



# SONGS OF ERIN



A Collection of  
**FIFTY IRISH FOLK SONGS**

The Words by  
**ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES**

The Music Arranged by  
**CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD.**

OP. 76.

---

*Price 5/- net.*

---

**BOOSEY & CO**  
295, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.  
9, EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK. AND 229, YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Copyright, 1901, by Boosey & Co.

# THE IMPERIAL EDITION OF SONG BOOKS.

A NEW SERIES, CONTAINING

Songs of the highest class, Popular, Standard, and Classical,

ALL WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS AND ENGLISH WORDS.

Price 2s. 6d. each Volume, Paper Cover;

*Also in handsome limp cover, gilt, 4s. or elegantly bound in red French morocco, limp, gilt, 7s.*

SOPRANO SONGS, Vol. I. [43].\*

SOPRANO SONGS, Vol. II. [32].\*

MEZZO-SOPRANO SONGS, Vol. I. [47].\*

MEZZO-SOPRANO SONGS, Vol. II. [37].\*

CONTRALTO SONGS, Vol. I. [50].\*

CONTRALTO SONGS, Vol. II. [40].\*

TENOR SONGS [44].\*

BARITONE SONGS [47].\*

BASS SONGS [41].\*

SACRED SONGS, SOPRANO [31].

SACRED SONGS, CONTRALTO [42].

SACRED SONGS, TENOR [34].

SACRED SONGS, BARITONE [32].

GERMAN FOLK-SONGS [83].

(With English words only.)

TSCHAIKOWSKY'S SONGS [44].

(With English words only.)

\* In these nine volumes, the Songs by French, Italian, and other foreign Composers have the original words in addition to the English translations.

## ENGLISH TRADITIONAL SONGS AND CAROLS.

Collected and Edited with annotations and pianoforte accompaniments. By LUCY E. BROADWOOD. Price 2s. 6d.; also in cloth, gilt edges, 4s.; Edition with words and voice parts only (in Old Notation and Tonic Sol-fa), 1s.

## SONGS OF BRITAIN.

One hundred British and Irish National Songs, selected and edited by FRANK KIDSON and MARTIN SHAW. Vocal score, price 2s. 6d.; Edition with words and voice parts only, price 1s.

## ELIZABETHAN LOVE SONGS. (SETS I. & II.)

Edited and arranged, with pianoforte accompaniments composed, or adapted from the Lute tablature, by FREDERICK KEEL. Price of each Set 2s. 6d. paper cover; 4s., limp cover, gilt edges; or elegantly bound in red French morocco, limp, 7s.

(Two Editions of Set II., for High and Low Voices.)

## RHYTHMIC SERIES.

### THE NATIONAL SONG BOOK;

A complete collection of the Folk Songs, Carols and Rounds, suggested by the Board of Education for the use of schools, edited and arranged by CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD.

Vocal Score, paper cover	...	...	net	3	6
do. limp, gilt	...	...	"	5	0

Edition with words and voice parts only (in Old Notation and Tonic Sol-fa), paper cover	...	...	...	"	1	0
do. do. cloth	...	...	"	1	4	

English Songs only	...	...	...	net	0	4
Scotch Songs	"	...	...	"	0	4
Irish Songs	"	...	...	"	0	4
Welsh Songs	"	...	...	"	0	4
Carols, Rounds, and Catches...	...	...	"	0	3	
Edition with words only	...	...	"	0	8	

### A GOLDEN TREASURY OF SONG. FOUR VOLUMES.

Price of each volume, paper cover, 2s. 6d.; limp, gilt, 4s.; limp French morocco, 7s. Volumes I. and II. contain unique collections of Gems, all within moderate compass. Volume III. contains carefully selected Duets and Part-Songs for Female Voices. Volume IV. contains choice collection of Part-Songs for Male Voices.

### A GOLDEN TREASURY OF SONG FOR CHILDREN.

A specially selected collection of Songs for the Young. Price 2s. 6d. paper cover; 4s. limp. Edition with voice parts and words only (in Old Notation and Tonic Sol-fa), price 9d. paper cover; 1s. cloth.

### THE TRAINING COLLEGE SONG BOOK.

Edited by FRED. J. W. CROWE, containing 51 attractive compositions of the highest class, specially selected for use in Training Colleges and Schools. Price paper cover, 2s. 6d.; limp, gilt, 4s.; limp French morocco, 7s.

*Recommended for use in Families and Schools.*

LIST OF CONTENTS ON APPLICATION.



# SONGS OF ERIN

A Collection of  
**FIFTY IRISH FOLK SONGS**

The Words by  
**ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES**

The Music Arranged by  
**CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD.**

OP. 76.

*Price 5/- net.*

**BOOSEY & ©**  
295, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.  
9, EAST 17TH STREET, AND 229, YONGE STREET,  
NEW YORK. TORONTO.

Copyright, 1901, by Boosey & Co.

TO  
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY  
**QUEEN VICTORIA**

This Volume of Irish Songs

IS

*(by permission)*

DEDICATED BY

**HER MAJESTY'S**

LOYAL AND DEVOTED

SUBJECT AND SERVANT

**CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD.**

November 1900.

HAEC HIBERNIAE TUAE CARMINA  
QUAE TIBI DEDICARI IUSSERAS  
NON IAM TIBI  
SED MEMORIAE TUAE CUM LACRIMIS  
CONSECRANTUR



# SONGS OF ERIN.

---

**T**HE FIFTY IRISH SONGS which compose this book are almost entirely drawn from the unpublished portion of the great Petrie Collection of the music of Ireland, which is about to be issued by Messrs. BOOSEY on behalf of the Irish Literary Society of London. They fairly represent the three divisions of music recognised by the ancient Irish:—**The Gauntree**, which was provocative of mirth and frolic and excited spirits as exhibited in the jig and reel tunes, songs of occupation and quick-step marches: **The Golltree** or sorrowful music, to be found in its lamentations and sadder love songs; and **The Soontree** or sleep-disposing tunes, illustrated by the lullabies and fairy slumber songs.

Some of the Lyrics are adaptations from the early or mediæval Gaelic, a few others are based upon Hiberno-English folk songs, but the main body of them are original, though care has been taken to write them in characteristic Irish metres, not a few of which are now thus employed for the first time in connection with music.

# CONTENTS.

---

Name of Song	Air, —	Page
Alarm, The . . . . .	Leatherbags Donnell. . . . .	110
Alone, all alone . . . . .	A Love Song from the Irish Gaelic . . . . .	214
Away to the Wars . . . . .	Air, "When you go to a Battle" . . . . .	68
Beautiful City of Sligo, The . . . . .	Air, — The Beautiful City of Sligo . . . . .	34
Blackbird and the Wren, The . . . . .		42
Black Phantom, The (1846) . . . . .	Air, — The Black Phantom. . . . .	58
Bower in my Breast, The . . . . .	Air, — "I once loved a boy" . . . . .	126
Changing her Mind . . . . .		10
Clare's Dragoons . . . . .	Air, — "Vive là!" . . . . .	120
County of Mayo, The . . . . .	Air, — The ship of Patrick Lynch. . . . .	210
Daughter of the Rock, The . . . . .	Air, — Sir Muddin dum da Man. . . . .	166
Death of General Wolfe, The . . . . .	Air, — same name, from Co Donegal. . . . .	218
Death of Oscar, The . . . . .	Air, — The Dirge of Ossian . . . . .	146
Eva Toole . . . . .		84
Falling Star, The . . . . .	Air, — Caoine ✓ . . . . .	90
Farewell now, Miss Gordon . . . . .	Air, — Farewell now, Miss Gordon . . . . .	80
Heroes of the Sea, The . . . . .	Street Ballad . . . . .	50
I pray you be patient . . . . .	Air, — The Giolla Gruma . . . . .	180
I shall not die for love of thee . . . . .	Air, — The black-haired maid of the valley . . . . .	138
Killarney Hunt, The . . . . .		194
King's Cave, The . . . . .	An Arran Boat-song . . . . .	100
Kitty of the Cows . . . . .		96
Leafy Cool-Kellure, The . . . . .	Air, — The white-breasted boy . . . . .	232
Like a Ghost I am gone . . . . .	Air, — I will raise my sail black . . . . .	228
Like a Stone in the Street . . . . .		162
Lost Light of my Eyes . . . . .	An Erris Melody . . . . .	14
Lovely Anne . . . . .	Air, — Lovely Anne. . . . .	74
Lullaby . . . . .		106
Marching to Candahar . . . . .		130
Mary, what's the matter? . . . . .	Air, — "Mary, what's the matter?" . . . . .	64
Melody of the Harp, The . . . . .	Air, — The Melody of the Harp. . . . .	28
More of Cloyne . . . . .		186
My Garden at the back . . . . .	Air, — Reynard on the Mountain high . . . . .	206
O'Donnell's March . . . . .	Air, — The brown little Mallet . . . . .	142
Oh, my grief! Oh, my grief! . . . . .		198
One at a time, or Daniel Whitty . . . . .	Air, — She hung her petticoat up to dry. . . . .	150
Only one for me, The . . . . .	Air, — The only King. . . . .	6
Quern Tune, The . . . . .	Air from Horncastle's "Irish Entertainment" . . . . .	134
Reaper's Revenge, The . . . . .	Air, — At the brink of the white rock. . . . .	190
Remember the Poor . . . . .	Air, — Remember the Poor. . . . .	46
Riddle, The (Spinning-Wheel Song) . . . . .	Air, — I send you the floating tribute . . . . .	174
Roddy More, the Rover . . . . .	Air, — The brisk young barber . . . . .	154
Sailor's Bride, The . . . . .	Air, — The Kerry Boys . . . . .	170
Since we're apart . . . . .		202
Song of the Fairy King, The . . . . .	Air, — The Song of Una. . . . .	114
Song of the Rose, The . . . . .		2
Songs Erin sings, The . . . . .	Old Irish: "A tune is more lasting than the voice [of the birds]" . . . . .	224
Stolen Heart, The . . . . .	Air, — Smah dunna hoo . . . . .	24
Stratagem, The . . . . .	Air, — Zamba Opa . . . . .	20
Trottin' to the fair . . . . .	Air, — "Wi'l you take a flutter?" . . . . .	158

---

## THE SONG OF THE ROSE.



The Rose of Spring forth venturing  
 Too soon to trust the zephyr with her worth,  
 Her crimson smiles and fragrant wiles  
 May waste instead upon the piercing North.  
 For balmy blisses, his icy kisses  
 Fall fast and faster upon her head;  
 While, one by one, with woe foredone,  
 She weeps, and weeps away her petals red.

Ye maidens fair, now have a care  
 How ye too dare that stricken rose's fate!  
 O, bide in bud, lest frost and flood  
 Mar your sweet beauties with as sudden hate.  
 For she who grieves that her gay leaves  
 Unfold not sooner in the Summer sun,  
 And tempts her fate, shall find too late  
 Love over-rash may into ruin run.

# THE SONG OF THE ROSE.

Andante moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. The Rose of Spring forth ven - tur ing Too — soon to

trust the ze-phyr with her worth, Her crim-son smiles and fra-grant

wiles May — waste in - stead up - on the piercing North. For balm - y

bliss-es, his i-cy kiss-es Fall fast and fast-er up-on her

head; While, one by one, with woe fore-done, She weeps and

weeps a-way her pe-tals red.

2. Ye mai-dens

fair, now have a care How ye too dare that stricken ro-se's

*cresc.*

fate! O, bide in bud, — lest frost and flood Mar your sweet

beau - ties with as sud - den hate. For she who grieves — that her gay

leaves — Un - fold not soon - er in the sum - mer sun, And tempts her

fate, shall find too late Love — o - ver - rash may in - to ru - in

run.

*mf p*

## THE ONLY ONE FOR ME.

---

My love she is far sweeter  
Than any flower that blows,  
Her little ear's a lily  
Her velvet cheek a rose;  
Her locks like gillygowans  
Hang golden to her knee.  
Of all the girls in Ireland,  
She's the only one for me.

Her eyes are fond forget-me-nots,  
And no such snow is seen  
Upon the heaving hawthorn bush  
As crests her bodice green.  
The thrushes when she's talking  
Sit listening on the tree,  
Oh were I King of Ireland,  
She's the only Queen for me.

*Founded on an old song.*

# THE ONLY ONE. FOR ME.

(Air — The only King.)

*Allegretto vivace.*

*mf*

My

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto vivace.' and the dynamic is 'mf'. The vocal line begins with the word 'My'.

love she is far sweet - er Than a - ny flow'r that blows! Her

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'love she is far sweet - er Than a - ny flow'r that blows! Her'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm.

*pp*

lit - tle ear's a li - - ly, Her vel - vet cheek a rose, Her.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a piano dynamic 'pp' and the lyrics 'lit - tle ear's a li - - ly, Her vel - vet cheek a rose, Her.'. The piano accompaniment features a more complex, flowing melody.

*cresc.* *rall.* *f*

locks like gil - li - - gow - ans Hang gol - den to her knee. Of

*colla voce* *mf*

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line includes the lyrics 'locks like gil - li - - gow - ans Hang gol - den to her knee. Of'. The tempo changes from 'Allegretto vivace' to 'rall.' (rallentando). The dynamic changes from 'pp' to 'f' (forte). The piano accompaniment also changes, with a 'colla voce' (with the voice) instruction. The system ends with a 'mf' (mezzo-forte) dynamic.



*a tempo* *mp*

all the girls in Ire - - land She's the on - ly one for

*p*

me.

Her eyes are fond for - - get - me - nots, And

*pp*

no such snow is seen Up - on the heav - ing haw - thorn bush As

*pp*

crests her bod - - dice green. The thrush - es, when she's

*pp*

*rall.*

talk - - ing, Sit list' - ning on the tree. Oh

*colla parte*

*Più*

*lento.*

were I King of Ire - - land, She's the on - ly Queen for

me.

*a tempo*

*p*

## CHANGING HER MIND.

---

As I rowled on my side-car to Santry Fair,  
 I chanced round a corner on Rose Adair,  
 Her shoes in her hands, as she took the track,  
 And a fowl in a basket upon her back.  
 "Step up Miss Rose! Och that bird's luck,  
 Attendin' the fair as Rose's duck,  
 As Rose's duck, as Rose's duck!"  
 "No! Shawn Magee, the bird's a goose,  
 And to travel with two, there's no sort of use."

I couldn't but laugh, though I'd had it hot,  
 But I fired, as I passed her, one partin' shot.  
 "The poor second gander that got the worst,"  
 Says I, "must leave Rose to mind the first.  
 The creature must fly and boldly try  
 To seem a swan in some girl's eye,  
 Some other girl's eye, some other girl's eye.  
 Good day to you, Rose, for I'd best push on,  
 And perhaps at the fair I'll prove some girl's swan."

But hardly a furlong away I'd flown,  
 When plainly behind me I heard her moan.  
 In a breath I was back, where she limped forlorn,  
 With her purty foot pierced by a thumpin' thorn.  
 With one soft squeeze I gave her ease;  
 Then turning kind, says she, "I find  
 I'm changing my mind,-I've changed my mind."  
 "Change more," says I. "What's that?" says she.  
 "Your name to mine. Be Rose Magee!"

## CHANGING HER MIND.

Allegretto.

*mf* *p* *mf* *p*

*mf* *p*

1. As I rowed on my car to San - try Fair, I  
 2. I could - n't but laugh, tho' I'd had it hot, But I

chanced round a cor - ner on Rose A-dair, Her shoes in her hands as she  
 fired, as I passed her, a part - ing shot. "The poor se-cond gan - der that

*pp*

*mf*

took the track And a fowl in a bas - ket up - on her back. "Step  
 got the worst," Says I, "must lave Rose to en - joy the first. The

up, Miss Rosel That bird's in luck At - tend - in' the fair as  
 creature must fly and bold - ly try To seem a swan in

*con sentimento rall.* *a tempo*

Ro - se's duck, As Ro - - se's duck. as Ro - - se's duck!" "No!  
some girl's eye, Some o - ther girl's eye, some o - ther girl's eye. Good-

*colla parte* *mf*

Shawn Ma - gee, the bird's a goose, And to tra - vel with two is no  
day to you, Rose, for I'd best push on, And per - haps at the fair I'll be

sort of use."  
some girl's swan."

*mf* *p* *mf* *p*

3. But hard - ly a fur - long a -

*f* *p*

way I'd flown, When plain - ly be - hind me I heard her moan. In a

breath I was back where she limp'd for-lorn, With her pur-ty foot pierced by a

*pp*

thum - pin' thorn. With one soft squeeze I gave her ease. Then

*mf*

tur - nin' kind, says she, "I find I'm changin' my mind, I've changed my mind;" "Change'

*con sentimento rall.* *a tempo* *f*

*colla parte* *mf*

more," says I, "What's that," says she, "Your name to mine. Be'

Rose Magee!"

*f*

## LOST LIGHT OF MY EYES.



Oh, why was I left and he taken instead,  
 Mochuma, Mochuma! my heart and my head?  
 Cold, cold, dark and speechless he lies on his bed;  
 Cold, cold, dark and silent the night dew is shed,  
 But hot, fierce and swift fall the tears for my dead.  
 Oh, why was I left and he taken instead?

Oh, why was I left and he taken away,  
 My bright headed Donal, my pride and my stay?  
 His manly cheek reddened with the sun's rising ray,  
 And he shone in his strength like the sun at midday,  
 But a cloud of black darkness has hid him away,  
 My hope and my comfort, my joy and my stay.

'Neath that black cloud of sorrow my lost one he lies,  
 And the heart in my bosom to think of it dies,  
 That day after day the dear sun will arise  
 To comfort our hearts from his home in the skies,  
 But never, ah! never I'll see you arise,  
 Lost warmth of my bosom, lost light of my eyes!

# LOST LIGHT OF MY EYES.

(An Erris Melody.)

Andante mesto.

Oh,

why was I left — and he ta - - ken in - - stead, Mo - -

chu - ma! mo - - chu - ma! my heart and my head! Cold,

cold, dark, and speech - less he lies on his — bed; Cold,

*p*

*p*

*pp*

*pp*



cold, dark and si - - lent the night dew is

shed, But hot, fierce and swift fall the

tears for my dead. Oh why was I left, and he

ta - - ken in - - stead?

Oh, why was I left and he

ta - - - ken a - way! My bright head - ed Do - nal, my

pride and my stay. His man - - - ly cheek

*cresc.* red - dened with the sun's ris - - - ing ray, And he

shone in his strength like the sun at mid - - day, But a

*dim.* cloud of black dark - ness has hid him far a - way, My

cold, dark and si - - lent the night dew is

shed, But hot, fierce and swift fall the

*f accel.*

tears for my dead. Oh why was I left, and he

*p a tempo*

*p*

8va

ta - - ken in - - stead?

*p*

N.B.

Oh, why was I left and he

*p*

*pp*

ta - - - ken a - way! My bright head - ed Do - nal, my

pride and my stay. His man - - - ly cheek

*cresc.*  
red - dened with the sun's ris - - - ing ray, And he

shone in his strength like the sun at mid - - day, But a

*dim.*  
cloud of black dark - ness has hid him far a - way, My

hope and my eom - fort, my joy and my

*Più mosso.*

stay. 'Neath that black cloud of

sor - - row my lost one he — lies, And the

heart in my bo - - som to think of it

dies, That day — af - ter day — the

*cresc.*

dear sun will a - rise To com - fort our

*cresc.*

*appassionato*

hearts from his home in the skies, But

ne - ver, ah! ne - ver I'll see you a -

*rall.*

rise, Lost warmth of my

*rall.*

*Lento.*

bo - som, lost light of my eyes!

*Nit.*

## THE STRATAGEM.

---

Who'd win a heart must learn the art  
 To hide what he's about.  
 When Kate I met, too soon I let  
 My loving secret out.  
 In vain I'd sigh, in vain I'd try  
 Each trick of eye or speech;  
 Advance, retire, neglect, admire,  
 The rogue I could not reach  
 Then I grew warm and in a storm  
 Against her out I blew,  
 But she stood fast before my blast  
 And raging I withdrew.

Then I began a different plan,  
 I went to Rose Maguire,  
 Who'd had her scene with Con Mulqueen,  
 And asked her to conspire.  
 Says she, "Avick, we'll try the trick."  
 And so we shammed sweethearts,  
 Till Con grew vexed and Kate perplexed,  
 So well we played our parts:  
 And when we found them turning round  
 The very way we wanted,  
 Our stratagem we owned to them  
 And got our pardon granted.

# THE STRATAGEM.

(Air. Zamba Opa.)

Allegretto.

1. Who'd

*mf*

*p*

*mf*

The first system of the musical score for 'THE STRATAGEM.' It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 8/8. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto.' and the dynamic is 'mf'. The piano accompaniment starts with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a time signature of 8/8. The dynamic is 'p'. The system concludes with the vocal line ending on a whole note and the piano accompaniment ending on a whole note.

win a heart must learn the art To hide what he's a - bout; — When

*p*

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'win a heart must learn the art To hide what he's a - bout; — When'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same dynamics and tempo. The system concludes with the vocal line ending on a whole note and the piano accompaniment ending on a whole note.

Kate I met too soon I let My lov - ing se - cret out. — In

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Kate I met too soon I let My lov - ing se - cret out. — In'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same dynamics and tempo. The system concludes with the vocal line ending on a whole note and the piano accompaniment ending on a whole note.

vain I'd sigh, in vain I'd try Each trick of eye or speech; Ad -

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'vain I'd sigh, in vain I'd try Each trick of eye or speech; Ad -'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same dynamics and tempo. The system concludes with the vocal line ending on a whole note and the piano accompaniment ending on a whole note.



vance, re-tire, ne - glect, ad-mire, The rogue I could not reach. — Then

I grew warm, and in a storm A-against her out I flew, — But

she stood fast be - fore my blast, And rag - ing I with - drew. —

2. Then I be-gan a dif - f'rent plan; I

went to Rose Ma - guire, Who'd had her scene with Con Macqueen, And

asked her to con - spire. — Says she "A-vick we'll try the trick." And

so we sham'd sweet - hearts, Till Con grew vexed and Kate perplexed, So

well we play'd our parts. — And when we found them turn-ing round The

ve - ry way we want - ed, Our stra - ta-gem we owned to them, And

got our par-don granted.

