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.)

Price 9/- net

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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' 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' 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 mortial 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.

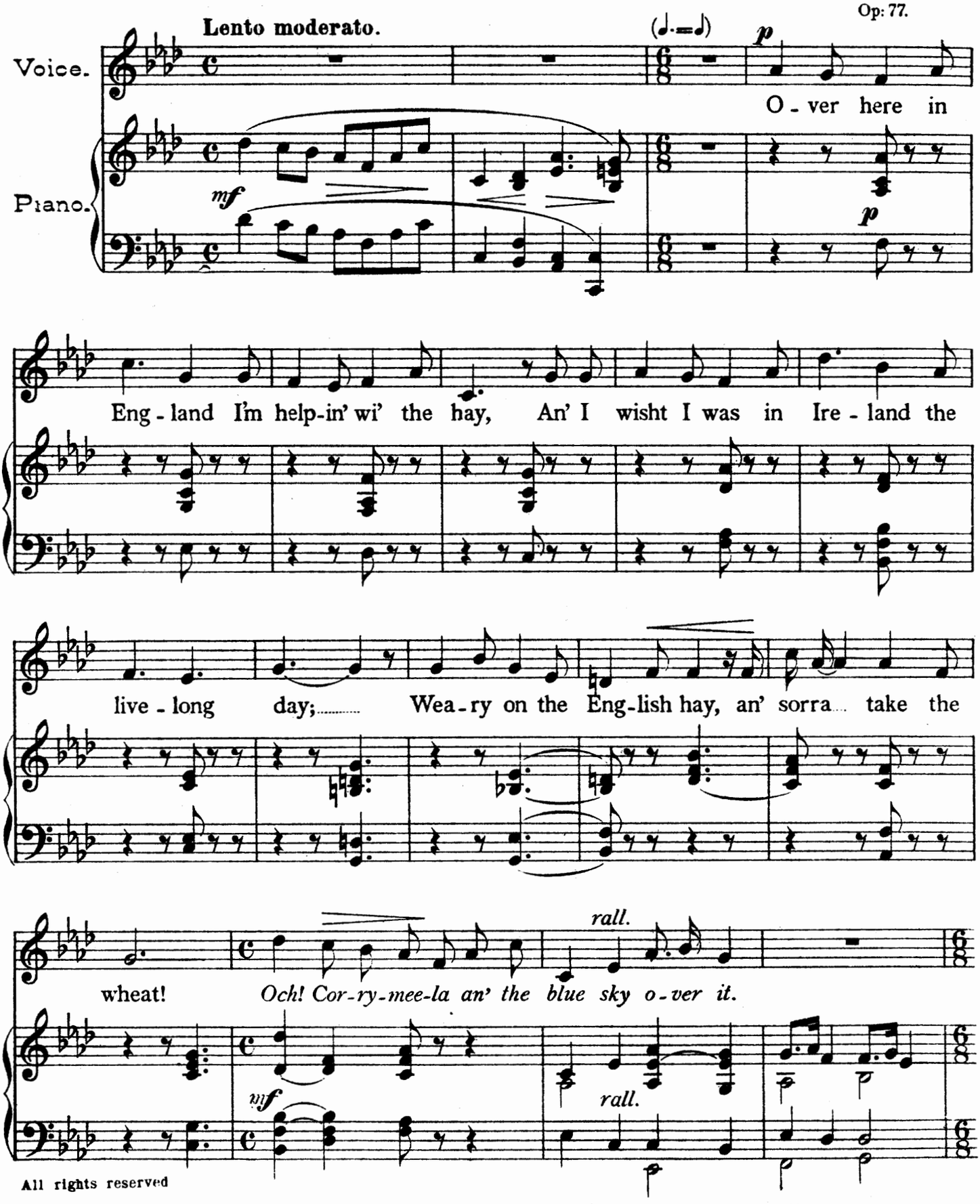
MOIRA O'NEILL.

