

for Rob Elliot and Wessex Male Choir

Silent O Moyle

the song of Fionnuala

words and tune traditional Irish

arr. Mark Burstow

$\bullet = 56$ *teneramente*

T1
1. Si - lent O Moyle be the roar of thy wa-ters; break not ye bree - zes your
2. Sad - ly O Moyle, to thy win-ter wave weep-ing, Fate bids me lan - guish long

T2

B1
Si - lent O Moyle be the roar of thy wa-ters; break not ye bree - zes your
Sad - ly O Moyle, to thy win-ter wave weep-ing, Fate bids me lan - guish long

B2

wa - ters;
weep - ing,

4

chain of re - pose. While mur - - mur - ing mourn - ful - ly,
a - ges a - way. Yet still in her dark - ness doth

chain of re - pose. Mur - mur - ing mur - mur - ing mourn - ful - ly mourn - ful - ly,
a - ges a - way. Still in her dark - ness doth

Mur - - mur - ing mourn - ful - ly
Still in her dark - ness doth

silent o moyle 2

6




Lir's lone - ly daugh - ter tells to the night star her tale of woe.
Er - in lie sleep - ing; still doth the pure light its dawn - ing de - lay.

Lir's lone - ly daugh - ter tells to the night star her tale of woe.
Er - in lie sleep - ing; still doth the pure light its dawn - ing de - lay.

Lir's lone - ly daugh - ter
Er - in lie sleep - ing;

9



When shall the swan, her death note sing-ing, sleep with wings in dark - ness furled?
When will that day star mild - ly spring-ing warm our Isle with peace and love?

When shall the swan, her death note sing-ing, sleep with wings in dark - ness furled?
When will that day star mild - ly spring-ing warm our Isle with peace and love?

13



When will Heav'n, its sweet bell ring-ing, call_ my spi-rit from this stor-my world?
When will Heav'n, its sweet bell ring-ing, call_ my spi-rit to the fields a-bove?

When will Heav'n, its sweet bell ring-ing, call_ my spi-rit from this stor-my world?
When will Heav'n, its sweet bell ring-ing, call_ my spi-rit to the fields a-bove?