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SONGS OF ERIN

A Collection of
FIFTY IRISH FOLK SONGS

The Words by
ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

The Music Arranged by
CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD.

OP. 76.

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TO
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
QUEEN VICTORIA

This Volume of Irish Songs
IS
(by permission)

DEDICATED BY
HER MAJESTY'S
LOYAL AND DEVOTED
SUBJECT AND SERVANT
CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD.

November 1900.

HAEC HIBERNIAE TUAE CARMINA
QUAE TIBI DEDICARI IUSSERAS
NON IAM TIBI
SED MEMORIAE TUAE CUM LACRIMIS
CONSECRANTUR

SONGS OF ERIN.

THE FIFTY IRISH SONGS which compose this book are almost entirely drawn from the unpublished portion of the great Petrie Collection of the music of Ireland, which is about to be issued by Messrs. BOOSEY on behalf of the Irish Literary Society of London. They fairly represent the three divisions of music recognised by the ancient Irish:—**The Gauntree**, which was provocative of mirth and frolic and excited spirits as exhibited in the jig and reel tunes, songs of occupation and quick-step marches: **The Golltree** or sorrowful music, to be found in its lamentations and sadder love songs; and **The Soontree** or sleep-disposing tunes, illustrated by the lullabies and fairy slumber songs.

Some of the Lyrics are adaptations from the early or mediæval Gaelic, a few others are based upon Hiberno-English folk songs, but the main body of them are original, though care has been taken to write them in characteristic Irish metres, not a few of which are now thus employed for the first time in connection with music.



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THE SONG OF THE ROSE.

The Rose of Spring forth venturing
Too soon to trust the zephyr with her worth,
Her crimson smiles and fragrant wiles
May waste instead upon the piercing North.
For balmy blisses, his icy kisses
Fall fast and faster upon her head;
While, one by one, with woe foredone,
She weeps, and weeps away her petals red.

Ye maidens fair, now have a care
How ye too dare that stricken rose's fate!
O, bide in bud, lest frost and flood
Mar your sweet beauties with as sudden hate.
For she who grieves that her gay leaves
Unfold not sooner in the Summer sun,
And tempts her fate, shall find too late
Love over-rash may into ruin run.

THE SONG OF THE ROSE.

Andante moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. The Rose of Spring forth ven - tur - ing Too soon to

trust the ze-phyr with her worth, Her crim-son smiles and fra-grant

cresc.

wiles May waste in - stead up - on the piercing North. For balm - y

bliss-es, his i-cy kiss-es Fall fast and fast-er up-on her

head; While, one by one, with woe fore-done, She weeps and

weeps a-way her pe-tals red.

2. Ye mai-dens

fair, now have a care How ye too dare that stricken ro-se's

cresc.

fate! O, bide in bud, — lest frost and flood Mar your sweet

beau - ties with as sud - den hate. For she who grieves — that her gay

leaves — Un - fold not soon - er in the sum - mer sun, And tempts her

fate, shall find too late Love — o - ver - rash may in - to ru - in

run.

mf *p*

THE ONLY ONE FOR ME.

My love she is far sweeter
Than any flower that blows,
Her little ear's a lily
Her velvet cheek a rose;
Her locks like gillygowans
Hang golden to her knee.
Of all the girls in Ireland,
She's the only one for me.

Her eyes are fond forget-me-nots,
And no such snow is seen
Upon the heaving hawthorn bush
As crests her bodice green.
The thrushes when she's talking
Sit listening on the tree,
Oh were I King of Ireland,
She's the only Queen for me.

Founded on an old song.

THE ONLY ONE FOR ME.

(Air — The only King.)

Allegretto vivace.

mf
My

love she is far sweet - er Than a - ny flow'r that blows! Her

pp
lit - tle ear's a li - - ly, Her vel - vet cheek a rose, Her

cresc. *rall.* *f*
locks like gil - li - - gow - ans Hang gol - den to her knee. Of

colla voce *mf*

a tempo *mp*

all the girls in Ire - - land She's the on - ly one for

p

me.

Her eyes are fond for - - get - me - nots, And

pp

no such snow is seen Up - on the heav - ing haw - thorn bush As

crests her bod - - dice green. The thrush - es, when she's

pp

pp

talk - - ing, Sit list' - ning on the tree. Oh

rall.

colla parte

f Più

were I King of Ire - - land, She's the on - ly Queen for

lento.

me.

a tempo

p

f

CHANGING HER MIND.

As I rowled on my side-car to Santry Fair,
 I chanced round a corner on Rose Adair,
 Her shoes in her hands, as she took the track,
 And a fowl in a basket upon her back.
 "Step up Miss Rose! Och that bird's luck,
 Attendin' the fair as Rose's duck,
 As Rose's duck, as Rose's duck!"
 "No! Shawn Magee, the bird's a goose,
 And to travel with two, there's no sort of use."

I couldn't but laugh, though I'd had it hot,
 But I fired, as I passed her, one partin' shot.
 "The poor second gander that got the worst,"
 Says I, "must leave Rose to mind the first.
 The creature must fly and boldly try
 To seem a swan in some girl's eye,
 Some other girl's eye, some other girl's eye.
 Good day to you, Rose, for I'd best push on,
 And perhaps at the fair I'll prove some girl's swan."

But hardly a furlong away I'd flown,
 When plainly behind me I heard her moan.
 In a breath I was back, where she limped forlorn,
 With her purty foot pierced by a thumpin' thorn.
 With one soft squeeze I gave her ease;
 Then turning kind, says she, "I find
 I'm changing my mind,-I've changed my mind."
 "Change more," says I. "What's that?" says she.
 "Your name to mine. Be Rose Magee!"

CHANGING HER MIND.

Allegretto.

1. As I rowled on my car to San - try Fair, I
 2. I could - n't but laugh, tho' I'd had it hot, But I

chanced round a cor - ner on Rose A - dair, Her shoes in her hands as she
 fired, as I passed her, a part - ing shot. "The poor se - cond gan - der that

took the track And a fowl in a bas - ket up - on her back. "Step
 got the worst?" Says I, "must lave Rose to en - joy the first. The

up, Miss Rose! That bird's in luck At - tend - in' the fair as
 creature must fly and bold - ly try To seem a swan in

con sentimento rall. *a tempo* *f*

Ro - se's duck, As Ro - - se's duck, as Ro - - se's duck!" "No!
some girl's eye, Some o - ther girl's eye, some o - ther girl's eye. Good-

colla parte *mf*

Shawn Ma - gee, the bird's a goose, And to tra - vel with two is no
day to you, Rose, for I'd best push on, And per - haps at the fair I'll be

sort of use."
some girl's swan."

mf *p* *mf* *p*

3. But hard - ly a fur - long a -

f *p*

way I'd flown, When plain - ly be - hind me I heard her moan. In a

breath I was back where she limp'd for-lorn, With her pur - ty foot pierced by a

pp

thum - pin' thorn. With one soft squeeze I gave her ease, Then

mf

tur - nin' kind, says she, "I find I'm changin' my mind, I've changed my mind?" "Change

con sentimento rall. *a tempo f*

colla parte *mf*

more," says I, "What's that," says she, "Your name to mine. Be

Rose Magee!"

f

LOST LIGHT OF MY EYES.



Oh, why was I left and he taken instead,
 Mochuma, Mochuma! my heart and my head?
 Cold, cold, dark and speechless he lies on his bed;
 Cold, cold, dark and silent the night dew is shed,
 But hot, fierce and swift fall the tears for my dead.
 Oh, why was I left and he taken instead?

Oh, why was I left and he taken away,
 My bright headed Donal, my pride and my stay?
 His manly cheek reddened with the sun's rising ray,
 And he shone in his strength like the sun at midday,
 But a cloud of black darkness has hid him away,
 My hope and my comfort, my joy and my stay.

'Neath that black cloud of sorrow my lost one he lies,
 And the heart in my bosom to think of it dies,
 That day after day the dear sun will arise
 To comfort our hearts from his home in the skies,
 But never, ah! never I'll see you arise,
 Lost warmth of my bosom, lost light of my eyes!

LOST LIGHT OF MY EYES.

(An Erris Melody.)

Andante mesto.

Oh,

why was I left — and he ta - - ken in - - stead, Mo - -

chu - ma! mo - - chu - ma! my heart and my head! Cold

cold, dark, and speech - less he lies on his — bed; Cold,

p

f

p

pp

cold, dark and si - - lent the night dew is

f accel.
shed, But hot, fierce and swift fall the

p a tempo
tears for my dead. Oh why was I left, and he

ta - - ken in - - stead?

p
Oh, why was I left and he

ta - - - ken a - way! My bright head - ed Do - nal, my

pride and my stay. His man - - - ly cheek

cresc.
red - dened with the sun's ris - - - ing ray, And he

shone in his strength like the sun at mid - - day, But a

dim.
cloud of black dark - ness has hid him far a - way, My

hope and my com - fort, my joy and my

Più mosso.

stay. 'Neath that black cloud of

sor - - row my lost one he lies, And the

heart in my bo - - som to think of it

dies, That day af - ter day the

cresc.

dear sun will a - rise To com - fort our

cresc.

appassionato

hearts from his home in the skies, But

f

ne - ver, ah! ne - ver I'll see you a -

f

rall.

rise, Lost warmth of my

rall.

Lento.

bo - som, lost light of my eyes!

f

THE STRATAGEM.

Who'd win a heart must learn the art
To hide what he's about.
When Kate I met, too soon I let
My loving secret out.
In vain I'd sigh, in vain I'd try
Each trick of eye or speech;
Advance, retire, neglect, admire,
The rogue I could not reach.
Then I grew warm and in a storm
Against her out I blew,
But she stood fast before my blast
And raging I withdrew.

Then I began a different plan,
I went to Rose Maguire,
Who'd had her scene with Con Mulqueen,
And asked her to conspire.
Says she, "Avick, we'll try the trick."
And so we shammed sweethearts,
Till Con grew vexed and Kate perplexed,
So well we played our parts:
And when we found them turning round
The very way we wanted,
Our stratagem we owned to them
And got our pardon granted.

THE STRATAGEM.

(Air. Zamba Opa.)

Allegretto.

Allegretto.

mf

1. Who'd

p

mf

1. Who'd

win a heart must learn the art To hide what he's a - bout; — When

Kate I met too soon I let My lov - ing se - cret out. In

vain I'd sigh, in vain I'd try Each trick of eye or speech; Ad -

vance, re-tire, ne - glect, ad-mire, The rogue I could not reach. — Then

I grew warm, and in a storm A-gainst her out I flew, — But

she stood fast be - fore my blast, And rag - ing I with - drew. —

2. Then I be - gan a dif - frent plan; I

went to Rose Ma - guire, Who'd had her scene with Con Macqueen, And

asked her to con - spire. — Says she "A-vick we'll try the trick." And

so we sham'd sweet - hearts, Till Con grew vexed and Kate perplexed, So

well we play'd our parts. — And when we found them turn-ing round The

ve - ry way we want - ed, Our stra - ta-gem we owned to them, And

got our par-don granted.

THE STOLEN HEART.

I was a maiden fair and fond,
Smiling, singing all the day,
Till Maguire with looks of fire
He stole my heart away.
The gardener's son, as he stood by,
Blossoms four did give to me:
The pink, the rue, the violet blue,
And the red, red rosy tree.

Lass, for your lips the sweet clove pink,
For your eyes the violets blue;
The rose to speak your damask cheek,
For memory the rue.
Oh, but my love at first was fond,
Now, alas, he's turned untrue,
My rose and pink and violet shrink,
But tears keep fresh the rue.

THE STOLEN HEART.

(Air. Smah dunna hoc.)

Allegretto.

The piano introduction consists of three measures. The first measure is a whole rest for the vocal line. The piano accompaniment begins in the second measure with a *mf* dynamic. The right hand plays a series of chords and moving lines, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with eighth notes.

The first vocal line begins with a *mp* dynamic. The melody is in a minor key and features a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern, including some chromatic movement in the right hand.

1. I was a maid - en fair and fond,

The second vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features more active sixteenth-note passages in the right hand, creating a lively texture.

Smil - - ing, sing - - ing all the day,

The third vocal line concludes the phrase. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass note in the left hand.

Till Ma-guire with looks of fire He

stole my heart a - way. The gard'-ner's son, as

he stood by, blos-soms four he gave to me, The pink, the rue, the

vio - let blue, And the red rose — tree.

mp 2. "Lass, for your lips the

sweet clove pink, For your eyes the vio - - lets blue, The

rose to speak your da - - mask cheek, For me - mo - ry the

rue." Oh, but my love at first was fond;

Now, a - las, he's turn'd un - true, My rose and pink, and

vio - let shrink, But my tears keep fresh the rue.

THE MELODY OF THE HARP.

Oh! Harp of Erin what glamour gay,
 What dark despairing are in thy lay?
 What true love slighted thy sorrow wells,
 What proud hearts plighted thy rapture tells.
 Round thy dim form lamenting swarm
 What Banshees dread; till, glowing warm,
 A heavenly iris of hope upsprings
 From out the tumult that shakes thy strings.

[The chief dejected, with drooping brow,
 Aroused, erected, is hearkening now,
 The while abhorrent of shame and fear
 Thy tuneful torrent invades his ear.
 He calls his clan: "Who will and can
 The slogan follow in Valour's van?"
 Then forward thunder the gallant Gael
 And death and plunder are o'er the Pale.]

The child is calling through fever dreams;
 When, softly falling as faery streams,
 Thy magic Soontree his soul shall sweep
 Into the country of blessed sleep.
 To ears that heed not their longing moan
 Let lovers plead not with words alone,
 But seek thine aid. The haughtiest maid
 Will pause by thy sweet influence swayed;
 Until the ditty so poignant proves,
 She melts to pity and melting loves.

THE MELODY OF THE HARP.

Air. The melody of the harp.

Andante.

The first system of the musical score. It features a treble and bass staff for piano accompaniment and a single treble staff for the vocal melody. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part begins with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic and includes the instruction *con Ped.* (con piana). The vocal melody is a simple, descending line.

The second system of the musical score. The piano accompaniment continues with a *mf* dynamic. The vocal melody begins with the lyrics "Oh! Harp of". The piano part features a series of descending eighth-note patterns.

The third system of the musical score. The piano accompaniment begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics "E - - rin! what glamour gay, What dark des -".

The fourth system of the musical score. The piano accompaniment continues with a *p* dynamic. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics "- pai - - ring are in thy lay? What true love".

The fifth system of the musical score. The piano accompaniment continues with a *p* dynamic. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics "slight - - ed thy sor-row wells, What proud hearts".

plight - ed thy rap - ture tells.

dim.

p
Round thy dim form la - ment - ing

pp

swarm What Ban - shees dread, till glow - ing

cresc.

warm, *f* A heav'n - ly i - - ris of hope up -

springs From out the tu - mult that shake thy

strings.

The child is call - ing thro' fe - ver.

dreams; When, soft-ly fall - ing as fae-ry streams, Thy ma - gic

soon - - tree*) his soul shall sweep In - to the

The first system of the musical score for 'Soontree'. It features a vocal line in G major (one flat) and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic contour that rises and then falls. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

coun - try of bles - sed sleep. To ears that

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a similar melodic pattern. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first system, providing a rhythmic foundation for the vocal melody.

heed not their long - ing moan Let lovers plead not with words a -

poco cresc.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues. The piano accompaniment shows a slight increase in dynamics, marked with *poco cresc.* (poco crescendo).

lone, But seek thine aid. _____ The haughtiest

p *cresc.*

The fourth and final system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with a long note. The piano accompaniment features a more active eighth-note pattern in the right hand, marked with *p* (piano) and *cresc.* (crescendo).

