

To Fabien Sevitzyky

Irish Folk Song

You'll wander far and wide, dear, but you'll come back again,
You'll come back to your father and your mother in the glen,
Although we may be lyin' 'neath the heather grasses then
You'll be comin' back, my darlin'!

You'll hear the wild birds singin' beneath a brighter sky;
The roof-tree of your house, dear, it will be broad and high;
But you'll hunger for the hearth-stone, where, a child, you used to lie
You'll be comin' back, my darlin'!

GILBERT PARKER

ARTHUR FOOTE

Moderato

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

'Cello

Bass

(Ad libitum)

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

'Cello

Bass

mf *rit.* *pp* *a tempo*

mf *rit.* *pp* *a tempo*

mf *rit.* *p* *a tempo*

mf *rit.* *pp* *a tempo*

pp *a tempo*