

The Wild Rover

Lyrics: Trad. Ireland

Music: Irish folksong
Arrangement: Gwyn Arch

Fast ♩ = ca. 144

T

mf

1. I've been a wild rover for years
 (2.) went to the ale house
 (3.) took from my pocket
 (4.) got to my parents' con-

B

mf

Fast ♩ = ca. 144

Piano

mf

5

ma - ny a year, and I've spent all me
 used to fre - quent and I told the land -
 sov - er - eigns bright and the land - la - dy's
 fess what I've done, and I'll ask them to

9

... on his key and beer. But
 me mon - ey was spent. I
 op - wid - with de - light. She
 pa - pro - dig - al son. And



13

8
 now I'm re - turn - ing with gold in great store,
 asked her for cred - it, she an - swered me
 said, "I have whis - keys and wines of the
 if they car - ess me as oft - en for

17

8
 — and I nev - er will play the Wild - er no more. And it's
 — such a cust - om - er as you I can have an y day." And it's
 — and the words that you told me were on - ly in jest." And it's
 — I nev - er will play the Wild - Rov - er no more. And it's

22 **Chorus**

audience clap/stamp
 8
 No, nay, nev - er, No, nay, nev - er no
 No, nay, nev - er, No, nay, nev - er no

Chorus



Down by the Salley Gardens

Lyrics: William Butler Yeats (1865–1939)

Musical arrangement: Gwyn Arch

Smoothly ♩ = ca. 80

mp

T
Down by the Salley Gardens my

B
the Salley gardens my

Smoothly ♩ = ca. 80

Piano
mp

con Ped.

6
love and I did meet. She passed the Salley gardens with

love and I did meet. She passed the Salley gardens with

10
poco cresc.
the snow-white feet. She bid me take love easy, as the

lit-tle snow-white feet. She bid me take love easy, as the

poco cresc.



14

leaves grow on the tree; but I was young and foolish, with

leaves grow on the tree; but I was young and foolish with

p

p

18

her did not agree. In a field

her did not agree. In a field by the

p

mf

mf

mp

23

my and did stand. And on my leaning shoulder she

my love and I did stand. On my shoulder she

mf

Molly Malone

(Cockles and Mussels)

Lyrics: Trad.

Musical arrangement: Gwyn Arch
 Irish folksong (adapted)

Lively ♩ = ca. 132

T

B

Piano

5

1. Dub - lin's fair ci - ty where the girls are so pre - tty I
 2. was a fish - mong - er at for sure was no wond - er, for

mf

1. Oo, oo, oo, Oo, oo, oo, oo. I
 2. Oo, oo, oo, Oo, oo, oo, oo. oo.

9

set my eyes on sweet Mol - ly Ma - lone, as she
 are her fath - er and moth - er be - fore. And they

first set my eyes on sweet Mol - ly Ma - lone,
 So are her fath - er and moth - er be - fore.



13

wheeled her wheel - bar - row thro' the streets_ broad nar cryin',
 each wheeled a bar - row thro' the streets_ broad nar w cryin',

1./2. Oh, oo, oo, oo, Oo, cry - in,

17

1./2. "cock - les, mus-sels, a - live, a - live, oh!" A -

1./2. "cock - les, mus-sels, a - live, oh!" A -

f

21

Chorus

live, live, live, a - live oh, a - live, live, live a-live oh cryin', "cock-les,

live, live, oh, live, a - live oh, cryin', "cock-les,

Chorus



26

1. *mf*

mus-sels, a - live, a - live oh!" 2. She

mus-sels, a - live, a - live oh!"

31

2. **much slower**

p

3. She died a - v - er. No - one could

2. **much slower**

con

35

sa - ... that was the end of sweet Mol - ly Ma -



The Rose of Tralee

Lyrics: Trad. Ireland

Arr. Gwyn Arch
© Helbling Choral

With affection ♩ = ca. 92

T

B

Piano

mp

con Ped.

5

1. pale moon shades was of shin e - ve - ning a - bove the green moun - tain, the
2. cool shades of eve - ning their man - tle were spread - ing, and

legato

9

sun was de - cline - ing be - neath the blue to sea, when I
Mar - y, smile - ing, was listen - ing to me. The



13

strayed with my love to that pure crys - tal foun - tain stands the
moon through the val - ley her pale rays was she - ding, on the

strayed with my love to that pure crys - tal foun - tain stands in the
moon through the val - ley her pale rays was she - ding, who won the

18

beau - ti - ful Vale of a - lee. She was love - ly and fair as the
heart of the Rose of Tra - lee. Though love - ly and fair as the

beau - ti - ful Vale of the She was love - ly and fair as the
heart of the Rose of Tra - lee. Though love - ly and fair as the

poco cresc.