*) soontree = lullaby

maid will pause by thy — sweet in - fluence

cresc.
swayed, Un - til thy mu - sic so poi - gnant

Più lento.
proves, She melts to pi - ty and melting loves.

colla parte *f*

fin.

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF SLIGO.

We may tramp the earth for all that we're worth,
 But what odds where you and I go?
 We shall never meet a spot so sweet
 As the beautiful City of Sligo.

Oh, sure she's a Queen in purple and green,
 As she shimmers and glimmers her gardens between;
 And away to Lough Lene the like isn't seen
 Of her river a-quiver with shadow and sheen,
 The beautiful City of Sligo.

Though bustle and noise are some folks' joys,
 Your London just gives me ver-ti-go,
 You can hear yourself talk when out you walk
 Thro' the beautiful City of Sligo.

Oh, sure she's a Queen, &c.

As an artist in stones a genius was Jones,
 Whom so queerly they christened In-i-go,
 But he hadn't the skill to carve a Grass Hill
 For the beautiful City of Sligo.

Oh, sure she's a Queen, &c.

Then for powder and puff and cosmetrical stuff,
 Dear girls to Dame Fashion, ah! why go?
 When Dame Nature supplies for tresses and eyes
 Such superior dyes down in Sligo.

Oh, sure she's a Queen, &c.

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF SLIGO.

(Air. The beautiful City of Sligo.)

Allegro.

1. We may

f *p*

This system contains the first four measures of the piece. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic, featuring a descending eighth-note scale in the right hand and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand. The system concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic change in the vocal line.

tramp the earth for all that we're worth, But what odds where you and

f *p*

The second system covers measures 5 through 8. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'tramp the earth for all that we're worth, But what odds where you and'. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern, with a forte (*f*) dynamic in the right hand and a piano (*p*) dynamic in the left hand.

I go? We shall ne - ver meet a spot so sweet As the

This system contains the final three measures of the piece. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'I go? We shall ne - ver meet a spot so sweet As the'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support, ending with a sustained chord in the right hand and a half note in the left hand.

beau - ti - ful Ci - ty of Sli - go. Oh, sure she's a Queen in

pur - ple and green As she shim-mers and glim-mers her gar-dens be-tween; And a

way to Lough Lene the like is - n't seen Of her ri-ver a - qui-ver with

sha-dow and sheen, The beau-ti-ful Ci - ty of Sli - go.

2. Tho' bus-tle and noise are

some folks' joys, Your Lon-don just gives me ver - ti - go, You can

hear your-self talk when out you walk Thro' the beau - ti - ful Ci - ty of

Sli - go. Oh, sure she's a Queen in pur - ple and green, As she

shim-mers and glim-mers her gar-dens be - tween; And a - way to Lough Lene the

like is - n't seen Of her ri - ver a - qui - ver with sha-dow and sheen, The

beau - ti - ful Ci - ty of Sli - go.

3. As an

ar - tist in stones a gen - ius was Jones, Whom so queer - ly they christened In -

- i - go, But he hadn't the skill to carve a Grass Hill For the

beau-ti - ful Ci - ty of Sli - go. Oh, sure she's a Queen in

pur-ple and green, As she shimmers and glimmers her gar-dens be-tween; And a -

- way to Lough Lene the like is - n't seen Of her ri-ver a - quiv - er with

sha-dow and sheen, The beau - ti - ful Ci - ty of Sli - go.

f

4. Then for pow-der and puff and cos - met - i - cal stuff, Dear

p *f*

girls, to Dame Fa-shion ah! why go? When Dame Na-ture sup-plies for

p

tress-es and eyes Such su - per - i - or dyes down in Shi - go. Oh,

sure she's a Queen in pur-ple and green, As she shim-mers and glim-mers her

gar-dens be-tween; And a - way to Lough Lene the like is - n't seen Of her

ri-ver a - qui-ver with sha-dow and sheen, The beau - ti - ful Ci - ty of

Sli - - go.

THE BLACKBIRD AND THE WREN.

Once the blackbird called unto the solemn crow,
 "O why do you for ever in mourning go?"
 Quoth the crow, "I lost my own true love, alack!
 And thereafter for ever I go all in black."
 Then the blackbird sighed from out the sally bush,
 "Once I too fell courting a fair young thrush.
 Oh, but she deceived and grieved me, Oh, but she turned false, false, O!
 And ever since in mourning I too go!"

Last the little wren he piped, "If we were men,
 Faith, 'tis we could find us sweethearts, eight, nine and ten.
 Then if one grew cold or turned unfaithful, O!
 It is off to another one we each could go."
 "Perhaps," replied the crow, "that plan of yours might work
 If we were living in the land of the Turk,
 But in Christian climes a woman's just as free to give you pain!
 And so, my friend in feathers we'll remain."

Founded on an old song.

THE BLACKBIRD AND THE WREN.

Allegretto.

mf Once the blackbird call'd un -

to the so - lemn crow, "Oh why do you for ev - er in

mour - ning go?" Quoth the crow, "I lost my own true love a - lack, And there -

af - ter for e - ver I go all in black?" Then the blackbird sigh'd from

out the sal - ly bush, "Once I too fell courting a fair young thrush.

colla parte

rall. *a tempo* *p*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte), *p* (piano), *rall.* (rallentando), and *a tempo*. The piano part includes a section marked *colla parte* (colla parte). The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano staff. The lyrics are: 'Once the blackbird call'd un - to the so - lemn crow, "Oh why do you for ev - er in mour - ning go?" Quoth the crow, "I lost my own true love a - lack, And there - af - ter for e - ver I go all in black?" Then the blackbird sigh'd from out the sal - ly bush, "Once I too fell courting a fair young thrush.'

mf
Oh! but she de-ceived and grieved me, Oh! but she turn'd false, O, And

rall.
e - ver since in mour-ning I too go!"

colla parte

leggiere
Last the lit-tle wren he piped, "If we were men, Faith, 'tis

p

p
we could find us sweet-hearts, eight, nine and ten. Then if one grew cold— or

rall. *a tempo*
mf
 turn'd un - faith - ful, O! It is off to an - oth - er one we

colla parte *p*

maestoso
mf
 each could go." "Praps," re-plied the crow, "that plan of yours might work If

mf

we were liv-ing in the land of the Turk, But in Chris-tian climes a wo-man's

pesante *f*
 just as free to give you pain, And so, my friend, in feathers well re-main."

f

REMEMBER THE POOR.

Oh! remember the poor when your fortune is sure,
 And acre to acre you join;
 Oh! remember the poor, though but slender your store,
 And you ne'er can go gallant and fine.
 Oh! remember the poor when they cry at your door
 In the raging rain and blast;
 Call them in! Cheer them up with the bite and the sup,
 Till they leave you their blessing at last.

The red fox has his lair, and each bird of the air
 With the night settles warm in his nest,
 But the King Who laid down His celestial crown
 For our sakes- He had nowhere to rest.
 Oh! the poor were forgot till their pitiful lot
 He bowed Himself to endure;
 If your souls ye would make, for His Heavenly sake,
 Oh! remember, remember the poor.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

(Air. Remember the Poor.)

Andante.

1. Oh! re - mem - ber the poor when your

for - tune is sure, And a - cre to a - cre you join; Oh! re -

- mem - ber the poor, tho' but slen - der your store, And you neer can go gal - lant and

fine. Oh! re - mem - ber the poor when they cry at your door In the

mp *p* *p* *f*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a single melodic line for the voice and a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. Dynamics include *mp* (mezzo-piano), *p* (piano), and *f* (forte). The piano accompaniment includes various chords and melodic lines, with some passages marked with *p* or *f*.

ra - ging rain and blast; Call them in, cheer them up with the

mp

p

bite and the sup, Till they leave you their bless-ing at last.

2. The red fox has his lair, and each

p

bird of the air With the night set-tles warm in his nest, But the

poco più lento e maestoso

cresc.

cresc. *p*

King Who laid down His ce - les - tial crown For our sakes, He had no-where to

rest. Oh! the poor were for-got till their pit - i - ful lot He

bow'd Him-self to en - dure; If your souls ye would make, for His

p

più lento

Hea - ven - ly sake, Oh! re - mem - ber, re - mem - ber the poor.

colla parte

THE HEROES OF THE SEA.

I'll tell you of a wonder, that will stiffen up your hair,
 That happened two poor fishermen convenient to Cape Clear.
 They just had run their boat afloat, they'd hardly gripped an oar,
 When their dog leapt in, their cat stepped in, that ne'er did so before.

Now what overcame the creatures to start from shore?

Says one brother: "What's come o'er them two, who ne'er on land agree,
 To settle up their difference a - this-way on the sea?"

"I consave," replied the other, "'tis the portent we could wish
 For a powerful take of pilchard, since that same's their favourite fish.

'Tis a symptom, for sure, of a power of fish"

Well! when the rising moon revealed a swiftly rushing shoal,
 Their net they shot and found they'd got a purty tidy haul.
 But when a dozen yards of mesh they'd plumped into the hold,
 They saw their fish were fine say-rats, which made their blood run cold,
 As around and around them they screeched and rolled.

But ere each rat could rip his way from out the noosin' net,
 Bedad, the jaws of Towzer or the claws of Tom he met.
 Then safely our two fishermen rowed home from out the bay,
 And Tom and Towzer from that time were haroes you may say,
 Round about the country-side, many and many a day.

THE HEROES OF THE SEA.

(Air. Street Ballad.)

Allegro.

VOICE. *mf* 1. I'll

PIANO. *f* *p* *f* *f*

tell you of a won-der that will stif-fen up your hair, That

p

happend two poor fish-er-men con-ven-ient to Cape Clear: They

just had run their boat a - float, They'd hard - ly gripped an

oar, When their dog leapt in, their cat stepped in that

ne'er did so be - - fore. Now what o - ver - came the

crea - - tures to start from shore?

2. Says one brother: "What's come

o'er them two who ne'er on land a - - gree To

set - tle up their dif - fer - ence a - - this - way on the

sea?" "I con - save," re - plied the o - ther, "Tis the

por - tent we could wish For a pow'r - ful take of

f *p* *mf*

This system contains measures 1 through 3. The vocal line begins with a half note 'por', followed by quarter notes 'tent', 'we', 'could', and 'wish'. The piano accompaniment features a descending eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand. Dynamic markings are *f* at the start, *p* under the second measure, and *mf* at the beginning of the third measure.

pil - chard since that same's their fav' - rite fish. 'Tis a

p

This system contains measures 4 through 6. The vocal line continues with quarter notes 'pil', 'chard', and 'since', followed by a half note 'that'. The piano accompaniment has a more active right hand with eighth-note runs. A dynamic marking of *p* is placed at the start of the system.

symp - tom for sure of a power of fish?

f

This system contains measures 7 through 10. The vocal line has quarter notes 'symp', 'tom', and 'for', followed by a half note 'sure'. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar eighth-note pattern. A dynamic marking of *f* appears at the end of the system.

3. Well!

p

This system contains measures 11 through 14. The vocal line has a whole rest for the first three measures, followed by a half note 'Well!'. The piano accompaniment features a continuous eighth-note bass line and a more melodic right hand. A dynamic marking of *p* is placed at the start of the final measure.

when the ris - ing moon re - vealed a swift - ly rush - ing

shoal, Their net they shot and found they'd got a pur - ty ti - dy

haul; But when a do - zen yards of mesh they'd

plump'd in - to the hold, They saw their fish were

fine sea-rats which made their blood run cold As a - round..... and a -

round them they screeched and rolled.

4. But ere each rat could rip his way from

out the noos-in' net, Be - dad the jaws of Tow-zer or the

claws of Tom he met. Then safe-ly our two fish-er-men rowed

home from out the bay, And Tom and Towzer from that time were

her-oes you may say Round a-bout the coun-try side, many and

many a day.

THE BLACK PHANTOM.

On for ever, on for ever,
 Unbeknown beneath the night,
O mo chuma! O mo chuma!
 Stole the silent, searching blight,
 Till it struck us with a shiver,
 Shaking wide its woeful curse,
 Like the white plumes of a hearse.

Down we dug, but only showered
 Poison'd praties o'er the slope —
O mo chuma! O mo chuma!
 Hoping yet agin all hope,
 Till, at long lost overpower'd,
 In the gloomy gath'ring shades
 We should rest our useless spades.

While around us ghostly shadows,
 Phantoms of our fathers' dead,
O mo chuma! O mo chuma!
 Roamed and roamed with ceaseless tread,
 Weeping, wailing thro' the meadows,
 Fit to melt a heart of stone.
 Ochone! and ochone!

Then we knew for solemn certain
 That the poison breathing cloud —
O mo chuma! O mo chuma!
 Surely yet would be our shroud,
 Still would draw its cruel curtain
 Closer still round child and wife,
 Till it strangled out their life.
O mo chuma! O mo chuma!

THE BLACK PHANTOM.

(1846.)

(Air: The Black Phantom.)

Larghetto.

VOICE. *mf* 1. On for

PIANO. *mf* *dim.* *p*

e - - ver, on for e - ver, Un - be - known be - neath the

p *pp*
night, O mo chu - ma! O mo chu - ma! Stole the si - lent, searching blight Till it

* O my grief. Pronounce "Mekooma."

struck us with a shiver, Shak-ing wide its woe - ful curse, Like the

white plumes of a hearse. _____ Down we

dug, but on - - - ly showered Poison'd pra - - - ties

o'er the slope, O mo chu - ma! O mo chu - ma! Hoping

yet a-gin all hope, Till, at long last o-ver-power'd, In the

cresc.

gloom-y gath'-ring shades We should rest our use-less spades

mf

While a-round us

pp

ghost-ly shad-ows, Phantoms of our fath-ers dead, O mo

chu - ma! O mo chu - ma! Roamed and roamed with cease - less tread, Weep - ing,

wai - ling thro' the meadows, Fit to melt a heart of stone. Och -

one! and och - one! _____ Then we

knew for so - lemn cer - tain That the poi - son - breath - ing

p *pp* *cresc.*

cloud_ O mo chu - ma! O mo chu - ma! Sure - ly yet would be our

ad lib. *cresc.*

shroud, Still would draw its cru - - el curtain Clo - ser still round child and

p *colla parte*

ff *dim.*

wife, Till it strangled out their life! O mo chu - ma! O mo

ff *dim.*

chu - ma! O mo chu - ma!

MARY, WHAT'S THE MATTER.

"Now, Mary, what's the matter,
 What's come o'er you, dear,
 That all your lightsome chatter
 Is no more to hear?"

"'Tis nothing, mother deary
 Worth your care at all.
 Who'd not be dull and weary
 In so dark a Fall?"

"Because brown leaves are fluttering,
 Skies are seldom bright,
 Will heart-whole girls go uttering
 Sighs from morn to night?"

"Well since you're so perceiving,
 Mothereen astore,
 P'raps I've been make-believing,
 Though my heart was sore."

"Would Mary's heart be sorer,
 If one Myles O 'Hea
 Had asked her father for her
 And got his wish to-day?"

"O Mother there's brave news for me,
 Now you've brought me joy!"

"My dear, had you said, 'Choose for me!'
 I'd have chose that boy."

MARY, WHAT'S THE MATTER.