M
971

Corrymeela.

Words by
MOIRA O'NEILL.

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



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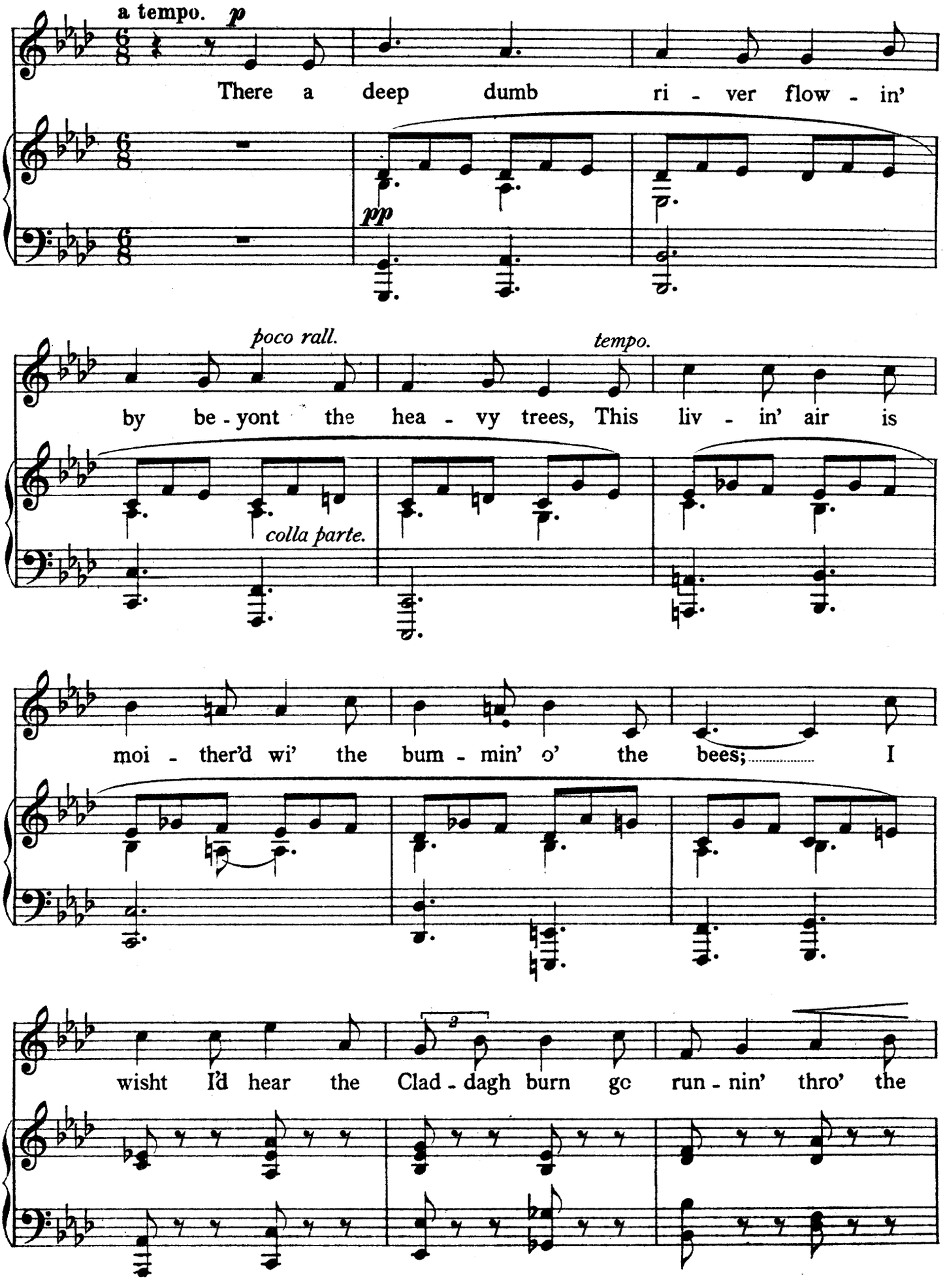
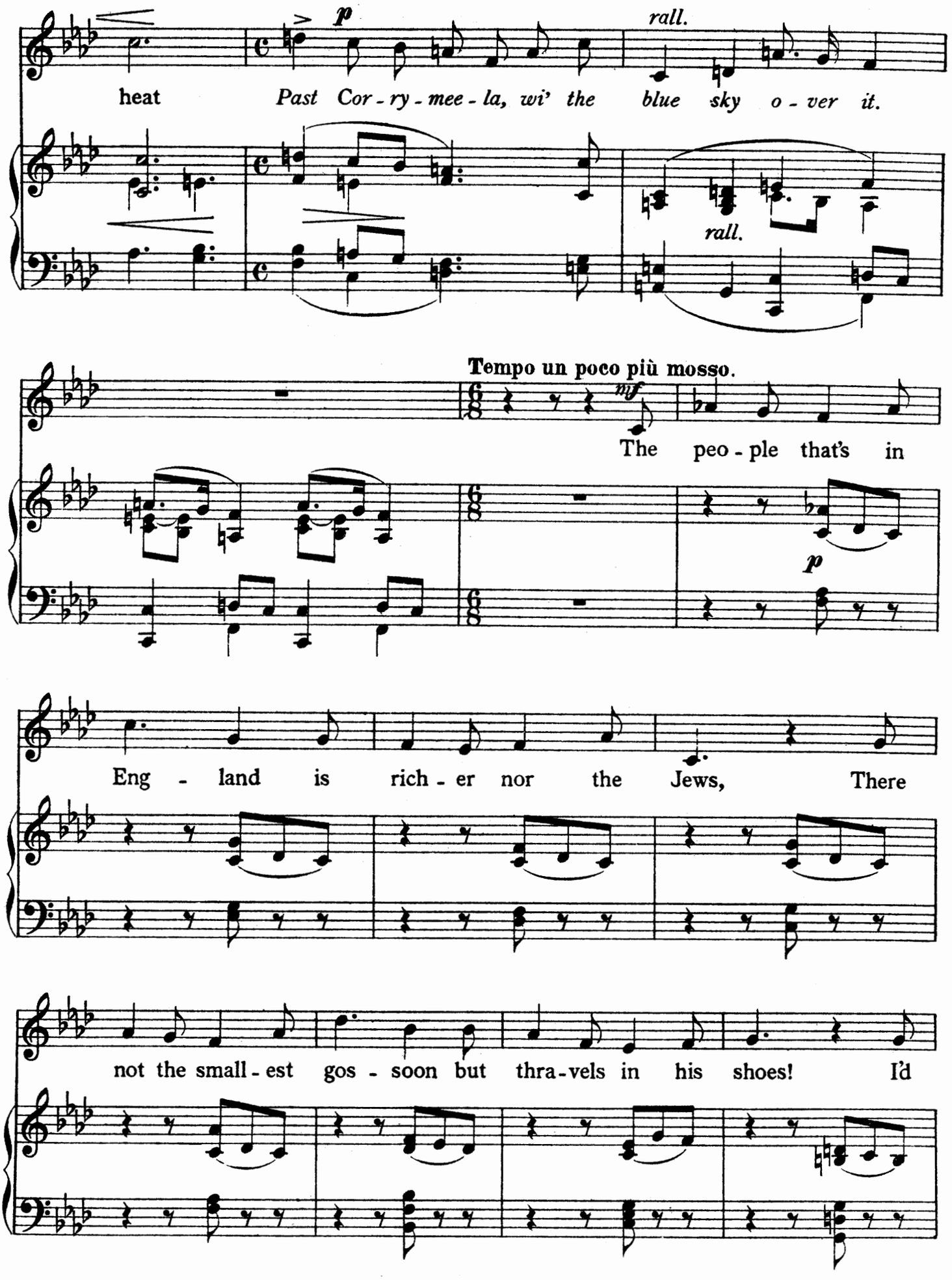
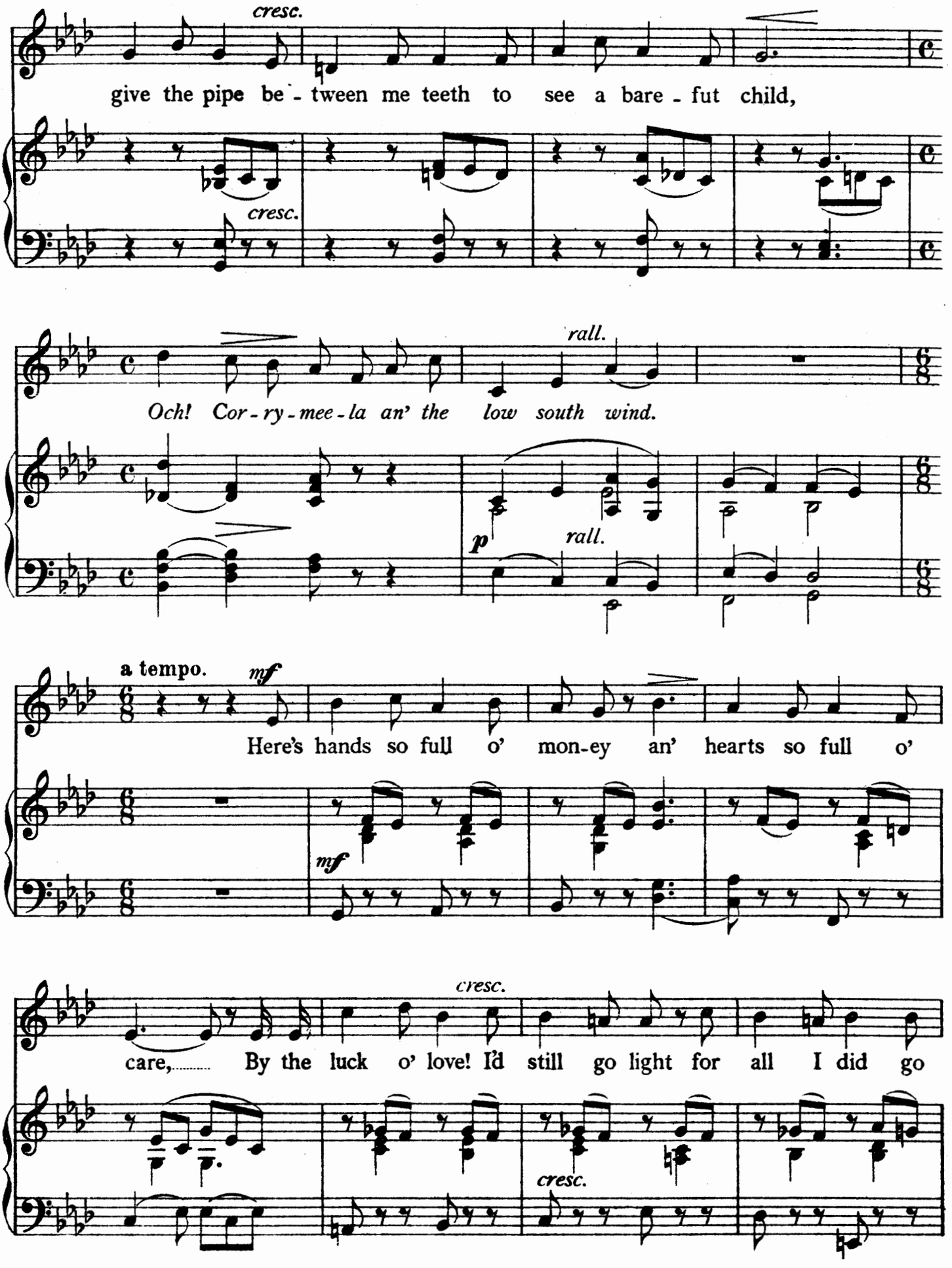
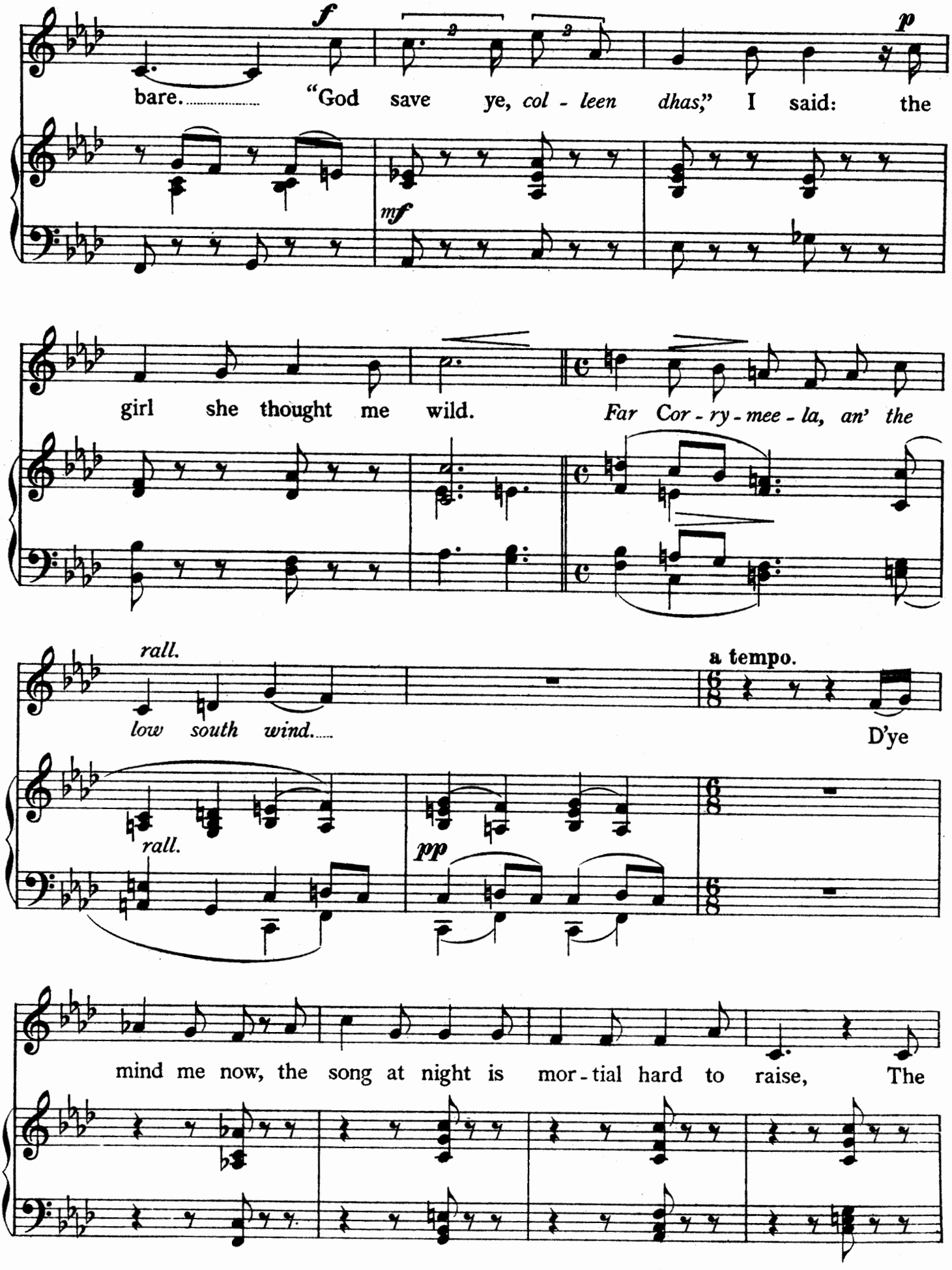
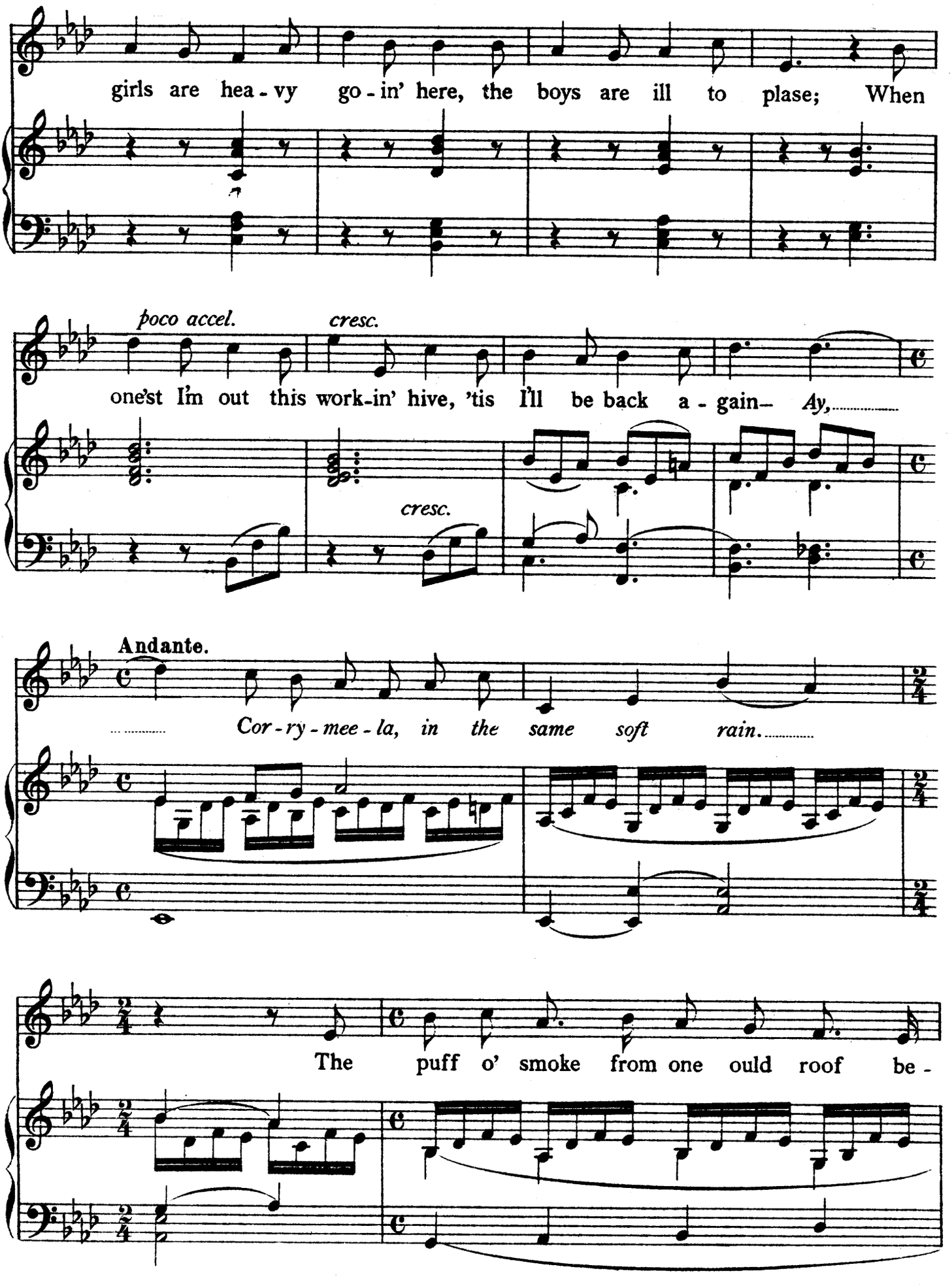
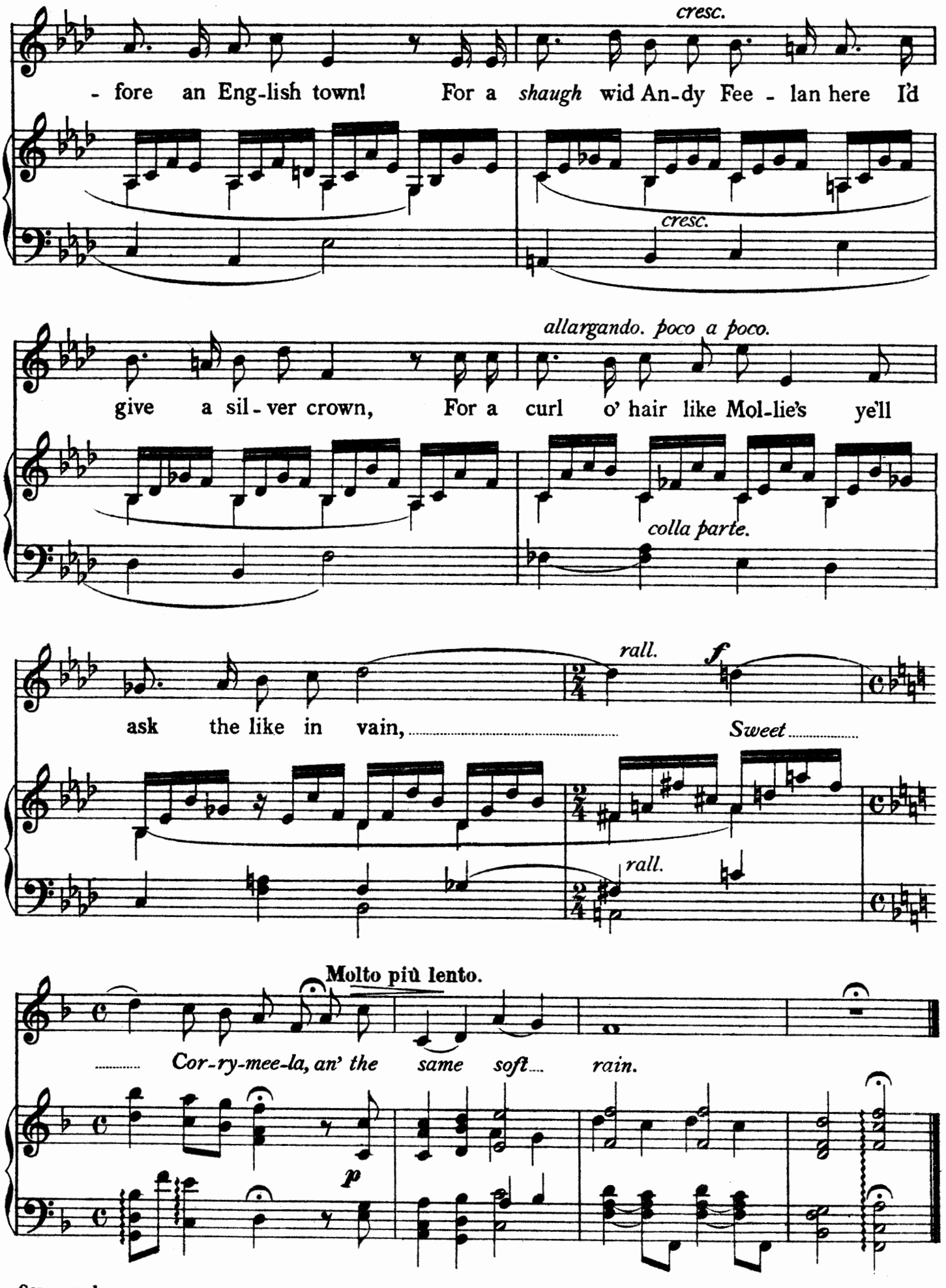

