

A
Select Collection of
ORIGINAL IRISH AIRS

For the Voice

UNITED TO CHARACTERISTIC ENGLISH POETRY

Written for this Work

with

SYMPHONIES & ACCOMPANIMENTS

FOR THE

PIANO FORTE, VIOLIN, & VIOLONCELLO,

Composed By

BEETHOVEN.

No. 11

Price 15/.

The Violin & Violoncello parts 2/6 each

Ent^d at Stationers Hall.

G. Thomson

2 Ausg. pr. 12463 - 2

M5

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

P R E F A C E.

MANY years have elapsed since the Editor began to collect Irish Melodies, about twenty of which, the most familiar to the lovers of music in Scotland, are interspersed in his Collection of Scottish Airs. He had no thoughts of forming a separate Collection of Irish Melodies, till the great Scottish Bard, in the course of their correspondence, suggested the idea, and offered to write Songs for them.* Encouraged by such an offer from BURNS, he proceeded with alacrity to collect the Melodies; and by the kindness of his musical friends, more particularly through the obliging exertions of his friend Dr J. Latham of Cork, he acquired a great variety of the finest old Melodies existing in Ireland, either in print or manuscript; and year after year he has been adding to the number by every means in his power. These would long ere now have been given to the Public, had not unforeseen circumstances occurred to retard their appearance. They were sent to HAYDN to be harmonised, along with the Scottish and Welsh Airs: but after that celebrated Composer had finished the greater part of those two works, his declining health only enabled him to harmonise a few of the Irish Melodies; and, upon his death, it became necessary to find another Composer, to whom the task of harmonising them should be committed.

Of all the Composers that are now living, it is acknowledged by every intelligent and unprejudiced Musician, that the only one who occupies the same distinguished rank with the late Haydn, is BEETHOVEN. Possessing the most original genius and inventive fancy, united to profound science, refined taste, and an enthusiastic love of his art,—his compositions, like those of his illustrious predecessor, will bear endless repetition, and afford ever new delight. To this Composer, therefore, the Editor eagerly applied for Symphonies and Accompaniments to the Irish Melodies; and to his inexpressible satisfaction, Beethoven undertook the composition. After years of anxious suspense and teasing disappointment, by the miscarriage of letters and of manuscripts, owing to the unprecedented difficulty of communication between England and Vienna, that resulted from the extraordinary policy of Buonaparté, the long-expected Symphonies and Accompaniments at last reached the Editor, three other copies having previously been lost on the road.

These SYMPHONIES of Beethoven will be found most appropriate and singularly beautiful Introductions and Conclusions to each Melody, full of matter perfectly original, and diversified in the most fanciful and striking manner, according to the plaintive, spirited, or playful character of the Melodies for which they were composed.

His ACCOMPANIMENTS are equally appropriate and valuable. In Chamber singing, the Piano-forte alone, will be found a most satisfactory Accompaniment; and when the additional Accompaniments for the Violin and Violoncello, (not given in any other Irish Collection,) are joined with it, the effect will be felt in the highest degree excellent: for the parts united, exhibit combinations of harmony so rich, in a style so varied, so truly ingenious and impressive, as to impart a new and powerful interest to the Melodies, which will secure to them lasting admiration, and a place among the most classical compositions.

A Second-voice part, too, has been composed by Beethoven, to a number of the Airs, which may thus be sung as Duets; but as those Airs still retain their precise original form, they can, of course, be sung perfectly well by a single voice.

The Editor is aware that there are many persons, who, not having cultivated Music, are scarcely sensible of the value of Accompaniments, and prefer a simple Air to the finest music in parts. It is not to be denied, that there is a great charm in a fine voice singly, and that we sometimes hear a singer who can delight us by a song, without any Accompaniment. But such a singer is a *rara avis*: Nature seems niggardly in the much-valued gift of a rich fine toned voice; and there are few singers who feel themselves at ease, or can give much pleasure to their hearers, without the support and guidance of an Accompaniment: for it is well known that voices, in general, have a tendency to fall from the pitch in which they have set out, and thus the harmony of the instrument is necessary to keep the voice in a just intonation, or to recal it when it begins to wander.

It is probable also, that amidst the powerful attraction of new and excellent Compositions, and the fluctuation and refinement of taste, National Melodies would be much neglected, were it not for their union with masterly and beautiful Accompaniments. A distinguished Writer considers *Melody* in music, to be analogous to *Design* in painting; and *Accompaniments* he compares to *Colouring*.† If Carolan the Irish Bard, could raise his head, and hear his own Melodies sung with Beethoven's Accompaniments, he would idolize the Artist, that, from his designs, could produce such exquisitely coloured and highly finished pictures.‡ Let

any of the Irish Melodies be sung alone, and then with the Accompaniments of Beethoven, and it will immediately be perceived by every person of the least taste, how much the one is enriched by the other. The more critically the Music of this Collection is examined, the more clearly will it be seen what extraordinary pains and attention have been bestowed upon the Symphonies and Accompaniments of every one of the Melodies; for there is nothing of common place, no marks of negligence or carelessness throughout the Work: the whole has been composed *con amore*, as if the author were to rest his fame upon it; and, accordingly, he has announced to the Editor his intention of publishing it on the Continent, with the verses translated. This is equally flattering to the Melodies of Ireland, and satisfactory to the Editor; it is a decisive proof that Beethoven feels conscious that he has rendered them worthy of the attention of an enlightened Public.

Of the POETRY, the Editor may warrantably hope that its reception will not be less favourable than that of the music, because its authors are celebrated for their genius, and exhibit in their songs the finest flow of fancy, feeling, and humour; which they have adapted in the happiest manner to the varied character of the Melodies. The Editor feels himself under the deepest obligations to them; for, without their kind assistance, after the lamented death of BURNS, he could not have completed the Work, with satisfaction either to himself or the Public.

To Professor SMYTH of Cambridge, particularly, his warmest acknowledgements are due, for his numerous and valuable contributions to the Work; for the present Volume contains twenty Songs of his, which will place him in the first rank of lyric Poets, and give delight to every person of taste and sensibility.

It was the intention of the Editor to offer a few thoughts concerning the antiquity of the Irish Melodies, &c., as he has done with respect to the Scottish and Welsh Melodies, in his Collections of those Songs. But after perusing Walker's Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards, Bunting's Critical Dissertation prefixed to his first volume of Irish Music, and Moore's Prefatory Letter to his third book of Songs, he finds that he could throw no new light on the subject. He believes, with Mr Moore, that the generality of the fine Airs are more modern than the Antiquaries would have us consider them. Yet from what Giraldus Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, has said of the superior skill of the Irish in the performance of instrumental or harp music, at that early period, joined to Powell's account of the Welsh prince Gruffyd ap Conan having, in the eleventh century, "brought over with him from Ireland divers cunning musicians into Wales, who devised, in a manner, all the instrumental music that is now used there," and the notices of other ancient writers, it cannot be doubted that Ireland must be considered a parent country of music, to which Wales, and, perhaps, Scotland too, were originally indebted.

This Work, in two volumes, with the other publications of the Editor, will put the public in possession of all that appeared to him most valuable and worthy of preservation in the native MELODIES OF SCOTLAND, IRELAND, and WALES, united to the most interesting SONGS, SYMPHONIES, and ACCOMPANIMENTS that could by any possible exertion be obtained for them: and he trusts that they will do lasting honour to the musical and poetical character of the three Countries. He looks back with great satisfaction upon his humble exertions, because he has had the happiness of eliciting from Poets and Musical Composers, who adorned the age in which they lived, what otherwise would never have been given to the world.

From the delay in publishing this work, others have got the start of it: And though the Editor is not insensible of the merit of those works, yet, his plan having been formed, and a great part of his materials collected, long before those works were heard of, he felt no inclination to withhold what he had with vast trouble acquired; more especially when he knows how pre-eminently the Symphonies and Accompaniments of this Work are distinguished from those in any other Irish Collection, by their Originality, and by Beauty of that rare and precious kind, which will please the more, the oftener it is examined.

The Editor owes his most respectful acknowledgements to SIR WATKYN WILLIAMS WYNNE, Bart. for obligingly permitting his exquisite picture of ST CECILIA, by SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, to be copied and engraved for the frontispiece that graces the First Volume of this Work.

Along with the Second Volume, he has the pleasure of presenting an Engraving, after a picture by his late worthy friend Mr Allan; a subject from ancient classic story, of singular excellence, and far exceeding in value the frontispieces usually given with Works of this kind.

Edinburgh, No. 3. Exchange, May 1816.

* BURNS's Works, Vol. IV. Letter XLVI.

† ROUSSEAU, Dictionnaire de Musique, Article AIR; in which article this eloquent writer has treated of the power of Music over the memory and fancy, with singular felicity, and with the warmest glow of enthusiastic feeling.

‡ No. 1. of this Collection for example.

VOL. II.

INDEX TO THE AIRS.

