JOHN IRELAND

THE TRELLIS

SONG

WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT

Words by

ALDOUS HUXLEY

No. 1 in F -  -  Composed A to E
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THE TRELLIS

Thick-flowered is the trellis
That hides our joys
From prying eyes of malice
And all annoys,
And we lie rosily bower'd.

Through the long afternoons
And evenings endlessly
Drawn out, when summer swoons
In perfume windlessly,
Sounds our light laughter,

With whispered words between
And silent kisses,
None but the flowers have seen
Our white caresses—
Flowers and the bright-eyed birds.

ALDOUS HUXLEY

THE TRELLIS

Voice

Moderato (÷ 63–66)

John Ireland

Thick flew'd is the trellis. That hides our joys from prying eyes of
mal-ice And all an-noys, And we
lie ros-i-ly bow'rd
Through the long aft-er-noons And eve-nings
endlessly Drawn out,
when summer swoons
In perfume

wind-lessly, Sounds our light laughter,

With whispered words between
And silken kisses

375067
None but the flow'rs have seen Our white car - es - es Flow'rs and the bright-eyed birds

January, 1900
A BEAUTIFUL SONG by JOHN IRELAND.

SEA FEVER

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wind's level and the wave's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung sprays and the blown spume, and the seagulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gypsy's way and the tribe's way where the wind's wild and the whale's song.
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow reveller,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long躯's over.

JOHN MAESTELO.

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