a tempo. p
There a deep dumb ri - ver flow - in'
pp
poco rall.
tempo.
by be - yont the hea - vy trees, This liv - in' air is
colla parte.
moi - ther'd wi' the bum - min' o' the bees; I
wisht I'd hear the Clad - dagh burn go run - nin' thro' the


heat
Past Cor - ry - mee - la, wi' the blue sky o - ver it.
rall.
rall.
Tempo un poco più mosso.
mf
The peo - ple that's in
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
p
bare..... "God save ye, col - leen dhas," 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.
one'st I'm out this work-in' hive, 'tis I'll be back a - gain— Ay,
cresc.
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

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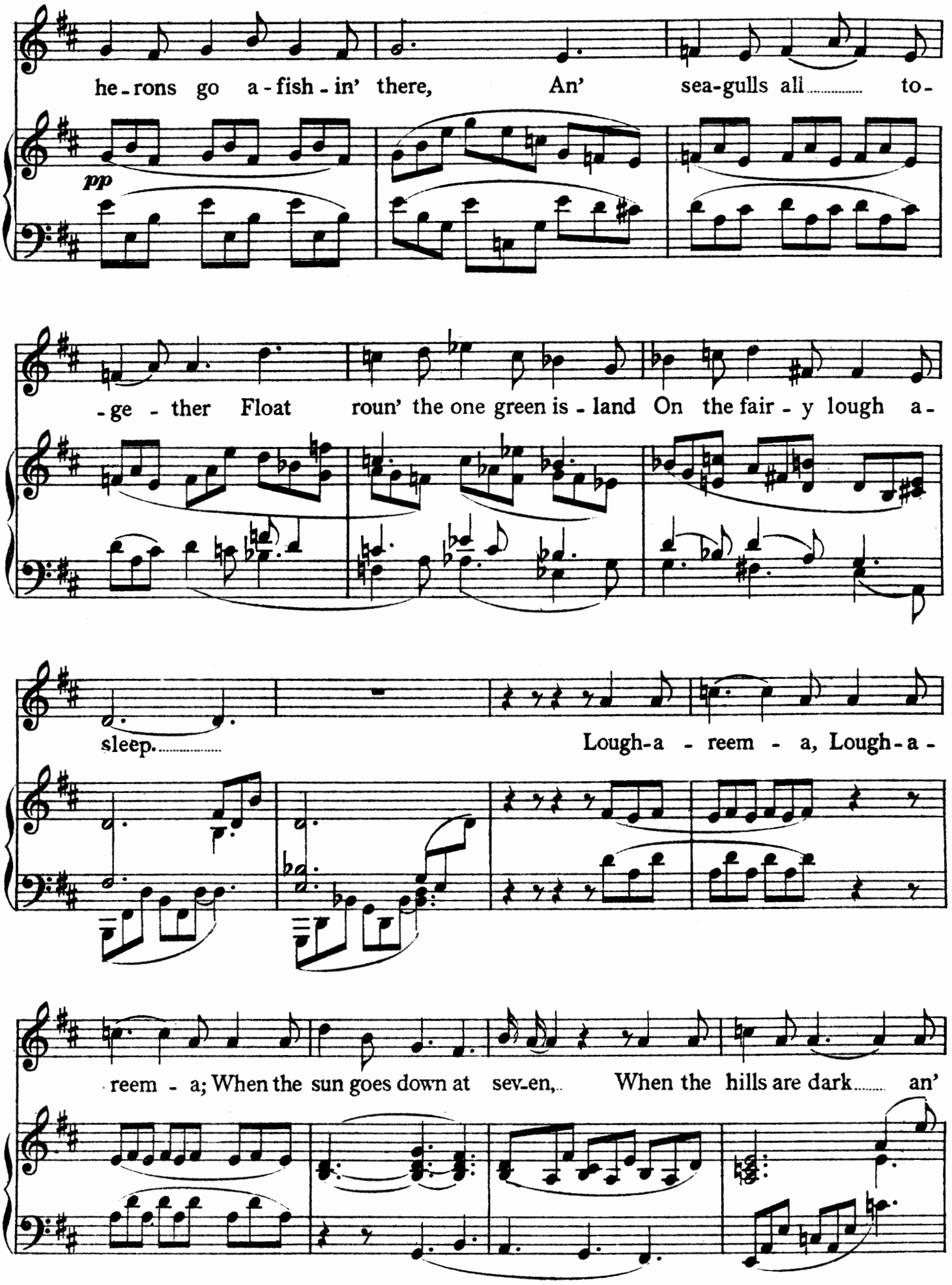
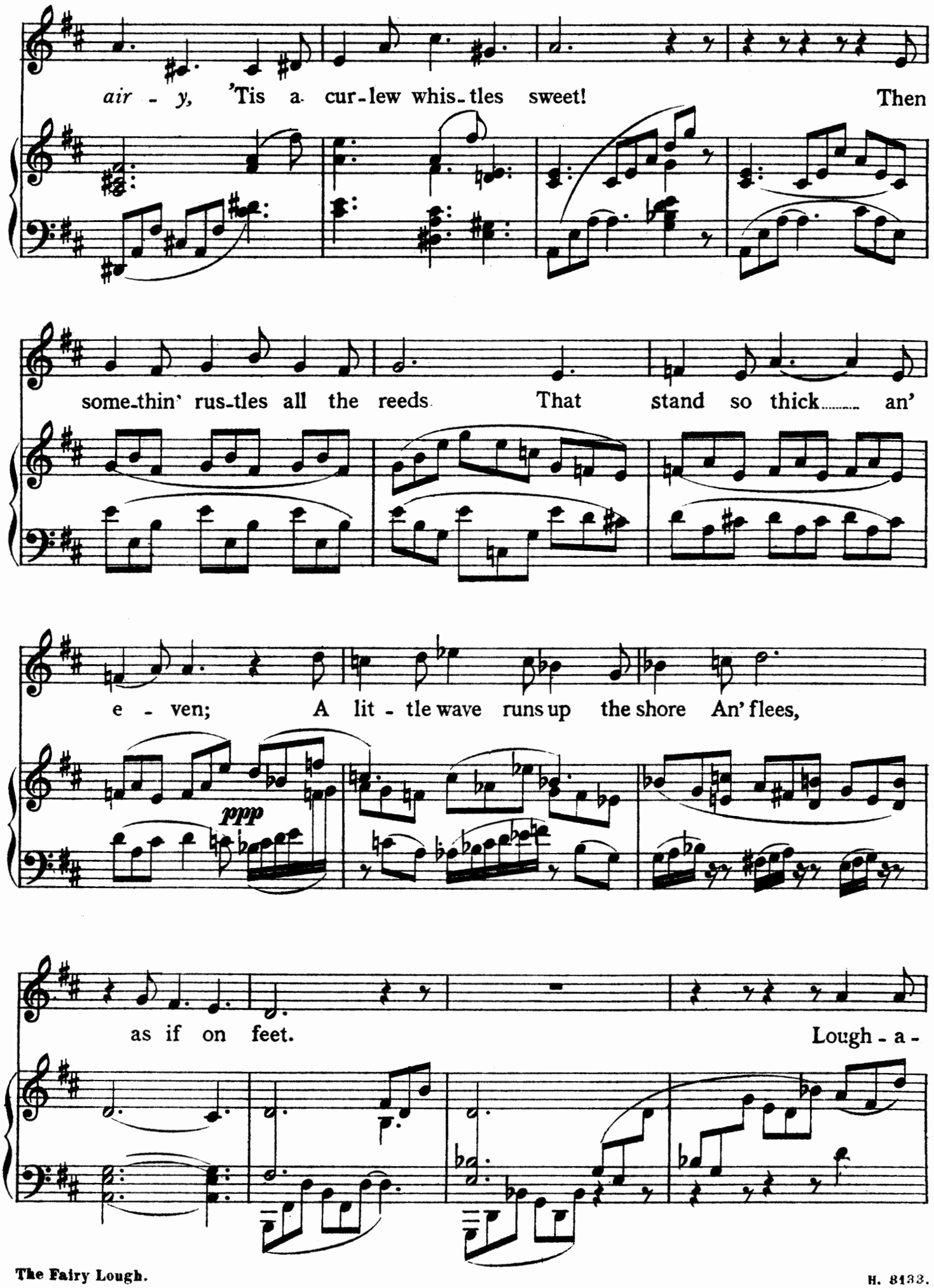
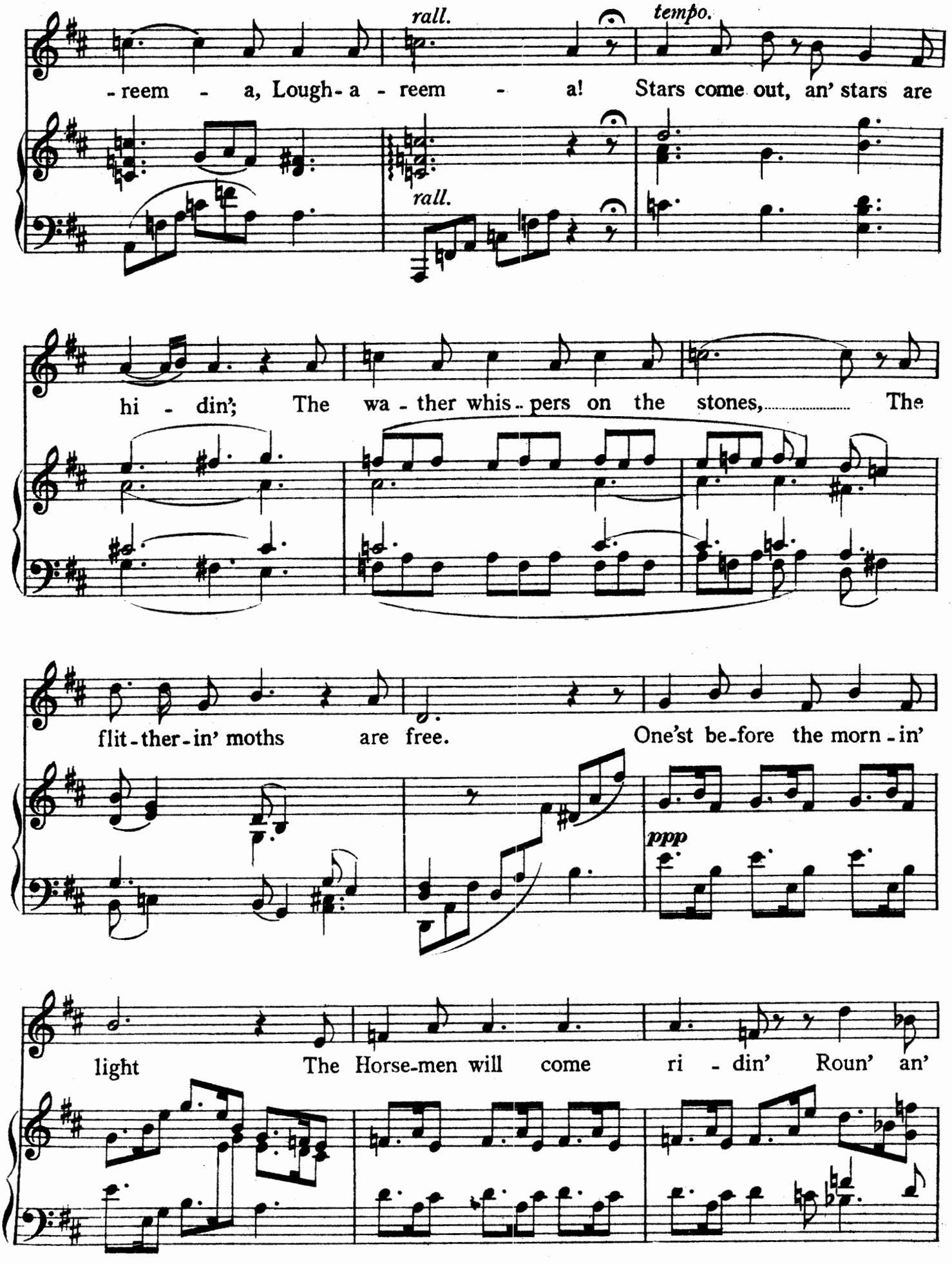
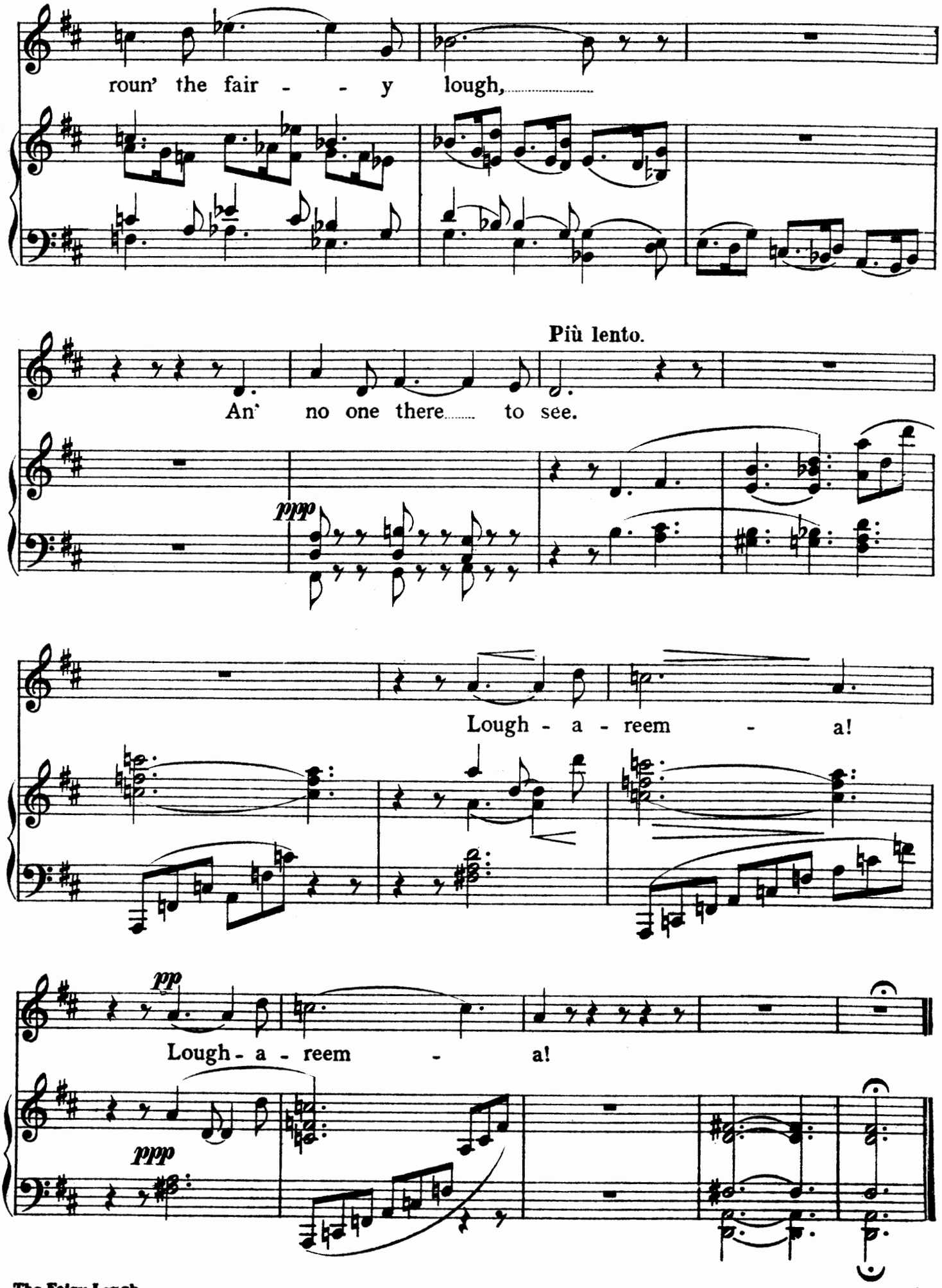

he-rons go a-fish-in' there, An' sea-gulls all..... to-
pp
-ge-ther Float roun' the one green is-land On the fair-y lough a-
sleep.....
Lough-a-reem-a, Lough-a-
reem-a; When the sun goes down at sev-en,.. When the hills are dark..... an'


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,
ppp
as if on feet. Lough - a -


rall.
tempo.
-reem - a, Lough-a - reem - a! Stars come out, an' stars are
rall.
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,
Più lento.
An' no one there to see.
ppp
Lough - a - reem - a!
pp
Lough - a - reem - a!
ppp

"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 pools 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."

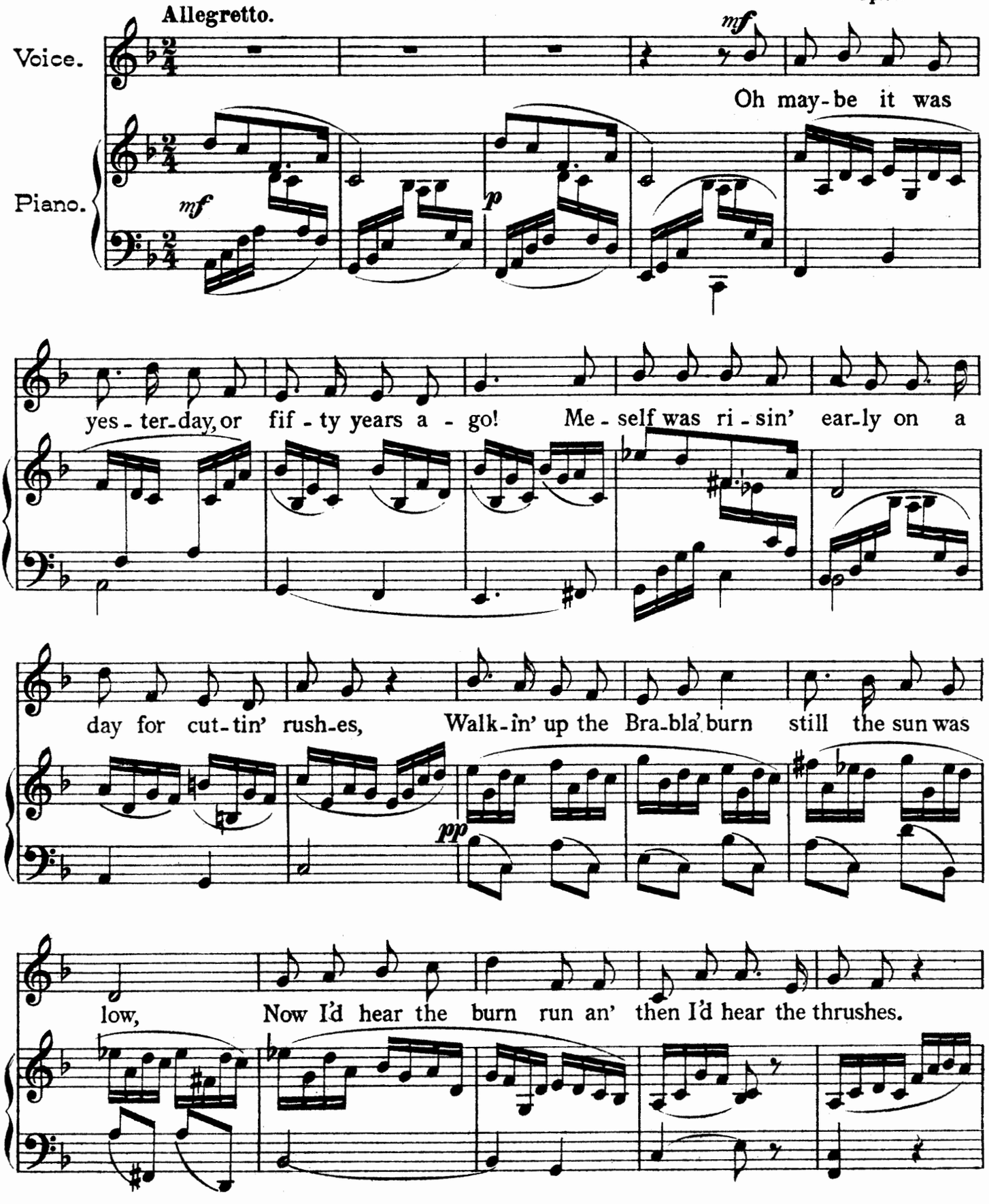
Yesterday, yesterday, or fifty years ago. . . .
  I waken out o' dreams when I hear the summer thrushes.
Oh, that's the Brabla' burn, I can hear it sing an' flow,
  For all that's fair, I'd sooner see a bunch o' green rushes.
Run, burn, run! can ye mind when we were young?
  The honeysuckle hangs above,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



