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MOORE'S  
IRISH  
MELODIES

BOSTON

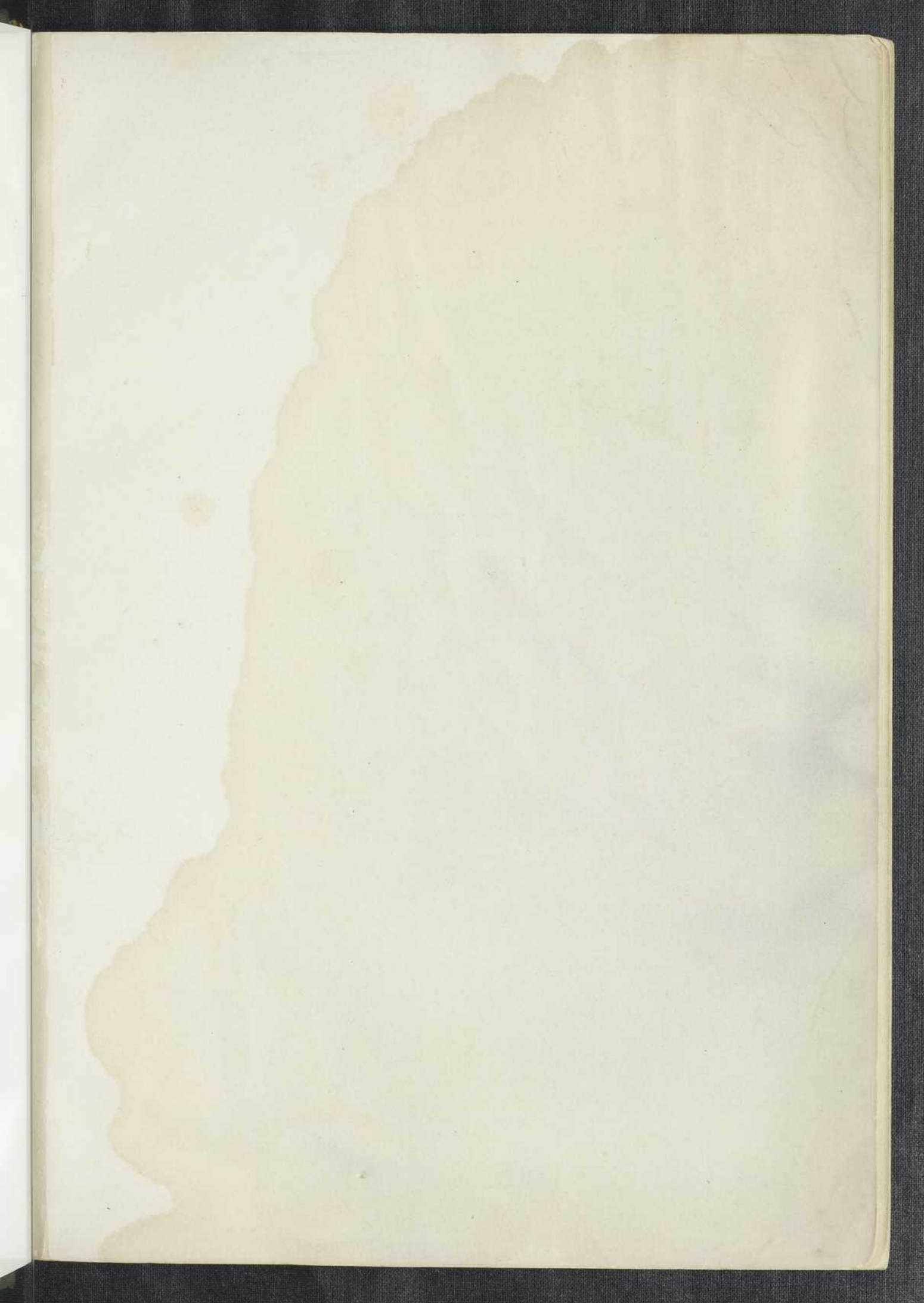
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THOMAS MOORE.

REVISED AND ENLARGED

# MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES

WITH SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS BY VARIOUS  
EMINENT AUTHORS

CHARACTERISTIC WORDS BY

THOMAS MOORE



OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

BOSTON

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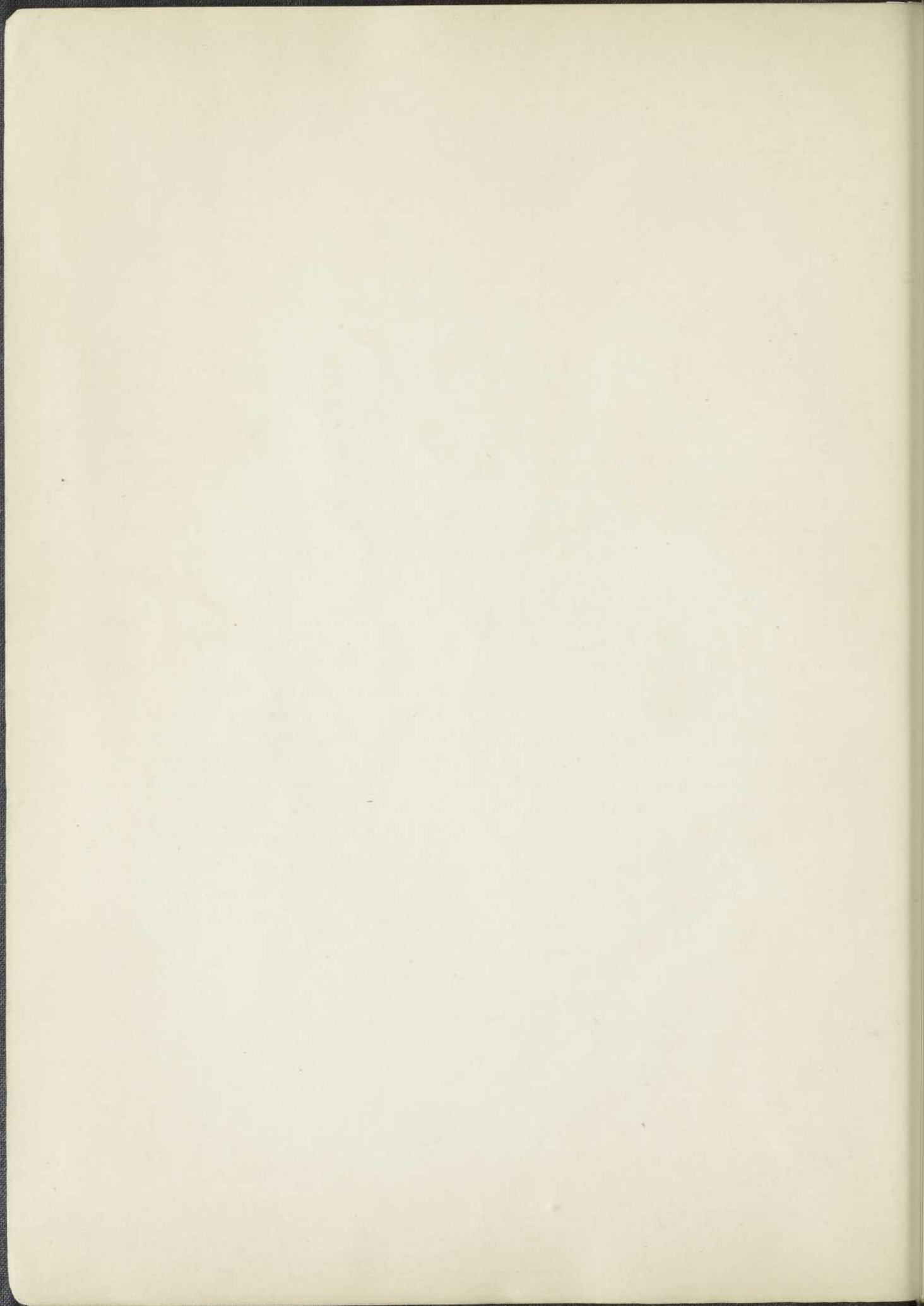
## PUBLISHERS' PREFACE TO THE REVISED EDITION.

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IN putting forth this new edition of "Moore's Irish Melodies" we feel that we are complying with the wishes of many thousands of his admirers throughout the land, and of those who have written to us on the subject. The airs in the old edition are, in many instances, placed too high in pitch for the ordinary voice; indeed, some of them, to be properly sung, demand a voice of unusual compass. At the same time, the melodies being peculiar in range as well as accent, (some of them ranging from notes several degrees below the treble staff, to one or two tones above it,) makes the work of judicious transposition somewhat exacting; and great care has been exercised in editing and re-arranging this new edition, so that one voice should not be robbed for the benefit of another. In many instances, too, the accompaniments were not in keeping with the requirements of modern musical taste. Therefore, while we have not altered in the slightest degree the melodies and the original ideas of accompaniment, we have placed them in keys suited to the ordinary voice, as far as practicable, and have selected the most tastefully prepared accompaniments supplied by Irish, English and American musicians (including M. W. Balfe and J. L. Molloy). We have also added many of Moore's songs together with the original melodies, that have never before appeared in an edition this side of the Atlantic, and which can be found in only one other collection. Moore's original *notes and comments* are also carefully preserved in this new edition.

We have aimed to improve in all respects the volume of songs that has become so dear to the hearts of the poet's countrymen, and to make this edition of the "Irish Melodies" complete and satisfactory.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.



# MEMOIR

OF

## THOMAS MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE, the genial Irish poet and humorist, was born in Dublin, on the 28th of May, 1779. At a very early period of life he showed great aptitude for rhyming; and a sonnet to his schoolmaster, Mr. Samuel Whyte, written in his fourteenth year, was published in a Dublin magazine, to which he contributed other pieces. Sheridan was one of his schoolfellows, who was then pronounced by parents and tutor to be "an incorrigible dunce." Mr. Whyte was fond of acting, and Master Moore early became his favorite show-scholar. Plays and pieces were often gotten up in order to introduce the tutor's own prologues and epilogues; and in one of his works there is introduced a play-bill of a performance which took place in the year 1790 at Lady Burrowes's private theatre in Dublin, where, among the items of the evening's entertainment, is "An Epilogue: 'A Squeeze at St. Paul's,' Master Moore."

The parents of Ireland's favorite poet were Roman Catholics, a body then proscribed and depressed by penal enactments; and they seem to have been of the number who, to use his own words, "hailed the first dazzling outbreak of the French Revolution as a signal to the slave, wherever suffering, that the day of his deliverance was near at hand." Moore states that, in 1792, he was taken by his father to one of the dinners given in honor of the great event, and sat upon the knee of the chairman while the following toast was enthusiastically sent round: "May the breezes from France fan our Irish oak into verdure."

In 1793, parliament having opened the university to Catholics, young Moore was sent to college, and soon distinguished himself by his classical attainments. In 1799, he proceeded to London to study law in the Middle Temple, and publish by subscription a translation of Anacreon. The latter appeared in the following year, dedicated to the Prince of Wales. At a subsequent period, Mr. Moore was among the keenest satirists of this prince, for which he has been accused of ingratitude; but he states himself that the whole amount of his obligations to his Royal Highness was the honor of dining twice at Carlton House, and being admitted to a great fête given by the Prince in 1811, on his being made Regent.

In 1801, Moore ventured upon a volume of original verse, put forth under the assumed name of "Thomas Little,"—an allusion to his diminutive stature. In these pieces, the warmth of the young poet's feelings and imagination led him to trespass on delicacy and decorum. He had the good sense to be ashamed of these amatory *juvenilia*, and genius enough to redeem the fault. His offence, however, did not stand in the way of preferment. In 1803, Mr. Moore obtained an official situation at Bermuda, the duties of which were discharged by a deputy; but, this subordinate proving unfaithful, the poet suffered pecuniary losses and great embarrassment. Its first effect, however, was two volumes of poetry, a series of "Odes and Epistles," published in 1806, and written during an absence of fourteen months from Europe, while the author visited Bermuda. The descriptive sketches in this work are remarkable for their fidelity, no less than for their poetical beauty. The style of Moore

was now found; and in all his writings there is nothing finer than the opening epistle to Lord Strangford, written on board ship, by moonlight.

After the publication of his "Odes," Mr. Moore became a satirist, attempting first the grave and serious style, in which he failed, but succeeded beyond almost any other poet in light satire, verses on the topics of the day, lively and pungent, with an abundance of witty and humorous illustration. The man of the world, the scholar, and the poetical artist are happily blended in his satirical productions, with a rich and playful fancy. His "Twopenny Post-bag," "The Fudge Family in Paris," "Fables for the Holy Alliance," and numerous small pieces written for the newspapers, to serve the cause of the Whig or Liberal party, are not excelled, in their own peculiar walk, by any satirical compositions in the language.

The great poetical and patriotic task of writing lyrics for the ancient music of his native country was begun by Mr. Moore as early as 1806. His "Irish Songs" displayed a fervor and pathos not found in his earlier works, with the most exquisite melody and purity of diction. An accomplished musician himself, it was the effort, he relates, to translate into language the emotions and passions which music appeared to him to express, that first led to his writing of any poetry worthy of the name. "Dryden," he adds, "has happily described music as being inarticulate poetry; and I have always felt, in adapting words to an expressive air, that I was bestowing upon it the gift of articulation, and thus enabled it to speak to others all that was conveyed in its wordless eloquence to myself." Part of Moore's inspiration must, however, also be attributed to national feeling. The old airs were consecrated to recollection of the ancient glories, the valor, beauty, or suffering of Ireland, and became inseparably connected with such associations. Of the "Irish Melodies," in connection with Moore's songs, ten parts were published. Next to those patriotic songs stand those in which a moral reflection is conveyed in that metaphorical form which only Moore has been able to realize in lyrics for music.

In 1817, Mr. Moore produced his most elaborate poem, "Lalla Rookh," an Oriental romance, the accuracy of which, as regards topographical, antiquarian, and characteristic details, has been vouched for by numerous competent authorities. The poetry is brilliant and gorgeous—rich to excess with imagery and ornament, and oppressive from its sweetness and splendor. Hazlitt says that Moore should not have written "Lalla Rookh" even for three thousand guineas—the price understood to be paid by the booksellers for the copyright. It was amidst the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters, Moore says, while living in a lone cottage among the fields, that he was enabled, by that concentration of thought which retirement alone gives, to call up around him some of the sunniest of those Eastern scenes which have since been welcomed in India itself as almost native to its clime. The romance of "Vathek" alone equals "Lalla Rookh," among English fiction, in local fidelity and completeness as an Eastern tale.

After the publication of the great poem, Moore set off with Rogers on a visit to Paris. "The groups of ridiculous English who were at that time swarming in all directions throughout France," says one of his biographers, "supplied the materials for his satire entitled 'The Fudge Family in Paris,' which, in popularity and the run of successive editions, kept pace with 'Lalla Rookh.'" In 1819, Mr. Moore made another journey to the continent in company with Lord John Russell, and this furnished his "Rhymes on the Road," a series of trifles often graceful and pleasing, but so conversational and unstudied, as to be little better—to use his own words—than "prose fringed with rhyme." From Paris, the poet and his companion proceeded, by the Simplon to Italy. Lord John took the route to Genoa, and Mr. Moore went on a visit to Lord Byron at Venice. On his return from this memorable tour, the poet took up his abode in Paris, where he resided till about the close of the year 1822. He had become involved in pecuniary difficulties (as before observed) by the conduct of the person who acted as his deputy at Bermuda. His friends pressed forward with eager kindness to help to release him, one offering to place £500 at his disposal; but he came to the resolution of "gratefully declining their offers, and endeavoring to work out his deliverance by his own efforts." In September, 1822, he was informed that an arrangement had been made and that he might with safety return to England. The amount of the claims of the American merchants had been reduced to the sum of one thousand guineas, and towards the payment of this, the uncle of his deputy, a rich London merchant, had been brought to contribute £300. The Marquis of Lansdowne immediately deposited in the hands of a banker the remaining portion (£750,) which was soon repaid by the grateful bard, who, in the June following, on receiving his publisher's account, found £1000 placed to his credit from the sale of the "Loves of the Angels," and £500 from the "Fables of the Holy Alliance." The latter were partly written while Mr. Moore was at Venice with Lord Byron, and were published under the *nom de plume* of Thomas Brown. The "Loves of the Angels" was written in Paris. The poem is founded on "the Eastern story of the angels Harut and Marut, and the Rabbinical fictions of the loves of the Uzziel and Achamchazi," with which Mr. Moore shadowed out "the fall of the soul from its original purity, the loss of light and happiness which it suffers in the pursuit of this world's perishable pleasures, and the punishments both from conscience and divine justice with which impurity, pride and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of heaven are sure to be visited." The stories of the angels are related with graceful tenderness and passion, but with too little of "the angelic air" about them.

Mr. Moore was next engaged in contributing a great number of political squibs to the *Times* news-

paper, witty, sarcastic effusions, for which he was paid at the rate of about £400 per annum.

Moore's latest imaginative work was "The Epicurean," an Eastern tale, in prose, but full of the spirit and materials of poetry, and forming, perhaps, his highest and best-sustained flight in the regions of pure romance.

Besides his works of fiction, Moore wrote the lives of "Sheridan" (1825,) and "Byron" (1830,) and "Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald" (1831). The last has little interest; but his "Life of Byron" was the work which was destroyed by Mr. Wilmot Horton and Colonel Doyle, as the representatives of Mrs. Leigh, Byron's half-sister.

Moore received £2000 from Mr. Murray for the manuscript of this particular "life," which he afterwards returned, and was re-engaged by Murray to write another "Life of Byron," for which, it is said, Moore received no less than £4,870.

From the foregoing sketch of Moore's life and works, it will be seen that he was remarkable for his industry, genius and acquirements. His career was one of high honor and success. No poet was more universally read or more courted in society by individuals distinguished for rank, literature, or public service. His political friends, when in office, rewarded him with a pension of £300 per annum, and as his writings were profitable as well as popular, his latter days might have been spent in comfort without the anxieties of protracted authorship.

Moore's residence was in a cottage in Wiltshire, but was too often in London in those gay and brilliant circles which he enriched with his wit and genius. In 1841-42, he gave to the world a complete collection of his poetical works, in ten volumes, to which are prefixed some interesting literary and personal details. Latterly the poet's mind gave way, and he sank into a state of imbecility, from which he was released by death, February 26, 1852.

Moore left behind him copious memoirs, journal, and correspondence, which, by the poet's request, were, after his death, placed for publication in the hands of his illustrious friend, Lord John Russell. By this posthumous work, a sum of £3000 was realized for Moore's widow. The journal disappointed the public. Slight personal details, brief anecdotes and witticisms, with records of dinner parties, visits and fashionable routs, fill the bulk of eight printed volumes. His friends were affectionate and faithful, always ready to help him in his difficulties, and his publishers appear to have treated him with great liberality. He was constantly drawing upon them to meet emergencies, and his drafts were always honored. Money was offered to him on all hands, but his independent spirit and joyous temperament, combined with fits of close application, and the brilliant success of all his works, poetical and prosaic, enabled him to work his way out of every difficulty.

# THE IRISH MELODIES.

The "Irish Melodies" originated in a desire to secure in one collection, and in a form that might not pass away, the numerous national airs known among the wild and beautiful scenery of Ireland, and rapturously admired by all whose good fortune it had been to listen to their charming notes.

It was the pride of an Irishman to know that though political influence and legislative interference had labored hard to exterminate this peculiar feature of his native land, it continued to exist unharmed amidst the dangers with which it was surrounded; and, that above the noise and turmoil of distracted national affairs, its sweet and cheering melody failed not to be heard.

"There can be no doubt," says Moore, "that to the zeal and industry of Mr. John Bunting,\* Ireland is indebted for the preservation of her old national airs. During the prevalence of the Penal Code, the music of Ireland was made to share in the fate of its people. Both were alike shut out from the pale of civilized life; and seldom anywhere, but in the huts of the proscribed race, could the sweet voice of the songs of other days be heard. Even of that class, the itinerant harpers—among whom, for a long period, our ancient music had been kept alive—there remained but few to continue the precious tradition; and a great music meeting, held at Belfast in the year 1792, at which two or three still remaining of the old race of wandering harpers assisted, exhibited the last public effort made by the lovers of Irish music to preserve to their country the only grace or ornament left to her out of the wreck of all her liberties and hopes. Thus, what the fierce legislature of the Pale had endeavored vainly through so many centuries to effect—the utter extinction of Ireland's minstrelsy—the deadly pressure of the penal laws had nearly, at the close of the eighteenth century, accomplished; and, but for the zeal and intelligent research of Mr. Bunting at that crisis, the greater part of our musical treasures would probably have been lost to the world. It was in the year 1796 that this gentleman published his first volume; and the national spirit and hope then awakened in Ireland, by the rapid spread of the democratic principle throughout Europe, could not but insure a most cordial reception for such a work, flattering as it was to the fond dreams of Erin's early days, and containing in itself, indeed, remarkable testimony to the truth of her claims to an early date of civilization."

"It was in the year 1797," continues Mr. Moore, "that, through the medium of Mr. Bunting's book, I was first made acquainted with the beauties of our native music. A young friend of our family, Edward Hudson, the nephew of an eminent dentist of that name, who played with much taste and feeling on

\*The first book-collection of the old melodies of Ireland was published by this gentleman.

the flute, and, unluckily for himself, was but too deeply warmed with the patriotic ardor then kindling around him, was the first who made known to me this rich mine of our country's melodies—a mine from the working of which my humble labors as a poet have since derived their sole lustre and value.

"About the same time, I formed an acquaintance, which soon grew into intimacy, with young Robert Emmet. He was my senior, I think, by one class, in the university; for when, in the first year of my course, I became a member of the debating society—a sort of nursery to the authorized historical society—I found him in full reputation, not only for his learning and eloquence, but also for the blamelessness of his life and the grave suavity of his manners."

Shortly after the date of this acquaintance, Moore was the owner of a copy of Mr. Bunting's volume, and "though," as he remarks, "never regularly instructed in music, could play over the airs with tolerable facility on the piano-forte."

"Robert Emmet," says Mr. Moore, "used sometimes to sit by me when I was thus engaged; and I remember one day his starting up as from a reverie when I had just finished playing that spirited tune called the 'Red Fox' † and exclaiming: 'Oh! that I were at the head of twenty thousand men, marching to that air!'"

"How little did I then think that in one of the most touching of the sweet airs I used to play to him, his own dying words would find an interpreter so worthy of their sad but proud feeling;‡ or that another of those mournful strains § would long be associated, in the hearts of his countrymen, with the memory of her || who shared with Ireland his last blessing and prayer.

"Though fully alive, of course, to the feelings which such music could not but inspire, I had not yet undertaken the task of adapting words to any of the airs."

In 1807, an announcement was made of a proposed publication of "a Collection of the best Original Irish Melodies, with characteristic symphonies and accompaniments, and with words, containing as frequently as possible, allusions to the manners and history of the country."¶ Moore immediately engaged with zeal and alacrity in a work so congenial with every feeling of his heart. He addressed a letter to Sir John Stevenson, which, as it gives a very comprehensive view of the matter, we transcribe.

Mr. Moore says: "I feel very anxious that a work of this kind should be undertaken. We have too long neglected the only talent for which our English

† "Let Erin remember the days of old."

‡ "Oh! breathe not his name."

§ "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps."

¶ Miss Curran.

¶ The first edition of "Moore's Irish Melodies."

neighbors ever deigned to allow us any credit. Our national music has never been properly collected;\* and while the composers of the continent have enriched their operas and sonatas with melodies borrowed from Ireland—very often without even the honesty of acknowledgment—we have left these treasures, in a great degree, unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our airs, like too many of our countrymen, have, for want of protection at home, passed into the service of foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better period of both politics and music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland, at least, appears too plainly in the tone of sorrow and depression which characterizes most of our early songs.

“The task which you propose to me, of adapting words to these airs, is by no means easy. The poet who would follow the various sentiments which they express, must feel and understand that rapid fluctuation of spirits, that unaccountable mixture of gloom and levity, which composes the character of my countrymen, and has deeply tinged their music. Even in their liveliest strains we find some melancholy note intrude—some minor third or flat seventh—which throws its shade as it passes, and makes even mirth interesting. If Burns had been an Irishman, (and I would willingly give up all claims upon Ossian for him,) his heart would have been proud of such music, and his genius would have made it immortal.

“Another difficulty,—which is, however, purely mechanical,—arises from the irregular structure of many of these airs, and the lawless kind of metre which it will in consequence be necessary to adapt to them. In these instances, the poet must write not to the eye but to the ear, and must be content to have his verses of that description which Cicero mentions, ‘*Quos si cantu spoliaveris nuda remanebit oratio.*’ That beautiful air, ‘The Twisting of the Rope,’ which has all the romantic character of the Swiss ‘*Ranz des Vaches.*’ is one of those wild sentimental rakes which it will not be easy to tie down in sober wedlock with poetry. However, notwithstanding all these difficulties, and the very moderate portion of talent which I can bring to surmount them, the design appears to me so truly national, that I shall feel much pleasure in giving it all the assistance in my power.”

It was a fortunate circumstance that two persons were found so well fitted to write Ireland’s minstrelsy and song, as were Moore and Stevenson.† The task set apart for each was one of much difficulty, and one which required much severe toil to accomplish.

Moore has made a few memoranda and brief notices of several of the most popular of the melodies. “Of the few songs written with a concealed political feeling—such as ‘When He Who Adores Thee’ and one or two more,—the most successful in its day was ‘When First I Met Thee Warm and Young,’ which alluded in its hidden sense to the Prince Regent’s desertion of his political friends. It was little less, I own, than profanation to disturb the sentiments of so beautiful an air by any connection with such a subject. The great success of this song, soon after I wrote it, among a large party staying at Chatsworth, is thus alluded to in one of Lord Byron’s letters to me: ‘I have heard from London, that you have left Chatsworth and all there full of ‘entusymusy,’ . . . and, in particular that ‘When I First Met Thee’ has been quite overwhelming in its effect. I told you it was one of the best things you ever wrote, though that dog \* \* \* wanted you to omit part of it.’

“It has been sometimes supposed that ‘Oh, Breathe Not His Name,’ was meant to allude to Lord Edward Fitzgerald; but this is a mistake; the song having

\* Mr. Moore acknowledged in a note to this that the valuable labors of Mr. Bunting and the patriotic genius of Miss Owen-son, were out of his memory at the moment of this writing.

† Sir John Stevenson supplied the accompaniments for the pianoforte; but many of them have been changed to comply with the demands of a better musical culture.

been suggested by the well-known passage in Robert Emmet’s dying speech, ‘Let no man write my epitaph . . . let my tomb remain un-inscribed, till other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory.’

“The feeble attempts to commemorate the glory of the Great Duke, † ‘When History’s Muse, etc.’ is in so far remarkable, that it is made up amply for its want of poetical spirit, by an outpouring, rarely granted to bards in these days, of the spirit of prophecy. It was in the year 1815 that the following lines first made their appearance:

‘And still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,  
The grandest, the purest, e’en *thou* hast yet known;  
Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,  
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.  
At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou hast stood,  
Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame,” etc.

About fourteen years after these lines were written, the Duke of Wellington recommended to the throne the great measure of Catholic Emancipation.

The fancy of the “Origin of the Irish Harp” was suggested by a drawing made, under peculiarly painful circumstances, by the friend previously mentioned, Edward Hudson. When, in consequence of the compact entered into between government and the chief leaders of the conspiracy, the state prisoners, before proceeding into exile, were allowed to see their friends, I paid Mr. Hudson a visit, in the jail of Kilmainham, where he had then lain immured for four or five months, hearing of friend after friend being led out to death, and expecting every week his own turn to come. I found that to amuse his solitude he had made a large drawing with charcoal on the wall of his prison, representing that fancied origin of the Irish Harp, which, some years after, I adopted as the subject of one of the Melodies. In connection with another of these matchless airs—one that defies poetry to do it justice—I find the following touching and singular statement in an article of the Quarterly Review. Speaking of a young and promising poetess, Lucretia Davidson, who died very early from nervous excitement, the Reviewer says, “She was particularly sensitive of music. There was one song (it was Moore’s Farewell to his Harp) to which she took a special fancy. She wished to hear it only at twilight, thus (with that same perilous love of excitement which made her place the Æolian harp in the window when she was composing) seeking to increase the effect which the song produced upon a nervous system already diseasedly susceptible,—for it is said that whenever she heard this song she became pale, cold, and almost fainting,—yet it was her favorite of all songs, and gave occasion to those verses addressed in her fifteenth year to her sister.

“With the melody entitled ‘Love, Valor, and Wit,’ an incident is connected, which awakened feelings in me of proud, but sad pleasure; as showing that my songs had reached the hearts of some of the descendants of those great Irish families who found themselves forced, in the days of persecution, to seek in other lands a refuge from the shame and ruin of their own,—those whose story I have thus associated with one of their country’s most characteristic airs:

“Ye Blakes and O’Donnells, whose fathers resigned  
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find  
That repose which at home they had sighed for in vain.

“From a foreign lady of this ancient extraction,—whose names, could I venture to mention them, would lend to the incident an additional Irish charm.—I received, through the hands of a gentleman, a large portfolio, adorned inside with a beautiful drawing, representing Love, Wit, and Valor, as described in the song. In the border that surrounds the drawing, are introduced the favorite emblems of Erin,—the harp, the shamrock, the mitred head of St. Patrick,—together with scrolls, containing each, inscribed in

† Wellington.

letters of gold, the name of some favorite melody of the fair artist."