NAMES OF THE AIRS IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

A	NO.	P	NO.
Abigail Judge.....	42	Paddy O'Rafferty.....	48
Anonymous.....	34	Planxty Kelly.....	40
Anonymous.....	37		
Anonymous.....	54	S	
Anonymous.....	59	Saint Patrick's Day in the Morning	47
		Slaunt Ri Philib.....	58
C			
Chiling o' Guiry.....	43	T	
Crooghan a Venec.....	46	The Brown Maid.....	56
		— Brown Thorn.....	57
K		— Fair-hair'd Girl.....	41
Kate Kearney.....	55	— Fox's sleep	32
Killeavy.....	53	— Groves of Blarney.....	33
Kitty of Coleraine....	35	— Humours of Balamagairy.....	36
		— Maid of the Valley.....	39
M		— Moreen	38
Moll Roone.....	45	— Old Woman.....	60
		— Pretty Girl milking the Cows.....	49
N		— Red Fox.....	52
Nora Creina.....	51	— Twisting of the Rope.....	50
		— Wandering Minstrel.....	44
O			
O Molly, Molly, my dearest Honey.....	31		

INDEX TO THE POETRY.

FIRST LINE OF EACH SONG.	NAMES OF THE AUTHORS.	PAGE	FIRST LINE OF EACH SONG.	NAMES OF THE AUTHORS.	PAGE
A					
A health to the brave, &c.....	Dovaston, J. F. M. Esq.	128	Oh! who, my dear Dermot, &c.....	Smyth, William, Esq...	112 ✓
B			Oh! would I were but that sweet linnet	The Same.....	119 ✓
By the side of the Shannon, &c.....	Smyth, William, Esq...	83	P		
C			Paddy O'Rafferty, merry and vigorous	Boswell, Alex. Esq.....	118 ✓
✓ Come, Darby dear! easy, be easy.....	The Same.....	133	Put round the bright wine, &c.....	Smyth, William, Esq...	103 ✓
F			S		
✓ Farewell mirth and hilarity	Boswell, Alex. Esq.....	88	Sad and luckless was the season.....	The Same.....	79 ✓
H			Save me from the grave and wise.....	The Same.....	123 ✓
✓ He promised me at parting.....	Smyth, William, Esq...	129	Soothe me my lyre, &c.....	The Same.....	82 ✓
I			T		
I am bowed down with years.....	The Same.....	108	The kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left.....	Byron, Lord.....	89 ✓
✓ I dreamed I lay where flowers, &c.....	Burns.....	73	The piper who sat, &c.....	Baillie, Joanna.....	136 ✓
✓ I'll praise the Saints, &c.....	Smyth, William, Esq...	102	The pulse of an Irishman, &c.....	Boswell, Alex. Esq.....	113 ✓
J			Then, soldier! come! fill high the wine	Smyth, William, Esq...	92 ✓
✓ Judy, lovely, matchless creature	Boswell, Alex. Esq.....	140	Thy ship must sail, my Henry dear.....	The Same.....	141 ✓
N			'Tis but in vain,—for nothing thrives...	The Same.....	122 ✓
✓ No more, my Mary, I sigh for splendour	Smyth, William, Esq...	137	'Tis sunshine at last, &c.....	The Same.....	109 ✓
O			To me, my sweet Kathleen, &c.....	The Same.....	78 ✓
✓ O Erin! to thy harp divine.....	The Same.....	144	W		
✓ O might I but my Patrick love.....	The Same.....	132	We fairy elves, in secret dells.....	Thomson, David, Esq..	98 ✓
✓ Oh! thou hapless soldier	The Same.....	93	When far from the home of our youth, &c.	The Same.....	99 ✓

I dream'd I lay where Flow'rs, &c.

By BURNS.

AIR, (No. 31.)—O MOLLY, MOLLY, MY DEAREST HONEY.

I DREAM'D I lay where flow'rs were springing,
Gaily in the sunny beam ;
I listen'd to the wild birds singing
By a falling crystal stream.
At once the sky grew black and daring,
Through the woods the whirlwinds rave ;
The trees with aged arms were warring,
Across the swelling drumlie wave.*

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd :
But long ere noon, loud tempests storming,
All my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.
Though fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me,
Promised fair, and perform'd but ill,
Of many a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

* Drumlie, *dark, troubled.*

Nº 31.

*I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOW'RS WERE SPRINGING.**Ducto**Andante**espressivo.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The piano part features a flowing, arpeggiated accompaniment. The vocal part enters with the lyrics: "I dream'd I lay where flow'rs were springing, gai-ly in the sun-ny beam I lis-tend to the wild birds sing-ing, By a fal-ling". The score is divided into four systems, each with two staves for the voice and two for the piano. The piano part includes various dynamic markings such as *p*, *f*, and *pp* (pianissimo). The tempo is marked *Andante* and the style is *espressivo*.

I dream'd I lay where
I dream'd I lay where
flow'rs were springing, gai-ly in the sun-ny beam I
flow'rs were springing, gai-ly in the sun-ny beam I
lis-tend to the wild birds sing-ing, By a fal-ling
lis-tend to the wild birds sing-ing, By a fal-ling

chrysal stream At once the sky grew black and dar - ing, While

chrysal stream At once the sky grew black and dar - ing, While

The first system of the musical score. It consists of two vocal staves (Soprano and Alto) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The vocal lines are in a homophonic setting. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex, syncopated pattern in the left hand.

through the woods the whirlwinds rave The trees with a - - - ged

through the woods the whirlwinds rave The trees with a - - - ged

cres *p*

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings: *cres* (crescendo) and *p* (piano). The vocal lines maintain the same melodic and harmonic structure.

arms were war - ring A - cross the swel - - ling drum - lie wave

arms were war - ring A - cross the swel - - ling drum - lie wave

cres *p*

The third system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings: *cres* (crescendo) and *p* (piano). The vocal lines maintain the same melodic and harmonic structure.

pp *cres* *p* *cres* *p*

The fourth system of the musical score. It consists of a piano accompaniment. The key signature changes to one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment features a series of dynamic markings: *pp* (pianissimo), *cres* (crescendo), *p* (piano), *cres* (crescendo), and *p* (piano). The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex, syncopated pattern in the left hand.

TO ME MY SWEET KATHLEEN.

Nº 32.

*Andante
con molto
espressione*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with an instrumental introduction in G major, 2/4 time, marked *Andante con molto espressione*. The introduction features a flowing melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand, with dynamic markings *p*, *sf*, and *p*.

The vocal entry begins with the lyrics: "To me my sweet Kathleen the Benshee has cried And I die ere tomorrow I die This". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady harmonic support, featuring dynamic markings *sf* and *p*.

The next line of the song is: "rose thou hast gather'd and laid by my side, will live my child longer than I My". The piano accompaniment maintains its harmonic structure, with dynamic markings *sf* and *p*.

The following line is: "days they are gone like a tale that is told Let me bless thee and bid thee a dieu For". The piano accompaniment includes a *cres* (crescendo) marking before the *p* (piano) dynamic.

The next line is: "ne ver to father when feeble and old Was daughter so kind and so true.". The piano accompaniment continues with dynamic markings *sf* and *p*.

The score concludes with a final instrumental section. The right hand features a rapid, ascending scale-like passage, while the left hand provides a steady harmonic accompaniment. Dynamic markings include *ff*, *sf*, *sf*, *sf*, *sf*, *sf*, *p*, and *p*.

The same AIR for two Voices

The He-ro may perish his Coun-try to save And he lives in the re-cords of fame; The

The He-ro may perish his Coun-try to save And he lives in the re-cords of fame; The

ANDANTE con molto espressione

Sage may the dungeons of Ty-ranny brave Ever honour'd and blest be his name But

Sage may the dungeons of Ty-ranny brave Ever honour'd and blest be his name But

vir-tue that si-lent-ly toils or expires No wreath for the brow to en-twine That

vir-tue that si-lent-ly toils or expires No wreath for the brow to en-twine That

asks but a smile but a - fond sigh requires O Woman that vir-tue is thine.

asks but a smile but a - fond sigh requires O Woman that vir-tue is thine.

cres: *f sf sf sf sf p sf p p*

To Me, my sweet Kathleen ;
THE DYING FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

AIR, (No. 32.) THE FOX'S SLEEP.

To me, my sweet Kathleen, the Benshee has cried,
 And I die—ere to-morrow, I die.—*
 This rose thou hast gather'd, and laid by my side,
 Will live, my child, longer than I.
 My days they are gone, like a tale that is told—
 Let me bless thee, and bid thee adieu ;
 For never to father, when feeble and old,
 Was daughter so kind and so true.

Thou hast walk'd by my side, and my board thou hast spread,
 For my chair the warm corner hast found ;
 And told my dull ear what the visitor said,
 When I saw that the laughter went round.
 Thou hast succour'd me still, and my meaning exprest
 When memory was lost on its way—
 Thou hast pillow'd my head ere I laid it to rest—
 Thou art weeping beside me to-day.

O Kathleen, my Love ! thou couldst choose the good part,
 And more than thy duty hast done :—
 Go now to thy Dermot, be clasp'd to his heart,
 He merits the love he has won.
 Be duteous and tender to him, as to me :
 Look up to the mercy-seat then ;
 And passing this shadow of death, which I see,
 Come, come to my arms back again.

* In the Irish superstition, the Benshee is the warning spirit that announces death.

The Hero may perish his Country to save.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

THE SAME AIR,—SET FOR TWO VOICES.

