The electronic version of this text has been created as a part of the "Publishing in Irish America: 1820-1922" project that is being undertaken by the CUNY Institute for Irish-American Studies, Center for the Preservation of Irish-American Publications.

Project:	Publishing in IA
Date Created:	12/27/07
Object ID:	00000175
Object Name:	Irish Songs and Ballads
Author:	Graves, Arthur Perceval, lyrics & Stanford, Charles Villiers, music.
Date Published:	1893
Publisher:	Novello, Ewer and Co.
Donor:	Queens College Library
Funding:	Metropolitan New York Library Council

IRISH

SONGS AND BALLADS

THE WORDS BY

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

THE MUSIC ARRANGED BY

C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

LONDON & NEW YORK
NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer and Co.

LONDON:
NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.,
PRINTERS.

A SELECTION FROM THE LYRICS

WRITTEN BY

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

FOR

IRISH SONGS AND BALLADS

WITH MUSIC ARRANGED

BY

C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

Sweet Isle.

SWEET Isle, O how our hearts upleap
Once more to mark thee mount the deep,
Unfolding to our longing gaze
Haunt after haunt of blessed bygone days.

Blue hill-sides oft in boyhood climbed,
Lanes where we courted, roamed, and rhymed,
Our hurling green, our dancing ground,
Dear church and cottage dimly ranging round.

And now, sweet Isle, we near thy shore;
Young hands wave welcome, old eyes run o'er:
Till loving arms at long, long last,
Have fondly folded their own exile fast!

The March of the Maguire.

MY grief, Hugh Maguire,
That to-night you must go
To wreak your just ire
On our murderous, false foe;
For hark! as the blast
Thro' the bowed wood raves past,
The great oaks, aghast,
Rock, reel and crash below.

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 fearfuller light
Than yon bolts thro' black night
Hurled blazing down the deep.

A Lament.

DARK, dark drives the tempest o'er Erin to-day,
And rends the green leaf from the writhing oak spray:
Thus struggling forlorn under Heav'n's blackest cope,
Heart-tortur'd we mourn the crushed crown of our hope.

Through foemen unnumbered, in proud undismay,
To Freedom's pure heights he still won us the way,
Till planting elate on the proud peak our flag
The fierce bolt of fate dashed him dead from the crag.

Moan, hollow wind, moan! weep, weep, heavy cloud,
Sob for sob, tear for tear for the chief in his shroud!
Ochone! and ochoro! our heart, hand and head,
To our black, bitter sorrow on the bier you lie dead.

Arranmore Boat Song.

WITH swelling sail away, away!
Our bark goes bounding o'er the bay.
"Farewell, farewell, old Arranmore,"
She curtseys, curtseys to the shore.

Farewell fond wives and children dear,
From ev'ry ill Heav'n keep you clear;
Till thro' the surge we stagger back,
As full of herring as we'll pack.

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'rers home again;
And we come heaping from our hold
A silver crop, beside the gold.

Love's Hallowed Seal.

WHEN skylarks soaring to Heav'n were pouring
The trembling cadence of their long sweet cry:
As lone I wandered and pensive pondered,
My queen of maidens she came musing by.
Her footstep faltered,
She blushed and altered
Her crimson 'kerchief with gesture shy;
It could not hide her,
And so beside her
I took the mountain track to old Athy.

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, commending
The parting spirit to Heav'n above,
And that one motion
Of pure devotion
Has set a hallowed seal upon my love.

The Exiles.

O IF for every tender tear
That from our aching exiled eyes
Has fallen for you, Erin dear,
Our own loved shamrocks could arise,—
They'd weave and weave a garland green
To stretch the cruel ocean through,
All, all the weary way between
Our yearning Irish hearts and you.

And oh! if ev'ry patriot prayer,
Put forth for your sad sake to God,
Could in one cloud of incense rare
Be lifted o'er your lovely sod,—
That cloud would curtain all the skies
That far and near your fairness cope,
Until upon its arch of sighs
There beamed Heav'n's rainbow smile of hope.

LONDON & NEW YORK: NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

DEDICATION

TO THE

RIGHT REV. CHARLES GRAVES,

D.D., F.R.S., D.C.L.,

LORD BISHOP OF LIMERICK.

Godsire and Sire, to thee belongs
Of right this wreath of Erin's songs,
    Steeped in her sadness, gemmed with her gladness,
Aglow with her genius, gloomed by her wrongs.
For who of all of the ardent band
That fondly followed from strand to strand
    Their leader's rapture of folk-song capture,
Forty years ago in the land,
Was dowered with a keener, kindlier sprite
Over the black notes and the white
    The art to gauge that from Petrie's page
Flashes these Melodies forth to light?

A. P. G.
C. V. S.

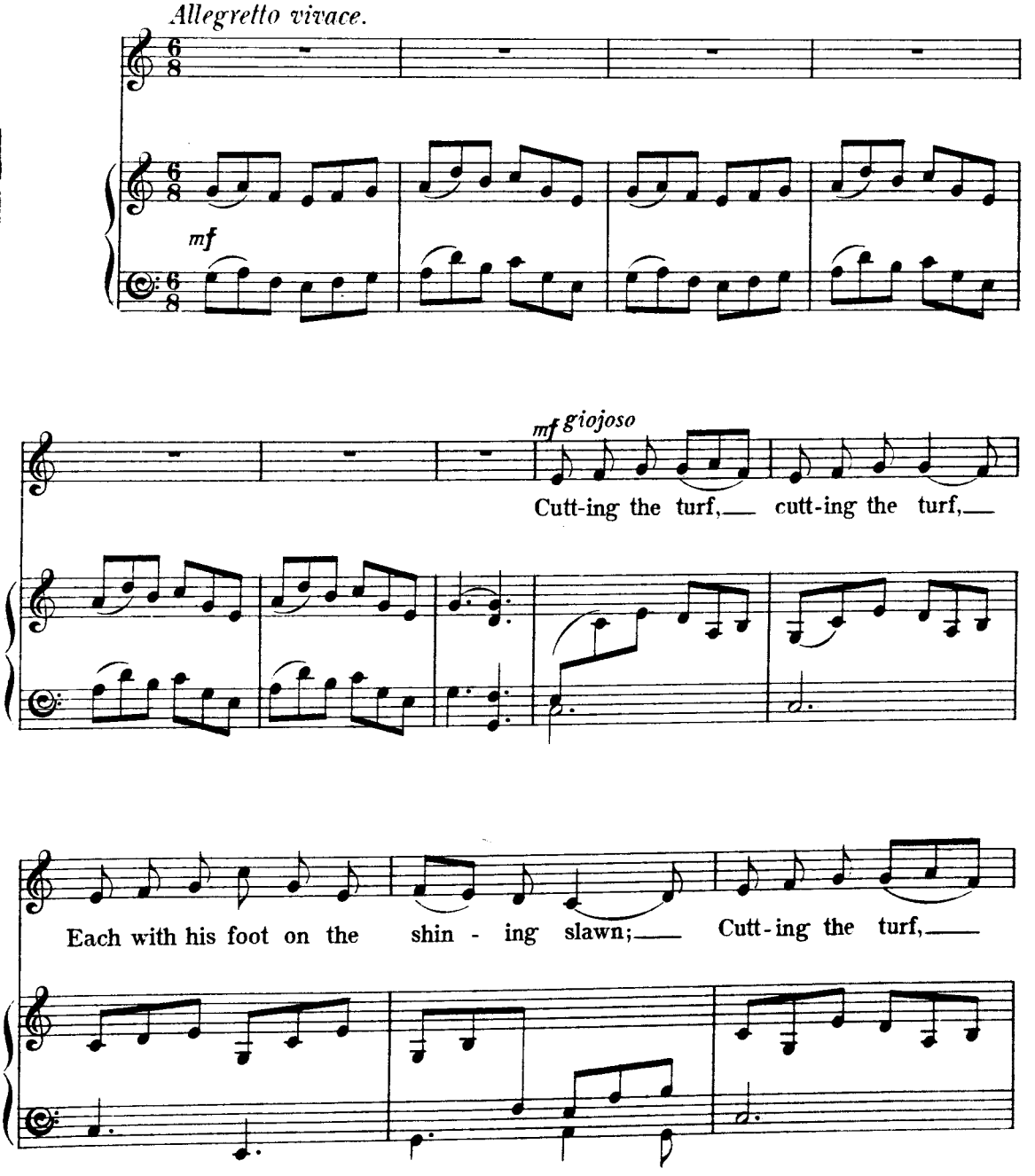
January, 1893.

CONTENTS.

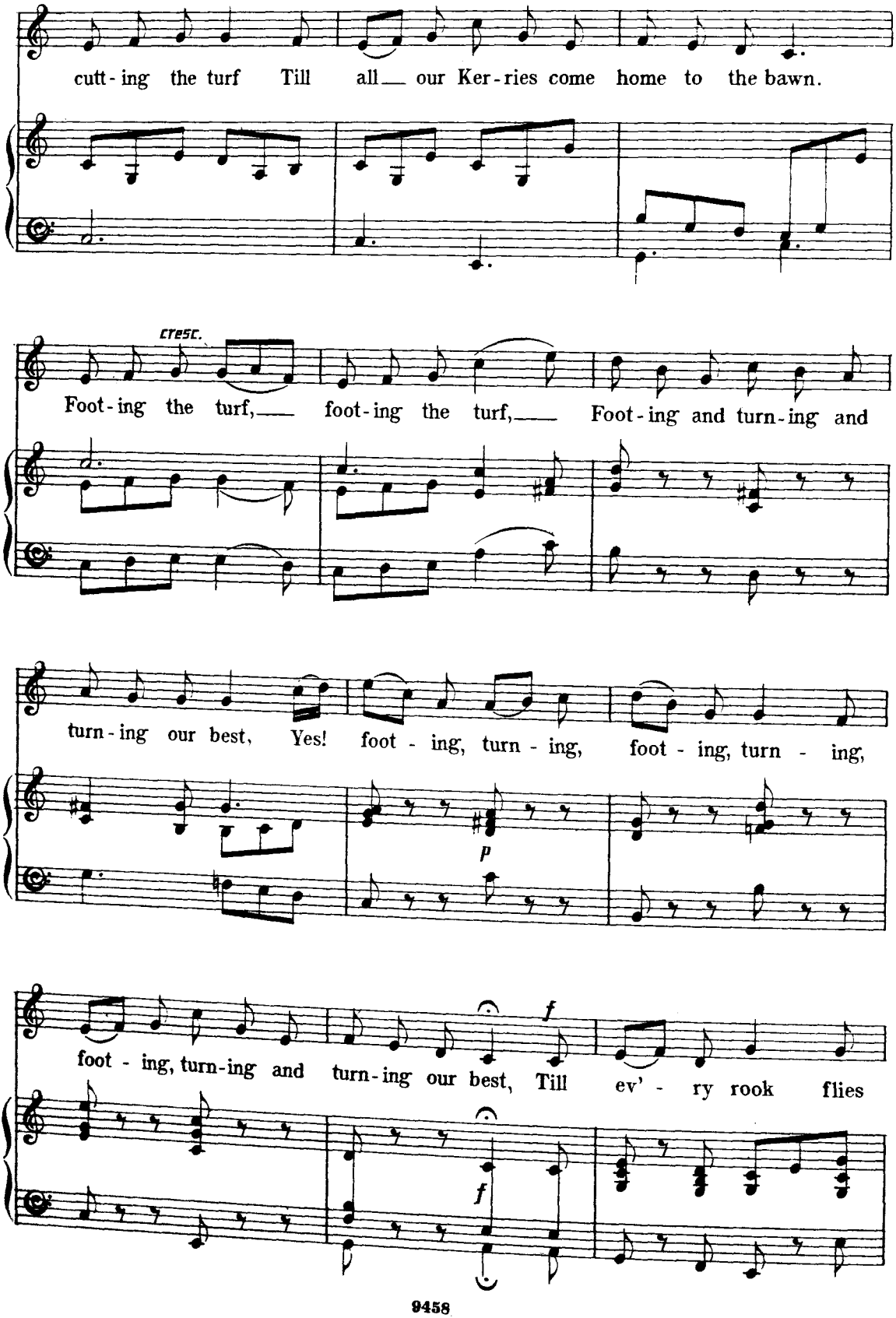
1. The Song of the Turf 1
2. The Exiles... 7
3. Arranmore Boat Song 10
4. The Roving Pedlar 13
5. The Zephyrs blest 17
6. Colonel Carty 21
7. The Ploughman's whistle 24
8. Love's hallowed seal 29
9. The March of the Maguire 32
10. Lullaby 36
11. A Lament 40
12. The Song of the Ghost 46
13. Silver and Gold 52
14. Mavourneen Dhu 56
15. The Darling 60
16. O Mary, thy laugh was sweet 65
17. Hush song 69
18. The Kilkenny cats 73
19. Sweet Isle 77
20. The Hero of Limerick 80
21. Loved bride of O'Byrne 84
22. Our Inniskilling boy 90
23. Festival Song (Pleraca) 94
24. Johnny Cox 98
25. The Irish Reel 102
26. Molleen Oge 107
27. Last night I dreamt of my own true love 110
28. Bright love of my heart 114
29. My Colleen rue 117
30. Chieftain of Tyrconnell 121

THE SONG OF THE TURF.

(Air. Arthur of this Town.)



Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co


cutt - ing the turf Till all our Ker - ries come home to the bawn.
cresc.
Foot - ing the turf, foot - ing the turf, Foot - ing and turn - ing and
turn - ing our best, Yes! foot - ing, turn - ing, foot - ing, turn - ing,
p
foot - ing, turn - ing and turn - ing our best, Till ev' - ry rook flies
f
f

GLOSSARY.

Ara.—The Irish Isles of Arran (p. 11).

Astoreen.—My little treasure (p. 68).

Bawn.—The home field (p. 2).

Beimeedh a gole.—Let us be drinking (p. 94).

Brogue.—Shoe (p. 107).

Canats.—A term of contempt (p. 73).

Comether.—Spell: a contraction for "come hither" (p. 65).

Coom.—Deep valley: the Devonian *combe* or Welsh *cwm* (p. 30).

Curraghs.—Coracles: skiffs (p. 25).

Drawing the turf.—Carting away the peat (p. 4).

Espan.—Spain (p. 121).

Faugh-a-ballagh.—"Clear the way!" (p. 28).

Faugh-a-balleach.—Clear the way (p. 80).

Finane—Hookgrass (p. 16).

Footing the turf.—Laying out the sods lengthways (p. 2).

Gaval Rannall.—A sept of the O'Byrnes (p. 86).

Haggard.—Hay-yard (p. 6).

Hurling green.—Where the Irish national game of hurley would be played (p. 78).

Keens.—Laments (p. 84).

Kerries.—Kerry cows (p. 2).

Lough Lene.—Killarney (p. 13).

Mabouchaleen bawn.—My young lad (p. 16).

Maet galore.—In rich abundance (p. 125).

Mavourneen Dhu.—My dark darling (p. 56).

Out in the bay.—For fishing purposes (p. 4).

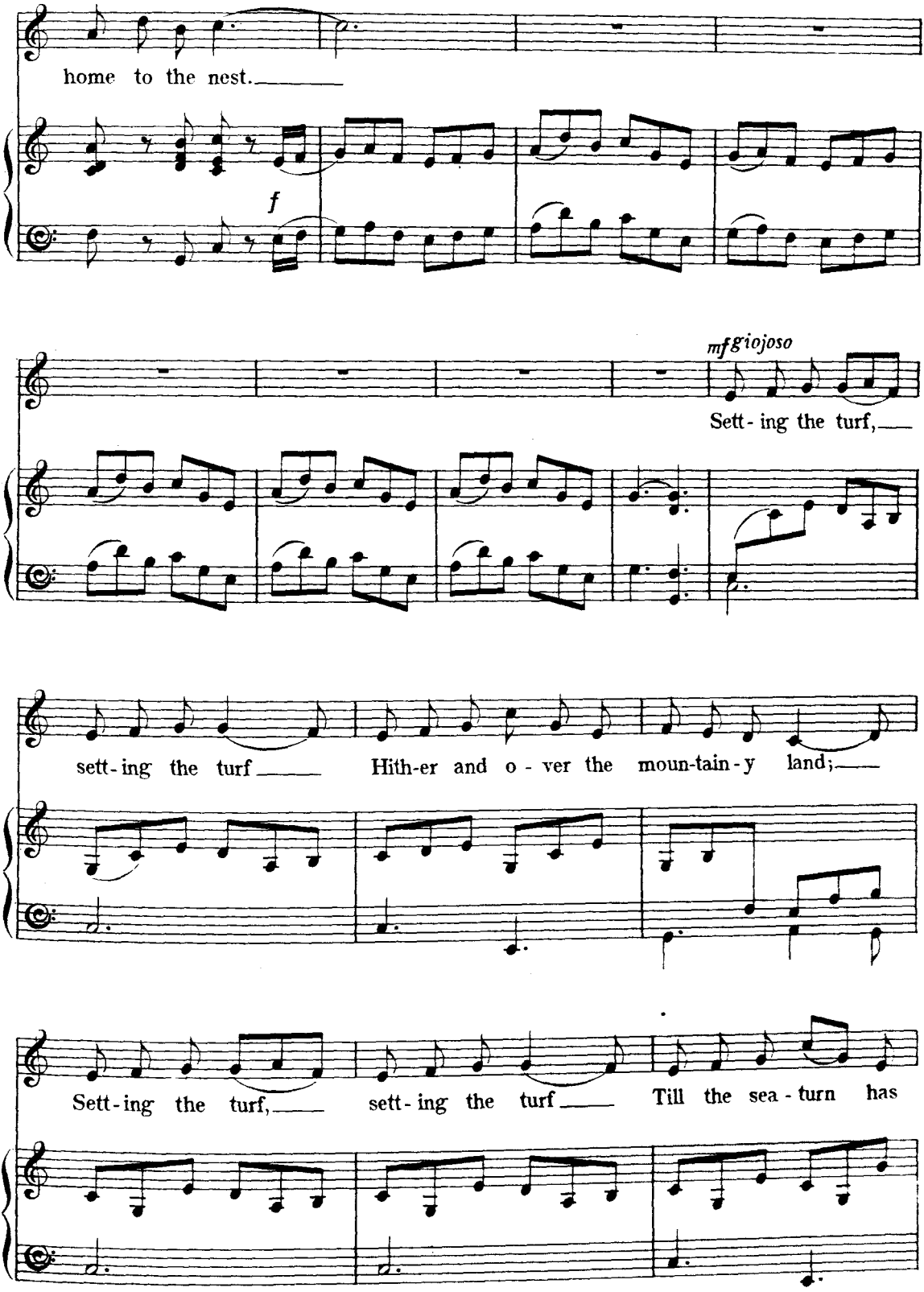
Sea-turn.—The breeze which follows the turn of the tide (p. 3).

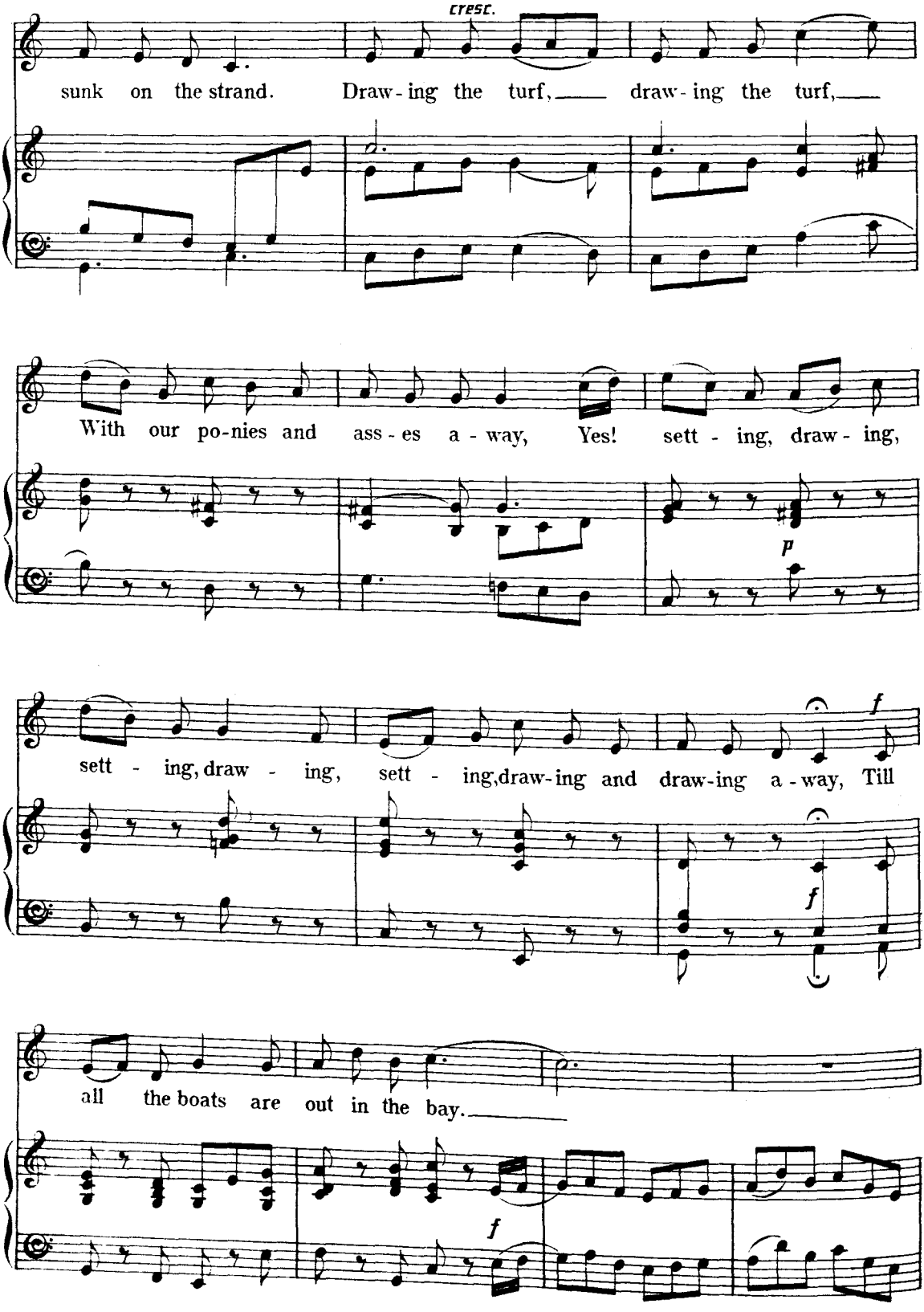
Setting the turf.—Setting up the sods endways to dry (p. 3).

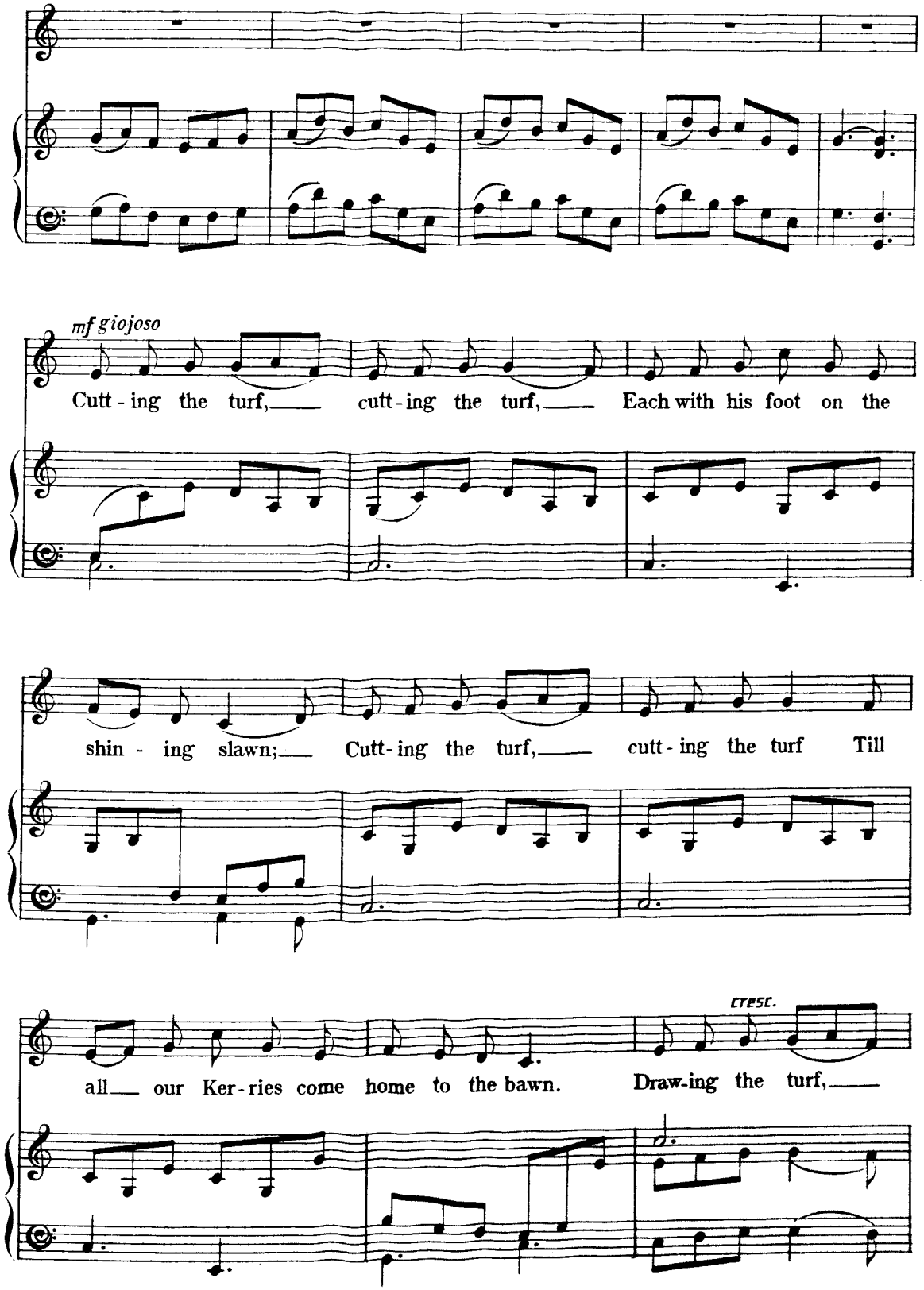
Slawn.—The half-spade used for digging turf or peat (p. 1).

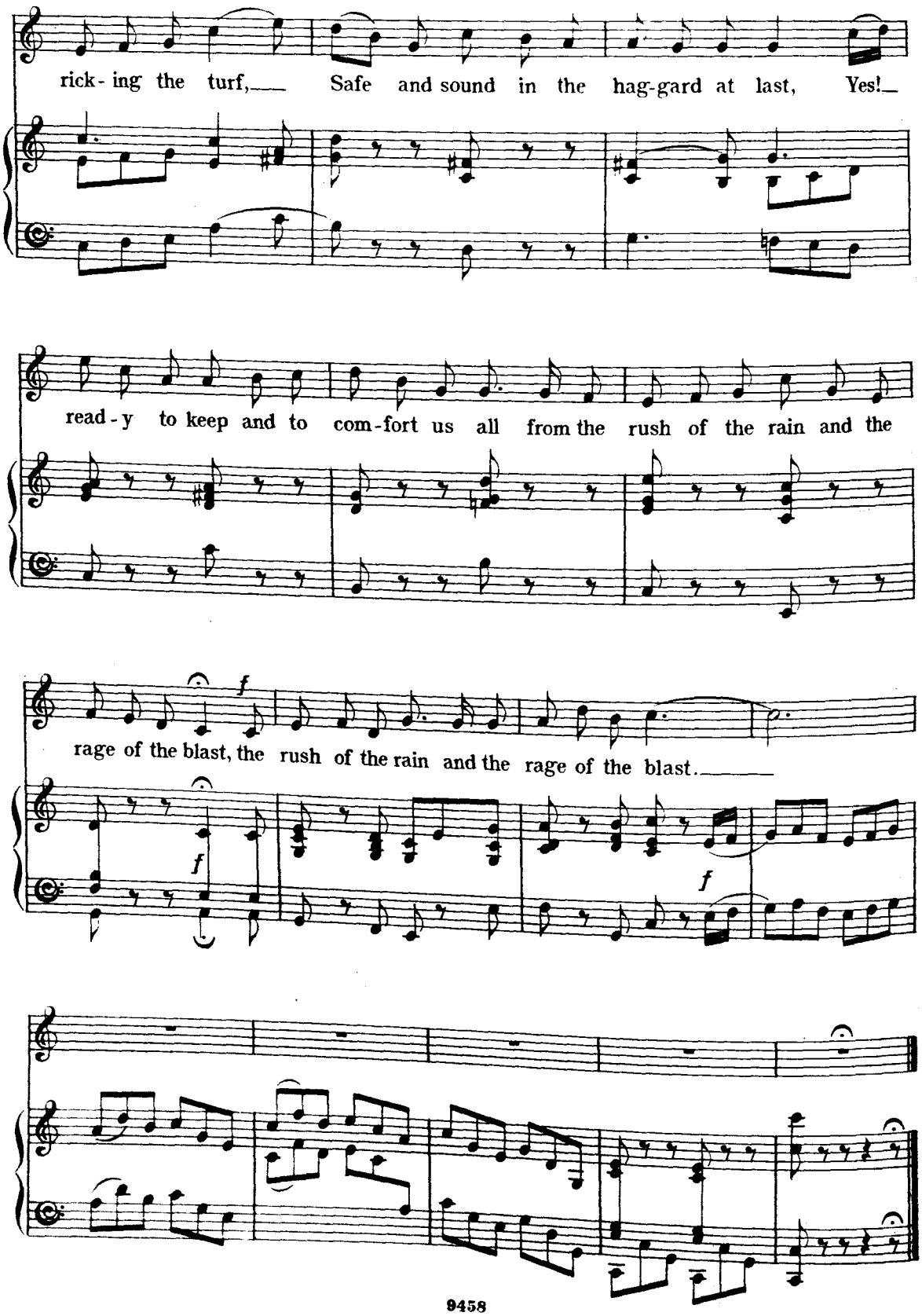
Stravaged.—Went off in a fury (p. 21).

Vogue.—The fashion (p. 109).


home to the nest.
f
mf giojoso
Sett-ing the turf,
sett-ing the turf
Hith-er and o-ver the moun-tain-y land;
Sett-ing the turf,
sett-ing the turf
Till the sea-turn has

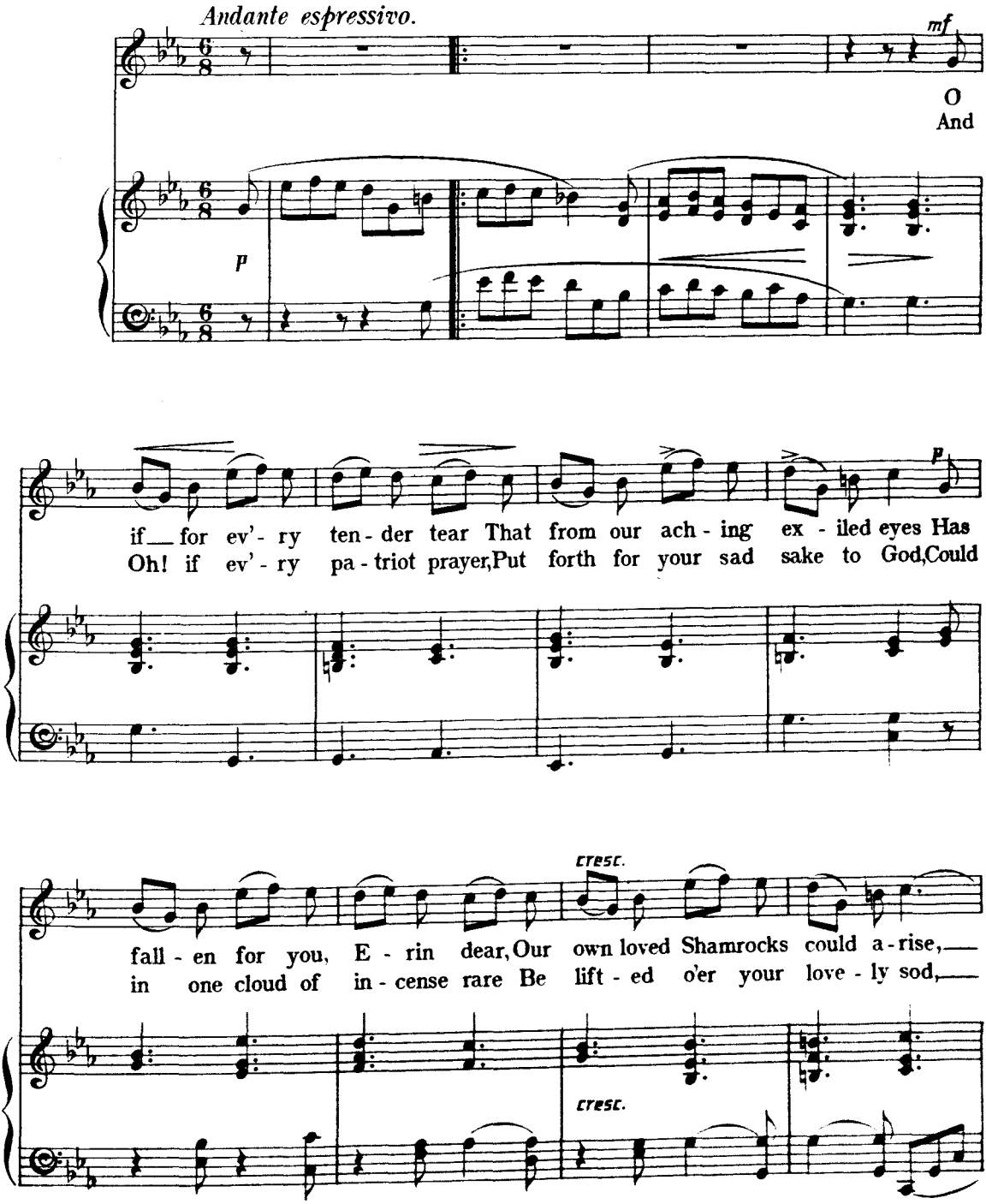

cresc.
sunk on the strand. Draw-ing the turf, draw-ing the turf,
With our po-nies and ass-es a-way, Yes! sett-ing, draw-ing,
p
sett-ing, draw-ing, sett-ing, draw-ing and draw-ing a-way, Till
f
f
all the boats are out in the bay.
f


mf giojoso
Cutt - ing the turf, cutt - ing the turf, Each with his foot on the
shin - ing slawn; Cutt - ing the turf, cutt - ing the turf Till
cresc.
all our Ker - ries come home to the bawn. Draw - ing the turf,

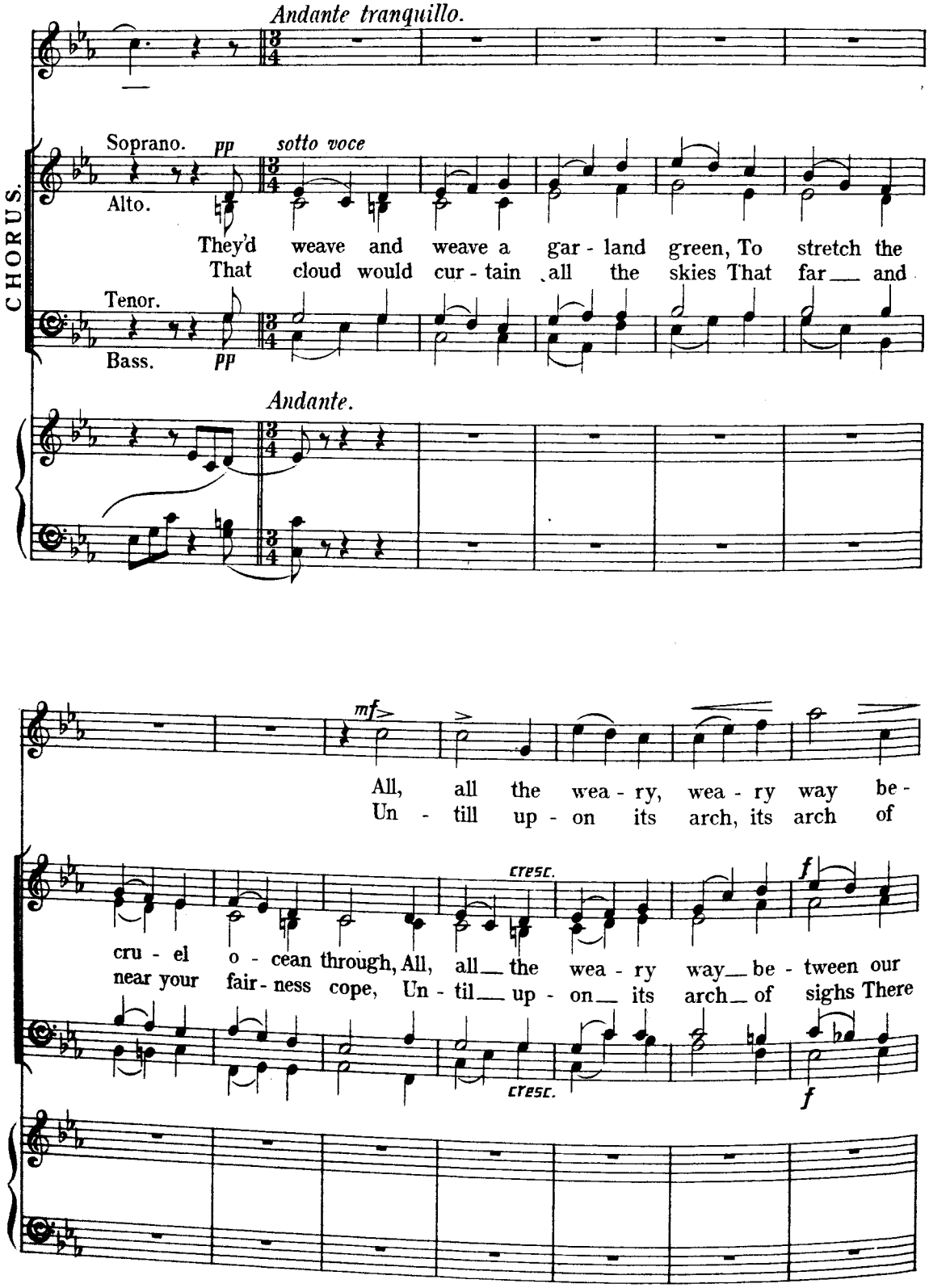

rick-ing the turf, Safe and sound in the hag-gard at last, Yes!
read-y to keep and to com-fort us all from the rush of the rain and the
rage of the blast, the rush of the rain and the rage of the blast.
f
f
f

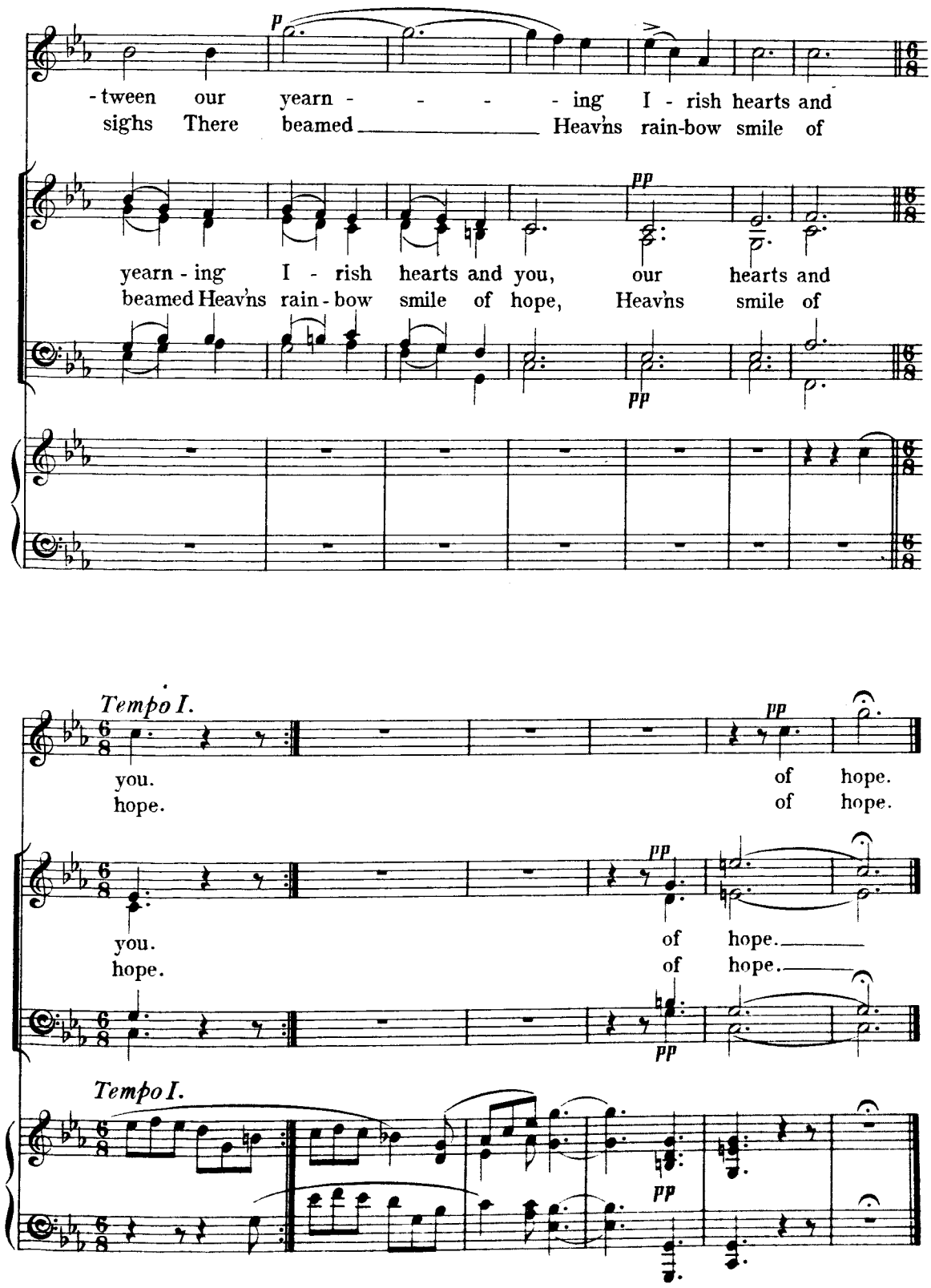
THE EXILES.

(Air. Thou old man of my heart.)

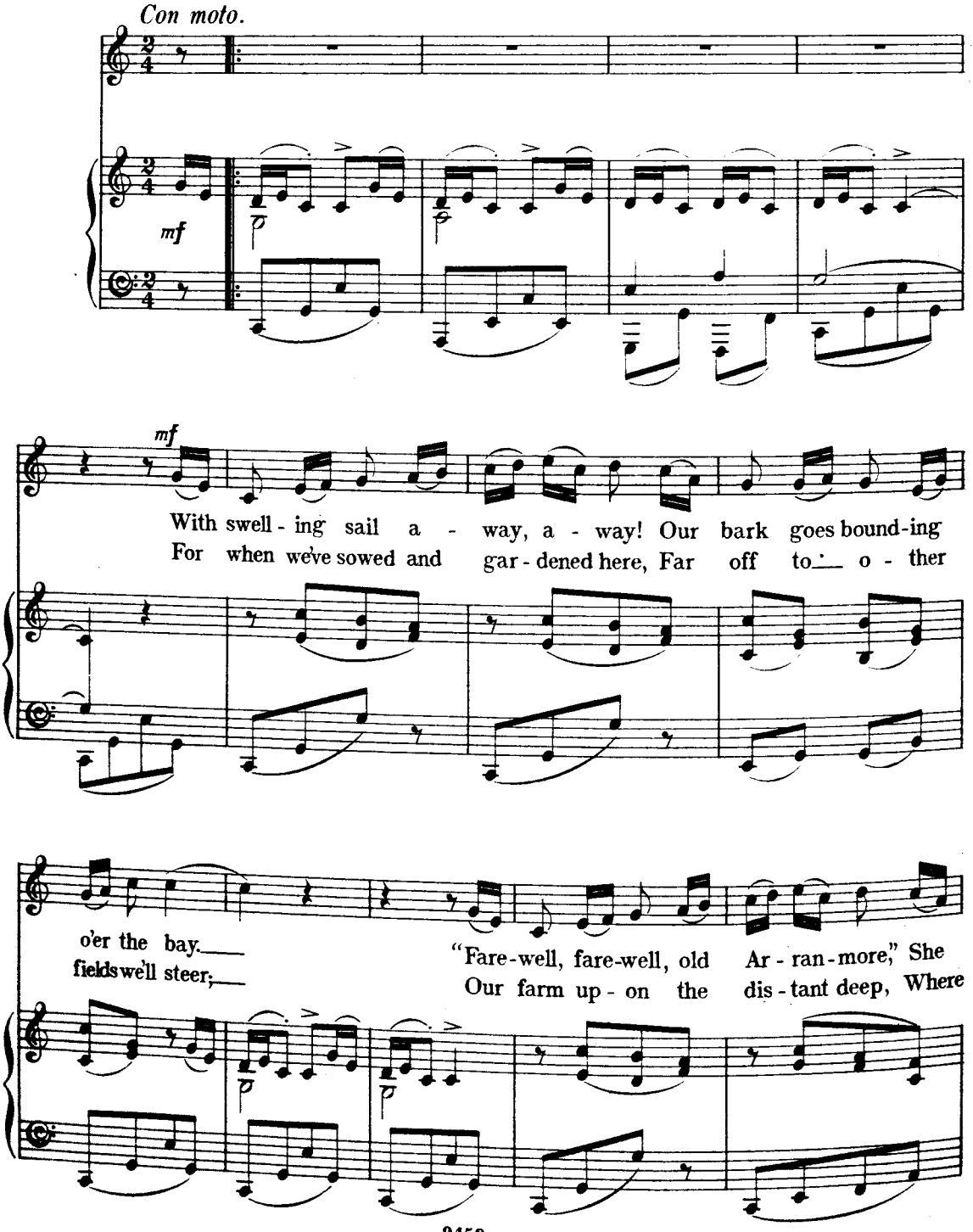


Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co

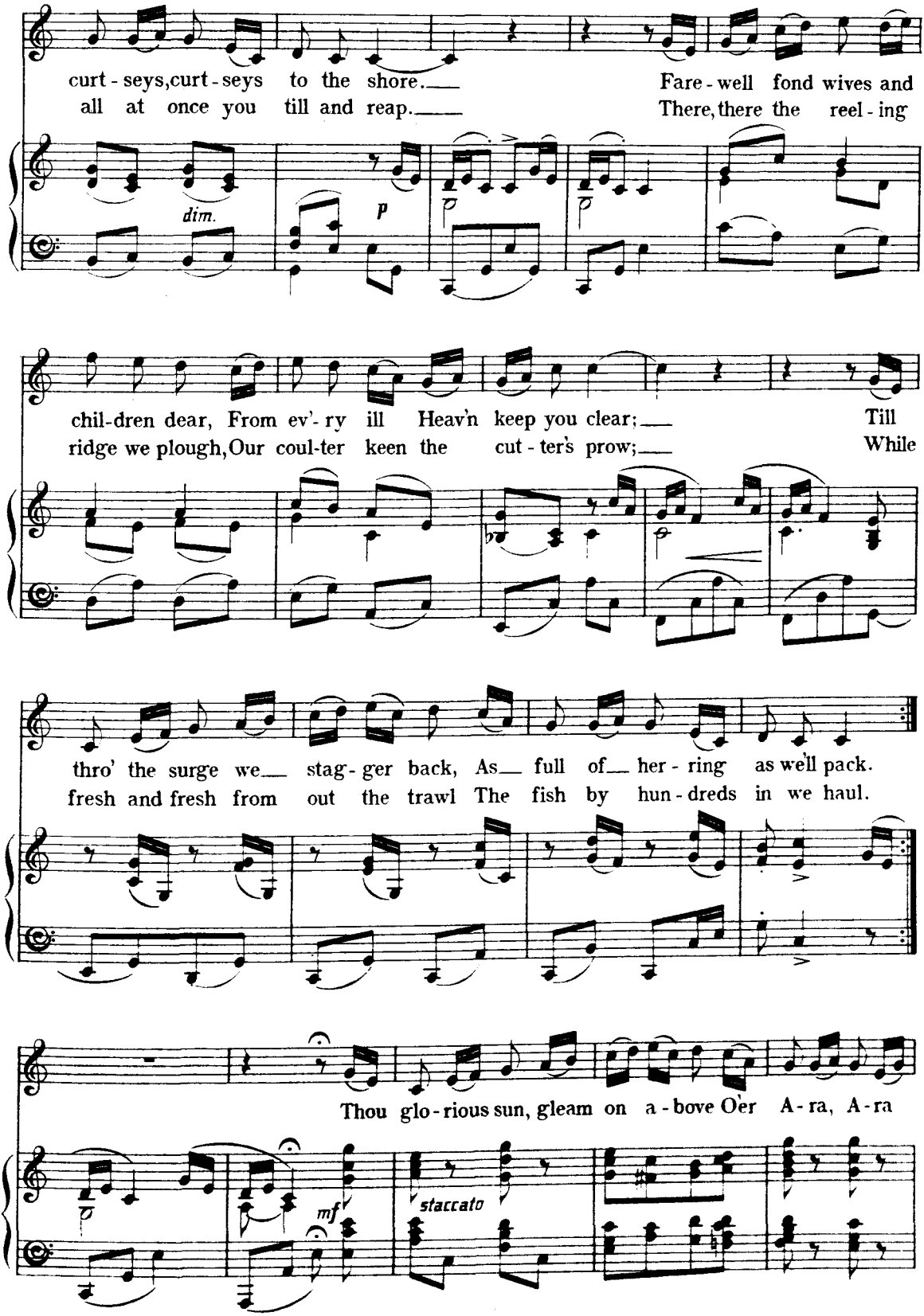

Andante tranquillo.
CHORUS.
Soprano.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
pp
sotto voce
They'd weave and weave a gar - land green, To stretch the
That cloud would cur - tain all the skies That far and
Andante.
mf
All, all the wea - ry, wea - ry way be -
Un - till up - on its arch, its arch of
cresc.
f
cru - el o - cean through, All, all the wea - ry way be - tween our
near your fair - ness cope, Un - til up - on its arch of sighs There
cresc.
f

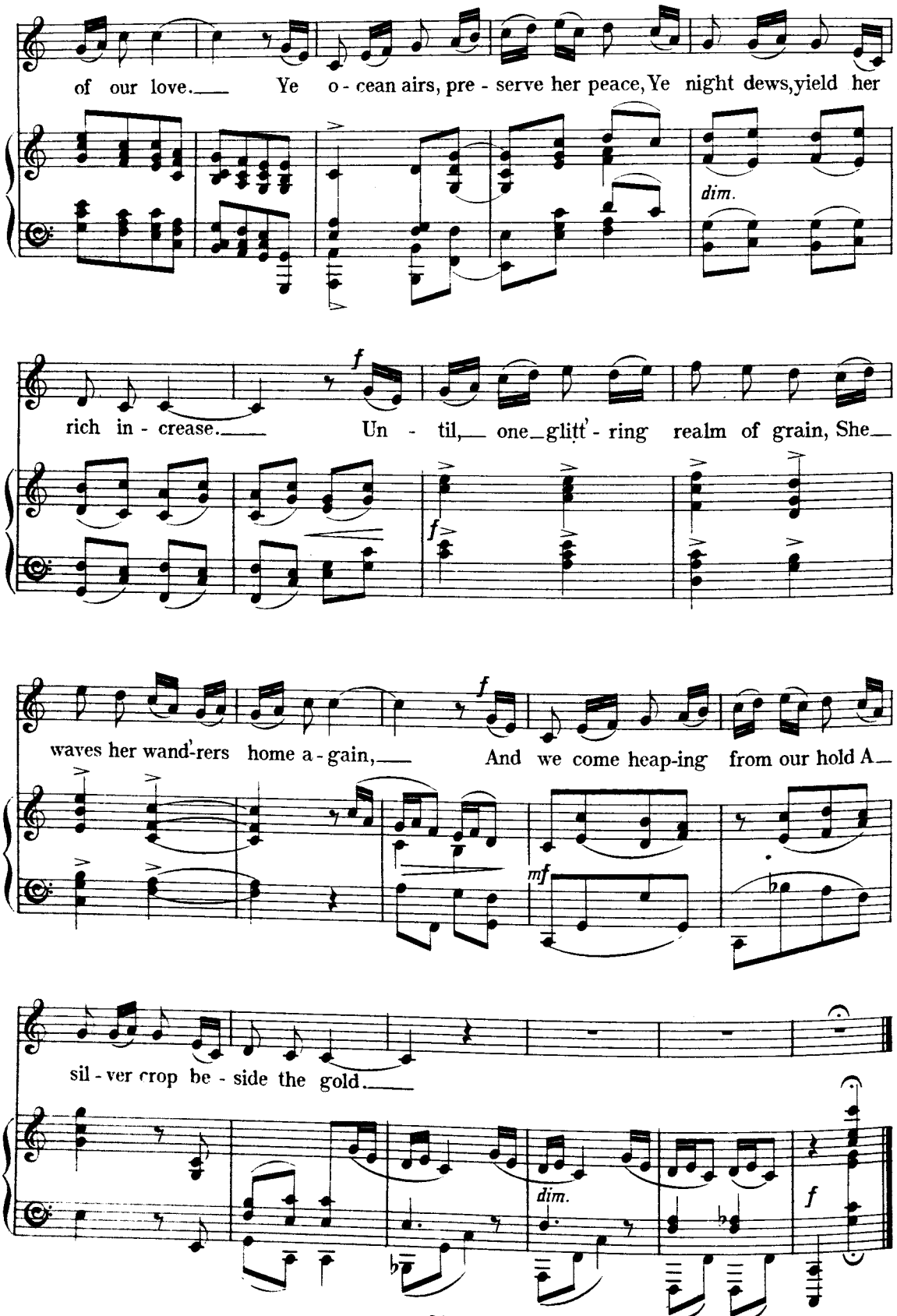

p
-tween our yearn - - - - ing I - rish hearts and
sighs There beamed Heav'ns rain-bow smile of
pp
yearn - ing I - rish hearts and you, our hearts and
beamed Heav'ns rain - bow smile of hope, Heav'ns smile of
pp
Tempo I.
pp
you. of hope.
hope. of hope.
pp
you. of hope.
hope. of hope.
pp
Tempo I.
pp

ARRANMORE BOAT SONG.

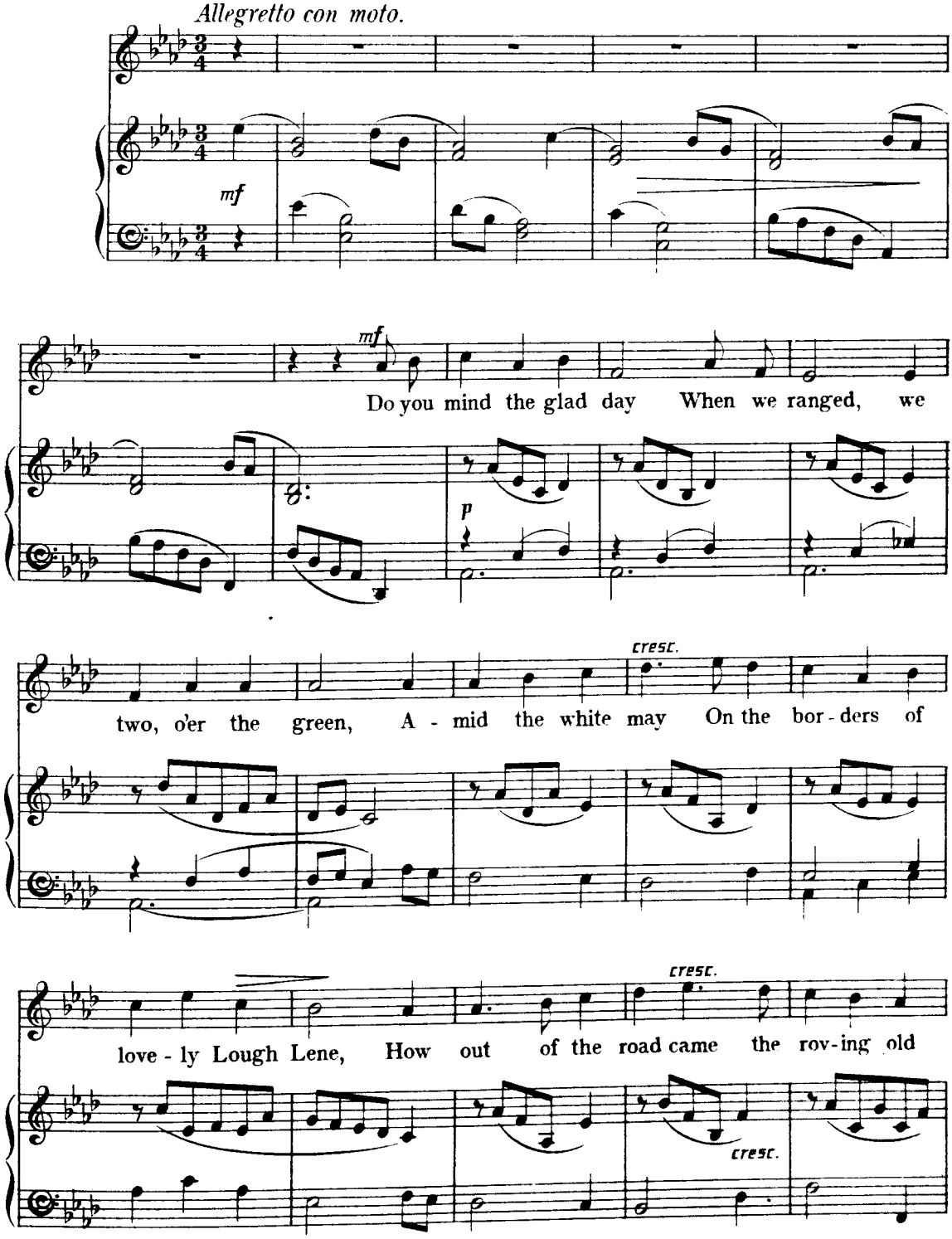


Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co.

