



The young May moon

AIR: THE DANDY O

William Rhys-Herbert
(1868-1921)

Allegro vivace

S *mf* The young May moon is beam - ing, love, The glow - worm's lamp— is gleam - ing, love, How

A *mf* The young May moon is beam - ing, love, The glow - worm's lamp is gleam - ing, love, How

T *mf* The young May moon is beam - ing, love, The glow - worm's lamp— is gleam - ing, love, How

B *mf* The young May moon is beam - ing, love, The glow - worm's lamp is gleam - ing, love, How

S⁵ sweet to rove Thro' Mor - na's grove, When the drow - sy world is dream - ing, love! Then a -

A sweet to rove Thro' Mor - na's grove, When the drow - sy world is dream - ing, love! Then a -

T sweet to rove Thro' Mor - na's grove, When the drow - sy world is dream - ing, love! Then a -

B sweet to rove Thro' Mor - na's grove, When the drow - sy world is dream - ing, love! Then a -

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S wake! the heav'ns look bright, my dear! 'Tis nev - er too late for de - light, my dear! And the

A wake! the heav'ns look bright, my dear! 'Tis nev - er too late for de - light, my dear! And the

T wake! the heav'ns look bright, my dear! 'Tis nev - er too late for de - light, my dear! And the

B wake! the heav'ns look bright, my dear! 'Tis nev - er too late for de - light, my dear! And the

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S best of all ways, To length - en our days, Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

A best of all ways, To length - en our days, Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

T best of all ways, To length - en our days, Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

B best of all ways, To length - en our days, Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

mf

S Now all the world is sleep - ing, love, But the sage, his star - watch keep - ing, love, And

A Now all the world is sleep - ing, love, But the sage, his star - watch keep - ing, love, And

T Now all the world is sleep - ing, love, But the sage, his star - watch keep - ing, love, And

B Now all the world is sleep - ing, love, But the sage, his star - watch keep - ing, love, And

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S I, whose star, More glo - rious far, Is the eye from that case - ment peep - ing, love. Then - a -

A I, — whose star, More glo - rious far, Is the eye from that case - ment peep - ing, love. Then - a -

T I, whose star, More glo - rious far, Is the eye from that case - ment peep - ing, love. Then - a -

B I, whose star, More glo - rious far, Is the eye from that case - ment peep - ing, love. Then - a -

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S wake, till rise of sun, my dear! The sa - ge's glass — we'll shun, my dear; Or, in

A wake, till rise of sun, my dear! The sa - ge's glass we'll shun, my dear; Or, in

T wake, till rise of sun, my dear! The sa - ge's glass — we'll shun, my dear; Or, in

B wake, till rise of sun, my dear! The sa - ge's glass we'll shun, my dear; Or, in

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S watch - ing the flight Of bod - ies of light, He might hap - pen to take thee for one, my dear.

A watch - ing the flight Of — bod - ies of light, He might hap - pen to take thee for one, my dear.

T watch - ing the flight Of bod - ies of light, He might hap - pen to take thee for one, my dear.

B watch - ing the flight Of bod - ies of light, He might hap - pen to take thee for one, my dear.

William Rhys-Herbert (1868–1921) was born in Ffwrnas, South Wales. As a youth, he showed much musical talent and, saving his money, he bought a harmonium. He became the first organist at Jerusalem Chapel and studied with T. J. Davies of Swansea. He graduated from the London College of Music and went to Canada where he studied at Trinity University, Toronto. He emigrated to the U.S. and was appointed organist at Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and then was organist and choir director at the Church of the Redeemer, Minneapolis. He directed the Elks Glee Club and was principal accompanist to the Apollo Club. He composed numerous operettas for school performance, cantatas, songs, and part-songs. He also wrote choral music and piano sheet music under the pseudonym “W. H. Rees.” He died in Chicago after a brief illness at age 53.

The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake! the heavens look bright, my dear!
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear!
And the best of all ways,
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then – awake, till rise of sun, my dear!
The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear;
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

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