

for Rob Elliot and Wessex Male Choir

Silent O Moyle

the song of Fionnuala

words and tune traditional Irish

arr. Mark Burstow

q>>5/8 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, 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

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 furred?
 When will that day star mild - ly springing warm our Isle with peace and love?

When shall the swan, her death note sing - ing, sleep with wings in dark - ness furred?
 When will that day star mild - ly springing 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?
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