

Nº 1
LOW VOICE.

Nº 2
HIGH VOICE

AN IRISH IDYLL

⇒ IN ⇐

SIX MINIATURES

FOR

VOICE WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT

THE WORDS FROM

"SONGS OF THE GLENS OF ANTRIM"

BY

MOIRA O' NEILL

(BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS)

Set to Music by

∴

C. VILLIERS STANFORD

(OP. 77.)

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CORRYMEELA.

Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!
Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

There's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the heavy trees,
This livin' air is moithered wi' the bummin' o' the bees;
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through the heat
Past Corrymeela wi' the blue sky over it.

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,
There's not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his shoes!
I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,
Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,
By the luck o' love! I'd still go light for all I did go bare.
"God save ye, *colleen dhas*," I said: the girl she thought me wild.
Far Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortal hard to raise,
The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to plase;
When one'st I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be back again—
Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an English town!
For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a silver crown,
For a curl o' nair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in vain,
Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

M
16714
971
971

Corrymeela.

971
971

1

Words by
MOIRA O'NEILL.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.
Op: 77.

Lento moderato. (♩ = ♩) *p*

Voice. O - ver here in

Piano. *mf* *p*

Eng - land I'm help-in' wi' the hay, An' I wisht I was in Ire - land the

live - long day;..... Wea-ry on the Eng-lish hay, an' sorra... take the

wheat! *rall.* Och! Cor-ry-mee-la an' the blue sky o-ver it. *rall.*

mf

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H. 3135.

a tempo. p

There a deep dumb ri - ver flow - in'

poco rall. tempo.

by be - yont the hea - vy trees, This liv - in' air is

moi - ther'd wi' the bum - min' o' the bees;..... I

wisht I'd hear the Clad - dagh burn gc run - nin' thro' the

heat Past Cor-ry-mee-la, wi' the blue sky o-ver it.

p *rall.*

Tempo un poco più mosso.

The peo-ple that's in

mf *p*

Eng-land is rich-er nor the Jews, There

not the small-est gos-soon but thra-vels in his shoes! I'd

cresc.

give the pipe be - tween me teeth to see a bare - fut child,

cresc.

rall.

Och! Cor-ry-mee-la an' the low south wind.

p *rall.*

a tempo. *mf*

Here's hands so full o' mon-ey an' hearts so full o'

mf

cresc.

care,..... By the luck o' love! I'd still go light for all I did go

cresc.

f bare..... "God save ye, col - leen dhas," *p* I said: the

mf

girl she thought me wild. Far Cor - ry - mee - la, an' the

rall. low south wind..... *a tempo.* D'ye

rall. *pp*

mind me now, the song at night is mor - tial hard to raise, The

girls are hea - vy go - in' here, the boys are ill to plase; When

poco accel. cresc.
onest I'm out this work-in' hive, 'tis I'll be back a - gain- Ay,.....

Andante.
Cor - ry - mee - la, in the same soft rain.....

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof be -

cresc.

- fore an Eng-lish town! For a shaugh wid An-dy Fee - lan here I'd

cresc.

allargando. poco a poco.

give a sil-ver crown, For a curl o' hair like Mol-lie's ye'll

colla parte.

rall. f

ask the like in vain, Sweet

rall.

Molto più lento.

Cor-ry-mee-la, an' the same soft... rain.

p

THE FAIRY LOUGH.

Loughareema! Loughareema
Lies so high among the heather;
A little lough, a dark lough,
The wather's black an' deep.
Ould herons go a-fishin' there,
An' sea-gulls all together
Float roun' the one green island
On the fairy lough asleep.

Loughareema, Loughareema;
When the sun goes down at seven,
When the hills are dark an' *airy*,
'Tis a curlew whistles sweet!
Then somethin' rustles all the reeds
That stand so thick an' even;
A little wave runs up the shore
An' flees, as if on feet.

