

FOUR IRISH BALLADS | ARR. TEMPLETON | SSAA, PICCOLO, FLUTE &amp; HARP



# FOUR IRISH BALLADS

- THE KERRY DANCE
- WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING
- THE MINSTREL BOY
- THE BIRTH OF SAINT PATRICK

for SSAA, Piccolo, Flute & Celtic Harp

Arranged by  
MARK D. TEMPLETON



Mark Templeton  
choral music

# The Kerry Dance

for SSAA and Piccolo

by James Lyman Molloy (1837-1909)

arranged by Mark D. Templeton

Dancing ♩. = 76

Piccolo

Picc.

S 1

S 2

A 1

A 2

S 1

S 2

A 1

A 2

*mf*

1. Oh the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing! Oh, the ring of the pi - per's tune! Oh, for one of those  
 2. Was there ev - er a sweet - er Col - leen In the dance than Ei - ly More! Or a proud - er

*mf*

1. Oh the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing! Oh, the ring of the pi - per's tune! Oh, for one of those  
 2. Was there ev - er a sweet - er Col - leen In the dance than Ei - ly More! Or a proud - er

*mf*

1. Oh the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing! Oh, the ring of the pi - per's tune! Oh, for one of those  
 2. Was there ev - er a sweet - er Col - leen In the dance than Ei - ly More! Or a proud - er

*mf*

1. Oh the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing! Oh, the ring of the pi - per's tune! Oh, for one of those  
 2. Was there ev - er a sweet - er Col - leen In the dance than Ei - ly More! Or a proud - er

22

hours of glad-ness, Gone, a-las! like our youth, too soon! When the boys be-gan to gath-er In the glen of a  
 lad than Tha-dy As hebold - ly took the floor! "Lads and lass-es to your pla-ces, Up the mid-dle an'

hours of glad-ness, Gone, a-las! like our youth, too soon! When the boys be-gan to gath-er In the glen of a  
 lad than Tha-dy As hebold - ly took the floor! "Lads and lass-es to your pla-ces, Up the mid-dle an'

hours of glad-ness, Gone, a-las! like our youth, too soon! When the boys be-gan to gath-er In the glen of a  
 lad than Tha-dy As hebold - ly took the floor! "Lads and lass-es to your pla-ces, Up the mid-dle an'

hours of glad-ness, Gone, a-las! like our youth, too soon! When the boys be-gin to gath-er In the glen of a  
 lad than Tha-dy As hebold - ly took the floor! "Lads and lass-es to your pla-ces, Up the mid-dle an'

# The Kerry Dance

3

28

S 1 *mp*  
sum - mer night, And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing Made us long with wild de-light: Oh, to think of it,  
down a - gain," Ah! the mer - ry heart - ed laugh - ter Ring - ing through the hap - py glen!

S 2 *mp*  
sum - mer night, And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing Made us long with wild de-light: Oh, to think of it,  
down a - gain," Ah! the mer - ry heart - ed laugh - ter Ring - ing through the hap - py glen!

A 1 *mp*  
sum - mer night, And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing Made us long with wild de-light: Oh, to think of it,  
down a - gain," Ah! the mer - ry heart - ed laugh - ter Ring - ing through the hap - py glen!

A 2 *mp*  
sum - mer night, And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing Made us long with wild de-light: Oh, to think of it,  
down a - gain," Ah! the mer - ry heart - ed laugh - ter Ring - ing through the hap - py glen!

34

Picc. *mf*

S 1 *mf*  
Oh, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears! Oh, the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing! Oh, the ring of the

S 2 *mf*  
Oh, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears! Oh, the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing! Oh, the ring of the

A 1 *mf*  
Oh, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears! Oh, the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing! Oh, the ring of the

A 2 *mf*  
Oh, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears! Oh, the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing! Oh, the ring of the

40

Picc.

