



When Barney Comes Over the Hill

The Verse by

J. P. O'Reilly

The Music by

Walter Meyrowitz

High Voice 6 Low Voice

The John Church Company

Cincinnati New York Chicago
Leipzig London

I'm not finding fault with the morning,
I'm not finding fault with the day,
But the time I love best is the evening,
When the skies are all turning to grey,
'Tis then that my heart is so happy,
I hardly can keep it still,
For trouble and care are forgotten,
When Barney comes over the hill.
Ah! When Barney comes over the hill,
To meet me down here by the mill,
There's no light in the skies like the love in his eyes,
My Barney from over the hill!

Hush now! Is that him I hear whistling?
'Tis he has the heart that is light,
And the foot that will make the floor tremble
At the dance in the village to-night.
Something tells me he'll soon be proposing,
If he does I'll say "yes" with a will,
For och! where's the colleen that wouldn't
For my Barney from over the hill.
Ah! When Barney comes over the hill,
To meet me here by the mill,
There's no light in the skies like the love in his eyes,
My Barney from over the Hill.

—J. P. O'Reilly.



High Voice
(original key)



Low Voice

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When Barney comes over the Hill

J. P. O'REILLY

WALTER MEYRÓWITZ

Allegro vivace

I'm

poco rall

not find-ing fault with the morn-ing, I'm not find-ing fault with the

mp

day, But the time I love best is the ev-'ning, When the

poco a poco rall

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a tempo

skies are all turn-ing to grey. 'Tis then that my heart is so

a tempo

cresc.

hap-py I hard-ly can keep it still, For

cresc.

(slower) *poco rall.*

trou-ble and care are for-got-ten, When Barn-ey comes o-ver the

riten. **Allegretto** *p a tempo*

hill. Ah When Barn-ey comes o'er the hill, To

marcato *a tempo*

meet me down here by the mill, There's no light in the skies, like the

orosa

orosa

love in his eyes, My Barn-ey from o - ver the hill!

f poco riten. *a tempo*

colla voce *a tempo*

Allegro vivace

8 Hush

(scherzando) *poco rall.*

now! Is that him I hear whist-ling? 'Tis he has the heart that is

ad lib. *a tempo*

colla voce *a tempo*

light, And the foot that will make the floor trem - ble At the

(in rhythm)

dance in the vil - lage to - night Some-thing tells me he'll soon be pro -

(determined)

pos-ing, If he does I'll say "yes" with a will, — For

(slower) *poco rall*

och! where's the col - leen that would - n't For Barn - ey from o - ver the

riten. **Allegretto**

hill. Ah When Barn-ey comes o'er the hill, To meet me down here by the

poco riten. *a tempo*

mill, There's no light in the skies like the love in his eyes, My Barn-ey from o-ver the

colla voce *a tempo*

hill. When Barn-ey comes o'er the hill, To meet me down here by the

(slower) *a tempo*

mill, There's no light in the skies like the love in his eyes, My Barney from o-ver the hill.

colla voce *a tempo*