## THE STOLEN HEART.

---

I was a maiden fair and fond,  
Smiling, singing all the day,  
Till Maguire with looks of fire  
He stole my heart away.  
The gardener's son, as he stood by,  
Blossoms four did give to me:  
The pink, the rue, the violet blue,  
And the red, red rosy tree.

Lass, for your lips the sweet clove pink,  
For your eyes the violets blue;  
The rose to speak your damask cheek,  
For memory the rue.  
Oh, but my love at first was fond,  
Now, alas, he's turned untrue,  
My rose and pink and violet shrink,  
But tears keep fresh the rue.

# THE STOLEN HEART.

(Air. Smah dunna hoc.)

*Allegretto.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is a single treble clef line with a whole rest. The left staff is a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The melody in the left hand features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords and a final flourish.

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "1. I was a maid - en fair and fond,". The piano accompaniment (grand staff) continues the melodic and harmonic material from the introduction.

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "Smil - - ing, sing - - ing all the day,". The piano accompaniment features a more active, rhythmic pattern in the left hand, with arpeggiated chords.

The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "Till . Ma-guire with looks of fire He". The piano accompaniment provides a strong harmonic support, ending with a final chord.

stole my heart a - way. The gard'-ner's son, as

he stood by, blos-soms four he gave to me, The pink, the rue, the

vio - let blue, And the red rose — tree.

*mp* 2. "Lass, for your lips the

sweet clove pink, For your eyes the vio - - lets blue, The

rose to speak. your da - - mask cheek, For me - mo - ry the

rue." Oh, but my love at first was fond;

Now, a - las, he's turn'd un - true, My rose and pink, and

vio - let shrink, But my tears keep fresh the rue.

## THE MELODY OF THE HARP.

---

Oh! Harp of Erin what glamour gay,  
What dark despairing are in thy lay?  
What true love slighted thy sorrow wells,  
What proud hearts plighted thy rapture tells.  
Round thy dim form lamenting swarm  
What Banshees dread; till, glowing warm,  
A heavenly iris of hope upsprings  
From out the tumult that shakes thy strings.

[The chief dejected, with drooping brow,  
Aroused, erected, is hearkening now,  
The while abhorrent of shame and fear  
Thy tuneful torrent invades his ear.  
He calls his clan: "Who will and can  
The slogan follow in Valour's van?"  
Then forward thunder the gallant Gael  
And death and plunder are o'er the Pale.]

The child is calling through fever dreams;  
When, softly falling as faery streams,  
Thy magic Soontree his soul shall sweep.  
Into the country of blessed sleep.  
To ears that heed not their longing moan  
Let lovers plead not with words alone,  
But seek thine aid. The haughtiest maid  
Will pause by thy sweet influence swayed;  
Until the ditty so poignant proves,  
She melts to pity and melting loves.

# THE MELODY OF THE HARP.

Air. The melody of the harp.

Andante.

First system of musical notation. The vocal line is a whole rest. The piano accompaniment consists of two measures of eighth-note arpeggiated chords. The first measure is marked *mf* and the second measure is marked *con Ped.*

Second system of musical notation. The vocal line has the lyrics "Oh! Harp of" under a *mf* dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment continues with arpeggiated chords.

Third system of musical notation. The vocal line has the lyrics "E - rin! what glamour gay, What dark des -" under a *p* dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment continues with arpeggiated chords.

Fourth system of musical notation. The vocal line has the lyrics "- pai - ring are in thy lay? What true love" under a *p* dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment continues with arpeggiated chords.

Fifth system of musical notation. The vocal line has the lyrics "slight - ed thy sor-row wells, What proud hearts" under a *p* dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment continues with arpeggiated chords.



plight - ed thy rap - ture tells.

*dim.*

*p*  
Round thy dim form \_ la - ment - ing

*pp*

swarm What Ban - shees dread, till glow - ing

*cresc.*

warm, A heav'n - ly i - - ris of hope up -

springs . From out the tu - mult that shake thy

strings.

The child is call - ing thro' fe - ver

dreams; When, soft-ly fall - ing as fae-ry streams, Thy ma - gic

soon - - tree\*) his soul shall sweep . In - to the

coun - try of bles - sed sleep. To ears that

heed not their long - ing moan Let lovers plead not with words a -

*poco cresc.*

lone, But seek thine aid. The haughtiest

*p cresc.*

\*) soontree = lullaby

maid will pause by thy sweet in - fluence

*cresc.*

swayed, Un - til thy mu - sic so poi - gnant

*Più lento.*

proves, She melts to pi - ty and melting loves.

*colla parte*

## THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF SLIGO.

---

We may tramp the earth for all that we're worth,  
 But what odds where you and I go?  
 We shall never meet a spot so sweet  
 As the beautiful City of Sligo.

Oh, sure she's a Queen in purple and green,  
 As she shimmers and glimmers her gardens between;  
 And away to Lough Lene the like isn't seen  
 Of her river a-quiver with shadow and sheen,  
 The beautiful City of Sligo.

Though bustle and noise are some folks' joys,  
 Your London just gives me ver-ti-go,  
 You can hear yourself talk when out you walk  
 Thro' the beautiful City of Sligo.

Oh, sure she's a Queen, &c.

As an artist in stones a genius was Jones,  
 Whom so queerly they christened In-i-go,  
 But he hadn't the skill to carve a Grass Hill  
 For the beautiful City of Sligo.

Oh, sure she's a Queen, &c.

Then for powder and puff and cosmetrical stuff,  
 Dear girls to Dame Fashion, ah! why go?  
 When Dame Nature supplies for tresses and eyes  
 Such superior dyes down in Sligo.

Oh, sure she's a Queen, &c.

# THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF SLIGO.

(Air. The beautiful City of Sligo.)

*Allegro.*

1. We may

*f* *p*

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 8/8. The piano part begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The vocal line starts with a whole note rest followed by a half note melody.

tramp the earth for all that we're worth, But what odds where you and

*f* *p*

This system contains the third and fourth staves. The vocal line continues the melody from the first system. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a more active melody in the right hand. Dynamics of forte (*f*) and piano (*p*) are indicated.

I go? We shall ne - ver meet a spot so sweet As the

*v*

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves. The vocal line includes a vocal flourish (*v*) before the final phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern. The system concludes with a final chord in both parts.

beau - ti - ful Ci - ty of Sli - go. Oh, sure she's a Queen in

pur - ple and green As she shim - mers and glim - mers her gar - dens be - tween; And a

way to Lough Lene the like is - n't seen Of her ri - ver a - qui - ver with

sha - dow and sheen, The beau - ti - ful Ci - ty of Sli - go.

2. Tho' bus - tle and noise are

some folks' joys, Your Lon-don just gives me ver - ti - go, You can

hear your-self talk when out you walk Thro' the beau-ti-ful Ci-ty of

Sli - go. Oh, sure she's a Queen in pur-ple and green, As she

shim-mers and glim-mers her gar-dens be-tween; And a-way to Lough Lene the

like is - n't seen Of her ri-ver a-qui-ver with sha-dow and sheen, The



beau - ti - ful Ci - ty of Sli - go.

3. As an

*p*

ar - tist in stones a gen - ius was Jones, Whom so queer - ly they christened In -

*p*

- i - go, But he hadn't the skill to carve a Grass Hill For the

beau-ti - ful Ci - ty of Sli - go. Oh, sure she's a Queen in

pur-ple and green, As she shimmers and glimmers her gar-dens be-tween; And a -

- way to Lough Lene the like is - n't seen Of her ri-ver a - quiv - er with

sha-dow and sheen, The. beau - ti - ful Ci - ty of Sli - go.

First system of musical notation, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

4. Then for pow-der and puff and cos - met - i - cal stuff, Dear

Second system of musical notation, continuing the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes piano (*p*) and forte (*f*) dynamics.

girls, to Dame Fa-shion ah! why go? When Dame Na-ture sup-plies for.

Third system of musical notation, continuing the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a piano (*p*) dynamic.

tress-es and eyes Such su - per - i - or dyes down in Sli - go. Oh,

Fourth system of musical notation, concluding the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

sure she's a Queen. in pur-ple and green, As she shim-mers and glim-mers her

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in G major, starting on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, and D5. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with a half note G4 and a left hand with a half note G3, both sustained throughout the system.

gar-dens be-tween; And a - way to Lough Lene the like is - n't seen Of her

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note E5, followed by quarter notes D5, C5, B4, and A4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same sustained G4 and G3 notes.

ri-ver a - qui-ver with sha-dow and sheen, The beau - ti - ful Ci - ty of

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, and D5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same sustained G4 and G3 notes.

Sli - - go.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, and D5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same sustained G4 and G3 notes.

## THE BLACKBIRD AND THE WREN.

---

Once the blackbird called unto the solemn crow,  
 "O why do you for ever in mourning go?"  
 Quoth the crow, "I lost my own true love, alack!  
 And thereafter for ever I go all in black."  
 Then the blackbird sighed from out the sally bush,  
 "Once I too fell courting a fair young thrush.  
 Oh, but she deceived and grieved me, Oh, but she turned false, false, O!  
 And ever since in mourning I too go!"

Last the little wren he piped, "If we were men,  
 Faith, 'tis we could find us sweethearts, eight, nine and ten.  
 Then if one grew cold or turned unfaithful, O!  
 It is off to another one we each could go."  
 "Perhaps," replied the crow, "that plan of yours might work  
 If we were living in the land of the Turk,  
 But in Christian climes a woman's just as free to give you pain!  
 And so, my friends, in feathers we'll remain."

*Founded on an old song.*

# THE BLACKBIRD AND THE WREN.

*Allegretto.*

*mf* Once the blackbird call'd un -

to the so - lemn crow, "Oh why do you for ev - er in

mour - ning go?" Quoth the crow, "I lost my own true love a - laek, And there -

*rall.* af - ter for e - ver I go all in black." Then the blackbird sigh'd from

*a tempo* out the sal - ly bush, "Once I too fell courting a fair young thrush.

*colla parte*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto.' and the key signature has two flats. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte), *p* (piano), *rall.* (rallentando), and *a tempo*. The piano part includes a section marked *colla parte* (colla parte). The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Once the blackbird call'd un - to the so - lemn crow, "Oh why do you for ev - er in mour - ning go?" Quoth the crow, "I lost my own true love a - laek, And there - af - ter for e - ver I go all in black." Then the blackbird sigh'd from out the sal - ly bush, "Once I too fell courting a fair young thrush.'

*mf*  
Oh! but she de-ceived and grieved me, Oh! but she turn'd false, O, And

*rall.*  
e - ver since in mour-ning I too go!"

*colla parte*

*leggiero*  
Last the lit-tle wren he piped, "If we were men, Faith, 'tis

*p*

*p*  
we could find us sweet - hearts, eight, nine and ten. Then if one grew cold — or

*rall.* *a tempo*  
 turn'd un-faith-ful, O! It is off to an-oth-er one we

*colla parte* *p*

*maestoso*  
 each could go." "Praps," re-plied the crow, "that plan of yours might work If

*mf*

we were liv-ing in the land of the Turk, But in Chris-tian climes a wo-man's

*pesante*  
 just as free to give you pain, And so, my friend, in feathers well re-main."



## REMEMBER THE POOR.

---

Oh! remember the poor when your fortune is sure,  
And acre to acre you join;  
Oh! remember the poor, though but slender your store,  
And you ne'er can go gallant and fine.  
Oh! remember the poor when they cry at your door  
In the raging rain and blast;  
Call them in! Cheer them up with the bite and the sup,  
Till they leave you their blessing at last.

The red fox has his lair, and each bird of the air  
With the night settles warm in his nest,  
But the King Who laid down His celestial crown  
For our sakes. He had nowhere to rest.  
Oh! the poor were forgot till their pitiful lot  
He bowed Himself to endure;  
If your souls ye would make, for His Heavenly sake,  
Oh! remember, remember the poor.

# REMEMBER THE POOR.

(Air. Remember the Poor.)

Andante.

1. Oh! re-mem-ber the poor when your

for-tune is sure, And a-cre to a-cre you join; Oh! re-

-mem-ber the poor, tho' but slen-der your store, And you ne'er can go gal-lant and

fine. Oh! re-mem-ber the poor when they cry at your door In the

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' and the dynamics include *mp* (mezzo-piano), *p* (piano), and *f* (forte). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano staff. The lyrics are: '1. Oh! re-mem-ber the poor when your for-tune is sure, And a-cre to a-cre you join; Oh! re-mem-ber the poor, tho' but slen-der your store, And you ne'er can go gal-lant and fine. Oh! re-mem-ber the poor when they cry at your door In the'.

ra - ging rain and blast; Call them in, cheer them up with the

*mp*

*p*

bite and the sup, Till they leave you their bless-ing at last.

2. The red fox has his lair, and each

*p*

*poco più lento e maestoso*

bird of the air With the night set-tles warm in his nest, But the

*cresc.*

*cresc.* *p*

King Who laid down His ce - les - tial crown For our sakes, He had no-where to

*rest.* Oh! the poor were for-got till their pit - i - ful lot He

bow'd Him-self to en - dure; If your souls ye would make, for His

*p*

*più lento*

Hea - ven - ly sake, Oh! re - mem - ber, re - mem - ber the poor.

*colla parte*

## THE HEROES OF THE SEA.

---

I'll tell you of a wonder, that will stiffen up your hair,  
 That happened two poor fishermen convenient to Cape Clear.  
 They just had run their boat afloat, they'd hardly gripped an oar,  
 When their dog leapt in, their cat stepped in, that ne'er did so before.  
 Now what overcame the creatures to start from shore?

Says one brother: "What's come o'er them two, who ne'er on land agree,  
 To settle up their difference a - this-way on the sea?"  
 "I consave," replied the other, "'tis the portent we could wish  
 For a powerful take of pilchard, since that same's their favourite fish.  
 'Tis a symptom, for sure, of a power of fish"

Well! when the rising moon revealed a swiftly rushing shoal,  
 Their net they shot and found they'd got a purty tidy haul.  
 But when a dozen yards of mesh they'd plumped into the hold,  
 They saw their fish were fine say-rats, which made their blood run cold,  
 As around and around them they screeched and rolled.

But ere each rat could rip his way from out the noosin' net,  
 Bedad, the jaws of Towzer or the claws of Tom he met.  
 Then safely our two fishermen rowed home from out the bay,  
 And Tom and Towzer from that time were haroes you may say,  
 Round about the country-side, many and many a day.

# THE HEROES OF THE SEA.

(Air. Street Ballad.)

Allegro.

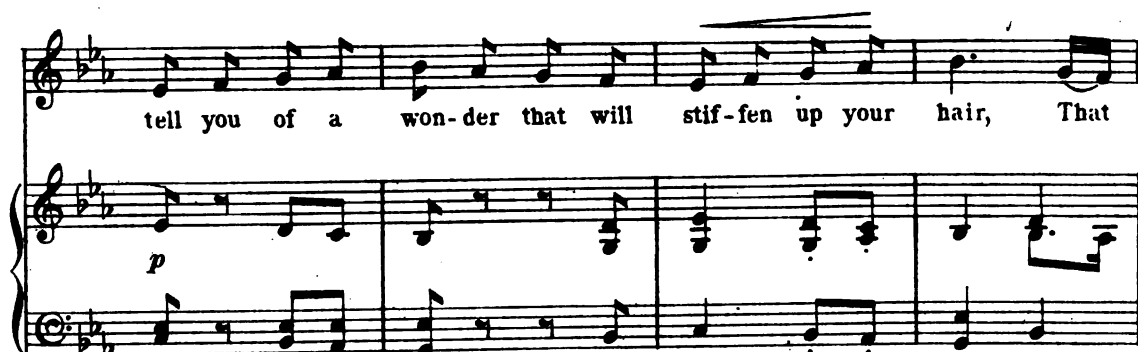
VOICE. *1. Pll*

PIANO. *f p f sf*



tell you of a won-der that will stif-fen up your hair, That

*p*



happen'd two poor fish-er-men con - ven-ient to Cape Clear: They



just had run their boat a - float, They'd hard - ly gripped an

*p* *sf* *p*

oar, When their dog leapt in, their cat stepped in that

*mf* *p*

ne'er did so be - - fore. Now what o - ver - came the

crea - - tures to start from shore?

*sf* *p*

2. Says one brother: "What's come

o'er them two who pe'er on land a - - gree To

set - tle up their dif - fer - ence a - - this - way on the

sea?" "I con - save," re - plied the o - ther, "'Tis - the



por - tent we could wish For a pow'r - ful take of

*mf* *p* *mf*

This system contains the first three measures of the piece. The vocal line begins with a half note 'por' followed by eighth notes 'tent we could wish'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. Dynamic markings *mf*, *p*, and *mf* are placed below the piano staves.

pil - chard since that same's their fav' - rite fish. 'Tis a

*p*

This system contains measures 4 through 6. The vocal line continues with 'pil - chard since that same's their fav' - rite fish. 'Tis a'. The piano accompaniment includes a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left. A *p* dynamic marking is present at the start of the system.

symp - tom for sure of a power of fish."

This system contains measures 7 through 10. The vocal line concludes with 'symp - tom for sure of a power of fish."'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. A fermata is placed over the final chord in the right hand of the piano part.

3. Well!

*p*

This system contains measures 11 through 14. The vocal line has a whole rest for the first three measures, followed by the phrase '3. Well!' in the fourth measure. The piano accompaniment features a rising melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left. A *p* dynamic marking is placed below the piano staff in the fourth measure.

when the ris - ing moon re - vealed a swift - ly rush - ing

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are "when the ris - ing moon re - vealed a swift - ly rush - ing". The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with chords and a left hand with a simple bass line.

shoal, Their net they shot and found they'd got a pur - ty ti - dy

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "shoal, Their net they shot and found they'd got a pur - ty ti - dy". The piano accompaniment continues with similar chordal textures.

haul; But when a do - zen yards of mesh they'd

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "haul; But when a do - zen yards of mesh they'd". The piano accompaniment continues with similar chordal textures.

plump'd in - to the hold, They saw their fish were

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "plump'd in - to the hold, They saw their fish were". The piano accompaniment continues with similar chordal textures.

fine sea-rats which made their blood run cold As a - round..... and a -

round them they screeched and rolled.

4. But ere each rat could rip his way from

out the noos-in' net, He - dad the jaws of Tow-zer or the

claws of Tom he met. Then safe-ly our two fish-er-men rowed

home from out the bay, And Tom and Towzer from that time were

her-oes you may say Round a-bout the coun-try side, many and

many a day.

## THE BLACK PHANTOM.

---

On for ever, on for ever,  
 Unbeknown beneath the night,  
*O mo chuma! O mo chuma!*  
 Stole the silent, searching blight,  
 Till it struck us with a shiver,  
 Shaking wide its woeful curse,  
 Like the white plumes of a hearse.

Down we dug, but only showered  
 Poison'd praties o'er the slope —  
*O mo chuma! O mo chuma!*  
 Hoping yet agin all hope,  
 Till, at long lost overpower'd,  
 In the gloomy gath'ring shades  
 We should rest our useless spades.

While, around us ghostly shadows,  
 Phantoms of our fathers' dead,  
*O mo chuma! O mo chuma!*  
 Roamed and roamed with ceaseless tread,  
 Weeping, wailing thro' the meadows,  
 Fit to melt a heart of stone.  
 Ochone! and ochone!

Then we knew for solemn certain  
 That the poison breathing cloud —  
*O mo chuma! O mo chuma!*  
 Surely yet would be our shroud,  
 Still would draw its cruel curtain  
 Closer still round child and wife,  
 Till it strangled out their life.  
*O mo chuma! O mo chuma!*

# THE BLACK PHANTOM.

(1846.)

(Air. The Black Phantom.)

*Larghetto.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

The first system of the musical score. The voice part begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note '1. On for' and a quarter note 'for'. The piano accompaniment starts with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *mf* and *dim.*.

The second system of the musical score. The voice part continues with the lyrics 'e - - ver, on for e - ver, Un - be - known . be - neath the'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady melody and bass line.

The third system of the musical score. The voice part continues with the lyrics 'night, O mo chu - ma! O mo chu - ma! Stole the si - lent, searching blight Till it'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady melody and bass line. Dynamics include *p* and *pp*.

O my grief. Pronounce "Mokooma".

H. 2870

struck us with a shiver, Shaking wide its woe - ful curse, Like the

white plumes of a hearse. ————— Down we

dug, but on - - - ly showered Poison'd pra - - - ties

o'er the slope, O mo chu - ma! O mo chu - ma! Hoping

yet a-gin all hope, Till, at long last o-ver-power'd, In the

*cresc.*

3

gloom-y gath'-ring shades We should rest— our use-less spades—

*mf*

While a-round us

*pp*

*pp*

3

ghost-ly shad-ows, Phantoms of our fath-ers dead, O mo



chu - ma! O mo chu - ma! Roamed and roamed with cease - less tread, Weep-ing,

wai - ling thro' the meadows, Fit to melt a heart of stone. Och -

one! and och - one! Then we

knew for so - lemn cer-tain That the poi - son - breath - ing

*p* *pp* *cresc.*

cloud\_ O mo chu - ma! O mo chu - ma! Sure-ly yet would be our

*ad lib.* *cresc. 3*

shroud, Still would draw its cru - el curtain Clo - ser still round child and

*p* *colla parte*

*ff* *dim.*

wife, Till it strangled out their life! \_\_\_\_\_ O mo chu-ma! O mo

*ff* *dim.*

chu - ma! O mo chu - ma!

