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MOORE'S

IRISH MELODIES,

WITH SYMPHOKIDS AND ACCOUNTABILITY

SIR JOHN STEVENSON;

AND CHARACTERISTIC WORDS

THOMAS MOORE.

BOSTON:

OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 WASHINGTON STREET.

NEW YORK: C. II. DITSON & CO.

[1850]



M1744 M8 I7 1852a

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THOMAS MOORE.

Born with a genius musical and happy, the life and writings of Thomas Moore teem with hilarity and the spirit of melody. He wrote with ease; there was a freedom and fullness in the flow of his words perfectly bewitching, and the subjects he selected were of a kind best adapted to the exuberant and fanciful verse in which he enshrined them. At times he delights by ingenious creations—astonishes by daring imagery—melting by simple tenderness, and winning every heart by the sheer utterance of soft melody.

Thomas Moore was born in Dublin, May 30th. 1780. In his thirteenth year he was a regular contributor to a magazine, and being inclined to theatrical displays, frequently enacted the principal character in the performances of an amateur club. In the year 1793, he entered a Roman Catholic University. In the following year e wrote and published a paraphrase of Anacreon's Fifth Ode. He continued his translations with a hope of receiving honor or reward from the Board of the University. Disappointed in this eropertation, but not despairing of ultimate success, Moore labored an improving his verses, and illustrating them by annotations, in which he exhibited considerable learning and skill.

When nineteen years of age, he left his native country, and resided in London, having two objects in view, namely, keeping his terms in the Middle Temple, and publishing by subscription his translation of Anacreon.

In 1803 Moore left London, having received an appointment from the Government to an office in Bermuda. Subsequently he visited the United States, and in 1806, as the result of the voyage, published two volumes, entitled, "Odes and Epistles," included in which was the celebrated "Canadian Boat Song."

In 1807 was commenced the publication of "The Irish Melodies," which met with the greatest success, and became at once universal favorites.

The year 1812 found Moore, at the age of thirty-two, enjoying a well sarned fame. It was thought by many that the brilliancy of his productions necessarily confined them to contracted limits; that no long, continuous work could maintain throughout such a steady glow of splendor, such bright emanations of vivid fancy. Aware of the existence of this belief, Moore, in the year above mentioned, resolved upon taking the field in the same rank with Scott.

The task was delayed for two years, during which, however, he gathered material for the foundation of a structure which should endure for ages. At the end of that time the clouds which had for so long a period gathered about the prospect of success, were dissipated through the liberality of the house of Messrs. Longman, who agreed to pay the poet 3.000 guineas for his new poem, even before seeing a line of it.

In 1815, such progress had been made in the work as to enable the author to write to his publishers, informing them of his readiness to submit the manuscript to them for their consideration. The manuscript complete was placed in the hands of Messrs. Longman in 1816, and in the following year, "Lalla Rookh" was hailed with a burst of admiration Enchanted with the gorgeous scenes so gracefully portrayed by the gifted poet, every person of literary taste read with a delightful rapture never before experienced.

"And no wonder!" writes a late biographer, "It was a triple triumph of industry, learning, and genius." The broad canvass exhibited a gorgeous painting; from beginning to end the same lavish ornament, the same variegated and delicate tracery, the same revelling of a spirit happy in its intense enjoyment of beauty, that characterized the miniatures and gems that heretofore proceeded from the artist's pencil. So far from betraying a diminution of power, or an inability to maintain his high-pitched note, the poet pursued his strain until he fairly left his reader languishing with a surfeit of luscious song, and faint from its oppressive odors.

In 1817, in company with Rogers, Moore visited Paris, and ath ered material for his satirical poem, "The Fudge Family," which became quite popular. Pointed with wit, the Satires of Moore were keen-edged and effective. Unused to severity, which finds its vent in harshness, he chastised with cunning witticisms, which instead of enraging, afforded a great fund of amusement, even to those who were by them made ridiculously prominent in public view.

In 1819, Moore travelled with Lord John Russell. After passing the Simplon, in Italy, the two parted company, the former to visit Lord Byron in Venice, the latter to proceed to Genoa.

On his return, "Rhymes on the Road" appeared, as a series of sketches of travel. Owing to the mismanagement of his deputy at Bermuda, the pecuniary affairs of Mr. Moore became much embarassed. Aid from a host of friends was tendered, almost forced upon him; but he refused all such assistance, at alone with his pen he overcame all obstacles, made a full settlement of all claims, and became free.

Soon after he received £1.000 for "Loves of the Angels," and £500 for "Fables of the Holy Alliance." He wrote the "Life of Sheridan," and "The Epicurean," in 1827, the latter a prose poem, containing the spirit and beauty of "Lalla Rookh." In 1830 he put forth "Notices of the Life of Lord Byron," and in the following year "Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald."

Moore's latest production is "The History of Ireland," appearing from time to time in "Lardner's Encyclopaedia."

For several years his health rapidly declined, and it became evident that his end was near. Sand followed sand from the hour glass of his earthly existence, till on the 26th of February, 1852, at the age of 72, he left the scenes of his triumphs and the abiding place of his fame. On the 3d of March his remains found rest in the churchyard of Bromham, a little village near Devizes.

PREFATORY REMARKS.

The "Insh Melodies" originated in a desire to secure in one collection, and in a form that might not pass away, the numerous National Airs known among the wild and beautiful scenery of Ireland, and rapturously admired by all whose good fortune it had

been to listen to their charming notes.

It was the pride of an Irishman to know that though political influence and legislative interference had labored hard to exterminate this peculiar feature of his native land, it continued to exist unharmed amidst the dangers with which it was surrounded; and. that above the noise and turmoil of distracted national affairs, its

sweet and cheering melody failed not to be heard.

"There can be no doubt," says Moore, "that to the zeal and industry of Mr. Bunting, his country is indebted for the preservation of her Old National Airs. During the prevalence of the Penal Code, the Music of Ireland was made to share in the fate of its people. Both were alike shut out from the pale of civilized life; and seldom, anywhere, but in the huts of the proscribed race, could the sweet voice of the songs of other days be heard. Even of that class, the itinerant harpers, -among whom, for a long period, our ancient music had been kept alive, - there remained but w to continue the precious tradition; and a great Music Meeting was held at Belfast, in the year 1792, at which two or three still renaining of the old race of wandering harpers assisted, exhibited the last public effort made by the lovers of Irish Music, to preserve to their country the only grace or ornament left to her, out of the wreck of all her liberties and hopes. Thus, what the fierce legislature of the Pale had endeavored vainly through so many centuries to effect, - the utter extinction of Ireland's Minstrelsy, - the deadly pressure of the penal laws had nearly, at the close of the eighteenth century, accomplished; and, but for the zeal and intelligent research of Mr. Bunting, at that crisis, the greater part of our musical treasures would probably have been lost to the world. It was in the year 1796 that this gentleman published his first volume; and the national spirit and hope then awakened in Ireland, by the rapid spread of the democratic principle throughout Europe, could not but insure a most cordial reception for such a work; flattering as it was to the fond dreams of Erin's early days, and containing in itself, indeed, remarkable testimony to the truth of her claims to an early date of civilization.

"It was in the year 1797." continues Mr. Moore, "that through

the medium of Mr. Bunting's book, I was first made acquainted with the beauties of our native music. A young friend of our family, Edward Hudson, the nephew of an eminent dentist of that name, who played with much taste and feeling on the flute, and, unluckily for himself. was but too deeply warmed with the patriotic ardor then kindling around him, was the first who made known to me this rich mine of our country's melodies-a mine, from the working of which my humble labors as a poet have since derived their sole lustre and value.

" About the same time I formed an acquaintance, which soon grew into intimacy, with young Robert Emmet. He was my senior, I think, by one class, in the university; for when, in the first year of my course, I became a member of the debating society, - a sort of nursery to the authorized Historical Society,-I found him in full reputation, not only for his learning and eloquence, but also for the damelessness of his life, and the grave suavity of his manners."

Shortly after the date of this acquaintance, Moore was the owner of a copy of Mr. Bunting's volume, and "though," as he remarks, "never regularly instructed in music, could play over the airs with tolerable facility on the piano forte.

"Robert Emmet," savs Mr. M., "used sometimes to sit by me, when I was thus engaged; and I remember one day his starting up as from a reverie, when I had just finished playing that spirited tune called the 'Red Fox,' * and exclaiming, 'Oh! that I were at the head of twenty thousand men, marching to that air!

"How little did I then think that in one of the most touching of the sweet airs I used to play to him, his own dving words would find an interpreter so worthy of their sad but proud feeling; † or that another of those mournful strains t would long be associated, in the hearts of his countrymen, with the memory of her § who shared with Ireland his last blessing and prayer.

"Though fully alive, of course, to the feelings which such music could not but inspire, I had not yet undertaken the task of adapt-

ing words to any of the airs."

In 1807, an announcement was made of the publication of "a Collection of the best Original Irish Melodies, with characteristic symphonies and accompaniments, and with words containing, as frequently as possible, allusions to the manners and history of the country." Moore immediately engaged with zeal and alacrity in a work so congenial with every feeling of his heart. He addressed a letter to Sir John Stevenson, which, as it gives a very comprehensive view of the matter, we transcribe.

Mr. Moore says: - " I feel very anxious that a work of this kind should be undertaken. We have too long neglected the only talent for which our English neighbors ever deigned to allow usany credit. Our National Music has never been properly collected, and while the composers of the Continent have enriched their operas and sonatas with melodies borrowed from Ireland. - very often without even the honesty of acknowledgment, - we have left these treasures, in a great degree, unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our airs. like too many of our countrymen, have, for want of protection at home, passed into the service of foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better period of both politics and music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland, at least, appears too plainly in the tone of sorrow and depression which characterises most of our early songs.

"The task which you propose to me, of adapting words to these airs, is by no means easy. The poet who would follow the various sentiments which they express, must feel and understand that rapid fluctuation of spirits, that unaccountable mixture of gloom and levity, which composes the character of my countrymen, and has deeply tinged their music. Even in their liveliest strains we find some melancholy note intrude, - some minor third or flat seventh, - which throws its shade as it passes, and makes even mirth interesting. If Burns had been an Irishman. (and I would willingly give up all claims upon Ossian for him.) his heart would have been proud of such music, and his genius would have made it immortal.

"Another difficulty, - which is, however, purely mechanical, arises from the irregular structure of many of these airs, and the lawless kind of metre which it will in consequence be necessary to adapt to them. In these instances, the poet must write not to the eve, but to the ear; and must be content to have his verses of that description which Cicero mentions, 'Quos si cantu spoliareris nuda remanebit oratio.' That beautiful air, 'The Twisting of the Rope,' which has all the romantic character of the Swiss 'Runs des Vaches.' is one of those wild sentimental rakes which it will not be easy to tie down in sober wedlock with poetry. However, notwithstanding all these difficulties, and the very moderate portion of talent which I can bring to surmount them, the design appears to me so truly national, that I shall feel much pleasure in giving it all the assistance in my power."

It was a fortunate circumstance that two persons were found so well fitted to write Ireland's minstrelsy and song, as were Moore

[&]quot; Let Erin remember the days of old."

" O! breathe not his name."

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps."

Mr. Moore acknowledged in a note to this, that the valuable laious of Mr. Bunting and the patriotic genius of Miss Owenson, was cut of his memory at the moment of this writing.

and Stevenson. The task set apart for each was one of much difficulty, and one which required much severe toil to accomplish.

With a modesty characteristic of the man, Moore attributed the success of the undertaking to the genius and perseverence of his co-adjutor. But the public never has, never will take his disclaimer as an evidence that the presence of his own exuberant fancy, and deep, impassioned, thoughtful sentiment, has had no part in the creation of that spirit of immortality with which the Irish melodies are stamped.

In a letter to the Marchioness Dowager of Donegal, Mr. Moore thus speaks of the labors of Mr. Stevenson: - "Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to eatch the spirit of his country's music. In those airs which he has arranged for voices, his skill has particularly distinguished itself; and though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet, often when a favorite strain has been dismissed, as having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns, in a harmonized shape, with new claims on our interest and attention; and to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure, independently of the rest, - so artfully has the harmonist, (if I may thus express it) gavelled the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part."

Moore has made a few memoranda and brief notices of several of he most popular of the melodies. "Of the few songs written with a concealed political feeling—such as 'When he who adores thee,' and one or two more,-the most successful in its day, was 'When first I met thee, warm and young,' which alluded in its hidden sense, to the Prince Regent's desertion of his political friends. It was little less, I own, than profanation to disturb the sentiments of so beautiful an air by any connection with such a subject. The great success of this song, soon after I wrote it, among a large party staying at Chatsworth, is thus alluded to in one of Lord Byron's letters to me:- 'I have heard from London that you have left Chatsworth and all there full of 'entusymusy,' . . . and, in particular that 'When I first met thee' has been quite overwhelming in its effect. I told you it was one of the best things you ever wrote, though that dog * * *

wanted you to omit part of it.'

"It has been sometimes supposed that 'Oh, breathe not his name,' was meant to allude to Lord Edward Fitzgerald; but this is a mistake: the song having been suggested by the well known passage in Robert Emmet's dying speech, - 'Let no man write my epitaph, . . . let my tomb remain uninscribed, till other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory.'

The feeble attempts to commemorate the glory of our great duke, 'When History's Muse. &c.' - is in so far remarkable, that it is made up amply for its want of poetical spirit, by an outpouring, rarely granted to bards in these days, of the spirit of prophecy. It was in the year 1815 that the following lines first made their appearance:

'And still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The grandest, the purest, e'en thou hast yet known;
Though proud was thy task other nations unchaining, Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.

At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou hast stood,
Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame," &c.

About fourteen years after these lines were written, the Duke of Wellington recommended to the throne the great measure of

Catholie Emancipation.

The fancy of the "Origin of the Irish Harp' was suggested by a drawing made, under peculiarly painful circumstances, by the friend previously mentioned, Edward Hudson. When, in consequence of the compact entered into between government and the chief leaders of the conspiracy, the state prisoners, before proceeding into exile, were allowed to see their friends, I paid Mr. Hudson a visit, in the jail of Kilmainham, where he had then lain immured for four or five months, hearing of friend after friend being led out to death, and expecting every week his own turn to come. I found that to amnse his solitude he had made a large drawing with charcoal on the wall of his prison, representing that fancied

origin of the Irish Harp, which some years after I adopted as the subject of one of the Melodies. In connection with another of these matchless airs - one that defies poetry to do it justice - I find the following touching and singular statement in an article of the Quarterly Review. Speaking of a young and promising poetess, Lucretia Davidson, who died very early from nervous excitement, the Reviewer says, "She was particularly sensitive of music. There was one song (it was Moore's Farewell to his Harp) to which she took a special fancy. She wished to hear it only at twilight, thus with that same perilous love of excitement which made her place the Æolian harp in the window when she was composing) seeking to increase the effect which the song produced upon a nervous system already diseasedly susceptible, -for it is said that whenever she heard this song she became pale, cold, and almost fainting, - yet it was her favorite of all songs, and gave occasion to those verses addressed in her fifteenth year to her sister.

"With the melody entitled Love, Valor, and Wit,' an incident is connected, which awakened feelings in me of proud, but sad pleasure; as showing that my songs had reached the hearts of some of the descendents of those great Irish families who found themselves forced, in the days of persecution, to seek in other lands a refuge from the shame and ruin of their own.-those whose story I have thus associated with one of their country's most characteristic airs:

"Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resigned The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find That repose which at home they had sighed for in vain.

" From a foreign lady of this ancient extraction,-whose names, could I venture to mention them, would lend to the incident an additional Irish charm,-I received, through the hands of a gentleman, a large portfolio, adorned inside with a beautiful drawing, representing Love, Wit, and Valor, as described in the song. In the border that surrounds the drawing, are introduced the favorite embleme of Erin,-the Harp, the Shamrock, the Mitred head of St. Patrick, -together with Scrolls.containing each, inscribed in letters of gold,

the name of some favorite melody of the fair artist."

It is not necessary in concluding this sketch, to enter into a lengthened criticism of these admirable songs-now sparkling, now plaintive - here glowing with fervour - there laden with pathos - all teeming with exuberant illustration. The reader has them before him in all their richness of sentiment and harmony. It may be true that force and dignity are wanting to some of these lyrics; that occasionally fancy lahors until art becomes too evident in strained and frigid similes: that ornament at times overlays sentiment, until nature pants beneath the gliftering encumberance; but it is equally certain that universal literature presents no lovelier or more affecting tribute to a nation's minstrelsy than the Irish Melodies of Thomas Moore,

The love of country that pervades and inspires his theme, his simple tenderness of feeling that at once strikes the heart as instantly to melt it, his facility of creation, linked with the glad appreciation of all that is beautiful in nature - the grace, the elegance, the sensibility, the ingenuity, that are never absent-the astonishing and thoroughly successful adaptation of sense to sound, of sweetest poetry to thrilling music,-are claims to admiration which the most prosaic of his species will find it impossible to resist.

From the commencement of the publication of the Irish Melodies, Moore's name and faine were known in every land. From that hour success and honor attended the results of his talent and industry.

He attributed all his poetical success to his strong and inborn feeling for Music. There can be no doubt that his obligations to nature in this respect were very great. Music and poetry were wedded in his heart, and were inseparably united.

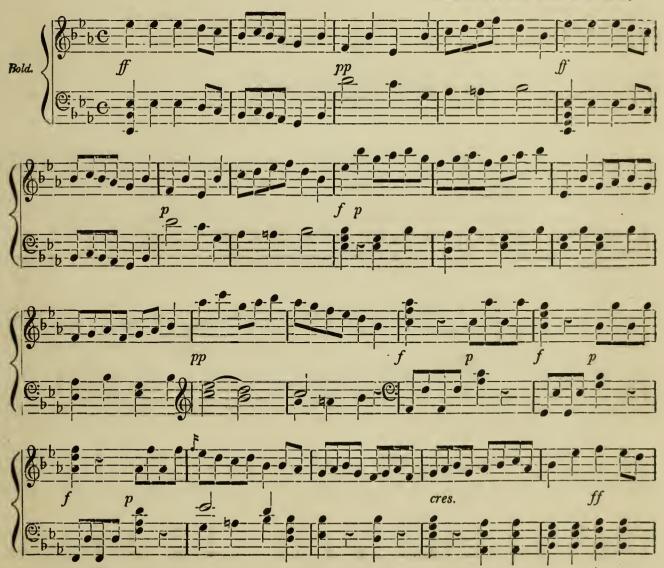
In the form in which the Irish Mclodies appear in this volume, Moore wished only to see them. With him the words and the music were one. "So intimately, indeed," says an English writer "were they united, that the sight of them crowded together in one volume, unaccompanied by notes with which they were always associated in his own mind, inflicted upon him positive pain."

This work has been translated into Latin, Italian, French and Russian, and will continue to command a popularity unequalled by that of any other composition of a similar kind

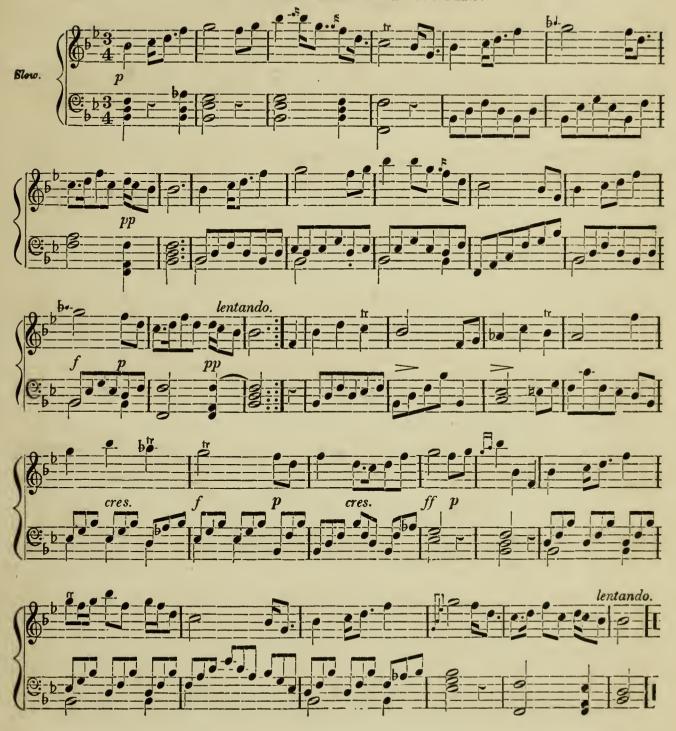
IRISH MELODIES.

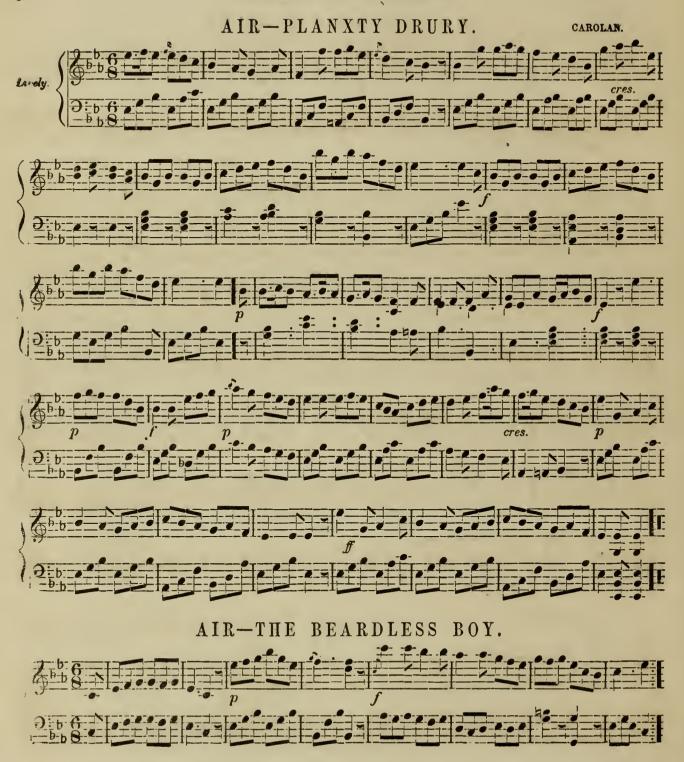
INTRODUCTORY PIECE FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

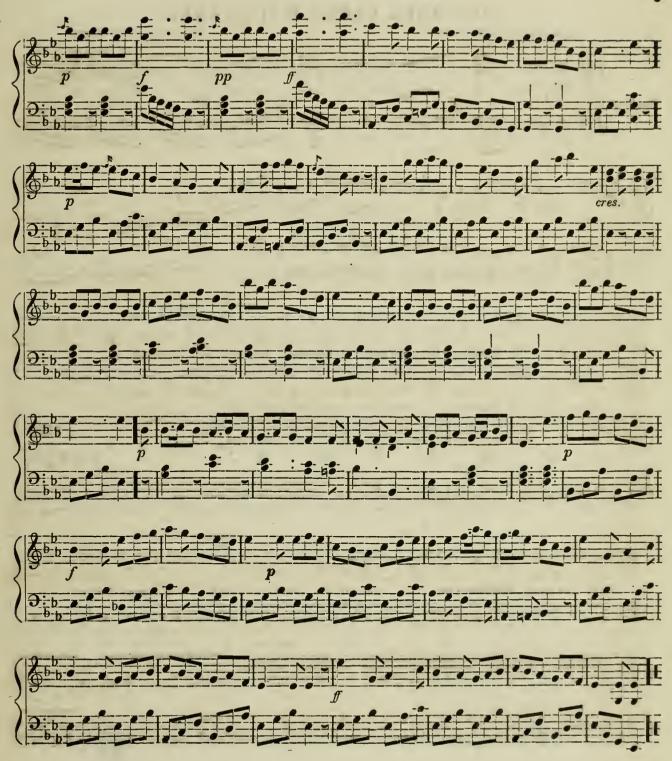
CAROLAN'S CONCERTO.



AIR -THE PLEASANT ROCKS.





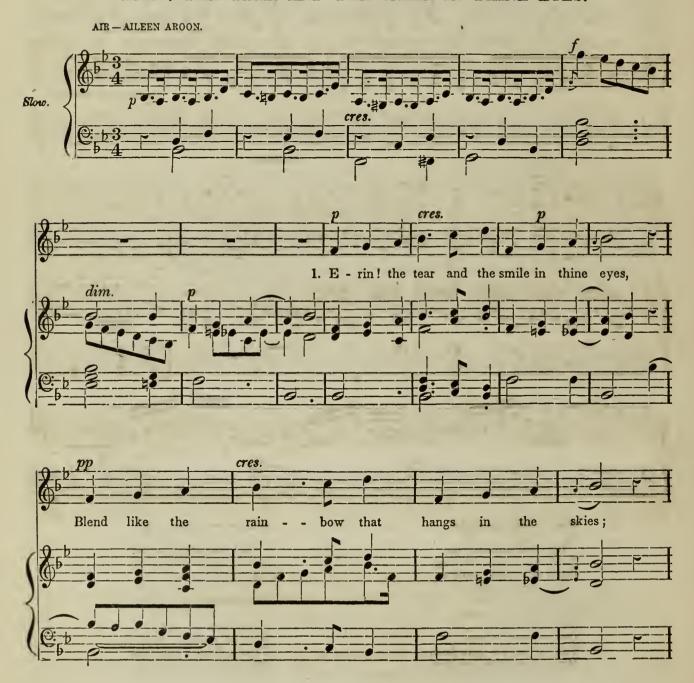


GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.





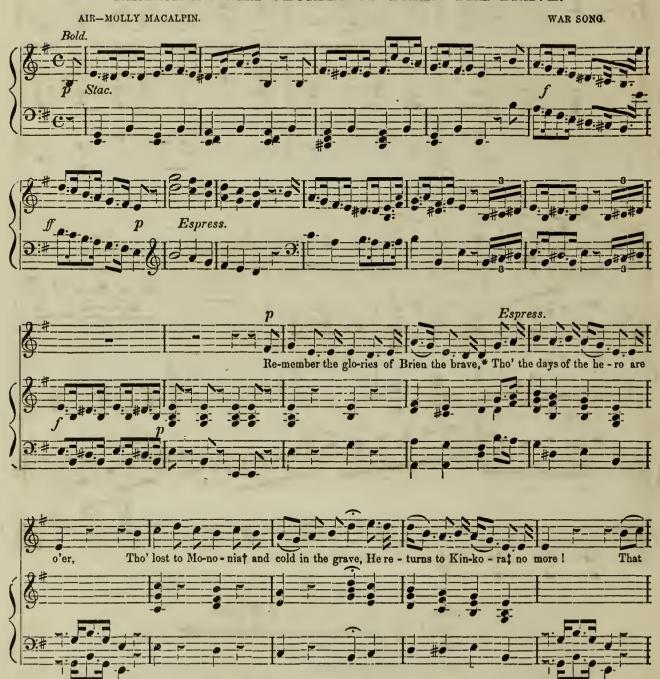
ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.





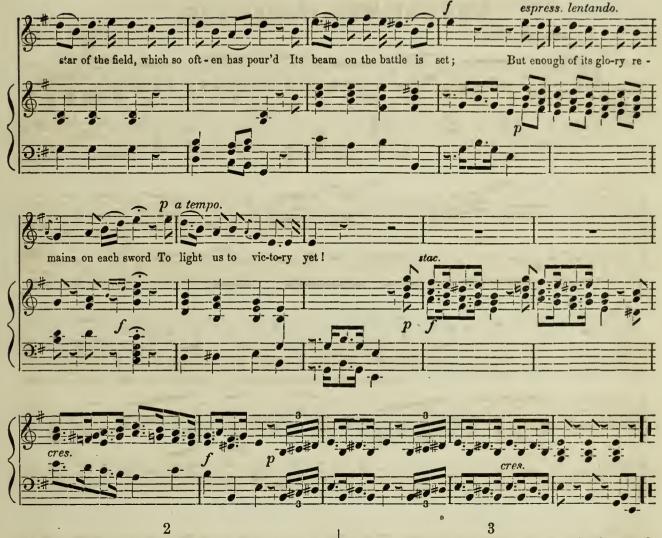
Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
'Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form, in Heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.



* Brien Borombe, the great Monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th Century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

[†] Munster.



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; [blood,
While the moss of the valley grew red with their
They stirr'd not, but conquered and died!
The sun that now blesses our arms with his light,

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!

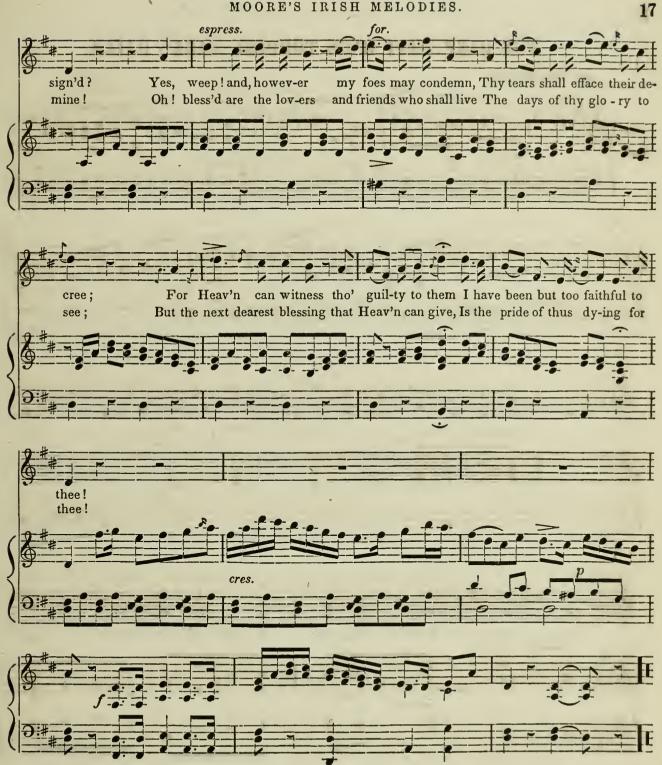
This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favorite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted, in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest "Let vlakes," they said, "be stuck in the ground; and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man."—"Between seven and eight hundred wounded men," adds O'Halloran, "pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops!—Never was such another sight exhibited."—History of Ireland, Book XII., Chapter L

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

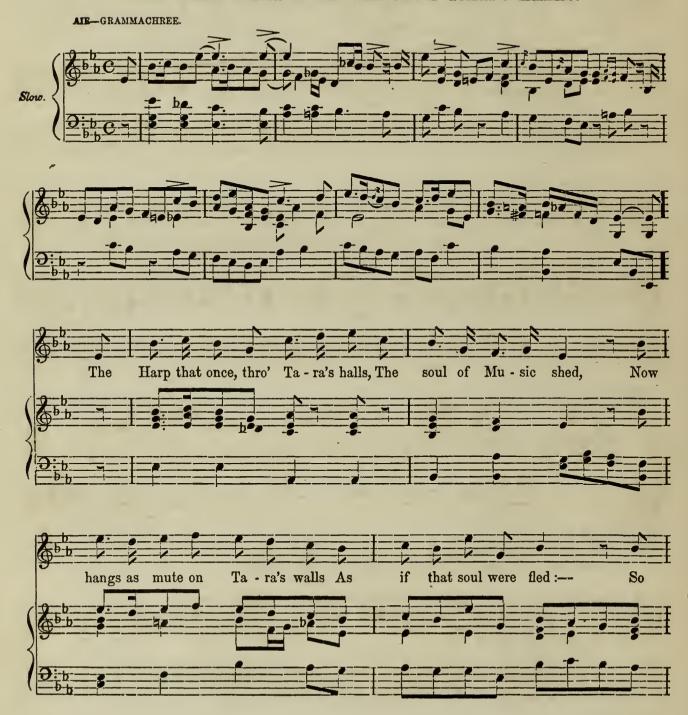
AIR-THE FOX'S SLEEP.