Loughareema, Loughareema!
Stars come out, an' stars are hidin';
The wather whispers on the stones,
The flittherin' moths are free.
One'st before the mornin' light
The Horsemen will come ridin'
Roun' an' roun' the fairy lough,
An' no one there to see.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

The Fairy Lough.

Words by
MOIRA O'NEILL.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.
Op. 77.

Andante molto tranquillo.

Voice.

Piano.

p *poco.*

Lough-a - reem - a! Lough-a - reem - a Lies so

high a-mong the hea-ther; A lit - tle lough, a dark lough, The

wa - ther's black an' deep. Ould

he-rons go a-fish-in' there, An' sea-gulls all..... to-

pp

-ge - ther Float roun' the one green is - land On the fair - y lough a-

sleep..... Lough-a - reem - a, Lough-a -

reem - a; When the sun goes down at sev-en, When the hills are dark..... an'

air - y, 'Tis a cur-lew whis-tles sweet! Then

some-thin' rus-tles all the reeds. That stand so thick..... an'

e - ven; A lit - tle wave runs up the shore An' flees,

as if on feet. Lough - a -

rall. *tempo.*

- reem - a, Lough - a - reem - a! Stars come out, an' stars are

hi - din'; The wa - ther whis - pers on the stones,..... The

flit - ther - in' moths are free. One'st be - fore the morn - in'

ppp

light The Horse-men will come ri - din' Roun' an'

roun' the fair - - y lough,

This system contains the first vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics 'roun' the fair - - y lough,' are written below the vocal line.

Più lento.

An' no one there..... to see.

This system contains the second vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo marking 'Più lento.' is written above the vocal line. The lyrics 'An' no one there..... to see.' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment includes a *ppp* (pianissimo) marking.

Lough - a - reem - a!

This system contains the third vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'Lough - a - reem - a!' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords in the right hand and moving lines in the left hand.

Lough - a - reem - a!

This system contains the fourth vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'Lough - a - reem - a!' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment includes *ppp* (pianissimo) markings in both hands.

"CUTTIN' RUSHES."

Oh maybe it was yesterday, or fifty years ago!
 Meself was risin' early on a day for cuttin' rushes,
Walkin' up the Brabla' burn, still the sun was low,
 Now I'd hear the burn run an' then I'd hear the thrushes.
Young, still young!—an' drenchin' wet the grass,
 Wet the golden honeysuckle hangin' sweetly down;
Here, lad, here! will ye follow where I pass,
 An' find me cuttin' rushes on the mountain.

Then was it only yesterday, or fifty years or so?
 Rippin' round the bog pool's high among the heather,
The hook it made me hand sore, I had to leave it go,
 'Twas he that cut the rushes then for me to bind together.
Come, dear, come!—an' back along the burn
 See the darlin' honeysuckle hangin' like a crown.
Quick, one kiss,—sure, there' someone at the turn!
 "Oh, we're afther cuttin' rushes on the mountain."

Yesterday, yesterday, or fifty years ago. . . .
 I waken out o' dreams when I hear the summer thrushes.
Oh, that's the Brabla' burn, I can hear it sing an' flow,
 For all that's fair, I'd sooner see a bunch o' green rushes.
Run, burn, run! can ye mind when we were young?
 The honeysuckle hangs above, the pool is dark an' brown:
Sing, burn, sing! can ye mind the song ye sung
 The day we cut the rushes on the mountain?

MOIRA O'NEILL.

Cuttin' Rushes.

Words by
MOIRA O'NEILL.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.
Op. 77.

Allegretto.

Voice. *mf* Oh may-be it was

Piano. *mf* *p*

yes - ter-day, or fif - ty years a - go! Me - self was ri - sin' ear-ly on a

day for cut-tin' rush-es, Walk-in' up the Bra-bla' burn still the sun was

pp

low, Now I'd hear the burn run an' then I'd hear the thrushes.

