

There' a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the heavy trees,  
This livin' air is moithered wi' the bummin' o' the bees;  
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through the heat  
*Past Corrymeela wi' the blue sky over it.*

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,  
There' not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his shoes!  
I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,  
*Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.*

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,  
By the luck o' love! I'd still go light for all I did go bare.  
"God save ye, *colleen dhas*," I said: the girl she thought me wild.  
*Far Corrymeela an' the low south wind.*

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortial hard to raise,  
The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to plase;  
When one'st I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be back again—  
*Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.*

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an English town!  
For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a silver crown,  
For a curl o' nair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in vain,  
*Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.*

MOIRA O'NEILL.

M  
10714  
77  
917

9711  
10714

# Corrymeela.

Words by  
MOIRA O'NEILL.

Music by  
C. V. STANFORD.  
Op. 77.

**Lento moderato.** (♩ = ♩) *p*

Voice. O - ver here in

Piano. *mf* *p*

Eng - land I'm help-in' wi' the hay, An' I wisht I was in Ire - land the

live - long day;..... Wea - ry on the Eng - lish hay, an' sorra... take the

wheat! *rall.* Och! Cor - ry - mee - la an' the blue sky o - ver it.

*mf* *rall.*

All rights reserved

Copyright, 1901, by Boosey & Co

THE PUBLIC PERFORMANCE OF ANY PARODIED VERSION  
OF THESE COMPOSITIONS IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED

H. 3133.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND

*a tempo. p*

There a deep dumb ri - ver flow - in'

*poco rall.* *tempo.*

by be - yont the hea - vy trees, This liv - in' air is

*colla parte.*

moi - ther'd wi' the bum - min' o' the bees;..... I

wisht I'd hear the Clad - dagh burn gc run - nin' thro' the

heat Past Cor-ry-mee-la, wi' the blue sky o-ver it.

*p* *rall.*

*rall.*

**Tempo un poco più mosso.**

The peo-ple that's in

*mf* *p*

Eng-land is rich-er nor the Jews, There

not the small-est gos-soon but thra-vels in his shoes! I'd

*cresc.*

give the pipe be - tween me teeth to see a bare - fut child,

*cresc.*

*rall.*

Och! Cor-ry-mee-la an' the low south wind.

*p* *rall.*

*a tempo.* *mf*

Here's hands so full o' mon-ey an' hearts so full o'

*mf*

*cresc.*

care,..... By the luck o' love! I'd still go light for all I did go

*cresc.*



*f* bare..... "God save ye, col - leen dhas," *p* I said: the

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line begins with a long note on 'bare.....' followed by a melodic phrase for 'God save ye, col - leen dhas,'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands. Dynamic markings include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

girl she thought me wild. *mf* Far Cor - ry - mee - la, an' the

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic phrase for 'girl she thought me wild.' followed by 'Far Cor - ry - mee - la, an' the'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present.

*rall.* low south wind..... *a tempo.* D'ye

The third system features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic phrase for 'low south wind.....' followed by 'D'ye'. The piano accompaniment includes a *rall.* (rallentando) section and a *pp* (pianissimo) section. The tempo marking *a tempo.* (al tempo) is also present.

mind me now, the song at night is mor - tial hard to raise, The

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic phrase for 'mind me now, the song at night is mor - tial hard to raise, The'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

girls are hea - vy go - in' here, the boys are ill to plase; When

*poco accel.* *cresc.*

one'st I'm out this work-in' hive, 'tis I'll be back a - gain- Ay,.....

*cresc.*

*Andante.*

..... Cor - ry - mee - la, in the same soft rain.....

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof be -

*cresc.*

- fore an Eng-lish town! For a shaugh wid An-dy Fee - lan here I'd

*allargando. poco a poco.*

give a sil-ver crown, For a curl o' hair like Mol-lie's ye'll

*colla parte.*

*rall.* *f*

ask the like in vain, ..... Sweet .....

*rall.*

*Molto più lento.*

..... Cor-ry-mee-la, an' the same soft... rain.