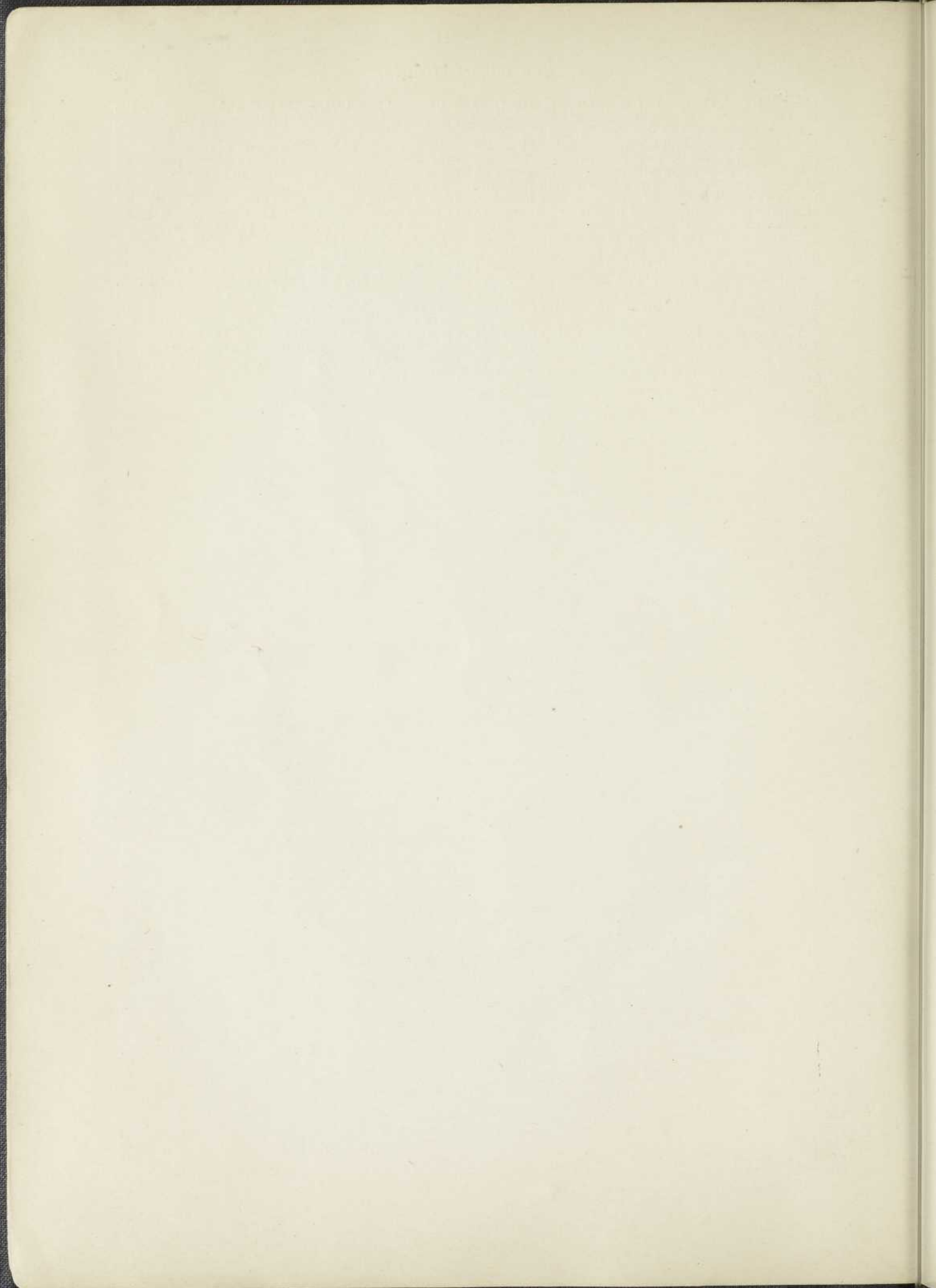
It is not necessary in concluding this sketch, to enter into a lengthened criticism of these admirable songs—now sparkling, now plaintive, here glowing with fervor, there laden with pathos, all teeming with exuberant illustration. The reader has them before him in all their richness of sentiment and harmony. It may be true that force and dignity are wanting to some of these lyrics; that occasionally fancy labors until art becomes too evident in strained and frigid similes: that ornament at times overlays sentiment, until nature pants beneath the glittering encumbrance; but it is equally certain that universal literature presents no lovelier or more affecting tribute to a nation's minstrelsy than the Irish Melodies of Thomas Moore.

The love of country that pervades and inspires his theme, his simple tenderness of feeling, that at once strikes the heart as instantly to melt it, his facility of creation, linked with the glad appreciation of all that

is beautiful in nature, — the grace, the elegance, the sensibility, the ingenuity, that are never absent—the astonishing and thoroughly successful adaptation of sense to sound, of sweetest poetry to thrilling music, — are claims to admiration which the most prosaic of his species will find it impossible to resist.

From the commencement of the publication of the Irish Melodies, Moore's name and fame were known in every land. From that hour success and honor attended the results of his talent and industry.

He attributed all his poetical success to his strong and inborn feeling for music. There can be no doubt that his obligations to nature in this respect were very great. Music and poetry were wedded in his heart, and were inseparably united. With him the words and the music were one. "So intimately, indeed," says an English writer, "were they united, that the sight of them crowded together in one volume, unaccompanied by notes with which they were always associated in his own mind, inflicted upon him positive pain."



# MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

## AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS.

Air.—"THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM."

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Andante.*

Arranged by J. L. MOLLOY.

1. As a beam o'er . . . the  
2. One fa - tal . . . re -  
3. Oh! this thought in . . . the

face of the wa - ters may glow, While the tide runs in dark - ness and  
mem-brance, one sor - row that throws Its bleak shade a - like o'er our  
midst of en - joy - ment will stay, Like a dead, leaf - less branch in the

cold - ness be - low, So the cheek may be . . . ting'd with a warm sun - ny  
joys and our woes, To which life noth - ing . . . dark - er or bright - er can  
Sum - mer's bright ray; The . . . beams of the . . . warm sun play round it in

smile . . . Tho' the cold heart to . . . ru - - in runs dark - ly the . . . while.  
bring, . . . For which joy has no . . . balm, . . . and af - flic - tion no . . . sting.  
vain, . . . It may smile in his . . . light, . . . But it blooms not a - gain.

## AS SLOW OUR SHIP HER FOAMY TRACK.

AIR. — "THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arr. by M. W. BALFE.

*Allegro.*

*p* *pp*

*mf*

1. As slow our ship her foam - y track A - gainst the wind was cleav - ing, Her  
 2. When, round the bowl, of va - nish'd years We talk, with joy - ous seem - ing, With  
 3. And when, in o - ther climes, we meet Some isle, or vale en - chant - ing, Where  
 4. As trav - 'lers oft look back, at eve, When east - ward dark - ly go - ing, To

trembling pen - nant still look'd back To that dear isle 't was leav - ing. So loath we part from  
 smiles that might as well be tears, So faint, so sad their beam - ing: While mem'ry brings us  
 all looks flow - 'ry, wild, and sweet, And nought but love is want - ing; We think how great had  
 gaze up - on that light they leave Still faint be - hind them glow - ing—So, when the close of

all we love, From all the links that bind us; So turn our hearts, as on we rove, To  
 back a - gain Each ear - ly tie that twin'd us, Oh, sweet's the cup that cir - cles then To  
 been our bliss, If heav'n had but as - sign'd us, To live and die in scenes like this, With  
 plea - sure's day To gloom hath near con - signed us, We turn to catch one fad - ing ray Of

those we've left be - hind us!  
 those we've left be - hind us!  
 some we've left be - hind us!  
 joy that's left be - hind us!

## AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

Air.—"MOLLY, MY DEAR."

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Allegretto.*

Arranged by J. L. MOLLOY.

*p leggiero.*

1. At the mid hour of night, when stars are weep-ing, I fly To the lone vale we  
2. Then I sing the wild song 't was once such pleasure to hear; When our voic-es co-

*p.*

lov'd when life shone warm in thine eye; And I think oft, if spir-its can steal from the  
ming-ling breath'd, like one, on the ear, And, as e-cho far off thro' the vale my sad

re-gions of air To re-vis-it past scenes of de-light, thou wilt come to me  
or-i-son rolls, I think, oh, my love, 'tis thy voice from the king-dom of

*cres.*

*D.C.*

there, And tell me our love is re-mem-ber'd, e'en in the sky.  
souls\* Faint-ly an-swer-ing still the notes that once were so dear.

*D.C.*

\* "There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields; and it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call "Echo."

## EVELEEN'S BOWER.

AIR—"UNKNOWN" \*

THOMAS MOORE.

Arr. by BALFE.

*Andante grazioso.*  
PIANO. *p dolce.*

1. Oh! weep for the hour, When to E-veleen's bow'r The

Lord of the Val-ley with false vows came; The moon hid her light From the heavens that night, And

wept behind the clouds o'er the maid-en's shame. 2. The clouds past soon From the chaste cold moon, And

heav'n smil'd a-gain with her ves - tal flame; But none will see the day When the clouds shall pass a-way, Which that

\* Our claim to this Air has been disputed; but they who are best acquainted with National Melodies, pronounce it to be Irish. It is generally known by the name of "The Pretty Girl of Derby, O!"

dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame. The white snow lay On the narrow pathway, When the Lord of the Valley cross'd

o - ver the moor; And many a deep print On the white snow's tint Show'd the track of his foot-step to

E - ve - leen's door. The next sun's ray Soon melt - ed a - way Ev - ry trace on the path where the

false Lord came! But there's a light a - bove, Which a - lone can re - move that stain up - on the snow of fair

E - ve - leen's fame.

## BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.\*

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Moderato.*

Air—"THE BROWN IRISH GIRL."

Arranged by M. W. BALFE.

First system of piano introduction, featuring treble and bass staves with dynamic markings *p*, *cres.*, *dim.*, and *p*.

Second system of piano introduction, featuring treble and bass staves with dynamic marking *mf*.

1. By that Lake, whose gloomy shore Sky-lark ne-ver war-bles o'er, † Where the cliff hangs high and
2. 'T was from Kathleen's eyes he flew, Eyes of most un-ho-ly blue! She had lov'd him well and
3. On the bold cliff's bo-som cast, Tran-quil now he sleeps at last; Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that
4. Fear-less she had track'd his feet To this rock-y, wild re-treat; And when morn-ing met his
5. Glen-da-lough! thy gloom-y wave Soon was gen-tle Kathleen's grave; Soon the Saint (yet, ah! too

First system of piano accompaniment, featuring treble and bass staves with dynamic marking *pp*.

Second system of piano accompaniment, featuring treble and bass staves with dynamic markings *p*, *cres.*, and *f*.

steep, Young Saint Ke- vin stole to sleep. "Here, at last," he calm-ly said, "Wom-an long, Wish'd him her's, nor thought it wrong. Where-so-e'er the Saint would fly, Still he e'er Wom-an's smile can haunt him there; But nor earth, nor heav'n is free From her view, Her mild glance met it too. Ah! your Saints have cru-el hearts! Stern-ly late) Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate. When he said, "Heav'n rest her soul!" Round the

Third system of piano accompaniment, featuring treble and bass staves.

Fourth system of piano accompaniment, featuring treble and bass staves with dynamic marking *p*.

Fifth system of piano accompaniment, featuring treble and bass staves.

Sixth system of piano accompaniment, featuring treble and bass staves with dynamic marking *mf*.

do; Ah, the good Saint lit-tle knew What that wi-ly sex can do. burn'd, East or west, wher-e'er he turn'd, Still her eyes be-fore him burn'd. weeps, E-ven now, while calm he sleeps, Kath-leen o'er him leans and weeps. rock, And with rude, re-pul-sive shock, Hurls her from the beet-ling rock. tide, And her ghost was seen to glide, Smil-ing o'er the fa-tal tide.

Seventh system of piano accompaniment, featuring treble and bass staves with dynamic marking *pp*.

\* This Ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

† There are many other curious traditions concerning this lake, which may be found in GIRALDUS, COLGAN, etc.

# AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AIR.—“CROOGHAN A VENEE.”\*

THOMAS MOORE.

Arr. by M. W. BALFE.

1. A - veng - ing and bright fall the swift sword of E - rin, On him who the  
 2. By the red cloud that hung o - ver Co - nor's dark dwell - ing,† When U - lad's ‡ three  
 3. We swear to re - venge them!—no joy shall be tast - ed, The harp shall be  
 4. Yes, mo - narch! tho' sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, Tho' sweet are the

brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd! For ev' - ry fond eye which he wa - ken'd a  
 cham - pions lay sleep - ing in gore— By the bil - lows of war, which so of - ten, high  
 si - lent, the maid - en un - wed, Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie  
 tears that from ten - der - ness fall; Tho' sweet are our friendships, our hopes and af -

tear in, A drop from his heart - wounds shall weep o'er her blade.  
 swell - ing, Have waft - ed these he - roes to vic - to - ry's shore!  
 wast - ed, 'Till ven - geance is wreck'd on the mur - der - er's head!  
 fect - tions, Re - venge on a ty - rant is sweet - est of all!

\* The name of this beautiful and truly Irish air, is, I am told, properly written *Cruachán na Féine*, i.e. the Fenian mount, or mount of the Finnian heroes, those brave followers of *Finn Mac Cool*, so celebrated in the early history of our Country.

The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the lamentable fate of the sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the gaelic, by Mr. O' FLANAGAN (see Vol. I. of Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin), and upon which it appears that the "Darthula" of Macpearson is founded. The treachery of Conor, king of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story (says Mr. O' FLANAGAN) has been from time immemorial, held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are 'The death of the children of Touran,' 'The death of the Children of Lear' (both regarding Tuatha da Danans) and this, 'The death of the Children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story."— It will be recollected, that, in these Melodies, there is a Ballad upon the story of the Children of Lear or Lir: "Silent, oh Moyle!" etc.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O' FLANAGAN and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a very lasting reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement which they merit.

† "O Naisi! view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red." *Deirdri's Song*.

‡ Ulster.

## BY THE HOPE WITHIN US SPRINGING.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

AIR.—"THE FAIRY QUEEN."\* HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES.

*Majestically.*

1. By the hope, with-  
2. O'er his watch-fire's

*ff* *p* *lentando.* *a tempo.* *pp*

in us spring - ing, Her - ald of to - morrow's strife;  
fad - ing em - bers, Now the foe - man's cheek turns white,

And by the sun, whose light is bring - ing,  
When his boding heart that field re - mem - bers,

Oh! re - mem - ber, life can be No charm for him, who  
Nev - er let him bind a - gain A chain, like that we

Chains or freedom, death or life— Oh! re - mem - ber, life can be No charm for him, who  
Where we dimm'd his glory's light! Nev - er let him bind a - gain A chain, like that we

Oh! re - mem - ber, life can be No charm for him, who  
Ne - ver let him bind a - gain A chain, like that we

Oh! re - mem - ber, life can be No charm for him, who  
Ne - ver let him bind a - gain A chain, like that we

\* In order to bring this fine air of Carolan within the compass of the voice, it was necessary to raise some parts of it an octave higher than they are in the original setting, and to convert into a symphony the wild, characteristic passage, which, more than once, breaks so boldly across the course of the melody. The merit of this arrangement, as well as the responsibility, rests entirely with Sir John Stevenson. He gave me the air in its present harmonized form, and I found it rather a difficult task to follow with words, of any tolerable meaning, those abrupt variations of expression with which it abounds.

lives not free!  
broke from then.

Sinks a he-ro to his grave,  
Oh! before the evening falls,

lives not free!  
broke from then.

Sinks a he-ro to his grave, 'Midst the dew-fall of a  
Oh! before the evening falls, May we pledge that horn in

lives not free! Like the day-star in the wave,  
broke from then. Hark! the horn of combat calls—

'Midst the dew-fall of a  
May we pledge that horn in

lives not free!  
broke from then.

'Midst the dew-fall of a  
May we pledge that horn in

na-tion's tears!  
tri-umph round! \*

Blessed is he, o'er whose de-cline The  
Ma-ny a heart, that now beat high, In

na-tion's tears!  
tri-umph round!

Blest is he, o'er whose de-cline The  
Ma-ny hearts, that now beat high, In

na-tion's tears!  
tri-umph round!

Blest is he, o'er whose de-cline The  
Ma-ny hearts, that now beat high, In

\* "The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages, our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day."—WALKER.

smiles of home may soothing shine, And light him down the steep of years: . . .  
 slum-ber cold at night shall lie, Nor wak - en ev'n at vic - t'ry's sound:—

smiles of home may soothing shine, And light him down the steep of years: . . .  
 slum-ber cold at night shall lie, Nor wak - en ev'n at vic - t'ry's sound:—

And light . . . him down the steep of years.—  
 Nor wak - en ev'n at vict'ry's sound:—

But oh! how grand, Oh! how grand they sink to rest, Who  
 But oh! how blest, Oh! how blest that he - ro's sleep, O'er.

But oh! how grandly, how grandly, But oh! how grand they sink to rest, Who  
 But oh! how bless-ed, how bless-ed, But oh! how blest that he - ro's sleep, O'er

close their eyes on vic - t'ry's breast!  
 whom a won-d'ring world shall weep!

close their eyes on vic - t'ry's breast!  
 whom a won-dr'ing world shall weep,

*p* *cres.* *f* *cres.*

# COME O'ER THE SEA.

Air.—"CUISHLIH MA CHREE."

Arranged by MOLLOY.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Allegretto.*

1. Come o'er the sea, Maid-en, with me,  
2. Was not the sea Made for the free,

*f* *p* *leggiero.*

Mine thro' sunshine, storms, and snows; Seasons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same, where-  
Land for courts and chains alone? Here we are slaves, But on the waves Love and Li-ber - ty's

e'er it goes. Let for - tune frown, so we love and part not; 'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where *thou* art not. Then  
all our own. No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us, All earth for - got, and all heav - en a-round us—Then

*rall.* *tempo.*  
*colla voce.*

come o'er the sea, Maiden, with me, Come wherev-er the wild wind blows; Seasons may roll,  
come o'er the sea, Maiden, with me, Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows; Seasons may roll,

*p.*

But the true soul Burns the same, where'er it goes.  
But the true soul Burns the same, where'er it goes.

## I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"THE ROSE TREE."

Arranged by J. L. HATTON.

*Andante con moto.*

1. I'd mourn the hopes that leave me, If  
 2. 'T is not in fate to harm me, While  
 3. And tho' the hope be gone, love, That  
 4. Thus, when the lamp that light - ed The

thy smiles had left me too; I'd weep when friends de - ceive me, If  
 fate leaves thy love to me; 'T is not in joy to charm me, Un -  
 long spark - led o'er our way, Oh! we shall jour - ney on, love, More  
 trav - 'ler, at first goes out, He feels a - while be - night - ed, And

thou wert, like them, un - true. But while I've thee be - fore me, With  
 less joy be shared with thee. One min - ute's dream a - bout thee Were  
 safe - ly, with - out its ray. Far bet - ter lights shall win me A -  
 looks round in fear and doubt; But soon, the pros - pect clear - ing, By

heart so warm and eyes so bright, No clouds can lin - ger o'er me, That  
 worth a long and end - less year Of wak - ing bliss with - out thee, My  
 long the path I've yet to roam! The mind that burns with - in me, And  
 cloud - less star - light on he treads, And thinks no lamp so cheer - ing As

smile turns them all to light.  
 own love, my on - ly dear.  
 pure smiles from thee at home.  
 that light which Heav - en sheds.

# BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Air.—“MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.”

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by J. L. HATTON.

1. Be -  
2. It

*Andantino.*

*p* *pp*

lieve me, if all those en-dear-ing young charms Which I gaze on so fond-ly to-day, Were to  
is not while beau-ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks un-pro-fan'd by a tear, That the

*pp*

change by to-mor-row, and fleet in my arms, Like fai-ry gifts fad-ing a-way, Thou would'st  
fer-vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear; No, the

*simili.*

still be a-dor'd, as this mo-ment thou art, Let thy love-li-ness fade as it will, And a-  
heart that has tru-ly lov'd, nev-er for-gets, But as tru-ly loves on to the close, As the

*pp*

round the dear ru-in each wish of my heart, Would en-twine it-self ver-dant-ly still,  
sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets. The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

*pp*

# BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

DUET, SOPRANO AND TENOR.

AIR.—“MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.”

THOMAS MOORE.  
*With feeling.*

Arr. by SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each containing a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a 6/8 time signature. The vocal line is in a single staff with a treble clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with two verses for each of the first two systems. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Be - lieve me, if all those en-dear-ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond-ly to - day, Were to  
 2. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks un-pro-fan'd with a tear, That the

1. Be - lieve me, if all those en-dear-ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond-ly to - day, Were to  
 2. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks un-pro-fan'd with a tear, That the

change by to - mor-row, and fleet in my arms, Like fai - ry gifts fad - ing a - way, Thou wouldst  
 fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear! No, the

change by to - mor-row, and fleet in my arms, Like fai - ry gifts fad - ing a - way, Thou wouldst  
 fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear! No, the

still be a - dor'd, as this mo-ment thou art, Let thy love-li-ness fade as it will, And a -  
 heart that has tru - ly lov'd, nev - er for-gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close. As the

still be a - dor'd, as this mo-ment thou art, Let thy love-li-ness fade as it will, And a -  
 heart that has tru - ly lov'd, nev - er for-gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close, As the

round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart, Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still.  
 sun - flow - er turns on her god when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart, Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still.  
 sun - flow - er turns on her god when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING  
 YOUNG CHARMS.

*Andante.* ♩ = 60.

*Sing 1st verse, pp; 2nd verse, ff.*

QUARTET.

1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to -  
 2. It is not while beau - ty and youth are thy own, And thy cheeks un - pro - fan'd with a

day, Were to change by to - mor - row, and fleet in my arms, Like fai - ry gifts fad - ing a -  
 tear, That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more

way; Thou would'st still be a - dor'd, as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it  
 dear! No, the heart that has tru - ly lov'd, nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the

will, And a - round the dear ruin, each wish of my heart, Would entwine itself verdant - ly still.  
 close; As the sunflow'r turns on her god when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

\* Play four last measures for introduction and interlude.

## COME, REST ON THIS BOSOM.

Arr.—"LOUGH SHEELING."

Arr. by M. W. BALFE.

THOMAS MOORE.

*Andante.*

PIANO. *p*

*sostenuto.*  
VOICE.

1. Come, rest on this bo - som, My . . own strick - en deer! Tho' the  
2. Oh! what was love made for, If . . 'tis not the same Through  
3. Thou hast call'd me thy an - gel, in . . mo - ments of bliss,— Still thy

herd have fled from thee, Thy home is still here. Here  
joy and thro' tor - ments, thro' glo - ry and shame? I . .  
an - gel I'll be, 'mid the hor - rors of this. Thro' the

still is the smile that no . . cloud can o'er - cast, And the  
know not, I . . ask not, if . . guilt's in that heart, I but  
fur - nace un - shrink - ing, thy steps to pur - sue, And . .

heart and the hand all thy own . . . to the last.  
know that I love thee, what - ev - er thou art.  
shield thee, and save thee, or per - ish there too!

# COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

ANOTHER ARRANGEMENT. \*

By E. KIALLMARK.

*Andante.*

1. Come, rest in this
2. Oh, what was love
3. Thou hast call'd me thy

bo - som, My own strick - en deer, Tho' the herd have fled from thee, Thy  
made for, If 't is not the same, Through joy and through tor - ments, Thro'  
an - gel In mo - ments of bliss, Still thy an - gel I'll be, Mid

home is still here, Here still is the smile, That no cloud can o'er -  
glo - ry and shame; I know not I ask not, If guilt's in that  
the hor - rors of this; Through the fur - nace un - shrink - ing, Thy steps to pur -

cast, And the heart and the hand All thy own to the last.  
heart, I but know that I love thee, What - ev - er Thou art.  
sue, And shield thee, and save thee, Or per - rish there too.

\* Although this is not an Irish air, and has not been inserted in the European edition of Moore's Melodies, yet the great favor with which it has been received in this country, will be deemed a sufficient apology for its insertion.

# HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES.

Arr.—"THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by Sir JOHN STEVENSON.

*Slowly and to be played very smoothly.*

*Con espressione.* *dim.*

1. How dear to me the hour when day - light dies, And  
2. And as I watch the line of light . . . that plays A -

sun-beams melt a - long the si - lent sea, For then sweet dreams of oth - er  
long the smooth wave, tow'rds the burn - ing west, I long to tread that gold - en

*rit.* *a tempo.* *dim.* *rit.*

days . . a - rise, And Mem - 'ry breathes her ves - per sigh to thee, For  
 path . . of rays, And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest, I

*lento.*

then sweet dreams of oth - er days a - rise, And Mem - 'ry breathes her ves - per  
 long to tread that gold - en path of rays, And think 'twould lead to some bright

sigh . . to thee.  
 isle . . of rest.

*p*

# NIGHT CLOSED AROUND.

## AFTER THE BATTLE.

THOMAS MOORE.

*With solemnity.*

AIR.—"THY FAIR BOSOM."

Arr. by SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

1. Night clos'd a-round the con-queror's way, And light-ning shew'd the dis-tant hill, Where  
2. The last sad hour of free-dom's dream, And val-our's task, moved slow-ly by, While

those, who lost . . . that dread-ful day, . . . Stood few and faint, but fear-less still! The soldier's  
mute they watch'd, till morn-ing's beam Should rise, and give them light to die! There is a

hope, the pa-triot's zeal, . . . For ev-er dimm'd, for ev-er crost— Oh!  
world, where souls are free, . . . Where ty-rants taint not na-ture's bliss; If

who shall say . . . what he-roes feel, . . . When all but life . . . and  
death that world's . . . bright op-'ning be . . . Oh! who would live . . . a

hon - or's lost!  
slave in this?

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

AIR.—"THE LAMENTATION OF AUGHRIM."

Arr. by SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

*Lento.*

1. For - get not the field where they pe-rish'd, The tru - est, the last of the brave—All
2. Oh! could we from death but re - cov - er Those hearts, as they bound - ed be - fore, In the
3. Could the chain for an in - stant be riv - en Which Tyr - an - ny flung round us then. Oh!
4. But 'tis past, and 'tho blazoned in sto - ry, The name of our Vic - tor may be, Ac -
5. Far dear - er the grave or the pris - on, Il - lum'd by one pat - ri - ot name, Than the

gone! and the bright hope we che-rish'd Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave  
face of high heav'n to fight o - ver That com - bat for free - dom once more:—  
'tis not in man, nor in Heav - en, To let Tyr - anny bind it a - gain!  
curst is the march of that glo - ry Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.  
troph - ies of all who have ris - en, On Lib - er - ty's ru - ins, to fame!

## ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

AIR—"AILEEN AROON."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arr. by M. W. BALFE.

PIANO. *pp*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes in a 4/4 time signature, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

*Andante ma non troppo.* *dim.*

1. E - rin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes Blend like the  
 2. E - rin! thy si - lent tear nev - er shall cease, E - rin! thy

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *pp* and *cres.*

*cres.* *dim.* *f*

rain - bow that hangs in the skies; Shin - ing through sor - row's stream,  
 lan - guid smile ne'er shall in - crease, Till, like the rain - bow's light,

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *cres.*, *pp*, and *p arpeggiando.*

*dim.* *cres.* *f* *pp rall.*

Sad - ning through pleas - ure's beam, Thy suns, with doubt - ful gleam, Weep while they  
 Thy va - rious tints, u - nite, And form in heav - en's sight One arch of

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line features a more active eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* and *pp col canto.*

rise!  
 peace!

The final section of the piano accompaniment features a more active eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *tempo. cres.* and *dim.*

## COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

AIR—"WE BROUGHT THE SUMMER WITH US.

Arr. by Sir J. STEVENSON.

*Allegretto, con spirito.*

1. Come  
2. Shall I

send round the wine, and leave points of be - lief To sim - ple - ton sa - ges, and reas'ning fools; This  
ask the brave sol-dier who fights by my side, In the cause of man-kind, if our creeds a - gree? Shall I

moment's a flow'r too fair and brief To be with'er'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools. Your glass may be pur-ple, and  
give up the friend I have valued and tried, If he kneel not be-fore the same al - tar with me? From the her-e-tic girl of my

mine may be blue, But while they're both fill'd from the same bright bowl, The fool that would quarrel for dif - 'rence of hue, De-  
soul shall I fly, To seek somewhere else a more or-tho-dox kiss? No! per-ish the hearts and the laws that try Truth,

serves not the comfort they shed on the soul.  
valor, and love, by a standard like this!

*p* *f* *p* *f* *p*

*p* *schervando.*

*f* *p* *f* *f* *p*

# FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

DUET.

AIR—"MOLL ROONE."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arr. by Sir J. STEVENSON.

*Moderato.*

*mf*

*With expression.*

1. Fare - well! But when - ev - er you wel - come the hour That a -  
 2. And still on that ev'ning, when pleas - ure fills up, To the  
 3. Let Fate do her worst, there are rel - ics of joy, Bright dreams

1. Fare - well! But when - ev - er you welcome the hour That a  
 2. And still on that ev'ning when pleas - ure fills up, to the  
 3. Let Fate do her worst, there are rel - ics of joy, Bright dreams

wak - ens the night - song of mirth in your bow'r Then think of the friend, who once  
 high - est top spark - le each heart and each cup, Where'er my path lies, be it  
 of the past, which she can - not de - stroy. Which come in the night - time of

wak - ens the night - song of mirth in your bow'r, Then think of the friend, who once  
 high - est top spark - le each heart and each cup, Where'er my path lies, be it  
 of the past, which she can - not de - stroy, Which come, in the night - time of

wel - com'd it too, And for - got his own griefs to be hap - py with you.  
 gloom - y or bright, My soul, hap - py friends, shall be with you that night;  
 sor - row and care, To bring back the fea - tures that joy used to wear.

wel - com'd it too, And for - got his own griefs to be hap - py with you.  
 gloom - y or bright, My soul, hap - py friends, shall be with you that night;  
 sor - row and care, And bring back the fea - tures that joy used to wear.

