

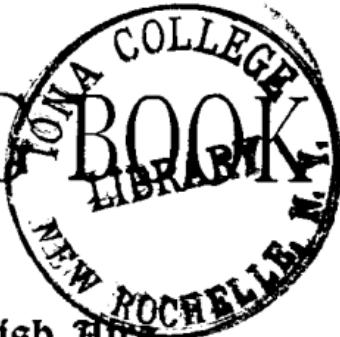


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THE
IRISH SONG BOOK
With Original Irish Airs



EDITED
With an Introduction and Notes
BY
ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

SECOND EDITION.

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Dedication

TO

PATRICK WESTON JOYCE, LL.D., M.R.I.A.,
IRISH FOLK-LORIST, HISTORIAN, AND MUSICIAN.

DEAR Joyce, who erst so unlocked the lore
Delightful of Erin's templed shore,
That *Cahir* and *Cashel*, and *Coom* and *Curragh*,
Thrilled with Her ancient past once more ;—

Who then so held our hearts in fee,
Of old Romance Arca-Shenachie,
That each, turned child among his children,
Saddened or smiled around your knee ;—

Who last the Historian's full renown
Have compassed, crowning with equal crown
The dread defenders of leaguered *Derry*,
The fiery warders of Limerick town ;—

Who yet, the while, with purpose strong,
Lest Famine's fierce, far-scattering thong,
Lest false new fashion or party passion
Should slay or sully our Ancient Song,

Still fondly gleaned its failing gold
From the faltering strings of the blind and old,
From the keening crone and the hushing mother,
The whistle and drone of the field and fold ;—

But gathered still pure strain on strain,
So generous-free from thought of gain,
No minstrel brother has asked you ever
Of your abundance, yet asked in vain ;—

Therefore, and since of the *clairseach* crew
I most have studied to mint anew
To measures olden your treasures golden,
This garland of song is your guerdon due.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

THE SONGS YOUR FATHERS LOVED.

FELICIA HEMANS.

Air—“The Lament for Gerald.”

Oh! sing them on the sun-ny hills, When days are long and bright, And the a-zure gleam of shin-ing rills is love-liest to the sight! Oh! sing them on the mis-tymoor, Where an- cien t hunt-ers roved, And swell them thro' the torrent's roar, The songs our fathers loved.

The songs our sires rejoiced to hear
When harps were in the hall,
And each proud note made lance and spear
Thrill on the banner'd wall;
The songs that through our valleys green
Ring on from age to age,
Like his own river's voice, have been
The peasant's heritage.

Your children teach them round the hearth
When evening fires burn clear,
And in the fields of harvest mirth,
And on the hills of deer.
So shall each unforgotten word
When far those loved ones roam,
Call back the hearts which once it stirred
To childhood's holy home.

INTRODUCTION.

THE task of editing this volume has been no easy one, for many of our best lyrics remain unmatched or ill-matched to music, and some of our finest airs are still without worthy words. Then our choice folk-songs in the Gaelic tongue are incomprehensible to the general reader, and a difficulty has been experienced in obtaining good translations or adaptations from them in the measures to which the originals were sung.

Again, our early folk-songs in English have not been hitherto treated as Ramsay, Burns, and Cunningham treated those of the Lowlands—a course strongly advocated by Thomas Davis. They have not been suitably condensed and pruned of the bombastic metaphors, irrelevancies, and exaggerations with which they abound, as he suggests they should be.

Moreover, too many of our later Irish lyrics fail as songs or ballads for music, either owing to their undue length or diffuseness of thought, their want of dramatic form, or their too rhetorical character. Dealing with these folk-songs and later lyrics is extremely delicate work. Yet I feel it would be a pity to have to omit them from a collection professing to be a representative one, when the removal of an excrescence here, or the omission or transposition of a stanza there, would make just the difference needful to the entire success of the song or ballad. For

this treatment of Irish songs I shall no doubt be roundly attacked by those to whom every syllable of the "Battle of the Boyne" and "Shule Agra," or every individual verse of our more recent national lyrics is sacred. I am none the less persuaded that, on both literary and musical grounds, such treatment will do these lyrics the truest justice.

Modern taste will not tolerate the chanting of a dozen verses or more to the same tune. Few songs should exceed four or five, and a ballad, if it runs to greater length, can generally be compressed within a reasonable vocal compass, unless it lends itself to treatment as a cantata, as would some of our longer ballads and other narrative poems.

Moore was before his time in recognising the artistic value of brevity in the modern song and ballad. His best melodies are his shortest, and few of them run to what would be now regarded as undue length. Moreover, his knowledge of lyrical perspective is unrivalled. His thought is pellucid, never obscured by condensation, or dimmed by diffuseness. But he most asserts his mastery in song-craft by the apparent ease with which he matches the most intricate musical measures, and mates the striking notes of each tune to the words most adapted to them, both in sound and sense ; to say nothing of the art with which he almost Italianises our essentially unmusical English speech, by a melodious sequence of varying vowels and alliterative consonants, which almost sing themselves.

Yet whilst Moore has, in addition to this vocal quality, the very perfection of playful wit and graceful fancy, and now and again real pathos and an irresistible martial spirit, many of his melodies are not standing the test of

time. This is either because our fine airs have been altered in time or character, and assorted by Moore with the sentimental, metaphorical, and pseudo-philosophical fancies that took the taste of the English upper classes half a century ago, or because the tunes to which some of his finer lyrics are set are not of first-rate quality.

It is our plain duty to divorce these ill-matched lyrics from their present partners, and to mate them to worthy airs in the Petrie and Joyce collections, and in Bunting's last volume, which came after Moore's last melodies.

It is as plain an obligation to slip out of their golden settings Moore's occasional bits of green glass, and to slip into them the occasional emeralds of his contemporaries and successors.

It will be recognised that I have found fresh partners for a few favourite airs and lyrics, and set words by some of our leading poets under little-known tunes in the Petrie and Joyce collections, which I trust may hereafter be harmonised to them in a lasting alliance.

A few songs which the editors of the New Irish Library would have liked to include in the present volume, have unfortunately been kept out of it owing to the refusal of permission for their use by the holders of the musical copyright, or a difficulty in approaching the owners of the literary copyright in these lyrics.

From whom are we to look for the purest settings of our Irish airs? "From the harpers and other instrumentalists," says Bunting. "From the ballad-singers," rejoins Petrie.

The question is discussed by Dr. Petrie at considerable length in his preface to the first volume of his noble collection of the ancient music of Ireland.

Bunting's dogma is "that a strain of music once impressed on the popular ear never varies. It may be

made the vehicle of many different sets of words, but it will no more alter its character on their account than a ship will change the number of its masts on account of an alteration in the nature of its lading."

To this position Petrie objects that "I rarely, if ever, obtained two settings of an unpublished air that were strictly the same; though in some instances I have gotten as many as fifty notations of the one melody.

"Harpers and other instrumentalists are indeed Bunting's most common authorities for his tunes whenever he gives any; but I must say that, except in the case of tunes of a purely instrumental character, I have found such authorities usually the least to be trusted; and that it was only from the chanting of vocalists, who combined words with the airs, that settings could be made which would have any stamp of purity or authenticity. For our airs are not, like so many modern melodies, mere *ad libitum* arrangements of a pleasing succession of tones, in a general way expressive of the sentiments of the song for which they were composed, but always strictly co-incident with and subservient to the laws of rhythm and metre which govern the construction of those songs, and to which they consequently owe their peculiarities of structure. And hence it obviously follows that the entire body of our vocal melodies may be easily divided into and arranged under as many classes as there are metrical forms of construction in our native lyrics, but no further; and that any melody that will not naturally fall into some one or other of those classes must be either corrupt or altogether fictitious."

The question thus raised by Dr. Petrie should be of keen interest to musical and metrical folk-lorists, such as Dr. Joyce and Dr. Douglas Hyde, and a classification suggested by him of our Irish airs under the heads of the

various early and later Celtic metres in vogue, would be not only a valuable contribution towards the historical study of our music, but would also serve as a guide to our song-writers when in search of the measures most appropriate to our airs.

Professor O'Curry has indeed opened the way for this investigation by a suggestive passage in one of his chapters on Irish music in his "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish." He here states it as a fact that we have Irish poems as early as the ninth century which will sing to some of our ancient airs; for example, an invocation for God's protection upon his coracle by Cormac Mac Cullinane, King and Bishop of Cashel, who died in 903 A.D. This measure is identical with that of Cowper's lines—

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My rights there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

And so on, for four lines more. The Professor adds, "Those verses of King Cormac MacCullinane, now almost a thousand years old, which sing to the air of "For Ireland I would not tell who she is," is adduced as an interesting fact proving that a fragment of a lyric poem, ascribed to a writer of the ninth century, and actually preserved in a manuscript book so old as the year 1150, presents a peculiar structure of rhythm exactly corresponding with that of certain ancient musical compositions, still popular and well known, and according to tradition of the highest antiquity."

A communication from Dr. Joyce, received during the compilation of this volume, contains this valuable addition to the inquiry: "O'Curry wishes to show that

certain ancient metrical pieces might or may be sung to certain existing Irish airs. True enough! But he might have greatly strengthened his position by making the following assertion, which evidently escaped him. In modern Irish, and in Hiberno-English too, there is a whole class of Irish airs, corresponding to which there is a fixed measure of Irish song to be sung to them. 'The Colleen Rue' (Petrie, page 2) is an example of English words to this measure, exactly resembling the old Irish words in metre and assonances:—

“ ‘Kind sir, be *easy*, and do not *tease me*
With your false *praises* most jestingly;
Your *dissimulation*, and *invocation*,
And *vaunting praises*, alluring me.’

and so on for four lines more. I could name off my fingers twenty songs with their twenty airs, all in this measure—all from living tradition, mind! not from books. Now it is very interesting that the verse from the book of Ballymote, given by O'Curry (p. 393), is exactly in this measure, with the same recurrence of assonantal rhymes, and can be sung to any one of the numerous airs in the corresponding measure.”

I may myself name another metre of great antiquity which will be found reproduced by Dr. Douglas Hyde in his beautiful lyric, “My love, O she is my love,” which I have matched to an old Irish air in the Petrie collection.

Space does not here permit me to enter at length into the questions of the origin, antiquity, and history of Irish music. Suffice it to say that whether of Greek, Norse, or Phœnician descent, Irish music was pre-eminent in Europe as early as we possess records; that Ireland was the school of music for the Celts of Great Britain during the Middle Ages, and that her minstrelsy remained

unrivalled until the Irish Bard, famous for “the three feats” of solemn, gay, and sleep-compelling music, degenerated under the stress of the internecine conflict between Saxon and Gael in Ireland into the strolling minstrel, and finally into the street ballad singer.

Thomas Davis was thrilled through and through by Irish music, and expressed it in a few stirring ballads, which are truer folk-songs than any of Moore’s. But his invaluable life was cut short when his lyrical genius was in full flower.

He has, however, left behind him an essay on song-craft which serves as a preface to Barry’s book of Irish songs, which certainly merits reprinting for the valuable hints it gives the young writer of words to our national music, as the following extract will show. It is a notable instance of Davis’s unselfish readiness to impart for the common good what other lyrists have regarded as the legitimate trade secrets of their craft :—

“ In endeavouring to learn an air for the purpose of writing words to it, the first care should, of course, be to get at its character—as gay, hopeful, loving, sentimental, lively, hesitating, woeful, despairing, resolute, fiery, or variable.

“ Many Irish airs take a different character when played fast or slow, lightly or strongly, but there is some one mode of playing which is best of all, and the character expressed by it must determine the character of the words. For nothing can be worse than a gay song to calm music, or massive words to a delicate air ; in all cases the tune must suggest, and will suggest, to the lyrist the sentiment of the words.

“ The tune will, of course, fix the number of lines in a verse. Frequently the number and order of the lines can

be varied. Three rhymes and a fall, or couplets, or alternate rhymes, may answer the same set of notes ; or rhymes, if too numerous, may be got rid of by making one long, instead of two short lines. Where the same notes come with emphasis at the ends of musical phrases, the words should rhyme, in order to secure the full effect.

"The doubling two lines into one is most convenient where the first has accents on both the last syllables, for thus you escape the necessity of double rhyming. In the softer airs the effect of this is rather agreeable than otherwise.

" Talking of double rhymes, they are peculiarly fitted for strong political and didactic songs, for the abstract and political words in English are chiefly of Latin origin, of considerable length and gravity, and have double accents. The more familiar English words (which best suit most songs) contain few doubly accented terminations, and are, therefore, little fitted for double rhyming.

" Expletive syllables in the beginning of lines where the tune is sharp and gay are often an improvement, but they should never follow a double rhyme.

" In strong and firm tunes, having a syllable for every note is a perfection, though one hard to be attained without harshness, from the crowd of consonants in English.

" With soft tunes, on the other hand, it is commonly better to have in most lines two or more light notes to one syllable, so that the words may be dwelt on and softly sounded, but where and how must be determined by the taste of the writer.

" The sound of the air will always show the current of thought, its pauses and changes ; and a nice attention and bold sympathy with these properties of a tune is necessary to lyrical success."

Davis complains of the provincialism and sectarianism of many of our Irish popular songs, Celtic or Anglo-Irish. But whilst he pays a glowing tribute to Moore for what he has done for Irish national song, he laments his failure to reach the popular heart of Ireland, as Burns reached that of Scotland, and makes this passionate appeal to his fellow countrymen to fill the wide gaps that still exist in our national minstrelsy :—

“ If they be poets, they can do so. If they be men of bounding animal spirits, who love the rise because of its toil and the descent because of its speed—who have grown up amid the common talk and pictures of nature—the bosomed lake amid rocks like a woman in a warrior’s arms, the endless sea with its roaring or whispering fringes, the mantled or glittering or thundering night, the bleak moor, the many-voiced trees, the bounding river : if they be men who have passionately loved, and ere philosophy raised them above it, ardently hated : if they be men generous in friendship, hearty at the hearth, tranced by sweet or maddened by strong sounds, sobbing with unused strength and fiery for freedom and glory, then they can write lyrics for every class in Ireland.”

This noble appeal has not been left quite unheeded, as the songs of Davis’s successors published in this book will go to prove. But a full answer to it has been long in coming. Its reprint at this time, when a new day of peace with progress seems dawning for Ireland, may help further to realise his fine aspiration, if only the Irish musicians will come forward to help us.

In what condition is our national musical art ? It now stands in need of a far wider awakening than does the Irish poetry of its risen or rising representatives, Aubrey de Vere, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Denny Lane, T. D.

Sullivan, Michael Hogan, Martin MacDermott, John Todhunter, George Savage Armstrong, Ellen O'Leary, Emily Hickey, Katharine Hinkson (Tynan), Douglas Hyde, the Sigersons, and William Butler Yeats, Count Plunkett, T. W. Rolleston, Francis Fahy and P. J. McCall, long obscured though our literature has been by the dust of the political conflicts which have followed the era of the Young Irelanders. For but one Irish musician of commanding genius, Charles Villiers Stanford, has sought inspiration from those well-nigh inexhaustible sources of Irish music to be found in the great collections of our ancient music, which had remained almost neglected for thirty years, till he unlocked them to my words in "*Songs of Old Ireland*," published by Boosey & Co., fifty old Irish airs untouched by Moore, exquisitely arranged and harmonised by his hand.

This was an absolutely new departure. For the collection dealt with lullabies, laments, rustic love songs, and songs of sport and occupation—in fact, classes of folk song that Moore had either let alone or diverted from their original intention. The reception that this volume met with led to the publication of another of the same character, "*Thirty Irish Songs and Ballads*," recently issued by Novello & Co.

Dr. Stanford's work in this second volume is a distinct advance upon his former brilliant achievement. I marvel that his masterly treatment of Irish music has not incited any of his fellow-countrymen to emulate his example. I cannot believe that it is merely because they have been deterred by his very talent from an attempt to rival him. For the field of Irish music is vast. Let them explore it, and they will find it contains scope for the most varied individuality.

As surely as Mr. Stopford Brooke can point to the most precious manuscripts and printed materials for minting into Irish romance, story, drama, and ballad, so surely could a great musical critic like Dr. Hubert Parry, in reviewing the Bunting, Petrie, Holden, Joyce, and Levey collections, which contain over 2,000 musical pieces, indicate theme after theme suitable for treatment in oratorio or opera, sonata or song. For this is how our music stands the keen search-light of his criticism : " Irish folk music is probably the most human, most varied, most poetical in the world, and is particularly rich in tunes which imply considerable sympathetic sensitiveness." What are our Irish schools of music doing with this inestimable legacy ? How many of their professors and teachers are even alive to its existence ? If so, how is their knowledge of it influencing the studies of their pupils ? How often does it operate upon the programmes of Dublin and provincial concerts ?

It is indeed high time for us to restart a school of national Irish music. If not, we shall assuredly forfeit our national birthright of song ; for, *Antæus-like*, our musicians have lost their power since they have been lifted from the touch of their native earth. If this collection of songs and airs, which from its size cannot pretend to give more than a fair sample of Irish lyrics, sets them thinking in this direction, it will have served the main purpose for which it was compiled. It will have proved the pioneer to what, sooner or later, Ireland will surely demand—a nobly harmonised national, not class or party, collection of her immortal melodies.

It only remains for me to acknowledge obligation where it is due. I offer it to Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, for asking me to add this volume to the new Library of

Ireland, and thus enabling me to give practical expression to my enthusiasm for Irish song. I heartily owe it to my old friend, Dr. Joyce, who has generously given me the free use of airs and words in his published and unpublished collections, besides looking over my musical proofs; and to Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue and Mr. C. F. Cronin for much bibliographical information relating to Irish ballad literature and music. It is due to Lord Dufferin, Lady Ferguson, Mrs. William Allingham, Dr. Todhunter, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, Dr. Sigerson, Miss E. H. Hickey, Mrs. Hinkson, Mr. Michael Hogan (the Bard of Thomond), Dr. Douglas Hyde, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. Frank Fahy, and Mr. Harold Boulton; as also to Novello & Co., Cramer & Co., Boosey & Co., Chappell & Co., the representatives of Cramer, Wood & Co. (of Dublin), Macmillan & Co., Cameron, Ferguson & Co., of Glasgow, and the editors of the "Irish National School Song Book," and to Mr. A. L. Cowley, director of music to the London School Board, for the use of copyright tunes and words, and for the supply of others, the full musical rights in which are hereby reserved for them. Special acknowledgment is also due to my friend Mr. M. J. Murphy, for the assistance I have derived in the compilation of this work from his "National Songs of Ireland," an admirable American collection of Irish patriotic, military, and party songs, published by the John Church Co., of Cincinnati.

It should be added that the songs in this volume are not printed in chronological order, but that an easy reference to the period of their authorship will be found on pages xxiii and xxiv.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

*Red Branch House, Wimbledon,
November, 1894.*

PREFATORY NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE early call for a Second Edition of THE IRISH SONG Book enables me to remove the blemishes it has proved to contain, more readily than I had ventured to hope.

Correct versions of "The Battle of the Boyne," "The Irish Rapparees," "The Wearing of the Green," and "Paddies Evermore" are now presented. John Keegan Casey's "My Colleen Rue" has been matched to a more suitable air; and Ferguson's "Pastheen Fionn" and Furlong's "Roisin Dubh" are now written under airs more popularly associated with them than those in the First Edition, and Moore's "At the Mid Hour of Night" has been substituted for his "Love's Young Dream," the air to which is used later on in the book for "The Shan Van Voght." The Irish names of the airs will now be found spelt upon one uniform principle; an index to the airs has been added, and the use of the other indices, which have puzzled some readers, is made evident.

My original intention to print such variant lyrics as Basim's "Soggarth Aroon" and Gerald Griffin's "Aileen Aroon" after the folk tune to Moore's "Erin, the Tear and the Smile in thine Eye," which matches them both, was frustrated by want of space, and this must be my excuse for the omission of some favourite songs whose absence has been commented upon.

It is, of course, conceded that many Irish songs of equal or superior literary merit to those in this collection have been of necessity excluded from it for want of suitable accompanying music. The lyrics of Mangan and De Vere, and other Irish poets, do not lend themselves to music: they are self-sufficing. But critics who hint that a poem that has been suggested by music, or invites musical treatment, must necessarily be of an inferior type, forget that the finest folk songs in our language owe their impulse to the finest folk tunes, and that such immortal lyrics as Shakespeare's "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," and Shelley's "I arise from dreams of thee," are perennial founts of musical inspiration.

Exception has been taken in a couple of quarters to the introduction of four Orange songs into the collection, about the same amount of opposition that has been raised to the much larger number of "beautiful but rebellious" songs which it contains. Yet the large body of my critics have regarded this combination of the green and orange within its pages as a specially interesting feature of the work.

But the circumstance connected with its reception which has given me the most gratification is the fact that my appeal, at the end of the Introduction, for the preservation and promotion of Irish music has been taken up and emphasized by the leading Irish journals, and has thereby contributed towards bringing about what I sincerely trust may prove to be the establishment of an Annual Irish Musical Festival upon as firm a basis as the Welsh have founded their Eistedfodd.

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BAILLIE, JOANNA
BALFOUR, MARY	1780?—1820
BLACKER, WILLIAM	1777—1855
BOULTON, HAROLD... <i>Living</i>
CALLANAN, J. J.	1795—1829
CASEY, JOHN KEEGAN	1846—1870
CHERRY, ANDREW	1762—1812
COLMAN, GEORGE, the Younger	1735
CREAGH, PIERCE, of Dangan
CURRAN, RIGHT HON. JOHN PHILPOT	1750—1817
DARLEY, GEORGE	1795—1846
DAVIS, THOMAS OSBORNE	1814—1845
DAWSON, RT. HON. BARON ARTHUR	1700—1775
DRENNAN, DR. WILLIAM	1754—1820
DUFFERIN, LADY	1807—1867
DUFFY, SIR CHARLES GAVAN, K.C.M.G.	1816
FAHY, FRANCIS A. <i>Living</i>
FERGUSON, SIR SAMUEL	1810—1886
FOX, GEORGE	1820—1880

FURLONG, THOMAS	1794—1827
GRAVES, ALFRED PERCEVAL	1846
GRIFFIN, GERALD	1803—1840
HICKEY, EMILY H.	<i>Living</i>
HINKSON, KATHARINE (Tynan)	<i>Living</i>
HOGAN, MICHAEL (Bard of Thomond)	1832
HYDE, DOUGLAS	1860
INGRAM, DR. JOHN KELLS	1820
JOYCE, DR. PATRICK WESTON	1827
JOYCE, DR. ROBERT DWYER	1830—1883
KEEGAN, JOHN	1809—1849
LANE, DENNY	1818
LEVER, CHARLES JAMES	1806—1872
LOVER, SAMUEL	1797—1868
LYSAGHT, EDWARD	1763—1810
MAHONY, REV. FRANCIS SYLVESTER	1804—1866
McCANN, MICHAEL J.	1824—1883
MOORE, THOMAS	1779—1852
MORGAN, LADY	1778—1859
MOZEEN, THOMAS	1710—1770
O'CONNELL, MAURICE	1802—1853
OGLE, RIGHT HON. GEORGE	1739—1814
O'HAGAN, JOHN	1822—1890
O'LEARY, JOSEPH	1798—1845
ORR, JAMES	1770—1816
PETRIE, GEORGE	1789—1846
REYNOLDS, GEORGE NUGENT	1770—1802
SIGERSON, DR. GEORGE	1839
SULLIVAN, TIMOTHY D.	1827
TODHUNTER, DR. JOHN	1839
TONNA, CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH	1790—1846
WALSH, EDWARD	1805—1850
YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER	1866

THE IRISH SONG BOOK.

1 Erin, the Tear and the Smile.

THOMAS MOORE.

Slowly.

Air—“Eibhlín a rún.”

By CAROL O’DALY.

E - rin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes Blend like the rain - bow that hangs in the skies; Shin - ing thro' sor - row's stream, Sad-d'ning thro' plea - sure's beam, Thy suns, with doubtful gleam, Weep while they rise.

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease—

Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase—

Till, like the rainbow's light,

Thy various tints unite

And form, in Heaven's sight,

One arch of peace!

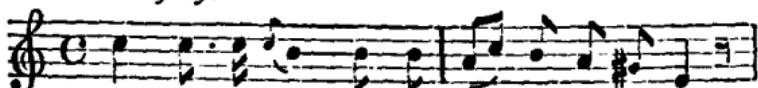
2 Silent, O Moyle, be the Roar of thy Water!

