

J. POWER takes the Liberty of announcing to the Public a **WORK** which has long been a *Desideratum* in this Country. Though the Beauties of the National Music of Ireland have been very generally felt and acknowledged, yet it has happened, through the Want of appropriate English Words, and of the Arrangement necessary to adapt them to the Voice, that many of the most excellent Compositions have hitherto remained in Obscurity. It is intended, therefore, to form a Collection of the best Original **IRISH MELODIES**, with Characteristic Symphonies and Accompaniments; and with Words containing, as frequently as possible, Allusions to the Manners and History of the Country. **SIR JOHN STEVENSON** has very kindly consented to undertake the Arrangement of the **Airs**; and the Lovers of simple National Music may rest secure, that, in such tasteful Hands, the native Charms of the original Melody will not be sacrificed to the Ostentation of Science.

In the Poetical Part, **J. POWER** has had Promises of Assistance from several distinguished Literary Characters, particularly from **MR. MOORE**, whose Lyrical Talent is so peculiarly suited to such a Task, and whose Zeal in the Undertaking will be best understood from the following Extract of a Letter which he has addressed to **SIR JOHN STEVENSON** on the Subject:—

“ I feel very anxious that a Work of this Kind should be undertaken. We have too long neglected the only Talent for which our English Neighbours ever deigned to allow us any Credit. Our National Music has never been properly collected: and, while the Composers of the Continent have enriched their Operas and Sonatas with Melodies borrowed from Ireland, very often without even the Honesty of Acknowledgment, we have left these treasures in a great Degree unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our **Airs**, like too many of our Countrymen, for want of Protection at Home, have passed into the service of Foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better Period both of Politics and Music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland at least, appears too plainly in the Tone of Sorrow and Depression which characterizes most of our early Songs.—The task which you propose to me, of adapting Words to these **Airs**, is by no means easy. The Poet who would follow the various Sentiments which they express must feel and understand that rapid Fluctuation of Spirits, that unaccountable Mixture of Gloom and Levity, which compose the Character of my Countrymen, and has deeply tinged their Music. Even in their liveliest Strains we find some melancholy Note intrude, some minor Third or flat Seventh, which throws its Shade as it passes, and makes even Mirth interesting. If **BURNS** had been an Irishman, (and I would willingly give up all our Claims upon **OSSIAN** for him,) his Heart would have been proud of such Music, and his Genius would have made it immortal.

“ Another Difficulty (which is, however, purely mechanical) arises from the irregular Structure of many of those **Airs**, and the lawless Kind of Metre which it will in consequence be necessary to adapt to them. In these instances the Poet must write, not to the Eye, but to the Ear; and must be content to have his Verses of that Description which **CICERO** mentions, ‘ *Quos si cantu spoliaveris nude remanebit oratio.*’ That beautiful Air, ‘ The Twisting of the Rope,’ which has all the romantic Character of the Swiss *Rans des Vaches*, is one of those wild and sentimental Rakes which it will not be very easy to tie down in sober Wedlock with Poetry. However, notwithstanding all these Difficulties, and the very little Talent which I can bring to surmount them, the Design appears to me so truly National, that I shall feel much Pleasure in giving it all the Assistance in my Power.

“ *Leicestershire, Feb. 1807.*”

The Work will be continued in Numbers, containing each Twelve Melodies; several of them arranged for One, Two, or Three Voices.

* * **J. POWER** will be much obliged by the Communication of any Original Melodies which the Lovers of Irish Music may have the Kindness to contribute to this Work.

^a The Writer forgot, when he made this Assertion, that the Public are indebted to **MR. BUNTING** for a very valuable Collection of Irish Music; and that the patriotic Genius of **MISS OWENSON** has been employed upon some of our finest **Airs**.

Second Number

A Selection
of
IRISH MELODIES,

with Symphonies and
Accompaniments

by
SIR JOHN STEVENSON Muf. Doc.

and Characteristic Words by

Thomas Moore Esq.



LONDON Printed & Sold at J. Fowlers Music & Instrument Warehouse, 34 Strand

Price 15s

Bound in 200 pages

To the
Ability and Sentiment
of
Ireland.

The following Work

Is respectfully Inscribed

By
The Publisher.

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St. Senanus and the Lady.

Moderate Time

Staccato *Cres*

pp

f *pp*

ST. SENANUS

Cres *f* *p* "Oh! haste, and leave this sacred isle Unho-ly

p *Cres* bark! ere morning smile; For on thy deck, tho' dark it be, A female

hr *lento* form I see; And I have sworn this sainted sod Shall ne'er by

woman's feet be trod."

p

“Oh! Father, send not hence my bark, Through wintry winds, and o’er billows

dark; I come, with hum-ble heart, to share Thy morn and ev’n - - ing

pray’r; Nor mine the feet, oh! ho-ly Saint, The brightness

of - - thy sod to taint.