*ad lib.*

His griefs may re - turn, not a hope may re-main Of the few that have brighten'd his  
 Shall join in your rev - els, your sports and your wiles, And re - turn to me, beam-ing all  
 Long, long be my heart with such mem - o - ries fill'd! Like the vase in which ros - es have

path - way of pain, But he ne'er will for-get the short vis - ion that threw Its en -  
 o'er with your smiles! Too blest, if it tells me, that 'mid the gay cheer, Some kind  
 once been dis-till'd, You may break, you may ru - in the vase, if you will, But the

chant - ment a - round him, while ling - ring with you.  
 voice had mur - mur'd "I wish he were here!"  
 scent of the ro - ses will hang round it still.

# FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

ANOTHER ARRANGEMENT.\*

THOMAS MOORE.

By A. F. KEENE.

*Andantino.*

*rf*

*tr*

1. Fare-well! But when-ev - er you wel-come the hour, Which a - wak - ens the night-song of
2. And still on that eve - ning, when pleasure fills up, To the high - est top spark - le each
3. Let Fate do her worst, there are rel - ics of joy, Bright dreams of the past, which she

mirth in your bow'r, Then think of the friend who once wel-com'd it too, And for -  
heart and each cup, Where -'er my path lies, be it gloom - y or bright, My soul,  
can - not de - stroy, Which come in the night - time of sor - row and care, To bring

\* Although this is not an Irish air, and has not been inserted in the European edition of Moore's Melodies yet the great favor with which it has been received in this country will be deemed a sufficient apology for its insertion.—*Am. Ed.*

got his own griefs to be hap - py with you. His griefs may re - turn not, a  
hap - py friends, shall be with you that night; Shall join in your revels, your sports  
back the fea - tures that joy used to wear. Long, long be my heart with such

*ad lib.*  
hope may re-main Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain. But he  
and your wiles, And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles! Too blest,  
mem - o - ries fill'd! Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd. You may

ne'er will for - get the short vis - ion that threw Its en - chant - ment a - round him, while  
if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer, Some kind voice had mur - mur'd, "I wish  
break, you may ru - in the vase if you will, But the scent of the ro - ses will

*ad lib.*  
ling - ring with you, But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw Its enchantment around him while  
he were here." Too blest if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer, Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I  
hang round it still, You may break, you may ru - in the vase if you will, But the scent of the ro - ses will

ling - ring with you, ling - ring with you, ling - ring with you.  
wish he were here, wish he were here, wish he were here."  
hang round it still, hang round it still, hang round it still.

# FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

(ANOTHER ADAPTATION.)

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Andantino.*

By ARTHUR F. KEENE.

1. Fare -
2. And
3. Let

well! But when - ev - er you wel - come the hour, Which a - wak - ens the night - song of  
still on that ev - 'ning when pleasure fills up, To the high - est top, spar - kle each  
Fate do her worst, there are rel - i - ces of joy, Bright dreams of the past, which she can -

mirth in your bow'r, Then think of the friend who once wel - com'd it too, And for -  
heart and each cup, Wher - e'er my path lies, be it gloo - my or bright, My soul,  
not de - stroy; And which come in the night - time of sor - row and care, To bring

got his own griefs, to be hap - py with you. His griefs may re - turn, not a  
hap - py friends, shall be with you that night; Shall join in your rev - els, your  
back the fea - tures that joy used to wear. Long, long be my heart with such

hope may re-main Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain. . . . .  
 sports and your wiles, And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles! . . . . .  
 mem - o - ries fill'd, Like the vase in which ro-ses have once been dis-till'd. . . . .

But he ne'er will for - get the short vis - ion that threw Its en -  
 Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer, Some  
 You may break, you may ruin, the vase if you will, But the

chantment a - round him while ling - ring with you. But he ne'er will for - get the short  
 kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here." Too blest, if it tells me that,  
 scent of the ro - ses will hang round it still. You may break, you may ruin, the

vis - ion that threw Its en - chantment a - round him while ling - ring with you,  
 'mid the gay cheer, Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here,  
 vase if you will, But the scent of the ro - ses will hang round it still,

ling - ring with you, ling - ring with you.  
 wish he were here, wish he were here."  
 hang round it still, hang round it still.

# FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

THOMAS MOORE.

Air—"MOLL ROONE."

Arr. by M. W. BALFE.

VOICE.

1. Fare-well! But when-ev-er you  
2. And still on that ev'ning, when  
3. Let Fate do her worst, there are

welcome the hour That a - wa - kens the night-song of mirth in your bow'r, Then think of the friend who once  
pleas-ure fills up, To the high-est top spark-le each heart and each cup, Where'er my path lies, be it  
re - lies of joy, Bright dreams of the past, which she can-not destroy—Which come in the night-time of

welcom'd it too, And for - got his own griefs to be happy with you. His griefs may re - turn, not a  
gloo-my or bright, My soul, hap-py friends, shall be with you that night; Shall join in your rev - els, your  
sor - row and care, And bring back the fea-tures that joy used to wear. Long, long be my heart with such

hope may remain, Of the few that have brighten'd his path-way of pain, But he ne'er will for - get the short  
sports and your wiles, And re - turn to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles!—Too blest if it tells me that,  
mem-o-ries fill'd! Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd, You may break, you may ruin the

vision that threw Its enchantment a-round him while ling'ring with you.  
'mid the gay cheer, Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"  
vase if you will, But the scent of the ro - ses will hang round it still!

## DRINK TO HER.

AIR—"HEIGH-HO! MY JACKY."

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Moderato scherzoso.*

Arr. by M. W. BALFE

Piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked *Piano* (*p*). The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat major or D minor) and features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes.

1. Drink to her, who long Hath wak'd the po - et's sigh, The
2. At Beau - ty's door of glass, When Wealth and Wit once stood, They
3. The love that seeks a home Where wealth and gran - deur shines, Is

Piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics, marked *f* and *pp*. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

girl, who gave to song What gold could nev - er buy. Oh, wom - an's heart was made For  
ask'd her, "Which might pass?" She an - swer'd, "He who could." With gold-en key Wealth thought To  
like the gloom - y gnome That dwells in dark gold-mines: But oh, the po - et's love Can

Piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics, marked *f*. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

min - strel-hands a - lone, By oth - er fin - gers play'd, It yields not half the tone. Then  
pass—but't would not do; While Wit a dia-mond brought, Which cut his bright way through! Then  
boast a bright - er sphere; Its na - tive home's a - bove, Though wo - man keeps it here! Then

Piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics, marked *f*. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

here's to her, who long Hath wak'd the poet's sigh, The girl, who gave to song What gold could never buy!  
here's to her, who long Hath wak'd the poet's sigh, The girl, who gave to song What gold could never buy!  
drink to her, who long Hath wak'd the poet's sigh, The girl, who gave to song What gold could never buy!

Piano accompaniment for the final line of lyrics, marked *f*. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

# DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

## THE FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Andante.*

Air—"NEW LANGOLEE."

Arr. by J. L. HATTON.

Piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked *Andante* and *Piano* (*p*). The music features a gentle melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

*With expression.*

1. Dear Harp of my Coun - try! in dark - ness I found thee, The  
2. Dear Harp of my Coun - try! fare - well to thy num - bers, This

The first two lines of the song are set in 6/8 time. The vocal line is accompanied by piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a *pp* marking.

cold chain of si - lence \* had hung o'er thee long, When proud - ly my own Is - land  
sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine; Go sleep with the sun - shine of

The third line of the song continues the melody and accompaniment.

Harp, I un - bound thee, And gave all thy chords to light, free - dom, and song! The  
Fame on thy slum - bers, Till touch'd by some hand less un - wor - thy than mine; If the

The fourth line of the song concludes the piece with a final cadence.

\* In that rebellious but beautiful song, "When Erin first rose," there is if I recollect right, the following line:—

"The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The Chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhalm, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the Chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the "Ode to Gaul, the son of Morni," in Miss Brook's Reliques of Irish Poetry.

warm lay of love, and the light note of glad-ness, A - wa - ken thy fond - est, thy  
pulse of the pa - tri - ot sol - dier, or lov - er, Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy

live - li - est thrill; But so oft hast thou e - choed the  
glo - ry a - lone; I was but as the wind, pass - ing

deep sigh of sad - ness, That e'en in thy mirth it will  
heed - less - ly o - ver, And all the wild sweet - ness I

steal from thee still.  
wak'd was thy own!

## ERIN! OH ERIN!

SOLO AND CHORUS.

AIR—"THAMAMA HULLA."

Arr. by M. W. BALFE.

THOMAS MOORE.

*Andantino.*

PIANO. *p* *pp*

*With feeling and solemnity.*

1. Like the bright lamp that lay on Kil-dare's ho - ly fane,\* And burn'd thro' long  
 2. The na - tions have fall - en, and thou still art young, Thy sun is but  
 3. Un - chill'd by the rain, and un-wak'd by the wind, The lil - y lies

a - ges of darkness and storm, Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in  
 ris - ing, when oth - ers are set; And thro' slav - 'ry's cloud thy morning hath  
 sleep - ing through winter's cold hour, Till the hand of spring her dark chain un -

vain, Whose spir - it out - lives them, un - fad - ing and warm; E - rin, oh  
 hung, The full moon of free - dom shall beam round thee yet! E - rin, oh  
 bind, And daylight and lib - er - ty bless the young flower.\* E - rin, oh

\* The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions. "Apud Kildariam occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quod extingui non possit, sed quod tam sollicitè moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, fovent et nutriunt, ut a tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus."—Girald. Camb. de Mirabil. Hibern., dist. ii. c. 34.

E - rin, thus bright thro' the tears Of a long night of bondage thy spirit ap - pears.  
 E - rin, tho' long in the shade, Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade!  
 E - rin! thy win - ter is past, And the hope, that liv'd thro' it, shall blossom at last.

CHORUS.  
 SOPRANO.

E - rin, oh E - rin, thus bright through the tears Of a long night of  
 E - rin, oh E - rin, tho' long in the shade, Thy star will shine  
 E - rin, oh E - rin, thy win - ter is past And the hope that liv'd

ALTO.

E - rin, . . . . thus bright through the tears Of a long night of  
 E - rin, . . . . tho' long in the shade Thy star will shine  
 E - rin, . . . . thy win - ter is past And the hope, that liv'd

E - rin, bright through . . . the tears Of a long night of  
 E - rin, tho' long in the shade, Thy star will shine  
 E - rin, thy win - ter is past, And the hope that liv'd

bon - dage, thy spi - rit ap - pears.  
 out when the proud - est shall fade!  
 thro' it shall blos - som at last.

bon - dage, thy spi - rit ap - pears.  
 out when the proud - est shall fade!  
 thro' it shall blos - som at last.

bon - dage, thy spi - rit ap - pears.  
 out when the proud - est shall fade!  
 thro' it shall blos - som at last.

• Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the lily, has applied this image to a still more important subject.

## COME, TAKE THY HARP.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Slow.*

J. L. MOLLOY.

1. Come,  
2. Let  
3. Sweet

PIANO.

take thy harp, nor let us muse up - on the gath - 'ring ills we see; Oh!  
me but see that snow - y arm once more up - on the dear harp lie, And  
notes! they tell of for - mer peace, of all that look'd so rap - t'rous then, Now

take thy harp, and let me lose all thought of ill in hear - ing thee;  
I will cease to dream of harm, will smile at Fate if thou art nigh;  
with - er'd, lost - oh! pray thee cease, I can - not bear those sounds a - gain.

Sing to me, love, — though death were near, thy song could make my soul for - get; Nay,  
Give me that strain of mourn - ful touch we used to love long, long a - go, Be -  
Art thou, too, wretch - ed? yes, thou art! I see thy tears flow fast with mine! Come,

nay, in pi - ty dry that tear, all may be well, be hap - py yet.  
fore our hearts had known as much as now, a - las! they bleed to know.  
come to this de - vo - ted heart, 'tis breaking, but it still is thine.

# FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

AIR—"BOB AND JOAN."

Arr. by M. W. BALFE.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Allegro moderato.*

PIANO. *mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a rhythmic melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

1. Fill the bum - per fair, Ev - 'ry drop we sprinkle O'er the brow of care,  
 2. Sa - ges can, they say, Grasp the lightning's pinions, And bring down it's ray  
 3. Wouldst thou know, what first Made our souls in - her - it This en - no - bling thirst For  
 4. The care - less youth, when up To glo - ry's fount as - pir - ing, Took nor urn nor cup To  
 5. Some drops were in the bowl, Re - mains of last night's pleasure, With which the sparks of soul

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line is marked *mf*. It features a steady rhythmic pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

Smooths a - way a wrin - kle. Wit's e - lec - tric flame Ne'er so swift - ly pass - es,  
 From the starr'd do - min - ions: So we, sa - ges, sit, And 'mid bumpers bright'ning,  
 wine's ce - les - tial spir - it? It chanc'd up - on that day, When as bards in - form us, Pro -  
 hide the pil - fer'd fire in. But oh! his joy, when round The halls of Hea - ven spy - ing, A  
 Mix'd their burn - ing treasure! Hence the gob - let's show'r Hath such spells to win us—

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line continues the harmonic support, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand providing a rhythmic foundation.

As when thro' the frame It shoots from brimming glasses. Fill the bump - er fair, Ev - 'ry drop we sprinkle  
 From the heav'n of wit Draw down all its lightning! Fill the bump - er fair, Ev - 'ry drop we sprinkle  
 me - theus stole a - way The liv - ing fires that warm us. Fill the bump - er fair, Ev - 'ry drop we sprinkle  
 mongst the stars he found A bowl of Bac - chus ly - ing. Fill the bump - er fair, Ev - 'ry drop we sprinkle  
 Hence its migh - ty pow'r O'er that flame with - in us. Fill the bump - er fair, Ev - 'ry drop we sprinkle

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line includes dynamic markings *mf*, *cres.*, and *f*. The right hand features a more complex melodic line, while the left hand maintains a steady accompaniment.

O'er the brow of care, Smooths a - way a wrin - kle.

The piano accompaniment for the final vocal line concludes with a crescendo, marked *mf*, *cres.*, and *f*. The right hand plays a series of chords that build in intensity, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment.

## HOW OFT HAS THE BANSHEE CRIED!

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Andante.*

AIR—"THE DEAR BLACK MAID."

Arr. by J. L. HATTON.

1. How oft has the Ban - shee cried!  
2. We're fall'n up - on gloom - y days!  
3. Quench'd are our bea - con lights,

How oft has death un - tied Bright links that glo - ry wove, Sweet bonds en -  
\* Star af - ter star de - cays, Ev - 'ry bright name that shed Light o'er the  
† Thou of the Hun - dred Fights! Thou on whose burn - ing tongue Truth, peace, and

twin'd by love! Peace to each man - ly soul that sleep - eth, Rest to each  
land is fled! Dark falls the tear of him who mourn - eth Lost joy or  
free - dom hung! † Both mute: but long as val - our shin - eth, Or mer - cy's

faith - ful eye that weep - eth: Long may the fair and brave, Sigh o'er the he - ro's grave!  
hope that ne'er re - turn - eth, But bright - ly flows the tear Wept o'er the he - ro's bier.  
soul at war re - pin - eth, So long shall E - rin's pride Tell how they liv'd and died.

\* I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and ominous fatality by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most requires all the aid of talents and integrity.

† This designation, which has been before applied to Lord Nelson, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Grive, the bard of O'Neil, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey in the South of Ireland," page 433: "Con of the Hundred Fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories." † "Fox, Romanorum ultimus."

# IF THOU WILT BE MINE.

DUET.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR—"THE WINNOWING SHEET." Arr. by Sir JOHN STEVENSON.

*Moderato assai.*

SOPRANO.

1. If thou'lt be mine, the treas-ures of air, Of  
 2. Bright flow'rs shall bloom wherev-er we rove, A  
 3. And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high, Like  
 4. All this and more the spir- it of love Can

TENOR.

earth, and sea, shall lie at thy feet; What-ev-er in fan-cy's eye looks fair, Or in  
 voice di-vine shall talk in each stream, The stars shall look like worlds of love, And this  
 streams that flow from heavenward hills, Shall keep our hearts like meads, that lie; To be  
 breathe o'er them who feel his spells; That heav'n which forms his home a-bove, He can

hope's sweet mu-sic sounds most sweet, Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!  
 earth be all one beauti-ful dream, In our eyes, if thou wilt be mine, love!  
 bath'd by those e-ter-nal rills, Ev-er green, if thou wilt be mine, love!  
 make on earth, wherever he dwells, As thou'lt own, if thou wilt be mine, love!

## GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

DUET.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR—"MAID OF THE VALLEY."

Arr. by Sir J. STEVENSON.

*Tenderly.*

*f p f p pp*

*cres. f*

1. Go where glo - ry waits thee; But while fame e - lates thee,
2. When at eve, thou rov - est By the star thou lov - est,
3. When a - round thee, dy - ing Au - tumn leaves are ly - ing,

*ff p*

*espress. lento.*

Oh! still re - mem - ber me.  
 Oh! then re - mem - ber me.  
 Oh! then re - mem - ber me.

When the praise thou meet - est,  
 Think, when home re - turn - ing,  
 And, at night, when gaz - ing

*Sym.*

*espress. lento.*

To thine ear is sweet - est, Oh! then re - mem - ber me.  
 Bright we've seen it burn - ing, Oh! thus re - mem - ber me.  
 On the gay hearth blaz - ing, Oh! still re - mem - ber me.

Oth - er arms may press thee, Dear - er friends ca - ress thee, All the joys that bless thee  
 Oft as Sum - mer clos - es, When thine eye re - pos - es On its ling'-ring ros - es,  
 Then should mu - sic steal - ing All the soul of feel - ing, To thy heart ap - peal - ing,

Sweet - er far may be; But when friends are near - est, And when joys are dear - est,  
 Once so lov'd by thee, Think of her who wove them, Her who made thee love them;  
 Draw one tear from thee; Then let mem - 'ry bring thee Strains I used to sing thee;

*lento.*

Oh! then re - mem - ber me.

## GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Larghetto.*

Air—"MAID OF THE VALLEY."

Arr. by M. W. BALFE.

*p* *cres.* *f* *pp*

*p* *cres.* *pp ritlen.*

1. Go where glo - ry waits thee; But, while fame e - lates thee, Oh! still re - mem - ber  
2. When at eve thou rov - est; By the star thou lov - est, Oh! then re - mem - ber  
3. When a - round thee, dy - ing Au - tumn leaves are ly - ing, Oh! then re - mem - ber

*pp* *cres.* *ritlen.*

*tempo.*

me. When the praise thou meet - est, To thine ear is sweetest,  
me. Think, when home re - turn - ing, Bright we've seen it burn - ing,  
me. And, at night when gaz - ing On the gay hearth blaz - ing,

*cres.* *dim.* *pp*

*ritlen.* *f* *dim.*

Oh! then re - mem - ber me. Oth - er arms may press thee,  
Oh! thus re - mem - ber me. Oft as Sum - mer clos - es,  
Oh! still re - mem - ber me. Then should mu - sic steal - ing,

*cres.* *f* *p*

*rf* *p* *p* *riten.* *ppp*

Dear - er friends ca - res thee, All the joys that bless thee Sweeter far may be; But when friends are nearest,  
When thine eye re - pos - es On its ling'ring ros - es, Once so lov'd by thee, Think of her who wove them,  
All the soul of feel - ing, To thy heart appeal - ing, Draw one tear from thee; Then let mem'ry bring thee;

*rf* *p* *pp* *p riten.* *pp*

*rall. p* *f*

And when joys are dear-est, Oh! then re-mem-ber me.  
 Her who made thee love them. Oh! then re-mem-ber me.  
 Strains I used to sing thee; Oh! then re-mem-ber me.

*rall.* *tempo.* *dim.*

HERE WE DWELL IN HOLIEST BOWERS.  
 LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR—"CEAN DUBH DELISH."

Arr. by M. W. BALFE.

*Moderato.*

1. Here we dwell in  
 2. Love stood near the  
 3. Love now warms thee

*mf*

ho - li - est bowers, Where angels of light o'er our or - i - sons bend; Where sighs of de - vo - tion and  
 nov - ice and listen'd, And love is no nov - ice in tak - ing a hint; His laughing blue eyes soon with  
 wak - ing and sleeping, Young novice! to him all thy or - i - sons rise; He tin - ges the heav - en - ly

breathings of flow - ers To heaven in min - gled o - dor as - cend! Do not dis - turb our  
 pi - e - ty glisten'd; His ro - sy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint. "Who would have thought," the  
 fount with his weep - ing, He brightens the cen - sor's flame with his sighs. Love is the saint en -

calm, O Love! So like is thy love to the cherubs a - bove, It well might deceive such hearts as ours."  
 ur - chin cries, "That love could so well, so grave - ly disguise His wandering wings and wounding eyes?"  
 shrin'd in thy breast, And angels themselves would admit such a guest If he came to them cloth'd in pi - e - ty's vest.

## FLY NOT YET.

AIR—"PLANXTY KELLY."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arr. by J. L. MOLLOY.

*Allegretto.**rall un poco.*

PIANO. *f*

*dim.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes. The tempo is marked *Allegretto* and the dynamics range from *f* to *dim.*

1. Fly not yet; 'tis just the hour When pleas - ure, like the mid - night flow'r That  
2. Fly not yet; the fount that play'd In times of old thro' Am - mon's shade,\* Tho'

*p*

The vocal entry is on a single staff with lyrics. The piano accompaniment is on two staves, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The music is in 6/8 time and D major.

scorns the eye of vul - gar light, Be - gins to bloom for sons of night And  
i - cy cold by day it ran, Yet still, like souls of mirth, be - gan To

The vocal line continues with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves, maintaining the 6/8 time signature and D major key.

maids who love the moon. 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That beau - ty and the  
burn when night was near. And thus should wo-man's hearts and looks At noon be cold as

The vocal line continues with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves.

[moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at - trac - tions glow - ing, Set the tides and  
win - ter brooks, Nor kin - dle till the night, re - turn - ing, Brings their ge - nial

The vocal line concludes with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves.

\* Gollis Tons, near the Temple of Ammon.

*ad lib.* *tempo.*

gob - lets flow - ing. Oh, stay! Oh, stay! Joy so sel - dom  
 hour for burn - ing. Oh, stay! Oh, stay! When did morn - ing

*colla voce.* *mf*

weaves a chain Like this to-night, that oh, 'tis pain To break its links so  
 ev - er break, And find such beam - ing eyes a - wake As those that spark - le

*ad lib.*

soon. . . Oh, stay! Oh, stay! Joy so sel - dom  
 here? . . . Oh, stay! Oh, stay! When did morn - ing

*p colla voce.* *mf*

weaves a chain Like this to-night, that oh, 'tis pain To break its links so  
 ev - er break, And find such beam - ing eyes a - wake As those that spark - le

soon.  
 here?

*f* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf*

## THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Allegretto.*

AIR—"NOCH BONIN SHIN DOE."

Arr. by M. W. BALFE.

1. They may rail at this life— from the  
2. In . . . Mer-cu-ry's star, where each  
3. In that star of the west, by whose  
4. As for those chil-ly orbs on the

hour I be-gan it, I found it a life full of kindness and bliss; And un - til they can show me some moment can bring them New sun-shine and wit from the fountain on high, Tho' the nymphs may have live-li-er sha-dow - y splendour, At twi-light so often we've roam'd thro' the dew, There are maidens, perhaps, who have verge of cre - a - tion, Where sunshine and smiles must be e - qual - ly rare, Did they want a sup - ply of cold

hap - pi - er pla-net, More so - cial and bright, I'll con - tent me with this. As long as the world has such po - ets to sing them, \* They've none, e - ven there, more enamour'd than I And as long as this harp can be bo - soms as ten - der, And look, in their twilights, as love - ly as you, † But tho' they were e - ven more hearts for that station, Heav'n knows we have plenty on earth we could spare. Oh! think what a world we should

lips and such eyes, As be - fore me this moment en - raptur'd I see, They may say what they will of their waken'd to love, And that eye its di - vine in - spir - a - tion shall be, They may talk as they will of their bright than the queen Of that isle they in - hab - it in hea - ven's blue sea, As I nev - er those fair young ce - have of it here. If the ha - ters of peace, of af - fec - tion and glee, Were to fly up to Saturn's com -

orbs in the skies, But this earth is the planet, for you, love, and me.  
Ed - ens a - bove, But this earth is the planet, for you, love, and me.  
lestials have seen, Why, this earth is the planet, for you, love, and me.  
fort - less sphere, And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

\* "Tous les habitans Mercure e sont vifs,"—*Pluralité des Mondes.*† "La Terre pourra être pour Vénus l'étoile du berger et la mère des amours, comme Vénus l'est pour nous."—*Pluralité des Mondes.*

# HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

47

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Andante con moto.*

AIR.—"SLY PATRICK." \*

Arranged by J. L. MOLLOY.

*Con espress.*

1. Has sor - row thy young days  
2. Has love to that soul so  
3. Has hope like the bird in the  
4. If thus the young hours have

shad - ed, As clouds o'er the morn - ing fleet? . . . Too fast have those young days fad - ed, That  
ten - der, Been like our La - ge - nian mine, † . . . Where spark - les of gold - en splen - dor All  
sto - - ry, ‡ That flit - ted from tree to tree, . . . Where the tal - is - man's glit - ter - ing glo - ry, Has  
fleet - ed, When sor - row it - self look'd bright; . . . If thus the fair hope hath cheat - ed, That

e - ven in sor - row, were sweet. Does time with his cold wing with - er Each feeling that once was  
o - ver the sur - face shine? But if in pur - suit we go deep - er, Al - lur'd by the gleam that  
hope been that bird to thee? On branch aft - er branch a - light - ing, The gem did she still dis -  
led thee a - long so light; If thus the cold world now with - er Each feeling that once was

dear? Then, child of mis - for - tune, come hith - er, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear. . . .  
shone; Ah! false as the dream of the sleep - er, Like love, the bright ore is gone. . . .  
play, And, when near - est and most in - vit - ing, Then waft the fair gem a - way? . . .  
dear; Come, child of mis - for - tune, come hith - er, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear. . . .

\* To the gentleman who favored me with this air, I am indebted for many other old and beautiful melodies, from which, if ever we resume this work, I shall be able to make a very interesting selection.

† Our Wicklow gold-mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here given to them.

‡ The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off with the talisman in its mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but as he approached, the bird took wing and settled again. *Arabian Nights.*

## HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

DUET.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"SLY PATRICK."

Arr. by Sir JOHN STEVENSON.

*Simply and tenderly.*

1. Has sor-row thy young days shad-ed, As clouds o'er the morning fleet? Too fast have those young days  
 2. Has love to that soul so ten-der, Been like our La-ge-nian mine, \* Where spark-les of gold - en  
 3. Has hope, like the bird in the sto-ry, † That flitted from tree to tree With the tal-is-man's glitter-ing  
 4. If thus the young hours have fleet-ed, When sor-row it-self look'd bright; If thus the fair hope hath

*ad lib.*

fad-ed, That e-ven in sor-row were sweet. Does time with his cold wing with-er Each  
 splen-dor All o-ver the sur-face shine? But if in pur-suit we go deep-er, Al-  
 glo-ry, Has hope been that bird to thee? On branch aft-er branch a-light-ing, The  
 cheat-ed, That led thee a-long so light; If thus the cold world now with-er Each

- feel-ing that once was dear? Then, child of mis-for-tune, come hither, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.  
 lur'd by the gleam that shone; Ah! false as the dreams of the sleep-er, Like love, the bright ore is gone.  
 gem did she still dis-play, And, when nearest and most in-vit-ing, Then waft the fair gem a-way?  
 feel-ing that once was dear; Come, child of mis-for-tune, come hither, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

\* Our Wicklow gold-mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, but too well the character here given of them.

† "The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off with the talisman in its mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but as he approached, the bird took wing and settled again."—*Arabian Nights*.

# I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

THOMAS MOORE.

Arr.—"DOMHNALL."

Arranged by M. W. BALFE.

*Dolce assai.*

1. I saw . . . thy form in youth-ful prime, Nor tho't that pale de - cay . . . Would  
 2. As streams . that run o'er gold-en mines Yet hum-bly, calm-ly glide, . . . Nor  
 3. If souls . . could al - ways dwell a - bove, Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere; . Or

steal . . be-fore the steps of time, And waste its bloom a - way, . . . Ma-ry!  
 seem . . to know the wealth that shines With - in their gen - tle tide, . . . Ma-ry!  
 could . . we keep the souls we love, We ne'er had lost thee here, . . . Ma-ry!

Yet still thy fea - tures wore that light, Which fleets not with . . . the breath; And  
 So, veil'd be-neath a sim - ple guise, Thy ra - diant gen - ius shone; And  
 Though many a gift - ed mind we meet, Tho' fair - est forms . . we see, To

life ne'er look'd more purely bright Than in thy smile of death, Ma-ry!  
 that which charm'd all oth-er eyes Seem'd ra - diant in thy own, Ma-ry!  
 live with them is far less sweet Than to re - mem-ber thee, Ma-ry!\*

\* I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, "Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam ted meminisse!"

## THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"COULIN."

Arranged by M. W. BALFE.

*Larghetto.*

*p*

*mf*

1. Tho' the last glimpse of E - rin with . . . sor - row . . . I see, Yet wher-  
 2. To the gloom of some des - ert, or . . . cold rock - y shore, Where the  
 3. And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as . . . grace - ful . . . it wreathes, And

*pp*

ev - er thou art shall seem E - rin to me; In ex - ile thy  
 eye . . . of the stran - ger can haunt us no more, I will fly with my  
 hang . . . o'er thy soft harp as wild - ly it breathes; Nor dread that the

*cres.* *dim.*

bo - som shall still be . . . my home, And thine eyes . . . make my cli - mate wher -  
 Cou - lin, and think the rough wind Less rude . . . than the foes we leave  
 cold - heart - ed Sax - on . . . will tear One chord . . . from that harp, or one

*pp riten.*

ev - er we roam.  
 frowning be - hind.  
 lock from that hair.\*

*mf*

\* "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII, an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulines* (long locks), on their heads, or hair on the upper lips, called *Crommeal*. On this occasion a Song was written by one of our Bards, in which an Irish Virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks), to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this Song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—WALKER'S *Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, page 134. Mr. WALKER informs us, also, that, about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

# IF THOU'LT BE MINE.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Moderato assai.*

AIR.—"THE WINNOWING SHEET." Arranged by M. W. BALFE.

