


THE PMBLIC LOBRARY OF TME GITY OF ROSTON THE ALLEN A. BROWN COLRECTON

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## TOM MOORE'S HARP.

Famous Instrument Owned by Mrs Marie GloverMiller of New York.



$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { * inc.1:2.42 }
\end{aligned}
$$

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { aues 14. } 180
\end{aligned}
$$

## PREFACE.

Having undertaken to prepare this New Edition of Moore's Irish Melodies for the press, I deem it my duty to make a few brief observations on the manner in which I have acquitted myself of the trust so generously confided to me by our eminent publisher.

In the original edition the music was printed only in connexion with the first or second verses of each melody, the remainder being merely given in letter-press, but in this Edition the words of all the verses are accompanied by the music, together with the piano-forte part in full, an arrangement which, from its great expense, has not been hitherto attempted.

In the harmonized Airs, Sir John Stevenson's chaste and beautiful arrangements have been in all cases retained.

The instrumental pieces having been originally set for two performers on the piano-forte, did not obtain, from that circumstance, the same popularity accorded to the other portions of the work. Feeling that those precious reliques, having the national character so forcibly stamped on them, should be brought within the range of individual effort, I have reset them for the piano-forte in a form more likely to become popular than that of the original duet arrangement.

In the charming song, "The Last Rose of Summer," I have ventured, without altering the melody, to suggest a few graces of expression not found in the original, in the hope that they will assist the performer in the true delivery of this beautiful and most tender melody.

In the characteristic song, "Where's the Slave so Lowly," I have introduced the dirge at the end, in a harmonized form, retaining the original melody. This version, adopted at the Commemoration of Moore, given by me in Dublin, March,

1852, immediately after the Poet's death, was sung by nearly two hundred voices, and as it obtained much favour with the public, I have ventured to retain it in the present edition. Little need be said of the merits of the work, the sentiments and narrative of the songs being such as will ever recommend them to the universal praise and sympathies of mankind. Of the Airs, some are so ancient, that their origin is lost in remote antiquity; others were composed within the range of known history by the bards or itinerant musicians of Ireland; while many were produced at a comparatively modern period, mostly by Carolan, who is said to have been the last of the Bards of Ireland. Handel, Geminiani, and other eminent Musicians, have bestowed their tribute of fervent admiration on the beauties of this ancient music, whose strains are now inseparably wedded to the exquisite Poctry of Moore. These Melodies now form part of our national inheritance-something which Ireland may truly call her own, and which shall always be looked upon as one of the most interesting and happy efforts of genius ever bequeathed to any country.

The public will acknowledge that Mr. Duffy, to whose spirited enterprise Ireland is so greatly indebted, has spared no expense to make this edition of our National Music worthy of their patronage; and I feel confident that no former edition of the Melodies can excel this in the beauty of the type, paper, or letter-press.

J. W. GLOVER.

Royal Irish Institution,
College St., Dublin,
Fehruary $25,1859$.

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## INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.



## CAROLAN'S CONCERTO.

Introductory Piece.


Introductory Piece.

$\left\{\begin{array}{l}\text { Slow and with expression. } \\ 6-3-2000-0\end{array}\right.$




 ) en men


Introductory Piece.


## GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.



$\begin{array}{ll}60-2 & 0 \\ 0 & 0\end{array}$
Dear－er friends ca ress thee，All the joys that bless thee Sweet－er far may be；


But when friends are near－est，And when joys are dear－est，－Oh！then re－mem－ber
 But when friends are near－est，And when joys are dear－est，Oh！then re－mem－ber

$\square$ － E
me．
二口二陌






$x^{2} 2=0$ All the soul of Feel-ing, To thy heart ap - peal-ing, Draw one tear from thee;
$\frac{8}{9}=6$ Then let Mem - 'ry bring thee Strains I us'd to sing thee; Oh! then re-mem-ber




## revielber tiie glories of brien tiie brave.






Third Verse.


s. Brien Borombe, the great Monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11 th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

- Munster.
- The Palace of Brien.
a This alludes to an interesting cireumstance related of the Dalgais, the firorite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted, in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, lrinee of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with
 to be placed in his rank by thes sitle "f a smanl man." - "Between seven and eight hundred womded men," adds 0"ifallorm, "pa!e, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appearel mixed with the foremost of the troops ! Never was such another sight exlibited."History of Ireland, Book XII., Chapter I.


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

Harmonized for Four Voices.




## OH! BREATIIE NOT HIS NAME.

 cold and un - ho-nour'd his re - lics are laid! Sad, si - lent, and dark, be the cold and un - ho-nour'd his re - lics are laid! Sad, si - lent, anddark, be the

 tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head! (2) tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!



(9)-200,

 bright-en with ver-dure the Eave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed, tho' in $\begin{cases}20 & 0 \\ c^{2} & 0 \\ 0 & 0\end{cases}$




## WHEN IIE WHO ADORES THEE.





[^0]
thee!



thee!


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



sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er; And

hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more!


Sopraxo.



## FLY NOT YET.

Harmonized for Tifo Veicee.