(The Song of Fionnuala.)

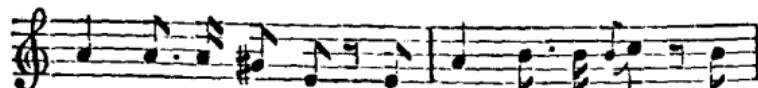
THOMAS MOORE.

Mournfully.

Air—“Arrah.”



Si - lent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy wa - ter !



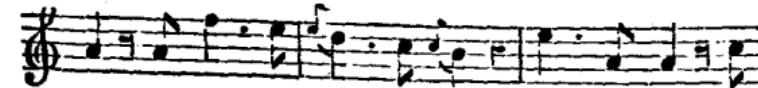
Break not, ye breez-es, your chain of re-pose ! While,



murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter Tells to the night-star her



tale of woes. When shall the swan, her death - note sing-ing,



Sleep with wings in dark-ness furl'd ? When will Heaven, its



Call my spirit from this storm-y world ?

Sadly, O 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 shall 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 ?

Róisín Dubh.

THOMAS FURLONG.
*Slow and tender.**Air—“Róisín Dubh.”*
(The Little Black Rose.)

Oh! my sweet lit-tle rose, cease to pine for the



past, For the friends that come east-ward shall see thee at



last; They bring blessings and fa-vours the past-ne-ver



knew, To pour forth in glad-ness on my Róis-in Dubh.

Had I power, O my loved one, but to plead thy right,
I should speak out in boldness for my heart's delight ;
I should tell to all around me how my fondness grew,
And bid them bless the beauty of Róisín Dubh.

There's no flower that e'er bloomed can my rose excel,
There's no tongue that e'er moved half my love can tell ;
Had I strength, had I skill, the wide world to subdue,
Oh ! the queen of that wide world should be Róisín Dubh.

The mountains, high and misty, on the moors shall lie low ;
The rivers shall run backward, and the lakes overflow ;
The wild waves of old ocean wear a crimson hue,
Ere the world sees the ruin of my Róisín Dubh.

4 By the Feal's Wave Benighted.

THOMAS MOORE. *Air—“Oh, Leave me to my Sorrow.”*
Tenderly.

By the Feal's wave be-night-ed, Not a star in the skies, To thy door by love light-ed, I first saw those eyes. Some voice whis-per'd o'er me, As thy thresh-old I . . . crost, There was ru-in be - fore me—If I loved, I was lost.

Love came, and brought sorrow
Too soon in his train ;
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
'Twere welcome again.
Though misery's full measure
My portion should be,
I would drain it with pleasure,
If poured out by thee.

You, who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you've eyes look but on her,
And blush while you blame.
Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth ?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth ?

No ! Man for his glory
To ancestry flies ;
But woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes.
While the monarch but traces
Thro' mortals his line,
Beauty, born of the Graces,
Ranks next to divine.

5 Night closed around the Conqueror's Way.

THOMAS MOORE.

With solemnity.

Air—“Thy Fair Bosom.”

The musical score consists of two parts. The first part, 'Night closed around the Conqueror's Way', is a setting of a poem by Thomas Moore. It features a single melodic line on a treble clef staff, with lyrics underneath. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The second part, 'Thy Fair Bosom.', is an air, indicated by the text 'Air—“Thy Fair Bosom.”' above the staff. This part also features a single melodic line on a treble clef staff, with lyrics underneath. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The two parts are separated by a vertical bar line.

Night closed a - round the conqueror's way, And
light-ning show'd the dis - tant hill, Where those who lost that
dread - ful day Stood, few and faint, but
fear - less still! The soldier's hope, the pa - triot's seal, . . . For
ev-er dimm'd, For ev - er crost; Oh, who shall say what
he-roes feel When all but life and hon-our's lost?

The last sad hour of Freedom's dream
And Valour's task moved slowly by,
While mute they watched till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die.
There is a world, where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not Nature's bliss ;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh ! who would live a slave in this ?

Shule Agra.

ANON.

(Adapted by the Editor.)

With feeling.

Air—"Siúbhail a ghrádh."

His hair was black, his eye was blue, His
 arm was stout, his word was true. I
 wish in my heart I was with you. Go
 dé - thu, ma - vour - neen slaun.
 Shule, shule, shule a - gra!
 On - ly death can ease my woe, Since the
 lad of my heart from me did go, Go -
 dé - thu, ma - vour - neen slaun!

Shule Agra.

'Tis oft I sat on my true love's knee,
Many a fond story he told to me,
He told me things that ne'er shall be,
 Go-dé-thu, mavourneen slaun.
 Shule, shule, shule agra, &c.

I sold my rock, I sold my reel ;
When my flax was spun I sold my wheel,
To buy my love a sword of steel,
 Go-dé-thu, mavourneen slaun, &c.

But when King James was forced to flee,
The Wild Geese spread their wings to sea,
And bore ma bouchal far from me,
 Go-dé-thu, mavourneen slaun, &c.

I saw them sail from Brandon Hill,
Then down I sat and cried my fill,
That every tear would turn a mill,
 Go-dé-thu, mavourneen slaun, &c.

I wish the King would return to reign,
And bring my true love back again ;
I wish, and wish, but I wish in vain,
 Go-dé-thu, mavourneen slaun, &c.

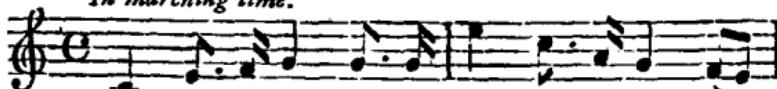
I'll dye my petticoat, I'll dye it red,
And round the world I'll beg my bread,
Till I find my love, alive or dead,
 Go-dé-thu, mavourneen slaun.
 Shule, shule, shule agra !
 Only death can ease my woe,
 Since the lad of my heart from me did go,
 Go-dé-thu, mavourneen slaun !

O'Donnell Aboo.

M. J. McCANN,

In marching time.

Air—"O'Domhnall abú!"



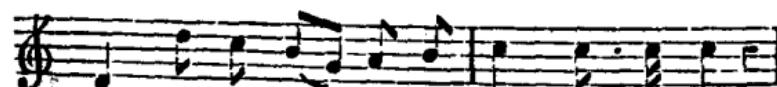
Proud-ly the note of the trum-pet is sound-ing,



Loud-ly the war-cries a - rise on the gale;



Fleet - ly the steed by Lough Swil - ly is bounding, To



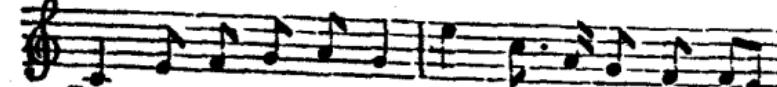
join the thick squad-rons in Saim - ear's green vale.



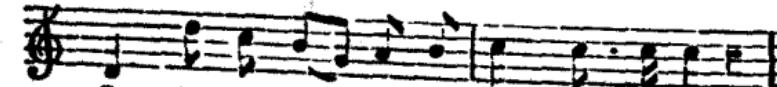
On, ev' - ry mountain-eer, Stran-gers to flight and fear !



Rush to the stand-ard of daunt-less Red Hugh !



Bonnaught and gallowglass, Throng from each mountain pass,



On for old E - rin, O'-Don - nell A-boo !

O'Donnell Aboo.

Princely O'Neill to our aid is advancing
With many a chieftain and warrior clan,
A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are prancing
'Neath the borderers brave, from the banks of the Bann ;
Many a heart shall quail
Under its coat of mail ;
Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue,
When on his ear shall ring,
Borne on the breezes' wing,
Tir Connell's dread war-cry, " O'Donnell Aboo ! "

Wildly o'er Desmond the war-wolf is howling ;
Fearless the eagle sweeps over the plain ;
The fox in the streets of the city is prowling ;
All, all who would scare them are banished or slain.

Grasp every stalwart hand
Hackbut and battle brand,
Pay them all back the debt so long due ;
Norris and Clifford well
Can of Tir Connell tell ;
Onward to glory, " O'Donnell Aboo ! "

Sacred the cause of Clan Connaill's defending,
The altars we kneel at, the homes of our sires ;
Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending,
Midnight is red with the plunderers' fires.

On with O'Donnell, then,
Fight the old fight again,
Sons of Tir Connell, all valiant and true.
Make the false Saxon feel
Erin's avenging steel !
Strike for your country, " O'Donnell Aboo ! "

The Battle of the Boyne.

ANON.

(Adapted by the Editor.)

Air—"The Boyne Water."

Briskly.

Ju - ly the First, of a morn-ing fair, In
 six - teen nine - ty fa - mous, King
 Wil - liam did his men pre - pare To
 fight with false King Sham - us. King
 James he pitched his tents be - tween, The
 lines for to re - tire, . . . But King
 Wil - liam threw his bomb - balls in, And
 set them all on fire. . . .

The Battle of the Boyne.

Thereat revenge the Irish vowed
Upon King William's forces,
And vehemently with cries did crowd
To check their forward courses.
A ball from out their battery flew,
As the King he faced its fire ;
His shoulder-knot away it shot,
Quoth he, " Pray come no nigher ! "

Then straight his officers he did call,
Saying, " Gentlemen, mind your station,
And prove your valour one and all
Before this Irish nation.
My brazen walls let no man break
And your subtle foes you'll scatter,
Let us show them to-day good English play,
As we go over the water."

Then, horse and foot, we marched amain,
Resolved their ranks to batter,
But the brave Duke Schomberg he was slain,
As we went over the water.
Then King William cried, " Feel no dismay
At the losing of one commander,
For God shall be our King to-day,
And I'll be general under."

Then stoutly we Boyne river crossed
To give the Irish battle ;
Our cannon to his dreadful cost
Like thunder-claps did rattle.
In majestit mien our prince rode o'er ;
The stream ran red with slaughter,
As with blow and shout we put to rout
Our enemies over the water.

The Forester's Song.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

Air—Unknown.

Sprightly, but not too fast.

Through our wild wood-walks here, sun-bright and shady, Free as the
 forest deer, roams a gay la - dy. Far from her castle keep, Down i' the
 valley, Roams she by dingle deep, Green holm & al-ley. With her sweet
 presence bright Giadd'ning my dwell-ing ; Oh, fair her face of light
 past the tongue's tell-ing ! Woe was me e'er to see beau-ty so
 shin - ing, Ev - er since hour-ly have I been pin - ing.

In our blythe sports' debates, down by the river,
 I of my merry mates foremost was ever,
 Cheerfulest with my flute,
 Leading the maidens,
 Harkening by moonlight mute
 To its sweet cadence ;
 Sprightliest in the dance
 Tripping together—
 Such a one was I once,
 Ere she came hither.

Woe was me e'er to see beauty so shining,
 Ever since hourly have I been pining.

DR. DRENNAN.

*Mournfully.**Air—“The Wild Geese.”**(“Geadhna Fiadhairne.”)*

How so - lemn sad, by Shannon's flood, The blush of morn-ing sun ap-pears! To men who gave for us their blood, Ah, what can wo-men give but tears? How still the field of bat-tle lies! No shouts up-on the breeze are blown; We hear our dying country's cries, We sit de-sert-ed and a-lone. Och hone! Och hone! Ah, what can wo-men give but tears?

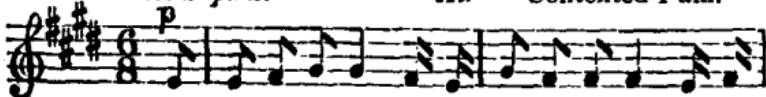
Why thus collected on the strand,
 Whom yet the God of mercy saves?
 Will ye forsake your native land?
 Will ye desert your brothers' graves?
 Their graves give forth a fearful groan,
 “Oh, guard our orphans and our wives;
 Like us make Erin's cause your own,
 Like us for her yield up your lives!
 Och hone! Och hone!
 Like us for her yield up your lives!”

11 The Battle-Eve of the Brigade.

THOMAS DAVIS.

With spirit.

Air—“Contented I am.”



The mess-tent is full, and the glasses are set, And the



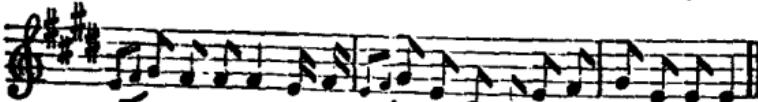
gallant Count Thomond is Pre-si-dent yet. The vet’ran a-rose, like an



up-lift-ed lance, Crying, “Comrades, a health to the



Monarch of France!” With bumpers and cheers they have



done as he bade, For King Lou-is is lov’d by THE IRISH BRIGADE.

“A health to King James !” and they bent as they quaff’d ;
“Here’s to George the Elector !” and fiercely they laugh’d ;
“Good luck to the girls we woo’d long ago,
Where Shannon, and Barrow, and Avonmore flow !”
“God prosper old Ireland !” You’d think them afraid,
So pale grew the chiefs of the Irish Brigade.

They fought as they révell’d, fast, fiery, and true,
And, though victors, they left on the field not a few ;
And they who surviv’d fought and drank as of yore,
But the land of their hearts’ hope they never saw more,
For in far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade.

Kitty of Coleraine.

ANON.

*Playfully.**Air—“Kitty of Coleraine.”*

As beau-ti - ful Kit-ty one morn-ing was tripping, With a
 pitch - er of milk from the fair of Coleraine, When she
 saw me she stumbled, The pitcher it-tumbled, And all the sweet butter-milk
 water'd the plain. "Oh, what shall I do now? I was looking at you, now! Sure,
 sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again! 'Twas the pride of my dai-ry : O
 Barney McCleary, You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain ;
 A kiss then I gave her, and, before I did leave her,
 She vowed, for such pleasure, she'd break it again.
 'Twas hay-making season ; I can't tell the reason,
 Misfortune will never come single, 'tis plain ;
 For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
 The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

13 The County Limerick Buck-Hunt.

PIERCE CREAGH of Dangan.

Gaily.

Air—“Nach mbaineann sin dó.”

By your leave, Lar-ry Gro-gan, E-nough has been spo-ken; 'Tis
 time to give o-ver your son-net, my boy! Come,
 lis-ten to mine, 'Tis far bet-ter than thine, though not
 half the time was spent on it, my boy! 'Tis
 of a buck slain In this ve-ry campaign: To
 let him live long-er 'twere pi-ty, my boy! For
 fat and for haunches, For head and for branches, Ex-
 ceed-ing the mayor of a ci-ty, my boy!

The County Limerick Buck-Hunt.

A council assembled
(Who'd think but he trembled ?)
Of lads of good spirit, well mounted, my boy !
 Each with whip and with cap on,
 And spurs made at Ripon,
A score, aye and more, sure we counted, my boy !
 Off at once we went bounding,
 Sweet horns were resounding,
Each youth filled the air with a halloo, my boy !
 Dubourg, were he there,
 Such sweet music to hear,
Would leave his Cremona and follow, my boy !

Knockaderk and Knockaney,
And hills twice as many,
We flew their stone walls and their ditches, my boy !
 The buck skimmed the grounds,
 But to baffle our hounds
Was never in any buck's breeches, my boy !
 Four hours he held out
 Most surprisingly stout,
Till at length to his fate he submitted, my boy !
 His throat being cut up,
 The poor culprit put up,
To the place where he came was remitted, my boy !

Then the bumpers went round,
With an elegant sound,
Chink, chink, like sweet bells went the glasses, my boy !
 We drank queen and king
 And each other fine thing,
Then bumpered the beautiful lasses, my boy !
 There was Singleton (Cherry),
 And sweet Sally Curry,
Miss Croker, Miss Bligh, and Miss Prittie, my boy !
 With lovely Miss Persse,
 That subject for verse,
Who shall ne'er be forgot in my ditty, my boy !

The Irishman.

JAMES ORR.

*Impressively.**Air—“Feadaim nios ail liom.”*

The savage loves his native shore, Though
rude the soil and chill the air; Then
well may Erin's sons a-dore Their
isle, which Nature formed so fair. What
flood reflects a shore so sweet As
Shan-non great, or pas-to-ral Bann? Or
who a friend or foe can meet So
generous as an I-rish-man?

The Irishman.

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
But honesty is still his guide ;
None more repents a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride ;
He may be duped, but won't be dared ;
More fit to practise than to plan ;
He dearly earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange or poor, for you he'll pay,
And guide to where you safe may be ;
If you're his guest, while e'er you stay,
His cottage holds a jubilee.
His inmost soul he will unlock,
And if he may your secrets scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honour bound in woe or weal,
Whate'er she bids he dares to do ;
Try him with bribes—they won't prevail ;
Prove him in fire—you'll find him true.
He seeks not safety, let his post
Be, where it ought, in danger's van ;
And if the field of fame be lost,
It won't be by an Irishman.

The Lark in Clear Air.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

*Tenderly.**Air—“The Tailor.”*

Dear thoughts are in my mind, and my soul soars en-chant-ed, As I hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day. For a ten - der, beam - ing smile to my hope has been grant-ed, And to - mor-row she shall hear all my fond heart would say.

I shall tell her all my love, all my soul's adoration,
 And I think she will hear me, and will not say me nay.
 It is this that gives my soul all its joyous elation,
 As I hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.

The Song of the Ghost.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES. *Air—“Song of the Ghost.”*
Mysteriously.

When all were dream-ing but Pas-theen Power, A light came stream-ing be-neath her bower; A hea-vy foot at her door de-layed; A hea-vy hand on the latch was laid.

“Now who dare venture at this dark hour
 Unbid to enter my maiden bower ?”

“Dear Pastheen, open the door to me,
 And your true lover you’ll surely see.”

“My own true lover, so tall and brave,
 Lives exiled over the angry wave.”

“Your true love’s body lies on the bier,
 His faithful spirit is with you here.”

“His look was cheerful, his voice was gay ;
 Your speech is fearful, your face is grey ;
 And sad and sunken your eye of blue,
 But Patrick, Patrick ! alas ! 'tis you !”

Ere dawn was breaking she heard below
 The two cocks shaking their wings to crow.

“Oh, cease from calling his ghost to the mould,
 And I’ll come crowning your combs with gold.”

When all were dreaming but Pastheen Power
 A light went streaming from out her bower ;
 And on the morrow when they awoke,
 They knew that sorrow her heart had broke.

EDWARD LYSAGHT.

*Gaily.**Air—“Roy’s Wife of Aldivalloch.”*

Have you been at Gar-na-vil-la? Have you seen, at Gar-na-vil-la,
 Beauty’s train trip o’er the plain With love-ly Kate of Gar-na-vil-la?
 Oh, she’s pure as virgin snows Or ere they light on woodland hill-O !
 Sweet as dew-drops on wild rose Is love-ly Kate of Gar-na-vil-la !

Philomel, I’ve listened oft
 To thy lay, nigh weeping willow ;
 Oh ! the strain’s more sweet, more soft,
 That flows from Kate of Garnavilla.
 Have you been, &c.

As a noble ship I’ve seen
 Sailing o’er the swelling billow,
 So I’ve marked the graceful mien
 Of lovely Kate of Garnavilla.
 Have you been, &c.

If poet’s prayers can banish cares,
 No cares shall come to Garnavilla ;
 Joy’s bright rays shall gild her days,
 And dove-like peace perch on her pillow.
 Charming maid of Garnavilla !
 Lovely maid of Garnavilla !
 Beauty, grace, and virtue wait
 On lovely Kate of Garnavilla.

* Verses 2, 3, and 4 should be sung to the second part of the tune, followed by the first part as a refrain.

At the Mid Hour of Night.

THOMAS MOORE.

Air—"Molly, my Dear."
Slow, and with melancholy expression.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are
 weep - ing, I fly To the lone vale we
 loved, when life shone warm in thine eye ; And I
 think that, if spi - rits can steal from the re - gion of
 air, To re - vi - sit past scenes of de - light, thou wilt
 come to me there, And tell me our love is re -
 - mem - ber'd ev'n in the sky.

Then I sing the wild song, which once was rapture to hear,
 When our voices' commingling breathed like one on the ear ;
 And, as echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
 I think, O my love ! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls,
 Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear !

Colleen Dhas Crutha na Mo.

GEORGE SIGERSON. *Air—"Cailín deas Crúidthe na mbó."*
Not too slow. *(The Pretty Girl milking her Cow.)*

The gold rain of eve was de-scending; Bright
 pur - ple robed moun - tain and tree, As
 I through Glen Mor - neen was wend - ing, A
 wan - der - er from o'er the blue sea. 'Twas the
 lap of a west - look - ing moun - tain, Its
 wood - y slope bright with the glow, Where
 sang, by a mur - mur - ing foun - tain, An
 col - leen dhas cru - tha na mo.

Colleen Dhas Crutha na Mo.

Dark clouds where a gold tinge reposes
But picture her brown wavy hair ;
And her teeth looked as if in a rose's
Red bosom a snow-flake gleamed fair.
As her tones down the green dell went ringing,
The list'ning thrush mimicked them low,
And the brooklet harped soft to the singing
Of Colleen dhas crutha na Mo.

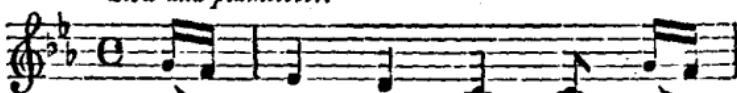
"At last, o'er thy long night, dear Erin,
Dawns the bright Sun of Freedom ! " sang she ;
" But thy mountaineers still are despairing—
Ah ! he who 'mid bondmen was free,
Ah, my Diarmod, the patriot-hearted,
Who would fill them with hope for the blow,
Far, Erin, from thee is he parted,
Far from Colleen dhas crutha na Mo ! "

Her tears on a sudden brimmed over,
Her voice trembled low and less clear ;
To listen, I stepped from my cover,
But the bough-rustle broke on her ear ;
She started—she redd'n'd—“ Asthoreen !
My Diarmod ! Oh, can it be so ? ”
And I clasped to my glad heart sweet Moreen
Mo Colleen dhas crutha na Mo.

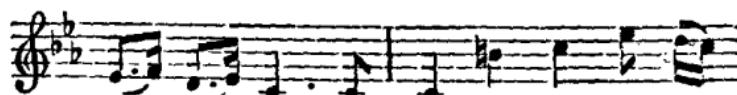
WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Slow and plaintively.

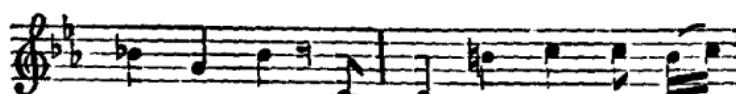
Air—Unknown.



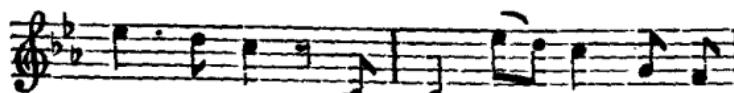
With grief and mourn-ing I



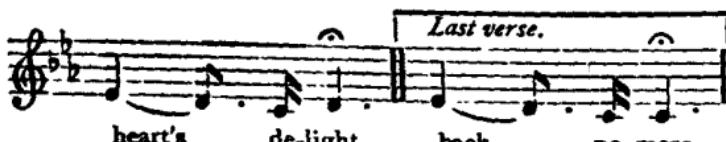
sit to spin, My Love passed by, and he



didn't come in; He pass-es by me, both



day and night, And car-ries off my poor



heart's de-light. back no more.

Last verse.

Oh, with him I'd go if I had my will,
 I'd follow him barefoot o'er rock and hill;
 I'd never once speak of all my grief
 If he'd give me a smile for my heart's relief.

The Girl's Lamentation.

In our wee garden the rose unfolds,
With bachelor's-buttons and marigolds ;
I'll tie no posies for dance or fair,
A willow-twigs is for me to wear.

For a maid again I can never be,
Till the red rose blooms on the willow tree.
Of such a trouble I've heard them tell,
And now I know what it means full well.

Oh ! light and false is a young man's kiss,
And a foolish girl gives her soul for this.
Oh ! light and short is the young man's blame,
And a helpless girl has the grief and shame.

My head turns round with the spinning-wheel,
And a heavy cloud on my eyes I feel ;
But the worst of all is at my heart's core,
For my innocent days will come back no more.



Draherin O Machree.