*p*

## THE FAIRY LOUGH.

---

Loughareema! Loughareema  
Lies so high among the heather;  
A little lough, a dark lough,  
The wather's black an' deep.  
Ould herons go a-fishin' there,  
An' sea-gulls all together  
Float roun' the one green island  
On the fairy lough asleep.

Loughareema, Loughareema;  
When the sun goes down at seven,  
When the hills are dark an' *airy*,  
'Tis a curlew whistles sweet!  
Then somethin' rustles all the reeds  
That stand so thick an' even;  
A little wave runs up the shore  
An' flees, as if on feet.

Loughareema, Loughareema!  
Stars come out, an' stars are hidin';  
The wather whispers on the stones,  
The flittherin' moths are free.  
One'st before the mornin' light  
The Horsemen will come ridin'  
Roun' an' roun' the fairy lough,  
An' no one there to see.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

# The Fairy Lough.

Words by  
MOIRA O'NEILL.

Music by  
C. V. STANFORD.  
Op. 77.

*Andante molto tranquillo.*

Voice.

Piano.

*p* *poco.*

Lough-a - reem - a! Lough-a - reem - a Lies so  
high... a-mong the hea-ther; A lit - tle lough, a dark lough, The  
wa - ther's black an' deep. Ould

he - rons go a - fish - in' there, An' sea-gulls all..... to -

*pp*

- ge - ther Float roun' the one green is - land On the fair - y lough a -

sleep..... Lough-a - reem - a, Lough-a -

reem - a; When the sun goes down at sev-en, When the hills are dark..... an'

air - y, 'Tis a cur-lew whis-tles sweet! Then

some-thin' rus-tles all the reeds. That stand so thick..... an'

e - ven; A lit - tle wave runs up the shore An' flees,

as if on feet. Lough - a -



*rall.* *tempo.*

- reem - a, Lough - a - reem - a! Stars come out, an' stars are

hi - din'; The wa - ther whis - pers on the stones,..... The

flit - ther - in' moths are free. One'st be - fore the morn - in'

*ppp*

light The Horse - men will come ri - din' Roun' an'



roun' the fair - - y lough,

Più lento.

An' no one there..... to see.

Lough - a - reem - a!

Lough - a - reem - a!

## "CUTTIN' RUSHES."

---

Oh maybe it was yesterday, or fifty years ago!  
Meself was risin' early on a day for cuttin' rushes,  
Walkin' up the Brabla' burn, still the sun was low,  
Now I'd hear the burn run an' then I'd hear the thrushes.  
*Young, still young!*—an' drenchin' wet the grass,  
Wet the golden honeysuckle hangin' sweetly down;  
*Here, lad, here!* will ye follow where I pass,  
An' find me cuttin' rushes on the mountain.

Then was it only yesterday, or fifty years or so?  
*Rippin'* round the bog pools high among the heather,  
The hook it made me hand sore, I had to leave it go,  
'Twas he that cut the rushes then for me to bind together.  
*Come, dear, come!*—an' back along the burn  
See the darlin' honeysuckle hangin' like a crown.  
*Quick, one kiss,*—sure, there' someone at the turn!  
"Oh, we're afther cuttin' rushes on the mountain."

Yesterday, yesterday, or fifty years ago. . . .  
I waken out o' dreams when I hear the summer thrushes.  
Oh, that's the Brabla' burn, I can hear it sing an' flow,  
For all that's fair, I'd sooner see a bunch o' green rushes.  
*Run, burn, run!* can ye mind when we were young?  
The honeysuckle hangs above, the pool is dark an' brown:  
*Sing, burn, sing!* can ye mind the song ye sung  
The day we cut the rushes on the mountain?

MOIRA O'NEILL.

# Cuttin' Rushes.

Words by  
MOIRA O'NEILL.

Music by  
C. V. STANFORD.  
Op.77.

*Allegretto.*

Voice. *mf*

Piano. *mf* *p*

Oh may-be it was

yes - ter-day, or fif - ty years a - go! Me - self was ri - sin' ear-ly on a

day for cut-tin' rush-es, Walk-in' up the Bra-bla' burn still the sun was

*pp*

low, Now I'd hear the burn run an' then I'd hear the thrushes.

