



Six Irish Airs

(5)

Lay his sword
by his side

AIR: IF THE SEA WERE INK

Charles Villiers Stanford

(1852-1924)

Lay his sword by his side

AIR: IF THE SEA WERE INK

C. V. Stanford

Alla marcia solenne.

S

A

T

B

It has serv'd him too well Not to rest near his pil - low be -

Lay a sword by his side,

S

A

T

B

To the last mo - ment true, from his hand_ ere it fell, Its_

low; To the last mo - ment true, from his hand ere it fell, Its

low; To the last mo - ment true, from his hand_ ere it fell, Its

To the last mo - ment true, from his hand_ ere it fell, Its

Lay his sword by his side

7

S point was still turn'd to a fly - ing foe. Fel - low - la - b'ers in life, let them

A point was still turn'd to a fly - ing foe. _____ let them

T point was still turn'd to a fly - ing foe. _____ let them

B point was still turn'd to a fly - ing foe. _____ let them

10

S slum - ber in death, Side by side, as be - comes the re - pos - ing brave. That *rall.*

A slum - ber in death, Side by side, as be - comes the re - pos - ing brave. That

T slum - ber in death, Side by side, as be - comes the re - pos - ing brave. That

B slum - ber in death, Side by side, as be - comes the re - pos - ing brave. That

13

S sword still un - broke in its sheath, And him - self un - sub - dued in his

A sword which he lov'd still un - broke in its sheath, And him - self un - sub - dued in his

T sword which he lov'd still un - broke in its sheath, And him - self un - sub - dued in his

B sword which he lov'd still un - broke in its sheath, And him - self un - sub - dued in his

Lay his sword by his side

16

S grave, un - sub - dued in his grave. *pp* Yet pause for in

A grave, un - sub - dued in his grave. *pp* Yet pause for in fan - cy, a

T grave, un - sub - dued in his grave. *pp* for in

B grave.

19

S fan - - - cy, a still voice I hear, Faint

A still voice I hear, As if breathed from his brave heart's re - mains; Faint

T fan - cy, I hear, As if breathed, Faint

B *pp* I hear a faint

22

S e - cho of that which, in sla - ver - y's ear, Once sound - ed the war - word, *cresc.*

A e - cho of that which, in sla - ver - y's ear, Once sound - ed the war - word, *cresc.*

T e - cho of that which, in sla - ver - y's ear, Once sound - ed the war - word, *cresc.*

B e - cho of that which, in sla - ver - y's ear, Once sound - ed the war - word, *cresc.*

25 *ff* *f*

S "Burst your chains!" When the He - ro lies deep, "Tho' the

A "Burst your chains!" When the He - ro lies deep, "Tho' the

T "Burst your chains!" And it cries from the grave, When the He - ro lies deep, "Tho' the

B "Burst your chains!" And it cries from the grave, _____ "Tho' the

28

S day of your Chief - tain for ev - er hath set, _____ Oh _____

A day of your Chief - tain for ev - er hath set, _____ Oh _____

T day of your Chief - tain for ev - er hath set, _____ Oh

B day of your Chief - tain for ev - er hath set, _____ Oh

31 *cresc. ed accel.*

S leave_ not his sword thus in - glo - rious to sleep, It has vic - to - ry's_ life_ in it

A leave_ not his sword thus in - glo - rious to sleep, It has vic - to - ry's_ life_ in it

T leave not his sword thus in - glo - rious to sleep, It has vic - to - ry's_ life_ in it

B leave not his sword thus in - glo - rious to sleep, It has vic - to - ry's_ life_ in it

Lay his sword by his side

34 **Piú mosso.**

S yet!" "Should some a - lien, Dare to

A yet!" "Should some a - lien, Dare to

T yet!" "Should some a - lien, un - wor - thy such wea - pon to wield, Dare to

B yet!" "Should some a - lien, un - wor - thy such wea - pon to wield, Dare to

37

S touch thee, my own gal - lant sword, Like a

A touch thee, my own gal - lant sword, Like a

T touch thee, my own gal - lant sword, Like a

B touch thee, my own gal - lant sword, Then rest in thy sheath,

40 **Piú mosso.**

S tal - is - man seal'd, Or re - turn to the grave of thy chain - less lord. But if

A tal - is - man seal'd, Or re - turn to the grave of thy chain - less lord. But if

T tal - is - man seal'd, Or re - turn to the grave of thy chain - less lord. But if

B — Or re - turn to the grave of thy chain - less lord. But if

43

S grasp'd by a hand that hath learn'd the proud use Of a fal - chion, like thee *cresc.* on the

A grasp'd by a hand that hath learn'd the proud use Of a fal - chion, like thee *cresc.* on the

T grasp'd by a hand that hath learn'd the proud use Of a fal - chion, like thee *cresc.* on the

B grasp'd by a hand that hath learn'd the proud use Of a fal - chion, like thee *cresc.* on the

46 **Allegro**

S bat - tle - plain, _____ Then, _____ at Li - ber - ty's sum - mons, like

A bat - tle - plain, _____ Then, _____ at Li - ber - ty's sum - mons, like

T bat - tle - plain, _____ Then, _____ at Li - ber - ty's sum - mons, like

B bat - tle - plain, _____ Then, _____ at Li - ber - ty's sum - mons, like

49

S light - ning let loose, Leap forth from thy dark _____ sheath a - gain!

A light - ning let loose, Leap forth from thy dark sheath a - gain!

T light - ning let loose, Leap forth from thy dark sheath a - gain!

B light - ning let loose, Leap forth from thy dark sheath a - gain!

Lay a sword by his side, it has served him too well
Not to rest near his pillow below;
To the last moment true, from his hand ere it fell,
Its point was still turned to a flying foe.

Fellow-laborers in life, let them slumber in death,
Side by side, as becomes the reposing brave.
That sword which he loved still unbroke in its sheath,
And himself unsubdued in his grave.

Yet pause for in fancy, a still voice I hear,
As if breathed from his brave heart's remains;
Faint I hear a faint echo of that which, in slavery's ear,
Once sounded the war-word, "Burst your chains!"

And it cries from the grave, when the Hero lies deep,
"Tho' the day of your Chieftain for ever hath set,
Oh leave not his sword thus inglorious to sleep,
It has victory's life in it yet!"

"Should some alien, unworthy such weapon to wield,
Dare to touch thee, my own gallant sword,
Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman sealed,
Or return to the grave of thy chainless lord.

But if grasped by a hand that hath learned the proud use
Of a falchion, like thee on the battle-plain,
Then, at Liberty's summons, like lightning let loose,
Leap forth from thy dark sheath again!

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

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