*This Part to be used if Sung by a Male Voice.


this to-night, That, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.

this to-night, That, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.

this to-night, That, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.








## oll! TIIINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGIIT.

(hir--Johis 0'Relliy rhe active.)
 oh! think not my spir-its are al -ways as light And as free from a pang, as they 2-9 0;-9

(eace - ri - some hours, Which sel - dom the rose of en - joy-ment a - dorus; And the wea-ri-some hours, Which sel-dom the rose of en - joy-ment a-dorus; And the




Second Verse.




lu - mine our youth, And the moon-light of Friendship con - sole our de - cline!


## TH0' THE LAST GLLMPSE OF ERIN.



> Tho' the Last Glimpse of Erin.

 In ex - ile thy bo-som shall still be my home, And thine
 eq-o In ex - ile thy bo-som shall still be my home, And thin





* "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII., an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whercby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or Coulins, (long locks,) on their hearls, or hair on the apper lip, called Crommeal. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear Coulin (or the youth with the flowing locks), to all strangers (by which the English were mcant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song the Air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."-Waleer's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards, page 134.-Mr. Walker informs us, also, that, about the same period, there were some harsh measurcs taken against the Irich Minstrels.


## RICH AND RARE WERE THE GeMS SHE WORE.

Moderate Time.


Ricil and Rare were the Geis She wore.





## Second Vense.





honour and E - rin's pride.


## ricil and rare were tiie geins sire wore.

Harmonized for Four Voices.

## Noderate Time.





## as a beam 0'ER the face of the waters.

Harmonized for Four Vcices.


tide runs in dark-ness and cold - ness be - low, So the cheek may be友 $2=0$ 时 tide runs in darkness and cold-ness be - low, So the cheek maybe
 tide runs in dark - ness and cold - ness be - low, So the cheek may be (2; tide runsin dark - ness and cold-ness be - low, Sc the choek may be


Rex = :



balm, . . . and Af • flic - ion no sting:-


light, . . . . but it blooms not a . . gain!


## THE MEETING 0F TIIE WATERS.



There is not in the wide world a val-ley so sweet As that vale in whose bo-som the

bright wa - ters meet, Oh! the last rays of feel-ing and life must de-part, Ere the



Second Verse


Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene Her pur-est of crys - tal and

no- it was something more ex - qui- site still:-Oh! no- it was something more


ex-qui-site still :-


1HIRD VERSE.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near, Who made ev'ry dear scene of en-


chantment more dear ; And who felt how the best charms of Na-ture improve When we




- In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the Acta Sanctorum Hibernia, we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to reccive even a sister saint, St. Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographers:-

> " Cui Prœsul, quid fominis
> Commune est cum monachis,
> Nec te nec ullam aliam

Admittemus in insulam."
See the Acta Sanct. Hib., page 610.
According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the River Shannon; but $0^{\prime}$ Connor and other antiquaries deny this metamorphosis indignantly.

$$
z_{\varepsilon_{s}}
$$



The La-dy's pray'r Se-na-nus spurn'd, The wind blew




How dear to me the Hour wien Daylight dies.


## TAKE BACK TIIE VIRGIN PAGE.'



[^1]

F: Second Verge.
(4: Yet let me keep the book; Oft shall my heart re-new, When on its
 Q:-


Ond bright and fair To let wild pas-sion write one wrong wish there. there.




## WHEN IN DEATH I SHALL CALII RECLINE.

Unenown.)
With feeling and gaiety.


Tell her it liv'd up-on smiles, and wine of the bright - est hue, while it lin - ger'd here ;


brilliant and light; But bal - my drops of the red grape bor - row, To


Secosd Verse.
When the light of my song is o'er, Then take my harp to your an - cient hall;


दader
Hang it up at that friend - ly door Where wea - ry tra-vel-lers love to call.*


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


THird Verse.


Ne-ver, Oh! never its balm bestowing On lips that beauty hath sel - dom best.

\%: ? : But when some warm de - vo . - ted lo - var, To her he adores shall


## THE DIRGE.-HOW OFT HAS THE BANSHEE CRIED.

Air-The Dear Black Maid.



Peace to each man-ly soul that sleep-eth, Rest to each faith-ful eye that weepeth,


Peace to the man-ly soul that sleep-eth, Rest to each eye that weepeth



| Secomd Verse. |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| $\mathrm{Q}^{b-2}=0$ |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| fall'n up - on gloo - my days, ${ }^{\text {a }}$ Star af - ter star de - cays, |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| $\begin{cases}\frac{1}{2}-9 & 8 \\ 2 & p\end{cases}$ |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| - | - | $\underline{\square}$ |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |


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


[^2]
## WE MAY ROAM THROUGI THIS WORLD.

(ALR-Garyone.)


We may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast, Who but sips of a sweet, and then

flies to the rest, And, when plea-sure be - gins to grow dull in the east, We may







[^3]
## EVELEEN'S BOWER.

Harmonized for Three Voices.

hea-vens that night, And wept be-hindher clouds o'er the mai - den's shame.


 white snow's tint Shew'd the track of his foot-step to E-ve-leen's door.