THE Hero may perish his country to save,
 And he lives in the records of fame ;
 The Sage may the dungeons of tyranny brave—
 Ever honour'd and blest be his name !
 But Virtue that silently toils or expires,
 No wreath for the brow to entwine ;
 That asks but a smile—but a fond sigh requires—
 O Woman ! that virtue is thine.

Sad and luckless was the Season.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

AIR, (No. 33.)—THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

SAD and luckless was the season,
When to court fair Ellen flew,—
Flew from Love, and Peace, and Reason,
Worlds to see of promise new.
Back she comes—each grace is finer,
Every charm that crowds adore,
All the form divine, diviner—
But the heart is there no more.

Oh! 'tis gone, the temper even,
Careless nature, artless ease!
All that makes retirement heaven—
Pleasing, without toil to please.
Hope no more, sweet lark, to cheer her,
Vain to her these echoing skies—
Bloom no more, ye violets, near her,
Yours are charms she would not prize.

Ellen! go where crowds admire thee,
Chariots rattle, torches blaze;
Here our dull content would tire thee,
Worthless be our village praise.
Go! yet oh, that *Thought's* soft season
Ellen's heart might but restore!
Hard the task—whate'er the reason—
Hard the task to love no more.

SAD & LUCKLESS WAS THE SEASON

[illegible]

Sad and luck_less was the sea_season when to

Court fair Ellen flew

Flew from Love and Peace and Reason, Worlds to

see of promise new

Back she comes each grace is fin-er Ev'r

charm - - that crowds a - do - re All the Form di - vine di - vin - er But the

heart is there no more

pp poco ritard.

SOOTHE ME MY LYRE.

Nº 34.

Violino

*Andante
con molto
espressione*

piz:

Soothe me my Lyre with thy tones of soft sorrow O soothe thy sad mistress that

sinks in de - cay Fain - ter to day to be fainter to morrow I

fade like the flow'r and am pas - sing a - way I fade like the flow'r and am

passing a - way.

Soothe me, my Lyre, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

AIR, (No. 34.)—*Communicated without a name by a Friend.*

SOOTHE me, my lyre, with thy tones of soft sorrow,
Soothe thy sad mistress that sinks in decay;
Fainter to day, to be fainter to-morrow,
I fade like the flower, and am passing away.
I fade, &c.

“Cheer thee, my love,” says my mother, beguiling,
“I see thee reviving, believe me, believe;”
Spring will restore me, I answer, gay smiling,
And both are deceivers that cannot deceive.

Pale is my cheek,—it was fair as they told me—
Who in the dance that but lately had been,
Who that had seen me, and now should behold me,
Would think me the Ellen that there he had seen?

Cold shall I lie,—they will weep and regret me,—
The dews of the morning are vanish’d at noon.
One will remember, when all shall forget me,
O lov’d of my heart! must I leave thee so soon?

Dear was the world—I had youth, I had beauty,
But ’tis not for life that I heave this sad sigh—
Firm is my soul in its hope and its duty,—
But oh! to be lov’d—then untimely to die.

By the side of the Shannon, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

AIR, (No. 35.)—KITTY OF COLERAINE.

By the side of the Shannon was laid a young lover,—
“ I hate this dull river,” he fretfully cried ;
“ Yon tempest is coming—this willow my cover—
“ How sultry the air—not a zephyr,” he sigh’d.
“ Go, bee !—get along—why so idly remaining,
“ For here are no roses—thou troublesome thing !
“ Peace—nightingale ! peace—to that ditty complaining—
“ Oh can it be thus that these nightingales sing ?”

But now a light form, with a smile archly playing,
All beaming in beauty, before him appear’d—
“ O Ellen !” he cried, “ why thus strangely delaying,
“ My dearest, my Ellen,—what have I not fear’d.”
And then so majestic the Shannon came flowing,
The bee flew unchided the blossoms among,
The sky was serene, and the zephyrs soft blowing,
And oh ! how enchanting the nightingale’s song !

BY THE SIDE OF THE SHANNON.

Nº 35.

Violino

*Allegretto
grazioso*

The musical score is written for Violino and Piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Allegretto grazioso'. The score consists of five systems of staves. The first system shows the instrumental introduction. The subsequent systems contain the vocal melody with lyrics. The lyrics are: 'By the side of the Shan-non was laid a young Lover, I hate this dull ri-ver he fret-fully cried Yon tempest is coming this wil-low my co-ver How sul-try the air not a zephyr he sigh'd Go Bee get a-long why so'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

By the side of the Shan-non was

laid a young Lover, I hate this dull ri-ver he fret-fully cried Yon

tempest is coming this wil-low my co-ver How sul-try the air not a

zephyr he sigh'd Go Bee get a-long why so

id - ly re - maining For here are no ro - ses thou troublesome thing Peace

Night ingale peace to that dit - ty com - plaining Oh can it be thus that those

Violino
Night - ingales sing

f *p* *piz:*

f *p* *arco*

FAREWELL MIRTH & HILARITY.

Nº 36.

Allegretto

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked *Allegretto*. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic and includes a section marked *semp: ppmo* (sempre pianissimo). The bass staff also begins with a *pp* dynamic.

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a whole rest for the first measure, followed by a melodic line. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment. The word "Fare_well" is written above the treble staff.

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics "mirth and hi_la-ri-ty, Love has my heart in cru-el sub-jection Ah me" are written below the treble staff.

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics "Norah in chari-ty Spare a fond soul one throb of af-fection Why as I pass'd did I" are written below the treble staff.

The piano accompaniment for the fourth vocal line consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics "gaze on her casement A_las with on look all my courage she shook But while I linger'd in" are written below the treble staff.

moon struck a - maze - ment Not a smile all the while cheers re - col - lec - tion

Chorus.

Soprano
Love, love wins us by treache - ry, Yet leaves no choice but humble submis - sion

Tenor
Love, love wins us by treache - ry, Yet leaves no choice but humble submis - sion

Bass
Love, love wins us by treache - ry, Yet leaves no choice but humble submis - sion

sf

What spell can conquer this witche - ry Wo - man our bane's the on - ly phy - si - cian

What spell can conquer this witche - ry Wo - man our bane's the on - ly phy - si - cian

What spell can conquer this witche - ry Wo - man our bane's the on - ly phy - si - cian

sf

p/p *sf*

Farewell Mirth and Hilarity:

NORAH OF BALAMAGAIRY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 36.)—THE HUMOURS OF BALAMAGAIRY.

FAREWELL mirth and hilarity,
 Love has my heart in cruel subjection ;
 Ah me ! Norah in charity
 Spare a fond soul one throb of affection.
 Why, as I pass'd, did I gaze on her casement,
 Alas ! with one look all my courage she shook !
 But while I linger'd in moon-struck amazement,
 Not a smile all the while cheers recollection.

CHORUS.—Love, love wins us by treachery,
 Yet leaves no choice but humble submission ;
 What spell can conquer this witchery,
 Woman, our bane, is the only physician.

Far, far hence tho' I fly from her,
 Where other shores are kiss'd by the ocean,
 Blest powers ! draw but one sigh from her,
 Let her not live thus dead to emotion.
 Yet I must steal a last glance ere I leave her,
 Perhaps at her heart she may grieve when we part ;
 Hope, ah I dread thee, deluding deceiver,
 Fair thy cup, but turn'd up, bitter the potion.

CHORUS.—Love, love wins us by treachery,
 Yet leaves no choice but humble submission ;
 What spell can conquer this witchery,
 Woman, our bane, is the only physician.

Ah me ! had we the agency
 Of a kind-hearted feat little fairy,
 Good bye then to thy regency,
 Norah, the witch of Balamagairy !
 Looks she, or speaks she, the lads are all sighing,
 She scatters her spells, and then ev'ry heart swells ;
 Not a young clown but is pining and dying,
 Ah ! the fools, thus she rules Balamagairy.

CHORUS.—Love, love wins us by treachery,
 Yet leaves no choice but humble submission ;
 What spell can conquer this witchery,
 Woman, our bane, is the only physician.

The kiss, dear Maid, thy lip has left.

By LORD BYRON,

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION.

AIR, (No. 37.)—*Communicated without a name by a Friend.*

THE kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left,
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
Untainted back to thine.
Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
An equal love may see ;
The tear that from thine eyelids streams,
Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
In gazing when alone ;
Nor one memorial for a breast
Whose thoughts are all thine own.*
By day or night, in weal or woe,
This heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.

* Four lines of the original are omitted, because the melody requires a stanza of eight lines.

THE KISS DEAR MAID THY LIP HAS LEFT

Nº 37.

*Andante
teneramente
con molto
espressione*

Violino

pizz. *p dolce* *p/p* *p/p*

The

kiss dear maid thy lip has left shall ne- ver part from mine 'Till happier hours re-

store the gift un- tainted back to thine Thy parting glance which fondly beams, an

e- qual love may see The tear that from thine eyelid streams Can

weep no change in me

pizz. *cres* *p* *cres* *p* *cres*

cres *p/p* *sva* *p/p*

THEN SOLDIER COME FILL HIGH THE WINE

Nº 38.

