



síilent, o moyle

THE SONG OF THE FIONNUALA

AIR: ARRAH, MY DEAR EVELEEN

míchael tuílliam Balfe
(1808-1870)

SÍLent, O MOYLE

M. W. Balfe

Andante

Piano



p

The piano accompaniment for the first system is written in treble and bass clefs. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the dynamics are 'Piano' (p). The music features a steady accompaniment in the bass line and a more active melody in the treble line.

S

A

T

B

Pno.



5

p

Si - lent, oh Moyle! be the roar of thy wa - ter, Break not, ye breez - es, your

5

pp

The second system includes vocal staves for Soprano (S), Alto (A), Tenor (T), and Bass (B), along with a piano accompaniment (Pno.). The vocal parts are marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "Si - lent, oh Moyle! be the roar of thy wa - ter, Break not, ye breez - es, your". The piano accompaniment for this system is marked with a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic. A measure number '5' is indicated at the beginning of both the vocal and piano staves.

Silent, O Moyle

8

S chain of re-pose, While, mur - mur - ing mourn - ful - ly, Lir's lone - ly daugh - ter

A chain of re-pose, While, mur - mur - ing mourn - ful - ly, Lir's lone - ly daugh - ter

T chain of re-pose, While, mur - mur - ing mourn - ful - ly, Lir's lone - ly daugh - ter

B chain of re-pose, While, mur - mur - ing mourn - ful - ly, Lir's lone - ly daugh - ter

Pno.

11

S Tells to the night - star her tale of woes. When shall the swan, her

A Tells to the night - star her tale of woes. When shall the swan, her

T Tells to the night - star her tale of woes. When shall the swan, her

B Tells to the night - star her tale of woes. When shall the swan, her

Pno.

SILENT, O MOYLE

14

S death - note sing - ing, Sleep, with wings in dark - ness furl'd? When will heav'n, its

A death - note sing - ing, Sleep, with wings in dark - ness furl'd? When, ah when will heav'n, its

T death - note sing - ing, Sleep, with wings in dark - ness furl'd? When will heav'n, its

B death - note sing - ing, Sleep, with wings in dark - ness furl'd? When will heav'n, its

Pno.

18

S sweet bell ring - ing, Call my spir - it from this storm - y world?

A sweet bell ring - ing, Call my spir - it from this storm - y world?

T sweet bell ring - ing, Call my spir - it from this storm - y world?

B sweet bell ring - ing, Call my spir - it from this storm - y world?

Pno.

SILENT, O MOYLE

21

S *p* Sad - ly, oh Moyle! to thy win - ter wave weep - ing, Fate bids me lan - guish long

A *p* Sad - ly, oh Moyle! to thy win - ter wave weep - ing, Fate bids me lan - guish long

T *p* Sad - ly, oh Moyle! to thy win - ter wave weep - ing, Fate bids me lan - guish long

B *p* Sad - ly, oh Moyle! to thy win - ter wave weep - ing, Fate bids me lan - guish long

Pno. *pp*

24

S *>* a - ges a-way; Yet still in her dark - ness doth E - rin lie sleep - ing,

A *>* a - ges a-way; Yet still in her dark - ness doth E - rin lie sleep - ing,

T *>* a - ges a-way; Yet still in her dark - ness doth E - rin lie sleep - ing,

B *>* a - ges a-way; Yet still in her dark - ness doth E - rin lie sleep - ing,

Pno. *>*

SILENT, O MOYLE

27

S Still doth the pure light its dawn - ing de - lay! When will that day - star,

A Still doth the pure light its dawn - ing de - lay! When will that day - star,

T Still doth the pure light its dawn - ing de - lay! When will that day - star,

B Still doth the pure light its dawn - ing de - lay! When will that day - star,

Pno.

30

S mild - ly spring - ing, Warm our isle with peace and love? When will heav'n, its

A mild - ly spring - ing, Warm our isle with peace and love? When, ah when will heav'n, its

T mild - ly spring - ing, Warm our isle with peace and love? When will heav'n, its

B mild - ly spring - ing, Warm our isle with peace and love? When will heav'n, its

Pno.

SILENT, O MOYLE

34

S sweet bell ring - ing, Call my spir - it to the fields a - bove?

A sweet bell ring - ing, Call my spir - it to the fields a - bove?

T sweet bell ring - ing, Call my spir - it to the fields a - bove?

B sweet bell ring - ing, Call my spir - it to the fields a - bove?

Pno.

rall. *Adagio*

rall. *Adagio*

rall. *Adagio*

rall. *Adagio*

rall. *Adagio*

J. Alfred Novello
(1859)

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.

Silent, oh Moyle! be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, oh Moyle! to thy winter wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay!
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

‘To make this story intelligible in a song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers of Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the Mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.–I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.’

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