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https://archive.org/details/mooresirishmelod02stev





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MOORE'S 1911 IRISH MELODIES

WITH

THE CELEBRATED AND UNSURPASSED

SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

OF

SIR JOHN STEVENSON, Mus. Doc.,

AND

SIR HENRY BISHOP.

Fllustrated by Twenty Original Steel Engrabings.

AFTER W. P. FRITH, R.A., A. ELMORE, R.A. &c.

WITH A BIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS MOORE.

AND

AN ESSAY ON THE MUSIC OF IRELAND.

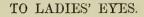
" Cold, cold, must the heart be, And void of emotion That loves not the music Of Erin-go-bragh! '

THE LONDON PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON; AND A. W. GITTENS, NEW YORK.

Brown Collection Sewall Sept. 10, 1934 2 vols. E Y. 2

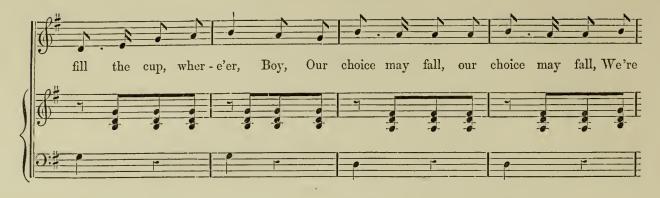
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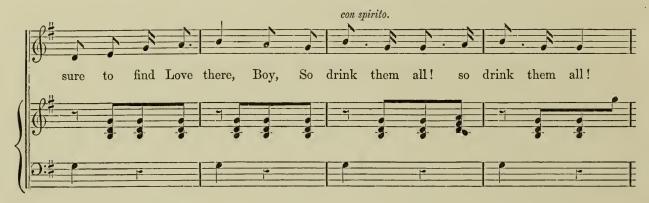
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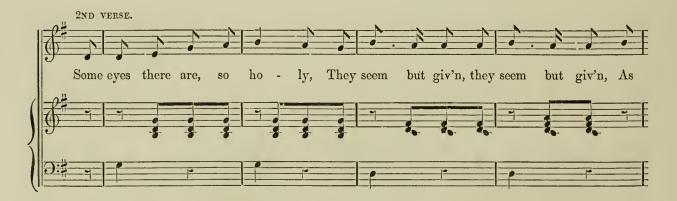
TO LADIES' EYES.









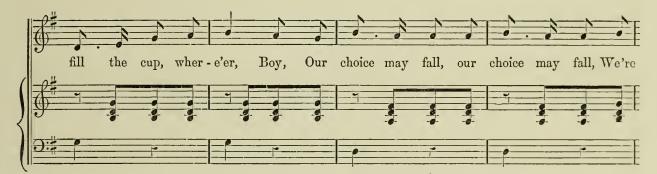


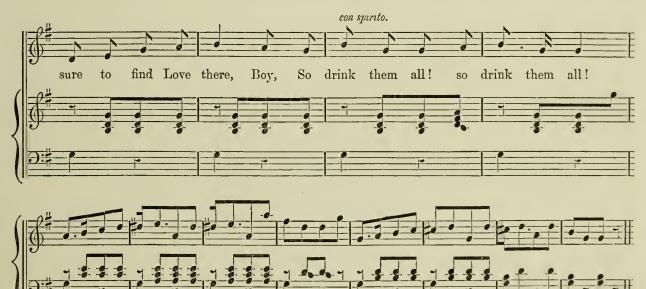


TO LADIES' EYES.





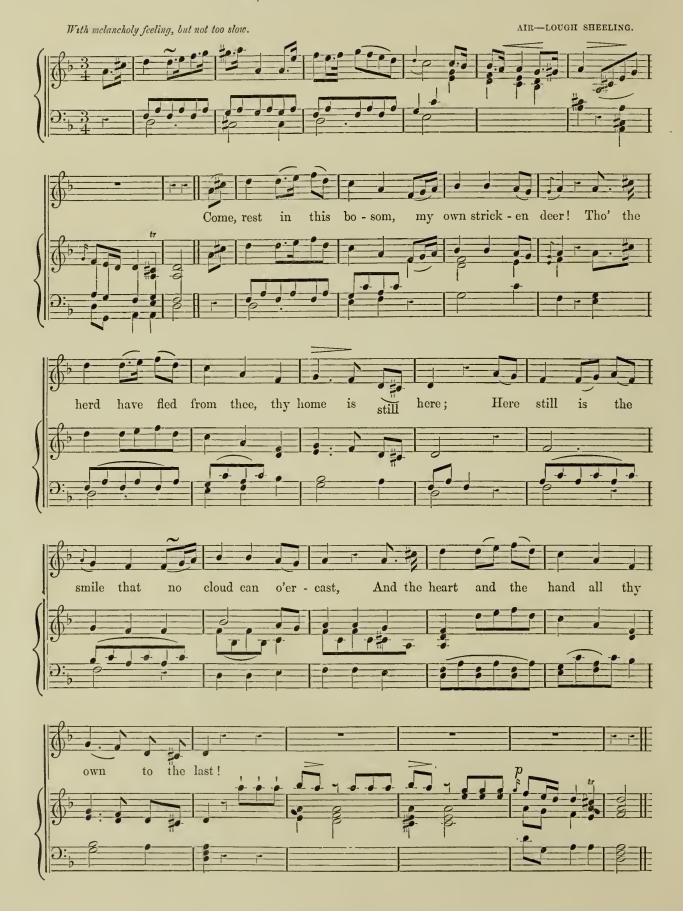




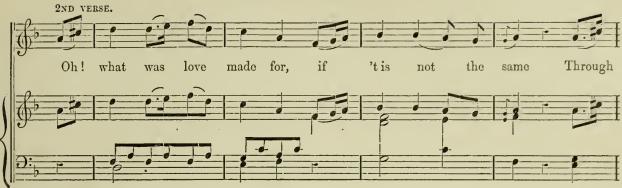
In some, as in a mirror,

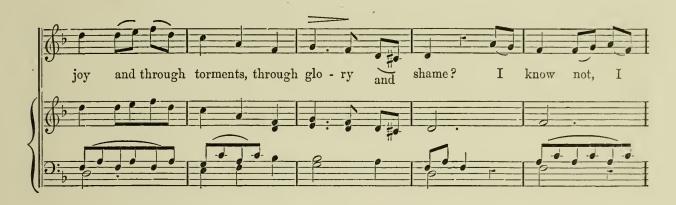
Love seems portray'd, Love seems portray'd, But shun the flattering error, 'T is but his shade, 't is but his shade. Himself has fix'd his dwelling In eyes we know, in eyes we know, And lips—but this is telling, So here they go! so here they go! Fill up, fill up, &c.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.



COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.



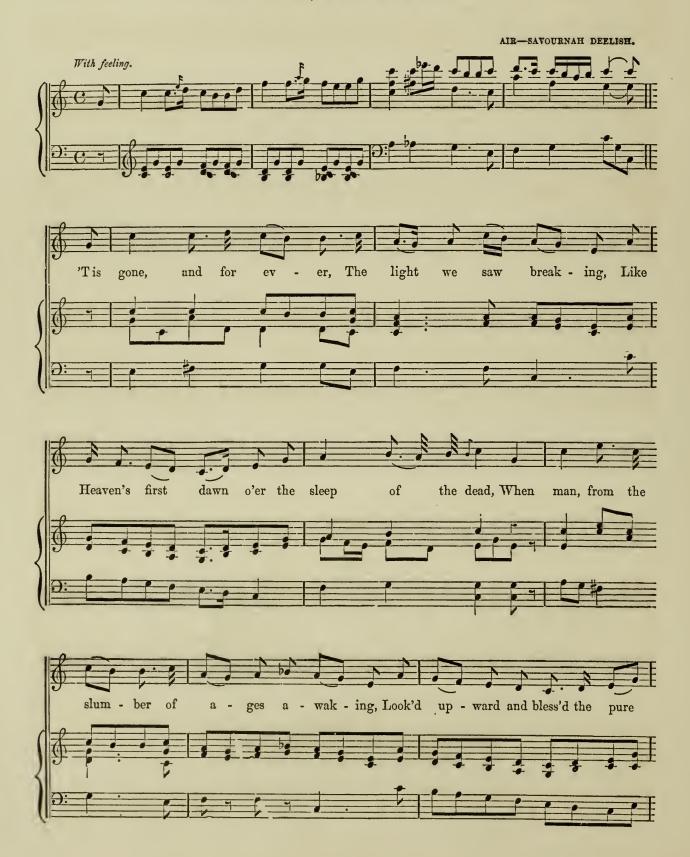




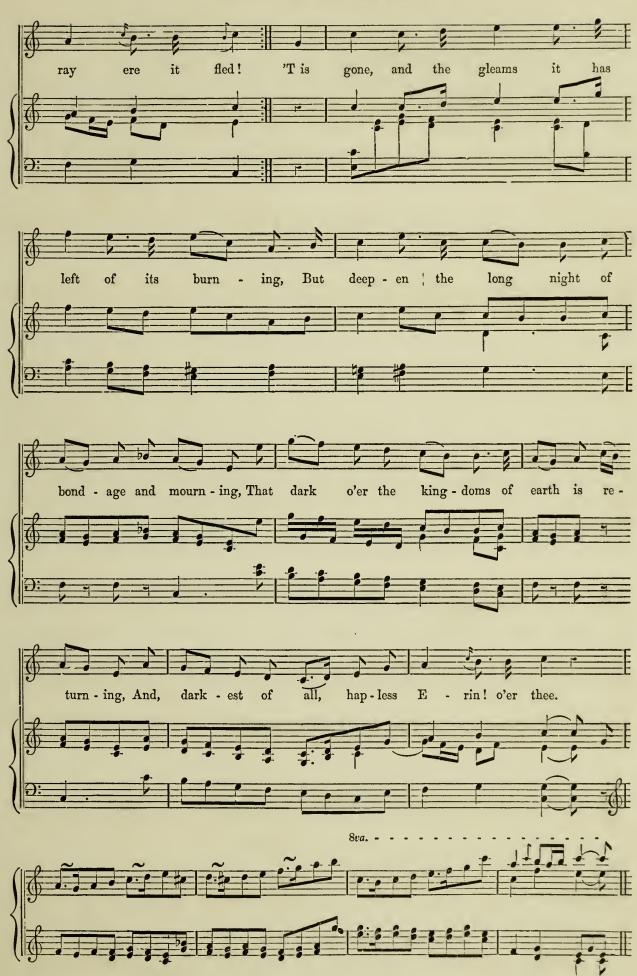


Thou hast called me thy Angel, in moments of bliss,— Still thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this, Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue, And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too

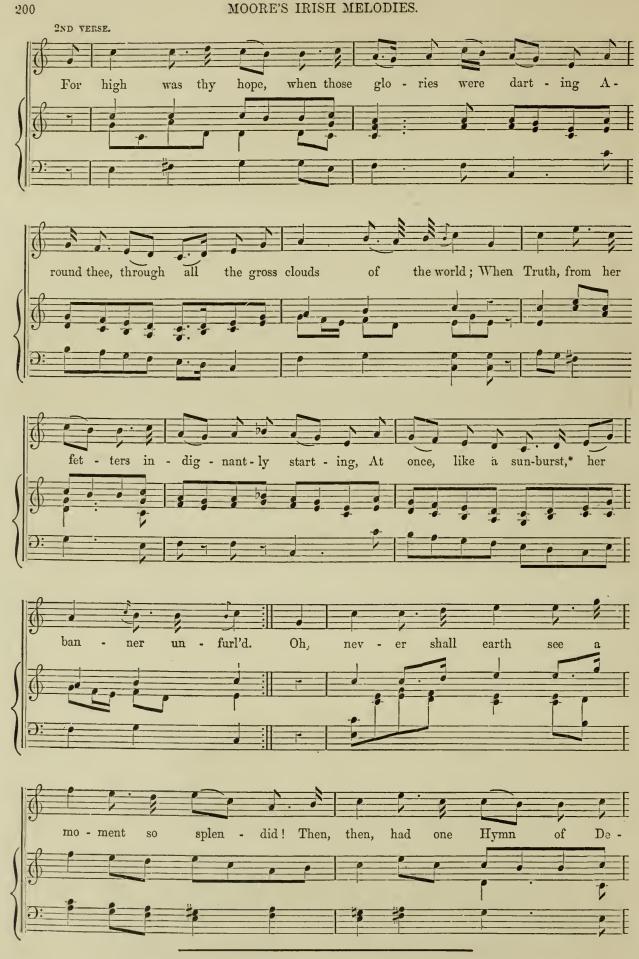
TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.



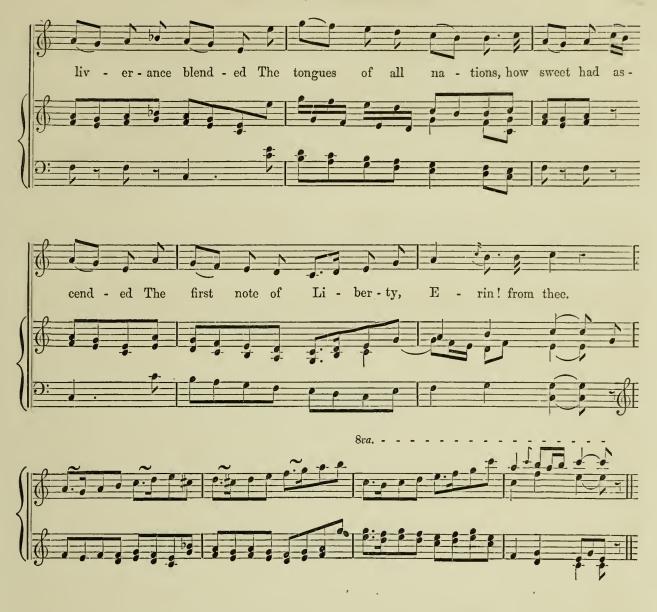
'T IS GONE, AND FOR EVER.



MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.



• "The Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the Royal Banner.

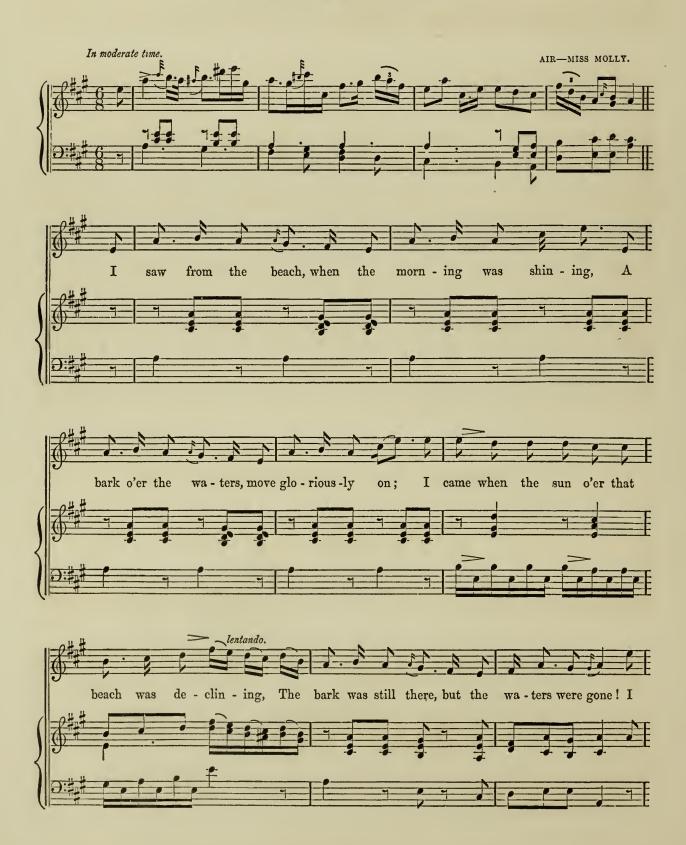


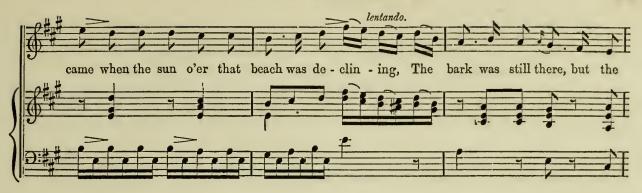
But shame on those tyrants, who envied the blessing ! And shame on the light race, unworthy its good, Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies caressing

The young hope of Freedom, baptized it in blood. Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision, Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision, Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian,

As first it arose, my lost Erin! on thee.

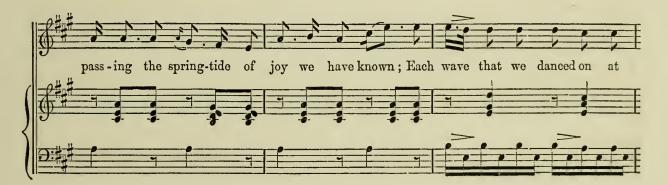
I SAW FROM THE BEACH.











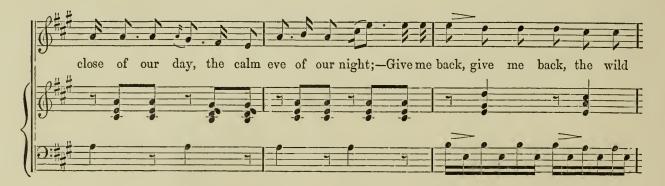


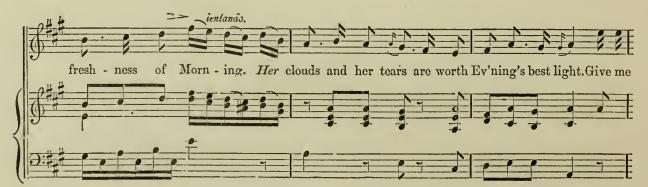
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

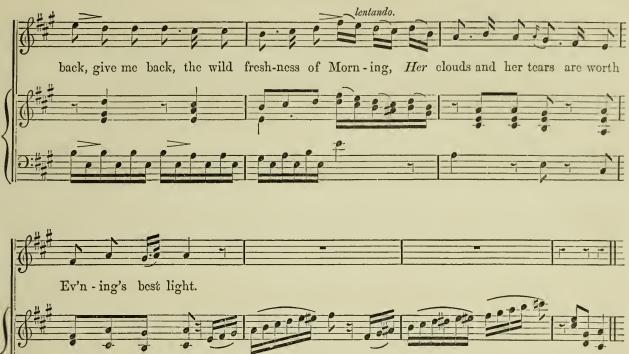














Oh! who would not welcome that moment's returning,

When passion first waked a new life through his frame,

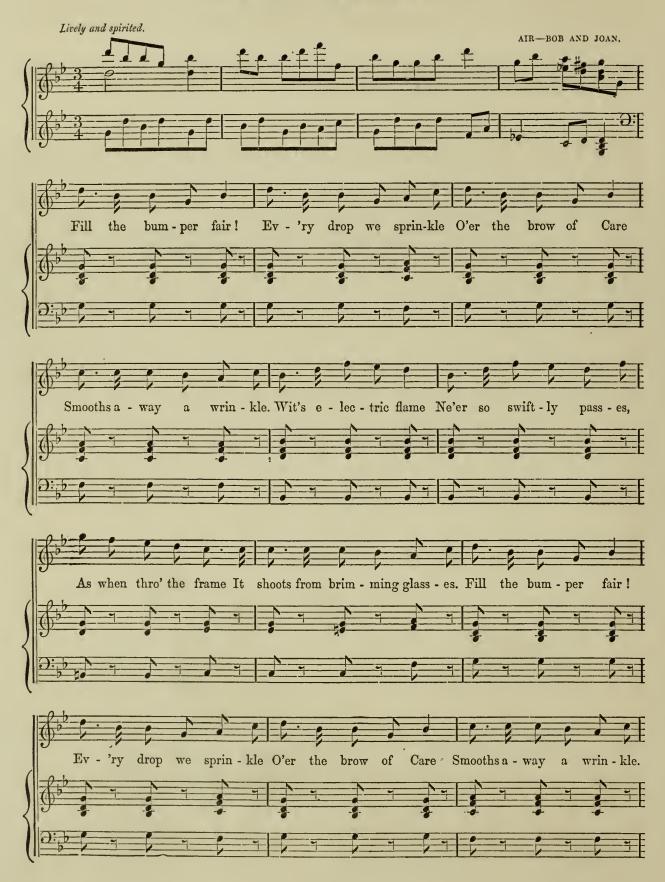
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,

Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

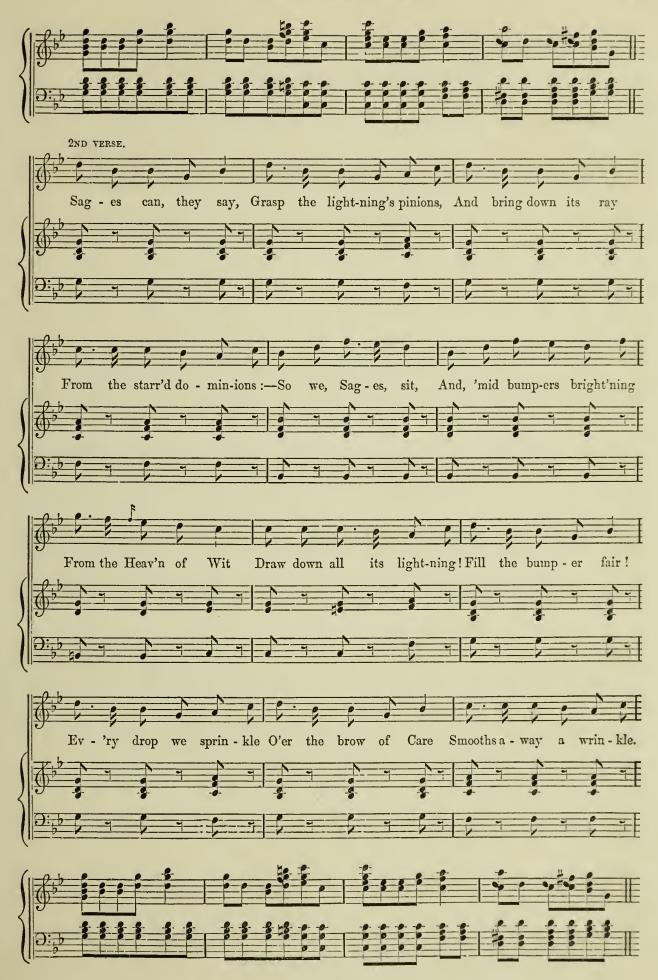
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MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

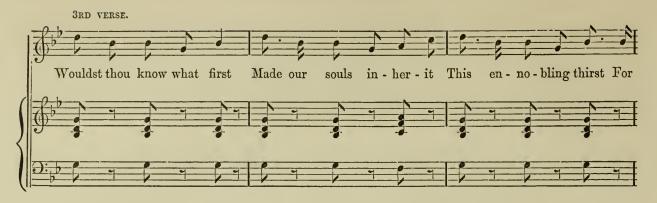
FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

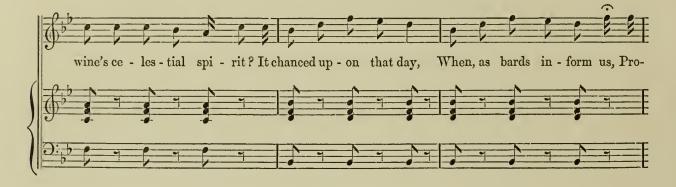


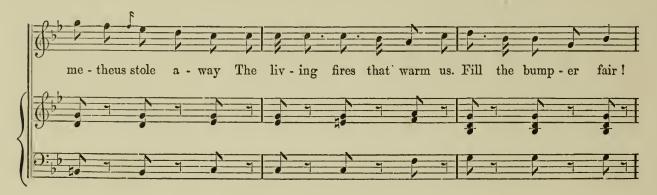
FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.



MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.



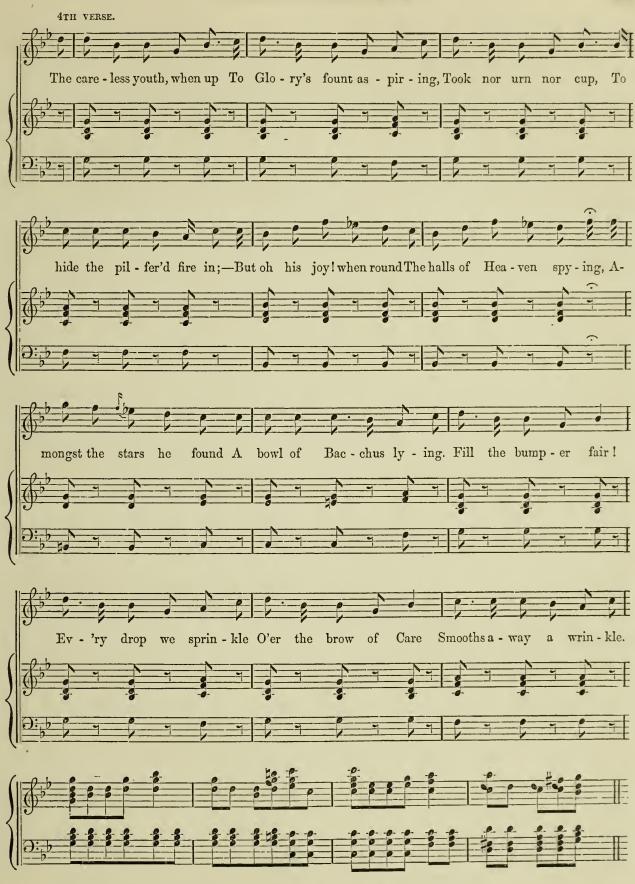






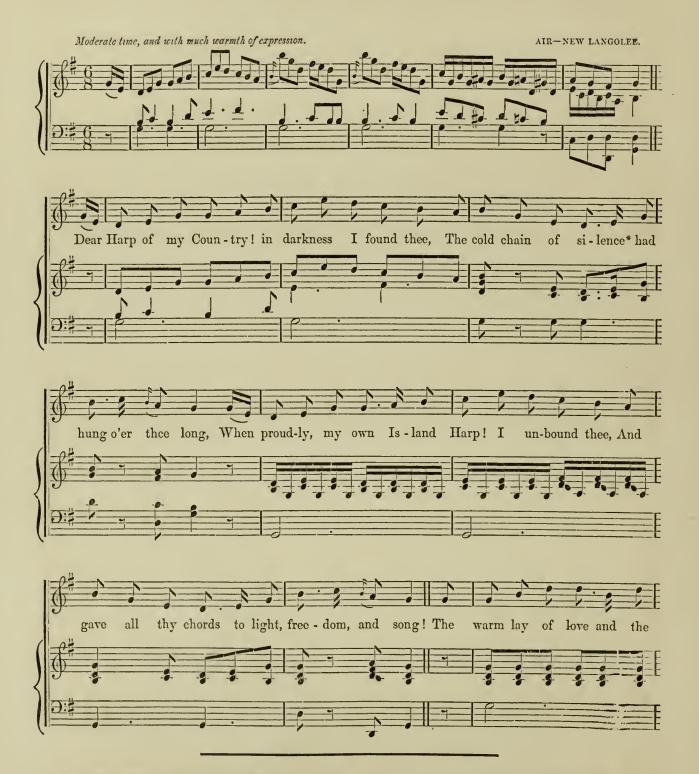


FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.



Some drops were in the bowl, Remains of last night's pleasure, With which the Sparks of Soul Mix'd their burning treasure! Hence the goblet's shower Hath such spells to win us-Hence its mighty power O'er that Flame within us. Fill the bumper fair! &c:

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

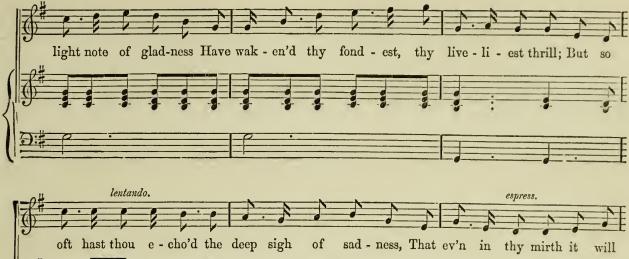


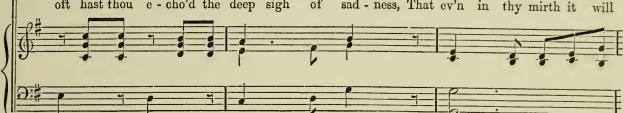
• In that rebellious but beautiful song—" When Erin first rose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line :---

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

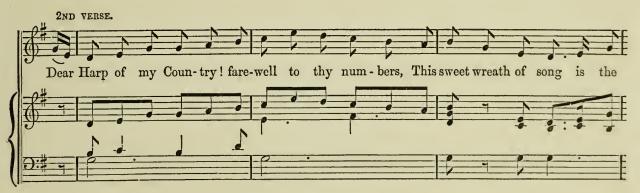
The Chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for

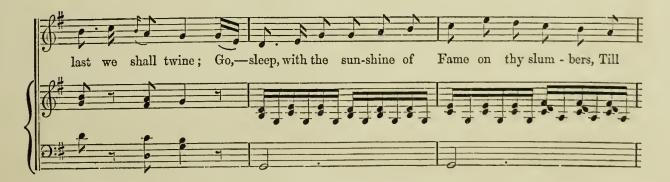
precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhaim, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the Chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the Ode to Gaul, the son of Morni, in Miss Brook's *Reliques of Irish Poetry*.

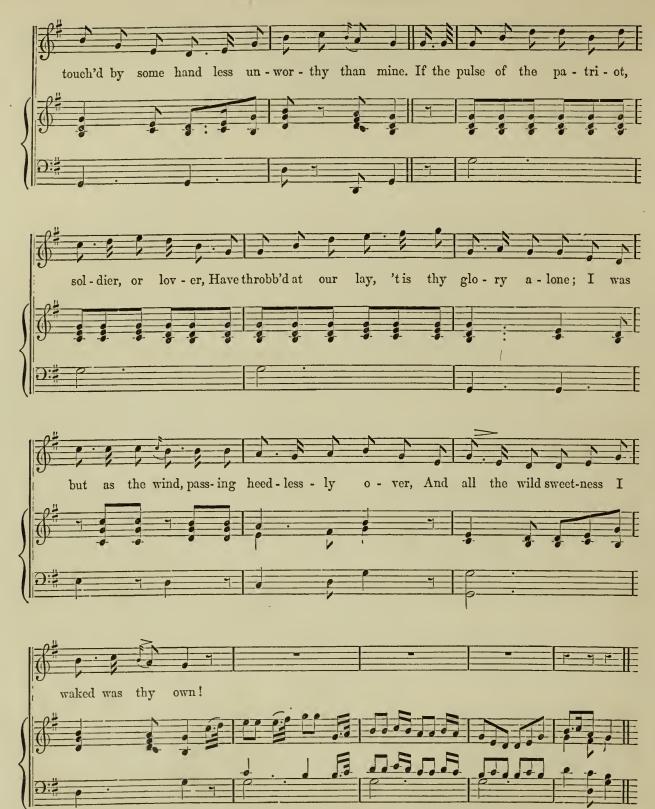




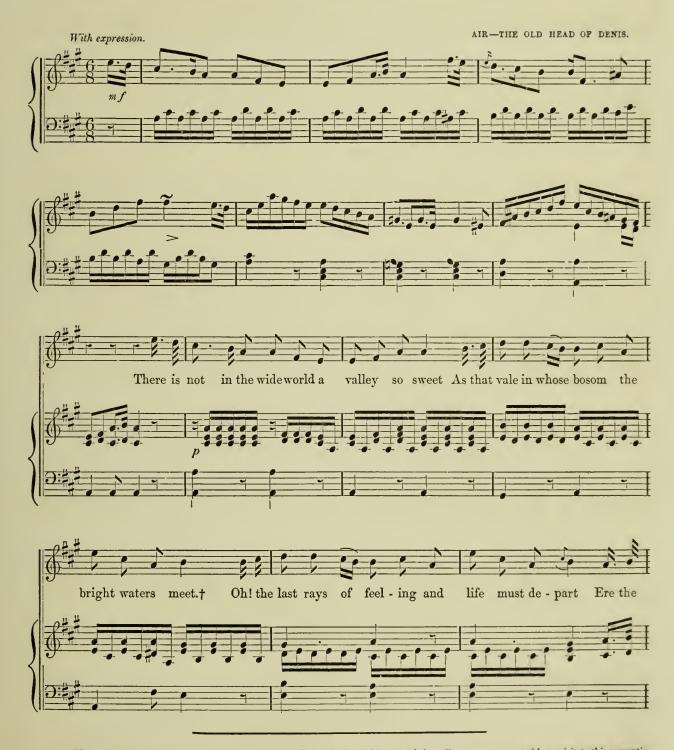








THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.*

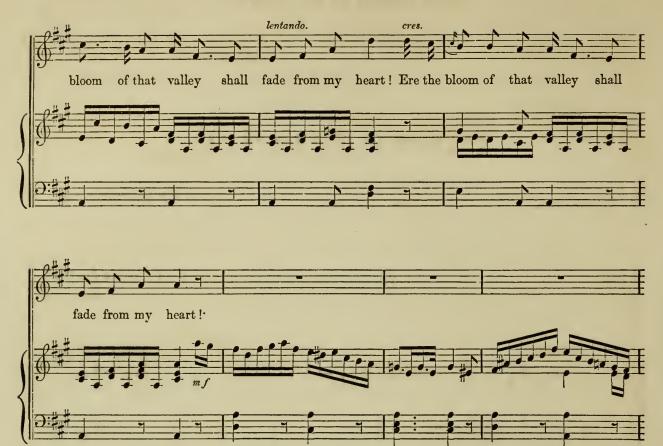


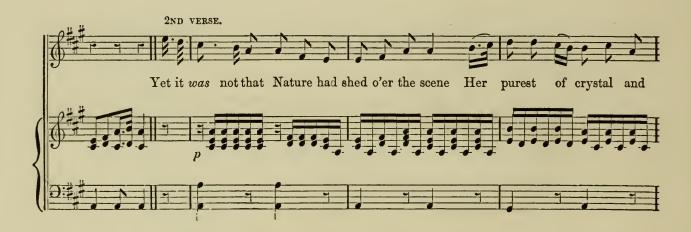
scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of spot in the summer of the year 1807.

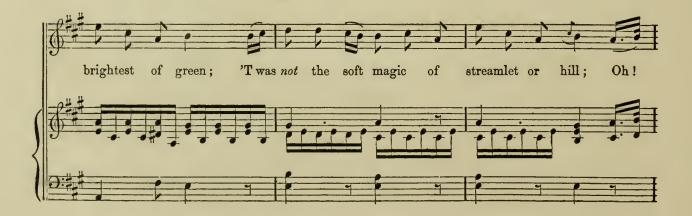
• "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful | Wicklow; and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic

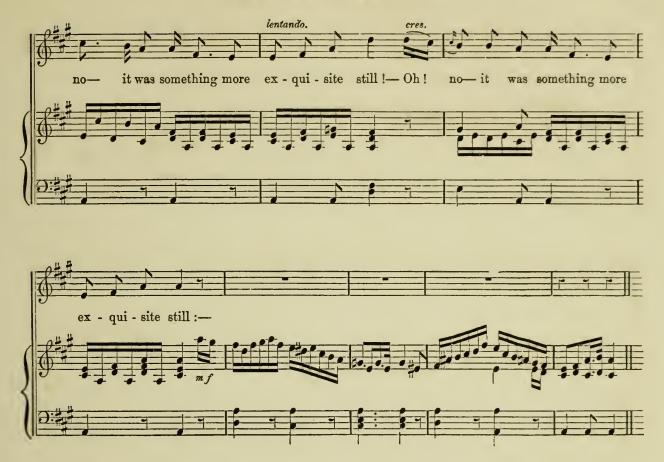
+ The rivers Avon and Avoca.

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III.

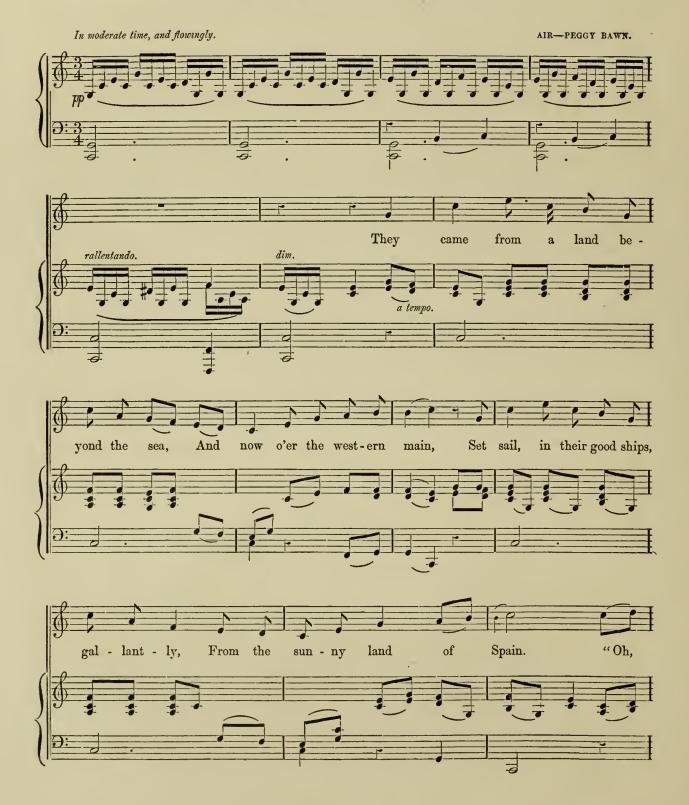
"T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near, Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear; And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

IV.

