# G. Schirmer's Secular Choruses

## Women's Voices

### Three-Part Choruses

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<td>6094</td>
<td>Lochinvar's Ride (Po. or Orch. acc.)</td>
<td>H. R. Shelley</td>
<td>15...30</td>
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**G. Schirmer**  
New York: 3 East 43rd St.  
London, W1: 18, Vereys St.  
Boston: The Boston Music Co.
LOCHINVAR'S RIDE

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west!
Through all the wide border his steed was the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented—the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dunder in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen, kindred and brothers, and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
For the poor craven lover said never a word:
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter; my suit you denied:
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like the tide;
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There be maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine and he threw down the cup;
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye;
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar:
"Now dance we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridgroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bridemaids whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, where the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung;
"She is won! we are gone over bank, bush and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT
Lochinvar's Ride
Ballad for Three-part Chorus of Women's Voices

Sir Walter Scott

Harry Rowe Shelley

Allegro moderato

Piano

Soprano I

Soprano II

Alto

Oh, young

Oh, young

Oh, young

Lochinvar is come out of the west!

Through

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* The Orchestra Parts may be obtained from the Publishers.
all the wide border his steed was the best; And

save his good broad-sword he weapons had none; He

rode all un-arm’d and he rode all a-lone. So faith-ful in

25471
love and so dauntless in war, There never was knight like the

young Loch-ivar.

young Loch-ivar.

young Loch-ivar.
He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone; He
swam the Eske riv'er where ford there was none; But, ere he alighted at
Nether-by gate, The bride had consent-ed— the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war, Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar; For a laggard in love, and a dastard in brave Lochinvar; For a laggard in love, and a dastard in
war, war, war,

Was to wed the fair El-len of brave Loch-in-var.

Was to wed the fair El-len of brave Loch-in-var.

Was to wed the fair El-len of brave Loch-in-var.
So bold-ly he en-ter’d the Neth-er-by hall,

A - mong brides-men, kindred and brothers, and

all;

Then

all;

Then

poco marcato
spoke the bride's father, his hand on his
cresc.

spoke the bride's father, his hand on his
cresc.

spoke the bride's father, his hand on his
cresc.

sword, For the poor craven
p

sword, For the poor craven
p

sword, For the poor craven
p

lover said never a word, never, never a

lover said never a word, never, never a

lover said never a word, never, never a
"Oh, word: cresc."

"Oh, word: cresc."

"Oh, word: cresc."

"Oh, marcato"

Come ye here in peace, or come ye in war, cresc.

Come ye here in peace, or come ye in war, cresc.

Come ye here in peace, or come ye in war,

p cresc.

Or to dance at our brid-al, young Lord Loch-in-var?

Or to dance at our brid-al, young Lord Loch-in-var?

Or to dance at our brid-al, young Lord Loch-in-var?
Oh, come ye here in peace, or come ye in war,

Oh, come ye here in peace, or come ye in war,

Oh, come ye here in peace, or come ye in war,

Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Loch-in-var,

Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Loch-in-var,

Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Loch-in-var,

young Lord Lochin-var?

young Lord Lochin-var?

young Lord Lochin-var?
Andante

"I long wooed your daughter; my suit you denied; Love
swells like the Sol-way, but ebbs like the tide; And now I am come, with this
lost love of mine To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine. There be
maiden in Scot-land, more lovely by far, that would gladly be bride to the maiden in Scot-land, more lovely by far, that would gladly be bride to the

young Loch-in-var, would gladly be bride, would gladly be bride, would

young Loch-in-var, would gladly be bride, would gladly be bride, would

gladly be bride to the young Loch-in-var: gladly be bride to the young Loch-in-var:

gladly be bride to the young Loch-in-var: a tempo rit. a tempo rit.

dim. e rit.
Allegro grazioso

The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up; He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup. She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh, With a...
smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye; 
smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye; 
smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye; 
He took her hand ere her mother could bar; 
soft hand ere her mother could bar; 
soft hand ere her mother could bar; 
Now
tread we a measure! said young Lochinvar.

So state-ly his form and so love-ly her face, That nev-er-a hall such a gal-liard did.
grace; While her mother did fret, and her father did fume, And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume, And the bridesmaid's whispered: "'Twere better by far To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

So...
state-ly__his__form__and__so__love-ly__her__face!__Young

Loch-in-var, young Lochin-var, brave young Loch

Loch-in-var, young Lochin-var, brave young Loch

Loch-in-var, young Lochin-var, brave young Loch
Allegro moderato

One touch to her hand, poco a poco cresc.
and one word

One touch to her hand, poco a poco cresc.
and one word

One touch to her hand, poco a poco cresc.
and one word

in her ear, and one word in her ear,
in her ear, and one word in her ear,
in her ear, and one word in her ear,
When they had reach'd the hall door, where the charger stood near,
where the charger stood near; So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
where the charger stood near; So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,

So light to the saddle before her he sprung, he

sprung; "She is won, she is won, is
sprung; "She is won, she is won, is
sprung; "She is won, she is won, is

won! we are gone over bank, bush and scaur; She is won! They'll have
won! we are gone over bank, bush and scaur; She is won! They'll have
won! we are gone over bank, bush and scaur; She is won! They'll have

fleet steeds that follow, that fol low!" quoth young Loch in
fleet steeds that follow, that fol low!" quoth young Loch in
fleet steeds that follow, that fol low!" quoth young Loch in

\textit{cresc.}
There was mounting' mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;

Forsters, Fenwick's and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;

racing and chasing on Can-nobie lea.

But the
lost bride of Nether-by ne'er did they see.
So
lost bride of Nether-by ne'er did they see.
So
lost bride of Nether-by ne'er did they see.
So
daring in love, and so dauntless in war;
accel.
daring in love, and so dauntless in war;
accel.
daring in love, and so dauntless in war;
accel.

piu mosso
Young Loch-in-var!

Young Loch-in-var!

Young Loch-in-var!

piu mosso
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Allegro deciso
Women's Voices

FOUR-PART CHORUSES

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G. Schirmer