



Fly not yet

(Irish Air: "Planxty Kelly")

Thomas R. G. Jozé
(1853-1924)

Fly not yet

T. R. G. Jozé

Allegretto $\text{♩} = 76$

S Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour, When pleas - ure, like the mid - night flow'r That

A Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour, When pleas - ure, like the mid - night flow'r That

T Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour, When pleas - ure, like the mid - night flow'r That

B Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour, When pleas - ure, like the mid - night flow'r That

S scorns the eye of vul - gar light, Be - gins to bloom for sons of night, And

A scorns the eye of vul - gar light, Be - gins to bloom for sons of night, And

T scorns the eye of vul - gar light, Be - gins to bloom for sons of night, And

B scorns the eye of vul - gar light, Be - gins to bloom for sons of night, And

fly not yet

9

S maids who love the moon. 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That

A maids who love the moon. 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That

T maids who love the moon. 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That

B maids who love the moon. 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That

13

S beau - ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at - trac - tions glow - ing

A beau - ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at - trac - tions glow - ing

T beau - ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at - trac - tions glow - ing

B beau - ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at - trac - tions glow - ing

17

S *dim.* Set the tides and gob - lets flow - ing. *p* *rit.* Oh! stay,— Oh! stay,—

A *dim.* Set the tides and gob - lets flow - ing. *p* *rit.* Oh! stay,— Oh! stay,—

T *dim.* Set the tides and gob - lets flow - ing. *p* *rit.* Oh! stay,— Oh! stay,—

B *dim.* Set the tides and gob - lets flow - ing. *p* *rit.* Oh! stay,— Oh! stay,—

fly not yet

21 *a tempo*

S Joy so sel - dom weaves a chain Like this to - night, that oh, 'tis pain To

A Joy so sel - dom weaves a chain Like this to - night, that oh, 'tis pain To

T Joy so sel - dom weaves a chain Like this to - night, that oh, 'tis pain To

B Joy so sel - dom weaves a chain Like this to - night, that oh, 'tis pain To

25

S break its links so soon. Oh! stay, — Oh! stay, —

A break its links so soon. Oh! stay, — Oh! stay, —

T break its links so soon. Oh! stay, — Oh! stay, —

B break its links so soon. Oh! stay, — Oh! stay, —

mf rit. *pp molto rit.*

29 *a tempo*

S Joy so sel - dom weaves a chain Like this to - night, that oh, 'tis pain To

A Joy so sel - dom weaves a chain Like this to - night, that oh, 'tis pain To

T Joy so sel - dom weaves a chain Like this to - night, that oh, 'tis pain To

B Joy so sel - dom weaves a chain Like this to - night, that oh, 'tis pain To

fly not yet

33

S break its links — so soon. — Fly not yet, the fount that play'd In

A break its links so soon. — Fly not yet, the fount that play'd In

T break — its links so soon. — Fly not yet, the fount that play'd In

B break — its links so soon. — Fly not yet, the fount that play'd In

37

S times of old through Am - mon's shade, — Though i - cy cold by day it ran, Yet

A times of old through Am - mon's shade, — Though i - cy cold by day it ran, Yet

T times of old through Am - mon's shade, — Though i - cy cold by day it ran, Yet

B times of old through Am - mon's shade, — Though i - cy cold by day it ran, Yet

41

S still, like souls of mirth, be - gan To burn when night — was near. — And

A still, like souls of mirth, be - gan To burn when night was near. — And

T still, like souls of mirth, be - gan To burn when night was near. — And

B still, like souls of mirth, be - gan To burn when night was near. — And

fly not yet

45

S thus, should wo - man's heart and looks At noon be cold as win - ter brooks, Nor

A thus, should wo - man's heart and looks At noon be cold as win - ter brooks, Nor

T thus, should wo - man's heart and looks At noon be cold as win - ter brooks, Nor

B thus, should wo - man's heart and looks At noon be cold as win - ter brooks, Nor

49

S kin - dle till the night, re - turn - ing, Brings their ge - nial hour for burn - ing.

A kin - dle till the night, re - turn - ing, Brings their ge - nial hour for burn - ing.

T kin - dle till the night, re - turn - ing, Brings their ge - nial hour for burn - ing.

B kin - dle till the night, re - turn - ing, Brings their ge - nial hour for burn - ing.

53

S Oh! stay,— Oh! stay,— When did morn - ing ev - er break, And

A Oh! stay,— Oh! stay,— When did morn - ing ev - er break, And

T Oh! stay,— Oh! stay,— When did morn - ing ev - er break, And

B Oh! stay,— Oh! stay,— When did morn - ing ev - er break, And

fly not yet

57

S find such beam - ing eyes a - wake As those that spar - kle here? _____

A find such beam - ing eyes a - wake As those that spar - kle here? _____

T find such beam - ing eyes a - wake As those that spar - kle here? _____

B find such beam - ing eyes a - wake As those that spar - kle here? _____

61

S *p rit.* Oh! stay,— *pp molto rit.* Oh! stay,— *ff a tempo* When did morn - ing ev - er break, And

A *p rit.* Oh! stay,— *pp molto rit.* Oh! stay,— *ff a tempo* When did morn - ing ev - er break, And

T *p rit.* Oh! stay,— *pp molto rit.* Oh! stay,— *ff a tempo* When did morn - ing ev - er break, And

B *p rit.* Oh! stay,— *pp molto rit.* Oh! stay,— *ff a tempo* When did morn - ing ev - er break, And

63

S find such beam - ing eyes a - wake As those that spar - kle here? _____ *molto rit.*

A find such beam - ing eyes a - wake As those that spar - kle here? _____ *molto rit.*

T find such beam - ing eyes a - wake As those that spar - kle here? _____ *molto rit.*

B find such beam - ing eyes a - wake As those that spar - kle here? _____ *molto rit.*

Thomas Richard Gonzalez Jozé (1853-1924) was born in Dublin, Ireland. He was a chorister at Christ Church Cathedral in Dublin and became deputy organist. He graduated from the University of Dublin and held organist positions at St. Paul's Church, Glengarry, and Christ Church, Leeson Park, Dublin. He became professor of organ and harmony at the Irish National Academy of Music and the University of Dublin and was music examiner for a number of institutions. He composed piano music, cantatas, hymns, and part songs.

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour,
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
 And maids who love the moon.
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing.
 Oh! stay,— Oh! stay,—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that oh, 'tis pain
 To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
In times of old through Ammon's shade,
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
 To burn when night was near.
And thus, should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.
 Oh! stay,— Oh! stay,—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
 As those that sparkle here?

Thomas Moore (1780-1852)

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