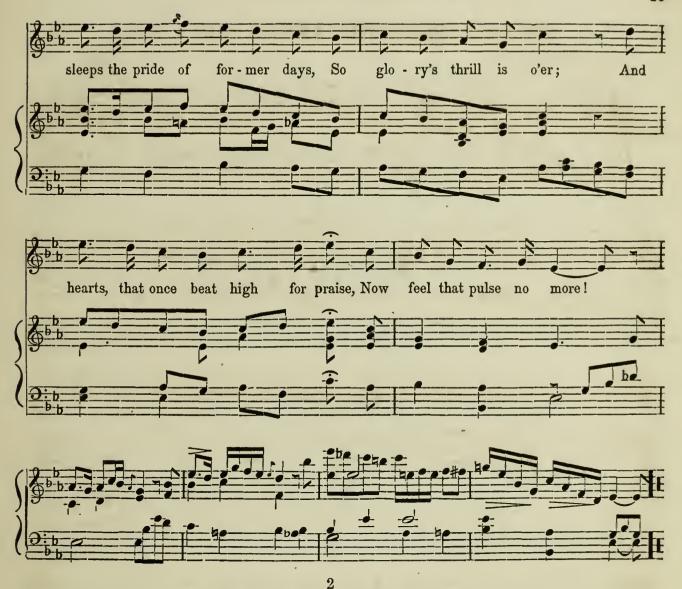


These words allude to a story in an old Irish manuscript, which is too long and too melancholy to be inserted here.



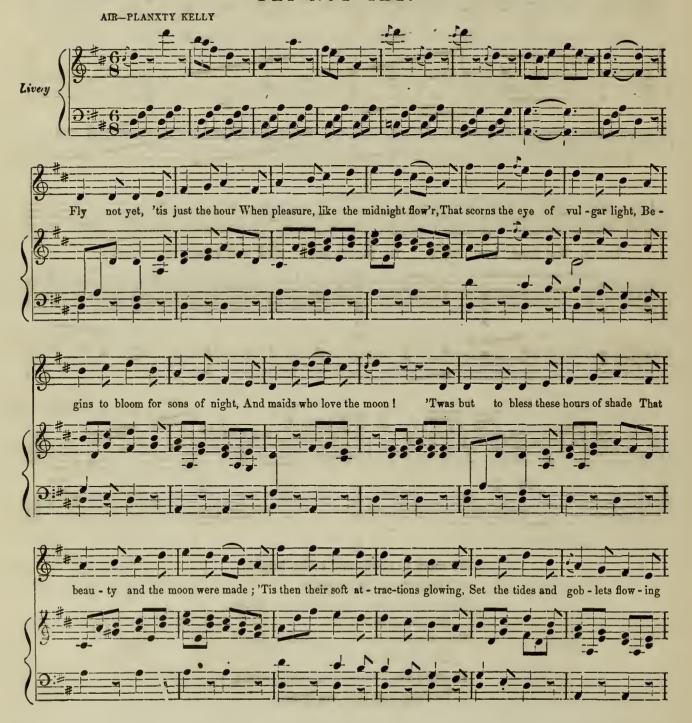
THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

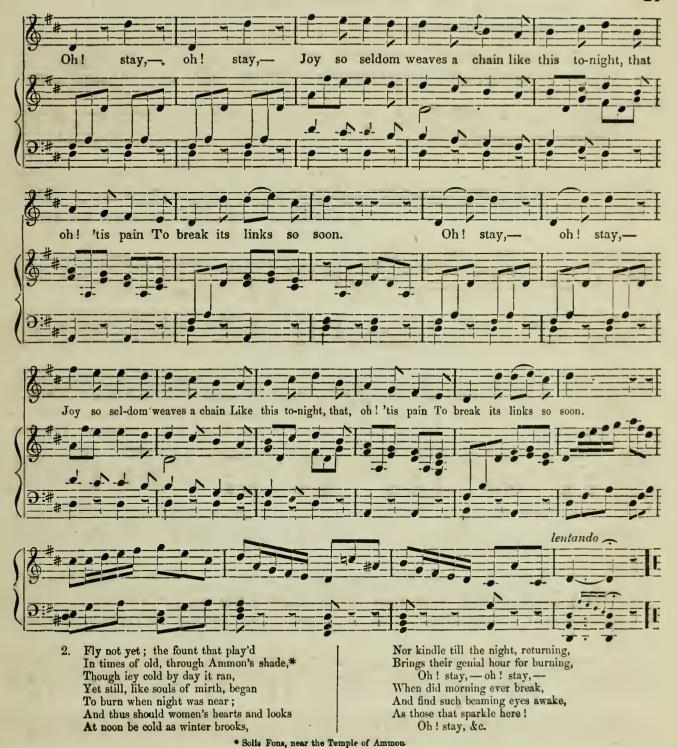




No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord, alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells:
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To shew that still she lives!

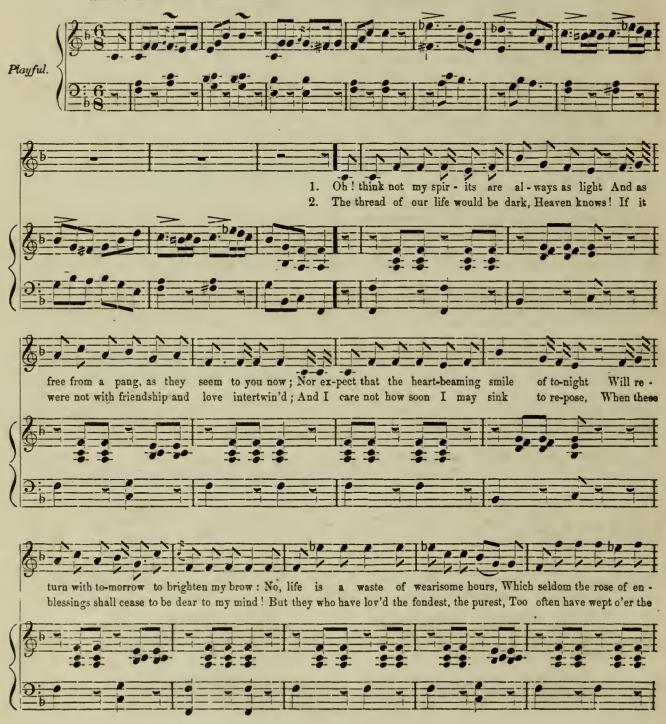
FLY NOT YET.



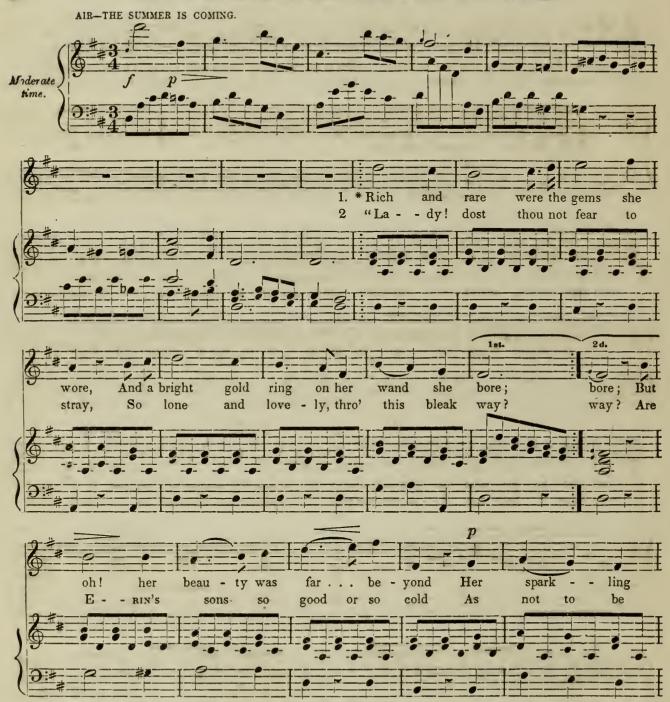


OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

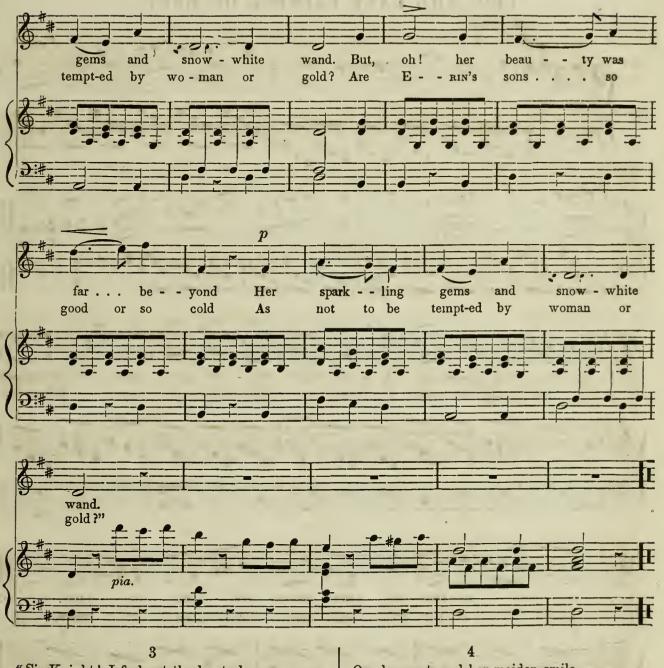
AIR-JOHN O'REILLY THE ACTIVE.







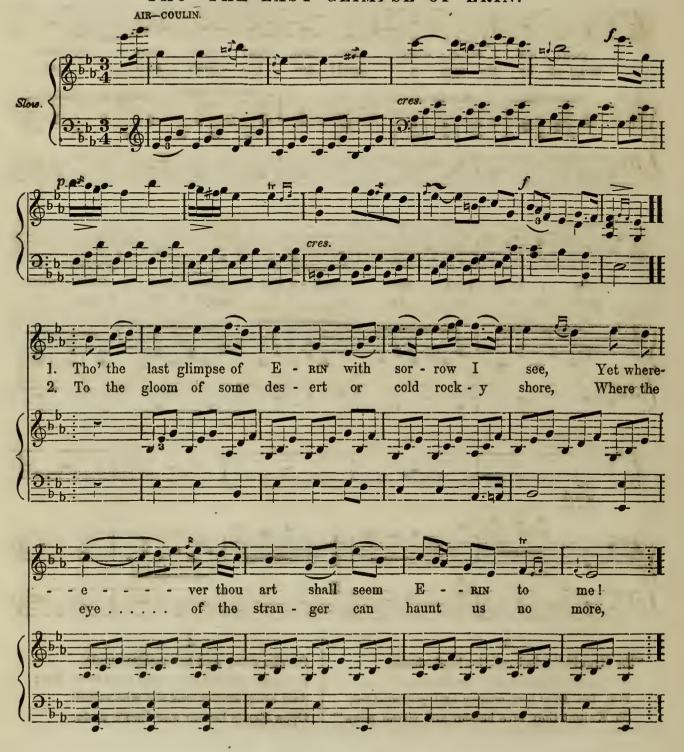
^{*} This Ballad is founded upon the following anecdote: — "The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed, that a voing lady of great beauty, adorned with jeweis 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 honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—Warner's History of Ireland, Vol. I., Book 10.



"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;
No son of Erin will offer me harm;
For, tho' they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight they love honour and virtue more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And blest forever was she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

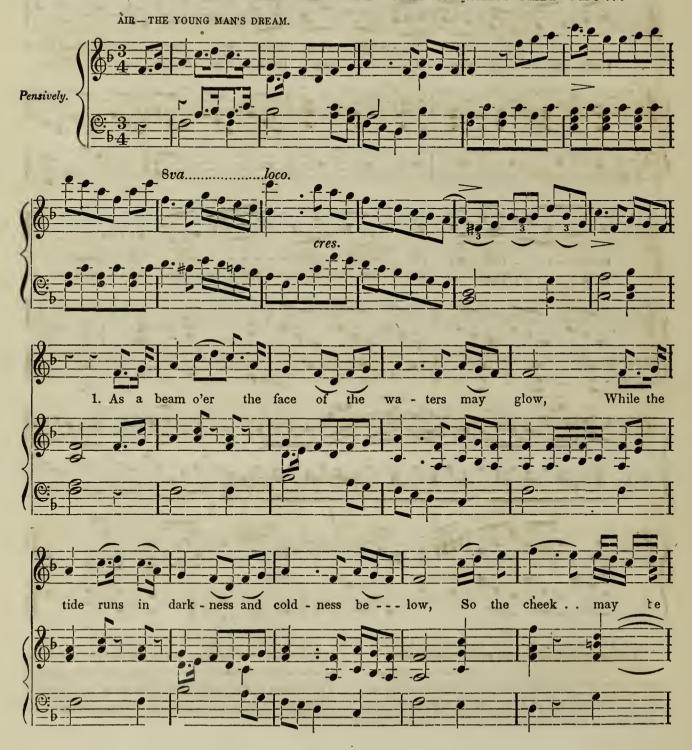
THO' THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

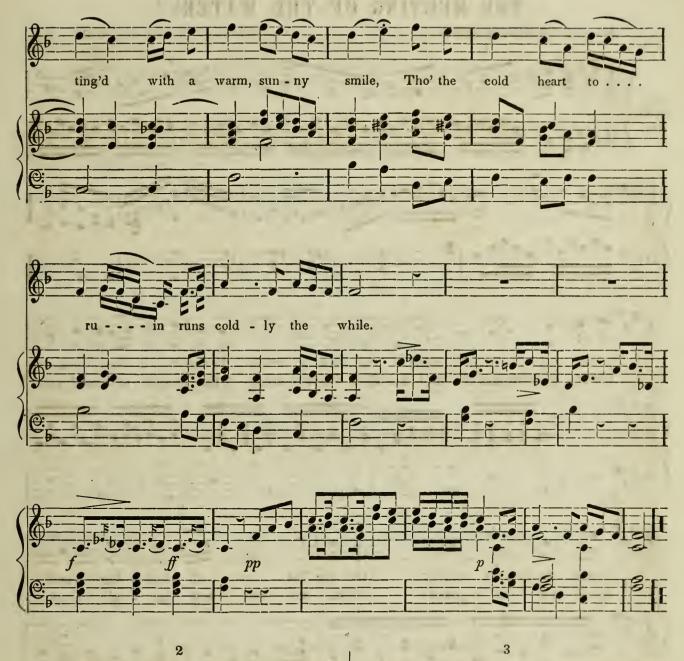




[&]quot;In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII., an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or Coulins, (long locks,) on their heads, or hair on the upper lip, called Crommeal. 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 "-WALKER'S HISTORICAL MEMORS OF IRISH BARDS, page 134.—Mr. WALKER informs us also that, about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

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



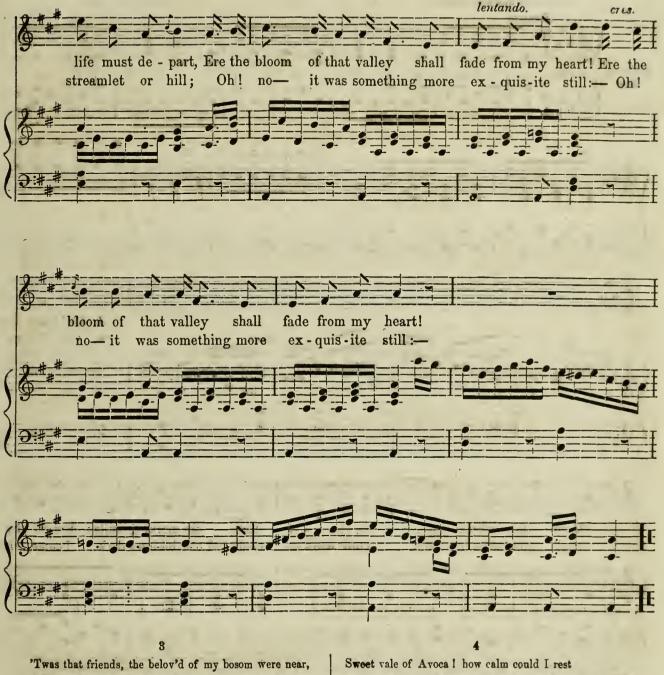


One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes, To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring, For which Joy has no balm, and Affliction no sting. Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay, Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's bright ray; The beams of the warm Sun play round it in vair— It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.*

AIR - THE OLD HEAD OF DENNIS. THERE IS NOT IN THIS WIDE WORLD With Expression. not in this wide world a As that vale in whose bosom the 1. There is val - ley so sweet was not that Na.-ture had shed o'er the scene Her pur-est of crystal and Yet it ing bright Oh! the last wa - - ters meet,† rays of feel and bright - est green; 'Twas not the soft - gic of of ma

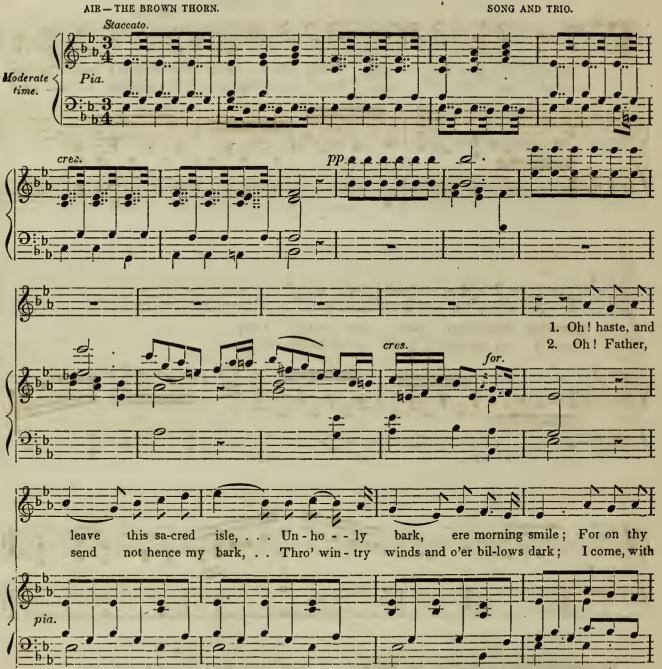
^{* &}quot;The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow: and † The rivers Avon and Avoca. these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.



'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.

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

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.*



*In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS, and may be found among the Acta Sanctorum Hibernia, we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to receive even a sister saint, St. Cannera whom an angel had taken to the island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus according to his poetical biographers:—

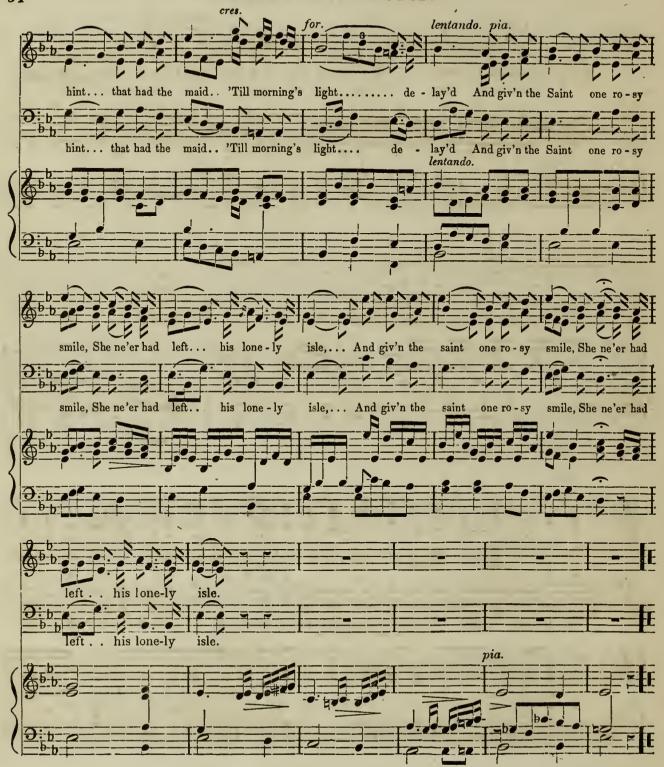
"Cui Præsnl, quid feeminis"

Nec te nec ullam aliam

"Cui Prœsnl, quid fœminis Ncc te nec ullam aliam Admittemus in insulam." See the ACTA SANCT. Hib., page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St Senanus was no less a personage than the River Shannon; but O'Connor and other antiquarians deny this metamorphosis indignantly.



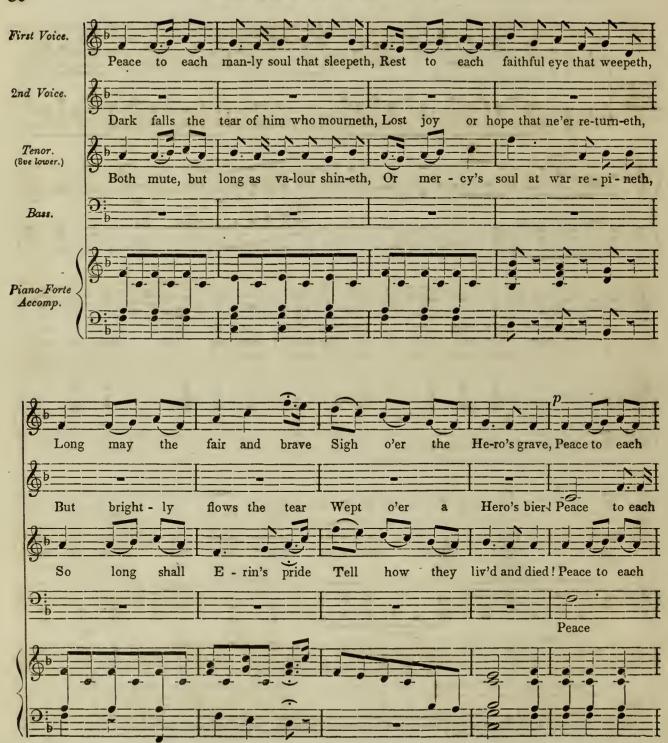




^{*} I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character, which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and ominous fatality, by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most requires all the aid of talents and integrity.

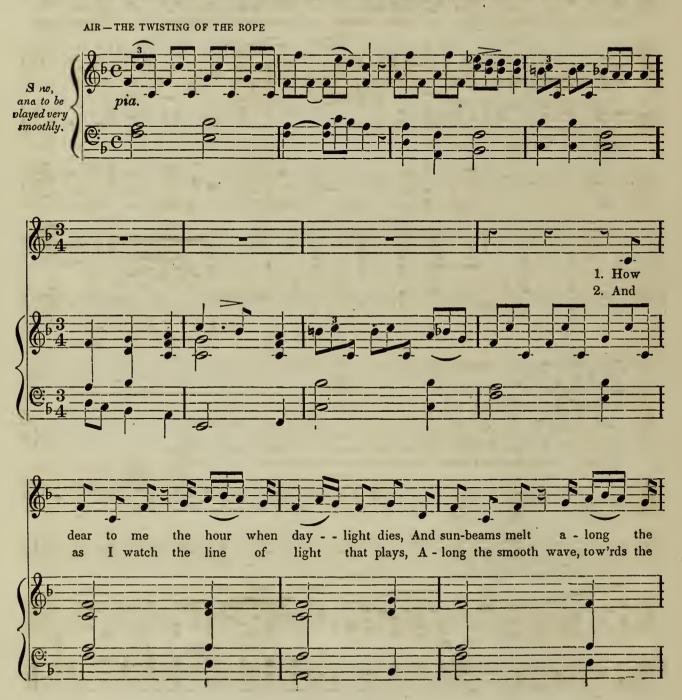
[†] This designation, which has been before applied to Lord Nelson, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Gnive, the bard of O'Niel, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey in the South of Ireland," page 433. "Con of the hundred Fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories."

† "Fox. Romanorum ultimus."



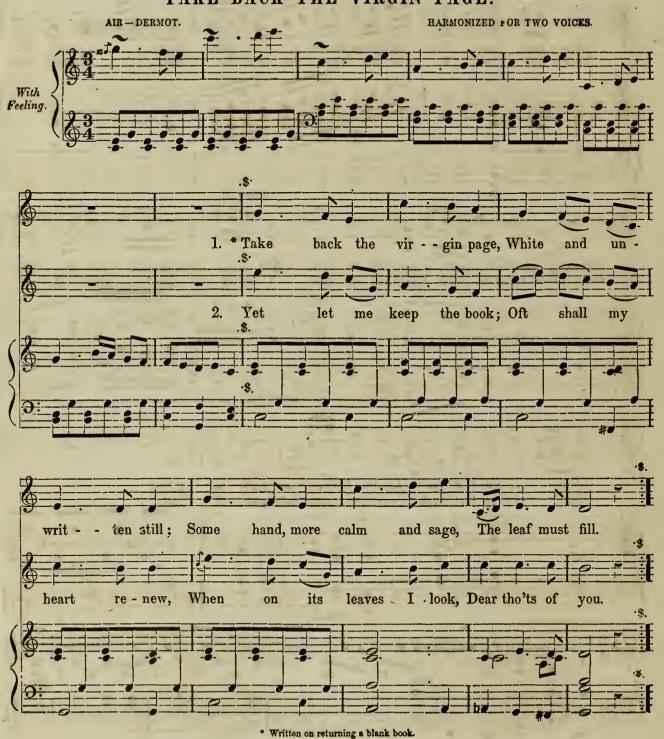


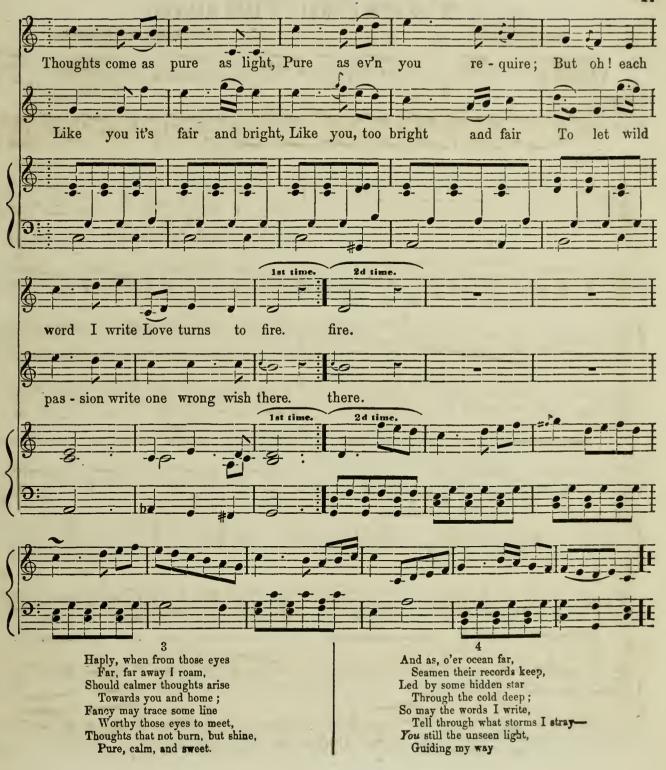
HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES.



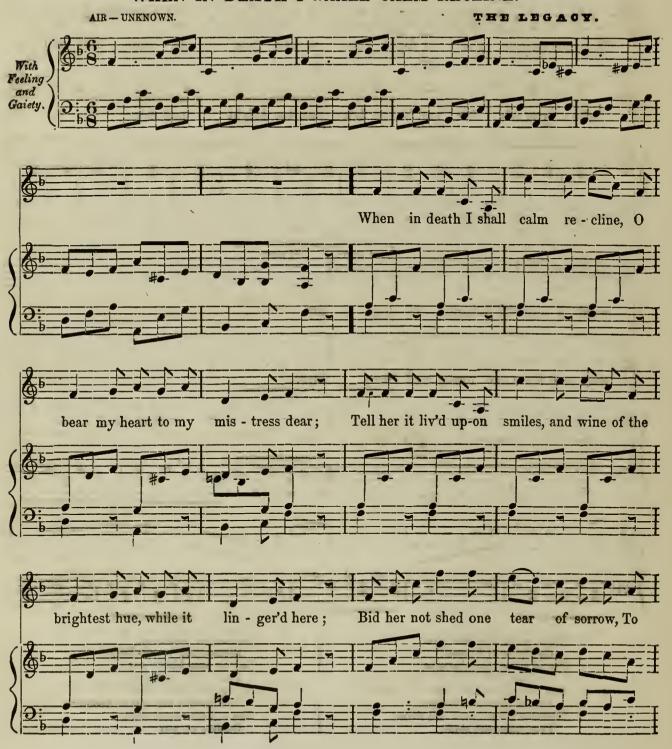


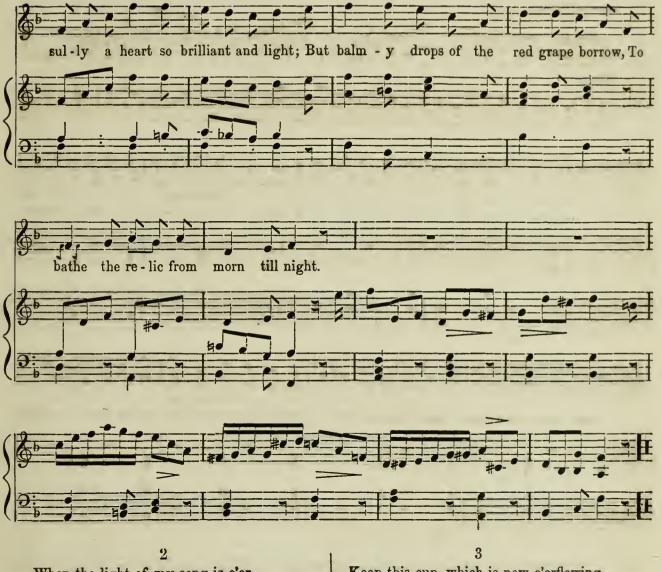
TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.





WHEN IN DEATH I SHALL CALM RECLINE.





When the light of my song is o'er,

Then take my harp to your ancient hall;

Hang it up at that friendly door

Where weary travellers love to call.*

Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,

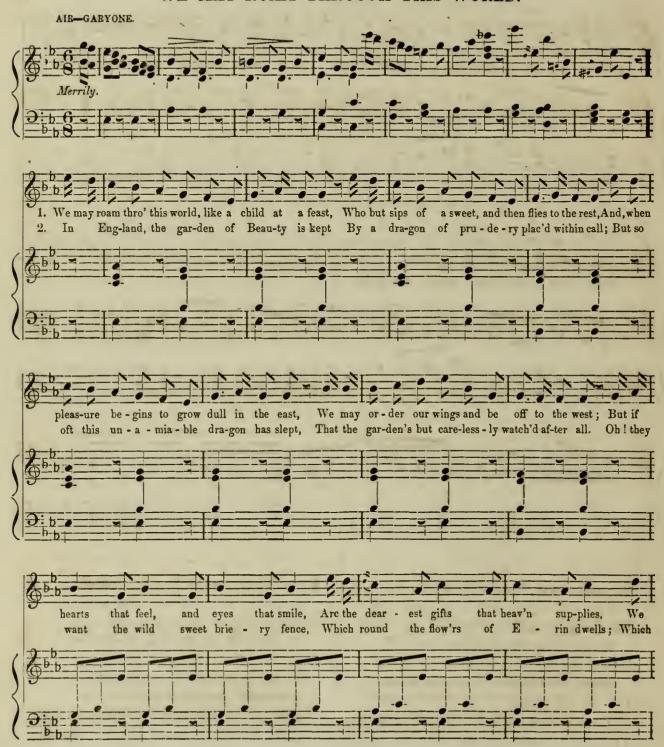
Revive its soft note in passing along,

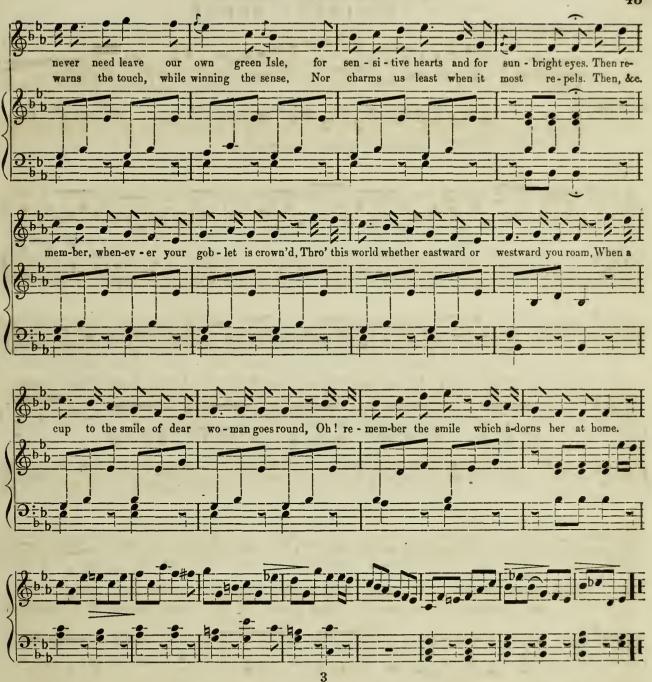
Oh! let one thought of its Master waken

Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.
But when some warm devoted lover,
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Oh, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

^{• &}quot;14 every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed, the more than excelled in music."—O'HALLORAY.