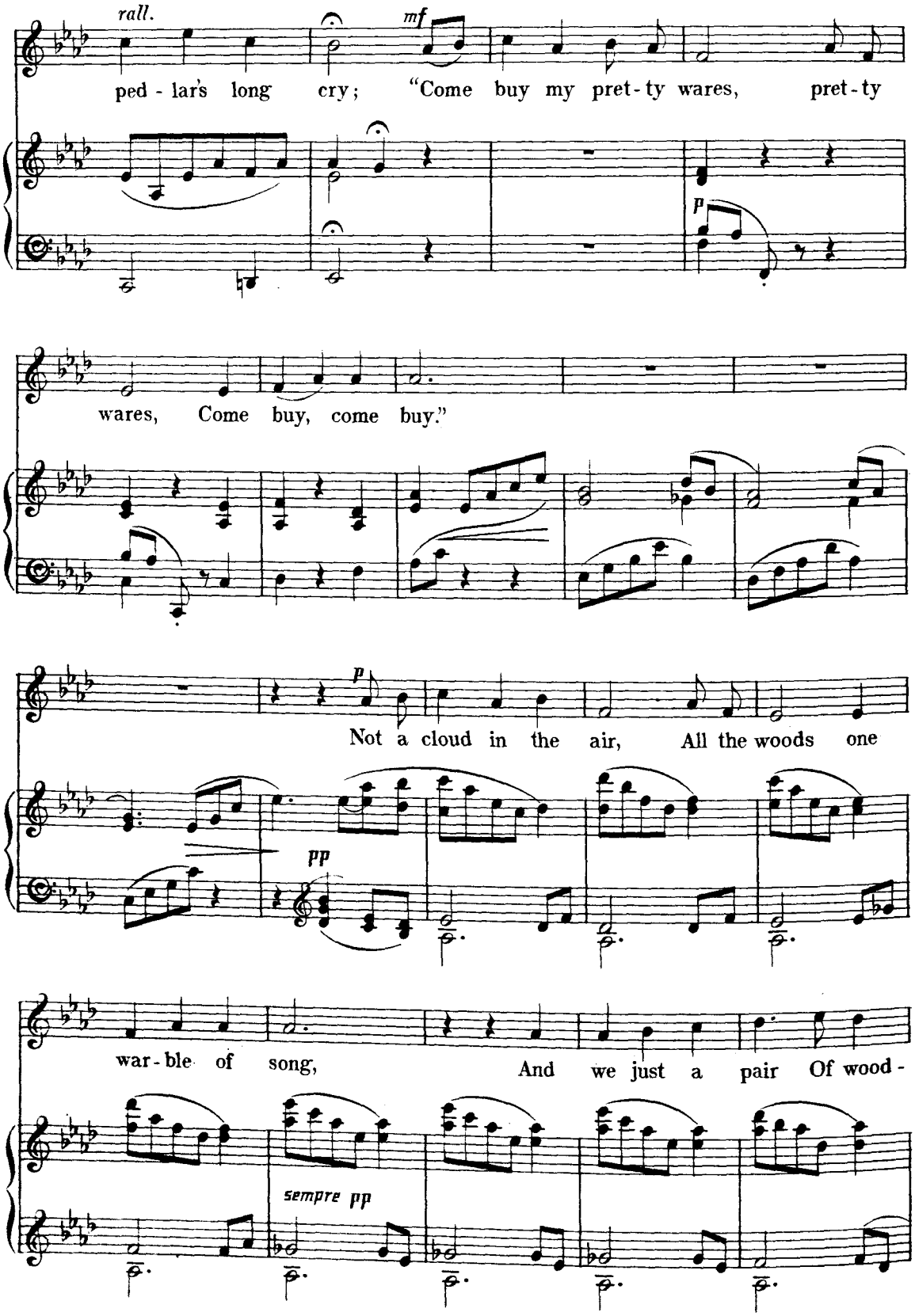

curt - seys, curt - seys to the shore.
all at once you till and reap.
Fare - well fond wives and
There, there the reel - ing
dim.
p
chil-dren dear, From ev'- ry ill Heav'n keep you clear;
ridge we plough, Our coul-ter keen the cut - ter's prow;
Till
While
thro' the surge we stag - ger back, As full of her - ring as we'll pack.
fresh and fresh from out the trawl The fish by hun - dreds in we haul.
Thou glo - rious sun, gleam on a - bove O'er A - ra, A - ra
mf
staccato

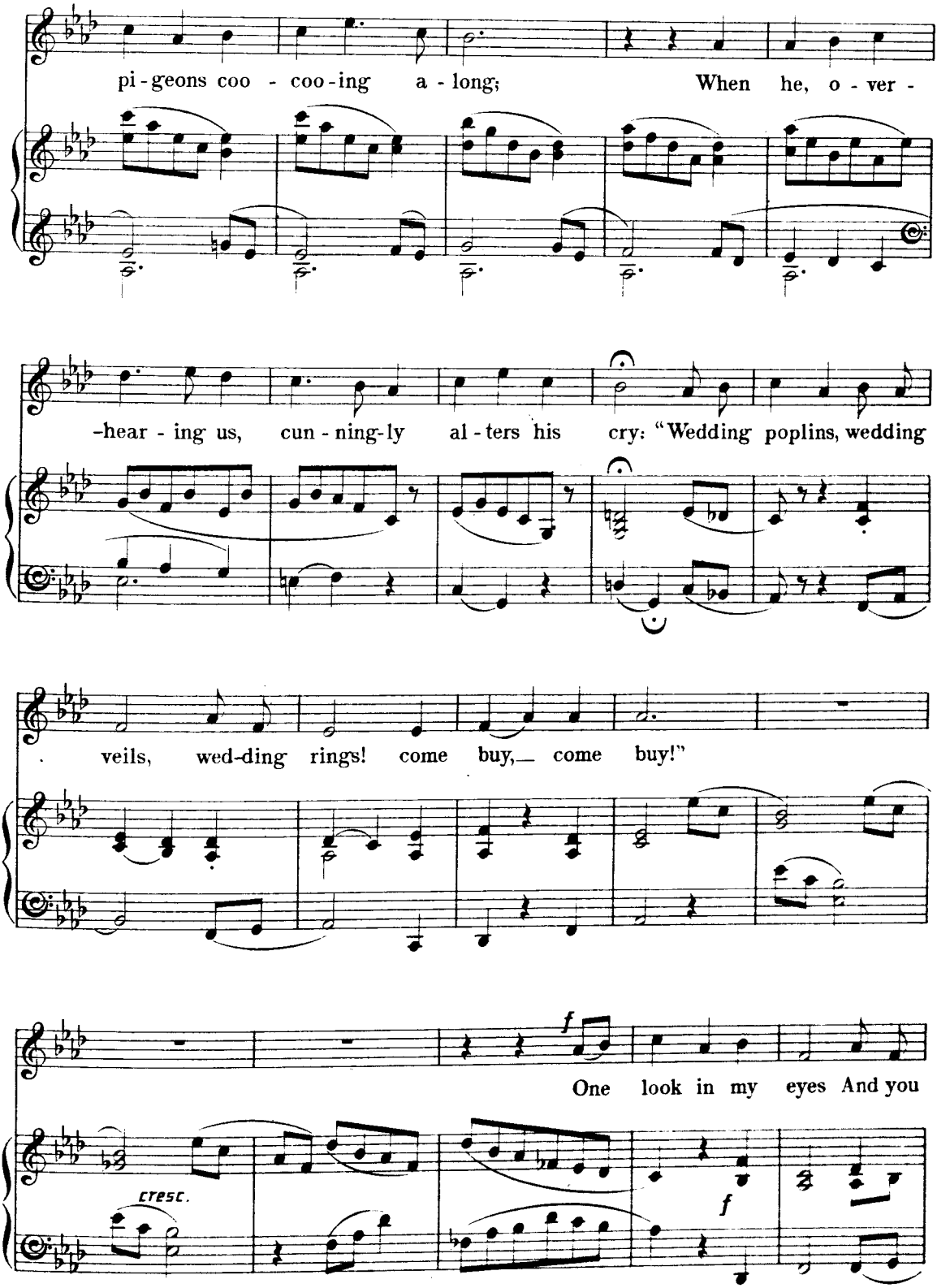

of our love. Ye o - cean airs, pre - serve her peace, Ye night dews, yield her
dim.
rich in - crease. Un - til, one glitt'ring realm of grain, She
f
waves her wand'rers home a - gain, And we come heap-ing from our hold A
mf
sil - ver crop be - side the gold.
dim.
f

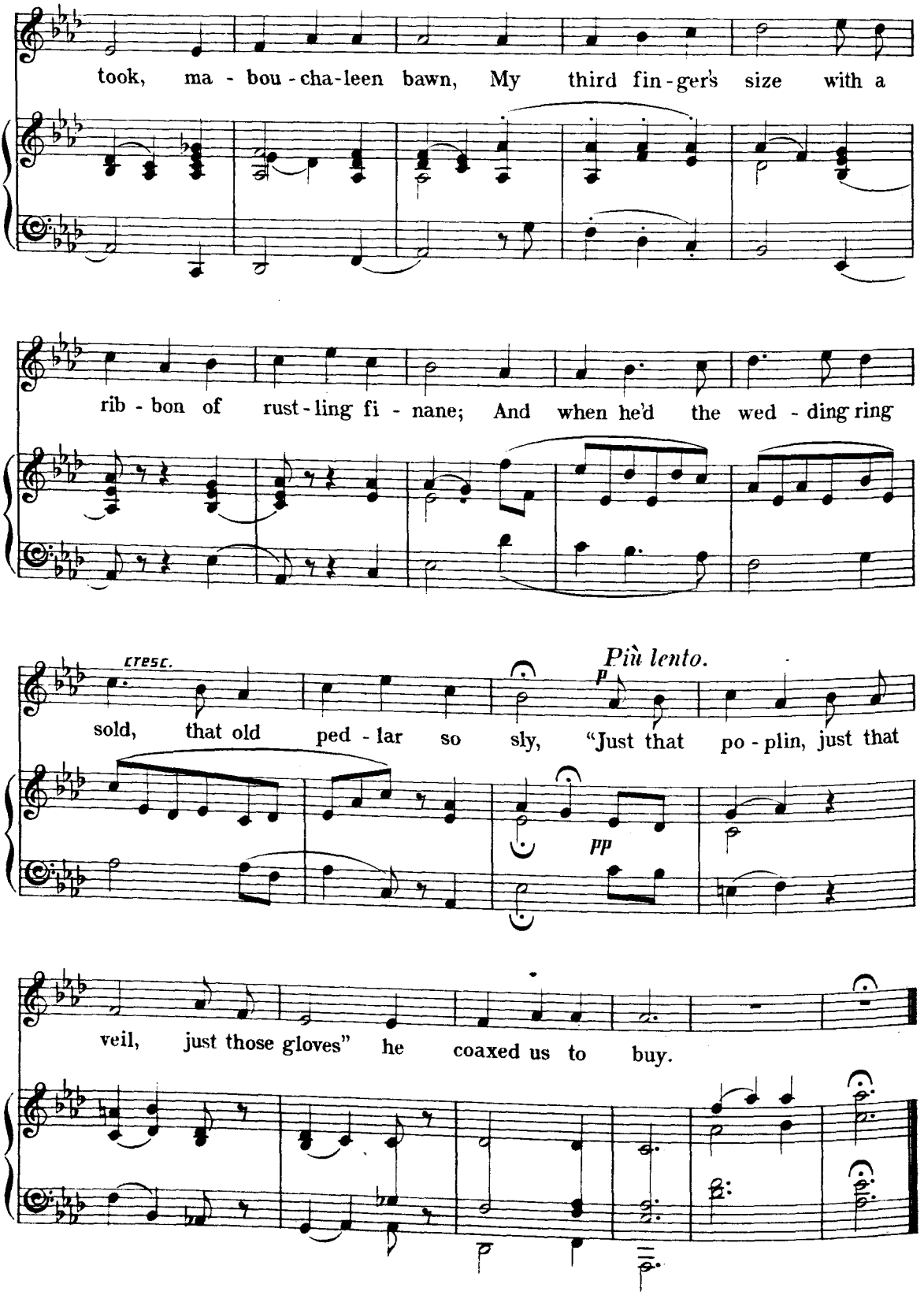
THE ROVING PEDLAR.



Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co


rall.
mf
ped - lar's long cry; "Come buy my pret - ty wares, pret - ty
p
wares, Come buy, come buy."
p
Not a cloud in the air, All the woods one
pp
war - ble of song, And we just a pair Of wood -
sempre pp

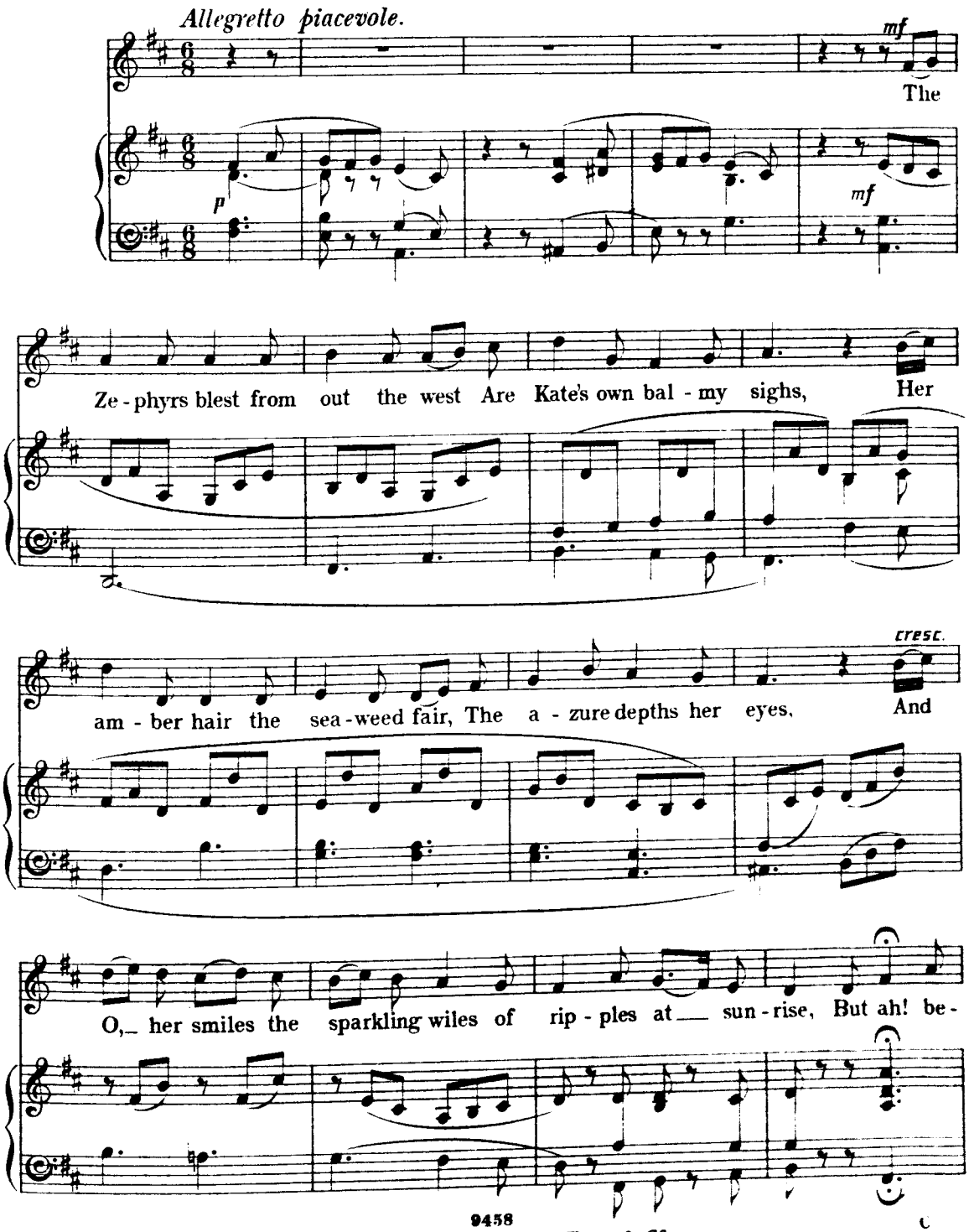

pi-geons coo - coo-ing a-long; When he, o-ver-
-hear-ing us, cun-ning-ly al-ters his cry: "Wedding poplins, wedding
veils, wed-ding rings! come buy,— come buy!"
f
One look in my eyes And you
cresc.
f


took, ma - bou - cha - leen bawn, My third fin - ger's size with a
rib - bon of rust - ling fi - nane; And when he'd the wed - ding ring
cresc.
Più lento.
p
sold, that old ped - lar so sly, "Just that po - plin, just that
pp
veil, just those gloves" he coaxed us to buy.

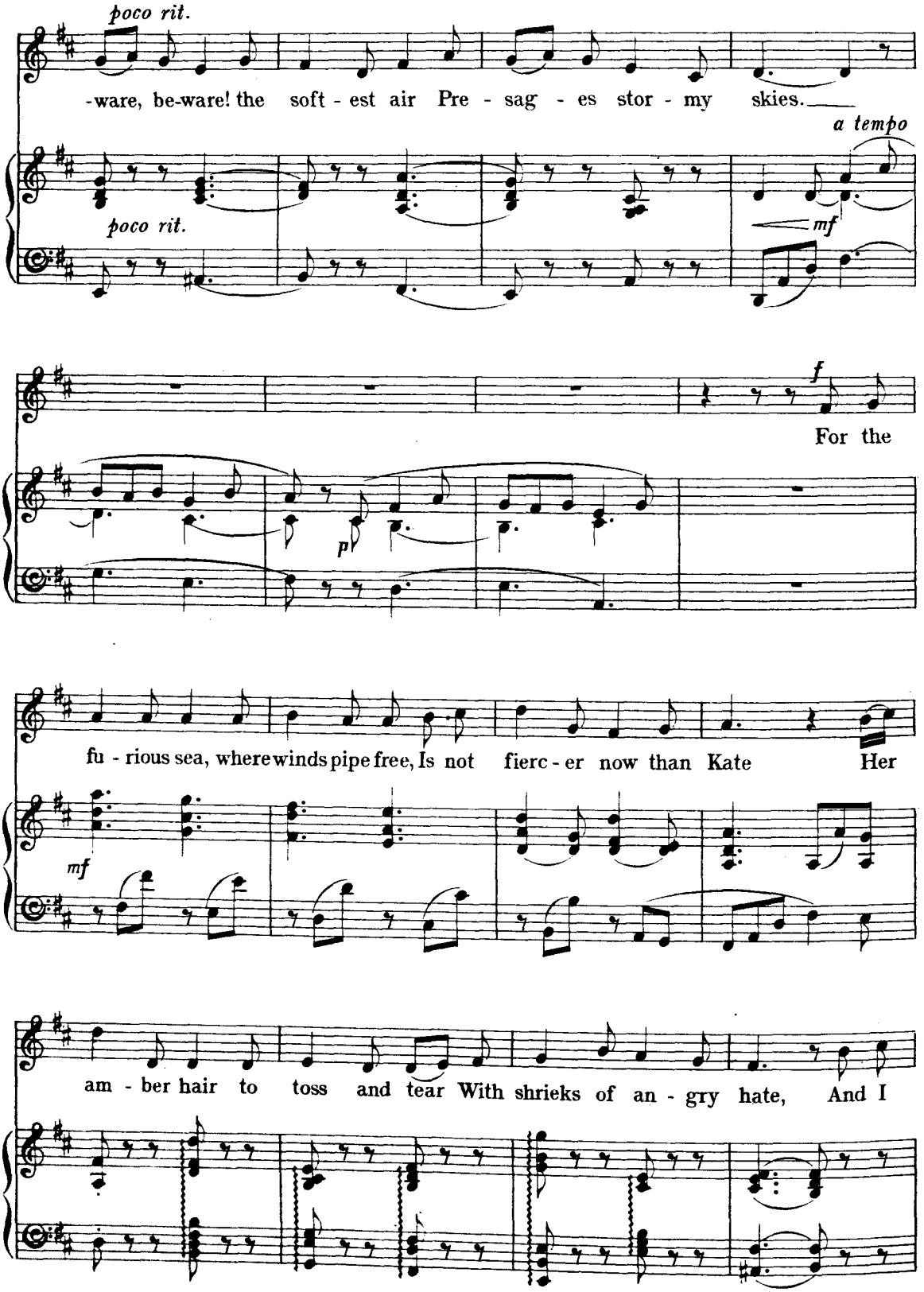
THE ZEPHYRS BLEST.

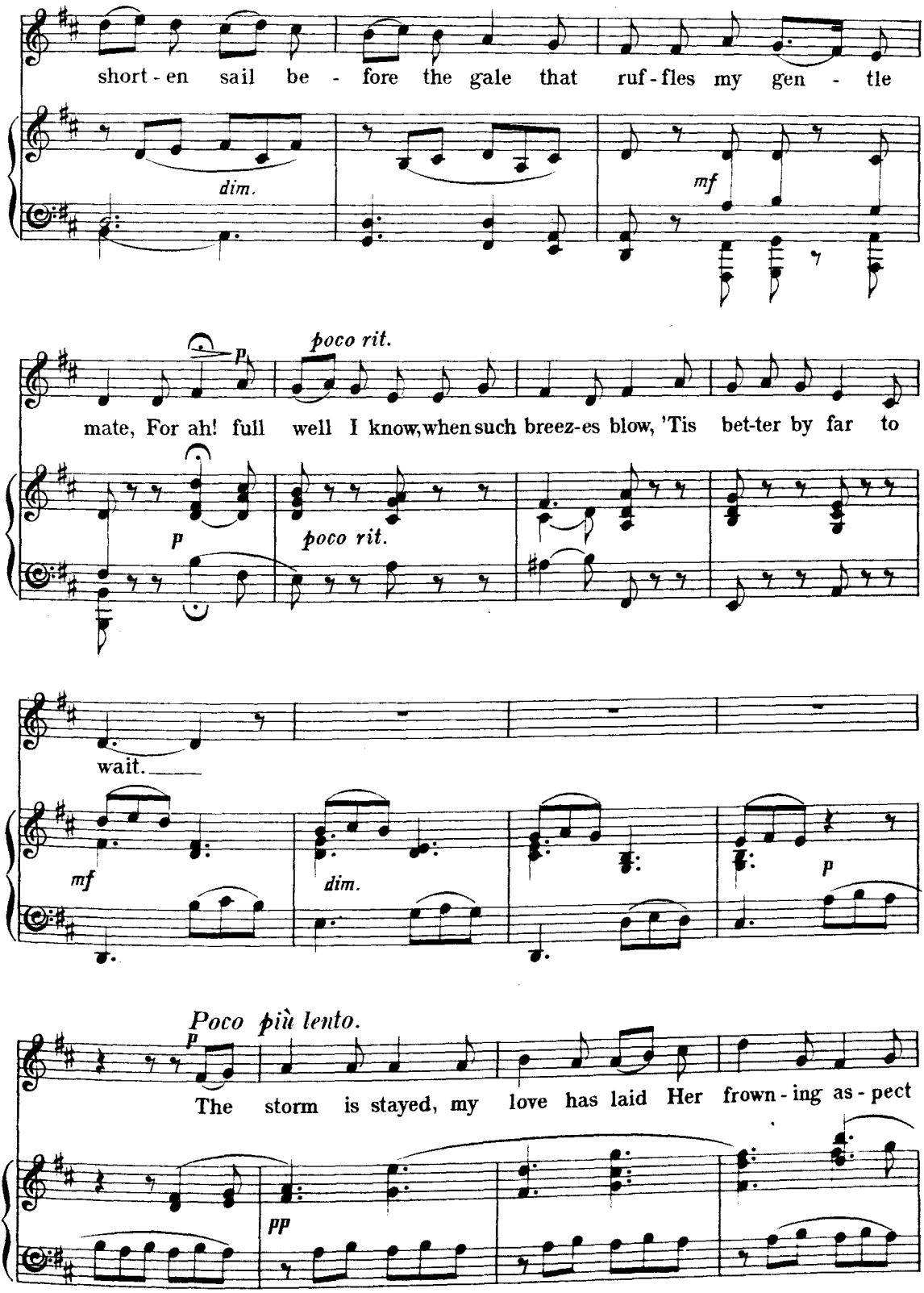
(Air. My wife is sick.)

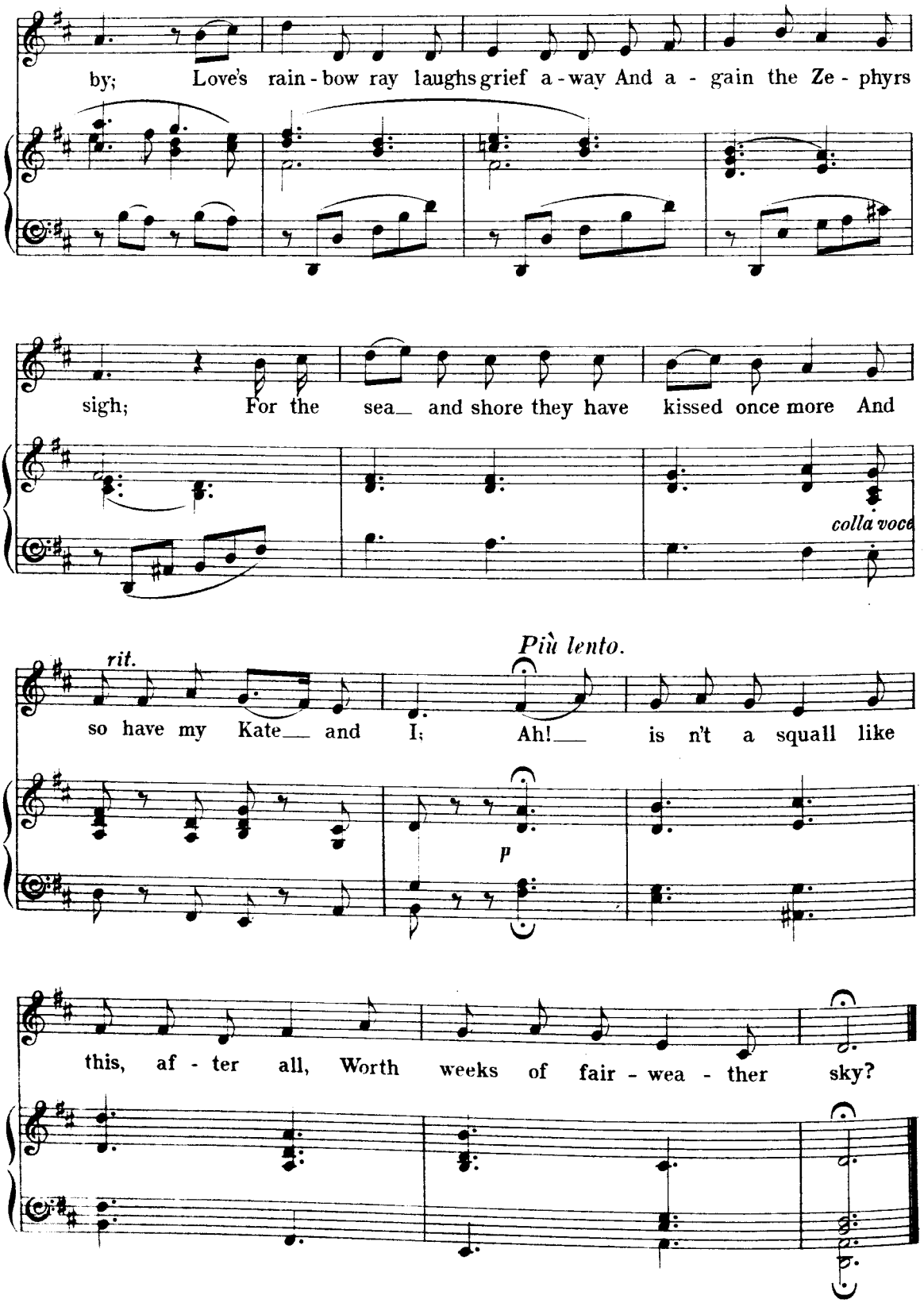
The words by Arnold F. Graves,
adapted by Alfred P. Graves.



Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co

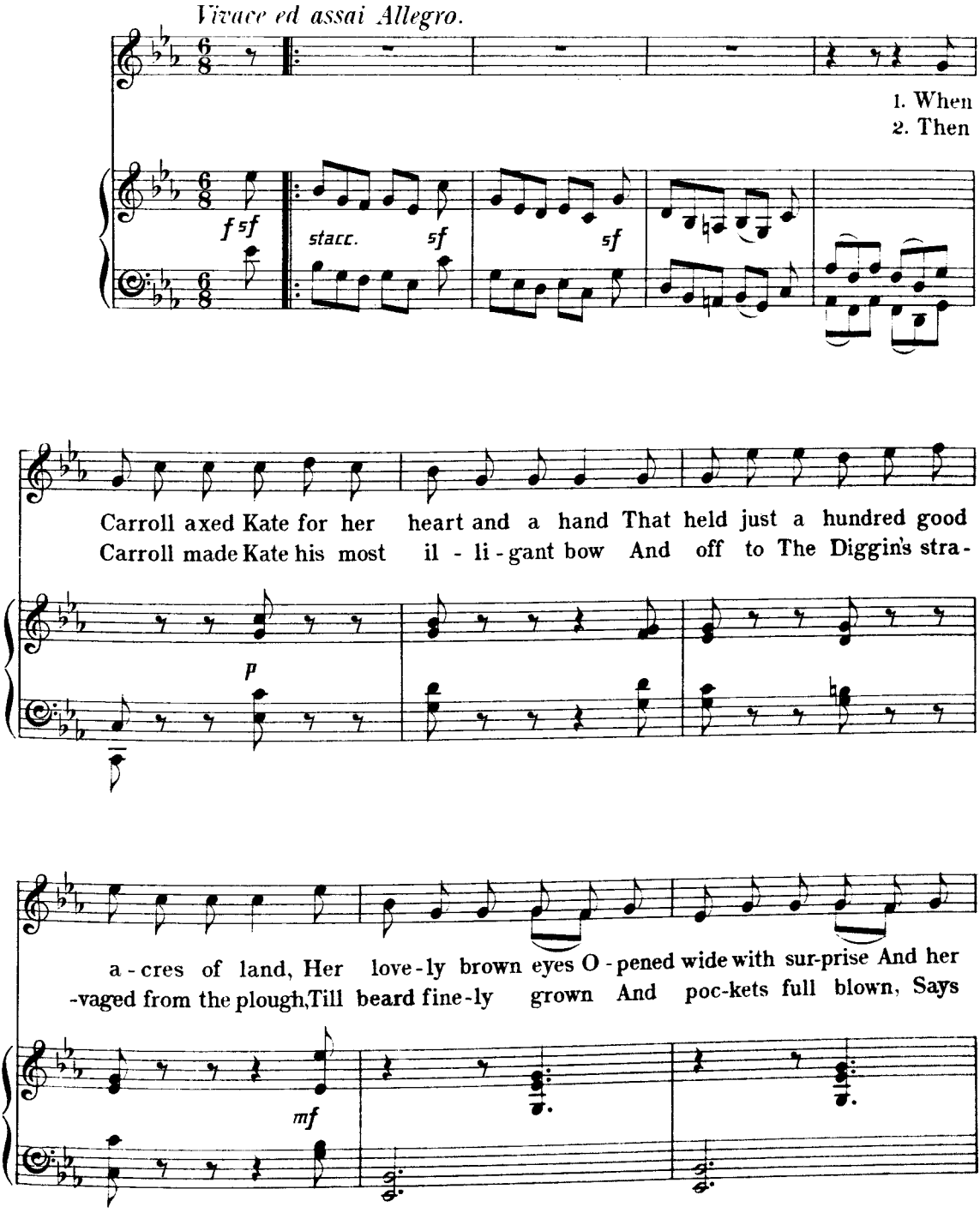

poco rit.
-ware, be-ware! the soft - est air Pre - sag - es stor - my skies.
a tempo
poco rit.
mf
f
For the
p
fu - rious sea, where winds pipe free, Is not fierc - er now than Kate Her
mf
am - ber hair to toss and tear With shrieks of an - gry hate, And I


short - en sail be - fore the gale that ruf - fles my gen - tle
dim.
mf
p
poco rit.
mate, For ah! full well I know, when such breez-es blow, 'Tis bet-ter by far to
p
poco rit.
wait.
mf
dim.
p
Poco più lento.
p
The storm is stayed, my love has laid Her frown - ing as - pect
pp

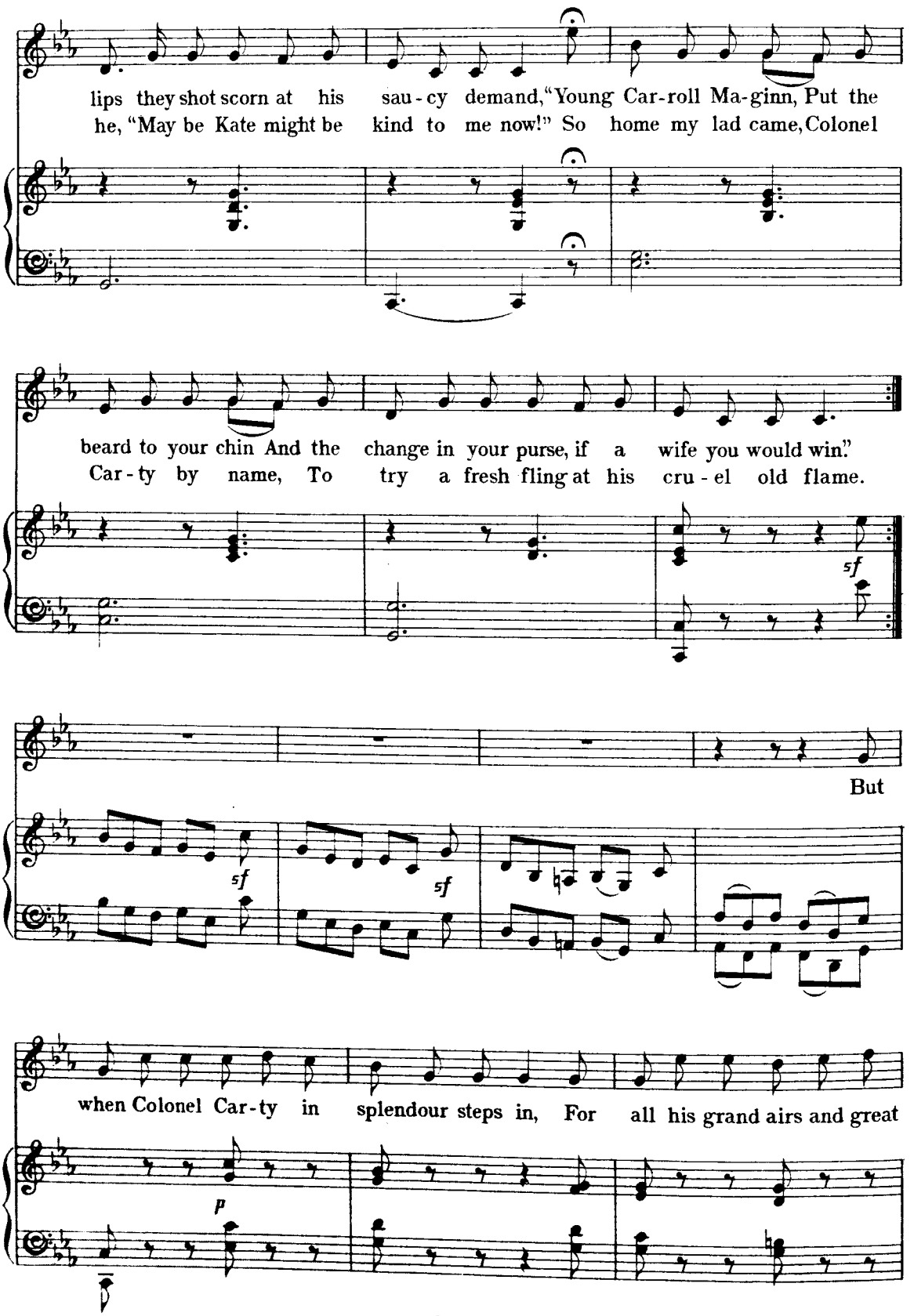

by; Love's rain - bow ray laughs grief a - way And a - gain the Ze - phyrs
sigh; For the sea_ and shore they have kissed once more And
colla voce
rit.
Più lento.
so have my Kate_ and I; Ah!_ is n't a squall like
p
this, af - ter all, Worth weeks of fair - wea - ther sky?

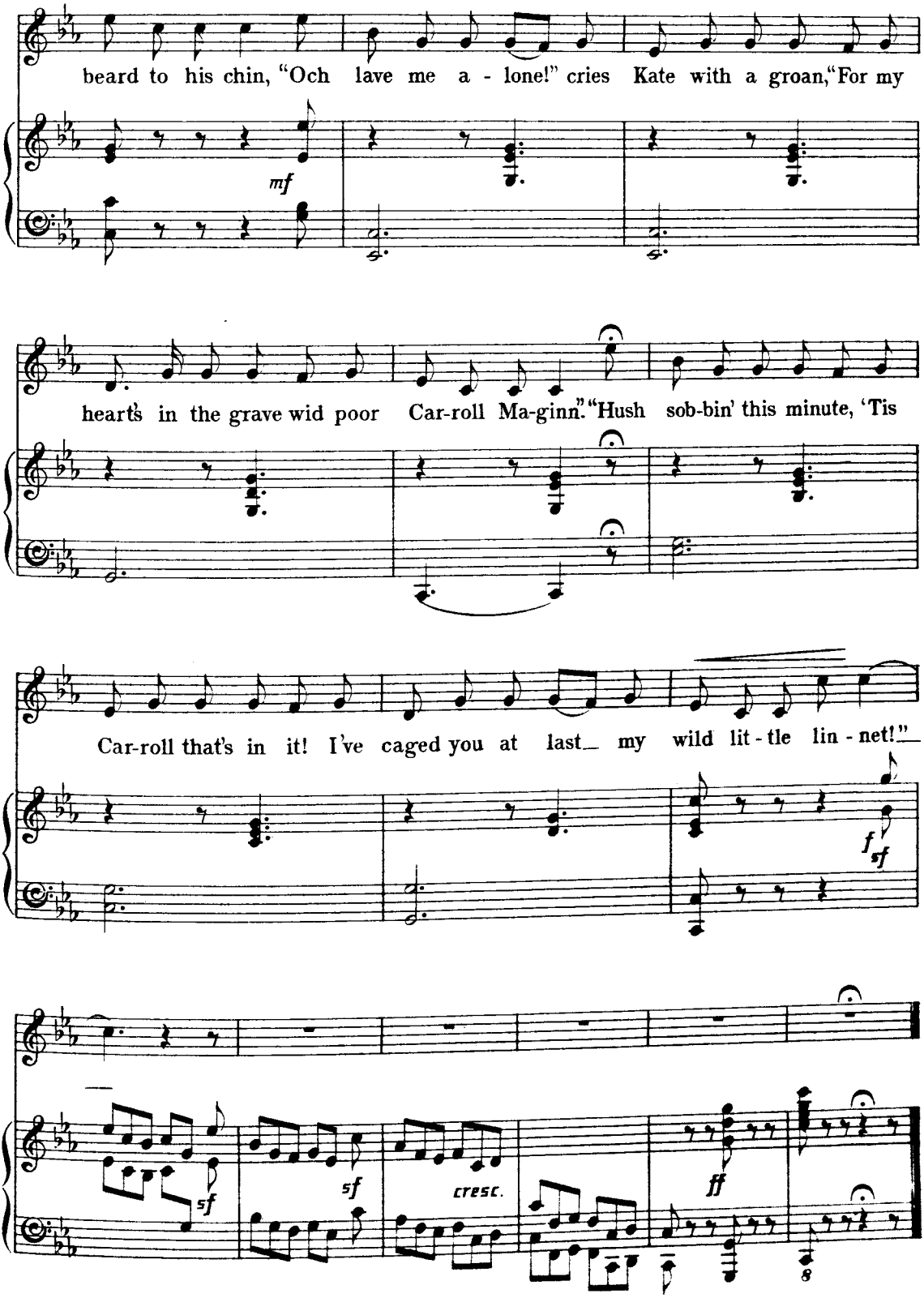
COLONEL CARTY.

(Air. Oh! what shall I do with this silly old man?)

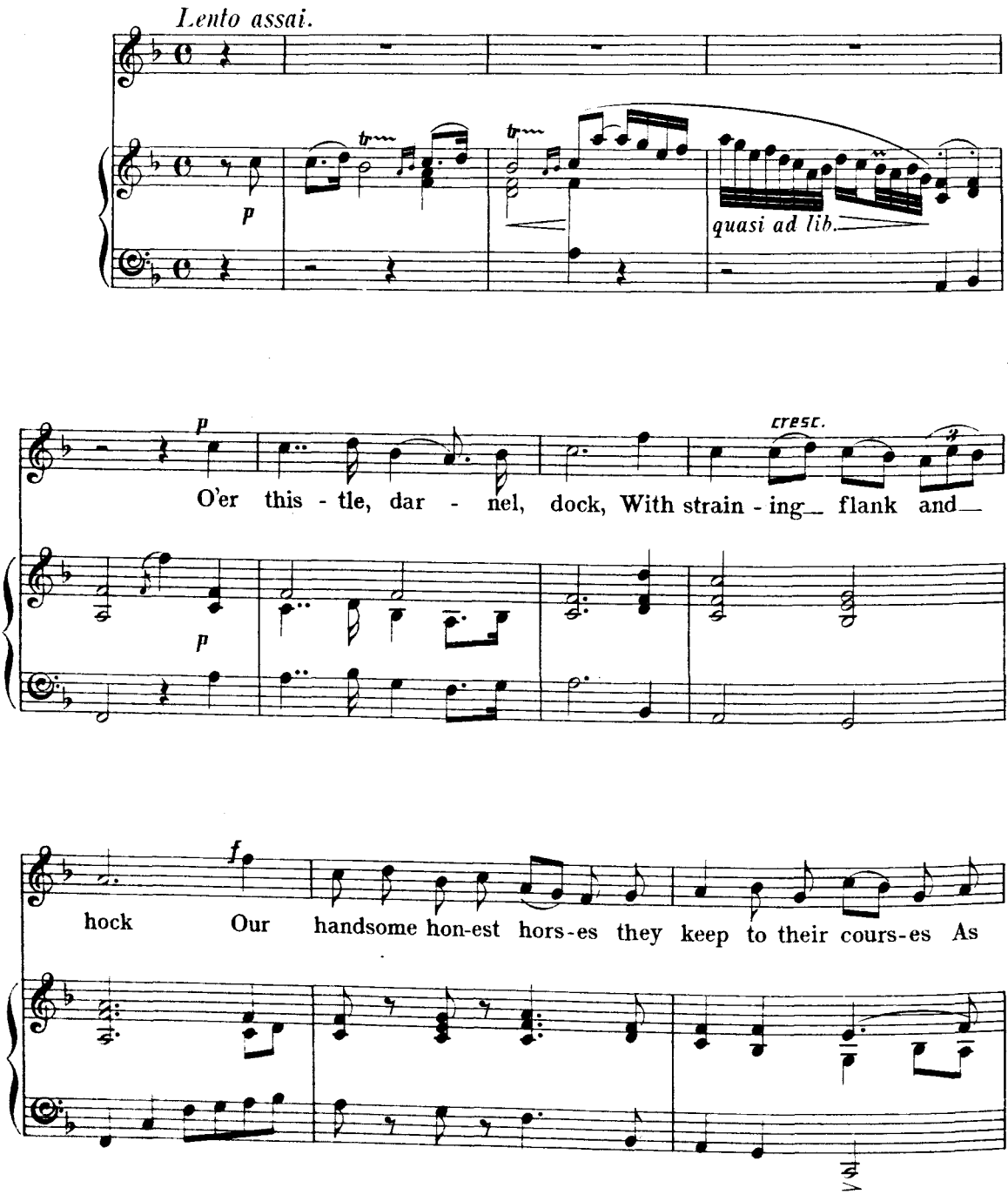


Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co

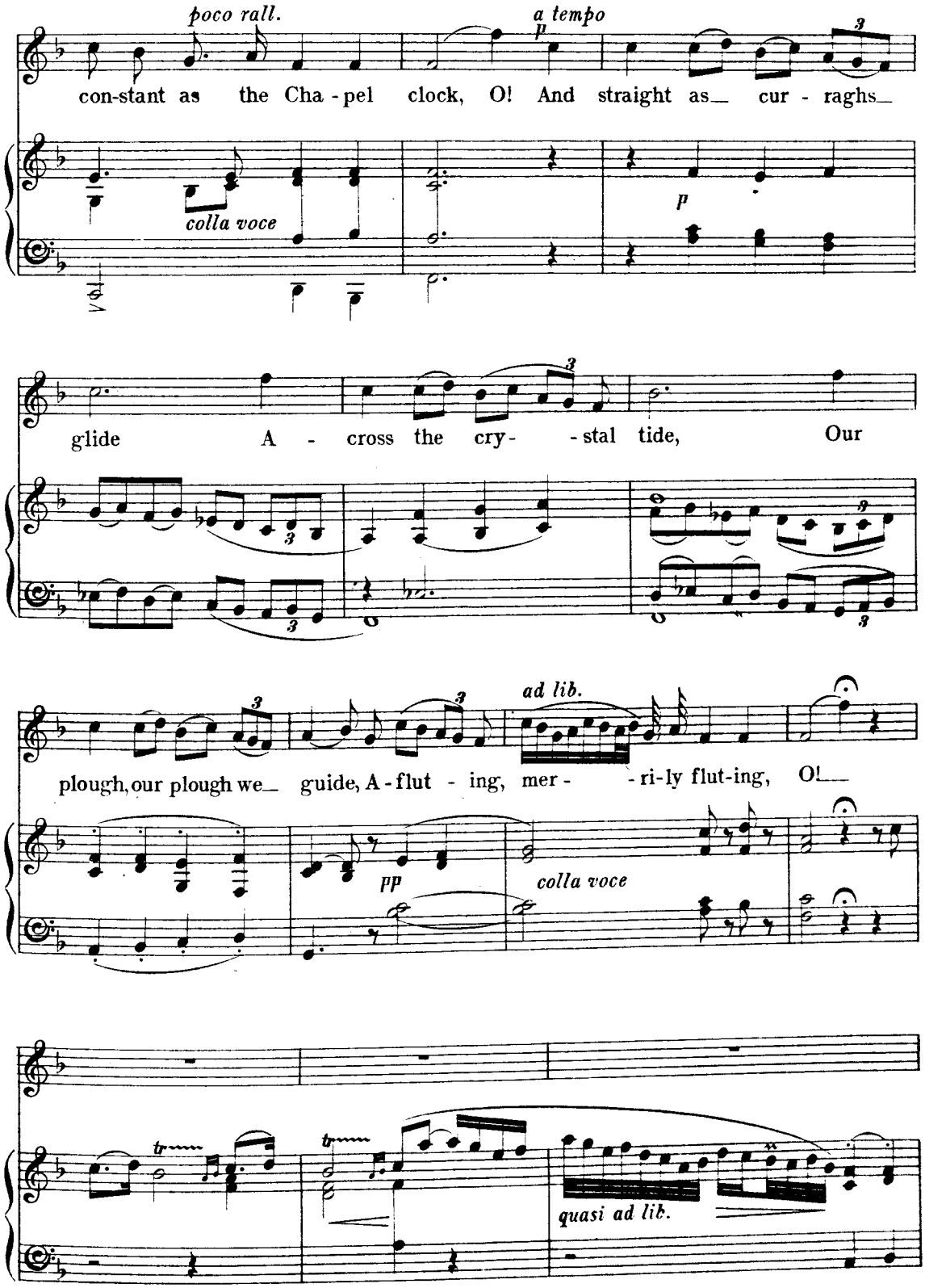

lips they shot scorn at his sau - cy demand, "Young Car-roll Ma-ginn, Put the
he, "May be Kate might be kind to me now!" So home my lad came, Colonel
beard to your chin And the change in your purse, if a wife you would win."
Car - ty by name, To try a fresh fling at his cru - el old flame.
sf
But
sf
sf
when Colonel Car-ty in splendour steps in, For all his grand airs and great
p

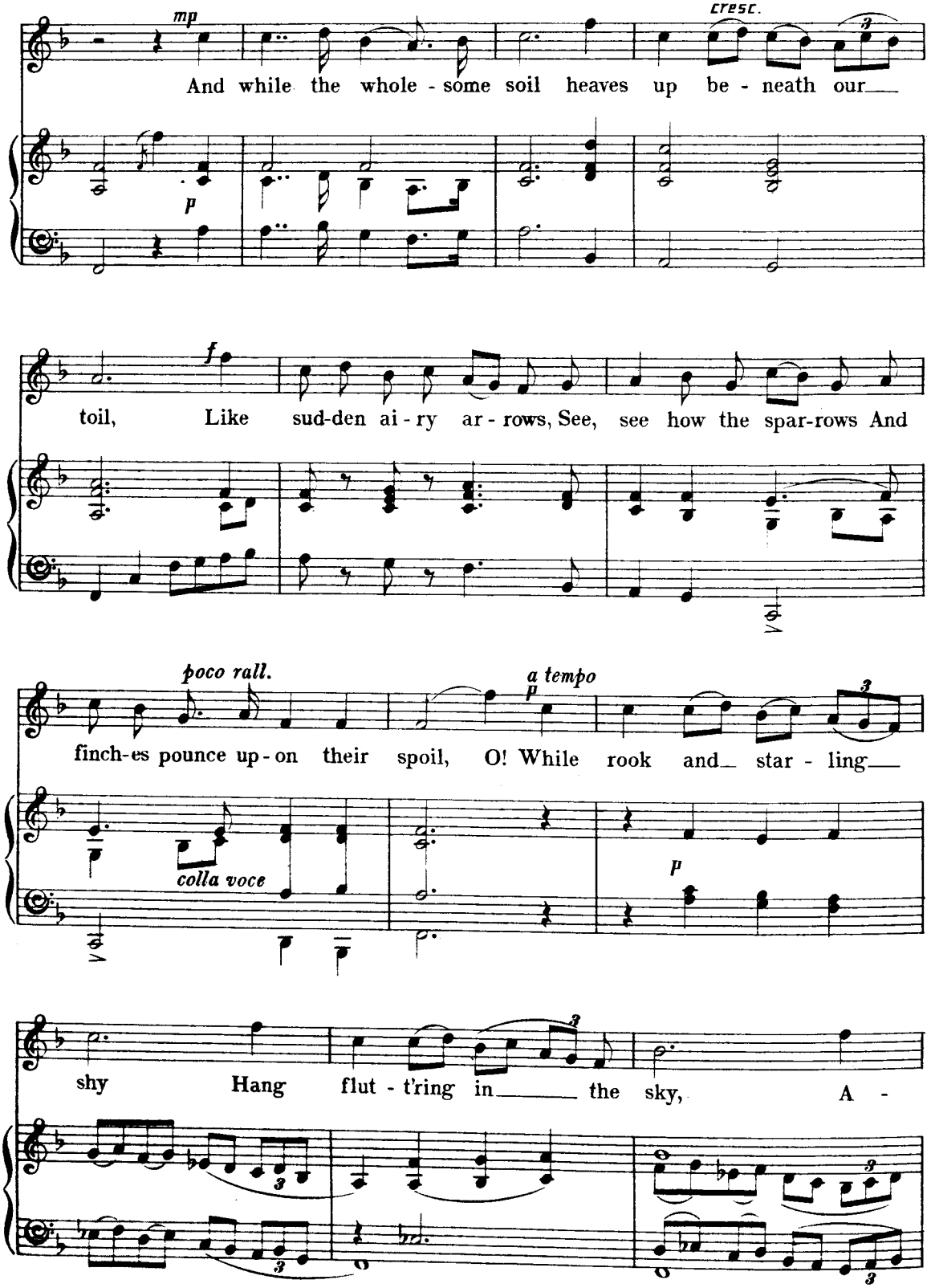

beard to his chin, "Och lave me a - lone!" cries Kate with a groan, "For my
mf
hearts in the grave wid poor Car-roll Ma-ginn." "Hush sob-bin' this minute, 'Tis
Car-roll that's in it! I've caged you at last my wild lit - tle lin - net!"
f
sf
sf
sf
cresc.
ff
8

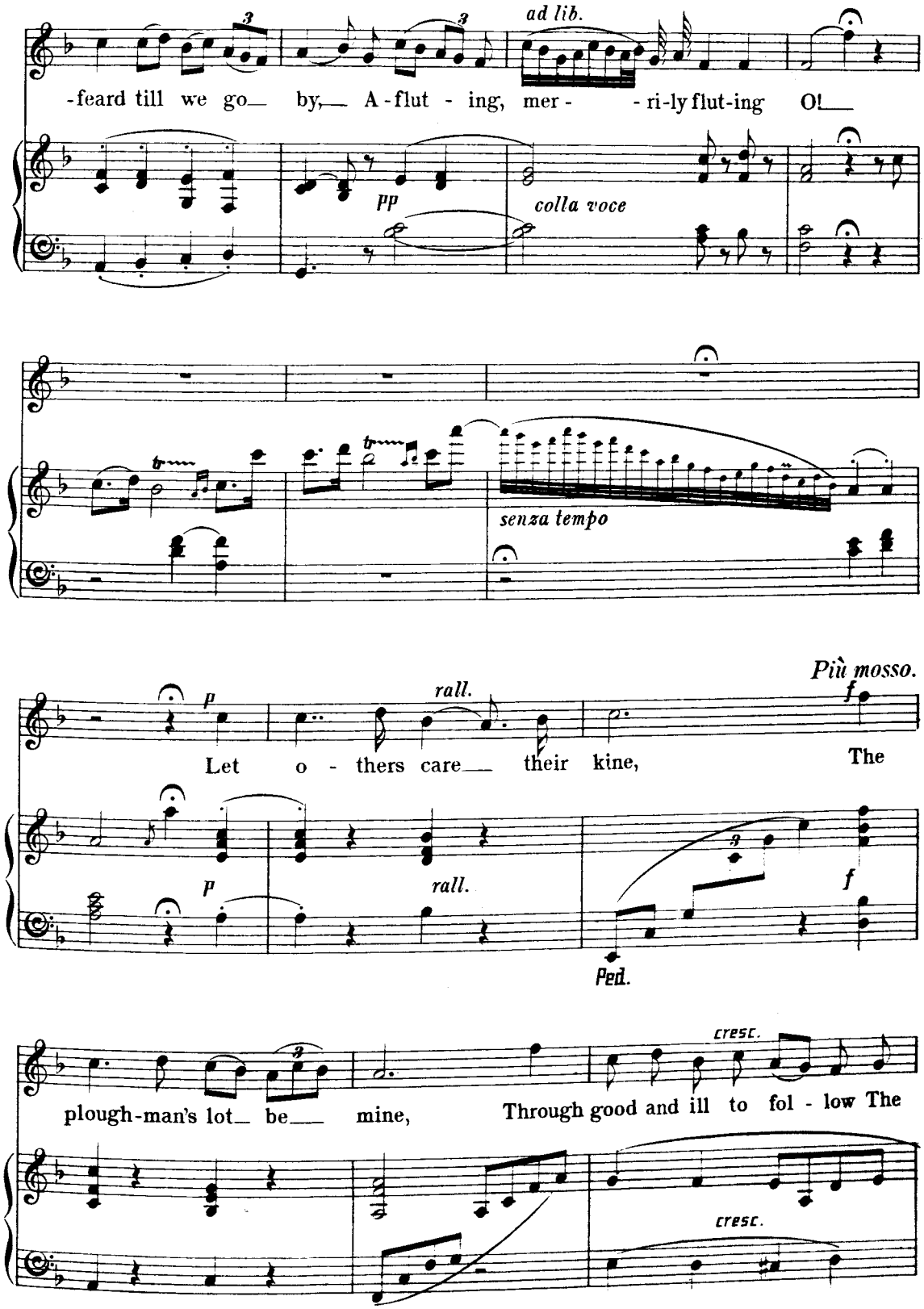
THE PLOUGHMAN'S WHISTLE.

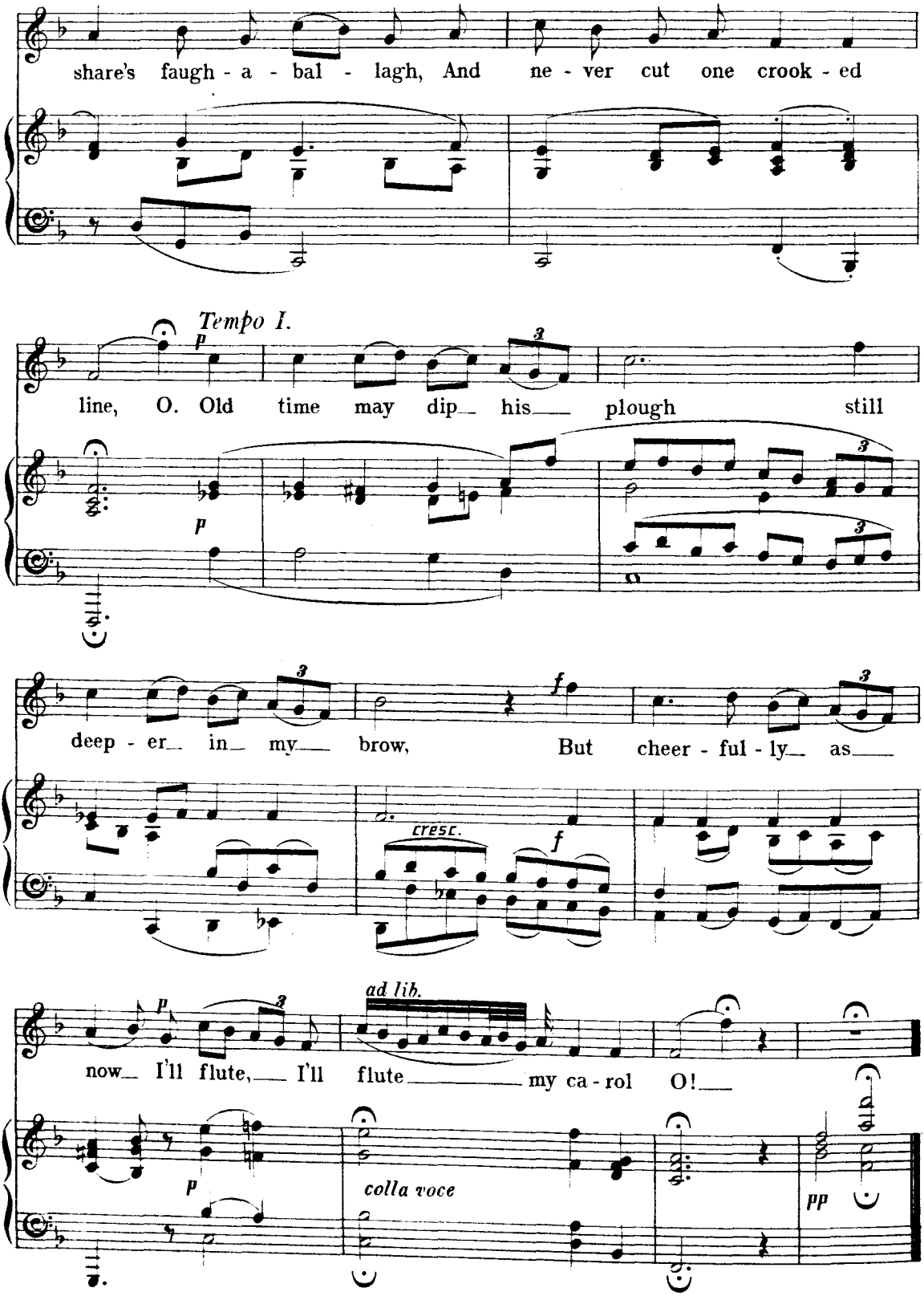


Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co


poco rall.
a tempo
p
con-stant as the Cha - pel clock, O! And straight as_ cur - raghs_
colla voce
p
glide A - cross the cry- - stal tide, Our
ad lib.
plough, our plough we_ guide, A - flut - ing, mer- - ri-ly flut-ing, O!_
pp
colla voce
quasi ad lib.

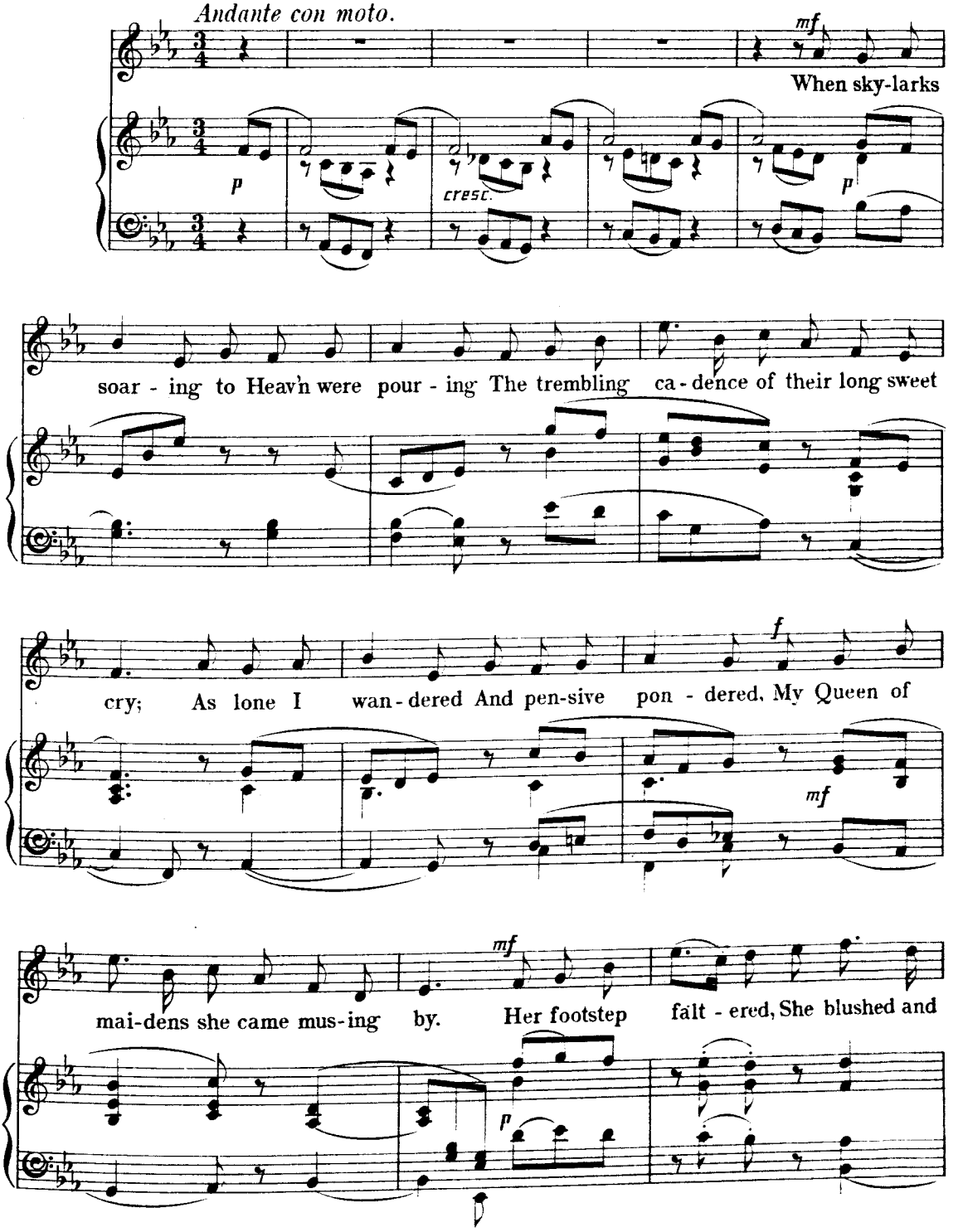

mp
cresc.
And while the whole - some soil heaves up be - neath our
p
f
toil, Like sud-den ai - ry ar - rows, See, see how the spar-rows And
poco rall.
a tempo
p
finch-es pounce up - on their spoil, O! While rook and star - ling
colla voce
p
shy Hang flut - t'ring in the sky, A -


ad lib.
-feard till we go by, A-flut-ing, mer- -ri-ly flut-ing O!
pp
colla voce
senza tempo
Più mosso.
rall.
Let o-thers care their kine, The
rall.
Ped.
cresc.
plough-man's lot be mine, Through good and ill to fol-low The
cresc.

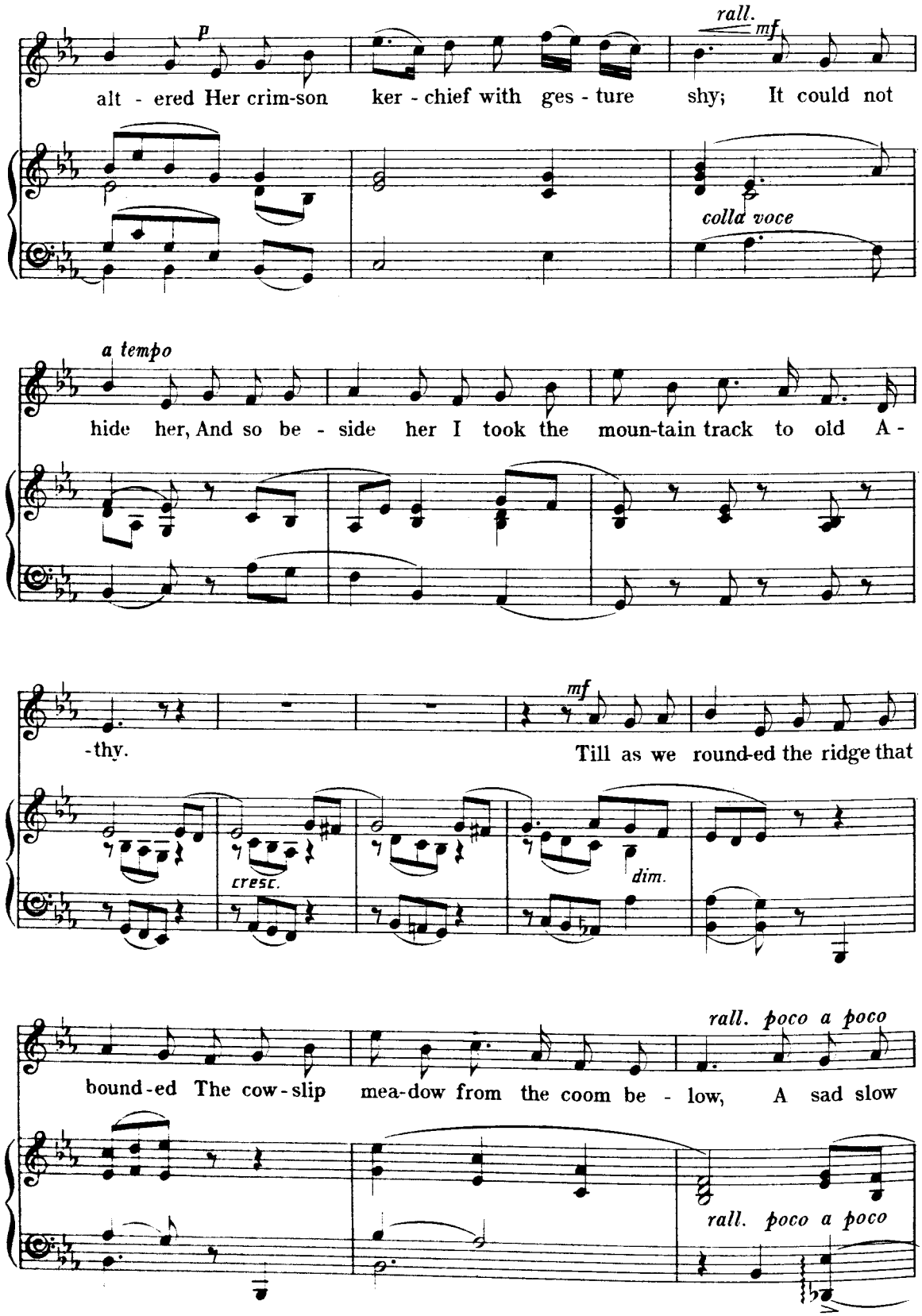

share's faugh - a - bal - lagh, And ne - ver cut one crook - ed
Tempo I.
p
line, O. Old time may dip his plough still
p
deep - er in my brow, But cheer - ful - ly as
f
cresc.
f
now I'll flute, I'll flute my ca - rol O!
ad lib.
p
colla voce
pp

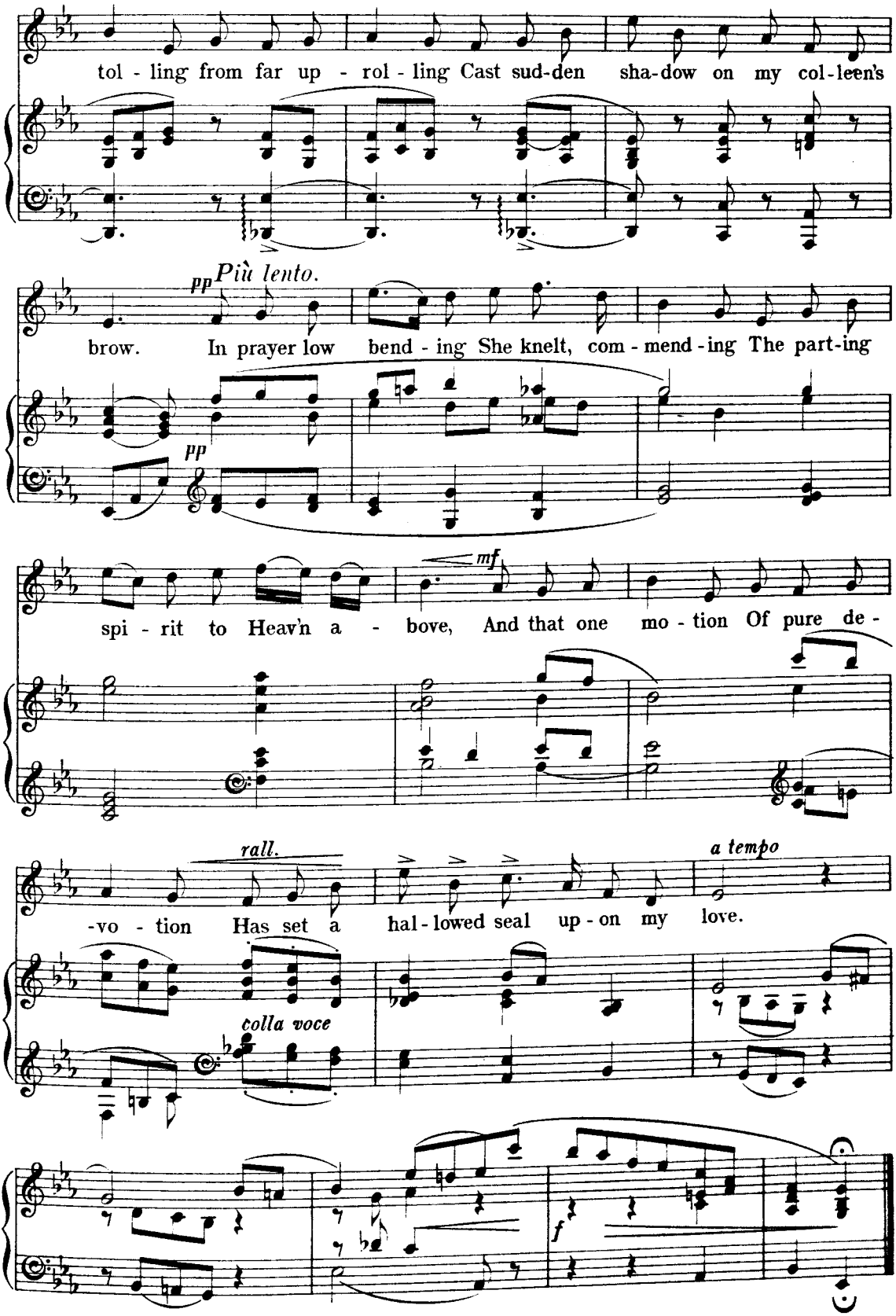
LOVE'S HALLOWED SEAL.

