



'Twas one
of those dreams

(Irish Air: "The Song of the woods")

Thomas R. G. Jozé
(1853-1924)

'Twas one of those dreams

T. R. G. Jozé

Andante ♩ = 60

S
'Twas one of those dreams, that by Music are

A
'Twas one of those dreams, that by Music are

T
'Twas one of those dreams, that by Music are

B
'Twas one of those dreams, that by Music are

5

S
brought, Like a bright summer haze, o'er the

A
brought, Like a bright summer haze, o'er the

T
brought, Like a bright summer haze, o'er the

B
brought, Like a bright summer haze, o'er the

'Twas one of those dreams

8

S Po - et's warm thought— When, lost in the

A Po - et's warm thought— When, lost in the

T Po - et's warm thought— When, lost in the

B Po - et's warm thought— When, lost in the

11

S fu - ture, his soul wan - ders on, And

A fu - ture, his soul wan - ders on, And

T fu - ture, his soul wan - ders on, And

B fu - ture, his soul wan - ders on, And

14

S all of this life, but its sweet - ness, is gone.

A all of this life, but its sweet - ness, is gone.

T all of this life, but its sweet - ness, is gone.

B all of this life, but its sweet - ness, is gone.

'Twas one of those dreams

S *mf* The wild notes he heard o'er the wa - ter were

A *mf* The wild notes he heard o'er the wa - ter were

T *mf* The wild notes he heard o'er the wa - ter were

B *mf* The wild notes he heard o'er the wa - ter were

S ²¹ those To which he had sung Er - in's

A those To which he had sung Er - in's

T those To which he had sung Er - in's

B those To which he had sung Er - in's

S ²⁴ bon - dage and woes, And the breath of the ³

A bon - dage and woes, And the breath of the

T ⁸ bon - dage and woes, And the breath of the ³

B bon - dage and woes, And the breath of the

'Twas one of those dreams

27

S
bu - gle now waft - ed them o'er From

A
bu - gle now waft - ed them o'er From

T
bu - gle now waft - ed them o'er From

B
bu - gle now waft - ed them o'er From

30

S
Din - is' green isle, to Glen - a's wood - ed shore.

A
Din - is' green isle, to Glen - a's wood - ed shore.

T
Din - is' green isle, to Glen - a's wood - ed shore.

B
Din - is' green isle, to Glen - a's wood - ed shore.

34

S
pp He lis - ten'd while, high o'er the ea - gle's rude

A
pp He lis - ten'd while, high o'er the ea - gle's rude

T
pp He lis - ten'd while, high o'er the ea - gle's rude

B
pp He lis - ten'd while, high o'er the ea - gle's rude

'Twas one of those dreams

38 *cresc.*

S nest, The lin - ger - ing sounds on their

A nest, The lin - ger - ing sounds on their

T nest, The lin - ger - ing sounds on their

B nest, The lin - ger - ing sounds on their

41 *mf*

S way _____ loved to rest; And the ech - oes sung _____

A way _____ loved to rest; And the ech - oes sung

T way _____ loved to rest; And the ech - oes sung _____

B way _____ loved to rest; And the ech - oes sung

44 *f*

S back from their _____ full _____ moun - tain _____ quire, As if

A back from their full moun - tain quire, As if

T back from their full moun - tain quire, As if

B back from their full moun - tain quire, As if

'Twas one of those dreams

7

47

S
loath to let song to enchant - ing ex - pire.

A
loath to let song to enchant - ing ex - pire.

T
loath to let song to enchant - ing ex - pire.

B
loath to let song to enchant - ing ex - pire.

Novello and Company
(1901)

Thomas Richard Gonzalvez 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.

'Twas one of those dreams, that by Music are brought,
Like a bright summer haze, o'er the Poet's warm thought—
When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those
To which he had sung Erin's bondage and woes,
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
From Dinis' green isle, to Glenna's wooded shore.

He listen'd— while, high o'er the eagle's rude nest,
The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest;
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire,
As if loath to let song to enchanting expire.

Thomas Moore (1780-1852)

TERMS OF USE

These editions are available as a service to the choral community, offering inexpensive access to public domain literature. Choir resources can purchase other literature still under copyright, especially to support those creating and publishing new compositions and arrangements. These editions have been created using public domain sources under U. S. copyright law. Out of respect to the research, time and effort invested:

- please print and issue an edition in its entirety, retaining notices, attributions, and logos.
- please do not consider this edition a source for creating another edition.

If recorded, notification and attribution would be appropriate professional courtesies.

For a full description of these requests and more scores, visit:
www.shorchor.net