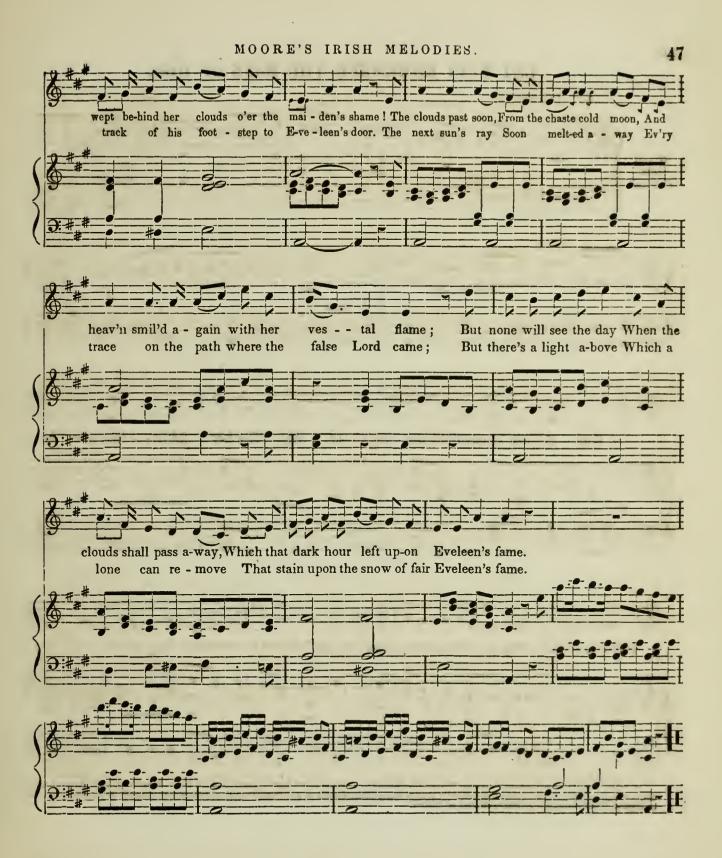


In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try;
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good bye.

While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
Ever smiling before his faithful oar,
Through billows of woe and beams of joy,
The same as he looked when he left the shore

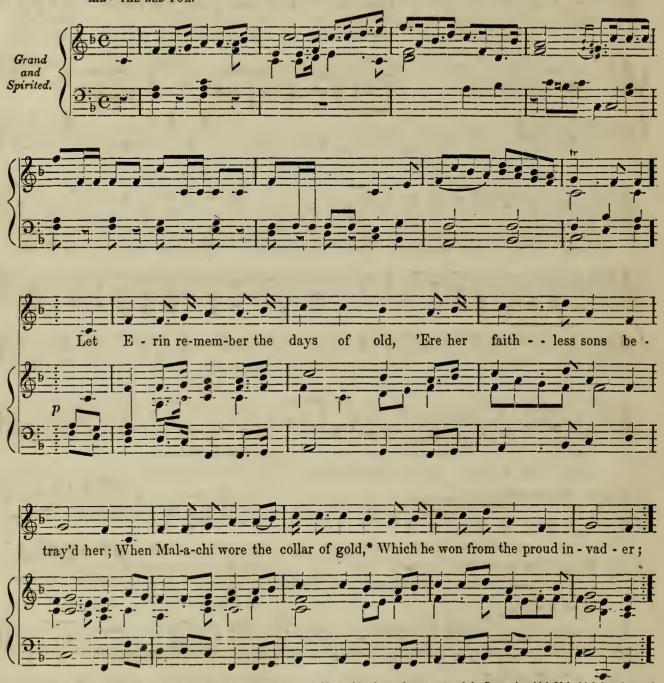


• Our c.aim to this Air has been disputed: but they who are best acquainted with national melodies, pronounce it to be Irish. It is generally known by the name of "The pretty Girl of Derby, O."

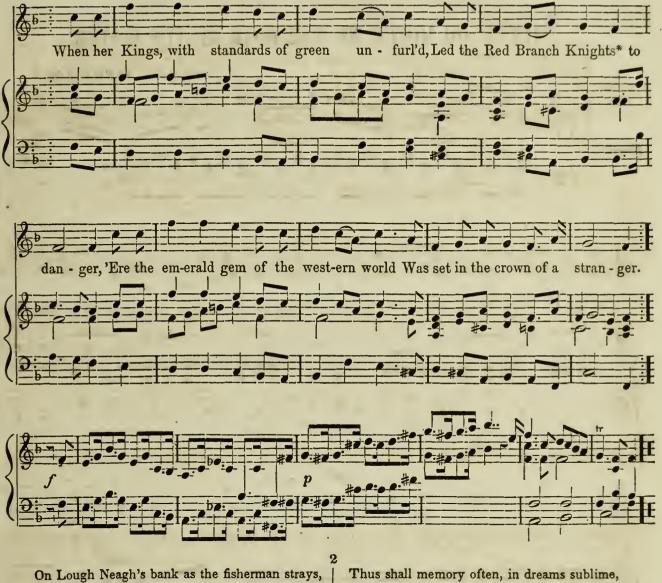


LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

AIR - THE RED FOX.



"This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one and carrying off the sword of the other, trophies of his victory."—Warner's History of Ireland.



When the clear cold eve's declining,

He sees the round towers of other days,

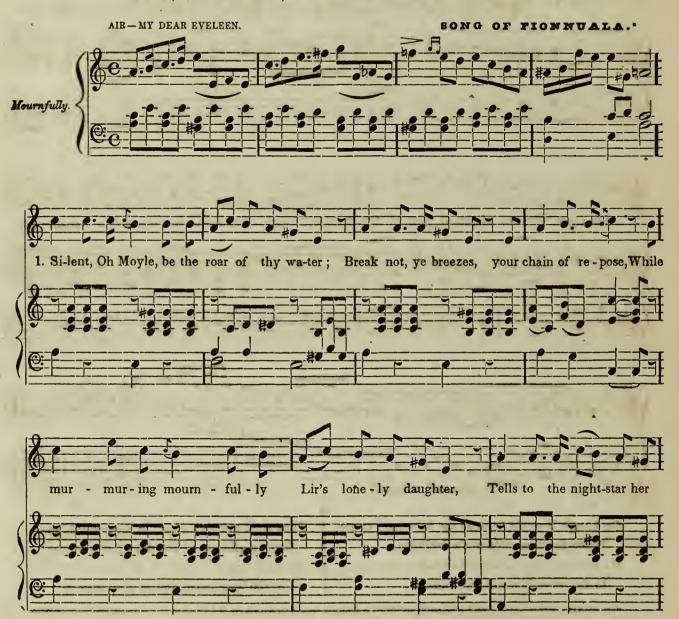
In the wave beneath him shining;

Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are over; Thus sighing, look through the waves of time For the long faded glories they cover.

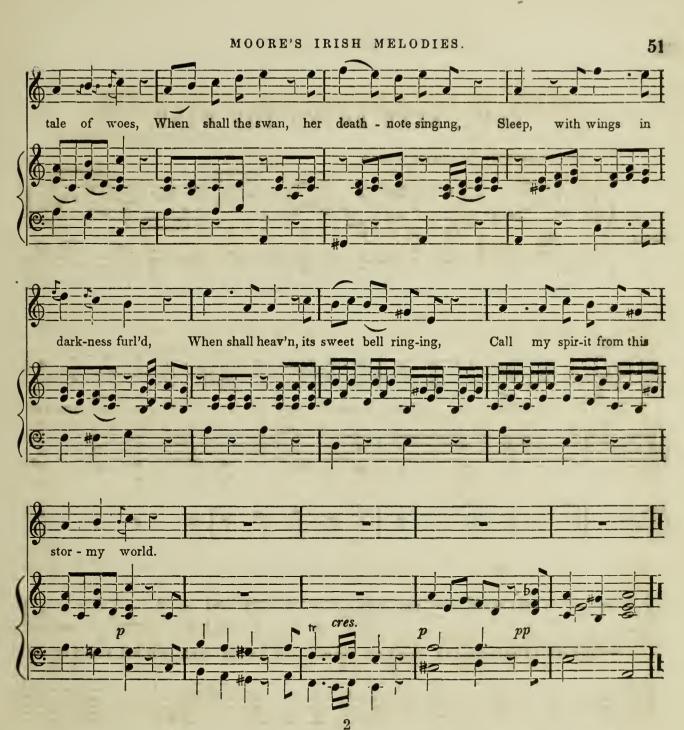
^{* &}quot;Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland: long before the birth of Christ we find an hereditary order of Chivalry in Ulster, called Curaidhe na Craiobhe ruadh, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster Kings, called Teagh na Craiobhe ruadh, or the Academy of the Red Branch; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called, Bronbhearg, or the house of the Sorrowful Soldier."—O'Halloran's Introduction, &c., part i. chap. 5.

[†] It was an old tradition in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. Pircatores aqua illius turres ecclesiasticas, qua more patria arcta und et alla, necon et rotunda, sub undis manifeste sereno tempore conspiciunt, et extraneis transcuntibus, reique causas admirantibus, frequenter ostendunt.—Topogr. Hid dist. 2, c. 9.

SILENT, OH MOYLE, BE THE ROAR OF THY WATER.



^{*} To make this story intelligible, in a song, would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience as once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuals, the daughter of Lir, was by some supernatural power transformed into a Swan, and condemned to wander for many hundred years over certain lakes and rivers, in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the Mass-bell was to be the signal of her release — I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.



Sadly, O Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.

When will that day-star, mildly springing, Warm our Isle with peace and love? When shall heav'n, its sweet bell ringing, Call my spirit to the fields above.

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

AIR - WE BROUGHT THE SUMMER WITH US. 1. Come, send round the wine, and leave points of be - lief To sim - ple - ton sa - ges, and reas'ning fools; This moment's a flow'r too fair and brief To be with - er'd and stain'd by the



Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side, In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree? Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried, If he kneel not before the same altar with me? From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,

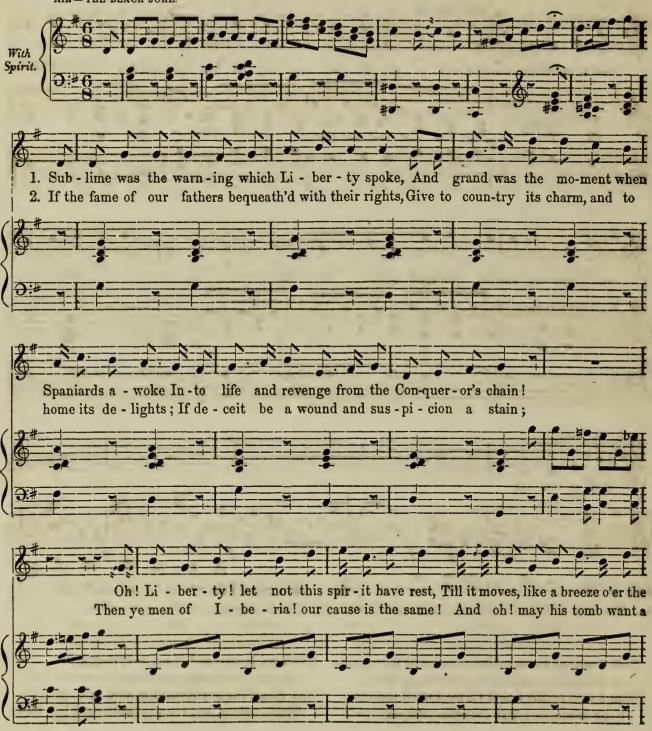
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?

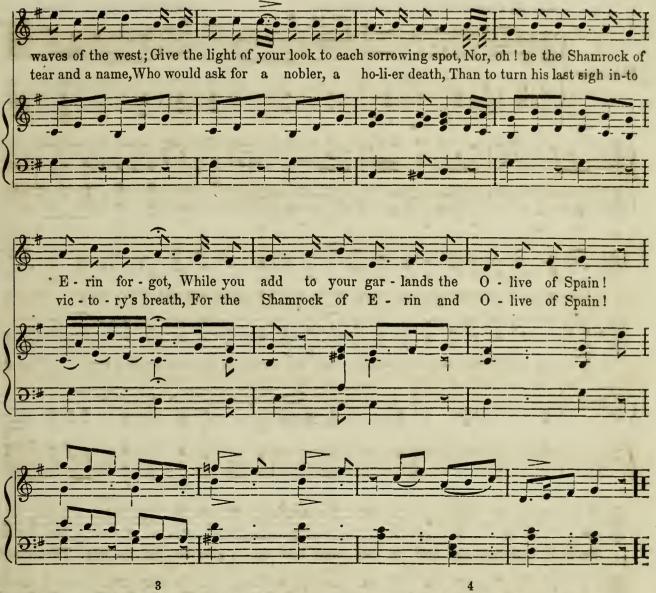
No! perish the hearts and the laws that try

Truth, valour, and love, by a standard like this.



AIR - THE BLACK JOKE.



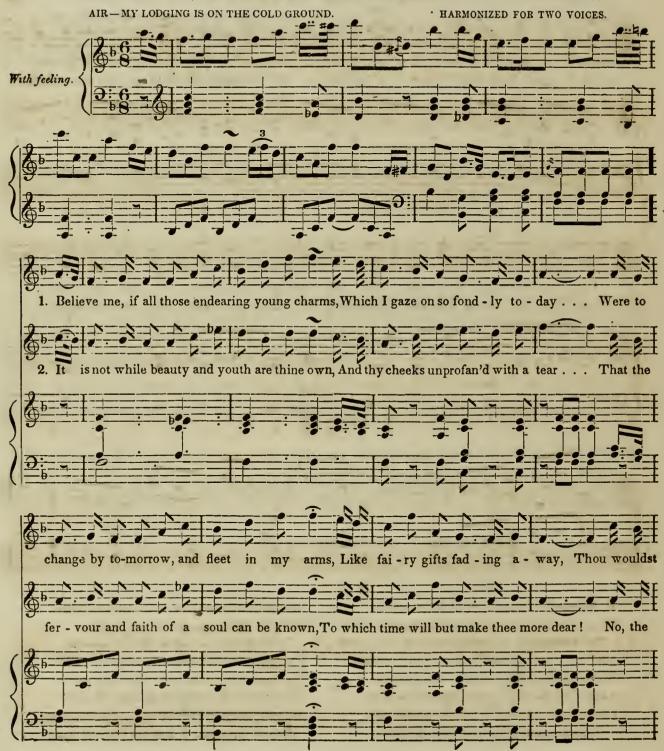


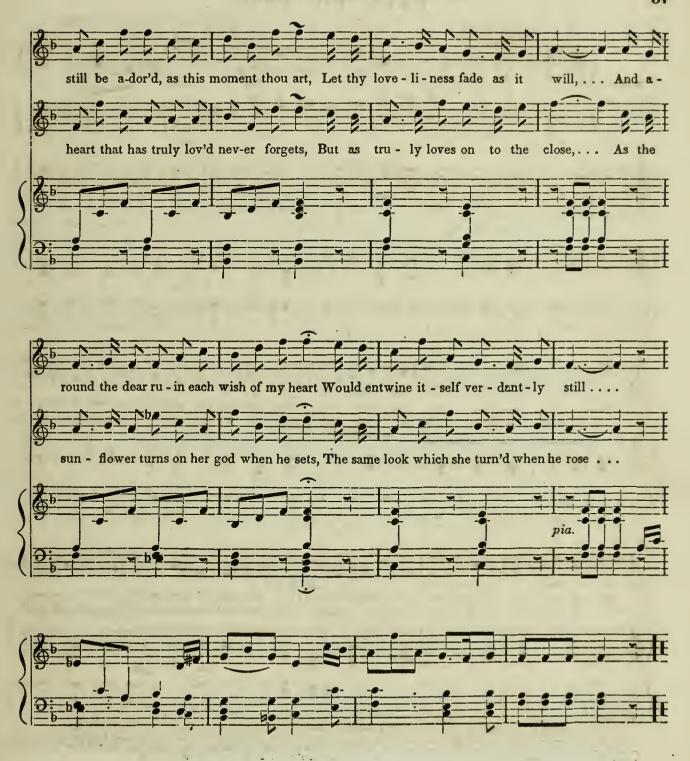
Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resign'd The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find

That repose which at home they had sigh'd for in vain,
Join, join in our hope that the flame, which you light
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm, and as bright;
And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws,
Like a truant, her sword in the long-slighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause !—Oh! it cannot but thrive, While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,

Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain;
Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
The finger of Glory shall point where they lie;
While far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain





ERIN. OH! ERIN.



There are various settings of this air; that which differs most from the set we have adopted, will be found at the end of this song.

† The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions, "Apad Kildariam occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inegting guibilem vocant; non quod extingui non possit, sed quod tam solicité moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, fovent et untriunt ut a tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus."—Girald. Camb de Mirabil. Hib. Dist. 2, c. 34.



3. Unchill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by the wind,

The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour,

Till the hand of spring her dark chain unbind,

And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.*

Erin! oh Erin! thy winter is past,

And the hope, that liv'd thro' it, shall blossom at last.

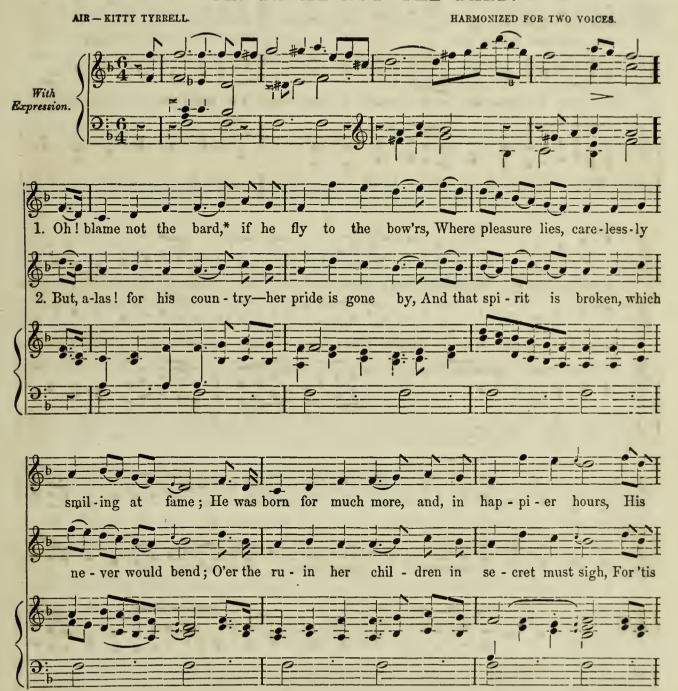
[•] Mrs H. Tighe, in her excussing lines on the lily, has applied this image to a still more important subject.

SHAMAMA HULLA.

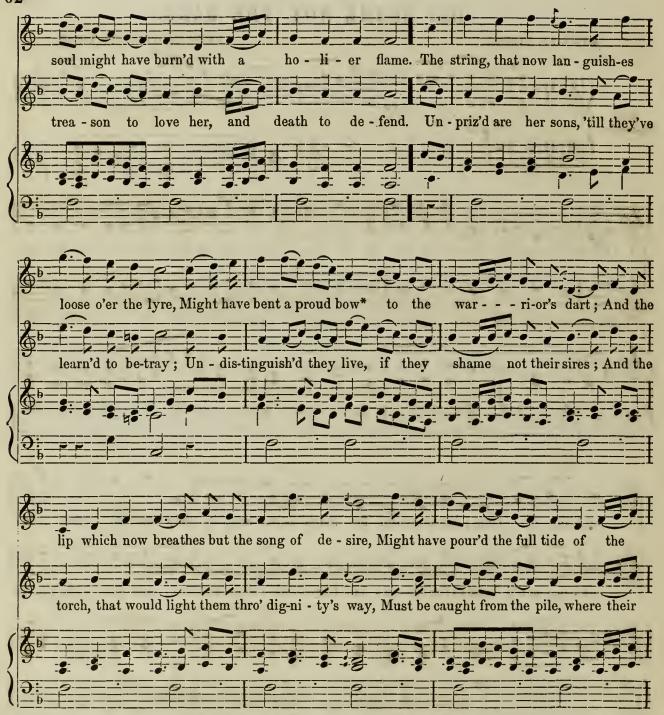
ANOTHER ARRANGEMENT OF THIS DELICIOUS MELODY.



OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.



[•] We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards whom Spencer so severely, and perhaps truly describes in his state of Ireland, and whose poems he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device which gave good grace and comeliness unto them; the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which with good usage would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."



* It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from Yr, the Runic for a bow, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following—" So that Ireland (called the land of Ire, for the constant broils therein for 400 years,) was now become the land of concord." LLOWD'S State Worthies, Art. "The Lord Grandison."



3

Then blame not the bard, if, in pleasure's soft dream,

He should try to forget, what he never can heal;

Oh! give but a hope, let a vista but gleam

Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!

That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down,

Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored,

While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,

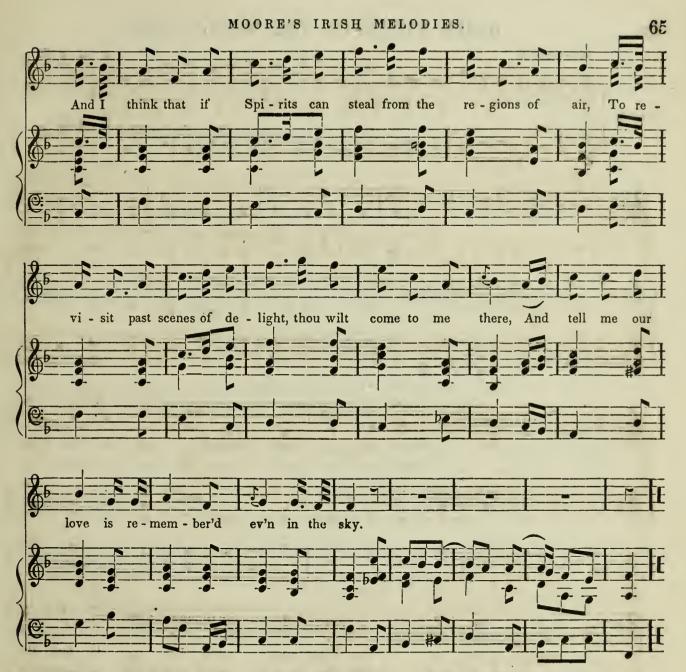
Like the wreath of Hermodius, should cover his sword.

4

But, though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin! shall live in his songs,
Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs!
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep.

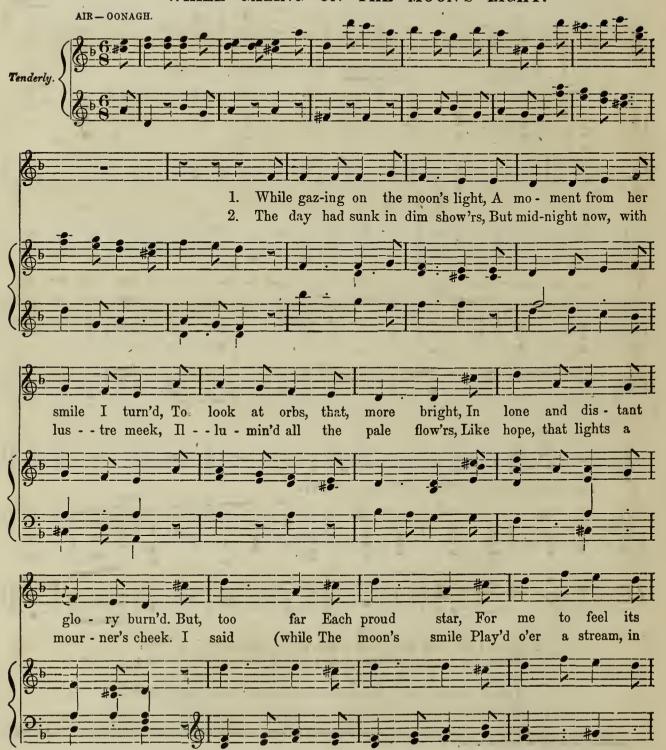
AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

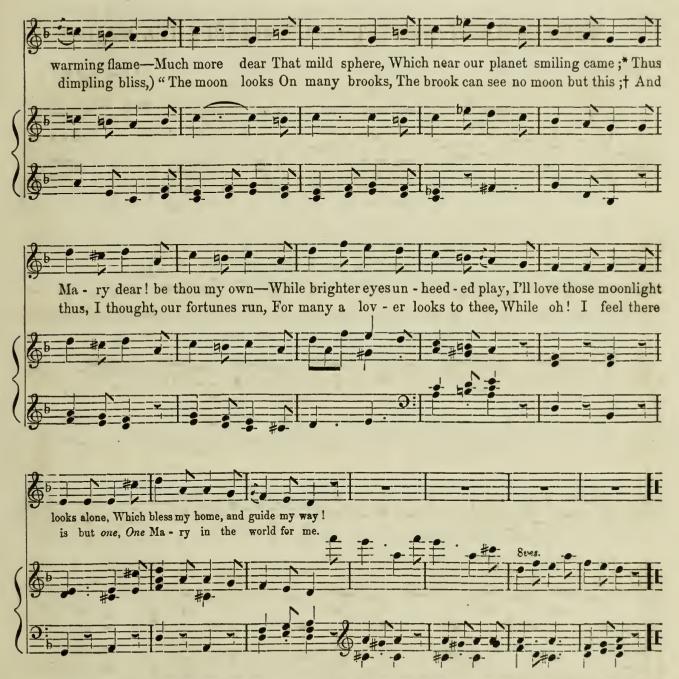
AIR - MOLLY, MY DEAR. Slow, and with melancholy expression. of 1. At the mid night, when weep - ing, hour lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine



2. Then I sing the wild song, which once 'twas rapture to hear, When our voices both mingling breath'd like one on the ear; And, as echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls, I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls,* Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

^{* &}quot;There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields; and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."





[&]quot;Of such celestial bodies as ere visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together."—Whiston's Theory, &c.

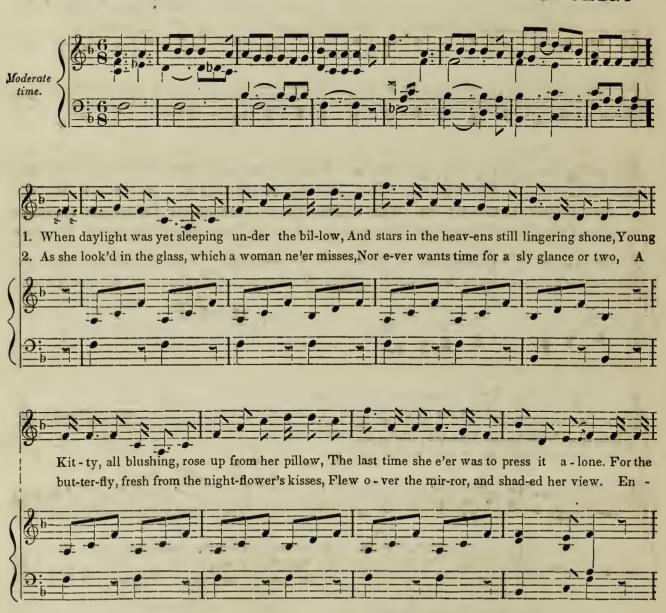
In the Entretiens d'Artiste, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with the words, Non mille, quod absens.

[†] This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works, "The moon looks upon many night flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon."

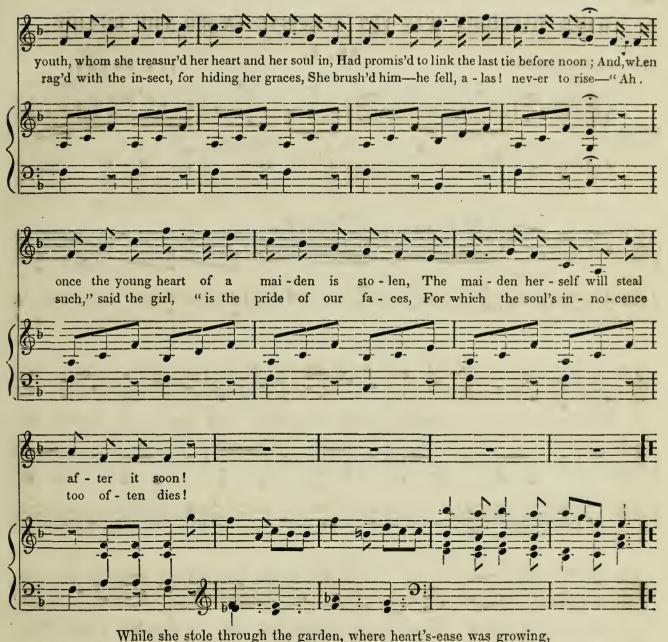
WHEN DAYLIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING UNDER THE BILLOW.

AIR - KITTY OF COLERAINE.

ILL OMENS



[•] Having some reason to suspect that "Kitty of Coleraine" is but a modern English imitation of our style, I have thought it right to give an authentic Irish air to the same words, without, however, omitting the former melody, for which the words were originally written, and to which, I believe, they are best adapted. "Paddy's Resource" follows the present air.

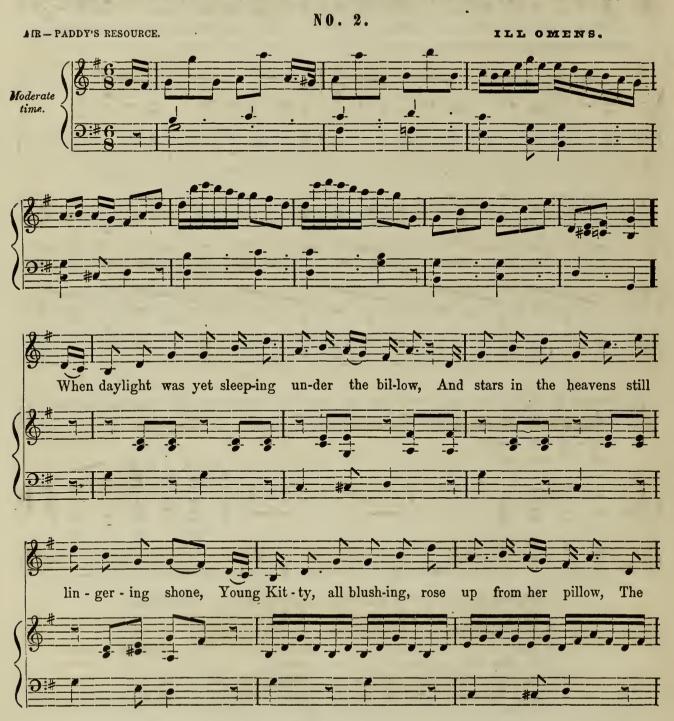


While she stole through the garden, where heart's-ease was growing, She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew; And a rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing, That spite of her haste, she must gather it too; But, while o'er the roses too, carlessly leaning,

Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost-

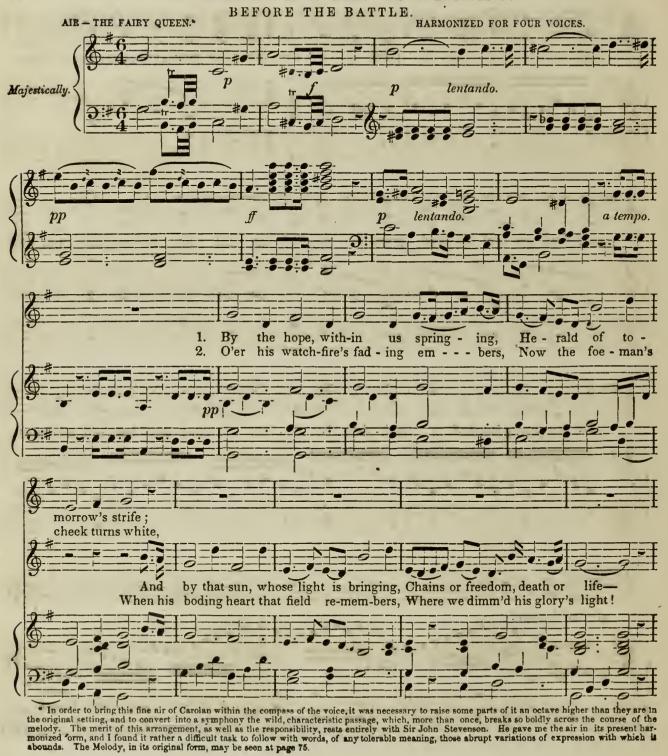
"Ah! this means," said the girl, (and she sigh'd at its meaning,)
"That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!"