(Air. Consider well, all ye pretty young maids.)



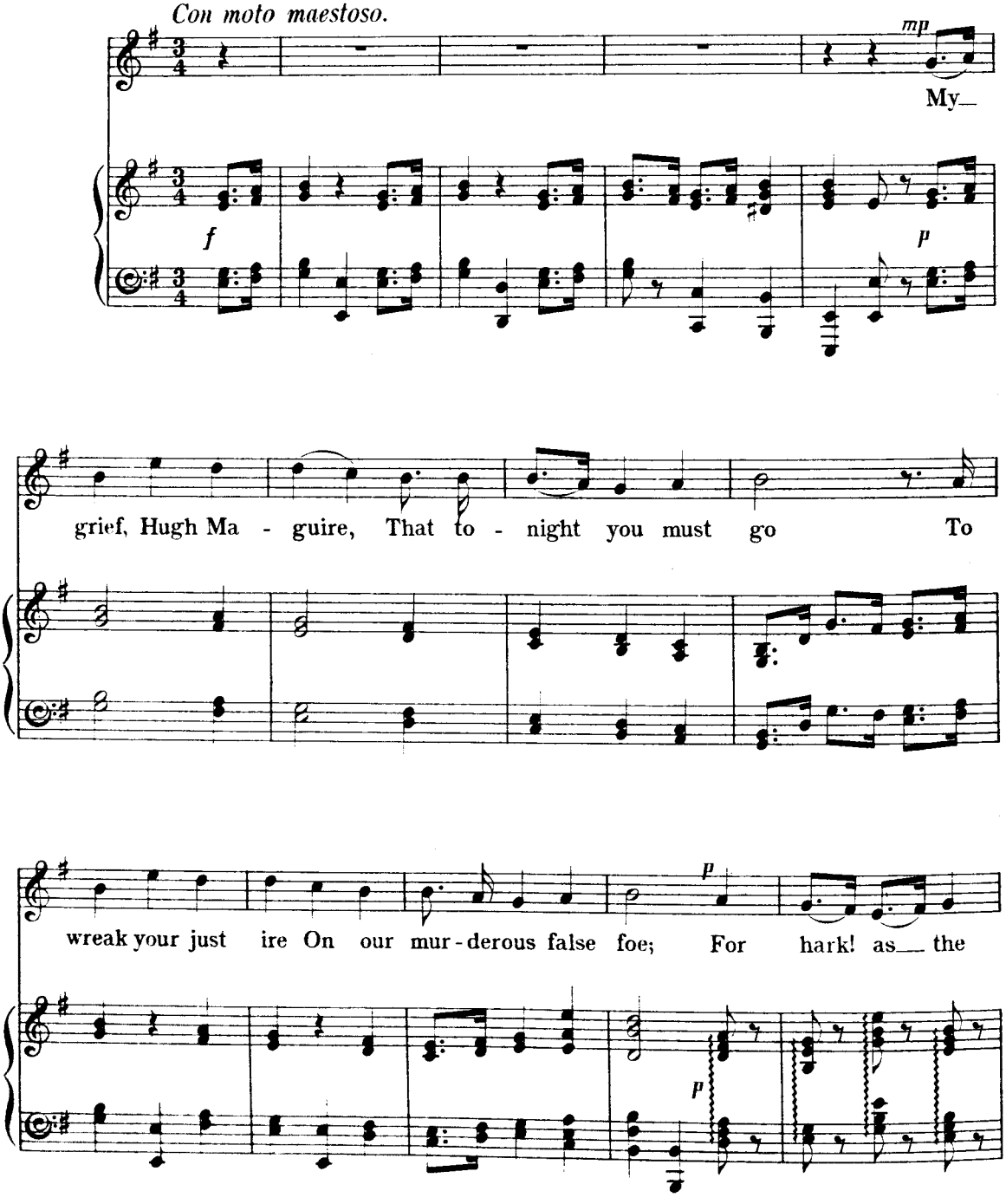
Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co


rall.
p
mf
alt - ered Her crim-son ker - chief with ges - ture shy; It could not
colla voce
a tempo
hide her, And so be - side her I took the moun-tain track to old A -
-thy.
mf
Till as we round-ed the ridge that
cresc.
dim.
rall. poco a poco
bound-ed The cow-slip mea-dow from the coom be - low, A sad slow
rall. poco a poco

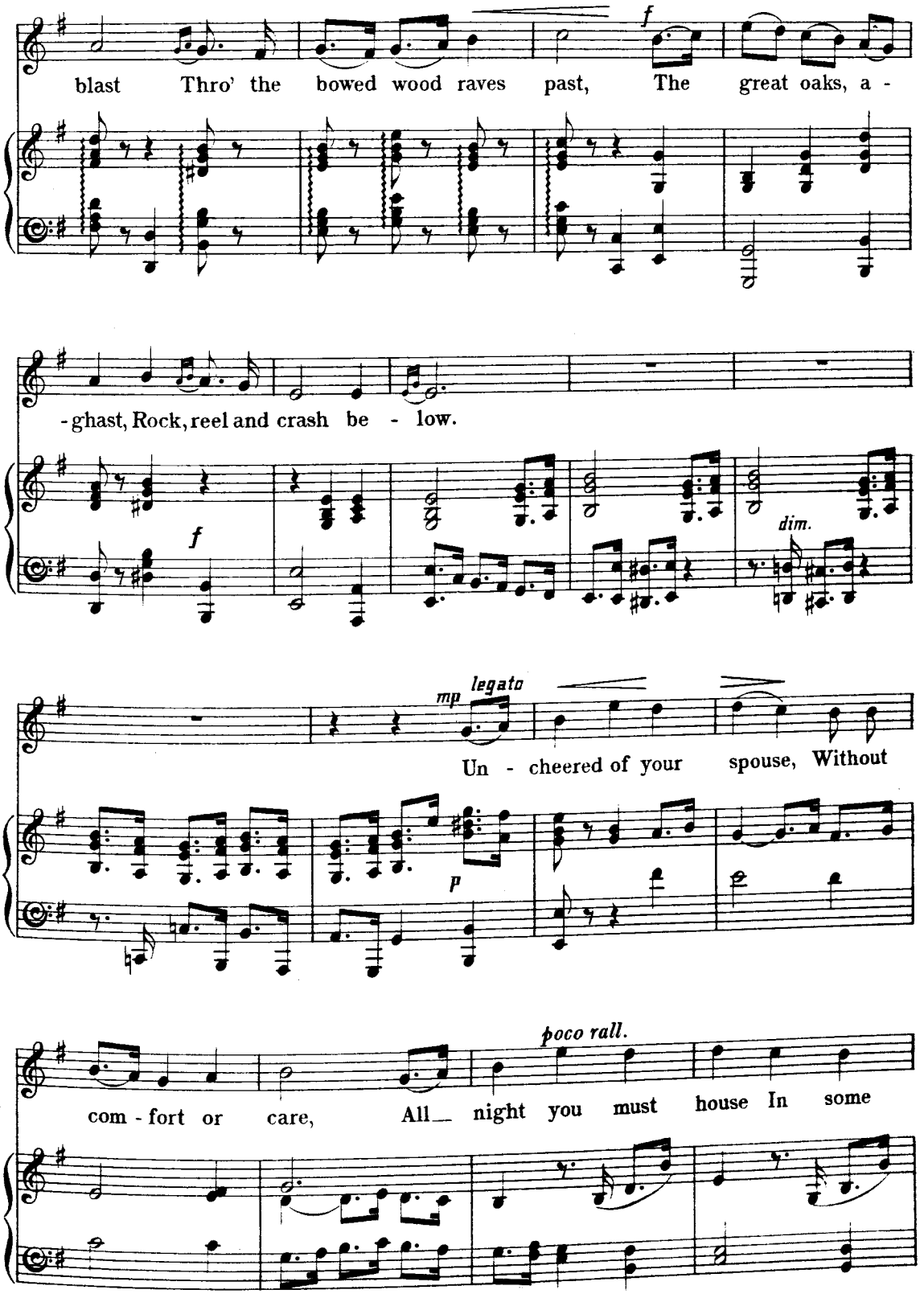

tol - ling from far up - rol - ling Cast sud-den sha-dow on my col-leen's
pp Più lento.
brow. In prayer low bend - ing She knelt, com - mend - ing The part-ing
pp
mf
spi - rit to Heav'n a - bove, And that one mo - tion Of pure de -
rall.
a tempo
-vo - tion Has set a hal - lowed seal up - on my love.
colla voce
f

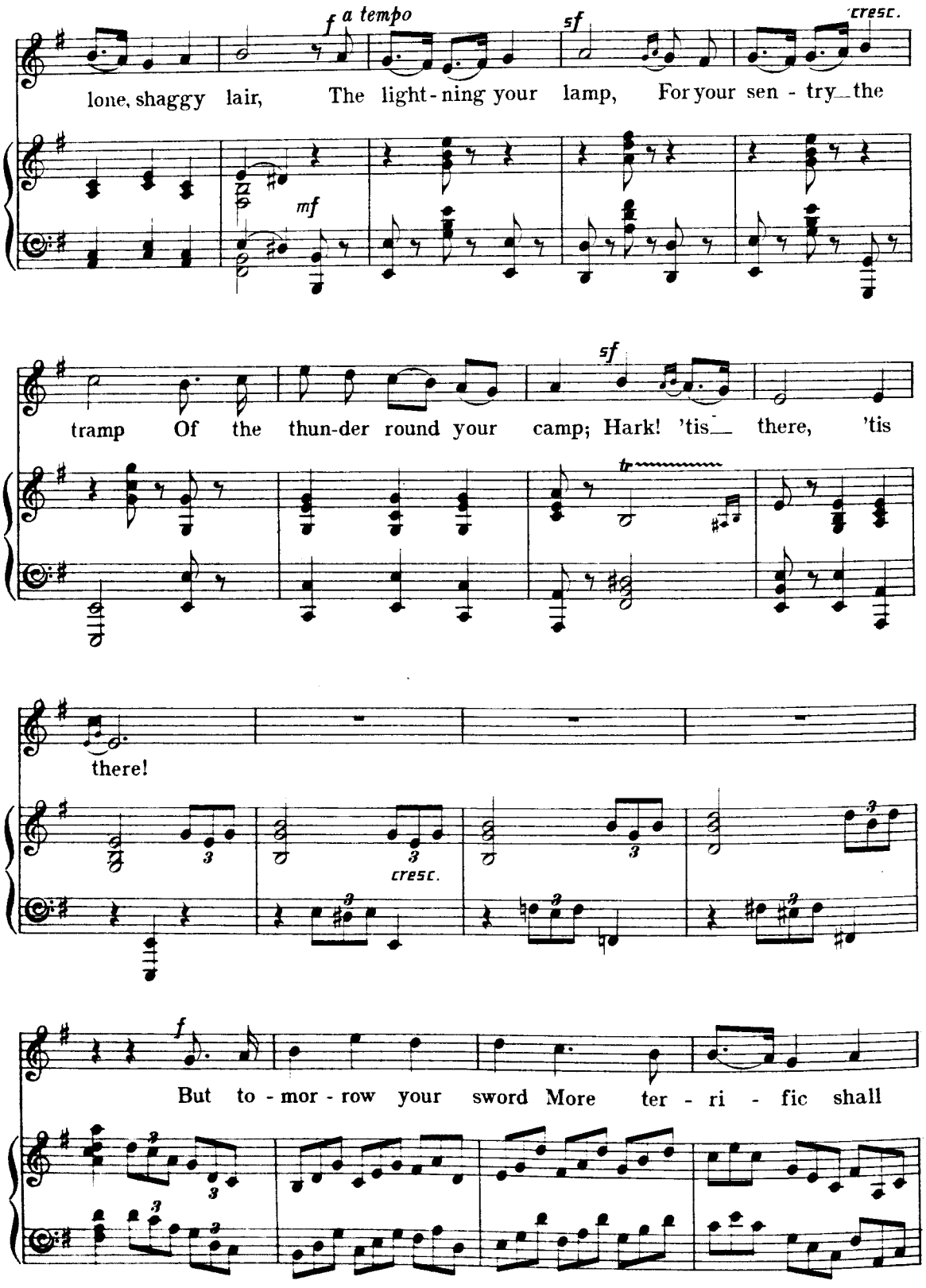
THE MARCH OF THE MAGUIRE.

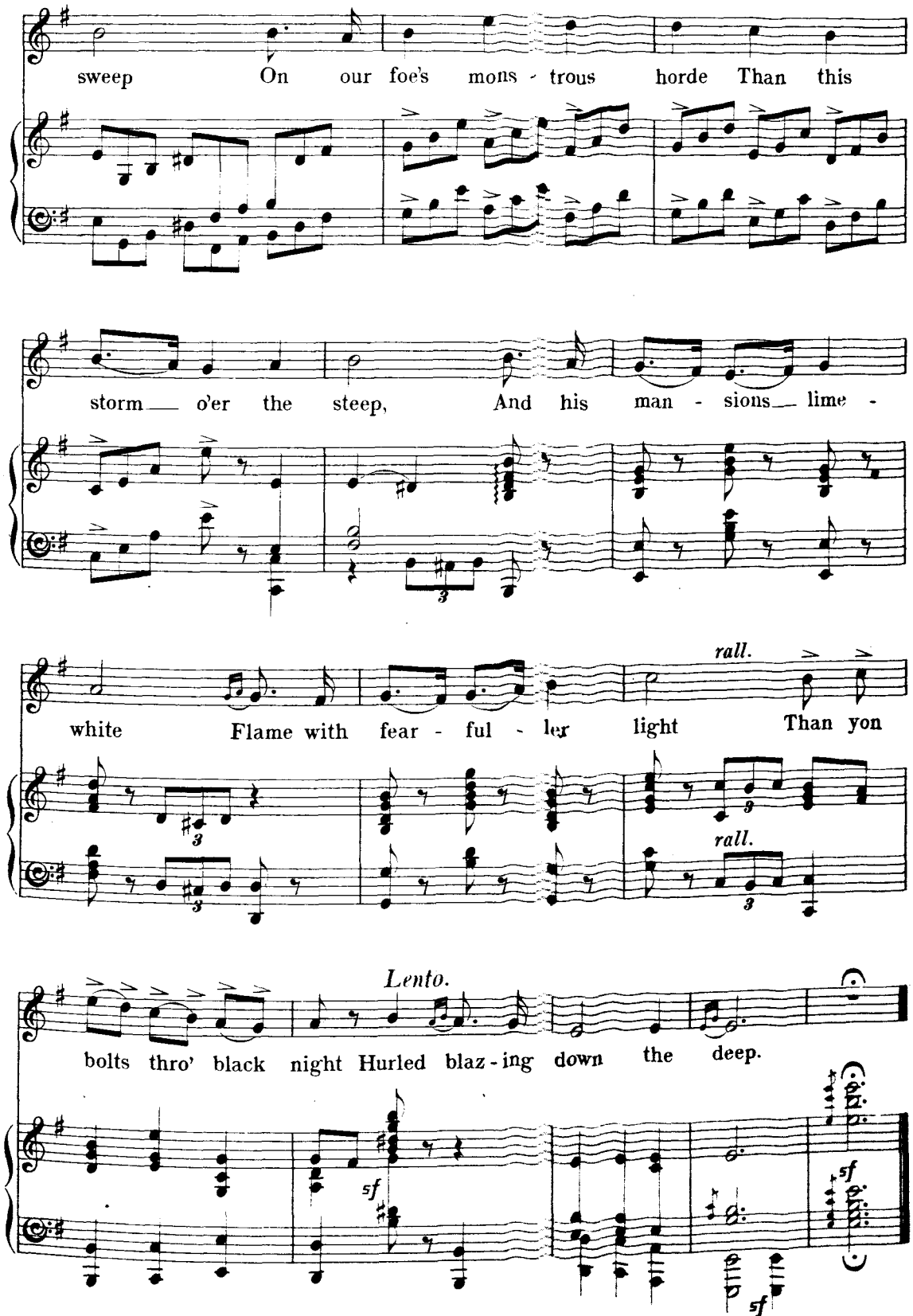
(Air. The yellow Blanket.)



Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co.

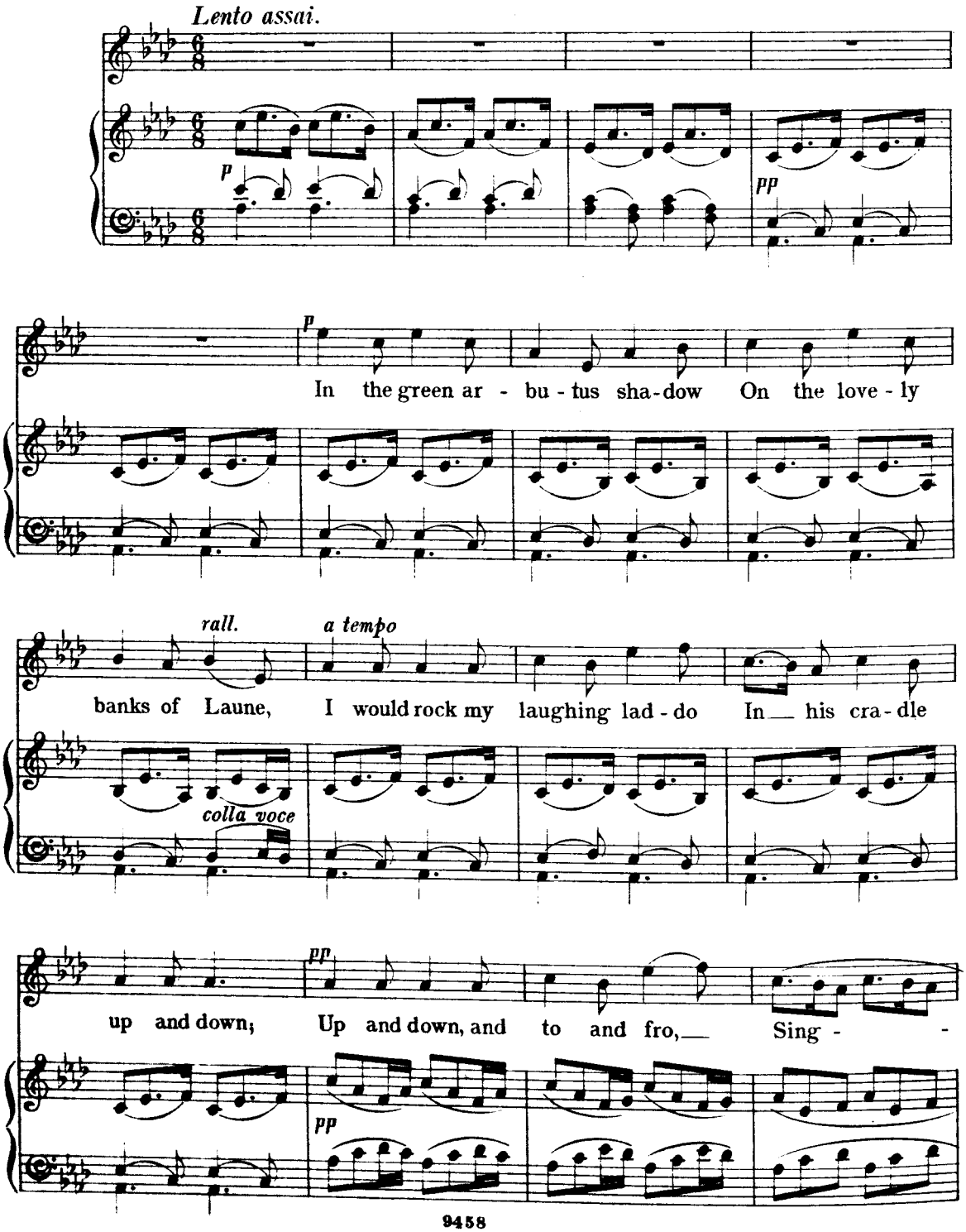

f
blast Thro' the bowed wood raves past, The great oaks, a -
-ghast, Rock, reel and crash be - low.
f
dim.
mp legato
Un - cheered of your spouse, Without
p
poco rall.
com - fort or care, All night you must house In some


f a tempo
sf
cresc.
lone, shaggy lair, The light - ning your lamp, For your sen - try the
mf
sf
tramp Of the thun-der round your camp; Hark! 'tis there, 'tis
there!
cresc.
f
But to - mor - row your sword More ter - ri - fic shall

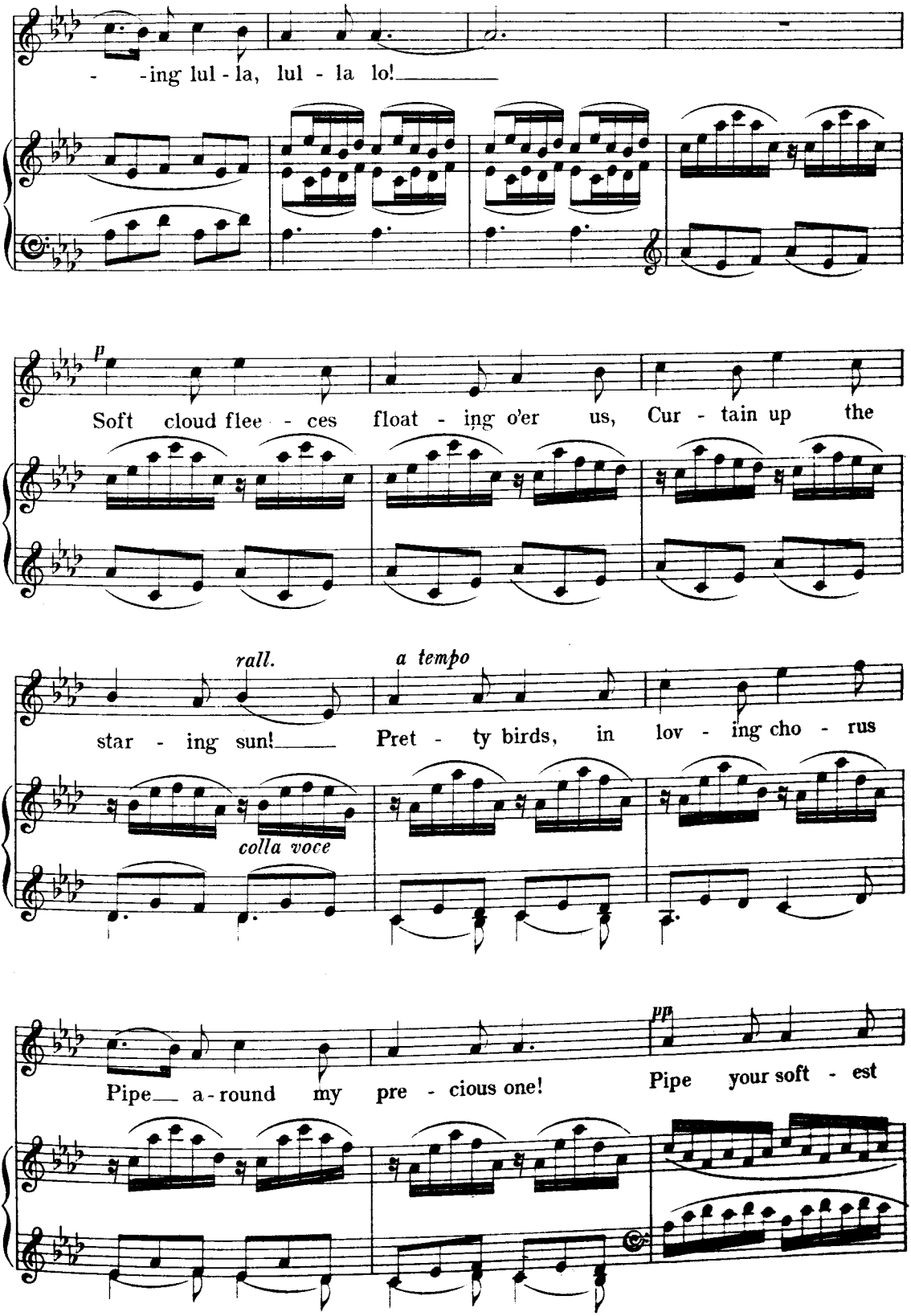

sweep On our foe's mons - trous horde Than this
storm o'er the steep, And his man - sions lime -
rall.
white Flame with fear - ful - ler light Than yon
rall.
Lento.
bolts thro' black night Hurled blaz - ing down the deep.
sf
sf
sf

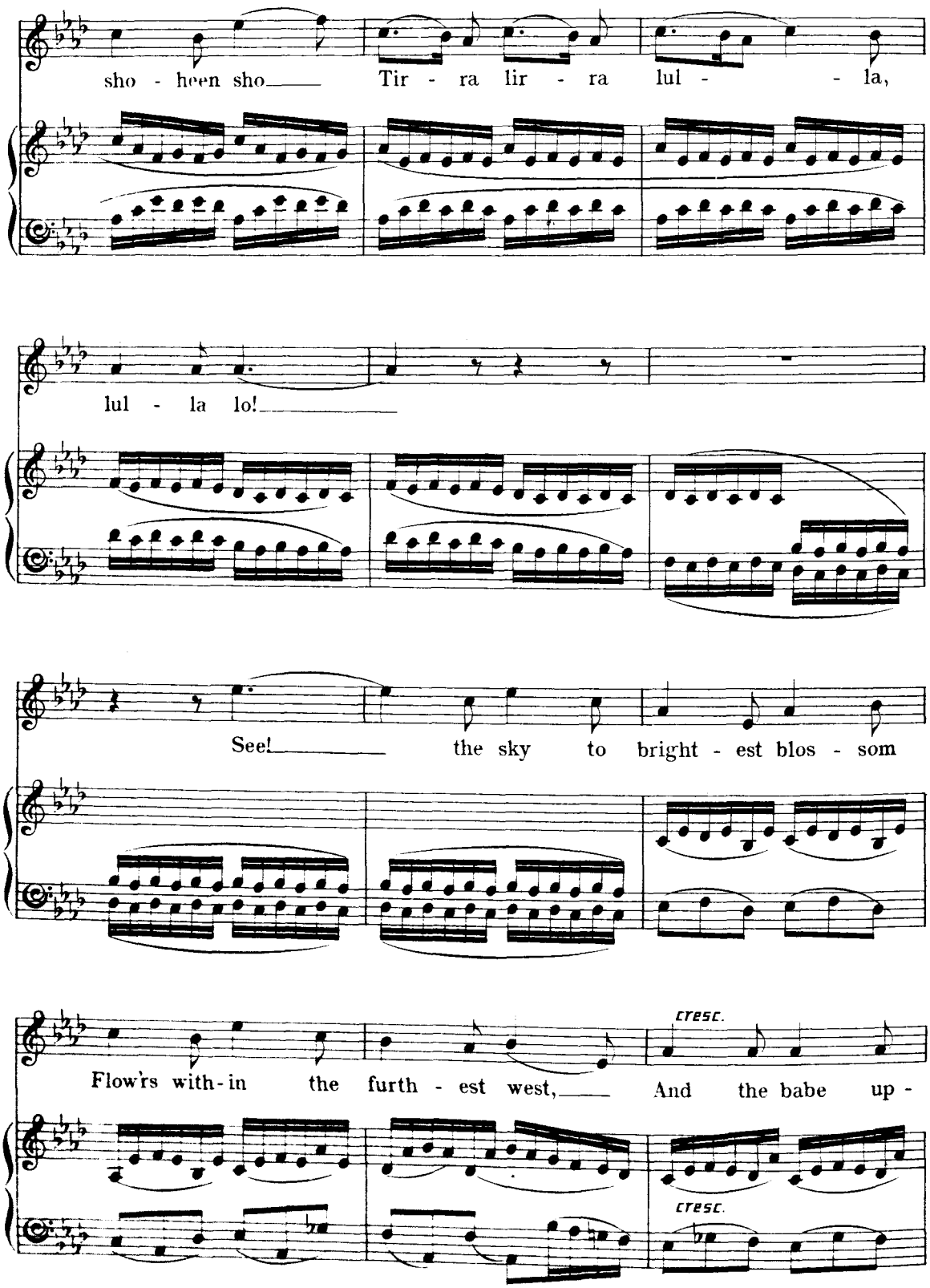
LULLABY.

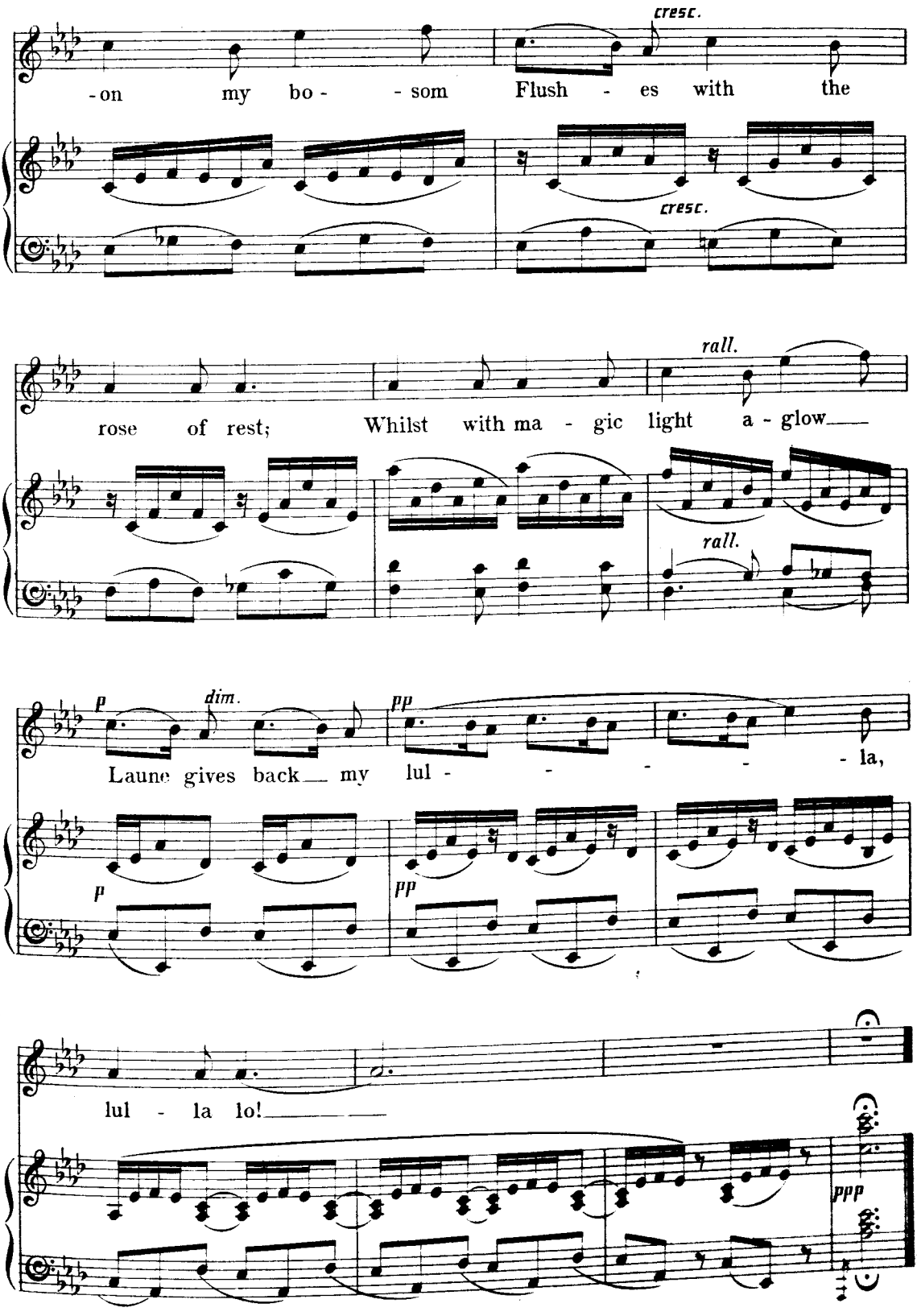
(Luimneach.)



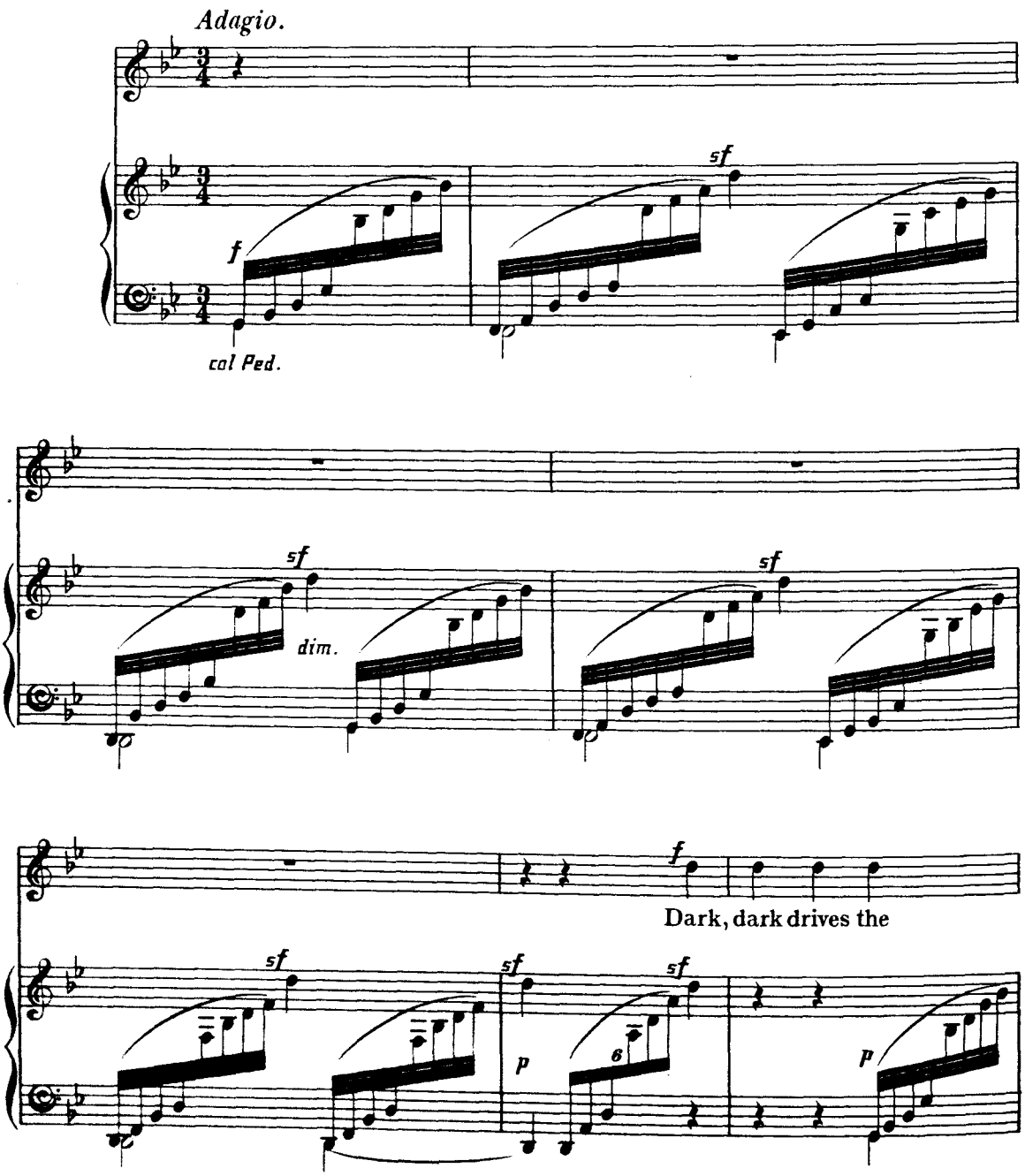
Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co.


- -ing lul - la, lul - la lo!
p
Soft cloud flee - ces float - ing o'er us, Cur - tain up the
rall.
a tempo
star - ing sun! Pret - ty birds, in lov - ing cho - rus
colla voce
pp
Pipe a - round my pre - cious one! Pipe your soft - est

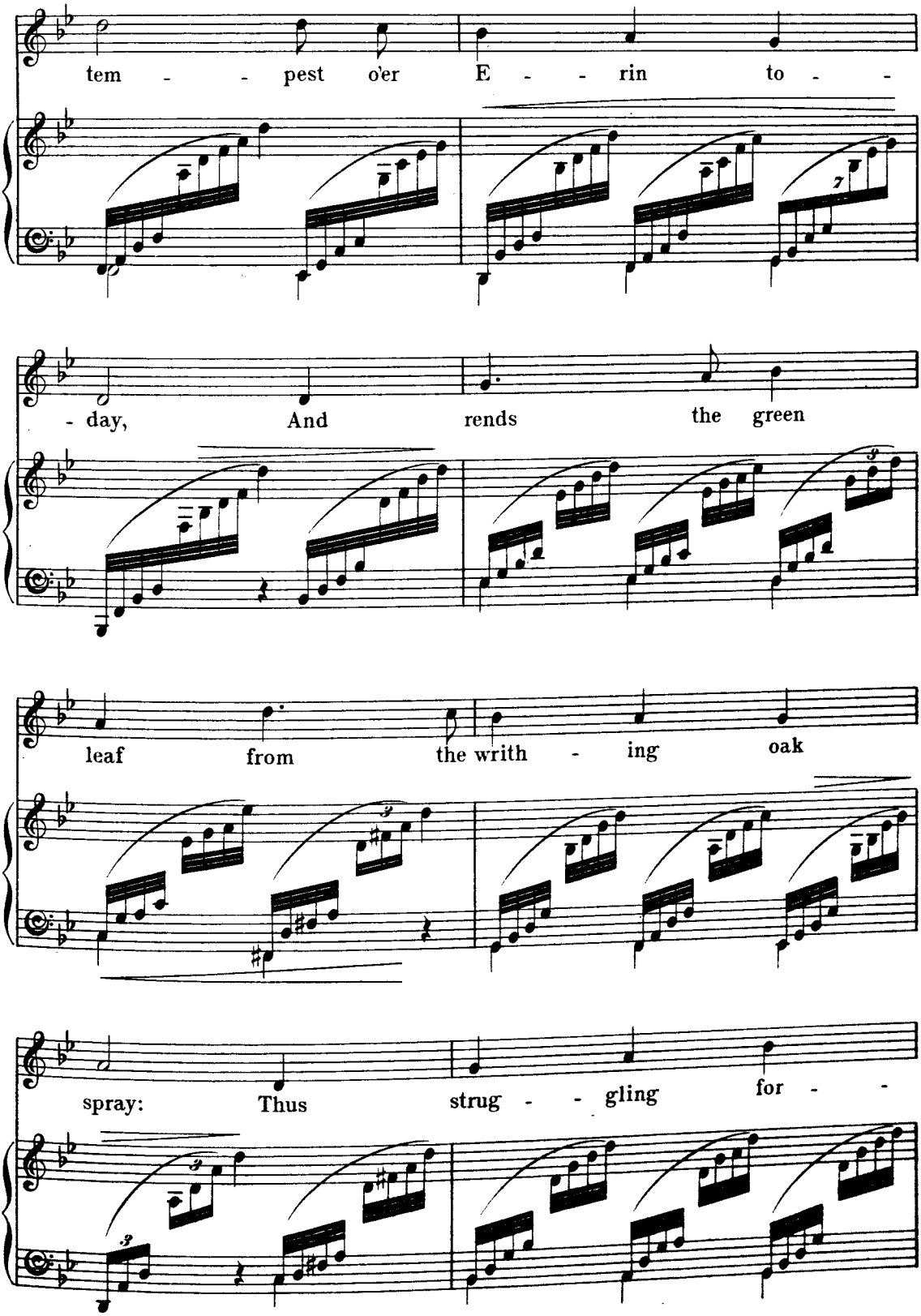

sho - heen sho—— Tir - ra lir - ra lul - - la,
lul - la lo!——
See!—— the sky to bright - est blos - som
Flow'rs with - in the furth - est west,—— And the babe up -
cresc.
cresc.

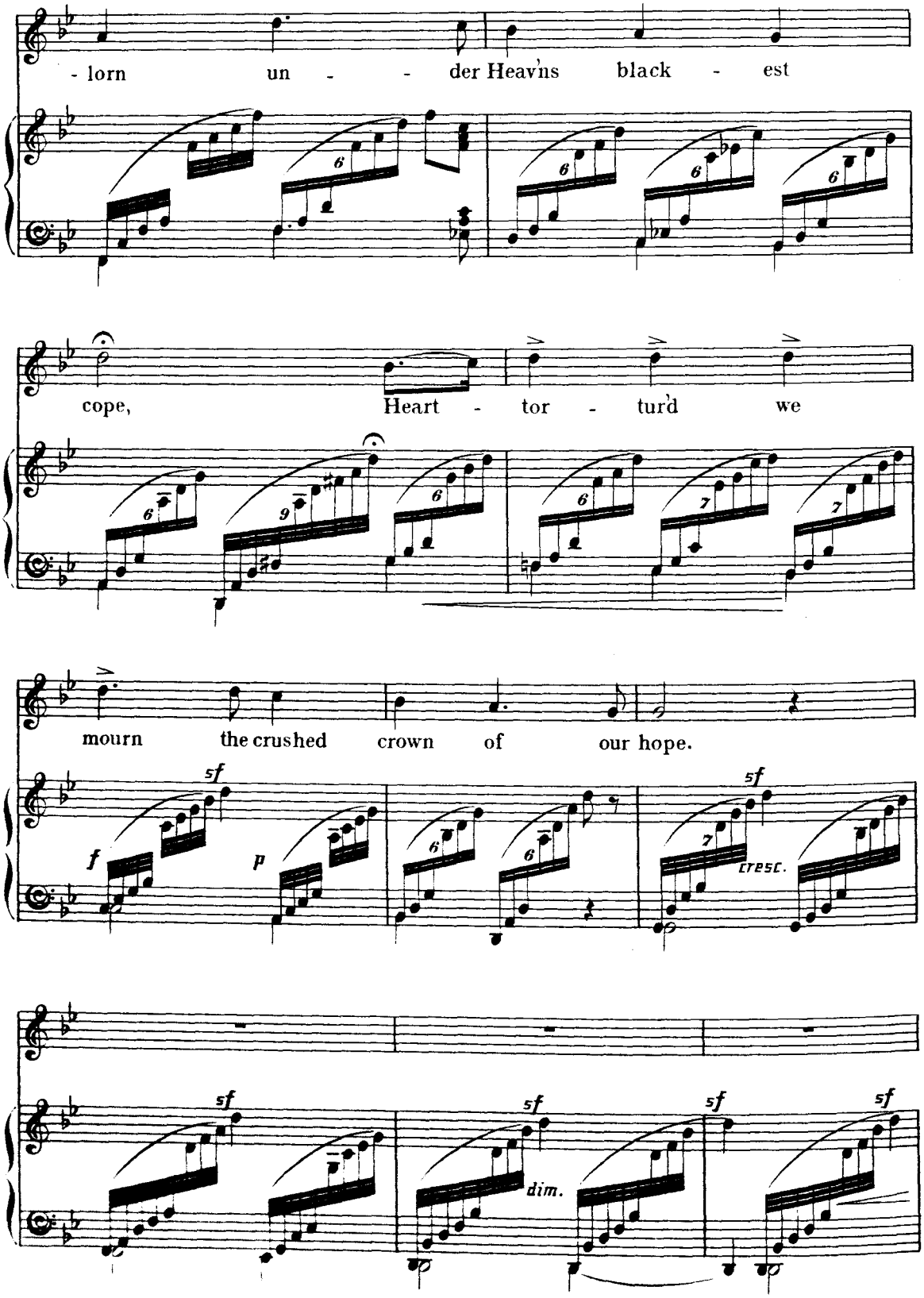

cresc.
-on my bo- -som Flush - es with the
cresc.
rall.
rose of rest; Whilst with ma - gic light a - glow
rall.
p
dim.
pp
Laune gives back my lul - - - - - la,
p
pp
lul - la lo!
ppp

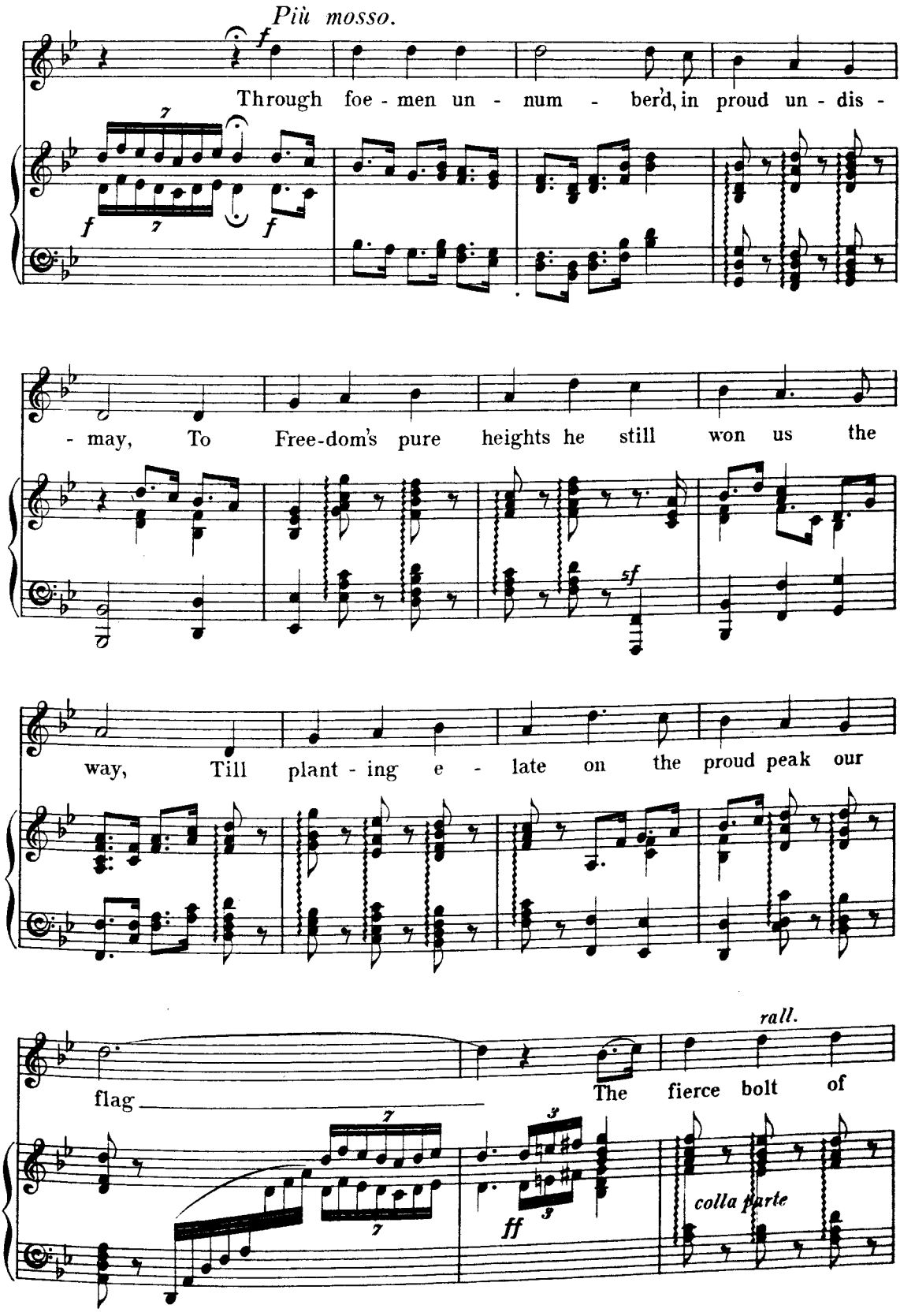
A LAMENT.

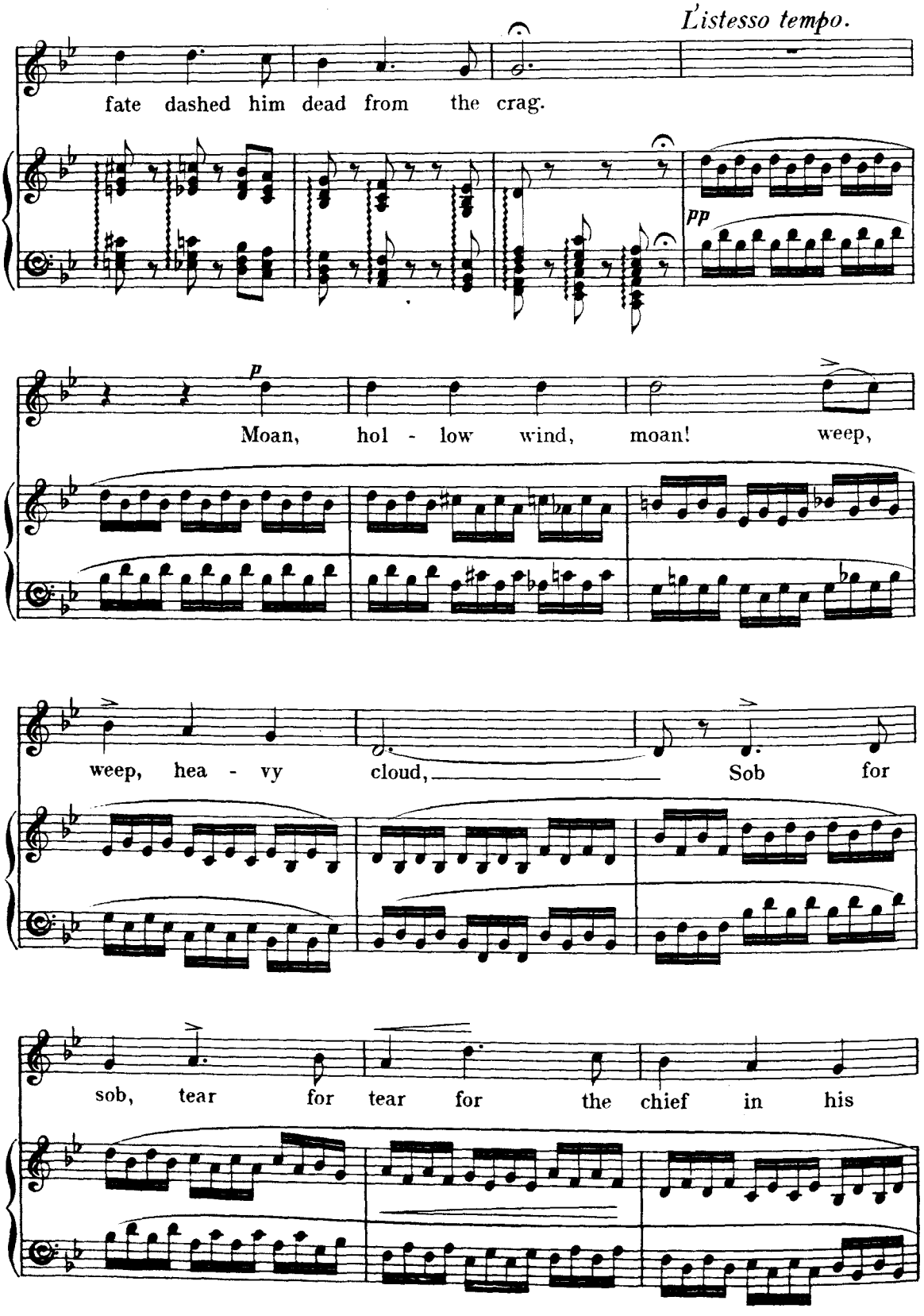


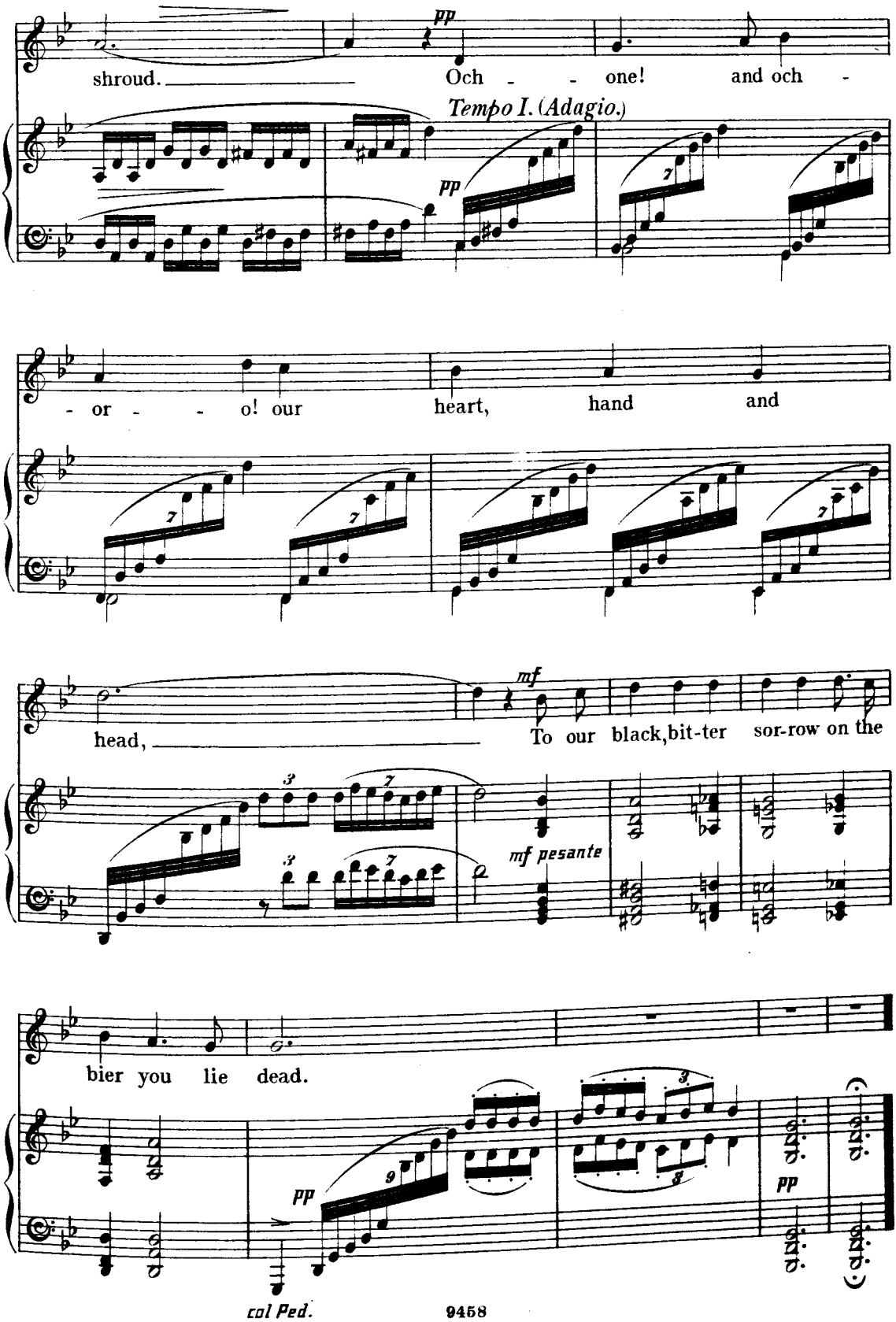
Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co


tem - - pest o'er E - - rin to -
- day, And rends the green
leaf from the writh - ing oak
spray: Thus strug - - gling for - -

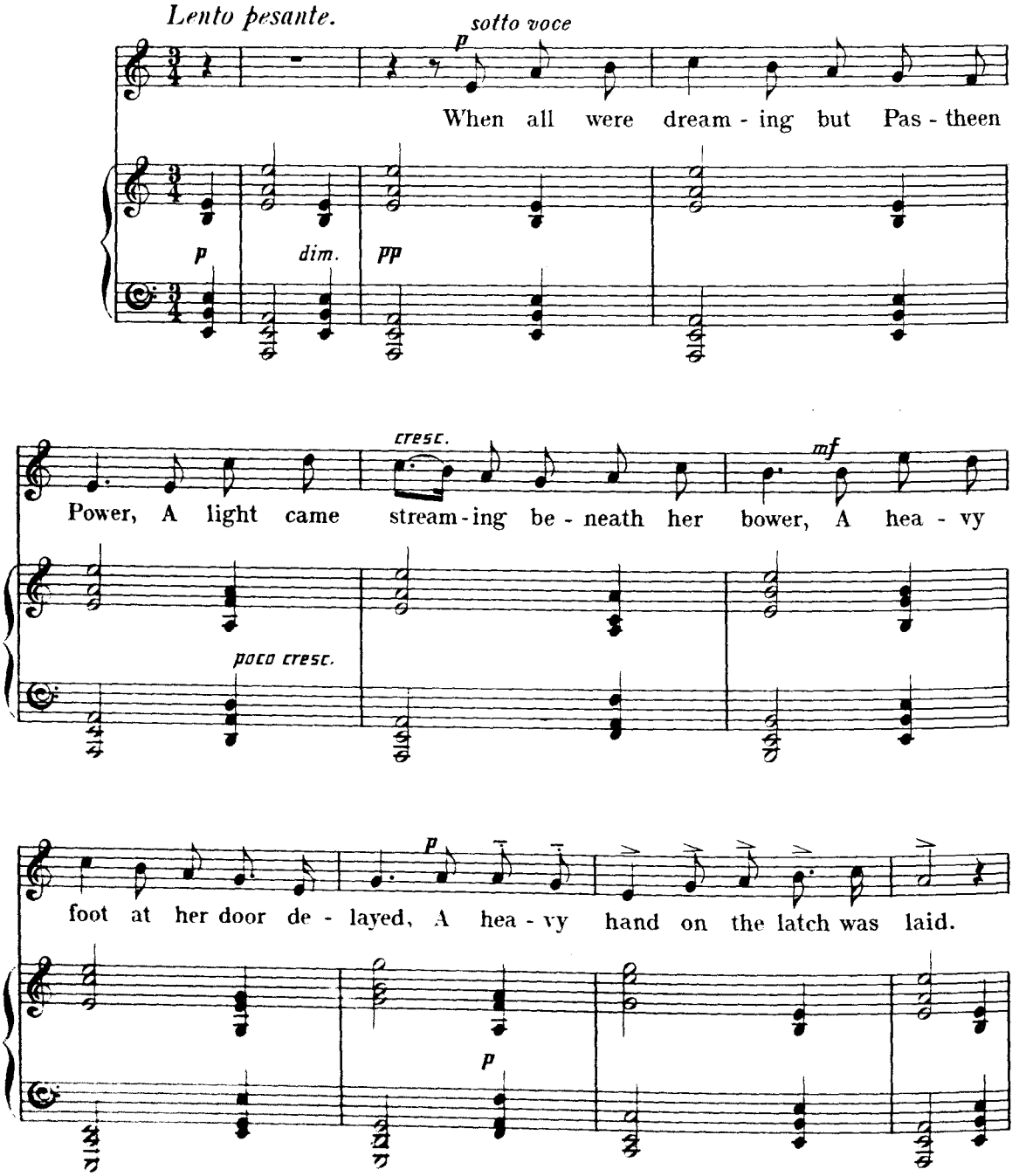

- lorn un - - der Heav'ns black - est
cope, Heart - tor - turd we
mourn the crushed crown of our hope.
f
p
cresc.
dim.