1. If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air, Of earth, and sea shall  
2. Bright flow'rs shall bloom wher - e - ver we rove; A voice di - vine shall  
3. And thoughts whose source is hid - den and high, Like streams, that flow from  
4. All this and more the spi - rit of love Can breathe o'er them who

lie at thy feet; What - e - ver in fan - cy's eye looks fair, Or in  
talk in each stream; The stars shall look like worlds of love; And this  
heav - en - ward hills, Shall keep our hearts, like meads that lie To be  
feel his spells, That heav - en, which forms his home a - bove, He can

hope's sweet mu - sic sounds most sweet, Shall be ours, if thou wilt be  
earth be all one beau - ti - ful dream In our eyes, if thou wilt be  
bath'd by those e - ter - nal rills, E - ver green, if thou wilt be  
make on earth wher - e - ver he dwells, As thou'lt own, if thou wilt be

mine, love!  
mine, love!  
mine, love!  
mine, love!

## LESBLIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"NORA CREINA."

Arranged by J. L. HATTON.

*Leggiero e con espressione.*
*Cheerfully.*

1. Les - bia hath a beam - ing eye, But no one knows for  
2. Les - bia wears a robe of gold, But all so close the  
3. Les - bia hath a wit re - fined, But when its points are

whom it beam - eth; Right and left its ar - rows fly, But what they aim at,  
nymph hath lac'd it, Not a charm of beau - ty's mould Pre - sumes to stay where  
gleam - ing round us, Who can tell if they're de - sign'd To daz - zle mere - ly,

*rit. ad lib.**tempo.*

no one dream - eth. Sweet - er 'tis to gaze up - on My No - ra's lid that  
na - ture plac'd it. Oh, my No - ra's gown for me, That floats as wild as  
or to wound us. Pill - ow'd on my No - ra's heart In sa - fer slum - ber

sel - dom ris - es; Few its looks, but ev - 'ry one, Like un - ex - spect - ed  
 mount - ain breez - es, Leav - ing ev - 'ry beau - ty free To sink or swell as  
 love re - pos - es, Bed of peace! whose rough - est part Is but the crump - ling

*ad lib.* *tempo.*

light, sur - pris - es. Oh! my No - ra Crei - na, dear, My gen - tle, bash - ful  
 Heav - en pleas - es. Yes, my No - ra Crei - na, dear, My sim - ple, grace - ful  
 of the ros - es. Oh, my No - ra Crei - na, dear, My mild, my art - less

*colla voce.* *p*

No - ra Crei - na, Beau - ty lies In ma - ny eyes, But love in yours, my  
 No - ra Crei - na, Na - ture's dress Is love - li - ness The dress you wear, my  
 No - ra Crei - na, Wit, tho' bright, Hath no such light As warms your eyes, my

No - ra Crei - na!  
 No - ra Crei - na!  
 No - ra Crei - na!

*p* *colla voce.* *f* *p* *rall. un poco.*

# WHEN DAYLIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING UNDER THE BILLOW.

ILL OMENS.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Moderato.*

AIR—"PADDY'S RESOURCE."

Arr. by M. W. BALFE.

1. When day-light was yet sleeping un-der the billow, And stars in the heavens still lingering shone, Young
2. As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses, Nor ev-er wants time for a sly glance or two, A
3. While she stole thro' the gar-den, where heart's-ease was growing, She cull'd some, and kiss'd off' its night-fal - len dew; And a

Kit-ty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow, The last time she e'er was to press it a-lone; For the butterfly, fresh from the night-flow-ers kiss-es, Flew o - ver the mir - ror, and shad-ed her view. En-rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing, That, spite of her haste, she must gath-er it too: But,

youth whom she treasur'd her heart and her soul in, Had prom-is'd to link the last tie before noon; And when once the young heart of a rag'd with the in-sect for hid - ing her graces, She brush'd him—he fell, a-las! nev-er to rise: "Ah! such," said the girl, "is the while o'er the ro-ses too carelessly leaning, Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost: "Ah! this means," said the girl (and she

maiden is stolen, The maiden her-self will steal after it soon. pride of our faces. For which the soul's innocence too often dies!" sigh'd at its meaning), "That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!"

# WHEN DAYLIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING UNDER THE BILLOW.

ILL OMENS.

ANOTHER ADAPTION.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR—"KITTY OF COLLERAINE."\*

Arr. by M. W. BALFE.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO. *mf*

1. When day-light was yet sleeping un-der the bil-low, And stars in the heavens still lin-g'ring shone, Young
2. As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses, Nor ev - er wants time for a sly glance or two, A
3. While she stole thro' the garden, where heart's-ease was growing, She cull'd some, and kiss'd off' its night - fal - len dew; And a

*p stacc.*

Kit-ty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow, The last time she e'er was to press it a-lone, For the but-ter-fly, fresh from the night-flowers kisses, Flew o-ver the mir-ror, and shad-ed her view. En-rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing, That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too: But,

youth whom she treasur'd her heart and her soul in, Had promis'd to link the last tie be-fore noon, And when rag'd with the in-sect for hid-ing her gra-ces, She brush'd him, he fell, a-las! nev-er to rise: "Ah! while o'er the ro-ses too care-less-ly lean-ing, Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost: "Ah! this

once the young heart of a maiden is stolen, The maiden her-self will steal after it soon. such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces, For which the soul's innocence too often dies!" means," said the girl (and she sigh'd at its meaning), "That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!"

*ff*

\* Having some reason to suspect that *Kitty of Coleraine* is but a modern English imitation of our style, I have thought it right to give an authentic Irish air to the same words, without, however, omitting the former melody, for which the words were originally written, and to which, I believe, they are best adapted. *Paddy's Resource* precedes the present air.

## IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

AIR.—“THE LITTLE HARVEST ROSE.”

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by J. L. HATTON.

*Andante con moto.*

The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). It features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) and a fermata over the first few notes. The left hand starts with a bass clef and plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment, also marked *p*.

The first system of the vocal line is a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and common time. It contains the first line of the lyrics, with notes corresponding to the words.

1. In the morn-ing of life, when its cares are un-known, And its
2. When we see the first glo - ry of youth pass us by, Like a
3. In climes full of sun-shine, though splen - did the flow'rs, Their

The second system of the piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand continues the melodic line with notes and rests, marked *p*. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The second system of the vocal line is a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and common time. It contains the second line of the lyrics, with notes corresponding to the words.

pleas - ures in all their new lus - tre be - gin; When we live in a bright-beam-ing  
leaf on the stream that will nev - er re - turn; When our cup, which had spark-led with  
sighs have no fresh-ness, their o - dor no worth; 'Tis the cloud and the mist of our

The third system of the piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand continues the melodic line with notes and rests, marked *p*. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

world of our own, And the light that sur-rounds us is all from with-in; Oh, pleas-ures so high, Now tastes of the oth-er, the dark-flow-ing urn; Then, own Isle of show-ers, That call the rich spir-it of fra-gran-cy forth, So it

'tis not, be-lieve me, in that hap-py time We can love, as in hours of less then is the time when af-fec-tion holds sway With a depth and a ten-der-ness is not 'mid splen-dor, pros-per-i-ty, mirth, That the depth of love's gen-er-ous

trans- port we may; Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sun-ny prime, But af-joy nev-er knew; Love, nursed a-mong pleas-ures, is faith-less as they, But the spir-it ap-pears; To the sun-shine of smiles it may first owe its birth, But the

fec-tion is warm-est when these fade a-way.  
love born of sor-row, like sor-row is true.  
soul of its sweet-ness is drawn out by tears.

*mf* *dim.*

## IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

DUET.

AIR.—"THE LITTLE HARVEST ROSE."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by Sir JOHN STEVENSON.

*Moderato.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'.

Two vocal staves, one for each voice part. Each staff begins with a whole rest, followed by a measure containing a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (D major), and a common time signature (C). The music then begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4 and B4, and a quarter note C5. The lyrics are: 1. In the, 2. When we, 3. In.

Piano accompaniment for the first system, featuring a melodic line with trills (tr) and a rhythmic accompaniment. The right hand has a melodic line with trills and eighth notes, while the left hand has a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes.

Two vocal staves with lyrics: morn-ing of life, when its cares are unknown, And its pleasures in all their new lus - tre be-gin; When we see the first charm of our youth pass us by, Like a leaf on the stream, that will nev - er return; When our climes full of sunshine, tho' splen-did their dyes, Yet faint is the o - dor the flow'rs shed about; 'T is the

Two vocal staves with lyrics: morn-ing of life, when its cares are unknown, And its pleasures in all their new lus - tre be-gin; When we see the first charm of our youth pass us by, Like a leaf on the stream, that will nev - er return; When our climes full of sunshine, tho' splen-did their dyes, Yet faint is the o - dor the flow'rs shed about; 'T is the

Piano accompaniment for the second system, featuring a melodic line with eighth notes and a rhythmic accompaniment. The right hand has a melodic line with eighth notes, while the left hand has a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes.



live in a bright beaming world of our own, And the light that surrounds us is all from within; Oh,  
cup, which hath sparkled with pleasure so high, Now tastes of the oth - er, the dark-flow-ing urn; Then,  
clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies, That call their full spir-it of fra-gran-cy out; So the



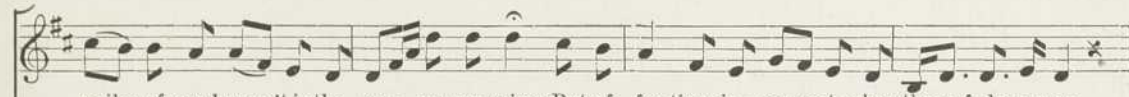
live in a bright beaming world of our own, And the light that surrounds us is all from within; Oh,  
cup, which hath sparkled with pleasure so high, Now tastes of the oth - er, the dark-flow-ing urn; Then,  
clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies, That call their full spir-it of fra-gran-cy out; So the



't is not, be-lieveme, in that hap-py time We can love, as in hours of less trans- port we may; Of our  
then is the moment af - fec - tion can sway With a depth and a ten - derness joy nev - er knew; Love  
wild glow of passion may kin - dle from mirth, But 't is on - ly in grief, true af - fec - tion appears; To the



't is not, be-lieve me, in that hap-py time We can love, as in hours of less trans- port we may; Of our  
then is the moment af - fec - tion can sway With a depth and a ten - derness joy nev - er knew; Love  
wild glow of passion may kin - dle from mirth, But 't is on - ly in grief, true af - fec - tion appears; To the



smiles, of our hopes, 't is the gay sun-ny prime, But af - fec-tion is warmest when these fade a-way.  
nurs'd among pleasures is faith-less as they, But the love, born of sor-row, like sor - row is true.  
mag - ic of smiles it may first owe its birth, But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.



smiles, of our hopes, 't is the gay sun-ny prime, But af - fec-tion is warmest when these fade a-way.  
nurs'd among pleasures is faith-less as they, But the love, born of sor-row, like sor - row is true.  
mag - ic of smiles it may first owe its birth, But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.



## I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"MISS MOLLY."

Arranged by J. L. HATTON.

*Tempo moderato.*

1. I saw from the beach, when the  
2. And such is the fate of our  
3. Ne'er tell me of glo - ries se -  
4. Oh, who would not wel - come that

*mf* *p* *p legato.*

morning was shining, A bark o'er the wa - ters move glo - riously on; I came when the sun o'er that  
life's ear - ly promise, So pass - ing the spring - tide of joy we have known: Each wave that we danc'd on at  
rene - ly a - dorn - ing The close of our day, the calm eve of our night; Give me back, give me back the wild  
moment's returning, When passion first wak'd a - new life thro' his frame, And his soul, like the wood that grows

*ritard un poco.*

beach was de - clin - ing, The bark was still there, but the wa - ters were gone, I came when the sun o'er the  
morn - ing ebbs from us, And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore a - lone, Each wave that we danc'd on at  
eshness of morning, Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light, Give me back, give me back the wild  
pre - cious in burn - ing, Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame! And his soul, like the wood that grows

*ad lib.*

beach was de - clin - ing, The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.  
morn - ing ebbs from us, And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.  
freshness of morning, Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light!  
pre - cious in burn - ing, Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

*colla voce.* *cres.* *p*

## I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

DUET.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"MISS MOLLY."

Arr. by Sir JOHN STEVENSON.

1. I saw from the beach, when the morn-ing was shin-ing, A bark o'er the wa - ters move  
 2. And such is the fate of our life's ear-ly promise, So pass - ing the spring-tide of  
 3. Ne'er tell me of glo - ries se - rene - ly a - dorn-ing The close of our day, the calm  
 4. Oh, who would not wel - come that moment's re - turn-ing, When pas - sion first wak'd a - new

*lento.*

glo - rious-ly on; I came when the sun o'er the beach was de - clin - ing, The  
 joy we have known; Each wave that we danc'd on at morn - ing ebbs from us, And  
 eve of our night; Give me back, give me back the wild fresh - ness of morn-ing, Her  
 life thro' his frame, And his soul, like the wood that grows pre - cious in burn-ing, Gave

*lento.*

bark was still there, but the wa-ters were gone, I came when the sun o'er the beach was de-clin-ing, The  
 leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore a - lone, Each wave that we danc'd on at morn-ing ebbs from us, And  
 clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light, Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning, Her  
 out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame! And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burn-ing, Gave

bark was still there, but the waters were gone.  
 leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.  
 clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.  
 out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

## LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Allegro moderato.*

AIR.—"THE RED FOX."

Arranged by M. W. BALFE.

1. Let E - rin remember the days of old, Ere her faith-less sons be - tray'd her; When Ma - lachi wore the  
2. On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eve's declin - ing, He sees the round tow'rs of

col - lar of gold,\* Which he won from her proud invader; When her kings, with stardards of green unfurl'd Led by  
oth - er days, In the wave be - neath him shin - ing; Thus shall mem'ry of - ten, in dreams sublime, Catch a

Red Branch Knights to dan - ger; † Ere the em'rald gem of the west - ern world Was set in the crown of a  
glimpse of the days that are o - ver; Thus sigh - ing, look thro' the waves of time For the long-faded glories they

stran - ger.  
cov - er. ‡

\* This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively, hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory. — WARNER'S *History of Ireland*, vol. I., book ix.

† Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland; long before the birth of Christ we find an hereditary order of Chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craibhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red-Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craibhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red-Branch; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights of soldiers, called *Bronbheary*, or the house of the Sorrowful Soldier. — O'HALLORAN'S *Introduction*, etc., part I., chap. v.

‡ It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. *Piscatores aque illius turres ecclesiasticae, quae more patriae arctae sunt et altae, necnon et rotundae, sub undis manifeste sereno tempore conspiciunt, et extraneis transeuntibus, reique causas admirantibus, frequenter ostendunt.* — *Topogr. Hib.*, dist. ii. c. 9.

# 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"GROVES OF BLARNEY."

Arranged by M. W. BALFE.

*Andante sostenuto.*

*con dolcezza.*

*mf*

*dolce.* *tr*

*p* *pp* *rall.* *pp tempo.*

1. 'Tis the
2. I'll not
3. So

last rose of summer, Left bloom - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com -  
leave thee, thou lone one! To pine on the stem; Since the love - ly are  
soon may I follow, When friend-ships de - cay, And from love's shin - ing

*cres.* *dim.*

panions Are fa - ded and gone; No flow'r of her kind - red, No  
sleeping, Go, sleep thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy  
cir - cle The gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie with - er'd And

*riten.* *mf tempo.* *p rall.*

rose - bud is nigh, . . . To re - flect back her blushes, Or give sigh for  
leaves o'er the bed, . . . Where thy mates of the garden Lie scent - less and  
fond ones are flown, . . . Oh! who would in - hab - it This bleak world a -

*riten.* *tempo.*

sigh.  
dead,  
lone?

*tempo.* *dim* *p* *riten.*

*cres.* *stacc.*

## 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

THOMAS MOORE.

QUARTET.

1st V. Sopranos in Unison, 2nd V. Tenors in Unison, 3rd V. Full Chorus.

Play first four measures for Introduction and Interlude.

*Larghetto.*SOPRANO. *dolce.*

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a - lone; All her

CONTRALTO.

2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one! To pine on the stem; Since the

TENOR.

3. So soon may I fol - low, When friend-ships de - cay, And from

BASS.

love - ly com - pan - ions Are fa - ded and gone; No flow'r of her kind - red, No

love - ly are sleep - ing, Go, sleep thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy

love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie withered, And

rose - bud is nigh, To re - flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for sigh.

leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead.

fond ones are flown, Oh! who would in - hab - it this bleak world a - lone?

'TIS BELIEVED THAT THIS HARP.  
THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Moderato.*

Air. — "GAGE FANE."

Arranged by M. W. BALFE.

1. 'Tis be - lieved that this harp, which I wake now for thee, Was a sy - ren of  
2. But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep, And in tears all the  
3. Still her bo - som rose fair, still her cheek smil'd the same, While her sea - beau - ties  
4. Henceit came that this soft harp so long hath been known Still to min - gle love's

old, who sung un - der the sea; And who oft - en at . . eye thro' the  
night her gold ring - lets to steep, Till Heav'n look'd with . pi - ty on  
grace - ful - ly curl'd round the frame; And her hair, shed - ding . tear - drops from  
lan - guage with sor - row's sad tone; Till thou didst di - vide them, and

bright bil - low rov'd, To meet on the green shore a youth whom she  
true love so warm, And chang'd to this soft harp the sea - maid - en's  
all its bright rings, Fell o - ver her white arm, to make the gold  
teach the fond lay To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when a -

lov'd.  
form.  
strings.\*  
way.

\* This thought was suggested by an ingenious design, prefixed to an ode upon St. Cecilia, published some years since, by Mr. Hudson, of Dublin.

## LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

TRIO.

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by Sir JOHN STEVENSON.

Piano introduction in 6/8 time, featuring a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

SOPRANO.

Soprano vocal line with lyrics for the first three lines of the song.

1. Oh, the days are gone when beau-ty bright My heart's chain  
 2. Tho' the bard to pur - er fame may soar When wild youth's  
 3. No, that hal-low'd spot is ne'er for - got, Which first - love

TENOR.

Tenor vocal line with lyrics for the first three lines of the song.

1. Oh, the days are gone when beau-ty bright My heart's chain  
 2. Tho' the bard to pur - er fame may soar When wild youth's  
 3. No, that hal-low'd spot is ne'er for - got, Which first - love

BASS.

Bass vocal line with lyrics for the first three lines of the song.

1. Oh, the days are gone when beau-ty bright My heart's chain  
 2. Tho' the bard to pur - er fame may soar When wild youth's  
 3. No, that hal-low'd spot is ne'er for - got, Which first - love

Piano accompaniment for the first section of the song, including the vocal lines.

Soprano vocal line with lyrics for the next section of the song.

wove; When my dream of life from morn till night Was love, still love; New  
 past; Tho' he win the wise who frown'd be-fore To smile at last; He'll  
 trac'd; Still it ling - 'ring haunts the green - est spot On mem - 'ry's waste; 'T was

Tenor vocal line with lyrics for the next section of the song.

wove; When my dream of life from morn till night Was love, still love; New  
 past; Tho' he win the wise who frown'd be-fore To smile at last; He'll  
 trac'd; Still it ling - 'ring haunts the green - est spot On mem - 'ry's waste; 'T was

Bass vocal line with lyrics for the next section of the song.

wove; When my dream of life from morn till night Was love, still love; New  
 past; Tho' he win the wise who frown'd be-fore To smile at last; He'll  
 trac'd; Still it ling - 'ring haunts the green - est spot On mem - 'ry's waste; 'T was

Piano accompaniment for the second section of the song, including the vocal lines.

\* It is scarcely necessary to offer any apology for inserting a second arrangement of this choice gem.



hope may bloom, And days may come Of mild - er, calm - er beam; But there's noth - ing half so  
nev - er meet A joy so sweet, In all his noon of fame, As when first he sang to  
o - dor fled, As soon as shed, 'T was morning's winged dream; 'T was a light that ne'er can



hope may bloom, And days may come Of mild - er, calm - er beam; But there's noth - ing half so  
nev - er meet A joy so sweet, In all his noon of fame, As when first he sang to  
o - dor fled, As soon as shed, 'T was morning's winged dream; 'T was a light that ne'er can

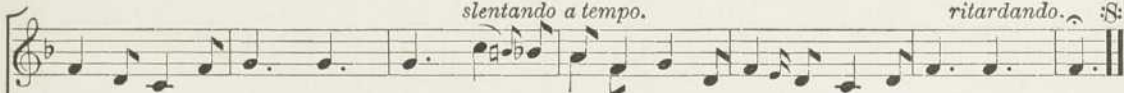


hope may bloom, And days may come Of mild - er, calm - er beam; But there's noth - ing half so  
nev - er meet A joy so sweet, In all his noon of fame, As when first he sang to  
o - dor fled, As soon as shed, 'T was morning's winged dream; 'T was a light that ne'er can



*slentando a tempo.*

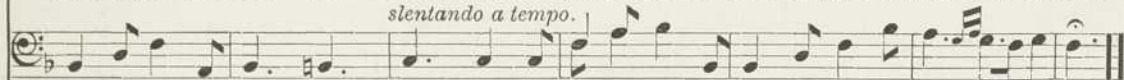
*ritardando.*  $\text{rit.}$



sweet in life, As love's young dream, No, there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.  
woman's ear, His soul - felt flame, And at ev - 'ry close she blush'd to hear The one lov'd name.  
shine a - gain On life's dull stream, 'T was a light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull stream.



sweet in life, As love's young dream, No, there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.  
woman's ear, His soul - felt flame, And at ev - 'ry close she blush'd to hear The one lov'd name.  
shine a - gain On life's dull stream, 'T was a light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull stream.



sweet in life, As love's young dream, No, there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.  
woman's ear, His soul - felt flame, And at ev - 'ry close she blush'd to hear The one lov'd name.  
shine a - gain On life's dull stream, 'T was a light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull stream.



*ritardando.*

## LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

(OH, THE DAYS ARE GONE WHEN BEAUTY BRIGHT.)

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"THE OLD WOMAN."

Arr. by J. C. M.

*Moderato.*

1. Oh, the days are gone when  
2. Tho' the bard to pur - er  
3. No! that hal - low'd form is

beau - ty bright My heart's chain wove; When my dream of life, from morn till night, Was  
fame may soar, When wild youth's past; Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd be - fore, To  
ne'er for - got, Which first love trac'd; Still it ling'ring haunts the green - est spot On

love, still love; New hope may bloom and days may come, Of mild - er, calm - er beam; But there's  
smile at last; He'll nev - er meet a joy so sweet, In all his noon of fame, As when  
mem - 'ry's waste; 'T was o - dour fled, as soon as shed; 'T was morning's winged dream; 'T was a

noth - ing half so sweet in life As love's young dream, No! there's nothing half so  
first he sang to wom - an's ear His soul - felt flame; And, at ev - ery close, she  
light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull stream, Oh! 't was light which ne'er can

sweet in life As love's young dream.  
blush'd to hear The one lov'd name.  
shine a - gain On life's dull stream.

# WHEN THRO' LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Andantino.*

AIR.—"BANKS OF BANNA."

Arr. by J. L. HATTON.

1. When thro' life un -  
2. Like the gale that  
3. Mu - sic! oh, how

*p* *mf* *p e legato.*

blest we rove, Los - ing all that made life dear, Should some notes we  
sighs a - long Beds of O - ri - en - tal flow'rs, Is the grate - ful  
faint, how faint, Lan - guage fails be - fore thy spell! Why should feel - ing

used to love, In days of boy - hood, meet our ear, Oh! how wel - come  
breath of song, That once was heard in hap - pier hours; Fill'd with balm, the  
ev - er speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well? Friendship's balm - y

breathes the strain, Wak - ning thoughts that long have slept, Kind - ling for - mer  
gale sighs on, Though the flow'rs have sunk in death; So, when plea - sure's  
words may feign, Love's are e'en more false than they; Oh! 'tis on - ly

smiles a - gain, In fad - ed eyes that long have wept.  
dream is gone, Its mem - ry lives in mu - sic's breath.  
mu - sic's strain Can sweet - ly soothe and not be - tray.

*mf*

## MY GENTLE HARP! ONCE MORE I WAKEN.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—“THE COINA, OR DIRGE.”

Arranged by M. W. BALFE.

*Moderato.**mf*

1. My gen-tle harp! once more I  
2. And yet, since last thy chord re-  
3. Then, who can ask for notes of  
4. But come, if yet thy fame can

waken The sweetness of thy slumb'ring strain; In tears our last farewell was taken. And now in  
sounded, An hour of peace and triumph came, And ma-ny an ar-dent bosom bounded With hopes that  
pleasure, My drooping harp, from chords like Thine? A-las, the lark's gay morning measure As ill would  
borrow One breath of joy, oh, breathe for me, And show the world, in chains and sorrow, How sweet thy

tears we meet a-gain. No light of joy . . . hath o'er thee brok-en, But, like those  
now are turn'd to shame. Yet ev-en then . . . while peace was sing-ing, Her hal-cyon  
sult the swan's de-cline! Or how shall I . . . who love, who bless thee, In-voke thy  
mu-sic still can be; How gai-ly, ev'n, . . . 'mid gloom sur-round-ing, Thou yet canst

harps, whose heav'n-ly skill Of slav-'ry, dark as thine, hath spok-en, Thou hang'st up-  
song, o'er land and sea, Tho' joy and hope to oth-ers bring-ing, She on-ly  
breath for freedom's strains, When ev'n the wreaths in which I dress thee Are sad-ly  
wake at pleasure's thrill, Like Mem-non's bro-ken im-age sound-ing, 'Mid des-o-

on . . . the wil-low still.  
brought . . . new tears to thee.  
mix'd . . . half flow'rs, half chains?  
la-tion tune-ful still.\*

\* "Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ. Atque vetus thebe centum jacet obruta portis." — Juvenal.

# NO! NOT MORE WELCOME.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—“LUGGELAW.”

Arr. by M. W. BALFE.

*Moderato.*

1. No, not more welcome the fai - ry numbers Of mu - sic fall on the sleep - er's ear, When, half a -  
 2. Sweet voice of comfort! 't was like the stealing Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell; Each se - cret

waking from fearful slumbers, He thinks the full choir of heav'n is near; Then came that voice, when, all for -  
 winding, each inmost feel - ing Of all my soul echoed to its spell! 'T was whisper'd balm, 't was sunshine

*slentando.*

sa - ken, This heart long had sleeping lain, Nor tho't its cold pulse would ever wa - ken To such be -  
 spo - ken! I'd live years of grief and pain To have my long sleep of sor - row bro - ken By such be -

nign, blessed sounds a - gain.  
 nign, blessed sounds a - gain.

## NAY, TELL ME NOT.

AIR.—“DENNIS, DON'T BE THREATENING.”

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Con spirito.*

Arranged by J. L. MOLLOY.

1. Nay,  
2. They

tell me not, dear, that the gob - let drowns One charm of feel - ing, one fond re - gret; Be -  
tell us that love in his fai - ry bow'r, Had two blush - ro - ses, of birth di - vine; He

lieve me, a few of thy an - gry frowns Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.  
sprink - led the one with a rain - bow's show'r, But bath'd the oth - er with mant - ling wine.

Ne'er hath a beam been lost in the stream That ev - er was shed from thy form or soul; The  
Soon did the buds that drank of the floods, Dis - till'd by the rain - bow de - cline and fade; While

spell of those eyes, The balm of thy sighs, Still float on the sur-face, and hal-low my bowl. }  
 those which the tide Of ru - by had dy'd, All blush'd in - to beau-ty, like thee, sweet maid! } Then

fan - cy not, dear-est, that wine can steal One bliss - ful dream of the heart from me; Like

founts that a - wak - en the pil - grim's zeal, The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

*sf*

## OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD. \*

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"KITTY TYRREL."

Arranged by M. W. BALFE

*Andantino.  
dolce.*

*p* *cres.*

1. Oh! blame not the bard, if he  
2. But a-las! for his coun - try, her  
3. Then blame not the bard, if in  
4. But tho' glo - ry be gone, and tho'

*dim.* *p* *pp*

fly to the bow'rs, . . . Where pleas-ure lies care - less - ly smil - ing at  
pride is gone by, . . . And that spir - it is bro - ken, which nev - er would  
pleas-ure's soft dream . . . He should try to for - get what he nev - er can  
hope fade a - way, . . . Thy name, lov - ed E - rin, shall live in his

fame; He was born for much more, and in hap - pi - er hours, His  
bend; O'er the ru - in her chil - dren in se - cret must sigh, For 'tis  
heal; Oh! give but a hope, let a vis - ta but gleam, Thro' the  
songs; Not e'en in the hour when his heart is most gay Will he

\* We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards, whom Spenser so severely, and perhaps truly, describes in his *State of Ireland*; and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which have good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

† It is conjectured by Wormius that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for *a bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following:—"So that Ireland (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years) was now become the land of Concord."—LLOYD'S *State-Worthies*, art. "The Lord Grandison."