Third Verse.




## LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.



Let E - rin re-mem-ber the days - of old, Ere her faith - less Sons be-


Let E - rin re-mem-ber the days of old, Ere her faith - less Sons be-


* "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the 10th century) and the Danes, iu which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."

$$
\text { Warner's History of Ireland, Vol. I. Book } 9 .
$$

$\dagger$ " Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland; long before the birth of Christ we find an hcreditary order of Chivalry in Ulster, called curaidhe na Craoibheruadh, or the knights of the Red Branch, from their chief scat in Emania aljoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called Teagh na Cruiobhe ruadh, or the Academy of the Red Branch; and contiguous to which was a large Hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called Bron-bhearg, or the house of the sorrowful soldicr."

O'Halloran's Introduction, \&c. Part I. Chap. 5.
The inscription upon Connor's tomb (for the fac-similc of which I am indebted to Mr. Murphy, Chaplain of the late Lady Moira) has not, I believe, been noticed by any antiquarian or traveller.
$\ddagger$ It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclcsiastical towers under the watcr. "Piscatores aquee illius furres ecclesiasticas, que more patrice arctoe sunt et alto, necnon et rotund $\propto$, sub undis manifeste, sereno tempore conspiciunt et extraneis transeuntibus reique causas admirantibus frequenter ostendunt.

Topogr. Hib. Dist. 2. C. 9.


dan - . ger, Ere the em - erald gem of the wee - tern world Was

dan - - ger, Ere the em - erald gem of the wes - tern world Was

dan - - ger, Ere the em - erald gem of the was - tern world Was



set in the crown of a stan - - ger.




## Let Erin Remember the Days of Old.




## SILENT, OH MOYLE: BE THE ROAR OF THY WATER.



[^4]
stor - my world.



## COME, SEND ROUND THE WNE.

(Atr-We brought the Sunmer With ys.)


Come, send round the wine, and leave points of be - lief To sim-ple-ton sa-ges, and

with-er'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools. Your glass may be pur - ple, and



Second Verse.


Shall I ask the brave sol-dier, who fights by my side, In the cause of mankind, if our



## SUBLIME WAS TIIE WARNING WHICII LIBER'TY SPOKE.


grand was the mo-ment when Spaniards a-woke In-to life and re-venge from the

 spi-rit have rest, 'Till it moves, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west-Give the

light of your look to each sor - row-ing spot, Nor, oh! be the Sham-rock of

$f$








BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CIIARMS.




Second Verse.



INTRODUCTORY MUSIC FOR THE PIANOFORTE.


Majeur.


> Introductory Music for the Planoforte.

 )


 | 1 素
 $\int_{0}^{\text {Slizur. }}$ $\int_{0}^{\text {Slizur. }}$ (2): $: 1: 10$



Introductory Music for the Pianoforte
$\qquad$
 )
 $\left\{\begin{array}{l}0\end{array}\right.$



## ERIN: 0H ERIN!

(Arr-Tuame ma Fillla,*)
With feeling and solemnity.
Harmonized for Three Voices.


[^5]

E - rin! oh $\mathrm{E} \cdot$ rin! thus bright throughthe tears Of a




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


THAMAMA HULLA.


* For harmonization, fenct serse


## DRINK TO HER.


girl, who gave to song What gold could ne - ver buy. Oh! woman's heart was made For
 minstrel hands a-lone; By other fingers play'd, It yields not half the tone. Then,


gold could ne - ver buy!



(4)


## OH: BLAME NOT THE BARD.



Oh! blame not the bard,* if he fly to the bow'rs, Where plea-sure lies, care-less-ly


Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bow'rs, Where plea-sure lies, care-less-ly

smil - ing at fame; He was born for much more, and, in hap - pi - er hours, His

smil - ing at fame; He was born for much more, and, in hap - pi - er hours, His


[^6]

[^7]

Second Verse.
(e, But, a - las! for his coun-try-her pride is gone by, And that spi - rit is bro-ken, which

ne - ver would bend; O'er the ru - in her chil - dren in se-cret mustsigh, For 'tis
 trea-son to love her, and death to de-fend. Un-priz'd are her sons, 'till they've


 torch, that would light them thro' dig - ni - ty's way, Must be caught from the pile, where their




Third Verse.
 Then blame not the bard, if, in pleasure's soft dream, He should try to for - get, what he

 $\left\{\begin{array}{l}\text { gloom of his couni-try, and mark howhe'll feel! That in - stant, his heart at her } \\ \end{array}\right.$ O
 myr-tle, now id - ly en-twin'd with his crown, Like the wreath of Her-mo-dius, should

co - ver his sword.*


Fourth Verse.
But, tho' glo - ry be gone, and tho' hope fade a - way, Thy name, lov-ed E-rin! shall


[^8]
lose the re-mem-brance of thee and thy wrongs! The stran -ger shall hear thy la-



## WHILE GAZING ON THE MOONS LIGHTT



love those moon-light looks a-lone, Which bless my home and guide my way.