Più mosso.
f
Through foe - men un - num - ber'd, in proud un - dis -
- may, To Free-dom's pure heights he still won us the
sf
way, Till plant - ing e - late on the proud peak our
rall.
flag The fierce bolt of
ff
colla parte

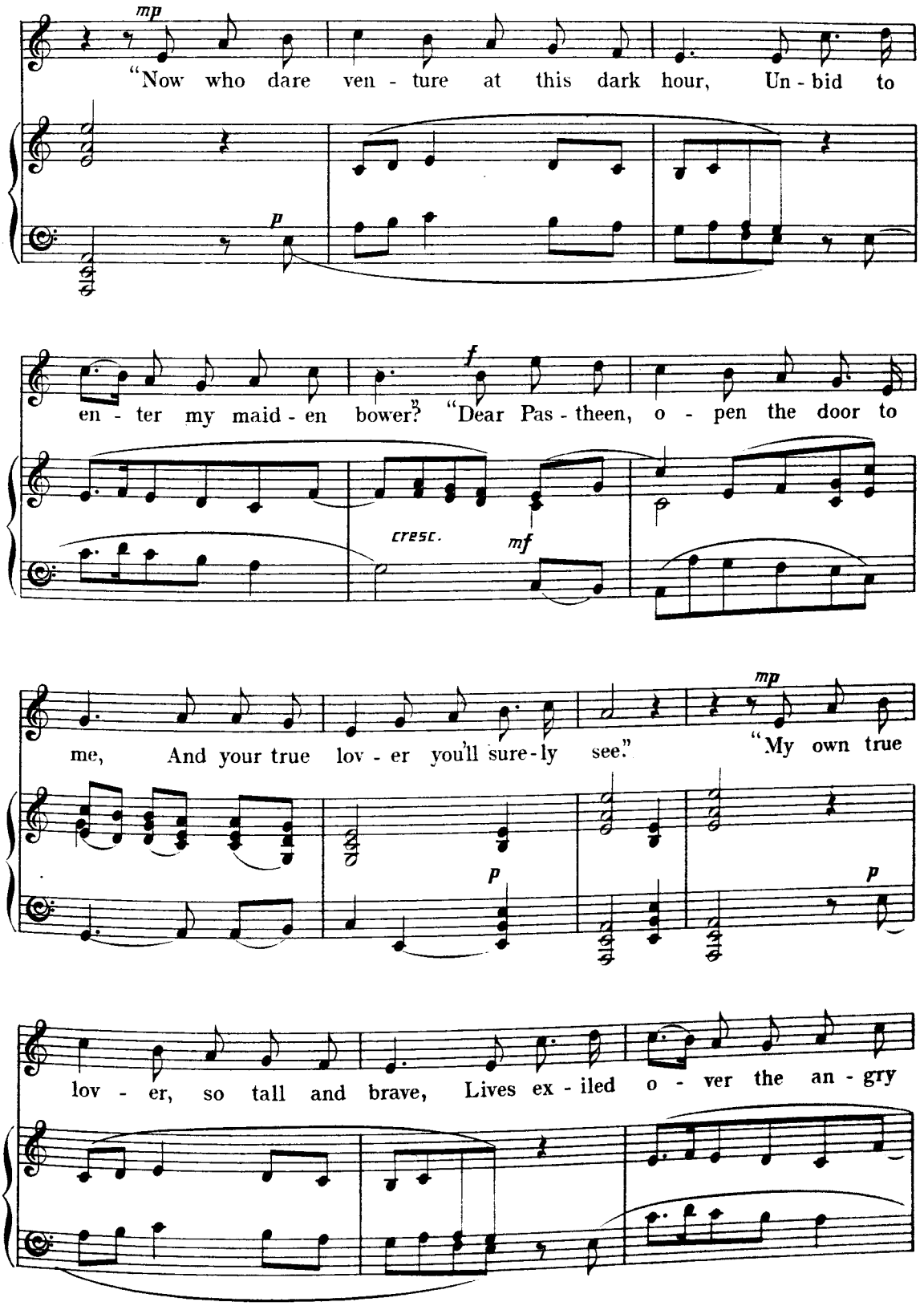

L'istesso tempo.
fate dashed him dead from the crag.
pp
p
Moan, hol - low wind, moan! weep,
weep, hea - vy cloud, Sob for
sob, tear for tear for the chief in his

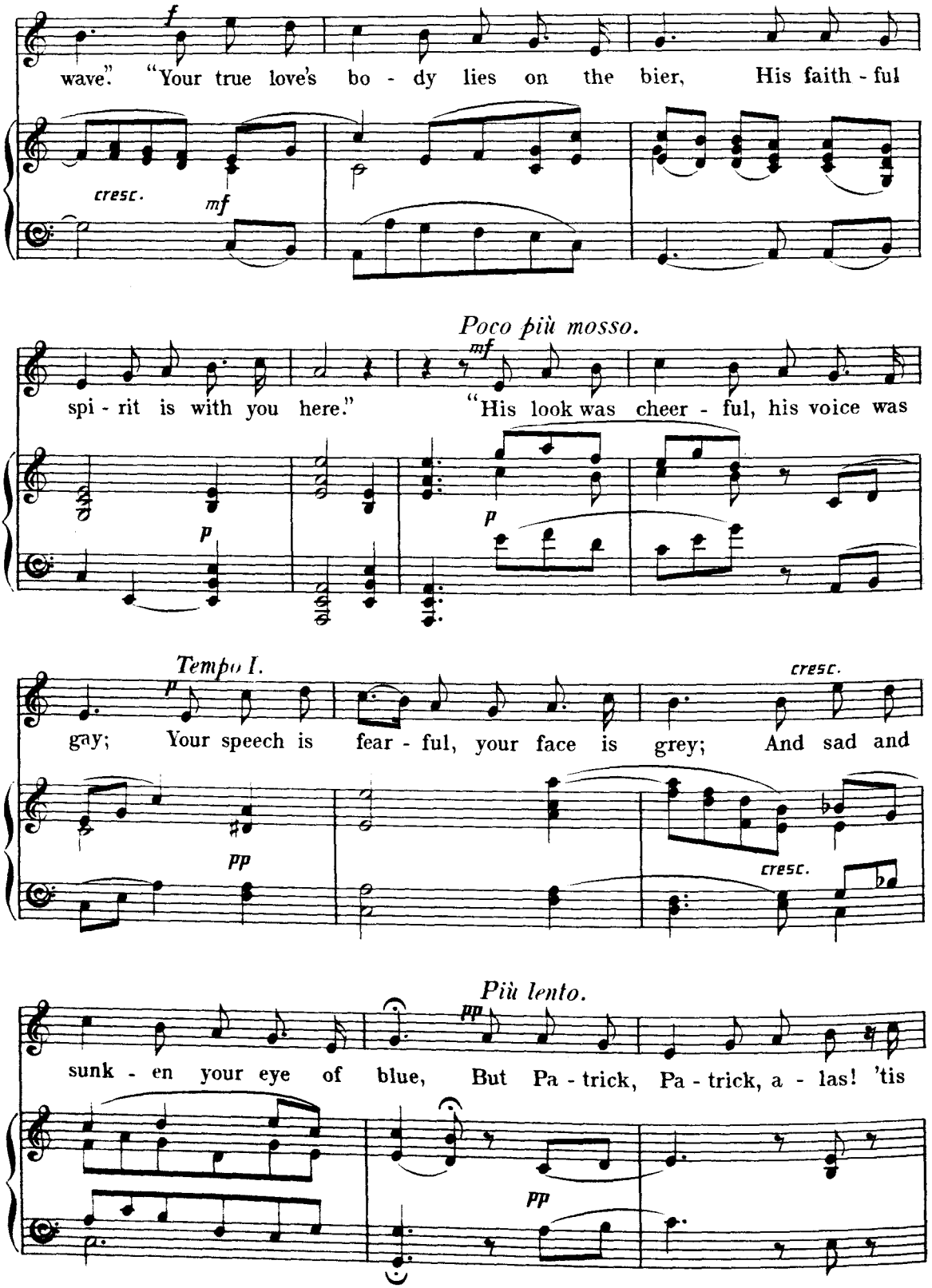

pp
shroud.
Och - - one! and och -
Tempo I. (Adagio.)
pp
- or - - o! our heart, hand and
mf
head,
To our black, bit-ter sor-row on the
mf pesante
bier you lie dead.
pp
pp
col Ped.

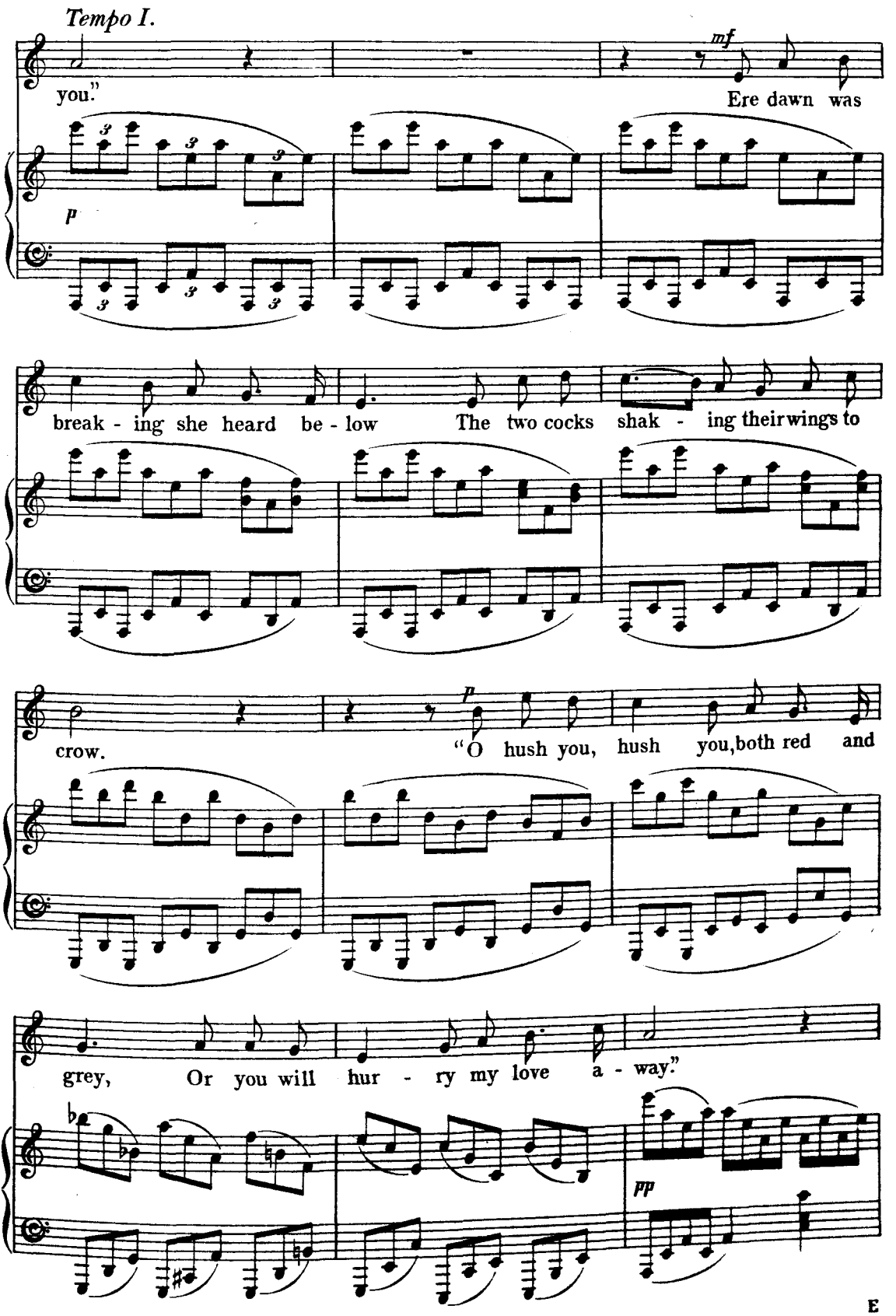
THE SONG OF THE GHOST.

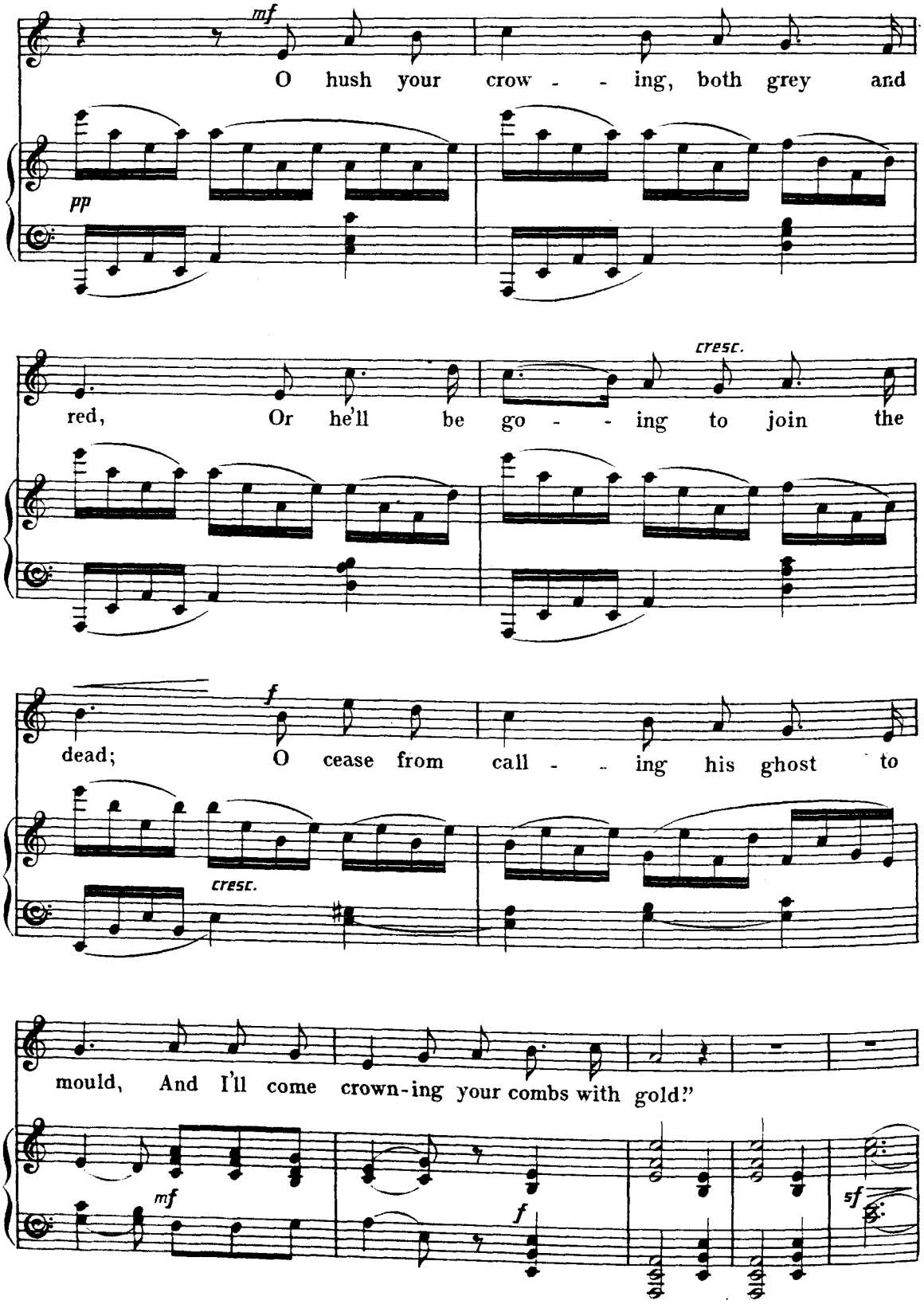


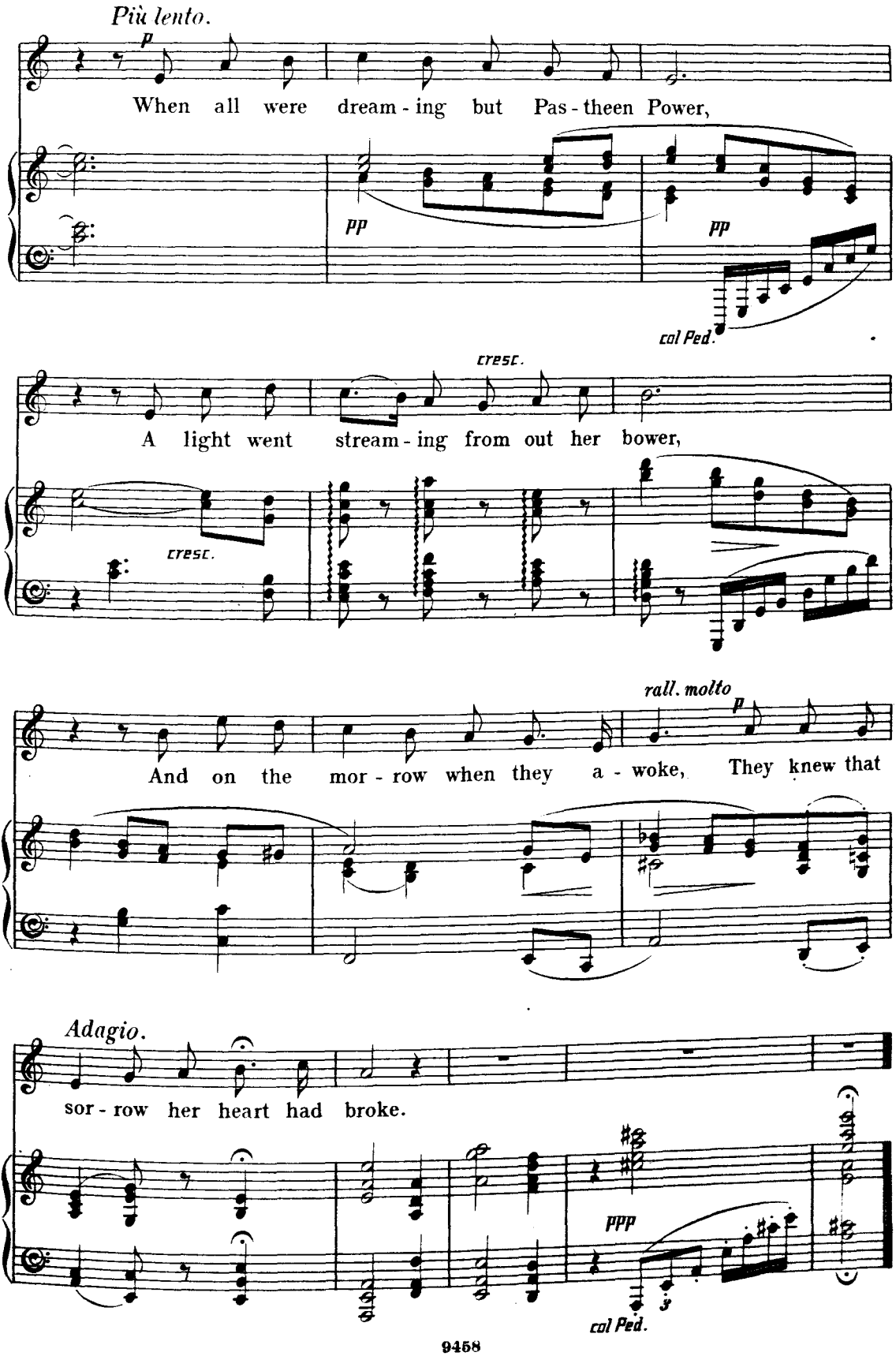
Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co


mp
"Now who dare ven - ture at this dark hour, Un - bid to
p
f
en - ter my maid - en bower?" "Dear Pas - theen, o - pen the door to
cresc.
mf
me, And your true lov - er you'll sure - ly see."
mp
"My own true
p
p
lov - er, so tall and brave, Lives ex - iled o - ver the an - gry


wave." "Your true love's bo - dy lies on the bier, His faith - ful
cresc.
Poco più mosso.
spi - rit is with you here." "His look was cheer - ful, his voice was
Tempo I.
gay; Your speech is fear - ful, your face is grey; And sad and
cresc.
Più lento.
sunk - en your eye of blue, But Pa - trick, Pa - trick, a - las! 'tis

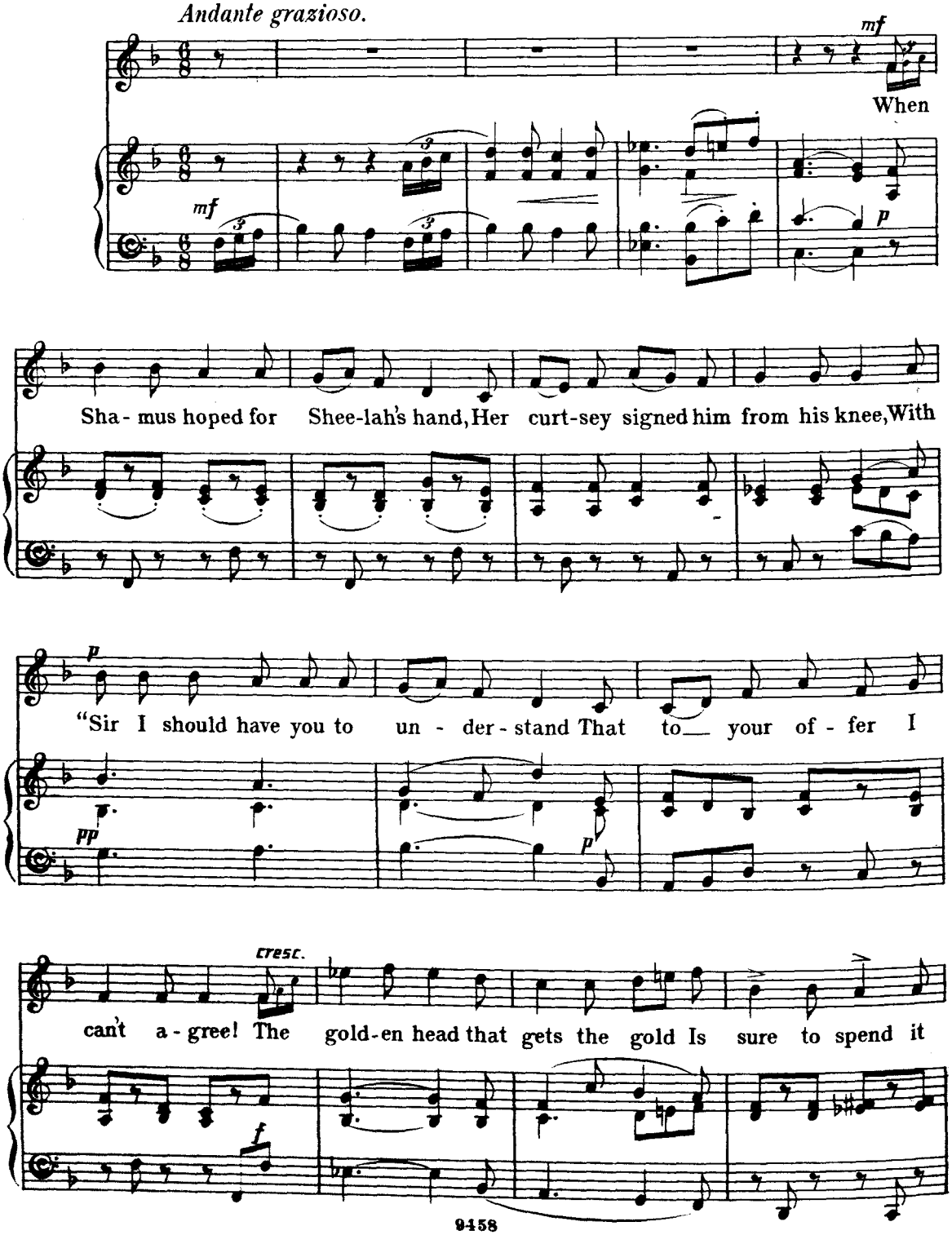

Tempo I.
you."
mf
Ere dawn was
p
break - ing she heard be - low
The two cocks shak - ing their wings to
crow.
p
"O hush you, hush you, both red and
grey,
Or you will hur - ry my love a - way."
pp


mf
O hush your crow - - ing, both grey and
pp
red, Or he'll be go - - ing to join the
cresc.
dead; O cease from call - - ing his ghost to
f
cresc.
mould, And I'll come crown-ing your combs with gold."
mf
f
5f

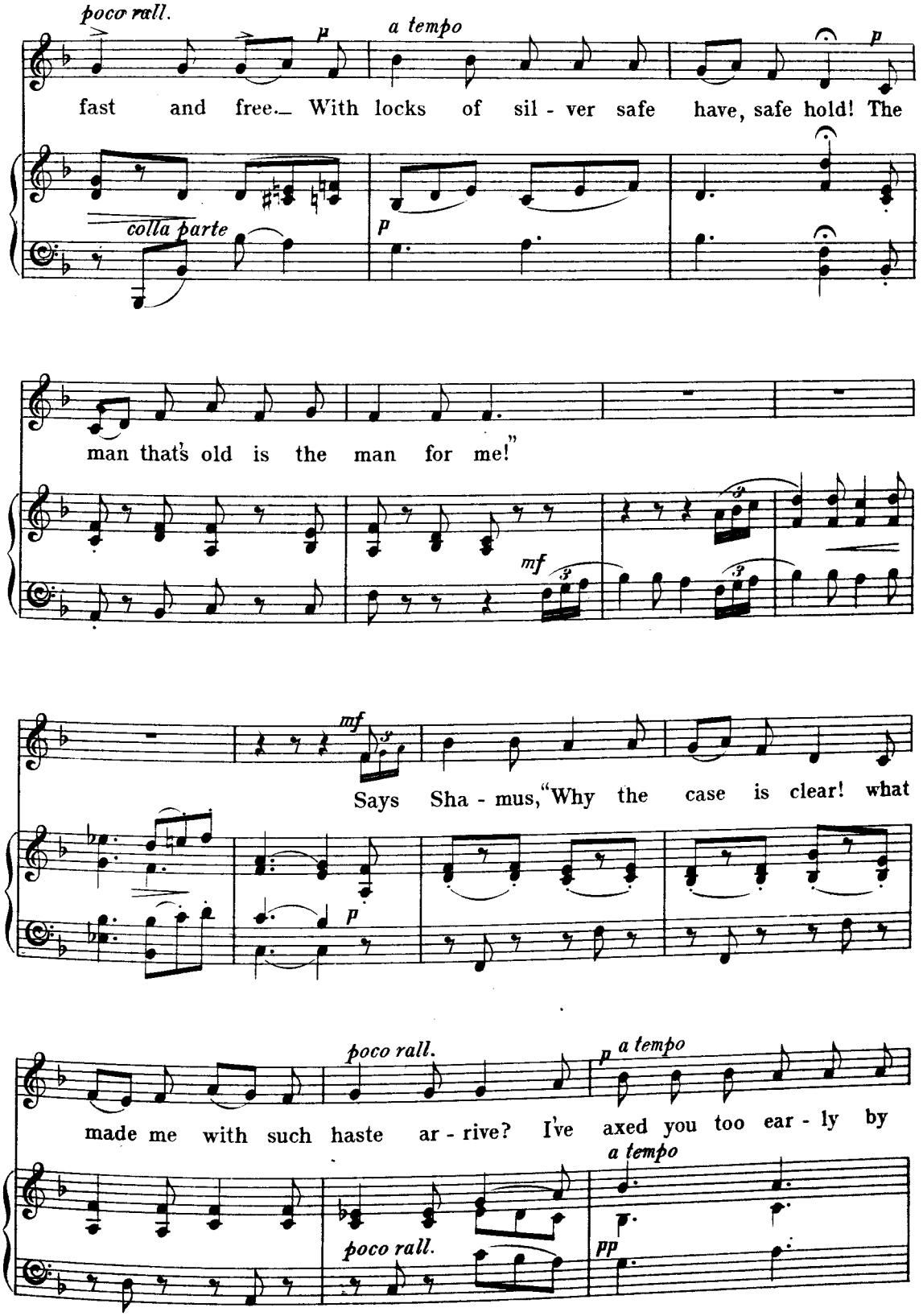

Più lento.
p
When all were dream - ing but Pas - theen Power,
pp
pp
col Ped.
cresc.
A light went stream - ing from out her bower,
cresc.
rall. molto
p
And on the mor - row when they a - woke, They knew that
Adagio.
sor - row her heart had broke.
ppp
col Ped.

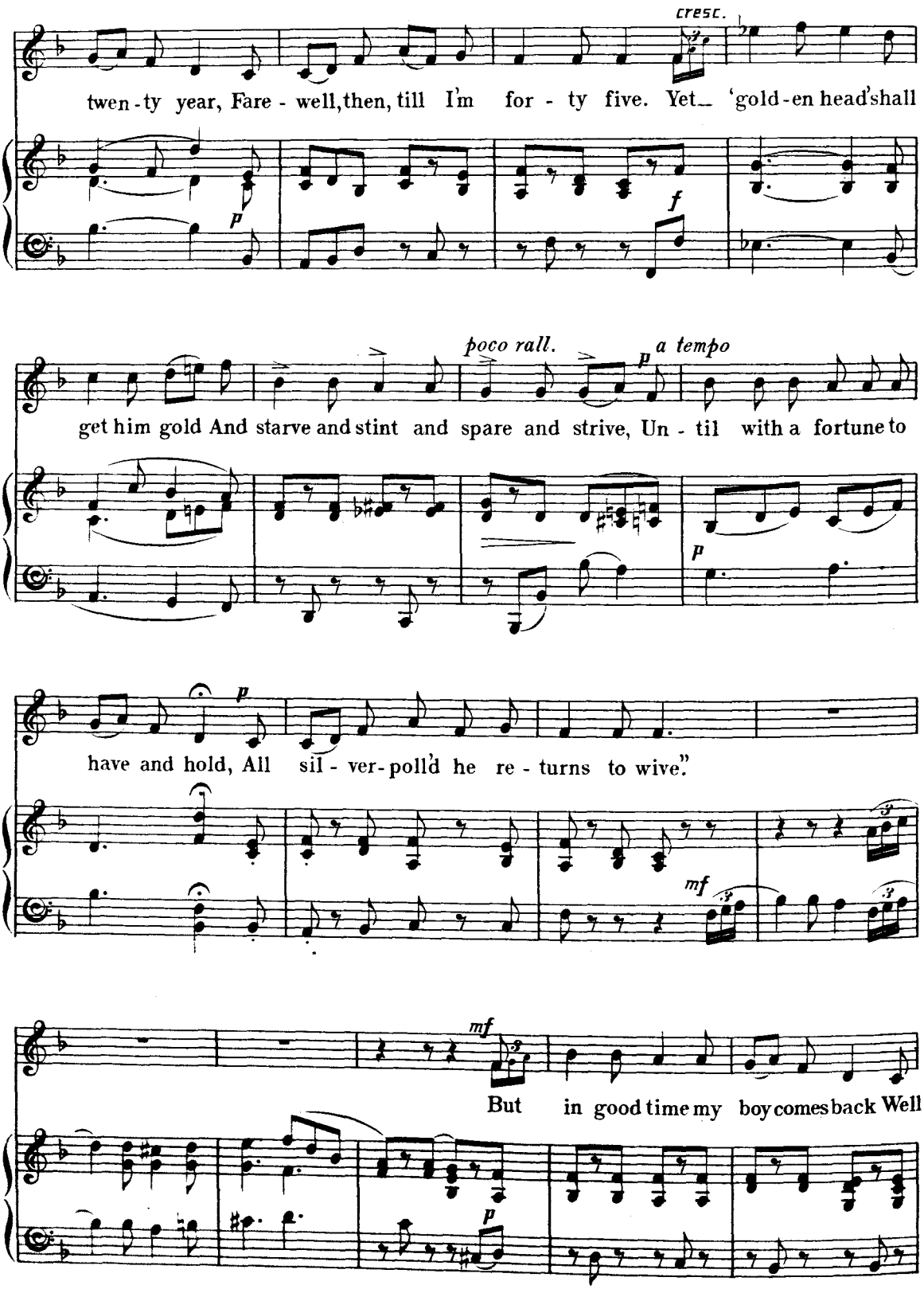
SILVER AND GOLD

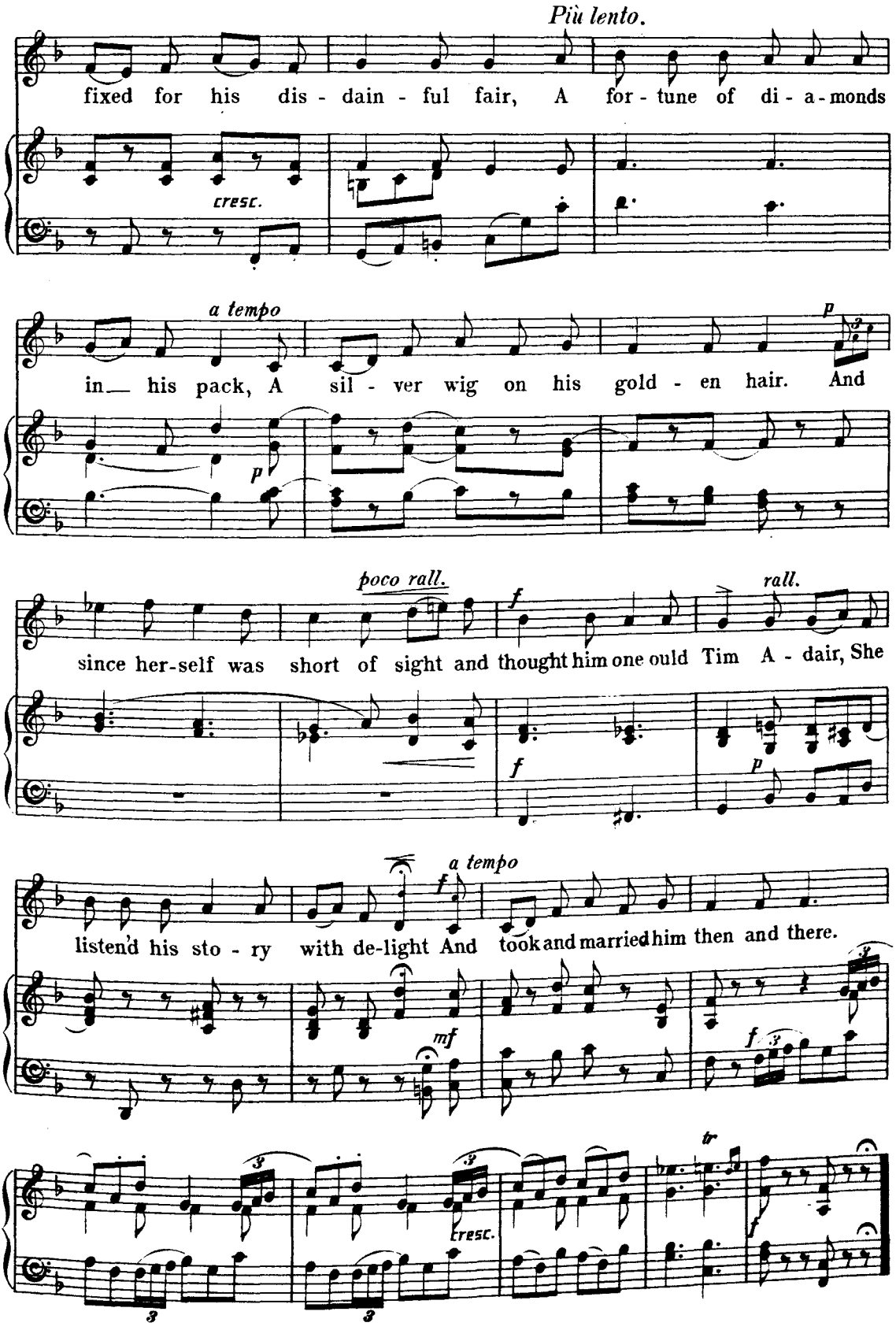
(Air. Ar seanduine crom. The crooked old man.)



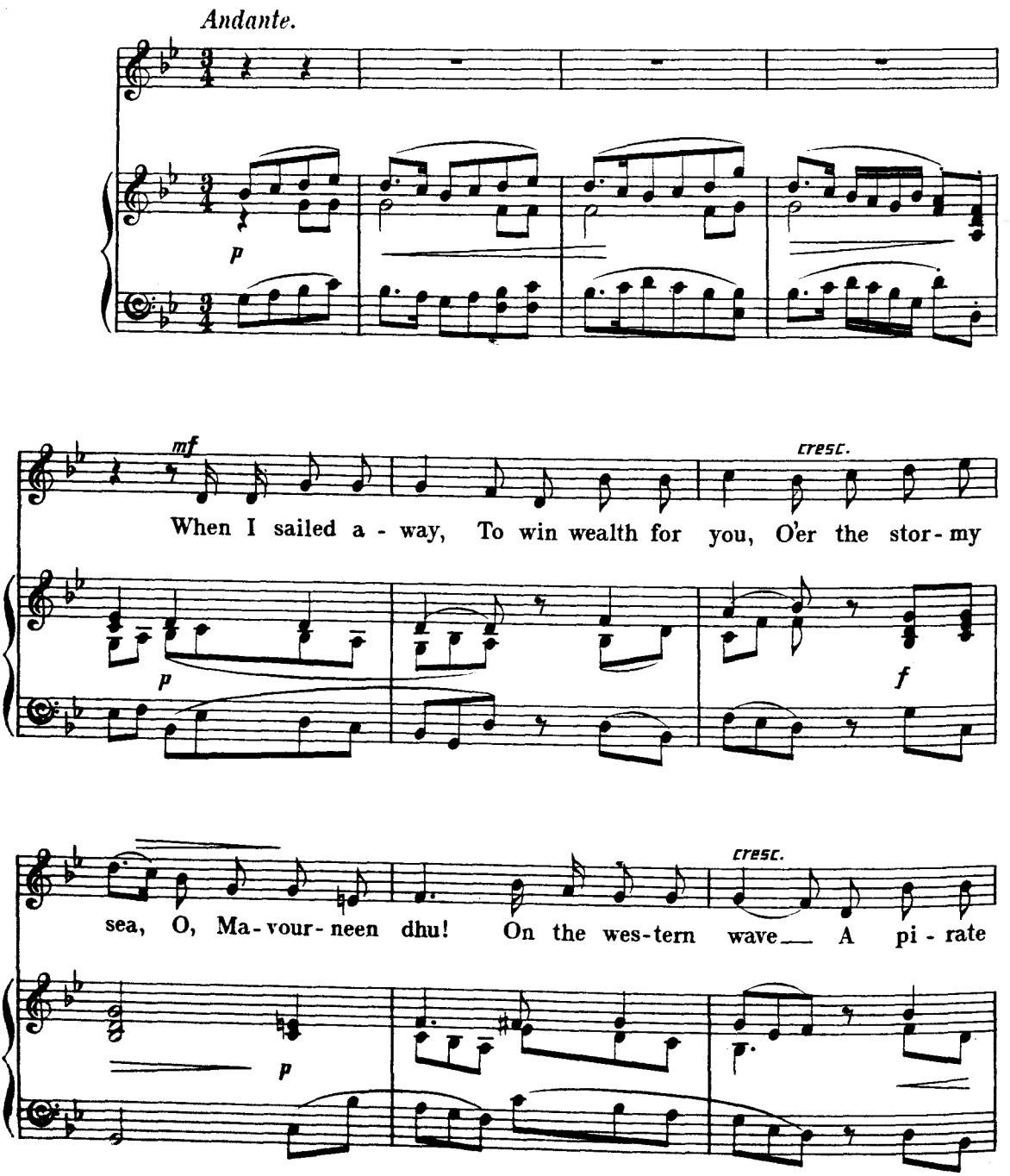
Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co


poco rall.
a tempo
fast and free. With locks of sil - ver safe have, safe hold! The
colla parte
man that's old is the man for me!"
Says Sha - mus, "Why the case is clear! what
made me with such haste ar - rive? I've axed you too ear - ly by
poco rall.
a tempo
poco rall.
a tempo

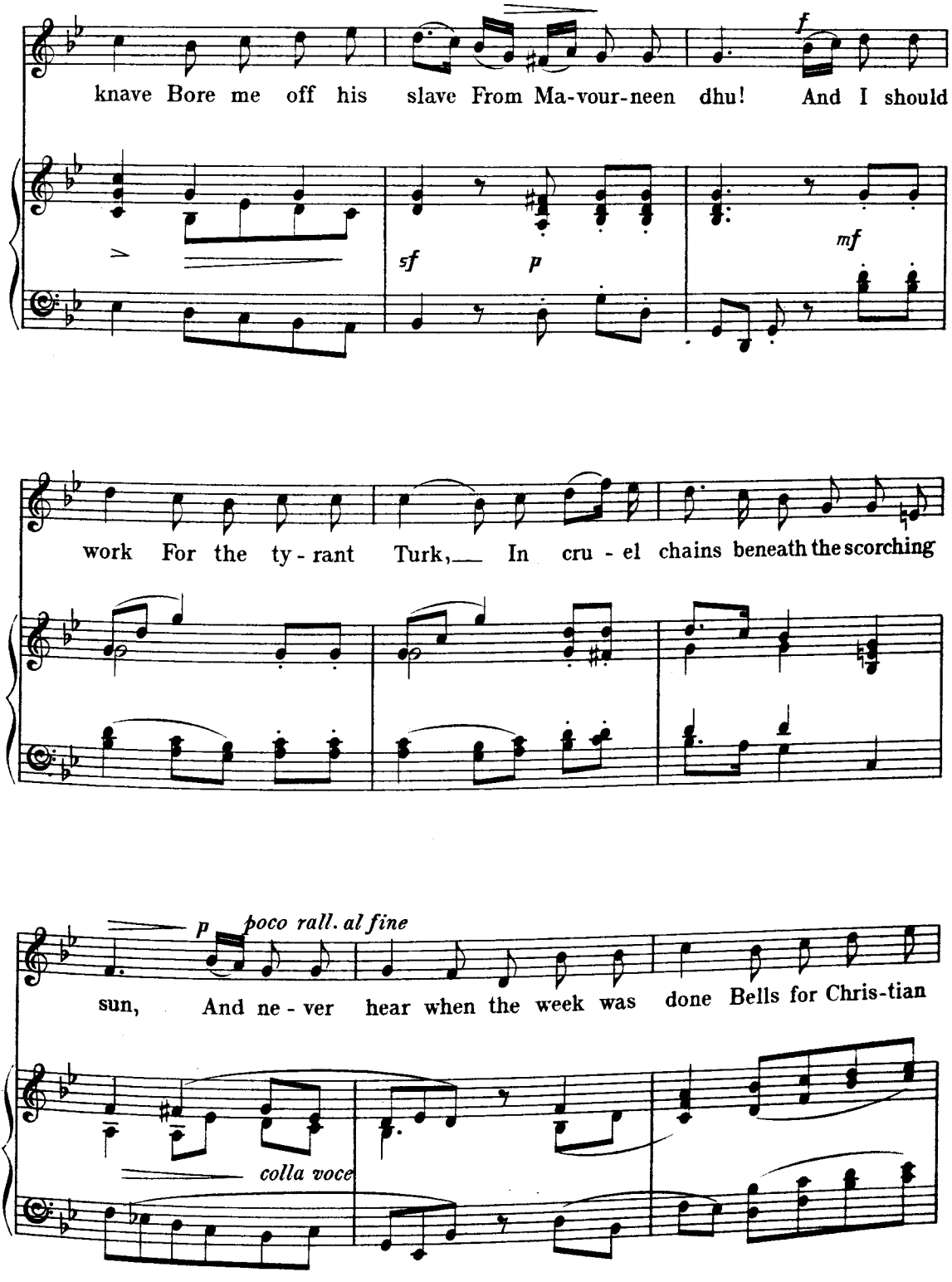

cresc.
twen-ty year, Fare-well, then, till I'm for-ty five. Yet 'gold-en head' shall
p
f
poco rall.
a tempo
p
get him gold And starve and stint and spare and strive, Un-til with a fortune to
p
have and hold, All sil-ver-poll'd he re-turns to wive."
mf
mf
But in good time my boy comes back Well
p

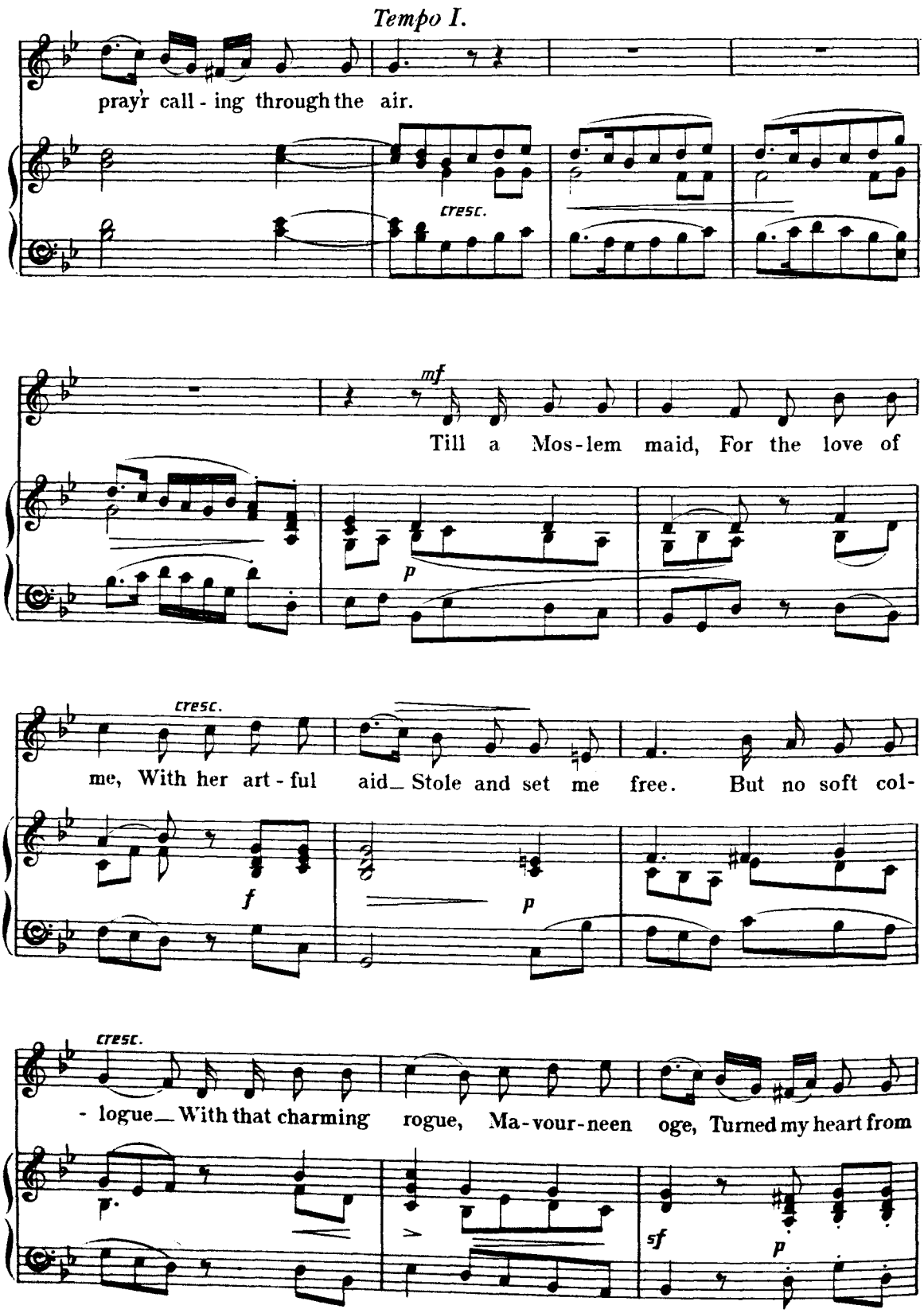

Più lento.
fixed for his dis - dain - ful fair, A for - tune of di - a - monds
cresc.
a tempo
in his pack, A sil - ver wig on his gold - en hair. And
p
poco rall.
rall.
since her-self was short of sight and thought him one ould Tim A - dair, She
a tempo
listend his sto - ry with de-light And took and married him then and there.
mf
tresc.
tr

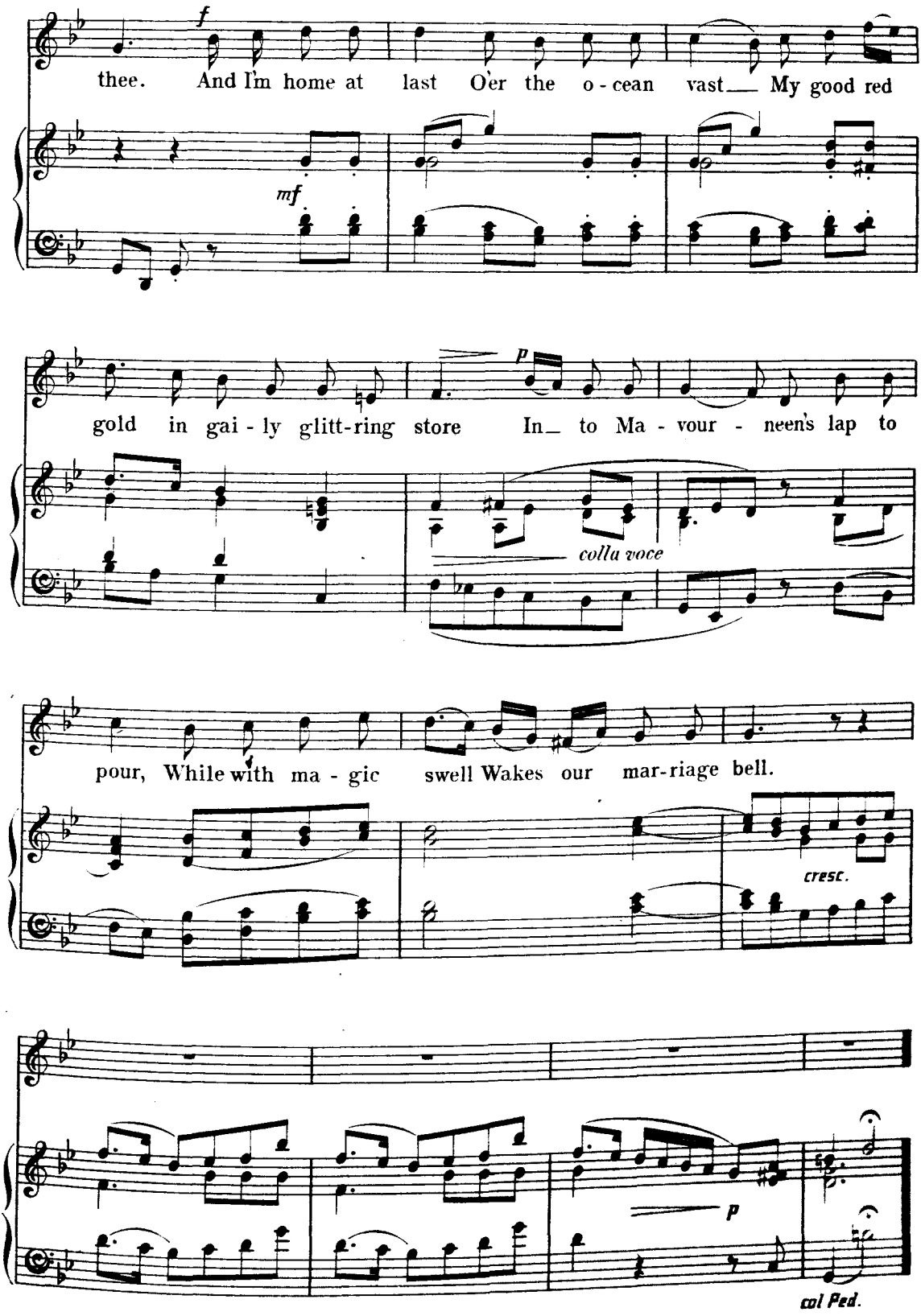
MAVOURNEEN DHU.



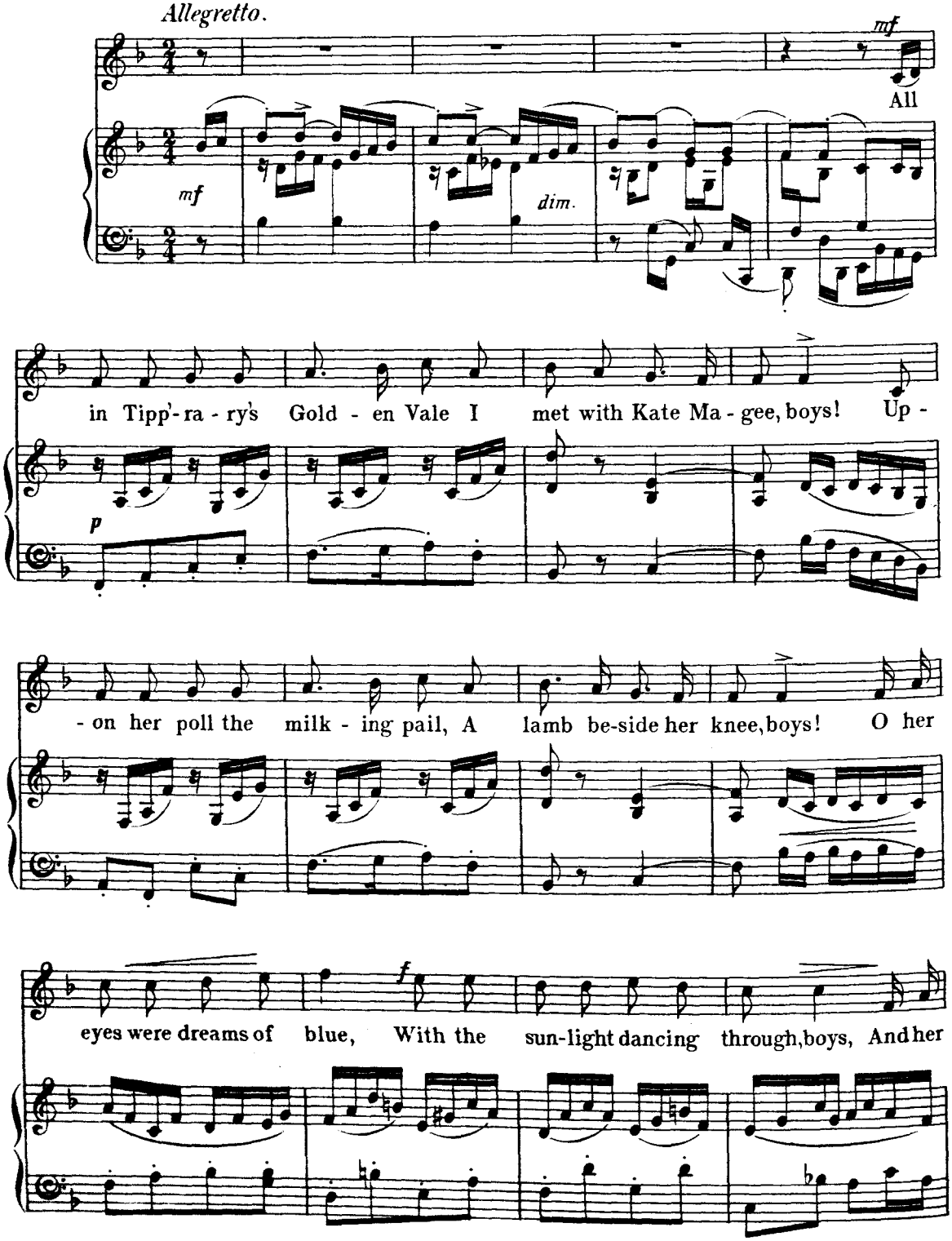
Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co


knave Bore me off his slave From Ma-vour-neen dhu! And I should
f
sf
p
mf
work For the ty-rant Turk, In cru-el chains beneath the scorching
p
poco rall. al fine
sun, And ne-ver hear when the week was done Bells for Chris-tian
colla voce

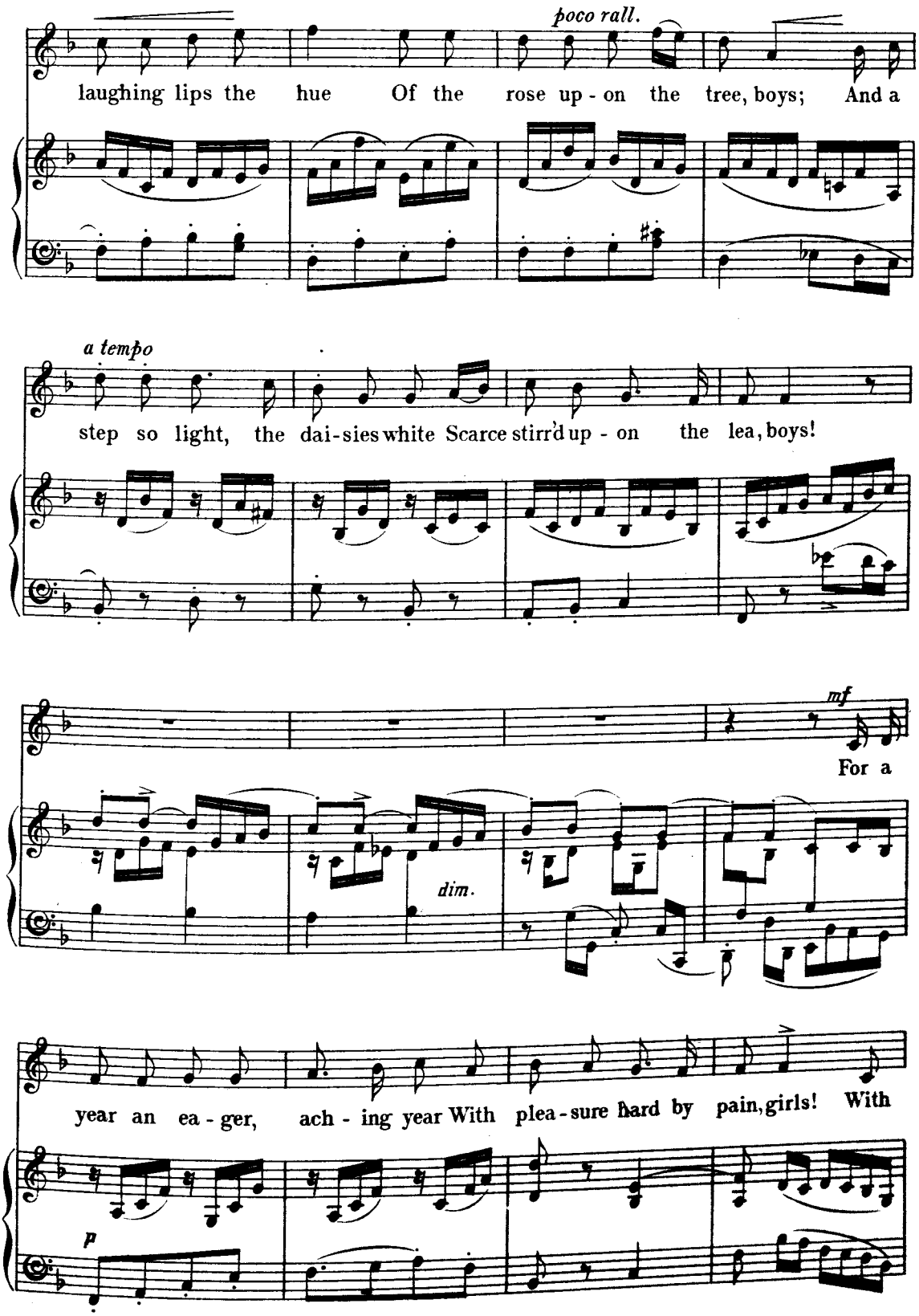

Tempo I.
pray'r call - ing through the air.
cresc.
mf
Till a Mos-lem maid, For the love of
p
cresc.
me, With her art - ful aid_ Stole and set me free. But no soft col-
f
p
cresc.
- logue_ With that charming rogue, Ma-vour-neen oge, Turned my heart from
sf
p

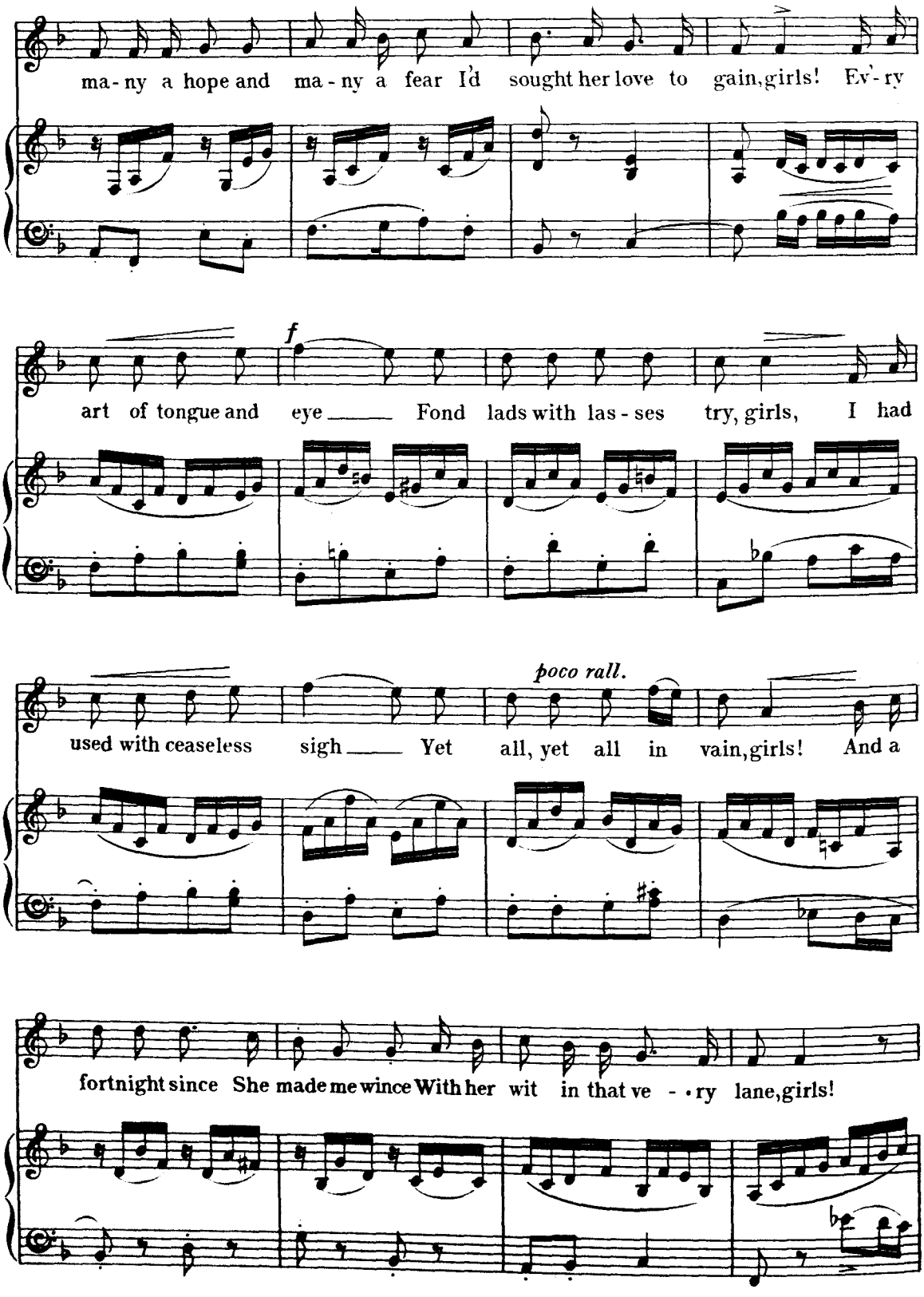

f
thee. And I'm home at last O'er the o - cean vast My good red
mf
p
gold in gai - ly glitt-ring store In to Ma - vour - neen's lap to
colla voce
pour, While with ma - gic swell Wakes our mar-riage bell.
cresc.
p
col Ped.