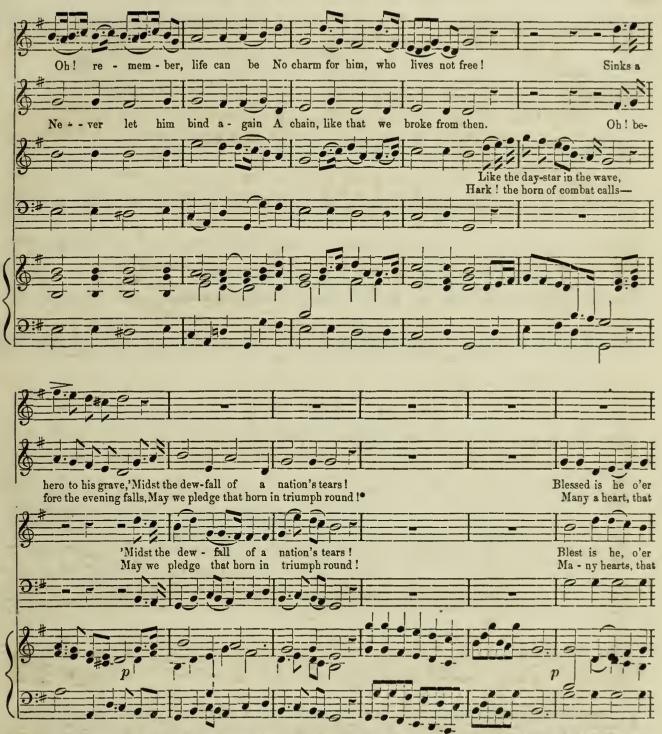
WHEN DAYLIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING UNDER THE BILLOW.





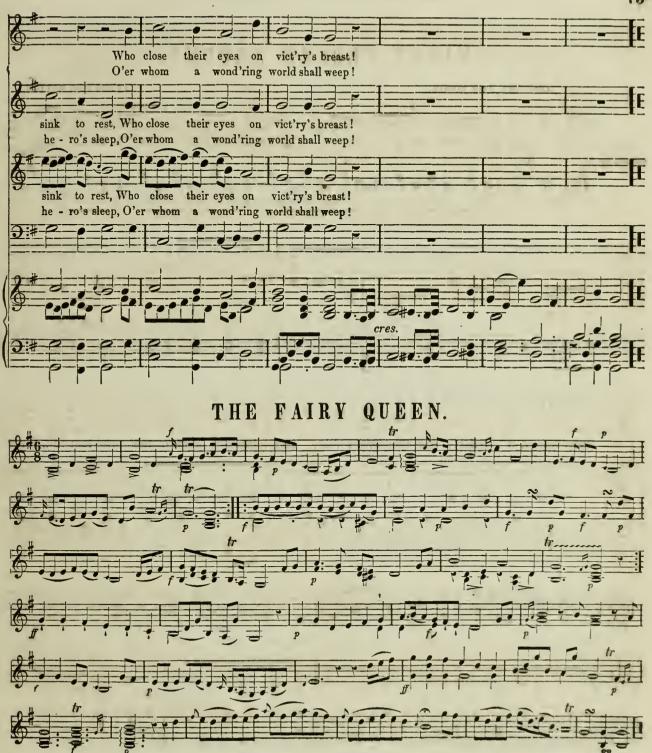
BY THE HOPE WITHIN US SPRINGING.



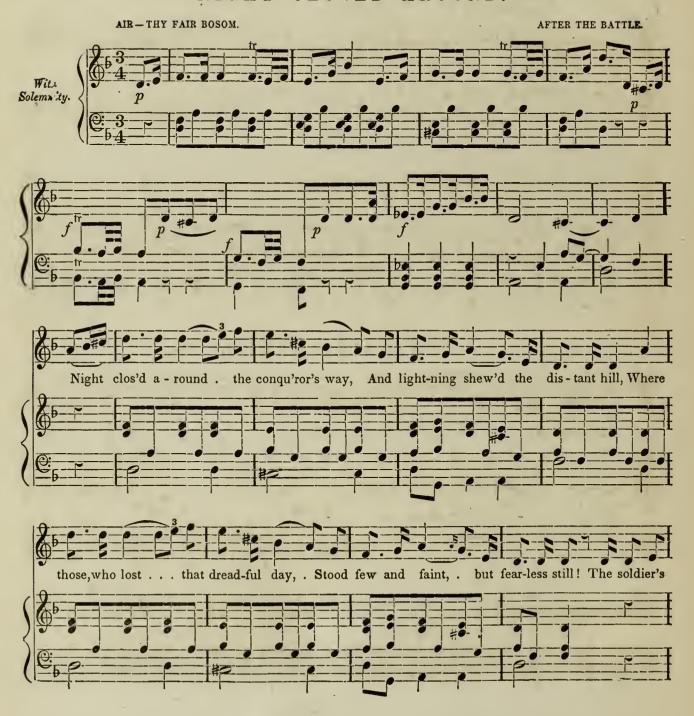


"The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages, our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day."—WALKER.





NIGHT CLOSED AROUND.

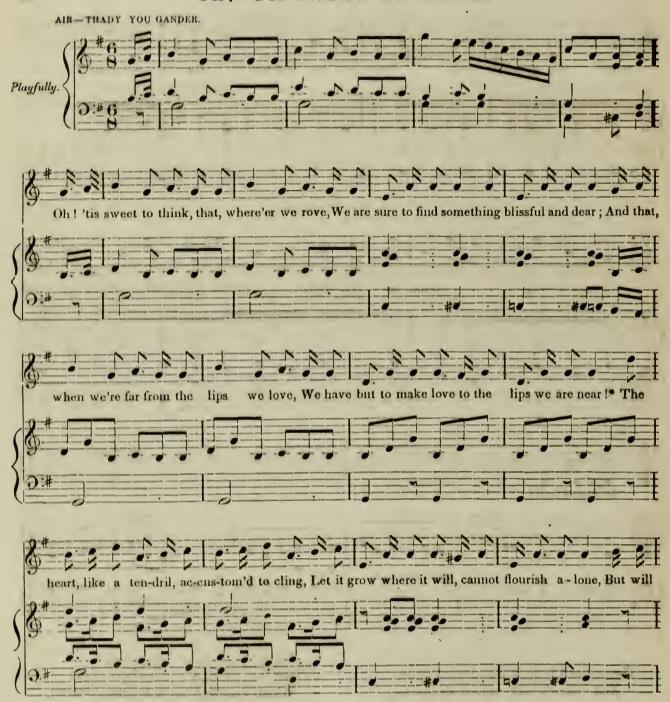




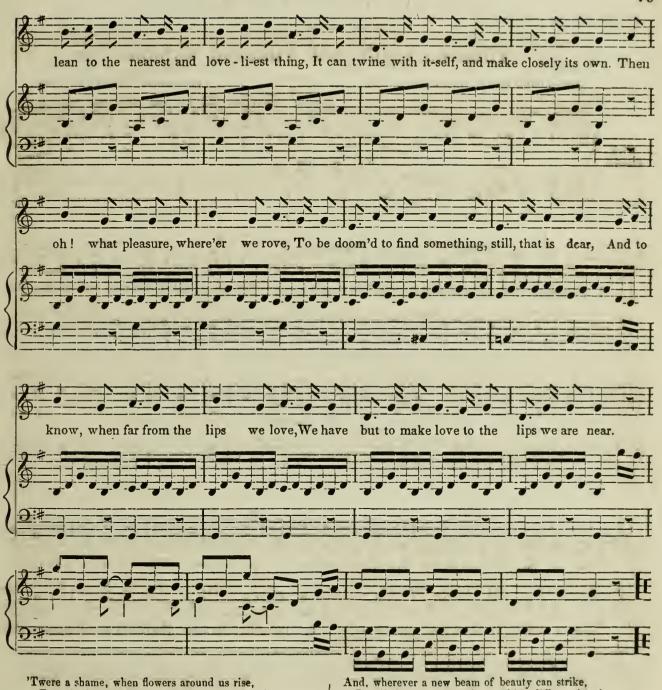
2

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task, moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise, and give them light to die!

There is a world, where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright op'ning be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?



• I believe it is Marmontel, who says " Quand on n'a pas ce que l' on aime, il faut aimer ce que l' on a." There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such jeur d' esput as this defence of inconstancy to be the actual and gennine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as multer-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them, that Democritus was not the worse physiologist, for having playfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise, for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.



Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest, if the rose is not there;
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
"Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike;
They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too:

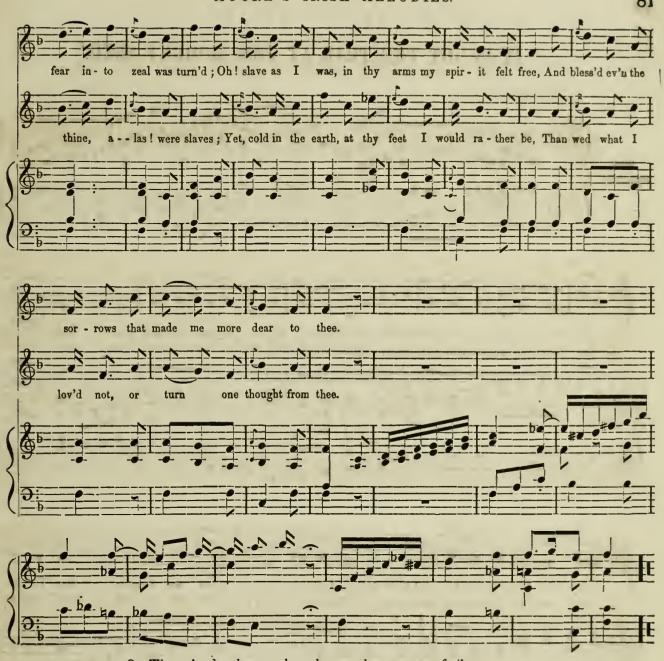
And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture love's plume with a different hue!
Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear

And to know, when far from the lips we love, We have but to make love to the lips we are near

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

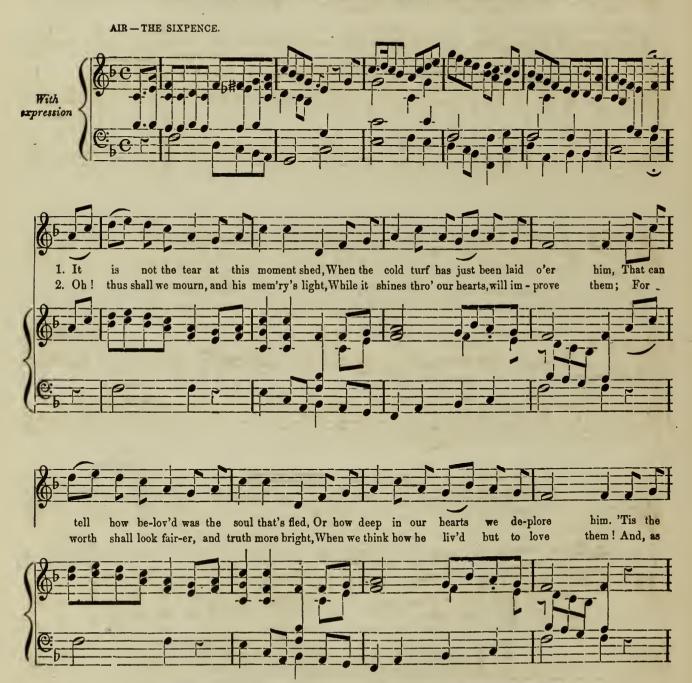
THROUGH GRIEF AND THROUGH DANGER.



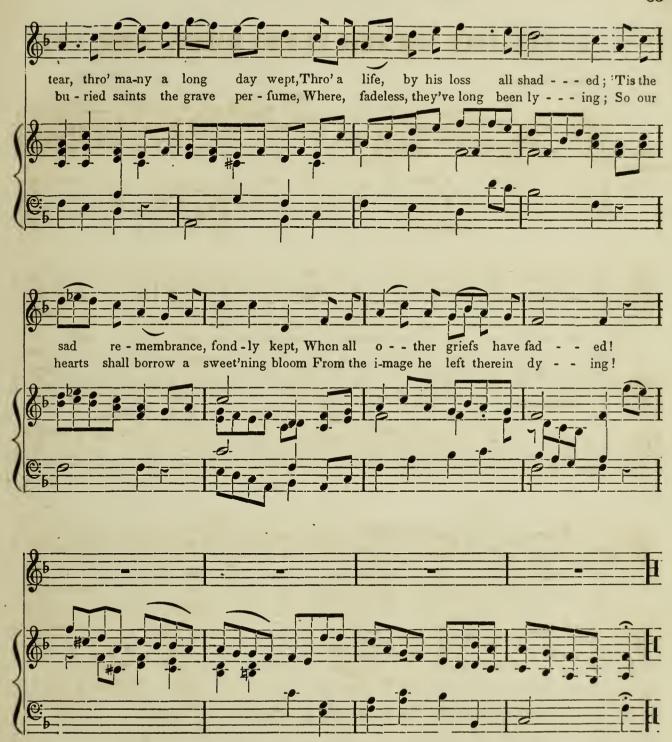


- 3. They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
 Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale!
 They say too, so long thou hast worn those ling'ring chains,
 That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains—
 Oh! do not believe them—no chain could that soul subdue,
 Where shineth thy spirit, there liberty shineth too.*
 - "Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty."-Sr. PAUL, 2 Corinthians, ili. 17.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.*



• These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who died lately at Madeira.



'TIS BELIEV'D THAT THIS HARP, WHICH I WAKE NOW FOR THEE.





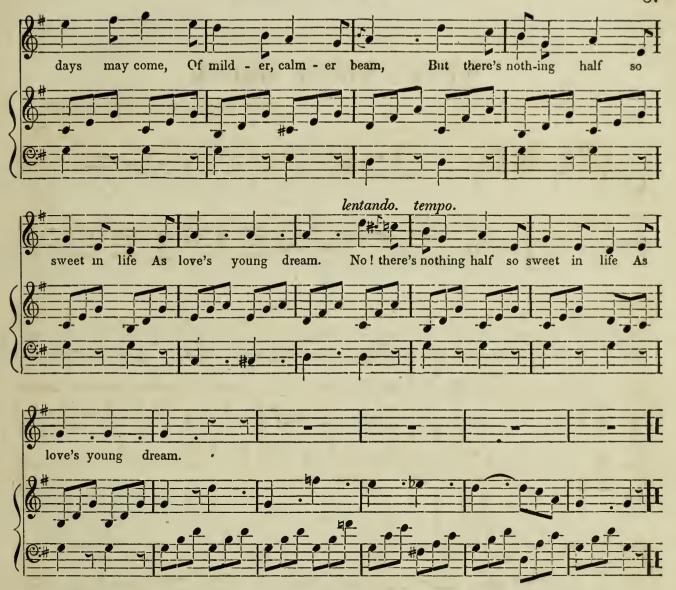
Still her bosom rose fair —still her cheek smil'd the same — While her sea-beauties gracefully curl'd round the frame; And her hair, Shedding tear-drops from all its bright rings, Fell over her white arm, to make the gold strings!*

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known Still to mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone; Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay, To be love, when I'm near thee, and grief, when away!

This thought was suggested by an ingenious design, prefixed to an ode upon St. Cecilia, published some years since, by Mr. Hudson, of Dublin

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.





2. Though the bard to purer fame may soar, When wild youth's past;

Though he win the wise, who frowned before,

To smile at last;

He'll never meet

A joy so sweet,

In all his noon of fame,

As when first he sang to woman's ear

His soul-felt flame;

And, at every close, she blush'd to hear

The one lov'd name.

3. No! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,

Which first love trac'd;

Still it ling'ring haunts the greenest spot

On mem'ry's waste.

'Twas odour fled,

As soon as shed;

'Twas morning's winged dream:

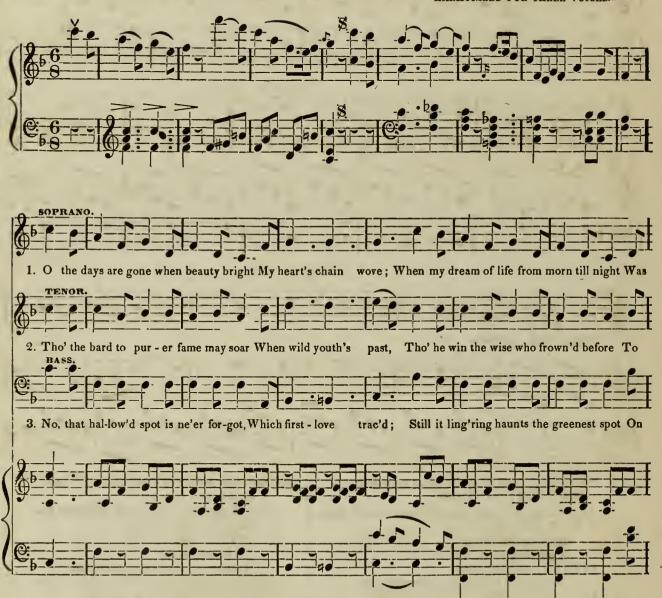
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again

On life's dull stream.

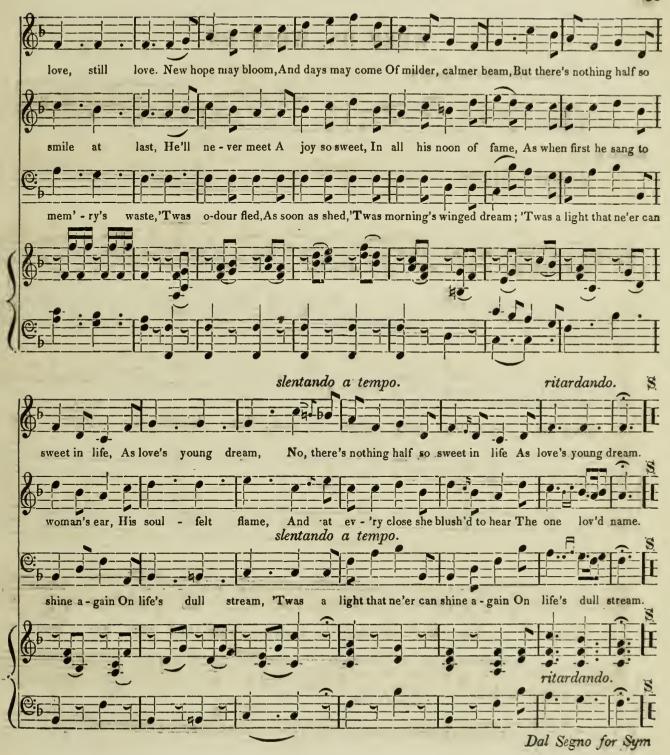
Oh! twas light which ne'er can shine again On life's dull stream.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

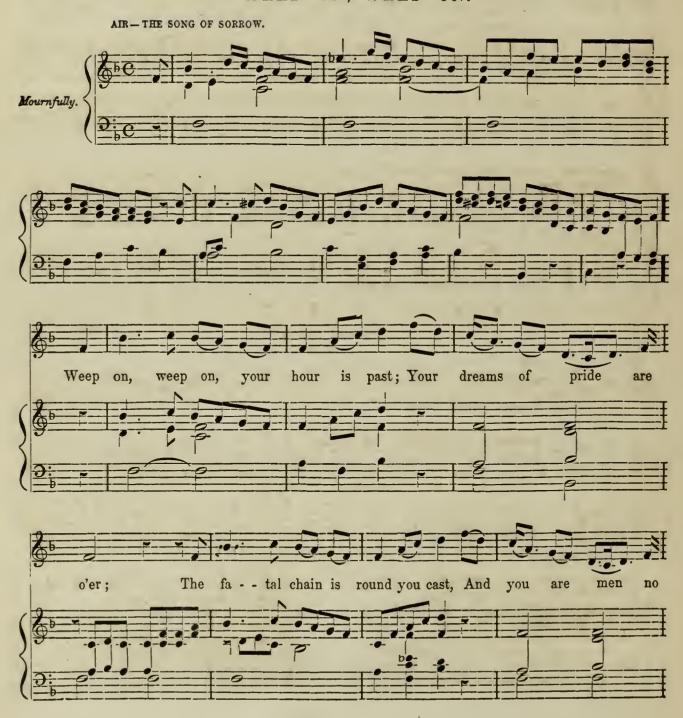
HARMONIZED FOR THREE VOICES.

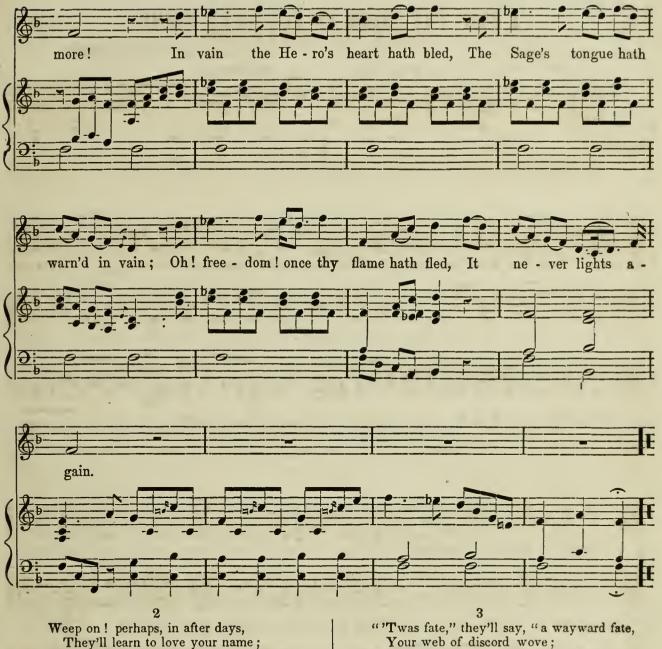


• It is a carcely necessary to offer any apology for inserting a second arrangement of this choice gem.



WEEP ON, WEEP ON.





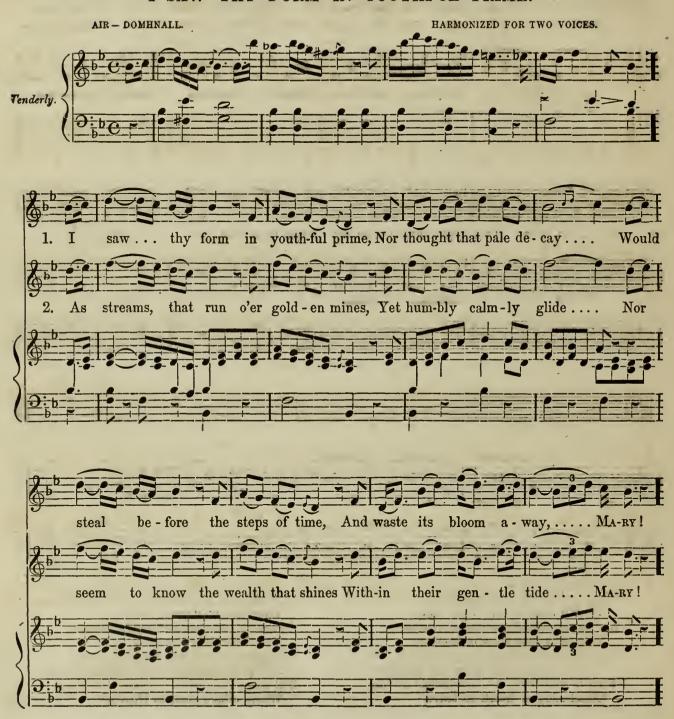
That long hath slept in blame!

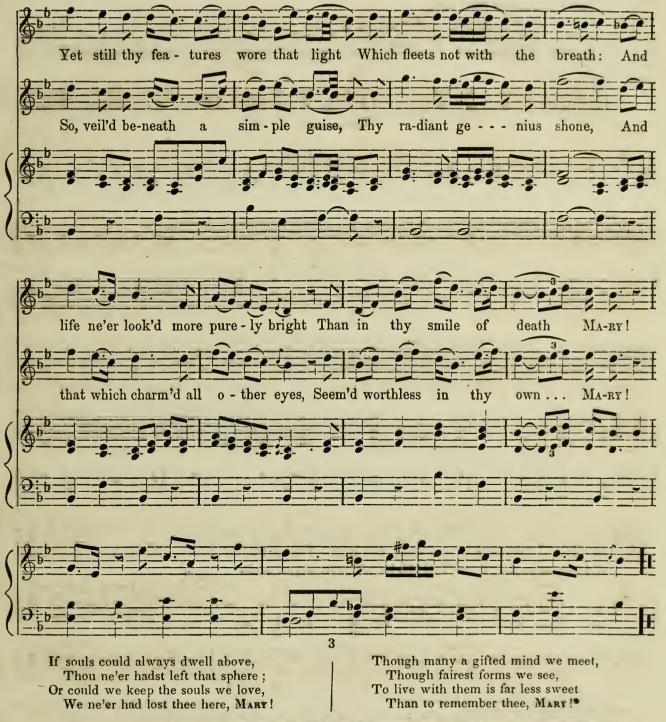
And, when they tread the ruin'd Isle,
Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wond'ring ask, how hands so vile,
Could conquer hearts so brave.

And many a deed may wake in praise,

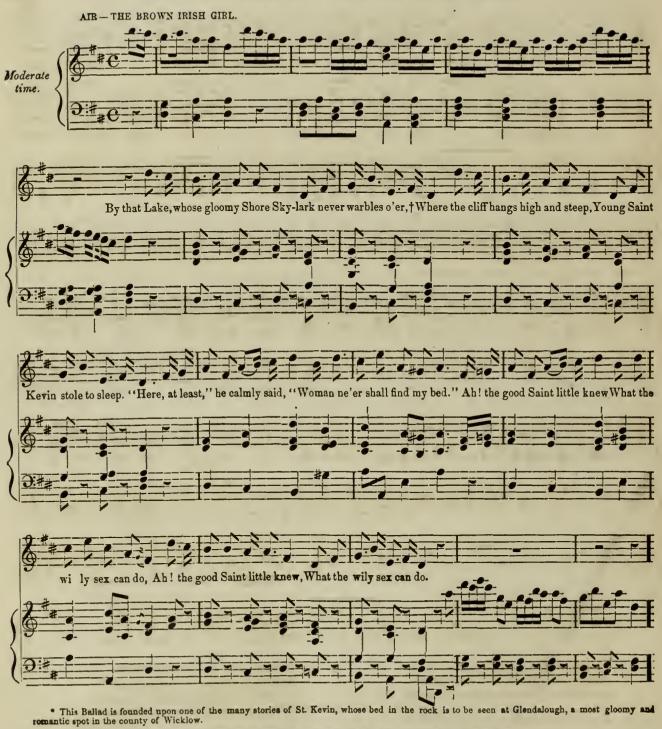
"'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate,
Your web of discord wove;
And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
You never join'd in love.
But hearts fell off that ought to twine,
And Men profan'd what God had giv'n,
Till some were heard to curse the shrine
Where others knelt to Heav'n."

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

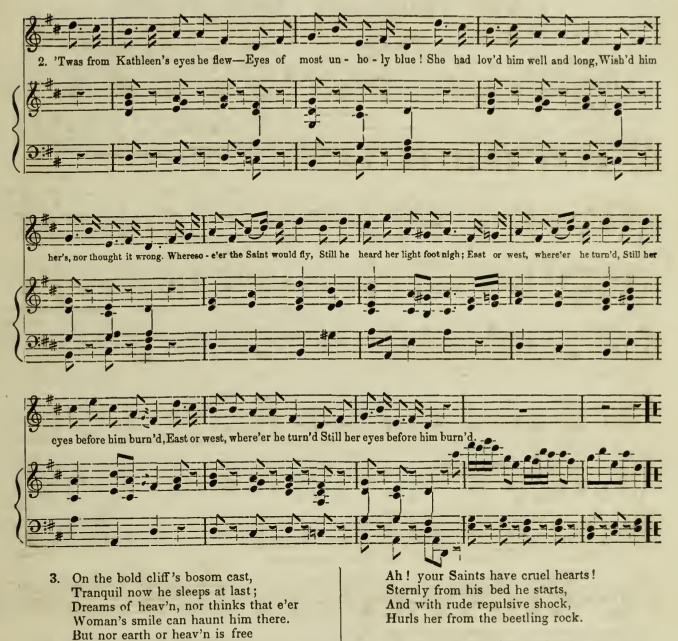




[•] I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, "Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tel meminisse!"



- * There are many other curious traditions concerning this Lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Coigan, &c.



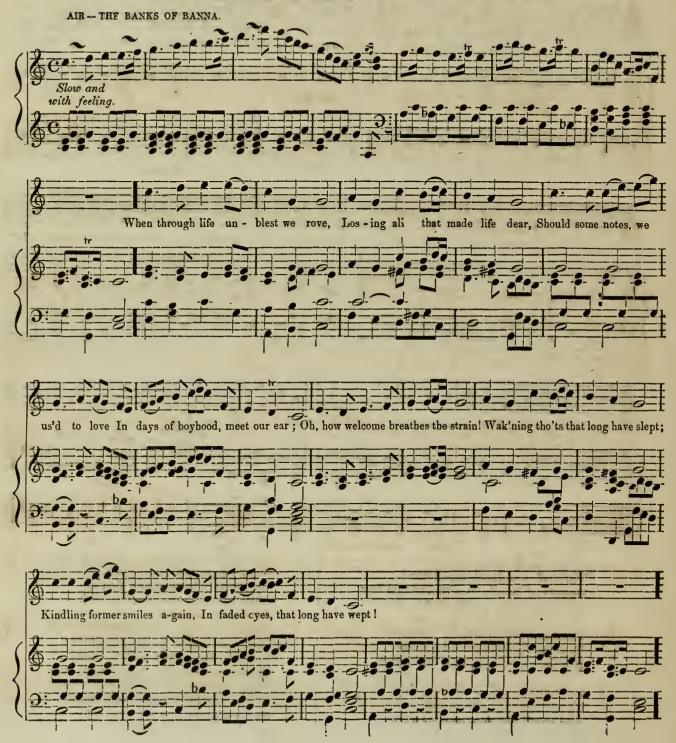
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.
Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat,
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.

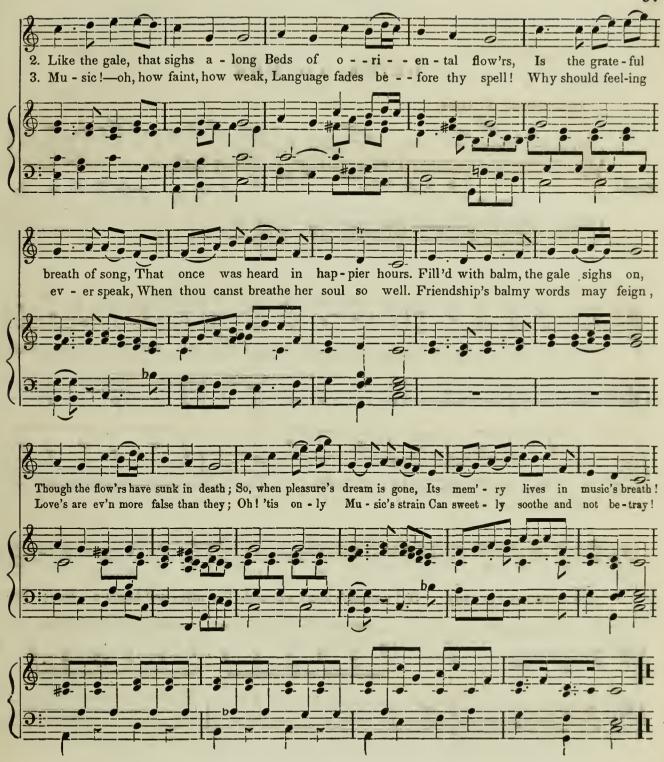
From her pow'r, if fond she be:

Even now, while calm he sleeps,

5. Glendalough, thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
Soon the Saint (yet, ah! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, "Heav'n rest her soul.'
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide
Smiling o'er the fatal tide.