TRIO

The Lady’s pray’r Senanus spurnd; The wind blew fresh, and the bark re-

The Lady’s pray’r Senanus spurnd; The wind blew fresh, and the bark re-

The Lady’s pray’r Senanus spurnd; The wind blew fresh, and the bark re-

Cres

f

turn'd: But legends hint, that had the maid Till morning's light - - de -

turn'd: But legends hint, that had the maid Till morning's light - - de -

turn'd: But legends hint, that had the maid Till morning's light de -

lento

p

lay'd, And giv'n the Saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely

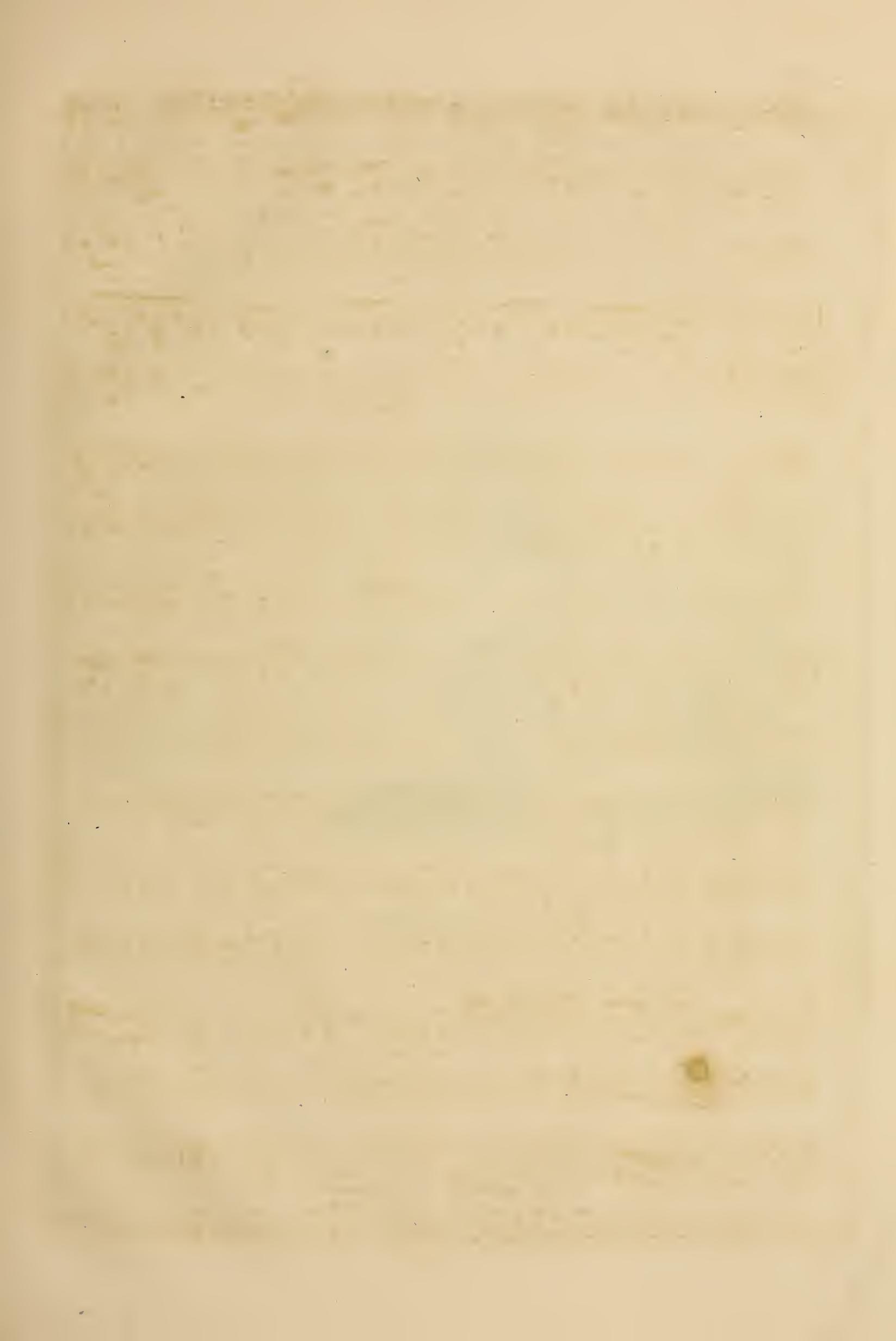
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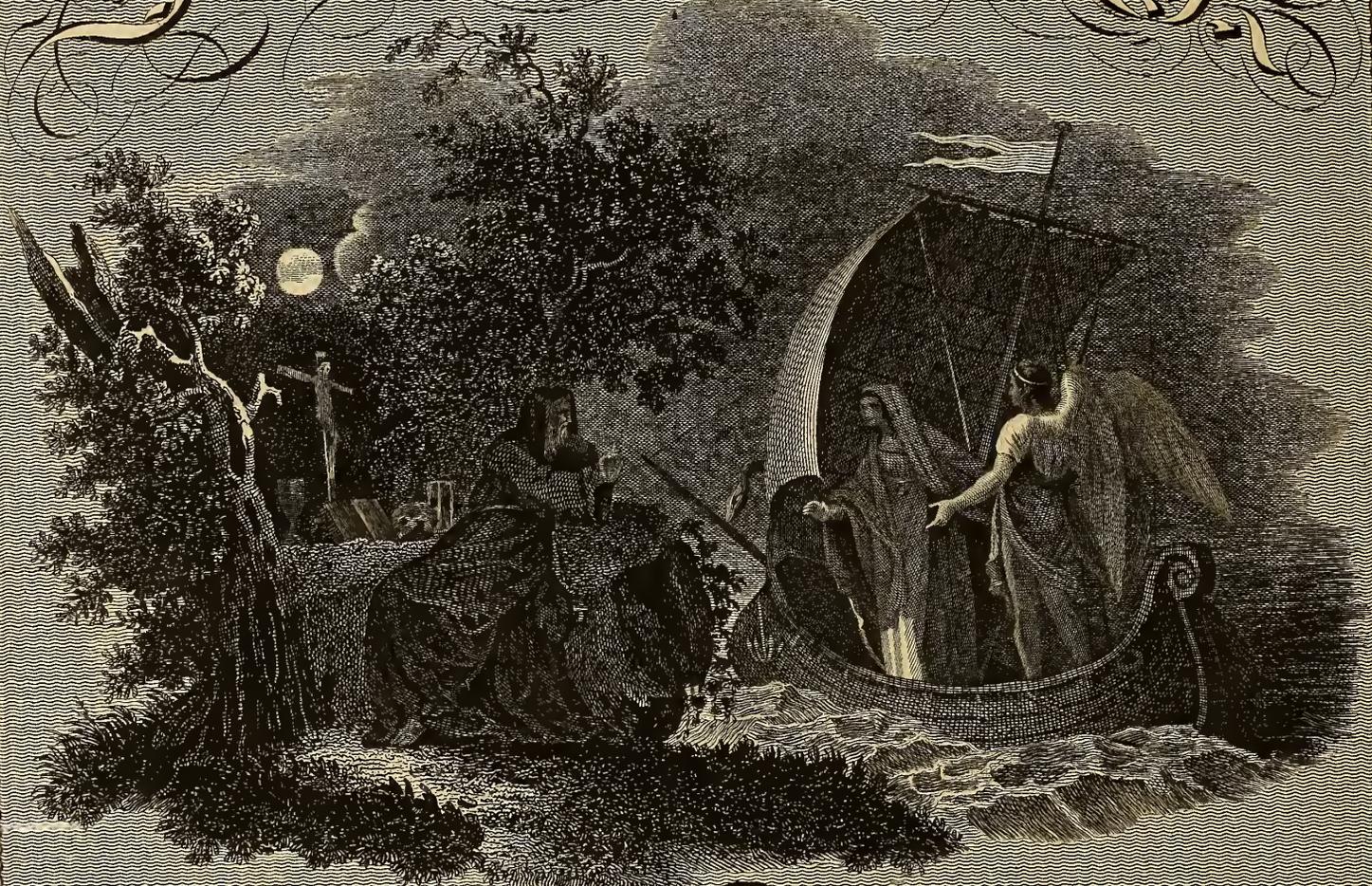
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isle. And giv'n the Saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

