

1.1 The Ballade of St. Anne's Reel irisches Volkslied / M. Spitz Solo Gesang + Git. Lit. vergl. Klariernoten

**1. Strophe** alles legg., Schwung + Gefühl

sehr hoher Sopran / Tenor  
o. 4 Okt. + sehr tiefe Alt / Bass

① He was stranded in some tiny town, On fair Prince Edward Is-land Waiting for a  
dime a cross the counter then, a shy hello, a brand new friend, A walk along the

⑩ ship, To come and find him, street in the wintry weather, A one horse place a friendly face, some coffee and a  
yellow light, an open door, \* welcome friend there's

⑩ tiny trace, Of fiddlin' in the distance far be-hind him. He said I heard that tune be-  
room for more, & soon their standing there inside to-gether.

fore somewhere, But I can't remember when, Was it on some other friendly shore? Did I

hear it on the wind? Was it written on the sky above? I think I heard it from some

one I love, But I never heard it sound so sweet since then.

④③ ④⑤ ④⑥ ④⑦ ④⑧ ④⑨ ④⑩ ④⑪ ④⑫ ④⑬ ④⑭ ④⑮ ④⑯ ④⑰ ④⑱ ④⑲ ④⑳ ④㉑ ④㉒ ④㉓ ④㉔ ④㉕ ④㉖ ④㉗ ④㉘ ④㉙ ④㉚ ④㉛ ④㉜ ④㉝ ④㉞ ④㉟ ④㊱ ④㊲ ④㊳ ④㊴ ④㊵ ④㊶ ④㊷ ④㊸ ④㊹ ④㊺ ④㊻ ④㊼ ④㊽ ④㊾ ④㊿

8.1 The Ballade of St. Anne's Reel irisches Lied Solo Gesang / Git.

**2. + 3. Strophe** The Ballade of St. Anne's Reel / Solo Gesang / Git.  
irisches Lied

② look How his feet begin to tap, The little boy says, I'll take your hat, He's  
③ Well the sailor's gone, the room is bare, The old piano's sitting there, and

caught up in the magic of his smile Then leaps the heart inside him, When  
some one's hat left hanging on the rack, Some empty chairs, a wooden floor, That

off across the floor he sends, his clumsy body gracefull as a child. He said There's  
feels the touch of shoes no more and waiting for the dancers to come back. And - the

magic in the fiddler's arm, There's magic in this town, There's magic in the dancers feet, From the  
fiddle's in the closet, of some daughter of the town, The strings are broke, And the bow is gone, And the

way they put them down and smiling people everywhere -  
case is buttoned down, But often on De-Zember nights, When the air is cold and the

locks of hair - Laughter and old blue suits an Easter gown.  
wind is right, There's a me-lo-dy comes passing through this town.

④③ ④④ ④⑤ ④⑥ ④⑦ ④⑧ ④⑨ ④⑩ ④⑪ ④⑫ ④⑬ ④⑭ ④⑮ ④⑯ ④⑰ ④⑱ ④㉑ ④㉒ ④㉓ ④㉔ ④㉕ ④㉖ ④㉗ ④㉘ ④㉙ ④㉚ ④㉛ ④㉜ ④㉝ ④㉞ ④㉟ ④㊱ ④㊲ ④㊳ ④㊴ ④㊵ ④㊶ ④㊷ ④㊸ ④㊹ ④㊺ ④㊻ ④㊼ ④㊽ ④㊾ ④㊿

Adagio } nur bei 3. St.

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