‡ See the hymn, attributed to Alcæus, *Ἐν μυρτῶν κλαδί τοι ξίφος φορῶσω*—"I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," etc.

soul might have burn'd with a ho - li - er flame. The string that now  
 trea - son to lov her, and death to de - fend! Un - priz'd are her  
 gloom of his coun - try, and mark how he'll feel! That in - stant, his  
 loose the re - mem - brance of thee and thy wrongs! The stran - ger shall

lan - guish - es loose o'er the lyre Might have bent a proud  
 sons, till they've learn'd to be - tray; Un - dis - tin - guished they  
 heart at her shrine would lay down; Ev - 'ry pas - sion it  
 hear thy la - ment on his plains; The sigh of thy

bow\* to the war - rior's dart; And the lip which now breathes but the  
 live, if they shame . . . not their sires; And the torch that would light them thro'  
 nurs'd, ev - 'ry bliss . . . it a - dor'd; While the myr - tle, now i - dly en -  
 harp shall be sent . . . o'er the deep, Till thy mas - ters them - selves, as they

song of de - sire Might have pour'd the full tide of the pa tri - ot's  
 dig - ni - ty's way Must be caught from the pile where their coun - try ex -  
 twin'd with his crown, Like the wreath of Har - mo - dious, should cov - er his  
 riv - it thy chains, Shall pause at the song of their cap - tive, and

heart!  
 pires!  
 sword, †  
 weep.

*f* *dim.*

\* It is conjectured by Wormius that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for a bow, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following:—"So that Ireland (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years) was now become the land of Concord."—LLOYD'S *State-Worthies*, art. "The Lord Grandison."

† See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus, Harmodious and Aristogiton," etc.

—"I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like

## OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

DUET.

AIR.—"KITTY TYRRELL."

THOMAS MOORE.

ART. BY SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

*Moderato.*

SOPRANO.

1. Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bow'rs, Where  
 2. But, a - las! for his coun - try, her pride is gone by, And that  
 3. Then blame not the bard, if in pleas - ure's soft dream, He should  
 4. But tho' glo - ry be gone, and tho' hope fade a - way, Thy

TENOR.

pleas - ure lies care - less - ly smil - ing at fame; He was born for much more, and, in  
 spir - it is bro - ken, which nev - er would bend; O'er the ru - in her chil - dren in  
 try to for - get, what he nev - er can heal; Oh! give but a hope, let a  
 name, lov - ed Er - in, shall live in his songs; Not ev'n in the hour when his

hap - pi - er hours, His soul might have burn'd with a ho - li - er flame.  
 se - cret must sigh, For 'tis trea - son to lov her, and death to de - fend!  
 vis - ta but gleam, Thro' the gloom of his coun - try, and mark how he'll feel!  
 heart is most gay Will he loose the re - mem - brance of thee and thy wrongs!

The string that now lan - guish - es loose o'er the lyre, Might have  
Un - priz'd are her sons, till they've learn'd to be - tray; Un - dis -  
That in - stant, his heart at her shrine would lay down; Ev - 'ry  
The stran - ger shall hear thy la - ment on his plains; The

bent a proud bow\* to the war - ri-or's dart; And the lip which now breathes but the  
tin - guish-ed they live, if they shame not their sires; And the torch that would light them thro'  
pas - sion it nurs'd, ev - 'ry bliss . . . it a - dor'd; While the myr - tle, now i - dly en -  
sigh of thy harp shall be sent . . . o'er the deep, Till thy mas - ters them-selves, as they

song of de - sire Might have pour'd the fall tide of the . . .  
dig - ni - ty's way Must be caught from the pile where their . . .  
twin'd with his crown Like the wreath of Her - mo - dious, should . . .  
riv - et thy chains, Shall pause at the song of their . . .

pa - tri - ot's heart!  
coun - try ex - pires!  
cov - er his sword, †  
cap - tive, and weep.

## OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

THOMAS MOORE.

*Andantino.*

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Oft in the still-y night, Ere slum-ber's chain has bound me, Fond mem-'ry  
 2. When I re-mem-ber all The friends, so link'd to- geth- er, I've seen a -

TENOR.

1. Oft in the still-y night, Ere slum-ber's chain has bound me, Fond mem-'ry  
 2. When I re-mem-ber all The friends, so link'd to- geth- er, I've seen a -

BASS.

brings the light Of oth-er days a-round me; The smiles, the tears, Of boy-hood's years, The  
 round me fall, Like leaves in win-t'ry weath-er; I feel, like one, Who treads a-lone, Some

brings the light Of oth-er days a-round me; The smiles, the tears, Of boy-hood's years, The  
 round me fall, Like leaves in win-t'ry weath-er; I feel, like one, Who treads a-lone, Some

words of love then spo-ken, The eyes that shone, Now dim'd and gone, The  
 ban-quet hall de-sert-ed, Whose lights are fled, Whose gar-land's dead, And

words of love then spo-ken, The eyes that shone, Now dim'd and gone, The  
 ban-quet hall de-sert-ed, Whose lights are fled, Whose gar-land's dead, And

*mf* cheer-ful hearts now bro-ken! Thus, in the still-y night, Ere slum-ber's chain has  
*mf* all but he de-part-ed! Thus, in the still-y night, Ere slum-ber's chain has

*mf* cheer-ful hearts now bro-ken! Thus, in the still-y night, Ere slum-ber's chain has  
*mf* all but he de-part-ed! Thus, in the still-y night, Ere slum-ber's chain has

*piu lento.* bound me, Sad mem-'ry brings the light Of oth-er days a-round me.  
*slentando.* bound me, Sad mem-'ry brings the light Of oth-er days a-round me.

# ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.\*

79

THOMAS MOORE.  
Moderato.

AIR.—"THE BROWN THORN."

Arranged by BALFE.

1. "Oh, haste and leave . . . this sa - cred isle, . . . Un - ho - ly  
 2. "O Fa - ther, send . . . not hence my bark, . . . Thro' win - t'ry  
 3. The la - dy's pray'r . . . Se - na - nus spurn'd; The winds blew

bark, . . . ere morn - ing smile; For on thy deck, . . . tho' dark it  
 winds . . . and bil - lows dark; I come with hum, . . . ble heart to  
 fresh, . . . the bark re - turn'd; But leg - ends hint, . . . that had the

be, A fe - male form I see; And I have sworn this saint-ed  
 share Thy morn and even - ing pray'r; Nor mine the feet, O ho - ly  
 maid Till morn - ing's light de - layed, And giv'n the Saint one ro - sy

sod . . . Shall ne'er by wo - man's feet be trod."  
 Saint, . . . The bright - ness of thy sod to taint."  
 smile, . . . She ne'er had left his lone - ly isle!

\* In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniae*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scatterry, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to receive even a Sister Saint, St. Cannera, whom an Angel had taken to the island for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer:—

*Cui Prosul: Quid feminis  
 Commune est cum monachis?  
 Nec te nec ullam aliam  
 Admittemus in insulam.*

See the *Acta Sanct. Hib.*, page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon; but O'Conner, and other antiquarians, deny the metamorphose indignantly.

## OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME. \*

AIR.—"THE BROWN MAID."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by J. L. MOLLEY.

*Andante.*

1. Oh! breathe not his name, let it  
2. But the night - dew that falls, though in

sleep in the shade, Where cold and un - hon - or'd his rel - ics are laid; Sad,  
si - lence it weeps, Shall bright-en with ver - dure the grave where he sleeps; And the

si - lent, and dark be the tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the  
tear that we shed, though in se - cret it rolls, Shall long keep his mem - o - ry

grass o'er his head.  
green in our souls.

*PIANO. p e molto legato.*

*p*

*pp*

*p*

*mf*

*p*

\* This song was suggested by the well-known preface, in Robert Emmett's dying speech:—"Let no man write my epitaph . . . let my tomb remain uninscribed, till other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory."

## OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

DUET.

ARR.—"THE BROWN MAID."

Arranged by Sir JOHN STEVENSON.

*Moderato.*

*pp* *f* *p* *tr* *espress.*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, starting with a *pp* dynamic. The right hand features a melodic line with a trill (*tr*) and a *espress.* section. The left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

SOPRANO.  
*a tempo.*

The soprano vocal line begins with a melodic phrase in 2/4 time, corresponding to the first line of the lyrics.

1. Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade, Where cold and un-hon-or'd his rel - ics are laid;  
2. But the night-dew that falls, tho' in silence it weeps, Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;

TENOR.

The tenor vocal line begins with a melodic phrase in 2/4 time, corresponding to the first line of the lyrics.

1. Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade, Where cold and un-hon-or'd his rel - ics are laid;  
2. But the night-dew that falls, tho' in silence it weeps, Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal entry, featuring chords and a melodic line in the right hand, and a bass line in the left hand.

The soprano vocal line for the second entry, starting with a melodic phrase.

Sad, si-lent, and dark, be the tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.  
And the tear that we shed, tho' in se - cret it rolls, Shall long keep his mem-o - ry green in our souls.

The tenor vocal line for the second entry, starting with a melodic phrase.

Sad, si-lent, and dark, be the tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.  
And the tear that we shed, tho' in se - cret it rolls, Shall long keep his mem-o - ry green in our souls.

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal entry, featuring chords and a melodic line in the right hand, and a bass line in the left hand.

## OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT. \*

THOMAS MOORE.

*Andante con moto.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes with a melodic contour, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of quarter notes. The tempo is marked *Andante con moto* and the mood is *dolce*.

The vocal line begins with a rest, then enters with the melody. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment. The first two lines of lyrics are:

1. Oft in the stil-ly night, Ere slum-bers chain has  
 2. When I re-mem-ber all The friends, so link'd to -

The vocal line continues with the melody. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment. The next two lines of lyrics are:

bound . . me, Fond mem' - ry brings the light Of oth - er days a -  
 geth - er, I've seen a - round me fall, Like winds in win - try

The vocal line concludes with the melody. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment. The final two lines of lyrics are:

round me, The smiles, the tears, of boy - hood's years, The  
 wea - ther, I feel like one who treads a - lone Some

\* This song is second, perhaps, to "Home, Sweet Home," in world-wide popularity. Wherever the English tongue has found utterance—at home by the evening fireside, abroad in strange lands, or by the bivouac and camp-fire—"Oft in the Stilly Night" has always held its place in sympathetic hearts.

Though not an Irish melody, and hence not properly belonging to a collection of strictly Irish airs, we have thought best to insert it, feeling sure that its omission would be regretted by very many.—*Pub. American Edition.*

words of love then spo - ken, The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, The  
ban - quet-hall de - sert - ed, Whose lights are fled, whose gar - lands dead, And

cheer - ful hearts now bro - ken! } *pp*  
all but he de - part - ed! } Thus, in the stil - ly night, Ere

*pp con pedale.*

slum - ber's chain has bound . . me, Sad mem - 'ry brings the light Of

*riten.*  
oth - er days a - round me.

*colla voce.*

# OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

AIR.—"YELLOW WAT AND THE FOX."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by J. L. MOLLOY.

*Allegretto.*

1. Oh!  
2. And

doubt me not— the sea - son Is o'er when fol - ly made me rove, And  
tho' my lute no lon - ger May sing of pas - sion's ar - dent spell, Yet

now the ves - tal, rea - son Shall watch the fire a - wak'd by love. Al -  
trust me, all the strong - er I feel the bliss I do not tell. The

tho' this heart was ear - ly blown, And fair - est hands dis - turb'd the tree, They  
bee thro' ma - ny a gar - den roves, And hums his lay of court - ship o'er, But,

on - ly shook some blos - soms down, Its fruit has all been kept for thee. Then  
when he finds the flow'r he loves, He set - tles there and hums no more. Then

*p* *dim.*

*p e leggiero.*

*riten*

*mf* *p* *colla voce.* *p*

doubt me not— the sea - son Is o'er when fol - ley made me rove, And  
 doubt me not— the sea - son Is o'er when fol - ley kept me free, And

*e leggiero.*

now the ves - tal, rea - son, Shall watch the flame a - wak'd by love.  
 now the ves - tal, rea - son, Shall guard the flame a - wak'd by thee.

*p*

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *e leggiero*. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment, ending with a dynamic marking of *p*.

## OH, FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Allegro con spirito.*

AIR.—UNKNOWN.

Arranged by J. L. HATTON.

*f*

1. Oh, for the swords of for - mer time! Oh, for the men who bore them, When  
 2. Oh, for the Kings who flour - ish'd them! Oh, for the pomp that crown'd them, When

*mf*

arm'd for right, they stood sub - lime, And ty - rants crouch'd be - fore them! When  
 hearts and hands of free - born men, Were all the ram - parts round them! When

The musical score is in 2/4 time and consists of three systems. The first system is a piano introduction marked *f*. The second system contains the vocal line with two verses of lyrics and the piano accompaniment, marked *mf*. The third system continues the piano accompaniment.

free yet, ere courts be - gan With hon - ors to en - slave him, The  
safe built on bo - soms true, Th<sup>e</sup> throne was but the cen - tre, Round

*ten.*

best hon - ors worn by man, Were those which vir - tue gave him.  
which, love a cir - cle drew That trea - son durst not en - ter.

Oh, for the swords of for - mer time! Oh, for the men who bore them, When  
Oh, for the kings who flour - ish'd then! Oh, for the pomp that crown'd them, When

*f*

*ad lib.*

arm'd for right they stood sub - lime, And ty - rants crouch'd be - fore them!  
hearts and hands of free - born men, Were all the ram - parts round them!

*colla voce.*

*f con spirito.*

# REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE. 87

WAR SONG.

THOMAS MOORE.

Air.—"MOLLY MACALPIN."

Arr. by M. W. BALFE.

*mf*

1. Re-mem-ber the glo-ries of  
2. Mo - no - nia, when nature em -  
3. For - get not our wounded com-

*Moderato marziale.*

*f*

*pp*

*dim. e rall.* *mf a tempo.*

Bri-en the brave,\*Tho' the days of the he-ro are o'er; Tho', lost to Mononia,† and cold in the grave,He re-belish'd the tint Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair, Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print The panions,‡ who stood In the day of distress by our side; While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood, They

turns to Kin - ko-ra! no more! That star of the field, which so of-ten has pour'd Its beam on the battle, is footstep of sla - very there? No, freedom, whose smile we shall never resign, Go, tell our invaders, the stir'd not, but conquer'd and died! The sun that now blesses our arms with his light, Saw them fall upon Ossory's

set; But enough of its glo - ry remains on each sword, To light us to vic - to - ry yet.  
Danes, That 't is sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine, Than to sleep but a moment in chains.  
plain:- Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night, To find that they fell there in vain!

*rall.* *f*

*rall.* *f*

*dim.* *p* *pp*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef for the piano part and a single treble clef for the voice part. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The score includes various musical notations such as dynamics (mf, f, pp, dim., rall.), articulation (accents), and phrasing slurs. The lyrics are interspersed between the musical staves.

\* Brien Borombe, the great Monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the eleventh century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

† Munster.

‡ The Palace of Brien.

§ This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais the favorite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted, in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. "Let stakes," they said, "be stuck in the ground; and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man."—"Between seven and eight hundred wounded men," adds O'Halloran, "pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops!—Never was such another sight exhibited."—History of Ireland, Book XII, Chapter I.

## OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Moderato.*

AIR. — "SHEELA NA GUIRA."

Arranged by M. W. BALFE.

*mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major, 3/4 time, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment: G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3.

1. Oh! had we some  
2. There with souls ev - er

The vocal line begins with a whole rest for two measures, then enters on the third measure with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern from the introduction, with some chords marked with an asterisk (\*).

bright lit - tle isle of our own, In a blue sum - mer  
ar - dent and pure as the clime, We should love, as they

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the eighth-note accompaniment.

o - cean. far off and a - lone; Where a leaf nev - er  
lov'd in the first gold - en time; The glow of the

The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note accompaniment, ending with a final chord marked with an asterisk (\*).

dies in the still bloom - ing bow'rs, And the bee ban - quets  
sun - shine, the balm of the air, Would steal to our

on thro' a whole year of flow'rs; Where the sun loves to  
hearts, and make all sum - mer there! With af - fec - tion, as

*cres.*

pause With so fond a de - lay, That the night on - ly  
free from de - cline as the bow'rs; And with hope, like the

*mf* *cres.*

draws a thin veil o'er the day; Where sim - ply to feel that we  
bee, liv - ing al - ways on flow'rs; Our life should re - sem - ble a

*p*

breathe, that we live, Is worth the best joy that life else - where can give!  
long day of light, And our death come on ho - ly and calm as the night!

*p*

## FROM THIS HOUR THE PLEDGE IS GIVEN.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Moderato.*

AIR.—"RENARDINE."

Arranged by M. C. J.

*mf*

1. From this hour the pledge is giv - en, From this  
2. Tho' the sea where thou em - bark - est Of - fers

*p*

hour my soul is thine; Come what will, from earth or heav - en, Weal or  
now no friend - ly shore, Light may come where all looks dark - est, Hope hath

woe, thy fate be mine. When the proud and great stood by thee, None  
life, when life seems o'er. And of those past a - ges dream - ing, When

dared thy rights to spurn, And when now they're false and  
glo - ry deck'd thy brow, Oft I fond - ly think tho'

fly thee, Shall I, . . . too, base - ly turn? No - what -  
 seem - - ing So fall'n . . . and cloud - ed now, Thou'lt a -

e'er the fires that try thee, In the same this heart shall burn.  
 gain break forth, all beam - ing - None so bright, so blest as thou.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.  
 DOWN IN THE VALLEY, COME MEET ME.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Moderato.*

Air.—"OPEN THE DOOR SOFTLY."

Arranged by T. S.

*mf*

1. Down in the vâl-ley come meet me to - night, I'll tell you your for - tune tru - ly  
 2. But for the world let no one be nigh, Lest hap - ly the stars should de - ceive me,  
 3. If at that hour the heav'ns be not dim, My sci - ence shall call up be - fore you  
 4. Then to the phantom be thou but kind, And round you so fondly he'll hov - er,

*p*

As ev - er 't was told by the new moon's light, To young maid - en shin - ing as new - ly.  
 These se - crets be - tween you and me and the sky Should nev - er go far - ther, be - lieve me.  
 A male ap - par - i - tion - the image of him Whose des - ti - ny 'tis to a - dore you.  
 You'll hard - ly, my dear, a - ny difference find, 'Twixt him and a true liv - ing lov - er.

5 Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight,  
 He'll kneel with a warmth of emotion —  
 ||: An ardor, of which such an innocent sprite  
 You'd scarcely believe had a notion.:||

6 What other thoughts and events may arise,  
 As in Destiny's book I've not seen them,  
 ||: Must only be left to the stars and your eyes  
 To settle, ere morning, between them.:||

## OH! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

AIR. — "THADY, YOU GANDER."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by M. W. BALFE.

*Allegretto.*  
*mf*

1. Oh! 'tis sweet to think that wher - e'er we rove, We are  
2. 'T were a shame, when flow - ers a - round us rise, To make

*p*

sure to find some-thing bliss - ful and dear; And that when we're far from the lips we love We have  
light of the rest, if the rose is not there; And the world's so rich in re - splen - dent eyes, 'T were a

but to make love to the lips we are near.\*The heart, like a ten - dril, ac - customed to cling, Let it  
pit - y to lim - it one's love to a pair. Love's wing, and the pea - cock's are near - ly a - iike; They are

\* I believe it is Marmontel who says "*Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.*"— There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them that Damocritus was not the worst physiologist for having playfully contended that snow was black, nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise for having written an ingenious encomium on folly.

grow where it will, can - not flour - ish a - lone, But will lean to the near - est and both of them bright, but they're change-a - ble too; And, wher - ev - er a new beam of

love - li - est thing It can twine with - it - self, and make close - ly its own. Then oh! what pleasure, wher - beau - ty can strike, It will tinct - ure love's plume with a dif - fer - ent hue! Then oh! what pleasure, wher -

e'er we rove, To be doom'd to find some - thing still that is dear, And to know, when far from the

lips we love, We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

## OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

AIR.—"JOHN O'REILLY THE ACTIVE."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by J. L. HATTON.

*Allegro moderato.*

1. Oh!  
2. The

think not my spir - its are al - ways as light, And as free from a pang as they  
thread of our life would be dark, Heav - en knows! If it were not with friend-ship and

seem to you now; Nor ex - pect that the heart-beam - ing smile of to - night Will re -  
love in - ter-twin'd; And I care not how soon I may sink to re - pose, When these

turn with to - mor - row to bright - en my brow. No, life is a waste of  
bless - ings shall cease to be dear to my mind. But they who have lov'd the

*sosten.*

wea - ri - some hours Which sel - dom the rose of en - joy - ment a - dorns; And the  
fond - est, the pur - est, Too of - ten have wept o'er the dream they be - liev'd; And the

heart that is soon - est a - wake to the flow - ers, Is al - ways the first to be  
heart that is slum - ber'd in friend - ship se - cur - est, Is hap - py in - deed if 't was

*f*  
touch'd by the thorns. But send round the bowl, and be hap - py a - while:—May we  
nev - er de - ceiv'd. But send round the bowl: while a rel - ic of truth Is in

nev - er meet worse, in our pil - grim - age here, Than the tear that en - joy - ment may  
man or in wo - man, this pray'r shall be mine,—That the sun - shine of love may il -

*ad lib.*  
gild with a smile, And the smile that com - pas - sion can turn to a tear.  
lu - mine our youth, And the moon - light of friend - ship con - sole our de - cline.  
*colla voce.*

*f*

THOMAS MOORE.  
Andante.

REMEMBER THEE.

AIR. — "CASTLE TIROWEN."

Arranged by J. L. HATTON.

1. Re -  
2. Wert thou  
3. No, thy

mem - ber thee? yes, while there's life in this heart, It shall nev - er for -  
all that I wish thee, great, glo - rious, and free, First flow - er of the  
chains as they rank - le, thy blood as it runs, But makes thee more

get thee, all born as thou art; More dear in thy sor - row, thy  
earth, and first gem of the sea, I might hail thee with proud - er, with  
pain - ful - ly dear to thy sons - Whose hearts, like the young of the

gloom and thy show'rs, Than the rest of the world in their sun - ni - est  
hap - pi - er brow, But oh! could I love thee more deep - ly than  
des - ert - bird's nest, Drink love in the life - drop that flows from thy

hours.  
now?  
breast!

*p* *mf* *colla voce.* *p* *cres.*

## SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

AIR.—“OPEN THE DOOR.”

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by M.

*Andante.*

*mf*

*p*

1. She is far from the land where her young he - ro sleeps, And  
 2. Oh, make her a grave where the sun - beams rest, When they

*p*

lov - ers are round her sigh - ing; But cold - ly she turns from their  
 prom - ise a glo - ri - ous mor - row! They'll shine o'er her sleep like a

gaze and weeps, For her heart in his grave is ly - - ing.  
 smile from the west, For her own lov'd is - land of sor - - row.

*rit.*

*rit.*

*p*

## IT IS NOT THE TEAR, AT THIS MOMENT SHED.\*

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Moderato.*

Air. — "THE SIXPENCE."

Arr. by M. W. BALFR.

*p*

1. It is not the tear, at this moment shed, When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him, That can  
2. Oh, thus shall we mourn; and his mem'ry's light, While it shines thro' our hearts, will improve them; For

*pp*

*cres.*

tell how belov'd was the soul that's fled, Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him; 'T is the tear thro' many a  
orth shall look fairer, and truth more bright, When we think how he liv'd but to love them; And as bur-ied saints the

*p*

long day wept, Thro' a life by his loss all sha - ded; 'T is the sad remembrance, fondly kept, When all  
grave perfume, Where fadeless they've long been ly-ing; So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom From the

light - er griefs have fa - ded.  
image he left there in dy - ing.

*pp* *f* *dim.*

\* These lines were occasioned by the death of a very near and dear relative who died, lately, at Madeira.

# ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

AIR.—“MOLL ROE IN THE MORNING.”

THOMAS MOORE.

Arr. by M. W. BALFE.

*Allegretto.*

Introduction for piano, 9/8 time signature. The music is in D major and begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The right hand features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment. The piece concludes with a *cres.* (crescendo) marking.

Vocal entry and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The vocal line begins with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic. The piano accompaniment starts with a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic and then softens to a *p* (piano) dynamic.

1. One bum - per at part - ing! tho' ma - ny Have  
 2. As on - ward we jour - ney, how pleas - ant To  
 3. How bril - liant the sun looked in sink - ing! The

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The vocal line continues with a melodic line, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

cir - cled the board since we met, The full - est, the sad - dest of a - ny, Re - mains to be crown'd by us yet. The  
 pause and in - hab - it a - while Those few sun - ny spots, like the pres - ent, That 'mid the dull wil - der - ness smile! But  
 wa - ters be - neath him how bright! Oh! trust me, the fare - well of drink - ing Should be like the fare - well of light. You

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The vocal line features a melodic phrase, and the piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment.

sweet - ness that pleas - ure has in it, Is al - ways so slow to come forth, That sel - dom, a - las! till the min - ute It  
 time like a pit - i - less master, Cries 'onward!' and spurs the gay hours, Ah, nev - er does time trav - el fast - er, Than  
 saw how he fin - ished, by dart - ing His beam o'er a deep bil - low's brim, So fill up, let's shine at our part - ing, In

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the fourth line of lyrics. The vocal line concludes with a melodic phrase, and the piano accompaniment ends with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic. A *cres.* (crescendo) marking is present above the vocal line.

dies, do we know half its worth, But oh! may our life's hap - py meas - ure Be all of such moments made up; They're  
 when his way lies a - mong flow'rs. But come, may our life's hap - py meas - ure Be all of such moments made up; They're  
 full li - quid glo - ry like him. And oh! may our life's hap - py meas - ure Of mo - ments like this be made up; 'T was

*dim.*

born on the bo-som of pleasure, They die 'midst the tears of the cup.  
 born on the bo-som of pleasure, They die 'midst the tears of the cup.  
 born on the bo-som of pleasure, It dies 'midst the tears of the cup.

*f*

*cres. ff*

## THE LEGACY.

WHEN IN DEATH I SHALL CALM RECLINE.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"UNKNOWN."

Arr. by M. W. BALPE.

*Andantino,*  
*p dolce.*

*p*

1. When in death I shall calm re - cline, Oh, bear my heart to my mis - tress dear;  
 2. When the light of my song is o'er, Then take my harp to your an - cient hall;  
 3. Keep this cup, which is now o'er-flowing, To grace your rev - el when I'm at rest;

*pp*

*cres.*

Tell her it lived up - on smiles and wine Of the bright - est hue, while it  
 Hang it up at that friend - ly door Where wea - ry trav - el - ers  
 Nev - er, oh! nev - er its balm be - stow - ing On lips that beau - ty hath

*f*

lin - gered here. Bid her not shed one tear of sor - row, To  
 love to call.\* Then if some bard, who roams for - sak - en, Re -  
 sel - dom blest. But when some warm de - vot - ed lov - er. To

*p*

sul - ly a heart so bril - liant and light; But  
 vive its soft note in pass - ing a - long, Oh!  
 her he a - dores shall bathe its brim, Oh,

*cres.*

balm - y drops of the red grape bor - row, To bathe the rel - ic from morn till night.  
 let one tho't of its mas - ter wak - en Your warm - est smile for the child of song.  
 then my spir - it a - round shall hov - er, And hal - low each drop that foams for him.

*f* *dim.* *riten.*

\* "In every house was one or two harps, free to all travelers, who were the more caressed, the more they excelled in music." O'HALLORAN.

## RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.\*

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"THE SUMMER IS COMING."

Arranged by J. L. HATTON.

*Andantino.*

1. Rich and rare were the  
2. "La - dy! dost thou not  
3. "Sir Knight! I feel not the  
4. On she went, and her

*p e legato.*

gems she wore, And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But  
fear to stray, So lone and love - ly through this bleak way? Are  
least a - larm; No son of E - rin will of - fer me harm; For  
maid - en smile In safe - ty light - ed her round the Green Isle; And

oh! her beau - ty was far be - yond Her spark - ling gems or snow - white  
E - rin's sons so good or so cold, As not to be tempt - ed by wo - man or  
tho' they love wo - man and gold - en store, Sir Knight, they love hon - or and virt - man - ue  
blest for - ev - er was she who re - lied Up - on E - rin's hon - or and E - rin's

*mf*

*p*

wand, But oh! her beau - ty was far be - yond Her spark - ling  
gold? Are E - rin's sons so good or so cold, As not to be  
more! For, tho' they love wo - man and gold - en store, Sir Knight, they love  
pride, And blest for - ev - er was she who re - lied Upon E - rin's

*pp*

\* This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—"The people were inspired with such a spirit of honor, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value: and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honor, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—WARNER'S HISTORY OF IRELAND, Vol. I., Book 10.

gems or snow - white wand.  
tempt-ed by wo - man or gold?"  
hon - or and vir - tue more!"  
hon - or and E - rin's pride.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

THOMAS MOORE.

Air.—"OPEN THE DOOR."

Arranged by J. L. MOLLOY.

*p* *sf* *sf*

1. She is far from the land where her young he - ro sleeps, And lov - ers a - round her  
2. She sings the wild song of her dear na - tive plains, Ev - ry note which he lov'd a -  
3. He had lived for his love, for his coun - try he died, They were all that life had en -  
4. Oh, make her a grave where the sun - beams rest, When they prom - ise a glo - rious

*p*

sigh - ing; But cold - ly she turns from their gaze and weeps, For her  
wak - ing; Ah! lit - tle they think who de - light in her strains, How the  
twin'd him; Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried, Nor  
mor - row! They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west, From her

heart in his grave is ly - ing.  
heart of the minstrel is break - ing.  
long will his love stay be - hind him.  
own lov'd isl-land of sor - row.