Young, still young!— an' drench-in' wet the grass, Wet the gol-den

The first system of the musical score for 'Cuttin' Rushes'. It features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: 'Young, still young!— an' drench-in' wet the grass, Wet the gol-den'.

ho - ney - suc - kle hang-in' sweet-ly down; "Here, lad, here! will ye

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: 'ho - ney - suc - kle hang-in' sweet-ly down; "Here, lad, here! will ye'. The piano accompaniment features arpeggiated figures in the right hand and block chords in the left hand.

fol - low where I pass, An' find me cut-tin' rush-es on the

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: 'fol - low where I pass, An' find me cut-tin' rush-es on the'. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) in the right hand.

moun - - tain.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics: 'moun - - tain.'. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings of *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano).

Then was it on - ly yes - ter - day, or fif - ty years or

so? *Rip-pin'* round the bog pools high..... a-mong the hea-ther, The

hook it made her hand sore, she had to leave it go, 'Twas me that cut the

rush-es then for her to bind to - ge-ther. Come, dear, come!— an'

back a - long the burn See the dar - lin'

ho - ney - suc - kle hang - in' like a crown.

pp Quick, one kiss,—"sure, there' some - one at the

turn!" Oh, we're af - ther cut - tin'

p) dynamic in the right hand."/>

rush - es on the moun - - tain.

mf

dim.

poco rall.

Poco più lento.

Yes - ter-day, yes - ter-day, or fif - ty years a -

dim.

- go..... I wak - en out o' dreams when I

dim.

*accel.***Tempo Imo**

hear the sum-mer thrush-es. Oh, that's the Bra-bla' burn, I can

hear it sing an' flow, For all that's fair, I'd soon-er see a

bunch o' green..... rush-es. Run, burn, run! can ye

mind when we were young? The ho-ney-suc-kle hangs a-bove, the

pool is dark an' brown: Sing, burn, sing! can ye

The first system of the musical score for 'Cuttin' Rushes'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are 'pool is dark an' brown: Sing, burn, sing! can ye'.

mind the song ye sung..... The day we cut the

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'mind the song ye sung..... The day we cut the'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

rush-es on the moun - tain?

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics 'rush-es on the moun - tain?'. The piano accompaniment features a more active, rhythmic pattern in this section.

p

The fourth system of the musical score, which serves as the ending. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment features a descending melodic line in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand, concluding with a final chord.

JOHNEEN .

Sure he's five months old, an' he's two foot long,

Baby Johnneen;

Watch yerself now, for he's terrible sthrong,

Baby Johnneen.

An' his fists 'ill be up if ye make any slips,

He has finger-ends like the daisy-tips,

But he'll have ye attend to the words of his lips,

Will Johnneen.

There' nobody can rightly tell the colour of his eyes,

This Johnneen;

For they're partly o' the earth an' still they're partly o' the skies,

Like Johnneen.

So far as he's thravelled he's been laughin' all the way,

For the little soul is quare an' wise, the little heart is gay;

An' he likes the merry daffodils, he thinks they'd do to play

With Johnneen.

He'll sail a boat yet, if he only has his luck,

Young Johnneen,

For he takes to the wather like any little duck,

Boy Johnneen;

Sure them are the hands now to pull on a rope,

An' nate feet for walkin' the deck on a slope,

But the ship she must wait a wee while yet, I hope,

For Johnneen.

For we couldn't do wantin' him, not just yet,

Ooh, Johnneen;

'Tis you that are the daisy, an' you that are the pet,

Wee Johnneen.

Here's to your health, an' we'll dhrink it to-night.

Slainte gal, avic machree! live an' do right,

Slainte gal avourneen! may your days be bright,

Johnneen!

MOIRA O'NEILL.

Johneen.

Words by
MOIRA O'NEILL.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.
Op. 77.

Allegretto.

Voice. 

Piano. 



Sure..... he's five months old, an' he's



two foot long,..... Ba - by John - een;.....

