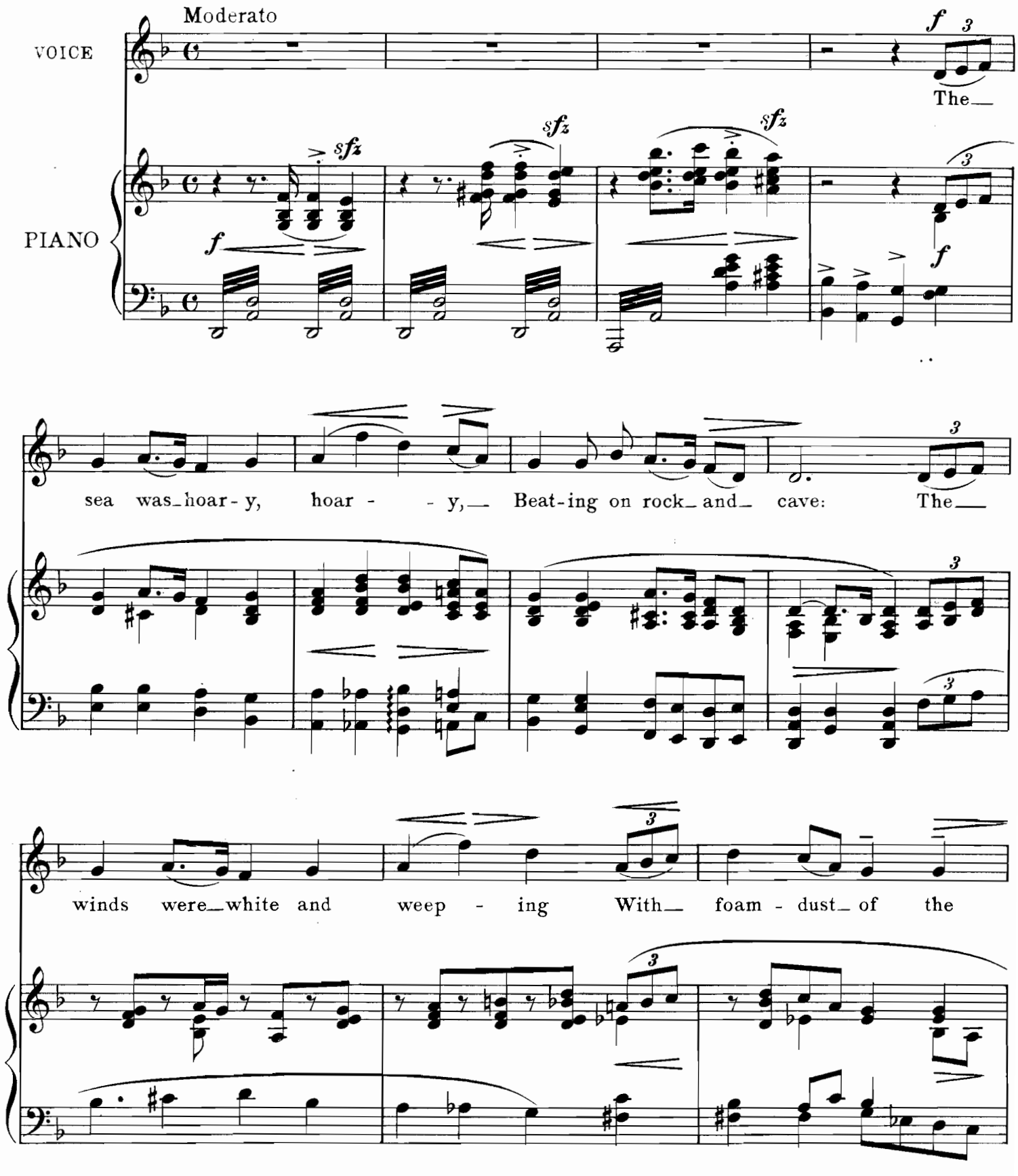
THE VOICE OF THE SEA

A.E.

Irish Air.
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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wave.

ff

They thun - der'd_ loud - er,

sfz

ff

loud - - er,__ loud - er, With storm - lips_ curl'd_ in__ scorn,__ And__

allargando

dost thou trem-ble be - fore__ us, O__ fall - en__ star of morn?

