



# remember the glories

AIR: MOLLY MACALPIN

michael william balfe  
(1808-1870)

Moderato marziale

S  
A  
T  
B

Re -  
Re -  
Re -  
Re -

Piano

Moderato marziale

## remember the glories

5

S mem - ber the glo - ries of Bri - en the brave, Tho' the days of the he - ro are

A mem - ber the glo - ries of Bri - en the brave, Tho' the days of the he - ro are

T mem - ber the glo - ries of Bri - en the brave, Tho' the days of the he - ro are \_

B mem - ber the glo - ries of Bri - en the brave, Tho' the days of the he - ro are \_

Pno.

8

S o'er; Tho' lost to Mo - no - nia, and cold in the grave, He re -

A o'er; Tho' lost to Mo - no - nia, and cold in the grave, He re -

T o'er; Tho' lost to Mo - no - nia, and cold in the grave, He re -

B o'er; Tho' lost to Mo - no - nia, and cold in the grave, He re -

Pno.

*f* *p*

# remember the glories

11

S turns to Kin-ko - ra no more. That star of the field, which so

A turns to Kin-ko - ra no more. That star of the field, which so

T turns to Kin-ko - ra no more. That star of the field, which so

B turns to Kin-ko - ra no more. That star of the field, which so

Pno.

14

S of - ten hath poured Its beam on the bat - tle, is

A of - ten hath poured Its beam on the bat - tle, is

T of - ten hath poured Its beam on the bat - tle, is

B of - ten hath poured Its beam on the bat - tle, is

Pno.

## remember the glories

16

S set; But e - nough of its glo - ry re - mains on each sword To

A set; But e - nough re - mains on each sword To

T set; But e - nough of its glo - ry re - mains on each sword To

B set; But e - nough of its glo - ry re - mains on each sword To

Pno.

*cresc.* *rall.* *f*

*cresc.* *rall.* *f*

*cresc.* *rall.* *f*

*cresc.* *rall.* *f*

*rall.* *f*

19

S light us to vic - to - ry yet.

A light us to vic - to - ry yet.

T light us to vic - to - ry yet.

B light us to vic - to - ry yet.

Pno.

*mf* *ff*

# remember the glories

22

S *f* Mo -

A *f* Mo -

T *f* Mo -

B *f* Mo -

Pno. *f*

26

S no - nia! when Na - ture em - bel - lished the tint Of thy fields, and thy moun - tains so

A no - nia! when Na - ture em - bel - lished the tint Of thy fields, and thy moun - tains so

T no - nia! when Na - ture em - bel - lished the tint Of thy fields, and thy moun - tains so\_

B no - nia! when Na - ture em - bel - lished the tint Of thy fields, and thy moun - tains so\_

Pno.

## remember the glories

29

S fair, Did she ev - er in - tend that a ty - rant should print The\_\_\_\_\_

A fair, Did she ev - er in - tend that a ty - rant should print The

T fair, Did she ev - er in - tend that a ty - rant should print The

B fair, Did she ev - er in - tend that a ty - rant should print The

Pno. *f* *p*

32

S foot - step of sla - ve - ry there? No!\_ Free - dom, whose smile we shall

A foot - step of sla - ve - ry there? No!\_ Free - dom, whose smile we shall

T foot - step of sla - ve - ry\_ there? No!\_ Free - dom, whose smile we shall

B foot - step of sla - ve - ry\_ there? No!\_ Free - dom, whose smile we shall

Pno.

# remember the glories

35

S  
nev - er re - sign, Go, tell our in-vad-ers, the Danes, That 'tis

A  
nev - er re - sign, Go, tell our in-vad-ers, the Danes, 'Tis

T  
nev - er re - sign, Go, tell our in-vad-ers, the Danes, That 'tis

B  
nev - er re - sign, Go, tell our in-vad-ers, the Danes, That 'tis

Pno.

