Score

"If You Wilt, Remember"
from CELTIC SONGS

Carlos Paterson

(1-. Verse) Tread light - ly, she's near, Under the snow.

Speack gen - tly, she can hear The dai - sies grow.

All her bright   golden   hair   Tarnished   with rust.

She that was   young   and fair,   Fa - llen   to dust.

cresc.

How - ever,   she said:

(Refrain)
When I'm dead,   my dear,   Sing   no   sad   songs   for me.

BbM   Dm11   Gm7&9   EbM9

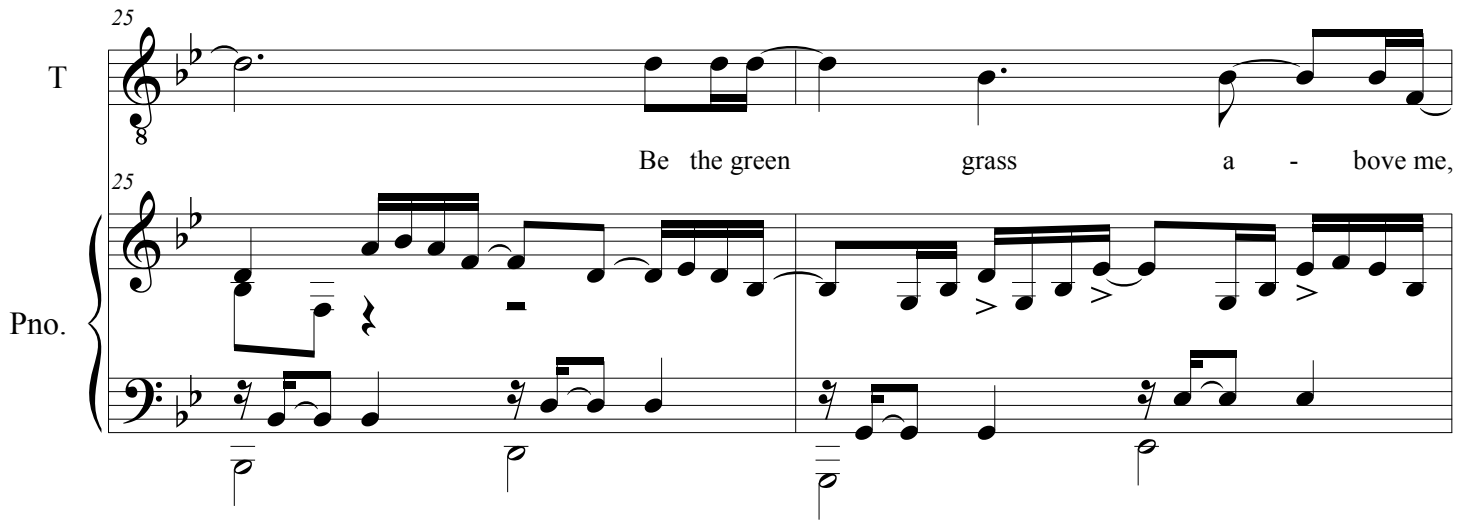Plant you   no ro - ses   at my head, Nor   shady   cypress tree.

Be the green grass a - bove me,

With sho - wers and dew - drops wet.

"If You Wilt, Remember"

- ber. And if you wilt, forget.

To Coda ⊕

(2-. Verse)

Lily-like,   white a snow,   She har - dly knew

She was a woman,   so.   Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board,   heavy stone,   Lie   on   her breast.

"If You Wilt, Remember"

I   vex my heart   alone.   She's   at rest.

How - ever,   she said:

(Coda)

T: Peace, peace, she can't hear

Pno. Cm7   BbM/D   EbM   Fm9

T: she can't hear   Lyre or so - net.

T: All my life's   buried here.

cresc.

Heap   earth   up - on it.

rit.

ppp

mp   (Ad libitum)   *a tempo*

However,   she said: *mf*

I shall not see the shadows.

I shall not feel the rain.

I shall not hear the nightin - gale,

Sing   on,   as   if   in pain.

And dreaming   through   the twi -

- light,   That doesn't   rise   nor set,
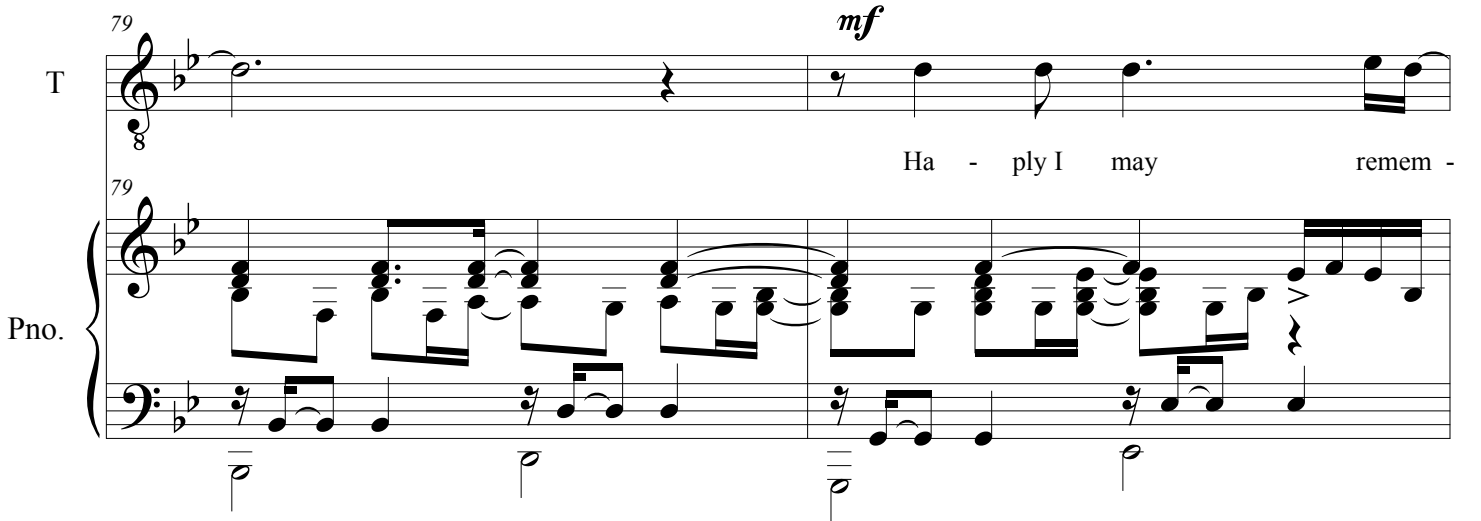
Ha - ply I may remem -

- ber, And haply may forget.

Ha - ply I may remem -

"If You Wilt, Remember"