

JOHN IRELAND

**SONGS
SACRED AND
PROFANE**

Edition 11202

SCHOTT & CO. LTD. LONDON

I The Advent

Poem by
Alice Meynell

Music by
JOHN IRELAND

Rather slowly (♩ = 50-52) *parlante*

Voice

Piano

mf *p*

No sud-den thing of

glo - ry and fear Was the Lord's coming; but the dear

p *mp* *mf* *dim.*

Slow Na-ture's days followed each o - ther To form the Sa-viour from his

Mo-ther One of the children of the year.

p *mp* *p*

cantando

The earth, the rain, received the trust, The sun and dews, to frame the

Just... He drew his dai - ly life from these, Ac - cording to his own decrees Who makes

man_ from the fertile dust. Sweet summer and the win-ter wild,

These brought him forth, the Un - de - filed.

dim. *mp* *p cresc.*

... (♩ = 60)
(measured) *f dim.* *p*
The happy

Springs re-newed a - gain His dai-ly bread, the grow-ing grain, - The food - and
poco cresc.

Calmato
rai-ment of the Child.
mf *p* *pp* *slent.* *p* *pp*

III

My Fair

Poem by
Alice Meynell

Music by
JOHN IRELAND

With breadth (generally, about ♩=50)

Voice

Piano

My

Fair, no beau-ty of thine will last Save in my love's e -

ter - ni-ty. Thy smiles, that light thee

fit - ful-ly, Are lost for e-ver their mo-ment past Except the

few thou giv - est to me. Thy

p *mp* *mf* *p* *Red.*

sweet words van-ish day by day, As all breath of mor - ta - li - ty; Thy

p *mp* *Red.*

laugh - - - ter, done, must cease to be, And all the dear

p *mf* *mp* *cresc.*

— tones pass a - way, Ex-cept the few that sing to me.

cresc. *f* *molto f ed appass.*

mf *f* *mf* *dim.*

calmato

Hide — then with-in my heart, oh, hide All thou are

poco p *p* *mp*

ten.

loth should go from thee. Be kin-der to thy - self and me. My cup-ful from this

mp *cresc.* *f* *mf*

ten.

Tranquillo

ri - ver's tide Shall never reach the long sad sea. *slent.*

mp *p* *pp*

The Salley Gardens

Poem by
W. B. Yeats

Music by
JOHN IRELAND

At speaking pace

Voice

Piano

mf *p*

Down by the sal-ley gar-dens my
love and I did meet; She passed the sal-ley gar-dens with lit-tle
snow-white feet She bid me take love ea-sy as the
leaves grow on the tree; But I, being young and foo-lish, with

mf *dim.* *p*

(ten.) 3 3

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(caldamente)

her would not a - gree. In a field by the ri-ver my

mf *p*

love and I did stand, And on my lean-ing shoul-der she laid her

poco cresc.

(tenuto) - snow - white hand. (parlante) She bid me take life ea - sy, as the

grass grows on the weirs; But I was young and fool-ish, and

now am full of tears.

p *mp dolente* *rit.* *p*