isle. And giv'n the Saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely isle.



St. Serapion and the Lady



St. Serapion

Oh haste and leave this sacred isle
Unholy bark on morning smite
For on thy deck the dark of eve
A female form I see
And I have sworn this sanctified soil
Shall never by woman's feet be trod!

OH! HASTE, AND LEAVE THIS SACRED ISLE.

AIR—*The Brown Thorn.*

*St. Senanus.** “ OH! haste, and leave this sacred isle,
 “ Unholy bark! ere morning smile;
 “ For on thy deck, tho’ dark it be,
 “ A female form I see ;
 “ And I have sworn this sainted sod
 “ Shall ne’er by woman’s feet be trod !”

The Lady. “ Oh! Father, send not hence my bark,
 “ Thro’ wint’ry winds, and billows dark ;
 “ I come, with humble heart, to share
 “ Thy morn and ev’ning pray’r ;
 “ Nor mine the feet, oh! holy Saint,
 “ The brightness of thy sod to taint.”

The Lady’s pray’r Senanus spurn’d ;
 The winds blew fresh, the bark return’d :
 But legends hint, that had the maid
 Till morning’s light delay’d,
 And given the Saint one rosy smile,
 She ne’er had left his lonely isle.

* In a Metrical Life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS. and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the Island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any Woman of the party ; he refused to receive even a Sister Saint, St. Cannera, whom an Angel had taken to the Island for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious Answer of Senanus, according to his Poetical Biographer :—

*Cui Præsul, quid fæminis
 Commune est cum monachis?
 Nec te nec ullam aliam
 Admittemus in insulam.*

See the ACTA SANCT. HIB. Page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a Personage than the River Shannon ; but O’Connor, and other Antiquarians, deny this Metamorphosis indignantly.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

AIR—*The Twisting of the Rope.**

I.

HOW dear to me the hour when day-light dies,
 And sun-beams melt along the silent sea ;
 For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
 And Mem'ry breathes her vesper sigh to thee !

II.

And, as I watch the line of light that plays
 Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
 I long to tread that golden path of rays,
 And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

* I had not sufficiently considered the structure of this delightful Air, when I asserted (in the Letter prefixed to this Work) that it was too wild for words of a regular metre.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies.

*Slow and
to be played
very smoothly*

pia

How dear to me the hour when

day - - light dies, And sunbeams melt a - long the si - lent sea;

For then sweet dreams of o - ther days a - rise, And

Mem'ry breathes her vesper sigh to thee! For then sweet dreams of o - ther

lento

days - a - rise, And Mem'ry breathes her ves - per sigh - to

thee!

pia

tenuto Dim

Cres

2^d VERSE.

And, as I watch the line of light that plays Along the smooth wave tow'rd the

burning west, I long to tread that golden path _ _ of rays And

think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest! I long to tread that golden

lento

path of rays And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest!

pp

pia

tenuto pp

Take back the Virgin Page

With Feeling.

Take back the vir - gin page, White and un - written still;

lento

Some hand, more calm and sage, The leaf must fill. Thoughts come as pure as light,

lento

Pure as ev'n you require; But oh! each word I write Love turns to fire. fire.

1st *2d*

Take back the Virgin Page.

With Feeling

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one sharp (F#).

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the piano accompaniment.

Take back the vir - gin page, White and un - writ - ten still;

Take back the vir - gin page, White and un - writ - ten still;

Musical notation for the third system, including vocal lines and piano accompaniment.

Some hand, more calm and sage, The leaf must fill.

Some hand, more calm and sage, The leaf must fill.

Musical notation for the fourth system, including vocal lines and piano accompaniment.

Thoughts come as pure as light, Pure as ev'n you require;

Thoughts come as pure as light, Pure as ev'n you require;

lento But oh! each word I write Love turns to fire. fire.

But oh! each word I write Love turns to fire. fire.

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

[Written on returning a blank Book.]

AIR--*Dermott.*

I.

TAKE back the virgin page,
 White and unwritten still ;
 Some hand, more calm and sage,
 The leaf must fill.
 Thoughts come as pure as light,
 Pure as even you require ;
 But oh ! each word I write
 Love turns to fire.

II.

Yet let me keep the book ;
 Oft shall my heart renew,
 When on its leaves I look,
 Dear thoughts of you !
 Like you 'tis fair and bright ;
 Like you, too bright and fair
 To let wild Passion write
 One wrong wish there !