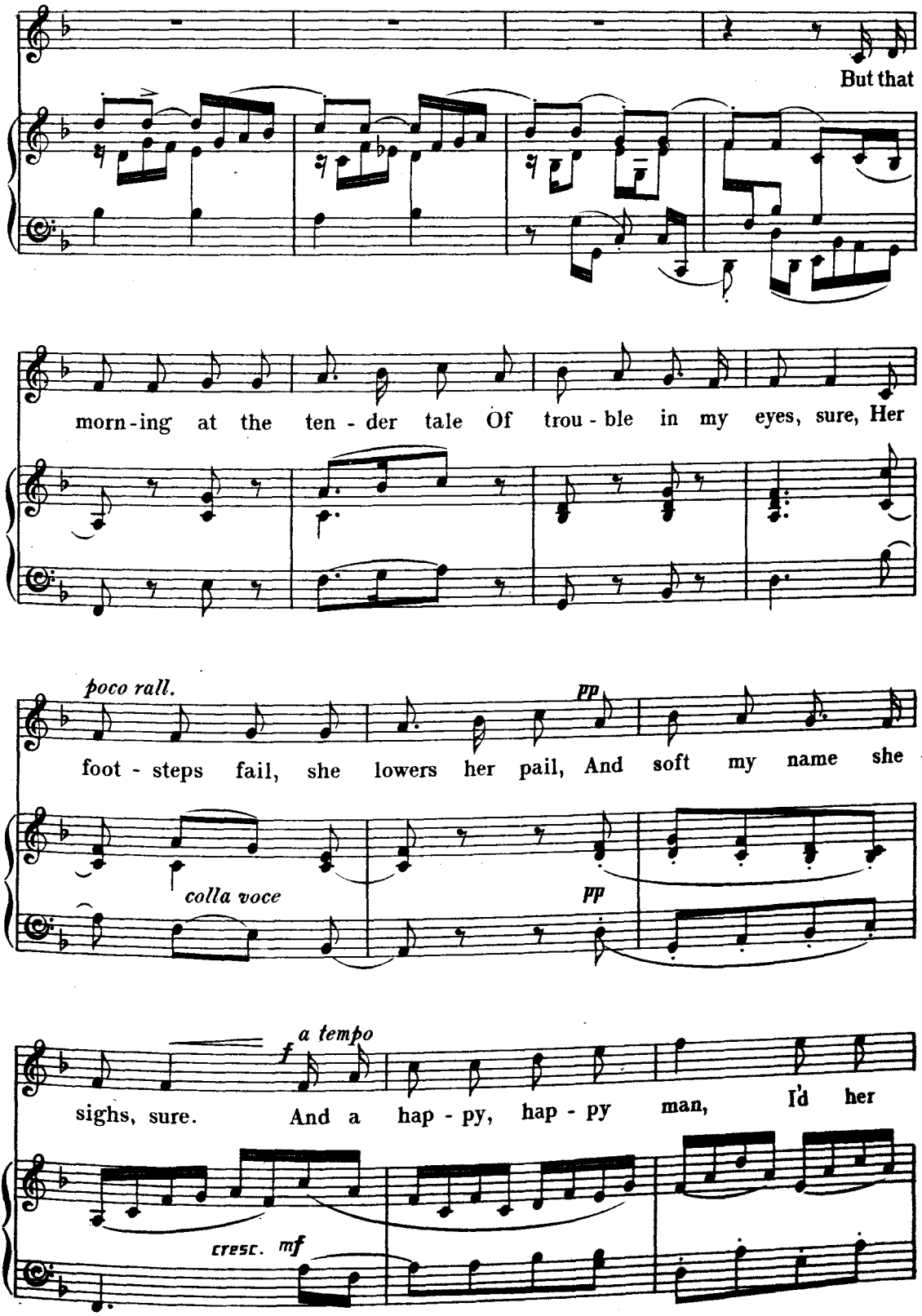
THE DARLING.

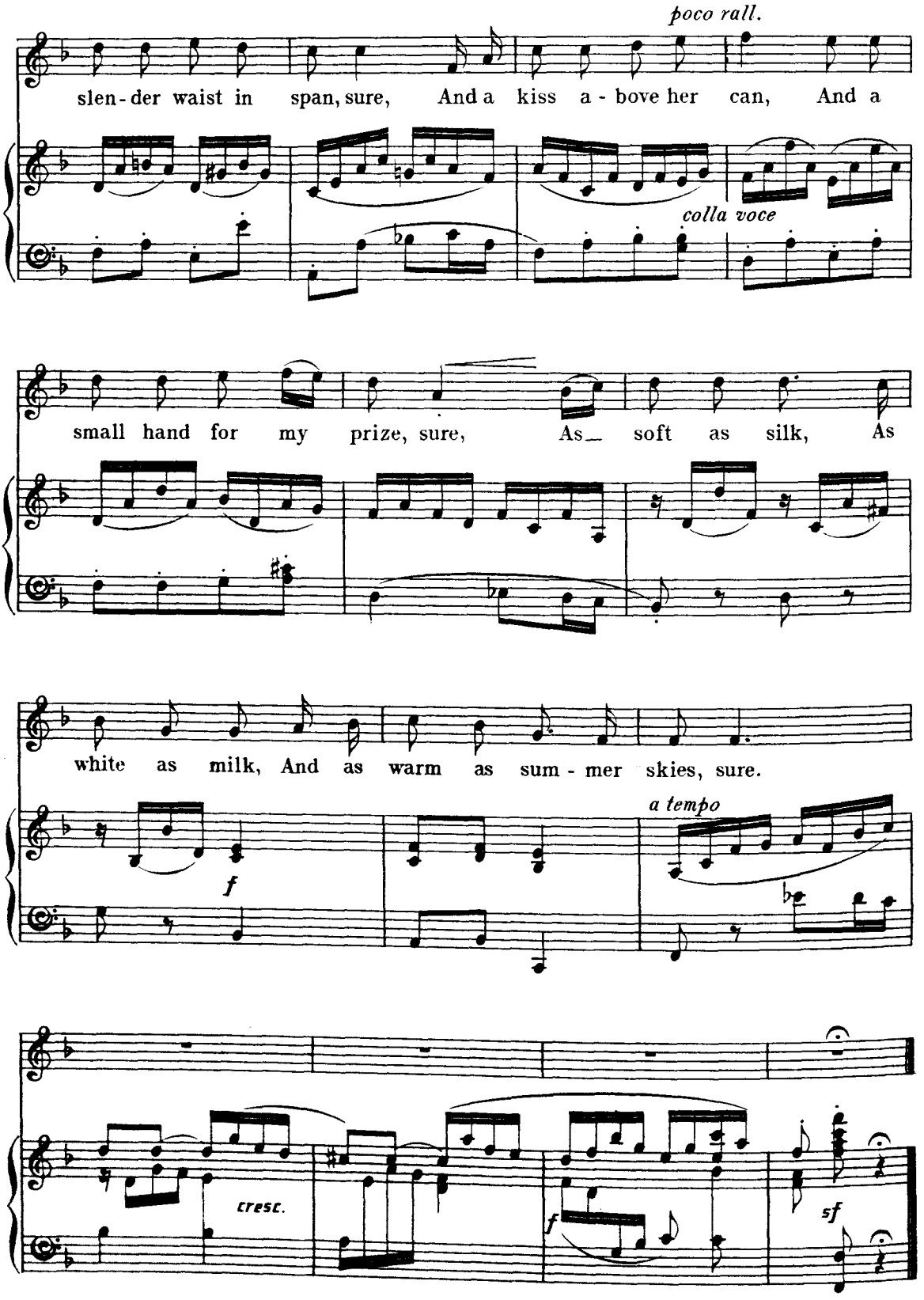


Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co

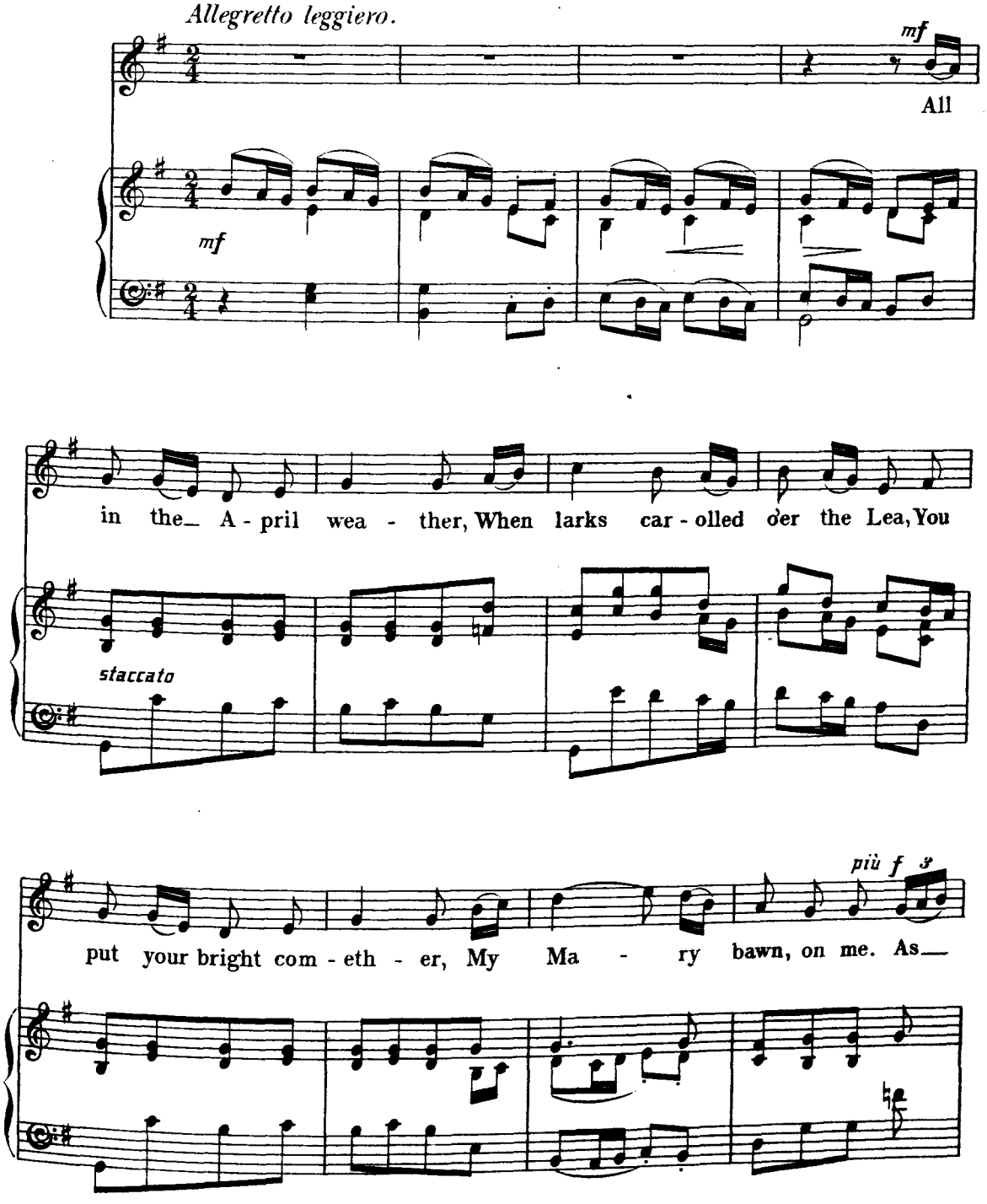

poco rall.
laughing lips the hue Of the rose up - on the tree, boys; And a
a tempo
step so light, the dai - sies white Scarce stirr'd up - on the lea, boys!
mf
For a
dim.
year an ea - ger, ach - ing year With plea - sure hard by pain, girls! With
p


ma - ny a hope and ma - ny a fear I'd sought her love to gain, girls! Ev' - ry
f
art of tongue and eye ___ Fond lads with las - ses try, girls, I had
poco rall.
used with ceaseless sigh ___ Yet all, yet all in vain, girls! And a
fortnight since She made me wince With her wit in that ve - - ry lane, girls!


But that
morn-ing at the ten-der tale Of trou-ble in my eyes, sure, Her
poco rall.
pp
foot-steps fail, she lowers her pail, And soft my name she
colla voce
pp
a tempo
f
sighs, sure. And a hap-py, hap-py man, I'd her
cresc. mf

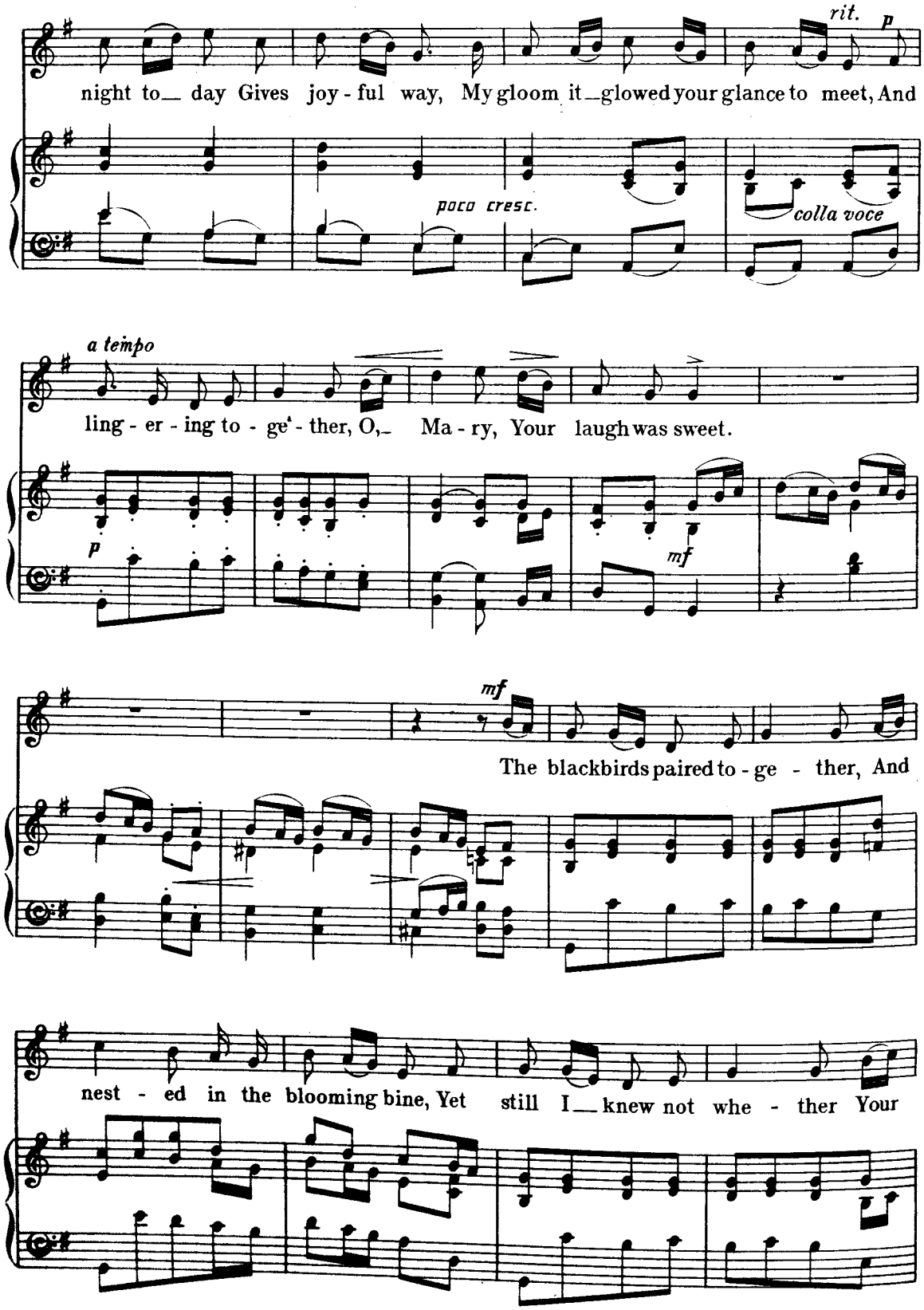

poco rall.
slen - der waist in span, sure, And a kiss a - bove her can, And a
colla voce
small hand for my prize, sure, As_ soft as silk, As
white as milk, And as warm as sum - mer skies, sure.
f
a tempo
cresc.
f
sf

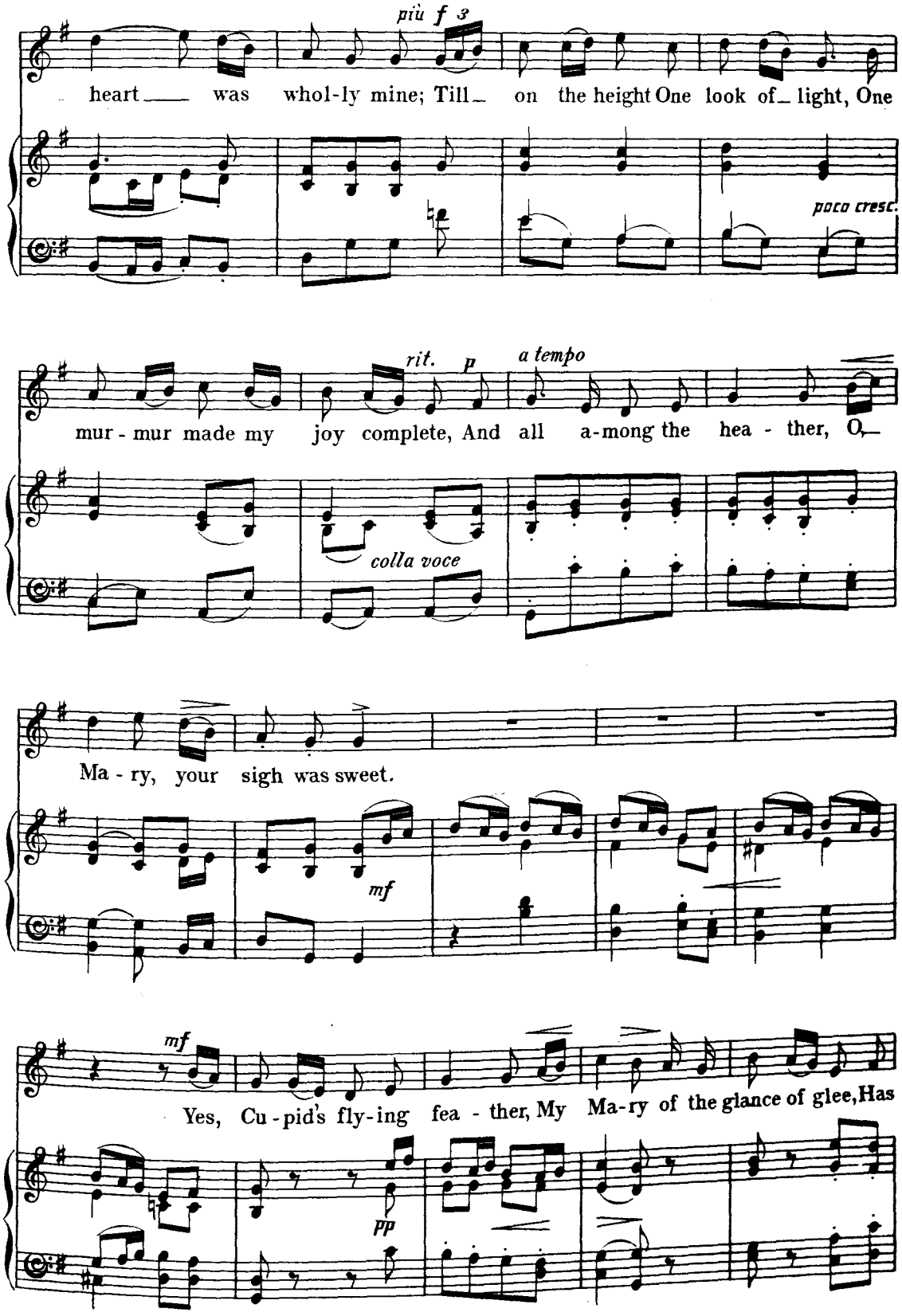
O MARY, THY LAUGH WAS SWEET.

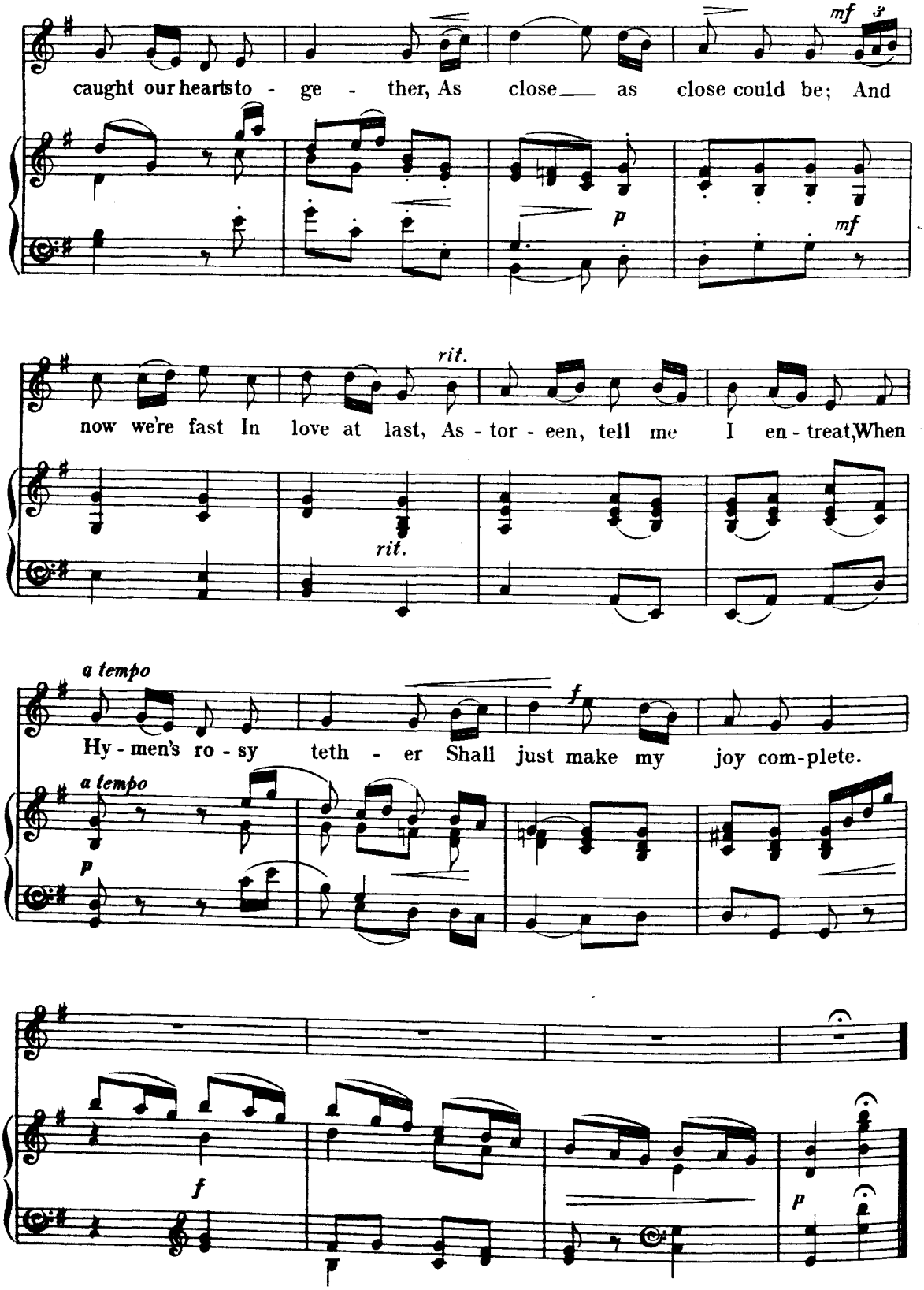


F

Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co


rit.
p
night to_ day Gives joy - ful way, My gloom it_glowed your glance to meet, And
poco cresc.
colla voce
a tempo
ling - er - ing to - ge - ther, O,_ Ma - ry, Your laugh was sweet.
p
mf
mf
The blackbirds paired to - ge - ther, And
nest - ed in the blooming bine, Yet still I_knew not whe - ther Your

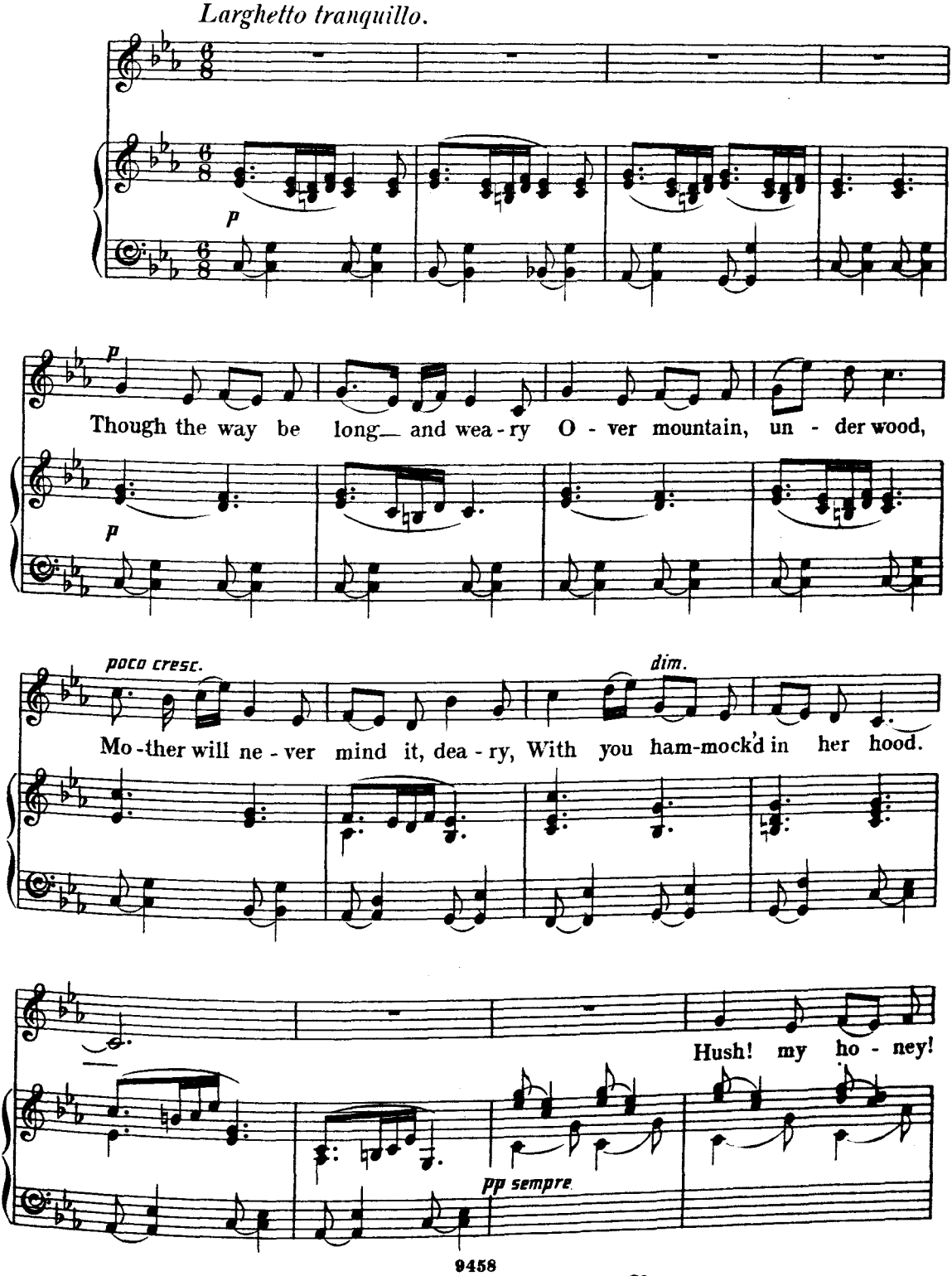

più f
heart was whol-ly mine; Till on the height One look of light, One
poco cresc.
rit.
p
a tempo
mur - mur made my joy complete, And all a-mong the hea - ther, O,
colla voce
Ma - ry, your sigh was sweet.
mf
mf
Yes, Cu - pid's fly-ing fea - ther, My Ma-ry of the glance of glee, Has
pp


mf
caught our hearts to - ge - ther, As close as close could be; And
p
mf
rit.
now we're fast In love at last, As - tor - een, tell me I en - treat, When
rit.
a tempo
f
Hy - men's ro - sy teth - er Shall just make my joy com-plete.
a tempo
p
f
p

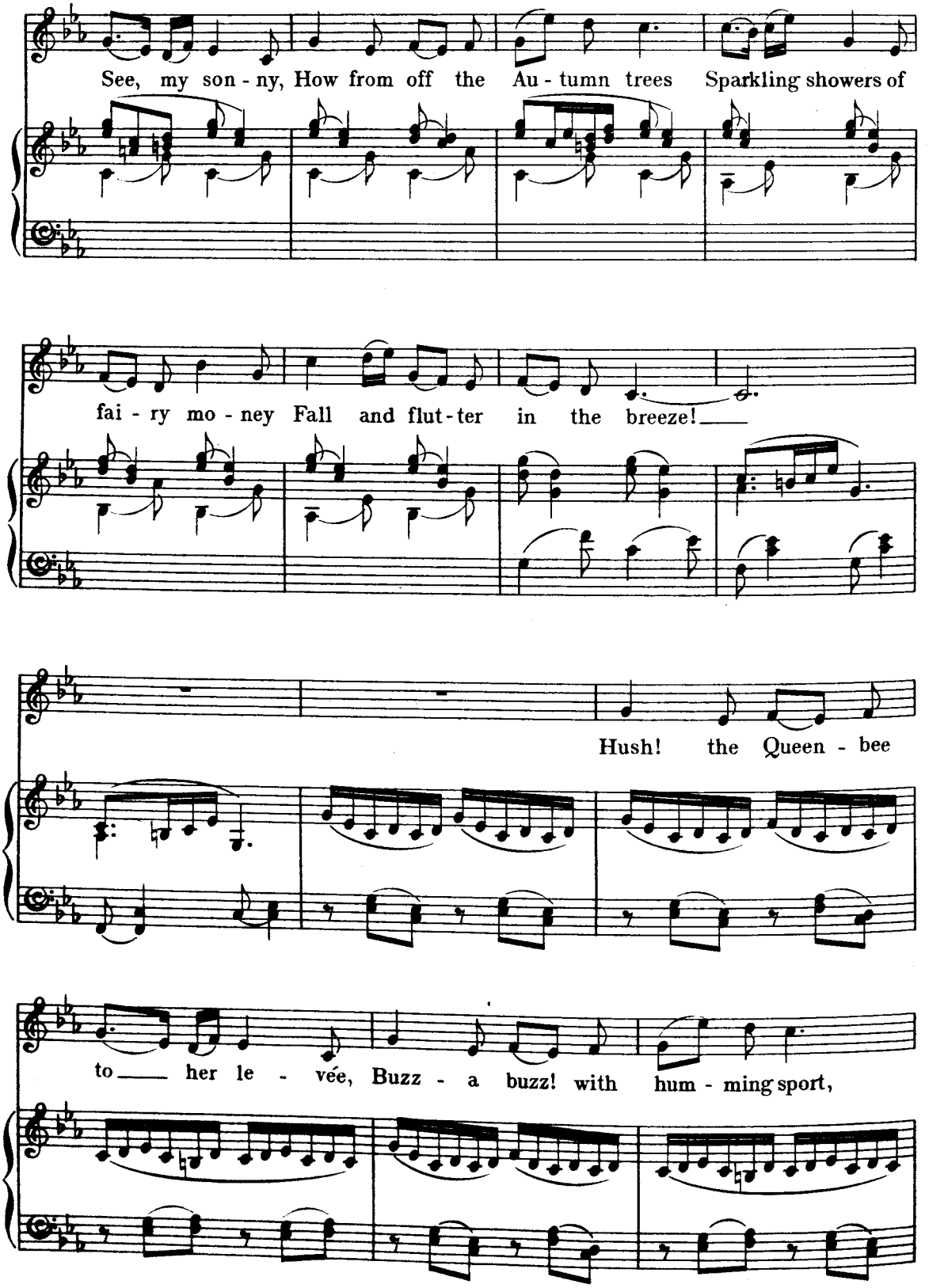
HUSH SONG.

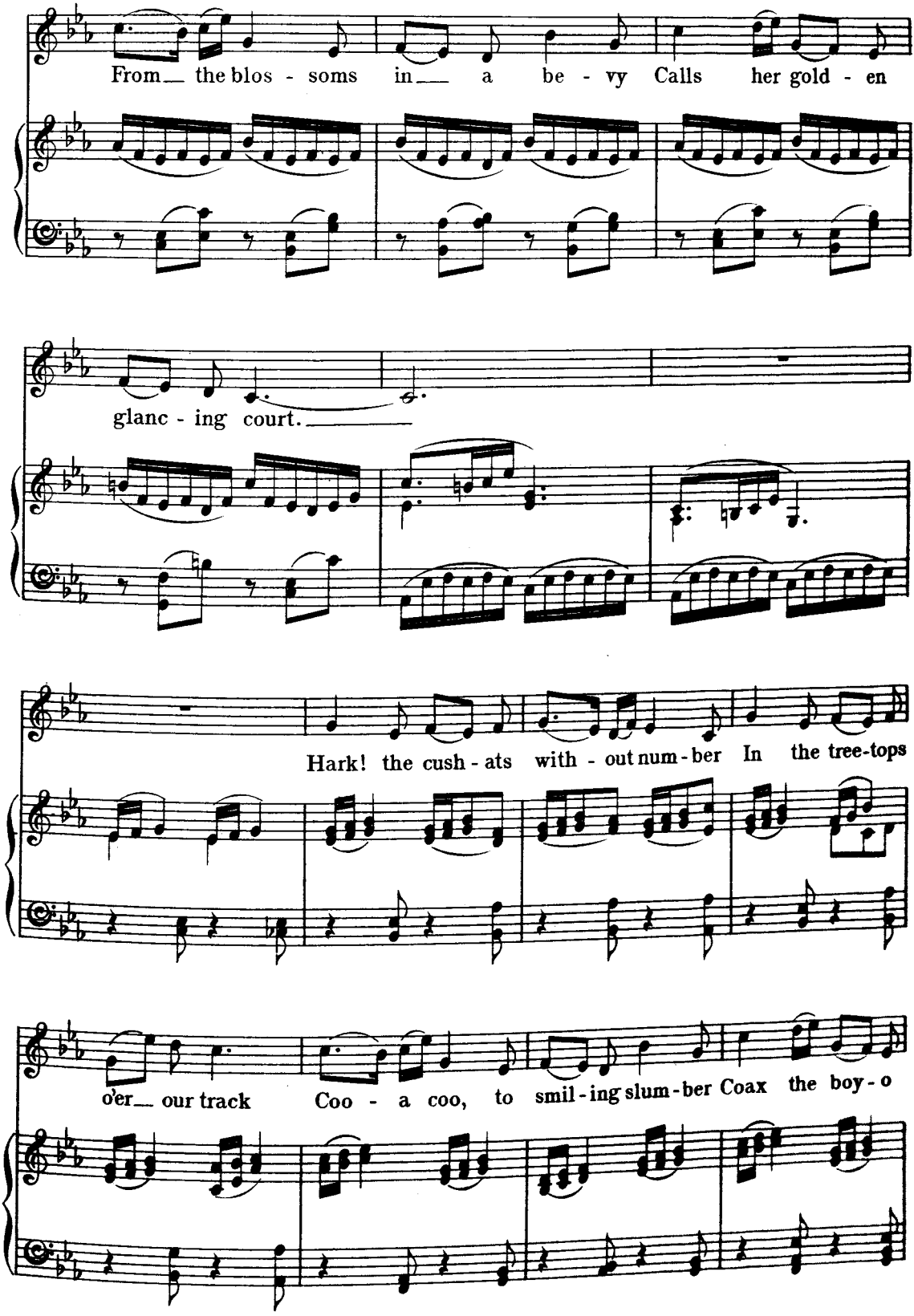
(LUIMNEACH.)

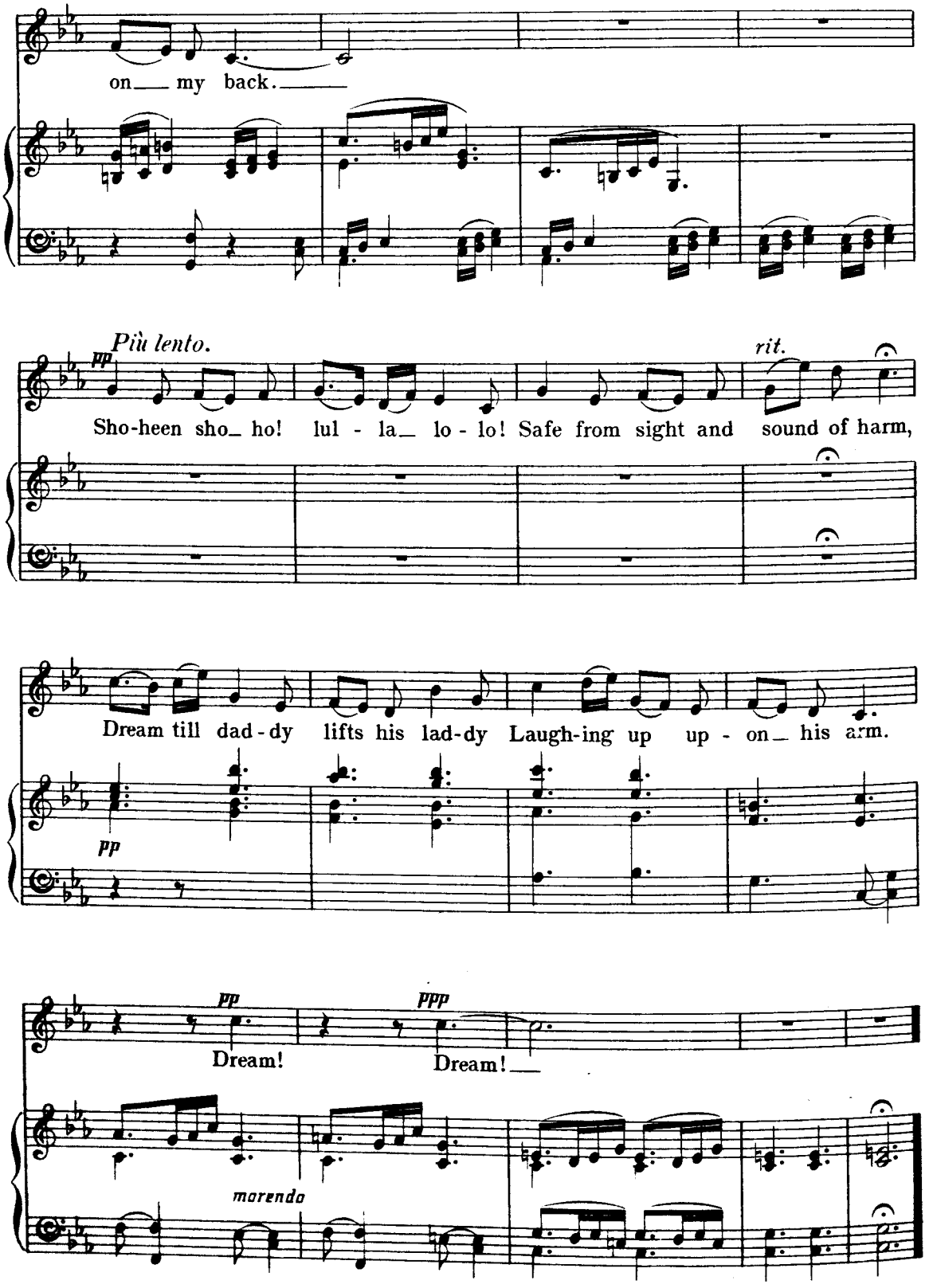
Larghetto tranquillo.



Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co

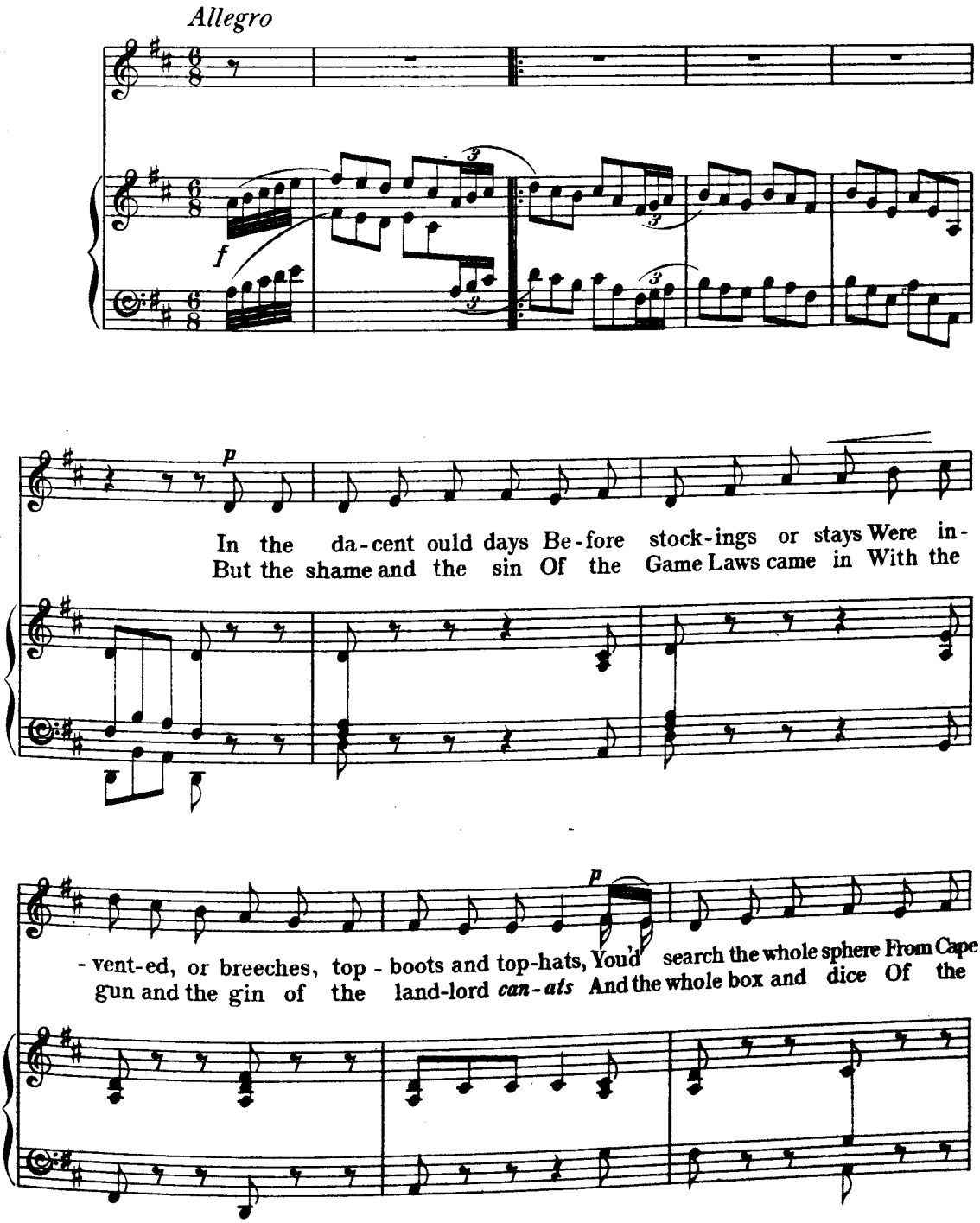

See, my son - ny, How from off the Au - tumn trees Sparkling showers of
fai - ry mo - ney Fall and flut - ter in the breeze!
Hush! the Queen - bee
to her le - vée, Buzz - a buzz! with hum - ming sport,


From the blos - soms in a be - vy Calls her gold - en
glanc - ing court.
Hark! the cush - ats with - out num - ber In the tree-tops
o'er our track Coo - a coo, to smil - ing slum - ber Coax the boy - o

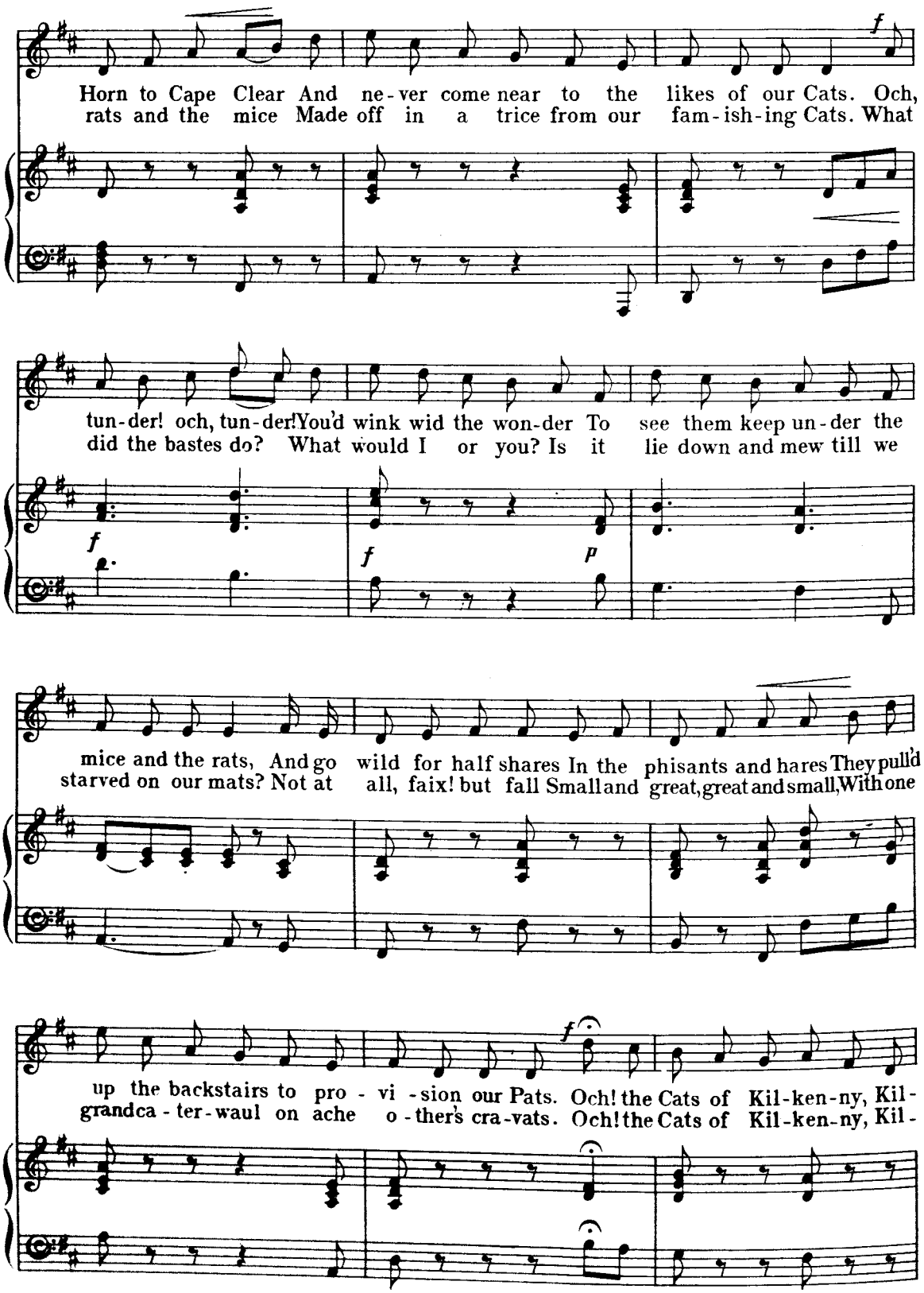

on my back.
Più lento.
pp
rit.
Sho-heen sho_ ho! lul - la_ lo - lo! Safe from sight and sound of harm,
Dream till dad-dy lifts his lad-dy Laugh-ing up up - on_ his arm.
pp
pp
ppp
Dream!
Dream!
morendo

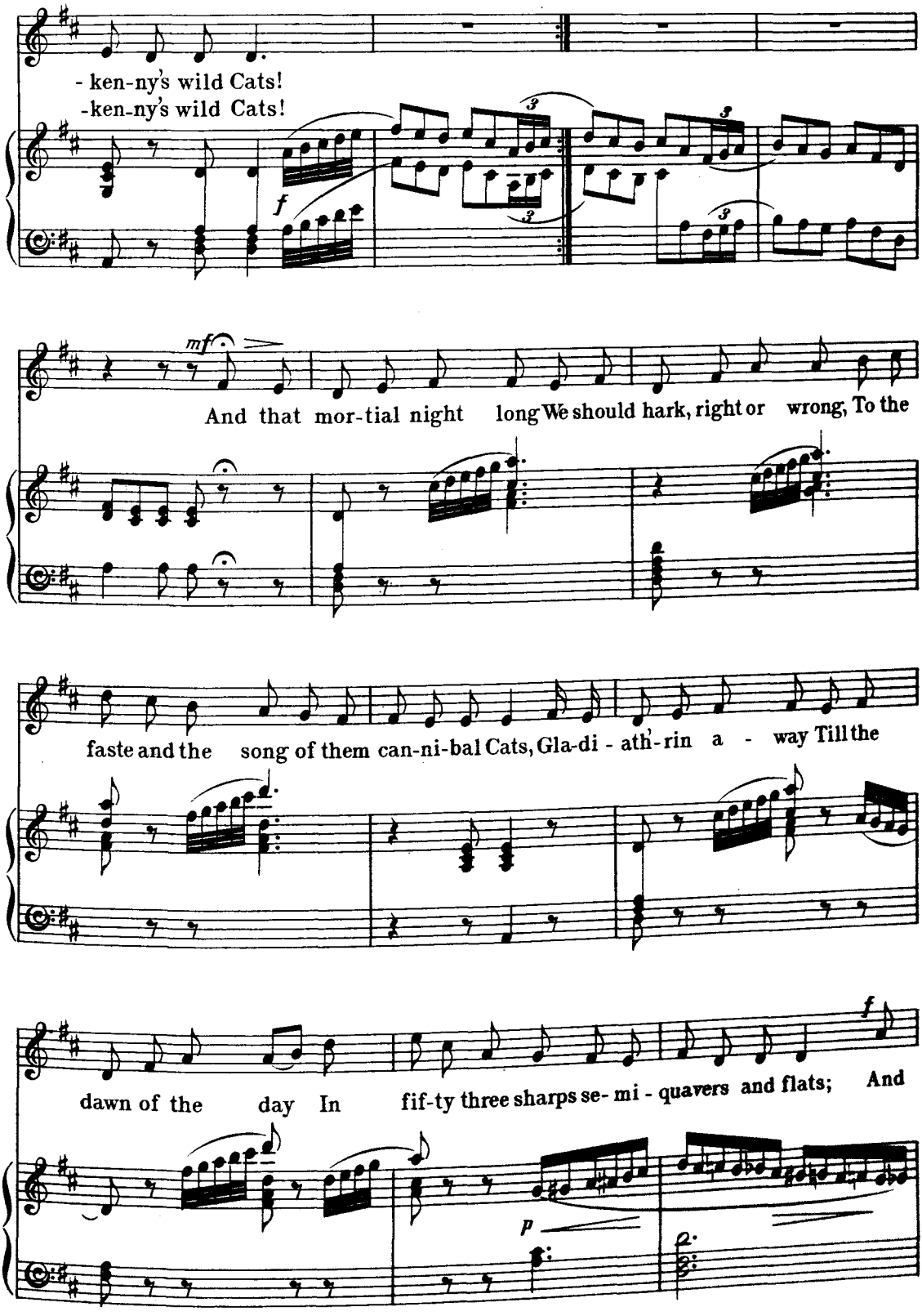
THE KILKENNY CATS.

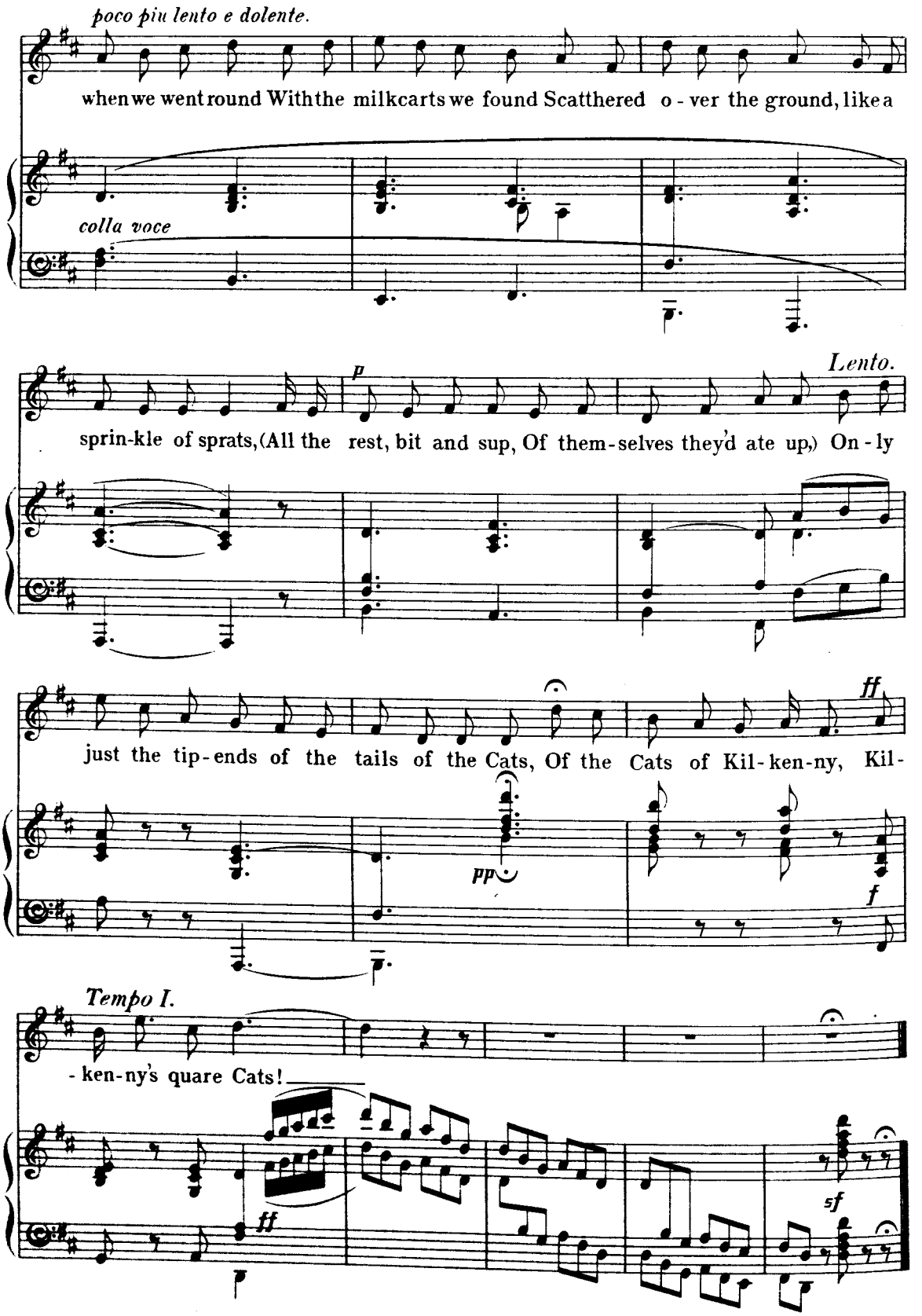
(Air Better let them alone.)



Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co.

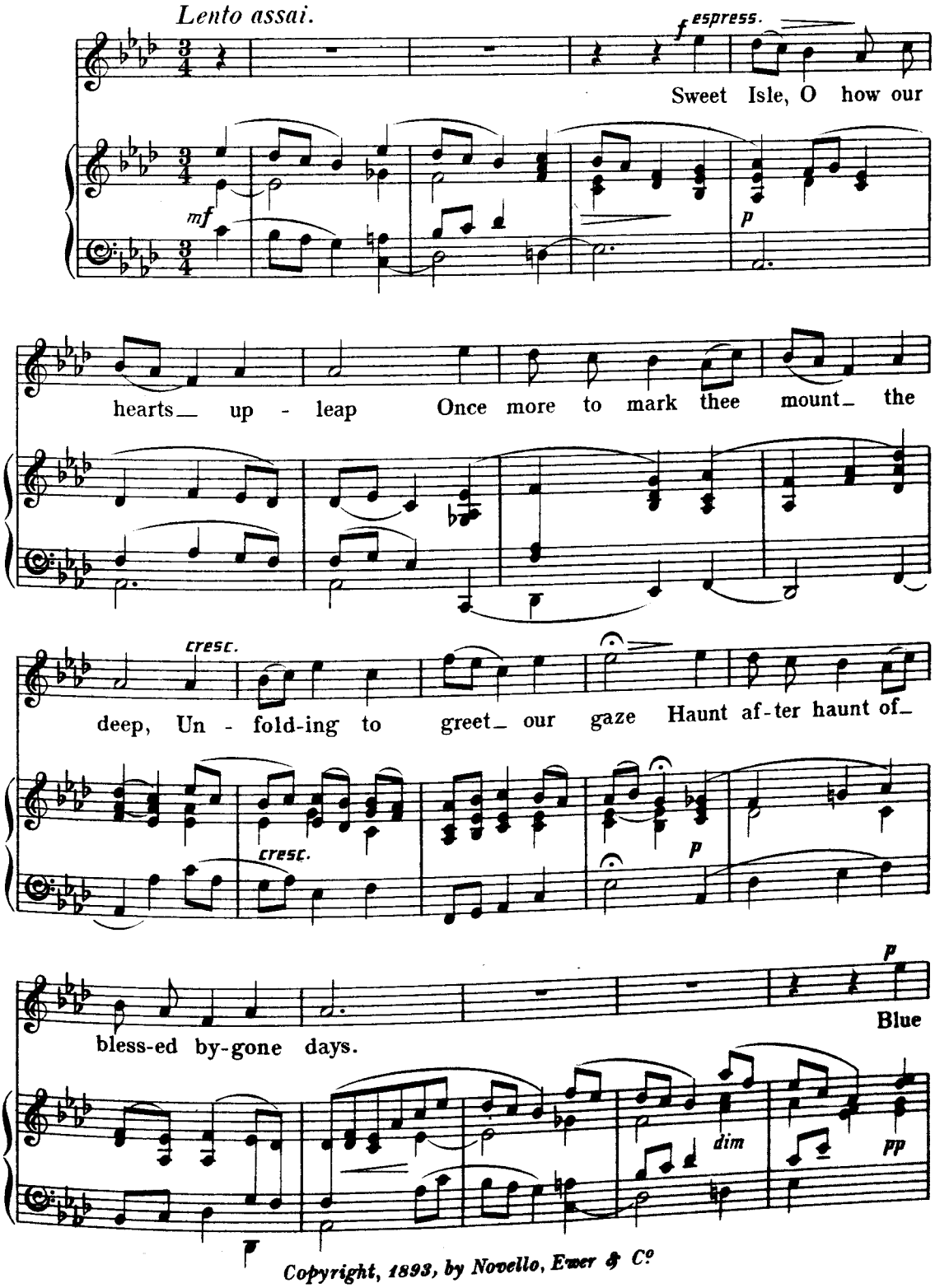

Horn to Cape Clear And ne-ver come near to the likes of our Cats. Och,
rats and the mice Made off in a trice from our fam-ish-ing Cats. What
tun-der! och, tun-der! You'd wink wid the won-der To see them keep un-der the
did the bastes do? What would I or you? Is it lie down and mew till we
mice and the rats, And go wild for half shares In the phisants and hares They pull'd
starved on our mats? Not at all, faix! but fall Small and great, great and small, With one
up the backstairs to pro-vi-sion our Pats. Och! the Cats of Kil-ken-ny, Kil-
grandca-ter-waul on ache o-ther's cra-vats. Och! the Cats of Kil-ken-ny, Kil-


- ken-ny's wild Cats!
-ken-ny's wild Cats!
f
mf
And that mor-tial night long We should hark, right or wrong, To the
faste and the song of them can-ni-bal Cats, Gla-di - ath'-rin a - way Till the
f
dawn of the day In fif-ty three sharps se- mi - quavers and flats; And
p

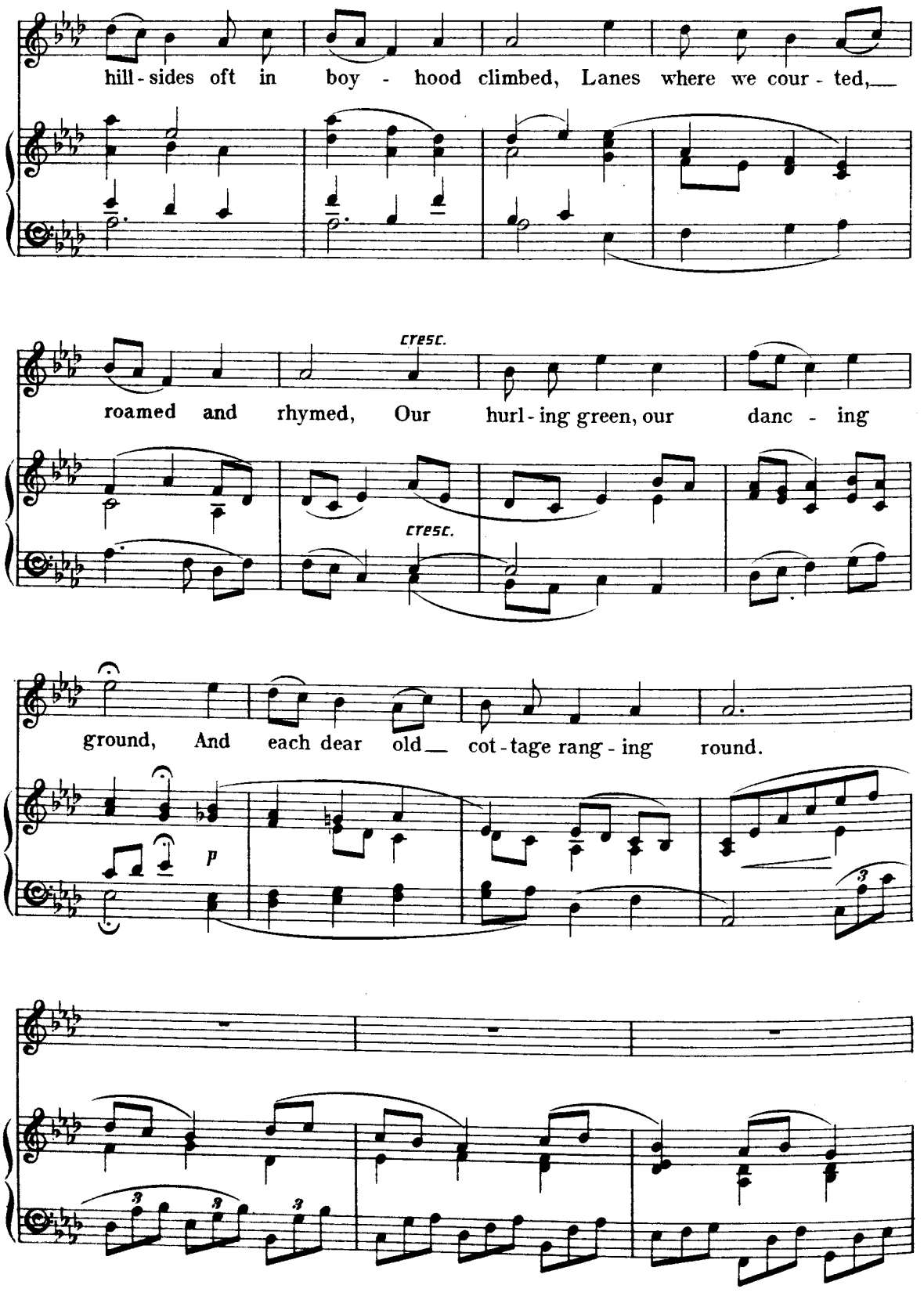

poco piu lento e dolente.
when we went round With the milkcarts we found Scatthered o - ver the ground, like a
colla voce
Lento.
p
sprin-kle of sprats,(All the rest, bit and sup, Of them-selves they'd ate up,) On - ly
ff
just the tip-ends of the tails of the Cats, Of the Cats of Kil-ken-ny, Kil-
pp
f
Tempo I.
- ken-ny's quare Cats!
ff
sf

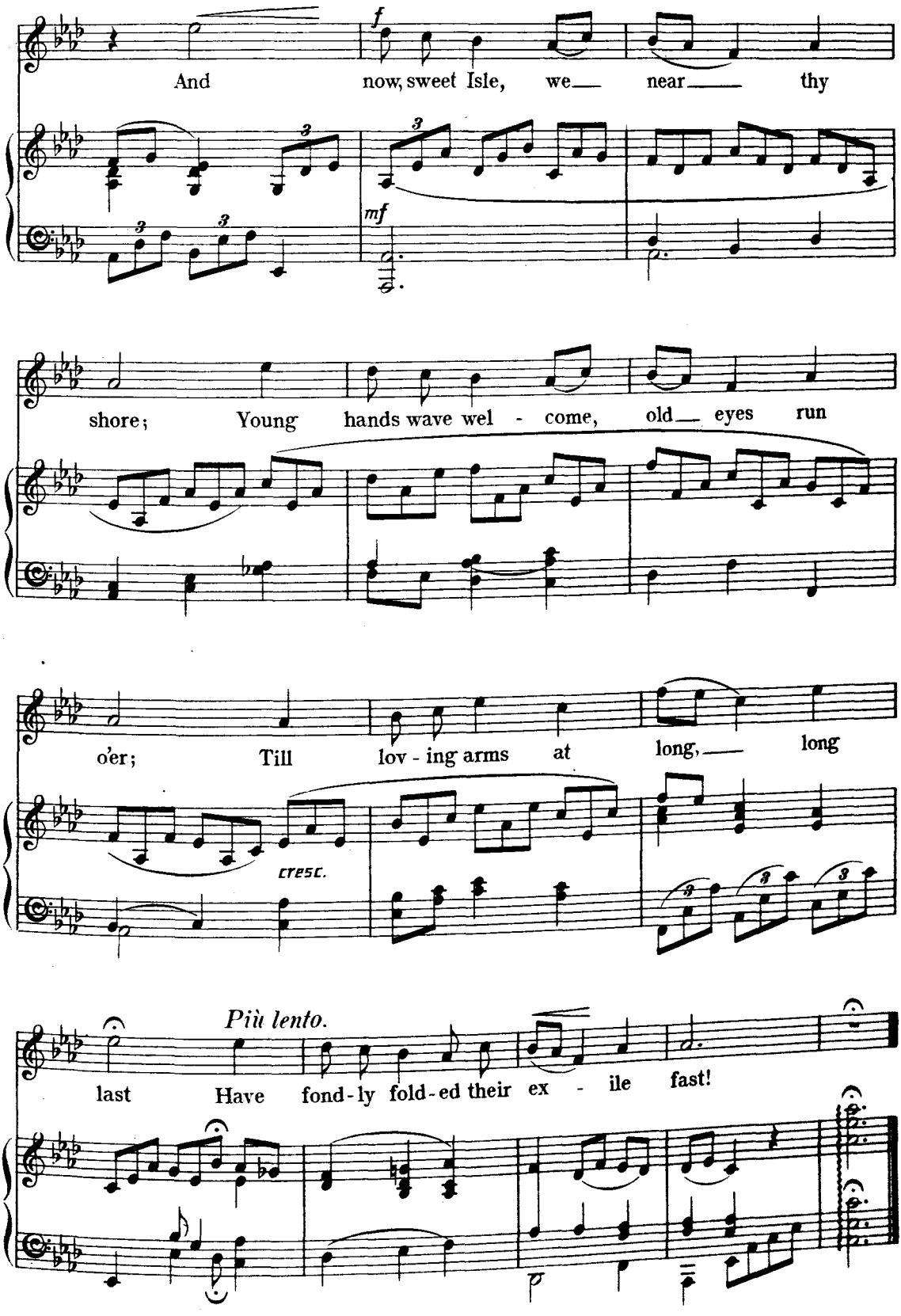
SWEET ISLE.