*mf* *sf*

# SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING WHICH LIBERTY SPOKE.

"AIR.—THE BLACK JOKE."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

*Allegro.*

1. Sub - lime was the warn - ing which Lib - er - ty spoke, And grand was the mo - ment when
2. If the fame of our fa - thers be - queath'd with their rights, Give to coun - try its charm, and to
3. Ye Blakes and O'Don - nels, whose fa - thers re - sign'd The green hills of their youth a - mong
4. God pros - per the cause!—Oh! it can - not but thrive, While the pulse of one pa - triot

Span - iards a - woke In - to life and re - venge from the con - quer - or's chain!  
 home its de - lights; If de - ceit be a wound and sus - pi - cion a stain;  
 stran - gers to find That re - pose which at home they had sigh'd for in vain,  
 heart is a - live, Its de - vo - tion to feel, and its rights to main - tain;

Oh! Li - ber - ty! let not this  
 Then ye men of I - be - ria! our  
 Join, join in our hope that the  
 Then how saint - ed by sor - row its

spir - it have rest, Till it moves, like a breeze o'er the waves of the west; Give the  
 cause is the same! And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name, Who would  
 flame, which you light May be felt yet in E - rin, as calm, and as bright; And for -  
 mar - tyrs will die! The fin - ger of Glo - ry shall point where they lie; While far

light of your look to each sor-row-ing spot, Nor, oh! be the Sham-rock of  
 ask for a no-bler, a ho-li-er death, Than to turn his last sigh in-to  
 give e-ven Al-bi-on while blush-ing she draws, Like a tru-ant, her sword in the  
 far from the foot-step of cow-ard or slave, The young spir-it of Free-dom shall

E-rin for-got, While you add to your gar-lands the Ol-ive of Spain!  
 vic-to-ry's breath, For the Sham-rock of E-rin and Ol-ive of Spain!  
 long-slight-ed cause Of the Sham-rock of E-rin and Ol-ive of Spain!  
 shel-ter their grave Be-neath Sham-rock of E-rin and Ol-ive of Spain!

SILENT, O MOYLE, BE THE ROAR OF THY WATER.

SONG OF FIONNUALA. \*

AIR. — "MY DEAR EVELEEN."

THOMAS MOORE.

1. Si-lent, O Moyle, be the  
 2. Sad-ly, O Moyle, to thy

*Andante.*  
*mf* *p*

\* To make this story intelligible in a song, would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was by some supernatural power transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander for many hundred years over certain lakes and rivers, in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the Mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.— I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

roar of thy wa-ter; Break not, ye breezes, your chain of re-*pose*, While murmur-ing mournful-ly,  
winter-wave weeping, Fate bids me languish long a - ges a-way; Yet still in her darknss doth

Lir's lone-ly daughter Tells to the night-star her tale of woes. When shall the swan, her  
E - rin lie sleeping, Still doth the pure light its dawning de-lay. When will that day - star

death - note singing, sleep, with wings in dark - ness furl'd, When shall heav'n, its  
mild - ly springing, Warm our Isle with peace and love? When shall heav'n, its

sweet bell ring - ing, Call my spir - it from this storm - y world.  
sweet bell ring - ing, Call my spir - it to the fields a - bove.

## THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.\*

AIR.—“THE OLD HEAD OF DENNIS.”

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by J. L. HATTON.

*Andante molto espressivo.*

1. There is not in the wide world a  
 2. Yet it was not that na - ture had  
 3. 'T was that friends, the be - loved of my  
 4. Sweet vale of A - vo - ca! how

*mf* *p* *pp*

val - ley so sweet, As that vale in whose bo - som the bright wa - ters meet; † Oh! the  
 shed o'er the scene, Her pur - est of crys - tal and bright-est of green; 'T was  
 bo - som were near, Who made ev - 'ry dear scene of en - chantment more dear, And who  
 calm could I rest In thy bo - som of shade with the friends I love best; Where the

last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part, Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall  
 not her soft mag - ic of stream - let or hill, Oh! no— it was something more  
 felt how the best charms of na - ture im - prove When we see them re - flect - ed from  
 storms that we feel in this cold world would cease, And our hearts, like thy wa - ters, be

fade from my heart, Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart.  
 ex - qui - site still, Oh! no— it was something more ex - qui - site still.  
 looks that we love, When we see them re - flect - ed from looks that we love.  
 min - gled in peace, And our hearts, like thy wa - ters, be min - gled in peace.

*ten.* *pp*

\* "The meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the County of Wicklow; and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot in the summer of 1807.

† The rivers Avon and Avoca.

# TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

(Written on Returning a Blank Book.)

Air.—"DERMOTT."

THOMAS MOORE.

*Andante.*

Arranged by J. L. HATTON.

1. Take back the vir - gin page, White and un - writ - ten still; Some hand more  
 2. Yet let me keep the book; Oft shall my heart re - new, When on its  
 3. Hap - py, when from those eyes Far, far a - way I roam, Should calm - er  
 4. And as, o'er o - cean far, Sea - men their re - cords keep, Led by some

calm and sage, The leaf must fill. . . Thoughts come, as pure as light,  
 leaves I look, Dear thoughts of you. . . Like you 'tis fair and bright;  
 thoughts a - rise T'wards you and home, Fan - cy may trace some line  
 hid - den star Thro' the cold deep; . . So may the words I write

Pure as ev'n you re - quire; But oh! each word I write, Love turns to  
 Like you, too bright and fair; To let wild pas - sion write One wrong wish  
 Wor - thy those eyes to meet, Thought that not burn, but shine, Pure, calm, and  
 tell thro' what storms I stray, You still the un - seen light, Guid - ing my

fire.  
 there.  
 sweet.  
 way.

## THROUGH GRIEF AND THROUGH DANGER.

(THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.)

AIR.—"I ONCE HAD A TRUE LOVE."

THOMAS MOORE.

*Moderato.*

Arr. by M. W. BALFE.

*mf*

1. Through grief and thro' dan - ger thy smile hath cheer'd my way, Till hope seem'd to bud from each  
 2. Thy ri - val was hon - or'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd; Thy crown was of bri - ers, while  
 3. They slan - der thee sore - ly, who say thy vows are frail, Hadst thou been a false one, thy

thorn that round me lay. The dark - er our for - tune, the brighter our pure love  
 gold her brows a - dorn'd; She woo'd me to tem - ples, while thou lay'st hid in  
 cheek had look'd less pale! They say, too, so long thou hast worn those ling' - ring

burn'd; Till shame in - to glo - ry, till fear in - to zeal was turn'd, Oh, slave as I was, in thy  
 caves; Her friends were all mas - ters, while thine, a - las! were slaves; Yet cold in the earth at thy  
 chains, That deep in thy heart they have print - ed their ser - vile stains! Oh, do not be - lieve them! No

arms my spir - it felt free, And bless'd e'en the sor - rows that make me more dear to thee.  
 feet I would ra - ther be, Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.  
 chain could that soul sub - due. Where shin - eth thy spir - it, there lib - er - ty shin - eth, too! \*

*p*

\* "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."—St. PAUL, 2 Corinthians, iii: 17.

## THE MINSTREL-BOY.

AIR.—"THE MOREEN."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by J. C. M.

*Andante mosso e brillante.*

1. The Min - strel-Boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His  
 2. The Min - strel fell, but the foeman's chain Could not bring that proud soul un - der; The

fa - ther's sword he hath girded on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him; "Land of song!" said the  
 harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again, For he tore its chords as - un - der; And said "No chains shall

war-rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays thee. One sword at least, thy rights shall guard, One  
 sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - 'ry! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall

faith - ful harp shall praise thee!"  
 nev - er sound in slav - ery!"

# OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE, SO LOWLY.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Andante.*

AIR—"SIOS AGUS SIOS LIOM."

Arr. by M. W. BALFE.

*mf*

1. Oh! where's the slave, so  
2. Less dear the Lau - rel

low - ly, Condem'd to chains un - ho - ly, Who, could he burst His bonds at first, Would  
grow - ing, A - live, un - touch'd and blow - ing. Than that whose braid Is pluck'd to shade The

pine be - neath them slow - ly? What soul, whose wrongs de - grade it Would wait till time de -  
brows with vic - t'ry glow - ing We tread the land that bore us, Her green flag o'er us,

cay'd it, When thus its wing At once may spring To the throne of Him who made it?  
o'er us, The friends we've tried Are by our side, And the foe we hate be - fore . . . us.

*p poco meno.*

\* Farewell, E - rin! farewell, all, Who live to weep our fall!

*dim.*

\* The few bars, which I have taken the liberty of connecting with this spirited Air, form one of those melancholy strains of our music, which are called *Dumps*. I found it in a Collection entitled *The Hibernian Muse*, and we are told in the Essay prefixed to that Work, that "it is said to have been sung by the Irish women on the field of battle, after a terrible slaughter made by Cromwell's troops in Ireland."

## THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR. — "GRAMACHREE."

Arr. by M. W. BALFE.

*Molto moderato, arpeggiando.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of arpeggiated chords, while the left hand plays a steady, rhythmic accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Molto moderato, arpeggiando'.

The piano accompaniment for the first system of the vocal entry. The right hand continues with arpeggiated figures, and the left hand provides a consistent bass line.

*mf*

The vocal line for the first system, marked *mf*. It begins with a rest followed by the lyrics.

1. The harp that once through Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic  
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra

*mf*

The piano accompaniment for the second system of the vocal entry, marked *mf*. It continues with arpeggiated chords and a steady bass line.

shed,  
swells;

The vocal line for the second system, continuing the lyrics.

Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were  
The chord a - lone that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in

The piano accompaniment for the third system of the vocal entry. It concludes with a final arpeggiated chord in the right hand and a sustained bass line.

fled. So sleeps the pride of form - er days, So glo - ry's thrill is  
tells. Thus Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes; The on - ly throb she

o'er, And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no  
gives Is when some heart, in - dig - nant, breaks, To show that still she

more.  
lives!

I'VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE.

THOMAS MOORE.

Air. — "O SOUTHERN BREEZE."

Arr. by M. C. J.

*Allegretto.*

*f*

1. I've a se - cret to tell thee, but, hush! not here, Oh,  
 2. There, 'mid the deep si - lence of that hour, When

*mf*

not where the world its vig - il keeps. I'll seek, to whis - per it  
 stars can be heard in o - cean dip; Thy - self, shall, un - der some

in thine ear, Some shore where the spir - it of si - lence sleeps; Where  
 ros - y bow'r, Sit mute, with thy fin - ger on thy lip; Like

sum - mer's wave un - mur - m'ring dies, Nor fay can hear the fount - ains gush; Where,  
 him, the boy,\* who born a - mong The flow'rs that on the Nile - stream blush, Sits

if one note her night - bird sighs, The rose says, chid - ing him, "Hush, sweet, hush!"  
 ev - er thus - his on - ly song - To earth and heav - en still "Hush, sweet, hush!"

\* The god of silence thus pictured by the Egyptians.

# THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.

AIR.—“COOLON DAS.”

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Moderato.*

1. They know not my  
2. No beam - ing with

heart, who be-lieve there can be One stain of this earth in its feel - ings for  
light as those young fea-tures are, There's a light 'round thy heart which is love - li - er

thee; Who think, while I see thee in beau-ty's young hour, As pure as the  
far; It is not that cheek 'tis the soul dawn-ing clear Thro' its in - no - cent

morning's first dew on the flower, I could harm what I love as the sun's wan-ton  
blush makes thy beau - ty so dear; As the sky we look up to, though glori - ous and

ray, But smiles on the dew - drop to waste it a way.  
fair, Is looked up to more, be - cause heav - en lies there.

## THO' DARK ARE OUR SORROWS.

(THE PRINCE'S DAY.)\*

AIR.—"ST. PATRICK'S DAY."

THOMAS MOORE.

*Allegretto.*

1. Tho'  
2. Con -  
3. He

*p* *cres.* *f*

dark are our sor - rows, to - day we'll for - get them, And smile thro' our tears like a  
tempt on the min - ion who calls you dis - loy - al! Though fierce to your foe, to your  
loves the Green Isle, and his love is re - cord - ed In hearts which have suffered too

*p*

sun - beam in show'rs; There ne - ver were hearts, if our ru - lers would let them, More  
friends you are true; And the tri - bute most high to a head that is roy - al, Is  
much to for - get; And hope shall be crown'd, and at - tach - ment re - ward - ed, And

form'd to be grate - ful and blest than ours! But, just when the chain Has  
love from a heart that loves lib - erty too. While cow - ards, who blight Your  
E - rin's gay ju - bi - lee shine out yet. The gem may be broke By

*mf sf*

\* This song was written for a *fete* in honor of the Prince of Wales' birthday, given by my friend Major Bryan, at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

ceas'd to pain, And hope has en-wreath'd it round with flow'rs, There  
 fame, your right, Would shrink from the blaze of bat - tle array, The  
 many a stroke, But noth - ing can cloud its na - tive ray; Each

comes a new link, Our spi - rit to sink! Oh! the joy that we taste, like the  
 Stan - dard of Green In front would be seen,—Oh, my life on your faith! were you  
 frag - ment will cast A light to the last—And thus E - rin my coun - try, tho'

*tempo.*

light of the poles, Is a flash a - mid dark - ness, too bril - liant to stay; But  
 summon'd this min - ute, You'd cast ev - 'ry bit - ter re - memb'rance a - way, And  
 brok - en thou art, There's a lus - tre with - in thee, that ne'er will de - cay: A

tho' t were the last lit - tle spark in our souls, We must light it up now, on our  
 show, what the arm of old E - rin has in it, When rous'd by the foe on her  
 spir - it which beams thro' each suf - fer - ing part, And now smiles at all pain on her

Prin - ce's Day.  
 Prin - ce's Day.  
 Prin - ce's Day.

## THROUGH ERIN'S ISLE.

## OH! THE SHAMROCK.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR. — "ALLEY CROKER."

Arr. by M. W. BALFE.

*Moderato*

*mf*

1. Thro' Er-in's isle, To sport awhile, As Love and Val-or wan-dered, With Wit, the sprite, Whose quiver bright A  
 2. Says Valor "See! They spring for me, Those leaf-y gems of morn-ing!" Says Love, "No, no, For me they grow, My  
 3. So firm-ly fond May last the bond They wove that morn-to-geth-er, And ne'er may fall One drop of gall On

thou-sand arrows squandered; Where-e'er they pass, A triple grass\* Shoots up, with dewdrops stream-ing, As  
 fragrant path a - dorn - ing!" But Wit perceives The triple leaves And cries "Oh do not sev - er A  
 Wit's ce - les - tial feath - er! May Love, as twine His flow'rs divine, Of thorny falsehood weed 'em! May

soft-ly green, As em'ralds seen, Thro' pu-rest crystal gleam-ing! Oh, the Shamrock! The green, immortal Shamrock!  
 type that blends Three Godlike friends, Love, Valor, Wit, for-ev - er!" Oh, the Shamrock! The green, immortal Shamrock!  
 Valor ne'er A stand-ard rear Against the cause of free-dom! Oh, the Shamrock! The green, immortal Shamrock!

Chosen leaf of bard and chief, Old Erin's native Shamrock!  
 Chosen leaf of bard and chief, Old Erin's native Shamrock!  
 Chosen leaf of bard and chief, Old Erin's native Shamrock!

\* Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of his plant as a national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, standing upon tiptoes, and a trefoil, or three-colored grass, in her hand.

# YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

Air.—“WERE I A CLERK.”

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by M. W. BALFE.

*Moderato quasi andantino.*

First system of piano introduction, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

Second system of piano introduction, continuing the melody with dynamic markings of *mf* and *p*.

1. You remem-ber El-len, our ham-let's pride, How meekly she bless'd her hum-ble lot, When the stranger William had  
2. They roamed a long and a wea-ry way, Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease, When now, at close, one  
3. "Now welcome, Lady," exclaim'd the youth, "This castle is thine, and these dark woods all." She believ'd him wild, but his

First system of piano accompaniment, corresponding to the first line of lyrics, with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

Second system of piano accompaniment, continuing the accompaniment for the first line of lyrics.

made her his bride. And love was the light of their low-ly cot. To-geth-er they toil'd thro' winds and rains, Till  
storm-y day, They see a proud cas-tle a-mong the trees. "To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there; The  
words were truth, For El-len is La-dy of Ros-na Hall. And dear-ly the Lord of Ros-na loves What

Third system of piano accompaniment, corresponding to the second line of lyrics.

Third system of piano introduction, featuring a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking and a piano (*p*) dynamic.

William at length in sad-ness said, "We must seek our fortune on other plains", Then sighing, she left her  
wind blows cold, the hour is late," So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air, And the porter bowed as they  
William the stranger woo'd and wed, And the light of bliss in these lord-ly groves, Is pure as it shone in the

Fourth system of piano accompaniment, corresponding to the third line of lyrics, with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic.

Fourth system of piano introduction, concluding the introduction with a fermata.

low-ly shed.  
pass'd the gate.  
low-ly shed.

Fifth system of piano accompaniment, corresponding to the fourth line of lyrics, with dynamic markings of *mf* and *p*.

\* This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story, told of a certain noble family in England.

## THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"PEASE UPON A TRENCHER."

Arranged by J. L. H.

*Allegretto.*

1. The time I've lost in  
2. Her smile when Beau-ty  
3. And are those fol-lies

*p* *dim.* *S:* *p*

woo-ing, In watch-ing and pur-su-ing, The light that lies In wo-man's eyes, Has  
grant-ed, I hung with gaze en-chant-ed, Like him, the Sprite,\* Whom maids by night Oft  
go-ing? And is my proud heart grow-ing Too cold or wise For bril-liant eyes A-

*ad lib.*

been my heart's un-do-ing. Tho' Wis-dom oft has sought me, I scorn'd the lore she  
meet in glen that's haunt-ed. Like him, too, Beau-ty won me, But while her eyes were  
gain to set it glow-ing? No-vain, a-las! th'en-deav-or From bonds so sweet to

*mf* *colla voce.* *ten.* *p*

*Ped.* *Ped.* *\* Ped. ad lib.*

brought me, My on-ly books Were wo-man's looks, And fol-ly's all they've  
on me, If once their ray Was turn'd a-way, O winds could not out-  
sev-er; Poor wis-dom's chance A-gainst a glance Is now as weak as

*f* *colla voce.*

taught me!  
run me.  
ev-er.

*p* *dim.* *sf* *sf*

\* This alludes to a kind of Irish fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields at dusk;—as long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed, and in your power; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady Morgan (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, O'Donnel,) has given a very different account of that goblin.

# WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

THOMAS MOORE.

Arr.—"THE SONG OF SORROW."

Arr. by M. W. BALFE.

*Andante.*

*p dolce.*

*mf*

1. Weep on, weep on, your hour is past; Your dreams of pride are o'er; The  
 2. Weep on— per-haps in aft - er days They'll learn to love your name; And  
 3. "T was fate," they'll say, "a way - ward fate, Your web of dis - cord wove; And

*p* *pp*

*cres.* *f*

fa - tal chain is round you cast, And you are men no more! In vain the he-ro's  
 many a deed may wake in praise, That long hath slept in blame! And, when they tread the  
 while your ty - rants join'd in hate, You nev - er join'd in love! But hearts fell off that

*dim.*

*f*

heart hath bled; The Sa-ge's tongue hath warn'd in vain; Oh! Freedom! once thy flame hath fled, It  
 ru - in'd isle, Where rest, at length, the lord and slave, They'll wond'ring ask, how hands so vile could  
 ought to twine, And man pro-fan'd what God had giv'n, Till some were heard to curse the shrine, Where

nev - er lights a - gain.  
 con - quer hearts so brave!  
 oth - ers knelt to heav'n!"

## THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR. — "THE DANDY O!"

Arr. by J. L. M.

*Allegretto.*

*mf* *p*

The first system of the piano introduction, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. It includes dynamic markings *mf* and *p*, and a sixteenth-note triplet in the final measure.

*mf* *p*

1. The  
2. Now

The second system of the piano introduction, showing two variations. The first variation is marked *mf* and the second *p*. The piano part continues with chords and melodic lines.

young May moon is beam - ing, love, The glow-worm's lamp is gleam - ing, love, How  
all the world is sleep - ing, love, But the sage, his star - watch keep - ing, love, And

*p*

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in a bass clef. The piano part is marked *p*.

sweet to rove Thro' Mor - na's grove,\* While the drow - sy world is  
I, whose star, More glo - rious far, Is the eye from that case - ment

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment, continuing the lyrics and musical accompaniment.

\*"Steals silently to Morna's grove." — See a translation from the Irish, in Mr. Bunting's collection, by John Brown, one of my earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honorable, and exemplary.

dream - ing, love! Then a - wake! the heav'ns look bright, my dear, 'Tis  
 peep - ing, love! Then a - wake! till rise of sun, my dear, The

*f*

nev - er too late for de - light, my dear, And the best of all ways To  
 Sa - ge's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or, in watch - ing the flight Of

*ad lib.*

*colla voce.*

length - en our days, Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.  
 bod - ies of light, He might hap - pen to take thee for one, my dear.

*tempo.*

*p*

*p*

## WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.— "GARYONE."

Arranged by M. C. J.

*Allegretto.*

*f*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line in 6/8 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

1. We may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast, Who but sips of a sweet, and then  
 2. In Eng-land, the gar-den of beau-ty is kept By a drag-on of prud-er-y  
 3. In France, when the heart of a wo-man sets sail, On the o-cean of wed-lock its

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are aligned with the notes.

flies to the rest, And when pleas-ure be-gins to grow dull in the east, We may  
 plac'd with-in call; But so oft this un-am-ia-ble drag-on has slept, That the  
 for-tune to try; Love sel-dom goes far in a ves-sel so frail, But

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues on a single staff. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves.

or-der our wings and be off to the west; But if hearts that feel and  
 gar-den's but care-less-ly watched aft-er all. Oh! they want the wild, sweet,  
 pi-lots her off, and then bids her good-bye. While the daughters of E-rin

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes on a single staff. The piano accompaniment concludes on two staves.

eyes that smile, Are the dear - est gifts that heav'n sup - plies, We  
brier - y fence, Which round the flow'rs of E - rin dwells; Which  
keep the boy Ev - er smiling be - fore his faith - ful oar, Through

nev - er need leave our own green isle, For sen - si - tive hearts and for  
warms the touch, while winning the sense, Nor charms us least when it  
bil - lows of woe and beams of joy, The same as he looked when he

*rit.* *a tempo.*

sun - bright eyes. Then re - mem - ber when - ev - er your gob - let is crowned, Thro' this  
most re - pels.  
left the shore.

*f*

world, wheth - er east - ward or west - ward you roam, When a cup to the smile of dear

wo - man goes round, Oh, re - mem - ber the smile which a - dorns her at home.

*D.S.*

*D.S.*

# THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.

AIR.—"THE BUNCH OF GREEN RUSHES."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

*With feeling and gaiety.*

1. This life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes, That chase one another like waves of the deep,—Each  
2. When Hy-las was sent with his urn to the fount, Thro' fields full of light, and with heart full of play, Light

bil-low, as brightly or dark-ly it flows, Re-lect-ing our eyes, as they sparkle and weep. So  
rambled the boy, o-ver meadow and mount, And ne-glected his task for flow'rs on the way.\* Thus

closely our whims on our mi-se-ries tread, That the laugh is call'd up ere the tear can be dried; And as  
ma-ny, like me, who in youth should have tasted The fountain that runs by philosophy's shrine, Their

fast as the rain-drop of pit-y is shed, The goose plumage of fol-ly can turn it a-side. But  
time with the flow'rs on the margin have wast-ed And left their light urns all as empty as mine. But

\*Proposito florem prætulit officio.—PROPERT. lib. i. eleg. 20.

pledge me the cup, if ex - istance would cloy With hearts ev - er hap - py, and heads ev - er wise, Be  
pledge me the gob - let—while i - die - ness weaves These flow'rets to - gether, should wisdom but see One

ours the light grief that is sis - ter to joy, And the short brilliant fol - ly that flash - es and dies!  
bright drop or two, that has fall'n on the leaves, From her fountain divine, 'tis suf - fi - cient for me!

*D.S.*

## 'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

Air.—"SAVOURNAH DEELISH."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by M. W. BALFE.

*Larghetto.*

*p*

*mp*

- 'Tis gone, and for - ev - er, the light we saw break - ing, Like Hea - ven's first dawn o'er the
- For high was thy hope when those glories were dart - ing A - round thee, thro' all the gross
- But shame on those ty - rants who en - vied thy bless - ing! And shame on the light race, un -

*cres.*

sleep of the dead. When man, from the slumber of a - ges a - wak - ing, Look'd  
clouds of the world; When truth, from her fet - ters in - dig - nant - ly start - ing, At  
wor - thy its good, Who at death's reek - ing al - tar, like fu - ries ca - res - ing The

*mf*

up - ward, and blest the pure ray ere it fled! 'Tis gone, and the gleams it has  
once, like a sun - burst, her ban - ner un - fur - l'd.\* Oh, nev - er shall earth see a  
young hope of freedom bap - tiz'd it in blood. Then van - ished for - ev - er that

*dim.* *mf*

left of its burn - ing, But deep - en the long nights of bond - age and mourn - ing, That  
mo - ment so splen - did! Then, then, had one hymn of de - liv' - rance been blen - ded, The  
fair, sun - ny vi - sion, Which, spite of the slav - ish, the cold hearts de - ri - sion, Shall

*pp*

dark o'er the king - doms of earth is re - turn - ing, And dark - est of all, hap - less  
tongues of all na - tions, how sweet had as - cend - ed The first note of lib - er - ty,  
long be re - mem - ber'd, pure, bright, and e - ly - si - ian, As first it a - rose, my lost

E - rin, o'er thee!  
E - rin, from thee!  
E - rin, on thee!

*dolce.* *p* *dim.* *riten.* *pp*

\* The "Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the Royal banner.

## THE DAWNING OF MORN.

AIR.—"THE MARKET STAKE."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by M. C. J.

*Andante.*

mf

p

1. The dawn-ing of morn, the day-light's sink-ing, The night's long hours still find me think-ing Of  
 2. I have not a joy, but of thy bring-ing. And pain it-self seems sweet, when spring-ing From

p

thee, thee, on - ly thee. When friends are met, and gob - lets crown'd, And  
 thee, thee, on - ly thee. Like spells that naught on earth can break, Till

smiles are near that once en-chant-ed, Un - reach'd by all that sun-shine round, My  
 lips that know the charm have spok-en, This heart, how - e'er the world may wake Its

soul, like some dark spot, is haunt-ed By thee, . . . thee, . . . on - ly thee.  
 grief, its scorn, can but be bro - ken By thee, . . . thee, . . . on - ly thee.

*rit.* p

*rit.* p

## THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.

(Song of O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni.)

Arr.—"THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by J. L. HATTON.

*Allegretto.*

1. The  
2. I  
3. There  
4. Al -

val - ley lay smil - ing be - fore me, Where late - ly I left her be - hind; Yet I  
flew to her cham - ber, 'twas lone - ly, As if the lov'd ten - ant lay dead;—Ah!  
was a time fals - est of wo - men! When Breff - ni's good sword would have sought That  
rea - dy, the curse is up - on her, And strangers her val - leys pro - fane; They

trem - bled, and some - thing hung o'er me That sad - den'd the joy of my mind. I  
would it were death, and death on - ly, But no, the young false one had fled. And  
man, though a mil - lion of foe - men, Who dar'd but to doubt thee in thought! While  
come to di - vide to dis - hon - or, And ty - rants they long will re - main! But

look'd for the lamp which she told me, Should shine, when her pil - grim re - turned; But, tho'  
there hung the lute that could soft - en My ve - ry worst pains in - to bliss, While the  
now—oh! de - gen - er - ate daughter Of E - rin, how fall'n is thy fame! And through  
on - ward! the green ban - ner rear - ing, Go, flesh ev - 'ry sword to the hilt; On our

These stanzas are founded upon an event of melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of dividing, conquering, and enslaving us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran. "The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet could it not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murehad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns."—The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Murehad fled to England and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such" adds Giraldus Camprensis (as I find him in an old translation), "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy."

dark - ness be - gan to in - fold me, No lamb from the bat - tle - ments burn'd.  
 hand that had wak'd it so oft - en, Now throbb'd to a proud ri - val's kiss.  
 a - ges of bond - age and slaughter, Thy coun - try shall bleed for thy shame.  
 side is Vir - tue and E - rin, On theirs is the Sax - on and Guilt.

## TO LADIES' EYES.

AIR.—"FAGUE A BALLAGH."

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Allegretto moderato.*

Arranged by J. L. HATTON.

1. To  
2. Some  
3. In

La - dies' eyes a - round, boy, We can't re - fuse, we can't re - fuse, Tho' bright eyes so a -  
 looks there are so ho - ly, They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n, As shi - ning bea - cons  
 some as in a mir - ror, Love seems portray'd, love seems portray'd; But shun the flatt'ring

bound, boy, 'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose. For thick as stars that light - en You  
 sole - ly, To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n: While some, oh! ne'er be - lieve them, With  
 er - ror, 'Tis but a shade, 'tis but a shade. Him - self has fix'd his dwell - ing In

air - y bow'rs, yon air - y bow'rs, The count-less eyes that bright - en This earth of ours, this tempt-ing ray, with tempt-ing ray, Would lead us (God for - give them!) The oth - er way, the eyes we know, In eyes we know, And lips—but this is tell - ing, So here they go, so

CHORUS.

earth of ours. But fill the cup! where-e'er, boy, Our choice may fall, our choice may fall, We're oth - er way. here they go!

*lento.*

sure to find love there, boy. So drink them all, So drink them all!

*colla voce.*

## WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOW'RET.

AIR.—"THE YELLOW HORSE."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by J. C. M.