(Air. Mary, what's the matter?)

Andante. *mf*

1. "Now Ma-ry, what's the

mat-ter, What's come o'er you, dear, That all your lightsome chat-ter Is

no more to hear?" "Tis nothing, mother dea - ry, Worth your care at

all! — Who'd not be dull and wea-ry In so dark a Fall." —

pp

mf

2. "Be - cause brown leaves are

p

fluttring, Skies are sel-dom bright, Do heartwhole girls go ut - t'ring

Sighs day and night?" "How well you've been per - ceiv - ing, Moth-er - een as -

pp

thore! — Thro' all my make-be - liev-ing That my heart was sore." —

pp

pp

3. "Would Ma-ry's heart be

rall.

so - rer If one Myles O' Hea Had_ asked her father for her And

colla voce

fu tempo

just got his way?" "O_ mother, what brave news for me! How you've brought me

a tempo

f

poco

rall.

poco più lento

joy!"_ "Child, had you bid me choose for ye, I'd have chose that boy!"_

rall.

poco più lento

AWAY TO THE WARS.

When the route is proclaimed thro' the old barrack yard,
To part from our sweethearts it surely is hard!
But smother the sigh, boys, and swallow the tear,
And comfort the darlings with words of good cheer.
While the bugles they blow so gaily oh!
And away to the battle we marching go.

Then it's "Right about face," and we're clearing the street,
"Good luck" and "God bless you!" from all that we meet,
While all of the lazy ones bounce from their beds,
And up go their windies and out go their heads.
While the bugles they blow so gaily oh!
And away to the battle we marching go.

Now it's "Halt, Royal Irish!" now "Dress by the left!"
And on to the Quay through the crowd we have cleft;
Here's cheers for Old Ireland, with twenty cheers more,
And off with our ship from the Emerald shore.
While the bugles they blow so gaily oh!
And away to the wars o'er the ocean we go.

AWAY TO THE WARS.

(Air "When you go to a Battle")

Allegro.

1. When the

The first system of the musical score is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The piano part begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The system concludes with the vocal line on the note 'the'.

route is proclaimed thro' the old barrack yard, To part from our sweethearts it

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a piano (p) dynamic marking. The system ends with the vocal line on the note 'it'.

sure-ly is hard! But smother the sigh, boys, and swal-low the tear, And

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The system ends with the vocal line on the note 'And'.

com-fort the dar-lings with words of good cheer. While the bug-les they blow so

The fourth system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a forte (f) dynamic marking. The system ends with the vocal line on the note 'so'.

CHORUS
ff ad lib.

gai - ly oh! And a - way to the bat - tle we march - ing go. While the

bug - les they blow so gai - ly oh! And a - way to the bat - tle we

marching go.

2. Then it's "Right a-bout face" and we're clearing the street, "Good

luck!" and "God bless you!" from all that we meet, While all of the laz-y ones

bounce from their beds, And up go their windies and out go their heads, While the

bug-les they blow so gai - ly oh! And a - way to the bat-tle we

CHORUS *ad lib.*

marching go. While the bug-les they blow so gai - ly oh! And a -

way to the bat-tle we march - ing go.

3. Now it's

"Halt, Royal I-rish!" now "Dress by the left!" And on to the Quay thro' the

crowd we have cleft; Here's cheers for Old Ireland, with twenty cheers more! And

off with our ship from the E - me - rald shore, While the bugles they blow so

f

gai - ly oh! And a - way to the wars o'er the o - cean we go. While the

CHORUS
ff ad lib.

bug - les they blow so gai - ly oh! And a - way to the wars o'er the

o - cean we go.

ff

LOVELY ANNE.

Lovely Anne, oh! lovely Anne!
 Oh hearken to my bitter cry!
 Alone on rugged Slievenaman,
 For your fond sake I lie;
 For you I've fled my friends, fled my clan,
 Fair Saxon, have you turned untrue?
 And has my lovely Anne, my lovely Anne,
 But brought me here to rue?

Lovely Anne, oh, lovely Anne,
 Since darkly here I laid me down,
 How oft the wind-swept cannavan,
 Has seem'd your flutt'ring gown,
 And once a maid, with bright milking can,
 Brush'd hitherward across the dew,
 "'Tis she, my lovely Anne, my lovely Anne!"
 She turned and frown'd me through.

Lovely Anne, oh lovely Anne!
 Cold morn is mounting o'er the height,
 And your forsaken Irishman
 Afar must take his flight.
 Heaven's curse upon the black, heartless ban,
 That sunders thus the fond and true.
 Adieu, my lovely Anne, my lovely Anne,
 For evermore Adieu!

LOVELY ANNE.

(Air. Lovely Anne.)

Andante.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, B-flat major. It begins with a treble clef staff containing three whole rests. The piano accompaniment starts on the second measure with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody is marked *mf* and includes a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking over the second measure. The piano part consists of chords and single notes in the left hand.

The first line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic. The lyrics are: "Love - ly Anne, oh! love - ly Anne! Oh heark - en to my". The piano accompaniment begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano part consists of chords and single notes in the left hand.

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "bit - ter cry! A - lone on rug - ged Slieve-na-man For". The vocal line starts with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes in the left hand.

your fond sake I lie; — For you I've fled my friends,

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a melodic phrase on the words "your fond sake I lie;". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the right and left hands. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present in the piano part.

fled my clan. Fair Sax - on, have you turn'd un - true? — And has my

The second system continues the melody. The piano part features a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking at the beginning of the system.

love - ly Anne, my — love - ly Anne But brought me here to —

The third system continues the melody. The piano part features a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking at the beginning of the system.

rue ?

The fourth system concludes the melody with the word "rue?". The piano part continues with chords and moving lines, ending with a key signature change to one sharp (F#).

Love-ly Anne, oh, love-ly Anne, Since dark-ly here— I

laid me down, How oft the wind-swept can - navan* Has *dim.*

seem'd your flutt' - - - ring gown. And once a maid with bright *pleggiero*

milking can Brush'd hi - ther-ward a-cross the dew; 'Tis she, my *cresc.*

* The bog-cotton.

love - ly Anne, my — love - ly Anne! She turned and frown'd me

thro'.

Love - ly Anne, oh, love - ly Anne! Cold morn is mount - ing

o'er the height, And your for - sa - ken

I - rishman A - far must take his flight. — Heav'n's

cresc. *f*

curse up-on the black heartless ban* That sun - ders thus the fond and

Più lento.

true. — A - dieu, my love - ly Anne, my

p

rit.

love - ly Anne, For ev - er - more, — A - - dieu!

* By the Irish penal laws an Irish Catholic could not marry an English Protestant.
H. 2870

FAREWELL NOW, MISS GORDON.

Farewell! now, Miss Gordon, my day dream is over
And I march in the morn with our Royal young Rover.
Yet peace be about you both sleeping and waking,
Though I live on without you with a heart nigh to breaking.

Oh, have you forgotten, oh, have you forgotten,
When I found the white heath all among the moor cotton,
How you wore it, on your bosom, for a whole week together?
Is my love flung away with that spray of white heather?

And do you remember, oh, do you remember,
When the falling star flashed that bright night of September;
How your heart's wish I read in your rapt look of longing?
Have you crushed that hope dead, to my heart's bitter wronging?

But with lips still locked tight, at your pride's stern commanding,
As a statue death white, here before me you're standing.
Woe's me we part thus! yet if so we must sever,
Farewell now, Miss Gordon, oh, farewell for ever.

FAREWELL NOW, MISS GORDON.

(Air— Farewell now, Miss Gordon.)

Andante moderato.

mf *3*

1. Fare - well now, Miss

Gor - don, My daydream is o - ver, And I march in the morn with our

Ro - yal young Ro - ver. Yet peace be a - bout you both sleeping and

poco rall.

wak - ing, Tho' I live on with - out you with heart nigh to breaking.

mf

mf 3

2. Oh!—

do you re - mem - ber, oh! do you re - mem - ber, When the

p 3

fall - ing star flashed that bright night of Sep - tem - ber, How your

heart's wish I read in your rapt look of long - ing? Have you

3

poco rall.

crush'd that hope dead to my love's cru - el wronging?

mf

3. But with lips still lock'd

tight at your pride's stern com - man - ding, As a sta - tue death - white here be -

fore me you're stand - ing. Woe's me we part thus! Yet if

so we must se - ver, Fare - - well now, Miss Gor - don, oh!

rall. *3* *f*

colla parte *mf*

fare - well for e - ver.

rall.

EVA TOOLE.



Who's not heard of Eva Toole,
 Munster's purest, proudest jewel,
 Queen of Lim'rick's lovely maidens,
 Kerry's charming girls?
 As her gliding course she takes
 Like a swan across the lakes,
 With her voice of silver cadence,
 And her smile of pearls!
 Oh! the eyes of Eva Toole!
 Now why would not Cromwell cruel,
 Just have called two centuries later
 Here on Carrig height?
 For one angry azure flash
 From beneath her ebon lash!—
 And away old Noll should scatter
 Out of Eva's sight.

Is't describe you, Eva Toole?
 As she danced last night at Shrule,
 Her two feet like swallows skimmin'
 Up and down the floor;
 Or the curtesy that she dropped
 Ev'ry time the music stopped,
 Not the oldest men or women
 Saw such grace before.
 Yet altho' you bore the rule
 O'er us all then, Eva Toole,
 Ne'er a one but I was in it
 Of your sweethearts fine.
 And my heart's in such a riot,
 That to keep the crayture quiet
 I am runnin round this minute
 Just to make you mine!

EVA TOOLE.

Allegretto. *mf*

1. Who's not

heard of E - va Toole, Munster's pu - rest, proudest jewel, Queen of

Lim'-ricks love-ly maidens, Ker-ry's charm-ing girls? As her

glid - ing course she takes Like a swan a-cross the lakes, With her

voice of sil - ver ca-dence And her smile of pearls. Oh the

cresc.

pp

eyes of E - va Toole! Now why would not Cromwell cruel Just have

f

mf

call'd two cen - turies la - ter Here on Car - rig height? For one

an - gry a - zure flash From be-neath her e - bon lash! And a -

- way old Noll should scat - ter Out of E - va's sight. —

dim.

mf

2. Is't de -

scribe you E - va Toole? As she danced last night at Shrule, Her two

p

feet like swallows skim-min' Up and down the floor; Or the

p

curt - sey that she dropped Ev' - ry time the mu - sic stopped, Not the

old - est men or wo - men Saw such grace be - - fore. Yet al -

cresc.

pp

- tho' you bore the rule O'er us all then, E - va Toole, Ne'er a

f

mf

one but I was in it Of your sweet - hearts fine, And my

heart's in such a riot, That to keep the cray-ture quiet I am

run - nin' round this mi - nute Just to make you mine! —

dim.

p *f*

THE FALLING STAR.

On my heaven he flashed, as the meteor star
Out of night will flame from afar.
Ah, how could I escape his spell?
Deep, deep into my heart he fell.
Ochone!

I believed the stars that burn above
Shone less true than his eyes of love.
All their lamps beam on and on,
But, my falling star, thou art gone.
Ochone!

And a new love claims my fealty now,
Scant of speech and stern of brow.
Until death I own his claim.
Sorrow is my new love's name.
Ochone!

THE FALLING STAR.*)

(Air - Cæcine.)

Largo.

1. On my
heav'n he flash'd as the
me - - - teor star Out of night will
flame from a - far. How

*) These words are founded on the Norse.

could I es-cape his spell? Deep a -

las in - to my

heart he fell. och - one!

2. I — be -

lieved the stars that

burn a - - bove Shone less true than his

eyes of love. All their

lamps beam on and on! But my

fall - - - - - ing star,

thou - - - - - art gone. Och - one!

3. And a new love claims my feal- - ty

now, Scant of speech and stern of brow.

Un - til death I own his

claim. Sor - row

sure, is my new lo - ver's name. Och-one!

KITTY OF THE COWS.

When Kate gives the warning
 For the milking in the morning,
 E'en the cow known for horning comes running to her pail.
 All the lambs they play about her,
 And the little bonneens snout her,
 While their parents they salute her wid a twist of the tail,
 Just as if they said, "You darling, God bless you!"

When we rest from our labour,
 And, neighbour wid neighbour,
 Draw in from the sun to the shelter of the tree,
 Wid the new milk and murphies
 You come trippin' out to serve us,
 All the boys' hearts beguilin', alanna machree!
 While each one of us whispers, "God bless you!"

But there's one sweeter hour,
 When the sun has lost his power
 And the shadows they come creeping along the dewy land,
 Then sweet Kitty I go stalking,
 Till away we two are walking,
 And 'tis pleasantly we're talking, wid my one hand in her hand
 And the other slipped around her and welcome!

KITTY OF THE COWS.

(Air from the Petrie Collection.)

Allegretto.

1. When

Kate gives the warning For the milking in the morning, E'en the cow known for horning comes

run - ning to her pail. All the lambs they play a - bout her, And the

lit - tle bonneens* snout her, While their pa - rents all sa - lute her wid a

poco rall.

twist of the tail, Just as if they said, "You dar - ling, God bless you!"

colla voce

* little pigs

2. When we rest from our labour, And,

neighbour wid neighbour, Draw in from the sun to the shelter of the tree, Wid the

new milk and murphies* You come trip - pin' out to serve us, All the

boys' hearts be - gui - lin', al - - an - na ma - chree! While each

f *poco rall.*

mf *colla voce*

one of us whispers, "God bless you!"

p *poco rall.*

*) potatoes

Più lento.

3. But there's one sweeter hour, When the sun has lost his power And the

3. But there's one sweeter hour, When the sun has lost his power And the

sha-dows they come creep-ing a - long the de - wy land. Then sweet

sha-dows they come creep-ing a - long the de - wy land. Then sweet

Kit - ty I go stalk-ing, Till a - way we two are walk-ing, And 'tis

Kit - ty I go stalk-ing, Till a - way we two are walk-ing, And 'tis

plea - sant - ly we're talk - ing, my one hand in her hand, And the

plea - sant - ly we're talk - ing, my one hand in her hand, And the

o - thers slipped a-round her and wel - come!

o - thers slipped a-round her and wel - come!

THE KING'S CAVE.

Rash Son, return! Yon shores that dazzle
 With glowing pleasaunce, glittering plain,
 And crystal keep is not Hy-Brazil,
 But some false phantom of the main.
 And yon bright band thy vision meeting,
 Their warbled welcome hither fleeting—
 Oh, trust not to their siren greeting,
 Oh, wave not, wave not back again.
 But veil thine eyes from their entreating
 And list not their enchanting strain.

O Sovran Sire, no cruel vision
 Compels my curragh o'er the deep!
 Yea, have we seen the land Elysian,
 Hy-Brazil out of Ocean leap.
 None ever knew it smiling nearer,
 Or hearkened yet, a blessed hearer,
 Its Virgin Chorus chanting clearer
 O'er lulled Atlantic's cradled sleep.
 That strain again! What psalm sincerer
 From Angel harps to Earth could sweep.

With hand to brow the monarch hoary
 Stood rapt upon the Western ray,
 Till in a gulf of golden glory
 The bright bark melted o'er the bay.
 Then cracked the glass of calm asunder!
 Then roared the cave the sea cliff under!
 Then sprang to shore, with hoofs of thunder,
 Mannanan's steeds of ghostly grey.
 Yet ere the shock, a cry of wonder,
 "Hy-Brazil's here!" rose far away.

THE KING'S CAVE.

