



**V I C T O R I A N W O M E N**

**Songs of our Land**

**Alicia Adélaïde Needham**

**(1872-1945)**

# Songs of our land

Alicia Adélaïde Needham

Piano

*Con spirito*



The piano accompaniment for the first system is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in both hands, with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) and an accent (>).



*Andante con moto*

S  
Songs of our land, ye are with us for ev - er- The pow'r and the splen - dour of

A  
Songs of our land, ye are with us for ev - er- The pow'r and the splen - dour of

T  
come of our land, ye are with us for ev - er- The pow'r and the splen - dour of

B  
come of our land, ye are with us for ev - er- The pow'r and the splen - dour of

Pno.

*Andante con moto*



The second system includes vocal parts for Soprano (S), Alto (A), Tenor (T), and Bass (B), along with piano accompaniment (Pno.). The tempo is marked *Andante con moto*. The lyrics are: "Songs of our land, ye are with us for ev - er- The pow'r and the splen - dour of". The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand.

6

S  
thrones pass a - way; But yours is the might of some far - flow - ing riv - er, Thro'

A  
thrones pass a - way; But yours is the might of some far - flow - ing riv - er,

T  
thrones pass a - way; But yours is the might of some far - flow - ing riv - er, Thro'

B  
thrones pass a - way; But yours is the might of some far - flow - ing riv - er,

Pno.

9

S  
sum - mer's bright ros - es or au - tumn's de - cay. *f* Ye treas - ure each voice\_ of the

A  
or au - tumn's de - cay. *f* Ye treas - ure each voice of the

T  
sum - mer's bright ros - es or au - tumn's de - cay. *f* Ye treas - ure each voice of the

B  
or au - tumn's de - cay. *f* Ye treas - ure each voice of the

Pno.

## Songs of our land

12

S swift - pass - ing a - ges, And truth, which Time writ - eth on leaves or on sand; Ye

A swift - pass - ing a - ges, And truth, which Time writ - eth on leaves or on sand; Ye

T swift - pass - ing a - ges, And truth, which Time writ - eth on leaves or on sand; Ye

B swift - pass - ing a - ges, And truth, which Time writ - eth on leaves or on sand; Ye

Pno.

*p* *rit.*



15

S *a tempo* bring us the bright thoughts of po - ets and sa - ges, And keep them a - mong us, old

A *a tempo* bring us the bright thoughts of po - ets and sa - ges, And keep them a - mong us, old

T *a tempo* bring us the bright thoughts of po - ets and sa - ges, And keep them a - mong us, old

B *a tempo* bring us the bright thoughts of po - ets and sa - ges, And keep them a - mong us, old

Pno. *a tempo*

18

S  
songs — of our land!

A  
songs of our land!

T  
songs of our land!

B  
songs of our land!

Pno.  
"SAVOUREEN DELISH"  
*con molto tenerezza*  
*poco rall.*



21

S  
*Andante affettuoso, tristamente*  
The bards may godown to the

A  
*Andante affettuoso, tristamente*  
The bards may godown to the

Pno.  
*a tempo* *rall.*  
*p*

*lamentabilmente*

S  
place of their slum - bers, The lyre of the charm - er be hush'd in the grave-

A  
place of their slum - bers, The lyre of the charm - er be hush'd in the grave- But

Pno.



S  
Shall kin - dle the hearts of our

A  
far in the fu - ture the pow'r of their num - bers Shall kin - dle the hearts of our

Pno.

30

S  
faith - ful and brave. 'Twill wak - en and ech - o in souls deep and lone - ly, Like

A  
faith - ful and brave. 'Twill wak - en and ech - o in souls deep and lone - ly, Like

Pno.



33

S  
voic - es of reeds by the sum - mer breeze fann'd; 'Twill call up a spir - it of

A  
voic - es of reeds by the sum - mer breeze fann'd; 'Twill call up a spir - it of

Pno.

*mp* *rit.* *a tempo* LH

Sea Sea Sea

S  
free - dom, when on - ly Her breath - ings are heard in the songs of our land!

A  
free - dom, when on - ly Her breath - ings are heard in the songs of our land!

