



Antoine DESSEN

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A propos de l'artiste

I'm a, now retired, ex-music teacher in music high school, but still in activity like a choir director, singer , pianist accompanist , arranger and, at time a few, composer too. Very involved in what's all about vocal music, whatever the styles, especially when it's polyphonic or choral works because I think music allows to mix people together with an aim of beauty to perform. Even if my arrgts are free, I'd be very glad for backwards positive remarks. Thanks for that.

Page artiste : https://www.free-scores.com/partitions_gratuites_singpianist.htm

A propos de la pièce

Titre : Bridget O'Malley
Compositeur : Traditional
Arrangeur : DESSEN, Antoine
Droit d'auteur : Public Domain
Instrumentation : Choeur SATB

Style : A cappella

Antoine DESSEN sur [free-scores.com](https://www.free-scores.com)

Interdiction de diffusion sur d'autres sites Web.



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BRIDGET O' MALLEY

Traditional celtic

Arrgt / Antoine DESSEN
(tous droits réservés)

Following the text

1

S

A

T

B

mp Loo loo loo loo loo loo loo, loo loo

mp Loo loo loo loo loo, loo

4

S

A

T

B

loo loo loo loo. *mf* ô,

loo loo loo loo. *mp* Loo

7

S

A

T

B

Brid - get O' Mal-ley, you've left my heart shak-en with a

loo loo loo loo loo loo loo, loo

11

11 hope - less de - so - la - tion I'd have you to know: it's the

11
8
11

loo loo loo loo loo loo loo, loo loo

15

15 won - ders of ad - mi - ra - tion your quiet face has tak - en and

15
8
15

loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo, loo loo

19

19 your beau - ty will haunt me, wher - e - ver I go.

19
8
19

mp Loo loo

mp Loo loo

loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo.

23

23 loo loo loo loo loo, loo loo loo loo loo loo. *mf* The

23 loo loo loo, loo loo loo loo loo. *mp* Loo

28

28 white moon, a-bove the pale sands, the pale stars, a-bove the thorn-tree are

28 loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo, loo

32

32 cold be-side my dar-ling but no pur-er than she. I

32 loo loo loo loo loo loo loo, loo loo

36

36 gaze up on the cold moon till the stars down in the warm seas and the

36 loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo, loo loo

40

40 bright eyes of my dar - ling are ne - ver on me.

40 loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo.

mp Loo loo

mp Loo loo

44

44 loo loo loo loo loo, loo loo loo loo loo loo. *mf* My

44 loo loo loo, loo loo loo loo loo. *mp* My

49

49 sun - day it is wear-y, my sun - day it is grey, now. My—

8
49

sun - day it is wear-y, my sun - day it is grey, now. My—

53

53 heart is a— cold thing, my— heart is a stone; all—

8
53

heart is a— cold thing, my heart is a stone; all—

57

57 joy is dead— with-in me, my— life has gone— a-way, now, for an—

8
57

joy is dead— with-in me, my— life has gone a - way, now, for an—

61

61 *mp* Loo loo

o - ther has tak - en my love for his own.

61 *mp* Loo loo

o - ther has tak - en my love for his own.

65

65 loo loo loo loo loo, loo loo loo loo loo loo. *mf* The

65

65 loo loo loo, loo loo loo loo loo. *p* Loo

69

69 day is ap - proach ing when we were to be mar - ried and it's

69 *p* Loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo,

69 loo loo loo loo loo loo,

p Loo loo loo,

73 ra - ther I would die — than live on - ly to grieve. Oh, —

73 loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo,

73 loo loo loo loo loo loo loo,

73 loo loo loo, — loo loo

77 meet me, my — dar-ling, when the sun - set's o'-er the bar-ley and I'll

77 loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo,

77 loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo,

77 loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo,

81 meet — you, — there, on the road to Drums - lieve. *mp* Loo loo

81 loo loo loo loo.

81 loo loo loo loo. *mp* Loo loo

81 loo loo loo loo.

Rall

85 loo loo loo loo loo, loo loo loo loo loo

85 loo loo loo, loo loo loo loo loo

88 loo. ô, go. loo. loo.

88 loo. loo.

A. D
27 03 08

Ô, Bridget O'Malley, you've left my heart shaken with a hopeless desolation, I'd want you to know:
it's the wonders of admiration your quiet face has taken and your beauty will haunt me, wherever I go.
The white moon above the pale sands, the pale stars upon the thorn tree are cold beside my darling but no purer than she.
I gaze upon the cold moon till the stars drown in the warm seas and the bright eyes of my darling are never on me.
My saturday it is weary, my saturday it is grey, now, my heart it is a cold thing, my heart is a stone;
all joy is dead within me, my life has gone away, now for another has taken my love for his own.
The day is approaching when were to be married and it's rather I would die than live only to grieve.
Oh, meet me, my darling, when the sunset's o'er the barley and I'll meet you, there, on the road to Drumslieve.