(An Arran Boatsong.)

Allegretto.

mf

1. "Rash Sou, re-turn! Yon

p

shores that daz-zle With glow - ing plea - saunce, glitt' - ring plain, And

cry - stal keep is not Hy - Bra - zil, But some false phan - tom

of the main. And yon bright band thy vi - sion meet-ing, Their

cresc.

warb - led wel - come hith - er fleet - ing— Oh, trust not to their

cresc.

pp

si - ren greet - ing, Oh, wave not, wave not back a - gain. But

p

veil thine eyes from their en - treating And list not their en -

mf

chant - ing strain." 2. "O Sov - ran Sire, no

cru - el vi - sion Com - pels my cur - ragh o'er the deep! Yea,

have we seen the land E - ly - sian, Hy - Bra - zil* out of O - cean leap. None

e - ver knew it smil - ing nearer, Or heark - en'd yet, a bles - sed hearer, Its

cresc.
Vir - gin Chor - us chant - ing clearer O'er lull'd At - lan - tic's

pp
cra - dled sleep. That strain a - gain! What psalm sin - ce - rer From

Ang - el harps to Earth could sweep?"

*¹) Hy-Brazil, or The Island of Brazil, no doubt suggested to the Arran Fishermen by the mirage, was the Irish Island of the Blest, and is to this day believed by some of them to have an actual existence. H. 2870

Poco più lento.

3. With hand to brow the monarch ho-a-ry Stood

p

rapt up-on the West-ern ray, Till in a gulf of gold-en glo-ry The

f a tempo

bright bark melt-ed o'er the bay. Then crack'd the glass of

f

calm a-sun-der! Then roard the cave the sea-cliff un-der! Then

sprang to shore, with hoofs of thun-der,*) Man - na - nan's steeds of

ghost - ly grey. *mf* Yet

cresc. ere the shock, a cry of thun-der, *ff* "Hy - Bra - zil's here!" rose

far a - way. *dim.* *p*

*) The Neptune of the ancient Irish.

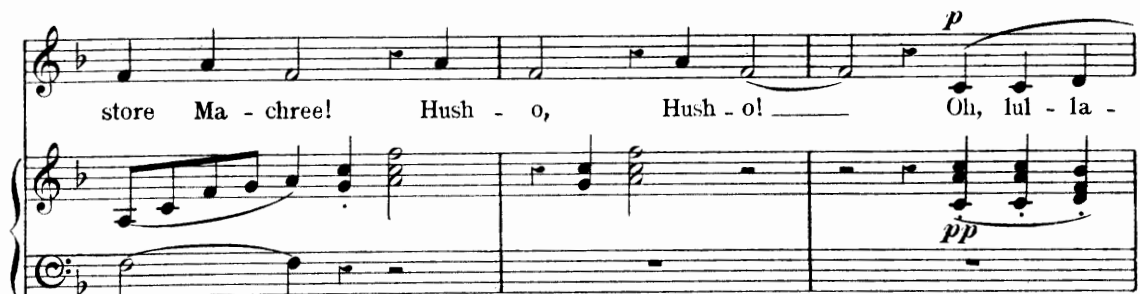
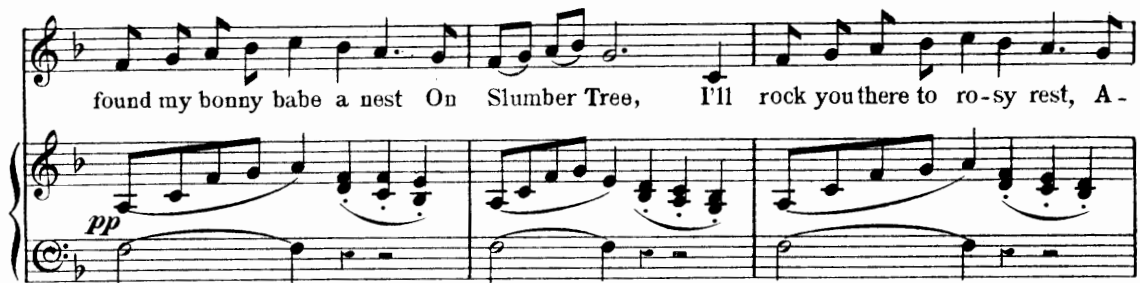
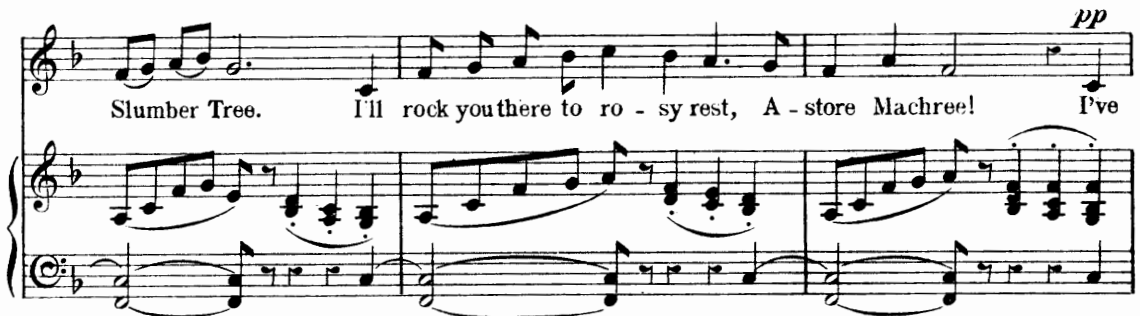
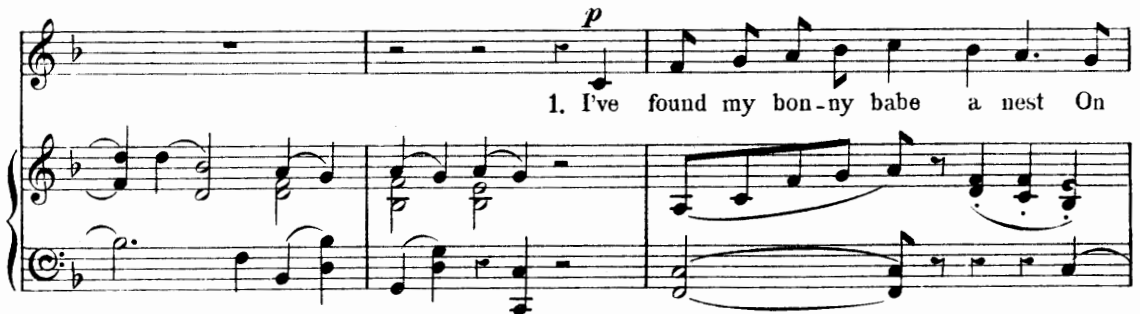
LULLABY.

I've found my bonny babe a nest
On Slumber Tree.
I'll rock you there to rosy rest,
Astore Machree!
Oh, lulla lo! sing all the leaves
On Slumber Tree,
Till everything that hurts or grieves
Afar must flee.

I'd put my pretty child to float
Away from me,
Within the new moon's silver boat
On Slumber Sea.
And when your starry sail is o'er,
From Slumber Sea,
My precious one, you'll step to shore
On Mother's knee.

LULLABY.

Larghetto con moto.



lo! sing all the leaves On Slumber Tree, On Slumber

Tree, Till ev'-ry - thing that hurts or — grieves A - far must

p

flee, a - far must flee.

pp

2. I'd put my pret-ty child to float A - way from me, With-

p

pp

in the silver new moon's boat On Slumber Sea. I'd put my pretty child to float A -

pp

ppp

way from me With - in the silver new moon's boat On Slumber Sea. Hush -

o! Hush - o! And when your star - - - ry sail is

o'er From Slumber Sea, From Slumber Sea, My precious

one, you'll step to shore On Mother's knee, On Mother's

pp rall.

colla parte

knee. Hush-o! Hush-o!

THE ALARM.

Hurry down, hurry down, hurry down ever,
 From the wrack-ridden mountain and yellow, rushing river,
 Stern horsemen and footmen with spear, axe and quiver,
 Oh, hurry down, hurry down, your land to deliver.
 Haste, oh haste, for in cruel might clustering
 Far and near the fierce Nordman is mustering,
 Haste, oh haste, or the daughters ye cherish,
 The bride of your bosom shall far more than perish.

Lo! how he toils down that narrow pass yonder,
 Ensnared by his spoils and oppressed by his plunder!
 Flash on him, crash on him, God's fire and thunder!
 And scatter and shatter his fell ranks asunder.
 Oh, smite the wolf, ere he slinks from the slaughter,
 Oh, rend the shark, ere he wins to deep water.
 Pursue and hew him to pieces by the haven,
 And feast with his red flesh the exulting sea raven.

*Suggested by Gerald Griffin's
 War Song of O'Driscoll.*

THE ALARM.

(Air. "Leatherbags Donnell.")

Allegro molto.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a half rest, followed by a quarter note B-flat, a quarter note A, and a quarter note G. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note pattern: B-flat, A, G, F, E, D, C, B-flat.

f

1. Hur-ry down, hur-ry down, hur-ry down e-ver, From the wrack-rid-den

p

The vocal line begins with a half rest, followed by a quarter note B-flat, a quarter note A, and a quarter note G. The piano accompaniment continues the eighth-note bass line from the introduction.

mountain and yel-low, rushing ri-ver, Stern horsemen and foot-men with

cresc.

The vocal line continues with a half note F, a half note E, and a half note D. The piano accompaniment features a crescendo in the right hand, moving from a half note B-flat to a half note A, and then a half note G.

spear, axe and qui-ver, Oh, hur-ry down, hur-ry down, your land to de-

The vocal line continues with a half note F, a half note E, and a half note D. The piano accompaniment continues the eighth-note bass line.

li-ver! Haste, oh haste, for in cru-el might clust'-ring

sf

The vocal line begins with a half rest, followed by a quarter note B-flat, a quarter note A, and a quarter note G. The piano accompaniment features a sforzando (sf) in the right hand, moving from a half note B-flat to a half note A, and then a half note G.

Far and near the fierce Nord - man is must - ring, Haste, oh

sf

haste. — or the daughters ye che-rish, The brides of your bo - som shall

sf *staccato*

far more than pe - rish.

p *cresc.*

2. Lo! how he toils down that nar - row pass yon - der, En -

sf *sf*

snared by his spoils and op - press'd by his plun - der! Flash on him,

sf *mf*

sf
crash on him, God's fire and thun-der! And scat-ter and shat-ter his

sf sf
fell ranks a - sun - der. Oh, smite the wolf, ere he slinks from the

sf sf
slaughter, Oh, rend the shark, ere he wins to deep wa-ter. Pur-

sf sf rall.
sue and hew— him to pie-ces by the ha-ven, And feast with his

a tempo ff
red flesh the ex-ul-ting sea-ra-ven. Heigha! _____

THE SONG OF THE FAIRY KING.

Bright Queen of women, oh, come away,
 Oh, come to my kingdom strange to see:
 Where tresses flow with a golden glow,
 And white as snow is the fair body.
 Beneath the silky curtains of arching ebon brows,
 Soft eyes of sunny azure the heart enthrall,
 A speech of magic songs to each rosy mouth belongs,
 And sorrowful sighing can ne'er befall.

Oh bright are the blooms of thine own Innisfail
 And green is her garland around the West;
 But brighter flowers and greener bowers
 Shall all be ours in that country blest.
 Or can her streams compare to the runnels rich and rare
 Of slow yellow honey and swift red wine,
 That softly slip to the longing lip
 With magic flow through that land of mine?

We roam the earth in its grief and mirth,
 But move unseen of all therein;
 For before their gaze there hangs the haze,
 The heavy haze of their mortal sin.
 But oh! our age it wastes not; for our beauty tastes not
 Of Evil's tempting apple and droops and dies.
 Cold death shall slay us never but for ever and for ever
 Love's stainless ardours shall illumine our eyes.

Then, Queen of women, oh, come away,
 Far, far away to my fairy throne,
 To my realm of rest in the magic West,
 Where sin and sorrow are all unknown.

THE SONG OF THE FAIRY KING.

(Air: "The Song of Una"*)

Larghetto.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Larghetto'. The first system shows the vocal melody starting with a half rest, followed by a quarter note G4, and then a half note F#4. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3 in the left hand and a half note F#3 in the right hand, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second system contains the lyrics 'Queen of wo - men, oh, come — a - way, Oh, come to my king - dom'. The piano accompaniment features a series of eighth notes in the right hand and a half note in the left hand. The third system contains the lyrics 'strange to see: Where tress - es flow with a gol - den glow, And'. The piano accompaniment continues with a series of eighth notes in the right hand and a half note in the left hand. The fourth system contains the lyrics 'white as snow is the fair bo - dy. Be - neath the sil - ky cur - tains of'. The piano accompaniment continues with a series of eighth notes in the right hand and a half note in the left hand. The score is marked with dynamics: *p* (piano) and *pp* (pianissimo). The tempo is marked 'Larghetto'. The key signature is three flats. The time signature is common time.

Queen of wo - men, oh, come — a - way, Oh, come to my king - dom

strange to see: Where tress - es flow with a gol - den glow, And

white as snow is the fair bo - dy. Be - neath the sil - ky cur - tains of

* Petrie describes this melody as 'very ancient'.

arching e - bon brows, Soft eyes of sun - ny a - zure the

heart enthral, A speech of magic songs to each ro-sy mouth be-longs, And

sor - rowful sigh - ing can ne'er be-fall.

2. Oh bright are the blooms of thine

own In-nis-fail And green is her gar - land a - round the West; But

bright - - er flow - ers and green - - er bow'rs Shall

all be ours in that coun-try blest. Or can her streams compare to the

run-nels rich and rare Of slow yel - low ho - ney and

swift red wine, That soft - - ly slip to the

long - ing lip With ma - gic flow through that land of mine?

poco cresc.

3. We roam the earth in its

pp

grief and mirth, But move un-seen of all therein; For be-

pp

fore their gaze there hangs the haze, The hea-vy haze of their

mor-tal sin. But oh! our age it wastes not; for our beauty tastes not Of

poco cresc.

E-vil's tempting ap-ple and droops and dies; Cold

dim.

cresc. *f*

death shall slay us nev-er, but for ev-er and for ev-er Love's

cresc.

stain - - less ar-dours shall il - lume our eyes.

dim.

pp

Then, Queen of wo - men, oh, come a - way, Far,

pp

far a - way to my fai - ry throne, To my realm of rest in the

poco più lento *rall.*

ma - gic West, Where sin and sor - row are all un-known.

rit.

CLARE'S DRAGOONS.

When on Ramillies' bloody field
 The baffled French were forc'd to yield,
 The victor Saxon backward reel'd
 Before the charge of Clare's men.
 The flags we conquer'd in that fray
 Look lone in Ypres choir they say:
 We'll win them company to-day
 Or bravely die, like Clare's men.

Vive la! for Ireland's wrong,
 And vive la! for Ireland's right,
 Vive la! in battle throng
 For a Spanish steed and sabre.

Another Clare is here to lead,
 The worthy son of such a breed,
 The French expect some famous deed
 When Clare leads on his warriors.
 Our Colonel comes from Brian's race,
 His wounds are in his breast and face,
 The gap of danger's still his place,—
 The foremost of his Squadron.

Vive la! for Ireland's wrong,
 And vive la! for Ireland's right,
 Vive la! in battle throng
 For a Spanish steed and sabre.