Young, still young!— an' drench-in' wet the grass, Wet the gol-den

ho - ney - suc - kle hang-in' sweet-ly down; "Here, lad, here! will ye

fol - low where I pass, ..... An' find me cut-tin' rush-es on the

moun - - tain.

Then was it on - ly yes - ter - day, or fif - ty years or

so? *Rip-pin'* round the bog pools high..... a-mong the hea-ther, The

hook it made her hand sore, she had to leave it go, 'Twas me that cut the

rush-es then for her to bind to - ge-ther. *Come, dear, come!*— an'

back a - long the burn See the dar - lin'

ho - ney - suc - kle hang - in' like a crown.

*pp* Quick, one kiss,—"sure, there' some - one at the

turn!" Oh, we're af - ther cut - tin'

rush - es on the moun - - tain.

*mf*

*dim.*

*poco rall.*

**Poco più lento.**

Yes - ter-day, yes - ter-day, or fif - ty years a -

- go..... I wak - en out o' dreams when I



*accel.***Tempo Imo**

hear the sum-mer thrush-es. Oh, that's the Bra-bla' burn, I can

hear it sing an' flow, For all that's fair, I'd soon-er see a

*piu mosso.*  
bunch o' green..... rush-es. Run, burn, run! can ye

mind when we were young? The ho-ney-suc-kle hangs a-bove, the



pool is dark an' brown: Sing, burn, sing! can ye

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'pool is dark an' brown: Sing, burn, sing! can ye'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords and melodic lines in both the right and left hands.

mind the song ye sung..... The day we cut the

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics 'mind the song ye sung..... The day we cut the'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns and chordal structures.

rush-es on the moun - tain?

The third system of the score features the vocal line with the lyrics 'rush-es on the moun - tain?'. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) in the right hand.

*p*

The fourth system concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment features a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) and ends with a fermata over a final chord. The vocal line is mostly silent in this system.

## JOHNEEN .

---

Sure he's five months old, an' he's two foot long,

Baby Johneen;

Watch yerself now, for he's terrible sthrong,

Baby Johneen.

An' his fists 'ill be up if ye make any slips,

He has finger-ends like the daisy-tips,

But he'll have ye attend to the words of his lips,

Will Johneen.

There' nobody can rightly tell the colour of his eyes,

This Johneen;

For they're partly o' the earth an' still they're partly o' the skies,

Like Johneen.

So far as he's thravelled he's been laughin' all the way,

For the little soul is quare an' wise, the little heart is gay;

An' he likes the merry daffodils, he thinks they'd do to play

With Johneen.

He'll sail a boat yet, if he only has his luck,

Young Johneen,

For he takes to the wather like any little duck,

Boy Johneen;

Sure them are the hands now to pull on a rope,

An' nate feet for walkin' the deck on a slope,

But the ship she must wait a wee while yet, I hope,

For Johneen.

For we couldn't do wantin' him, not just yet,

Ooh, Johneen;

'Tis you that are the daisy, an' you that are the pet,

Wee Johneen.

Here's to your health, an' we'll dhrink it to-night.

*Slainte gal avic machree!* live an' do right,

*Slainte gal avourneen!* may your days be bright,

Johneen!

MOIRA O'NEILL.

# Johneen.

Words by  
MOIRA O'NEILL.

Music by  
C. V. STANFORD.  
Op. 77.

*Allegretto.*

Voice. 

Piano. *p*

 Sure..... he's five months old, an' he's

*p*

 two foot long,..... Ba - by John - een;.....

Watch yer-self now, for he's ter-ri-ble sthrong.

Ba - by John - een. *cresc.* An' his

fists ill be up if ye make a - ny slips, He has *p*

fin - ger - ends like the dai - sy - tips, But he'll *f*

*rall.* *tempo.*

have ye at-tend to the words of his lips,..... Will John-

*cresc.* *colla voce.* *dim*

- een.....

**Allegro moderato.**

There' no - bo-dy can right - ly tell the

*p* *leggiero.*

col - our of his eyes,..... This John-een; For they're

part-ly o' the earth an' still they're part-ly o' the skies,..... Like Johneen.