While Gazing on the Moors Light.

thus, I thought, our for - tunes run, For many a lo - ver looks to thee, While


## When daylight was yet sleepivg ondek the billow.

(Arr-Kitty of Coleranne.*)


When day-light was yet sleeping un - der the bil-low, And stars in the heavens still


[^9]

As she look'd in the glass, which a wo-man ne'er mis-ses, Nor e-ver wants time for a



Third Verse.

 night - fallen dew; And a rose, fur - the on, look'd so tempting and glowing, That,


## WHEN DAYLIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING UNDER THE BILLOW.



last time she e'er was to press it a-lone. For the youth, whom she treasur'd her


 heart and her soul in, Had pro-mis'd to link the last tie before noon; And, when
 once the young heart of a mai-den is sto-len, The mai-den her-self will steal


## By The hope witilin US SPRINGING.

## BEFORE THE BATTLE.

(Atr-lime Farry Queen.*)

Harmonized for Four Voices.


* In order to lring this fine air of Carolan within the compass of the voice, it was necessary to raise some parts of it an octave higher than they are in the original setting, and to convert into a symphony the wild, characteristic passage, which, more than onee, breaks so boldly across the conrge of the meloly. The merit of this arrangement, as well as the responsibility, rests entirely with Sir John Stevenson. He gave me the air in its present harmonized form, and I found it rather a difficult task to fullow with words, of any tolerable meaning, those abrupt variations of expressinn with which it abounds. The Mclods. in its original form, may be seen at page 150 .

morrow's strife;


And by that sun, whose light is bring-ing, Chains or freedom, death or





oh! . . how grand . they sink . . to rest, Who close . . their eyes on

oh! how grand they sink to rest, Who close their eyes on


vic - t'ry's breast!

vic - t'ry's breast!

vic - t'ry's breast!

vic - t'ry's breast !


Second Verse.


broke from then.
Oh ! be - fore the ev'ning falls,


Oh! be - fore the ev'ning falls, May we
broke 'from then.

broke from then. Hark! the horn of com-bat calls-

broke from then.
May we
$\left\{\begin{array}{lll}2+8 \\ 4 & -2 & 0\end{array}\right.$

pledge that . . horn in tri - umph round!

pledge that. horn in tri - umph round!


* "The Irish Coma was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages, our ancestors quaffel Meallh ont of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day."-Walker.

night shall lie, Nor wak - en ev'n at vic - t'ry's sound :- . .

night shall lie, Nor wak - . - - . en ev'n at vict'ry's sound:-




THE FAIRY QUEEN.


## NIGHT CI.OSED AROUND.

## AFTER THE BATTLE.




Second Verse.



## OH: 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.



[^10]
$4-2=2$ lean to the near - est and love - li - est thing, It can twine with it - self, and make

(3)

 doom'd to find some - thing, still, that is dear, And to know, when far from the
 (e):



为地 e - ver a new beam of beau - ty can strike, It will tincture love's plume with a

 kif - fe-rent hue! Then oh! what plea-sure, where-e'er we rove, To be




THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

## TIIROUGII GRIEF AND THROUGH DANGER.

(Ark -I once iad a True Love.


## Through Grief and thruugh Danaer.




Second Verse.



## Third Verse.


 $\left\{\begin{array}{l}\text { shin - eth thy spi - rit. there li - ber - ty shin - - eth too.* } \\ 0,0 \\ 0\end{array}\right.$


## WHEN THRO' LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE.



- "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."-St. PauL, 2 Corinthians, iii. 17.



## WHEN THRO' LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE.




Oh! how wel-come breathes the strain, Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept,


Oh! how wel-come breathes the strain, Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept, Kindling


Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept, Kindling

for . .... mer smiles a-gain In fa-ded eyes that long have wept.


Second Verse.
有
Like the gale, that sighs a - long Beds of o - ri - en - tal flow'rs, Cike the gale, that sighs $a$ - long $\quad$ Beds of o-..ri-en-tal flow'rs, Beds of $0, \ldots$ en

Like the gale, that sighs a - long Beds of o - . . ri - en - tal flow'rs, Is the



 द plea-sure's dream is gene, plea . . . . sure's diream is gone, Its mem - ry lives in mu-sic's breath.


Third Verse.
 Mu - sic, oh! how faint, how weak, Language tades be - . fore thy spell,
Mu - sic, oh! how faint, how weak, Language fades be - fore thy spell, . .有 C: $0 \cdot 0 \cdot 0$ Mu - sic, oh! how faint, how weak, Language fades be - fore thy spell, Whyshould



Why should feel - ing e - - ver speak, When thou . . canst breathe her soul so well.昰 $0-0$ er

Why should feel-ing e - ver speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well.
 feel .......ing speak,



It is not the tear at this monent siled.



## IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.

Harmonized for Tifo Voices.



It is not the Tear at this Moment Shed.