III.

Haply, when from those eyes
 Far, far away, I roam,
 Should calmer thoughts arise
 Tow'rds you and home,
 Fancy may trace some line
 Worthy those eyes to meet ;
 Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
 Pure, calm, and sweet !

IV.

And, as the records are,
 Which wand'ring seamen keep,
 Led by their hidden star,
 Thro' winter's deep ;
 So may the words I write
 Tell thro' what storms I stray,
 You still the unseen light,
 Guiding my way !

THE LEGACY.

AIR—*Unknown.*

I.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
 O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
 Tell her it liv'd upon smiles, and wine
 Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.
 Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
 To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
 But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
 To bathe the relic from morn to night.

II.

When the light of my song is o'er,
 Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
 Hang it up at that friendly door
 Where weary travellers love to call: *
 Then if some Bard, who roams forsaken,
 Revive its soft note in passing along,
 Oh! let one thought of its master waken
 Your warmest smile for the child of Song.

III.

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

* "In every house was one or two Harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed, the more they excelled in Music."—O'HALLORAN.

THE LEGACY.

When in Death, shall calm recline.

*With Feeling
and Quietly*

Piano introduction in 6/8 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with a melodic line in the treble and a rhythmic accompaniment in the bass.

When in death I shall calm recline, O bear my heart to my mistress dear;

First system of vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef.

Tell her it liv'd upon smiles, and wine Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here:

Second system of vocal and piano accompaniment.

Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow To sully a heart so brilliant and light; But

Third system of vocal and piano accompaniment.

balmy drops from the red grape borrow, To bathe the relic from morn'till night.

Fourth system of vocal and piano accompaniment.

Piano conclusion in 6/8 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with a melodic line in the treble and a rhythmic accompaniment in the bass.

2^d VERSE.

When the light of my song is o'er, Then take my harp to your ancient hall;

Hang it up at that friendly door Where wea - ry tra - vel - lers love to call:

Then if some Bard, who roams for - saken, Revive its soft note in passing a - long, Oh!

let one thought of its master waken Your warmest smile for the child of song.

How oft has the Benshee cried?

*Slow and
with
Solemnity*

pia

for

How oft' has the Benshee cried! How oft' has Death untied, Bright links that Glory wove,

pia

pp

Sweet bonds entwin'd by love! Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth! Rest to each

Cres

for

faithful eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

Dim

THE DIRGE.

How oft has the Ben-shee cried!

Harmonized for Four Voices.

Slow and
With Solemnity

Piano introduction for the first system, 3/4 time signature, key of B-flat major. The music is written for piano and consists of two staves. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'Slow and With Solemnity'. The dynamics are marked 'p' (piano).

Piano introduction for the second system, 3/4 time signature, key of B-flat major. The music is written for piano and consists of two staves. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'Slow and With Solemnity'. The dynamics are marked 'p' (piano). There are markings 'Cres' (Crescendo) and 'f' (forte) above the staff.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The vocal line is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: "How oft has the Ben-shee cried! How oft has Death untied". The tempo is marked 'Slow and With Solemnity'. The dynamics are marked 'p' (piano).

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The vocal line is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Bright links that Glo - - ry wove, Sweet bonds en - twin'd. by love!". The tempo is marked 'Slow and With Solemnity'. The dynamics are marked 'p' (piano).

First Voice

Peace to each manly soul that sleep_eth Rest to each

Second Voice

Tenor
or Alto lower

Peace to each manly soul that sleep_eth Rest to each

Bass

Piano
Forte

faithful eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the

eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the

he_ro's grave. Peace to each manly soul that sleep_eth! Rest to each

Peace to each soul that sleep_eth! Rest to each

he_ro's grave. Peace to each manly soul that sleep_eth! Rest to each

Peace Peace Rest to each

faith-ful eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

eye - - - that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

p *Gras pp*

We're fall'n up - on gloo - my days; Star af - ter star de - cays:

Ev' - ry bright name, that shed Light o'er the land, is fled.

p
 Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth Lost joy or hope that ne'er returneth;

Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth Lost joy that ne'er returneth;

Cres But brightly flows the tear Wept o'er a he-ro's bier! *p* Dark falls the

Dark falls the
 But brightly flows the tear Wept o'er a he-ro's bier! Dark falls the

Dark

tear of him who mourneth Lost joy or hope, that ne'er return_eth;

tear which mourneth Lost joy or hope, return_eth;

tear of him who mourneth Lost joy or hope, return_eth;

Dark Lost joy that ne'er - - - return_eth;

But bright - ly flows the tear Wept o'er a hero's bier!

.But brightly flows the tear Wept o'er a hero's bier!

But bright - ly flows the tear Wept o'er a hero's bier!

But bright - - ly flows the tear Wept o'er a hero's bier!

Dim pp

Oh! quench'd are our bea - con lights, Thou, of the hundred fights!

Thou, on whose burn - ing tongue Truth, peace, and freedom, hung!

But mute— but, long as Va_lour shin_ eth, Or Mer_ cy's

But mute— but, long as Va_lour shin_ eth, Or Mer_ cy's

soul . at war re_ pineth, So long shall E_ rin's pride Tell how they

soul re_ pineth, So long shall E_ rin's pride Tell how they

p liv'd and died! Both mute— but, long as Va_lour shineth,

Both mute— but, while Love shineth,

liv'd and died! Both mute— but, long as Va_lour shineth,

mute— mute—

Cres
 Or Mer - cy's soul at war re - pin - eth, So long shall
 Or Mercy's soul re - pineth, So long shall
 Or Mer - cy's soul re - pineth, So long shall
 Or Mercy's soul - - - re - pineth, So long shall

Dim *p*
 E - - rin's pride Tell how they liv'd and died!
 E - - rin's pride Tell how they liv'd and died!
 E - - rin's pride Tell how they liv'd and died!
 E - - rin's pride Tell - - - how they liv'd and died!