Oh, comrades think how Ireland pines
 For exiled lords, and rifled shrines,—
 Her dearest hope the ordered lines
 And bursting charge of Clare's men.
 Then fling your green flag to the sky,
 Be Limerick your battle cry,
 And charge till blood floats fetlock high
 Around the track of Clare's men.

Vive la! for Ireland's wrong,
 Vive la! for Ireland's right,
 Vive la! in battle throng
 For a Spanish steed and sabre.

THOMAS DAVIS.

Condensed from his "Clare's Dragoons" by A. P. G.

CLARE'S DRAGOONS.

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(Air: "Vive là!")

Allegro alla Marcia.

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time, starting with a quarter rest. The middle and bottom staves form a piano accompaniment. The middle staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp, while the bottom staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature. Both piano staves start with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with chords in the left hand.

The second system continues the piece. The vocal line (top staff) begins with the lyrics "1. When on Ra - mil - lies' blood - y field The". The piano accompaniment (middle and bottom staves) continues with the same rhythmic pattern. Dynamics include *f* (forte) in the piano part and *p* (piano) in the vocal line.

The third system continues the piece. The vocal line (top staff) begins with the lyrics "baf - fled French were forc'd to yield, The vic - tor Sax - on back - ward reel'd Be -". The piano accompaniment (middle and bottom staves) continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

The fourth system continues the piece. The vocal line (top staff) begins with the lyrics "fore the charge of Clare's men. The flags we con - quer'd in that fray Look". The piano accompaniment (middle and bottom staves) continues with the same rhythmic pattern. Dynamics include *f* (forte) in the piano part and *mf* (mezzo-forte) in the vocal line.

The fifth system continues the piece. The vocal line (top staff) begins with the lyrics "lone in Y - pres' choir they say. We'll win them com - pan -". The piano accompaniment (middle and bottom staves) continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

CHORUS.

y to-day Or brave-ly die, like Clare's men: *f* Vi - ve là! for

Ire-land's wrong, Vi - ve là! for Ire-land's right, And Vi - ve là! in

bat-tle through For a Span-ish steed and sa - bre.

2. An - - oth - er Clare is

here to lead, The worth-y son of such a breed, The French expect some

fa - mous deed, When Clare leads on his war - riors. Our Colo-nel comes from

Bri - an's race, His wounds are in his breast and face, The gap of danger's

still his place, The fore-most of his Squa - dron. *CHORUS.* Vi - ve là! for

Ire-land's wrong, Vi - ve là! for Ire-land's right, And vi - ve là! in

bat - tle throug For a Span - ish steed and sa - bre.

3. Oh, com-rades think how Ire-land pines For

p *f* *p*

ex-iled lords and rif-led shrines, Her dear-est hope the

poco a poco cresc.

or-dered lines And burst-ing charge of Clare's men. Then

fling your green flag to the sky, Be Li-me-rick your

bat - tle cry, And charge till blood floats fet - lock high A -

ff CHORUS.

round the track of Clare's men. Vi - ve là! for Ire - land's wrong,

Vi - ve là! for Ire - land's right, And Vi - ve là! in bat - tle thron'g For a

Span - ish steed and sa - bre.

THE BOWER IN MY BREAST.



I once loved a boy who would come and go,
 Whenever I made my request;
 Till, the truth for to tell, I loved him so well
 That I built him a bower in my breast,
 In my breast,
 A bower of green hope in my breast.

But the times grew so black, that at last he should sail
 His fortune to seek in the West.
 Long sorry was I to bid him good-bye;
 For I'd built him a bower in my breast,
 In my breast,
 A bower of green hope in my breast.

O his letters were loving, his letters were long,
 That came floating far out of the West.
 Then cold, short and few they turned, wirrasthrue!
 And good-bye to the bower in my breast,
 In my breast,
 The bower of green hope in my breast.

Founded on an old song.

THE BOWER IN MY BREAST.

(Air. "I once loved a boy"*)

Allegretto.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'once loved a boy who would come and go, When - e'er I made my re - quest; Till, the truth for to tell, I loved him so well That I built him a bow'r in my breast, — A bow'r of green hope in my breast.' The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *mf*, *p*, and *f*. There are also triplets and first endings indicated in the score.

once loved a boy who would come and go, When - e'er I
made my re - quest; Till, the truth for to tell, I
loved him so well That I built him a bow'r in my breast, —
A bow'r of green hope in my breast.

H. 2870

* Another air with the same name has been noted in Ireland. It is in the minor key and the melody is totally different. The similarity of the rhythm suggests that both airs were settings of the same words

mf 3
2. But

times grew so bad, that at last he should sail His fortune to

seek in the West. Long sor-ry was I to

bid him good-bye; For I'd built him a bow'r in my breast,—

f
A bow'r of green hope in my breast.

3. Oh, his

let - ters were lov - ing, his letters were long, That floated far

out of the West. Then cold, short, and few — they

turn'd, wir - ras - thue! And good - bye to the bow'r in my breast,—

The bow'r of green hope in my breast.—

MARCHING TO CANDAHAR.



Marching, forced marching,
 At stretch of speed, so strong the need,
 Marching, forced marching
 And Bobs himself to lead.
 Horse, foot and gun at call,
 Like wool upon a ball,
 'Tis in and out and round about
 He winds and binds us all.

Marching and marching,
 For weeke and weeks, o'er moors and peaks;
 Marching and outmarching
 Ten thousand grand old Greeks;
 Till Xenophon's harangues
 Of stades and parasangs,
 By all the powers this march of ours
 To Banagher it bangs.

Marching and marching,
 So swift and far by sun and star!
 Oh, marching and marching
 Away for Candahar.
 They say she's sore beset,
 But through the Afghan net
 We boys will break, and no mistake,
 And save the city yet.

MARCHING TO CANDAHAR.

Air from the Petrie Collection.

Moderato alla Marcia.

The piano introduction consists of two measures. The right hand has a whole rest. The left hand plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes: G4, A4, Bb4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, A5, Bb5, C6, D6, E6, F6, G6, A6, Bb6, C7, D7, E7, F7, G7, A7, Bb7, C8, D8, E8, F8, G8, A8, Bb8, C9, D9, E9, F9, G9, A9, Bb9, C10, D10, E10, F10, G10, A10, Bb10, C11, D11, E11, F11, G11, A11, Bb11, C12, D12, E12, F12, G12, A12, Bb12, C13, D13, E13, F13, G13, A13, Bb13, C14, D14, E14, F14, G14, A14, Bb14, C15, D15, E15, F15, G15, A15, Bb15, C16, D16, E16, F16, G16, A16, Bb16, C17, D17, E17, F17, G17, A17, Bb17, C18, D18, E18, F18, G18, A18, Bb18, C19, D19, E19, F19, G19, A19, Bb19, C20, D20, E20, F20, G20, A20, Bb20, C21, D21, E21, F21, G21, A21, Bb21, C22, D22, E22, F22, G22, A22, Bb22, C23, D23, E23, F23, G23, A23, Bb23, C24, D24, E24, F24, G24, A24, Bb24, C25, D25, E25, F25, G25, A25, Bb25, C26, D26, E26, F26, G26, A26, Bb26, C27, D27, E27, F27, G27, A27, Bb27, C28, D28, E28, F28, G28, A28, Bb28, C29, D29, E29, F29, G29, A29, Bb29, C30, D30, E30, F30, G30, A30, Bb30, C31, D31, E31, F31, G31, A31, Bb31, C32, D32, E32, F32, G32, A32, Bb32, C33, D33, E33, F33, G33, A33, Bb33, C34, D34, E34, F34, G34, A34, Bb34, C35, D35, E35, F35, G35, A35, Bb35, C36, D36, E36, F36, G36, A36, Bb36, C37, D37, E37, F37, G37, A37, Bb37, C38, D38, E38, F38, G38, A38, Bb38, C39, D39, E39, F39, G39, A39, Bb39, C40, D40, E40, F40, G40, A40, Bb40, C41, D41, E41, F41, G41, A41, Bb41, C42, D42, E42, F42, G42, A42, Bb42, C43, D43, E43, F43, G43, A43, Bb43, C44, D44, E44, F44, G44, A44, Bb44, C45, D45, E45, F45, G45, A45, Bb45, C46, D46, E46, F46, G46, A46, Bb46, C47, D47, E47, F47, G47, A47, Bb47, C48, D48, E48, F48, G48, A48, Bb48, C49, D49, E49, F49, G49, A49, Bb49, C50, D50, E50, F50, G50, A50, Bb50, C51, D51, E51, F51, G51, A51, Bb51, C52, D52, E52, F52, G52, A52, Bb52, C53, D53, E53, F53, G53, A53, Bb53, C54, D54, E54, F54, G54, A54, Bb54, C55, D55, E55, F55, G55, A55, Bb55, C56, D56, E56, F56, G56, A56, Bb56, C57, D57, E57, F57, G57, A57, Bb57, C58, D58, E58, F58, G58, A58, Bb58, C59, D59, E59, F59, G59, A59, Bb59, C60, D60, E60, F60, G60, A60, Bb60, C61, D61, E61, F61, G61, A61, Bb61, C62, D62, E62, F62, G62, A62, Bb62, C63, D63, E63, F63, G63, A63, Bb63, C64, D64, E64, F64, G64, A64, Bb64, C65, D65, E65, F65, G65, A65, Bb65, C66, D66, E66, F66, G66, A66, Bb66, C67, D67, E67, F67, G67, A67, Bb67, C68, D68, E68, F68, G68, A68, Bb68, C69, D69, E69, F69, G69, A69, Bb69, C70, D70, E70, F70, G70, A70, Bb70, C71, D71, E71, F71, G71, A71, Bb71, C72, D72, E72, F72, G72, A72, Bb72, C73, D73, E73, F73, G73, A73, Bb73, C74, D74, E74, F74, G74, A74, Bb74, C75, D75, E75, F75, G75, A75, Bb75, C76, D76, E76, F76, G76, A76, Bb76, C77, D77, E77, F77, G77, A77, Bb77, C78, D78, E78, F78, G78, A78, Bb78, C79, D79, E79, F79, G79, A79, Bb79, C80, D80, E80, F80, G80, A80, Bb80, C81, D81, E81, F81, G81, A81, Bb81, C82, D82, E82, F82, G82, A82, Bb82, C83, D83, E83, F83, G83, A83, Bb83, C84, D84, E84, F84, G84, A84, Bb84, C85, D85, E85, F85, G85, A85, Bb85, C86, D86, E86, F86, G86, A86, Bb86, C87, D87, 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mf
2. March - ing and march - ing, For

weeks and weeks, o'er moors and peaks; March - ing, out - march - ing Ten

thou - sand grand old Greeks; Till Xe - noph - on's harangues Of

f
stades and pa - ra - sangs, By all the pow'rs; this march of ours To

Ban - agh - er it bangs.

mf
3. March - ing and march - ing, So swift and far by sun and star! Oh,

p staccato

march - ing and march - ing A - way for Can - da - har. They —

say she's sore be - set, But thro' the Af - ghan net We —

cresc.

boys will break, and no mis - take, And save the cit - y yet.

THE QUERN SONG.

Maids, at morn, grind the good corn
 Each in her mill with a will!
 In go the oats, wheat and pearly barley,
 Down in a shower falls the flour.

CHORUS.

Winding strong, grinding all day long,
 Round and round goes the mill;
 Grinding turn-about, till the meal is out,
 Must never, never be still.

Those hands that are strongest
 Will find a welcome here,
 And they who work the longest
 Shall earn the best cheer.

CHORUS.

Those hands that are strongest
 Will find a welcome here,
 And they who work the longest
 Shall earn the best cheer.
 Winding strong, grinding all day long,
 Round and round goes the mill,
 Grinding, turn-about, till the meal is out
 Must never, never stand still.

Adapted from an old Song.

THE QUERN TUNE.

(Air from Horncastle's Irish Entertainment.)

Andante moderato.

mf
Maids, at morn grind the good corn

Each in her mill with a will, In go the oats,

Wheat and pear-ly barley, Down in a show'r falls the flour.

CHORUS.
mf
Wind - ing strong, grind-ing all day long, Round, round and

round goes the mill, Grind-ing turn a - bout, till the meal is out must

cresc.

ne - ver, ne - ver be still.

f

SOLO.

Those hands that are strong - est will find a wel - come

p

here, And they who work the long - est shall

b

CHORUS.

earn the best cheer, best cheer. Those hands that are

f

strong - - est will find _____ a wel - come here, _____ And

they who work _____ the long - est _____ shall earn _____ the best

cheer. **CHORUS.** *f* Wind - ing strong, grinding all day long,

Round, round and round goes the mill, Grinding turn a - bout, till the meal is out must

ne - ver, ne - ver be still. *f*

I SHALL NOT DIE FOR LOVE OF THEE.

O Woman, shapely as the swan,
Shall I turn wan for looks from thee?
Nay bend those blue love-darting eyes
On men unwise, they wound not me.
Red lips and ripe and rose soft cheek,
Shall limbs turn weak and colour flee,
And languorous grace and foam white form,
Shall still blood storm because of ye?

Thy slender waist, thy *cool* of gold
In ringlets rolled around thy knee,
Thy scented sighs and looks of flame
They shall not tame my spirit free.
For, Woman, shapely as the swan,
A wary man hath nurtured me;
White neck and arm, bright lip and eye,
I shall not die for love of ye.

From the Gaelic.

I SHALL NOT DIE FOR LOVE OF THEE.

(Air: "The black-haired maid of the valley".)

Andante.

Piano introduction in B-flat major, 2/4 time, Andante. The right hand features a melody of eighth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with sustained notes and moving bass lines. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *pp* (pianissimo).

Vocal entry and piano accompaniment for the first line. The vocal line begins with a half rest followed by the lyrics "1. O Wo - man, shape - ly as the swan, Shall". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and sustained accompaniment in the left hand. Dynamics include *mp* (mezzo-piano).

Vocal entry and piano accompaniment for the second line. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "I turn wan for looks from thee? Nay— bend those blue love -". A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a "3" above it. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and sustained accompaniment in the left hand.

Vocal entry and piano accompaniment for the third line. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "dar - ting eyes On men un - wise, they wound not me. Red". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and sustained accompaniment in the left hand.

cresc. lips and ripe, and rose - soft cheek, Shall limbs *dim.* turn weak and

co - lour flee, And langourous grace and foam - white form, Shall still blood storm be -

cause of ye?

mp 2. Thy slen - der waist, thy cool of gold In ring - lets roll'd a -

3 round thy knee, Thy scen - ted sighs and looks of flame, They shall not tame my

cresc. *dim.*

spir - it free. For, Wo - man, shapely as the swan, A war - y man hath

cresc.

nurtured me; White neck and arm, bright lip and eye, I shall not die for

love of thee.

rall.

O Wo - man, shape-ly as the swan, I shall not die for

colla parte

a tempo

love of thee.

O'DONNELL'S MARCH.

Oh! have you heard the tidings?
 Limerick's aflame,
 Kerry and the Ridings
 Out in Red Hugh's name:
 Till chiefs so lately mocking
 Around his flag are flocking
 And Dublin's towers are rocking
 At O'Donnell's fame.

The rain it ran in fountains,
 Then there fell such frost,
 That Slieve Phelim's mountains
 Swift as fire he crossed.
 Past every Saxon Warder
 He's broke the Southern Border,
 And struck in battle order
 Mountjoy's startled host.