Oh ! thus shall we mourn, And his mem'ry's light, While it shines thro' our hearts, will im -


Oh! thus shall we mourn, And his mem' - ry's light, While it shines thro' our hearts, will in -


等
prove them, For worth shall look fair - er, and truth more bright, When we Q eq -a
prove them, For worth shall look fair - er, and truth more bright, When we

(9, $2=0$ Othink how he lived but to love them! And as bu - ried saints the think how he lived but to love them! And as bu - rid saints the



## 'TIS BELIEV'D THAT THIS HARP WHICII I WAKE NOW FOR THEE.


 old who sung un - der the sea, And who of - ten at eve through the 4.e old who sung un - der the sea, And who of - ten at eve through the old $\quad$ who sung un - der the sea, And who oft at eve through

bright bil-low rov'd To meet on the green shore a youth whom she lov'd.

bright bil - low rov'd To meet on the green shore a youth whom she lov'd.

bright bil-lows rov'd To meet on the greenshore a youth whomshe lov'd.


Second Verse.

true love so warm, And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maid-en's form.
 true love so warm, And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea - . maiden's form.
 true love so warm, And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea - - maiden's form.



Third Verse.


Still her bo - som rose fair, still her cheek smil'd the same, While her sea -beau -ties苞:

Still her bo - som rose fair, still her cheek mild the same, her 29:

Still her bo - som rose fair, still her cheek smil'd the same, While her sea-beau - ties
 grace - fut - by curl'd round the frame, And her hair shedding tear - drops from

sea . . - beauties curl'd round the frame, And her hair slicd-ding tear - drops from

grace - - ful-ly curl'd round the frame, And her hair shedding tear - drops from


fourtil Verse.


lan - - guage with sor-row's sad tone, 'Till thou didst di - vide them, and

teach the fond lay Tobe love when I'm near thee, and grief when a - way.

teach the fond lay To be love when I'm near thee, and griet when a - way.

teach the fond lay To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when a - way.


LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.



> Oh! the days are gone when beau - ty bright My heart's chain wove, When my


Love's Young Dream.
lentando. tempo.



Second Verse.
 $\left\{\begin{array}{l}\text { Tho' the bard to pur - er fame may soar, When wild youth's past, Tho' he } \\ 0\end{array}\right.$



Thimd Verse.
equpOh that fai - ry form is ne'er for - got, Which first Love trac'd, Still it


life's dull stream.



## THO' DARK ARE OUR SORROWS.



Though dark are our sorrows, to - day we'll for - get them, Andsmilethroughourtears, like a


[^11]$\begin{cases} \\ \text { sun - beam in show'rs; There never were hearts, if our ru - lerswould let them, More }\end{cases}$

$\left\{\begin{array}{lll}3 \\ \text { tho' 'twere the last lit - tle spark in our souls, We must light it up now, on our } \\ \text { and }\end{array}\right.$





Third Verse.
Helovesthe Green Isle, and his love is re - cord-ex In hearts which have suf-fer'd too
moch to for- get; And hope shall be crown'd, and at-tach-mentre-ward-ed, And





lord and slave, They'll wond'-ring ask, how hands so vile, Could con - quer hearts so
$\int \frac{6}{6} 8-8=8=0$



Third Verse.



God had giv'n, 'Till some were heard to curse the shrine, Where 0 - thers knelt to


## Lesbia hath a beaming eye.




## Lesbia hath a Beaming Eye.




Leav - ing ev' - ry beauty free, To sink or swell, as heaven pleas - es!


 Na - ture's dress, Is love - li-ness, The dress you wear, my No - ra Cree - na!

(Oib=



## I SaW thy fork IN youthful prime.






* I have here made a feeble effon " $\rho$ ditate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, "Heu ! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari. quam tui meminisse!"


## by that lake wiose gloohy shore.

(Air-Tae Brown Irisif Gml.)
Moderate time.



west, where'er he turn'd, Still her eyes be - fore him burn'd.
 (2) $4=9=4$

heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Wo-man's smile can haunt him there. But nor



Fourtif Verse.




## SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

(Air-Open the Door.)


lov-ers are round her sigh - ing: But cold - ly she turns from their eq- $2=0-0$
lov - ers are round her sigh - ing: But cold - ly she turns from their

lov - ers are round her sigh - ing: But cold - ly she turns from their

gaze, and weeps, For her heart in his grave is ly ....ing.



Third Verse.




NAY TELL ME NOT.

Will archness and spirit.


balm of thy sighs, The spell of thine eyes, Still float on the sur - face, and



Second Verse.




## AVENGING AND BRIGHT.



* The name of this beautiful and truly Irish air is, I an told, properly written Cruchàn na Fèine-i.e., the Fenian Mount, or Monut of the Finnian heroes, those brave followers of Fin Nac Cool, so celebrated in the carly listory of our country.
$\dagger$ The words of this Song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic by Mr. O'Flanagan-(see Vol. I. of Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublia), -and upon which it appears that the "Darthula " of Maepherson is fuunded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, whieh terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story," says Mr. O'Flanagan, "has been from time immenorial held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are'The death of the children of 'Tournan;' 'The death of the children of Lear'-(both regarding Tuatha de Danans); and this, 'The death of the children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story." It will be recollected that, in the Second Number of these Melodies, there is a tallad upon the story of the children of Lear, or Lir,-"Silent, 0 Moyle I" \&c.