Watch yer-self now, for he's ter - ri - ble sthrong.

The first system of the musical score for 'Johnnie'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a melody. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

Ba - by John - een. *cresc.* An' his

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Ba - by John - een.' followed by a dotted line and 'An' his'. The piano accompaniment includes a crescendo marking (*cresc.*) above the staff.

fists ill be up if ye make a - ny slips, He has

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'fists ill be up if ye make a - ny slips, He has'. The piano accompaniment features a piano marking (*p*) above the staff.

fin - ger - ends like the dai - sy - tips, But he'll

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'fin - ger - ends like the dai - sy - tips, But he'll'. The piano accompaniment features a forte marking (*f*) above the staff.

rall. *tempo.*

have ye at-tend to the words of his lips,..... Will John-

cresc. *colla voce.* *dim*

- een.....

Allegro moderato.

There' no - bo-dy can right - ly tell the

p *leggiere.*

col - our of his eyes,..... This John-een; For they're

part-ly o' the earth an' still they're part-ly o' the skies,..... Like Johneen.

So far as he's thravell'd he's been laugh-in' all the way, For the

poco rall. *tempo.* *cresc.*
lit-tle soul is quare an' wise, the lit-tle heart is gay; An' he likes the merry daffodils, he

colla parte. *poco cresc.*

thinks they'd do to play..... With John- een.

cresc.

*Più mosso.**mf*

He'll sail a boat yet, if he

cresc.

on-ly has his luck, Young John-ee, For he takes to the wa-ther like

a-ny lit-tle duck, Boy John-ee; Sure them are the hands now to

p

pull on a rope, An' nate feet for walk-in' the deck on a slope, But the

rall.

ship she must wait a wee while yet, I hope, For John -

p colla parte.

- een. For we

rall.

p poco più lento. *f a tempo.*

could-n't do want-in' him, not just yet, Ooh, John - een;...

mf

rall. *p Più lento.*

'Tis you are the dai-sy, an' you are the pet,

rall.

accel. ***f*** **Allegro.**

Wee John - een. Here's to your health, an' we'll

dhrink it to-night. *Slain-te gal, a-vic ma-chree!* live an' do right,

p ***f*** *p* *cresc.*

Slain-te gal a-vour-neen! may your days be bright,..... John -

f

- een!.....

ff *Più lento.* ***pp***

A BROKEN SONG.

'Where am I from?' From the green hills of Erin.
'Have I no song then?' My songs are all sung.
'What o' my love?' 'Tis alone I am farin'.
Old grows my heart, an' my voice yet is young.

'If she was tall?' Like a king's own daughter.
'If she was fair?' Like a mornin' o' May.
When she'd come laughin' 'twas the runnin' wather,
When she'd come blushin' 'twas the break o' day.

'Where did she dwell?' Where one'st I had my dwellin'.
'Who loved her best?' There' no one now will know.
'Where is she gone?' Ooh, why would I be tellin'!
Where she is gone there I can never go.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

A Broken Song.

Words by
MOIRA O'NEILL.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.
Op. 77.

Adagio. *p*

Voice. *p*

Piano. *p*

'Where am I from?' From the green hills of Er-in.

'Have I no song then?' My... songs are all

sung. 'What o' my love?' 'Tis a - lone I am far - in'.

mf *Poco più mosso.*

Old grows my heart, an' my voice yet is young. 'If she was tall?'

pp *mf*

Like a king's own daugh-ter. 'If she was fair?' Like a

morn-in' o' May. When she'd come laughin' 'twas the run-nin' wath-er,

mf *p*

cresc.

When she'd come blushin' 'twas the break o' day.

cresc. *mf*

Tempo I.
mp
 'Where did she dwell?' Where

rali.
p

one'st I had my dwellin'. 'Who lov'd her best?' There' no one now will know.

pp *mf* *Più lento.*
 'Where is she gone?' Ooh, why would I be tellin'! Where she is gone.....

pp

..... there I can nev - er go.....

ppp

BACK TO IRELAND.

