

At The Mid-Hour Of Night

Words by
THOMAS MOORE
(1779-1852)

Irish Folk Song for Men's Voices (T. T. B. B.)

Setting by
ALFRED WHITEHEAD

for perusal only

Andante

1st Tenor
At the mid hour of night, When stars are weep-ing, I fly To the

2nd Tenor
At the mid hour of night, When stars are weep-ing, I fly To the

Baritone
At the mid hour of night, When stars are weep-ing, I fly To the

Bass
At the mid hour of night, When stars are weep-ing, I fly To the

Piano
(for rehearsal only)

lone vale we lov'd when life shone warm in thine eye; And I think oft, if spir-its can

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This melody is most unusual in that it presents an unbroken series of five-bar phrases

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steal from the re-gions of air To re-vis-it past scenes of de-light, Thou wilt

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steal from the re-gions of air To re-vis-it past scenes of de-light, Thou wilt

steal from the re-gions of air To re-vis-it past scenes of de-light, Thou wilt

come to me there, And tell me our love is re-mem-ber'd e'en in the sky

come to me there, And tell me our love is re-mem-ber'd e'en in the sky

come to me there, And tell me our love is re-mem-ber'd e'en in the sky

come to me there, And tell me our love is re-mem-ber'd e'en in the sky

come to me there, And tell me our love is re-mem-ber'd e'en in the sky

mp Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to hear, When our voi-ces, com- *cresc.*

mp Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to hear, When our vo'.ces, com- *cresc.*

mp Then I sing the wild song, such plea-sure to hear, When our voi-ces, com- *cresc.*

mp Then I sing the wild song, such plea-sure to hear, When our voi-ces, com- *cresc.*

mp *cresc.*

this is a perusal score

- ming - ling, breath'd like one on the ear; Ech - o thro'the vale my sad *p*

- ming - ling, breath'd like one on the ear; And as ech-o far off thro'the vale my sad *p*

- ming - ling, breath'd like one on the ear; And as ech-o far off thro' the vale my sad *p*

- ming - ling, breath'd like one on the ear; And as ech-o far off thro' the vale my sad *p*

p

or - i - son rolls, 'Tis thy voice, ——— thy voice from the King-dom of Souls *pp* *rall.*

or - i - son rolls I — think, O my love! 'Tis thy voice from the King-dom of Souls *pp* *rall.*

or - i - son rolls I think 'tis thy voice from the King-dom of Souls *pp* *rall.*

or - i - son rolls I think 'tis thy voice from the King-dom of Souls Faintly *pp* *rall.*

pp *sempre rall.* *ppp*

Faintly an-swer-ing still the notes that once were so dear. —

pp *ppp*

Faintly an-swer-ing still the notes that once were so dear. —

pp *ppp*

Faintly an-swer-ing still the notes that once were so dear. —

an-swer-ing, an-swer-ing still the notes that once were so dear. — *ppp*

pp *ppp* *sempre rall.*