

JOHN IRELAND

SONGS *with* PIANO



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CURRENT PRICE
2/6 NET
BOOGEY & HAWKES, LTD.

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

Rupert Brooke.

Blow out, you bugles

654577

Rupert Brooke

John Ireland

Con moto (♩ = 80)

Voice

Blow out, you bu-gles, o-ver the rich Dead! There's

Piano

mf *p*

none of these so lone-ly and poor of old, But,

dy-ing, has made us rar-er gifts than gold.

cresc. *mf*

These laid the world a-way; poured out the red Sweet wine of *ten.*

p *cresc.*

youth; gave up the years to be Of work and joy, and

p cresc. *dim.*

that un-hoped se-rene, That men call age; and those who

p *cresc.*

would have been, Their sons, they gave, their im-mort-

f cresc. e poco animando

vallio

- al - i - ty. Blow,

ff

bu - - - gles, blow!

dim. e tranquillando.

They brought us, for our

p *tranquillo*

dearth, Ho - - - li - ness lacked so long, and Love, and

dim.

Pain. Hon-our has come

pp *p* *tenuto*..... *mp*

back, as a king, to earth, And paid his sub-jects with a

p

roy - al wage; And No - ble-ness walks in our ways a-gain;

dim.

And we have come in-to our her - it-age.

pp *p* *pp*

COMPOSITIONS by JOHN IRELAND

□
for Piano

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