23

rose of the sum - mer, yet 'twas not her beau - ty a -
of the sum - mer, yet 'twas not her beau - ty a -

rose of the sum - mer, yet 'twas not her beau - ty a -
rose of the sum - mer, yet 'twas not her beau - ty a -

The Star of the County Down

Lyrics: Cathal McGarvey (1866–1927)

Music: Irish folksong
 arranger: Gwyn Arch

Deliberate ♩ = ca. 100

Rhythmic and brisk ♩ = ca. 144

T

B

Piano

mf

1. Near to

1. Near to

5

Ban - bridge town in the Coun on a - ning in Ju - ly, down a
 on - ward sped I shook my and I looked with feel - ing rare Then, "I

Ban - bridge town in the Down a mor - ning in Ju - ly, down a
 on - ward sped I shook my head I looked with feel - ing rare Then, "I

9

een green me a sweet col - leen, and she smiled as she passed me
 I, to a pas - ser - by, "who's the maid with the nut - brown

bor - said", green can a sweet col - leen, and she smiled as she passed me
 I, to a pas - ser - by, "who's the maid with the nut - brown



12

by. hair?" Oh, she looked so neat, from her two bare feet, to the
Well he smiled at me and with pride she, "That's the

by. hair?" Oh, she looked so neat, from her two bare feet, to the
Well he smiled at me and with pride she, "That's the

15

sheen pride of her old nut - brown hair. Such a coa - xim' elf sure I
pride of old Ire - land's crown. She's young Ro - sie Mc - Cann from the

sheen pride of her old nut - brown hair. Such a coa - xim' elf sure I
pride of old Ire - land's crown. She's young Ro - sie Mc - Cann from the

18

shook my - self to make sure I was real - ly there. Oh, from
banks of the Bann, she's the star of Coun - ty Down.

shook my - self to make sure I was real - ly there. Oh, from
banks of the Bann, she's the star of Coun - ty Down.

Chorus *f*

Chorus *f*



21

Ban - try Bay up to Der - ry Quay, and from Gal - way to Dub - lin to no

Ban - try Bay up to Der - ry Quay, and from Gal - way to Dub - lin

f

25

maid I've seen like the brown col - leen that I met in the Coun - ty Down.

maid I've seen like the brown col - leen that I met in the Coun - ty Down.

mf

29

1. *mf* 2. *mf*

2. As she 3. At the

2. As she 3. At the

1. 2.



The Parting Glass

Lyrics: Trad. Ireland

Music: traditional song
Arrangement: Gwyn Arch

With sincerity ♩ = ca. 84 *mf*

T
Of all the mon - ey that e'er I l' - ve

B

Piano *mf*

Ped. *sim.*

5
spent it in good com - pa - ny. all the harm that e'er I done, a -
All the harm

(con Ped.)

9 *più mosso*
to none but me. And all I've done for
was me. And all I've done for
mf
più mosso



13 **trio primo**

want of wit to mem - 'ry now I can't re - call. So to the

want of wit to mem - 'ry now I can't re - call. So to the

17 *cresc.*

part - ing glass. Good and i be with you all. So fill to me the

part - ing glass. Joy, joy with you. Fill the

21 *mf* **rall.**

part - ing glass. Good night and joy be with you all.

part - ing glass. Good night and joy be with you all.

mf **rall.**

The Wild Rover

Lyrics: Trad. Ireland

Arranged by Gwyn Arch
 Original Irish folksong
 Arranged by Gwyn Arch

Fast ♩ = ca. 144

mf

T

1. I've been a wild ro - ver ma - ny a
 (2.) went to the house I used to fre -
 (3.) took from ten sov - er - eigns
 (4.) go to par - son - fe - what I've

mf

B

6

year, and I've spent me mon - ey on whis - key and beer.
 quest and I told the lan - lad - y me mon - ey was spent.
 bright and the lan - d eyes - ened wide with de - light.
 done, and I'll ask the par - their pro - dig - al son.

12

I'm re - turn - ing with gold in great store,
 I'll ac - cept her for cred - it, she an - swered me "nay,
 She said, have whis - keys and wines of the best,
 And they car - cass me as oft - en be - fore

17

and nev - er will play the Wild Rov - er no more. And it's
 such a cust - om - er as you I can have an - y day." And it's
 the words that you told me were on - ly in jest." And it's
 nev - er will play the Wild Rov - er no more. And it's

f

f



Down by the Salley Gardens

Lyrics: William Butler Yeats (1865–1939)

Music: Irish Folk Song
Instrument: Gwyn Arch

Smoothly ♩ = ca. 80

T *mp*
Down by the Salley gardens is my
B *mp*
Down by the Salley gar - dens my

6
love and I did meet. She passed the Sal - ley gar - dens with
love and I did meet. She passed the Sal - ley gar - dens with

10
lit - tle snow white feet. She bid me take love ea - sy, as the
lit - tle snow feet. She bid me take love ea - sy, as the

p
leaves grow on the tree; but I was young and foo - lish, with
p
leaves grow on the tree; but I was young and foo - lish, with