Whatever may be thought of those sunguine clains to antiquity, which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a lasting reprotch upon our nationality if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal en souragement they so well merit.



* "O Nasi ! view that cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red."-Deirdri's Song. $\dagger$ Ulstan:




What the bee is to the flowret.



Through the leaves that close em-bow'r it, That, my love, I'll be to you.


What the bank, with ver - dure glow - ing, Is to waves that


What the bank, with ver - dure glow - ing, Is to waves that



That I'll be to you, my dear.

That I'll be to you, my dear.


But they say the bee's a ro - ver, That he'll fly when sweets are gone,


'Tis but right that bees and brooks should $\operatorname{sip}$ And kiss them while they may.



## LOVE AND THE NOVICE. <br> HERE WE DWELL.

(Air-Cean dubh delish.*)


$\frac{6}{8}+2$


## Love and the Novice.


hearts as ours!"



Love stood near the No-vice and listen'd, And Love was no no-vice in




有 no - sy wing turn'd to hea-ven's own tint, "Who would have thought," the urchin cries, "That



Q P Pi-e-ty's vest.

(9:-
We have taken the liberty of omitting a part of this Air, which appeared to us to wander rather unmanageably out of the compass of the voice. It is given, however, in its perfect form below.

GEAN DUB DELISH.
 (9)


 ta $0=0$在 $=0$

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






heart full of play, Light rambled the boy, o-ver mea-dow and mount, And


- Proposito florem pratulit officio,-Praperas. Iib, i. eleg. 20,

emp-ty as mine. But pledge me the gob-let-while I - dle-ness weaves These
 Q:T三人




Second Verse.
 $\left\{\begin{array}{l}\text { Love, "No, no- For Me they grow, My fra-grant path a - Porn - ing!" But } \\ \text { S; }\end{array}\right.$


## AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.


 And I think that, if Spirits can steal from the regions of air, To re-


And I think that, if Spirits can steal from the regions of air, To re-
 And I think that, if Spirits can steal from the regions of air, To re020 And I think that, if Spirits can steal from the regions of air, To re-


vi - sit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our
 vi-sit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our象 visit past scenes of de - light, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our O\% =
visit past scenes of de - light, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our



Second Verse.


 still the notes that once were so dear.
$\begin{cases}-2 \\ 4-2 & 0\end{cases}$ を2 :

## ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

(Air-Moll Roe in the Morntia.)


[^12]


As on-waru we jour - neg, how plea-sant To pause and in -ha - bit a-while Those

few sun - ny spots, like the pre-sent, That 'mid the dull wil - der-ness smile! But


Time, like a pi - ti - less master, Cries"onward!" and spurs the gay hours-Ah,
 C5; 4-2




## THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

(Air-The Groves of Blarney.)






Harmonized for Four Voices.
Treble. Feelingly.




## THE YOUNG MAY MOON.






The Minstrel Boy.


Tile minstrel Boy.
(Arr-The Moreen.)
Harmonized for Three Voices.


The min-strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His


The min-strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His


The min-strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His

 father's sword he has girded on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.



The min-strel fell! But the foeman's chain Could not bring his proud soul un - - der; The



songs were made for the pure and free, They shall ne -ver sound in sla-ve-ry!"



## the valley lay smiling before mb.

## THE SONG OF O'RUARK, PRINCE OF BREFFNI.*



The val-ley lay smi - ling be - fore me, Where late - ly I left her be-


* These stancas are founded noon an erent of most melancholy importance to lreland; if, as we are told by our hish historians, $i$. gave lingland the first opportmity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances as related by O'Halioran :-" The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, danghter to the King of Meath, and though she hat leen for some time married to O'Ruask, Prince of Breffin, yet could it not restrain his passion. They carricd on a private cortespondence, and she inforned him that D'huark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that oppoitunity of conveying lier from a husband slic detested to a lover slie adored. Mae Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and hat the lady conseyed to his eapital of Ferna."-The monareh Roderic espoused the cause of 0'liuark, while Mac Murchat fled to England, and obtained the assistanee of Ilenry II.
"Such," alds Giraldus Cambreusis (as I find him in an old translation), "is the variable and fickle uature of woman, by whom all mischicfe iu tle world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Mareus Antoninus, and by the destruction of Troy."







## OH: HAD WE SOIIE BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE.






Hope, like the bee, Living al - ways on flow'rs; Our life should re -


## FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.




His griefs may re - turn, not a hope may remain Of the few that have brighten'd his

chant-ment a-round him, while ling'r-ing with you!

chant-ment a-round him, while ling'r-ing with you!

 high - est top spar - kle each heart and each cup, Wher - e'er my path lies, be it
 gloom - y or bright, My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
 o'er with your smiles! Too blest, if it tells me, that'mid the gay cheer, Some



once been dis-till'd, You may break, you may ru - in the vase, if you will, But the


## 0 II: DOUBT ME NOT.


tho' this heart was ear - ly blown, And fair - est hands dis - turb'd the tree, They
 tho' this heart was ear - ly blown, And fair - est hands dis-turb'd the tree, They






YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.*<br>(Air-Were I a Clerk.)