*Moderato.*

*mf*

1. What the bee is to the flow-'ret, When he looks for hon-ey dew,  
2. But they say the bee's a rov-er, That he'll fly when sweets are gone,

Through the leaves that close em-bow'r it, That, my love, I'll be to you;  
And when once the kiss is o-ver, Faith-less brooks will wan-der on;

What the bank with ver-dure glow-ing, Is to waves that wan-der near,  
Nay, if flow'rs will lose their looks, If sun-ny banks will wear a-near,

Whisp'-ring kiss-es while they're go-ing, That, I'll be to you my dear.  
'Tis but right that bees and brooks Should sip, and kiss them while they may.

## WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

Air.—"LIMERICK'S LAMENTATION."

THOMAS MOORE.

*Andante espressivo.*

Arranged by J. L. HATTON.

1. When cold in the  
2. From thee and thy  
3. And though some-times the

*dolce. p* *dim.* *pp* *p sempre legato.*

earth lies the friend thou hast lov'd, Be his faults and his  
in - no - cent beau - ty first came The re - veal - ings that  
shade of past fol - ly would rise, And though false - hood a -

fol - lies for - got by thee then; Or, if from their  
taught him true love to a - dore,— To feel the bright  
gain would al - lure him to stray, He but turn'd to the

*pp*

slum - ber the veil be . . re - mov'd, Weep o'er them in  
pres - ence, and turn him, . with shame, From the i - dols he  
glo - ry that dwelt in . . those eyes, And the fol - ly, the

*p espress.* *espress.*

\* Our right to to this fine air (the "Lochaber" of the Scotch) will, I fear, be disputed; but as it has been long connected with Irish words, and is confidently claimed for us by Mr. Bunting and others, I thought I should not be authorized in leaving it out of the collection.

si - lence And close it a - gain. And oh! if 'tis  
 blind - ly had knelt to be - fore. O'er the waves of a -  
 false - hood soon van - ished a - way. As the priests of the

*pp* *piu. f*  
*Ped.*

pain to re - mem - ber how far From the path - ways of  
 life, long be - night - ed and wild, Thou cam'st like a  
 sun when their al - tar grew dim, At the day - beam a -

*ten* *cres.*

light he was temp - ted to roam, Be it bliss to re -  
 soft gold - en calm o'er the sea; And, if hap - pi - ness  
 lone could its lus - tre re - pair; So, if vir - tue a

*dim.* *poco marcato.*

mem - ber that thou wert the star That a - rose on his dark - ness, and  
 pure - ly, and glow - ing - ly smil'd On his ev'n - ing ho - ri - zon, the  
 mo - ment grew lan - guid in him, He but flew to that smile, and re -

*sotto voce.*  
*pp* *Ped.* \* *p dolce.* *Ped.* \*

guid - ed him home.  
 light was from thee.  
 kin - dled it there.

*ad lib.*  
*pp colla voce.* *p* *D.S.*

## WHEN'E'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR. — "FATHER QUINN."

Arr. by J. L. HATTON.

*Tempo moderato.*

Piano introduction for the first system, featuring treble and bass staves with dynamic markings 'f' and 'p'.

Vocal line for the first system, starting with a rest followed by the melody.

1. When - e'er I see those smil - ing eyes, So  
 2. For time will come with all its blights, The

Piano accompaniment for the second system, including treble and bass staves with dynamic markings 'p' and 'p>'.

Vocal line for the second system.

full of hope, and joy, . . and light, As if no cloud could  
 ru - ined hope, the friend . . un-kind, And love, that leaves, where-

Piano accompaniment for the third system, including treble and bass staves.

Vocal line for the third system.

ev - er rise, To dim a heav'n so pure - ly bright; I  
 e'er it lights, A chilled or burn - ing heart be - hind; While

Piano accompaniment for the fourth system, including treble and bass staves.

sigh to think how soon that brow In grief may lose its  
youth, that now like snow ap - pears, Ere sul - lied by the

ev - 'ry ray, And that light heart, so joy - ous now, Al -  
dark - 'ning rain, When once 'tis touched by sor - row's tears, Can

most for - get it once was gay.  
nev - er shine so bright a-gain.

*p*

## WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Allegro Moderato.*

AIR.—"O PATRICK, FLY FROM ME." \* Arranged by M. W. BALFE.

*p*

*mp*

1. When first I met thee, warm and young, There shone such truth a - bout thee, And  
2. When ev' - ry tongue thy fol - lies nam'd, I fled th'un - wel - come sto - ry; Or  
3. E'en now, though youth its bloom has shed, No lights of age a - dorn thee; The  
4. And days may come thou false one! yet, When e'en those ties shall se - ver; When

*pp*

on thy lip such prom - ise hung, I did not dare to doubt thee. I  
found, in e'en the faults they blam'd, Some gleams of fu - ture glo - ry. I  
few who lov'd thee once, have fled, And they who flat - ter, scorn thee. Thy  
thou wilt call, with vain re - gret, On her thou lost for - ev - er! On

*pp*

saw thee change, yet still re - lied, Still clung with hope the fond - er, And  
still was true, when near - er friends Con - spir'd to wrong, to slight thee; The  
mid - night cup is pledg'd to slaves, No gen - ial ties en - wreath it; The  
her who, in thy for - tune's fall, With smiles had still re - ceived thee, And

*pp*

thought, though false to all be - sides, From me thou couldst not wan - der.  
heart that now thy false - hood rends Would then have bled to right thee.  
smil - ing there, like light on graves, Has rank, cold hearts be - neath it.  
glad - ly died, to prove thee all Her fan - cy first be - liev'd thee.

\* This beautiful Irish air was sent to me by a gentleman of Oxford. There is much pathos in the original words, and both words and music have all the features of authenticity.

*f*

But go, de - ceiv - er, go! The heart, whose hopes could make it Trust one so  
 But go, de - ceiv - er, go! Some day, per - haps, Thou'lt wak - en From pleas - ure's  
 Go - go - tho' worlds were thine, I would not now sur - ren - der One taint - less  
 Go - go - 't is vain to curse, 'Tis weak - ness to up - braid thee; Hate can - not

*pp*

false, so low, De - serves that thou shouldst break it.  
 dream, to know The grief of hearts for - sak - en.  
 tear of mine For all thy guilt - y splen - dor.  
 wish thee worse Than guilt and shame have made thee.

*f*

ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.— "SHULE AROON."

Arr. by M. C. J.

*Moderato.*

*mf*

1. A - lone in crowds to wan - der on, And feel that all the  
 2. Though fair - er forms a - round us throng, Their smiles to oth - ers  
 3. Oh, what is Fan - cy's mag - ic worth, If all her art can -

charm is gone Which voic - es dear - - and eyes be - lov'd Shed  
 all be - long, And want the light which dwells a - lone Round  
 not call forth One bliss, like those we felt of old, From

round us once where e'er we roved This, this the  
 those the fond heart calls its own. Where, where the  
 lips now mute, and eyes now cold! No, no! her

doom must be Of all who've lov'd . . . and liv'd to see The  
 sun - ny brow, The long - known voice, where are they now? Thus  
 spell is vain! As soon could she bring back a - gain Those

few bright things they thought would stay, For-ev - er near them die a - way.  
 ask I still, nor ask in vain, The si - lence an - swers all too plain.  
 eyes them-selves from out the grave, As wake a - gain one bliss they gave!

## I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.

AIR. — "SHULE AROON."

NOTE. The following words are often sung to the same melody as "Alone In Crowds," (Shule Aroon). There are a number of songs set to this melody, ("I Wish I Was on Yonder Hill," "Shule Agra," etc.), but the two here given are the only ones of Moore's.— EDITOR.

- 1 I wish I was by that dim lake\*  
 Where sinful souls their farewell take  
 Of this vain world, and half way lie  
 In death's cold shadow, ere they die.  
 There, there, far from thee,  
 Deceitful world, my home should be,  
 Where, come what might of gloom and pain,  
 False hope should ne'er deceive again.
- 2 The lifeless sky, the mournful sound  
 Of unseen waters, falling round —  
 The dry leaves quiv'ring o'er my head,  
 Like man, unquiet ev'n when dead —  
 These, aye, these should wean  
 My soul from life's deluding scene,  
 And turn each thought, each wish I have,  
 Like willows, downward t'wards the grave.
- 3 As they, who to their couch at night,  
 Would welcome sleep, first quench the light,  
 So must the hopes that keep this breast  
 Awake, be quenched, ere it can rest.  
 Cold, cold my heart must grow,  
 Unchanged by either joy or woe,  
 Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown  
 Within their current turns to stone.

\*These verses are meant to allude to that ancient haunt of superstition, called Patrick's Purgatory. Dr. Campell says, "In the midst of these gloomy regions of Donegall lay a lake, which was to become the mystic scene of this fabled and intermediate state." \* \* \* \* "During the dark ages it was the resort of penitents and pilgrims from almost every country in Europe."

## 'T WAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.

THOMAS MOORE. Air.—"THE SONG OF THE WOODS." Arr. by SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

*Moderato.*

1. 'T was one of those dreams that by music are brought, Like a  
 2. The wild notes he heard o'er the wa-ter were those He had

bright sum-mer haze, o'er the po-et's warm thought, When  
 taught to sing E-rin's dark bond-age and woes; And the

lost in the fu-ture, his soul wan-ders on, And  
 breath of the bu-gle now waft-ed them o'er From

all of this life, but its sweet-ness is gone.  
 Di-nis' green isle to Glen-a's wood-ed shore.

D.C.

## AS VANQUISHED ERIN.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Andantino.*

AIR.—"THE BOYNE WATER." ARR. BY SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

*mf*

1. As van- quished E - rin wept be - side The Boyne's ill - fat - ed  
 2. But vain her wish, her weep - ing vain, As time too well hath  
 3. A - las! for her who sits and mourns E'en now be - side that

riv - er, She saw where Dis - cord, in the tide, Had  
 taught her— Each year the Fiend re - turns a - gain, And  
 riv - er— Un - wea - ried still, the Fiend re - turns, And

dropp'd his load - ed quiv - er. "Lie hid," she cried, "ye  
 dives in - to that wa - ter; And brings, tri - umph - ant,  
 stored is still his quiv - er. "When will this end, ye

ven - omed darts, Where mor - tal eye may shun you— Lie  
 from be - neath, His shafts of des - o - la - tion, And  
 pow'rs of good?" She, weep - ing, asks for - ev - er; But

hid — for oh! . . . the stain of hearts That bled for me is on you!"  
sends them, winged . . . with worse than death, Throughout her mad - d'ning na - tion.  
on - ly hears, . . . from out that flood, The De - mon an - swer "Nev - er!"

*rit.*

*rit.*

## WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR. — "PADDY WHACK."

Arr. by J. L. MOLLOY.

*Allegro moderato.*

1. While  
2. "Hail,  
3. Yet

His - to - ry's Muse the me - mo - rial was keep - ing, Of all that the dark hand of  
Star of my Isle!" said the Spir - it, all spark - ling, With beams such as break from her  
still the last crown of thy toils is re - main - ing, The grand - est, the pur - est, ev'n

*mf*

Des - ti - ny weaves, Be - side her the Gen - ius of E - rin stood weep - ing, For  
own dew - y skies, "Thro' a - ges of sor - row, de - sert - ed and dark - ling, I've  
thou hast yet known; Tho' proud was thy task, oth - er na - tions un - chain - ing, Far

hers was the sto - ry that blot - ted the leaves. But oh! how the tears in her  
 watch'd for some glo - ry like thine to a - rise. For, tho' he - roes I've num - ber'd, un-  
 proud - er to heal the deep wounds of thy own. At the foot of that throne, for whose

eye - lids grew bright, When, aft - er whole pa - ges of sor - row and shame, She saw  
 blest was their lot, And un - hal - lowed they sleep in the cross - ways of Fame; But  
 weal thou hast stood. Go, plead for the land that first cra - dled thy fame, And

His - to - ry write, With a pen - cil of light That il - lumed the whole vol - ume, her  
 oh! there is not one dis - hon - or - ing blot On the wreath that en - cir - cles my  
 bright o'er the flood of her tears and her blood, Let the rain - bow of Hope be her

Wellington's name!  
 Wellington's name!"  
 Wellington's name!

*f* *D.S.*

## THE PARALLEL.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Andante.*

AIR. — "I WOULD RATHER THAN IRELAND."

Arr. by J. C. M.

mf

1. Yes, sad one of Si - on,\* if close - ly re - sem-bling, In shame and in  
2. Like thee, doth our na - tion lie con - quer'd and brok - en, And, fall'n from her  
3. Like thine, doth her ex - ile, 'mid dreams of re - turn - ing, Die far from the

sor - row, thy with-er'd-up heart; If drink-ing deep, deep, of the same "cup of  
head is the once roy - al crown; In her streets, in her halls, des - ola - tion hath  
home it were life to be-hold; Like thine, do her sons, in the day of her

tremb-ling" Could make us thy chil - dren, Our par - ent thou art.  
spok - en, And "while it is day, yet her sun hath gone down."†  
mourn-ing, Re - mem - ber the bright things that bless'd them of old."

- 4 Ah! well may we call her, like thee, "The Forsaken,"§  
Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves;  
And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,  
Have breathings as sad as the wind over graves.
- 5 Yet hadst thou thy vengeance, yet came there the morrow  
That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,  
When the sceptre that smote thee, with slav'ry and sorrow,  
Was shiver'd at once like a reed in thy sight;
- 6 When that cup, which for others the proud golden city,‡  
Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips,  
And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,  
The howl in her halls and the cry from her ships;
- 7 When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty, came over,  
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust;  
And, a ruin, at last, for the earth-worm to cover,¶  
The Lady of Kingdoms || lay low in the dust.

\* These verses were written after a perusal of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews.

† "Her sun is gone down while it was yet day."— *Jerem.* xv: 9.

‡ "Thou shalt no more be termed forsaken."— *Isaiah* LXii: 4.

§ "How hath the oppressor ceased! the gold city ceased!"— *Isaiah* xiv: 4.

¶ "Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, \* \* \* and the worm covers thee."— *Isaiah* xiv: 11.

|| "Thou shalt no more be called The Lady of Kingdoms."— *Isaiah* XLvii: 5.

## WHEN HE, WHO ADORES THEE.\*

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR. — "THE FOX'S SLEEP."

ARR. BY J. L. HATTON.

*Con espressione.*

1. When  
2. With

*f* *sf* *p*

*pp*

he who a - dore's thee, has left but the name, Of his  
thee were the dreams of my ear - li - est love; Ev - 'ry

fault and his sor - rows be - hind, . . . . . Oh!  
thought of my rea - son was thine; . . . . . In my

say, wilt thou weep, when they dark - en the fame Of a  
last hum - ble pray'r to the spir - it a - bove, Thy

\* The words allude to a story in an old Irish manuscript, which is too long and too melancholy to be inserted here.

life that for thee was re - sign'd? Yes, weep, and how-ev-er my  
name, shall be min - gled with mine. Oh! blest are the lov-ers and

foes may con - demn, Thy tears shall ef - face their de -  
friends who shall live, The days of thy glo - ry to

cree; For Heav'n can wit-ness, though guil - ty to them, I have  
see; But the next dear-est bless-ing that Heav - en can give, Is the

*ad lib.*  
been but too faith - ful to thee.  
pride of thus dy - ing for thee.

*colla voce.*

## WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR. — "OONAGH."

Arr. by J. L. MOLLOY.

*Allegretto.*

*p* *cres.* *f*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) and a crescendo (*cres.*) leading to a fortissimo (*f*) section. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment.

1. While gaz - ing on the moon's light, A mom - ent from her  
2. The day had sunk in dim show'rs, But mid - night now with

*pp*

The first system of the vocal part shows two lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment is marked *pp* (pianissimo).

smile I turn'd To look at orbs that, more bright, In lone and dis - tant  
lus - tre meek, Il - lu - min'd all the pale flow'rs, Like hope up - on a

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment.

glo - ry burn'd. But *too* . . . far each proud star, For me to feel its  
mourn - er's cheek. I said . . . (while the moon's smile Play'd o'er a stream, in

*mf*

The final system concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte).

warm - ing flame; Much more dear That mild . . sphere, Which near our plan - et  
dimp - ling bliss,) "The moon looks On ma - ny brooks, The brook can see no

smil - ing came; \* Thus, Ma - ry, be but thou my own; While bright - er eyes un -  
moon but this; † And thus, I thought, our for - tunes run, For ma - ny a lov - er

heed - ed play, I'll love those moon - light looks a - lone, that  
looks to thee, While oh! I feel there is but one, One

bless my home and guide my way.  
Ma - ry in the world for me.

\* "Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together." WHISON'S *Theory*, etc.

In the *Entretiens d'Artiste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with the words, *Non mille, quod absens*.

† This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works. "The moon looks upon many night flowers, the night flower sees but one moon."

## WREATHE THE BOWL.

AIR.—"NORA KISTA."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by J. L. HATTON.

*Con spirito.* §:

1.  
2. 'T was  
3. Say,

Wreathe the bowl With flow'rs of soul, The bright-est Wit can find us; We'll  
nec - tar fed Of old, 'tis said, Their Ju - nos, Joves, A - pol - los; And  
why did Time His glass sub - lime, Fill up with sands un - sight - ly, When

*mf*

take a flight Tow'rs heav'n to - night, And leave dull earth be - hind us. Should  
man may brew His nec - tar too. The rich re - ceipt's as fol - lows: Take  
wine, he knew, Runs brisk - er through, And spar - kles far more bright - ly? Oh,

Love a - mid The wreaths be hid, That Joy, th'en - chant - er, brings us, No  
wine like this, Let looks of bliss A - round it well be blend - ed, Then  
lend it us, And, smil - ing thus, The glass in two we'll sev - er, Make

*riten.*

dan - ger fear, While wine is near, We'll drown him if he stings us. Then  
 bring Wit's beam To warm the stream, And there's your nec - tar splen - did; So  
 pleas - ure glide In doub - le tide, And fill both ends for - ev - er! Then

*colla voce.* *f*

wreathe the bowl With flow'rs of soul, The bright - est Wit can find us; We'll

*mf*

take a flight Tow'rd's heav'n to - night, And leave dull earth be - hind us.

*f* *sf* *D.S.*

## SWEET INNISFALLEN.

AIR.—"THE CAPTIVATING YOUTH."

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Andantino.*

Arranged by SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

1. Sweet In - nis - fal - len, fare thee well, May  
 2. Sweet In - nis - fal - len, long shall dwell, In  
 3. 'T was light, in - deed, too blest for one Who

calm and sun - shine long be thine! How fair thou art let  
 mem - 'rys dream that sun - ny smile Which o'er thee on that  
 had to turn to paths of care—Through crowd - ed haunts a -

oth - ers tell, To feel how fair shall long be mine.  
 ev'n - ing fell, When first I saw thy fai - ry Isle.  
 gain to run, And leave thee bright and si - lent there.

4 No more unto thy shores to come,  
 But, on the world's rude ocean tost,  
 Dream of thee sometimes, as a home  
 Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

5 Far better in thy weeping hours  
 To part from thee, as I do now,  
 When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,  
 Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

6 For, though unrivalled still thy grace,  
 Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest,  
 But, thus in shadow, seem'st a place  
 Where erring man might hope to rest.

7 Might hope to rest, and find in thee  
 A gloom like Eden's on the day  
 He left its shade, when ev'ry tree,  
 Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way.

8 Weeping or smiling, lovely Isle!  
 And all the lovlier for thy tears—  
 For, though but rare thy sunny smile,  
 'Tis heav'n's own glance when it appears.

9 Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,  
 But, when *indeed* they come, divine—  
 The brightest light the sun e'er threw  
 Is lifeless to one gleam of thine.

## THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET.

Air.—"FAREWELL EAMON."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

*Moderato.*

*mf*

1. Though hum - ble the ban - quet to which I in - vite thee, Thou'lt find there the  
2. And though for - tune may seem to have turn'd from the dwell - ing Of him thou re -

*p*

best a poor bard can com - mand; Eyes beam - ing with wel - come shall  
gard - est, her fav - or - ing ray, Thou wilt find there a gift, all her

through round to light thee, And love serve the feast with his own will - ing hand.  
treas - ures ex - cell - ing, Which proud - ly he feels hath en - no - bled his way.

*D.C.*

THE SONG OF INNISFAIL.  
THEY CAME FROM A LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

AIR.—"PEGGY BAWN."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by M. DEMPSEY.

*Moderato.*

*mf*

1. They came from a land be - yond the sea, And now o'er the wes - tern main Set  
2. And, lo! where a - far o'er o - cean shines A spar - kle of ra - diant green, As  
3. Then turned they un - to the east - ern wave Where now their Day - God's eye A

sail in their good ships gal - lant - ly, From the sun - ny land of Spain. "Oh, where's the Isle we've  
tho' in that deep lay em'rald mines, Whose light thro' the wave was seen; " 'Tis In - nis - fail - 't is  
look of such sun - ny o - men gave As lighted up sea, and sky; Nor frown was seen through

seen in dreams, Our destined home or grave?\*" Thus sung they as, by the morning's, beams They swept the Atlantic wave.  
Innisfail!" Rings o'er the echoing sea, While bending to heav'n, the warriors hail That home of the brave and free.  
sky or sea, Nor tear o'er leaf or sod, When first on their Isle of Destiny Our great forefathers trod.

*D.C.*

\*" Milesius remembered the remarkable prediction of the principal Druid, who foretold that the posterity of Gadelus should obtain the possession of a western island (Ireland), and there inhabit."—Keating.

## THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*With spirit.*

AIR.—"THE PRIEST IN HIS BOOTS."

Arranged by J. C. M.

1. There are  
2. And  
3. Thus

sounds of mirth in the night - air ring-ing, And lamps from ev - 'ry casement shown; While see, the lamps still live-li-er glit-ter, The si - ren lips more fond-ly sound; No, sung the sage, while, sly - ly steal-ing, The nymphs their fet-ters a-round him cast, And their voic - es blithe with-in are sing-ing, That seem to say "Come," in ev - 'ry tone. Ah! seek, ye nymphs, some vic - tim fit - ter To sink in your ros - y bond - age bound. Shall a laugh-ing eyes the while con-ceal-ing, Led Free - dom's bard their slave at last. For the once how light, in Life's young sea-son, My heart had leaped at that sweet lay; Nor bard whom not the world in arms Could bend to tyr - an - ny's rude con-trol. Thus po - et's heart, still prone to lov - ing, Was like that rock of the Dru - id race,\* Which the paused to ask of gray - beard reason Should I the si - ren call o - bey. quail at sight of wom - an's charms, And yield to a smile his free - born soul? gen - tlest touch at once set moving, But all earth's pow'r could not cast from its base.

\* The "Rocking Stones" of the Druids, some of which no force is able to dislodge from their stations.

## SONG OF THE BATTLE EVE.

TO-MORROW, COMRADE, WE.

AIR.—"CRUISKEEN LAWN."

THOMAS MOORE.

*In march time.*

Arranged by SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

*mf*

1. To - mor - row, comrade, we On the bat - tle - plain must  
 2. 'Tis true, in man-liest eyes A passing tear will  
 3. But day-light's steal-ing on; The last that o'er us  
 4. Let those, who brook the chain Of Sax-on or of

be, There to con - quer, or both lie low, lie low! The  
 rise, When we think of the friends we leave lone, all lone; But  
 shone Saw our chil - dren a - round us at play, at play; The  
 Dane, Ig - nob - ly by their fire - sides stay, aye stay; One

morn - ing-star is up, But there's wine still in the cup, And we'll take an - oth - er  
 what can wail-ing do? See our gob-let's weeping too! With its tears we'll chase a -  
 next, ah! where shall we And those ros - y ur-chins be? But, no mat - ter, grasp thy  
 sigh to home be giv'n, One heartfelt pray'r to heav'n, Then, for E - rin and her

quaff, ere we go, boy, go, We'll take an-noth - er quaff, ere we go.  
 way our own, boy, our own, With its tears we'll chase a - way our own.  
 sword and a - way, boy, a-way; No mat - ter, grasp thy sword and a - way.  
 cause, boy, hu - ra, hu-ra! Then, for E - rin and her cause hu - ra!

# THE WINE-CUP IS CIRCLING.

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THOMAS MOORE.  
*In march time.*

ATR.—“MICHAEL HOY.”

1. The
2. The
3. Like

wine-cup is circling in Almhin's\* hall, And its chief, 'mid his he - roes re - clin - ing, Looks  
minstrels have seized their harps of gold, And they sing such thrill - ing num - bers; 'Tis  
clouds of the night the Northmen came, O'er the val - ley of Alm - hin low - ring; While

up, with a sigh, to the tro-phied wall, Where his sword hangs i - dly shin - ing. When  
like the voice of the Brave, of old, Break - ing forth from their place of slum - ber! Spear to  
on - ward mov'd, in the light of its fame, That ban - ner of E - rin tow'r - ing. With the

hark! that shout From the vale with - out, "Arm ye quick, the Dane, the Dane is nigh!" Every  
buck - ler rang. As the minstrels sang, And the sun - burst o'er them float - ed wide; While re -  
ming - ling shock Rung cliff and rock, While, rank on rank, the in - va - ders die; And the

chief starts up From his foam - ing cup, And "To bat - tle, To bat - tle!" is the Fin - ian's cry.  
memb'ring the yoke Which their fa - thers broke, "On for lib - er - ty, For lib - er - ty!" the Fin - ian's cried.  
shout that last O'er the dy - ing passed Was "Vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry!" the Fin - ian's cry.

\* The palace of Finn MacCumhal, in Leinster. It was built on the top of a hill, which has retained from thence the name of the hill of Allen, in the county of Kildare. The Finians were the celebrated National Militia of Ireland, which this chief commanded.

## THE DREAM OF THOSE DAYS.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Andantino.*

AIR.—"I LOVE YOU ABOVE ALL."

Arranged by M. C.

*mf*

1. The dream of those days when first I sung thee is  
2. Say, is it that slav - 'ry sunk so deep in thy  
3. Up Lib - er - ty's steep by Truth and El - o - quence

*p*

o'er, Thy tri - umph hath stained the charm thy sor - rows then  
heart, That still the dark brand is there, though chain - less thou  
led, With eyes on her tem - ple fixed, how proud was thy

wore, And ev'n of the light which Hope once shed o'er thy  
art; And Free - dom's sweet fruit, for which thy spi - rit long  
tread! Ah! bet - ter thou ne'er hadst lived that sum - mit to

chains, A - las! not a gleam to grace thy free - dom re - mains.  
burned, Now, reach - ing at last thy lip, to ash - es hath turned?  
gain, Or died in the porch, than thus dis - hon - or the fane.

\* Written in one of those moods of hopelessness and disgust, which come occasionally over the mind, in contemplating the present state of Irish patriotism.

# FAIREST, PUT ON AWHILE.

AIR.—"CUMMILUM."

THOMAS MOORE

Arranged by SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

*Moderato.*  
*mf*

1. Fair - est, put on a - while These  
2. Fields where the spring de - lays And  
3. Isl - ets, so fresh - ly fair That  
4. Lakes where the pearl lies hid† And  
5. Then if, while scenes so grand, So

pin-ions of light I bring thee, And o'er thine own Green Isle In fan - cy let me wing thee.  
fear-less-ly meets the ar - dor, Of the warm summer's gaze, With but her tears to guard her,  
nev - er hath birdcome nigh them, But from his course thro' air Hath been won downward by them.\*  
caves where the diamond's sleeping, Bright as the gems that lid Of thine lets fall in weep - ing.  
beau-ti-ful, shine be - fore thee, Pride for thy own dear land Should hap - ly be stealing o'er thee,

Nev - er did A - riel's plume, At gold - en sun - set hov - er O'er such scenes of bloom As  
Rocks, thro' myrtle-boughs, In grace ma - jes - tic frown - ing, Like some war - rior's brows That  
Types, sweet maid, of thee, Whose look, whose blush in - vi - ting, Nev - er did love yet see From  
Glens †† where o - cean comes To 'scape the wild wind's ran - cour, And har - bors, worthiest homes Where  
Oh, let grief come first, O'er pride it - self vic - to - rious, To think how man hath cursed What

I shall waft thee ov - er.  
love hath just been crown - ing.  
heav'n with - out a - light - ing.  
free - dom's sails could an - chor.  
heav'n hath made so glo - rious!

*f* *D.S.*

\* In the Skeligs there is a certain attraction in the soil which draws down all birds that attempt to fly over it.

† Nennius, a writer of the 9th century, mentions the abundance of pearls in Ireland.— O'Halloran.

†† Glengariff.

WHAT LIFE LIKE THAT OF THE BARD CAN BE.  
THE WANDERING BARD.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Allegro.*

Air.—"PLANXTY O'REILLY."

1. What  
2. Oh,  
3. Then,

life like that of the bard can be, The wand'-ring bard, who roams as free As the  
what would have been young Beauty's doom, With-out a bard to fix her bloom, They  
welcome the bard where're he comes, For, though he hath count-less air - y homes, To

mountain lark that o'er him sings, And like that lark, a mu - sic brings With-  
tell us, in the moon's bright round, Things lost in this dark world are found; So  
which his wing ex - cur - sive roves, Yet still, from time to time, he loves To

in him, where'er he comes or goes, A fount that for - ev - er flows! The  
charms, on earth long passed and gone, In the po - et's lay live on. Would  
light up - on earth and find such cheer As bright-ens our ban - quet here. No

world's to him like some play-ground, Where fair - ies dance their moon-light round; If  
ye have smiles that ne'er grow dim? You've only to give them all to him, Who,  
matter how far, how fleet he flies, You've only to light up kind young eyes, Such

dimmed the turf where late they trod, The elves but seek some green-er sod; So  
with but a touch of fan-cy's wand, Can lend them life, this life be- yond, And  
signal-fires as here are giv- en, And down he'll drop from fan- cy's heav'n, The

when less bright, his scene of glee, To an- oth- er a- way flies he.  
flx them high, in Poe- sy's sky, Young stars that nev- er die.  
minute such call to love or mirth Pro- claims he's wanting on earth.

D.C.

D.C.

THE NIGHT-DANCE.