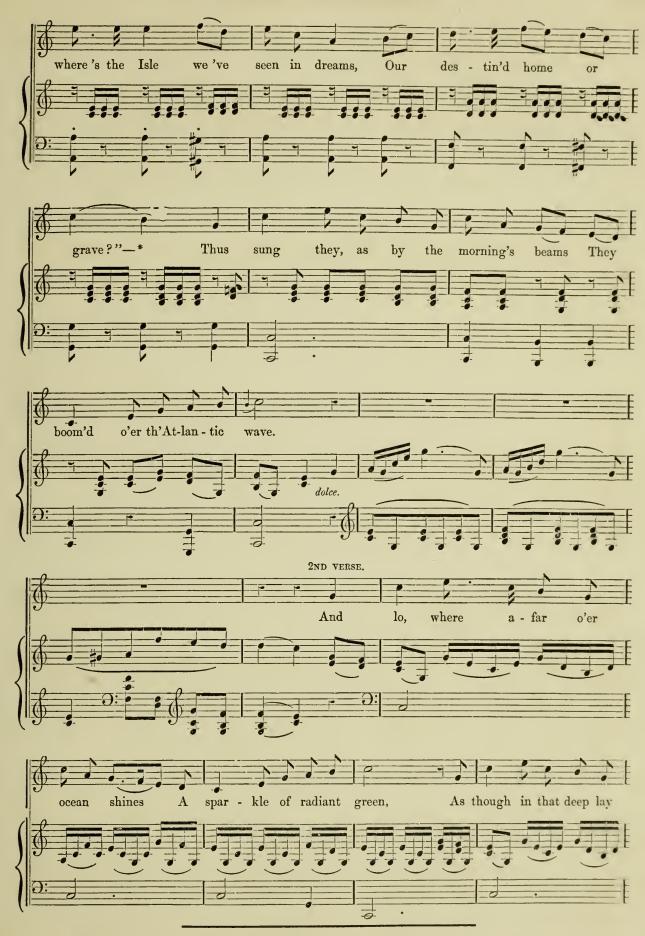
Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best, Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease, And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace !

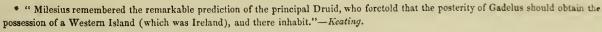
SONG OF INNISFAIL.

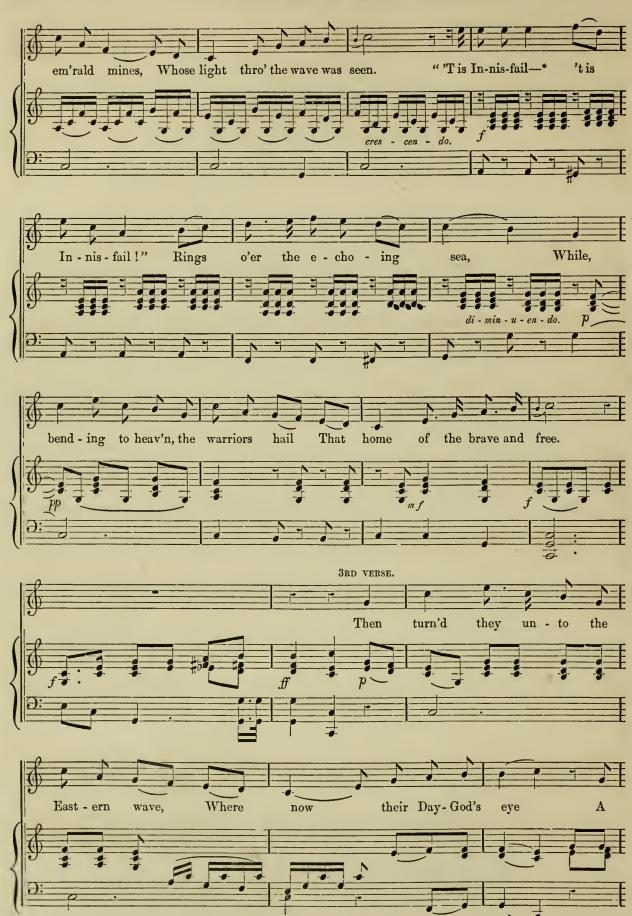
THEY CAME FROM A LAND BEYOND THE SEA.



THEY CAME FROM A LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

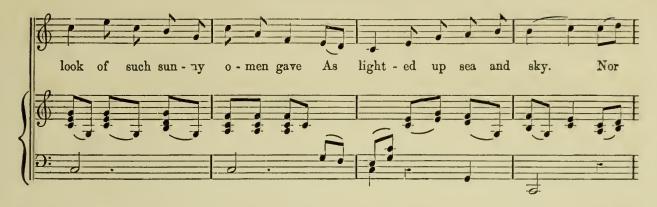






* The Island of Destiny, one of the ancient names of Ireland.

THEY CAME FROM A LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

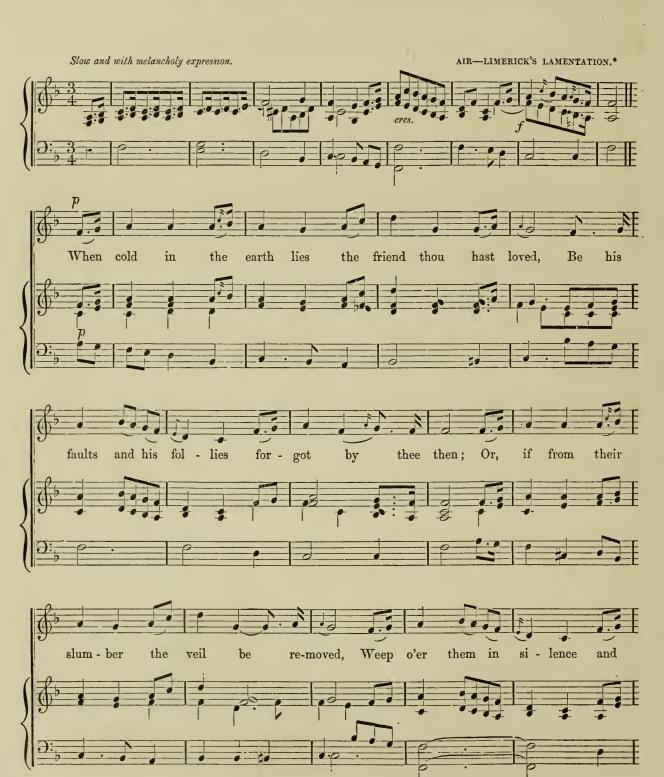








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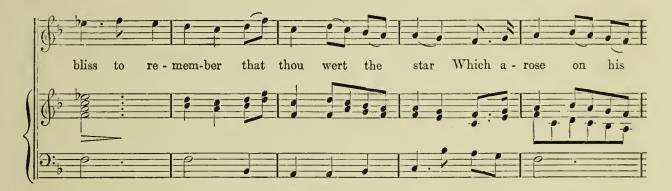
WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

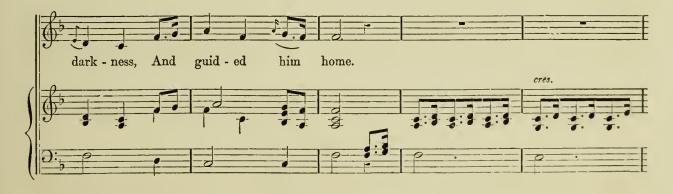
• Our right to this fine Air (the "Lochaber" of the Scotch) will, I fear, be disputed; but, as it has been long connected with Irish words, and is confidently claimed for us by Mr. Bunting and others, I thought I should not be authorized in leaving it out of this collection.

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

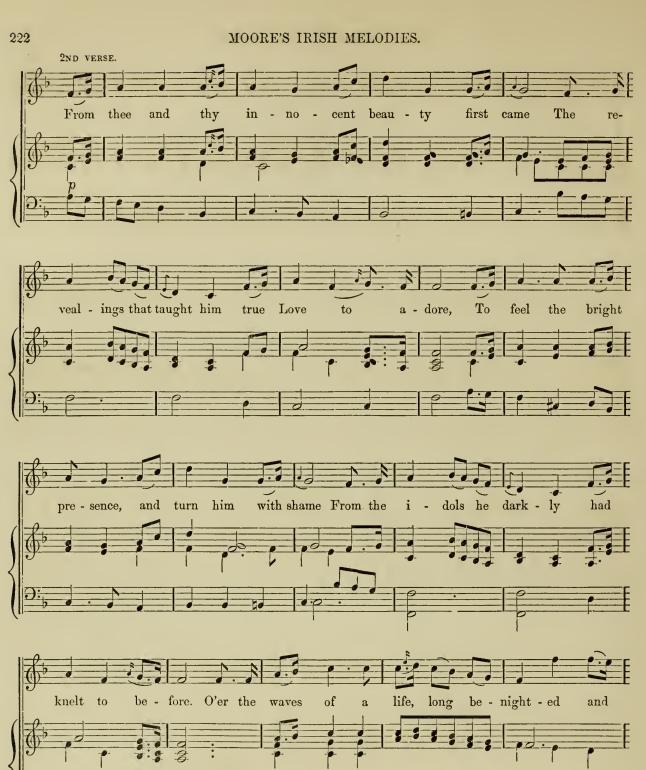




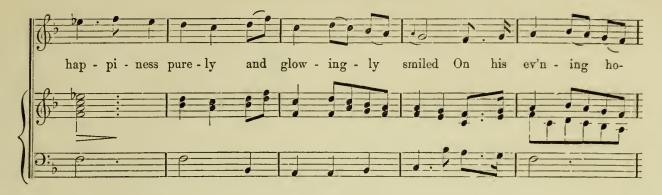


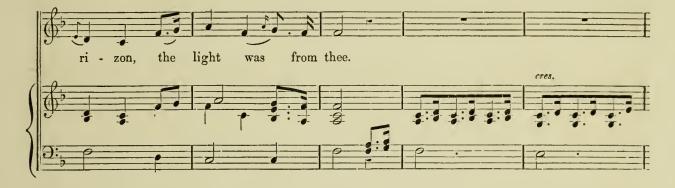














And though sometimes the shade of past folly would rise, And though falsehood again would allure him to stray,

He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,

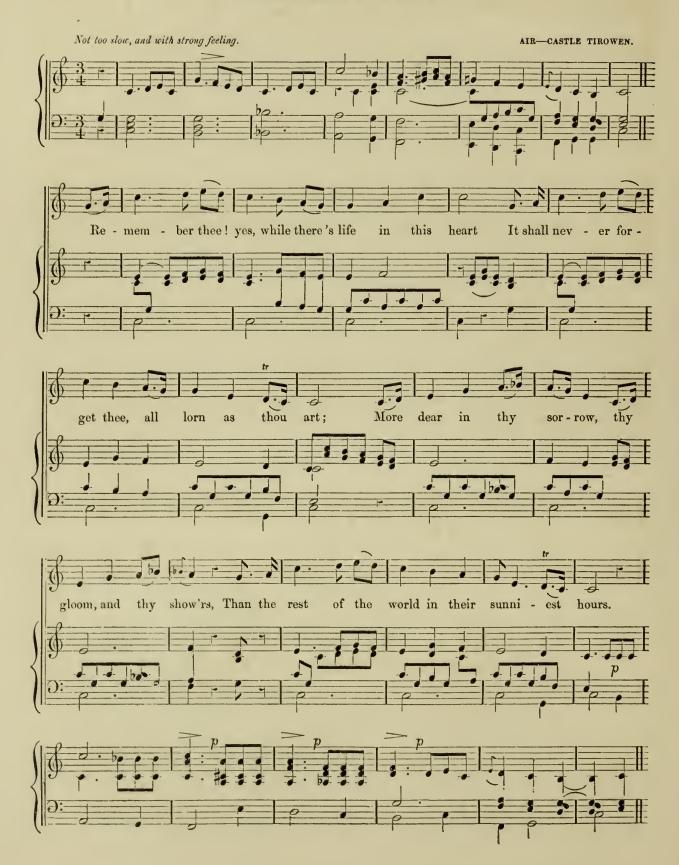
And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away.

As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,

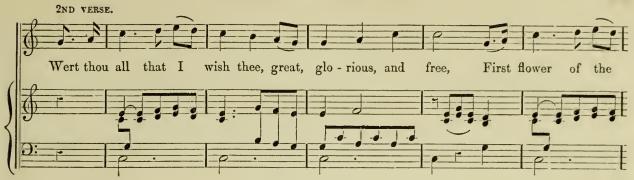
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair, So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,

He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there !

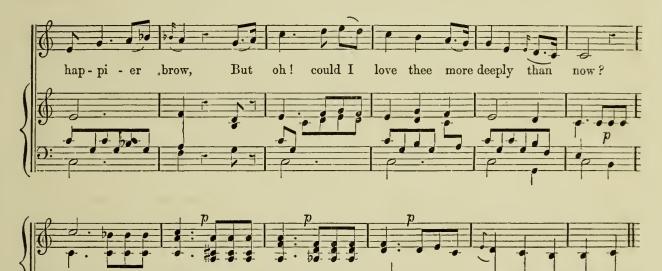
REMEMBER THEE!



REMEMBER THEE!





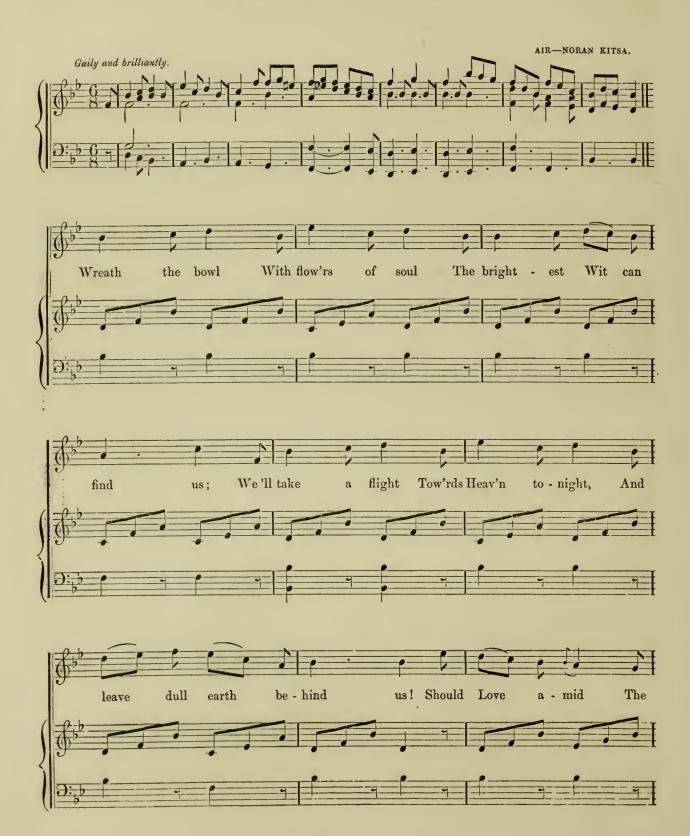


No, thy chains as they torture thy blood as it runs, But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons— Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest, Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast ! 4

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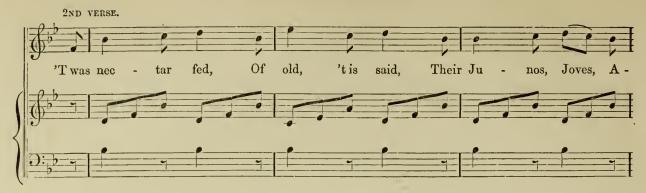
WREATH THE BOWL.



WREATH THE BOWL.



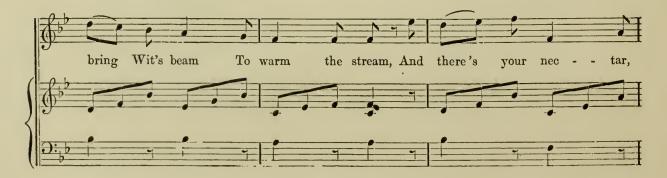
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.





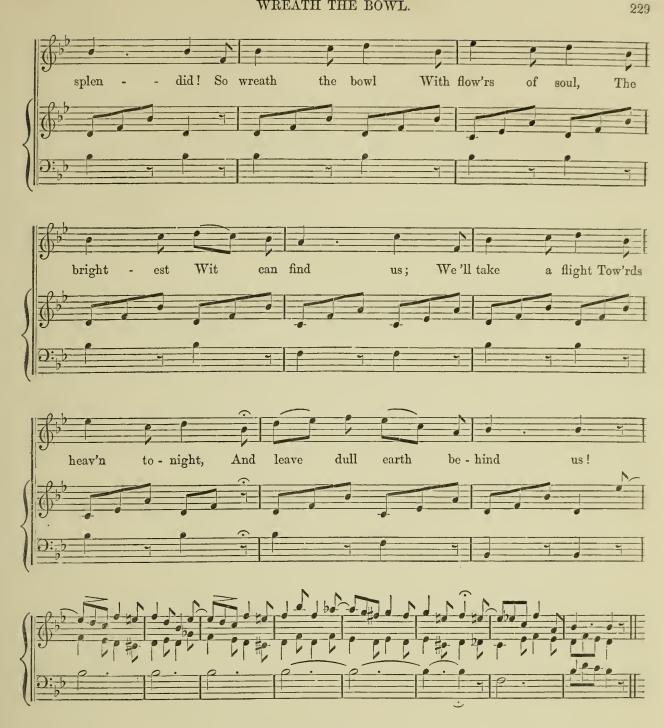








WREATH THE BOWL.

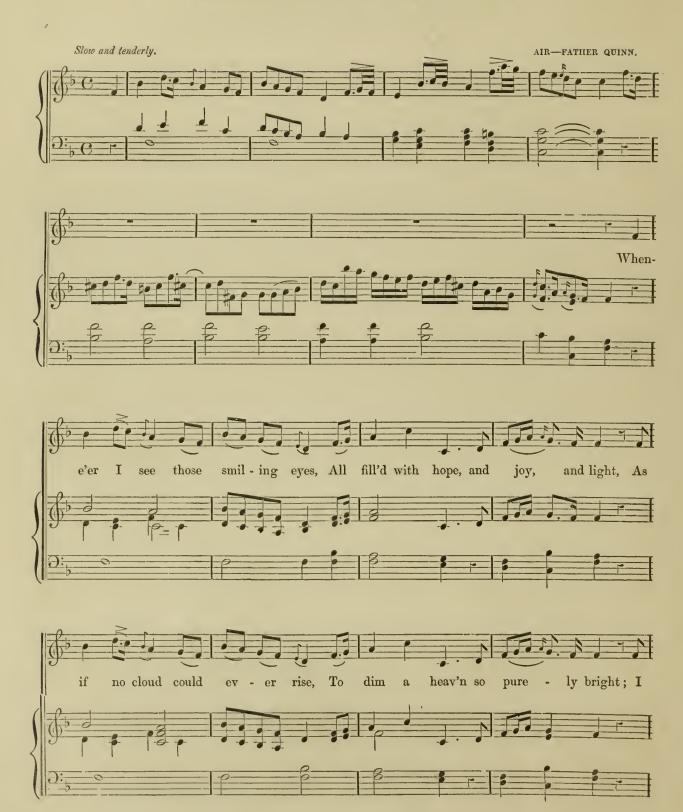


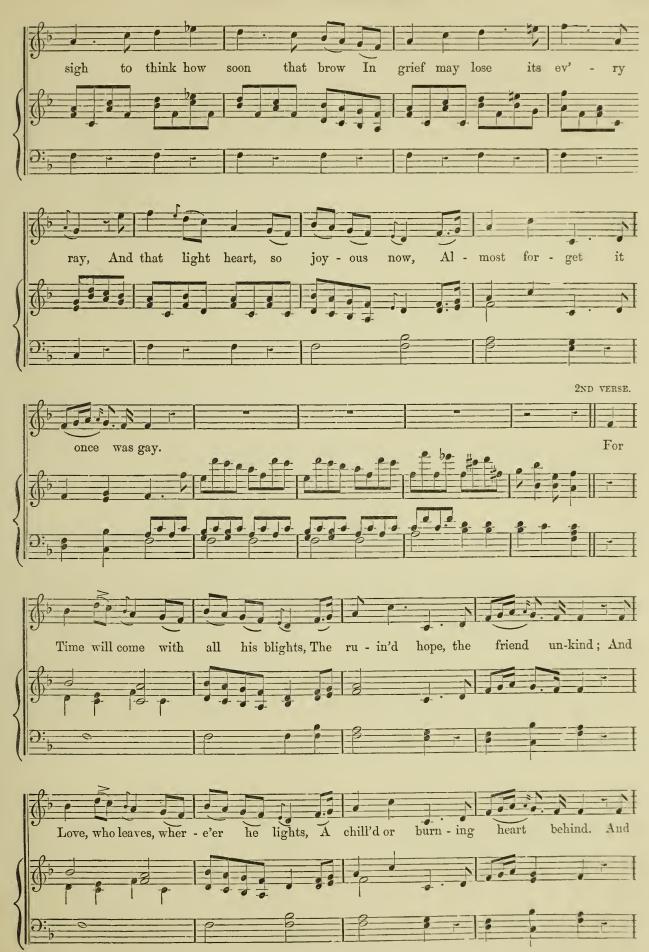
Say, why did Time His glass sublime Fill up with sands unsightly, When wine, he knew, Runs brisker through, And sparkles far more brightly. Oh, lend it us, And, smiling thus, The glass in two we'd sever, Make pleasure glide In double tide, And fill both ends for ever! Then, wreath the bowl, &c.

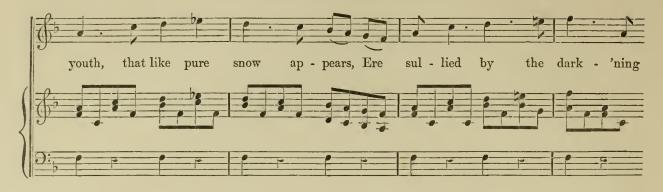
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WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.



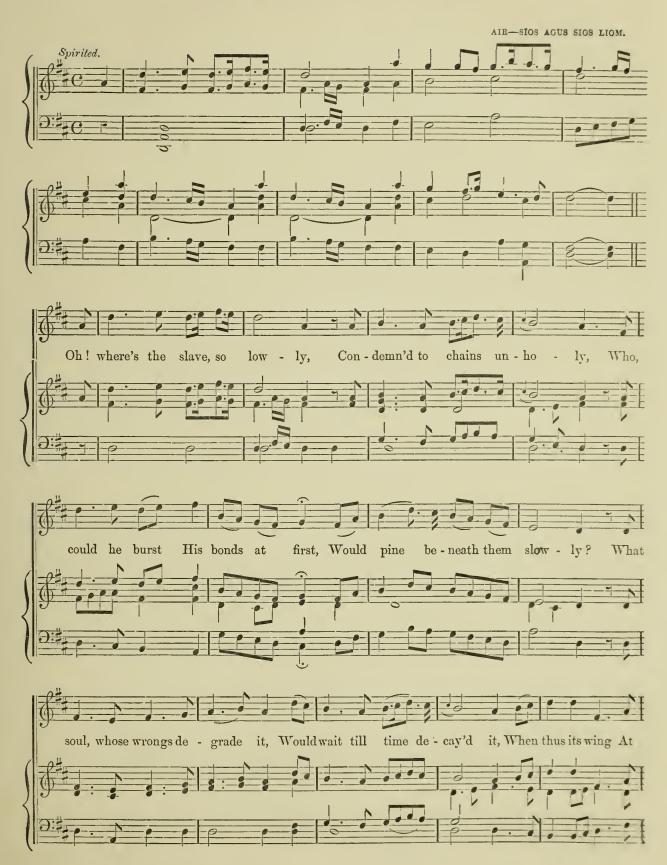




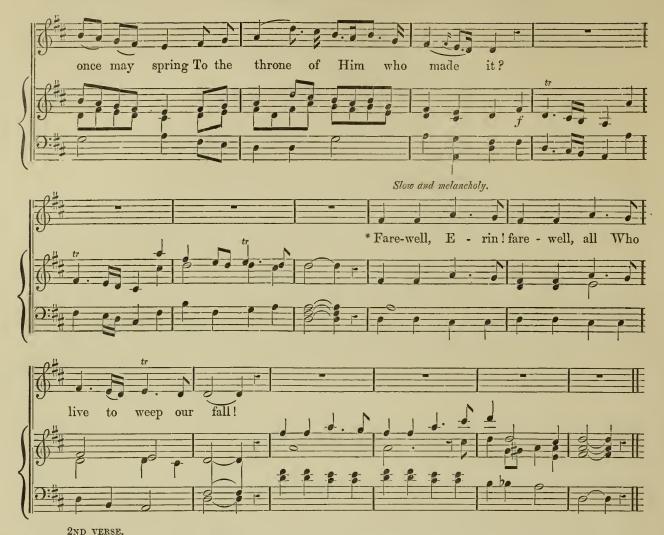


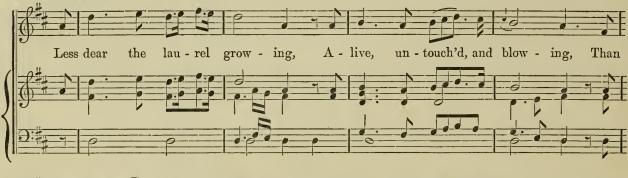


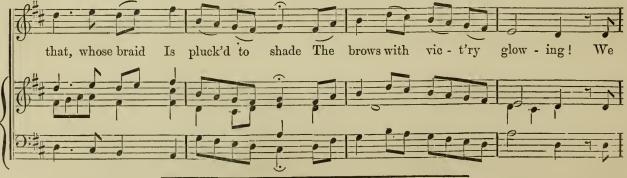
OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE.



MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES





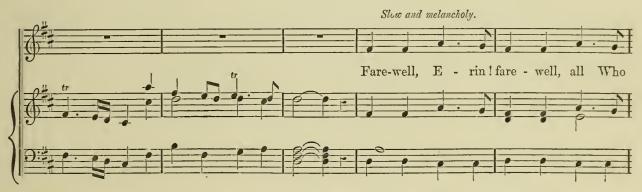


* The few bars which I have here taken the liberty of connecting with this spirited Air, form one of those melancholy strains of our Music, which are called *Dumps*. I found it in a collection entitled "The Hibernian Muse," and we are told in the Essay prefixed to

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."

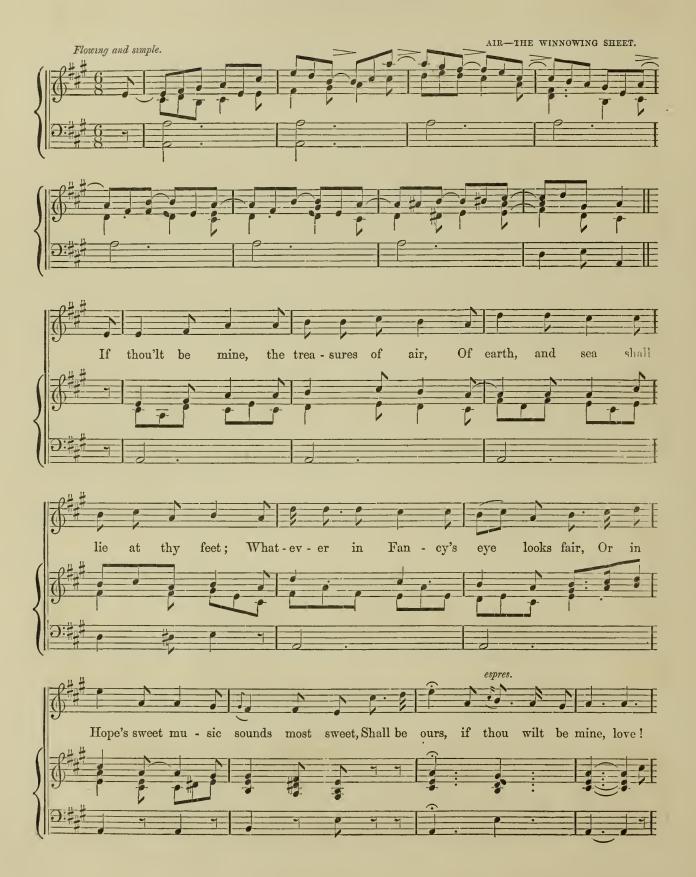








IF THOU'LT BE MINE.





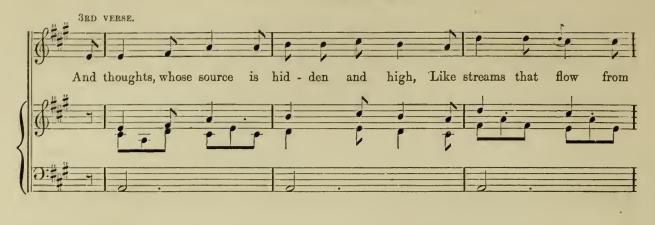




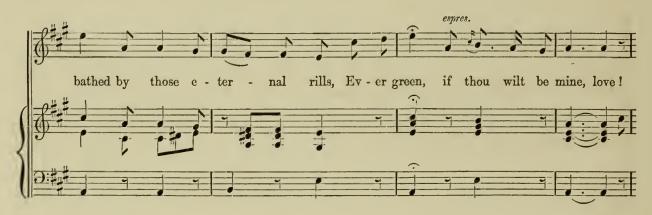




MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.









All this and more the Spirit of Love

Can breathe o'er them, who feel his spells;

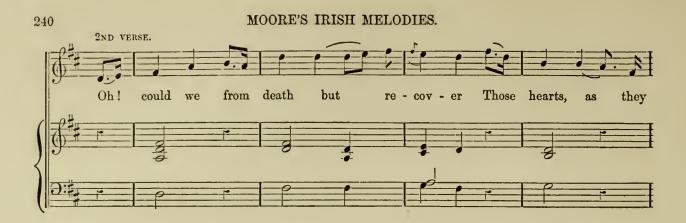
That heaven, which forms his home, above,

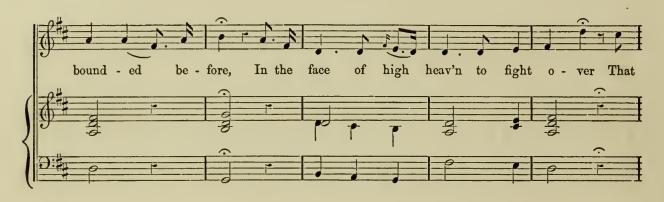
He can make, on earth, wherever he dwells,

As thou 'lt own, if thou wilt be mine, love '

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.





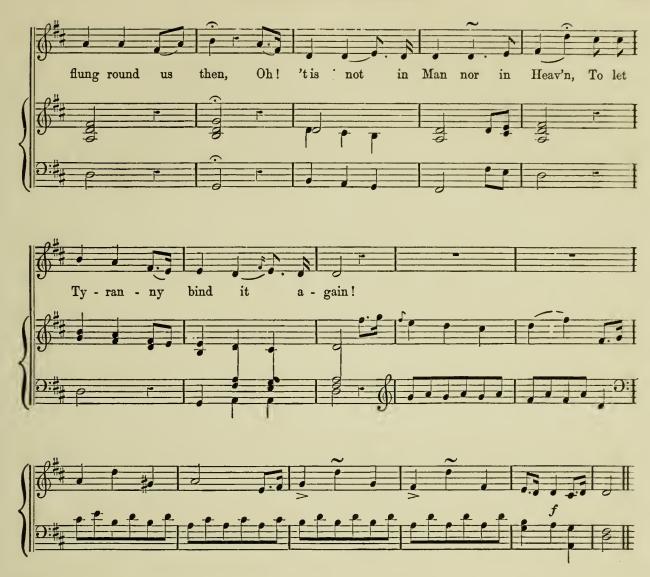








FORGET NOT THE FIELD.



ıv.

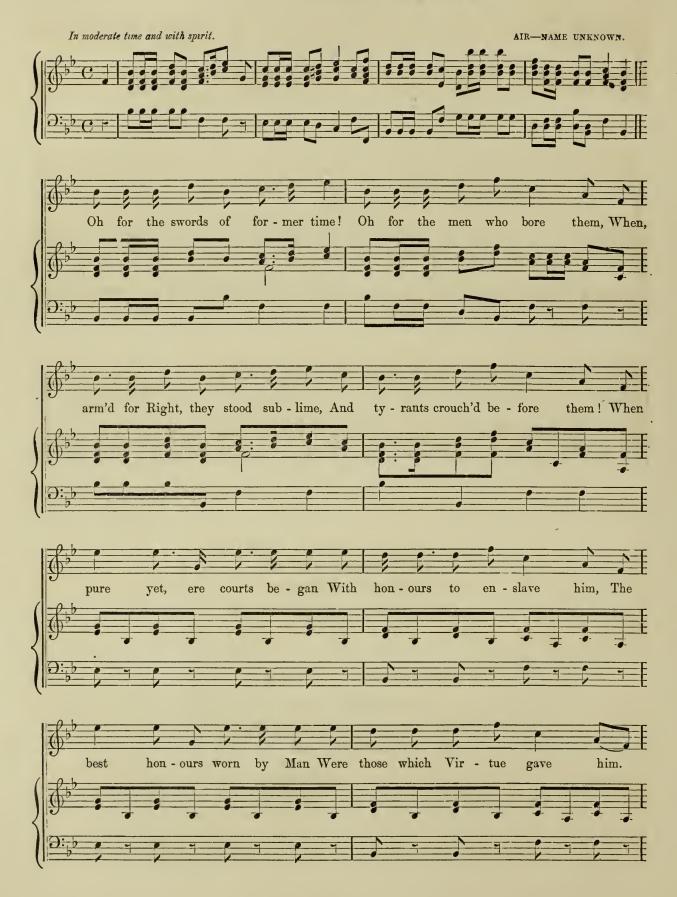
But 't is past—and though blazon'd in story The name of our Victor may be, Accurst is the march of that glory Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

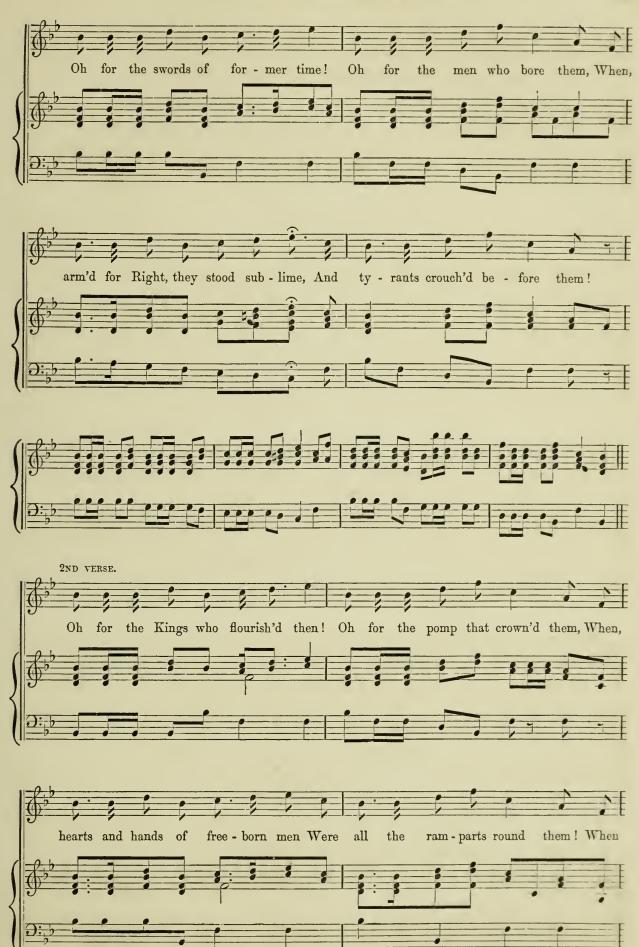
v.

Far dearer the grave or the prison, Illumed by one patriot name, Than the trophies of all who have risen On Liberty's ruins to fame !