S 1 *mp*  
pi-per's tune! Oh, for one of those hours of glad-ness, Gone a-las! like our youth, too soon! too soon, too soon,

S 2 *mp*  
pi-per's tune! Oh, for one of those hours of glad-ness, Gone a-las! like our youth, too soon! too soon, too soon,

A 1 *mp*  
pi-per's tune! Oh, for one of those hours of glad-ness, Gone a-las! like our youth, too soon! too soon, too soon,

A 2 *mp*  
pi-per's tune! Oh, for one of those hours of glad-ness, Gone a-las! like our youth, too soon! too soon, too soon,

## The Kerry Dance

47 *Poco rit.* *a tempo*

S 1 *p* *p*  
too soon. Time goes on, and the hap-py years are dead, And one by one the mer-ry hearts are

S 2 *p* *p*  
too soon. Time goes on, and the hap-py years are dead, And one by one the mer-ry hearts are

A 1 *p* *p*  
too soon. Time goes on, and the hap-py years are dead, And one by one the mer-ry hearts are

A 2 *p* *p*  
too soon. Time goes on, and the hap-py years are dead, And one by one the mer-ry hearts are

56 *mp* *mf* *mp*

S 1 fled; Si-lent now, is the wild and lone-ly glen, Where the bright glad laugh will ech-o

S 2 *mp* *mf* *mp*  
fled; Si-lent now, is the wild and lone-ly glen Where the bright glad laugh will ech-o

A 1 *mp* *mf* *mp*  
fled; Si-lent now, is the wild and lone-ly glen Where the bright glad laugh will ech-o

A 2 *mp* *mf* *mp*  
fled; Si-lent now, is the wild and lone-ly glen Where the bright glad laugh will ech-o

64 *Poco rit.* *p* *mf* *mp* *mp*

Picc. *mf*

S 1 ne'er a gain, On-ly dream-ing of days gone by, in my heart I hear. dm dm

S 2 *p* *mf* *mp* *mp*  
ne'er a gain, On-ly dream-ing of days gone by, in my heart I hear. dm dm

A 1 *p* *mf* *mp* *mp*  
ne'er a gain, On-ly dream-ing of days gone by, in my heart I hear. dm dm

A 2 *p* *mf* *mp* *mp*  
ne'er a gain, On-ly dream-ing of days gone by, in my heart I hear. dm dm

71

Picc.

S 1

S 2

A 1

A 2

dm dm dm dm dm dm dm dm dm dm dm dm dm dm dm dm dm

mf

mf

mf

mf

79

Picc.

S 1

S 2

A 1

A 2

dm dm dm dm dm dm dm dm dm dm dm dm dm dm dm dm dm

mp

mp

mp

mp

mf

mf

mf

mf

Lov-ing voi-ces of

Lov-ing voi-ces of

Lov-ing voi-ces of

Lov-ing voi-ces of

87

S 1

S 2

A 1

A 2

old com-pan-ions, Steal - ing out of the past once more, And the sound of the dear old mu-sic, Soft and sweet as in

old com-pan-ions, Steal - ing out of the past once more, And the sound of the dear old mu-sic, Soft and sweet as in

old com-pan-ions, Steal - ing out of the past once more, And the sound of the dear old mu-sic, Soft and sweet as in

old com-pan-ions, Steel-ing out of the past once more, And the sound of the dear old mu-sic Soft abd sweet as in



93

*f*

S 1 days of yore. When the boys be - gan to gath - er In the glen of a sum - mer night, And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing

S 2 days of yore. When the boys be - gan to gath - er In the glen of a sum - mer night, And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing

A 1 days of yore. When the boys be - gan to gath - er In the glen of a sum - mer night, And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing

A 2 days of yore. When the boys be - gan to gath - er In the glen of a sum - mer night, And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing

100

Picc. *mf*

100

*mp*

S 1 Made us long with wild de - light; Oh, to think of it, Oh, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears!

S 2 Made us long with wild de - light; Oh, to think of it, Oh, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears! —

A 1 Made us long with wild de - light; Oh, to think of it, Oh, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears!

A 2 Made us long with wild de - light; Oh, to think of it, Oh, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears!

106

Picc. *mf*

106

*mf*

S 1 Oh, the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing! Oh, the ring of the pi - per's tune! Oh, for one of those hours of glad - ness,

S 2 Oh, the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing! Oh, the ring of the pi - per's tune! Oh, for one of those hours of glad - ness,

A 1 Oh, the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing! Oh, the ring of the pi - per's tune! Oh, for one of those hours of glad - ness,

A 2 Oh, the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing! Oh, the ring of the pi - per's tune! Oh, for one of those hours of glad - ness,

Picc. 112

S 1 112

S 2

A 1

A 2

Gone, a - las! like our youth, too soon!