Then hail to Hugh C'Donnell!
 Hail, Clan Donnell, hail!
 Out of far Tyrconnell
 Hosting to Kinsale!
 Oh, heroes of Blackwater,
 Stay not your swords of slaughter,
 Until your foes ye scatter
 Headlong through the Pale.

O' DONNELL'S MARCH.

(Air: "The brown little Mallet")

Allegretto molto marcato.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left hand plays chords and single notes in a steady rhythm. The piece is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by the lyrics "1. Oh! have you heard the tidings? Li-merick's a -". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes. The piece is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "flame, Ker-ry and the Ridings Out in Red Hugh's name: Till". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes. The piece is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "chiefs so lately mock - ing A - round his flag are flock - ing, And". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes. The piece is marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic.

Dublin's towers are rocking At O' Donnell's fame.

2. The rain it ran in

fountains, Then there fell such frost That Slieve Phelim's mountains

Swift as fire he crossed. Past ev'-ry Sa-xon war-der He's

broke the Southern Bord-er, And struck in bat-tle or-der

Mount-joy's startled host. 3. Then

p *dim.*

hail to Hugh O' Donnell! Hail, Clan Donnell, hail! Out of far Tyr-

p *cresc.*

connell Host-ing to Kin-sale! O— heroes of Black-

f *sf*

wat-er, Stay not your swords of slaughter, Un-til your foes ye scatter

f

Head-long through the Pale.

ff *sf* *sf*

THE DEATH OF OSCAR.



I sought my own son over Gowra's black field,
 Where the host of the Fians was shattered,
 Where fell all our mighty ones, and helmet and shield
 O'er the red earth lay shamefully scattered.
 I sought my own Oscar and my proud heart upleaped,
 As at last on a lone ridge I found him,
 His stern hand still clinging to the sword that had reaped
 Swathe on swathe of the dead foes around him.

He held out his arms, though the drear mist of death
 Had begun o'er his bright eyes to gather
 "I thank God," he faltered with his failing breath,
 "That thou still art unhurt, Oh, my father!"
 Then down, down I knelt by my heart's dearest one,
 All else beside him forgetting;
 Till Oscar's proud spirit passed forth like the sun
 In a red sea of glory setting.

From the Gaelic.

THE DEATH OF OSCAR.

(Air: The Dirge of Ossian.)

Adagio solenne.

1. I sought my own son o - ver

Gow - ra's black field, Where the host of the Fi - ans was

shat - - ter'd, Where fell all our migh - ty ones, and

helmet and shield O'er the red earth lay shame-ful - ly scat - ter'd. I

mf

p

mf

p

f

sought my own Oscar, and my proud heart up-leap'd As at last on a lone ridge I

p *mf*

found him, His stern hand still clinging to the sword that had reap'd Swathe on

swathe of the dead foes a - round him.

p *col Ped.*

2. He held out his arms, though the

p *pp*

drear mist of death Had be - gun o'er his bright eyes to

ga - - - ther. *pp* "I thank God," he fal - ter'd with

his fail - ing breath, *poco* "That thou art un - hurt, Oh, my

fa - - - ther." Then down, down I knelt by my heart's dearest one, All *poco*

else beside him for - get - - ting, Till Os - car's proud spir - it pass'd *cresc.* *mf* *cresc.*

forth like the sun In a red sea of glo - ry set - ting.

ONE AT A TIME

or Daniel Whitty.

(Air. She hung her petticoat up to dry.)

As she sat spinning beside her door,
 Sweet Kitty Kelly of Farranfore,
 In dropped, as often he'd done before,
 Ned Byrne, the young Schoolmaster.
 He took the seat that she signed him to
 And then that same to her side he drew,
 When up there hurried big Tom McHugh
 Who lived by lath and plaster.
 He took the seat that Miss Kate supplied
 And drew that same to her other side
 "Now do spake one at a time", she cried,
 And we'll get on the faster.

Says Ned, "Miss Kelly, but don't you see,
 My business needs but yourself and me?"
 "Then since, at present at least, we're three,
 'Twill have to wait," says Kitty.
 "Now, Tom Mc Hugh, 'tis your turn to start?"
 "Well then, Miss Kitty, first come apart?"
 "And hurt poor Ned to the very heart!
 Your selfish plans I pity."
 But since I've guessed what you're both about,
 Praps now 'tis best not to lave you in doubt;
 So here's the whole of the murder out—
 I'm promised to Daniel Whitty.

ONE AT A TIME

or Daniel Whitty.

(Air. She hung her petticoat up to dry.)

Allegretto vivace.

mf
1. As

she sat spinning be - side her door, Sweet Kit - ty Kel-ly of Far - ranfore, In

dropped, as of - ten he'd done be - fore, Ned Byrne, the young Schoolmaster. He

f
mf

took the seat that she signed him to And then that same to her side he drew, When

p
p

up there hurried big Tom Mc Hugh Who lived by lath and plaster. He

took the seat that Miss Kate supplied And drew that same to her oth-er side, "Now

do speak one at a time," she cried, "And we'll get on the fast-er."

Says Ned, "Miss Kel-ly, but don't you see, My

business needs but your-self and me." "Then since, at present at least, we're three, 'Twill

f
have to wait," says Kit - ty. "Now, Tom McHugh, 'tis your turn to start." "Well

mf

then, Miss Kit - ty, first come apart." "And hurt poor Ned to the ver - y heart! Your

p

p

self - ish plans I pi - ty. But since I've guessed what you're both ab - out, Pr'aps

f

mf

now 'tis best not to lave you in doubt, So here's the whole of the mur - der out - I'm

promised to Daniel Whit - ty?"

p

f

RODDY MORE THE ROVER.



Of all the rovin' Jacks that e'er to Farranfore came over
 As paramount I'd surely count ould Roddy More the Rover;
 Wid steeple hat and stiff cravat and nate nankeen knee breeches
 And on his back a pedlar's pack just rowlin' o'er wid riches.

[For so it was when o'er the hill his coat-tails they'd come flyin',
 The sharpest tongue of all was still, the crossest child quit cryin',
 Ould women even left their tay, ould men their glass of toddy,
 An' spoon in hand, a welcome grand would wave and wave to Roddy.]

Then when his treasures he'd unlade in view of all the village,
 In from her milkin' ran the maid, each boy from out the tillage,
 The while the rogue, in each new vogue, the lasses he'd go drapin',
 Until their lads his ribbons, plaids and rings had no escapin'.

Now whist your noise and take your toys, cried he, "My darlin' childer;
 Or my best ballads wid your prate ye'll woefully bewilder."
 Then his "Come-all-ye's" he'd advance wid such a fine comether
 That you might say he took away your sinse and pince together.

[But there! of all the roamin' jacks that trass the counthry over,
 For paramount I'd ever count ould Roddy More the Rover.
 For deed an' I believe that when his sperrit parts his body,
 If he's allowed, he'll draw a crowd in Heaven itself, will Roddy.]

RODDY MORE THE ROVER.

(Air. The brisk young barber.)

Allegretto.

mf

Of

mf
Then

when his trea-sures he'd un-lade in view of all the vil-lage, In

p

from her milk-in' ran each maid, each boy from out the til-lage; The

while the rogue in each new vogue the las-ses he'd go dra-pin', Un-

til their lads his rib-bons, plaids and rings had no es-ca-pin'

f

"Now

whisht your noise and take your toys!" Says he, "my dar - lin' chil - der, Or

my best bal - lads wid your prate ye'll woe - ful - ly be - wil - der." Then

his "Come-all - ye's" hed advance wid such a fine co - meth - er, That

you might say he took a - way your sinse and pince to - geth - er.

TROTTIN' TO THE FAIR.

Trottin' to the fair
 Me and Moll Molony,
 Seated I declare
 On a single pony.
 How am I to know that
 Molly's safe behind,
 With our heads in oh, that
 Awk'ard way inclined?
 By her gentle breathin'
 Whisper'd past my ear,
 And her white arms wreathin'
 Warm around me here.

Thus on Dobbin's back
 I discoursed the darling,
 Till upon our track
 Leaped a mongrel snarling,
 Ah! says Moll I'm frightened
 That the pony'll start—
 And her hands she tightened
 Round my happy heart;
 Till I axed her, "May I
 Steal a kiss or so?"
 And my Molly's grey eye
 Did n't answer no.

TROTTIN' TO THE FAIR.

(Air. Will you take a flutter.)

Allegretto.

mp

1. Trotting to the fair

p stacc.

p

Me and Moll Mo-lo - - ny, Seated I de- clare On a single po - ny,

How am I to know that Mol - ly's safe be-hind With our

heads in oh, that Awk - 'ard awk - 'ard way in - clined?

poco rit.

colla parte

p a tempo

By her gen - tle breathin' Whisper'd past my ear, _____

p

And her white arms wreathin' Warm a - round me here.

cresc. *f*

dim.

mp

2. Thus on Dob-bin's back I discoursed the dar - - - ling,

p

Till up - on our track Leaped a mon-grel snarl - ing.

Ah! says Moll I'm frightened, frightened That the po - ny'll start_ And her

hands she tight - ened, tight - ened Round my hap - py heart;
poco rit.
colla parte

p a tempo
Till I axed her, "May I Steal a kiss or so?"

And my Mol-ly's grey eye Did't an - swer no.
cresc. *f*

dim. *p*

LIKE A STONE IN THE STREET.

I'm left all alone like a stone at the side of the street,
 With no kind "good day" on the way from the many I meet.
 Still with looks cold and high they go by, not one brow now unbends,
 None holds out his hand of the band of my fairweather friends.

They help'd me to spend to its end all my fine shining store,
 They drank to my health and my wealth till both were no more.
 And now they are off with a scoff as they leave me behind,
 "When you've ate the rich fruit, underfoot with the bare bitter rind."

There's rest deep and still on yon hill by our old Chapel's side,
 Where I laid you long ago, to my woe, my young one-year's bride.
 Then ochone! for relief from my grief into madness I flew.
 Would to God ere that day in the clay I'd been cover'd with you.

LIKE A STONE IN THE STREET.

Lento. *mp*

1. I'm

mf *dim.*

left all a - lone like a stone at the side of the street, With

p

cresc.

no kind "good day" on the way from the ma - ny I meet. Still with

cresc.

cresc.

looks cold and high they go by, not one brow now un - bends, None

f

cresc. *f*

dim.

holds out his hand of the band of my fair - wea - ther friends.

dim. *p*

H. 2870

mp

2. They help'd me to

dim.

p

spend to its end all my fine shi - ning store, They drank to my

cresc.

health and my wealth, till both were no more. And

cresc.

cresc.

now they are off with a scoff as they leave me be - hind; "When you've

cresc.

f

ate the rich fruit, un - der - foot with the bare bit - ter rind."

p

mp

3. There's rest deep and

sotto voce

still on you hill by our old Cha - pel's side, Where I laid you long a -

pp

cresc.

go, to my woe, my young one - year's bride. Then och - one! for re -

mp

appassionato

f

lief from my grief in - to mad - ness I flew — Would to

cresc.

rall. e dim.

God ere that day in the clay I'd been co - ver'd with you.

colla parte

dim.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE ROCK.

As on Killarney's bosom blue
 We lay with lifted oars,
 He challenged with his clarion true
 The silent shores.
 And straight from off her mountain throne
 The Daughter of the Rock
 Took up that challenge, tone by tone,
 With airy mock.
 And twice and thrice from hill to hill
 She tossed it o'er the heather,
 Then drew the notes with one wild thrill
 Together.
 Like pearls of silver dew
 From a fragrant purple flower,
 Echo's secret heart into
 They shower.

We floated on and ever on
 With many a warbled tune,
 Until above the water wan
 Awoke the moon.
 Then with a sudden, strange surprise
 A clearer challenge came
 From out his eager lips, and eyes
 Of ardent flame.
 Like Echo answering his horn,
 At first I mocking met him;
 Till lest e'en counterfeited scorn
 Should fret him.
 From all my heart strings caught,
 Faint as Echo's closing stress,
 Stole the answer that he sighing sought,
 Love's low yes.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE ROCK.

(Air. Sir Muddin dum da Man.)

Andante.

mf

1. As

on Kil-lar-ney's bo-som blue We lay with lift-ed oars, He

challenged with his cla-rion true The si-lent shores. And

straight from off her mountain throne The Daughter of the Rock Took

up that challenge tone by tone, With ai-ry mock. And twice and thrice from hill to hill She

toss'd it o'er the heath-er, Then drew the notes with one wild thrill To -
geth - er.

Like pearls of sil-ver dew From a fragrant pur-ple flower, Echo's
se - cret heart in-to They show - er.

2. We floated on and e-ver on With many a warbled tune, Un -

til a - bove the wa - ters wan A - woke the moon; Then

Then

with a sud - den, strange sur - prise A clea - rer chal - lenge came From

mf *f*

out his eager lips and eyes Of ar - dent flame. Like E - cho answering his horn, At

first I mocking met him, Till lest e'en coun - ter - fei - ted scorn Should

fret him, From all my heart strings caught, Faint as Echo's closing stress, Stole the

p

answer that he sighing sought, Love's low yes.

mf *pp*

THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

And is he coming home today
 Who all these years has ranged?
 And will he be the same to me,
 Although I so have changed.
 The same again, the same as when
 At first he courting came
 And looked me through with eyes so blue—
 Ah, will he be the same?

I would have dressed in all my best;
 He'd have me wear my worst,
 The faded gown of homespun brown
 In which I met him first.
 My woman's heart would have me smart;
 I'm but a woman still.
 Yet bide, gay gown, come, old one, down;
 Let Donal have his will.

The Southern Star has fetched the Bar,
 She's signalled from the land.
 Quick, little Donal, to my arms!
 Now on my shoulder stand!
 There, there she sails! He's at the rails.
 For joy my eyes run o'er.
 Wave, little lad, to your own dad!
 Aye, 'tis himself once more.

THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

(Air. The Kerry Boys.)

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Andante.

mf

1. And

is he com-ing home a - gain Who all these years has ranged? And

will he be the same to me, Al - though I so have changed? The

same a - gain, the same as when At first he courting came, And

look'd me thro' with eyes so blue— Ah, will he be the same?

mf
2. I

would have drest in all my best, He'd have me wear my worst, The

pp
fad - ed gown of homespun brown, In which he saw me first. My

poco rit.
wo - man's heart would have me smart, I'm but a wo - man still; But

colla parte

bide, gay gown; come, old one, down! Let - Don - al have his will!

mf Più

"The

cresc. *mf*

mozzo.

Sou - thern Star" has fetched the bar! She's sig - nalled from the land.

f Quick, lit - tle Don - al, to my arms! Now on my shoul - der stand! There,

there she sails! He's at the rails! For joy my eyes run o'er.

Più lento.

Wave, lit - tle lad, to your own dad! Aye, 'tis him - self once more.

colla parte

THE RIDDLE.

2nd Voice.

Raise us a riddle as spinning we sit.

1st Voice.

P'raps I have one that your fancy will fit.

2nd Voice.

Come, then, advance it with all of your wit.

1st Voice.

Some have got the barley showin',

Some a purty patch of oats,

Others just the pratees growin',

With a mountain side for goats.

Come with me through meadows flow'ry

Up where furze and heather blow,

If my secret golden dowry,

Lasses, you would like to know.

2nd Voice.

Surely hid treasure is in your head.

1st Voice.

Wrongly my riddle this time you have read.

2nd Voice.

Come, give us hold of a stronger thread.

1st Voice.

How is this my herds can utter

Of themselves the milk all day,

Churn and turn it into butter

Faix and firkin it safe away.

