



Sweet Innisfallen

AIR: THE CAPTIVATING YOUTH

Stanford's arrangement of this song for solo voice and piano is included in his collection "The Irish Melodies of Thomas Moore" (1895).

Charles Villiers Stanford
(1852-1924)

ed. David Anderson

Largo

S Sweet In-nis-fal - len, fare thee well, May calm and sun - shine long be thine!

A Sweet In-nis-fal - len, fare thee well, May calm and sun - shine long be thine! How

T Sweet In-nis-fal - len, fare thee well, May calm and sun - shine long be thine! How

B Sweet In-nis-fal - len, fare thee well, May calm and sun - shine long be thine! How

Sweet Innisfallen

5

S To feel — how — fair — shall long — be mine. *pp* *rall.*

A fair thou art — let oth - ers tell, — To feel how fair — shall long be mine. *pp* *rall.*

T fair thou art let oth - ers tell, — To feel how fair — shall long — be mine. *pp* *rall.*

B fair — thou art let oth - ers tell, — To feel how fair — shall long be mine. *pp* *rall.*

9

S Sweet In-nis-fal - len, long — shall dwell In mem - o-ry's dream that sun - ny smile, *p*

A Sweet In-nis-fal - len, long shall dwell In mem - 'ry's dream that sun - ny smile, Which *p*

T Sweet In-nis-fal - len, long shall dwell In mem - 'ry's dream that — sun - ny smile, Which *p*

B Sweet In-nis-fal - len, long shall dwell In mem - o-ry's dream that sun - ny smile, Which *p*

13

S When first — I — saw — thy fair - y isle. *pp* *rall.*

A o'er thee on — that ev' - ning fell, — When first I saw — thy fair - y isle. *pp* *rall.*

T o'er thee on that ev' - ning fell, — When first I saw — thy fair - y isle. *pp* *rall.*

B o'er — thee on that ev' - ning fell, — When first I — saw — thy fair - y isle. *pp* *rall.*

Sweet Innisfallen

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S Weep - ing or smil - ing, love - ly isle! And all the love - lier for thy tears—

A Weep - ing or smil - ing, love - ly isle! And all the love - lier for thy tears— For

T Weep - ing or smil - ing, love - ly isle! And all the love - lier for thy tears— For

B Weep - ing or smil - ing, love - ly isle! And all the love - lier for thy tears— For

20

S 'Tis heav'n's own glance when it ap - pears. *pp* *rall.*

A tho' but rare thy sun - ny smile, 'Tis heav'n's own glance when it ap - pears. *pp* *rall.*

T tho' but rare thy sun - ny smile, 'Tis heav'n's own glance when it ap - pears. *pp* *rall.*

B tho' but rare thy sun - ny smile, 'Tis heav'n's own glance when it ap - pears. *pp* *rall.*

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine!
How fair thou art let others tell,—
To feel how fair shall long be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream that sunny smile,
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
When first I saw thy fairy isle.

'Twas light, indeed, too blest for one
Who had to turn to paths of care—
Through crowded haunts again to run,
And leave thee bright and silent there;

No more unto thy shores to come,
But, on the world's rude ocean tost,
Dream of thee sometimes, as a home
Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

Far better in thy weeping hours
To part from thee, as I do now,
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,
Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest,
But thus in shadow, seem'st a place
Where erring man might hope to rest—

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
A gloom like Eden's, on the day
He left its shade, when every tree,
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
And all the lovelier for thy tears—
For though but rare thy sunny smile,
'Tis heav'n's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
But, when *indeed* they come, divine—
The brightest light the sun e'er threw
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

NOTE: Stanford's setting includes only verses 1, 2, & 8. The full poem is provided in case performers choose to include additional verses.

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