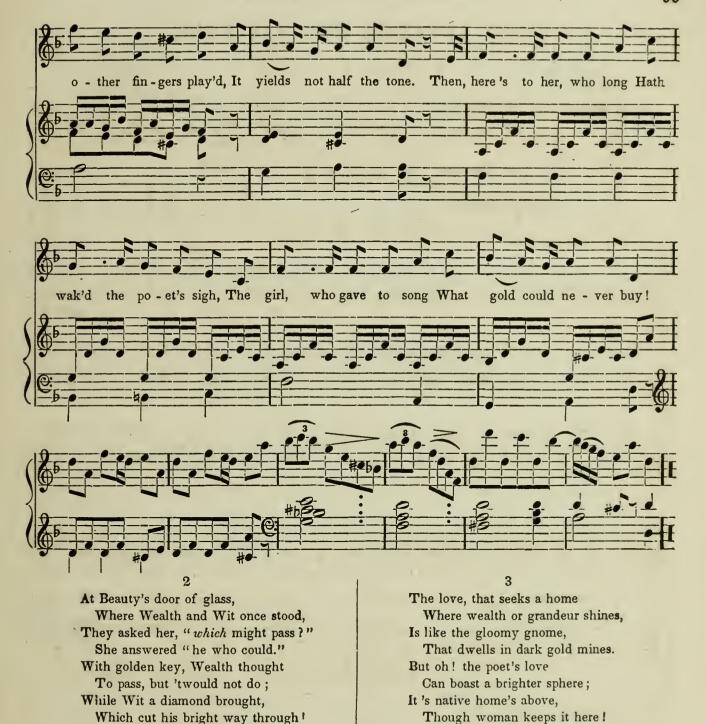
WHEN THROUGH LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE.





DRINK TO HER.

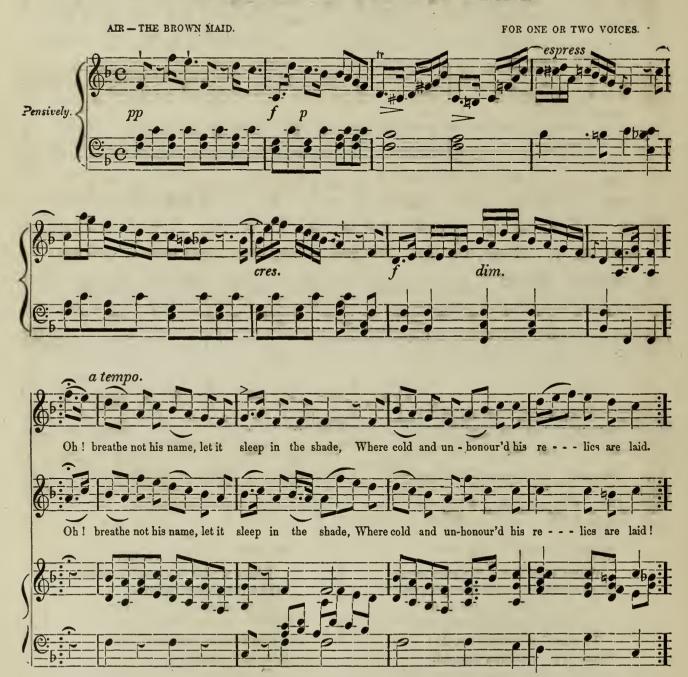




Then here's to her, &c.

Then drink to her, &c.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.*



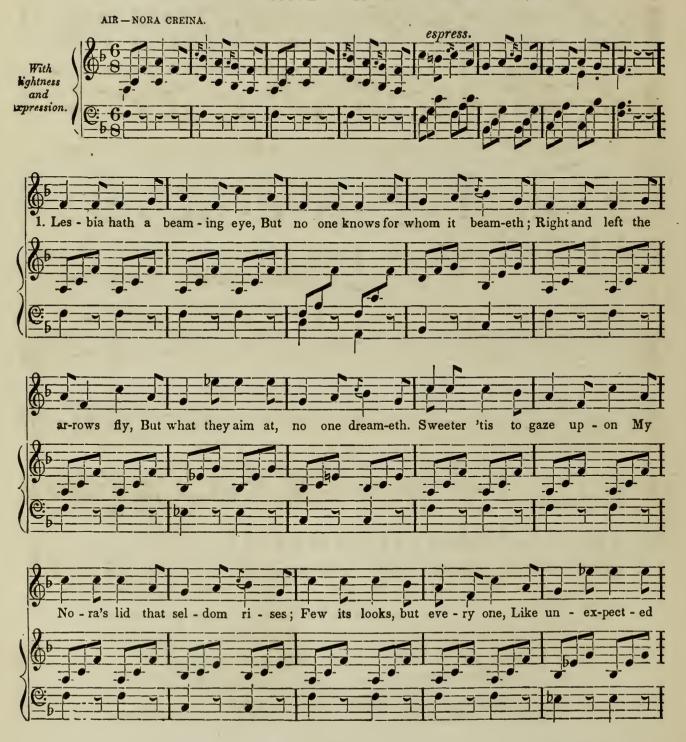
* This song was suggested by the well known preface, in Robert Emmett's dying speech: —"Let no man write my epitaph.....let my tomb remain unlinearitied, till other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory."



9

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

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.





2. Lesbia wears a robe of gold,

But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould

Presumes to stay where nature placed it.
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,

That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving ev'ry beauty free

To sink or swell as heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina dear!

My simple, graceful Nora Creina!

Nature's dress,
Is loveliness—

The dress you wear, my Nora Creina

3. Lesbia hath a wit refin'd,

But, when its points are gleaming round us
Who can tell if they're designed

To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,

In safer slumber love reposes —
Bed of peace! whose roughest part

Is but the crumpling of the roses.
Oh, my Nora Creina dear!

My mild, my artless Nora Creina!

Wit, though bright,

Hath no such light,

As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!

THE SHAMROCK.



^{*} Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the Pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, "standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil or three-colored grass in her hand."

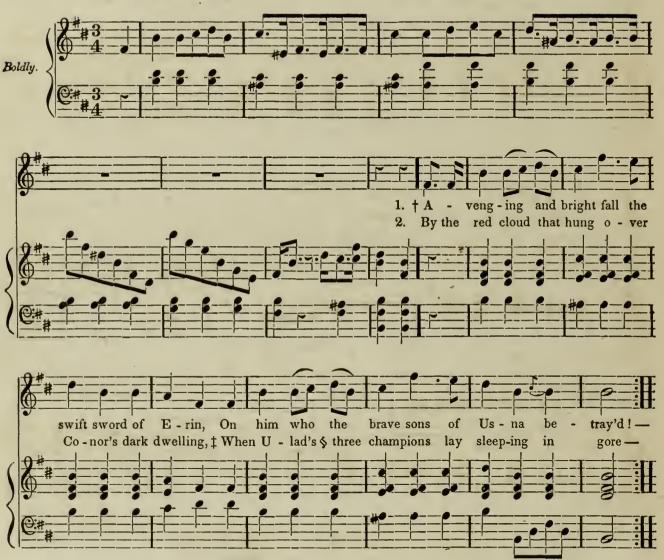


Says Valour, "See!
They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning!"
Says Love, "No, no,
For me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning!"
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,

And cries, "Oh! do not sever
A type that blends
Three godlike friends,
Love, Valour, Wit, forever!"
Oh, the Shamrock!
The green immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AIR - CROOGHAN A VENEE.*



[&]quot; The name of this beautiful and truly Irish air, is, I am told, properly written Cruachan na Fcine—i. e., the Fenian Mount, or Mount of the Finnian heroes, those brave followers of Fin Mac Cool, so celebrated in the early history of our country.

the words of this Song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic by Mr. O'Flanaghan — (see Vol. I. of Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin), and upon which it appears that the "Darthula" of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the canse of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story," says Mr. O'Flanagan, "has been from time immemoria, held in high repute as one of the three tragic storles of the Irish. These are — 'The death of the children of Tormann;' 'The death of the children of Lear'— (both regarding Tuatha de Danans); and this, 'The death of the children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story." It will be recollected that, on a previous page of these Melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Lear, or Lir, — "Silent, O'Moyle!" &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a lasting reproach upon our nationality if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement they so well merit.

1. O Nearly view that cloud that I have see in the skyl. I see the Transactions of the countries of the children and "Procedure and

^{1 &}quot;O Nasi! view that cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red." - Devrdre's Song.

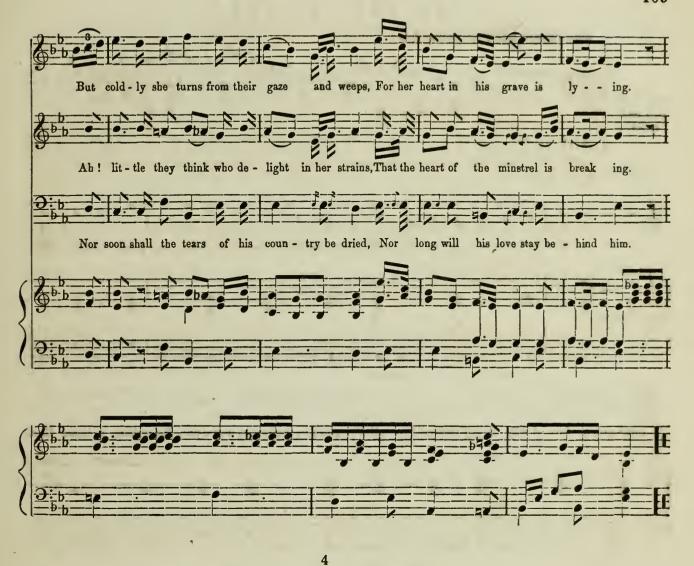
⁶ Ulster.



- 3. We swear to revenge them! no joy shall be tasted, The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed, Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted, Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head.
- 4. Yes, monarch, though sweet are our home recollections, Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall; Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections, Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

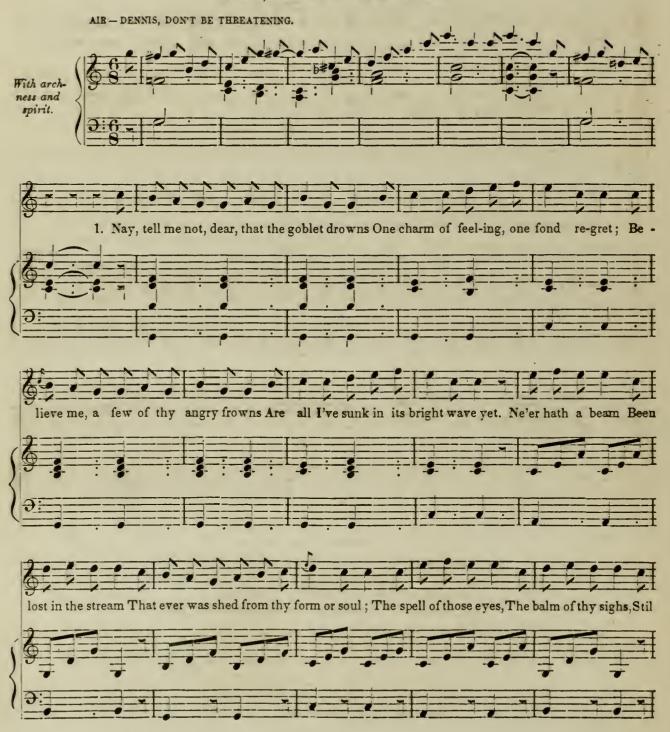
SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

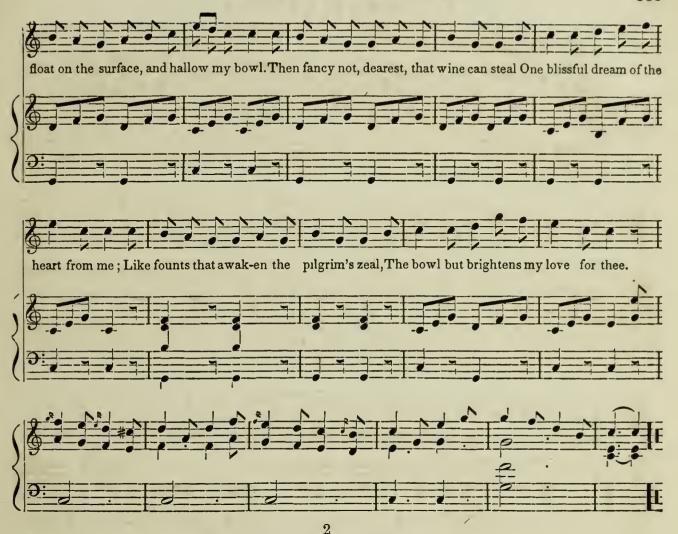
AIR - OPEN THE DOOR. HARMONIZED FOR ONE, TWO, OR THREE VOICES. FIRST VOICE. TENOR. (Sve lower.) With melancholy expression. 1. She is far from the land where her young he - ro sleeps, sings the wild song of her Ev'ry note which he na-tive plains, He had liv'd for his love, for coun - try he died, They were all that life had en - twin'd him;



Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow!
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West.
From her own lov'd island of sorrow.

NAY, TELL ME NOT.





They tell us that Love, in his fairy bow'r,

Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
But sprinkled the one with a rainbow's show'r,

He bath'd the other with mantling wine.

Soon did the buds, that drank of the floods

Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;

While those which the tide, of ruby had dy'd,

All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!

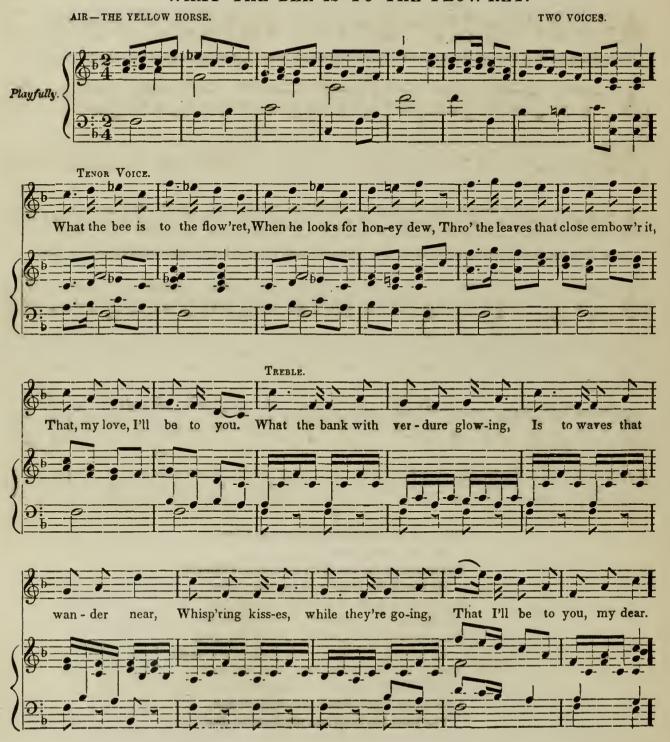
Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal

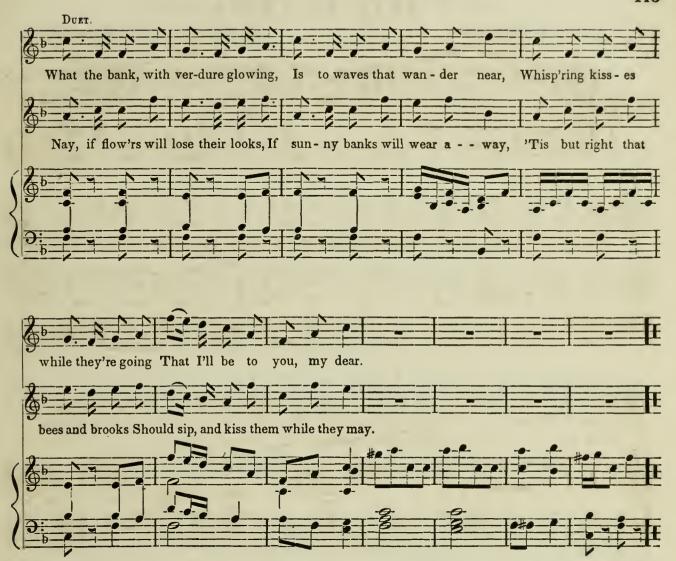
One blissful dream of the heart from me;

Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,

The bowl but brightens my love for thee?

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOW'RET.





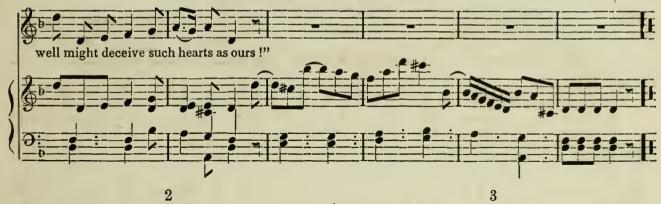
TREBLE. But they say the bee's a rover,

That he'll fly when sweets are gone,
And when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on.

TENOR. Nay, if flow'rs will lose their looks,
If sunny banks will wear away,
'Tis but right that bees and brooks
Should sip, and kiss them while they may.

HERE WE DWELL.





Love stood near the Novice and listen'd,

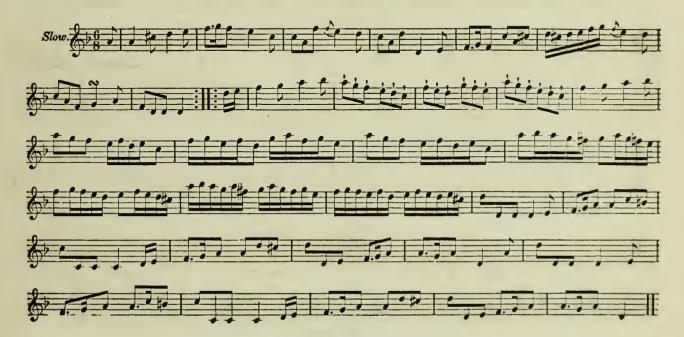
And Love was no novice in taking a hint; His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glisten'd,

His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint, "Who would have thought," the urchin cries, "That Love could so well, so gravely disguise His wandering wings and wounding eyes."

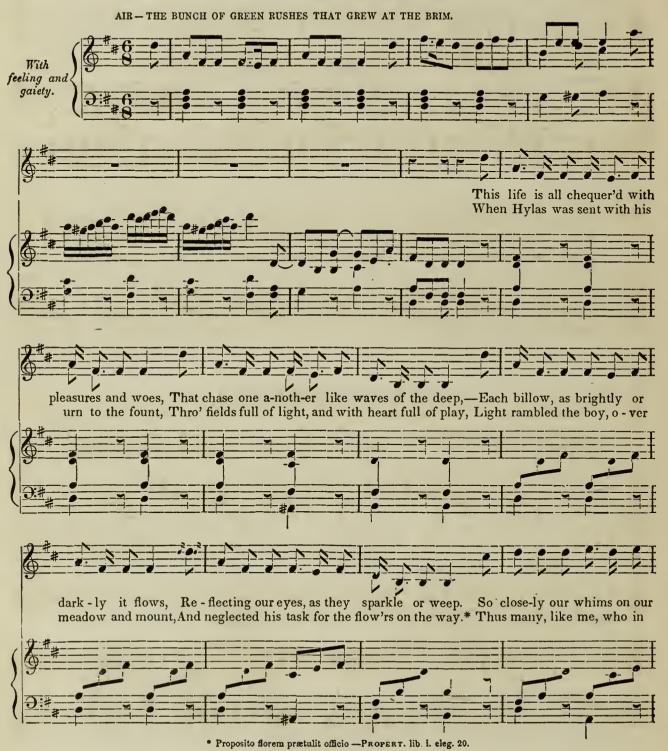
Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
Young Novice to him all thy orisons rise.
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,

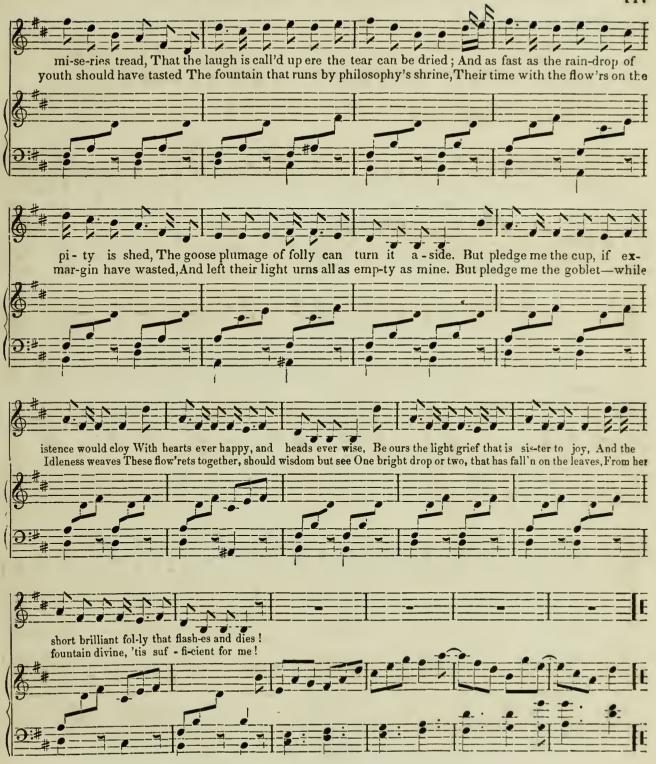
He brightens the censor's flame with his sighs. Love is the saint enshrin'd in thy breast, And angels themselves would admit such a guest, If he came to them cloth'd in Piety's vest.

CEAN DUBH DELISH.



THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.



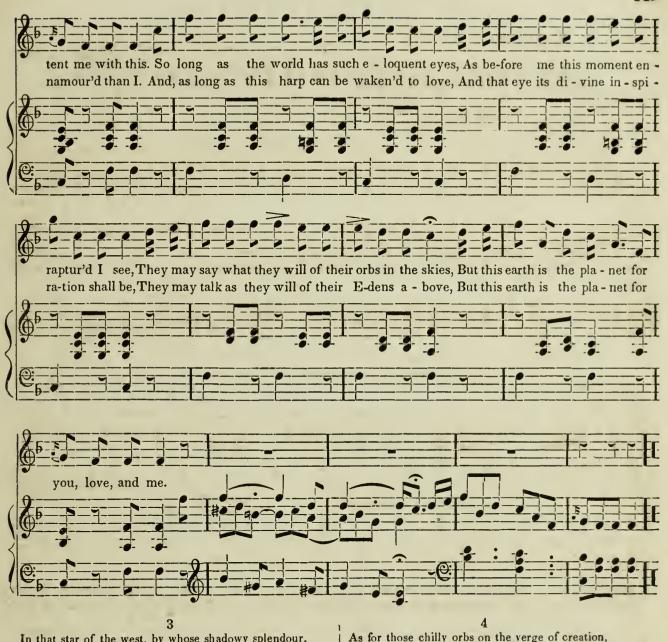


THIS EARTH IS THE PLANET.

AIR - NOCH BONIN SHIN DOE.



^{*} Tous les habitans de Mercure sont vifs - Pluralité des Mondes.



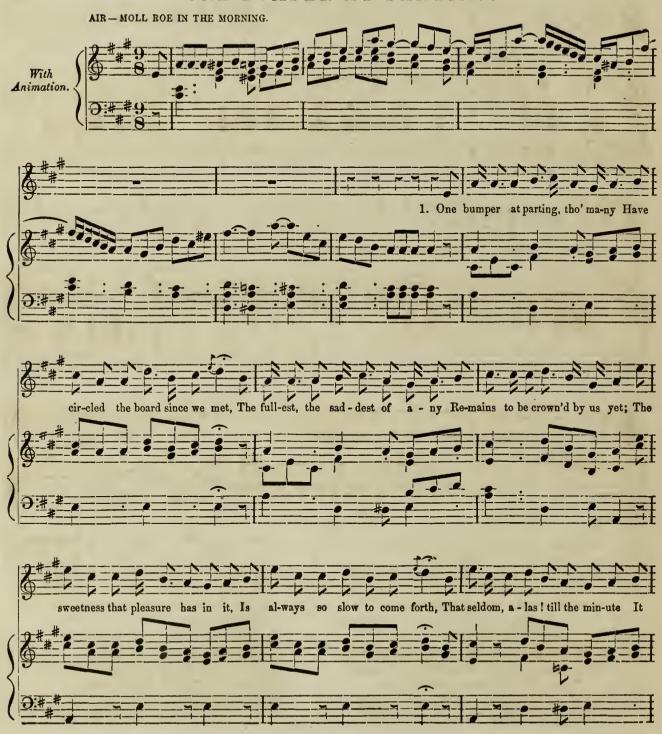
In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight, so often we've roam'd through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
And look, in their twilights,* as lovely as you.
But though they were even more bright than the queen
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never these fair young celestials have seen,

Why, this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heav'n knows we have plenty on earth we could spare
O think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

[&]quot;La Terra pourra être pour Venus l'etoile du berger et la mere des amours, comme Venus l'est pour nous. — Pluralité des Mondes

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.





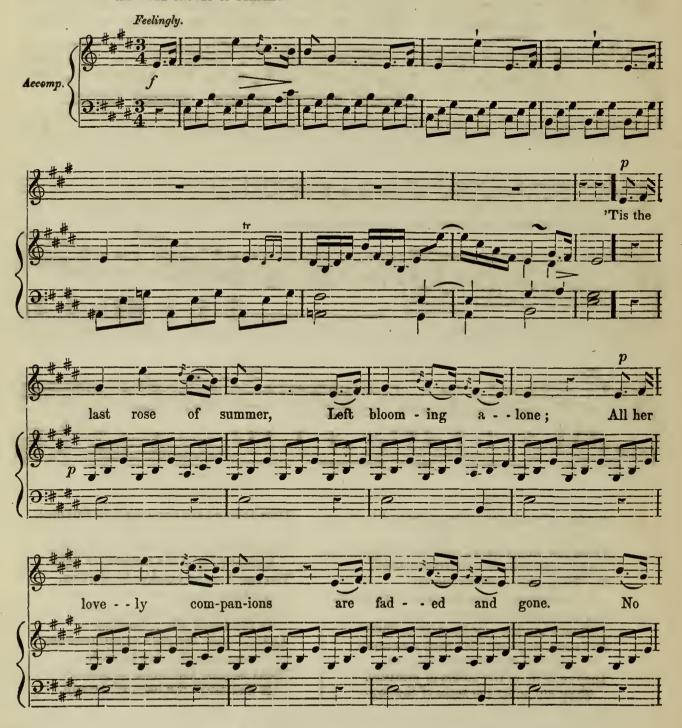
As onward we journey, how pleasant,

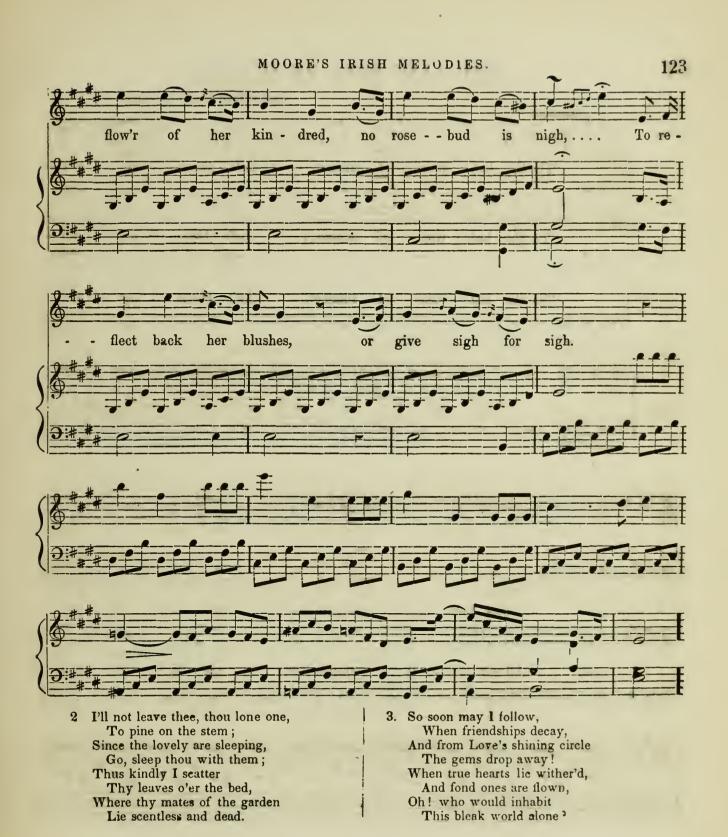
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries "onward!" and spurs the gay hours,
Ah, never does Time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flow'rs
But come, may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of pleasure,
They die midst the tears of the cup.

How brilliant the sun look'd in sinking!
The waters beneath him how bright!
Oh! trust me, the farewell of drinking
Should be like the farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd, by darting,
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim,
So fill up, let's shine at our parting,
In full liquid glory, like him.
And oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up;
'Twas born on the bosom of pleasure
It dies midst the tears of the cup

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

AIR - THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.



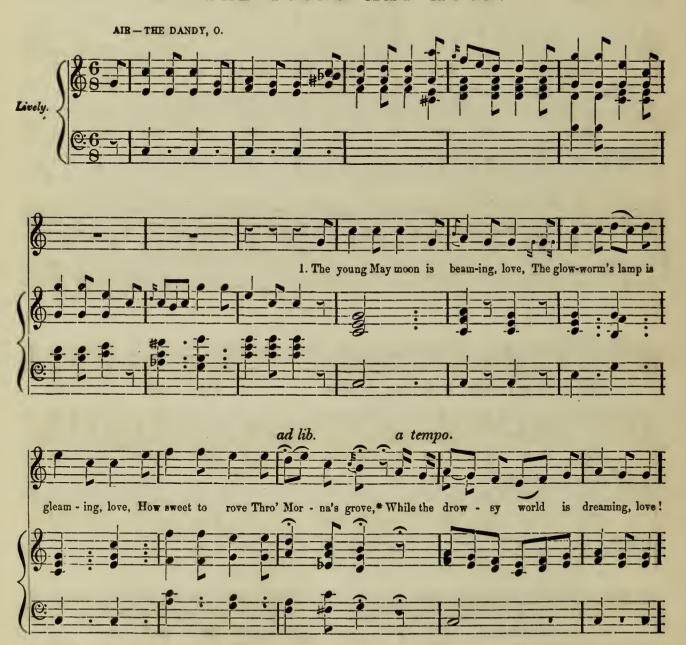


THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

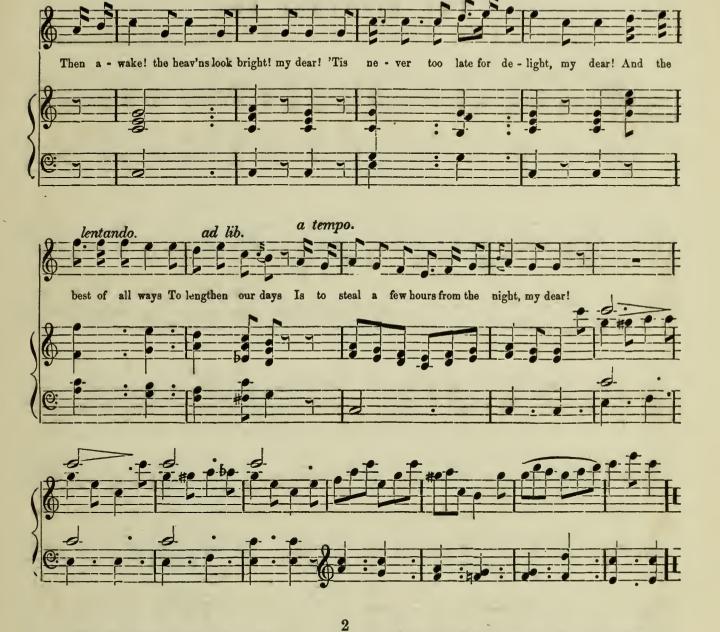




THE YOUNG MAY MOON.



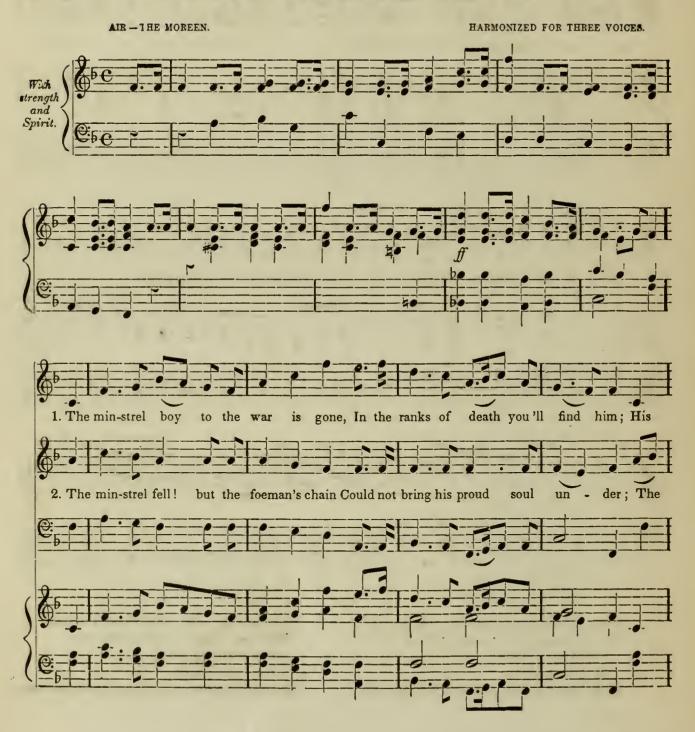
* "Steals silently to Morna's grove." — See a translation from the Irish, in Mr. Bunting's collection, by John Brown, one of my ... diest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.