So far as he's thravell'd he's been laugh-in' all the way, For the

*poco rall.* *tempo.* *cresc.*  
lit-tle soul is quare an' wise, the lit-tle heart is gay; An' he likes the merry daffodils, he

*colla parte.* *poco cresc.*

thinks they'd do to play..... With John-een.

*cresc.*

*Più mosso.* *mf*

He'll sail a boat yet, if he

*cresc.*

on-ly has his luck, Young Johneen, For he takes to the wa-ther like

*mf*

a-ny lit-tle duck, Boy John-een; Sure them are the hands now to

*p*

pull on a rope, An' nate feet for walk-in' the deck on a slope, But the

*rall.*

ship she must wait a wee while yet, I hope,..... For John-

*p colla parte.*

- een..... For we

*rall.*

*p poco più lento.* *f a tempo.*

could-n't do want-in' him, not just yet, Ooh, John - een;....

*mf*

*rall.* *p Più lento.*

'Tis you are the dai - sy, an' you are the pet,

*rall.*



*accel.* ***f*** **Allegro.**

Wee John - een. Here's to your health, an' we'll

dhrink it to-night. *Slain-te gal, a-vic ma-chree!* live an' do right,

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

*Slain-te gal a-vour-neen!* may your days be bright,..... John -

*f*

- een!.....

*Più lento.*

*ff* *pp*

## A BROKEN SONG.

---

*'Where am I from?'* From the green hills of Erin.  
*'Have I no song then?'* My songs are all sung.  
*'What o' my love?'* 'Tis alone I am farin'.  
Old grows my heart, an' my voice yet is young.

*'If she was tall?'* Like a king's own daughter.  
*'If she was fair?'* Like a mornin' o' May.  
When she'd come laughin' 'twas the runnin' wather,  
When she'd come blushin' 'twas the break o' day.

*'Where did she dwell?'* Where one'st I had my dwellin'.  
*'Who loved her best?'* There' no one now will know.  
*'Where is she gone?'* Ooh, why would I be tellin'!  
Where she is gone there I can never go.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

# A Broken Song.

Words by  
MOIRA O'NEILL.

Music by  
C. V. STANFORD.  
Op: 77.

Adagio. *p*

Voice. *p*

Piano. *p*

'Where am I from?' From the green hills of Er-in.

'Have I no song then?' My... songs are all

sung. 'What o' my love?' 'Tis a - lone I am far - in'.

*mf* Poco più mosso.

Old grows my heart, an' my voice yet is young. 'If she was tall?'

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The vocal line begins with a melodic phrase in a minor key, followed by a rest and then a question. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and a bass line. Dynamics include *mf* and *pp*.

Like a king's own daugh-ter. 'If she was fair?' Like a

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic phrase followed by a question and another phrase. The piano accompaniment features a flowing bass line and chords. Dynamics include *f* and *mf*.

morn-in' o' May. When she'd come laughin' 'twas the run-nin' wath-er,

The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a phrase followed by a question and another phrase. The piano accompaniment has a steady bass line. Dynamics include *mf* and *p*.

When she'd come blushin' 'twas the break o' day.....

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a phrase followed by a question and a dotted line. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords. Dynamics include *cresc.* and *mf*.

*Tempo I.*  
*mp*

'Where did she dwell?' Where

*rali.*  
*p*

one'st I had my dwellin'. 'Who lov'd her best?' There's no one now will know.

*p*

*pp* *mf* *Più lento.*

'Where is she gone?' Ooh, why would I be tellin'! Where she is gone.....

*pp*

..... there I can nev - er go.....

*ppp*

## BACK TO IRELAND.

---

Oh tell me, will I ever win to Ireland again,  
    *Astore!* from the far North-West?  
Have we given all the rainbows, an' green woods an' rain,  
    For the suns an' the snows o' the West?  
"Them that goes to Ireland must thtravel night an' day,  
An' them that goes to Ireland must sail across the say,  
For the len'th of here to Ireland is half the world away—  
An' you'll lave your heart behind you in the West.  
    Set your face for Ireland,  
    Kiss your friends in Ireland,  
    But lave your heart behind you in the West."