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

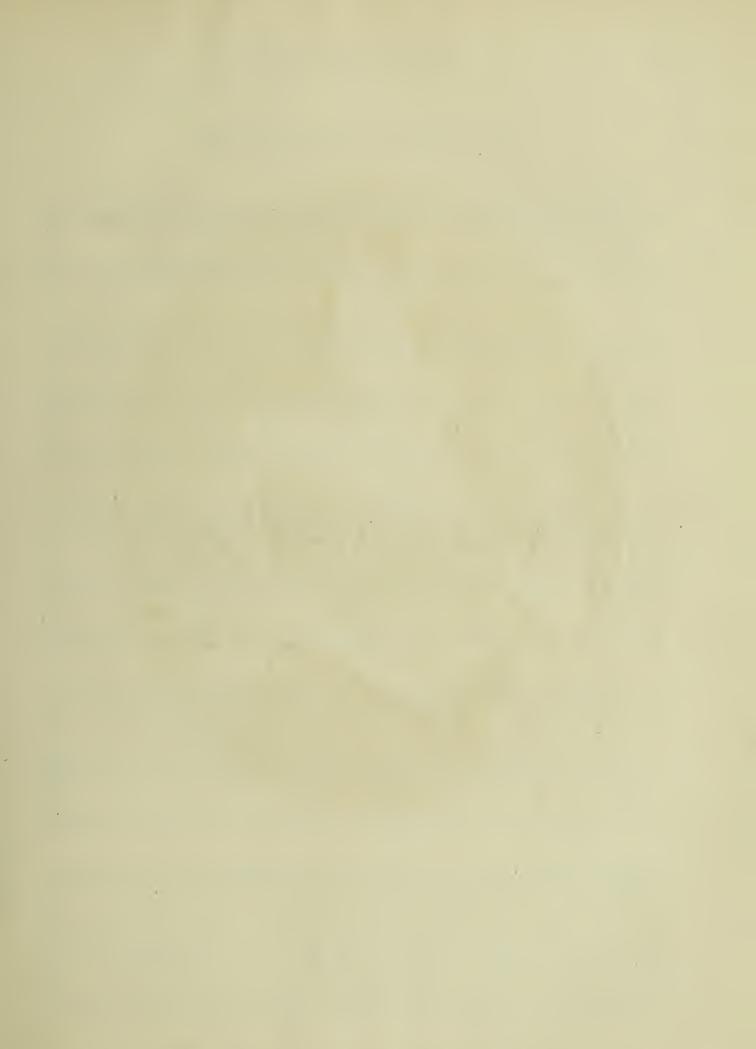




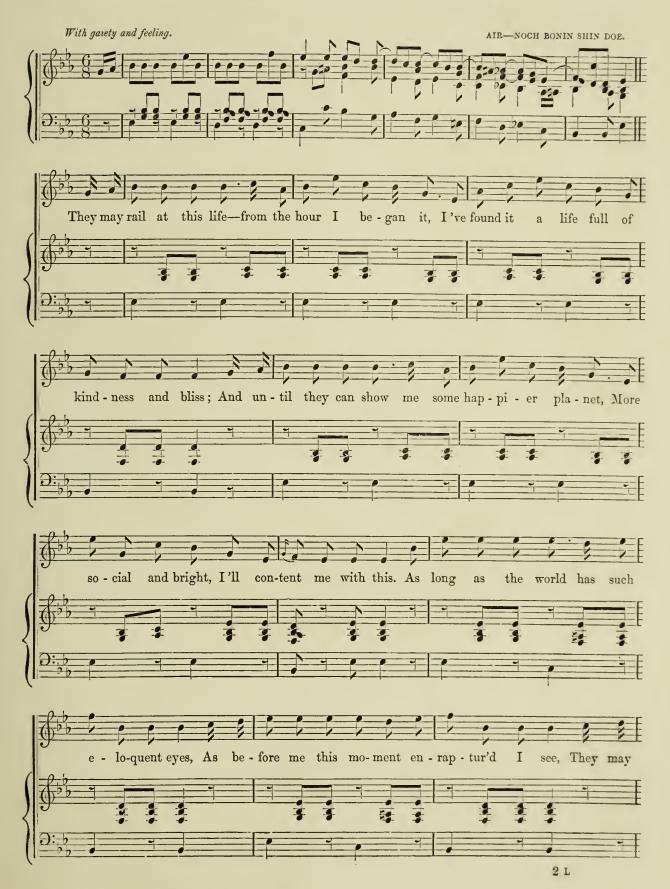


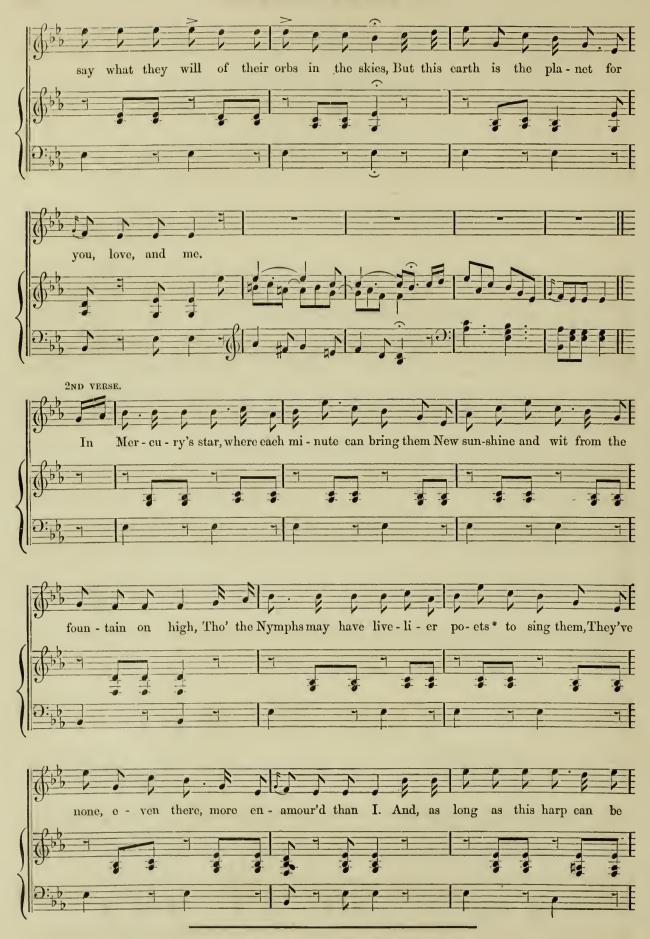
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THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.





• Tous les habitans de Mercure sont vifs .- Pluralité des Mondes







111.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour, At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew, There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender, And look, in their twilights,* as lovely as you.

But, though they were even more bright than the queen

Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea, As I never these fair young celestials have seen,

Why,—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

IV.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation, Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,

Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,

Heaven knows, we have plenty on earth we could spare.

Oh think what a world we should have of it here,

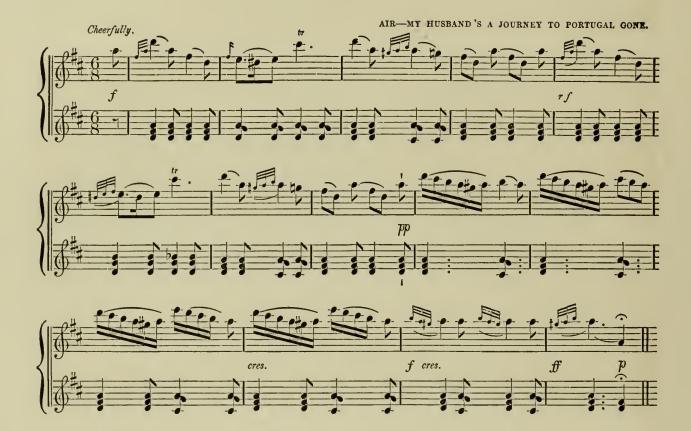
If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,

Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,

And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

• La Terre pourra être pour Vénus l'étoile du berger et la mère des amours, comme Vénus l'est pour nous.-13.

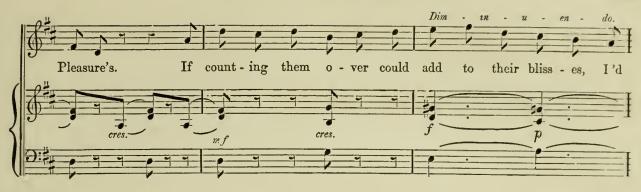
NE'ER ASK THE HOUR



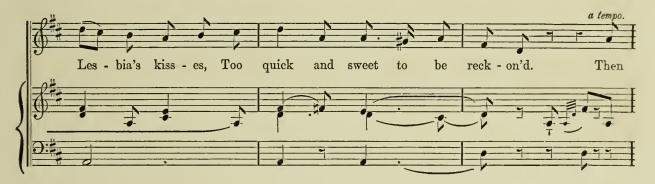


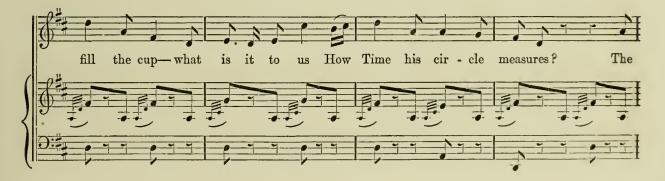


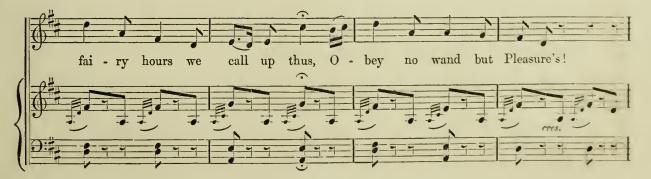
NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.





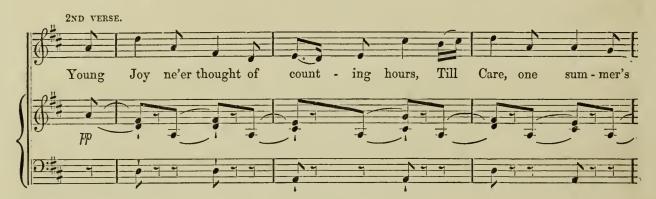






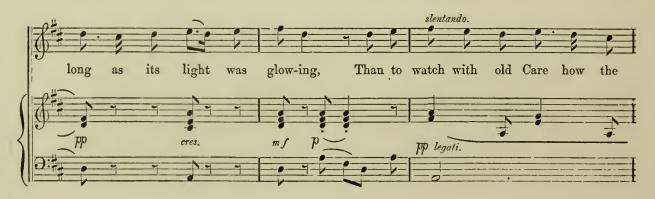
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.







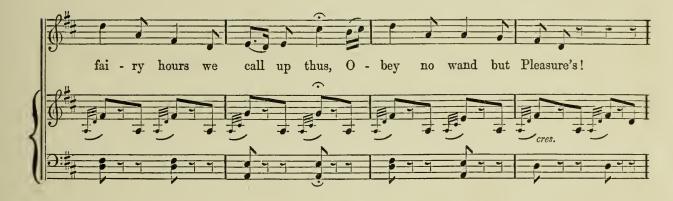




NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

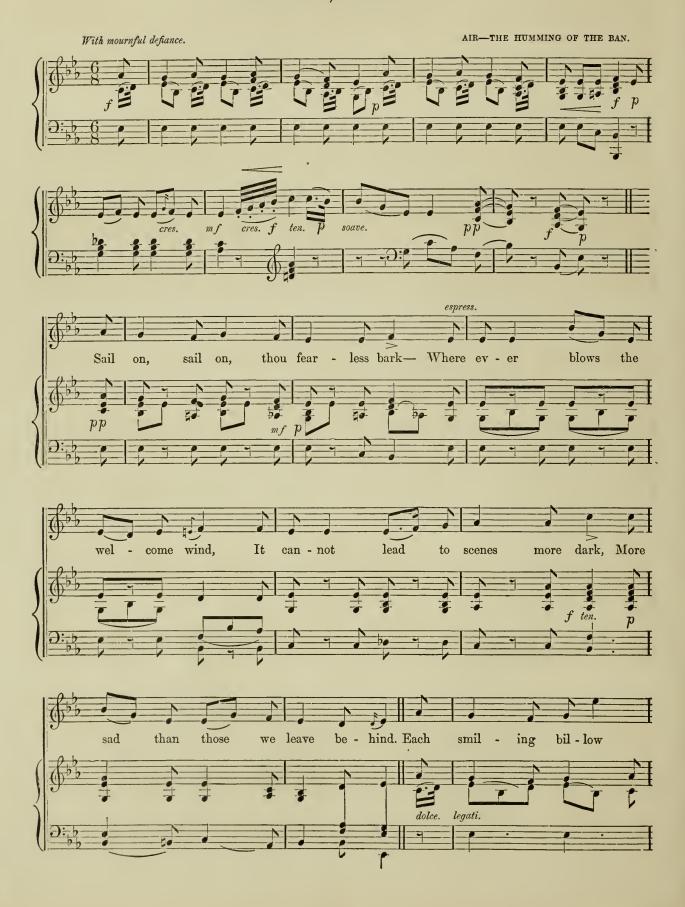


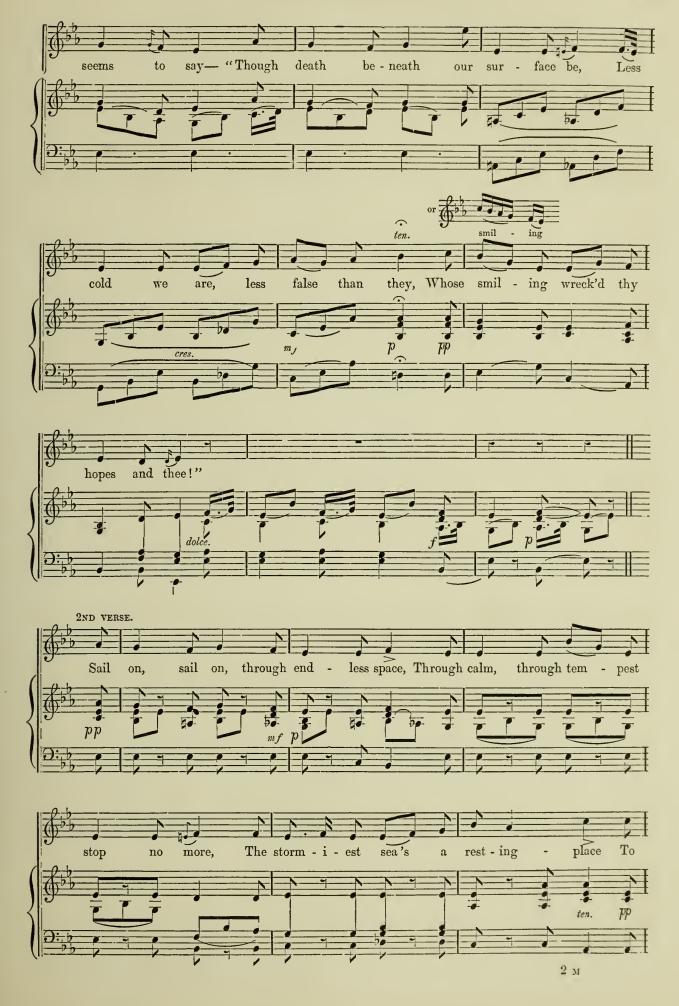


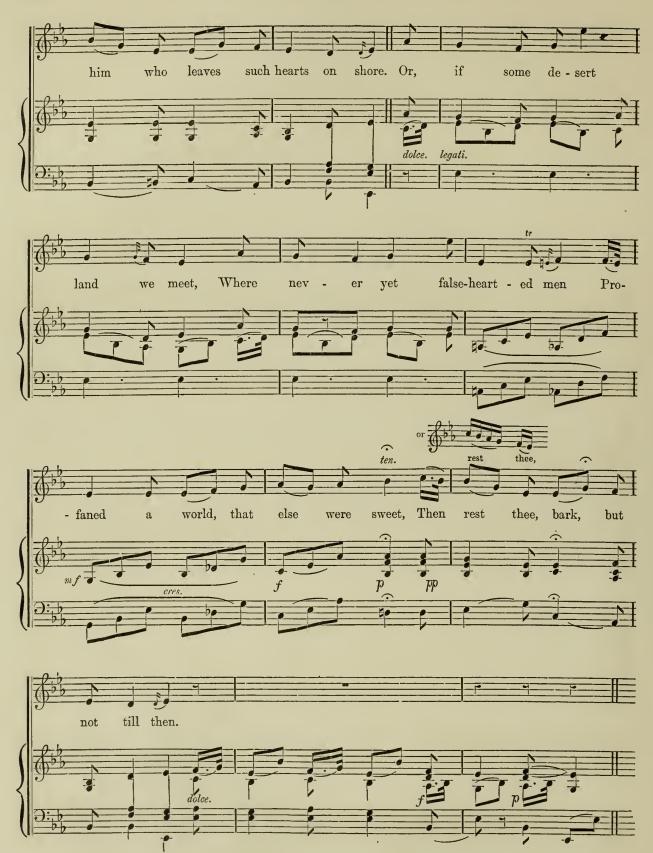




SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

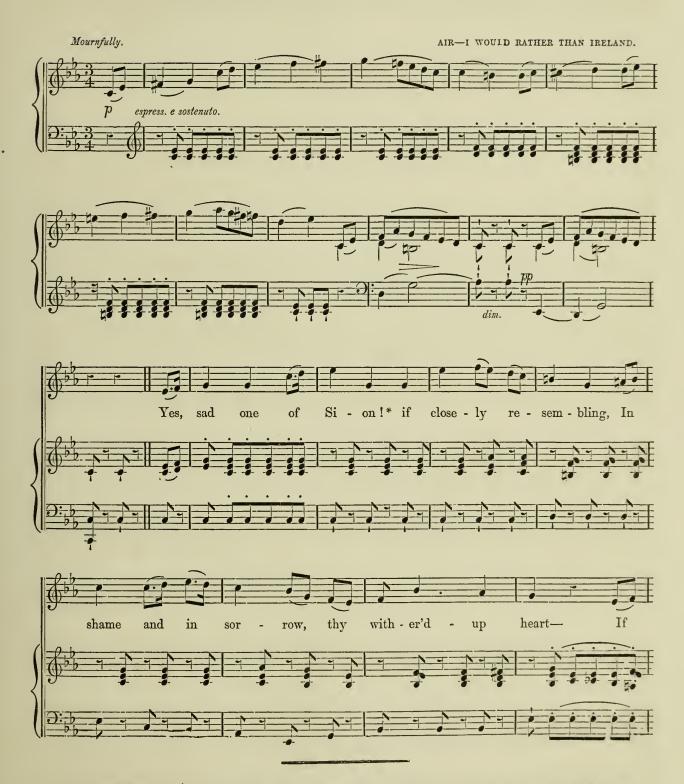






THE PARALLEL.

YES, SAD ONE OF ZION! IF CLOSELY RESEMBLING.



• These verses were written after the perusa, of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews.





ш.

Like thine doth her exile, mid dreams of returning,

Die far from the home it were life to behold;

Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,

Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old !

IV.

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 !

v.

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 slavery and sorrow, Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

vı.

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.

VII.

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.

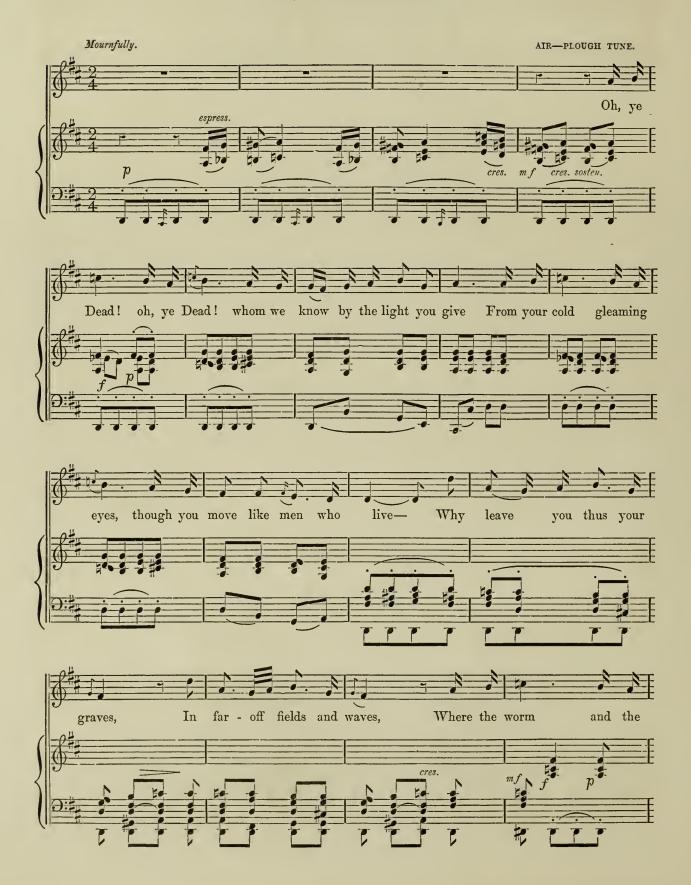
§ "Thy pomp is brought down to the grave ... and the worms cover thee."—Id. xiv. 11.

^{* &}quot; Her sun is gone down while it was yet day."-Jerem. xv. 9.

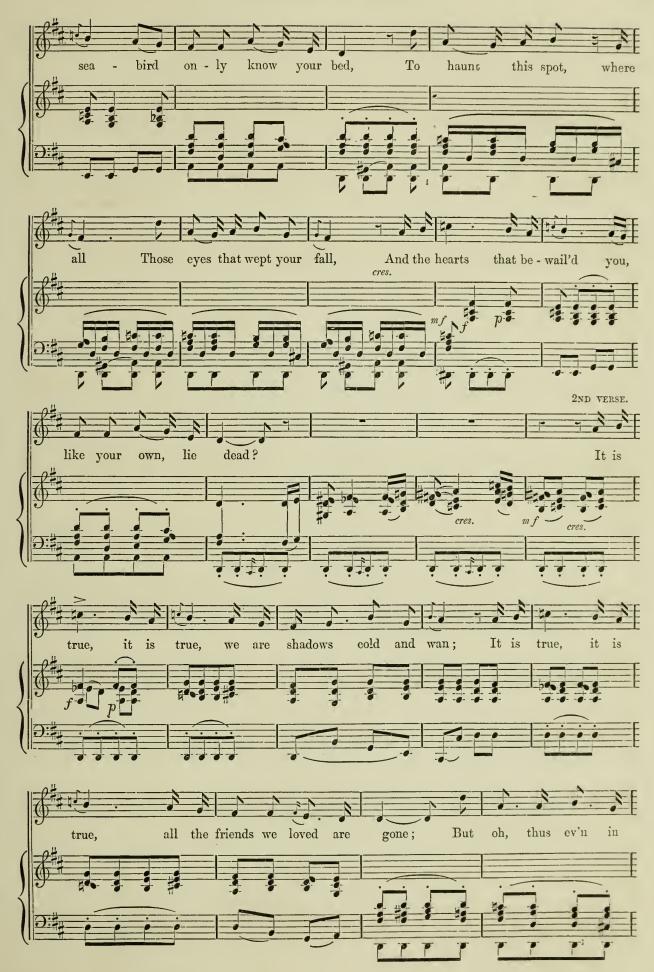
^{† &}quot;Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken."—Isaiah lxii. 4.
‡ "How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased!"— Id. xiv. 4.

^{|| &}quot;Thou shalt no more be called, The Lady of Kingdoms."---Id. x'vii. 5.

OH, YE DEAD!



OH, YE DEAD





^{*} 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 Hecla, and disappear immediately.

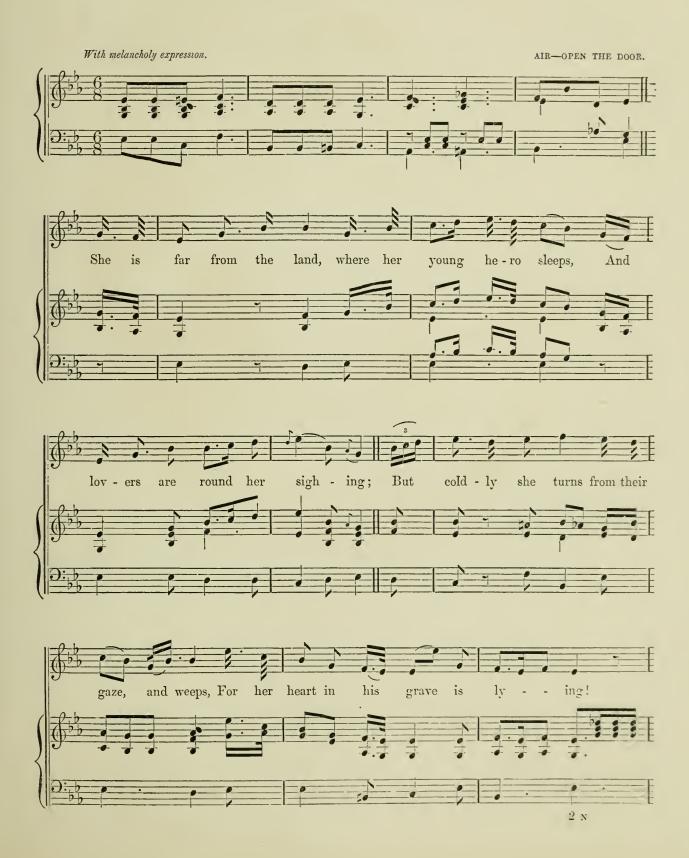


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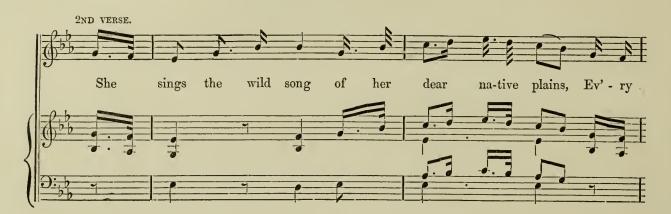
.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.



MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.





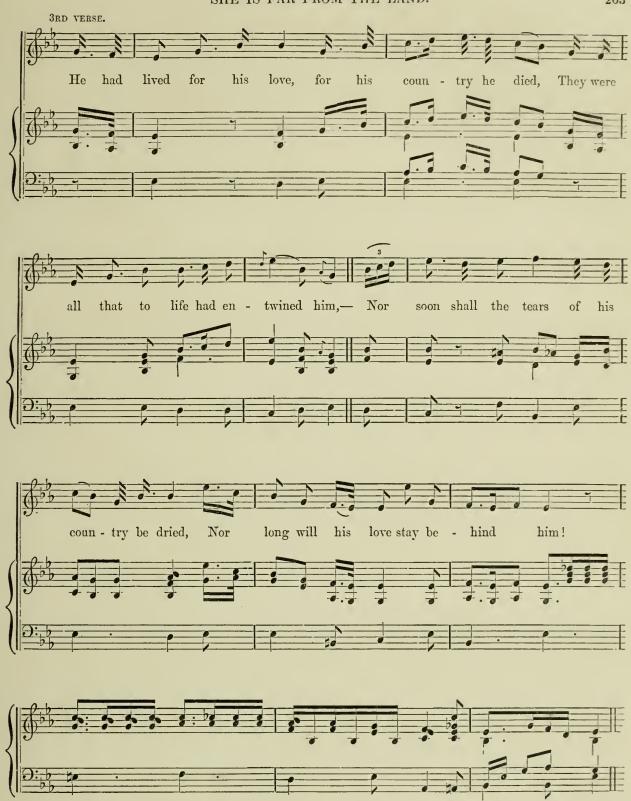






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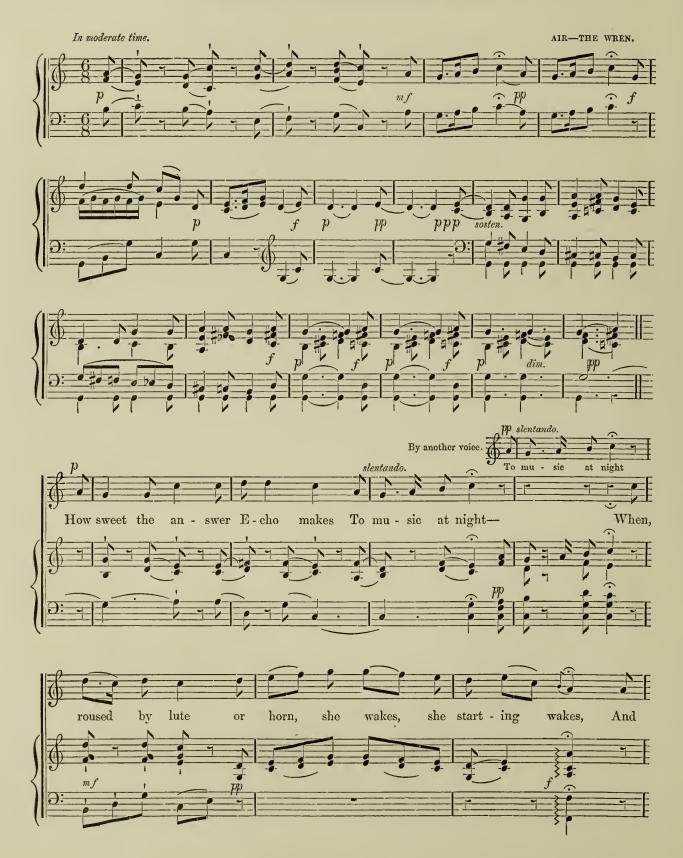
SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.



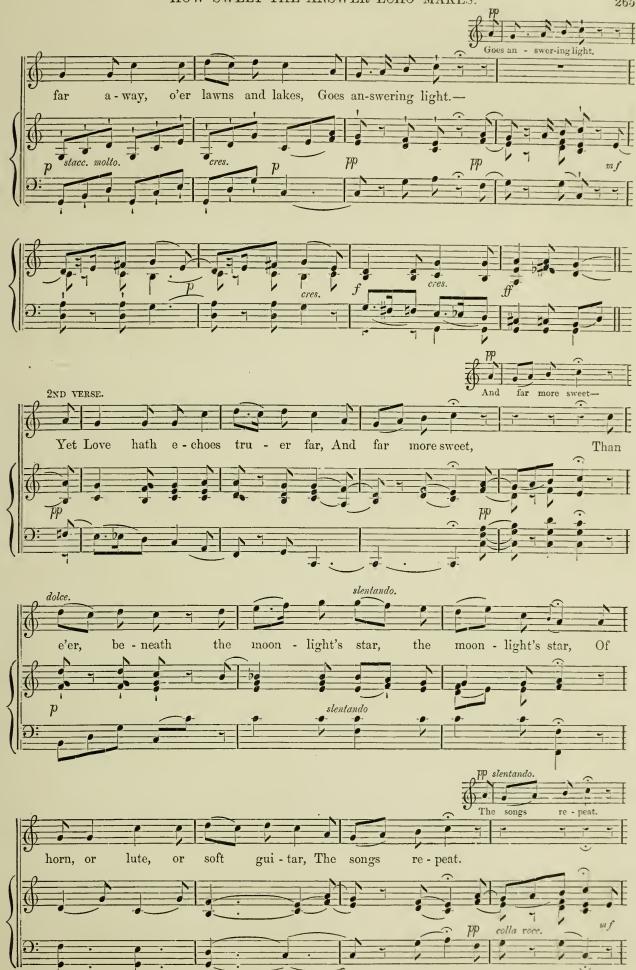
Oh ! make her a grave, where the sun-beams rest,When they promise a glorious morrow;They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,From her own loved Island of sorrow !

ЕСНО.

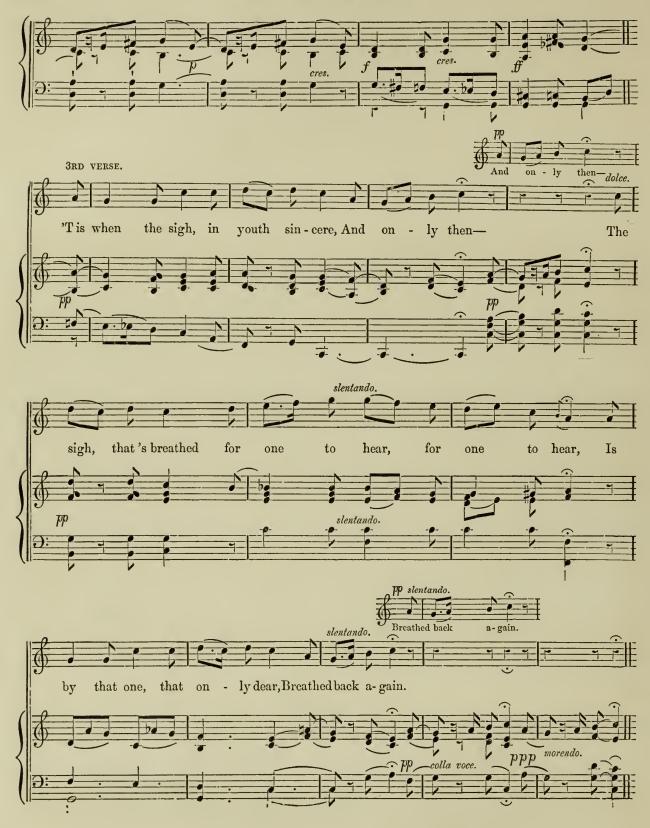
HOW SWEET THE ANSWER ECHO MAKES!



HOW SWEET THE ANSWER ECHO MAKES.

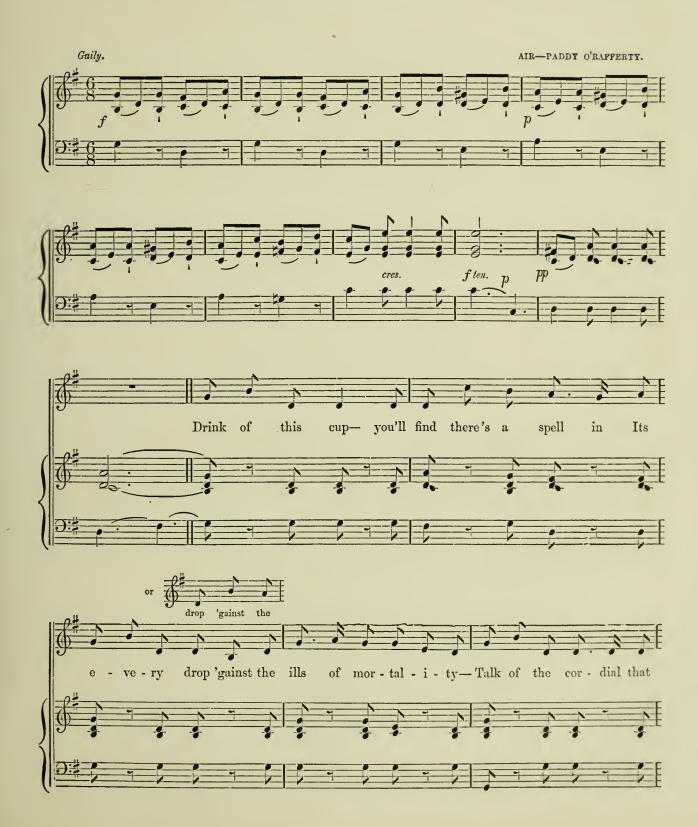


MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

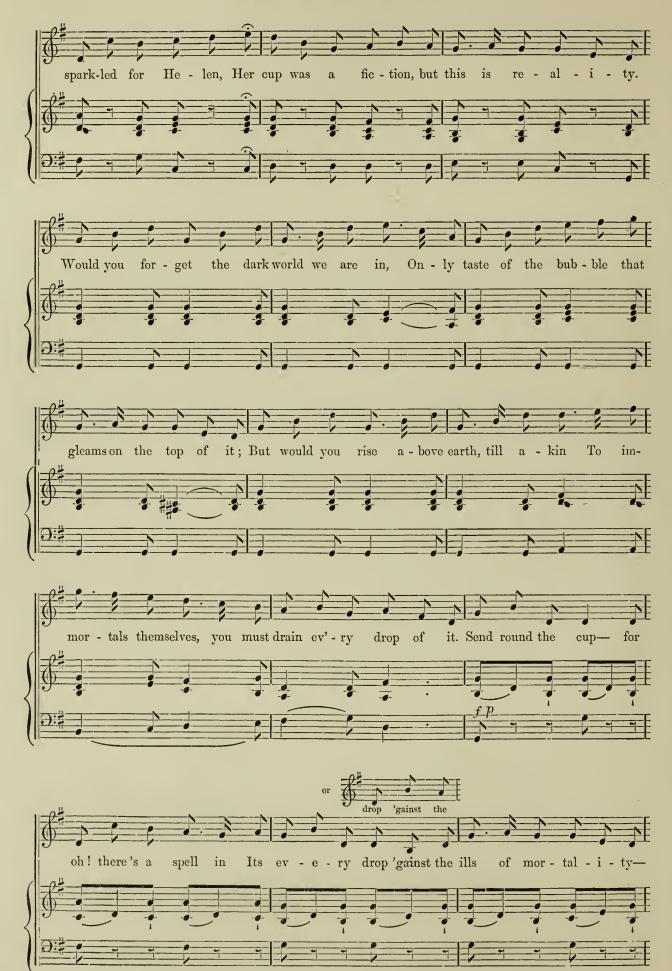


DRINK OF THIS CUP.

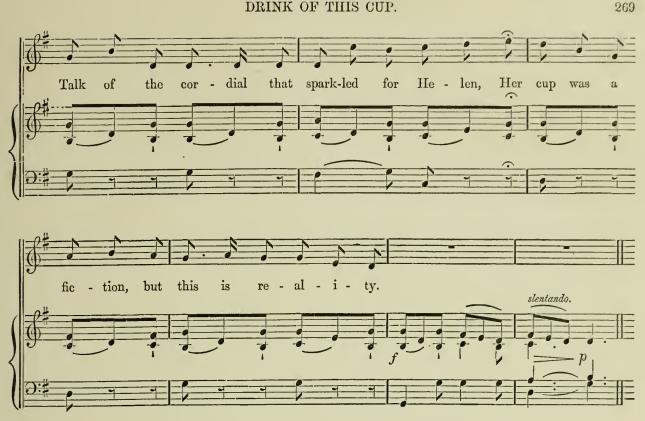
DRINK OF THIS CUP.



MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.



DRINK OF THIS CUP.



п.

Never was philter form'd with such power

To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing ;

Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,

As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing. There having, by nature's enchantment, been fill'd

With the balm and the bloom of her kindliest weather, This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd,

To enliven such hearts as are here brought together ! Then drink of the cup-you'll find there's a spell in

Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality :

Talk of the cordial that sparkled for HELEN,

Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

ш.

And though, perhaps-but breathe it to no one-

Like caldrons the witch brews at midnight so awful,

In secret this philter was first taught to flow on, Yet-'t is n't less potent for being unlawful.