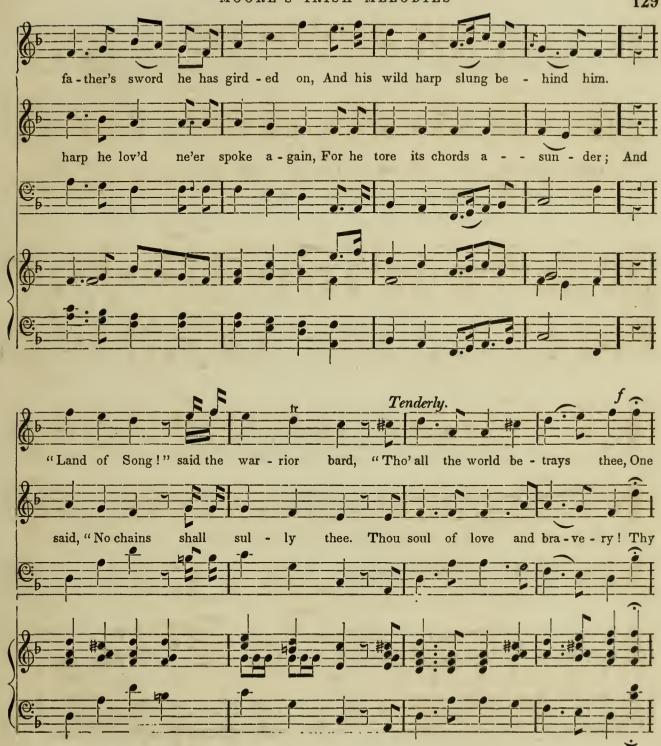


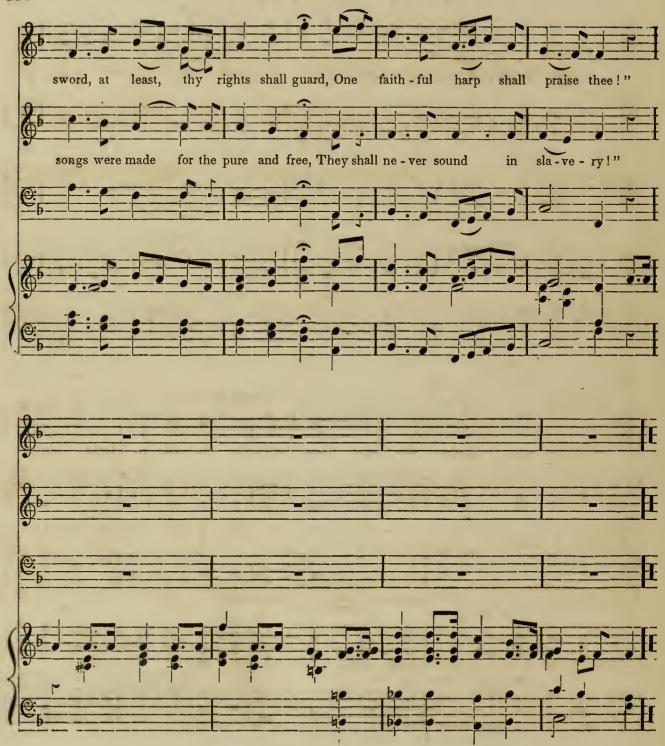
Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.

Then awake!—'till rise of sun, my dear,
The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
Or in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

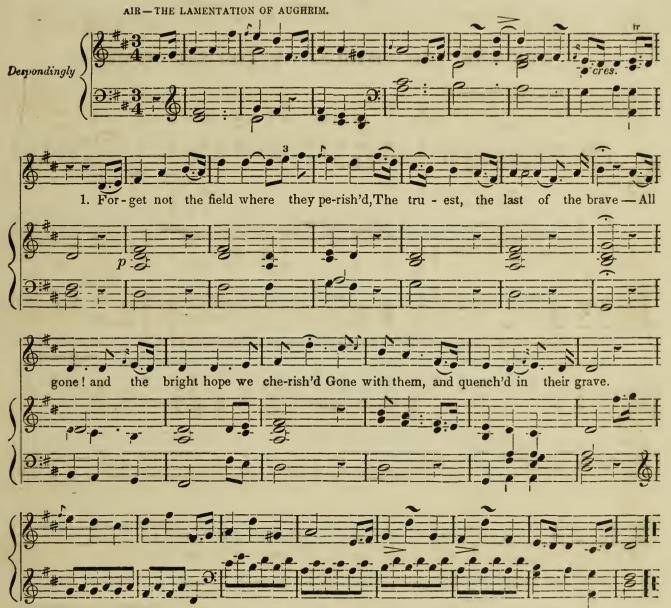
THE MINSTREL BOY.







FORGET NOT THE FIELD.



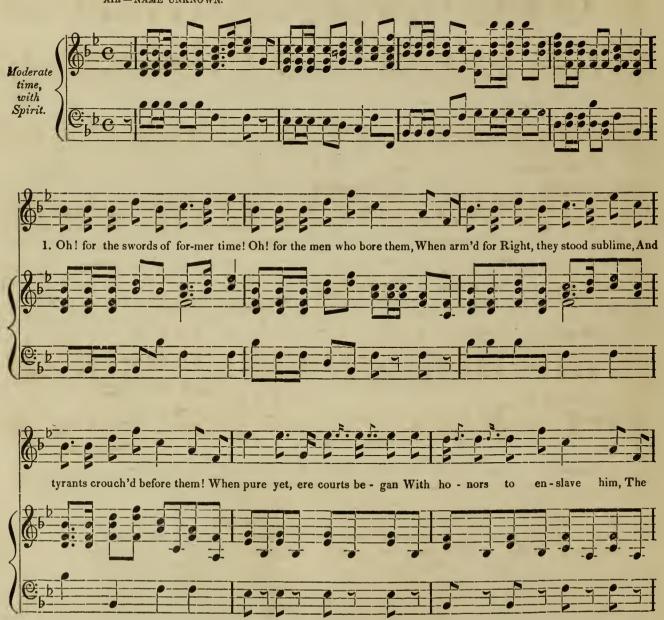
- 2. Oh! could we from death but recover

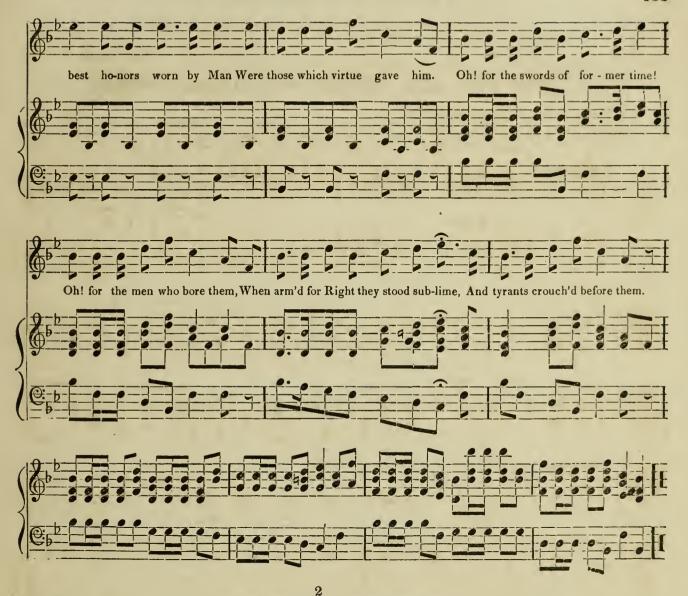
 Those hearts, as they bounded before,
 In the face of high heav'n to fight over

 That combat for Freedom once more:—
- 3. Could the chain for an instant be riven
 Which Tyranny flung round us then.
 Oh! 'tis not in man, nor in Heaven,
 To let Tyranny bind it again!
- 4. But 'tis past, and tho' blazon'd in story,
 The name of our Victor may be,
 Accurst is the march of that glory
 Which treads o'er the hearts of the free
- 5. Far dearer the grave or the prison, Illum'd by one patriot name, Than the trophies of all who have risen. On Liberty's ruins, to fame!

OH! FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

AIR - NAME UNKNOWN.





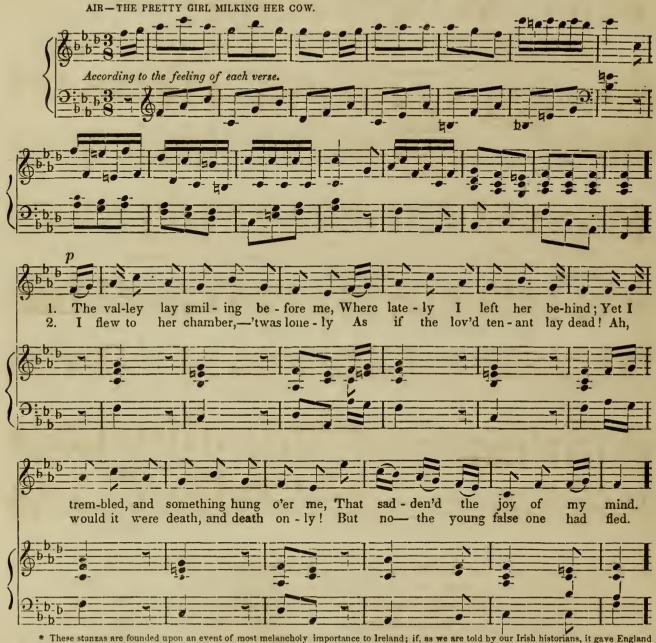
Oh! for the Kings who flourish'd then, Oh! for the pomp that crown'd them, When hearts and hands of free-born men Were all the ramparts round them! When, safe built on bosoms true,

The throne was but the centre, Round which Love a circle drew, That Treason durst not enter.

Oh! for the Kings, &c.

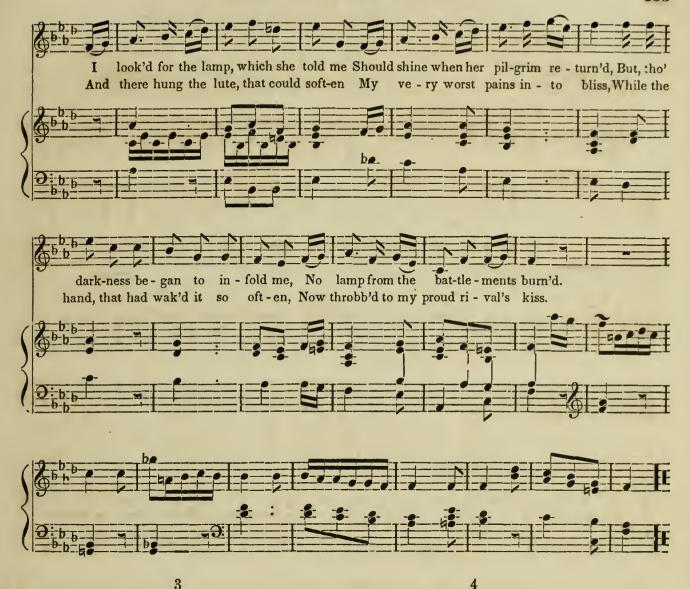
THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.

THE SONG OF O'RUARK, PRINCE OF BREFFNI.



* These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if. as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances as related by O'Halloran:—"The King o Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet could it not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days,) and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns." The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad field to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such." adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation,) "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all r chiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Autoniuus, and by the destruction of 'roy."



There was a time, falsest of women!

When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,

Who dar'd but to doubt thee in thought!

While now—oh! degenerate daughter

Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!

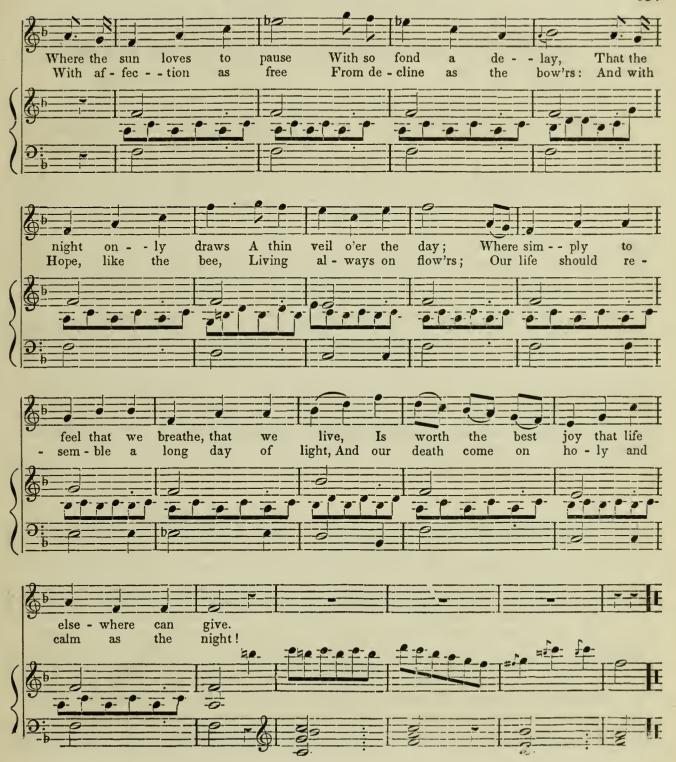
And through ages of bondage and slaughter,

Thy country shall bleed for thy shame.

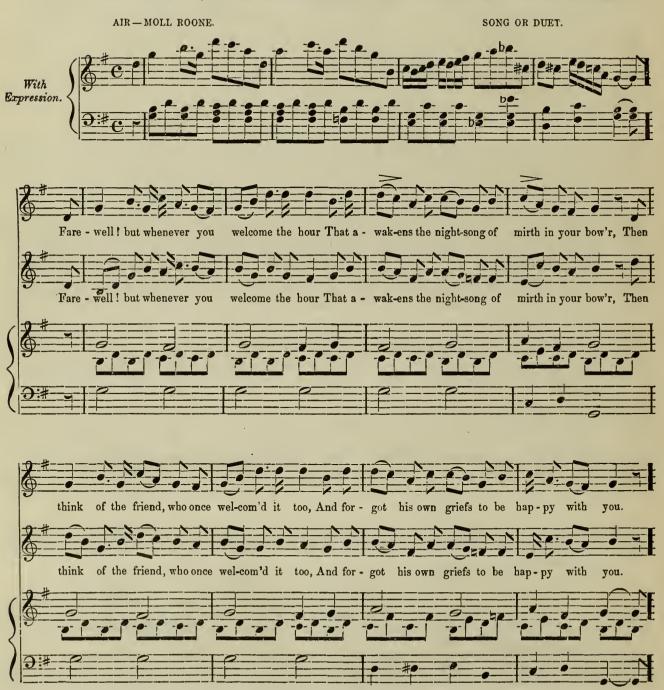
Already, the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide—to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain!
But onward! the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh ev'ry sword to the hilt;
On our side is VIRTUE and ERIN,
On theirs is the Saxon and Guilt.

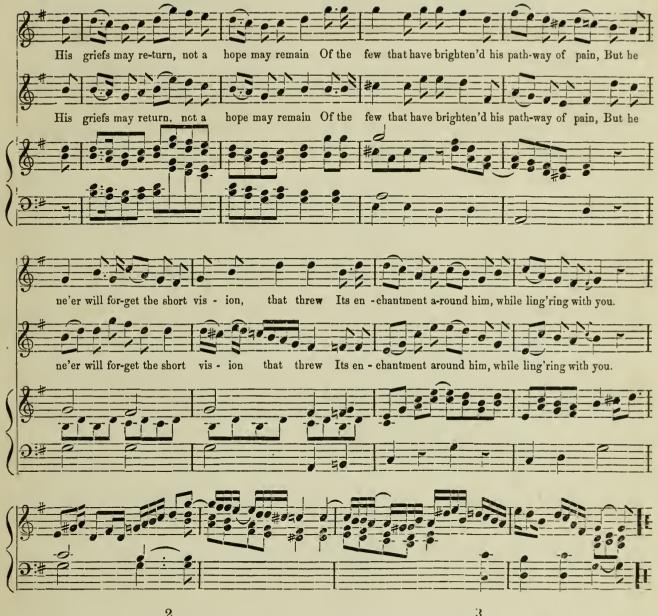
OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE.





FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

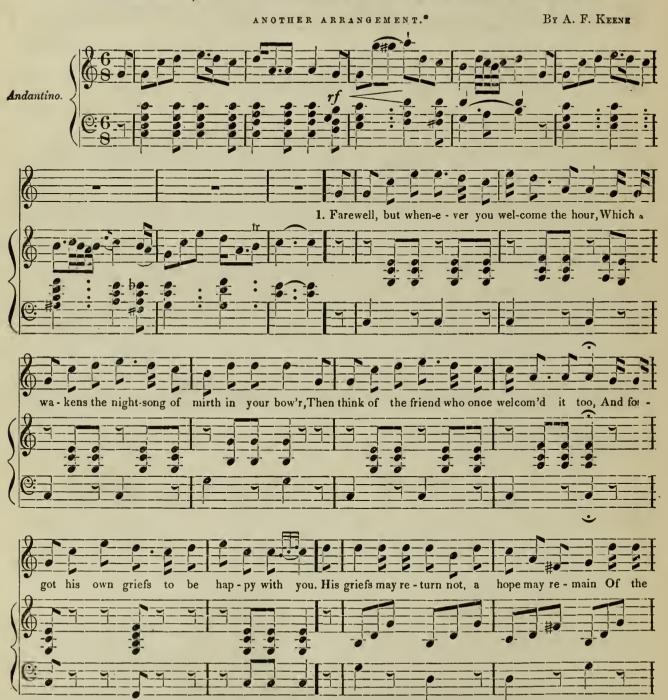




And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles!
Too blest, if it tells me, that 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd 'I wish he were here!'

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy, Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy; Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care, And bring back the features that joy us'd to wear. Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd! Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd, You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

FAREWELL, BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.



[•] Although this is not an Irish air, and has not been inserted in the European edition of Moore's Melodies, yet the great favor with which it has been received in this country, will be deemed a sufficient apology for its insertion. — Am. Ed



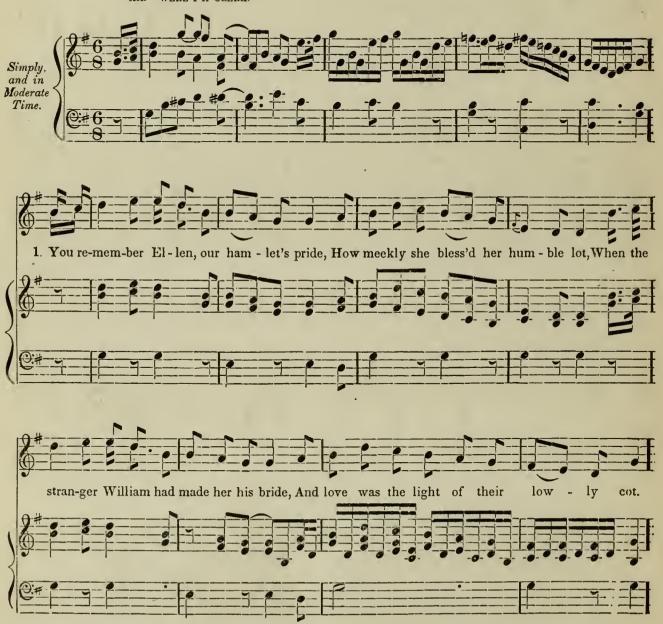
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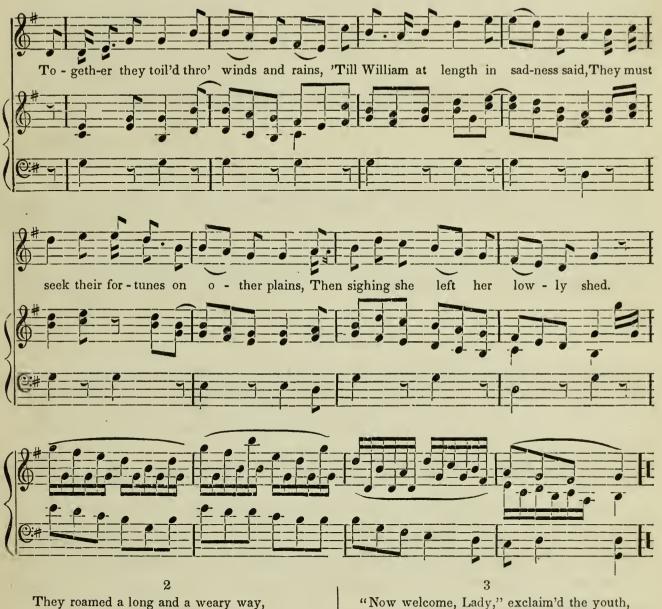
3

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.*

AIR - WERE I A CLERK.



* This Ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story, told of a certain Noble Family in England.



Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there,
The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the Porter bow'd as they pass'd the gate

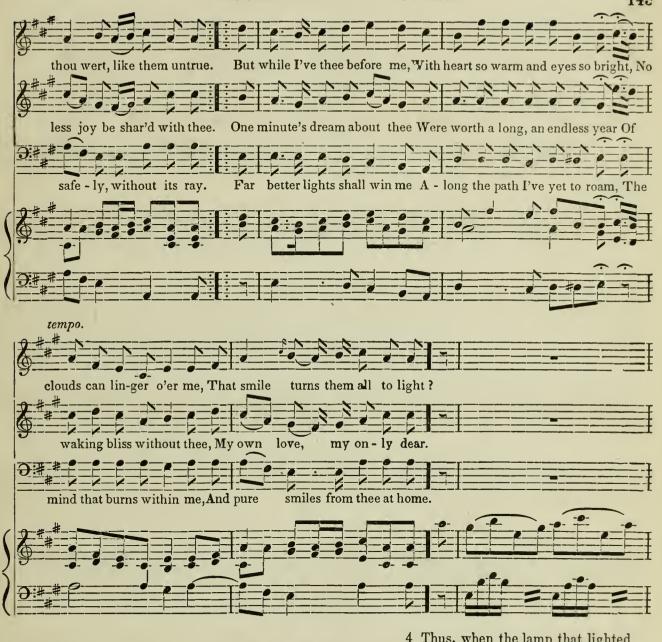
"Now welcome, Lady," exclaim'd the youth,
"This castle is thine, and these dark woods all."
She believ'd him wild, but his words were truth
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall.
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What William the stranger woo'd and wed
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

AIR-THE ROSE TREE.

FOR ONE, TWO, OR THREE VOICES



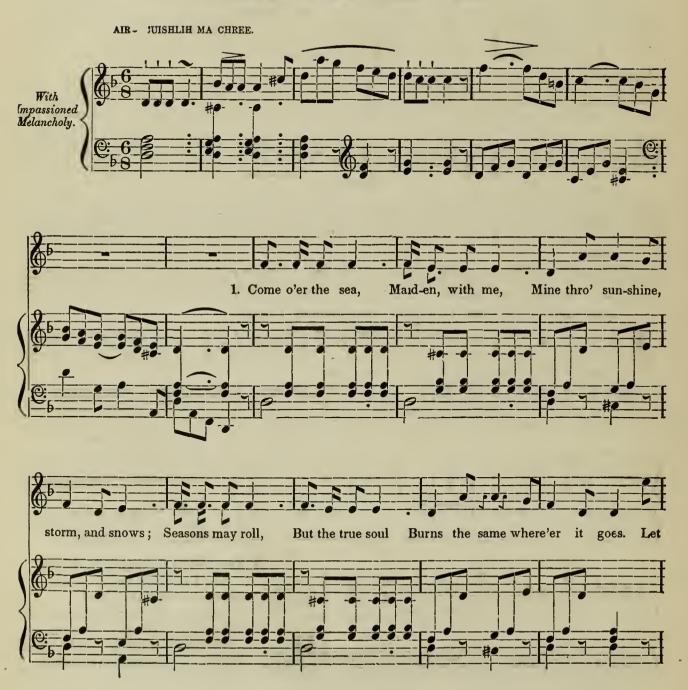




4 Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The trav'ler at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads.

And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds

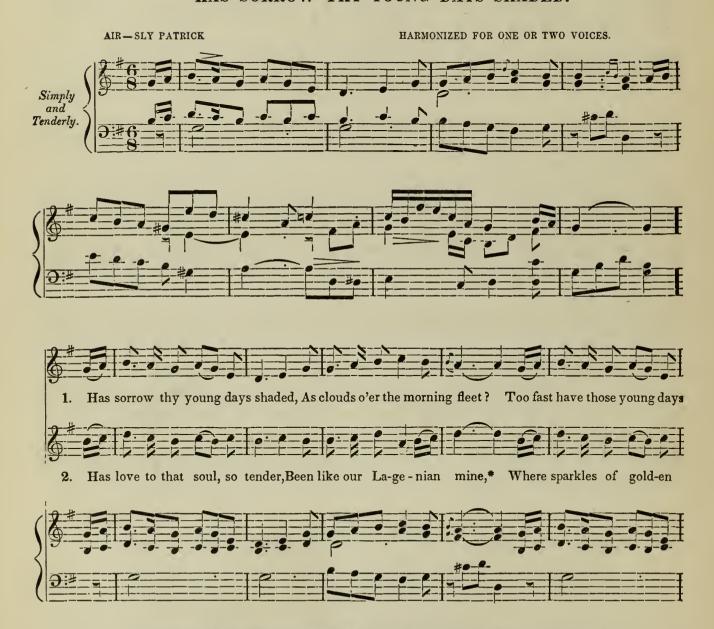
COME O'ER THE SEA.



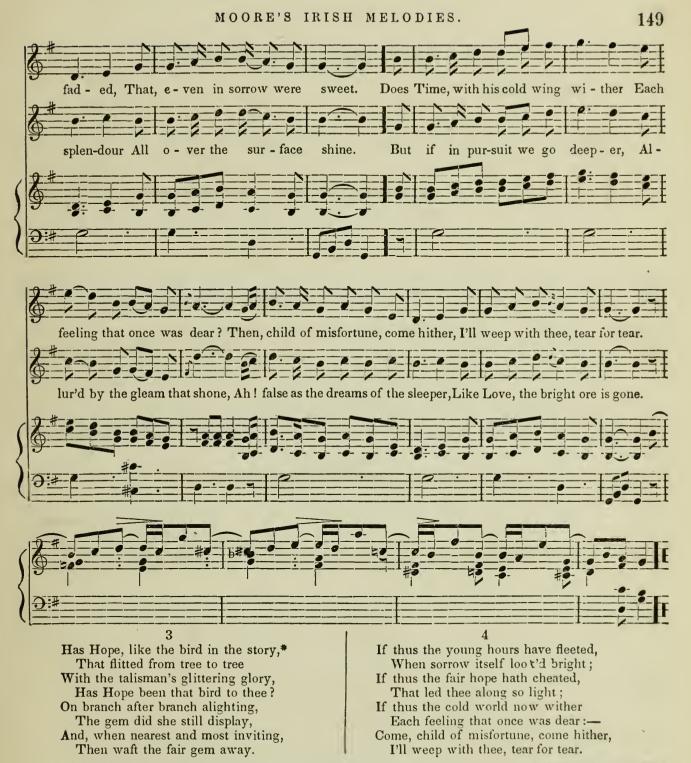


2. Was not the sea Made for the free, Land for courts and chains alone? Here we are slaves, But, on the waves, Love and liberty's all our own. No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us, All earth forgot, and all heaven around us. Then, come o'er the sea, &c.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

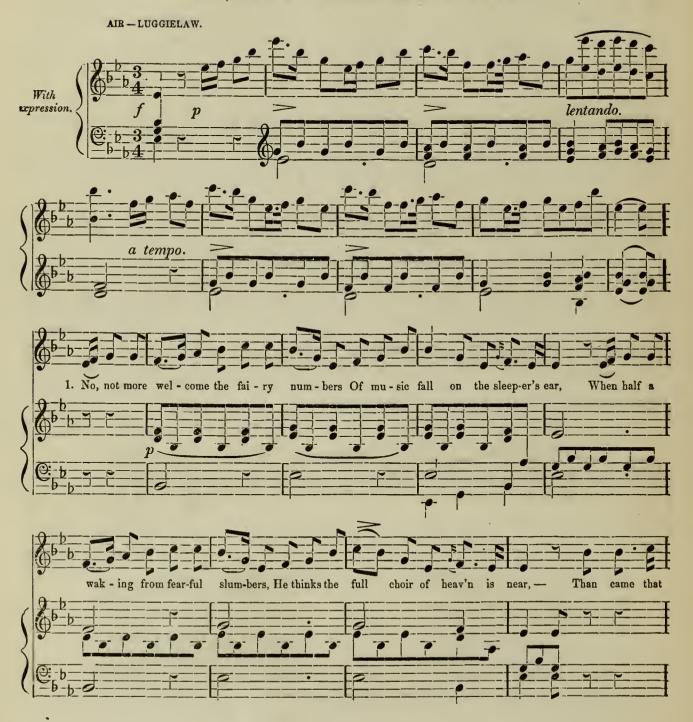


Our Wicklow Gold Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, but too well the character here given of them.



[•] The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in its mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, we have approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," &c.—Arabian Nights

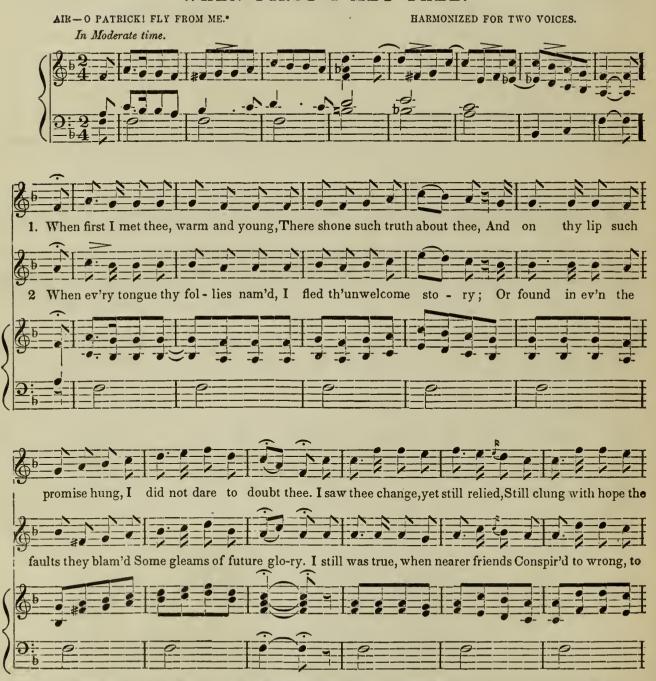
NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.





Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell;
Each secret winding, each immost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell.
'Twas whisper'd balm—'Twas sunshine spoken!
I'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign blessed sounds again.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.



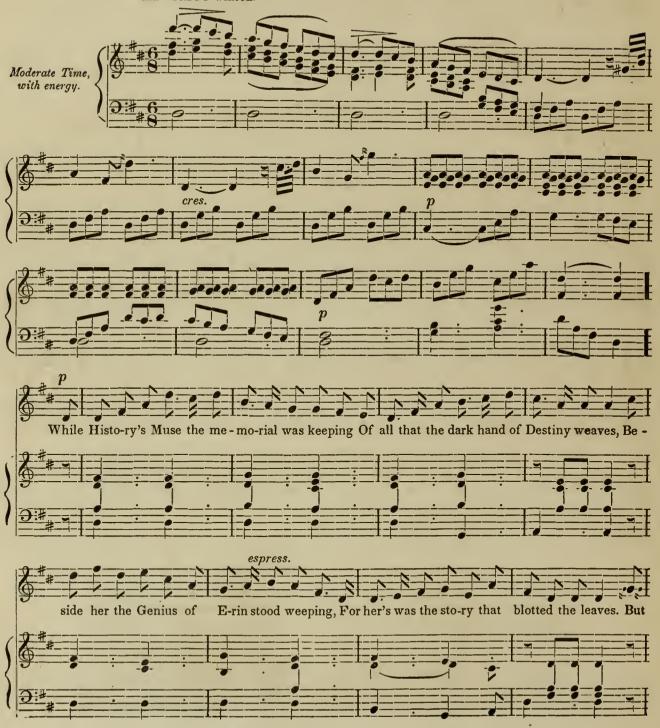
This very beautiful Irish Air was sent to me by a gentleman of Oxford. There is much pathos in the original words, and both words and music have all the features of authenticity.