MICHAEL HOGAN

(The Bard of Thomond). *Air*—“Dearbhraithrin ó mo chroidhe.”*Sorrowfully.*

I grieve when I think on the

dear, hap - py days of youth, When

all the bright dreams of this faith - less

world seem'd truth; When I strayed thro' the

wood-land, as gay as a mid - sum-mer

bee, In broth - er - ly love with my

Dra - her - in O Ma chree.

Draherin O Machree.

Together we lay in the sweet-scented meadows to rest,
Together we watch'd the gay lark as he sung o'er his nest,
Together we pluck'd the red fruit of the fragrant haw-tree,
And I loved, as a sweetheart, my Draherin O Machree !

His form it was straight as the hazel that grows in the glen,
His manners were courteous, and social, and gay amongst men ;
His bosom was white as the lily on summer's green lea—
And God's brightest image was Draherin O Machree !

Oh ! sweet were his words as the honey that falls in the night,
And his young smiling face like May-bloom was fresh, and as
bright ;
His eyes were like dew on the flower of the sweet apple-tree ;
My heart's spring and summer was Draherin O Machree !

He went to the wars when proud England united with France ;
His regiment was first in the red battle-charge to advance ;
But when night drew its veil o'er the gory and life-wasting fray,
Pale, bleeding, and cold lay my Draherin O Machree !

Oh ! if I were there, I'd watch over my darling's last breath,
I'd wipe his cold brow, and I'd soften his pillow of death ;
I'd pour the hot tears of my heart's melting anguish o'er thee !
Oh, blossom of beauty ! my Draherin O Machree !

Now I'm left to weep, like the sorrowful bird of the night,
This earth and its pleasures no more shall afford me delight ;
The dark narrow grave is the only sad refuge for me,
Since I lost my heart's darling—my Draherin O Machree !

Oh, the Marriage!

THOMAS DAVIS.

*Lively.**Air—“The Swaggering Jig.”*

Oh, the mar - riage, the mar - riage, With
 love and ma - bou - chal for me! The
 la - dies that ride in a car - riage Might
 en - vy my mar - riage to me; For
 Eogh - an is straight as a tow - er, And
 ten - der, and lov - ing, and true: He
 told me more love in an hour Than the
 'squires of the coun - try could do. Then,
 oh, the mar - riage, the mar - riage, With

Oh, the Marriage!



His hair is a shower of soft gold,
His eye is as clear as the day ;
His conscience and vote were unsold,
When others were carried away ;
His word is as good as an oath,
And freely 'twas given to me ;
Oh ! sure 'twill be happy for both
The day of our marriage to see.

Then, oh, the marriage, &c.

His kinsmen are honest and kind,
The neighbours think much of his skill ;
And Eoghan's the lad to my mind,
Though he owns neither castle nor mill ;
But he has a tilloch of land,
A horse, and a stocking of coin,
A foot for the dance, and a hand
In the cause of his country to join.

Then, oh, the marriage, &c.

We meet in the market and fair,
We meet in the morning and night ;
He sits on the half of my chair,
And my people are wild with delight.
I long through the winter to skim,
Though Eoghan longs more, I can see,
When I will be married to him,
And he will be married to me.

Then, oh, the marriage, &c.

THOMAS MOORE.

*Brightly.**Air—“Fág an Bealach.”*

To La-dies' eyes a-round, boy! We can't refuse, we
 can't re-fuse: Tho' bright eyes so a-bound, boy, 'Tis
 hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose; For thick as stars that
 light-en Yon air-y bow'rs, yon air-y bow'rs, The
 countless eyes that bright-en This earth of ours, this
 earth of ours. But fill the cup! wher-e'er, boy, Our
 choice may fall, our choice may fall, We're sure to find Love
 there, boy, So drink them all! or drink them all!

'To Ladies' Eyes.

Some eyes there are, so holy,
They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n,
As splendid beacons, solely,
To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n !
While some—oh ! ne'er believe them—
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them !)
The other way, the other way.
But fill the cup, &c.

In some, as in a mirror,
Love seems portray'd, love seems portray'd ;
But shun the flattering error,
'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
Himself has fixed his dwelling
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips—but this is telling,
So here they go ! so here they go !
Fill up, fill up, &c.



The Lake of Coolfin;
or, Willie Leonard.

Old Ballad
(Adapted by PATRICK WESTON JOYCE). Air—"The Lake of Coolfin."

Slowly.

'Twas ear - ly one morn-ing young Wil- lie a-
 rose, And up to his com-rade's bed -
 cham - ber he goes: "A - rise, my dear
 com - rade, And let no one know; 'Tis a
 fine sun - ny morn-ing, and a - bath-ing we'll go."

To the Lake of Coolfin the companions soon came,
 And the first man they met was the keeper of game :—
 " Turn back, Willy Leonard, return back again ;
 There is deep and false water in the Lake of Coolfin ! "

The Lake of Coolfin; or, Willie Leonard.

Young Willy plunged in, and he swam the lake round ;
He swam to an island—'twas soft marshy ground :
“ O comrade, dear comrade, do not venture in ;
There is deep and false water in the Lake of Coolfin ! ”

“ Twas early that morning his sister arose ;
And up to her mother's bedchamber she goes :—
“ Oh, I dreamed a sad dream about Willy last night ;
He was dressed in a shroud—in a shroud of snow-white ! ”

“ Twas early that morning his mother came there ;
She was wringing her hands—she was tearing her hair.
Oh, woeful the hour your dear Willy plunged in—
There is deep and false water in the Lake of Coolfin !

And I saw a fair maid, standing fast by the shore ;
Her face, it was pale—she was weeping full sore ;
In deep anguish she gazed where young Willy plunged in :
Ah ! there's deep and false water in the Lake of Coolfin !



The Snowy-Breasted Pearl.

Translated from the Irish by GEORGE PETRIE.

Air—"Péarla an bhrollaigh bháin."

*Not too slowly.**(The Pearl of the White Breast.)*

There's a col - leen fair as May, For a

year and for a day I have sought by ev'ry way Her heart to

gain. There's no art of tongue or eye Fond

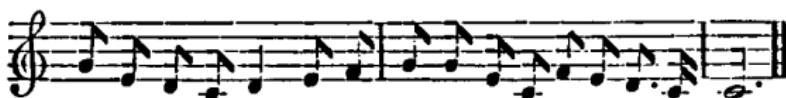
youths with maidens try, But I've tried with ceaseless sigh, Yet tried in

vain. If to far - off France or Spain She

crossed the rag-ing main, Her face to see again The seas I'd

brave. But if 'tis Heav'n's de - cree That

The Snowy-Breasted Pearl.



mine she may not be, May the Son of Ma-ry me In mercy save.

Oh, thou blooming milk-white dove
To whom I've given my love,
Do not ever thus reprove
 My constancy.

There are maidens would be mine,
With wealth in land and kine,
If my heart would but incline
 To turn from thee.

But a kiss with welcome bland
And touch of thy fair hand,
Is all that I demand,
 Would'st thou not spurn.

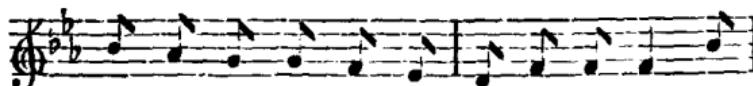
For if not mine, dear girl,
Oh, snowy-breasted pearl,
May I never from the fair
 With life return.



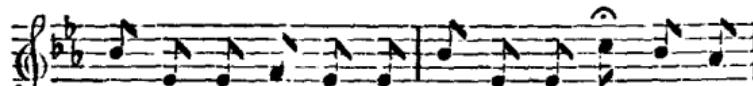
SAMUEL LOVER.

Air—“Ruaidhri ó Mórdha.”*With spirit.*

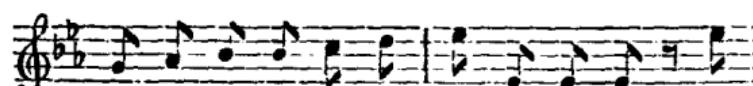
Young Ro-ry O'More courted Kathaleen bawn, He was



bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn ; He



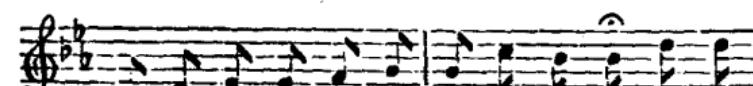
wish'd in his heart pret-ty Kathleen to please, And he



thought the best way to do that was to tease. “Now,



Ro-ry, be ai-sy,” sweet Kathleen would cry, Re-



proof on her lip, but a smile in her eye, “With your



tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm about; Faith, you've

Rory O'More.

teaz'd till I've put on my cloak in-side out." "Oh,
jew-el!" says Ro-ry, "that same is the way You've
thrat-ed my heart for this ma-ny a day, And 'tis
plaz'd that I am, and why not, to be sure? For 'tis
all for good luck," says bold Ro-ry O' More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound."
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry, if you don't let me go;
Sure I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating you so!"
"Oh!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by contrairies, my dear."
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir, you'll hug me no more,
That's eight times to-day, that you've kiss'd me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

Kitty Magee.

FRANCIS A. FAHY.

*Archly.**Air—"Kitty Magee.*

I've kissed and court-ed them all, Gen - tle and
 shin - ple, short and me - dium and tall, But
 kept a mer - ry heart free, Till it was
 stole unknownst by Kit - ty Ma - gee. Her
 laugh - ing face, her slen - der waist, Her
 lips might tempt a saint to taste; Oh,
 sure it was small blame to me To
 lose my heart to Kit - ty Ma - gee.

Kitty Magee.

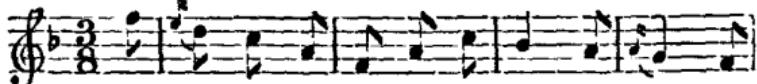
'Twas down at Ballina Fair,
Cailins and boys were gaily tripping it there,
And I the soul of the spree,
When I set eyes on Kitty Magee.
Her smile so sweet, her step so neat,
Hide and seek her two little feet ;
Gliding just like a swan at sea,
Handsome, winsome Kitty Magee.

And now I'm dreaming all day,
Sighing from dark to dawn, and wasting away,
Like a lone bird on a tree,
Pining the long hours through for Kitty Magee.
At dance or wake no sport I make ;
Home or out no pleasure I take ;
Nothing at all I hear or see,
But makes me think of Kitty Magee.

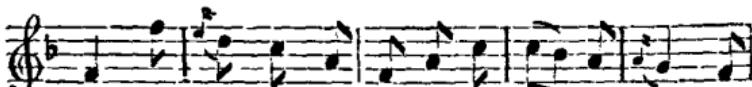
Oh, how will I anyone face,
Kitty asthore, if you don't pity my case ?
'Tis tired of living I'll be
If I don't win my darling Kitty Magee.
Oh whisper, dear, the Shrove is near ;
Say the word I'm dying to hear.
Promise me soon my own you'll be,
Roguish, coaxing Kitty Magee.

28 Thro' Grief and thro' Danger.

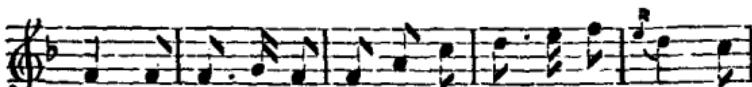
THOMAS MOORE.

Air—“I once had a True Love.”*With feeling.*

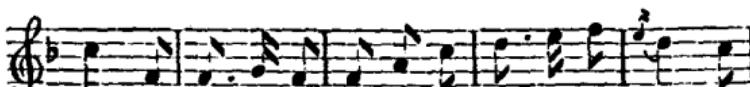
Thro' grief and thro' dan-ger thy smile hath cheer'd my



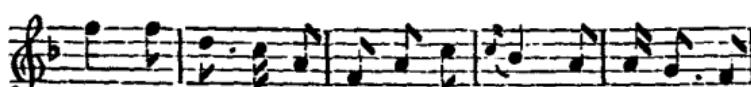
way, Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me



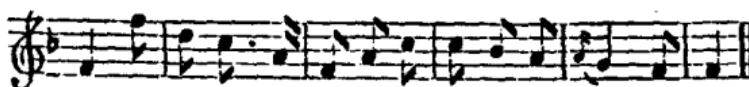
lay ; The dark-er our fortune, the brighter our pure love



burn'd, Till shame in-to glo-ry, till fear in-to zeal was



turn'd. Oh! slave as I was, in thy arms my spi-rit felt



free, And bless'd e'en the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honoured, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd ;
 Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brows adorn'd :
 She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves ;
 Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas ! were slaves ;
 Yet, cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be,
 Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.

Thro' Grief and thro' Danger.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail ;
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale !
They say, too, so long thou hast worn those ling'ring chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains !
Oh ! do not believe them, no chain could that soul subdue,
Where shineth thy spirit, there liberty shineth too.

29 How Sweet the Answer Echo Makes.

THOMAS MOORE.

In moderate time.

Air—“The Wren.”

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The first staff is in common time (6/8), with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp, with the instruction 'By another voice.' The third staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the music, corresponding to the notes.

How sweet the an - swer E - cho makes To
mu - sic at night, To mu - sic at night, When roused by lute or
horn, she wakes, she start- ing wakes, And far a-way, o'er
lawns and lakes Goes answering light, Goes an - swer-ing light.

Yet love has echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh in youth sincere,
And only then—
The sigh, that's breathed for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again.

Rich and Rare.

THOMAS MOORE.

*Slowly.**Air—“Tán Samhra Teacht.”*
("Samhre Teacht.")

“Lady ! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, thro’ this bleak way ?
Are Erin’s sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold ?”

“Sir Knight ! I feel not the least alarm :
No son of Erin will offer me harm,
For, tho’ they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honour and virtue more.

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle ;
And blest for ever was she who relied
Upon Erin’s honour and Erin’s pride.

J. P. CURRAN.

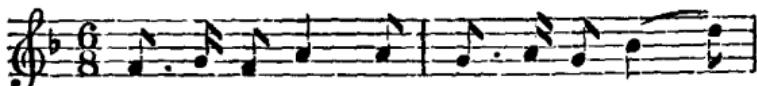
*Brightly.**Air—Unknown.*

O'er the desert of life, where you vainly pur-sued Those
phantoms of hope which their promise disown, Have you e'er met some spirit, di-
vine-ly en-dued, That so kindly could say, You don't suffer alone? And how-
ever your fate may have smil'd or have frown'd, Will she
deign still to share as the friend or the wife: Then
make her the pulse of your heart, for you've found The
green spot that blooms o'er the de-sert of life.

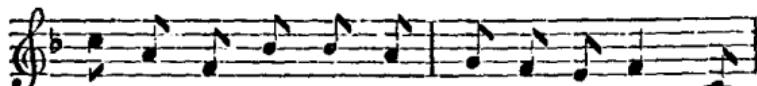
Does she love to recall the past moments so dear,
When the sweet pledge of faith was confidingly given,
When the lip spoke the voice of affection sincere,
And the vow was exchanged, and recorded in heaven?
Does she wish to re-bind what already was bound,
And draw closer the claim of the friend and the wife?
Then make her the pulse of your heart, for you've found
The green spot that blooms o'er the desert of life.

ANON.

Air—"The Protestant Boys."

With resolution.

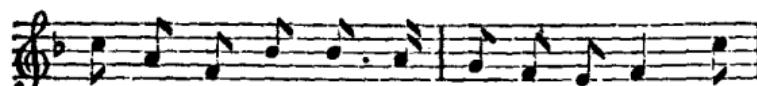
Tell me, my friends, why are we met here?



Why thus as - sem - bled, ye Pro - tes-tant Boys? Do



mirth and good li-quor, good hu-mour, good cheer,



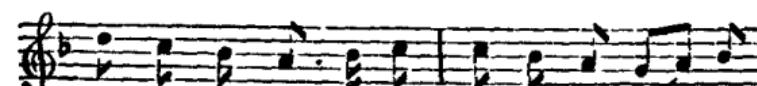
Call us to share of fes - ti - vi - ty's joys? Oh,



no! 'tis the cause Of King, freedom, and laws, That



calls loy - al Pro - testants now to u-nite; And



o-range and blue, Ev - er faith-ful and true, Our



King shall sup - port and se - di - tion af-fright.

The Protestant Boys.

Great spirit of William ! from heaven look down,
And breathe in our hearts our forefathers' fire ;
Teach us to rival their glorious renown,
From Papist or Frenchman ne'er to retire.

Jacobin—Jacobite—

Against all unite,

Who dare to assail our sovereign's throne,
For orange and blue
Will be faithful and true,
And Protestant loyalty ever be shown.

In that loyalty proud let us ever remain,
Bound together in truth, and religion's pure band ;
Nor honour's fair cause with foul bigotry stain,
Since in courage and justice supported we stand.

So heaven shall smile

On our Emerald Isle,

And lead us to conquest again and again ;
While Papists shall prove
Our brotherly love ;
We hate them as masters—we love them as men.

By the deeds of our fathers to glory inspired,
Our Protestant heroes will combat the foe ;
Hearts, with true honour and loyalty fir'd,
Intrepid, undaunted, to conquest will go.

In orange and blue,

Still faithful and true,

The soul-stirring music of glory they'll sing ;
The shades of the Boyne
In the chorus will join,

And the welkin re-echo with "God save the King."

Paddies Evermore.

JOHN O'HAGAN.

Air—“Paddies Evermore.”*With spirit.*

The hour is past to fawn or crouch As
 sup - pli - ants for our right; Let
 word and deed un - shrink - ing vouch The
 band - ed mil - lions' might; Let
 those who scorned the foun - tain rill Now
 dread the tor - rent's roar, And
 hear our e - choed cho - rus still, "We're

Paddies Evermore.

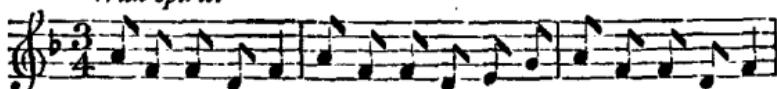
A musical score for a voice and piano. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal line is in soprano range, and the piano accompaniment consists of simple harmonic chords. The lyrics are as follows:

Pad - dies ev - er - - more!" Let
those who scorned the foun - tain rill Now
dread the tor - rent's roar, And
hear our e - choed cho - rus still, "We're
Pad - dies ev - er - - more!" . .

Look round—the Frenchman governs France,
The Spaniard rules in Spain ;
The gallant Pole but waits his chance
To break the Russian chain.
The strife for freedom here begun,
We never will give o'er,
Nor own a land on earth but one,
We're Paddies and no more.

Whisky, Drink Divine!

JOSEPH O'LEARY.

*With spirit.**Air—“Bobbing Joan.”*

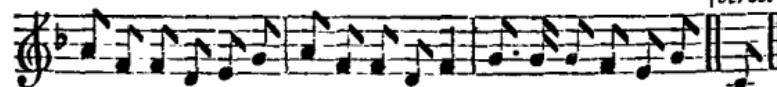
Whisky, drink divine! Why should driv'lers bore us With the praise of wine,



Whilst we've thee before us? Were it not a shame, Whilst we gaily fling thee



To our lips of flame, If we could not sing thee? Whisky, drink di-vine!

Last verse.

Why should driv'lers bore us With the praise of wine, Whilst we've thee before us? us?

Greek and Roman sung
 Chian and Falernian ;
 Shall no harp be strung
 To thy praise, Hibernian ?
 Could my feeble lays
 Half thy virtues number,
 A whole grove of bays
 Should my brows encumber.
 Whisky, drink divine, &c.

If Anacreon—who
 Was the grape's best poet—
 Drank our mountain-dew,
 How his verse would show it ;
 As the best then known,
 He to wine was civil ;
 Had he Innishowen,
 He'd pitch it to the devil.
 Whisky, drink divine, &c.

Bright as beauty's eye,
 When no sorrow veils it ;
 Sweet as beauty's sigh,
 When young love inhales it.
 Come, then, to my lip—
 Come, thou rich in blisses—
 Every drop I sip
 Seems a shower of kisses.
 Whisky, drink divine, &c.

If Thou'l be Mine.

THOMAS MOORE.

With feeling.

Air—"The Winnowing Sheet."

(An chaiteógl.)

If thou'l be mine, the treasures of air, Of
 earth, of sea, shall lie at thy feet; What-
 ev-er in fan-cy's eye looks fair, Or in
 hope's sweet mu-sic sounds most sweet, Shall be
 ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
 A voice divine shall talk in each stream ;
 The stars shall look like worlds of love,
 And this earth be all one beautiful dream
 In our eyes—if thou wilt be mine, love !

And thoughts whose source is hidden and high,
 Like streams that come from heavenward hills,
 Shall keep our hearts, like meads that lie
 To be bath'd by those eternal rills,
 Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love !

All this and more the spirit of love
 Can breathe o'er them who feel his spells ;
 That heav'n which forms his home above,
 He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
 As thou'l own, if thou wilt be mine, love !

Long, Long Ago.

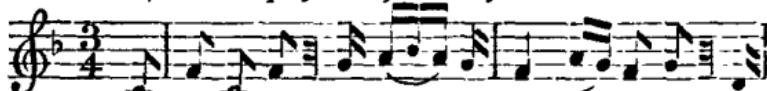
T. D. SULLIVAN.

Air—"My own Young Dear."

As in a reverie.


Come back, old scenes, in thought to me; Bring murmurs
 of . . . the deep blue sea; Bring glimpses
 of . . . that wooded shore, Where joy was mine in days of
 yore. For oh, 'tis sweet to live a - new Those happy
 days that lightly flew, Before the chill of care or
 woe Had touched my heart, long, long a - go.
 Oh, bring them back a little while—
 The song, the dance, the sigh, the smile,
 The opening gleam of new delights,
 The rosy dream of summer nights!
 But ah! 'tis vain to call to-day
 On life's young glories passed away!
 My only joy is now to know
 They blessed my heart, long, long ago.

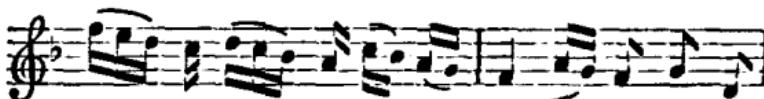
THOMAS MOORE.

Air—“The Twisting of the Rope.”
(*Casadh an tsugáin.*)*Slow, and to be played very smoothly.*

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 ves - per sigh to thee! For



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



Mem'ry breathes her ves - per sigh to thee!

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.

GEORGE SIGERSON. *Air—“The Inniskillen Dragoon.”**Sadly.*

Fare-well, In-nis-kill-en! fare-well for awhile To
all your fair wa-ters and ev'-ry green isle! Oh, your
green isles will flour-ish, your fair wa-ters flow, While
I from old I-re-land an ex-ile must go.

Her hair is as brown as the young raven's wing,
Her eyes are as clear as the bluebells of spring;
And light was her laugh, like the sun on the sea—
Till the weight of the world came between her and me.

Oh, what can man do when the world is his foe—
And the looks of her people fall on him like snow,
But bend the brow boldly, and fare away far
To follow good fortune and get fame in the war?

If the worst comes to worst, sure 'tis only to die,
And the true lass that loves me can hold her head high;
Can hold her head high, though the fond heart may break,
For her lover loved bravely, and died for her sake.

Down by the Sally Gardens.

W. B. YEATS.

Air—"The Maids of Mourne Shore."

Pensively.

Down by the sal - ly gar - dens, my
 love and I did meet; She
 passed the sal - ly gar - dens, with lit - tle snow-white
 feet. She bid me take love ea - sy, as the
 leaves grow on the tree; But I, being young and
 fool - ish, with her did not a - gree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
 And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
 She bid me take life easy as the grass grows on the weirs;
 But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

When He who Adores Thee.

(Emmet to Ireland.)

THOMAS MOORE.

Slow, and with feeling.

Air—"The Fox's Sleep."

(Codladh an tsionnaigh.)

When he who adores thee has left but the name Of his
 fault and his sor - row be - hind, Oh! say, wilt thou weep when they
 dark-en the fame Of a life that for thee was re-
 sign'd? Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn, Thy
 tears shall ef - face their de - cree; For Heav'n can wit-ness, tho'
 guilty to them, I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
 Every thought of my reason was thine;
 In my last humble pray'r to the Spirit above,
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
 Oh! bless'd are the lovers and friends who shall live
 The days of thy glory to see;
 But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE. *Air—“An Droighneán Donn.”**Tenderly.**(The Sloe Bush.)*

By road and by riv - er the wild birds
 sing ; O'er mountain and val - ley the dew - y leavcs
 spring ; The gay flow'rs are shin-ing, gilt o'er by the
 sun ; And fair - est of all shines the Drinaun Dhun !

