

A Selection of  
**Irish Melodies.**

with Symphonies and Accompaniments by

**SIR JOHN STEVENSON, Mus. Doc.**

and Characteristic words by

**Thomas Moore Esq.**



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( Nobility and Gentry  
of )  
) Ireland

The following Work

is respectfully inscribed  
by )

) The Publisher )

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# I N D E X

## HARMONIZED AIRS.

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*Introductory piece for two Performers on one Piano Forte.<sup>1</sup>*  
*Carl van Cleeve*

*First Performer*

*ff*

**BOLD**

*Second Performer*

*ff*

*pp*

*f p*

*f p*

*f p*

*pp*

*f p*

*f p*

*loco*

*f*

*ff*

*Cres.*

*f*

*p*

*Cres.*

*ff*

*pp*



Musical score for page 2, measures 1-16. It features two systems of grand staves (treble and bass clef). The music is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats. Dynamics include Cresc., f, sf, p, and pp. There are also hairpins and accents throughout the piece.

*Air - The Pleasant Rocks*

Musical score for page 3, measures 17-32. It features two systems of grand staves (treble and bass clef). The music is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats. Dynamics include p, pp, Cresc., f, sf, and pp. There are also hairpins and accents throughout the piece. The word "SLOW" is written above the first system, and "lentando" appears in several places.







loco

*p* *f*

8<sup>va</sup>

*p*

*ff*

*ff*

FINE

# Go where Glory waits thee

*And* *f* *p* *f* *p* *pp*

*And*

*Cres* *f* *ff* *p*

*expresso* *lento*

Go where Glo-ry waits thee, But while Fame e-lates thee, Oh! still remember

Go where Glo-ry waits thee, But while Fame e-lates thee, Oh! still remember

me. When the praise thou meetest, To thine ear is sweet-est,

me. When the praise thou meetest, To thine ear is sweet-est,

*Sym*



8

*espress. lentando*

Oh! then re-member me. O-ther arms may press thee,  
 Oh! then re-member me. O-ther arms may press thee.

*a tempo*

Dear-er friends ca-ress thee, All the joys that bless thee Sweeter far may be;  
 Dear-er friends ca-ress thee, All the joys that bless thee Sweeter far may be;

*lentando*

But when friends are nearest, And when joys are dear-est, Oh! then remember  
 me.  
 But when friends are nearest, And when joys are dear-est, Oh! then remember  
 me.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The score is divided into several systems. The first system includes the tempo marking 'espress. lentando' and the lyrics 'Oh! then re-member me. O-ther arms may press thee,'. The second system includes the tempo marking 'a tempo' and the lyrics 'Dear-er friends ca-ress thee, All the joys that bless thee Sweeter far may be;'. The third system includes the tempo marking 'lentando' and the lyrics 'But when friends are nearest, And when joys are dear-est, Oh! then remember me.'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and arpeggiated figures in both hands.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

AIR—Moder. or Vivac.

<p>I.</p> <p>Go where glory waits thee,        But while fame elates thee,        Oh! still remember me,        When the praise thou meetest        To thine ear is sweetest,        Oh! then remember me,        Other arms may press thee,        Dearer friends caress thee,        All the joys that bless thee        Sweeter far may be;        But when friends are nearest,        And when joys are dearest,        Oh! then remember me.</p>	<p>II.</p> <p>When, at eve, thou rovest        By the star thou lovest,        Oh! then remember me,        Think, when home returning,        Bright we've seen it burning,        Oh! thus remember me,        Oft as summer closes,        When thine eye reposes        On its ling'ring roses,        Once so lov'd by thee,        Think of her who wove them,        Her who made thee love them,        Oh! then remember me.</p>
--	---

III.

When, around thee dying,  
 Autumn leaves are lying,  
 Oh! then remember me,  
 And, at night, when gazing  
 On the gay hearth blazing,  
 Oh! still remember me,  
 Then should music stealing  
 All the soul of feeling,  
 To thy heart appealing,  
 Draw one tear from thee;  
 Then let memory bring thee  
 Strains I us'd to sing thee,  
 Oh! then remember me.



REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.  
WAR SONG.

AIR—Mour. March.

REMEMBER the glories of Brien the brave,  
Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;  
Tho' lost to Mononia and cold in the grave,  
He returns to Kinkora, no more!  
That star of the field, which so often has pour'd  
Its beam on the battle, is set;  
But enough of its glory remains on each sword,  
To light us to victory yet!

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint  
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,  
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print  
The footstep of slavery there?  
No, Freedom! whose smile we shall never resign,  
Go, tell our invaders the Danes,  
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,  
Than to sleep but a moment in chains!

Forget not our wounded companions, § who stood  
In the day of distress by our side;  
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,  
They stir'd not, but conquer'd, and died!  
The sun, that now blesses our arms with his light,  
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain:—  
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to night,  
To find that they fell there in vain!

\* Brien Bómbha, the great Monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 10th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

† Munster.

‡ The Prince of Brien.

§ This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Balcas, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest.—"Let us die," (they said) "be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to our spears, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man." "Between seven and eight hundred wounded men, (said O'Halloran) pale, emaciated, and supported in that manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops:—never was such another sight exhibited."

HISTORY OF IRELAND, Book 12, Chap. 1.

WAR SONG.

11

Remember the Glories of Brien the brave.

BOLD

The musical score is written in G major and 2/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The score includes various musical notations such as dynamics (p, f, staccato, espress, cresc), articulation (stacc), and tempo markings (lento, tempo). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

Remember the glories of BRIEN the brave, Tho' the days of the Hero are o'er; Tho' lost to Mo-nonia and cold in the grave, He re- turns to Kin-ko-ra no more! That star of the field, which so often has pour'd Its beam on the battle, is set; But e-nough of its glory remains on each sword, To light us to victo-ry yet!



*Erin the tear and the smile in thine Eyes.*

Piano introduction for page 12, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. The music includes dynamic markings such as *Cres*, *f*, *Dim*, and *p*.

Vocal line 1 for page 12: *E-RIN!* the tear and the smile in thine eyes, Blend like the

Vocal line 2 for page 12: Rain-bow that hangs in thy skies! Shin-ing thro' sor-row's stream,

Vocal line 3 for page 12: Sad'ning thro' pleasur'e's beam, Thy Suns, with doubtful gleam, weep while they rise!

Piano accompaniment for page 12, continuing the musical theme from the introduction.

*Erin the tear and the smile in thine Eyes.*

*Harmonized for four Voices.*

Piano introduction for page 13, identical to the one on page 12.

Vocal line 1 for page 13: *E--RIN!* the tear and the smile in thine eyes,

Vocal line 2 for page 13: *E--RIN!* the tear and the smile in thine eyes,

Vocal line 3 for page 13: *E--RIN!* the tear and the smile in thine eyes,

Vocal line 4 for page 13: *E--RIN!* the tear and the smile in thine eyes, Blend -

Piano accompaniment for page 13, corresponding to the vocal lines.

Vocal line 5 for page 13: Blend like the Rain-bow that hangs in thy skies!

Vocal line 6 for page 13: Blend like the Rain-bow that hangs in thy skies!

Vocal line 7 for page 13: Blend like the Rain-bow that hangs in thy skies!

Vocal line 8 for page 13: --- like the Rain-bow that hangs in thy skies!

Piano accompaniment for page 13, concluding the piece.



Shin - ing thro' sor - row's stream, Sad - ning thro' plea - sure's beam,  
 Shin - ing thro' sor - row's stream, Sad - ning thro' plea - sure's beam,  
 Shin - ing thro' sor - row's stream, Sad - ning thro' plea - sure's beam,  
 Shin - ing thro' sor - row's stream, Sad - ning thro' plea - sure's beam,  
 Thy Suns with doubt - ful gleam weep while they rise,  
 with doubt - ful gleam weep while they rise,  
 with doubt - ful gleam weep while they rise,  
 Thy Suns with doubt - ful gleam weep while they rise.

## ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

—  
 All - A - ges - A - ges -

Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes  
 Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!

Shining through sorrow's stream,  
 Sadd'ning through pleasure's beam,  
 Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,  
 Weep while they rise!

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,  
 Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall encrease,  
 Till, like the rainbow's light,  
 Thy various tints unite,  
 And form, in heaven's sight,  
 One arch of peace!

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

W. C. BRIDGE, M. A.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,  
 Where cold and unhonor'd his relics are laid:  
 Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,  
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

11.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,  
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;  
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,  
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

Oh! Breathe not his name 17

*And*  
*And*  
*pp*  


*Express*  


*a Tempo*  
 Oh! breathe not his Name, let it sleep in the shade, Where  
 Oh! breathe not his Name, let it sleep in the shade, Where  


cold and unhonour'd his re-licks are laid; Sad, si-lent and dark be the  
 cold and unhonour'd his re-licks are laid; Sad, si-lent and dark be the  


tears that we shed, As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!  
 tears that we shed, As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!  




But the night dew that falls, tho' in si-lence it weeps, Shall brighten with  
But the night dew that falls, tho' in si-lence it weeps, Shall brighten with

ver-dure the grave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed, tho' in  
ver-dure the grave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed, tho' in

se-cret it rolls, Shall long keep his me-mory green in our souls.  
se-cret it rolls, Shall long keep his me-mory green in our souls.

# When he who adores thee?

*Slow*  
*and with*  
*holding*

*p* *Espress*  
When he, who a-dores thee, has left but the name Of his

*tr*  
fault and his sor-row be-hind, Oh! say, wilt thou weep, when they

dark - en the fame, Of a life that for thee was re - sign'd? Yes,

*Espress*  
weep, and how - ever my foes may condemn, Thy tears shall ef - face the de -

*cresc.* For Heav'n can witness, tho' guilt - y to them, I have

been but too faithful to thee!

*Cres*

## WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.\*

All.—*Fin. Cox's 5011*

WHEN he, who adores thee, has left but the name  
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,  
Oh! say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame  
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?  
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,  
Thy tears shall efface their decree:  
For heaven can witness, though guilty to them,  
I have been but too faithful to thee!

11.

With thee was the dream of my earliest love:  
Every thought of my reason was thine:—  
In my last humble prayer to the spirit above,  
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!  
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live  
The days of thy glory to see:  
But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give,  
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

\* These words allude to a story in an old Irish manuscript, which is too long and too melancholy to be inserted here.



THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

All—*Andante*

The harp that once, through Tara's halls,  
 The soul of music shed,  
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls—  
 As if that soul were fled.  
 So sleeps the pride of former days,  
 So glory's thrill is o'er,  
 And hearts, that once beat high for praise,  
 Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
 The harp of Tara swells;  
 The chord, alone, that breaks at night,  
 Its tale of ruin tells.  
 Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,  
 The only throb she gives,  
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
 To shew that still she lives!

*The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls.* 23

SLOW

The Harp that once, thro' Tara's Halls, The Soul of Music shed, Now hangs as mute on

Tara's Walls As if that Soul were fled; So sleeps the pride of former days, So

Glory's thrill is o'er, And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.



The Harp that once thro' Tara's Walls  
*Harmonized for four voices*

*Alto*

The Harp that once thro' Tara's Walls The Soul of Music shed  
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Walls The Soul of Music shed Now hangs on  
The Harp that once The Soul of Music shed Now  
The Harp thro' Tara's Walls The Soul of Music shed Now hangs on

hangs as mute on Tara's Walls as if that Soul were fled So sleeps the pride of former days So  
Ta - - - ra's Walls as if that Soul were fled So sleeps the pride of former days So  
hangs on Tara's Walls as if that Soul were fled So - - - sleeps the pride So  
Ta - - - ra's Walls as if that Soul were fled So sleeps so sleeps the pride So