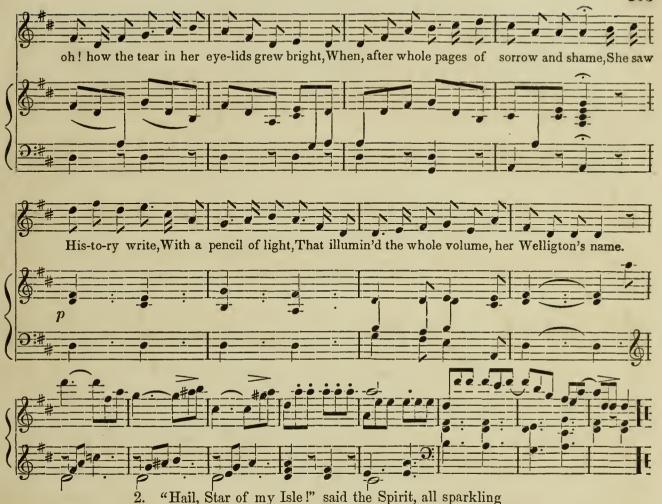


- 3. Ev'n now, though youth its bloom has shed,
 No lights of age adorn thee;
 The few who lov'd thee once have fled,
 And they who flatter scorn thee.
 Thy mid-night cup is pledg'd to slaves,
 No genial ties enwreathe it;
 The smiling there, like light on graves,
 Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
 Go, go, though worlds were thine,
 I would not now surrender
 One taintless tear of mine
 For all thy guilty splendour!
- 4. And days may come, thou false one! yet,
 When ev'n those ties shall sever;
 When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
 On her thou'st lost forever;
 On her, who in thy fortune's fall,
 With smiles had still receiv'd thee,
 And gladly died to prove thee all,
 Her fancy first believ'd thee.
 Go, go, 'tis vain to curse,
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
 Hate cannot wish thee worse
 Than guilt and shame have made thoe.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

AIR - PADDY WHACK.





With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies,
"Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
For though Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
And unhallow'd they sleep in the crossways of fame;
But oh! there is not One dishonouring blot
On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name.

3. Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,

The grandest, the purest, ev'n thou hast yet known;

Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,

Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.

At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,

Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame,

And bright o'er the flood of her tears and her blood,

Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name"

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.



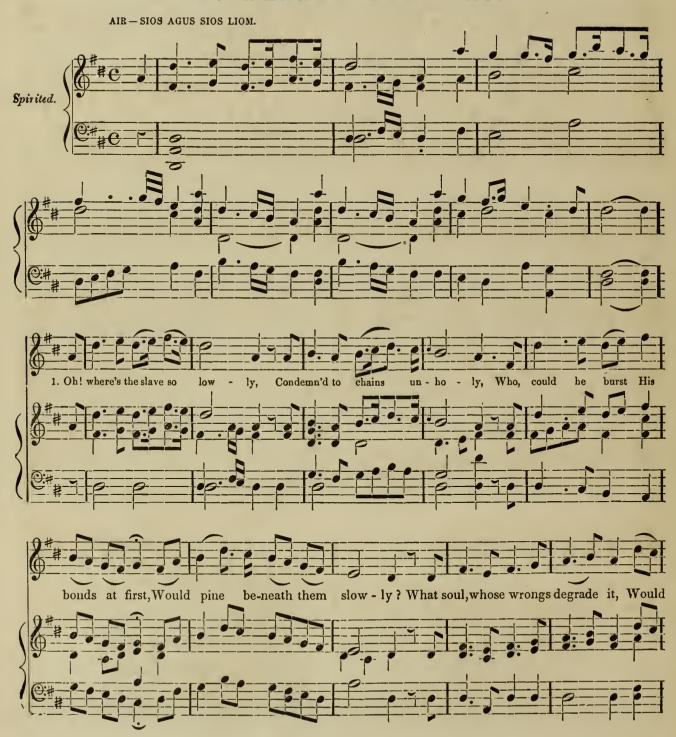
Against a glance, Is now as weak as ever.

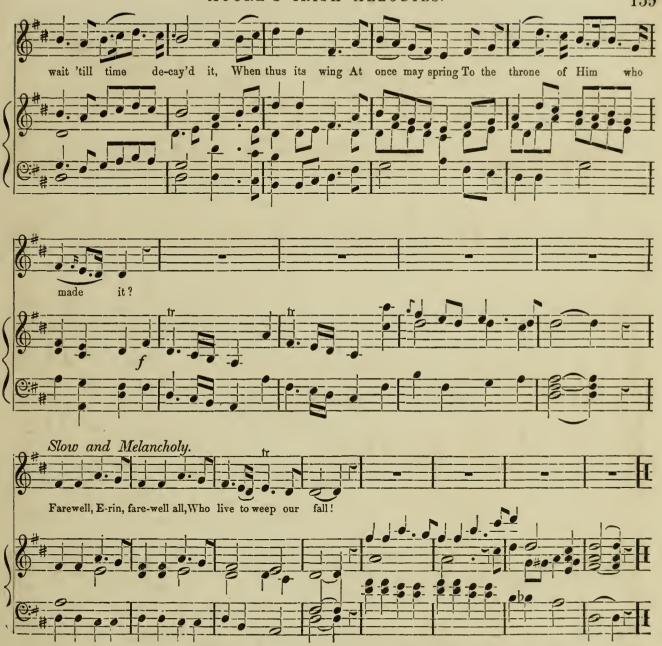
Was turn'd away,

Oh! winds could not outrun me.

[•] This alludes to a kind of Irish Fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields, at dask. As long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power;— but the moment you look away, (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady Morgan 'in a note upon her national and interesting novel O'Donnel), has given a very different account of that gobin.

OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

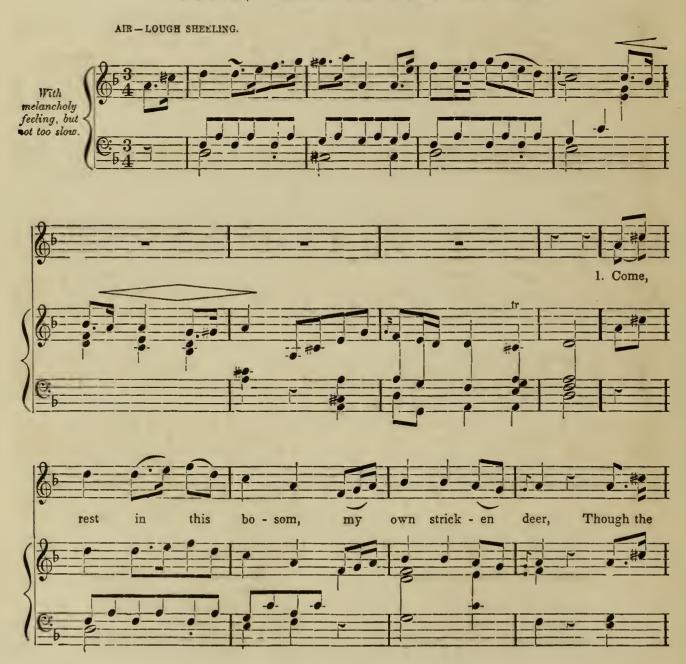


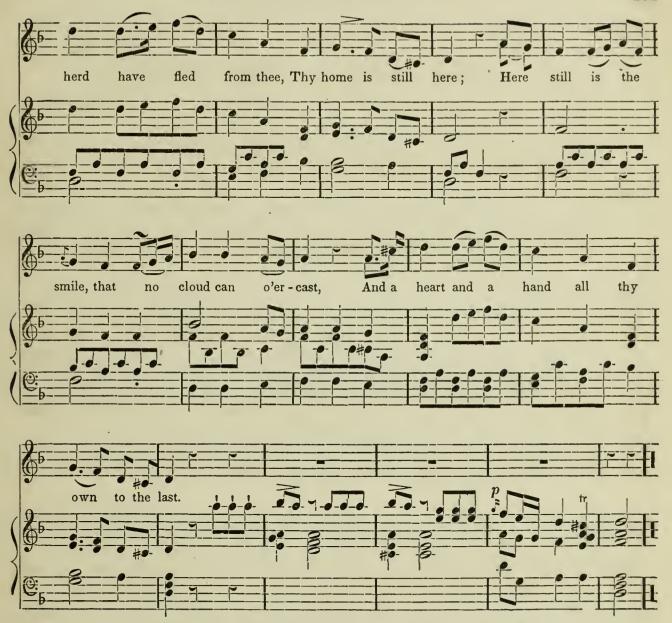


Less dear the laurel growing,
 Alive, untouch'd and blowing,
 Than that whose braid
 Is pluck'd to shade
 The brows with vict'ry glowing

We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us
Farewell, Erin, &c

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM





- 2. Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
 Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
 I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
 I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.
- 3. Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss, And thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this, Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue, And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.

COME REST IN THIS BOSOM.



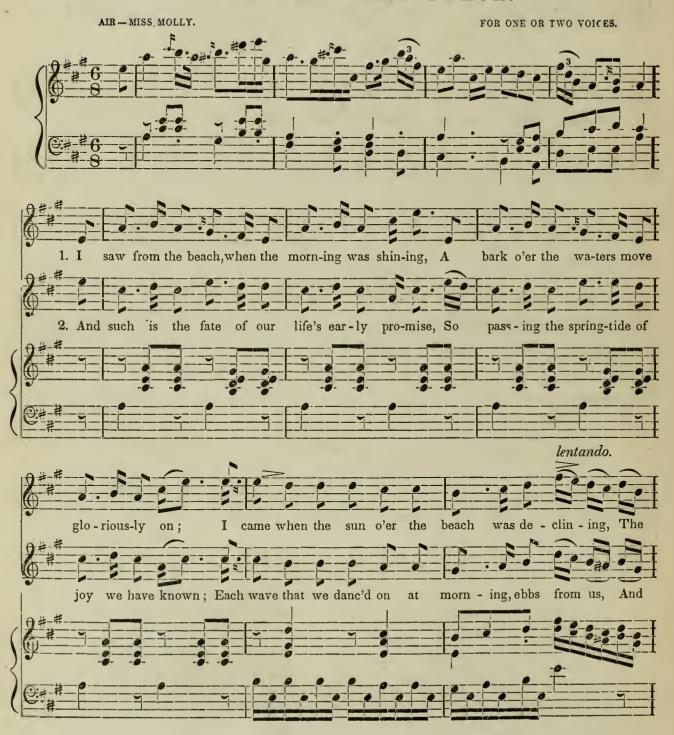
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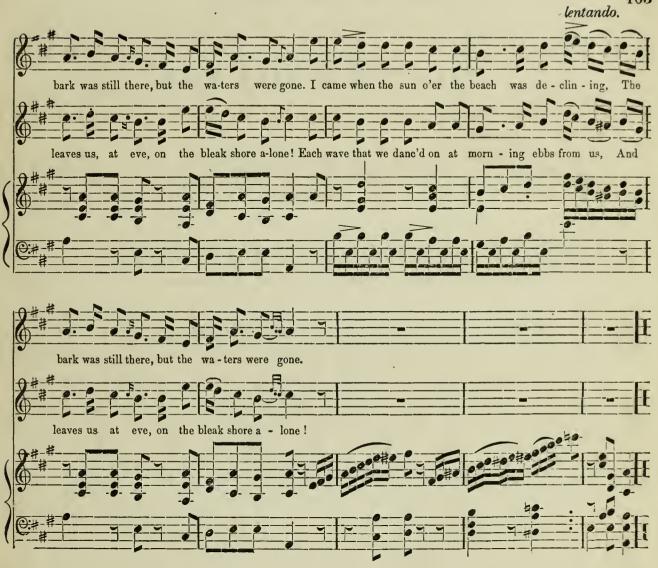


Or perish there too.

Whatever thou art.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.





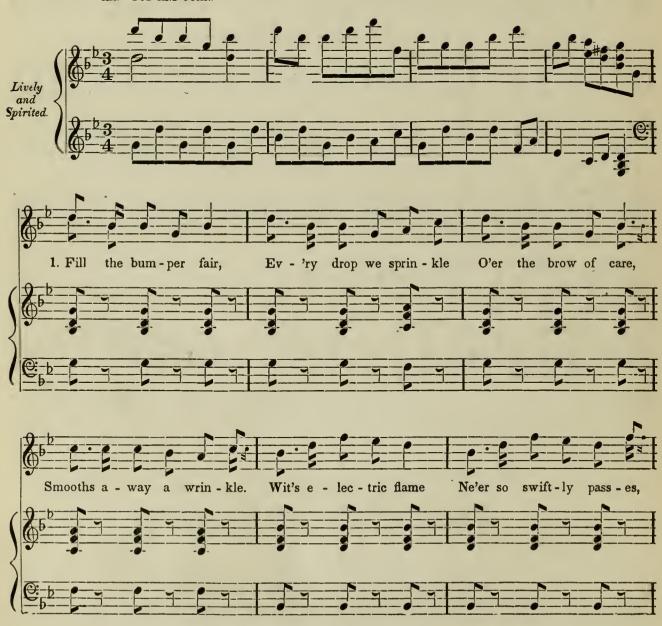
3
Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;
||: Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth ev'ning's best light.:||

4

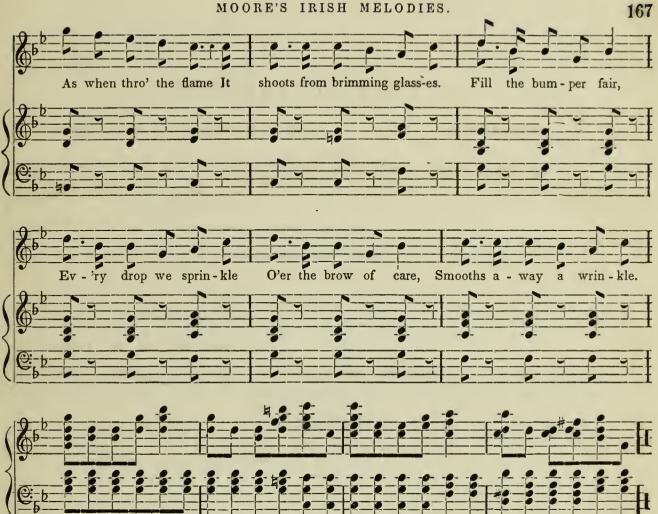
Oh! who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first wak'd a new life through his frame,
#: And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame. :

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

AIR - BOB AND JOAN.







- 2. Sages can, they say, Grasp the lightning's pinions, And bring down its ray From the starr'd dominions: So we, Sages sit, And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning. From the heav'n of wit, Draw down all its lightning! Fill, &c.
- 3. Would'st thou know what first Made our souls inherit This ennobling thirst For wine's celestial spirit? It chanc'd upon that day, When, as bards inform us, Prometheus stole away The living fire that warms us, Fill, &c.
- 4. The careless Youth, when up To Glory's fount aspiring, Took nor urn nor cup To hide the pilfer'd fire in. But oh! his joy, when round The halls of Heaven spying, Among the stars he found A bowl of Bacchus lying! Fill, &c.
- 5. Some drops were in that bowl, Remains of last night's pleasure, With which the Sparks of Soul Mix'd their burning treasure Hence the goblet's show'r Hath such spells to win us; Hence its mighty power O'er the flame within us. Fill, &c.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

AIR - NEW LANGOLEE.

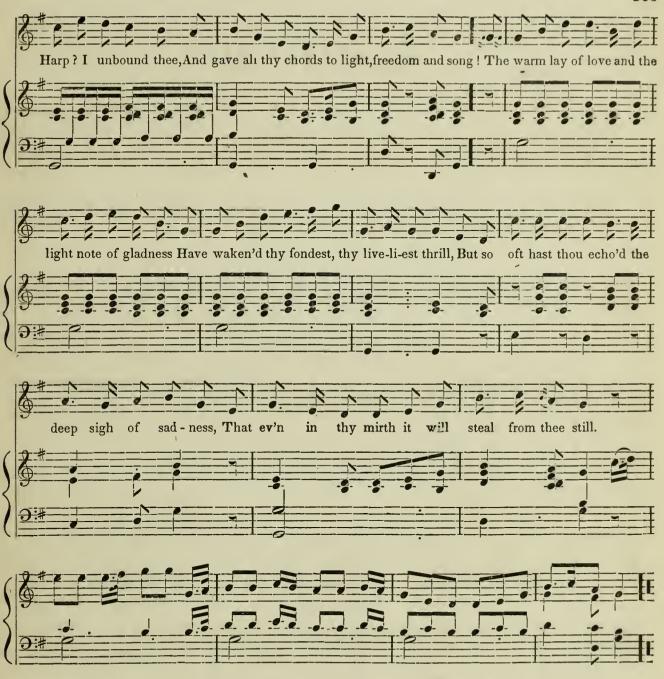
THE FAREWELL TO MY HARP.



In that rebellious, but beautiful song, "When Erin first arose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—

"The dark chain of Silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace, at Almhaim, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morni, in Miss Brooke's Reliques of Irish Poetry



Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go, sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.

If the pulse of the Patriot, Soldier, or Lover,

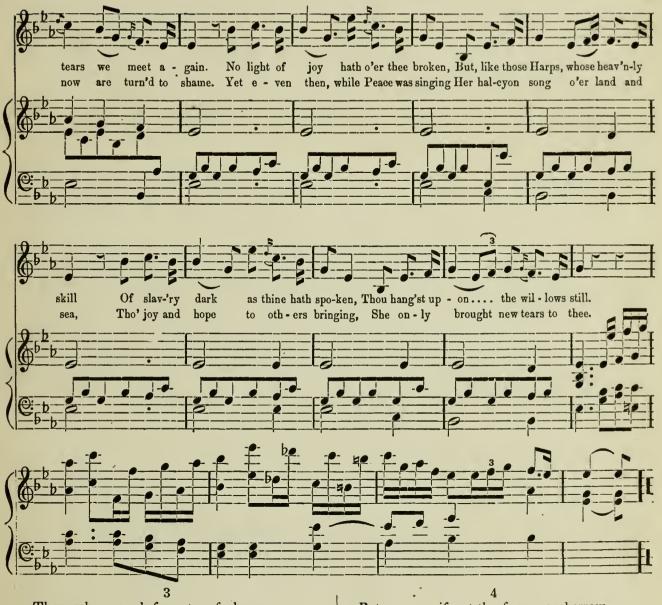
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;

I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,

And all the wild sweetness I walt'd was thing own!

MY GENTLE HARP!

AIR - THE COINA OR DIRGE. With feeling Harp! once more I 1. My gen - tle wak-en The sweetness 2. And yet, since last thy chord re - sounded, An hour of fare-well was tak - en, And now in thy slumb'ring strain; of In tears our last dent bo - som bounded, With hopes, that and tri - umph came, peace When many an ar



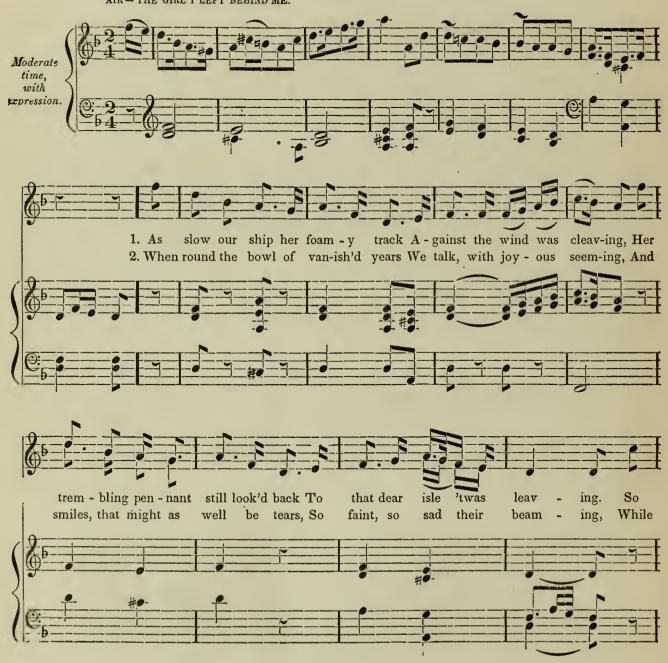
Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Harp, from chords like thine?
Alas! the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline.
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
When ev'n the wreaths in which I dress thee
Are sadly mix'd—half flow'rs, half chains.

But, come — if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy — O breathe for me,
And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be.
How lightly, ev'n 'mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet can'st wake at pleasure's thrill;
Like Memnon's broken image, sounding,
Mid desolation tuneful still!*

Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ, Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.
 JUVENAL

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

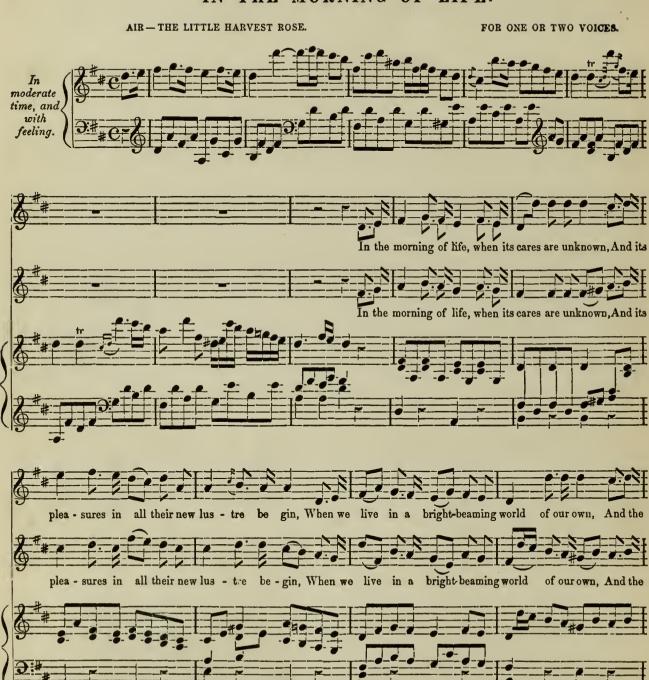
AIR - THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

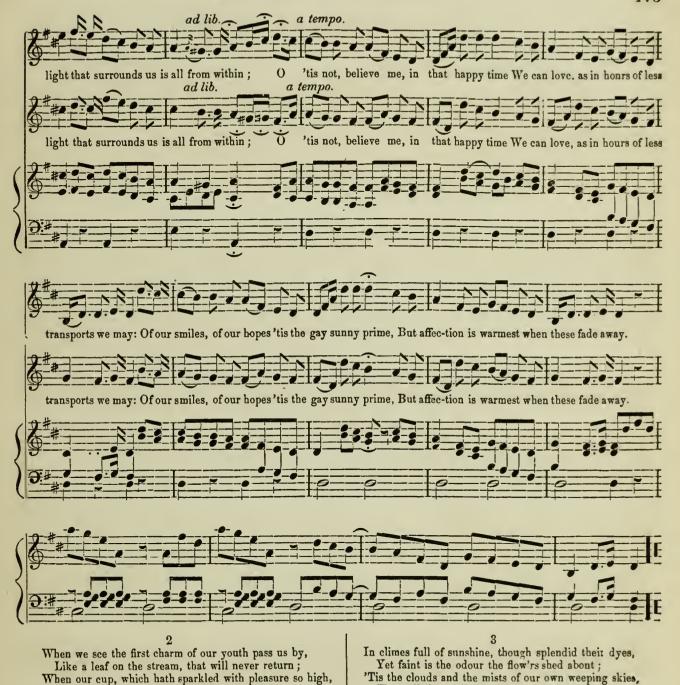




- 3. And, when in other climes we meet
 Some isle or vale enchanting,
 Where all looks flow'ry, wild, and sweet,
 And nought but love is wanting;
 We think how great had been our bliss,
 If Heav'n had but assign'd us
 To live and die in scenes like this,
 With some-we've left behind us!
- 4. As trav'llers oft nork back, at eve,
 When eastward darkly going,
 To gaze upon that light they leave
 Still faint behind them glowing.
 So, when the close of pleasure's day
 To gloom hath near consign'd us,
 We turn to catch one fading ray
 Of joy that's left behind us!

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.





Now tastes of the other, the dark flowing urn; Then, then is the moment affection can sway

With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;

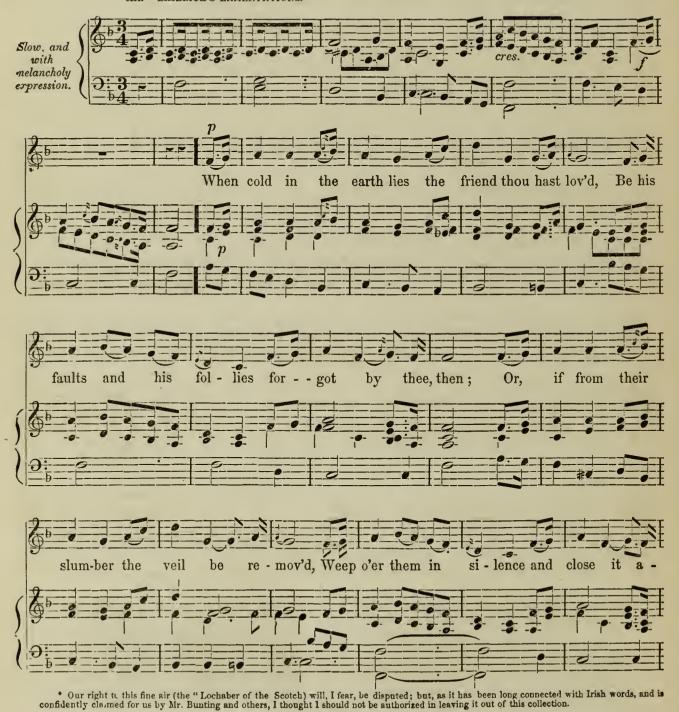
Love, nurs'd among pleasures is faithless as they, But the Love, born of Sorrow, like sorrow is true! That call their full spirit of fragrancy out;
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
But 'tis only in grief true affection appears;

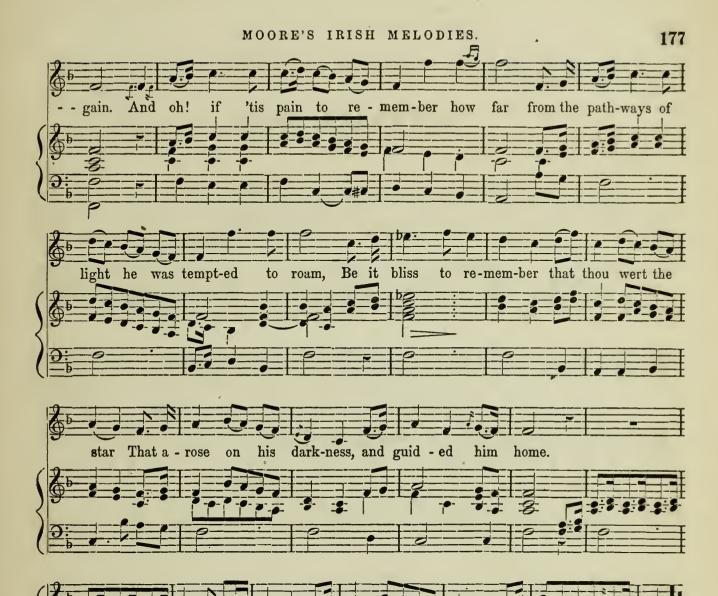
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears!

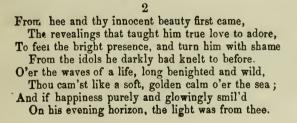
To the magic of smiles it may first owe its birth,

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

AIR - LIMERICK'S LAMENTATIONS.*







And though sometimes the shade of past folly would rise,
And though falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away.
As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair:
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there.

REMEMBER THEE!

AIR - CASTLE TIBOWEN.



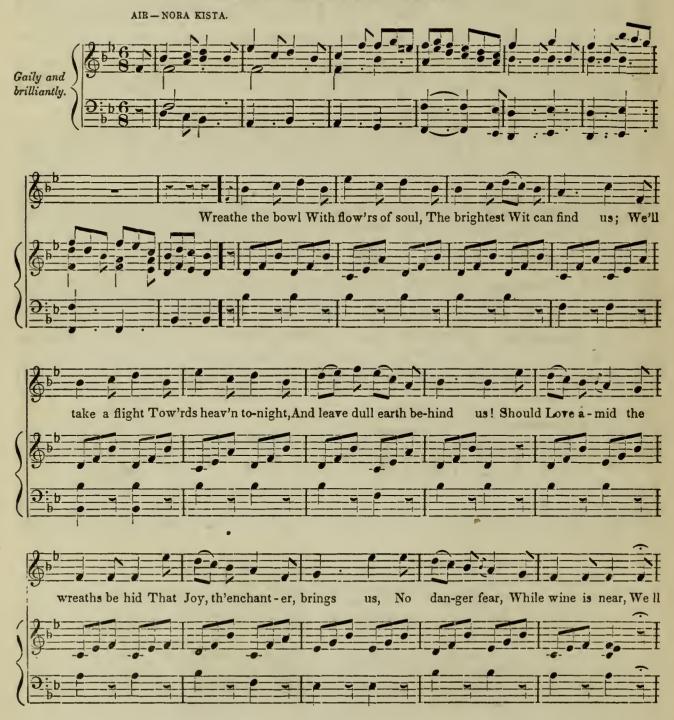


Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious and free, First flow'r of the earth, and first gem of the sea; I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow, But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

3

No! thy chains, as they torture thy blood as it runs, But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons; Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest, Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!

WREATHE THE BOWL.

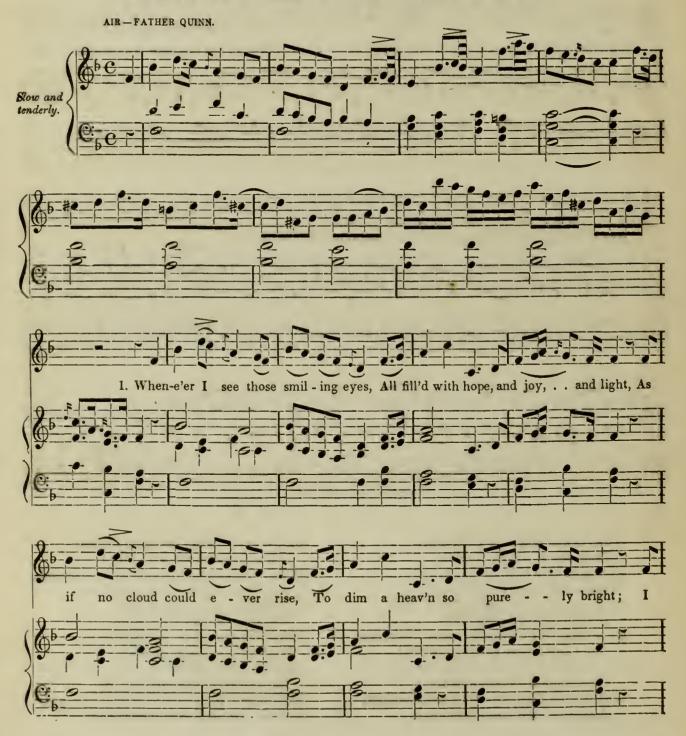


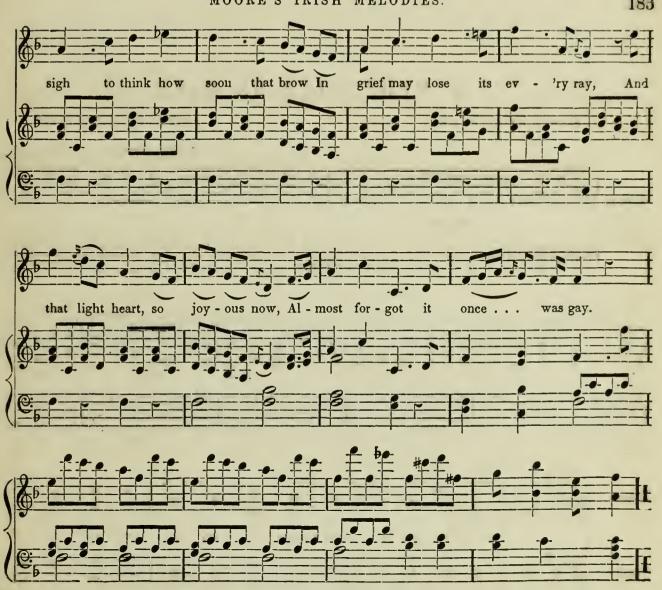


'Twas nectar fed, of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
And Man may brew his nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows:—
Take wine like this, let looks of bliss,
Around it well be blended,
Then bring Wit's beam to warm the stream,
And there's your nectar splendid!
So, wreathe the bowl with flow'rs of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight tow'rds heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

Say, why did Time his glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly?
When wine, he knew, runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly.
O lend it us, and smiling thus,
The glass in two we'd sever,
Make pleasure glide, in double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then wreathe the bowl with flow'rs of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight tow'rds heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.





