



Two Old Irish Melodies  
1.

# The Foggy Dew

Charles Villiers Stanford  
(1852-1924)

# The Foggy Dew

C. V. Stanford

*Lento espressivo*

S Oh! a wan cloud was drawn O'er the dim, weep - ing dawn, As to

A Oh! a wan cloud was drawn O'er the dim, weep - ing dawn, As to

T Oh! a wan cloud was drawn O'er the dim, weep - ing dawn,

B Oh! a wan cloud was drawn O'er the dim, weep - ing dawn,

S Shan - non's side I re - turn'd at last; And the

A Shan - non's side I re - turn'd at last; And the

T As to Shan - non I re - turn'd at last; And the

B I re - turn'd; And the

# The Foggy Dew

5

S heart in my breast For the girl I lov'd best Was

A heart in my breast For the girl I lov'd best Was

T heart in my breast For the girl I lov'd best Was

B heart in my breast For the girl I lov'd best Was

7

S beat - ing— ah, beat - ing, how loud and fast! While the

A beat - ing— beat - ing, how loud and fast! While the

T beat - ing— beat - ing, how loud and fast! While the

B beat - ing— beat - ing, how loud and fast!

*mf*

9

S doubts and the fears Of the long, ach - ing years Seem'd

A doubts and the fears Of the long, ach - ing years Seem'd

T doubts and the fears Of the long, ach - ing years Seem'd

B While the fears Of the long, ach - ing years Seem'd

*mf*

## The Foggy Dew

11

S min - gling their voic - es with the moan - ing flood; Till

A min - gling their voic - es with the moan - ing flood; Till

T min - gling their voic - es with the moan - ing flood; Till

B min - gling their voic - - - es with the flood; Till

13

S full in my path, Like a wild wa - ter - wraith, My

A full in my path, Like a wild wa - ter - wraith, My

T full in my path, Like a wild wa - ter - wraith, My

B full in my path, Like a wild wa - ter - wraith, My

15

S true love's shad - ow la - ment - ing stood. But the

A true love's shad - ow la - ment - ing stood. But the

T true love's shad - ow la - ment - ing stood. But the

B true love's shad - ow la - ment - ing stood. But the

# The Foggy Dew

Un poco più mosso

17

S  
A  
T  
B

sud - den sun kiss'd The cold, cru - el mist In - to

sud - den sun kiss'd The cold, cru - el mist In - to

sud - den sun kiss'd The cold, cru - el mist In - to

sud - den sun kiss'd The cold, cru - el mist In - to

19

S  
A  
T  
B

danc - ing show'rs of dia - mond dew; And the

danc - ing show'rs of dia - mond dew; And the

danc - ing show'rs of dia - mond dew; And the

danc - ing show'rs of dia - mond dew; And the

21

S  
A  
T  
B

dark flow - ing stream Laugh'd back to his beam, And the

dark flow - ing stream Laugh'd back to his beam, And the

dark flow - ing stream Laugh'd back to his beam, And the

dark flow - ing stream Laugh'd back to his beam, And the

## The Foggy Dew

23

S lark soar'd sing - ing a - loft in the blue; While no

A lark soar'd sing - ing a - loft in the blue; While no

T lark soar'd sing - ing a - loft in the blue; While no

B lark soar'd sing - ing a - loft in the blue; While no

26

S phan - tom of night, But a form of de - light Ran with

A phan - tom of night, But a form of de - light Ran with

T phan - tom of night, But a form of de - light Ran with

B phan - tom of night, But a form of de - light Ran with

28

S arms out - spread to her dar - ling boy: And the

A arms out - spread to her dar - ling boy: And the

T arms out - spread to her dar - ling boy: And the

B arms out - spread to her dar - ling boy: And the

# The Foggy Dew

30 *rall.*

S girl I loved best On my wild, throbbing breast Hid her

A girl I loved best On my wild, throbbing breast Hid her

T girl I loved best On my wild, throbbing breast Hid her

B girl I loved best On my wild, throbbing breast Hid her

32

S thou - sand treasures, with a cry of joy.

A thou - sand treasures, with a cry of joy.

T thou - sand treasures, with a cry of joy.

B thou - sand treasures, with a cry of joy.

Boosey & Co.  
(1922)

Oh! a wan cloud was drawn  
O'er the dim, weeping dawn,  
As to Shannon's side I returned at last;  
And the heart in my breast  
For the girl I loved best  
Was beating— ah, beating, how loud and fast!  
While the doubts and the fears  
Of the long, aching years  
Seemed mingling their voices with the moaning flood;  
Till full in my path,  
Like a wild water-wraith,  
My true love's shadow lamenting stood.

But the sudden sun kissed  
The cold, cruel mist  
Into dancing showers of diamond dew;  
And the dark flowing stream  
Laughed back to his beam,  
And the lark soared singing aloft in the blue;  
While no phantom of night,  
But a form of delight  
Ran with arms outspread to her darling boy:  
And the girl I loved best  
On my wild, throbbing breast  
Hid her thousand treasures, with a cry of joy.

Alfred Perceval Graves (1846-1931)

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