On a dim an' shiny mornin' the ship she comes to land,  
    Early, oh, early in the mornin',  
The silver wathers o' the Foyle go slidin' to the strand,  
    Whisperin', "Ye're welcome in the mornin'."  
There's darkness on the holy hills I know are close aroun',  
But the stars are shinin' up the sky, the stars are shinin' down,  
They make a golden cross above, they make a golden crown,  
An' meself could tell ye why,—in the mornin'  
    Sure an' this is Ireland,  
    Thank God for Ireland!  
    I'm comin' back to Ireland the mornin'.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

# Back to Ireland.

Words by  
MOIRA O'NEILL.

Music by  
C. V. STANFORD.  
Op:77.

**Allegro.**

Voice.

Piano.

*p* *cres.*

*mf*

Oh tell me, will I ev-er win to Ire-land again, A -

- store! from the far North - West? Have we giv - en all the rain - bows, an'

green woods an' rain, For the suns an' the snows o' the West?

*meno f*

"Them that goes to Ire - land must thraavel night an' day, An'them that goes to Ire - land must

sail a-cross the say, For the len'th of here to Ire - land is half the world away-An' you'll

lave your heart be-hind you in..... the West.

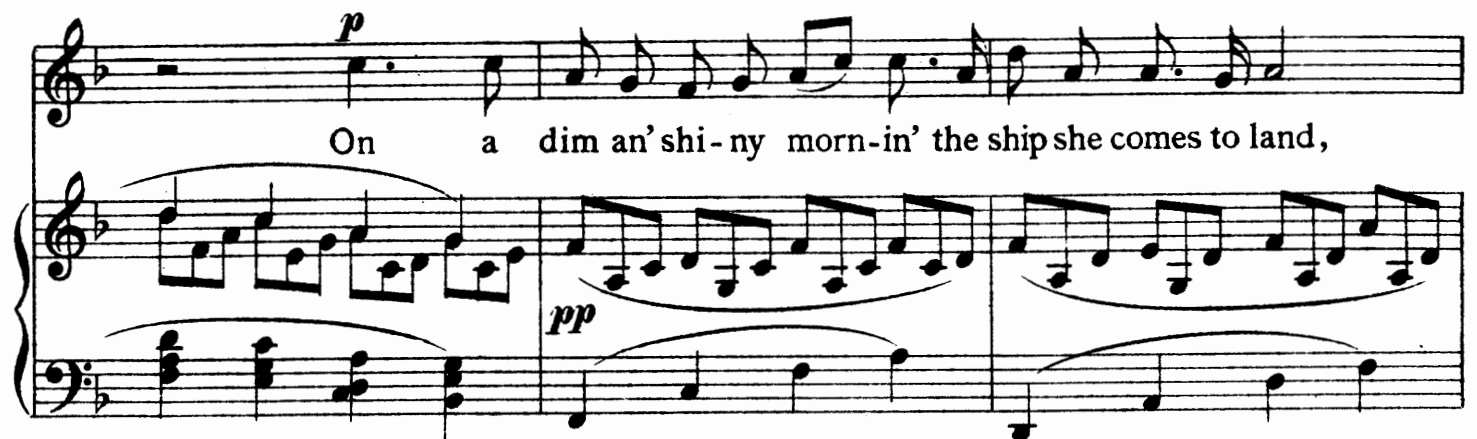
Set your face for Ire - land, Kiss your friends in Ire - land, But lave your heart be-

*mf*





- hind you in the West."



On a dim an' shi-ny morn-in' the ship she comes to land,



Ear - ly, oh, ear - ly in the morn - in', The silver wathers o' the Foyle go



slid-in' to the strand, Whisperin', "Ye're welcome in the morn-in'." There's

*un poco slentando.*

darkness on the ho-ly hills I know are close a-roun', But the stars are shinin' up the sky, the

stars are shinin' down, They make a golden cross above, they make a gold-en crown, An' me-

*Tempo I<sup>o</sup>*

*cresc.*

-self could tell ye why, - in the mor - nin'.

*cresc.*

Sure an'this is Ire - land, Thank God for Ire - land! Thank God for Ire -

*cresc.* *largamente.*

*colla voce.*

- land! I'm com-in' back to Ire - land the mor -

*Piu lento.* *a tempo.*

\*  
- - - - - nin'!

