

CORDAYLIA OF THE ALLEY

WORDS BY

J. A. DALY

MUSIC BY

HENRY B. VINCENT

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Cordaylia of the Alley

(An Irish Song)

J. A. DALY

HENRY B. VINCENT

Allegro comodo

At the cor-ner o' the al-ley sits Cor-

da - li - a Mc Nal - ly. At the cor-ner o' the al-ley, where the

peo - ple come and go, In a pen - i - tent pro - ces - sion, pass - in'

rit. *a tempo*

to an' from con-fes-sion, In the ould church of St. Jo-seph, that was

rit.

build-ed long a-go. Oh, 'tis well she knows there's ma-ny, has the

a tempo

char-i-ta-ble pen-ny More con-vay-ient to their fin-gers then, than

L.H.

an-ny oth-er day, An' her tongue it is so sooth'-rin', an' so

colla voce

mas-ther-ful de-ludth'-rin' There are mor-tial few what-ev-er she'll be

molto ritard *a tempo*

Con moto

let-tin' get a-way. Fur oh, the I-rish eyes o' her! They

t. *a tempo*

twin-kie at ye so, Ye hate to think the sighs o' her are

accel.

part o' the dis-guise o' her, So faix, she has yer pen-ny gath-ered

ritard *a tempo*

in be-fore ye know. There's small use in walk-in' fash-ter, juist to

hur - ry in a - past her. Shure, she'll let ye go un - no-ticed, wid yer

lit - tle load o' sin. But oh man, she has ye spot - ted, an' yer

rit *a tempo*

pen - ny good as pot - ted, Fur she knows that ye'll be soft - er com - in'

rit

out than go - in' in! For there's noth - in' but good na - ture in the

a tempo

m'an - est I - rish cray - ture, Whin he feels the scowl in - side o' him is

colla voce

cleansed of iv' - ry blot. Should Cor - day - lia thin ad - dress ye wid her

colla voce

sooth - er - in' "God bless ye!" 'Tis not you will dare to judge if she's de -

rit. *a tempo*

Con moto

ser - vin' it or not. Fur— oh the I - rish eyes of her! They

rit. *a tempo*

twin - kie at ye so, Ye hate to think the sighs of her, are

accel.

part o' the dis - guise o' her, So faix, she has yer pen - ny gath - ered

rit. *a tempo*

in be - fore ye know.

f *f*