*Maestoso
risoluto
con
molto spirito*

Violino

f p f p f p

f sf p f

Then Soldier come fill high the wine For we

reck not of to morrow Be ours to day and we resign all the rest to the fools of

sor - - row Gay be the hour till we beat to arms Then Comrade Death or Glo - - ry 'Tis

Vic - to - ry in all her charms Or 'tis Fame in the world's bright sto - - ry

sf *colla voce* *sf*

Vio:

sf sf sf

The musical score is written for Violino and Piano. It begins with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Maestoso risoluto con molto spirito'. The score is divided into several systems. The first system shows the Violino and Piano parts with dynamic markings like *f p* and *f*. The second system contains the vocal melody with the lyrics 'Then Soldier come fill high the wine For we'. The third system continues the vocal melody with 'reck not of to morrow Be ours to day and we resign all the rest to the fools of'. The fourth system has 'sor - - row Gay be the hour till we beat to arms Then Comrade Death or Glo - - ry 'Tis'. The fifth system features 'Vic - to - ry in all her charms Or 'tis Fame in the world's bright sto - - ry' with a 'colla voce' instruction. The final system is a piano solo marked 'Vio:' with triplets and a *sf* dynamic. The score concludes with a double bar line.

Then, Soldier, come, fill high the Wine.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

AIR, (No. 38.)—THE MOREEN.

THEN, soldier! come! fill high the wine,
For we reck not of to-morrow;
Be ours to-day, and we resign
All the rest to the fools of sorrow.
Gay be the hour 'till we beat to arms,
Then, comrade, death or glory!
'Tis victory in all her charms,
Or 'tis fame in the world's bright story.

'Tis you—'tis I—that may meet the ball;—
And *me* it better pleases
In battle, brave, with the brave to fall,
Than to die of dull diseases;
Driveller to be in my fireside chair,
With saws and tales unheeded;
A tottering thing of aches and care,
No longer lov'd nor needed.

But thou—oh dark is thy flowing hair,
And thine eye with fire is streaming,
And o'er thy cheek,—thy looks,—thine air,
Sits health in triumph beaming.
Soldier! high, fill high the wine,
Fill high to love and beauty;
Love,—friendship,—honour,—all are thine,
Thy country and thy duty.

Oh! thou hapless Soldier.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

AIR, (No. 39.)—THE MAID OF THE VALLEY.

Oh! thou hapless soldier,
Left unseen to moulder
Here on the lonely plain.
Far thy comrades flying,
Lost,—abandon'd,—dying
Here on the lonely plain.
Faint,—and none to cheer thee,
Moaning,—none to hear thee,
Dying,—and none near thee
On this lonely plain.
No fond tears fall o'er thee,
No fond hearts deplore thee
Here on the lonely plain.

Power! ambition! glory!
Read we then your story
Here on the lonely plain!
Some fond maid is sighing
For her hero lying
Here on the lonely plain.
Never, hapless soldier,
Fated to behold her,
Left unseen to moulder
On this lonely plain.
No fond tears fall o'er thee,
No fond hearts deplore thee,
Here on the lonely plain.

OH THOU HAPLESS SOLDIER.

Nº 39.

*Duetto**Andante
affettuoso
assai.*

Oh thou hap - less soldier,

Oh thou hap - less soldier,

Left un - seen to moulder Here on the lone - ly plain

Left un - seen to moulder Here on the lone - ly plain

Far thy comrades fly - ing Lost a - bandon'd dy - ing Here on the lone - ly

Far thy comrades fly - ing Lost a - bandon'd dy - ing Here on the lone - ly

The musical score is written for a vocal duet and piano accompaniment. It begins with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The vocal parts are marked 'Duetto' and the piano part is marked 'Andante affettuoso assai'. The piano part includes dynamic markings 'f' and 'p'. The lyrics are: 'Oh thou hap - less soldier,'. The second system continues the lyrics: 'Left un - seen to moulder Here on the lone - ly plain'. The third system continues: 'Far thy comrades fly - ing Lost a - bandon'd dy - ing Here on the lone - ly'. The score is written on three systems of staves, with the piano part on the bottom staff of each system.

plain Faint and none to cheer thee, Moaning, none to hear thee

plain Faint and none to cheer thee, Moaning, none to hear thee

Dy-ing and none near thee On this lonely plain No fondtears fall o'er thee

Dy-ing and none near thee On this lonely plain No fondtears fall o'er thee

No fond hearts de-plore thee Here on the lone-ly plain.

No fond hearts de-plore thee Here on the lone-ly plain.

No fond hearts de-plore thee Here on the lone-ly plain.

No fond hearts de-plore thee Here on the lone-ly plain.

WE FAIRY ELVES IN SECRET DELLS.

Nº 40.

Allegretto scherzando

Violino 1

We

fai - ry elves in se - cret dells All day contrive our magic spells Till sa - ble night o'er -

cres

cres

cast the sky Thence through the ai - ry regions fly, By Cynthia's light so clear A -

p

p

round the earth ere dawn of day On high we win our ea - sy way Sometimes the lawns to

cres:

earth invit - ing, On the velvet turf a - lighting So light So light So light o'er pliant

cres:

stalks we fleet The blade scarce bends beneath our feet But shakes as if for fear

Chorus

So light So light So light o'er pli - ant stalks we fleet, the
So light So light So light o'er pli - ant stalks we fleet, the

cres:

Violino

blade scarce bends be - neath our feet But shakes as if for fear
blade scarce bends be - neath our feet But shakes as if for fear

The Elfin Fairies.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By DAVID THOMSON, Esq.

AIR, (No. 40.)—PLANXTY KELLY—By Carolan.

WE fairy-elves, in secret dells,
All day contrive our magic spells,
Till sable night o'ercast the sky,
Then through the airy regions fly,
 By Cynthia's light so clear :
Around the earth, ere dawn of day,
On high we win our easy way ;
Sometimes the lawns to earth inviting,
On the velvet turf alighting,
 So light, so light,
So light o'er pliant stalks we fleet,
The blade scarce bends beneath our feet,
 But shakes as if for fear.

And if no bus'ness calls from home,
Around the wheeling globe to roam ;
We to some flow'ry meadow stray,
And sing and dance the night away,
 Around our Fairy-Queen.
Then we our mushroom board prepare,
The gather'd sweets of flow'rs our fare,
The dewy nectar round distilling,
All our hair-bell goblets filling ;
 Good night, good night :
Good night we say, then sink to rest
Upon some lily's downy breast,
 By mortal eyes unseen.

When far from the Home of our Youth, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By DAVID THOMSON, Esq.

AIR, (No. 41.)—THE FAIR HAIR'D GIRL.

WHEN far from the home of our youth we have rang'd,
How fondly we think of the days that are past;
Their image thro' changes is ever unchang'd,
Wherever our lot may be cast.
I muse on the features of those whom I lov'd;
The farewell of friendship I yet seem to hear:
The scenes I remember where oft I have rov'd,
The songs that delighted my ear.

In slumbers their music some vision recalls,
And oft I implore it a moment to stay;
But, ah! soon the measure in soft cadence falls,
I wake, and the sound dies away.
How sad the reverse,—once I wept but in dreams,
The dawn then awoke me to hope and delight;
Now hope never comes with the morning's gay beams,
And joy is a phantom of night.

Oh! sleep, how enchanting the power of thy wand,
More swift are thy pinions than fancy e'er spread;
For back o'er the ocean of time they expand,
And bring us to scenes that are fled.
Tho' hope never comes with the morning's gay beams,
Tho' long o'er the desert of life I may roam,
Oh! let thy soft magic still waft me in dreams
To all the lov'd scenes of my home.

100
WHEN FAR FROM THE HOME OF OUR YOUTH.

Nº 41.

Andantino

con moto.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked *pp* and *Do!*. The vocal melody is in a key with two flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor). The lyrics are: "When far from the home of our youth we have rang'd How fondly we think of the days that are past Their image through changes is ever unchang'd Wher_e-ver our lot may be cast I muse on the features of those whom I lov'd The fare well of friendship I yet seem to hear The scenes I remember where oft I have rov'd, The songs that delighted my ear -". The score includes piano accompaniment with chords and arpeggios, and a final *Do!!* marking.

pp *Do!*

When far from the home of our youth we have rang'd How fondly we think of the

days that are past Their image through changes is ever unchang'd Wher_e-ver our lot may be

pp

cast I muse on the features of those whom I lov'd The fare well of friendship I

yet seem to hear The scenes I remember where oft I have rov'd, The songs that delighted my ear -

pp

Do!!

I'LL PRAISE THE SAINTS.

N^o 42.

Andante
con moto.

I'll praise the Saints with

ear-ly song, For now the wars are end-ed I'll praise our La-dy late and long, That

has my Love de-fend-ed. Yes home is come my Patrick dear From me no more to

se-ver And in his looks I see it clear - - - - - He loves me more than e-ver.

I'll Praise the Saints with early Song.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

AIR, (No. 42.) ABIGAIL JUDGE—By Carolan.

I'LL praise the Saints with early song,
For now the wars are ended ;
I'll praise our Lady late and long,
That has my Love defended.
Yes, home is come my Patrick dear,
From me no more to sever ;
And in his looks, I see it clear,
He loves me more than ever.

He sits our evening fire beside,
The cabin round surveying,
And looks with all a father's pride,
While near the child is playing.
Even me he turns to gaze upon,
As in my maiden beauty,
Before my bloom was worn and gone
By many a toilsome duty.