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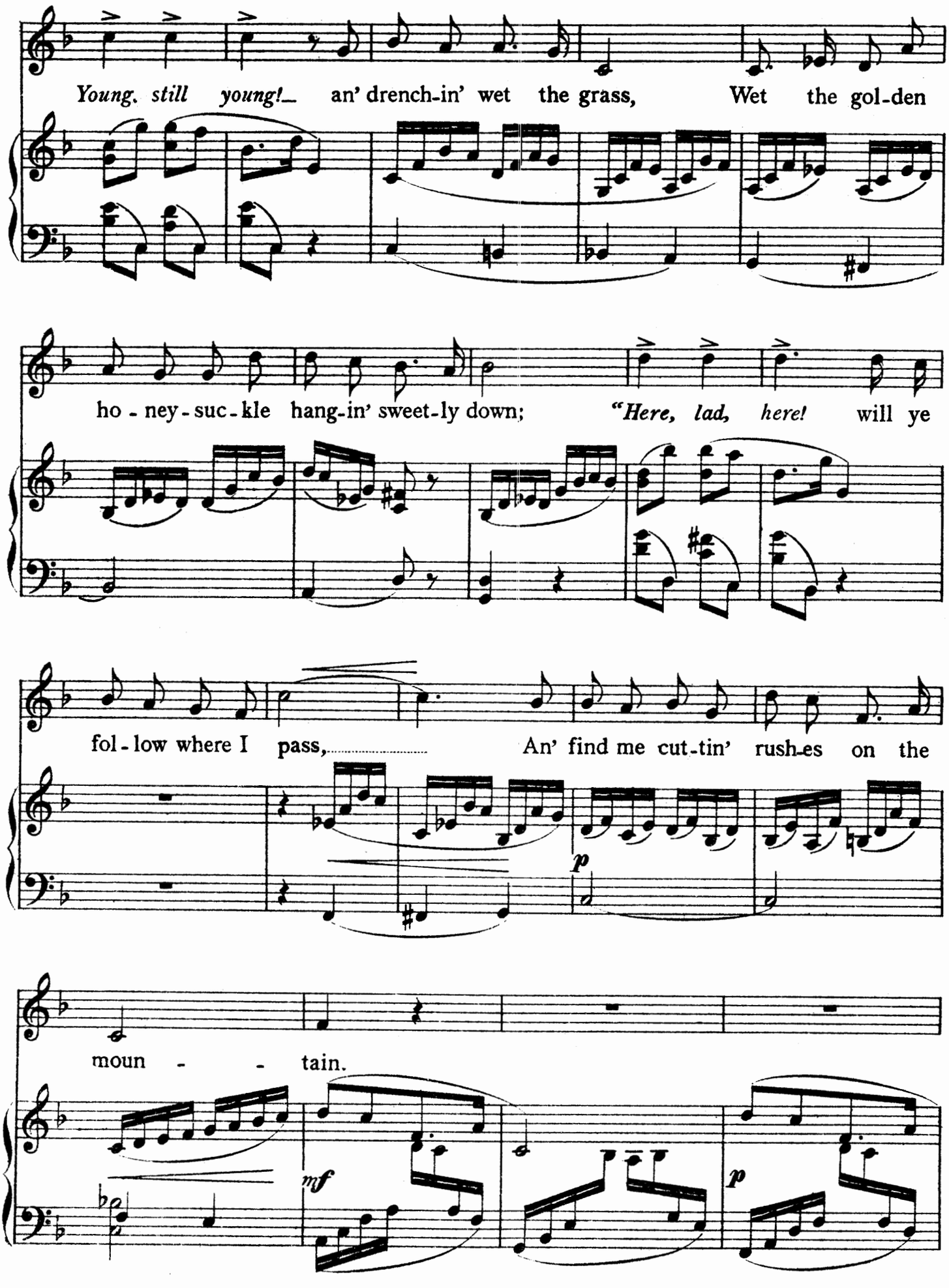
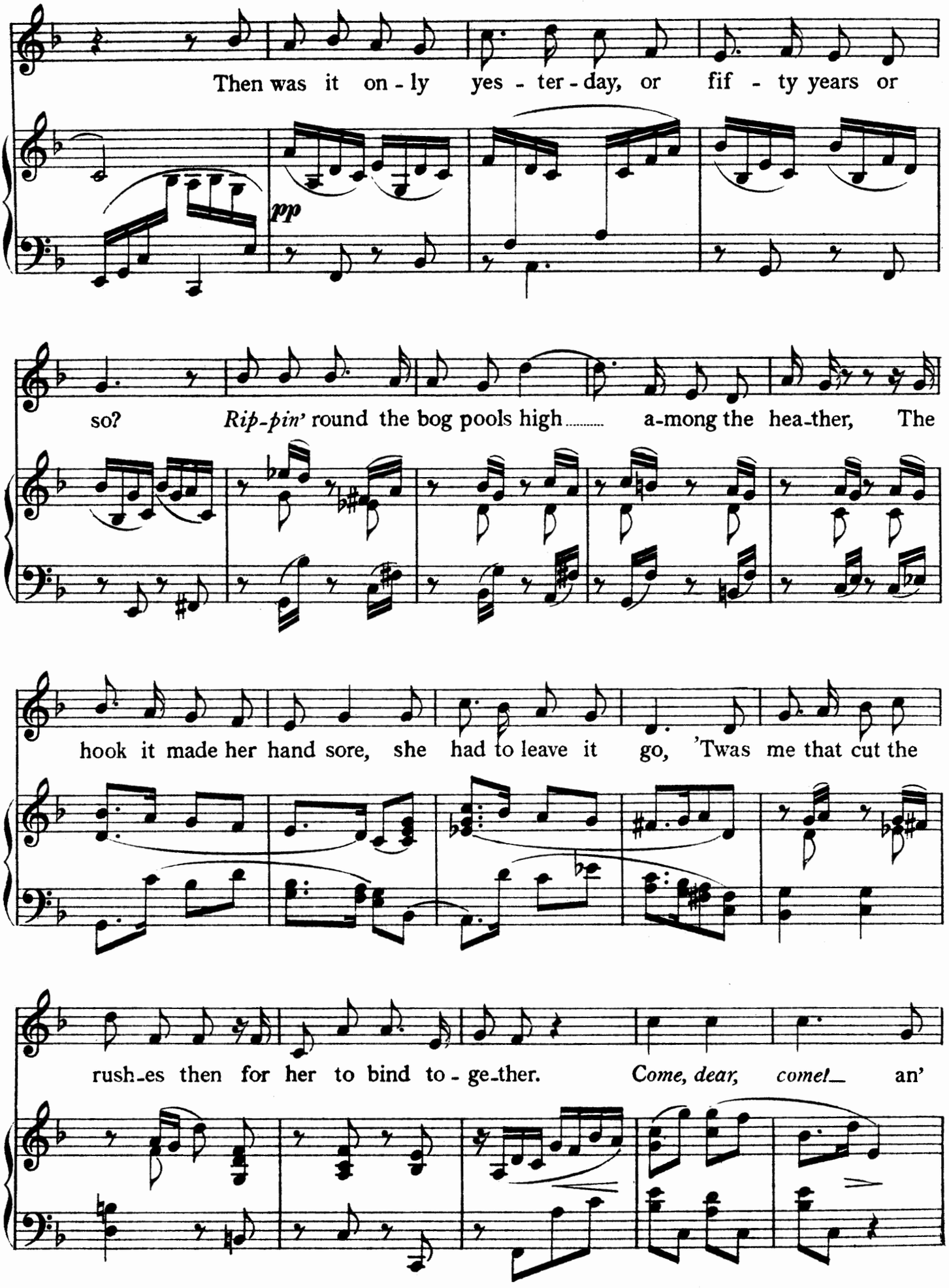
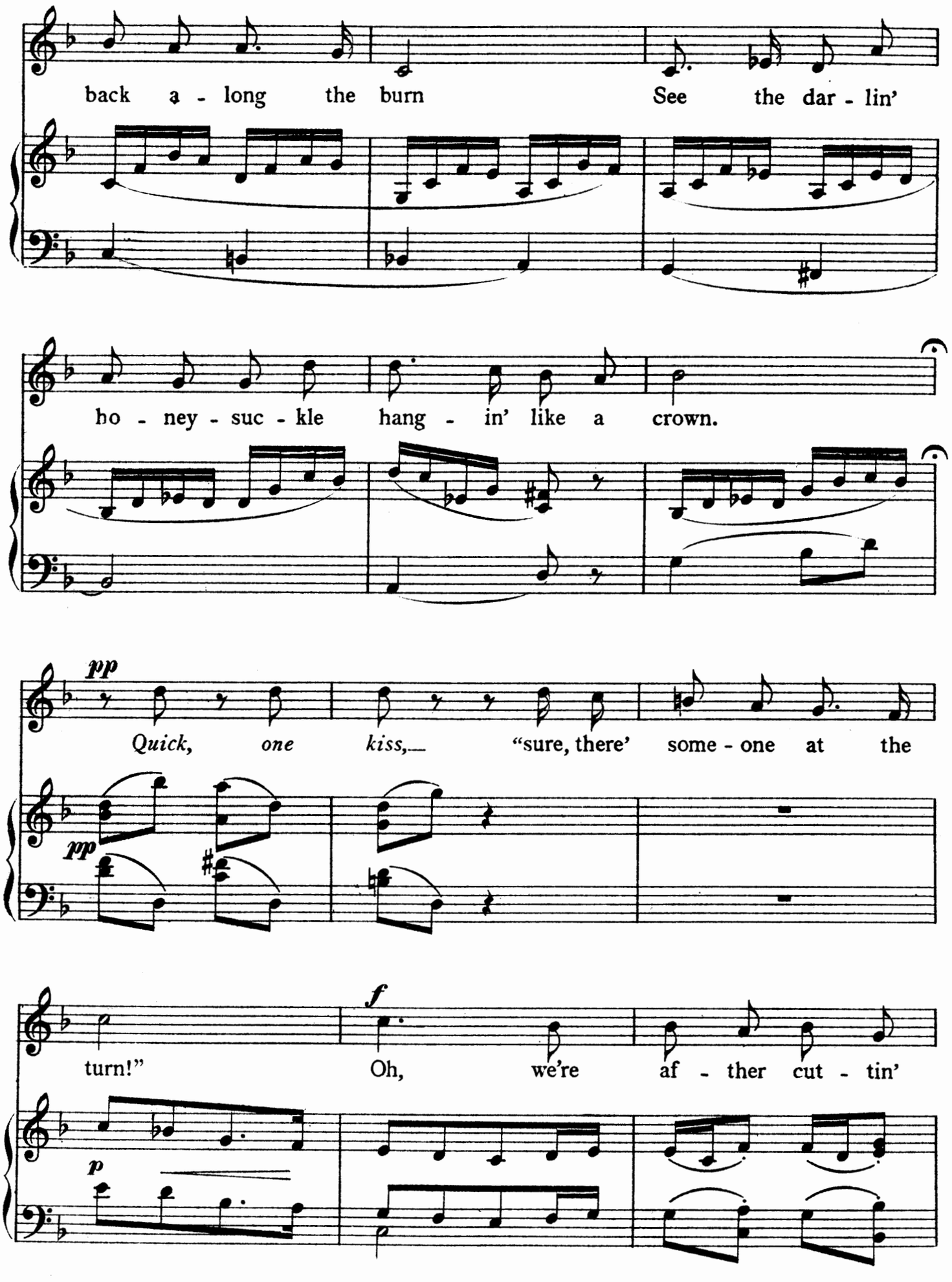
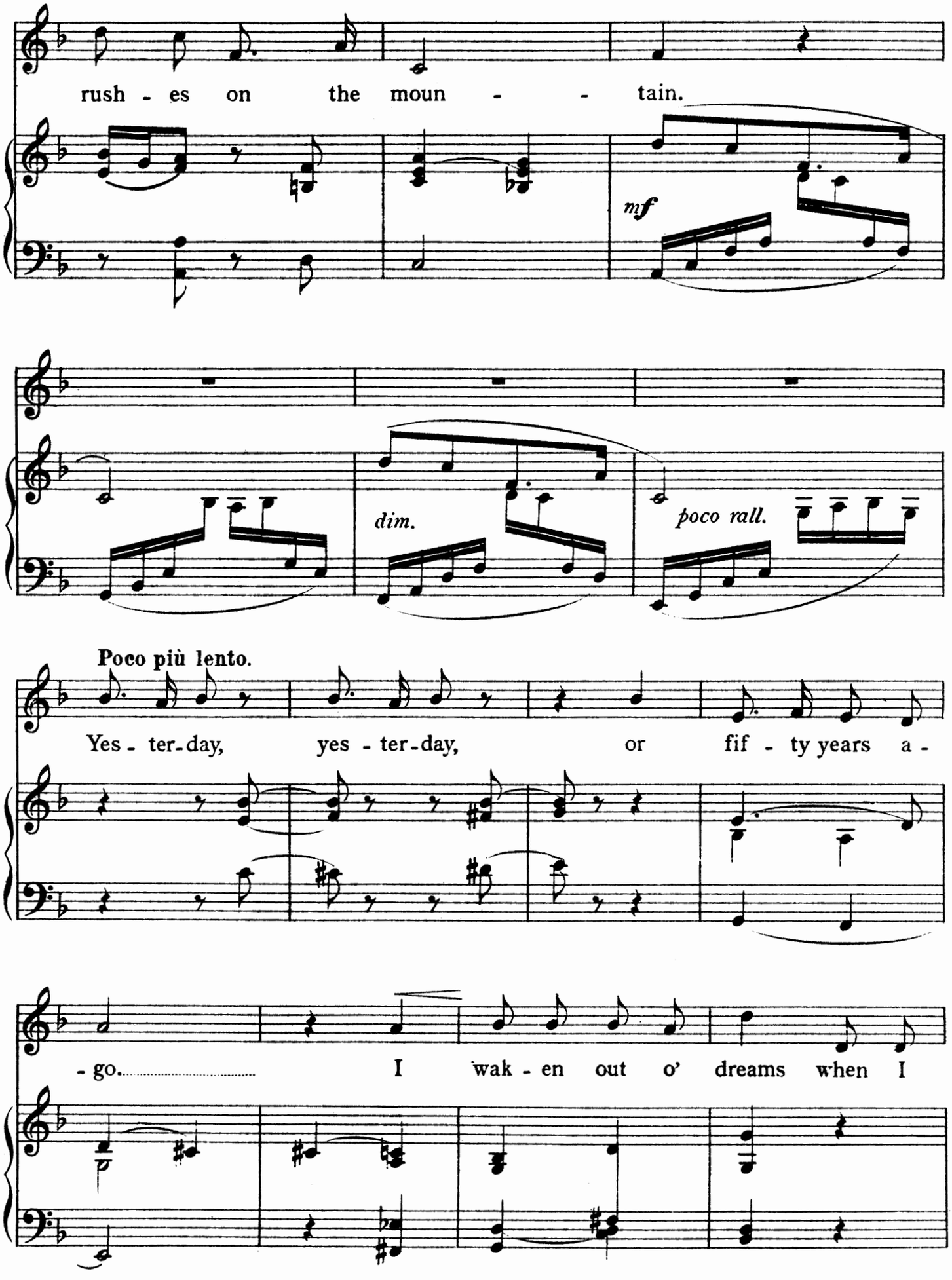
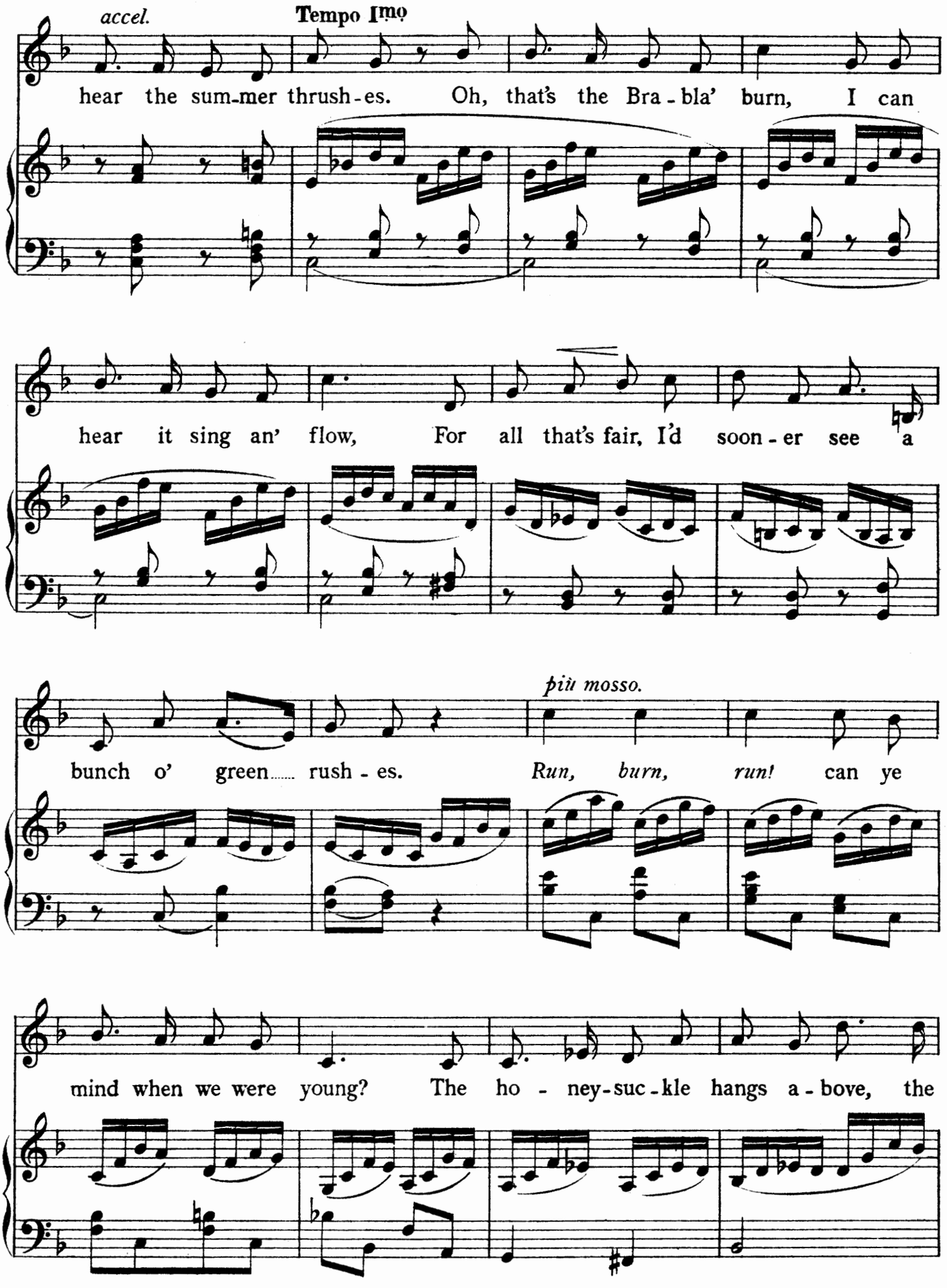
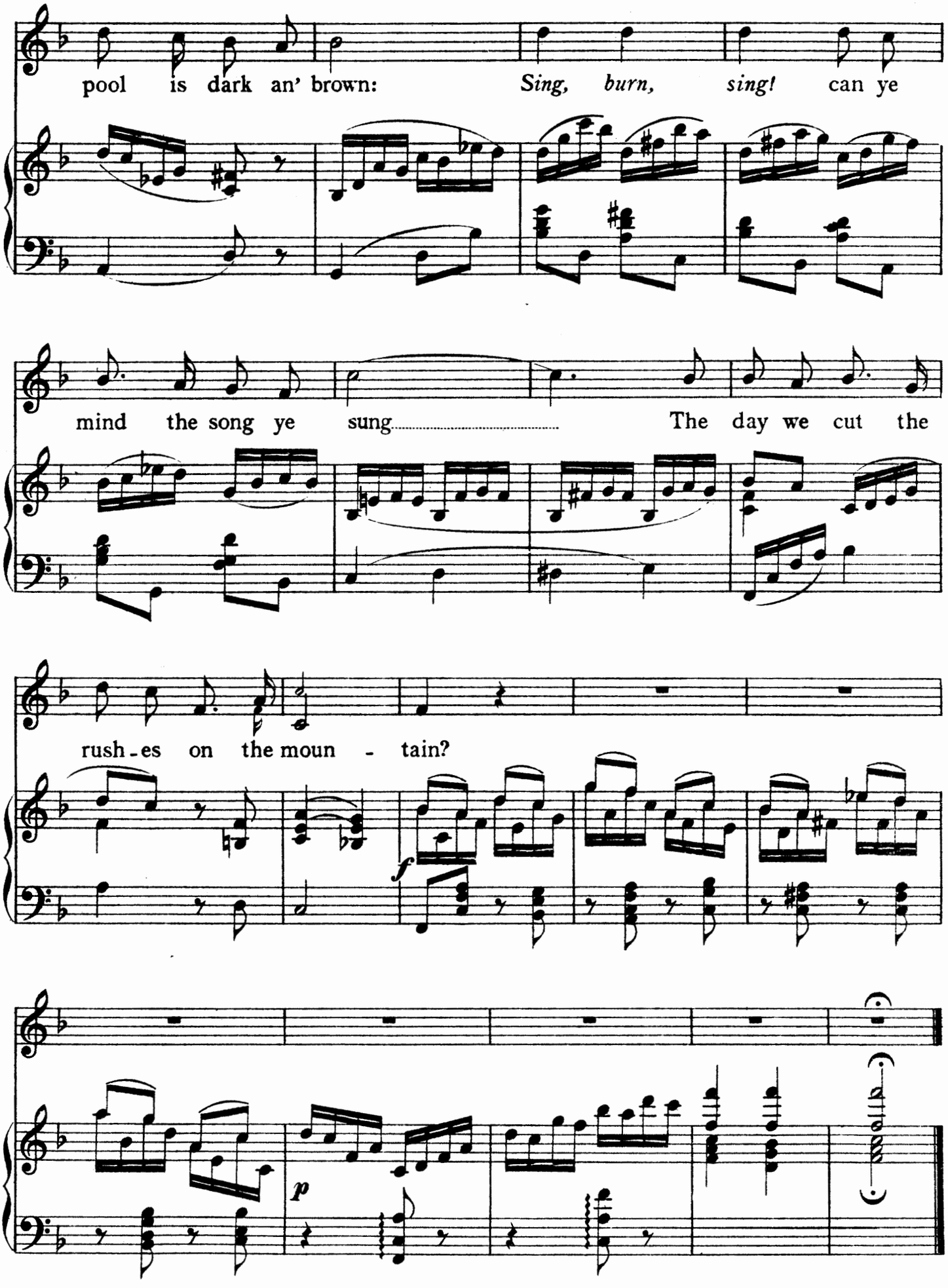