(Air. O'Connor's Lament.)



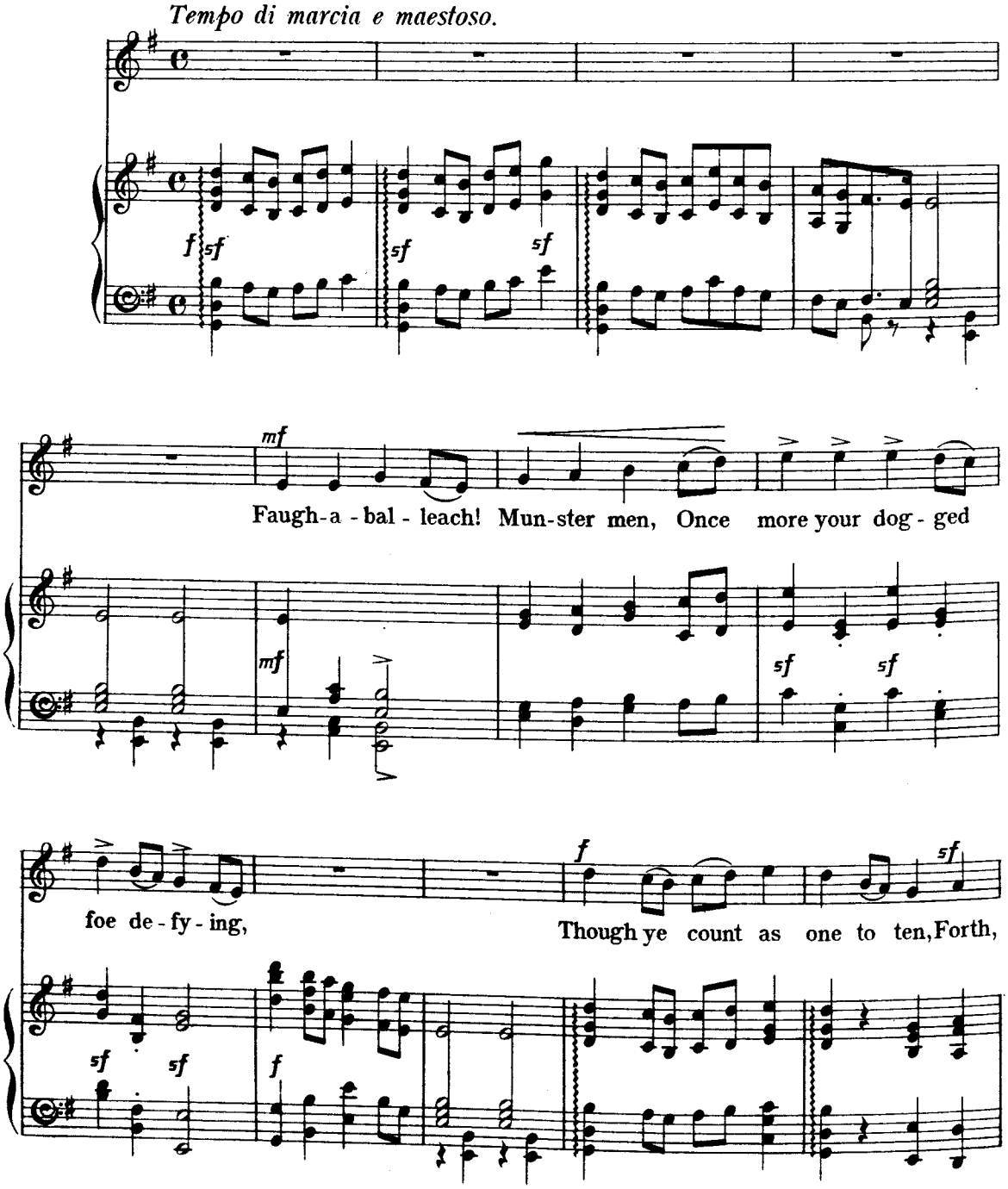
Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co.


hill - sides oft in boy - hood climbed, Lanes where we cour - ted,
cresc.
roamed and rhymed, Our hurl - ing green, our danc - ing
cresc.
ground, And each dear old cot - tage rang - ing round.
p

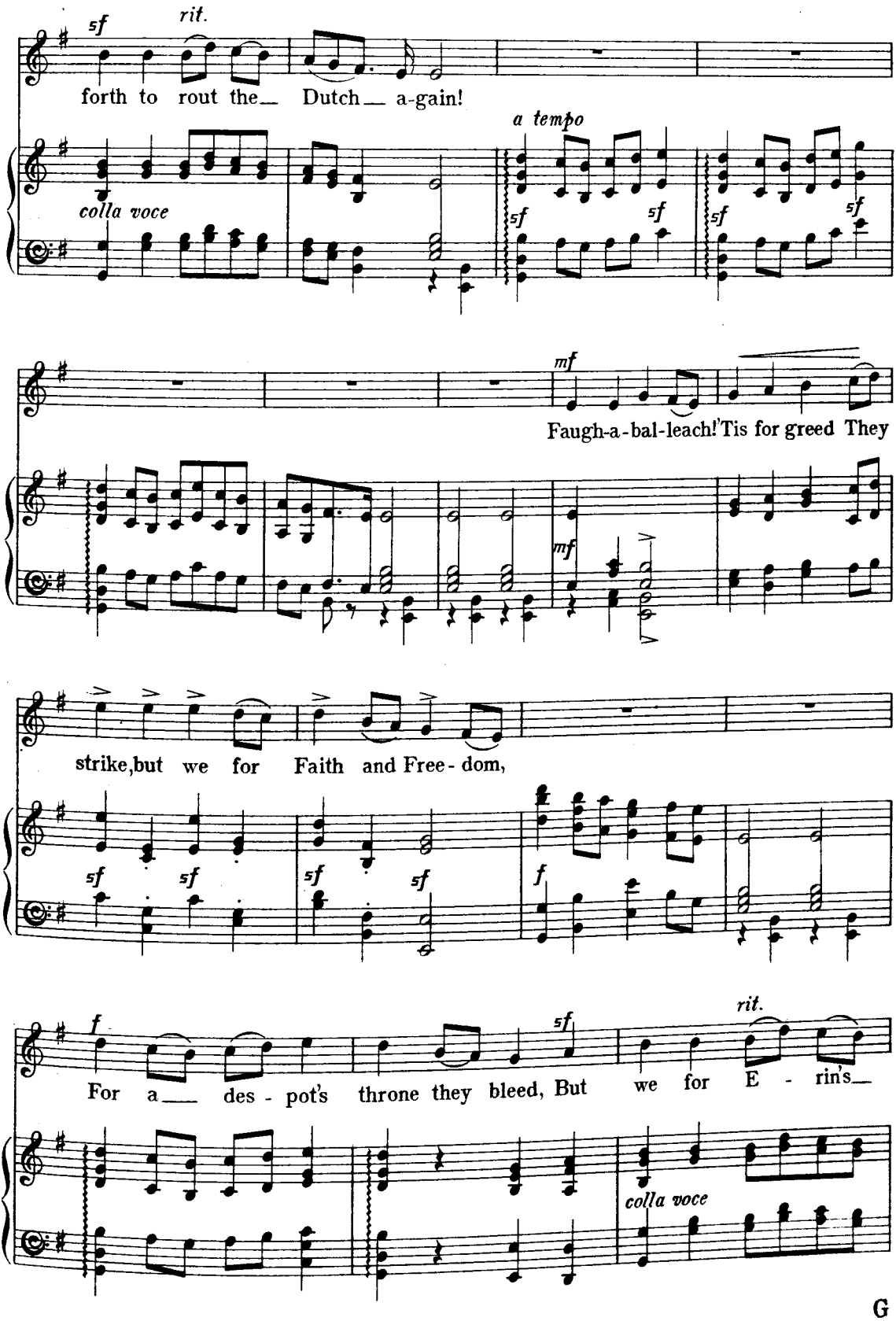

And now, sweet Isle, we near thy
f
mf
shore; Young hands wave wel - come, old eyes run
o'er; Till lov - ing arms at long, long
cresc.
Più lento.
last Have fond - ly fold - ed their ex - ile fast!

THE HERO OF LIMERICK.

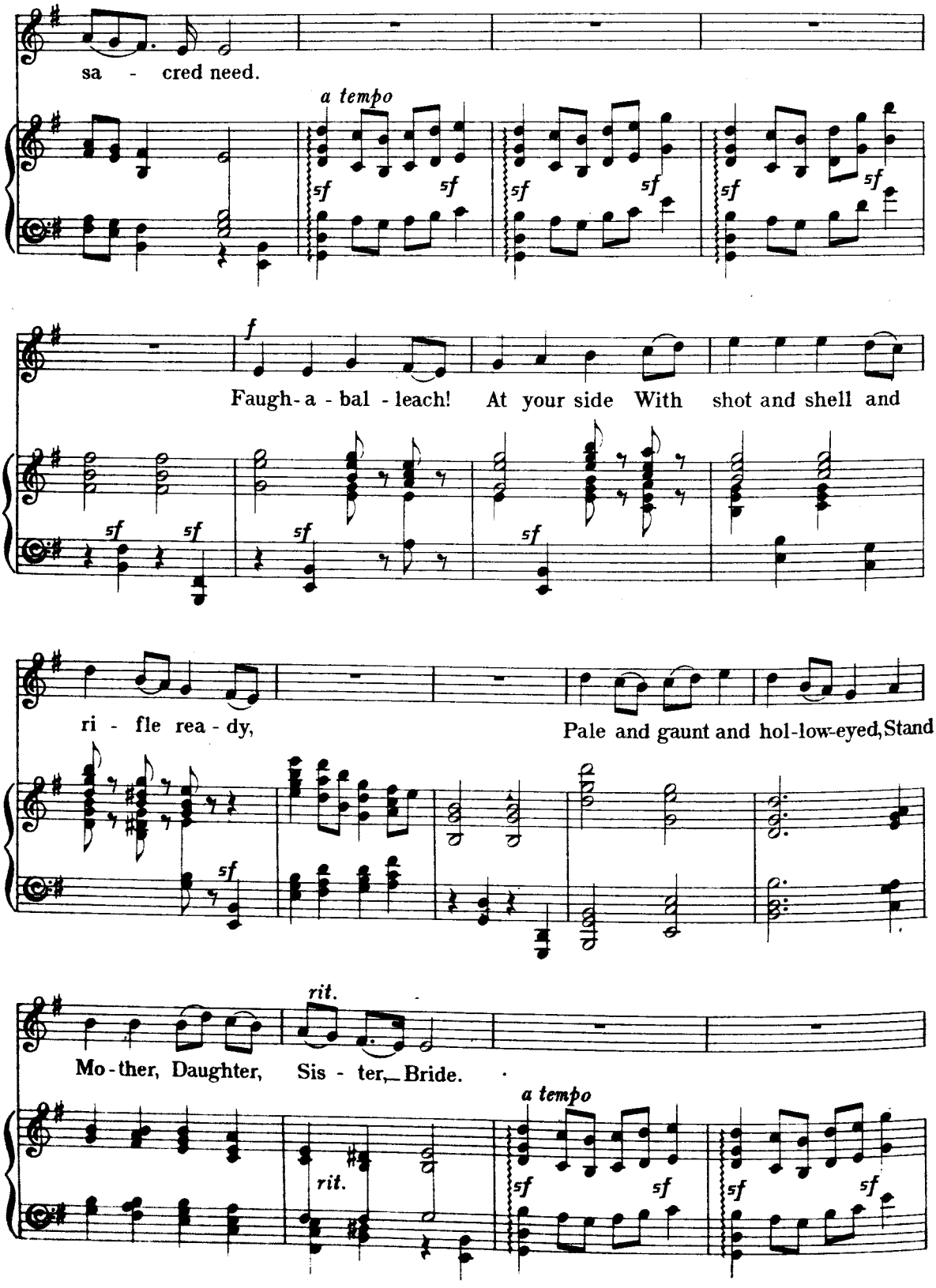
(Air. Patrick Sarsfield.)

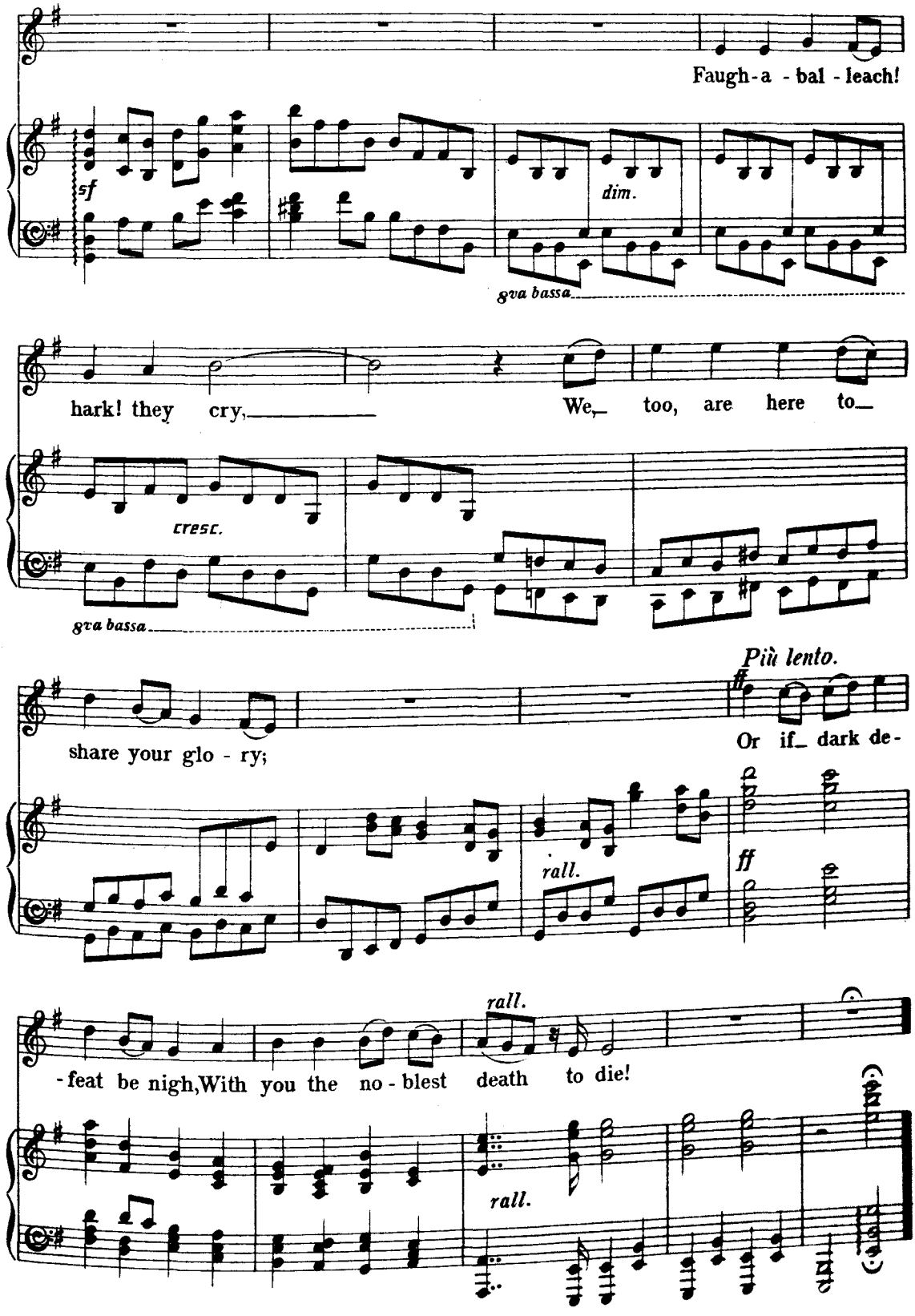


Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co.


sf
rit.
forth to rout the Dutch a-gain!
a tempo
colla voce
sf
sf
sf
sf
mf
Faugh-a-bal-leach! 'Tis for greed They
mf
strike, but we for Faith and Free - dom,
sf
sf
sf
sf
f
f
For a des - pot's throne they bleed, But
sf
rit.
we for E - rin's
colla voce

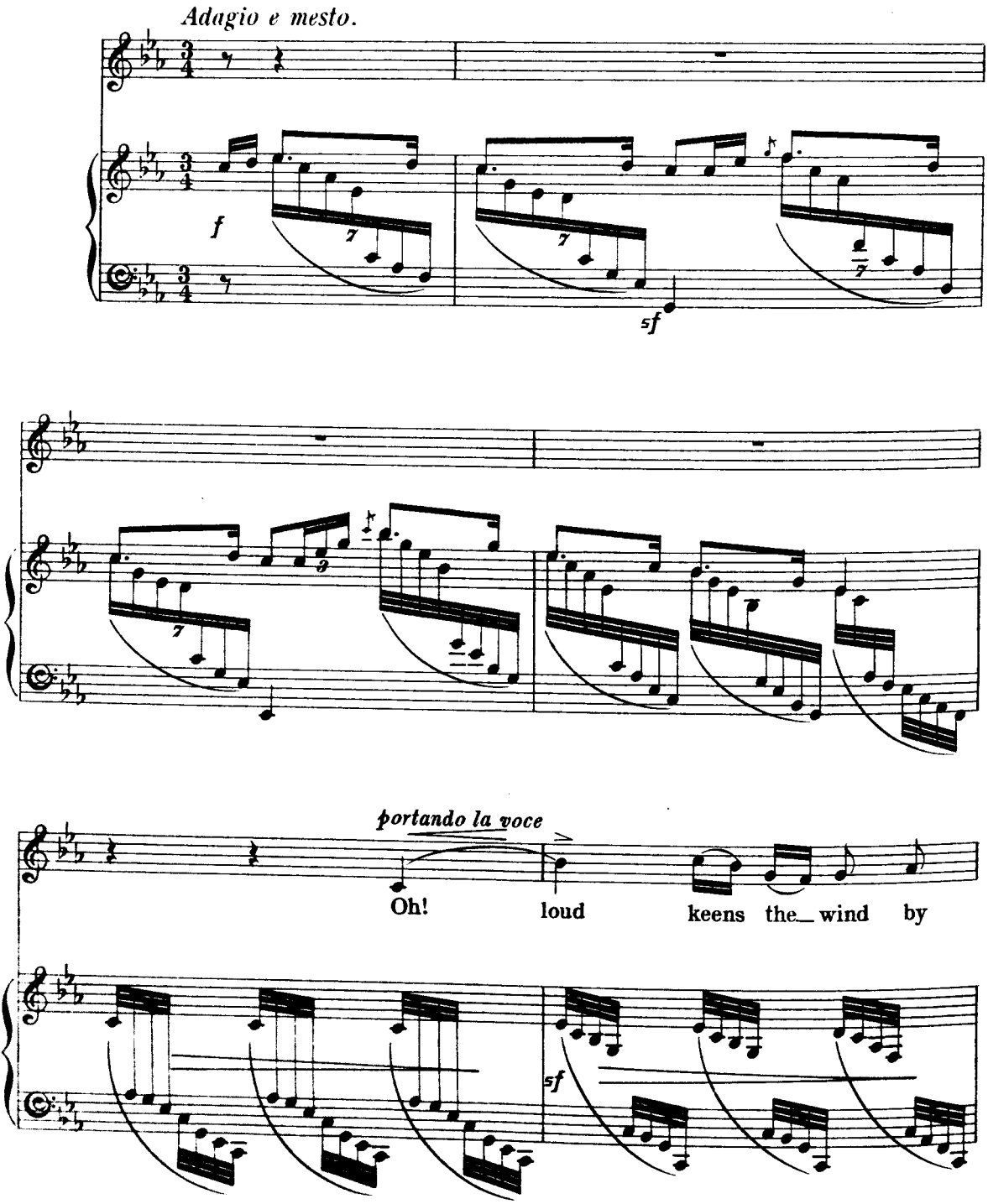
G


sa - cred need.
a tempo
sf
f
Faugh-a-bal-leach! At your side With shot and shell and
ri - fle rea - dy,
Pale and gaunt and hol-low-eyed, Stand
rit.
Mo-ther, Daughter, Sis - ter, Bride.
a tempo
rit.

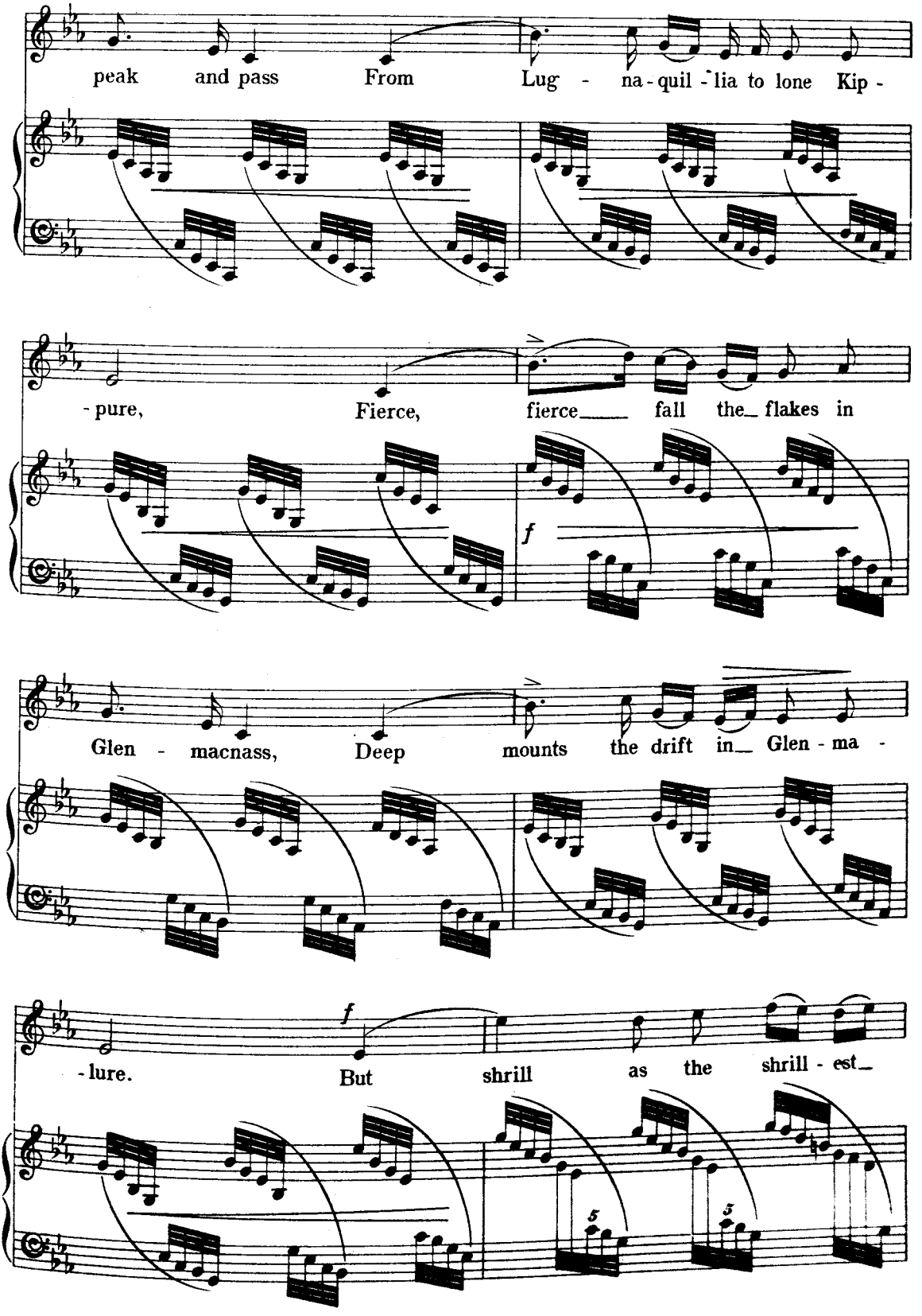

Faugh-a - bal - leach!
sf
dim.
8va bassa
hark! they cry,
We, too, are here to
cresc.
8va bassa
Più lento.
ff
share your glo - ry;
Or if dark de-
rall.
ff
rall.
-feat be nigh, With you the no - blest death to die!
rall.

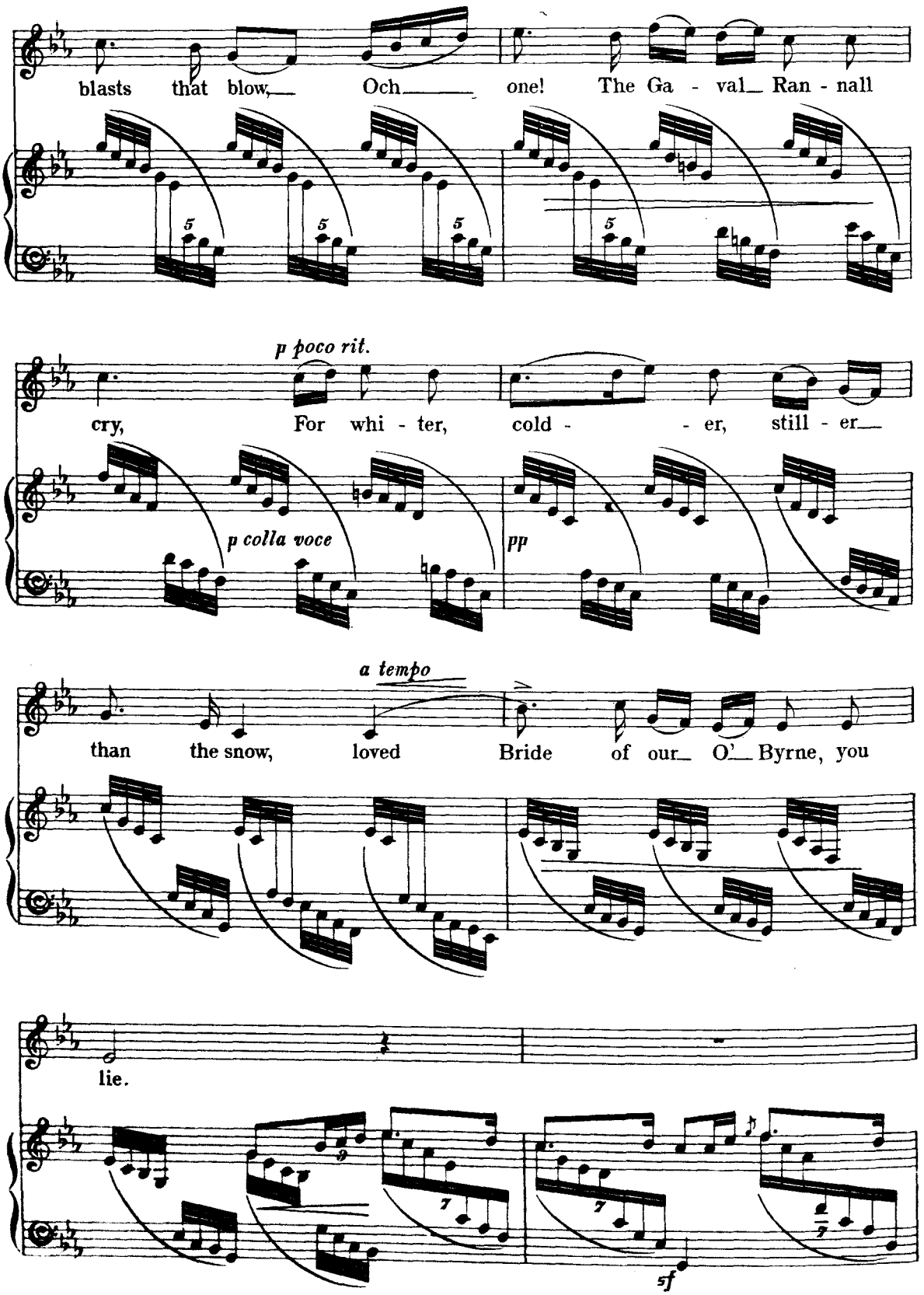
LOVED BRIDE OF O'BYRNE.

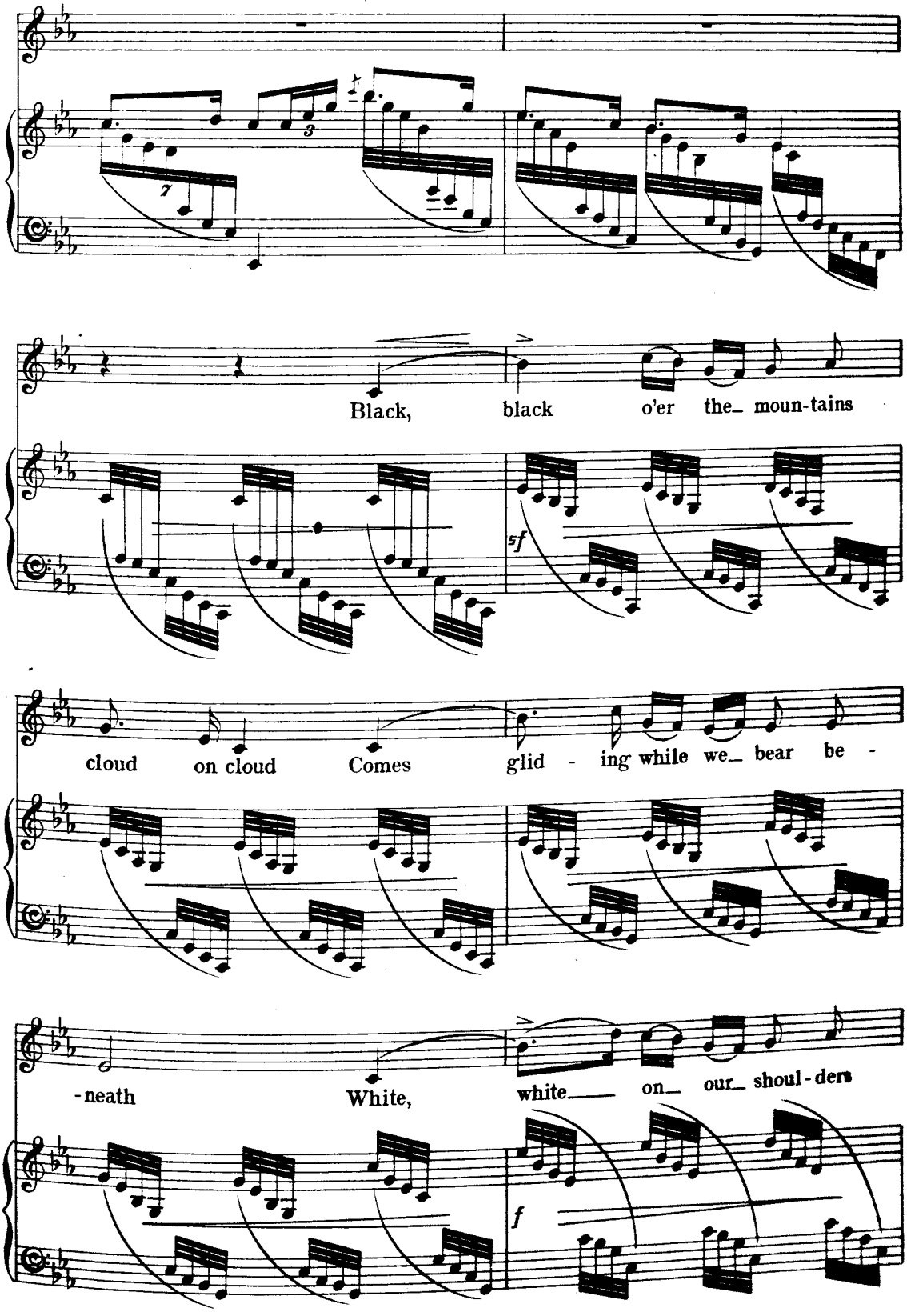
(An Arranmore Air.)

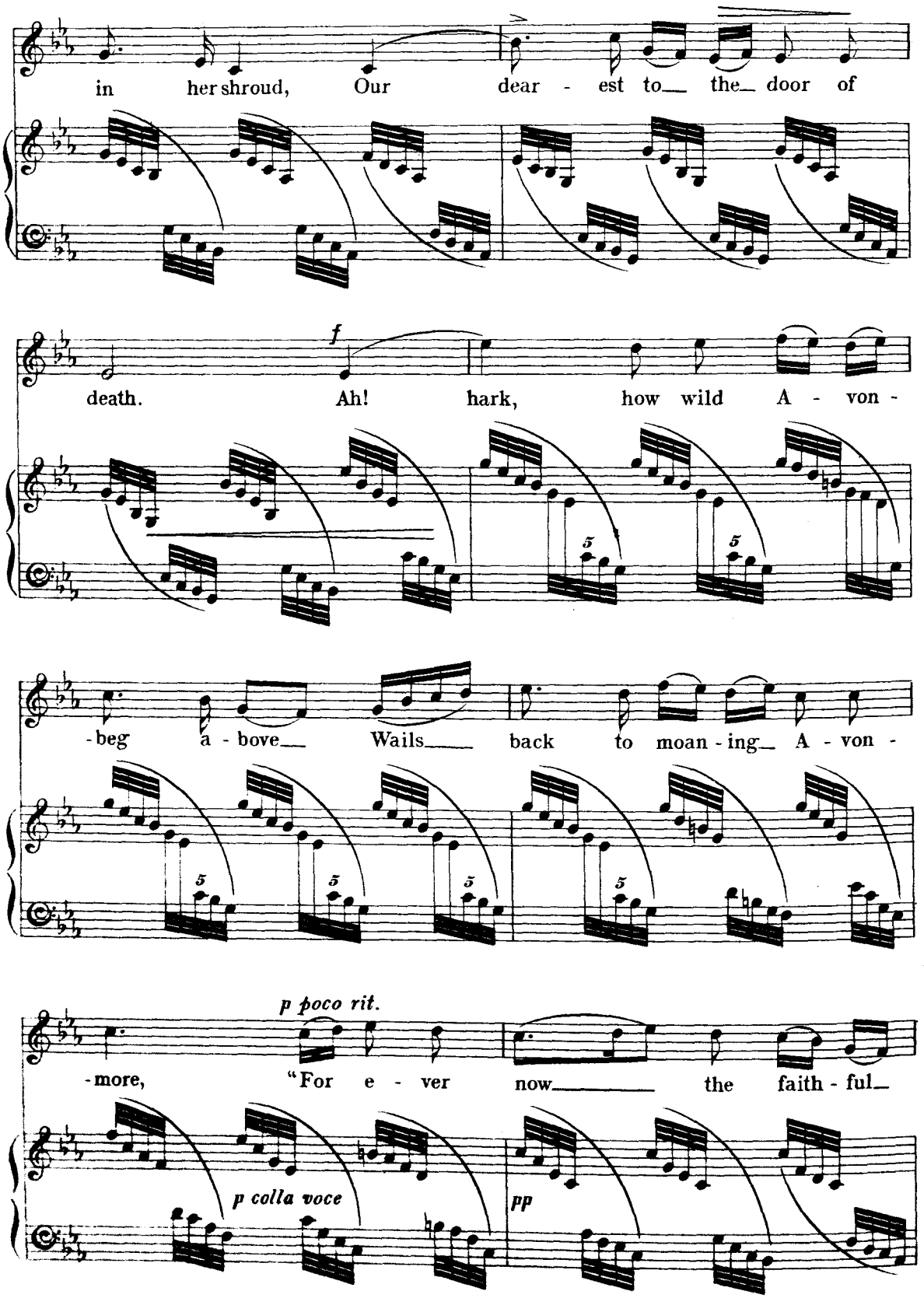


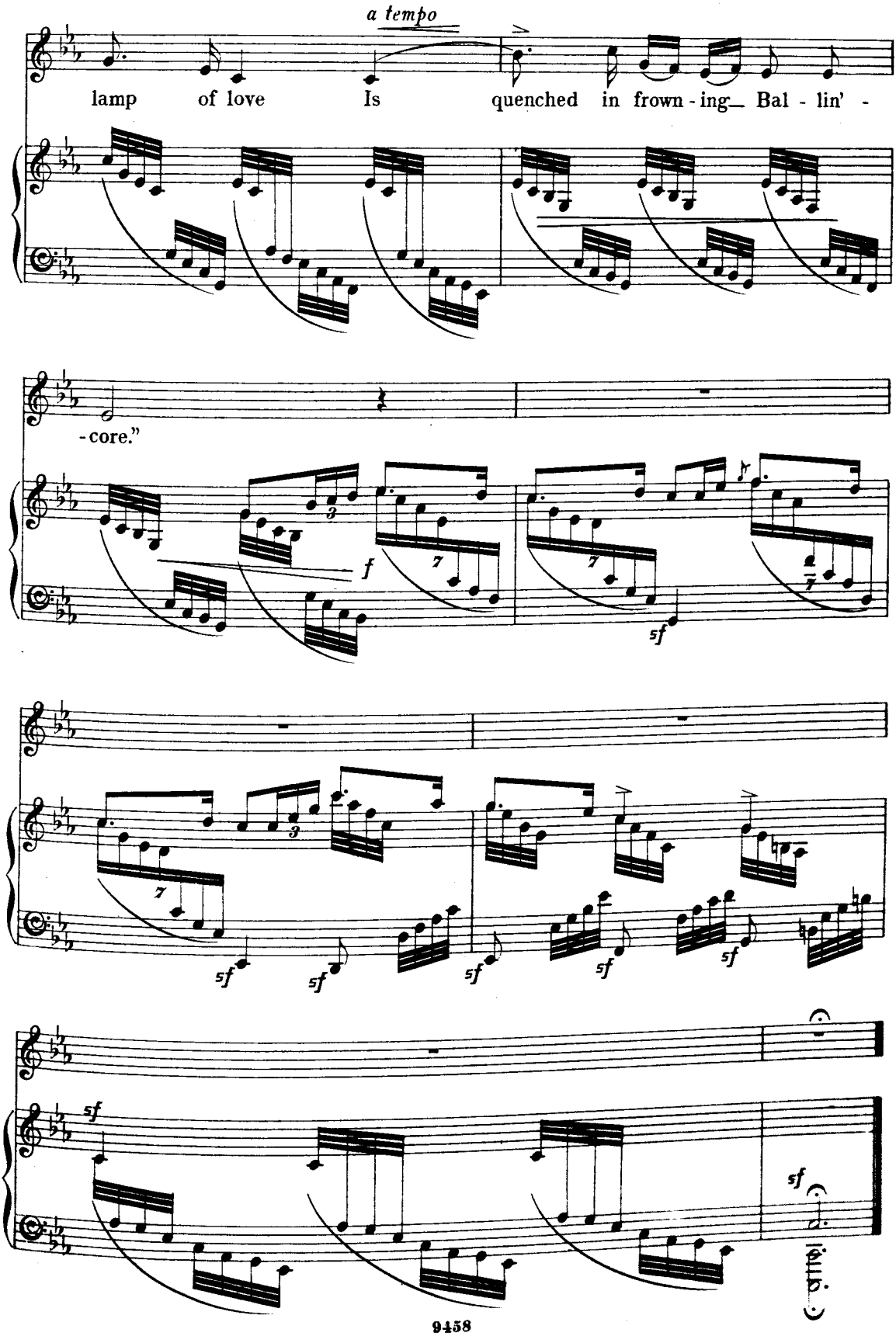
Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co


peak and pass From Lug - na - quil - lia to lone Kip -
- pure, Fierce, fierce fall the flakes in
f
Glen - macnass, Deep mounts the drift in Glen - ma -
f
- lure. But shrill as the shrill - est
5
5


blasts that blow, Och one! The Ga - val Ran - nall
p poco rit.
cry, For whi - ter, cold - - er, still - er
p colla voce
pp
a tempo
than the snow, loved Bride of our O' Byrne, you
lie.
sf

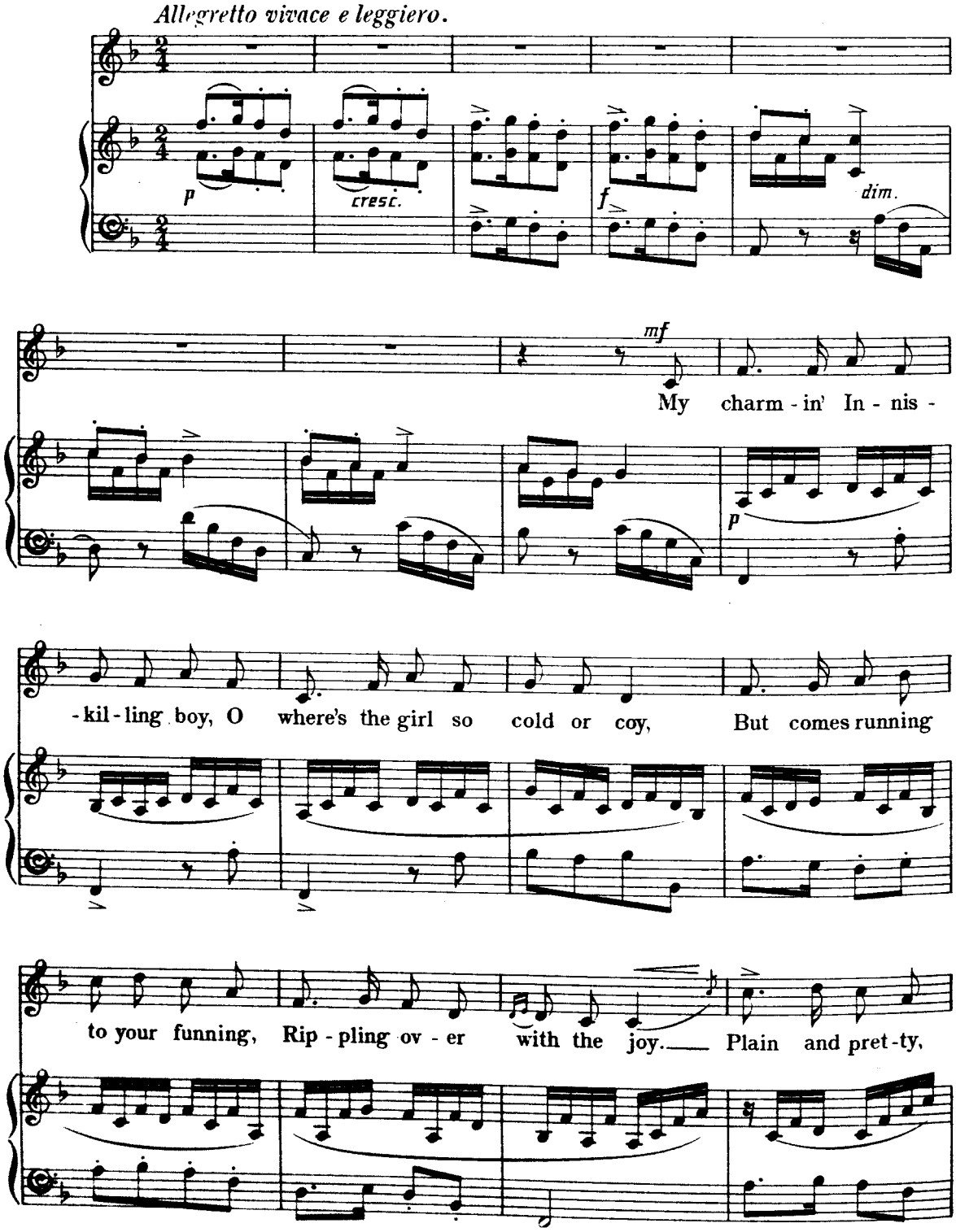

Black, black o'er the_ moun-tains
5f
cloud on cloud Comes glid - ing while we_ bear be -
-neath White, white_ on_ our_ shoul-ders
f


in her shroud, Our dear - est to the door of
death. Ah! hark, how wild A - von -
-beg a - bove Wails back to moan - ing A - von -
p poco rit.
-more, "For e - ver now the faith - ful
p colla voce
pp

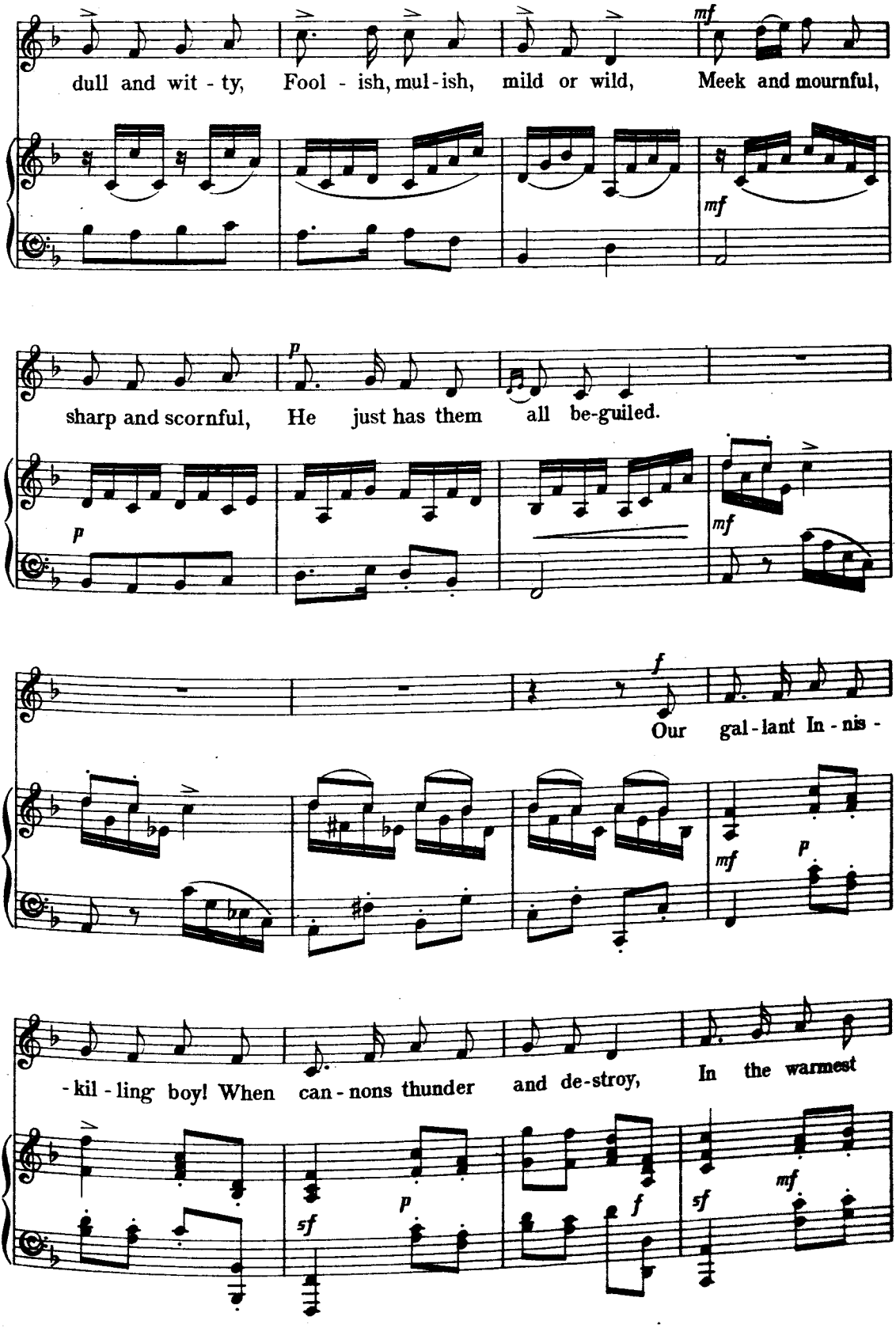

a tempo
lamp of love Is quenched in frown - ing Bal - lin' -
- core."
f
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf

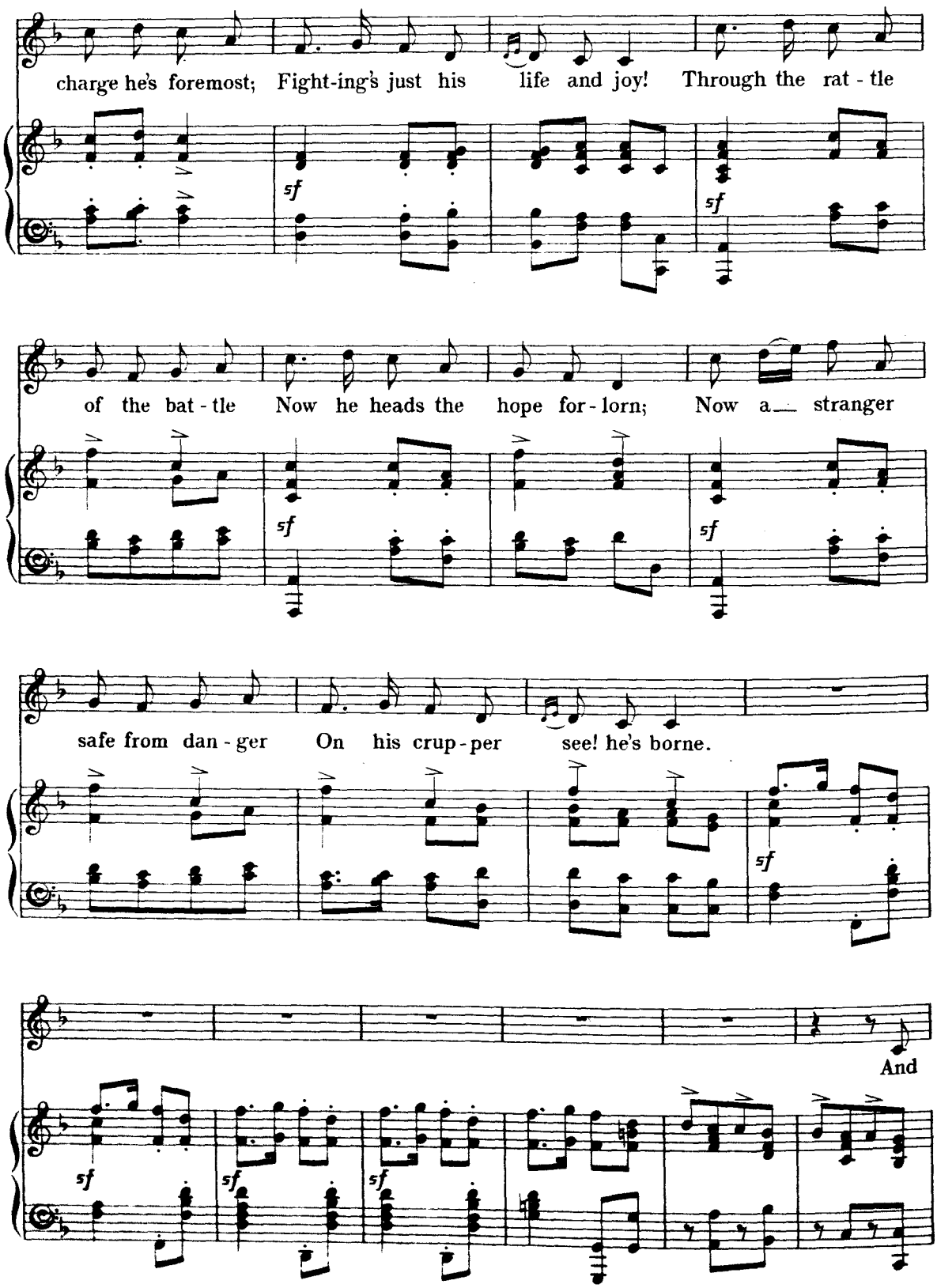
OUR INNISKILLING BOY.

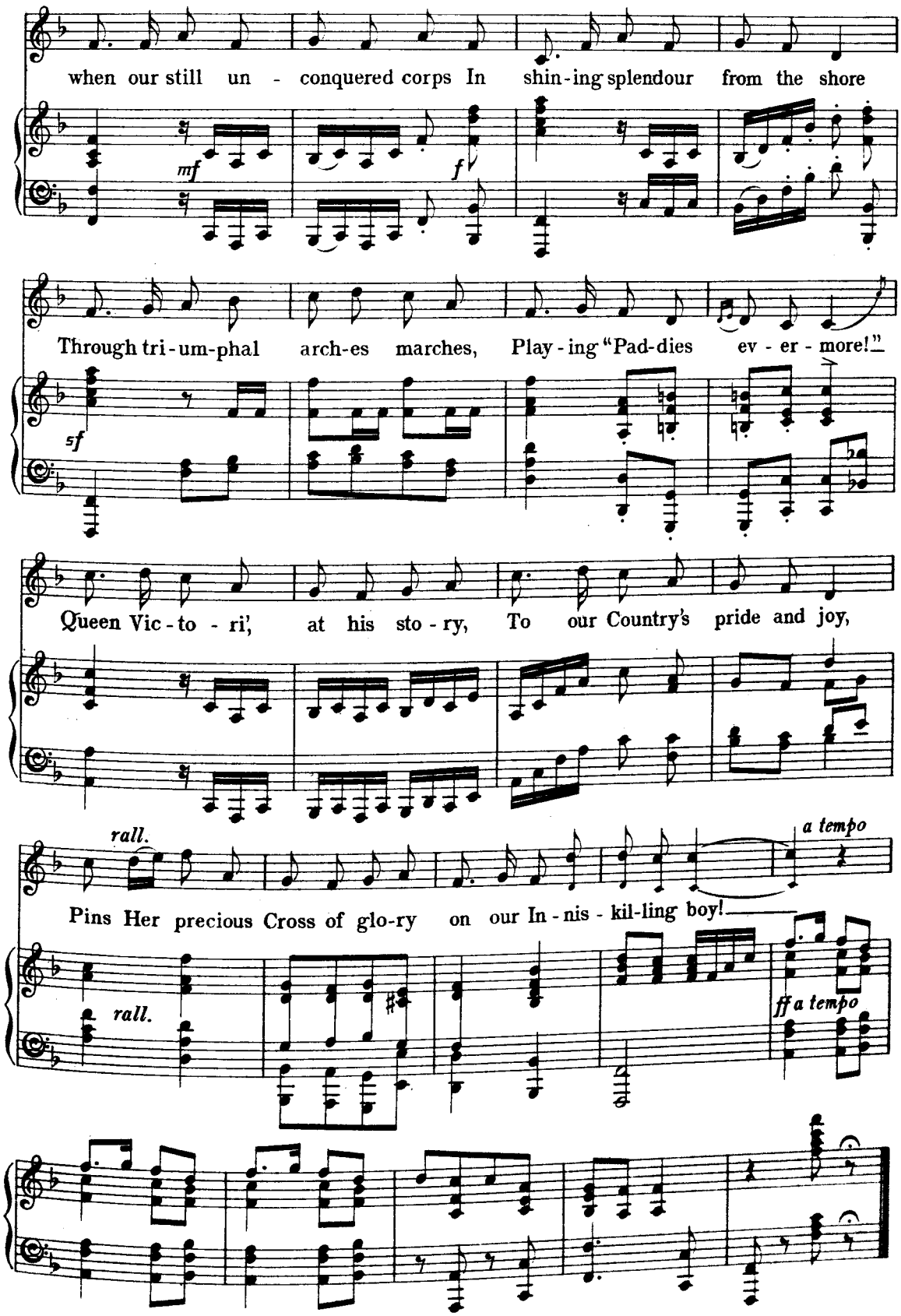
(Air. The Irish Lad's a jolly Boy.)



Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co.


dull and wit - ty, Fool - ish, mul - ish, mild or wild, Meek and mournful,
sharp and scornful, He just has them all be-guiled.
Our gal - lant In - nis -
- kil - ling boy! When can - nons thunder and de-stroy, In the warmest


charge he's foremost; Fight-ing's just his life and joy! Through the rat - tle
sf
sf
of the bat - tle Now he heads the hope for - lorn; Now a stranger
sf
sf
safe from dan - ger On his crup - per see! he's borne.
sf
And
sf
sf
sf

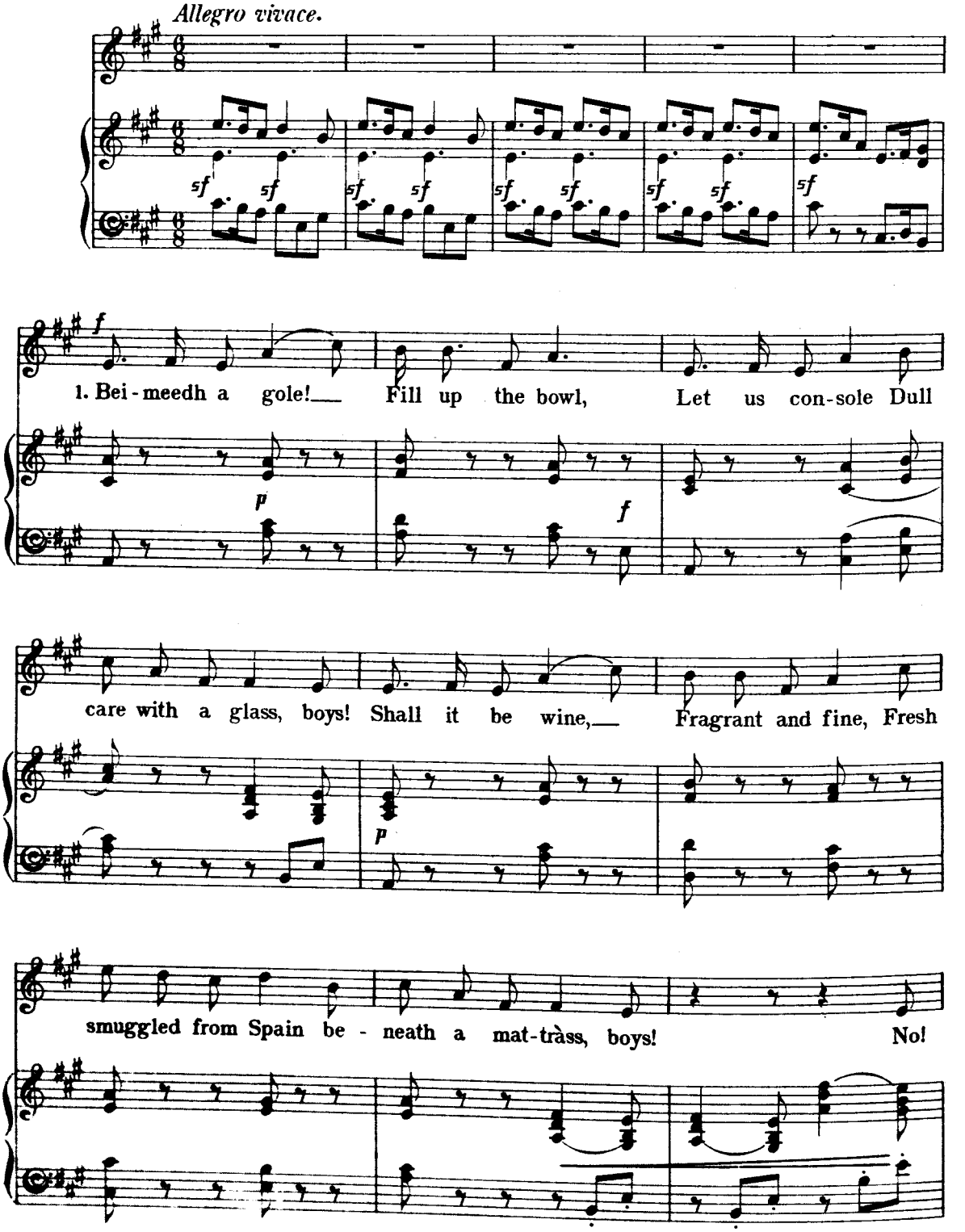

when our still un - conquered corps In shin-ing splendour from the shore
mf
f
Through tri-um-phal arch-es marches, Play-ing "Pad-dies ev - er - more!"
sf
Queen Vic-to - ri', at his sto - ry, To our Country's pride and joy,
rall.
a tempo
Pins Her precious Cross of glo-ry on our In - nis - kil-ling boy!
rall.
ff a tempo

FESTIVAL SONG

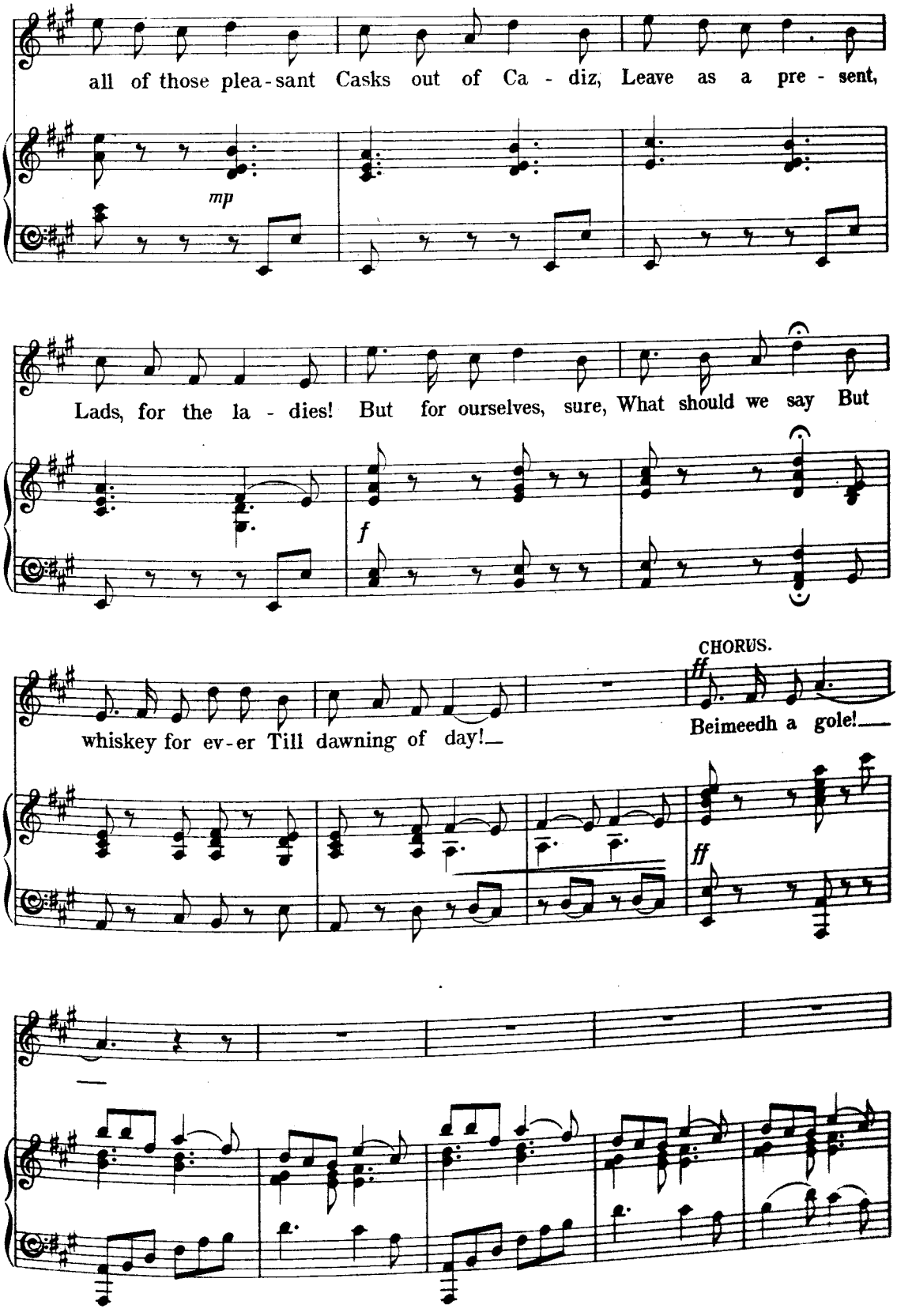
(PLERACA.)

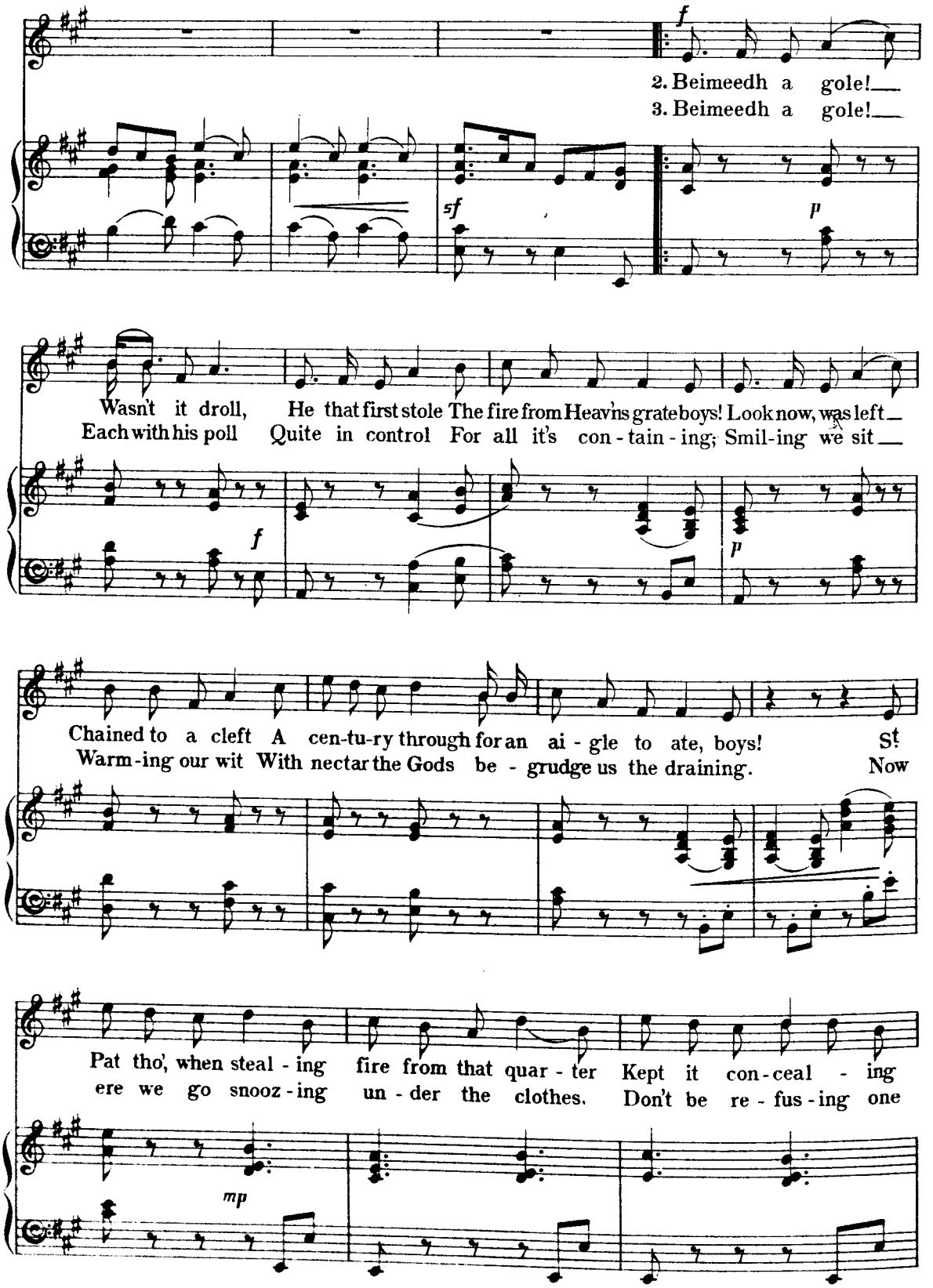
(Air. Huish the Cat.)

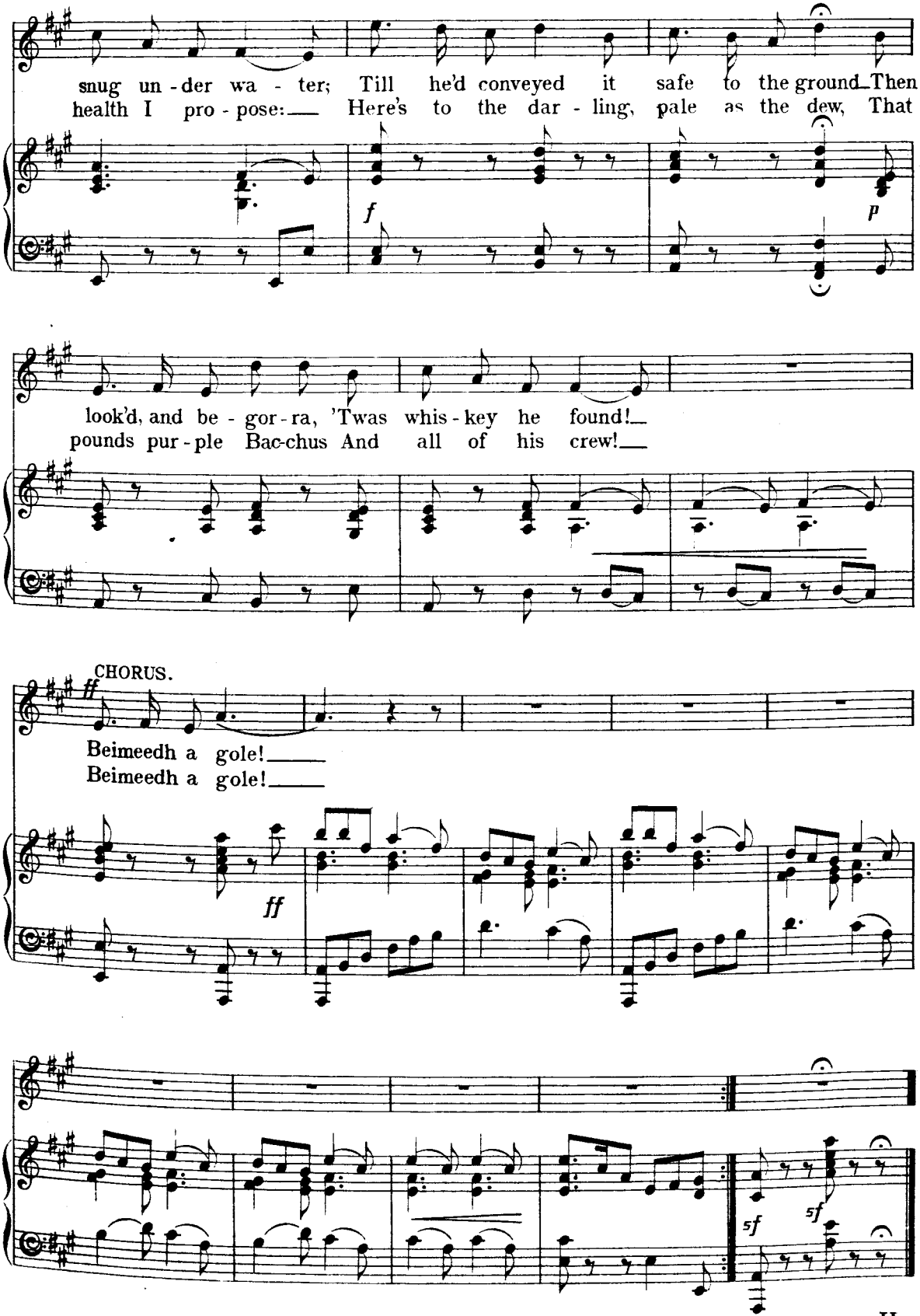
Allegro vivace.



Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co

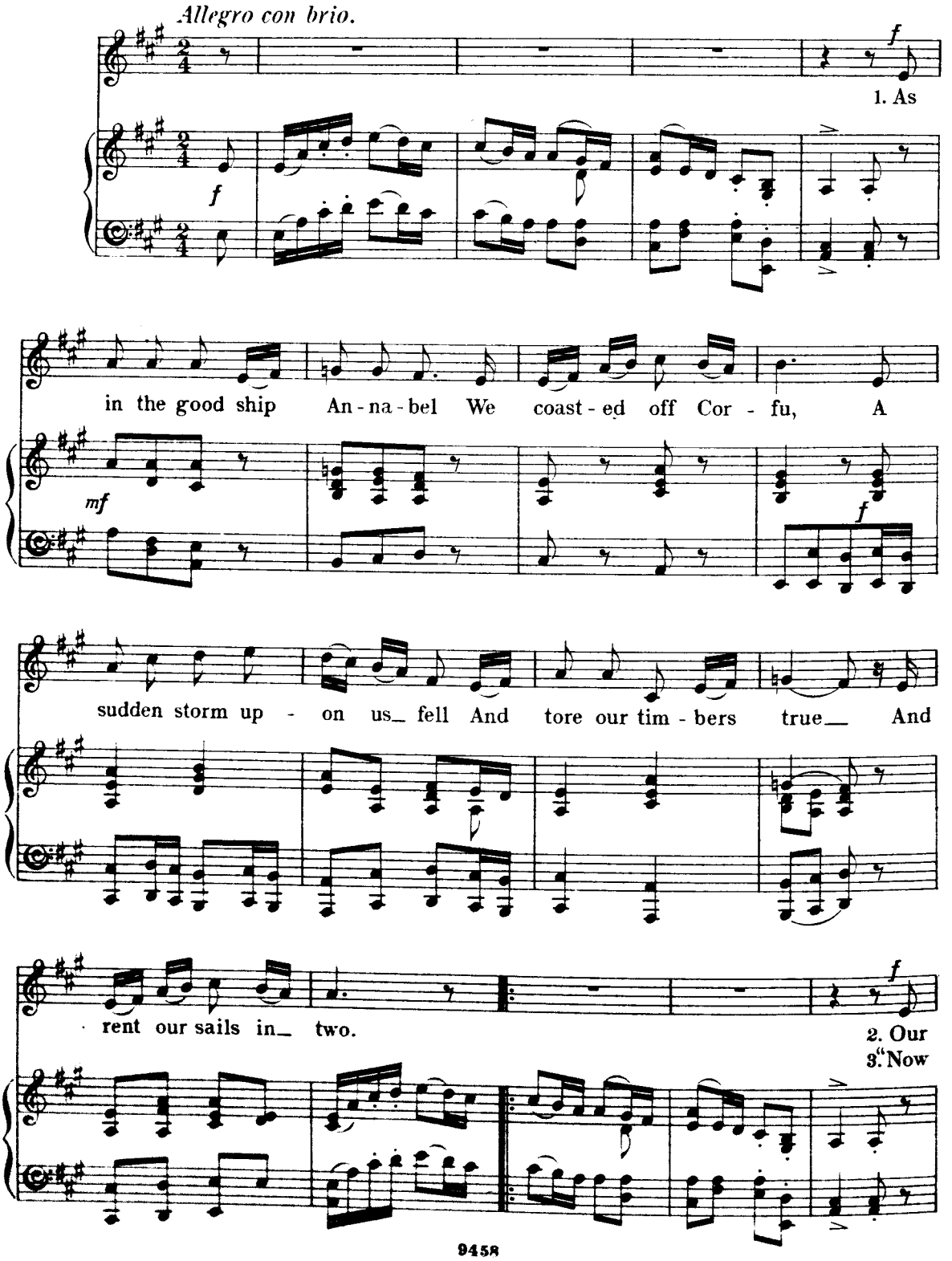

all of those plea-sant Casks out of Ca - diz, Leave as a pre - sent,
mp
Lads, for the la - dies! But for ourselves, sure, What should we say But
f
CHORUS.
ff
whiskey for ev-er Till dawning of day!
Beimeedh a gole!
ff


f
2. Beimeedh a gole!
3. Beimeedh a gole!
sf
p
Wasn't it droll, He that first stole The fire from Heav'ns grate boys! Look now, was left
Each with his poll Quite in control For all it's con - tain - ing; Smil - ing we sit
f
p
Chained to a cleft A cen-tu-ry through for an ai - gle to ate, boys! St
Warm - ing our wit With nectar the Gods be - grudge us the draining. Now
Pat tho', when steal - ing fire from that quar - ter Kept it con - ceal - ing
ere we go snooz - ing un - der the clothes. Don't be re - fus - ing one
mp

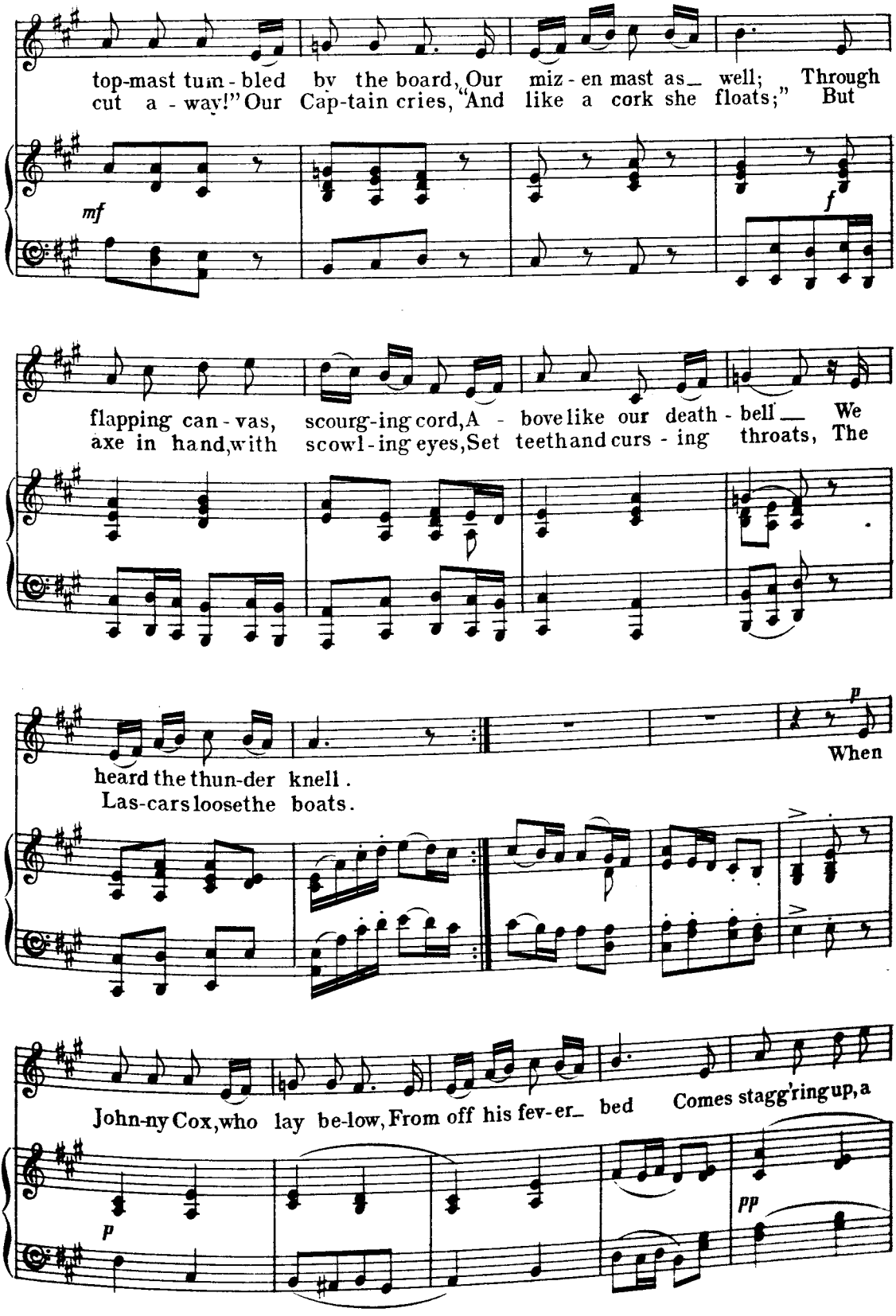

snug un - der wa - ter; Till he'd conveyed it safe to the ground. Then
health I pro - pose: Here's to the dar - ling, pale as the dew, That
f
p
look'd, and be - gor - ra, 'Twas whis - key he found!
pounds pur - ple Bac-chus And all of his crew!
CHORUS.
ff
Beimeedh a gole!
Beimeedh a gole!
ff
sf
sf

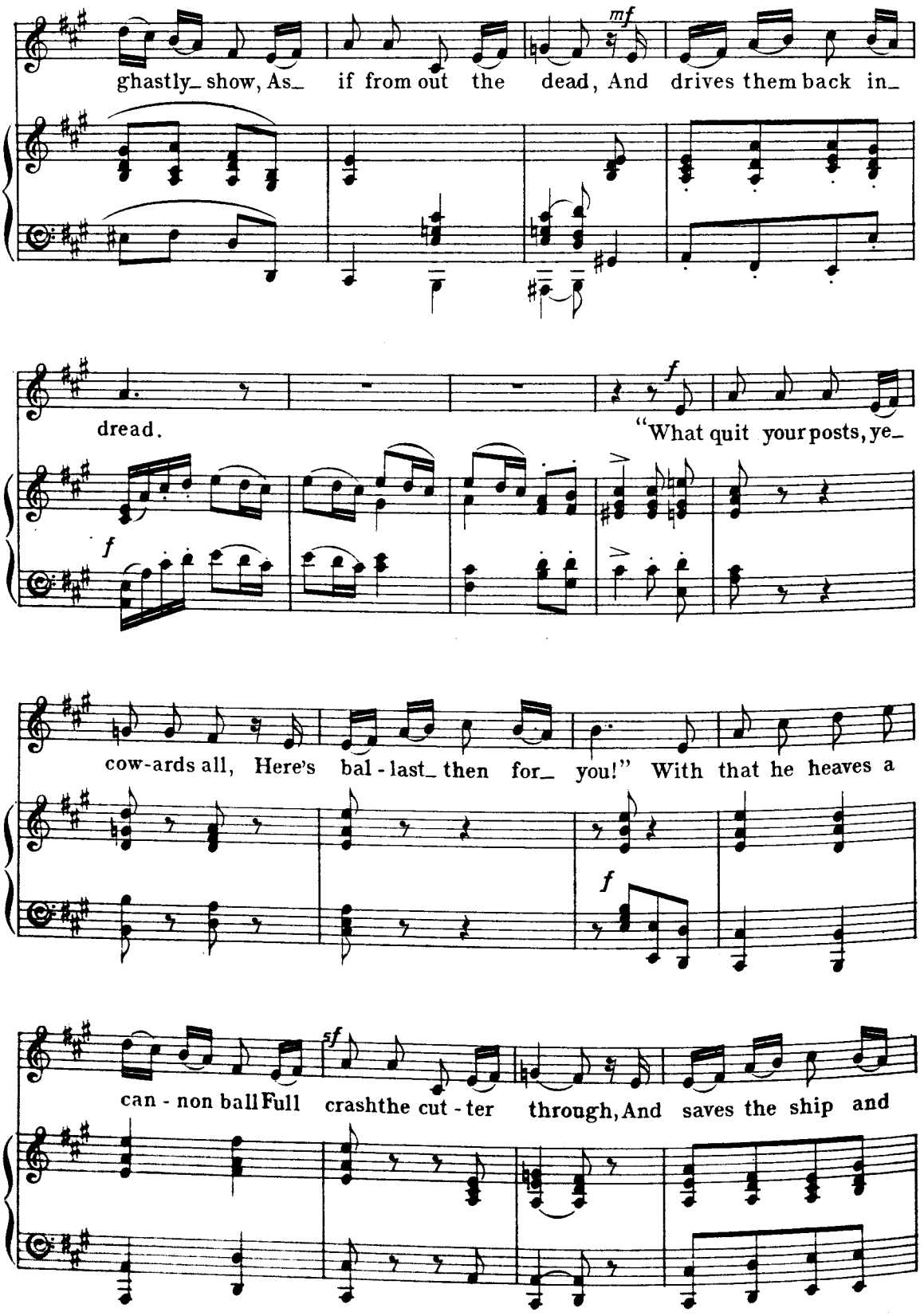
H

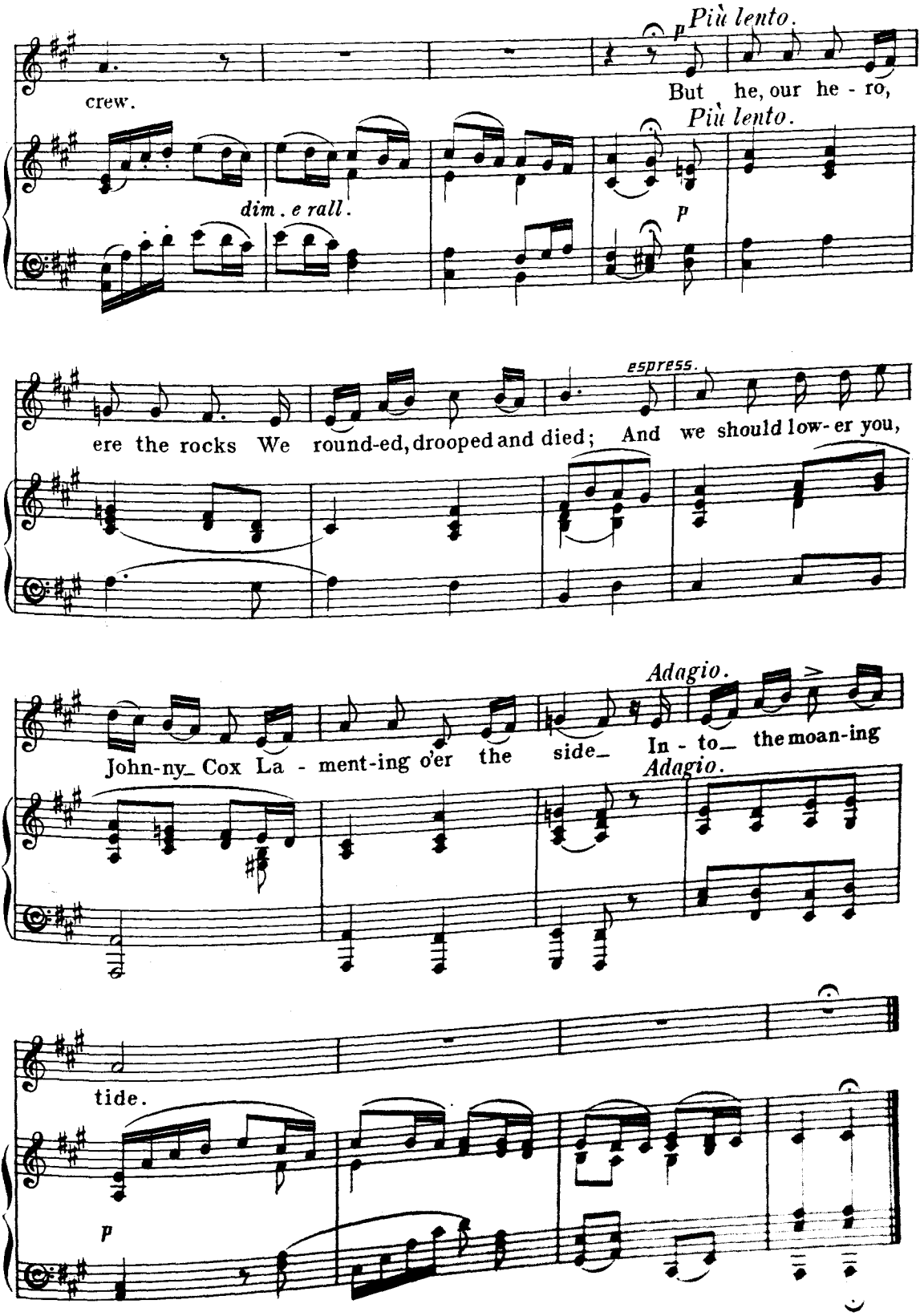
JOHNNY COX.



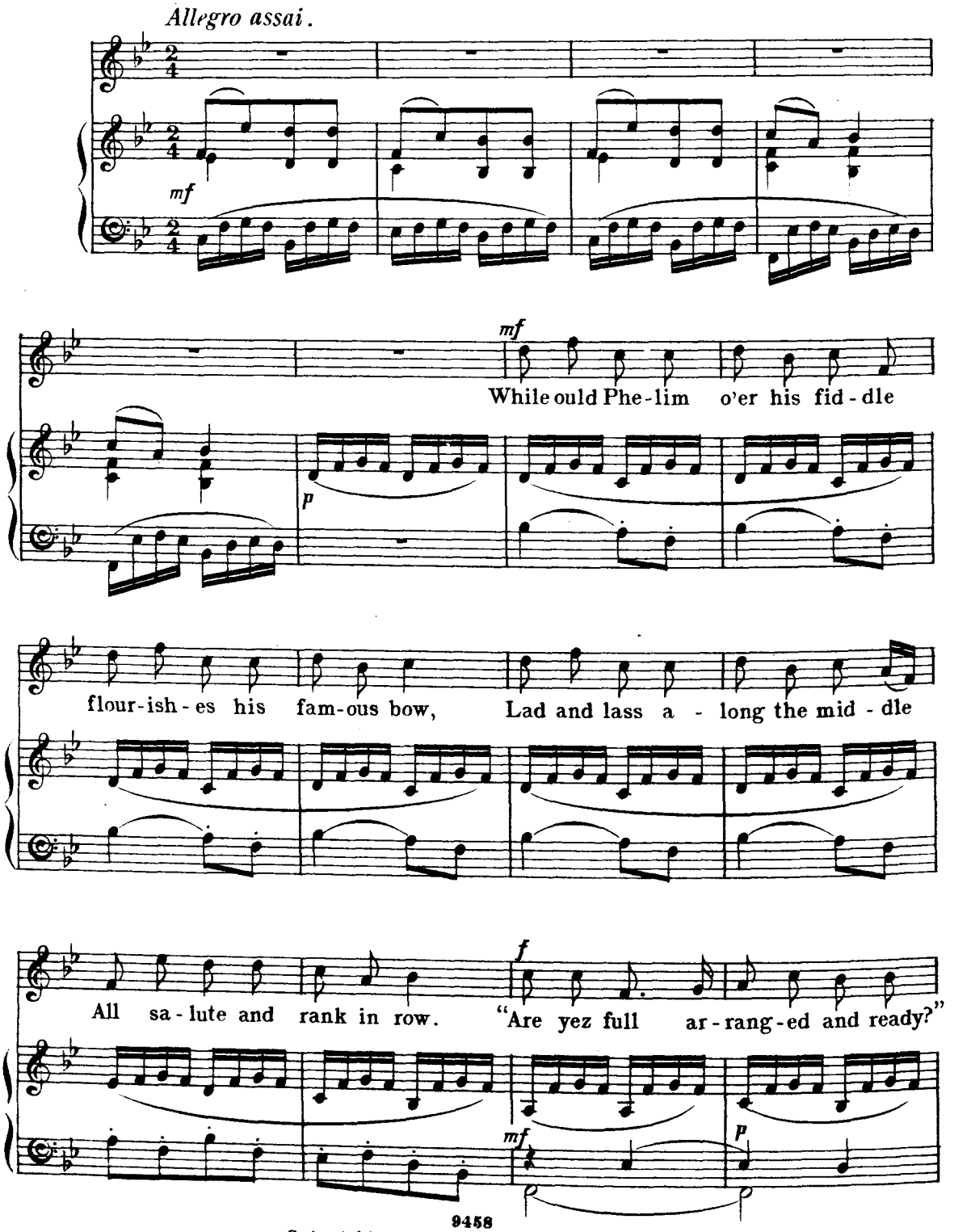
Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co


top-mast tum-bled by the board, Our miz-en mast as_ well; Through
cut a-way!" Our Cap-tain cries, "And like a cork she floats;" But
mf
f
flapping can-vas, scourg-ing cord, A-bove like our death-bell_ We
axe in hand, with scowl-ing eyes, Set teeth and curs-ing throats, The
p
When
heard the thun-der knell.
Las-cars loose the boats.
John-ny Cox, who lay be-low, From off his fev-er_ bed Comes stagg'ring up, a
p
pp

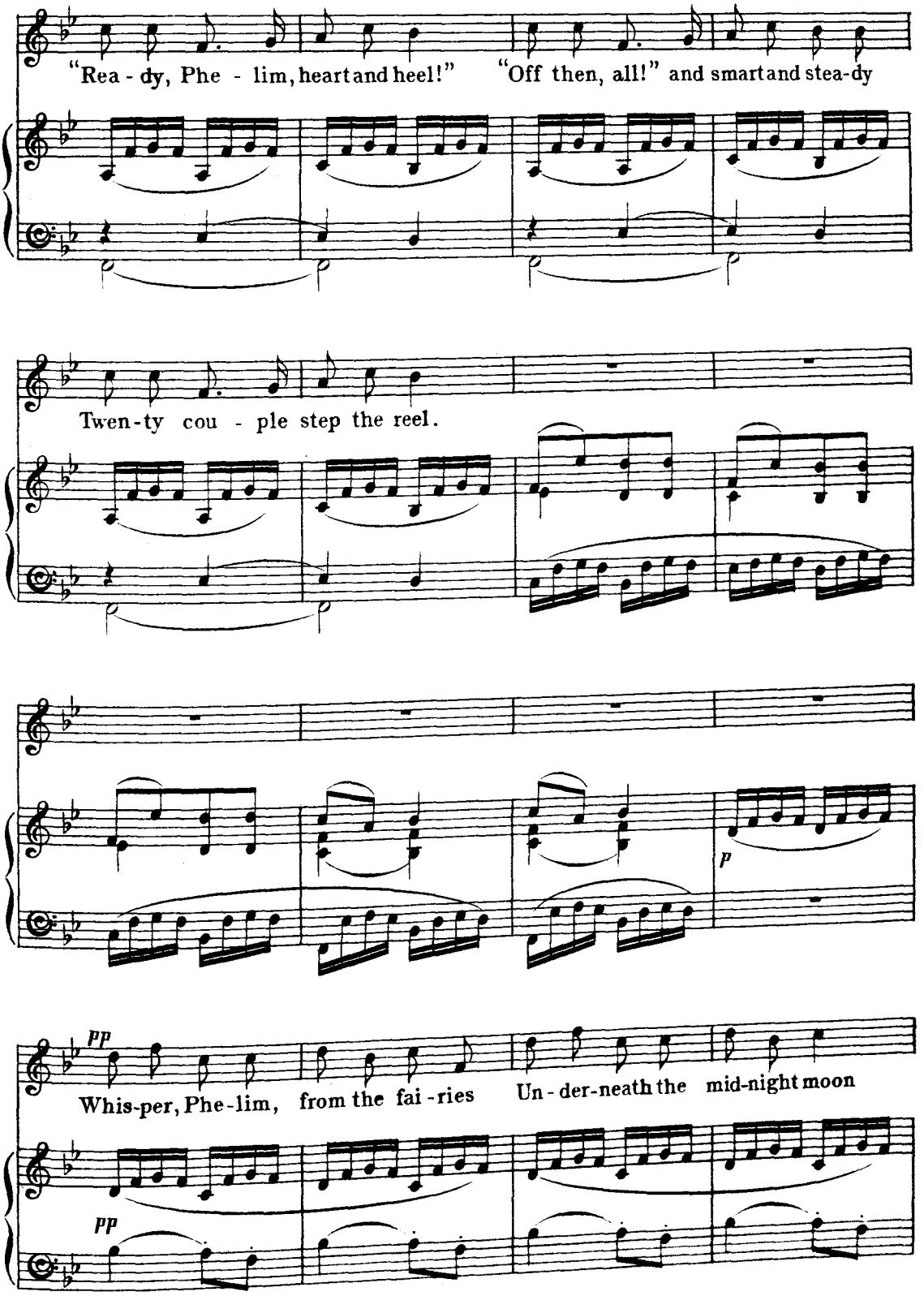

mf
ghastly_ show, As_ if from out the dead, And drives them back in_
f
dread.
"What quit your posts, ye_
f
cow-ards all, Here's bal - last_ then for_ you!" With that he heaves a
f
sf
can - non ball Full crash the cut - ter through, And saves the ship and

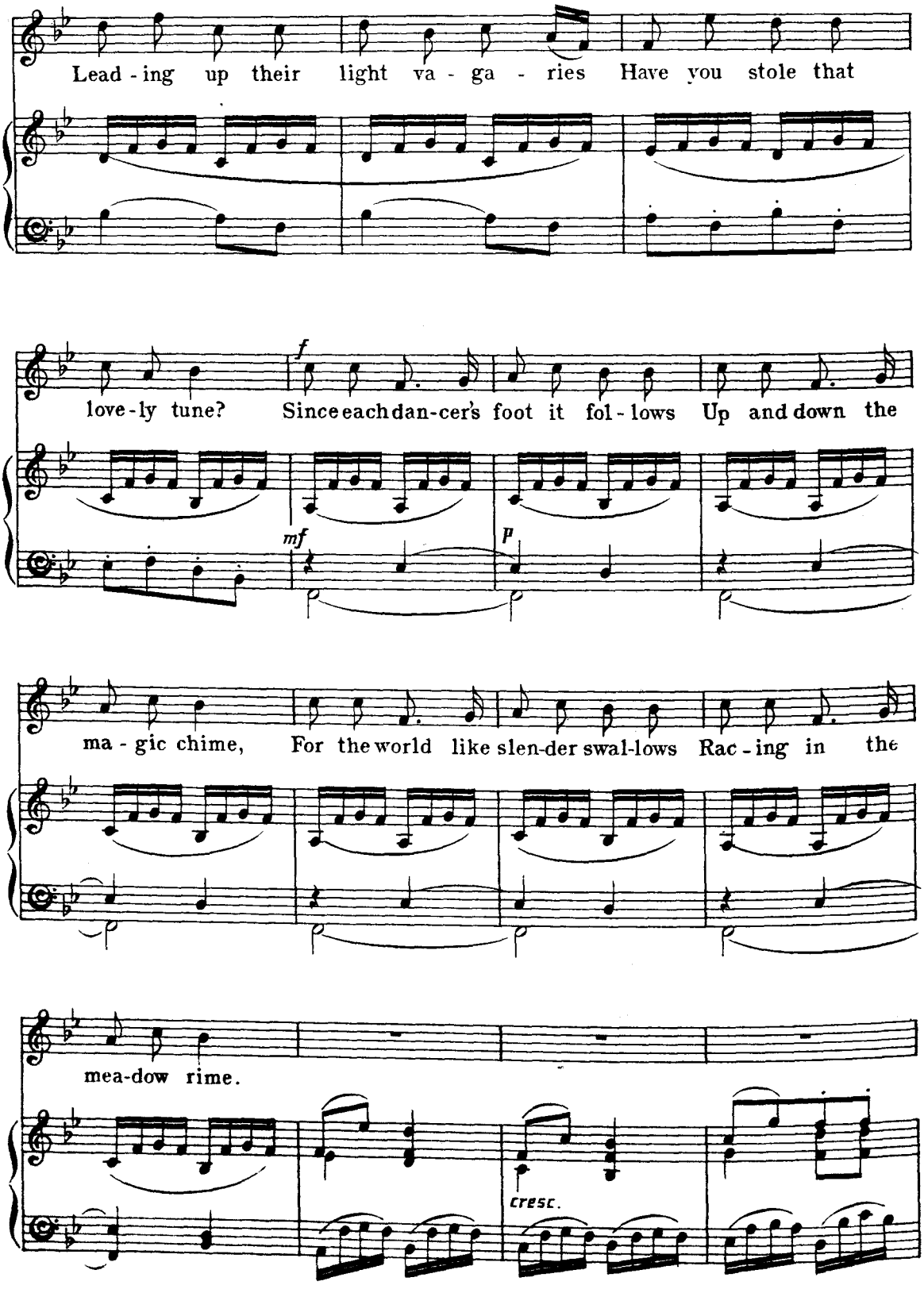

Più lento.
p
crew.
But he, our he - ro,
Più lento.
dim. e rall.
p
espress.
ere the rocks We round-ed, drooped and died; And we should low-er you,
Adagio.
John-ny_ Cox La - ment-ing o'er the side_ In - to_ the moan-ing
Adagio.
tide.
p

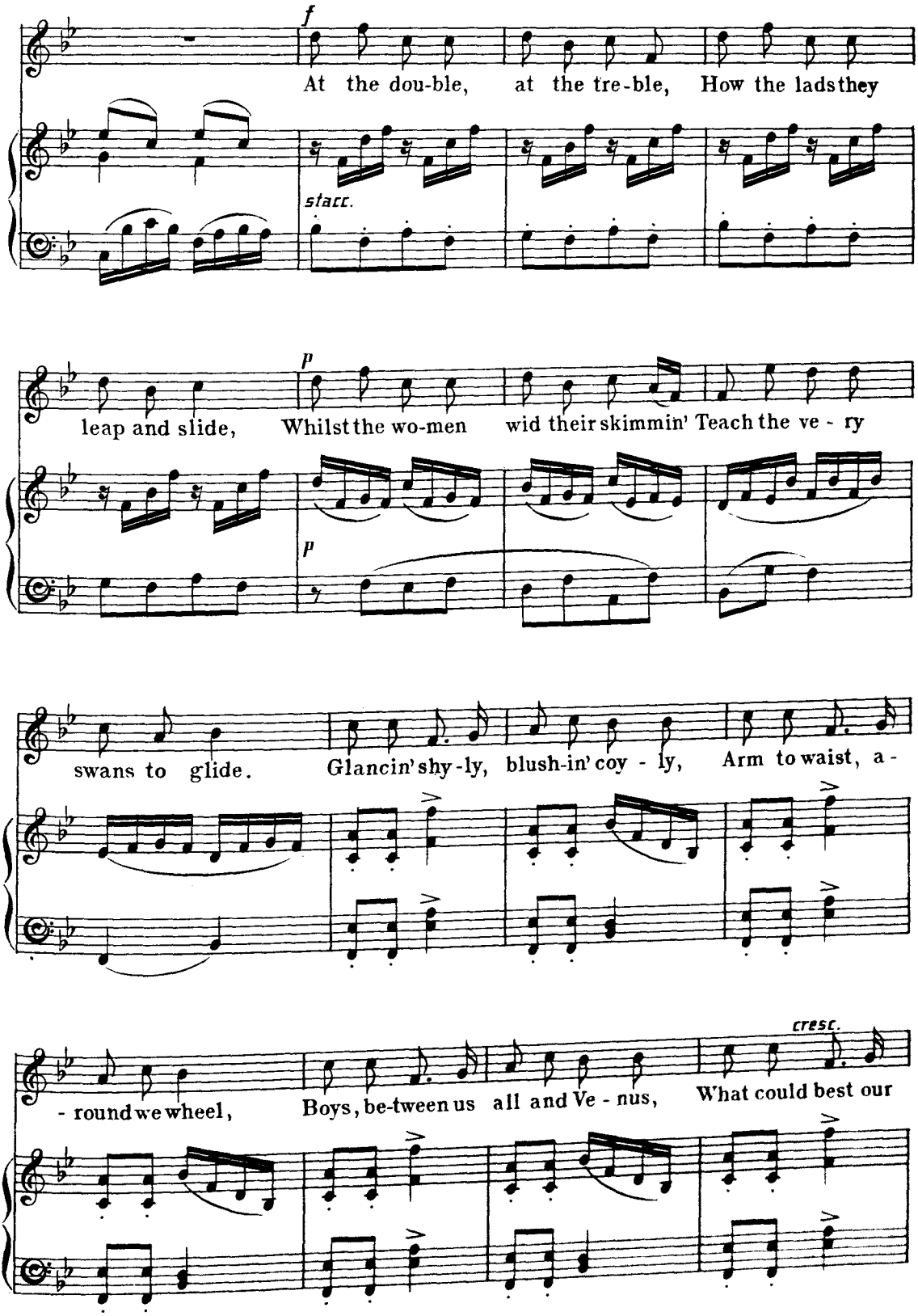
THE IRISH REEL.

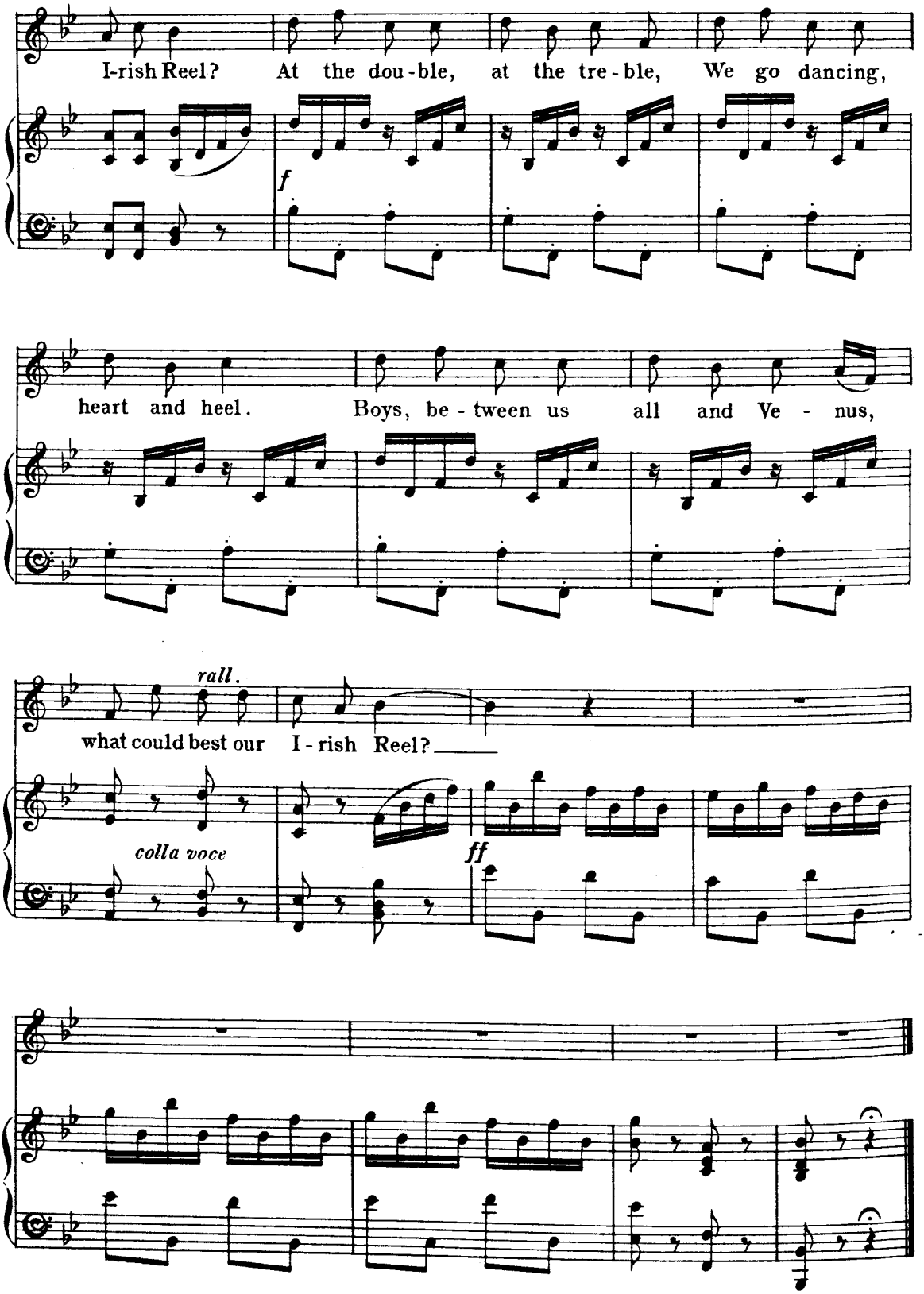


Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co


"Rea - dy, Phe - lim, heart and heel!" "Off then, all!" and smart and stea-dy
Twen-ty cou - ple step the reel.
p
pp
Whis-per, Phe-lim, from the fai-ries Un-der-neath the mid-night moon
pp

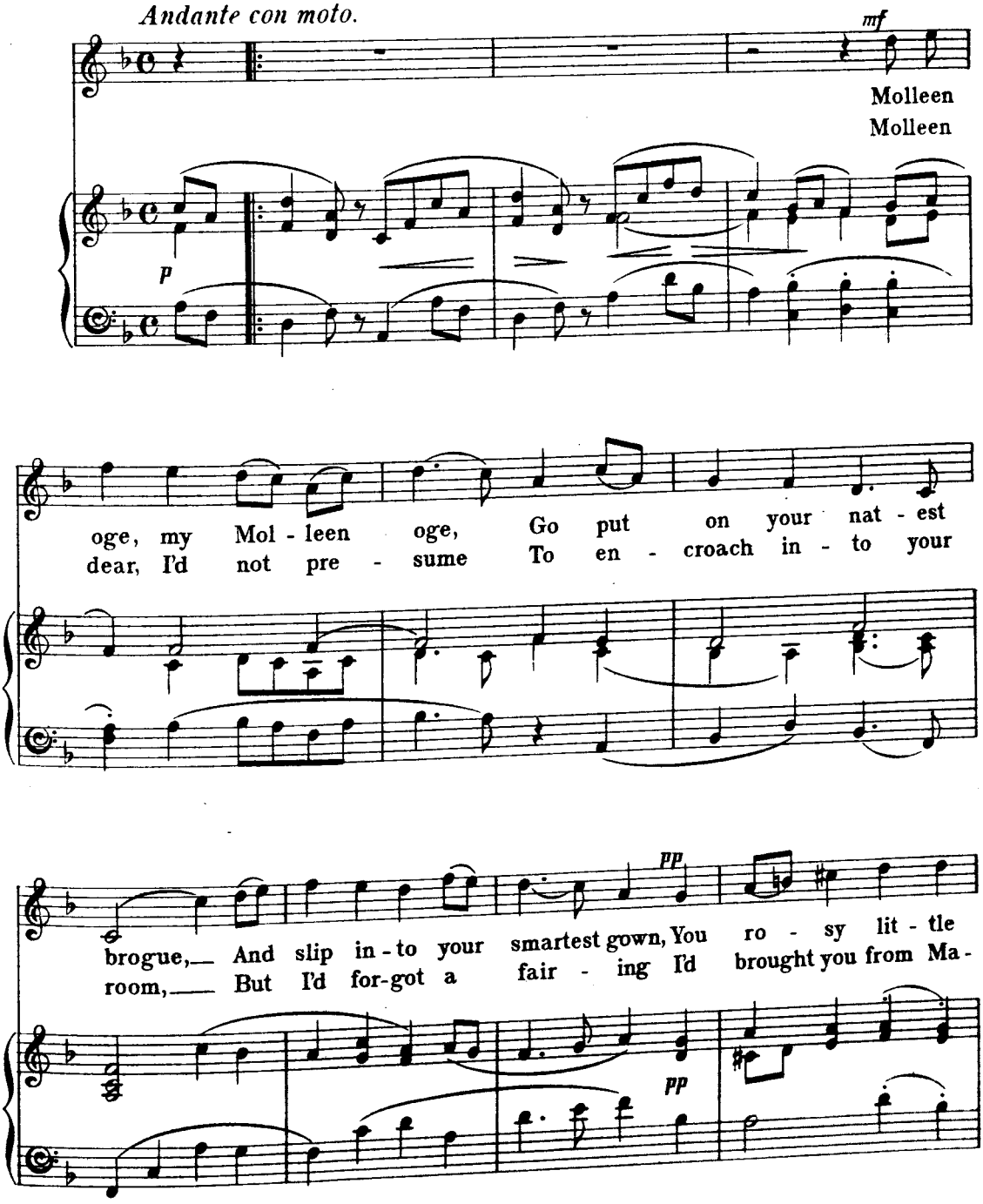

Lead - ing up their light va - ga - ries Have you stole that
f
love - ly tune? Since each dan - cer's foot it fol - lows Up and down the
mf
p
ma - gic chime, For the world like slen - der swal - lows Rac - ing in the
mea - dow rime.
cresc.


f
At the dou-ble, at the tre-ble, How the lads they
stacc.
p
leap and slide, Whilst the wo-men wid their skimmin' Teach the ve - ry
p
swans to glide. Glancin' shy-ly, blush-in' coy - ly, Arm to waist, a -
cresc.
- round we wheel, Boys, be-tween us all and Ve - nus, What could best our

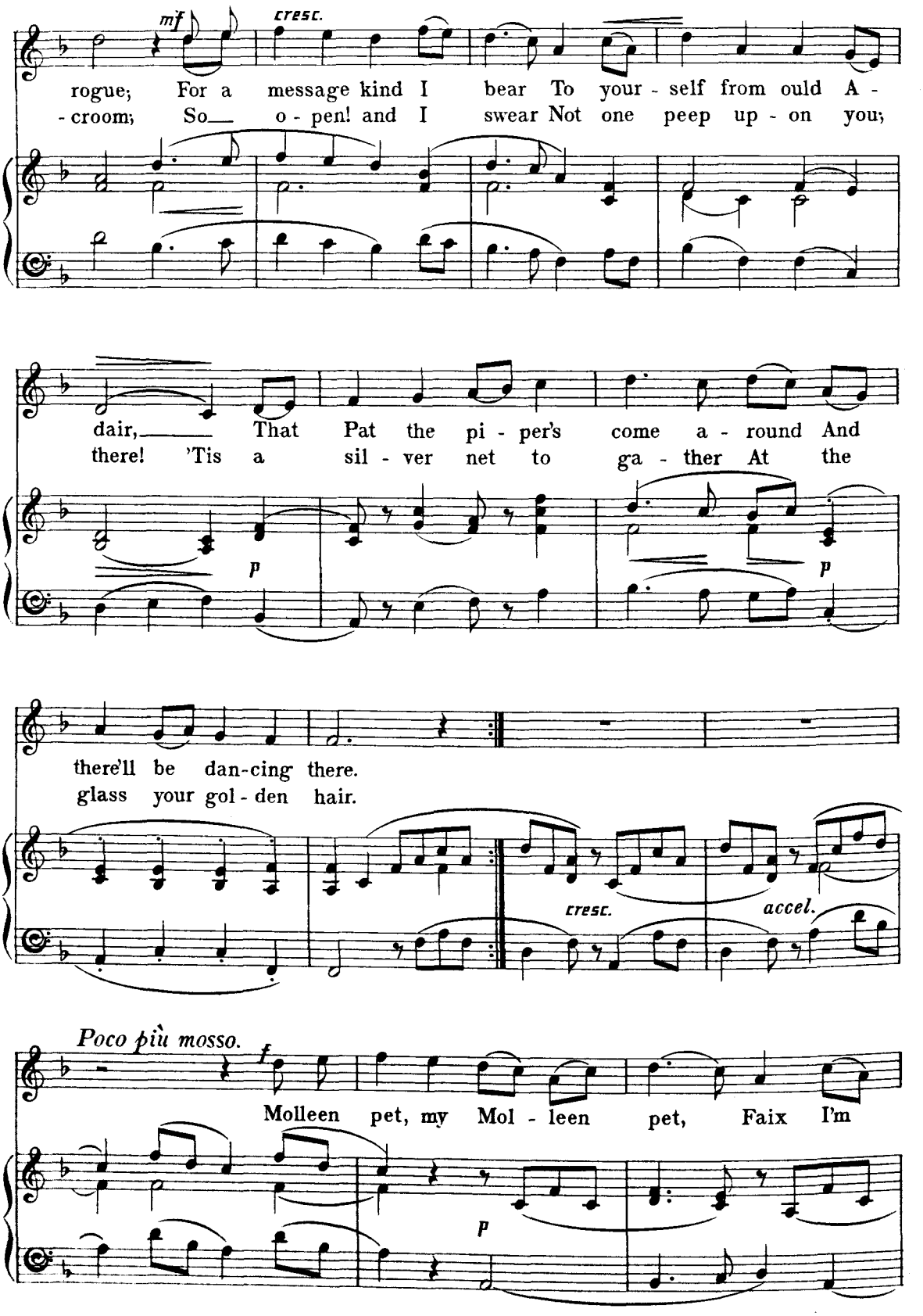

I-rish Reel? At the dou-ble, at the tre-ble, We go dancing,
f
heart and heel. Boys, be-tween us all and Ve-nus,
rall.
what could best our I-rish Reel?
colla voce
ff

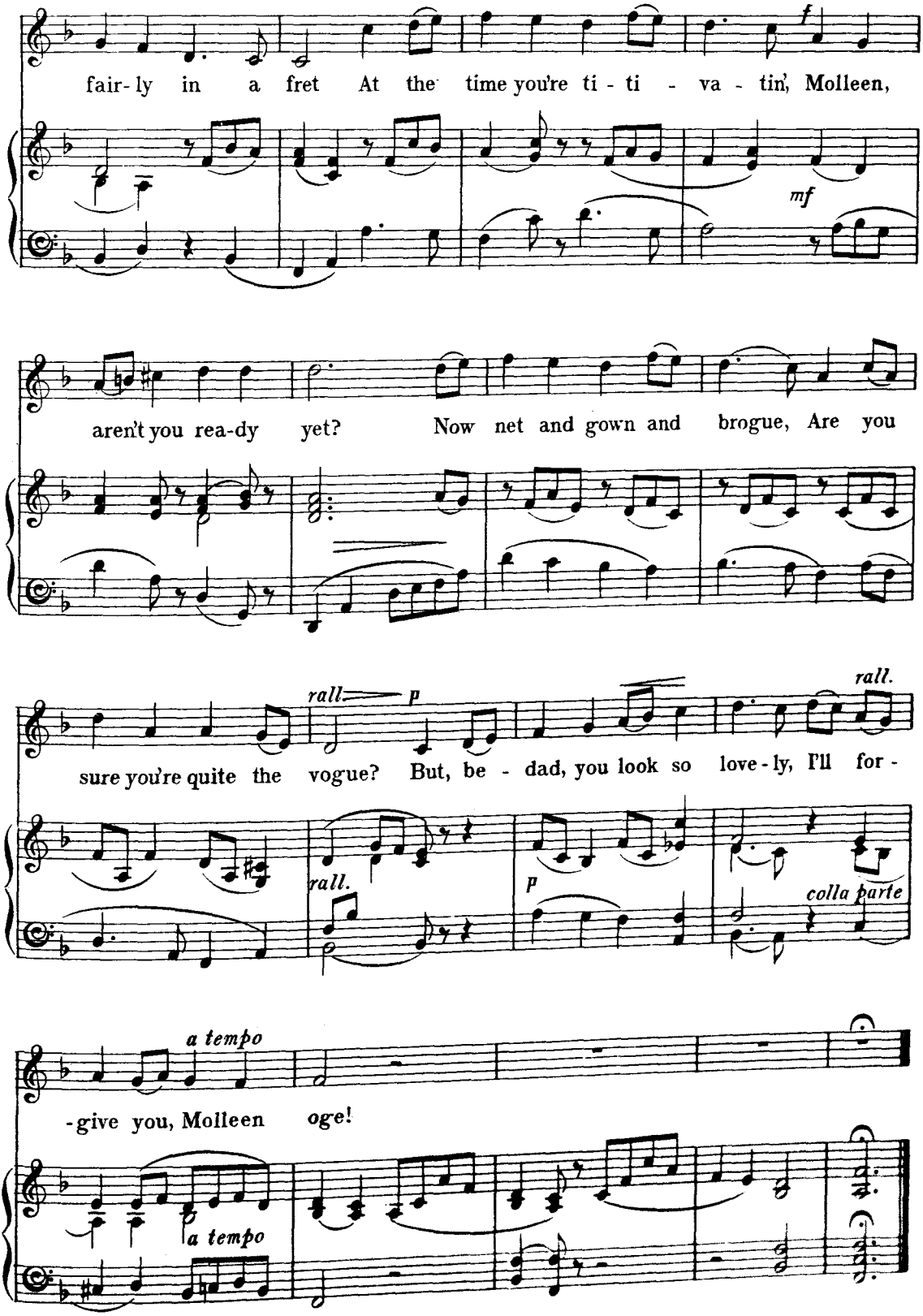
MOLLEEN OGE.

(Air. I'm a young little girl.)

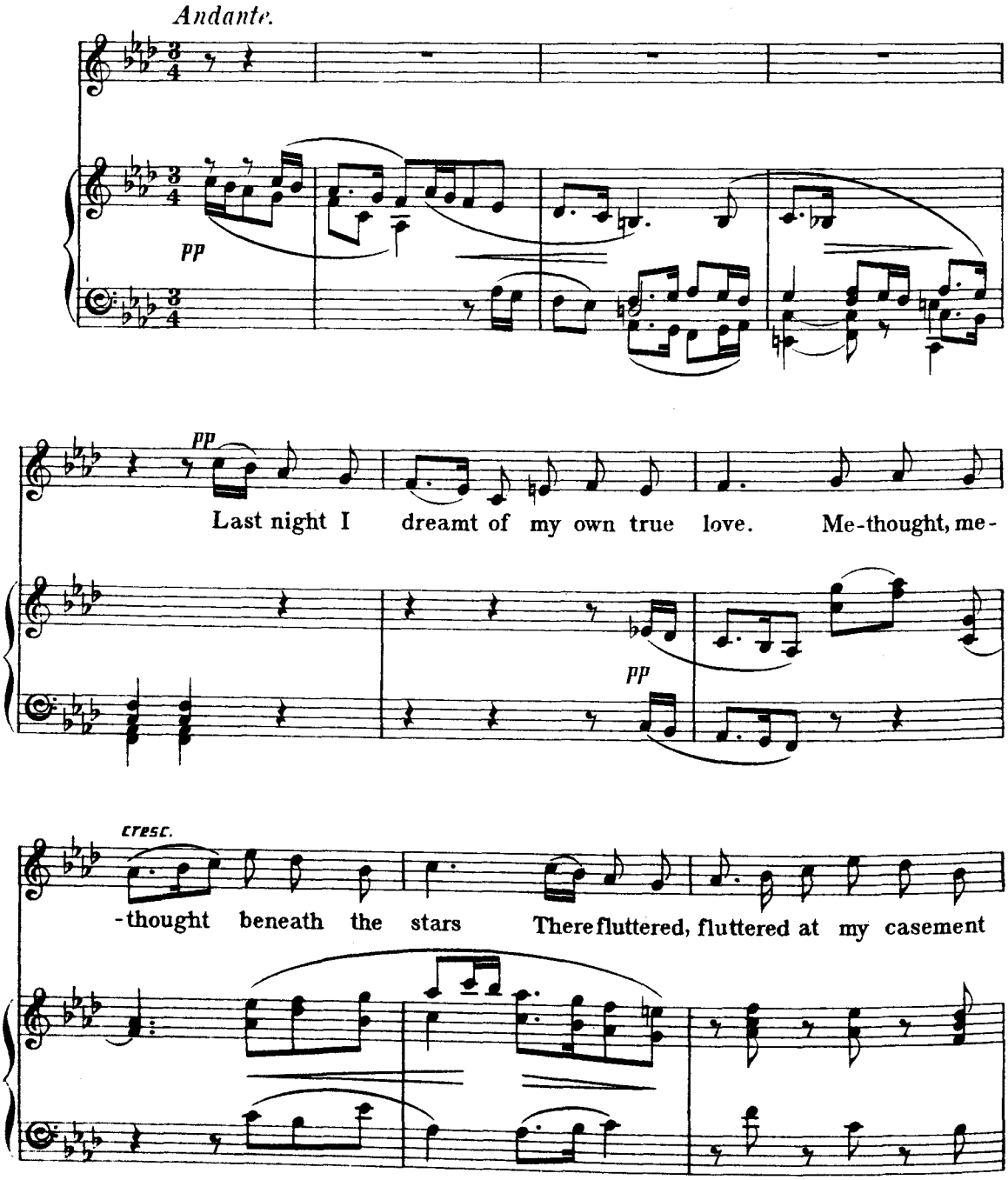


Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co.