" My Love, he cries, thou canst not guess,
" Tho' kind and tender hearted,
" What I have known of sad distress,
" Since last from thee I parted.
" And little canst thou now suppose
" How my poor heart is swelling,
" To find myself at evening's close
" In this my peaceful dwelling."

And, true—his cheek is sallow now,
That once was bright and ruddy ;
A fearful scar is on his brow,
The mark of battle bloody.
And oft in sleep disturb'd he seems,
While o'er him I am bending ;
He makes the cross while in his dreams,
As if for life contending.

But happier hours are coming fast,
Sir Phelim—angels bless him—
Says Patrick Toole shall rest at last,
And nothing more distress him.
He grants a farm, with turf-ground near,
He grants a lease for ever ;
And heaven will bless, I need not fear,
The honest heart's endeavour.

Put round the bright Wine, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 43.)—CHILING O'GUIRY.

PUT round the bright wine, for my bosom is gay,
The night may have sunshine as well as the day;
Oh welcome the hours! when dear visions arise
To melt my kind spirit, and charm my fond eyes.
When wine to my head can its wisdom impart,
And love has its promise to make to my heart;
When dim in far shade sink the spectres of care,
And I tread a bright world with a footstep of air.

Yes, mirth is my goddess,—come round me, ye few,
Who have wit for her worship, I doat upon you:
Delighted with life, like a swallow on wing,
I catch ev'ry pleasure the current may bring:
The feast and the frolic, the masque and the ball,
Dear scenes of enchantment! I come at your call;
Let me meet the gay beings of beauty and song,
And let Erin's good humour be found in the throng.

If life be a dream—'tis a pleasant one sure,
And the dream of to-night we at least may secure;
If life be a bubble, tho' better I deem,
Let us light up its colours by gaiety's beam.
Away with cold vapours—I pity the mind
That nothing but dulness and darkness can find:
Give me the kind spirit that laughs on its way,
And turns thorns into roses, and winter to May.

*PUT ROUND THE BRIGHT WINE.*N^o 43.

Violino

*Allegretto**spiritoso*

The musical score is written for Violino and Piano. The Violino part is in the upper staff, and the Piano part is in the lower staff. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto spiritoso'. The score consists of four systems of music. The first system shows the instrumental introduction. The second system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics 'Put round the bright wine for my bo-som is gay The'. The third system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'night may have sun shine as well as the day Oh welcome the hours when gay'. The fourth system concludes the vocal melody with the lyrics 'visions a-rise, To melt my kind spi-rit and charm my fond eyes.' The piano accompaniment provides a rhythmic and harmonic foundation for the vocal line.

Put round the bright wine for my bo-som is gay The

night may have sun shine as well as the day Oh welcome the hours when gay

visions a-rise, To melt my kind spi-rit and charm my fond eyes.

When wine to my head can its wisdom impart And Love has its promise to

make to my heart When dim in far shade sink the Spectres of care And I

tread a bright world with a footstep of air.

Violino

cres - - -

cres - - -

p 8^{va} - - -

p

I AM BOW'D DOWN WITH YEARS

Nº 44.

*Andantino**con moto*

Piano introduction in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. Dynamics range from *p* (piano) to *f/p* (fortissimo/piano).

Vocal line: I am bow'd down with years and fast flow my tears But I
Piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line.

Vocal line: wan - der I mourn not your pity to win 'Tis not age want or care I could
Piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

Vocal line: po - ver - ty bear 'Tis the shame of my heart that is breaking with - in.
Piano accompaniment continues. A *cres* (crescendo) marking is present at the end of the line.

Canto
Thou art bow'd down with years and
Tenor an octave lower
Thou art bow'd down with years and
Bass
Thou art bow'd down with years and
Piano accompaniment for the chorus, featuring a more complex rhythmic pattern with triplets and sixteenth notes. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

fast flow thy tears But why dost thou wan - - der no

fast flow thy tears But why dost thou wan - - der no

fast flow thy tears But why dost thou wan - - der no

pi - - ty to win Were it age were it care We could soothe we could

pi - - ty to win Were it age were it care We could soothe we could

pi - - ty to win Were it age were it care We could soothe we could

share But what is the shame thy sad bo - - som within.

share But what is the shame thy sad bo - - som within.

share But what is the shame thy sad bo - - som within.

cres *p* *Sempre Piano*

I am bow'd down with Years.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

The Name and Parentage of this Air not being well ascertained, the Editor takes leave to call it

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.—(No. 44.)

I AM bow'd down with years,
And fast flow my tears,
But I wander, I mourn not, your pity to win :
'Tis not age, want, or care,
I could poverty bear—
'Tis the shame of my heart that is breaking within.

CHORUS.—Thou art bow'd down with years,
And fast flow thy tears,
But why dost thou wander no pity to win ?
Were it age, were it care,
We could soothe, we could share—
But what is the shame thy sad bosom within ?

Oh, if thou should'st hear—
From splendour's high sphere—
The sorrow, the tale, which these notes may convey !
Think, think, of past hours,
Thy dear native bowers,
And turn not, my love, from thy father away.

CHORUS.—'Tis from Erin so dear,
The lay that we hear,
Then welcome the minstrel, and welcome the lay :
But where are the bowers,
And what are the hours,
And where is the daughter that wander'd away ?

What peace hast thou known,
Since from me thou hast flown !
And, Eveleen, think but how wretched am I !
Oh let me but live,
Thy fault to forgive,
Again let me love thee, and bless thee, and die !

CHORUS.—Oh cease then thy song,
She has languished too long ;
She hoped not thy smile of forgiveness to see :
She sunk at the word,
Thy voice when she heard,
And she lives (if she lives,) but for virtue and thee.

'Tis Sunshine at Last, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

AIR, (No. 45.)—MOLL ROONE.

'Tis sunshine at last—come, my ELLEN, sit near me,
 And twine me these roses—we sorrow no more ;
 Come taste of my cup, while it sparkles to cheer me,
 The cup that I fill, now the tempest is o'er.
 Oh ! not that my mirth, with unhallowed intrusion,
 Would thy gentle mind to rude transport beguile,
 But catch from my bowl one fond passing illusion,
 And crown my gay heart with thy sympathy's smile.

Come taste of my cup—for 'till Ellen shall share it,
 In vain are the roses—in vain is the wine :
 Past sorrow shall sweeten, and love shall prepare it,
 For forms that are softer and finer like thine.
 Bright beams a new world, and sweet visions break o'er us,
 And as landscapes are fresher when past are the show'rs,
 So richer the bliss and the gay hopes before us—
 For where are the hearts that have sorrow'd like ours.

Oh ! ever, my love, must I think of that season,
 When, friendless, we mingled our terrors and sighs ;
 And how had I failed, in the night of my reason,
 Had comfort not beam'd from thine eloquent eyes.
 Take the glass that I fill, take the homage I render :
 No riot shall break the soft dreams of the soul ;
 Around us shall breathe an Elysium more tender,
 And finer enchantment be waked from my bowl.

'TIS SUNSHINE AT LAST.

N^o 45.*Allegretto**grazioso*

p dol:

'Tis Sunshine at last come my El-len sit near me And twine me these roses; we sorrow no more

Come taste of my cup while it sparkles to cheer me The cup that I fill now the

tempest is o'er Oh not that my mirth with un-hallow'd in-trusion Would thy gentle

Ped:

mind to rude tranport beg-ile But catch from my bowl one fond passing il-lusion And crown my gay heart with thy

Sympathy's smile.

sf sf

OH! WHO MY DEAR DERMOT. &c.

N^o 46.

Andante.

Violino

Pizz

Oh

The first system of the musical score is for the Violino. It features a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Andante.' and the time signature is 3/4. The melody begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note. A 'Pizz' (pizzicato) instruction is placed above the staff. The system concludes with the word 'Oh'.

who my dear Dermot has dar'd to de - ceive thee? And what's the dis - - honour this

The second system of the musical score continues the melody. It features a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Andante.' and the time signature is 3/4. The melody begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note. The system concludes with the words 'who my dear Dermot has dar'd to de - ceive thee? And what's the dis - - honour this'.

gold is to buy? Back, back to thy tempter or

The third system of the musical score continues the melody. It features a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Andante.' and the time signature is 3/4. The melody begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note. The system concludes with the words 'gold is to buy? Back, back to thy tempter or'.

No - rah shall leave thee To hide her in woods and in de - serts to die.

The fourth system of the musical score continues the melody. It features a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Andante.' and the time signature is 3/4. The melody begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note. The system concludes with the words 'No - rah shall leave thee To hide her in woods and in de - serts to die.'

Pizz

Ped Ped Ped Ped Ped

p/p

The fifth system of the musical score continues the melody. It features a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Andante.' and the time signature is 3/4. The melody begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note. The system concludes with the words 'Pizz', 'Ped Ped Ped Ped Ped', and '*p/p*'.

Oh! who, my dear Dermot, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

AIR, (No. 46.)—CROOGHAN A VENEE.

OH! who, my dear Dermot, has dared to deceive thee,
And what's the dishonour this gold is to buy?
Back,—back to thy tempter,—or Norah shall leave thee,
To hide her in woods, and in desarts to die.

Tho' poor, we are honest, and will not this cheer us,
Thy sire and thy grandsire have ask'd for no more;
And shame with its shadow has never come near us
To shut out the sun from our cabin before.