Young, still young!_ an' drench-in' wet the grass, Wet the gol-den
ho - ney - suc - kle hang-in' sweet-ly down; "Here, lad, here! will ye
fol - low where I pass, An' find me cut-tin' rush-es on the
p
moun - - tain.
mf
p


Then was it on - ly yes - ter - day, or fif - ty years or
pp
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
pp
f
turn!"
Oh, we're
af - ther cut - tin'
p


rush - es on the moun - - tain.
mf
dim.
poco rall.
Poco più lento.
Yes - ter-day, yes - ter-day, or fif - ty years a -
- go..... I wak - en out o' dreams when I


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
piu mosso.
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
mind the song ye sung..... The day we cut the
rush-es on the moun - tain?
f
p

JOHNEEN.

Sure he's five months old, an' he's two foot long,
Baby Johneen;
Watch yerself now, for he's terrible sthrong,
Baby Johneen.
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 Johneen.

There' nobody can rightly tell the colour of his eyes,
This Johneen;
For they're partly o' the earth an' still they're partly o' the skies,
Like Johneen.
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 Johneen.

He'll sail a boat yet, if he only has his luck,
Young Johneen,
For he takes to the wather like any little duck,
Boy Johneen;
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 Johneen.

For we couldn't do wantin' him, not just yet,
Ooh, Johneen;
'Tis you that are the daisy, an' you that are the pet,
Wee Johneen.
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,
Johneen!

MOIRA O'NEILL.

Johneen.

Words by
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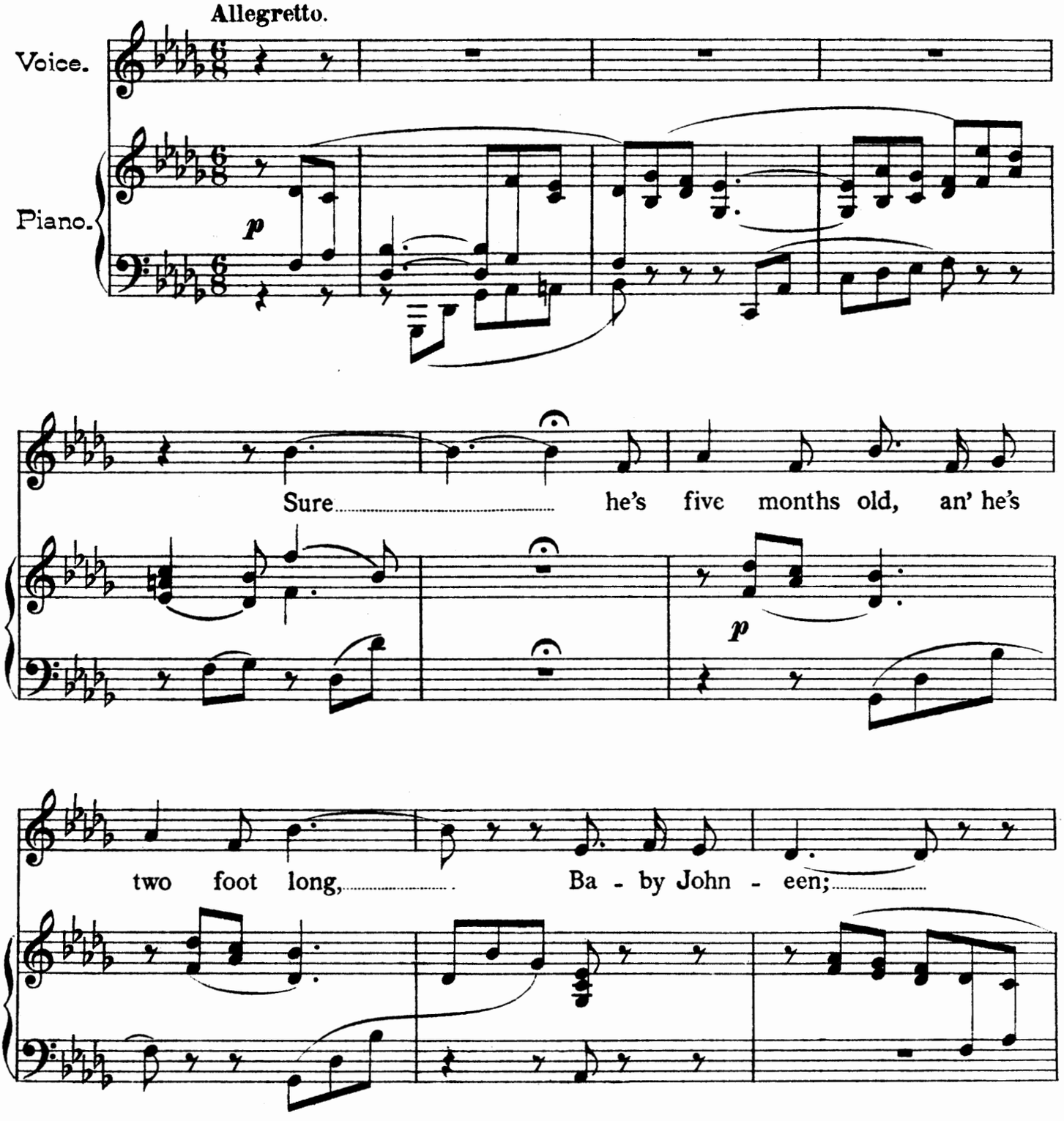