What, though it may taste of the smoke of that flame,

Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden-

Fill up-there's a fire in some hearts I could name,

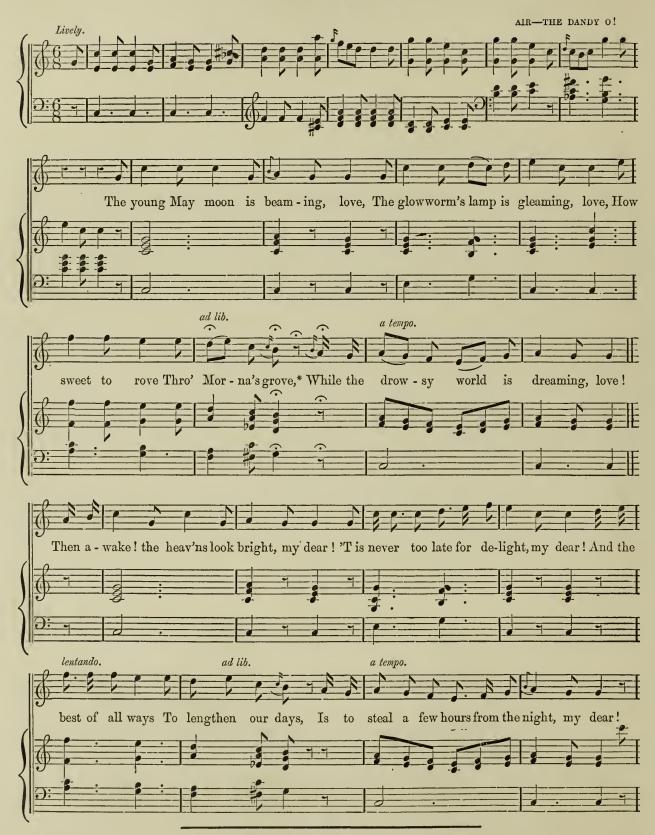
Which may work too its charm, though now lawless and hidden. So drink of the cup-for oh there's a spell in

Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality :

Talk of the cordial that sparkled for HELEN,

Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

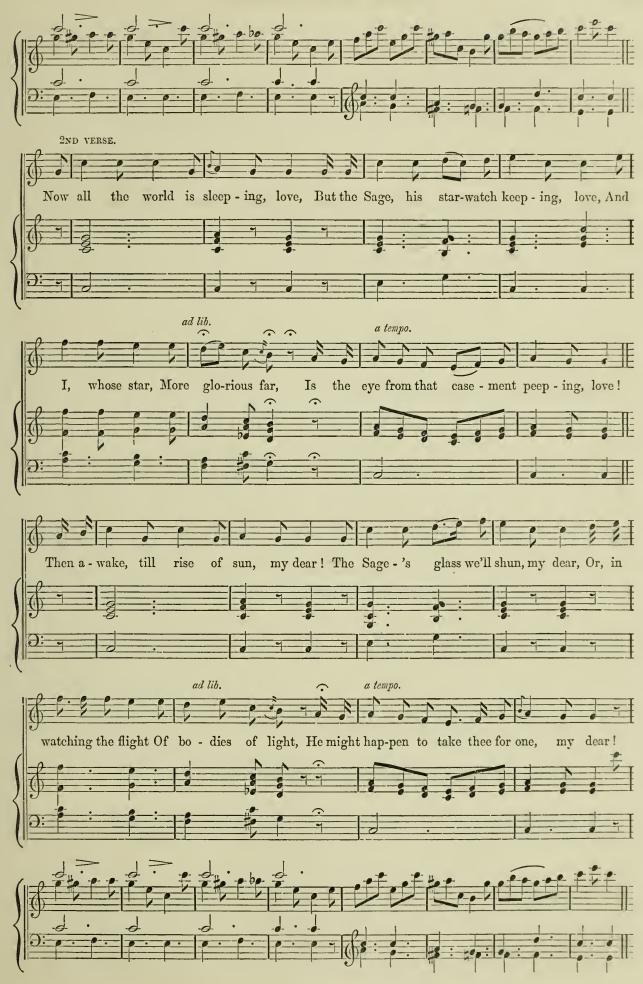
THE YOUNG MAY MOON.



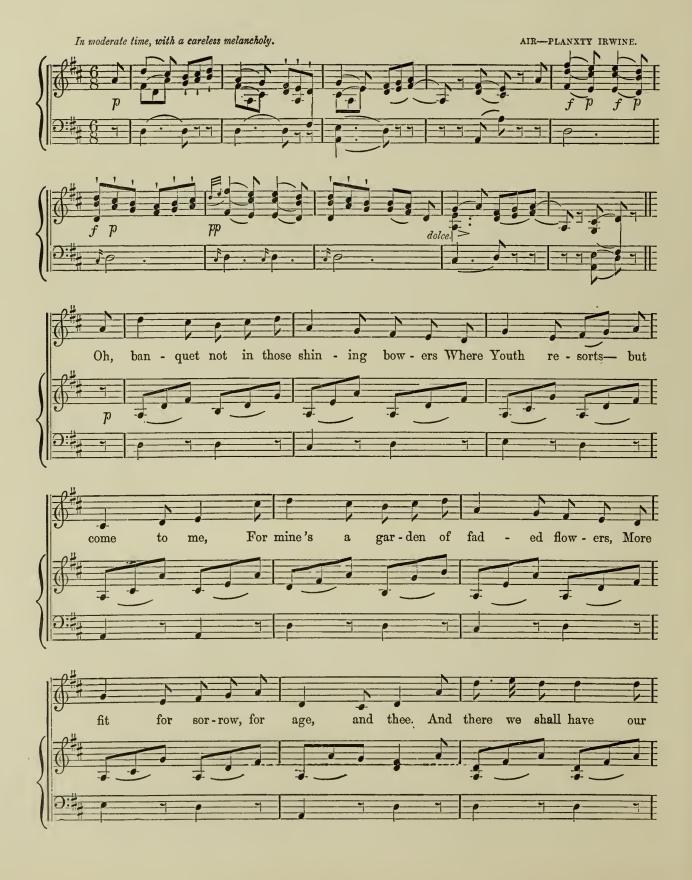
* "Steal silently to Morna's grove."

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, honourable, and exemplary.

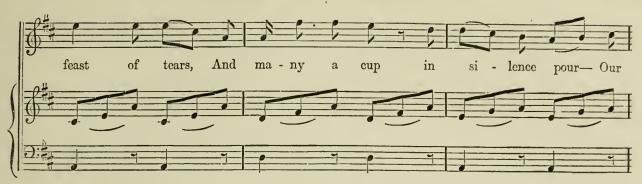
THE YOUNG MAY MOON

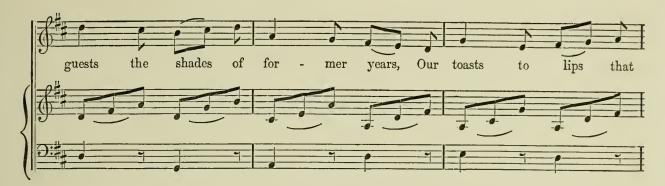


OH, BANQUET NOT IN THOSE SHINING BOWERS.

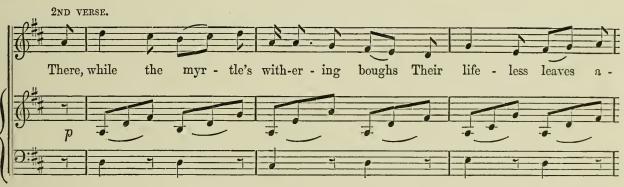


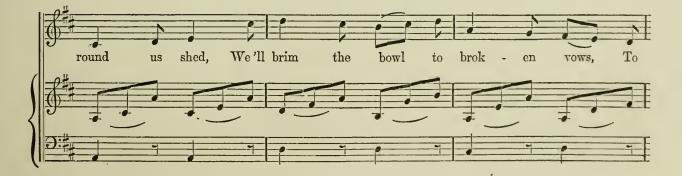
OH, BANQUET NOT IN THOSE SHINING BOWERS.



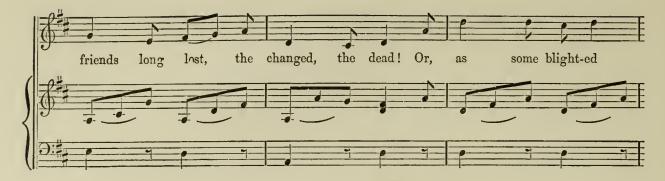




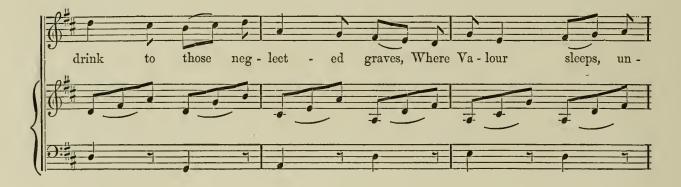




MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.









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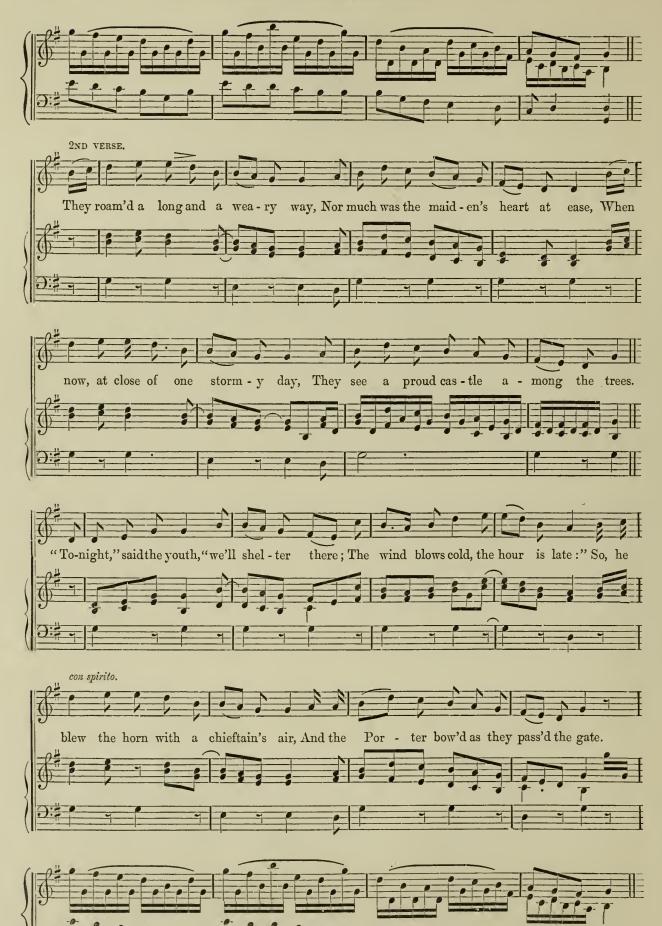
.



Simply and in moderate time. AIR-WERE I A CLERK. Ellen, our ham - let's pride, How meekly she bless'd her hum - ble lot, When the You re-member stranger, William, had made her his bride, And Love was the light of their low - ly cot. pTo - gether they toil'd thro' winds and rains, Till William at length, in sad-ness, said, "We must dim. low - ly shed. our for - tune on o - ther plains;"-Then, sighing, she left her seek 7-

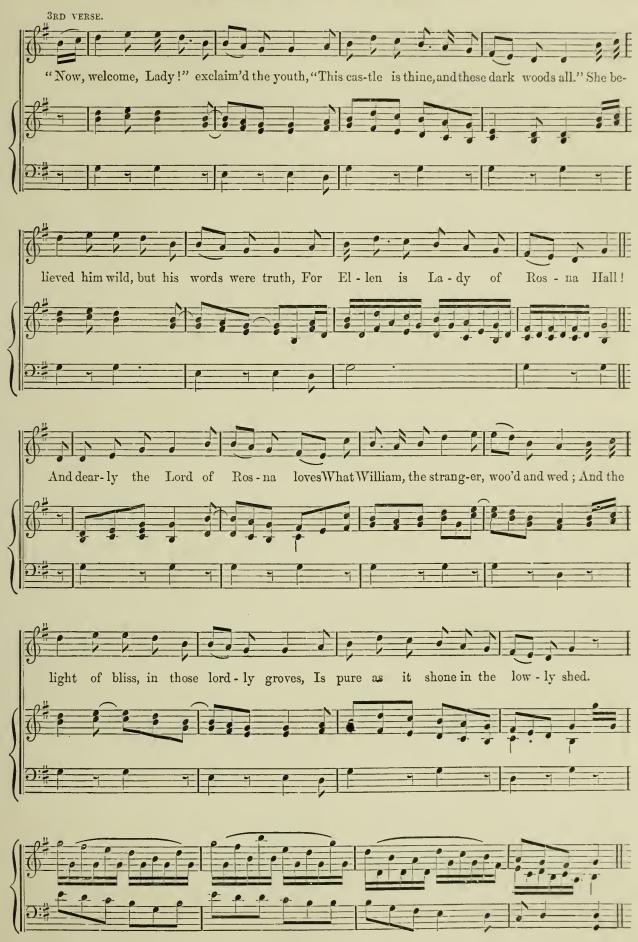
YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.*

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



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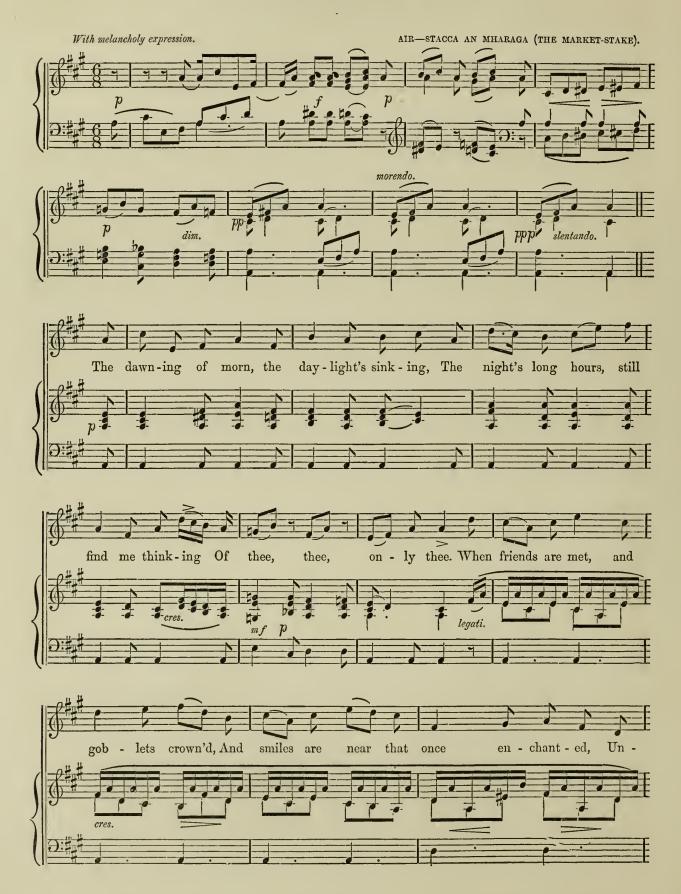
YOU REMEMBER ELLEN, OUR HAMLET'S PRIDE.



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2 P

THE DAWNING OF MORN.

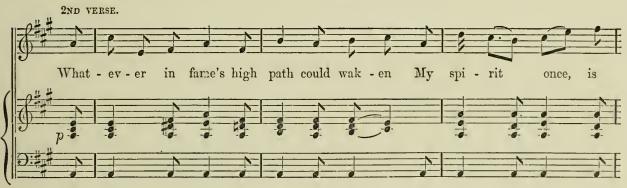


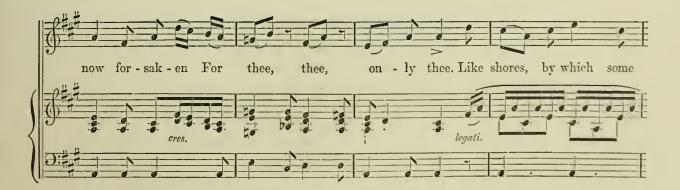
THE DAWNING OF MORN.







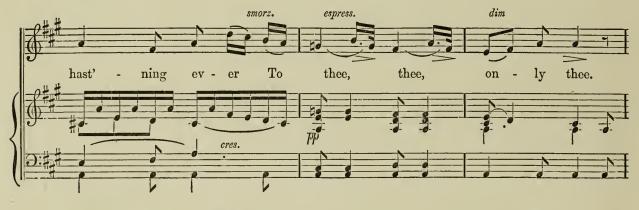




MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.



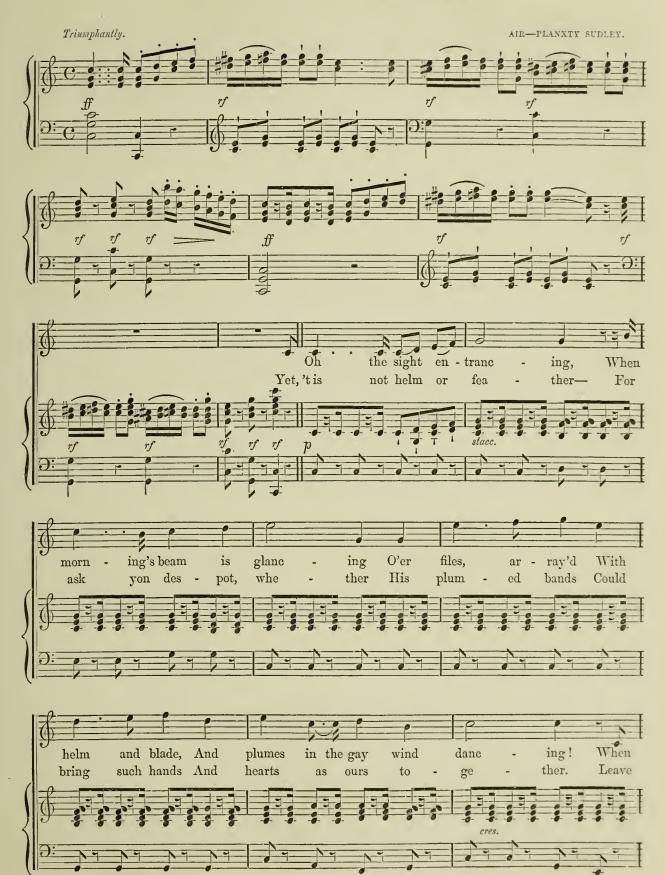


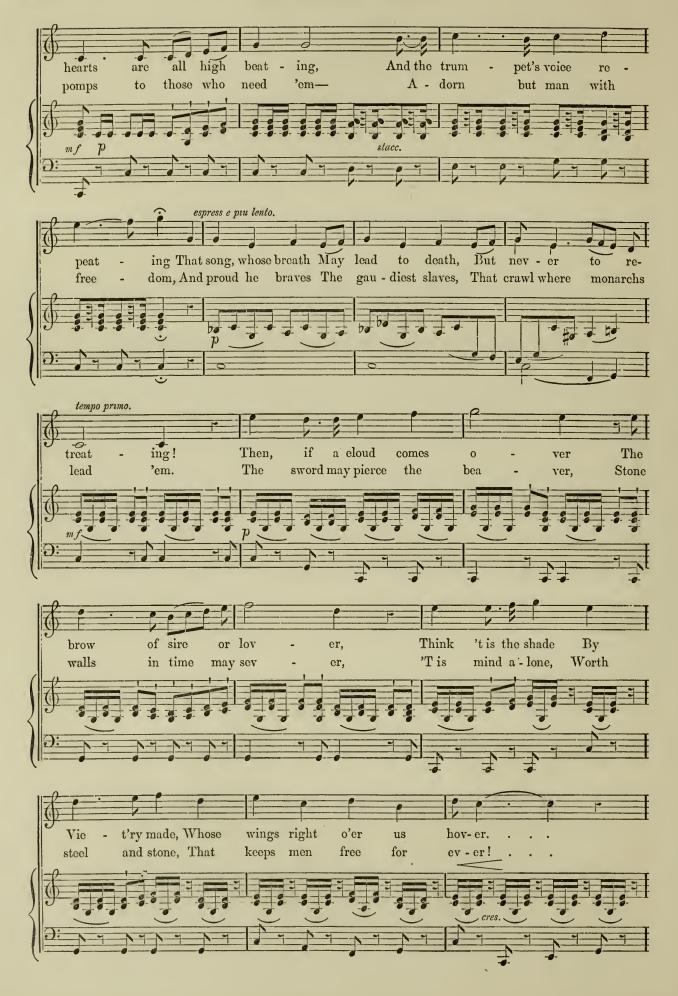




I have not a joy but of thy bringing, And pain itself seems sweet, when springing From thee, thee, only thee. Like spells, that nought on earth can break, Till lips, that know the charm, have spoken, This heart, howe'er the world may wake Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken By thee, thee, only thee.

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

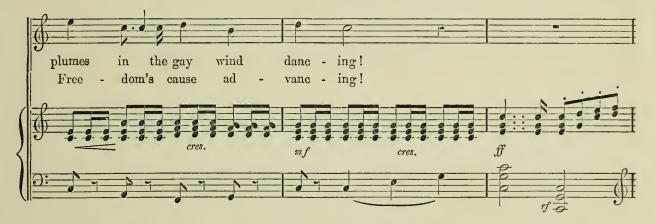




OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.



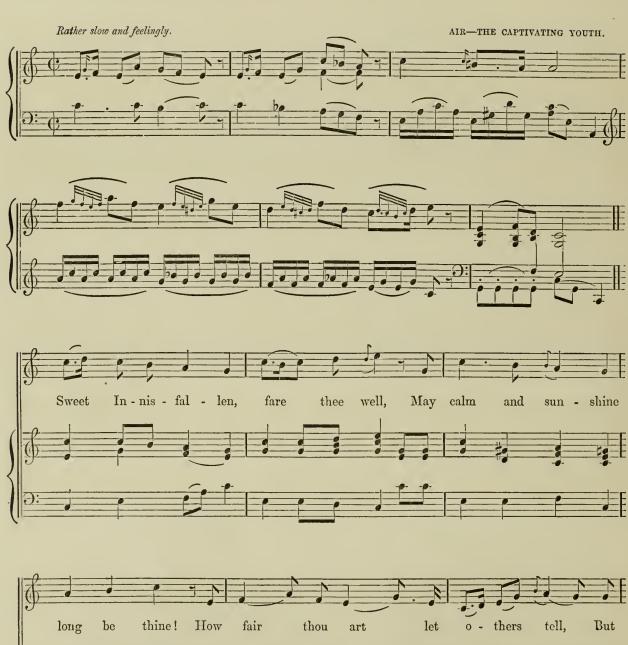






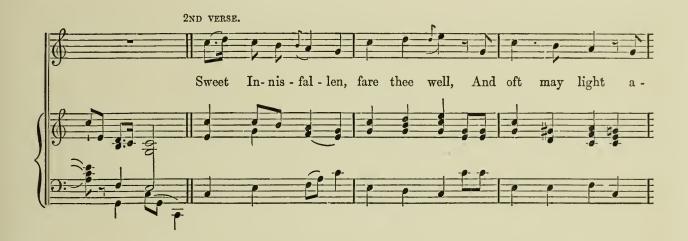


SWEET INNISFALLEN.





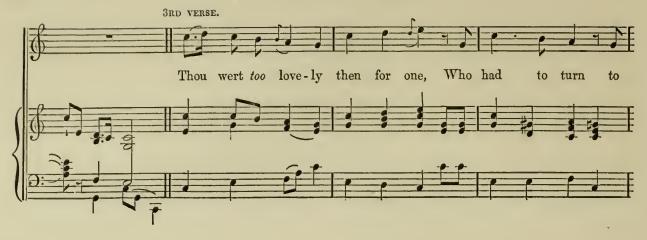


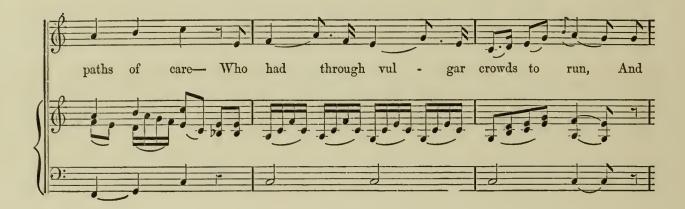




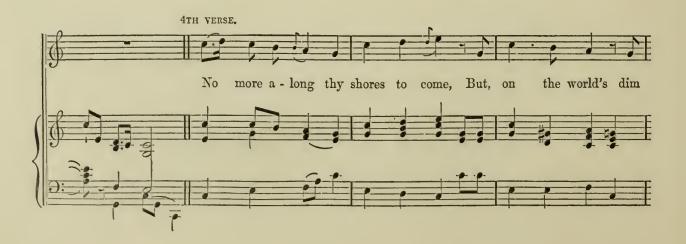


MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

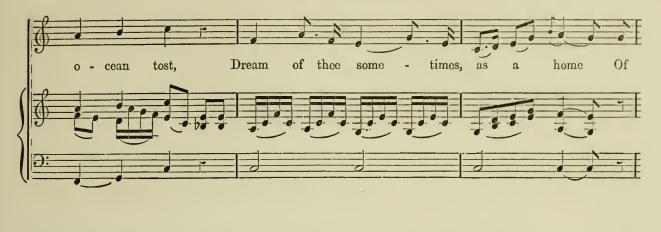


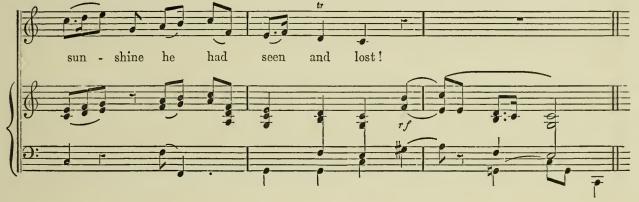






SWEET INNISFALLEN.





v.

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.

vı.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace, Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest, But, in thy shadows, seem'st a place Where weary man might hope to restVII.

Might hope to rest, and find in thee A gloom like Eden's, on the day He left its shade, when every tree, Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way!

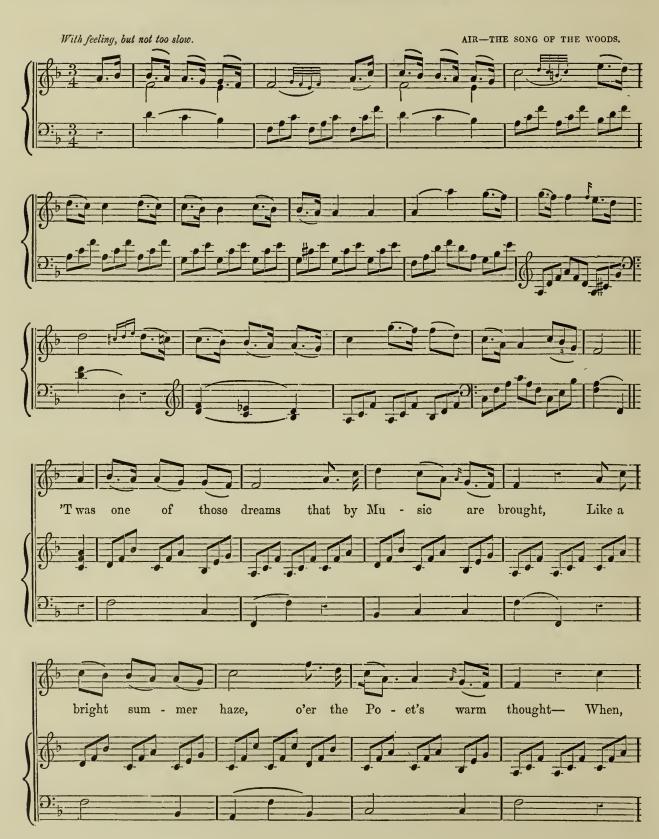
VIII.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle! And still the lovelier for thy tears— For though but rare thy sunny smile, 'T is Heaven's own glance, when it appears.

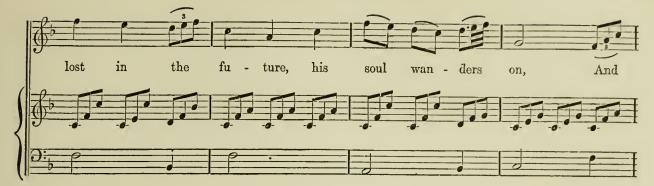
IX.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few, But, when *indeed* they come, divine ... The steadiest light the sun e'er threw Is lifeless to one gleam of thine !

'TWAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.

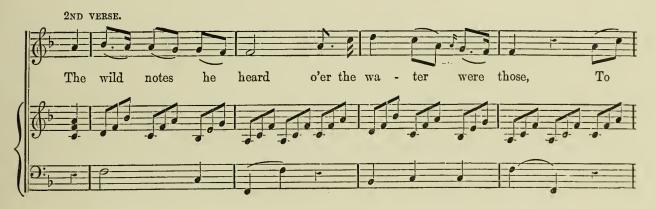


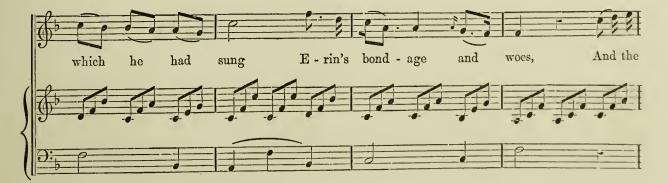
'T WAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.





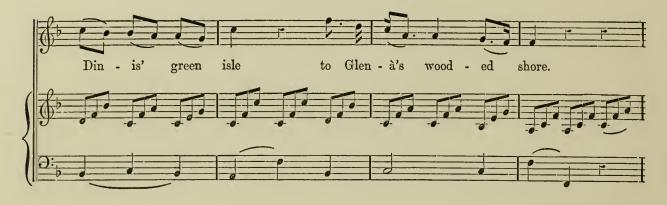






MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.







III.

He listen'd—while, high o'er the eagle's rude nest The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest; And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire, As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

IV.

It seem'd as if every sweet note, that died here, Was again brought to life in some airier sphere, Some heaven in those hills, where the soul of the strain That had ceased upon earth was awaking again !

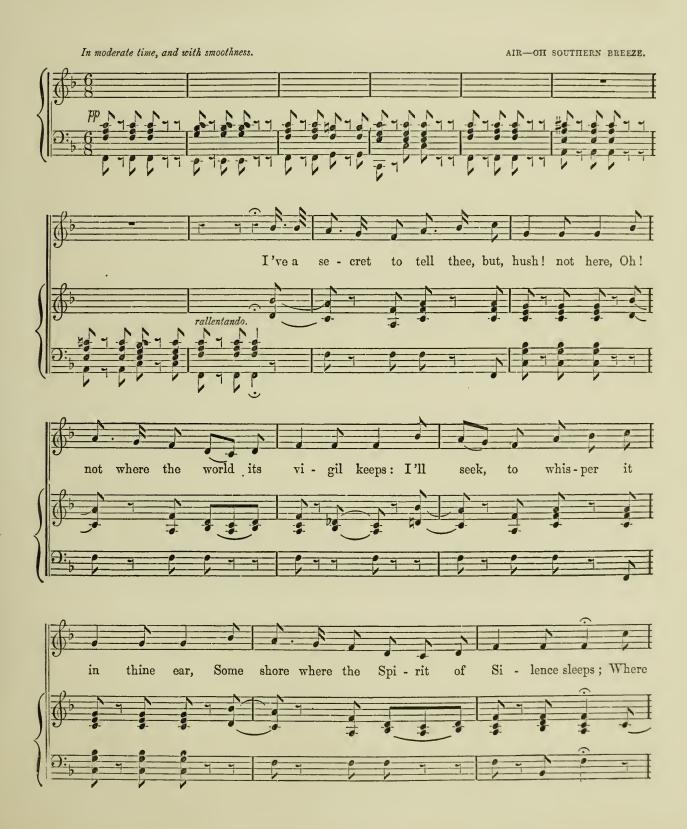
 $\mathbf{v}.$

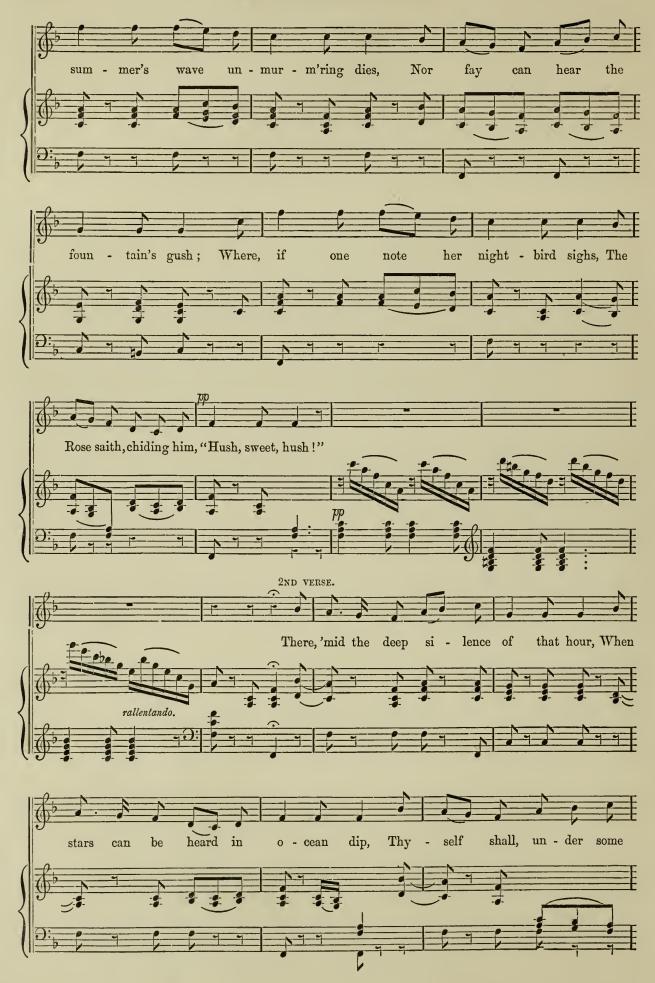
Oh forgive, if, while listening to music, whose breath Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death, He should feel a proud Spirit within him proclaim, "Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame:

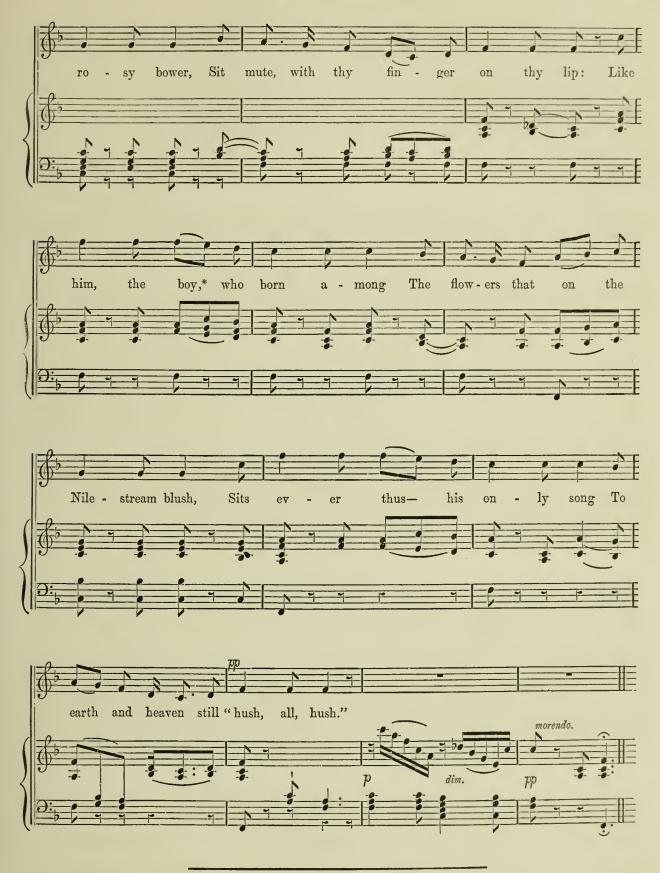
vi.

"Even so, though thy memory should now die away, "T will be caught up again in some happier day, And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong, Through the answering Future, thy name and thy song !"

I'VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE.



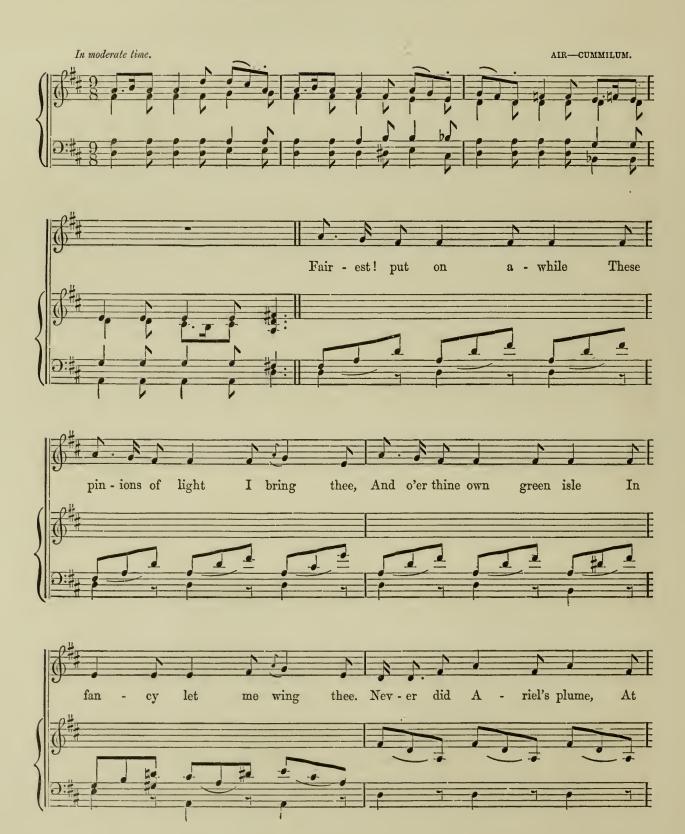




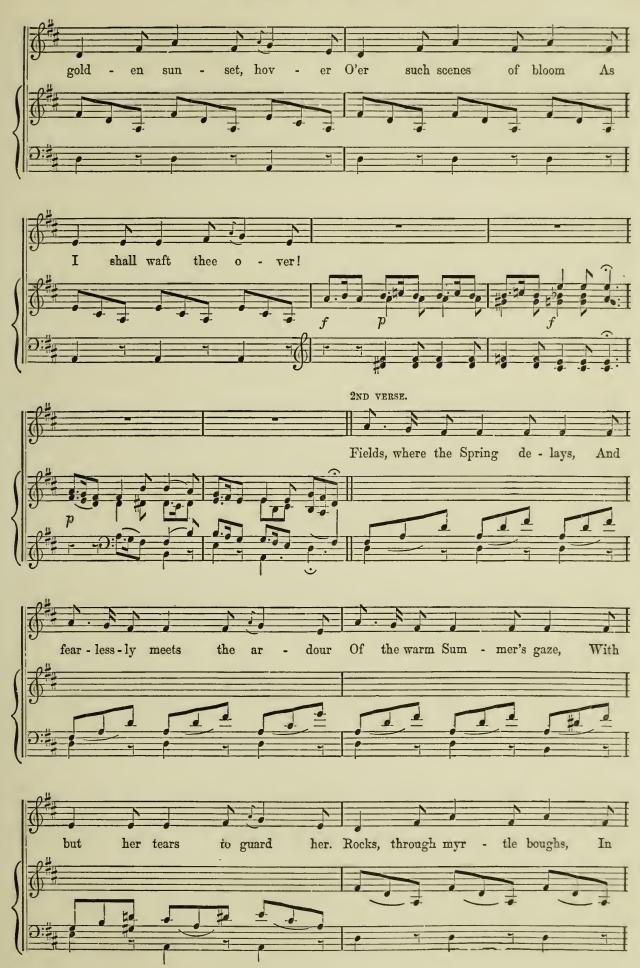
• The God of Silence, thus pictured by the Egyptians

2 R

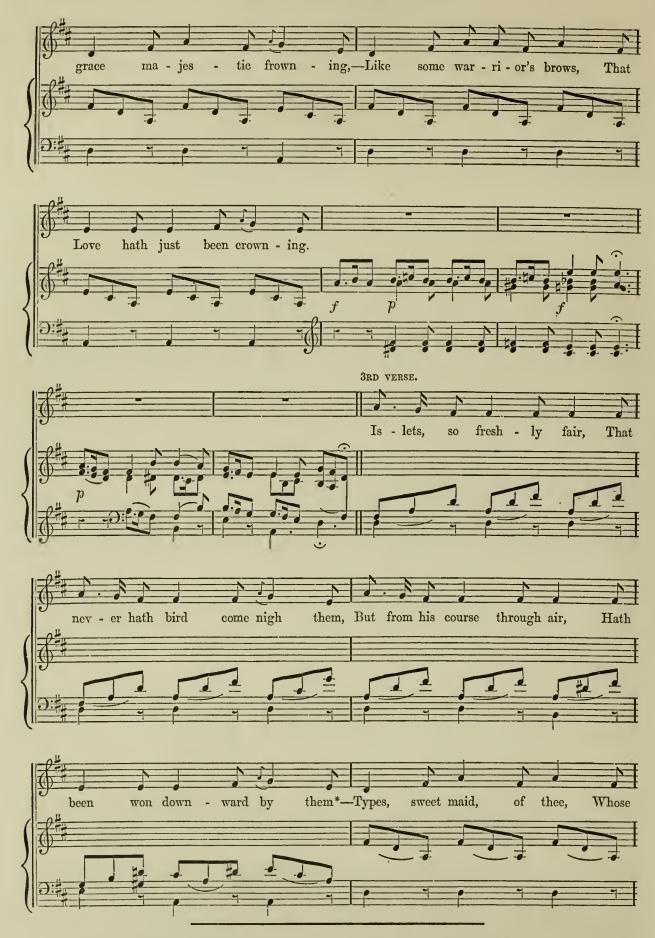
FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.