Dim

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

AIR—*The dear Black Maid.*

I.

HOW oft has the Benshee cried!
 How oft has Death untied
 Bright links that Glory wove,
 Sweet bonds entwin'd by Love!
 Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth!
 Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth!
 Long may the fair and brave
 Sigh o'er the hero's grave;

II.

We're fall'n upon gloomy days;*
 Star after star decays:
 Ev'ry bright name, that shed
 Light o'er the land, is fled.
 Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
 Lost joy or hope, that ne'er returneth;
 But brightly flows the tear
 Wept o'er the hero's bier!

III.

Oh! quench'd are our beacon-lights,
 Thou,† of the hundred fights!
 Thou, on whose burning tongue
 Truth, peace, and freedom, hung!‡
 Both mute—but, long as Valour shineth,
 Or Mercy's soul at war repineth,
 So long shall Erin's pride
 Tell how they liv'd and died!

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

† This designation, which has been applied to LORD NELSON before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Gnive, the Bard of O'Nial, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," Page 433;—"Con, of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories!"

‡ FOX, "ultimus Romanorum."

WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.

 AIR—*Garyone.*

I.

WE may roam thro' this world like a child at a feast,
 Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest,
 And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
 We may order our wings, and be off to the west;
 But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
 Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
 We never need leave our own Green Isle
 For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

II.

In England the garden of Beauty is kept
 By a dragon of prudery, plac'd within call;
 But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
 That the garden's but carelessly watch'd, after all.
 Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
 Which round the flowers of Erin dwells,
 Which warns the touch while winning the sense,
 Nor charms us least when it most repels.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

III.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
 On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
 Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
 But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye!
 While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
 Ever-smiling beside his faithful oar,
 Thro' billows of woe and beams of joy,
 The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

We may roam thro' this World.

Herrily

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a rhythmic melody in 6/8 time, while the left hand provides a steady bass accompaniment. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

We may roam thro' this world like a child at a feast, Who but

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The lyrics are: "We may roam thro' this world like a child at a feast, Who but".

sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest, And, when pleasure begins to grow

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest, And, when pleasure begins to grow".

dull in the east, We may order our wings and be off to the west; But if

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "dull in the east, We may order our wings and be off to the west; But if".

hearts that feel, and eyes that smile, Are the dearest gifts that Heav'n supplies, We

The fourth line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "hearts that feel, and eyes that smile, Are the dearest gifts that Heav'n supplies, We".

never need leave our own Green Isle For sen-si-tive heart and for

sun-bright eyes. Then remember wher-ever your goblet is crown'd, Thro' this

world whether eastward or westward you roam, When a cup to the smile of dear

womangoes round, Oh! remember the smile which a-dorns her at home.

50

Robert's Lover

Plainly

Oh! weep for the hour, When to Eveleen's bow'r The Lord of the Valley with false vows came; The

moon hid her light From the Heavens that night, And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame. The

clouds past soon From the chaste cold moon And Heav'n smil'd a gain with her ves_tal flame; But

lento

none will see the day When the clouds shall pass a way, Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

2^d VERSE.

The white snow lay On the narrow pathway, Where the Lord of the Valley crost o-ver the moor; And

many a deep print On the white snow's tint Shew'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door. The

next sun's ray Soon melted a-way Ev'ry trace on the path where the false Lord came; But

lento
there's a light above, Which a-lone can remove That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

Orcut's Power

Harmonized for Three Voices.

Andantino

Oh! weep for the hour, When to E - ve - leen's bow'r The

Lord of the Valley with false vows came; The moon hid her light From the

Heaven's that night, And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

First Voice

*Tenor
& Alto lower*

Bass

*Piano
Forte*

The clouds past soon From the chaste cold moon, And

The clouds past soon From the chaste cold moon, And

The clouds past soon From the chaste cold moon, And

Heav'n smil'd a-gain with her ves-tal flame; But none will see the day When the

Heav'n smil'd a-gain with her ves-tal flame; But no - - - the

Heav'n smil'd a-gain with her ves-tal flame; But none will see the day When the

lento

clouds shall pass a-way, Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

clouds ne'er pass a-way, Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

clouds pass a-way, Which that hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

lento

2^d VERSE.

The white snow lay On the nar - row path - - way, Where the

Lord of the Val - ley crost o - ver the moor; And many a deep print On the

white snows tint Shew'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door

The next sun's ray Soon melted a way Ev'ry trace on the path where the

The next sun's ray Soon melted a way Ev'ry trace on the path where the

The next sun's ray Soon melted a way Ev'ry trace on the path where the

false Lord came; But there's a light above, Which a lone can remove That

false Lord came; But there's a light a bove, can remove That

false Lord came; But there's a light a bove, Which a lone can remove. That

lento

stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

stain upon fair Eveleen's fame.

lento

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

 AIR—*Unknown*.*

I.

OH! weep for the hour,
 When to Eveleen's bower
 The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
 The moon hid her light
 From the Heavens that night,
 And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.
 The clouds past soon
 From the chaste cold moon,
 And Heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame;
 But none will see the day
 When the clouds shall pass away,
 Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

II.

The white snow lay
 On the narrow path-way
 Where the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor;
 And many a deep print
 On the white snow's tint
 Shew'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.
 The next sun's ray
 Soon melted away
 Ev'ry trace on the path where the false Lord came;
 But there's a light above,
 Which alone can remove
 That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

* Our claim to this Air has been disputed; but they, who are best acquainted with National Melodies, pronounce it to be Irish. It is generally known by the name of "The Pretty Girl of Derby, O!"

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

AIR—*The Red Fox.*

I.

LET Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betray'd her,
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold,*
 Which he won from her proud invader;
 When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
 Led the Red-Branch Knights† to danger,
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

II.