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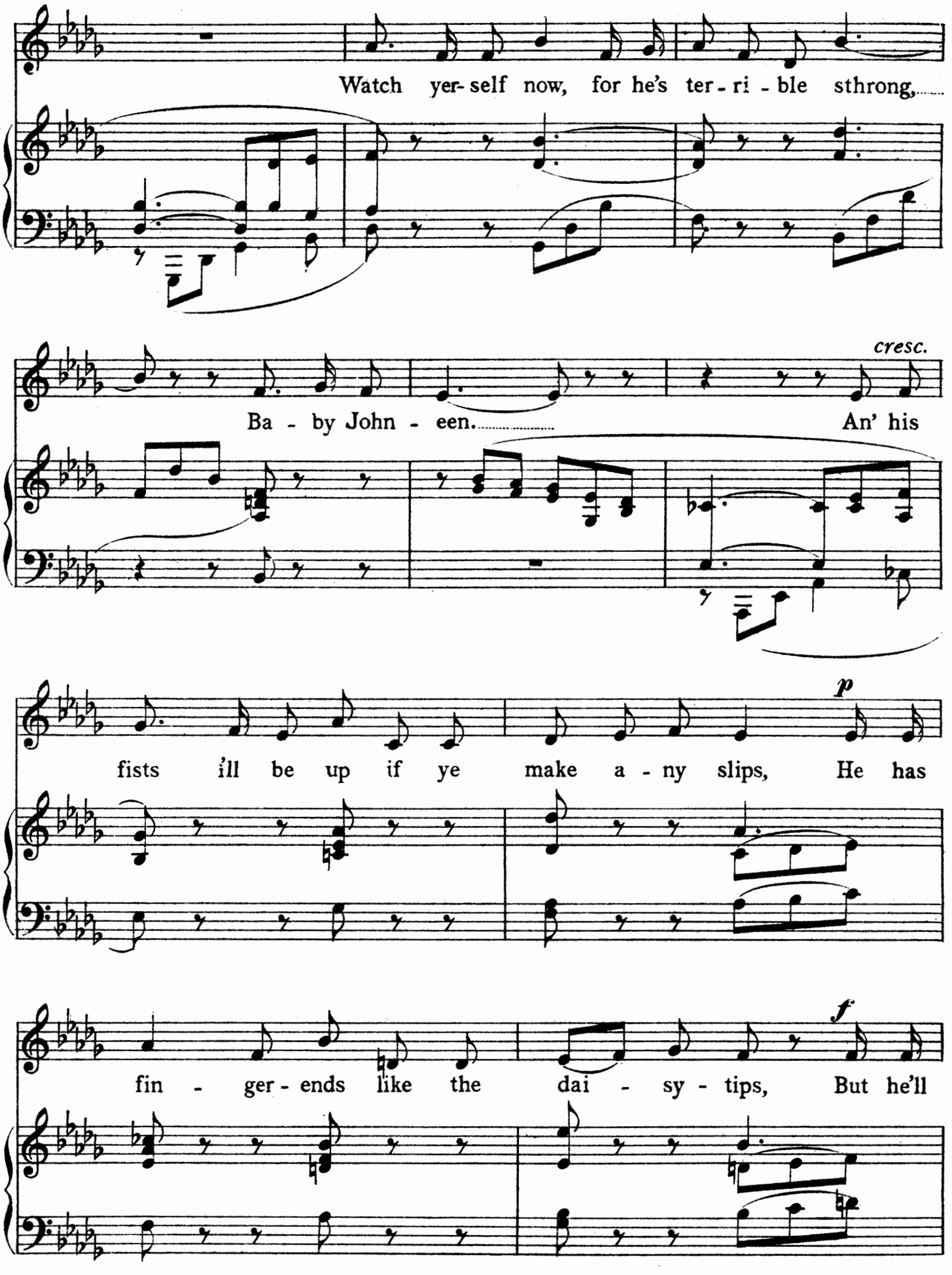
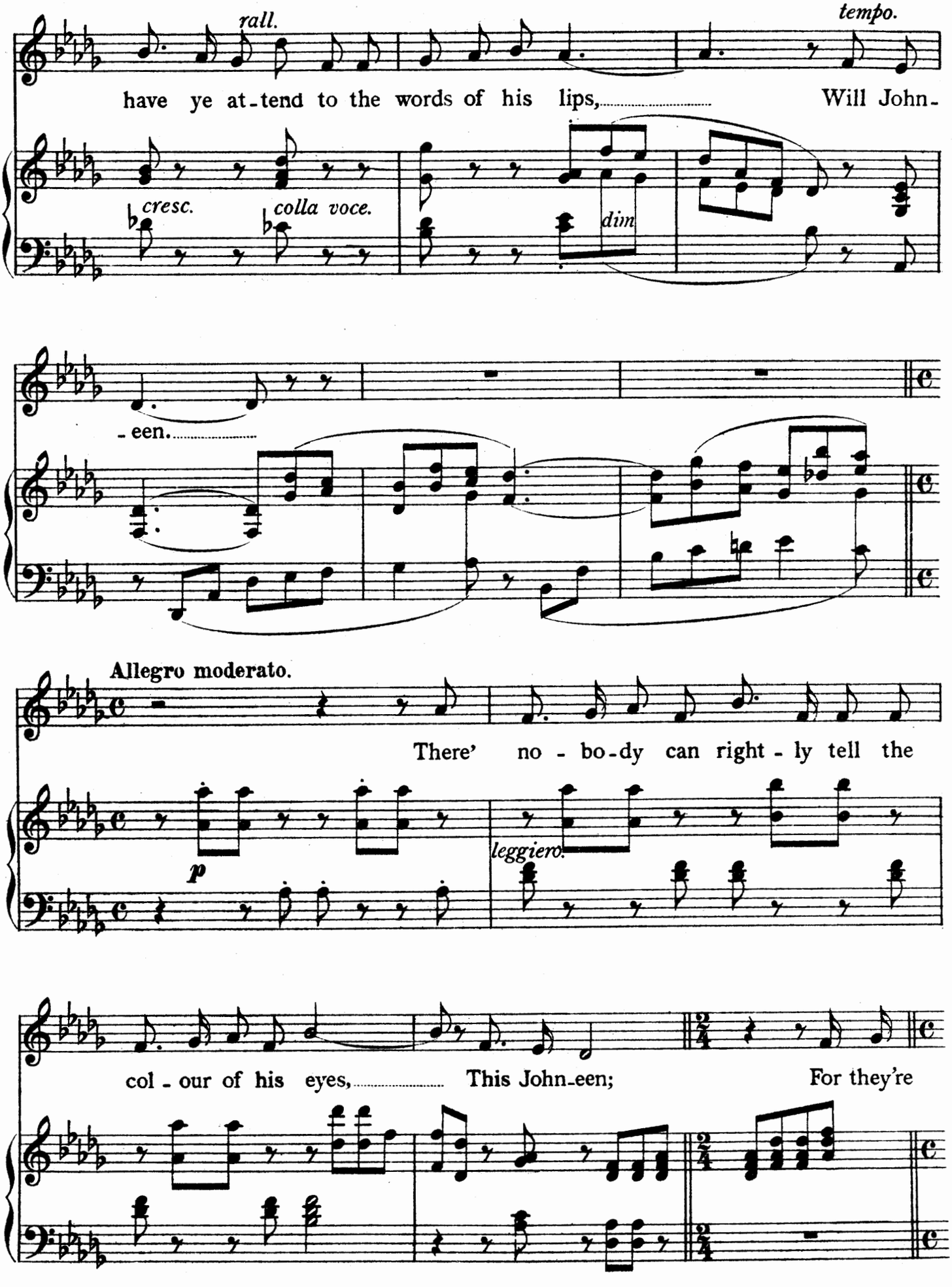
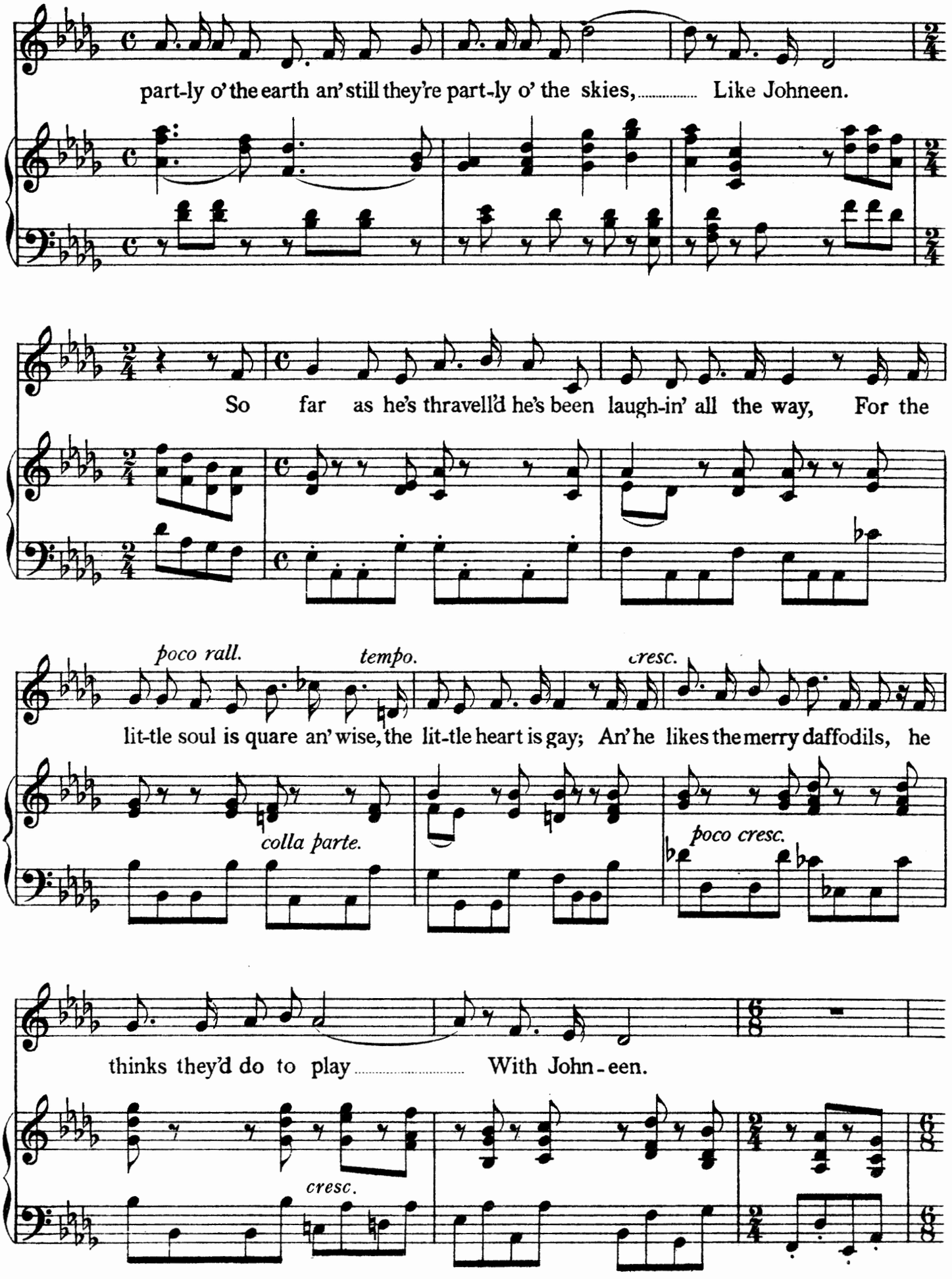
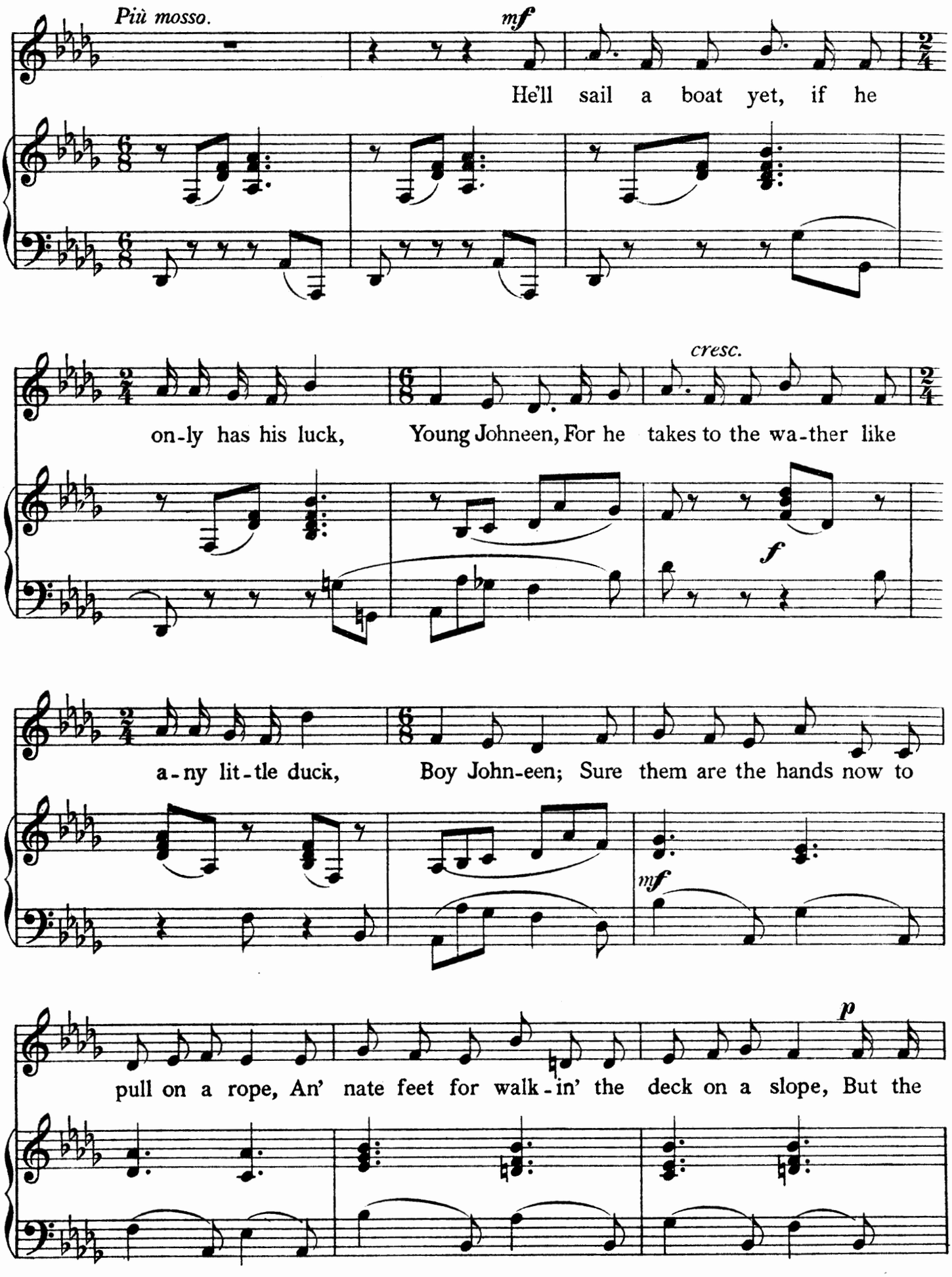
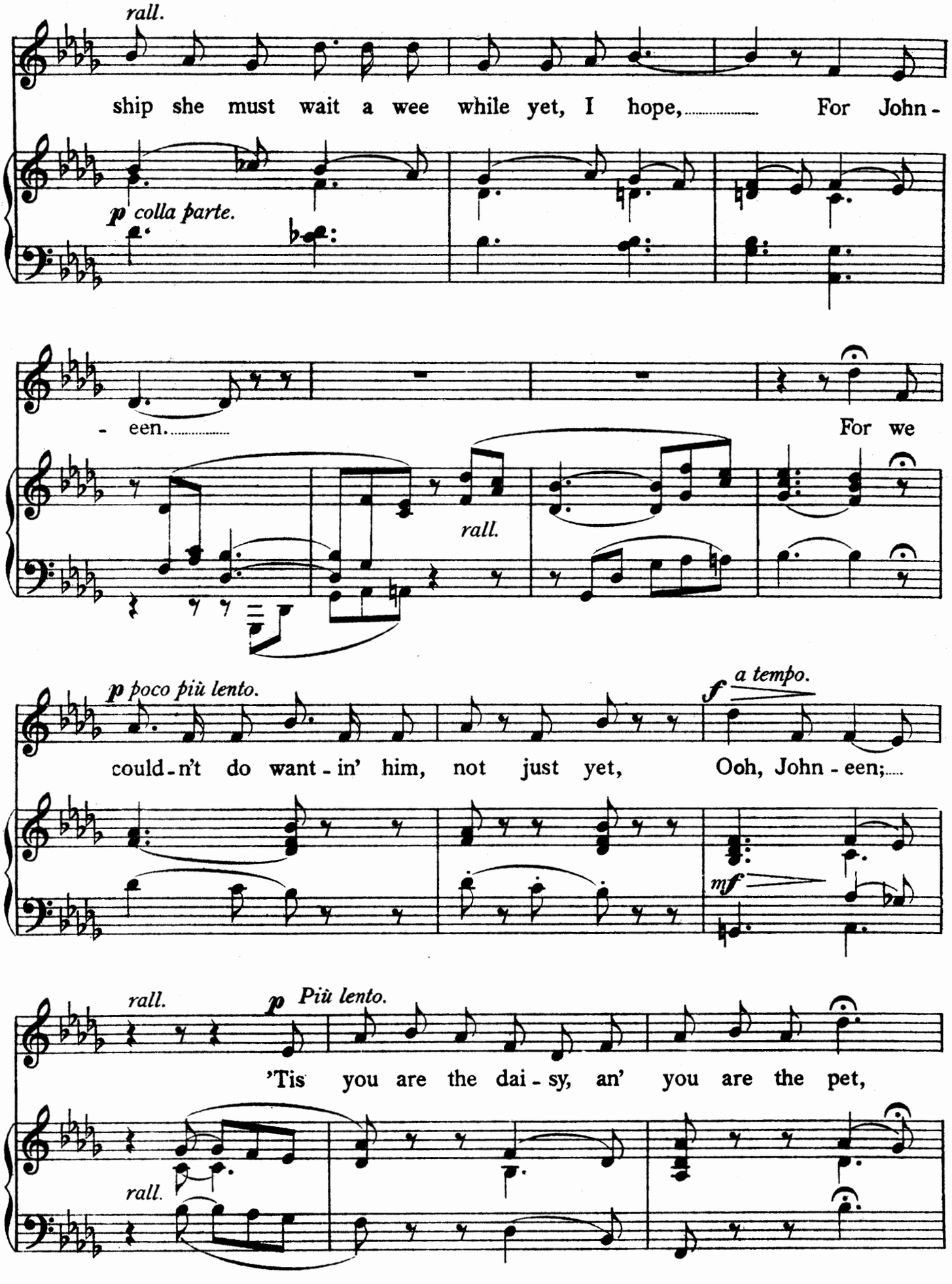
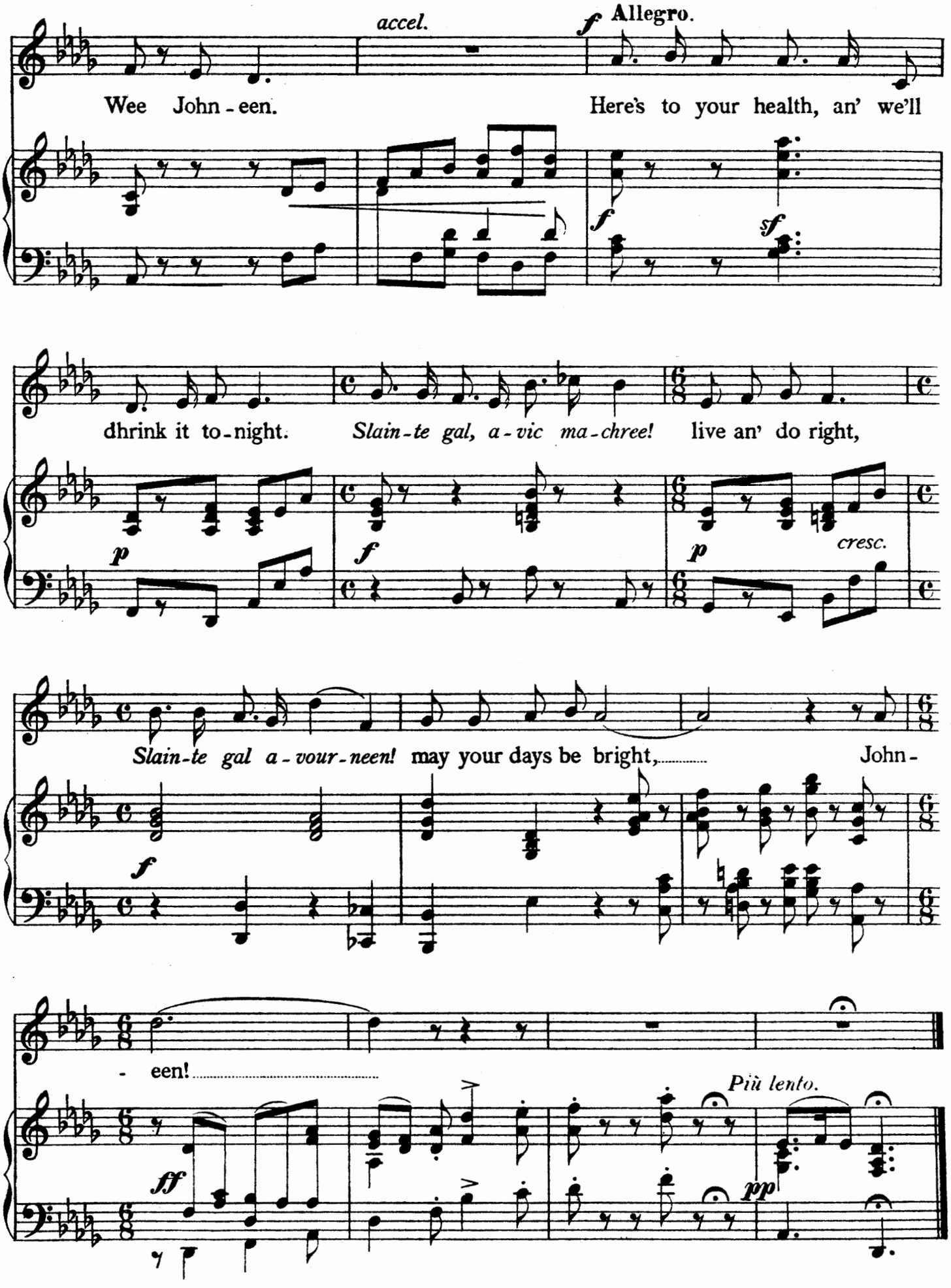

Watch yer- self now, for he's ter - ri - ble sthrong,
cresc.
Ba - by John - een. An' his
p
fists i'll be up if ye make a - ny slips, He has
f
fin - ger - ends like the dai - sy - tips, But he'll


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
leggiero.
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 Johneen, For he takes to the wa-ther like
f
a-ny lit-tle duck, Boy John-een; Sure them are the hands now to
mf
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.
could - n't do want - in' him, not just yet,
f a tempo.
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 -
- een!
Più lento.
ff
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.