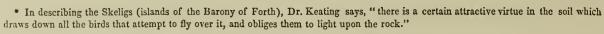


FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.



MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.







IV.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,*

And caves, where the diamond 's sleeping,

Bright as the gems that lid

Of thine lets fall in weeping.

Glens, + where Ocean comes,

To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,

And Harbours, worthiest homes

Where Freedom's sails could anchor.

v.

Then if, while scenes so grand, So beautiful, shine before thee, Pride for thy own dear land Should haply be stealing o'er thee, Oh, let grief come first, O'er pride itself victorious— To think how Man hath curst What Heav'n had made so glorious !

• "Nennius, a British writer of the 9th century, mentions the abundance of pearls in Ireland. Their princes, he says, hung them behind their ears; and this we find confirmed by a present made LORAN.

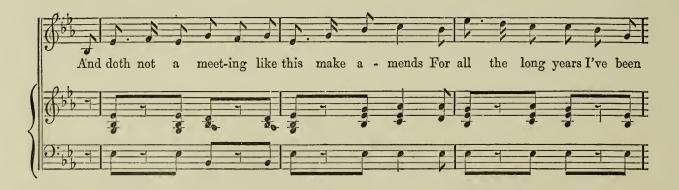
A. C. 1094, by Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick, to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, of a considerable quantity of Irish pearls."—O'Hal-LOBAN. † Glengariff.

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.



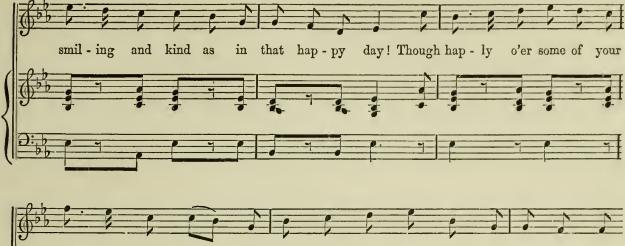


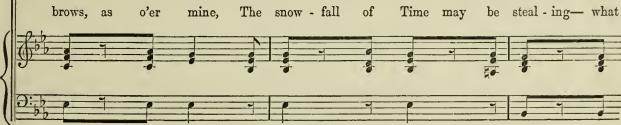


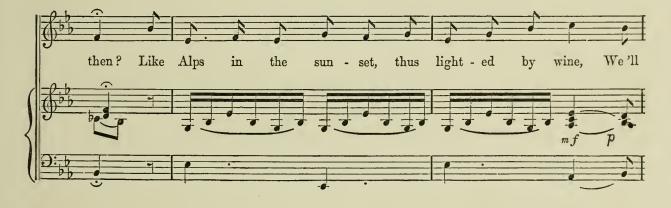


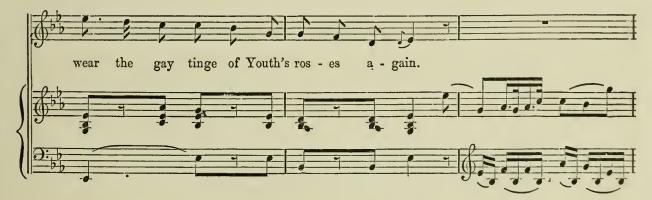


AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

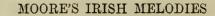






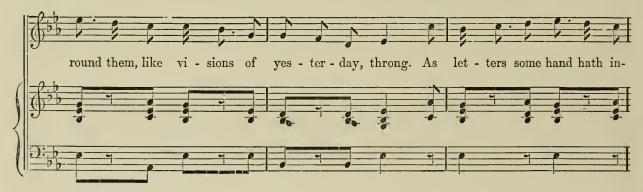


















ш.

And thus, as in memory's bark, we shall glide

To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,

Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,

The wreck of full many a hope shining through-Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,

That once made a garden of all the gay shore,

Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,

And breathe the fresh air of Life's morning once more.*

1V.

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.⁺

v.

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 't is o'er. Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,

Let Sympathy pledge us, through pleasure, through pain,

That fast as a feeling but touches one link,

Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

Jours charmans, quand je songe à vos heureux instans, Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans ; Et mon cœur enchanté sur sa rive fleurie, Respire encore l'air pur du matin de la vie.

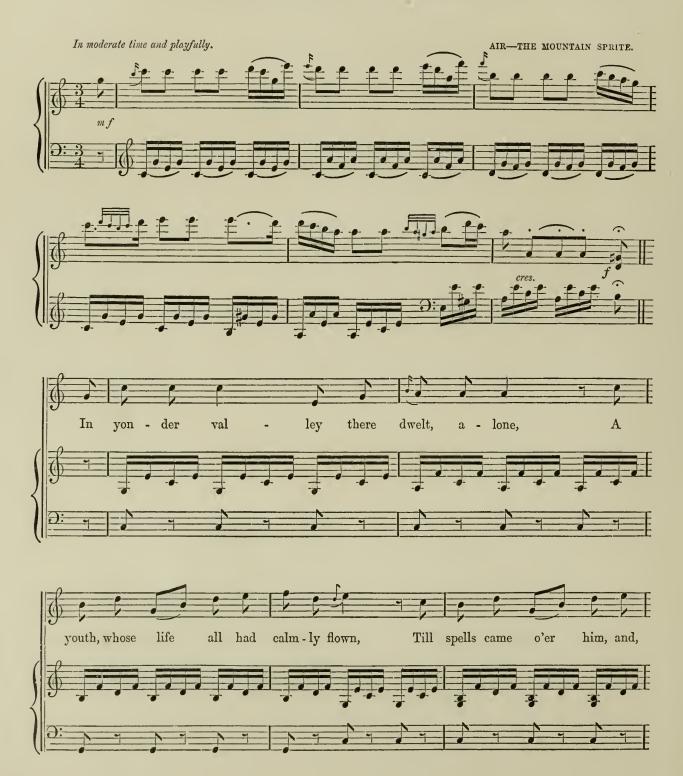
t The same thought has been happily expressed by my friend

Mr. Washington Irving, in his Bracebridge Hall, vol. i. p. 213. The

pleasure which I feel in calling this gentleman my friend, is enhanced by the reflection that he is too good an American to have admitted mc so readily to such a distinction, if he had not known that my feelings towards the great and free country that gave him birth have long been such as every real lover of the liberty and happiness of the human race must entertain.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

IN YONDER VALLEY THERE DWELT, ALONE.



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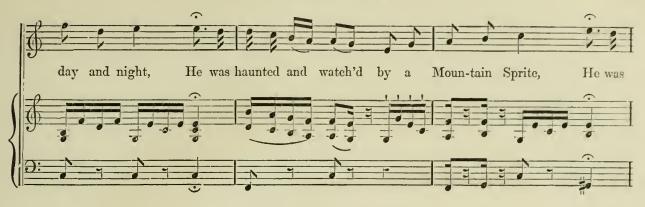






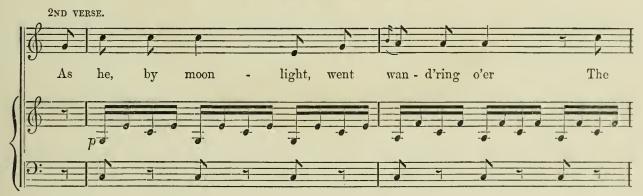
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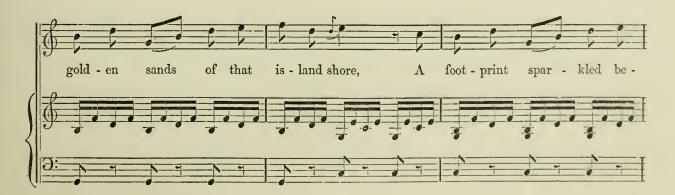
IN YONDER VALLEY THERE DWELT, ALONE.





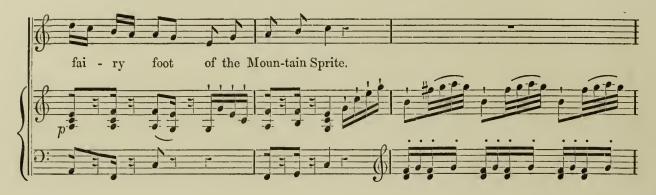






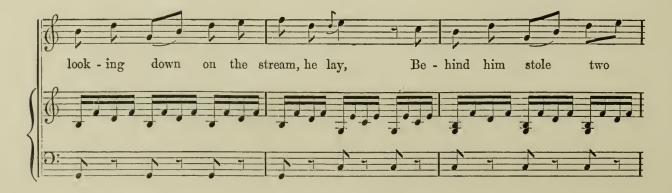
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.



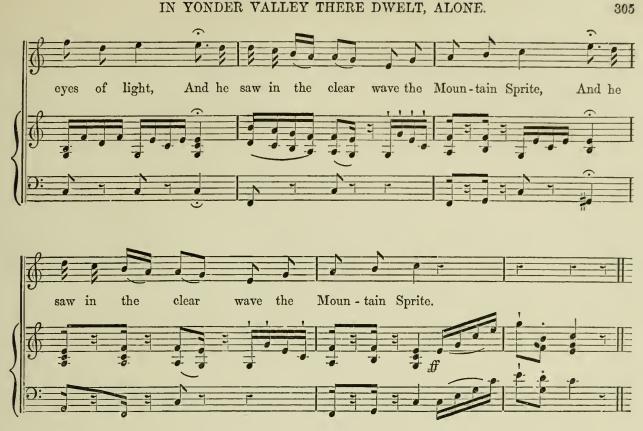








IN YONDER VALLEY THERE DWELT, ALONE.



IV.

He turn'd-but, lo, like a startled bird, The spirit fled-and he only heard Sweet Music, such as marks the flight Of a journeying star, from the Mountain Sprite.

v.

One night, pursued by that dazzling look, The youth, bewilder'd, his pencil took, And, guided only by Memory's light, Drew the fairy form of the Mountain Sprite

vı.

"Oh thou, who lovest the shadow," cried A gentle voice, whisp'ring by his side,

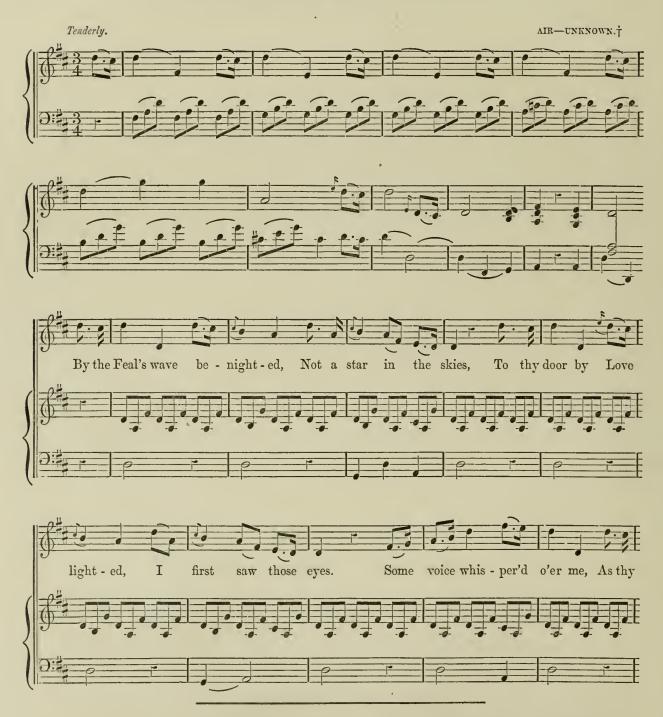
"Now turn and see,"-here the youth's delight Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

VII.

"Of all the Spirits of land and sea," Exclaim'd he then, "there is none like thee, And oft, oh oft, may thy shape alight In this lonely arbour, sweet Mountain Sprite !" MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

DESMOND'S SONG.*

BY THE FEAL'S WAVE BENIGHTED.



* "Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally been so engaged in the chase, that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependents, called Mac Cormae. Catherine, a beautiful daugh-ter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent passion, which he could not subdue. He married her, and by this inferior | spared so interesting a melody out of our collection.

alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family." -Leland, vol. ii.

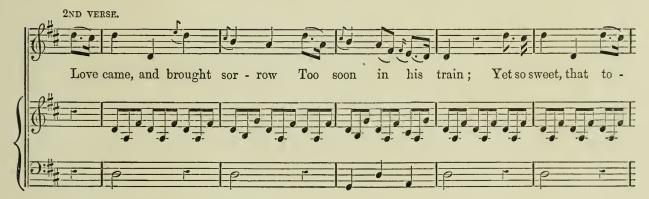
+ The Air has been already so successfully supplied with words by Mr. Bayly, that I should have left it untouched, if we could have

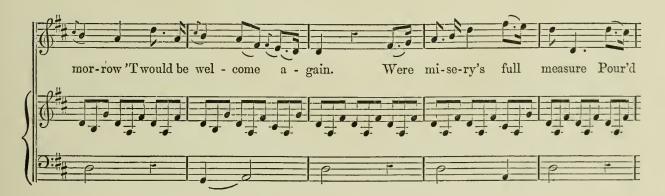


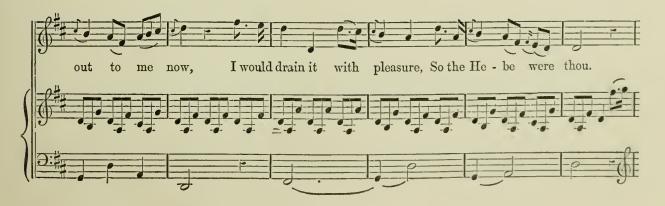




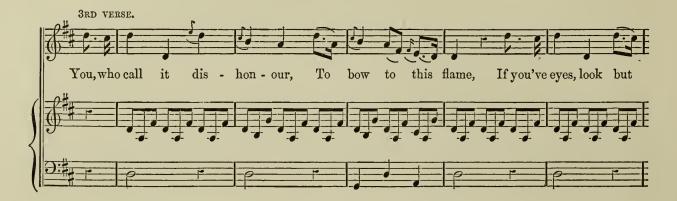


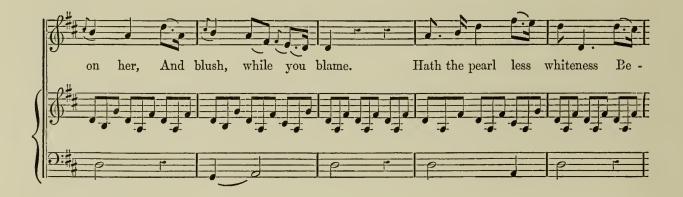


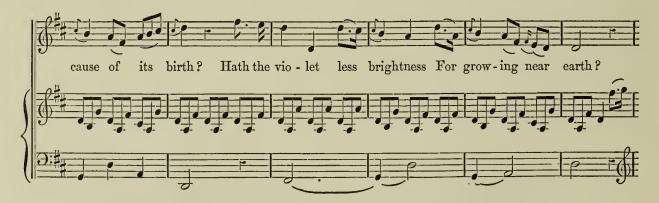




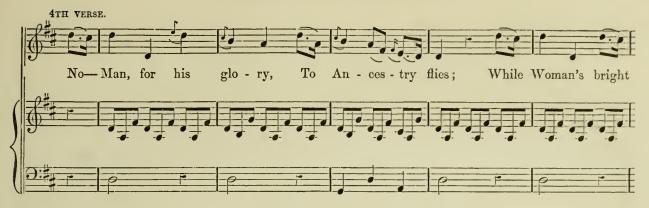




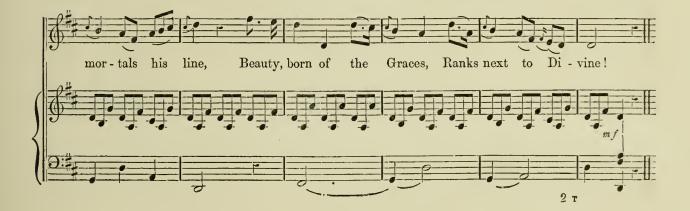




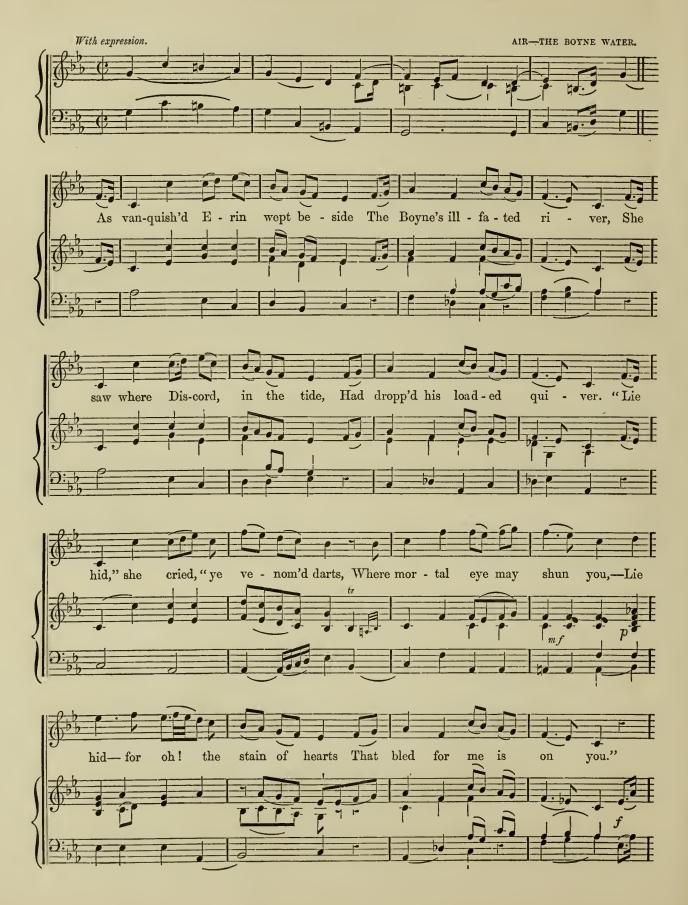




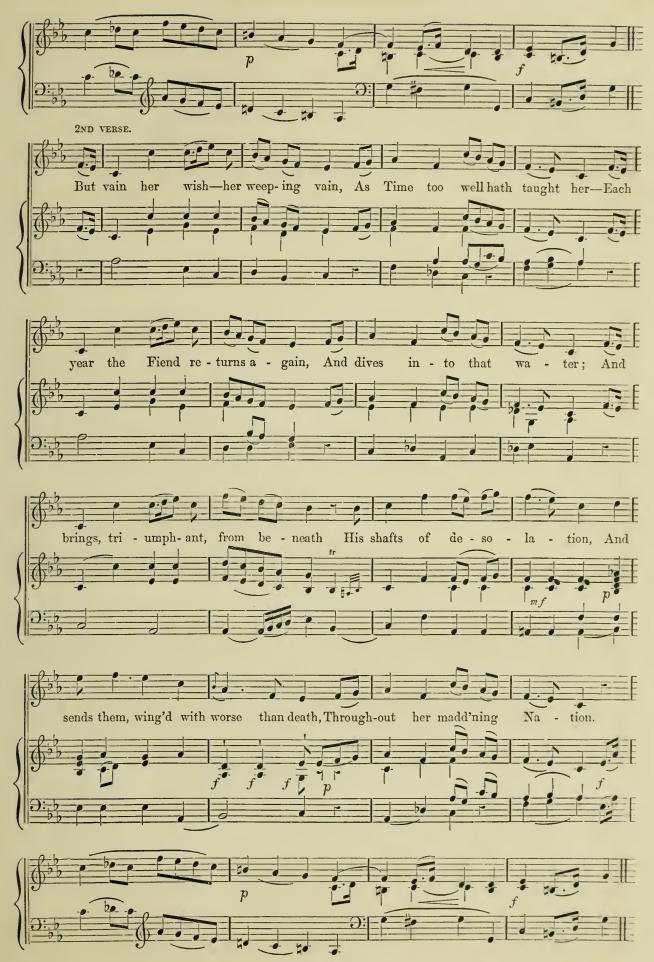




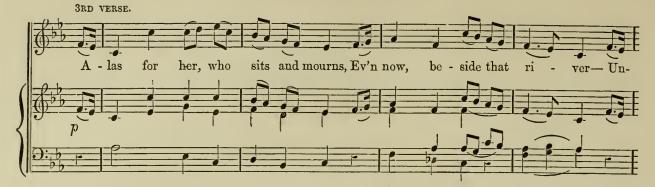
AS VANQUISH'D ERIN.

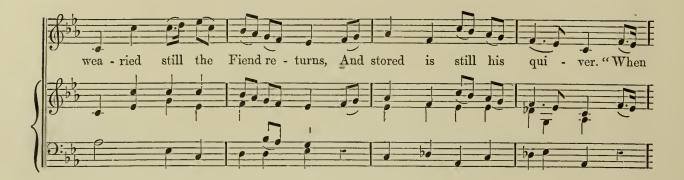


AS VANQUISH'D ERIN.

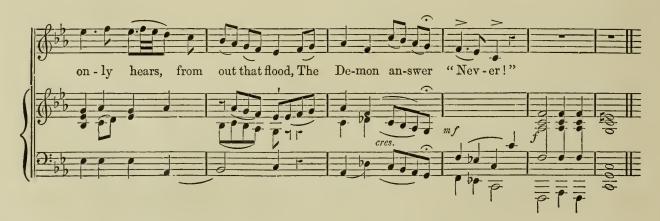


MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.







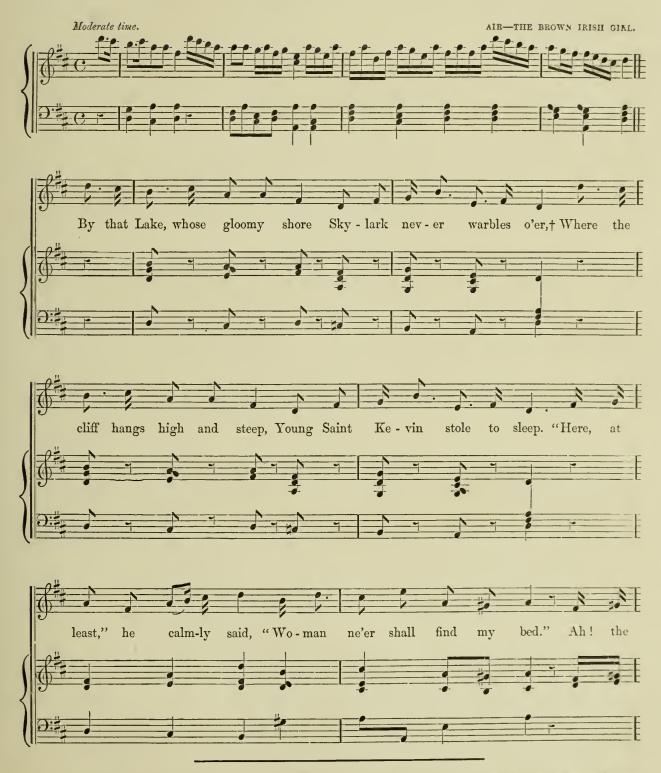






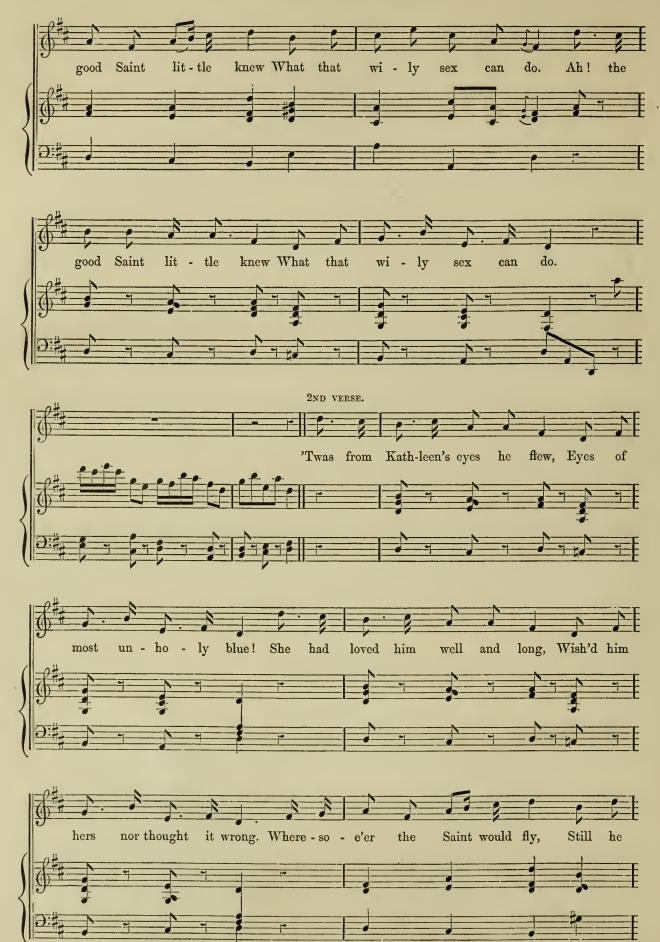
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BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.*

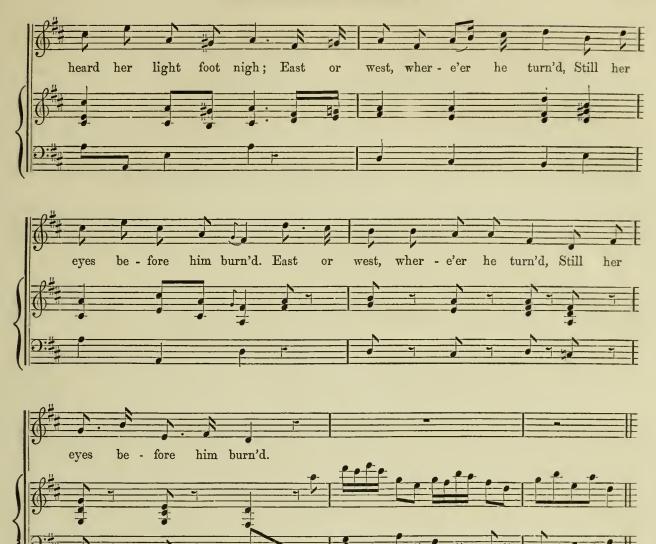


• This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. KEVIN, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a which may be found in GIRALDUS, COIGAN, &c. most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

+ There are many other curious traditions concerning this lake,



BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.



III.

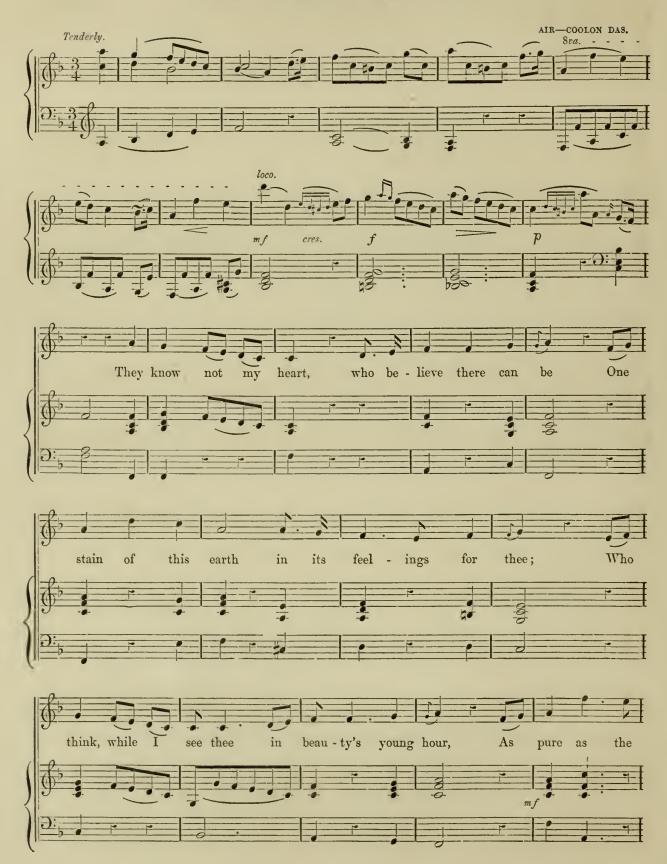
On the bold cliff's bosom cast, Tranquil now he sleeps at last; Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er Woman's smile can haunt him there; But nor earth, nor heaven is free From her power, if fond she be : Even now, while calm he sleeps, Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps. IV.

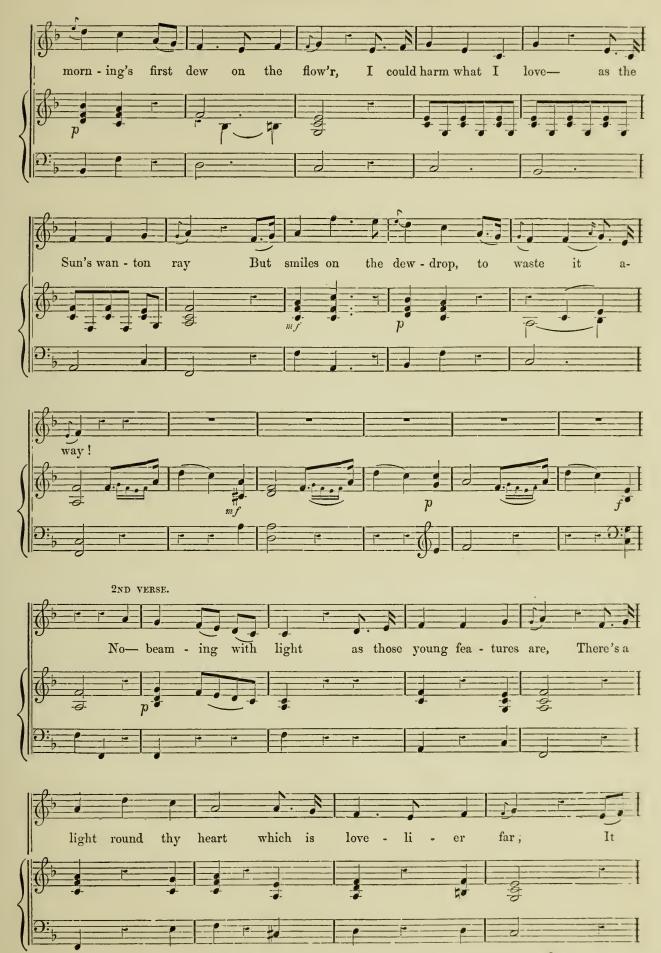
Fearless she had track'd his feet To this rocky, wild retreat; And when morning met his view, Her mild glances met it too. Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts! Sternly from his bed he starts, And with rude, repulsive shock, Hurls her from the beetling rock.

v.

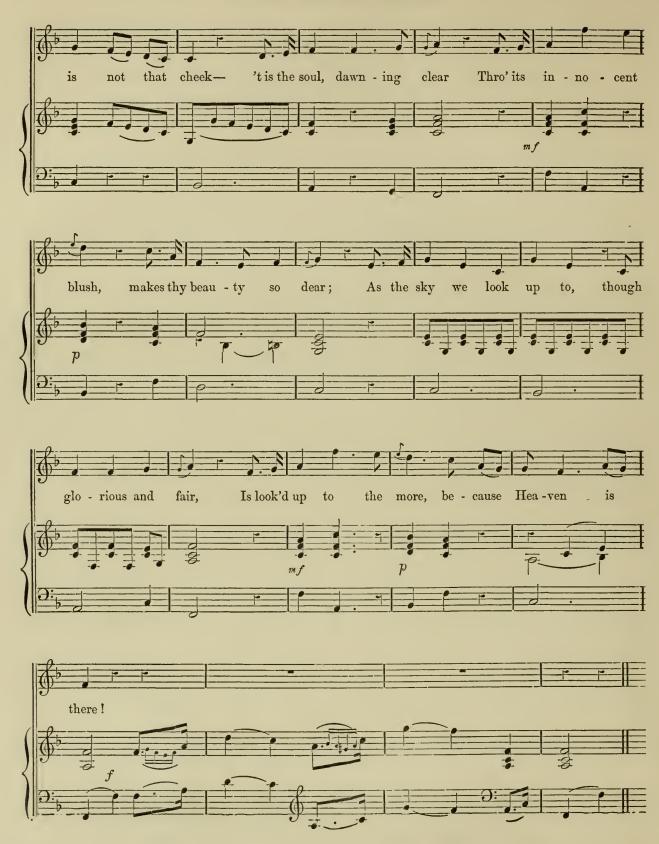
Glendalough! thy gloomy wave Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave; Soon the Saint (yet, ah! too late) Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate. When he said "Heav'n rest her soul!" Round the Lake light music stole; And her ghost was seen to glide, Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.





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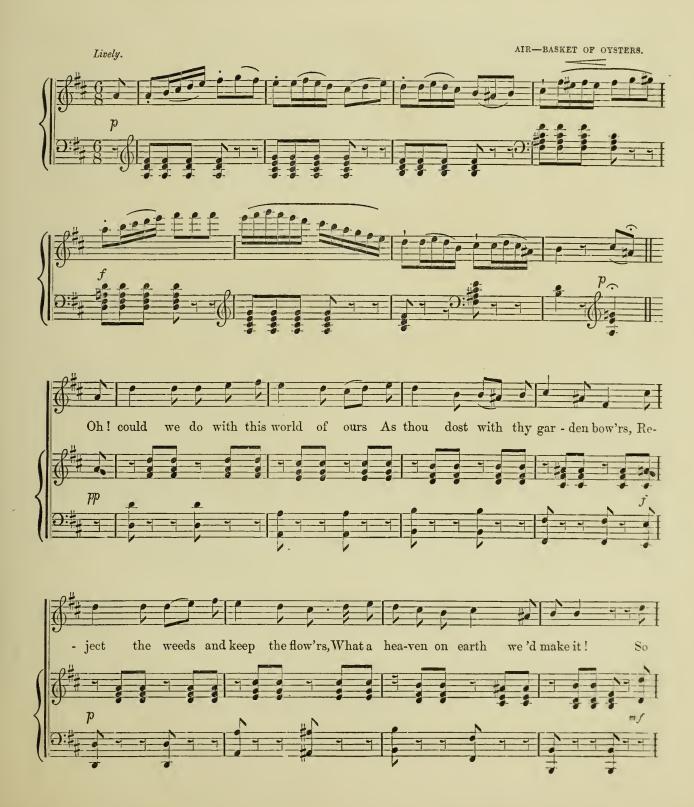
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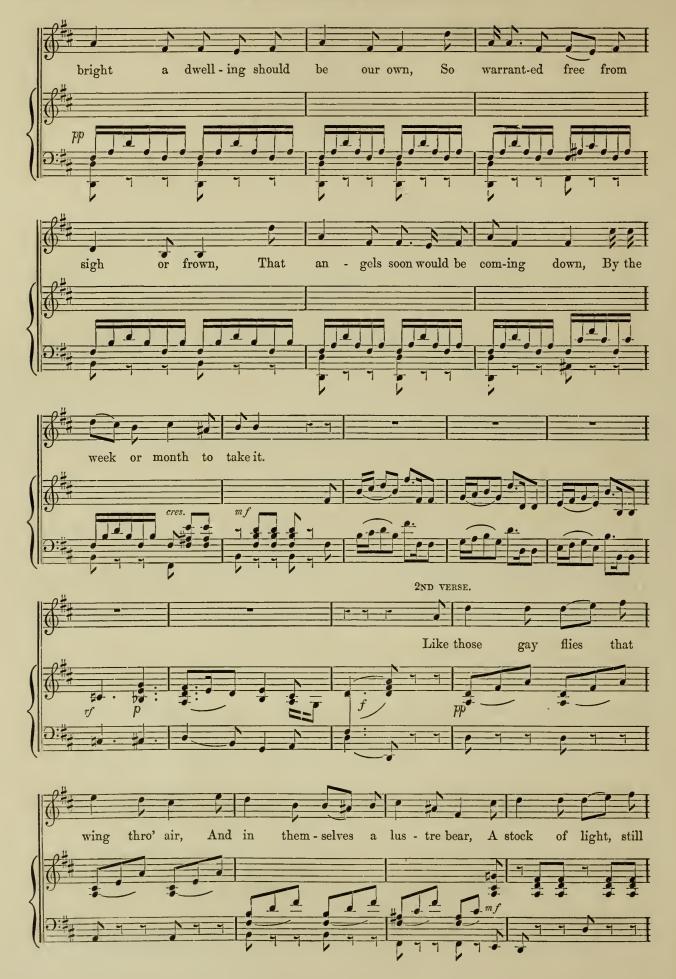
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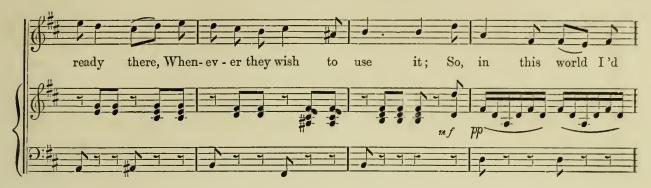
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OH! COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD OF OURS.