Glo-ry's thrill is o'er And hearts that once beat high for praise Now  
Glo-ry's thrill is o'er And hearts that once beat high for praise Now  
Glo-ry's thrill is o'er And hearts that once beat high for praise Now  
Glo-ry's thrill is o'er And hearts that once beat high for praise Now

feel that pulse no more  
feel that pulse no more  
feel that pulse no more  
feel that pulse no more

*Syn*

No more to Chiefs and Ladies bright the Harp of Tara swells The  
No more to Chiefs and Ladies bright the Harp of Tara swells The Chord a -  
No more to Chiefs the Harp of Tara swells The  
No more to Chiefs the Harp the Harp of Tara swells The Chord a -



Chord a-lone that breaks at night its tale of ruin tells Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes The

lone that breaks at night its ru - in tells Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes The

Chord that breaks at night its tale of ruin tells Thus - - Freedom now The

lone that breaks its tale of ruin tells Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes The

only thro she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks To show that still she lives

only thro she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks To show that still she lives

only thro she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks To show that still she lives

only thro she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks To show that still she lives

Sym

*Fly not yet,*

*Andly*

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour, When pleasure, like the mid-night flow'r, That

scorns the eye of vul-gar light, Be-gins to bloom for Sons of night, And

Maids who love the moon! 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade, That

beauty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at- -tractions glowing,



Set the tides and Goblets flowing, Oh! stay, — Oh! stay, — Joy so seldom

weaves a Chain Like this to night, That oh! 'tis pain To break its links so

soon! Oh! stay, Oh! stay, Joy so sel-dom weaves a Chain like

this to night, That oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon!

*Lento*

*Fly not yet*

*Lydy*

*Seprane*  
*Fast veta*

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour, When plea-sure, like the

*Seprane*  
*Secon veta*  
*Taver*  
*Secon veta*  
*Do not to be used*  
*of Song by a male voice*

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour, When plea-sure, like the

*Piano Forte*  
*Accomp'*

mid night flow'r, That scorns the eye of vulgar light, Be-gins to bloom for

Sons of night, And Maids, who love the Moon! 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade, That

Sons of night, And Maids, who love the Moon! 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade, That

Sons of night, And Maids, who love the Moon! 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade, That



Beauty and the Moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at- - trac-tions glow-ing

Set the tides and Goblets flowing. Oh! stay, - Oh! stay, - Joy so seldom

weaves a chain like this to night, That oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon!

weaves a chain like this to night, That oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon!

## FLY NOT YET.

All - Accessible

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour  
When pleasure like the midnight flower  
That scorns the eye of vulgar light  
Begins to bloom for sons of night:  
And maids who love the moon!  
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade  
That beauty and the moon were made:  
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing  
Set the tides and goblets flowing.  
Oh! stay, - Oh! stay, -  
Joy so seldom weaves a chain  
Like this to night, that oh! 'tis pain  
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd  
In times of old through Ammon's shade,  
Though icy cold by day it ran,  
Yet, still like sons of mirth, began  
To burn when night was near:  
And thus should woman's heart and looks  
At noon be cold as winter brooks,  
Nor kindle, till the night returning  
Brings their genial hour for burning.  
Oh! stay, - oh! stay, -  
When did morning ever break,  
And find such beaming eyes awake  
As those that sparkle here!

\* Solo Song, near the temple of Ammon.

## OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT

MILTON'S 'L'ALLEGRO'—V. 100

I.

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,  
 And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now;  
 Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night  
 Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.  
 No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,  
 Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;  
 And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,  
 Is always the first to be touched by the thorns!  
 But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile;  
 May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,  
 Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,  
 And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

II.