The rath of the fairy, the ruin hoar—
 With bright silver splendour it decks them all o'er—
 And down in the valley where crystal streams run—
 How sweet smells the bloom of the Drinaun Dhun.

Ah ! well I remember that soft spring day
 When I sat by my love 'neath its sweet scented spray :
 The day that she told me her heart I had won,
 Beneath the white blossom of the Drinaun Dhun !

The streams they were singing their gladsome song,
 The soft winds were blowing the wild woods among,
 The mountains shone bright in the red setting sun,
 As I sat with my love 'neath the Drinaun Dhun.

'Tis my prayer in the morning, my dream at night,
 To sit once again with my heart's dear delight,
 With her blue eyes of gladness, her hair like the sun,
 And her bright pleasant smile, 'neath the Drinaun Dhun !

The West's Asleep.

THOMAS DAVIS.

Munster Air.

With fervour.

When all be-side a vi-gil keep, The
 West's a-sleep, the West's a-sleep. A -
 las! and well may E-rin weep, When
 Con-naught lies in slum-ber deep. There
 lake and plain smile fair and free, 'Mid
 rocks-their guar-dian chi-val-ry. Sing,
 Oh! let man learn li-ber-ty From
 crash-ing wind and lash-ing sea.

The West's Asleep.

That chainless wave and lovely land
Freedom and Nationhood demand ;
Be sure the great God never plann'd
For slumbering slaves a home so grand.
And long a brave and haughty race
Honoured and sentinelled the place—
Sing, oh ! not even their sons' disgrace
Can quite destroy their glory's trace.

For often, in O'Connor's van,
To triumph dash'd each Connaught clan,
And fleet as deer the Normans ran
Through Curlieu's Pass and Ardrahan
And later times saw deeds as brave ;
And glory guards Clanricarde's grave—
Sing, oh ! they died their land to save,
At Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave.

And if, when all a vigil keep,
The West's asleep, the West's asleep—
Alas ! and well may Erin weep,
That Connaught lies in slumber deep.
But hark ! some voice like thunder spake :
“ The West's awake ! the West's awake ! ”
Sing, oh ! hurrah ! let England quake ;
We'll watch till death for Erin's sake !

ANON.

*Air—“The Dear Irish Boy.”**Mournfully.*

Oh, wea-ry's on mon-ey, and wea-ry's on
 wealth, And sure we don't want them, while we have our
 health: 'Twas they tempted Con-nor far o-ver the
 sea, And I lost my lov-er, my cush-la ma - chree.
 Smil-ing, be-guil-ing, Cheering, en - dearing! Oh,
 dear-ly I loved him and he loved me! By each
 o-ther de-light-ed, And fond-ly u . nit-ed, My
 heart's in the grave with my cush - la ma-chree. chree.

*Last
verse.*

The Dear Irish Boy.

My Connor was handsome, good-humoured, and tall,
At hurling or dancing the best of them all ;
But when he came courting beneath our old tree,
His voice was like music—my *cushla machree*.

Smiling, beguiling,
Cheering, endearing !

Oh, dearly I loved him and he loved me !

By each other delighted,
And fondly united,

My heart's in the grave with my *cushla machree*.

So true was his heart and so artless his mind,
He could not think ill of the worst of mankind ;
He went bail for his cousin, who ran beyond sea,
And all his debts fell on my *cushla machree*.

Smiling, beguiling, &c.

Yet still I told Connor that I'd be his bride—
In sorrow or death not to stir from his side ;
He said he could ne'er bring misfortune on me,
But sure I'd be rich with my *cushla machree*.

Smiling, beguiling, &c.

The morning he left us I ne'er will forget ;
Not an eye in our village with tears but was wet.
“Don't cry any more, O mavourneen,” said he,
“For soon I'll return to my *cushla machree*

Smiling, beguiling, &c.

Sad as I felt then, hope mixed with my care,
Alas ! I have nothing now left but despair ;
His ship it went down in the midst of the sea,
And its wild waves roll over my *cushla machree*.

Smiling, beguiling, &c.

Pastheen Fionn.

From the Irish by SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

*Passionately.**Air—“Pastheen Fionn.”*

Oh, my fair Pastheen is my heart's de-light, Her
gay heart laughs in her blue eye bright, Like the
ap - ple blos-som her bo - som white, And her
Faster.
neck like the swan's on a March morn bright. Then
O - ro, will you come with me, come with me, come with me ?
O - ro, will you come with me, brown girl sweet ? For
oh ! I would go thro' snow and sleet, If
you would but come with me, brown girl sweet.

Pastheen Fionn.

Love of my heart, my fair Pastheen !
Her cheeks are as red as the rose's sheen ;
But my lips have tasted no more, I ween,
Than the glass I drank to the health of my queen !
Then Oro, come with me ! come with me ! come with me ! &c.

Were I in the town, where's mirth and glee,
Or 'twixt two barrels of barley bree,
With my fair Pastheen upon my knee,
'Tis I would drink to her pleasantly !
Then Oro, come with me ! come with me ! come with me ! &c.

Nine nights I lay in longing and pain,
Betwixt two bushes, beneath the rain,
Thinking to see you, love, once again ;
But whistle and call were all in vain !
Then Oro, come with me ! come with me ! come with me ! &c.

I'll leave my people, both friend and foe ;
From all the girls in the world I'll go ;
But from you, sweetheart, oh, never ! oh no !
Till I lie in the coffin, stretched cold and low !
Then Oro, come with me ! come with me ! come with me ! &c.



Oh! the Sight Entrancing.

THOMAS MOORE.

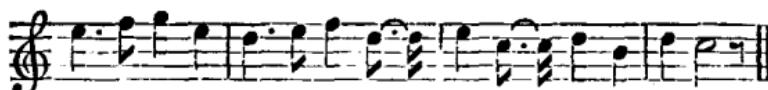
*Triumphantly.**Air—“Planxty Sudley.”*

Oh! the sight en - tranc - ing, When morning's beam is
 glanc - ing O'er files, array'd With helm and blade, And
 plumes in the gay wind danc - ing! When hearts are all high
 beat - ing, And the trumpet's voice re - peat - ing That
 song whose breath May lead to death, But never to re
 treat - ing! Then, if a cloud comes o - ver The
 brow of sire or lov - er, Think 'tis the shade By
 Vic - t'ry made, Whose wings right o'er us hov - er.

Oh! the Sight Entrancing.



Oh! the sight en - tranc-ing, When the morn-ing beam is glanc-ing O'er



files, array'd With helm & blade, And plumes in the gay wind dancing !

Yet, 'tis not helm nor feather—

For ask yon despot, whether

His plumèd bands

Could bring such hands

And hearts as ours together.

Leave pomps to those who need 'em—

Give man but heart and freedom ;

And proud he braves

The gaudiest slaves

That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.

The sword may pierce the beaver,

Stone walls in time may sever.

'Tis mind alone,

Worth steel and stone,

That keeps men free for ever.

Oh, that sight entrancing,

When the morning's beam is glancing

O'er files arrayed

With helm and blade,

And in freedom's cause advancing !

And must we part?

J. J. CALLANAN.

With deep feeling.

Air—"Ni meallfar mē aria."

And must we part? then fare thee well! But
 he that wails it, he . . . can tell How
 dear thou wert, how dear thou art, And
 ev - er must be, to this heart. But
 now 'tis vain, it can - not be: Fare-
 well! and think no more on me. Oh,
 yes! this heart would soon - er break, Than

And must we part?



I'd sooner slumber into clay,
Than cloud thy spirit's beauteous ray ;
Go, free as air—an angel free,
And, lady, think no more on me.
Yet had we met when love's own star
Flashed its fair promise from afar,
I might have hoped to call thee mine ;
The minstrel's heart and harp were thine.

But now 'tis past—it cannot be ;
Farewell ! and think no more on me,
Or do ! but let it be the hour
When Mercy's all-atoning power
From His high throne of glory hears
Of souls like thine, the prayers, the tears ;
Ah, then upon the suppliant knee,
Then—then, O lady ! think on me.



The Girl I left behind Me.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

With spirit.

Air—"The Girl I left behind Me."
("Spailpin Fánac.")

The route has come, we march a-way, Our co-lours dance be-
 fore us, But sorrow's cloud made dark the day That
 from our sweethearts tore us. My own dear lass she
 sobb'd "A-dieu!" her lov-ing arms en-twin'd me, And
 oft she pray'd that I'd be true To the girl I left be-hind me.

Yes! I'll be true, when steel to steel,
 The ranks of war are rolling,
 And round us ev'ry cannon peal
 A fun'ral knell is tolling;
 Then if from out the battle flame
 A fatal ball should find me,
 My dying lips shall bless the name
 Of the girl I left behind me.

But if in triumph I return
 To tell a soldier's story,
 Though proudly on my breast should burn
 The golden cross of glory;
 No other maid with magic art
 Shall break the links that bind me
 For ever to the faithful heart
 Of the girl I left behind me.

THOMAS DAVIS.

Air—"Mo Bhuachailin Buidhe."

Brightly.

Come in the ev'n-ing or come in the morn-ing,
 Come when you're look'd for or come without warn-ing ; Kisses and welcome you'll
 find here be-fore you, And the oft - 'ner you come here, the
 more I'll a-dore you. Light is my heart since the
 day we were plight-ed, Red is my cheek that they
 told me was blight-ed, The green of the trees looks far
 green-er than ev-er, And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever !"

I'll pull you sweet flowers to wear if you choose 'em,
 Or, after you've kiss'd them they'll lie on my bosom ;
 We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
 Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
 Oh ! she'll whisper you, " Love, as unchangeably beaming,
 And trust, all in secret, as tunefully streaming,
 Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
 And our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

49 The Wind that Shakes the Barley.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

Mournfully.

Air—"Royal Charlie."

A musical score for 'The Wind that Shakes the Barley' featuring a vocal line and an 'Air' in 'Royal Charlie' style. The vocal line is in common time (6/8) and the 'Air' is in common time (4/4). The vocal part consists of a single melodic line with lyrics. The 'Air' part is represented by a series of musical measures with a melodic line above the vocal line.

I sat with - in the val - ley green, I
sat me with my true love; My sad heart strove the
two be - tween, The old love and the
new love; The old for her, the
new that made Me think on Ire - land
dear - - ly, While soft the wind blew
down the glade, And shook the gold - en bar - ley.

The Wind that Shakes the Barley.

'Twas hard the woeful words to frame
To break the ties that bound us ;
But harder still to bear the shame
Of foreign chains around us.
And so I said, " The mountain glen
I'll seek at morning early,
And join the brave United Men,"
While soft winds shook the barley.

While sad I kissed away her tears
My fond arms round her flinging,
The foeman's shot burst on our ears,
From out the wildwood ringing ;
The bullet pierced my true love's side,
In life's young spring so early,
And on my breast in blood she died,
When soft winds shook the barley.

But blood for blood without remorse
I've ta'en at Oulart Hollow ;
I've placed my true love's clay-cold corse
Where I full soon will follow ;
And round her grave I wander drear,
Noon, night, and morning early,
With breaking heart whene'er I hear
The wind that shakes the barley !

THOMAS MOZEEN.

*Briskly.**Air—“The Kilruddery Hunt.”*

In sev-en-teen hundred and for-ty-four,
 The fifth of De-cem-ber, I think 'twas no more,
 At five in the morn-ing, by most of the
 clocks, We rode from Kil-rud-dery in search of a
 fox. The Loughlinstown land-lord, the brave O-wen
 Bray, And John-ny A-dair,* too, were with us that
 day; Joe De-bil, Hal Preston, those huntsmen so
 stout—Dick Holmes, some few o-thers, and so we set out.

* No doubt son of Robin Adair, of Holly Park, near Bray, who was member of the Irish Parliament early in last century, and whom our Scotch friends annexed along with the air “Aileen aroon.”

The Kiltuddery Hunt.

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more,
When Wanton set up a most tuneable roar ;
" Hark, Wanton," cried Joe, and the rest were not slack :
For Wanton's no trifler esteemed by the pack ;
Old Bounty and Collier came readily in,
And every hound joined in the musical din :
Had Diana been there, she'd been pleased to the life,
And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.

Ten minutes past nine was the time of the day
When Reynard broke cover, and this was his way—
As strong from Killegar, as if he could fear none,
Away he brush'd round by the house of Kilternan,
To Carrickmines thence, and to Cherrywood then,
Steep Shankhill he climbed, and to Ballyman glen,
Bray Common he crossed, leap'd Lord Anglesey's wall,
And seemed to say, " Little I care for you all."

He ran Bushes Grove up to Carbury Byrnes—
Joe Debil, Hal Preston, kept leading by turns ;
The earth it was open, yet he was so stout,
Tho' he might have got in, still he chose to keep out ;
To Malpas high hills was the way that he flew,
At Dalkey's stone common we had him in view ;
He drove on to Bullock, he slunk Glenageary,
And so on to Monkstown, where Larry grew weary.

Thro' Rochestown wood like an arrow he passed,
And came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last ;
There gallantly plunged himself into the sea,
And said in his heart, " None can now follow me."
But soon, to his cost, he perceived that no bounds
Could stop the pursuit of the staunch-mettled hounds :
His policy here did not serve him a rush,
Five couple of Tartars were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore then again was his drift ;
But ere he could reach to the top of the clift,
He found both of speed and of daring a lack,
Being waylaid and killed by the rest of the pack.
At his death there were present the lads I have sung,
Save Larry, who, riding a garron, was flung :
Thus ended at length a most delicate chase,
That held us five hours and ten minutes' space.

Oh! Where's the Slave?

THOMAS MOORE.

*With resolution.**Air—“Síos Agus Síos Liom.”*

Oh, where's the slave so low - ly, Con-
demn'd to chains un - ho - ly, Who, could he burst his
bonds at first, Would pine beneath them slow-ly? What
soul, whose wrongs de - grade it, Would wait till time de-
cay'd it, When thus its wing At once may spring To the
throne of Him who made . . . it? Farewell, E - rin !
fare-well, all Who live to weep our fall !

Less dear the laurel growing
Alive, untouched, and blowing,
Than that whose braid
Is plucked to shade
The brows with victory glowing.

Oh! Where's the Slave?

We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us.
Farewell, Erin! farewell, all
Who live to weep our fall.

52 The Castle of Dromore (*Lullaby*).

HAROLD BOULTON.

Gently.

Air—“My Wife is Sick.”

Oc - to - ber winds la - ment around the Cas - tle of Dromore, But peace is in her lof - ty halls, my dear - est treasure - store. Though au - tumn leaves may droop and die, a bud of spring are you: Sing hush - a - by lull - a - loo lo lan, sing hushaby lull - a - loo.

Bring no ill-will to hinder us—my helpless babe and me,
Dread spirits of the Blackwater, Clan Eoghan's wild banshee;
For Holy Mary, pitying us, in heaven for grace doth sue—
Sing hushaby lullaloo lo lan, sing hushaby lullaloo.

Take time to thrive, my rose of hope, in the garden of Dromore;
Take heed, young eaglet, till your wings have feathers fit to soar.
A little rest, and then the world is full of work to do—
Sing hushaby lullaloo lo lan, sing hushaby lullaloo.

63 Live in my Heart and Pay no Rent.

SAMUEL LOVER.

With playful tenderness.

Old Irish Air.

(Arranged by LOVER.)

The musical score consists of eight staves of music in common time (indicated by 'C') and G major (indicated by a 'G' with a sharp). The first staff begins with a dotted half note. The lyrics are integrated into the music, with each line of text corresponding to a staff. The lyrics are as follows:

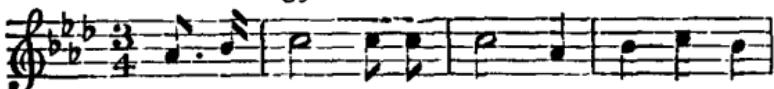
'Vour - neen, when your days were bright,
Nev - er an eye did I dare to lift to you,
But now, in your for - tune's blight,
False ones are fly - ing in sunshine that knew you; But
still on one wel - come true re - ly, Tho' the
crops may fail, and the cow go dry, And your
cab - in be burn'd, And all be spent, Come,

Live in my Heart and Pay no Rent.

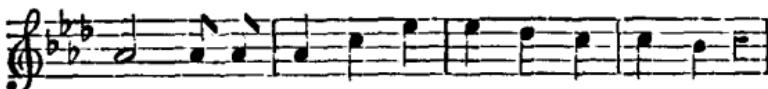
The musical score consists of five staves of music in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The lyrics are: 'live in my heart and pay no rent;', 'Come, come, live in my heart,', 'Live in my heart and pay no rent;', 'Come, come, live in my heart,', and 'Live in my heart ma - your - - neen.'

'Vourneen, dry up those tears,
The sensible people will tell you to wait, dear,
But ah ! in the wasting of Love's young years,
On our innocent hearts we're committing a chate, dear.
For hearts when they're young should make the vow,
For when they are old they don't know how ;
So marry at once and you'll not repent,
When you live in my heart and pay no rent.

Come, come live in my heart,
Live in my heart and pay no rent,
Come, come live in my heart,
Live in my heart, mavourneen.

ANDREW CHERRY. *Air—“The Dear Little Shamrock.”**With increasing fervour.*

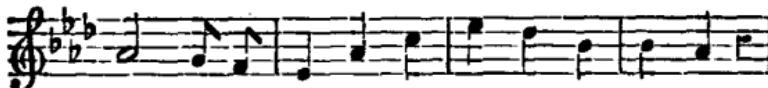
There's a dear lit-tle plant that grows in our



Isle, 'Twas Saint Patrick him-self, sure, that set it;



And the sun on his la-bour with pleasure did



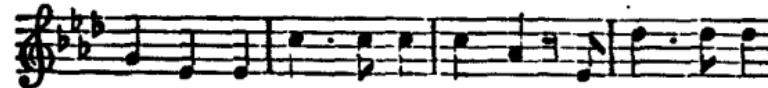
smile, And with dew from his eye of-ten wet it.



It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the



mire-land, And he call'd it the dear lit-tle Shamrock of



Ire-land, The dear lit-tle Shamrock, the sweet lit-tle

The Dear Little Shamrock.



Shamrock, the dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

That dear little plant still grows in our land,

Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin ;

Whose smiles can bewitch, and whose eyes can command,

In each climate they ever appear in.

For they shine through the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire-land,
Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland ;

The dear little shamrock, the sweet little shamrock,

The dear little, sweet little shamrock of Ireland.

That dear little plant that springs from our soil,

When its three little leaves are extended ;

Denotes from one stem we together should toil,

And ourselves by ourselves be befriended.

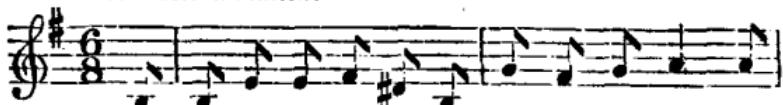
And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire-land,
From one root should branch like the shamrock of Ireland,

The dear little shamrock, the sweet little shamrock,

The dear little, sweet little shamrock of Ireland.



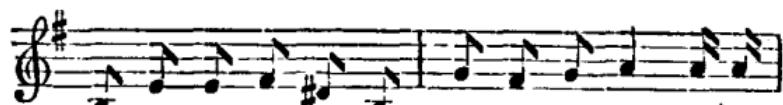
DR. DRENNAN.

*With determination.**Air—“When Erin First Rose.”*

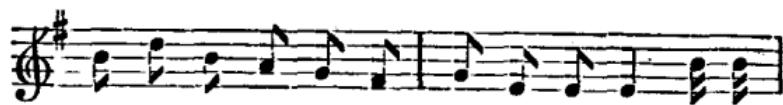
When E-rin first rose from the dark swelling flood, God



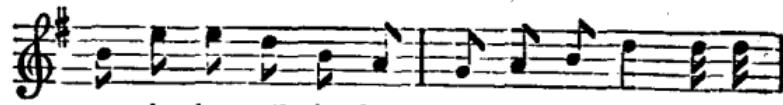
bless'd our green Is - land and saw she was good; From



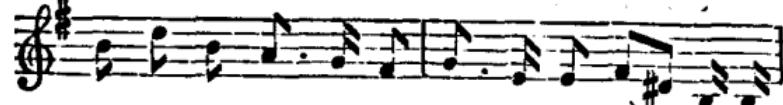
val-ley to val-ley she sparkled and shone, In the



ring of the o-cean, earth's em - er - ald stone. In her



sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blest, With her

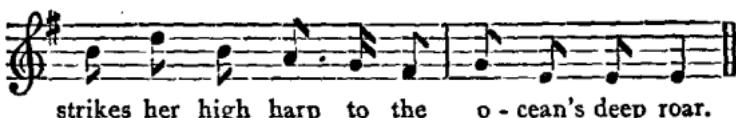


back to-wards Brit - ain, her face to the west; E-rin



stands proudly in - su - lar on her steep shore, And

When Erin First Rose.



O sons of green Erin ! lament o'er the time
When religion was war, and our country a crime,
When man, of God's image, inverted His plan,
And moulded his God in the image of man.
By the groans that ascend from your forefathers' graves
For their country, left only to tyrants and slaves,
Drive the demon of Bigotry home to his den,
And where Britain made monsters let Erin make men.

Alas ! for our Erin, so many are seen
Who would dye the grass red from their hatred to green !
Yet, oh ! when you're up and they're down, let them live !
Then yield them the mercy they never would give.
Arm of Erin, be strong ! but be gentle as brave,
And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save !
Let no feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause or the men of the Emerald Isle.

The cause it is good, and the men they are true,
And the green shall outlive both the orange and blue,
And the triumph of Erin her daughters shall share,
With the full swelling bosom, the fair flowing hair.
Their bosom heaves high for the worthy and brave,
But no coward shall rest in that soft-swelling wave.
Men of Erin, awake, and make haste to be blest !
Rise, Arch of the Ocean, and Queen of the West !

WILLIAM BLACKER.

*Air—“Captain Thompson.”**Sternly.*

The night is gath'-ring gloom-i - ly, the
 day is clos - ing fast; The temp- est flaps his
 raven wings in loud and an - gry
 blast! The thun - der clouds are
 driv - - ing a - - thwart the lu . rid
 sky, But put your trust in
 God, my boys, and keep your pow-der dry.

Oliver's Advice.

There *was* a day when loyalty was hailed with honour due,
Our banner the protection wav'd to all the good and true—
And gallant hearts beneath its folds were link'd in honour's tie,
We put our trust in God, my boys, and kept our powder dry.

They come, whose counsels wrapped the land in foul rebellious
flame,
Their hearts unchastened by remorse, their cheeks untinged by
shame.
Be still, be still, indignant heart—be tearless, too, each eye,
And put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

The Pow'r that led His chosen by pillar'd cloud and flame
Through parted sea and desert waste, that Pow'r is still the same ;
He fails not—He, the loyal hearts that firm on Him rely,
So put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

For "happy homes," for "altars free," we grasp the ready sword,
For freedom, truth, and for our God's unmutilated word,
These, these the war-cry of our march, our hope the Lord on high ;
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

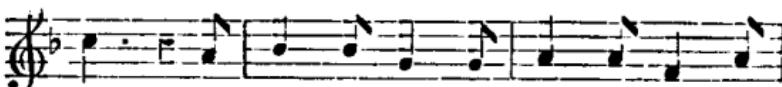


The Irish Rapparees.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

*Briskly.**Air—"Jack, the Jolly Ploughboy."*

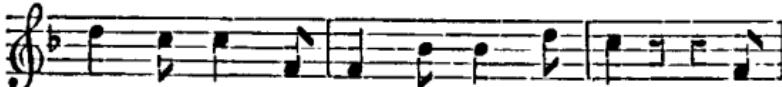
Ree Shamus, he is gone to France, and left his crown be-



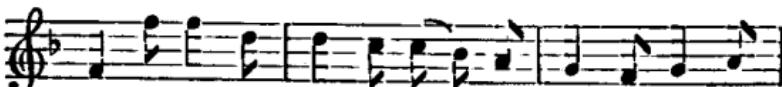
hind. Bad luck be theirs, both night and day, put



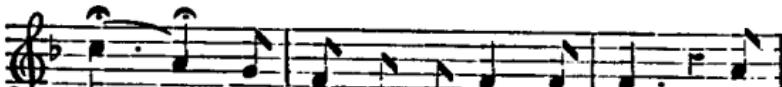
run - nin' in his mind. Lord Lu - can's fol - lowed



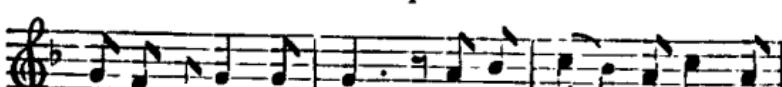
af - ter with his slash - ers brave and true, And



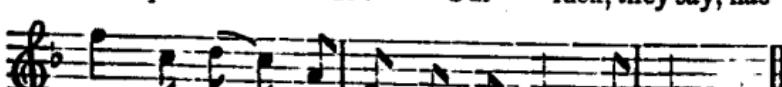
now the doleful keen goes up, What will poor Ire - land



do ? What will poor Ire - land do ? What



can poor Ire - land do ? Our luck, they say, has



gone to France, then what can Ire - land do ?