Simply and in moderaie iime.


* This Ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story, told of a eertain noble family in England.
$\frac{24}{6}$ love was the light of their low - - ly cot. To - ge-ther they toil'd thro'


 seek their fortunes on 0 - therplains, Then sighing she left her low-ly shed.





$\frac{2}{6}=0-2$ $\left\{\begin{array}{lll}\text { El - len is La - dy of Ros - na Hall. And dear - ly the Lord of } \\ \text { and }\end{array}\right.$



I'D MOURN TIIE HOPES TIIAT LEAVE ME.



But while I'vethee be-fore me, With heart so warm and eyes so bright, No PR=世

But while I'vethee be - fore me, With heart . . . . . so bright, No


But while I've thee be - fore me, With heart and eyes so bright, No


Second Verse:.



Fourta Verse.


## COME O'ER TIIE SHA.





Burns the same wher-e'er it goes.


## IIAS SORROW TIIY YOUNG DAYS SIIADED.

## (Abr-Sly Pathech.)*



[^13]
e - ven in sor-row were sweet. . . . Does Time, with his cold wing
( e - ven in sor-row were sweet. . . . Does Time, with his cold wing
 ehild of misfortune, come hi - ther, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.


false as the dreams of the sleep - - er, Like Love, the bright ore is gone.


[^14]

Has Hope, like the bird in the sto - - ry,* That flit-ted from tree to


[^15]
 child of mas - fortune, come hi - then, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.





## WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.



- This very beautiful Irish Air was sent to me by a gentleman of Oxford. There is much pathos in the original words, and both words and music have all tho foatures of authenticity.



Second Verse.

 right thee. But go, de - ceiv - er, go ! Some day, per-haps, thou'lt wa - ken



Third Verse.



Fourth Verse.


And days may come, thou false one! yet, When ev'n those ties shall


(9) ceiv'd thee, And glad - ly died to prove thee all Her fan - cy first be-


## WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.







espress.



bright o'er the flood Of her tears and her blood, Let the rain - bow of Hope be her


Wellington's name.


## THE TIME I'VE LOS'T IN WOOING.

## (Arr-Pease uton a Trencher.)



The 'lime I've Lost in Wooing.

him the Sprite,* Whom maids by night Oft meet in glen that's haunt-ed.


* This alludes to a kind of Irish Fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields at dusk. As long as you keep your eyes 'pon him, he is fixed and in your power;-but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such suhjects, Lady Morga* I a note npon her national and interesting novel. $0^{\prime}$ Donnel), has given a very different account of that goblin.




## OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE.




that, whose braid Is pluck'd to shade The brows with vic - t'ry glow - ing. We $\begin{cases}f=d \\ c=0 & 0\end{cases}$


[^16]

## Chorus－Slow and melancholy．

Farewell，E－ring，fare－well all，Who live to weep our fall！


Fare－well，E－ring，farewell all，Who live to weep our fall！若三人

Fare－well，E－ring，fare－well all，Who live to weep our fall！
WH二d三d Fare－well，E－ring，fare－well all，Who live to weep our fall！
 $\int \frac{1 \cdot d \cdot d \cdot d}{d-d \cdot d \cdot d \cdot d}$


## COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

(Air-Lough Sheeling.)




## 'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

 up - ward and bless'd the pure light ere it fled! 'Tis gone, and the gleams it has

left of its burn - ing But deep - en the long night of bond-age and mourn-ing, That尼 = =
left of its burn - ing But deep - en the long night of bond-age and mourn-ing, That c三: left of its burn - ing But deep - en the long night of bond - age and mourn-ing, That

dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is re-turning, And darkest of all, hapless E - rin, o'er thee !
 dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is re-turning, And darkest of all, hapless E - rin, o'er thee! O: - dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is re-turning, And darkest of all, hapless E - rin,o'er thee!



Second Verse.


For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting, A - round thee, thro' all the gross

(aBd clouds of the world; When Truth, from her fet-ters in - dig-nant-ly start-ing, At $\begin{cases}6 \\ 6 & 6\end{cases}$


[^17] tongues of all nations, how sweet had a-scend-ed The first note of Liber-ty, E - rin, from thee!




fair sun - ny vi-sion, Which, spite of the slav-ish, the cold heart's de - ri-sion, Shall


long be remember'd, pure, bright, and e-lysian, As first it a-rose, my lost E - rin, on thee.


## I SAW FROMF THE BEACH．


lentando.

glo－rious－ly on；I came when the sun o＇er the beach was de－clin－ing，The尼地 glo－rious－ly on；I came when the sun o＇er the beach was de－clin－ing，The


色 bark was still there，but the wa－ters were gone．I came when the sun o＇er the $\begin{array}{ll}2+\# \\ 4 & 0\end{array}$ bark was still there，but the wa－ters were gone．I came when the sun o＇er the $\begin{cases}-4.4 \\ \text {（f）－} \\ d & 0\end{cases}$



Second Ferse.


morn- ing ebbs from us, And leaves us at eve, on the bleak shore a - lone!



