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# MOORES 1911 <br> <br> IRISI MELODIES <br> <br> IRISI MELODIES <br> WITH <br> THE CEIEBEATED AND UNSURPASSED <br> SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS OF 

SIR JOHN STEVENSON, MUs. Doc.,

AND

## SIR HENRY BISHOP.



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!"

Brown Colleations

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U!

Ma

T0 LADIES' EYES.
In moderate time and with spirit.
AIR-pagur a fallagit.



Some eyes there are, so ho - ly, They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n, As



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 eres we knor, And lips-but this is telling,

So here they go! so here ther go! Fill up, fill up, \&c.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.
With melancholy feeling, but not too slow. AIR-LOUGH SHEELING.



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 pursuc, And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too

## 'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.



bond - age and mourn - ing, That dark o'er the king - doms of earth is re -


8va.




- "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.






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!

## FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.




2ND VERSE.
$\mid$
Sag - es can, they say, Grasp the light-ning's pinions, And bring down its ray


From the starr'd do - min-ions :-So we, Sag-es, sit, And, 'mid bump-ers bright'ning


3RD PERSE.
 wine's ce - les - tial spi - rit? It chanced up - on that day, When, as bards in - form us, Pro-


Ev - 'ry drop we sprin-kle O'er the brow of Care Smooths a - way a wrin-kle.


4TII VERSE.


The care - less youth, when up To Glo - ry's fount as - pir - ing, Took nor urn nor cup, To

hide the pil - fer'd fire in;-But oh his joy! when roundThe halls of Hea - ven spy - ing, A-

mongst the stars he found A bowl of Bac-chus ly - ing. Fill the bump-er fair !


Ev - 'ry drop we sprin-kle O'er the brow of Care Smoothsa-way a wrin-kle.


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 shorer Hath such spells to win usHence its mighty power O'er that Flame within us. Fill the bumper fair! de:

## DEAR IIARP OF MY COUNTRY.


"In that rebellious but beautiful song-" When Erin first rose,"
there is, if I recollcet 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 contentiou 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.*



- "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful| Wicklow; and these lines were suggested by a risit to this romaratic scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of spot in the sumner of the year 1807.
$\dagger$ The rivers Aron and Aroca.

fade from $m y$ heart!.


Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene Her purest of crystal and

brightest of green; 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill; Oh!


ex - qui - site still :-

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.



* Milesius remembered the remarkable prediction of the principal Druid, who forctold that the posterity of Gadelus should obtain the possession of a Western Island (which was Ireland), and there inhabit."-Kieating.


[^0]

> East - ern fa - thers trod.


## WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.



* Our right to this fine Air (the "Lochaber" of the Scotch) will, I fear, be disputed; bu1, as it has been iong connected with Irish *ords, and is contidently claimed for us by Mr. Bunting and others, I thought I should not be authorized in leaving it out of this collection.




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!

Not too slour, and with strong feeling.
air-CAStLE tirowen.



Re - mem - ber thee! yes, while there's life in this heart It shall nev - er for -



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!

## 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.

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.





## OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE.




Slow and melancholy.


* 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.


earth be all one beau-ti-ful dream In our eyes, if thou wilt be mine, love:



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 TIIE FIELD.




IV.

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

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORNER TLME!



2ND FERSE.


Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then! Oh for the pomp that crown'd them, When,



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3
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THEY MAY RAIL AT TIIIS LIFE.



In Mer - cu - ry's star, wherc each mi - nute can bring them New sun-shine and wit from the

foun - tain on high, Tho' the Nymphsmay have live-li - er po-ets* to sing them, They've


[^1]
III.

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 inbabit 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.

NE'ER ASK THE IIOUR




2ND VERSE.


fai - ry hours we call up thus, 0 - bey no wand but Pleasure's!

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.




## THE PARALLEL.

YES, SAD ONE OF ZION! IF CLOSELY RESEMBLING.

Mournfully.
AIR-I WOULD RATHER THAN IRELAND.


- These verses were written after the perusa. nt a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jewa


2ND VERSE.



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.
vi.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City $\ddagger$
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.

[^2]MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.
$0 \mathrm{H}, \mathrm{Y}$ E 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.


SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

With melancholy expression.
AIR-OPEN THE DOOR.


light in her strains, How the heart of the Minstrel is break - ing!


all that to life had en - twined him,- Nor snon shall the tears of his


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

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H0W SWEET THE ANSWER ECH0 MAKES!



' T is when the sigh, in youth $\sin$-cere, And on - ly then-
The

by that one, that on - ly dear,Breathed back a- gain.


## DRINK OF TIIIS CUP.




II.

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.
III.

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 hiddon.
So drink of the cup-for oh there's a spell in
Its cvery drop 'gainst the ills of mortality:
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Heles,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

## THE YOUNG MAY MOON.



Then a - wake! the heav'ns look bright, my dear ! ' $T$ is never too late for de-light, my dear! And the


* "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.