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line begins with a melodic phrase marked with an asterisk (\*). The piano accompaniment consists of a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand. The lyrics "- nin'!" are positioned below the vocal line.

The second system continues the piano accompaniment from the first system. It features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The music is marked with a forte dynamic (**ff**) and includes various musical notations such as slurs and accidentals.

The third system continues the piano accompaniment. It features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The music is marked with a *dim.* (diminuendo) dynamic and includes various musical notations such as slurs and accidentals.

The fourth system continues the piano accompaniment. It features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The music is marked with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic and includes various musical notations such as slurs and accidentals.

\* Alternative ending, when the song is sung singly.

- - - - - nin'!

The fifth system provides an alternative ending for the piano accompaniment. It features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The music is marked with a forte dynamic (**ff**) and includes various musical notations such as slurs and accidentals. The lyrics "- nin'!" are positioned below the vocal line.

# Recital Songs

**Frederick Austin**  
Orpheus

**Granville Bantock**  
Hedge of Briar, The  
Winter has gone

**Arthur Benjamin**  
Wind's Work

**Lennox Berkeley**  
Night covers up the rigid  
land

**Maurice Besly**  
Music, when soft voices die  
Sanctuary  
Siesta

**Arthur Bliss**  
Being young and green

**Herbert Brewer**  
Fairy Pipers, The

**Frank Bridge**  
E'en as a lovely Flower  
Go not, Happy Day  
Love went a-riding  
Violets Blue, The

**Benjamin Britten**  
Birds, The  
Fish in the unruffled lakes  
Now thro' night's caressing  
grip

**Rebecca Clarke**  
Shy One

**S. Coleridge-Taylor**  
She rested by the broken  
brook

**Malcolm Davidson**  
Christmas Carol, A  
Sorrow of Mydath

**Frederick Delius**  
So white, so soft,  
so sweet is she  
To Daffodils

**Celius Dougherty**  
Loveliest of Trees

**Gerald Finzi**  
Rollicum-Rorum  
To Lizbie Browne

**C. Armstrong Gibbs**  
Five Eyes  
Nod  
Silver

**Ivor Gurney**  
Come O come, my life's  
delight  
Sleep

**Richard Hageman**  
Christ went up into the Hills  
Donkey, The  
Do not go, my Love

**Janet Hamilton**  
By Wenlock Town

**Julius Harrison**  
I know a bank  
Marching Along  
Sea Winds

**Hamilton Harty**  
Blue Hills of Antrim, The  
Sea Wrack

**Michael Head**  
Blackbird Singing, A  
Foxgloves  
Green Cornfield, A  
When Sweet Ann sings

**Herbert Howells**  
King David

**John Ireland**  
Holy Boy, The  
If there were dreams to sell  
I have twelve Oxen  
Spring Sorrow

**Frank La Forge**  
Song of the Open

**E. J. Moeran**  
Diaphenia

**Elizabeth Poston**  
Sweet Suffolk Owl

**Roger Quilter**  
Dream Valley  
Fuchsia Tree, The  
O Mistress Mine

**Serge Rachmaninoff**  
In the Silent Night  
Lilacs, The  
No Prophet, I  
Vocalise

**Avery Robinson**  
Water Boy (*arr.*)

**Alec Rowley**  
Grieve not my heart  
Silkworms

**Arthur Somervell**  
Bargain, The  
Young love lies sleeping

**C. Villiers Stanford**  
Fairy Lough, The  
My Love's an Arbutus (*arr.*)

**Richard Strauss**  
Bad Weather  
(Schlechtes Wetter)  
Welcome Vision, A  
(Freundliche Vision)

**Igor Strawinsky**  
Russian Maiden's Song

**Joan Trimble**  
Green Rain  
My grief on the Sea

**Peter Warlock**  
As ever I saw  
Countryman, The  
First Mercy, The

**R. Vaughan Williams**  
Bright is the ring of words  
Linden Lea

**Boosey & Hawkes**

Limited

295 Regent Street, London, W.1  
New York · Los Angeles · Sydney · Capetown · Toronto · Paris