



Six Irish Folksongs

Opus 78

No. 6

Oh the sight entrancing

Air: PLANXTY SUDLEY

Charles Villiers Stanford

(1852-1924)

Oh the sight entrancing

C. V. Stanford

Allegro con fuoco

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

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

T Oh, the sight en - tranc - ing, When morn - ing's beam is glanc - ing O'er

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

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

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

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

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

Oh the sight entrancing

9

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

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

T hearts are beat - ing, And the trum - pet's voice re - peat - ing That

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

13

S song, whose breath May lead to death, But nev - er to re -

A song, whose breath May lead to death, But nev - er to re -

T song, whose breath May lead to death, But nev - er to re -

B song, whose breath May lead to death, But nev - er to re -

16

S treat - ing.

A treat - ing. Then, if a cloud comes o - ver The brow of sire or

T treat - ing. Then, if a cloud comes o - ver The brow of sire or

B treat - ing. Then, if a cloud comes o - ver The brow of sire or

Oh the sight entrancing

20

S *mf* Think 'tis the shade By Vic - t'ry made, *f* Whose

A *mf* lov - er, Think 'tis the shade By Vic - t'ry made, *f* Whose

T *mf* lov - er, Think 'tis the shade of Vic - t'ry, *f* Whose

B *mf* lov - er, Think 'tis the shade of Vic - t'ry, *f* Whose

23

S *f* wings right o'er us ho - ver. Oh, that night en - tranc - ing, When

A *f* wings right o'er us ho - ver. Oh, that sight en - tranc - ing, When

T *f* wings right o'er us ho - ver. Oh, that sight en - tranc - ing, When

B *f* wings right o'er us ho - ver. Oh, that sight en - tranc - ing, When

27

S *ff* morn - ing's beam is glanc - ing O'er files ar - ray'd With helm and blade, And

A *ff* morn - ing's beam is glanc - ing O'er files ar - ray'd With helm and blade, And

T *ff* morn - ing's beam is glanc - ing O'er files ar - ray'd With helm and blade, And

B *ff* morn - ing's beam is glanc - ing O'er files ar - ray'd With helm and blade, And

Oh the sight entrancing

31

S plumes in the gay, — wind — danc - ing! Yet 'tis not helm — or —

A plumes in the gay wind danc - ing! Yet 'tis not helm — or —

T plumes in the gay wind danc - ing! Yet 'tis not helm — or —

B plumes in the gay wind danc - ing! Yet 'tis not helm — or —

35

S feath - er For ask yon des - pot, wheth - er His plum - ed bands Could bring such hands And

A feath - er For ask yon des - pot, wheth - er His plum - ed bands Could bring such hands And

T feath - er For ask yon des - pot, wheth - er His plum - ed bands Could bring such hands And

B feath - er For ask yon des - pot, wheth - er His plum - ed bands Could bring such hands And

40

S hearts as ours to - geth - er. Leave pomps to those who need — 'em, Give

A hearts as ours to - geth - er. Leave pomps to those who need 'em, Give

T hearts as ours to - geth - er. Leave pomps to those who need — 'em, Give

B hearts as ours to - geth - er. Leave pomps to those who — need — 'em, Give

Oh the sight entrancing

44

S man but heart and free - dom, And proud he braves The_ gau - diest slaves, That

A man but heart and free - dom, And proud he braves The_ gau - diest slaves, That

T man but heart and free - dom, And proud he braves The_ gau - diest slaves, That

B man but heart and free - dom, And proud he braves The_ gau - diest slaves, That

48

S crawl_ when_ mon - archs_ lead 'em. The sword may pierce the

A crawl_ when_ mon - archs_ lead 'em. The sword may pierce the

T crawl_ when_ mon - archs_ lead 'em. The sword may pierce the

B crawl_ when_ mon - archs_ lead 'em. The sword may pierce the

51

S bea - ver, Stone walls in time_ may_ sev - er, 'Tis mind a - lone, Worth

A bea - ver, Stone walls in time may sev - er, 'Tis mind a - lone, Worth

T bea - ver, Stone walls in time_ may sev - er, 'Tis mind, 'tis

B bea - ver, Stone walls in time may sev - er, 'Tis mind, 'tis

Oh the sight entrancing

55

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

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

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

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

59

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

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

T tranc - ing, When morn - ing's beam is glanc - ing O'er files ar - rayed With

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

63

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

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

T helm and blade, In Free - dom's cause ad - vanc - ing!

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

Oh, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing!

When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song, whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating.

Then, if a cloud comes over
The brow of sire or lover,
Think 'tis the shade
By Vict'ry made,
Whose wings right o'er us hover.

Oh, that night entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay, wind dancing!

Yet 'tis not helm or feather
For ask yon despot, whether
His plumed bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.

Leave poms to those who need 'em,
Give man but heart and freedom,
And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves,
That crawl when monarchs lead 'em.

The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,
'Tis mind alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free forever.

Oh, that sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
In freedom's cause advancing!

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

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