

# Winds of May

Winds of May, that dance on the sea,  
Dancing a ring-around in glee  
From furrow to furrow, while overhead  
The foam flies up to be garlanded,  
In silvery arches spanning the air,  
Saw you my true love anywhere?

Welladay! Welladay!  
For the winds of May!  
Love is unhappy when love is away!

James Joyce

David Keeffe(2002)

Moderato ♩ = 108

Horn (F)

Piano

*pp molto legato*

*sempre con pedale*

2

*pp*

5

8

*p* *mp*

*p* *mp*

11 *mf* *f*

15 *f* *pp* *pp*

18 *pp* *pp*

21 *pp*