Kerry cows upon their brows

Bear a pair of branching horns;

But my kind they wear behind

One, only one, like Unicorns.

2nd Voice.

Ah, then, your herds are the bees on the height.

1st Voice.

'Deed and this time you've guessed aright.

2nd Voice.

Pleasant the riddle you put us to-night.

THE RIDDLE.

(Spinning Wheel Song.)
(Air. I send you the floating tribute.)

Allegro moderato.

f

mf (Chorus or 2nd Voice.)

1. Raise us a rid-dle as

dim. *p*

SOLO.

mf 1st Voice.

spinn - ing we sit. Praps I have one that your

f CHORUS.

fan - cy will fit. Come then ad - vance it with

f

all of your wit.

SOLO.

Some have got the bar - ley show - in', Some a pur - ty

pp

patch of oats, O - - thers just the pra - tees grow - in',

With a moun - tain - side for goats. Come with me thro'

mea - dows flow' - ry, Up where furze and heath - er blow,

If my se - - cret gold - - en dow - ry, Las - ses, you would

pp

like to know. _____

mf (Chorus or 2nd Voice.)
2. Sure - ly hid trea - sure is in — your head.

SOLO.
mf 1st Voice.
Wrong - ly my rid - dle this time you have read.

CHORUS.
Come, give us hold of a stron - ger thread. _____

f

SOLO.
How is this my herds can ut - ter Of them - selves the

pp

milk all day, Churn and turn it

in - - to but - - ter, Faix — and firk - in it

safe — a - way. Ker - - ry cows up - -

on their brows — Bear a pair — of

branch - ing horns, But my kind they wear be - hind One,

on - - ly one, like un - i - corns.

f CHORUS.
Ah! then your herds are the

SOLO.
bees on the height. 'Deed and this time you've

f CHORUS.
guessed a - right. Plea-sant the rid - dle you put us to - night.

I PRAY YOU BE PATIENT.

Mourn not beyond measure, my long absent lover,
 These eyes dim with watching, this trouble-pale mouth,
As for you they have faded for you they'll recover —
 Your violets, your roses, refreshed after drouth.

Yet I pray you be patient, for, oh, I am tired,
 Too tired, too tired to be closely caressed;
So take me and soothe me, my love long desired,
 As a mother would lay her own child on her breast.

So long I have starved, oh, a little while longer
 Thus tenderly, slenderly portion my bliss.
More now were too much, when I'm braver and stronger,
 I'll sigh back your whispers, restore you your kiss.

O see how the shadows in sunshine are fleeting!
 O hark how the robins rejoice in the lane!
There! lay my thin hand on your heart's happy beating,
 There! lift my tired head to your shoulder again.

I PRAY YOU BE PATIENT.

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(Air. The giolla gruma.)

Lento.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked 'Lento.' and 'mf'. The piano part features a flowing eighth-note accompaniment. The vocal melody enters in the second system with the lyrics '1. Oh mourn not be-yond'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern. The third system contains the lyrics 'mea - sure, my long - ab - sent lov - er, These'. The piano part includes a triplet of eighth notes. The fourth system has the lyrics 'eyes dim with watch - ing, this trou - ble - pale'. The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes and a 'pp' (pianissimo) marking. The fifth system contains the lyrics 'mouth; — For — you they have — fad - ed, for'. The piano part includes a 'poco cresc.' (poco crescendo) marking and a triplet of eighth notes. The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time.

mf

1. Oh mourn not be-yond

mea - sure, my long - ab - sent lov - er, These

eyes dim with watch - ing, this trou - ble - pale

pp

mouth; — For — you they have — fad - ed, for

poco cresc.

you they'll re - cov - er Your vio - lets and

ro - ses re - freshed af - ter drouth.

mf
2. Yet I

pray you be pa - tient! For oh, I am

tir - ed, Too tir - ed, too tir - ed to be

close - ly ca - - ressed. — So — take me and —

pp *poco cresc.*

soothe me, my love long de - - si - - red, As a

mo - ther would soothe her sick child on her —

p

breast. —

mf 3. So long I've been

starv - ing, oh, a lit - tle while long - er Thus

ten - der - ly, slen - der - ly por - tion my

bliss. My heart is too full now, when I'm

bra - ver and strong - er I'll sigh back my

se - crets, re - store you your kiss.

*mf**poco accel.*

4. Oh see how the

colla parte

shadows in sun - shine are fleet - ing. Oh, hark how the

*cresc.**Tempo I.**p*

ro - bins re - joice in the lane. — There!

lay my thin hand on your heart's hap - py beat - ing, And —

lift my tired — head to your shoulder a - - gain. —

MORE OF CLOYNE.

Little sister, whom the Fay
Hides away within his doon,
Deep below yon tufted fern
Oh, list and learn my magic tune.

Long ago, when snared like thee
By the Shée, my harp and I
O'er them wove the slumber spell,
Warbling well its lullaby.

Till with dreamy smiles they sank,
Rank on rank, before the strain;
Then I rose from out the rath
And found my path to earth again.

Little sister, to my woe
Hid below among the Shée,
List and learn my magic tune,
That it full soon may succour thee.

MORE OF CLOYNE.

Andante con moto.

The piano introduction is in G minor, 2/4 time, marked 'Andante con moto'. It features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand, with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic.

p

1. Lit - tle si - ster, whom the Fay Hides a - way with -

The first system of the song begins with a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are '1. Lit - tle si - ster, whom the Fay Hides a - way with -'. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment.

in his dun,* Deep be - low yon tuf - ted fern, Oh,

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'in his dun,* Deep be - low yon tuf - ted fern, Oh,'. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand.

list and learn my ma - gic tune. Deep be - low yon

pp

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'list and learn my ma - gic tune. Deep be - low yon'. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The system ends with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking.

tuf - ted fern, Oh list and learn my ma - gic tune!

The fourth system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'tuf - ted fern, Oh list and learn my ma - gic tune!'. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand.

NOTE. More of Munster was carried off by the fairies in her youth; but escaped from them and became the wife of Cathal king of Cashel. Afterwards her sister was similarly abducted but was rescued by More who recognized her by her singing.

* = earthen fort, pronounced doon.

H. 2870

p

2. Long a - go when snared like thee By the Shee,* my
3. Till with drea-my smiles they sank Rank on rank be - -

harp and I Oer them wove the slum - ber spell, —
fore the strain; Then I rose from out the rath And

Warb - ling well its lul - la - by. *pp* Oer them wove the
found my path to earth a - gain. Then I rose from

slum - ber spell, — Warb - ling well its lul - la - by.
out the rath And found my path to earth a - gain.

* = fairies

mp

4. Lit - tle si - ster, to my woe

cresc.

Hid be - low a - mong the Shee, List and learn my

poco cresc.

ma - gic tune, That it full soon may suc - cour thee,

pp

List and learn my ma - gic tune, That it full soon may

pp

suc - cour thee.

pp

THE REAPER'S REVENGE.

Oft and oft I dream, astore,
 With secret sighs and laughter,
 How once you reaped the field before,
 And I came gathering after.
 While tenderly, tenderly with the corn
 Looks of love you threw me;
 Till I stood up with eyes of scorn
 And withered your hope to woo me.

Oft and oft I'm dreaming still,
 With smiles and tears together,
 Of how I stretched so weak and ill,
 Thro' all the wintry weather;
 While tenderly, tenderly still you'd tap,
 Seeking news of Norah;
 Till I grew fonder of your rap
 Than father's voice, acora!

Most I mind the plan conceal'd
 That thro' the spring amused you,
 To wait to find me in the field,
 Where rashly I refused you;
 Then earnestly, earnestly in my eyes
 Gaze till I return'd you
 The look of looks and sigh of sighs
 On the spot where once I spurn'd you.

THE REAPER'S REVENGE.

(Air. At the brink of the white rock.)

Allegro moderato.

1. Oft and oft I

mf *dim.* *p*

p

dream, a-store, With se-cret sighs and laugh-ter, How once you reaped the

simili

p

field before, And I came gath'-ring af-ter. While ten-der-ly, ten-der-ly

f

with the corn Looks of love you threw me; Till I stood up with

f

eyes of scorn And wither'd your hope to woo me.

2. Oft and oft I'm dream - ing still, With smiles and tears to -

ge - - ther, Of how I stretched so weak and ill Thro'

all the win - try wea - - ther; While ten - der - ly, ten - der - ly

still you'd tap, Seek - ing news of No - rah; Till I grew fond - er

of your rap Than fa - ther's voice, a - co - ra!

p

3. Most I mind the plan conceal'd, That thro' the spring a -

pp

mused you, To wait to find me in the field Where rash-ly I re -

fused you; Then earnest-ly, earnest-ly in my eyes Gaze, till I re -

turn'd you The look of looks and sigh of sighs On the spot where once I

poco rit.

colla parte

spur'd you.

THE KILLARNEY HUNT.

The hunt is up! and hound and pup
 Are tuning round Killarney;
 The hunt is out! O there's a shout!
 You'd hear it down to Blarney.
 There goes the stag along the crag,
 A Royal now I warrant,
 See how he sails across the rails
 And flies the foaming torrent.

Away to Tork they wind and work,
 Among the whorts and heather.
 The scent's in doubt, now all are out,
 Now hark! they're all together.
 For old Jack Keogh he marked him go
 And waved 'em with his wattle.
 A full George crown they've thrown him down
 With that he'll moist his throttle.

Yoicks! Tally ho! Away they go!
 See how the turf he's skimming.
 He's thro' the brake, he's took the lake,
 And after him they're swimming.
 Their floating ranks are on his flanks,
 They're closing now behind him;
 He feels the land! he's up the strand!
 Now, mind him, oh now mind him!

Hull-hullahoo! they flash in view
 Along the shining shingle;
 In length'ning row they streaming go,
 Now with the shades they mingle;
 While, underneath the evening star,
 A phantom hunt seems flying,
 Now swelling near, now echoing far,
 Now down the breezes dying!

THE KILLARNEY HUNT.

Allegro.

1. The

hunt is up, and hound and pup Are tun - ing round Kil - lar - ney; The

hunt is out! O there's a shout! You'd hear it down to Blar - ney. There

goes the stag a - long the crag, A Roy - al now I war - rant, See

how he sails a - cross the rails And flies the foam - ing tor - rent.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Allegro.' The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes various dynamic markings: *f* (forte), *p* (piano), *pp* (pianissimo), and *sf* (sforzando). The vocal line includes lyrics in Irish and English. The piano accompaniment features a mix of chords and moving lines, with some sections marked with *sf* for emphasis.

2. A -
3. Yoicks!

way to Tork they wind and work, A - mong the whorts* and hea - ther. The
Tal - ly ho! A - way they go! See how the turf he's skim - ming. He's

scent's in doubt, now all are out, Now hark! they're all to - ge - ther. For
thro' the brake, he's took the lake, And af - ter him they're swim - ming. Their

old Jack Keogh he marked him go And waved 'em with his wat - tle. A
floating ranks are on his flanks, They're clo - sing now be - hind him; He

full George crown they've thrown him down, With that he'll moist his throttle.
feels the land! he's up the strand! Now, mind him, oh now mind him!

* pronounce "hurts"

f

4. Hull - lul - la_hoo! they flash in view A -

loug the shin - ing shin - gle; In lengthning row they stream - ing go, Now

dim.

with the shades they min - gle; While, un - derneath the even - ing star, A

dim. *p*

phantom hunt seems fly - ing, Now swel - ling near, now echo - ing far, Now

p

on the bree - zes dy - ing.

dim. *pp*

OH, MY GRIEF! OH, MY GRIEF!

Oh, my grief, oh, my grief!
 Oh, my grief all the morning!
 Oh, my grief all the even!
 Oh, my grief all the night!
 Over flower, over leaf
 Falls the shade of her scorning,
 And darkens blue heaven
 With its desolate blight.

Oh, wind, and oh, wind
 Wailing over the forest,
 With thee my sad spirit
 Would fain wander forth!
 Thus all unconfined,
 When sorrow was sorest,
 I too should inherit
 The strange, silent North.

More pure and more chaste,
 Thou desolate Norland,
 Than the South's sighing languors
 In bowers rose-hung,
 Thy wan, winter waste,
 Thy still, solemn foreland,
 Aurora's red angers
 The white stars among.

OH, MY GRIEF! OH, MY GRIEF!

199

Lento non troppo.

mf 3

Oh my grief, oh my



grief! Oh my grief all the morning! Oh, my grief all the



e - ven! Oh, my grief all the night! O - ver flow'r, o - ver



leaf Falls the shade of her scorning, And dark-ens blue



heav'n with its de - so - late blight.



Poco più mosso.

Oh — wind and oh — wind — Wai-ling

o - - - ver the fo - rest, With — thee my sad

spi - rit Would fain wan - - der forth. Thus,

all un - con - fi - ned, When sor - row was

so - rest, I — too shall in - - he - rit The —

strange, si - - - lent North.

More pure and more chaste, Thou

de - so-late Norland, Than the South's sigh - ing lan - guors In -

bow - ers rose - hung, Thy wan, win - ter waste, Thy still, so - lemn

foreland, Au - - ro-ra's red an - gers The white stars a - mong.

SINCE WE'RE APART.

Since we're apart, since we're apart,
 The weariness and lonely smart
 Are going greatly round my heart;
 Upon my pillow, ere I sleep,
 The full of my two shoes I weep,
 And like a ghost all day I creep.

'Tis what you said you'd never change
 Or with another ever range,
 Now ev'n the Church is cold and strange.
 There side by side our seats we took,
 There side by side we held one book;
 But with another now you look.

And when the service it was o'er,
 We'd walk the meadow's flow'ry floor,
 As we shall walk and walk no more.
 For while beneath the starry glow
 Ye two sit laughing light and low,
 A shade among the shades I go.

Suggested by a Gaelic Song.

SINCE WE'RE APART.

Andante molto moderato.

p

1. Since

mp

we're a - part, since we're a - part, The wea - ri - ness and

lone - ly smart Are go - ing great - ly round my heart; Up -

on my pil - low, ere I sleep, The full of my two

shoes I weep, And like a ghost all day I creep. —

p
2. 'Tis

what you said you'd nev - er change Or with an - oth - er

e - ver range, Now ev'n the Church is cold and strange. There

side by side our seats we took, There side by side we

pp
held one book, But with an - oth - er now you look. —

3. And

when the ser - vice it was o'er, Wed walk the mea - dows

flow' - ry floor, As we shall walk and walk no more. For

while be - neath the star - ry glow Ye two sit laugh - ing

light and low, A shade a - mong the shades I go.

MY GARDEN AT THE BACK.

When I came o'er from old Rosstrevor,
 Here to London town,
 A lonesome spell upon me fell
 For Kate and County Down.
 'Twas gloomy toil for her glad smile,
 Grey stone for grassy track;
 Till I took heart at last to start
 A garden at the back.

With country mould at morn and eve,
 Still I piled my plot;
 Then sow'd and set musk, mignonette,
 Pink, rose, forget-me-not.
 Till bees they flew from out the blue,
 And butterflies they'd tack,
 O blessed hour, from flow'r to flow'r
 Of my garden at the back.

Then when I'd but the Christmas rose
 To end the flow'ry race,
 Around the corner came my scorner
 With a sadden'd face.
 The cause to guess of her distress
 For sure I was not slack,
 And now her eyes make Paradise
 Of my garden at the back.

MY GARDEN AT THE BACK.