Oh look at yon lark, where the sky shines so brightly,
Say why does it carol its echoing lay:
Is't singing so gaily, and mounting so lightly,
Because it finds gold in the dawn of the day?

Oh! Dermot, thy heart is with agony swelling,
For once it was honest, and honour its law—
An Irishman thou, and have bribes in thy dwelling!
Back, back to thy tempter,—go,—Erin go Bragh.

The pulse of an Irishman ever beats quicker.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.

AIR, (No. 47.)—SAINT PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING.

THE pulse of an Irishman ever beats quicker
When war is the story, or love is the theme;
And place him where bullets fly thicker and thicker,
You'll find him all cowardice scorning.
And tho' a ball should maim poor Darby,
Light at the heart he rallies on,
 " Fortune is cruel,
 " But Norah my jewel
 " Is kind, and with smiling
 " My sorrow beguiling,
" Shall bid from our cabin all care to be gone;
 " And how they will jig it,
 " And tug at the spigot
" On Patrick's day in the morning."

O blest be the land in the wide western waters,
Sweet Erin, lov'd Erin, the pride of my song,
Still brave be the sons, and still fair be the daughters
 Thy meads and thy mountains adorning!
And tho' the eastern sun seems tardy,
Tho' the pure light of knowledge slow,
 Night and delusion,
 And darkling confusion,
 Like mists from the river
 Shall vanish for ever,
And true Irish hearts with warm loyalty glow;
 And proud exultation
 Burst forth from the nation
On Patrick's day in the morning.

THE PULSE OF AN IRISHMAN.

Nº 47.
*Allegretto
 scherzando.*

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked *Allegretto scherzando*. It begins with a treble clef staff containing a series of eighth-note runs, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic and ending with a crescendo (*cres*) marking. The bass clef staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The pulse of an I_rishman e_ver beats quicker, When

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The melody begins with a half rest followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the bass line.

war is the sto_ry or love is the theme And place him where bullets fly

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first system.

thicker and thicker You'll find him all cowardice scorn_ing And tho' a ball should

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes a diamond-shaped ornament under the word 'scorn_ing'. The piano accompaniment continues with its harmonic support.

maim poor Dar_by Light at the heart he ral_lies on Fortune is cruel But

The fourth system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment on this page. The vocal line ends with a half note. The piano accompaniment continues with its harmonic support.

No-rah my jew-el is kind and with smiling, All sorrow be-guiling, shall

bid from our ca bin all care to be gone And how they will jig it and

tug at the spi-got, on Pa-trick's day in the morn-ing

p *cres.* *ff* *f*

PADDY O'RAFFERTY.

Nº 48. *Violino*

Vivace scherzando

p *cres* *f/p*

Paddy O'Raffer-ty,

merry and vi - go - rous laugh'd at his lot, tho' 'twas some what too ri - gor - ous

f

Poor was his prize from the wheel of life's lot - te - ry Turning the wheel in old

f/p

Den - nis Keogh's potte - ry Still he kept turning and still the clay ta - per - ing

Grew a black pot to hold ink for white pa-per in, Sometimes a brown jar to

cres?

hold a small pension in. Sometimes faith something not worth a word's mentioning

p f sf

Violino

dim p/p cres

dim

f

Paddy O'Rafferty.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.

AIR, (No. 48.)—PADDY O'RAFFERTY.

PADDY O'RAFFERTY, merry and vigorous,
 Laugh'd at his lot, tho' 'twas somewhat too rigorous ;
 Poor was his prize from the wheel of life's lottery,
 Turning the wheel in old Dennis Keogh's pottery.
 Still he kept turning, and still the clay tapering,
 Grew a black pot to hold ink for white paper in,
 Sometimes a brown jar to hoard a small pension in,
 Sometimes, faith, something not worth a word's mentioning.

Arrah, quoth Paddy, and so goes the round about,
 So come those fortunes they make such a sound about,
 Some in their save-alls their thousands are gathering,
 Some from these ink-pots great families fathering.
 So Mister Keogh I no longer will stay with ye,
 Luck whispers Paddy, take heart and away with ye;
 Stout are your limbs, a good countenance carrying,
 Why should not Paddy catch money by marrying.

Pat took the hint and gambol'd like a mountebank,
 Small were his dealings with town or with county bank,
 Short his accounts were, and no need of docqueting,
 Light was his money bag, easy in pocketing.
 Up with his bundle, his trusty stick shouldering,
 Let them, quoth Pat, stay at home and be mouldering ;
 But a smooth shilling I'd willingly *now* wager,
 Paddy O'Rafferty hooks an old dowager.

Oh! would I were but that sweet Linnet.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

AIR, (No. 49.)—THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING THE COWS.

OH! would I were but that sweet linnet!—
That I had my apple tree too!
Could sit all the sunny day on it,
With nothing but singing to do!
I'm weary with toiling and spinning;
And Dermot I never can see,—
Nor sure am I Dermot of winning,—
There's never good luck for poor me!

Quite set was my heart all the Sunday
On going to Killaloe fair,—
So my father fell ill on the Monday,
And, look ye,—I could not be there.
And it was not the fair that I minded,
For there was I Dermot to see;
But I'm always before or behind it,
And there's never good luck for poor me.

I tried with my sweetest behaviour
To tell our good priest my distress;
And ask'd him to speak in my favour,
When Dermot came next to confess.
But he said I was but a beginner,
And from love and temptation must flee!
So if love will but make me a sinner,
There's never good luck for poor me.

Ye Saints, with the Virgin! believe me,
I join with the priest in your praise!
Contrive but my Dermot to give me,
And I'll love you—the length of my days.
In vain would they bid me be wiser,
And never my Dermot to see,—
Bad luck to advice and adviser!
Good luck! to dear Dermot and me.

Nº 49.
Andant.^o
grazioso.

Nº 49.
Andant.^o
grazioso.

Oh! would I were but that sweet Linnet, That I had my ap-ple tree too Could
sit all the sun-ny day on it With nothing but singing to do I'm
wea-ry with toiling and spinning And Dermot I ne-ver can see Nor
sure am I Dermot of winning There's never good luck for poor me.

'TIS BUT IN VAIN FOR NOTHING THRIVES.

N^o. 50.

Andante
espressivo

Violino

p

Ped

Ped

A tempo

ritar: pp

p

Cres

Non troppo presto

Cres - - p

pp

Cres

p

Cres

p

Cres

Violino

p

Cres

p

Ped

Ped

ritar: pp

ritar: pp

pp

pp

I forsake him too.

'Tis but in vain for no-thing thrives, Where

Dermot has to do - - - - - Ill Fortune seems how-e'er he strives, His

footsteps to pur-sue But one by one when friends are gone, Must

'Tis but in vain,—for nothing thrives.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

AIR, (No. 50.)—THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

'Tis but in vain,—for nothing thrives
Where Dermot has to do,—
Ill fortune seems, howe'er he strives,
His footsteps to pursue!
But one by one, when friends are gone,
Must I forsake him too.

O poverty! full sure thou art
A foe the most unkind;
And weary, weary is the heart
That feels thee still behind.
But one by one, when friends are gone,
Must I forsake him too.

I would my Lord could only see,
(For little can he know,)
How cruel can the Driver be,*
How sad my Dermot's woe.
But one by one, when friends are gone,
Must I forsake him too.

Next month he sails to find a home
Beyond the western tide;
And heav'n knows where he means to roam,
His houseless head to hide.
But one by one, when friends are gone,
Must I forsake him too.

My father says he cannot part,
And shews his hair so grey,—
My mother's tears,—I see them start,
When thinking of the day.
But one by one, when friends are gone,
Must I forsake him too.

Oh! breathe it not thou passing wind,
I tell it thee alone,
My Dermot is not always kind—
He breaks my heart, I own.
But one by one, when friends are gone,
Must I forsake him too.

* The Driver is a character but too well known in Ireland,—the man who drives off the cattle for sale, when a distress is taken out for payment of rent.

Save me from the Grave and Wise.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 51.)—NORA CREINA.

SAVE me from the grave and wise,
For vainly would I tax my spirit,
Be the thing that I despise,
And rival all their stupid merit.
On!—my careless laughing heart,
O dearest Fancy let me find thee,
Let me but from sorrow part,
And leave this moping world behind me.

CHORUS.—Speak ye wiser than the wise,
Breathe aloud your welcome measure,
Youthful fancy well can prize
The words that counsel Love and Pleasure.

Is it merry look, or speech,
Or bounding step that thus displeases?
Go and graver movements teach
To yon light goss'mer on the breezes :
Go where breathes the opening spring,
And chide the flowers for gaily blowing,
Tell the linnet not to sing
In jocund May, when noon is glowing.

CHORUS.—Speak ye wiser, &c.

Hence with wisdom, dull and drear,
And welcome folly at a venture :
Cease my song,—a sound I hear,—
The planxty comes—the dancers enter.
In yon throng, if I should see
Some gallant, giddy, gay adviser,
Who through life might counsel me,
He indeed might make me wiser.

CHORUS.—Speak ye wiser, &c.

SAVE ME FROM THE GRAVE AND WISE.

Nº 51.

