

James Joyce / Roberto Di Marino

Lightly come or lightly go

for mixed choir (SATB), harp or piano

2007

Score

Lightly come or lightly go

for mixed choir (SATB), harp or piano

lyrics by James Joyce

music by Roberto Di Marino

Adagio ♩ = 54

Harp or Piano

mf

8

Sopranos
Altos
Tenors
Basses

p Light - ly come or light - ly go: Though thy heart pre - sage thee woe, Vales and

p

14

ma - ny a wast - ed sun, Or - ead let thy laugh - ter run,

mf

20

Rip - ple all thy fly - ing hair.
Light - ly,
Till the ir - re - ve - rent moun - tain air

p

26

light - ly e - ver so: Clouds that wrap the vales be - low At the hour of e - ven - star Low - li -

This system contains measures 26 through 31. It features a vocal line with lyrics, a piano accompaniment, and a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#).

32

est at - ten - dants are; Love and

This system contains measures 32 through 37. The vocal line has a long rest in measures 34-37. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings *mf* and *p*. The grand staff continues with treble and bass clefs.

38

laugh - ter song - con - fessed When the heart is hea - vi - est. Light - ly come or light - ly go: Though thy

This system contains measures 38 through 43. The vocal line resumes with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the grand staff.

44

heart pre - sage thee woe, Vales and ma - ny a wast - ed sun, Or - ead let thy laugh - ter run.

rit.

This system contains measures 44 through 49. The vocal line concludes with lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes a *rit.* marking. The grand staff concludes with a final cadence.

Lightly come or lightly go

Lightly come or lightly go:

*Though thy heart presage thee woe,
Vales and many a wasted sun,
Oread let thy laughter run,
Till the irreverent mountain air
Ripple all thy flying hair.*

Lightly, lightly ... ever so:

*Clouds that wrap the vales below
At the hour of evenstar
Lowliest attendants are;
Love and laughter song-confessed
When the heart is heaviest.*

Lieve vieni o lieve vai:

benché il cuore ti predica pena,
valli e molti soli desolati,
oreade lascia che il tuo riso scorra
finché l'irriverente aria montana
t'increspa tutta la chioma in volo.

Lieve, lieve... così sempre:

nubi avvolgenti le valli in fondo
nell'ora della stella serale
sono umilissime ancelle;
amore e riso il canto confessa
quando il cuore più pesa.

James Joyce