The Irish Rapparees.

Oh, never fear for Ireland, for she has so'gers still,
For Rory's boys are in the wood, and Remy's on the hill ;
And never had poor Ireland more loyal hearts than these—
May God be kind and good to them, the faithful Rapparees !

The fearless Rapparees !

The jewel were you, Rory, with your Irish Rapparees !

Oh, black's your heart, Clan Oliver, and coulder than the clay !
Oh, high's your head, Clan Sassenach, since Sarsfield's goneaway !
It's little love you bear to us, for sake of long ago,
But howld your hand, for Ireland still can strike a deadly blow—

Can strike a mortal blow—

Och ! dhar-a-chreesth ! 'tis she that still could strike the deadly
blow.

The Master's bawn, the Master's seat, a surly bodagh fills ;
The Master's son, an outlawed man, is riding on the hills.
But, God be praised, that round him throng, as thick as summer
bees,

The swords that guarded Limerick's wall— his loyal Rapparees !

His lovin' Rapparees !

Who dare say no to Rory Oge, with all his Rapparees ?

Now, Sassenach and Cromweller, take heed of what I say—
Keep down your black and angry looks that scorn us night and
day,

For there's a just and wrathful Judge, that every action sees,
And He'll make strong, to right our wrong, the faithful Rapparees !

The fearless Rapparees !

The men that rode at Sarsfield's side—the roving Rapparees !

DENNY LANE.

Smoothly.

Air—Unknown.

The heath is green on Carr-ing-dhown, The sun is bright o'er Ard-na-lia, The dark green trees bend trembling down, To kiss the slumb'ring Own-a-bwee. That happy day, 'twas but last May, 'Tis like a dream to me, When Don-al swore, aye, o'er and o'er, We'd part no more, as - thore ma-chree.

On Carr-ingdrown the heath is brown,
 The clouds are dark o'er Ardalia,
 And many a stream comes rushing down
 To swell the angry Own-a-bwee.
 The moaning blast is sweeping fast
 Thro' many a leafless tree,
 And I'm alone, for he is gone,
 My hawk is flown, ochone machree!

Kate Kearney.

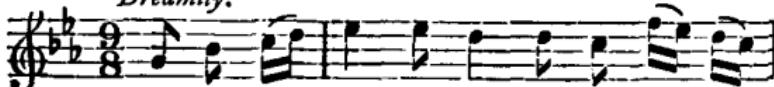
LADY MORGAN.

*Slowly.**Air—“Kate Kearney.”*

Oh! did you not hear of Kate Kearney? She
 lives on the banks of Kil-lar-ney; From the glance of her eye, shun
 dan-ger and fly, For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.
 For that eye is so mo-dest-ly beam-ing, You'd
 ne'er think of mis-chief she's dream-ing; Yet, oh! I can tell how
 fa-tal's the spell That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh! should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
 Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
 Beware of her smile, for many a wile
 Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.
 Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
 Yet there's mischief in every dimple;
 And who dares inhale her sigh's spicy gale,
 Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

HAROLD BOULTON.

*Air—“The Tree in the Wood.”**Dreamily.*

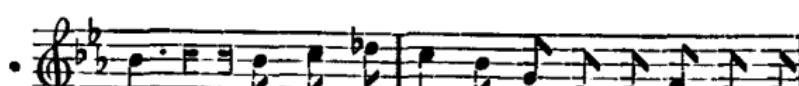
Over the hill young Den - is fol - lows the



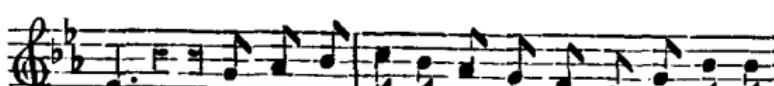
deer— Hound, horn, and hunt-ing spear, to bring him to



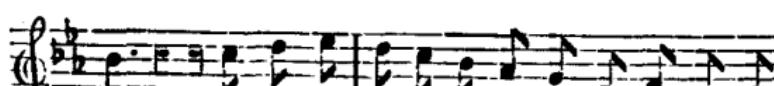
bay; Soaring a - loft in heav'n, the lark ca - rols



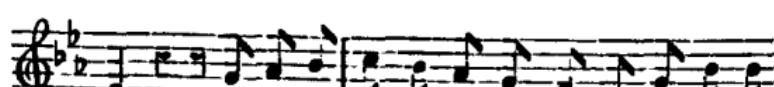
clear, Green waves the leaf- y wood, for to-morrow's May-



day. Loud rings his horn all the day from the hill to the



sea, Faint far a-way thro' the wood till the fall of the



night; Wea-ry he rests with his hounds 'neath the hol - low oak

The Tree in the Wood.



tree, Foolish he sinks in-to sleep in the sil-ver moonlight.

Fairer than mortal rose a maid from the brier,
Singing a song more sweet than mortal can tell,
Touched him on brow and lip with kisses of fire,
Gave him to drink the wine of magical spell.
Swift to the dance of the fairies she bore him away,
Crowned him her lover, and king of the mad revelry ;
Dead lay his hounds on the sward at dawn of Mayday,
Gone was young Denis that slept 'neath the hollow oak tree.

Over the hill a horn the forester hears,
When leaves are waving green and to-morrow's Mayday ;
Leading the dance at night a maiden appears,
Linked with a huntsman clad in gallant array.
Masterless now are his cattle that low on the hill,
Sad his companions that wonder and wait him in vain,
Bowed in the ashes his mother, that mourns for him still,
Back to the sunlight young Denis comes never again.



61 Remember the Glories of Brien the Brave.

THOMAS MOORE.

Boldly.

Air—“Molly Macalpine.”

By WILLIAM CONNALLON.

By WILLIAM CONNELLON.

Re - mem - ber the glo - ries of
Bri - en the brave, Tho' the days of the he - ro are
o'er; Tho' lost to Mo - no - nia, and
cold in the grave, He re - turns to Kin - ko - ra no
more! That star of the field, which so
oft - en has pour'd Its beam on the bat - tle, is
set; But e - nough of its glo - ry re -

Remember the Glories of Brien the Brave.



mains on each sword To light us to vic-to-ry yet!

Mononia ! when Nature embellished the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there ?
No ! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood
In the day of distress by our side ;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
They stirred not, but conquered and died !
The sun that now blesses our arms with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain :
Oh ! let him not blush when he leaves us to-night
To find that they fell there in vain !



Avenging and Bright.

THOMAS MOORE.

*Air—“Cruachan na Féinne.”**Fiercely and fast.*

A-veng-ing and bright fall the swift sword of
 E-rin On him who the brave sons of
 Us-na be-tray'd! For ev'-ry fond
 espres.
 eye which he wak-en'd a tear in, A
 drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,
 When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore—
 By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
 Have wasted these heroes to victory's shore—

We swear to revenge them! No joy shall be tasted,
 The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
 Our halls shall be mute and our fields shall lie wasted,
 Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
 Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
 Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
 Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

The County of Mayo.

Translated from the Irish by GEORGE FOX.

In march time. Air—“Billy Byrne of Ballymanus.”

On the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sit in wo-ful
 plight, Thro' my sigh-ing all the wea-ry day and
 weep-ing all the night. Were it not that full of
 sor-row from my peo-ple forth I go, . . . By the
 bless-ed sun, 'tis roy-al-ly I'd sing thy praise, Ma-yo.

When I dwelt at home in plenty, and my gold did much abound,
 In the company of fair young maids the Spanish ale went round.
 'Tis a bitter change from those gay days that now I'm forced to go,
 And must leave my bones in Santa Cruz, far from my own Mayo.

They are altered girls in Irrul now; 'tis proud they're grown
 and high,
 With their hair-bags and their top-knots, for I pass their buckles by;
 But it's little now I heed their airs, for God will have it so,
 That I must depart for foreign lands, and leave my sweet Mayo.

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

64 Mo Creeven Eeven Aluin Oge.

EDWARD WALSH.

Fairly slow.

Air—“Mo Creeven Eeven.”

Ye dark-haired youths and elders hoar - y,
 List to the wand' - ring har - per's song ; My
 clair - seach weeps my true love's sto - ry,
 In my true love's na - tive tongue. She's
 bound and bleed - ing 'neath the op - pressor,
 Few her friends and fierce her foe ; And
 brave hearts cold who would re - dress her, Mo
 Cree - ven Ee - ven Al uin Oge.

Mo Creeven Eeven Aluin Oge.

My love had riches once, and beauty,
Till want and sorrow paled her cheek ;
And stalwart hearts for honour's duty—
They're crouching now, like cravens sleek.
Oh, Heaven ! that e'er this day of rigour
Saw sons of heroes abject, low !
And blood and tears thy face disfigure,
Mo Creeven Eeven Aluin Oge.

I see young virgins step the mountain
As graceful as the bounding fawn,
With cheeks like heath-flow'r by the fountain,
And breasts like downy canavan.
Shall bondsmen share those beauties ample :
Shall their pure bosoms' current flow
To nurse new slaves for them that trample
Mo Creeven Eeven Aluin Oge ?

Around my clairseach's speaking measures,
Men, like their fathers tall, arise—
Their heart the same deep hatred treasures,
I read it in their kindling eyes !
The same proud brow to frown at danger,
The same long coolun's graceful flow ;
The same dear tongue to curse the stranger—
Mo Creeven Eeven Aluin Oge !

I'd sing you more, but age is stealing
Along my pulse and tuneful fires,
Far bolder woke my chord, appealing
For craven Shamus, to your sires.
Arouse to vengeance, men of brav'ry,
For broken oaths—for altars low—
For bonds that bind in bitter slavery
Mo Creeven Eeven Aluin Oge !

JOHN KEEGAN CASEY.*
*Slowly.**Air—Unknown.*

My fai - ry girl, my dar - ling girl, If
I were near thee now, The
sun - light of your eyes would chase The
sor - row from..... my brow. Your
lips would whis - per o'er and o'er, The
words so fond and true, They whis-per'd long and
long a - go, My gen - tle Col - leen Rue.

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Glasgow.

My Colleen Rue.

No more by Inny's bank I sit,
Or rove the meadows brown,
But count the weary hours away,
Pent in this dismal town.
I cannot breathe the pasture air,
My father's homestead fondly view ;
Or see another face like thine,
My gentle Colleen Rue.

Oh, sweetheart ! I can see thee stand
Beside the orchard stile ;
The dawn upon thy regal brow,
Upon thy mouth a smile ;
The apple bloom above thy head,
Thy cheeks its glowing, glowing hue ;
The sun-flash in thy radiant eyes,
My gentle Colleen Rue.

But drearily and wearily
The snow is drifting by ;
And drearily and wearily
It bears my lonely sigh,
Far from this lonely Connaught town,
To Inny's sparkling wave of blue ;
To the homestead in the fairy glen,
And gentle Colleen Rue.

ANON.

*With spirit.**Air—“Sean Bhean Bhocht.”*

“Oh! the French are on the sea,” Says the Shan Van Voght. “Oh! the French are on the sea,” Says the Shan Van Voght. “Oh! the French are on the sea; They'll be here at break of day, And the O-range will de-cay,” Says the Shan Van Voght. “And the O-range will de-cay,” Says the Shan Van Voght.

The Shan Van Voght.

“And where will they have their camp ? ”
Says the Shan Van Voght.

“And where will they have their camp ? ”
Says the Shan Van Voght.

“On the Curragh of Kildare,
And the boys will all be there,
With their pikes in good repair,”
Says the Shan Van Voght.

“And what will the yeomen do ? ”
Says the Shan Van Voght.

“And what will the yeomen do ? ”
Says the Shan Van Voght.

“What will the yeomen do
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear they will be true
To the Shan Van Voght.”

“Then what colour will be seen ? ”
Says the Shan Van Voght.

“Then what colour will be seen ? ”
Says the Shan Van Voght.

“What colour should be seen,
Where our fathers’ homes have been,
But our own immortal green ? ”
Says the Shan Van Voght.

“Will old Ireland then be free ? ”
Says the Shan Van Voght.

“Will old Ireland then be free ? ”
Says the Shan Van Voght.

“Old Ireland shall be free
From the centre to the sea !
Then hurrah for liberty ! ”
Says the Shan Van Voght.

JOHN O'HAGAN.

*With animation.**Air—Original.*
(From "The Spirit of the Nation.")

When comes the day all hearts to weigh, If

staunch they be . . . or vile, Shall we for-get the

sa - cred debt We owe our mo-ther Isle?

My na - tive heath is brown be-neath, My

na - tive wa - ters blue; But crim - son red o'er

both shall spread, Ere I am false to you, dear land, Ere

I am false to you, Ere I am false to

you, dear land, Ere I am false to you.

Dear Land.

When I behold your mountains bold,
Your noble lakes and streams,
A mingled tide of grief and pride
Within my bosom teems.
I think of all your long dark thrall,
Your martyrs brave and true ;
And dash apart the tears that start :
We must not weep for you, dear land,
We must not weep for you.

My grandsire died his home beside,
They seiz'd and hang'd him there ;
His only crime, in evil time,
Your hallow'd green to wear.
Across the main his brothers twain
Were sent to pine and rue ;
And still they turn'd, with hearts that burn'd,
In hopeless love to you, dear land,
In hopeless love to you.

My boyish ear still clung to hear
Of Erin's pride of yore ;
Ere Norman foot had dared pollute
Her independent shore :
Of chiefs, long dead, who rose to head
Some gallant patriot few,
Till all my aim on earth became
To strike one blow for you, dear land,
To strike one blow for you.

What path is best your rights to wrest,
Let other heads divine ;
By work or word, with voice or sword,
To follow them be mine.
The breast that zeal and manhood steel
No terrors can subdue ;
If death should come, that martyrdom
Were sweet, endur'd for you, dear land,
Were sweet, endur'd for you.

No, not more Welcome.

(Erin to Grattan.)

THOMAS MOORE.

With expression.

Air—"Luggelaw."

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers Of music fall on the sleep-er's ear, When half a-waking from fear-ful slum-bers, He thinks the full quire of heav'n is near,—Than came that voice, when all for-sak-en, This heart long had sleeping lain, Nor thought its cold pulse would ev-er wak-en to such be-nign, blessed sounds a-gain.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
 Of summer wind through some wreathèd shell :
 Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
 Of all my soul echoed to its spell !
 'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken :
 I'd live years of grief and pain
 To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
 By such benign, blessed sounds again.

THOMAS MOORE.

*Air—“The Dandy O !”**Allegretto.*

The young May moon is beam - ing, love, The
 glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love; How sweet to rove thro'
 Mor - na's grove, While the drow - sy world is
 dream - ing, love! Then a - wake ! the heav'ns look bright, my dear! 'Tis
 never too late for de - light, my dear, And the
 best of all ways to length-en our days, Is to
 steal a few hours from the night, my dear.

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
 But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love ;
 And I, whose star, more glorious far,
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
 Then awake ! till rise of sun, my dear,
 The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
 Or, in watching the flight of bodies of light,
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

GEORGE SIGERSON. *Air—“The Mountains of Pomeroy.”*
With spirit.

The morn was break - ing bright and fair, The
 lark sang in the sky, When the maid she bound her
 gold-en hair, With a blithe glance in her eye ; For
 who, be-yond the gay green wood, Was a-wait-ing her with
 joy ? Oh, who but her gal-lant Ren-ard-ine On the
 mountains of Pom-e - roy ! An outlawed man in a
 land for-lorn, He scorned to turn and fly, But
 kept the cause of freedom safe Up - on the mountains high.

The Mountains of Pomeroy.

Full often in the dawning hour,
Full often in the twilight brown,
He met the maid in the woodland bow'r,
Where the stream comes foaming down.
For they were faithful in a love
No wars could e'er destroy ;
No tyrant's law touched Renardine,
On the mountains of Pomeroy !
An outlawed man, &c.

"Dear love," she said, "I'm sore afraid,
For the foeman's force and you !
They've tracked you in the lowland plain,
And all the valley through.
My kinsmen frown when you are named,
Your life they would destroy !
'Beware,' they say, 'of Renardine,'
On the mountains of Pomeroy."
An outlawed man, &c.

"Fear not, fear not, sweetheart ! " he cried,
"Fear not the foe for me !
No chain shall fall, whate'er betide,
On the arm which will be free !
Oh, leave your cruel kin, and come,
When the lark is in the sky ;
And it's with my gun I'll guard you,
On the mountains of Pomeroy.
An outlawed man, &c.

The morn has come, she rose and fled
From her cruel kin and home ;
And bright the wood, and rosy red,
And the tumbling torrent's foam.
But the mist came down, and the tempest roared,
And did all around destroy ;
And a pale, drowned bride met Renardine,
On the mountains of Pomeroy.
An outlawed man, &c.

71 The Morning Air Plays on my Face.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Brightly.

Air—“The Kerry Jig.”

The morn-ing air plays on my face, And
 thro' the grey mist peer - ing, The sof - ten'd silv' - ry
 sun I trace, Wood, wild, and moun - tain
 cheer - ing. Larks a - loft are sing - ing,
 Hares from co - vert spring - ing; And
 o'er the fen the wild duck's brood Their
 ear - ly flight are wing - ing.

The Morning Air Plays on my Face.

Brightly ev'ry dewy hawthorn shines,
Sweet each herb is growing,
To him whose willing heart inclines
Upon the way he's going.
Fancy bids me see, now,
What will shortly be, now
I'm patting at her door, poor Tray,
Who fawns and welcomes me now.

How slowly moves the rising latch !
How quick my heart is beating !
That worldly dame is on the watch
To frown upon our meeting.
Fie ! why should I mind her ?
See who stands behind her !
Whose eye doth on her trav'ler look
The sweeter and the kinder.



JOHN KEEGAN.

Air—“O’Carolan’s Lament”*Slowly and with feeling.*

By TORLOUGH O’CAROLAN.

Come, buy my nice fresh ivy, And my
 hol - ly boughs so green; I have the fair-est
 branch-es that ev - er yet were seen. Come,
 buy from me, good Christians, And let me home, I
 pray, And I'll wish you a mer - ry
 Christmas time And a hap - py New Year's Day.

Ah! won’t you take my ivy?

The loveliest ever seen.

Ah! won’t you have my holly boughs?

All you that love the green.

Do!—take a little bunch of each,

And on my knees I'll pray

That God may bless your Christmas,

And be with you New Year's Day.

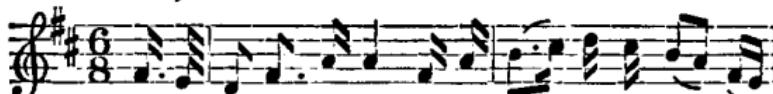
She is Far from the Land.

(Refers to Sarah Curran, Emmet's love.)

THOMAS MOORE.

Smoothly and not too slow.

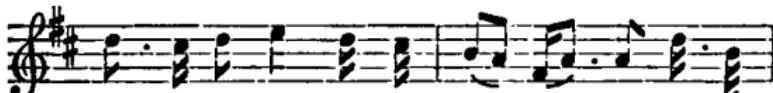
Air—"Open the Door."



She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps, And



lov-ers are round her sigh - ing; But



cold - ly she turns from their gaze and weeps, For her



heart in his grave is ly - - ing!

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,

Ev'ry note which he loved awaking ;

Ah ! little they think, who delight in her strains,

How the heart of the minstrel is breaking !

He had lived for his love, for his country he died ;

They were all that to life had entwined him ;

Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,

Nor long will his love stay behind him !

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest

When they promise a glorious morrow ;

They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,

From her own loved Island of Sorrow.

74 The Rose Tree in Full Bearing.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

Air—“The Rose Tree in Full Bearing.”
(“Móirín ní chuillionáin.”)

O rose-tree in full bear-ing When
 rude storms had stripp'd the bow'rs, How
 oft, with thee des-pair-ing, I've sigh'd thro' the
 long dark hours! Till Spring, so hard of woo-ing, Hope's
 own green spell up-on thee cast, And Kate, her coldness
 ru-ing, With sweet pi-ty turned at last.

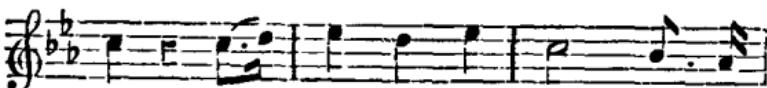
Then April smiled to cheer us,
 Or mock'd grief with golden
 rain, [near us,
 While Kate drew laughing
 Or frown'd past with dear
 disdain;
 Till was it yester even,
 Beneath thy clust'ring rosy
 twine,
 With Love's one star in heaven,
 Her lips leant at last to mine.

And when I fondly told her,
 O Rose, all our stormy grief,
 And how my hope grew bolder
 With thy every op'ning
 leaf,
 She answer'd, “For so sharing,
 Dear heart, Love's weary
 winter hour,
 The rose tree in full bearing
 Shall build us our summer
 bow'r.”

JOHN TODHUNTER.

*Air—Unknown.**Andante.*

Ring out my knell, Ye walls and towers of Neil



Dhuv! Fare - well, oh, fare - well Ev - er -



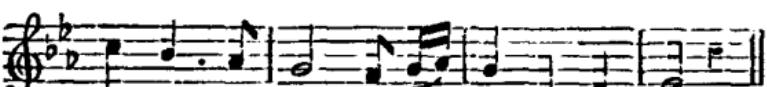
more to the fields that I love! For the



world, the world is drea - ry, Let me lie with my



ba - by a - lone: The heart that is



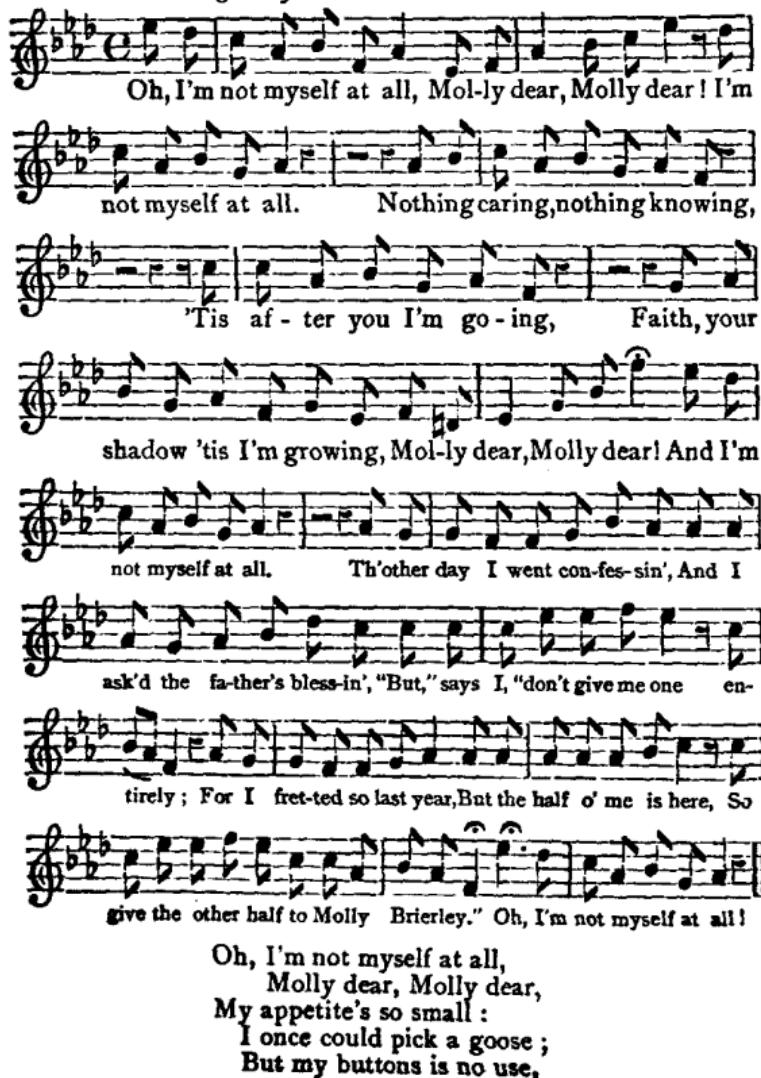
wea - ry Rests on - ly un - der the stone.