## MARY, WHAT'S THE MATTER.

---

"Now, Mary, what's the matter,  
What's come o'er you, dear,  
That all your lightsome chatter  
Is no more to hear?"

"'Tis nothing, mother deary  
Worth your care at all.  
Who'd not be dull and weary  
In so dark a Fall?"

"Because brown leaves are fluttering,  
Skies are seldom bright,  
Will heart-whole girls go uttering  
Sighs from morn to night?"  
"Well since you're so perceiving,  
Mothereen astore,  
P'raps I've been make-believing,  
Though my heart was sore."

"Would Mary's heart be sorer,  
If one Myles O 'Hea  
Had asked her father for her  
And got his wish to-day?"  
"O Mother there's brave news for me,  
Now you've brought me joy!"  
"My dear, had you said, 'Choose for me!'  
I'd have chose that boy."

# MARY, WHAT'S THE MATTER.

(Air. Mary, what's the matter?)

*Andante.* *mf*

1. "Now Ma-ry, what's the

mat-ter, What's come o'er you, dear, That all your lightsome chat-ter Is

no more to hear?" 'Tis nothing, mother dea - ry, Worth your care at

all! — Who'd not be dull and wea-ry In so dark a Fall." —

*pp*

*mf*

2. "Be - cause brown leaves are

*p*

flutt'ring, Skies are sel-dom bright, Do heartwhole girls go ut - t'ring

Sighs day and night?" "How well you've been per - ceiv - ing, Moth-er - een as -

*pp*

thore!\_ Thro' all my make-be - liev-ing That my heart was sore."\_

*pp*

*pp*

3. "Would Ma-ry's heart be

*pp*

*rall.*

so - rer If one Myles O' Hea Had - asked her father for her And

*colla voce*

*fu tempo*

just got his way?" "O\_\_ mother, what brave news for me! How you've brought me

*a tempo*

*f*

*poco*

*rall.* *poco più lento*

joy!" "Child, had you bid me choose for ye, I'd have chose that boy!"

*rall.* *poco più lento*

## AWAY TO THE WARS.

---

When the route is proclaimed thro' the old barrack yard,  
To part from our sweethearts it surely is hard!  
But smother the sigh, boys, and swallow the tear,  
And comfort the darlings with words of good cheer.  
While the bugles they blow so gaily oh!  
And away to the battle we marching go.

Then it's "Right about face," and we're clearing the street,  
"Good luck" and "God bless you!" from all that we meet,  
While all of the lazy ones bounce from their beds,  
And up go their windies and out go their heads.  
While the bugles they blow so gaily oh!  
And away to the battle we marching go.

Now it's "Halt, Royal Irish!" now "Dress by the left!"  
And on to the Quay through the crowd we have cleft;  
Here's cheers for Old Ireland, with twenty cheers more,  
And off with our ship from the Emerald shore.  
While the bugles they blow so gaily oh!  
And away to the wars o'er the ocean we go.

# AWAY TO THE WARS.

(Air "When you go to a Battle")

Allegro.

1. When the

The first system of music features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 8/8. The piano part begins with a forte (f) dynamic and consists of a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

route is proclaimed thro' the old barrack yard, To part from our sweethearts it

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

sure-ly is hard! But smother the sigh, boys, and swal-low the tear, And

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a melodic line in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

com-fort the dar-lings with words of good cheer. While the bug-les they blow so

The fourth system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a melodic line in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.



CHORUS  
*ff ad lib.*

gai - ly oh! And a - way to the bat-tle we march-ing go. While the

bug-les they blow so gai - ly oh! And a - way to the bat-tle we

marching go.

2. Then it's "Right a-bout face" and we're clearing the street, "Good

luck!" and "God bless you!" from all that we meet, While all of the laz-y ones

bounce from their beds, And up go their windies and out go their heads, While the

bug-les they blow so gai - ly oh! And a - way to the bat-tle we

CHORUS *ad lib.*

marching go. While the bug-les they blow so gai - ly oh! And a -

way to the bat-tle we march - ing go.

3. Now it's

"Halt, Royal I-rish!" now "Dress by the left!" And on to the Quay thro' the

*p*

crowd we have cleft; Here's cheers for Old Ireland, with twen-ty cheers more! And

off with our ship from the E-me-rald shore, While the bugles they blow so

CHORUS  
*ff ad lib.*

gai-ly oh! And a-way to the wars o'er the o-cean we go. While the

bug-les they blow so gai-ly oh! And a-way to the wars o'er the

o-cean we go.

## LOVELY ANNE.

---

Lovely Anne, oh! lovely Anne!  
 Oh hearken to my bitter cry!  
 Alone on rugged Slievenaman,  
 For your fond sake I lie;  
 For you I've fled my friends, fled my clan,  
 Fair Saxon, have you turned untrue?  
 And has my lovely Anne, my lovely Anne,  
 But brought me here to rue?

Lovely Anne, oh, lovely Anne,  
 Since darkly here I laid me down,  
 How oft the wind-swept cannavan,  
 Has seem'd your flutt'ring gown,  
 And once a maid, with bright milking can,  
 Brush'd hitherward across the dew,  
 "'Tis she, my lovely Anne, my lovely Anne!"  
 She turned and frown'd me through.

Lovely Anne, oh lovely Anne!  
 Cold morn is mounting o'er the height,  
 And your forsaken Irishman  
 Afar must take his flight.  
 Heaven's curse upon the black, heartless ban,  
 That sunders thus the fond and true.  
 Adieu, my lovely Anne, my lovely Anne,  
 For evermore Adieu!

## LOVELY ANNE.

(Air. Lovely Anne.)

Andante.

The piano introduction consists of three measures. The first measure is marked *mf* and features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second and third measures are marked *dim.* and continue the melodic and harmonic development.

The first line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a *mf* dynamic and includes the lyrics "Love - ly Anne, oh! love - ly Anne! Oh heark - en to my". The piano accompaniment is marked *p* and provides harmonic support for the vocal line.

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a *p* dynamic and includes the lyrics "bit - ter cry! A - lone on rug - ged Slieve-na-man For". The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic structure.

your fond sake I lie; — For you I've fled my friends,

fled my clan. Fair Sax - on, have you turn'd un - true? — And has my

love - ly Anne, my — love - ly Anne But brought me here to —

rue?

Love - ly Anne, oh, love - ly Anne, Since dark - ly here — I

laid me down, How oft the wind-swept can - navan\* Has *dim.*

seem'd your flutt' - - - ring gown. — And once a maid with bright *pp*

milking can Brush'd hi - ther-ward a-cross the dew; 'Tis she, my *cresc.*

\* The bog-cotton.



love - ly Anne, my — love - - ly Anne!" She turned and frown'd me

thro'.

Love - ly Anne, oh, love - ly Anne! Cold morn is mount - - ing

o'er the height, And your for - sa - - ken

I - rishman A - far must take his flight. — Heav'n's

*cresc.* *f*

curse up-on the black heartless ban\* That sun - ders thus the fond and

*Piu lento.*

true. — A - dieu, my love - ly Anne, my

*p*

*rit.*

love - ly Anne, For ev - er - more, — A - dieu!

*fine*

\* By the Irish penal laws an Irish Catholic could not marry an English Protestant.

## FAREWELL NOW, MISS GORDON.

---

Farewell! now, Miss Gordon, my day dream is over  
And I march in the morn with our Royal young Rover.  
Yet peace be about you both sleeping and waking,  
Though I live on without you with a heart nigh to breaking.

Oh, have you forgotten, oh, have you forgotten,  
When I found the white heath all among the moor cotton,  
How you wore it, on your bosom, for a whole week together?  
Is my love flung away with that spray of white heather?

And do you remember, oh, do you remember,  
When the falling star flashed that bright night of September;  
How your heart's wish I read in your rapt look of longing?  
Have you crushed that hope dead, to my heart's bitter wronging?

But with lips still locked tight, at your pride's stern commanding,  
As a statue death white, here before me you're standing.  
Woe's me we part thus! yet if so we must sever,  
Farewell now, Miss Gordon, oh, farewell for ever.

# FAREWELL NOW, MISS GORDON.

(Air— Farewell now, Miss Gordon.)

Andante moderato.

*mf* *3*

1. Fare - well now, Miss

Gor - don, My daydream is o - ver, And I march in the morn with our

Ro - yal young Ro - ver. Yet peace be a - bout you both sleeping and

*poco rall.*

wak - ing, Tho' I live on with - out you with heart nigh to breaking.

*mf* *s*  
2. Oh!—

do you re - mem - ber, oh! do you re - mem - ber, When the

fall - ing star flashed that bright night of Sep - tem - ber, How your

heart's wish I read in your rapt look of long - ing? Have you

*poco rall.*  
crush'd that hope dead to my love's cru - el wronging?  
*mf*

3. But with lips still lock'd

tight at your pride's stern com - man - ding, As a sta - tue death-white here be -

fore me you're stand - ing. Woe's me we part thus! Yet if

so we must se - ver, Fare - - well now, Miss Gor - don, oh!

fare - well for e - ver.

## EVA TOOLE.

---

Who's not heard of Eva Toole,  
 Munster's purest, proudest jewel,  
 Queen of Lim'rick's lovely maidens,  
     Kerry's charming girls?  
 As her gliding course she takes  
 Like a swan across the lakes,  
 With her voice of silver cadence,  
     And her smile of pearls!  
 Oh! the eyes of Eva Toole!  
 Now why would not Cromwell cruel,  
 Just have called two centuries later  
     Here on Carrig height?  
 For one angry azure flash  
 From beneath her ebon lash!—  
 And away old Noll should scatter  
     Out of Eva's sight.

Is't describe you, Eva Toole?  
 As she danced last night at Shrule,  
 Her two feet like swallows skimmin'  
     Up and down the floor;  
 Or the curtsy that she dropped  
 Ev'ry time the music stopped,  
 Not the oldest men or women  
     Saw such grace before.  
 Yet altho' you bore the rule  
 O'er us all then, Eva Toole,  
 Ne'er a one but I was in it  
     Of your sweethearts fine.  
 And my heart's in such a riot,  
 That to keep the crayture quiet  
 I am runnin' round this minute  
     Just to make you mine!

## EVA TOOLE.

*Allegretto.* *mf*

1. Who's not

heard of E - va Toole, Munster's pu - rest, proudest jewel, Queen of

*p*

Lim'-ricks love - ly maidens, Ker - ry's charm - ing girls? As her

*p*



glid - ing course she takes Like a swan a-cross the lakes, With her

voice of sil - ver ca-dence And her smile of pearls. Oh the

*cresc.*

*pp*

eyes of E - va Toole! Now why would not Cromwell cruel Just have

*mf*

call'd two cen - turies la - ter Here on Car - rig height? For one

an - gry a - zure flash From be - neath her e - bon lash! And a -

- way old Noll should scat - ter Out of E - va's sight.\_\_\_\_

*dim.*

*mf*

2. Is't de -

scribe you E - va Toole? As she danced last night at Shrute, Her two

*p*

feet like swallows skim-min' Up and down the floor; Or the

*p*

curt - sey that she dropped Ev' - ry time the mu - sic stopped, Not the

old - est men or wo-men Saw such grace be - - fore. Yet al -

*cresc.*

*pp*

- tho' you bore the rule O'er us all then, E - va Toole, Ne'er a

*mf*

one but I was in it Of your sweet - hearts fine, And my

heart's in such a riot, That to keep the cray,tur quiet I am

run - nin'round this mi - nute Just to make you mine! —

*dim.*

*p*

## THE FALLING STAR.

---

On my heaven he flashed, as the meteor star  
Out of night will flame from afar.  
Ah, how could I escape his spell?  
Deep, deep into my heart he fell.  
Ochone!

I believed the stars that burn above  
Shone less true than his eyes of love.  
All their lamps beam on and on,  
But, my falling star, thou art gone.  
Ochone!

And a new love claims my fealty now,  
Scant of speech and stern of brow.  
Until death I own his claim.  
Sorrow is my new love's name.  
Ochone!

# THE FALLING STAR.\*)

(Air - Caino.)

Largo.

1. On my

heav'n he flash'd as the

me - - - tear star Out of night will

flame from a - far. How

\*) These words are founded on the Norse.

could I es-cape his spell? Deep a -

las in - to my

heart he fell. och - one!

2. I — be -

lieved the stars that

burn a - - bove Shone less true than his

eyes of love. All their

lamps beam on and on! But my



fall - - - - - ing star,

thou - - - - - art gone. Och - one!

3. And a new love claims my feal- - ty

now, Scant of speech and stern of brow.

Un - til death I own his

claim. Sór - row

sure, is my new lo - ver's name. Och-one!

## KITTY OF THE COWS.

When Kate gives the warning  
 For the milking in the morning,  
 E'en the cow known for horning comes running to her pail.  
 All the lambs they play about her,  
 And the little bonneens snout her,  
 While their parents they salute her wid a twist of the tail,  
 Just as if they said, "You darling, God bless you!"

When we rest from our labour,  
 And, neighbour wid neighbour,  
 Draw in from the sun to the shelter of the tree,  
 Wid the new milk and murphies  
 You come trippin' out to serve us,  
 All the boys' hearts beguillin', alanna machree!  
 While each one of us whispers, "God bless you!"

But there's one sweeter hour,  
 When the sun has lost his power  
 And the shadows they come creeping along the dewy land,  
 Then sweet Kitty I go stalking,  
 Till away we two are walking,  
 And 'tis pleasantly we're talking, wid my one hand in her hand  
 And the other slipped around her and welcome!

## KITTY OF THE COWS.

(Air from the Petrie Collection.)

Allegretto.

1. When

\*) little pigs

2. When we rest from our labour, And,

neighbour wid neighbour, Draw in from the sun to the shelter of the tree, Wid the

new milk and murphies\* You come trip-pin' out to serve us, All the

boys' hearts be - gui - lin', al - - an - na ma - chree! While each

one of us whispers, "God bless you!"

\* potatoes

*Più lento.*

3. But there's one sweeter hour, When the sun has lost his power And the

sha-dows they come creep-ing a - long, the de - wy land. Then sweet

Kit - ty I go stalk-ing, Till a - way we two are walk-ing, And 'tis

plea - sant - ly we're talk - ing, my one hand in her hand, And the

o - thers slipped a-round her and wel - come!

## THE KING'S CAVE.

---

Rash Son, return! Yon shores that dazzle  
 With glowing pleasaunce, glittering plain,  
 And crystal keep is not Hy-Brazil,  
 But some false phantom of the main.  
 And yon bright band thy vision meeting,  
 Their warbled welcome hither fleeting—  
 Oh, trust not to their siren greeting,  
 Oh, wave not, wave not back again.  
 But veil thine eyes from their entreating  
 And list not their enchanting strain.

O Sovran Sire, no cruel vision  
 Compels my curragh o'er the deep!  
 Yea, have we seen the land Elysian,  
 Hy-Brazil out of Ocean leap.  
 None ever knew it smiling nearer,  
 Or hearkened yet, a blessed hearer,  
 Its Virgin Chorus chanting clearer  
 O'er lulled Atlantic's cradled sleep.  
 That strain again! What psalm sincerer  
 From Angel harps to Earth could sweep.

With hand to brow the monarch hoary  
 Stood rapt upon the Western ray,  
 Till in a gulf of golden glory  
 The bright bark melted o'er the bay.  
 Then cracked the glass of calm asunder!  
 Then roared the cave the sea cliff under!  
 Then sprang to shore, with hoofs of thunder,  
 Mannanan's steeds of ghostly grey.  
 Yet ere the shock, a cry of wonder,  
 "Hy-Brazil's here!" rose far away.

# THE KING'S CAVE.

(An Arran Boatsong.)

Allegretto.

*mf*

1. "Rash Son, re-turn! Yon

*p*

shores that daz-zle With glow - ing plea - saunce, glitt' - ring plain, And

cry - stal keep is not Hy - Bra - zil, But some false phan - tom

of the main. And yon bright band thy vi - sion meet-ing, Their



*cresc.*

warb - led wel - come hith - er fleet - ing— Oh, trust not to their

*cresc.*

*pp*

si - ren greet - ing, Oh, wave not, wave not back a - gain. But

*p*

veil thine eyes from their en - treating And list not their en -

*mf*

chant - ing strain." 2. "O Sov - ran Sire, no

cru - el vi - sion Com - pels my cur - ragh o'er the deep! Yea,

have we seen the land E-ly-sian, Hy - Bra - zil\* out of O - cean leap. None

e - ver knew it smil - ing nearer, Or heark - end yet, a bles - sed hearer, Its

*cresc.*  
Vir - gin Chor - us chant - ing clearer O'er lull'd At - lan - tic's

*pp*  
cra - dled sleep. That strain a - gain! What psalm sin - ce - rer From

Ang - el harps to Earth could sweep?"

\* ) Hy-Brazil, or The Island of Brazil, no doubt suggested to the Arran Fishermen by the mirage, was the Irish Island of the Blest, and is to this day believed by some of them to have an actual existence. H. 2870

*Poco più lento.*

3. With hand to brow the monarch ho-a-ry Stood

rapt up-on the West-ern ray, Till in a gulf of gold-en glo-ry The

*f a tempo*  
bright bark melt-ed o'er the bay. Then crack'd the glass of

calm a-sun-der! Then roàrd the cave the sea-cliff un-der! Then

sprang to shore, with hoofs of thun-der,\* Mau - na - na's steeds of

ghost - ly grey. Yet

ere the shock, a cry of thun-der, "Hy - Bra - zil's here!" rose

far a - way.

\* The Neptune of the ancient Irish.

## LULLABY.

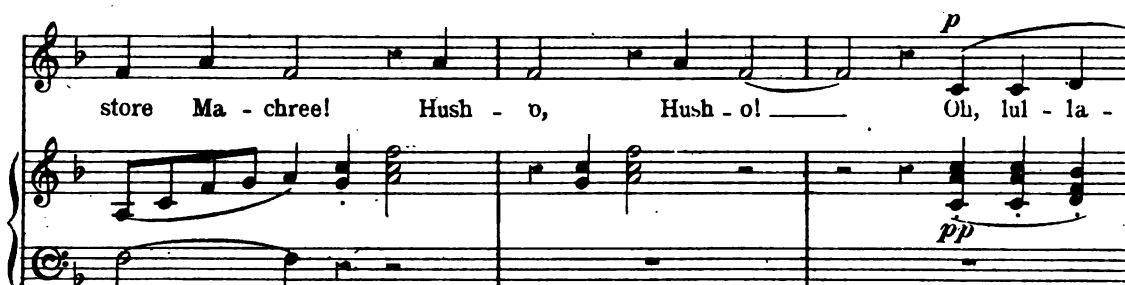
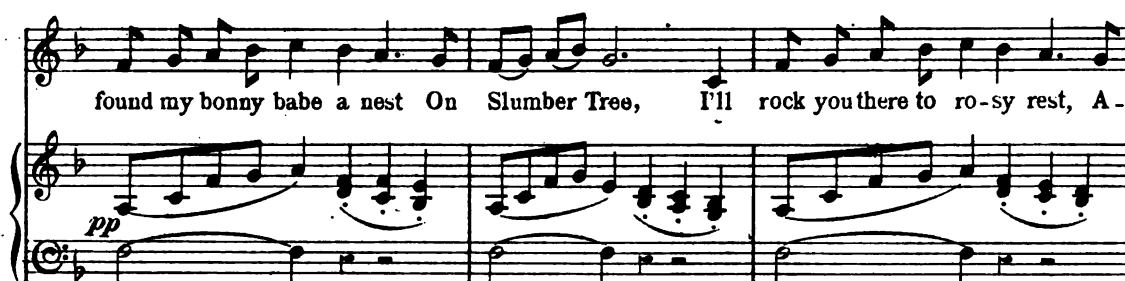
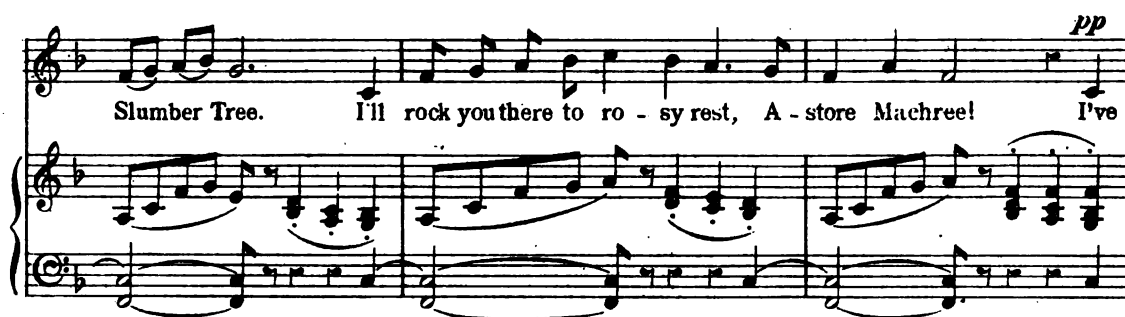
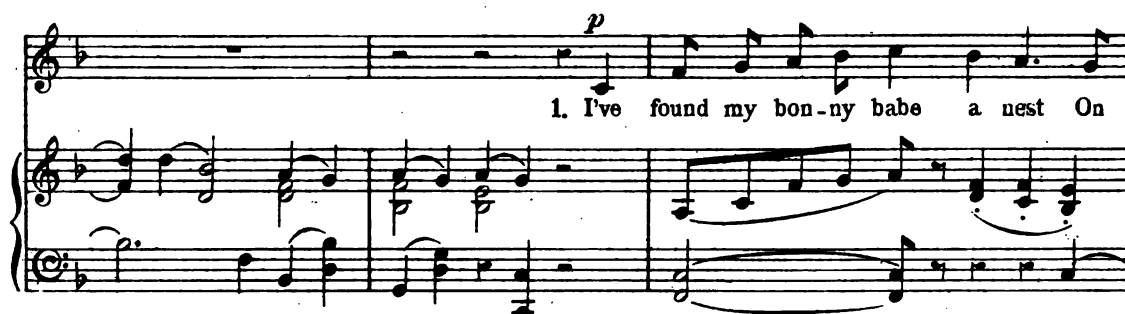
---

I've found my bounny babe a nest  
On Slumber Tree.  
I'll rock you there to rosy rest,  
Astore Machree!  
Oh, lulla lol sing all the leaves  
On Slumber Tree,  
Till everything that hurts or grieves  
Afar must flee.