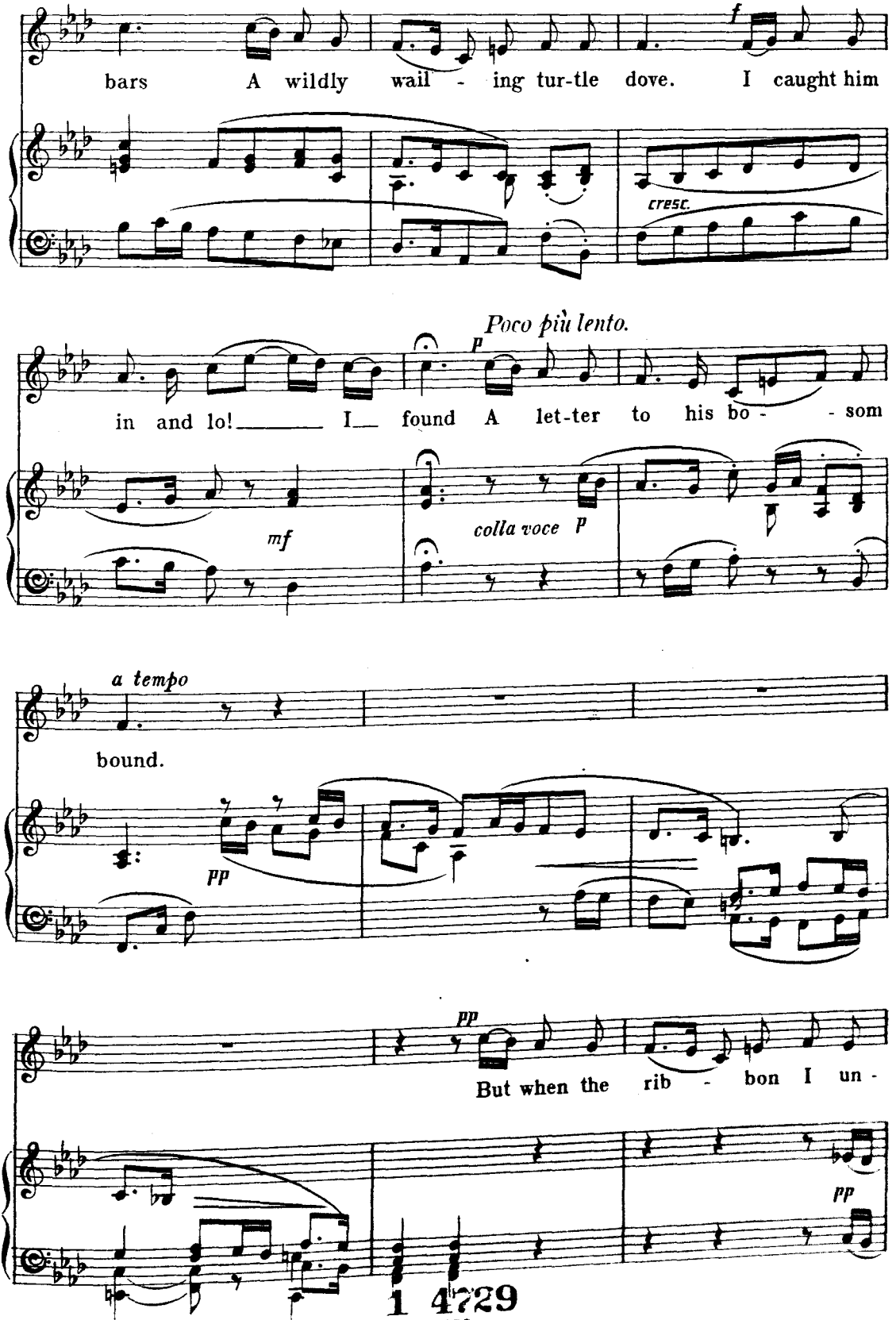

mf
cresc.
rogue; For a message kind I bear To your - self from ould A -
- croom; So— o - pen! and I swear Not one peep up - on you;
dair,— That Pat the pi - per's come a - round And
there! 'Tis a sil - ver net to ga - ther At the
p
p
there'll be dan-cing there.
glass your gol - den hair.
cresc.
accel.
Poco più mosso.
f
Molleen pet, my Mol - leen pet, Faix I'm
p


fair-ly in a fret At the time you're ti - ti - va - tin', Molleen,
f
mf
aren't you rea-dy yet? Now net and gown and brogue, Are you
rall.
p
rall.
sure you're quite the vogue? But, be - dad, you look so love-ly, I'll for -
rall.
p
colla parte
a tempo
-give you, Molleen oge!
a tempo

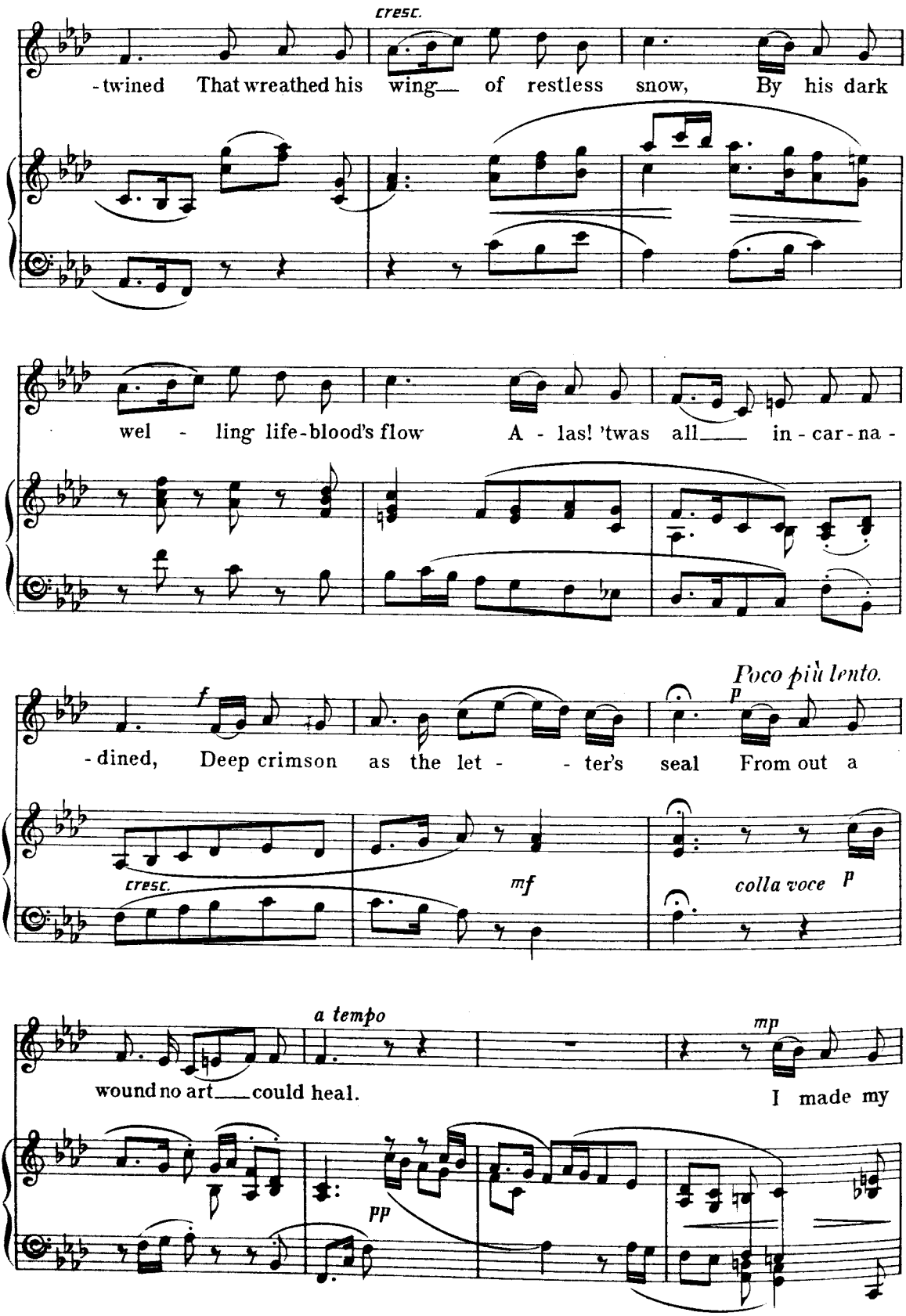
LAST NIGHT I DREAMT OF MY OWN TRUE LOVE.

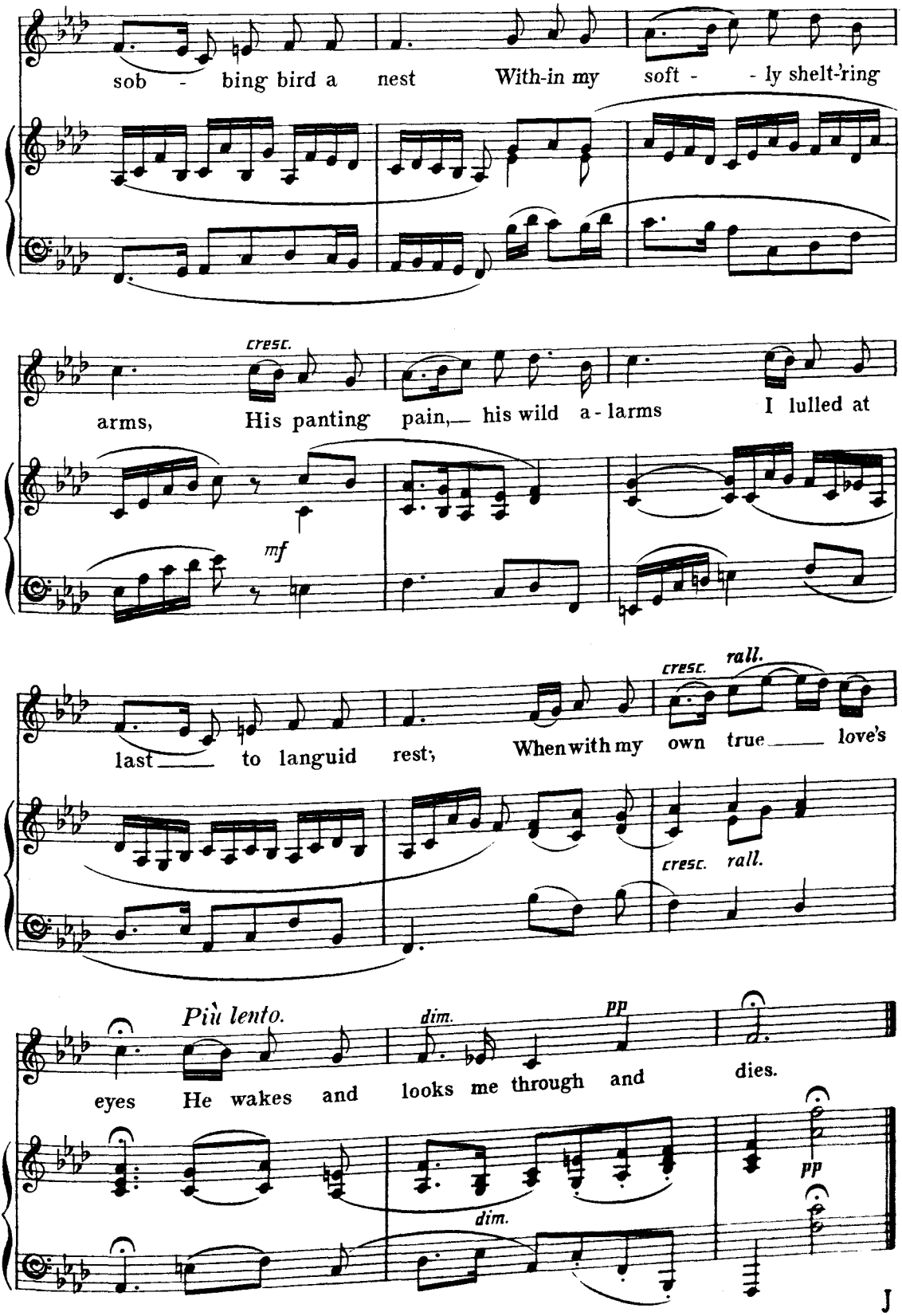


Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co


bars A wildly wail - ing tur-tle dove. I caught him
f
cresc.
Poco più lento.
p
in and lo! I found A let-ter to his bo - - som
mf
colla voce p
a tempo
bound.
pp
pp
But when the rib - bon I un -
pp

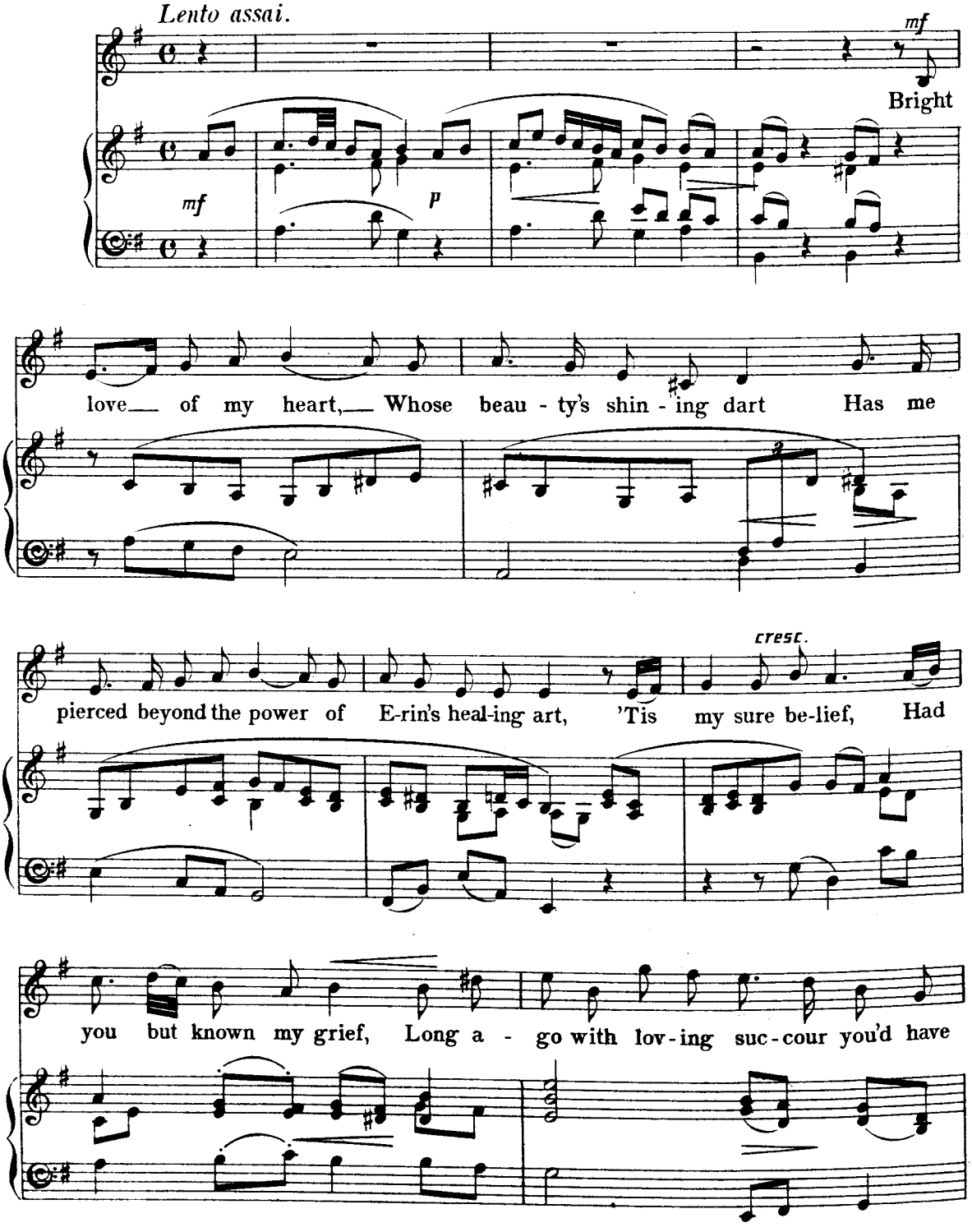
1 4729


cresc.
-twined That wreathed his wing— of restless snow, By his dark
wel - ling life-blood's flow A - las! 'twas all— in - car - na -
Poco più lento.
-dined, Deep crimson as the let - - ter's seal From out a
cresc.
mf
colla voce
a tempo
wound no art— could heal.
I made my
pp

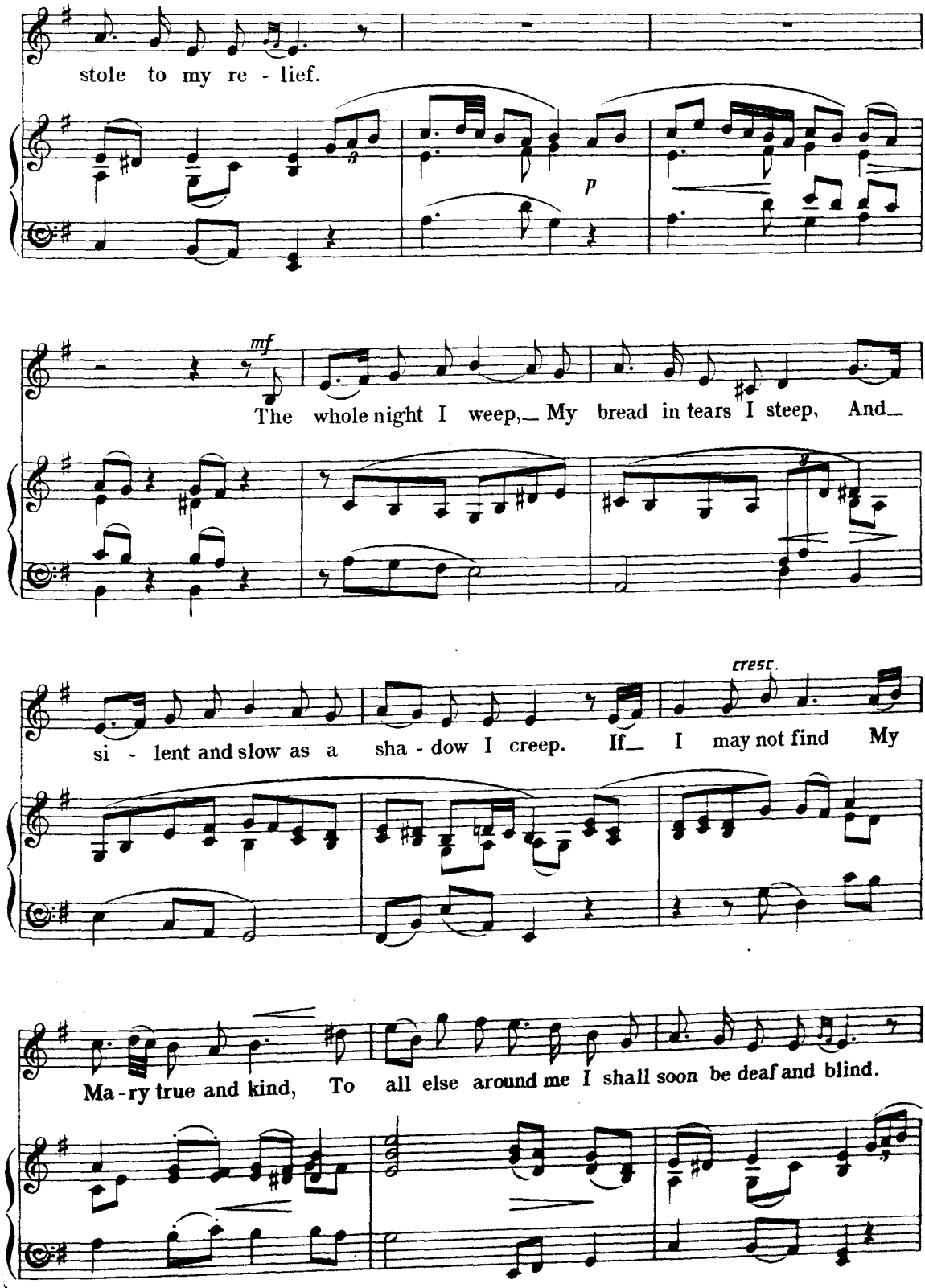

sob - bing bird a nest With-in my soft - - ly shelt-'ring
cresc.
arms, His panting pain,— his wild a-larms I lulled at
mf
last— to languid rest; When with my own true— love's
cresc. rall.
cresc. rall.
Più lento.
dim.
pp
eyes He wakes and looks me through and dies.
dim.
pp

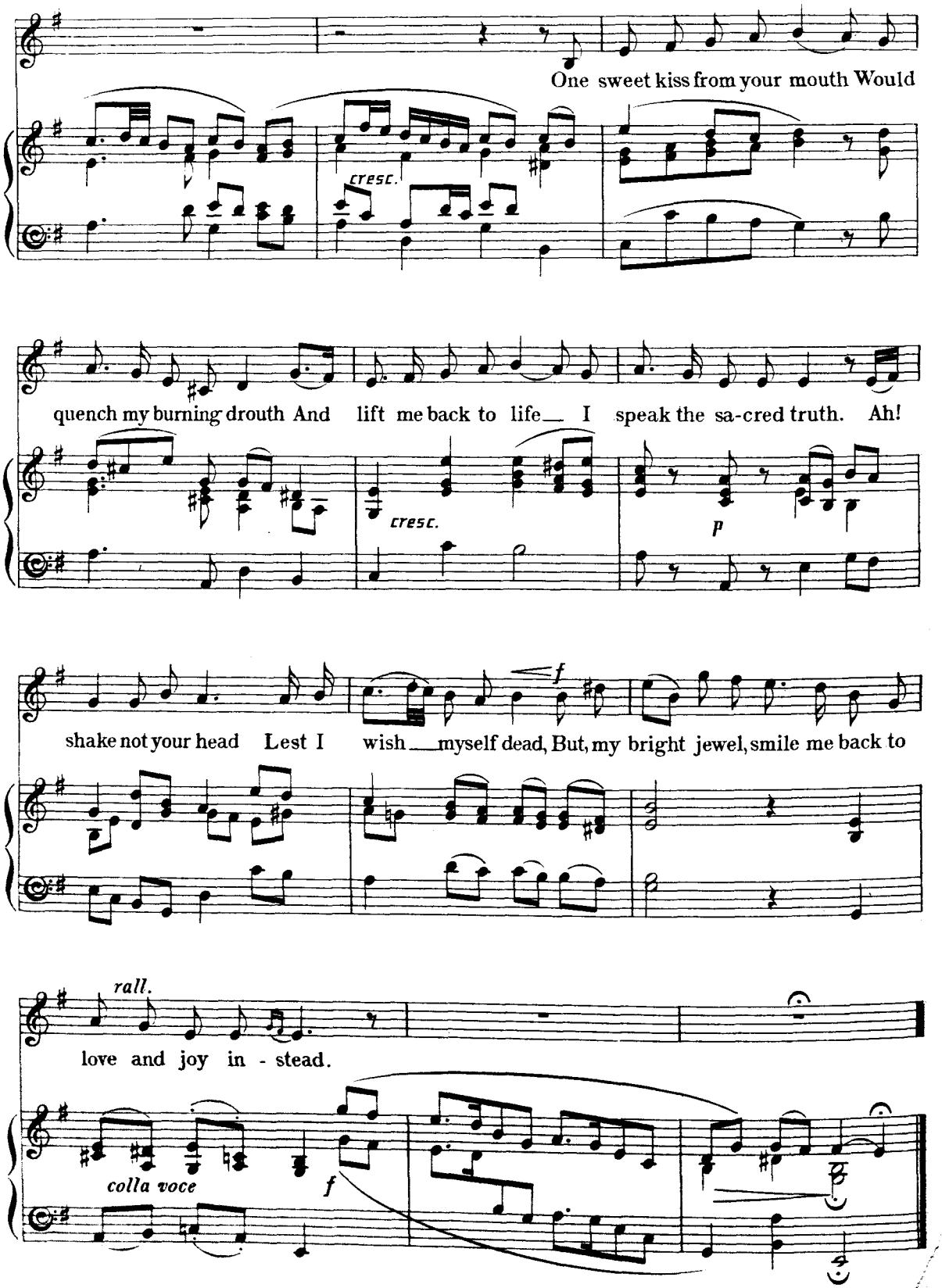
J

BRIGHT LOVE OF MY HEART.



Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Co

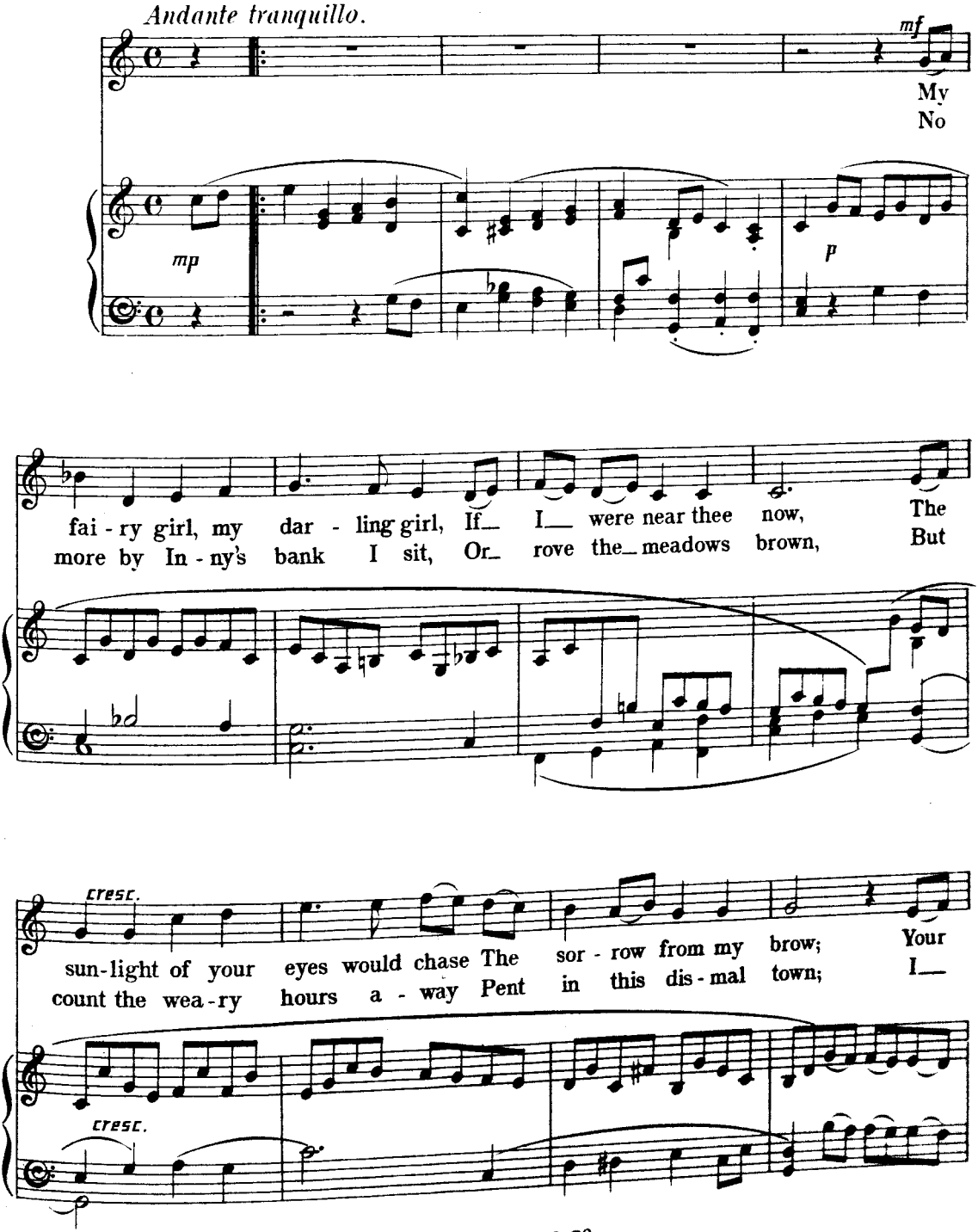

stole to my re - lief.
p
mf
The whole night I weep,_ My bread in tears I steep, And_
cresc.
si - lent and slow as a sha - dow I creep. If_ I may not find My
Ma - ry true and kind, To all else around me I shall soon be deaf and blind.


One sweet kiss from your mouth Would
cresc.
quench my burning drouth And lift me back to life I speak the sa-cred truth. Ah!
cresc.
p
shake not your head Lest I wish myself dead, But, my bright jewel, smile me back to
f
rall.
love and joy in - stead.
colla voce
f

MY COLLEEN RUE.

(Air. Red Regan and the Nun.)

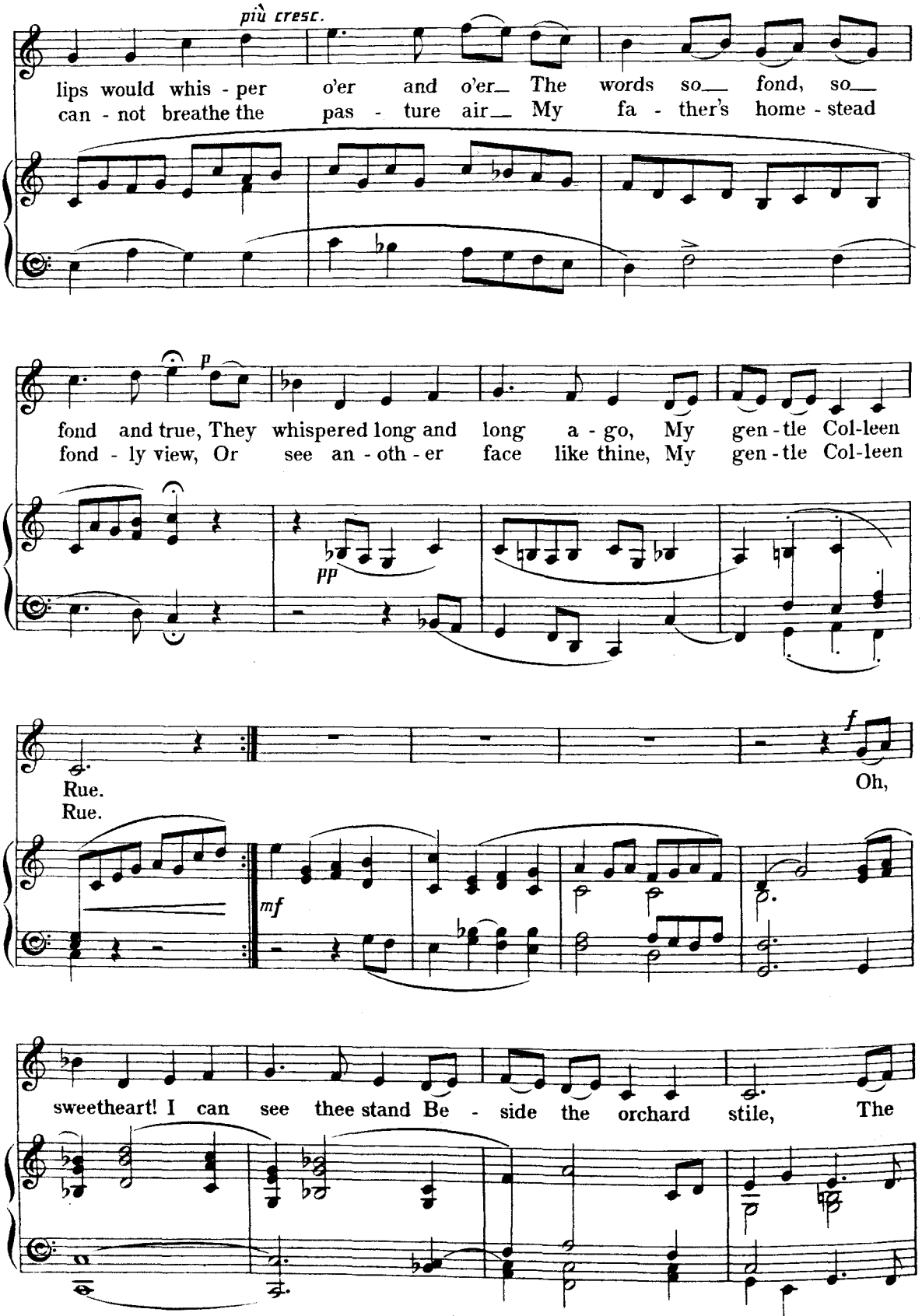
John Keegan Casey.*)

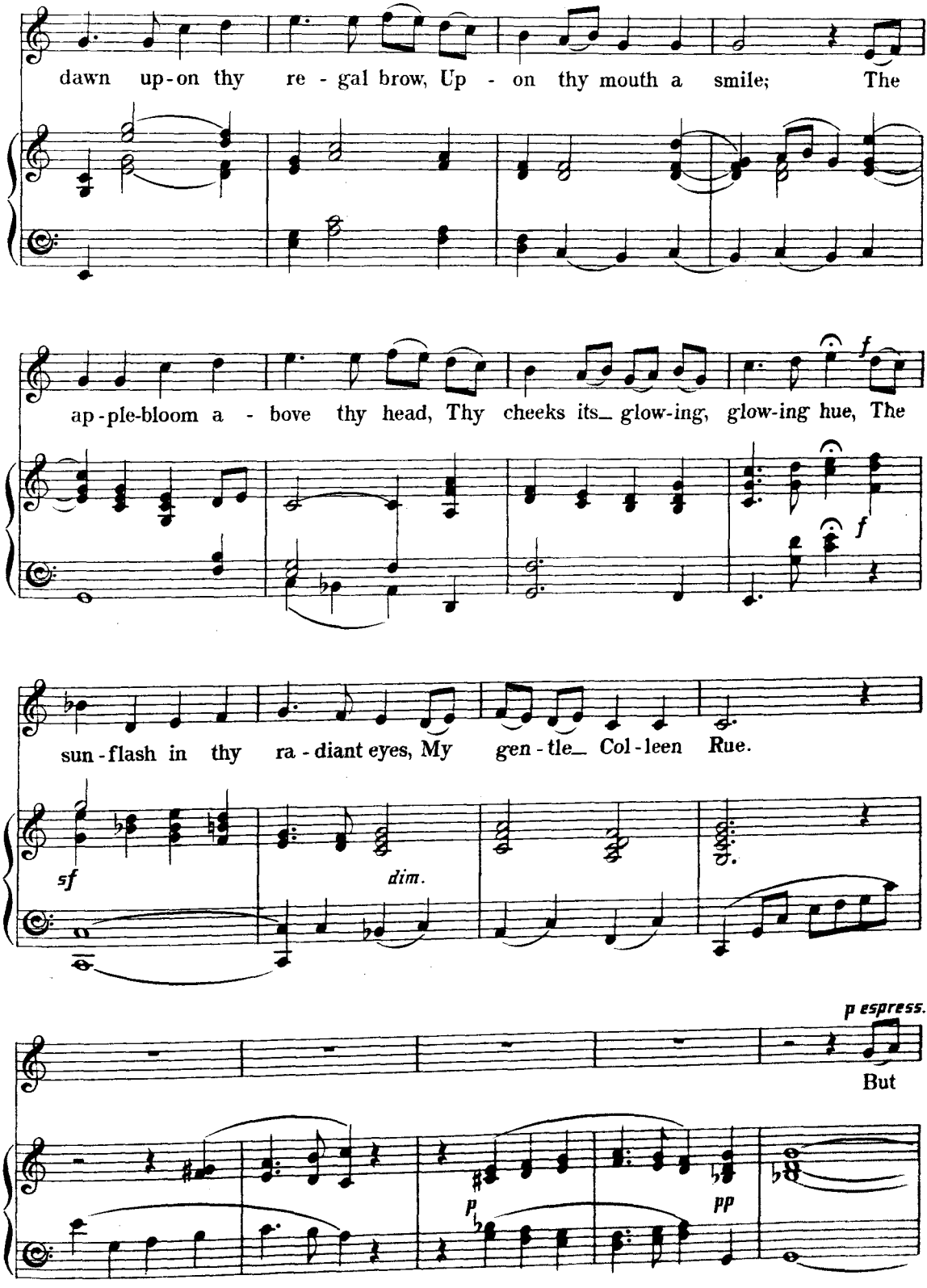


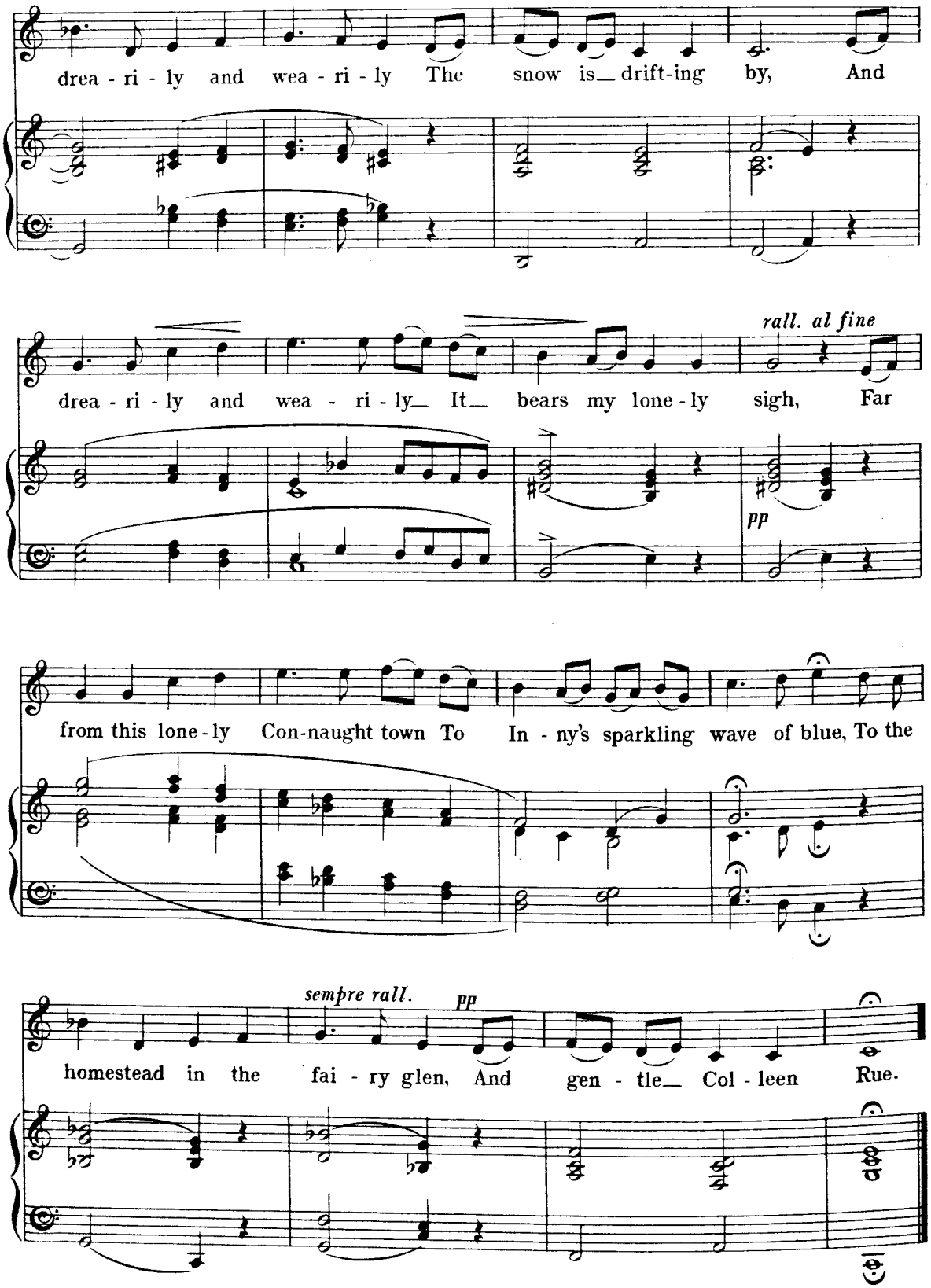
*) Printed by permission of Messrs. Cameron, Ferguson & Cº

9458

Copyright, 1893, by Novello, Ewer & Cº

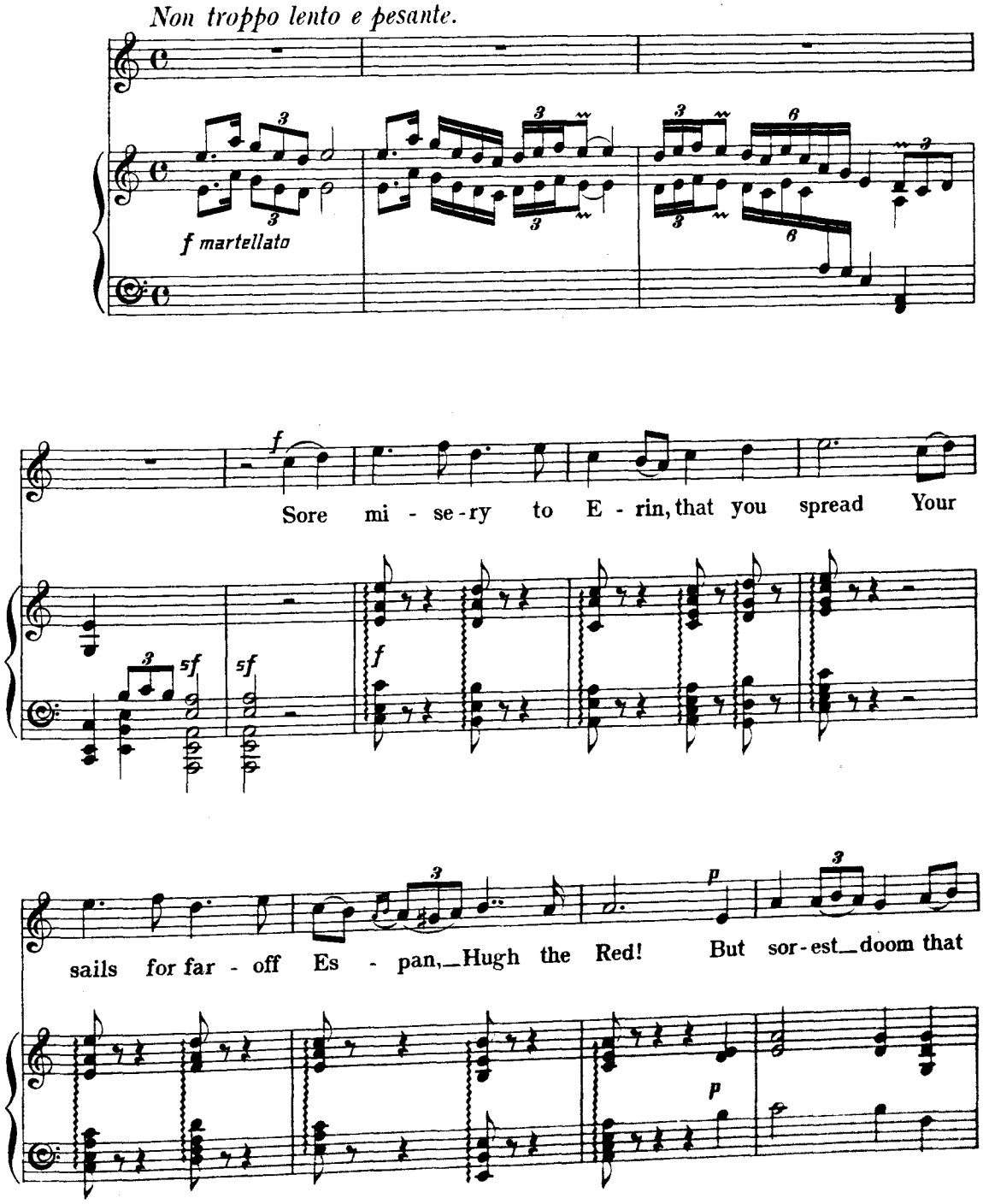

più cresc.
lips would whis - per o'er and o'er_ The words so_ fond, so_
can - not breathe the pas - ture air_ My fa - ther's home - stead
p
fond and true, They whispered long and long a - go, My gen - tle Col-leen
fond - ly view, Or see an - oth - er face like thine, My gen - tle Col-leen
pp
f
Rue.
Rue.
Oh,
mf
sweetheart! I can see thee stand Be - side the orchard stile, The

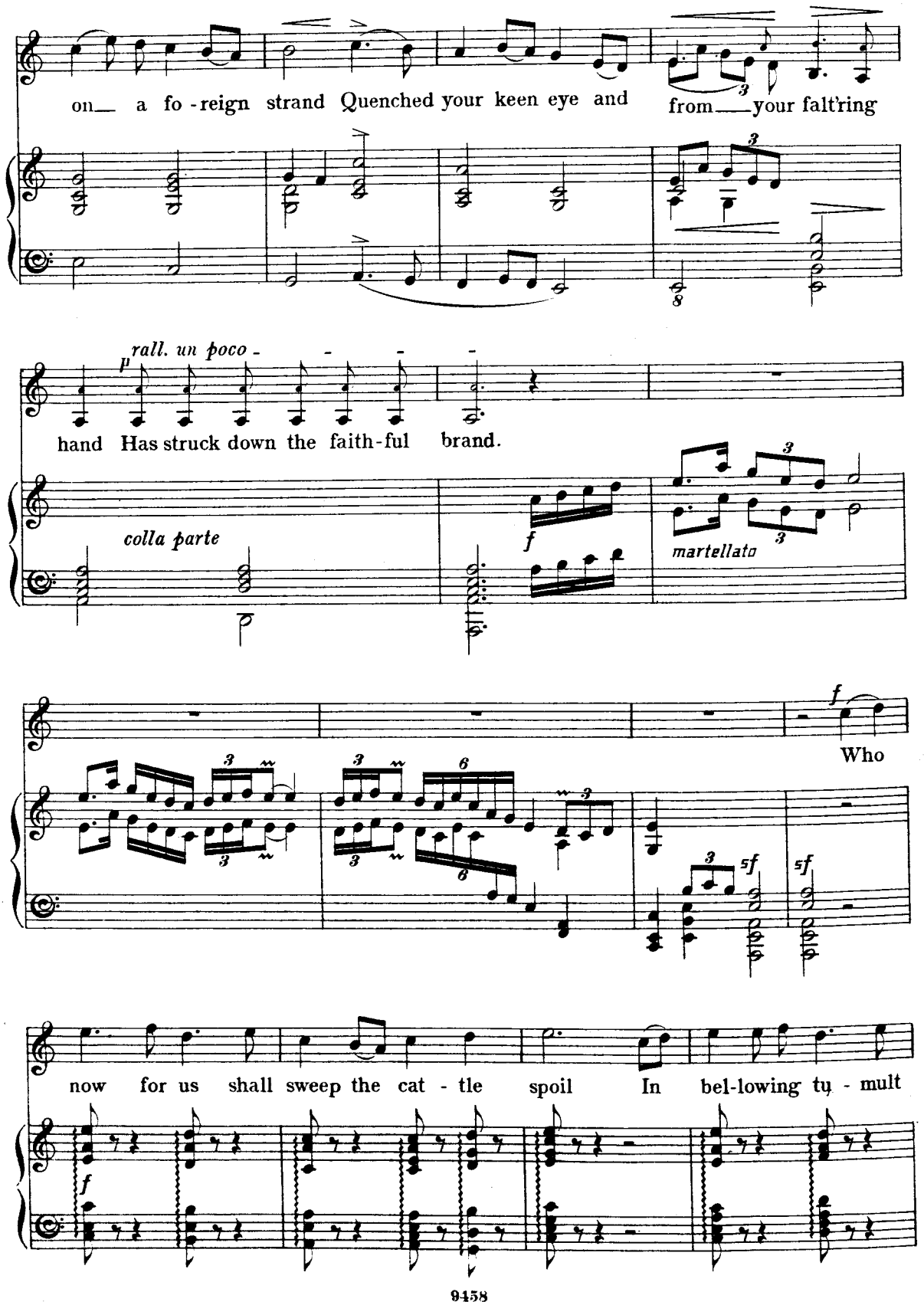

dawn up-on thy re - gal brow, Up - on thy mouth a smile; The
ap-ple-bloom a - bove thy head, Thy cheeks its_ glow-ing, glow-ing hue, The
sun-flash in thy ra - diant eyes, My gen - tle_ Col-leen Rue.
sf
dim.
f
f
p espress.
But
p
pp

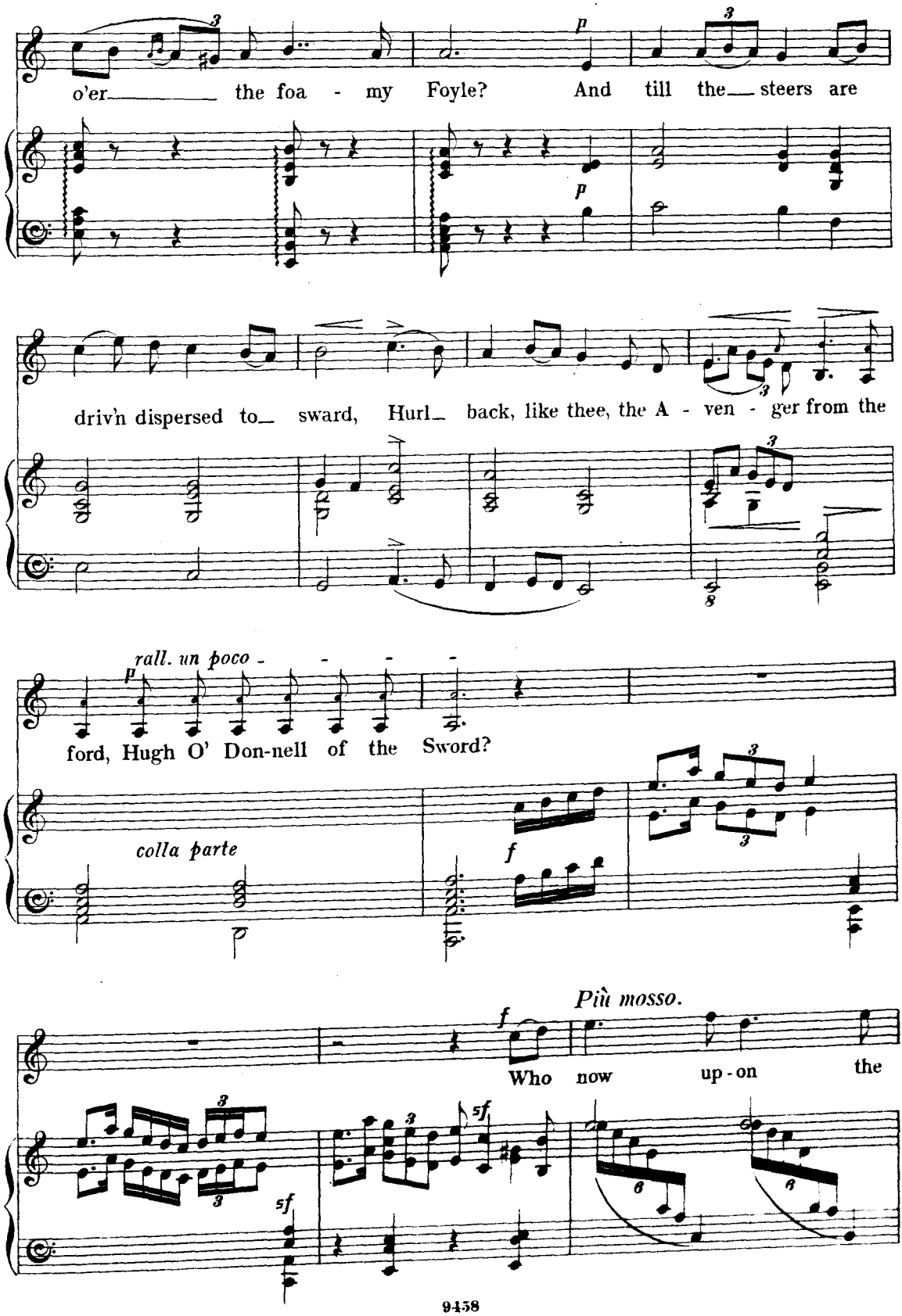

drea - ri - ly and wea - ri - ly The snow is drift-ing by, And
drea - ri - ly and wea - ri - ly It bears my lone - ly sigh, Far
rall. al fine
pp
from this lone - ly Con-naught town To In - ny's sparkling wave of blue, To the
sempre rall.
pp
homestead in the fai - ry glen, And gen - tle Col - leen Rue.

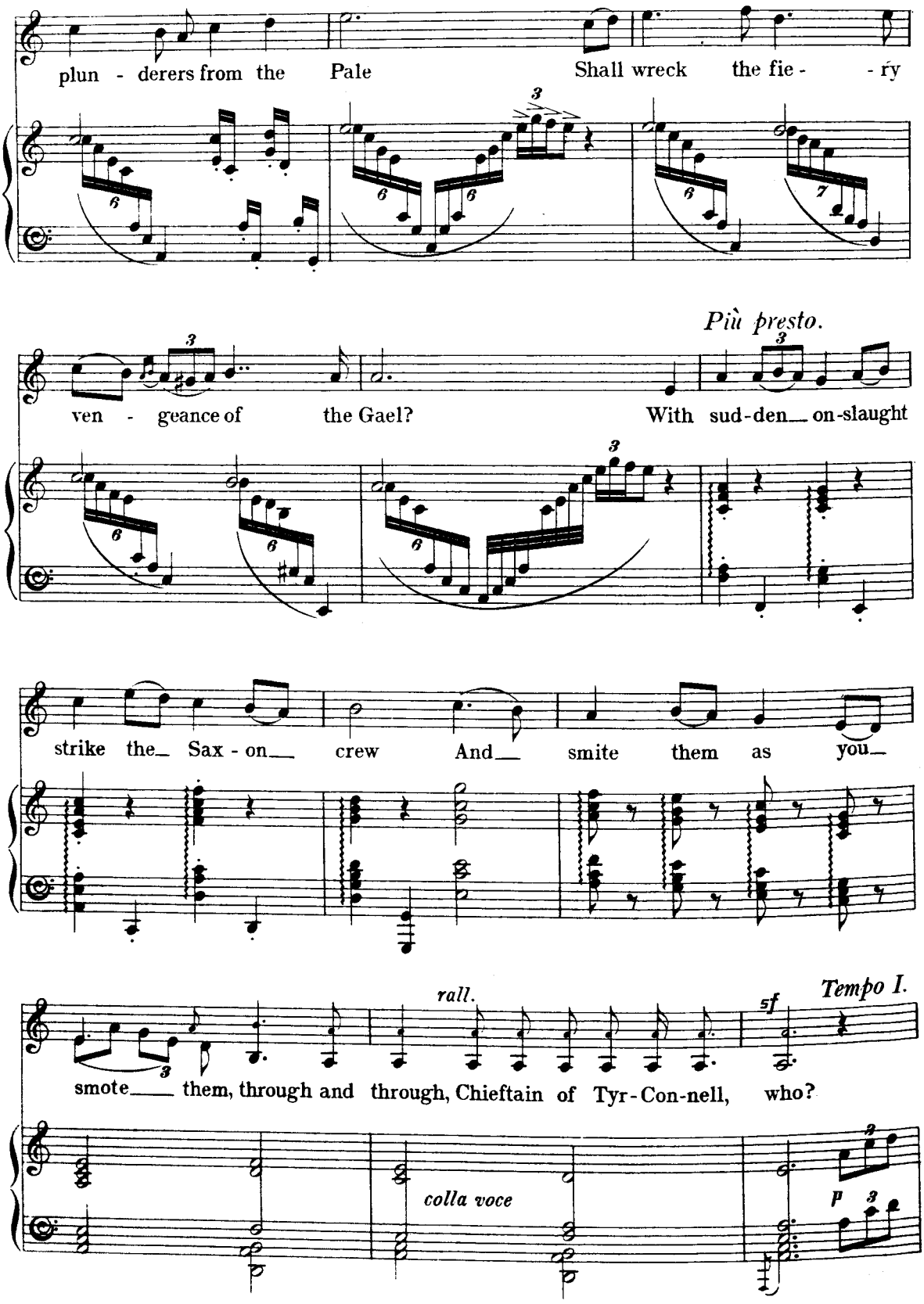
CHIEFTAIN OF TYRCONNELL.

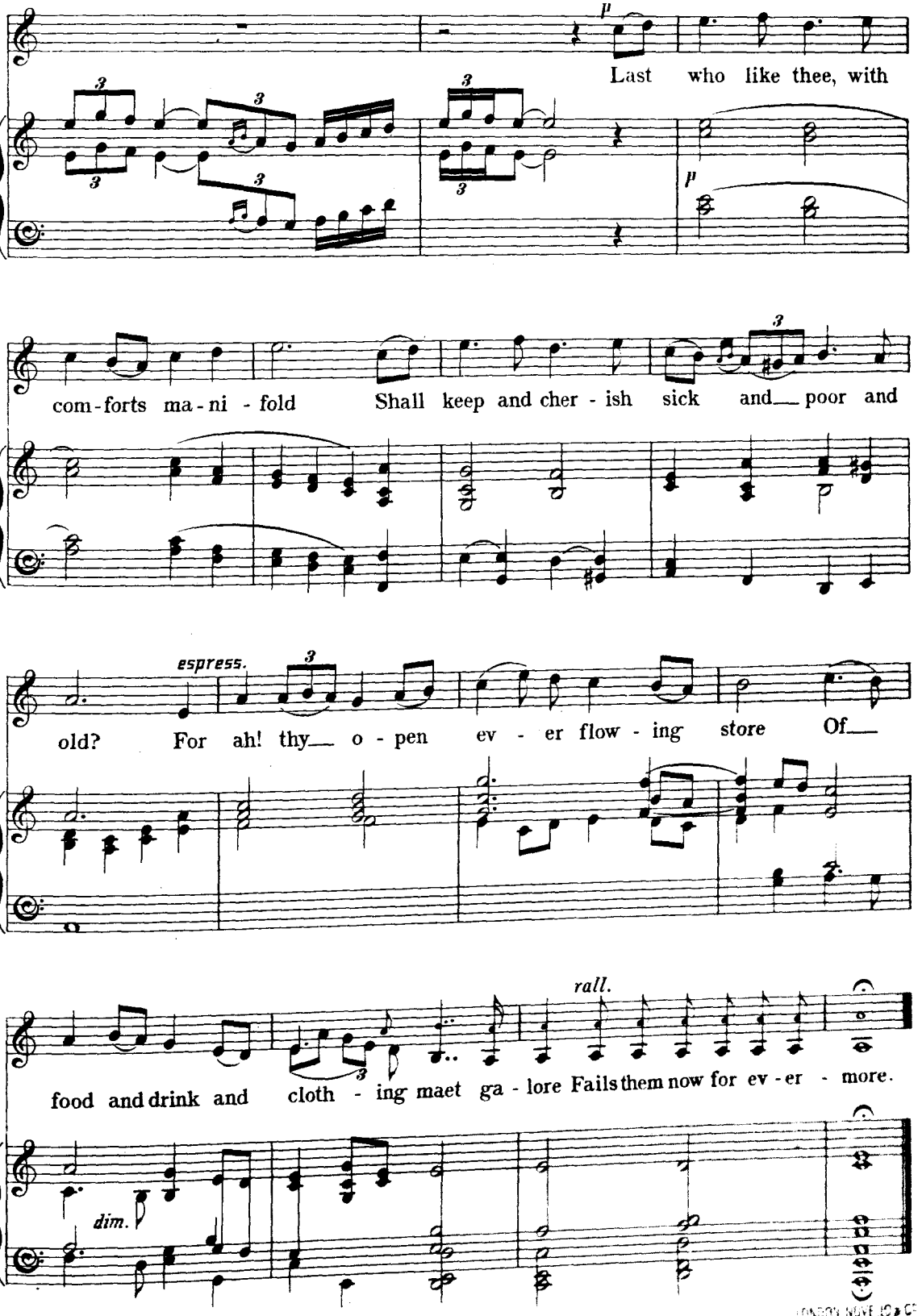
(Air. A woman's lament.)




on a fo - reign strand Quenched your keen eye and
from your falt'ring
rall. un poco
hand Has struck down the faith-ful brand.
colla parte
martellato
Who
now for us shall sweep the cat - tle spoil In bel-lowing tu - mult


o'er the foa - my Foyle? And till the steers are
driv'n dispersed to sward, Hurl back, like thee, the A - ven - ger from the
rall. un poco
ford, Hugh O' Don-nell of the Sword?
colla parte
Più mosso.
Who now up - on the


plun - derers from the Pale Shall wreck the fie - - ry
Più presto.
ven - geance of the Gael? With sud-den on-slaught
strike the Sax - on crew And smite them as you
rall.
Tempo I.
sf
smote them, through and through, Chieftain of Tyr-Con-nell, who?
colla voce
p


p
Last who like thee, with
p
com-forts ma-ni-fold Shall keep and cher-ish sick and poor and
espress.
old? For ah! thy o-pen ev-er flow-ing store Of
rall.
food and drink and cloth-ing maet ga-lore Fails them now for ev-er-more.
dim.

DATE DUE

NOV 28 1998

QC INTERLIBRARY LOAN
ILL # 3770325

Trans#23515

DATE DUE

3 1153 00152 1178

M
72.15
S78S

Stanford, C.
[Songs of old Ireland]

M
72.15
S78S

Stanford, C.
[Songs of old Ireland]

FROM:

LIBRARY MATERIALS
Mailed under Sec. 135. 14 P. L. & R

INTERLIBRARY LOAN DEPARTMENT
QUEENS COLLEGE LIBRARY
65-30 Kissena Boulevard
Flushing, New York 11367-1597

May be opened for postal inspection if necessary.
Return postage guaranteed.