



And doth not a Meeting like this?

Traditional Irish Melody

Thomas Crampton
(1817-1885)

Andante

S
And doth not a meet - ing like this make a - mends For

A
And doth not a meet - ing like this make a - mends For

T
And doth not a meet - ing like this make a - mends For

B
And doth not a meet - ing like this make a - mends For

And doth not a Meeting like this?

3

S all the long years I've been wan - d'ring a - way— To see thus a - round me my

A all the long years I've been wan - d'ring a - way— To see thus a - round me my

T all the long years I've been wan - d'ring a - way— To see thus a - round me my

B all the long years I've been wan - d'ring a - way— To see thus a - round me my

6

S youth's ear - ly friends, As smil - ing and kind as in that hap - py day?

A youth's ear - ly friends, As smil - ing and kind as in that hap - py day?

T youth's ear - ly friends, As smil - ing and kind as in that hap - py day?

B youth's ear - ly friends, As smil - ing and kind as in that hap - py day?

S *p* Tho' hap - ly o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine, The

A *p* Tho' hap - ly o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine, The

T *p* Tho' hap - ly o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,

B *p* Tho' hap - ly o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,

And doth not a Meeting like this?

11

S snow - fall of Time may be steal - ing— what then? Like Alps in the sun - set, thus

A snow - fall of Time may be steal - ing— what then? Like Alps in the sun - set, thus

T what then? Like Alps in the sun - set, thus

B what then? Like Alps in the sun - set, thus

14

S light - ed by wine, We'll wear the gay tinge of Youth's ros - es a - gain.

A light - ed by wine, We'll wear the gay tinge of Youth's ros - es a - gain.

T light - ed by wine, We'll wear the gay tinge of Youth's ros - es a - gain.

B light - ed by wine, We'll wear the gay tinge of Youth's ros - es a - gain.

S What soft - en'd re - mem - branc - es come o'er the heart, In

A What soft - en'd re - mem - branc - es come o'er the heart, In

T What soft - en'd re - mem - branc - es come o'er the heart, In

B What soft - en'd re - mem - branc - es come o'er the heart, In

And doth not a Meeting like this?

19

S gaz - ing on those we've been lost to so long! The sor - rows, the joys, of which

A gaz - ing on those we've been lost to so long! The sor - rows, the joys, of which

T gaz - ing on those we've been lost to so long! The sor - rows, the joys, of which

B gaz - ing on those we've been lost to so long! The sor - rows, the joys, of which

22

S once they were part, Still round them, like vis - ions of yes - ter - day, throng;

A once they were part, Still round them, like vis - ions of yes - ter - day, throng;

T once they were part, Still round them, like vis - ions of yes - ter - day, throng;

B once they were part, Still round them, like vis - ions of yes - ter - day, throng;

25

S *p* As let - ters some hand hath in - vis - i - bly trac'd, When

A *p* When

T *p* As let - ters some hand hath in - vis - i - bly trac'd,

B *p* As let - ters some hand hath in - vis - i - bly trac'd,

And doth not a Meeting like this?

28

S held to the flame will steal out on the sight, So man - y a feel - ing, that

A held to the flame will steal out on the sight, So man - y a feel - ing, that

T the sight, So man - y a feel - ing, that

B the sight, So man - y a feel - ing, that

31

S long seem'd ef - fac'd, The warmth of a mo - ment like this brings to light.

A long seem'd ef - fac'd, The warmth of a mo - ment like this brings to light.

T long seem'd ef - fac'd, The warmth of a mo - ment like this brings to light.

B long seem'd ef - fac'd, The warmth of a mo - ment like this brings to light.

S *mf* So brief our ex - ist - ence, a glimpse, at the most, Is

A *mf* So brief our ex - ist - ence, a glimpse, at the most, Is

T *mf* So brief our ex - ist - ence, a glimpse, at the most, Is

B *mf* So brief our ex - ist - ence, a glimpse, at the most, Is

And doth not a Meeting like this?

36

S all we can have of the few we hold dear; And oft e - ven joy is un -

A all we can have of the few we hold dear; And oft e - ven joy is un -

T all we can have of the few we hold dear; And oft e - ven joy is un -

B all we can have of the few we hold dear; And oft e - ven joy is un -

39

S heed - ed and lost For want of some heart that could ech - o it, near.

A heed - ed and lost For want of some heart that could ech - o it, near.

T heed - ed and lost For want of some heart that could ech - o it, near.

B heed - ed and lost For want of some heart that could ech - o it, near.

42

S Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone, To

A *p* To

T *p* Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,

B *p* Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,

And doth not a Meeting like this?

45

S meet in some world of more per-ma - nent bliss; For a smile, or a grasp of the

A meet in some world of more per-ma - nent bliss; For a smile, or a grasp of the

T of bliss; For a smile, or a grasp of the

B of bliss; For a smile, or a grasp of the

48

S hand, has - t'ning on, Is all we en - joy of each oth - er in this.

A hand, has - t'ning on, Is all we en - joy of each oth - er in this.

T hand, has - t'ning on, Is all we en - joy of each oth - er in this.

B hand, has - t'ning on, Is all we en - joy of each oth - er in this.

F. Pitman
(n.d., 186?)

Thomas Crampton (1817–1885) was born in Sheerness, Kent, England. He became known as an organist, composer, and music expert. He was editor of *Pitman's Musical Monthly* and was appointed purchaser of music for the British Museum. He composed instrumental music, anthems, glees and part-songs. A special passion was writing music for children. He was musical editor of the Boston periodical *Our little ones and the nursery*, although he never visited the United States. He died in Chiswick, England.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I 've been wand'ring away—
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day?
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
The snow-fall of Time may be stealing—what then?
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We 'll wear the gay tinge of Youth's roses again.

What softened remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we 've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng;
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seemed effaced,
The warmth of a moment like this brings to light.

*And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide,
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through;
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceived for a moment, we 'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.*

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost
For want of some heart that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

*But, come, the more rare such delights to the heart,
The more we should welcome, and bless them the more;
They 're ours, when we meet—they are lost when we part—
Like birds that bring Summer, and fly when 't is o'er.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let Sympathy pledge us, through pleasure, through pain,
That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.*

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

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