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THE  
BIRTH OF GREEN ERIN

Irish Song

COMPOSED FOR

MR. DAN. BRYANT.

BY

J. R. Thomas.

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# THE BIRTH OF GREEN ERIN.



Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Lively.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 6/8 time, featuring a lively melody in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The score then transitions into two verses of lyrics, each with a corresponding musical line. The lyrics are written in a traditional Irish style, with some words in italics. The piano accompaniment continues throughout the verses, providing a rhythmic foundation for the vocal melody.

1. *Wid* all condecinshin, I'd turn your at-tin-shin, To what I would menshin in  
 2. So Niptune who knew her, Be-gan to pursue her, In ordher to woo her, the

E-rin so green; An' acid-out his-i-tay-shin, I'd show her that nay-shin Be-  
 wicked ould Jew, An' he ve-ry nigh caught her A-top iv the wa-ther, Great

came in cre-ay-shin the gin an' the queen. It happend one mornin', Wid-  
Ju - pi - ter's daughter, who cried Poo ta to! But Jove, the great jaynious, Lookd

- out iny warnin', That Vaynus was born in the beau - ti - ful say, An'  
down an' saw Vaynus, And Niptune so hantious pur - shu - in her wild, So he

be that same to-kin, An' sure twas pro - vo-kin, Her pinions were soakin', an'  
roard out in thunder, He'd tear him a - sun-dher, An' sure twas no wondher for

wudnt give play,  
tazin his child.

3. So a star that was flyin'. A- round him, es- py-in', He sazed widout sighin' and  
 4. Then Vaynus jump'd natchy, On E- rin so shtately, But fainted, kase lately so

hur'd it be- low, Where it tumbled like winkin', On Niptune while sinkin', An'  
 bother'd an prissid, Which much did be-wil-dier, But ere it had kill'd her, Her

gave him 'im 'thinkin', a broth to a blow. An' that star was dhry land, Both  
 fa- ther dishill'd her a dhrop iv the bisht. An that glass so vic- to-rious, It

low-land and highland, An' formid a swate island, the land iv my birth; Thus  
made her feel glo-rious, A lit-tle up-roarious I fear it might prove Hince

plain is the shitory 'Kase sint down from glory, That E-rin so hoary's a  
how can yez blame us That E-rin's so famous For beau-ty, an' murthur, an'

heaven on earth.  
whisky, an' love.