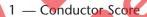
## A LONGFORD LEGEND

(A Collection of Irish Street Ballades)

## By Robert Sheldon

Longford Legend op. 58 was commissioned by the Normal Community West High School Band, Normal, Illinois, Lisa Preston, director. The piece was written in 1996 and premiered in April of that year with the composer conducting. It is based on the composer's impressions of three poems found in a collection of 18th-century Irish ballades, and is written as a tribute to the wonderful music of Grainger, Holst and Vaughan Williams.

### Instrumentation



10 — Flute (Piccolo)

2 — Oboe

2 — Bassoon

4 — 1st B Clarinet

4 2nd B Clarinet

4 3rd Bb Clarinet

1 — E Alto Clarinet

2 — B♭ Bass Clarinet

2 — 1st E Alto Saxophone

2 — 2nd E Alto Saxophone

2 — Bb Tenor Saxophone

1 — E♭ Baritone Saxophone

3 — 1st B♭ Trumpet

3 — 2nd B Trumpet

3 — 3rd B Trumpet

1 — 1st F Horn

1 — 2nd F Horn

2 — 1st Trombone

2 — 2nd Trombone

2 — 3rd Trombone

2 — Baritone T.C.

2 — Baritone B.C.

4 — Tuba

2 — Mallets (Bells, Xylophone,

Chimes)

3 — Percussion I (Snare Drum, Bass Drum, Crash Cymbals, Sus. Cymbal, Triangle)

2 — Percussion II (Sus. Cymbal, Triangle, Gong, Tambourine)

1 — Timpani



## A LONGFORD LEGEND

#### I. A Longford Legend

Oh! 'Tis of a bold Major tale I'll relate,
Who possessed a fine house and a charming estate,
Who, when possible, always his pleasure would take
From morning till night in a boat on his lake.
So a steam-launch he bought from a neighbouring peer,
And learnt how to start her, to stoke, and to steer;
But part of the craft he omitted to learn—
How to ease her, and to stop her, and back her astern.

Well, one lovely spring morn from their moorings they cast, The furnace alight and the steam in full blast. As they cruised through the lake, oh! what pleasure was theirs! What congratulations! what swagger! what airs! "Evening's come," says the Major; "let's home for the night. I'll pick up the mooring and make her all right; Whilst you, my gay stoker, your wages to earn, Just ease her, and stop her, and back her astern."

"Do what?" asked the stoker. "Why, stop her, of course!"
"Faith! it's aisier stopping a runaway horse!
Just try it yourself!" The field officer swore!
But that was no use,—they were nearly on shore!
He swore at himself, at the boat, and the crew;
He cursed at the funnel, the boiler, and screw,—But in vain! He was forced from his mooring to turn,
Shouting, "Ease her, and stop her, and back her astern!"

It was clear that on shore they that night would not dine, So they drank up the brandy, the whisky and wine; They finished the stew and demolished the cake As they steamed at full speed all the night round the lake. Weeks passed; and with terror and famine oppressed. One by one of that ill-fated crew sank to rest; And grim death seized the Major before he could learn How to ease her, and stop her, and back her astern.

And still round the lake there wild course they pursue, While the ghost of the Major still swears at the crew, And the ghosts of the crew still reply in this mode, "Just ease her, and stop her yourself—and be blowed!" Here's the moral: Imprimis, whene'er you're afloat, Don't use haughty words to your crew on your boat; And ere starting, oh! make this your deepest concern—Learn to ease her, and stop her, and back her astern.

#### **II. Young Molly Bawn**

Come, all you young gallants that follow the gun. Beware of late shooting at the setting sun; For it's little you know of what happened of late To young Molly asthoreen, whose beauty was great.

It happened one evening in a shower of hail, This maid in a bower herself did conceal; Her love being a-shooting, took her for a fawn; He leveled his gun and he shot Molly Bawn.

And when he came to her and found it was she, His limbs they grew feeble and his eyes could not see His heart it was broken with sorrow and grief; And with eyes up to heaven he implored for relief.

He ran to his uncle with the gun in his hand.
Saying, "Uncle, dear uncle, I'm not able to stand;
I shot my own true lover—alas! I'm undone
While she was in the shade by the setting of the sun.

"I rubbed her fair temples and found she was dead, And a fountain of tears for my darling I shed; And now I'll be forced by the laws of the land For the killing of my darling my trial to stand."

#### III. Killyburn Brae

There was an ould man down by Killyburn brae,
Right fol, right fol, titty fol lay.

There was an ould man down by Killyburn brae,
Had a scolding ould wife for the most of his day,
With a right fol da dol, titty fol lol,
Fol da-da dol, da dol da-da day.

One day as this man he walk'd out in the glen Sure he met with the divil, says "How are you then?" Says he, me ould man I have come for yer wife, For I hear she's the plaque an' torment of yer life,

So the divil he hoisted her up on his back, An' hot-fut for hell with her then he did pack, An' when at the finish they got to hell's gate, Sure he threw her right down with a thump on her pate,

There were two little divils there playing at ball, Whilst the one he was wee sure the other was small,

There were two other divils there tied up in chains, An' she lifted her stick an' she scattered their brains,

So the divil he hoisted her up on his back, They were seven years goin'—nine *days* comin' back,

Says he, me ould man here's yer wife safe an' well, For the likes of herself we would not have in hell,

Now I've been a divil the most of me life, But I ne'er was in hell till I met with yer wife,

So it's true that the women is worse than the men,
Right fol, right fol, titty fol lay.
So it's true that the women is worse than the men,
When they go down to hell they are thrown out again.
With a right fol da dol, titty fol lol,
Fol da-da dol, da dol da-da day.

**FULL SCORE** Duration – 1:24 (Total Time-5:55)

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### III. Killyburn Brae

































































