



Six Irish Folksongs
Opus 78
No. 1

Oh! breathe not his name

Air: THE BROWN MAID

Charles Villiers Stanford
(1852-1924)

Adagio

S Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade, Where cold and un-hon - our'd his

A Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade Where cold and un-hon - our'd his

T Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade, Where cold and un-hon - our'd his

B Let it sleep in the shade, Where un-hon - our'd his

Oh! breathe not his name

4

S rel - ics are laid: Sad, si - lent, and dark be the tears that we shed, As the

A rel - ics are laid: Sad, si - lent, and dark be the tears yhat we shed, As the

T rel - ics are laid: Sad, si - lent, and dark be the tears that we shed, As the

B rel - ics are laid: Si - lent the tears that we shed, As the

8

S night - dew that falls on the grass o'er his head, o'er his head.

A night - dew that falls on the grass o'er his head, falls on the grass o'er his head.

T night - dew that falls on the grass o'er his head, that falls on the grass o'er his head.

B night - dew that falls on the grass o'er his head, As the night - dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

12

S But the night - dew that fall, tho' in si - lence it weeps,

A But the night - dew that falls, in si - lence it

T But the night - dew that falls, the night - dew that falls, in si - lence it

B But the night - dew that falls tho' in

16

S Shall bright - en with ver - dure the grave where he

A weeps, Shall bright - en, shall bright - en with ver-dure the grave where he

T weeps, Shall bright - en with ver - dure, shall bright - en with ver - dure the grave where he

B si - lence it weeps, Shall bright - en with ver - dure, shall bright - en with ver - dure the grave where he

mf *f* *mp* *cresc.* *f*

20

S sleeps; And the tear that we shed, though in se - cret it rolls,

A sleeps, And the tear, the tear that we shed, though in se - cret, in se - cret it rolls,

T sleeps, And the tear, the tear that we shed, though in se - cret, in se - cret it rolls,

B sleeps, And the tear, the tear that we shed, though in se - cret, in se - cret it rolls,

pp

24

S Shall long keep his mem - o - ry green, green in our souls.

A Shall long keep his mem - o - ry green; green in our souls.

T Shall long keep his mem - o - ry green, green in our souls.

B Shall long keep his mem - o - ry green, green in our souls.

rall.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid:
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.
But the night-dew that fall, tho' in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green, green in our souls.

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

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