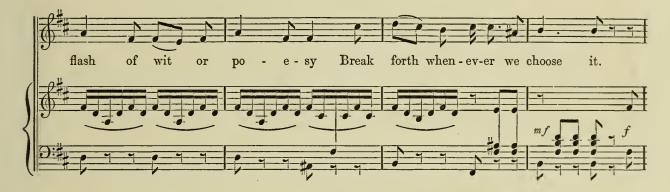
OH! COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD OF OURS.





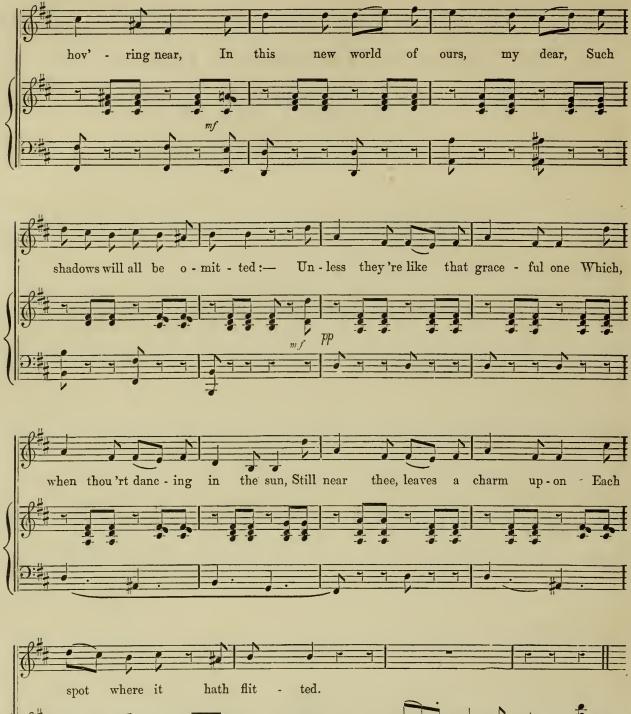






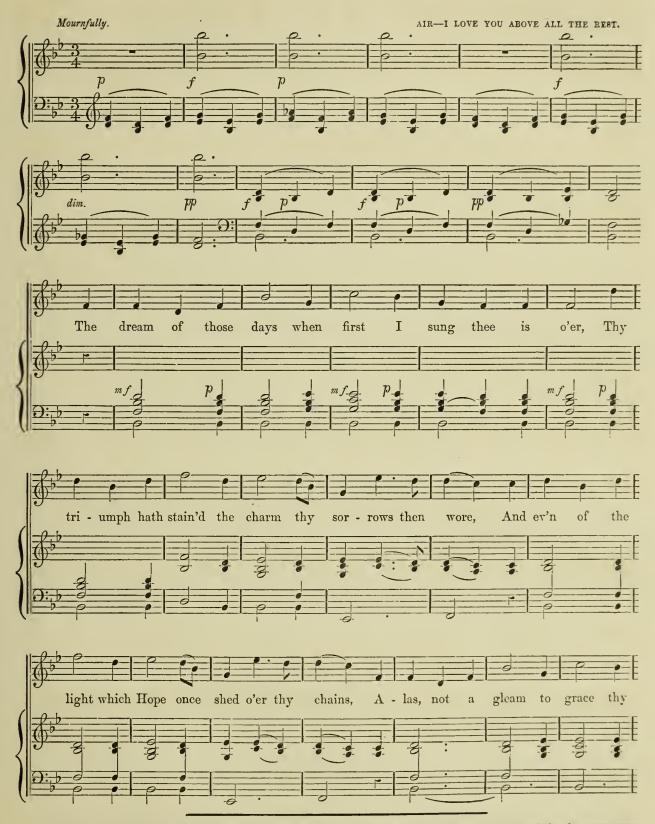








THE DREAM OF THOSE DAYS.*



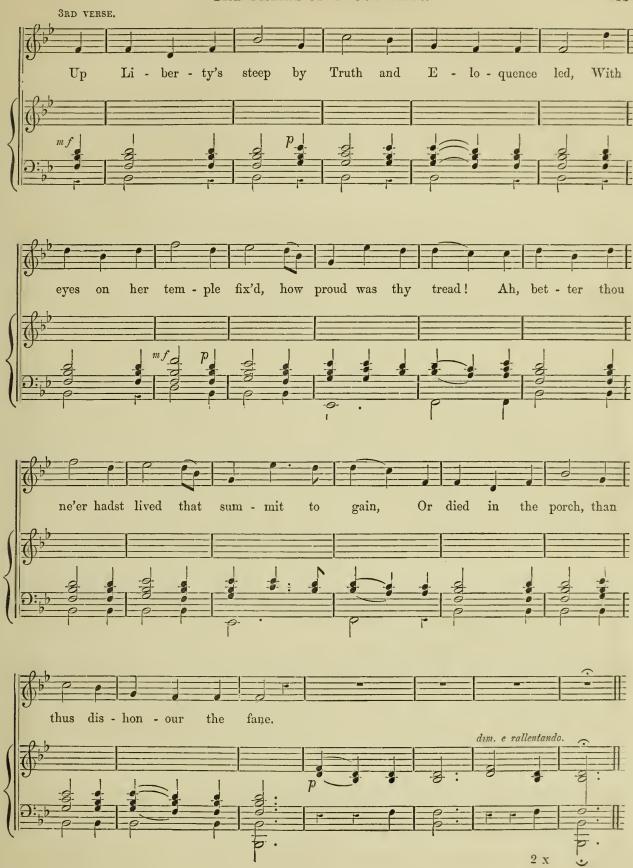
• Written in one of those moods of hopelessness and disgust which come occasionally over the mind, in contemplating the present state of Irish patriotism.

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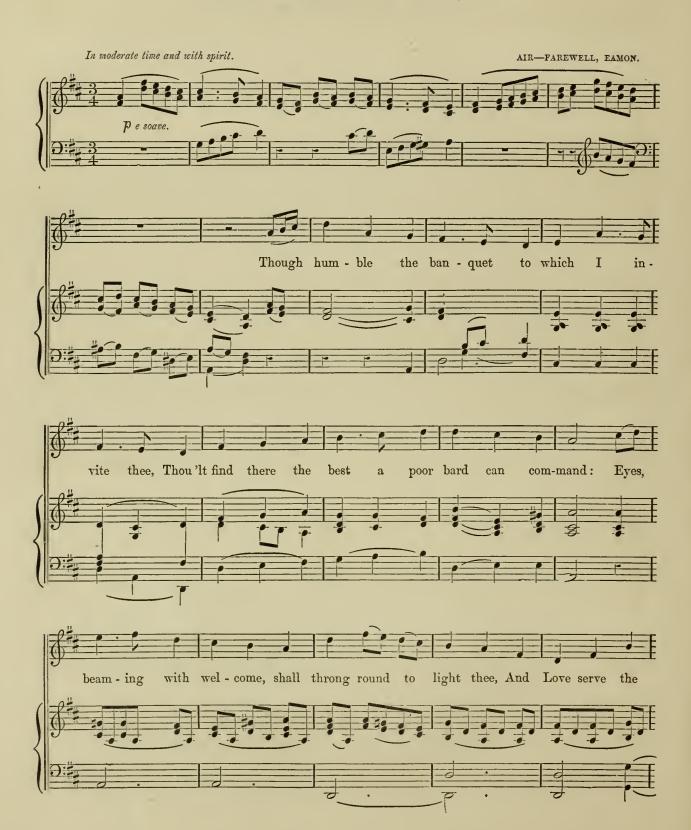
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES



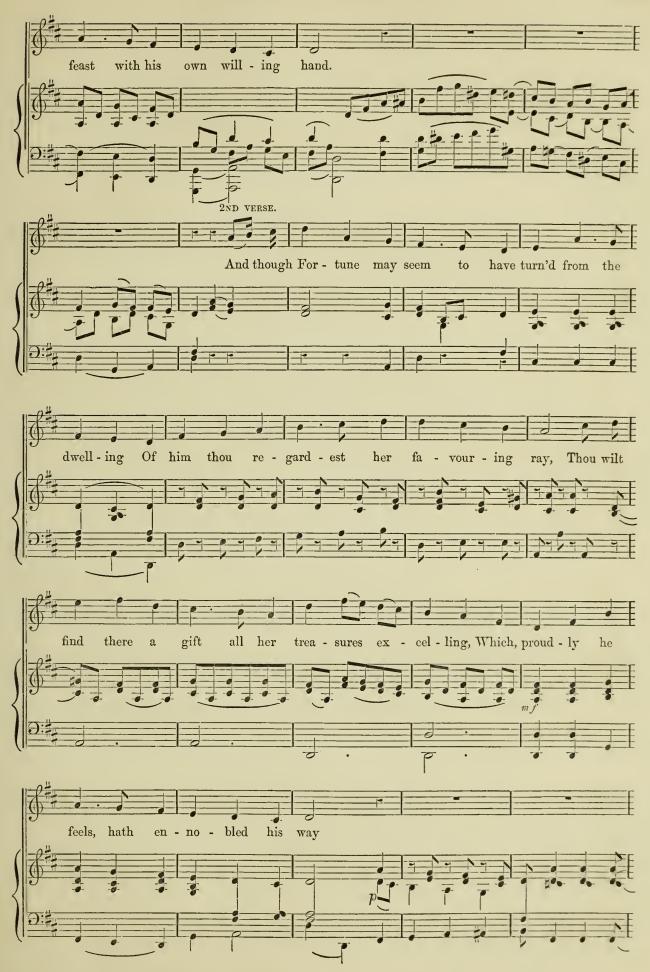
THE DREAM OF THOSE DAYS.



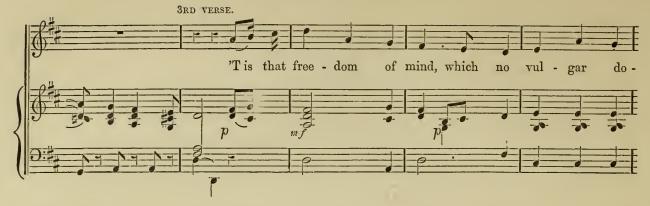
THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET.



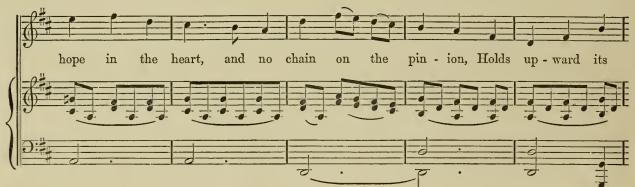
THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET.



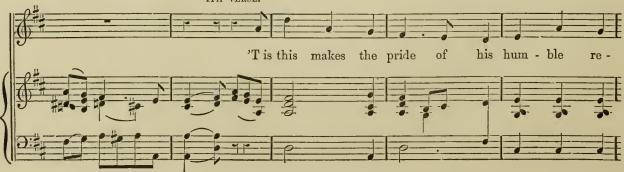
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.



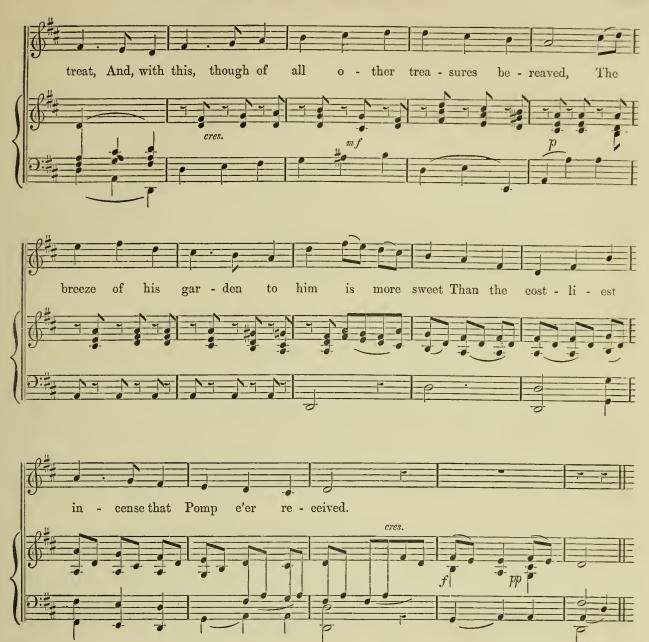






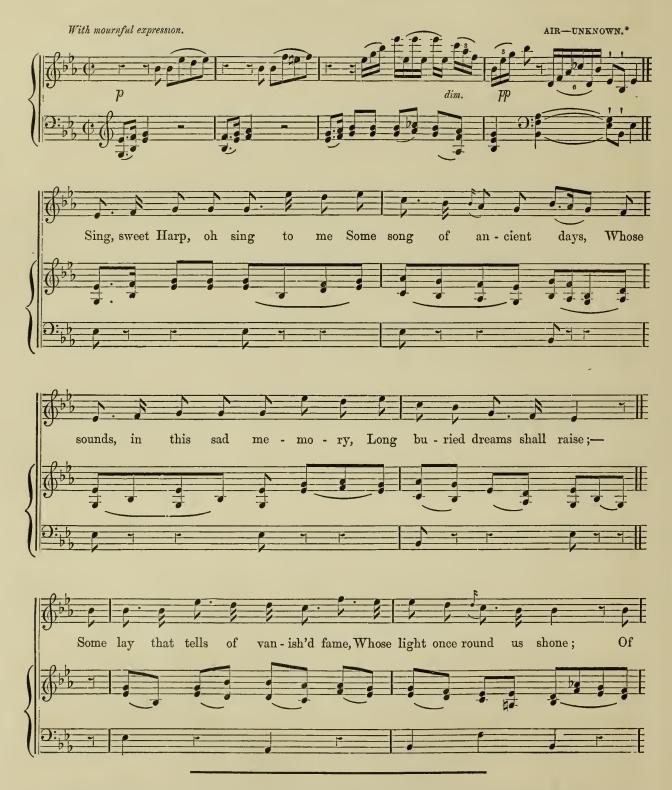


THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET.



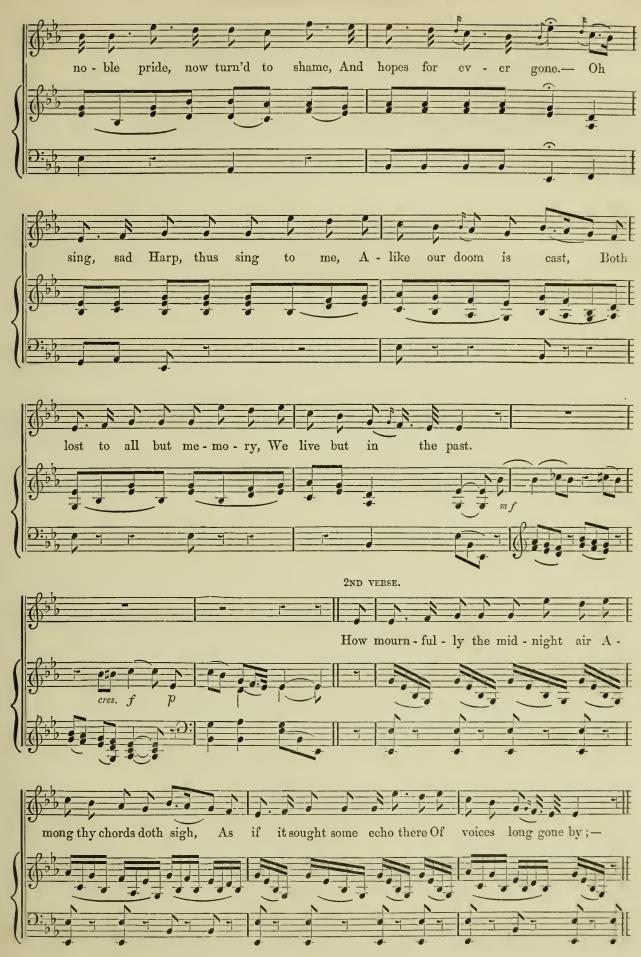
Then, come,—if a board so untempting hath powerTo win thee from grandeur, its best shall be thine;And there 's one, long the light of the bard's happy bower,Who, smiling, will blend her bright welcome with mine.

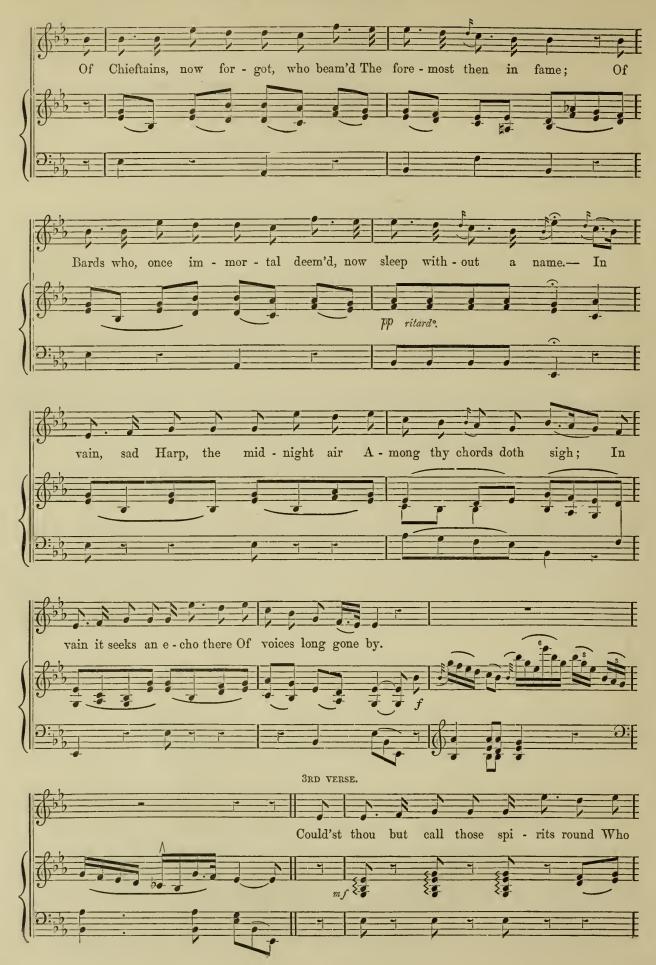
SING, SWEET HARP, OH SING TO ME.

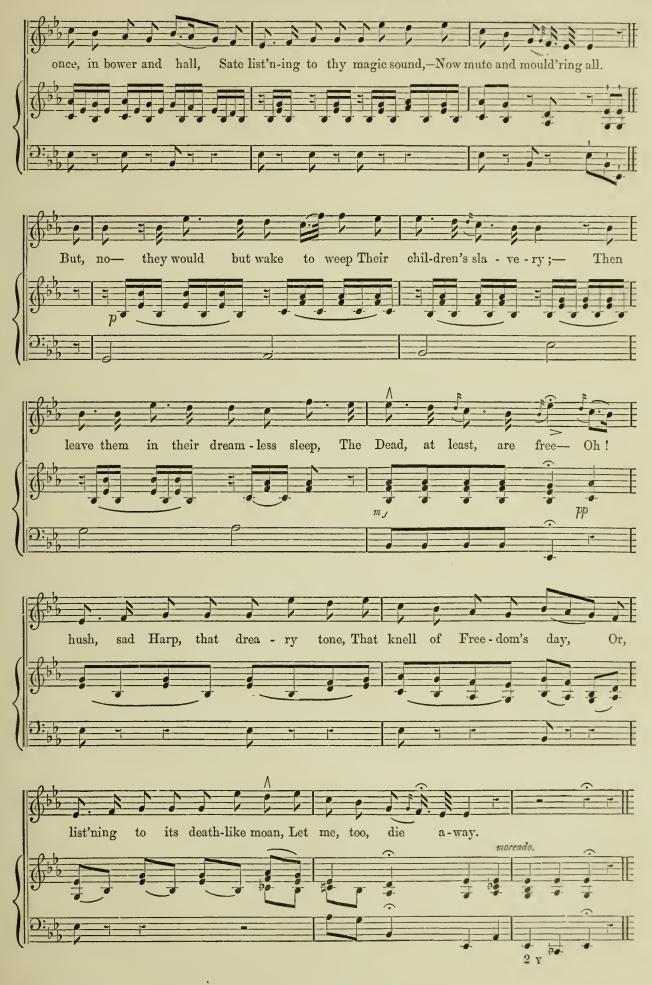


• This graceful air has already been provided with words not unworthy of its beauty, in a collection of "Select Melodies," published by Mr. Smith, of Edinburgh.

SING, SWEET HARP, OH SING TO ME.

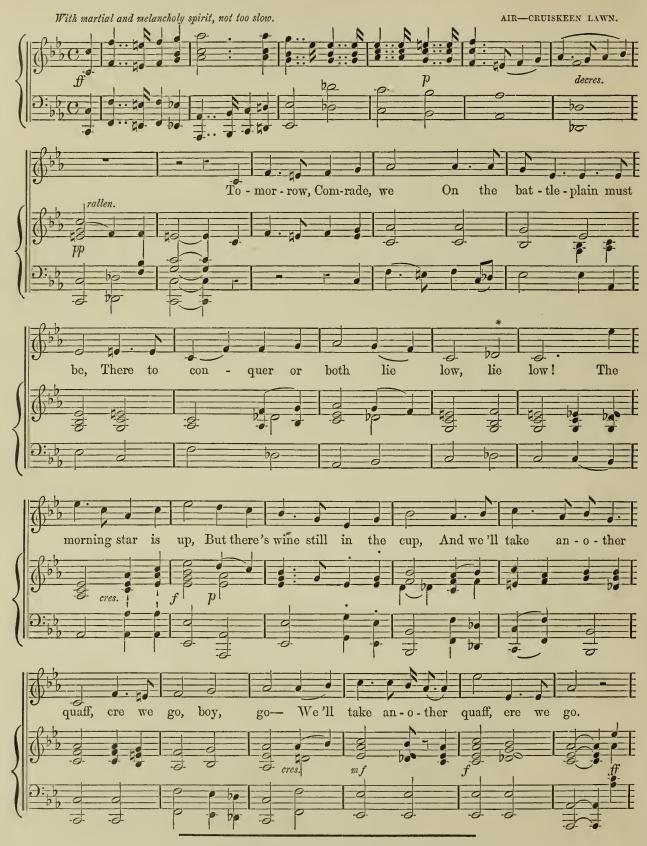






SONG OF THE BATTLE-EVE.

TO-MORROW, COMRADE. WE.

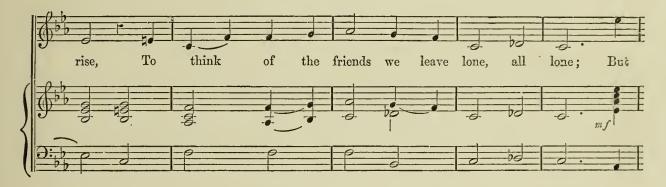


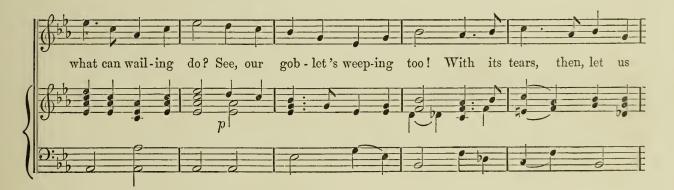
* There is, in this single note, a deviation from the original setting of the Air.

TO-MORROW, COMRADE, WE.

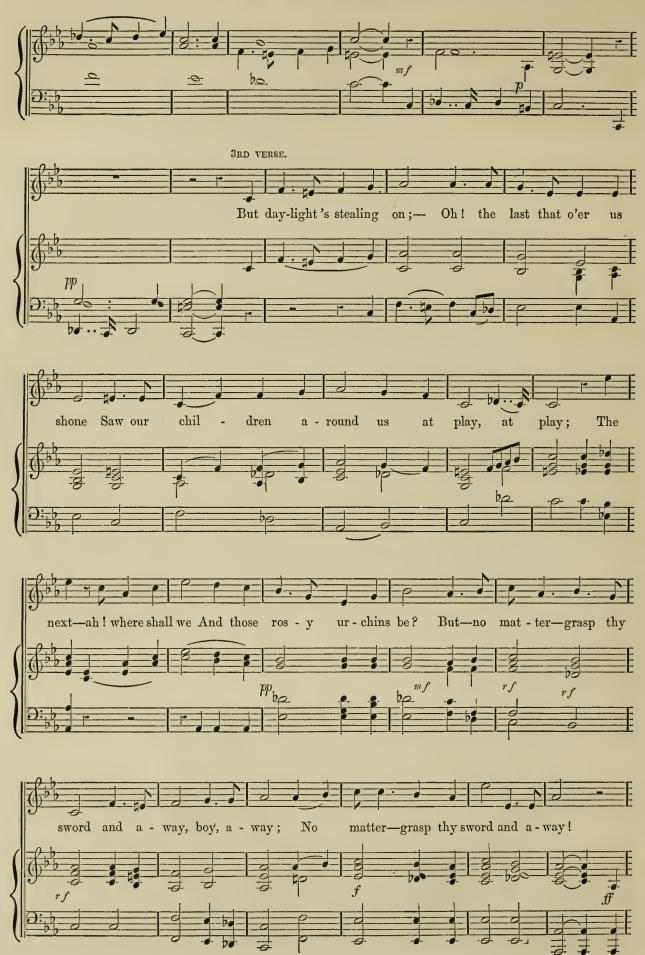




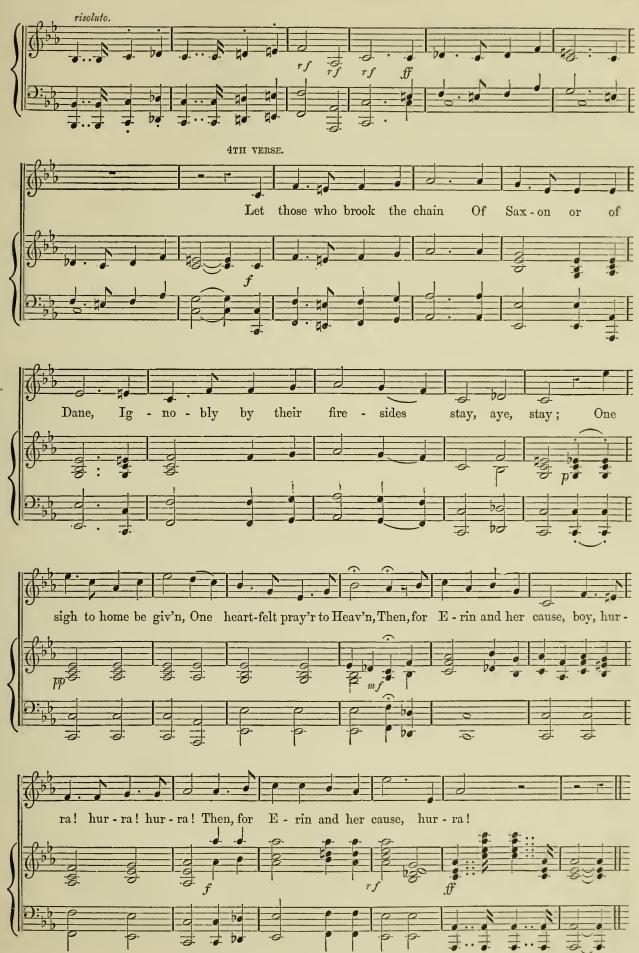






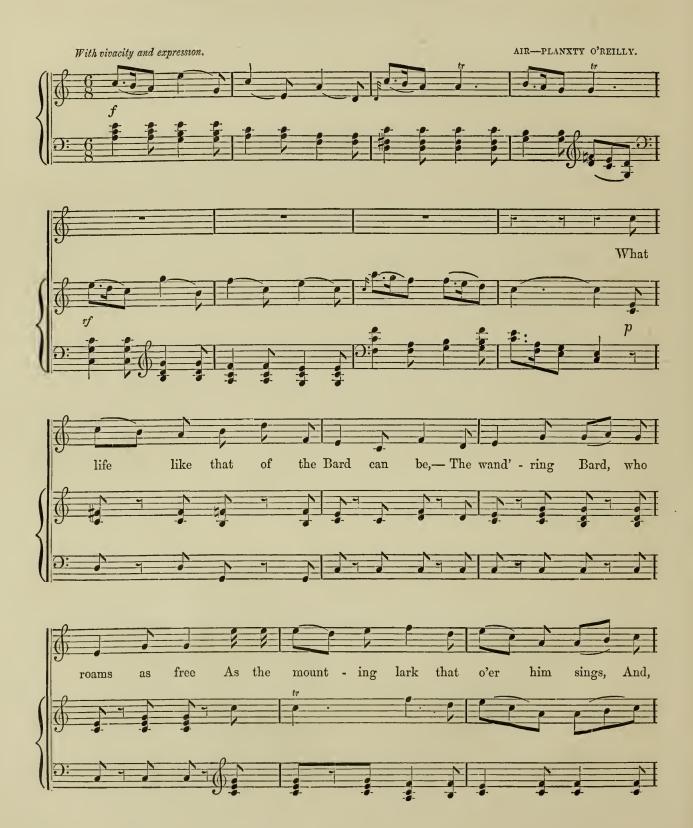


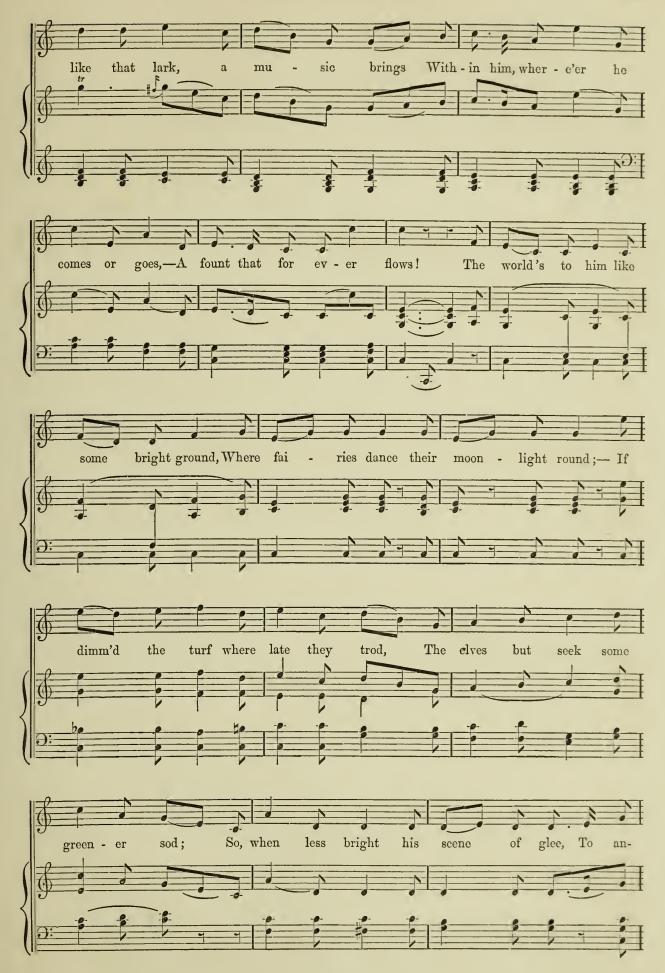
TO-MORROW, COMRADE, WE.

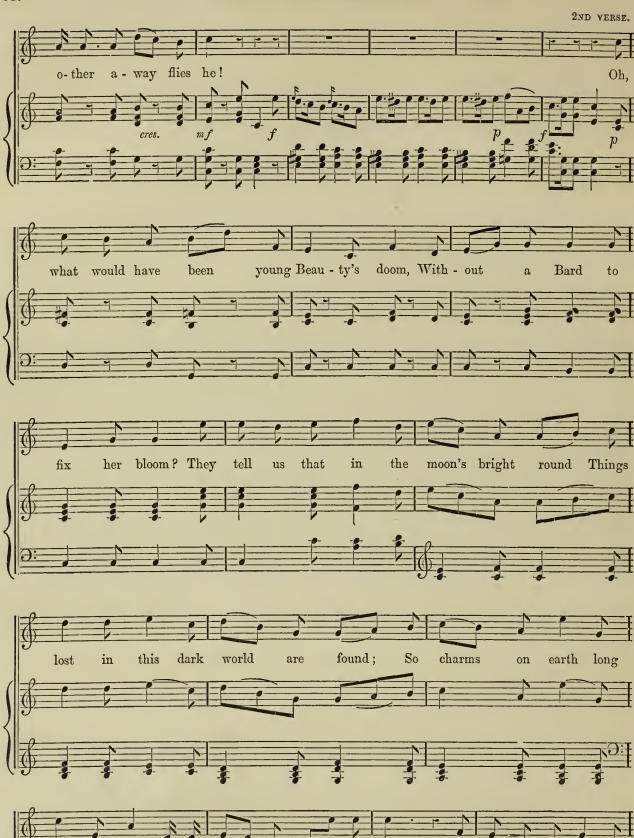


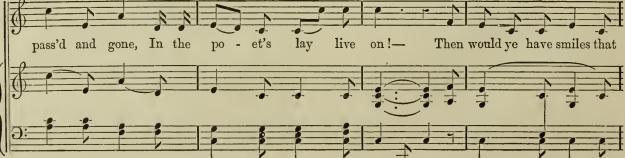
THE WANDERING BARD.

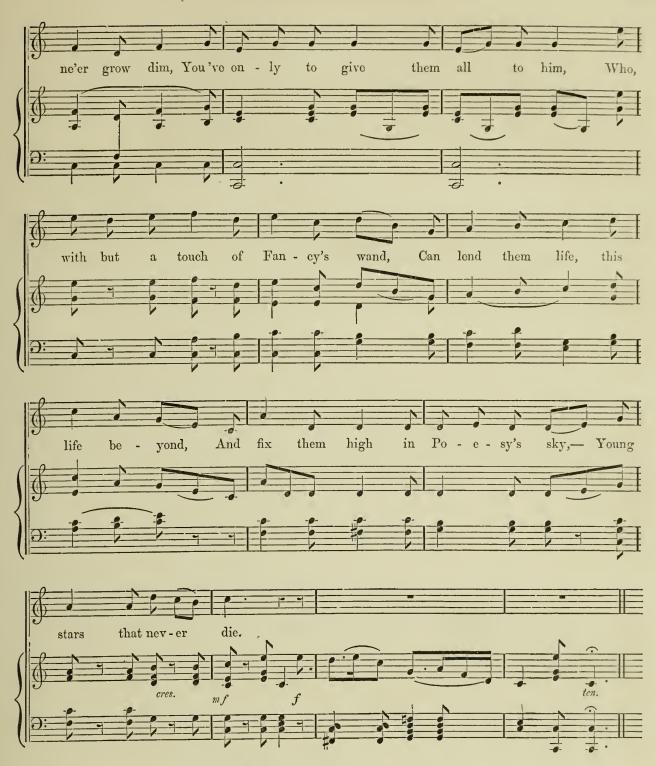
WHAT LIFE LIKE THAT OF THE BARD CAN BE.





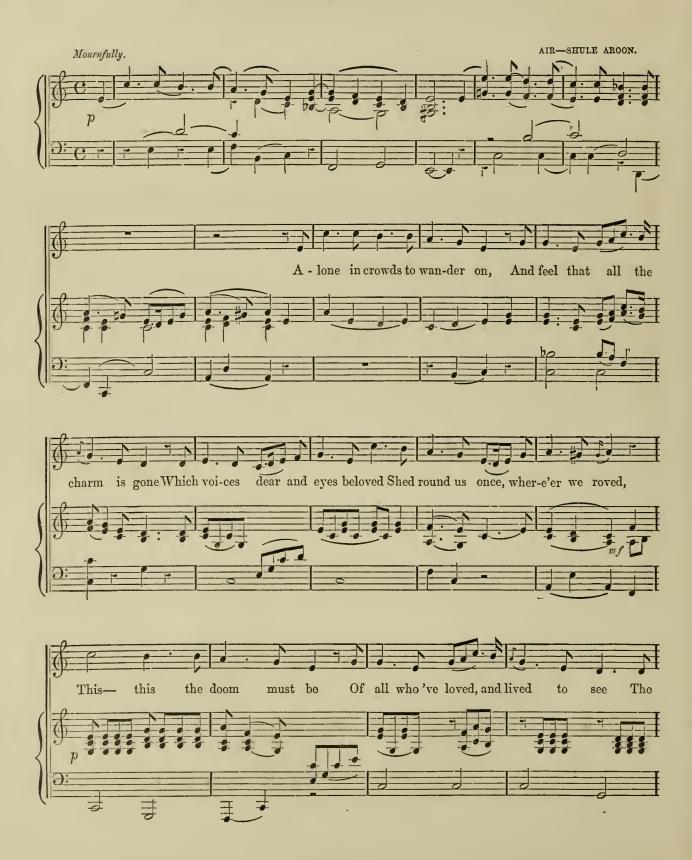


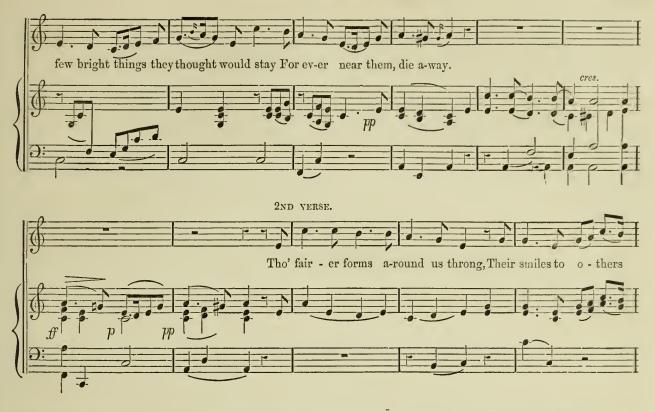


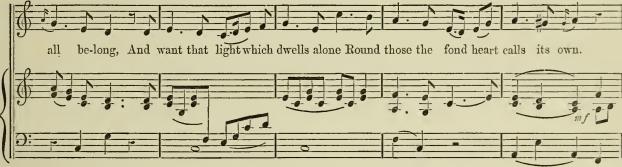


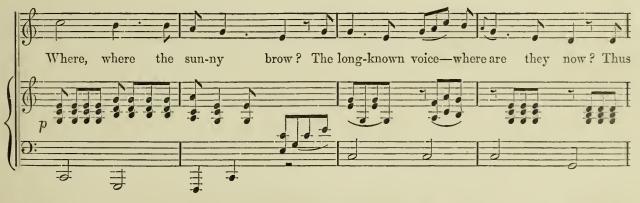
Then, welcome the bard where'er he comes,— For, though he hath countless airy homes, To which his wing excursive roves, Yet still, from time to time, he loves To light upon earth and find such cheer As brightens our banquet here. No matter how fleet, how far he flies, You 've only to light up kind young eyes,— Such signal-fires as here are given,— And down he 'll drop from Fancy's heaven, The minute such call to love or mirth Proclaims he 's wanting on earth !

ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON.

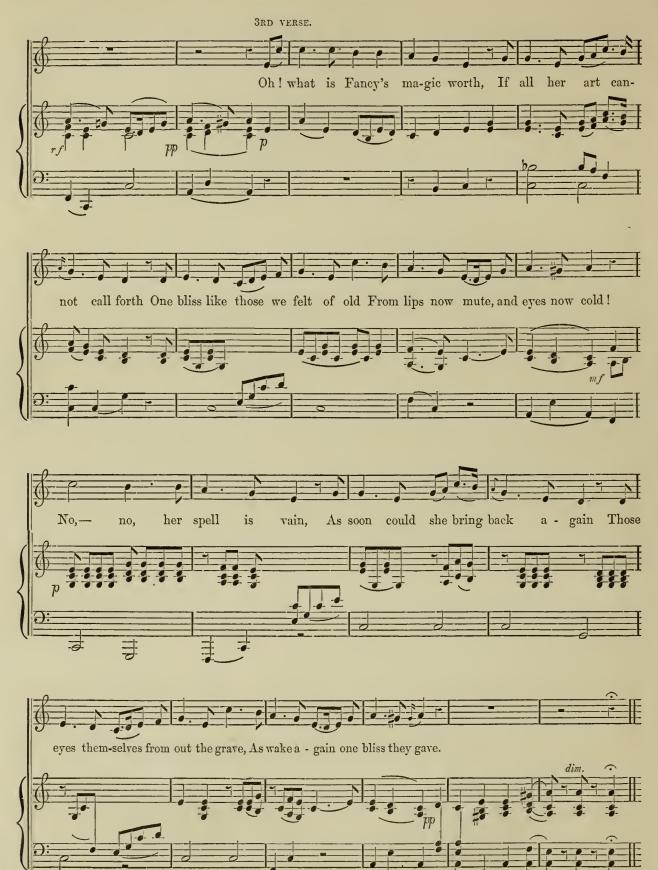




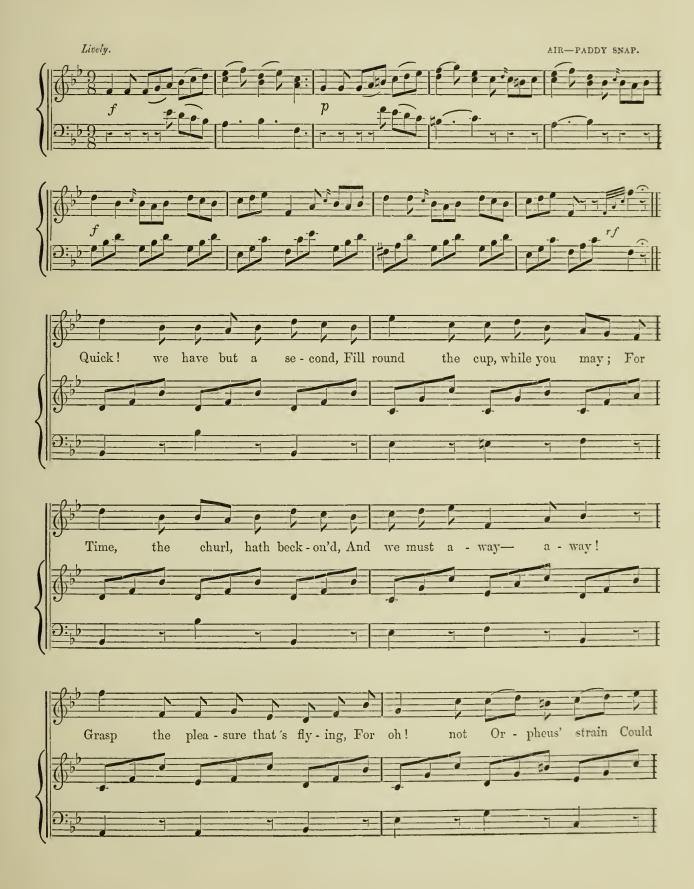


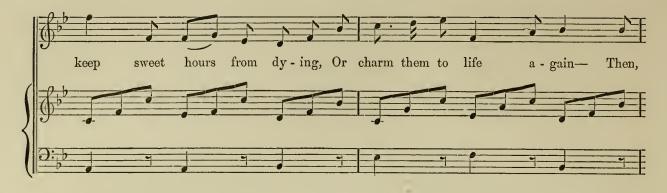




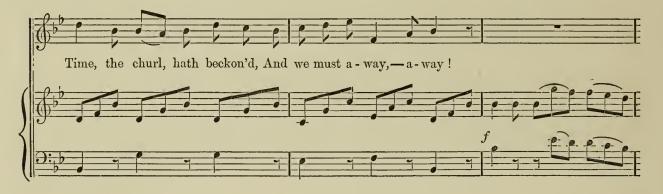


QUICK! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND.

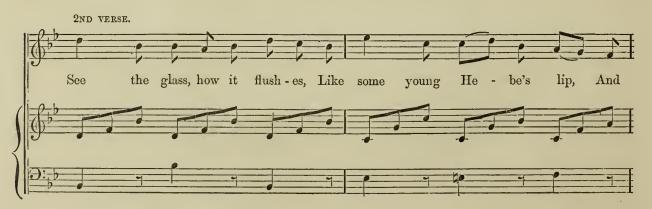


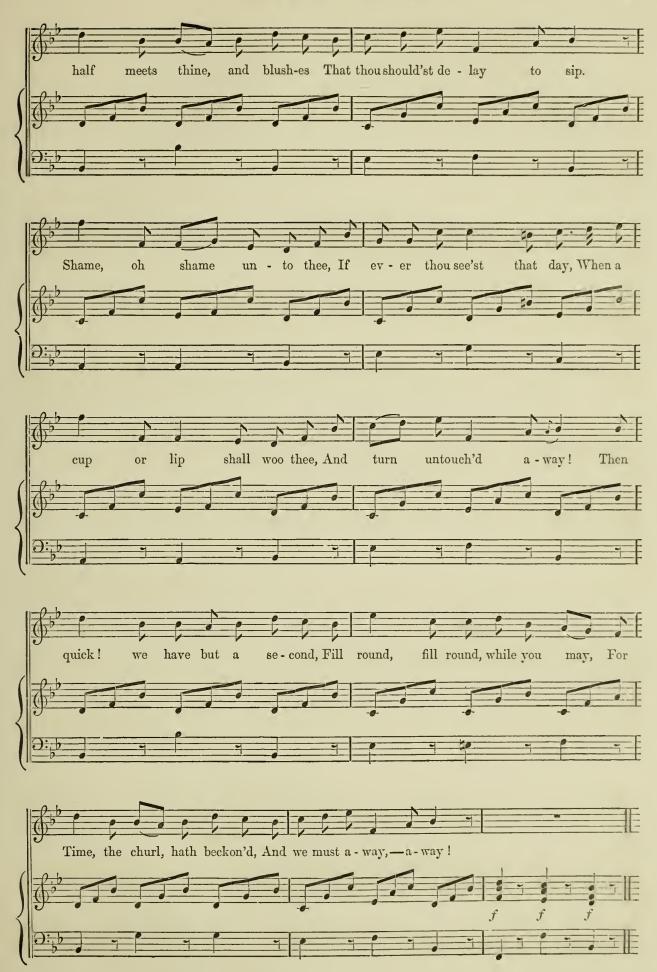




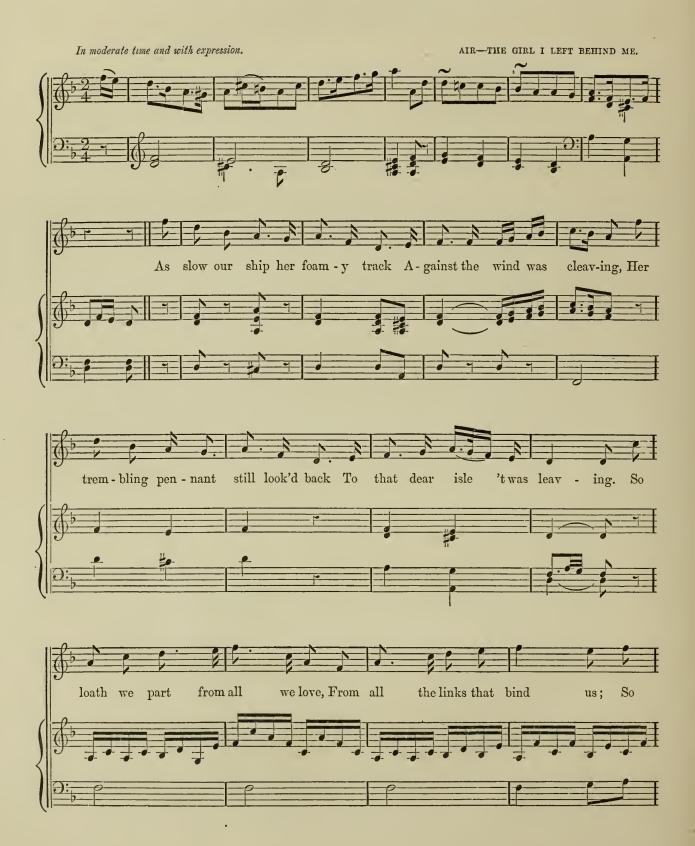


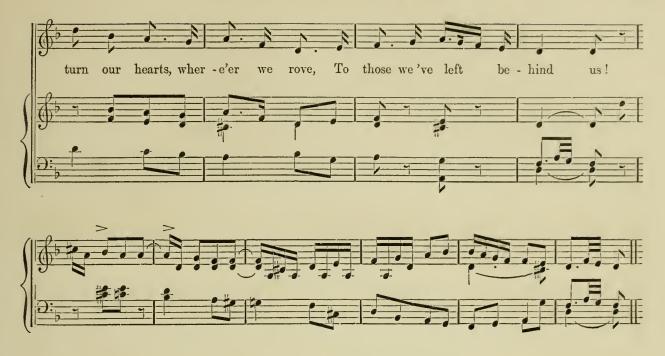






AS SLOW OUR SHIP HER FOAMY TRACK.





II.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk, with joyous seeming,
And smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh sweet 's the cup that circles then
To those we 've left behind us !

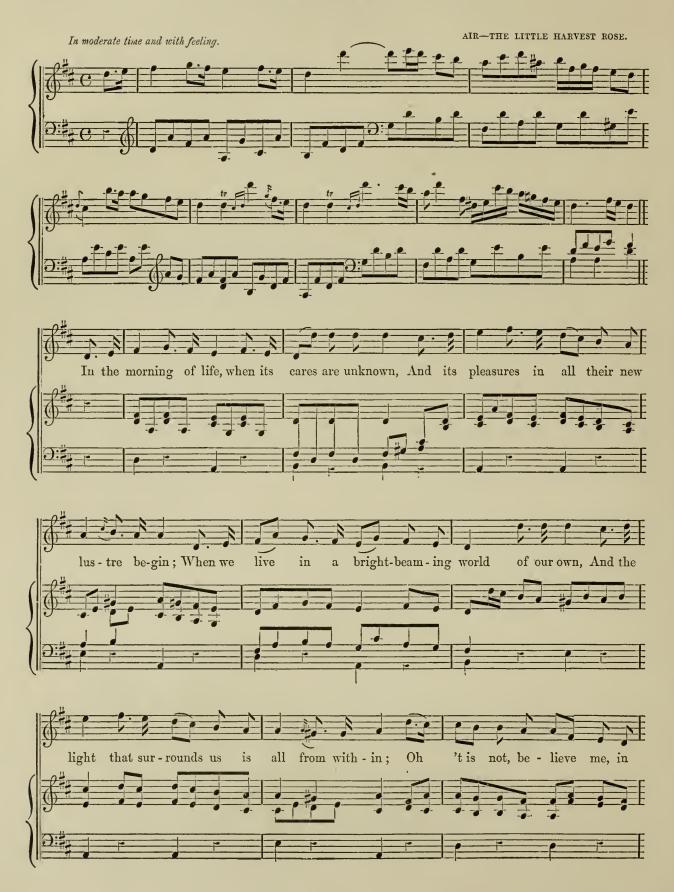
III.

And, when in other climes we meet Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet, And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss, If Heaven had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this, With some we 've left behind us !

IV.

As trav'llers oft look back, at eve, When eastward darkly going, To gaze upon that light they leave Still faint behind them glowing,— So, when the close of pleasure's day To gloom hath near consign'd us, We turn to catch one fading ray Of joy that's left behind us.

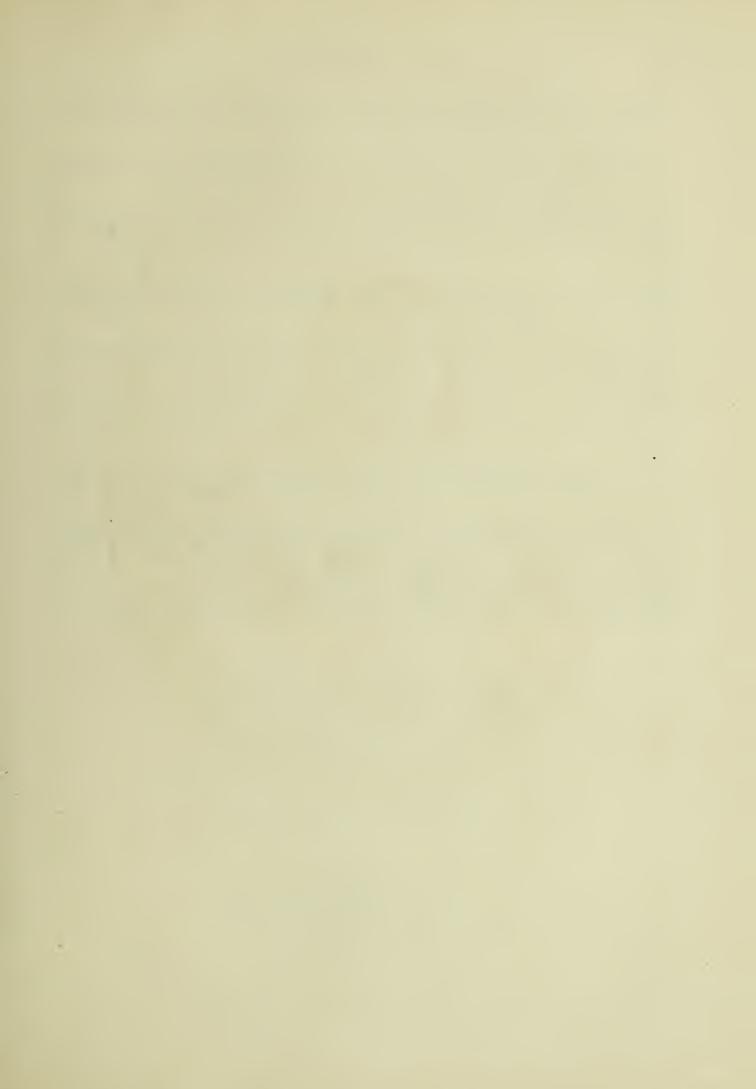
IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.



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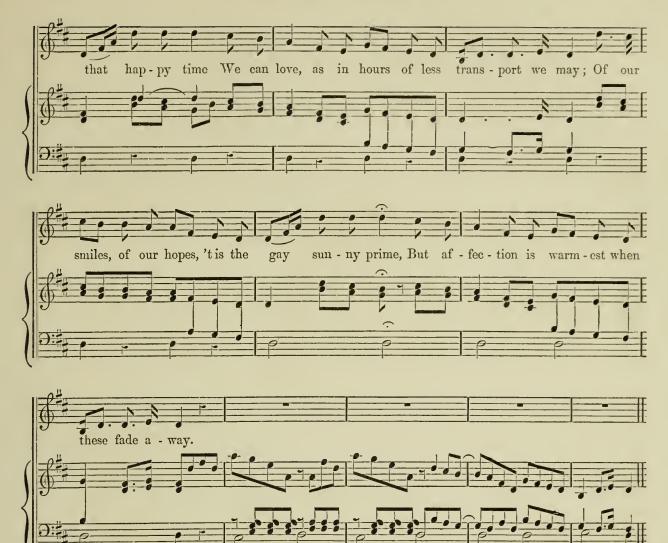
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п.

When we see the first charm of our youth pass us by, Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;

When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,

Now tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn; Then, then is the moment affection can sway

With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew; Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they, But the Love, born of Sorrow, like Sorrow is true!

ш.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid their dyes,

Yet faint is the odour the flowers shed about ;

'T is the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies. That call their full spirit of fragrancy out.

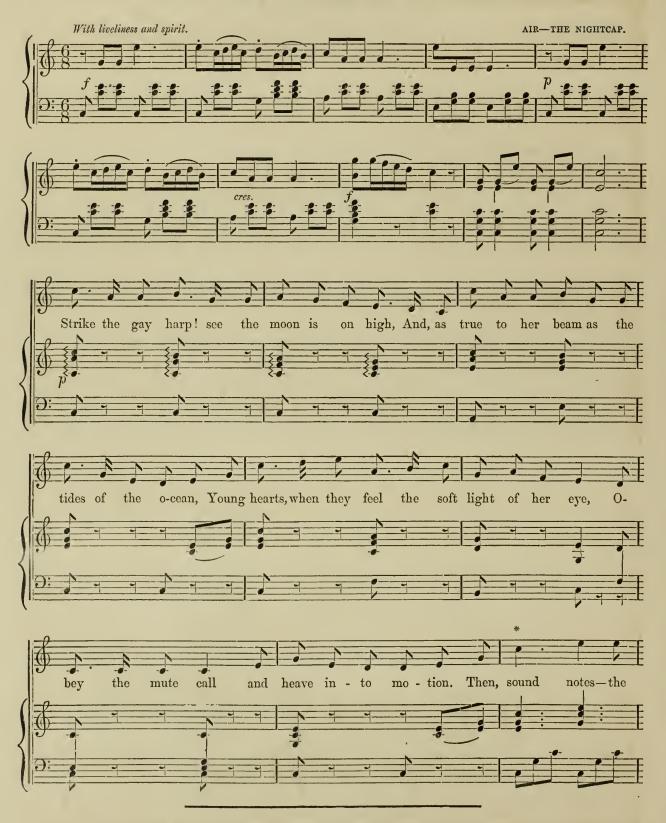
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,

But 't is only in grief true affection appears ;— To the magic of smiles it may first owe its birth,

But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears!

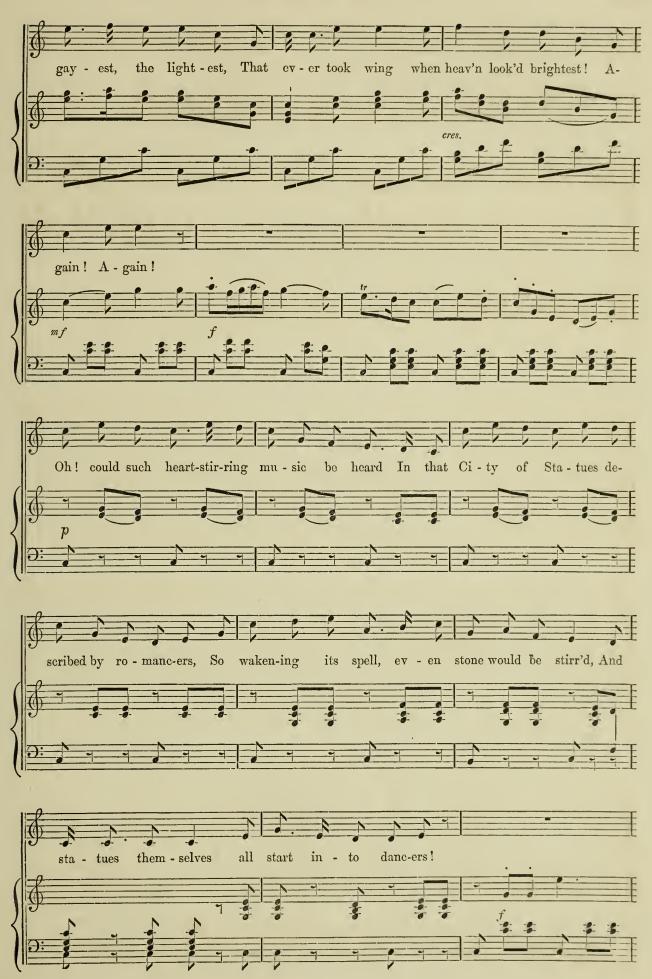
THE NIGHT-DANCE.

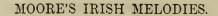
STRIKE THE GAY HARP! SEE THE MOON IS ON HIGH.



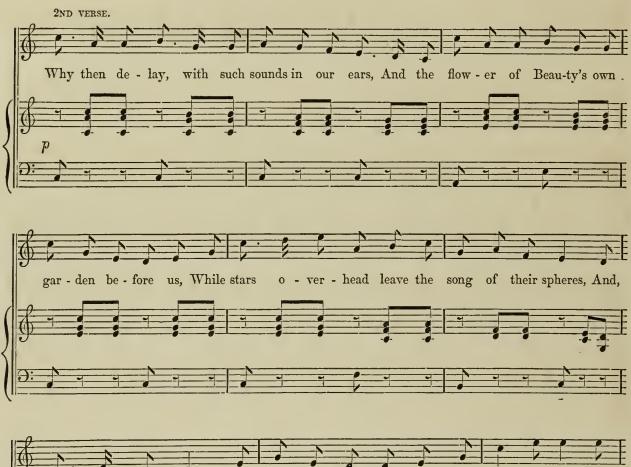
• It is right to mention that the Air is, in this and the seven following bars, transferred to the accompaniment and symphony, being too high for the voice.

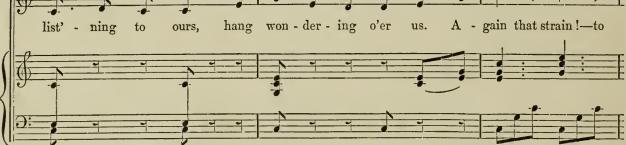
STRIKE THE GAY HARP!

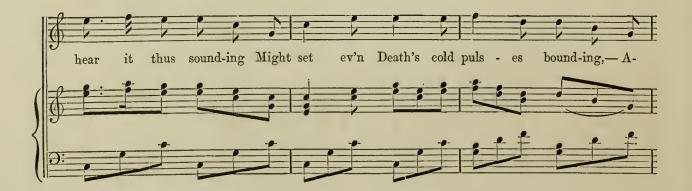




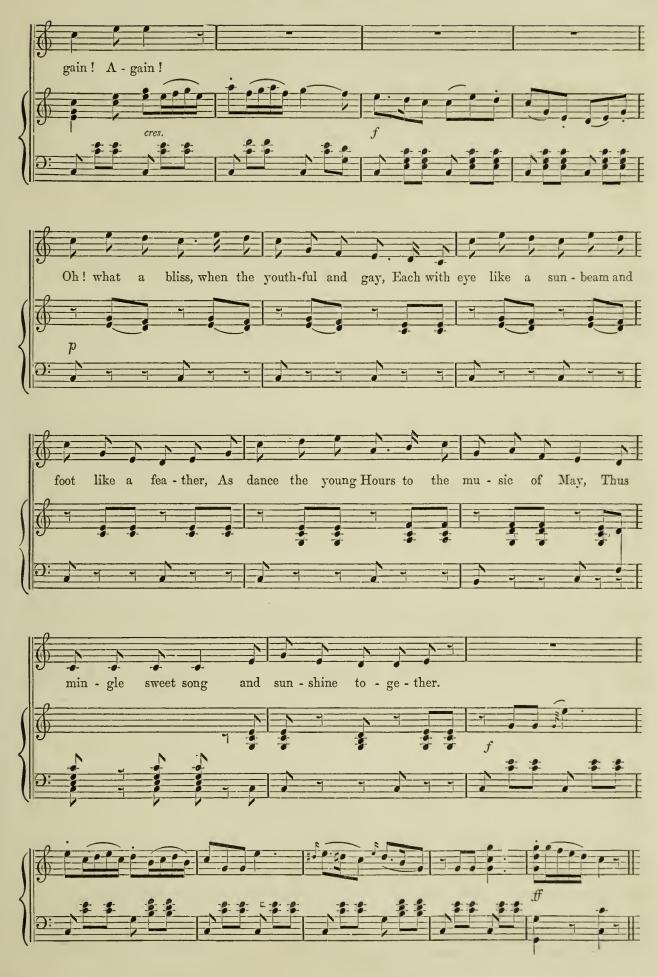




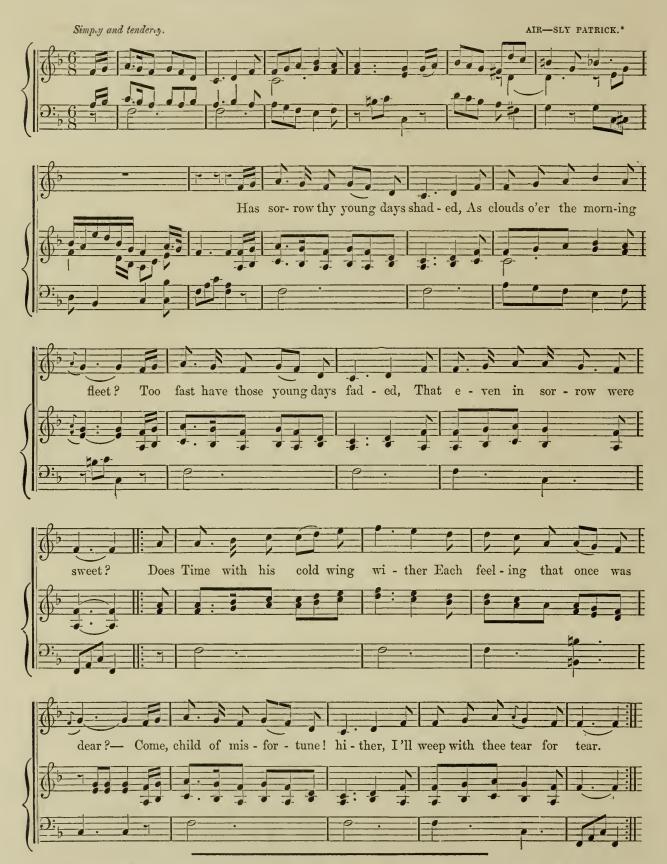




STRIKE THE GAY HARP!



HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.



[•] To the Gentleman who favoured 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

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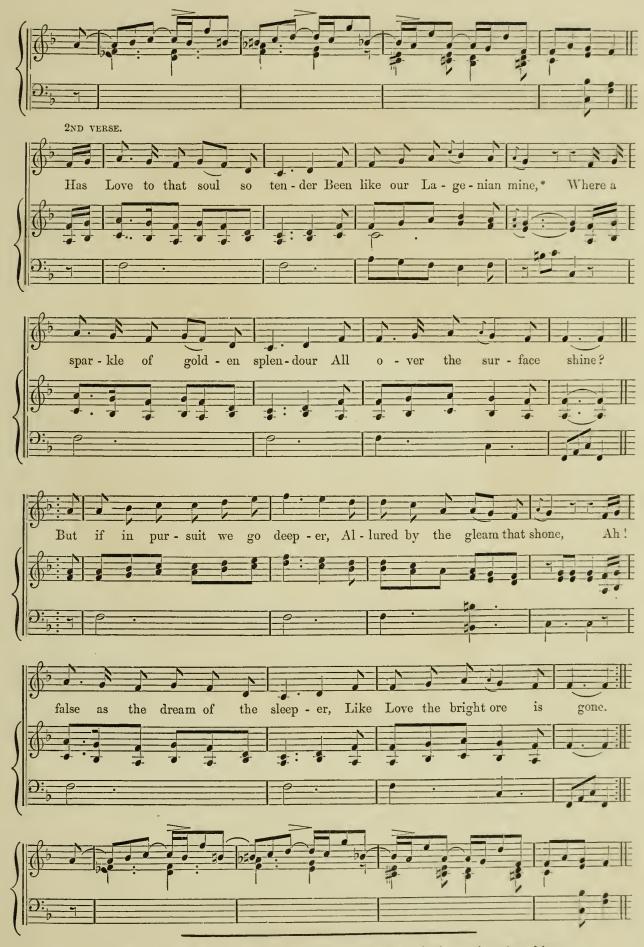
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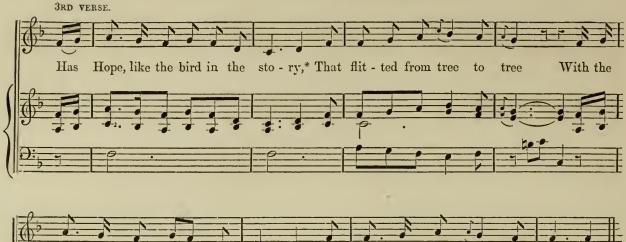


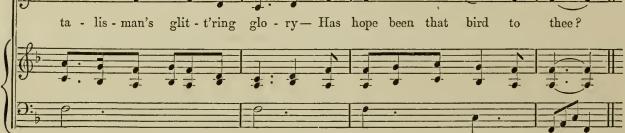


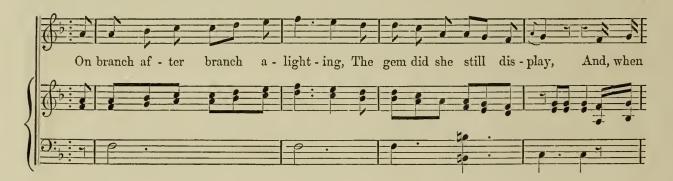
HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

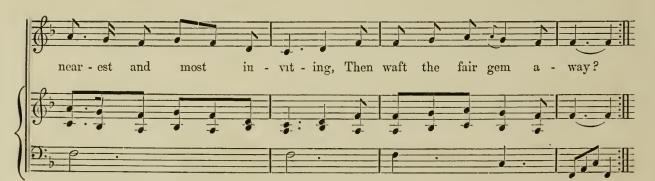


* Our Wicklow Gold-Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here given of them.





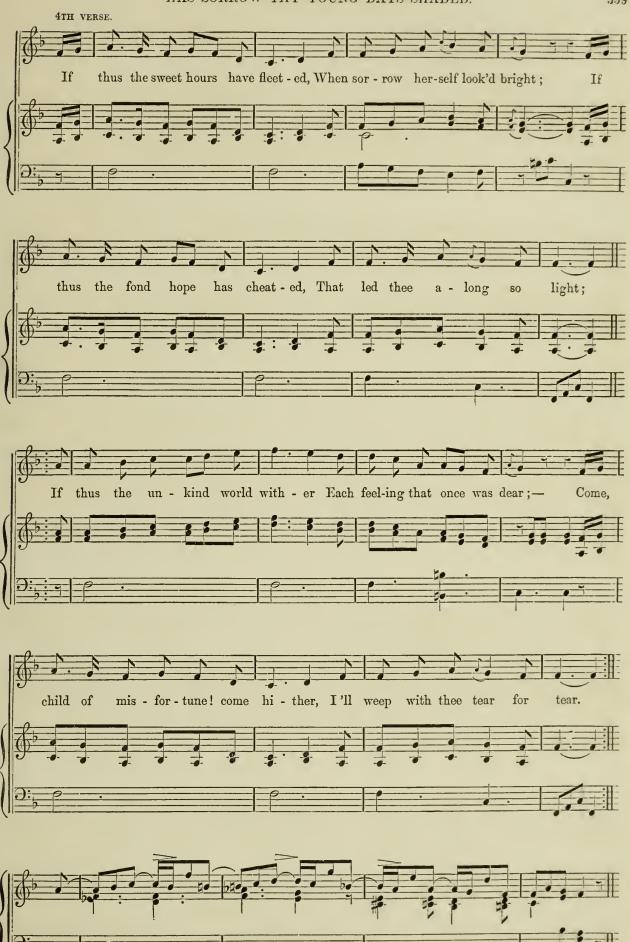




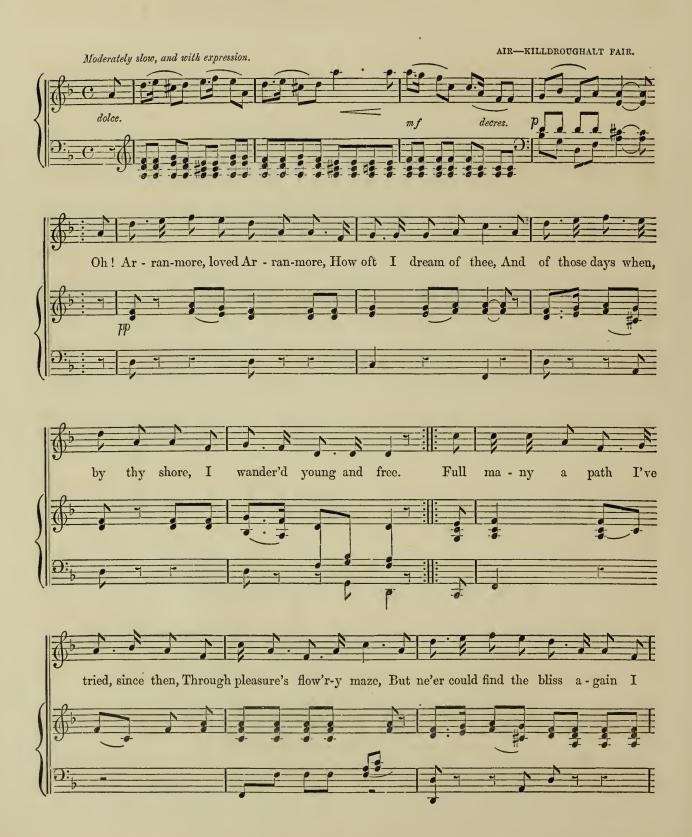


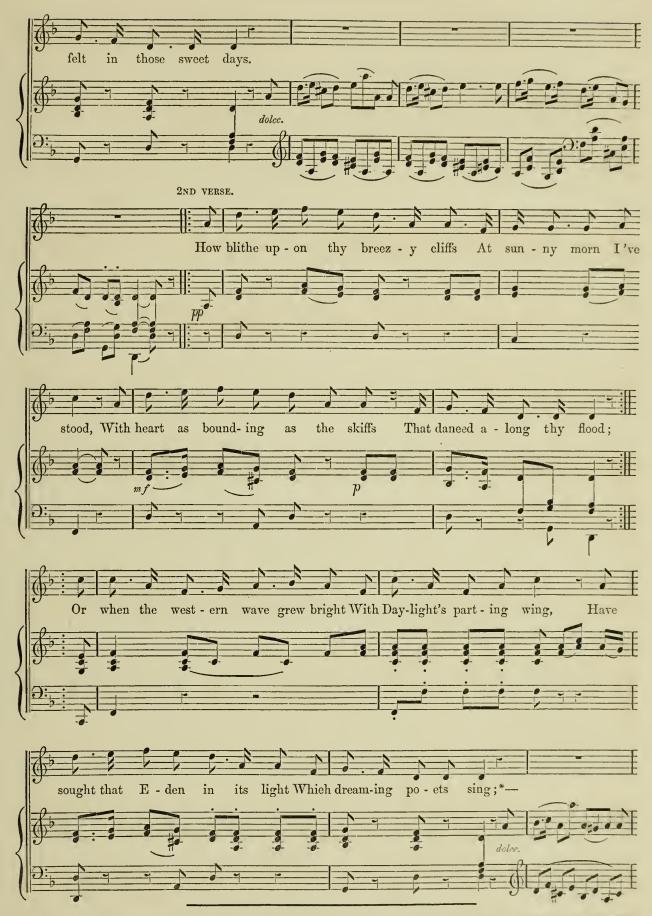
^{* &}quot;The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off with the talisman in its mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," &c.—ARABIAN NIGHTS—Story of Kummir al Zummaun and the Princess of China

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.



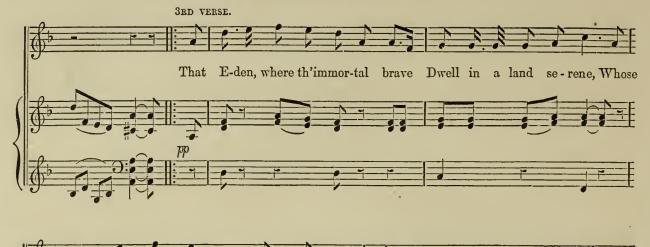
OH! ARRANMORE, LOVED ARRANMORE.