On Lough-Neagh's bank,‡ as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining!
 Thus shall Memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
 Thus, sighing, look thro' the waves of Time
 For the long-faded glories they cover!

* "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the 10th Century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their Champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a Collar of Gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the Sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."

WARNER'S HISTORY OF IRELAND, Vol. I. Book 9.

† "Military Orders of Knights were very early established in Ireland: long before the Birth of CHRIST we find an hereditary Order of Chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red-Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the Palace of the Ulster Kings, called *Teagh na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red-Branch; and contiguous to which was a large Hospital, founded for the sick Knights and Soldiers, called *Bron-bhearg*, or the House of the Sorrowful Soldier."

O'HALLORAN'S INTRODUCTION, &c. Part I. Chap. 5.

The Inscription upon Connor's Tomb (for the Fac-Simile of which I am indebted to Mr. Murphy, Chaplain of the late Lady Moira) has not I believe, been noticed by any Antiquarian or Traveller.

‡ It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough-Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water:—*"Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arcæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste, sereno tempore conspiciunt et extraneis transeuntibus reique causas admirantibus, frequenter ostendunt."*

TOPOGR. HIB. DIST. 2. C. 9.

Fac Simile

*of an ancient Irish Inscription upon a Tomb stone in the
Abbey of Mullisernon, County of Westmeath, Ireland.*

leoinmbuid isir-sröl uaiene

mepte cur nra crhoibe ruarac

aseao biou as Conc sib q sa acac ooa

esior curar sannaibe rre allimurac

F. S. E. Hillman's Copy

Translation

*A yellow Lion upon green Sattin
The Standard of the Heroes of the Red Branch
Which Conor carried in Battle
During his frequent Wars, for the expulsion of Foreigners.*

Let Erin remember the days of Old. 99

Grand
and
Spirited



The first system of the score is a piano introduction. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is marked 'Grand and Spirited'.



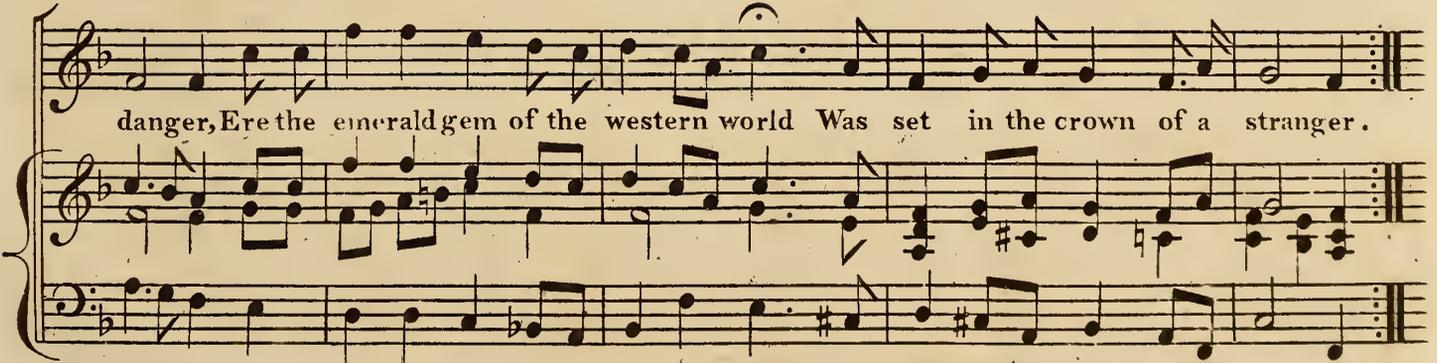
The second system of the score contains the first line of lyrics. It features a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Let Erin remember the days of old, Ere her faith-less sons be-". The music is marked with a forte dynamic (*f*) and a hairpin crescendo (*hr*) leading to a piano dynamic (*p*).



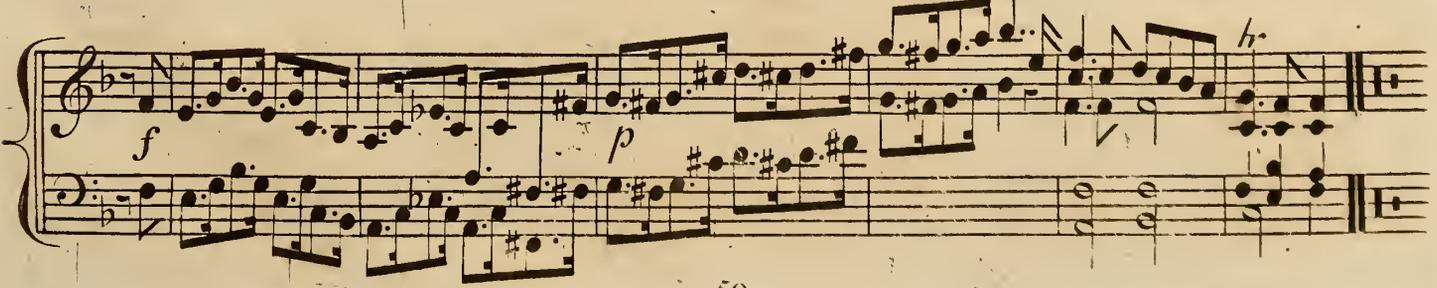
The third system of the score contains the second line of lyrics. It features a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "tray'd her, When Ma-lachi wore the collar of gold, Which he won from her proud in-".



The fourth system of the score contains the third line of lyrics. It features a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "va-der; When her Kings, with standard of green unfurl'd, Led the Red-Branch Knights to".



The fifth system of the score contains the fourth line of lyrics. It features a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "danger, Ere the emerald gem of the western world Was set in the crown of a stranger." The system concludes with a double bar line.



The sixth system of the score is a piano accompaniment. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is marked with a forte dynamic (*f*) and a hairpin crescendo (*hr*) leading to a piano dynamic (*p*).