Think on my doom,
 And weep for pity, Neil Dhuv!
 On the slab of my tomb
 No name be graven but *Love*.
 With the winds, in places lonely,
 My name of sorrow shall dwell,
 And I sigh to them only
 To waft thee Eileen's farewell.

SAMUEL LOVER.

With mock gravity.

Air by SAMUEL LOVER.



Oh, I'm not myself at all, Mol-ly dear, Molly dear ! I'm not myself at all. Nothing caring, nothing knowing, 'Tis af - after you I'm go - ing, Faith, your shadow 'tis I'm growing, Mol-ly dear, Molly dear ! And I'm not myself at all. Th'other day I went con-fes-sin', And I ask'd the fa-ther's bless-in', "But," says I, "don't give me one en-tirely ; For I fret-ted so last year, But the half o' me is here, So give the other half to Molly Brierley." Oh, I'm not myself at all ! Oh, I'm not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear, My appetite's so small : I once could pick a goose ; But my buttons is no use,

I'm not Myself at all.

Faith, my tightest coat is loose,
Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all !
If thus it is I waste,
You'd betther, dear, make haste,
Before your lover's gone away intirely ;
If you don't soon change your mind,
Not a bit of me you'll find,
And what 'ud you think o' that, Molly Brierly ?
Oh, I'm not myself at all !

Oh, my shadow on the wall,
Molly dear, Molly dear,
Isn't like myself at all,
For I've got so very thin,
Myself says 'tisn't him,
But that purty girl so slim,
Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all !
If thus I smaller grew,
All fretting, dear, for you,
'Tis you should make me up the deficiency,
So just let Father Taaff
Make you my betther half,
And you will not the worse for the addition be—
Oh, I'm not myself at all !

I'll be not myself at all,
Molly dear, Molly dear,
Till you my own I call !
Since a change o'er me there came
Sure you might change your name,
And 'twould just come to the same,
Molly dear,
'Twould just come to the same :
For if you and I were one,
All confusion would be gone,
And 'twould simplify the matter intirely ;
And 'twould save us so much bother,
When we'd both be one another—
So listen now to rayson, Molly Brierly ;
Oh, I'm not myself at all !

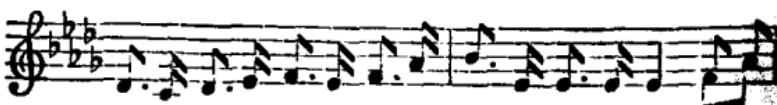
Little Mary Cassidy.

FRANCIS A. FAHY. *Air—“The Little Stack of Barley.”*

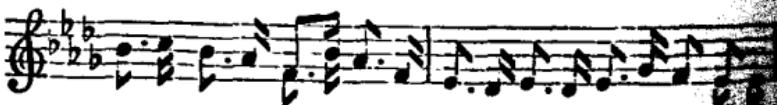
Oh, 'tis lit - tle Ma - ry Cas - si-dy's the



cause of all my mi - ser - y, The



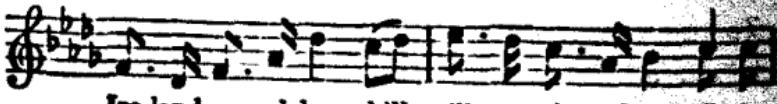
raison that I am not now the boy I used to be; Oh, she



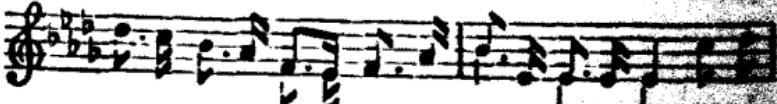
bates the beauties all that we read about in his-to-ry, See



half the country side's as lost for her as me. Trav-



Ire-land up and down, hill, village, vale, and town, Girl



like my colleen dhown you'll be looking for in vain. Oh, I'd

Little Mary Cassidy.



rather live in po-ver-ty with lit- tle Ma-ry Cas-sidy, Than



Em- per-or without her be o'er Ger- ma-ny or Spain.

'Twas at the dance at Darmody's that first I caught a sight of her,
And heard her sing the Drinan Donn, till tears came in my
eyes,

And ever since that blessed hour I'm dreaming day and night of
her;

The devil a wink of sleep at all I get from bed to rise.

Cheeks like the rose in June, song like the lark in tune,

Working, resting, night or noon, she never leaves my mind;

Oh, till singing by my cabin fire sits little Mary Cassidy,

'Tis little aise or happiness I'm sure I'll ever find.

What is wealth, what is fame, what is all that people fight about,
To a kind word from her lips or a love-glance from her eye?

Oh, though troubles throng my breast, sure they'd soon go to
the right-about

If I thought the curly head of her would rest there by and by.

Take all I own to-day, kith, kin, and care away,

Ship them all across the say, or to the frozen zone;

Lave me an orphan bare—but lave me Mary Cassidy,

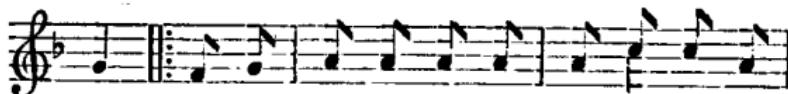
I never would feel lonely with the two of us alone.

ANON.

Air—“The Wearing of the Green.”

Oh! Pad-dy dear, and did you hear the
 news that's go-ing round? The sham-rock is for-
 bid by law to grow on I - rish ground; Saint
 Pat-rick's day no more we'll keep, his col-our can't be
 seen, for there's a cru-el law a - gin the
 wear - in' of the green. I met with Nap - per
 Tan-dy, and he tuk me by the hand, And said
 he, "How's poor ould Ire - land, and how does she

The Wearing of the Green.



stand? She's the most dis-tress-ful coun-try that



ev - er yet was seen; They're hang-ing men and

Repeat as Chorus.



wo - men there for wear - in' of the green.

Then since the colour we must wear is England's cruel red,
'Twill serve but to remind us of the blood that she has shed ;
You may take the Shamrock from your hat and cast it on the
sod,
But, never fear, 'twill take root there, tho' under foot 'tis trod.
When laws can stop the blades of grass from growing as they
grow,
And when the leaves in summertime their verdure dare not
show,
Then I will change the colour I wear in my caubeen ;
But till that day, plase God, I'll stick to wearin' of the green.



SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

With spirit. Air—“The Bunch of Green Rushes.”

God bless the grey mountains of dark Don - e - gal! God
 bless Roy-al Ai-leach, the pride of them all! For she
 sits ev - er-more like a queen on her throne, And
 smiles on the val - leys of green In - nish-owen. And
 fair are the val - leys of green In-nish-owen, And
 har - dy the fish-ers that call them their own— A
 race that nor trai - tor nor cow - ard has known, En -
 joys the green val - leys of green In - nish-owen.

Innishowen.

Oh ! simple and bold are the bosoms they bear,
Like the hills that with silence and nature they share ;
For our God, who hath planted their home near His own,
Breath'd His spirit abroad upon fair Innishowen.

Then praise to our Father for wild Innishowen,
Where fiercely for ever the surges are thrown—
Nor weather nor fortune a tempest hath blown
Could shake the strong bosoms of brave Innishowen.

See the beautiful Couldah careering along—
A type of their manhood so stately and strong—
On the weary for ever its tide is bestown,
So they share with the stranger in fair Innishowen.

God guard the kind homesteads of fair Innishowen,
Which manhood and virtue have chos'n for their own ;
Not long shall the nation in slavery groan
That rears the tall peasants of fair Innishowen.

Nor purer of old was the tongue of the Gael,
When the charging "*Aboo*" made the foreigner quail,
Than it gladdens the stranger in welcome's soft tone,
In the home-loving cabins of kind Innishowen.

Oh ! flourish, ye homesteads of kind Innishowen.
Where seeds of a people's redemption are sown ;
Right soon shall the fruit of that sowing have grown,
To bless the kind homesteads of green Innishowen.

Like the oak of St. Bride, which nor devil, nor Dane,
Nor Saxon, nor Dutchman could rend from her fane,
They have clung by the creed and the cause of their own,
Through the midnight of danger in true Innishowen.

Then shout for the glories of old Innishowen,
The stronghold that foeman has never o'erthrown—
The soul and the spirit, the blood and the bone,
That guard the green valleys of true Innishowen.

The Maiden City.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH TONNA.

Air—“Cailin Donn.”

Where Foyle his swelling wa-ters Rolls northward to the main, Here,
 Queen of Erin's daughters, Fair Der-ry fixed her reign ; A
 ho - ly tem-ple crowned her, And commerce graced her street, A
 rampart wall was round her, The riv-er at her feet ; And
 here she sat a - lone, boys, And look-ing from the hill, Vow'd the
 Maid-en on her throne, boys, Would be a Maid-en still.

From Antrim crossing over,
 In famous eighty-eight,
 A plumed and belted lover
 Came to the Ferry Gate ;
 She summoned to defend her
 Our sires—a beardless race—
 They shouted, “No Surrender !”
 And slamm'd it in his face.

The Maiden City.

Then in a quiet tone, boys,
They told him 'twas their will
That the Maiden on her throne, boys,
Should be a Maiden still.

Next, crushing all before him,
A kingly wooer came,
(The royal banner o'er him
Blushed crimson deep for shame);
He showed the Pope's commission,
Nor dreamed to be refused,
She pitied his condition,
But begged to stand excused.
In short, the fact is known, boys,
She chased him from the hill,
For the Maiden on the throne, boys,
Would be a Maiden still.

On our brave sires descending,
'Twas then the tempest broke,
Their peaceful dwellings rending,
'Mid blood, and flame, and smoke.
That hallow'd graveyard yonder
Swells with the slaughtered dead—
Oh, brothers! pause and ponder,
It was for us they bled;
And while their gifts we own, boys—
The fane that tops our hill,
Oh, the Maiden on her throne, boys,
Shall be a Maiden still.

Nor wily tongue shall move us,
Nor tyrant arm affright,
We'll look to One above us,
Who ne'er forsook the right;
Who will may crouch and tender
The birthright of the free,
But, brothers, No Surrender!
No compromise for me!
We want no barrier stone, boys,
No gates to guard the hill,
Yet the Maiden on her throne, boys,
Shall be a Maiden still

81 The March of the Maguire.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

Air—“The Yellow Blanket.”

My grief, Hugh Ma - guire, that to -
 night you must go, To wreak your just
 ire on your murderous, false foe.
 For hark ! as the blast Through the
 bowed wood raves past, The great oaks, a -
 ghast, Rock, rend, and crash be - - low.

Uncheered of your spouse,
 Without comfort or care,
 All night you must house
 In some lone, shaggy lair ;
 The lightning your lamp,
 For your sentry, the tramp
 Of the thunder round your
 camp ;
 Hark ! 'tis there, 'tis there !

But to-morrow your sword
 More terrific shall sweep
 On our foe's monstrous horde
 Than this storm o'er the steep,
 And his mansions lime-white
 Flame with fear fuller light
 Than yon bolts thro' black
 night
 Hurled blazing down the deep.

THOMAS DAVIS.

*Allegro.**Air—“Vive là !”*

When on Ra - mil - lies' blood - y field, The
 baf - fled French were forc'd to yield, The
 vic tor Sax - on back - ward reel'd Be -
 fore the charge of Clare's Dra - goons. The
 flags we con - quer'd in that fray Look
 lone in Y - pres' choir, they say: We'll
 win them com - pa - ny to - day, Or
 brave - ly die, like Clare's Dra - goons.

Clare's Dragoons.

Vi - ve là ! for Ire - land's wrong, And
Vi - ve là ! for Ire - land's right ;
Vi - ve là ! in bat - tle throng, For a
Span - ish steed and sa - bre bright.

The brave old lord died near the fight,
But, for each drop he lost that night,
A Saxon cavalier shall bite
The dust before Lord Clare's Dragoons.
For never, when our spurs were set,
And never, when our sabres met,
Could we the Saxon soldiers get
To stand the shock of Clare's Dragoons.

Vive là the New Brigade !
Vive là the old one too !
Vive là the rose shall fade,
And the Shamrock shine for ever new !

Another Clare is here to lead,
The worthy son of such a breed ;
The French expect some famous deed,
When Clare leads on his bold Dragoons.

Clare's Dragoons.

Our colonel comes from Brian's race,
His wounds are in his breast and face,
The gap of danger is still his place,
The foremost of his bold Dragoons.

Vive là the New Brigade !
Vive là the old one too !
Vive là the rose shall fade,
And the Shamrock shine for ever new !

There's not a man in the squadron here
Was ever known to flinch or fear ;
Though first in charge and last in rere
Have ever been Lord Clare's Dragoons.
But, see ! we'll soon have work to do,
To shame our boasts or prove them true,
For hither comes the English crew
To sweep away Lord Clare's Dragoons.

Vive là for Ireland's wrong !
Vive là for Ireland's right !
Vive là in battled throng,
For a Spanish steed and sabre bright !

Oh, comrades ! think how Ireland pines
Her exiled lords, her rifled shrines
Her dearest hope the ordered lines
And bursting charge of Clare's Dragoons.
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 Dragoons.

Vive là the New Brigade !
Vive là the old one too !
Vive là the rose shall fade,
And the Shamrock shine for ever new !

MAURICE O'CONNELL. *Air—“The White Cockade.”**Presto. f*

Oh, is there a youth-ful gal-lant here On

fire for fame, un - know-ing fear, Who

in the char - ge's mad ca - reer At

E - rin's foes would couch his spear? Come,

let him wear the white cock - ade, And

learn the sol - dier's glo - rious trade; 'Tis

of such stuff a he - ro's made: Then

The White Cockade.



Does Erin's foully slandered name
Suffuse thy cheek with generous shame?
Would'st right her wrongs—restore her fame?
Come, then, the soldier's weapon claim.

Come, then, and wear the White Cockade, &c.

To many a fight thy fathers led,
Full many a Saxon's life-blood shed;
From thee, as yet, no foe has fled—
Thou wilt not shame the glorious dead?

Then come and wear the White Cockade, &c.

Come, free from bonds your fathers' faith,
Redeem its shrines from scorn and scathe,
The hero's fame, the martyr's wreath,
Will gild your life or crown your death,
Then come and wear the White Cockade, &c.



Bumpers, Squire Jones!

ARTHUR DAWSON.

*Sprightly.**Air—“Bumpers, Squire Jones.”**By TORLOUGH O'CAROLAN.*

Ye good fel-lows all, ye good fel-lows all, Who

love to be told where there's cla-ret good store, At-

tend to the call of one who's ne'er frightened, But

great-ly de-light-ed With six bot-tles more. Be

sure you don't pass the good house "Mon-ey-glass," Whist the

jol-ly red god so pe-cu-liar-ly owns, 'Twill

well suit your pur-pose, for pray what would you more Than

mirth with good cla-ret and "Bumpers, Squire Jones?"

Bumpers, Squire Jones !

Ye lovers who pine, ye lovers who pine,
For lasses who oft prove as cruel as fair,
Who whimper and whine for lilies and roses,
With eyes, lips, and noses, or tip of an ear,
Come hither, I'll show ye how Phyllis and Chloe
No more shall occasion such sighs and such groans ;
For what mortal so stupid as not to quit Cupid,
When called by good claret and " Bumpers, Squire Jones " ?

Ye soldiers so stout, ye soldiers so stout,
With plenty of oaths, tho' not plenty of coin,
Who make such a rout of all your commanders,
Who served us in Flanders, and eke at the Boyne,
Come leave off your rattling, of fighting and battling,
And know you'd much better to sleep with whole bones ;
Were you sent to Gibraltar, your notes you'd soon alter,
And wish for good claret and " Bumpers, Squire Jones ! "

Ye fox-hunters, eke, ye fox-hunters, eke,
That follow the call of the horn and the hound,
Who your ladies forsake before they awake
To beat up the brake where the vermin is found,
Leave Piper and Blueman, shrill Duchess and Trueman,
No music is found in such dissonant tones ;
Would you ravish your ears with the songs of the spheres ?
Hark away ! to the claret—" A bumper, Squire Jones ! "

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

Arran Air.

In moderate time.

With swell-ing sail, a - way! a - way! Our
 bark goes bound - ing o'er the bay! Fare -
 well, fare - well, old Ar - ran - more! She
 curt - seys, curt - seys to the shore. Fare -
 well, fond wives and child-ren dear! From
 ev' - ry ill Heav'n keep you clear; Till
 through the surge we stag - ger back, As

Arranmore Boat Song.



For when we've sowed and gardened here,
Far off to other fields we'll steer ;
Our farm upon the distant deep
Where all at once you till and reap.

There, there the reeling ridge we plough,
Our coulter keen the cutter's prow ;
While fresh and fresh from out the trawl
The fish by hundreds in we haul.

Thou glorious sun, gleam on above
O'er Ara, Ara of our love.
Ye ocean airs, preserve her peace,
Ye night dews, yield her rich increase.

Until, one glitt'ring realm of grain,
She waves her wand'lers home again ;
And we come heaping from our hold
A silver crop, beside the gold.



86 The Dew each Trembling Leaf.

MARY BALFOUR. *Air*—“Nancy of the Branching Tresses.”
Smoothly.

The dew each trembling leaf enwreath'd, The
red - breast sweet - ly sung, The
balm - y air with fra - grace breath'd From
bowers with ros - es hung; The
set - ting sun still faint - ly gleam'd, And
swift and sweet the mo - ments flew With
her, whose smile too art - less seem'd To

The Dew each Trembling Leaf.



But now a dreary scene I range,
Dejected and alone ;
Yet blooming nature knows no change,
Alas ! 'tis all her own.
The rose still lifts her lovely form,
The dew still sparkles on the tree,
But, oh ! the smile that crowned their charm
No longer beams on me.



GEORGE SIGERSON.

*Air—“An Smachdaoin Crōn.”**With fervour.*

There blooms a bon-nie flow-er, Up the heath-er
 glen; Tho' bright in sun, in show-er 'Tis
 just as bright a-gain. I nev-er can pass
 by it, I nev-er dar' go nigh it,
 My heart it won't be qui - et, Up the
 heath - er glen. Sing O, the bloom-ing
 heath - er! O, the heath-er glen! Where

The Heather Glen.

A musical score for 'The Heather Glen' in G major. The lyrics are integrated into the music, with the first two stanzas appearing below the first two staves and the third stanza appearing below the third staff. The music consists of three staves of sixteenth-note patterns. The first two staves end with a repeat sign and a double bar line, indicating a return to the beginning of the song.

fair-est fair-ies gath-er To lure in mor-tal
men. I nev-er can pass by it, I
nev-er dar' go nigh it, My heart it won't be
qui-et, Up the heath-er glen.

There sings a bonnie linnet,
Up the heather glen,
The voice has magic in it
Too sweet for mortal men !
It brings joy doon before us,
Wi' winsome, mellow chorus,
But flies far, too far, o'er us,
Up the heather glen.
Sing, O ! the blooming heather, &c.

O, might I pull the flower
That's blooming in that glen,
Nae sorrows that could lower
Would make me sad again !
And might I catch that linnet,
My heart—my hope are in it !
O, heaven itself I'd win it,
Up the heather glen !
Sing, O ! the blooming heather, &c.

THE REV. FRANCIS MAHONY (Father Prout).

Sonorously. *Air—“The Groves of Blarney.”*

With deep af - sec - tion and re - col -

lec - tion, I oft - en think of those Shan - don

bells, Whose sounds so wild would, in days of

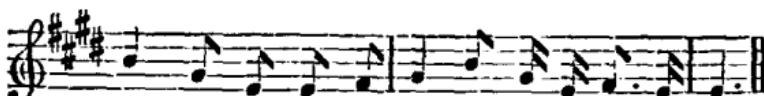
child - hood, Fling round my cra - dle their ma - gic

spell; On this I pon - der, wher - e'er I

wan - der, and thus grow fond - er, sweet Cork, of

thee; With thy bells of Shandon, That sound so

The Bells of Shandon.



grand on The plea-sant wa-ters of the riv - er Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine ;
While at a glibe rate their brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music spoke nought like thine :
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling "old Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame :
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
Oh ! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

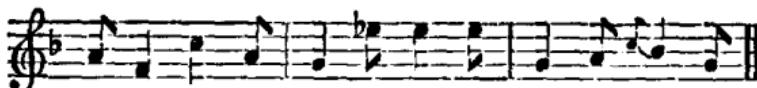


THOMAS MOORE.

*Air—“Nora Crionna.”**Brightly.*

Les-bia has a beam-ing eye, But no one knows for whom it beam-eth; Right and left its ar-rows fly, But what they aim at no one dream-eth! Sweet-er 'tis to gaze up-on My No-ra's lid that sel-dom ris-es; Few her looks, but ev'-ry one, Like un-expect-ed light sur-pris-es! Oh! my No-ra Crei-na dear! My gen-tle, bash-ful No-ra Crei-na! Beau-ty lies In

Nora Creina.



ma-ny eyes, But love in yours, my No - ra Crei - na.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph has laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature placed it !
Oh ! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as heaven pleases !
Yes, my Nora Creina dear !
My simple, graceful Nora Creina !
Nature's dress
Is loveliness,
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina !

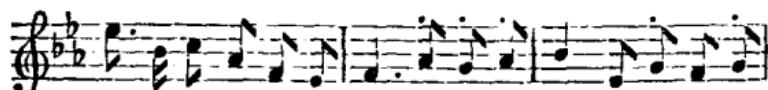
Lesbia has a wit refined,
But, when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're designed
To dazzle merely or to wound us ?
Pillooned on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber love reposes—
Bed of peace, whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses !
Oh, my Nora Creina dear !
My mild, my artless Nora Creina !
Wit, though bright,
Has not the light
That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina !

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

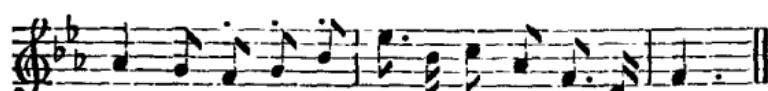
Air—“Consider well, all ye pretty young maids.”
Tenderly.



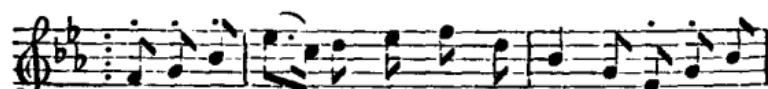
When sky-larks soar-ing to heav'n were pour-ing The trembl-ing



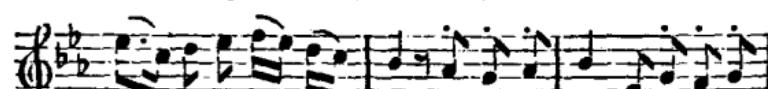
ca-dence of their long, sweet cry, As lone I wan-dered and pen-sive



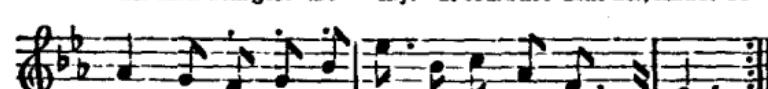
pon-dered, My queen of maid-ens, she came mus-ing by.



Her foot-step fal - ter'd, She blushed, and al - ter'd Her crim-son



ker-chief with gest - ure shy. It could not hide her, And so be-



side her, I took the moun-tain track to old A - thy.
 Till as we rounded the ridge that bounded
 The cowslip meadow from the coom below,
 A sad, slow tolling from far up-rolling
 Cast sudden shadow on my colleen's brow ;

In prayer low bending,

She knelt, commanding

The parting spirit to heav'n above,

And that one motion

Of pure devotion

Has set a hallowed seal upon my love.

