

# The Gilly of Christ Op.49

## I follow a star Op.49, no.1

Joseph Campbell (Seosamh MacCathmaoil)

Fritz Bennicke Hart

**Moderato**

*p*

I fol-low a star Bur-ning

*mp*

*p*

10

*p*

deep\_ in the blue, A sign\_ on the hills Lit for me and for

16

*mf*

you! Moon - red is the star, Ha - lo -

*p*

## I am the gilly of Christ Op.49, no.2

Joseph Campbell

Fritz Bennicke Hart

*mf* *mp*

I am the gil-ly of Christ, The mate of Ma-ry's Son; I

11

run the roads at see-ding time, And when the har-vest's done.

20

I sleep among the hills, The hea-ther is my bed; I dip the ter-mon

30

well for drink, And pull the sloe for bread.

*p dolce*

## By a wondrous mystery Op.49, no.3

Joseph Campbell

Fritz Bennicke Hart

By a won-drous mys - te-ry Christ of

9

Ma-ry's fair\_ bo-dy U-pon a mid-dle win-ter's morn, Be-tween the tides of night and day, In

16

A - ra's ho - ly isle was born.\_

# When rooks fly homeward Op.49, no.4

Joseph Campbell

Fritz Bennicke Hart

**Un poco allegretto**

When rooks fly home-ward And sha-dows fall, \_\_\_

6

\_\_\_ When ro - ses fold \_\_\_ On the hay - yard

10

wall, \_\_\_ When blind moths flut - ter By door \_\_\_ and

## The gilly of Christ Op.49, no.5

Joseph Campbell

Fritz Bennicke Hart

*mp*

As I came o-ver the grey, grey hills And o-ver the grey, grey wa - ter, I

*cantabile*

*p* *mp*

6

saw the gil - ly lea - ding on, And the white Christ fol - low - ing af - ter.

10

Where and where does the gil - ly lead? And where is the white Christ

*mf*

## Christ, wandering with the Twelve Op.49, no.6

Joseph Campbell

Fritz Bennicke Hart

**poco rit. [a tempo]**

Christ,

11  
wan-d'ring with the Twelve One day in the fields Un-der the hill of Bar-ra by the sea, Said to them:

19  
"Why take ye thought for rai - ment?"

25  
Con - si - der the wind - flowers How they grow, Sway - ing,

## The dark is magical Op.49, no.7

Joseph Campbell

Fritz Bennicke Hart

With an easy movement

The dark is ma-gi-cal,

the air\_ Li - ving with sil-vermoths. Pla - net and star, like

che-ru-bim on hea-ven's am - ber stair, With gol-den cloths A-bout their

# The women bore their children Op.49, no.8

Joseph Campbell

Fritz Bennicke Hart

**With an easy movement (In the manner of a folk-song)**

*sempre semplice*

The wo-men bore their chil-dren From moun-tain and field and street,—They

bore them through the jeer-ing crowd And set them at Christ's feet,— And

lo, the Twelve re-buked them. Say-ing "The night is done,— The word is dead on the

Mas-ter's lips, And faint is he to be gone."— But Christ had love for the



# He staggered thro' the burning street Op.49, no.9

Joseph Campbell

Fritz Bennicke Hart

**Un poco lento**

He stag-gered thro' the

7

bur-ning street, And tho' his cross o'erweigh-ted him, He

14

raised his come-ly head to greet the wo - men of Je - ru - sa-lem.

## Twilight fallen white and cold Op.49, no.10

Joseph Campbell

Fritz Bennicke Hart

Twi - light fal - len white and cold, Child in cra - dle,

9 **poco rit. a tempo**

lamb in fold; Glim - m'ring through the ghost - ly trees,

16

Arc - tu - rus and Plei - a - des. Wounds of

24 **rall.**

E - lo - im, Weep on me!

# The moon is in the marshes Op.49, no.11

Joseph Campbell

Fritz Bennicke Hart

With a quiet, easy movement

The moon — is in the

*p sempre legato*

5 mar - shes, The gan-nets wheel — and pass, —

9 Cast - ing wan - d'ring sha - dows — O - ver the mal-low

13 **rall.** grass; — Salt airs come light-ly blow - ing — In from the o - pen

# I am the mountainy singer Op.49, no.12

Joseph Campbell

Fritz Bennicke Hart

## Moderato assai

I am the moun-tai-ny sing - er,

And I would sing of the Christ Who fol-lowed the paths thro' the moun - tains\_ To

eat at the peo - ple's tryst. He loved the sun\_ dark

peo - ple As the young man loves\_ his bride, And he moved a -

*p cresc. poco a poco*

*p*

## At morning tide Op.49, no.13

Joseph Campbell

Fritz Bennicke Hart

Not too slow

*p*

At mor-ning tide, U - pon the hill of Sliabh - na - mBan, I saw the

*p*

8

dead Christ glo - ri - fied! His bo - dy, like the ri-sen

*p* *mf*

15

sun, Was all too bright to look u - pon: The blue air burned A-

*p*

22

bout him: in his side And hands and feet there