STRIKE THE GAY HARP, SEE THE MOON IS ON HIGH.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Allegretto.*

Air.—"THE NIGHTCAP."

Arranged by M. C. J.

*mf*

1. Strike the gay harp!—see the moon is on high, And, as true to her beam as the  
2. Why then de- lay, with such sounds in our ears, And the flow- er of Beau- ty's own

tides of the o- cean, Young hearts, when they feel the soft light of her eye, O -  
gar- den be- fore us—While stars ov- er- head leave the song of their spheres, And,

bey the mute call, and heave in - to mo - tion. Then, sound notes — the  
lis - t'ning to ours, hang won - der - ing o'er us? A - gain, that strain! — to

gay - est, the light - est, That ev - er took wing when heav - en looked bright - est! A -  
hear it thus sound - ing, Might set ev - en Death's cold puls - es bound - ing — A -

gain, A - gain! Oh! could such heart - stir - ring mu - sic be heard In that  
gain, A - gain! Oh, what de - light when the youth - ful and gay, Each with

Ci - ty of Stat - ues described by ro - man - cers, So wak - 'ning its spell, ev - en  
eye like a sun - beam and foot like a feath - er, Thus dance like the Hours to the

stone would be stirred, And stat - ues them - selves all start in - to dan - cers!  
mu - sic of May, And min - gle sweet song and sun - shine to geth - er!

SING, SWEET HARP, OH, SING TO ME.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Andantino.*

*Air, Unknown.*

Arranged by M. C. J.

1. Sing, sweet Harp, oh, sing to me Some  
2. How mournful-ly the midnight air A -  
3. Couldst thou but call those spir-its round, Who

song of an-cient days, Whose sounds, in this sad mem - o - ry, Long - bur - ied dreams shall  
mong thy chords doth sigh, As if it sought some ech-o there Of voi - ces long gone  
once, in bower and hall, Sat list -'ning to thy mag - ic sound, Now mute and mould'ring

raise; Some lay that tells of vanished fame, Whose light once round us shone; Of  
by; Of chief-tains, now for-got, who seemed The foremost then in fame; Of  
all; But no; they would but wake to weep Their chil-dren's slav - er - y; Then

noble pride now turned to shame, And hopes forev - er gone. Sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me; A-  
bards, who, once immortal deemed, Now sleep without a name! In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air A-  
leave them in their dreamless sleep, The dead, at least are free. Hush, hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone, That

like our doom is cast, Both lost to all but mem-o - ry, We live but in the past.  
mong thy chords doth sigh; In vain it seeks an ech-o there Of voic-es long gone by.  
knell of Freedom's day, Or list-'ning to its deathlike moan, Let me, too, die a - way!

## SHE SANG OF LOVE.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"THE MUNSTER MAN."

Arranged by M. RILEY.

1. She sung of  
2. But soon the  
3. Who ev - er

Love, while o'er her lyre The ros - y rays of even - ing fell, As if to  
west no long - er burned, Each ros - y ray from heav'n withdrew; And when to  
loved, but had the thought That he and all he loved must part? Filled with this

feed with their soft fire The soul with - in that trembling shell. The same rich  
gaze a - gain I turned, The min - strel's form seemed fad - ing too. As if her  
fear, I flew and caught The fad - ing im - age to my heart— And cried, "O

light hung o'er her cheek, And played a - round those lips that sung And spoke as  
light and heav'n's were one, The glo - ry all had left that frame; And from her  
Love! is this thy doom? O light of youth's re - splen - dent day! Must ye then

flowers would sing and speak, If Love could lend their leaves a tongue.  
glim - m'ring lips the tone, As from a part - ing spir - it came.  
lose your gold - en bloom, And thus, like sun - shine, die a - way?"

## SING, SING, MUSIC WAS GIVEN.

AIR.—"HUMORS OF BALLYMAGUIRY."

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Allegretto.*

Arranged by J. C. M.

*f*

1. Sing, sing, mu - sic was giv - en to bright-en the gay and kin-dle the lov - ing;  
 2. When Love, rock'd by his moth-er, lay sleep-ing, as calm as slum-ber could make him,

*p*

Souls here, like plan-ets in heav-en, By har-mo-ny's laws a - lone are kept mov - ing.  
 "Hush, hush," said Ve-nus, "no oth - er Sweet voice but his own is wor - thy to wake him."

Beau-ty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks, but Love from the lips his true arch-er - y wings; And  
 Dream-ing of mu - sic, he slumber'd the while, Till faint from his lip a soft mel-o - dy broke, And

*rit.*

she, who but feathers the dart when she speaks, At once sends it home to the heart when she sings.  
Venus, en-charm-ed, look'd on with a smile, While Love to his own sweet singing a - woke.

*rit.*

*f*

Sing, sing, mu - sic was giv - en to brighten the gay and kin - dle the lov - ing;

Souls here, like plan-ets in heav-en, By har - mo - ny's laws a - lone are kept mov - ing.

*D.C.*

## SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS.\*

AIR. — "GREEN WOODS OF TRUIGHA."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

*Andante.*

*mf*

\* Written as a tribute to the memory of his old colleague, Sir John Stevenson.

1. Si - lence is in our fes - tal halls, Sweet Son of Song! thy course is  
 2. Yet at our feasts, thy spir - it long A - waked by mu - sic's spell, shall  
 3. But where is now the cheer - ful day, The so - cial night, when, by thy  
 4. Yes, E - rin, thine a - lone the fame, Or, if thy bard have shared the

o'er;  
 rise;  
 side,  
 crown,  
 In vain on thee sad E - rin calls, Her  
 For name so linked with death - less song Par -  
 He who now weaves this part - ing lay His  
 From thee the bor - rowed glo - ry came, And

min - trel's voice re - sponds no more; - All si - lent as th'E - o - lian  
 takes its charm and nev - er dies; And e'en with - in the ho - ly  
 skill - less voice with thine al - lied; And sung those songs whose ev - 'ry  
 at thy feet is now laid down. E - nough, if Free - dom still in -

shell  
 fane,  
 tone,  
 spire  
 Sleeps at the close of some . . . . bright day,  
 When mu - sic wafts the soul . . . . to heav'n  
 When bard - and min - strel long . . . . have past,  
 His lat - est song, and still . . . . there be,

When the sweet breeze, that waked its swell At sun - ny mornhath died a - way.  
 One thought to him, whose ear - liest strain Was ech - oed there, shall long be given.  
 Shall still, in sweet - ness all their own, Em - balmed by fame, un - dy - ing last.  
 As ev'n - ing clos - es round his lyre, One ray up - on its chords from thee.

## SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT?

AIR.—“MCFARLANE'S LAMENTATION.”

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by C. M. J.

*Moderato.*

*mf*

The first system of the score shows the piano introduction. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a melody in the treble staff and a supporting bass line in the bass staff. The dynamic marking *mf* is placed below the first measure.

1. Shall, the Harp then be si - lent, when he who first  
2. No faint though the death - song may fall from his

The second system contains the first two lines of the vocal melody and the corresponding piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

gave lips, To our coun - try a name is with - drawn from all  
Though his Harp, like his soul, may with shad - ows be

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

eyes? Shall a min - strel of E - rin stand mute by the  
crost, Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a na - tion's e -

The fourth system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

grave Where the first, where the last of her pa - tri - ots lies?  
clipse And pro - claim to the world what a star hath been lost!

The fifth system concludes the piece with the final vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

## O YE DEAD!

AIR.—“PLOUGH TUNE.”

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by MICHAEL RILEY.

*Andante.*

*mf*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, D major, and begins with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The dynamics are marked *mf*.

1. O ye Dead! O ye Dead! whom we know by the light you  
2. It is true, it is true, we are shad - ows cold and

The first two lines of the song feature a vocal melody with two verses. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The dynamics are marked *p*.

give wan; From your cold gleaming eyes, tho' you move like men who  
And the fair and the brave whom we loved on earth are

The third and fourth lines of the song continue the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line.

live, Why leave you thus your graves, In far off fields and  
gone; But still thus, e'en in death, So sweet the liv - ing

The fifth and sixth lines of the song continue the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line.

waves, Where the worm and the sea - bird on - ly know your  
breath Of the fields and the flowers in our youth we wan - dered

The seventh and eighth lines of the song conclude the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line.

bed; To haunt this spot, where all Those eyes that wept your  
o'er, That ere, condemned we go To freeze 'mid Hec - la's \*

fall, And the hearts that wailed you, like your own, lie dead?  
snow, We would taste it a - while, and think we live once more!

## QUICK! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND.

AIR.—"PADDY SNAP."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by MICHAEL RILEY.

*Allegro.*  
*f*

1. Quick! we have but a sec - ond, Fill  
2. See the glass, how it flush - es Like

\* Paul Zeland mentions that there is a mountain in some part of Ireland, where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands walk about and converse with those they meet, like living people. If asked, why they do not return to their homes, they say they are obliged to go to Mount Heela, and disappear immediately.

round the cup, while you may; For Time, the churl, hath beck-oned, And  
some young He - be's lip, And half meets thine, and blush-es That

we must a - way, a - way! Grasp the pleas-ure that's fly - ing, For  
thou shouldst de - lay to sip. Shame, oh, shame un - to thee, If

oh! not Or - pheus' strain Could keep sweet hours from dy - ing, Or  
e'er thou seest that day, When a cup or a lip shall woo thee, And

charm them to life a - gain. Then quick! we have but a sec - ond, Fill  
turn un-touched a - way! Then, quick! we have but a sec - ond, Fill

round the cup, while you may; For Time, the churl, hath beckoned. And we must a - way, a - way!  
round, fill round while you may; For Time, the churl, hath beckoned, And we must a - way, a - way!

## SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

AIR.—"THE HUMMING OF THE BARS."

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Moderato.*

Arranged by M. C. J.

1. Sail  
2. Sail

*mf*

on, sail on, thou fear - less bark, Wherev - er blows the wel - come wind; It  
on, sail on, through end - less space, Thro' calm, thro' tem - pest, stop no more; The

can - not lead to scenes more dark, More sad than those we leave be - hind.  
storm - iest sea's a rest - ing place To him who leaves such hearts on shore.

Each wave that pass - es seems to say, "Tho' death be - neath our smile may be, Less  
Or, if some des - ert land we meet, Where nev - er yet false - heart - ed men Pro -

cold we are, less false than they, Whose smil - ing wreck'd thy hopes and thee."  
faned a world that else were sweet, — Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

# OH, COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD OF OURS.

THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—"BASKET OF OYSTERS."

Arr. by SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

*Allegro.*  
*f*

1. Oh, could we do with this world of ours As thou dost with thy  
 2. Like those gay flies that wing through air, And in them - selves a  
 3. While ev - ry joy that glads our sphere Hath still some shad - ow

gar - den bow'rs, Re - ject the weeds and keep the flowers, What a heav'n on earth we'd  
 lus - ter bear, A stock of light, still read - y there, When - ev - er they wish to  
 hov - ring near, In this new world of ours, my dear, Such shad - ows will be o -

make it! So bright a dwell - ing should be our own, So war - ran - ted free from  
 use it; So in this world I'd make for thee, Our hearts should all like  
 mit - ted :- Un - less they're like that grace - ful one, Which, when thou'rt danc - ing

sigh or frown, That an - gels soon would be com - ing down, By the week or month to take it.  
 fire - flies be; And the flash of wit or po - e - sy Break forth whene'er we choose it.  
 in the sun, Still near thee, leaves a charm up - on Each spot where it hath flit - ted!

*p*

## OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

AIR.—“PLANXTY SUDLEY.”

THOMAS MOORE.

1.  
2. Yet

*Moderato.*

*f*

Oh, the sight en - tranc - ing, When morn - ing's beam is glanc - ing O'er  
't is not helm or feath - er— For ask your des - pot, wheth - er His

*mf*

files arrayed with helm and blade, And plumes in the gay wind danc - ing! When  
plum - ed bands could bring such hands And hearts as ours to - geth - er Leave

hearts are all high beat - ing, And the trump - et's voice re - peat - ing, That  
poms to those who need 'em— Give man but heart and free - dom, And

song whose breath may lead to death, But nev - er to . . . re-treat - ing!  
proud he braves the gaud - iest slaves That crawl where mon - archs lead 'em. The

Then, if a cloud comes ov - er The brow of sire or lov - er,  
sword may pierce the beav - er, Stone walls in time may sev - er; 'Tis

Think 't is the shade by Vic - t'ry, made, Whose wings right o'er us hov - er . . .  
mind a - lone, worth steel and stone, That keeps men free for - ev - er! . . .

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

files arrayed with helm and blade, And plumes in the gay wind danc - ing.  
files arrayed with helm and blade, In free - dom's cause ad - vanc - ing!

## OH, BANQUET NOT IN THOSE SHINING BOWERS.

AIR.—"PLANXTY IRWINE."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

*Moderato.*

*mf*

1. Oh, ban - quet not in those shin - ing bow - ers Where youth re - sorts— but come to me; For  
 2. There, while the myr - tie's with - 'ring boughs Their life - less leaves a - round us shed, We'll

*mf*

mine's a gar - den of fad - ed flow - ers, More fit for sor - row, for age, and thee.  
 brim the bowl to brok - en vows, To friends long lost, the changed, the dead.

And there we shall have our feast of tears And ma - ny a cup in si - lence pour; Our  
 Or, while some blight - ed lau - rel waves Its branch - es o'er the drear - y spot, We'll

guests, the shades of form - er years, Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.  
 drink to those ne - glect - ed graves, Where val - or sleeps, un - named, for - got.

# O ARRANMORE, LOVED ARRANMORE! \*

177

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Moderato.*

Air.—“KILLDROUGHALT FAIR.”

Arr. by M. C. J.

O  
ow  
That

*mf* *p*

Ar - ran-more, lov'd Ar - ran - more! How oft I dream of thee, And  
blithe up - on thy breez - y cliffs At sun - ny morn I've stood, With  
E - den, where th'im - mor - tal brave Dwell in a land se - rene, — Whose

of those days when, by thy shore, I wan - dered young and free.  
heart as bound - ing as the skiff's That danced a - long thy flood;  
bow'rs be - yond the shin - ing wave, At sun - set oft are seen.

Full ma - ny a path I've tried, since then, Through pleasure's flow - ry maze, But  
Or, when the west - ern wave grew bright With day-light's part - ing wing, Have  
Ah, dream too full of sad - d'ning truth! Those man - sions o'er the main, Are

ne'er could find the bliss a - gain I felt in those sweet days.  
sought that E - den in its light Which dream - ing po - ets sing; —  
like the hopes I built in youth, — As sun - ny and as vain!

\* The inhabitants of Arranmore are still persuaded that, in a clear day, they can see from this coast Hy Brysail, or the Enchanted Island, the paradise of the Pagan Irish, and concerning which they relate a number of romantic stories. *Beaufort's Ancient Topography of Ireland.*

SONG OF O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS.\*  
OF ALL THE FAIR MONTHS, THAT ROUND THE SUN.

AIR.—"THE LITTLE AND GREAT MOUNTAIN."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by J. C. M.

1. Of  
2. Of  
3. Of  
4. White,  
5. Of

*Moderato.*  
*mf*

all the fair months that round the sun In light linked dance their cir-cles run, Sweet May, sweet May, shine  
all the bright haunts where daylight leaves Its lin-ger-ing smile on gold-en eyes, Fair Lake, fair Lake, thou'rt  
all the proud steeds that ev-er bore Young plum-ed chiefs on sea or shore, White Steed, white Steed, most  
white as the sail some bark unfurls, When new-ly launched, thy white mane \*curls, Fair Steed, fair Steed, as  
all the sweet deaths that maidens die, Whose lov-ers beneath the cold waves lie, Most sweet, most sweet that

thou for me; Sweet May, shine thou for me, . . . For still, when thy ear-liest beams a-rise, That  
dear-est to me; Fair Lake, thou'rt dearest to me, . . . For, when the last A-pril sun grows dim, Thy  
joy to thee; white Steed, most joy to thee, . . . Who still, with the first young glance of spring, From  
white and free; Fair Steed, as white and free, . . . And spir-its, from all the lake's deep bow'rs, Glide  
death will be; most sweet that death will be, . . . Which, un-der the next May ev'ning's light, When

youth, who beneath the blue lake lies, Sweet May, sweet May, returns to me, Sweet May returns to me.  
Naiads prepare his steed for him Who dwells, who dwells, bright Lake, in thee, Who dwells bright Lake, in thee.  
under that glo-rious lake doth bring My love, my love, my Chief, to me; My love, my love to thee.  
o'er the blue wave, scatt-er-ing flow-ers A-round, a-round, my love and thee; A-round, my love and thee.  
thou and thy steed are lost to sight, Dear love, dear love, I'll die for thee; Dear love I'll die for thee.

*p*

\* The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donohue and his white horse may be found in Mr. Weld's account of Killarney, or more fully detailed in Derrick's Letters. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen, on the morning of May-day, gliding over the lake on his favorite white horse, to the sound of sweet unearthly music, and preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring flowers in his path. Among other stories connected with this legend of the Lakes, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May-morning, threw herself into the Lake.

# LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

179

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Moderato.*

Arr.—“IF THE SEA WERE INK.”

Arr. by M. C. J.

1. Lay his sword by his side,\* it hath  
 2. Yet pause, for in fan - cy, a  
 3. "Should some al-ien un-worth - y such

served him too well, Not to rest near his pil - low be - low; To the last moment true, from his  
 still voice I hear, As if breathed from his brave heart's remains;— Faint ech - o of that which, in  
 weap-on to wield, Dare to touch thee, my own gal - lant sword, Then rest in thy sheath, like a

hand e're it fell, Its point was still turned to a fly - ing foe. Fel-low la-b'rrers in life, let them  
 Slav - er - y's ear, Once sound-ed the war-word, "Burst your chains!" And it cries, from the grave where the  
 tal - is - man sealed, Or return to the grave of thy chain-less lord. But if grasped by a hand that hath

slum - ber in death, side by side, as be - comes the re - pos - ing brave,— That  
 he - ro lies deep, "Though the day of your Chief-tain for e'er hath set, Oh,  
 learned the proud use, Of a fal - chion like thee on the bat - tle - plain,— Then at

sword which he loved still un-broke in its sheath. And him-self un-sub - dued in his grave.  
 leave not his sword thus in - glo - rious to sleep,— It hath vic - to-ry's life in it yet!  
 Lib - er - ty's summons, like light-ning let loose, Leap forth from thy dark sheath a - gain."

\* It was the custom of the ancient Irish, in the manner of the Scythians, to bury the favorite swords of their heroes along with them.

## NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

AIR.—"MY HUSBAND'S A JOURNEY TO PORTUGAL GONE."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arr. by M. C. J.

*Allegretto.*

*f*

*mf*

1. Ne'er ask the hour— what is it to us How Time deals out his  
 2. Young Joy ne'er thought of count - ing hours, Till Care, one sum - mer's

*p*

treasures? The gold - en mo - ments lent us thus, Are not his coin, but  
 morning, Set up a - mong his smil - ing flow'rs, A di - al by way of

Pleasure's. If counting them o'er could add to their blisses, I'd num - ber each glori - ous  
 warn - ing. But Joy lov'd bet - ter to gaze on the sun, As long as its light was

see - ond; But mo - ments of joy are, like Lesbi - a's kiss - es, Too  
 glow - ing; Than to watch with old Care how the shad - ow stole on, And how

quick and sweet to be reck - on'd. Then fill the cup— what  
 fast that light was go - ing. So fill the cup— what

is it to us How Time his cir - cle meas - ures? The

fai - ry hours we call up thus O - bey no wand but Pleas - ure's.

*f* *D.C.*

## THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

### IN YONDER VALLEY, THERE DWELT ALONE.

Air.—"THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE."

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Allegretto.*

Arranged by M. C. ✓

*mf*

1. In yon - der val - ley there dwelt, a - lone, A youth whose mo - ments had  
 2. As once, by moon - light, he wan - dered o'er, The gold - en sands of that  
 3. Be - side a foun - tain, one sun - ny day, As bend - ing ov - er the

*p*

calm - ly flown, Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,  
 is - land shore, A foot - print spar - kled be - fore his sight,  
 stream he lay, There peeped down o'er him two eyes of light,

He was haunt - ed and watched by a Moun - tain Sprite.  
 'T was the fai - ry foot of the Moun - tain Sprite.  
 And he saw in that mir - ror, the Moun - tain Sprite.

*rit.*

4 He turned—but, lo! like a startled bird,  
 That spirit fled—and the youth but heard  
 Sweet music, such as marks the flight  
 Of some bird of song, from the Mountain Sprite.

5 One night, still haunted by that bright look,  
 The boy, bewildered, his pencil took,  
 And, guided only by memory's light,  
 Drew the once-seen form of the Mountain Sprite.

6 Oh, thou! who lovest the shadow," cried  
 A voice, low whispering by his side,  
 "Now turn and see,"—here the youth's delight  
 Sealed the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

7 "Of all the spirits of land and sea,"  
 Then rapt, he murmured, "there's none like thee,  
 And oft, oh! oft, may thy foot thus light  
 In this lonely bower, sweet Mountain Sprite!"

## DESMOND'S SONG.\*

BY THE TEAL'S WAVE BENIGHTED.

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

1. By the  
2. Love  
3. You who  
4. No,

*Moderato.*

Teal's wave be - night-ed, Not a star in the skies, To thy door by love  
came, and brought sor-row Too soon in his train; Yet so sweet that to -  
call it dis - hon - or To bow to this flame, If you've eyes, look but  
man, for his glo - ry To an - ces - try flies: While wo - man's bright

light - ed, I first saw those eyes. Some voice whis - per'd o'er me, As thy  
mor - row 'T would be wel - come a - gain. Were mis - ry's full meas - ure Pour'd  
on her, And blush while you blame! Hath the pearl less white - ness Be -  
sto - ry Is told in her eyes, While the mon - arch but trac - es Thro'

threshold I . . . cross'd, There was ru - in be - fore me, If I lov'd I was lost.  
out to me . . . now, I would drain it with pleasure, So the He - be were thou.  
cause of its . . . birth? Hath the vio - let less brightness For grow - ing near earth?  
mor - tals his . . . line, Beau - ty born of the grac - es, Ranks next to di vine!

\* "Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally, while in the chase, been benighted near Tralee, and was obliged to take shelter at the Abbey of Teal, in the house of one of his dependents, named Mac Cormac. He instantly became enamoured of the host's beautiful daughter, Catherine. He eventually married her, but his followers regarded this step as an unpardonable degradation of himself and family."—*Leland*, Vol. II.

## AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

THOMAS MOORE.

Air, Unknown.

Arranged by SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

*Moderato.*

1. And doth not a meet - ing like  
2. When soft - ened re - mem - bran - ces  
3. And thus, as 'in mem - o - ry's

this make a - mends For all the long years I've been wan-d'ring a - way - To  
come o'er the heart, In gaz - ing on those we've been lost to so long, The  
bark we shall glide To vis - it the scenes of our boy - hood a - new, Though

see thus a - round me my youth's ear - ly friends, As smil - ing and kind as in  
sor - rows, the joys, of which once they were part, Still round them, like vis - ions of  
oft we may see, look - ing down on the tide, The wreck of full ma - ny a

that hap - py day! Though hap - ly o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine, The  
yes - ter - day, throng. As let - ters some hand hath in - vis - i - bly traced, When  
hope shin - ing through - Yet, still, as in fan - cy we point to the flowers That

snow - fall of Time may be steal - ing—what then? Like Alps in the sun - set, thus held to the flame will steal out on the sight, So, ma - ny a feel - ing, that once made a gar - den of all the gay shore, De - ceived for a mo - ment, we'll

light - ed by wine, We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's ro - ses a - gain. long seemed ef - faced, The warmth of a meet - ing like this brings to light. think them still ours, And breathe the fresh air of Life's morn - ing once more.\*

4 So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,  
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;  
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,  
For want of some heart that could echo it, near.  
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is  
gone,  
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,  
For, a smile or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,  
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.†

5 But, come,—the more rare such delights to the heart,  
The more we should welcome and bless them the  
more—  
They're ours when we meet, they are lost when we  
part,  
Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 'tis o'er.  
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,  
Let sympathy pledge us, thro' pleasure, thro' pain,  
That fast as a feeling but touches one link,  
Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

## DRINK OF THIS CUP.

Arr.—"PADDY O'RAFFERTY."

THOMAS MOORE.

Arranged by M. C. J.

*Allegretto.*

*f*

*p*

1. Drink of this cup, you'll find there's a spell in its ev - er - y drop 'gainst the  
2. Nev - er was phil - ter form'd with such pow - er To charm and be - wil - der as  
3. And though, per - haps— but breathe it to no one—Like cal - drons the witch brews at

\* The same thought has been happily expressed by my friend Mr. Washington Irving, in his "Bracebridge Hall."

ills of mor - tal - i - ty - Talk of the cor - dial that spark - led for Hel - en, Her  
 this we are quaff - ing; Its mag - ic be - gan when, in Au - tumn's rich hour, As a  
 mid - night so aw - ful, In se - cret this phil - ter was first taught to flow on, Yet - it

FINE.

cup was a fic - tion, But this is re - al - i - ty. Would you for - get the dark  
 har - vest of gold, in the fields it stood laugh - ing. There having by na - ture's en -  
 is not less po - tent for be - ing un - law - ful. What tho' it may taste of the

world we are in, On - ly taste of the bub - ble that gleams on the top of it;  
 chant - ment been fill'd With the balm and the bloom of her kind - li - est weath - er, This  
 smoke of that flame, Which in si - lence ex - tract - ed its vir - tue for - bid - den Fill

But would you rise a - bove earth, till a - kin To im - mor - tals themselves you must  
 won - der - ful juice from its cores was dis - till'd, To en - liv - en such hearts as  
 up - there's a fire in some hearts I could name, Which may work too its charm, though now

*D.S. al fine and introduction as prelude.*

drain ev - 'ry drop of it!  
 here brought to - geth - er. Then  
 law - less and hid - den. So

*D.S. al fine and introduction as prelude.*

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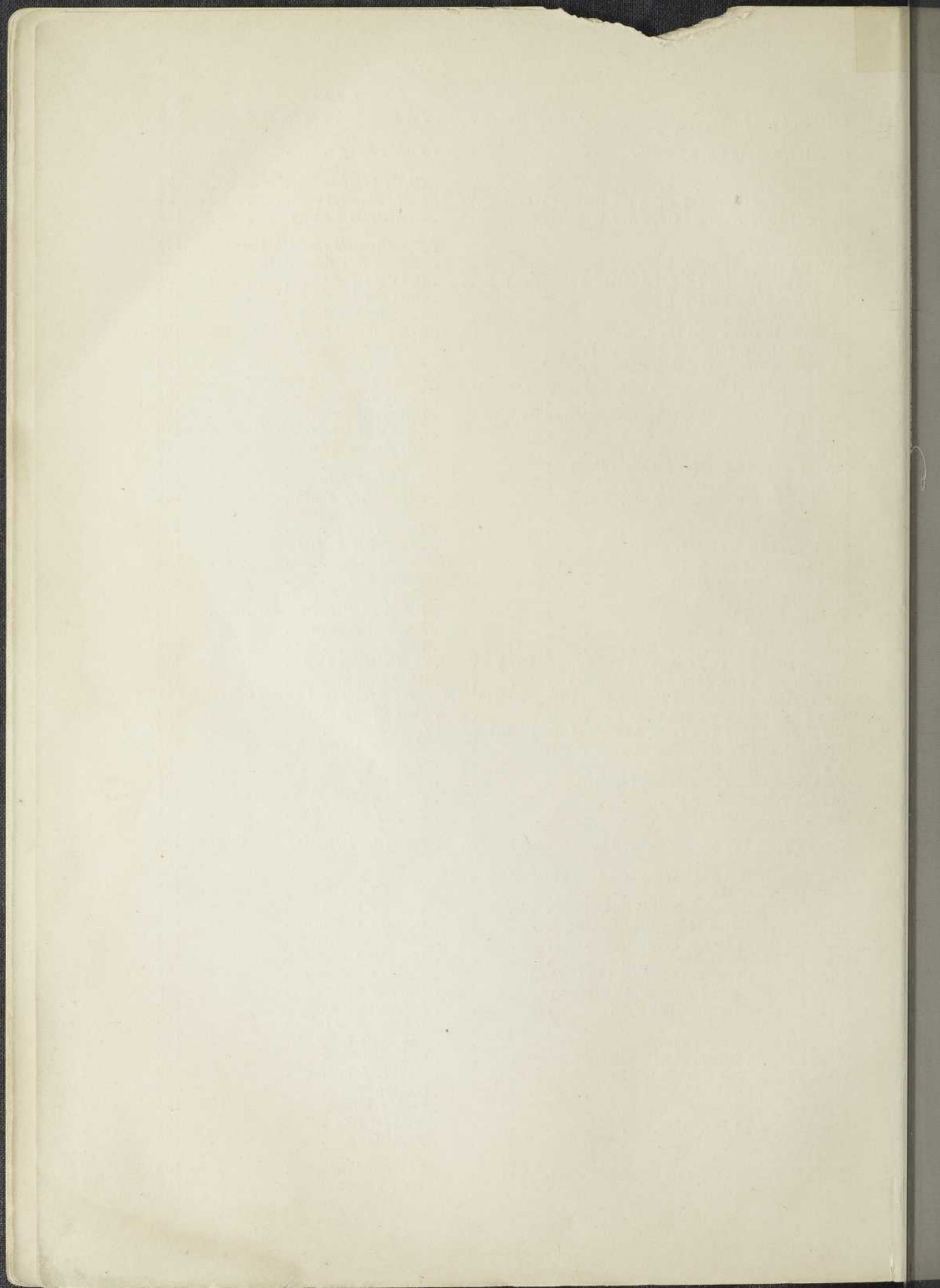
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