I'd put my pretty child to float  
Away from me,  
Within the new moon's silver boat  
On Slumber Sea.  
And when your starry sail is o'er,  
From Slumber Sea,  
My precious one, you'll step to shore  
On Mother's knee.

## LULLABY.

Larghetto con moto.



1st! sing all the leaves On Slumber Tree, On Slumber

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are: "1st! sing all the leaves On Slumber Tree, On Slumber".

Tree, Till ev'-ry - thing that hurts or — grieves A - far must

This system contains the third and fourth staves. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "Tree, Till ev'-ry - thing that hurts or — grieves A - far must". A piano dynamic marking (*p*) is placed above the vocal staff.

flee, a - far must flee.

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "flee, a - far must flee." A piano dynamic marking (*pp*) is placed above the vocal staff.

2. I'd put my pret-ty child to float A - way from me, With-

This system contains the seventh and eighth staves. The vocal line begins with a second ending marked "2." and the lyrics: "2. I'd put my pret-ty child to float A - way from me, With-". A piano dynamic marking (*p*) is placed above the vocal staff, and a pianissimo marking (*pp*) is placed below the piano staff.

in the silver new moon's boat On Slumber Sea. I'd put my pretty child to float A -

This system contains the ninth and tenth staves. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "in the silver new moon's boat On Slumber Sea. I'd put my pretty child to float A -". A piano dynamic marking (*pp*) is placed above the vocal staff, and a pianissimo marking (*ppp*) is placed below the piano staff.

way from me With - in the silver new moon's boat On Slumber Sea. Hush -

ol Hush - o! And when your star - - - ry sail is

o'er From Slumber Sea, From Slumber Sea, My precious

one, you'll step to shore On Mother's knee, On Mother's

*pp rall.*

*colla parte*

knee. Hush-o! Hush-o!



## THE ALARM.

---

Hurry down, hurry down, hurry down ever,  
 From the wrack-ridden mountain and yellow, rushing river,  
 Stern horsemen and footmen with spear, axe and quiver,  
 Oh, hurry down, hurry down, your land to deliver.  
 Haste, oh haste, for in cruel might clustering  
 Far and near the fierce Nordman is mustering,  
 Haste, oh haste, or the daughters ye cherish,  
 The bride of your bosom shall far more than perish.

Lo! how he toils down that narrow pass yonder,  
 Ensnared by his spoils and oppressed by his plunder!  
 Flash on him, crash on him, God's fire and thunder!  
 And scatter and shatter his fell ranks asunder.  
 Oh, smite the wolf, ere he slinks from the slaughter,  
 Oh, rend the shark, ere he wins to deep water.  
 Pursue and hew him to pieces by the haven,  
 And feast with his red flesh the exulting sea raven.

*Suggested by Gerald Griffin's  
 War Song of O'Driscoll.*

# THE ALARM.

(Air. "Leatherbags Donnell.")

*Allegro molto.*

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line is primarily eighth notes. The piece begins with a forte (f) dynamic.

The first vocal line is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line is primarily eighth notes. The piece begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The lyrics are: "1. Hur-ry down, hur-ry down, hur-ry down e-ver, From the wrack-rid-den".

The second vocal line is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line is primarily eighth notes. The piece begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The lyrics are: "mountain and yel-low, rushing ri-ver, Stern horsemen and foot-men with".

The third vocal line is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line is primarily eighth notes. The piece begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The lyrics are: "spear, axe and qui-ver, Oh, hur-ry down, hur-ry down, your land to de-".

The fourth vocal line is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line is primarily eighth notes. The piece begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The lyrics are: "li-ver! Haste, oh haste, for in cru-el might clust'-ring".

Far and near the fierce Nord - man is must' - ring, Haste, oh

haste. — or the daughters ye che-rish, The brides of your bo - som shall

far more than pe - rish.

2. Lo! how he toils down that nar - row pass yon - der, En -

snares by his spoils and op - press'd by his plun - der! Flash on him,

*sf*  
crash on him, God's fire and thun-der! And scat-ter and shat-ter his

*sf sf*  
fell ranks a - sun - der. Oh, smite the wolf, ere he slinks from the

*sf sf*  
slaughter, Oh, rend the shark, ere he wins to deep wa-ter. Pur-

*sf sf rall.*  
sue and hew him to pie-ces by the ha-ven, And feast with his

*a tempo ff*  
red flesh the ex-ul-ting sea-ra-ven. Heigha! \_\_\_\_\_

## THE SONG OF THE FAIRY KING

---

Bright Queen of women, oh, come away,  
 Oh, come to my kingdom strange to see:  
 Where tresses flow with a golden glow;  
 And white as snow is the fair body.  
 Beneath the silky curtains of arching ebon brows,  
 Soft eyes of sunny azure the heart enthral,  
 A speech of magic songs to each rosy mouth belongs,  
 And sorrowful sighing can ne'er befall.

Oh bright are the blooms of thine own Innisfail  
 And green is her garland around the West;  
 But brighter flowers and greener bowers  
 Shall all be ours in that country blest.  
 Or can her streams compare to the runnels rich and rare  
 Of slow yellow honey and swift red wine,  
 That softly slip to the longing lip  
 With magic flow through that land of mine?

We roam the earth in its grief and mirth,  
 But move unseen of all therein;  
 For before their gaze there hangs the haze,  
 The heavy haze of their mortal sin.  
 But oh! our age it wastes not; for our beauty tastes not  
 Of Evil's tempting apple and droops and dies.  
 Cold death shall slay us never but for ever and for ever  
 Love's stainless ardours shall illumine our eyes.

Then, Queen of women, oh, come away,  
 Far, far away to my fairy throne,  
 To my realm of rest in the magic West,  
 Where sin and sorrow are all unknown.

# THE SONG OF THE FAIRY KING.

(Air: "The Song of Una"\*)

Larghetto.

\* Petrie describes this melody as 'very ancient'.

arching e-bon brows, Soft eyes of sun-ny a-zure the

heart enthrall, A speech of magic songs to each ro-sy mouth be-longs, And

sor-rowful sigh-ing can ne'er be-fall.

2. Oh bright are the blooms of thine

own In-nis-fail And green is her gar-landa-round the West; But

bright - - er flow - ers and green - - er bow'rs Shall

all be ours in that coun-try blest. Or can her streams compare to the

run-nels rich and rare Of slow yel - low ho - ney and

swift red wine, That soft - - ly slip to the

long - ing lip With ma - gic flow through that land of mine?



*poco cresc.*

3. We roam — the earth in its

*pp*

grief — and mirth, But move — un — seen of all therein; For be —

*pp*

fore — their gaze there hangs the haze, The hea — vy haze of their

mor — tal sin. But oh! our age it wastes not; for our beauty tastes not Of

*poco cresc.*

E — vil's tempting ap — ple and droops and dies; Cold

*dimp.*

*cresc.*

death shall slay us nev-er, but for ev-er and for ev-er Love's

*cresc.*

stain - - less ar-dours shall il - lume our eyes.

*dim.*

*pp*

Then, Queen of wo-men, oh, come a-way, Far,

*pp*

far a-way to my fai-ry throne, To my realm of rest in the

*poco più lento*

ma-gic West, Where sin and sor-row are all un-known.

*rall.*

*rit.*

## CLARE'S DRAGOONS.

---

When on Ramillies' bloody field  
 The baffled French were forc'd to yield,  
 The victor Saxon backward reel'd  
     Before the charge of Clare's men.  
 The flags we conquer'd in that fray  
 Look lone in Ypres choir they say:  
 We'll win them company to-day  
 Or bravely die, like Clare's men.

Vive la! for Ireland's wrong,  
     And vive la! for Ireland's right,  
 Vive la! in battle throng  
     For a Spanish steed and sabre.

Another Clare is here to lead,  
 The worthy son of such a breed,  
 The French expect some famous deed  
     When Clare leads on his warriors.  
 Our Colonel comes from Brian's race,  
 His wounds are in his breast and face,  
 The gap of danger's still his place,—  
     The foremost of his Squadron.

Vive la! for Ireland's wrong,  
     And vive la! for Ireland's right,  
 Vive la! in battle throng  
     For a Spanish steed and sabre.

Oh, comrades think how Ireland pines  
     For exiled lords, and rifled shrines,—  
 Her dearest hope the ordered lines  
     And bursting charge of Clare's men.  
 Then fling your green flag to the sky,  
     Be Limerick your battle cry,  
 And charge till blood floats fetlock high  
 Around the track of Clare's men.

Vive la! for Ireland's wrong,  
 Vive la! for Ireland's right,  
     Vive la! in battle throng  
 For a Spanish steed and sabre.

THOMAS DAVIS.

*Condensed from his "Clare's Dragoons" by A.P.G.*

# CLARE'S DRAGOONS.

121

(Air: "Vive là!")

Allegro alla Marcia.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked 'Allegro alla Marcia'. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, both in a key of two flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor).

The first system of the vocal melody begins with the lyrics "1. When on Ra-mil-lies' blood-y field The". The melody is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line.

The second system of the vocal melody continues with the lyrics "baf-fled French were forc'd to yield, The vic-tor Sax-on back-ward ree'l'd Be-". The melody is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line.

The third system of the vocal melody continues with the lyrics "fore the charge of Clare's men. The flags we con-quer'd in that fray Look". The melody is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line.

The fourth system of the vocal melody concludes with the lyrics "lone in Y-pres' choir they say. We'll win them com-pan-". The melody is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line.

## CHORUS.

y to day Or brave-ly die, like Clare's men: Vi - ve là! for

Ire-land's wrong, Vi - ve là! for Ire-land's right, And Vi - ve là! in

bat - tle throng For a Span-ish steed and sa - bre.

2. An - - oth - er Clare is

here to lead, The worth-y son of such a breed, The French expect some

fa - mous deed, When Clare leads on his war - riors. Our Colo-nel comes from

Bri - an's race, His wounds are in his breast and face, The gap of danger's

still his place, The fore-most of his Squa - dron. **CHORUS.** Vi - ve là! for

Ire-land's wrong, Vi - ve là! for Ire-land's right, And vi - ve là! in

bat - tle thron'g For a Span - ish steed and sa - bre.

3. Oh, com-rades think how Ire - land pines For

ex - iled lords and rif - led shrines, Her dear - est hope the

*poco a poco cresc.*

or - dered lines And burst - ing charge of Clare's men. Then

fling your green flag to the sky, Be Li - me - rick your

bat - tle cry, And charge till blood floats fet - lock high A -

*ff* CHORUS.

round the track of Clare's men. Vi - ve là! for Ire - land's wrong,

Vi - ve là! for Ire - land's right, And Vi - ve là! in bat - tle throng For a

Span - ish steed and sa - bre.



## THE BOWER IN MY BREAST.

---

I once loved a boy who would come and go,  
Whenever I made my request;  
Till, the truth for to tell, I loved him so well  
That I built him a bower in my breast,  
In my breast,  
A bower of green hope in my breast.

But the times grew so black, that at last he should sail  
His fortune to seek in the West.  
Long sorry was I to bid him good-bye;  
For I'd built him a bower in my breast,  
In my breast,  
A bower of green hope in my breast.

O his letters were loving, his letters were long,  
That came floating far out of the West.  
Then cold, short and few they turned, wistful and true!  
And good-bye to the bower in my breast,  
In my breast,  
The bower of green hope in my breast.

*Founded on an old song.*

# THE BOWER IN MY BREAST.

(Air. "I once loved a boy.")

Allegretto.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. The first system is an instrumental introduction for the piano, marked *mf* and *p*, with a first ending bracket. The second system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics "once loved a boy who would come and go, When - e'er - I". The third system continues the melody with "made my re - quest; Till, the truth for to tell, - I -". The fourth system continues with "loved him so well That I built him a bow'r in my breast, -". The fifth system concludes with "A bow'r of green hope in my breast." The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support throughout, with various dynamics like *mf*, *p*, and *f* indicated.

once loved a boy who would come and go, When - e'er - I

made my re - quest; Till, the truth for to tell, - I -

loved him so well That I built him a bow'r in my breast, -

A bow'r of green hope in my breast.

H. 2870

★ Another air with the same name has been noted in Ireland. It is in the minor key and the melody is totally different. The similarity of the rhythm suggests that both airs were settings of the same words.

2. But

times grew so bad, that at last he should sail His fortune to

seek in the West. Long sor-ry was I to

bid him good - bye; For I'd built him a bow'r in my breast,—

A bow'r of green hope in my breast.

3. Oh, his

let - ters were lov - ing, his letters were long, That floated far

out of the West. Then cold, short, and few — they

turn'd, wir - ras - thruel And good - bye to the bow'r in my breast, —

The bow'r of green hope in my breast. —

## MARCHING TO CANDAHAR.

---

Marching, forced marching,  
     At stretch of speed, so strong the need,  
 Marching, forced marching  
     And Bobs himself to lead.  
 Horse, foot and gun at call,  
 Like wool upon a ball,  
     'Tis in and out and round about  
 He winds and binds us all.

Marching and marching,  
     For weeke and weeks, o'er moors and peaks;  
 Marching and outmarching  
     Ten thousand grand old Greeks.  
 Till Xenophon's harangues  
 Of stades and parasangs,  
     By all the powers this march of ours  
 To Banagher it bangs.

Marching and marching,  
     So swift and far by sun and star!  
 Oh, marching and marching  
     Away for Candahar.  
 They say she's sore beset,  
 But through the Afghan net  
     We boys will break, and no mistake,  
 And save the city yet.

# MARCHING TO CANDAHAR.

Air from the Petrie Collection.

Moderato alla Marcia.

The piano introduction consists of two measures. The first measure features a treble clef with a whole note G4 and a bass clef with a whole note G2. The second measure continues with a treble clef whole note A4 and a bass clef whole note G2. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor).

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a *mf* dynamic and the lyrics "1. March - ing, forced march - ing, At stretch of speed, so strong the need;—". The piano accompaniment starts with a *p* dynamic. Both parts are in 4/4 time.

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "March - ing, forced march - ing, Our chief him-self to lead. Horse,". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "foot and gun at call, Like wool up - on a ball, 'Tis". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

The fourth system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "in and out and round a - bout He winds and binds us all." The piano accompaniment concludes with the same rhythmic pattern.

2. March - ing and march - ing, For

weeks and weeks, o'er moors and peaks; March - ing, out - march - ing Ten

thou - sand grand old Greeks; Till — Xe - noph - on's harangues Of

stades and pa - ra - sangs, By — all the pow'rs; this march of ours To

Ban - agh - er it bangs.

*mf*  
s. March - ing and march - ing, So swift and far by sun and star! Oh,

*p staccato*

march - ing and march - ing A - way for Can - da - har. They—

*cresc.*  
say she's sore be - set, But thro' the Af - ghan net We—

boys will break, and no mis - take, And save the cit - y yet.



## THE QUERN SONG.

---

Maids, at morn, grind the good corn  
 Each in her mill with a will!  
 In go the oats, wheat and pearly barley,  
 Down in a shower falls the flour.

### CHORUS.

Winding strong, grinding all day long,  
 Round and round goes the mill;  
 Grinding turn-about, till the meal is out,  
 Must never, never be still.

Those hands that are strongest  
 Will find a welcome here,  
 And they who work the longest  
 Shall earn the best cheer.

### CHORUS.

Those hands that are strongest  
 Will find a welcome here,  
 And they who work the longest  
 Shall earn the best cheer.  
 Winding strong, grinding all day long,  
 Round and round goes the mill,  
 Grinding, turn-about, till the meal is out  
 Must never, never stand still.

*Adapted from an old Song.*

# THE QUERN TUNE.

(Air from Horncastle's Irish Entertainment.)

Andante moderato.

Maids, at morn grind the good corn

Each in her mill with a will, In go the oats,

Wheat and pear-ly barley, Down in a show'r falls the flour.

CHORUS. -  
Wind - ing strong, grind-ing all day long, Round, round and

round goes the mill, Grind-ing turn a - bout, till the meal is out must

*cresc.*

ne - ver, ne - ver be still.

*f*

SOLO.

Those hands that are strong - est will find a wel - come

*p*

here, And they who work the long - est shall

*b2*

CHORUS.

earn the best cheer, best cheer. Those hands that are

*f*

strong - - est will find a wel - come here, And

they who work the long - est shall earn the best

cheer. CHORUS. Wind - ing strong, grinding all day long,

Round, round and round goes the mill, Grinding turn a - bout, till the meal is out must

ne - ver. ne - ver be still.

## I SHALL NOT DIE FOR LOVE OF THEE.

---

O Woman, shapely as the swan,  
 Shall I turn wan for looks from thee?  
 Nay bend those blue love-darting eyes  
 On men unwise, they wound not me.  
 Red lips and ripe and rose soft cheek,  
 Shall limbs turn weak and colour flee,  
 And languorous grace and foam white form,  
 Shall still blood storm because of ye?

Thy slender waist, thy cool of gold  
 In ringlets rolled around thy knee,  
 Thy scented sighs and looks of flame  
 They shall not tame my spirit free.  
 For, Woman, shapely as the swan,  
 A wary man hath nurtured me;  
 White neck and arm, bright lip and eye,  
 I shall not die for love of ye.

*From the Gaelic.*

## I SHALL NOT DIE FOR LOVE OF THEE.

(Air: "The black-haired maid of the valley".)

Andante.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked 'Andante.' The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with dynamics *p* and *pp*. The voice enters with the lyrics '1. O Wo - man, shape - ly as the swan, Shall I turn wan for looks from thee? Nay - bend those blue love - dar - ling eyes On men un - wise, they wound not me. Red'. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line, often with arpeggiated chords. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4.

*p* *pp*

*mp*

1. O Wo - man, shape - ly as the swan, Shall

I turn wan for looks from thee? Nay - bend those blue love -

dar - ling eyes On men un - wise, they wound not me. Red

*cresc.* lips and ripe, and rose - soft cheek, Shall limbs turn weak and *dim.*

co - lour flee, And langourous grace and foam - white form, Shall still blood storm be -

*cresc.*

cause of ye?

*mp* 2. Thy slen - der waist, thy cool of gold In ring - lets roll'd a -

round thy knee, Thy scen - ted sighs and looks of flame, They shall not tame my

*cresc.* *dim.*

spir - it free. For, Wo - man, shapely as the swan, A war - y man hath

*cresc.*

nurtured me; White neck and arm, bright lip and eye, I shall not die for

love of thee.

*rall.*

O Wo - man, shape-ly as the swan, I shall not die for

*colla parte*

*a tempo*

love of thee.



## O'DONNELL'S MARCH.

---

Oh! have you heard the tidings?  
 Limerick's aflame,  
 Kerry and the Ridings  
 Out in Red Hugh's name:  
 Till chiefs so lately mocking  
 Around his flag are flocking  
 And Dublin's towers are rocking  
 At O'Donnell's fame.

The rain it ran in fountains,  
 Then there fell such frost,  
 That Slieve Phelim's mountains  
 Swift as fire he crossed.  
 Past every Saxon Warder  
 He's broke the Southern Border,  
 And struck in battle order  
 Mountjoy's startled host.

Then hail to Hugh O'Donnell!  
 Hail, Clan Donnell, hail!  
 Out of far Tyrconnell  
 Hosting to Kinsale!  
 Oh, heroes of Blackwater,  
 Stay not your swords of slaughter,  
 Until your foes ye scatter  
 Headlong through the Pale.

# O' DONNELL'S MARCH.

(Air: "The brown little Mallet")

*Allegretto molto marcato.*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked *Allegretto molto marcato*. It begins with a treble clef staff containing a whole rest. The piano accompaniment starts on the second staff with a piano (*p*) dynamic, featuring a series of eighth-note chords and single notes in both hands.

The first vocal entry begins on the third staff. The melody is in the treble clef, starting with a half rest followed by a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "1. Oh! have you heard the tidings? Li-merick's a -".

The second vocal entry continues the melody on the third staff. The piano accompaniment continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "flame, Ker-ry and the Ridings Out in Red Hugh's name: Till".

The third vocal entry continues the melody on the third staff. The piano accompaniment continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "chiefs so lately mock - ing A - round his flag are flock - ing, And".

Dublin's towers are rocking At O' Donnell's fame.

2. The rain it ran in

fountains, Then there fell such frost That Slieve Phelim's mountains

Swift as fire he crossed. Past ev'-ry Sa-xon war-der He's

broke the Southern Bord-er, And struck in bat-tle or-der

Mount-joy's startled host. 3. Then

*p* *dim.*

hail to Hugh O' Donnell! Hail, Clan Donnell, hail! Out of far Tyr-

*p* *cresc.*

connell Host-ing to Kin - sale! O — heroes of Black-

*sf*

wat - er, Stay not your swords of slaughter, Un - til your foes ye scatter

Head-long through the Pale.