*f* *ff*

*f* *ff*

*f* *ff*

*f* *ff*

## Piccolo

## The Kerry Dance

by James Lynam Molloy (1837-1909)

arranged Mark D. Templeton

Dancing ♩. = 76

7

14

19

mf

39

4

49

15

4

mf

73

80

19

105

mf

112

f

ff



for WomanSong Chorale of Charleston, West Virginia

# When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

text by Chauncy Olcott (1858-1932)

for SSA and Celtic Harp or Piano

melody by Ernest R. Ball (1878-1927)

arranged by Mark D. Templeton

Tenderly  $\text{♩} = 96$ 

Soprano 1

Soprano 2

Alto

Harp

S 1

S 2

A

Hp.

*p* *mp* *p* *mp* *mp* *mp* *mp*

I - rish eyes, I - rish eyes, I - rish eyes are smil - ing.

I - rish eyes, I - rish eyes, I - rish eyes are smil - ing, are smil -

There's a tear in your eye, And I'm won - der - ing why, For it ne - ver should be there at  
For your smile is a part, Of the love in your heart, And it makes e - ven sun - shine more

There's a tear in you eye, And I'm won - der - ing why, For it ne - ver should be there at  
For your smile is a part, Of the love in your heart, And it makes e - ven sun - shine more

ing. There's a tear in your eye, And I'm won - der - ing why, For it ne - ver should be there, it  
For your smile is a part, Of the love in your haert, And it makes e - ven sun - shine more

## When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

16

S 1  
all. bright. With such pow'r in your smile, Sure a stone you'd be - guile, So there's ne - ver a laugh-ter so

S 2  
all. bright. With such pow'r in your smile, Sure a stone you'd be - guile, So there's ne - ver a laugh-ter so

A  
ne - ver should be, With such pow'r in your smile, Sure a stone you'd be - guile, So there's ne - ver a laugh-ter so  
bright, ev'n more bright. Like the lin - nets sweet song, croon-ing all the day long, Comes your laugh-ter so

Hp.

23

S 1  
tear - drop should fall. When your sweet lilt - ing laugh-ter's like some fair - y song, And your  
ten - der and light. For the spring time of life is the sweet-est of all, There is

S 2  
tear - drop, a tear - drop should fall. When your sweet lilt - ing laugh-ter's like some fair - y song, And your  
ten - der, so ten - der and light. For the spring time of life is the sweet-est of all, There is

A  
tear - drop, a tear - drop should fall. When your sweet lilt - ing laugh-ter's like some fair - y song, And your  
ten - der, so ten - der and light. For the spring time of life is the sweet-est of all, Thee is

Hp.

30

S 1  
eyes twink - le bright as can be; You should laugh all the while and all oth - er times,  
ne'er a real care or re - gret; And while spring-time is ours through-out all of youth's

S 2  
eyes twink - le bright as can be, as can be; You should laugh all the while and all oth - er times,  
ne'er a real care or re - gret; or re - gret; And while spring-time is ours through-out all of youth's

A  
eyes twink - le bright as can be, as can be; You should laugh all the while and all oth - er times,  
ne'er a real care or re - gret; or re - gret; And while spring time is ours through-out all of youth's

Hp.

37

S 1 while, And now smile a smile chance for me. *mf* When I - rish eyes are smi-ling, Sure it's  
hour's, Let us smile each chance for we get.

S 2 while, And now smile a smile, won't you smile for me. *mp* Ah  
hour's, Let us smile each chance, won't you smile for me.

A while, And now smile a smile, won't you smile for me. *mp* Ah  
hour's Let us smile each chance, won't you smile for me.

Hp. *mp*

46

S 1 like a morn in Spring. *mf* In the lilt of I - rish laugh-ter, You can hear the an - ge's  
Ah In the lilt of I - rish laugh - ter, You can hear the an - gel's

S 2 Ah In the lilt of I - rish laugh - ter, You can hear the an - gel's

A Ah In the lilt of I - rish laugh - ter You can hear, you can hear the

Hp. *mf*

56

S 1 sing. *mf* When I - rish hearts are hap-py, All the world seems bright and gay,  
sing. *mf* When I - rish hearts are hap-py, All the world seems bright and

S 2 sing. *mf* When I - rish hearts are hap-py, All the world seems bright and

A an - gel's sing. *mf* When I - rish hearts are hap-py, All the world seems

Hp. *mf*

65 *f* 1. *mf*

S 1 And when I - rish eyes are smi - ling, Sure they steal your heart a - way.

S 2 gay, I - rish eyes are smi - ling, Sure they steal your heart a - way.

A bright and gay, I - rish eyes are smi - ling Sure they steal your heart a - way.

65 *f* 1. *mf*

Hp.