Irish Love Song.

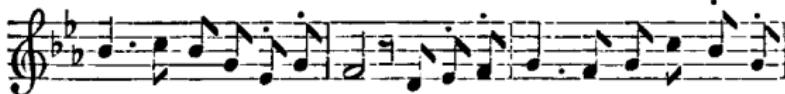
KATHARINE HINKSON (Tynan).

With deep feeling.

Londonderry Air.



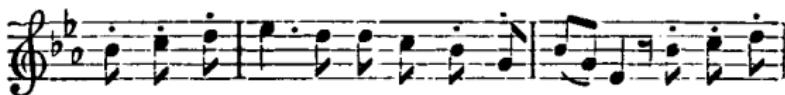
Would God I were the ten-der ap - ple blossom, That floats and



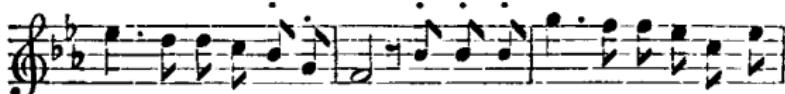
falls from off the twisted bough, To lie and faint with-in your silk-en



bo - som, With-in your silk-en bo - som, as that does now !



Or would I were a lit - tle bur-nished ap - ple For you to



pluck me, gliding by so cold, While sun and shade your robe of lawn will



dap - ple Your robe of lawn and your hair's spun gold.

Yea, would to God I were among the roses

That lean to kiss you as you float between,
While on the lowest branch a bud uncloses,

A bud uncloses to touch you, Queen.

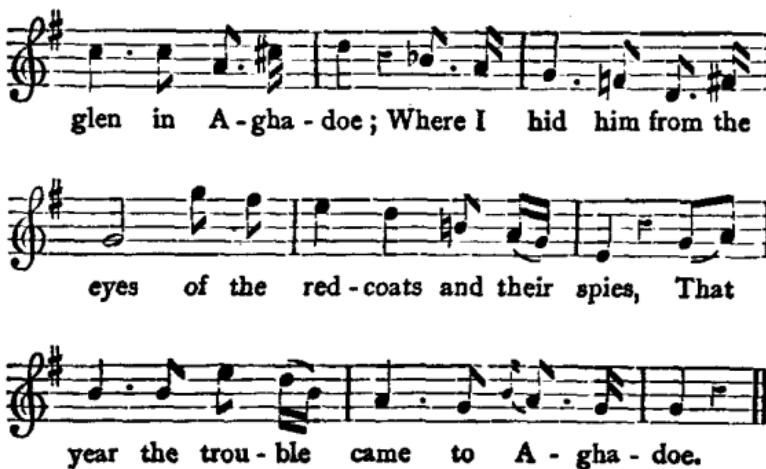
Nay, since you will not love, would I were growing
A happy daisy in the garden-path ;That so your silver foot might press me going,
Might press me going even unto death !

JOHN TODHUNTER.

*Air by JOHN TODHUNTER.**Slowly.*

There's a glade in A - gha - doe, A - gha - doe, A - gha - doe, There's a sweet and si - lent glade in A - gha - doe; Where we met, my Love and I, Love's bright pla - net in the sky, In that sweet and si - lent glade in A - gha - doe. There's a glen in A - gha - doe, A - gha - doe, A - gha - doe, There's a deep and se - cret

Aghadoe.



glen in A - gha - doe ; Where I hid him from the
eyes of the red - coats and their spies, That
year the trou - ble came to A - gha - doe.

But they tracked me to that glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
When the price was on his head in Aghadoe,
O'er the mountains, through the wood, as I stole to him with food,
And their bullets found his heart in Aghadoe.
I walked to Mallow Town from Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
Brought his head from the gaol's gate to Aghadoe,
Then I covered him with fern and I piled on him the cairn :
Like an Irish king he sleeps in Aghadoe.



JOHN KELLS INGRAM.

Air from "The Spirit of the Nation."
With animation.

Who fears to speak of Nine - ty-eight? Who
 blush-es at the name? When cow-ards mock the
 pat - ri-ot's fate, Who hangs his head for shame? He's
 all a knave, or half a slave, Who slight's his country
 thus; But a true man, like you, man, Will
 fill your glass with us. He's all a knave, or
 half a slave, Who slight's his country thus; But a
 true man, like you, man, Will fill your glass with us.

The Memory of the Dead.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few ;
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland, too ;
All, all are gone, but still lives on
The fame of those who died ;
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made ;
But though their clay be far away,
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth,
Among their own they rest ;
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast ;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days,
To right their native land ;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand.
Alas ! that might can vanquish right !
They fell and passed away ;
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory ! may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite !
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate ;
And true men be you, men,
Like those of Ninety-eight.

Adapted by WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Air—Unknown.

Andante.

I once was a guest at a nobleman's wed-ding,
 Fair was the bride, but she scarce had been kind; And
 now in our mirth, she had tears nigh the shed-ding, Her
 form - er true lov - er still runs in her mind.

Attir'd like a minstrel, her former true lover
 Takes up his harp, and runs over the strings ;
 And there, among strangers, his grief to discover,
 A fair maiden's falsehood he bitterly sings.

" Now here is a token of gold that was broken ;
 Seven long years it was kept for your sake ;
 You gave it to me as a true lover's token ;
 No longer I'll wear it, asleep or awake."

The Nobleman's Wedding.

She sat in her place by the head of the table,
The words of his ditty she mark'd them right well ;
To sit any longer this bride was not able,
So down at the bridegroom's feet she fell.

"Oh, one, one request, my lord, one and no other,
Oh, this one request will you grant it to me ?
To lie for this night in the arms of my mother,
And ever, and ever thereafter with thee."

Her one, one request it was granted her fairly ;
Pale were her cheeks as she went up to bed ;
And the very next morning, early, early,
They rose and they found this young bride was dead.



WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Moderato.

Air—Unknown.

One ev'-ning walking out, I o'er-took a mo-dest
 col-leen, When the wind was blow-ing cool, and the
 harvest leaves were fall-ing : "Is our way by chance the
 same? might we tra-vel on to - geth-er?" "Oh, I
 keep the mountain side," she replied, "among the heather."

" Your mountain air is sweet when the days are long and sunny,
 When the grass grows round the rocks, and the whin-bloom smells
 like honey ;

But the winter's coming fast with its foggy, snowy weather,
 And you'll find it bleak and chill on your hill, among the heather."

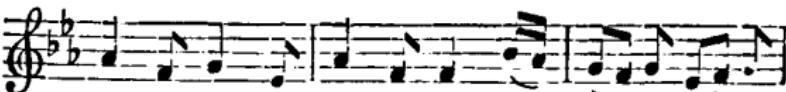
She praised her mountain home, and I'll praise it too, with reason,
 For where Molly is there's sunshine and flow'rs at every season.
 Be the moorland black or white, does it signify a feather,
 Now I know the way by heart, every part, among the heather?

The sun goes down in haste, and the night falls thick and stormy;
 Yet I'd travel twenty miles to the welcome that's before me ;
 Singing hi ! for Eskydun, in the teeth of wind and weather !
 Love'll warm me as I go through the snow, among the heather.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

Air—Unknown.

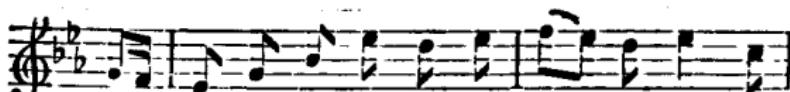
With - out the wild winds keen - ly blow, O'er



wea- ry wastes of win-try snow; With - in the red fire



sheds its glow, Where round and round the dan - cers go.



Then mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, round and round; Then



mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly round and round, To the sweet-est mu-sic in



Ire-land's ground, The heart's glad laugh and the bag - pipe's sound.

Then maid and matron, son and sire,
 With bounding spirits, that cannot tire,
 Around the bright St. Stephen's fire
 Go dancing to their hearts' desire.

Then merrily, merrily, round and round,
 Then merrily, merrily, round and round,
 To the sweetest music in Ireland's ground,
 The heart's glad laugh and the bagpipe's sound.

97 The Winding Banks of Erne.

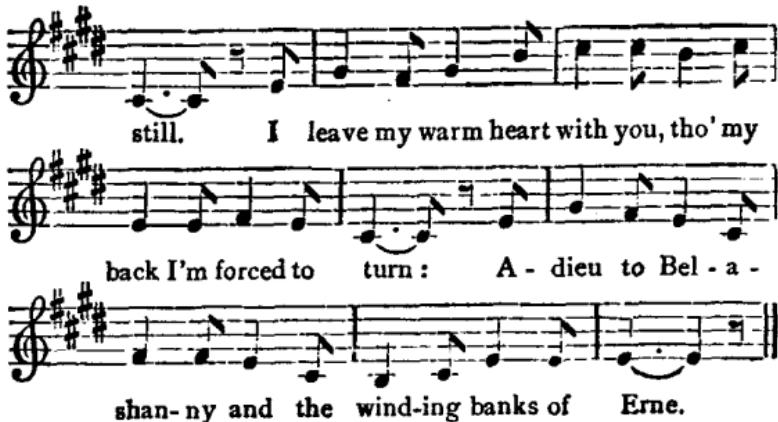
WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Moderato.

Air—“The River Roe.”

A - dieu to Bel - a - shan - ny, where
 I was bred and born; Go where I may, I'll
 think of you, As sure as night and morn. The
 kind - ly spot, the friendly town, where ev' - ry-one is
 known, And not a face in all the place but
 part - ly seems my own; There's not a house or
 win - dow, There's not a tree or hill, But,
 east or west, in foreign lands, I'll re - col - lect them

The Winding Banks of Erne.



No more on pleasant evenings we'll saunter down the Mall,
When the trout is rising to the fly, the salmon to the fall !
The boat comes straining on her net, and heavily she creeps,
Cast off, cast off—she feels the oars, and to her berth she sweeps ;
Now fore and aft keep hauling, and gathering up the clew,
Till a silver wave of salmon rolls in among the crew.
Then they may sit with pipes a-lit, and many a joke and yarn—
Adieu to Belashanny, and the winding banks of Erne !

The thrush will call through Camlin groves the livelong summer day ;
The waters run by mossy cliffs and banks with wild flowers gay ;
The girls will bring their work and sing beneath a twisted thorn,
Or stray with sweethearts down the path among the growing corn ;
Along the river-side they go, where I have often been,
Oh, never shall I see again the days that I have seen !
A thousand chances are to one I never may return—
Adieu to Belashanny, and the winding banks of Erne !

Now measure from the Commons down to each end of the Purt,
Round the Abbey, Moy, and Knather—I wish no one any hurt ;
The Main Street, Back Street, College Lane, the Mall, and
Portnasun,

If any foes of mine are there, I pardon every one.
I hope that man and womankind will do the same by me ;
For my heart is sore and heavy at voyaging the sea.
My loving friends I'll bear in mind, and often fondly turn
To think of Belashanny, and the winding banks of Erne.

GEORGE NUGENT REYNOLDS. *Air—“Kathleen O'More.”**Slow, and with feeling.*

My love, still I think that I
 see her once more, But, a - las ! she has left me, her
 loss to de-plore ; My own lit - tle Kath-leen, my
 poor, lost Kath-leen, my Kath - leen O' - More.

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,
 Her colour still changing, her smiles ever new ;
 So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More.

She milked the dun cow that ne'er offered to stir :
 Though wicked to others 'twas gentle to her,
 So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More.

She sat at the door, one cold afternoon,
 To hear the wind blow, and to look at the moon,
 So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More.

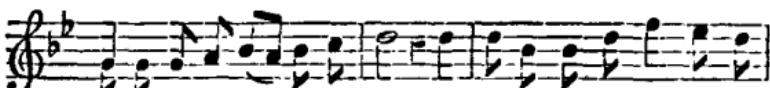
Cold was the night-breeze that sighed round her bower,
 It chilled my poor Kathleen ; she droop'd from that hour ;
 I lost my poor Kathleen, my own little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More.

The Cruiskeen Lawn.

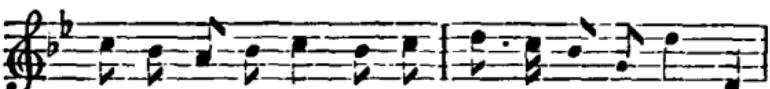
ANON.

Air—“Crúiscín Lán.”

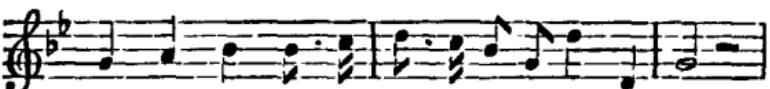
Let the farmer praise his grounds, Let the huntsman praise his hounds, And the



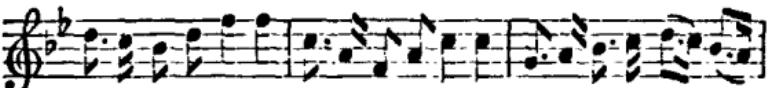
shep - herd his sweet-scented lawn; But I, more blest than they, Spend each



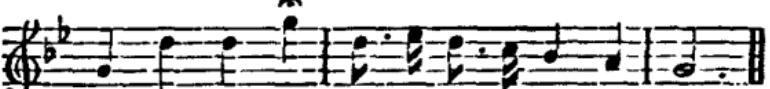
hap - py night and day, With my charm - ing lit - tle cruis - keen



lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh! my smil - ing lit - tle cruis - keen lawn.



Gramachree ma cruiskeen, Slainte geal mavourneen, Gramachree a cool - in



bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh, Gra - ma-chree a cool - in bawn.

Immortal and divine
Great Bacchus, god of wine,
Create me by adoption your
son.

In hope that you'll comply
That my glass shall ne'er run
dry,
Nor my smiling little cruiskeen
lawn.

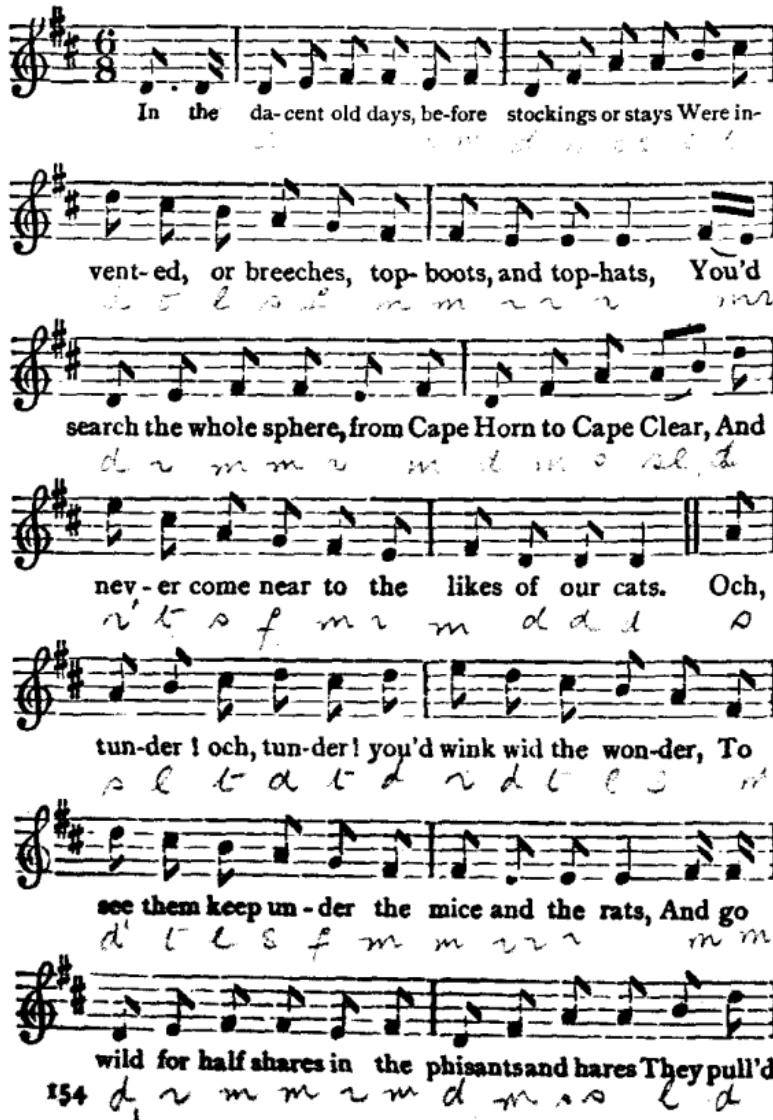
Gramachree, &c.

And when grim Death ap -
pears,
After few but happy years,
And tells me my glass it is run,
I'll say, " Begone, you slave!
For great Bacchus gives me
leave
Just to fill another cruiskeen
lawn!"

Gramachree, &c.

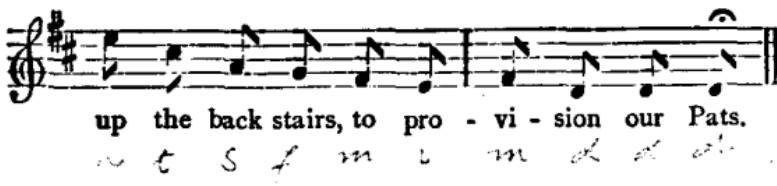
ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

Air—“Better let them alone.”


 In the da-cent old days, be-fore stockings or stays Were in-
 vent-ed, or breeches, top-boots, and top-hats, You'd
 search the whole sphere, from Cape Horn to Cape Clear, And
 nev-er come near to the likes of our cats. Och,
 tun-der! och, tun-der! you'd wink wid the won-der, To
 see them keep un-der the mice and the rats, And go
 wild for half shares in the phisants and hares They pull'd

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The Kilkenny Cats.



up the back stairs, to pro - vi - sion our Pats.

~ t s f m l m d d d

But the shame and the sin of the Game Laws came in,
With the gun and the gin of the landlord *canâts*,
And the whole box and dice of the rats and the mice
Made off in a trice from our famishing cats.
What did the bastes do? What would I or you?
Is it lie down and mew till we starved on our mats?
Not at all, faix! but fall, small and great, great and small,
With one grand caterwaul on each other's cravats.

And that mortal night long we should hark, right or wrong,
To the feast and the song of them cannibal cats,
Gladiath'rin' away till the dawn of the day
In fifty-three sharps, semiquavers and flats;
And when we went round with the milk-carts we found,
Scattered over the ground, like a sprinkle of sprats
(All the rest, bit and sup, of themselves they'd ate up),
Only just the tip end of the tails of the cats,
Of the cats of Kilkenny, Kilkenny's quare cats.



CHARLES LEVER.

*Air—“The Gap in the Hedge.”**Briskly.*

Did ye hear of the Wi-dow Ma-lone, O-hone! Who
 lived in the town of Ath-lone? A - lone! Oh, she
 melt-ed the hearts Of the swains in them parts, So
 love-ly the Wi-dow Ma - lone, O-hone! So
 love - ly the Wi - dow Ma - lone.

Of lovers she had a full score,

Or more;

And fortunes they all had galore,

In store;

From the Minister down

To the Clerk of the Crown,

All were courting the widow Malone,

Ohone!

All were courting the widow Malone.

The Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mrs. Malone,
 'Twas known
No one ever could see her alone,
 Ohone !

Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the widow Malone,
 Ohone !
So bashful the widow Malone.

Till one Mr. O'Brien from Clare—
 How quare !
It's little for blushing they care
 Down there—

Put his arm round her waist,
Gave ten kisses at laste—
“Oh,” says he, “you're my Molly Malone,
 My own !”
“Oh,” says he, “you're my Molly Malone !”

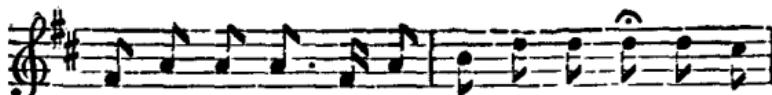
And the widow they all thought so shy,
 My eye !
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh—
 For why ?

But “Lucius,” says she,
“Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Molly Malone,
 Ohone !
You may marry your Molly Malone !”

SAMUEL LOVER. *Air—“Planxty Reilly,” by CAROLAN.*
(Modified by SAMUEL LOVER.)

Och hone! oh, what will I do? Sure my love is all crost, Like a bud in the frost; And there's no use at all in my go-ing to bed, For 'tis dhrames and not sleep that comes in - to my head; And 'tis all a-bout you, My sweet Mol-ly Ca-rew, And in-deed, 'tis a sin and a shame! You're com- pl-a-ter than Na-ture In ev - e - ry fea-ture, The

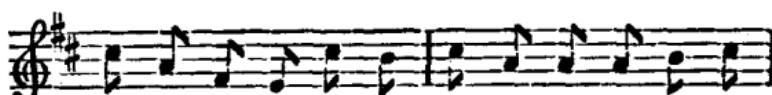
Molly Carew.



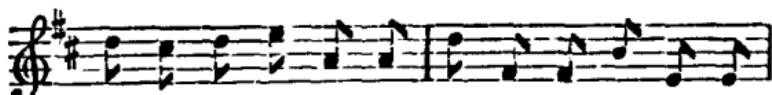
snow can't com-pare with your fore-head so fair, And I



ra-ther would see just one blink of your eye, Than the



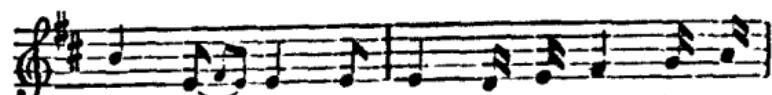
pur - ti - est star that shines out of the sky. And, by



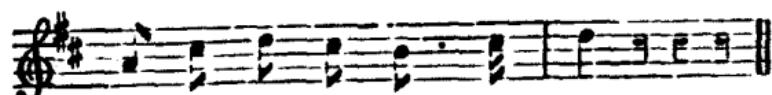
this and by that, For the mat-ther o'that, You're more



dis - tant by far than that same! Och hone!



wir - ra - sthru! Och hone! I'm a - lone, I'm a -



lone in this world with - out you.

Molly Carew.

Och hone ! by the man in the moon,

You taze me all ways

That a woman can plaze,

For you dance twice as high with that thief, Pat Magee,
As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me,

Tho' the piper I bate

For fear the owld chate

Wouldn't play you your favourite tune.

And when you're at mass,

My devotion you crass,

For 'tis thinking of you

I am, Molly Carew.

While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep
That I can't at your sweet purty face get a peep ;

Oh, lave off that bonnet,

Or else I'll lave on it

The loss of my wandering sowl !

Och hone ! wirrasthru !

Och hone ! like an owl,

Day is night, dear, to me, without you.

Och hone ! don't provoke me to do it ;

For there's girls by the score

That loves me—and more,

And you'd look very quare if some morning you'd meet
My wedding all marching in pride down the street ;

Troth, you'd open your eyes

And you'd die with surprise

To think 'twasn't you was come to it ;

And faith, Katty Naile,

And her cow, I go bail,

Would jump if I'd say,

"Katty Naile, name the day,"

And though you're fair and fresh as a morning in May,
While she's short and dark like a cowld winter's day ;

Yet if you don't repent

Before Easter, when Lent

Is over I'll marry for spite,

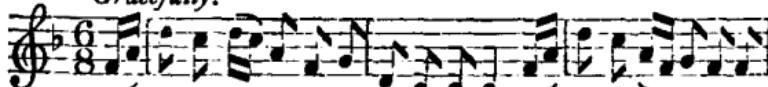
Och hone ! wirrasthru !

And when I die for yor,

My ghost will haunt you every night.

103 Hark! Hark! the Soft Bugle.

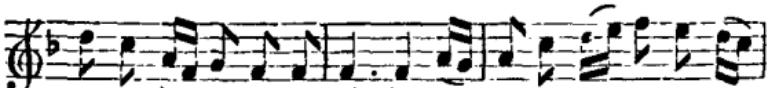
GERALD GRIFFIN.