2ND VERSE.


Now all the world is sleep-ing, love, But the Sage, his star-watch keep-ing, love, And


Then a - wake, till rise of sun, my dear! The Sage - 's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or, in

watching the flight Of bo - dies of light, He might hap-pen to take thee for one, my dear!


OH, BANQUET NOT IN THOSE SHINING BOWERS.






## yOU REMEMBER ELEN.*



[^3]
blew the horn with a chieftain's air, And the Por - ter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.

 light of bliss, in those lord-ly groves, Is pure as it shone in the low-ly shed.


## TIIE DAWNING OF MORN.




> 2ND YERSE.



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.

## 0H, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.





SWEET INNISFALLEN.




3RD VERSE.

leave thee bright and si - lent there;



## T.

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.

## TI.

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 rest-
vir.
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.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are fer,
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.



2ND VERSE.


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!

## 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 TIIEE.

In moderate time, and with smoothness.
AIR-OH SOUTHERN BREEZE.

in thine ear, Some shore where the Spi - rit of Si - lence sleeps; Where




## FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.




2ND VERSE.


*In describing the Skeligs (islands of the Barony of Forth), Dr. Keating says, "there is a certain attractive virtue in the soil which draws down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and obliges them to light upon the rock."

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, $\dagger$ 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 thec,
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
A. C. 1094, by Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick, to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, of a considerable quantity of Irish pearls."-O'HaLloras. + Glengariff.


## AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.



And doth not a meet-ing like this make a - mends For all the long years I've been


smil -ing and kind as in that hap-py day! Though hap-ly o'er some of your


## MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES

2ND verse.

lost to so long! The sor - rows, the joys, of which once they were part, Still

round them, like vi - sions of yes - ter - day, throng. As let - ters some hand hath in-


 vi - si - bly traced, When held to the flame will steal out on the
 sight, So ma - ny a feel - ing, that long seem'd ef - faced, The


111.

And thus, as in memory's bark, we shall glide
To visit the scenes of our buyhood 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 ferv 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. $\dagger$

## 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, quand̉ je songe à vos heureux instans, Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans; Et mon cœur cnchanté 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 IIall, vol. i. p. 213. The
pleasure which I feel in calling this genteman my froend, is onhanced by the reflection that he is too good an Amcrican to have admitted me so readily to such a distinction, if he had not known that my feelings towards the great and free country that gare him birth have long been such as every real lorer of the liberty and har. piness of the human race must cntertain.


## THE MOUN'TAIN SPRIIE.

IN YONDER VALLEY THERE DWELT, ALONE.




2ND VERSE.



3RD VERSE.


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 Spritc.
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
vI.
"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!"

## DESMOND'S SONG.*

By THE FEAL'S WAVE BENIGHTED.


[^4]alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable Gegradation of his family." -Leland, vol. ii.
$\dagger$ The Air has been already so successfully supplied with words by Mr. Bayly, that I should have left it untouehed, if we could have spared so interesting a melody out of our collection.





## AS VANQUISH'D ERIN.




2ND VERSE.




## By TIIAT LAKE, WHOSE GL00MY SHORE.*



[^5]
'Twas from Kath-leen's eyes he flew, Eyes of


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, repulsire shoch, 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.




OH! COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD OF OURS.





## THE DREAM 0F THOSE DAYS.*



[^6]
fruit, for which thy spi - rit long burn'd, Now, reaching at last thy lip, to



## THOUGII HUMBLE THE BANQUET.


vite thee, Thou'lt find there the best a poor bard can com-mand: Eyes,

beam-ing with wel-come, shall throng round to light thee, And Love serve the




4TH VERSE



Then, come,-if a board so untempting hath power
To 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. by Mr. Smith, of Edinburgh.


2ND VERSE.



3RD VERSE.



## SONG OF THE BATTLE-EVE.

TOMORROW, COMRADE. WE.
With martial and melancholy spirit, not too sloor.


[^7]

2ND verse.
 what can wail-ing do? See, our gob-let's weep-ing too! With its tears, then, let us



3rd verse.

sword and a - way, boy, a - way; No matter-grasp thy sword and a - way!



4TH VERSE.


 sigh to home be giv'n, One heart-felt pray'r to Heav'n, Then, for E - rin and her cause, boy, hur -


THE WANDERING BARD.

WHAT LIFE LIKE THAT OF THE BARD CAN BE.


dimm'd the turf where late they trod, The elves but seek some

 fix her bloom? They tell us that in the moon's bright round Things
 lost in this dark world are found; So charms on earth long



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 lores
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 giren,-
And down he 'll drop from Fancy's hearen,
The minute such call to love or mirth
Proclaims lie 's wanting on earth !

## ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON.




2ND Yerse.

all be-long, And want that lightwhich dwells alone Round those the fond heart calls its own.


3RD VERSE.

eyes them-selves from out the grare, As rake a - gain one bliss they gave.


QUICK! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND.