Ped. ✻ Ped.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

A street ballad of 1798
altered by Dion Boucicault
who added the third verse

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Con spirito

PIANO

mf

1. O__ Pad - dy dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing round, The
2. Then since the col - or we must wear is Eng-land's cru - el red; Sure
3. But_ if at last our col - or should be torn from Ire-land's heart, Her

Sham-rock is for - bid by law to grow on I - rish ground; And Saint
Ire - land's sons will ne'er for - get the blood that they have shed; You may
sons with shame and sor - row from the dear ould soil will part; I've heard

This song was sung throughout Ireland subsequently to 1798. The melody was printed in 1756.

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Pat - rick's day no more we'll keep, His col - or can't be seen, For
take the sham-rock from your hat and cast it on the sod, But
whis - per of a coun - try that lies far be - yant the say, Where

there's a blood - y law a - gainst the wear - in' of the green. I___
'twill take root and flour - ish still, tho' un - der foot 'tis trod. When the
rich and poor stand e - qual in the light of free - dom's day. O___

met with *) Nap - per Tan - dy and he took me by the hand, And he
law can stop the blades of grass from grow - ing as they grow, And___
E - rin, must we lave you, driv - en by the ty - rant's hand, Must we

*) Some versions give Buonaparte in place of Napper Tandy.

said,"How's poor ould Ire - - land and how___ does she stand?"She's the
when the leaves in sum-mer - time their ver - dure dare not show, Then___
ask a moth - er's wel--come from a strangebut hap - pier land? Where the

most dis - tress - ful coun - try that ev - er you have seen, They're
I will change the col - or I wear in my cor - been, But
cru - el cross of Eng-land's thral-dom nev - er shall be seen, And

hang - ing men and wom - en there for wear - in' of the green.
till that day, plase God, I'll stick to wear - in' of the green.
where, thank God, we'll live and die, still wear - in' of the green.

f

WE'RE WEARIN' AV THE GREEN

ARTHUR STRINGER

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

PIANO

mf

We're wear - in' av the green, boys, Be -

neath their Eng - lish rose; We're wear - in' av the

deep - er green That Home and Ire - land knows! The

poco rit.

poco rit.

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a tempo

green av holm and bog - - land, The

a tempo

green av lough and lake; The

cresc.

cresc.

green that takes us back a - gain And

dim.

dim.

e rit.

brings the old - en ache! The green av A - ran

a tempo

a tempo

e rit.

wa - - thers, The green av Rath - lin waves, The_

f *dim. e rit.*

green av all the hills av Home, And the

f *dim. e rit.*

green av Ire - land's graves! The green av all the

dim. *dim.*

hills av Home, And the green av Ire-land's graves!

L.H. *L.H.*

R.H. *col voce*

10

Ped. Ped.

WHEN SHE ANSWERED ME HER VOICE WAS LOW

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

p

When she

an - - swer'd me her voice was low, But min - strel nev - er

match'd her chords To such a wealth of war - - bled

rit.

words In Te - mo - - ra's pal - ace long a - go.

rit.

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mf a tempo

When her eyes look'd

mf a tempo

back the love of mine, Not E - rin's self up -

cresc.

cresc.

on my sight Has start - ed out of storm - - y

night, With a blu - - er wel - come o'er the brine.

mp

mf

And no oth - - er orbs shall e'er e -

mf

clipse That ma - gic look of maid - en love, And

cresc.

nev - er song my soul shall move Like that.

rit.

cresc.

rit.

low sweet an - swer of her lips.

p

p

Ped. ✻

WHEN THE WEST WIND BLOWS

JAMES B. DOLLARD

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. I am
2. 'Tis the

leav - ing of Kil - yo - nan, An' I'm goin' ten mile a -
tor - ture of a moth - er When her treas - ured ones are

way To the back of Ne - phin moun - tain, Where the
lost, An' she sees the bit - ter wa - ter Where their

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cresc.

gen - tle riv - ers play, I must flee the wick - ed
cold_____ limbs are toss'd! Oh,__ black the hour they

cresc.

f

o - cean That has caused my woe of woes, For its
sail'd a-way, The an - - gry clouds a - rose, An' their

f

dim. e rit.