Third Verse.
(4)

Ne'er tell me of glo-ries se-rene-ly a-dorn-ing The close of our day, the calm



 clouds and her tears are worth ev'ning's best light, Give me back, give me back the wild



Fourta Verse.


Oh! who would not wel-come that moment's re-turn-ing, When pas-sion first wak'd a new





FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.



Second Verse.


 wine's ce-les-tial spi-rit? It chanc'd up-on that day, When, as bards in-form us, Pro-



Fourth Verse.



| mong the stars he found A bowl of Bac-chus ly-ing! Fill the bum-per fair ! |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |



Fifti Verse.


Mix'd their burn-ing trea - sure, Hence the gob-let's show'r Hath such spells to win us;



## DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

(Atr-New Langolee.)
(The Farewell to my IIarp.)

hung o'er thee long, When proud - ly my own Is - land Harp! I un-bound thee, And


* In that rebelhous but beautiful song, "When Erin first arose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line :-
"The dark chain of Silence was thrown o'er the dcep."
The chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention fc: precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace, at Almhaim, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessatiou 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 Brooke's Relics of Irish Poetry.

steal from thee still.


$\frac{2+0}{4} \Rightarrow$ touch'd by some hand less un - wor - thy than mine. If the pulse of the Pa - tri - ot,

 Sol - dier, or Lo-ver, Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glo - ry . a-lone; I was
$\left\{\begin{array}{l}\frac{2}{2} g=0 \\ 0\end{array}\right.$


务


LONDON:
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[^0]:    - These words allude to a story in an old Irisk manuscript, which is too long and too melancholy to be inserted here.

[^1]:    - Written on returning a blank book.

[^2]:    ${ }^{\text {b }}$ This designation, whieh has been before applied to Lord Nelson, is the title given to a celcbrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Gnive, the bard of O'Niel, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey in the South of Ireland," page 433. "Con of the humdred Fighta, s'eep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victorics."
    c "Fox, Romanorum ultimus."

    * For the harmonization see First Verse.

[^3]:    

[^4]:    * To make this story intelligble in a song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audienee at once ; the reader must therefore be content to learn in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was by some supernatural power transformed into a Swan, and condemned to wander for many hundred years over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first somnd of the Mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.-I found this faneifil fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direetion of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Ccuntess of Moira.

[^5]:    * There are various settings of this air ; that which differs most from the set we have adopted, will be found at the end of this Number.
    †The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions, "Apud Kildariam occurnit Ingis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextmguibilem vocant ; non quod extingui non possit, sed quod tam solicité moniales et sanctæ mulicres ignem, suppetente materia, fovent et nutriunt ut à tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinetus."-Girald. Camb. de Mirahil llibern. Dist. 2, c. 34.

[^6]:    - We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards whom Speneer so severely, and, perhaps, truly describes in his state of Ireland, and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural deviec, which gave good graee and comeliness unto them ; the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beatify virtue."

[^7]:    * It is conjectared by Wormins, that the name of Ireland is derived from Yr, the Runic for a bow, in the use of which weapon the Irish were onee very expert. This derivation is certainly uore creditable to us than the following: - "So that Ireland, (ealled the land of Ire. for the constant broils therein for 400 years), was now become the land of coneord." Lloyn's State Worthies. Aitt. 'The Lord Grandison.

[^8]:     and Aristogiton," \&c.

[^9]:    * Hanng some reason to suspect that "Kitly of Colcraine" is but a modern English imitation of our style, I have thought it right to give an authentic Irish air to the same words, without, however, omitting the former melody, for which the words were originally written, and to which, I balieve, they are best adlapted. "Paddy's Resource" follows the present air.

[^10]:    * I believe it is Mrmontel, whosays "Quanl on n'a pas c: que $l$ ' on aime, il furt aimer ce que l'on a." There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such jeux desprit at this defence of ineonstaney to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-lefence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, an 1 to remind them, that Demoeritus was not the worse physiolorist, for having playfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus in arw derree the less wise, for having written an ingenious eneomium of folly.

[^11]:    * This song was written for a fete in honour of the Prince of Wales' Birth-dar, given by my friend Major Bryan, at his seat in the County of Kilkenny.

[^12]:    " "There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fial" and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."

[^13]:    - To the gentleman who favoured me with this air I am indebted for many other old and beautiful melodies, from whieh, if ever we resume this work, I shall be able to make a very interesting selection.

[^14]:    * Our Wicklow Gold Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, but too well the character here given of them.

[^15]:    - "The lird, having got its prize, setuled not far off, with the talisman in its mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would droo it ; but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and setted again," \&c.--Arabian Nights.

[^16]:    - The dirge, as above harmonized, having been sung by upwards of 200 voices on the occasion of the Moore Commemorations held at Dublin, March 1852, I have presumed to introduce it here,-En.

[^17]:    *"The Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the Royal Banner.