*Air—“The Banks of Dunmore.”**Gracefully.*

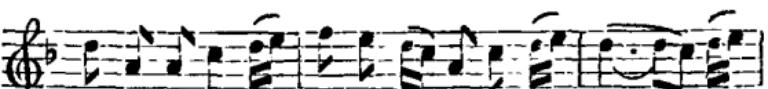
Hark! hark! the soft bugle sounds over the wood, And thrills in the silence of



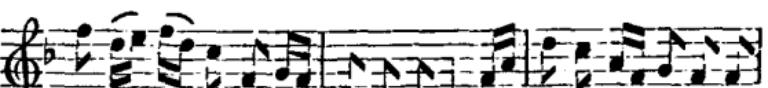
even, Till faint, and more faint, in the far so - li - tude, It



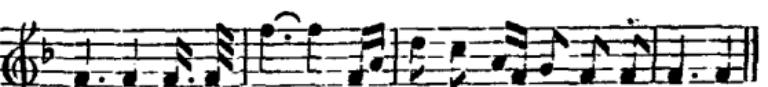
dies on the port-als of heaven! But E-cho springs up, from her



home in the rock, And seiz-es the pe-ri-sh-ing strain; And



sends the gay challenge, with shadowy mock, From mountain to mountain a -



gain, And a - gain, From mountain to mountain a - gain.

Oh, thus let my love, like a sound of delight,

Be around thee while shines the glad day,

And leave thee, unpained, in the silence of night,

And die like sweet music away.

And when hope, with her warm light, thy glancing eye fills,

Oh, say—“Like that echoing strain,

Though the song of his love has died over the hills,

It will waken in heaven again,

And again;

It will waken in heaven again.”

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ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

*With spirit.**Air—“The Boys of Wexford.*

To oth - er shores a - cross the sea We speed with swel-ling
 sail; Yet still there lin - gers on our lee A
 phan-tom In nis - fail. Oh, fear not, fear not,
 gen - tle ghost, Your sons shall turn un - true! Though
 fain to fly your love-ly coast, They leave their hearts with you.

As slowly into distance dim
 Your shadow sinks and dies,
 So o'er the ocean's utmost
 rim

Another realm shall rise;
 New hills shall swell, new
 vales expand,
 New rivers winding flow:
 But could we for a foster
 land
 Your mother-love forego?

Shall mighty Espan's martial
 praise
 Our patriot pulses still,
 And o'er your memory's fervent
 rays
 For ever cast a chill?
 Oh, no! we live for your relief,
 Till home from alien earth
 We share the smile that gilds
 your grief,
 The tear that gems your mirth.

105 The Meeting of the Waters.

THOMAS MOORE.

Air—“The Old Head of Denis.”

With expression.

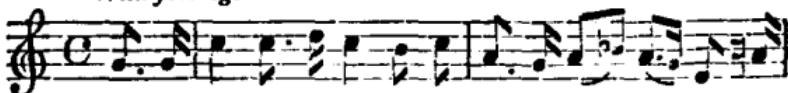
There is not in the wide world a val-ley so sweet As that
 vale in whose bo - som the bright wa-ters meet. Oh ! the
 last rays of feel - ing and life must de-part, Ere the
 bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart! Ere the
 bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart!

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill ;
 Oh, no—it was something more exquisite still :—

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
 Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear ;
 And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
 When we see them reflected in looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

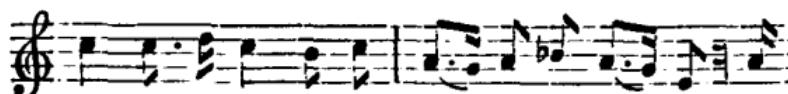
GEORGE COLMAN the Younger.

*With feeling.**Air—“S'a mháirnín díleas.”*

Oh ! the mo-ment was sad when my love and I part-ed ; Sa-



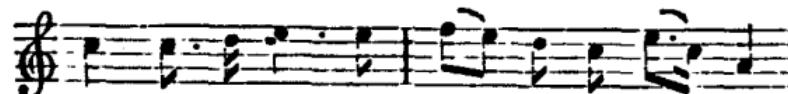
vour - neen dhee - lish, Eil - een oge ! As I



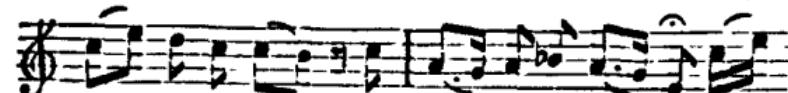
kiss'd off her tears, I was nigh brok-en-heart-ed ; Sa-



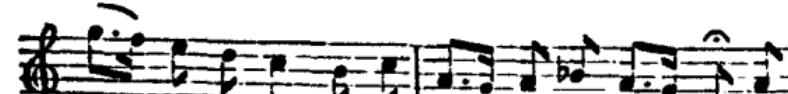
vour - neen dhee - lish, Eil - - een oge !



Wan was her cheek, which hung on my shoul - der ;



Damp was her hand, no mar - ble was cold - er ; I



felt that I ne - ver a - gain should be - hold her ; Sa-

Savourneen Dheelish.



When the word of command put our men into motion,

Savourneen dheelish, Eileen oge !

I buckled my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,

Savourneen dheelish, Eileen oge !

Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder ;

Pleased with the voyage ; impatient for plunder :

My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder,

Savourneen dheelish, Eileen oge !

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true love,

Savourneen dheelish, Eileen oge !

All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you, love,

Savourneen dheelish, Eileen oge !

Peace was proclaimed ; escaped from the slaughter,

Landed at home, my sweet girl, I sought her ;

But sorrow, alas ! to her cold grave had brought her,

Savourneen dheelish, Eileen oge !



ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

Tenderly, but brightly. Air—"The Little Red Lark."

O swan of slender-ness, Dove of ten-der-ness,
 Jewel of joys, a - rise! The lit - tle red lark, Like a
 soaring spark Of song, to his sun-burst flies; But
 till thou art ri - sen, Earth is a pri - son,
 full of my lonesome sighs: Then awake and discover, To
 thy fond lov-er, The morn of thy match - less eyes.

The dawn is dark to me,
 Hark ! oh, hark to me,
 Pulse of my heart, I pray !
 And out of thy hiding
 With blushes gliding,
 Dazzle me with thy day.
 Ah, then once more to thee
 Flying I'll pour to thee
 Passion so sweet and gay,
 The larks shall listen,
 And dew-drops glisten,
 Laughing on every spray.

108 The Boatman of Kinsale.

THOMAS DAVIS.

With spirit.

Air—"An Cota Caol."

(The Threadbare Coat.)

His kiss is sweet, his word is kind, His
love is rich to me; I could not in a
pal - ace find A tru - er heart than he. The
ea - gle shel - ters not his nest From
hur - ri - cane and hail, More brave-ly than he
guards my breast—The Boat-man of Kin - sale.

The wind that round the Fast...et
sweeps
Is not a whit more pure,
The goat that down Knock
Sheehy leaps
Has not a foot more sure.
No firmer hand, nor freer eye
E'er faced an autumn gale.
De Courcy's heart is not so high,
The Boatman of Kinsale.

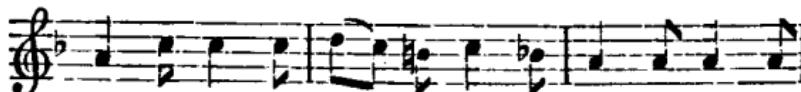
His hooker's in the Scilly van
When seines are in the foam ;
But money never made the
m: ,
Nor wealth a happy home.
So blest with love and liberty,
While he can trim a sail,
He'll trust in God, and cling
to me,
The Boatman of Kinsale.

Ancient Lullaby.

EDWARD WALSH.

(Arranged for Music by DR. JOYCE.) Luinneach, (Hush Song).
Slowly.

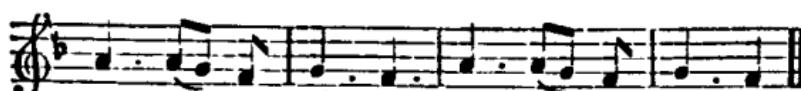
Sweet babe, a gold - en cra - dle holds thee,



Soft a snow-white fleece en-folds thee, Fair-est flowers are



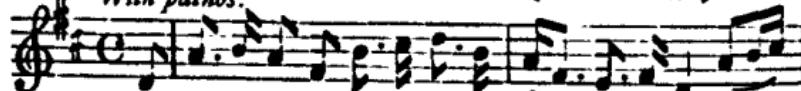
strewn be - fore thee, Sweet birds war - ble o'er thee.



Sho - heen sho lo lu, lu, lo, lo !

Oh sleep, my baby, free from sorrow,
 Bright thou'lt ope thine eyes to-morrow;
 Sleep, while o'er thy smiling slumbers
 Angels chant their numbers.
 Shoheen sho lo ! lu lu lo !

Molly Astore.

THE HON. GEORGE OGLE. *Air—“Grádh mo chroidhe.”*
(“Gramachree.”)
With pathos.

As down by Banna's banks I stray'd, One ev - ning in May, The



lit - tle birds, in blith-est notes, Made vo - cal ev - ry spray ; They

Molly Astore.



The daisy pied, and all the sweets
The dawn of Nature yields ;
The primrose pale, the violet blue,
Lay scatter'd o'er the fields ;
Such fragrance in the bosom lies
Of her whom I adore.
Ah, gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,
Bewailing my sad fate,
That doomed me thus the slave of love
And cruel Molly's hate.
How can she break the honest heart
That wears her in its core ?
Ah, gramachree, &c.

Two turtle-doves above my head
Sat courting on a bough ;
I envied them their happiness,
To see them bill and coo ;
Such fondness once for me she show'd,
But now, alas ! 'tis o'er.
Ah, gramachree, &c.

You said you loved me, Molly dear ;
Ah ! why did I believe ?
Yet who could think such tender words
Were meant but to deceive ?
That love was all I ask'd on earth ;
Nay, Heaven could give no more.
Ah, gramachree, &c.

111 Happy 'tis, thou Blind, for Thee.

From the Irish by DOUGLAS HYDE.

With feeling.

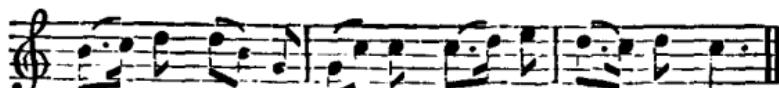
*Air—"Callino Casturame."
(Colleen oge asthore.)*



Hap - py 'tis, thou blind, for thee,



That thou se - est not our star; Couldst thou see but



as we see her, Thou wouldst be but as we are.

Once I pitied sightless men,
I was then unscathed by sight;
Now I envy those who see not,
They can be not hurt by light.

Woe who once has seen her please,
And then sees her not each hour;
Woe for him her love-mesh binding,
Whose unwinding passes power.

* Cf. p. 181.

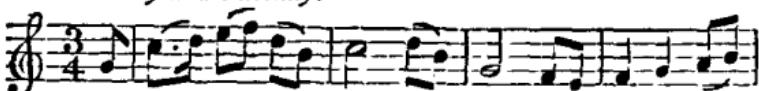


112 The Red-Haired Man's Wife.

KATHARINE HINKSON (Tynan).

(Adapted to Music by the Editor.) *Air—“Bean an fhir ruaidh.”*

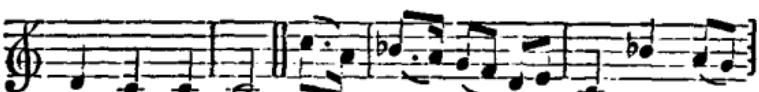
Slowly and smoothly.



Though full as 'twill hold of gold the harvest has



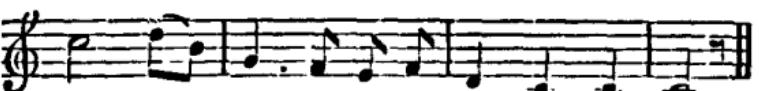
smiled, I'll ne'er have re - lief from grief for that



fond grey-eyed child, Whom kin-dred most cru - el, poor



jew - el, in-to loveless wedded life, With an-guish be it



told, have sold to be the Red-haired Man's wife.

That fond valentine of mine a letter I sent,
 That I'd soon sail with store galore to wed her ere Lent.
 Her friends stole the note I wrote, and far worse than with knife
 Have slain my bright pearl for a churl: she's the Red-haired
 Man's wife.

Oh, child and sweetheart, their art had you but withstood
 Till I had come home o'er the foam for our great joy and good,
 I had not now to go under woe o'er the salt sea's strife,
 A wanderer to France from the glance of the Red-haired Man's
 wife.

113 **My Love, oh, she is my Love.**From the Irish by DOUGLAS HYDE. *Air—Unknown.**With deep melancholy.*

She casts a spell, oh, casts a spell Which haunts me more than
 I can tell, More dear because she makes me ill Than
 who would will to make me well, More dear be - cause she
 makes me ill Than who would will to make me well.

She is my store, oh, she my store,
 Whose grey eye woundeth me so sore,
 Who will not place in mine her palm,
 Who will not calm me any more.

Too hard my case, too hard my case ;
 How have I lived so long a space,
 And she to trust me never more,
 Though I adore her silent face ?

She's my desire, oh, my desire,
 More glorious than the bright sun's fire ;
 Who were than wind-blown ice more cold,
 Were I so bold as to sit by her.

Oh, she it is hath stole my heart,
 And left a void and aching smart,
 And if she soften not her eye,
 Then life and I in pain must part.

THOMAS MOORE.

*Air—“The Mothrin.”**With spirit.*

The Min-strel Boy to the war is gone, In the
 ranks of death you'll find him ; His
 father's sword he has gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung be-
 hind him. “Land of song!” said the war-rior bard, “Tho'
 all the world be - trays thee, One sword, at least, thy
 rights shall guard, One faith-ful harp shall praise thee.”

The minstrel fell !—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under ;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder ;
 And said, “No chain shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery !
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery.”

115 His Home and His Own Country.

EMILY H. HICKEY.

Air—“All Alive.”

joyfully.

I know not whether to laugh or cry, So
greatly, utterly glad am I; For
one whose beautiful, love-lit face The distance hid for a
weary space, Has come this day of all days to me, Who
am his home and his own country; Has come on this day of all
days to me, Who am his home and his own country.

What shall I say who am here at rest,
Led from the good things up to the best?
Little my knowledge, but this I know,
It was God said, “Love each other so.”
O love, my love, who hast come to me,
Thy love, thy home, and thy own country.

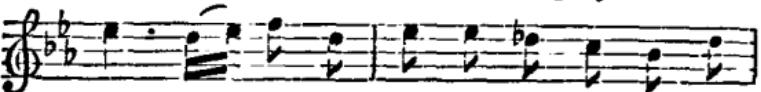
LADY DUFFERIN.

*Smoothly.**Air—“Dublin Bay.”*

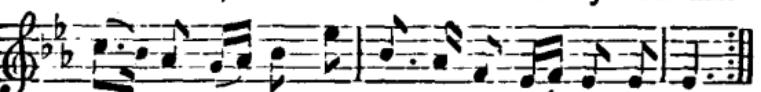
O Bay of Dub - lin, how my heart you're
And nev - er .till this life's pul - sa - tion



troub - lin', Your beau - ty haunts me like a fe - ver
ceas - es, My ear - liest, latest thought you'll fail to



dream ; Like fro - zen foun-tains that the sun sets
be. Oh, none here knows how ve - ry fair that



bub-blin', My heart's blood warms when I but hear your name.
place is ! And no one cares how dear it is to me.

Sweet Wicklow mountains ! the soft sunlight sleepin'
On your green uplands is a picture rare ;
You crowd around me, like young maidens peepin',
And puzzlin' me to say which is most fair,
As tho' you longed to see your own sweet faces
Reflected in that smooth and silver sea,
My fondest blessin' on those lovely places,
Tho' no one cares how dear they are to me.

How often, when alone at work I'm sittin',
And musing sadly on the days of yore,
I think I see my pretty Katie knittin',
The childer playin' round the cabin door ;
I think I see the neighbours' kindly faces
All gathered round, their long-lost friend to see ;
Though none here knows how very fair that place is,
Heav'n knows how dear my poor home was to me.

117 Song of an Island Fisherman.

KATHARINE HINKSON (Tynan). Lamentation Air.

Slowly.

I groan as I put out my nets up-on the say, To
 hear the lit-tle girshas shout a - dance among the spray. Och-
 one! the chil-der pass a - way, and lave us to our grief; The
 stran-ger took my lit-tle lass at fall-ing of the leaf.

Why would you go so fast with him you never knew?
 In all the throuble that is past I never frowned on you.
 The light of my old eyes you are! the comfort o' my heart!
 Waitin' for me your mother lies in blessed Innishart.

Her lonesome grave I keep from all the cold world wide,
 But you in life an' death will sleep the stranger still beside.
 Ochone! my thoughts are dark and wild ; but little blame, I say ;
 An ould man hungerin' for his child, a-work the livelong day.

You will not run again laughin' to see me land.
 Oh, what was pain and throuble then, holdin' your little hand ?
 Or when your darlin' head let fall its soft curls on my breast ?
 Why do the childer grow at all to love the stranger best ?

118 The Flower of Beauty.

GEORGE DARLEY.

Air—“Miss Hamilton,”

Rather slow and gracefully.

by LYONS, in 1706.

Sweet in her green dell the flow'r of beauty 'slum-bers,

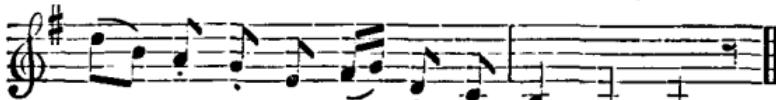
The Flower of Beauty.



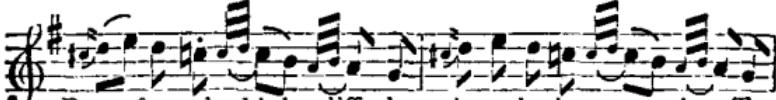
Lulled by the faint breezes sighing thro' her hair;



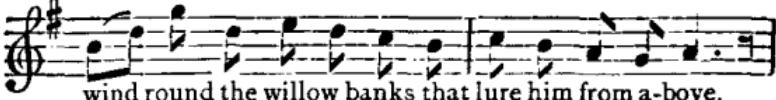
Sleeps she and hears not the me-lan-cho-ly num-bers



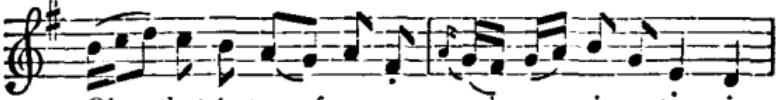
Breathed to my lute a - mid the lone - ly air.



Down from the high cliffs the riv-u-let is teem - ing, To



wind round the willow banks that lure him from a-bove.



Oh, that in tears, from my rock - y prison streaming,



I too could glide to the bower of my love.

Ah, where the woodbines with sleepy arms have wound her,

Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,

Listening, like the dove, while the fountains echo round her,

To her lost mate's call in the forests far away.

Come, then, my bird ! for the peace thou ever bearest,

Still heaven's messenger of comfort to me ;

Come ! this fond bosom, O faithfulest and fairest,

Bleeds with its death-wound, its wound of love for thee.

LADY DUFFERIN.

*Air by G. BARKER.**Slowly.*

I'm sit - ting on the stile, Ma - ry, Where
 we sat side by side, On a bright May morning, long a - go, When
 first you were my bride. The corn was springing fresh and green, And the
 lark sang loud and high, And the red was on your lip, Ma - ry, And the
 love-light in your eye. The place is lit - tle changed, Ma - ry, The
 day is bright as then, The lark's loud song is in my ear, And the
 corn is green a - gain ; But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, And the
 breath warm on my cheek, And I still keep list'n'g for the words You

The Irish Emigrant.



nev-er-more may speak, You nev-er-more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
The little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary—
I see the spire from here ;
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
My step might break your rest,
Where you, my darling, lie asleep
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
The poor make no new friends ;
But, oh, they love the better still
The few our Father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride ;
There's nothing left to care for now
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When trust in God had left my soul,
And half my strength was gone.
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow ;
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you can't hear me now.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true !
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there ;
But I'll not forget old Ireland
Were it fifty times as fair.

GLOSSARY OF IRISH WORDS.

PAGE

1 Aileen aroon = Eibhlín a rúin = Eileen O secret (love).
3 Róisín dubh = Black little rose.
6 Shule agra = Siúbhail a ghrádh = Walk, O love.
7 Go-dé-thu, mavourneen sláun = Go dtéidh tu mo mháirnín slán = That you may go safe, my darling.
8 Aboo = (probably) Go buaidh = To victory.
16 Nach mbaineann sin dó = (Him) whom that does not concern.
18 Feadam nios ail liom = (perhaps) Feadaoil níor Áil liom = I did not like whistling.
22 Garnavilla = Garaidh an bhile = The garden of the tree.
24 Colleen dhas crootha na mo = Cailín deas cráidhthe na mbó = The pretty girl of the milking of the cows, *i.e.*, milking the cows.
28 Draherin o machree = Dearbháraíthín óg mo chroidhe = Young little brother of my heart.
31 Mabouchal = Mo bhuauchail = My boy.
Tilloch = Small plot of land.
32 Fág a' bealach = Leave the way.
36 Péarla an bhrollaigh bháin = Pearl of white breast.
38 Kathaleen bawn = Caitilin bhán = Fair-haired Kathleen.
51 An chaiteóig = The winnowing sheet. [Irish name of air.]
53 Casadh an tsugáin = The twisting of the straw rope. [Irish name of air.]
56 Codhladh an tsionnaigh = The fox's sleep. [Irish name of air.]
57 Drinawn dhunn = Droighneán donn = Brown blackthorn.
60 Cushla machree = Cuisle mo chroidhe = Pulse of my heart.
61 Mavourneen = Mo mháirnín = My darling.
62 Pastheen finn = Páistín fionn = Fair-haired child-teen.
Oro : an exclamation.
66 Ni mheallfar mé arís = I shall not be deceived again.
69 Mo bhuauchailín buidhe = My yellow-haired little boy.
73 Garron = Gearán = Hack or gelding.
74 Síos agus síos liom = Up with me and down with me.
84 Ree Shamus = Rígh Séamas = King James.
85 Dar-a-chreesth = Dar Chriost = By Christ.
Rory oge = Ruaidhri óg = Young Rory.
Bawn = Bádhn = Cattle-yard, or cow-fortress.
Bodagh = Bodach = Clown, churl.

PAGE

86 Owna bwee=Amhain bhuidhe=Yellow river.
Ochone machree=Ochón mo chroidhe=Alas, my heart !

90 Kinkora=Cinn Coradh="The head of the weir," the royal residence of the O'Briens.

91 Mononia=Munster. (Latinized form of Irish "Múmhan," pronounced "Moo-an.")

92 Cruachán na Féinne=Croghan of the Fenians.

94 Cláirseach=Harp.

Creeeven Eeveen=Chraobhín aoibhinn=Delightful little branch.

95 Coolin=Tresses, or back-hair (from "cúl"=back).

96 Colleen rue=Cailín ruadh=Red-haired girl.

98 Shan van voght=Sean bhean bhocht=Poor old woman.

109 Fosgail an dorus=Open the door. [Irish name of air.]

111 Neil Dhuv=Niall Dubh=Black-haired Neill.

114 Colleen dhown: "Dhown" is the Munster pronunciation of "Donn"=brown.

117 Caubeen=Hat, literally "little cape."

118 Beinnsin luachra=Little bunch of rushes. [Irish name of air.]

134 An smachtaoi crón=The copper-coloured stick of tobacco.

138 Nora creina=Nóra críona=Wise Norah.

140 Coom=Cúm=Hollow, valley.

153 The Cruiskeen Lawn=Cruisín lán=Full little flask or cruse.
Gramachree ma cruiskeen=Grádh mo chroidhe, &c.=Love of my heart is my cruiskin.

Sláinte geal, mavourneen=Bright health, my darling.

A coolin bawn=Her fair-coloured back-hair, or curls.

155 Canáts: a term of supreme contempt.

164 Savourneen dheelish='S a mhúirnín dhileas=And O my faithful darling.

Shighan oh=(perhaps) Sheeran oge=Sidh-bhean óg=Young fairy woman.

168 Luimneach=Limerick.

Shoheen sho=Hush-a-by.

Shee Molly mo store=Sí Molly mo stór=It's Molly is my treasure.

171 Bean an fhír ruaidh=The red-haired man's wife.

173 Móreens: the diminutive of "Mór," a woman's name, now obsolete.

176 Girsha=Girrseach=Little girl.

"Caríño ó celo e simpatía"

(Mother to Franklin)
"Dad's" over"

Catín Óg A Szó! 

1 Shakes. Heroy v. Acc. IV. Sc. 4 l. 3)

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