*illegretto
con
anima.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked 'illegretto con anima'. The introduction features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a rhythmic accompaniment. Dynamics include 'cres.' and 'p'. The main melody is in the treble staff, with lyrics written below it. The piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Save me from the grave and wise For vain-ly would I tax my Spi-rit Be the thing that I despise And ri-val all their stu-pid me-rit On my care-less laugh-ing heart O dear-est Fan-cy let me find thee Let me but from sor-row part And leave this mop-ing World be-hind me'. The score ends with a final cadence in the piano accompaniment.

Save me from the grave and wise For vain-ly would I

tax my Spi-rit Be the thing that I despise And ri-val all their stu-pid me-rit

On my care-less laugh-ing heart O dear-est Fan-cy let me find thee

Let me but from sor-row part And leave this mop-ing World be-hind me

Chorus

Soprano
Speak ye wis - er than the wise Breathe a - loud your wel - come measure

Tenor
Speak ye wis - er than the wise Breathe a - loud your wel - come measure

Basso
Speak ye wis - er than the wise Breathe a - loud your wel - come measure

Youth - ful Fan - cy well can prize The words that coun - sel love and plea - sure

Youth - ful Fan - cy well can prize The words that coun - sel love and plea - sure

Youth - ful Fan - cy well can prize The words that coun - sel love and plea - sure

cres

Nº 52.

A HEALTH TO THE BRAVE.

Duetto
Macstoso
con moto
e spirito

The musical score is written for a vocal duet and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in E-flat major, 2/4 time, marked *p*. The introduction consists of two staves of piano accompaniment. The first system of the vocal duet features two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "A health to the brave in fields a - far Sweet". The second system of the vocal duet features two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Free - dom's foes as - sail - - ing And". The third system of the vocal duet features two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "high the cho - ral bur - den bear, Their names with honours hail - - ing". The fourth system of the vocal duet features two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "high the cho - ral bur - den bear, Their names with honours hail - - ing". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) and includes dynamic markings such as *p*, *cres*, and *And*.

What meed awaits the fal - len brave? A

What meed awaits the fal - len brave? A

The first system of the musical score consists of two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are "What meed awaits the fal - len brave? A".

Na - tion's tears to dew them And

Na - tion's tears to dew them And

The second system of the musical score continues with two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "Na - tion's tears to dew them And".

Bards the bloom - ing flow'rs to weave And vir - gin hands to strew them

Bards the bloom - ing flow'rs to weave And vir - gin hands to strew them

The third system of the musical score continues with two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "Bards the bloom - ing flow'rs to weave And vir - gin hands to strew them".

p *pp* *f*

The fourth system of the musical score continues with two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "Bards the bloom - ing flow'rs to weave And vir - gin hands to strew them". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings: *p*, *pp*, and *f*.

A Health to the Brave.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By JOHN F. M. DOVASTON, Esq.

AIR, (No. 52.)—THE RED FOX.

A health to the brave, in fields afar
 Sweet Freedom's foes assailing ;
 And high the choral burden bear,
 Their names with honours hailing.
 What meed awaits the fallen brave ?
 A nation's tears to dew them,
 And bards the blooming flowers to weave,
 And virgin hands to strew them.

But what their meed to whom return
 In triumph's car is granted ?—
 Beside their comrade's laurel'd urn,
 To see the olive planted.
 To hear the good, the great, the fair,
 Rich notes of rapture pealing;
 That high the choral burden bear,
 Their names with honours hailing.

He promised me at Parting.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 53.)—KILLEAVY.

HE promis'd me at parting,
To meet me at the spring time here ;
Yet see yon roses blooming,
The blossoms how they disappear.
Return, my dearest Dermot !
Or sure the spring will soon be o'er ;
Fair long have blown the breezes,
Oh ! when shall I see thee more.

He went to look for treasures,
They're found they say in London town ;
And 'tis for me he means them,
Both golden store and silken gown.
I want but *thee*, my Dermot !
Nor silken gown, nor golden store ;—
Fair long have blown the breezes,
Oh ! when shall I see thee more.

No longer have I pleasure,
Nor at the wake, nor merry fair,—
They mock me at the bridal,—
And why indeed is Norah there !
I sit as if I heard not
The planxty I so lov'd before,—
Fair long have blown the breezes,
Oh ! when shall I see thee more.

Why go to that great city,
Oh why so far from Norah roam,
Return to those that love thee,
There's little love so far from home.
Thou art not faithless, Dermot,
Yet sure the spring is almost o'er,—
Fair long have blown the breezes,
Oh ! when shall I see thee more.

HE PROMIS'D ME AT PARTING.

Nº 53.

Allegretto.

Violino

piz: 8^{va} loco

He promis'd me at part - - ing to meet me at the

Springtime here Yet see yon roses bloom - ing, The blossoms how they dis - ap - pear Re -

- turn my dearest Der - mot, Or sure the Spring will soon be o'er Fair fair have blown the

bree - - zes Oh when shall I see thee more. piz: Basso Violino 8^{va}

cres: p

Basso Violino loco Basso 8^{va}

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Allegretto.' and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 2/4. The piano accompaniment features a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand. The vocal line is written in a single staff with lyrics. The score is divided into several systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves. The piano part includes various markings such as 'piz:' (pizzicato), '8^{va}' (octave), 'loco', 'cres:' (crescendo), and 'p' (piano). The lyrics are: 'He promis'd me at part - - ing to meet me at the Springtime here Yet see yon roses bloom - ing, The blossoms how they dis - ap - pear Re - - turn my dearest Der - mot, Or sure the Spring will soon be o'er Fair fair have blown the bree - - zes Oh when shall I see thee more.' The score ends with a double bar line.

O MIGHT I BUT MY PATRICK LOVE.

Nº 54.

*Andante
con molto
espressione.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part features a complex, flowing accompaniment with many triplets and sixteenth notes. Performance markings include *Ped.* (pedal), *cres* (crescendo), *p* (piano), *dim:* (diminuendo), and *pp* (pianissimo).

O might I but my Patrick love My motherscolds se-
 vere - ly And tells me I shall wretched prove Because I love him dearly, In vain she rates me o'er and o'er With
 lessons cold and end - less It on - ly makes me love him more To find him poor and friendless Oh Patrick
 fly from me Oh I am lost for e - ver Oh Fortune kinder be Northustwo Lovers sever.

O might I but my Patrick love.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

AIR, (No. 54.)—*Communicated without a name to the Editor.*

O might I but my Patrick love !
My mother scolds severely,
And tells me I shall wretched prove,
Because I love him dearly !
In vain she rates me o'er and o'er
With lessons cold and endless;
It only makes me love him more,
To find him poor and friendless.
Oh ! Patrick, fly from me,
Or I am lost for ever—
Oh ! Fortune kinder be,
Nor thus two Lovers sever.

What bliss, to me my Patrick cries,
In splendour and in riches ?
He says, we love too little prize,
That gold too much bewitches !
More blest the lark, tho' hard its doom
Whene'er the winter rages,
Than birds, he says, of finer plume,
That mope in gilded cages.
Oh ! Patrick fly from me, &c.

He tells me when the bosom's warm,
We mock the storm that's blowing,
That honest hearts can take no harm
Tho' hard the world be going.
He says,—ah me ! I'm sore afraid
Lest I from duty falter ;
I wish he could as soon persuade
The mother as the daughter.
Oh ! Patrick fly from me, &c.

Come, Darby dear, easy,—be easy!

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 55.)—KATE KEARNEY.

COME, Darby dear! easy—be easy,
So be sure, and it may not well please ye;
 But she's gone, as I said,
 With young Pat to be wed,
And in vain will we fret, 'till we're crazy.
And troth! he's a proper fine creature,
Of mighty good figure and feature,
 And our daughter Kitty,
 Why she's young and pretty—
O Darby dear! is it not nature?

They're tied before this, never fear them,
So love and good luck ever cheer them,
 And faith in a crack
 They'll be all coming back—
By the Virgin!—the Piper!—I hear them.
And it was, and it is always thus now,
So no longer be making a fuss now:
 Cross words and uncivil
 Och, pitch to the devil!
And give your old woman a buss now.

COME DARBY DEAR EASY BE EASY.

Nº 55.
Allegretto
scherzando.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in D major, 6/8 time, marked *Allegretto scherzando*. The introduction features a melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand, with dynamics *p* and *f*. The vocal entry occurs at the second measure of the first system, with the lyrics "Come Dar-by dear ea-sy be ea-sy To be sure and it may not well". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern. The second system of the vocal part begins with "please ye But she's gone as I said with young Pat to bewed And in vain will we fret 'till we're". The piano accompaniment features a *sf* (sforzando) dynamic at the start of the second measure. The third system of the vocal part begins with "cra-zy And troth he's a proper fine crea-ture Of mighty good figure and feature And". The piano accompaniment continues with a *sf* dynamic. The fourth system of the vocal part begins with "our daughter Kitty Why she's young and pretty Oh Dar-by dear is it not Na-ture?". The piano accompaniment continues with a *sf* dynamic. The score concludes with a piano solo section featuring a *cres* (crescendo) marking, followed by a final chord marked *f*, *p*, and *pp*.