74 2. *mf* *mp*

S 1 eyes are smi - ling, they steal your heart a - way, they steal your

S 2 eyes are smi - ling, they are smi - ling, they steal your heart a - way, they steal your

A eyes are smi - ling, they are smi - ling, they steal your heart a - way, they steal your

74 2. *mf* *mp*

Hp.

82 *rit.* *p*

S 1 heart a - way.

S 2 heart a - way. I - rish eyes.

A heart a - way.

82 *rit.* *p*

Hp.

# The Minstrel Boy

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

for SA divisi, Harp/Piano, &amp; C instrument

Traditional Irish Air: *The Moreen*  
arranged by Mark D. Templeton

Not too fast ♩ = 80

Flute *mp*

Harp *mp*

Fl. *Poco rit.* *a tempo*

S *mp* *mf*

A *mp* *mf*

Hp. *poco rit.* *a tempo* *mp*

9 *mf*

S *f*

A *f*

Hp. *mf*

1. The min - strel boy to the war is gone. In theranks of death you'll find him, His  
min - strel fell! but the foe - man's chain Could notbring his proud soul un - der, The

fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on And his wild harp slung be - hind him. "O  
harp he loved ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a - sun - der; And



## The Minstrel Boy

Fl. *rit.* *a tempo*

S *mf* *mp* *p* *mp*

A *mf* *mp* *p* *mp*

Hp. *rit.* *a tempo*

Land of Song!" said the war-rior bard, "Tho' all the world be- trays thee, One  
said, "No chains shall sul-ly thee, Thou soul of love and bra- v'ry, Thy

Fl. *mp* *Poco rit.* *a tempo*

S *p*

A *p*

Hp. *poco rit.* *p* *a tempo*

sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faith-ful harp shall praise thee!"  
songs were made for the pure and free, They shall ne'er sound in sla- v'ry!"

Fl. *rit.* *rit.*

S *mp*

A *mp*

Hp. *mf* *rit.* *rit.* *mp*

1. 2. The hmn

1. 2. *mp*

C instrument

## The Minstrel Boy

Traditional Irish Air: *The Moreen*  
arranged by Mark D. Templeton

Not too fast ♩ = 80

mp

3

poco rit.

a tempo

6

mf

14

mf

rit.

mp

3

p

mp

20

poco rit.

a tempo

p

mf

3

1. rit.

26

2. rit.

mp

# The Birth of Saint Patrick

for SSAA, a cappella

by Samuel Lover (1797-1868)  
arranged by Mark D. Templeton

With Glee ♩ = 64

*mf*

Soprano 1  
On the eighth day of March it was, some peo - ple say, That Saint Pat - rick at mid - night he

Soprano 2  
On the eighth day of March it was some peo - ple say, That Saint Pat - rick at mid - night he

Alto 1  
On the eighth day of March it was some peo - ple say, That Saint Pat - rick at mid - night he

Alto 2  
On the eighth day of March it was some peo - ple say, That Saint Pat - rick at mid - night he

4

S 1  
first saw the day, While o - thers de - clare 'twas the ninth he was born, And 'twas all a mis - take be - tween

S 2  
first saw the day, While o - thers de - clare 'twas the ninth he was born, And 'twas all a mis - take be - tween

A 1  
first saw the day, While o - thers de - clare 'twas the ninth he was born, And 'twas all a mis - take be - tween

A 2  
first saw the day, While o - thers de - clare 'twas the ninth he was born, And 'twas all a mis - take be - tween

8

S 1  
mid - night and morn: For mis - takes will oc - cur in a hur - ry and shock; And some blam'd the ba - by, and

S 2  
mid - night and morn: For mis - takes will oc - cur in a hur - ry and shock; And some blam'd the ba - by, and

A 1  
mid - night and morn: For mis - takes will oc - cur in a hur - ry and shock; And some blam'd the ba - by, and

A 2  
mid - night and morn: For mis - takes will oc - cur in a hur - ry and shock; And some blam'd the ba - by, and

12

*mp*

S 1 some blam'd the clock, 'Till with all their cross que-stions, sure no one could know If the child was too fast, or the

*mp*

S 2 some blam'd the clock, 'Till with all their cross que-stions, sure no one could know If the child was too fast, or the

*mp*

A 1 some blam'd the clock, 'Till with all their cross que-stions, sure no one could know If the child was too fast or the

*mp*

A 2 some blam'd the clock, 'Till with all their cross que-stions, sure no one could know If the child was too fast or the

16

*f* For the word, doom, close immediately to the "m"