Pno.  
*p rall.*

Piano

“LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD”  
*Maestoso*

Pno.  
*Piano tacet*

VOICES ONLY  
*Tempo 1*

S  
The spring - time may come with the song of her glo - ry, To

A  
The spring - time may Songs with the song of her glo - ry, To

T  
The spring - time may come with the song of her glo - ry, To

B  
The spring - time may come with the song of her glo - ry, To



45 *molto cresc.*

S bid the green heart of the for - est re-joyce— But the pine of the moun - tain, tho'

A bid the green heart of the for - est re-joyce— But the pine of the moun - tain, tho'

T bid the green heart of the for - est re-joyce— But the pine of the moun - tain, tho'

B bid the green heart of the for - est re-joyce— But the pine of the moun - tain, tho'



48

S blast - ed and hoar - y, And rock in the des - ert can send forth a voice.

A blast - ed and hoar - y, can send forth a voice.

T blast - ed and hoar - y, And rock in the des - ert can send forth a voice.

B blast - ed and hoar - y, can send forth a voice.

## ACCOMPANIED

S *cresc.*  
'Tis thus in their tri - umphs of deep des - o - la - tions— While

A *cresc.*  
'Tis thus in their tri - umphs of deep des - o - la - tions— While

T *cresc.*  
'Tis thus in their tri - umphs of deep des - o - la - tions— While

B *cresc.*  
'Tis thus in their tri - umphs of deep des - o - la - tions— While

Pno. *cresc.*



S <sup>54</sup>  
o - cean waves roll, or the moun - tains shall stand— Still hearts that are brav - est and

A <sup>54</sup>  
o - cean waves roll, or the moun - tains shall stand— Still hearts that are brav - est and

T <sup>54</sup>  
o - cean waves roll, or the moun - tains shall stand— Still hearts that are brav - est and

B <sup>54</sup>  
o - cean waves roll, or the moun - tains shall stand— Still hearts that are brav - est and

Pno. <sup>54</sup>

57

S  
best of the na - tions Shall love ye for ev - er, sweet songs of our land!

A  
best of the na - tions Shall love ye for ev - er, sweet songs of our land!

T  
best of the na - tions Shall love ye for ev - er, sweet songs of our land!

B  
best of the na - tions Shall love ye for ev - er, sweet songs of our land!

Pno.  
57

*ff* *molto rit.* *a tempo mf*

Tea. Tea.

==

60

Pno.  
"I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME"

*ff*

Novello, Ewer and Co.  
(1896)

**Alicia Adélaïde Needham** [née Montgomery] (1863-1945 [some give DOB 1872-75]) was born in County Meath, Ireland. She studied at Victoria College, Londonderry, then at the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music. During WWI, she served as a Red Cross Searcher for the wounded and missing. Her husband Joseph Needham (1853-1920), was a surgeon in Clapham, London. After his death, she was awarded a civil pension "in consideration of her work as composer, and of her straitened circumstances." She died in Yorkshire. She published a few piano pieces, but was best known as a composer of songs and ballads in traditional Irish style, publishing over 600. She won numerous prizes, including a prize for best composition in honor of the coronation of King Edward VII in 1902.

Songs of our land, ye are with us for ever—  
The power and the splendour of thrones pass away;  
But yours is the might of some far-flowing river,  
Through summer's bright roses or autumn's decay.  
Ye treasure each voice of the swift-passing ages,  
And truth, which Time writeth on leaves or on sand;  
Ye bring us the bright thoughts of poets and sages,  
And keep them among us, old songs of our land!

The bards may go down to the place of their slumbers,  
The lyre of the charmer be hush'd in the grave—  
But far in the future the power of their numbers  
Shall kindle the hearts of our faithful and brave.  
'Twill waken and echo in souls deep and lonely,  
Like voices of reeds by the summer breeze fanned;  
'Twill call up a spirit of freedom, when only  
Her breathings are heard in the songs of our land!

The spring-time may come with the song of her glory,  
To bid the green heart of the forest rejoice—  
But the pine of the mountain, though blasted and hoary,  
And rock in the desert can send forth a voice.  
'Tis thus in their triumphs of deep desolations—  
While ocean waves roll, or the mountains shall stand—  
Still hearts that are bravest and best of the nations  
Shall love ye for ever, sweet songs of our land.

Frances Browne (1816-1879)

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