Oh tell me, will I ever win to Ireland again,
 Astore! from the far North-West?
Have we given all the rainbows, an' green woods an' rain,
 For the suns an' the snows o' the West?
"Them that goes to Ireland must thravel night an' day,
An' them that goes to Ireland must sail across the say,
For the len'th of here to Ireland is half the world away—
An' you'll lave your heart behind you in the West.
 Set your face for Ireland,
 Kiss your friends in Ireland,
 But lave your heart behind you in the West."

On a dim an' shiny mornin' the ship she comes to land,
 Early, oh, early in the mornin',
The silver wathers o' the Foyle go slidin' to the strand,
 Whisperin', "Ye're welcome in the mornin'."
There's darkness on the holy hills I know are close aroun',
But the stars are shinin' up the sky, the stars are shinin' down,
They make a golden cross above, they make a golden crown,
An' meself could tell ye why,—in the mornin'
 Sure an' this is Ireland,
 Thank God for Ireland!
 I'm comin' back to Ireland the mornin'.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

Back to Ireland.

Words by
MOIRA O'NEILL.

Music by
C.V. STANFORD.
Op:77.

Allegro.

Voice.

Piano.

p *cres.*

mf

Oh tell me, will I ev-er win to Ire-land again, A -

- store! from the far North - West? Have we giv - en all the rain - bows, an'

green woods an' rain, For the suns an' the snows o' the West?

meno f

"Them that goes to Ire - land must thravel night an' day, An'them that goes to Ire - land must

sail a-cross the say, For the len'th of here to Ire - land is half the world away-An' you'll

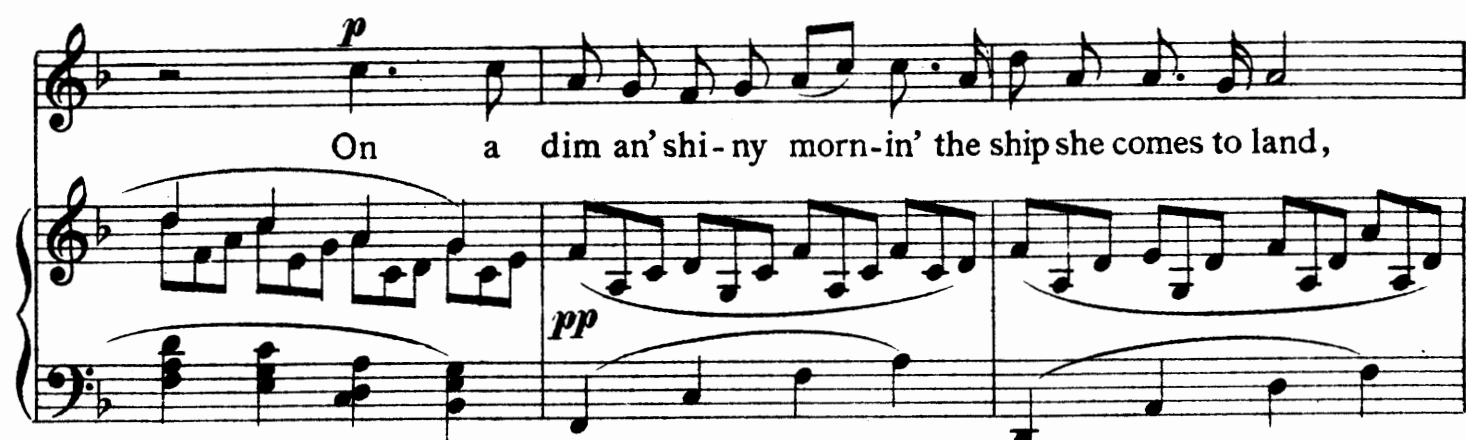
lave your heart be-hind you in..... the West.