The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows!  
 If it were not with friendship and love interwin'd;  
 And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,  
 When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind!  
 But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,  
 Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;  
 And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,  
 Is happy indeed, if 'twas never deceiv'd.  
 But send round the bowl, while a relic of truth  
 Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,—  
 That the sun-shine of love may illumine our youth,  
 And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

*Oh! think not my spirits are always as light.*





pect that the heart beaming smile of to night, Will re-torn with to

morrow to brighten my brow. No, life is a waste of

wea-ri-some hours, Which sel-dom the Rose of en-joyment a-

dorns; And the heart that is soonest a--wake to the flow'rs, Is

always the first to be touch'd by the thornst! But send round the

Bowl, and be happy a while; May we ne-ver meet worse, in our

pil-grimage here, Than the tear that en-joyment can gild with a

smile, And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

*lento* *espress* *Sym.*  
*a Tempo*



*Tho' the last glimpse of Erin*

Slow

Tho' the last glimpse of

ERIN with sorrow I see, Yet where e - - ver thou art shall seem E-RIN to me;

In ex-ile thy bosom shall still be my home, And thine eyes make my climate where

e - - ver we roam.

dim

cres

cres

*Tho' the last glimpse of Erin*  
*Harmonized for four voices*

Slow

Tho' the last glimpse of ERIN with sor-row I  
Tho' the last glimpse of ERIN with sor-row I  
Tho' the last glimpse of ERIN with sor-row I  
Tho' the last glimpse of ERIN with sor-row I

f

p

see, Yet where - e - - ver thou art shall seem E - RIN to me;  
see, Yet where - e - - ver thou art shall seem E - RIN to me;  
see, Yet where - e - - ver thou art shall seem E - RIN to me;  
see, Yet where - e - - ver thou art shall seem E - RIN to me;



In ex-ile thy Bo-som shall still be my home, And thine  
 In ex-ile thy Bo-som shall still be my home, And thine  
 In ex-ile thy Bo-som shall still be my home, And thine  
 In ex-ile thy Bo-som shall still be my home, And thine

eyes - make my cli-mate where - e - ver we roam.  
 eyes - make my cli-mate where - e - ver we roam.  
 eyes make my cli-mate where - e - ver we roam.  
 eyes make my cli-mate where - e - ver we roam.

*cres* *dim* *lento*

THO' THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH SORROW I SEE.

AIR—GRAND.

I.

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,  
 Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;  
 In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,  
 And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

II.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,  
 Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,  
 I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind  
 Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

III.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,  
 And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;  
 Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear  
 One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.\*

\* In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Gibbes, or *Quilts*, (long locks) on their heads, or hair on the upper lip, called *Crommial*. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin*, (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers, (by which the English were meant) or those who were their habits. Of this song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired. Walsley's *Historical Memoirs of James Boyce*, page 133. Mr. Walker informs us also, that about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish minstrels.

## RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE

ALL.—"The summer is come,"

I.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,\*  
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;  
But oh! her beauty was far beyond  
Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

II.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,  
"So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?  
"Are Erin's sons so good or so cold  
"As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

III.

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,  
"No son of Erin will offer me harm:—  
"For though they love woman and golden store,  
"Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue more!"

IV.

On she went, and her maiden smile  
In safety lighted her round the green isle,  
And blest for ever is she who relied  
Upon Erin's honor, and Erin's pride!

\* This Ballad is founded upon the following narrative: "The people were inspired with such a spirit of honor, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brian, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this Monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honor, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels." WATSON'S HISTORY OF IRELAND, Vol. I, Book 13.

*Rich and rare were the gems she wore.*

*Moderate*  
*Time*

Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a bright gold

ring on her wand she bore. bore. But oh! her beauty was far beyond Her

sparkling gems and snow-white wand, But oh! her beauty was far beyond Her

sparkling gems and snow-white wand.



2<sup>nd</sup> Verse.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray So lone and lovely thro' this bleak way? way? Are

E-RIN's sons so good or so cold, As not to be tempted by Woman or Gold? Are ERIN's

sons so good or so cold, As not to be tempted by Woman or Gold? Sym.

Sir Knight! I feel not the least a-larm, No son of ERIN will offer me harm.

harm For tho' they love Woman & golden store, Sir Knight! they love Honor and Virtue more, For

tho' they love Woman and golden store, Sir Knight! they love Honor and Vir-tue more.

On she went and her maiden smile, In

safety lighted her round the green Isle. Isle. And blest for ever was she who re-

lied, Upon E-RIN's honor and E-RIN's pride, And blest for e-ver was she who re-

lied, Upon E-RIN's honor and E-RIN's pride.



