

An Irish Ballad

FREDERICK TRUEDELL

ARTHUR WELD

Op. 87, No 1

Moderato, molto rubato

1. I was
2. And her
3. Then she

driv - ing thro' the coun - ty Tip - per - rar - ry, When I
eyes were blue and full of sun - lit laugh - ter, And her
shook her curls, the minx, she was know - ing just to

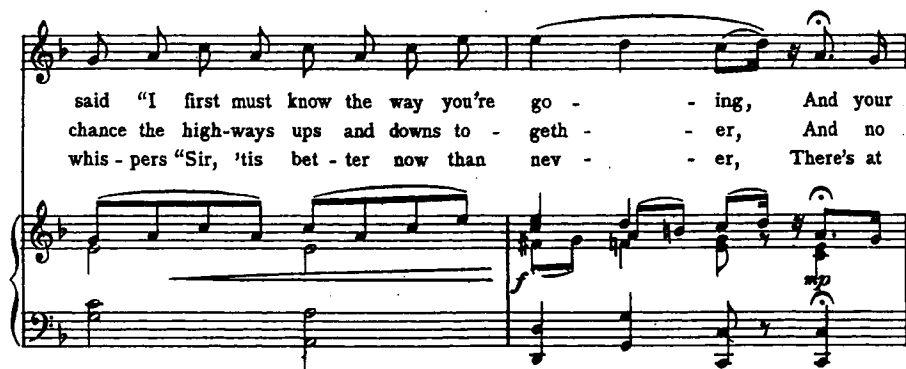
met my pret - ty col - leen, Mis - tress Ma - ry, And I
cheeks had all the glow that lin - gers aft - er On the
make me fear she had no thought of go - ing, And she

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stopp'd up slow and said 'Tis a fine day o - ver - head, Will you
 ev - 'ning sea and sky, when the day be - gins to die, And my
 said your step's too high for the likes of such as I, All the

have a lift, now, come don't be con - tra - ry. Then she
 heart leap'd oh, like fire - light on the raft - er. Then I
 time her dain - ty an - kles she was show - ing. But I

blush'd up to her eyes, with which were in - no - cent and wise, And she
 said if you will ride thro' all the morn - ing by my side, We will
 cried do not de - lay, I do not oft - en pass this way, So she



said "I first must know the way you're go - - ing, And your
 chance the high-ways ups and downs to - geth - - er, And no
 whis - pers "Sir, 'tis bet - ter now than nev - - er, There's at



horse up on the road, now, can he draw a dou - ble load Up all the
 mat - ter where we roam, you will for - ev - er find a home With - in the
 least a priest a mile all thro' our dain - ty Emerald Isle, I'll ride with



hills, for that's what I am af - ter know - ing."
 heart that's yours in ev - 'ry kind of weath - er:
 you, my love, for - ev - er and for - ev - er.

f *rall molto al fine*