*ff* *sf* *fff*

## THE DEATH OF OSCAR.

---

I sought my own son over Gowra's black field,  
Where the host of the Fians was shattered,  
Where fell all our mighty ones, and helmet and shield  
O'er the red earth lay shamefully scattered.  
I sought my own Oscar and my proud heart upleaped,  
As at last on a lone ridge I found him,  
His stern hand still clinging to the sword that had reaped  
Swathe on swathe of the dead foes around him.

He held out his arms, though the drear mist of death  
Had begun o'er his bright eyes to gather.  
"I thank God," he faltered with his failing breath,  
"That thou still art unhurt, Oh, my father!"  
Then down, down I knelt by my heart's dearest one,  
All else beside him forgetting;  
Till Oscar's proud spirit passed forth like the sun  
In a red sea of glory setting.

*From the Gaelic.*

# THE DEATH OF OSCAR.

(Air: The Dirge of Ossian.)

Adagio solenne.

1. I sought my own son o - ver

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Adagio solenne'. The lyrics '1. I sought my own son o - ver' are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes dynamic markings like *mf* and *p*.

Gow - ra's black field, Where the host of the Fi - ans was

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics 'Gow - ra's black field, Where the host of the Fi - ans was' are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a *mf* dynamic marking.

shat - - ter'd, Where fell all our migh - ty ones, and

The third system of the musical score. The lyrics 'shat - - ter'd, Where fell all our migh - ty ones, and' are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a *p* dynamic marking.

helmet and shield O'er the red earth lay shame-ful - ly scat - ter'd. I

The fourth system of the musical score. The lyrics 'helmet and shield O'er the red earth lay shame-ful - ly scat - ter'd. I' are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a *f* dynamic marking.

sought my own Oscar, and my proud heart up-leap'd As at last on a lone ridge I

*p* *mf*

found him, His stern hand still clinging to the sword that had reap'd Swathe on

swathe of the dead foes a-round him.

*p* *col Ped.*

2. He held out his arms, though the

*pp*

drear mist of death Had be-gun o'er his bright eyes to

ga - - - ther. *pp* "I thank God," he fal - ter'd with

his fail - ing breath, *poco* "That thou art un - hurt, Oh, my

fa - - - ther." Then down, down I knelt by my heart's dearest one, All *poco*

else beside him for - get - - ting, Till Os - car's proud spir - it pass'd *cresc.*

forth like the sun In a red sea of glo - ry set - ting. *cresc.*



# ONE AT A TIME

or Daniel Whitty.

(Air. She hung her petticoat up to dry.)

As she sat spinning beside her door,  
 Sweet Kitty Kelly of Farranfore,  
 In dropped, as often he'd done before,  
     Ned Byrne, the young Schoolmaster.  
 He took the seat that she signed him to  
 And then that same to her side he drew,  
 When up there hurried big Tom McHugh  
     Who lived by lath and plaster.  
 He took the seat that Miss Kate supplied  
 And drew that same to her other side  
 "Now do spake one at a time", she cried,  
     And we'll get on the faster.

Says Ned, "Miss. Kelly, but don't you see,  
 My business needs but yourself and me!"  
 "Then since, at present at least, we're three,  
     'Twill have to wait", says Kitty.  
 "Now, Tom Mc Hugh, 'tis your turn to start!"  
 "Well then, Miss Kitty, first come apart!"  
 "And hurt poor Ned to the very heart!  
     Your selfish plans I pity."  
 But since I've guessed what you're both about,  
 P'raps now 'tis best not to lave you in doubt;  
 So here's the whole of the murder out —  
     I'm promised to Daniel Whitty.

## ONE AT A TIME

or Daniel Whitty.

(Air. She hung her petticoat up to dry.)

Allegretto vivace.

The first system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic, featuring a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The system concludes with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and the instruction "1. As".

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "she sat spinning be- side her door, Sweet Kit - ty Kel-ly of Far - ranfore, In". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "dropped, as of - ten he'd done be-fore, Ned Byrne, the young Schoolmaster. He". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The system concludes with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "took the seat that she signed him to And then that same to her side he drew, When". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The system concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

up there hurried big Tom Mc Hugh Who lived by lath and plaster. He

took the seat that Miss Kate supplied And drew that same to her oth-er side, "Now

do speak one at a time," she cried, "And we'll get on the fast-er."

*mf*  
Says Ned, "Miss Kel-ly, but don't you see, My

business needs but your-self and me." "Then since, at present at least, we're three, 'Twill

*f*  
have to wait," says Kit - ty. "Now, Tom McHugh, 'tis your turn to start." "Well

*p*  
then, Miss Kit - ty, first come apart?" "And hurt poor Ned to the ver - y heart! Your

*f*  
self - ish plans I pi - ty. But since I've guessed what you're both ab - out, Pr'aps

now tis best not to lave you in doubt, So here's the whole of the mur - der out - I'm

promised to Daniel Whit - ty?"

## RODDY MORE THE ROVER.

---

Of all the rovin' Jacks that e'er to Farranfore came over  
 As paramount I'd surely count ould Roddy More the Rover;  
 Wid steeple hat and stiff cravat and nate nankeen knee breeches  
 And on his back a pedlar's pack just rowlin' o'er wid riches.

[For so it was when o'er the hill his coat-tails they'd come flyin',  
 The sharpest tongue of all was still, the crossest child quit cryin',  
 Ould women even left their tay, ould men their glass of toddy,  
 An' spoon in hand, a welcome grand would wave and wave to Roddy.]

Then when his treasures he'd unlade in view of all the village,  
 In from her milkin' ran the maid, each boy from out the tillage,  
 The while the rogue, in each new vogue, the lasses he'd go drapin',  
 Until their lads his ribbons, plaids and rings had no escapin'.

Now whist your noise and take your toys, cried he, "My darlin' childer;  
 Or my best ballads wid your prate ye'll woefully bewilder."  
 Then his "Come-all-ye's" he'd advance wid such a fine comether  
 That you might say he took away your sinse and pince together.

[But there! of all the roamin' jacks that trass the counthry over,  
 For paramount I'd ever count ould Roddy More the Rover.  
 For deed an' I believe that when his sperrit parts his body,  
 If he's allowed, he'll draw a crowd in Heaven itself, will Roddy.]

## RODDY MORE THE ROVER.

(Air. The brisk young barber.)

Allegretto.

*mf*

Of

all the rov - in' Jacks that e'er to Far - rau-fore came o - ver For

pa - ramount I'd sure - ly count ould, Rod - dy More, the Ro - ver, Wid

stee - ple hat and stiff cra - vat and nate nan - keen knee - bree - ches, And

on his back a ped - lar's pack just row - lin' o'er wid ri - ches.

*mf*

Then

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand, with a steady bass line in the left hand.

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "when his trea-sures he'd un-lade in view of all the vil-lage, In". The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern, with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) at the beginning.

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "from her milk-in' ran each maid, each boy from out the til-lage; The". The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic rhythmic pattern.

The fourth system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "while the rogue in each new vogue the las-ses he'd go dra-pin' Un-". The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic rhythmic pattern.

The fifth system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "til their lads his rib-bons, plaids and rings had no es-ca-pin:". The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic rhythmic pattern.

*mf*

"Now

The first system of music shows a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature has one sharp (F#), indicating G major. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. The piano accompaniment consists of a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler eighth-note pattern in the left hand.

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has the lyrics "whisht your noise and take your toys!" Says he, "my dar - lin' chil - der, Or". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note patterns, with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking at the beginning.

The third system of music features the vocal line with the lyrics "my best bal - lads wid your prate ye'll woe - ful - ly be - wil - der." Then. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note accompaniment.

The fourth system shows the vocal line with the lyrics "his 'Come-all - ye's' hed advance wid such a fine co - meth - er, That". The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.

The fifth system of music features the vocal line with the lyrics "you might say he took a - way your sinse and pince to - geth - er." The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.

The sixth system of music shows the vocal line with a final note and a fermata. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord and a fermata. The key signature remains G major.



## TROTTIN' TO THE FAIR.

---

Trottin' to the fair  
 Me and Moll Molony,  
 Seated I declare  
 On a single pony.  
 How am I to know that  
 Molly's safe behind,  
 With our heads in oh, that  
 Awk'ard way inclined?  
 By her gentle breathin'  
 Whisper'd past my ear,  
 And her white arms wreathin'  
 Warm around me here.

Thus on Dobbin's back  
 I discoursed the darling,  
 Till upon our track  
 Leaped a mongrel snarling,  
 Ah! says Moll I'm frightened  
 That the pony'll start—  
 And her hands she tightened  
 Round my happy heart;  
 Till I axed her, "May I  
 Steal a kiss or so?"  
 And my Molly's grey eye  
 Did n't answer no.

# TROTTIN' TO THE FAIR.

(Air. Will you take a flutter.)

*Allegretto.*

*mp*

1. Trotting to the fair

*p stacc.*

*p*

Me and Moll Mo-lo - - ny, Seated I de-clare On a single po - ny,

How am I to know that Mol-ly's safe be-hind With our

heads in oh, that Awk - 'ard awk - 'ard way in - clined?

*poco rit.*

*colla parte*

*p a tempo*

By her gen-tle breathin' Whisper'd past my ear,

*p*

And her white arms wreathin' Warm a-round me here.

*cresc.* *f*

*dim.*

*mp*

2. Thus on Dob-bin's back I discoursed the dar-ling,

*p*

Till up-on our track Leaped a mon-grel snarl-ing.

Ah! says Moll I'm frightened, frightened That the po - ny'll start\_ And her

hands she tight - ened, tight - ened Round my hap - py heart;

*poco rit.*

*colla parte*

*p a tempo*

Till I axed her, "May I Steal a kiss or so?"

*p*

And my Mol-ly's grey eye Did't an - swer no.

*cresc.*

*f*

*dim.*

*p*

## LIKE A STONE IN THE STREET.

---

I'm left all alone like a stone at the side of the street,  
With no kind "good day" on the way from the many I meet.  
Still with looks cold and high they go by, not one brow now unbends,  
None holds out his hand of the band of my fairweather friends.

They help'd me to spend to its end all my fine shining store,  
They drank to my health and my wealth till both were no more.  
And now they are off with a scoff as they leave me behind,  
"When you've ate the rich fruit, underfoot with the bare bitter rind."

There's rest deep and still on yon hill by our old Chapel's side,  
Where I laid you long ago, to my woe, my young one-year's bride.  
Then o'chonel for relief from my grief into madness I flew.  
Would to God ere that day in the clay I'd been cover'd with you.

## LIKE A STONE IN THE STREET.

*Lento.* *mp*

1. I'm

left all a - lone like a stone at the side of the street, With

no kind "good day" on the way from the ma - ny I meet. Still with

looks cold and high they go by, not one brow now un - bends, None

holds out his hand of the band of my fair - wea - ther friends.

*dim.* *p*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Lento.' and a dynamic of 'mp'. The first system shows the vocal melody starting with '1. I'm' and the piano accompaniment. The second system contains the lyrics 'left all a - lone like a stone at the side of the street, With'. The third system continues with 'no kind "good day" on the way from the ma - ny I meet. Still with'. The fourth system has 'looks cold and high they go by, not one brow now un - bends, None'. The fifth system concludes with 'holds out his hand of the band of my fair - wea - ther friends.' and ends with a 'p' dynamic marking.

*mp*  
2. They help'd me to

spend to its end all my fine shi - ning store, They drank to my

*cresc.*  
health and my wealth, till both were no more. And

*cresc.*  
now they are off with a scoff as they leave me be - hind; "When you've

ate the rich fruit, un - der - foot with the bare bit - ter rind."

*mp*  
3. There's rest deep and

*sotto voce*  
still on yon hill by our old Cha-pel's side, Where I laid you long a -

*pp*

*cresc.*  
go, to my woe, my young one - year's bride. Then och - one! for re -

*mp*

*appassionato*  
lief from my grief in - to mad - ness I flew — Would to

*cresc.*

*rall. e dim.*  
God ere that day in the clay I'd been co - ver'd with you.

*colla parte*  
*dim.*



## THE DAUGHTER OF THE ROCK.

---

As on Killarney's bosom blue  
 We lay with lifted oars,  
 He challenged with his clarion true  
 The silent shores.  
 And straight from off her mountain throne  
 The Daughter of the Rock  
 Took up that challenge, tone by tone,  
 With airy mock.  
 And twice and thrice from hill to hill  
 She tossed it o'er the heather,  
 Then drew the notes with one wild thrill  
 Together.  
 Like pearls of silver dew  
 From a fragrant purple flower,  
 Echo's secret heart into  
 They shower.

We floated on and ever on  
 With many a warbled tune,  
 Until above the water wan  
 Awoke the moon.  
 Then with a sudden, strange surprise  
 A clearer challenge came  
 From out his eager lips, and eyes  
 Of ardent flame.  
 Like Echo answering his horn,  
 At first I mocking met him;  
 Till lest e'en counterfeited scorn  
 Should fret him.  
 From all my heart strings caught,  
 Faint as Echo's closing stress,  
 Stole the answer that he sighing sought,  
 Love's low yes.

# THE DAUGHTER OF THE ROCK.

(Air. Sir Muddin dum da Man.)

Andante.

*mf*

1. As

toss'd it o'er the heath-er, Then drew the notes with one wild thrill To -

geth - er, Like pearls of sil-ver dew From a fragrant pur-ple flower, Echo's

se - cret heart in - to They show - er.

2. We floated on and e - ver on With many a warbled tune, Un -

til a - bove the wa - ters wan A - woke the moon; Then

with a sud - den, strange sur - prise A clea - rer chal - lenge came From

out his eager lips and eyes Of ar - dent flame. Like E - cho answering his horn, At

first I mocking met him, Till lest e'en coun - ter - fei - ted scorn Should

fret him, From all my heart strings caught. Faint as Echo's closing stress, Stole the

answer that he sighing sought, Love's low yes.

## THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

---

And is he coming home today  
 Who all these years has ranged?  
 And will he be the same to me,  
 Although I so have changed.  
 The same again, the same as when  
 At first he courting came  
 And looked me through with eyes so blue—  
 Ah, will he be the same?

I would have dressed in all my best;  
 He'd have me wear my worst,  
 The faded gown of homespun brown  
 In which I met him first.  
 My woman's heart would have me smart;  
 I'm but a woman still.  
 Yet bide, gay gown, come, old one, down;  
 Let Donal have his will.

The Southern Star has fetched the Bar,  
 She's signalled from the land.  
 Quick, little Donal, to my arms!  
 Now on my shoulder stand!  
 There, there she sails! He's at the rails.  
 For joy my eyes run o'er.  
 Wave, little lad, to your own dad!  
 Aye, 'tis himself once more.

# THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

171

(Air. The Kerry Boys.)

Andante.

*mf*

1. And

The first system of musical notation for 'The Sailor's Bride'. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G2, a half note F2, and a half note E2. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'is he com-ing home a - gain Who all these years has ranged? And'. The piano accompaniment features a flowing eighth-note pattern. The dynamic is 'mf'.

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'will he be the same to me, Al - though I so have changed? The'. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern. The dynamic is 'pp'.

The fourth system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'same a - gain, the same as when At first he courting came, And'. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern. The dynamic is 'poco rit.' and 'colla parte'.

The fifth system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'look'd me thro' with eyes so blue— Ah, will he be the same?'. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern.

*mf*  
2.1

would have drest in all my best, He'd have me wear my worst, The

*pp*  
faded gown of homespun brown, In which he saw me first. My

*poco rit.*  
woman's heart would have me smart, I'm but a woman still; But  
*colla parte*

bide, gay gown; come, old one, down! Let Donal have his will!

*mf* Più  
"The

*cresc.* *mf*

*mosso.*

Sou - thern Star" has fetched the bar! She's sig - nalled from the land.

Quick, lit - tle Don - al, to my arms! Now on my shoul - der stand! There,

there she sails! He's at the rails! For joy my eyes run o'er.

*Più lento.*

Wave, lit - tle lad, to your own dad! Aye, 'tis him - self once more.

*colla parte*

*fine*



## THE RIDDLE.

---

2<sup>nd</sup> Voice.

Raise us a riddle as spinning we sit.

1<sup>st</sup> Voice.

P'raps I have one that your fancy will fit.

2<sup>nd</sup> Voice.

Come, then, advance it with all of your wit.

1<sup>st</sup> Voice.

Some have got the barley showin',

Some a purty patch of oats,

Others just the pratees growin',

With a mountain side for goats.

Come with me through meadows flow'ry

Up where furze and heather blow,

If my secret golden dowry,

Lasses, you would like to know.

2<sup>nd</sup> Voice.

Surely hid treasure is in your head.

1<sup>st</sup> Voice.

Wrongly my riddle this time you have read.

2<sup>nd</sup> Voice:

Come, give us hold of a stronger thread.

1<sup>st</sup> Voice.

How is this my herds can utter

Of themselves the milk all day,

Churn and turn it into butter

Faix and firkin it safe away.

Kerry cows upon their brows

Bear a pair of branching horns;

But my kind they wear behind

One, only one, like Unicorns.

2<sup>nd</sup> Voice.

Ah, then, your herds are the bees on the height.

1<sup>st</sup> Voice.

'Deed and this time you've guessed aright.

2<sup>nd</sup> Voice.

Pleasant the riddle you put us to-night.

# THE RIDDLE.

(Spinning Wheel Song.)  
(Air. I send you the floating tribute.)

DA

*Allegro moderato.*

The piano introduction consists of two measures. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes in a descending scale, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 8/8.

*mf* (Chorus or 2nd Voice.)

1. Raise us a . rid-dle as

*dim.* *p*

The first vocal line (Chorus or 2nd Voice) begins with a half rest followed by a half note. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth-note patterns. Dynamics include *mf*, *dim.*, and *p*.

SOLO.

*mf* 1st Voice.

spinn - ing we sit. P'raps I have one that your

The solo vocal line (1st Voice) begins with a half note. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth-note patterns. The dynamic is *mf*.

*f* CHORUS.

fan - cy will fit. Come then ad - vance it with

*f*

The chorus vocal line begins with a half note. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth-note patterns. The dynamic is *f*.

all of your wit.

The final vocal line begins with a half note. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth-note patterns.

## SOLO.

Some have got the bar - ley show - in', Some a pur - ty

patch of oats, O - - thers just the pra - tees grow - in',

With a moun - tain - side for goats. Come with me thro'

mea - dows flow' - ry, Up where furze and heath - er blow,

If my se - - cret gold - - en dow - ry, Las - ses, you would

like to know.

*mf* (Chorus or 2nd Voice.)  
2. Sure - ly hid trea - sure is in — your head.

SOLO.  
*mf* 1st Voice.  
Wrong - ly my rid - dle this time you have read.

CHORUS.  
Come, give us hold of a stron - ger thread.

SOLO.  
How is this my herds can ut - ter Of them - selves the

milk all day, Churn and turn it

in - - to but - - ter, Faix — and firk - in it

safe — a - way. Ker - - ry cows up - -

on their brows — Bear a pair — of

branch - ing horns, But my kind they wear be - hind One.

on - - ly one, like un - i - corns. \_\_\_\_\_

*f* CHORUS.  
Ah! then your herds are the

SOLO.  
bees on the height. 'Deed and this time — you've

*f* CHORUS.  
guessed a - right. Plea-sant the rid - dle you put us to - night. \_\_\_\_\_

## I PRAY YOU BE PATIENT.

---

Mourn not beyond measure, my long absent lover,  
These eyes dim with watching, this trouble-pale mouth,  
As for you they have faded for you they'll recover —  
Your violets, your roses, refreshed after drouth.

Yet I pray you be patient, for, oh, I am tired,  
Too tired, too tired to be closely caressed;  
So take me and soothe me, my love long desired,  
As a mother would lay her own child on her breast.

So long I have starved, oh, a little while longer  
Thus tenderly, slenderly portion my bliss.  
More now were too much, when I'm braver and stronger,  
I'll sigh back your whispers, restore you your kiss.

O see how the shadows in sunshine are fleeting!  
O hark how the robins rejoice in the lane!  
There! lay my thin hand on your heart's happy beating,  
There! lift my tired head to your shoulder again.

# I PRAY YOU BE PATIENT.

181

(Air. The giolla gruma.)

Lento.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Lento.' and the initial dynamic is 'mf'. The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: '1. Oh mourn not be-yond mea - sure, my long - ab - sent lov - er, These eyes dim with watch - ing, this trou - ble - pale mouth; — For — you they have — fad - ed, for'. The piano accompaniment includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'pp' and 'poco cresc.'. The score ends with a double bar line.

mf

1. Oh mourn not be-yond

mea - sure, my long - ab - sent lov - er, These

eyes dim with watch - ing, this trou - ble - pale

pp

mouth; — For — you they have — fad - ed, for

poco cresc.



you they'll re - cov - er Your vio - lets and

ro - ses re - freshed af - ter drouth.

*mf*  
2. Yet I

pray you be pa - tient! For oh, I am

tir - ed, Too tir - ed, too tir - ed to be

close - ly ca - - ressed. — So — take me and —

*pp* *poco cresc.*

soothe me, my love long de - - si - - red, As a

mo - ther would soothe her sick child on her —

*p*

breast. —

*mf* 3. So long I've been

starv - ing, oh, a lit - tle while long - er Thus

ten - der - ly, slen - der - ly por - tion my

bliss. My heart is too full now, when I'm

bra - ver and strong - er I'll sigh back my

se - crets, re - store you your kiss.

*poco cresc.*

*pp*

*p*

*mf* *poen accel.*

4. Oh see how the

*colla parte*

shadows in sun - shine are fleet - ing. Oh, hark how the

*cresc.*

ro - bins re - joice in the lane. — There!