Come Dar-by dear ea-sy be ea-sy To be sure and it may not well

please ye But she's gone as I said with young Pat to bewed And in vain will we fret 'till we're

cra-zy And troth he's a proper fine crea-ture Of mighty good figure and feature And

our daughter Kitty Why she's young and pretty Oh Dar-by dear is it not Na-ture?

cres *f* *p* *pp*

THE PIPER WHO SAT &c

Nº 56.

Andante espressivo

Violino

p *cres:*

p *dol:* *cres:*

The Pi - per who sat on his low mossy seat And

piped to the youngsters so shrill and so sweet The far distant hum of the

chil - dren at play And the Maidens soft carol at the close of the day

The musical score is written for Violino and piano. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the mood is 'espressivo'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score consists of six systems of music. The first system shows the Violino and piano staves with dynamics *p* and *cres:*. The second system includes the lyrics 'The Pi - per who sat on his low mossy seat And' and features piano dynamics *p*, *cres*, and *p*. The third system continues the lyrics 'piped to the youngsters so shrill and so sweet The far distant hum of the' and includes piano dynamics *cres*, *p*, and *cres*. The fourth system has the lyrics 'chil - dren at play And the Maidens soft carol at the close of the day' and features piano dynamics *cres* and *p*. The fifth and sixth systems are instrumental, with the piano part featuring a prominent arpeggiated accompaniment.

The Soldier in a foreign land.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By JOANNA BAILLIE.

AIR, (No. 56.)—THE BROWN MAID.

THE Piper who sat on his low mossy seat,
And piped to the youngsters so shrill and so sweet ;
The far distant hum of the children at play,
And the maiden's soft carol at close of the day.

Ah ! this was the music delighted my ear,
And to think of it now is so sad and so dear !
Ah ! to listen at ease by my own cottage door,
To the sound of my own native village once more !

I knew ev'ry dame in her holiday airs,
I knew ev'ry maiden that danc'd at our fairs ;
I knew ev'ry farmer to market who came,
And the dog that ran after him call'd by its name.

And who know I now, in this far foreign land,
But the stiff-collar'd sergeant, the trim coated band ?
No kinsman to comfort his own flesh and blood,
Nor merry ey'd damsel to do my heart good.

To my sight, or my ear, no gay cheering doth come,
But the flare of our colours, the tuck of our drum ;
The fierce flashing steel of our long muster'd file,
And the sharp dinning fifer that playeth the while.

At night as I keep on the wearisome watch,
The sound of the west wind I greedily catch,
And the shores of dear Ireland then rise to my sight,
And my own native valley, that spot of delight.

Divided so far by a wide stormy main,
Shall I ever return to our valley again ?
Ah ! to listen at ease by my own cottage door,
To the sound of my own native village once more !

No more, my Mary, I sigh for Splendour.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMITH, Esq.

AIR, (No. 57.)—THE BROWN THORN.

No more, my Mary, I sigh for splendour,
And riot's joys no longer prize:
On thee I muse in visions tender,
Or gaze on thy fond eyes.
Oh! not the sages
With pedant pages,
'Tis thy soft smiles have made me wise.

For life's delusions of joy had reft me;
With sated heart I turn'd to pine—
A faded world I thought was left me,
Tho' all its pleasures mine.
Oh! hours of folly!
Of melancholy!
How chang'd for bliss,—for love like thine.

NO MORE MY MARY I SIGH FOR SPLENDOR.

N^o 57.

*Andante
grazioso*

Violino

p

Cres

Cres

No more my Ma - ry I sigh for splen - dor And Riot's joys no longer

prize On thee I muse in - visions ten - der, Or gaze on thy fond

eyes Oh! not the Sages with pedant pag - es 'Tis thy soft smiles have made me

wise.

Dol

Violino

JUDY LOVELY MATCHLESS CREATURE.

Nº 58

*Andantº**quasi**Allegretto*

Sempre dolce

p dolce

JU - DY love - ly matchless creature Beauty shines thro' ev' - ry fea - ture Like yon

light the pride of na - ture Thro' the morning dew - - - - - Come then to your

Patrick's dwelling All a - round the buds are swelling Ev - - ry lit - - tle linnet's

tell - ing 'Tis the time to woo - - - - -

p dol.

cres

dol: cres dim: ped pp

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Andantº quasi Allegretto'. The piano part features a continuous accompaniment of eighth notes in the right hand and a more rhythmic pattern in the left hand. The voice part consists of a single melodic line. The lyrics are: 'JU - DY love - ly matchless creature Beauty shines thro' ev' - ry fea - ture Like yon light the pride of na - ture Thro' the morning dew - - - - - Come then to your Patrick's dwelling All a - round the buds are swelling Ev - - ry lit - - tle linnet's tell - ing 'Tis the time to woo - - - - -'. The score includes various musical markings such as 'Sempre dolce', 'p dolce', 'cres', 'dol.', 'dol:', 'cres', 'dim:', and 'ped pp'. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Judy, lovely, matchless Creature.

RUSTIC COURTSHIP.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 58.)—SLAUNT RI PLULIB.

JUDY, lovely, matchless creature,
 Beauty shines thro' ev'ry feature,
 Like yon light, the pride of nature,
 Thro' the morning dew.
 Come, then, to your Patrick's dwelling;
 All around the buds are swelling,
 Ev'ry little linnet's telling
 'Tis the time to woo.

Dame O'Flyn, sweet Judy's mother,
 Would you bid me passion smother!
 Sure I'll speak as well's another,
 Tho' poor Pat O'Doyle.
 Love within my breast is teasing,
 Were I dumb—'twould be amazing;
 Sooner, when the coals are blazing,
 Bid your pot not boil.

Thy Ship must sail, my Henry dear.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

AIR, (No. 59.)—*The name unknown to the Editor.*

Thy ship must sail, my Henry dear,
Fast comes the day, too soon, too sure;
And I, for one long tedious year,
Must learn thy absence to endure.
Come let me by my pencil's aid
Arrest thy image ere it flies;
And like the fond Corinthian maid,
Thus win from Art what Fate denies.

And I will hang with fondness warm
O'er all that there I pictur'd see;
To others but a mimic form,—
But oh! my life, my love to me.
Or let me sing the song so dear,
The song that told thy bosom's fire,
When first, our favourite willows near,
I bade thee wake thy ready lyre.

Yes, o'er and o'er, I'll sing and play
The song beneath those willow trees,
When thou, alas! art far away,
And nought but thoughts of thee can please.
Dear sister Arts! of power divine,
To soothe the heart when cheerless found,
And near, with moon-light gleam to shine,
When all the world is darkness round.

THY SHIP MUST SAIL MY HENRY DEAR

Nº 59.

*Andantino
con
espressione*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in C major, 4/4 time, marked 'Andantino con espressione'. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand. The voice part enters with the first line of the song. The lyrics are: 'Thy ship must sail my Henry dear Fast comes the day too soon too sure And I for one long tedious year must learn thy absence to endure. Come let me by my pen-cil's aid Ar-rest thy i-mage as it flies And like the fond Co-rin-thian maid Thus win from Art what Fate de-nies'. The score includes various dynamic markings such as *p*, *f*, *p/p*, *cres*, and *dimin.* The piano accompaniment is highly detailed with many ornaments and trills, particularly in the right hand.

Thy ship must sail my Henry dear Fast comes the day too
soon too sure And I for one long tedious year must learn thy absence to endure.
Come let me by my pen-cil's aid Ar-rest thy i-mage as it flies And like the
fond Co-rin-thian maid Thus win from Art what Fate de-nies

O ERIN TO THY HARP DIVINE.

Nº 60.

*Andant^o
grazioso*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 6/8 time, marked *Andant^o grazioso*. The introduction features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand, with dynamic markings *p* and *pp*.

The vocal entry begins with the lyrics: "O E_rin to thy Harpdivine I bid a - - diu Yet let me now its". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady harmonic pattern, marked *cres* and *p*.

The next line of the song is: "sounds re_sign with ho - - mage due. Thy gen'rous Sons that know not fear Their". The piano accompaniment features a *cres.* marking and a *p* marking.

The following line is: "feelings, ge_nius, fire Oh blest be all but E_rin dear Be blest thy". The piano accompaniment includes a *cres* marking and a *p* marking.

The final line of the song is: "Lyre. Oh blest be all but E_rin dear Be blest thy Lyre.". The piano accompaniment features a *cres* marking and a *p* marking.

The score concludes with a final piano flourish in the right hand, marked *ped*.

The Farewell Song.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 60.) THE OLD WOMAN.

O ERIN! to thy harp divine
 I bid adieu :
 Yet let me now its songs resign
 With homage due.
 Thy generous sons, that know not fear,
 Their feelings, genius, fire :
 Oh blest be all !—But, Erin dear,
 Be blest thy lyre.

Oh where the heart that would not bound
 With answering beat,
 To hear thy Planxty's dancing sound,
 And numbers sweet.
 And where the heart that sinks not low,
 And musing melts away,
 To hear thy harp's deep lonely flow,
 When mourns the lay.

No toil can e'er such sweets supply,—
 No chymic power,
 As brings the bee, with honied thigh,
 From wild heath-flower :
 And Science, that could wake the strings
 To chords of rapture high,
 May envy, while she smiling sings
 Thy minstrelsy.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by John Mole,

FOR THE PROPRIETOR, GEORGE THOMSON,
 TRUSTEES' OFFICE.

1816