

The Confession of Devorgilla

Trad./Arr.: Benjamin Bierman

Mezzo-Soprano

Concertina

Mez.

Con.

5 **A**

5 **A**

11 **B**

11 **B**

17 *rit.* **C**

17 *rit.* **C**

23 *rit.*

23 *rit.*

29 **D**

29 **D**

Oh shrieve me,

fa - ther haste, haste, and shrieve me, Ere sets yon dread and flar - ing sun; Its beams of peace, - nay of sense, de - prive me, Since yet the

ho - ly work's un - done. The sage, the wan - d'r's an - guish balm - ing, Soothed her heart to rest once more; And par-don's

pro - mise tor - ture cal - ming, The Pil-grim told her sor - rows o'er. The charms that caus'd in life's young morn - ing, The woes the

sad one had de - plor'd, Were now, a - las no more a - dorn - ing The lips that pa - rdon sweet im - plor'd: But oh those

eyes, so mild - ly beam - ing, Once seen, not Saints could e'er for - get! - And soon the Fa - ther's tears were stream - ing, When De - vor -

Detailed description: This is a musical score for 'The Confession of Devorgilla'. It features four vocal parts: Mezzo-Soprano, Mezzo, Contralto, and Concertina. The score is in G major and common time. It includes lyrics and performance markings such as 'rit.' and section markers A, B, C, and D. The lyrics describe a scene of prayer and confession, mentioning a 'Pil-grim' and 'De - vor'.

Mez. *rit.* [E] Recitation Devorgilla
gil - la's gaze he met! Gone, gone, was all the pride of beau - ty, That scorn'd and broke the bri - dal vow, And gave to

Con. *rit.* [E]

Mez. *rit.* [F] $\frac{12}{8}$
pas - sion all the du - ty So bold a heart would e'er al - low; Yet all so humb - ly, all so mild - ly, The weep - ing

Con. *rit.* [F] $\frac{12}{8}$

Mez. *rit.* $\frac{9}{8}$
fair her fault con - fess'd, Tho' youth had viewed her wan - d'ring wild - ly, That age could ne'er de - ny her rest.

Con. *rit.* $\frac{9}{8}$

Mez. [G] $\frac{3}{4}$
The tale of woe full sad - ly end - ed, The word of peace the Fa - ther said, While balm - y tear drops fast de -

Con. [G] $\frac{3}{4}$

Mez. *rit.* [H] $\frac{3}{4}$
scend - ed, And droop'd the sup - pli - ant sin - ner's head. The rose in gloom long drear and mourn - ing, Not wel - comes more the sun's mild

Con. *rit.* [H] $\frac{3}{4}$

Mez. *molto rit.* $\frac{3}{4}$ *a tempo* $\frac{12}{8}$ *molto rit.*
ray, Than Bref-fni's Prin - cess hail'd re - turn - ing The gleam of rest that shriv - ing day.

Con. *molto rit.* $\frac{3}{4}$ *a tempo* $\frac{12}{8}$ *molto rit.*