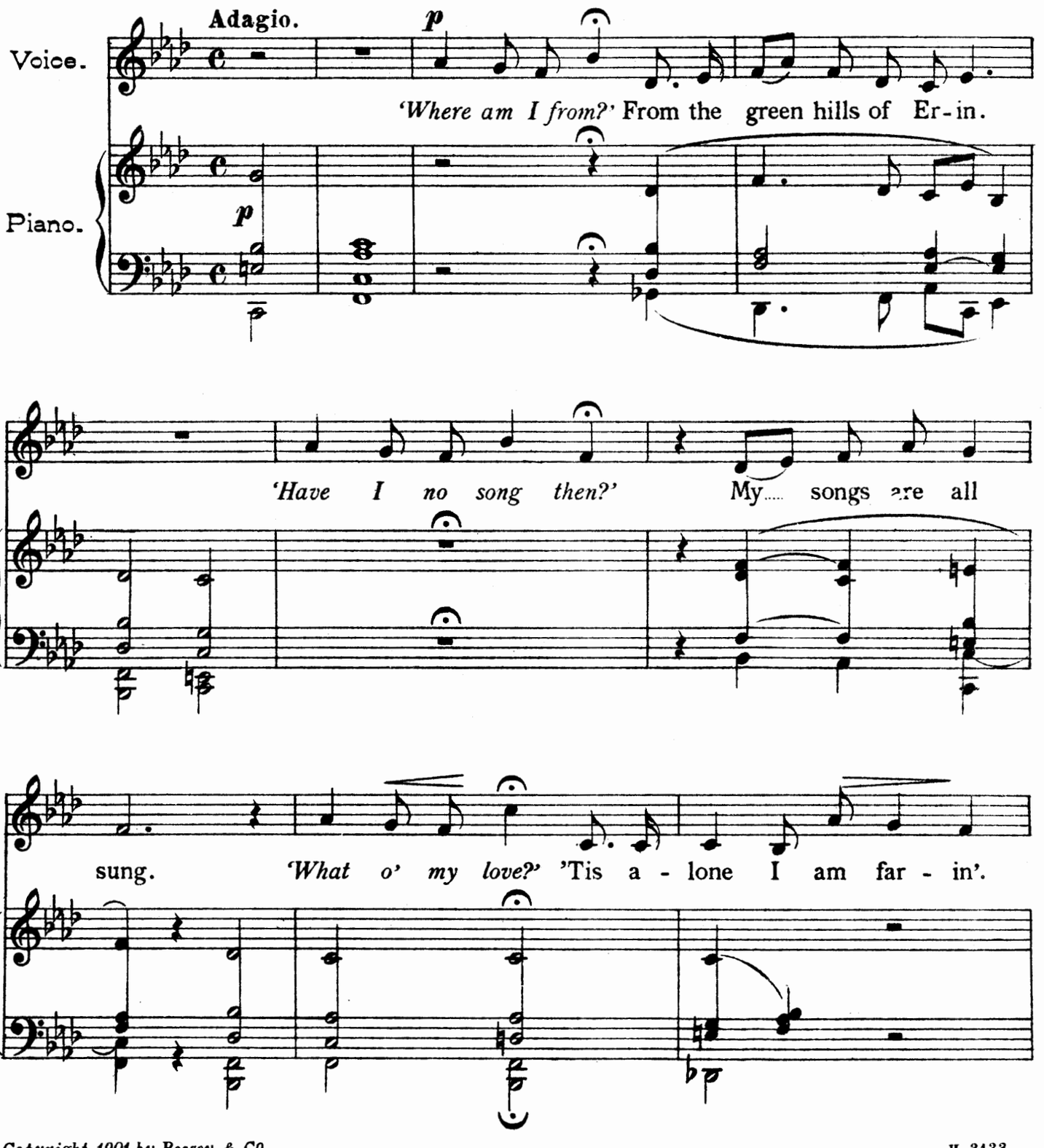
'Where did she dwell?' Where one'st I had my dwellin'.
'Who loved her best?' There' no one now will know.
'Where is she gone?' Ooh, why would I be tellin'!
Where she is gone there I can never go.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

A Broken Song.

Words by
MOIRA O'NEILL.

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



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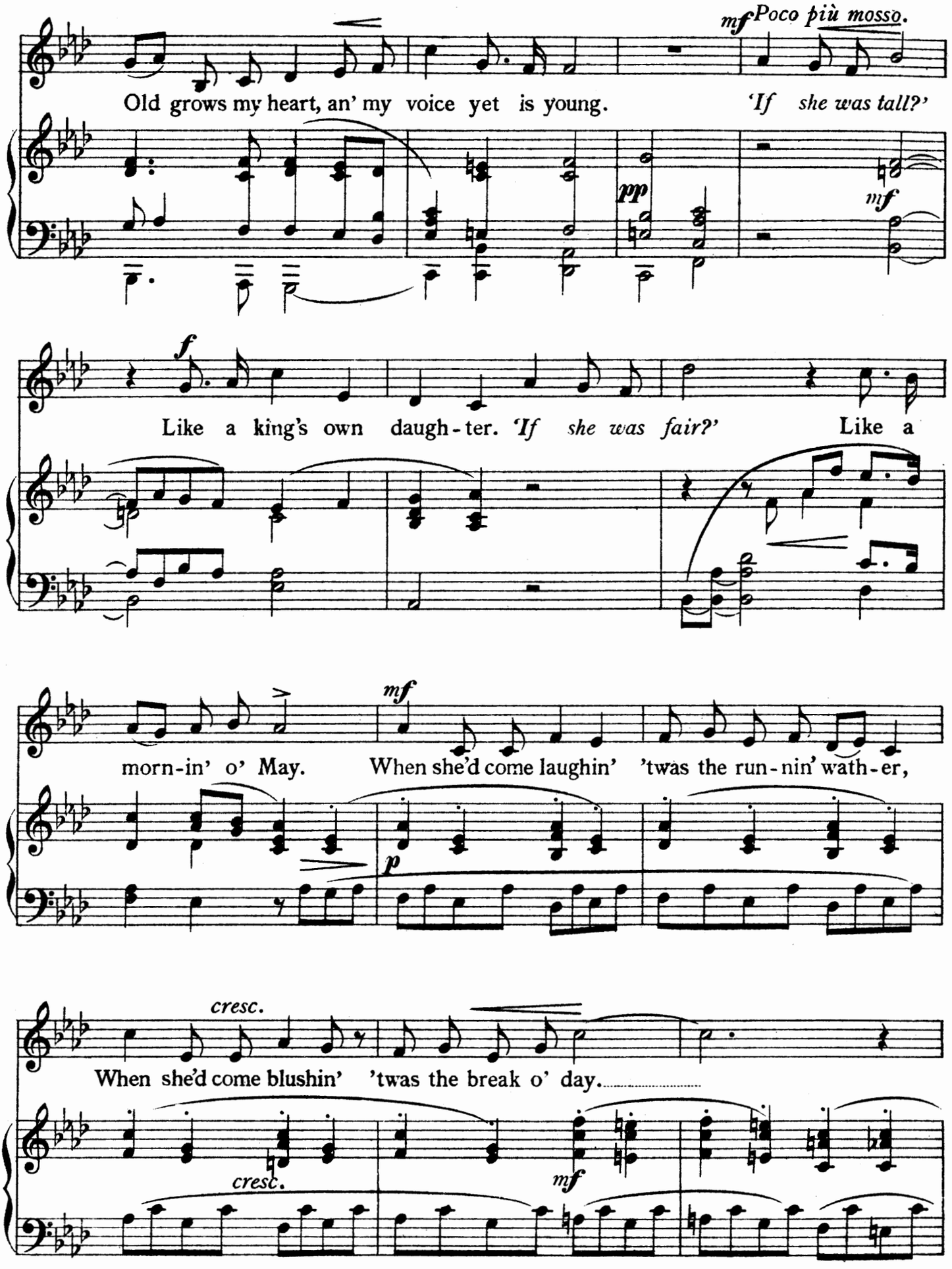
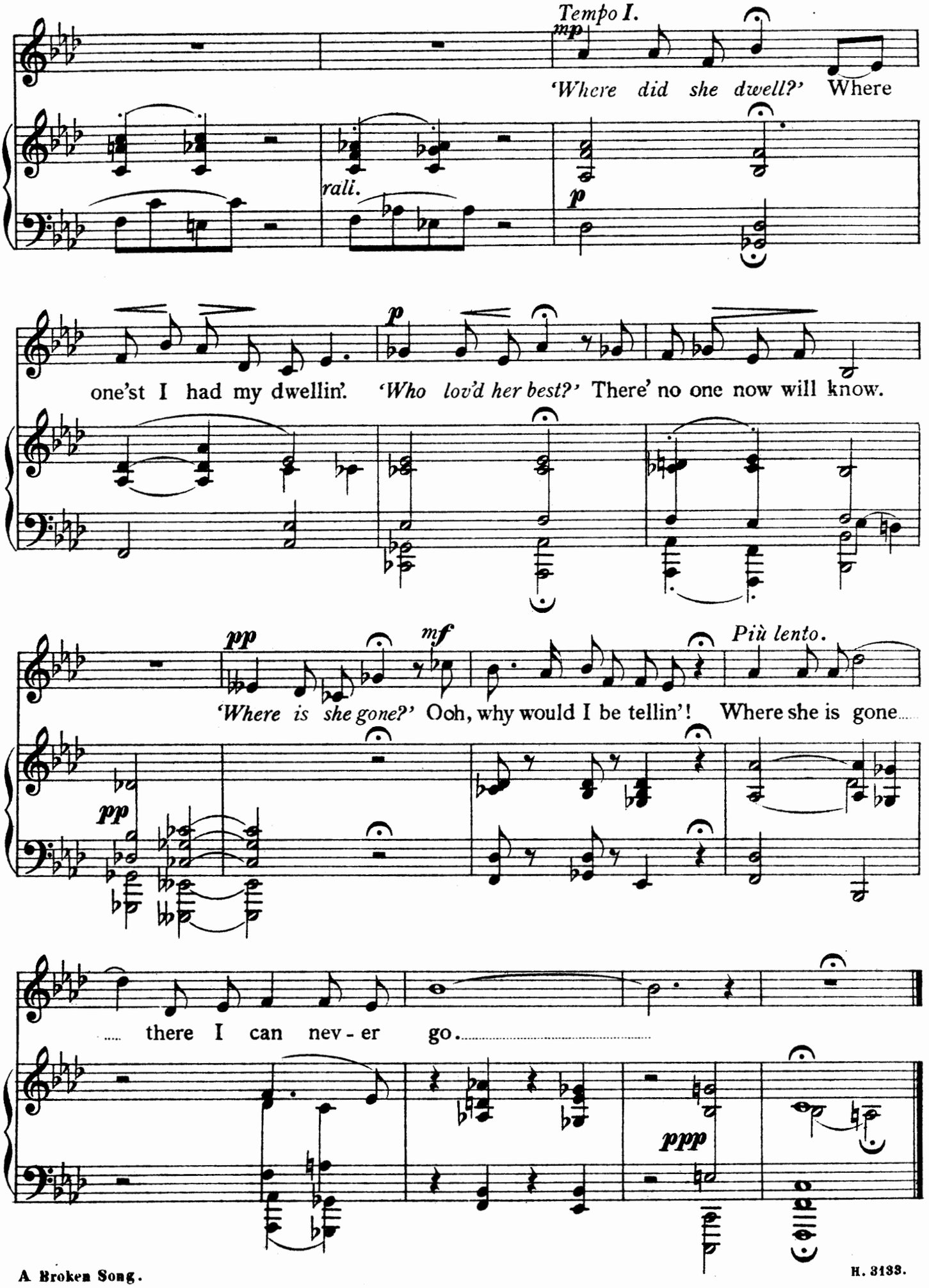

mf Poco più mosso.
Old grows my heart, an' my voice yet is young. 'If she was tall?'
pp
mf
f
Like a king's own daugh-ter. 'If she was fair?' Like a
mf
morn-in' o' May. When she'd come laughin' 'twas the run-nin' wath-er,
p
cresc.
When she'd come blushin' 'twas the break o' day.
cresc.
mf


Tempo I.
mp
'Where did she dwell?' Where
rall.
p
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."

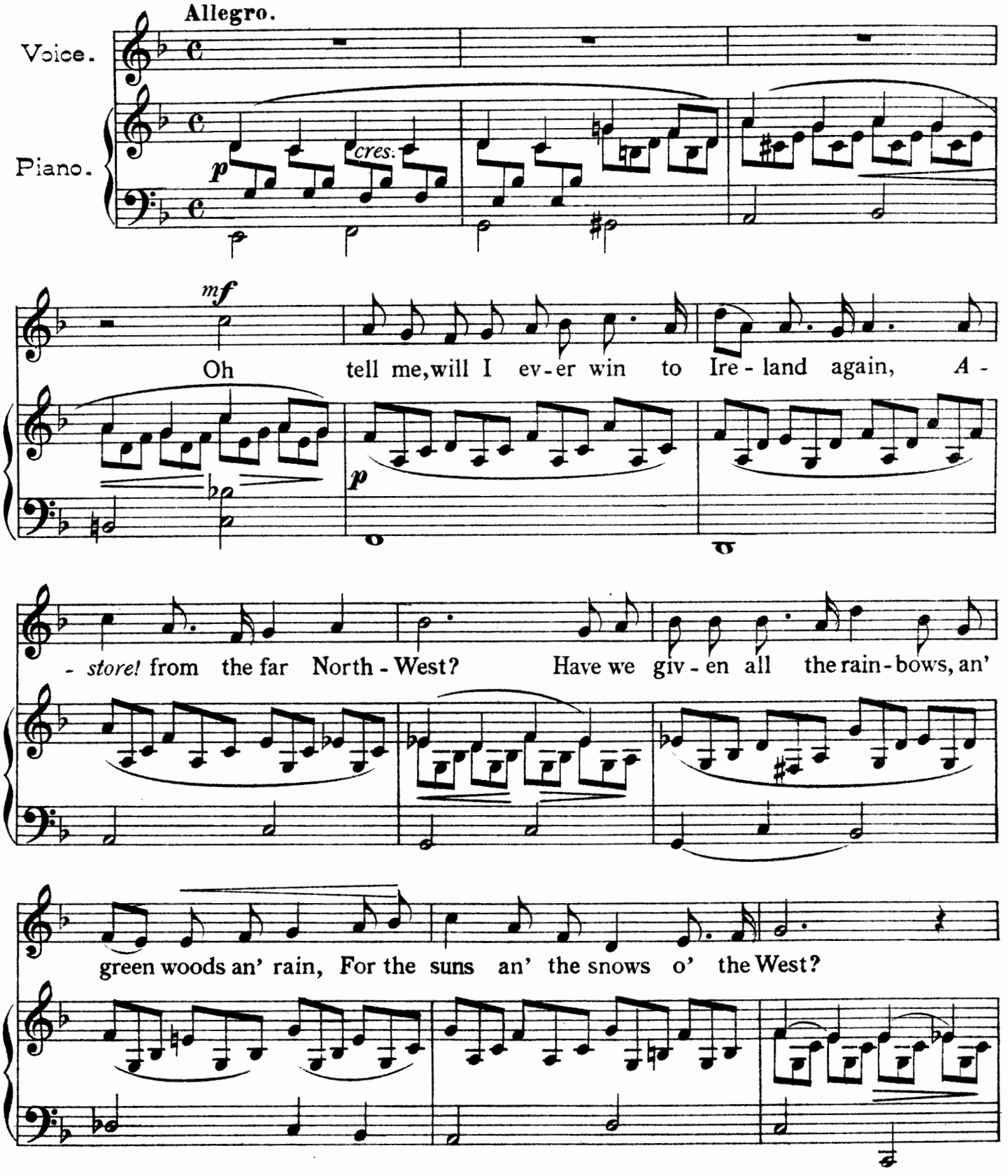
On a dim an' shiny mornin' the ship she comes to land,
Early, oh, early in the mornin',
The silver wathers o' the Foyle go slidin' to the strand,
Whisperin', "Yé're welcome in the mornin'."
There's darkness on the holy hills I know are close aroun',
But the stars are shinin' up the sky, the stars are 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.