*p* *Tempo I.*

lay my thin hand on your heart's hap - py beat - ing, And —

*3*

lift my tired head to your shoulder a - - gain. —

*rall.*

## MORE OF CLOYNE.

---

Little sister, whom the Fay  
Hides away within his doon,  
Deep below yon tufted fern  
Oh, list and learn my magic tune.

Long ago, when snared like thee  
By the Shée, my harp and I  
O'er them wove the slumber spell,  
Warbling well its lullaby.

Till with dreamy smiles they sank,  
Rank on rank, before the strain;  
Then I rose from out the rath  
And found my path to earth again.

Little sister, to my woe  
Hid below among the Shée,  
List and learn my magic tune,  
That it full soon may succour thee.

# MORE OF CLOYNE.

Andante con moto.

The piano introduction is in E-flat major, 4/4 time, and consists of four measures. It features a melody in the right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand with chords and moving lines. The dynamic is marked *pp* (pianissimo).

The first line of the song begins with a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "1. Lit - tle si - ster, whom the Fay Hides a - way with -". The dynamic is marked *p* (piano).

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "in his dun,\* Deep be - low yon tuf - ted fern, Oh,". The dynamic is marked *v* (vivace).

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "list and learn my ma - gic tune. Deep be - low yon". The dynamic is marked *pp* (pianissimo).

The fourth line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "tuf - ted fern, Oh list and learn my ma - gic tunel". The dynamic is marked *pp* (pianissimo).

NOTE. More of Munster was carried off by the fairies in her youth; but escaped from them and became the wife of Cathal king of Cashel. Afterwards her sister was similarly abducted but was rescued by More who recognized her by her singing.

\* = earthen fort pronounced doon. H. 2870

*p*

2. Long a - go when snared like thee By the Shee,<sup>\*)</sup> my  
8. Till with drea-my smiles they sank Rank on rank be - -

harp and I Oer them wove the slum - ber spell, —  
fore the strain; Then I rose from out the rath And

Warb - ling well its lul - la - by. Oer them wove the  
found my path to earth a - gain. Then I rose from

*pp*

slum - ber spell, — Warb - ling well its lul - la - by.  
out the rath And found my path to earth a - gain.

<sup>\*)</sup> = fairies

*mp*

4. Lit - tle si - ster, to my woe

*cresc.*

Hid be - low a - mong the Shee, List and learn my

*poco cresc.*

ma - gic tune, That it full soon may suc - cour thee,

*pp*

List and learn my ma - gic tune, That it full soon may

*pp*

suc - cour thee.

*pp*



## THE REAPER'S REVENGE.

---

Oft and oft I dream, astore,  
 With secret sighs and laughter,  
 How once you reaped the field before,  
 And I came gathering after.  
 While tenderly, tenderly with the corn  
 Looks of love you threw me;  
 Till I stood up with eyes of scorn  
 And withered your hope to woo me.

Oft and oft I'm dreaming still,  
 With smiles and tears together,  
 Of how I stretched so weak and ill,  
 Thro' all the wintry weather;  
 While tenderly, tenderly still you'd tap,  
 Seeking news of Norah,  
 Till I grew fonder of your rap  
 Than father's voice, acora!

Most I mind the plan conceal'd  
 That thro' the spring amused you,  
 To wait to find me in the field,  
 Where rashly I refused you;  
 Then earnestly, earnestly in my eyes  
 Gaze till I return'd you  
 The look of looks and sigh of sighs  
 On the spot where once I spurn'd you.

# THE REAPERS REVENGE.

(Air. At the brink of the white rock.)

Allegro moderato.

1. Oft and oft I

dream, a-store, With se-cret sighs and laugh-ter, How once you reaped the

field before, And I came gath'-ring af-ter. While ten-der-ly, ten-der-ly

with the corn Looks of love you threw me; Till I stood up with

eyes of scorn And wither'd your hope to woo me.

*mf* *dim.* *p* *simili* *v* *p* *f*

2. Oft and oft I'm dream - ing still, With smiles and tears to -

ge - - ther, Of how I stretched so weak and ill Thro'

all the win - try wea - - ther; While ten - der - ly, ten - der - ly

still you'd tap, Seek - ing news of No - rah; Till I grew fond - er

of your rap Than fa - ther's voice, a - co - ral

*p*

3. Most I mind the plan conceal'd. That thro' the spring a -

*pp*

mused you, To wait to find me in the field Where rash-ly I re -

fused you; Then earnest-ly, earnest-ly in my eyes Gaze, till I re -

*poco rit.*

turn'd you The look of looks and sigh of sighs On the spot where once I

*colla parte*

spurnd' you.

## THE KILLARNEY HUNT.

---

The hunt is up! and hound and pup  
 Are tuning round Killarney;  
 The hunt is out! O there's a shout!  
 You'd hear it down to Blarney.  
 There goes the stag along the crag,  
 A Royal now I warrant,  
 See how he sails across the rails  
 And flies the foaming torrent.

Away to Tork they wind and work,  
 Among the whorts and heather.  
 The scent's in doubt, now all are out,  
 Now hark! they're all together.  
 For old Jack Keogh he marked him go  
 And waved 'em with his wattle.  
 A full George crown they've thrown him down  
 With that he'll moist his throttle.

Yoicks! Tally ho! Away they go!  
 See how the turf he's skinning.  
 He's thro' the brake, he's took the lake,  
 And after him they're swimming.  
 Their floating ranks are on his flanks,  
 They're closing now behind him;  
 He feels the land! he's up the strand!  
 Now, mind him, oh now mind him!

Hull-hullahoo! they flash in view  
 Along the shining shingle;  
 In length'ning row they streaming go,  
 Now with the shades they mingle;  
 While, underneath the evening star,  
 A phantom hunt seems flying,  
 Now swelling near, now echoing far,  
 Now down the breezes dying!

# THE KILLARNEY HUNT.

Allegro.

1. The

hunt is up, and hound and pup Are tun - ing round Kil - lar - ney; The

hunt is out! O there's a shout! You'd hear it down to Blar - ney. There

goes the stag a - long the crag, A Roy - al now I war - rant, See

how he sails a - cross the rails And flies the foam-ing tor - rent.

2. A -  
3. Yoicks!

way to Tork they wind and work, A - mong the whorts\* and hea - ther. The  
Tal - ly ho! A - way they go! See how the turf he's skim - ming. He's

scent's in doubt, now all are out, Now hark! they're all to - go - ther. For  
thro' the brake, he's took the lake, And af - ter him they're swim - ming. Their

old Jack Keogh he marked him go And waved 'em with his wat - tle. A  
floating ranks are on his flanks, They're clo - sing now be - hind him; He

full George crown they've thrown him down, With that he'll moist his throttle.  
feels the land! he's up the strand! Now, mind him, oh now mind him!

\* pronoun "hurts"

4. Hull - hul - la - hoo! they flash in view A -

long the shin - ing shin - gle; In length'ning row they stream - ing go, Now

*dim.* with the shades they min - gle; While, un - derneath the even - ing star, A

phantom hunt seems fly - ing, Now swell - ing near, now echo - ing far, Now

on the bree - zes dy - ing.



## OH, MY GRIEF! OH, MY GRIEF!

---

Oh, my grief, oh, my grief!  
 Oh, my grief all the morning!  
 Oh, my grief all the even!  
 Oh, my grief all the night!  
 Over flower, over leaf  
 Falls the shade of her scorning,  
 And darkens blue heaven  
 With its desolate blight.

Oh, wind, and oh, wind  
 Wailing over the forest,  
 With thee my sad spirit  
 Would fain wander forth!  
 Thus all unconfined,  
 When sorrow was sorest,  
 I too should inherit  
 The strange, silent North.

More pure and more chaste,  
 Thou desolate Norland,  
 Than the South's sighing languors  
 In bowers rose-hung,  
 Thy wan, winter waste,  
 Thy still, solemn foreland.  
 Aurora's red angers  
 The white stars among.

# OH, MY GRIEF! OH, MY GRIEF!

199

*Lento non troppo.*

*mf* 3

Oh my grief, oh my

grief! Oh my grief all the morning! Oh, my grief all the

e - ven! Oh, my grief all the night! O - ver flow'r, o - ver

leaf Falls the shade of her scorning, And dark-ens blue

heav'n with its de - so - late blight.

H. 2870

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Lento non troppo.' The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes various musical notations such as triplets, slurs, and dynamic markings like 'mf' and 'p'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score concludes with the publisher's number 'H. 2870'.

## Poco più mosso.

Oh — wind and oh — wind — Wailing

o - - - ver the fo - rest, With — thee my sad

spi - rit Would fain wan - - der forth. Thus,

all un - con - fi - ned, When sor - row was

so - rest, I — too shall in - - he - rit The —

strange, si - - - lent North.

More pure and more chaste, Thou

de - so-late Norland, Thau the South's sigh - ing lan - guors In -

bow-ers rose - hung, Thy wan, win-ter waste, Thy still, so - lemn

foreland, Au - - ro-ra's red an - gers The white stars a - mong.

## SINCE WE'RE APART.

---

Since we're apart, since we're apart,  
 The weariness and lonely smart  
 Are going greatly round my heart;  
 Upon my pillow, ere I sleep,  
 The full of my two shoes I weep,  
 And like a ghost all day I creep.

'Tis what you said you'd never change  
 Or with another ever range,  
 Now ev'n the Church is cold and strange.  
 There side by side our seats we took,  
 There side by side we held one book;  
 But with another now you look.

And when the service it was o'er,  
 We'd walk the meadow's flow'ry floor,  
 As we shall walk and walk no more.  
 For while beneath the starry glow  
 Ye two sit laughing light and low,  
 A shade among the shades I go.

*Suggested by a Gaelic Song.*

# SINCE WE'RE APART.

208

*Andante molto moderato.**ap*

1. Since

*mp*

were a - part, since were a - part, The wea - ri - ness and

lone - ly smart Are go - ing great - ly round my heart; Up -

on my pil - low, ere I sleep, The full of my two

shoes I weep, And like a ghost all day I creep. —

*p*  
2. 'Tis

what you said you'd nev - er change Or with an - oth - er

e - ver range, Now ev'n the Church is cold and strange. There

side by side our seats we took, There side by side we

*pp*  
held one book, But with an - oth - er now you look. —

*pp*

*p*

3. And

when the ser - vice it was o'er, Wed walk the mea - dows

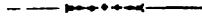
flow' - ry floor, As we shall walk and walk no more. For

while be - neath the star - ry glow Ye two sit laugh - ing

light and low, *pp* A shade a - mong the shades I go.



## MY GARDEN AT THE BACK.



When I came o'er from old Rosstrevor,  
 Here to London town,  
 A lonesome spell upon me fell  
 For Kate and County Down.  
 'Twas gloomy toil for her glad smile,  
 Grey stone for grassy track;  
 Till I took heart at last to start  
 A garden at the back.

With country mould at morn and eve,  
 Still I piled my plot;  
 Then sow'd and set musk, mignonette,  
 Pink, rose, forget-me-not.  
 Till bees they flew from out the blue,  
 And butterflies they'd tack,  
 O blessed hour, from flow'r to flow'r  
 Of my garden at the back.

Then when I'd but the Christmas rose  
 To end the flow'ry race,  
 Around the corner came my scorner  
 With a sadden'd face.  
 The cause to guess of her distress  
 For sure I was not slack,  
 And now her eyes make Paradise  
 Of my garden at the back.

## MY GARDEN AT THE BACK.

207

(Air. Reynard on the mountain high.)

*Andante.* *mp cantabile*

1. When I came o'er from old Ros-trevor

Here to Lon - don town, A lone - some spell up -

on me fell For Kate and Coun - ty Down. 'Twas

gloom - y toil for her glad smile, Grey stone for gras - sy track; Till

I took heart at last to start A gar - den at the back.

*cresc.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the mood is 'mp cantabile'. The score consists of five systems of music. The first system begins with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'Here to London town, A lone - some spell up -'. The third system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'on me fell For Kate and Coun - ty Down. 'Twas'. The fourth system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'gloom - y toil for her glad smile, Grey stone for gras - sy track; Till'. The fifth system concludes the vocal line with the lyrics 'I took heart at last to start A gar - den at the back.' The piano accompaniment is written in the left hand and features various musical notations including chords, arpeggios, and dynamic markings such as 'mp', 'p', and 'cresc.'.

*mp*

2. With coun - try mould at morn and eve -

*mf* *p*

*p*

Still I piled my plot; Then sow'd and set musk, mi - gnonette, Pink,

rose, forget - me - not. Till bees they flew from out the blue, And

but - ter - flies they'd tack, O bless - ed hour, from flow'r to flow'r Of my

*cresc.*

gar - den at the back.

*mf*

*mp*  
3. Then when I'd but the Christ-mas rose To end the flow' - ry

*p*

*p*  
race, A - round the cor - ner came my scorn - er With a sadden'd

face. The cause to guess of her dis - tress For sure I was not

slack, And now her eyes make Pa - ra - dise, Of my gar - den at the

back.

## THE COUNTY OF MAYO.

---

On the deck of Lynch's boat, here I sit in woeful plight,  
Through my sighing all the day and my weeping all the night.  
Were it not that full of grief from my people forth I go,  
O, 'tis royally I'd sing all thy praises, sweet Mayo.

When I dwelt at home in peace, and my gold did much abound,  
In the midst of fair young maids, how the Spanish ale went round!  
Oh! the change from that gay day thus, across the ocean flow,  
To be laid in Santa Cruz far and far from sweet Mayo.

Sadly changed are Irrul's girls; very proud they've grown and high  
With their patches and their powder, for I pass their buckles by;  
But their airs I little heed, since the Lord will have it so  
That I'm forced to foreign lands far and far from sweet Mayo.

'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl in Irrul still,  
And that Brian Duff no more rules as lord upon the hill,  
And that Colonel Hugh O' Grady should be lying dead and low,  
And I sailing, sailing swift from the County of Mayo.

*Adapted from George Fox.*

# THE COUNTY OF MAYO.\*

211

(Air. The ship of Patrick Lynch.)

Andante.

1. On the

deck of Lynch's boat, Here I sit in woe - ful plight, Through my

sigh - ing all the day and my weep - ing all the night. Were it

not that full of grief from my peo - ple forth I go, O, 'tis

roy - al - ly I'd sing all thy prais - es, sweet May - o.

*mf*

*p*

*cresc.*

*ff*

\*.) The well known words of George Fox's translation from the old Irish Song have been adapted to suit this tune to which the original or a variant of it was evidently sung. H. 2870

*mf*

2. When I  
3. Sad - ly

dwelt at home in peace, and my gold did much a - bound, In the  
changed are Ir - ruls girls; ve - ry proud they've grown and high, With their

midst of fair young maids how the Span - ish ale went round! Oh! the  
patch - es and their powder, for I pass their buck - les by. But their

change from that gay day thus a - cross the o - cean flow To be  
airs I lit - tle heed, since the Lord will have it so That I'm

*cresc.*

laid in San - ta Cruz far and far from sweet May - o.  
forced to for - eign lands far and far from sweet May - o.

4. 'Tis my

*cresc.* *mf*

grief that Pat-rick Loughlin is not Earl in Ir - rul still, And that

Bri - an Duff no more rules as lord up - on the hill, And that

Co - lonel Hugh O' Gra - dy should be ly - ing dead and low, And I

*p*

*rall.*

sail - ing, sail - ing swift from the Coun - ty of May - o!



## ALONE, ALL ALONE.

(A Love Song from the Irish Gaelic.)

---

When westward I'm called,  
 'Tis not east I'd be going.  
 Should I sup the salt wave  
 With the pure spring to hand,  
 Or prefer the base weed  
 To the richest rose blowing,  
 Or not follow my own love  
 The first through the land?

Oh, my heart is a fountain  
 Of sorrow unspoken,  
 A virgin nut-cluster  
 Untimely down torn!  
 And oh, but my heart  
 Flutters bleeding and broken,  
 Like a bird beating out  
 Its wild life on a thorn.

His cheek is the hue  
 Of the blackberry blossom,  
 And blackberry blue.  
 His dark tresses above;  
 And I'm cryin' without  
 Who should lie in his bosom  
 And I doubt and I doubt  
 If he's true to his love.

'Tis time I should part you,  
 Proud, hurrying City;  
 For your tongues they cut sharper  
 By far than your stone,  
 And your hearts than that same  
 Are more hardened to pity;  
 So my love I'll go seeking,  
 Alone, all alone!

# ALONE, ALL ALONE.

*Andante.*

*mp*

1. When

*p*

west - ward I'm called, 'tis not east I'd be go - ing, Should I

sup - stand - ing wa - ter, a fresh spring to hand. Shall I

*cresc.*

wear a base weed for the rich - est rose blow - ing, Or not

*cresc.*

fol - low my own love the first thro' the land.

2. Oh, my heart's but a  
3. His cheek is the

foun-tain of sor-row un-spoken, A vir-gin' nut-  
hue of the black-ber-ry blossom, And black-ber-ry

*cresc.*  
clus-ter un-time-ly down torn! And oh, but my  
blue his dark tres-ses a-bove. But I'm cry-ing with-

*cresc.*

heart flut-ters bleed-ing and bro-ken, Like a bird beat-ing  
out, who should lie in his bo-som, And I doubt and I

*p.*

out its wild life on a thorn.  
doubt if he's true to his love.

Più lento.

'Tis time I should part you, proud

*rall.* *p* *pp*

*cresc.*

hur - ry - ing ci - ty, For your tongues they cut shar - per by far than your

*cresc.*

stone. And your hearts than that same are more hard - end to

*f* *p*

*p* Più lento.

pi - ty! So my love I'll go seek - ing a -

*p* *pp*

lone, all a - lone!

## THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

---

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave  
 Await alike the inevitable hour—  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave."  
 Thus great Wolfe sighed,  
 While on muffled oar  
 We darkling crossed St Laurence' whispering tide  
 For the foeman's unguarded shore.

Then, one by one, far up the fearful steep  
 We toiled and toiled through all the live long night;  
 Till on the Frenchmen startled out of sleep  
 We flashed in long drawn phalanx from the height.  
 Enraged Montcalm  
 Bade his host advance—  
 And on the frowning heights of Abraham  
 Closed the champions of England and France.

Oh, fierce we fought until a fatal ball  
 Found Wolfe's brave bosom through the battle smoke.  
 Then charged the Scots with fiery slogan call  
 And backward reeled the French and broke.  
 "See! Sir, they run!"  
 "Who?" he faintly cried.  
 "The French." "Now God be praised, our arms have won!"  
 And contented he turned and died.

# THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

(Air. Same name, from C<sup>o</sup> Donegal.)

Tempo di Marcia.

1. "The boast of her - al - - dry, the pomp of

power, And all that beau - ty, all that wealth e'er

gave — A - - wait a - like thin - e - vi - ta - ble hour — The

paths of glo - ry lead but to the grave."\* Thus

great Wolfe sigh'd, While on muf - fled oar We

dark - ly crossed St Lawrence' tide For the foe-men's un-guard - ed

shore. 2. Then,

one by one, far up the fear - ful steep

\* Wolfe recited these lines just before the battle of Quebec. H. 2670

We toil'd and toil'd thro' all the live - long

night, Till on the French-men start - led from their

sleep We flash'd in long drawn pha - lanx from the

height. En - - raged Mont-calm Bade his host ad -

vance, And on the frowning heights of A - bra-ham Closed the



## Più mosso.

champions of Eng-land and France. 3. Oh,

fierce we fought un - til one fa - tal ball Found

Wolfe's brave bo - som thro' the bat - tle smoke. Then

charged the Scot with fie - ry slo - gan call And

back - ward, back - ward reel'd the French and broke. "See,

Sir, they run!" "Who?" he faint - ly cried. "The

French." "Now God be praised, our arms have won!" And con -

*rall. dim.* *Più lento.* *colla parte dim.* *p*

tent - ed he turn'd and died.

## THE SONGS ERIN SINGS.

"Music shall outlive all the songs of the birds."

*Old Irish.*

---

I've heard the lark's cry thrill the sky o'er the meadows of Lusk,  
And the first joyous gush of the thrush from Adare's April wood,  
At thy lone music's spell, Philomel, magic stricken I've stood,  
When in Espan afar star on star trembled out of the dusk.

While Dunkerron's blue dove murmured love 'neath her nest I have sighed,  
And by mazy Culdaff with a laugh mocked the cuckoo's refrain,  
Derrycarn's dusky bird I have heard piping joy hard by pain  
And the swan's last lament sobbing sent over Moyle's mystic tide.

Yet as bright shadows pass from the glass of the darkening lake,  
As the rose's rapt sigh must die, when the zephyr is stilled;  
In oblivion grey sleeps each lay that those birds ever trilled,  
But the songs Erin sings from her strings shall immortally wake.

# THE SONGS ERIN SINGS.

"Music shall outlive all the songs of the birds" *Old Irish.*

*Larghetto moderato.*

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of D minor. It begins with a treble clef staff containing a whole rest. The bass clef staff starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, including some triplets, creating a flowing accompaniment.

The first vocal line begins with the lyrics "1. I've heard the lark's cry thrill the". The melody is in the treble clef, starting on a whole note and moving in eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment continues in the bass clef.

The second vocal line continues with the lyrics "sky o'er the mead-ows of Lusk, And the first joy - ous". The melody features a crescendo (*cresc.*) leading to a half note. The piano accompaniment also includes a crescendo (*cresc.*) in the bass line.

The third vocal line continues with the lyrics "gush of the thrush from A - - dare's A - pril wood, At thy". The melody includes a fermata over a half note. The piano accompaniment features a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

The fourth vocal line concludes with the lyrics "lone mu - sic's spell, Phi - lo - mel, ma - gic strick-en I've". The melody ends with a diminuendo (*dim.*) over a half note. The piano accompaniment also ends with a diminuendo (*dim.*) in the bass line.