207

(Air. Reynard on the mountain high.)

Andante. *mp cantabile*

1. When I came o'er from old Ros-trevor

mf *p*

Here to Lon-don town, A lone-some spell up-

on me fell For Kate and Coun-ty Down. 'Twas

gloom-y toil for her glad smile, Grey stone for gras-sy track; Till

I took heart at last to start A gar-den at the back.

cresc.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a melody line for the voice and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the mood is 'mp cantabile'. The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano line. The piano line includes various dynamics such as *mf* (mezzo-forte), *p* (piano), and *cresc.* (crescendo). The lyrics are written below the vocal line, and the piano part includes some lyrics that are not aligned with the vocal line, such as 'Here to Lon-don town, A lone-some spell up-' and 'on me fell For Kate and Coun-ty Down. 'Twas'. The score ends with a final cadence in the piano part.

mp

2. With coun - try mould at morn and eve

mf *p*

p

Still I piled my plot; Then sow'd and set musk, mi - gnonette, Pink,

rose, forget - me - not. Till bees they flew from out the blue, And

but - ter - flies they'd tack, O bless - ed hour, from flow'r to flow'r Of my

cresc.

gar - den at the back.

mf

mp

3. Then when I'd but the Christ-mas rose To end the flow' - ry

p

p

race, A - round the cor - ner came my scorn-er With a sadden'd

face. The cause to guess of her dis-tress For sure I was not

slack, And now her eyes make Pa - ra-dise Of my gar-den at the

back.

THE COUNTY OF MAYO.

On the deck of Lynch's boat, here I sit in woeful plight,
 Through my sighing all the day and my weeping all the night.
 Were it not that full of grief from my people forth I go,
 O, 'tis royally I'd sing all thy praises, sweet Mayo.

When I dwelt at home in peace, and my gold did much abound,
 In the midst of fair young maids, how the Spanish ale went round!
 Oh! the change from that gay day thus, across the ocean flow,
 To be laid in Santa Cruz far and far from sweet Mayo.

Sadly changed are Irrul's girls; very proud they've grown and high
 With their patches and their powder, for I pass their buckles by;
 But their airs I little heed, since the Lord will have it so
 That I'm forced to foreign lands far and far from sweet Mayo.

'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl in Irrul still,
 And that Brian Duff no more rules as lord upon the hill,
 And that Colonel Hugh O' Grady should be lying dead and low,
 And I sailing, sailing swift from the County of Mayo.

Adapted from George Fox.

THE COUNTY OF MAYO.*)

211

(Air. The ship of Patrick Lynch.)

Andante.

mf

1. On the

p

deck of Lynch's boat, Here I sit in woe - ful plight, Through my

sigh - ing all the day and my weep - ing all the night. Were it

not that full of grief from my peo - ple forth I go, O, 'tis

roy - al - ly I'd sing all thy prais - es, sweet May - o.

★) The well known words of George Fox's translation from the old Irish Song have been adapted to suit this tune to which the original or a variant of it was evidently sung. H. 2870

mf

2. When I
3. Sad - ly

dwelt at home in peace, and my gold did much a - bound, In the
changed are Ir - ru's girls; ve - ry proud they've grown and high, With their

midst of fair young maids how the Span - ish ale went round! Oh! the
patch - es and their powder, for I pass their buck - les by. But their

change from that gay day thus a - cross the o - cean flow To be
airs I lit - tle heed, since the Lord will have it so That I'm

cresc. *mf*

laid in San - ta Cruz far and far from sweet May - o.
forced to for - eign lands far and far from sweet May - o.

4.'Tis my

cresc.

mf

grief that Pat-rick Loughlin is not Earl in Ir - rul still, And that

Bri - an Duff no more rules as lord up - on the hill, And that

Co - lonel Hugh O' Gra - dy should be ly - ing dead and low, And I

p

rall.

sail - ing, sail - ing swift from the Coun - ty of May - o!

ALONE, ALL ALONE.

(A Love Song from the Irish Gaelic.)

When westward I'm called,
 'Tis not east I'd be going.
 Should I sup the salt wave
 With the pure spring to hand,
 Or prefer the base weed
 To the richest rose blowing,
 Or not follow my own love
 The first through the land?

Oh, my heart is a fountain
 Of sorrow unspoken,
 A virgin nut-cluster
 Untimely down torn!
 And oh, but my heart
 Flutters bleeding and broken,
 Like a bird beating out
 Its wild life on a thorn.

His cheek is the hue
 Of the blackberry blossom,
 And blackberry blue
 His dark tresses above;
 And I'm cryin' without
 Who should lie in his bosom
 And I doubt and I doubt
 If he's true to his love.

'Tis time I should part you,
 Proud, hurrying City;
 For your tongues they cut sharper
 By far than your stone,
 And your hearts than that same
 Are more hardened to pity;
 So my love I'll go seeking,
 Alone, all alone!

ALONE, ALL ALONE.

Andante.

1. When

mp

p

The first system of the musical score for 'ALONE, ALL ALONE.' It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The dynamic for the piano is 'p' (piano) and for the voice is 'mp' (mezzo-piano). The system ends with the instruction '1. When'.

west - ward I'm called, 'tis not east I'd be go - ing, Should I

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'west - ward I'm called, 'tis not east I'd be go - ing, Should I'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

sup - stand - ing wa - ter, a fresh spring to hand. Shall I

cresc.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'sup - stand - ing wa - ter, a fresh spring to hand. Shall I'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'cresc.' (crescendo) marking.

wear a base weed for the rich - est rose blow - ing, Or not

cresc.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'wear a base weed for the rich - est rose blow - ing, Or not'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'cresc.' (crescendo) marking.

fol - low my own love the first thro' the land.

The fifth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'fol - low my own love the first thro' the land.' The piano accompaniment provides the final harmonic support.

2. Oh, my heart's but a
3. His cheek is the

foun-tain of sor-row un-spoken, A vir-gin nut-hue of the black-ber-ry blossom, And black-ber-ry

clus-ter un-time-ly down torn! And oh, but my
blue his dark tres-ses a-bove. But I'm cry-ing with-

cresc.

heart flut-ters bleed-ing and bro-ken, Like a bird beat-ing
out, who should lie in his bo-som, And I doubt and I

out its wild life on a thorn.
doubt if he's true to his love.

Più lento.

'Tis time I should part you, proud

rall. *pp*

hur - ry - ing ci - ty, For your tongues they cut shar - per by far than your

cresc. *cresc.*

stone. And your hearts than that same are more hard - end to

f

pi - ty! So my love I'll go seek - ing a -

p Più lento. *pp*

lone, all — a - lone!

fin.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power
 And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave
 Await alike the inevitable hour—
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave."
 Thus great Wolfe sighed,
 While on muffled oar
 We darkling crossed St Laurence' whispering tide
 For the foeman's unguarded shore.

Then, one by one, far up the fearful steep
 We toiled and toiled through all the live long night;
 Till on the Frenchmen startled out of sleep
 We flashed in long drawn phalanx from the height.
 Enraged Montcalm
 Bade his host advance—
 And on the frowning heights of Abraham
 Closed the champions of England and France.

Oh, fierce we fought until a fatal ball
 Found Wolfe's brave bosom through the battle smoke.
 Then charged the Scots with fiery slogan call
 And backward reeled the French and broke.
 "See! Sir, they run!"
 "Who?" he faintly cried.
 "The French." "Now God be praised, our arms have won!"
 And contented he turned and died.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

(Air. Same name, from C^o Donegal.)

Tempo di Marcia.

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It begins with a treble clef staff containing a whole rest. The piano accompaniment starts in the second measure with a forte (*f*) dynamic, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in both hands.

The first vocal line begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "1. 'The boast of her - al - - dry, the pomp of". The piano part features a mezzo-forte (*mf*) section with a melodic line in the right hand.

The second vocal line continues the melody. The lyrics are: "power, And all that beau - ty, all that wealth e'er". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

The third vocal line concludes the phrase. The lyrics are: "gave — A - - wait a - like thin - e - vi - ta - ble hour — The". The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass note in the left hand.

paths of glo - ry lead but to the grave."* Thus

great Wolfe sigh'd, While on muf - fled oar We

dark - ly crossed St Lawrence' tide For the foe-men's un - guard - ed

shore. 2. Then,

one by one, far up the fear - ful steep

* Wolfe recited these lines just before the battle of Quebec. H. 2870

We toil'd and toil'd thro' all the live - long

night, Till on the French-men start - led from their

sleep We flash'd in long drawn pha - lanx from the

height. En - - raged Mont-calm Bade his host ad -

vance, And on the frowning heights of A - bra-ham Closed the

Più mosso.

champions of Eng-land and France. 3. Oh,

fierce we fought un - til one fa - tal ball Found

Wolfe's brave bo - som thro' the bat - tle smoke. — Then

charged the Scot with fie - ry slo - gan call And

back - ward, back - ward reel'd the French and broke. "See,

Sir, they run!" "Who?" he faint - ly cried. "The

French." "Now God be praised, our arms have won!" And con -

rall. dim. *Più lento.* *p*

colla parte dim. *p*

tent - ed he turn'd and died.

THE SONGS ERIN SINGS.

"Music shall outlive all the songs of the birds."

Old Irish.



I've heard the lark's cry thrill the sky o'er the meadows of Lusk,
And the first joyous gush of the thrush from Adare's April wood,
At thy lone music's spell, Philomel, magic stricken I've stood,
When in Espan afar star on star trembled out of the dusk.

While Dunkerron's blue dove murmured love 'neath her nest I have sighed,
And by mazy Culdaff with a laugh mocked the cuckoo's refrain,
Derrycarn's dusky bird I have heard piping joy hard by pain
And the swan's last lament sobbing sent over Moyle's mystic tide.

Yet as bright shadows pass from the glass of the darkening lake,
As the rose's rapt sigh must die, when the zephyr is stilled;
In oblivion grey sleeps each lay that those birds ever trilled,
But the songs Erin sings from her strings shall immortally wake.

THE SONGS ERIN SINGS.

225

"Music shall outlive all the songs of the birds" *Old Irish.*

Larghetto moderato.

p

1. I've heard the lark's cry thrill the

sky o'er the mead-ows of Lusk, And the first joy - ous

cresc.

cresc.

gush of the thrush from A - - dare's A - pril wood, At thy

lone mu - sic's spell, Phi - lo - mel, ma - gic strick-en I've

dim.

dim.

p

stood, When in Es - pan a - far star on star trem - bled

out of the dusk.

2. While Dun - ker - ron's blue
3. Yet as bright sha - dows

dove mur - mur'd love, 'neath her nest I have sigh'd, And by
pass from the glass of the dark - en - ing lake, As the

cresc.

ma - - zy Cul - - daff with a laugh mock'd the
ro - - se's rapt sigh soon must die when the

cresc.

cu - ckoo's re - - frain, Der - ry - carn's dus - ky
Ze - phyr is still'd, In ob - li - vion so

bird grey I have each heard lay pi - ping joy hard by
grey sleeps each lay that those birds e - ver

pain, trill'd; And the swan's death la - - ment sob - - bing
But the songs E - rin sings from her

sent o - - ver Moyle's mys - tic tide.
strings shall im - - mor - tal - ly wake.

LIKE A GHOST I AM GONE.

In the wan, mistful morning to Ocean's wild gales
Afar from her scorning I loose my black sails;
For my kiss was scarce cold on her cheek when she turned
And my love for the gold of a renegade spurned.

Under cloud chill and pallid, while hollow winds moan,
Lies alas! our green-valleyed, purple-peaked Innishowen;
For as if my sad case she were sharing to-day,
All her glory and grace she hides weeping away.

Farewell, Lake of Shadows! Buncrana, farewell
To your thymy sea meadows, your fern-fluttering dell!
Adieu, Donegal! o'er the waters death wan,
Under Heaven's heavy pall, like a ghost I am gone.

LIKE A GHOST I AM GONE.

229

(Air. "I will raise my sail black, mistfully in the morning")

Andante.

p

1. In the wan, mist-ful morn-ing to Ocean's wild

gales A - far from her scorn-ing I loose my black sails; For my

cresc. *f* 3

kiss was scarce cold on her cheek when she turn'd And my love for the

cresc.

p

gold of a false stran-ger spurn'd. In the wan, mist-ful morn-ing to

p

O - cean's wild gales A - far from her scorning I loose my black sails.

p 2. Un-der cloud chill and pal-lid, while hol-low winds

moan Lies our love-ly green val-ley'd, blue-peaked In-ni-

shown;* For as if my sad case she were shar-ing to -

cresc.

f 3 day, All her glo-ry and grace she hides weep-ing a -

p way. In the wan, mist-ful morn-ing to O-cean's wild

p

* pronounce "Inishone"

gales A - far from her scorn - ing I - loose my - black

sails. 3. Fare -

well, Lake of - sha-dows*, Bun - cra - na, fare - well To your thy - my sea

mea - dows, your fern - flutt'-ring dell. Fare - well, old Do-ne - gal! o'er the

wa - ters death-wan Un - der Heav'n's hea - vy pall like a ghost I am gone.

pp *rall. molto* *colla parte*

* Longh Swilly.

THE LEAFY COOL-KELLURE.

Just between the day and dark,
 O'er the green of the glimmering Park,
 Lost in heav'n one lonely lark
 Soared and poured his passion pure;
 Till the long, sweet, shivering strain
 Took, methought, this meaning plain,
 As it showered like silver rain
 Softly into the Cool-kellure.

How we prayed and prayed of old,
 Blackbird, with the crown of gold,
 That you'd cross the waters cold
 Erin's sorrows at last to cure.
 But you sought and sought in vain
 Succour out of France and Spain,
 None would help you here to reign,
 Blackbird, over the Cool-kellure.

Yet the Blackbird far above
 Now I rank the Royal Dove
 Who, at last for Erin's love
 Wreathing with shamrock her bosom pure,
 O'er the dreadful flood's decrease
 Flutters with its spray of peace
 To her bow'r of Queenly ease
 Nestling under the Cool-kellure.

THE LEAFY COOL-KELLURE.*

(Air. The white-breasted boy.)

Allegretto.

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line includes the lyrics "1. Just be - tween — the day and dark, O'er the". The piano accompaniment continues with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The tempo is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte).

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line includes the lyrics "green of the glimm'-ring Park, Lost in heav'n — one lone-ly". The piano accompaniment continues.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line includes the lyrics "lark Soared and pour'd his pas-sion pure; Till the". The piano accompaniment continues.

* The corner of the singing of birds.

cresc.
long, sweet, shiv' - ring strain Took, me - thought, this mean - ing

cresc.

mf plain, As — it show - ered — like sil - ver rain *p* Soft - ly

p

in - to the Cool - kel - lure.

mf
2. How we pray'd — and pray'd of
3. Yet the Black - bird far a -

p

old Black - bird* with the crown of gold, That you'd
bove Now I — rank the Roy - al Dove Who, at

★ The Pretender was known as the Blackbird in Irish Jacobite poetry. H. 2870

cross the wa-ters cold, E - rin's sor-rows at last to
last, for E - rin's love, Wreath-ing with shamrock her bo-som

cure. But you sought and sought in vain Suc - cour
pure, O'er the dread-ful flood's de - crease Flut - ters

cresc.

out of France and of Spain, None would help you here to
with its spray of peace To her bow'r of Queenly

mf

reign, ease Black-bird, o - ver the Cool-kel - lure.
Nest - ling un - der the Cool-kel - lure.

p

f

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