2

For Time will come with all his blights, The ruin'd hope, the friend unkind; And Love, who leaves where'er he lights, A chill'd or burning heart behind; And Youth, that like pure snow appears Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain, When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears, Will never shine so bright again!

IF THOU WILT BE MINE.

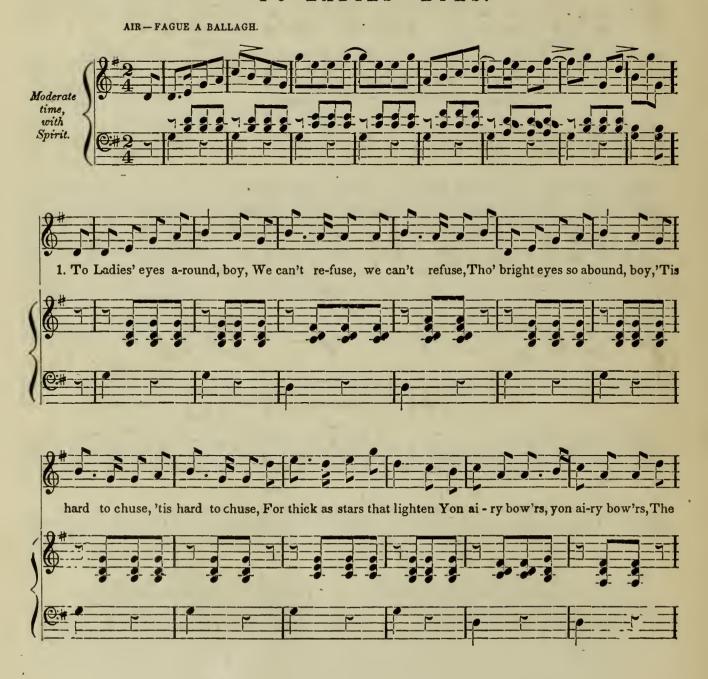
AIR - THE WINNOWING SHEET. HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES. Flowing and simple. air, Of earth, and thou'lt be mine, the sea, shall TENOR. 2. Bright flow'rs shall bloom wher - e voice di - vine shall we rove, PIANO FORTE.

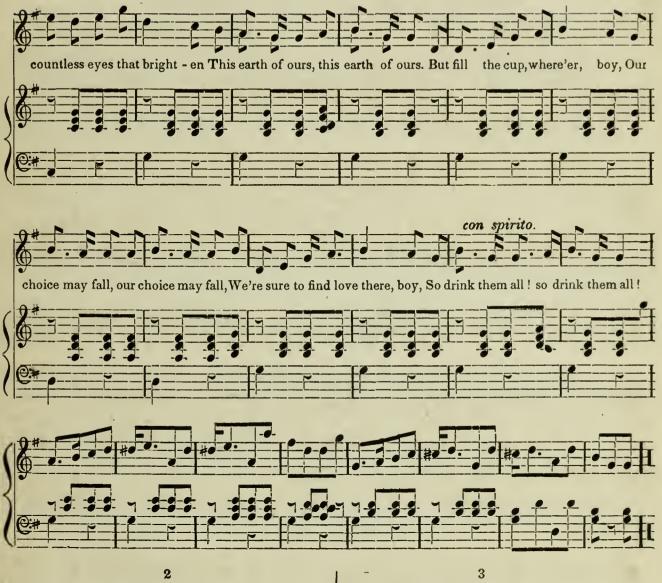


And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams that flow from heavenward hills,
Shall keep our hearts like meads, that lie,
To be bath'd by those eternal rills,
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them who feel his spells;
That heav'n which forms his home above,
He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
As thou 'lt own, if thou wilt be mine, love!

TO LADIES' EYES.





Some eyes there are so holy,
||: They seem but giv'n, :||
As splendid beacons, solely,
||: To light to heav'n; :||
While some, O ne'er believe them,
||: With tempting ray, :||
Would lead us, (God forgive them!)
||: The other way. :||
But fill the cup, &c.

In some, as in a mirror,

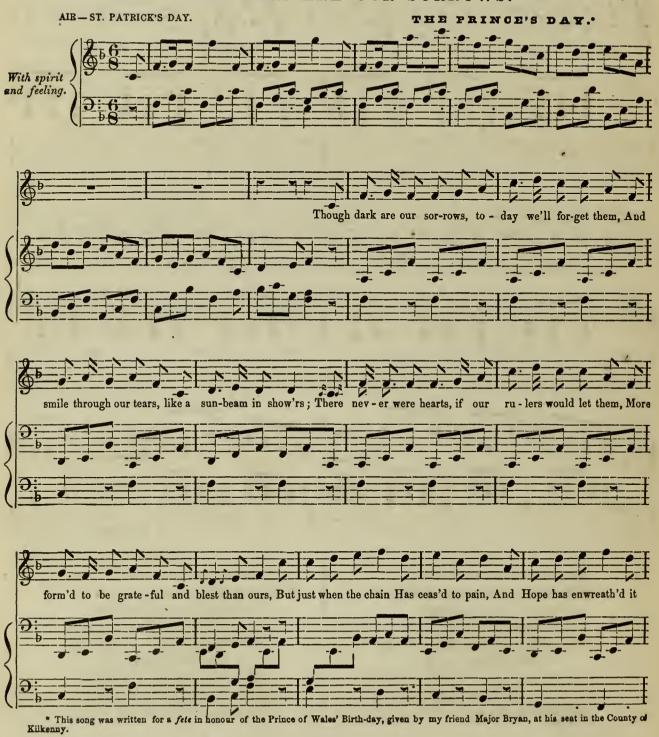
||: Love seems pourtray'd, :||
But shun the flatt'ring error,

||: 'Tis but his shade. :||
Himself has fix'd his dwelling

||: In eyes we know, :||
And lips — but this is telling,

||: So here they go! :||
Fill up. fill up, &c.

THOUGH DARK ARE OUR SORROWS.





Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal!

Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;

And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,

Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.
While cowards, who blight

Your fame, your right, Would shrink from the blaze of battle array,

The Standard of Green In front would be seen,—

Oh-my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute, You'd cast ev'ry bitter remembrance away,

And show what the arm of Old Erin has in it, When rous'd by the foe on her Prince's Dav He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts which have suffer'd too much to forget;
And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded.

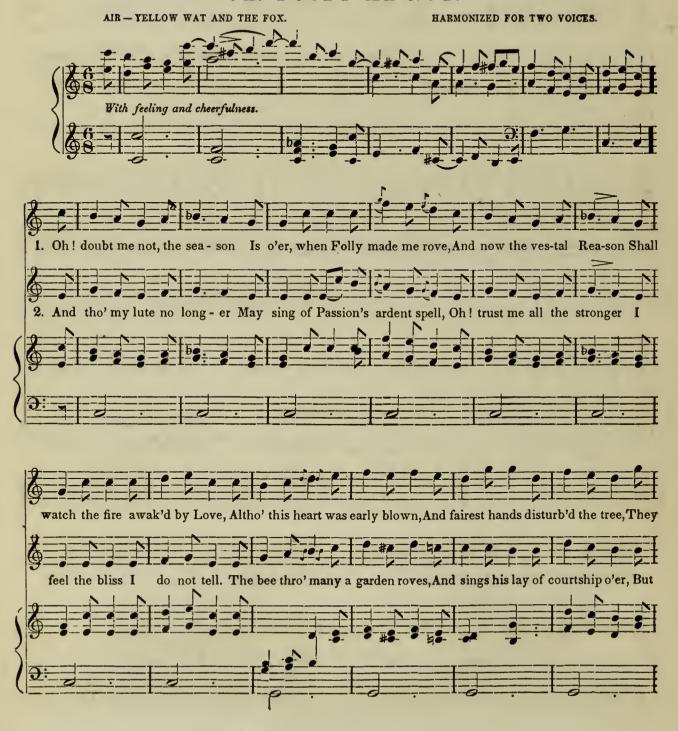
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.

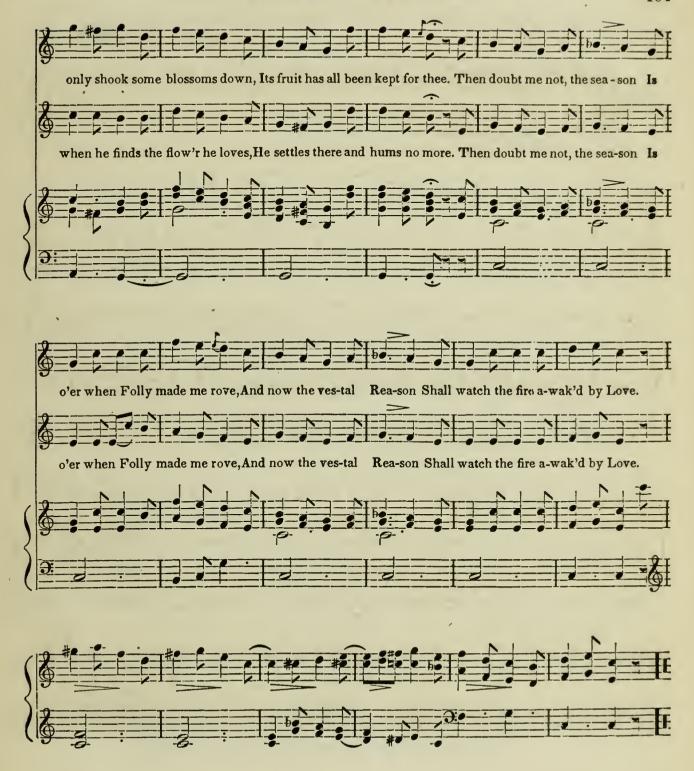
The gem may be broke By many a stroke,

But nothing can cloud its native ray; Each fragment will cast

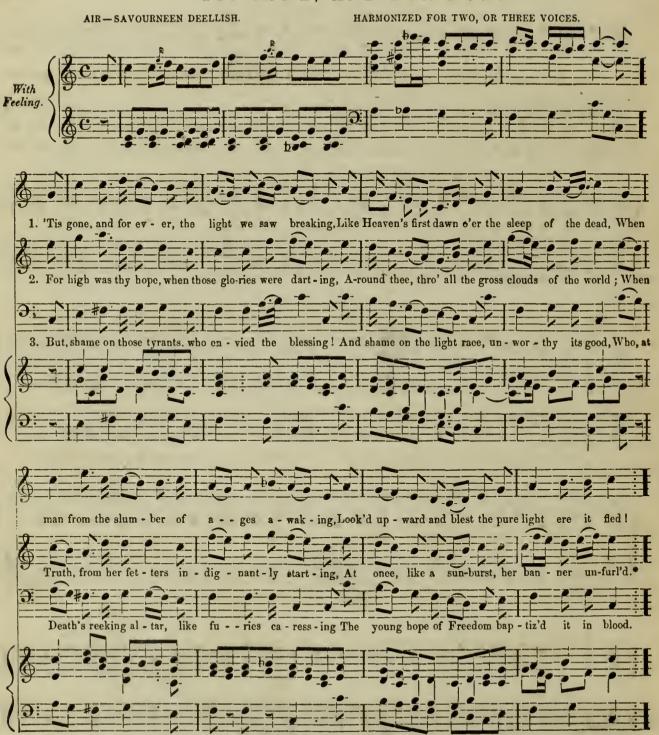
A light to the last—
And thus Erin my country, though broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay;
A spirit which beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at all pain on her Prince's day.

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

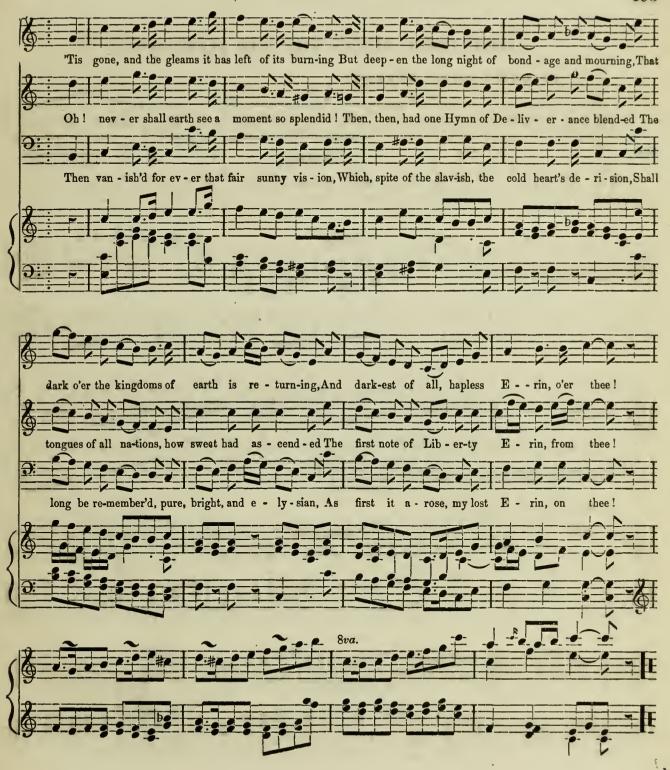




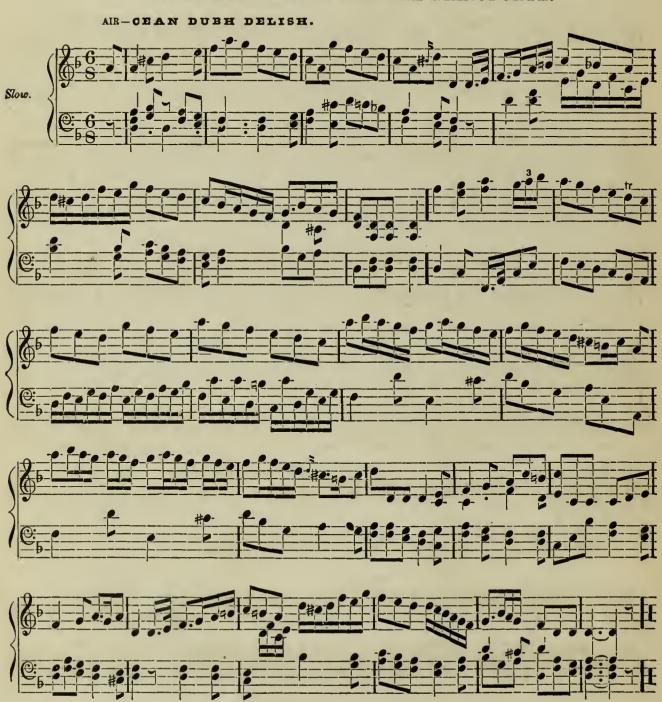
'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.



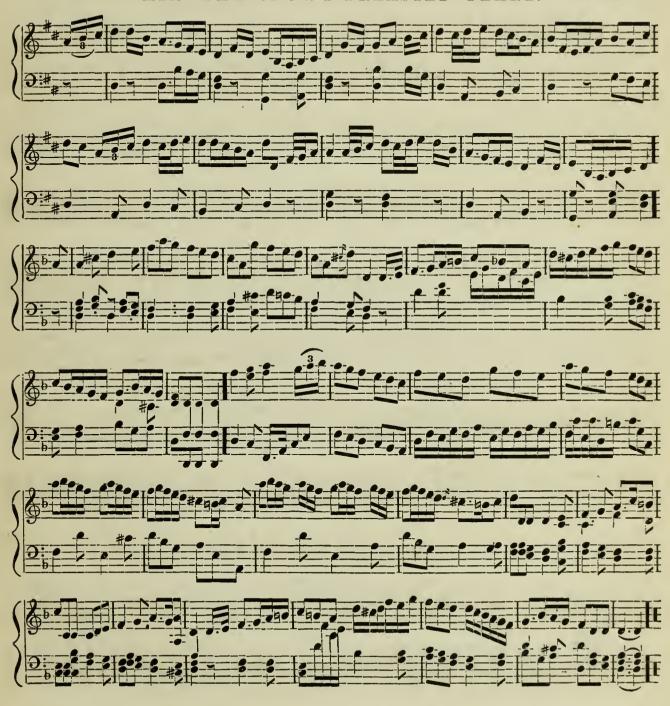
* The "Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the Royal Banner.

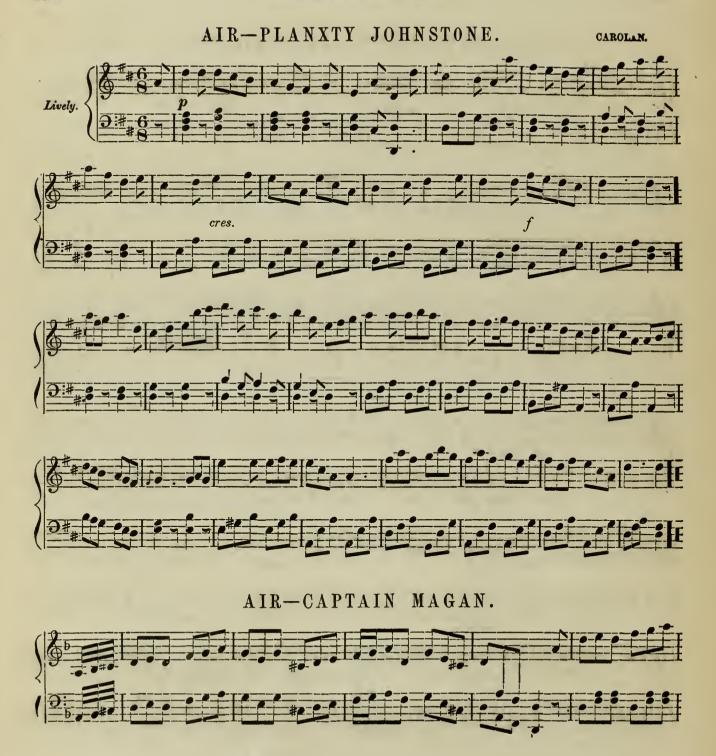


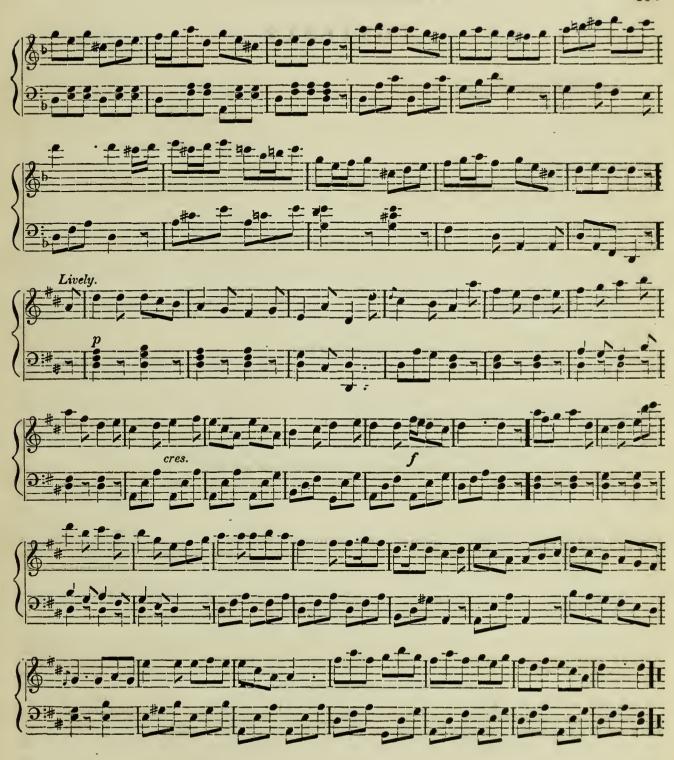
CONCLUDING PIECES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.



AIR-THE SNOWY-BREASTED PEARL. CAROLAN.







CONTENTS.

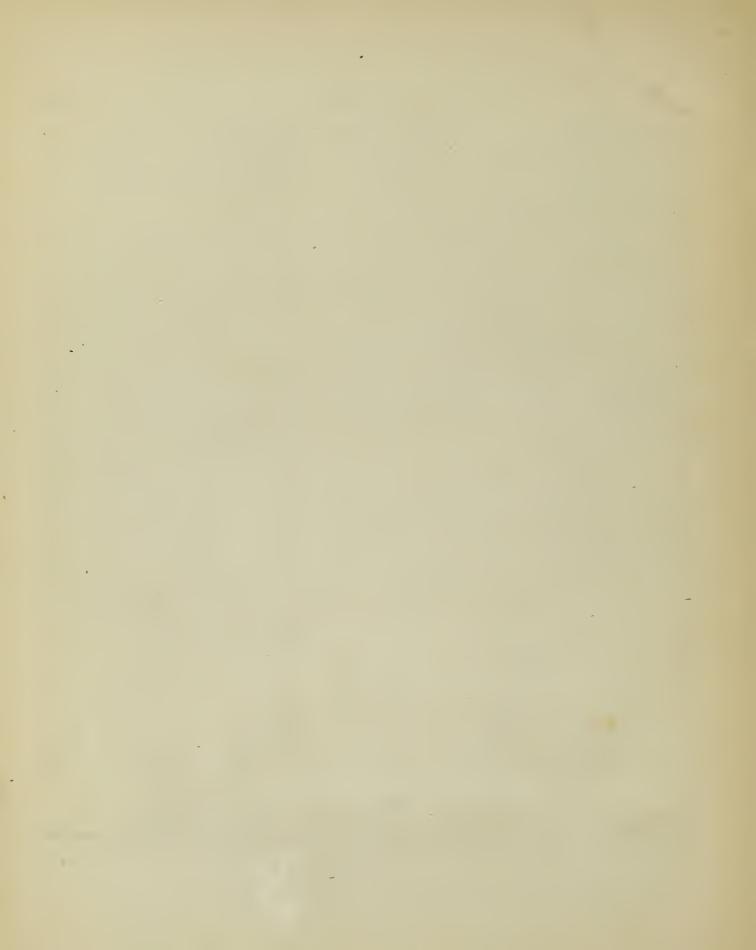
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THOMAS MOORE,	
PREFATORY REMARKS TO THE MELODIES,	•••••••••••••••••••••••••••••••••••••••
TITLE.	ORIGINAL AIR.
AFTER THE BATTLE,	THY FAIR BOSOM,
AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS,	THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM,
AS SLOW OUR SHIP,	
AT THE MID-HOUR OF NIGHT,	MOLLY MY DEAR,64
AVENGING AND BRIGHT,	
BEFORE THE BATTLE,(Four Voices)	THE FAIRY QUEEN,
BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS, (Duett.)	MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND,
BY THE HOPE WITHIN US SPRINGING, (Four Voices)	THE FAIRY QUEEN,
BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE,	THE BROWN IRISH GIRL,94
COME O'ER THE SEA,	Cuishlih ma Chree,
COME REST IN THIS BOSOM,	Lough Sheeling,
COME REST IN THIS BOSOM,(Another Arrangement)	FLEURE DU TAGE,
COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE,	WE BROUGHT THE SUMMER WITH US,
DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY,	
DRINK TO HER,	HEIGH 110? MY JACKY,98
ERIN, OH! ERIN, (Three Voices)	SHAMAMA HULLA,
ERIN, THE TEAR AND THE SMILE,	AILEEN AROON,
EVELEEN'S BOWER,	UNENOWN,
FAREWELL! RUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR,(Duett)	Moll Roone,
FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR, (Another Arrangem	ent)
FAREWELL TO MY HARP,	NEW LANGOLEE,
FILL THE BUMPER FAIR,	BOB AND JOAN,
FLY NOT YET,	
FORGET NOT THE FIELD,	LAMENTATION OF AUGHRIM,
GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE,	MAID OF THE VALLEY,
HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED,(Duett)	SLY PATRICK,
HERE WE DWELL,	CEAN DUBH DELISH,
HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR,	TWISTING OF THE ROPE,
HOW OFT HAS THE BANSHEE CRIED, (Four Voices)	THE DEAR BLACK MAID
I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME, (One, two, or three voices)	THE ROSE TREE,144
IF THOU WILT BE MINE,(Duett)	THE WINNOWING SHEET,
ILL OMENS,	KITTY OF COLERAINE,
ILL OMENS,	
IN THE MORNING OF LIFE,(Duev)	THE LITTLE HARVEST ROSE,
I SAW FROM THE BEACH,(Duett)	Miss Molly,
I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME	Domhnall,
IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED,	THE SIXPENCE,
LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE,	
LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD,	THE RED FOX,48
LOVE AND THE NOVICE,	CEAN DUBH DELISH,
LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM,	THE OLD WOMAN,
LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM,(Trio)	THE OLD WOMAN, 88
MUSIC,	
MY GENTLE HARP,	THE COINA, OR DIRGE,
NAY, TELL ME NOT,	
NIGHT CLOSED AROUND,	
NO, NOT MORE WELCOME,	
NORA CREINA,	
OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD,(Duett)	
OH' BREATHE NOT HIS NAME, (Duett)	
QII! FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME,	
OH! DOUBT ME NOT, (Duett)	
UH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE,	
OH! HASTE AND LEAVE,(Three Voices)	The Brown Thorn,

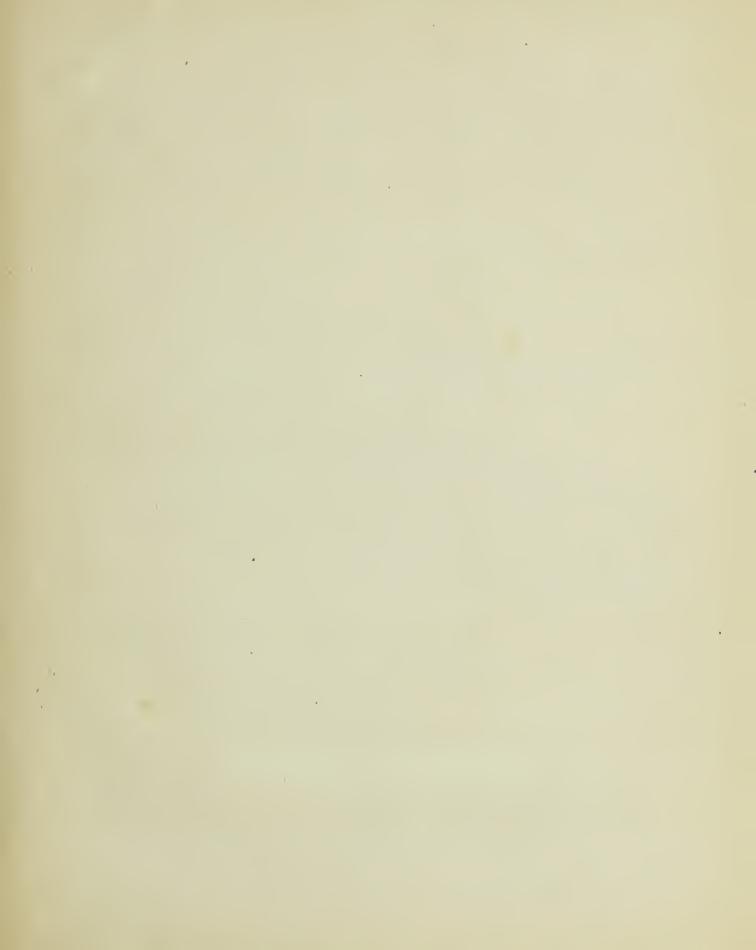
ORIGINAL AIR.

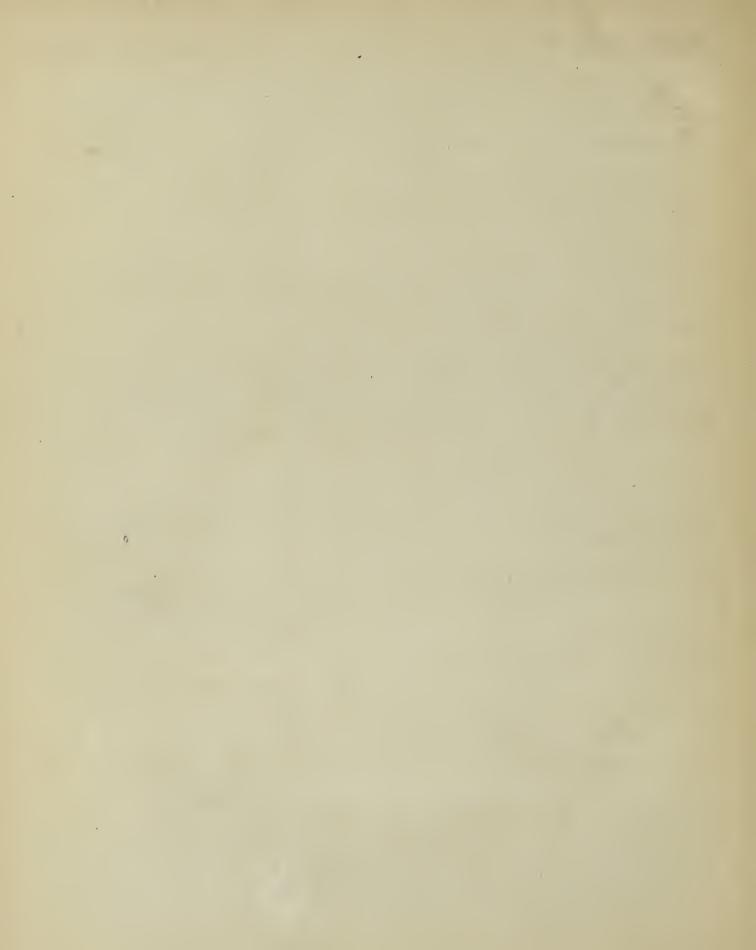
TITLE.	ORIGINAL AIR.
OH! TIS SWEET TO THINK	
	THE OLD WOMAN,
	Sios agus sios liom,
ONE DIVIDED AT PARTIES	
	JOHN O'REILLY THE ACTIVE, 22
REMEMBER THEE,	
AICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE	
	OPEN THE DOOR,
	MY DEAR EVELEEN,
SONG OF FIONNUALA,	
	THE BROWN THORN,
	The Black Joke,54
THE DIRGE,(Four Voices)	
	The Groves of Blarney,
	THE GROVES OF BLARNEY,
	UNKNOWN,
	OLD HEAD OF DENNIS,
	THE MOREEN,
THE PRINCE'S DAY,	St. Patrick's Day,
	OLD HEAD OF DENNIS,
	ALLEY CROKER,
	PEASE UPON A TRENCHER
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	
	THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW,
	THE DANDY, O,
THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D,	Bunch of Green Rushes,116
THOUGH DARK ARE OUR SORROWS,	ST. PATRICK'S DAY,
THO' THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.	
	I ONCE HAD A TRUE LOVE,
	GAGE FANE.
•	
	FAUGUE A BALLAGH,
	Molly Macalpin,
,,	GARYONE,44
WEEP ON, WEEP ON,	
WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET,(Duett)	THE YELLOW HORSE,
WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH	Limerick's Lamentations,
	PADDY'S RESOURCE
	Kitty of Coleraine,
	FATHER QUINN,
	O PATRICK FLY FROM ME,
	THE FOX'S SLEEP,
WHEN IN DEATH I SHALL CALM RECLINE,	
WHEN THROUGH LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE,	THE BANKS OF BANNA,
WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT	
	PADDY WHACK
	NORA KISTA. 180
YOU KEMEMBER ELLEN,	

INSTRUMENTAL PIECES.

CAROLAN'S CONCERTO	CEAN DUBH DELISH,194	SHAMAMA HULLA60	THE PLEASANT ROCKS,
CAPTAIN MAGAN,	PLANXTY DRURY,8	THE FAIRY QUEEN,75	THE SNOWY BREASTED PEARL, 196
WAN Dermer Drev sone 115	Dr. STWMW Townswam 100	THE READILES BOY	







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