*p*

stood, When in Es - pan a - far star on star trem - bled

out of the dusk.

2. While Dun - ker - ron's blue  
3. Yet as bright sha - dows

dove mur - murl love, 'neath her nest I have sigh'd, And by  
pass from the glass of the dark - en - ing lake, As the

*cresc.*

ma - - zy Cul - - daff with a laugh mock'd the  
ro - - se's rapt sigh soon must die when the

*cresc.*

D

cu - ckoo's re - - frain, Der - ry - cars dus - ky  
Ze - phyr is still'd, In ob - li - vion so

*dim.*

bird I have heard pi - ping joy hard by  
grey sleeps each lay that those birds e - ver

*dim.*

*p* *A*

pain, trill'd; And the swan's death la - - ment sob - - bing  
But the songs E - rin sings from her

*p*

sent o - - ver Moyle's mys - tic tide.  
strings shall im - - mor - tal - ly wake.

## LIKE A GHOST I AM GONE.

---

In the wan, mistful morning to Ocean's wild gales  
Afar from her scorning I loose my black sails;  
For my kiss was scarce cold on her cheek when she turned  
And my love for the gold of a renegade spurned.

Under cloud chill and pallid, while hollow winds moan,  
Lies alas! our green-valleyed, purple-peaked Innishowen;  
For as if my sad case she were sharing to-day,  
All her glory and grace she hides weeping away.

Farewell, Lake of Shadows! Buncrana, farewell  
To your thymy sea meadows, your fern-fluttering dell!  
Adieu, Donegal! o'er the waters death wan,  
Under Heaven's heavy pall, like a ghost I am gone.

# LIKE A GHOST I AM GONE.

229

(Air. "I will raise my sail black, mistfully in the morning")

Andante.

*p* 1. In the wan, mist-ful morn-ing to Ocean's wild

gales A - far from her scorn-ing I loose my black sails; For my

*cresc.* kiss was scarce cold on her cheek when she turn'd And my love for the

*cresc.* gold of a false stran-ger spurn'd. In the wan, mist-ful morn-ing to

O - cean's wild gales A - far from her scorning I loose my black sails.

H. 2870



*p* 2. Un-der cloud chill and pal-lid, while hol-low winds

moan Lies our love-ly green val-ley'd, blue-peaked In-ni-

shown;\* For as if my sad case she were shar-ing to -

*cresc.*

*f* day, All her glo-ry and grace she hides weep-ing a -

*p* way. In the wan, mist-ful morn-ing to O-cean's wild

*p*

\* pronounce "Innishone"

gales A - far from her scorn - ing I — loose my — black

sails. *mf* 3. Fare -

well, Lake of — sha-dows\* Bun - cra - na, fare - well To your thy - my sea

mea - dows, your fern - flutt'-ring dell. Fare - well, old Do-ne - gal! o'er the

*pp* *rall. molto*  
wa - ters death - wan Un - der Heav'n's hea - vy pall like a ghost I am gone.  
*pp* *colla parte*

\* Longh Swilly.

## THE LEAFY COOL-KELLURE.

---

Just between the day and dark,  
O'er the green of the glimmering Park,  
Lost in heav'n one lonely lark

Soared and poured his passion pure;  
Till the long, sweet, shivering strain  
Took, methought, this meaning plain,  
As it showered like silver rain  
Softly into the Cool-kellure.

How we prayed and prayed of old,  
Blackbird, with the crown of gold,  
That you'd cross the waters cold  
Erin's sorrows at last to cure.

But you sought and sought in vain  
Succour out of France and Spain,  
None would help you here to reign,  
Blackbird, over the Cool-kellure.

Yet the Blackbird far above  
Now I rank the Royal Dove  
Who, at last for Erin's love  
Wreathing with shamrock her bosom pure,  
O'er the dreadful flood's decrease  
Flutters with its spray of peace  
To her bow'r of Queenly ease  
Nestling under the Cool-kellure.

# THE LEAFY COOL-KELLURE.\*

(Air. The white-breasted boy.)

Allegretto.

*mf*

1. Just be - tween — the day and dark, O'er the

green of the glimm'-ring Park, Lost in heav'n — one lone-ly

lark Soared and pcurd his pas-sion pure; Till the

\* The corner of the singing of birds.

*cresc.*

long, sweet, shiv' - ring strain Took, me - thought, this mean - ing

*cresc.*

*mf*

plain, As — it show - ered — like sil - ver rain Soft - ly

*p*

*p*

in - to the Cool - kel - lure.

*mf*

2. How we pray'd — and pray'd of  
3. Yet the Black - bird far a -

*p*

old bove Black - bird\* with the crown of gold, That you'd  
Now I — rank the Roy - al Dove Who, at

\* The Pretender was known as the Blackbird in Irish Jacobite poetry. H. 2870

cross the wa-ters cold, E-rin's sor-rows at last to  
last, for E-rin's love, Wreath-ing with shamrock her bo-som

*cresc.*  
cure. But you sought and sought in vain Suc-cour  
pure, O'er the dread-ful flood's de-crease Flut-ters  
*cresc.*

*mf*  
out of France and Spain, None would help you here to  
with its spray of peace To her bow'r of Queenly

*p*  
reign, ease Black-bird, o-ver the Cool-kel-lure.  
Nest-ling un-der the Cool-kel-lure.  
*p*

# BARITONE SONGS, STANDARD AND POPULAR.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS EACH, NET.

The Compass of the first Key only is given; from this the Compass of the other Keys can be readily found.

STEPHEN ADAMS.		Compass of 1st Key	Sung by	J. L. MOLLOY.		Compass of 1st Key	Sung by
BEN THE BO'SUN, D and Eb	...	A to D	Mr. Harry Dearth	THE CARNIVAL, Bb, C, D and Eb	...	A to D	All Baritones
GOOD COMPANY, Eb, F, G and A	...	Bb to Eb	All Baritones	THE SAILOR'S DANCE, D, Eb and F	...	A to D	Mr. Harry Dearth
THE BELL AT SEA, D, Eb and F	...	A to D	Mr. Harry Dearth	TO-MORROW WILL BE FRIDAY, Eb and F	...	Bb to Eb	Mr. Barrington Foote
THE HOLY CITY, Ad, Bb, C and D	...	C to Eb	All Baritones				
(Organ or Harmonium part, price 3d.)				MERLIN MORGAN.			
Chorus part, in C only, price 3d. and in Tonic Sol-fa price 1d.)				LITTLE LASS OF MINE, D, Eb and F			
THE LITTLE HERO, Bb, C and D	...	Bb to D	Mr. Maybrick	STRIKE UP A SONG, A, Bb and C	...	A to D	Mr. Harry Dearth
ROSES, Ab, Bb, C and D	...	D to Eb	Mr. Maybrick			A to E	Mr. Harry Dearth
THEY ALL LOVE JACK, D, Eb and F	...	A to D	Mr. Ivor Foster	A. A. NEEDHAM.			
THORA, D, Eb, F and G	...	A to D	Mr. Ivor Foster	THE DONOVANS, Ad and Bb	...	Ab to F	Mr. Plunket Greene
THE VETERAN'S SONG, C, D, Eb & F	...	C to D	Mr. Ivor Foster	WHO CARRIES THE GUN, F and G	...	Bb to D	
FRANCES ALLITSEN.				ERNEST NEWTON.			
PRINCE IVAN'S SONG, D, F and A minor	...	A to D	Mr. Charles Tree	CORPORAL JOHN BARTHOLOMEW, Bb and C	...	Bb to Eb	Mr. Harry Dearth
A SONG OF THANKSGIVING, C, Eb, F and G	...	A to C	Mr. Harry Dearth	WILLIAM OLIPHANT.			
YOUTH, G, A, Bb and C	...	G to D	Mr. Ivor Foster	STILL IN DREAMS I SEE HER, Ad, Bb and C	...	C to Eb	Mr. Ivor Foster
LOIS BARKER.				KENNEDY RUSSELL.			
VIOLETS OF YESTERDAY	...	D to D	Mr. Ivor Foster	THE INDIAN SOLDIER, A & B minor	...	A to D	Mr. Harry Dearth
ROBERT BATTEN.				BARNCOMBE FAIR, ...	...	C to Eb	Mr. Harry Dearth
SEA-LIFE, F and G	...	A to D	Mr. H. Lane Wilson	W. SANDERSON.			
SOUTHERN SONG, C and E	...	C to F	Mr. H. Lane Wilson	ALL JOY BE THINE, G, Ab, Bb and D	...	C to D	Mr. Ivor Foster
THE SWEETEST FLOWER, A, C & D	...	C to C	Mr. Harry Dearth	CAPTAIN MAC, C and D	...	G to E	Mr. Harry Dearth
FRED J. BLACKMAN.				COBBLIN' ...	...	Eb to F	Mr. Ivor Foster
THE SEA MAKES A MAN A MAN	...	B to F	Mr. Harry Dearth	EASTER FLOWERS, Ab, Bb and D	...	Bb to Eb	Mr. Ivor Foster
A. H. BREWER.				FRIEND O' MINE, F, G, Ab Bb, and C	...	C to F	Mr. Norman Williams
THE LITTLE ADMIRAL, Bb, C and Eb	...	Bb to D		SHIPMATES O' MINE, F and G	...	G to D	Mr. Norman Williams
MINE, Bb, C and Eb	...	Bb to Eb		THE LAST CALL, Bb, C and D	...	F to D	Mr. Norman Williams
W. H. BULLOCK.				TIED HANDS, G, Ab, Bb and C	...	B to D	Mr. Ivor Foster
PADDY'S CHOICE	...	A to D	Mr. Harry Dearth	TOP O' THE MORNING, Bb, C, D & Eb	...	Bb to Eb	
C. W. CADMAN.				UNTIL, D, Eb, F and G	...	Bb to Eb	
AT DAWNING, E, Gb, Ad and A	...	B to D		UP FROM SOMEBODY, Bb, C and D	...	Ab to C	Mr. Ivor Foster
I HEAR A TROUB AT EVE, Eb, F & Ab	...	Bb to Eb		DRAKE GOES WEST, C and D	...	G to D	Mr. Ivor Foster
LEWIS CAREY.				CHAS. SANTLEY.			
ONLY A LITTLE ISLAND, C and D	...	Bb to E		CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR, C and D	...	G to Eb	Mr. Santley
ERIC COATES.				SONS OF THE OCEAN ISLE, A and B	...	A to E	Mr. Santley
THE WIDOW OF PENANCE, C and D	...	C to D	Mr. Harry Dearth	W. H. SQUIRE.			
REUBEN RANZO, C, D and Eb	...	C to D	Mr. Harry Dearth	THE BO'SUN'S LAMENT, C and D	...	G to D	Mr. Harry Dearth
STONECRACKER JOHN, D and Eb	...	A to D	Mr. Harry Dearth	CORPORAL'S DITTY, Eb, F & G	...	Ab to C	Mr. Harry Dearth
HAROLD CRAXTON.				IN AN OLD FASHIONED TOWN, C, D, Eb, F and G	...	A to D	Mr. Ivor Foster
OH! TO SEE THE CABIN SMOKE, Eb, F and G	...	Bb to Eb	Mr. Kennerley Rumford	IF I MIGHT COME TO YOU, F, G, Ab, Bb and C	...	C to C	Mr. Ivor Foster
C. NOVELLO DAVIES.				IT'S UP TO A MAN, G, A, Bb and C	...	F to D	Mr. Ivor Foster
FRIEND, D, E and G	...	G to E	Mr. Wilfrid Douthitt	LIKE STARS ABOVE, A, Bb, C and D	...	C to E	
J. AIRLIE DIX.				MOUNTAIN LOVERS, Bb, C, Eb and F	...	Bb to D	Mr. Harry Dearth
SOLDIER, WHAT OF THE NIGHT? C, D and F	...	G to D	Mr. Charles Till	SERGEANT OF THE LINE, F, G and A	...	A to C	Mr. Harry Dearth
JOLLY OLD CAVALIER, Bb, C and Eb	...	G to D	Mr. Charles Knowles	SONG OF ALL THE AGES, Bb, C and D	...	D to Eb	Mr. Ivor Foster
SOLDIER'S TOAST (A), C, D and F	...	B to D	Mr. Charles Knowles	THE TOKEN, C, D and F	...	B to E	Mr. Ivor Foster
THE TRUMPETER, F, G, A and C	...	A to C	Mr. Charles Knowles	THE WATCHMAN, C, D and E	...	G to D	Mr. Harry Dearth
FRANCIS DOREL.				C. V. STANFORD.			
CALLING ME HOME TO YOU, C, D and Eb	...	C to E	Mr. Toples Green	DRAKE'S DRUM, C and D minor	...	Bb to D	Mr. Plunket Greene
GARDEN OF YOUR HEART (THE), F, Ab and Bb	...	B to D	Mr. Wilfrid Douthitt	EVA TOOLE, C, D and Eb	...	B to D	Mr. Plunket Greene
WHEN MY SHIPS COME SAILING HOME, G, Ab and Bb	...	B to E	Mr. Wilfrid Douthitt	FATHER O'FLYNN, Ab, Bb and C	...	Ab to Eb	Mr. Santley
EDWARD ELGAR.				THE OLD SUPPER, Ab, Bb and C	...	Ab to D	Mr. Plunket Greene
THE PIPES OF PAN, G, A and B	...	Bb to D	Mr. Ivor Foster	TROTTOIN' TO THE FAIR, C, D, Eb & F	...	Bb to D	Mr. Plunket Greene
EDWARD GERMAN.				MOLLY BRANNIGAN, Eb, F and Ab	...	Bb to Eb	Mr. Plunket Greene
GLORIOUS DEVON, C, D and F	...	B to D		T. W. STEPHENSON.			
GERALD GRAYLING.	...			MELODY OF HOME, C, D and Eb	...	C to E	Mr. Ivor Foster
LAND OF MY HEART	...	Bb to Eb	Mr. Toples Green	HOPE TEMPLE.			
HANDEL.				FOND HEART FAREWELL, C, D and Eb	...	E to F	Mr. Santley
FAREWELL! YOUR COUNTRY CALLS YOU	...	A to Eb		and Eb ...	...	C to D	
S. LIDDLE.				THOUGHTS AND TEARS, C, D, Eb & F	...		
A FAREWELL, G, Ab, Bb, C and D	...	D to D		H. TROTTER.			
SONG OF THE BONS OVERSEA, C, D and Eb	...	C to D	Mr. Robert Radford	MY OLD SHAKO, Bb, C and Eb	...	Bb to D	Mr. Charles Knowles
D. MACMURROUGH.				SHORT CUT (A), D, Eb & F	...	B to E	
MAUSHELA, F, A and Bb	...	C to Eb		THE DEATHLESS ARMY, A, Bb and D	...	A to D	All Baritones
E. J. MARGETSON.				GO TO SEA, F, G, Ab and C	...	A to C	Mr. H. Lane Wilson
TOMMY LAD, C, D and Eb	...	A to D	Mr. Harry Dearth	M. V. WHITE.			
CHARLES MARSHALL.				KING CHARLES, F and G	...	C to C	Mr. Plunket Greene
CHILD'S SONG, Eb, F and Ab	...	Bb to Eb		TO MARY, F, G, Ab and Bb	...	C to D	
DEAR LOVE REMEMBER ME, G, Ab, Bb and C	...	C to E		CHARLES WILLEBY.			
I HEAR YOU CALLING ME, G, Ab, Bb and C	...	D to E		THE FORTUNE HUNTER, C, D & Eb	...	C to D	Mr. Harry Dearth
OUT OF THE PAST, Ab, Bb, C and D	...	D to Eb		A. WILLIAMS.			
WHEN SHADOWS GATHER, Bb, C, D and E	...	Bb to Eb		MUNSTERS AT MONS, ...	...	Bb to F	Mr. Thorpe Bates
P. L. MOIR.				H. LANE WILSON.			
DOWN THE VALE, C, D, Eb, F and G	...	A to C	All Baritones	THE BEGGAN'S SONG, G and Ab	...	G to D	Mr. H. Lane Wilson
ONLY ONCE MORE, D, Eb, F and G	...	Bb to E	All Baritones	FALSE PHILLIS, A and C	...	A to C	Mr. H. Lane Wilson
				THE PRETTY CREATURE	...	C to F	Mr. H. Lane Wilson
				THE TINKER'S SONG, Bb and D	...	Bb to D	Mr. H. Lane Wilson
				WHEN DULL CARE, F and G	...	A to D	Mr. H. Lane Wilson
				HAYDN WOOD.			
				SEA ROAD (THE), Bb, C and D	...	Bb to D	Mr. Harry Dearth
				A. WOODFORDE-FINDEN.			
				KASHMIRI SONG, Bb, C and D	...	Bb to D	Mr. Ivor Foster
				O FLOWER OF ALL THE WORLD, C, D and F	...	C to E	
				ONLY A ROSE, Bb, C and Eb	...	A to D	Mr. Ivor Foster

## BARITONE SONGS (IMPERIAL EDITION).

47 Popular and Standard Songs, paper cover, 2/6; limp cover, gilt, 4/-; or in French Morocco, limp, gilt edges, 7/- See also The Royal Editions; The Cavendish Music Books; The Musical Cabinet; &c. Contents free.

BOOSEY & CO., LONDON, NEW YORK, AND TORONTO.

**PRICE TWO SHILLINGS EACH, NET.**

**The Compass of the first Key only is given: from this the Compass of the other Keys can readily be found.**

### BASS SONGS (IMPERIAL EDITION).

**41 Popular Standard and Classical Songs, paper cover, 2/6; limp cover, gilt, 4/-; or in French Morocco, limp, gilt edges, 7/-**

**See also "THE ROYAL EDITIONS," contents free.**

**THE MUSICAL CABINET, One Shilling each Number.**

**THE CAVENDISH MUSIC BOOKS. One Shilling each.**

No. 98. Twenty-two Baritone and Bass Songs.

No. 118. Ten Standard Bass Songs (1st Selection)  
No. 182. Seven " " (2nd " )

**BOOSEY & CO., LONDON, NEW YORK AND TORONTO.**



# TENOR SONGS, STANDARD AND POPULAR.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS EACH, NET.

The Compass of the first Key only is given, from this the Compass of the other Keys can be readily found.