2^d VERSE:

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eve's de -

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eve's de -

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eve's de -

pia

clin - - ing, He sees the round tow'rs of o - ther days. In the

clin - - ing, He sees the round tow'rs of o - ther days. In the

clin - - ing, He sees the round tow'rs of o - ther days. In the

wave be - neath him shin - - ing! Thus shall Mem'ry of - ten, in

wave be - neath him shin - - ing! Thus shall Mem'ry often, in

wave be - neath him shin - - ing! Thus shall Mem'ry often, in

dreams sub_lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are o_ver; Thus

dreams sub_lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are o_ver; Thus

dreams sub_lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are o_ver; Thus

sighing, look thro' the waves of Time For the long-faded glories they co_ver!

sighing, look thro' the waves of Time For the long-faded glories they co_ver!

sighing, look thro' the waves of Time For the long-faded glories they co_ver!

for

pja

for

h

Silent, oh Moyle! be the roar of thy water.

Mournfully

Silent, oh Moyle! be the roar of thy water, Break not, ye breez-es! your chain of repose, While,

murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter Tells to the nightstar her tale of woes.

When shall the Swan, her death-note singing, Sleep with wings in darkness furld?

When will Heav'n, its sweet bell ringing, Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Gras *p* *pp*

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.*

AIR—*Arrah, my dear Eveleen.*

I.

SILENT, oh Moyle! be the roar of thy water,
 Break not, ye breezes! your chain of repose,
 While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
 Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
 When shall the Swan, her death-note singing,
 Sleep with wings in darkness furl'd?
 When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
 Call my spirit from this stormy world?

III.

Sadly, oh Moyle! to thy winter-wave weeping,
 Fate bids me languish long ages away;
 Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
 Still doth the pure light its dawning delay!
 When will that day-star, mildly springing,
 Warm our isle with peace and love?
 When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
 Call my spirit to the fields above?

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

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

AIR—*We brought the Summer with us.*

I.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
 To simpleton sages and reasoning fools ;
 This moment's a flower too fair and brief
 To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
 Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue ;
 But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
 The fool who would quarrel for difference of hue
 Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

II.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valu'd and try'd,
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
 From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
 To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
 No! perish the hearts and the laws that try
 Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

Some send round the Wine.

