Go where glory waits thee

Irish Air: "Maid of the valley"

John E. West
(1863-1929)

Lento espressivo ♩ = 56 *

S

Go where glo-ry—— waits thee, But, while fame e - lates thee, Oh! still——— re -

A

Go where glo - ry—— waits thee, But, while fame e - lates thee, Oh! still re -

T

Oh! still——— re -

B

Oh!— still——— re -

* The time, generally, should be somewhat *ad libitum*, sufficiently so to give clearness to the phrasing and expression to the words.

ShorChor

S: mem - ber me. When the praise is sweet - est,

A: mem - ber me. When the praise is sweet - est,

T: mem - ber me. When the praise thou meet - est To thine ear is sweet - est,

B: mem - ber me. When the praise thou meet - est To thine ear is sweet - est,

S: Oh! then re - mem - ber me. O - ther arms may press thee,

A: Oh! then re - mem - ber me. O - ther arms may press thee,

T: Oh! then re - mem - ber me. O - ther arms may press thee,

B: Oh! then re - mem - ber me. O - ther arms may press thee,

S: Dear - er friends ca - ress thee, All the joys that bless thee Sweet - er far may be;

A: Dear - er friends ca - ress thee, All the joys that bless thee Sweet - er far may be;

T: Dear - er friends ca - ress thee, All the joys that bless thee Sweet - er far may be;

B: Dear - er friends ca - ress thee, All the joys that bless thee Sweet - er far may be;

But when friends are near - est, And when joys are dear - est, Oh! then re - mem - ber me.

When, at eve, thou ro - vest By the star thou lov - est,

Oh! then re - mem - ber me. Think, when home re - turn - ing,

Bright we've seen

22 (S, A, T, B)

S: Bright we've seen it burn - ing, Oh! thus re - mem - ber me.

A: Bright we've seen it burn - ing, Oh! thus re - mem - ber me.

T: seen it burn - ing, Oh! thus re - mem - ber me.

B: it burn - ing, Oh! thus re - mem - ber me.

25 *poco più mosso*

S: Oft as sum - mer clo - ses, When thine eye re - po - ses On its lin - g'ring ro - ses,

A: Oft as sum - mer clo - ses, When thine eye re - po - ses On its lin - g'ring ro - ses,

T: Oft as sum - mer clo - ses, When thine eye re - po - ses On its lin - g'ring ro - ses,

B: Oft as sum - mer clo - ses, When thine eye re - po - ses On its lin - g'ring ro - ses,

28 *rit. — Tempo 1*

S: Once so lov'd by thee, Think of her who wove them, Her who made thee love them,

A: Once so lov'd by thee, Think of her who wove them, Her who made thee love them,

T: Once so lov'd by thee, Think of her who wove them, Her who made thee love them,

B: Once so lov'd by thee, Think of her who wove them, Her who made thee love them,

S: Oh! then remember me. When, a-round thee dying,

A: Oh! then remember me. When, a-round thee dying,

T: Oh! then remember me.

B: Oh! then remember me.

S: Au-tumn leaves are ly-ing,

A: Au-tumn leaves are ly-ing,

T: When, a-round thee dy-ing, Au-tumn leaves are ly-ing,

B: When, a-round thee dy-ing, Au-tumn leaves are ly-ing,

S: Oh! then remember me.

A: Oh! then remember me. And, at night, when

T: Oh! then remember me. And, at night, when ga-zing

B: Oh! then remember me. And, at night, when ga-zing

S: And, at night, when ga - zing   On   the gay hearth bla - zing,

A: ga - zing   On   the gay hearth bla - zing,

T: On   the gay hearth bla - zing,____

B: On   the gay hearth bla - zing,____

S: Oh!   still____ re - mem - ber me.____   Then should mu - sic, steal - ing

A: Oh!   still   re - mem - ber me.   Then should mu - sic, steal - ing

T: Oh!____ still____ re - mem - ber me.   Then should mu - sic, steal - ing

B: Oh!   still____ re - mem - ber me.____   Then should mu - sic, steal - ing

S: All   the soul of feel - ing, To   thy heart ap - peal - ing, Draw   one tear   from thee;

A: All   the soul of feel - ing, To   thy heart ap - peal - ing, Draw   one tear from   thee;____

T: All   the soul of feel - ing, To   thy heart ap - peal - ing, Draw   one tear   from thee;

B: All   the soul of feel - ing, To   thy heart ap - peal - ing, Draw   one tear   from thee;

Then let mem-'ry bring thee Strains I used to sing thee,— Oh!___

then___ re-mem-ber me.

Oh!___ then___ re-mem-ber me.

John Ebenezer West (1863-1929) was taught at home by his father William West, founder of the North-East London Academy of Music. He also studied organ with Frederick Bridge, organist at Westminster Abbey. His mother, Madame Clara West, was a professional soprano, and his sister, Lottie West, a professional contralto soloist, pianist and teacher. West studied at the Royal Academy of Music, where he was taught composition by his uncle, Ebenezer Prout, an authority on the fugues of Bach. West held organ posts in London at St. Mary's, Bourdon Street, St. John of Jerusalem, South Hackney and St. Augustine's, Queen's Gate. He conducted various choral societies and choirs in London, Reading, Croydon, Warlingham and the highly regarded Railway Clearing House Male-Voice Choir. In 1884, he became an associate editor with Novello & Company in London. In 1897, West became chief editor and adviser, a post previously occupied by such noticables as Joseph Barnby and John Stainer. He remained with Novello's for 45 years, 32 as chief editor. He retired shortly before his death in 1929. He was a prolific composer and editor with nearly 500 published pieces. He was a pioneer in the field of editing, especially choral and organ music from earlier centuries. He collapsed on the stage of Westminster Central Hall after conducting the third item in a concert by the Railway Clearing House Male-Voice Choir. He was rushed to nearby Westminster Hospital where he was pronounced dead.

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,—
Oh! then remember me.

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

SHORCHOR