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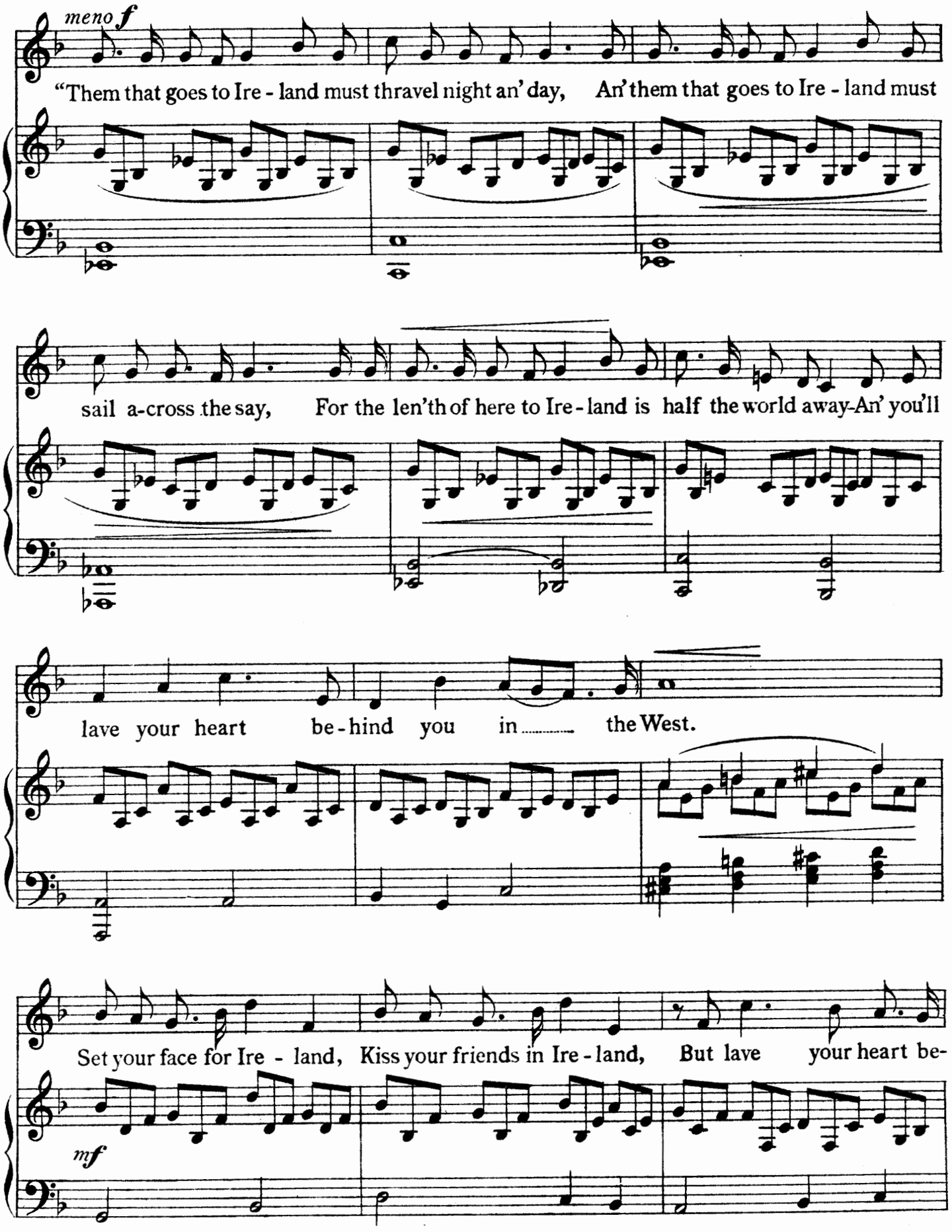
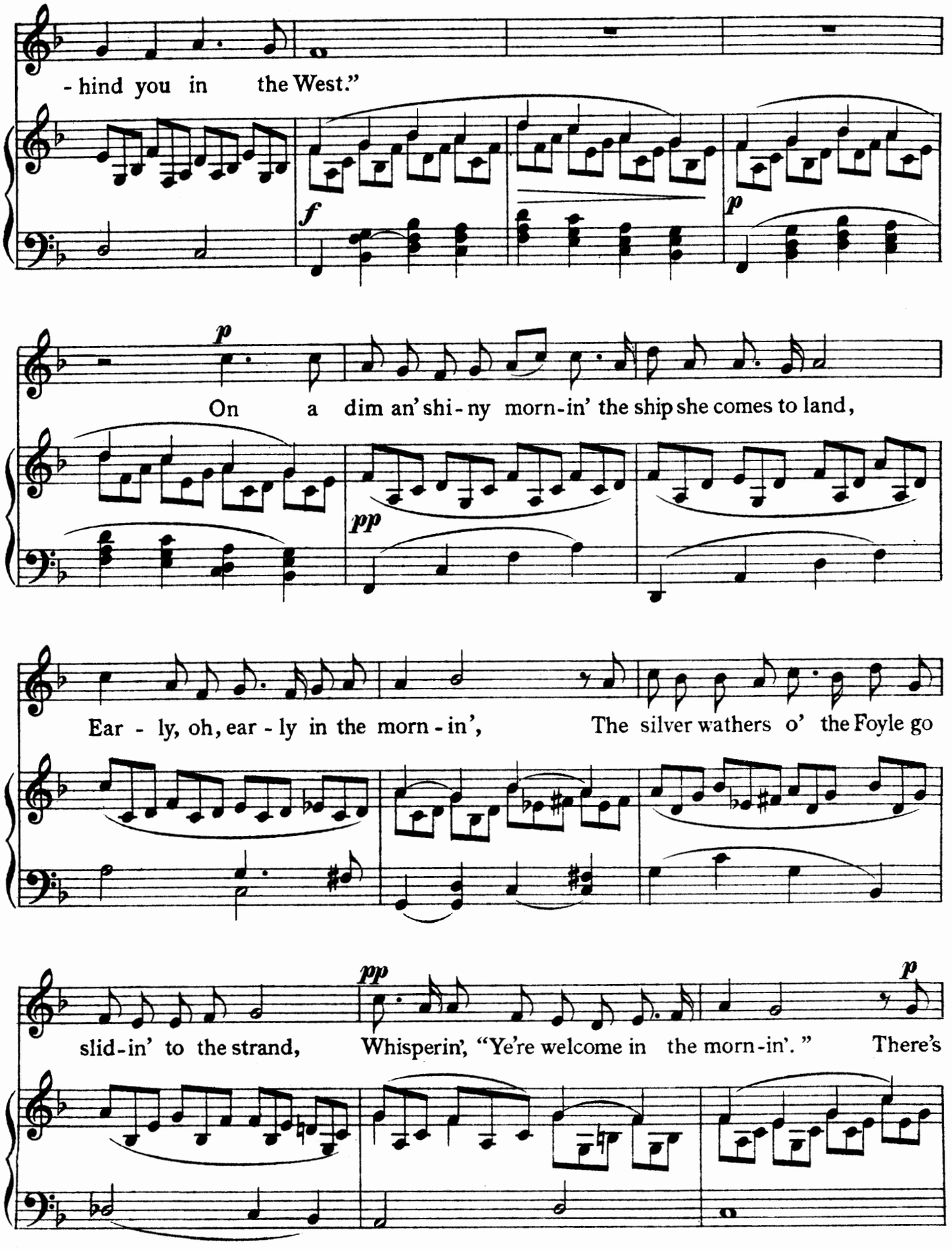
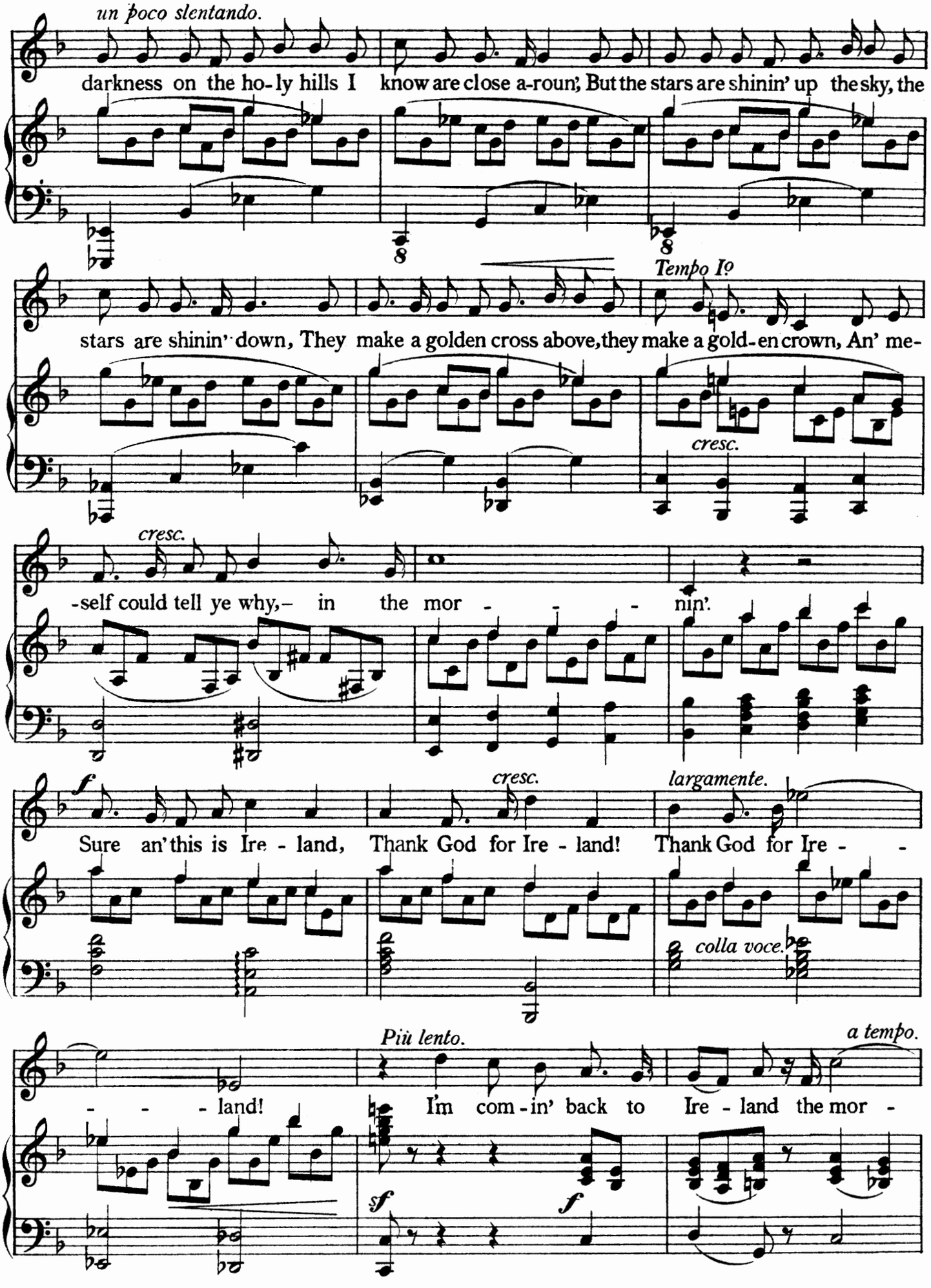
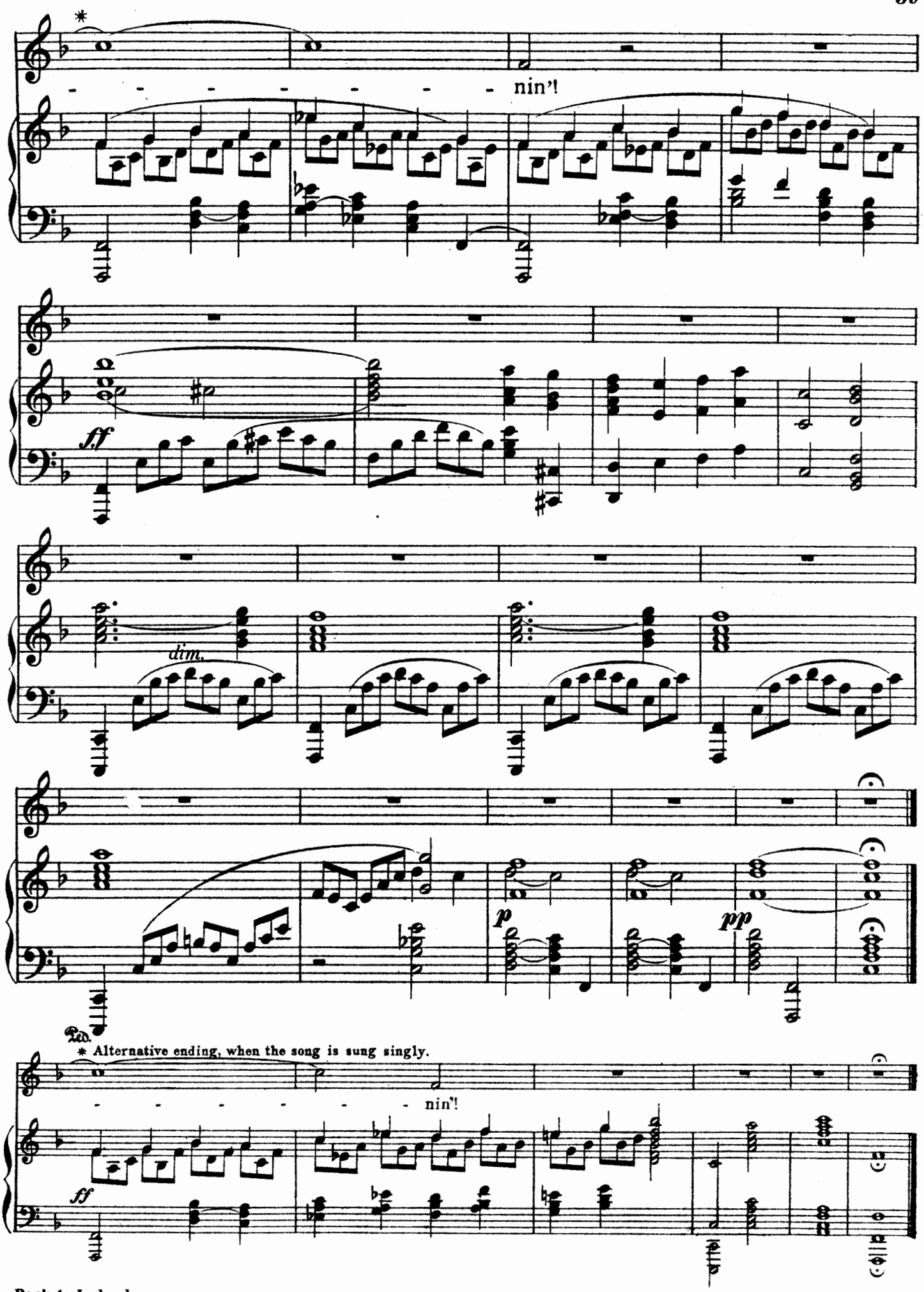

meno f
"Them that goes to Ire - land must thravel night an' day, An' them that goes to Ire - land must
sail a-cross the say, For the len'th of here to Ire - land is half the world away-An' you'll
lave your heart be - hind you in..... the West.
Set your face for Ire - land, Kiss your friends in Ire - 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-roun'; But the stars are shinin' up the sky, the
Tempo Io
stars are shinin' down, They make a golden cross above, they make a gold-en crown, An' me-
cresc.
cresc.
-self could tell ye why,– in the mor - - - nin'.
f
Sure an' this is Ire - land, Thank God for Ire - land! Thank God for Ire - -
cresc.
largamente.
colla voce.
- - - land!
Più lento.
a tempo.
I'm com - in' back to Ire - land the mor -
sf
f



Back to Ireland.

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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