Spirited

pia for pia for pia

Come, send round the wine and leave points of belief To

sim-ple-ton sa-ges and reas'n-ing fools; This mo-ment's a

flow'r too fair and brief, To be wither'd and stain'd by the

Scherzand

pia

dust of the schools, Your glass may be pur-ple and mine may be

blue; But while they're both fill'd from the same bright bowl, The

fool that would quarrel for diff'rence of hue De-

serves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

for pia for

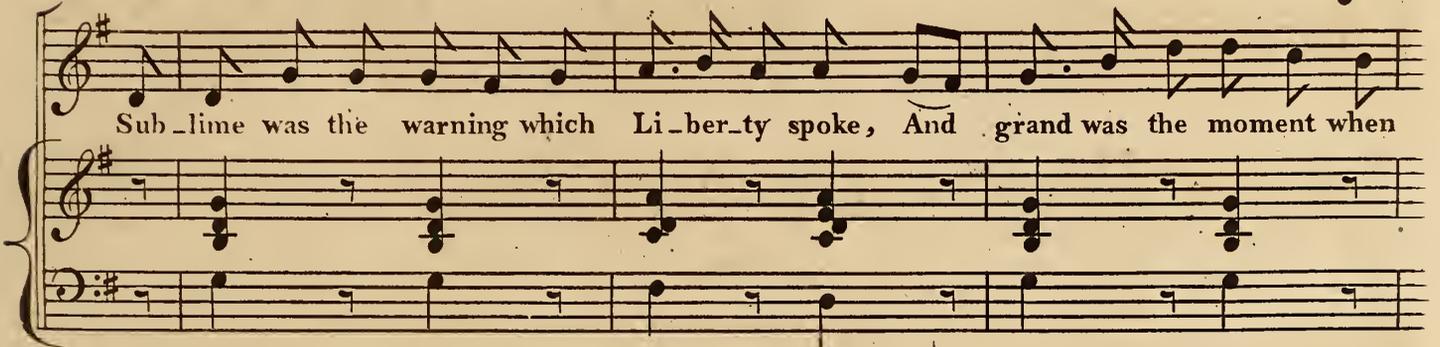
tr for pia

Sublime was the warning which Liberty spoke. 109

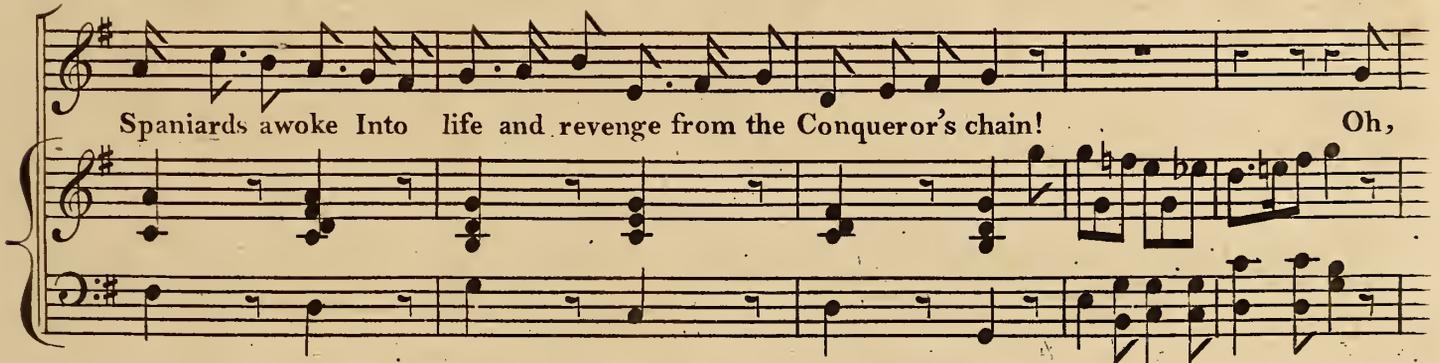
With Spirit



Sub_lime was the warning which Li_ber_ty spoke, And grand was the moment when



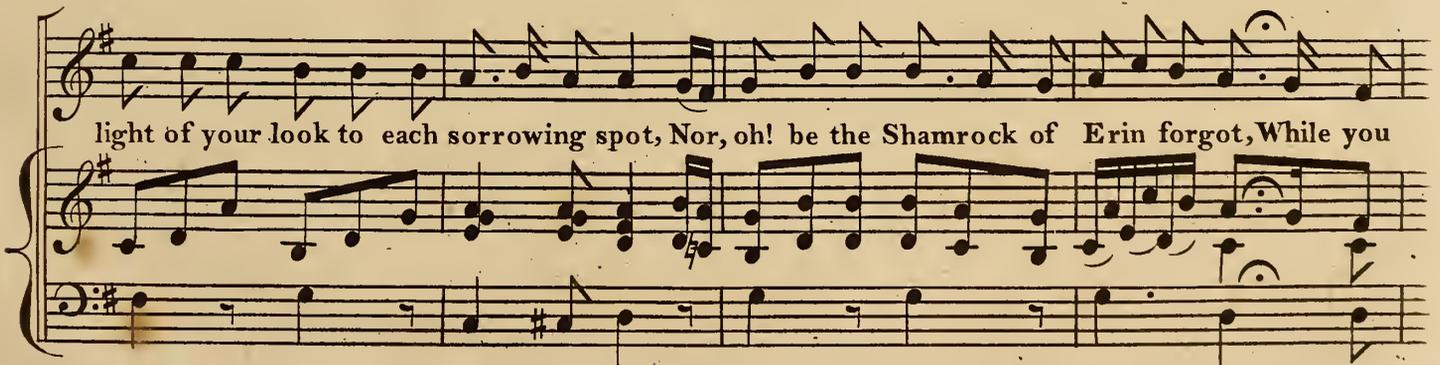
Spaniards awoke Into life and revenge from the Conqueror's chain! Oh,



Liberty! let not this spirit have rest Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west—Give the



light of your look to each sorrowing spot, Nor, oh! be the Shamrock of Erin forgot, While you



add to your garland the Olive of Spain!



2^d VERSE.

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights, Give to country its charm, and to

home its de_lights; If de_cleit be a wound and sus_picion a stain; Then, ye

men of I_beria! our cause is the same—And, oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name, Who would

ask for a nobler, a holier death, Than to turn his last sigh in_to Victory's breath. For the

Shamrock of E_rin and O_live of Spain!

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

AIR—*The Black Joke.*

I.

SUBLIME was the warning which Liberty spoke;
 And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
 Into life and revenge from the Conqueror's chain!
 Oh, Liberty! let not this spirit have rest
 Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west—
 Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
 Nor, oh! be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,
 While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain!

II.

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,
 Give to country its charm and to home its delights;
 If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
 Then, ye men of Iberia! our cause is the same—
 And, oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
 Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
 Than to turn his last sigh into Victory's breath
 For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

III.

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers resign'd
 The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
 That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for in vain,
 Breathe a hope that the magical flame, which you light,
 May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright;
 And forgive even Albion, while, blushing, she draws,
 Like a truant, her sword, in the long-sighted cause
 Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

IV.

God prosper the cause!—Oh! it cannot but thrive,
 While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
 Its devotion to feel and its rights to maintain:
 Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
 The finger of glory shall point where they lie;
 While far from the footstep of coward or slave,
 The young Spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
 Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

AIR—*My Lodging is on the cold Ground.*

I.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
 Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
 Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
 Like fairy-gifts fading away,—
 Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art,
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
 And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
 Would entwine itself verdantly still!

II.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
 And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
 That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
 To which time will but make thee more dear!
 Oh! the heart, that has truly lov'd, never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close;
 As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
 The same look which she turn'd when he rose!

Believe me if all those endearing young charms.

With Feeling

Be-lieve me, if all those en-dearing young charms, Which I

gaze on so fondly to day, Were to change by to-mor-row, and fleet in my arms, Like

fairy-gifts, fading a-way, -Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art, Let thy

loveliness fade as it will; And a-round the dear ruin each wish of my heart Would en-

twine itself verdantly still!

*Believe me if all these endearing young charms,
Harmonized for Two Voices.*

*With
Piano*

Treble

*Tenor
& Notes lower*

*Piano
Forte*

Be- lieve me, if all those endearing young charms, Which I gaze on so

Be- lieve me, if all those endearing young charms, Which I gaze on so

fondly to day, Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms, Like

fondly to day, Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms, Like

fai-ry gifts fading a-way,— Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art, Let thy
fai-ry gifts fading a-way,— Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art, Let thy

loveliness fade as it will; And a-round the dear ruin each wish of my heart Would en-
loveliness fade as it will; And a-round the dear ruin each wish of my heart Would en-

twine itself verdantly still!
twine itself verdantly still!

pia

2^d VERSE.

It is not while beauty and youth are thy own, And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a
It is not while beauty and youth are thy own, And thy cheeks unpro-fan'd by a

tear, That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more
 tear, That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more

dear! Oh! the heart which has truly lov'd never forgets But as tru_ly loves on to the
 dear! Oh! the heart which has truly lov'd never forgets But as tru_ly loves on to the

close; As the sun-flower turns to her god, when he sets, The same look which she
 close; As the sun-flower turns to her god, when he sets, The same look which she

turn'd when he rose!
 turn'd when he rose!

pia