38

S  
*cresc.* sweet - er to bleed for an *rall.* age at thy shrine, *f* Than to

A  
*cresc.* - sweet - - er to bleed at thy shrine, *f* Than to

T  
*cresc.* sweet - er to bleed for an *rall.* age at thy shrine, *f* Than to

B  
*cresc.* sweet - er to bleed for an *rall.* age at thy shrine, *f* Than to

Pno.

## remember the glories

40

S sleep\_ but a mo - ment in chains.

A sleep but a mo - ment in chains.

T sleep but a mo - ment in chains.

B sleep but a mo - ment in chains.

Pno.

*rf* *ff*

43

S For -

A For -

T For -

B For -

Pno.

*f*



# remember the glories

47

S  
get not our wound - ed com-pan - ions, who stood In the day of dis-tress by our

A  
get not our wound - ed com-pan - ions, who stood In the day of dis-tress by our

T  
get not our wound - ed com-pan - ions, who stood In the day of dis-tress by our

B  
get not our wound - ed com-pan - ions, who stood In the day of dis-tress by our

Pno.

50

S  
side; While the moss of the val - ley grew red with their blood, They

A  
side; While the moss of the val - ley grew red with their blood, They

T  
side; While the moss of the val - ley grew red with their blood, They

B  
side; While the moss of the val - ley grew red with their blood, They

Pno.

*f* *p*

## remember the glories

53

S stirred not, but con - quered and died. That sun which now bless - es our

A stirred not, but con - quered and died. That sun which now bless - es our

T stirred not, but con - quered and died. That sun which now bless - es our

B stirred not, but con - quered and died. That sun which now bless - es our

Pno.

56

S arms with his light Saw them fall up - on Os - so - ry's

A arms with his light Saw them fall up - on Os - so - ry's

T arms with his light Saw them fall up - on Os - so - ry's

B arms with his light Saw them fall up - on Os - so - ry's

Pno.

# remember the glories

58

S plain;— O, let him not blush, when he leaves us to - night, To

A plain;— O, let him not blush, no, not blush, To

T plain;— O, let him not blush, when he leaves us to - night, To

B plain;— O, let him not blush, when he leaves us to - night, To

Pno.

61

S find that they fell there in vain.

A find that they fell there in vain.

T find that they fell there in vain.

B find that they fell there in vain.

Pno.

**Michael William Balfe** (1808-1870) was born in Dublin, Ireland, and studied music in Ireland and London. At age 16, he became violinist in the Drury Lane orchestra and was celebrated as a singer throughout the region. His patron, Count Mazzara, took him to Italy, where he studied composition in Rome and Milan. His first dramatic piece was produced in Milan in 1826. He sang at the Paris Italian Opera and in Italian theaters until 1835, also producing several Italian operas, and sang in New York City in 1834. He returned to England and was a successful composer of English operas, at times residing in Paris and Vienna. He retired in 1864 and died in Rowney Abbey, Hertfordshire. His compositions include a number of operas, cantatas, glees, and part-songs.

Remember the glories of Brien the brave,  
Though the days of the hero are o'er;  
Though lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave, (Munster)  
He returns to Kinkora no more. (The Palace of Brien)  
That star of the field, which so often hath poured  
Its beam on the battle, is set;  
But enough of its glory remains on each sword  
To light us to victory yet.

Mononia! when Nature embellished the tint  
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,  
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print  
The footstep of slavery there?  
No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,  
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,  
That 't is sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,  
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood  
In the day of distress by our side;  
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,  
They stirred not, but conquered and died.  
That sun which now blesses our arms with his light  
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain;—  
O, let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,  
To find that they fell there in vain.

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

Brien Borombe, the great Monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th Century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Daigais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest.—“Let stakes (they said) be stuck in the ground; and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.”—“Between seven and eight hundred wounded men (adds O'Halloran), pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops; never was such another sight exhibited.”—HISTORY OF IRELAND, Book XII., Chap. I

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