STEPHEN ADAMS.		Sung by		LIZA LENHMANN.		Compass of 1st Key.		Sung by	
ADIEU MARIE, E <sup>b</sup> , F, G and A <sup>b</sup> ...	F <sup>b</sup> to E <sup>b</sup>	Mr. Edward Lloyd	RONNIE WEE THING, E <sup>b</sup> and G ...	C to F	Mr. John McCormack			Mr. John McCormack	
BY THE WATERS, E <sup>b</sup> , F, G and A <sup>b</sup> ...	E <sup>b</sup> to E <sup>b</sup>	Mr. Edward Lloyd	THERE ARE BIRDS IN THE VALLEY...	E <sup>b</sup> to A <sup>b</sup>	Mr. Walter Hyde			Mr. Walter Hyde	
FAREWELL IN THE DESERT, C, D <sup>b</sup> , E <sup>b</sup> and F ...	C to E	Mr. John McCormack	FRANCO LEONI.						
FIONA, C, D, E <sup>b</sup> and F ...	C to F	Mr. Edward Lloyd	THE LOVER'S LULLABY, C, D & E...	C to E	Mr. Ben Davies			Mr. Ben Davies	
GARONNE (THE), E <sup>b</sup> , F, G and A <sup>b</sup> ...	E <sup>b</sup> to E <sup>b</sup>	Mr. Edward Lloyd	S. LIDDLE.						
GOOD COMPANY, E <sup>b</sup> , F, G and A <sup>b</sup> ...	E <sup>b</sup> to E <sup>b</sup>	Mr. Edward Lloyd	A FAREWELL, G, A <sup>b</sup> , E <sup>b</sup> , C and D <sup>b</sup> ...	D to D	Mr. John McCormack			Mr. John McCormack	
HOLY CITY (THE), A <sup>b</sup> , E <sup>b</sup> , C and D <sup>b</sup> ...	C to E <sup>b</sup>	Mr. Edward Lloyd	F. N. LÖHR.						
(Organ or Harmonium part, price 3s.)			MARGARITA, E <sup>b</sup> , C and E <sup>b</sup> ...	C to E <sup>b</sup>	Mr. Edward Lloyd			Mr. Edward Lloyd	
Chorus part, in Conity, price 3d., and in Tonic Sol-fa, price 1d.			D. MACMURROUGH.						
ISLAND OF DREAMS (THE), C, D, E <sup>b</sup> and F ...	C to E	Mr. Edward Lloyd	EILKEN ARBOON, D and F ...	B to E	Mr. John McCormack			Mr. John McCormack	
LIGHT OF THE WORLD, E <sup>b</sup> , F, G & A <sup>b</sup> ...	C to E <sup>b</sup>	Mr. Edward Lloyd	MACUSHELA, F, A <sup>b</sup> and E <sup>b</sup> ...	C to E <sup>b</sup>	Mr. John McCormack			Mr. John McCormack	
MAID OF MALABAR, D, E <sup>b</sup> , E & F ...	D to E	Mr. Jack Robertson	C. MARSHALL.						
MAID OF THE MILL (THE), E <sup>b</sup> , F, G and A <sup>b</sup> ...	D to E	Mr. Edward Lloyd	CHILD'S SONG, E <sup>b</sup> , F and A <sup>b</sup> ...	E <sup>b</sup> to E <sup>b</sup>	Mr. John McCormack			Mr. John McCormack	
MONA, C, D, E <sup>b</sup> , E and F ...	C to E	Mr. Edward Lloyd	DEAR LOVE, REMEMBER ME, G, A <sup>b</sup> , E <sup>b</sup> and C ...	C <sup>b</sup> to E	Mr. John McCormack			Mr. John McCormack	
NIRVANA, E <sup>b</sup> , C, D and E <sup>b</sup> ...	C to E <sup>b</sup>	Mr. Edward Lloyd & Mr. Ben Davies	I HEAR YOU CALLING ME, G, A <sup>b</sup> , E <sup>b</sup> and C ...	D to E	Mr. John McCormack			Mr. John McCormack	
ROMANY LASS, A <sup>b</sup> , E <sup>b</sup> and C ...	E <sup>b</sup> to F	Mr. Edward Lloyd	OUT OF THE PAST, A <sup>b</sup> , E <sup>b</sup> , C and D <sup>b</sup> ...	D <sup>b</sup> to E <sup>b</sup>	Mr. Herbert Cave			Mr. Herbert Cave	
ROSES, A <sup>b</sup> , E <sup>b</sup> , C and D <sup>b</sup> ...	D <sup>b</sup> to E <sup>b</sup>	Mr. Edward Lloyd	WHEN SHADOWS GATHER, E <sup>b</sup> , C, D and E ...	E <sup>b</sup> to E <sup>b</sup>	Mr. John McCormack			Mr. John McCormack	
STAR OF BETHLEHEM (THE), E <sup>b</sup> , F, G and A <sup>b</sup> ...	E <sup>b</sup> to E <sup>b</sup>	Mr. Edward Lloyd	JOHN W. METCALF.						
(Organ or Harmonium part, price 3d.)			ABSENT, E <sup>b</sup> , F, G, A <sup>b</sup> and E <sup>b</sup> ...	E <sup>b</sup> to C					
YOUR DEAR BROWN EYES, F, G and A <sup>b</sup> ...	C to E	Mr. John McCormack	WITHOUT YOU, D and F ...	D to D	Mr. John McCormack			Mr. John McCormack	
W. E. ALLEN.			FRANK L. MOIR.						
RETURN AND STAY, E <sup>b</sup> and F ...	D to F	Mr. Henry Piercy	DOWN THE VALE, C, D <sup>b</sup> , E <sup>b</sup> , F & G ...	A to C	All Tenors			All Tenors	
FLORENCE AYLWARD.			ONLY ONCE MORE, D, E <sup>b</sup> , F and G ...	E <sup>b</sup> to E					
GAZE NOT NOW, OH MAIDEN ...	D <sup>b</sup> to A <sup>b</sup>		J. L. MOLLOY.						
MAVOURNEN, E <sup>b</sup> , C and E <sup>b</sup> ...	E <sup>b</sup> to E <sup>b</sup>	Mr. Whitworth Mitton	CARNIVAL (THE), E <sup>b</sup> , C, E <sup>b</sup> and E <sup>b</sup> ...	A to D	Mr. Charles Chilly			Mr. Charles Chilly	
MY LOVE, MY CROWN, C, E <sup>b</sup> and F ...	B to E	Mr. Charles Chilly	E. NEWTON.						
M. W. BALFE.			ALISA MINE, C, D, E and F ...	C to D	All Tenors			All Tenors	
COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD, C and D ...	C to F	All Tenors	GONDOLIERA, G and A ...	D to G					
GOOD-NIGHT, BELOVED, E <sup>b</sup> and G ...	E <sup>b</sup> to F	All Tenors	IVOR NOVELLO.						
LOIS BARKER.			MEGAN, F, G and A ...	C to F	Mr. Ivor Walters			Mr. Ivor Walters	
THE ENCHANTED GLADE, F and A <sup>b</sup> ...	C to F	Mr. Herbert Cave	W. OLIPHANT.						
T. C. STERNDALÉ BENNETT.			STILL IN DREAMS I SEE HER, A <sup>b</sup> , E <sup>b</sup> and C ...	C to E <sup>b</sup>					
TAKE, OH TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY, F, G and A ...	C to F	Mr. John McCormack	HERBERT OLIVER.						
J. BLUMENTHAL.			LOVES MELODY, C, D <sup>b</sup> and E <sup>b</sup> ...	C to E					
I WISH THOU WENT NOT GOING, E <sup>b</sup> and D <sup>b</sup> ...	C to F	Mr. Sims Reeves	C. PINSUTI.						
TRUTH SHALL THERE DELIVER, G and E <sup>b</sup> ...	D to E	Mr. Sims Reeves	LAST WATCH (THE), D, F and G ...	D to E	All Tenors			All Tenors	
A. H. BREWER.			LIGHT OF LOVE (THE), E <sup>b</sup> and D ...	D to F	Mr. Henry Piercy			Mr. Henry Piercy	
NINETTA, E <sup>b</sup> , C, D and E <sup>b</sup> ...	C to E <sup>b</sup>	Mr. John Coates	W. SANDERSON.						
MINE, E <sup>b</sup> , C and E <sup>b</sup> ...	E <sup>b</sup> to E <sup>b</sup>	Mr. John Coates	ALL JOY BE THINE, G, A <sup>b</sup> , E <sup>b</sup> & D <sup>b</sup> ...	C <sup>b</sup> to D	Mr. Herbert Cave			Mr. Herbert Cave	
C. W. CADMAN.			LET LOVE AWAKE, E <sup>b</sup> , F, G and ...	B to D					
AT DAWNING, E, G <sup>b</sup> , A <sup>b</sup> and A ...	B to D <sup>b</sup>	Mr. John McCormack	TIRED HANDS, G, A <sup>b</sup> , E <sup>b</sup> and C ...	E <sup>b</sup> to E <sup>b</sup>					
CALL ME NO MORE, F, A and C ...	A to D		TOP O' THE MORNING, E <sup>b</sup> , C, D & E <sup>b</sup> ...	E <sup>b</sup> to E <sup>b</sup>					
I HEAR A THRUSH AT EVE, E <sup>b</sup> , F & A <sup>b</sup> ...	E <sup>b</sup> to E <sup>b</sup>	Mr. John McCormack	UNTIL, D <sup>b</sup> , E <sup>b</sup> , F and G ...	E <sup>b</sup> to E <sup>b</sup>					
FREDK. CLIFFE.			ALICIA SCOTT.						
WHEN, G, A <sup>b</sup> and E <sup>b</sup> ...	D to E		PARTED, C, E <sup>b</sup> and F ...	C to E	Mr. John McCormack			Mr. John McCormack	
F. H. COWEN.			WITHIN THE GARDEN OF MY HEART, C and E ...	C to E	Mr. John McCormack			Mr. John McCormack	
AUBADE, D and F ...	C <sup>b</sup> to E	Mr. Sims Reeves	ALFRED J. SILVER.						
WHEN THE WORLD IS FAIR, E <sup>b</sup> , F, G and A <sup>b</sup> ...	E <sup>b</sup> to E <sup>b</sup>	Mr. Edward Lloyd	MY LOVE FROM OVER THE SEA, G and E <sup>b</sup> ...	B to E	Mr. Hughes Mackinn			Mr. Hughes Mackinn	
GARNET WOLSELEY COX.			FRED W. SPARROW.						
THOSE AZURE EYES, A, E <sup>b</sup> , C & D <sup>b</sup> ...	C <sup>b</sup> to E	Mr. Whitworth Mitton	THE DREAM COTTAGE, D, E <sup>b</sup> and F ...	D to E	Mr. Herbert Cave			Mr. Herbert Cave	
ISIDORE DE SOLLA.			W. H. SQUIRE.						
LIGHT OF MY SOUL, C, E <sup>b</sup> and F ...	B to E	Mr. Lloyd Chandos	IF I MIGHT COME TO YOU, F, G, A <sup>b</sup> , E <sup>b</sup> , and C ...	C to C	All Tenors			All Tenors	
COTSPORD DICK.			LIKE STARS ABOVE, A, E <sup>b</sup> , C and D ...	C <sup>b</sup> to E	Mr. John McCormack			Mr. John McCormack	
FAREWELL, IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER, F and A <sup>b</sup> ...	C to F	Mr. Joseph Maag	MOUNTAIN LOVERS, E <sup>b</sup> , C, E <sup>b</sup> and F ...	E <sup>b</sup> to D	Mr. Herbert Cave			Mr. Herbert Cave	
FRANCIS DOREL.			SONG OF ALL THE AGES, E <sup>b</sup> , C and D ...	D to E					
GARDEN OF YOUR HEART, F, A <sup>b</sup> & E <sup>b</sup> ...	B to F	Mr. Sydney Coltham	THE TOKEN, C, D <sup>b</sup> and F ...	B to E					
WHEN MY SHIPS COME SAILING HOME, G, A <sup>b</sup> and E <sup>b</sup> ...	B to E		T. W. STEPHENSON.						
EDWARD ELGAR.			MELODY OF HOME, C, D <sup>b</sup> and E <sup>b</sup> ...	C to E					
IN THE DAWN, C, E <sup>b</sup> and E <sup>b</sup> ...	C to E	Mr. John Coates	ARTHUR SULLIVAN.						
IS SHE NOT PASSING, D, F and G ...	C <sup>b</sup> to E		GAY HUSBAND (THE), G and E <sup>b</sup> ...	D to E	Mr. Sims Reeves & Mr. Edward Lloyd			Mr. Sims Reeves	
F. FOTHERGILL.			LOVE LAID HIS KISSLESS HEAD, D, E, F and G ...	A to E					
O FLOWER OF MEMORY, A <sup>b</sup> and C ...	E <sup>b</sup> to F	Mr. Herbert Teale	ONCE AGAIN, D and F ...	C to E					
OH! MAY MY DREAMS COME TRUE, D, E <sup>b</sup> , F and G ...	C to F <sup>b</sup>	Mr. John Coates	HOPE TEMPLE.						
GERALD GRAYLING.			ALL MY WORLD, D, E <sup>b</sup> and F ...	C to F <sup>b</sup>	Mr. Herbert Grover			Mr. Herbert Grover	
SILENCE AND SONG, E <sup>b</sup> , F, G and A <sup>b</sup> ...	E <sup>b</sup> to E <sup>b</sup>	Mr. Philip Bittle	SLEEP, MY BELOVED, F, G and A <sup>b</sup> ...	C to E	Mr. Ben Davies			Mr. Ben Davies	
G. HENSCHEL.			THOUGHTS AND TEARS, C, D <sup>b</sup> , E <sup>b</sup> & F ...	C to E					
FLORENTINE SERENADE (A), F & G ...	D to G	Mr. Edward Lloyd	A. GORING THOMAS.						
SONG OF FLOWERS (A) ...	E <sup>b</sup> to A <sup>b</sup>	Mr. Edward Lloyd	O VISION ENFRANCHISING (Emeralds), D <sup>b</sup> , E <sup>b</sup> , F and G <sup>b</sup> ...	E <sup>b</sup> to E <sup>b</sup>	All Tenors			All Tenors	
			SUMMER, I DEPART, ...	E <sup>b</sup> to E <sup>b</sup>					
			R. WAGNER.						
			THE PRIER SONG, E <sup>b</sup> and C ...	C <sup>b</sup> to G					
			MAUDE VALERIE WHITE.						
			TO MARY, F, G, A <sup>b</sup> and E <sup>b</sup> ...	C to D	All Tenors			All Tenors	
			R. V. WILLIAMS.						
			LONDON LEE, F, G and A ...	C to D	Mr. John Coates			Mr. John Coates	
			HENRY J. WOOD.						
			DARLING, HOW I LOVE YOU, D and F ...	D to E	Mr. Ben Davies			Mr. Ben Davies	

## TENOR SONGS (Imperial Edition).

FORTY-FOUR SONGS OF THE HIGHEST CLASS, Popular, Standard and Classical.  
Price 2/6, paper cover; 4/- in handsome limp cover, gilt; or in French Morocco, limp, gilt edges, 7/-

## THE CAVENDISH MUSIC BOOKS. One Shilling Each.

No. 4.—Mr SIMS REEVES' Ballad Concert Album.  
No. 112.—Mr EDWARD LLOYD'S Ballad Concert Album.

THE TENOR ALBUM (Operatic).  
FIFTY SONGS FOR TENOR, edited by Josiah Pittman.  
All the Songs have Italian and English Words, and are published in the original Keys, without abbreviation or alteration.  
Price 5/- paper cover; 7/6 cloth, gilt.

No. 112.—Twelve Standard Tenor Songs.  
No. 131.—Mr EDWARD LLOYD'S Second Concert Album

BOOSEY & CO., LONDON, NEW YORK, AND TORONTO

# THE ROYAL EDITION OF SONG BOOKS AND OPERATIC ALBUMS.

Price 2s. 6d. each, in paper covers; 4s. in cloth, gilt edges.

**Songs of England. (28).** In 3 Vols.  
EDITED BY J. L. HATTON AND EATON FANING.

**Songs of Scotland. (33).** In 2 Vols.  
EDITED BY COLIN BROWN, J. PITTMAN,  
MYLES B. FOSTER, & DR. CHARLES MACKAY.

**Songs of Ireland. (108).**  
EDITED BY J. L. HATTON AND J. L. MOLLOY,  
Including Seventy-eight of Moore's Irish Melodies  
and Thirty National Songs.

**Songs of Wales. (69).**  
With Welsh and English Words.  
EDITED BY BRINLEY RICHARDS.

**Mark National Songs. (51).**  
With English Words, Selected from the MS. Collection  
of THE DEEMSTER GILL, DR. J. CLAGUE,  
and W. H. GILL, and arranged by W. H. GILL.

**Songs of France. (60).**  
With French and English Words.

**Songs of Germany. (100).**  
With German and English Words.  
EDITED BY J. A. KAPPEY.

**Songs of Italy. (54).**  
Canti Popolari and Modern Italian Songs, with  
Italian and English Words.

**Songs of Scandinavia and Northern  
Europe. (83).**  
National & Popular Songs, with English Words only.  
EDITED BY J. A. KAPPEY.

**Songs of Eastern Europe. (100).**  
EDITED BY J. A. KAPPEY.  
Volkslieder of Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Servia  
&c., with English Words only.

**Mozart's Songs. (37).**  
With German, Italian, and English Words.

**Beethoven's Songs. (76).**  
With German and English Words.

**Mendelssohn's Songs & Duets. (60).**  
EDITED BY J. PITTMAN.  
Fifty-four Songs, and the Six Popular Duets, Op. 63,  
with German and English Words.

**Schumann's Songs. (75).**  
With German and English Words.  
EDITED BY J. L. HATTON.

**Schubert's Songs. (115).** In 2 Vols.  
With German and English Words.  
EDITED BY J. A. KAPPEY & MYLES B. FOSTER.

**Rubinstein's Songs. (59).**  
With German and English Words. New and en-  
larged edition.

**Rubinstein's Duets. (18).**  
With German and English Words.  
EDITED BY HERMANN EISOLDT.

**Handel's Oratorio Songs. (55).**  
EDITED BY W. T. BEST.

**Handel's Opera Songs (52).**  
With Italian and English Words.  
EDITED BY W. T. BEST.

**Songs from the Oratorios. (49).**  
EDITED BY MYLES B. FOSTER.  
Selected from the most famous works of Handel,  
Mendelssohn, Haydn, Rossini, Bach, Spohr, and  
Arthur Sullivan.

**Songs from the Operas.**

A collection of popular Operatic Songs, transposed  
into medium keys. In Two Vols., price 2s. 6d.  
each, paper covers, 4s. cloth, gilt edges. Each  
Book contains 60 Songs, with Italian and English  
Words.

Vol. I. Mezzo-Soprano and Contralto.  
Vol. II.—Tenor and Baritone.

**Modern Ballads. (50).**  
By Sullivan, Pinauti, Molloy, Cowen, Gabriel, Gatty,  
Marials, Aidé, Claribel, &c., &c.

**Sacred Songs. (100).**  
EDITED BY JOHN HILKS.  
By the most celebrated Ancient and Modern Com-  
posers, and including several new compositions.

**Humorous Songs. (72).**  
EDITED BY J. L. HATTON.  
New and Popular Social Songs by Offenbach, Lecocq,  
Sullivan, Hatton, H. J. Byron, Hoed, Hook,  
Blewitt, Bayly, &c.

**Duets for Ladies' Voices. (24).**  
EDITED BY RANDEGGER.  
Choice Duets by Handel, Rossini, Bishop, Haydn,  
Sullivan, Balfe, Mendelssohn, &c., &c.

**Albums of Operatic Duets.**  
Vol. I.—20 Duets, Soprano and Mezzo-  
Soprano.  
Vol. II.—20 Duets, Soprano and Contralto.  
Each, 2s. 6d. paper cover, 4s. cloth. Vols. I and II.  
in one book, 6s. paper cover, 7s. 6d. cloth gilt.

## Double Volumes.

## THE ROYAL OPERATIC ALBUMS.

Price 6s. each, paper covers; 7s. 6d. cloth, gilt edges.

The most comprehensive collection of Dramatic Music ever published, containing 186 Celebrated Songs  
Scenes, &c., from renowned Operas, including several hitherto unknown in England.  
All the songs, &c., have Italian and English Words, and are published in the original keys, without alteration.

**Vol. I.—The Prima Donna's Album.**  
41 Songs for Soprano.

**Vol. II.—The Contralto Album.**  
40 Songs for Mezzo-Soprano or Contralto.

**Vol. III.—The Tenor Album.**  
50 Songs for Tenor.

**Vol. IV.—The Baritone Album.**  
45 Songs for Baritone.

FULL LIST OF CONTENTS ON APPLICATION.

# VOLUMES OF IRISH SONGS AND TRADITIONAL AIRS.

## THE IRISH MELODIES OF THOMAS MOORE.

*The Original Airs Restored and Arranged for the Voice, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, by*  
**CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD.**

PRICE 5s., PAPER COVER.

The following three Songs from this collection may be had separately. Price 2s. each set:—  
**DRINK TO HER.** Sung by Mr. PLUNKET GREENE. | **OH! YE DEAD.** Sung by Mr. PLUNKET GREENE.  
**QUICK! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND.** A 1st and B 1st. Sung by Mr. PLUNKET GREENE.

## SONGS OF OLD IRELAND.

A Collection of FIFTY IRISH MELODIES.

THE WORDS BY  
**ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.**

THE MUSIC ARRANGED BY  
**CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD.**

PRICE 5s., PAPER COVER; 7s. 6d., CLOTH GILT.

The following Songs from this volume may be had separately. Price 2s. each set:—  
**THE FOGGY DEW.** A SAILOR LAD.  
**THE WILLOW TREE.** 'T WAS PRETTY TO BE IN BALLINDERRY.  
**AN IRISH LULLABY.** MY LOVE'S AN ARBUTUS. F. G. A 1st and B 1st.  
**BATTLE HYMN.** THE LITTLE RED LARK.  
**FATHER O'FLYNN.** A 1st, B 1st, and C. THE SMITH'S SONG.  
**EMER'S FAREWELL.** WHEN SHE ANSWERED ME.

## SONGS OF ERIN.

A Collection of FIFTY IRISH FOLK-SONGS.

THE WORDS BY  
**ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.**

THE MUSIC ARRANGED BY  
**CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD.**

PRICE 5s., PAPER COVER.

The following Songs from this collection may be had separately. Price 2s. each set:—  
**AWAY TO THE WARS.** Sung by Mr. PLUNKET GREENE.  
**BEAUTIFUL CITY OF SLIGO.** F. G. A, and B 1st. KITTY OF THE COWS.  
**EVA TOOLE.** C, D 1st, and E 1st. REMEMBER THE POOR. G and B 1st.  
**FILL ROCK YOU TO REST.** E 1st, E, F, and G. Sung by Madame ADA CROSSLEY. TROT TIN' TO THE FAIR. C, D, E 1st, and F.

## IRISH FOLK-SONGS.

A Collection of Twenty-five Old Irish Melodies, hitherto comparatively unknown.

THE WORDS BY  
**ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.**

THE AIRS ARRANGED BY  
**CHARLES WOOD.**

PRICE 3s. 6d., PAPER COVER.

The following Songs from this volume may be had separately. Price 2s. each set:—  
**THE CUCKOO MADRIGAL.** G and A. Sung by Mr. PLUNKET GREENE.  
**DARBY KELLY.** THE JUG OF PUNCH.  
**OVER HERE.** THE KERRY COW.  
**COME, SIT DOWN BESIDE ME.** G and A 1st. HEIGHO, THE MORNING DEW.  
LOVE AT MY HEART.

## IRISH COUNTRY SONGS.

EDITED, ARRANGED, AND FOR THE MOST PART COLLECTED BY  
**HERBERT HUGHES.**

PRICE 3s. 6d., PAPER COVER.

## THE SONGS OF IRELAND (The Royal Edition).

*Comprising the most favourites of MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES and a large collection of*  
**OLD SONGS and BALLADS.**

Edited by **J. L. HATTON** and **J. L. MOLLOY.**

PRICE 2s. 6d., PAPER COVER; 4s., CLOTH GILT.

*Full lists of Contents of the above Volumes sent on application.*

### The Complete Collection of ANCIENT IRISH MUSIC

In Simple Melodic Form,  
AS NOTED BY

**GEORGE PETRIE, LL.D., R.H.A. (1789-1866).**

Edited, from the Original Manuscripts, by

**CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD,**

In three parts, 5s. each; Edition de Luxe, 7s. each;  
or, in one volume, cloth, 15s. or 21s.

Published for the Irish Literary Society of London.

### OLD IRISH CROONAUNS

AND OTHER TUNES.  
In Simple Melodic Form.

Re-collected and collected by  
**Miss HONORIA GALWEY.**

COMPRISING

**Jigs, Reels, Dances, Songs and Ballads.**

Price 2s., paper cover.

**BOOSEY & CO., 295, REGENT STREET, LONDON. W.,**  
9, East 17th Street, New York; and Yonge Street, Toronto.