2ND vERSE.



Time, the churl, hath beckon'd, And we must a - way, -a-way !


## AS SLOW OUR SHIP MER 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 swect,
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 leare
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.




II.

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 darn-flowing urn;
Then, then is the moment affection can sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy ncrer knew;
Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the Love, born of Sorrow, like Sorrow is true!

IIT.
In clines 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 sonl of its swectness is drawn out by tears !

## MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

## THE NIGHT-DANCE.

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


[^8]
gain! A-gain!


Oh! could such heart-stir-ring mu - sic be heard In that Ci -ty of Sta-tues de-

scribed by fro - manc-ers, So waken-ing its spell, iv - en stone would be stirr'd, And



2ND VERSE.


foot like a fea-ther, As dance the young Hours to the mu - sic of May, Thus


HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.


[^9]


2ND verse.
(4)

Has Love to that soul so ten-der Been like our La-ge-nian mine, * Where a


spar - kle of gold - en splen-dour All o - ver the sur - face shine?


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


[^10]4th verse.


If thus the sweet hours have fleet-ed, When sor - row her-self look'd bright; If


## 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 Eachanted Island, the Paradise of the Pagan Irish, and concerning whieh they relate a number of romantie stories." - Beaufort's . Ancient Topography of Ireland.

3RD VERSE.


That E-den, where th'immor-tal brave Dwell in a land se-rene, Whose


## LAY IIIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

With melancholy feeling and energy.

rest near his pil-low be-low;
To the last mo-ment true, from his


* It was the custom of the ancient Irish, in the manner of the Scythians, to bury the farourite swords of their horoes along with thems.


Yet pause - for, in fan - cy, a still roice I hear, As if


cries, from the grave where the He - ro lies deep, "Tho' the day of your Chieftain for

"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 battlc-plain,-
Then, at Liberty's summons, like lightning let lonse,
Leap forth from thy dark sheath again!"

## MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

SHE SUYG 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 Ifuman 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.


Souls here, like plan-ets in Heaven, By har-mo-ny's laws a - lone are kept mor - ing.


ar - che - ry wings ; And she who but feathers the dart, when she speaks, At

giv - en, To bright-en the gay, and kin - dle the lov - ing; Souls here, like


 "Hush, hush,"saidVe-nus, "no o-ther Sweet voice but his own is wor-thy to wake him."



THE WINE-CUP IS CIRCLING.

In march time, and with spirit.


Chief,'mid his heroes re- clin-ing, Looks up, with a sigh, to the trophied wall, Where his

falchion hangs id - ly shin - ing When, hark! that shout From the rale with-out;"Arm re


[^11]land, which this Chief commanded. The introduction of the Danes in the above song is an anachronism common to most of the Finia:? and Ossianic legends.


2x1) YERSE.


The min-strels have seized their harps of gold, Aud they

sing such thrilling numbers, - Oh! it seems like the roice of the Dead, of old, Break-ing


fathers broke,"On for lib - er - ty, for lib - er - ty!" the Fin - ians cried.


Like clouds of the night the Northmen came,
O'er the valley of Almhin lowering;
While onward mored, in the light of its fame,
That banaer 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!" सas " rictory !"-the Finian's cry.

[^12]
## FROM THIS HOUR THE PLEDGE IS GIVEN




2ND verse.



## 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.


2ND YERSE.






THE END.


[^0]:    - The Island of Destiny, one of the ancient names of Ireland.

[^1]:    - Tous les habitans de Mercure sont vifs.-Pluralité des Mondes

[^2]:    * "Her sun is gone down while it was yet day."—Jerem. xv. 9. § "Thy pomp is brought down to the gravo.... and tre murms
    + "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken."-Isaiah lxii. 4.
    ₹" How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased!"cover thee."-Id. xiv. 11.
    || "Thou shalt no more be called, The Lady of Kingdoms." Id. slvii. 5.

[^3]:    *This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story, told of a certain Noble Family in Ergland.

[^4]:    * "Thomas, the herr of the Desmond family, had aceidentally 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 Mae Cormae. Catherine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent passion, which he could not subduc. He married her, and by this inferior

[^5]:    *This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of
    $\dagger$ There are many other curious traditions concenting this lake, St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a which may be found in Giraldues, Coigan, Ec. most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

[^6]:    * Written in one of those moods of hopelessness and disgust which come occasionally over the mind, in contemplating the present stase of Irish patriotism.

[^7]:    * There is, in this single note, a deviation from the original setting of the Air

[^8]:    * It is right to mention that the Air is, in this and the seven following bars, transferred to the accompaniment and symphony, being too ligh for the voice.

[^9]:    * To the Gentleman who faroured 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

[^10]:    * "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," Sc.-Arabian Nights-Story of Kummir al Zummaun and the Princess of China

[^11]:    - The Palace of Finn Mac-Cumhal (the Fingal of Macpherson) 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.

[^12]:    - The name given to the banner of the Irish.