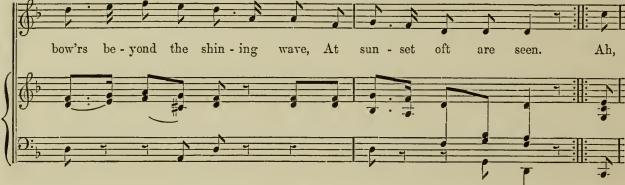


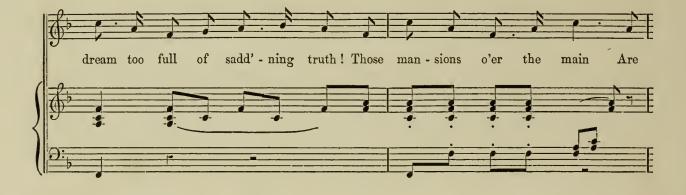


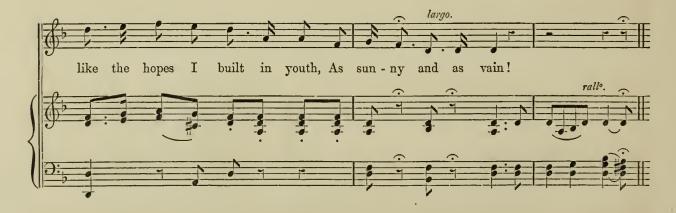
* "The inhabitants of Arranmore are still persuaded that, in a clear day, they can see from this coast Hy Brysail or the Enchanted Island, the Paradise of the Pagan Irish, and concerning which they relate a number of romantie stories." -Beaufort's Ancient Topography of Ireland.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

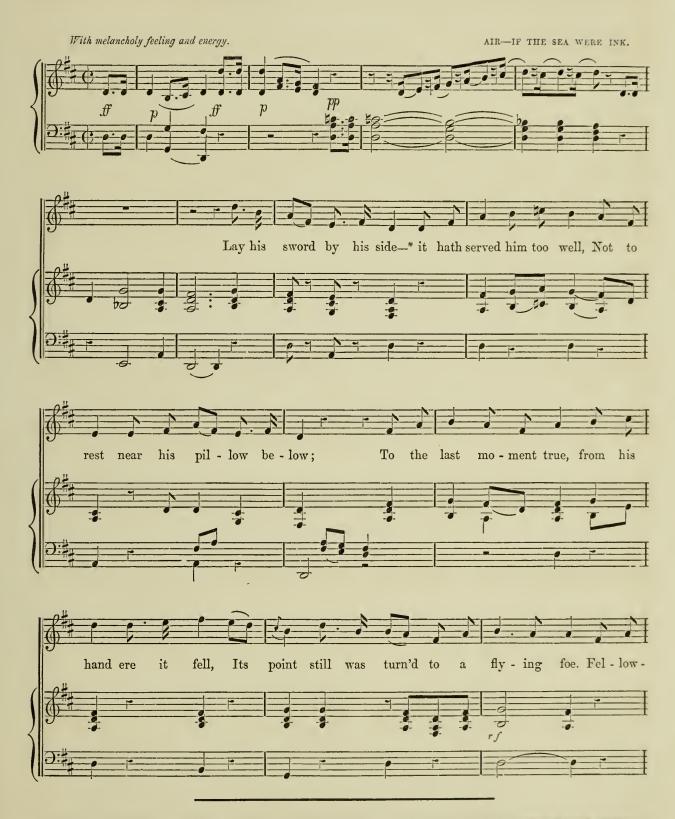






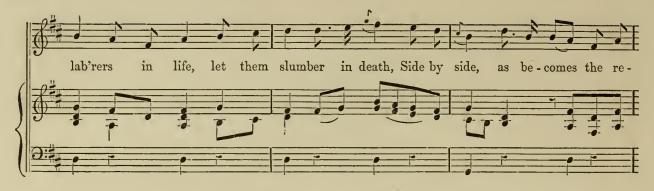


LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.



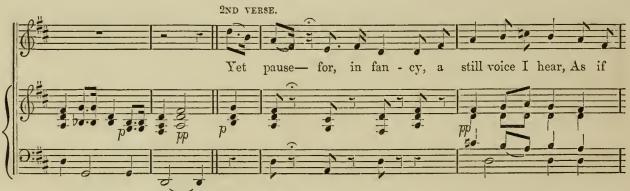
* It was the custom of the ancient Irish, in the manner of the Scythians, to bury the favourite swords of their heroes along with them.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

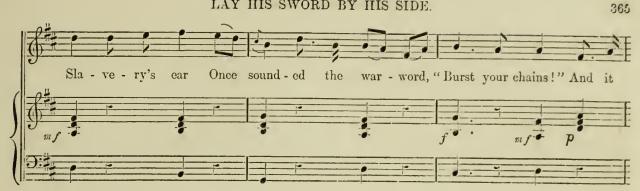


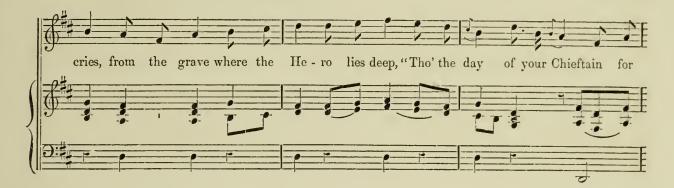


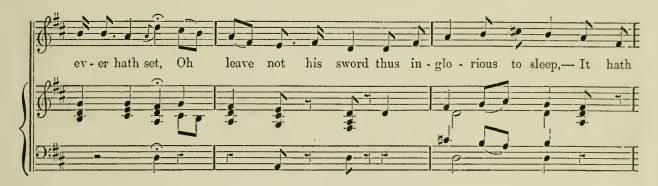














"Should some alien, unworthy such weapon to wield.

Dare to touch thee, my own gallant sword,

Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman seal'd,

Or return to the grave of thy chainless lord.

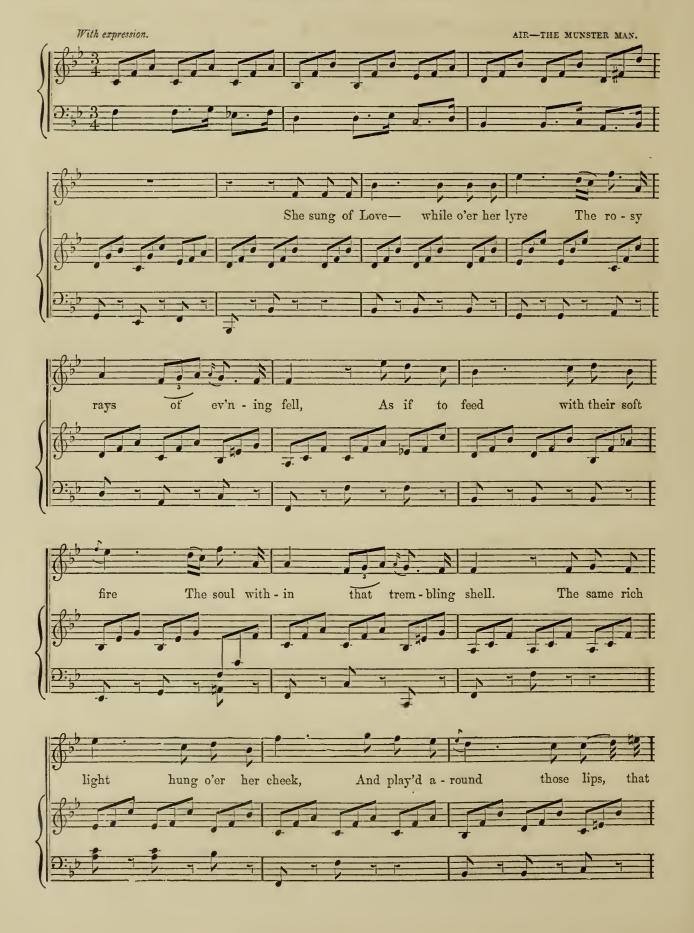
But, if grasp'd by a hand that hath known the bright use

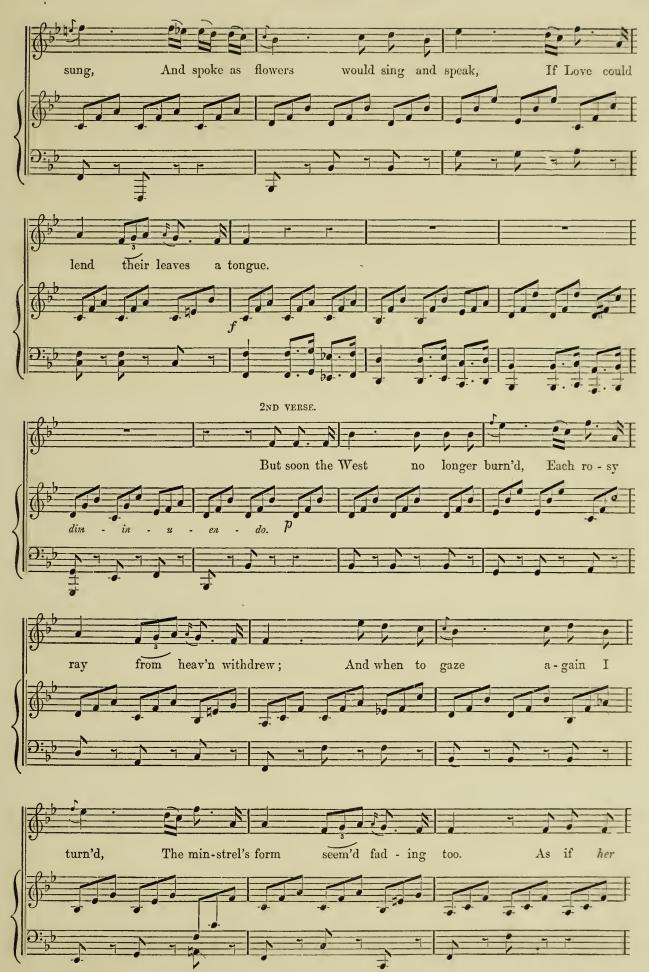
Of a falchion, like thee, on the battle-plain,-

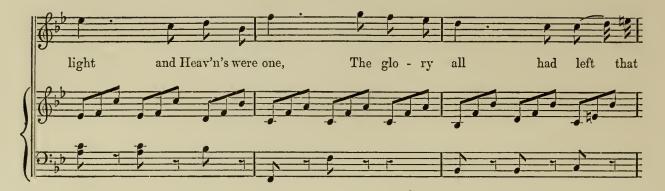
Then, at Liberty's summons, like lightning let loose,

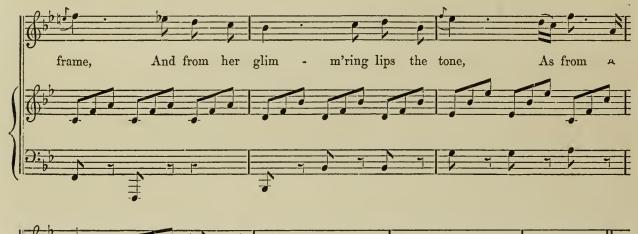
Leap forth from thy dark sheath again!"

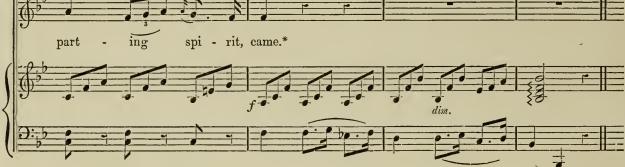
SHE SUNG OF LOVE.











Who ever loved, but had the thought

That he and all he loved must part?

Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught

That fading image to my heart-

And cried, "Oh Love! is this thy doom?

- Oh light of youth's resplendent day!
- Must ye then lose your golden bloom,

And thus, like sunshine, die away ? "

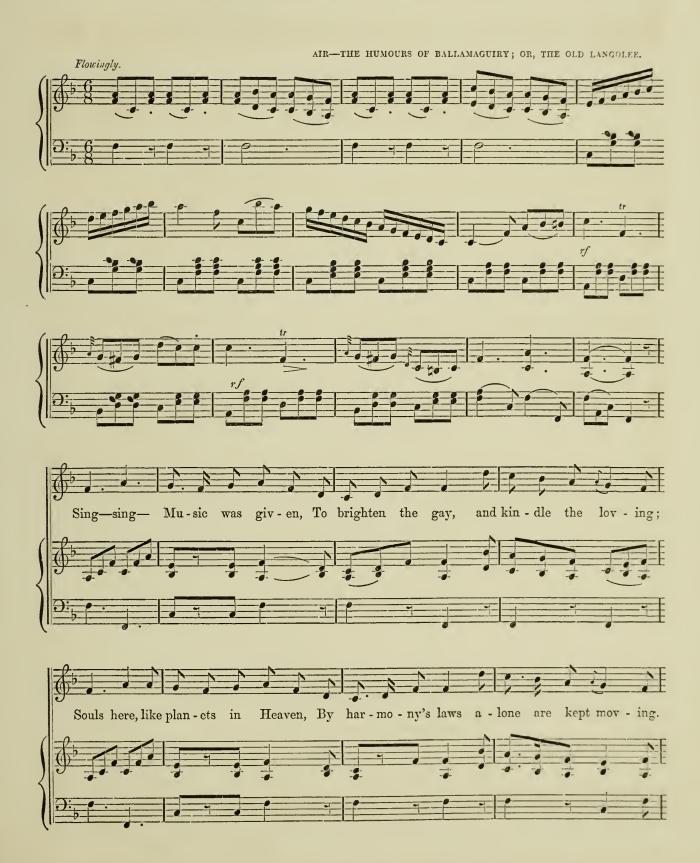
* The thought here was suggested by some beautiful lines in Mr. Rogers's Poem of Human Life, beginning-"Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows

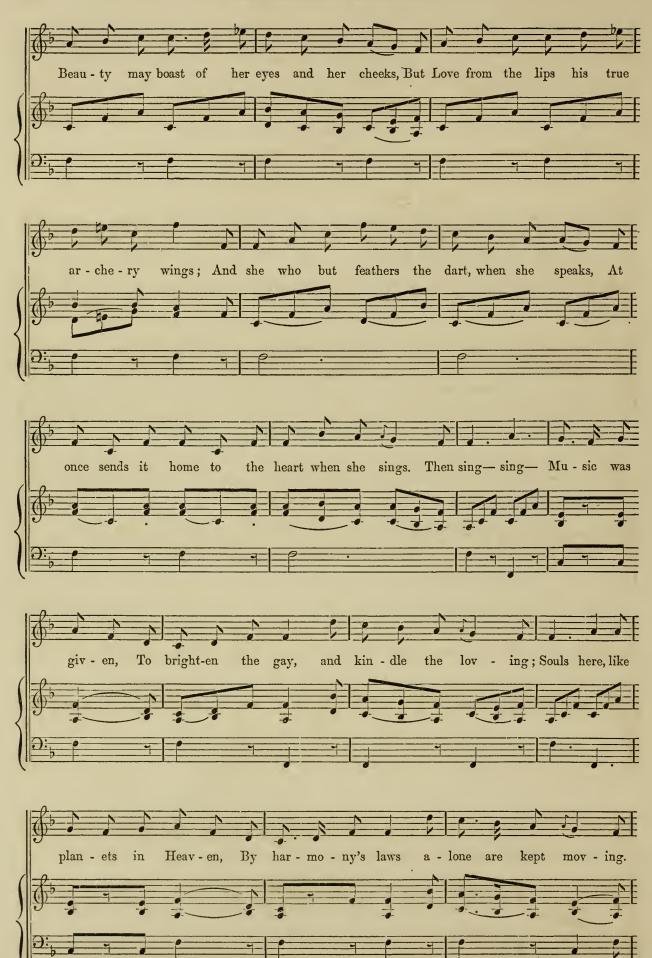
Less and less earthly."

I would quote the entire passage, but that I fear to put my own humble imitation of it out of countenance

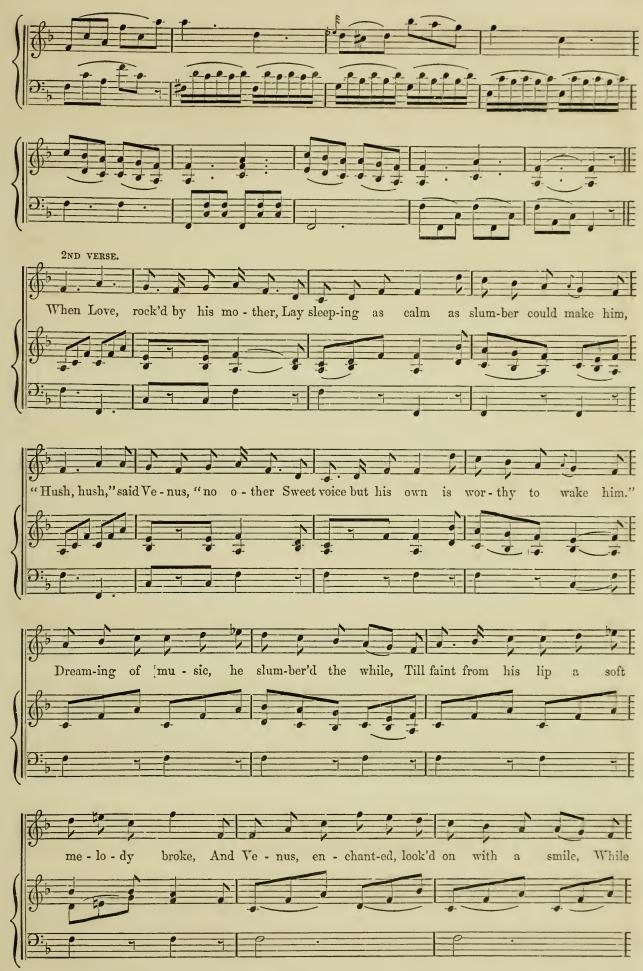
SING-SING-MUSIC WAS GIVEN

SING-SING-MUSIC WAS GIVEN.



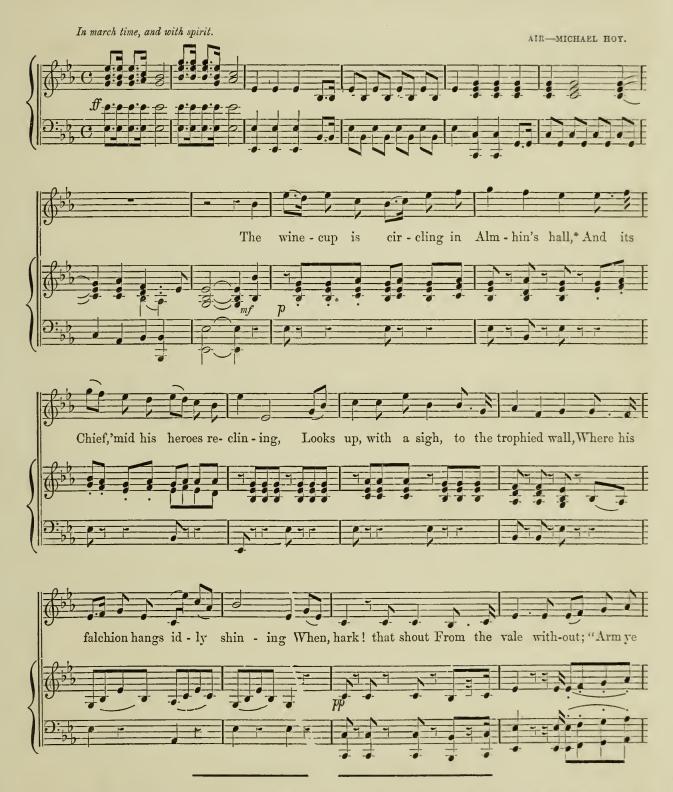


SING-SING-MUSIC WAS GIVEN





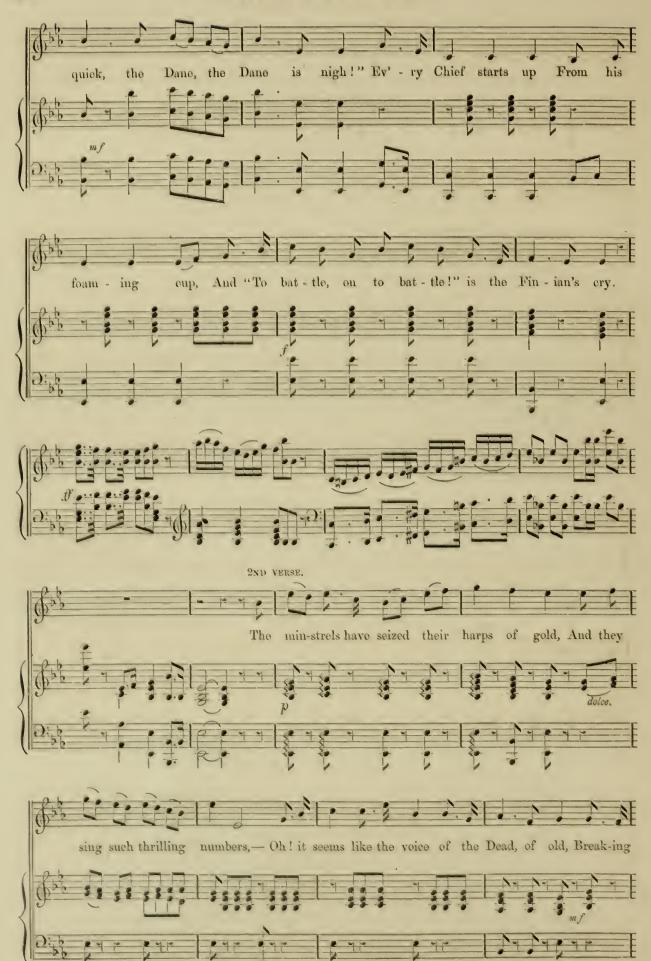
THE WINE-CUP IS CIRCLING.

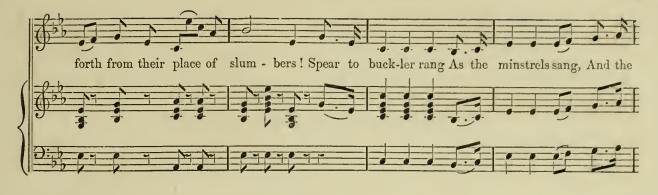


in Leinster. It was built on the top of the hill, which has retained from thence the name of the Hill of Allen, in the County of Kildare. The Finians, or Fenii, were the celebrated National Militia of Ire-

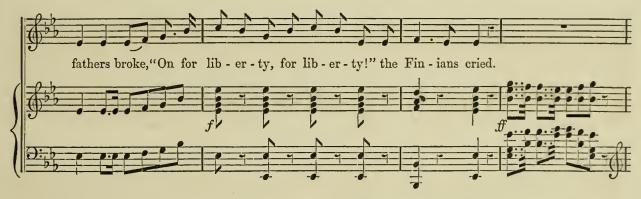
• The Palace of Finn Mac-Cumhal (the Fingal of Macpherson) | land, which this Chief commanded. The introduction of the Danes in the above song is an anachronism common to most of the Finian and Ossianic legends.

3 D







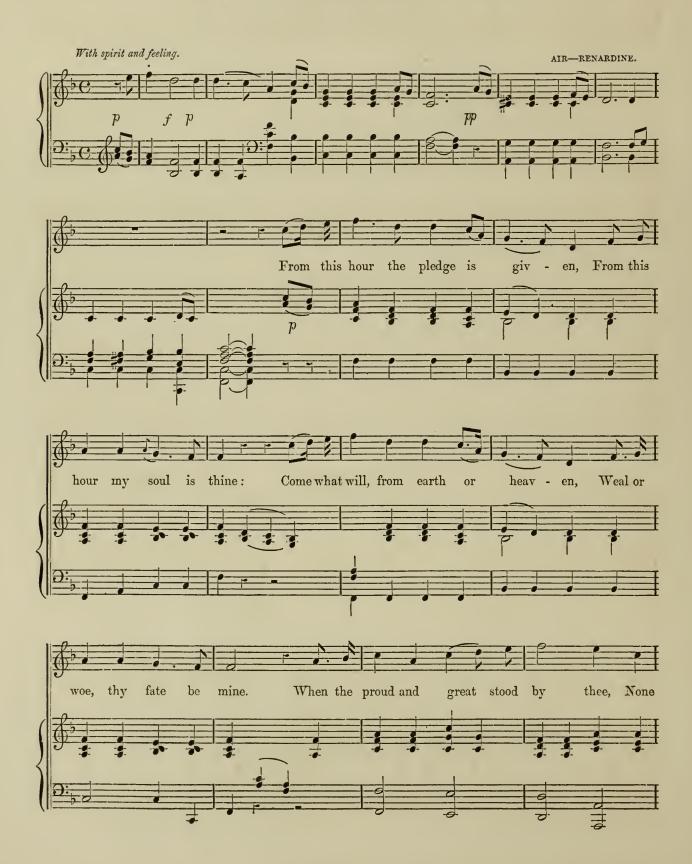


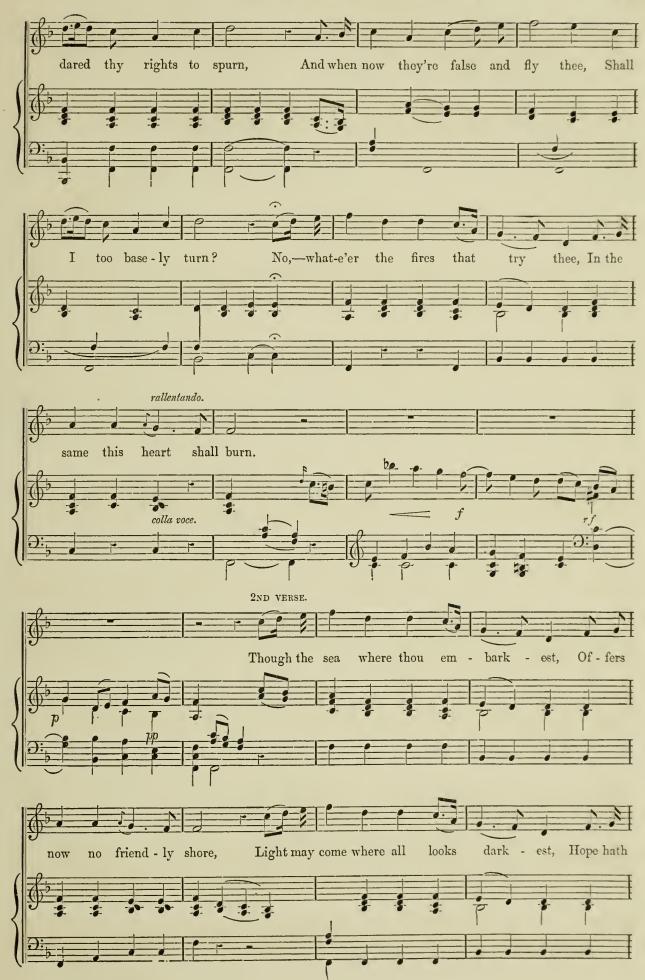


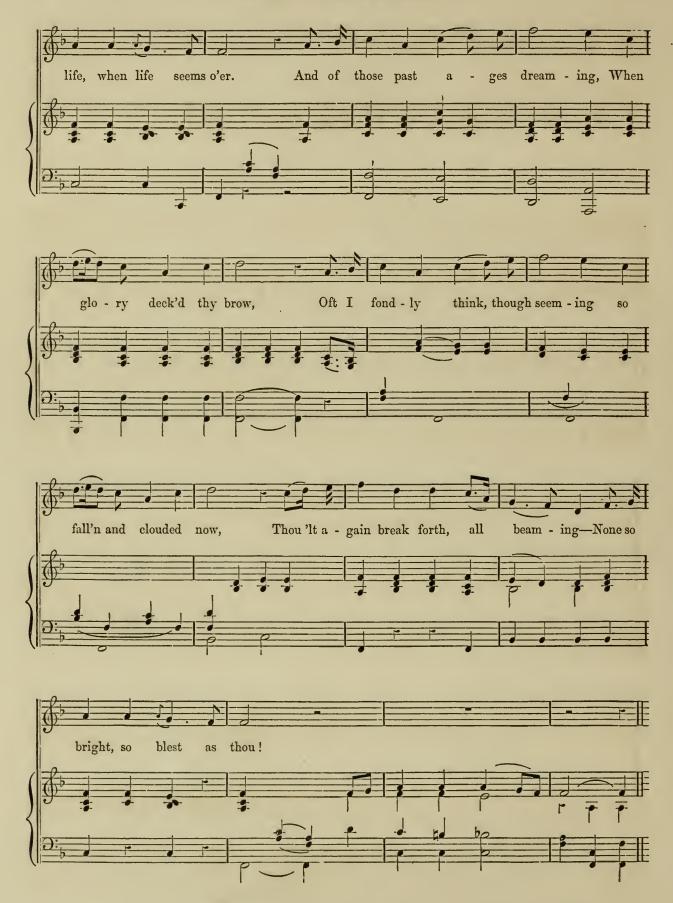
Like clouds of the night the Northmen came, O'er the valley of Almhin lowering; While onward moved, in the light of its fame, That banner of Erin, towering. With the mingling shock Ring cliff and rock, While, rank on rank, the invaders die; And the shout, that last O'er the dying pass'd, Was "victory !" was "victory !"—the Finian's cry.

• The name given to the banner of the Irish.

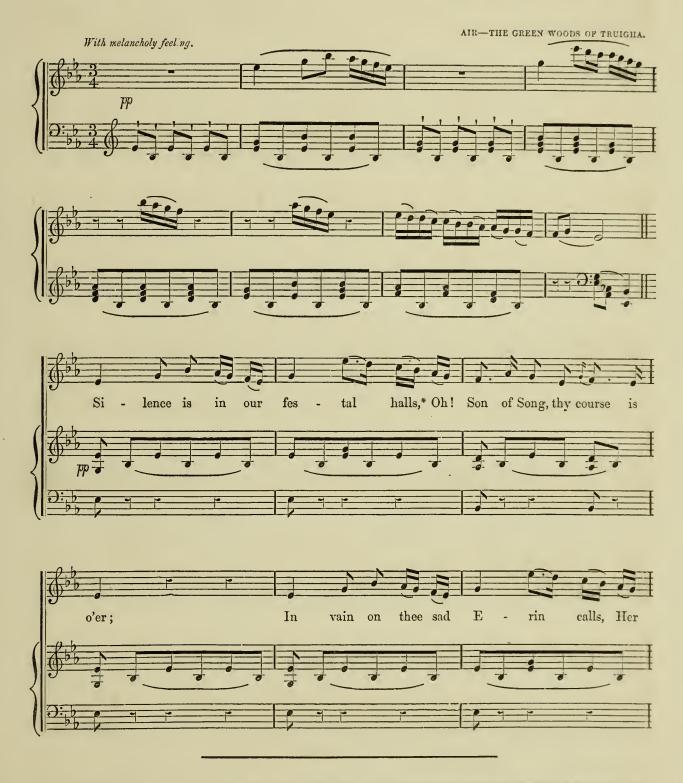
FROM THIS HOUR THE PLEDGE IS GIVEN



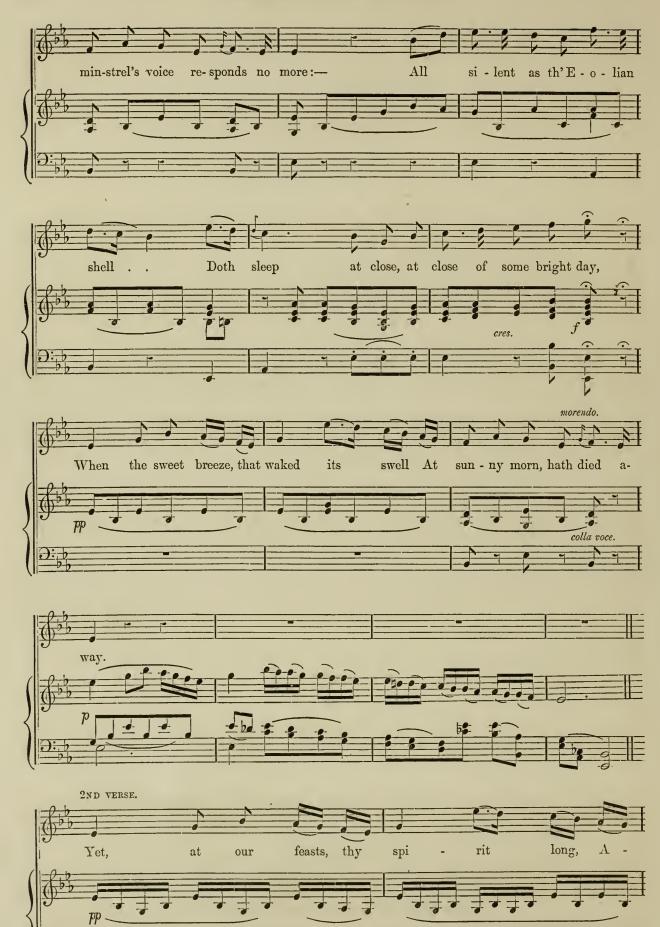




SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS.

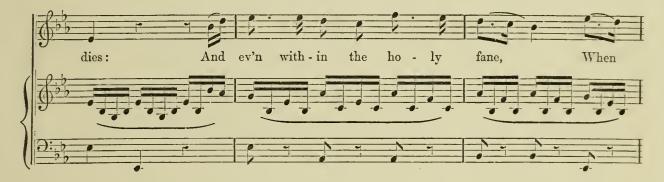


[•] It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to inform the reader that these lines are meant as a tribute of sincere friendship to the memory of an old and valued colleague in this work, Sir John Stevenson.

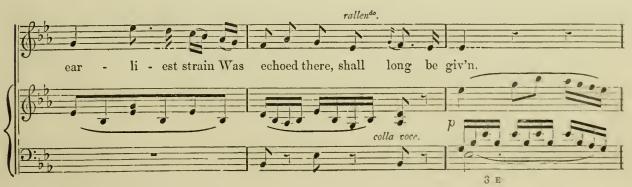






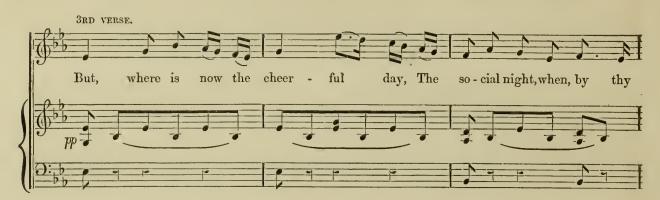


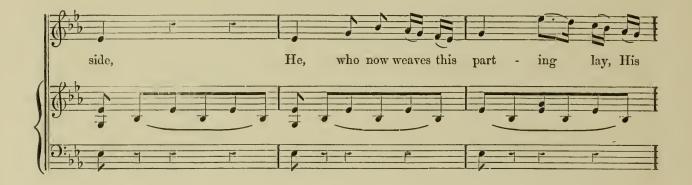




MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.





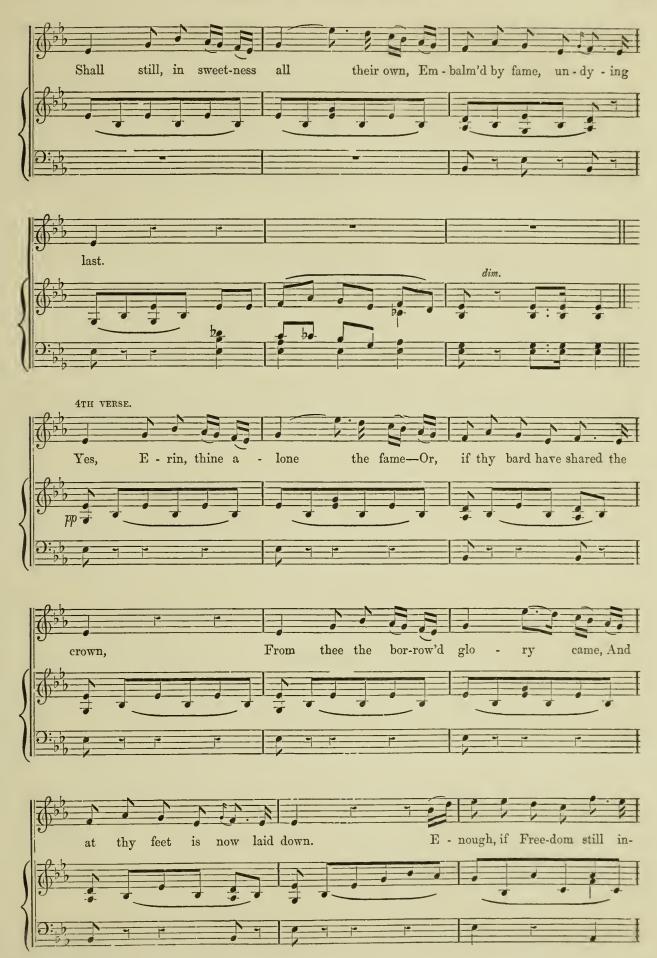


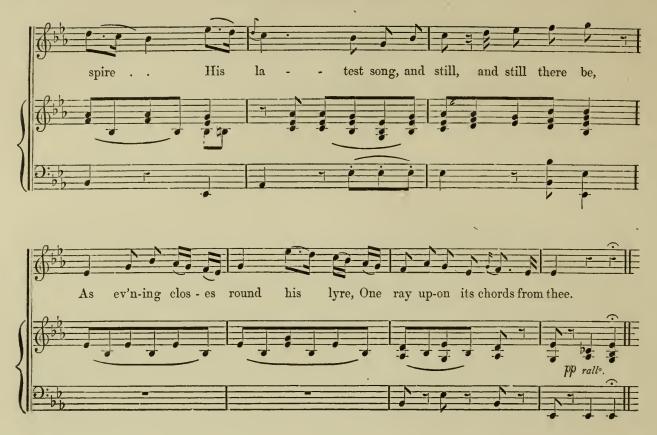




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SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS





THE END.

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