S 1 clock was too slow. Now the first fac - tion fight in owld Ire - land, they say, Was

*mp*

S 2 clock was too slow. bah bah bah dah bah bah bah bah dah bah

*mp*

A 1 clock was too slow. bah bah bah dah bah bah bah bah dah bah

*mp*

A 2 clock was too slow. doom doom doom doom

20

S 1 all on ac - count of Saint Pat - rick's birth - day; Some fought for the eighth, for the

S 2 bah bah bah dah bah doom doom bah bah bah dah bah

A 1 bah bah bah dah bah bah bah bah dah bah bah bah bah dah bah

A 2 doom doom bah bah bah dah bah doom doom

23

S 1 ninth more would die, And who would - n't see right, sure they black-en'd his eye! At

S 2 bah bah bah bah bah bah dah bah bah bah bah dah bah

A 1 bah bah bah bah bah bah dah bah bah bah bah dah bah

A 2 doom doom doom doom doom doom

26

S 1 last, both the frac-tions so po - si - tive grew, That each kept a birth-day, so Pat then had two, Till

S 2 bah bah bah dah bah bah bah doom bah bah bah dah bah doom doom

A 1 bah bah bah dah bah bah bah bah dah bah bah bah bah dah bah bah bah bah

A 2 doom doom doom bah dah bah doom doom bah bah bah

30

S 1 Fa-ther Mul-cah-y, who showed them their sins Said "No one could have two birth-days, but a twins."

S 2 bah bah bah dah bah bah bah bah bah dah bah bah bah bah dah bah

A 1 bah bah bah dah bah bah bah bah bah dah bah bah bah bah dah bah

A 2 doom doom doom doom doom doom doom doom



Very legato (♩=♩)

34 *mf*

S 1 Says he, "Boys, don't be fight - ing for eight or for nine, Don't be al - ways di - vid - ing some - times com -

S 2 Says he, "Boys, don't be fight - ing for eight or for nine, Don't be al - ways di - vid - ing some - times com -

A 1 Says he, "Boys don't be fight - ing for eight or for nine, Don't ne al - ways di - vid - ing some - times com -

A 2 Says he, "Boys don't be fight - ing for eight or for nine, Don't be al - ways di - vid - ing some - times com -

42 *f* *mf* *f*

S 1 bine; Com - bine eight with nine, se - ven - teen is the mark, So let

S 2 bine; Com - bine eight with nine, se - ven - teen is the mark, So let

A 1 bine; Com - bine eight with nine, se - ven - teen is the mark, So let

A 2 bine; Com - bine eight with nine, se - ven - teen is the mark, So let

50 *mf* *mf* *mf* *mf*

S 1 that be his birth - day." "A - men," says the clerck. "If he was - n't a twins, sure our his - t'ry will show That, at

S 2 that be his birth - day." "A - men," says the clerck. "If he was - n't a twins, sure our his - t'ry will show That, at

A 1 that be his birth - day." "A - men," says the clerck. "If he was - n't a twins, sure our his - t'ry will shòw That, at

A 2 that be his birth - day." "A - men," says the clerck. "If he was - n't a twins, sure our his - t'ry will show That, at

54

S 1 *f* least he's worth an-y two Saints that I know!" Then they all got blind drunk, which com-plet-ed their bliss, And we *ff*

S 2 *f* least he's worth an-y two Saints that I know!" Then they all got blind drunk, which com-plet-ed their bliss, And we *ff*

A 1 *f* least he's worth an-y two Saints that I know!" Then they all got blind drunk, which com-plet-ed their bliss, And we *ff*

A 2 *f* least he's worth an-y two Saints that I know!" Then they all got blind drunk, which com-plet-ed their bliss, And we *ff*

58

S 1 *mf* keep up the prac-tice from that day to this! bah bah bah dah bah bah bah bah dah bah

S 2 *mf* keep up the prac-tice from that day to this! doom bah bah bah bah dah bah bah bah bah dah bah

A 1 *mf* keep up the prac-tice from that day to this! bah bah bah dah bah bah bah bah dah bah

A 2 *mf* keep up the prac-tice from that day to this! doom doom doom doom

62

S 1 *f* bah bah bah dah bah bah bah bah! *ff*

S 2 *f* bah dah bah dah bah dah bah dah bah dah bah bah bah bah! *ff*

A 1 *f* bah bah bah dah bah bah bah bah! *ff*

A 2 *f* doom doom bah bah bah bah! *ff*