*Rich and rare were the gems she wore*  
*Harmonized for four voices*

*Moderato*  
*Tutti*

Rich and rare were the gems she wore. And a bright gold  
 Rich and rare were the gems she wore. And a bright gold  
 Rich and rare were the gems she wore. And a bright gold  
 Rich and rare were the gems she wore. And a bright gold

ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beauty was far be-  
 ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beau-ty was far be-  
 ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beauty was far be-  
 ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beauty was far be-

yond, Her spark-ling gems, and snow-white wand But oh! her  
 yond, Her spark-ling gems, and snow-white wand But oh! her  
 yond, Her spark-ling gems, and snow-white wand But oh! her  
 yond, Her spark-ling gems, and snow-white wand But oh! her

beauty was far be-yond Her sparkling gems, and snow-white wand.  
 beauty was far be-yond Her sparkling gems, and snow-white wand.  
 beauty was far be-yond Her sparkling gems, and snow-white wand.  
 beauty was far be-yond Her sparkling gems, and snow-white wand.

*Cres*



As a beam o'er the face of the Waters may glow.

*Pensively*

Two staves of piano introduction in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass clef. The music is in a minor key and begins with a series of chords and moving lines.

Second system of piano introduction, including dynamic markings *8<sup>va</sup>* and *Cres*.

As a beam o'er the face of the Waters may glow, While the tide runs in

First system of vocal melody with lyrics.

darkness and coldness be - low, So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny

Second system of vocal melody with lyrics.

smile, Tho' the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

Third system of vocal melody with lyrics.

Final system of piano accompaniment for page 46, including dynamic markings *f*, *ff*, and *pp*.

As a beam o'er the face of the Waters may glow.

Harmonized for four voices

*Pensively*

Two staves of piano introduction in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass clef.

Second system of piano introduction, including dynamic markings *8<sup>va</sup>*, *loco*, and *Cres*.

As a beam o'er the face of the Waters may glow, While the tide runs in

First system of vocal melody with lyrics.

As a beam o'er the face of the Waters may glow, While the tide runs in

Second system of vocal melody with lyrics.

As a beam o'er the face of the Waters may glow, While the tide runs in

Third system of vocal melody with lyrics.

As a beam o'er the face of the Waters may glow, While the tide runs in

Fourth system of vocal melody with lyrics.

Final system of piano accompaniment for page 47.



darkness and coldness be - low. So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny  
 darkness and coldness be - low. So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny  
 darkness and coldness be - low. So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny  
 darkness and coldness be - low. So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny

*Espress*  
 smile Tho' the cold heart to ru-in runs darkly the while.  
 smile Tho' the cold heart to ru-in runs darkly the while.  
 smile Tho' the cold heart to ru-in runs darkly the while.  
 smile Tho' the cold heart to ru-in runs darkly the while.

AS A BEAM O'er THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

—  
 AIR — THE VOICES OF THE DEITY.

I.  
 As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,  
 While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,  
 So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,  
 Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

II.  
 One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws  
 Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,  
 To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,  
 For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting!

III.  
 Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,  
 Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;  
 The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,  
 It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again!



## THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.\*

AIR.—THE OLD HEAD OF DRESS.

I.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet; †  
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

II.

Yes it was not that nature had shed over the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;  
Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or lill,  
Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

III.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,  
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,  
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

IV.

Sweet vale of Ovens! how calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

\* "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathfrim and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year, 1807.

† The Rivers Avon and Ovens.

## The meeting of the Waters.

With  
Lambert.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major, 6/8 time, starting with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A-B-A, and then a series of eighth notes: G-A-B-A-G-A-B-A. The left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes: G-A-B-A-G-A-B-A.

There is not in the wide World a

Valley so sweet, As that Vale in whose Bosom the bright waters meet; Oh! the

last rays of feeling and life must de-part, Ere the bloom of that Valley shall

fade from my heart, Ere the bloom of that Valley shall fade from my heart.

The piano accompaniment concludes with a series of chords in the right hand and a final cadence in the left hand.