cry - - in'waves they rack_____ me When the west wind blows.
bed is hard an' trou - - bled When the west wind blows.

dim. e rit.

p

pp

3.I heard the Ban-shee
4.My gold-hair'd Mo-ran

p a tempo

pp

cresc.

wail-in' An' woke in heav-y fright, I said, "My Neil and Mo-ran, Oh,
kiss'd me, (Ah! bleed-ing heart so sore!) "Tis back we'll be at morn-in' With a

cresc.

go not out to-night. For I heard the*) Ban-shee cry-in' Where the haunt-ed ha-zel
brim-ming boat ga-lore; 'Tis home we'll come at morn-in', When the full tide

p e rit.

grows, An' 'tis e-vil sound her keen-in' When the west wind blows.
flows" Ah! his words are with me ev-er While the west wind blows.

p e rit.

*) Banshee: A fairy woman heard keening or crying at night when someone is about to die.

mp

5. I'm leav - in' of Kil - yo-nan, An' the

p a tempo

mp

o-cean's wick - ed waves, My keen-est woe that nev-er I may kneel o'er their

cresc.

graves. But I'll pray to God, our Fa - ther, He will grant their souls re-

cresc.

p rit.

pose; He will ease my bit - ter sor - row While the west wind blows.

p rit.

Ped. *

THE WIND FROM THE WEST

ELLA YOUNG

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Con moto

VOICE

PIANO

mf

Blow high,_ blow low,_ O wind from the West: You come from the coun - try I love_ the best. O say, have the lil - ies Yet lift - ed their heads A - bove the lake - wa - ter That_ rip - ples and

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cresc.

spreads? Blow high, blow low,— O wind from the

cresc.

f

West: You come from the coun - try I— love the best.

f

mf

mp

Do the lit - tle sed - ges Still

mp

shake with de - light, And whis - per to - geth - er All

through the night? Have the moun - tains the pur - ple I

used to love, And peace a - bout them, A - round and a -

bove? O wind from the West, Blow high, blow

low, You come from the coun - try I loved long a - go.

cresc.

cresc.

f

f

rit.

rit.

p

Ped.

THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Con moto spirito

VOICE

PIANO

mf

There's

p

mu - sic in my_ heart all day, I hear it late_ and ear - ly, It

mf

comes from fields are far a-way, The wind that shakes the bar-ley. Och-one, och-one! A -

rit. *a tempo*

rit. *a tempo*

bove the up-lands drench'd with dew, The sky hangs soft and pearl - y, An

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em - 'rald world is lis - t'ning to The wind that shakes the bar - ley. Och-

rit.

rit.

a tempo

one, och-one!

p

a tempo

mf

A - bove the blu - est moun-tain crest The lark is sing - ing

mf

rare - ly, It rocks the sing - er in - to rest, The

cresc.

wind that shakes the bar - ley. Och - one, och - one! Oh,

rit.

a tempo

cresc.

rit.

a tempo

still through sum-mers and through springs It calls me late and

cresc.

cresc.

ear - - ly. "Come home, come home, come home," it sings, The

f

f

wind that shakes the bar - ley. Och - one, och - one!

rit.

rit.

WOULD GOD I WERE THE TENDER APPLE BLOSSOM

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

Irish Air from County Derry
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Con tenerezza

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. Would God I were the ten-der ap-ple blos-som That floats and
2. Yea, would to God I were a-mong the ros - es That lean to

falls from off the twist-ed bough, To lie and faint with-in your silk-en
kiss you as you flow be-tween, While on the low - est branch a bud un-

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poco rit.

bos - om, With - in your silk - en bos - - - om, as that does
clos - es, A bud — un - - clos - - - es to touch you,

poco rit.

a tempo
cresc.

now! Or would I were a lit - tle bur-nish'd ap - ple For you to
Queen. Nay, since you will not love, would I were grow-ing A hap - py

a tempo
cresc.

f

pluck me glid-ing by so cold, While sun and shade your robe of lawn will
dai - sy in the gar-den path, That so your sil - ver foot might press me

f

rit.

dap - ple, Your robe of lawn and your hair's spun gold.
go - ing, Might press me go - ing — e - ven un - to death!

rit.