Set your face for Ire - land, Kiss your friends in Ire - land, But lave your heart be-

mf



- hind you in the West."



On a dim an' shi-ny morn-in' the ship she comes to land,



Ear - ly, oh, ear - ly in the morn - in', The silver wathers o' the Foyle go



slid-in' to the strand, Whisperin', "Ye're welcome in the morn-in'." There's

un poco slentando.

darkness on the ho-ly hills I know are close a-round, But the stars are shinin' up the sky, the

stars are shinin' down, They make a golden cross above, they make a gold-en crown, An' me-

-self could tell ye why, - in the mor - nin'.

Sure an' this is Ire - land, Thank God for Ire - land! Thank God for Ire -

- land! I'm com-in' back to Ire - land the mor -

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a vocal line marked with an asterisk (*). The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and melodic lines. The score includes several systems of music, with dynamics such as *ff* (fortissimo), *dim.* (diminuendo), *p* (piano), and *pp* (pianissimo). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The time signature is 4/4. The score concludes with an alternative ending marked with an asterisk (*), which is noted as being for when the song is sung singly. The alternative ending features a vocal line and piano accompaniment that leads back to the beginning of the piece.

* Alternative ending, when the song is sung singly.

Recital Songs

Frederick Austin
Orpheus

Granville Bantock
Hedge of Briar, The
Winter has gone

Arthur Benjamin
Wind's Work

Lennox Berkeley
Night covers up the rigid
land

Maurice Besly
Music, when soft voices die
Sanctuary
Siesta

Arthur Bliss
Being young and green

Herbert Brewer
Fairy Pipers, The

Frank Bridge
E'en as a lovely Flower
Go not, Happy Day
Love went a-riding
Violets Blue, The

Benjamin Britten
Birds, The
Fish in the unruffled lakes
Now thro' night's caressing
grip

Rebecca Clarke
Shy One

S. Coleridge-Taylor
She rested by the broken
brook

Malcolm Davidson
Christmas Carol, A
Sorrow of Mydath

Frederick Delius
So white, so soft,
so sweet is she
To Daffodils

Celius Dougherty
Loveliest of Trees

Gerald Finzi
Rollicum-Rorum
To Lizbie Browne

C. Armstrong Gibbs
Five Eyes
Nod
Silver

Ivor Gurney
Come O come, my life's
delight
Sleep

Richard Hageman
Christ went up into the Hills
Donkey, The
Do not go, my Love

Janet Hamilton
By Wenlock Town

Julius Harrison
I know a bank
Marching Along
Sea Winds

Hamilton Harty
Blue Hills of Antrim, The
Sea Wrack

Michael Head
Blackbird Singing, A
Foxgloves
Green Cornfield, A
When Sweet Ann sings

Herbert Howells
King David

John Ireland
Holy Boy, The
If there were dreams to sell
I have twelve Oxen
Spring Sorrow

Frank La Forge
Song of the Open

E. J. Moeran
Diaphenia

Elizabeth Poston
Sweet Suffolk Owl

Roger Quilter
Dream Valley
Fuchsia Tree, The
O Mistress Mine

Serge Rachmaninoff
In the Silent Night
Lilacs, The
No Prophet, I
Vocalise

Avery Robinson
Water Boy (*arr.*)

Alec Rowley
Grieve not my heart
Silkworms

Arthur Somervell
Bargain, The
Young love lies sleeping

C. Villiers Stanford
Fairy Lough, The
My Love's an Arbutus (*arr.*)

Richard Strauss
Bad Weather
(Schlechtes Wetter)
Welcome Vision, A
(Freundliche Vision)

Igor Strawinsky
Russian Maiden's Song

Joan Trimble
Green Rain
My grief on the Sea

Peter Warlock
As ever I saw
Countryman, The
First Mercy, The

R. Vaughan Williams
Bright is the ring of words
Linden Lea

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